**Animal Farm**

**Comrade Napoleon and Beast of England Poem**

**Comrade Napoleon**

Friend of fatherless!

Fountain of happiness!

Lord of the swill-bucket!

Oh, how my soul is on

Fire when I gaze at thy

Calm and commanding eye,

Like the sun in the sky,

Comrade Napoleon!

Thou art the giver of

All that thy creatures love,

Full belly twice a day, clean straw to roll upon;

Every beast great or small

Sleeps at peace in his stall,

Thou watchest over all,

Comrade Napoleon!

Had I a sucking pig,

Ere he had grown as big

Even as a pint bottle or as a rolling pin,

He should have learned to be

Faithful and true to thee,

Yes, his first squeal should be

"Comrade Napoleon!"

**Beasts of England**

Beasts of England! Beasts of Ireland!  
Beasts of land and sea and skies!  
Hear the hoofbeats of tomorrow!  
See the golden future rise!

How does the life of an animal pass?  
In endless drudgery.  
What's the first lesson an animal learns?  
To endure its slavery.  
How does the life of an animal end?  
In cruel butchery.

Beasts of England! Beasts of Ireland!  
Beasts of land and sea and skies!  
Hear the hoofbeats of tomorrow!  
See the golden future rise!

Now the day of beasts is coming,  
Tyrant man shall lose his throne  
And the shining fields of England  
Shall be trod by beasts alone.

Pull the rings from out your noses  
Tear the saddle from your back!  
Bit and spur must rust forever,  
Cruel whips no more shall crack.

Beasts of England, seize the prizes,  
Wheat and barley, oats and hay,  
Clover, beans and mangel wurzel  
Shall be ours upon that day.