

<sup>eye</sup>  
The Orphan Children,

The marriage rite is o'er,  
And though I turn a side,  
To keep those guests from seeing,  
The tears I cannot hide.

Wipe the my face in smiling,  
And took my little brother,  
To greet my Father's nose,  
I can never call her Mother.

She is a fair young creature,  
With meek and gentle air,  
With blue eyes soft and loving,  
And silken sunny hair,  
I know my Father gives,  
The love he gave my Mother,  
But if she were an angel,  
I could never call her Mother.

Last night I heard her singing,  
A song I use to love,  
When these sweet words was halow'd

By her who sings a love,  
I pain'd my heart to hear it,  
But the tears I could not smother,  
Can I forget thee ever my own dear mother. <sup>Mother</sup>

My Father's in the sunshine for happy days to <sup>come</sup>  
Will never forget the shadows,  
That darken'd our own Home,  
My heart is now more lonely but I and little  
Must still be Orphan Children,  
God can give us but one Mother.

They have took my Mother's picture from it <sup>and</sup>  
A disast'ous place and hung beside my Father a  
younger face, it made that dear old  
Chamber the abode of another.  
But if she were an angel,  
I could never call her Mother.

girls I will send you a song, but I can't  
send you a tune, but I wish you could  
sing it.

When you see her that I like to have come  
and seen her but I could not I intend  
to write to her before long. Will, Mary,  
Sarah, Mary, Ann, all of you write  
and tell Will to write, but show  
it is no use to tell him he will  
not do it. now I want you to soon

write me something you can  
read that is not I have one or two  
more letters to write and am in a  
hurry, you can correct all mistakes

Write very soon now  
dont you put it off and  
one write on another

Lizzie, Boget,

Send your letters to, Will Grove

W. L. Boget

## The orphan Children

The marriage rite is over,  
And though I turn a side  
To keep those guests from seeing  
The tears I cannot hide.

I wreath my face in smiling,  
And took my Little Brother  
To greet my Father's chosen  
I can never call her Mother.

She is a fair young creature  
With meek and gentle air  
With blue eyes soft and loving  
And silken sunny hair

I knew my Father gives  
The love he gave my Mother  
But if she were an angel  
I could never call her Mother

Last night I heard her singing

A song I use to love,

When thou sweet was hallowed

By her who sings above

It pained my heart to hear it

But the tears I could not smother

Can I forget thee ever my own dear angel Mother

My Father in the sunshine for happy days to come  
I'll never forget the ~~shook~~ shadow  
That darkened our own Home,  
My heart is no more lonely but I and Little Brother  
Must still be orphan Children,  
God can give us but one Mother

They have took my Mother's picture from its  
beadomed place and hung beside my Father  
a younger face.

It made that dear old Chamber the abode of another  
But if she were an angel  
I could never call her Mother -

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girls I will send you a song, but I can't send you a  
tune but I hope you can sing it

Lezzie

When you see her that I like to have come and seen her  
but I could not I intend to write her before long  
well Mary, Sarah, Amy, Armonie, all of you write +  
tell Will to write, but shaw, it is no use to tell him he  
will not do it now I want you to soon. and

I don't whether you can read this or not I have one or  
two more letters to write and am in a hurry, ~~Letter to you~~  
can correct all mistakes

Write very soon now  
don't you put it off and  
one write on another

Lezzie Boget

Direct your letters to Millgrove  
pawshuck Co. Iowa