

Wholly forget their first sad life, and
home,
And all that Theban woe, and stray
For ever through the glens, placid and
dumb.

PHILOMELA.

HARK! ah, the Nightingale
The tawny-throated!
Hark! from the moonlit cedar what a
burst!
What triumph! hark—what pain!

O Wanderer from a Grecian shore,
Still, after many years, in distant lands,
Still nourishing in thy bewilder'd brain
That wild, unquench'd, deep-sunken, old-
world pain—

Say, will it never heal?
And can this fragrant lawn
With its cool trees, and night,
And the sweet, tranquil Thames,
And moonshine, and the dew,
To thy rack'd heart and brain

Afford no balm?
Dost thou to-night behold
Here, through the moonlight on this
English grass,
The unfriendly palace in the Thracian
wild?

Dost thou again peruse
With hot cheeks and sear'd eyes
The too clear web, and thy dumb
Sister's shame?

Dost thou once assay
Thy flight, and feel come over thee,
Poor Fugitive, the feathery change
Once more, and once more seem to
make resound
With love and hate, triumph and agony,
Lone Daulis, and the high Cephissian
vale?

Listen, Eugenia—
How thick the bursts come crowding
through the leaves!
Again—thou hearest!
Eternal Passion!
Eternal Pain!

[ALFRED AUSTIN.]

THE DEATH OF HUSS.

IN the streets of Constance was heard
the shout,
"Masters! bring the arch-heretic out!"
The stake had been planted, the faggots
spread,
And the tongues of the torches flickered
red.

"Huss to the flames!" they fiercely
cried:
Then the gates of the Convent opened
wide.

Into the sun from the dark he came,
His face as fixed as a face in a frame;
His arms were pinioned, but you could
see,
By the smile round his mouth, that his
soul was free;
And his eye with a strange bright glow
was lit,
Like a star just before the dawn
quenched it.

To the pyre the crowd a pathway made
And he walked along it with no man's
aid;

Steadily on to the place he trod,
Commending aloud his soul to God.
Aloud he prayed, though they mocked
his prayer:
He was the only thing tranquil there.

But seeing the faggots, he quickened his
pace,
As we do when we see the loved one's
face.

"Now, now, let the torch in the resin
flare
Till my books and body be ashes and
air!
But the spirit of both shall return to
men,
As dew that rises descends again."

From the back of the crowd where the
women wept,
And the children whispered, a peasant
stepped.

A goodly faggot was on his back,
Brittle and sere, from last year's stack;

And he placed it carefully where the
torch
Was sure to lick and the flame to scorch.

“Why bring you fresh fuel, friend?
Here are sticks
To burn up a score of heretics.”
Answered the peasant, “Because this
year,
My hearth will be cold, for is firewood
dear;
And Heaven be witness I pay my toll,
And burn your body to save my soul.”

Huss gazed at the peasant, he gazed at
the pile,
Then over his features there stole a
smile.
“O Sancta Simplicitas! By God’s troth,
This faggot of yours may save us both,
And he who judgeth perchance prefer
To the victim the executioner!”

Then unto the stake was he tightly tied,
And the torches were lowered and thrust
inside.
You could hear the twigs crackle and
sputter the flesh,
Then “Sancta Simplicitas” moaned
afresh,
’Twas the last men heard of the words he
spoke;
Ere to Heaven his soul went up with
the smoke!

IN THE MONTH WHEN SINGS
THE CUCKOO.

I.

HARK! Spring is coming. Her herald
sings,

The air resounds and the woodland
rings,

Leave the milking-pail and the mant-
ling cream,
And down by the meadow, and up by
the stream,

Where movement is music and life a
dream,
In the month when sings the cuckoo.

II.

Away with old Winter’s frowns and
fears,
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
Now May with a smile dries April’s
tears,

Cuckoo!
When the bees are humming in bloom
and bud,
And the kine sit chewing the moist green
cud,
Shall the snow not melt in a maiden’s
blood,
In the month when sings the cuckoo!

III.

The popinjay mates and the lapwing
woos;

Cuckoo!
In the lane is a footstep. I wonder
whose?

Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
How sweet are low whispers! and sweet,
so sweet,
When the warm hands touch, and the
shy lips meet,
And sorrel and woodruff are round our
feet,
In the month when sings the cuckoo.

IV.

Your face is as fragrant as moist musk-
rose;

Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
All the year in your cheek the windflower
blows;

Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
You flit as blithely as bird on wing;
And when you answer, and when they
sing,
I know not if they, or You, be Spring,
In the month when pairs the cuckoo.

V.

Will you love me still when the blossom
droops?

Cuckoo!

When the cracked husk falls and the
fieldfare troops?

Cuckoo!

Let sere leaf or snowdrift shade your
brow,
By the soul of the Spring, sweetheart, I
vow,
I will love you then as I love you now,
In the month when sings the cuckoo.

VI.

Smooth, smooth is the sward where the
loosestrife grows,

Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

As we lie and hear in a dreamy doze,
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
And smooth is the curve of a maiden's
cheek,
When she loves to listen but fears to
speak,
As we yearn but we know not what we
seek,
In the month when sings the cuckoo.

VII.

But in warm midsummer we hear no
more,

Cuckoo!

And August brings not, with all its
store,

Cuckoo!

When Autumn shivers on Winter's
brink,
And the wet wind wails through crevice
and chink,
We gaze at the logs, and sadly think
Of the month when called the cuckoo.

VIII.

But the cuckoo comes back and shouts
once more,

Cuckoo!

And the world is as young as it was
before;

Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

It grows not older for mortal tears,
For the falsehood of men or for women's
fears;
'Tis as young as it was in the bygone
years,
When first we heard the cuckoo.

IX.

I will love you then as I love you now
Cuckoo!
What cares the Spring for a broken vow?
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
The broods of last year are pairing, this;
And there never will lack, while love is
bliss,
Fresh ears to cozen, fresh lips to kiss,
In the month when sings the cuckoo.

X.

O cruel bird! will you never have done?
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
You sing for the cloud, as you sung for
the sun;
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
You mock me now as you mocked me
then,
When I knew not yet that the loves of
men
Are as brief as the glamour of glade and
glen,
And the glee of the fleeting cuckoo.

XI.

Oh! to lie once more in the long fresh
grass,
Cuckoo!
And dream of the sounds and scents that
pass;
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
To savour the woodbine, surmise the
dove,
With no roof save the far-off sky above,
With a curtain of kisses round couch of
love,
While distantly called the cuckoo.

XII.

But if now I slept, I should sleep to
wake
To the sleepless pang and the dreamless
ache,
To the wild babe blossom within my
heart,
To the darkening terror and swelling
smart,
To the searching look and the words
apart,
And the hint of the tell-tale cuckoo.

XIII.

The meadow grows thick, and the
stream runs deep,

Cuckoo!

Where the aspens quake and the willows
weep;

Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

The dew of the night and the morning
heat

Will close up the track of my farewell
feet:—

So goodbye to the life that once was
sweet,

When so sweetly called the cuckoo.

XIV.

The kine are un milked, and the cream
unchurned,

Cuckoo!

The pillow unpressed, and the quilt
unturned,

Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

'Twas easy to gibe at a beldame's fear
For the quick brief blush and the side-
ling tear;

But if maids will gad in the youth of the
year,

They should heed what says the cuckoo!

XV.

There are marks in the meadow laid up
for hay,

Cuckoo!

And the tread of a foot where no foot
should stray:

Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

The banks of the pool are broken down,
Where the water is quiet and deep and
brown;—

The very spot, if one longed to drown,
And no more hear the cuckoo.

XVI.

'Tis a full taut net and a heavy haul.

Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Look! her auburn hair and her trim new
shawl!

Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Draw a bit this way where 'tis not so
steep;

There, cover her face! She but seems
asleep;

While the swallows skim and the gray-
lings leap,

And joyously sings the cuckoo.

AVE MARIA.

I.

IN the ages of Faith, before the day
When men were too proud to weep or
pray,

There stood in a red-roofed Breton
town,

Snugly nestled 'twixt sea and down,

A chapel for simple souls to meet,

Nightly, and sing with voices sweet,

Ave Maria!

II.

There was an idiot, palsied, bleared,
With unkempt locks and a matted
beard,

Hunched from the cradle, vacant-eyed,
And whose head kept rolling from side
to side;

Yet who, when the sunset-glow grew
dim,

Joined with the rest in the twilight
hymn,

Ave Maria!

III.

But when they up-got and wended
home,

Those up the hillside, these to the foam,
He hobbled along in the narrowing
dusk,

Like a thing that is only hull and husk;
On as he hobbled, chanting still,

Now to himself, now loud and shrill,

Ave Maria!

IV.

When morning smiled on the smiling
deep,

And the fisherman woke from dreamless
sleep,

And ran up his sail, and trimmed his
craft,

While his little ones leaped on the sand
and laughed,
The senseless cripple would stand and
stare,
Then suddenly holloa his wonted prayer,
Ave Maria!

V.

Others might plough, and reap, and sow,
Delve in the sunshine, spin in snow,
Make sweet love in a shelter sweet,
Or trundle their dead in a winding-
sheet;
But he, through rapture, and pain, and
wrong,
Kept singing his one monotonous song,
Ave Maria!

VI.

When thunder growled from the ravelled
wrack
And ocean to welkin bellowed back,
And the lightning sprang from its cloudy
sheath,
And tore through the forest with jagged
teeth,
Then leaped and laughed o'er the havoc
wreaked,
The idiot clapped with his hands, and
shrieked,
Ave Maria!

VII.

Children mocked, and mimicked his
feet,
As he slouched or sidled along the
street;
Maidens shrank as he passed them by,
And mothers with child eschewed his
eye;
And half in pity, half scorn, the folk
Christened him, from the words he
spoke,
Ave Maria!

VIII.

One year when the harvest feasts were
done,
And the mending of tattered nets begun,
And the kittiwake's scream took a
weirder key
From the wailing wind and the moaning
sea,

He was found, at morn, on the fresh-
strewn snow,
Frozen, and faint, and crooning low,
Ave Maria!

IX.

They stirred up the ashes between the
dogs,
And warmed his limbs by the blazing
logs,
Chafed his puckered and bloodless skin,
And strove to quiet his chattering chin;
But, ebbing with unreturning tide,
He kept on murmuring till he died,
Ave Maria!

X.

Idiot, soulless, brute from birth,
He could not be buried in sacred earth;
So they laid him afar, apart, alone,
Without or a cross, or turf, or stone,
Senseless clay unto senseless clay,
To which none ever came nigh to say,
Ave Maria!

XI.

When the meads grew saffron, the haw-
thorn white,
And the lark bore his music out of
sight,
And the swallow outraced the racing
wave,
Up from the lonely, outcast grave,
Sprouted a lily, straight and high,
Such as She bears to whom men cry.
Ave Maria!

XII.

None had planted it, no one knew
How it had come there, why it grew;
Grew up strong, till its stately stem
Was crowned with a snow-white
diadem,—
One pure lily, round which, behold!
Was written by God in veins of gold,
"Ave Maria"!

XIII.

Over the lily they built a shrine,
Where are mingled the mystic bread and
wine;
Shrine you may see in the little town
That is snugly nestled 'twixt deep and
down,

Through the Breton land it hath wondrous fame,
And it bears the unshriven idiot's name
Ave Maria!

XIV.

Hunchbacked, gibbering, blear-eyed,
halt,
From forehead to footstep one foul fault,
Crazy, contorted, mindless-born
The gentle's pity, the cruel's scorn,
Who shall bar you the gates of Day
So you have simple faith to say,
Ave Maria!

[W. C. BENNETT.]

BABY MAY.

CHEEKS as soft as July peaches,
Lips whose dewy scarlet teaches
Poppies paleness—round large eyes
Ever great with new surprise,
Minutes filled with shadeless gladness,
Minutes just as brimmed with sadness,
Happy smiles and wailing cries,
Crows and laughs and tearful eyes,
Lights and shadows swifter born
Than on wind-swept Autumn corn,
Ever some new tiny notion
Making every limb all motion—
Catchings up of legs and arms,
Throwings back and small alarms,
Clutching fingers—straightening jerks,
Twining feet whose each toe works,
Kickings up and straining risings,
Mother's ever new surprisings,
Hands all wants and looks all wonder
At all things the heavens under,
Tiny scorns of smiled reprovings
That have more of love than lovings,
Mischiefs done with such a winning
Archness, that we prize such sinning,
Breakings dire of plates and glasses,
Graspings small at all that passes,
Pullings off of all that's able
To be caught from tray or table;
Silences—small meditations,
Deep as thoughts of cares for nations,
Breaking into wisest speeches
In a tongue that nothing teaches,

All the thoughts of whose possessing
Must be wooed to light by guessing;
Slumbers—such sweet angel-seemings,
That we'd ever have such dreamings,
Till from sleep we see thee breaking,
And we'd always have thee waking;
Wealth for which we know no measure,
Pleasure high above all pleasure,
Gladness brimming over gladness,
Joy in care—delight in sadness,
Loveliness beyond completeness,
Sweetness distancing all sweetness,
Beauty all that beauty may be—
That's May Bennett, that's my baby.

 BABY'S SHOES.

O THOSE little, those little blue shoes!
Those shoes that no little feet use!
O the price were high
That those shoes would buy,
Those little blue unused shoes!

For they hold the small shape of feet
That no more their mother's eyes meet,
That by God's good will,
Years since grew still,
And ceased from their totter so sweet!

And O, since that baby slept,
So hush'd! how the mother has kept,
With a tearful pleasure,
That little dear treasure,
And o'er them thought and wept!

For they mind her for evermore
Of a patter along the floor,
And blue eyes she sees
Look up from her knees,
With the look that in life they wore.

As they lie before her there,
There babbles from chair to chair
A little sweet face,
That's a gleam in the place,
With its little gold curls of hair.

Then O wonder not that her heart
From all else would rather part
Than those tiny blue shoes
That no little feet use,
And whose sight makes such fond tears
start.

THE WORN WEDDING-RING.

YOUR wedding-ring wears thin, dear wife ; ah, summers not a few,
 Since I put it on your finger first, have pass'd o'er me and you ;
 And, love, what changes we have seen — what cares and pleasures, too,
 Since you became my own dear wife, when this old ring was new.

O, blessings on that happy day, the happiest of my life,
 When, thanks to God, your low, sweet "Yes" made you my loving wife ;
 Your heart will say the same, I know ; that day's as dear to you, —
 That day that made me yours, dear wife, when this old ring was new.

How well do I remember now your young sweet face that day !
 How fair you were, how dear you were, my tongue could hardly say,
 Nor how I doated on you ; ah, how proud I was of you ;
 But did I love you more than now, when this old ring was new ?

No—no ; no fairer were you then than at this hour to me ;
 And, dear as life to me this day, how could you dearer be ?
 As sweet your face might be that day as now it is, 'tis true,
 But did I know your heart as well when this old ring was new ?

O, partner of my gladness, wife, what care, what grief is there
 For me you would not bravely face, with me you would not share ?
 O, what a weary want had every day, if wanting you,
 Wanting the love that God made mine when this old ring was new.

Years bring fresh links to bind us, wife — young voices that are hear,
 Young faces round our fire that make their mother's yet more dear,
 Young, loving hearts, your care each day makes yet more like to you,
 More like the loving heart made mine when this old ring was new

And, bless'd be God ! all He has given are with us yet ; around
 Our table, every precious life lent to us still is found ;
 Though cares we've known, with hopeful hearts the worst we've struggled through :
 Bless'd be His name for all His love since this old ring was new.

The past is dear ; its sweetness still our memories treasure yet ;
 The griefs we've borne, together borne, we would not now forget ;
 Whatever, wife, the future brings, heart unto heart still true,
 We'll share as we have shared all else since this old ring was new.

And if God spare us 'mongst our sons and daughters to grow old,
 We know His goodness will not let your heart or mine grow cold ;
 Your agèd eyes will see in mine all they've still shown to you,
 And mine in yours all they have seen since this old ring was new.

And O, when death shall come at last to bid me to my rest,
 May I die looking in those eyes, and resting on that breast ;
 O, may my parting gaze be bless'd with the dear sight of you,
 Of those fond eyes—fond as they were when this old ring was new.

[ROBERT BROWNING.]

HERVÉ RIEL.

I.

ON the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
 Did the English fight the French,— woe to France !
 And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,
 Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
 Came crowding ship on ship to Saint-Malo on the Rance,
 With the English fleet in view.

II.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with
the victor in full chase ;
First and foremost of the drove, in his
great ship, Damfreville ;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all ;
And they signalled to the place
" Help the winners of a race !
Get us guidance, give us harbour, take
us quick—or, quicker still,
Here's the English can and will ! "

III.

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk
and leapt on board ;
" Why, what hope or chance have
ships like these to pass ? " laughed
they :
" Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all
the passage scarred and scored,—
Shall the ' Formidable ' here, with her
twelve and eighty guns,
Think to make the river-mouth by the
single narrow way,
Trust to enter—where 'tis ticklish for a
craft of twenty tons,
And with flow at full beside ?
Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring ? Rather say,
While rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay ! "

IV.

Then was called a council straight.
Brief and bitter the debate :
" Here's the English at our heels ; would
you have them take in tow
All that's left us of the fleet, linked to-
gether stern and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound ?
Better run the ships aground ! "
(Ended Damfreville his speech).
" Not a minute more to wait !
Let the Captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the
vessels on the beach !
France must undergo her fate.

V.

Give the word ! " But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard ;

For up stood, for out stepped, for in
struck amid all these
—A Captain ? A Lieutenant ? A Mate
—first, second, third ?
No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete !
But a simple Breton sailor pressed by
Tourville for the fleet,
A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Reil the
Croisickese.

VI.

And " What mockery or malice have we
here ? " cries Hervé Riel :
" Are you mad, you Malouins ? Are
you cowards, fools, or rogues ?
Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who
took the soundings, tell
On my fingers every bank, every shallow,
every swell
'Twixt the offing here and Grève where
the river disembogues ?
Are you bought by English gold ? Is it
love the lying's for ?
Morn and eve, night and day,
Have I piloted your bay,
Entered free and anchored fast at the
foot of Solidor.
Burn the fleet and ruin France ? That
were worse than fifty Hogues !
Sirs, they know I speak the truth !
Sirs, believe me there's a way !
Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer,
Get this ' Formidable ' clear,
Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them, most and least, by a
passage I know well,
Right to Solidor past Grève,
And there lay them safe and sound ;
And if one ship misbehave,—
—Keel so much as grate the ground,
Why, I've nothing but my life,—here's
my head ! " cries Hervé Riel.

VII.

Not a minute more to wait.
" Steer us in, then, small and great !
Take the helm, lead the line, save the
squadron ! " cried its chief.
Captains, give the sailor place !
He is Admiral, in brief.

Still the north-wind, by God's grace
 See the noble fellow's face
 As the big ship, with a bound,
 Clears the entry like a hound,
 Keeps the passage, as its inch of way
 were the wide sea's profound!
 See, safe thro' shoal and rock,
 How they follow in a flock,
 Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel
 that grates the ground,
 Not a spar that comes to grief!
 The peril, see, is past.
 All are harboured to the last,
 And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!"
 —sure as fate,
 Up the English come,—too late!

VIII.

So, the storm subsides to calm:
 They see the green trees wave
 On the heights o'erlooking Grève.
 Hearts that bled and stanch'd with
 balm.
 "Just our rapture to enhance,
 Let the English rake the bay,
 Gnash their teeth and glare askance
 As they cannonade away!
 'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding
 on the Rance!"
 How hope succeeds despair on each
 Captain's countenance!
 Out burst all with one accord,
 "This is Paradise for Hell!
 Let France, let France's King
 Thank the man that did the thing!"
 What a shout, and all one word,
 "Hervé Riel!"
 As he stepped in front once more,
 Not a symptom of surprise
 In the frank blue Breton eyes,
 Just the same man as before.

IX.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
 I must speak out at the end,
 Though I find the speaking hard.
 Praise is deeper than the lips:
 You have saved the King his ships,
 You must name your own reward.
 'Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
 Demand whate'er you will,
 France remains your debtor still.
 Ask to heart's content and have! or my
 name's not Damfreville."

X.

Then a beam of fun outbroke
 On the bearded mouth that spoke,
 As the honest heart laughed through
 Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
 "Since I needs must say my say,
 Since on board the duty's done,
 And from Malo Roads to Croisic
 Point, what is it but a run?—
 Since 't is ask and have, I may—
 Since the others go ashore—
 Come! A good whole holiday!
 Leave to go and see my wife, whom I
 call the Belle Aurore!"
 That he asked and that he got,—no-
 thing more.

XI.

Name and deed alike are lost:
 Not a pillar nor a post
 In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it
 befell;
 Not a head in white and black
 On a single fishing-smack,
 In memory of the man but for whom had
 gone to wrack
 All that France saved from the fight
 whence England bore the bell.
 Go to Paris: rank on rank
 Search the heroes flung pell-mell
 On the Louvre, face and flank!
 You shall look long enough ere you
 come to Hervé Riel.
 So, for better and for worse,
 Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
 In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once
 more
 Save the squadron, honour France, love
 thy wife the Belle Aurore!

(By permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.)

[LORD MACAULAY.]

HORATIUS.

THERE can be little doubt that
 among those parts of early Roman
 history which had a poetical origin was
 the legend of Horatius Cocles. We have
 several versions of the story, and these
 versions differ from each other in points
 of no small importance. Polybius, there
 is reason to believe, heard the tale recited

over the remains of some Consul or Prætor descended from the old Horatian patricians; for he evidently introduces it as a specimen of the narratives with which the Romans were in the habit of embellishing their funeral oratory. It is remarkable that, according to his description, Horatius defended the bridge alone, and perished in the waters. According to the chronicles which Livy and Dionysius followed, Horatius had two companions, swam safe to shore, and was loaded with honours and rewards.

