

**A DREAM OF OTHER
DAYS: A
ROMANTIC POEM**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649434619

A Dream of Other Days: A Romantic Poem by J. C. Fife-Cookson

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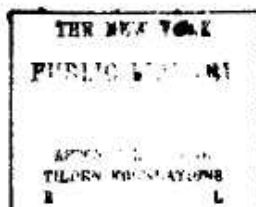
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J. C. FIFE-COOKSON

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Printed and Bound by
The Knickerbocker Press, New York
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

PREFACE.

I BEG to offer to the public the following poem. I can also claim to be the author of the metrical arrangement of the stanza in which it is written, for although other forms have been employed which resemble it, yet mine differs essentially from them.

J. C. FIFE-COOKSON.

LEE HALL, WARK,
NORTH TYNE.

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A DREAM OF OTHER DAYS.

CANTO I.

FIRST LOVE.

I.

YOUNG Arthur Northwood paused and gazed askance
Through the bay window, as the summer day
Hung in the sultry noon. The green leaves dance
When through the woods and parks the breezes play
Around the stately Hall ;
There in mid-distance glides the winding stream,
Its sun-lit pools like glittering mirrors beam ;
While far as eye can reach upon the hill
A standard's folds, which lazy zephyrs fill,
O'er Trannon Castle fall.

II.

A handsome youth was he, whose ruddy glow
Told of the country sport and hardy game ;

I

BY P. W. W. W. W.

Moustache and whiskers scarce begun to grow,
 Light wavy hair, fair skin, and e'er the same
 Truth couched in eyes of blue ;
 His shapely figure over middle height,
 Of needs was boyish yet and somewhat slight ;
 Neat his attire, while still it studied ease,
 Showed dainty care, the graceful wish to please
 The world in manner due.

III.

"O sire ! to age and wisdom I repair,"
 So spake he, turning ; " that your words may guide
 And save me on the brink of dull despair ;
 Aid me, I pray, to win a beauteous bride
 If she is to be won ;
 Where is the sacrifice I could command
 Worthy of lovely Lady Ella's hand ?
 But should I fail, take back the vital spark
 And end my life so aimless, cold, and dark ;
 My days without a sun ! "

IV.

Thus spoke the ardent youth, with blushes deep,
 To hear at first his secret soul avowed :

W Y M S Y N