



Give me the love of a little dog,  
And I shall not complain at all,  
Of rainy days or cloudy skys,  
Or little dreams that fade  
and die.

Give me the wag of his little  
tail, the bark that says,  
"I know you well, I understand"  
And I shall walk on holy land.

For fame and fortune burdens  
And winter takes the roses of spring.  
But the love of a little dog,  
Is a God like thing.