

# The Dogs' Meeting

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

The dogs once held <sup>3</sup> a fest - i - val, They came from near and far.

And some they came by aer - o - plane And some by mot <sup>3</sup> or car.

Be - fore in - to the con - cert hall They were al - lowed <sup>3</sup> to look,

Each <sup>3</sup> dog had to take <sup>3</sup> off his (rap - rap-rap) And hang it on a hook.

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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.