

Flanders and Swan

"The Hippopotamus"

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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 the hilltop sat combing her hair,
His fair hippopotamine 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 us wallow in glorious mud.

The fair hippopotamus he aimed to entice
From her seat on the 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 as they met.
His inamorata adjusted her garter
And lifted her voice in duet.
(Chorus)

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 splosh,
Then rose to the surface again,
A regular army of hippopotami
All singing this haunting refrain.
(Chorus)

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