

TO LEE FROM TONY

Down the stream of life together,
We are sailing side by side.
Hoping some bright day to anchor,
Safe beyond each surging tide.
Today our sky is cloudless,
But tonight clouds may unfold;
And the storms may gather ore us,
Will you love me when I'm old?



When my hair will shame the snow-drifts,
And my eyes will dimmer grow.
I would lean upon some loved one
in the valley as I go.
I would ask of you a promise
Worth to me a world of gold.
Tis only this I'd ask you,
Will you love me when I'm old?