



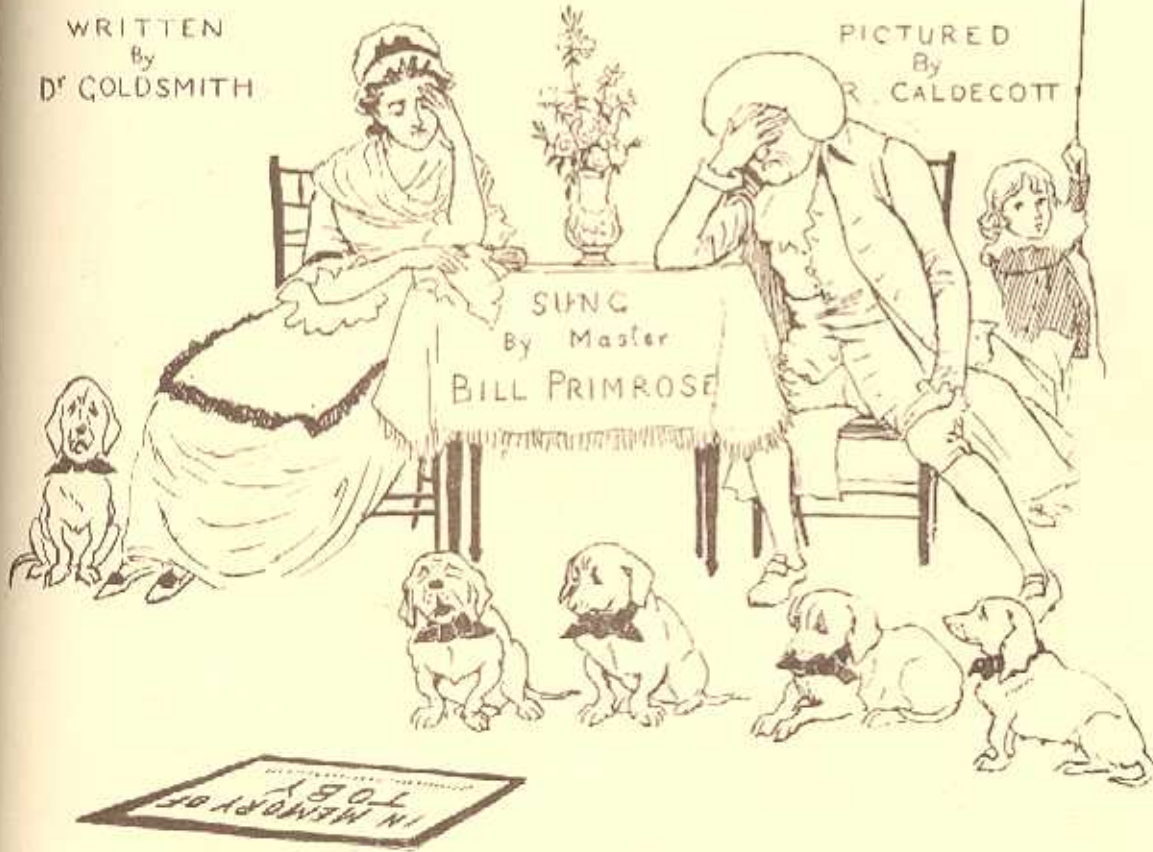
WRITTEN  
By  
DR. GOLDSMITH



# An ELEGY on the DEATH of a MAD DOG.

WRITTEN  
By  
DR. GOLDSMITH

PICTURED  
By  
R. CALDECOTT





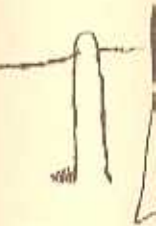
GOOD people all, of every sort,  
Give ear unto my song ;  
And if you find it wondrous short,



It cannot hold you long.



