

OUR ANCESTOR'S LAMENT

One day I was kidnapped and placed in a zoo;
My offsprings now see me, but make no ado,
But rather the opp'site--of me they make fun,
This spoils our reunion as father and son.

Of course they are climbing in science and fame,
In trees I'm still climbing as ever the same;
To me it's a myst'ry when they appear shrewd,
If they are my offsprings, why then am I crude?

They can't say I'm human--I go on all fours
And live not in houses with windows and doors;
In every appearance I'm really too odd
To say I was made in the image of God.

I leap through the tree-tops, I dangle and swing
If I could learn music, I'd whistle and sing,
But I am not clever like people, you see:
There's no place I'm clever but up in a tree.

My age I can't tell you, I can't reckon time,
Although I still monkey, I don't earn a dime.
I never keep Sabbath--all days are the same,
I'm only a monkey with no other aim.

It makes me downhearted to think I am such,
It's clear I'm not human, that's why I'm not much
I should think of blessings, be thankful and calm:
Lamenting won't help it, I am what I am.

One thing, I am healthy, I get natural food,
With fresh air and sunshine, I'm physically good;
But people with science, they're always down sick,
They mess against Nature, and that does the trick.

My drink is clear water--no whiskey nor beer,
Lest I should get plastered and make people jeer;
Nor need I cosmetics or any such stuff,
I'm quite sure, without it, I'm homely enough.

Yes, simple and homely, that's how I was made:
I'm just a poor monkey, a hairy old jade,
Yet, "I'm the beginning of all human life"
Says science, not Scripture, just Darwin's device.

ACCEPTABLE SERVICE

We should seek to serve the Master
Here, as children of the day;
He will surely give us credit
If we do it in His way.

We will be as sons and daughters
In the service of our Lord;
And to us He'll be a Father,
If we seek to keep His word.

To obey is all that matters:
Never mind what others say.
When we call Him Lord and Master,
Let us serve Him in His way.

Some day soon we will be like Him
For we'll see Him as He is,
With the wounds received at Cal'ry,
There He died to make us His.



THAT GOOD PART

If we will truly serve our Lord,
Near Him we must abide,
Where we can humbly hear His Word,
Which is our only guide.
Yes, Mary chose the better part--
His words she valued more,
That she might serve Him from her heart,
And all His ways explore.