

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

