

2 THE DAGONET BALLADS

Oh, of course, I was sartin you'd say it. It's
allus the same with you,
Give it us straight now, guv'nor,—what would
you have me do?
Think of my soul? I do, sir. Think of
my Saviour?—Right!
Don't be afeard of the bitch, sir; *she's* not
a-goin' to bite.
Tell me about my Saviour—tell me that tale
agen,
How he prayed for the coves as killed Him,
and died for the worst of men.
It's a tale as I always liked, sir; and, bound
for the 'ternal shore,
It thinks it aloud to myself, sir, and I likes it
more and more.
I've thumb'd it out in the Bible, and I know
it now by heart,
And it's put like steam in my boiler, and made
me ready to start.
I ain't not afeard to die now; I've been a bit
bad in my day,
But I know when I knocks at them portals
there's One as won't say me nay.