

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

The Hippopotamus Song

The Hippopotamus Song
(Flanders and Swan)

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 brushing her hair
His fair hippopotamine maid.
The hippopotamus was no ignoramus
And sang her this sweet serenade.

cho: 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 that 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 reechoed the sound
Of the song that they sang as they met.
His inamorata adjusted her garter
And lifted her voice in duet.

Then 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 all dived at once with an ear-splitting "Splosh"
Then rose to the surface again.
A regular army of hippopotami
All singing this haunting refrain.

"Some people think the title of this song is irrelevant, but it's
not irrelevant - it's a Hippopotamus!"
"At The Drop Of A Hat" - Michael Flanders & Donald Swann.

AF
Apr98