

4 THE DAGONET BALLADS

"Twas five years ago come Chrismus, maybe
you remember the row,

There was scares about hydriphoby—same as
there be just now;

And the bobbies came down on us costers—
came in a reggerlar wax,

And them as 'ud got no licence was summerned
to pay the tax.

But I had a friend among 'em, and he come
in a friendly way,

And he sez, "You must settle your dawg, Bill,
unless you've a mind to pay."

The missus was dyin' wi' fever—I'd made a
mistake in my pitch,

I couldn't afford to keep her, so I sez, "I'll
drownd the bitch!"

I wasn't a-goin' to *loss* her, I warn't such a
brute you bet,

As to leave her to die by inches o' hunger, and
cold and wet;

I never said now't to the missus—we both on
us liked her well—

But I takes her the follerin' Sunday down to
the Grand Canell.