



PH 10/8/85

A Monkey once, not satisfied,

To live as he had done,

Dressed himself out in handsome clothes,

And from the woods did run.

And then in England he arrived,

By steam-boat o'er the sea;

The passengers were all ashamed

This Monkey's ways to see.



An organ-grinder in the street,

Whose ape, in jacket red,

No sooner saw him than he grinned,

And jumped upon his head,



Our Monkey being in a rage,

To fight the ape began;

At which the lookers on did laugh,

So did the organ man.



To have his consequence so hurt,

Was more than he could bear,

For all the people shouted out,

Those Monkeys are a pair.



The Monkey, having thus found out

That "manners make the man,"

Took off his hat, and made his bow,

Then to the woods he ran.

