

Brightman Sarah

"How sweet the answer"

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How sweet the answer Echo makes
To music at night;
When, rous'd by lute or horn, she wakes,
And faw away, o'er lawns and lakes,
Goes answering light.

Yet love hath echoes truer far,
And far more sweet,
Then e'er beneath the moonlight's star,
Of horn, or lute, or soft guitar,
The songs repeat.

'Tis when the sigh, in youth sincere,
And only then,
The sigh, that's breath'd for one to hear,
Is by that one, that only dear,
Breath'd back again.
Again, again, again, ...

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