

There once was a lady from Niger,
Who went for a ride on a tiger.
They came back from the ride
With the lady inside,
And a smile on the face of the tiger.

The once wæs ə lady frəm Nigə ,
Who went fər ə ride on ə tigə .
They came back frəm thə ride
With thə lady inside ,
ən ə smile on thə face əf thə tigə .

There was an old man from Darjeeling,
Who got on a bus bound for Ealing.
It said on the door,
"Don't spit on the floor"
So he carefully spat on the ceiling.

The was ən old man frəm Darjeeling,
Who got ən ə bus bound fər Ealing .
It said on thə door ,
"Don't spit on thə floor"
So he carefəly spat on thə ceiling .

There was a young lady from Tottenham,
Who had no manners, or else she'd forgotten 'em.
At tea at the vicar's,
She tore off her knickers.
Because, she explained, she felt hot in 'em.

The was ə young lady frəm Tottənəm ,
Who had no mannəs , ər else she'd fəgottən 'əm.
ət tea ət thə vicə 's ,
She took off ə knickəs .
Because , she explained , she felt 'ət in 'əm.

There once was a fellow from Ryde,
In a funeral procession was spied.
When asked who was dead,
He giggled and said:
"I don't know. I just came for the ride."

The once wæs ə fellə frəm Ryde ,
In ə funərə l prəcessən wæs spied .
When asked who wæs dead ,
He giggəld ən said :
"I də know . I jəs came fə thə ride ."