

*cresc.*

mock-ing bird, Lis-ten to the mock-ing bird, The mocking bird still singing o'er her

grave: Lis-ten to the mock - ing bird, Lis-ten to the

mock - ing bird, Still sing-ing where the weep-ing wil - lows wave.

## When You and I Were Young, Maggie

G. W. JOHNSON

J. A. BUTTERFIELD

*Moderato*

*mf*

1. I wandered to-day to the hill, Maggie, To watch the scene be - low; The  
 2. A cit - y so si - lent and lone, Maggie, Where the young and the gay and the best, In

creek and the creaking old mill, Mag-gie, As we used to long a - go. The  
 polished white mansions of stone, Mag-gie, Have each found a place of rest, Is

*cresc.*

green grove is gone from the hill, Mag-gie, Where first the dai - sies —  
 built where the birds used to play, Mag-gie, And join in the songs that were

*dim.* *mf*

sprung; The creak - ing old mill is — still, Mag - gie, Since  
 sung; For we sang as — gay as — they, Mag - gie, When

*dim.* *p*

you and — I were — young. And now we are a - ged and  
 you and — I were — young. And now we are a - ged and

*cresc.* *dim.*

gray, Mag-gie, And the tri - als of life — near - ly done; Let us

*mf*

sing of the days that are gone, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.