

VI.

DORA

DORA steals across the floor  
Tiptoe ;

Opens then her rosy door,  
Peeps out.

“Nobody! And where shall I  
Skip to?”

Dora, diving daintily,  
Creeps out.

“To the woodland! Shall I find  
Crowtoe,

Violet, jessamine! I'll bind  
Garlands

Fancy I'm a princess. Where  
Go to?

Persia, China, Finistere?  
Far lands!”

Pity Dora! Only one  
Daisy

Did she find. The sulking sun  
Slept still.

Dora stamped her foot. Aurora  
Lazy

Stirred not. Hush! A footstep. Dora  
Kept still.

What a dreadful monster! Shoot!  
Mercy!

(‘Twas a man.) Suppose the brute  
Are her?

By-and-by the ruffian grows  
“Percy.”

And she loves him now she knows  
Better.