“Lycidas” reads “We drove afield, and both together heard / What time the Gray-fly winds her sultry horn.”

Since about 1800 the word has been pronounced with a short “i,” but in Milton’s time both the noun and the verb were pronounced with a long iː wind, partly because of the greater abundance of rhymes, for example:

from Shakespeare, “Sonnet XIV” (1609)

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck;  
And yet methinks I have astronomy,  
But not to tell of good or evil luck,  
Of plagues, of darts, or seasons’ quality;  
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,  
Pointing to each his thunder, rain and wind,  
Or say with princes if it shall go well,  
By oft predict that I in heaven find:

from Shakespeare, “Sonnet LI” (1609)

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence  
Of my dull bearer when from thee I speed:  
From where thou art why should I haste me thence?  
Till I return, of posting is no need.  
O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,  
When swift extremity can seem but slow?  
Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind;  
In winged speed no motion shall I know:

from Donne, “Song” (1633)

GO and catch a falling star,  
Get with child a mandrake root,  
Tell me where all past years are,  
Or who cleft the devil’s foot,  
Teach me to hear mermaids singing,  
Or to keep off envy’s stinging,  
And find  
What wind  
Serves to advance an honest mind.

from Thomas Carew, “A Prayer to the Wind” (1640)

GO, thou gentle whispering wind,  
Bear this sigh, and if thou find  
Where my cruel fair doth rest  
Cast it in her snowy breast,  
So, inflamed by my desire,  
It may set her heart afire.

from Henry Vaughan: “The Storm” (1650)

But when his waters billow thus,  
Dark storms, and wind  
Incite them to that fierce discuss,  
Else not inclin’d,  
Thus the enlarg’d, enragèd air  
Uncalms these to a flood ;  
But still the weather that’s most fair  
Breeds tempests in my blood.  
Lord, then round me with weeping clouds,  
And let my mind  
In quick blasts sigh beneath those shrouds,  
A spirit-wind;

Even as late as...

from William Collins: “Epistle to Hanmer” (1744)

Those Sibyl-leaves, the sport of every wind,  
(For Poets ever were a careless kind)  
By thee dispos’d, no farther toil demand,  
But, just to Nature, own thy forming hand.

These are not “eye-rhymes” but real aural ones. The OED explains it thus:

The normal pronunciation would be (w[nd]), as in behind, bind, find, grind, hind, mind, rind, etc., and this pronunciation remains both in dialect and in ordinary poetical usage. The pronunciation (w[nd]) became current in polite speech during the 18th c.; it has been used occas. by poets, but the paucity of appropriate rhyming words (such as sinned, thinned, dinned) and the ‘thinness’ of the sound have been against its general use in verse. The short vowel of (w[nd]) is presumably due to the influence of the derivatives windmill, windy, in which ( ) is normal.