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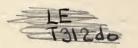












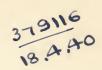
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ALFRED TENNYSON

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ILLUSTRATED



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William and Dora. William was his son, And she his niece. He often look'd at them, And often thought, 'I'll make them man and wife.'

Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all,
And yearn'd towards William; but the youth,
because

He had been always with her in the house, Thought not of Dora. When Allan call'd his son, and said, 'My son:

I married late, but I would wish to see
My grandchild on my knees before I die:
And I have set my heart upon a match.
Now therefore look to Dora; she is well
To look to; thrifty too beyond her age.
She is my brother's daughter; he and I
Had once hard words, and parted, and he died
In foreign lands; but for his sake I bred
His daughter Dora: take her for your wife;
For I have wish'd this marriage, night and day,
For many years.' But William answer'd short;
'I cannot marry Dora; by my life,
I will not marry Dora.' Then the old man
Was wroth, and doubled up his hands, and said:

Then there came a day





But William answer'd madly; bit his lips,

And broke away. The more he look'd at her
The less he liked her; and his ways were harsh;
But Dora bore them meekly. Then before
The month was out he left his father's house,
And hired himself to work within the fields;
And half in love, half spite, he woo'd and wed
A laborer's daughter, Mary Morrison.



Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan call'd His niece and said: 'My girl, I love you well; But if you speak with him that was my son, Or change a word with her he calls his wife, My home is none of yours. My will is law.'



And Dora promised, being meek. She thought, 'It cannot be: my uncle's mind will change!'

And days went on, and there was born a boy To William; then distresses came on him; And day by day he pass'd his father's gate, Heart-broken, and his father help'd him not. But Dora stored what little she could save, And sent it them by stealth, nor did they know Who sent it; till at last a fever seized On William, and in harvest time he died.

Then Dora well to Mary. Mary sat

And look'd with a urs upon her boy, and thought

Hard things of Dora. Dora came and said:

'I have obe 'd my uncle until now,

And I have som'd, for it was all thro' me

This evil came on William at the first.





But, Mary, for the sake of him that's gone,
And for your sake, the woman that he chose,
And for this orphan, I am come to you:
You know there has not been for these five years
So full a harvest: let me take the boy,
And I will set him in my uncle's eye
Among the wheat; that when his heart is glad
Of the full harvest, he may see the boy,
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone.'

And Dora took the child, and went her way Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound That was unsown, where many poppies grew. Far off the farmer came into the field And spied her not; for none of all his men Dare tell him Dora waited with the child; And Dora would have risen and gone to him, But her heart fail'd her; and the reapers reap'd, And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.





But when the morrow came she rose and took

The child once more, and sat upon the mound;

And made a little wreath of all the flowers



That grew about, and tied it round his hat,
To make him pleasing in her uncle's eye.
Then when the farmer pass'd into the field

He spied her, and he left his men at work,
And came and said: 'Where were you yesterday?
Whose child is that? What are you doing here?'
So Dora cast her eyes upon the ground,
And answer'd softly, 'This is William's child!'—
'And did I not,' said Allan, 'did I not
Forbid you, Dora?' Dora said again:
'Do with me as you will, but take the child,
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone!'



And Allan said, 'I see it is a trick Got up betwixt you and the woman there. I must be taught my duty, and by you! You knew my word was law, and yet you dared To slight it. Well—for I will take the boy; But go you hence, and never see me more.'



So saying, he took the boy, that cried aloud And struggled hard. The wreath of flowers fell At Dora's feet. She bow'd upon her hands, And the boy's cry came to her from the field, More and more distant. She bow'd down her head, Remembering the day when first she came, And all the things that had been.



She bow'd down And wept in secret; and the reapers reap'd, And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.



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 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, 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; 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.'

Each other, and set out, and reach'd the farm.

The door was off the latch: they peep'd and saw

So the women kiss'd

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

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 ask'd 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 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;

'I have been to blame—to blame. I have kill'd my son.

I have kill'd 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,
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 Went forward, Mary took another mate; But Dora lived unmarried till her death.

















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Dora

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