

A Little Boy And His Pony



Little Johnny got a pony for
his birthday
He was living in the town of
East Connosin
And how he loved and
cherished that pony
And taking care of her he
was promisin

He would bathe and brush
and feed her
And take her for walks by
the stable

And he loved that pony
so much

He would sneak scraps
from the family table

But one night a storm
had come

Loud thundering with no
room to spare

A bolt of lightning had
struck the stable

And a loud cry was heard
from there

Johnny went running out
Straight to the barn he flew
And there lay Johnny's pony
And not a single movement
she drew

Many years had passed
since then

And Johnny never knew a
time more frightening
And not trying to be mean
but ironic

He posthumously named
her lightning

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(Christmas Cards Welcomed)