

Then Dora went to Mary's house, and stood
Upon the threshold. Mary saw the boy
Was not with Dora. She broke out in praise 110
To God, that help'd her in her widowhood.
And Dora said, "My uncle took the boy;
But, Mary, let me live and work with you:
He says that he will never see me more."
Then answer'd Mary, "This shall never be, 115
That thou shouldst take my trouble on thyself.
And, now I think, he shall not have the boy,
For he will teach him hardness, and to slight
His mother; therefore thou and I will go
And I will have my boy, and bring him home; 120
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 125
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 arms,
And clapt him on the hands and on the cheeks, 130
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: 135
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. 140
O Sir, when William died, he died at peace
With all men; for I ask'd him, and he said
He could not ever rue his marrying me—