

The sons of the Prophet are brave men and bold  
Abdul Abulbul Amir  
Ivan Skavinsky Skavar

The sons of the Prophet are brave men and bold  
And quite unaccustomed to fear,  
But the bravest by far in the ranks of the Shah,  
Was Abdul Abulbul Amir.

2. If you wanted a man to encourage the van,  
Or harass the foe from the rear,  
Storm fort or redoubt, you had only to shout  
For Abdul Abulbul Amir.

3. Now the heroes were plenty and well known to fame  
In the troops that were led by the Czar,  
And the bravest of these was a man by the name  
Of Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

4. One day this bold Russian, he shouldered his gun  
And donned his most truculent sneer,  
Downtown he did go where he tread on the toe  
Of Abdul Abulbul Amir.

5. Young man, quote Abdul, has life grown so dull  
That you wish to end your career?  
Vile infidel know, you have trod on the toe  
Of Abdul Abulbul Amir.

6. So take your last look at the sunshine and brook  
And send your regrets to the Czar  
For by this I imply, you are going to die,  
Count Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

7. Then this bold Mameluke drew his trusty skibouk,  
Singing, "Allah! Il Allah! Al-lah!"  
And with murderous intent he ferociously went  
For Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

8. They parried and thrust, they side-stepped and cussed,  
Of blood they spilled a great part;  
The philologist blokes, who seldom crack jokes,  
Say that hash was first made on the spot.

9. 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 Skavar.

10. As Abdul's long knife was extracting the life,  
In fact he was shouting, "Huzzah!"  
He felt himself struck by that wily Calmuck,  
Count Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

11. 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.

12. There's a tomb rises up where the Blue Danube rolls,  
And graved there in characters clear,  
Is, "Stranger, when passing, oh pray for the soul  
Of Abdul Abulbul Amir."

13. A splash in the Black Sea one dark moonless night  
Caused ripples to spread wide and far,  
It was made by a sack fitting close to the back,

Of Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

14. A Muscovite maiden her lone vigil keeps,  
'Neath the light of the cold northern star,  
And the name that she murmurs in vain as she weeps,  
Is Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.