To the Ange





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



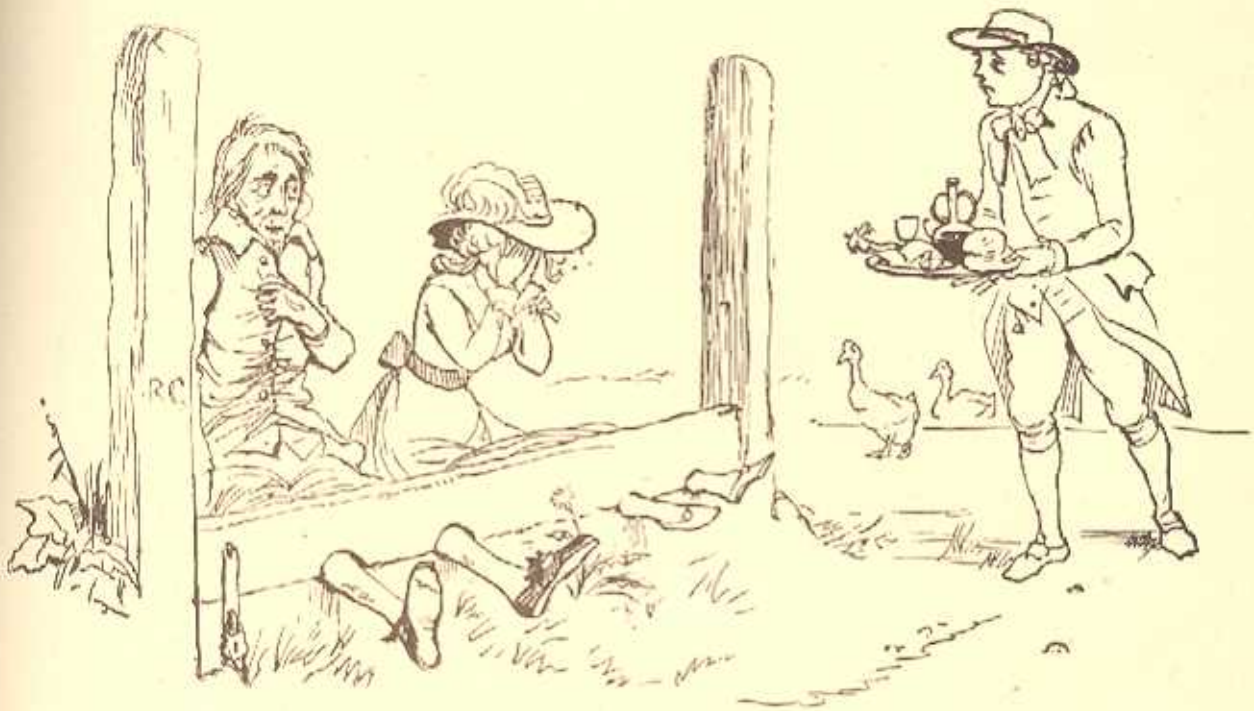
Whene'er he went



to pray.







