

And made all sorts of signs, that he
Should rid me of my enemy.

I saw the rogue's malicious smile,
Though I was fuming all the while.

"You said you something had to tell
In private."—"Ah! I mind it well;
But not just now; you know, they say,
This is the Jew's high Sabbath day;
Would you insult the circumcised?"

"I care not for a race despised."

"But I am somewhat weaker, one
I own it, of the common run:

Excuse me for the present, pray,
Some other time and place,—good day."
That o'er my fated head alack!

The Heavens should thus be hung with black.

He left me trembling for my life,
A lamb beneath the butcher's knife.

But here by great good luck, his bail
Comes running out of breath and pale,

"Wretch," he exclaimed, and held him fast,

"Have I encountered you at last?"