

# Rippling Echoes - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

RIPPLING ECHOES.

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Words and Music by David Seymour.

On a balmy day in June, 'mid the rose's sweet perfume,  
I strolled down by a brooklet in a glade,  
Where limpid waters danced, they quite my heart entranced  
Enwrapped was I while laughing waters played.  
Little streamlet you decide, shall I soon become a bride,  
Or else remain a maiden free?  
I implore thee, as you flow, shall I? answer, yes or no,  
And the laughing waters echoed back, "Marry!

Chorus.

Flow onward to mother ocean, glide merrily outward to sea,  
Telling tales of love's devotion; laughing waters, I love but thee.-Dance.

Oh, sweet wedding bells will chime, they love and joy entwine,  
And happiness supplants a weight of woe;  
Little streamlet thine the praise, for these joyous, happy days,  
And all the wealth of pleasure they bestow.  
Should a lover fond entreat, seek the rippling rill's retreat,  
And there amid its leafy bowers bid the waters advice thee,  
Trust the babbling brook's decree,  
And thy future will be naught but golden hours.- Chorus.