

Paine Albert Bigelow

The Autobiography of a Monkey



Albert Paine

The Autobiography of a Monkey

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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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