The Drinched Book

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THE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS

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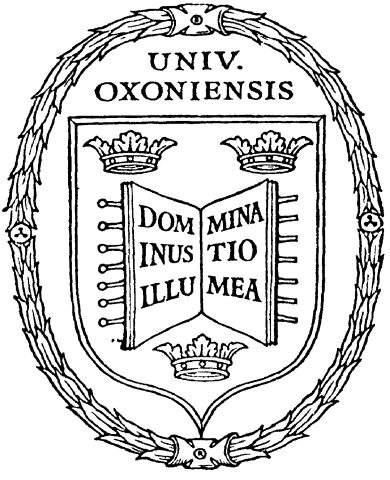

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
LONDON NEW YORK TORONTO
1941

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
AMEN HOUSE, E C 4
LONDON EDINBURGH GLASGOW NEW YORK
TORONTO MELBOURNE CAPETOWN BOMBAY
CALCUTTA MADRAS
HUMPHREY MILFORD
PUBLISHER TO THE UNIVERSITY

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

INTRODUCTION

By BERNARD DARWIN

QUOTATION brings to many people one of the intensest joys of living. If they need any encouragement they have lately received it from the most distinguished quarters Mr Roosevelt quoted Longfellow to Mr. Churchill; Mr. Churchill passed on the quotation to us and subsequently quoted Clough on his own account. Thousands of listeners to that broadcast speech must have experienced the same series of emotions When the Prime Minister said that there were some lines that he deemed appropriate we sat up rigid, waiting in mingled pleasure and apprehension How agreeable it would be if we were acquainted with them and approved the choice! How flat and disappointing should they be unknown to us! A moment later we heard 'For though the tired waves, vainly breaking' and sank back in a pleasant agony of relief We whispered the lines affectionately to ourselves, following the speaker, or even kept a word or two ahead of him in order to show our familiarity with the text We were if possible more sure than ever that Mr Churchill was the man for our money He had given his ultimate proofs by flattering our vanity. He had chosen what we knew and what, if we had thought of it, we could have quoted ourselves. This innocent vanity often helps us over the hard places in life; it gives us a warm little glow against the coldness of the world and keeps us snug and happy It certainly does its full share in the matter of quotations We are puffed up with pride over those that we know and, a little illogically, we think that everyone else must know them too As to those which lie outside our line of country we say, with Jowett as pictured by some anonymous genius at Balliol, 'What I don't know isn't knowledge ' Yet here again we are illogical and unreasonable, for we allow ourselves to be annoyed by those who quote from outside our own small preserves We accuse them in our hearts, as we do other people's children at a party, of 'showing off'. There are some departments of life in which we are ready to strike a bargain of mutual accommodation. The golfer is prepared to listen to his friend's story of missed putts, in which he takes no faintest interest, on the understanding that he may in turn impart his own heart-rending tale, and the bargain is honourably kept by both parties. The same rule does not apply to other people's quotations, which are not merely tedious but wound us in our tenderest spot And the part played by vanity is perhaps worth pointing out because everybody, when he first plunges adventurously into this great work, ought in justice to the compilers to bear it in mind.

It is safe to say that there is no single reader who will not have a mild grievance or two, both as to what has been put in and what has been left out. In particular he will 'murmur a little sadly' over some favourite that is not there I, for instance, have a small grievance. William Hepworth Thompson, sometime Master of Trinity, the author of many famous and mordant sayings on which I have been brought up, is represented by but a single one. Can it be, I ask myself, that this is due to the

fact that an Oxford Scholar put several of the Master's sayings into his Greek exercise book but attributed them to one Talirantes? Down, base thought! I only mention this momentary and most unworthy suspicion to show other readers the sort of thing they should avoid as they would the very devil It is not that of which any one of us is fondest that is entitled as of right to a place. As often as he feels ever so slightly aggrieved, the reader should say to himself, if need be over and over again, that this is not a private anthology, but a collection of the quotations which the public knows best. In this fact, moreover, if properly appreciated, there ought to be much comfort 'My head', said Charles Lamb, 'has not many mansions nor spacious', and is that not true of most of us? If in this book there are a great many quotations that we do not know, there are also a great many that we do There is that example of Clough with which I began. We may have to admit under cross-examination that we have only a rather vague acquaintance with Clough's poems, but we do know 'Say not the struggle', and there on page so-and-so it is. Both we and the dictionary's compilers are thereupon seen to be persons of taste and discrimination

If I may be allowed to harp a little longer on this string of vanity, it is rather amusing to fancy the varied reception given to the book by those who are quoted in it They will consist largely of more or less illustrious shades, and we may picture them looking over one another's pale shoulders at the first copy of the dictionary to reach the asphodel What jealousies there will be as they compare the number of pages respectively allotted to them! What indignation at finding themselves in such mixed company! Alphabetical order makes strange bedfellows Dickens and Dibdin must get on capitally and convivially together, but what an ill-assorted couple are Mrs. Humphry Ward and the beloved Artemus of the same name! George Borrow may ask, 'Pray, who is this John Collins Bossidy?' Many readers may incidentally echo his question, and yet no man better merits his niche, for Mr Bossidy wrote the lines ending 'And the Cabots talk only to God', which have told the whole world of the blue blood of Boston John Hookham Frere, singing of the mailed lobster clapping his broad wings, must feel his frivolity uncomfortably hushed for a moment by his next-door neighbour, Charles Frohman, on the point of going down with the *Lusitania* And apropos of Frere, there rises before me the portentous figure of my great-great-grandfather, Erasmus Darwin. He was thought a vastly fine poet in his day and there is a family legend that he was paid a guinea a line for his too fluent verses. And yet he is deservedly forgotten, while those who parodied him in the *Anti-Jacobin* attain an equally well-deserved immortality He was a formidable old gentleman, with something of the Johnson touch, but not without a sense of humour, and I do not think he will be greatly hurt.

The most famous poets must be presumed to be above these petty vanities, though it would be agreeable to think of Horace contemplating his array of columns and saying, 'I told you so—Exegi monumentum'. In any case the number of columns or pages does not constitute the only test Another is the number of words in each

line by which any particular quotation can be identified, and this gives me a chance of making my compliments to the ingenuity and fullness of the index. The searcher need never despair and should he draw blank under 'swings' he is pretty sure to find what he wants under 'roundabouts'. There is a little game to be played (one of the many fascinating games which the reader can devise for himself) by counting the number of 'key words' in each line and working out the average of fame to which any passage is entitled Even a short time so spent shows unexpected results, likely to spread envy and malice among the shades. It might be imagined that Shakespeare would be an easy winner It has been said that every drop of the Thames is liquid history and almost every line of certain passages in Shakespeare is solid quotation Let us fancy that his pre-eminence is challenged, that a sweepstake is suggested, and that he agrees to be judged by 'To be or not to be' It seems a sufficiently sound choice and is found to produce fifty-five key words in thirty-three lines. All the other poets are ready to give in at once, they cannot stand against such scoring as that and Shakespeare is about to pocket the money when up sidles Mr Alexander Pope. What, he asks, about that bitter little thing of his which he sent to Mr Addison? And he proves to be right, for in those two and twenty lines to Atticus there are fifty-two key words. I have not played this game nearly long enough to pronounce Pope the winner. Very likely Shakespeare or someone else can produce a passage with a still higher average, but here at any rate is enough to show that it is a good game and as full of uncertainties as cricket itself.

Though the great poets may wrangle a little amongst themselves, they do not stand in need of anything that the dictionary can do for them. Very different is the case of the small ones, whose whole fame depends upon a single happy line or even a single absurd one To them exclusion from these pages may virtually mean annihilation, while inclusion makes them only a little lower than the angels. Their anxiety therefore must be pitiful and their joy when they find themselves safe in the haven proportionately great. Sometimes that joy may be short-lived. Think of Mr Robert Montgomery, who was highly esteemed till the ruthless Macaulay fell upon him. With trembling hand he turns the pages and finds no less than four extracts from 'The Omnipresence of the Deity'. Alas! under his own letter M the traducer is waiting for him, and by a peculiar refinement of cruelty there are quoted no less than five of Lord Macaulay's criticisms on that very poem This is a sad case, let us take a more cheerful one and still among the M's Thomas Osbert Mordaunt has full recognition as the author of 'Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife', after having for years had to endure the attribution of his lines to Sir Walter Scott, who in pure innocency put them at the head of a chapter This to be sure was known already, but whoever heard before the name of the author of 'We don't want to fight', the man who gave the word 'Jingo' to the world? We know that the Great McDermott sang it, but even he may not have known who wrote it, just as Miss Fotheringay did not know who wrote 'The Stranger'. Now G. W. Hunt comes into his kingdom and with him another who helped many thousands of

soldiers on their way during the last war. Mr. George H. Powell is fortunately still alive to enjoy the celebrity of 'Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag'. How many thousands, too, have sung 'Wrap me up in my tarpaulin jacket' without realizing that it was by Whyte Melville? To him, however, recognition is of less account. His place was already secure.

Among the utterers of famous sayings some seem to have been more fortunate than others. Lord Westbury, for instance, has always had the rather brutal credit of telling some wretched little attorney to turn the matter over 'in what you are pleased to call your mind', but how many of us knew who first spoke of a 'blazing indiscretion' or called the parks 'the lungs of London'? We may rejoice with all these who, having for years been wronged, have come into their rights at last, but there are others with whom we can only sympathize They must be contented with the fact that their sayings or their verses have been deemed worth recording, even though their names 'shall be lost for evermoe'. The Rugby boy who called his headmaster 'a beast but a just beast' sleeps unknown, while through him Temple lives. He can only enjoy what the dynamiter Zero called 'an anonymous infernal glory'. So do the authors of many admirable limericks, though some of the best are attributed to a living divine of great distinction, who has not disclaimed such juvenile frolics. So again do those who have given us many household words from the advertisement hoardings, the beloved old jingle of 'the Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley pen', the alluring alliteration of 'Pink Pills for Pale People'. Let us hope that it is enough for them that they did their duty and sent the sales leaping upward

So much for the authors without whom this book could never have been Now for the readers and some of the happy uses to which they will put it 'Hand me over the Burton's *Anatomy*', said Captain Shandon, 'and leave me to my abominable devices' It was Greek and Latin quotations that he sought for his article, but fashion has changed and to-day it would rather be English ones Here is one of the most obvious purposes for which the dictionary will be used. It cannot accomplish impossibilities It will not prevent many an honest journalist from referring to 'fresh fields and pastures new' nor from describing a cup-tie as an example of 'Greek meeting Greek' There is a fine old crusted tradition of misquoting not lightly to be broken and it might almost seem pedantry to deck these ancient friends in their true but unfamiliar colours Misquoting may even be deemed an amiable weakness, since Dickens in one of his letters misquoted Sam Weller, but here at least is a good chance of avoiding it There is likewise a chance of replenishing a stock grown somewhat threadbare 'Well, you're a boss word', exclaimed Jim Pinkerton, when he lighted on 'hebdomadary' in a dictionary. 'Before you're very much older I'll have you in type as long as yourself' So the hard-pressed writer in turning over these pages may find and note many excellent phrases against future contingencies, whether to give a pleasing touch of erudition or to save the trouble of thinking for himself. These, however, are sordid considerations, and the mind loves rather

to dwell on fireside quoting-matches between two friends, each of whom thinks his own visual memory the more accurate. There are certain writers well adapted to this form of contest and among the moderns Conan Doyle must, with all respect to Mr. Wodehouse, be assigned the first place. Sherlock Holmes scholars are both numerous and formidable; they set themselves and demand of others a high standard It is one very difficult to attain since there often seems no reason why any particular remark should have been made on any particular occasion. This is especially true of Dr Watson. He was constantly saying that his practice was not very absorbing or that he had an accommodating neighbour, but when did he say which? Even the most learned might by a momentary blunder confuse 'A Case of Identity' with 'The Final Problem'. It would be dry work to plough through all the stories, even though the supreme satisfaction of being right should reward the search Now a glance at the dictionary will dispose of an argument which would otherwise 'end only with the visit'.

It is incidentally curious and interesting to observe that two authors may each have the same power of inspiring devotion and the competitive spirit, and yet one may be, from the dictionary point of view, infinitely more quotable than the other Hardly any prose writer, for instance, produces a more fanatical adoration than Miss Austen, and there are doubtless those who can recite pages of her with scarce a slip, but it is perhaps pages rather than sentences that they quote Mr Bennet provides an exception, but generally speaking she is not very amenable to the treatment by scissors and paste George Eliot, if we leave out Mrs Poyser, a professed wit and coiner of aphorisms, is in much poorer case Another and a very different writer, Borrow, can rouse us to a frantic pitch of romantic excitement, but it is the whole scene and atmosphere that possess this magic and we cannot take atmosphere to pieces These are but three examples of writers who do not seem to lend themselves to brief and familiar quotations They have jewels in plenty, but these form part of a piece of elaborate ornament from which they cannot be detached without irreparable damage. The works of some other writers may by contrast be said to consist of separate stones, each of which needs no setting and can sparkle on its own account. Dickens is an obvious and unique instance Stevenson, too, has the gift of producing characters such as Prince Florizel and Alan Breck, John Silver and Michael Finsbury, whose words can stand memorable by themselves, apart from context or atmosphere. Those who share my love for Florizel will rejoice to observe that he has had some faithful friend among the compilers. As for Michael I cannot help feeling that he has been rather scurvily used, for 'The Wrong Box' is admirably suited to competition and even learned Judges of the Court of Appeal have been known, all unsuspected by their ignorant auditors, to bandy quotations from it on the Bench. Here, however, I take leave to give any indignant reader a hint. Let him not cry too loudly before he is hurt! It is true that 'nothing like a little judicious levity' is not in the main body of the dictionary, but someone awoke just in time and it is among the addenda.

To return to those friends by the fireside whom I pictured indulging in a heated quoting-match, it may be that they will presently become allies and unite to use the dictionary over a cross-word puzzle. It is hardly too much to say that the setters of these problems should not use a quotation unless it is to be found in the dictionary. A cross-word quotation should not be too simple, but it should be such that that hypothetical personage, the reasonable man, might have heard of it The solver demands fair play, and the setter who takes a volume of verse at haphazard, finds a word that fits, and substitutes a blank for it, is not playing the game. There are solvers whose standard of sportsmanship is so high that they would as soon allow themselves to cheat at patience as have recourse to a book. We may admire though we cannot emulate this fine austere arrogance. It is the best fun to win unaided, but there is good fun too in ferreting out a quotation. It well repays the ardours of the chase. Moreover a setter of puzzles who oversteps honourable limits should be fought with his own weapons. He has palpably used books and this is an epoch of reprisals. Then let us use books too and hoist him with his own petard.

It is difficult to-day not to deal in warlike metaphors, but perhaps the truest and most perfect use of the dictionary is essentially peaceful. Reviewers are apt to say of a detective story that it is 'impossible to lay it down till the last page is reached'. It is rather for books of reference that such praise should be reserved No others are comparable with them for the purposes of eternal browsing They suggest all manner of lovely, lazy things, in particular the watching of a cricket match on a sunshiny day. We have only dropped in for half an hour, but the temptation to see just one more over before we go is irresistible. Evening draws on, the shadows of the fielders lengthen on the grass, nothing much is happening, a draw becomes every minute more inevitable, and still we cannot tear ourselves away. So it is with works of reference, even with the most arid, even with Bradshaw, whose vocabulary, as Sherlock Holmes remarked, is 'nervous and terse but limited'. Over the very next page of Bradshaw there may be hidden a Framlingham Admiral; adventure may always be in wait a little farther down the line So, but a thousand times more so, is some exciting treasure-trove awaiting us over the next page of this dictionary. What it is we cannot guess, but it is for ever calling in our ears to turn over just one more We have only taken down the book to look up one special passage, but it is likely enough that we shall never get so far. Long before we have reached the appropriate letter we shall have been waylaid by an earlier one, and shall have clean forgotten our original quest Nor is this all, for, if our mood changes as we browse, it is so fatally, beautifully easy to change our pasture. We can play a game akin to that 'dabbing' cricket, so popular in private-school days, in which the batsman's destiny depended or was supposed to depend—for we were not always honest—on a pencil delivered with eyes tightly shut We can close the book and open it again at random, sure of something that shall set us off again on a fresh and enchanting voyage of not too strenuous discovery.

Under this enchantment I have fallen deep. I have pored over the proofs so that

only by a supreme effort of will could I lay them down and embark on the impertinent task of trying to write about them. I now send them back to their home with a sense of privation and loneliness Here seems to me a great book Then

Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly,

this humble tribute to Oxford from another establishment over the way.

May 1941 B. D

THE COMPILERS TO THE READER

'Classical quotation', said Johnson, 'is the *parole* of literary men all over the world.' Although this is no longer strictly true the habit of quoting, both in speech and writing, has steadily increased since his day, and Johnson would undoubtedly be surprised to find here eight and a half pages of his own work that have become part of the *parole* of the reading public. Small dictionaries of quotations have been published for many years—in 1799 D E. Macdonnel brought out a *Dictionary of Quotations chiefly from Latin and French translated into English*—and during comparatively recent years several large works of American editorship have been produced In this book the Oxford Press publishes what it is hoped will be a valuable addition to the Oxford Books of Reference already in existence

The work remained in contemplation for some time before it first began to take shape under the general editorship of Miss Alice Mary Smyth, who worked, for purposes of selection, with a small committee formed of members of the Press itself The existing dictionaries were taken as a foundation and the entries, pasted up onto separate cards, considered individually for rejection or inclusion With these as a basis the most important authors were again dealt with either by the expert, or in committee, or by both. The Press is indebted for a great deal of work to the late Charles Fletcher, who among others made the original selections from Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Tennyson, and Dryden: among those who dealt with single authors were Lady Charnwood and Mr. Bernard Darwin, who did the Dickens entries, Professor Dewar the Burns, Professor Ernest de Selincourt the Wordsworth: Mr Colin Ellis did the Surtees, Sterne and Whyte Melville, Mr. E. Latham contributed the French quotations, and Mr. Harold Child made many valuable suggestions A great many people, whom it is impossible to name individually, sent in one or more quotations.

During the whole work of selection a great effort was made to restrict the entries to actual current quotations and not to include phrases which the various editors or contributors believed to be quotable or wanted to be quoted· the work is primarily intended to be a dictionary of *familiar* quotations and not an anthology of every author good and bad; popularity and not merit being the password to inclusion. The selections from the Bible and Shakespeare were the most difficult because a great part of both are familiar to most people; but as concordances of both the Bible and Shakespeare are in print the quotations here included are meant to be the most well known where all is well known

It has been found very difficult to put into precise words the standard of familiarity that has been aimed at or to imagine one man who might be asked whether or not the particular words were known to him But it is believed that any of the quotations here printed might be found at some time in one or other of the leading articles of the daily and weekly papers with their wide range

of matter—political, literary, descriptive, humorous, &c So much for the very elastic standard to which the quotations conform. No one person having been imagined to whom everything included in this book would be familiar, the committee have tried to keep in mind that a number of different kinds of readers would be likely to use the book. these are the 'professionals', such as journalists, writers, public speakers, &c ; the crossword devotee, since this form of intellectual amusement appears to have come to stay, the man who has in his mind either a few or many half-completed or unidentified quotations which he would like to complete or verify; and (since, as Emerson wrote—'By necessity, by proclivity—and by delight, we all quote') everyone who has found joy and beauty in the words of the writers and wishes to renew that pleasure by using the words again—he whom perhaps Johnson meant by 'the literary man'. The book is not intended as a substitute for the complete works nor as an excuse to anyone not to drink deep of the Pierian spring But it *is* hoped that the lover of Dickens, for instance, may find pleasure in reading through his entries and that even his detractors will have to admit how good he is in quotation: that the man who has always regarded Milton as a heavy and dull poet may here come across some lovely line and be inclined to read *Paradise Lost*. If the book serves to start people reading the poets it will have accomplished a great deal besides being a work of reference.

It is interesting to observe that the following are the most quoted writers (arranged in the order in which they appear here). Browning, Byron, Cowper, Dickens, Johnson, Kipling, Milton, Shakespeare, Shelley, Tennyson, Wordsworth, the Bible, and the Book of Common Prayer. On the other hand, certain authors of accepted merit or favour such as Trollope, Henry James, Jane Austen, and P. G. Wodehouse have none of them as much as one page to their credit: it would seem that their charm depends on character and atmosphere and that quotability is no real criterion of either popularity or merit in a writer.

The arrangement of authors is alphabetical and not chronological. The Book of Common Prayer and the Bible come after this alphabetical arrangement, followed immediately by the Anonymous and Miscellaneous entries. After this come the Latin and Greek sections and then the foreign quotations. A short section of Addenda has been added containing a few quotations that have become familiar since the first part was printed off and certain omissions that have been noted in time for inclusion. Under each author the arrangement of the extracts is alphabetical according to the title of the poem or work from which the quotation is taken When authors have written both poetry and prose the poetry is given first. The text is, wherever possible, the acknowledged authoritative text and the source of the quotation is always given as fully as possible. Some quotations have had to be omitted because every effort to trace their source has failed—e g. 'Home, James, and don't spare the horses'. Proverbs and phrases are not included, since these have been dealt with fully in the *Oxford Dictionary of Proverbs and Phrases*.

