

Wait my chil - dren, time will show it, Thro' the
 In what dark - some lanes and al - leys It slipp'd
 But where all my songs and dit - ties I go

p *cres.*

gloom of years 'twill grow Clear to all your eyes— You'll
 from me? You shall know; It was in the dew - - y
 seek - ing now you know, Far from fields and far from

f

know it As the Land of long a - go.
 val - leys Of the Land of long a - go.
 ci - ties, In the Land of long a - go.

p

f