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When you and I were young, Maggie.

Boston: J. C. Haynes and Co., 1866

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Inscribed to Mrs S. L. Atwell.

When you and I were
Young, Maggie.

SONG AND CHORUS.

WORDS BY

George W. Johnson.

MUSIC BY

J. A. BUTTERFIELD.

GUITAR, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$.

PIANO, 3.

BOSTON: OLIVER DITSON & CO., 277 WASHINGTON STREET.

NEW YORK: C. H. DITSON & CO., 711 BROADWAY.

J. C. HAYNES & CO.
BOSTON.

LEE & WALKER.
PHILADELPHIA.

JOHN CHURCH, Jr.
CINCINNATI.

LYON & HEALY.
CHICAGO.

KISS ME, MAMMA,

FOR

FOR I AM GOING TO SLEEP.

This new song, by a very popular writer, will be welcomed most enthusiastically by all those who sing "When you and I were young, Maggie." It is founded on a touching incident which took place on the

"ILL-FATED STEAMER METIS,"

wrecked on Long Island Sound, August 30th, 1872.

"All the evening two beautiful children were playing about the saloon, prattling gayly with the passengers, and seemingly wrapped up in each other. When bed-time came, one of them said, 'TISS ME, MAMMA; TISS ME, FOR I AM GOING TO SLEEP,' and they were seen no more alive. Next morning their bodies were washed ashore on the beach, clasped in each other's arms.

There are three verses. The first is descriptive of the

*"Romping, laughing, merry darlings,
On that eve far on the deep,
Until wearied voices whispered
"Kiss me, for I'm going to sleep!"*

The second verse tells the sad story of their death:

*Sad are hearts and sore with weeping,
Frantic are the cries from land;
See! the angry waves are dashing
Mother's darlings on the strand;
"In each other's arms," still slumbering,—
Brave hearts melt, and strong men weep—
List! the billows chant their requiem:
"Kiss me, for I'm going to sleep."*

The chorus is:

*Kiss me Mamma; kiss your darling,
Pray to God my soul to keep;
Kiss me now, dear Mamma, kiss me,
"Kiss me, for I'm going to sleep."*

The melody is charming, and written for the people. Everybody will want a copy of this beautiful song. It is meeting with a very large sale.

Published with elegant descriptive lithograph title.

Sent by mail post paid on receipt of price. Address plainly,

PRICE 40 CENTS.

**J. A. BUTTERFIELD,
257 W. Madison St., Chicago.**

"MAMMA IS IN HEAVEN."

Mr. Butterfield has added another beautiful song to his list, and one that will be eagerly sought for by the lovers of pure melody, as well as for the touching simplicity and poetical beauty of the words.

The family tie has been severed; the young mother has been called to a brighter and better world; the father is left in sorrow, and his little daughter not old enough to realize so great a loss, prattles to him in her childish way of her dear Mamma, whom she thinks can hear her say the little prayer she taught her.

In the first verse she says:

*"I've been playing bo-peep with the sunshine,
And been chasing the butterflies all day.
But I'm sleepy and tired, so is dolly,
And so sad since Mamma went away.
When she lay sick and pale—you remember—
How she placed my hands so, Morn and E'en;
Saying, 'Pray always, darling, with papa'—
But I can't now Mamma is in Heaven!"*

*Dear Mamma, Oh, dear Mamma!
Do you hear me when my little prayer is giv'n?
Do you sing 'sweet and low' when the angels
Whisper softly, 'Mamma is in Heaven.'"*

And in the second verse:

*"The birdies do 'nt sing half so sweetly,
Since I told them Mamma is in Heaven!"*

And much more just as characteristic of the pretty child. But every body will want this beautiful piece, as it has an elegant illustrated title page, worth more as a picture than the price of the music; and the music is said to be prettier than "When you and I were young, Maggie."

If you cannot obtain it of the nearest Music Dealer, send 40 cents to J. A. BUTTERFIELD, 257 W. Madison St., Chicago, and in three days you will receive it, carefully mailed, and postage paid. Write plainly to

**J. A. BUTTERFIELD,
257 W. Madison St., Chicago**

When you and I were Young.

Words by GEO. W. JOHNSON.

Music by J. A. BUTTERFIELD

Moderato.

Ritard.

1. I wan-dered to-day to the hill, Mag-gie, To watch the scene be -
 2. A ci - ty so si - lent and lone, Mag-gie, Where the young and the gay and the
 3. They say I am fee - ble with age, Mag-gie, My steps are less spright - ly than

- low ; The creek and the creak - ing old mill, Mag - gie, As
 best, In pol - ished white man - sions of stone, Mag - gie, Have
 then, My face is a well - writ - ten page, Mag - gie, But

we used to long a - - - go. The green grove is gone from the
 each found a place of rest, Is built where the birds used to
 time a - - lone was the pen. They say we are a - ged and

hill, Mag-gie, Where first the dai - sies sprung; The
 play, Mag-gie, And join in the songs that were sung: For we
 gray, Mag-gie, As sprays by the white breakers flung; But to

creak - ing old mill is still, Maggie, Since you and I were young.
 sang as gay as they, Maggie, When you and I were young.
 me you're as fair as you were, Maggie, When you and I were young.

CHORUS.

Soprano. And now we are a - ged and gray, Maggie, And the tri - als of life near-ly

Alto.

Tenor. And now we are a - ged and gray, Maggie, And the tri - als of life near-ly

Bass.

PIANO.

done; Let us sing of the days that are gone, Maggie, When you and I were young. *Ritard*

done; Let us sing of the days that are gone, Maggie, When you and I were young.

Let us sing,

PIANO. *Colla voce.*