

All the nocturnal sounds he hears,  
Are depredators in his ears.

A watch the wretch must ever keep,  
By day, by night in troubled sleep ;  
Neither peace he enjoys nor rest,  
Disquietude is in his breast.

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And yet the miser well does know,  
In other veins his blood does'nt flow :

If it did, 'tis no reason yet,  
Why he, should thus himself forget.  
With few ties to the world, unknown,  
Some needy relatives alone,  
He has, full of good nature ! they  
For his death most devoutly pray.

A housekeeper upon him waits,  
A servant of all work, that hates  
A breakfast, dinner, hot to see,  
In niggardliness they agree.

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She's more unkind and surly too,  
Than the famed witch of Endor, who,  
Killed a fat calf, perhaps her best,  
To entertain her royal guest.

The housekeeper oft represents,  
To the miser all his expense  
In fuel, soap, and candle-light,  
In Sunday dinners, that are quite

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A treat, and not to be forgot,  
They are so savoury and hot.  
Rank lard, a hard crust, and a leek,  
A pinch of salt and a lean steak,  
The cheapest, coarsest carrion meat  
That butchers sell or dogs do eat,

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