



I wonder if Christ had a little dog  
All shiny and silky like mine.  
And a nose round and wet, with two little ears,  
And two eyes brown and tender that shine  
I'm sure if He had, that little dog,  
Knew right from the start He was God.  
That he needed no proof that Christ was divine,  
And just worshiped the ground where he trod.  
I'm afraid that He hadn't because I have read  
How He prayed in the garden alone.  
For all of His friends and disciples had fled,  
Even Peter, the one called a stone.  
And oh! I am sure that that little dog  
With a heart so tender and warm  
Would never have left Him to suffer alone,  
But creeping right under His arm would have  
Licked the dear fingers in agony clasped  
And counting all favors but loss  
When they took Him away,  
Would have trotted behind,  
And followed Him right to the cross...