

Then howling night possessed the wintry earth,
Then closer drew that household to the hearth,
Where was the wandering dog?

Not in the storm! for Jane, by stealth, had led
The wanderer to shelter, food, and bed—
She'd housed the wandering dog;

And—for the dog within the storm was not—
Sweeter than ever slumbered on her cot,
Nor heard the wandering dog,

Who, in the midnight, lifted an alarm,
When the armed robber came that home to harm :
So true the wandering dog!

And gripped the throttle of the burglar grim,
And cast him down, but got a stab from him—
Stabbed was the wandering dog.

And both were found at morn, without the shed,
Deep in the blood-stain'd snow, and both were dead,
Then praised they all the dog!