

The Splendour Falls on Castle Walls

Text by *Lord Alfred Tennyson* (1809-1892) [Br]

Set by *Benjamin Britten* (1913-1976) [Br], *Nocturne*, from *Serenade for Tenor, Horn and Strings*, op. 31, #2; *Cecil Armstrong Gibbs* (1889-1960) [Br], *The Splendour Falls*; *Robert Goldbeck* (1839-1908) [Gr / Am]; *Ralph Vaughan Williams* (1872-1958) [Br], *The Splendour Falls*; *Richard Henry Walthew* (1872-1951) [Br], *The Splendour Falls*

The splendour falls on castle walls
[ðʌ 'splɛn.də fɔlz ɒn 'kæs.əl wɔlz]
(RP) ['kæs.əl]

And snowy summits old in story:
[ænd 'sno:ʊ.i 'sʌm.ɪts ʔo:ʊld ɪn 'stɔ:ri]

The long light (night) shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory:
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and 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 and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

The entire text to this title with the complete
IPA transcription is available for download.

Thank you!