It is to be expected that almost every reader will be shocked by what he considers obvious omissions. Should the reader's indignation be strong enough to prompt him to write pointing these out it is to be hoped that he will give the source of all his suggestions. It is not possible to give all the quotations familiar to every reader; almost all households have favourite books and authors from whom they frequently quote. to one family Stevenson is known and quoted by heart, to another the whole of the *Beggar's Opera* is as familiar as the extracts given here Nor must the user expect to find here every quotation given in crossword puzzles: compilers of these often seek to be obscure rather than familiar.

Latin is no longer a normal part of the language of educated people as it was in the eighteenth century; but from that age certain classical phrases have survived to become part of contemporary speech and writing. It is these 'survivals' that have been included here together with a few of the sayings or writings of the Schoolmen and early theologians. In many places more of the context of the actual familiar phrase has been given than is strictly necessary, but this has been a practice throughout the book, and one which it was thought would add to its value and charm. The translations are usually taken from the works of the better-known translators Some one or two of the Greek quotations may be known to the general reader in their English versions—e g. 'The half is better than the whole' or 'Call no man happy till he dies'; but no apology is needed for the inclusion of two pages of matter most of which cannot pretend to be familiar to any but classical scholars.

The foreign quotations are not intended to satisfy the foreigner. they include such things as have become part of the speech and writings of English-speaking people either in their own language, such as 'les enfants terribles', or in an English translation, such as 'We will not go to Canossa'. As hardly any Spanish and no Russian or Swedish quotations are familiar to English readers most of these have been given only in translation

The index occupies approximately one-third of the total bulk of the book A separate note will be found at the beginning of the index explaining the arrangement that has been adopted. Of the Latin quotations only those phrases that are familiar to the reader have been indexed, the unfamiliar context has not In the English translations much the same principle has been followed: where the quotation is known to the reader in its English equivalent it has been indexed; where only the Latin is familiar and a translation is merely supplied to assist the reader it is left unindexed A great deal of care has been spent on the index and the compilers look at it with some pride, believing that unless the searcher has to say 'Iddy tiddity' for every important word in the quotation he is looking for he will be able to find it; if, like Pig-wig (in Beatrix Potter's *Pigling Bland*), he has only forgotten some of the words, the index is full enough for him to trace it.

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION . . . v

THE COMPILERS TO THE READER . xiii

AUTHORS WRITING IN ENGLISH

Alphabetically arranged . . 1

Addenda 570

THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER . . . 478

HOLY BIBLE . . . 492

ENGLISH LITERATURE

Anonymous . . . 522, 573

Ballads 528

Nursery Rhymes 532

From *Punch* 533

FOREIGN QUOTATIONS

With Translations

Latin 537, 574

Greek 559

French 561, 574

Italian 566

Spanish 567

German 567

In English

Russian, Norwegian, Swedish . . . 567

ADDENDA . . . 570

INDEX 577

DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS

1842–1918

But ven he vash asleep in ped,
So quiet as a mouse,
I prays der Lord, 'Dake anyding,
But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss' *Yawcob Strauss*

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS

1807–1886

It would be superfluous in me to point out to your lordship that this is war
Dispatch to Earl Russell Sept 5, 1863 C F Adams's 'Charles Francis Adams', p 342

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

1767–1848

Think of your forefathers! Think of your posterity!
Speech, 22 Dec 1802

SAMUEL ADAMS

1722–1803

A Nation of shop-keepers are very seldom so disinterested *Oration said to have been delivered at Philadelphia*, 1776, p 10 [Phrase 'nation of shopkeepers' also said to have been used by Napoleon and others]

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS

1805–1848

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee! *Nearer, my God, to Thee!*

JOSEPH ADDISON

1672–1719

Pray consider what a figure a man would make in the republic of letters *Ancient Medals*, 1

There is nothing more requisite in business than dispatch *Ib* 5

And, pleas'd th' Almighty's Orders to perform,
Rides in the Whirl-wind, and directs the Storm
The Campaign, l 291

And those who Paint 'em truest Praise 'em most
Ib l 476

The dawn is overcast, the morning lowers,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, the important day, big with the fate
Of Cato and of Rome *Cato*, i 1 1

'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it
Ib ii 43

Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury *Ib* iv 70

'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul,
I think the Romans call it stoicism *Ib* 82

Were you with these, my prince, you'd soon forget
The pale, unripened beauties of the north *Ib* 134

Am I distinguished from you but by toils,
Superior toils, and heavier weight of cares?
Painful pre-eminence! *Ib* iii v 23

The woman that deliberates is lost *Ib* iv 1 31

Curse on his virtues! they've undone his country
Such popular humanity is treason *Ib* iv 35

Content thyself to be obscurely good
When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station *Ib* 139

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well!—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us,
'Tis heaven itself, that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought! *Ib* v 1 1

If there's a power above us,
(And that there is all nature cries aloud
Through all her works) he must delight in virtue
Ib 15

But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the wars of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds *Ib* 28

From hence, let fierce contending nations know
What dire effects from civil discord flow *Ib* iv iii

Music, the greatest good that mortals know,
And all of heaven we have below
Song for St Cecilia's Day, st 3

Round-heads and Wooden-shoos are standing Jokes
Prologue to the Drummer

I should think my self a very bad Woman, if I had done what I do, for a Farthing less
The Drummer, Act i

He more had pleas'd us, had he pleas'd us less
English Poets (referring to Cowley)

For wheresoe'er I turn my ravished eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,
Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground
Letter from Italy

A painted meadow, or a purling stream *Ib* 1701

Thus I live in the world rather as a spectator of mankind than as one of the species *The Spectator*, No 1

When I am in a serious humour, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey *Ib* No 26.

A perfect Tragedy is the noblest Production of human Nature *The Spectator*, No 39

In all thy Humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou 'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant Fellow,
Hast so much Wit, and Mirth, and Spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee
Ib No 68

There is no place in the town which I so much love to frequent as the Royal Exchange *Ib* No 69

The infusion of a China plant sweetened with the pith of an Indian cane *Ib* No 69

Sir Roger will suffer nobody to sleep in it [the church] besides himself, if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servants to them *Ib* No. 112

Sir Roger told them, with the air of a man who would not give his judgment rashly, that much might be said on both sides *Ib.* No 122

My friends Sir Roger de Coverley and Sir Andrew Freeport are of different principles, the first of them inclined to the *landed* and the other to the *monied* interest *Ib* No 126.

It was a saying of an ancient philosopher, which I find some of our writers have ascribed to Queen Elizabeth, who perhaps might have taken occasion to repeat it, that a good face is a letter of recommendation *Ib* No 221 13 Nov 1711

I have often thought, says Sir Roger, it happens very well that Christmas should fall out in the Middle of Winter *Ib* No 269 8 Jan 1712

These Widows, Sir, are the most perverse Creatures in the World *Ib* No 335 25 Mar 1712

One Englishman could beat three Frenchmen
Ib No 383 20 May 1712.

This Mr Dryden calls 'the fairy way of writing'
Ib No 419 1 July 1712

The Lord my Pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a Shepherd's Care,
His Presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful Eye
Ib. No 441 26 July 1712

When all thy Mercies, O my God,
My rising Soul surveys,
Transported with the View, I'm lost
In Wonder, Love, and Praise
Ib No 453 9 Aug 1712

For oh! Eternity's too short
To utter all thy Praise *Ib*

We have in England a particular bashfulness in every thing that regards religion
Ib No 458 15 Aug 1712

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky
Ib No 465 23 Aug 1712 *Ode*

And nightly to the listening Earth
Repeats the story of her birth *Ib*

Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole *Ib*

In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious Voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
'The Hand that made us is Divine.' *Ib*

A woman seldom asks advice before she has bought her wedding clothes *Ib* No 475

Our Disputants put me in mind of the Skuttle Fish, that when he is unable to extricate himself, blackens all the Water about him, till he becomes invisible
Ib No 476

I value my garden more for being full of blackbirds than of cherries, and very frankly give them fruit for their songs *Ib* No 477

If we may believe our logicians, man is distinguished from all other creatures by the faculty of laughter
Ib No 494

'We are always doing', says he, 'something for Posterity, but I would fain see Posterity do something for us' *Ib* No. 583

I remember when our whole island was shaken with an earthquake some years ago, there was an impudent mountebank who sold pills which (as he told the country people) were very good against an earthquake *The Tatler*, No 240

I have but ninepence in ready money, but I can draw for a thousand pounds [On his deficiency in conversation] *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, 7 May, 1773

See in what peace a christian can die
Dying words to his stepson Lord Warwick
Young's *Conjectures on Original Composition*, 1759

Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
In ruin and confusion hurled,
He, unconcerned, would hear the mighty crack,
And stand secure amidst a falling world
Translation of Horace, Odes, Bk III iii

THOMAS ADY

c 1655

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
The Bed be blest that I lie on
Four angels to my bed,
Four angels round my head,
One to watch, and one to pray,
And two to bear my soul away
A Cradle in the Dark, p 58 (1655)

CHARLES HAMILTON AÏDÉ

1830–1906

I sit beside my lonely fire,
And pray for wisdom yet—
For calmness to remember
Or courage to forget *Remember or Forget*

ARTHUR CAMPBELL AINGER

1891–1919

God is working His purpose out as year succeeds to year,
God is working His purpose out and the time is drawing near,
Nearer and nearer draws the time, the time that shall surely be,
When the earth shall be fill'd with the glory of God as the waters cover the sea
God is Working His Purpose Out

MARK AKENSIDE

1721–1770

Such and so various are the tastes of men
Pleasures of Imagination, bk III, l 567

HENRY ALDRICH

1647–1710

Hark! the bonny Christchurch Bells,
One, two, three, four, five, six,
They sound so woundy great,
So wond'rous sweet,
And they troul so merrily
Hark the Bonny Christchurch Bells

If all be true that I do think,
There are five reasons we should drink,
Good wine—a friend—or being dry—
Or lest we should be by and by—
Or any other reason why *Reasons for Drinking*

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

1836–1907

The fair, frail palaces,
The fading alps and archipelagoes,
And great cloud-continents of sunset-seas
Sonnet · Miracles

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER

1818–1895

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all
All Things Bright and Beautiful

The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate,
God made them, high or lowly,
And order'd their estate *Ib*

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab
There lies a lonely grave *The Burial of Moses*

Do no sinful action,
Speak no angry word,
Ye belong to Jesus,
Children of the Lord *Do No Sinful Action*

There's a wicked spirit
Watching round you still,
And he tries to tempt you
To all harm and ill

But ye must not hear him,
Though 'tis hard for you
To resist the evil,
And the good to do *Ib.*

Every morning the red sun
Rises warm and bright
Every Morning the Red Sun

Jesus calls us, o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea *Jesus Calls Us*

Once in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a Mother laid her Baby
In a manger for His bed
Mary was that Mother mild
Jesus Christ her little Child,
Once in Royal David's City

With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour Holy *Ib*

Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He *Ib*

For He is our childhood's pattern,
Day by day like us He grew,
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew,
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness *Ib*

There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all
There is a Green Hill

He only could unlock the gate
Of Heav'n, and let us in *Ib*

The roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!
The Roseate Hues of Early Dawn

We are but little children weak
Nor born in any high estate
We are but Little Children Weak

There's not a child so small and weak
But has his little cross to take,
His little work of love and praise
That he may do for Jesus' sake *Ib*

SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER, EARL OF STIRLING

1567?–1640

The weaker sex, to piety more prone
Doomsday, Hour v, lv

Yet with great toil all that I can attain
By long experience, and in learned schools,
Is for to know my knowledge is but vain,
And those that think them wise, are greatest fools
The Tragedy of Crœsus, II 1

HENRY ALFORD

1810–1871

Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin
Come, Ye Thankful People, Come

Ten thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright
Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand

RICHARD ALISON

fl c 1606

There cherries grow, that none can buy
Till cherry ripe themselves do cry
An Hour's Recreation in Music

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN

1832–1911

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for to-night!
Rock Me To Sleep, Mother

WILLIAM ALLEN

1803–1879

Fifty-four forty (54° 40′ N), or fight
In the U S Senate On the Oregon Boundary Question (1844)

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

1828–1889

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting,
For fear of little men *The Fairies*

Four ducks on a pond,
A grass-bank beyond,
A blue sky of spring,
White clouds on the wing
What a little thing
To remember for years—
To remember with tears! *A Memory*

MAXWELL ANDERSON

1888–

What Price Glory? *Title of Play*, 1924

BISHOP LANCELOT ANDREWS

1555–1626

The nearer the Church the further from God
Sermon on the Nativity before James I (1622)

ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS, FIFTH EARL OF ANGUS

1449?–1514

I shall bell the cat
Attr by J Man in Buchanan's Rerum Scoticarum Historia, 1762, bk xii, § 41, *note*

CHRISTOPHER ANSTEY

1724–1805

If ever I ate a good supper at night,
I dream'd of the devil, and wak'd in a fright.
The New Bath Guide Letter 4 *A Consultation of the Physicians*

You may go to Carlisle's, and to Almanac's too,
And I'll give you my head if you find such a host,
For coffee, tea, chocolate, butter, and toast
How he welcomes at once all the world and his wife,
And how civil to folk he ne'er saw in his life
Ib (1766), *Letter* 13, *A Public Breakfast*

Hearken, Lady Betty, hearken,
To the dismal news I tell,
How your friends are all embarking
For the fiery gulf of hell *Ib Letter* 14

CHARLES JAMES APPERLEY

see

NIMROD

THOMAS APPLETON

1812–1884

A Boston man is the east wind made flesh. *Attr*

Good Americans, when they die, go to Paris
O W Holmes, *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, ch 6

JOHN ARBUTHNOT

1667–1735

He warns the heads of parties against believing their own lies *The Art of Political Lying*, 1712

John Bull *The History of John Bull*, 1712

Law is a bottomless pit *Ib* , ch xxiv

Hame's hame, be it never so hamely
Law is a Bottomless Pit

One of the new terrors of death
[Of Edmund Curll's biographies] R Carruthers' *Life of Pope* (1857), p 199

ROBERT ARMIN

fl 1610

A flea in his ear *Foole upon Foole*, 1605, c 3

LEWIS ADDISON ARMISTEAD

1817–1863

Give them the cold steel, boys!
Attr remark during Am Civil War, 1863

JOHN ARMSTRONG

1709–1779

Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe,
He still remember'd that he once was young
Art of Preserving Health, 1744, bk iv, l 226

Much had he read,
Much more had seen, he studied from the life,
And in th' original perus'd mankind *Ib* l 231

'Tis not for mortals always to be blest *Ib* l 260.

Of right and wrong he taught
Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard,
And (strange to tell!) he practis'd what he preach'd
Ib l 303

'Tis not too late to morrow to be brave *Ib* l 460

GEORGE ARNOLD

1834–1865

The living need charity more than the dead.
The Jolly Old Pedagogue

EDWIN ARNOLD

1832–1904

That what will come, and must come, shall come well
The Light of Asia, bk vi

Veil after veil will lift—but there must be
Veil upon veil behind *Ib* bk viii

Nor ever once ashamed
So we be named
Press-men, Slaves of the Lamp, Servants of Light
The Tenth Muse, st 18.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

1828–1888

And we forget because we must,
And not because we will *Absence.*

Hath man no second life?—Pitch this one high!

Was Christ a man like us?—Ah! let us try
If we then, too, can be such men as he!
Anti-desperation

Their ineffectual feuds and feeble hates,
Shadows of hates, but they distress them still
Balder Dead, iii 472

The same heart beats in every human breast
The Buried Life, l 23

A bolt is shot back somewhere in our breast
And a lost pulse of feeling stirs again

A man becomes aware of his life's flow,
And there arrives a lull in the hot race

And then he thinks he knows
The Hills where his life rose,
And the Sea where it goes *Ib* l 84

The sea of faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd,
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating to the breath
Of the night-wind down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world
Dover Beach, l 21

And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night *Ib* l 35

The Will is free
Strong is the Soul, and wise, and beautiful
The seeds of godlike power are in us still
Gods are we, Bards, Saints, Heroes, if we will!
Written in a copy of Emerson's Essays.

Be neither Saint nor Sophist led, but be a man
Empedocles on Etna, i ii 136

We do not what we ought,
What we ought not, we do,
And lean upon the thought
That Chance will bring us through,
But our own acts, for good or ill, are mightier powers.
Ib 237

Nature, with equal mind,
Sees all her sons at play,
Sees man control the wind,
The wind sweep man away *Ib* 257

Is it so small a thing
To have enjoy'd the sun,
To have liv'd light in the spring,
To have lov'd, to have thought, to have done,
To have advanc'd true friends, and beat down baffling foes *Ib* 396

Far, far from here,
The Adriatic breaks in a warm bay
Among the green Illyrian hills,

And there, they say, two bright and aged snakes,
Who once were Cadmus and Harmonia,
Bask in the glens or on the warm sea-shore,
In breathless quiet, after all their ills *Ib* 427

Not here, O Apollo!
Are haunts meet for thee
But, where Helicon breaks down
In cliff to the sea *Ib* ii 421

'Tis Apollo comes leading
His choir, the Nine
The Leader is fairest,
But all are divine *Ib* 445

The Day in his hotness,
The strife with the palm,
The Night in its silence,
The Stars in their calm. *Ib* 465

Eyes too expressive to be blue,
Too lovely to be grey *Faded Leaves*, 4 *On the Rhine*

This heart, I know,
To be long lov'd was never fram'd,
For something in its depths doth glow
Too strange, too restless, too untam'd
A Farewell, st 5

I too have long'd for trenchant force
And will like a dividing spear,
Have prais'd the keen, unscrupulous course,
Which knows no doubt, which feels no fear
Ib st 9

Come, dear children, let us away,
Down and away below *The Forsaken Merman*, l 1

Now the great winds shorewards blow,
Now the salt tides seawards flow;
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray *Ib* l 4.

Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep,
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam,
Where the salt weed sways in the stream,
Where the sea-beasts rang'd all round
Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground,

Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
Round the world for ever and aye? *Ib* l 35.

Children dear, was it yesterday
(Call yet once) that she went away?
The Forsaken Merman, l 48

Children dear, were we long alone?
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan
'Long prayers', I said, 'in the world they say'
Ib l 64

But, ah, she gave me never a look,
For her eyes were seal'd to the holy book
'Loud prays the priest, shut stands the door'
Come away, children, call no more
Come away, come down, call no more *Ib* l 80

She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door,
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl
Singing, 'Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she
And alone dwell for ever
The kings of the sea' *Ib* l 112

Who saw life steadily, and saw it whole
The mellow glory of the Attic stage,
Singer of sweet Colonus, and its child
Sonnet to a Friend 'Who prop, thou ask'st'

A wanderer is man from his birth
He was born in a ship
On the breast of the River of Time
The Future, l 1.

And the width of the waters, the hush
Of the grey expanse where he floats,
Freshening its current and spotted with foam
As it draws to the Ocean, may strike
Peace to the soul of the man on its breast
As the pale Waste widens around him—
As the banks fade dimmer away—
As the stars come out, and the night-wind
Brings up the stream
Murmurs and scents of the infinite Sea *Ib* l 78.

Ah! not the nectarous poppy lovers use,
Not daily labour's dull, Lethaean spring,
Oblivion in lost angels can infuse
Of the soil'd glory, and the trailing wing
To a Gipsy Child by the Sea-shore

Not as their friend or child I speak!
But as on some far northern strand,
Thinking of his own Gods, a Greek
In pity and mournful awe might stand
Before some fallen Runic stone—
For both were Faiths, and both are gone
The Grande Chartreuse, st 14, l 79

What helps it now, that Byron bore,
With haughty scorn which mock'd the smart,
Through Europe to the Aetolian shore
The pageant of his bleeding heart?
That thousands counted every groan,
And Europe made his woe her own?
Ib st 23, l 133

There may, perhaps, yet dawn an age,
More fortunate, alas! than we,
Which without hardness will be sage,
And gay without frivolity *Ib* st 27, l 157

It is—last stage of all—
When we are frozen up within, and quite
The phantom of ourselves,
To hear the world applaud the hollow ghost
Which blamed the living man *Growing Old*

So thou arraign'st her, her foe,
So we arraign her, her sons
Yes, we arraign her! but she,
The weary Titan! with deaf
Ears, and labour-dimmed eyes,
goes passively by,
Staggering on to her goal,
Bearing on shoulders immense,
Atlantean, the load
Of the too vast orb of her fate *Heine's Grave*, l 85

Who, Goethe said,
'Had every other gift, but wanted love' *Ib* l 99

Only he,
His soul well-knit, and all his battles won,
Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life *Immortality*

I must not say that thou wert true,
Yet let me say that thou wert fair,
And they that lovely face who view,
They will not ask if truth be there *Indifference*, 1

The solemn peaks but to the stars are known,
But to the stars, and the cold lunar beams.
Alone the sun arises, and alone
Spring the great streams *In Utrumque Paratus*

The unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea
Isolation, or To Marguerite (contd)

Calm soul of all things! make it mine
To feel, amid the city's jar,
That there abides a peace of thine,
Man did not make, and cannot mar!
Lines written in Kensington Gardens

Calm, calm me more! nor let me die
Before I have begun to live *Ib* st 11

Let the long contention cease!
Geese are swans, and swans are geese.
The Last Word, l 5

Let the victors, when they come,
When the forts of folly fall,
Find thy body by the wall *Ib* l 13

This truth—to prove, and make thine own
'Thou hast been, shalt be, art, alone' *To Marguerite*

When Byron's eyes were shut in death,
We bow'd our head and held our breath.
He taught us little but our soul
Had felt him like the thunder's roll
. .
We watch'd the fount of fiery life
Which serv'd for that Titanic strife
Memorial Verses, l 6

He spoke, and loos'd our heart in tears
He laid us as we lay at birth
On the cool flowery lap of earth [Wordsworth]
Ib l 47

Time may restore us in his course
Goethe's sage mind and Byron's force:
But where will Europe's latter hour
Again find Wordsworth's healing power? *Ib* l 60

All this I bear, for, what I seek, I know
Peace, peace is what I seek, and public calm
Endless extinction of unhappy hates *Merope*, l. 100

With women the heart argues, not the mind
Merope, l 341

He bears the seed of ruin in himself *Ib* l 862

For this is the true strength of guilty kings,
When they corrupt the souls of those they rule.
Ib l 1451.

