

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.*