

To Mr. JOHN R. DRAKE, Milwaukee

DOG AND GUN



*"Its bosom fair the sportsman's shrine,
 Reflecting one by one
 The busy anglers' rod and line,
 The fowlers' dog and gun."*

*"We'll meet as in those August days -
 Or neath September's sun,
 When dew drops sparkled in the rays
 Which smiled on dog and gun."*

*"With Frank and Rapp in rain and shine,
 These pleasures we have won -
 Lets fill a cup for auld lang syne,
 And drink to dog and gun."*

6

Music by J.P. WEBSTER Words by E. B. DEWING.

CHICAGO ILL.

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Music by J.P.WEBSTER.

Words by E.B.DEWING, Esq.

VOICE. 

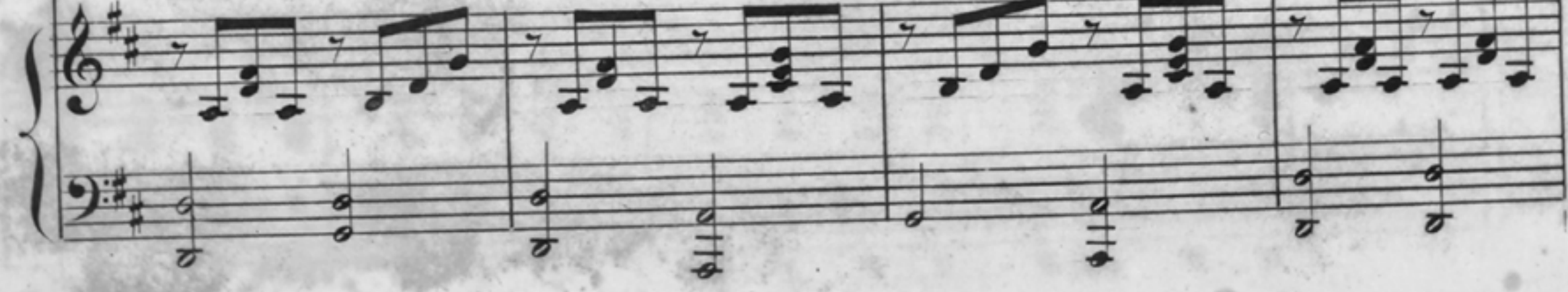
PIANO. 

- 1. The
- 2. Sweet,
- 3. To
- 4. In

summer sun is drop-ping down The ha - zy south - ern sky, The
 clo - ver scent - ed fields, fare - well, Ye heath - y moors a - dieu;— Good -
 oth - er scenes, but not less fair, We turn these au - tumn days, Where
 pathless woods, O, com - rade HANK, There is a pleas - ure true, And



leaves of June are gold - en brown, And swal - lows homeward fly; The
 bye pin - na - ted grouse and quail, A - gain, when skies are blue, We'll
 flights of wild - fowl fill the air A - long the creeks and bays: O,
 rap - tures on the wind - ing bank Whence "green-heads" meet the view: With



corn is gathered from the field, The reap - ers' work is done, — O,
 meet as in those Au - gust days, Or 'neath Sep - tem - bers sun, When
 what care we for voice of men While bab - bling brook - lets run, Whose
 FRANK and RAPP, in rain and shine, These pleas - ures we have won; Let's

fra - grant sea - son, thou didst yield Rare sport for dog and gun.
 dew - drops sparkled in the rays Which smiled on dog and gun.
 rip - pling mu - sic charms the glen With songs of dog and gun!
 fill a cup for auld lang syne And drink to dog and gun.

CHORUS.

AIR. Let oth - ers plod the road to wealth, Or toil where lau - rels may be won; Give
 ALTO. Let oth - ers plod the road to wealth, Or toil where lau - rels may be won; Give
 TENOR. Let oth - ers plod the road to wealth, Or toil where lau - rels may be won; Give
 BASS. Let oth - ers plod the road to wealth, Or toil where lau - rels may be won; Give
 PIANO. [Piano accompaniment for the chorus]

me the pre-cious boon of health, My faith - ful dog and trust-y gun.

me the pre-cious boon of health, My faith - ful dog and trust-y gun.

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Or farther, where Lake Lauderdale,
 A "thing of beauty," lies,
 A "joy forever" in this vale,
 Where time too quickly flies;
 Its bosom fair the sportsman's shrine,
 Reflecting, one by one,
 The busy anglers' rod and line,
 The fowler's dog and gun.

6

O, magic bit of inland sea,
 Shut in by bosky hills,
 Thy ev'ry phase is dear to me—
 My soul thy glory thrills:
 Upon thy shore I fain would lie,
 When life's brief race is run,
 With "Mallards" flying harmless by,
 At rest, with dog and gun.