The Dog - song lyrics

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THE DOG
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Written and Composed by Harry Gates. Sung by Gus. Pixley.

There was a friend of mine bought a bull canine,
It was a dog, a little dog;
Of this dog he was proud, and he sang his praises loud,
It was a dog, a little dug.
He brought him home in the house one night,
The family and servants they went off into a fright,
They had cause to laugh When the sun shone bright,
It was the dog, the little dog.

Chorus.
Some one came o'er the fence, then the circus did commence,
They found a pair of pants full of tears and rents,
It was the dog, the little dog.

I found his pride in life was not his wife,
It was the dog, the little dog;
He couldn't pay his rent, for his money he had spent,
Yes, for the dog, the little dog.
The brute he got in a yard close by.
Goose and chicken feathers all around began to fly,
Tho' the family starved, who had chicken pie?
Why, the dog, the little dog.

Chorus.
With anguish he did wail, saw a sight that made him pale,
What think you he has offered now for sale?
Why, the dog, the yaller dog.

On the quiet one night my friend got tight.
That was a dog, another dog.
As quiet as a mouse, who was it watched the house?
It was the dog, the other dog.
The lights were out, all within was dark,
No one, he thought, would know that he had been out on a lark-
Who awoke the folks with a joyous bark?
Why, the dog, the little dog.

Chorus.
His wife was on the stairs, hit his eye and pulled his hair,
What grabbed him hard and fast where he'd pants to spare?
it was the dog, the little dog.

Pretty girls he'd admire, and he soon did tire
Of the dog, the nasty dog.
He loved the serving maid, as about the house she strayed,
Without the dog, the little dog.
When he'd a chance his arms were placed
Very lovingly about his darlin's little waist,
What gave them away just as they embraced?
It was the dog, the little dog.

Chorus.
Oh, how the wife did cry, and the girl for life did fly,
My friend has bought a gun-do you know who'll die?
Why, the dog, the little dog.