

**GRAHAM R. TOMSON**  
**[ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON]**

“Epitaph”

Now lay thee down to sleep, and dream of me;  
    Though thou art dead and I am living yet,  
Though cool thy couch and sweet thy slumbers be,  
    Dream,—do not quite forget.

Sleep all the autumn, all the winter long,  
    With never a painted shadow from the past  
To haunt thee; only, when the blackbird’s song  
    Wakens the woods at last,

When the young shoots grow lusty overhead,  
    Here, where the spring sun smiles, the spring wind grieves,  
When budding violets close above thee spread  
    Their small, heart-shapen leaves,

Pass, O Belovèd, to dreams from slumber deep;  
    Recount the store that mellowing time endears,  
Thread, through the measureless mazes of thy sleep,  
    Our old, unchangeful years.

Lie still and listen—while the sheltering tree  
    Whispers of suns that rose, of suns that set—  
For far-off echoes of the Spring and me.  
    Dream—do not quite forget.

[1893]