

The Fellowship of Books

I care not who the man may be,
Nor how his tasks may fret him,
Nor where he fares, nor how his cares
And troubles may beset him,
If books have won the love of him,

Whatever fortune hands him,
He'll always own, when he's alone,
A friend who understands him.
Though other friends may come and go,
And some may stoop to treason,
His books remain, through loss or gain,

And season after season
The faithful friends for every mood,
His joy and sorrow sharing;
For old time's sake, they'll lighter make
The burdens he is bearing.
Oh, he has counsel at his side,
And wisdom for his duty,
And laughter gay for hours of play
And tenderness and beauty,
And fellowship divinely rare,
True friends who never doubt him,
Unchanging love, and God above,
Who keeps good books about him.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)