



## THE SHEFFIELD IRIS 1794-1796.

“First sired my ravished Eye:

“I vowed eternal Duty:

“She looked- half kind, half coy!

“My plumes with ardour trembling,

“I fluttered, sighed and sung;

“The fair one, still dissembling,

“Refused to trust my tongue

“A thousand arts I tried:

“Till the sweet Nymph, relenting,

“Confessed herself my bride,

“Deep in the grove retiring

“To choose our secret seat,

“We found an oak aspiring,

“Beneath whose mossy feet,

“Where the tall herbage swelling

“Had formed a snug alcove,

“We built our humble dwelling,

“And hallowed it with love.

“Sweet Scene of vanished pleasure!

“This day, this fatal day,

“My little ones, my treasure,

“My Spouse, were stolen away!

“I saw the precious plunder

“All in a napkin bound:

“-That moment, smit with thunder,

“I fluttered on the ground!

“O man! Beneath whose vengeance

“All Nature, bleeding lies!

“Who charged thine impious engines

“With lightnings from the Skies?

“What! Though from heaven descended,

“The world be all thine own;

“Say, how have I offended?

“What have my children done?

“Ah! Is thy bosom iron?

“Does it thine heart enchain?

## THE SHEFFIELD IRIS 1794-1796.

"As these cold bars environ  
 "And, captive, me detain?  
 "How could'st thou wound and plunder  
 "The innocent and weak?  
 "Why rend those bands asunder,  
 "Which Death alone should bread?

"Where are my offspring tender?  
 "Where is my widowed mate?  
 "-Thou Guardian Moon! defend her!  
 "Ye Stars! avert their fate! -  
 "O'erwhelmed with killing anguish,  
 "In iron cage, forlorn,  
 "I see my poor babes languished!  
 "I hear their mother mourn!

"O Liberty inspire me,  
 "And eagle strength supply!  
 "Thou love almighty! fire me! -  
 "-I burst my prison- or die! -"  
 He said; and forward bounded;  
 He broke the yielding door!  
 -But, with the shock confounded,  
 Fell, -lifeless, -on the floor!

Farewell, then, Philomela!  
 Poor matyr'd Bird! Adieu!  
 There's One, my charming fellow!

Who thinks, who feels, like you.  
 The bard, that pens thy story,  
 Amidst a prison's gloom,  
 Sighs-not for wealth nor glory;  
 -But freedom, or thy tomb!

*Castle of York, Feb 12. 1796*

Paul Positive.