Old Shep

Pat Boone

When I was a lad and old Shep was a pup
O'er hills and meadows we'd strayed
Just a boy and his dog we were both full of fun
We grew up together that way

I remember the time at the old swimming hole
When I would have drowned beyond doubt
Shep was right there to the rescue he came
He jumped in and helped pull me out

So the years sped along and at last he grew old
His eye sight 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 faithful head
I just couldn't do it I wanted to run
And I wished they'd shoot me instead

I went to his side and I sat on the ground
He laid his head on my knees
I stroke the best pal that a man ever found
I cried so I scaresly could see

Old Shepy he knew he was going to go
for he reached out and nipped at my hand
He looked up at me just as much as to say
We're parting but you'll understand

Now old Shep is gone where the good doggies go

And no more with old Shep will I roam
But if dogs have a heaven there's one thing I know
Old Shep has a wonderful home

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