

Maggie

Daniel O'Donnell

I wandered today to the hills, Maggie
To watch the scene below
The creek and the creaking old mill, Maggie
As we used to, long, long agoThe green grove is gone from the hills, Maggie
Where first the daisies sprung
The creaking old mill is still, Maggie
Since you and I were youngOh, they say that I'm feeble with age, Maggie
My steps are much slower than then
My face is a well-written page, Maggie
And time all alone was the penThey say we have out-lived our time, Maggie
As dated as songs that we've sung
But to me you're as fair as you were, Maggie
When you and I were young

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