

A little hill-boy was Buncee, a chokra trusty and true;
In the days when I was new to the East
He taught me more than he knew;
"Ghusl munta, sahib," said he; I doubtfully shook my
head;
"Ghusl na munta," in scandalized tones, but I knew
not what he said.
Then he straightened himself against the wall, and
went through a pantomime show
Of bathing. I smiled and nodded assent;
It was cute of the boy, you know.

He was eager to save all the pice he could, that when
the season was o'er,
And the sahibs all left and went down to the plains
He would have of rupees a store.
So I became his banker, and locked them away in my
case,
And told him he now must be doubly sure to take every
care of the place.
I returned one day in the midst of the rains, the inner
door was locked,
And when I tried the outer one, I found that it was
blocked;
So I forced my way into the room, and there the
youngster lay,
Stretched out before the outer door, with never a word
to say.