

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

Of the Survey Office too;
There was Babu Chuckerbutty,
An' Amir Singh the Sikh,
An' Castro from the fittin'-sheds,
The Roman Catholick!

We 'adn't good regalia,
An' our Lodge was old an' bare,
But we knew the Ancient Landmarks,
An' we kep' 'em to a hair;
An' lookin' on it backwards
It often strikes me thus,
There ain't such things as infidels,
Excep', per'aps, it's us.

For monthly, after Labour,
We'd all sit down and smoke
(We dursn't give no banquits,
Lest a Brother's caste were broke),
An' man on man got talkin'
Religion an' the rest,
An' every man comparin'
Of the God 'e knew the best.

So man on man got talkin',
An' not a Brother stirred

Till mornin' waked the parrots
An' that dam' brain-fever-bird;
We'd say 'twas 'ighly curious,
An' we'd all ride 'ome to bed,
With Mo'ammed, God, an' Shiva
Changin' pickets in our 'ead.

Full oft on Guv'ment service
This rovin' foot 'ath pressed,
An' bore fraternal greetin's
To the Lodges east an' west,
Accordin' as commanded
From Kohat to Singapore,
But I wish that I might see them
In my Mother-Lodge once more!

I wish that I might see them,
My Brethren black an' brown,
With the trichies smellin' pleasant
An' the hog-darn passin' down;
An' the old khansamah snorin'
On the bottle-khana floor,
Like a Master in good standing
With my Mother-Lodge once more!

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!

'Follow Me 'Ome'

There was no one like 'im, 'Orse or Foot,

Nor any o' the Guns I knew;

An' because it was so, why, o' course 'e went an' died,

Which is just what the best men do.

So it's knock out your pipes an' follow me!

An' it's finish up your swipes an' follow me!

Oh, 'ark to the big drum callin',

Follow me--follow me 'ome!

'Is mare she neighs the 'ole day long,

She paws the 'ole night through,

An' she won't take 'er feed 'cause o' waitin' for 'is step,

Which is just what a beast would do.

'Is girl she goes with a bombardier

Before 'er month is through;