

# Little Mag And I - song lyrics

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LITTLE MAG AND I.

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Wand'ring in the wildwood near the mountain high,  
Sprigs of laughing childhood, little Mag and I;  
Hand in hand together roaming through the dell,  
O'er the brush and heather that we loved so well;  
Always blithe and merry, not a thought of care,  
Cheeks as red as cherry, such a happy pair;  
Near the tiny brooklet softly rippling by,  
There we loved to wander, little Mag and I.

Chorus,

Always blithe And merry, not a thought of care,  
Cheeks as red as cherry, such a happy pair;  
Near the tiny brooklet softly rippling by,  
There we loved to wander, little Mag and I.

Youth and blushing maiden, no one else is nigh,  
Air with sighs is laden, can you tell me why?  
Loving words are spoken, ev'ry thought divin'd,  
Surely a love token, tender, soft and kind;  
Standing at the altar in the Summer glow,  
Wedded vows we falter, whispered soft and low;  
Tiny little children climbing round my knee,  
Just the living picture of little Mag and me. - Chorus.