

I'm his master (and his slave, with his  
"Wolf, wolf, wolf!")  
As he squats in the sun at my door.  
There morn and noon and night, with his  
cuddled low delight,  
He watches for the wolf at my door.

The wind may parch his hide, or freeze him  
to the bone,  
While the wolf walks far from the door ;  
Still year on year he sits, with his five  
unholy wits,  
And watches for the wolf at the door.

But the fall of the leaf and the starting of the  
bud  
Are the seasons he loves by the door ;  
Then his blood begins to rouse, this Caliban  
I house,  
And it's "Wolf, wolf, wolf!" at the door.

In the dread lone of the night I can hear him  
snuff the sill ;  
Then it's "Wolf, wolf, wolf!" at the door ;  
His damned persistent bark, like a husky's  
in the dark,  
His "Wolf, wolf, wolf!" at the door.