The Hippopotamus

To Marcus McDaniel

T. S. Eliot

\[ \text{\Large \textit{\textbf{Voice}}} \]

\[ \text{\Large \textit{\textbf{Piano}}} \]

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\[ \text{\Large \textit{\textbf{The broad-backed hippopotamus rests}}} \]

\[ \text{\Large \textit{\textbf{Al though he seems so firm to us, He\ldots is merely}}} \]

\[ \text{\Large \textit{\textbf{flesh and blood. Flesh and blood is weak and frail, susceptible to nervous shock; While}}} \]
the True Church can never fail, For it is based upon a rock.

The hippo's feeble steps may err in compassing material ends, While the True Church need never stir to gather in its dividends. The 'po-ta-mus can never reach the mango on the

The Hippopotamus
man-go tree; But fruit of pome-gra-nate and peach re-fresh the Church from o- ver sea.

ma-ting time the hip-po's voice be-trays in-flec-tions hoarse and odd, But ev'-ry week we hear re-joice The Church at be-ing one with God.

The Hippopotamus
The hippopotamus's day is passed in sleep; at

night he hunts; God works in a mysterious way: The Church can sleep and feed at once.

I saw the potato mus take wing ascending from the damp savannahs, And quiring angels
round him sing the praise of God in loud hosannas.

Slight accel.

Blood of the Lamb shall wash him clean And him shall heavenly

Ritard. a tempo

arms en-fold, Among the saints he shall be seen performing on a harp of gold. He

The Hippopotamus
shall be washed as white as snow, By all the martyred

virgins kist, While the True Church remains below, Wrapt in the old mist.