

SONNET VI.

To Hope.

OH, Hope ! thou soother sweet of human woes !
 How shall I lure thee to my haunts forlorn !
 For me wilt thou renew the wither'd rose,
 And clear my painful path of pointed thorn ?
 Ah come, sweet nymph ! in smiles and softness drest,
 Like the young hours that lead the tender year ;
 Enchantress come ! and charm my cares to rest :—
 Alas ! the flatterer flies, and will not hear !
 A prey to fear, anxiety and pain,
 Must I a sad existence still deplore ?
 Lo !—the flow'rs fade, but all the thorns remain,
 ' For me the vernal garland blooms no more.' 12
 Come then ' pale Misery's love ' be thou my cure, 13
 And I will bless thee, who tho' slow art sure.
