

Levi Pennington

People

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Abdul and Ivan

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ABDUL AND IVAN.

Oh! the prophets of old were both sturdy and bold,
And little accustomed to fear,
And the bravest of all and the chief of the clan
Was Abdul the Bull-Bull-de-Mere.
If you wanted a man to encourage the clan
Or to harass the foe in the Rear.

Or to storm a redoubt

you had only to shout

For Abdul the Bull-Bull-de-Mere.

There were heroes in plenty not unknown to *fame*

In the army then lead by the czar,

And among the least tame

Was a man by the name

Of Ivan the Trush-Gish-Gavarre.

He could wrestle with Erwin

Tell fortunes with cards,

And play on the Spanish guitar.

In short, he was the cream of the Muscovite's dream

This Ivan the Trush-Gish-Gavarre.

One day this bold Russian had shouldered his gun

And assumed his most truculent leer.

At the *right* of the sun he just happened to run

Against Abdul the Bull-Bull-de-Mere.

"Young man," said the Bull-Bull, "has your life grown so dull

That you wish now to end your career?

Far, infidel, know / you have trod on the toe

Of Abdul the Bull-Bull-de-Mere.

Then take your last look at mountain and brook,

Make your latest remarks on the war.

By this I imply that you are now going to die,

Mr. Ivan the Trush-Gish-Gavarre.

Then this brave *Marmaduke* ~~man~~ took his trusty *chebook*, *chabouk*

Crying "Allah-ak-Allah-ak-bar!"

And with slaughter intent he immediately went

For Ivan the Trush-Gish-Gavarre.

The Sultan drove up in his red *crescent* crown cup

Just to give the survivor a cheer

He arrived but in time to hear the last sigh

Of Abdul the Bull-Bull-de-Mere.

There's a grave in the land where the Blue Danube flows

And on it in characters clear,

"Stranger hear say a prayer for the good *of the soul* of Abdul the Bull-
Bull-de-Mere. "

A Muscovite maiden her *lover's* vigil keeps 'neath the light of the true

lover's ~~loves~~ star,

And the name that she murmurs *most oft* ~~low~~ often in her *slip* heart is

Ivan the Trush-Gish-Gavarre.