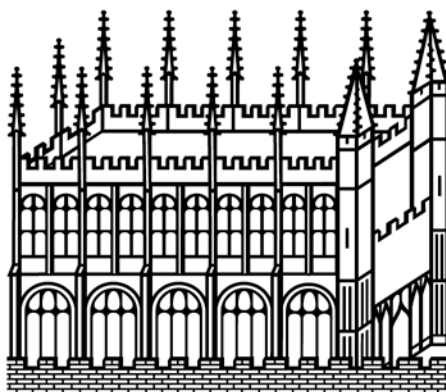




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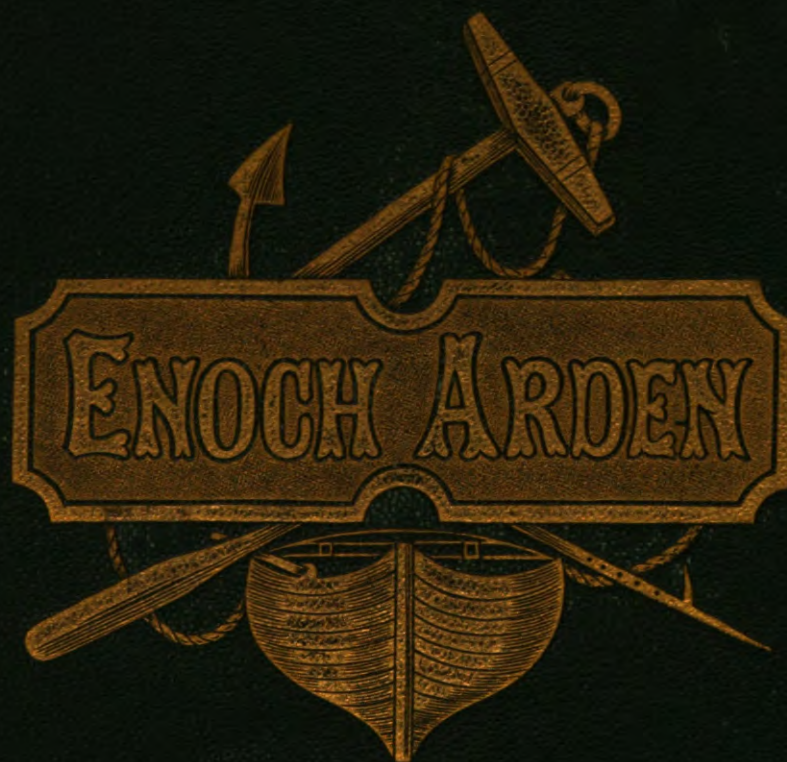
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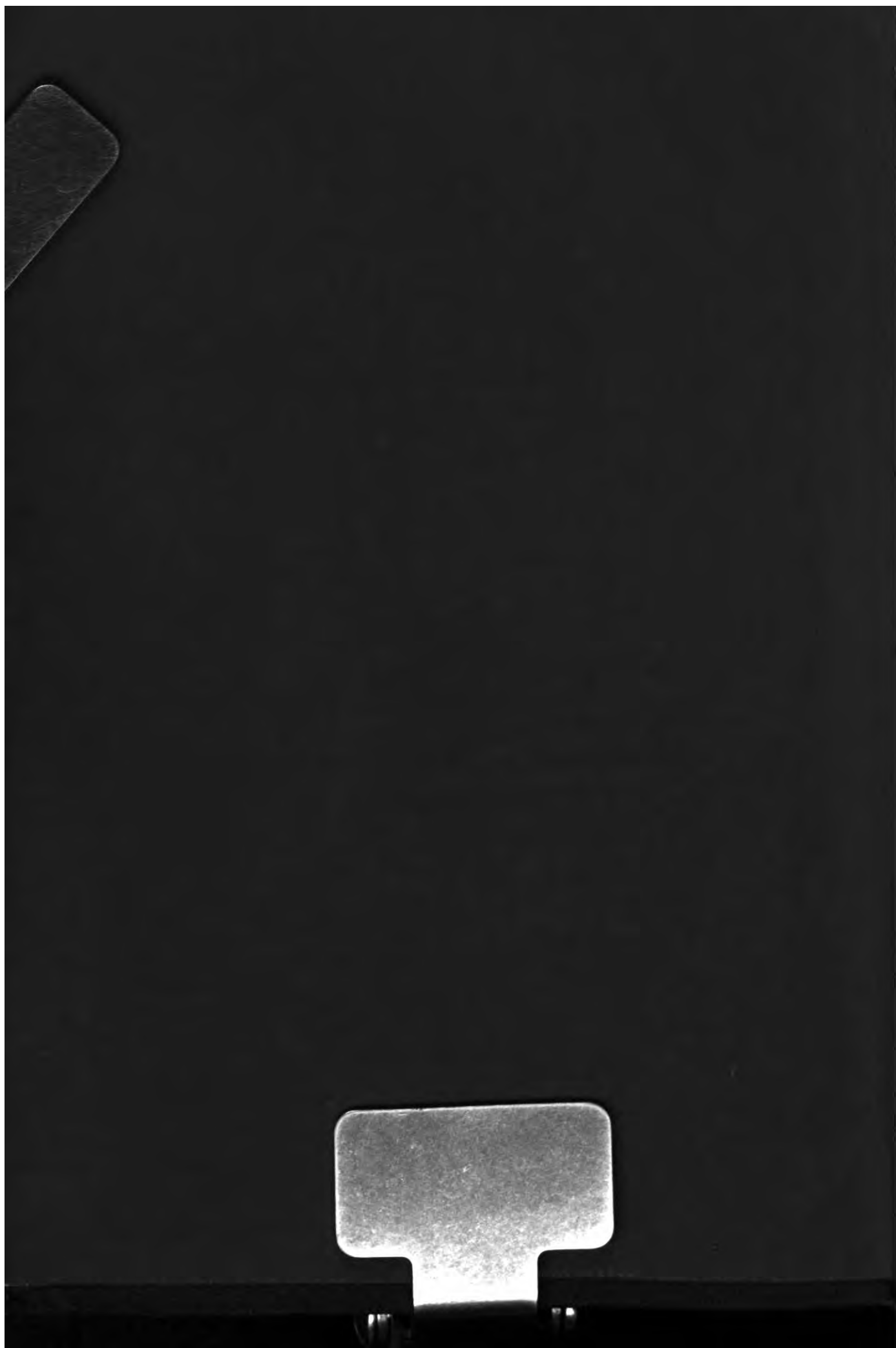
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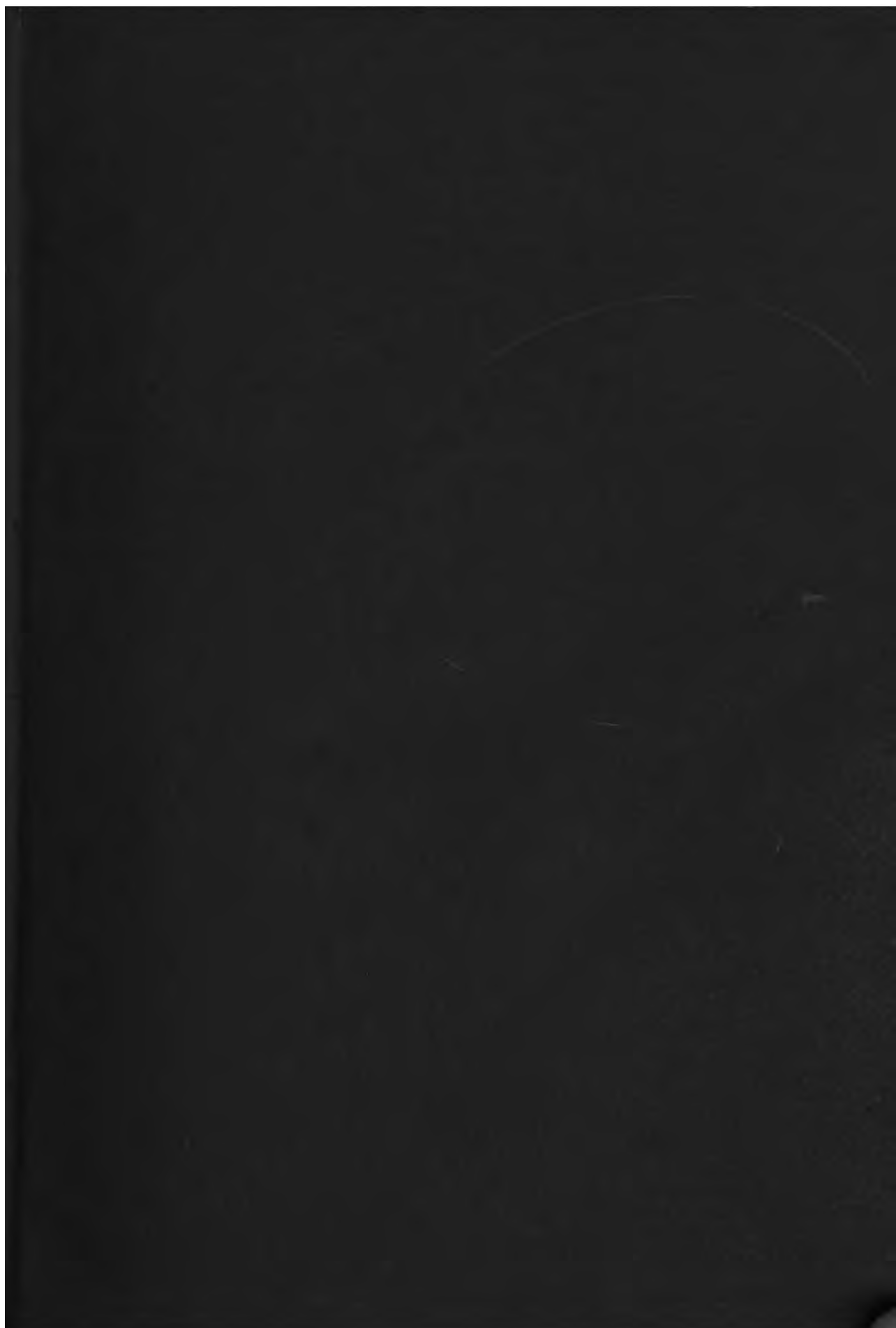
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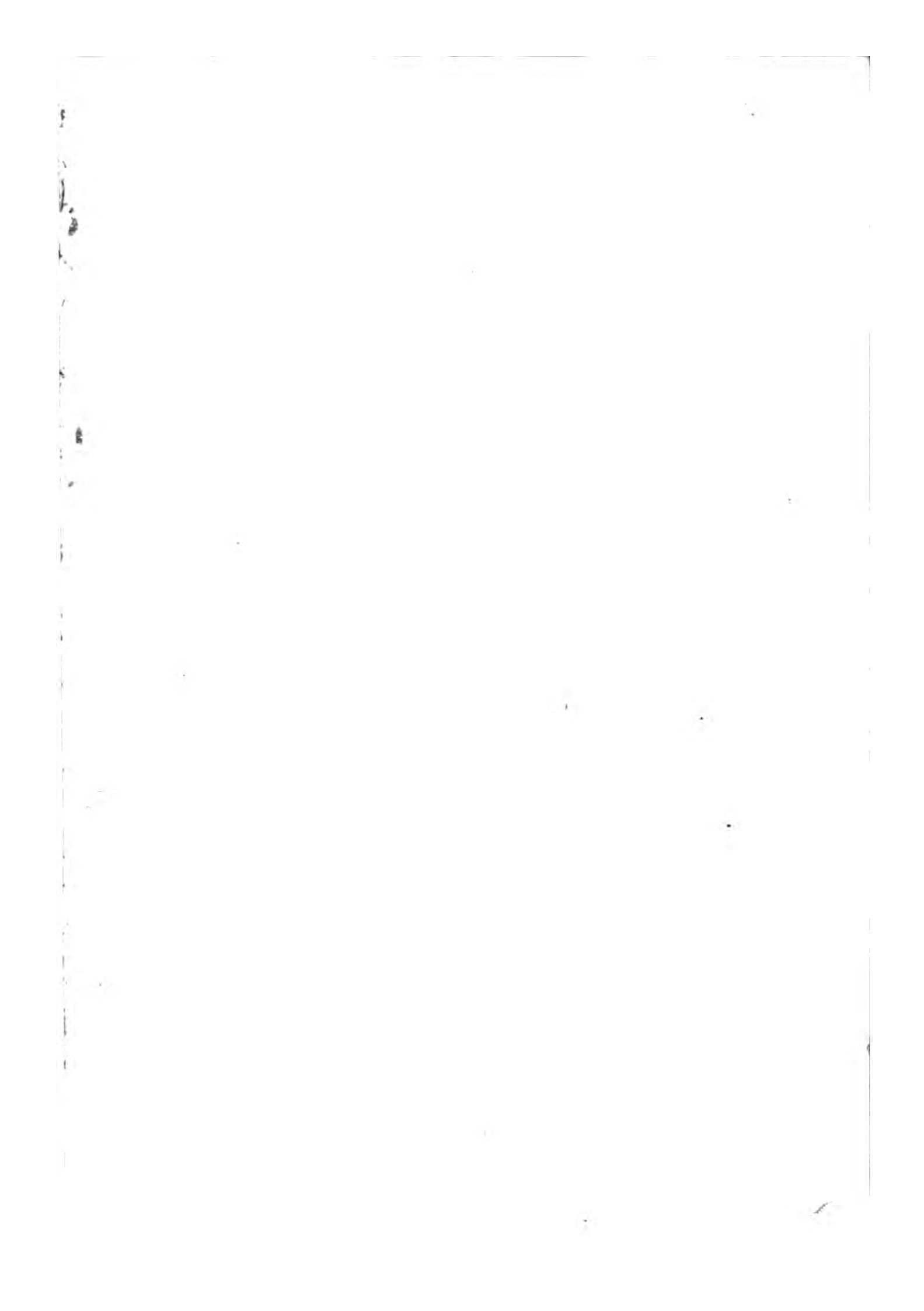


