

A Purp.

I have a purp - a coal black purp,
With white upon his nose,
His hair is long, and curly too,
With white about his toes,

A ring around his neck, there is,
As white as white can be;
He is plump and fat, too - he is,
For he is a he and not a she,

Now this purp a home does want,
If a good one he can get;
For with care a dog he'll be,
At no distant day - you bet.

So if this purp you'd like to have,
A purp that is a beauty,
Say so, and he shall be sent,
But you'll be taxed the duty.

By swift Express he can be shipped
All safe and sound to hand,
You'll like him too - I am sure,
This pretty Newfoundland.

In a week or ten days - not more,
Will be the time for him to go;
But a month he can remain,

Even longer if you say so,

In closing, I'd rhyme this last verse too,
But not a word - save that of Pickles,
Can be found in looking 'round,
To rhyme with that of

Michals.

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Michals