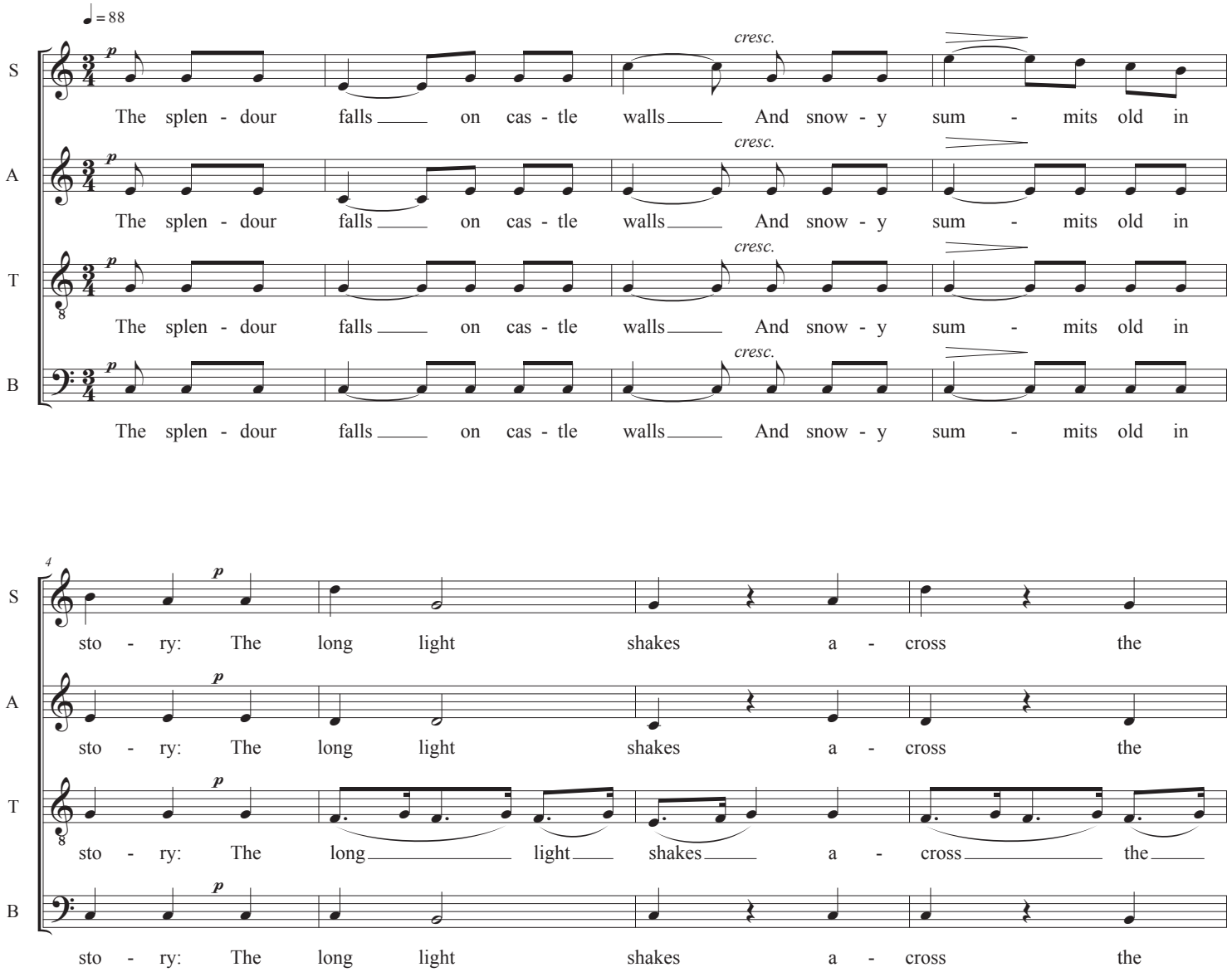
The Splendour Falls on Castle Walls

George A. Macfarren

(1813-1887)

The Splendour Falls on Castle Walls

G. A. Macfarren



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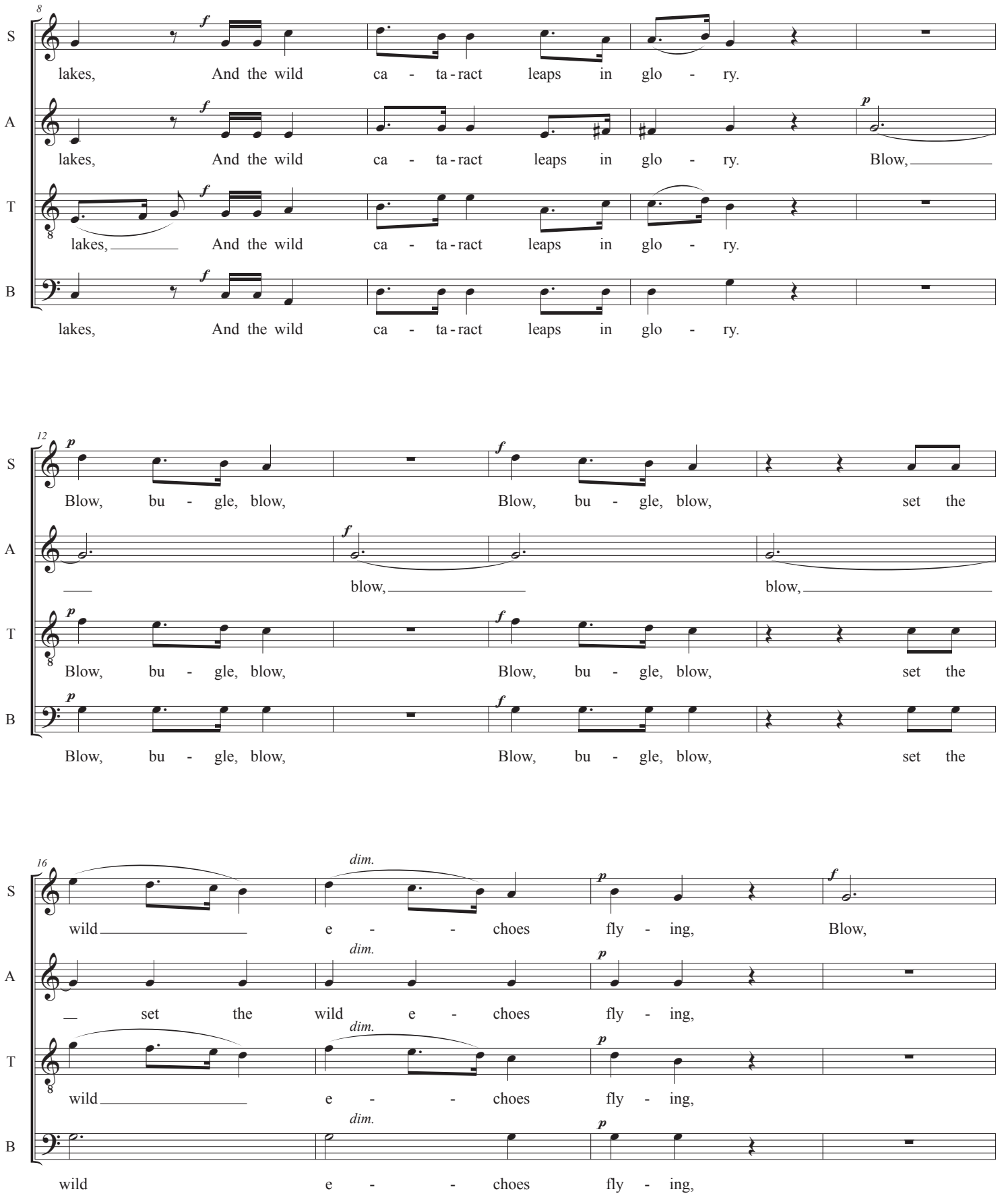
8
S
A
T
B
lakes, And the wild ca - ta - ract leaps in glo - ry.
lakes, And the wild ca - ta - ract leaps in glo - ry. Blow,
lakes, And the wild ca - ta - ract leaps in glo - ry.
lakes, And the wild ca - ta - ract leaps in glo - ry.
12
Blow, bu - gle, blow, Blow, bu - gle, blow, set the
blow, blow,
Blow, bu - gle, blow, Blow, bu - gle, blow, set the
Blow, bu - gle, blow, Blow, bu - gle, blow, set the
16
dim.
wild e - - choes fly - ing, Blow,
set the wild e - choes fly - ing,
wild e - - choes fly - ing,
wild e - - choes fly - ing,

