

His mother, therefore thou and I will go,
 And I will have my boy and bring him home,
 And I will beg of him to take thee back;
 But if he will not take thee back again
 Then thou and I will live within one house
 And work for William's child until he grows
 Of age to help us." So the women kiss'd
 Each other and set out and reach'd the farm.
 The door was off the latch; they peep'd and saw
 The boy set up betwixt his grandsire's knees,
 Who thrust him in the hollows of his arm
 And clapt him on the hands and on the cheeks
 Like one that loved him; and the lad stretch'd out
 And babbled for the golden seal that hung
 From Allan's watch and sparkled by the fire.
 Then they came in; but when the boy beheld
 His mother he cried out to come to her;
 And Allan set him down, and Mary said
 "O Father!—if you let me call you so—
 I never came a-begging for myself,
 Or William, or this child; but now I come
 For Dora; take her back; she loves you well.
 O, Sir, when William died he died at peace
 With all men; for I asked him, and he said
 He could not ever rue his marrying me—
 I had been a patient wife; but, Sir, he said
 That he was wrong to cross his father thus:
 'God bless him!' he said, 'and may he never know
 The troubles I have gone thro'!' Then he turn'd
 His face and pass'd—unhappy that I am!
 But now, Sir, let me have my boy, for you
 Will make him hard and he will learn to slight