

Famishing want threatening now,
 Compels him to perform his vow.
 With trembling hands he seems to touch
 That loaf, with sorrow too as much
 As was by Jephtha once displayed,
 When he would sacrifice the maid.
 The Miser giving it a hug,
 Hacks off a piece, then in the jug 130
 Of water for hours it he steeps,
 At which he sorrowfully peeps.
 The loaf diminished he surveys,
 Which on his hand he often weighs,
 And views with anguish and affright,
 That it, alas, should be so light.
 With scraggy face and lynxean eye,
 That ne'er was raised to the Most High,
 In rags, a beggar might discard,
 Which hang on limbs all shrunk and starv'd, 140
 At the old chest, behold him there,
 In the meek attitude of prayer.
 But he kneels untired to count o'er,
 His idolized and golden store.
 Ten times he counts, and ten times more,
 Till the bones of his knees are sore.
 All he grieves for there should be lost,
 A candle that such money cost.
 He loads himself with yellow clay,
 That wings itself and flies away. 150
 Oft out of his affrighted sleeps
 Timidly unto it he creeps;
 Timorously he feels the whole,
 To ascertain if aught be stole.

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