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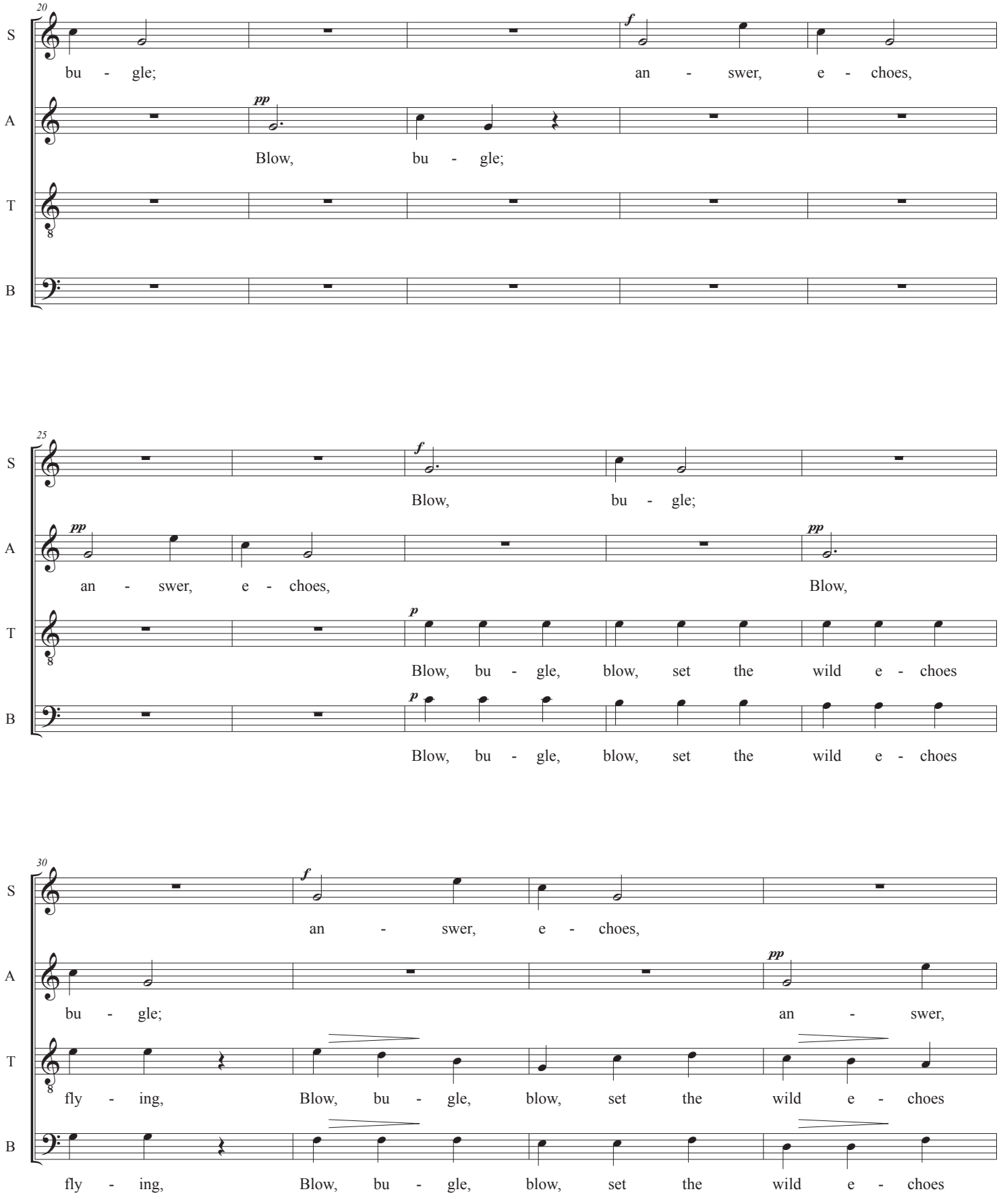
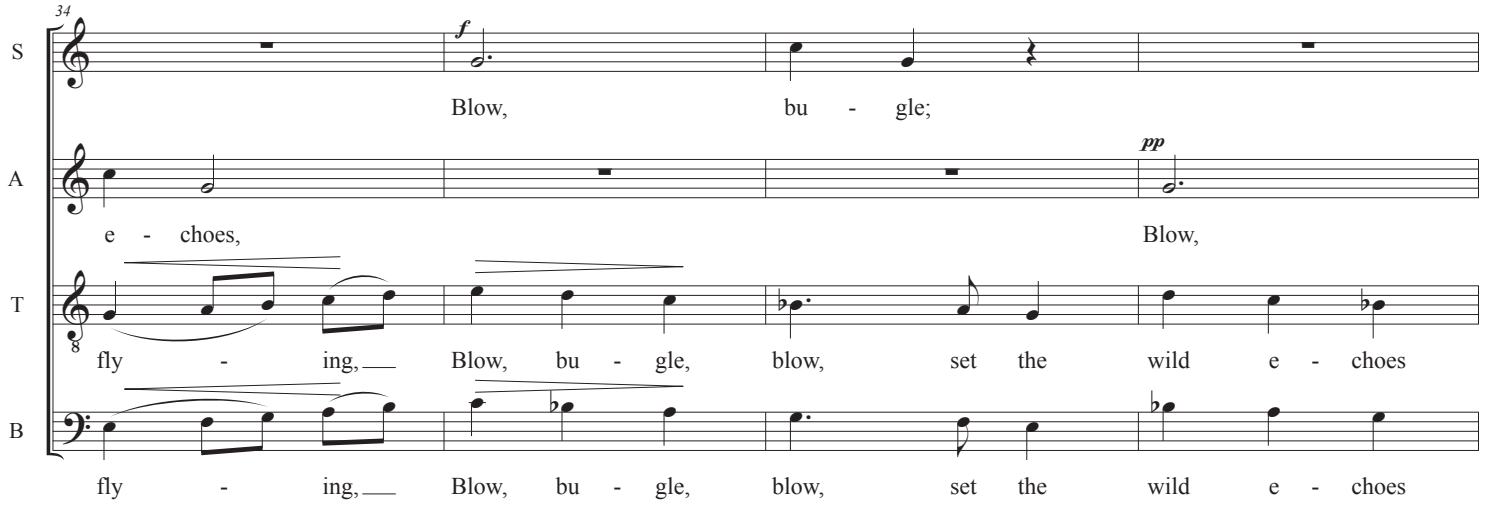
