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Creator	Twain, Mark, 1835-1910
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1920

I thank Thee for the bull, O God,
Whenever a steak I eat,
The working of his mammoth cod
Is what gibes to us our meat.

And for the ram, a meed of praise
He with his mighty cod
Foundation for our mutton lays
With ebery vigorous prod.

And then the boar who at his work,
His hind hoofs fixed in sod,
Contented packs the embryo pork
All with his mighty cod.

Of beasts, man is the only one
Created by our God,
Who purposely, and for mere fun,
Plays with his mammoth cod.



"I wrote this little poem for the instruction of children. I wrote it to show the youth of the country that animals do better by instinct than man does by reason, unless properly guided. I intended it for Sunday schools and when sung by a hundred guileless children, it produces a very pretty effect."

(Extract from Mark Twain letter to the Mammoth Cod Club).