

TOLD TO THE MISSIONARY 5

I gets her tight by the collar—the Lord forgive
my sin!

And, kneelin' down on the towpath, I ducks
the poor beast in.

She gave just a sudden whine like, then a look
come into her eyes

As 'ull last for ever in mine, sir, up to the day
I dies.

And a chill came over my heart then, and
thinkin' I heard her moan,

I held her below the water, beating her skull
with a stone.

You can see the mark of it now, sir—that place
on the top of 'er 'ed—

And sudden she ceased to struggle, and I
fancied as she was dead.

I shall never know how it happened, but goin'
to loose my hold,

My knees slipped over the towpath, and into
the stream I rolled;

Down like a log I went, sir, and my eyes were
filled with mud,

And the water was tinged above me with a
murdered creeter's blood.