

PATSY ANN

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Now I'll sing you a song (as a dog-lovin' man)
Of a lovely bull terrier by name Patsy Ann
Who resided in Juneau not far from the Pole
Where the weather is rainy and quite often cold

*Good old Patsy Ann
Heart of gold Patsy Ann
We'll never forget you
Our bold Patsy Ann!*

Patsy's hearing was poor from the day she was born
But her face was as cheerful as a fair summer morn
She brightened the city she knew and loved best
Not a doggie known better throughout the Northwest

Patsy dearly loved ships, and they swear this is true:
She'd go down to the dock when a steamer was due
Where she'd wait for a ship still an hour away
How she knew it was coming, no human can say

When the ship was tied up and the gangway put down
For those coming home or to visit the town
The first one to greet them, waiting near the big flag
Was Juneau's own Patsy with tail all a-wag!

If the vessel passed by, bound for some other place,
Patsy'd jump in the water with a smile on her face
Paddle round barking madly as the vessel passed by
Three blasts on the whistle was the pilot's reply

Well she did this for years, till old age came her way
Patsy down in the union hall ended her days
But the city remembered and today you may see
A fine statue of Patsy sitting down by the quay!

You may sing of your Lassie or bold Rin Tin Tin
Those fine dogs of fiction and all of their kin
But for sweet loving kindness and affection for man
You'll never find better than our dear Patsy Ann!