

TOLD TO THE MISSIONARY 7

I'm weaker, an' weaker, an' weaker; I fancy
the end ain't fur,

But you know why here on my deathbed I
think o' the Lord and her.

And He who by men's hands tortured uttered
that prayer divine,

'Ull pardon me linkin' Him like with a dawg
as forgave like mine.

When the Lord in His mercy calls me to my
last eternal pitch,

I know as you'll treat her kindly—promise to
take my bitch!