

THE ECHO.

THERE'S something always calling me,
"Ca-hoo!"
Among the bushes by the rill,
Around the bottom of the hill,
A something always calling still—
"Ca-hoo!"

But if I change, and sing out well,
"Hello!"
It changes then the whole affair,
Before you know, or think, or care!
And impudently calls out there,
"Hello!"

And Auntie says, "An Echo's there,
To call!"
But whether it's a beast or bird
She did not say; nor have I heard
About the thing another word!—
That's all!