

# Friends

The old man turned to me and asked,  
"How many friends have you?"  
"Why ten or twenty friends have I"  
And named him off a few.  
He rose quite slowly with effort  
And sadly shook his head,  
"A lucky child are you  
To have so many friends," he said.  
"but there's much that you don't know,  
A friend is not just anyone,  
To who you say hello.  
A friend is a tender shoulder  
On which to softly cry,  
A well to pour your troubles down  
And raise your spirits high.  
A friend is a hand to pull you  
Out of darkness and despair

When all of your so-called other friends,  
Have helped to put you there.  
A true friend is an ally  
Who can't be moved or bought  
A voice to keep our voice alive  
When other have forgot.  
But most of all a friend is a heart,  
A strong and sturdy wall,  
For from the hearts of friends  
There comes the greatest love of all.  
So think of what I've spoken  
For every words is true,  
And answer me again my child,  
How many friends have you ?"  
And so he stood and faced me.  
Awaiting my reply,  
Soft and sad I answered,  
"A lucky one have I."