

**HIGHLAND
RAMBLES: A POEM**

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Highland Rambles: A Poem by William B. Wright

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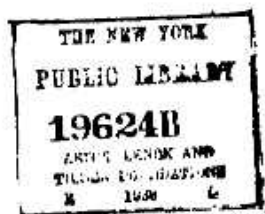
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HIGHLAND RAMBLES:

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BY
WILLIAM B. WRIGHT.

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DEDICATION.



From its Castaly above
Welled a fount of heavenly Love.
Thereof a mortal drank, therein
He cleansed his spirit of its sin.
His eyes caught stronger beams, and tears
Were born to him of deep delight,
A lofty music filled his ears,
And there was offered to his sight
The face of a majestic Soul,
That was not wave nor wind nor light,
But moved and murmured through the whole.

Love is the daintiest thief that ever
Slipped hither out of Paradise.
Nought is so dark but he can sever,
By the fine flashes of his eyes,
The meaning nestling in its heart.
No lore for him too wise or deep,
He can explore with fiery art.
He steals from the coy rose asleep
The dreams she would to none impart,
And ere the river can hasten by,
He will its darting god espy.

DEDICATION.

And without Love may none unlock
The secret temple-gates of God.
Though mazes mingle, phantoms mock,
Love has no fear, he finds a road,
Smites prison'd fountains from the rock,
And wears a full-orbed faith that, beaming
On every form of truth or seeming,
Finds nothing with so hard a face,
But that it keeps some look of grace.
Therefore to LOVE I dedicate
The labors which my hands create.

HIGHLAND RAMBLES.