# THE MOUNTAIN ECHO

## Favorite Song.

*Written & Composed by the*

*Hutchinson Family.*

Arranged with an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte by Henry C. Watson.

*Sung by them with the*

**GREATEST APPLAUSE.**

25 C. Nett

NEW YORK

*Published by* HORACE WATERS *333 Broadway*

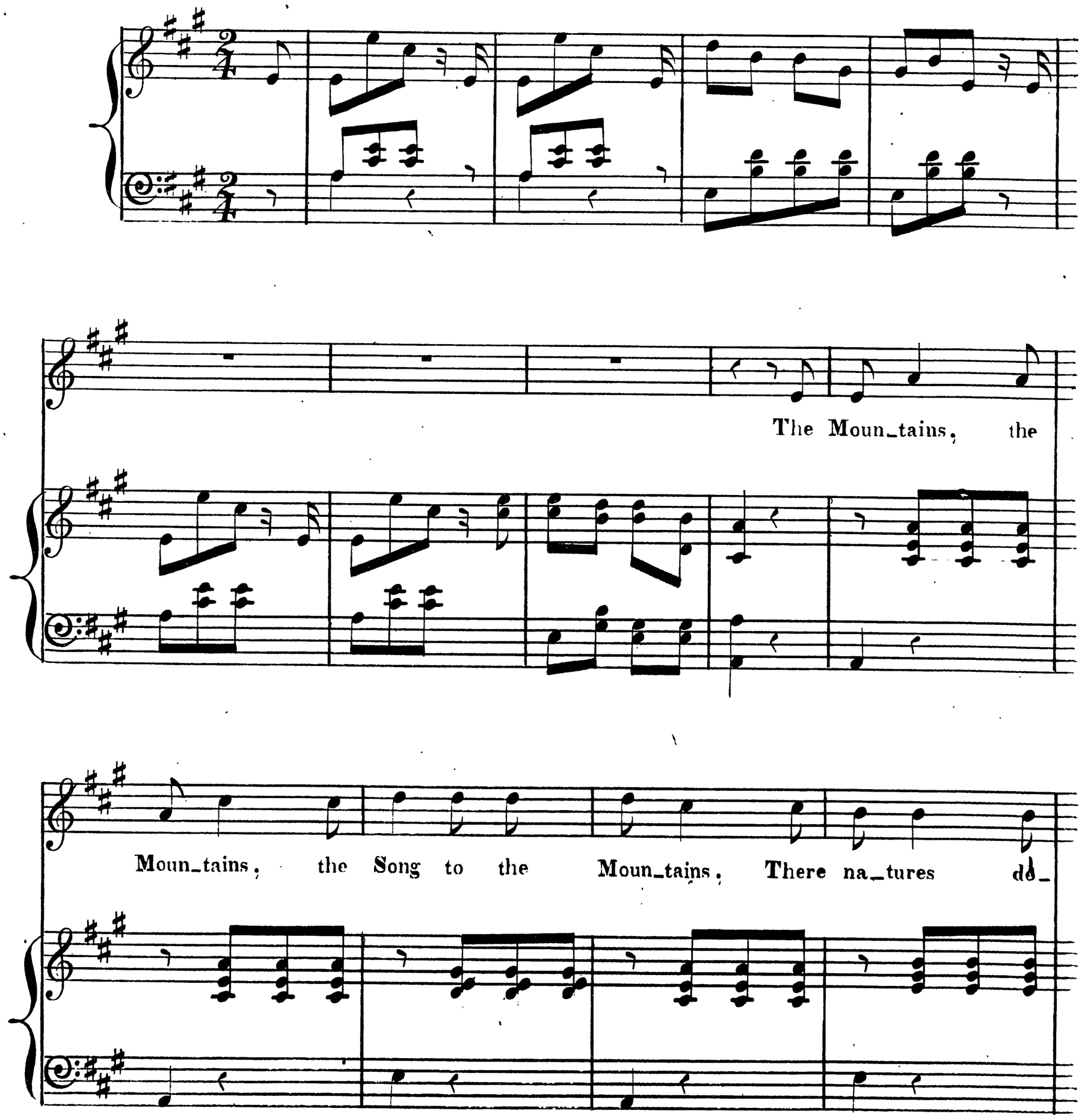
*Boston,* G. P. REED & CO — *Phil.a,* LEE & WALKER — *Cincinnati,* W. C. PETERS & SONS

