

Break, break, break

Andantino

p *cresc.* *f* *p* *cresc.*

8 Break, break, break On thy cold_ graystones, O Sea! And I

17 would that my tongue could ut-ter Th thoughts that a - rise in me. O, well for the fish-er-man's boy, That he

27 shouts with his sis-ter at play! And well for the sai - lor lad that he sings in his boat on the bay! And the

37 state - ly ships go on To their ha - ven un-der the hill, But O for the touch of a van - ished

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hand, And the sound of a voice that is still! Break, break, break! At the foot of they crags, O

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Sea! But the ten - der grace of a day that is dead will ne-ver come back to me.