

## The Monkey's Viewpoint of Life

Three monkeys sat in a cocoanut tree  
discussing things as they're said to be;  
There's a certain rumor that can't be true.—  
That man descended from our noble race,  
The very idea;— it's a dire disgrace;  
No monkey ever deserted his wife,  
Starved her baby and ruined her life,  
And you've never known a mother monk  
To leave her babies for others to bunk,  
Or pass them from one to another  
Till they scarcely know who is their mother.  
And another thing; you'll never see a monk  
Build a fence around a cocoanut tree,  
And let the cocoanuts go to waste,  
Forbidding all other monks to taste.  
Why, if I put a fence around this tree,  
Starvation would force you to steal from me.  
Here's another thing a monk won't do;  
Go out at night and get into a stew;  
Or use a gun, or club, or knife  
To take some other monkey's life.  
Yes, man descended, the ornery cuss.  
But brother, they didn't descend from us.