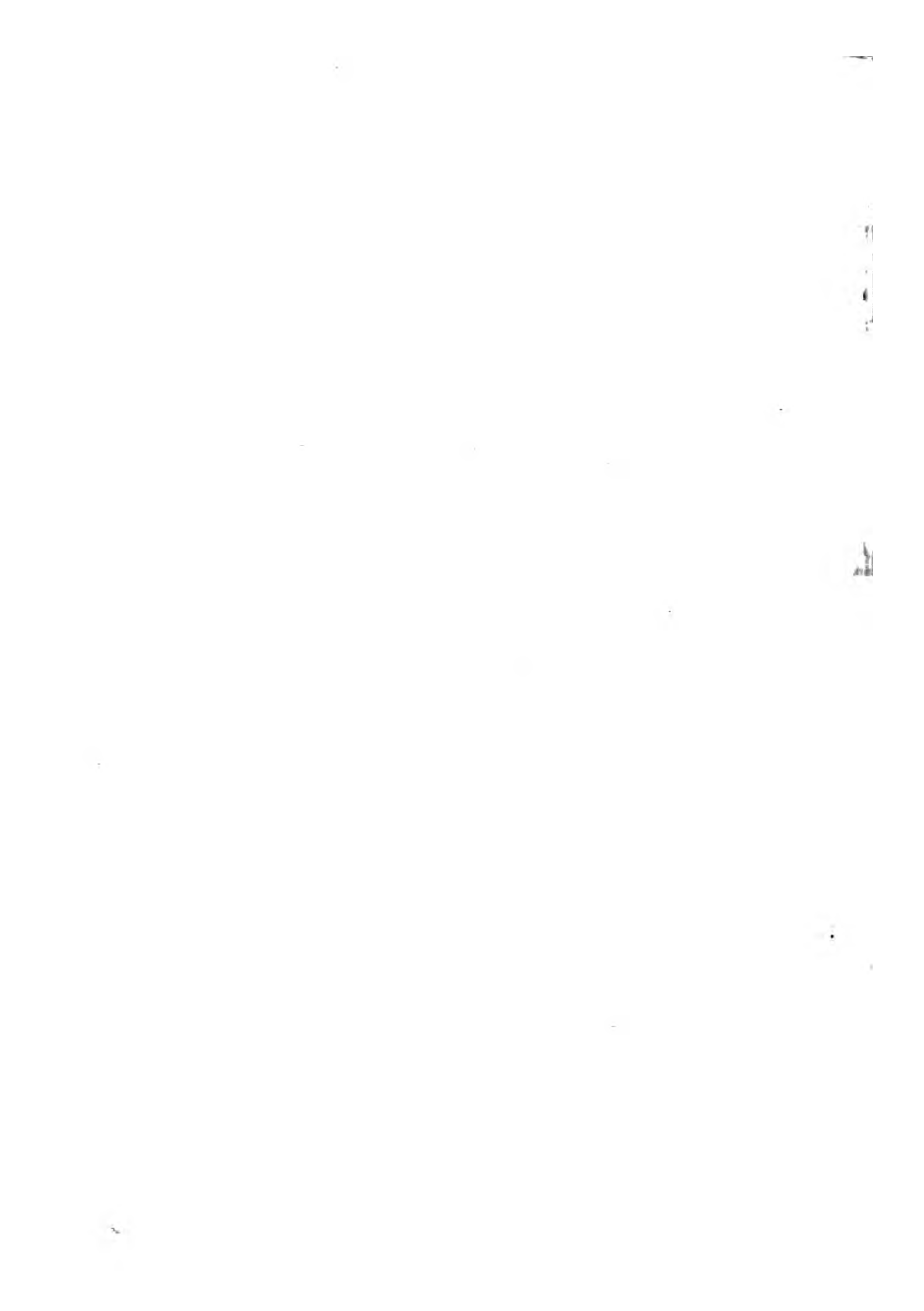




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THE ARK

THE ARK



THE ARK

THE ARK

ENOCH ARDEN.

BY

ALFRED TENNYSON.



BOSTON:
J. E. TILTON AND COMPANY.
1865.

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ALVORD, PRINTER.



APPENDIX

The following is a list of the names of the
places visited by the party during the
trip, and in the course of the
exploration of the yellow sands.

By the red rocks about a mile or so west

of the red rocks, the red sands; and the



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 mouldered church ; and higher

A long street climbs to one tall-towered mill;
And high in heaven behind it a gray down
With Danish barrows; and a hazelwood,
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes
Green in a cup-like 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, played
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 overflowed, or following up
And flying the white breaker, daily left
The little footprint daily washed away.

A narrow cave ran in beneath the cliff:
In this the children played 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 quarrelled, 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 I was a rosy cheeked
 boy, and my heart was
 And the new world of life's as
 ending on

When I was a boy, and his heart

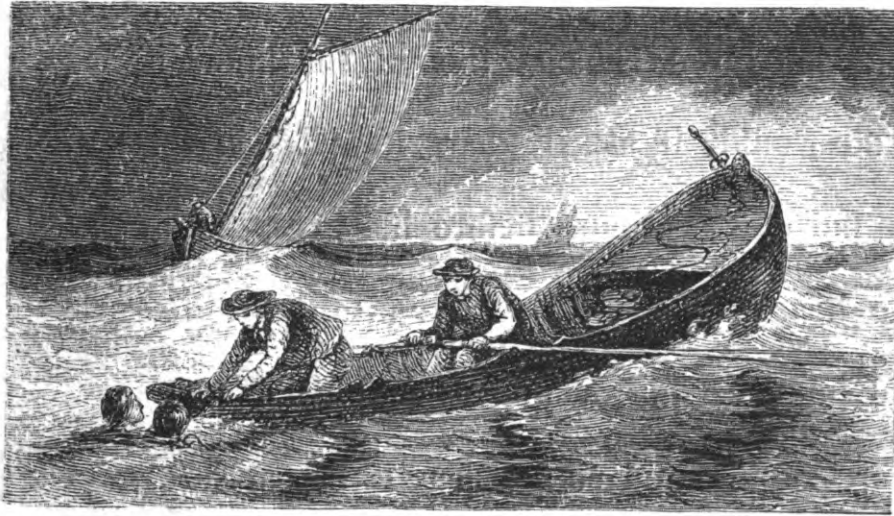
On that one girl, and Enoch spoke his love.

THE C. R. D. V.

to go to the school for her son.

and to be ready to go.





BUT when the dawn of rosy child-
hood past,
And the new warmth of life's as-
cending sun

Was felt by either, either fixed his heart
On that one girl; and Enoch spoke his love,

