

Papa, Mamma, and I were tost  
Upon a wild and angry sea ;  
Our pretty ship was almost lost,  
But God took care of them and me.

My pony kicked and shook her head,  
And frightened me so much one day ;  
But I quickly said my prayer to God,  
And that took all my fear away.

I think perhaps you'd like to know  
The pretty prayer I've learned to say,  
'Tis, " Love a little child, dear Lord,  
Bless her, and keep her, night and day."