

## Little Boy Blue

by Eugene Field

The little toy dog is covered with dust,  
But sturdy and stanch he stands;  
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,  
And his musket molds in his hands.  
Time was when the little toy dog was new  
And the soldier was passing fair,  
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue  
Kissed them and put them there.

“Now, don’t you go till I come,” he said,  
“And don’t you make any noise!”  
So toddling off to his trundle-bed  
He dreamed of the pretty toys.  
And as he was dreaming, an angel song  
Awakened our Little Boy Blue, --  
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,  
But the little toy friends are true.

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,  
Each in the same old place,  
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,  
The smile of a little face.  
And they wonder, as waiting these long years through,  
In the dust of that little chair,  
“What has become of our Little Boy Blue?”  
Since he kissed them and put them there.