



→*THE+NAMELESS+DEAD.*←

BY TOM HOOD.



W^HY do you wail, O Wind? why do you sigh,
O Sea?

Is it remorse for the ships gone down, with this
pitiless shore on the lea?

Moan, moan, moan

In the desolate night and lone!

Ah, what is the tale

You would fain unveil

In your wild weird cries to me?

A gleam of white on the shore!—'tis not the white sea-foam,
Nor wandering sea-bird's glimmering wing, for at night no
sea-birds roam.

'Tis one of the drowned—drowned

Of the hapless homeward-bound,

Last night, in the dark,

There perish'd a bark

On the bar; and 'twas bound for home!

A woman's cold white corpse—a woman so young and fair!
See, the cruel storm has entwined with weeds the wealth of
her weltering hair;

And the little, the little hand

Lies listless and limp on the sand.

They have bound her fast

To the wreck of a mast;

But the wild waves would not spare!

Look, how they bound and leap—cast themselves far o'er
the shore,
Striving to seize on their stranded prey, and carry it off once
more!

Or is it remorse or dread,
Or a longing to bury its dead,
That makes the surge
On the ocean-verge

So incessantly howl and roar?

Where do they list for her step? where do they look for her face?
Where are they waiting to see her once more in the old
familiar place?

Dead, dead, dead!
In vain will their tears be shed;
For not one of them all,
Alas will fall

On that bosom's marble grace!

Why do you sigh, O Sea? why do you wail, O Wind?
Why do you murmur, in mournful tone, like things with a
human mind?

Wail, wail, wail,
Articulate ocean and gale!
For the loveliness rare,
So pallid and fair,

You slew in your fury blind!

Let us bear her away to a grave in the churchyard's calm
green breast,
Where the sound of the wind and waves in strife may never
her peace molest.

Though we cannot carve her name,
She will slumber all the same;
And the wild-rose bloom
Shall cover her tomb,

And she shall have perfect rest.



“Why do you wail, O wind?
Why do you sigh, O sea?”



“Where the hedgeside roses blow,
Where the little daisies grow.”



—*TIRED+OUT.*—



He does well who does his best;
Is he weary? let him rest.
Brothers! I have done my best,
I am weary—let me rest.
After toiling oft in vain,
Baffled, yet to struggle fain;
After toiling long, to gain
Little good with mickle pain,

Let me rest. But lay me low,
Where the hedgeside roses blow;
Where the little daisies grow,
Where the winds a-maying go;
Where the footpath rustics plod;
Where the breeze-bowed poplars nod;
Where the old woods worship God,
Where His pencil paints the sod;
Where the wedded throstle sings,
Where the young bird tries his wings;
Where the wailing plover sings,
Near the runlet's rushing springs!
Where, at times, the tempest's roar,
Shaking distant sea and shore,
Still will rave old Barnesdale o'er,
To be heard by me no more!
There, beneath the breezy west,
Tired and thankful, let me rest,
Like a child that sleepeth best
On its mother's gentle breast.