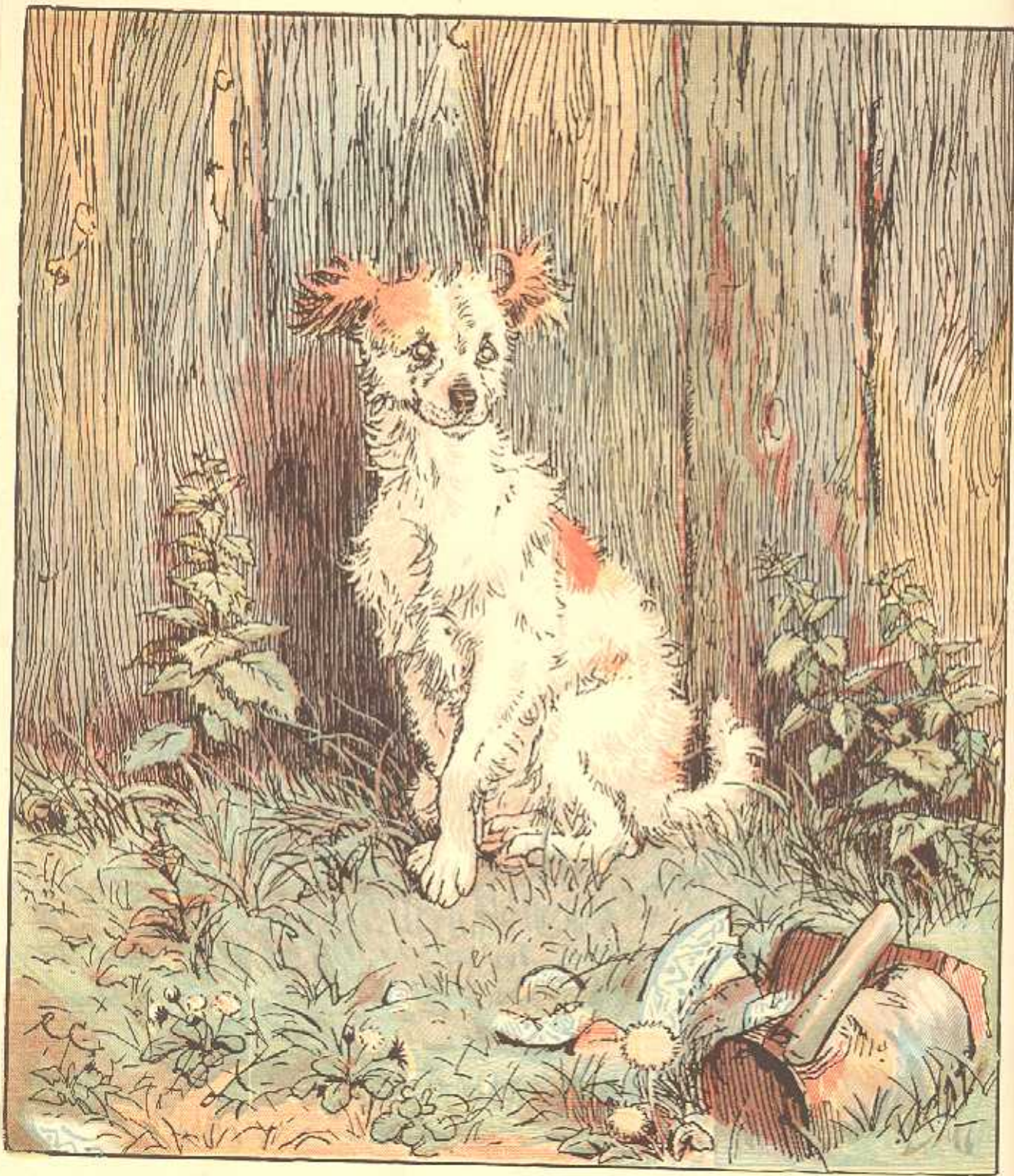
A kind and gentle heart he had,  
To comfort friends and foes;  
The naked every day he clad,



