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Christmas Greetings  
From  
James W. Carnahan

A  
Friend or Two



By  
Wilbur Dick Nesbit

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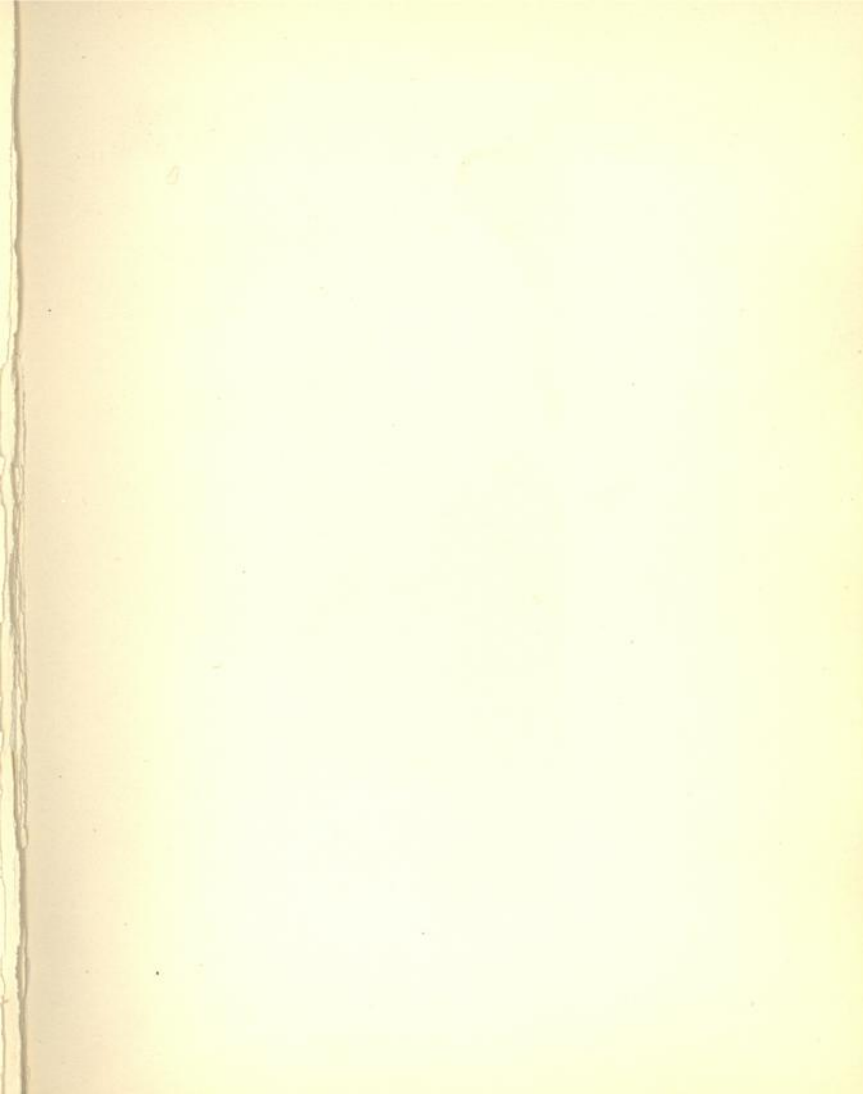
There's all of pleasure and all  
of peace

In a friend or two;  
And all your troubles may find  
release

With a friend or two;  
It's in the grip of the clasping  
hand

On native soil or in alien land,  
But the world is made —  
do you understand? —  
Of a friend or two.









A song to sing and a crust  
to share

With a friend or two;

A smile to give and a grief  
to bear

With a friend or two;

A road to walk and a goal  
to win,

An inglenook to find comfort  
in,

The gladdest hours that we  
know, begin

With a friend or two.











