

Up through the mist that tender voice came rising,
 It smote upon the ear
 Of listening Echo, strong with love's devising,
 Yet trembling as with fear :

"Echo, Echo, hearken to me,
 Echo, Echo, I plead with thee,
 Answer me now, if never again
 Thou speak'st in silvery tones to men.

"My love is strong, and my love is pure,
 Mighty to dare, yet meek to endure;
 Love is my life, and life is not sweet
 If no heart to mine doth responsive beat ;
 Answer me, Echo, and answering prove
 That great, indeed, is the power of love."

Dear Echo heard, nor ever holier prayer
 Had come to her before ;
 Her answer sinking through the ravished air,
 Sweet comfort with it bore :

"List to my words, forget them not,
 They are my last and are dearly bought ;
 Worthy, aye, worthy of more than this,
 Worthy of more than earthly bliss:
 Take her and love her, she is thine,
 Hands and hearts let them both entwine,
 Grow together and be as one,
 Till the toilsome pilgrimage here is done.
 The shadows come wandering o'er the hill,
 And now forever my voice is still."

Silence again, soft whispers slowly dying,
 And through the failing light
 No Echo came in flute-like notes replying
 "Good-night," to their "Good-night."