

## FRIENDSHIP.

You do not love me, Geraldine,  
I am a friend to you no more ;  
Many have been your friends before,  
And many in the coming time  
May slip into this place of mine,  
Discuss the topics of the day,  
And walk with you a little way.

And yet I love you, Geraldine,  
Must love you always, come what may,—  
To-day and one long yesterday,  
And all to-morrows, stretching on  
Until my share of time is gone—  
What use to ask a senseless "Why"?  
For you are you, and I am I.

Since I must love you, Geraldine,  
And since my friendship is your will,  
I'll be your friend and love you still ;  
Since love is not the gift you prize  
I'll make of friendship love's disguise.  
Some live their lives from end to end  
And never really find—a friend !