

"TO WEE OBY."

WHEN first I saw thee, Oby dear,
Thou seemed like flower so rare,
We called thee "little angel boy,"
So sweet wert thou, and fair.

Thy dimpled cheeks like roses were,
Thy blue eyes brightly shone;
I loved thee so that fain would I
Have claimed thee as my own.

A sunbeam straight from heaven thou came,
To daddy's heart one day;
He took thee as a gift from God
To brighten life's rough way.

Oft in my arms I've fondled thee,
And basked in thy sweet smile,
While thou, with thy dear winning ways
Would oft my heart beguile.