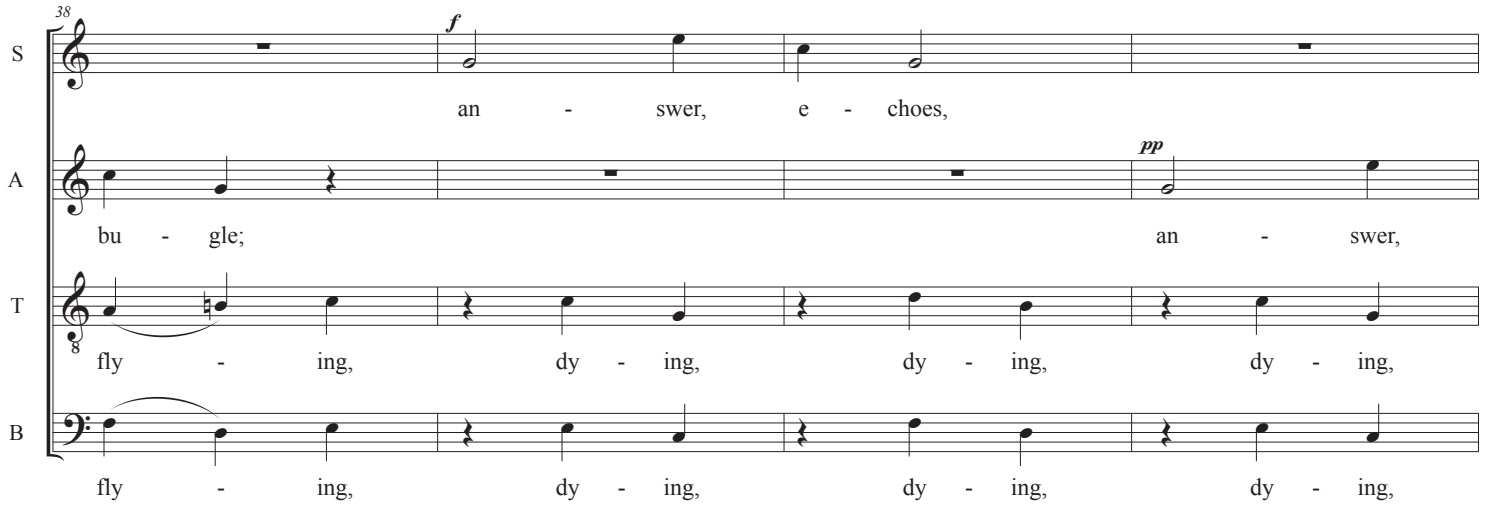
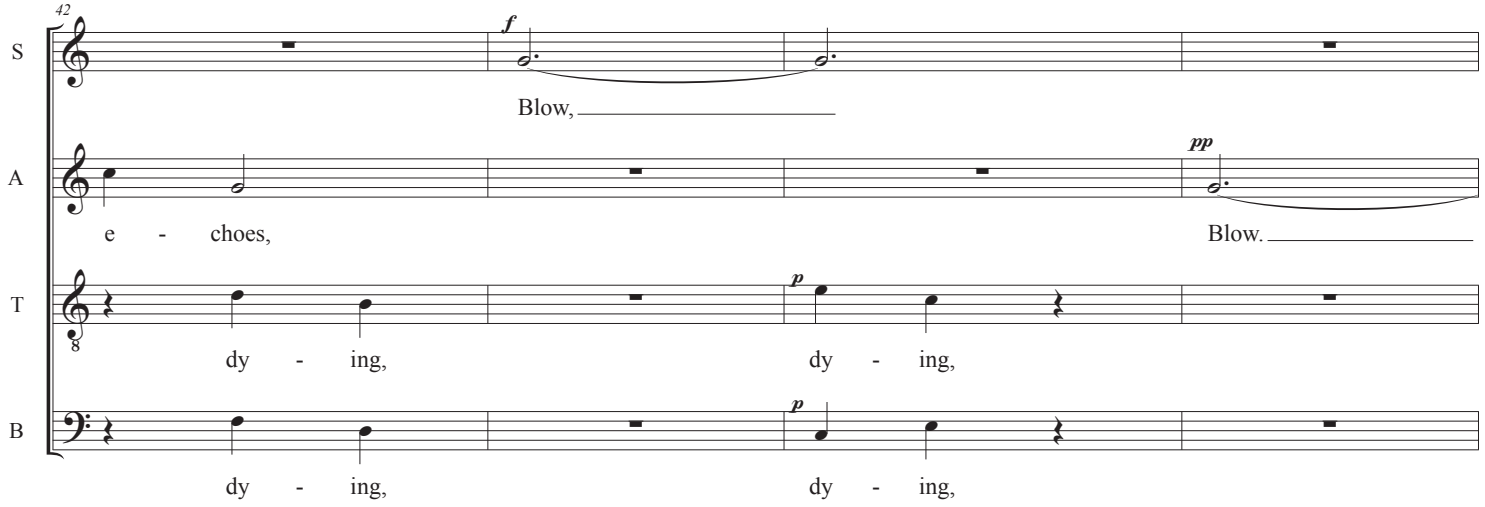
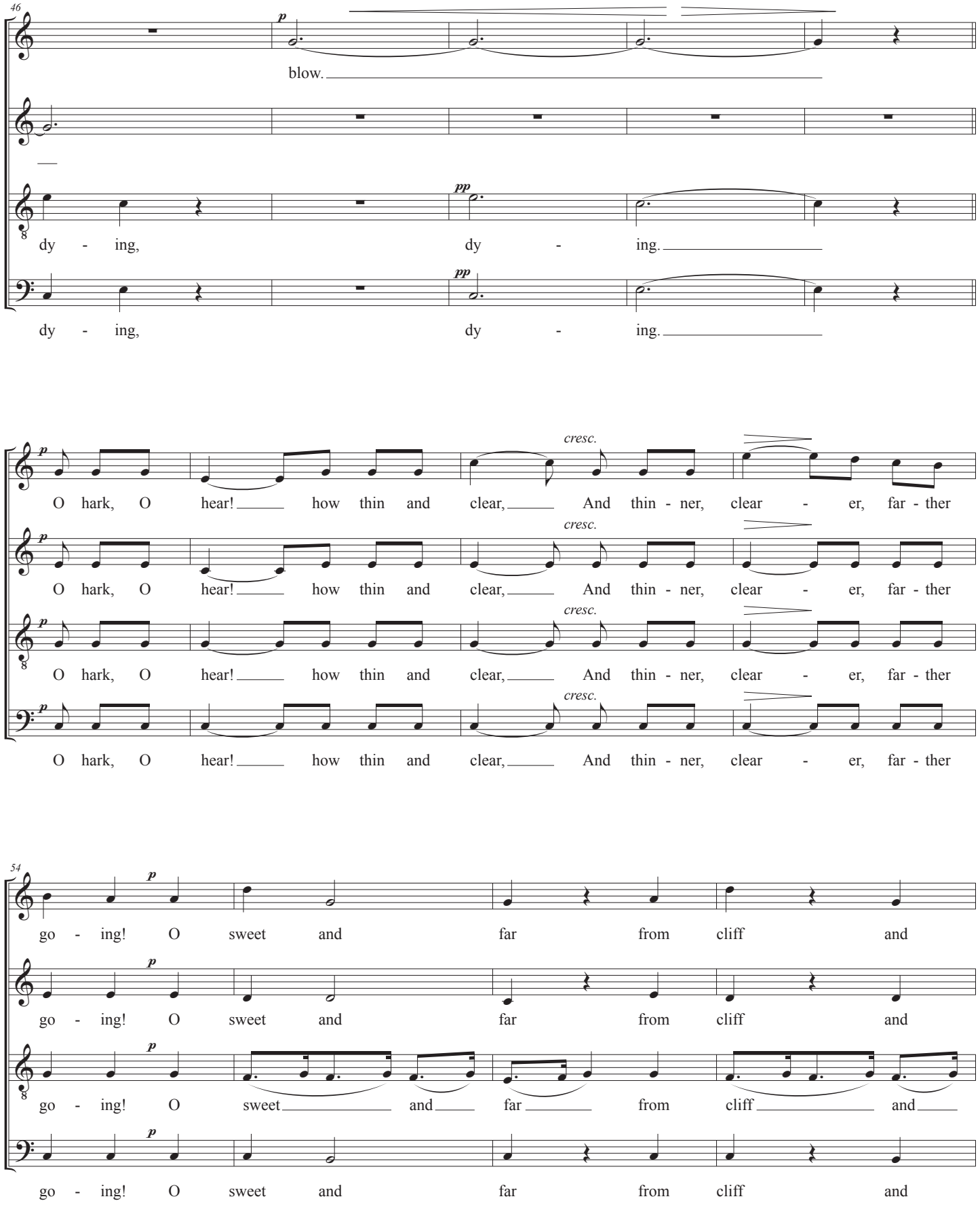


