

NEW FRIENDS, OLD FRIENDS

New friends I cherish and treasure their worth,
but old friends to me are the salt of the earth.

Friends are like garments that everyone wears,
New ones are needed for dress-up affairs,

But when we're at leisure, we're more apt to choose
The clothes that we purchased with last season's shoes.

Things we grow used to are things we love best
the ones we are certain have weathered the test.

And isn't it true, since we're talking of friends,
That new ones bring pleasure when everything blends?

And who fits, as I said, like last summer's shoe,
We turn to the friends who have stuck through the years,

Who echo our laughter and dry up our tears.
They know every weakness and fault we possess,

But somehow forget them in friendship's caress.
The story is old, yet fragrant and sweet,

I've said it before, but just let me repeat,

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but old friends to me are the salt of the earth.