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You and I Were Young, Maggie



I wan-der'd to-day to the hill, Mag-gie, To watch the scene be- low, The



creek and the old rus-ty mill, Mag-gie, where we sat in the long, long a- go. The



green grove is gone from the hill, Mag-gie, where first the dai-sies sprung; The



crea-king old mill is still, Mag-gie since you and I were young. And



now we are a-ged and gray, Mag-gie, and the trials of life near-ly done, But to



me you're as fair as you were, Mag-gie when you and I were young.