

Fellowship.

When all the saintly crew,
Who've never sinned at all
Have drawn their skirts away from you
And stalked by, grand and tall,
Till all have onward marched,
Each with averted face,
Their very blood all nicely starched
Beneath their garb of grace.

Some few will fail in scorn,
But not in sympathy,
And you'll forget you were forlorn
And lived so drearily.
Once in your need they stood,
And well they understand,
So they are not too fiercely good
To grasp a lonely hand.