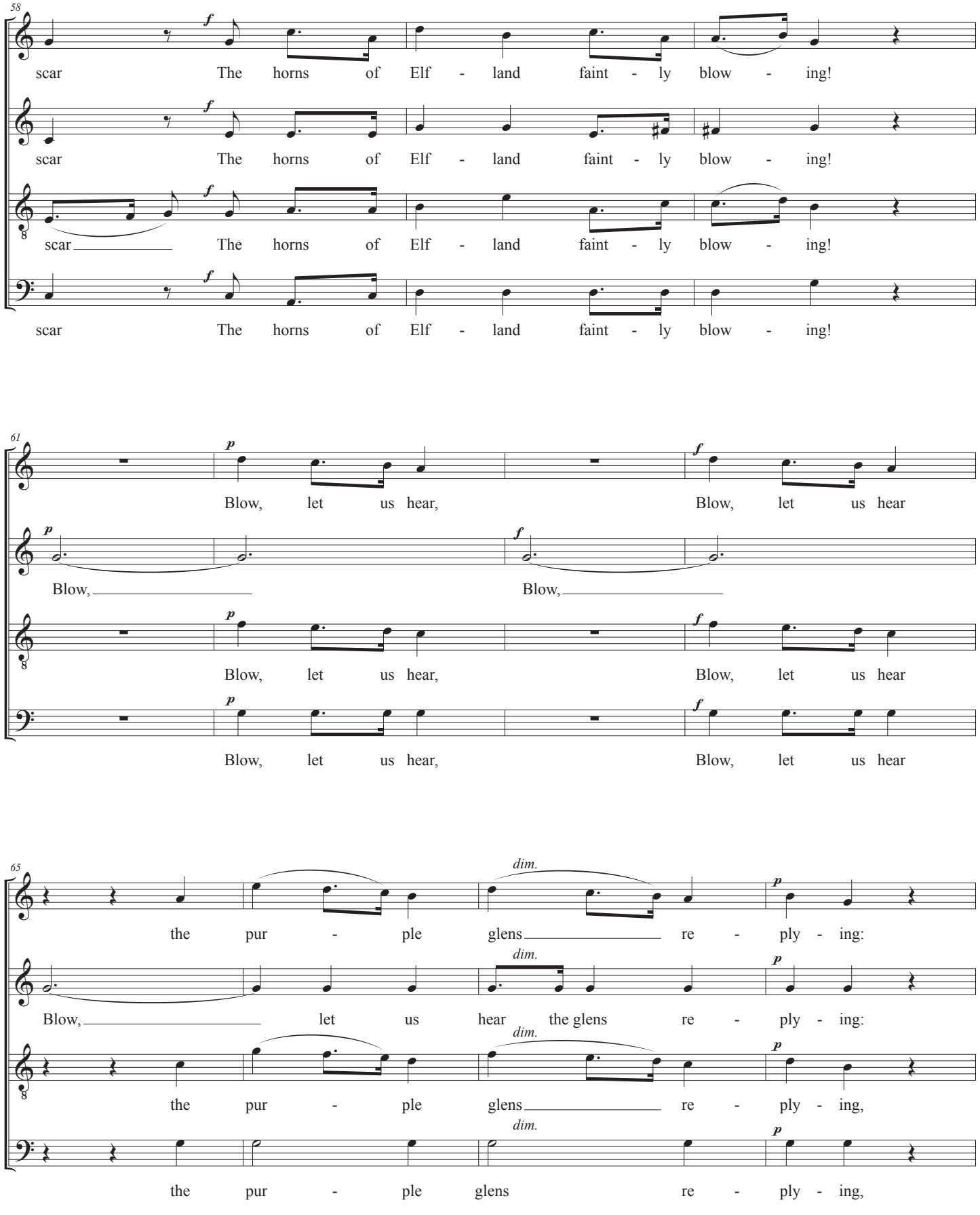

34
S
A
T
B
f
pp
Blow, bu - gle;
e - choes, Blow,
fly - ing, Blow, bu - gle, blow, set the wild e - choes
fly - ing, Blow, bu - gle, blow, set the wild e - choes


38
S
A
T
B
f
pp
an - swer, e - choes,
bu - gle; an - swer,
fly - ing, dy - ing, dy - ing, dy - ing,
fly - ing, dy - ing, dy - ing, dy - ing,


42
S
A
T
B
f
pp
p
Blow,
e - choes, Blow.
dy - ing, dy - ing,
dy - ing, dy - ing,

The Splendour Falls on Castle Walls




58
S
A
T
B
f
scar The horns of Elf - land faint - ly blow - ing!
61
p
f
Blow, let us hear, Blow, let us hear
Blow,
65
dim.
p
the pur - ple glens re - ply - ing:
Blow, let us hear the glens re - ply - ing:
the pur - ple glens re - ply - ing,

