

ENOCH ARDEN

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Enoch Arden by Alfred Tennyson

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ALFRED TENNYSON

ENOCH ARDEN

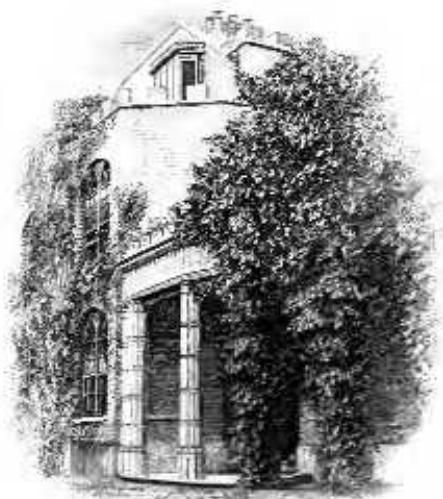


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ENOCH ARDEN

BY

ALFRED TENNYSON, D. C. L.
Poet-Laureate.



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BOSTON
TICKNOR AND FIELDS
1865

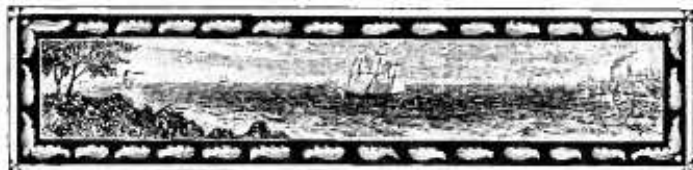
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For

12/20

It is my wish that with MESSRS. TICKNOR AND
FIELDS alone the right of publishing my books in
America should rest.

ALFRED TENNYSON.



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.

ENOCH ARDEN.

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