

MANIFOLD'S OUR BLESSING

We may not pass this way again, my friend
And, if you do, I may never
So best we speak our kindest words
Perhaps our last forever

It's strange to think of this and speak it
Though it's but truth not fiction
As we know not the closing hour
Of our earthly benediction

So smile, my friend, give me your hand
Let me wish you all the best
Should we never chance to meet again
Ere our eternal rest

Go sing your song and walk your mile
As I will mine, ever onward pressing
And if our paths should cross again
Manifold's our blessing

December, 2015