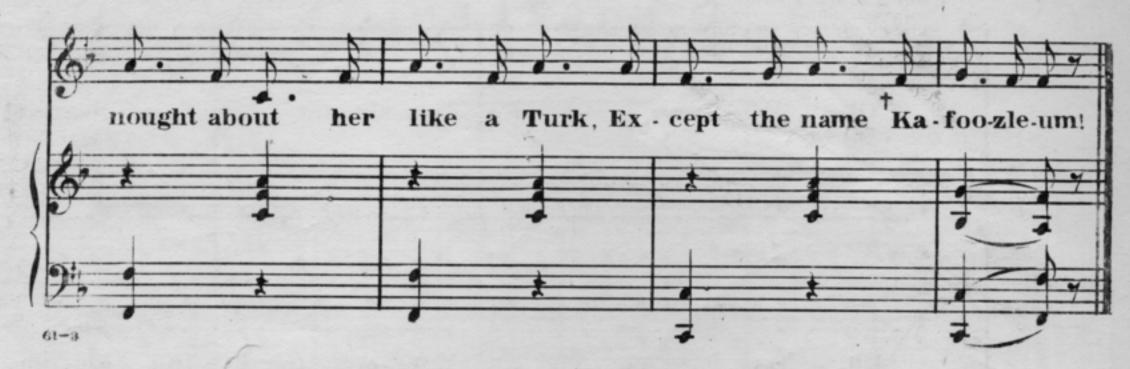


## KAFOOZLEUM.





A Youth resided near to she, His name was Sam; a perfect lamb,
He was of ancient pedigree, And came from old Methusalem.
He drove a trade and prosper'd well, In skins of cats, and ancient hats;
And ringing at the Ba-ba's bell, He saw and loved Kafoczleum!

And with a verse of Alcoran Have managed to bamboozle him;
But oh dear no: he tried to scheme-Pass'd one night late; the area gate.

And stole up to the Turks hareem, To carry off Ka-foozle-um.

Chorus.

Chorus.

The Baba was about a smoke\_His slaves rushed in with horrid din\_
"Mashallah! dogs your house have broke: Come down,mylord,and toozle 'em!"

The Baba wreathed his face in smiles, Came down the stair and witnessed there.

The gentleman in three old tiles, A kissing of Ka-foozle-um!

Chorus.

The pious Baba said no more, Than twenty prayers, but went up stairs,
And took a bow string from a drawer And came back to Ka-foozle-um.

The maiden and the youth he took, And choked em both, and little, loth

Together pitched em in the brook Of Kedron, Near Jerusalem.

Chorus.

And still, the ancient legend goes, When day is gone from Lebanon,
And when the Easternmoonlight throws. A shadow on Jerusalem,
Between the wailing of the cats A sound there falls from ruined walls.

A ghost is seen with three old hats, Akissing of Ka-foozle-um.

"" aning Delight-of-my-soul-and-invigorating-nervine-essence."

Chorus.

