

# *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 )**