The Horse's Prayer

- I'm only a horse, dear Master, but my heart is warm and true. I'm ready to work my hardest, for the pleasure of pleasing you.

Good corn, hay and water, are all that I wish to ask. And a warm dry bed to rest on, when I've finished my daily task.

Don't strike me in needless anger, if I'm slow to understand, but encourage my drooping spirits with a gentle voice and hand.

Finally, O my master! When my health and strength are gone - When I'm getting old and feeble, and my long life's work is done -

Don't sell me to cruel or strange owners, to be slaved to my last breath, But grant me the untold blessing of a quick and painless death;

That, as you have always found me a patient and loyal friend, The years of my faithful service may be crowned by a peaceful end.

I plead in the name of the Savior, Who cares when the sparrows fall. Who was born in a lowly stable, and knows, and loves us all!

Your Faithful and loving friend,

The Horse
Where ever man as left his footprint, you will find the hoofprint of the horse beside it. -- The history of mankind is carried on the back of a horse. -- Bad horses are never born, they are made.

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