

## *The Doll*

*The doll is ragged and broken  
Her hair is all askew  
One of her shoes is missing  
Her dress is far from new*

*One eye is gone all crooked  
The little bib is torn  
The paint's rubbed off in places  
Just everything is worn*

*I bend down and pick her up  
She makes still a tiny cry  
It startles me a little bit  
And tears come to my eye*

*It seems not so long ago  
This toy with all its charms  
Was a princess, or a queen  
In my darling daughters' arms*

*In fact, she'd been 'bout everything  
Baby, mother, friend  
In those childhood fancies  
Too soon does all this end*