

# Darwinian Theory

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The first system of musical notation consists of a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (Bb), and a 6/8 time signature. It features a melody line with eighth and sixteenth notes, a bass line with eighth notes, and a guitar-style chordal accompaniment below. The chordal accompaniment is written on a two-line staff with a '6' above and an '8' below, indicating a 6/8 time signature. The notes are: 3, 5 3 1 0, 1, 5 3 0, 1 0 1 1, 0 0 1 3 3, 5 1 5, 3 0, 1 1, 0 1 3 0, 1 1 3.

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and bass line from the first system. The chordal accompaniment notes are: 5 5 5 5 5 3, 5 5 5 3 3, 5 5 5 6 5, 3 3 3 0 0, 1 1 1 1 0 0, 1 1 1 0 0, 1 1 3 1, 0, 5 3 3.

The third system of musical notation continues the melody and bass line. The chordal accompaniment notes are: 1 1 0 0, 0 1, 1 1 0, 0 1 1 1, 3 3 2 3 2, 3 1 3 5 6, 1, 3 3 5, 0, 1 1, 3.

The fourth system of musical notation concludes the piece. The chordal accompaniment notes are: 5 3 1 0, 1 1, 5 3 0, 1 0 1 0 0, 0 0 1 3 3 3, 5 5 1 5, 3 3 0, 0 1 3 0, 1 1, 3 5.

Oh Have you heard the news of late  
 About our great original state?  
 If you have not, I will relate  
 The grand Darwinian Theory.  
 Take care as you saunter along the street  
 How you tread on the dust beneath your feet;  
 You may crush a cherub in embryo sweet  
 For each atom may hold a germ complete,  
 Which, by some mystical process slow  
 And selective power, to a monkey grow,  
 And from that to a man truth to show  
 Of the grand Darwinian theory.

Oh Hokey, pokey, Kanuwan  
 From nothing to something, from monkey to man  
 Oh This is the great developing plan  
 Of the grand Darwinian theory.

The beginning of all was a little cell  
Composed of what substance, no one can tell,  
Endowed with the power to develop and swell  
Into general life by this theory.  
With a power to select what it wished to be  
A fungus or flower, a bush or a tree,  
A fowl of the air or a fish of the sea,  
A cow or a sheep, a bug or a flea,  
Or, if tired of these it may change its plan  
Be a cat or a dog or O-rang-oo-tan,  
But culminating, at last, in a man  
By this grand Darwinian theory.

Oh Hokey, Pokey, pow'r of selection,  
Choose yourself your particular section,  
A peasant, or lord with a great connection;  
By the grand Darwinian theory.

Your attention, ladies, let me win it;  
Just think of this theory for a minute,  
Is there really not something distressing in it ---  
To think that you sprang from a monkey?  
That delicate hand was a monkey's paw  
Those lovely lips graced a monkey's jaw,  
Those handsome ankles, so trim and neat  
One time surmounted a monkey's feet  
Those sparkling eyes a monkey did lend,  
That graceful form from one did descend  
From a monkey you borrowed the Grecian bend,  
By this grand Darwinian theory.

Oh Hokey, pokey, protoplasm  
'Tween monkeys and men there is no chasm  
Why shouldn't you clasp them to your bosom?  
They're infant men, in theory.

Some murderers we, far worse than Cain,  
For darker deeds our character stain;  
For thousands of brothers we've eaten and slain  
By the grand Darwinian theory.  
While sitting at breakfast, and picking the wing  
Of a pigeon or grouse, or some other thing,  
Or dining on mutton --- or lamb, in the spring ----  
Or on salmon or trout, or on cod or on ling...  
Gaze into the future and, say, can't you see  
What horrible cannibals we all must be,  
Devouring the flesh, which may yet become we,  
By the grand Darwinian theory.

Oh Hokey, pokey, ringo-ging  
The cannibal islands once had a King  
Who ate his own kin; but to us he's no thing  
When compared in the light of this theory.

But why should the theory end with man?  
If he has been less, surely more he can  
And should be, by the great developing plan  
Of the grand Darwinian theory.  
Why should he not on this earth yet be  
An angel, or god, like Mercury  
With a wing on each shoulder, each ankle and knee?  
Oh how delightful then it will be  
When sighing, and wishing your sweetheart to see  
To wipe your beak, and just upwards flee  
Like birds --- and meet your love on a tree  
On the top of a hill, by this theory.

Oh Hokey, pokey, ringo-ging,  
The world then literally on the wing,  
No street cabs needed, or any such thing  
By the grand Darwinian theory.