

The splendour falls on castle walls
 And snowy summits old in story:
 The long light shakes across the lakes
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.

(Chorus)

O hark, O hear! how thin & clear
 And thinner, clearer farther going
 O sweet & far from cliff & scar
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing
 Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying
 Blow, bugle; answer echoes dying, dying, dying

O love they die in yon rich sky
 They faint on hill or field or river
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul
 And grow for ever & for ever.
 Blow bugle blow set the wild echoes flying
 And answer echoes answer dying dying dying

Home they brought her warrior dead:
 She nor swooned nor uttered cry:
 All her maidens whispering said,
 She must weep or she will die

Then they praised him soft & low
 Call'd him worthy to be loved,
 Truest friend & noblest foe;
 Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
 Lightly to the warrior stept,
 Took the face cloth from the face:
 Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
 Set his child upon her knee -
 Like summer tempest came her tears
 Sweet my child, I live for thee.

When all among the thundering drums
 Thy soldier in the battle stands,
 Thy face across his fancy comes
 And gives the battle to his hands:
 A moment while the trumpets blow,
 He sees his brood about thy knee -
 The next - like fire he meets the foe,
 Strikes him dead for them & thee.
 Tara ta tara!

Ask me no more: the moon may draw the
 The cloud may stoop from heaven & take the shape
 With fold on fold, of mountain or of cape;
 But O too fond, when have I answered thee?
 Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: what answer should I give
 I love not hollow cheek or faded eye:
 Yet O my friend, I will not have thee die!
 Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live;
 Ask me no more:

Ask me no more: thy fate & mine are sealed:
 I strove against the stream but all in vain
 Let the great river take me to the main:
 No more dear love for at our touch I yield:
 Ask me no more.

As thro' the land at eve we went,
 And pluck'd the ripened ears,
 We fell out my wife and I,
 And kiss'd again with tears:
 And bleepings on the falling-out
 That all the more endears,
 When we fall out with those we love,
 And kiss again with tears!
 For when we came where lies the child
 We lost in other years,
 There above the little grave,
 We kiss'd again with tears.

II These are not written regularly but just as they turned up