ELEGY

On the Death of a Mad Dog

The Verse by

Oliver Goldsmith

The Music by

ALEXANDER RUSSELL

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The John Church Company

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Good people all of ev'ry sort, Give ear unto my song, And if you find it wondrous short, It cannot hold you long. In Islington there was 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 his private ends, Went mad and bit the man! Around from all the neighb'ring streets, The wond'ring neighbors ran, And swore the dog had lost his wits To bite so good a man.

The wound, it seemed both sore and sad, To ev'ry 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 those rogues they lied, The man recovered from the bite,

The dog it was that died.

-Qliver Goldsmith.

Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog



OLIVER GOLDSMITH

ALEXANDER RUSSELL





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