

# WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG, MAGGIE

1866

George Johnson, a Canadian schoolteacher, had written a poem, "When You And I Were Young," to express his love for Maggie Clark, one of his students, and the hope of a long life together. The poem was published in Canada in a collection entitled "Maple Leaves." James Butterfield, who had come to America from England as a teenager, was a well trained musician, singer and violinist who started a music publishing business in Indianapolis. He read the poem, liked it, and set it to music. Johnson came to the United States with Maggie, now his bride, and settled in Cleveland, Ohio in 1865 where, tragically, Maggie died before the year had ended.

Johnson returned to Canada and became a Professor of Languages at the University of Toronto. Butterfield continued to compose and publish, but "When You And I Were Young, Maggie" is the only one of his songs remembered today. Whether the two ever met is not known. Their memories, and the memory of Maggie, live on in the simple, unpretentious music of one of the 19th century's finest songs.

Words by **GEORGE JOHNSON**  
(1839-1917)

Music by **JAMES A. BUTTERFIELD**  
(1837-1891)

*VERSE:*

8 1 2 3 4

I wan - dered to - day to the hill, Mag - gie, to

5 6 7 8 9

watch the scene be - low; The creek and the

be - low;

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8 10 11 12 13 14

creak - ing old mill, Mag - gie, as we used to long, long a -

8 15 16 17 18 19

go. The green grove is gone from the hill,

8 20 21 22 23 24

Mag - gie, where first the dai - sies — sprung; The

8 25 26 27 28 29

creak - ing old mill — is still, Mag - gie, since you and —

8 30 31 32 33 34

**CHORUS:** I were — young. And <sup>now</sup> now we are a - ged and

35 36 37 38

8 gray, Mag - gie, the trials of life — near - ly

39 40 41 42

8 done; near - ly done; Let us sing of the days that are

43 44 45 46 47

8 gone, Mag - gie, when you and I were — young, were

48 49 50 51 52

8 young, TAG: When you and I were young.

*Additional chorus:*

They say we are aged and gray, Maggie,  
 As sprays by the white breakers flung;  
 But to me you're as fair as you were, Maggie,  
 When you and I were young.