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| 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. | 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**ride With 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." |