

An Elegy On The Death Of A Mad Dog Full Poem

Writer: Oliver Goldsmith | Generated: Jan 26, 2026

An Elegy On The Death Of A Mad Dog [Oliver Goldsmith](#) (1728-74)

Good people all, of every sort, Give ear unto my song; And if you find it wondrous short, It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man Of whom the world might say, That still a godly race he ran— Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had, To comfort friends and foes; The naked every day he clad— When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found, As many dogs there be, Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound, And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends; But when a pique began, The dog, to gain some private ends, Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets The wond'ring neighbours ran, And swore the dog had lost its wits To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad To every Christian eye; And while they swore the dog was mad, They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light That showed the rogues they lied,— The man recovered of the bite, The dog it was that died!

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