

Old Shep

OLD SHEP
CLYD RED FOLEY

C A D

WHEN I WAS A LAD AND OLD SHEP WAS A PUP
G G7 CF#dimG

O'ER HILLS AND MEADOWS WE'D ROAM.

C A D

JUST A BOY AND HIS DOG, WE BOTH FULL OF FUN;
G G7 C FC

WE GREW UP TOGETH-ER THAT WAY.

G G7 C

I REMEMBER THE TIME AT THE OLD SWIMMING HOLE,
A D G

WHEN I WOULD HAVE DROWNED BEYOND DOUBT.

C A D

SHEP WAS RIGHT THERE, TO THE RESCUE HE CAME,
G G7 CFC

HE JUMPED IN AND HELPED PULL ME OUT.

SO THE YEARS ROLLED ALONG, AND AT LAST HE GREW OLD,
HIS EYESIGHT WAS FAST GROWING DIM.

THEN ONE DAY THE DOCTOR LOOKED AT ME AND SAID
"I CAN'T DO NO MORE FOR HIM, JIM."

WITH A HAND THAT WAS TREMBLING, I PICKED UP MY GUN,
I AIMED IT AT SHEP'S FAITHFULL HEAD.

JUST COULDN'T DO IT, I WANTED TO RUN,
AND I WISHED - THEY'D SHOOT ME INSTEAD.

I WENT TO HIS SIDE, AND SAT ON THE GROUND,
HE LAID HIS HEAD ON MY KNEE.

I STROKED THE BEST PAL, THAT A MAN EVER FOUND,
I CRIED SO - I SCARCELY COULD SEE.

OLD SHEPPIE HE KNEW, HE WAS GOING TO GO,
FOR HE REACHED OUT AND LICKED AT MY HAND.

HE LOOKED UP AT ME, JUST AS MUCH AS TO SAY,
WE'RE PARTING, BUT YOU UNDERSTAND.

C A D D7

OLD SHEP IS GONE WHERE THE GOOD DOGGIES GO,
G G7 CF#dimG

AND NO MORE WITH OLD SHEP WILL I ROAM.

C A D

BUT IF DOGS HAVE A HEAVEN, THERE'S ONE THING I KNOW,
G G7 CFC

OLD SHEP HAS A WONDERFUL HOME.