

**LAYS OF IND.**

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Lays of Ind. by Aliph Cheem

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**ALIPH CHEEM**

**LAYS OF IND.**



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BY ALIPH CHEEM.

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THIRD EDITION.

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1872.

To Anglo-Indian folk  
Who can relish a little joke,  
This book is dedicated.  
If haply to rouse a smile,  
Or an idle hour beguile,  
The modest tome is fated,—  
Accomplished will be the dream  
Of diffident "Niph Cheem."

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## LAYS OF IND.

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### MOONSHINE.

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The air is cool, the night is clear,  
The moon is bright and round ;  
All's still,—I cannot even hear  
The tom-tom's horrid sound ;

Suppressed the irritating hum  
That wells from the bazaar.  
I'll meditate. Hi! chokra! come,  
And bring me a cigar,

The teapoy, and the long arm-chair.  
I'll also have a drink—  
I hope the water's iced with care.  
Now, go—and let me think.



These solemn nights, those golden beams,  
That wondrous depth of blue,  
Allure my soul to lofty dreams;  
Upon my soul they do!

They teach my still small voice to say  
This moonshine cool and sweet  
Rewards me quite for many a day  
Of aggravating heat.

Oh India, land of glorious eyes!  
Of nights all but divine!  
Thy moonshine, trembling on the leaves,  
Is not thy *sole moonshine!*

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## JINKS'S LEAVE.

---

Of all the Tartars in Hazereepore,  
The sourest, that I could name,  
Was a Colonel, commanding a Cavalry corps—  
Colonel de Fierie Phlaime.

His nose was purple, his cheeks were red,  
And so was his curly hair.  
He was fat and fierce, and his officers said  
It was awful to hear him swear.

Loudly he swore on parade ; and oh  
The language he used at the Mess !  
When an impudent subaltern ventured a ' no '  
To Colonel de Fierie's ' yes.'

The Colonel's spouse, she was meagre and meek ;  
She had spirit once, they say ;  
But a course of bullying, week by week,  
Had spirited it away.

Colonel de Phlaime had a daughter fair,  
Sprightly as he was grim,  
And she was the only soul who dare  
Think of tackling him.

Her name was Rose. She was rosy and plump ;  
 Just eighteen summers old.  
 The Cornets dubbed her a regular trump,  
 And worth her weight in gold.

Court-martial'd nearly was little Jack Spree,  
 For playing a practical joke ;  
 And every one thought it was all up,  
 Till the damsel up and spoke :—

“ Of course you are bound to make a fuss,  
 “ Oh righteously-angered dad !  
 “ But you know, it is known to all of us,  
 “ You practical joked as bad

“ When you were a cornet. I've heard you brag  
 “ ‘ The devil and all' you played ;  
 “ You docked the tail of the Colonel's nag,  
 “ His favorite on parade.”

Tom Doughty too was in dire distress ;  
 His case looked deadly blue ;—  
 The pate of a billiard-marker at mess  
 He broke with a billiard cue !

Said the Colonel,—“ I'm d—d if I let these chaps  
 “ Blacks with impunity flog.  
 “ They're a d—d too liberal with their raps,  
 “ And Doughty's a d—d young dog !

“ I'll break him, d—d if I don't, by Jove !”  
 “ Indeed ?” Rose mildly said.

“ Then it can't have been you I saw yesterday, love,  
 “ Punching our mahlee's head ?”