

The Oyster

There once was an oyster
Whose story I tell,
Who found some sand
Had got into its shell.

It was only a grain,
But it gave him great pain;
For oysters have feelings
Although they're so plain.

Now, did he berate
The harsh workings of fate
That had brought him
To such a deplorable state?

Did he curse at the government,
Cry for election,
And claim that the sea should
Have given him protection?

No! He said to himself
As he lay on a shell,
"Since I cannot remove it,
I'll try to improve it."

Now the years have rolled by,
As the years always do,
And he came to his ultimate
Destiny – stew.

And the small grain of sand
That had bothered him so
Was a beautiful pearl
All richly aglow.

Now the tale has a moral;
For isn't it grand
What an oyster can do
With a small grain of sand?

What couldn't we do
If we'd only begin
With some of the things
That get under our skin

Remember that every pearl
Got its start irritating an oyster.

