

## A Model Brother (sung to the tune of the Major-General's song in the Pirates of Penzance, Act 1)

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I am a very model of Exclusive Christian Brethren,  
I read the latest Ministry and help the Priests to govern,  
I keep the Temple holy, and untainted by impurity,  
And lock the doors and entrances for absolute security.

I was brought up very strictly, as we Christian children ought to be,  
Obedient to the Man of God, except when I forgot to be,  
I was shielded from uncleanness, so my books were all canonical,  
And I learned to keep from touching certain organs anatomical.

Chorus: He learned to keep from, etc. × 3

We would never have a cat or dog, for pets promote idolatry;  
We'd never lie and sunbathe or indulge in heliolatry;  
Our segregated schooling was proclaimed a moral victory,  
For we only learned the purest truth and nothing contradictory.

Chorus: Our segregated schooling, etc.

I shun the types who wear a tie, a beard or a moustachio,  
I wouldn't eat with worldlings, not even a pistachio,  
So maybe our behaviour has a flavour of elusiveness,  
But if others came to join us, it would spoil our exclusiveness.

I've read the books of Darby, Stoney, Raven, Coates and Taylor,  
And Symington and Hales, who just get staler and yet staler,  
But I have this deep commitment, and I know it's quite incorrigible,  
To learn to spout in meetings sounding spiritual and knowledgeable.

Chorus: To learn to spout, etc. × 3

So I know the Bible backwards, and its nuances symbolical,  
Can quote at length its precepts and injunctions apostolical,  
The gospels, laws and prophets, allegorical and factual,  
And the evil of relationships illicit or unnatural.

My wife is always pregnant, with impressive continuity,  
For our rules on procreation leave no room for ambiguity,  
My conjugal performances are frequent and formidable,  
And she knows it would be sinful to be less than fully biddable.

Chorus: She knows it would be sinful, etc. × 3

When, at the meeting, often there are women young and beautiful,  
Who leave my conscience torn between the lustful and the dutiful,  
I call on God to turn me in a different direction,  
So impure thoughts will wither, or at least escape detection.

Chorus: he calls on God, etc.

At the meetings I will always seize on every opportunity  
To recognise our leader as God's voice in our community,  
And stress that we all ought to be implicitly obedient,  
(I want some recognition too, so this is all expedient.)

Some day I'll be a Priest, and have some dignity vocational,  
And when I question suspects in a manner confrontational,  
They will not dare to contradict a single word or sentence,  
For if they do, I'll shut them up until God grants repentance.

Chorus: For if they do, etc. × 3

So here I am, a vessel, Lord, prepared for your anointing,  
Just send me, Lord, to do your work, I only need appointing,  
Like Moses or Elijah with his staff and girdle leathern,  
I am a very model of Exclusive Christian Brethren.

Chorus: Like Moses, etc.

The words are by Ian C. McKay, and the full vocal and instrumental score and midi file can be downloaded from <http://www.discourses.org.uk>