

**An excerpt from *Ulysses*, by Alfred Lord Tennyson**

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:  
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,  
Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought with me —  
That ever with a frolic welcome took  
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed  
Free hearts, free foreheads — you and I are old;  
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil;  
Death closes all: but something ere the end,  
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,  
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.

The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:  
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 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.