

THE SHEFFIELD IRIS 1794-1796.

7. 'To Celia', *The Iris*, Issue 40, 03/04/1795

Where sorrow and solitude reign,
 Reclin'd on my elbow, I sit
 And turn o'er the leaves of my brain,
 But can find neither comfort nor wit.
 My Robin, poor fellow! Too soon
 Return'd to the green budding grove,
 And clearing his pipe into tune,
 The pretty rogue's fallen in love:

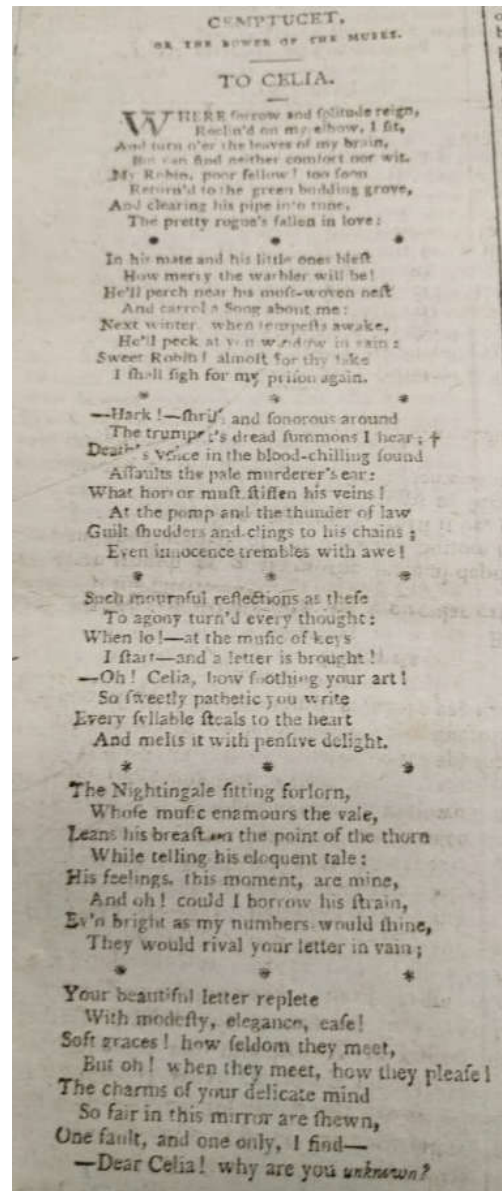
In his mate and his little ones blest
 How merry the warbler will be!
 He'll perch near his moss-woven nest
 And carol a song about me:
 Next winter, when tempests awake,
 He'll peck at your window in vain:
 Sweet Robin! Almost for thy sake
 I shall fight for my prison again

Hark! -shrill and sonorous around
 The trumpet's dread summons I hear;
 Death's voice in the blood-chilling sound
 Assaults the pale murderer's ear:
 What horror must stiffen his veins!
 At the pomp and the thunder of the law
 Guilt shudders and clings to his chains;
 Even innocence trembles with awe!

Such mournful reflections as these
 To agony turn'd every thought:
 When lo! - at the music of keys
 I start - and a letter is brought!
 -Oh! Celia, how soothing your art!
 So sweetly pathetic you write
 Every syllable steals to the heart
 And melts it with pensive delight.

The Nightingale sitting forlorn,
 Whose music enamours the vale,
 Leans his breast on the point of the thorn

Transcriptions by James Earley.



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While telling his eloquent tale:
 His feelings, this moment, are mine,
 And oh! Could I borrow his strain?
 Ev'n bright as my numbers would shine,
 They would rival your letter in vain;
 Your beautiful letter replete
 With modesty, elegance, ease!
 Soft graces! How seldom they meet,
 But oh! When they meet, how they please!
 The charms of your delicate mind
 So fair in this mirror are shewn,
 One fault, and one only, I find -
 -Dear Celia! Why are you *unknown*?

Every morning during the Assizes, trumpets proclaim the entrance of the Judge. These lines were written on the day when Celia's letter was received, and just at the time when sentence of death had been pronounced upon a murderer, and his wife, in violent fits, was carried by near the window of the writer.

Celia will accept in good part these unconnected Fragments of verses: Some of their errors were owing to agitation of mind, occasioned by the distressing of sentiment which dictated her inestimable favour will not refuse a liberal indulgence for all other imperfections. The approbation of the Fair ust inspire gratitude of which, after all, respectful silence is the most eloquent expression.

J.M.G