

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.

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

vanished hand,

And the sound of a voice that

is still!

Break, break, break,

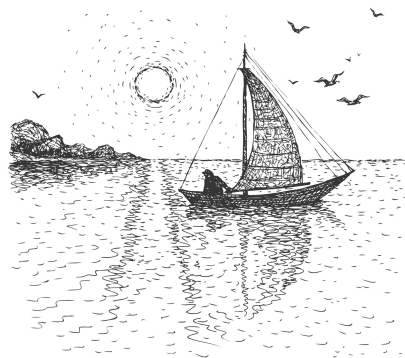
At the foot of thy crags, O

sea!

But the tender grace of a day

that is dead

Will never come back to me.



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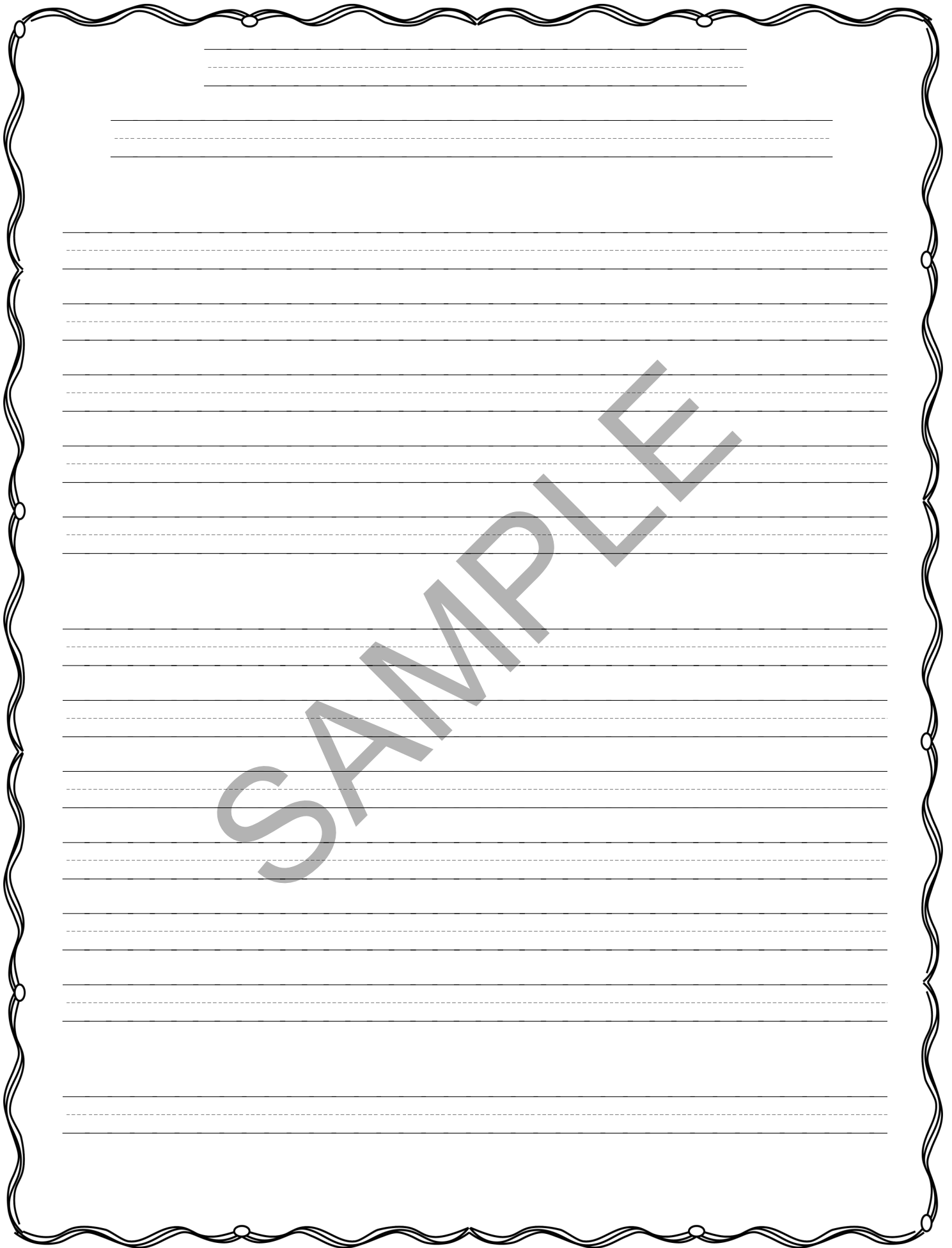
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Handwriting practice lines (top section) consisting of a solid top line, a dashed middle line, and a solid bottom line.

Handwriting practice lines (second section) consisting of a solid top line, a dashed middle line, and a solid bottom line.

Main body of handwriting practice lines, each consisting of a solid top line, a dashed middle line, and a solid bottom line.

SAMPLE

SAMPLE

