

## The Ape

by Jean de La Fontaine

There is an ape in Paris,  
To which was given a wife:  
Like many a one that marries,  
This ape, in brutal strife,  
Soon beat her out of life.  
Their infant cries,--perhaps not fed,--  
But cries, I ween, in vain;  
The father laughs: his wife is dead,  
And he has other loves again,  
Which he will also beat, I think,--  
Return'd from tavern drown'd in drink.

*For aught that's good, you need not look  
Among the imitative tribe;  
A monkey be it, or what makes a book--  
The worse, I deem--the aping scribe.*