Dear Dirty Dolly
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by Kathleen Ainslie

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Baby wouldn't look at me - she wanted a black dolly - and I was born white.
What shall I do?

Ah! I know!
and some on my body!
and a little on my face!

and there _______
With a ribbon for my hair,
and my best shawl on.
I look lovely!
Simply lovely!
don't I?

Baby will be pleased.
“O, what a mess!!!

you horrid little thing,
into the bucket you go –”
But no,

it didn’t wash off –
So she threw me out of the window –

Now I’ll be off to find Baby.
Is she in the field?

no -
or in here?

no -
Now I’ll look in the garden.

(and take a little refreshment in passing.)
Oh! Oh! that black and yellow gentleman kissed me so hard –

Oh! my poor face!
and there Baby picked me up.

“Look Nursie – what a dear little dirty dolly!”
do please, make him nice and white again — he will be lovely then.”
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