

The Difference

By the Poet "Low-Rate."

It was a dog
And it stayed at home,
And guarded the family night and day,
It was a dog,
It didn't roam,
It lay on the porch and chased the stray,
The cat, the burglar, the hen away,
For a dog's true heart for that household beat,
At morning or even, in cold or heat—
It was a dog.

He was a man,
And he didn't stay,
To cherish his wife and his children fair,
He was a man,
And every day
His heart grew callous, it's love beats rare.
He thought of himself at the close of the day,
And cigar in his fingers hurried away
To the club, the bar, the game, the show.
He had a right to go you know,
He was a man.

She was a woman,
She loved them both,
The faithful dog and her husband too,
She was a woman
Who feel quite loth
To leave him as many a one would do,
Her heart was at home and there it stayed,
The dog—her safeguard when he delayed;
She married the man for better or worse,
So did not cry, complain, or curse,
She was a woman.