

FRIENDS

If nobody smiled and nobody cheered,
And nobody helped us along;
If each minute looked after itself,
And the good things all went to the strong.

If nobody cared just a little for you,
And nobody thought about me,
And we all stood alone in the battle of life —
What a dreary old world it would be.

Life is sweet because of the friends we have made,
And the things which in common we share,
And want to live on not because of ourselves
But because of the people who care.

It's giving and doing for somebody else —
On that all life's splendour depends,
And the joy of the world, when it's all added up,
Is found in the making of Friends.

Origin: Scotland, 1949 — author unknown

**. . . and where but at your local Shuffleboard Club
can you make such friends?!**