

FRIENDSHIP.

Sweet is the moon above old English trees,
 And sweet her light on dewy velvet lawns,
 And sweet her pallid shade in purple dawns,
 And passing sweet her sheen on languid seas.
 O'er sleeping kine on broad-extending leas
 Dispers'd o'er the darkling green like pawns,
 Her light is sweet, and sweet when deep down yawns
 The abyss, or whitens far wide prairies.

So friendship whereso'er we go is sweet;
 Whate'er of loss or triumph we may share;
 Whatever we endure or do or dare;
 Nor can fate all be dark, if round our feet
 Its rays are shed; however 'mersed in care
 Beauty and Peace amid life's shadows meet.