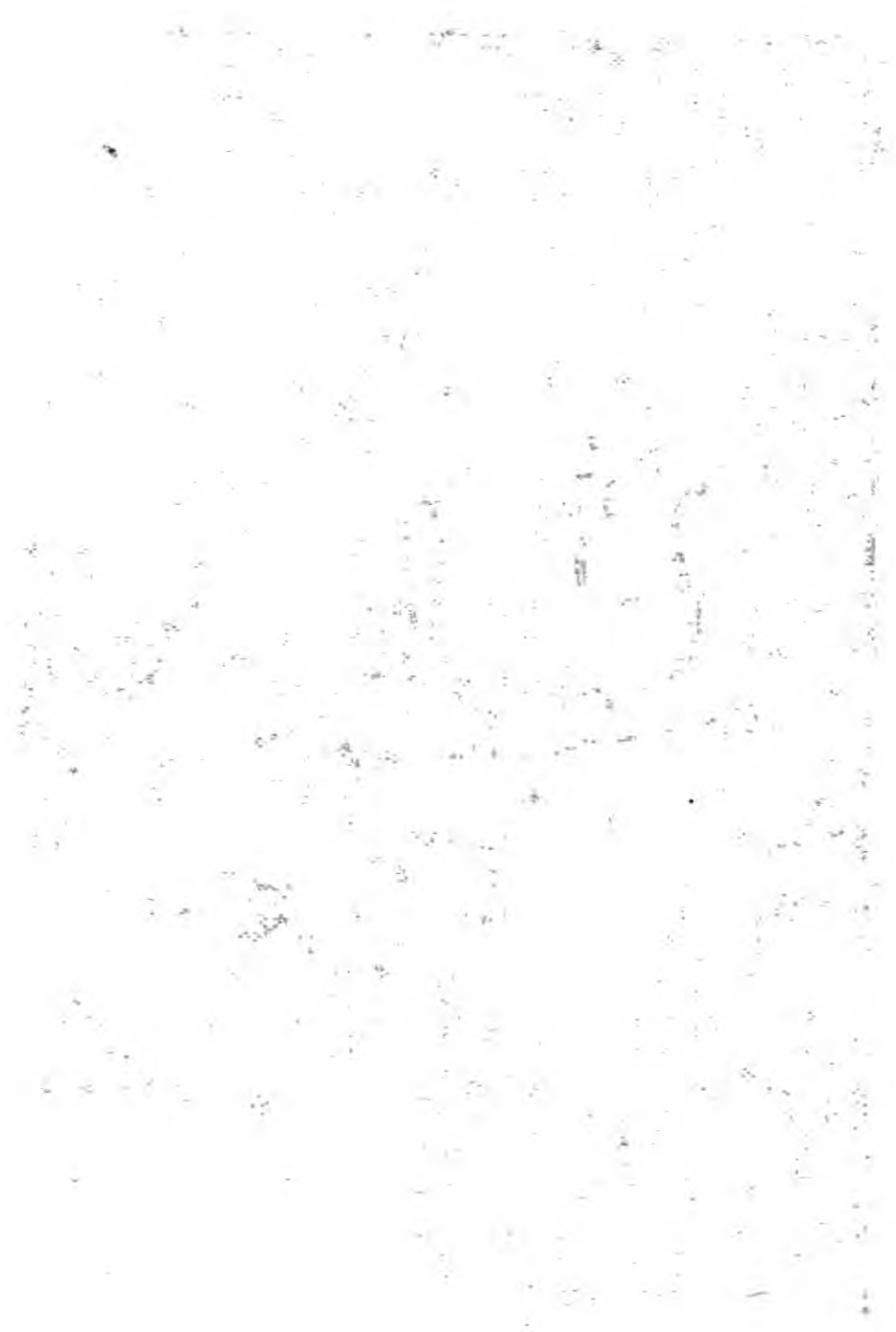
But Philip loved in silence ; and the girl
Seemed kinder unto Philip than to him ;
But she loved Enoch ; though she knew it not,
And would, if asked, deny it. Enoch set
A purpose evermore before his eyes,
To hoard all savings to the uttermost,
To purchase his own boat, and make a home
For Annie : and so prospered that at last
A luckier or a bolder fisherman,
A carefuler in peril, did not breathe
For leagues along that breaker-beaten coast
Than Enoch. Likewise had he served a year
On board a merchantman, and made himself
Full sailor ; and he thrice had plucked a life
From the dread sweep of the down-streaming seas :
And all men looked upon him favorably ;



The Old and the New

And here he reached his one and only
He had lost his own, and had no more
For him, and he had lost his best friend
The new world was a vast and empty land

Then, on a cold, stormy day,
The going people in the field,
With bare and sick, and weary
Went hunting to the frozen
His father lying sick and dead
An hour later, but as he climbed the hill,
Just where the pine trees stood
To find the old man, the old man, the old man,
He saw the old man, the old man,
His large, grey eyes and weather-beaten face
All fixed by a still and cold fire



And ere he touched his one-and-twentieth May
 He purchased his own boat, and made a home
 For Annie, neat and nest-like, half way up
 The narrow street that clambered toward the mill.

Then, on a golden autumn eventide,
 The younger people making holiday,
 With bag, and sack, and basket, great and small,
 Went nutting to the hazels. Philip staid
 (His father lying sick and needing him)
 An hour behind; but as he climbed the hill,
 Just where the prone edge of the wood began
 To feather toward the hollow, saw the pair,
 Enoch and Annie, sitting hand in hand,
 His large gray eyes and weather-beaten face
 All-kindled by a still and sacred fire

That burned as on an altar. Philip looked,
And in their eyes and faces read his doom ;
Then, as their faces drew together, groaned,
And slipped aside, and like a wounded life
Crept down into the hollows of the wood ;
There, while the rest were loud in merry-making,
Had his dark hour unseen, and rose and passed,
Bearing a life-long hunger in his heart.



HARDY

and the other, I am told, is
a good deal of a different kind,
and the other, I am told, is
a good deal of a different kind,
and the other, I am told, is
a good deal of a different kind,
and the other, I am told, is
a good deal of a different kind,





O these were wed, and merrily rang
the bells ;

And merrily ran the years, seven
happy years,

Seven happy years of health and competence,

And mutual love, and honorable toil ;

With children ; first a daughter. In him woke,

With his first babe's first cry, the noble wish
To save all earnings to the uttermost,
And give his child a better bringing-up
Than his had been, or hers; a wish renewed,
When two years after came a boy to be
The rosy idol of her solitudes,
While Enoch was abroad on wrathful seas,
Or often journeying landward; for, in truth,
Enoch's white horse, and Enoch's ocean-spoil
In ocean-smelling osier, and his face,
Rough-reddened with a thousand winter gales.
Not only to the market-cross were known,
But in the leafy lanes behind the down,
Far as the portal-warding lion-whelp,
And peacock-yewtree of the lonely Hall,
Whose Friday fare was Enoch's ministering.

Then came a change, as all things human change.
 Ten miles to northward of the narrow port
 Opened a larger haven : thither used
 Enoch at times to go by land or sea ;
 And once when there, and clambering on a mast
 In harbor, by mischance he slipped and fell :
 A limb was broken when they lifted him ;
 And while he lay recovering there, his wife
 Bore him another son, a sickly one :
 Another hand crept too across his trade,
 Taking her bread and theirs : and on him fell —
 Although a grave and staid God-fearing man,
 Yet lying thus inactive — doubt and gloom.
 He seemed, as in a nightmare of the night,
 To see his children leading evermore
 Low, miserable lives of hand-to-mouth,

And her, he loved, a beggar: then he prayed,
"Save them from this, whatever comes to me."
And while he prayed, the master of that ship
Enoch had served in, hearing his mischance,
Came,—for he knew the man and valued him,—
Reporting of his vessel China-bound,
And wanting yet a boatswain. Would he go?
There yet were many weeks before she sailed,
Sailed from this port. Would Enoch have the place?
And Enoch all at once assented to it,
Rejoicing at that answer to his prayer.

So now that shadow of mischance appeared
No graver than as when some little cloud
Cuts off the fiery highway of the sun,
And isles a light in the offing: yet the wife—

When he was gone—the children—what to do?
 Then Enoch lay long-pondering on his plans;
 To sell the boat—and yet he loved her well—
 How many a rough sea had he weathered in her!
 He knew her, as a horseman knows his horse—
 And yet to sell her—then with what she brought
 Buy goods and stores—set Annie forth in trade
 With all that seamen needed, or their wives—
 So might she keep the house while he was gone.
 Should he not trade himself out yonder? go
 This voyage more than once? yea, twice or thrice—
 As oft as needed—last, returning rich,
 Become the master of a larger craft,
 With fuller profits lead an easier life,
 Have all his pretty young ones educated,
 And pass his days in peace among his own.

Thus Enoch in his heart determined all :
Then moving homeward came on Annie pale,
Nursing the sickly babe, her latest-born.
Forward she started with a happy cry,
And laid the feeble infant in his arms ;
Whom Enoch took, and handled all his limbs,
Appraised his weight, and fondled father-like,
But had no heart to break his purposes
To Annie till the morrow, when he spoke.

Then first since Enoch's golden ring had girt
Her finger, Annie fought against his will :
Yet not with brawling opposition she,
But manifold entreaties, many a tear,
Many a sad kiss by day, by night renewed
(Sure that all evil would come out of it),

Besought him, supplicating, if he cared
 For her or his dear children, not to go.
 He not for his own self caring, but her,
 Her and her children, let her plead in vain;
 So grieving held his will, and bore it through.

For Enoch parted with his old sea-friend,
 Bought Annie goods and stores, and set his hand
 To fit their little streetward sitting-room
 With shelf and corner for the goods and stores.
 So all day long, till Enoch's last at home,
 Shaking their pretty cabin, hammer and axe,
 Auger and saw, while Annie seemed to hear
 Her own death-scaffold raising, shrilled and rang,
 Till this was ended, and his careful hand, —
 The space was narrow, — having ordered all

Almost as neat and close as Nature packs
Her blossom or her seedling, paused ; and he,
Who needs would work for Annie to the last,
Ascending, tired, heavily slept till morn.

And Enoch faced this morning of farewell
Brightly and boldly. All his Annie's fears,
Save, as his Annie's, were a laughter to him.
Yet Enoch, as a brave, God-fearing man,
Bowed himself down, and in that mystery
Where God-in-man is one with man-in-God,
Prayed for a blessing on his wife and babes,
Whatever came to him : and then he said,
" Annie, this voyage, by the grace of God,
Will bring fair weather yet to all of us.
Keep a clean hearth and a clear fire for me,

For I'll be back, my girl, before you know it."
 Then lightly rocking baby's cradle, "And he,
 This pretty, puny, weakly little one, —
 Nay, for I love him all the better for it, —
 God bless him, he shall sit upon my knees,
 And I will tell him tales of foreign parts,
 And make him merry, when I come home again.
 Come, Annie, come, cheer up before I go."