These discrepancies are easily explained. Our own literature, indeed, will furnish an exact parallel to what may have taken place at Rome. It is highly probable that the memory of the war of Porsena was preserved by compositions much resembling the two ballads which stand first in the *Relics of Ancient English Poetry*. In both those ballads the English, commanded by the Percy, fight with the Scots, commanded by the Douglas. In one of the ballads the Douglas is killed by a nameless English archer, and the Percy by a Scottish spearman: in the other, the Percy slays the Douglas in single combat, and is himself made prisoner. In the former, Sir Hugh Montgomery is shot through the heart by a Northumbrian bowman: in the latter, he is taken and exchanged for the Percy. Yet both the ballads relate to the same event, and that an event which probably took place within the memory of persons who were alive when both the ballads were made. One of the minstrels says:

“Old men that knowen the grounde well
yenoughe
Call it the battell of Otterburn:
At Otterburn began this spurne
Upon a monnyn day.
Ther was the doughte Doglas slean:
The Perse never went away.”

The other poet sums up the event in the following lines:

“Thys fraye bygan at Otterborne
Bytwene the nyghte and the day:
Ther the Dowglas lost hys lyfe,
And the Percy was lede away.”

It is by no means unlikely that there were two old Roman lays about the

defence of the bridge; and that, while the story which Livy has transmitted to us was preferred by the multitude, the other, which ascribed the whole glory to Horatius alone, may have been the favourite with the Horatian house.

The following ballad is supposed to have been made about a hundred and twenty years after the war which it celebrates, and just before the taking of Rome by the Gauls. The author seems to have been an honest citizen, proud of the military glory of his country, sick of the disputes of factions, and much given to pining after good old times which had never really existed. The allusion, however to the partial manner in which the public lands were allotted could proceed only from a plebeian; and the allusion to the fraudulent sale of spoils marks the date of the poem, and shows that the poet shared in the general discontent with which the proceedings of Camillus, after the taking of Veii, were regarded.

The penultimate syllable of the name Porsena has been shortened in spite of the authority of Niebuhr, who pronounces, without assigning any ground for his opinion, that Martial was guilty of a decided blunder in the line,

“Hanc spectare manum Porsena non potuit.”

It is not easy to understand how any modern scholar, whatever his attainments be,—and those of Niebuhr were undoubtedly immense,—can venture to pronounce that Martial did not know the quantity of a word which he must have uttered and heard uttered a hundred times before he left school. Niebuhr seems also to have forgotten that Martial has fellow-culprits to keep him in countenance. Horace has committed the same decided blunder; for he gives us, as a pure iambic line,

“Minacis aut Etrusca Porsenæ manus.”

Silius Italicus has repeatedly offended in the same way, as when he says,

“Cernitur effugiens ardentem Porsena dextram:”

and again,

“Clusinum vulgus, cum, Porsena magno,
jubebas.”

A modern writer may be content to err in such company.

Niebuhr's supposition that each of the three defenders of the bridge was the representative of one of the three patrician tribes is both ingenious and probable, and has been adopted in the following poem.

HORATIUS.

A LAY MADE ABOUT THE YEAR OF THE CITY CCCLX.

I.

LARS PORSENA of Clusium
By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine Gods he swore it,
And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
To summon his array.

II.

East and west and south and north
The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
Have heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan
Who lingers in his home,
When Porsena of Clusium
Is on the march for Rome.

III.

The horsemen and the footmen
Are pouring in amain
From many a stately market-place,
From many a fruitful plain;
From many a lonely hamlet,
Which, hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest
Of purple Apennine;

IV.

From lordly Volaterræ,
Where scowls the far-famed hold

Piled by the hands of giants
For godlike kings of old;
From seagirt Populonia,
Whose sentinels descry
Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops
Fringing the southern sky;

V.

From the proud mart of Pisæ,
Queen of the western waves,
Where ride Massilia's triremes
Heavy with fair-haired slaves;
From where sweet Clanis wanders
Through corn and vines and flowers;
From where Cortona lifts to heaven
Her diadem of towers.

VI.

Tall are the oaks whose acorns
Drop in dark Auser's rill;
Fat are the stags that champ the boughs
Of the Ciminian hill;
Beyond all streams Clitumnus
Is to the herdsman dear;
Best of all pools the fowler loves
The great Volsinian mere.

VII.

But now no stroke of woodman
Is heard by Auser's rill;
No hunter tracks the stag's green path
Up the Ciminian hill;
Unwatched along Clitumnus
Grazes the milk-white steer;
Unharm'd the water-fowl may dip
In the Volsinian mere.

VIII.

The harvests of Arretium,
This year, old men shall reap;
This year, young boys in Umbro
Shall plunge the struggling sheep;
And in the vats of Luna,
This year, the must shall foam
Round the white feet of laughing girls,
Whose sires have marched to Rome.

IX.

There be thirty chosen prophets,
The wisest of the land,

Who alway by Lars Porsena
 Both morn and evening stand ;
 Evening and morn the Thirty
 Have turned the verses o'er,
 Traced from the right on linen white
 By mighty seers of yore.

X.

And with one voice the Thirty
 Have their glad answer given :
 " Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena ;
 Go forth, beloved of Heaven ;
 Go, and return in glory
 To Clusium's royal dome ;
 And hang round Nurscia's altars
 The golden shields of Rome."

XI.

And now hath every city
 Sent up her tale of men ;
 The foot are fourscore thousand,
 The horse are thousands ten.
 Before the gates of Sutrium
 Is met the great array.
 A proud man was Lars Porsena
 Upon the trysting day.

XII.

For all the Etruscan armies
 Were ranged beneath his eye,
 And many a banished Roman,
 And many a stout ally ;
 And with a mighty following
 To join the muster came
 The Tusculan Mamilius,
 Prince of the Latian name.

XIII.

But by the yellow Tiber
 Was tumult and affright :
 From all the spacious champaign
 To Rome men took their flight.
 A mile around the city,
 The throng stopped up the ways ;
 A fearful sight it was to see
 Through two long nights and days.

XIV.

For aged folk on crutches,
 And women great with child,

And mothers sobbing over babes
 That clung to them and smiled,
 And sick men borne in litters
 High on the necks of slaves,
 And troops of sun-burned husbandmen
 With reaping-hooks and staves.

XV.

And droves of mules and asses
 Laden with skins of wine,
 And endless flocks of goats and sheep,
 And endless herds of kine.
 And endless trains of waggons
 That creaked beneath the weight
 Of corn-sacks and of household goods,
 Choked every roaring gate.

XVI.

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,
 Could the wan burghers spy
 The line of blazing villages
 Red in the midnight sky.
 The Fathers of the City,
 They sat all night and day,
 For every hour some horseman came
 With tidings of dismay.

XVII.

To eastward and to westward
 Have spread the Tuscan bands ;
 Nor house, nor fence, nor dovecote
 In Crustumerium stands.
 Verbenna down to Ostia
 Hath wasted all the plain ;
 Astur hath stormed Janiculum,
 And the stout guards are slain.

XVIII.

I wis, in all the Senate,
 There was no heart so bold,
 But sore it ached, and fast it beat,
 When that ill news was told.
 Forthwith up rose the Consul,
 Up rose the Fathers all ;
 In haste they girded up their gowns,
 And hied them to the wall.

XIX.

They held a council standing
 Before the River-Gate ;

Short time was there, ye well may
guess,

For musing or debate.

Out spake the Consul roundly :

“The bridge must straight go down ;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
Nought else can save the town.”

XX.

Just then a scout came flying,

All wild with haste and fear :

“To arms ! to arms ! Sir Consul :
Lars Porsena is here.”

On the low hills to westward

The Consul fixed his eye,

And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky.

XXI.

And nearer fast and nearer

Doth the red whirlwind come ;

And louder still and still more loud,

From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,

The trampling, and the hum.

And plainly and more plainly

Now through the gloom appears,

Far to left and far to right,

In broken gleams of dark-blue light,

The long array of helmets bright,

The long array of spears.

XXII.

And plainly and more plainly,

Above that glimmering line,

Now might ye see the banners

Of twelve fair cities shine ;

But the banner of proud Clusium

Was highest of them all,

The terror of the Umbrian,

The terror of the Gaul.

XXIII.

And plainly and more plainly

Now might the burghers know,

By port and vest, by horse and crest

Each warlike Lucumo.

There Cilnius of Arretium

On his fleet roan was seen ;

And Astur of the four-fold shield,

Girt with the brand none else may wield,

Tolumnius with the belt of gold,

And dark Verbenna from the hold
By reedy Thrasymene.

XXIV.

Fast by the royal standard

O'erlooking all the war,

Lars Porsena of Clusium

Sate in his ivory car.

By the right wheel rode Mamilius,

Prince of the Latian name ;

And by the left false Sextus,

That wrought the deed of shame.

XXV.

But when the face of Sextus

Was seen among the foes,

A yell that rent the firmament

From all the town arose.

On the house-tops was no woman

But spat towards him and hissed ;

No child but screamed out curses,

And shook its little fist.

XXVI.

But the Consul's brow was sad,

And the Consul's speech was low,

And darkly looked he at the wall,

And darkly at the foe.

“Their van will be upon us

Before the bridge goes down ;

And if they once may win the bridge,

What hope to save the town ?”

XXVII.

Then out spake brave Horatius,

The Captain of the gate :

“To every man upon this earth

Death cometh soon or late ;

And how can man die better

Than facing fearful odds,

For the ashes of his fathers

And the temples of his Gods,

XXVIII.

“And for the tender mother

Who dandled him to rest,

And for the wife who nurses

His baby at her breast,

And for the holy maidens

Who feed the eternal flame,

To save them from false Sextus

That wrought the deed of shame ?”

XXIX.

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
 With all the speed ye may ;
 I, with two more to help me,
 Will hold the foe in play.
 In yon strait path a thousand
 May well be stopped by three.
 Now who will stand on either hand,
 And keep the bridge with me ?"

XXX.

Then out spake Spurius Lartius ;
 A Ramnian proud was he :
 "Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
 And keep the bridge with thee."
 And out spake strong Herminius ;
 Of Titian blood was he :
 "I will abide on thy left side,
 And keep the bridge with thee."

XXXI.

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
 "As thou sayest, so let it be."
 And straight against that great array
 Forth went the dauntless Three.
 For Romans in Rome's quarrel
 Spared neither land nor gold,
 Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
 In the brave days of old.

XXXII.

Then none was for a party ;
 Then all were for the state ;
 Then the great man helped the poor,
 And the poor man loved the great :
 Then lands were fairly portioned ;
 Then spoils were fairly sold :
 The Romans were like brothers
 In the brave days of old.

XXXIII.

Now Roman is to Roman
 More hateful than a foe,
 And the Tribunes beard the high,
 And the Fathers grind the low.
 As we wax hot in faction,
 In battle we wax cold :
 Wherefore men fight not as they fought
 In the brave days of old.

XXXIV.

Now while the Three were tightening
 Their harness on their backs,
 The Consul was the foremost man
 To take in hand an axe :
 And Fathers mixed with Commons,
 Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
 And smote upon the planks above,
 And loosed the props below.

XXXV.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
 Right glorious to behold,
 Came flashing back the noonday light,
 Rank behind rank, like surges bright
 Of a broad sea of gold.
 Four hundred trumpets sounded
 A peal of warlike glee,
 As that great host, with measured tread,
 And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
 Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
 Where stood the dauntless Three.

XXXVI.

The Three stood calm and silent
 And looked upon the foes,
 And a great shout of laughter
 From all the vanguard rose :
 And forth three chiefs came spurring
 Before that deep array ;
 To earth they sprang, their swords they
 drew,
 And lifted high their shields, and flew
 To win the narrow way ;

XXXVII.

Aunus from green Tifernum,
 Lord of the Hill of Vines ;
 And Seiur, whose eight hundred slaves
 Sicken in Ilva's mines ;
 And Picus, long to Clusium
 Vassal in peace and war,
 Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
 From that grey crag where, girt with
 towers,
 The fortress of Nequinum lowers
 O'er the pale waves of Nar.

XXXVIII.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
 Into the stream beneath :

Herminius struck at Seius,
 And clove him to the teeth :
 At Picus brave Horatius
 Darted one fiery thrust ;
 And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
 Clashed in the bloody dust.

XXXIX.

Then Ocnus of Falerii
 Rushed on the Roman Three ;
 And Lausulus of Urgo,
 The rover of the sea ;
 And Aruns of Volsinium,
 Who slew the great wild boar,
 The great wild boar that had his den
 Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,
 And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,
 Along Albinia's shore.

XL.

Herminius smote down Aruns :
 Lartius laid Ocnus low ;
 Right to the heart of Lausulus
 Horatius sent a blow.
 " Lie there," he cried, " fell pirate !
 No more, aghast and pale,
 From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
 The track of thy destroying bark.
 No more Campania's hinds shall fly
 To woods and caverns when they spy
 Thy thrice-accursed sail."

XLI.

But now no sound of laughter
 Was heard among the foes.
 A wild and wrathful clamour
 From all the vanguard rose.
 Six spears' lengths from the entrance
 Halted that deep array,
 And for a space no man came forth
 To win the narrow way.

XLII.

But hark ! the cry is Astur :
 And lo ! the ranks divide ;
 And the great Lord of Luna
 Comes with his hasty stride.
 Upon his ample shoulders
 Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
 And in his hand he shakes the brand
 Which none but he can wield.

XLIII.

He smiled on those bold Romans
 A smile serene and high ;
 He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
 And scorn was in his eye.
 Quoth he, " The she-wolf's litter
 Stand savagely at bay :
 But will ye dare to follow,
 If Astur clears the way ? "

XLIV.

Then, whirling up his broadsword
 With both hands to the height,
 He rushed against Horatius,
 And smote with all his might.
 With shield and blade Horatius
 Right deftly turned the blow.
 The blow, though turned, came yet too
 nigh ;
 It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh :
 The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
 To see the red blood flow.

XLV.

He reeled, and on Herminius
 He leaned one breathing-space ;
 Then, like a wild cat mad with wounds,
 Sprang right at Astur's face.
 Through teeth, and skull, and helmet,
 So fierce a thrust he sped,
 The good sword stood a hand-breadth out
 Behind the Tuscan's head.

XLVI.

And the great Lord of Luna
 Fell at that deadly stroke,
 As falls on Mount Alvernus
 A thunder-smitten oak.
 Far o'er the crashing forest
 The giant arms lie spread ;
 And the pale augurs, muttering low,
 Gaze on the blasted head.

XLVII.

On Astur's throat Horatius
 Right firmly pressed his heel,
 And thrice and four times tugged amain,
 Ere he wrenched out the steel.
 " And see," he cried, " the welcome,
 Fair guests, that waits you here !
 What noble Lucumo comes next
 To taste our Roman cheer ? "

XLVIII.

But at his haughty challenge
 A sullen murmur ran,
 Mingled of wrath, and shame, and dread,
 Along that glittering van.
 There lacked not men of prowess,
 Nor men of lordly race ;
 For all Etruria's noblest
 Were round the fatal place.

XLIX.

But all Etruria's noblest
 Felt their hearts sink to see
 On the earth the bloody corpses,
 In the path the dauntless Three :
 And, from the ghastly entrance
 Where those bold Romans stood,
 All shrank, like boys who unaware,
 Ranging the woods to start a hare,
 Come to the mouth of the dark lair
 Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
 Lies amidst bones and blood.

L.

Was none who would be foremost
 To lead such dire attack ;
 But those behind cried "Forward !"
 And those before cried "Back !"
 And backward now and forward
 Wavers the deep array ;
 And on the tossing sea of steel,
 To and fro the standards reel ;
 And the victorious trumpet-peal
 Dies fitfully away.

LI.

Yet one man for one moment
 Strode out before the crowd ;
 Well known was he to all the Three,
 And they gave him greeting loud.
 "Now welcome, welcome, Sextus !
 Now welcome to thy home !
 Why dost thou stay, and turn away ?
 Here lies the road to Rome."

LII.

Thrice looked he at the city ;
 Thrice looked he at the dead ;
 And thrice came on in fury,
 And thrice turned back in dread ;

And, white with fear and hatred,
 Scowled at the narrow way,
 Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
 The bravest Tuscans lay.

LIII.

But meanwhile axe and lever
 Have manfully been plied ;
 And now the bridge hangs tottering
 Above the boiling tide.
 "Come back, come back, Horatius !"
 Loud cried the Fathers all.
 "Back, Lartius ! back, Herminius !
 Back, ere the ruin fall !"

LIV.

Back darted Spurius Lartius ;
 Herminius darted back :
 And, as they passed, beneath their feet
 They felt the timbers crack.
 But when they turned their faces,
 And on the farther shore
 Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
 They would have crossed once more.

LV.

But with a crash like thunder
 Fell every loosened beam,
 And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
 Lay right athwart the stream :
 And a long shout of triumph
 Rose from the walls of Rome,
 As to the highest turret-tops
 Was splashed the yellow foam.

LVI.

And, like a horse unbroken
 When first he feels the rein,
 The furious river struggled hard,
 And tossed his tawny mane ;
 And burst the curb, and bounded,
 Rejoicing to be free ;
 And whirling down, in fierce career,
 Battlement, and plank, and pier,
 Rushed headlong to the sea.

LVII.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
 But constant still in mind ;
 Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
 And the broad flood behind.

"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
"Now yield thee to our grace."

LVIII.

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus nought spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

LIX.

"O Tiber! father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

LX.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

LXI.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain:
And fast his blood was flowing;
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armour,
And spent with changing blows;
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

LXII.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,

Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing-place:
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bare bravely up his chin.¹

LXIII.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus;
"Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Por-
sena,
"And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before."

LXIV.

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

LXV.

They gave him of the corn-land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night;
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

LXVI.

It stands in the Comitium,
Plain for all folk to see;

¹ "Our ladye bare upp her chinne."
Ballad of Childe Waters.

"Never heavier man and horse
Stemmed a midnight torrent's force;
Yet, through good heart and our Lady's
grace,
At length he gained the landing-place."
Lay of the Last Minstrel.

Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee :
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

LXVII.

And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscian home ;
And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old.

LXVIII.

And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow ;
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within ;

LXIX.

When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit,
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit ;
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close ;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows ;

LXX.

When the goodman mends his armour
And trims his helmet's plume ;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom ;
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

VIRGINIA.

FRAGMENTS OF A LAY SUNG IN THE
FORUM ON THE DAY WHEREON
LUCIUS SEXTIUS SEXTINUS LATER-
ANUS AND CAIUS LICINIUS CALVUS
STOLO WERE ELECTED TRIBUNES
OF THE COMMONS THE FIFTH TIME,
IN THE YEAR OF THE CITY
CCCLXXXII.

YE good men of the Commons, with
loving hearts and true,
Who stand by the bold Tribunes that
still have stood by you,
Come, make a circle round me, and mark
my tale with care,
A tale of what Rome once hath borne,
of what Rome yet may bear.
This is no Grecian fable, of fountains
running wine,
Of maids with snaky tresses, or sailors
turned to swine.
Here, in this very Forum, under the
noonday sun,
In sight of all the people, the bloody
deed was done.
Old men still creep among us who saw
that fearful day,
Just seventy years and seven ago, when
the wicked Ten bare sway.

Of all the wicked Ten still the names
are held accursed,
And of all the wicked men Appius
Claudius was the worst.
He stalked along the Forum like King
Tarquin in his pride :
Twelve axes waited on him, six march-
ing on a side ;
The townsmen shrank to right and left,
and eyed askance with fear
His lowering brow, his curling mouth,
which always seemed to sneer :
That brow of hate, that mouth of scorn,
marks all the kindred still ;
For never was there Claudius yet but
wished the Commons ill :
Nor lacks he fit attendance ; for close
behind his heels,
With outstretched chin and crouching
pace, the client Marcus steals,

His lions girt up to run with speed, be
 the errand what it may,
 And the smile flickering on his cheek,
 for aught his lord may say.
 Such varlets pimp and jest for hire
 among the lying Greeks :
 Such varlets still are paid to hoot when
 brave Licinius speaks.
 Where'er ye shed the honey, the buzzing
 flies will crowd ;
 Where'er ye fling the carrion, the raven's
 croak is loud ;
 Where'er down Tiber garbage floats, the
 greedy pike ye see ;
 And wheresoe'er such lord is found, such
 client still will be.
 Just then, as through one cloudless
 chink in a black stormy sky
 Shines out the dewy morning-star, a fair
 young girl came by.
 With her small tablets in her hand, and
 her satchel on her arm,
 Home she went bounding from the school,
 nor dreamed of shame or harm ;
 And past those dreaded axes she inno-
 cently ran,
 With bright, frank brow, that had not
 learned to blush at gaze of man ;
 And up the Sacred Street she turned,
 and, as she danced along,
 She warbled gaily to herself lines of the
 good old song,
 How for a sport the princes came spur-
 ring from the camp,
 And found Lucrece, combing the fleece,
 under the midnight lamp.
 The maiden sang as sings the lark, when
 up he darts his flight,
 From his nest in the green April corn, to
 meet the morning light ;
 And Appius heard her sweet young voice,
 and saw her sweet young face,
 And loved her with the accursed love of
 his accursed race,
 And all along the Forum, and up the
 Sacred Street,
 His vulture eye pursued the trip of those
 small glancing feet.

