

This is the story of foolish Prince Bass Fiddle and wise Jerry Kemal.

As you remember, last time, the Prince was found without a dime on the Ponce Valdez while Jerry watched from a tree...

In the land of Ali Baba near the Sea of Babalee,
Lived a man who played the zither with a pronoun on his knee.

He would dance among the fuzzy trees and bring the birds to life

And his name was Prince Bass Fiddle and he loved his ugly wife.

He would sing the songs of Lutvee in his very special way

And he puffed tea with his lumpy head and sleep all night and day.

With his turban and his leicester faced the thieves of Germany

But beware great Prince Bass Fiddle, you'll be hanging from a tree.

Fifty days and nights they waited for a sign from old Ratan

To pretend to wear the colours of the Emperor Charlie Chan.

So they strolled into the forest with a song and energy

To find bay leaves in the cauldron of the mad witch Betty Lee.

Came the answer from a leaf top that was found upon the ground

"Only time and Prince Bass Fiddle will repair your bellies round.

Search the highlands search the lowlands, cruise the Sea of Babalee,

But remember that your children need the food from filigree."

Then one day in Abalone came a messenger to say

That onion-head Bass Fiddle broke in half no more to play.

Will we lose our land of Lutvee to the bearded men of Cleaves?

Only miracles can save us and some tricks inside our sleeves.

From the sky there was an answer to the question of the plebes

"You will meet a tall dark stranger wearing black and blue cannives.

Who is Lucy, who is Nestor? We should only be there now.

Why it's Aphrodite Milton and his keeper Prince Kemal.