

“Through the deep snow he goes unsteadily,
Sickly, and hungry, surely he must be,
Let in the wandering dog.”

“No dog have we for to caress or treat,
And scraps are left from every meal we eat,
Let in the wandering dog.”

“Drear night is coming, with fresh drifts of snow,
Which, ere the morning, he will lie below,
Let in the wandering dog,”

“Oh ! should he perish by our door, 'twere sad,
When we had means to make the wretched glad,
Let in the wandering dog,”

“But he is worthless, else he would not roam,
'Or may be mad,' said some within that home,
We can't let in the dog !”

'Till dusk the great dog lingered by the gate,
While vainly sued that gentle advocate,
“Let in the wandering dog.”