

**ENOCH
ARDEN, ETC**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649541553

Enoch Arden, Etc by Alfred Tennyson

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ALFRED TENNYSON

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ARDEN, ETC**

ENOCH ARDEN

ETC.

By ALFRED TENNYSON, D.C.L.

POET LAUREATE



STRAHAN AND CO., PUBLISHERS

56 LUDGATE HILL, LONDON

1869

LONDON:
BRADLEY, EVANS, AND Co., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.



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ENOCH ARDEN.

3
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,
And pray them not to quarrel for her sake,
And say she would be little wife to both.

But when the dawn of rosy childhood past,
And the new warmth of life's ascending sun
Was felt by either, either first his heart
On that one girl ; and Enoch spoke his love,
But Philip loved in silence ; and the girl
Seem'd kinder unto Philip than to him ;
But she loved Enoch ; tho' she knew it not,
And would if ask'd deny it. Enoch set
A purpose evermore before his eyes,
To hoard all savings to the uttermost,
To purchase his own boat, and make a home
For Annie : and so prosper'd that at last
A luckier or a bolder fisherman,