

THE DOLL'S FUNERAL

Poem that Hannah Evanson recited when the children were small

When my dolly died, when my dolly died
I sat on the step and I cried and I cried,
And I couldn't eat any jam and bread
Cause it didn't seem right when my dolly was dead.
And Briget was sorry as she could be,
For she patted my head and
"Oh" said she, "To think that the pretty was gone and died."
Then I broke in a fresh and I cried and cried.

And all the dollies from all around
Came to see my dolly put under the ground.
There was Lily Lee and Sary Clack
Brought their dolls over all dressed in black;
And Emaline Hope and Sara Lou
Came over and brought their dollies too,
And all the time I cried and cried,
Cause it hurt me so when my dolly died.

We dressed her up in a new white gown
With ribbons and laces all around;
And made her a coffin in a box,
Where my brother keeps his spelling blocks.
And we had some prayers and a funeral too,
And our hymn was, "The Two Little Girls in Blue."
But for me I only cried and cried,
Cause it truly hurt when my dolly died.

We dug her a grave in the violet bed,
And planted a violet at her head.
And we raised a stone and wrote quite plain,

"Here lies a dear doll who died of pain."
And then my brother, said he, "Amen,"
And we all went back to the house again.
But all the same I cried and cried,
Because I'd a right when my doll had died.

And then we had more jam and bread,
But I didn't eat, _____
But I tied some crepe on my doll house door,
And then I stood and cried some more.
I couldn't be happy don't you see,
Because the funeral belonged to me.
And then the others went home, and then,
I went out and dug up my doll again.