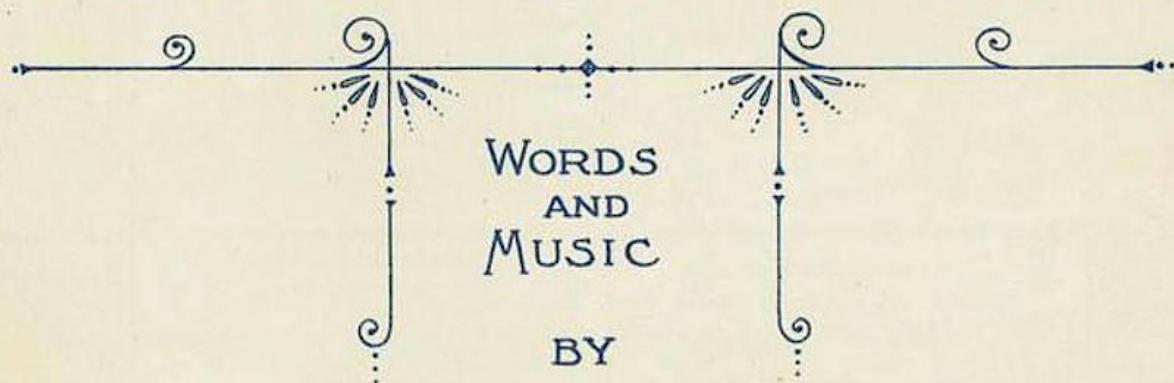


WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG MAGGIE



J.A.BUTTERFIELD.

Price 50¢

MCKINLEY MUSIC CO.
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WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG, MAGGIE.

Words by GEO. W. JOHNSON.

Music by J. A. BUTTERFIELD.
Edt. by HENRY S. SAWYER.

Moderato.

I wan - dered to - day to the hill, Mag - gie, To
 A ci - ty so si lent and lone, Mag - gie, Where the
 They say I am fee ble with age, Mag - gie, My

watch the scene be - low; The creek and the creak - ing old
 young and the gay and the best, In pol - ished white man-sions of
 steps are less spright - ly than then, My face is a well writ - ten

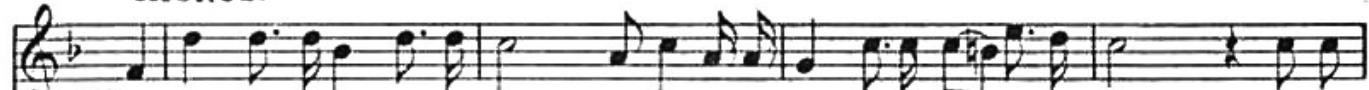
mill, Mag - gie, As we used to long a - go. The
 stone, Mag - gie, Have each found a place of rest, Is
 page, Mag - gie, But time a - lone was the pen. They

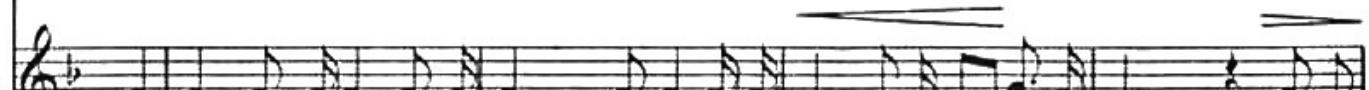
green grove is gone from the hill,
built where the birds used to play,
say we are a - ged and gray,
Mag - gie, Where
Mag - gie, And
Mag - gie, As

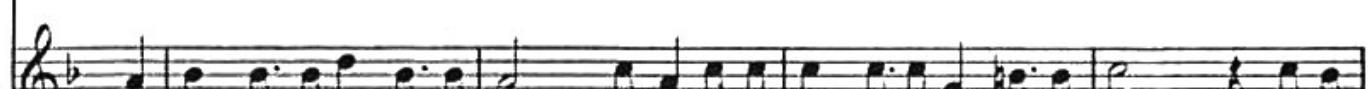
first the dai - sies sprung; The creak - ing old mill is
join in the songs that were sung: For we sang as gay as
sprays by the white break-ers flung; But to me you're as fair as you

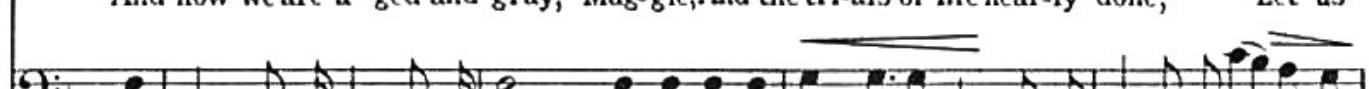
still, Mag - gie, Since you and I were young.
they, Mag - gie, When you and I were young.
were, Mag - gie, When you and I were young.

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. 

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

Bass.  Let us sing

 *mf*

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.





rit.