

Dr. Darwin.

Contributors

Fortey, W. S.

Publication/Creation

London : Printed at the "Catnach Press" by W.S. Fortey, [between 1860 and 1869?]

Persistent URL

<https://wellcomecollection.org/works/am2b4pgr>

License and attribution

This work has been identified as being free of known restrictions under copyright law, including all related and neighbouring rights and is being made available under the Creative Commons, Public Domain Mark.

You can copy, modify, distribute and perform the work, even for commercial purposes, without asking permission.

**wellcome
collection**

Wellcome Collection
183 Euston Road
London NW1 2BE UK
T +44 (0)20 7611 8722
E library@wellcomecollection.org
<https://wellcomecollection.org>

DR. DARWIN.



Tune—"King of the Cannibal Islands"

Oh, Doctor Darwin he's the boy,
To tell the truth without alloy,
Regardless whom he may annoy,
Sing oh for Dr. Darwin.

Now Peers to Heralds collage throng,
To learn to whom they all belong,
For all their quarterings are wrong,
According to Dr. Darwin.

Hokey, pokey, monkey fum,
Wonders never will be done,
Huxley and Lubbock, and every one,
Supporting Dr. Darwin.

Some trace their pedigree so far,
With Garter, Coronet and Star,
But no one knows how old they are,
According to Dr. Darwin.

The Howards and Gowers, and all that lot,
Were born to be, I know not what,
But whence they came at last we've got,
According to Dr. Darwin,
Hokey, pokey, &c.

It's true that all these Aristocrats,
May bill and coo like ava-da-vats,
And yet they come from water rats,
According to Dr. Darwin.

The aphid on the rose you find,
Green grub in frothed saliva blind,
The father is of all mankind,
According to Dr. Darwin,
Hokey, pokey, &c.

My Lord Tom Nod from being an ape,
Has had a wonderful escape,
So provident with all things shape,
According to Dr. Darwin.

And much he says he would prefer,
A monkey for an ancestor,
Than Bel's Savage progenitor,
According to Dr. Darwin,
Hokey, pokey, &c.

Some monkeys they are vastly kind,
And some apes have no tails behind,
And that's where they're so like mankind,
According to Dr. Darwin.
E'en baboons their hearts will soften,
Nursing monkeys very often,
Like Christians with their London Orphan,
According to Dr. Darwin,
Hokey, pokey, &c.

With birds themselves than men more blessed,
The males the more they're gaily dressed,
By females are the more caressed,
According to Dr. Darwin.
The fish in shore and out at sea,
Related are to you and me,
Think of that when you've shrimps for tea,
According to Dr. Darwin,
Hokey, pokey, &c.

To think a baby that has gone,
Thro every phase before 'twas born,
Should end in becoming the Marquis of Lorne,
According to Dr. Darwin.
If ever since the world began,
We rise by pre-concerted plan,
Why call it the descent of man,
According to Dr. Darwin,
Hokey, pokey, &c.

If nature ever will progress,
The wonder still is none the less,
We may be demi-gods I guess,
According to Dr. Darwin.
And as the races intermix,
You can't be certain about the chicks,
What can't you graft on briar sticks,
According to Dr. Darwin,
Hokey, pokey, &c.

If marriage be arranged above,
And crow be wedded to a dove,
It shows how we get crossed in love,
According to Dr. Darwin,
And as one law is good for all,
The weakest must go next the wall,
It's been so ever since the fall,
According to Dr. Darwin,
Hokey, pokey, &c.

To nations having any worth,
We'll draw the useless from the earth,
And melancholy turn to mirth,
According to Dr. Darwin.
We're not alarmed tho' Darwin sing,
Some men have tails, and some a wing,
We know there's good in every thing,
So a fig for Dr. Darwin,
Hokey, pokey, &c.

London: Printed at the "Catnach Press" by
W. S. FORTEY, 2 and 3, Moynouth Court,
Seven Dials, London. The Oldest and Cheapest
House in the World for Ballads (4,000 sorts).