# MY LADY'S SLIPPER AND OTHER VERSES

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My Lady's Slipper and Other Verses by Dora Sigerson

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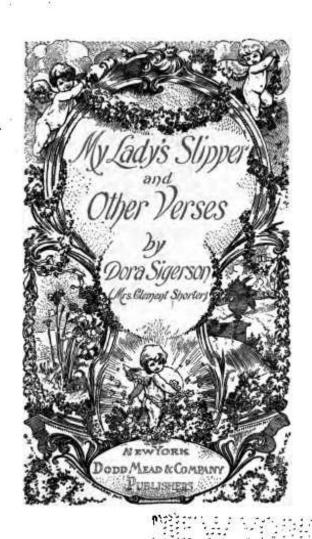
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### DORA SIGERSON

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Certain of these verses have appeared in Blackwood's Magazine, Longmans' Magazine, Cassell's Magazine, The Spectator, The Bookman, The Pall Mall Gazette, and The Westminster Gazette. The writer is indebted to the editors of these publications.

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### MY LADY'S SLIPPER:

#### A TRUE STORY



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AM a man who hath known trouble, O'Roork of the Lake.

On my life's glass joy rose as a bubble To glitter and break.

She laid in mine her hands long and slender,
So softly sweet,

Little curls on her head tassell'd like tender Gold autumn wheat.

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Brown leaves around her whirling and falling, Blown to her cheek.

I with my heart for her loud in its calling, Still could not speak.

Wife of my foe thus pleading before me, There seemed no wrong.

With my mad passions that stifled and tore me, Who could be strong?

What had she shown me there in her weeping, On her white arm?

Black, cruel bruises vividly keeping Tales of alarm.

What had she begged me there in the morning, God judge me well?

What had she said that I without warning Struggled in Hell?

- "Take me and save me, be my defender, Hide me away."
- She from my old foe bid me befriend her, How could I stay?
- Here was revenge for the old bitter wronging, Here to my hand.
- Here was the love of my life of my longing, Could I withstand?
- Thrice did I turn to fly from my danger, God judge me true,
- Vowed that my love to her love was a stranger, This did I do.
- But when I looked on her, heard her calling, Kneeling so low,
- There the sun's sheen on golden locks falling, How could I go?