"Break, break, break."

"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.

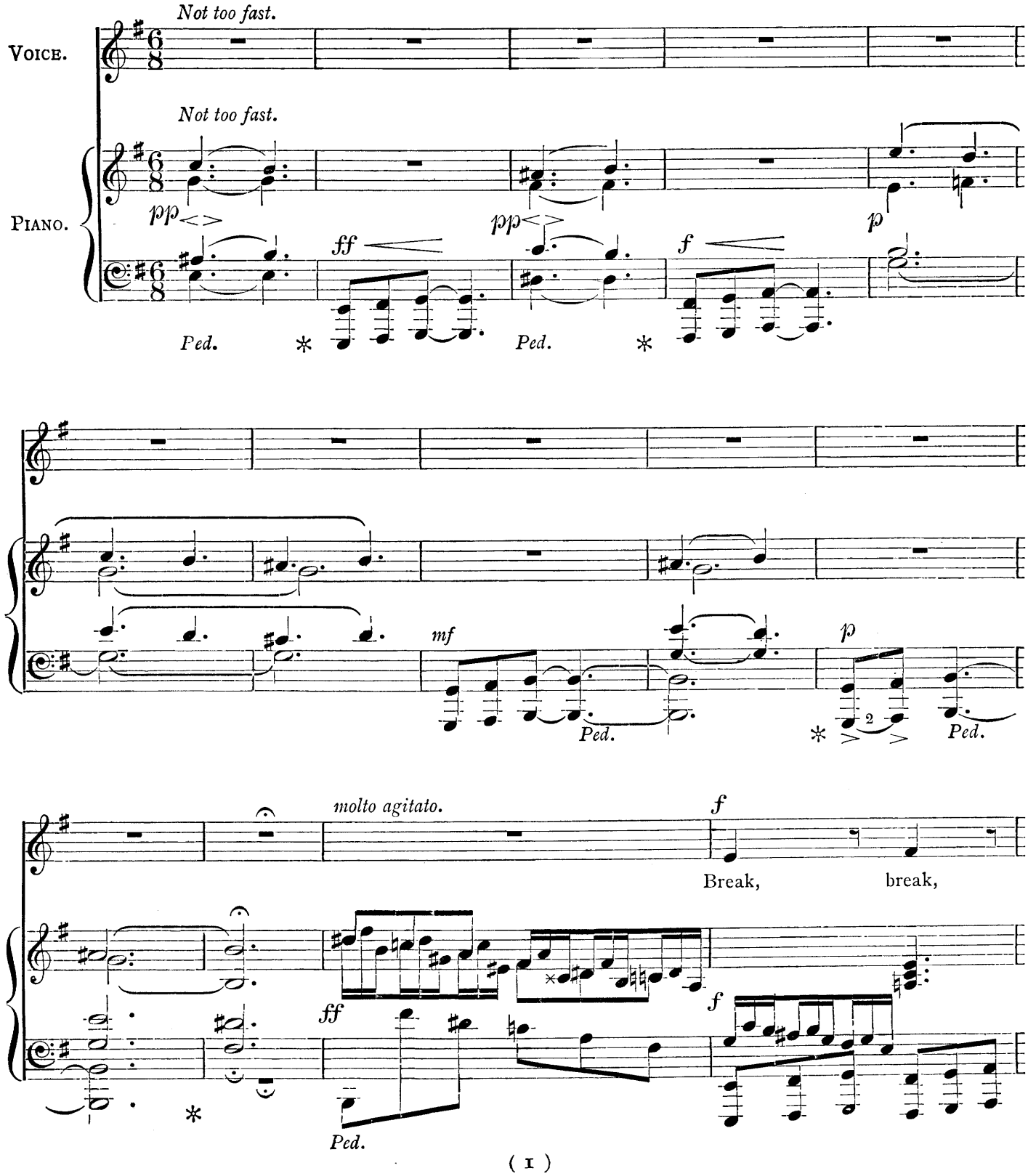
Oh, well for the fisherman's boy
  That he shouts with his sister at play!
Oh, well for the sailor lad
  That he sings in his boat on the bay!

