



FRIENDSHIP

The sweetest flower in life's garden rare,
It grows beside the lilies fair,
'Tis friendship.

Fed by the sun and dew of life,
It blossoms e'en in sin and strife,
This friendship.

When a man is out on life's broad sea,
It puts him where a man should be,
This friendship.

To a woman deep in dark despair,
It comes like zephyrs sweet and fair,
This friendship.

To children free from sorrow's tears,
This fragrant petal forms their years,
'Tis friendship.

To all mankind where'er he roam,
The flower of life that brings him home,
Is friendship.

—Addie Clark.