

FRIENDSHIP

Call him not friend who seems as such,
But he's a friend who acts as much,
For friends so call'd, are like to flies,
That wander thro' the sunny skies;
But when dark clouds the heavens surround,
They droop and nowhere can be found,
So are those friends, professing friends,
Who cluster thick when fortune sends,
But when distressing times come round,
Alike they vanish, not to be found.