



The Seagulls

By Beverly Cochrane

When pioneers went way out west,
They planted precious seed.
But when the little plants grew up,
The crickets came to feed.

The pioneers fought crickets off
With hoe and cloth and flame.
They battered hoards of crickets down,
But still more crickets came.

Pioneers prayed for relief,
And Heavenly Father listened.
He sent some hungry seagulls
On a flying rescue mission.

And when the crickets were all gone,
The seagulls flown away,
The pioneers said, "Thank you,"
As they knelt in fields to pray.