



William Lisle Bowles, Poet and Clergyman

*Epitaph to the Memory of Mr R S Smith
Of Bremhill*

By the Minister of the Parish

I think upon that village scene,
I think of him with tears,
Who there has like a brother been,
For well nigh thirty years.

I see the garden where we walked,
On the calm Sabbath day;
And, looking on the dial, talked
Of this life's shortening way.

When I return, the bells will ring,
The trees in verdure wave,
The flowers of a new year shall spring,
Whilst He – is in his grave.

Poor friend, we never more shall knee,
In the same hallowed fane:
Blest, who like thee, in death shall feel,
He knelt not there in vain.

Salisbury April 7th 1832. W L Bowles.

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