

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.

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