

“ 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 !
Aye, 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.

— EUGENE FIELD.

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