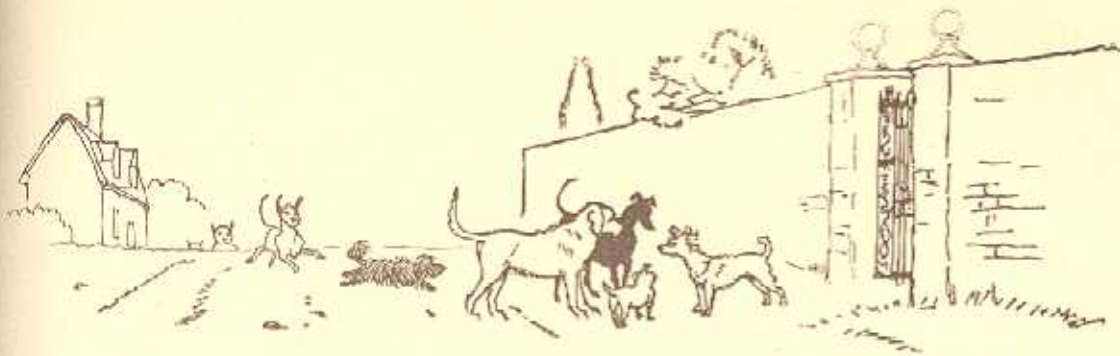
When he put on



his clothes

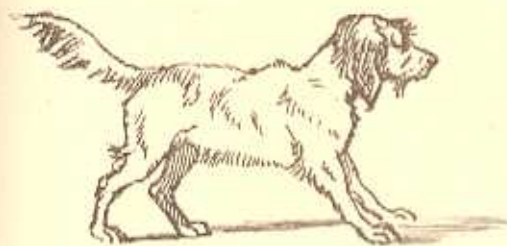


20



And in that town a dog was found :

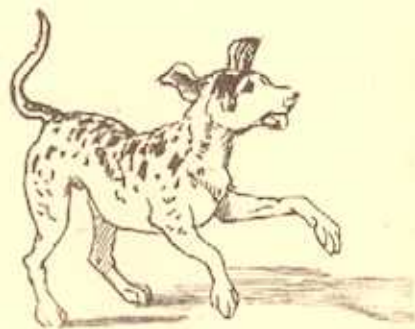
As many dogs there be —



Both mongrel,

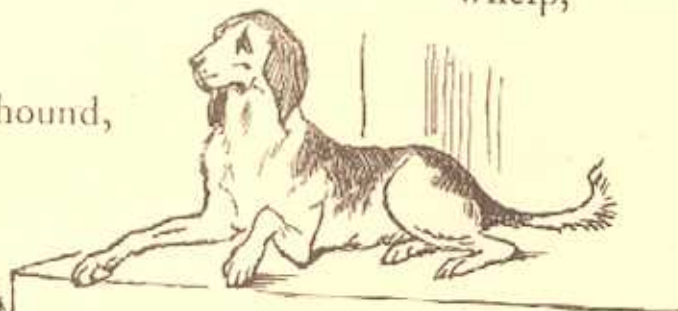


puppy,



whelp,

and hound,



And curs of low degree.



This dog and man at first were friends ;



