

A NAME IN THE SAND

Alone I walked the ocean strand,
A pearly shell was in my hand;
I stooped and wrote upon the sand
 My name, the year, the day.
As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast, --
A wave came rolling high and fast,
 And washed my line away.

And so, methought, 'twill shortly be
With every mark on earth from me;
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
 Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of time, and been, to be no more;
Of me, my frame, the name I bore,
 To leave no track nor trace;

And yet, with Him who counts the sands,
And holds the waters in his hands,
I know a lasting record stands
 Inscribed against my name,
Of all this mortal part has wrought,
Of all this thinking soul has thought,
And from these fleeting
 moments caught
For glory or for shame!

-- Hannah Flagg Gould

