

The scarlet maple leaves and the sweet ripe
nuts,
May strew the forest glade at my door,
But my cringing cunning dwarf, with his
slavered kacking laugh,
Cries " Wolf, wolf, wolf! " at my door.

The violets may come, the pale wind-flowers
blow,
And tremble by the stream at my door ;
But my dwarf will never cease, until his last
release,
From his " Wolf, wolf, wolf! " at the door.

The long sweet April wind may woo the
world from grief,
And tell the old tales at my door ;
The rainbirds in the rain may plead their far
refrain,
In the glad young year at my door ;

And in the quiet sun, the silly partridge
brood
In the red pine dust by my door ;
Yet my squinting runty dwarf, with his lewd
ungodly laugh,
Cries " Wolf, wolf, wolf! " at my door.