

THE STRANGE DOG

'Tis of a stranger dog that I'm about to write
His colour was black and tanned, but none of him was white
On the first day of September late one Saturday night,
The stranger partook to his delight.
At Ravenseat Low Pasture, near to the Blea Gill
This outrageous dog four lambs did kill.
The shepherd, the next morning, to the pasture repaired
When to his astonishment the dog had been there.
Next day the shepherd to the High Bridge butter market went
His sad story for to tell. Some thought of a dog at home
While others could not tell.
Six days they were in a mystery the truth to them was shown
The dog made his appearance to all but one unknown.
Two more lambs he did bite and one of them did die.
The news spread far and wide the dog was all the cry.
Some ran up and some ran down and some the dog did view,
And by his swift and speedy feet he left them all 'tis true.
At Hill Top Riggs pasture he was next seen by a man
That gave chase right down to Keld Green.
Another to the gamekeeper did run to tell him to meet him
And shoot him with his gun.
The dog being cunning and full of art he up Aygill pasture like a dart.
Over wall and river he went till all the men were off the scent.
Early next morning on Stonesdale Moor ten men they did combine
The dog to find and kill before the sun did shine.
On Wednesday morning at Windy Gill three lambs were dead and two
were ill. Near to the spot the dog did lay,
At the sight of a man he ran away - away he went without weaver or
stop over Stonesdale Bridge to Prial Wood top.

The weather being unfavourable, the dog they could not find
 They all set off home - they all being in a mind.
 The rain fell thick and fast, the dog some shelter found
 In the Wesendale cowhouse and there he laid him down.
 A man was out on the spy and thought he would look in as he went by.
 The dog sprang out his life to save,
 When a blow with a stick the farmer gave.
 The dog again his feet recovered when his opponent at him flew,
 They both dashed off together when he his enemy trew.
 Away he went up Greenses Gill upon to Kisdon as many can tell.
 Sixteen guns were ready to fire - but where was the dog
 They so long desired.
 He next paid his visit to Dalehead with a hungry appetite,
 But not for the dead. The farmers all being at hay he took
 The living for his prey.
 The sixteenth being on a certain day they all from Keld and
 Thorns came right away.
 At the Oldern Seat Crag the number was forty-five.
 They did consult among themselves which way to have a dive -
 They sought him all that day, but nowhere was he found!
 Some thought to bring foahounds to hunt him all around.
 Another week they tried in vain until at last a meeting was called.
 Then two men were set to watch - the tyrant dog to catch.
 Time after time after him they went, but him being a dog that
 Nobody kent, three weeks and three days his career did last, till the
 Power of nature a gloom on him cast.
 He next paid a visit to Farnmoss, there he got a good wash, made
 Himself tidy and clean to visit the Harkers Queen.
 At Hill Top Farn again he was seen, there he was raised,
 Caught out by a scheme. He was met by a woman and from
 Her he did fly into Little Moor pasture and there he did lie.

The night coming on he no longer did stay,
 But up to Harkers to seek after prey.
 The dog being there and he for to try thought it best to go on the sly.
 The farmer thought a trap to lay, then of the plan next the way.
 A rope to the door he did quickly tie,
 Thinking to himself he would have a good try.
 The dog in the stable to a chain was tied,
 Six men and five guns close to him did hide.
 Then up came the dog and looked about to see if he could
 Find the dog out.
 Then back into the field he went and shouted without delay -
 Come away my bonny dog for I'll no longer stay.
 The dog to the signal gave consent,
 Then up he came and into the stable went.
 The door behind him pulled so tight caused him to snatch and bite.
 Loud 'hurrahs' were then to be heard, here he is upon my word.
 Silence then were ceased to be they all rushed in the dog to see.
 Then sticks and stones did at him fly, 'till he could there no longer hide.
 Then at the door he made a spring, then dashing to and fro
 His punishment was great - another shot into his heart
 Told them all his fate
 On the twenty-fifth of September all the Swaledale Head farmers
 Will remember for joy was felt in every cot to see and
 Hear the dog was shot.
 His grave is on the wild moor, no farmers have a sod turned over,
 He now lies 'neath the cold, cold clay - for lambs on the
 Common upon him to play.
 The flocks and herds are now at rest when midnight appears,
 The shepherds on the mountainside are free from doubts and fears.