

**ANNI FUGACES: A BOOK
OF VERSE WITH
CAMBRIDGE INTERLUDES**

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Anni Fugaces: A Book of Verse with Cambridge Interludes by R. C. Lehmann

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R. C. LEHMANN

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BY

R. C. LEHMANN

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FOR A. L.

*Go, little book of verses that mark the flying years,
Go, smile thy best and brightest, nor tremble into tears;
And bid my well-loved lady, if aught her pleasure stirs
In all thy bumble music, to make thee wholly hers.*

*And tell her that the years, too, of which her lover sings,
They bring their gifts and take them on soft and silent
wings;*

*And sometimes, half in earnest and half, I think, in mirth,
They drop a shining feather that flutters to the earth.*

*And lo, the transmutation! The feather fades away,
And in its place a woman steps out into the day,—
A true and tender woman with sunshine in her eyes,
And someone comes (I come so) and wins her for a prize.*

R. C. L.

NOTE.—A few of the pieces included in this volume have already appeared in book-form. For permission to republish the rest I have chiefly to thank Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, & Co., the proprietors of "Punch." My acknowledgments are also due, and are hereby tendered, to the Editors of the "Oxford Magazine," and to Mr. Joseph Williams.

R. C. L.

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A THOUSAND YEARS AGO

To F. H. L.

THE golden world of children! How far away it seems,
That land of fairy melody, of laughter and of dreams,
Where all the chairs and tables were built extremely tall—
At least they looked gigantic when you and I were small!

And in the dear old garden the roses grew so high,
We only saw in glimpses the azure of the sky.
I know not how it comes, Fred, but nothing seems to grow
As high as in our childhood, a thousand years ago.

And, oh, do you remember how oft we used to start
At keen delicious dangers that thrilled us to the heart?
And what delightful terrors the waking vision gave,
That made the hall a jungle, the cabinet a cave?

Beneath the cushioned sofa a tiger had his lair;
I still recall with shudders his fierce familiar glare.
The cupboard in the passage was meant for household
stores;

It simply teemed with lions, who shook the roof with roars.

And when the nights came early, with storms of wind
and rain,

A pair of chubby noses were flattened on the pane: