

March 15, 1940

A FRIEND

O, what is so good as one's own dear friend,
A friend who is loyal and true,
Who will go as a friend to the world's very end
To give pleasure and joy to you!

A friend who would roam through the meadows of corn,
Who would dream in the smooth, dripping rain,
Who would live with delight in the on-coming night
All the past, and could live it again.

A friend who could laugh, and a friend who could weep,
Who would smile in deep pain, and whose tears
As the clean falling rain would refreshen the plain
Of one's heart through the long, heavy years.

Oh the touch of whose hands and the smile of whose lips
Would enhance all the world with bright gleams,
And the joy of whose soul, or the aim of whose goal
Would be dear and endure through your dreams.

For the friend who is loyal, the friend who is true,
And the friend whose great love shall endear,
Will be always, it seems, the most glorious of dreams
In the heart of the vast world, my dear.