We cannot kindle when we will
The fire that in the heart resides,
The spirit bloweth and is still,
In mystery our soul abides
But tasks in hours of insight will'd
Can be through hours of gloom fulfill'd
Morality, st 1

With aching hands and bleeding feet
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone,
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day, and wish 'twere done
Not till the hours of light return
All we have built do we discern *Ib* st 2

Ere the parting hour go by,
Quick, thy tablets, Memory! *To My Friends*

Strew no more red roses, maidens,
Leave the lilies in their dew
Pluck, pluck cypress, O pale maidens!
Dusk, O dusk the hall with yew!
The New Sirens, l 269

But Wordsworth's eyes avert their ken
From half of human fate
In Memory of the Author of Obermann, l 53

What shelter to grow ripe is ours?
What leisure to grow wise? *Ib* l 71

Too fast we live, too much are tried,
Too harass'd, to attain
Wordsworth's sweet calm, or Goethe's wide
And luminous view to gain *Ib* l 77

We, in some unknown Power's employ,
Move on a rigorous line
Can neither, when we will, enjoy,
Nor, when we will, resign *Ib* l 133

On that hard Pagan world disgust
And secret loathing fell
Deep weariness and sated lust
Made human life a hell
Obermann Once More, l 93

The East bow'd low before the blast,
In patient, deep disdain
She let the legions thunder past,
And plunged in thought again *Ib* l 109

That gracious Child, that thorn-crown'd Man!
He lived while we believed

Now he is dead Far hence he lies
In the lorn Syrian town,
And on his grave, with shining eyes,
The Syrian stars look down *Ib* l 167

Say, has some wet bird-haunted English lawn
Lent it the music of its trees at dawn? *Parting*

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

Listen, Eugenia—
How thick the bursts come crowding through the leaves!

Again—thou hearest!
Eternal Passion!
Eternal Pain! *Philomela*, l 32.

Cruel, but composed and bland,
Dumb, inscrutable and grand,
So Tiberius might have sat,
Had Tiberius been a cat *Poor Matthias*

Nature's great law, and law of all men's minds?
To its own impulse every creature stirs
Live by thy light, and Earth will live by hers
Religious Isolation

Strew on her roses, roses,
And never a spray of yew
In quiet she reposes
Ah! would that I did too

Her cabin'd ample Spirit,
It flutter'd and fail'd for breath
To-night it doth inherit
The vasty Hall of Death *Requiescat*

Coldly, sadly descends
The autumn evening The Field
Strewn with its dark yellow drifts
Of wither'd leaves, and the elms,
Fade into dimness apace,
Silent *Rugby Chapel*, l 1

Somewhere, surely, afar,
In the sounding labour-house vast
Of being, is practised that strength,
Zealous, beneficent, firm *Ib* l 40

Friends who set forth at our side
Falter, are lost in the storm!
We, we only, are left! *Ib* l 102

Therefore to thee it was given
Many to save with thyself,
And, at the end of thy day,
O faithful shepherd! to come,
Bringing thy sheep in thy hand *Ib* l 140

Then, in such hour of need
Of your fainting, dispirited race,
Ye, like angels, appear,
Radiant with ardour divine
Beacons of hope, ye appear!
Languor is not in your heart,
Weakness is not in your word,
Weariness not on your brow *Ib* l 188

Ye fill up the gaps in our files,
Strengthen the wavering line,
Stablish, continue our march,
On, to the bound of the waste,
On, to the City of God *Ib* l 204

But so many books thou readest,
But so many schemes thou breedest,
But so many wishes feedest,
That thy poor head almost turns *The Second Best*

Others abide our question Thou art free
We ask and ask Thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge *Sonnet, Shakespeare*

And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,
Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-secure,
Didst walk on Earth unguess'd at Better so!
All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
All weakness that impairs, all griefs that bow,
Find their sole voice in that victorious brow *Ib*

Curl'd minion, dancer, coiner of sweet words!
Sohrab and Rustum, l. 458.

Truth sits upon the lips of dying men *Ib.* l 656

But the majestic River floated on,
Out of the mist and hum of that low land,
Into the frosty starlight, and there mov'd,
Rejoicing, through the hush'd Chorasmian waste,
Under the solitary moon he flow'd
Right for the Polar Star, past Orgunjè,
Brimming, and bright, and large then sands begin
To hem his watery march, and dam his streams,
And split his currents, that for many a league
The shorn and parcell'd Oxus strains along
Through beds of sand and matted rushy isles—
Oxus, forgetting the bright speed he had
In his high mountain cradle in Pamere,
A foil'd circuitous wanderer—till at last
The long'd-for dash of waves is heard, and wide
His luminous home of waters opens, bright
And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bath'd stars
Emerge, and shine upon the Aral Sea *Ib* l 875

France, fam'd in all great arts, in none supreme
To a Republican Friend (contd)
The high
Uno'erleap'd Mountains of Necessity *Ib*

Not deep the Poet sees, but wide *Resignation*, l. 212

Yet they, believe me, who await
No gifts from Chance, have conquer'd Fate
Ib. l 245

Go, for they call you, Shepherd, from the hill
The Scholar-Gipsy, st 1

All the live murmur of a summer's day *Ib* st 2

Tir'd of knocking at Preferment's door *Ib* st 4

In hat of antique shape, and cloak of grey,
The same the Gipsies wore *Ib* st 6

Crossing the stripling Thames at Bab-lock-hithe,
Trailing in the cool stream thy fingers wet,
As the slow punt swings round *Ib* st 8

Rapt, twirling in thy hand a wither'd spray,
And waiting for the spark from Heaven to fall
Ib st 12

The line of festal light in Christ-Church hall
Ib st 13

Thou waitest for the spark from Heaven: and we,
Vague half-believers in our casual creeds

Who hesitate and falter life away,
And lose to-morrow the ground won to-day—
Ah, do not we, Wanderer, await it too? *Ib* st 18

With close-lipp'd Patience for our only friend,
Sad Patience, too near neighbour to Despair
Ib st 20

This strange disease of modern life *Ib* st 21

Still nursing the unconquerable hope,
Still clutching the inviolable shade *Ib.* st 22

As some grave Tyrian trader, from the sea,
Descried at sunrise an emerging prow
Lifting the cool-hair'd creepers stealthily,
The fringes of a southward-facing brow
Among the Aegean isles,
And saw the merry Grecian coaster come,
Freighted with amber grapes, and Chian wine,
Green bursting figs, and tunnies steep'd in brine,
And knew the intruders on his ancient home,

The young light-hearted Masters of the waves,
And snatch'd his rudder, and shook out more sail,
And day and night held on indignantly
Oe'r the blue Midland waters with the gale,
Betwixt the Syrtes and soft Sicily,
To where the Atlantic raves
Outside the Western Straits, and unbent sails
There, where down cloudy cliffs, through sheets of foam,
Shy traffickers, the dark Iberians come;
And on the beach undid his corded bales
Ib st 24, 25

Resolve to be thyself and know, that he
Who finds himself, loses his misery
Self Dependence, l 31.

And see all sights from pole to pole,
And glance, and nod, and bustle by;
And never once possess our soul
Before we die *A Southern Night*, l. 69

Mild o'er her grave, ye mountains, shine!
Gently by his, ye waters, glide!
To that in you which is divine
They were allied *Ib* l 237

Still bent to make some port he knows not where,
Still standing for some false impossible shore
A Summer Night

The signal-elm, that looks on Ilsley downs,
The Vale, the three lone weirs, the youthful Thames
Thyrsis, st 2

And that sweet City with her dreaming spires,
She needs not June for beauty's heightening *Ib*

But Thyrsis of his own will went away *Ib* st. 4

It irk'd him to be here, he could not rest.

He went, his piping took a troubled sound
Of storms that rage outside our happy ground,
He could not wait their passing, he is dead!
Ib st 5

So have I heard the cuckoo's parting cry,
From the wet field, through the vext garden-trees,
Come with the volleying rain and tossing breeze
'The bloom is gone, and with the bloom go I'
Ib st 6

Too quick despairer, wherefore wilt thou go?
Soon will the high Midsummer pomps come on,
Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,
Soon shall we have gold-dusted snapdragon,
Sweet-William with its homely cottage-smell,
And stocks in fragrant blow. *Ib* st 7

For Time, not Corydon, hath conquer'd thee
Ib st 8

She loved the Dorian pipe, the Dorian strain
But ah, of our poor Thames she never heard!
Her foot the Cumner cowslips never stirr'd!
And we should tease her with our plaint in vain
Ib st 10

I know what white, what purple fritillaries
The grassy harvest of the river-fields,
Above by Ensham, down by Sandford, yields,
And what sedg'd brooks are Thames's tributaries
Ib st 11

The foot less prompt to meet the morning dew,
The heart less bounding at emotion new,
And hope, once crushed, less quick to spring again.
Thyrsis, st 14

Hear it, O Thyrsis, still our Tree is there!—
Ah, vain! These English fields, this upland dim,
These brambles pale with mist engarlanded,
That lone, sky-pointing tree, are not for him
To a boon southern country he is fled,
And now in happier air,
Wandering with the great Mother's train divine

Within a folding of the Apennine *Ib* st 18

Why faintest thou? I wander'd till I died,
Roam on! the light we sought is shining still
Dost thou ask proof? Our Tree yet crowns the hill,
Our Scholar travels yet the loved hill-side *Ib* st 24

Know, man hath all which Nature hath, but more,
And in that *more* lie all his hopes of good
To an Independent Preacher

Philip's peerless son,
Who carried the great war from Macedon
Into the Soudan's realm, and thunder'd on
To die at thirty-five in Babylon *Tristram and Iseult*, III.

For this and that way swings
The flux of mortal things,
Though moving only to one far-set goal
Westminster Abbey

Nor bring, to see me cease to live,
Some doctor full of phrase and fame,
To shake his sapient head and give
The ill he cannot cure a name *A Wish*

Calm's not life's crown, though calm is well
'Tis all perhaps which man acquires,
But 'tis not what our youth desires *Youth and Calm*

And sigh that only one thing has been lent
To youth and age in common—discontent
Youth's Agitations

[Oxford] Beautiful city! so venerable, so lovely, so unravaged by the fierce intellectual life of our century, so serene! whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age Home of lost causes, and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names, and impossible loyalties!
Essays in Criticism, First Series, preface

The magnificent roaring of the young lions of the *Daily Telegraph* *Ib*

Wragg is in custody
Ib. Functions of Criticism at the Present Time

I am bound by my own definition of criticism a disinterested endeavour to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world *Ib*

It always seems to me that the right sphere for Shelley's genius was the sphere of music, not of poetry *Ib Maurice de Guérin*, footnote

Philistine must have originally meant, in the mind of those who invented the nickname, a strong, dogged, unenlightened opponent of the chosen people, of the children of the light *Ib Heinrich Heine*

Philistinism!—We have not the expression in English Perhaps we have not the word because we have so much of the thing *Ib*

The absence, in this country, of any force of educated literary and scientific opinion
Ib Literary Influence of Academies

The great apostle of the Philistines, Lord Macaulay
Ib Joubert

His expression may often be called bald . but it is bald as the bare mountain tops are bald, with a baldness full of grandeur
Ib, *Second Series*, preface to *Poems of Wordsworth*

Nature herself seems, I say, to take the pen out of his hand, and to write for him with her own bare, sheer, penetrating power. *Ib*

In poetry, no less than in life, he is 'a beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain'
Essays on Criticism, Second Series, Shelley
[Quoting his own sentence in his essay on Byron, *Essays on Criticism, Second Series*]

The difference between genuine poetry and the poetry of Dryden, Pope, and all their school, is briefly this their poetry is conceived and composed in their wits, genuine poetry is conceived and composed in the soul *Ib Thomas Gray*

Our society distributes itself into Barbarians, Philistines, and Populace, and America is just ourselves, with the Barbarians quite left out, and the Populace nearly *Culture and Anarchy*, preface

The great aim of culture [is] the aim of setting ourselves to ascertain what perfection is and to make it prevail *Ib* p 12

The pursuit of perfection, then, is the pursuit of sweetness and light He who works for sweetness and light united, works to make reason and the will of God prevail. *Ib* p 47

The men of culture are the true apostles of equality
Ib p 49

One has often wondered whether upon the whole earth there is anything so unintelligent, so unapt to perceive how the world is really going, as an ordinary young Englishman of our upper class
Ib pp 70–1

For this [Middle] class we have a designation which now has become pretty well known, and which we may as well still keep for them, the designation of Philistines *Ib* p 97

But that vast portion, lastly, of the working-class which is now issuing from its hiding-place to assert an Englishman's heaven-born privilege of doing as he likes, and is beginning to perplex us by marching where it likes, meeting where it likes, bawling what it likes, breaking what it likes—to this vast residuum we may with great propriety give the name of Populace
Thus we have got three distinct terms, Barbarians, Philistines, Populace, to denote roughly the three great classes into which our society is divided.
Ib pp 104–5

Hebraism and Hellenism—between these two points of influence moves our World Hebraism and Hellenism are, neither of them, the law of human development , they are, each of them, contributions to human development *Ib* pp 143, 157.

'He knows', says Hebraism, 'his Bible!'—whenever we hear this said, we may, without any elaborate defence of culture, content ourselves with answering simply 'No man, who knows nothing else, knows even his Bible' *Culture and Anarchy*, pp 181–2

The grand, old, fortifying, classical curriculum
Friendship's Garland

The translator of Homer should above all be penetrated by a sense of four qualities of his author — that he is eminently rapid, that he is eminently plain and direct both in the evolution of his thought and in the expression of it, that is, both in his syntax and in his words, that he is eminently plain and direct in the substance of his thought, that is, in his matter and ideas, and, finally, that he is eminently noble *On Translating Homer*, 1

Wordsworth says somewhere that wherever Virgil seems to have composed 'with his eye on the object', Dryden fails to render him Homer invariably composes 'with his eye on the object', whether the object be a moral or a material one Pope composes with his eye on his style, into which he translates his object, whatever it is *Ib*

He [the Translator] will find one English book and one only, where, as in the *Iliad* itself, perfect plainness of speech is allied with perfect nobleness, and that book is the Bible *Ib* III

Nothing has raised more questioning among my critics than these words—noble, the grand style . I think it will be found that the grand style arises in poetry, when a noble nature, poetically gifted, treats with simplicity or with severity a serious subject *Ib* Last Words

Miracles do not happen
Literature and Dogma, preface to 1883 edition, last words

Culture, the acquainting ourselves with the best that has been known and said in the world, and thus with the history of the human spirit
Ib preface to 1873 edition

Terms like grace, new birth, justification terms, in short, which with St Paul are literary terms, theologians have employed as if they were scientific terms *Ib* ch I, § 1

When we are asked further, what is conduct?—let us answer Three-fourths of life *Ib* ch I, § 1

The true meaning of religion is thus not simply morality, but morality touched by emotion
Ib ch I, § 2

Conduct is three-fourths of our life and its largest concern *Ib* ch I, § 3

Let us put into their 'Eternal' and 'God' no more science than they [the Hebrew writers] did —the enduring power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness *Ib* ch I, § 5

For it is what we call the Time-Spirit that is sapping the proof from miracles The human mind, as its experience widens, is turning away from them
Ib ch V, § 3

What is called 'orthodox divinity' is, in fact, an immense literary misapprehension *Ib* ch VI, § 3

The eternal not ourselves which makes for righteousness *Ib* ch VIII, § 1

But there remains the question what righteousness really is The method and secret and sweet reasonableness of Jesus *Ib* ch XII, § 2

For the total man, therefore, the truer conception of God is as 'the Eternal Power, not ourselves, by which all things fulfil the law of their being'
Ib Conclusion, § 2

So we have the Philistine of genius in religion—Luther, the Philistine of genius in politics—Cromwell, the Philistine of genius in literature—Bunyan *Mixed Essays, Lord Falkland*

SAMUEL JAMES ARNOLD

1774–1852

Our ships were British oak,
And hearts of oak our men *Death of Nelson*

THOMAS ARNOLD

1795–1842

What we must look for here is, 1st, religious and moral principles 2ndly, gentlemanly conduct 3rdly, intellectual ability
Arnold of Rugby (*ed J J Findlay*), p 65

My object will be, if possible, to form Christian men, for Christian boys I can scarcely hope to make
Letter, in 1828, on appointment to Headmastership of Rugby

GEORGE ARTHURS

Where there's a girl there's a boy. *Title of song*

GEORGE ASAF
(GEORGE H. POWELL)

1880–

What's the use of worrying?
It never was worth while,
So, pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag,
And smile, smile, smile
Pack Up Your Troubles In Your Old Kit-Bag

THOMAS ASHE

1836–1889

Meet we no angels, Pansie? *At Altenahr*, II *Poems*

HERBERT HENRY ASQUITH, EARL OF OXFORD

1852–1928

Wait and see
Phrase used repeatedly in speeches in 1910 Spender and Cyril Asquith's *Life of Lord Oxford and Asquith*, vol I, p 275

We shall never sheathe the sword which we have not lightly drawn until Belgium receives in full measure all and more than all that she has sacrificed, until France is adequately secured against the menace of aggression, until the rights of the smaller nationalities of Europe are placed upon an unassailable foundation, and until the military domination of Prussia is wholly and finally destroyed *Speech at the Guildhall*, 9 Nov 1914

SIR JACOB ASTLEY

1579–1652

O Lord! thou knowest how busy I must be this day if I forget thee, do not thou forget me
Prayer before the Battle of Edgehill (*Sir Philip Warwick, Memoires*, 1701, p 229)

HARRIET AUBER

1773–1862

And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven
Our Blest Redeemer, ere He breathed

JOHN AUBREY

1626–1697

Here is Hey for Garsington! and Hey for Cuddesdon! and Hey Hockly! but here's nobody cries, Hey for God Almighty! *Brief Lives Ralph Kettel*

He was so fair that they called him *the lady of* Christ's College *Ib John Milton*

When he killed a calf he would do it in a high style, and make a speech *Ib William Shakespeare*

He was a handsome, well-shaped man very good company, and of a very ready and pleasant smooth wit *Ib*

ALEXANDER BOSWELL, LORD AUCHINLECK

1706–1782

He gart kings ken that they had a *lith* in their neck [Of Cromwell] gart ken — made to know, lith = hinge *Boswell*, v 382, n 2

JANE AUSTEN

1775–1817

An egg boiled very soft is not unwholesome (Mr Woodhouse) *Emma*, ch 3

One half of the world cannot understand the pleasures of the other (Emma) *Ib* ch 9

A basin of nice smooth gruel, thin, but not too thin *Ib* ch 12

She believed he had been drinking too much of Mr Weston's good wine *Ib* ch 15

So extremely like Maple Grove (Mrs Elton) *Ib* ch 32

They will have their barouche-landau, of course (Mrs Elton) *Ib*

How shall we ever recollect half the dishes for grandmamma? (Miss Bates) *Ib* ch 38

Let other pens dwell on guilt and misery *Mansfield Park*, ch 48

'And what are you reading, Miss —?' 'Oh! it is only a novel!' replies the young lady while she lays down her book with affected indifference, or momentary shame —'It is only Cecilia, or Camilla, or Belinda' or, in short, only some work in which the most thorough knowledge of human nature, the happiest delineation of its varieties, the liveliest effusions of wit and humour are conveyed to the world in the best chosen language *Northanger Abbey*, ch 5

But are they all horrid, are you sure they are all horrid? (Catherine) *Ib* ch 6

All the privilege I claim for my own sex is that of loving longest, when existence or when hope is gone (Anne) *Persuasion*, ch 23

It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune, must be in want of a wife *Pride and Prejudice*, ch 1

