

Grandson of Abdul Abulbul Amir

C G C C7
On the links by the Bosphorus near ancient Istanbul,
F C
O'er the fairways with nothing to fear,
G C F
Went the greatest of those with a driver-like nose -
C G C
Mr Abdul Abulbul Amir.

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One day in the clubhouse there came a strange man  
From a land that was distant and far,  
And his visiting card bore the name of this bard –  
Count Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

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Said the Count to Abdul, "Our grandfathers fought
At that war," and his face bore a sneer.
"Well I don't know the cause, but my grandfather whipped yours."
Said Abdul Abulbul Amir.

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"Oh you think you're a golfer, Mr Abdul Amir?  
You think you're a promising star?  
Well if you play at this sport like your grandfather fought,  
Lord help you," said Ivan Skavar.

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"Oh you're no Bobby Jones or Frankie Howmet –
Why you hold your iron like a spear.
You're a count, without doubt, but count yourself out,
In golfing," said Abdul Amir.

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They were matched now, you know, for an eighteen-hole go  
The prize was a brass samovar.  
As they strode to the tee, they were wondrous to see,  
Mr Abdul and Ivan Skavar.

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They were evenly matched – you could tell by their shots
They made the first ten holes in par.
He lived up to his name in this breath-taking game
Did Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

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On the fifteenth hole Ivan a bunker he struck  
He was stroking his way to the clear  
"How may strokes did you take; were you killing a snake?"  
Yelled Abdul Abulbul Amir.

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Ivan turned each hip, then felt something slip
"My braces have parted, I fear."
To the sand-trap he flew, while they took in the view
Even Abdul Abulbul Amir.

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And so much did he laugh, that he doubled in half;  
In doubling himself, poor Amir  
Collapsed and alack, he sprained his poor back  
Did Abdul Abulbul Amir.

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Oh the boys never ended their classical match
For neither could finish their score.
Though they ended the game, we can't tell you his name
But the referee called it a draw.

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Oh the bunkers that lie on the fairways at night  
Do call to all who can hear  
And this old family feud shall off be renewed  
By the grandson of Abdul Amir.

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The lyrics to Abdul Abulbul Amir were originally written
as a monologue by Percy French while he was a
student at Trinity College Dublin.

Frank Crumit performed Abdul Abulbul Amir many
times, and wrote three sequels to it; The Return
of Abdul Abulbul Amir, The Grandson Of Abdul Abulbul
Amir, and Minnie Skavinsky Skavar.

The chords are given here in the key of C Major. The
chord converter will help you to transpose the song to
other keys if you wish.

For more information about Abdul Abulbul Amir and
videos of the sequels, visit
<http://www.irishmusicforever.com/abdul-abulbul-amir>

Chord Converter

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any key.



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chords, dominant sevenths advanced use
of capo, and more to make playing your
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