Liederheym p. 24

 A dog looked me over

 Began to accompany me

 As though he were searching

 Not for me but for someone else.

 While walking he sensed

 I was not that other

 So he lowered his head

 And stopped accompanying.

 That same thing happened to me

 I thought it was you

 And with a quiet “oy” asked-

 How exactly do I get to\_\_\_\_\_