

“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.”