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THE

CHICAGO

MILWAUKEE

NEW YORK

NEW YORK

When You Were The Maid In Jairy

Lyric by "And I Was The Boy Down On The Farm" J. BRANDON WALSH.

Music by TERRY SHERMAN.

Marcia

C.W. Kirk

VAMP

I'm
The

gazing at the picture that you gave me, The picture that you
picture that you gave me now is faded The passing years have

gave me long ago 'Twas taken on the farm when we were
worn the ink away Deep in my heart there is another

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sweet - hear - were
pic - ture - A pic - ture that grows sweet - er ev - 'ry know - - - - To
day - - - - I

When I loved you, and you loved me, I

me the pic - ture tells a pret - ty sto - ry, - - - - A - round my heart it
seem to see a lit - tle coun - try church dear - - - - And down the isle we're

winds a ten - der charm, - - - - For you were sweet - er than the morn - ing
strol - ling arm in arm, - - - - The wed - ding bells are ring - ing to re -

rit.
glo - ry - - - - When we were sweet - hearts down up - on the farm. - - - -
mind me - - - - Of hap - py days we spent up on the farm. - - - -

rit.

CHORUS.

When you were the maid in the dair - y And

p-f

I was the boy down on the farm 'Twas

there we told love's sto - ry 'mid the fields of new mown hay

C.W.Kirk

And I watched you grow - ing sweet - er sweet-heart ev - 'ry day

When we were al - ways to - geth - er

Life dear was filled with end - less charm ———— When

you were the maid in the dair - y And I was the

boy down on the farm. ———— 1 When farm. ———— 2