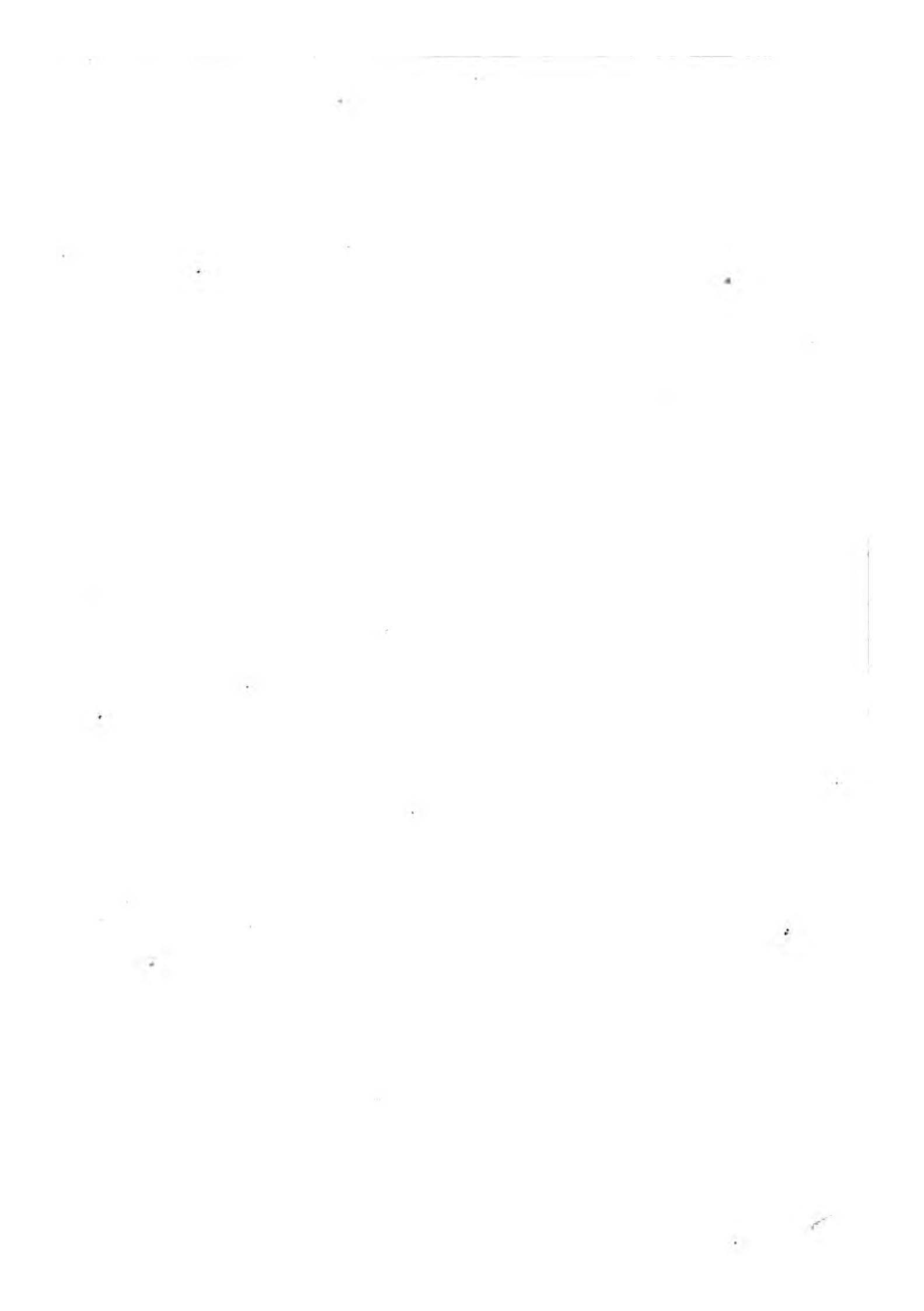
Him running on thus hopefully she heard,
 And almost hoped herself; but when he turned
 The current of his talk to graver things,
 In sailor fashion roughly sermonizing
 On Providence and trust in Heaven, she heard,
 Heard and not heard him; as the village girl,
 Who sets her pitcher underneath the spring,

Musing on him that used to fill it for her,
Hears and not hears, and lets it overflow.

At length she spoke : " O Enoch, you are wise ;
And yet for all your wisdom well know I
That I shall look upon your face no more."

" Well, then," said Enoch, " I shall look on yours.
Annie, the ship I sail in passes here
(He named the day) ; get you a seaman's glass,
Spy out my face, and laugh at all your fears."

But when the last of those last moments came,
" Annie, my girl, cheer up, be comforted,
Look to the babes, and till I come again,
Keep everything shipshape, for I must go.





EVILS OF ABILITY.

- And fear no more for me — or if you fear,
Cast all your cares on God: But what of me?
Is he not weaker in these utterances?
Faint of the meaning? If I then to thee
• Can I go from him? and the son is his
The son is his: be made it.”

THE SLEEPING

Cast his strong arms about the sleeping wife,
And kissed his wanderer — and the one
On her third, the sickly — and the one
Alike a night of her own wife of his.
When Annie would have raised him, Enoch said,
“Wake him not: let him sleep: how should the child
Remember this?” and laid him in his cot.
But Annie from her baby’s forehead and clapped



And fear no more for me ; or if you fear,
 Cast all your cares on God ; that anchor holds.
 Is he not yonder in those uttermost
 Parts of the morning ? if I flee to these
 Can I go from him ? and the sea is his,
 The sea is his : he made it."

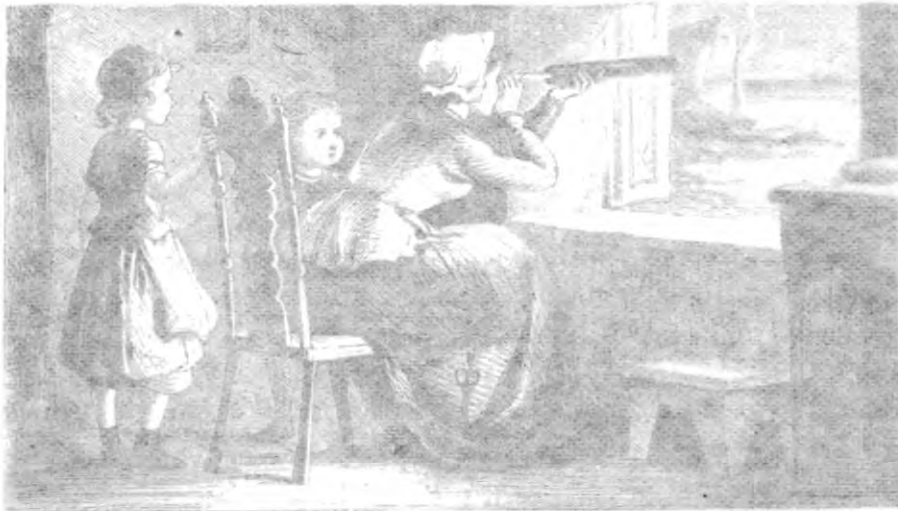
Enoch rose,

Cast his strong arms about his drooping wife,
 And kissed his wonder-stricken little ones ;
 But for the third, the sickly one, who slept
 After a night of feverous wakefulness,
 When Annie would have raised him, Enoch said,
 " Wake him not ; let him sleep ; how should the child
 Remember this ? " and kissed him in his cōt.
 But Annie from her baby's forehead clipped

A tiny curl, and gave it: this he kept
Through all his future; but now hastily caught
His bundle, waved his hand, and went his way.



ENOCH ARDEN



HE was an eye-sore, that Enoch
 had no more to do with.

Borrowed a glass, but in vain:

Perhaps

She could not fix the glass to suit her eye:

Perhaps her eye was unhand-reared as:

A boy came and gave it: this he kept
 There: as time: but now hastily caught
 He: waved his hand, and went his way.





HE — when the day, that Enoch
mentioned, came —

Borrowed a glass, but all in vain :
perhaps

She could not fix the glass to suit her eye ;

Perhaps her eye was dim, hand tremulous :

She saw him not : and while he stood on deck ,
Waving, the moment and the vessel passed.

Even to the last dip of the vanishing sail
She watched it, and departed weeping for him ;
Then, though she mourned his absence as his
grave,

Set her sad will no less to chime with his,
But throve not in her trade, not being bred
To barter, nor compensating the want
By shrewdness, neither capable of lies,
Nor asking overmuch and taking less,
And still foreboding " what would Enoch say ? "
For more than once, in days of difficulty
And pressure, had she sold her wares for less
Than what she gave in buying what she sold :

She failed and saddened knowing it; and thus,
Expectant of that news which never came.
Gained for her own a scanty sustenance,
And lived a life of silent melancholy.

Now the third child was sickly-born, and grew
Yet sicklier, though the mother cared for it
With all a mother's care: nevertheless,
Whether her business often called her from it,
Or through the want of what it needed most,
Or means to pay the voice who best could tell
What most it needed — howsoe'er it was,
After a lingering, — ere she was aware, —
Like the caged bird escaping suddenly,
The little innocent soul flitted away.

In that same week when Annie buried it,
Philip's true heart, which hungered for her peace
(Since Enoch left he had not looked upon her),
Smote him, as having kept aloof so long.
"Surely," said Philip, "I may see her now,
May be some little comfort;" therefore went,
Passed through the solitary room in front,
Paused for a moment at an inner door,
Then struck it thrice, and, no one opening,
Entered; but Annie, seated with her grief,
Fresh from the burial of her little one,
Cared not to look on any human face,
But turned her own toward the wall and wept.
Then Philip, standing up, said falteringly,
"Annie, I came to ask a favor of you."

He spoke ; the passion in her moaned reply,
 "Favor from one so sad and so forlorn
 As I am !" half abashed him ; yet unasked,
 His bashfulness and tenderness at war,
 He set himself beside her, saying to her, —

"I came to speak to you of what he wished,
 Enoch, your husband : I have ever said
 You chose the best among us — a strong man :
 For where he fixed his heart he set his hand
 To do the thing he willed, and bore it through.
 And wherefore did he go this weary way,
 And leave you lonely ? not to see the world —
 For pleasure ? — nay, but for the wherewithal
 To give his babes a better bringing-up
 Than his had been, or yours : that was his wish.

And if he come again, vexed will he be
To find the precious morning hours were lost.
And it would vex him even in his grave,
If he could know his babes were running wild,
Like colts about the waste. So, Annie, now —
Have we not known each other all our lives? —
I do beseech you, by the love you bear
Him and his children, not to say me nay —
For, if you will, when Enoch comes again,
Why, then he shall repay me — if you will,
Annie — for I am rich and well-to-do.
Now let me put the boy and girl to school:
This is the favor that I came to ask.”

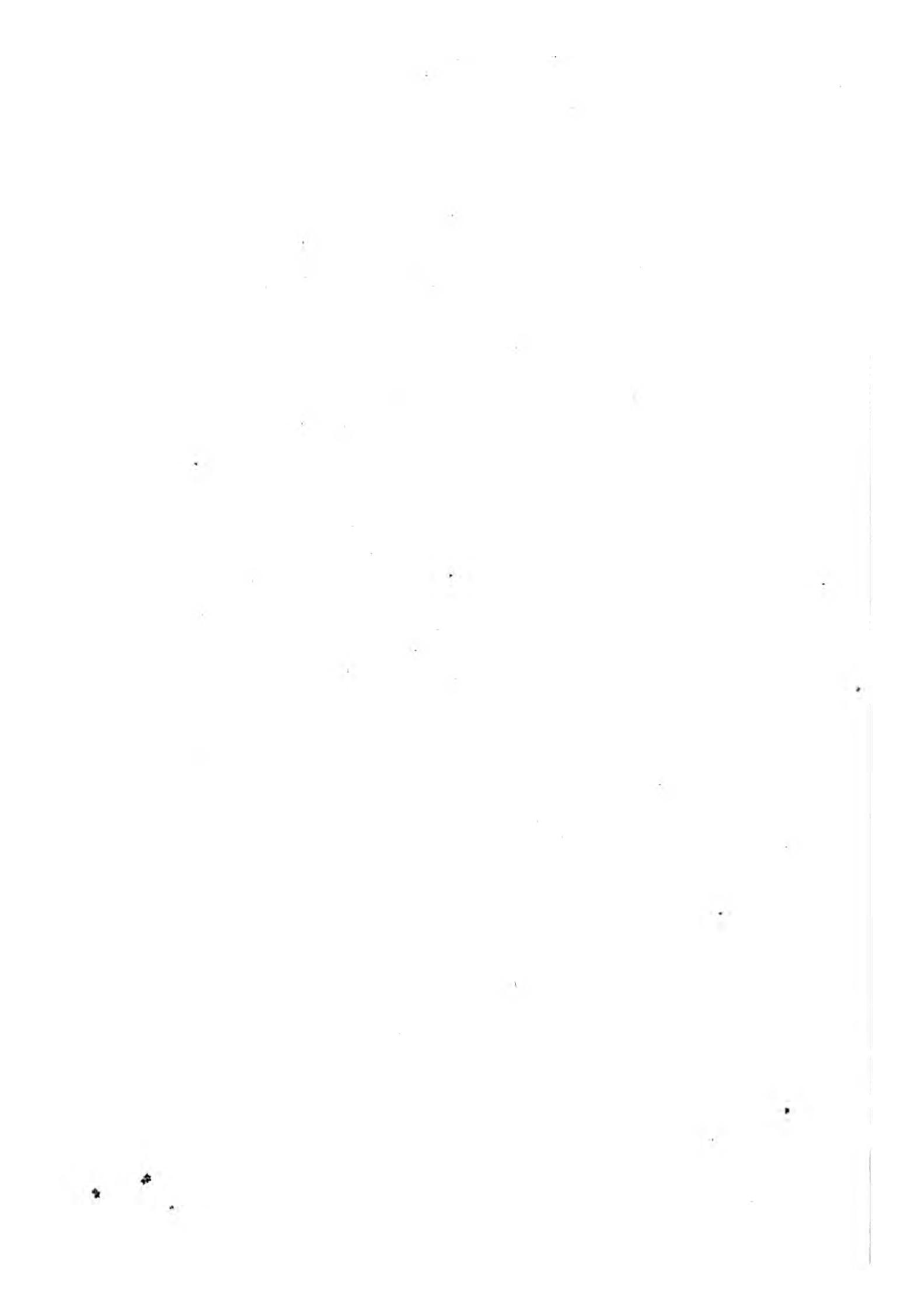
Then Annie, with her brows against the wall,
Answered, “I cannot look you in the face,



