

And faces once youthful, eyes ever truthful
Beam brightly, serenely as ever;
Time may change many things while mellow voice
rings,

Yet friendship it never can sever.
Old friends are longing, as mem'ries come thronging,
To count o'er those moments of gladness,
While noise and rustle of city's loud bustle
Dole daily their dull song of sadness.