

**TIME AND GRIEF** by William Lisle Bowles

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 this poor heart endure,  
Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure!