Echo

Thomas Moore

<div align="right">Paul Hindemith
(1942)</div>

How sweet the an-swer Ech-o makes To mu-

sic at night, When, roused by lute or horn, she wakes, And

far a-way, o'er lawns and lakes,＿＿＿＿ Goes an-swer-ing light!

Yet love hath ech-oes tru - er far And far more sweet, Than

e'er, be-neath the moon-light's star, Of horn,_____ or lute,_____ or soft gui-tar,_____

_____The songs re - peat.

'Tis when the sigh, in youth sin-cere,

And on - ly then, The sigh that's breath'd for one to hear, Is

by that one, that on-ly dear,_____ Breath'd back a-gain.