

ONE SHILLING.

The MAD DOG.

ONE
OF
R. CALDECOTT'S
PICTURE
BOOKS



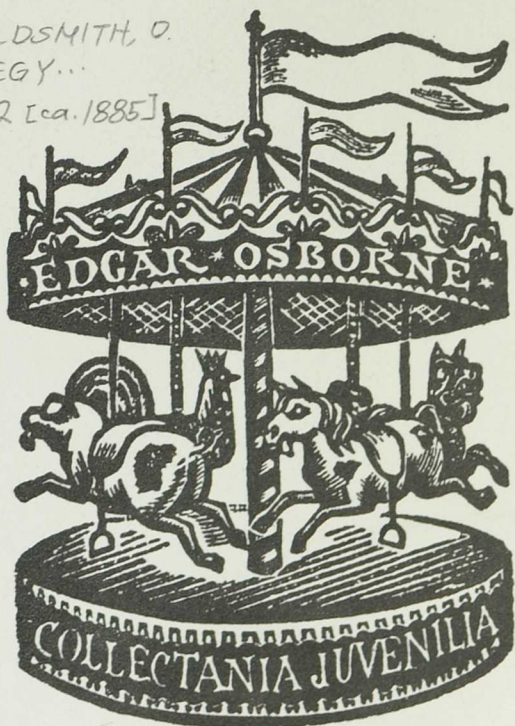
GEORGE
ROUTLEDGE
AND SONS

(p) dt

GOLDSMITH, O.

ELEGY...

C. 2 [ca. 1885]



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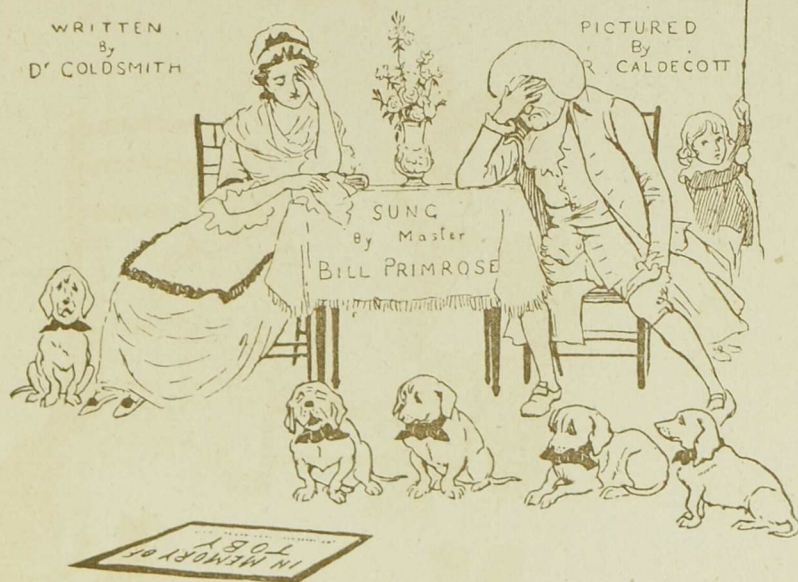
AN ELEGY
ON THE
DEATH OF A MAD DOG.



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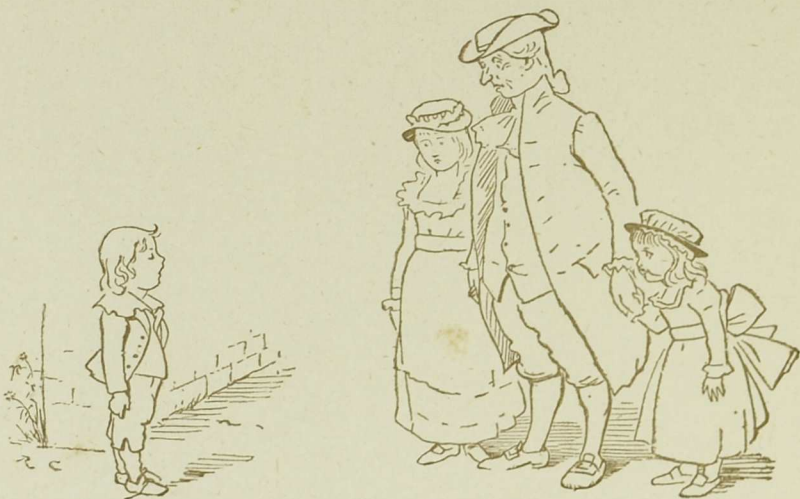
WRITTEN
By
D^r GOLDSMITH

PICTURED
By
R. CALDECOTT



GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS

LONDON, GLASGOW, MANCHESTER, AND NEW YORK



GOOD people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song ;
And if you find it wondrous short,



It cannot hold you long.





In Islington there lived a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,



Whene'er he went



to pray.





A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes ;
The naked every day he clad,



When he put on



his clothes.





And in that town a dog was found :
As many dogs there be —



Both mongrel, puppy, whelp,

and hound,



And curs of low degree.



This dog and man at first were friends ;



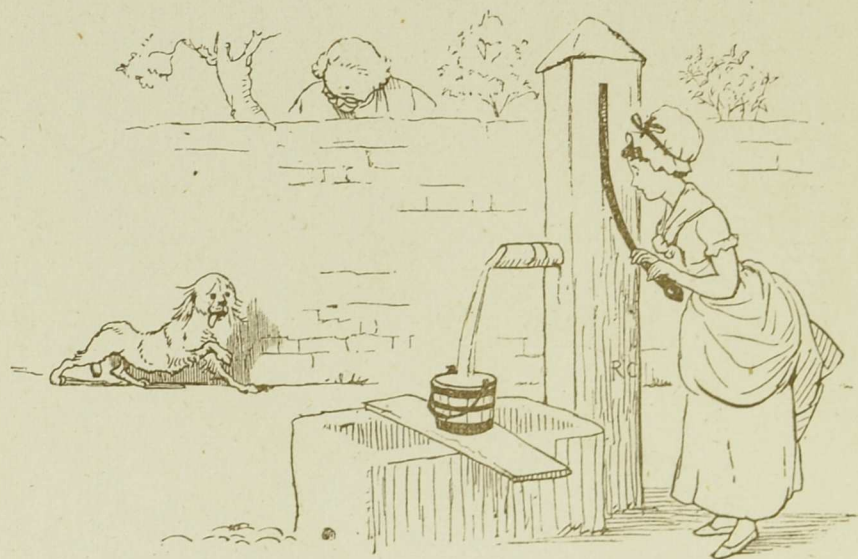
But, when a pique began,

The dog, to gain some private ends,



Went mad, and bit the man.





Around from all



the neighbouring streets



The wondering neighbours ran ;





And swore the dog had lost his wits,



To bite so good a man.



The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
To every christian eye ;





And while they swore the dog was mad,

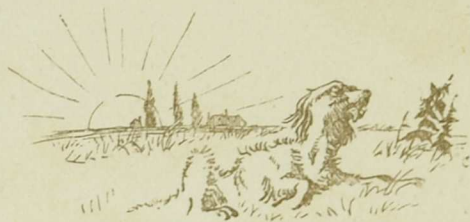


They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That show'd the rogues they lied —



The man recover'd of the bite ;



The dog it was that died.



LONDON
ENGRAVED AND PRINTED
BY
EDMUND EVANS

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