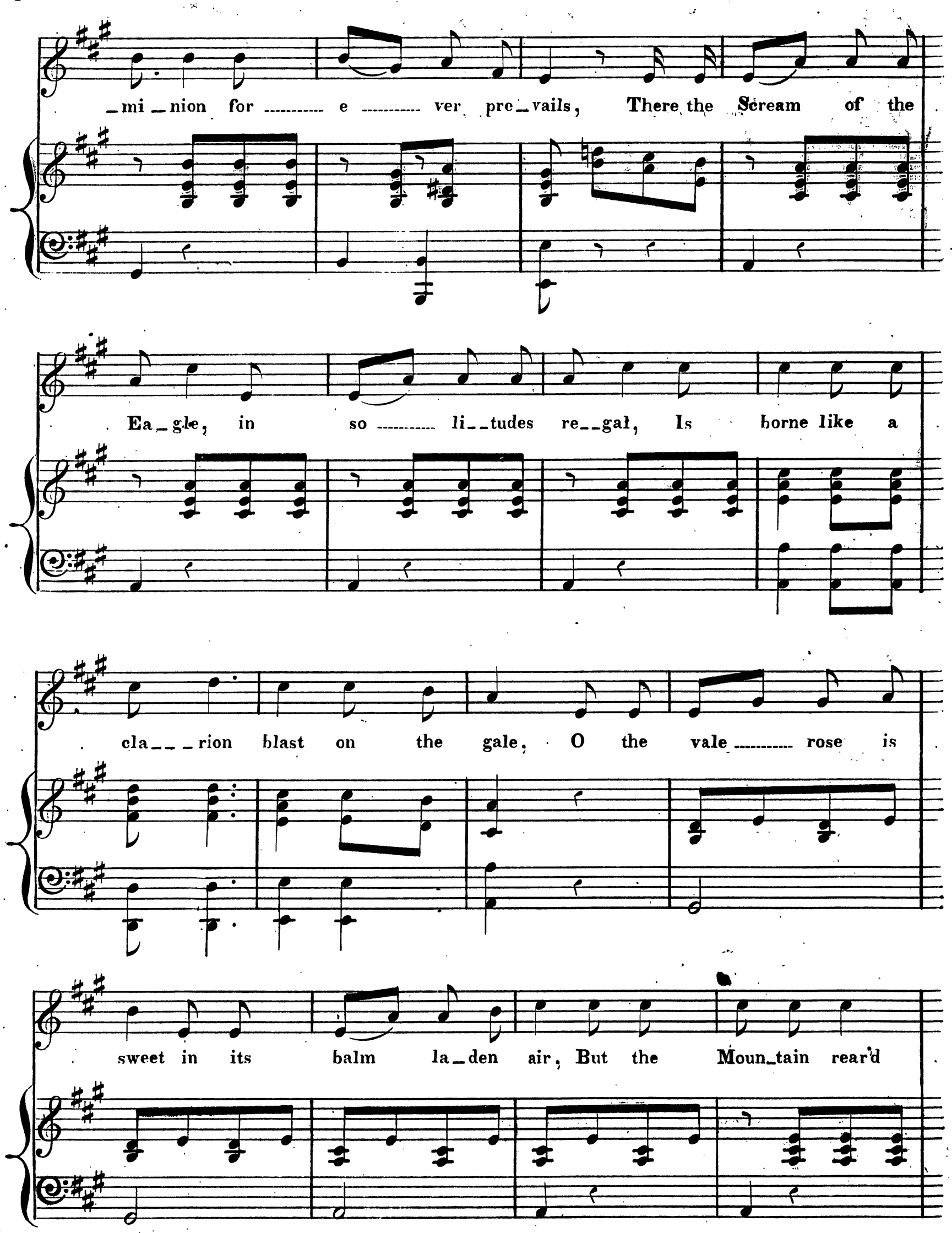
*Ent.d according to Act of Congress A.D. 1853 by Horace Waters in the Clk. Office of the Dt. Ct. of the So.n d.t of NY*

Depos.d in Clerk's Office S.o Dist. N.Y. Dec. 13. 1853.

# THE MOUNTAIN ECHO.

Written & Composed by the Hutchinson Family.




_mi _nion for ..... e ..... ver pre_vails, There the Scream of the
Ea_gle, in so ..... li__tudes re__gal, Is borne like a
cla___rion blast on the gale, O the vale ..... rose is
sweet in its balm la_den air, But the Moun_tain rear'd

lau_ rel is bloom_ing as fair, And its de_____li_____cate

hue, in its chrys _____ tal_____line dew, Re_

_deem_ ing_ _ ly soft_ ens the lone_ _li_ _ ness there. Ye

Echo_____* Echo_____*

ho_____ ye ho_____ ye ho_____ ye ho_____ ye

Echo ..... : * Echo ~~~~ *

*ff*

ho ..... ye ho ..... ye ho ye ho ye ho

2

The Moun_tains, the Moun_tains, the storm bra_ving Moun_tains, They rise from the Hud_sons mag___ni.....fi__cent tide; Far up in the a_zure, like vi___sions of plea_sure, To bask in the day_beam, the tem_pest to bide. En_ _cir_cling the vale of Wy__o__ming, they seem, Like ram_parts of em_rald a_ _dorn_ing a dream. Re___ce____ding in mist, the ho.....ri.....zen is kiss'd, Till man_tled and min_gled, they fade in its gleam. Ye ho &c

3.

The Moun_tains, the Moun_tains! the fire lift ed Moun_tains, Oh who could · be_
_hold them, nor rise from the dust, To spurn the proud ty__rant, the
vaun__ting as__pi_rant, As spurns the rock tow_er the hu_ri_cane gust. Oh
who could be_hold them nor dare · to be free, And pro_claim that the main land and
isles of the sea, From tro__pic to pole, by the might of the
soul, E__ter__na__ly res_cued from thral_dom shall be. Ye ho &c.

4

The Moun_tains, the Moun_tains! a sigh for the Moun_tains! A__lone I have
roam'd thro' their wilds in the morn, When my spi___rit was light as the
va__pour whose flight_ Re_veal'd all their sum_mits in splen_dour a_new. And
now when the spec_tres of bliss are no more, And the last of my dream_ings per_
_chance may be o'er; I sigh for the Moun_tains where gush the bright
foun_tains, And where, like a child, I may gaze and a__dore. Ye ho &c