

Poem read by Professor Lewis Schnurr at 2021 MVA Reunion

The little toy dog is covered with dust,  
    But sturdy and staunch he stands;  
And 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 until I come,” he said,  
    “And don’t make any noise!”  
So toddling off to his trundle-bed  
    He dreamed 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 the 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 these long years through,  
    In the dust of the little chair,  
What has become of our Little Boy Blue  
    Since he kissed them and put them there.