

Make New Friends

www.singing-bell.com

Original poem by Joseph Parry.

Make new friends, but keep the old;
Those are silver, these are gold.
New-made friendships, like new wine,
Age will mellow and refine.

Friendships that have stood the test—
Time and change—are surely best;
Brow may wrinkle, hair grow gray,
Friendship never knows decay.

For 'mid old friends, tried and true,
Once more we our youth renew.
But old friends, alas! may die,
New friends must their place supply.

Cherish friendship in your breast—
New is good, but old is best;
Make new friends, but keep the old;
Those are silver, these are gold.

Current version

Make new friends, but keep the old.
One is silver, the other is gold.
A circle is round, it has no end.
That's how long, I will be your friend.

A fire burns bright, it warms the heart.
We've been friends, from the very start.
You have one hand, I have the other.
Put them together, we have each other.

Silver is precious, gold is too.
I am precious, and so are you.
You help me, and I'll help you
and together we will see it through.

The sky is blue, the Earth is green
I can help to keep it clean.
Across the land across the sea
Friends forever we will always be.