

**ANSWER**  
 TO THE  
**IRISH**  
**EMIGRANT.**

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**LONG LONG**  
**AGO.**

I'm coming back to thee, Mary,  
 Australia's shore's I find  
 Can yield no balm to sooth my grief,  
 Or ease my troubled mind,  
 Nature smiles in joy Mary,  
 And happy forms I see,  
 With kind and faithful loving hearts,  
 But all is dark to me.

There's food and labour here Mary,  
 And heaven's all bounteous hand  
 Has shed its gilts on all around,  
 And blest this stranger's land,  
 But, where art thou? thy voice is still,  
 Thy form I cannot see,  
 And death has dim'd that loving eye,  
 That kindly beamed on me.

Oh, we were happy once Mary,  
 Thy voice to heaven arose,  
 And warbled forth the evening hymn,  
 To sooth my babes repose,  
 Yes thou wert beautiful, Mary,  
 Thy babe was lovely too,  
 The birds sung sweet around our cot,  
 And flowers brighter grew.

Oh, I was happy then, Mary,  
 When after daily toil,  
 Thy voice like music cheer'd my heart,  
 And I saw thy welcome smile,  
 But cruel want alas! Mary,  
 And Sickness paled thy brow,  
 And death has blighted all my hopes,  
 And I am lonely now.

I have cross'd the seas, Mary,  
 Thy angel spirit's near,  
 Dost thou not hear me call thy name?  
 Ah, no; thou can'st not hear.  
 I'm kneeling on the turf Mary,  
 Where thou so calmly  
 I've come to join my babe and  
 And lay me down and die.

Tell me the tales that to me was so dear,  
 Long long ago, long ago,  
 Sing me the songs I delighted to hear,  
 Long long ago, long ago,  
 Now you are come all my grief is removed,  
 Let me forget, that so long you have roved,  
 Let me believe you loved as you loved,  
 Long long ago, long ago

Do you remember the path where we met,  
 Long long ago, long ago,  
 Ah yes you told me you ne'er would forget,  
 Long long ago, long ago,  
 Then to all others my smile you preferred,  
 Love when you spoke gave a charm to  
 each word  
 Still my heart treasures the praises I heard,  
 Long long ago, long ago.

Then by your kindness my fond hopes were  
 raised,  
 You by more eloquent lips have been praised  
 Long long ago, long ago,  
 But by long absence your truth has been tried  
 Still to your accents I listen with pride,  
 Blest as I was when I sat by your side,  
 Long long ago, long ago.

