

He never *did* nothin'! This here ain't
a tale

O' the way that Ned made a durn
villain to quail,

Or rescued a gal on the Indian trail,
Or give up his life for a comrade frail.

Yet, if they'd to do, he'd ha' done it
right

In the plainest way, yit with all his
might.

No; Ned wuz called home o' the fever
one night,

'N' we buried his body by a bonfire
light.

Jest shuffled off plain, 'thout nary show;
"Plain truth," says he, "is: I'm sorry
to go;

But Him what's aloft will let me, I
know,

Turn down my blame lights in Paradise
—low."