

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

“Old Pauline”

So your boys are going to Paris? That's how I lost my own.  
Lonely? Ah yes, but I know it, the old are always alone.  
You remember my boys, Euphrasie\*? No? Was it before your day?  
Each, when his turn came, kissed me, and cried; but they went away.  
How I longed for them, always, vainly! and thought of them, early and late;  
I would start and look round in the pasture if any one clicked the gate.  
But a greater sorrow fell on me: my Marie, with eyes so blue,  
Grew restless, poor bird! in the home-nest—she must seek her fortune too.  
And, once the desire is on them, 'tis a fever, they cannot stay;  
And Marie, my poor little Marie! well, I missed her one bright spring day.  
'Twas *then* that my heart broke, 'Phrasie, for my children gay and tall,  
For fair, vile, glittering Paris had taken them all.  
Yet the good God is merciful always; I live, and I have no pain,  
Only the old dumb longing for the children home again.  
Still I watch the road to the city, up the glistening sun-set track,  
But they never come back, Euphrasie—never come back!

[1884]

\* *Euphrasia* is a species name for the plant known as “eyebright.” It has been reputed to be good for sore eyes.