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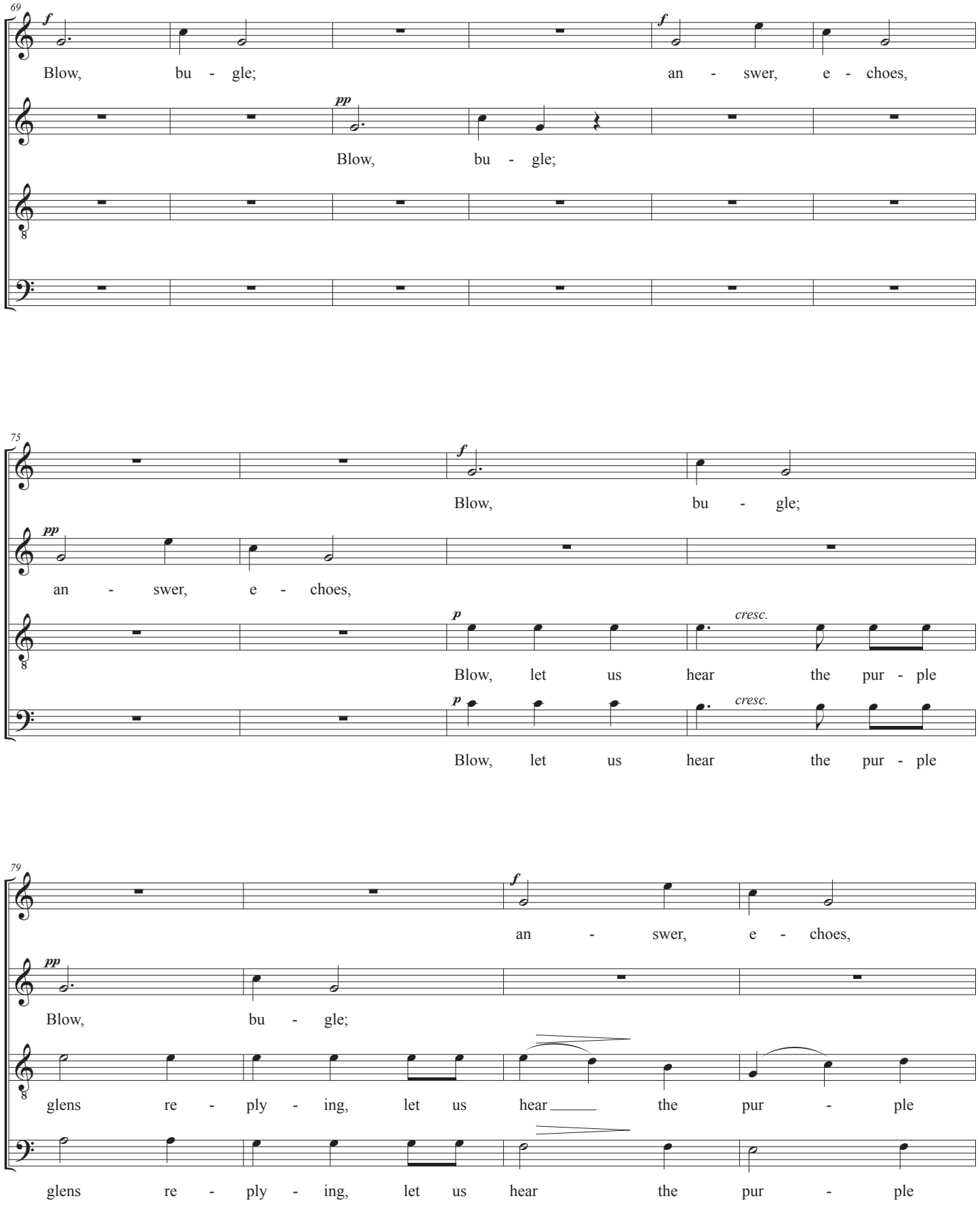
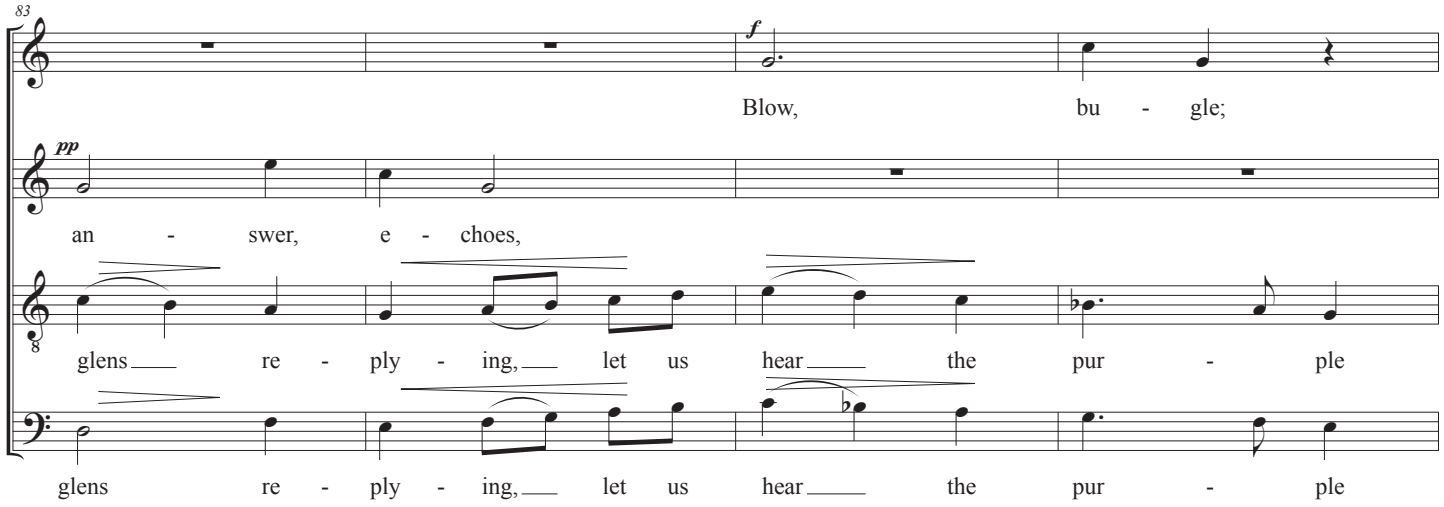
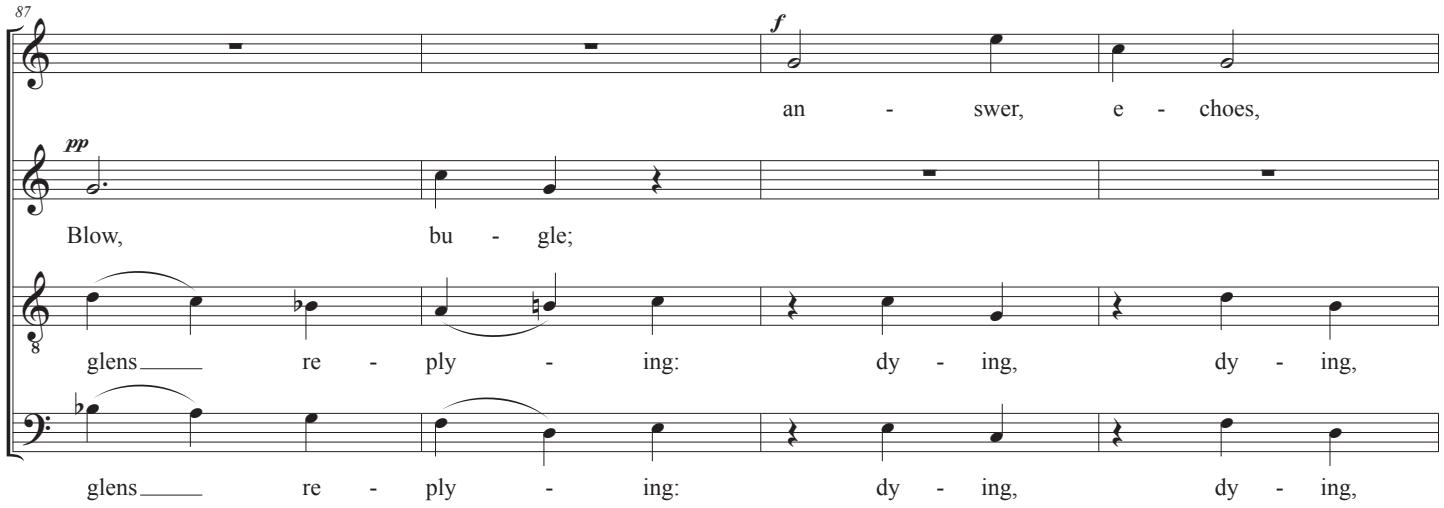
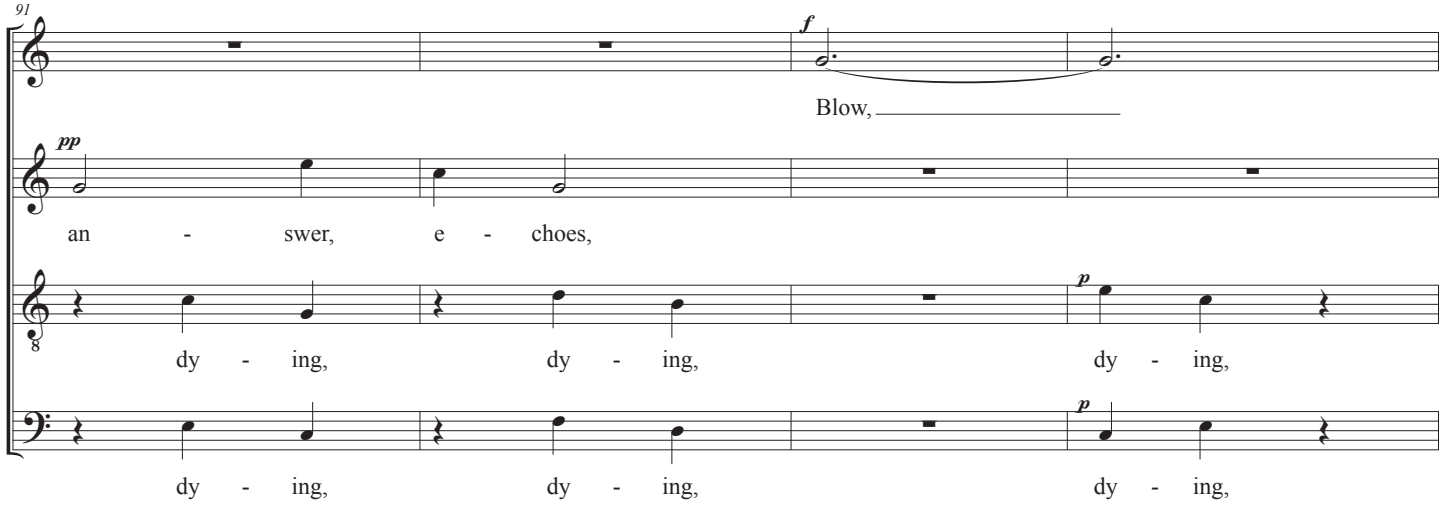



83
S
A
T
B
f
Blow, bu - gle;
pp
an - swer, e - choes,
glens re - ply - ing, let us hear the pur - ple
glens re - ply - ing, let us hear the pur - ple


87
S
A
T
B
f
an - swer, e - choes,
pp
Blow, bu - gle;
glens re - ply - ing: dy - ing, dy - ing,
glens re - ply - ing: dy - ing, dy - ing,


