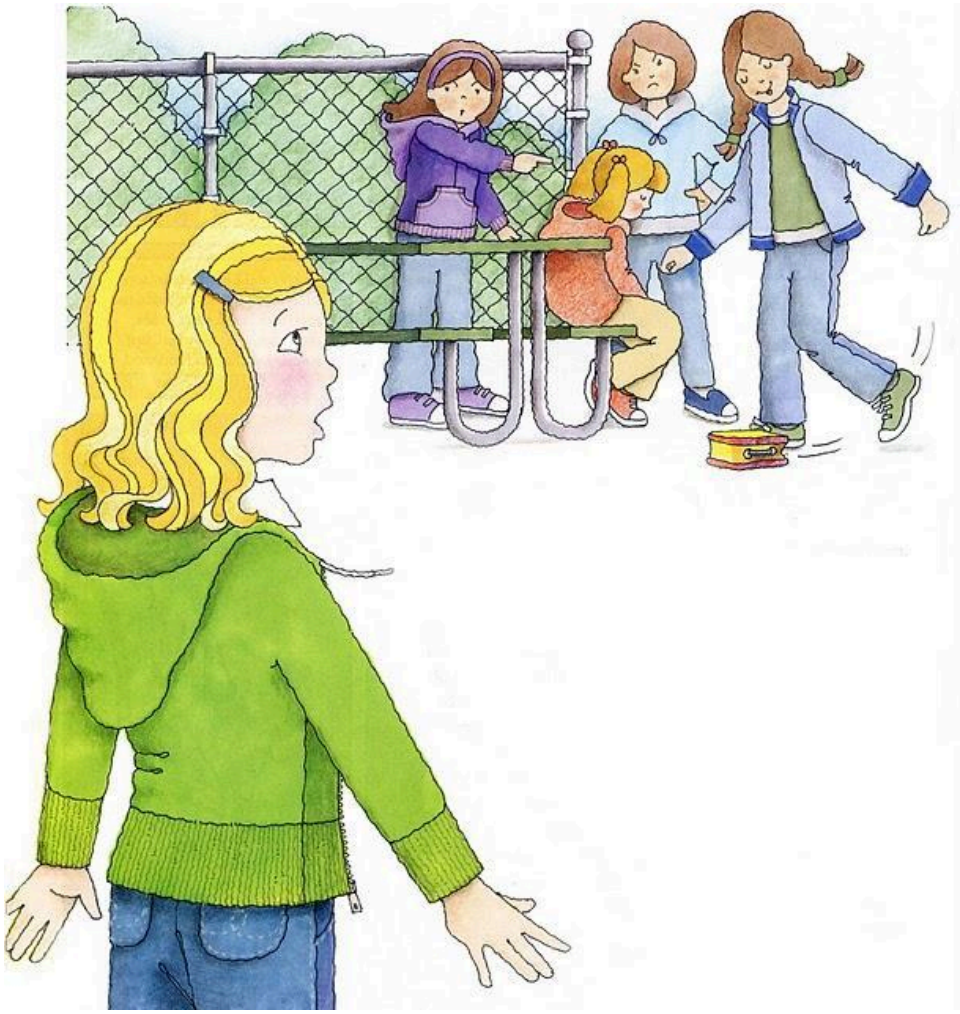
I have two little hands



Folded snuggly
and tight
They are tiny and
weak

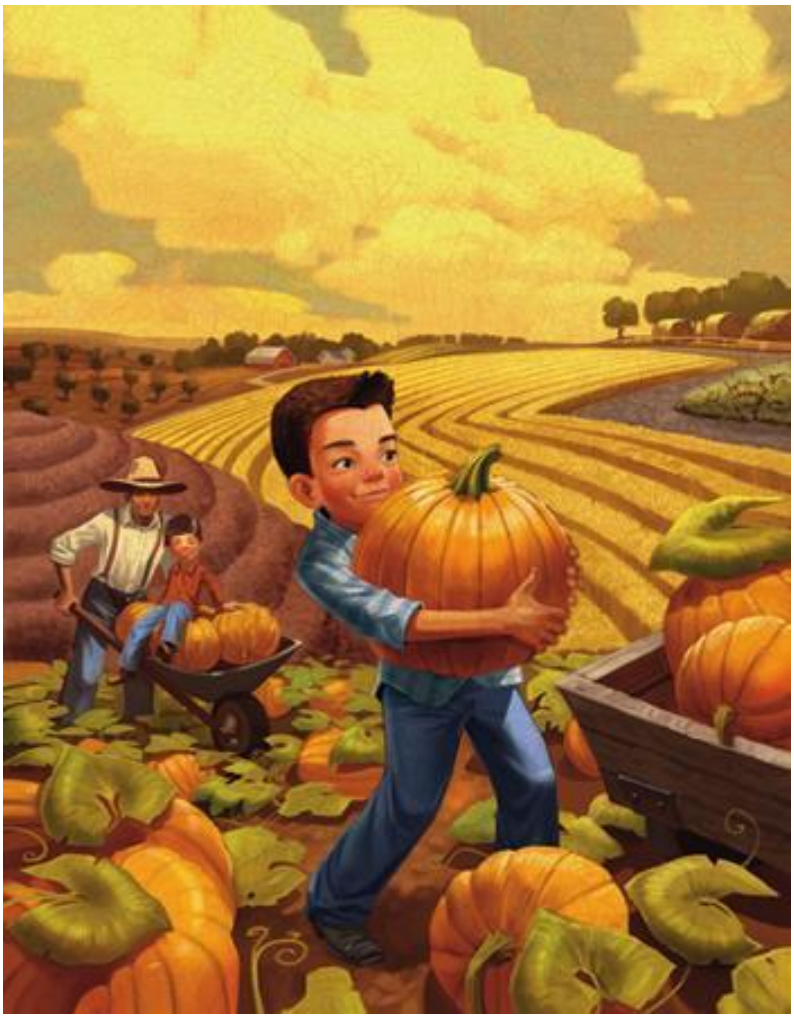


Yet they know what is right

During all the long hours

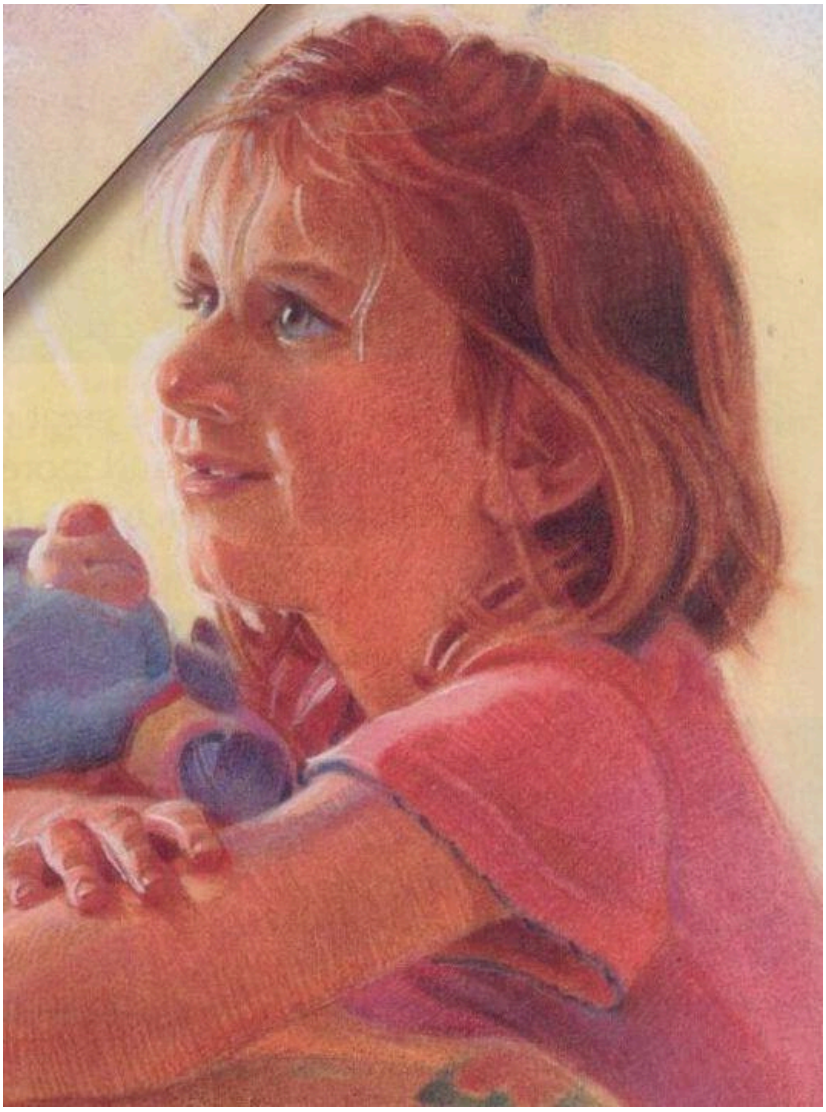


Till daylight is through
There is plenty indeed



For my two hands to do

Kind Father I thank thee



For two little hands

And ask thee to bless them



Till each understands

That children can only be



Happy all day When two little hands



Have learned how to obey