



To Sail or Not To Sail! - That is the question!

Many years have come and gone since I first went on our boat,
And I really have to wonder why a dog should be afloat.
A life on the ocean waves, it seems, is really not for me,
At home and in my garden is more my "cup of tea".
My garden is a large one, ideal for doggy habits,
I spend my days on guard to chase a multitude of rabbits,
And when I'm tired and weary, I go indoors to rest,
A girl must have her beauty sleep if she's going to look her best.
Admirers are many, but it's not that I am vain,
But my humans thrive on compliments when they come my way again.
It's winter now, my coat is thick, my hair it tends to flop,
With spring around the corner, I'll soon be for the chop.
Then summer comes and if by chance we get some sunny days,
I'll laze around my garden while I catch the sun's warm rays.
It's really not a bad life in my Helensburgh pad,
My duty is to please my folks and make their hearts feel glad.
I think I have accomplished this, we all seem quite content,
So I'm off to settle by the fire, a pleasure "heaven sent".