Over the Alban mountains the light of
 morning broke ;
 From all the roofs of the Seven Hills
 curled the thin wreaths of smoke :

The city-gates were opened ; the Forum,
 all alive,
 With buyers and with sellers was hum-
 ming like a hive :
 Blithely on brass and timber the crafts-
 man's stroke was ringing,
 And blithely o'er her panniers the market-
 girl was singing,
 And blithely young Virginia came smiling
 from her home :
 Ah ! woe for young Virginia, the sweetest
 maid in Rome !
 With her small tablets in her hand, and
 her satchel on her arm,
 Forth she went bounding to the
 school, nor dreamed of shame or
 harm.
 She crossed the Forum shining with stalls
 in alleys gay,
 And just had reached the very spot
 whereon I stand this day,
 When up the varlet Marcus came ; not
 such as when erewhile
 He crouched behind his patron's heels
 with the true client smile :
 He came with lowering forehead, swollen
 features, and clenched fist,
 And strode across Virginia's path, and
 caught her by the wrist.
 Hard strove the frightened maiden, and
 screamed with look aghast ;
 And at her scream from right and left
 the folk came running fast ;
 The money-changer Crispus, with his thin
 silver hairs,
 And Hanno from the stately booth glitter-
 ing with Punic wares,
 And the strong smith Muræna, grasping
 a half-forged brand,
 And Volero the flesher, his clever in his
 hand.
 All came in wrath and wonder ; for all
 knew that fair child ;
 And, as she passed them twice a day, all
 kissed their hands and smiled ;
 And the strong smith Muræna gave
 Marcus such a blow,
 The caitiff reeled three paces back, and
 let the maiden go.
 Yet glared he fiercely round him, and
 growled in harsh, fell tone,
 " She's mine, and I will have her ; I seek
 but for mine own :

She is my slave, born in my house, and
 stolen away and sold,
 The year of the sore sickness, ere she
 was twelve hours old.
 'Twas in the sad September, the month
 of wail and fright,
 Two augurs were borne forth that morn;
 the Consul died ere night.
 I wait on Appius Claudius; I waited on
 his sire:
 Let him who works the client wrong be-
 ware the patron's ire!"
 So spake the varlet Marcus; and dread
 and silence came
 On all the people at the sound of the
 great Claudian name.
 For then there was no Tribune to speak
 the word of might,
 Which makes the rich man tremble, and
 guards the poor man's right.
 There was no brave Licinius, no honest
 Sextius then;
 But all the city, in great fear, obeyed the
 wicked Ten.
 Yet ere the varlet Marcus again might
 seize the maid,
 Who clung tight to Muræna's skirt, and
 sobbed, and shrieked for aid,
 Forth through the throng of gazers the
 young Icilius pressed,
 And stamped his foot, and rent his gown,
 and smote upon his breast,
 And sprang upon that column, by many
 a minstrel sung,
 Whereon three mouldering helmets, three
 rusting swords, are hung,
 And beckoned to the people, and in bold
 voice and clear
 Poured thick and fast the burning words
 which tyrants quake to hear.

"Now, by your children's cradles, now,
 by your fathers' graves,
 Be men to-day, Quirites, or be for ever
 slaves!
 For this did Servius give us laws? For
 this did Lucrece bleed?
 For this was the great vengeance wrought
 on Tarquin's evil seed?
 For this did those false sons make red
 the axes of their sire?
 For this did Scævola's right hand hiss in
 the Tuscan fire?

Shall the vile fox-earth awe the race that
 stormed the lion's den?
 Shall we, who could not brook one lord,
 crouch to the wicked Ten?
 Oh for that ancient spirit which curbed
 the Senate's will!
 Oh for the tents which in old time
 whitened the Sacred Hill!
 In those brave days our fathers stood
 firmly side by side;
 They faced the Marcian fury; they tamed
 the Fabian pride:
 They drove the fiercest Quinctius an out-
 cast forth from Rome;
 They sent the haughtiest Claudius with
 shivered fasces home.
 But what their care bequeathed us our
 madness flung away:
 All the ripe fruit of threescore years was
 blighted in a day.
 Exult, ye proud Patricians! The hard-
 fought fight is o'er.
 We strove for honours—'twas in vain:
 for freedom—'tis no more.
 No crier to the polling summons the
 eager throng;
 No Tribune breathes the word of might
 that guards the weak from wrong.
 Our very hearts, that were so high, sink
 down beneath your will.
 Riches, and lands, and power, and state
 — ye have them: — keep them
 still.
 Still keep the holy fillets; still keep the
 purple gown,
 The axes, and the curule chair, the car,
 and laurel crown:
 Still press us for your cohorts, and, when
 the fight is done,
 Still fill your garners from the soil which
 our good swords have won.
 Still, like a spreading ulcer, which leech-
 craft may not cure,
 Let your foul usance eat away the sub-
 stance of the poor.
 Still let your haggard debtors bear all
 their fathers bore;
 Still let your dens of torment be noisome
 as of yore;
 No fire when Tiber freezes; no air in
 dog-star heat;
 And store of rods for free-born backs,
 and holes for free-born feet,

Heap heavier still the fetters ; bar closer
still the grate ;
Patient as sheep we yield us up unto your
cruel hate.

But, by the Shades beneath us, and by
the Gods above,

Add not unto your cruel hate your yet
more cruel love !

Have ye not graceful ladies, whose spot-
less lineage springs

From Consuls, and High Pontiffs, and
ancient Alban kings ?

Ladies, who deign not on our paths to
set their tender feet,

Who from their cars look down with
scorn upon the wondering street,

Who in Corinthian mirrors their own
proud smiles behold,

And breathe of Capuan odours, and shine
with Spanish gold ?

Then leave the poor Plebeian his single
tie to life—

The sweet, sweet love of daughter, of
sister, and of wife,

The gentle speech, the balm for all that
his vexed soul endures,

The kiss, in which he half forgets even
such a yoke as yours.

Still let the maiden's beauty swell the
father's breast with pride ;

Still let the bridegroom's arms infold an
unpolluted bride.

Spare us the inexpressible wrong, the un-
utterable shame,

That turns the coward's heart to steel,
the sluggard's blood to flame,

Lest, when our latest hope is fled, ye
taste of our despair,

And learn by proof, in some wild hour,
how much the wretched dare."

.

Straightway Virginius led the maid a
little space aside,

To where the reeking shambles stood,
piled up with horn and hide,

Close to yon low dark archway, where,
in a crimson flood,

Leaps down to the great sewer the gurg-
ling stream of blood.

Hard by, a flesher on a block had laid
his whittle down :

Virginius caught the whittle up, and hid
it in his gown.

And then his eyes grew very dim, and
his throat began to swell,

And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake,
" Farewell, sweet child ! Farewell !

Oh ! how I loved my darling ! Though
stern I sometimes be,

To thee, thou know'st, I was not so.
Who could be so to thee ?

And how my darling loved me ! How
glad she was to hear

My footstep on the threshold when I
came back last year !

And how she danced with pleasure to
see my civic crown,

And took my sword, and hung it up, and
brought me forth my gown !

Now, all those things are over—yes, all
thy pretty ways,

Thy needlework, thy prattle, thy snatches
of old lays ;

And none will grieve when I go forth, or
smile when I return,

Or watch beside the old man's bed, or
weep upon his urn.

The house that was the happiest within
the Roman walls,

The house that envied not the wealth of
Capua's marble halls,

Now, for the brightness of thy smile,
must have eternal gloom,

And for the music of thy voice, the
silence of the tomb.

The time is come. See how he points
his eager hand this way !

See how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like
a kite's upon the prey !

With all his wit, he little deems, that,
spurned, betrayed, bereft,

Thy father hath in his despair one fearful
refuge left.

He little deems that in this hand I clutch
what still can save

Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows,
the portion of the slave ;

Yea, and from the nameless evil, that
passeth taunt and blow—

Foul outrage which thou know'st not,
which thou shalt never know.

Then clasp me round the neck once more,
and give me one more kiss ;

And now, mine own dear little girl, there
is no way but this."
With that he lifted high the steel, and
smote her in the side,
And in her blood she sank to earth, and
with one sob she died.

Then, for a little moment, all people
held their breath ;
And through the crowded Forum was
stillness as of death ;
And in another moment brake forth from
one and all
A cry as if the Volscians were coming
o'er the wall.
Some with averted faces shrieking fled
home amain ;
Some ran to call a leech ; and some ran
to lift the slain :
Some felt her lips and little wrist, if life
might there be found ;
And some tore up their garments fast,
and strove to stanch the wound.
In vain they ran, and felt, and stanch'd ;
for never truer blow
That good right arm had dealt in fight
against a Volscian foe.

When Appius Claudius saw that deed,
he shuddered and sank down,
And hid his face some little space with
the corner of his gown,
Till, with white lips and bloodshot eyes,
Virginus tottered nigh,
And stood before the judgment-seat, and
held the knife on high.
"Oh ! dwellers in the nether gloom,
avengers of the slain,
By this dear blood I cry to you, do right
between us twain ;
And even as Appius Claudius hath dealt
by me and mine,
Deal you by Appius Claudius and all the
Claudian line !"
So spake the slayer of his child, and
turned, and went his way ;
But first he cast one haggard glance to
where the body lay,
And writhed, and groaned a fearful
groan, and then, with steadfast feet,
Strode right across the market-place unto
the Sacred Street.

Then up sprang Appius Claudius :
"Stop him ; alive or dead !
Ten thousand pounds of copper to the
man who brings his head."
He looked upon his clients ; but none
would work his will.
He looked upon his lictors ; but they
trembled, and stood still.
And, as Virginus through the press his
way in silence cleft,
Ever the mighty multitude fell back to
right and left.
And he hath passed in safety unto his
woeful home,
And there ta'en horse to tell the camp
what deeds are done in Rome.

By this the flood of people was swollen
from every side,
And streets and porches round were filled
with that o'erflowing tide ;
And close around the body gathered a
little train
Of them that were the nearest and
dearest to the slain.
They brought a bier, and hung it with
many a cypress crown,
And gently they uplifted her, and gently
laid her down.
The face of Appius Claudius wore the
Claudian scowl and sneer,
And in the Claudian note he cried,
"What doth this rabble here ?
Have they no crafts to mind at home,
that hitherward they stray ?
Ho ! lictors, clear the market-place, and
fetch the corpse away !"
Till then the voice of pity and fury was
not loud ;
But a deep sullen murmur wandered
among the crowd,
Like the moaning noise that goes before
the whirlwind on the deep,
Or the growl of a fierce watch-dog but
half aroused from sleep.
But when the lictors at that word, tall
yeomen all and strong,
Each with his axe and sheaf of twigs,
went down into the throng,
Those old men say, who saw that day of
sorrow and of sin,

That in the Roman Forum was never
such a din.
The wailing, hooting, cursing, the howls
of grief and hate,
Were heard beyond the Pincian Hill,
beyond the Latin Gate.
But close around the body, where stood
the little train
Of them that were the nearest and
dearest to the slain,
No cries were there, but teeth set fast,
low whispers, and black frowns,
And breaking up of benches, and girding
up of gowns.
'Twas well the lictors might not pierce to
where the maiden lay,
Else surely had they been all twelve torn
limb from limb that day.
Right glad they were to struggle back,
blood streaming from their heads,
With axes all in splinters, and raiment
all in shreds.
Then Appius Claudius gnawed his lip,
and the blood left his cheek ;
And thrice he beckoned with his hand,
and thrice he strove to speak ;
And thrice the tossing Forum set up a
frightful yell ;
" See, see, thou dog ! what thou hast
done ; and hide thy shame in hell !
Thou that would'st make our maidens
slaves must first make slaves of men.
Tribunes ! Hurrah for Tribunes ! Down
with the wicked Ten !"
And straightway, thick as hailstones,
came whizzing through the air
Pebbles, and bricks, and potsherds, all
round the curule chair ;
And upon Appius Claudius great fear
and trembling came ;
For never was a Claudius yet brave
against aught but shame.
Though the great houses love us not, we
own, to do them right,
That the great houses, all save one, have
borne them well in fight.
Still Caius of Corioli, his triumphs, and
his wrongs,
His vengeance, and his mercy, live in
our camp-fire songs.
Beneath the yoke of Furius oft have Gaul
and Tuscan bowed ;

And Rome may bear the pride of him of
whom herself is proud.
But evermore a Claudius shrinks from a
stricken field,
And changes colour like a maid at sight
of sword and shield.
The Claudian triumphs all were won
within the city towers ;
The Claudian yoke was never pressed on
any necks but ours.
A Cossus, like a wild cat, springs ever
at the face ;
A Fabius rushes like a boar against the
shouting chase ;
But the vile Claudian litter, raging with
currish spite,
Still yelps and snaps at those who run,
still runs from those who smite.
So now 't was seen of Appius. When
stones began to fly,
He shook, and crouched, and wrung his
hands, and smote upon his thigh.
" Kind clients, honest lictors, stand by
me in this fray !
Must I be torn in pieces ? Home, home,
the nearest way !"
While yet he spake, and looked around
with a bewildered stare,
Four sturdy lictors put their necks be-
neath the curule chair ;
And fourscore clients on the left, and
fourscore on the right,
Arrayed themselves with swords and
staves, and loins girt up for fight.
But, though without or staff or sword, so
furious was the throng,
That scarce the train with might and
main could bring their lord along.
Twelve times the crowd made at him ;
five times they seized his gown ;
Small chance was his to rise again, if
once they got him down :
And sharper came the pelting ; and ever-
more the yell—
" Tribunes ! we will have Tribunes !"—
rose with a louder swell :
And the chair tossed as tosses a bark
with tattered sail
When raves the Adriatic beneath an
eastern gale,
When the Calabrian sea-marks are lost
in clouds of spume,

And the great Thunder-Cape has donned
his veil of inky gloom.
One stone hit Appius in the mouth, and
one beneath the ear ;
And ere he reached Mount Palatine, he
swooned with pain and fear.
His cursed head, that he was wont to
hold so high with pride,
Now, like a drunken man's, hung down,
and swayed from side to side ;
And when his stout retainers had brought
him to his door,
His face and neck were all one cake of
filth and clotted gore.
As Appius Claudius was that day, so may
his grandson be.
God send Rome one such other night,
and send me there to see !

[DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.]

THE CARD-DEALER.

COULD you not drink her gaze like
wine ?

Yet though its splendour swoon
Into the silence languidly
As a tune into a tune,
Those eyes unravel the coiled night
And know the stars at noon.

The gold that's heaped beside her hand,
In truth rich prize it were ;
And rich the dreams that wreath her
brow
With magic stillness there ;
And he were rich who should unwind
That woven golden hair.

Around her, where she sits, the dance
Now breathes its eager heat ;
And not more lightly or more true
Fall there, the dancer's feet
Than fall her cards on the bright board
As 'twere a heart that beat.

Her fingers let them softly through,
Smooth, polished, silent things ;
And each one as it falls reflects
The swift light shadowings,

Blood-red and purple, green and blue,
The great eyes of her rings

Whom plays she with ? With thee, who
lov'st

Those gems upon her hand,
With me, who search her secret brow ;
With all men, bless'd or bawn'd,
We play together, she and me,
Within a bairn strange land :

A land without any order,—
Day even as night, (one saith)
Where who lieth down ariseth not,
Nor the sleeper awakeneth ;
A land of darkness as darkness itself
And of the shadow of death.

What be her cards, you ask ? Even
there :—

The heart that doth but crave
More, having fed ; the diamond,
Skilled to make base seem brave ;
The club for smiting in the dark ;
The spade to dig a grave.

And do you ask what game she plays ?
With me 'tis lost or won ;
With thee it is playing still ; with him
It is not well begun ;
But 'tis a game she plays with all
Beneath the sway o' the Sun.

Tho' seest the card that falls—she knows
The card that followeth
Her game in thy tongue is called Life,
As ebbs thy daily breath ;
When she shall speak, thou'lt learn her
tongue,
And know she calls it Death.

(By permission of Messrs. Ellis and Elvey.)

A SONNET.

A SONNET is a moment's monument—
Memorial from the soul's eternity
To one deathless hour. Look that it be,
Whether for lustral rite or dire portent,
Of its own arduous fulness reverent :
Carve it in ivory or in ebony,
As day or night may rule : and let Time
see

Its flowering crest impearled and
orient.

A Sonnet is a coin: its face reveals
The soul; its converse, to what Power
'tis due:

Whether for tribute to the August
appeals
Of Life, or dower in Love's high retinue
It serve; or, 'mid the dark wharf's
cavernous breath,
The Charon's palm it pay one toll to
Death.

(By permission of Messrs. Ellis and Elvey.)

ON THE SITE OF A MULBERRY
TREE:

PLANTED BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE;
FELLED BY THE REV. F. GASTRELL.

THIS tree, here fallen, no common birth
or death
Shared with its kind. The world's en-
franchised son,

Who found the trees of Life and Know-
ledge one,

Here set it, frailer than his laurel-wreath,
Shall not the wretch whose hand it fell
beneath

Rank also singly—the supreme unhung?
Lo! Sheppard, Turpin, pleading with
black tongue

This viler thief's, suffocated breath!

We'll search thy glossary, Shakespeare!
whence almost,

And whence alone some name shall be
revealed

For this deaf drudge, to whom no length
of ears

Sufficed to catch the music of the
spheres;

Whose soul is carrion now—too mean to
yield

Some Starveling's ninth allotment of a
ghost.

(By permission of Messrs. Ellis and Elvey.)

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL.

THE blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of Heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters still at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift,
For service meetly worn;
Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn.

Her seemed she scarce had been a day
One of God's Choristers;
The wonder was not yet quite gone
From that still look of hers;
Albeit, to them she left, her day
Had counted as ten years.

(To one, it is ten years of years,
. . . Yet now, and in this place,
Surely she leaned o'er me—her hair
Fell all about my face. . . .
Nothing: the autumn-fall of leaves
The whole year sets apace).

It was the rampart of God's house
That she was standing on;
By God built over the sheer depth
The which is Space begun;
So high, that looking downward thence
She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in Heaven, across the flood
Of ether, as a bridge.
Beneath, the tides of day and night
With flame and darkness ridge
The void, as low as where this earth
Spins like a fretful midge.

Around her, lovers, newly met
'Mid deathless love's acclaims,
Spoke evermore among themselves
Their heart-remembered names;
And the souls mounting up to God
Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself and stooped
Out of the circling charm;
Until her bosom must have made
The bar she leaned on warm,

And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of Heaven she saw
Time like a pulse shake fierce,
Through all the Worlds. Her gaze still
strove
Within the gulf to pierce
Its path; and now she spoke as when
The stars sang in their spheres.

The sun was gone now; the curled
moon
Was like a little feather
Fluttering far down the gulf; and now
She spoke through the still weather.
Her voice was like the voice the stars
Had when they sang together.

(Ah, sweet! Even now, in that bird's
song,
Strove not her accents there,
Fain to be hearkened? When those
bells
Possessed the midday air,
Strove not her steps to reach my side
Down all the echoing stair?)

"I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come," she said.
"Have I not prayed in Heaven? on
earth,
Lord, Lord, has he not pray'd?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
And shall I feel afraid?"

"When round his head the aureole
clings,
And he is clothed in white,
I'll take his hand and go with him
To the deep wells of light;
As unto a stream we will step down,
And bathe there in God's sight.

"We two will stand beside that shrine,
Occult, withheld, untrod,
Whose lamps are stirred continually
With prayers sent up to God;
And see our old prayers, granted, melt
Each like a little cloud.

"We two will lie i' the shadow of
'That living mystic tree,

Within whose secret growth the Dove
Is sometimes felt to be,
While every leaf that His plumes touch
Saith His Name audibly.

"And I myself will teach to him,
I myself, lying so,
The songs I sing here; which his voice
Shall pause in, hushed and slow,
And find some knowledge at each
pause,
Or some new thing to know."

(Alas! we two, we two, thou say'st!
Yea, one wast thou with me
That once of old. But shall God lift
To endless unity,
The soul whose likeness with thy soul
Was but its love for thee?)

"We two," she said, "will seek the
groves
Where the Lady Mary is,
With her five handmaidens, whose
names
Are five sweet symphonies—
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
Margaret and Rosalys.

"Circlewise sit they, with bound locks
And foreheads garlanded;
Into the fine cloth, white like flame,
Weaving the golden thread,
To fashion the birth-ropes for them
Who are just born, being dead.

"He shall fear, haply, and be dumb;
Then will I lay my cheek
To his, and tell about our love,
Not once abashed or weak:
And the dear Mother will approve
My pride, and let me speak.

"Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,
To Him round whom all souls
Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumbered
heads
Bowed with their aureoles:
And angels meeting us shall sing
To their citherns and citoles.

"There will I ask of Christ the Lord
Thus much for him and me:—

Only to live, 'as once on earth,
With Love,—only to be,
As then awhile, for ever now
Together, I and he."

She gazed and listened, and then said,
Less sad of speech than mild,—
"All this is when he comes." She
ceased,
The light thrilled towards her, fill'd

With angels in strong level flight.
Her eyes prayed, and she smil'd.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path
Was vague in distant spheres :
And then she cast her arms along
The golden barriers,
And laid her face between her hands
And wept. (I heard her tears.)
(By permission of Messrs. Ellis and Elvey.)

INDEX.

BRITISH POETS.

