

# When You and I Were Young, Maggie

lyrics by

George W. Johnson and music by J.A. Butterfield (1866)

<sup>D</sup>  
I wandered today to the hill, Maggie,  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>A</sup>  
To watch the scene below;

<sup>D</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
The creek and the creaking old mill, Maggie,

<sup>D(½)</sup> <sup>A7(½)</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
As we used to, long a go.

<sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
The green grove is gone from the hill, Maggie,

<sup>A(½)</sup> <sup>E7(½)</sup> <sup>A</sup>  
Where first the daisies sprung;

<sup>D(½)</sup> <sup>D7(½)</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
The creaking old mill is still, Maggie,

<sup>D(½)</sup> <sup>A(½)</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
Since you and I were young.

<sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
And now we are aged and grey, Maggie,

<sup>A(½)</sup> <sup>E7(½)</sup> <sup>A(½)</sup> <sup>A7(½)</sup>  
And the trials of life nearly done,

<sup>D(½)</sup> <sup>D7(½)</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
Let us sing of the days that are gone, Maggie,

<sup>D(½)</sup> <sup>A(½)</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
When you and I were young.

A city so silent and lone, Maggie,  
Where the young, and the gay, and the best,  
In polished white mansions of stone, Maggie,  
Have each found a place of rest,  
Is built where the birds used to play, Maggie,  
And join in the songs that we sung;  
For we sang as lovely as they, Maggie,  
When you and I were young.

They say that I'm feeble with age, Maggie,  
My steps are less sprightly than then,  
My face is a well-written page, Maggie,  
And time alone was the pen.

They say we are aged and grey, Maggie,  
As sprays by the white breakers flung,  
But to me you're as fair as you were, Maggie,  
When you and I were young.