

Abdul Abubul Amir

By Percy French, 1887, re the Russo-Turkish War
Altered by Lew Toulmin, 2019 and LT bari uke chords added 2020; waltz strum

[G]The sons of the Prophet [C]
are valiant and bold
And quite unaccustomed to [G] fear,
But the bravest all, or [C] so I am told,
Was [G7] Abdul Abubul [G] Amir.

[G]If you needed a man, [C]
to encourage the van,
or harass the foe from the [G] rear,
storm fort or redoubt, be [C]
sure to call out,
For [G7] Abdul Abubul [G] Amir.

[G]There are heroes a-plenty [C]
and well known to fame
In the legions that fight for the [G] Tsar,
but the bravest of all, was a man [C]
by the name
of [G7] Ivan Skavinsky [G] Skavar.

[G]He could imitate Irving, [C]
tell fortunes by cards,
Play on the Spanish [G] guitar!
In fact quite the cream of [C]
the Muscovite Guards,
was [G7] Ivan Skavinsky [G] Skavar.

[G]One day this bold Muscovite [C]
shouldered his gun,
Put on his most cynical [G] sneer,
and was looking for fun,
when he [C] happened to run,
into [G7] Abdul Abubul [G] Amir.

[G] "Young man," said Abdul, [C] "is
existence so dull
That you're anxious to end your [G] career?
Then infidel know, that you've [C] trod on
the toe,
Of [G7] Abdul Abubul [G] Amir!"

[G] "So take your last look [C]
at the sun and the brook,
And send your regrets to the [G] Czar
By this I imply -- you're [C] going to die!
Count [G7] Ivan Skavinsky [G] Skavar."

[G]Then this Mameluke [C]
drew his skibouk,
And shouting, "Oh Allah [G] Akbar!"
With murderous intent, [C]
he ferociously went
For [G7] Ivan Skavinsky [G] Skavar.

[G]They parried, they thrust, [C]
they side-stepped, they cussed,
Of blood they spilled quite a [G] lot.
The philologist blokes, who [C]
seldom make jokes,
Say that [G7] hash was first made
that [G] spot.

[G]They fought all that night [C] 'neath the pale
yellow moon, and the crowds,
they came from [G] afar,
so great was the fame, of the [C]
men by the name,
Of [G7] Abdul and Ivan [G] Skavar.

[G]Abdul's long knife, [C] it took Ivan's life,
But as he was shouting, [G] "Huzzah!"
He felt himself struck by [C]
that dying Calmuck,
Count [G7] Ivan Skavinsky [G] Skavar.

[G]The Sultan drove by in [C]
his red-breasted fly,
Expecting the victor to [G] cheer,
But as he drew nigh, [C] he heard the last sigh,
Of [G7] Abdul Abubul [G] Amir.

[G]There lieth a stone, [C]
where the Danube doth roll,
And on it in characters [G] queer,
are: "Stranger, passing by, [C] pray for the soul
Of [G7] Abdul Abubul [G] Amir."

[G]A splash in the Black Sea [C]
one dark moonless night
Caused ripples to spread wide and [G] far,
It was made by a sack, [C]
fitting close to the back,
Of [G7] Ivan Skavinsky [G] Skavar.

[G]A Muscovite maiden [C]
her vigil doth keep,
'Neath the light of the pale northern [G] star,
And the name that she murmurs [C]
each night in her sleep,
Is [G7] Ivan Skavinsky [G] Skavar.

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