Tribute to Waterhouse Hawkins and the *Iguanodon.*

A thousand ages underground
His skeleton had lain,
But now his body's big and round,
And he's himself again!

His bones, like Adam's wrapped in clay,
His ribs of iron stout,
Where is the brute alive today
That dares to turn him out?

Beneath his hide he's got inside
The souls of living men;
Who dare our saurian now deride
With life in him again?

[Beneath his hide he's got inside]

The jolly old beast; the jolly old beast.
The jolly old beast is not deceased.
The jolly old beast is not deceased.
There's life in him again. **Roar!**

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1. Lyrics by E. Forbes (1853) as adapted by W. Schaffer (2013). To be sung to *Vive l'Amour.*