

# When You and I Were Young, Maggie

George W. Johnson

J. A. Butterfield

1. I wan-der'd to-day to the hill, Mag-gie, To watch the scene be - low, The  
2. A cit - y so si - lent and lone, Mag-gie, When the young and the gay and the best, In  
3. They say I am fee - ble with age, Mag-gie, My steps are less spright - ly than then; My

creek and the old rust - y mill, Mag-gie, Where we sat in the long, long a - go. The green grove is  
pol - ished white man - sion of stone, Mag-gie, Have each found a place of rest, Is built where the  
face is a well - writ - ten page, Mag-gie, But time a - lone was the pen. They say we are

gone from the hill, Mag-gie, Where first the dai - sies sprung; The old rust - y mill is still,  
birds used to play, Mag-gie, And join in the songs that were sung; For we sang just as gay as they,  
a - ged and gray, Mag-gie, As spray by the white break - ers flung; But to me you're as fair as you were,

Maggie, Since you and I were young. And now we are a - ged and gray, Mag-gie, The tri - als of life nearly

done, Let us sing of the days that are gone, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.