91
S
A
T
B
f
Blow,
pp
an - swer, e - choes,
dy - ing, dy - ing, dy - ing,
p
dy - ing, dy - ing, dy - ing,
p

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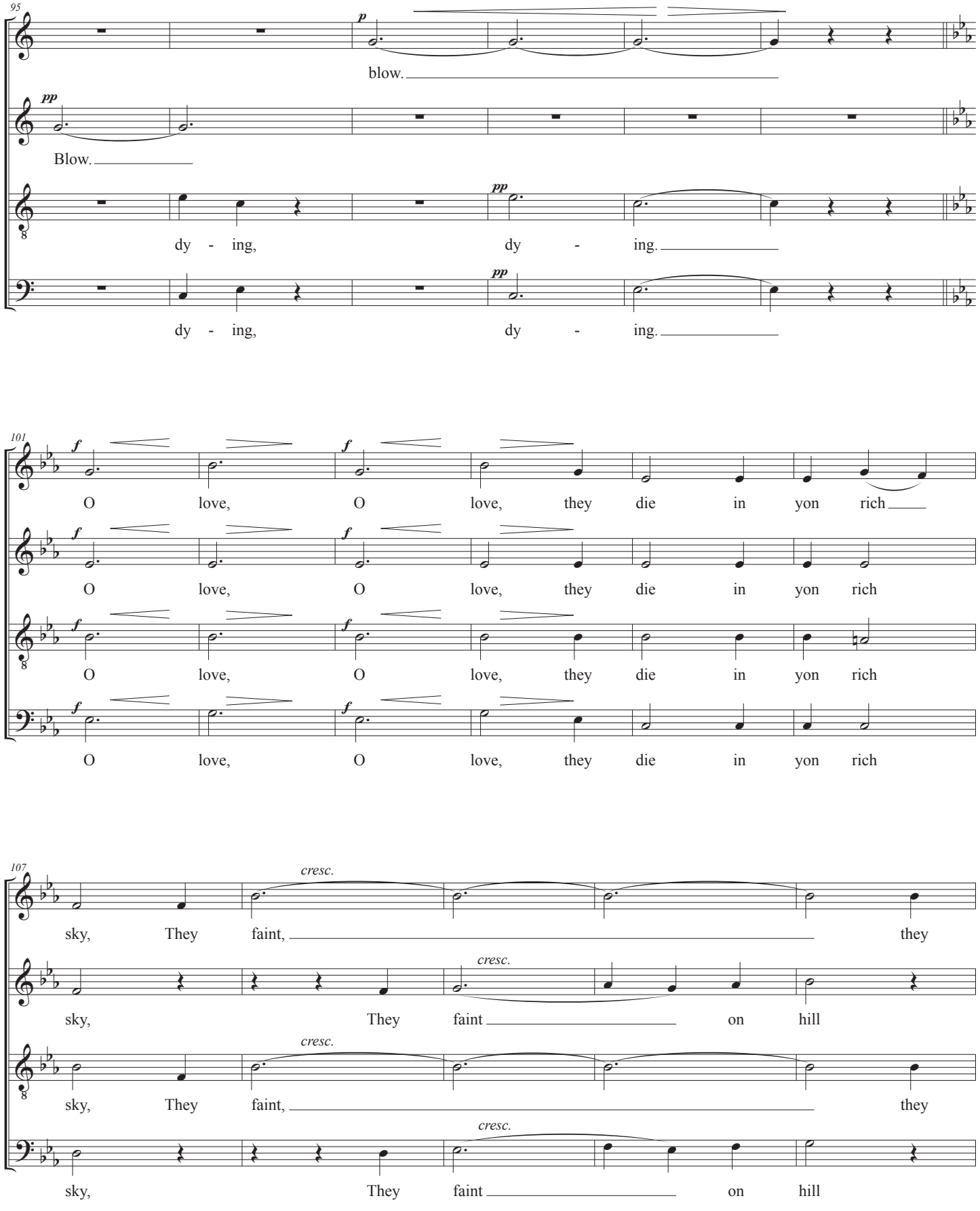
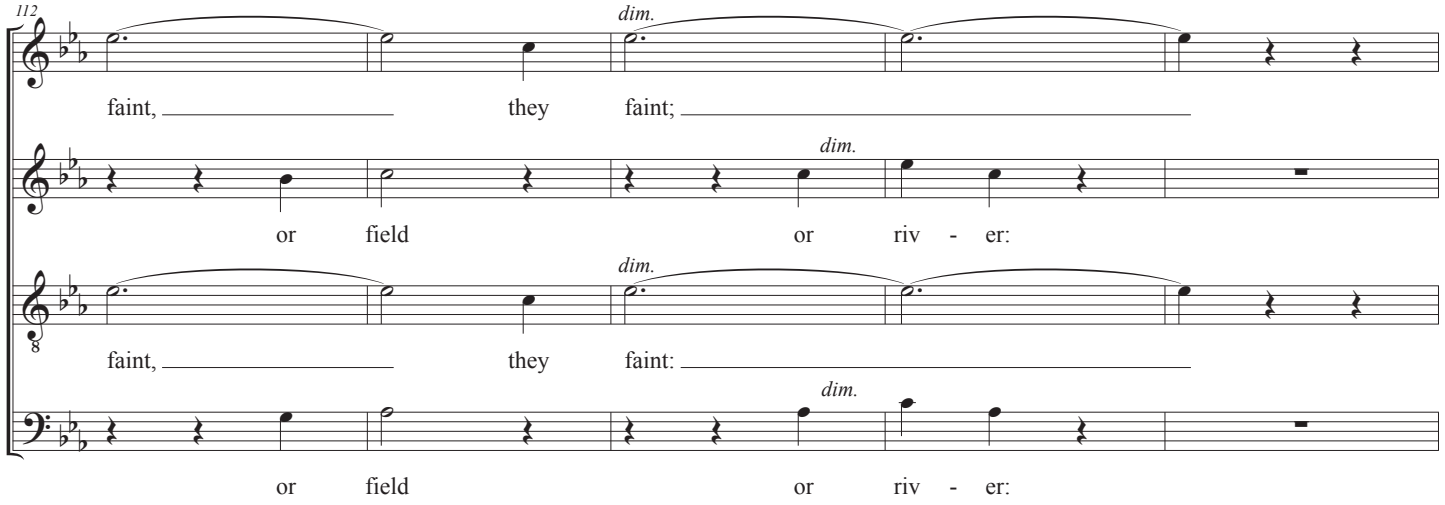
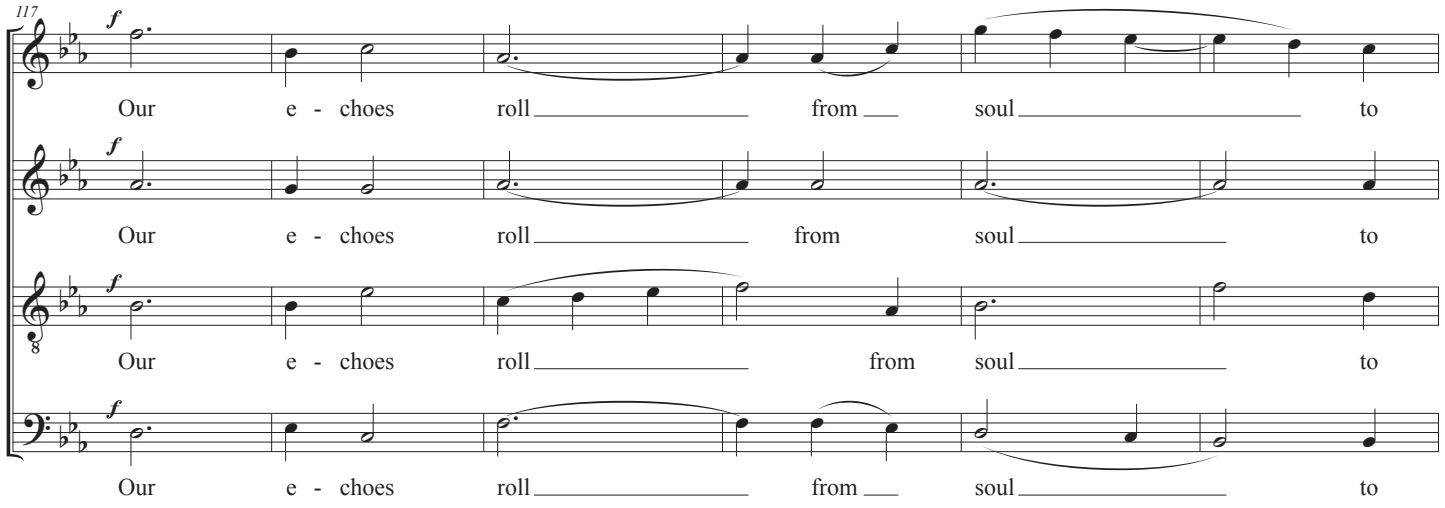
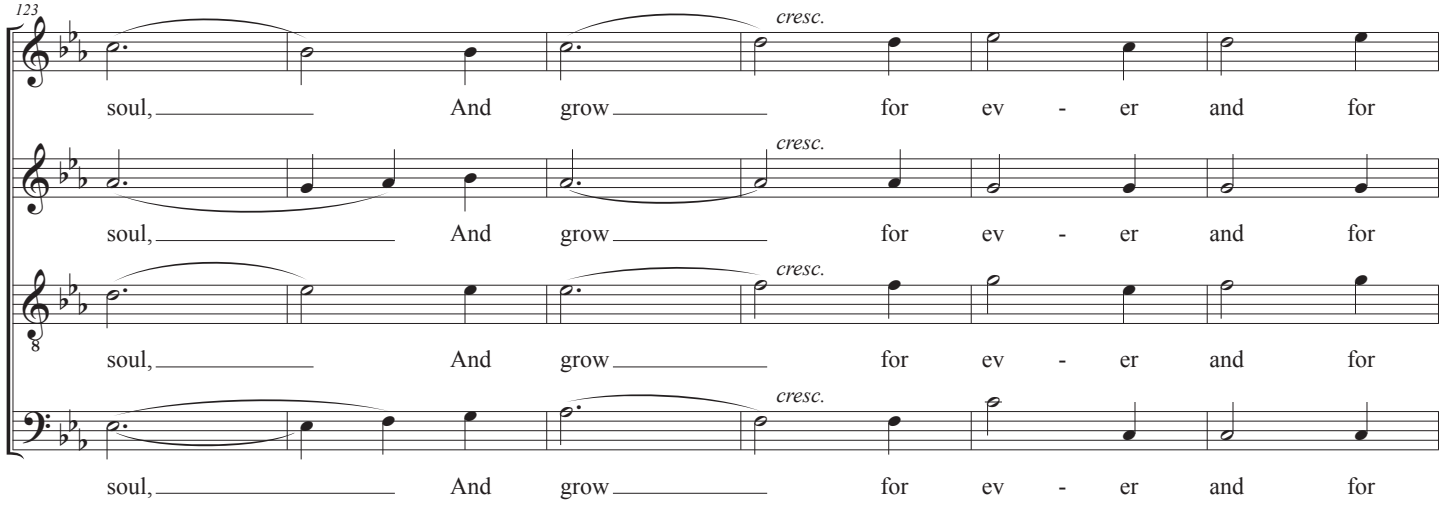



