

THE SHEFFIELD IRIS 1794-1796.

4. 'Verses to a Robin Redbreast (who visits the window of my prison every day)', *The Iris*, Issue 33, 12/02/1795

Welcome, pretty little stranger!
 Welcome to my lone retreat!
 Here, secure from every danger,
 Hop about and chirp and eat.
 Robin how I envy thee,
 Happy Child of Liberty!

Now though tyrant Winter howling
 Shakes the world with tempests round;
 Heaven above with vapours scowling,
 Frosts imprisons all the ground -
 Robin, what are these to thee,
 Thou art blest with Liberty?

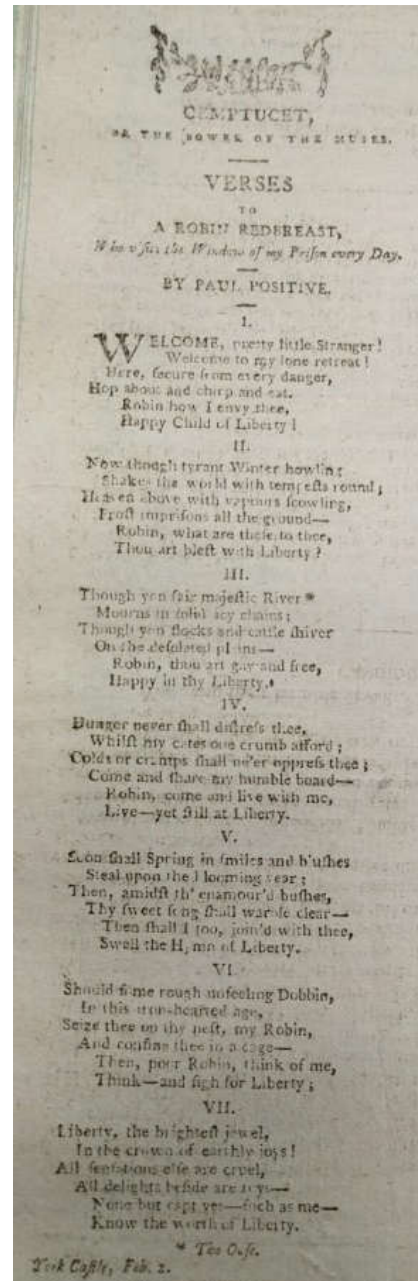
Though yon fair majestic River
 Mourns in solid icy chains;
 Though yon flocks and cattle shiver
 On the desolated plains --
 Robin, thou art gay and free,
 Happy in thy Liberty.

Hunger never shall distress thee,
 Whilst my cases one crumb afford;
 Colds or cramps shall ne'er oppress thee;
 Come and share my humble board--
 Robin, come and live with me,
 Live- Yet still at Liberty

Soon shall Spring in smiles and blushes
 Steal upon the looming year;
 Then, amidst th' enamour'd bushes,
 Thy sweet sons shall warble clear--
 Then shall I too, join'd with thee,
 Swell the Hymn of Liberty.

Should some rough unfeeling Dobbin,

Transcriptions by James Earley.



THE SHEFFIELD IRIS 1794-1796.

In this iron-hearted age,
Seize thee on thy nest, my Robin,
And confine thee in a cage --
Then, poor Robin, Think of me,
Think - and fight for liberty;

Liberty, the brightest jewel,
In the crown of earthly joys!
All sensations else are cruel,
All delights beside are toys --
None but captives - such as me -
Know the worth of Liberty

York Castle, Feb 2.

Paul Positive