	PAGE		PAGE
<i>Aldison, Joseph.</i>		<i>Beattie, James.</i>	
An Ode	151	Edwin	161
Cato's Soliloquy	152	Edwin's Fancies at Evening	165
Hymn	151	Edwin's Meditations in Autumn	163
Italy	150	Fancy and Experience	166
Paraphrase of Psalm XXIII.	151	Morning	164
Rosamond's Song	152	Poetic Legends in Early Childhood	166
<i>Akenside, Mark.</i>		The Hermit	167
On Taste	133	The Humble Wish	165
The Mingled Pain and Pleasure arising from Virtuous Emotions	131	<i>Blair, Robert.</i>	
The Pleasures of a Cultivated Imagina- tion	133	Beauty in the Grave	188
<i>Allison, Richard.</i>		Oft in the Lone Churchyard	187
There is a Garden in her Face	89	Strength in the Grave	188
<i>Anonymous.</i>		The Grave	187
Busy, Curious, Thirsty Fly	209	<i>Blanchard, Laman.</i>	
Fair Helen of Kirconnel	121	Hidden Joys	467
Fair Rosalind	252	<i>Bloomfield, Robert.</i>	
Heaving of the Lead	272	A Shepherd's Life	250
Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament	134	The Blind Child	250
Love me Little—Love me Long	31	<i>Bowles, Caroline.—Mrs. Southey.</i>	
The Fairy Queen	76	To a Dying Infant	299
The Lament of the Border Widow	184	<i>Bowles, William Lisle.</i>	
The Nut-Brown Maid	6	Bamborough Castle	312
The Three Ravens	112	Dover Cliffs	313
Till Death I Sylvia must Adore	138	Evening	312
Unhappy Love	138	On the Rhine	313
Waly, Waly, but Love me Bonny	134	The Cliff	312
Why, Lovely Charmer	137	To Time	313
<i>Bailey, Philip James.</i>		Written at Ostend	313
Love of God and Man	497	<i>Breton, Nicholas.</i>	
<i>Baillie, Joanna.</i>		Phillida and Corydon	88
The Chough and Crow	310	<i>Browne, William.</i>	
The Highland Shepherd	310	Willy, or Glide Soft ye Silver Floods	21
<i>Barbauld, Mrs.</i>		<i>Browning, Elizabeth Barrett.</i>	
Dirge	247	A Dead Rose	480
Life	247	Cowper's Grave	479
Ode to Spring	247	Love—A Sonnet	480
<i>Barton, Bernard.</i>		Loved Once	481
To the Evening Primrose	310	The Cry of the Children	476
<i>Bayley, F. W. N.</i>		<i>Browning, Robert.</i>	
Chelsea Pensioners Reading the Gazette of the Battle of Waterloo	485	Evelyn Hope	492
<i>Bayley, Thomas Haynes.</i>		How they Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix	487
Hark! The Convent Bells are Ringing	273	The Pied Piper of Hamelin	488
Isle of Beauty, Fare Thee Well	273	<i>Burns, Robert.</i>	
Oh, no! We never mention Him	272	A Prayer for Scotland	230
The First Grey Hair	273	A Rose-Bud by my Early Walk	236
		Address to Edinburgh	237
		Bannockburn	235

	PAGE		PAGE
<i>Burns, Robert—continued.</i>		<i>Byron, George Gordon, Lord—continued.</i>	
Domestic Happiness the Best	229	Ode to Napoleon	419
Evanescent Pleasures	233	Oh, Snatched away in Beauty's Bloom	427
For A' That, and A' That	235	One Struggle more, and I am Free	422
Lament of Mary, Queen of Scots, on the Approach of Spring	234	On Jordan's Banks	426
Love's Despair	236	Parnassus	393
My Ain Kind Dearie, O!	237	Real and Unreal Solitude	395
O Were my Love Yon Lilac Fair	236	Remorse	382
Of A' the Airs the Wind can Blaw	229	Rome	404
One Fond Kiss and Then We Sever	229	She Walks in Beauty	426
On the Birth of a Posthumous Child, Born in Peculiar Circumstances of Family Distress	233	Solitude	409
The Bard's Epitaph	234	Song of the Corsairs	410
The Muse of Scotland to Robert Burns	237	Stanzas for Music	429
The Peasant's Evening Prayer	229	Stanzas to Augusta (Lord Byron's sister)	430
The Soldier	236	Storm at Night	399
The True Value of Wealth	232	Sun of the Sleepless	428
To a Mountain Daisy	231	Sunset in Morea	412
To a Mouse	233	The Bull-Fight	394
To Mary in Heaven	235	The Cataract of Velino	403
To Ruin	231	The Death of the Princess Charlotte	408
Virtuous Love in Humble Life	229	The Death of Zuleika	383
<i>Byron, George Gordon, Lord.</i>		The Demon of Battle	393
A Battle-Field	414	The Destruction of Sennacherib	428
A Bunch of Sweets	416	The Dying Boys on the Raft	416
A Moonlight Night at Venice	401	The Fountain of Egeria	405
Ancient and Modern Greece	380	The Harp the Monarch Minstrel swept	426
And Thou art Dead, As Young as Fair Athens	423	The Hellespont	383
Beauty of Greece and the Grecian Isles	380	The Isles of Greece	415
Bright be the Place of Thy Soul	431	The Isolation of Genius	398
Clarens	400	The Lake of Geneva	398
Conrad	411	The Memory of Kirke White	418
Conrad and the Dead Body of Medora	413	The Night before the Battle of Water- loo	396
Conrad's Love for Medora	411	The Ocean	409
Darkness	418	The Parting of Conrad and Medora	412
Elegiac Stanzas	425	The Pursuit of Beauty	381
Euthanasia	423	The Rhine	399
Fare Thee Well	430	The Stars	399
Farewell! If ever fondest Prayer	429	The Statue of Apollo	407
Freedom's True Heroes	404	The Venus di Medici at Florence	402
Holy Ground	396	The Vision of Alp the Renegade	385
If Sometimes in the Haunts of Men	424	To Genevra	425
If That High World	426	To Thyrsa	422
Invocation to Nemesis	407	Twilight	387
I Saw Thee Weep	427	When coldness wraps this suffering clay	427
Italia! Oh Italia	402	When we two parted	429
Jephtha's Daughter	426	Zuleika	382
Kaled	413	Zuleika's Grave	384
Know ye the Land	382	<i>Campbell, Thomas.</i>	
Lines written beneath a Picture	431	Caroline	459
Lisboa and Cintra	392	Exile of Erin	455
Love	382	Field Flowers	456
Love's Sorrows	406	Hohenlinden	458
Maid of Athens, Ere We Part	431	Hope	451
Manfred, after his Interview with the Witch of the Alps	390	Lines Written on Revisiting a Scene in Argyleshire	455
Manfred's Midnight Thoughts	390	Lord Ullin's Daughter	453
Manfred's Soliloquy on the Jungfrau	387	Men of England	456
Midnight in the East	385	The Battle of the Baltic	457
Modern Critics	417	The Final Triumph of Hope	452
My Native Land—Good Night	391	The Lament of Outalissi	453
My Soul is Dark	427	The Last Man	452
Napoleon	397	The Mother	458
Napoleon's Farewell	421	The Rainbow	460
		The Soldier's Dream	454
		Ye Mariners of England	457

	PAGE		PAGE
<i>Carru, Thomas.</i>		<i>Cowley, Abraham—continued.</i>	
A Prayer to the Wind	83	Love in her Sunny Eyes	23
— Ask Me No More	82	On the Death of Crashaw	22
He that Loves a Rosy Cheek	82	The Soul	23
— Mediocrity in Love rejected	82	The Wish	23
Murdering Beauty	82	What shall I do ?	22
On Celia Singing	82	<i>Cowper, William.</i>	
— Red and White Roses	83	Alexander Selkirk	223
The Primrose	83	Anticipation of the Millenium	219
The Protestation	84	A Winter Reverie	215
Ungrateful Beauty	83	Boadicea	223
<i>Carlisle, Earl of.</i>		Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress	220
On Visiting the Falls of Niagara	300	Free in the Truth	222
<i>Chalkhill, John.</i>		Movement and Action the Life of	
The Praise of a Countryman's Life	120	Nature	211
<i>Chatterton.</i>		On the Receipt of a Mother's Picture	220
On Resignation	184	Rural Sounds	211
<i>Chaucer, Geoffrey.</i>		Selfishness	225
Arcita's Dying Address	1	The Abolition of Slavery in England	218
Good Counsel of Chaucer	2	The Domestic Winter Evening	214
Praise of Women	1	The Doves	224
The Young Squire	1	The Happiness of Animals	218
<i>Clare, John.</i>		The Newspaper	212
The Dawning of Youthful Genius in a		The Play-Ground	223
Ploughboy	469	The Winter Morning Walk	215
<i>Clough, Arthur Hugh.</i>		The Winter Walk at Noon	217
Green Fields of England	486	The World, as seen from the Study of a	
O Stream descending to the Sea	486	Contemplative Man	213
<i>Coleridge, Hartley.</i>		True Gaiety	212
She is not Fair	309	<i>Crabbe, George.</i>	
The First Man	309	The Dying Sailor	225
<i>Coleridge, Samuel Taylor.</i>		<i>Crashaw, Richard.</i>	
A Day Dream	449	Epitaph	86
Christabel and the Lady Geraldine	444	Euthanasia ; or, the Happy Death	86
Dead Calm in the Tropics	442	O ! Thou Undaunted	86
Domestic Peace	449	The Tear	86
Genevieve	449	<i>Croly, The Rev. George.</i>	
Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of		Cupid carrying Provisions	311
Chamouni	447	Domestic Love	311
— Kubla Khan ; or, a Vision in a Dream	450	<i>Cunningham, Allan.</i>	
Severed Friendship	447	A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea	306
The Ancient Mariner among the Dead		Bonnie Lady Ann	308
Bodies of the Sailors	443	Sabbath Morning	307
The Ancient Mariner finds a voice to		She's Gone to Dwell in Heaven	309
bless and pray	443	The Maiden's Dream	307
The Best Prayer	444	The Sun rises bright in France	306
The Breeze after the Calm	443	Thou hast sworn by thy God	308
The Happy Husband	449	<i>Dalrymple, Sir David (Lord Hailes).</i>	
Youth and Age	447	Edward ! Edward !	205
<i>Collins, William.</i>		<i>Darwin, Erasmus.</i>	
Dirge in Cymbeline	127	Eliza	159
From an Ode on the Popular Supersti-		Slavery	161
tions of the Highlands, considered as		Steel	161
the Subject of Poetry	125	The Papyrus	160
Ode to Evening	122	The Stars	160
Ode to Fear	122	<i>Dekker, Thomas.</i>	
Ode to Mercy	128	Sweet Content	33
On the Death of Thomson	128	<i>Denham, Sir John.</i>	
The Death of the Brave	122	The Thames	112
The Passions	123	<i>Dibdin, Charles.</i>	
<i>Cook, Eliza.</i>		Blow High, Blow Low	269
The Old Arm Chair	503	If 'tis love to wish you near	268
<i>Cotton, Nathaniel.</i>		Lovely Nan	269
The Fireside	210	Poor Jack	268
<i>Cowley, Abraham.</i>		The Sailor's Journal	271
An Imprecation against Civil Strife	23	Tom Bowling	270
Liberty	22	True Courage	270

	PAGE		PAGE
<i>Dibdin, Thomas.</i>		<i>Goldsmith, Oliver—continued.</i>	
All's Well	271	The Exiles	172
Love and Glory	271	The Traveller	174
The Mad Lover's Song	272	The Village Pastor	170
<i>Dobell, Sydney.</i>		The Village Schoolmaster and the Vil- lage Inn	171
Tommy's Dead	502	The wretch, condemned with life to part	179
<i>Donne, John.</i>		<i>Grahame, James.</i>	
The Message	21	The Worship of God in the Solitude of the Woods	251
<i>Doubleday, Thomas.</i>		<i>Gray, Thomas.</i>	
Life	520	Elegy written in a Churchyard	192
<i>Drayton, Michael.</i>		Hymn to Adversity	190
King Henry to Fair Rosamond	20	Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College	191
Love banished Heaven	20	The Bard	194
Sonnet	19	The Descent of Odin	197
Sonnet	19	The Progress of Poesy	189
The Battle of Agincourt	18	<i>Greene, Robert.</i>	
The Quest of Cynthia	13	A Death-Bed Lament	33
The Trent	16	<i>Griffin, Gerald.</i>	
To his Coy Love	18	The Mother's Lament	468
<i>Drummond, William.</i>		<i>Hamilton, William, of Bangour.</i>	
A Good that never satisfies the Mind	20	The Braes of Yarrow	136
To a Nightingale	20	<i>Hemans, Felicia.</i>	
<i>Dryden, John.</i>		A Father Reading the Bible	279
Advice to Poets	118	Casabianca	284
Alexander's Feast	115	Come Home	286
Come, if you Dare	117	Elysium	281
Fair, Sweet, and Young	117	Evening Recollections of the Exile	280
Freedom of the Savage	118	The Child's First Grief	279
Human Life	117	The Graves of a Household	286
Mankind	117	The Homes of England	278
Ode to the Memory of Mrs. Anne Kil- ligrew	113	The Pilgrim Fathers	277
"Religio Laici"	115	The Songs of our Fathers	281
The Character of a Good Parson	119	The Traveller at the Source of the Nile	283
The Character of the Earl of Shaftes- bury delineated as Achitophel	114	The Treasures of the Deep	284
Under Milton's Picture	119	The Vaudois Wife	285
Veni Creator	118	The Voice of Spring	276
Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, deline- ated as Zimri	115	The Voices of Home	278
<i>Dufferin, Lady.</i>		<i>Herbert, George.</i>	
The Irish Emigrant	519	Virtue	81
<i>Durfey, Thomas.</i>		<i>Herrick, Robert.</i>	
Still Water	90	Night-Piece to Julia	88
<i>Elliott, Ebenezer.</i>		The Mad Maid's Song	88
Love Strong in Death	302	To Blossoms	87
The Happy Lot	302	To Daffodils	87
The Wonders of the Lane	301	<i>Hervey, Eleanora Louisa.</i>	
<i>Fane, Julian.</i>		Be still, be still, poor human heart	498
Ad Matrem	504	Love and May	498
<i>Fitzadam, Ismael.</i>		<i>Hervey, Thomas K.</i>	
Love	467	Adieu, adieu, our dream of love !	468
<i>Fletcher, Samuel.</i>		I think on thee in the night	468
Constancy	33	<i>Heywood, Thomas.</i>	
Melancholy	33	Good Morrow	79
Weep No More	33	Ye little birds that sit and sing	80
<i>Gay, John.</i>		<i>Hogg, James (the Ettrick Shepherd).</i>	
Black-Eyed Susan	198	Kilmeny's Return from Fairy Land	246
The Persian, the Sun, and the Cloud	198	Kilmeny's Visions in Fairy Land	245
<i>Goldsmith, Oliver.</i>		The Sky-Lark	245
Character of the French	177	<i>Home, John.</i>	
Character of the Italians	175	The Forest by Midnight	240
Character of the Swiss	176	<i>Hood, Thomas.</i>	
Conclusion of "The Traveller"	178	Fair Ines	379
Edwin and Angelina	179	I love thee ! I love thee !	379
Recollections of Home and Infancy	169	Lines on seeing my Wife and two Chil- dren Sleeping in the same Chamber	370
The Deserted Village	168		

INDEX.

601

	PAGE		PAGE
<i>Hood, Thomas—continued.</i>		<i>Lodge, Thomas.</i>	
Ruth	378	Rosalind's Complaint	32
Song	378	<i>Logan, John.</i>	
The Bridge of Sighs	377	Ode to the Cuckoo	249
The Song of the Shirt	376	Yarrow Stream	249
<i>Houghton, Lord (Richard Monckton Milnes).</i>		<i>Lovelace, Richard.</i>	
When long upon the Scales of Fate	513	To Althea, from Prison	84
<i>Hunt, Leigh.</i>		To Lucasta, on Going to the Wars	84
Abou Ben Adem and the Angel	374	<i>Lover, Samuel.</i>	
An Angel in the House	376	The Angels' Whisper	506
Morning at Ravenna	375	The Four-Leaved Shamrock	506
The Globe and the Lions	357	<i>Lyly, John.</i>	
<i>Jameson, Mrs.</i>		Cupid and Campaspe	34
Take me, Mother Earth	467	<i>Lyttleton, George, Lord.</i>	
<i>Johnson, Samuel.</i>		Tell me, my Heart, if This be Love	209
Cardinal Wolsey	207	<i>Lytton, Lord.</i>	
Charles XII.	208	A Lover's Dream of Home	511
Friendship	208	Absent, yet Present	507
Preferment	207	Invocation to Love	512
Shakspeare and Ben Jonson	208	Jealousy	512
<i>Jones, Sir William.</i>		King Arthur's Holiday	509
The Ideal of a State	451	Light and Darkness	509
To a New-Born Infant	183	Love and Fame	507
<i>Jonson, Ben.</i>		The Angel and the Child	510
Come Leave the Loathed Stage	12	The Desire of Fame	507
Elegy on Shakspeare	11	The Hollow Oak	512
Epitaph on a Lady	13	The Infant-Burial	508
Epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke	10	To the King on the Awakening of the People	511
Jealousy	12	<i>Macaulay, Lord.</i>	
Song of Hesperus	11	Henry of Navarre	482
The Sweet Neglect	11	The Armada	483
To Celia	10	<i>Mackay, Charles.</i>	
Women Men's Shadows	13	Far, Far upon the Sea	531
<i>Keats, John.</i>		I Lay in Sorrow, Deep Distressed	531
Autumnal Music	472	I Love My Love	530
England	474	Louise on the Door-Step	526
Hymn to Pan	472	On the Mountain Top	525
In a Drear-Nighted December	475	Piety	527
Moonlight	473	Sisyphus	530
On First Looking into Chapman's "Homer"	474	The Death-Song of the Poet	526
The All-Pervading Influence of Beauty	469	The Lost Day	527
The Grasshopper and the Cricket	475	The Rim of the Bowl	529
The Human Seasons	475	Tubal Cain	528
The Latmian Forest	470	Youth's Warning	531
The Poet's Hopes	474	<i>Macpherson, James.</i>	
To a Nightingale	471	Father of Heroes	209
<i>Kent, Charles.</i>		Ossian's Address to the Sun	209
Love's Calender	505	Ryno and Alpin	210
The Ballad	506	<i>Mallet, David.</i>	
<i>Kingsley, Rev. Charles.</i>		Edwin and Emma	186
The Sands of Dee	493	William and Margaret	185
Three Fishers	493	<i>Marlowe, Christopher.</i>	
<i>Knowles, Herbert.</i>		The Passionate Shepherd to his Love	24
Lines written in Richmond Churchyard, Yorkshire	274	Answer by Sir Walter Raleigh	25
<i>Lamb, Charles.</i>		<i>Massey, Gerald.</i>	
The Old Familiar Faces	300	A Glimpse of Auld Lang-Syne	521
<i>Landon, Letitia Elizabeth.</i>		Desolate	523
Intimations of Previous Existence	465	Hope on, Hope ever	522
The Deserter	464	The Infant's Grave	524
The Mask of Love and Pride	465	To a Beloved One	523
The Troubadour	463	When I come Home	520
Yearnings for Immortality	465	<i>M'Carthy, D. F.</i>	
<i>Langhorne, John.</i>		The Window	505
Elegy	183	<i>Miller, Thomas.</i>	
		Evening Song	50

	PAGE		PAGE
<i>Milton, John.</i>		<i>Moore, Thomas—continued.</i>	
Adam and Eve's Morning Hymn	96	Lesbia hath a beaming Eye	346
Address to Light	92	Life without Freedom	353
Before the Starry Threshold of Jove's Court	110	Love and Hope	354
Chastity	111	Love's Young Dream	346
Cromwell our Chief of Men	106	Mary, I believed Thee true	341
Eve's Conjugal Love	95	Monody on the Death of Sheridan	339
Eve's Recollections	95	O the Shamrock	346
Evening in Paradise	95	O Thou who dry'st the mourner's Tear !	356
How Charming is Divine Philosophy	110	Oh ! Blame not the Bard	345
Hymn on the Nativity	107	Oh ! Breathe not his Name	342
Il Penseroso	101	Oh ! Doubt me Not	349
L'Allegro	99	Oh, Where's the Slave	352
Lycidas	103	One Bumper at Parting	347
O Nightingale	106	Paradise and the Peri	337
On his Blindness	106	Rich and Rare were the Gems she wore	343
On his Deceased Wife	107	She is far from the Land	344
On the Late Massacre in Piedmont Paradise	106	Sound the Loud Timbrel	356
Satan, in his Expedition to the Upper World, meets Sin and Death	94	The Harp that once through Tara's Halls	342
Satan Presiding in the Infernal Council	91	The Meeting of the Waters	343
Satan's Soliloquy in Sight of Paradise	93	The Minstrel Boy	348
Song. May Morning	112	The Tears of Repentance	338
The Angelic Worship	93	The Time I've Lost in Wooing	351
The Fallen Angels in the Burning Lake	91	The Young May Moon	348
The Invocation and Introduction	90	This World is all a Fleeting Show	355
The Lady's Song	110	Thou art, O God !	355
The Spirit's Epilogue	111	'Tis the Last Rose of Summer	348
To Cyriac Skinner	107	When first I met Thee	350
<i>Moncrieff, W. T.</i>		When He who adores Thee	342
Love's Follies	476	When Time, who steals	340
<i>Montgomery, James.</i>		While History's Muse	351
Aspirations of Youth	226	Why does Azure deck the Sky ?	342
Home	226	You remember Ellen	349
Ice-Blink and Aurora Borealis	226	<i>Motherwell, William.</i>	
Life	228	Wearie's Well	469
Religion	227	<i>Norton, Hon. Mrs.</i>	
Winter Lightning	228	Love Not	495
<i>Montrose, Marquis of.</i>		None Remember Thee	496
I'll never love Thee more	89	Not Lost, but Gone Before	495
<i>Moore, Thomas.</i>		Oh ! Distant Stars	497
A Canadian Boat Song	341	Song of the Peasant Wife	496
A Curse	338	<i>Opie, Mrs. Amelia.</i>	
As a Beam o'er the Face of the Waters may glow	343	Go, Youth Beloved	248
At the Mid Hour of Night	347	<i>Parker, Martyn.</i>	
Believe me, if all those Endearing Young Charms	344	Ye Gentlemen of England	120
Bendemeer's Stream	337	<i>Parnell, Thomas.</i>	
Come o'er the Sea	350	The Hermit	199
Come, rest in this Bosom	352	<i>Percy, Thomas, Bishop of Dromore.</i>	
Disappointed Hopes	338	Oh, Nanny, wilt thou go with me ?	205
Drink to Her	345	The Friar of Orders Gray	206
Fall'n is thy Throne	356	<i>Pocock, T. L.</i>	
Farewell	354	Oh ! Say not Woman's Heart is bought	476
Farewell !—But whenever you welcome the Hour	348	<i>Pollok, Robert.</i>	
Fill the Bumper Fair	353	The Genius of Byron	466
Fly not yet	343	<i>Pope, Alexander.</i>	
Go where Glory waits Thee	341	Ease in Writing	141
Has Sorrow thy young Days shaded	350	Elegy on the Death of an unfortunate Lady	147
Have you not seen the timid Tear	340	Eloisa's Prayer for Abelard	149
Here's the Bower	354	Fame	150
I saw from the Beach	352	Ode on St. Cecilia's Day	140
I saw thy Form in youthful Prime	344	On Happiness	145
		On the Order of Nature	143
		On Virtue	141
		Prologue to Cato	149
		The Dying Christian to his Soul	150