A little laughter; perhaps some  
tears

With a friend or two;  
The days, the weeks, and the  
months and years

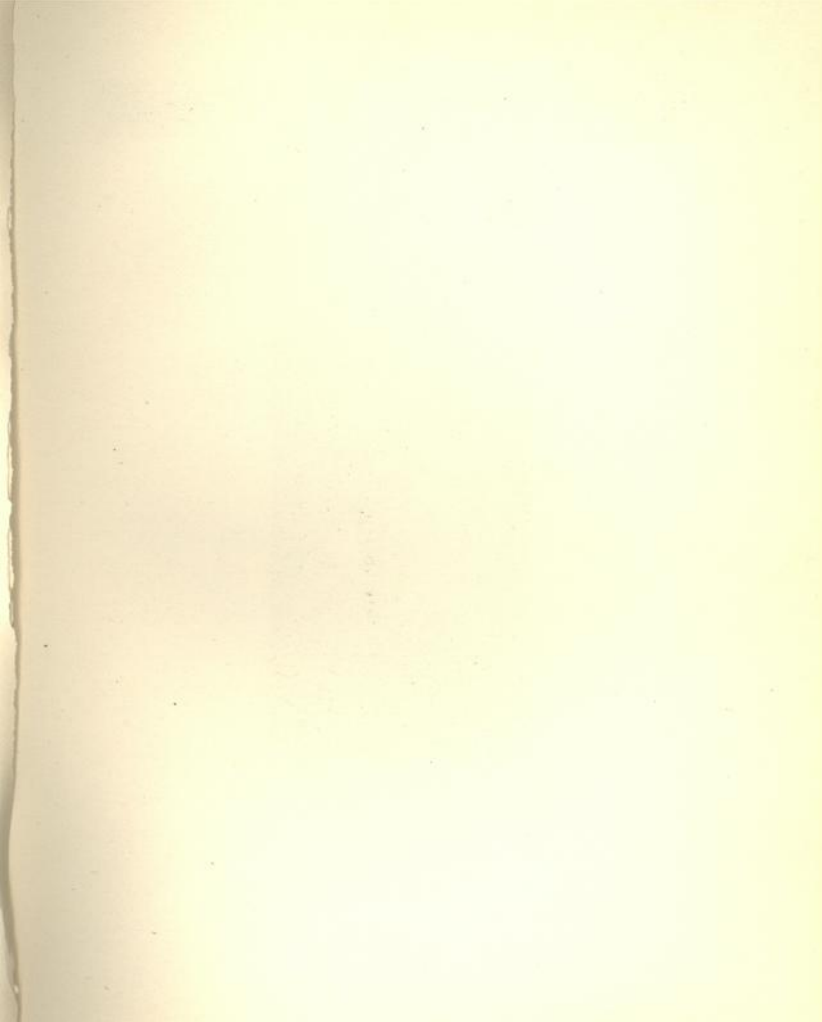
With a friend or two;  
A vale to cross and a hill  
to climb,

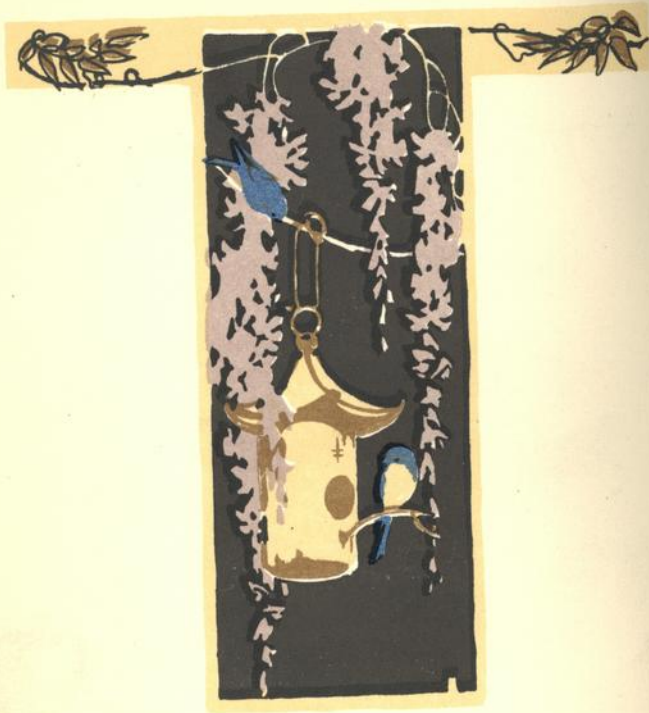
A mock at age and a jeer  
at time —

The prose of life takes the lilt  
of rhyme

With a friend or two.









The brother=soul and the  
brother=heart  
Of a friend or two  
Make us drift on from the  
crowd apart  
With a friend or two;  
For come days happy or come  
days sad  
We count no hours but the  
ones made glad  
By the hale good times we  
have ever had  
With a friend or two.











Then brim the goblet and  
quaff the toast  
To a friend or two,  
For glad the man who can  
always boast  
Of a friend or two;  
The fairest sight is a friendly  
face,  
The blithest tread is a friendly  
pace,  
And heaven will be a better  
place  
For a friend or two.