

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 ago
The 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 young
Oh, 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 pen
They 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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