When You Were The Maid In Dairy

Lyric by J. BRANDON WALSH.

Music by TERRY SHERMAN.

Marcia

I'm the
gaz ing at the picture that you gave me,
The 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.
When I loved you, and you loved me, I knew
A picture that grows sweeter every day

The picture tells a pretty story,
Around my heart it seems to see a little country church dear

Winds a tender charm,
For you were sweeter than the morning strolling arm in arm

The wedding bells are ringing to re-

When we were sweethearts down upon the farm.
Of happy days we spent up on the farm.

When You Were The Maid.
When you were the maid in the dairy And I was the boy down on the farm 'Twas there we told love's story 'mid the fields of new mown hay And I watched you growing sweeter sweetheart every day
When we were always together

Life dear was filled with endless charm

When you were the maid in the dairy
And I was the boy down on the farm.

When You Were The Maid.