

“UPON THE BEACH I WALKED  
AT EVE ALONE”

UPON the beach I walked at eve alone,  
And listened to the moaning of the sea,  
And watched the sails that in the moonlight  
shone

As the horizon. Straightway unto me  
There came a voice, as from below the  
waves :

“The less’ning sail will soon be seen no more,  
And as I sweep thy footprints from the shore,  
Time mosses o’er a world of unknown graves.  
And it is well. If men could not forget,  
With phantoms all the world would peopled  
be ;

The ghosts of buried joys their hearts would  
fret—

A flood of tears, like blood, would drown the  
sea.

Rail not at Time—the healer of thy woes—  
As of those thou hast forgotten, shall be  
thy last repose.”