

Tired out with the heat and the burden of day,
And the miles I have walked 'neath the sun's fierce ray,
I think with delight of the bungalow dim,
And how I shall fill my long glass to the brim;
But when I arrive all is empty and bare,
The khansamah has gone to his evening prayer.

I think I will rest on the charpoi awhile,
But the mosquitoes turn out in most welcoming style;
I then in despair do betake me outside,
Still to find I am helpless to stem their fierce tide.
But wait, there's still balm for my weary soul—
I take out my pipe and fill up the bowl,
And for a few moments I have a respite,
But, oh, I'd be glad of my supper to-night.

But presently cometh mine host of the inn,
And soon from the murghi's there issues a din,
The heartless khansamah he cares not a jot,
The dechie is here, but the murghi is not.
And though it is tough, and not cooked with great care,
I am not in a mood to complain of my fare.

You may think that travelling hath its delights,
But wait till you've spent a few weary nights
In a dak-bungalow, empty and bare,
With no punka coolie to answer your prayer,
Then I'm sure you'll agree that a pleasanter lot
Is to live in a place where dak-bungalows are not.