	PAGE		PAGE
<i>Pope, Alexander</i> —continued.		<i>Scott, Sir Walter</i> —continued.	
The Man of Ross	147	The Border Trooper, Sir William of Deloraine	359
The Messiah	138	The Cypress Wreath	371
The Origin of Superstition and Tyranny	144	The Death of Marmion	365
The Present Condition of Man Vindi- cated	142	The Grave of Marmion	365
<i>Pringle, Thomas.</i>		The Harper	371
Pleasant Teviotdale	276	The Heath this Night must be my Bed	369
<i>Procter, Adelaide Anne.</i>		The Huntsman's Dirge	372
The Message	504	The Lady of the Lake	366
<i>Procter, B. W. (Barry Cornwall).</i>		The Last Minstrel	357
King Death	494	The Love of Country	357
Song for Twilight	495	The Memory of the Bard	358
The Best of All Good Company	494	The View from Blackford Hill	361
The Nights	494	Time	373
<i>Raleigh, Sir Walter.</i>		Waken, Lords and Ladies gay	372
Answer to Passionate Shepherd	25	War Song	374
Dulcina	77	Where shall the Lover rest?	364
The Soul's Errand	76	Woman	365
<i>Rogers, Samuel.</i>		<i>Sedley, Sir Charles.</i>	
A Mother's Love	243	The Growth of Love	85
A Wish	245	<i>Shakspeare, William.</i>	
An Epistle to a Friend	241	A Beautiful Woman	56
Dear is my little Native Vale	245	A Complete Lady	60
Ginevra	243	A Faithful Lover	37
Melancholy	245	A Good Conscience	68
Parting from Home	240	A Wife's Duty	51
The Angel to Columbus in his Dream	244	A Woman's Tongue	50
The Beggars	240	Accomplishments of King Henry V.	68
The Gipsy Encampment	240	Advice of Polonius to his Son, on set- ting forth on his Travels	34
The Old Ancestral Mansion	238	Antony's Description of Brutus	40
The School-House	240	Antony's Despondency	45
Venice	243	Beatrice	50
<i>Roscoe, William.</i>		Bolingbroke's Entry into London	62
On Parting with his Books	274	Cardinal Wolsey on the Vicissitudes of Life	71
<i>Scott, Sir Walter.</i>		Cardinal Wolsey's Death	72
A weary Lot is Thine	370	Cassius upon Cæsar	37
Allen-a-Dale	370	Celestial Music	49
Annot Lyle's Song	372	Character of Coriolanus	44
Christmas Time	363	Cheerfulness	48
Coronach	366	Cleopatra on the Cydnus	44
Good Wishes	365	Cleopatra's Speech on applying the Serpent to her Breast	45
Hail to the Chief	368	Conscience	37
Hymn for the Dead	358	Constance's Reproaches to the Arch- duke of Austria	60
Hymn to the Virgin	369	Cordelia's Emotion on Hearing of her Sister's Cruelty	42
King James of Scotland	369	Coriolanus's Contempt for the Mob	44
Lay of the Imprisoned Huntsman	370	Despised Old Age	42
Lochinvar	362	Despondency	60
Lost in the Snow	361	Diseases of the Mind Incurable	42
Love and the Rose	369	Dover Cliff	42
Love as the Theme of Poets	358	Dreams	59
Man the Enemy of Man	370	Dying Words of Warwick the King Maker	69
Melrose Abbey	357	Edgar's Defiance of Edmund	43
Night at Norham Castle	360	Emilia's Indignation against Slanderers	55
Paternal Affection	365	England	62
Pitt and Fox	359	England Invincible	61
Rebecca's Hymn	373	Feminine Friendship	49
Recollections of his Infancy	364	Fortune	66
Romantic Legends	360	Hamlet's Address to his Father's Ghost	36
Scenery of the Trosachs	366	Hamlet's Esteem for Horatio	36
Scotland	357	Hamlet's Reproaches to his Mother	35
Soldier, Rest!	367		
Song of Meg Merrilies at the Birth of the Infant	373		
Song of Meg Merrilies for the Parting Spirit	373		
Staffa and Iona	372		

	PAGE		PAGE
<i>Shakspeare, William—continued.</i>		<i>Shakspeare, William—continued.</i>	
Hamlet's Soliloquy on his Mother's Marriage	36	Sonnet	75
Hamlet's Soliloquy on Life and Death	34	Suffolk's Hatred of his Enemies	69
Hark! Hark! the Lark!	53	Sunrise	73
Henry VI. on his own Lenity	69	Take, O take those Lips away!	72
Henry IV.'s Soliloquy on Sleep	65	The Abuse of Authority	52
Hotspur's Description of a Fop	62	The Abuse of Power	52
Human Nature	37	The Apothecary	59
Ingratitude	47	The Character of King Henry V. by his Father	65
Innocence	50	The Curses of Royalty	60
Jaques and the Wounded Deer	46	The Death of Romeo	59
Jealousy	54	The Deceit of Appearances	48
Juliet's Impatience	58	The Duke of Gloster on his Deformity	70
King Henry IV. to Prince Henry	63	The Fear of Death	52
King Henry V.'s Address to his Soldiers	67	The Fool in the Forest	45
King Henry's Speech before the Battle of Agincourt	68	The Garden Scene	57
King Lear in the Tempest	43	The King's Envy of a Shepherd's Life	69
Lady Percy's Speech to her Husband	61	The Love of Music a Test of Character	49
Lear to Cordelia when taken Prisoners Life	43	The Mind alone Valuable	50
Love and Lust	73	The Murder of the Young Princes in the Tower	70
Lucretia Sleeping	73	The Power of Imagination	49
Macbeth's Mental Struggle before the Murder of Duncan	40	The Power of Love	51
Macbeth to Banquo's Ghost	42	The Quarrel of Brutus and Cassius	39
Mark Antony's Oration over the Body of Cæsar	38	The Repose of the Grave	41
Martial Spirit	68	The Seven Ages of Man	46
Mercy	48	The Sorrows of True Love	49
Mirthfulness	51	The Storm	43
Music	37	The Tragical Fate of Kings	61
Night in the Camp	67	The Uses of Adversity	46
Othello's Account of his Courtship of Desdemona	53	The Visionary Dagger	41
Othello's Despair	55	The Winning of Juliet	57
Othello's Dying Speech	55	Under the Greenwood Tree	47
Othello's Soliloquy before Murdering his Wife	54	Venus with the Dead Body of Adonis	73
Perfection Needs no Addition	60	What's in a Name?	57
Prince Henry Rebuked by his Father	66	What Win I if I Gain?	73
Prince Henry's Defence of Himself	64	Winter	52
Prince Henry's Speech on the Death of Hotspur	65	Wolsey to Cromwell	72
Queen Elizabeth	49	Woman's Eyes	51
Queen Mab	56	Young Harry	65
Queen Margaret's Execrations on Gloster	70	<i>Shelley, Percy Bysshe.</i>	
Reluctance to Part	58	A Lament	438
Remorse	41	A Solitary Grave	433
Reputation	55	Adonais	437
Richard Duke of Gloster's Description of Himself	69	Anarchy Slain by True Liberty	438
Richard's Humility	61	I arise from Dreams of Thee	442
Richmond's Address to his Army before the Battle of Bosworth	71	Ianthe Sleeping	432
Scene between Othello and Desdemona	54	Invocation to Nature	433
Secret Love	37	Lines to a Critic	438
Serenade to Sylvia	52	Love's Philosophy	436
Shylock's Remonstrance with Antonio	47	Ode to the West Wind	433
Sigh No More, Ladies	50	The Cloud	439
Slander	53	The Fairy and Ianthe's Soul	432
Song	37	Time	438
Sonnet	75	To a Skylark	441
Sonnet	75	To the Sensitive Plant	435
Sonnet	75	<i>Skenstone, William.</i>	
		The School Let Out	130
		The School-Mistress	129
		<i>Sheridan, Richard Brinsley.</i>	
		Had I a Heart for Falsehood framed	251
		Love for Love	252
		<i>Shirley, James.</i>	
		Death's Final Conquest	32
		Victorious Men of Earth	31

	PAGE		PAGE
<i>Sidney, Sir Philip.</i>		<i>Tennyson, Alfred—continued.</i>	
To the Moon	31	Edward Gray	501
To Sleep	475	Godiva	499
<i>Smith, Alexander.</i>		Love and Death	499
Barbara	514	The Bugle Song	499
Desires and Anticipations, etc.	513	Vivien's Song	501
<i>Smith, Horace.</i>		<i>Thomson, James.</i>	
Address to the Mummy in Belzoni's		A Winter Storm	156
Exhibition	305	Celadon and Amelia	154
<i>Smollett, Tobias.</i>		Domestic Bliss	154
Independence	181	Ode	158
Ode to Leven Water	183	Rule Britannia	157
The Tears of Scotland	181	Sunrise	155
<i>Smyth, W.</i>		The Castle of Indolence	158
The Soldier	311	The Miseries of Human Life	155
<i>Somerville, James.</i>		The Pleasures of Retirement	153
The Red and White Rose	187	<i>Thornbury, George W.</i>	
<i>Southey, Robert.</i>		The Riding to the Tournament	515
An Eastern Evening	289	<i>Tickell, Thomas.</i>	
History	295	The Dead in Westminster Abbey	198
How the Waters Come Down at Lodore	293	<i>Tupper, M. F.</i>	
Love	287	Love	517
Merciful Inflictions	298	<i>Wade, Thomas.</i>	
Night in the Desert	289	A Mother to her New-Born Child	518
Thalaba's Home in the Desert	291	Sympathy	517
The Battle of Blenheim	297	<i>Waller, Edmund.</i>	
The Holly Tree	287	Go, Lovely Rose!	81
The Library	287	Old Age	81
The Miracle of the Roses	294	On a Girdle	81
The Old Man's Comforts	297	<i>Walsh, William.</i>	
The Scenery of America	288	Rivalry in Love	81
The Source of the Ganges	289	<i>Wastell, Simon.</i>	
The Submarine City	289	Man's Mortality	89
The Voyage of Thalaba and the Damsel	298	<i>Watts, Akaric Alexander.</i>	
To a Bee	296	I think of thee	463
To William Wordsworth	296	My own Fireside	461
<i>Southwell, Robert.</i>		The Death of the First-Born	461
Times go by Turns	24	<i>White, Henry Kirke.</i>	
<i>Spenser, Edmund.</i>		A Thousand Years Hence	255
Astrophel (Sir Philip Sidney)	29	Childhood	252
Love in Absence	28	Clifton Grove	264
Sweet is the Rose	26	Concluding Stanzas of the <i>Christiad</i>	267
The Bridal Day	30	Despondency	260
The Garden of Beauty	28	"I am pleased, and yet I'm sad"	261
The Hermitage	27	In the morning before daybreak	264
The Ministry of Angels	25	Irresistible Time	257
The Power of Poetry to Confer Fame	28	Man's Littleness in Presence of the	
The Red Cross Knight	27	Stars	256
The Seasons	27	Night	254
The True Woman	28	Ode to Disappointment	266
Una and the Lion	26	Ode to the Harvest Moon	262
<i>Stanley, Thomas.</i>		Ode to Thought	260
The Deposition	87	Seclusion	258
<i>Suckling, Sir John.</i>		Solitude	262
I prithee, send me back my heart	84	Sonnet	268
True Love	85	Sonnet to my Mother	257
Why so Pale and Wan?	85	Sonnet to the River Trent	267
<i>Surrey, The Earl of.</i>		The Cities of the Past	255
Give place, ye Flowers	2	The Dame-School	253
How no Age is content with its own		The Evening Walk of Youthful Friends	253
Estate	2	The Futility of Fame	254
<i>Swain, Charles.</i>		The Future Eternity	256
What is Noble?	493	The Past Eternity	256
<i>Swinburne, Algernon Charles.</i>		The Poet	258
Chorus from <i>Atalanta in Calydon</i>	518	The Shipwrecked Solitary's Song	263
Love and Death	519	The Winter Traveller	267
<i>Tennyson, Alfred.</i>		To an Early Primrose	26
As through the land at eve we went	501		

	PAGE		PAGE
<i>White, Henry Kirke</i> —continued.		<i>Wordsworth, William</i> —continued.	
To a Taper	260	Ode to Duty	324
To Consumption	261	On the Extinction of the Venetian Re- public	328
To Contemplation	258	On the Subjugation of Switzerland	329
To the Herb Rosemary	265	Pelion and Ossa	327
<i>White, Rev. J. Blanco.</i>		Personal Talk	323
Night and Death	314	Ruth	316
<i>Whitworth, William Henry.</i>		The Brook	327
Time and Death	519	The Mountain Top	331
<i>Williams, Rev. Charles Hanbury.</i>		The Ship	326
Dear Betty	252	The True Man	330
<i>Wilson, John.</i>		The Uses and Beauties of the Sonnet	325
Magdalene's Hymn	303	The World	326
Sacred Poetry	304	To a Highland Girl	320
The Evening Cloud	303	To a Sky-Lark	318
The Midnight Ocean	303	To Sleep	326
The Three Seasons of Love	304	To the Cuckoo	319
<i>Wither, G.</i>		To the Small Celandine	317
I loved a Lass, a fair one	79	To Thomas Clarkson	329
Shall I, wasting in despair	78	To Toussaint L'Ouverture	328
Sleep, Baby, Sleep!	78	Twilight	325
<i>Wolfe, Rev. Charles.</i>		Universality	330
The Burial of Sir John Moore	275	Upon the Sight of a Beautiful Picture	325
<i>Wordsworth, William.</i>		We are Seven	315
A Memory	319	Westminster Bridge	327
A Poet's Epitaph	322	Woodland Walks	325
A Simile	333	Yarrow Unvisited	321
A True Woman	319	Yarrow Visited	321
Buonaparte	328	Yew Trees	318
Consolations amidst Earthly Change	332	<i>Wotton, Sir Henry.</i>	
Creative Art	331	The Character of a Happy Life	80
Elegiac Verses	331	You Meaner Beauties	80
Evening	527	<i>Wyatt, Sir Thomas.</i>	
France and England	328	A Description of Such a One as He could Love	3
George III.	330	Complaint of the Absence of his Love	3
Great Men	329	The aged Lover renounceth Love	5
Honour	330	The longer Life the more Offence	5
Intimations of Immortality from Recol- lections of Early Childhood	334	<i>Young, Edward.</i>	
Lucy	316	On the Being of a God	204
Lucy Gray	314	Procrastination	203
Milton	329	Sleep	203
Nature Worshipped by the Greeks	333		

AMERICAN POETS.

	PAGE		PAGE
<i>Aldrich, James.</i>		<i>Emerson, Ralph Waldo.</i>	
A Death-Bed	555	Dirge	537
<i>Allston, Washington.</i>		Good-Bye, Proud World!	537
America to Great Britain	556	The Apology	537
<i>Bryant, William Cullen.</i>		Threnody	536
An Indian Story	545	To Eva	538
Autumn Woods	544	<i>Holmes, Oliver W.</i>	
Hymn to the North Star	544	L'Inconnue	554
Oh, Fairest of the Rural Maids	548	<i>Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth.</i>	
Oh, Mother of a Mighty Race	547	A Psalm of Life	562
Thanatopsis	546	Daylight and Moonlight	567
The Close of Autumn	543	Excelsior	569
The Western World	541	Footsteps of Angels	503
To a Waterfowl	542	Haunted Houses	566
<i>Clark, Willis G.</i>		Hymn to the Night	561
A Remembrance	555	Rain in Summer	569
<i>Drake, Joseph Rodman.</i>		Resignation	563
The American Flag	553	Santa Filomena	561

	PAGE		PAGE
<i>Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth</i> —continued.		<i>Sargent, Epes.</i>	
The Arrow and the Song	572	The Days that are past	552
The Light of Stars	562	<i>Sigourney, Lydia Huntley.</i>	
The old Clock on the Stairs	572	Death of an Infant	532
The Primeval Forest	571	Farewell of the Soul to the Body	532
The Reaper and the Flowers	563	Midnight Thoughts at Sea	532
The Rope-Walk	564	Niagara	535
The Ship of State	574	No Concealment	533
The Singers	570	The Early Blue-Bird	533
The Two Angels	565	The Virginian Colonists	534
The Village Blacksmith	568	<i>Stoddard, R. H.</i>	
The Wreck of the Hesperus	573	The Shadow of the Hand	556
Unseen Friends	570	<i>Taylor, Bayard.</i>	
Victor Galbraith	567	Moan, ye wild Winds	556
<i>Lowell, J. R.</i>		<i>Whittier, J. G.</i>	
She Came and Went	552	Barbara Fritchie	538
The Changeling	553	Maud Müller	539
The Street	553	The Moral Warfare	541
To the Dandelion	552	<i>Wilde, Richard Henry.</i>	
<i>Mellen, Grenville.</i>		My Life is like the Summer Rose	557
English Scenery	558	<i>Willis, Nathaniel P.</i>	
<i>Morris, George P.</i>		Better Moments	549
Woodman, spare that Tree	559	Hagar in the Wilderness	549
<i>Park, Benjamin.</i>		The Soldier's Widow	548
How cheery are the Mariners!	554	<i>Woodworth, Samuel.</i>	
<i>Poe, Edgar Allan.</i>		The Bucket	557
The Raven	559		

INDEX TO SUPPLEMENT.

<i>Arnold, Sir Edwin.</i>		<i>Bennett, W. C.</i> —continued.	
The Rajah's Ride	575	Baby's Shoes	582
Sonnet to America	576	The Worn Wedding-Ring	583
<i>Arnold, Matthew.</i>		<i>Browning, Robert.</i>	
Cadmus and Harmonia	576	Hervé Riel	583
Philomela	577	<i>Macaulay, Lord.</i>	
<i>Austin, Alfred.</i>		Horatius	585
The Death of Huss	577	Virginia	594
In the Month when sings the Cuckoo	578	<i>Rossetti, Dante Gabriel.</i>	
Ave Maria	580	The Card-dealer	600
<i>Bennett, W. C.</i>		A Sonnet	600
Baby May	582	On the Site of a Mulberry Tree	601
		The Blessed Damozel	601

INDEX TO FIRST LINES.

	PAGE
A baby was sleeping, its mother was weeping	Samuel Lover 506
A chieftain's daughter seemed the maid	Sir Walter Scott 366
A chieftain to the highlands bound	Sir William Jones 453
A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun	John Wilson 303
A face that should content me wonderous well	Sir Thomas Wyatt 3
A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by	William Wordsworth 326
A fool, a fool!—I met a fool i' the forest	William Shakspeare 45
A garland for the hero's crest	Sir Walter Scott 365
A gentle knight was pricking on the plain	Edmund Spenser 27
A glorious vision burst upon their sight	Charles Mackay 525
A good that never satisfies the mind	William Drummond 20
A little lowly hermitage it was	Edmund Spenser 27
A man must serve his time to every trade	George Gordon, Lord Byron 417
A man so various that he seem'd to be	John Dryden 115
A merrier man	William Shakspeare 51
A palace lifting to eternal summer	Lord Lytton 511
A parish priest was of the pilgrim train	John Dryden 119
A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?	William Shakspeare 69
A rose-bud by my early walk	Robert Burns 236
A sensitive plant in a garden grew	Percy Bysshe Shelley 435
A simple child	William Wordsworth 315
A stark moss-trooping Scot was he	Sir Walter Scott 359
A thing of beauty is a joy for ever	John Keats 469
A weary lot is thine, fair maid	Sir Walter Scott 370
A wet sheet and a flowing sea	Allan Cunningham 306
Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)	Leigh Hunt 374
Adieu, adieu! my native shore	George Gordon, Lord Byron 391
Adieu, adieu!—our dream of love	Thomas K. Hervey 468
Ah, Chloris! that I now could sit	Sir Charles Sedley 85
Ah! little think the gay, licentious, proud	James Thomson 155
Ah me! For aught that ever I could read	William Shakspeare 49
Ah, then, what honest triumph flush'd my breast!	Samuel Rogers 240
Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you weep?	William Shakspeare 54
“Alas the wo! alas, the painés strong”	Geoffrey Chaucer 1
Alas! they had been friends in youth	Christabel 447
Alas! our young affections run to waste	George Gordon, Lord Byron 406
Allen-a-Dale has no faggot for burning	Sir Walter Scott 370
All hail! inexorable lord!	Robert Burns 231
All hail! my own inspired bard	Robert Burns 237
All hail! thou noble land	Washington Allston 556
All houses wherein men have lived and died	Henry Wadsworth Longfellow 566
All in the downs the fleet was moor'd	John Gay 198
All our praises why should lords engross?	Alexander Pope 147
All the world's a stage	William Shakspeare 46
All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom	Thomas Campbell 452
Alone, alone, all, all alone	Samuel Taylor Coleridge 443
Altho' thou maun never be mine	Robert Burns 236
Ancient of days! august Athena! where	George Gordon, Lord Byron 395
And canst thou, mother, for a moment think	Henry Kirke White 257
And has the earth lost its so spacious round	Thomas Hood 379
“And I could weep;” th' Oneyda chief	Thomas Campbell 453
And is there care in heaven? And is there love?	Edmund Spenser 25
And is this Yarrow?— <i>this</i> the stream	William Wordsworth 321
And said I that my limbs were old	Sir Walter Scott 358
And thou art dead, as young and fair	George Gordon, Lord Byron 423
And thou hast walked about (how strange a story!)	Horace Smith 305
And thou who never yet of human wrong	George Gordon, Lord Byron 407

