

G Major. Bidwell, 1789.

G. Cook.

1. Friend-ship to ev-'ry wil-ling mind, o-pens a heav'n-ly trea-sure; See what em-ploy-ment men pur-sue,
There may the sons of sor-row find, sour-ces of re-al plea-sure.

2. Poor are the joys that fools es-teem, Fad-ing and tran-si-to-ry, Lux-u-ry leaves a sting be-hind,
Mirth is as fleet-ing as a dream, Or a de-lu-sive sto-ry.

3. Learn-ing, that boast-ing glit-tering thing, Is but just worth pos-ses-sing, Fame like a sha-dow flies a-way,
Rich-es for-ev-er on the wing Scarce can be called a bles-sing.

4. Beau-ty, with all its gau-dy show, Is but a pain-ted bub-ble; Sen-su-al plea-sures swell de-sire,
Short is the tri-umph wit be-stows, Full of de-ceit and trou-ble;

Then you will own my words are true, Friend-ship a-lone un-folds to view Sour-ces of re-al plea-sure.
Wound-ing the bo-dy and the mind, On-ly in friend-ship can we find Sour-ces of re-al plea-sure.

Ti-tles and dig-ni-ty de-cay, No-thing but friend-ship can dis-play Joys that are freed from trou-ble.
Just as the fu-el feeds the fire, Friend-ship can re-al bliss in-spire, Bliss that is worth pos-ses-sing.