

Yes, I will keep thy simple gift,  
It boasts no diamond rare,  
No sparkling gem, no glittering gold,  
A likeness of her I hold most dear.  
And this, thy valued Friendship's gift  
Shall be a treasured thing,  
A talisman of lasting power,  
To bring of thee to bring.  
When lengthened years have passed away,  
And time has marked thy brow,  
I will bring thy form to memory,  
Even as I see it now.  
And tho' that form with time may change,  
Or fade beneath sorrow's blight,  
Yet this precious likeness will still remain  
As beautiful, as bright.  
And memory, brooding o'er the past,  
Shall ever bless the day  
When Fortune in her kindness cast  
The jewel in my way.