

PRIMARY PIECES

MY RAGGEDY DOLL

My dear 'ittle Raggedy Dolly,

I love you more'n tongue can tell;

Des tuddle wight up to your muvver,

My dear 'ittle Gwendolyn Nell.

Bob say 'at your ink eyes are all bleary,

And they're not drawed straight in your head,

But tuddle wight up to your muvver,

Don't you tare what that naughty Bob said.

Belle goes to the Lillian Massey School,

She knows all about germs and disease

And dirt,—and what do you think she wants?

To burn up my doll, if you please!

My folks couldn't quite understand it,

Why I made such a fuss over you,

So they buyed me a beautiful dolly,

Her eyes were the bluest of blue.

Her cheeks they were quite a rich crimson,

Her lips were as red as a rose,

Her d'ess was of silk and her pettiskirt, too,

And all of the rest of her clothes.

She's an awful fine doll in the *daytime*,

But when Mamma has tucked us up tight,

And we've bofe said our prayers, and the room is
all dark,

That dolly won't tuddle up tight.