

Name: _____

Date: _____



THE POOR

DOLLY

MY dolly was young and fair,
With beautiful flaxen hair,
And all her things could take off and on,
And she had real shoes to wear.

She was made by the toy-shop man,
Her body was stuffed with bran,
And she could open and shut her eyes;
And none of Jane's dollies can.

And I lent her to Jane one day,
While I went in the garden to play;
And when Jane wasn't looking, the cat and dog
Both happened to pass that way.

The story's too sad to tell
In the kind of words I can spell;
But the picture will tell you better than I;
Or, at any rate, just as well.