

Echo

for Flute and Piano

How sweet the answer Echo makes
To music at night,
When, roused by lute or horn, she wakes,
And far away, o'er lawns and lakes,
Goes answering light!

Yet love hath echoes truer far
And far more sweet
Than 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.

Thomas Moore

Paul Hindemith
(1942)

Rather fast (♩ = 108-116)

Flute

p

mf

p

mf

p

p

mf

pp