

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Break, Break, Break

Break, break, break,
on thy cold gray stones, O Sea!

*And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.*

*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
To their haven under the hill;*

*But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!*

*Break, break, break
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!*