Sing Me Those Pretty Songs Again - song lyrics

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Sing Me Those Pretty Songs Again.
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Words and Music by Harry Kennedy.

Sing me those pretty songs again, love,
That you used to sing in happy days of old,
When our fond love was in its youth, dear,
And our silv'ry locks were bright and shining gold;
In mem'ry oft I wander by the same old stream,
And in music sweet methinks I hear you say:
Down by a little running brook I first saw Maggie May,
My Little witching Maggie, Maggie, singing all the day;
And how I love her none can tell-my little Maggie May.

Down in the church-yard near the hill, love,
Is a little mound by both of us held dear;
Oft, though the years have passed and gone, love.
Is her mem'ry kept by many, many a tear;
The sweet childish graces in our hearts are green,
And in memory you often love to mourn:
Gone to join the angels, peaceful evermore,
Empty is the cradle, baby's gone;
Baby left her cradle for the golden shore,
O'er the silv'ry waters she has flown;
Coin to join the angels, peaceful evermore,
Empty is the cradle, baby's gone.

Don't you remember long ago, love,
When our country's call first took me from your side,
Off to the wars you bade me go, love;
Though I scarce could leave my young and blushing bride,
The bugle sounded louder and I could not stay,
As you hung upon my breast I heard you sigh:
I would not leave thee, but I must;
Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye;
Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye;
Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye.
I would not leave thee, but I must;
Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye.