

This is a poem My father wrote. It's called:

Lieutenant Harold D. Wilson: Little Boy Blue.

All the weapons are covered with rust

But sturdy and staunch he stands

As if in a dream we see him now

A carbine is still in his hand.

The soldiers are running and swirling about.

The battle outcome is in doubt.

But little Boy Blue's encouraging words

Rose above the den with a shout.

He ran through the streets and entered a house

Climbed the stairs to the top

Leaned out the window with a wave of his arms

And fearlessly moved us about

Just as we thought the position secure

He leaned out the window once more.

Three shots from a rifle and backward he fell

Lying stretched out full on the floor.

He uttered the words "My God I'm hit.

"Someone, please slap my face."

But the Angel of Death turned it to gray

And his soul took flight to God's place.

As we gazed down on him, stunned and in fear,

Tears welled and rose in our eyes.
Our Little Boy Blue lay stretched out in death
Never again to rise.

We are the tin soldiers
That he carefully placed here and there
Like a childhood game we were the warriors bold
He did so with love and with care.

Throughout these many years soldiers have passed,
And our ranks now start to grow thin.
We often think back of our Little Boy Blue
Who gave us the courage to win

He stands there now with blonde tousled hair,
Fair youth's complexion and grace,
His helmet in hand, a slight jaunty stand.
He waves again to our place.

Perhaps someday we'll meet again
In that army across the divide
And as we climb up the stairs, he'll meet us there,
Looking down for us from the top.

With a smile on his face and without soldier's grace
He'll say with a twinkle of eye.
"Hey, guys, follow me. There's someone to see."
Now that the Platoons all here at the top.

Author: Charles Munie, 1985