$$f_j = \frac{1}{2} \left(\frac{1}{\lambda_j} + \frac{1}{\mu_j} \right) \quad \text{and} \quad g_j = \frac{1}{2} \left(\frac{1}{\lambda_j} - \frac{1}{\mu_j} \right).$$
[illegible]

"I can't take with her because right this wall
 is mine," I cannot look you in the face,





I seem so foolish and so broken down.
 When you came in my sorrow broke me down;
 And now I think your kindness breaks me down;
 But Enoch lives; that is borne in on me:
 He will repay you: money can be repaid;
 Not kindness such as yours."

And Philip asked,
 "Then you will let me, Annie?"

There she turned,
 She rose, and fixed her swimming eyes upon
 him,
 And dwelt a moment on his kindly face;
 Then, calling down a blessing on his head,
 Caught at his hand, and wrung it passionately,

And passed into the little garth beyond.
So lifted up in spirit he moved away.

Then Philip put the boy and girl to school,
And bought them needful books, and every way,
Like one who does his duty by his own,
Made himself theirs ; and though for Annie's sake,
Fearing the lazy gossip of the port,
He oft denied his heart his dearest wish,
And seldom crossed her threshold, yet he sent
Gifts by the children, garden-herbs and fruit,
The late and early roses from his wall,
Or conies from the down, and now and then —
With some pretext of fineness in the meal,
To save the offence of charitable — flour
From his tall mill that whistled on the waste.

But Philip did not fathom Annie's mind :
 Scarce could the woman when he came upon her,
 Out of full heart and boundless gratitude,
 Light on a broken word to thank him with.
 But Philip was her children's all-in-all ;
 From distant corners of the street they ran
 To greet his hearty welcome heartily ;
 Lords of his house and of his mill were they ;
 Worried his passive ear with petty wrongs
 Or pleasures, hung upon him, played with him,
 And called him Father Philip. Philip gained
 As Enoch lost ; for Enoch seemed to them
 Uncertain as a vision or a dream,
 Faint as a figure seen in early dawn
 Down at the far end of an avenue,
 Going we know not where : and so ten years,

Since Enoch left his hearth and native land,
Fled forward, and no news of Enoch came.



IN OUR ARDEN.



Each need one evening Annie's dearest
children longed

To go with others nattering to the
wood.

And Annie would go with them: then they begged
For Father Philip (as they called him) too:

Then Enoch left his dearth and native land,
Foot to ward, and no news of Enoch came.





It chanced one evening Annie's children longed
To go with others nutting to the wood,

And Annie would go with them ; then they begged
For Father Philip (as they called him) too :

Him, like the working bee in blossom dust,
Blanched with his mill, they found ; and saying to
him,

"Come with us, Father Philip," he denied ;
But when the children plucked at him to go,
He laughed, and yielded readily to their wish,
For was not Annie with them ? and they went.

But after scaling half the weary down,
Just where the prone edge of the wood began
To feather toward the hollow, all her force
Failed her ; and sighing, "Let me rest," she said :
So Philip rested with her well-content ;
While all the younger ones with jubilant cries
Broke from their elders, and tumultuously
Down through the whitening hazels made a plunge

To the bottom, and dispersed, and bent or broke
The lithe reluctant boughs to tear away
Their tawny clusters, crying to each other
And calling, here and there, about the wood.

But Philip, sitting at her side, forgot
Her presence, and remembered one dark hour
Here in this wood, when like a wounded life
He crept into the shadow: at last he said,
Lifting his honest forehead, "Listen, Annie,
How merry they are down yonder in the wood.
Tired, Annie?" for she did not speak a word.
"Tired?" but her face had fallen upon her hands;
At which, as with a kind of anger in him,
"The ship was lost," he said, "the ship was lost!
No more of that! why should you kill yourself

And make them orphans quite?" And Annie said,
"I thought not of it: but—I know not why—
Their voices make me feel so solitary."

Then Philip, coming somewhat closer, spoke.
"Annie, there is a thing upon my mind,
And it has been upon my mind so long,
That though I know not when it first came there,
I know that it will out at last. O Annie,
It is beyond all hope, against all chance,
That he who left you ten long years ago
Should still be living; well then—let me speak:
I grieve to see you poor and wanting help:
I cannot help you as I wish to do
Unless—they say that women are so quick—
Perhaps you know what I would have you know—

I wish you for my wife. I fain would prove
 A father to your children : I do think
 They love me as a father : I am sure
 That I love them as if they were mine own ;
 And I believe, if you were fast my wife,
 That after all these sad, uncertain years,
 We might be still as happy as God grants
 To any of his creatures. Think upon it :
 For I am well-to-do — no kin, no care,
 No burden, save my care for you and yours :
 And we have known each other all our lives,
 And I have loved you longer than you know.”

Then answered Annie ; tenderly she spoke :
 “ You have been as God’s good angel in our house.
 God bless you for it, God reward you for it,

Philip, with something happier than myself.

Can one love twice? can you be ever loved

As Enoch was? what is it that you ask?"

"I am content," he answered, "to be loved

A little after Enoch." "O," she cried,

Scared as it were, "dear Philip, wait a while:

If Enoch comes — but Enoch will not come —

Yet wait a year — a year is not so long:

Surely I shall be wiser in a year:

O, wait a little!" Philip sadly said,

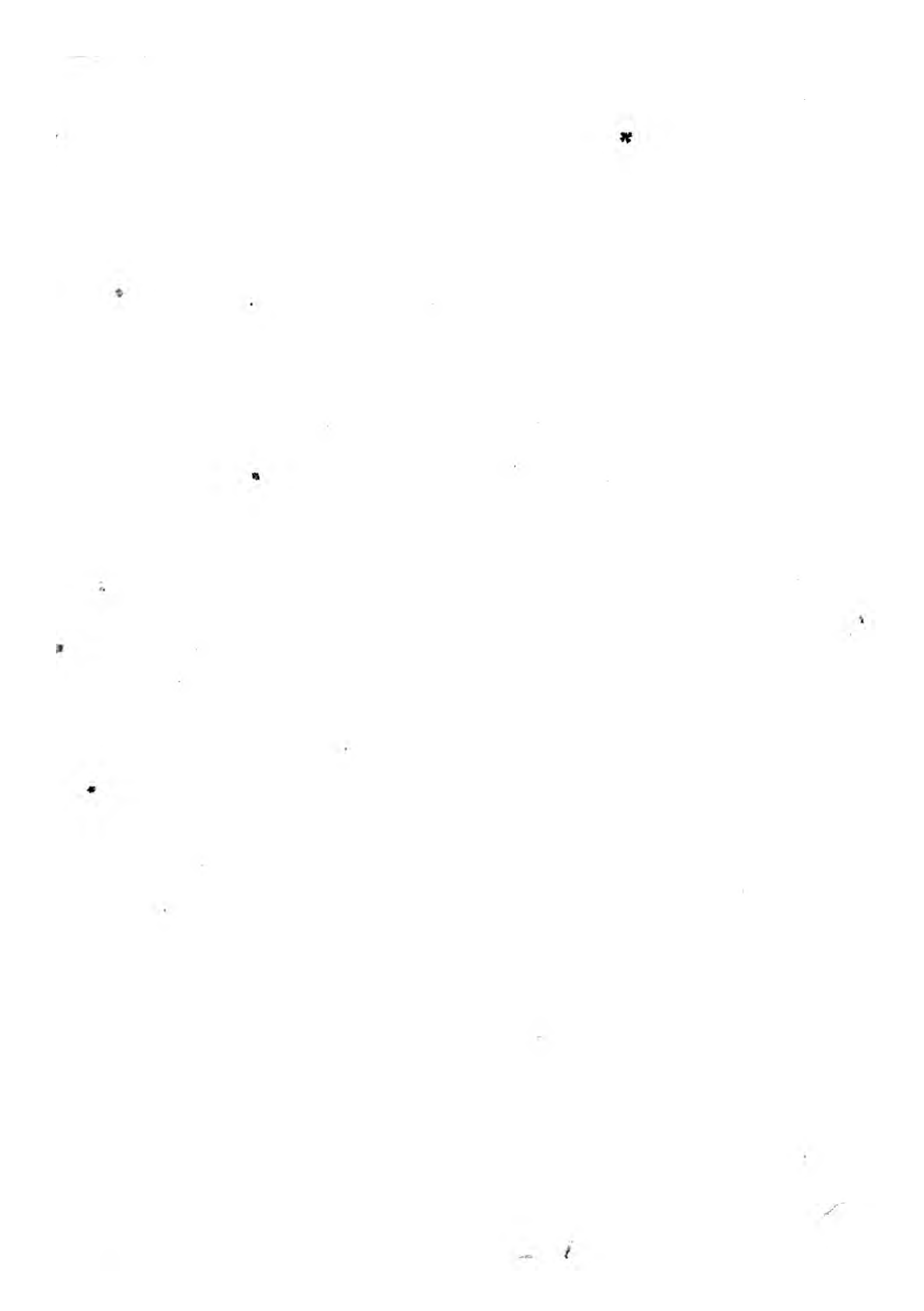
"Annie, as I have waited all my life,

I well may wait a little." "Nay," she cried,

"I am bound: you have my promise — in a
year:

Will you not bide your year as I bide mine?"

