

**Break Break Break**

Literature /1<sup>st</sup> year classes

Lect.Asmaa.Mukaram.Saeed

## Break, Break, Break

Alfred Lord Tennyson, 1809 - 1892

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 vanished 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.





A vibrant, close-up photograph of a bouquet of flowers. The bouquet includes purple and yellow daisies and orange-red gerberas. The text "THANK YOU" is overlaid in the center in a bold, blue, sans-serif font with a white outline.

**THANK YOU**