

DUSKY RAMBLES

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Dusky Rambles by Elizabeth Warne

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ELIZABETH WARNE

**DUSKY
RAMBLES**

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BY

ELIZABETH WARNE.

LONDON:

SAMUEL TINSLEY & CO.,

10 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND.

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ADVERSARY

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DUSKY RAMBLES.



INTRODUCTION.

THESE be dusky rambles—
Fitter for the greyish shade,
Either than the sunlit glade
Or the light of lamp well made,
Where 'twould strike one gambles
Running 'mid the brambles.

Why they seemed alluring,
'Tis a thing I meditate,
And the scuffle comes too late,
If for it I've had to wait—

Sipping the alluring—

Reft of the assuring.

Far from thought of wrestling—

 Tempted to the vernal court,

 From fantastical resort,

 Where the fashions were not taught—

Little known of wringing—

Followed I the singing.

Sweetly flowed the river

 When I saw it at its rise,

 Rambling with it thro' the wise

 Till I could not see its size—

Feeling but the shiver—

Ever near the river.

Then it was that dusky,

 Ere the tent I could regain,