Hark to the tale of cold-nosed Pete,
And Pluto, the office pup
Who kept the office nice and neat
For benker Huskydup.

Old Huskydup was a rich old hound;
His bones were piled up high
In the shack down near the old mill pond.
Indeed he was the richest hound
Of all the hounds in town.

One night, alone, all, all alone,
Some prowling cur broke in
And stole the pile of precious bones,
Alone, alone, all, all alone.

Next day in front of Pip's saloon,
The neighboring curs came round,
And talked of the event 'til noon,
Accused Pete, the vagabond.

"How dare you," roared our good old Pete,
To Pluto the office Pup,
And jerked him from his favorite seat,
And began to cuff him up.

Old Pete was indeed a husky brute,
The bully of the town.
Pluto was composed of mostly nose,
In Boston bred and born.

They did fight, and fight they did,
'Til all their clothes were torn;
Old clumsy Pete, and Pluto Pup,
Until their strength was worn.

Then our old cold-nosed Pete thought hard
It was his chance — he could not fail,
And so he bit both hard and long
Upon poor Pluto's tail.

Old Pete let out a howl of pain
I'm very glad to say,
For sure it was, the tail he found
Had proved to be his own.

Old Pete went slinking home at last
A most disgruntled cur.
He slept — and lo! tomorrow morn
His tail was all healed o'er.

Now if you think I'm sadly wrong,
I beg you to recall,
That up in Nome, Alaska there
The nights are six months long.