

Signing what thou canst not speak :  
Wanting me to stroke thy head,  
Looking for a gift of bread,  
Off the supper meal I use  
Which, in sooth, I'll not refuse ;  
For with thee I'll have my way,  
Differing from those, who say—  
"Diet sparingly your cat,  
And 'twill better hunt the rat"—  
Give thee trust, and meat, for ne'er  
Knew I guardians, anywhere,  
Who could make domestics good,  
By withholding faith or food.

From my shoulder coming down,  
Brindled friend thy bullet crown  
Shows the signs of recent fight :  
Thou wert out, again, last night,  
'Neath the starlight—'twixt the roofs—  
When went by the horses hoofs :—  
Bearing from the dazing dance  
Some who, in that night perchance,