

www.practicetracks.co.uk

The Hippopotamus

Reference number PT0565

Verse 1

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!

Verse 2

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:

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!

Verse 3

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 splash
Then rose to the surface again,
A regular army of hippopotami
All singing this haunting refrain:

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!

(Extra verse – not on the practicetrack)

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 Naser is flooding next spring,
With hippopotamas in silken pyjamas
No more will he teach them to sing...

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!