Sonnet: July 18th 1787.

By Bowles, William Lisle .

O Time! who know'st a lenient hand to lay

Softest on sorrow's wound, and slowly thence

(Lulling to sad repose the weary sense)

The faint pang stealest unperceived away;

On thee I rest my only hope at last,

And think, when thou hast dried the bitter tear

That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,

I may look back on every sorrow past,

And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile -

As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,

Sings in the sunbeam, of the transient shower

Forgetful, though its wings are wet the while: -

Yet ah! how much must that poor heart endure,

Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure!