

A Greeting

If every day of yours were fine
And every sky of yours were blue,
You couldn't know such joy of mine,
The joy o' being friend to you.

You've brushed away the clouds of care
And often dried the bitter tears,
And left a debt I couldn't square
If I should live a thousand years.

I'm wishing you'll as happy be
As I am all this journey through,
Who have this joy to comfort me,
The joy o' being friend to you.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)