112
S
A
T
B
dim.
faint, they faint;
or field or riv - er:
faint, they faint:
or field or riv - er:


117
S
A
T
B
f
Our e - choes roll from soul to
Our e - choes roll from soul to
Our e - choes roll from soul to
Our e - choes roll from soul to


123
S
A
T
B
cresc.
soul, And grow for ev - er and for
soul, And grow for ev - er and for
soul, And grow for ev - er and for
soul, And grow for ev - er and for

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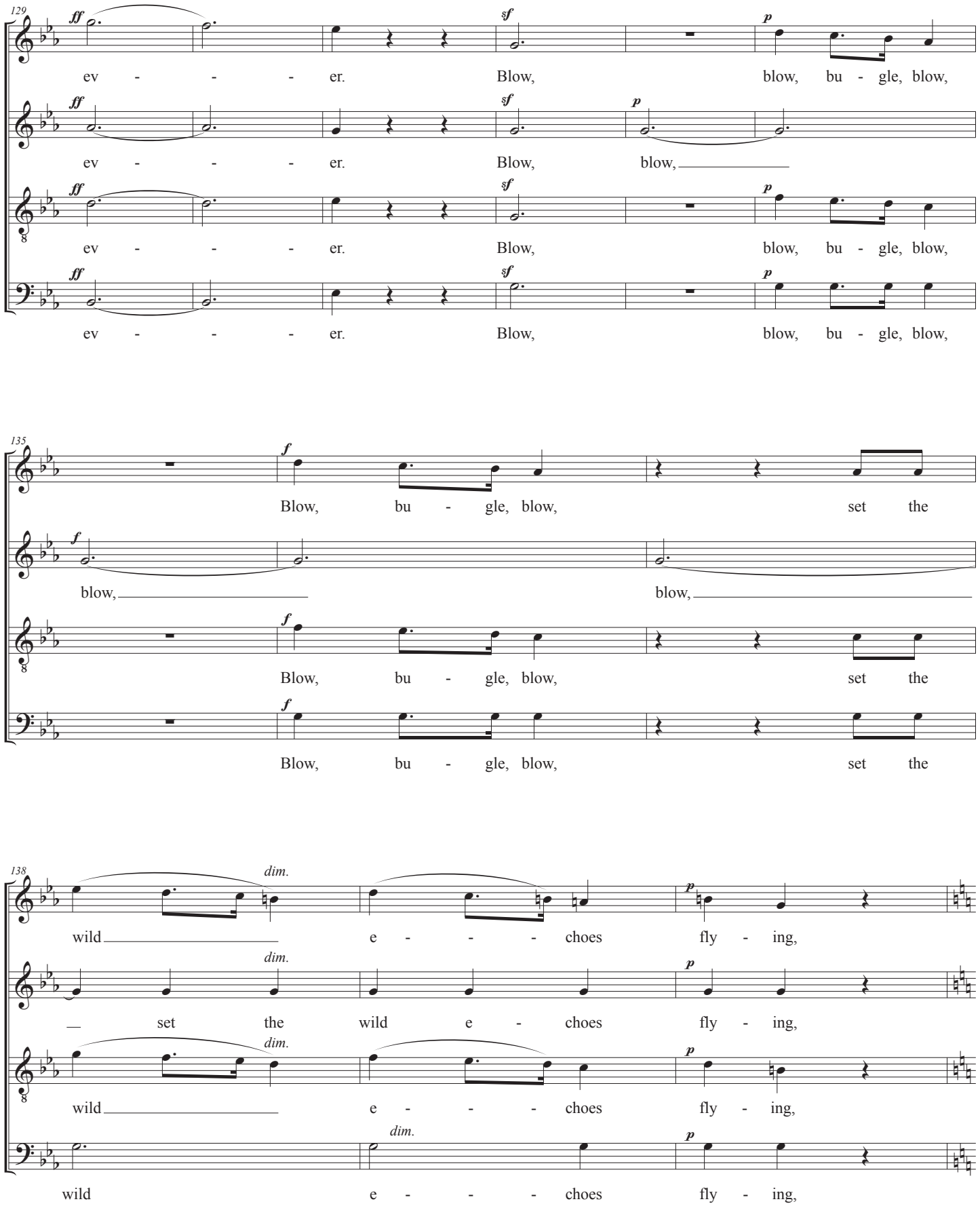

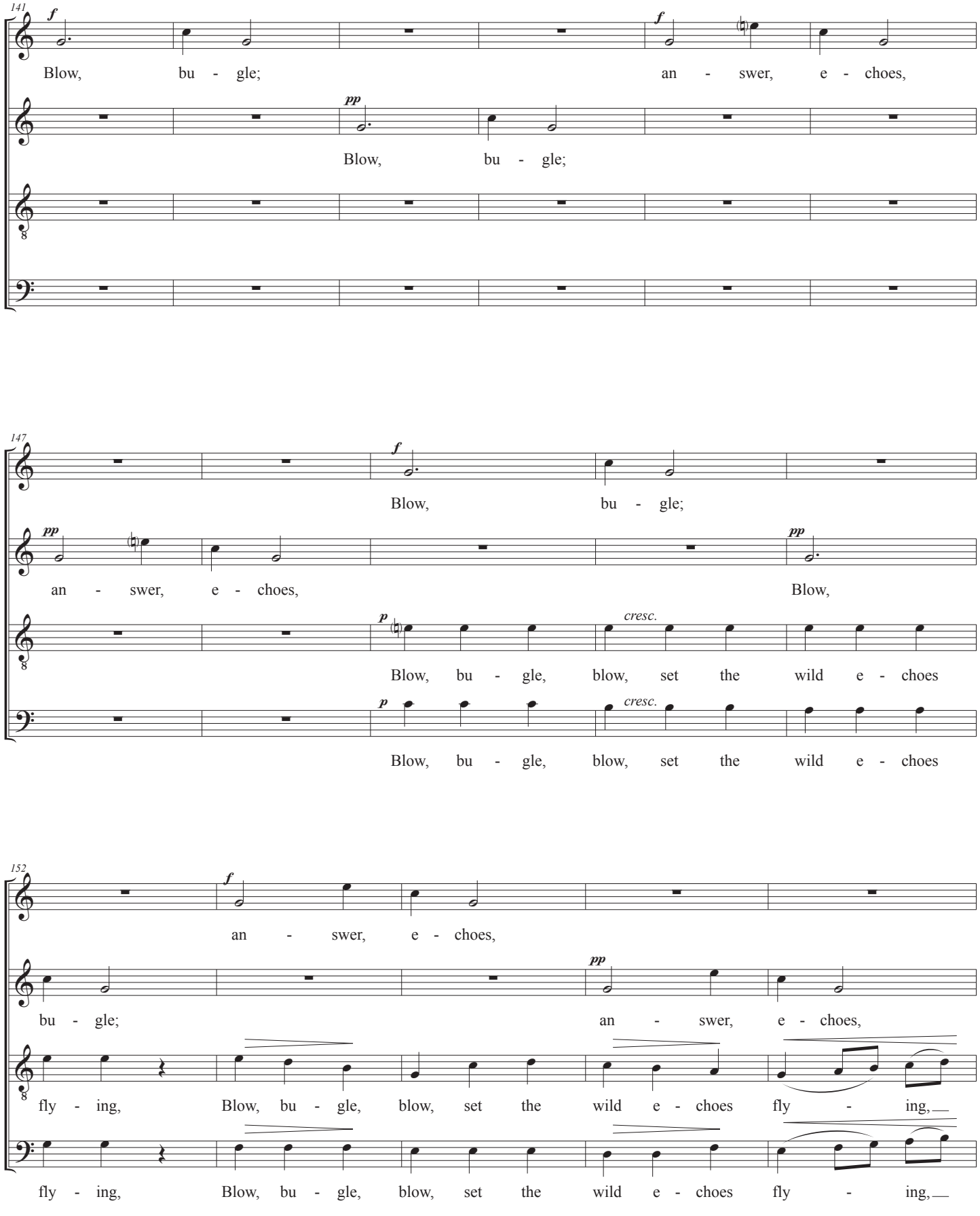
141
S
A
T
B
f
pp
Blow, bu - gle; an - swer, e - choes,
Blow, bu - gle;
147
f
pp
p
cresc.
Blow, bu - gle;
an - swer, e - choes,
Blow, bu - gle, blow, set the wild e - choes
Blow, bu - gle, blow, set the wild e - choes
152
f
pp
an - swer, e - choes,
bu - gle; an - swer, e - choes,
fly - ing, Blow, bu - gle, blow, set the wild e - choes fly - ing,
fly - ing, Blow, bu - gle, blow, set the wild e - choes fly - ing,

