

****GOOD LUCK [11-99]***

**Good Luck, he was my three-legged hound,
He hobbled his whole life through.
But no finer friend could a man ever have,
He was faithful, kind and true.**

**Good Luck ne'er had good luck hisself,
But he sure brought loads to me.
Was sheer pure joy just havin' him 'round,
'twas plain for all to see.**

**Well, the poor lad had the mange real bad,
Shed most-near all his hair.
'n his face was scarred from fightin' hard,
And he had but part-a one ear.**

**Ol' Good Luck's luck often run'd amuck,
'n one gray wintry morn;
I fired to'rd a hare in the thicket there...
'n that's how his tail got shorn.**

**His face was a droop; he stood in a stoop,
But he never complained a bit.
We'd load in the truck, ol' me 'n Good Luck,
And there by my side he'd sit.**

**He sure would miss me when I'd go,
He'd mutter the whole day long.
But he'd come a-draggin, stub a-waggin,
Each day when I got home.**

**I dearly miss that kind old friend,
His big ol' heart jest quit.
I'll never get over him bein' gone.
I'll never get used to it.**

**For, Good Luck was my three-legged hound,
He hobbled his whole life through.
But no finer friend could a man ever have,
He was faithful, kind and true.**

**Inspired by Mandy, a dear old family friend; faithful, kind and true!*

