

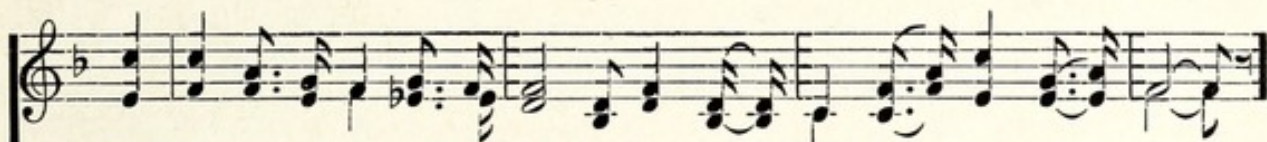
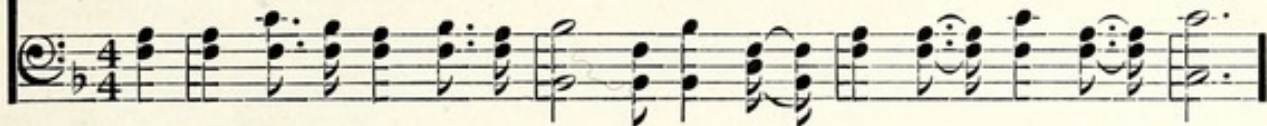
# 202 WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG, MAGGIE

GEORGE W. JOHNSON

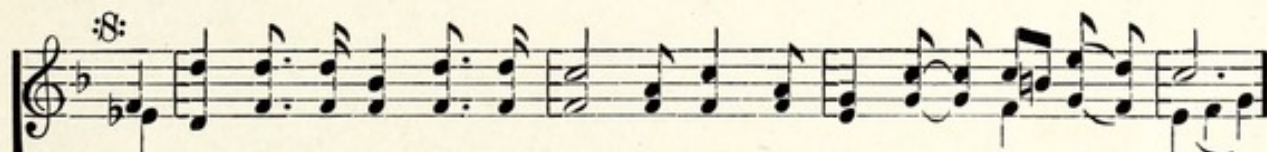
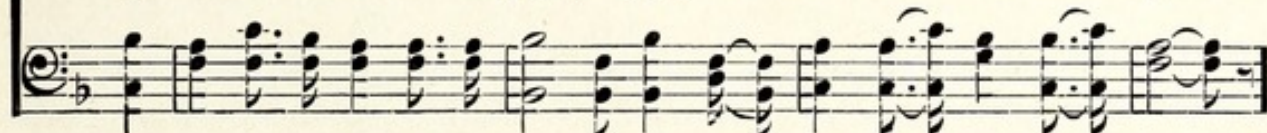
J. A. BUTTERFIELD



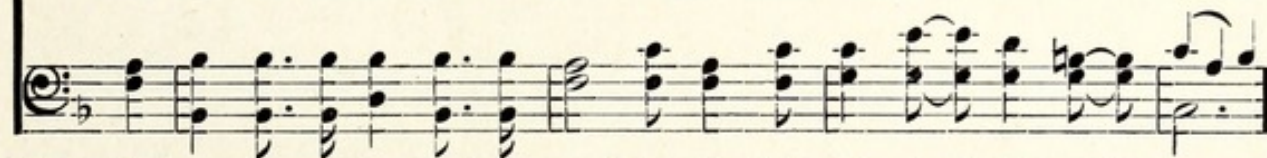
1. I wander'd to-day to the hill, Maggie, To watch the scene be - low,
2. A cit - y so si - lent and lone, Maggie, Where the young and the gay and the best,
3. They say I am fee - ble with age, Maggie, My steps are less sprightly than then;



The creek and the old rusty mill, Maggie, Where we sat in the long, long a - go.  
In polish'd white mansion of stone, Maggie, Have each found a place of rest,  
My face is a well-written page, Maggie, But time a - lone was the pen.



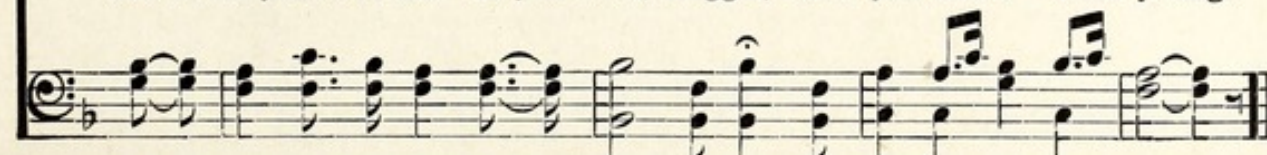
The green grove is gone from the hill, Maggie, Where first the dai - sies sprung;  
Is built where the birds used to play, Maggie, And join in the songs that were sung;  
They say we are a - ged and gray, Maggie, As spray by the white breakers flung;



*D.S.*—And now we are a - ged and gray, Mag-gie, The tri - als of life nearly done,



The old rust - y mill is still, Maggie, Since you and I were young.  
For we sang just as gay as they, Maggie, When you and I were young.  
But to me you're as fair as you were, Maggie, When you and I were young.



Let us sing of the days that are gone, Maggie, When you and I were young.