

“An Ode to Puppy Dogs”

O puppy dogs! O puppy dogs!
You taste good in a stew;
You chase a few small, harmless frogs
And beat them black and blue.



O color blue! O color blue!
Your glory gilds the skies;
Your flavor lies in berry hue
And lands in tasty pies.

O yummy pies! O yummy pies!
The children gather 'round;
They munch you down with happy cries,
And each one gains a pound.



O city pound! O city pound!
Where homeless creatures lie;
And there they cry a lonesome sound—
And there your puppies die.