

TO  
MRS. MORRIS PHILLIPS.  
*New York.*

THE  
**OLD TIME**  
OR

"WHEN YOU WERE SEVENTEEN"

BALLAD WORDS FROM THE HOME JOURNAL

MUSIC BY

J. R. THOMAS.



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# THE OLD TIME.

J. R. THOMAS.

Moderato.

VOICE.

PIANO.

The first system of the musical score. The voice part is a single staff with a treble clef, key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a 6/8 time signature. It contains a whole rest for the first four measures. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a 6/8 time signature. The right hand plays a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a bass line with eighth notes and rests. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The second system of the musical score. The voice part continues with a whole rest for the first three measures, followed by a half note in the fourth measure. The piano accompaniment continues with the same melodic and bass patterns. The system concludes with a double bar line.

1. 'Twas when the hay was mown, Maggie, In the long years a - go, ..... And

The third system of the musical score. The voice part begins with the lyrics "1. 'Twas when the hay was mown, Maggie, In the long years a - go, ..... And". The piano accompaniment continues with the same melodic and bass patterns. The system concludes with a double bar line.

while the wes - tern sky was rich With sun - set's ro - sy glow,..... Then

or

hand in hand close linked we pass'd The dew - y ricks be - tween, When

*poco rall.*

I was one and twen - ty, Mag, And you were se - ven - teen.....

*colla voce*

*poco rall.*

2. Your voice was low and sweet, Maggie, Your wavy hair was brown, Your

cheek was like the wild red rose That shows its petals down; Your

eyes were like the blue speedwell With dewy moisture sheen, When

I was one and twenty, Mag, And you were seventeen.....

*poco rall.*

*colla voce*

*poco rall.*

3. The years have come and gone, Maggie, With sun - shine and with shade, And  
4. Though gen - tly changing time, Maggie, Has touched you in his flight, Your

silverd is the silk - en hair That o'er your shoulders strayed, ..... In  
voice has still the old sweet tone, Your eyes the old love light, ..... And

many a soft and way-ward tress, The fairest ev - er seen, When  
years can ne - ver, ne - ver change, The heart you gave, I ween, When

*poco rall.*

I was one and twenty, Mag, And you were se - ven - teen.

*colla voce*

*poco rall.*