

BEYOND THE BLUE

When something made me look around—
scarce believed my mind—

But, sure enough, the dog was followin'
right close behind.

A feeling first of joy, and then a sharper
greater one

Of anger came, at knowing 'twas not me
but Ben's old gun,

That Fove was after,—well, sir, I just don't
mind telling you,

But I forgot that moment Ben was up
beyond the blue.

Perhaps it was but jealousy—perhaps it was
despair,—

But I just struck him with the gun and
broke the bone right there;

And then—my very throat seemed choked
for he began to whine

With pain—God knows how tenderly I took
that dog of mine

Up in my arms, and tore my old red necktie
into bands

To bind the broken leg, while there he lay
and licked my hands;