

# My Friend

Written by Ruth Bryan Owen, circa 1909

Clasp hands across the years, my friend,  
    Though Time, upon his way  
    Has touched our temples gray,  
    And taken hopes away—  
We've mingled smiles with tears, my friend.

Clasp hands across the years, my friend,  
    Though Time has come between,  
    His touch is light, I ween,  
    No change in you I've seen  
Or mark of cares or fears, my friend.

Clasp hands again so true, my friend,  
    Life gives, and takes away,  
    October is not May,  
    And yet, my heart can say  
Life's good while I have you, my friend.

**Note:** Ruth Bryan Owen, 1885-1954, was the daughter of William Jennings Bryan and Mary Elizabeth Baird Bryan. In 1929, Owen became Florida's first woman representative in the U. S. Congress. As Representative, she sat on the House Foreign Affairs Committee, and in 1933 was appointed by President Roosevelt to the post of U. S. Ambassador to Denmark and Iceland. This poem was included in the volume "The Beauties of Friendship," a book of poetry and prose edited by Samuel Francis Woolard circa 1909.