

ABDUL, THE BULBUL AMEER

1. The sons of the Prophet are hardy and bold,
And quite unaccustomed to fear;
But of all, the most reckless of life or of limb,
Was Abdul, the Bulbul Ameer.
When they wanted a man to encourage the van,
Or to shout 'hull-a-loo' in the rear,
Or to storm a redoubt, they straightway sent out
For Abdul, the Bulbul Ameer.
2. There's heroes in plenty and well-known to fame
In the ranks that are led by the Czar;
But among the most reckless of name or of fame
Was Ivan Petruski Skivah.
He could imitate Irving, play euchre or pool,
And perform on the Spanish guitar;
In fact, quite the cream of the Muscovite team
Was Ivan Petruski Skivah.
3. One morning the Russian had shouldered his gun
And put on his most cynical sneer,
When, going downtown he just happened to run
Into Abdul, the Bulbul Ameer.
Said the Bulbul, 'Young man, is your life then so dull,
That you're anxious to end your career?
For, infidel, know that you've trod on the toe
Of Abdul, the Bulbul Ameer.'
4. Said the Russian, 'My friend, your remarks in the end
Will only prove futile, I fear;
For I mean to imply that you're going to die,
Mr. Abdul, the Bulbul Ameer.'
The Bulbul then drew out his trusty chibouque,
And shouting out 'Allah Akbar,'
Being also intent upon slaughter, he went
For Ivan Petruski Skivah.
5. When, just as the dagger was ending his life -
In fact, he had shouted 'Huzza!' -
He found himself struck by that subtle calmuck,
Bold Ivan Petruski Skivah.
There's a grave where the wave of the blue Danube flows,
And on it, engraven so clear,
Is, 'Stranger, remember to pray for the soul,
Of Abdul, the Bulbul Ameer.'
6. Where the Sofiote maiden her vigil doth keep
Her lover's star shining so clear,
The name she so tenderly murmurs in sleep
Is 'Abdul, the Bulbul Ameer.'
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