

Grateful Henry Tempest

by Kathleen Wiley

Poor Henry Tempest
He wanted to go West....
Knowing he was too frail
To pull his handcart on the trail....
But poor Henry Tempest...
He still just keeps struggling along.....struggling along..

The captain said..."Henry.....
We know you want to go West...
But we can't pull your load...
It's all we can do to pull our own..."

"I know...."said Henry...
"But just give me one more day....one more day...."

Next day he was still hurtin'....
He knew was a burden...
He ached and he groaned...
He wanted so to make it to his new home
In the West
But poor Henry Tempest...
Saw no way...just no way....

Then right into that big campground
A great big dog came sniffing 'round....
As if to say..."Where is my family?"
He settled down at Henry's feet
And pretty soon he was asleep...
He seemed to say " Don't worry....You've got ME!!!!"

Now Poor Henry Tempest....
Who wanted to go West...
Thought "He's as big as a horse....
And he could pull my cart.... Of course
He'll be gone in the morning...
But I'll make a harness.....any way....any way....."

Next day, in the harness,
It seemed as if he'd worn it...
He pulled that handcart easily...
300 miles so faithfully...
A pet...and a friend.....
A love to the end...of the way....of the way.

Arriving in Salt Lake...
They had a little grubsteak....
And thought about a homestead....
A place where they could lay their heads...
But in 2 days..it's weird....
That dog disappeared.....
He was gone.....just simply gone.....

But grateful Henry Tempest...
Thought of his adventure...
Of how that dog had come along....
And stayed until he'd seen him safely home in the West...
Said "You were the best.Thank you friend...
We'll see you again.