

Album: [Like A Rhinestone Ploughboy](#) - Artist: Sid Kipper

I prithee good ladies and lordies attend
Give ear to my sorrowful load-o
By means of this ballad I now do intend
To sing you in praise of the Dodo
In far off Mauritia the dodo do dwell
Halfway to the far antipode-o
And if we would serve her then this I must tell
It should not be parboiled a la mode-o

For if the poor creature is but to keep goin'
Our slogan must be stop the bloody dodo-in'

Well the dodo in the morning she falls from her nest
If she could she would surely have flowed-o
She returns in the evening to take her sweet rest
Though how she ascends I am blowed-o
And all in her season she'll go with her mates
By them she will soon be bestrode-o
And as she may dally with seven or eight
Then 'tis clear that she risks overload-o

And as she must put up with all of this stuff
I ask dost thou not think she's suffered enough ?

Oh how many roads must a Dodo walk down
Before you can call her a dodo ?
And how many seas must a white dodo sail
Before she can sleep in the road-o ?
Ripe fruit and berries, and nuts that are nice
In the bird's stomach are stowed-o
Be grateful, good people, the Dodo don't fly
For t'would danger you when she unload-o

And if you should question on what she has dined
The answer my friend will be blowing in the wind

And so on my tunic this message I spell:

God save the king and the Dodo as well.