

THE EAGLE

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Table of Contents

<u>THE EAGLE</u>	1
<u>ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON</u>	2

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He clasps the crag with crooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.