But, when a pique began,



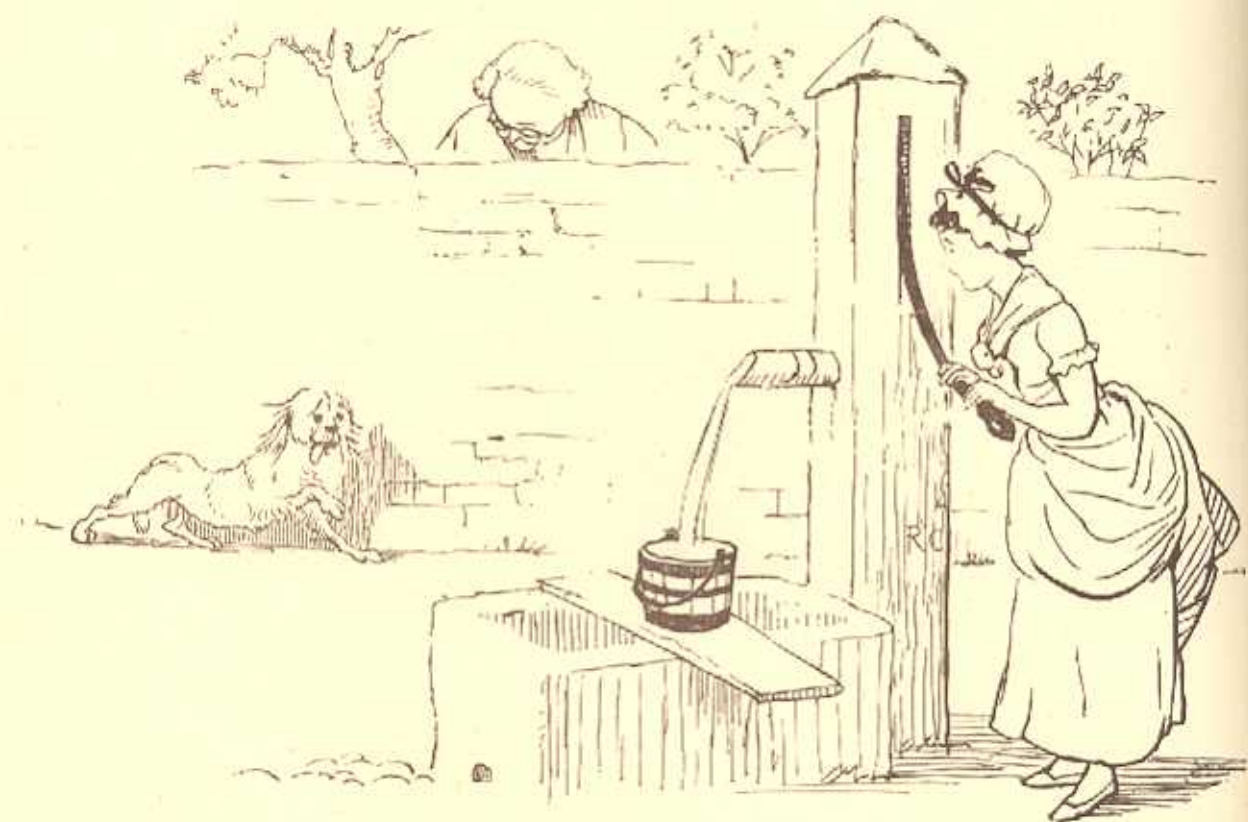
The dog, to gain some