

THE
ECHO
SONG.

FORTH, PRINTER, BRIDLINGTON.

IN that cottage my father long dwelt,
Till call'd the proud foe to repel,
With a heart that each keen passion felt,
He bade his companions farewell;
While in distance he echo'd the sound,
A sound I shall ever deplore,
Farewell! farewell!
Alas! I shall ne'er see him more.

Shouts of victory honour'd the day
When bravely in battle he fell,
Far, far from his village away,
Where he bade his companions farewell;
While in distance he echo'd the sound,
A sound I shall ever deplore,
Farewell! farewell!
Alas! I shall ne'er see him more.

