

## Little Boy Blue

by Eugene Field

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Editor's Note: One of the elementary school teachers read this poem to us. It was while I was attending the Harmony Elementary School, near San Antonio, Texas. I was in about the fourth or fifth grade. The poem was so moving to me that, many years later, I located it somewhere and made this copy.

The little toy dog is covered with dust,  
But sturdy and staunch he stands;  
The little toy soldier is red with rust,  
And his musket moulds 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 dreamt 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 the 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.