Cera, Amicitia est seculorum.

Tell me not that friendship lasts,

Bust as a summer flower,

Blooming brightly in the morning,

Dying out this evening hour.

When that flower has lost its beauty,

And its touch in clods as over,

Is there not a flower fragrant

Flowering near it as before.

When the sky has lost its brightness,

And the storm along, gathering fast,

The heart is gloomy, but the sunshine

Does it not ease the past?

Signs with friendship words may sometimes,

Long themselves over its chain,

But the sunny beam of him

Will restore its light again.

In the soul where beauty dwelleth,

If a garden sweet, & fair,

Wreaths of kindness are its roses.

Friendship, is not fading there.
Worthy minds may chill their roses,
Some consent may enter, yet
There are memories pure and holy,
Which the heart can never forget.

Tell me not that, worldly friendship,
Is but fleeting as a dream.
Tell me not its vows are faithless,
But a false deceitful gleam.

Tell me not my cherishing visions
Are but like the meteors' glow;
If the world such wisdom lacked,
May I ever that wisdom know.

But tell me something, sweeter, dearer,
That this world is full of love,
That each heart is filled with goodness,
Like the beautiful worlds above.

Tell me the friendships of my girlhood,
In the light of the promise to sever
What they may prove them.
"Once a friend, a friend forever."

March 24th, 1861
P.H. Calhoun