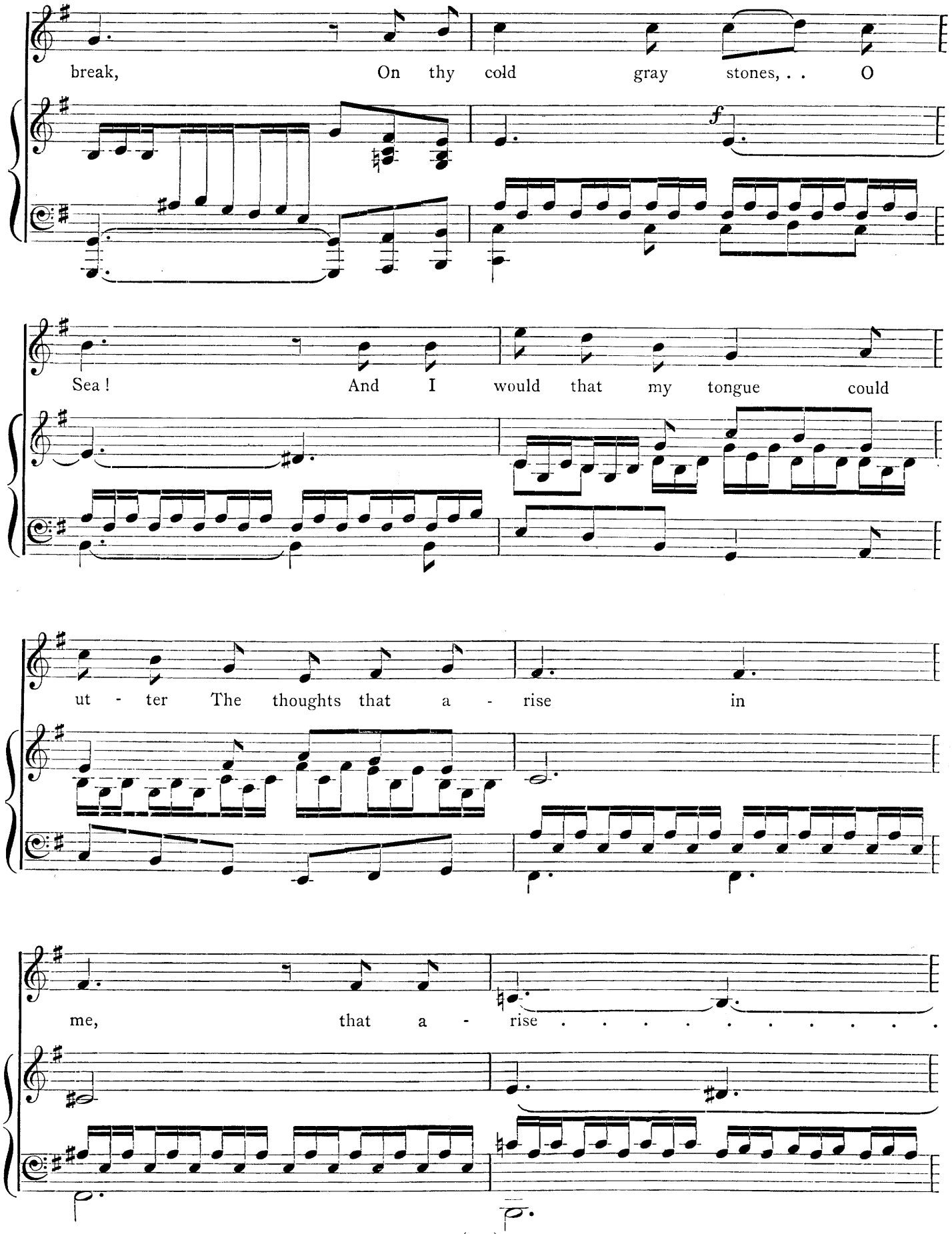
And the stately ships go on
  To their haven under the hill;
But oh for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
  And the sound of a voice that is still!

