

## HIPPOPOTAMUS

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 combing her hair,  
His fair hippopotami maid.  
The hippopotamus was no ignoramus,  
And sang her this sweet serenade:

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 her seat on that hilltop above.  
As she hadn't got-a-ma to give her advice,  
Came tip-toeing 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:

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.

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 hippopotarmy,  
All singing this haunting refrain:

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.