The Ballad of Little Boy Blue

Eugene Field, poet
Mary Ann Joyce, music

Soprano

Piano

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lit - tle toy dog is cov - ered with dust, but stur - dy and staunch he

stands The lit - tle toy sold ier is red with rust, and his musk - et
moulds in his hands, and his musket moulds

in his hands.

Time was when the

little toy dog was new, and the seller was passing fair

and
that was the time when our little boy blue kissed them, and put them

there, "and don't you go 'til I come, he said, and don't you make any noise!"

Then toddling off to his trundle bed, he