

An Old Love

by Carolyn Wells

Priscilla, Auntie's promised me
A brand-new Paris doll;
And though I love you, yet you see
I cannot keep you all.

Nursey declares I really must
Throw one of you away;
And you're the oldest, so I trust
You will not care to stay.

You've lost an arm, your dress is torn,
Your wig is all awry;
Priscilla, you are so forlorn,
We'll have to say good-by.

And yet--oh, don't! my dolly dear,
Don't look so sad, I pray!
You precious dolly, come right here,
You shan't be thrown away!

You're ragged, yes, and lame and blind,
You're really but a wreck;
But, dear Priscilla, never mind,
I do not care a speck.

Your eyes do nicely when they're shut,
And I can mend the rest;
Well--p'raps I'll love the new one--but
I'll always love you best.

