



BE KIND TO YOUR DOG.

NOW often we see, as we walk through the street
Above all in London's great town,
A man without mercy, a poor dog will treat,
Each cruelty ought to be put down;
Because he is dumb, he can not tell his pain,
He treats him as though a great log,
But this is my greatest advice, and my plan,
Always be kind to your dog.

CHORUS.

Be kind to your dog, boys and he will stick to
you,
And turn out your best friend,
Altho' he is dumb, he will prove himself one;
And stand by your side till the end.

One fine afternoon I said to myself,
I will have a good row on the Lee,
As Providence happened, I at the same time,
Took my dog Rover, with me;
My boat it turned over, I must have been drown'd
For not in the least could I swim,
But when I recovered, I thankfully found,
That no one had saved me but him.

CHORUS, &c.

That night while, in bed, I heard a strange noise,
Which came from the room underneath,
I opened the door, and let Rover go down,
For something struck me 'twas a thief;
Then heard scuffles, and groans just like death,
To my great satisfaction I found,
The wretch that would rob me lay panting for breath,
And my faithful old dog on the ground!

CHORUS, &c.

Now always be kind to your four legged friend,
And never ill use him through age,
He is sure to prove useful some day now depend,
If it is only to those in old age,
Above all don't kill him because he is old,
And neither begins to decay,
And think of the tales that have often been told,
And remember each dog has his day.

CHORUS, &c.

