

Till that long-looked-for time, that splendid
sudden prime,
When Spring shall go in scarlet by my door.

That day I will arise, put my heel upon his
throat,
And squirt his yellow blood upon the door ;
Then watch him dying there, like a spider in
his lair,
With a " Wolf, wolf, wolf ! " at my door.

The great white morning sun shall walk the
earth again,
And the children return to my door,
I shall hear their merry laugh, and forget my
buried dwarf,
As a tale that is told at the door.

Far from the quiet woods the gaunt red wolf
shall flee,
As a cur that is stoned from the door ;
And God's great peace come back along the
lonely track,
To fill the golden year at my door.