The dodo in the morning she fall 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
In far off Mauritius the dodo do dwell
Half way to the far Antipodo
And if we would serve her then this I would tell
It should not be par boiled a la mode o
For if the good creature is but to keep going
Our slogan must be “Stop the bloody Dodo’ing”

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 ask, 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.