K39 S2 Girls, Solo Verse Speaking, Non-open

(Roger the) Dog   
By Ted Hughes

Asleep he wheezes at his ease,   
He only wakes to scratch his fleas.   
  
He hogs the fire, he bakes his head,   
As if it were a loaf of bread.   
  
He's just a sack of snoring dog,   
You can hug him like a log.   
  
You can roll him with your foot,   
He'll stay snoring where he's put.

Take him out for exercise

He’ll roll in cowclap up to his eyes  
  
He will not race, he will not romp,   
He saves his strength for gobble and chomp.   
  
He'll work as hard as you could wish,   
Emptying his dinner dish.   
  
Then flops flat, and digs down deep,   
like a miner, into sleep. 



