

Break, break, break

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Frederick Septimus Kelly

Allegro maestoso ma non troppo

Sempre legato

cresc. *dim.*

6 *p*

Break, break, break, on thy cold grey stones, O

10

Sea! And I would that my tongue could ut - ter the

13 *Poco a poco cresc.*

thoughts that a - rise in me. O

15

well for the fi-she-man's boy — that he shouts with his sis - ter at play! O *cresc.*

19

well for the sai - lor lad — that he sings in his boat on the bay! And the *f*

23

state - ly ships go — on to their ha - ven un - der the hill: But *cresc.*

27

O for the touch of a va-nish'd hand, And the sound of a voice that is still! *f*

31

ff

Break, break, break, At the

35

p

poco rit.

foot of thy crags, O Sea! But the ten - der grace of a day that is dead, will

39

piangendo

poco rit.

ne-ver come back to me.