

Small is the wretch now doomed to die,
 Though small the tribute I must pay,
 Yet for my life I can't supply,
 So small a sum within the day.

Then what will be poor Pincher's fate?
 This aged cheek I'll wash with tears,
 Sorrow must melt my long loved mate,
 If our loved favorite disappears.

Where snow white circle girds his neck,
 I'd gladly tie some ponderous string;
 The smallest weight could surely check
 The gambols of so small a thing.

His busy bark I'd gladly chide,
 And mute shall be his shrillest note;
 When I am blind he yet may guide
 My tottering limbs to lands remote.

Nature will serve our scant supply,
 For he is small since I am poor,
 I yet may crave a passing sigh,
 When misery leads me to your door.

Yet if my dog you should release,
 'Mong listening neighbours I will tell—
 I'll sound thy praise in every verse
 At morning's chime or evening bell.