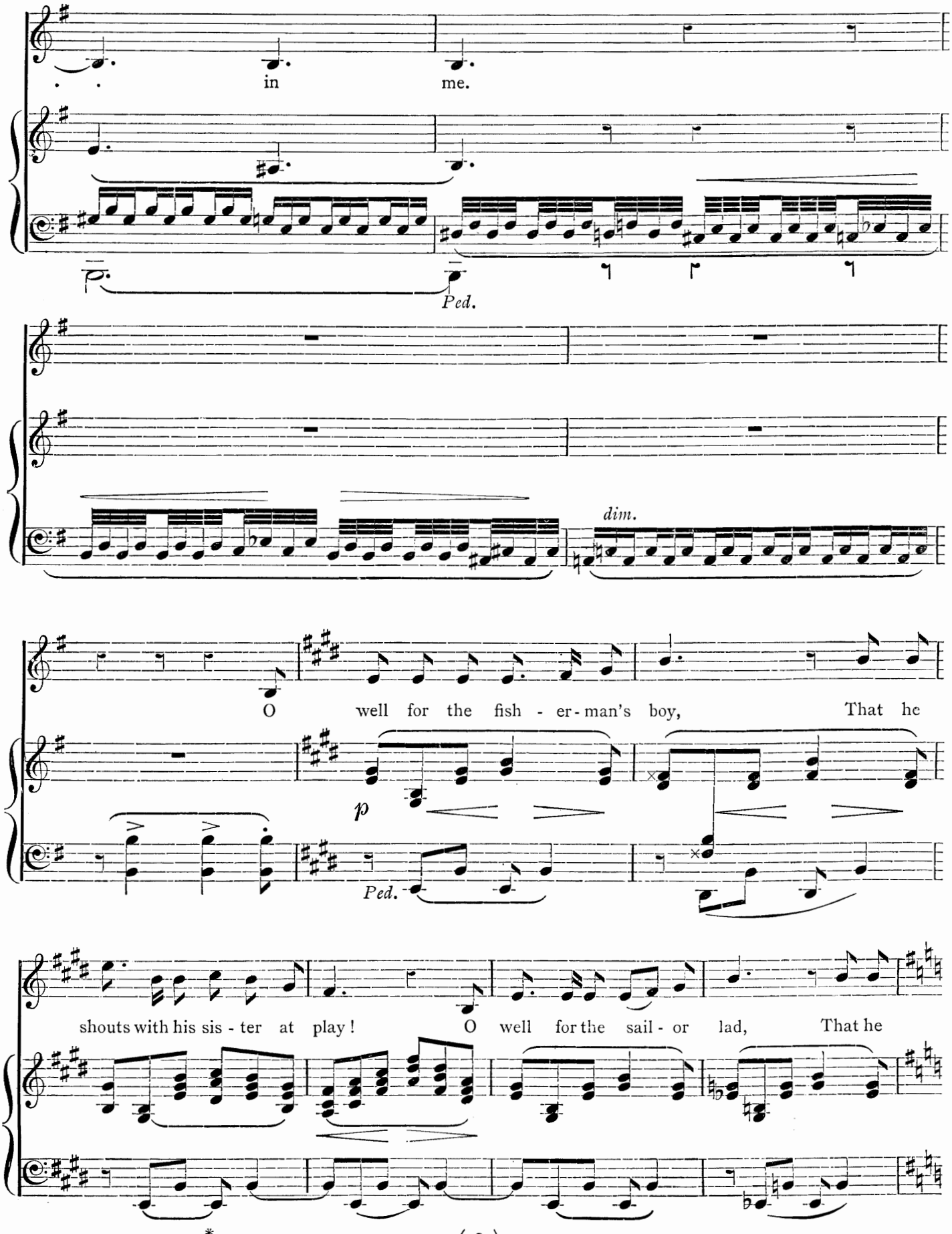
Break, break, break,
  At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
  Will never come back to me.

