

# The Hippopotamus Song (by Flanders and Swann)

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. Alone 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 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 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 sposh  
Then rose to the surface again - A regular army of hippopotami  
All singing this haunting refrain:

[Chorus]

**(Extra verse:)** The amorous hippopotamus whose love song we know  
Is now married and father of ten. He murmurs "God rot 'em"  
as he watches them grow, And he longs to be single again!  
He'll gambol no more on the banks of the Nile, Which Nasser is flooding next spring.  
With hippopotamas in silken pyjamas No more will he teach them to sing...

[Chorus]

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