And Philip answered, "I will bide my year."





There both were met at midnight, the
 Behold the dead name of the old man
 From the Daniel Henry over the
 There, being night and the moon was
 And so the voice reached the
 Up came then, then laden with
 Then all descended the path
 At Anne's door he paused and
 "Hush, gently," Annie, "I speak
 There was your hand of work I
 I am always bound to you, to
 Then Annie wept, answered, "bound,"

She spoke; and in the moment, as it were,
 While yet she went about her household ways,
 As if she dwelt upon his knee, was a



Here both were mute, till Philip, glancing up,
Beheld the dead flame of the fallen day
Pass from the Danish barrow overhead;
Then, fearing night and chill for Annie, rose,
And sent his voice beneath him through the wood.
Up came the children laden with their spoil;
Then all descended to the port, and there
At Annie's door he paused and gave his hand,
Saying, gently, "Annie, when I spoke to you,
That was your hour of weakness. I was wrong.
I am always bound to you, but you are free."
Then Annie, weeping, answered, "I am bound."

She spoke; and in one moment, as it were,
While yet she went about her household ways,
Even as she dwelt upon his latest words,

That he had loved her longer than she knew,
That autumn into autumn flashed again,
And there he stood once more before her face,
Claiming her promise. "Is it a year?" she asked.
"Yes, if the nuts," he said, "be ripe again :
Come out and see." But she—she put him off—
So much to look to—such a change—a month—
Give her a month—she knew that she was bound—
A month—no more. Then Philip with his eyes
Full of that life-long hunger, and his voice
Shaking a little like a drunkard's hand,
"Take your own time, Annie, take your own
time."

And Annie could have wept for pity of him ;
And yet she held him on delayingly
With many a scarce-believable excuse,

Trying his truth and his long-sufferance,
Till half another year had slipped away.

By this the lazy gossips of the port,
Abhorrent of a calculation crossed,
Began to chafe as at a personal wrong.
Some thought that Philip did but trifle with her;
Some, that she but held off to draw him on;
And others laughed at her and Philip too,
As simple folk that knew not their own minds;
And one, in whom all evil fancies clung
Like serpent eggs together, laughingly
Would hint at worse in either. Her own son
Was silent, though he often looked his wish;
But evermore the daughter pressed upon her
To wed the man so dear to all of them,

And lift the household out of poverty ;
And Philip's rosy face contracting grew
Care-worn and wan ; and all these things fell on her
Sharp as reproach.

At last one night it chanced
That Annie could not sleep, but earnestly
Prayed for a sign, "My Enoch, is he gone?"
Then compassed round by the blind wall of night
Brooked not the expectant terror of her heart,
Started from bed, and struck herself a light,
Then desperately seized the holy Book,
Suddenly set it wide to find a sign,
Suddenly put her finger on the text,
"Under a palmtree." That was nothing to her :
No meaning there : she closed the book and slept :

When, lo ! her Enoch sitting on a height,
Under a palmtree, over him the Sun :
"He is gone," she thought, "he is happy, he is
singing

Hosanna in the highest : yonder shines
The Sun of Righteousness, and these be palms
Whereof the happy people strowing ^{cried},
'Hosanna in the highest !'" Here she woke,
Resolved, sent for him, and said wildly to him,
"There is no reason why we should not wed."
"Then for God's sake," he answered, "both our
sakes,
So you will wed me, let it be at once."

So these were wed and merrily rang the bells,
Merrily rang the bells and they were wed.

But never merrily beat Annie's heart.

A footstep seemed to fall beside her path,

She knew not whence; a whisper on her ear,

She knew not what; nor loved she to be left

Alone at home, nor ventured out alone.

What ailed her, then, that ere she entered, often

Her hand dwelt lingeringly on the latch,

Fearing to enter: Philip thought he knew:

Such doubts and fears were common to her state,

Being with child: but when her child was born,

Then her new child was as herself renewed,

Then the new mother came about her heart,

Then her good Philip was her all-in-all,

And that mysterious instinct wholly died.

$$I \setminus \{i, j\} \rightarrow I_1 \cup I_2 \cup \dots \cup I_n$$
[illegible]

The ship "Good Hope" caught
it setting forth.

And she, overwhelmed her, yet unweakened

THE DOUGH-ARTIST.

 "for merrily is it Annie's heart,
 "the snarep seemed to fall beside her path,
 "as now it whence it whistled on her ear,
She knew not what it meant, and she to be left
Alone at home, no longer out alone
What added to her pain, that ere she entered, when
The door was flung, lingeringly on the latch,
 "that Peter, though he knew:
 "and then, were it to her state
 "child; but with her child was born
 "or new child was to be sold to me too,
 "the poor old man came to the door
 "for Peter, Peter was her only child,
 "yonder's mother, wholly dead



AND where was Enoch? prosperously
sailed

The ship "Good Fortune," though
at setting forth,

The Biscay, roughly ridging eastward, shook
And almost overwhelmed her, yet unvexed

She slipped across the summer of the world,
Then, after a long tumble about the Cape
And frequent interchange of foul and fair,
She passing through the summer world again,
The breath of heaven came continually
And sent her sweetly by the golden isles,
Till silent in her Oriental haven.

There Enoch traded for himself, and bought
Quaint monsters for the market of those times,
A gilded dragon, also, for the babes.

Less lucky her home-voyage : at first indeed
Through many a fair sea-circle, day by day,
Scarce-rocking, her full-busted figure-head
Stared o'er the ripple feathering from her bows :

Then followed calms, and then winds variable,
 Then baffling, a long course of them; and last
 Storm, such as drove her under moonless heavens,
 Till hard upon the cry of "breakers" came
 The crash of ruin, and the loss of all
 But Enoch and two others. Half the night,
 Buoyed upon floating tackle and broken spars,
 These drifted, stranding on an isle at morn
 Rich, but the loneliest in a lonely sea.

No want was there of human sustenance,
 Soft fruitage, mighty nuts, and nourishing roots;
 Nor, save for pity, was it hard to take
 The helpless life so wild that it was tame.
 There in a seaward-gazing mountain-gorge
 They built, and thatched with leaves of palm, a hut,

Half hut, half native cavern. So the three,
Set in this Eden of all plenteousness,
Dwelt with eternal summer, ill-content.

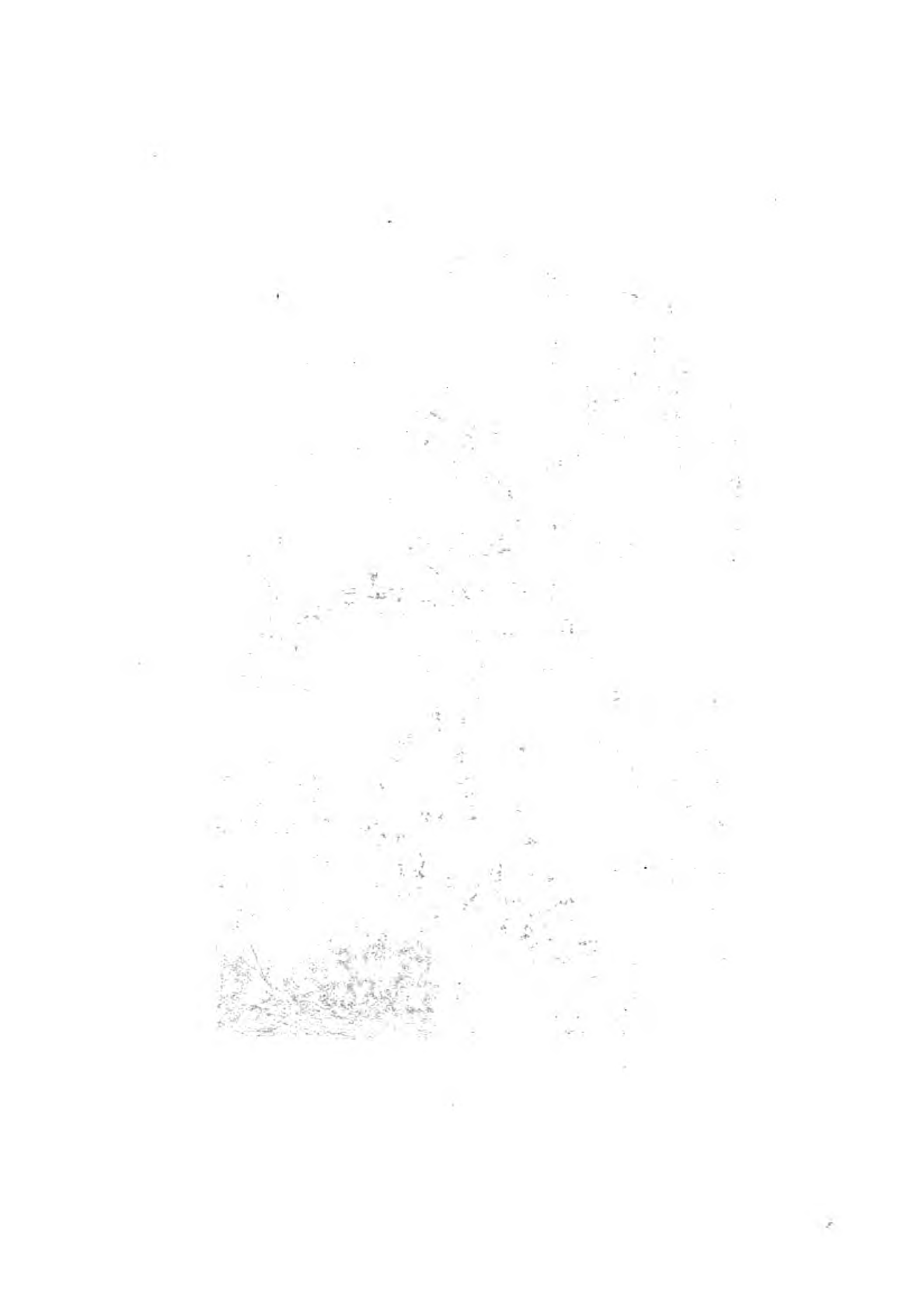
For one, the youngest, hardly more than boy,
Hurt in that night of sudden ruin and wreck,
Lay lingering out a three-years' death-in-life.
They could not leave him. After he was gone,
The two remaining found a fallen stem;
And Enoch's comrade, careless of himself,
Fire-hollowing this in Indian fashion, fell
Sun-stricken, and that other lived alone.
In those two deaths he read God's warning, "Wait."

The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven,

The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,
 The lightning flash of insect and of bird,
 The lustre of the long convolvuluses
 That coiled around the stately stems, and ran
 Even to the limit of the land, the glows
 And glories of the broad belt of the world, —
 All these he saw; but what he fain had seen
 He could not see, the kindly human face,
 Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard
 The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
 The league-long roller thundering on the reef,
 The moving whisper of huge trees that branched
 And blossomed in the zenith, or the sweep
 Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,
 As down the shore he ranged, or all day long
 Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,

A shipwrecked sailor, waiting for a sail :
No sail from day to day, but every day
The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
Among the palms and ferns and precipices ;
The blaze upon the waters to the east ;
The blaze upon his island overhead ;
The blaze upon the waters to the west ;
Then the great stars that globed themselves in
Heaven,
The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise — but no sail.

