

I don't like when it scolds at me—

“Get out!”

And (strangest thing I ever heard!)

It always clutches the “last word”!

Until it gets me roiled and stirred

To flout!

But do you know, when Auntie's there,

And sings—

That Echo is just *so* polite,

And calls and chirps with all its might,

And tries to sing, and to recite

Her “things!”

And so, if that's the way it is

To-day,

I'll always speak the pleasant word;

And then, when Mr. Echo's heard,

He'll call out like a mocking-bird,

“Hooray!”