## THE ANSWER

She wondered why her lover
Avoids his former love,
As though some plague must hover
Her golden head above.

But easy is the answer,

For that is passion's price:
The unsuccessful dancer

Thinks dancing is a vice;

The rose that blooms the sweetest

Grows palest in the frost;

The hearts that beat the fleetest

Seem stillest when life's lost;

Friendship Cannot come after
The lovers' parting kiss,
For grief will smother laughter
And pain will stifle bliss.

We must at last discover
(And here I make an end)
Who once has been a lover
Will seldom be a friend.

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