

When You and I were young

I wandered today to the hill Maggie
To watch the scenes below
The creek and the creaking old Mill Maggie
As we used to long ago
The green-grove is gone from the hill Maggie
While the daisies sprout
The creaking old mill is still Maggie
Since you and I were young

Now we are aged and gray Maggie
The trials of life are surely done
But let us sing of the days that are gone
When you and I were young

A city both silent and lone Maggie
Where the young and the gay and the best
The polished white mansions of stone Maggie
Have each found a place of rest
It is built where the birds used to play Maggie
And joined in the songs that we sung
But we sang as gay as they Maggie
When you and I were young

They say I am feeble ~~and~~ with age Maggie
My steps are less sprightly than when
My face is a well written page Maggie
But mine alone was the pen
They say we are aged and gray Maggie
As spoken by the white beakers of wine
But to me you're as fair as you were
When you and I were young

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