There often as he watched, or seemed to watch,
So still, the golden lizard on him paused,
A phantom made of many phantoms moved
Before him haunting him, or he himself



THE LITTLE BOY

He was a little boy, and he was very
happy from day to day, every day
he went out into garden, and
along the river, and then he
blew up a few bubbles, and
he made them fly over his head,
and he made them fly over his head,
and he made them fly over his head,
and he made them fly over his head,

THE LITTLE BOY

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happy from day to day, every day
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He was a little boy, and he was very
happy from day to day, every day
he went out into garden, and
along the river, and then he



Moved haunting people, things and places, known
 Far in a darker isle beyond the line ;
 The babes, their babble, Annie, the small house,
 The climbing street, the mill, the leafy lanes,
 The peacock-yewtree, and the lonely Hall,
 The horse he drove, the boat he sold, the chill
 November dawns and dewy-glooming downs,
 The gentle shower, the smell of dying leaves,
 And the low moan of leaden-colored seas.

Once, likewise, in the ringing of his ears,
 Though faintly, merrily — far and far away —
 He heard the pealing of his parish bells ;
 Then, though he knew not wherefore, started up,
 Shuddering, and when the beauteous hateful isle
 Returned upon him, had not his poor heart

Spoken with That, which, being everywhere,
Lets none, who speaks with Him, seem all alone,
Surely the man had died of solitude.



ENOCH AND HIS



WENT over Enoch's long
head

The sunny and rainy seasons
and went

Year after year. His hopes to see his son,
And pace the sacred old familiar fields,

THE SILENT SILENCE

Now the world was full of grief everywhere,
and the people were all in tears, so much so,
that the world had died of sorrow.





YET over Enoch's early-silvering
head

The sunny and rainy seasons came
and went

Year after year. His hopes to see his own,
And pace the sacred old familiar fields,

Not yet had perished, when his lonely doom
Came suddenly to an end. Another ship
(She wanted water) blown by baffling winds,
Like the "Good Fortune," from her destined course,
Staid by this isle, not knowing where she lay :
For since the mate had seen at early dawn
Across a break on the mist-wreathen isle
The silent water slipping from the hills,
They sent a crew that landing burst away
In search of stream or fount, and filled the shores
With clamor. Downward from his mountain gorge
Stepped the long-haired, long-bearded solitary,
Brown, looking hardly human, strangely clad,
Muttering and mumbling, idiot-like it seemed,
With inarticulate rage, and making signs
They knew not what : and yet he led the way

To where the rivulets of sweet water ran ;
 And ever as he mingled with the crew,
 And heard them talking, his long-bounden tongue
 Was loosened, till he made them understand ;
 Whom, when their casks were filled, they took
 aboard :

And there the tale he uttered brokenly,
 Scarce credited at first, but more and more,
 Amazed and melted all who listened to it :
 And clothes they gave him and free passage home ;
 But oft he worked among the rest, and shook
 His isolation from him. None of these
 Came from his county, or could answer him,
 If questioned, aught of what he cared to know.
 And dull the voyage was with long delays,
 The vessel scarce sea-worthy ; but evermore

His fancy fled before the lazy wind
Returning, till beneath a clouded moon
He like a lover down through all his blood
Drew in the dewy meadowy morning-breath
Of England, blown across her ghostly wall :
And that same morning officers and men
Levied a kindly tax upon themselves,
Pitying the lonely man, and gave him it :
Then moving up the coast, they landed him,
Even in that harbor whence he sailed before.



THE OLD MAN



HERE HE STOOD, HIS HANDS TO HIS EYES

AND

BUT HOMEWARD - HOME - HIS WAY

HE HAD TO FIND

His home, he waited. Bright was that afternoon,

Sunny but cold, till drawn through ether chasm,



HERE Enoch spoke no word to any
one,

But homeward — home — what
home? had he a home?

His home, he walked. Bright was that afternoon,
Sunny but chill; till drawn through either chasm,

Where either haven opened on the deeps,
Rolled a sea-haze, and whelmed the world in
gray ;

Cut off the length of highway on before,
And left but narrow breadth to left and right
Of withered holt or tilth or pasturage.
On the nigh-naked tree the Robin piped
Disconsolate, and through the dripping haze
The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it down :
Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom ;
Last, as it seemed, a great mist-blotted light
Flared on him, and he came upon the place.

Then down the long street having slowly stolen,
His heart foreshadowing all calamity,
His eyes upon the stones, he reached the home

Where Annie lived and loved him, and his
babes

In those far-off seven happy years were born ;
But finding neither light nor murmur there
(A bill of sale gleamed through the drizzle), crept
Still downward, thinking, "Dead, or dead to me !"

Down to the pool and narrow wharf he went,
Seeking a tavern which of old he knew,
A front of timber-crossed antiquity,
So propped, worm-eaten, ruinously old,
He thought it must have gone ; but he was
gone

Who kept it ; and his widow, Miriam Lane,
With daily-dwindling profits held the house ;
A haunt of brawling seamen once, but now

Still, with yet a bed for wandering men.
There Enoch rested silent many days.

But Miriam Lane was good and garrulous,
Nor let him be, but often breaking in,
Told him, with other annals of the port,
Not knowing—Enoch was so brown, so bowed,
So broken—all the story of his house,
His baby's death, her growing poverty,
How Philip put her little ones to school,
And kept them in it, his long wooing her,
Her slow consent, and marriage, and the birth
Of Philip's child: and o'er his countenance
No shadow passed, nor motion: any one,
Regarding, well had deemed he felt the tale
Less than the teller: only when she closed,

"Enoch, poor man, was cast away and lost,"
He, shaking his gray head pathetically,
Repeated, muttering, "Cast away and lost;"
Again, in deeper inward whispers, "Lost!"

But Enoch yearned to see her face again;
"If I might look on her sweet face again,
And know that she is happy!" So the thought
Haunted and harassed him, and drove him
forth,

At evening when the dull November day
Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.
There he sat down gazing on all below;
There did a thousand memories roll upon him,
Unspeakable for sadness. By and by
The ruddy square of comfortable light,

Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's house,
Allured him, as the beacon-blaze allures
The bird of passage, till he madly strikes
Against it and beats out his weary life.

For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street,
The latest house to landward; but behind,
With one small gate that opened on the waste,
Flourished a little garden square and walled:
And in it throve an ancient evergreen,
A yewtree, and all round it ran a walk
Of shingle, and a walk divided it:
But Enoch shunned the middle walk, and stole
Up by the wall, behind the yew; and thence
That which he better might have shunned, if griefs
Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw.



And the house of the lark was Philip's house,

And the house of the lark was the house of the lark.

The house of the lark was the house of the lark.

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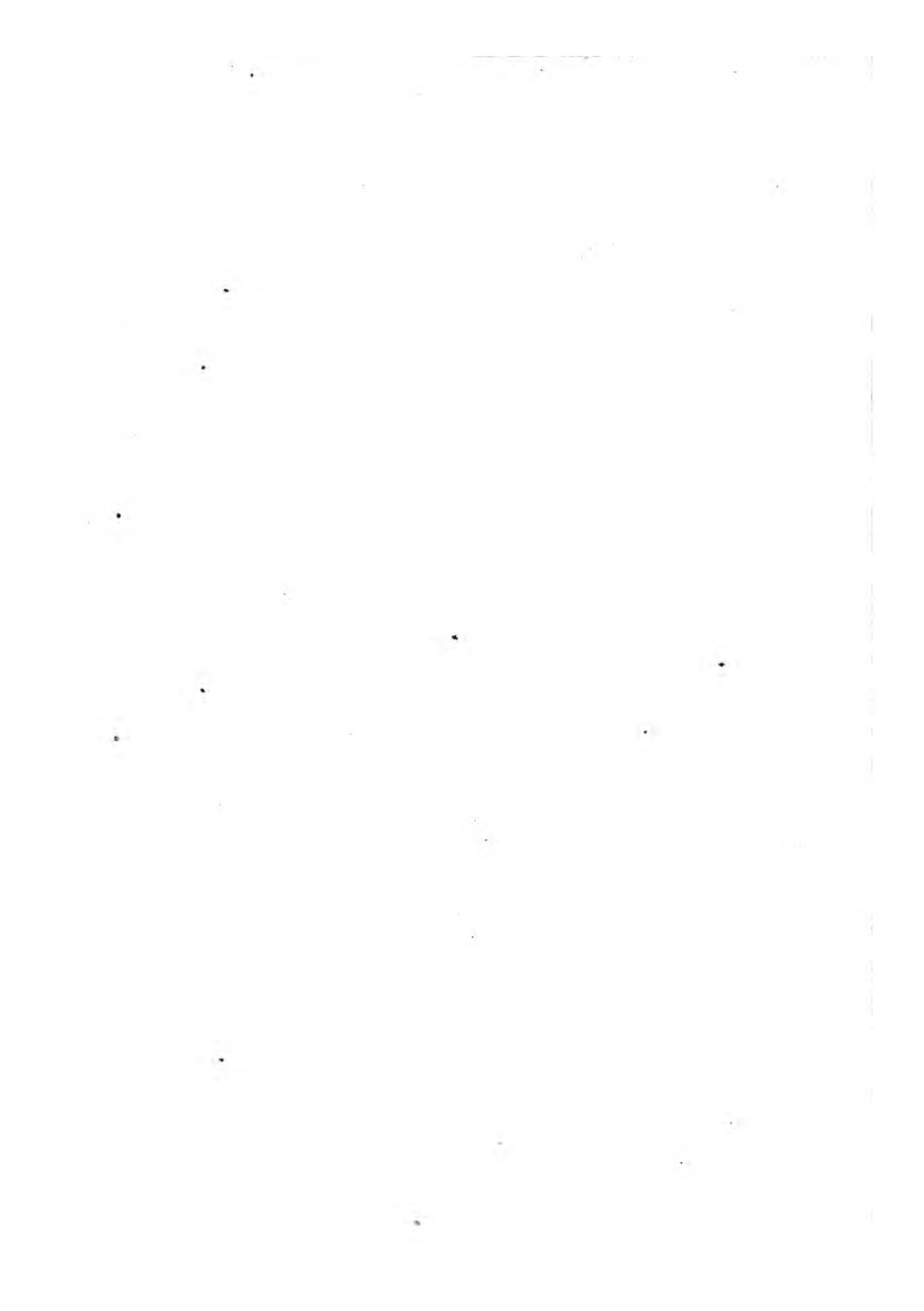
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For cups and silver on the burnished board
 Sparkled and shone; so genial was the hearth:
 And on the right hand of the hearth he saw
 Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,
 Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees;
 And o'er her second father stooped a girl,
 A later but a loftier Annie Lee,
 Fair-haired and tall, and from her lifted hand
 Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring
 To tempt the babe, who reared his creasy arms,
 Caught at, and ever missed it, and they laughed:
 And on the left hand of the hearth he saw
 The mother glancing often toward her babe,
 But turning now and then to speak with him,
 Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,
 And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled.