	PAGE
Angels and ministers of grace defend us	William Shakspeare 36
Around me Life's hell of fierce ardours burns	Gerald Massey 520
Art thou a statesman, in the van	William Wordsworth 322
Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?	Thomas Dekker 33
As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow	Thomas Moore 343
As a twig trembles which a bird	J. R. Lowell 552
As at noon Dulcinea rested	Sir Walter Raleigh 77
As one, who, destined from his friends to part	William Roscoe 274
As one who, walking in the twilight gloom	Henry Wadsworth Longfellow 570
As rising on its purple wing	George Gordon Lord Byron 381
As slow I climb the cliff's ascending side	William Lisle Bowles 312
As the flight of a river	Lord Lytton 507
As thro' the land at eve we went	Alfred Tennyson 501
Ask me no more, where Jove bestows	Thomas Carew 82
Ask me why I send you here	Thomas Carew 83
At evening too, how pleasing was our walk	Henry Kirke White 253
At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester	William Shakspeare 72
At morn, beside yon summer sea	Thomas Moore 354
At my window, late and early	D. F. M'Carthy 505
At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still	James Beattie 167
At the mid-hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly	Thomas Moore 347
At the silence of twilight's contemplative hour	Thomas Campbell 455
Attend all ye who list to hear our England's praise	Lord Macaulay 483
Avaunt all specious pliancy of mind	William Wordsworth 330
Ave Maria! maiden mild!	Sir Walter Scott 369
Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones	John Milton 106
Awake, Æolian lyre, awake	Thomas Gray 189
Ay, but to die, and go we know not where	William Shakspeare 52
Balow, my babe lie still and sleep	Anonymous 134
Be it a weakness, it deserves some praise	William Cowper 223
Be it right or wrong, these men among	Anonymous 6
Be still, be still, poor human heart	Eleanora Louisa Hervey 498
Be wise to-day: 'tis madness to defer	Edward Young 203
Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead	Robert Browning 492
Beauty—thou pretty plaything, dear deceit	Robert Blair 188
Before the beginning of years	Algernon Charles Swinburne 518
Before the starry threshold of Jove's court	John Milton 110
Behold the ways	Mark Akenside 131
Behold the world	Henry Kirke White 254
Believe me, if all those endearing young charms	Thomas Hood 344
Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way	Oliver Goldsmith 171
Beware, exulting youth, beware	Charles Mackay 531
Beyond the shadow of the ship	Samuel Taylor Coleridge 443
Bird of the wilderness	J. Hogg (the Ettrick Sheph.) 245
Bless'd is the hearth where daughters gird the fire	Ebenezer Elliott 302
Blest tears of soul-felt penitence	Thomas Moore 338
Blow, blow thou winter wind	William Shakspeare 47
Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear	Charles Dibdin 269
Blow, wind, and crack your checks! rage! blow!	William Shakspeare 43
Blue-bird! on yon leafless tree	Lydia Huntly Sigourney 533
Borne upon the ocean's foam	Lydia Huntly Sigourney 532
Breathes there the man with soul so dead	Sir Walter Scott 357
Bright be the place of thy soul!	George Gordon Lord Byron 431
Brook! whose society the poet seeks	William Wordsworth 327
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride	Wm. Hamilton, of Bangour 136
Busy, curious, thirsty fly	Anonymous 209
But hail, ye mighty masters of the lay	James Beattie 166
But, I remember, when the fight was done	William Shakspeare 62
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes	William Shakspeare 51
But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle sky	William Shenstone 130
But pleasures are like poppies spread	Robert Burns 233
But who the melodies of morn can tell?	James Beattie 164
By ceaseless action all that is subsists	William Cowper 211
By Helle's stream there is a voice of wail!	George Gordon Lord Byron 387
Call it not vain:—they do not err	Sir Walter Scott 358

	PAGE
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd	<i>William Shakspeare</i> 42
Can tyrants but by tyrants conquered be	<i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> 404
Clarens! sweet Clarens! birthplace of deep love!	<i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> 400
Clarkson! it was an obstinate hill to climb	<i>William Wordsworth</i> 329
Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake	<i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> 398
Clime of the West! that to the hunter's bow	<i>Lydia Huntly Sigourney</i> 534
Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come	<i>William Shakspeare</i> 39
Come away, come away, death	<i>William Shakspeare</i> 37
Come, Disappointment, come!	<i>Henry Kirke White</i> 266
Come follow, follow me	<i>Anonymous</i> 76
Come hither to me, Harry	<i>William Shakspeare</i> 66
Come home	<i>Felicia Hemans</i> 286
"Come, if you dare!" our trumpets sound	<i>John Dryden</i> 117
Come leave the loathed stage	<i>Ben Jonson</i> 12
Come, let's away to prison	<i>William Shakspeare</i> 43
Come, live with me, and be my love	<i>Christopher Marlowe</i> 24
Come, night!—Come, Romeo! come, thou day in night!	<i>William Shakspeare</i> 58
Come o'er the sea, Maiden, with me	<i>Thomas Moore</i> 350
Come, Patrick, clear up the storms on your brow	<i>Hon. Mrs. Norton</i> 496
Come, pensive sage, who lovest to dwell	<i>Henry Kirke White</i> 258
Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer	<i>Thomas Moore</i> 352
Come, sleep, O sleep, the certain knot of peace	<i>Sir Philip Sidney</i> 475
Come, track with me this little vagrant rill	<i>Thomas Doubleday</i> 520
Coming to kiss her lips (such grace I found)	<i>Edmund Spenser</i> 28
Companion dear! the hour draws nigh	<i>Lydia Huntly Sigourney</i> 532
Could great men thunder	<i>William Shakspeare</i> 52
Creator Spirit, by whose aid	<i>John Dryden</i> 118
Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud	<i>John Milton</i> 106
Cupid and my Campaspe playd	<i>John Lyly</i> 34
Curs'd be the man (what do I wish? as though	<i>Abraham Cowley</i> 23
Cyriac, this three years' day these eyes, though clear	<i>John Milton</i> 107
Damon, let a friend advise ye	<i>Thomas Durfey</i> 90
Daughter of Jove, relentless pow'r	<i>Thomas Gray</i> 190
Day glimmers on the dying and the dead	<i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> 414
Day set on Norham's castled steep	<i>Sir Walter Scott</i> 360
Dear Betty, come give me sweet kisses	<i>Sir Chas. Hanbury Williams</i> 252
Dear Chloe, while the busy crowd	<i>Nathaniel Cotton</i> 210
Dear common flower, that growest beside the way	<i>J. R. Lowell</i> 552
Dear is the hallow'd morn to me	<i>Allan Cunningham</i> 307
Dear is my little native vale	<i>Samuel Rogers</i> 245
Dear object of defeated care!	<i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> 431
Death found strange beauty on that polished brow	<i>Lydia Huntly Sigourney</i> 532
Deceiving world, that with alluring toys	<i>Robert Greene</i> 33
Descend, ye Nine! descend and sing	<i>Alexander Pope</i> 140
Deserted by the waning moon	<i>Thomas Dibdin</i> 271
Dim as the borrow'd beams of moon and stars	<i>John Dryden</i> 115
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes	<i>William Shakspeare</i> 50
Do I regret the past?	<i>Robert Southey</i> 296
Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers	<i>Elizabeth Barrett Browning</i> 476
Down by yon hazel copse, at evening, blazed	<i>Samuel Rogers</i> 240
Draw thy sword	<i>William Shakspeare</i> 43
Drink to her who long	<i>Thomas Moore</i> 345
Drink to me only with thine eyes	<i>Ben Jonson</i> 10
Dull grave! thou spoil'st the dance of youthful blood	<i>Robert Blair</i> 187
Duncan is in his grave	<i>William Shakspeare</i> 41
Earth has not anything to show more fair	<i>William Wordsworth</i> 327
Earth, ocean, air, beloved brotherhood!	<i>Percy Bysshe Shelley</i> 433
Earth, sparkling bridelike, bares her bosom to the nestling night	<i>Gerald Massey</i> 521
Edina! Scotia's darling seat!	<i>Robert Burns</i> 232
Egeria! sweet creation of some heart	<i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> 405
Ere, in the northern gale	<i>William Cullen Bryant</i> 544
Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime	<i>Thomas Campbell</i> 452
Eterne Apollo! that thy sister fair	<i>John Keats</i> 473
Evening, as slow thy placid shades descend	<i>William Lisle Bowles</i> 122

	PAGE
Evening comes on : arising from the stream	<i>Robert Southey</i> 289
Ever and evermore	<i>Charles Mackay</i> 536
Faintly as tolls the evening chime	<i>Thomas Moore</i> 341
Fair, as the first that fell of womankind	<i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> 382
Fair clime ! where every season smiles	<i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> 380
Fair daffodils, we weep to see	<i>Robert Herrick</i> 87
Fair flower, that shunn'st the glare of day	<i>Bernard Barton</i> 310
Fair pledges of a fruitful tree	<i>Robert Herrick</i> 87
Fair Rosalind in woful wise	<i>Anonymous</i> 252
Fair stood the wind for France	<i>Michael Drayton</i> 18
Fair, sweet, and young, receive a prize	<i>John Dryden</i> 117
Fair wert thou, in the dreams	<i>Felicia Hemans</i> 281
Fall'n is thy throne, O Israel !	<i>Thomas Moore</i> 356
Fare thee well ! and if for ever	<i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> 430
Fare thee well, great heart !	<i>William Shakspeare</i> 65
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness	<i>William Shakspeare</i> 71
Farewell ! but whenever you welcome the hour	<i>Thomas Moore</i> 348
Farewell—farewell to thee, Araby's daughter !	<i>Thomas Moore</i> 354
Farewell ! if ever fondest prayer	<i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> 429
Farewell, oh day misspent	<i>Charles Mackay</i> 527
Farewell to the land, where the gloom of my glory	<i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> 421
Far, far upon the sea	<i>Charles Mackay</i> 531
Far in a wild, unknown to public view	<i>Thomas Parnell</i> 199
Far in the windings of a vale	<i>David Mallet</i> 186
Far to the right, where Appenine ascends	<i>Oliver Goldsmith</i> 175
Father of Heroes, high dweller of eddying winds	<i>James Macpherson</i> 209
Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends	<i>William Shakspeare</i> 71
Fie, fie ! unknit that threatening unkind brow	<i>William Shakspeare</i> 51
Fill the bumper fair !	<i>Thomas Moore</i> 353
Flow on for ever, in thy glorious robe	<i>Lydia Huntly Sigourney</i> 535
Fly from the press, and dwell with soothfastness	<i>Geoffrey Chaucer</i> 2
Fly not yet ; 'tis just the hour	<i>Thomas Moore</i> 343
Follow a shadow, it still flies you	<i>Ben Jonson</i> 13
For England when with favouring gale	<i>Anonymous</i> 272
For gold the merchant ploughs the main	<i>Robert Burns</i> 236
For, this ye know well, tho' I wouldin lie	<i>Geoffrey Chaucer</i> 1
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich	<i>William Shakspeare</i> 50
For wheresoe'er I turn my ravished eyes	<i>Joseph Addison</i> 150
Four seasons fill the measure of the year	<i>John Keats</i> 475
Friendship, peculiar boon of heaven	<i>Samuel Johnson</i> 208
Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears	<i>William Shakspeare</i> 38
From camp to camp	<i>William Shakspeare</i> 67
From life without freedom, oh ! who would not fly ?	<i>Thomas Moore</i> 353
From Stirling castle we had seen	<i>William Wordsworth</i> 321
From walk to walk, from shade to shade	<i>Joseph Addison</i> 152
From woman's eyes this doctrine I derive	<i>William Shakspeare</i> 51
Full many a glorious morning have I seen	<i>William Shakspeare</i> 75
Gently, most gently, on thy victim's head	<i>Henry Kirke White</i> 261
Give me a cottage on some Cambrian wild	<i>Henry Kirke White</i> 268
Give me more love, or more disdain	<i>Thomas Carew</i> 82
Give me my robe, put on my crown ; I have	<i>William Shakspeare</i> 45
Give place, ye lovers here before	<i>The Earl of Surrey</i> 2
Give thy thoughts no tongue	<i>William Shakspeare</i> 34
Glide soft ye silver floods	<i>William Browne</i> 21
God forgive them that have so much sway'd	<i>William Shakspeare</i> 64
God help thee, traveller, on thy journey far	<i>Henry Kirke White</i> 260
God sent his singers upon earth	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> 570
Go, lovely rose !	<i>Edmund Waller</i> 81
Good-bye, proud world ! I'm going home	<i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i> 537
Good morrow to the day so fair	<i>Robert Herrick</i> 89
Good name, in man and woman, dear my lord	<i>William Shakspeare</i> 55
Go, patter to lubbers and swabs, do you see	<i>Charles Dibdin</i> 268
Go, soul, the body's guest	<i>Sir Walter Raleigh</i> 76
Go, thou gentle whispering wind	<i>Thomas Carew</i> 83
Go where glory waits thee	<i>Thomas Moore</i> 343

	PAGE
Go! You may call it madness, folly—	Samuel Rogers 245
Go, youth beloved, in distant glades	Mrs. Amelia Opie 248
Great men have been among us; hands that penned	William Wordsworth 329
Great though thou art, awake thee from the dream	Lord Lytton 511
Green fields of England! wheresoe'er	Arthur Hugh Clough 486
Had I a heart for falsehood framed	Richard Brinsley Sheridan 251
Had I so lavish of my presence been	William Shakspeare 63
Hail adamant steel! magnetic lord	Erasmus Darwin 161
Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove!	John Logan 249
Hail, holy Light, offspring of Heaven, first-born	John Milton 92
Hail thou, the ever young, albeit of night	Lord Lytton 512
Hail to the chief who in triumph advances!	Sir Walter Scott 368
Hail to thee, blithe spirit!	Percy Bysshe Shelley 441
Hail twilight, sovereign of one peaceful hour!	William Wordsworth 325
Half-past three in the morning!	Charles Mackay 526
Hamelin town's in Brunswick	Robert Browning 488
Happy in England! I could be content	John Keats 474
Happy they, the happiest of their kind	James Thomson 154
Hark! forth from the abyss a voice proceeds	George Gordon Lord Byron 408
Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings	William Shakspeare 53
Hark! heard ye not that piercing cry	Erasmus Darwin 161
Hark! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note!	George Gordon Lord Byron 393
Hark! the convent bells are ringing	Thomas Haynes Bayley 273
Has sorrow thy young days shaded	Thomas Moore 350
Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star	Samuel Taylor Coleridge 447
Have we not seen round Britain's peopled shore	Oliver Goldsmith 178
Have you not seen the timid tear	Thomas Moore 340
Heap on more wood!—the wind is chill	Sir Walter Scott 363
Hear him but reason in divinity	William Shakspeare 68
Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate	Alexander Pope 142
Heaven hath its crown of stars, the earth	Gerald Massey 523
He call'd his friend, and prefaced with a sigh	George Crabbe 225
He is gone on the mountain	Sir Walter Scott 366
He is gracious if he be observed	William Shakspeare 65
He is the freeman, whom the truth makes free	William Cowper 222
He jests at scars that never felt a wound	William Shakspeare 57
Hence all you vain delights	Samuel Fletcher 33
Hence away, vindictive thought!	Henry Kirke White 260
Hence loathed melancholy	John Milton 99
Hence vain deluding joys	John Milton 101
He prayeth best, who loveth best	Samuel Taylor Coleridge 444
He raised the golden cup from the board	Letitia Elizabeth Landon 463
Her, by her smile, how soon the stranger knows	Samuel Rogers 243
Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling	Charles Dibdin 270
Here first I entered though with toil and pain	Henry Kirke White 255
Here it comes sparkling	Robert Southey 293
Here's the bower she loved so much	Thomas Moore 354
Here unmolested, through whatever sign	William Cowper 218
Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee	Robert Herrick 86
Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under	William Shakspeare 73
Her suffering ended with the day	James Aldrich 555
He sate him down at a pillar's base	George Gordon Lord Byron 365
He that loves a rosy cheek	Thomas Carew 82
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home	William Shakspeare 68
He touched his harp, and nations heard, entranced	Robert Pollok 466
He turned not—spoke not—sunk not—fixed his look	George Gordon Lord Byron 413
He who ascends to mountain-tops, shall ind	George Gordon Lord Byron 398
He who hath bent him o'er the dead	George Gordon Lord Byron 380
Hide me, O twilight air!	B. W. Procter (B. Cornwall) 495
Higher, higher, will we climb	James Montgomery 226
High is our calling, friend! creative Art	William Wordsworth 331
High on a throne of royal state which far	John Milton 91
His nature is too noble for the world	William Shakspeare 44
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles	William Shakspeare 57
Hollow is the oak beside the sunny waters drooping	Lord Lytton 512
Honey from silkworms who can gather	Percy Bysshe Shelley 438
Hope on, hope ever! though to-day be dark	Gerald Massey 522

	PAGE
How are thy servants blest, oh Lord!	Joseph Addison 151
How beautiful is genius when combined	John Wilson 304
How beautiful is night!	Robert Southey 289
How beautiful is the rain!	Henry Wadsworth Longfellow 569
How charming is divine philosophy!	John Milton 110
How cheery are the mariners—	Park Benjamin 554
How clear, how keen, how marvellously bright	William Wordsworth 331
How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood	Samuel Woodworth 557
How fearful	William Shakspeare 42
How happy is he born and taught	Sir Henry Wotton 80
How many days with mute adieu	Thomas Miller 503
How many thousand of my poorest subjects	William Shakspeare 65
How mournful seems, in broken dreams	Hon. Mrs. Norton 495
How oft when men are at the point of death	William Shakspeare 59
How sleep the brave, who sink to rest	William Collins 122
How sweet it is when mother Fancy rocks	William Wordsworth 325
How sweet it were, if without feeble fright	Leigh Hunt 376
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!	William Shakspeare 49
How sweet the tuneful bells responsive peal!	William Lisle Bowles 313
How wonderful is Death	Percy Bysshe Shelley 432
I am monarch of all I survey	William Cowper 223
I am myself but a vile link	Alaric Alexander Watts 465
I am not one who much or oft delight	William Wordsworth 323
I arise from dreams of thee	Percy Bysshe Shelley 442
I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers	Percy Bysshe Shelley 439
I cannot blame thy choice (the Sage replied)	James Beattie 166
I classed, appraising once	Elizabeth Barrett Browning 481
I come, I come! ye have called me long	Felicia Hemans 276
I do confess that I have wished to give	Lord Lytton 507
I do remember an apothecary,—	William Shakspeare 59
If all the world and love were young	Robert Southwell 25
If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song	William Collins 122
If ever you should come to Modena	Samuel Rogers 242
If he, from heaven that filch'd that living fire	Michael Drayton 19
If I might trust the flattering eye of sleep	William Shakspeare 59
If it were <i>done</i> when 'tis done, then 'twere well	William Shakspeare 40
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty	William Shakspeare 60
If mine eyes do e'er declare	Abraham Cowley 23
If music be the food of love, play on	William Shakspeare 37
If sometimes in the haunts of men	George Gordon Lord Byron 424
If that high world, which lies beyond	George Gordon Lord Byron 426
If this pale rose offend your sight	James Somerville 187
If those dear eyes that watch me now	Julian Fane 504
If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright	Sir Walter Scott 357
If 'tis love to wish you near	Charles Dibdin 268
I grieved for Buonaparte, with a vain	William Wordsworth 328
I had a dream, which was not all a dream	George Gordon Lord Byron 418
I had a little daughter	J. R. Lowell 553
I had a message to send her	Adelaide Anne Procter 504
I have a people of mine own	Charles Mackay 526
I have had playmates, I have had companions	Charles Lamb 300
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life	William Shakspeare 42
I have mark'd	William Shakspeare 53
I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands	William Shakspeare 69
I have thy love—I know no fear	Lord Lytton 312
I heard the trailing garments of the night	Henry Wadsworth Longfellow 561
I knew, I knew it could not last	Thomas Moore 338
I know where the timid fawn abides	William Cullen Bryant 545
I lay in sorrow, deep distressed	Charles Mackay 531
I'll bid the hyacinth to blow	Thomas Campbell 459
I'll gaze no more on her bewildering face	Thomas Carew 82
I'll seek a four-leaved shamrock	Samuel Lover 506
I lothe that I dyd love	Sir Thomas Wyatt 5
lov'd a lass, a fair one	G. Wither 79
love it—I love it, and who shall dare	Elisa Cook 503
love thee! I love thee!	Thomas Hood 379

	PAGE
I'm sitting on the stile, Mary	<i>Lady Dufferin</i> 519
In a drear-nighted December	<i>John Keats</i> 475
In a soft simmer gloamin	<i>William Motherwell</i> 469
In broad daylight, and at noon	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> 567
I ne'er could any lustre see	<i>Richard Brinsley Sheridan</i> . 252
In every village mark'd with little spire	<i>William Shenstone</i> 129
In full-blown dignity see Wolsey stand	<i>Samuel Johnson</i> 207
Inland, within a hollow vale, I stood	<i>William Wordsworth</i> 328
In lowly dale, fast by a river's side	<i>James Thomson</i> 158
In love, if love be love, if love be ours	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i> 501
In sunset's light o'er Afric thrown	<i>Felicia Hemans</i> 283
In that building long and low	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> 564
In that fair clime, the lonely herdsman, stretched	<i>William Wordsworth</i> 333
In the merry month of May	<i>Nicholas Breton</i> 88
In Xanadu did Kubla Khan	<i>Samuel Taylor Coleridge</i> . . 450
In yonder grave a Druid lies	<i>William Collins</i> 128
I pray thee love, love me no more	<i>Michael Drayton</i> 18
I prithee send me back my heart	<i>Sir John Suckling</i> 84
I sat 'mid the flickering lights, when all the guests had departed	<i>Charles Mackay</i> 529
I saw, but thou could'st not	<i>William Shakspeare</i> 49
I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining	<i>Thomas Moore</i> 352
I saw old Time, destroyer of mankind	<i>William Henry Whitworth</i> . . 519
I saw thee weep—the big bright tear	<i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> . . 427
I saw thy form in youthful prime	<i>Thomas Moore</i> 344
I saw young Harry,—with his beaver on	<i>William Shakspeare</i> 65
I see a star—eve's firstborn!—in whose train	<i>Felicia Hemans</i> 280
I see she flies me everywhere	<i>Anonymous</i> 138
I see thee still! thou art not dead	<i>Willis G. Clark</i> 555
I shot an arrow into the air	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> 572
I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he	<i>Robert Browning</i> 487
Is there a bard whom genius fires	<i>John Gay</i> 198
Is there a whim-inspired fool	<i>Robert Burns</i> 234
Is there, for honest poverty	<i>Robert Burns</i> 255
Is this a dagger which I see before me	<i>William Shakspeare</i> 41
Is thy name Mary, maiden fair?	<i>Oliver W. Holmes</i> 554
Italia! oh Italia! thou who hast	<i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> . . 402
I think of thee—I think of thee	<i>Alaric Alexander Watts</i> . . . 463
I think on thee in the night	<i>Thomas K. Hervey</i> 468
I thought once how Theocritus had sung	<i>Elizabeth Barrett Browning</i> . 480
It is a beauteous evening, calm and free	<i>William Wordsworth</i> 327
It is a place where poets crowned may feel the hearts' decaying	<i>Elizabeth Barrett Browning</i> . 479
It is not that my lot is low	<i>Henry Kirke White</i> 262
It is not only in the sacred fane	<i>James Grahame</i> 251
It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—	<i>William Shakspeare</i> 54
It is the curse of kings to be attended	<i>William Shakspeare</i> 60
It is the hour when from the boughs	<i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> . . 387
It is the midnight hour:—the beauteous sea	<i>John Wilson</i> 303
It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well!—	<i>Joseph Addison</i> 152
It was a barren scene, and wild	<i>Sir Walter Scott</i> 364
It was a friar of orders grey	<i>T. Percy (Bishop of Dromore)</i> 206
It was a summer evening	<i>Robert Southey</i> 297
It was the May when I was born	<i>Lord Lytton</i> 507
It was the schooner Hesperus	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> 573
It was the winter wild	<i>John Milton</i> 107
It was the wisdom and the will of Heaven	<i>Robert Southey</i> 291
I waited for the train at Coventry	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i> 499
I weep for Adonais—he is dead!	<i>Percy Bysshe Shelley</i> 437
I will be hang'd if some eternal villain	<i>William Shakspeare</i> 55
I wish I were where Helen lies!	<i>Anonymous</i> 121
Just when our drawing-rooms begin to blaze	<i>William Cowper</i> 215
King Death was a rare old fellow	<i>B. W. Procter (Barry Cornwall)</i> 494
King Francis was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport	<i>Leigh Hunt</i> 375
Know, Celia, since thou art so proud	<i>Thomas Carew</i> 83
Knows he who tills this lonely field	<i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i> 537
Know thou this truth, enough for man to know	<i>Alexander Pope</i> 141
Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle	<i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> . . 383

