

Only my yellow dwarf; (my servitor and  
lord !)  
I hear him lift the latch of my door ;  
I see his wobbling chin and his unrepentant  
grin,  
As he lets his oafship in at the door.

He is low and humped and foul, and shambles  
like an ape ;  
And stealthily he barricades the door,  
Then lays his goblin head against my lonely  
bed,  
With a " Wolf, wolf, wolf," at the door !

I loathe him, but I feed him ; I'll tell you  
how it was  
(Hear him now with his " Wolf!" at the  
door !)  
That I ever took him in ; he is — he is my  
kin,  
And kin to the wolf at the door !

I loathe him, yet he lives ; as God lets Satan  
live,  
I suffer him to slumber at my door,