

John Lithgow

"The Hippopotamus Song"

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A bold hippopotamus
Was standing one day
On the banks of the cool Shalimar
He gazed at the bottom as it peacefully lay
By the light of the evening star

Away on a hilltop sat combing her hair
His fair Hippopotami maid
The hippopotamus was no ignoramus
And sang her this sweet serenade

Mud, mud, glorious mud
Nothing quite like it for cooling the blood
So follow me, follow
Down to the hollow
And there let us wallow in glorious mud

The fair hippopotama he aimed to entice
From her seat on that hilltop above
As she hadn't got a ma to give her advice
Came tip-toeing down to her love
(Boom, boom, boom)

Like thunder the forest
Re-echoed the sound
Of the song that they sang as they met
His inamorata adjusted her garter
And lifted her voice in duet

Mud, mud, glorious mud
Nothing quite like it for cooling the blood
So follow me, follow
Down to the hollow
And there let us wallow in glorious mud

The herd hippopotami began to convene
On the banks of that river so wide
I wonder now what am I to say of the scene
That ensued by the Shalimar side
They dived all at once
With an ear-splitting splosh

Then rose to the surface again

A regular army of hippopotami
All singing this haunting refrain:

Mud, mud, glorious mud
Nothing quite like it for cooling the blood
So follow me, follow
Down to the hollow
And there let us wallow in glorious mud

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