

THE DAGONET BALLADS

TOLD TO THE MISSIONARY.

Just look 'ee here, Mr Preacher, you're a-
goin' a bit too fur;

There isn't the man as is livin' as I'd let say
a word agen her.

She's a rum-lookin' bitch, that I own to, and
there is a fierce look in her eyes,

But if any cove sez as she's vicious, I sez in
his teeth, he lies.

Soh! gently, old 'ooman; come here now,
and set by my side on the bed;

I wonder who'll have yer, my beauty, when
him as you're all to 's dead!

'There, stow your perlayer a minit; I knows
as my end is nigh;

Is a cove to turn round on his dog, like, just
'cos he's goin' to die?