# When You and I Were Young, Maggie

Lyrics - George W. Johnson, Music - James Austin Butterfield, 1864

(as recorded by John McCormack 1925)

C:\Users\msrog\AppData\Local\Microsoft\Windows\INetCache\Content.Word\A7.pngCC:\Users\msrog\AppData\Local\Microsoft\Windows\INetCache\Content.Word\D.PNGC:\Users\msrog\AppData\Local\Microsoft\Windows\INetCache\Content.Word\D7.pngC:\Ourfiles\Bytown Ukulele Group\Chord Boxes\Hans chord boxes\uke-chords\48x64\G.pngC:\Users\msrog\AppData\Local\Microsoft\Windows\INetCache\Content.Word\G7.png

**INTRO: / 1 2 / 1 2 / [G] / [G]**

Let us **[G]** sing of the **[G7]** days that are **[C]** gone, **[C]** Maggie

When **[G]** you and **[D]** I were **[G]** young **[G]**

I **[G]** wandered to-**[G7]**day to the **[C]** hill, Maggie

To **[G]** watch the scene be-**[D]**low **[D]**

The **[G]** creek and the **[G7]** creaking old **[C]** mill, Maggie

As **[G]** we used to **[D7]** long a-**[G]**go **[G7]**

The **[C]** green grove is gone from the **[G]** hill, Maggie

Where **[D]** first the **[A7]** daisies **[D]** sprung **[D7]**

The **[G]** creaking old **[G7]** mill is **[C]** still, Maggie

Since **[G]** you and **[D]** I were **[G]** young **[G]**

**CHORUS:**

And **[C]** now we are aged and **[G]** grey, Maggie

And the **[D]** trials of **[A7]** life nearly **[D]** done **[D7]**

Let us **[G]** sing of the **[G7]** days that are **[C]** gone,Maggie…

When **[G]** you and **[D]↓** I... were **[G]** young **[G]**

A **[G]** city so **[G7]** silent and **[C]** lone, Maggie

Where the **[G]** young and the gay and the **[D]** best **[D]**

In **[G]** polished white **[G7]** mansions of **[C]** stone, Maggie

Have **[G]** each found a **[D7]** place of **[G]** rest **[G7]**

Is **[C]** built where the birds used to **[G]** play, Maggie

And **[D]** join in the **[A7]** songs that were **[D]** sung **[D7]**

For we **[G]** sang as **[G7]** gay as **[C]** they, Maggie

When **[G]** you and **[D]** I were **[G]** young **[G]**

**CHORUS:**

And **[C]** now we are aged and **[G]** grey, Maggie

And the **[D]** trials of **[A7]** life nearly **[D]** done **[D7]**

Let us **[G]** sing of the **[G7]** days that are **[C]** gone,Maggie…

When **[G]** you and **[D]↓** I… were **[G]** young **[G]**

They **[G]** say I am **[G7]** feeble with **[C]** age, Maggie

My **[G]** steps are less sprightly than **[D]** then **[D]**

My **[G]** face is a **[G7]** well-written **[C]** page, Maggie

But **[G]** time a-**[D7]**lone was the **[G]** pen **[G7]**

They **[C]** say we are aged and **[G]** grey, Maggie

As **[D]** spray by the **[A7]** white breakers **[D]** flung **[D7]**

But to **[G]** me you're as **[G7]** fair as you **[C]** were, Maggie

When **[G]** you and **[D]** I were **[G]** young **[G]**

**CHORUS:**

And **[C]** now we are aged and **[G]** grey, Maggie

And the **[D]** trials of **[A7]** life nearly **[D]** done **[D7]**

Let us **[G]** sing of the **[G7]** days that are **[C]** gone, Maggie…

When **[G]** you and **[D]↓** I… were **[G]↓** young **↓** **[C]↓ [G]↓**

CC:\Users\msrog\AppData\Local\Microsoft\Windows\INetCache\Content.Word\D.PNGC:\Ourfiles\Bytown Ukulele Group\Chord Boxes\Hans chord boxes\uke-chords\48x64\G.png



[www.bytownukulele.ca](http://www.bytownukulele.ca)