Now when the dead man come to life beheld
His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,
And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,
And his own children tall and beautiful,
And him, that other, reigning in his place,
Lord of his rights and of his children's love, —
Then he, though Miriam Lane had told him all,
Because things seen are mightier than things heard,
Staggered and shook, holding the branch, and feared
To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,
Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

He therefore turning softly, like a thief,
Lest the harsh shingle should grate under foot,

And feeling all along the garden-wall,
Lest he should swoon and tumble, and be
found,

Crept to the gate, and opened it, and closed,
As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,
Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

And there he would have knelt, but that his
knees

Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug
His fingers into the wet earth, and prayed.

"Too hard to bear! why did they take me
thence?

O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, thou
That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,

Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
A little longer! aid me, give me strength
Not to tell her, never to let her know.
Help me not to break in upon her peace.
My children too! must I not speak to these?
They know me not. I should betray myself.
Never: no father's kiss for me — the girl
So like her mother, and the boy, my son."

There speech and thought and nature failed a
little,
And he lay tranced; but when he rose and
paced
Back toward his solitary home again,
All down the long and narrow street he went
Beating it in upon his weary brain,

As though it were the burden of a song,
 "Not to tell her, never to let her know."

He was not all unhappy. His resolve
 Upbore him, and firm faith, and evermore
 Prayer from a living source within the will,
 And beating up through all the bitter world,
 Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,
 Kept him a living soul. "This miller's wife,"
 He said to Miriam, "that you told me of,
 Has she no fear that her first husband lives?"
 "Ay, ay, poor soul," said Miriam, "fear enow!
 If you could tell her you had seen him dead,
 Why, that would be her comfort;" and he thought,
 "After the Lord has called me, she shall know;
 I wait his time;" and Enoch set himself,

Scorning an alms, to work whereby to live.
Almost to all things could he turn his hand.
Cooper he was and carpenter, and wrought
To make the boatmen fishing-nets, or helped
At lading and unlading the tall barks,
That brought the stinted commerce of those days;
Thus earned a scanty living for himself:
Yet since he did but labor for himself,
Work without hope, there was not life in it
Whereby the man could live; and as the year
Rolled itself round again to meet the day
When Enoch had returned, a languor came
Upon him, gentle sickness, gradually
Weakening the man, till he could do no more,
But kept the house, his chair, and last his bed.
And Enoch bore his weakness cheerfully.

For such no gliding boat is
See through the gray skirts of
The boat that bears the aged
To save the life despaired of, then
Death dwells on him, and the



He was not able to work whereby to live
 And so all things would be to him as idle,
 Of no use here and elsewhere, and weight
 To make or buy in fishing-nets, or help
 At home, and mending the treacherous,
 That he might be stinted of hence of those days;
 That earned a score or more for himself;
 And since he did not care for himself,
 Work without hope that he might get life to it
 Whereby the score could be got, and as the year
 Roll'd it away, and again to meet the day
 When he should have returned, a lantern came
 From the door, for the sickness gradually
 On the poor, old man could do no more,
 And he lay down his head, and I saw that
 He had not lost his weakness cheerfully.

For sure no gladlier does the stranded wreck
See through the gray skirts of a lifting squall
The boat that bears the hope of life approach
To save the life despaired of, than he saw
Death dawning on him, and the close of all.





OR through that dawning gleamed
a kindlier hope

On Enoch, thinking, "After I am
gone,

Then may she learn I loved her to the last."

He called aloud for Miriam Lane, and said,

"Well, begot I do."

"Before I was born, I was begot."

"Not to begot begot, but to be begot."

"I begot," she said, and then

she said, "I begot."

"I am not begot, I am begot."

"Sister," said I, "I am not begot."

"And on the Book, begot begot begot."

"Then I begot begot begot begot begot."

"Did you know I begot begot begot begot?"

"Know begot," she said, "I know begot begot."

"Av, av, I mind him coming down begot begot."

"Hold his head high, and cured him begot begot."

"Slowly and sully Knuch answered begot."

"His head is begot, and no more begot begot."

"I think I have got three days more to begot."



Oh, though that day of gladness
 a kinder hope
 in Enoch, thinking, "After I am
 gone,

Then she said, "I loved her to the last."

And said for M'nam Lure, and said,

"Woman, I have a secret — only swear,
Before I tell you — swear upon the Book
Not to reveal it till you see me dead."

"Dead," clamored the good woman, "hear him
talk !

I warrant, man, that we shall bring you round."

"Swear," added Enoch, sternly, "on the Book."

And on the Book, half-frighted, Miriam swore.

Then Enoch rolling his gray eyes upon her,

"Did you know Enoch Arden of this town?"

"Know him?" she said; "I knew him far away.

Ay, ay, I mind him coming down the street;

Held his head high, and cared for no man, he."

Slowly and sadly Enoch answered her:

"His head is low, and no man cares for him.

I think I have not three days more to live;

I am the man." At which the woman gave
A half-incredulous, half-hysterical cry.

"You Arden, you! nay, — sure he was a foot
Higher than you be." Enoch said again,
"My God has bowed me down to what I am;
My grief and solitude have broken me;
Nevertheless, know you that I am he
Who married — but that name has twice been
changed —

I married her who married Philip Ray.
Sit, listen." Then he told her of his voyage,
His wreck, his lonely life, his coming back,
His gazing in on Annie, his resolve,
And how he kept it. As the woman heard,
Fast flowed the current of her easy tears,
While in her heart she yearned incessantly

To rush abroad all round the little haven,
 Proclaiming Enoch Arden and his woes;
 But awed and promise-bounden she forbore,
 Saying, only, "See your bairns before you go!
 Eh, let me fetch 'em, Arden," and arose,
 Eager to bring them down, for Enoch hung
 A moment on her words, but then replied, —

"Woman, disturb me not now at the last,
 But let me hold my purpose till I die.
 Sit down again; mark me and understand,
 While I have power to speak. I charge you
 now,

When you shall see her, tell her that I died
 Blessing her, praying for her, loving her;
 Save for the bar between us, loving her

As when she laid her head beside my own.
And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw
So like her mother, that my latest breath
Was spent in blessing her and praying for her.
And tell my son that I died blessing him.
And say to Philip that I blessed him too ;
He never meant us anything but good.
But if my children care to see me dead,
Who hardly knew me living, let them come ;
I am their father ; but she must not come,
For my dead face would vex her after-life.
And now there is but one of all my blood
Who will embrace me in the world-to-be :
This hair is his : she cut it off and gave it,
And I have borne it with me all these years,
And thought to bear it with me to my grave ;

But now my mind is changed, for I shall see
him,

My babe, in bliss : wherefore, when I am gone,
Take, give her this, for it may comfort her :
It will moreover be a token to her
That I am he."

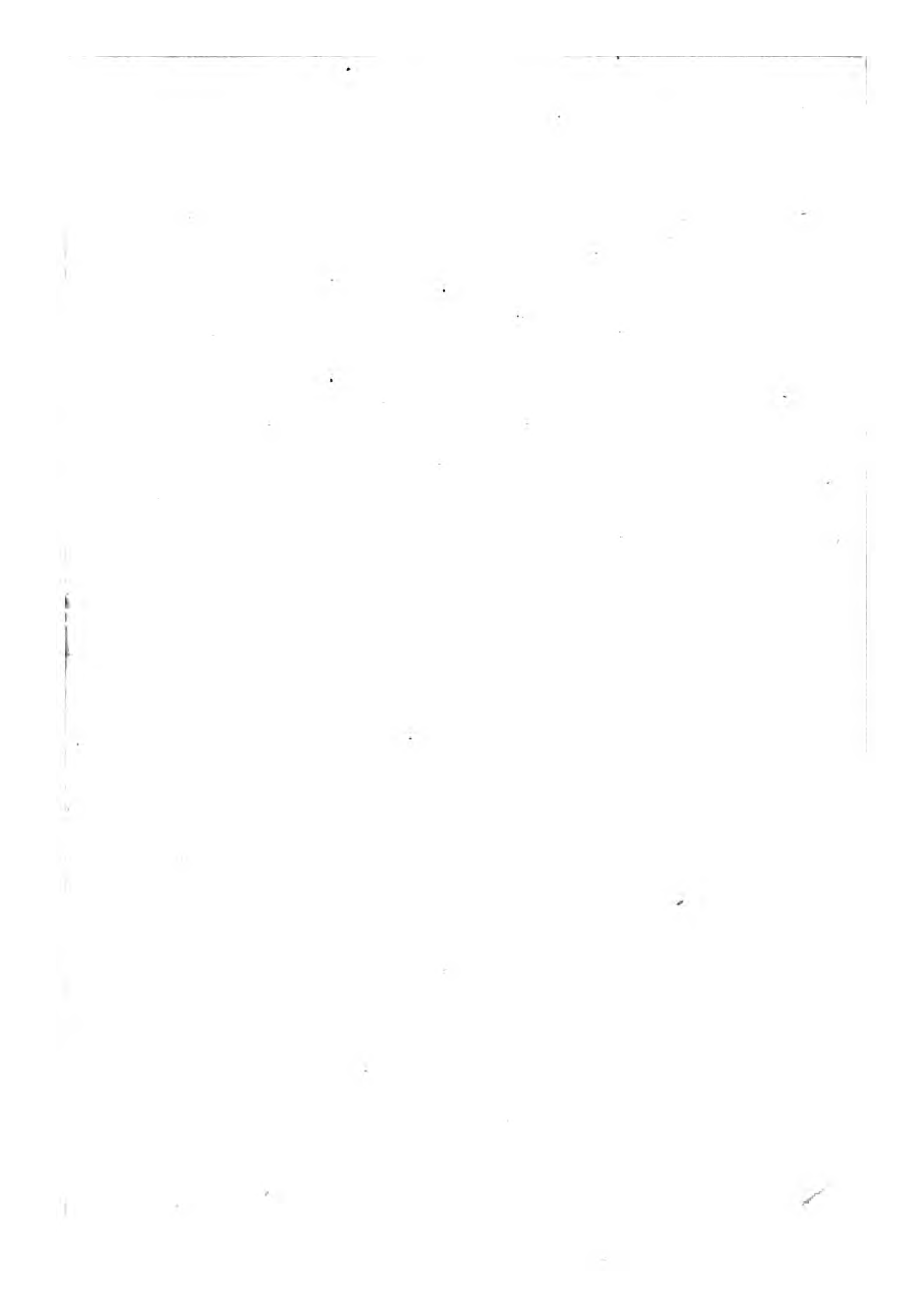
He ceased : and Miriam Lane
Made such a voluble answer, promising all,
That once again he rolled his eyes upon her,
Repeating all he wished, and once again
She promised.

Then the third night after this,
While Enoch slumbered, motionless and pale,
And Miriam watched and dozed at intervals,

There came so loud a calling of the sea,
That all the houses in the haven rang.
He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad,
Crying, with a loud voice, "A sail! a sail!
I am saved;" and so fell back and spoke no more.

So passed the strong, heroic soul away.
And when they buried him, the little port
Had seldom seen a costlier funeral.





10.6

10.6