'Kitty has no discretion in her coughs,' said her father 'she times them ill'
'I do not cough for my own amusement,' replied Kitty fretfully *Ib* ch 2

How can you contrive to write so even? (Miss Bingley) *Ib* ch 10

Mr Collins had only to change from Jane to Elizabeth —and it was soon done—done while Mrs Bennet was stirring the fire *Ib* ch 15

An unhappy alternative is before you, Elizabeth From this day you must be a stranger to one of your parents —Your mother will never see you again if you do *not* marry Mr Collins, and I will never see you again if you *do* (Mr Bennet) *Ib* ch 20

Nobody is on my side, nobody takes part with me I am cruelly used, nobody feels for my poor nerves (Mrs Bennet) *Ib*

No arguments shall be wanting on my part, that can alleviate so severe a misfortune or that may comfort you, under a circumstance that must be of all others most afflicting to a parent's mind The death of your daughter would have been a blessing in comparison of this (Mr Collins) *Ib* ch 48

You ought certainly to forgive them as a christian, but never to admit them in your sight, or allow their names to be mentioned in your hearing (Mr Collins) *Ib* ch 57

For what do we live, but to make sport for our neighbours, and laugh at them in our turn? (Mr Bennet) *Ib*

I have been a selfish being all my life, in practice, though not in principle (Mr Darcy) *Ib* ch 58

If my young men come for Mary or Kitty, send them in, for I am quite at leisure (Mr Bennet) *Ib* ch 59

An annuity is a very serious business (Mrs Dashwood) *Sense and Sensibility*, ch 1

'I am afraid,' replied Elinor, 'that the pleasantness of an employment does not always evince its propriety' *Ib* ch 13

Lady Middleton exerted herself to ask Mr Palmer if there was any news in the paper
'No, none at all,' he replied, and read on *Ib* ch 19

ALFRED AUSTIN

1835–1913

An earl by right, by courtesy a man. *The Season*

Across the wires the electric message came.
'He is no better, he is much the same'
On the Illness of the Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward VII Attr to Austin, but probably not his *See* J Lewis May in the Dublin Review, July 1937

ROBERT AYTOUN

1570–1638

I loved thee once, I'll love no more,
Thine be the grief, as is the blame,
Thou art not what thou wast before,
What reason I should be the same?
To an Inconstant Mistress

WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN

1813–1865

Take away that star and garter—
Hide them from my aching sight!
Neither king nor prince shall tempt me
From my lonely room this night
Charles Edward at Versailles on the Anniversary of Culloden

Nowhere beats the heart so kindly
As beneath the tartan plaid!
Ib I 219

Sound the fife, and cry the slogan—
Let the pibroch shake the air
The Burial-march of Dundee, I 1

On the heights of Killiecrankie
Yester-morn our army lay *Ib* I 49

Like a tempest down the ridges
Swept the hurricane of steel,
Rose the slogan of Macdonald—
Flashed the broadsword of Lochiell! *Ib* I 137

So, amidst the battle's thunder,
Shot and steel, and scorching flame,
In the glory of his manhood
Passed the spirit of the Graeme! *Ib* I 165

News of battle!—news of battle!
Hark! 'tis ringing down the street
And the archways and the pavement
Bear the clang of hurrying feet
Edinburgh after Flodden, st 1

Warder—warder! open quickly!
Man—is this a time to wait? *Ib* st 2

Do not lift him from the bracken,
Leave him lying where he fell—
Better bier ye cannot fashion
None beseems him half so well
As the bare and broken heather,
And the hard and trampled sod,
Whence his angry soul ascended
To the judgement-seat of God!
The Widow of Glencoe, st 1

They bore within their breasts the grief
That fame can never heal—
The deep, unutterable woe
Which none save exiles feel
The Island of the Scots, XII

Fhairshon swore a feud
Against the clan M'Tavish,
Marched into their land
To murder and to rafish,
For he did resolve
To extirpate the vipers,
With four-and-twenty men
And five-and-thirty pipers
The Massacre of the Macpherson, 1

Fhairshon had a son,
Who married Noah's daughter,
And nearly spoiled ta Flood,
By trinking up ta water.

Which he would have done,
I at least believe it,
Had the mixture peen
Only half Glenlivet. *Ib* VII, VIII

Come hither, Evan Cameron!
Come, stand beside my knee
The Execution of Montrose, 1

And some that came to scoff at him
Now turned aside and wept *Ib* VI

But onwards—always onwards,
In silence and in gloom,
The dreary pageant laboured,
Till it reached the house of doom *Ib* VII

The master-fiend Argyle! *Ib*

The Marquis gazed a moment,
And nothing did he say *Ib* VIII

Then nail my head on yonder tower—
Give every town a limb—
And God who made shall gather them.
I go from you to Him! *Ib* XII

'He is coming! he is coming!'
Like a bridegroom from his room,
Came the hero from his prison
To the scaffold and the doom *Ib*. XIV

The grim Geneva ministers
With anxious scowl drew near,
As you have seen the ravens flock
Around the dying deer *Ib* XVII

Like a brave old Scottish Cavalier,
All of the olden time! *The Old Scottish Cavalier*

Have you heard of Philip Slingsby,
Slingsby of the manly chest,
How he slew the Snapping Turtle
In the regions of the West?
The Fight with the Snapping Turtle

The earth is all the home I have,
The heavens my wide roof-tree
The Wandering Jew, I 49.

FRANCIS BACON

1561–1626

For all knowledge and wonder (which is the seed of knowledge) is an impression of pleasure in itself
Advancement of Learning, bk I i 3 (ed 1605)

Time, which is the author of authors
Ib iv 12

If a man will begin with certainties, he shall end in doubts, but if he will be content to begin with doubts, he shall end in certainties *Ib* v 8

[Knowledge is] a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate *Ib* ii

Antiquities are history defaced, or some remnants of history which have casually escaped the shipwreck of time *Ib* bk ii ii i

The knowledge of man is as the waters, some descending from above, and some springing from beneath, the one informed by the light of nature, the other inspired by divine revelation *Ib* v i

There was never miracle wrought by God to convert an atheist, because the light of nature might have led him to confess a God *Ib* vi i

They are ill discoverers that think there is no land, when they can see nothing but sea *Ib* vii 5

Words are the tokens current and accepted for conceits, as moneys are for values *Ib* xvi 3

But men must know, that in this theatre of man's life it is reserved only for God and angels to be lookers on *Ib* xx 8

We are much beholden to Machiavel and others, that write what men do, and not what they ought to do
Ib xxi 9

Men must pursue things which are just in present, and leave the future to the divine Providence
Ib ii

Did not one of the fathers in great indignation call poesy *vinum dæmonum*? *Ib* xxii. 13

All good moral philosophy is but an handmaid to religion *Ib* 14

Man seeketh in society comfort, use, and protection
Ib xxiii 2

A man must make his opportunity, as oft as find it
Ib 3

Cæsar, when he went first into Gaul, made no scruple to profess 'That he had rather be first in a village than second at Rome' *Ib* 36

Fortunes come tumbling into some men's laps
Ib 43

That other principle of Lysander, 'That children are to be deceived with comfits, and men with oaths'
Ib 45

It is in life as it is in ways, the shortest way is commonly the foulest, and surely the fairer way is not much about *Ib*

There are in nature certain fountains of justice, whence all civil laws are derived but as streams
Ib 49

The inseparable propriety of time, which is ever more and more to disclose truth *Ib* xxiv

Books must follow sciences, and not sciences books
Proposition touching Amendment of Laws

Anger makes dull men witty, but it keeps them poor
[Related as a remark of Queen Elizabeth]
Apothegms, 5

A beautiful face is a silent commendation *Ib* 12

Wise nature did never put her precious jewels into a garret four stories high and therefore exceeding tall men had ever very empty heads.
Ib 17

Hope is a good breakfast, but it is a bad supper
Ib 36

Like strawberry wives, that laid two or three great strawberries at the mouth of their pot, and all the rest were little ones
[A saying of Queen Elizabeth] *Ib* 54

Sir Henry Wotton used to say, 'That critics are like brushers of noblemen's clothes' *Ib* 64

Mr Savill was asked by my lord of Essex his opinion touching poets, who answered my lord, 'He thought them the best writers, next to those that write prose' *Ib* 66

Alonso of Arragon was wont to say, in commendation of age, That age appeared to be best in four things 'Old wood best to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to trust, and old authors to read' *Ib* 97

Demosthenes when he fled from the battle, and that it was reproached to him, said, 'That he that flies mought fight again' *Ib* 169

One of the Seven was wont to say, 'That laws were like cobwebs, where the small flies were caught, and the great brake through' *Ib* 181

Pyrrhus, when his friends congratulated to him his victory over the Romans, under the conduct of Fabricius, but with great slaughter of his own side, said to them again, 'Yes, but if we have such another victory, we are undone' *Ib* 193

Cosmus duke of Florence was wont to say of perfidious friends, 'That we read that we ought to forgive our enemies, but we do not read that we ought to forgive our friends' *Ib* 206

One of the fathers saith that old men go to death, and death comes to young men *Ib* 270

Diogenes said of a young man that danced daintily, and was much commended. 'The better, the worse'
Ib 266

Riches are a good handmaid, but the worst mistress
De Augmentis Scientiarum, pt i, bk vi, ch 3
Antitheta, 6 (ed 1640, trans by Gilbert Wats)

The voice of the people hath some divineness in it, else how should so many men agree to be of one mind? *Ib* 9

Envy never makes holiday *Ib* 16

No terms of moderation takes place with the vulgar
Ib 30

Silence is the virtue of fools *Ib* 31

The worst solitude is to be destitute of sincere friendship. *Ib* 37

Omnia mutari, et nil vere interire, ac summam materiae prorsus eandem manere, satis constat (That all things are changed, and that nothing really perishes, and that the sum of matter remains exactly the same, is sufficiently certain Tr Spedding) *Cogitationes de Natura Rerum*, v

I hold every man a debtor to his profession *The Elements of the Common Law*, preface

My essays come home, to men's business, and bosoms *Essays Dedication of 1625 edition*

What is truth? said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer *Ib* 1 *Of Truth*

A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure *Ib*

It is not the lie that passeth through the mind, but the lie that sinketh in, and settleth in it, that doth the hurt *Ib*

The inquiry of truth, which is the love-making, or wooing of it, the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it, and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature *Ib*

Certainly, it is heaven upon earth, to have a man's mind turn upon the poles of truth *Ib*

Men fear death as children fear to go in the dark, and as that natural fear in children is increased with tales, so is the other *Ib* 2 *Of Death*

There is no passion in the mind of man so weak, but it mates and masters the fear of death Revenge triumphs over death, love slights it, honour aspireth to it, grief flieth to it *Ib*

It is as natural to die as to be born, and to a little infant, perhaps, the one is as painful as the other *Ib*

Above all, believe it, the sweetest canticle is *Nunc dimittis*, when a man hath obtained worthy ends and expectations Death hath this also, that it openeth the gate to good fame, and extinguisheth envy *Ib*

All colours will agree in the dark *Ib* 3 *Of Unity in Religion*

Revenge is a kind of wild justice, which the more man's nature runs to, the more ought law to weed it out *Ib* 4 *Of Revenge*

Why should I be angry with a man for loving himself better than me? *Ib*

A man that studieth revenge keeps his own wounds green *Ib*

It was a high speech of Seneca (after the manner of the Stoics) that, 'the good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished, but the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired' *Ib* 5 *Of Adversity*

It is yet a higher speech of his than the other, 'It is true greatness to have in one the frailty of a man, and the security of a God' *Ib*

Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament, adversity is the blessing of the New *Ib*

The pencil of the Holy Ghost hath laboured more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon *Ib*

Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes, and adversity is not without comforts and hopes *Ib*

Prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue *Ib*

The joys of parents are secret, and so are their griefs and fears *Ib* 7 *Of Parents and Children*

Children sweeten labours, but they make misfortunes more bitter *Ib*

The noblest works and foundations have proceeded from childless men, which have sought to express the images of their minds where those of their bodies have failed *Ib*

He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune, for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief *Ib* 8 *Of Marriage and Single Life*

There are some other that account wife and children but as bills of charges *Ib*

A single life doth well with churchmen, for charity will hardly water the ground where it must first fill a pool *Ib*

Wives are young men's mistresses, companions for middle age, and old men's nurses *Ib*

He was reputed one of the wise men that made answer to the question when a man should marry? 'A young man not yet, an elder man not at all' *Ib*

The speaking in a perpetual hyperbole is comely in nothing but in love *Ib* 10 *Of Love*

It has been well said that 'the arch-flatterer with whom all the petty flatterers have intelligence is a man's self' *Ib*

Men in great place are thrice servants servants of the sovereign or state, servants of fame, and servants of business. *Ib* 11. *Of Great Place*

It is a strange desire to seek power and to lose liberty *Ib*

The rising unto place is laborious, and by pains men come to greater pains, and it is sometimes base, and by indignities men come to dignities The standing is slippery, and the regress is either a downfall, or at least an eclipse *Ib.*

Set it down to thyself, as well to create good precedents as to follow them *Ib*

Severity breedeth fear, but roughness breedeth hate Even reproofs from authority ought to be grave, and not taunting *Ib*

As in nature things move violently to their place and calmly in their place, so virtue in ambition is violent, in authority settled and calm *Ib*

All rising to great place is by a winding stair *Ib*

There is in human nature generally more of the fool than of the wise *Ib* 12 *Boldness*

He said it that knew it best *Ib*

In civil business, what first? boldness, what second and third? boldness and yet boldness is a child of ignorance and baseness *Ib*

Boldness is an ill keeper of promise *Ib*

Mahomet made the people believe that he would call a hill to him, and from the top of it offer up his prayers for the observers of his law The people assembled Mahomet called the hill to come to him again and again, and when the hill stood still, he was never a whit abashed, but said, 'If the hill will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet will go to the hill' *Essays* 12 *Boldness*

The inclination to goodness is imprinted deeply in the nature of man, insomuch, that if it issue not towards men, it will take unto other living creatures *Ib* 13 *Goodness, and Goodness of Nature*

If a man be gracious and courteous to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world *Ib*

It is a reverend thing to see an ancient castle or building not in decay *Ib* 14 *Of Nobility*

New nobility is but the act of power, but ancient nobility is the act of time *Ib*

Nobility of birth commonly abateth industry *Ib*

The four pillars of government (which are religion, justice, counsel, and treasure) *Ib* 15 *Of Seditions and Troubles*

The surest way to prevent seditions (if the times do bear it) is to take away the matter of them *Ib*

Money is like muck, not good except it be spread *Ib*

The remedy is worse than the disease *Ib*

I had rather believe all the fables in the legend, and the Talmud, and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind *Ib* 16 *Atheism*

God never wrought miracle to convince atheism, because his ordinary works convince it *Ib*

A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion. *Ib*

They that deny a God destroy man's nobility, for certainly man is of kin to the beasts by his body, and, if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is a base and ignoble creature *Ib*

It were better to have no opinion of God at all than such an opinion as is unworthy of him, for the one is unbelief, the other is contumely *Ib* 17 *Of Superstition*

There is a superstition in avoiding superstition *Ib*

Travel, in the younger sort, is a part of education, in the elder, a part of experience He that travelleth into a country before he hath some entrance into the language, goeth to school, and not to travel *Ib* 18 *Of Travel*

Let diaries, therefore, be brought in use. *Ib*

It is a miserable state of mind to have few things to desire and many things to fear *Ib* 19 *Of Empire*

Books will speak plain when counsellors blanch *Ib* 20 *Of Counsel*

There be that can pack the cards and yet cannot play well, so there are some that are good in canvasses and factions, that are otherwise weak men *Ib* 22 *Of Cunning*

In things that are tender and unpleasing, it is good to break the ice by some whose words are of less weight, and to reserve the more weighty voice to come in as by chance. *Ib*

I knew one that when he wrote a letter he would put that which was most material in the postscript, as if it had been a bymatter *Ib*

Nothing doth more hurt in a state than that cunning men pass for wise *Ib*

Be so true to thyself as thou be not false to others *Ib* 23 *Of Wisdom for a Man's Self*

It is a poor centre of a man's actions, himself *Ib*

It is the nature of extreme self-lovers, as they will set a house on fire, and it were but to roast their eggs *Ib*

It is the wisdom of the crocodiles, that shed tears when they would devour *Ib*

As the births of living creatures at first are ill-shapen, so are all innovations, which are the births of time *Ib* 24 *Of Innovations*

He that will not apply new remedies must expect new evils, for time is the greatest innovator *Ib*

I knew a wise man that had it for a by-word, when he saw men hasten to a conclusion, 'Stay a little, that we may make an end the sooner' *Ib* 25 *Of Despatch*

To choose time is to save time *Ib*

The French are wiser than they seem, and the Spaniards seem wiser than they are *Ib* 26 *Of Seeming Wise*

It had been hard for him that spake it to have put more truth and untruth together, in a few words, than in that speech 'Whosoever is delighted in solitude is either a wild beast, or a god' *Ib* 27 *Of Friendship*

A crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal where there is no love *Ib*

It [friendship] redoubleth joys, and cutteth griefs in halves *Ib*

Cure the disease and kill the patient *Ib*

Riches are for spending *Ib* 28 *Of Expense*

A man ought warily to begin charges which once begun will continue *Ib*

Neither is money the sinews of war (as it is trivially said) *Ib* 29 *Of The True Greatness of Kingdoms*

Neither will it be, that a people overlaid with taxes should ever become valiant and martial *Ib*

Thus much is certain, that he that commands the seas is at great liberty, and may take as much and as little of the war as he will *Ib*

Age will not be defied *Ib* 30 *Of Regimen of Health*

Suspicions amongst thoughts are like bats amongst birds, they ever fly by twilight *Ib* 31 *Of Suspicion.*

There is nothing makes a man suspect much, more than to know little *Ib*

Intermingle jest with earnest *Ib* 32 *Of Discourse*

If you dissemble sometimes your knowledge of that you are thought to know, you shall be thought, another time, to know that you know not *Ib*

Defer not charities till death, for certainly, if a man weigh it rightly, he that doth so is rather liberal of another man's than of his own *Ib* 34 *Of Riches*

[Dreams and predictions] ought to serve but for winter talk by the fireside *Ib* 35 *Of Prophecies*

He that plots to be the only figure among ciphers, is the decay of the whole age *Ib* 36 *Of Ambition*

Nature is often hidden, sometimes overcome, seldom extinguished *Ib* 38 *Of Nature in Men*

Chiefly the mould of a man's fortune is in his own hands *Ib* 40 *Of Fortune*

Young men are fitter to invent than to judge, fitter for execution than for counsel, and fitter for new projects than for settled business
Ib. 42 *Of Youth and Age*

Virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set
Ib 43 *Of Beauty*

That is the best part of beauty, which a picture cannot express *Ib*

There is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion *Ib*

Houses are built to live in and not to look on, therefore let use be preferred before uniformity, except where both may be had *Ib* 45 *Of Building*

God Almighty first planted a garden, and, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures *Ib* 46 *Of Gardens*

It is generally better to deal by speech than by letter
Ib 47 *Of Negotiating*

Lookers-on many times see more than gamesters
Ib 48 *Of Followers and Friends*

There is little friendship in the world, and least of all between equals *Ib*

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability *Ib* 50 *Of Studies*

To spend too much time in studies is sloth *Ib*

They perfect nature and are perfected by experience
Ib

Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. *Ib*

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested, that is, some books are to be read only in parts, others to be read but not curiously, and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others *Ib*

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man and writing an exact man *Ib*

Histories make men wise, poets, witty, the mathematics, subtile, natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave, logic and rhetoric, able to contend. *Ib*

Light gains make heavy purses
Ib 52 *Of Ceremonies and Respects*

Small matters win great commendation *Ib*

He that giveth another occasion of satiety, maketh himself cheap *Ib*

A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds. *Ib*

Fame is like a river, that beareth up things light and swollen, and drowns things weighty and solid
Ib 53 *Of Praise*

It was prettily devised of Aesop, 'The fly sat upon the axletree of the chariot-wheel and said, what a dust do I raise.' *Ib* 54 *Of Vain-Glory*

The place of justice is a hallowed place
Ib 56 *Of Judicature*

In the youth of a state arms do flourish, in the middle age of a state, learning, and then both of them together for a time, in the declining age of a state, mechanical arts and merchandise
Ib 58 *Of Vicissitude of Things*

I have often thought upon death, and I find it the least of all evils *An Essay on Death*, § 1

I do not believe that any man fears to be dead, but only the stroke of death *Ib* 3

Why should man be in love with his fetters, though of gold? *Ib* 4

He is the fountain of honour *Essay of a King*

Lucid intervals and happy pauses
History of King Henry VII, par 3

Quare videmus araneam aut muscam aut formicam, in electro, monumento plus quam regio, sepultas, aeternizari
(Whence we see spiders, flies, or ants, entombed and preserved for ever in amber, a more than royal tomb Tr Spedding)
Historia Vitae et Mortis, Provisional Rules Concerning the Duration of Life and the Form of Death, rule 1, Explanation

I have taken all knowledge to be my province.
Letter to Lord Burleigh, 1592.

