

Echo.

Once long ago, when every wood embowered
Was full of fairy folk,
There dwelt upon a lofty cliff that towered,
An Echo in an oak :

Far, far below, smiled up a peaceful meadow,
O'er which, a river bright
Ran in and out, through sunshine and through shadow,
A strip of silver light.

Fair maiden she, sweet-voiced and swallow-throated,
And to the songs of men
O'er every drowsy hill and hollow floated,
Pure softened notes again.

One law the nymph obeyed, and it was this :—
“ Repeat the same words o'er,
If thou dost change, or answer aught amiss,
Then thou shalt speak no more.”

It fell upon a night when all the valley
Lay still beneath the stars,
That Echo saw two loitering figures dally,
Beside the river's bars.

Up through the mist came words of love and pleading,
A tender voice and true:
“ Give me thy heart, in my great love exceeding,
I live and die for you.”

Up through the mist came girlish accents, saying :
“ Thy words sound sweet to-night,
If Echo now will answer to thy praying,
Then we our troth shall plight.”