

7. LUTUM! LUTUM! PULCHERRIMUM LUTUM (Flanders & Swan)

praecox hippopotamus quondam adstabat
fluminis in ripis Shalimae;
in fundum tranquillis adspiciebat
dum in caelo lucebant stellae,
sedebat in colle, haud procul, sola,
hippopotami pulcherrima.
tunc hippopotamus – hoc non ignoramus -
concinuit haec carmina:

lutum! lutum! pulcherrimum lutum!
veni, O veni huc mecum ablutum!
sequimini cuncti,
laete coniuncti,
et volvamur unctio luto pulchro.

adhuc hippopotami in colle erat
quam elicere cupiebat;
quod matrem non habebat cui curae erat,
ad amantem iam descendebat,
silvas complevere mango sonitu,
suave cecinere duo;
ab inamorata zona deligata,
cantare coeperunt ambo:

lutum! lutum! pulcherrimum lutum!
veni, O veni huc mecum ablutum!
sequimini cuncti,
laete coniuncti,
et volvamur unctio luto pulchro.

plures hippopotami, adducti modis,
convenere nunc in Shalima.
quid dicere potero de rebus illis
accidentibus iam in ripa?
ingenti fragore immersos simul
emergere rursus vidi;
dulcissimum chorum hippopotamorum
communiter sic audivi:

lutum! lutum! pulcherrimum lutum!
veni, O veni huc mecum ablutum!
sequimini cuncti,
laete coniuncti,
et volvamur unctio luto pulchro.

A bold Hippopotamus was standing one day
On the banks of the cool Shalimar.
He gazed at the boom as it peacefully lay
By the light of the evening star.
Away on a hilltop sat combing her hair
His fair Hippopotamine 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 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:

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 Hippopotami
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!