

## When You And I Were Young, Maggie

Eddy Arnold

I wander today to the hill, Maggie, to watch the scene below  
The creek and the creaking old mill, Maggie, as we used to long  
, long ago  
The green grove is gone from the hill, Maggie, where first the  
daisies sprung  
That creaking old mill is still, Maggie, since you and I were y  
oung  
Oh they say that m feeble with age, Maggie, my steps are my slo  
wer that then  
My face is a well written page, Maggie, and time all alone was  
the pen  
They say we have our different time, Maggie, as they hear our s  
ongs that we sung  
But to me you're as fair as you were, Maggie, when you and I we  
re young  
When you and I were young