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| There once was a lady from Niger,Who went for a ride on a tiger.They came back from the rideWith the lady inside,And a smile on the face of the tiger. | Th**ə**once w**ə**s **ə**lady fr**ə**m Nig**ə**,Who went f**ə**r **ə**ride on **ə**tig**ə**.They came back fr**ə**m th**ə**rideWith th**ə**lady inside,**ən ə**smile on th**ə**face **ə**f th**ə**tig**ə**. |
| 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. | Th**ə**was **ə**n old man fr**ə**m Darjeeling,Who got **ə**n **ə**bus bound f**ə**r Ealing.It said on th**ə**door,"Don’t spit on th**ə**floor"So he caref**ə**lly spat on th**ə**ceiling. |
| There was a young lady from Tottenham,Who had no manners, or else she'd fogotten 'em.At tea at the vicar's,She tore off her knickers.Because, she explained, she felt hot in 'em. | Th**ə**was **ə**young lady fr**ə**m Tott**ə**nh**ə**m,Who had no mann**ə**s, **ə**r else she'd f**ə**gott**ə**n '**ə**m.**ə**t tea **ə**t th**ə**vic**ə**'s,She took off **ə**knick**ə**s.B**e**cause, she **e**xplained, she felt ‘ot **i**n '**ə**m. |
| There once was a fellow from Ryde,In a funeral procession was spied.Whan asked who was dead,He giggled and said:"I don't know. I just came for the ride." | Th**ə** once w**ə**s **ə**fell**ə**fr**ə**m Ryde,In **ə**fun**ə**r**ə**l pr**ə**cess**ə**n w**ə**s spied.Wh**e**n asked who w**ə**s dead,He gigg**əl**d **ən**said:"I d**ə**know. I j**əs**came f**ə**th**ə**ride." |