

When You and I Were Young Maggie

**I wandered today to the hill, Maggie,
To watch the scene below –
The creek and the rusty old mill, Maggie
Where we sat in the long, long ago.
The green grove is gone from the hill, Maggie,
Where first the daisies sprung;
The old rusty mill is still, Maggie
Since you and I were young.**



**They say I am feeble with age, Maggie,
My steps are less sprightly that then,
My face is a well written page, Maggie,
But time alone was the pen,
They say we are aged and grey, Maggie,
As spray by the white breakers flung,
But to me you're as fair as you were, Maggie
When you and I were young.**