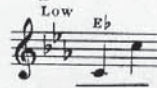
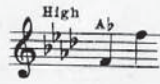


SM 3922

2

The Monkey-Man



* Words by
EDMUND VANCE COOKE

Music by
DOROTHY LEE

§

Cheerfully

mf *rall.* *p*

The
The
And

sun in win - ter goes a - way And makes you light the
mon - key - man has got a box And car - ries tunes to
it is just the fun - niest thing To watch him get his

a tempo

light, But in the sum - mer - time it's day All
sell; He winds it like you wind up clocks, Or
pay, And then his pa - pa pulls the string And

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day un - til it's night. So we just play un -
 like you wind a well, And when the mu - sic
 takes the cent a way. I wisht I was a

til at last We don't know what to do And
 goes te - toot The mon - key acts so fun - ny That
 mon - key - man And ev - er - 'where I went As

then the mon - key - man comes past And brings the mon - key, too.
 we all hur - ry up and scoot To get some mon - key - mon - ey.
 soon as ev - er I be - gan To play I got a cent!

poco rall.

REFRAIN

M - dou-ble-unk for the mon-key, M - dou-ble-an for the man;

a tempo

M-dou-ble-un-ky hun-ky mon-key Hun-ky mon-key-man. Ev-er since the

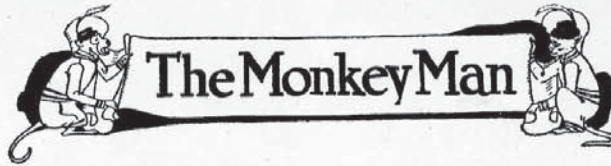
world be-gan Chil-dren danced and chil-dren ran When they heard the mon-key-man, The

m-dou-ble-un-ky mon-key-man.

After last verse

rall. To beginning *mf* cheerfully

D. S.



The Monkey Man

By EDMUND VANCE COOKE

The sun in winter goes away
And makes you light the light,
But in the summer-time it's day
All day until it's night.
So we just play until at last
We don't know what to do,
And then the monkey-man comes past
And brings the monkey, too.

The monkey-man has got a box
And carries tunes to sell;
He winds it like you wind up clocks,
Or like you wind a well;
And when the music goes te-toot
The monkey acts so funny
That we all hurry up and scoot
To get some monkey-money.

REFRAIN:

*M-double-unk for the monkey,
M-double-an for the man;
M-double-unky hunky-monkey
Hunky monkey-man.
Ever since the world began
Children danced and children ran
When they heard the monkey-man,
The m-double-unky monkey-man.*

And it is just the funniest thing
To watch him get his pay,
And then his papa pulls the string
And takes the cent away.
I wisht I was a monkey-man
And ever'where I went
As soon as ever I began
To play I got a cent!

I wisht I was a monkey, too,
And wore such pretty clo'es,
A coat and hat all red and blue
And fingers on my toes.
He run right up the porch one day,
And ran along the rail;
I wisht that I could climb that way;
I wisht I had a tail!