

FRIENDSHIP

OUT OF .

FASHION.

Princed and fold by J. Jennings, No. 15, Water Lane, Ficet-street.

HE world, my dear Mira, is full of deceit,

And friendship's a jewel we feldom can meet,

How strange does it feem, when fearthing around,

The fource of contentment is not to be found.

How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is a friend,

On whom we may always with fafety depend,

Our joys when extended will always inincrease,

And grief when divided is hush'd into peace.

O friendship! thou balm and fweetner of life,

Kind parent of ease, and composer of strife,

Without thee, alas! what are riches and power,

But empty delusions, the joy of an hour.

When fummer is smiling, what crouds do appear,

Their kindness to offer and friendship fincere,

Then change but the prospect, and pointed distress,

No longer to court you they'll eagerly press.