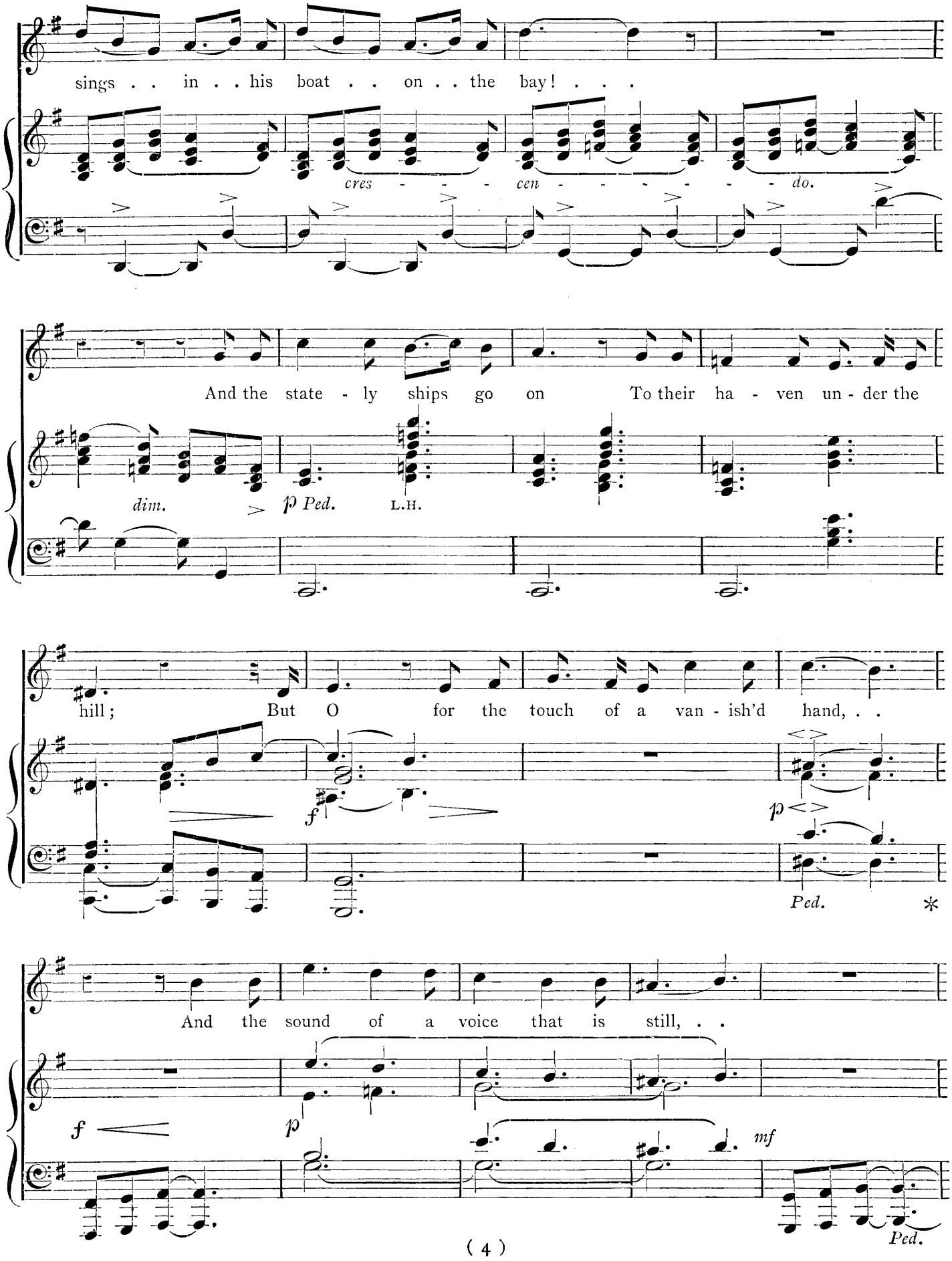
BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

