Abdul, the Bulbul Ameer by William Percy French (1877)

But the bravest of all was a man I am told, named Abdul, the Bulbul Amir.

When they needed a man to encourage the van, or to harass a foe from the rear, Storm fort or redoubt, they had only to shout for Abdul, the Bulbul Amir.

This son of the desert in battle aroused, could split twenty men on his spear.

This son of the desert in battle aroused, could split twenty men on his spear. A terrible creature, sober or soused, was Abdul, the Bulbul Amir.

Now the heroes were plenty and well known to fame, who fought in the ranks of the Czar; But the bravest of these was a man by the name of Ivan Skavinsky Skivar.

He could imitate Irving, play poker and pool, and strum 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; hHe 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, the Bulbul Amir.

"Young man," said Bulbul, "has your life grown so dull that you're anxious to end your career? Vile infidel, know you have trod on the toe of Abdul, the Bulbul Amir."

"So take your last look at sunshine and brook, and send your regrets to the Czar, By which I imply, you are going to die, Mr. Ivan Skavinsky Skivar."

Said 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, the Bulbul Amir."

Then that bold Mameluke drew his trusty skibouk, wWith a cry of "Allah Akbar."

And with murderous intent, he ferociously went for Ivan Skavinsky Skivar.

They parried and thrust, they sidestepped and cussed, of blood they spilled a great part;
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 huge multitudes came, so great was the fame, of Abdul and Ivan Skivar.

As Abdul's long knife was extracting the life, in fact he had shouted "Huzzah"

He felt himself struck by that wily Calmuck, Count Ivan Skavinsky Skivar.

The sultan drove by in his red-breasted fly, expecting the victor to cheer,

But he only drew nigh just to hear the last sigh of Abdul, the Bulbul 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.

There's a tomb rises up where the Blue Danube rolls, aAnd 'graved there in characters clear Are, "Stranger, when passing, oh pray for the soul of Ivan Skavinsky Skivar."

A Muscovite maiden her lone vigil keeps 'neath the light of the pale polar star, And the name that she murmurs so oft as she weeps, is Ivan Skavinsky Skivar