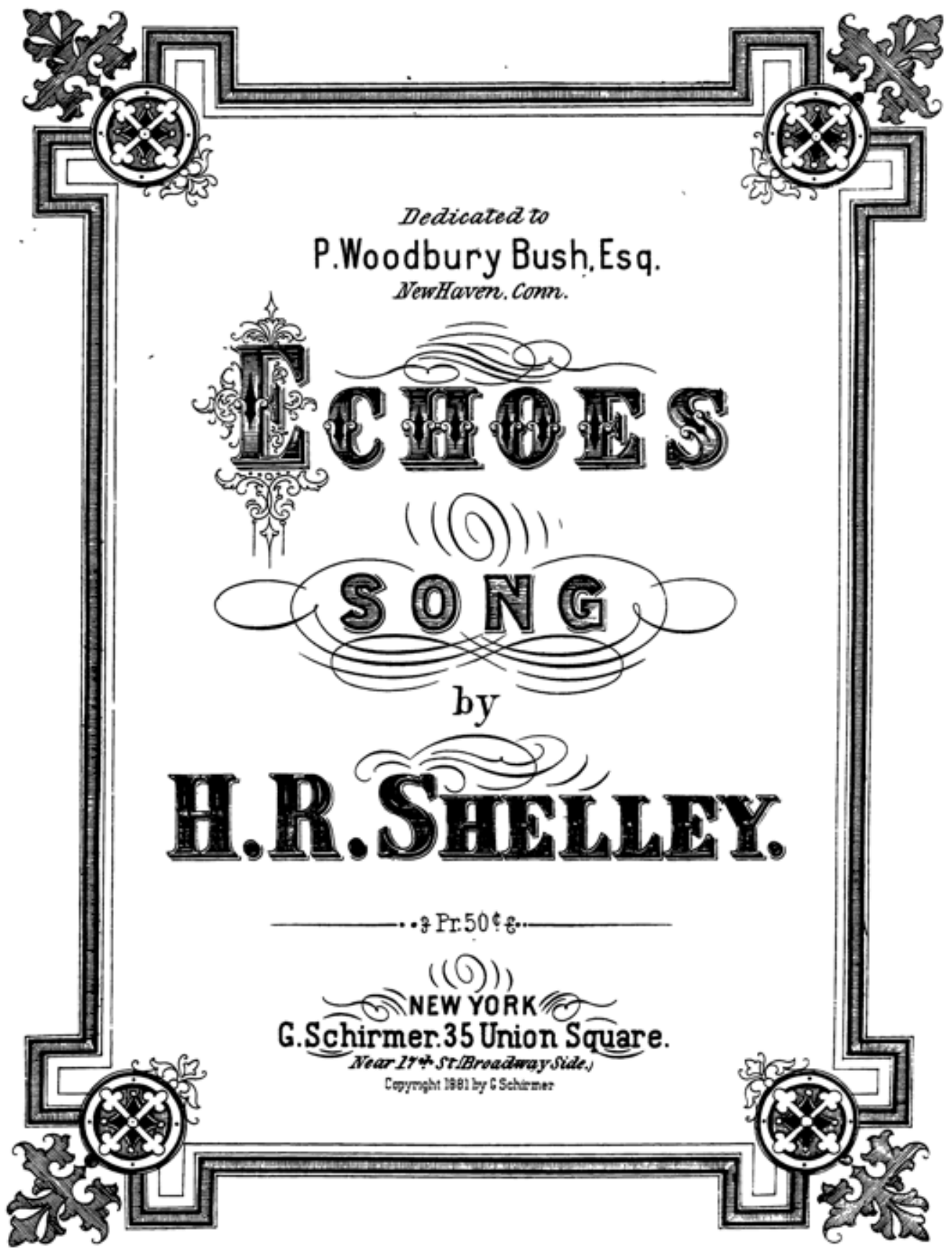


11103



Dedicated to
P. Woodbury Bush, Esq.
New Haven, Conn.

ECHOES

SONG

by

H. R. SHELLEY.

Pr. 50¢

NEW YORK
G. Schirmer, 35 Union Square.
Near 17th St. Broadway Side.
Copyright 1881 by G. Schirmer

ECHOES.

Words by ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

Music by H. R. SHELLEY.

Moderato.

Still the an-gel stars are shin-ing, still the rip-pling wa-ters flow,

But the an-gel voice is si-lent, that I heard so long a-go.

Listesso tempo.

Hark! the e - choes mur - mur long — a - go,

p

poco marcato.

Hark! the e - choes mur - - mur long — a - go.

Still the wood is

p

dim and lone - ly still the splash - ing foun - - tains play,

p

But the past in all its beauty, that I heard so long a-go.

Listesso tempo.

Hark! the mournful e - - choes, fled — a - way,

Hark! the mournful e - - choes fled — a - way.

Agitato.

rall. a tempo.

poco agitato.

Still the bird of night com-plain - eth, Now in - deed her

song is pain vis - ions of my hap - - py hours Do I

mp.

sub. p

molto rit. *a tempo.*

call and call in vain, Still the bird of night com -

molto rit. *a tempo.*

plain - eth, Now in - deed her song, her song is pain;

vis - - ions of my hap - - py hours, Do I call and

call in vain.

molto rit.

dim.

Cease, o e - choes

p

mourn - ful e - choes, once I lov'd your voi - ces well, now my heart is

sick, and wea-ry, Days of old a - long fare - well Days of old a

f *molto*

long farewell, now my heart is sick and weary, Days of old

rall. con pass.

fare - - well,

rall. con pass.

Fare - - well, Fare - - well.

p morendo.