

Bill 'Awkins

"As anybody seen Bill 'Awkins?"

"Now 'ow in the devil would I know?"

"E's taken my girl out walkin',

An' I've got to tell 'im so--

Gawd--bless--'im!

I've got to tell 'im so."

"D'yer know what 'e's like, Bill 'Awkins?"

"Now what in the devil would I care?"

"E's the livin', breathin' image of an organ-grinder's monkey,

With a pound of grease in 'is 'air--

Gawd--bless--'im!

An' a pound o' grease in 'is 'air."

"An' s'pose you met Bill 'Awkins,

Now what in the devil 'ud ye do?"

"I'd open 'is cheek to 'is chin-strap buckle,

An' bung up 'is both eyes, too--

Gawd--bless--'im!

An' bung up 'is both eyes, too!"

"Look 'ere, where 'e comes, Bill 'Awkins!

Now what in the devil will you say?"

"It isn't fit an' proper to be fightin' on a Sunday,

So I'll pass 'im the time o' day--

Gawd--bless--'im!

I'll pass 'im the time o' day!"

The Mother-Lodge

There was Rundle, Station Master,

An' Beazeley of the Rail,

An' 'Ackman, Commissariat,

An' Donkin' o' the Jail;

An' Blake, Conductor-Sargent,

Our Master twice was 'e,

With 'im that kept the Europe-shop,

Old Framjee Eduljee.

Outside--"Sergeant! Sir! Salute! Salaam!"

Inside--"Brother", an' it doesn't do no 'arm.

We met upon the Level an' we parted on the Square,

An' I was Junior Deacon in my Mother-Lodge out there!

We'd Bola Nath, Accountant,

An' Saul the Aden Jew,

An' Din Mohammed, draughtsman