THE WORKS OF ALFRED LORD TENNYSON. IN TEN VOLUMES. VOL. V

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The Works of Alfred Lord Tennyson. In Ten Volumes. Vol. V by Alfred Tennyson

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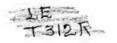
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ENOCH ARDEN.

ENOCH ARDEN.

LONG lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm, And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands; Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf In cluster; then a moulder'd church; and higher A long street climbs to one tall-tower'd mill; And high in heaven behind it a gray down With Danish barrows; and a hazelwood, By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes Green in a cuplike hollow of the down.

Here on this beach a hundred years ago, Three children of three houses, Annie Lee, The prettiest little damsel in the port, And Philip Ray the miller's only son, And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad 3

³

ENOCH ARDEN.

Made orphan by a winter shipwreck, play'd Among the waste and lumber of the shore, Hard coils of cordage, swarthy fishing-nets, Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats updrawn; And built their castles of discolving sand To watch them overflow'd, or following up And flying the white breaker, daily left The little footprint daily wash'd away.

A narrow cave ran in bencath the cliff: In this the children play'd at keeping house. Enoch was host one day, Philip the next, While Annie still was mistress; but at times Enoch would hold possession for a week: 'This is my house and this my little wife.' 'Mine too' said Philip 'turn and turn about:' When, if they quarrell'd, Enoch stronger-made Was master: then would Philip, his blue eyes All flooded with the helpless wrath of tears, Shriek out 'I hate you, Enoch,' and at this The fittle wife would weep for company,

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