

I Love to Hope  
*by Jackson McDowell to Polly Stone - 1861*

I love to hope when years have flown and gray hairs mark thy  
brow,

The love that now thy bosom owns will be as pure as now.

I love to hope when age shall move the beauty from thy face,  
Deep seated as thy youthful love, each virtue holds to it place.

I love to hope thy path through life will lie right close to mine;  
And at the close of mortal strife my place will be with thine.

I love to hope no stain nor blot will mark thy history's page,  
That thou could'st wish had been forgot before thou reach old  
age.

I love to hope when future bliss, for us in days to come,  
For brighter treasures far than this, in that Eternal Home.

I love to hope when death's dark shade shall dim thy mild  
blue eye,  
They maiden virtue may not fade, but guide thee safe on high.