

**ABDUL ABULBUL AMIR (Original Title: Abdulla Bulbul Ameer)
Also known as Ivan Skavinsky Skavar
A favorite of Riley Diffie and Stan Prosen**

**The sons of the Prophet are brave men and bold
And quite unaccustomed to fear
But the bravest by far in the ranks of the Shah
Was Abdul Abulbul Amir**

**If you wanted a man to encourage the van
Or harass the foe from the rear
Storm fort or redoubt, you had only to shout
For Abdul Abulbul Amir**

**Now the heroes were plenty and well known to fame
In the troops that were led by the Czar
And the bravest of these was a man by the name
Of Ivan Skavinsky Skavar**

**One day this bold Russian, he shouldered his gun
And donned his most truculent sneer
Downtown he did go where he trod on the toe
Of Abdul Abulbul Amir**

**"Young man," quoth Abdul, "Has life grown so dull
That you wish to end your career?
Vile infidel know, you have trod on the toe
Of Abdul Abulbul Amir"**

**"So take your last look at the sunshine and brook
And send your regrets to the Czar
For by this I imply, you are going to die
Count Ivan Skavinsky Skavar"**

**"My friend, your remarks in the end
Will avail you but little, I fear
For you ne'er will survive to repeat them alive
Mister Abdul Abulbul Amir"**

**Then this bold Mameluke drew his trusty skibouk
Singing, "Allah! Il Allah! Al-lah!"
And with murderous intent he ferociously went
For Ivan Skavinsky Skavar**

**They parried and thrust, they side-stepped and cussed
Of blood they spilled a great part
The philologist blokes, who seldom crack jokes
Say that hash was first made on the spot**

**They fought all that night neath the pale yellow moon
The din, it was heard from afar
And huge multitudes came, so great was the fame
Of Abdul and Ivan Skavar**

As Abdul's long knife was extracting the life
In fact he was shouting, "Huzzah!"
He felt himself struck by that wily Calmuck
Count Ivan Skavinsky Skavar

The Sultan drove by in his red-breasted fly
Expecting the victor to cheer
But he only drew nigh to hear the last sigh
Of Abdul Abulbul Amir

Czar Petrovich, too, in his spectacles blue
Sauntered up in his gold-plated car
And arrived just in time to exchange a last line
With Ivan Skavinsky Skavar

There's a tomb rises up where the Blue Danube rolls
And engraved there in characters clear
Is, "Stranger, when passing, oh pray for the soul
Of Abdul Abulbul Amir"

A splash in the Black Sea one dark moonless night
Caused ripples to spread wide and far
It was made by a sack fitting close to the back
Of Ivan Skavinsky Skavar

A Muscovite maiden her lone vigil keeps
Neath the light of the cold northern star
And the name that she murmurs in vain as she weeps
Is Ivan Skavinsky Skavar