

I had been a patient wife; but, Sir, he said
That he was wrong to cross his father thus: 144
'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 150
His father's memory; and take Dora back,
And let all this be as it was before."

So Mary said, and Dora hid her face
By Mary. There was silence in the room;
And all at once the old man burst in sobs: 155

"I have been to blame—to blame. I have killed
my son.
I have killed him—but I loved him—my dear son.
May God forgive me!—I have been to blame.
Kiss me, my children."

Then they clung about
The old man's neck, and kiss'd him many times. 160
And all the man was broken with remorse;
And all his love came back a hundred-fold;
And for three hours he sobb'd o'er William's child,
Thinking of William.

So those four abode
Within one house together; and as years 165
Went forward, Mary took another mate:
But Dora lived unmarried till her death.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.