

7. FIRST DOG FRIEND

He was just a bit of a doggie
With clear bright eyes of brown
Tired of his life's dull routine
Tired of the narrow town.

So he ran away one morning
Out into the country wide,
And there he ever afterwards
In freedom did reside.

When he was scarcely one year old
He went to public school,
But was dismissed in one short hour
For breaking every rule.

So instead he studied tactics
Of war, and rules of fight
And he grew a famous warrior
The bravest could not slight.

Full many a proud opponent
He sent to hasty flight
And foes whene'er he walked abroad
Kept wisely out of sight.

But though he was a warrior
He was a geologist too,
And many were the specimens deep hid
He brought to view.

So when upon his travels
It always was his mode
To wander through the fields and woods
By some unknown road.