

Miss Polly had a dolly
Who was sick, sick, sick,
So she called for the doctor
To be quick, quick, quick;
The doctor came
With his bag and his hat,
And he knocked at the door
With a rat-a-tat-tat.

He looked at the dolly
And he shook his head,
And he said "Miss Polly,
Put her straight to bed."
He wrote out a paper
For a pill, pill, pill,
"That'll make her better,
Yes it will, will, will!"

