

The Broken Doll - song lyrics

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THE BROKEN DOLL.

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Words and Music by Guy C. Rawson.

While out upon a morning stroll, on a fair midsummer day,
I noticed just across the street Some children there at play;
A little miss, with big blue eyes and curly locks so fair,
Was crying though her heart would break, while the others they did stare.
Her dolly lay upon the ground, broken, that was why;
I noticed in a moment what made the baby cry.
I gently raised the golden head, says, "Little miss, I pray,
Do tell me what does grieve you so?" when to me she did say:

Chorus.

"Mamma says she hasn't time; my papa's busy, too;
Sisters they won't mend my doll; I think they're mean, don't you?
I am such a little girl, now you're a great big man;
Mister, won't you please, sir, mend it if you can?"

I sat the baby on my knee and brushed away her tears,
I thought how many trials she would have in after years;
I remember, when a little child, how often broken toys
Would mar my childish happiness, my merriment And joys.
I fixed the little plaything the best that I knew how;
It was a very clumsy piece of workmanship, I vow.
The baby's dolly mended, a kiss now for my pay;
No more you'll cry, my little miss, When I return this way.- Chorus.