

## Our Little Boy Blue

The Irish Rovers

The little toy dog is covered with dust  
And sturdy and staunch he stands  
And the little tin soldier is red with rust  
And the musket molds in his hands  
Time was when the little dog was new  
And the soldier was passing fair  
Ah, but that was when our little boy blue  
Kissed them and put them there

"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

But as he was dreaming an angel's song  
Awakened our little boy blue  
Oh, the years are many, the years are long  
But the little toy friends are true

"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

Faithful to little boy blue they stand  
Each one in the same old place  
Awaiting the touch of a little hand  
And the smile of a little face  
Sure they wonder as waiting the long year through  
In the dust of that little chair  
What has become of our little boy blue  
Since he kissed them and put them there?

"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