

(With Apologies to "Gunga Din")

If you speak of dogs or pups
You won't 'ave to use no "buts"
If you're talkin' of them pit dogs as is game;
For they're with you every minit,
'Tis themselves as will begin it,
And Mrs. M. she'll tell you just the same.
Now of all the dogs in town,
If you look both up and down,
(And hit's of Vancouver town I'm speakin' now),
You couldn't find a better,
Be 'e mastiff, pug or setter,
Than the yaller pup to who' I makes my bow.
For 'twas Sandy, Sandy, Sandy,
Son of Molly and of Major, Sandy M.
You pup, come 'ere to me.
My eye! I'll have you see
Who's master of this 'ouse'old, Sandy M.

The clothes that 'e 'ad on
They was 'is when 'e was born,
If you bar a leather collar that 'e wore,
An' 'e didn't care for style,
'E was thinkin' all the while
That the things they puts on lap dogs was a bore.
If you took 'im for a stroll
On the beach or street or mole
'Twas best to keep your eye and ear alert;
For if he got a show
The other dog would know
That the end would find 'is nose rubbed in the dirt.
So 'twas Sandy! Sandy! Sandy!
Oh, you rarin', tearin', swearin' Sandy M.
If I can't make you quit
S.P.C.A.'s will have a fit,
Can't you see you must stop fightin', Sandy M.?