

Where Do Good Dogs Go

There is a place where good dogs go

When life's cares fade away

Where all dog joys just grow and grow

And life is pleasant every day

For each there is a patch of sunlight there

Where he can lie to dream and ponder

Of that good chase when days are fair

Or of all the fun that's over yonder

A place where woodchucks abound the year around

Where dogs can raise their voice

To make the noises of their choice

And man's ears are not offended by the sound

All round about are shining wheels

Affixed to big black Cadillacs

Where dogs can stop

Without the curses of man

Resounding from their backs

When the time rolls around
To make that journey there
Your old friend goes that way
Where skies are always fair

Remember that along the path each day
Are returned to him the joys
That he brought you
Gliding down on every sunlight ray

Written when "Reb" died

March 1, 1974