private ends,



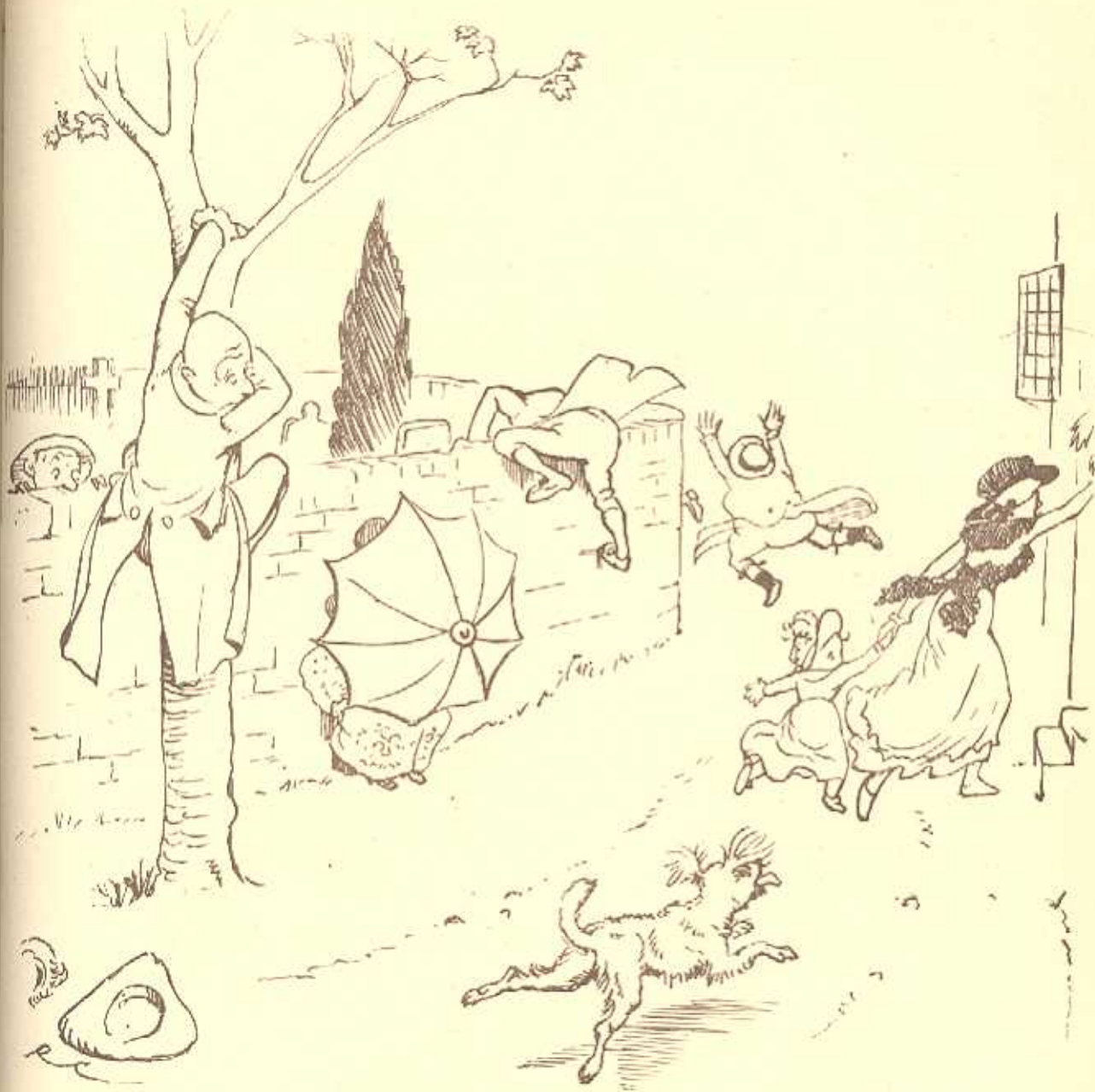
Went mad, and bit the man.







