TO YOU, MY FRIEND
I send this little poem as a New Year's
greeting, sincere and true.

LAURENCE C. JONES

"Since a-crossin' paths with you!"
When the evenin' shades is fallin'
At the close of the day,
An' I'm jest a settin' 'round
A passin' of the time away,
There's a thought that comes to cheer me
If I'm feelin' kind o' blue—
Sort o' little prayer o' gratitude
Fer crossin' paths with you.

Now I never had the habit
Spillin' 'round a lot of bluff,
Or indulgin' much in mushiness
An' sentimental stuff;
But if I like folks, I tell 'em—
Up an' tell 'em now, instead
Of a-writin' fancy epitaphs
About 'em when they're dead.

So I'm sendin' you this card
Jest because I want to say
That I'm glad the Fates arranged it
So that you should pass this way;
Jest to hear your voice an' see you
Made my sky a shade more blue
An' I'm jest a bit more happy
Since a-crossin' paths with you!

Emmons