

# 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.

