



## Maggie

I wandered today to the hill, Maggie,  
To watch the scene below,  
The creek and the rusty old mill, Maggie,  
Where we sat in the long, long ago.  
The green grove has gone from the hill,  
Maggie,  
Where first the daisies sprung;  
The creaking old mill is still, Maggie,  
Since you and I were young.

[Rosycompany.co.uk](http://Rosycompany.co.uk)