

French Percy "Abdul Abulbul Amir"

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ABDUL ABULBUL AMIR

The sons of the prophet were hardy and bold,

And quite unaccustomed to fear,

But the bravest of these was a man, I am told

Named Abdul Abulbul Amir.

This son of the desert, in battle aroused,

Could spit twenty men on his spear.

A terrible creature, both sober and soused

Was Abdul Abulbul Amir.

When they needed a man to encourage the van,

Or to harass the foe from the rear,

Or to storm a redoubt, they had only to shout

For Abdul Abulbul Amir.

There are heroes aplenty and men known to fame

In the troops that were led by the Czar;

But the bravest of these was a man by the name

Of Ivan Skavinsky Skivar.

He could imitate Irving, play Euchre and pool

And perform on the Spanish Guitar.

In fact, quite the cream of the Muscovite team

Was Ivan Skavinsky Skivar.

The ladies all loved him, his rivals were few;

He could drink them all under the bar.

As gallant or tank, there was no one to rank

With Ivan Skavinsky Skivar.

One day this bold Russian had 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 Bulbul, "has life grown so dull,

That you're anxious 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;

By this I imply you are going to die,

Mr. Ivan Skavinsky Skivar."

Quoth Ivan, "My friend, your remarks, in the end,

Will avail you but little, I fear,

For you ne'er will survive to repeat them alive,

Mr. Abdul Abulbul Amir!"

Then this bold mameluke drew his trusty chibouque

With a cry of "Allah Akbar!"

And with murderous intent, he ferociously went

For Ivan Skavinsky Skivar.

Then they parried and thrust and they side-stepped
and

cussed

'Till their blood would have filled a great pot.

The philologist blokes, who seldom crack jokes,

Say that hash was first made on that spot.

They fought all that night, 'neath the pale yellow moon;

The din, it was heard from afar;

And great multitudes came, so great was the fame

of Abdul and Ivan Skivar.

As Abdul's long knife was extracting the life -

In fact, he was shouting "Huzzah!" - -

He felt himself struck by that wily Kalmuck,

Count Ivan Skavinsky Skivar.

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

Rode up in his new crested car.

He arrived just in time to exchange a last line

With Ivan Skavinsky Skivar.

A loud-sounding splash from the Danube was heard

Resounding o'er meadows afar;

It came from the sack fitting close to the back

Of Ivan Skavinsky Skovar.

There's a tomb rises up where the blue Danube flows;

Engraved there in characters clear;

"Ah stranger, when passing, please pray for the soul

Of Abdul Abulbul Amir."

A Muscovite maiden her lone vigil keeps,

"Neath the light of the pale polar star;

And the name that she murmurs as oft as she weeps

Is Ivan Skavinsky Skivar.

Written in 1877 by Percy French, an Irish music hall entertainer.

A London publisher ripped him off an printer copies of the song

with no author's name listed, so most sources say the authorship

of the song is "unknown" which is a great shame. The setting is

the Crimean War in the 1850's. Few people take this song

seriously, so I'll suggest that you look carefully for the truths

behind the jest. - Bill Steel

Recorded by Bill Steel on Chocolate Chip Cookies, Swallowtail ST-

7.

Also see Shay ,Pious Friends and Drunken Companions. RG

@Russia @fight @soldier

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