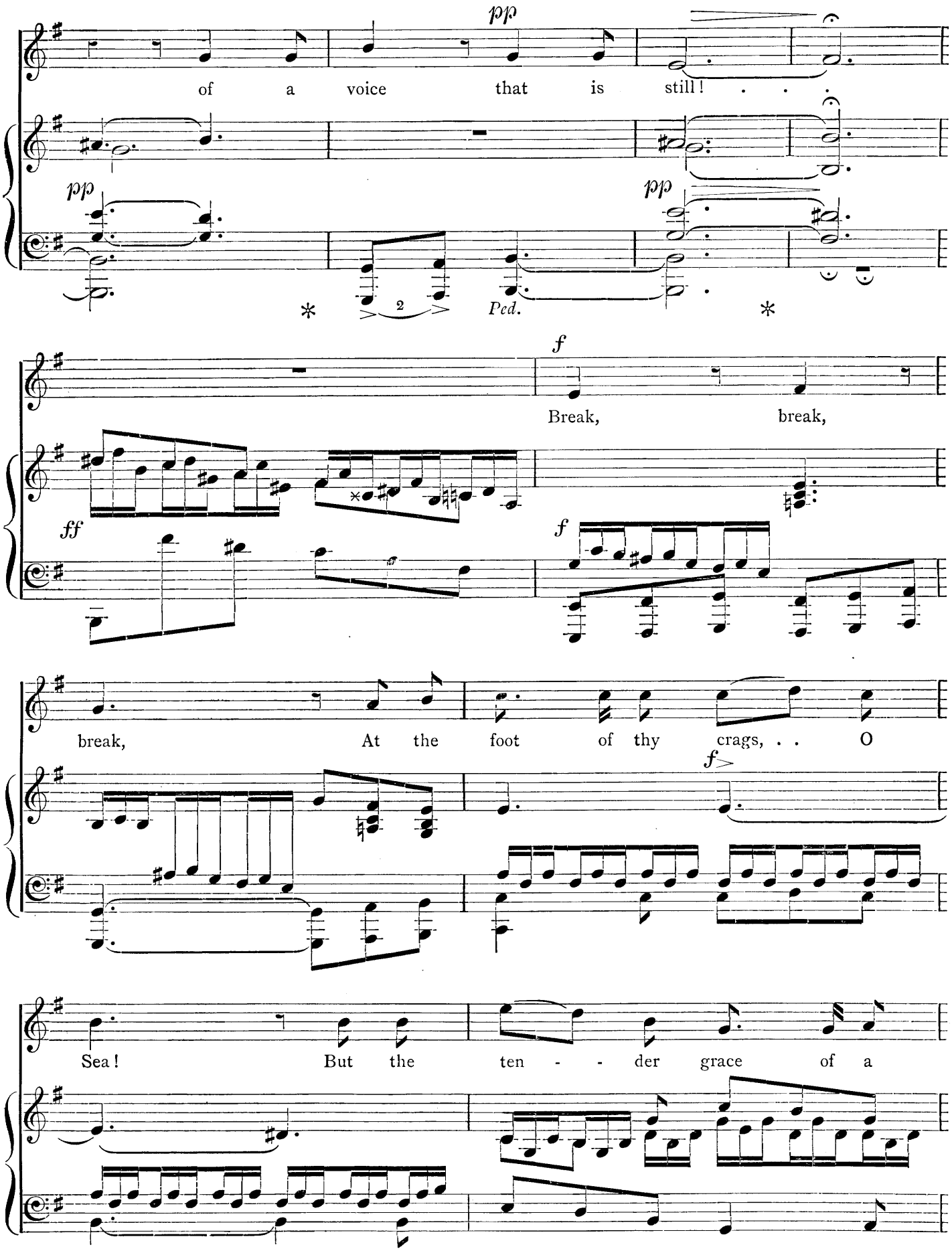
GEORG HENSCHEL.




break, On thy cold gray stones, . . O
f
Sea ! And I would that my tongue could
ut - ter The thoughts that a - rise in
me, that a - rise . . . . . .


in me.
Ped.
dim.
O well for the fish - er-man's boy, That he
p
Ped.
shouts with his sis - ter at play! O well for the sail - or lad, That he


sings . . in . . his boat . . on . . the bay! . . .
cres - - - - cen - - - - - - - - do.
And the state - ly ships go on To their ha - ven un - der the
dim.
p Ped.
L.H.
hill; But O for the touch of a van - ish'd hand, . .
f
p
Ped.
*
And the sound of a voice that is still, . .
f
p
mf
Ped.


pp
of a voice that is still! . . .
pp
pp
Ped.
f
Break, break,
ff
f
break, At the foot of thy crags, . . O
f>
Sea! But the ten - - der grace of a

day that is dead . . Will nev - er come back to

cres - - - - -

me, will nev - er come back . . to me. . .

ritard.

ritard.

p

colla voce.

- - - - - *cen* - - - *do.*

Ped. *

p

pp

Ped. *

pp

Ped. *