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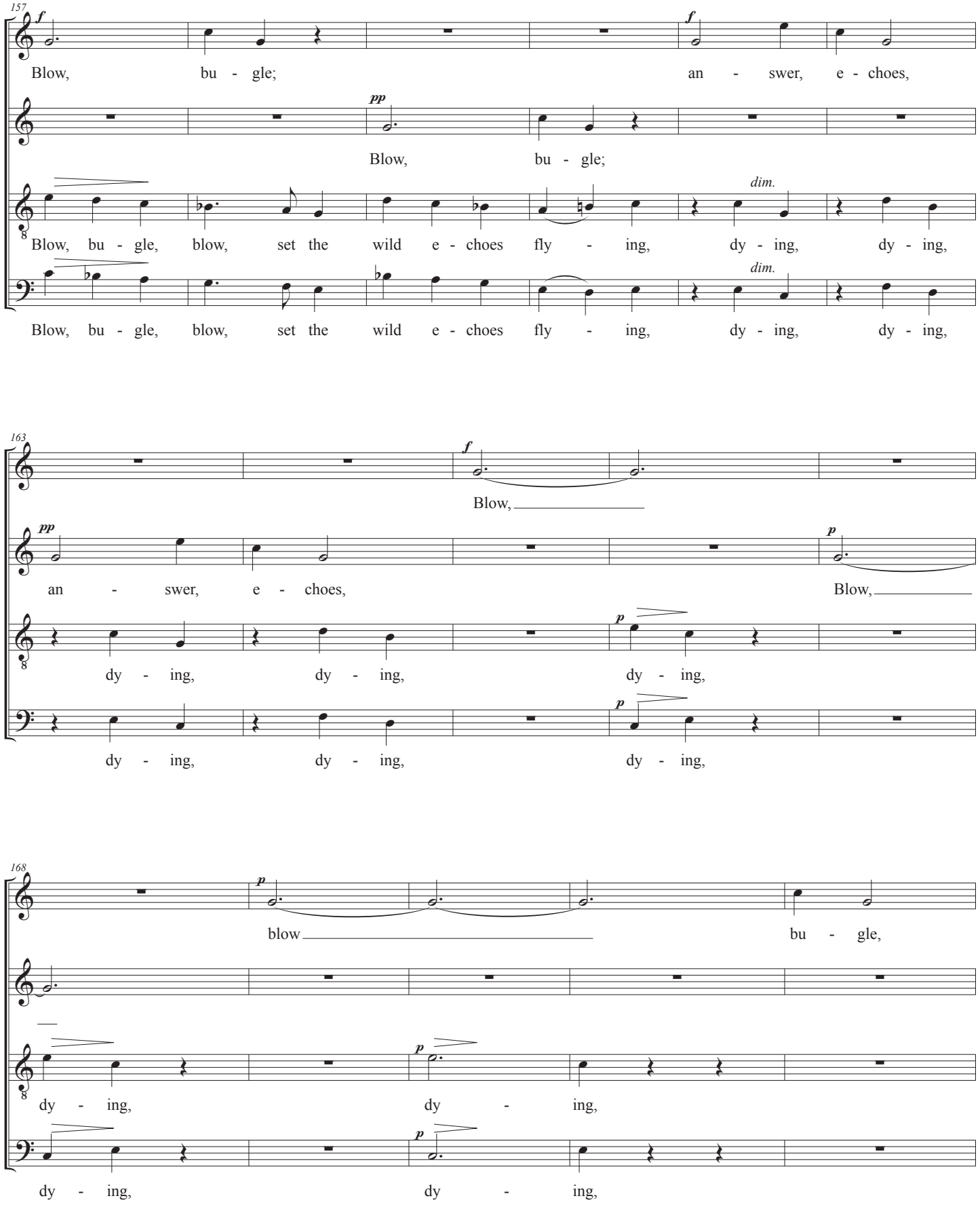

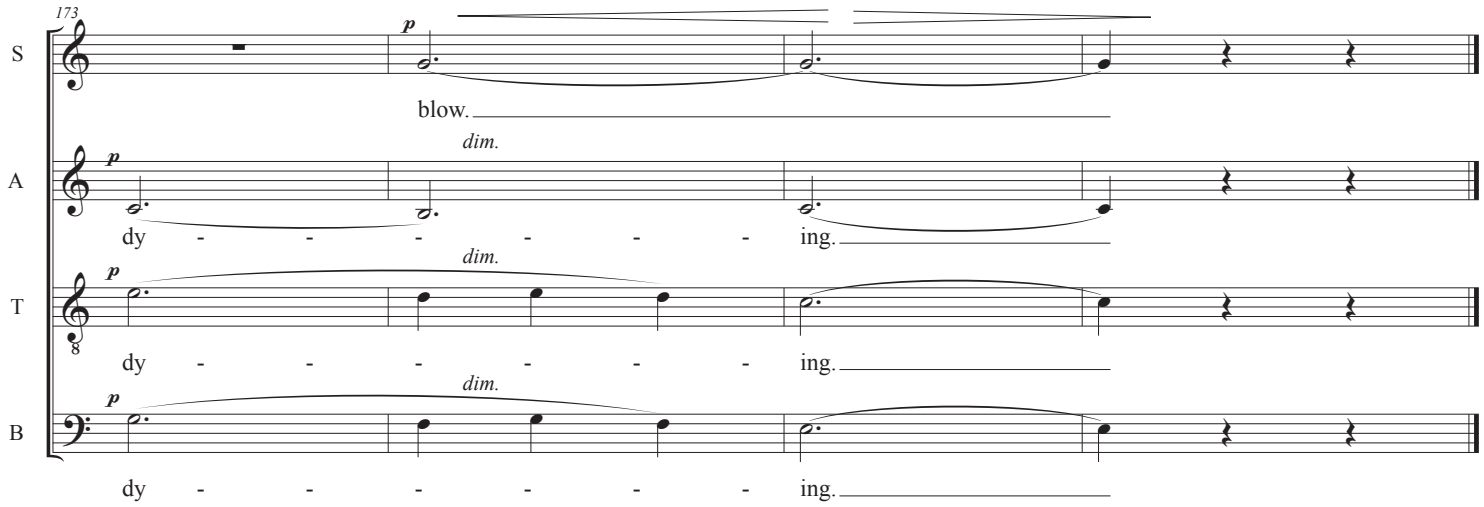

Novello, Ewer and Co.
(1860-1885)

Sir George Alexander Macfarren (1813-1887) was born in London. From early youth, he suffered from poor health and weak eyesight. His eyesight continually deteriorated until he became totally blind in 1860. However, his blindness had little effect on his productivity. Macfarren began to study music when he was fourteen and, at sixteen, entered the Royal Academy of Music. Because of his eyesight, he abandoned performance and concentrated on composition. He later taught at the Academy, eventually becoming a principal. He was also appointed professor of music at Cambridge University in 1875. He was conductor at Covent Garden, London; founder the Handel Society; program note writer for the Philharmonic Society; and edited the works of Handel and Purcell. He wrote 18 operas, 13 oratorios and cantatas, 9 symphonies, and 162 songs. He was active as writer of part-songs, literature for the many amateur choirs appearing throughout the country. He was knighted in 1883 on the same day as Arthur Sullivan and George Grove. His brother Walter Macfarren (1826-1905) was a pianist, composer and professor of the Royal Academy.

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.
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 Elf-land 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, answer, dying, dying, dying.

from “The Princess”
Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809-1892)

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