## THE TIDE RISES, THE TIDE FALLS HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW



The tide rises, the tide falls,	
The twilight darkens, the curlew calls;	
Along the sea-sands damp and brown	
The traveler hastens toward the town,	
And the tide rises, the tide falls.	
Darkness settles on roofs and walls,	
But the sea, the sea in darkness calls;	
The little waves, with their soft, white hands	
Efface the footprints in the sands,	
And the tide rises, the tide falls.	
The morning breaks; the steeds in their stalls	
Stamp and neigh, as the hostler calls;	
The day returns, but nevermore	
Returns the traveler to the shore.	
And the tide rises, the tide falls.	