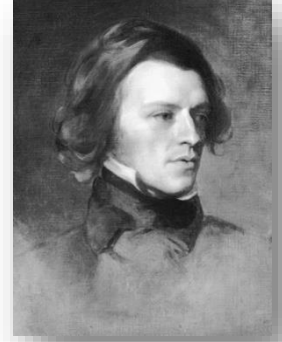


ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

1809-1892



Break, Break, Break

Break, break, break,

On thy cold grey stones, O Sea!

And I would that my tongue could utter

The thoughts that arise in me.

- 5 O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on

- 10 To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,

At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!

- 15 But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

1834/1842

