

**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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OF  
ALFRED LORD TENNYSON  
IN TEN VOLUMES  
VOLUME V

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THE WORKS OF  
ALFRED

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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

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 dissolving 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 beneath 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 little wife would weep for company,