

SONNET,

TO A

YOUNG LADY IN AFFLICTION,

WHO THOUGHT SHE SHOULD NEVER MORE BE HAPPY;

WRITTEN ON THE SEA-SHORE.

Yes, thou shalt smile again!—Time always heals,  
In Youth, the wounds of sorrow.—O! survey  
Yon now subsided Deep, thro' night a prey  
To warring winds, and to their furious peals  
Surging tumultuous.—Yet, as in dismay,  
The settling billows tremble—Morning steals  
Grey on the rocks; and soon, to pour the day  
From the streak'd east, the radiant Orb unveils,  
In all his pride of light.—Thus shall the glow  
Of beauty, health, and hope, by soft degrees  
Spread o'er thy breast;—disperse these storms of woe:  
Wake with soft Pleasure's sense, the wish to please,  
Till from those eyes the wonted lustres flow,  
Bright as the Sun, on calm, and crystal Seas.