Break, Break, Break

BY [ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON](http://www.poetryfoundation.org/bio/alfred-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.

Crossing the Bar

BY [ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON](http://www.poetryfoundation.org/bio/alfred-tennyson)

Sunset and evening star,

      And one clear call for me!

And may there be no moaning of the bar,

      When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,

      Too full for sound and foam,

When that which drew from out the boundless

deep

      Turns again home.

 Twilight and evening bell,

      And after that the dark!

And may there be no sadness of farewell,

      When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place

      The flood may bear me far,

I hope to see my Pilot face to face

      When I have crossed the bar.