

## *Ulysses - a poem by Alfred Lord Tennyson*

*The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep Moans round with many voices.*

*Come, my friends, 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.*

*Push off, and sitting well in order smite The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds*

*To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths Of all the western stars, until I die.*

*It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:*

*It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles, And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.*

*Though much is taken, much abides; and though We are not now that strength which*

*in the old days Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are, One equal*

*temper of heroic hearts, Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will To strive,*

*to seek, to find, and not to yield.*