	PAGE
Last came Anarchy ; he rode	Percy Bysshe Shelley 438
Late from this western shore, that morning chased	William Cullen Bryant 541
Lay a garland on my hearse	Samuel Fletcher 33
Layd in my quiet bed in study as I were	The Earl of Surrey 2
Lesbia hath a beaming eye	Thomas Moore 346
Let me play the fool	William Shakspeare 48
Let others seek for empty joys	Alaric Alexander Watts 461
Let vanity adorn the marble tomb	James Beattie 165
Life is the transmigration of a soul	James Montgomery 228
Life ! we've been long together	Mrs. Barbauld 247
Light was his form, and darkly delicate	George Gordon Lord Byron 413
Like as the culver on the bared bough	Edmund Spenser 28
Like as the damask rose you see	Simon Wastell 89
Lo ! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps	Thomas Campbell 458
Lo ! here the gentle lark, weary of rest	William Shakspeare 73
Lo ! in the west fast fades the lingering light	Henry Kirke White 264
Look here, upon this picture, and on this	William Shakspeare 35
Love banish'd heaven, in earth was held in scorn	Michael Drayton 20
Love comforteth like sunshine after rain	William Shakspeare 73
Love in a humour play'd the prodigal	Michael Drayton 19
Love in her sunny eyes does basking play	Abraham Cowley 23
Love in my bosom, like a bee	Thomas Lodge 32
Love is the happy privilege of the mind—	Philip James Bailey 497
Love me little, love me long	Anonymous 31
Love not, love not, ye hapless sons of clay !	Hon. Mrs. Norton 495
Maid of Athens, ere we part	George Gordon Lord Byron 431
Maid of my love, sweet Genevieve !	Samuel Taylor Coleridge 449
Mark yon old mansion frowning through the trees	Samuel Rogers 238
Mary, I believed thee true	Thomas Moore 341
Maud Müller, on a summer's day	J. G. Whittier 539
May one kind grave unite each hapless name	Alexander Pope 149
Meanwhile, the adversary of God and man	John Milton 97
Men are but children of a larger growth	John Dryden 117
Men of England ! who inherit	Thomas Campbell 456
Merrily, merrily goes the bark	Sir Walter Scott 372
Methinks it is good to be here	Herbert Knowles 274
Methinks we must have known some former state	Letitia Elizabeth Landon 465
Methought I saw my late espoused saint	John Milton 107
Mild offspring of a dark and sullen sire !	Henry Kirke White 267
Milton ! thou should'st be living at this hour	William Wordsworth 329
Mine be a cot beside the hill	Samuel Rogers 245
Moan, ye wild winds ! around the pane	Bayard Taylor 556
Moon of harvest, herald mild	Henry Kirke White 262
Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors	William Shakspeare 53
Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn	Tobias Smollett 181
Much have I travelled in the realms of gold	John Keats 474
My author and disposer, what thou bid'st	John Milton 95
My darling, my darling, while silence is on the moor	Gerald Griffin 468
My days among the dead are pass'd	Robert Southey 287
My dear and only love, I pray	Marquis of Montrose 89
My eye, descending from the hills, surveys	Sir John Denham 112
My eyes make pictures when they're shut	Samuel Taylor Coleridge 449
My hawk is tired of perch and hood	Sir Walter Scott 370
My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains	John Keats 471
My life is like the summer rose	Richard Henry Wilde 557
My love he built me a bonny bower	Anonymous 184
My Mother's voice ! how often creeps	Nathaniel P. Willis 549
My soul is dark—oh ! quickly string	George Gordon Lord Byron 427
My soul turn from them ;—turn we to survey	Oliver Goldsmith 176
Mysterious night ! when our first parent knew	Rev. J. Blanco White 314
My sweet one, my sweet one, the tears were in my eyes	Alaric Alexander Watts 461
Nay, do not think I flatter	William Shakspeare 36
Near to the silver Trent	Michael Drayton 16
Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled	Oliver Goldsmith 170
Neglected now the early daisy lies	Robert Bloomfield 250

	PAGES
No man has more contempt than I of breath	John Dryden 118
No more shall meads bedeck'd with flowers	Thomas Carew 84
None are all evil—quickenings round his heart	George Gordon Lord Byron 411
None hath seen its secret fountain	Robert Southey 289
None remember thee! thou whose heart	Hon. Mrs. Norton 496
No, no, fair heretic, it needs must be	Sir John Suckling 85
Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds	William Cowper 211
No sooner had the Almighty ceased, but all	John Milton 93
Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note	Rev. Charles Wolfe 275
No, 'tis slander	William Shakspeare 53
Not marble, not the gilded monuments	William Shakspeare 75
Now all the youth of England are on fire	William Shakspeare 68
Now at noon	William Cowper 217
Now came still evening on, and twilight gray	John Milton 95
Now glory to the Lord of hosts, from whom all glories are!	Lord Macaulay 482
Now is the time when, after sparkling showers	Lord Lytton 509
Now is the winter of our discontent	William Shakspeare 70
Now look on man	Henry Kirke White 256
Now my co-mates, and brothers in exile	William Shakspeare 46
Now nature hangs her mantle green	Robert Burns 234
Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast	William Cowper 212
Now stood Eliza on the wood-crown'd height	Erasmus Darwin 159
Now that all hearts are glad, all faces bright	William Wordsworth 330
Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger	John Milton 112
Nuns fret not at the convent's narrow room	William Wordsworth 325
O, and is all forgot?	William Shakspeare 49
O blest of heaven, whom not the languid songs	Mark Akenside 133
O blithe new-comer! I have heard	William Wordsworth 319
Observe the language well in all you write	John Dryden 118
O Caledonia! stern and wild	Sir Walter Scott 357
O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea	George Gordon Lord Byron 410
O'er the wide earth on mountain and on plain	William Wordsworth 330
Of all the torments, all the cares	William Walsh 81
Of a' the airts the wind can blow	Robert Burns 235
Of comfort no man speak	William Shakspeare 61
Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit	John Milton 90
Of Nelson and the north	Thomas Campbell 457
Of these the false Achitophel was first	John Dryden 114
Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray	William Wordsworth 314
Oft, in the lone church-yard at night I've seen	Robert Blair 187
Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone	Thomas Tickell 198
Oft, oft methinks, the while with thee	Samuel Taylor Coleridge 449
Oft will he stoop, inquisitive to trace	John Clare 469
O gentle wind ('tis thus she sings)	Thomas Pringle 270
O God! methinks it were a happy life	William Shakspeare 69
O God, whose thunder shakes the sky	Chatterton 184
O happiness! our being's end and aim!	Alexander Pope 145
O happy love! where love like this is found!	Robert Burns 229
Oh! blame not the bard, if he fly to the bowers	Thomas Moore 343
Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade	Thomas Moore 342
Oh! call my brother back to me!	Felicia Hemans 279
Oh! distant stars, whose tranquil light	Hon. Mrs. Norton 497
Oh! doubt me not—the season	Thomas Moore 349
Oh, fair and stately maid, whose eyes	Ralph Waldo Emerson 538
Oh, fairest of the rural maids!	William Cullen Bryant 548
Oh, for a tongue to curse the slave	Thomas Moore 338
Oh, if the selfish knew how much they lost	William Cowper 225
Oh, it is fearful on the midnight couch	Henry Kirke White 256
Oh, Mary, go and call the cattle home	Rev. Charles Kingsley 493
Oh mother of a mighty race	William Cullen Bryant 547
Oh no! we never mention him, his name is never heard	Thomas Haynes Bayley 272
Oh, reader! hast thou ever stood to see the holly tree?	Robert Southey 287
Oh Rome! my country! city of the soul!	George Gordon Lord Byron 404
Oh! say not woman's heart is bought	T. L. Pocock 476
Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing	Samuel Taylor Coleridge 443
Oh! snatched away in beauty's bloom	George Gordon Lord Byron 423

	PAGE
Oh, take me to your arms, my love	Thomas Dibdin 272
Oh! that the desert were my dwelling	George Gordon Lord Byron 409
Oh! the days are gone, when beauty bright	Thomas Moore 346
Oh, the summer night	B. W. Procter (B. Cornwall) 494
Oh, the sweet contentment	John Chalkhill 120
Oh, thou Parnassus! whom I now survey	George Gordon Lord Byron 393
Oh, where's the slave so lowly	Thomas Moore 352
Oh! yet, ye dear, deluding visions stay!	John Langhorne 183
O, it is excellent	William Shakspeare 52
O, it is monstrous! monstrous!	William Shakspeare 37
O, knew he but his happiness, of men	James Thomson 153
O lady, twine no wreath for me	Sir Walter Scott 371
Old Tubal Cain was a man of might	Charles Mackay 528
O! love of loves!—to thy white hand is given	The Rev. George Croly 311
O Lymoges! Austria thou dost shame	William Shakspeare 60
O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?	William Shakspeare 63
O Nanny, wilt thou go with me	T. Percy, Bishop of Dromore 205
On balcony, all summer roofed with vines	Alexander Smith 513
Once she did hold the gorgeous East in fee	William Wordsworth 328
Once more, O Trent! along thy pebbly marge	Henry Kirke White 267
Once more unto the breach, dear friends,—once more	William Shakspeare 67
Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary	Edgar Allan Poe 559
One bumper at parting!—though many	Thomas Moore 347
One day I wrote her name upon the strand	Edmund Spenser 28
One day, nigh weary of the irksome way	Edmund Spenser 26
One fond kiss, and then we sever!	Robert Burns 229
One more unfortunate	Thomas Hood 377
One morn a Peri at the gate	Thomas Moore 337
One struggle more, and I am free	George Gordon Lord Byron 422
O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray	John Milton 106
On Jordan's banks the Arab's camels stray	George Gordon Lord Byron 426
On Leven's banks, while free to rove	Tobias Smollett 183
On Linden, when the sun was low	Thomas Campbell 458
O now, for ever	William Shakspeare 55
On the beach of a northern sea	Percy Bysshe Shelley 433
On the Sabbath-day	Alexander Smith 514
On these white cliffs, that calm above the flood	William Lisle Bowles 313
On what foundation stands the warrior's pride	Samuel Johnson 208
Open the temple gates unto my love	Edmund Spenser 30
O Piety! oh heavenly piety!	Charles Mackay 527
O Rose! who dares to name thee?	Elizabeth Barrett Browning 480
Or view the Lord of the unerring bow	George Gordon Lord Byron 407
O saw you not fair Ines?	Thomas Hood 379
O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!	Robert Burns 230
O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright	William Shakspeare 56
O stream descending to the sea	Arthur Hugh Clough 486
O Sun, thy uprise shall I see no more	William Shakspeare 45
O that this too too solid flesh would melt	William Shakspeare 36
O that those lips had language! life has pass'd	William Cowper 220
O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you	William Shakspeare 56
O Thou that rollest above	James Macpherson 209
O thou, that, with surpassing glory crown'd,	John Milton 93
O! thou undaunted daughter of desires	Richard Crashaw 86
O Thou who dry'st the mourner's tear!	Thomas Moore 356
O Thou, whom, borne on fancy's eager wing	William Cowper 220
O Thou, whose mighty palace roof doth hang	John Keats 472
O Thou, who sit'st a smiling bride	William Collins 128
O Time, who knowest a lenient hand to lay	William Lisle Bowles 313
Our bugles sang truce—for the night cloud had lowered	Thomas Campbell 454
Over meadows purple-flowered	Geo. W. Thornbury 515
O waly, waly up the bank	Anonymous 134
O were my love yon lilac fair	Robert Burns 236
O wild West Wind, the breath of Autumn's being	Percy Bysshe Shelley 433
O Winter, ruler of the inverted year	William Cowper 214
O Woman! in our hours of ease	Sir Walter Scott 365
O Wad! O life! O time!	Percy Bysshe Shelley 438

	PAGE
"O, ye wild groves, O where is now your bloom !	<i>James Beattie</i> 163
O Young Lochinvar is come out of the west	<i>Sir Walter Scott</i> 362
Pack clouds away, and welcome day	<i>Thomas Heywood</i> 79
Pansies, lilies, kingcups, daisies	<i>William Wordsworth</i> 317
Papyra, throned upon the banks of the Nile	<i>Erasmus Darwin</i> 160
Patience and sorrow strove	<i>William Shakspeare</i> 42
Pelion and Ossa flourish side by side	<i>William Wordsworth</i> 327
Pictured in memory's mellowing glass, how sweet	<i>Henry Kirke White</i> 252
Pleasures lie thickest, where no pleasures seem	<i>Laman Blanchard</i> 467
Poet and Saint ! to thee alone are giv'n	<i>Abraham Cowley</i> 22
Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are	<i>William Shakspeare</i> 43
Possessions vanish, and opinions change	<i>William Wordsworth</i> 332
Praised be the art whose subtle power could stay	<i>William Wordsworth</i> 325
Primeval hope, the Aonian muses say	<i>Thomas Campbell</i> 451
Pure spirit ! O where art thou now ?	<i>Mrs. Barbauld</i> 247
Queen and huntress, chaste and fair	<i>Ben Jonson</i> 11
Quick o'er the wintry waste dart fiery shafts—	<i>Henry Kirke White</i> 258
Read in these roses the sad story	<i>Thomas Carew</i> 83
Rear thou aloft thy standard.—Spirit, rear	<i>Henry Kirke White</i> 257
Reas'ning at every step he treads	<i>William Cowper</i> 224
Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow	<i>Oliver Goldsmith</i> 174
Repine not, O my son !	<i>Robert Southey</i> 298
Rest, rest, perturbed earth !	<i>William Wordsworth</i> 331
Retire ;—the world shut out ;—thy thoughts call home	<i>Edward Young</i> 204
Rich and rare were the gems she wore	<i>Thomas Moore</i> 343
Roll on thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll !	<i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> 409
Roll on, ye stars ! exult in youthful prime	<i>Erasmus Darwin</i> 160
Ruin seize thee, ruthless king !	<i>Thomas Gray</i> 194
Say what is honour ? 'tis the finest sense	<i>William Wordsworth</i> 330
Say, what is Taste, but the internal powers	<i>Mark Akenside</i> 133
Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled	<i>Robert Burns</i> 235
See through this air, this ocean, and this earth	<i>Alexander Pope</i> 143
Send home my long stray'd eyes to me	<i>John Donne</i> 21
Shades of ev'ning close not o'er us	<i>Thomas Haynes Bayley</i> 273
Shall I, wasting in despair	<i>G. Wither</i> 78
She dwelt among the untrodden ways	<i>William Wordsworth</i> 316
She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps	<i>Thomas Moore</i> 344
She is not fair to outward view	<i>Hartley Coleridge</i> 309
She looks upon his lips and they are pale	<i>William Shakspeare</i> 73
She never told her love	<i>William Shakspeare</i> 37
She rose—she sprung—she clung to his embrace	<i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> 412
She saw a sun on a summer sky	<i>J. Hogg (the Ettrick Shepherd)</i> 245
She's gone to dwell in heaven, my lassie	<i>Allan Cunningham</i> 309
She slept, and there was visioned in her sleep	<i>Allan Cunningham</i> 307
She stood breast high amid the corn	<i>Thomas Hood</i> 378
She walks in beauty, like the night	<i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> 426
She was a phantom of delight	<i>William Wordsworth</i> 319
Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more	<i>William Shakspeare</i> 50
Signior Antonio, many a time and oft	<i>William Shakspeare</i> 47
Since our country, our God—oh, my sire !	<i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> 426
Sing them upon the sunny hills	<i>Felicia Hemans</i> 281
Sing to me some homely ballad	<i>Charles Kent</i> 506
Sing !—Who sings	<i>B. W. Procter (B. Cornwall)</i> 494
Slaves cannot breathe in England ; if their lungs	<i>William Cowper</i> 218
Sleep, baby, sleep ! what ails my dear	<i>G. Wither</i> 78
Sleep, little baby, sleep !	<i>Caroline Bowles (Mrs. Southey)</i> 299
Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race he runs	<i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> 412
So dear to heav'n is saintly chastity	<i>John Milton</i> 111
Soe feeble is the thred that doth the burden stay	<i>Sir Thomas Wyatt</i> 3
So forth issued the seasons of the year	<i>Edmund Spenser</i> 27
Soft you ; a word or two before you go	<i>William Shakspeare</i> 55
Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er	<i>Sir Walter Scott</i> 367
Some feelings are to mortals given	<i>Sir Walter Scott</i> 365

	PAGE
Somewhat back from the village street	Henry Wadsworth Longfellow 572
So on he fares, and to the border comes	John Milton 94
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !	Thomas Moore 356
Stars ! your balmiest influence shed !	Percy Bysshe Shelley 432
Stern daughter of the voice of God !	William Wordsworth 324
Still on the spot Lord Marmion stayed	Sir Walter Scott 364
Still to be neat, still to be drest	Ben Jonson 11
Still must my partial pencil love to dwell	Samuel Rogers 241
Strength too—thou surly, and less gentle boast	Robert Blair 188
Strong climber of the mountain side	Ebenezer Elliott 301
Such was the talk they held upon their way	Robert Southey 289
Summer eve is gone and passed	Sir Walter Scott 371
Sun of the sleepless ! melancholy star !	George Gordon Lord Byron 428
Sweet Auburn ! loveliest village of the plain	Oliver Goldsmith 168
Sweet Auburn ! parent of the blissful hour	Oliver Goldsmith 169
Sweet bird that sing'st away the early hours	William Drummond 20
Sweet cry ! as sacred as the blessed hymn	Thomas Wade 518
Sweet daughter of a rough and stormy sire	Mrs. Barbauld 247
Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright	George Herbert 81
Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen	John Milton 110
Sweet Emma Moreland, of yonder town	Alfred Tennyson 501
Sweet floweret, pledge o' meikle love	Robert Burns 233
Sweet Highland girl, a very shower	William Wordsworth 320
Sweet is the rose, but grows upon a brere	Edmund Spenser 26
Sweet is the ship that under sail	Charles Dibdin 269
Sweet scented flower ! who'rt wont to bloom	Henry Kirke White 265
Sweet to the gay o' heart is summer's smile	Henry Kirke White 258
Take me, Mother Earth, to thy cold breast	Mrs. Jameson 467
Take, O take those lips away	William Shakspeare 72
Talk of love in vernal hours	Charles Kent 505
Tell me, on what holy ground	Samuel Taylor Coleridge 449
Tell me not, in mournful numbers	Henry Wadsworth Longfellow 562
Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind	Richard Lovelace 84
Tell me, thou soul of her I love	James Thomson 158
That day I oft remember, when from sleep	John Milton 95
That day of wrath, that dreadful day	Sir Walter Scott 358
That which her slender waist confined	Edmund Waller 81
The adventurous boy, that asks his little share	Samuel Rogers 240
The air of death breathes through our souls	John Wilson 303
The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold	George Gordon Lord Byron 428
The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne	William Shakspeare 44
The boy stood on the burning deck	Felicia Hemans 284
The breaking waves dash'd high	Felicia Hemans 277
The castled crag of Drachenfels	George Gordon Lord Byron 399
The castle gates were open flung	Sir Walter Scott 369
The cheerful supper done, wi' serious face	Robert Burns 229
The chough and crow to roost are gone—	Joanna Baillie 310
The curfew tolls the knell of parting day	Thomas Gray 192
The day goes down red darkling	Gerald Massey 523
The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew	Samuel Taylor Coleridge 442
The flash at midnight !—'twas a light	James Montgomery 228
The fountains mingle with the river	Percy Bysshe Shelley 436
The glories of our birth and state	James Shirley 32
The golden gleam of a summer sun	F. W. N. Bayley 485
The gowan glitters on the sward	Joanna Baillie 310
The groans of nature in this nether world	William Cowper 219
The harp that once through Tara's halls	Thomas Moore 342
The harp the monarch minstrel swept	George Gordon Lord Byron 426
The heath this night must be my bed	Sir Walter Scott 369
The hunting tribes of air and earth	Sir Walter Scott 370
The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece !	George Gordon Lord Byron 415
The lists are oped, the spacious area cleared	George Gordon Lord Byron 394
The little flow'rs dropping their honey'd dew	Michael Drayton 20
The longer life the more offence	Sir Thomas Wyatt 3
The loppéd tree in time may grow again	Robert Southwell 24
The Lord my pasture shall prepare	Joseph Addison 151

