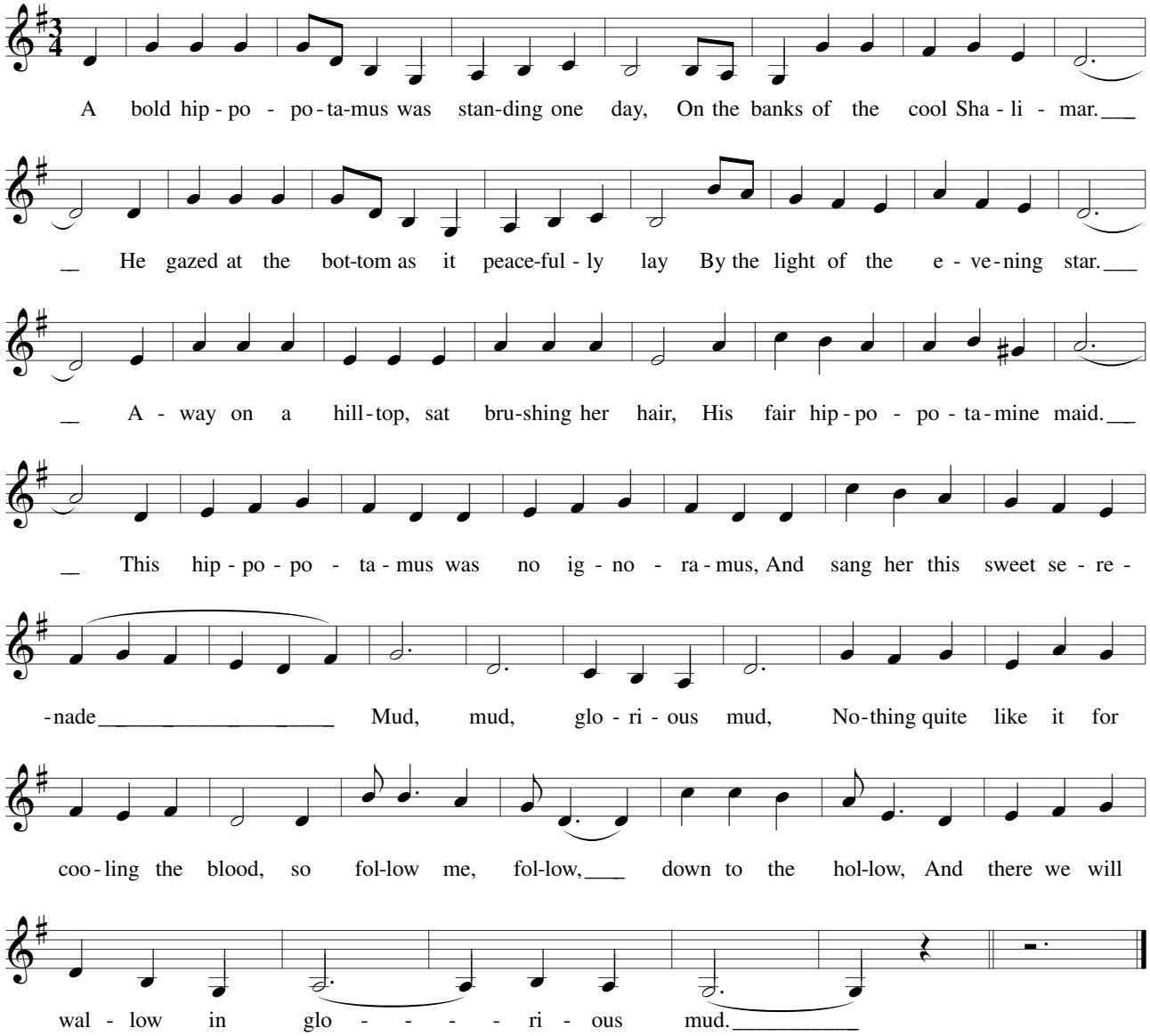
A bold hip - po - po - ta-mus was stan-ding one day, On the banks of the cool Sha - li - mar.
He gazed at the bot-tom as it peace-ful - ly lay By the light of the e - ve-ning star.
A - way on a hill-top, sat bru-shing her hair, His fair hip - po - po - ta-mine maid.
This hip - po - po - ta - mus was no ig - no - ra - mus, And sang her this sweet se - re -
-nade Mud, mud, glo - ri - ous mud, No-thing quite like it for
coo - ling the blood, so fol-low me, fol-low, down to the hol-low, And there we will
wal - low in glo - - - - ri - ous mud.