Opportunity makes a thief
Letter to the Earl of Essex, 1598

I am too old, and the seas are too long, for me to double the Cape of Good Hope
Memorial of Access

I would live to study, and not study to live *Ib*

God's first Creature, which was Light *New Atlantis*

Quatuor sunt genera Idolorum quae mentes humanas obsident Iis (docendi gratia) nomina imposuimus, ut primum genus, Idola Tribus, secundum, Idola Specus, tertium, Idola Fori, quartum, Idola Theatri vocentur
(There are four classes of Idols which beset men's minds To these for distinction's sake I have assigned names—calling the first class, Idols of the Tribe, the second, Idols of the Cave, the third, Idols of the Market-place, the fourth, Idols of the Theatre Tr Spedding)
Novum Organon, Aphor xxxix

Quod enim mavult homo verum esse, id potius credit
(For what a man had rather were true he more readily believes Tr Spedding) *Ib* xlix

Magna ista scientiarum mater
(This great mother of the sciences [natural philosophy] Tr Spedding) *Ib* lxxx

Naturae enim non imperatur, nisi parendo
(We cannot command nature except by obeying her Tr Spedding) *Ib* cxxix

Nam et ipsa scientia potestas est (Knowledge itself is power) *Religious Meditations Of Heresies*

De Sapientia Veterum. (The wisdom of the ancients Tr Sir Arthur Gorges, 1619) *Title of Work*

Praecipue autem lignum, sive virga, versus superiorem partem curva est
(Every rod or staff of empire is truly crooked at the top) *Ib* 6, *Pan, sive Natura*

Universities incline wits to sophistry and affectation
Valerius Terminus of the Interpretation of Nature, ch 26

I have rather studied books than men
Advice to Sir Geo Villiers, Works, ed 1765, vol II, p 258

For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and the next ages
Last Will (Dec 19, 1625) *Ib* vol III, p 677

The world 's a bubble, and the life of man
Less then a span *The World*

Who then to frail mortality shall trust,
But limns the water, or but writes in dust *Ib*

What is it then to have or have no wife,
But single thraldom, or a double strife? *Ib*

What then remains, but that we still should cry,
Not to be born, or being born, to die *Ib*

WALTER BAGEHOT

1826–1877

The mystic reverence, the religious allegiance, which are essential to a true monarchy, are imaginative sentiments that no legislature can manufacture in any people
The English Constitution Ch 1 *The Cabinet*

The Crown is, according to the saying, the 'fountain of honour', but the Treasury is the spring of business. *Ib*

It has been said that England invented the phrase, 'Her Majesty's Opposition', that it was the first government which made a criticism of administration as much a part of the polity as administration itself This critical opposition is the consequence of cabinet government *Ib*

The *Times* has made many ministries. *Ib*

We turned out the Quaker (Lord Aberdeen), and put in the pugilist (Lord Palmerston). (Change of Ministry, 1855) *Ib*

The best reason why Monarchy is a strong government is, that it is an intelligible government The mass of mankind understand it, and they hardly anywhere in the world understand any other
Ib Ch 2 *The Monarchy*

The characteristic of the English Monarchy is that it retains the feelings by which the heroic kings governed their rude age, and has added the feelings by which the constitutions of later Greece ruled in more refined ages *Ib*

Women—one half the human race at least—care fifty times more for a marriage than a ministry *Ib*

Royalty is a government in which the attention of the nation is concentrated on one person doing interesting actions A Republic is a government in which that attention is divided between many, who are all doing uninteresting actions Accordingly, so long as the human heart is strong and the human reason weak, Royalty will be strong because it appeals to diffused feeling, and Republics weak because they appeal to the understanding *Ib*

An Englishman whose heart is in a matter is not easily baffled *Ib*

Throughout the greater part of his life George III was a kind of 'consecrated obstruction'. *Ib*

But of all nations in the world the English are perhaps the least a nation of pure philosophers *Ib*

The order of nobility is of great use, too, not only in what it creates, but in what it prevents It prevents the rule of wealth—the religion of gold This is the obvious and natural idol of the Anglo-Saxon
Ib Ch 4 *The House of Lords*

The House of Peers has never been a House where the most important peers were most important. *Ib*

A severe though not unfriendly critic of our institutions said that 'the *cure* for admiring the House of Lords was to go and look at it' *Ib*

Nations touch at their summits *Ib*

Years ago Mr Disraeli called Sir Robert Peel's Ministry—the last Conservative Ministry that had real power—'an organized hypocrisy', so much did the ideas of its 'head' differ from the sensations of its 'tail' *Ib.*

It has been said, not truly, but with a possible approximation to truth, 'that in 1802 every hereditary monarch was insane' *Ib*

Queen Anne was one of the smallest people ever set in a great place
Ib Ch 7 *Checks and Balances*

The soldier—that is, the great soldier—of to-day is not a romantic animal, dashing at forlorn hopes, animated by frantic sentiment, full of fancies as to a love-lady or a sovereign, but a quiet, grave man, busied in charts, exact in sums, master of the art of tactics, occupied in trivial detail, thinking, as the Duke of Wellington was said to do, *most* of the shoes of his soldiers, despising all manner of *éclat* and eloquence, perhaps, like Count Moltke, 'silent in seven languages' *Ib*

The most melancholy of human reflections, perhaps, is that, on the whole, it is a question whether the benevolence of mankind does most good or harm
Physics and Politics, No v.

Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning, or, Pure, Ornate, and Grotesque Art in English Poetry
Title of Essay, National Review, November 1864.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY

1816–1902

We live in deeds, not years, in thoughts, not breaths,
In feelings, not in figures on a dial
We should count time by heart-throbs He most lives
Who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best
Festus, v

Envy's a coal comes hissing hot from hell *Ib*

America, thou half-brother of the world,
With something good and bad of every land *Ib* x

And these are joys like beauty, but skin deep *Ib.*

A double error sometimes sets us right *Ib* xx

JOANNA BAILLIE

1762–1851

Uprouse ye, then, my merry men!
It is our op'ning day *Orra* III 1

HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER

1821–1877

The King of Love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never
Hymns Ancient and Modern *The King of Love my Shepherd is*

There is a blessed home
Beyond this land of woe
Ib *There is a Blessed Home*

JOHN BALE

1495–1563

Though it be a foul great lie Set upon it a good face
King John, I 1978

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR

1848–1930

Defence of philosophic doubt Article in *Mind*, 1878

The energies of our system will decay, the glory of the sun will be dimmed, and the earth, tideless and inert, will no longer tolerate the race which has for a moment disturbed its solitude Man will go down into the pit, and all his thoughts will perish
The Foundations of Belief, pt 1, ch 1

It is unfortunate, considering that enthusiasm moves the world, that so few enthusiasts can be trusted to speak the truth *Letter to Mrs Drew*, 1918

Frank Harris said 'The fact is, Mr Balfour, all the faults of the age come from Christianity and journalism' 'Christianity, of course, but why journalism?'
Autobiography of Margot Asquith, vol 1, ch 10

JOHN CODRINGTON BAMPFYLDE

1754–1796

Rugged the breast that beauty cannot tame
Sonnet in Praise of Delia

GEORGE BANCROFT

fl 1548

Where Christ erecteth his church, the devil in the same churchyard will have his chapel
Sermon preached at Paul's Cross, 9 Feb 1588

GEORGE BANCROFT

1800–1891

It [Calvinism in Switzerland] established a religion without a prelate, a government without a king
History of the United States vol III, ch 6

EDWARD BANGS

fl 1775

Yankee Doodle, keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy
Yankee Doodle or Father's Return to Camp See Nicholas Smith, *Stories of Great National Songs*

Yankee Doodle came to town
Riding on a pony,
Stuck a feather in his cap
And called it Macaroni *Ib*

GEORGE LINNÆUS BANKS

1821–1881

For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do
Daisies in the Grass *What I Live For*

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD

1743–1825

So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore
The Death of the Virtuous

The world has little to bestow
Where two fond hearts in equal love are joined
Delia

And when midst fallen London, they survey
The stone where Alexander's ashes lay,
Shall own with humbled pride the lesson just
By Time's slow finger written in the dust
Eighteen Hundred and Eleven

Of her scorn the maid repented,
And the shepherd—of his love
Leave Me, Simple Shepherd

Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather
Life

Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time,
Say not Good-night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good-morning! *Ib*

Society than solitude is worse,
And man to man is still the greatest curse
Ovid to His Wife

JOHN BARBOUR

1316?–1395

Storys to rede ar delitabill,
Suppos that thai be nocht bot fabill
The Bruce, bk 1, l 1

A! fredome is a noble thing!
Fredome mays man to haiff liking *Ib* l 225.

REV RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM

1788–1845

You intoxified brute!—you insensible block!—
Look at the clock!—Do!—Look at the clock!
The Ingoldsby Legends Patty Morgan Fytte 1

'He won't—won't he? Then bring me my boots!' said
the Baron *Ib Grey Dolphin*

There, too, full many an Aldermanic nose
Roll'd its loud diapason after dinner
Ib The Ghost

Though I've always considered Sir Christopher Wren,
As an architect, one of the greatest of men,
And, talking of Epitaphs,—much I admire his,
'Circumspice, si Monumentum requiris',
Which an erudite Verger translated to me,
'If you ask for his Monument, Sir-come-spy-see!'
Ib The Cenotaph

The Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair!
Bishop, and abbot, and prior were there,
Many a monk, and many a friar,
Many a knight, and many a squire,
With a great many more of lesser degree,—
In sooth a goodly company,
And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee
Never, I ween,
Was a prouder seen,
Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,
Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims!
Ib The Jackdaw of Rheims

And six little Singing-boys,—dear little souls!
In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles *Ib*

He cursed him in sleeping, that every night
He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright
Ib

Never was heard such a terrible curse!
But what gave rise To no little surprise,
Nobody seem'd one penny the worse! *Ib*

Heedless of grammar, they all cried, 'That's him!' *Ib*

Here's a corpse in the case with a sad swell'd face,
And a Medical Crowner's a queer sort of thing!
Ib A Lay of St Gengulphus

A German,
Who smoked like a chimney *Ib Lay of St Odille*

So put that in your pipe, my Lord Otto, and smoke
it! *Ib*

And her bosom went in, and her tail came out
Ib A Lay of St Nicholas

She drank Prussic acid without any water,
And died like a Duke-and-a-Duchess's daughter!
Ib The Tragedy

There was cakes and apples in all the Chapels,
With fine polonies, and rich mellow pears
Ib Barney Maguire's Account of the Coronation

Tallest of boys, or shortest of men,
He stood in his stockings, just four foot ten
Ib Hon Mr Sucklethumbkin's Story

Tiger Tim, come tell me true,
What may a Nobleman find to do? *Ib*

What *was* to be done?—'twas perfectly plain
That they could not well hang the man over again
What *was* to be done?—The man was dead!
Nought *could* be done—nought could be said,
So—my Lord Tomnoddy went home to bed! *Ib*

She help'd him to lean, and she help'd him to fat,
And it look'd like hare—but it might have been cat
Ib The Bagman's Dog

Take a suck at the lemon, and at him again!
Ib The Black Mousquetaire

Like a blue-bottle fly on a rather large scale,
With a rather large corking-pin stuck through his tail
Ib The Auto-da-Fé

A servant's too often a negligent elf;
—If it's business of consequence, *do it yourself!*
Ib The Ingoldsby Penance Moral

They were a little less than 'kin', and rather more than
'kind' *Ib Nell Cook.*

'Twas in Margate last July, I walk'd upon the pier,
I saw a little vulgar Boy—I said, 'What make you
here?' *Ib Misadventures at Margate*

He had no little handkerchief to wipe his little nose!
Ib

And now I'm here, from this here pier it is my fixed
intent
To jump, as Mr Levi did from off the Monu-ment!
Ib

I could not see my little friend—because he was not
there! *Ib*

But when the Crier cried, 'O Yes!' the people cried,
'O No!' *Ib*

It's very odd that Sailor-men should talk so very
queer—
And then he hitch'd his trousers up, as is, I'm told,
their use,
It's very odd that Sailor-men should wear those things
so loose *Ib*

He smiled and said, 'Sir, does your mother know that
you are out?' *Ib*

Be kind to those dear little folks
When our toes are turned up to the daisies!
Ib The Babes in the Wood.

Though his cassock was swarming
With all sorts of vermin,
He'd not take the life of a flea!
Ib The Lay of St Aloys

Ah, ha! my good friend!—Don't you wish you may get it? *Ib*

Though port should have age,
Yet I don't think it sage
To entomb it, as some of your *connoisseurs* do,
Till it's losing its flavour, and body, and hue,
—I question if keeping it does it much good
After ten years in bottle and three in the wood
Ib The Wedding-Day Moral

The Lady Jane was tall and slim,
The Lady Jane was fair
Ib The Knight and the Lady

He would pore by the hour, O'er a weed or a flower,
Or the slugs that come crawling out after a shower
Ib

Or great ugly things, All legs and wings,
With nasty long tails arm'd with nasty long stings
Ib

Go—pop Sir Thomas again in the pond—
Poor dear!—he'll catch us some more!!
Ib

Cob was the strongest, *Mob* was the wrongest,
Chittabob's tail was the finest and longest!
Ib The Truants

What Horace says is,
Eheu fugaces
Anni labuntur, Postume, Postume!
Years glide away, and are lost to me, lost to me!
Ib Epigram Eheu fugaces

SABINE BARING-GOULD

1834–1924

Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky
Hymns Ancient and Modern Now the Day is Over

Birds and beasts and flowers
Soon will be asleep *Ib*

Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea *Ib*

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before *Ib Onward, Christian Soldiers*

Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise,
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise *Ib*

Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail,
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail *Ib*

Through the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the Promised Land
Ib Tr from the Danish of B S Ingemann, 1789–1862 Through the Night of Doubt and Sorrow

Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night *Ib*

Soon shall come the great awaking,
Soon the rending of the tomb,
Then, the scattering of all shadows
And the end of toil and gloom *Ib*

LADY ANNE BARNARD

1750–1825

When the sheep are in the fauld, when the cows come hame,
When a' the weary world to quiet rest are gane
Auld Robin Gray

My mither she fell sick—my Jamie was at sea—
And Auld Robin Gray, oh! he came a-courting me *Ib*

My father argued sair—my mother didna speak,
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break *Ib.*

I hadna been his wife, a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist—I cou'dna think it he,
Till he said, 'I'm come hame, my love, to marry thee!'
Ib.

CHARLOTTE ALINGTON BARNARD

1840–1869

I cannot sing the old songs
I sang long years ago
Fireside Thoughts I Cannot Sing the Old Songs

RICHARD BARNFIELD

1574–1627

As it fell upon a day,
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade,
Which a grove of myrtles made
Poems in Divers Humors, An Ode

Beasts did leap and birds did sing,
Trees did grow and plants did spring,
Everything did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast against a thorn,
And there sung the dolefullest ditty
That to hear it was great pity
Fie, fie, now would she cry,
Tereu, Tereu, by and by *Ib*

King Pandion, he is dead,
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead *Ib*

If Music and sweet Poetry agree,
As they must needs (the Sister and the Brother)
Then must the love be great, 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.
Ib Sonnet I.

Nothing more certain than incertainties,
Fortune is full of fresh variety
Constant in nothing but inconstancy
The Shepherd's Content, XI

My flocks feed not,
My ewes breed not,
My rams speed not,
All is amiss
Love is dying,
Faith's defying,
Heart's denying,
Causer of this *A Shepherd's Complaint*

She [*Pecuna*] is the sovereign queen, of all delights
For her the lawyer pleads, the soldier fights
Encomion of Lady Pecuna, XVI

The waters were his winding sheet, the sea was made his tomb,
Yet for his fame the ocean sea, was not sufficient room
Ib To the Gentlemen Readers [*On the death of Hawkins*]

BARNABE BARNES

1569?–1609

Ah, sweet Content! where doth thine harbour hold?
Parthenophil and Parthenophe, Sonnet LVI

WILLIAM BARNES

1801–1886

An' there vor me the apple tree
Do lean down low in Linden Lea
My Orcha'd in Linden Lea

But still the neame do bide the seame—
'Tis Pentridge—Pentridge by the river
Pentridge by the River

My love is the maid ov all maidens,
Though all mid be comely
In the Spring

Since I noo mwore do zee your feace
The Wife A-Lost

MATTHIAS BARR

fl 1870

Only a baby small,
Dropt from the skies *Poems Only a Baby Small*

Small, but how dear to us,
God knoweth best *Ib.*

EATON STANNARD BARRETT

1786–1820

She, while Apostles shrank, could dangers brave,
Last at His cross and earliest at His grave
Woman, pt I, l 143

JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE

1860–1937

His lordship may compel us to be equal upstairs, but there will never be equality in the servants' hall
The Admirable Crichton, Act I

I'm a second eleven sort of chap *Ib* Act III

Never ascribe to an opponent motives meaner than your own
'*Courage*', *Rectorial Address, St Andrews, 3 May 1922*

Courage is the thing All goes if courage goes *Ib*

I do loathe explanations
My Lady Nicotine Ch 16

When the first baby laughed for the first time, the laugh broke into a thousand pieces and they all went skipping about, and that was the beginning of fairies *Peter Pan*, Act I

Every time a child says 'I don't believe in fairies' there is a little fairy somewhere that falls down dead *Ib*

To die will be an awfully big adventure. *Ib* Act III

Do you believe in fairies? If you believe, clap your hands! *Ib* Act IV

That is ever the way 'Tis all jealousy to the bride and good wishes to the corpse *Quality Street*, Act I

Oh the gladness of her gladness when she's glad,
And the sadness of her sadness when she's sad,
But the gladness of her gladness
And the sadness of her sadness
Are as nothing, Charles,
To the badness of her badness when she's bad
Rosalind

It is wonderful how much you can conceal between the touch of the handle and the opening of the door if your heart is in it *Tommy and Grizel*

The Twelve-Pound Look *Title of Play*

Have you ever noticed, Harry, that many jewels make women either incredibly fat or incredibly thin?
The Twelve-pound Look

It's a sort of bloom on a woman If you have it [charm], you don't need to have anything else, and if you don't have it, it doesn't much matter what else you have *What Every Woman Knows*, Act I

A young Scotsman of your ability let loose upon the world with £300, what could he not do? It's almost appalling to think of, especially if he went among the English *Ib*

You've forgotten the grandest moral attribute of a Scotsman, Maggie, that he'll do nothing which might damage his career *Ib* Act II

There are few more impressive sights in the world than a Scotsman on the make *Ib*

Every man who is high up loves to think that he has done it all himself, and the wife smiles, and lets it go at that It's our only joke Every woman knows that *Ib* Act IV

WILLIAM BASSE

d 1653?

Renowned Spencer, lie a thought more nigh
To learned Chaucer, and rare Beaumont lie,
A little nearer Spenser, to make room
For Shakespeare, in your threefold, fourfold tomb
Poetical Works On Shakespeare

EDGAR BATEMAN

Wiv a ladder and some glisses,
You could see to 'Ackney Marshes,
If it wasn't for the 'ouses in between
If It Wasn't For The 'Ouses In Between

KATHERINE LEE BATES

1859–1929

America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea! *America the Beautiful*

RICHARD BAXTER

1615–1691

I preach'd as never sure to preach again,
And as a dying man to dying men!
Love Breathing Thanks and Praise, pt II.

BERNARD BAYLE

fl 1854

A Storm in a Teacup *Title of farce*, 1854

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY

1797–1839

I'd be a butterfly born in a bower,
Where roses and lilies and violets meet
I'd be a Butterfly

I'm saddest when I sing *Title of poem*

Absence makes the heart grow fonder,
Isle of Beauty, Fare thee well! *Isle of Beauty*

It was a dream of perfect bliss,
Too beautiful to last *It was a Dream*

The mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall
The Mistletoe Bough

Oh! no! we never mention her,
Her name is never heard,
My lips are now forbid to speak
That once familiar word
Oh! No! We Never Mention Her

Oh, Pilot! 'tis a fearful night,
There's danger on the deep *The Pilot*

Fear not, but trust in Providence
Wherever thou may'st be *Ib*

She wore a wreath of roses,
The night that first we met
She Wore a Wreath of Roses

Gaily the Troubadour
Touch'd his guitar *Welcome Me Home*

We met, 'twas in a crowd, And I thought he would shun me *We Met, 'twas in a Crowd*

Why don't the men propose, mamma,
Why don't the men propose?
Why Don't the Men Propose?

JAMES BEATTIE

1735–1803

His harp, the sole companion of his way
The Minstrel, bk I III

In truth, he was a strange and wayward wight,
Fond of each gentle and each dreadful scene
In darkness and in storm he found delight *Ib* XXII

DAVID BEATTY, EARL BEATTY

1871–1936

There's something wrong with our bloody ships to-day, Chatfield
Remark during the Battle of Jutland, 1917 Winston Churchill, The World Crisis (1927), Pt I, p 129 The additional words commonly attributed 'Steer two points nearer the enemy' are denied by Lord Chatfield

TOPHAM BEAUCLERK

1739–1780

[On Boswell saying that a certain man had good principles.] Then he does not wear them out in practice. *Boswell's Life of Johnson, 14 April, 1778*

FRANCIS BEAUMONT

1584–1616

What things have we seen,
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtil flame,
As if that every one from whence they came,
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolv'd to live a fool, the rest
Of his dull life *Letter to Ben Jonson*

Here are sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruin'd sides of Kings,
Here 's a world of pomp and state,
Buried in dust, once dead by fate
On the Tombs in Westminster Abbey

FRANCIS BEAUMONT

1584–1616

and

JOHN FLETCHER

1579–1625

There is no drinking after death
The Bloody Brother, II. II.