	PAGE
The man that hath no music in himself	William Shakspeare 49
The matron at her mirror with her hand upon her brow	Thomas Haynes Bayley 273
The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year	William Cullen Bryant 543
The mightiest chiefs of British song	Sir Walter Scott 360
The mind that broods o'er guilty woes	George Gordon Lord Byron 382
The minstrel boy to the war is gone	Thomas Moore 348
The moon is up, and yet it is not night—	George Gordon Lord Byron 401
The morning broke. Light stole upon the clouds	Nathaniel P. Willis 549
The muffled drum is rolling, and the low	Letitia Elizabeth Landon 464
Then, as I said, the Duke, great Bolingbroke,—	William Shakspeare 62
Then comes the father of the tempest forth	James Thomson 156
Then did the damsels speak again	Robert Southey 298
The night is chill, the cloud is gray	Samuel Taylor Coleridge 444
The night is come, but not too soon	Henry Wadsworth Longfellow 562
The poetry of earth is never dead	John Keats 475
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling	William Shakspeare 49
The quality of mercy is not strain'd	William Shakspeare 48
There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin	Thomas Campbell 455
There dwelt in Bethlehem a Jewish maid	Robert Southey 294
There is a fragrant blossom, that maketh glad the garden of the heart	M. F. Tupper 517
There is a garden in her face	Richard Allison 89
There is a glorious City in the Sea	Samuel Rogers 243
There is a land, of every land the pride	James Montgomery 226
There is a Reaper whose name is Death	Henry Wadsworth Longfellow 563
There is a tear for all that die	George Gordon Lord Byron 425
There is a yew-tree, pride of Lorton vale	William Wordsworth 318
There is no flock, however watched and tended	Henry Wadsworth Longfellow 563
There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet	Thomas Moore 343
There liv'd in gothic days, as legends tell	James Beattie 161
There on the nurse's lap a new-born child	Sir William Jones 183
There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream	Thomas Mocre 337
There's kames o' honey 'twixt my luv's lips	Allan Cunningham 308
There's music on the earth: the moon and her attendants	Thomas Wade 517
There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away	George Gordon Lord Byron 429
There's nothing great or bright, thou glorious Fall!	Earl of Carlisle 300
There's nothing in this world can make me joy	William Shakspeare 60
There sunk the greatest, nor the worst of men	George Gordon Lord Byron 397
There, too, the Goddess loves in stone, and fills	George Gordon Lord Byron 402
Inere was a sound of revelry by night	George Gordon Lord Byron 396
There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream	William Wordsworth 334
There was once a gentle time	The Rev. George Croly 311
There were three ravens sat on a tree	Anonymous 112
There were two fathers in this ghastly crew	George Gordon Lord Byron 416
The roar of waters!—from the headlong height	George Gordon Lord Byron 403
The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new	Sir Walter Scott 569
The sad and solemn night	William Cullen Bryant 544
The school's lone porch, with reverend mosses gray	Samuel Rogers 240
These are thy glorious works, Parent of good	John Milton 96
The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er	Edmund Waller 81
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil	William Shakspeare 69
These our actors	William Shakspeare 37
These, too, thou'lt sing! for well thy magic muse	William Collins 125
The shades of night were falling fast	Henry Wadsworth Longfellow 569
The sky is changed!—and such a change! Oh night	George Gordon Lord Byron 399
The smiling morn may light the sky	Sir Walter Scott 372
The south-wind brings Life, sunshine, and desire	Ralph Waldo Emerson 536
The spacious firmament on high	Joseph Addison 151
The spirits I have raised abandon me—	George Gordon Lord Byron 387
The splendour falls on castle walls	Alfred Tennyson 499
The stars are forth, the moon above the tops	George Gordon Lord Byron 390
The stars are with the voyager	Thomas Hood 378
The stately homes of England	Felicia Hemans 278
The sun rises bright in France	Allan Cunningham 306
The superior fiend	John Milton 91
The time I've lost in wooing	Thomas Moore 351
The tyrannous and bloody act is done	William Shakspeare 74

	PAGE
The voices of my home!—I hear them still!	Felicia Hemans 278
The way was long, the wind was cold	Sir Walter Scott 357
The western waves of ebbing day	Sir Walter Scott 366
The wind and the rain are past	Jas. Macpherson 210
The wind recalls thee; its still voice obey.	Samuel Rogers 244
The winds are high on Helle's wave.	George Gordon Lord Byron 383
The woods and vales of England:—is there not	Grenville Mellen 558
The world is too much with us; late and soon.	William Wordsworth 326
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.	William Shakspeare 48
The worm of Conscience still be-gnaw thy soul!	William Shakspeare 70
The wretch, condemn'd with life to part	Oliver Goldsmith 179
They dug his grave e'en where he lay	Sir Walter Scott 365
They grew in beauty side by side	Felicia Hemans 286
They make obeisance and retire in haste	George Gordon Lord Byron 411
The young May moon is beaming, love	Thomas Moore 348
They pass me by like shadows, crowds on crowds	J. R. Lowell 553
They sin who tell love can die	Robert Southey 287
Think me not unkind and rude	Ralph Waldo Emerson 537
Think'st thou to be conceal'd, thou little stream?	Lydia Huntly Sigourney 533
Think you a little din can daunt my ears?	William Shakspeare 50
This England never did, nor never shall	William Shakspeare 61
This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks	Henry Wadsworth Longfellow 571
This is the place, the centre of the grove	John Home 249
This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle	William Shakspeare 62
This was the noblest Roman of them all	William Shakspeare 40
This world is all a fleeting show	Thomas Moore 355
Thou art, O God! the life and light	Thomas Moore 355
Thou chronicle of crimes! I read no more	Robert Southey 295
Though the day of my destiny's over	George Gordon Lord Byron 430
Though when I lov'd thee thou wert fair	Thomas Stanley 87
Thou hast sworn by thy God, my Jeanie	Allan Cunningham 308
Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face	William Shakspeare 57
Thou lingering star, with less'ning ray	Robert Burns 235
Thou proud man, look upon yon starry vault	Henry Kirke White 256
Thou spirit of the spangled night!	Henry Kirke White 263
Thou, too, sail on, O ship of state!	Henry Wadsworth Longfellow 574
Thou, to whom the world unknown	William Collins 122
Thou wert out betimes, thou busy busy bee!	Robert Southey 296
Thou youngest virgin—daughter of the skies	John Dryden 113
Three fishers went sailing out into the west	Rev. Charles Kingsley 493
Three poets in three distant ages born	John Dryden 119
Three years she grew in sun and shower	William Wordsworth 319
Thrice happy she that is so well assur'd	Edmund Spenser 28
Through Erin's Isle	Thomas Moore 346
Through shades and solitudes profound	James Montgomery 227
Thus far have I pursued my solemn theme	Henry Kirke White 267
Thus far hear me, Cromwell	William Shakspeare 72
Thy banks were bonny, Yarrow stream	John Logan 249
Thy cheek is pale with thought, but not from woe	George Gordon Lord Byron 425
Thy spirit, Independence, let me share	Tobias Smollett 181
Thy summer woods	Robert Southey 288
Thy voice is in mine ear, beloved!	Felicia Hemans 285
Till death I Silvia must adore	Anonymous 138
Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!	Edward Young 203
'Tis but thy name that is mine enemy	William Shakspeare 57
'Tis done—but yesterday a king!	George Gordon Lord Byron 419
'Tis list'ning fear and dumb amazement all	James Thomson 154
'Tis midnight:—on the globe dead slumber sits	Henry Kirke White 260
'Tis midnight: on the mountains brown	George Gordon Lord Byron 385
'Tis morn, and never did a lovelier day	Leigh Hunt 375
'Tis morning; and the sun with ruddy orb	William Cowper 215
'Tis pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat	William Cowper 213
'Tis strange to think, if we could fling aside	Letitia Elizabeth Landon 465
'Tis sunset: to the firmament serene	James Montgomery 226
'Tis sweet to hear	George Gordon Lord Byron 416
'Tis the last rose of summer	Thomas Moore 348

	PAGE
To and fro the bells are swinging	Lord Lytton 508
To be, or not to be,—that is the question	William Shakspeare 34
To catch dame Fortune's golden smile	Robert Burns 232
To-day the Lord of Amien and myself	William Shakspeare 46
To draw no envy, Shakspeare, on thy name	Ben Jonson 11
To fair Fidele's grassy tomb	William Collins 127
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily	William Shakspeare 60
To him who in the love of nature holds	William Cullen Bryant 546
To horse ! to horse ! the standard flies	Sir Walter Scott 374
To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign	Oliver Goldsmith 177
To make a happy fire-side clime	Robert Burns 229
To me, fair friend, you never can be old	William Shakspeare 75
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow	William Shakspeare 41
To mute and to material things	Sir Walter Scott 359
To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell	George Gordon Lord Byron 395
To the ocean now I fly	John Milton 111
To these whom death again did wed	Richard Crashaw 86
Toussaint, the most unhappy man of men !	William Wordsworth 328
To wake the soul by tender strokes of art	Alexander Pope 149
Trifles light as air	William Shakspeare 54
Triumphal arch that fill'st the sky	Thomas Campbell 460
True ease in writing comes from art, not chance	Alexander Pope 141
" Turn, gentle hermit of the dale "	Oliver Goldsmith 179
'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won	John Dryden 115
'Twas at the silent, solemn hour	David Mallett 185
'Twas early day, and sunlight stream'd	Felicia Hemans 279
'Twas morn, and beauteous on the mountain's brow	William Lisle Bowles 313
'Twas post meridian, half-past four	Charles Dibdin 271
Twist ye twine ye ! even so	Sir Walter Scott 373
Two Angels, one of Life, and one of Death	Henry Wadsworth Longfellow 565
Two voices are there—one is of the sea	William Wordsworth 329
Under a spreading chestnut tree	Henry Wadsworth Longfellow 568
Underneath this sable hearse	Ben Jonson 10
Underneath this stone doth lie	Ben Jonson 13
Under the greenwood tree	William Shakspeare 47
Under the walls of Monterey	Henry Wadsworth Longfellow 567
Unfathomable sea ! whose waves are years	Percy Bysshe Shelley 438
Unhappy White ! while life was in its spring	George Gordon Lord Byron 418
Unnumber'd suppliants crowd preferment's gate	Samuel Johnson 207
Up from the meadows rich with corn	J. G. Whittier 538
Upon a barren steep	Lord Lytton 510
Upon the sides of Latmos was outspread	John Keats 470
Uprose the king of men with speed	Thomas Gray 197
Up with me ! up with me, into the clouds !	William Wordsworth 318
Verse, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying	Samuel Taylor Coleridge 447
Victorious men of earth, no more	James Shirley 32
Vital spark of heavenly flame !	Alexander Pope 150
Waken, lords and ladies gay	Sir Walter Scott 372
Wasted, weary, wherefore stay	Sir Walter Scott 373
We are the fools of time and terror : days	George Gordon Lord Byron 390
Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r	Robert Burns 231
Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan	Samuel Fletcher 33
Wee, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie	Robert Burns 233
We have seen thee, O love, thou art fair ; thou art goodly, O love	Algernon Charles Swinburne 519
Well, then, I now do plainly see	Abraham Cowley 23
We met in secret, in the depth of night	Ismael Fitzadam 467
We watch'd him, while the moonlight	Ebenezer Elliott 302
We will not deplore them, the days that are past	Epes Sargent 555
What beauties doth Lisboa first unfold !	George Gordon Lord Byron 392
What beck'ning ghost along the moonlight shade	Alexander Pope 147
What bright soft thing is this	Richard Crashaw 86
What constitutes a state ?	Sir William Jones 451
What dreaming drone was ever blest	W. Smyth 311

	PAGE
What hidest thou in thy treasure—caves and cells	284
What is noble?—to inherit	493
What is the meaning of the song	530
What man dare, I dare	42
What must the king do now? must he submit?	61
What's fame? a fancy'd life in others' breath	150
What shall I do to be for ever known	22
What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?	68
What though I leave this dull and earthly mould	474
What time the groves were clad in green	13
What time the mighty moon was gathering light	499
What was't awaken'd first the untried ear	309
What win I if I gain the thing I seek?	73
When Britain first at Heaven's command	157
When coldness wraps the suffering clay	427
When Delia on the plain appears	209
When earth is fair and winds are still	509
Whene'er a noble deed is wrought	567
When first I met thee, warm and young	350
When Freedom from our mountain height	553
When Freedom on her natal day	541
When he who adores thee has left but the name	342
When icicles hang by the wall	52
When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat	117
When I consider how my light is spent	106
When Israel of the Lord beloved	373
When Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes	208
When long upon the scales of fate	513
When love with unconfined wings	84
When lull'd in passion's dream my senses slept	476
When Music, heavenly maid, was young	123
When o'er the hill the eastern star	237
When red has set the beamless sun	361
When Ruth was left half-desolate	316
When seven lang years had come and fled	246
When the British warrior queen	223
When the hours of day are numbered	567
When the long-sounding curfew from afar	165
When Time, or soon or late, shall bring	423
When Time, who steals our years away	340
When to the sessions of sweet silent thought	75
When twilight steals along the ground	261
When we two parted	429
Whence is that knocking?	41
Where are the heroes of the ages past?	254
Where are the songs of spring? Ay, where are they?	472
Where'er we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground	398
Where honour, or where conscience does not bind	22
Where is Rome?	255
Where lies the land to which yon ship must go?	326
Where now is Britain?—Where her laurelled names?	255
Where shall the lover rest	364
Where's the blind child, so admirably fair	250
Where, then, ah! where shall poverty reside	172
While History's Muse the memorial was keeping	351
Whither, midst falling dew	542
Who first taught souls enslaved and realms undone	144
Who is Silvia? what is she	52
Whom call we gay? That honour has been long	212
Why does azure deck the sky?	342
"Why does your brand so drop with blood?"	205
Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile	69
Why, lovely charmer, tell me why	137
Why man, he doth bestride the narrow world	37
"Why sitt'st thou by that ruined hall"	373
Why so pale and wan, fond lover?	85
<i>Felicia Hemans</i>	284
<i>Charles Swain</i>	493
<i>Charles Mackay</i>	530
<i>William Shakspeare</i>	42
<i>William Shakspeare</i>	61
<i>Alexander Pope</i>	150
<i>Abraham Cowley</i>	22
<i>William Shakspeare</i>	68
<i>John Keats</i>	474
<i>Michael Drayton</i>	13
<i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	499
<i>Hartley Coleridge</i>	309
<i>William Shakspeare</i>	73
<i>James Thomson</i>	157
<i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i>	427
<i>George Lord Lyttelton</i>	209
<i>Lord Lytton</i>	509
<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>	567
<i>Thomas Moore</i>	350
<i>Joseph Rodman Drake</i>	553
<i>J. G. Whittier</i>	541
<i>Thomas Moore</i>	342
<i>William Shakspeare</i>	52
<i>John Dryden</i>	117
<i>John Milton</i>	106
<i>Sir Walter Scott</i>	373
<i>Samuel Johnson</i>	208
<i>Lord Houghton (R. M. Milnes)</i>	513
<i>Richard Lovelace</i>	84
<i>W. T. Moncrieff</i>	476
<i>William Collins</i>	123
<i>Robert Burns</i>	237
<i>Sir Walter Scott</i>	361
<i>William Wordsworth</i>	316
<i>J. Hogg (the Ettrick Shepherd)</i>	246
<i>William Cowper</i>	223
<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>	567
<i>James Beattie</i>	165
<i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i>	423
<i>Thomas Moore</i>	340
<i>William Shakspeare</i>	75
<i>Henry Kirke White</i>	261
<i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i>	429
<i>William Shakspeare</i>	41
<i>Henry Kirke White</i>	254
<i>John Keats</i>	472
<i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i>	398
<i>Abraham Cowley</i>	22
<i>Henry Kirke White</i>	255
<i>William Wordsworth</i>	326
<i>Henry Kirke White</i>	255
<i>Sir Walter Scott</i>	364
<i>Robert Bloomfield</i>	250
<i>Oliver Goldsmith</i>	172
<i>Thomas Moore</i>	351
<i>William Cullen Bryant</i>	542
<i>Alexander Pope</i>	144
<i>William Shakspeare</i>	52
<i>William Cowper</i>	212
<i>Thomas Moore</i>	342
<i>Sir David Dalrymple, Lord Hailes</i>	205
<i>William Shakspeare</i>	69
<i>Anonymous</i>	137
<i>William Shakspeare</i>	37
<i>Sir Walter Scott</i>	373
<i>Sir John Suckling</i>	85

	PAGE
Why, what's that to you, if my eyes I'm a wiping?	<i>Charles Dibdin</i> 270
Will Fortune never come with both hands full	<i>William Shakspeare</i> 66
Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day	<i>William Shakspeare</i> 58
With buds and thorns about her brow	<i>Eleanora Louisa Hervey</i> 498
With fingers weary and worn	<i>Thomas Hood</i> 376
With fruitless labour, Clara bound	<i>Sir Walter Scott</i> 365
With him there was his son, a youngé Squire	<i>Geoffrey Chaucer</i> I
With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies!	<i>Sir Philip Sidney</i> 31
With laughter swimming in thine eye	<i>John Wilson</i> 304
Within a mile of Edinburgh town	<i>Gerald Massey</i> 524
Within the place of thousand tombs	<i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> 384
Within the soul a faculty abides	<i>William Wordsworth</i> 333
Without a stone to mark the spot	<i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> 422
Woe! for my vine-clad home	<i>Nathaniel P. Willis</i> 548
Woodman, spare that tree!	<i>George P. Morris</i> 559
" Woods, hills, and rivers, now are desolate "	<i>Edmund Spenser</i> 29
Would'st see blithe looks, fresh cheeks beguile	<i>Richard Crashaw</i> 86
Wretched and foolish Jealousy	<i>Ben Jonson</i> 12
Ye distant spires, ye antique tow'rs	<i>Thomas Gray</i> 191
Ye field-flowers! the gardens eclipse you 'tis true	<i>Thomas Campbell</i> 456
Ye gentlemen of England	<i>Martyn Parker</i> 120
Ye holy tow'rs that shade the wave-worn steep	<i>William Lisle Bowles</i> 312
Ye little birds that sit and sing	<i>Thomas Heywood</i> 80
Ye many-twinkling stars, who yet do hold	<i>Henry Kirke White</i> 264
Ye mariners of England	<i>Thomas Campbell</i> 457
Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin the song	<i>Alexander Pope</i> 138
Yes, grief will have way—but the fast falling tear	<i>Thomas Moore</i> 339
Yes, Love indeed is light from Heaven	<i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> 382
Ye stars! which are the poetry of Heaven!	<i>George Gordon Lord Byron</i> 399
Yes, 'twill be over soon—this sickly dream	<i>Henry Kirke White</i> 260
Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more	<i>John Milton</i> 103
Yonder comes the powerful king of day	<i>James Thomson</i> 155
You are old, Father William, the young man cried	<i>Robert Southey</i> 297
You common cry of ours! whose breath I hate	<i>William Shakspeare</i> 44
You may give over plough, boys	<i>Sydney Dobell</i> 502
You meaner beauties of the night	<i>Sir Henry Wotton</i> 80
Young Henry was as brave a youth	<i>Thomas Dibdin</i> 271
You remember Ellen, our hamlet's pride	<i>Thomas Moore</i> 349
You that think love can convey	<i>Thomas Carew</i> 82
You were very charming, madam	<i>R. H. Stoddard</i> 556

SUPPLEMENT.

America! At this thy Golden Gate	<i>Sir Edwin Arnold</i> 576
A Sonnet is a moment's monument	<i>Dante Gabriel Rossetti</i> 600
Cheeks as soft as July peaches	<i>W. C. Bennett</i> 582
Could you not drink her gaze like wine?	<i>Dante Gabriel Rossetti</i> 600
Far, far, from here	<i>Matthew Arnold</i> 576
Hark! ah, the Nightingale!	<i>Matthew Arnold</i> 577
Hark! Spring is coming. Her herald sings	<i>Alfred Austin</i> 578
In the ages of Faith, before the day	<i>Alfred Austin</i> 580
In the streets of Constance was heard the shout	<i>Alfred Austin</i> 577
Lars Porsena of Clusium	<i>Lord Macaulay</i> 587
Now is the devil-horse come to Sindh!	<i>Sir Edwin Arnold</i> 578

INDEX.

633

		PAGE
On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two	<i>Robert Browning</i>	583
O those little, those little blue shoes!	<i>W. C. Bennett</i>	582
The blessed damozel leaned out	<i>Dante Gabriel Rossetti</i>	601
This tree, here fallen, no common birth or death	<i>Dante Gabriel Rossetti</i>	601
Ye good men of the Commons, with loving hearts and true	<i>Lord Macaulay</i>	594
Your wedding-ring wears thin, dear wife; ah, summers a few	<i>W. C. Bennett</i>	583

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
 WILLIAMS BROTHERS PUBLISHING CO.
 CHICAGO, ILL.

PRINTED BY
WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED,
LONDON AND BECCLES.

epig. =

epig - rhet. =

rhet. = R. H. H. (non epig. rhet. : R. H. em um domo tan)
(non per subin as veg. de domo suo,
no mlti utto pmt, rhet. - hyp.)

epig. hyp. = (hypistas de Restaurac. emp; vasso
popular hospital; Campos amos).

rhet. hyp. = Musset.

hyp. =

Clark y. snicta proder naturas
(auctor Junni)

3 inter in part

Epig. Rens = Empirismo = petrar.
Animo = a quibusd.

vent. hon.

Corpo ter unu abna vlei de
alme.

O "complet" e' naturalmente ^{a forma} ~~pepi~~ ~~paranormatien~~ ;
 O parte e' ^{mais alto} ~~mais~~ ~~rapto~~ lyrico e' a parte ~~obtem~~
 " " " , quanto mais lyrico a forma ~~pepi~~
 esulta, mais falha (p. ex. o ~~mondo~~ de
 Carter d' Addison ; comparem com o lyrico -
 - aind ~~pe~~ ~~poner~~ , e' lyrico - a ~~ferrete~~
 no ~~trah~~ ~~de~~ ~~memoria~~ ~~severa~~). ~~Tanta~~ ~~mais~~

Verso ~~solto~~ ~~eminentemente~~ ~~lyrico~~ . ~~Tanta~~ ~~mais~~
 lyrico e' ~~em~~ ~~forma~~ ~~qualquer~~ ~~quanto~~ ~~menos~~
~~o~~ ~~parte~~ naturalmente ~~a~~ ~~parte~~ ~~de~~ ~~verso~~ ,
 quanto mais ~~apil~~ e' ~~de~~ ~~o~~ ~~verso~~ ~~em~~ ~~verso~~
 verso ~~em~~ . (cf. a ~~lyrico~~ ~~verso~~ ; e o verso
 solto)

Significacão do verso ~~pe~~ ~~o~~ ~~verso~~ . In ~~partes~~ , e do
 verso ~~in~~ ~~verso~~ (em ~~verso~~) ~~pe~~ ~~verso~~ .

See Galahad.

~~Allegorizacão~~

