

## **Flanders & Swann**

# **"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 he peacefully lay  
By the light of the evening star  
Away on the hilltop sat combing her hair  
His fair hippopotami maid  
The hippopotamus was no ignoramus  
And sang her this sweet serenade

Chorus:

Mud, mud, glorious mud  
Nothing quite like it for cooling the blood  
So follow me follow, down to the hollow  
And there let me 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 tiptoeing down to her love  
Like thunder the forest re-echoed the sound  
Of the song that they sang when they met  
His inamorata adjusted her garter  
And lifted her voice in duet

Now more 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 sposh  
Then rose to the surface again  
A regular army of hippopotami  
All singing this haunting refrain

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