

Break, Break, Break

By Alfred, Lord Tennyson

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

n/a



Alfred, Lord Tennyson was born one of 12 children to a wealthy family in Lincolnshire, England. With poems such as *In Memoriam*, an elegy for a friend, and *Idylls of the King*, a long narrative, Tennyson became the most popular English poet of his time. Queen Victoria made him Poet Laureate in 1850. He is buried in Westminster Abbey.

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