

My Life had stood - a Loaded Gun -  
In Corners - till a Day  
The Owner passed - identified -  
And carried Me away -

And now We roam in Sovereign Woods -  
And now We hunt the Doe -  
And every time I speak for Him  
The Mountains straight reply -

And do I smile, such cordial light  
Upon the Valley glow -  
It is as a Vesuvian face  
Had let it's pleasure through -

And when at Night - Our good Day done -  
I guard My Master's Head -  
'Tis better than the Eider Duck's  
Deep Pillow - to have shared -

To foe of His - I'm deadly foe -  
None stir the second time -  
On whom I lay a Yellow Eye -  
Or an emphatic Thumb -

Though I than He - may longer live  
He longer must - than I -  
For I have but the power to kill,  
Without - the power to die -