

When you and I were young, Maggie

I wandered today to the hill, Maggie,
To watch the scene below:
The creek and the creakin' old mill, Maggie
As we used to do long ago.
The green grove is gone from the hill, Maggie,
Where first the daisies sprung.
The creakin' old mill is still, Maggie
Since you and I were young.

Oh, they say that I'm feeble with age, Maggie
My steps are much slower than then.
My face is a well written page, Maggie
And time all along was the pen.
Oh, they say we have outlived our time, Maggie,
As dated as songs that we've sung,
But to me, you're as fair as you were, Maggie,
When you and I were young