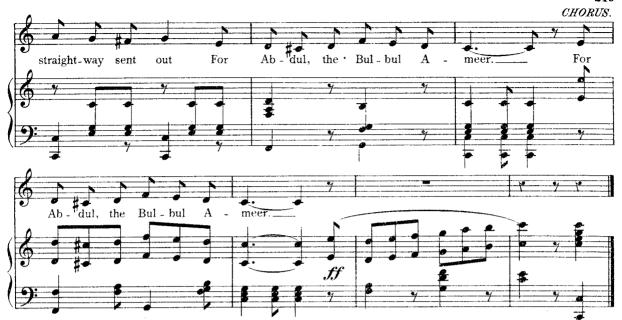
ABDUL, THE BULBUL AMEER.



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2. There are 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 down town, he 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 Aklar,"
Being also intent upon slaughter, he went For Ivan Petruski Skivah.

5. When, just as the knife 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 Pubul Ameer."

6. Where the Muscovite maiden her vigil doth keep
By the light of the true lover's star,
The name she so tenderly murmurs in sleep
Is "Ivan Petruski Skivah."
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.