And he that will to bed go sober,
Falls with the leaf still in October *Ib*

Three merry boys, and three merry boys,
And three merry boys are we,
As ever did sing in a hempen string
Under the gallows-tree *Ib* III ii

Bad's the best of us *Ib* IV ii

You are no better than you should be
The Coxcomb, IV iii

I care not two-pence *Ib* V i

Death hath so many doors to let out life
The Customs of the Country, II ii

But what is past my help, is past my care
The Double Marriage, I i

It is always good
When a man has two irons in the fire
The Faithful Friends, I ii

Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still
Upon an Honest Man's Fortune, V

Let's meet, and either do, or die
The Island Princess, II ii

Nose, nose, jolly red nose,
and who gave thee this jolly red nose?
Nutmegs and ginger, cinamon and cloves,
And they gave me this jolly red nose
Knight of the Burning Pestle, I iii

This is a pretty flim-flam *Ib* II iii

Go to grass *Ib* IV vi

Something given that way
The Lovers' Progress, I i

Deeds, not words shall speak me *Ib* III vi

Thou wilt scarce be a man before thy mother
Ib ii

I find the medicine worse than the malady *Ib*

Faith Sir, he went away with a flea in 's ear *Ib* IV iii.

I'll put on my considering cap
The Loyal Subject, II i

I'll put a spoke among your wheels
The Mad Lover, III vi

Upon my buried body lay lightly gentle earth
The Maid's Tragedy, II i

Fountain heads, and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves
The Nice Valour, Song, III iii

Nothing's so dainty sweet, as lovely melancholy *Ib*

All your better deeds
Shall be in water writ, but this in marble *Ib* V iii

'Tis virtue, and not birth that makes us noble
Great actions speak great minds, and such should govern
The Prophetess, II iii

I'll have a fling
Rule a Wife and have a Wife, III v

Kiss till the cow come home *Scornful Lady*, II ii

There is no other purgatory but a woman *Ib* III i

It would talk
Lord how it talk't! *Ib* IV i

Daisies smell-less, yet most quaint,
And sweet thyme true,
Primrose first born child of Ver,
Merry Spring—time's Harbinger
Two Noble Kinsmen, I i

God Lyeus ever young,
Ever honour'd, ever sung *Valentinian*, V viii

Come sing now, sing, for I know ye sing well,
I see ye have a singing face
The Wild Goose Chase, II ii

Though I say't, that should not say't
Wit at Several Weapons, II ii

Whistle and she'll come to you
Wit Without Money, IV iv

Let the world slide *Ib* V ii

Have not you maggots in your brains?
Women Pleased, III iv

PETER BECKFORD

1740–1811

The colour I think of little moment, and am of opinion with our friend Foote, respecting his negro friend, that a good dog, like a good candidate, cannot be of a bad colour
Thoughts upon Hare and Fox Hunting, letter 3

WILLIAM BECKFORD

1759–1844

When he was angry, one of his eyes became so terrible, that no person could bear to behold it, and the wretch upon whom it was fixed instantly fell backward, and sometimes expired For fear, however, of depopulating his dominions, and making his palace desolate, he but rarely gave way to his anger
Vathek (1893), p 1

He did not think, with the Caliph Omar Ben Adalaziz, that it was necessary to make a hell of this world to enjoy paradise in the next *Ib* p 2

Your presence I condescend to accept and beg you will let me be quiet, for I am not over-fond of resisting temptation *Ib* p 134

THOMAS BECON

1512–1567

For when the wine is in, the wit is out
Catechism, 375

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES

1798–1851

If thou wilt ease thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then sleep, dear, sleep
Death's Jest Book, II ii

But wilt thou cure thy heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then die, dear, die *Ib*

If man could see
The perils and diseases that he elbows,
Each day he walks a mile, which catch at him,
Which fall behind and graze him as he passes,
Then would he know that Life's a single pilgrim,
Fighting unarmed amongst a thousand soldiers
Ib IV I (MS III)

I have a bit of FIAT in my soul,
And can myself create my little world *Ib* V I

Old Adam, the carrion crow *Ib* V IV

King Death hath asses' ears *Ib*

If there were dreams to sell,
What would you buy?
Some cost a passing bell,
Some a light sigh,
That shakes from Life's fresh crown
Only a roseleaf down
If there were dreams to sell,
Merry and sad to tell,
And the crier rung the bell,
What would you buy? *Dream-Pedlary*

Him
Who was the planet's tyrant, dotard Death
Letter from Gottingen

How many times do I love thee, dear?
Tell me how many thoughts there be
In the atmosphere
Of a new-fal'n year,
Whose white and sable hours appear
The latest flakes of Eternity
So many times do I love thee, dear
Torrismond I III

BEDE

673–735

Talis,' inquiens, 'mihi videtur, rex, vita hominum praesens in terris, ad comparationem eius, quod nobis incertum est, temporis, quale cum te residente ad caenam cum ducibus ac ministris tuis tempore brumali, . adveniens unus passerum domum citissime pervolaverit, qui cum per unum ostium ingrediens, mox per aliud exierit Ipso quidem tempore, quo intus est, hiemis tempestate non tangitur, sed tamen parvissimo spatio serenitatis ad momentum excurso, mox de hieme in hiemem regrediens, tuis oculis elabitur Ita haec vita hominum ad modicum apparet, quid autem sequatur, quidve praecesserit, prorsus ignoramus

['Such,' he said, 'O King, seems to me the present life of men on earth, in comparison with that time which to us is uncertain, as if when on a winter's night you sit feasting with your ealdormen and thegns,—a single sparrow should fly swiftly into the hall, and coming in at one door, instantly fly out through another In that time in which it is indoors it is indeed not touched by the fury of the winter, but yet, this smallest space of calmness being passed almost in a flash, from winter going into winter again, it is lost to your eyes Somewhat like this appears the life of man, but of what follows or what went before, we are utterly ignorant']
Ecclesiastical History, bk II, ch 13

Scio, inquiens, quia ubi navem ascenderitis, tempestas vobis et ventus contrarius superveniet sed tu memento ut hoc oleum quod tibi do, mittas in mare, et statim quiescentibus ventis, serenitas maris vos laeta prosequetur

[I know, he said, that when you go on board ship, a storm and contrary wind will come upon you but remember to pour this oil that I give you, on the water, and immediately with the winds dropping happy calm of ocean will ensue] *Ib* bk III, ch 15

BERNARD ELLIOTT BEE

1823–1861

Let us determine to die here, and we will conquer
There is Jackson standing like a stone wall Rally behind the Virginians
First Battle of Bull Run, 1861 Poore, *Reminiscences of Metropolis*, II 85

HENRY CHARLES BEECHING

1859–1919

With lifted feet, hands still,
I am poised, and down the hill
Dart, with heedful mind,
The air goes by in a wind
Going Down Hill on a Bicycle

Alas, that the longest hill
Must end in a vale, but still,
Who climbs with toil, wheresoe'er
Shall find wings waiting there *Ib*

Not when the sense is dim,
But now from the heart of joy,
I would remember Him
Take the thanks of a boy *Prayers*

MAX BEERBOHM

1872–

I belong to the Beardsley period *Diminuendo*

There is always something rather absurd about the past *1880*

To give an accurate and exhaustive account of that period would need a far less brilliant pen than mine *Ib*

She swam to the bell-rope and grasped it for a tinkle [Parody of Meredith] *Euphemia Clashthought*

Not that I had any special reason for hating school Strange as it may seem to my readers, I was not unpopular there I was a modest, good-humoured boy It is Oxford that has made me insufferable *Going Back to School*

Mankind is divisible into two great classes hosts and guests *Hosts and Guests*

I maintain that though you would often in the fifteenth century have heard the snobbish Roman say, in a would-be off-hand tone, 'I am dining with the Borgias to-night,' no Roman ever was able to say, 'I dined last night with the Borgias' *Ib*

The Nonconformist Conscience makes cowards of us all *King George the Fourth*

Fate wrote her [Queen Caroline] a most tremendous tragedy, and she played it in tights *Ib*

They so very indubitably *are*, you know! [Parody of Henry James] *Mote in the Middle Distance*

'After all', as a pretty girl once said to me, 'women are a sex by themselves, so to speak' *The Pervasion of Rouge*

Savonarola love-sick! Ha, ha, ha!
Love-sick? He, love-sick? 'Tis a goodly jest!
The confirm'd misogyn a ladies' man!
Savonarola Brown, Act I

Had Sav'narola spoken less than thus,
Methinks me, the less Sav'narola he *Ib*

LUC And what name gave he?
PORTER Something-arola—
LUC Savon?—show him up *Ib* Act II

Enter Micnael Angelo Andrea del Sarto appears for a moment at a window Pippa passes. *Ib* Act III

O the disgrace of it!—
The scandal, the incredible come-down! *Ib* Act IV

A pretty sort of prison I have come to,
In which a self-respecting lady's cell
Is treated as a lounge *Ib*

'Your mentality, too, is bully, as we all predicate' *Zuleika Dobson*, ch 8

Deeply regret inform your grace last night two black owls came and perched on battlements remained there through night hooting at dawn flew away none knows whither awaiting instructions Jellings *Ib* ch 14

'The Socratic manner is not a game at which two can play' *Ib* ch 15

'Ah, say that again,' she murmured. 'Your voice is music'
He repeated his question
'Music!' she said dreamily, and such is the force of habit that 'I don't', she added, 'know anything about music, really But I know what I like' *Ib.* ch. 16

ETHEL LYNN BEERS

1827–1879

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
No sound save the rush of the river,
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket's off duty forever
All Quiet along the Potomac

APHRA BEHN

1640–1689

Oh, what a dear ravishing thing is the beginning of an Amour! *The Emperor of the Moon*, I 1

Of all that writ, he was the wisest bard, who spoke this mighty truth—
He that knew all that ever learning writ,
Knew only this—that he knew nothing yet *Ib* III

Love ceases to be a pleasure, when it ceases to be a secret *The Lover's Watch, Four o'clock*

Faith, Sir, we are here to day, and gone to morrow *The Lucky Chance*, IV

I owe a duty, where I cannot love
The Moor's Revenge, III iii

Oh, I am arm'd with more than complete steel,
The justice of my quarrel *Ib* IV 5

A brave world, Sir, full of religion, knavery, and change we shall shortly see better days *The Roundheads*, I 1

Variety is the soul of pleasure
The Rover, Part II, Act I

Come away, poverty's catching *Ib*

Money speaks sense in a language all nations understand *Ib* III 1

Beauty unadorn'd *Ib* IV ii

'Sure, I rose the wrong way to-day, I have had such damn'd ill luck every way' *The Town Fop*, V 1

The soft, unhappy sex *The Wandering Beauty*

W H BELLAMY

Old Simon the Cellarer keeps a rare store
Of Malmsey and Malvoisie
Song Simon the Cellarer

HILAIRE BELLOC

1870–

The road went up, the road went down,
And there the matter ended it
He broke his heart in Clermont town,
At Pontgibaud they mended it *Auvergnat*

Child! do not throw this book about;
Refrain from the unholy pleasure
Of cutting all the pictures out!
Preserve it as your chiefest treasure
Bad Child's Book of Beasts, dedication

Your little hands were made to take
The better things and leave the worse ones.
They also may be used to shake
The massive paws of elder persons *Ib*

A manner rude and wild
Is common at your age *Ib* introduction

Who take their manners from the Ape,
Their habits from the Bear,
Indulge the loud unseemly jape,
And never brush their hair *Ib*

The Dromedary is a cheerful bird:
I cannot say the same about the Kurd
Ib The Dromedary

I shoot the Hippopotamus
With bullets made of platinum,
Because if I use leaden ones
His hide is sure to flatten 'em *The Ib Hippopotamus*

Mothers of large families, who claim to common sense,
Will find a Tiger well repay the trouble and expense
Ib The Tiger

Yet may you see his bones and beak
All in the Mu-se-um *Ib The Dodo*

When people call this beast to mind,
They marvel more and more
At such a little tail behind,
So large a trunk before *Ib The Elephant*

You have a horn where other brutes have none
Rhinoceros, you are an ugly beast
Ib The Rhinoceros

The Frog is justly sensitive
To epithets like these *Ib The Frog*

Here is a House that armours a man
With the eyes of a boy and the heart of a ranger
To the Balliol Men still in Africa

I have said it before, and I say it again,
There was treason done, and a false word spoken,
And England under the dregs of men,
And bribes about, and a treaty broken *Ib*

Balliol made me, Balliol fed me,
Whatever I had she gave me again,
And the best of Balliol loved and led me,
God be with you, Balliol men *Ib*

The chief defect of Henry King
Was chewing little bits of string
Cautionary Tales Henry King

Physicians of the utmost fame
Were called at once, but when they came
They answered, as they took their fees,
'There is no cure for this disease' *Ib*

'Oh, my friends, be warned by me,
That breakfast, dinner, lunch, and tea
Are all the human frame requires'
With that, the wretched child expires *Ib*

'Ponto!' he cried, with angry frown,
'Let go, Sir! Down, Sir! Put it down!' *Ib Jim*

The nicest child I ever knew
Was Charles Augustus Fortescue
Ib Charles Augustus Fortescue

Godolphin Horne was nobly born,
He held the human race in scorn
Ib Godolphin Horne

Children in ordinary dress
May always play with sand
Ib Franklin Hyde

Lord Lundy from his earliest years
Was far too freely moved to tears *Ib Lord Lundy*

Towards the age of twenty-six,
They shoved him into politics *Ib*

For every time she shouted 'Fire!'
They only answered 'Little liar!' *Ib Matilda*

She was not really bad at heart,
But only rather rude and wild,
She was an aggravating child *Ib Rebecca*

Her funeral sermon (which was long
And followed by a sacred song)
Mentioned her virtues, it is true,
But dwelt upon her vices too *Ib*

Of Courtesy—it is much less
Than courage of heart or holiness;
Yet in my walks it seems to me
That the Grace of God is in Courtesy *Courtesy*

But I will sit beside the fire,
And put my hand before my eyes,
And trace, to fill my heart's desire,
The last of all our Odysseys *Dedicatory Ode.*

We were? Why then, by God, we *are*—
Order! I call the Club to session! *Ib*

Remote and ineffectual Don
That dared attack my Chesterton. *Lines to a Don*

Don different from those regal Dons!
With hearts of gold and lungs of bronze,
Who shout and bang and roar and bawl
The Absolute across the hall,
Or sail in amply billowing gown
Enormous through the Sacred Town *Ib.*

The moon on the one hand, the dawn on the other
The moon is my sister, the dawn is my brother
The moon on my left and the dawn on my right
My brother, good morning my sister, good night
The Early Morning

Dear Mr Noman, does it ever strike you,
The more we see of you, the less we like you?
Epigrams On Noman, A Guest

I said to Heart, 'How goes it?' Heart replied
'Right as a Ribstone Pippin!' But it lied
Ib The False Heart

Of this bad world the loveliest and the best
Has smiled and said 'Good Night,' and gone to rest
Ib On a Dead Hostess

The accursed power which stands on Privilege
(And goes with Women, and Champagne, and Bridge)
Broke—and Democracy resumed her reign
(Which goes with Bridge, and Women and Champagne) *Ib On a Great Election*

The Devil, having nothing else to do,
Went off to tempt my Lady Poltigrue
My Lady, tempted by a private whim,
To his extreme annoyance, tempted him
Ib On Lady Poltigrue, a Public Peril

When I am dead, I hope it may be said
'His sins were scarlet, but his books were read'
Ib On his Books

It did not last the Devil howling 'Ho!
Let Einstein be!' restored the status quo
Ib Answer to Pope's Epitaph for Sir Isaac Newton

Sally is gone that was so kindly,
Sally is gone from Ha'nacker Mill *Ha'nacker Mill*

But Catholic men that live upon wine
Are deep in the water, and frank, and fine,
Wherever I travel I find it so,
Benedicamus Domino *Heretics All*

She died because she never knew
These simple little rules and few,—
The Snake is living yet
More Beasts for Worse Children The Python

With an indolent expression and an undulating throat
Like an unsuccessful literary man *Ib*

Birds in their little nests agree
With Chinamen, but not with me
New Cautionary Tales On Food

A smell of burning fills the startled air—
The Electrician is no longer there! *Newdigate Poem*

When I am living in the Midlands
That are sodden and unkind

the great hills of the South Country
Come back into my mind *The South Country*

A lost thing could I never find,
Nor a broken thing mend *Ib*

The faith in their happy eyes
Comes surely from our Sister the Spring
When over the sea she flies,
The violets suddenly bloom at her feet,
She blesses us with surprise *Ib*

I never get between the pines
But I smell the Sussex air. *Ib*

If I ever become a rich man,
Or if ever I grow to be old,
I will build a house with deep thatch
To shelter me from the cold,
And there shall the Sussex songs be sung
And the story of Sussex told *Ib*

I will hold my house in the high wood
Within a walk of the sea,
And the men that were boys when I was a boy
Shall sit and drink with me *Ib*

Do you remember an Inn,
Miranda? *Tarantella*

We also know the sacred height
Up on Tugela side,
Where those three hundred fought with Bett
And fair young Wernher died
Verses to a Lord who said that those who opposed the South African adventure confused soldiers with money-grubbers

Tall Goltman, silent on his horse,
Superb against the dawn
The little mound where Eckstein stood
And gallant Albu fell,
And Oppenheim, half blind with blood
Went fording through the rising flood—
My Lord, we know them well *Ib*

They sell good beer at Haslemere
And under Guildford Hill
At Little Cowfold as I've been told
A beggar may drink his fill
There is a good brew in Amberley too,
And by the bridge also,
But the swipes they take in at Washington Inn
Is the very best Beer I know
West Sussex Drinking Song

It is the best of all trades, to make songs, and the second best to sing them
On Everything On Song

From the towns all Inns have been driven from the villages most Change your hearts or you will lose your Inns and you will deserve to have lost them But when you have lost your Inns drown your empty selves, for you will have lost the last of England. *This and That On Inns*

ENOCH ARNOLD BENNETT

1867–1931

'Ye can call it influenza if ye like,' said Mrs Machin "There was no influenza in my young days We called a cold a cold' *The Card*, ch. 8.

Being a husband is a whole-time job
The Title, Act I

Journalists say a thing that they know isn't true, in the hope that if they keep on saying it long enough it *will* be true *Ib* Act II

HENRY BENNETT

1785–?

Oh, St Patrick was a gentleman,
Who came of decent people,
He built a church in Dublin town,
And on it put a steeple
St Patrick was a Gentleman (*Oxford Song Book*)

JEREMY BENTHAM

1748–1832

All punishment is mischief all punishment in itself is evil *Principles of Morals and Legislation*, ch 13, § 2

EDMUND CLERIHEW BENTLEY

1875–

The art of Biography
Is different from Geography
Geography is about maps,
But Biography is about chaps
Biography for Beginners

What I like about Clive
Is that he is no longer alive
There is a great deal to be said
For being dead *Ib Clive*

Sir Christopher Wren
Said, 'I am going to dine with some men.
If anybody calls
Say I am designing St Paul's'
Ib Sir Christopher Wren

Chapman and Hall
Swore not at all
Mr Chapman's yea was yea,
And Mr Hall's nay was nay
Ib Mr Chapman and Mr Hall

Edward the Confessor
Slept under the dresser
When that began to pall
He slept in the hall *Ib Edward the Confessor*

THOMAS BENTLEY

?1693–1742

No man is demolished but by himself
A Letter to Mr Pope, 1735

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD

1846–1919

The idea of a Commercial Alliance with England based on the integrity of China and the open door for all nations' trade
The Break-Up of China, a Report to the British Associated Chambers of Commerce, from Shanghai, 20 Nov 1898

GEORGE BERKELEY

1684–1753

All the choir of heaven and furniture of earth—in a word, all those bodies which compose the mighty frame of the world—have not any subsistence without a mind *Principles of Human Knowledge*

Westward the course of empire takes its way,
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day
Time's noblest offspring is the last
On the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America

[Tar water] is of a nature so mild and benign and proportioned to the human constitution, as to warm without heating, to cheer but not inebriate
Siris, par 217

IRVING BERLIN

1888–

Come on and hear, come on and hear, Alexander's Ragtime Band *Alexander's Ragtime Band*

RICHARD BETHELL, BARON WESTBURY

1800–1873

You will turn it over once more in what you are pleased to call your mind
(*To a solicitor*) *Nash, Life of Westbury*, vol II

ISAAC BICKERSTAFFE

?1735–?1812

There was a jolly miller once,
Lived on the river Dee,
He worked and sang from morn till night,
No lark more blithe than he
Love in a Village, I v

And this the burthen of his song,
For ever us'd to be,
I care for nobody, not I,
If no one cares for me *Ib*

We all love a pretty girl—under the rose
Ib II II

Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But—why did you kick me downstairs?
An Expostulation

EDWARD BICKERSTETH

1786–1850

Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The Blood of Jesus whispers peace within
Songs in the House of Pilgrimage *Peace, Perfect Peace*

ROGER BIGOD

1245–1306

(Edward I 'By God, earl, you shall either go or hang!')
'O King, I will neither go nor hang!'
Hemingburgh's Chronicle, II 121

LAURENCE BINYON

1869–

With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,
England mourns for her dead across the sea
Poems For the Fallen

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them *Ib*

That many-memoried name *Tristram's End*

FREDERICK EDWIN SMITH, EARL OF BIRKENHEAD

1872–1931

The world continues to offer glittering prizes to those who have stout hearts and sharp swords
Rectorial Address, Glasgow University, 7 Nov 1923

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL

1850–1933

That great dust-heap called 'history'
Obiter Dicta Carlyle

In the name of the Bodleian *Ib Dr Johnson*

What then did happen at the Reformation?
Title of Essay

WILLIAM BLACKSTONE

1723–1780

Man was formed for society
Commentaries, introd § 2.

