

And servants to obey her call  
She makes my dog and cat;  
And gathers up her pinafore,  
And asks, "What silk is that?"  
And as she sups her bread and milk,  
Says, holding up her tin,  
"She'll have a golden platter  
When her ship comes in!"

[*Chorus.*

Ah, happy little maiden!  
To us with message sent,—  
To let vain wishes go, and keep  
The measureless content!  
Whate'er our Father gives shall meet  
With gratitude within;  
And for the rest—we'll have it  
When our ship comes in!

[*Chorus.*