

THE OLD TIME

J. R. Thomas, 1873

1. 'Twas when the hay was mown, Mag-gie, In the long years a - go,—
 2. Your voice was low and sweet, Mag-gie, Your wav - y hair was brown,
 3. The years have come and gone, Mag-gie, With sun - shine and with shade,—
 4. Though gen - tly chang - ing time, Mag-gie, Has touched you in his flight,—

And while the wes - tern sky was rich With sun - set's ros - y glow,—
 Your cheek was like the wild red rose That show'rs its pet - als down;—
 And sil - vered is the silk - en hair That o'er your shoul - ders strayed,
 Your voice has still the old sweet tone, Your eyes the old love light,—

Then hand in hand close linked we passed The dew - y ricks be - tween,
 Your eyes were like the blue speed-well With dew - y mois - ture sheen,—
 In ma - ny a soft and way - ward tress, The fair - est ev - er seen,—
 And years can nev - er, nev - er change, The heart you gave, I ween,—

When I was one and twen - ty, Mag, And you were sev - en - teen.—