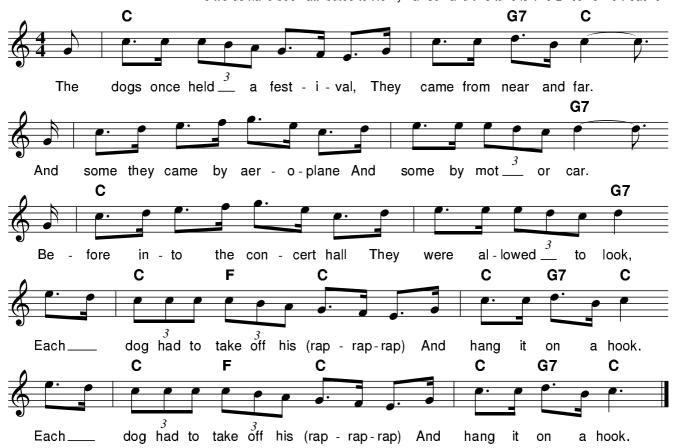
The Dogs' Meeting

The words have been attributed to Henry Lawson and this tune is The Lincolnshire Poacher.



Oh, hardly were they seated there, each mother, son and sire, When a dirty little yeller dog began to holler, 'Fire!'
Out they rushed in panic, they didn't stop to look;
Each dog just grabbed a (rap-rap-rap) from off the nearest hook.

They rushed out from the concert hall, they didn't stop to look. Each dog had grabbed a (rap rap rap) from off the nearest hook, And when they got onto the street confusion was afore. Each dog he had a (rap rap rap) he didn't have before.

And that's the reason why you see, when walking down the street, Each dog will stop and swap a smell with every dog he meets. And that's the reason why a dog will leave a good fat bone Just to go and sniff a (rap-rap-rap) in hopes to find his own.