Around from all



the neighbouring streets



The wondering neighbours ran ;





W. & A. G. & Co. London

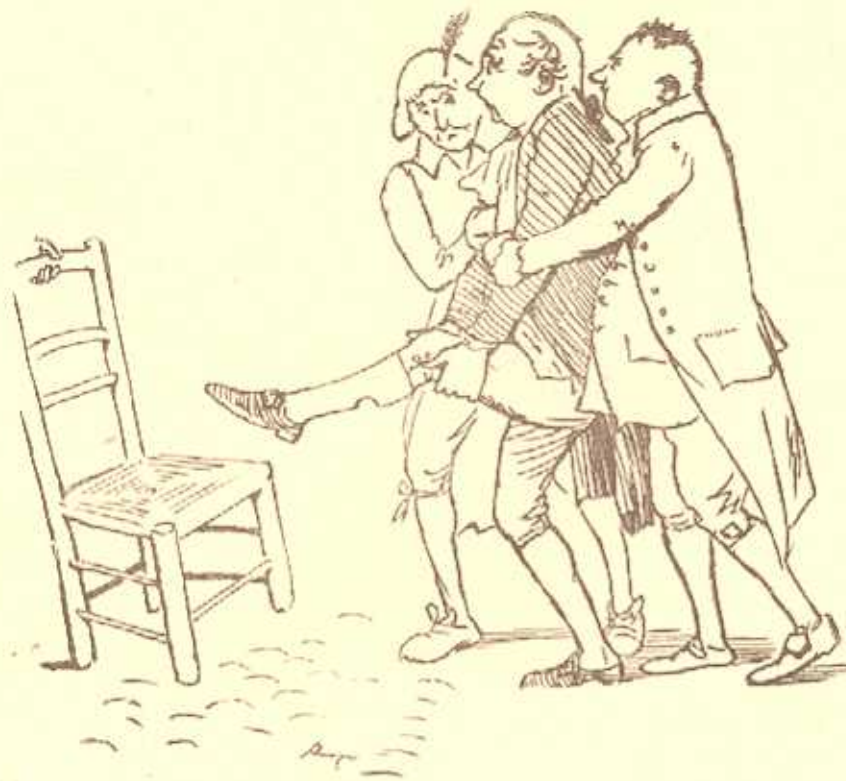


And swore the dog had lost his wits,



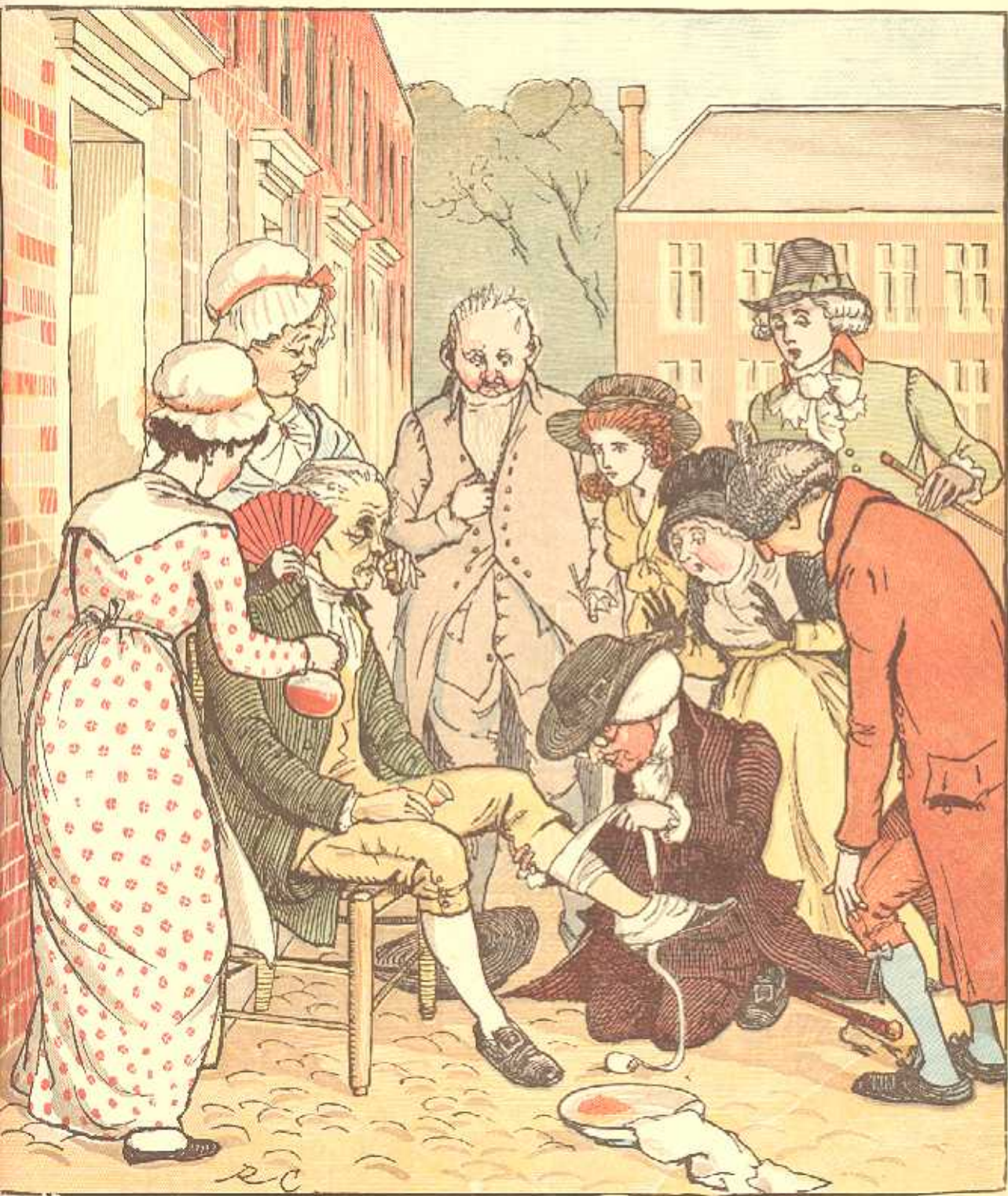
To bite so good a man.





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.



