

Now when I pray
 I'm going to say:
 Please Lord send me another;
 I'd be so glad
 If I just had
 A little baby brother.

HER RIDE IN THE PARK.

It is one of the loveliest days,
 The clock is striking eight,
 The dainty maid comes down and says,
 I'm glad it isn't late.

Oh! it is just a perfect day,
 How happy I do feel,
 I'll take a lunch and go away,
 Out riding on my wheel.

Mamma, don't be uneasy, please,
 If I'm not home till dark,
 I'm going to ride beneath the trees,
 Out in Victoria Park.

She has her pale blue shirt waist on,
 Her bran new sailor hat,
 She wouldn't wear her other one,
 She'd not look well in that.

She mounts her wheel, away she goes,
 On past the pond she flies;
 Past where the rolling ocean flows,
 Around the park she hies.

Beneath the wide outspreading trees,
 Which shade her from the sun,
 She rides as happy as you please,
 And thinks it splendid fun.