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The Little Girl in Blue

Marion L. Dobson

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By Marion L Dobson

Serious

♥
The

I saw a little girl at play,
A shy little maid of ten;
Smiling and happy in her childish way,
While rocking her dolls she sang.

♥
Little

Her hair the color of sunset's gold,
Her eyes of deepest brown,
A few dim freckles on her nose,
Added luster to her crown.

A sunbonnet shaded her childish face
From the sunlight's glaring hue.
She wore no silks or lace
But a calico dress of blue.

♥
Girl

The months and the years passed away;
This little girl into a woman grew.
I saw her again on her wedding day,
And again she was dressed in blue.

Her life has not been all sunshine;
She has not lived as rich folks do.
But like a rose in springtime
Was this little girl in blue.

♥
In

By and by as time passed on,
She raised a family, too.
Three daughters and a son
Were born to this girl in blue.

I hear a step behind my chair,
A step very soft and low;
I turn—my wife is standing there
In the twilight's mellow glow.

♥
Blue

No longer a child to fret her teachers,
No more a blushing bride, 'tis true,
But with all the smiling features
Of the little girl in blue.

(MARION L. DOBSON came to Oklahoma by covered wagon at age 5. He was born February 1, 1895, and died February 16, 1978. His wife still resides in Erick. Margie Snowden North submitted "The Little Girl in Blue.") *

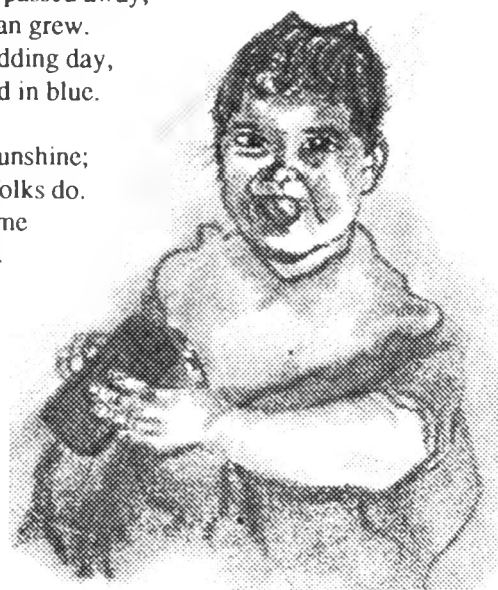


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