WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG, MAGGIE.

Words by GEO. W. JOHNSON.          Music by J. A. BUTTERFIELD.
Moderato.                     Edit. by HENRY S. SAWYER.

I wandered to-day to the hill, Maggie, To
A city so silent and lone, Maggie, Where the
They say I am feeble with age, Maggie, My

watch the scene below; The creek and the creaking old
young and the gay and the best; In polished white mansions of
steps are less sprightly than then; My face is a well written

mill, Maggie, As we used to long ago. The
stone, Maggie, Have each found a place of rest, Is
page, Maggie, But time alone was the pen. They
green grove is gone from the hill,  
built where the birds used to play,  
say we are aged and gray,  
Mag-gie, Where  
Mag-gie, And  
Mag-gie, As

first the daisies sprung;  
join in the songs that were sung;  
sprays by the white break-ers flung;  
The creak-ing old mill is  
For we sang as gay as  
But to me you're as fair as you

still,  
they,  
were,  
Mag-gie, Since you and I were young.  
Mag-gie, When you and I were young.  
Mag-gie, When you and I were young.
CHORUS.

Sop.  mf
And now we are a-ged and gray, Mag-gie, And the tri-als of life near-ly done;  Let us

Alto.  mf

Tenor.  Let us sing

Bass.  Let us sing

rit.

Sing of the days that are gone, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.

rit.

Sing of the days that are gone, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.