

Inscribed to Mrs. S. L. Atwell.

When you and I were
Young, Maggie.

SONG AND CHORUS.

WORDS BY

George W. Johnson.

MUSIC BY

J. A. BUTTERFIELD.

GUITAR, 2½.

PIANO, 3.

INDIANAPOLIS:

Published by J. A. BUTTERFIELD & Co., 22 West Wash. St.

When you and I were Young.

Words by GEO. W. JOHNSON.

Music by J. A. BUTTERFIELD

Moderato.

Ritard.

1. I wan-dered to-day to the hill, Mag-gie, To watch the scene be -
 2. A ci - ty so si - lent and lone, Mag-gie, Where the young and the gay and the
 3. They say I am fee - ble with age, Mag-gie, My steps are less spright - ly than

- low ; The creek and the creak - ing old mill, Mag - gie, As
 best, In pol - ished white man - sions of stone, Mag - gie, Have
 then, My face is a well - writ - ten page, Mag - gie, But

we used to long a - - - go. The green grove is gone from the
 each found a place of rest, Is built where the birds used to
 time a - - lone was the pen. They say we are a - ged and

hill, Mag-gie, Where first the dai - sies sprung; The
 play, Mag-gie, And join in the songs that were sung: For we
 gray, Mag-gie, As sprays by the white breakers flung; But to

creak - ing old mill is still, Maggie, Since you and I were young.
 sang as gay as they, Maggie, When you and I were young.
 me you're as fair as you were, Maggie, When you and I were young.

CHORUS.

Soprano. And now we are a - ged and gray, Maggie, And the tri - als of life near-ly

Alto.

Tenor. And now we are a - ged and gray, Maggie, And the tri - als of life near-ly

Bass.

PIANO.

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

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

Let us sing,

PIANO. *Colla voce.*