



Little

Boy Blue

The little toy dog is covered with
dust,

But sturdy and staunch he
stands;

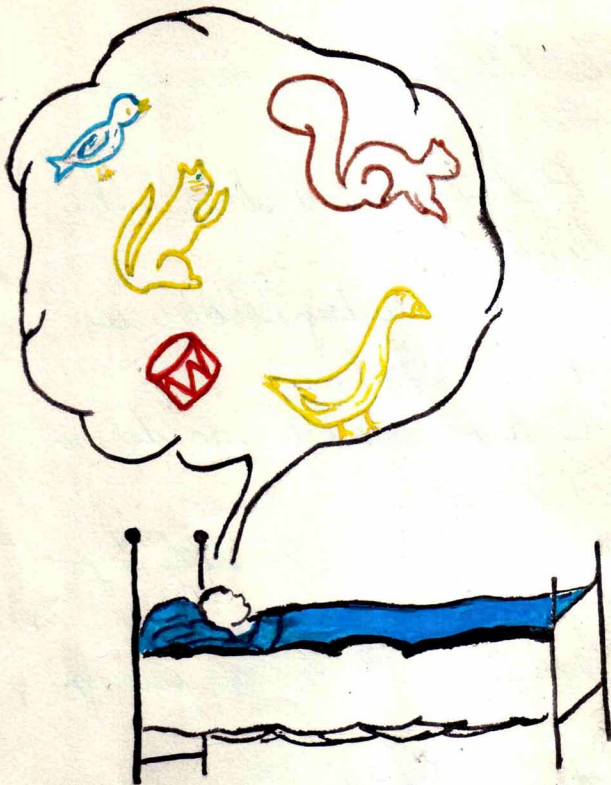
And the little toy soldier is
red with rust,

And his musket molds in
his hands.

Time was when the little toy
dog was new.

And the soldier was passing
fair.

And there 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.
Oh, 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 thro:
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our
Little Boy Blue,
Since he kissed them and put
them there

