

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

(1833) *Break, break, break* by Alfred Tennyson from the collection *Poems*
(*from the second- volume edition*) published in 1842.

<http://www.online-literature.com/tennyson/709/>