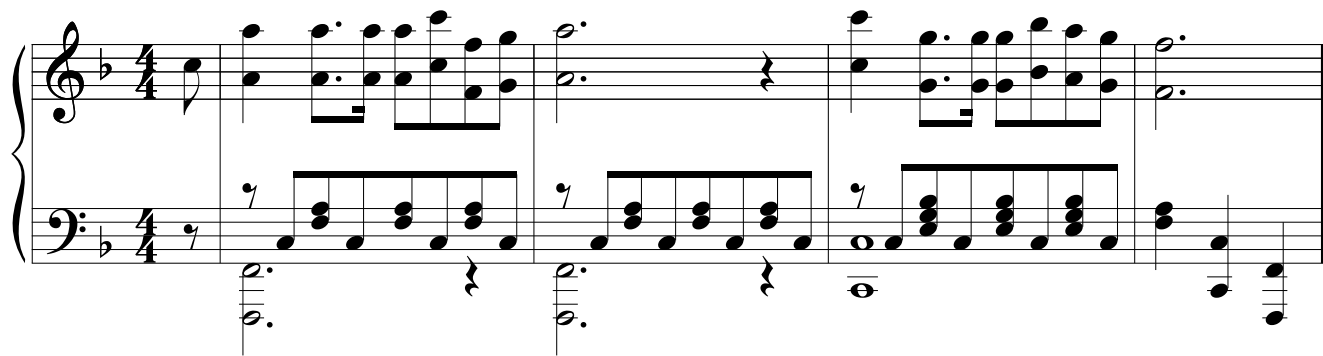


My Margaret

Words by
Luke Collin

Music by
Joseph P. Webster



1. The wood was in its sum - mer leaf, Mar - ga - ret,
2. How bright was then the sun - set's gleam, Mar - ga - ret,
3. With joy - ful hearts we ram - bled on, Mar - ga - ret,
4. Gone now are birds and sum - mer leaves, Mar - ga - ret,



10

my Mar-ga-ret; And gold - en grain was in the sheaf,
 my Mar-ga-ret; How gen - tly flowed the rip - pling stream,
 my Mar-ga-ret; Nor not - ed we when day had gone,
 my Mar-ga-ret; Old Time has gar - nered man - y sheaves,

10

C7 F F F

13

Mar - ga-ret, my Mar - ga-ret; The birds that filled the air with
 Mar - ga-ret, my Mar - ga-ret; But bright - er far than gleam of
 Mar - ga-ret, my Mar - ga-ret; The sun - set's gleam was in your
 Mar - ga-ret, my Mar - ga-ret; The wind - ing brook - let mur - murs

13

C C7 F Bb

16

song, Sweet sum - mer time did still pro - long, When
 sun, And smooth - er than the brook - let's run, Seemed
 eye, The zeph - yr's sweet - ness in your sigh, And
 still, The songs which did our young hearts thrill, But

16

F C F

19

last we wound these banks a - long, Mar - ga-ret, my Mar - ga-ret.
 life to us its glo - ry won, Mar - ga-ret, my Mar - ga-ret.
 still the laugh - ing stream went by, Mar - ga-ret, my Mar - ga-ret.
 we are pass - ing down the hill, Mar - ga-ret, my Mar - ga-ret.

19

B $\flat$ F C *ad lib.* C7 C7 F