Long parted have we been

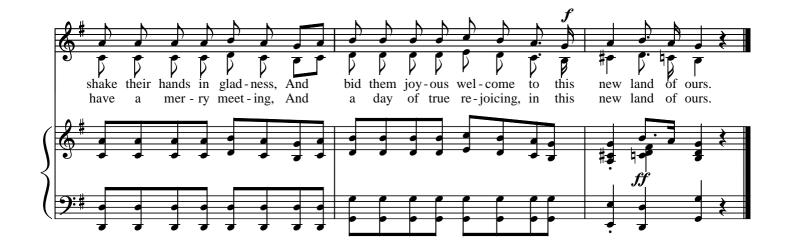
Words by Charles Mackay (1814 - 1889)

Henry Russell (1812 - 1900)



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3. In all our happiness There seemed a joy the less, Where we looked around and missed them from the fireside's cheerful glow, The old familiar comrades that we loved so long ago. But they're coming, coming, coming, they are coming with the flowers, They are coming with the summer to this new land of ours; It needs but their embraces And all their smiling faces, To make us quite contented in this new land of ours.