Paine Albert Bigelow

The Autobiography of a Monkey



Albert Paine The Autobiography of a Monkey

Paine A.

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Part First THE DEPARTURE FROM THE FOREST

Where the light laughs in through the tree-tops And sports with the tangled glade, In the depths of an Afric forest My earliest scenes were laid.

In a bower that was merry with smilax From the grimace of no-where, I woke I was born on the first day of April And they called me a jungle joke.

And the voices of birds were about me— And the beat and the flutter of wing; While morning returned at the trumpet Of Tusky, our elephant king.

My nurse was a crooning old beldame Who gazed in the palms of my hands And vowed I was destined to travel In many and marvellous lands.

But little I heeded her croaking, For I gamboled the whole day long, And swung by my tail from the tree-top, Or joined in the jungle song.

THE SONG OF THE JUNGLE

The Elephant:

Oh, I am the lord of the forest and plain!

The Lion, Tigers, etc.:

And we are the beasts that acknowledge your reign! *The Birds:*

And we are the minstrels that come at your call! *The Monkeys:*

And we are the jesters that laugh at you all!

Chorus, All—

Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Oh, yes!

The tribes of the jungle are we —

Our home is the darksome wilderness

That never a man shall see.

The Elephant:

Oh, the jungle was meant and was made for my will!

The Lions, Tigers, etc.:

For the sport of the chase and the zest of the kill!

The Birds:

For the beating of wings and the echo of song!

The Monkeys:

For gambol and grimace the whole season long!

Chorus, All:

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Oh, yes!

For all of the tribes that be

With homes in the tangled wilderness

That never a man shall see.

But, alas, for the boasts of the jungle! The men came among us one day, And one with a box that made music Enticed foolish monkeys away.

The birds and the beasts of the forest Were mute at the marvellous song, But the monkeys crept out of the tree-tops — An eager and wondering throng.

The birds and the beasts of the forest Kept hidden and silent that day, But the monkey-folk formed a procession

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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