

Hippopotomas Song

Flanders and Swann



Intro:

~~So [G] follow me follow, [Am] down to the hollow~~
~~And [C] there let us [G] wallow in [D7] glorious [G] mud.~~
[G]/// [Am]/// [D7]//

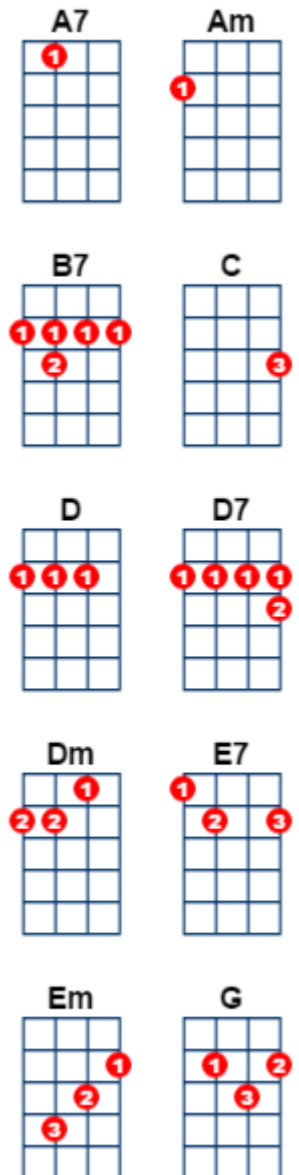
[D7] A [G] bold hippopotamus was [Am] standing one [D7] day
On the [Em] banks of the [A7] cool [D7] Shalimar.
He [G] gazed at the bottom as he [Am] peacefully [B7] lay
By the [Em] light of the [A7] evening [D7] star.
[Dm] Away on the [Em] hilltop sat [Dm] combing her [E7] hair
His [Dm] fair hippo-[E7]-potami [Am] maid [D]
The [Em] Hippo-[D]-potamus [Em] was no [D] ignoramus
And [Am] sang her this [A7] sweet [D7] serenade.

Chorus:

[G] Mud, mud, [Am] glorious [D7] mud.
[Em] Nothing quite [A7] like it for [D7] cooling the blood.
So [G] follow me follow, [Am] down to the hollow
And [C] there let us [G] wallow in [D7] glorious [G] mud.
[G]/// [Am]/// [D7]//

The [G] fair hippopotama he [Am] aimed to en-[D7]-tice
From her [Em] seat on that [A7] hilltop [D7] above
As [G] she hadn't got a ma to [Am] give her ad-[B7]-vice
Came [Em] tiptoeing [A7] down to her [D7] love.
Like [Dm] thunder the [E7] forest re-[Dm]-echoed the [E7]
sound
Of the [Dm] song that they [E7] sang when they [Am] met [D]
His [Em] inamor-[D]-ata ad-[Em]-justed her [D] garter
And [Am] lifted her [A7] voice in du-[D7]-et.

Chorus:





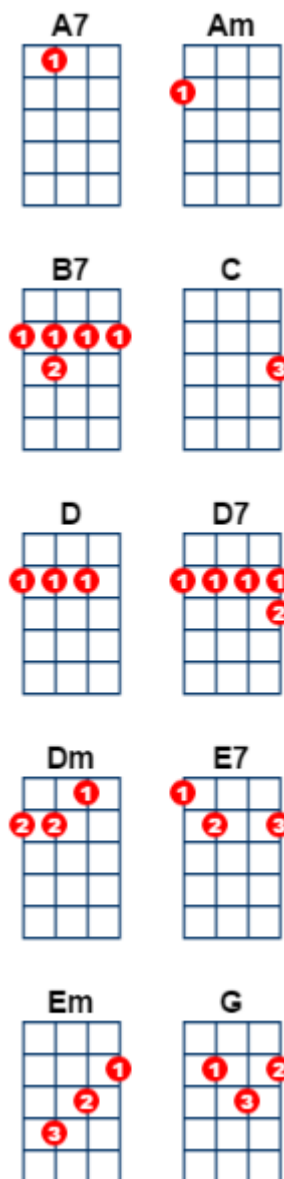
Now [G] more hippopotami [Am] began to [D7] convene
On the [Em] banks of that [A7] river so [D7] wide
I [G] wonder now what am I to [Am] say of the [B7] scene
That [Em] ensued by the [A7] Shalimar [D7] side.
They [Dm] dived all at [E7] once with an [Dm] ear-splitting [E7]
sposh
Then [Dm] rose to the [E7] surface [Am] again [D]
A [Em] regular [D] army of [Em] hippopot-[D]-ami
All [Am] singing this [A7] haunting [D] refrain.

Chorus:

[G] Mud, mud, [Am] glorious [D7] mud.
[Em] Nothing quite [A7] like it for [D7] cooling the blood.
So [G] follow me follow, [Am] down to the hollow
And [C] there let us [G] wallow in [D7] glorious [G] mud.
[G]/// [Am]/// [D7]//

[D7] The [G] amorous hippopotamus whose [Am] love song
we [D7] know
Is now [Em] married and [A7] father of [D7] ten,
He [G] murmurs, "God rot 'em!" as he [Am] watches them
[B7] grow,
And he [Em] longs to be [A7] single [D7] again!
He'll [Dm] gambol no [E7] more on the [Dm] banks of the [E7]
Nile,
Which [Dm] Naser is [E7] flooding next [Am] Spring, [D]
With [Em] hippopot-[D]-amas in [Em] silken py-[D]-jamas
No [Am] more will he [A7] teach them to [D7] sing

Chorus



Flanders and Swann: https://youtu.be/AjnOj9O16_I?t=1m18s (but in Ab ?)