

## TOLD TO THE MISSIONARY 3

And it's thinkin' about that story, and all as  
He did for us,

As makes me so fond o' my dawg, sir, especially  
now I'm wus;

For a-savin' o' folke who'd kill us is a beauti-  
ful act, the which

I never heard tell on o' no one, 'cept o' Him  
and o' that there bitch.

Yes, you may open yer eyes, sir—but I say by  
the Lord it's true!

I ha' told the story often; sit 'e down, while I  
tell it to you.

Dang this 'ere coughin', it stōps me—it's a cold  
I caught last year,

As has tumbled my ninepins over, and lef me  
a-dyin' here.

I was out on the drunk and caught it—lor,  
what a cuss is drink!—

But there, when a cove's as I am, it don't do  
him good to think.

I must cut it yer short, I reckon, for whenever  
I tries to speak

I feels like a bloomin' babby—I gets so infernal  
weak.