

## MEN IN THE ROUGH

MEN in the rough — on the trails all new-broken —  
Those are the friends we remember with tears;  
Few are the words that such comrades have spoken —  
Deeds are their tributes that last through the years.

Men in the rough — sons of prairie and mountain —  
Children of nature, warm-hearted, clear-eyed;  
Friendship with them is a never-sealed fountain;  
Strangers are they to the altars of pride.

Men in the rough — curt of speech to their fellows —  
Ready in everything, save to deceive;  
Theirs are the friendships that time only mellows,  
And death cannot sever the bonds that they weave.

THE END