

## 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.