# Little Boy Blue

Words by
EUGENE FIELD

Music by
ETHELBERT NEVIN
*Arr. by Geoffrey O'Hara*

Moderately

*(melody)*

1. The lit-tle toy dog is— cov-er'd with dust, But stur-dy and staunch— he stands.—— The lit-tle toy sol-dier is red with rust, And his mus-ket moulds in— his hands.—— Time was when the lit-tle toy dog was new, And the sol-dier was pass-ing fair.— And— that was the time when our Lit-tle Boy Blue—— Kiss'd them and put them there.—

2. "Now, don't— you go till I come!" he said, "And don't— you make an-y noise."—— So tod-dling off to his trun-dle bed,— He dreamt of his pret-ty toys.—— And— as he was dream-ing, an an-gel song, A--wak-en'd our Lit-tle Boy Blue.— Oh! the years are man-y, the years are long, But our lit-tle toy friends are true.— Ay!

*Hum*

[1.]

[2.] *(melody)*

faith-ful to Lit-tle Boy Blue they stand,— Each in the same— old

place.— A-wait-ing the touch of the lit-tle hand,— The

*Hum*

smile of a lit-tle face.— And they won-der as wait-ing these

*Hum*

*Hum*

*Gradually softer*

long years thro', In the dust of that lit-tle chair.— What has be-come of our

*Hum*

**1.** **2.** *Optional ending* *pp*

Lit-tle Boy Blue, Since he kiss'd them, and put them there.— there.—

*pp*