FRIENDSHIP.

1. Friend-ship, to ev-'ry will-ing mind, O-pens a heav'n-ly trea-sure, There may the sons of sor-row find Sour-ces of last-ing plea-sure;
2. Poor are the joys that fools es-teem, Fad-ing and tran-si-to-ry; Mirth is as fleet-ing as a dream Or a de-lud-ing sto-ry.

3. Learn-ing, that boast-ing, glit-t'ring thing, Is but just worth pos-sess-ing; Rich-es for-ev-er on the wing, Scarce can be called a bless-ing;

4. Beau-ty, with all its gau-dy shows, Is but a paint-ed bub-ble; Short is the tri-umph wit be-stows, Full of de-ceit and trou-ble;
5. Hap-py the man that hath a friend Formed by the God of na-ture; Well may he feel and rec-om-mend Friend-ship for his Cre-a-tor;

See what em-ploy-ments men pur-sue, Then you will own my words are true, Friend-ship a-lone pre-sents to view Sour-ces of last-ing plea-sure.
Lux-u-ry leaves a sting be-hind, Wound-ing the bod-y and the mind; On-ly in friend-ship can we find Plea-sure and sol-id glo-ry.

Fame, like a shad-ow flies a-way, Ti-tles and dig-ni-ty de-cay; Noth-ing but friend-ship can dis-play Joys that are freed from trou-ble.

Sen-su-al plea-sures swell de-sire, Just as the fu-el feeds the fire — Friend-ship can last-ing bliss in-spire, Bliss that is worth pos-sess-ing
Then let our hearts in friend-ship join To let our so-cial pow'rs com-bine, Ruled by a pas-sion most di-vine, Friend-ship to our Cre-a-tor.