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Inscribed to Mrs. S. T. Atwell.

When You and I were Young, Maggie;

SONG AND CHORUS.

WORDS BY

GEORGE W. JOHNSON,

MUSIC BY

J. A. BUTTERFIELD.

GUITAR 2/4

PIANO 3.

CHICAGO:

PUBLISHED BY J. A. BUTTERFIELD, 37 CROSBY OPERA HOUSE



When you and I were young, Maggie.

BY

J. A. BUTTERFIELD.

No song, at the present day, is meeting with such remarkable success, as this captivating song. It is in universal demand. The beautiful sentiments it contains, and the exquisite melody, so finely wedded to the poet's thought, combine to make it one of those rare gems of song which will always retain its freshness. It has reached a sale of 50,000 copies. *Song and Chorus. Key of F. Price 30 cents.*

"I wandered to-day to the hill, Maggie,
To watch the scene below;
The creek and the creaking old mill, Maggie,
As we used to long ago.
The green grove is gone from the hill, Maggie,
Where first the daisies sprung;
The creaking old mill is still, Maggie,
Since you and I were young."

MAGGIE'S ANSWER,

A BEAUTIFUL REPLY TO

WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG, MAGGIE.

BY

J. A. BUTTERFIELD.

Unlike most answers, this comes fully up to the original song in beauty, simplicity and expression, and by many is thought to be its superior. The beautiful sentiment of the words is set to a charming melody, prettily arranged, and commends itself to all who are delighted with a fine home song.

"I know, dearest Ralph, you are aged and gray;
Your steps are now feeble and slow;
Your once noble form is now bent by the storm
All must weather while waiting below.
The merry creek's bed, you say, is now dry,
And silent the creaking old mill;
But 'songs without words' are still sung by the birds,
Though the 'green grove' is gone from the hill."

Song and Chorus. Key of B flat. Price 30 cents.

NEW VARIATIONS ON

WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG, MAGGIE.

FOR PIANO.

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37 Crosby Opera House, Chicago.

When you and I were Young.

Words by GEO. W. JOHNSON.

Music by J. A. BUTTERFIELD.

Moderato.

Ritard.

1. I wan - dered to - day to the hill, Mag-gie, To watch the scene be -
 2. A ci - ty so si - lent and lone, Mag-gie, Where the young and the gay and the
 3. They say I am fee - ble with age, Mag-gie, My steps are less spright - ly than

- low ; The creek and the creak - ing old mill, Mag-gie, As
 best, In pol - ished white man - sions of stone, Mag-gie, Have
 then, My face is a well - writ - ten page, Mag-gie, But

we used to long a - - go. The green grove is gone from the
 each found a place of rest, Is built where the birds used to
 time a - lone was the pen. They say we are a - ged and

hill, Mag-gie, Where first the dai - sies sprung ; The
 play, Mag-gie, And join in the songs that were sung : For we
 gray, Mag-gie, As sprays by the white break-ers flung ; But to

creak - ing old mill is still, Mag-gie, Since you and I were young.
 sang as gay as they, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.
 me you're as fair as you were, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.

Chorus.

Soprano. And now we are a - ged and gray, Mag - gie, And the tri - als of life near - ly

Alto.

Tenor. And now we are a - ged and gray, Mag - gie, And the tri - als of life near - ly

Bass.

PIANO.

done; Let us sing of the days that are gone, Maggie, When you and I... were young. *Ritard.*

done; Let us sing of the days that are gone, Maggie, When you and I... were young.

Let us sing,

Colla voce.