Mankind will not be reasoned out of the feelings of humanity *Ib.* bk I 5

The king never dies *Ib* 7

The royal navy of England hath ever been its greatest defence and ornament, it is its ancient and natural strength, the floating bulwark of the island
Ib 13

Time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary *Ib* 18

That the king can do no wrong, is a necessary and fundamental principle of the English constitution
Ib. III. 17

HELEN SELINA BLACKWOOD, LADY DUFFERIN

1807–1867

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat, side by side.
Lament of the Irish Emigrant.

The corn was springing fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high,
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
The love-light in your eye *Ib*

I'm very lonely now, Mary,—
The poor make no new friends —
But, oh! they love the better still
The few our Father sends *Ib.*

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary—kind and true!
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm going to
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair *Ib.*

ROBERT BLAIR

1699–1747

The good he scorn'd
Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-us'd ghost,
Not to return, or if it did, its visits
Like those of angels, short, and far between
The Grave, l 586

CHARLES DUPEE BLAKE

1846–1903

Rock-a-bye-baby on the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock,
When the bough bends the cradle will fall,
Down comes the baby, cradle and all *Attr.*

WILLIAM BLAKE

1757–1827

The errors of a wise man make your rule,
Rather than the perfections of a fool
On Art and Artists, VIII

When Sir Joshua Reynolds died
All Nature was degraded
The King dropped a tear into the Queen's ear,
And all his pictures faded *Ib* XXI.

I understood Christ was a carpenter
And not a brewer's servant, my good Sir *Ib* XXVI

To see a World in a Grain of Sand,
And a Heaven in a Wild Flower,
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand,
And Eternity in an hour *Auguries of Innocence*

A Robin Redbreast in a Cage
Puts all Heaven in a Rage *Ib*

A dog starv'd at his master's gate
Predicts the ruin of the State,
A horse misus'd upon the road
Calls to Heaven for human blood
Each outcry of the hunted hare
A fibre from the brain does tear,
A skylark wounded in the wing,
A cherubim does cease to sing *Ib*

The bat that flits at close of eve
Has left the brain that won't believe *Ib.*

He who shall hurt the little wren
Shall never be belov'd by men
He who the ox to wrath has mov'd
Shall never be by woman lov'd. *Ib*

The caterpillar on the leaf
Repeats to thee thy mother's grief
Kill not the moth nor butterfly,
For the Last Judgement draweth nigh. *Ib.*

A truth that's told with bad intent
Beats all the lies you can invent
It is right it should be so,
Man was made for Joy and Woe,
And when this we rightly know,
Thro' the World we safely go,
Joy and woe are woven fine,
A clothing for the soul divine *Ib*

Every tear from every eye
Becomes a babe in Eternity *Ib*

The bleat, the bark, bellow, and roar
Are waves that beat on Heaven's shore. *Ib*

The strongest poison ever known
Came from Caesar's laurel crown *Ib*

He who doubts from what he sees
Will ne'er believe, do what you please.
If the Sun and Moon should doubt,
They'd immediately go out
To be in a passion you good may do,
But no good if a passion is in you
The whore and gambler, by the state
Licensed, build that nation's fate
The harlot's cry from street to street
Shall weave old England's winding sheet. *Ib.*

God appears, and God is Light,
To those poor souls who dwell in Night,
But does a Human Form display
To those who dwell in realms of Day *Ib*

Does the Eagle know what is in the pit
Or wilt thou go ask the Mole?
Can Wisdom be put in a silver rod,
Or Love in a golden bowl?
Book of Thel, Thel's motto

Everything that lives,
Lives not alone, nor for itself *Ib* II

My brother John, the evil one
To Thomas Butts '*With Happiness stretch'd across the Hills*', l 15

For double the vision my eyes do see,
And a double vision is always with me
With my inward eye 'tis an Old Man grey,
With my outward, a Thistle across my way
Ib l 27

'What,' it will be questioned, 'when the sun rises, do you not see a round disc of fire somewhat like a guinea?' 'O no, no, I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host crying, "Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord God Almighty!"'
Descriptive Catalogue, 1810 *The Vision of Judgment*

The Vision of Christ that thou dost see
Is my vision's greatest enemy
Thine has a great hook nose like thine,
Mine has a snub nose like to mine
The Everlasting Gospel a

Both read the Bible day and night,
But thou read'st black where I read white *Ib*

This life's five windows of the soul
Distorts the Heavens from pole to pole,
And leads you to believe a lie
When you see with, not thro', the eye *Ib* γ.

Jesus was sitting in Moses' chair
They brought the trembling woman there.
Moses commands she be ston'd to death
What was the sound of Jesus' breath?
He laid His hand on Moses' law,
The ancient Heavens, in silent awe,
Writ with curses from pole to pole,
All away began to roll *Ib* ξ

I am sure this Jesus will not do,
Either for Englishman or Jew *Ib Epilogue*

[Of Hayley's birth]
Of H—'s birth this was the happy lot
His mother on his father him begot
On Friends and Foes, IV

[On Hayley]
To forgive enemies H— does pretend,
Who never in his life forgave a friend,
And when he could not act upon my wife
Hired a villain to bereave my life. *Ib* V

To H[ayley]
Thy friendship oft has made my heart to ache
Do be my enemy—for friendship's sake
Ib VI

On H[ayle]y's Friendship
When H—y finds out what you cannot do,
That is the very thing he'll set you to,
If you break not your neck, 'tis not his fault,
But pecks of poison are not pecks of salt
Ib VII

[On Cromek]
A petty sneaking knave I knew—
O! Mr Cr—, how do ye do? *Ib* XXI

Mutual Forgiveness of each vice,
Such are the Gates of Paradise
The Gates of Paradise, prologue

Truly, my Satan, thou art but a dunce,
And dost not know the garment from the man,
Every harlot was a virgin once,
Nor canst thou ever change Kate into Nan

Tho' thou art worshipp'd by the names divine
Of Jesus and Jehovah, thou art still
The Son of Morn in weary Night's decline,
The lost traveller's dream under the hill
Ib epilogue

Great things are done when men and mountains meet,
This is not done by jostling in the street
Gnomic Verses, 1

If you have form'd a circle to go into,
Go into it yourself, and see how you would do
Ib II *To God*

Abstinence sows sand all over
The ruddy limbs and flaming hair,
But Desire gratified
Plants fruits of life and beauty there *Ib* X

The sword sung on the barren heath,
The sickle in the fruitful field
The sword he sung a song of death,
But could not make the sickle yield *Ib* XIV

He who bends to himself a Joy
Doth the winged life destroy,
But he who kisses the Joy as it flies
Lives in Eternity's sunrise *Ib* XVII 1

What is it men in women do require?
The lineaments of gratified desire
What is it women do in men require?
The lineaments of gratified desire *Ib* XVII 4

Since all the riches of this world
May be gifts from the Devil and earthly kings,
I should suspect that I worshipp'd the Devil
If I thank'd my God for worldly things *Ib* XIX

The Angel that presided o'er my birth
Said 'Little creature, form'd of joy and mirth,
Go, love without the help of anything on earth'
Ib XXI

I must Create a System, or be enslav'd by another Man's,
I will not Reason and Compare my business is to Create *Jerusalem*, f 10, l 20

Near mournful
Ever-weeping Paddington *Ib* f 12, l 27

The fields from Islington to Marybone,
To Primrose Hill and Saint John's Wood,
Were builded over with pillars of gold,
And there Jerusalem's pillars stood *Ib* f 27

Pancras and Kentish Town repose
Among her golden pillars high,
Among her golden arches which
Shine upon the starry sky *Ib*

For a tear is an intellectual thing,
And a sigh is the sword of an Angel King,
And the bitter groan of the martyr's woe
Is an arrow from the Almighty's bow *Ib* f 52

He who would do good to another must do it in Minute Particulars
General Good is the plea of the scoundrel, hypocrite, and flatterer,
For Art and Science cannot exist but in minutely organized Particulars *Ib* f 55, l 54

I give you the end of a golden string,
Only wind it into a ball,
It will lead you in at Heaven's gate,
Built in Jerusalem's wall *Ib* f 77

O ye Religious, discountenance every one among you who shall pretend to despise Art and Science! *Ib*

Let every Christian, as much as in him lies, engage himself openly and publicly, before all the World, in some mental pursuit for the Building up of Jerusalem *Ib*

England! awake! awake! awake!
Jerusalem thy sister calls!
Why wilt thou sleep the sleep of death,
And close her from thy ancient walls? *Ib*

And now the time returns again
Our souls exult, and London's towers
Receive the Lamb of God to dwell
In England's green and pleasant bowers *Ib*

I care not whether a man is Good or Evil, all that I care

Is whether he is a Wise man or a Fool. Go! put off Holiness,
And put on Intellect *Jerusalem*, f 91

Father, O father! what do we here
In this land of unbelief and fear?
The Land of Dreams is better far,
Above the light of the morning star
The Land of Dreams

Little Mary Bell had a Fairy in a nut,
Long John Brown had the Devil in his gut
Long John Brown and Little Mary Bell

Energy is Eternal Delight
Marriage of Heaven and Hell The Voice of the Devil

The reason Milton wrote in fetters when he wrote of Angels and God, and at liberty when of Devils and Hell, is because he was a true Poet, and of the Devil's party without knowing it *Ib* note

The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom
Ib Proverbs of Hell

Prudence is a rich, ugly, old maid courted by Incapacity *Ib*

He who desires but acts not, breeds pestilence *Ib*

A fool sees not the same tree that a wise man sees *Ib*

Eternity is in love with the productions of time *Ib*

Bring out number, weight, and measure in a year of dearth *Ib*

If the fool would persist in his folly he would become wise *Ib*

Prisons are built with stones of Law, brothels with bricks of Religion *Ib*

The pride of the peacock is the glory of God
The lust of the goat is the bounty of God
The wrath of the lion is the wisdom of God
The nakedness of woman is the work of God *Ib*

The tigers of wrath are wiser than the horses of instruction *Ib*

Damn braces Bless relaxes *Ib*

Sooner murder an infant in its cradle than nurse unacted desires *Ib*

Truth can never be told so as to be understood, and not be believ'd *Ib*

Then I asked 'Does a firm persuasion that a thing is so, make it so?'
He replied 'All Poets believe that it does, and in ages of imagination this firm persuasion removed mountains, but many are not capable of a firm persuasion of anything' *Ib A Memorable Fancy*

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?

And did the Countenance Divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark Satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!

I will not cease from Mental Fight,
Nor shall my Sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem,
In England's green & pleasant Land
Milton, preface

He has observ'd the golden rule,
Till he's become the golden fool
Miscellaneous Epigrams II

Wondrous the gods, more wondrous are the men,
More wondrous, wondrous still, the cock and hen,
More wondrous still the table, stool and chair,
But oh! more wondrous still the charming fair
Ib XIII *Imitation of Pope*

To Chloe's breast young Cupid slyly stole,
But he crept in at Myra's pocket-hole *Ib* XV.

Mock on, mock on, Voltaire, Rousseau;
Mock on, mock on, 'tis all in vain!
You throw the sand against the wind,
And the wind blows it back again
Mock on, mock on, Voltaire

Whether on Ida's shady brow,
Or in the chambers of the East,
The chambers of the sun, that now
From ancient melody have ceas'd,

Whether in Heaven ye wander fair,
Or the green corners of the earth,
Or the blue regions of the air
Where the melodious winds have birth,

Whether on crystal rocks ye rove,
Beneath the bosom of the sea
Wand'ring in many a coral grove,
Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry!

How have you left the ancient love
That bards of old enjoy'd in you!
The languid strings do scarcely move!
The sound is forc'd, the notes are few!
To the Muses

My Spectre around me night and day
Like a wild beast guards my way,
My Emanation far within
Weeps incessantly for my sin.
My Spectre around Me Night and Day, I

And throughout all Eternity
I forgive you, you forgive me
As our dear Redeemer said
'This the Wine, and this the Bread.' *Ib* XIV.

Never seek to tell thy love,
Love that never told can be,
For the gentle wind does move
Silently, invisibly *Never Seek to Tell Thy Love.*

Soon as she was gone from me,
A traveller came by,
Silently, invisibly
He took her with a sigh *Ib.*

Hear the voice of the Bard!
Who present, past, and future sees
Songs of Experience, introduction.

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? and what dread feet?

What the hammer? What the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye,
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry? *Ib The Tiger*

Love seeketh not itself to please,
Nor for itself hath any care,
But for another gives its ease,
And builds a Heaven in Hell's despair
Ib The Clod and the Pebble

Love seeketh only Self to please,
To bind another to its delight,
Joys in another's loss of ease,
And builds a Hell in Heaven's despite *Ib.*

Then the Parson might preach, and drink, and sing,
And we'd be as happy as birds in the spring,
And modest Dame Lurch, who is always at church,
Would not have bandy children, nor fasting, nor birch *Ib. The Little Vagabond*

I was angry with my friend
I told my wrath, my wrath did end
I was angry with my foe
I told it not, my wrath did grow
Ib A Poison Tree

Youth of delight, come hither,
And see the opening morn,
Image of truth new-born
Ib Voice of the Ancient Bard

Ah, Sun-flower! weary of time,
Who countest the steps of the Sun,
Seeking after that sweet golden clime,
Where the traveller's journey is done,

Where the Youth pined away with desire,
And the pale Virgin shrouded in snow,
Arise from their graves and aspire
Where my Sun-flower wishes to go
Ib Ah, Sun-Flower!

My mother groan'd, my father wept,
Into the dangerous world I leapt,
Helpless, naked, piping loud,
Like a fiend hid in a cloud *Ib Infant Sorrow*

Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me.

'Pipe a song about a Lamb!
So I piped with merry cheer
'Piper, pipe that song again,'
So I piped he wept to hear

'Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
Sing thy songs of happy cheer'
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear

'Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book, that all may read'
So he vanish'd from my sight,
And I pluck'd a hollow reed.

And I made a rural pen,
And I stain'd the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear
Songs of Innocence, introduction

Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed,
By the stream and o'er the mead,
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright,
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee
He is callèd by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb,
He is meek, and He is mild,
He became a little child
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are callèd by His name
Little Lamb, God bless thee!
Little Lamb, God bless thee! *Ib The Lamb*

How sweet is the Shepherd's sweet lot!
Ib The Shepherd

'I have no name
I am but two days old'
What shall I call thee?
'I happy am,
Joy is my name'
Sweet joy befall thee! *Ib Infant Joy*

My mother bore me in the southern wild,
And I am black, but O! my soul is white,
White as an angel is the English child,
But I am black, as if bereav'd of light
Ib The Little Black Boy

When the voices of children are heard on the green,
And laughing is heard on the hill *Ib Nurse's Song*

'Twas on a Holy Thursday, their innocent faces clean,
The children walking two and two, in red and blue and green *Ib Holy Thursday*

Then cherish pity, lest you drive an angel from your door

When my mother died I was very young,
And my father sold me while yet my tongue
Could scarcely cry, "'weep! 'weep! 'weep! 'weep!'
So your chimneys I sweep, and in soot I sleep
Ib The Chimney Sweeper.

To Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love
All pray in their distress *Ib The Divine Image.*

For Mercy has a human heart,
Pity a human face,
And Love, the human form divine,
And Peace, the human dress *Ib*

And there the lion's ruddy eyes
Shall flow with tears of gold,
And pitying the tender cries,
And walking round the fold,
Saying, 'Wrath, by His meekness,
And, by His health, sickness,
Is driven away
From our immortal day' *Ib Night*

Can I see another's woe,
And not be in sorrow too?
Can I see another's grief,
And not seek for kind relief?
Ib On Another's Sorrow

Cruelty has a human heart,
And Jealousy a human face,
Terror the human form divine,
And Secrecy the human dress
Appendix to Songs of Innocence and of Experience A Divine Image

Good English hospitality, O then it did not fail!
Songs from an Island in the Moon, xi

SUSANNA BLAMIRE

1747–1794

And ye shall walk in silk attire,
And siller ha'e to spare *The Siller Crown*

PHILIPP BLISS

1838–1876

Hold the fort, for I am coming'
The Charm Ho, My Comrades, See the Signal!

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD

1766–1823

Strange to the world, he wore a bashful look,
The Fields his study, Nature was his book
Farmer's Boy Spring, l 31

HENRY BLOSSOM

1866–1919

I want what I want when I want it
Title of song in Mlle Modiste

EDMUND CHARLES BLUNDEN

1896–

All things they have in common, being so poor
The Almswomen

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT

1840–1922

I would not, if I could, be called a poet
I have no natural love of the 'chaste muse'
If aught be worth the doing I would do it,
And others, if they will, may tell the news
Love Sonnets, xcv

I like the hunting of the hare
Better than that of the fox *The Old Squire*

I like to be as my fathers were,
In the days e'er I was born *Ib*

To-day, all day, I rode upon the Down,
With hounds and horsemen, a brave company
St Valentine's Day.

Your face my quarry was For it I rode,
My horse a thing of wings, myself a god *Ib*

J E BODE

1816–1874

I see the sights that dazzle
The tempting sounds I hear
Hymns from the Gospel for the Day. O Jesus, I Have Promised

HENRY ST. JOHN, VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE

1678–1751

The Idea of a Patriot King *Title of Book*

What a world is this, and how does fortune banter us!
Letter 3 *Aug* 1714

Pests of society, because their endeavours are directed to loosen the bands of it, and to take at least one curb out of the mouth of that wild beast man
Ib 12 *Sept* 1724

Truth lies within a little and certain compass, but error is immense *Reflections upon Exile*

I have read somewhere or other—in Dionysius of Halicarnassus, I think—that History is Philosophy teaching by examples
On the Study of History, letter 2

Nations, like men, have their infancy *Ib* letter 4

They [Thucydides or Xenophon] maintained the dignity of history *Ib* letter 5.

HORATIUS BONAR

1808–1889

A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest,
Asleep within the tomb
Songs for the Wilderness A Few More Years

A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime. *Ib*

BARTON BOOTH

1681–1733

True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun *Song.*

GEORGE BORROW

1803–1881

The author of 'Amelia', the most singular genius which their island ever produced, whose works it has long been the fashion to abuse in public and to read in secret *The Bible in Spain*, ch 1

My favourite, I might say, my only study, is man *Ib* ch 5

The genuine spirit of localism *Ib* ch 31

There are no countries in the world less known by the British than these selfsame British Islands *Lavengro*, preface.

