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