

## THE SHEFFIELD IRIS 1794-1796.

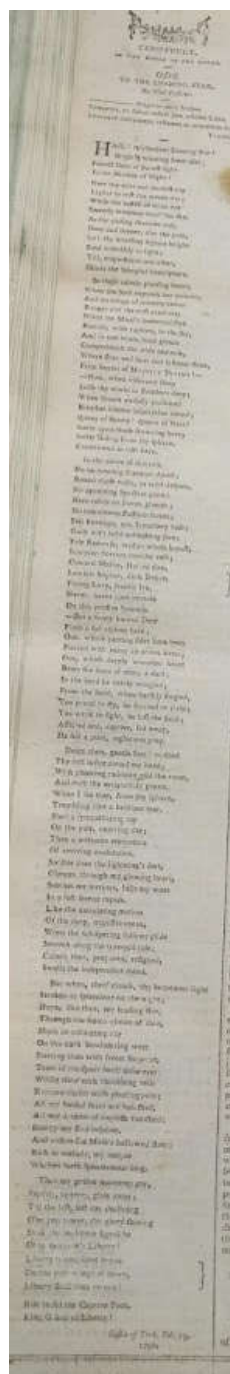
17. 'Ode to the Evening Star' *The Iris*, Issue 88, 04/03/1796

Hail! Resplendant Evening Star!  
 Brightly beaming from afar;  
 Fairest Gem of purest light  
 In the Diadem of Night

Now thy mild and modest ray  
 Lights to rest the weary day;  
 While the lustre of thine eye  
 Sweetly trembles tho' the sky.  
 As the closing shadows roll,  
 Deep and deeper, o'er the pole,  
 Lo! Thy kindling legions bright  
 Steal insensibility to light;  
 Till, magnificent and clear,  
 Shines the spangled hemisphere.

In these calmly pleasing hours,  
 When the Soul expands her powers,  
 And on wings of contemplation  
 Ranges o'er the vast creation;  
 When the Mind's immortal Eye  
 Bounds, with rapture, to the sky,  
 And in one triumphant glance  
 Comprehends the wide expanse,  
 Where stars and suns and systems shine,  
 Faint beams of MAJESTY DIVINE! -  
 -Now, when visionary sleep  
 Lulls the world in slumbers deep,  
 When silence awfully profound  
 Breathes solemn inspiration round;  
 Queen of Beauty! Queen of Stars!  
 Smile upon these frowning bars;  
 Softly sliding from thy sphere,  
 Condescend to visit here.

In the circle of this cell,  
 No tormenting Daemons dwell;  
 Round these walls, in wild despair,  
 No agonizing Spectres glare;  
 Transcriptions by James Earley.



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Here reside no Furies ghaunt;  
 No tumultuous Passions haunt;  
 Fell Revenge, nor Treachery base;  
 Guilt with bold unblushing face;  
 Pale Remorse, within the whose breast,  
 Scorpion horrors murder rest;  
 Coward Malice, Hatred dire,  
 Lawless Rapine, dark Desire,  
 Pining Envy, frantic Ire,  
 Never, never care intrude  
 On this pensive Solitude.  
 -But a sorely hunted Deer  
 Finds a sad asylum here;  
 One, whose panting sides have been  
 Pierced with many an arrow keen;  
 One, who's deeply wounded heart  
 Bears the scars of many a dart:  
 In the herd he vainly mingled;  
 From the herd, when harshly singled,  
 Too proud to fly, he scorned to yield;  
 Too weak to fight, he lost the field;  
 Assailed and, captive, led away,  
 He fell a poor, inglorious Prey

Deign then, gentle Star! To shed  
 Thy soft lustre round my head;  
 With chearing radiance gild the room,  
 And melt the melancholy gloom.  
 When i see thee, from thy sphere,  
 Trembling like a brilliant tear,  
 Shed a sympathizing ray  
 On the pale, expiring day;  
 Then a welcome emanation  
 Of reviving consolation,  
 Swifter than the lightning's dart,  
 Glances through my glowing heart,  
 Soothes my sorrows, lulls my woes  
 In a soft serene repose.  
 Like the undulating motion  
 Of the deep, majestic ocean,  
 When the whispering billows glide  
 Transcriptions by James Earley.

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Smooth along the tranquil tide;  
 Calmly thus, prepared, resigned,  
 Swells the independent mind

But when, thro' clouds, thy beauteous light  
 Streams in splendour on the night;  
 Hope, like thee, my leading star,  
 Through the sullen gloom of care,  
 Sheds an animating ray  
 On the dark bewildering way:  
 Starting then with sweet surprize,  
 Tears of transport swell mine eyes:  
 Wildly thro' each throbbing vein  
 Rapture thrills with pleasing pain;  
 All my fretful fears are banished,  
 All my dreams of anguish vanished;  
 Energy my soul inspires,  
 And wakes the Muse's hallowed fires;  
 Rich in melody, my tongue  
 Warbles forth spontaneous song.

Thus my prison moments gay,  
 Swiftly, sweetly, glide away;  
 Til, the last, last day declining  
 O'er you tower, thy glory shining  
 Shall the welcome signal be  
 Of tomorrow's Liberty!  
 Liberty triumphant borne  
 On the rosy wings of morn,  
 Liberty shall then return!

Rise to set the Captive free,  
 Rise; O Sun of Liberty!

*Castle of York, Feb. 29 1796.*

Paul Positive