

6 THE DAGONET BALLADS

I gave myself up for lost then, and I cursed in
my wild despair,

And sudden I rose to the surfis, and a su'thing
grabbed my hair—

Grabbed at my hair, and loosed it, and grabbed
me agin by the throat,

And *she* was a-holdin' my 'ed up, and somehow
I kep' afloat.

I can't tell yer 'ow she done it, for I never
know'd no more,

Till somebody seized my collar, and giv' me a
lug a shore;

And my head was queer and dizzy, but I see
as the bitch was weak,

And she lay on her side a-pantin', waitin' for
me to speak.

What did I do with *her*, eh? You'd a hardly
need to ax,

But I sold my barrer a Monday, an' paid the
bloomin' tax.

That's right, Mr Preacher, pat her—you ain't
not afeard on her now!—

Dang this here tellin' o' stories—Look at the
muck on my brow!