There's night and day, brother, both sweet things, sun, moon, and stars, brother, all sweet things, there's likewise a wind on the heath Life is very sweet, brother, who would wish to die? *Ib* ch 25

There's the wind on the heath, brother, if I could only feel that, I would gladly live for ever *Ib*

A losing trade, I assure you, sir literature is a drug *Ib* ch 30

Good ale, the true and proper drink of Englishmen He is not deserving of the name of Englishman who speaketh against ale, that is good ale *Ib* ch 48

Youth will be served, every dog has his day, and mine has been a fine one *Ib* ch 92

Fear God, and take your own part *The Romany Rye*, ch 16

Tip them Long Melford *Ib*

JOHN COLLINS BOSSIDY

1860–1928

And this is good old Boston,
The home of the bean and the cod,
Where the Lowells talk to the Cabots,
And the Cabots talk only to God
On the Aristocracy of Harvard

GORDON BOTTOMLEY

1874–

When you destroy a blade of grass
You poison England at her roots
Remember no man's foot can pass
Where evermore no green life shoots
To Ironfounders and Others

FRANCIS WILLIAM BOURDILLON

1852–1921

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one,
Yet the light of the bright world dies,
With the dying sun

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one,
Yet the light of a whole life dies,
When love is done *Light*

W. ST. HILL BOURNE

1846–1929

The sower went forth sowing,
The seed in secret slept
Church Bells. The Sower Went Forth Sowing

EDWARD ERNEST BOWEN

1836–1901

Forty years on, when afar and asunder
Parted are those who are singing to-day
Forty Years On Harrow School Song

Follow up! Follow up! Follow up! Follow up!
Follow up!
Till the field ring again and again,
With the tramp of the twenty-two men,
Follow up! *Ib*

FERGUSON BOWEN

1821–1899

The rain it raineth on the just
And also on the unjust fella
But chiefly on the just, because
The unjust steals the just's umbrella
Sichel, Sands of Time

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES

1762–1850

The cause of Freedom is the cause of God!
Edmund Burke, l 78

JOHN BRADFORD

1510?–1555

'But for the grace of God there goes John Bradford'
Exclamation on seeing some criminals taken to execution Dict of Nat Biog

JOHN BRADSHAW

1602–1659

Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God
Supposititious epitaph Randall's Life of Jefferson, vol III, appendix No IV, p 585

JOHN BRAHAM

1774?–1856

England, home and beauty
The Americans (1811) Song, *The Death of Nelson*

HARRY BRAISTED

Nineteenth Century

If you want to win her hand,
Let the maiden understand
That she's not the only pebble on the beach
You're Not the Only Pebble on the Beach

ERNEST BRAMAH

contemporary

It is a mark of insincerity of purpose to spend one's time in looking for the sacred Emperor in the low-class tea-shops
The Wallet of Kai Lung Transmutation of Lang

An expression of no-encouragement
Ib Confession of Kai Lung

The whole narrative is permeated with the odour of joss-sticks and honourable high-mindedness
Ib Kin Yen

However entrancing it is to wander unchecked through a garden of bright images, are we not enticing your mind from another subject of almost equal importance?
Kai Lung's Golden Hours. Story of Hien

REV. JAMES BRAMSTON

1694?–1744

What's not destroy'd by Time's devouring hand?
Where's Troy, and where's the Maypole in the Strand? *Art of Politics*, l 71

RICHARD BRATHWAITE

1588?–1673

To Banbery came I, O profane one!
Where I saw a Puritane-one
Hanging of his cat on Monday,
For killing of a mouse on Sunday
Barnabee's Journal, pt 1

JANE BRERETON

1685–1740

The picture plac'd the busts between,
Adds to the thought much strength,
Wisdom, and wit are little seen,
But folly's at full length
Poems On Mr Nash's Picture at full Length between the Busts of Sir Isaac Newton and Mr Pope [*attr also to Lord Chesterfield*]

NICHOLAS BRETON

1545?–1626?

We rise with the lark and go to bed with the lamb
The Court and Country, par 8

I wish my deadly foe, no worse
Than want of friends, and empty purse
A Farewell to Town

A Mad World, My Masters *Title of Dialogue*, 1635

He is as deaf as a door *Miseries of Mavilia*, v

In the merry month of May,
In a morn by break of day,
Forth I walked by the wood side,
Whenas May was in his pride:
There I spied all alone,
Phillida and Coridon
Much ado there was, God wot,
He would love, and she would not
She said never man was true,
He said, none was false to you
He said, he had lov'd her long,
She said, Love should have no wrong
Coridon would kiss her then,
She said, Maids must kiss no men,
Till they did for good and all *Phillida and Coridon*

Come little babe, come silly soul,
Thy father's shame, thy mother's grief,
Born as I doubt to all our dole,
And to thy self unhappy chief
Sing lullaby and lap it warm,
Poor soul that thinks no creature harm
A Sweet Lullaby

ROBERT BRIDGES

1844–1930

All women born are so perverse
No man need boast their love possessing
All Women Born Are So Perverse

Angel spirits of sleep,
White-robed, with silver hair,
In your meadows fair,
Where the willows weep,
And the sad moonbeam
On the gliding stream
Writes her scattered dream *Angel Spirits of Sleep*

Wanton with long delay the gay spring leaping cometh,
The blackthorn starreth now his bough on the eve of May *April 1885*

Awake, my heart, to be loved, awake, awake!
Awake, My Heart, To Be Loved

Awake, the land is scattered with light, and see,
Uncanopied sleep is flying from field and tree
And blossoming boughs of April in laughter shake
Ib

Clear and gentle stream!
Known and loved so long *Clear and Gentle Stream*

The cliff-top has a carpet
Of lilac, gold and green
The blue sky bounds the ocean,
The white clouds scud between *The Cliff-Top*

Above my head the heaven,
The sea beneath my feet *Ib*

Were I a cloud I'd gather
My skirts up in the air,
And fly I well know whither,
And rest I well know where
Ib The Ocean

Wherefore tonight so full of care,
My soul, revolving hopeless strife,
Pointing at hindrance, and the bare
Painful escapes of fitful life? *Dejection*

O soul, be patient thou shalt find
A little matter mend all this,
Some strain of music to thy mind,
Some praise for skill not spent amiss *Ib*

I praise my days for all they bring,
Yet are they only not enough *Ib.*

O bold majestic downs, smooth, fair and lonely,
O still solitude, only matched in the skies
Perilous in steep places,
Soft in the level races *The Downs*

Gay Robin is seen no more
He is gone with the snow
Gay Robin Is Seen No More

The whole world now is but the minister
Of thee to me *Growth of Love*, 3

That old feud
'Twixt things and me is quash'd in our new truce
Ib

The very names of things belov'd are dear,
And sounds will gather beauty from their sense,
As many a face thro' love's long residence
Groweth to fair instead of plain and sere *Ib* 4

Thus may I think the adopting Muses chose
Their sons by name, knowing none would be heard
Or writ so oft in all the world as those,—
Dan Chaucer, mighty Shakespeare, then for third
The classic Milton, and to us arose
Shelley with liquid music in the word *Ib.*

And hither tempt the pilgrim steps of spring *Ib* 6.

Beauty being the best of all we know
Sums up the unsearchable and secret aims
Of nature *Ib* 8

Winter was not unkind because uncouth,
His prison'd time made me a closer guest,
And gave thy graciousness a warmer zest,
Biting all else with keen and angry tooth *Ib* 10

There's many a would-be poet at this hour,
Rhymes of a love that he hath never woo'd,
And o'er his lamp-lit desk in solitude
Deems that he sitteth in the Muses' bower *Ib* 11

So none of all our company, I boast,
But now would mock my penning, coud they see
How down the right it maps a jagged coast *Ib.*

Lo, Shakespeare, since thy time nature is loth
To yield to art her fair supremacy,
In conquering one thou hast so enrichèd both
What shall I say? for God—whose wise decree
Confirmeth all He did by all He doth—
Doubled His whole creation making thee *Ib* 21

I would be a bird, and straight on wings I arise,
And carry purpose up to the ends of the air *Ib* 22

O my uncared-for songs, what are ye worth,
That in my secret book with so much care
I write you, this one here and that one there,
Marking the time and order of your birth? *Ib* 51

The dark and serious angel, who so long
Vex'd his immortal strength in charge of me *Ib* 61

What make ye and what strive for? keep ye thought
Of us, or in new excellence divine
Is old forgot? or do ye count for nought
What the Greek did and what the Florentine? *Ib* 64.

Ah heavenly joy! But who hath ever heard,
Who hath seen joy, or who shall ever find
Joy's language? There is neither speech nor word,
Nought but itself to teach it to mankind. *Ib* 65

Eternal Father, who didst all create,
In whom we live, and to whose bosom move,
To all men be Thy name known, which is Love,
Till its loud praises sound at heaven's high gate
Ib 69

Christ with His lamp of truth
Sitteth upon the hill
Of everlasting youth,
And calls His saints around *Hymn of Nature*, v

Gird on thy sword, O man, thy strength endue,
In fair desire thine earth-born joy renew
Live thou thy life beneath the making sun
Till Beauty, Truth, and Love in thee are one
Ib vii

And every eve I say,
Noting my step in bliss,
That I have known no day
In all my life like this. *The Idle Life I Lead*

I have loved flowers that fade,
Within whose magic tents
Rich hues have marriage made
With sweet unmemoried scents
I Have Loved Flowers That Fade

I heard a linnet courting
His lady in the spring
His mates were idly sporting,
Nor stayed to hear him sing
His song of love —
I fear my speech distorting
His tender love *I Heard a Linnet Courting*

I love all beauteous things,
I seek and adore them;
God hath no better praise,
And man in his hasty days
Is honoured for them.

I too will something make
And joy in the making,
Altho' tomorrow it seem
Like the empty words of a dream
Remembered on waking
I Love All Beauteous Things

I made another song,
In likeness of my love
And sang it all day long,
Around, beneath, above
I told my secret out,
That none might be in doubt *I Made Another Song*

I never shall love the snow again
Since Maurice died
I Never Shall Love the Snow Again

I will not let thee go
Ends all our month-long love in this?
Can it be summed up so,
Quit in a single kiss?
I will not let thee go *I Will Not Let Thee Go*

I will not let thee go.
Had not the great sun seen, I might,
Or were he reckoned slow
To bring the false to light,
Then might I let thee go *Ib.*

Thou sayest farewell, and lo!
I have thee by the hands,
And will not let thee go. *Ib.*

When men were all asleep the snow came flying,
In large white flakes falling on the city brown,
Stealthily and perpetually settling and loosely lying
London Snow

'O look at the trees!' they cried, 'O look at the trees!'
Ib.

My delight and thy delight
Walking, like two angels white,
In the gardens of the night
My Delight and Thy Delight

My eyes for beauty pine,
My soul for Goddes grace
My Eyes for Beauty Pine

Beautiful must be the mountains whence ye come,
And bright in the fruitful valleys the streams, wherefrom
Ye learn your song
Where are those starry woods? O might I wander there,
Among the flowers, which in that heavenly air
Bloom the year long! *Nightingales.*

Nay, barren are those mountains and spent the streams
Our song is the voice of desire, that haunts our dreams,
A throe of the heart *Ib*

As night is withdrawn
From these sweet-springing meads and bursting boughs of May,
Dream, while the innumerable choir of day
Welcome the dawn *Ib*

Rejoice ye dead, where'er your spirits dwell,
Rejoice that yet on earth your fame is bright,
And that your names, remembered day and night,
Live on the lips of those who love you well
Ode to Music.

Perfect little body, without fault or stain on thee,
With promise of strength and manhood full and fair!
On a Dead Child.

He
Must gather his faith together, and his strength make stronger. *Ib*

O youth whose hope is high,
Who dost to Truth aspire,
Whether thou live or die,
O look not back nor tire
O Youth Whose Hope is High

If thou canst Death defy,
If thy Faith is entire,
Press onward, for thine eye
Shall see thy heart's desire *Ib*

Whither, O splendid ship, thy white sails crowding,
Leaning across the bosom of the urgent West,
That fearest nor sea rising, nor sky clouding,
Whither away, fair rover, and what thy quest?
A Passer-By

Days, that the thought of grief refuse,
Days that are one with human art,
Worthy of the Virgilian muse,
Fit for the gaiety of Mozart
The Sea Keeps not the Sabbath Day

Since to be loved endures,
To love is wise
Earth hath no good but yours,
Brave, joyful eyes
Earth hath no sin but thine,
Dull eye of scorn
O'er thee the sun doth pine
And angels mourn *Since to be Loved Endures*

So sweet love seemed that April morn,
When first we kissed beside the thorn,
So strangely sweet, it was not strange
We thought that love could never change

But I can tell—let truth be told—
That love will change in growing old,
Though day by day is nought to see,
So delicate his motions be.
So Sweet Love Seemed

I wonder, bathed in joy complete,
How love so young could be so sweet. *Ib*

Back on budding boughs
Come birds, to court and pair,
Whose rival amorous vows
Amaze the scented air. *Spring*, ode 1

And country life I praise,
And lead, because I find
The philosophic mind
Can take no middle ways. *Ib* 7

With ecstasies so sweet
As none can even guess,
Who walk not with the feet
Of joy in idleness. *Ib* 10

Spring goeth all in white,
Crowned with milk-white may.
In fleecy flocks of light
O'er heaven the white clouds stray

White butterflies in the air,
White daisies prank the ground:
The cherry and hoary pear
Scatter their snow around.
Spring Goeth All in White

There is a hill beside the silver Thames,
Shady with birch and beech and odorous pine.
And brilliant underfoot with thousand gems
Steeply the thickets to his floods decline
There is a Hill.

Nor this the only time
Thou shalt set love to rhyme
Thou Didst Delight My Eyes

Fight, to be found fighting nor far away
Deem, nor strange thy doom.
Like this sorrow 'twill come,
And the day will be today.
Weep Not To-Day.

When Death to either shall come,—
I pray it be first to me,—
Be happy as ever at home,
If so, as I wish, it be
Possess thy heart, my own,
And sing to the child on thy knee,
Or read to thyself alone
The songs that I made for thee
When Death to Either Shall Come.

When first we met we did not guess
That Love would prove so hard a master
When First We Met We Did Not Guess

When June is come, then all the day
I'll sit with my love in the scented hay
And watch the sunshot palaces high,
That the white clouds build in the breezy sky
When June is Come

That
Sheep-worry of Europe. (Napoleon)
Wintry Delights, l 121

JOHN BRIGHT

1811–1889

The knowledge of the ancient languages is mainly a luxury *Letter in Pall Mall Gaz 30 Nov 1886*

The angel of death has been abroad throughout the land, you may almost hear the beating of his wings
Speech House of Commons, 23 Feb 1855

I am for 'Peace, retrenchment, and reform', the watchword of the great Liberal party 30 years ago
Ib Birmingham, 28 April 1859

England is the mother of Parliaments
Ib 18 Jan 1865.

The right hon Gentleman has retired into what may be called his political Cave of Adullam—and he has called about him every one that was in distress and every one that was discontented
Ib House of Commons, 13 Mar. 1866.

This party of two is like the Scotch terrier that was so covered with hair that you could not tell which was the head and which was the tail. *Ib*

Force is not a remedy *Ib Birmingham, 16 Nov. 1880*

ALEXANDER BROME

1620–1666

Something there is moves me to love, and I
Do know I love, but know not how, nor why
Love's without Reason, v

I have been in love, and in debt, and in drink,
This many and many a year *The Mad Lover*, l 1

RICHARD BROME

–1652?

You rose o' the wrong side today
The Court-Beggar, Act II

I am a gentleman, though spoiled i' the breeding
The Buzzards are all gentlemen We came in with the Conqueror *English Moor*, III ii

J BROMFIELD

fl 1840

'Tis a very good world we live in,
To spend, and to lend, and to give in,
But to beg, or to borrow, or ask for our own,
'Tis the very worst world that ever was known
The Gatherer, The Mirror, 12 Sept 1840

ISAAC HILL BROMLEY

1833–1898

Conductor, when you receive a fare,
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!—
Punch, brothers! Punch with care!
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!
Punch, Brother, Punch N G Osborn's 'Isaac H Bromley'

J. H BROMLEY

Nineteenth Century

John A. Logan is the Head Centre, the Hub, the King Pin, the Main Spring, Mogul, and Mugwump of the final plot.
New York Tribune, 16 Feb 1877

ANNE BRONTE

1820–1849

Oh, I am very weary,
Though tears no longer flow,
My eyes are tired of weeping,
My heart is sick of woe. *Appeal*

Because the road is rough and long,
Shall we despise the skylark's song? *Views of Life*

CHARLOTTE BRONTE

1816–1855

Reader, I married him *Jane Eyre*, ch 38

Alfred and I intended to be married in this way almost from the first, we never meant to be spliced in the humdrum way of other people *Villette*, ch 42

EMILY BRONTE

1818–1848

No coward soul is mine,
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere
I see Heaven's glories shine,
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear
Last Lines.

O God within my breast,
Almighty! ever-present Deity!
Life—that in me has rest,
As I—undying Life—have power in Thee! *Ib*

Vain are the thousand creeds
That move men's hearts unutterably vain,
Worthless as withered weeds,
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main *Ib*

So surely anchor'd on
The stedfast rock of immortality *Ib*

Though earth and man were gone,
And suns and universes ceased to be,
And Thou wert left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee *Ib*

There is not room for Death,
Nor atom that his might could render void
Thou—THOU art Being and Breath,
And what THOU art may never be destroy'd *Ib.*

Oh! dreadful is the check—intense the agony—
When the ear begins to hear, and the eye begins to see,
When the pulse begins to throb, the brain to think again,
The soul to feel the flesh, and the flesh to feel the chain
The Prisoner

Cold in the earth—and fifteen wild Decembers,
From those brown hills, have melted into spring
Remembrance.

I lingered round them, under that benign sky watched the moths fluttering among the heath and hare-bells, listened to the soft wind breathing through the grass, and wondered how any one could ever imagine unquiet slumbers for the sleepers in that quiet earth
Wuthering Heights Last Words

HENRY BROOKE

1703?–1783

For righteous monarchs,
Justly to judge, with their own eyes should see,
To rule o'er freemen, should themselves be free
Earl of Essex, I [parodied by Dr. Johnson]

RUPERT BROOKE

1887–1915

The hawthorn hedge puts forth its buds,
And my heart puts forth its pain
All Suddenly the Spring Comes Soft

And I shall find some girl perhaps,
And a better one than you,
With eyes as wise, but kindlier,
And lips as soft, but true
And I daresay she will do *The Chilterns*

Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold
These laid the world away, poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth, gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhoped serene,
That men call age, and those who would have been,
Their sons, they gave, their immortality
The Dead

Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,
And paid his subjects with a royal wage,
And Nobleness walks in our ways again,
And we have come into our heritage *Ib*

The cool kindliness of sheets, that soon
Smooth away trouble, and the rough male kiss of blankets. *The Great Lover*

The benison of hot water *Ib*

Fish say, they have their stream and pond,
But is there anything beyond? *Heaven*

One may not doubt that, somehow, good
Shall come of water and of mud,
And, sure, the reverent eye must see
A purpose in liquidity. *Ib*

But somewhere, beyond space and time,
Is wetter water, slimier slime! *Ib*

Immense, of fishy form and mind,
Squamous, omnipotent, and kind,
And under that Almighty Fin,
The littlest fish may enter in *Ib*

Oh! never fly conceals a hook,
Fish say, in the Eternal Brook,
But more than mundane weeds are there,
And mud, celestially fair *Ib*

Unfading moths, immortal flies,
And the worm that never dies
And in that Heaven of all their wish,
There shall be no more land, say fish. *Ib*

Breathless, we flung us on the windy hill,
Laughed in the sun, and kissed the lovely grass
The Hill

—And then you suddenly cried, and turned away
Ib

With snuffle and sniff and handkerchief,
And dim and decorous mirth,
With ham and sherry, they'll meet to bury
The lordliest lass of earth
Lines Written in the Belief that the Ancient Roman Festival of the Dead was called Ambarvalia

Spend in pure converse our eternal day;
Think each in each, immediately wise,
Learn all we lacked before, hear, know, and say
What this tumultuous body now denies,
And feel, who have laid our groping hands away,
And see, no longer blinded by our eyes
Not With Vain Tears

Oh! Death will find me, long before I tire
Of watching you, and swing me suddenly
Into the shade and loneliness and mire
Of the last land! *Oh! Death Will Find Me.*

Oh! there the chestnuts, summer through,
Beside the river make for you
A tunnel of green gloom, and sleep
Deeply above. *The Old Vicarage, Grantchester*

Here tulips bloom as they are told,
Unkempt about those hedges blows
An English unofficial rose *Ib*

And there the unregulated sun
Slopes down to rest when day is done,
And wakes a vague unpunctual star
A slippered Hesper. *Ib*

Curates, long dust, will come and go
On lissom, clerical, printless toe,
And oft between the boughs is seen
The sly shade of a Rural Dean *Ib*

God! I will pack, and take a train,
And get me to England once again!
For England's the one land, I know,
Where men with splendid hearts may go,
And Cambridgeshire, of all England,
The shire for men who understand,
And of *that* district I prefer
The lovely hamlet Grantchester *Ib*

For Cambridge people rarely smile,
Being urban, squat, and packed with guile *Ib*

They love the Good, they worship Truth,
They laugh uproariously in youth,
(And when they get to feeling old,
They up and shoot themselves, I'm told) *Ib*

Stands the Church clock at ten to three?
And is there honey still for tea? *Ib*

Now, God be thanked Who has matched us with His hour,
And caught our youth, and wakened us from sleeping
Peace

Leave the sick hearts that honour could not move,
And half-men, and their dirty songs and dreary,
And all the little emptiness of love *Ib*

Naught broken save this body, lost but breath,
Nothing to shake the laughing heart's long peace there
But only agony, and that has ending,
And the worst friend and enemy is but Death *Ib*

Safe shall be my going,
Secretly armed against all death's endeavour,
Safe though all safety's lost, safe where men fall,
And if these poor limbs die, safest of all *Safety*

Some white tremendous daybreak *Second Best*

If I should die, think only this of me
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed,
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home
And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given
Her sights and sounds, dreams happy as her day,
And laughter, learnt of friends, and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven
The Soldier

But there's wisdom in women, of more than they have known,
And thoughts go blowing through them, are wiser than their own *There's Wisdom in Women*

And there's an end, I think, of kissing,
When our mouths are one with Mouth
Tiare Tahiti

PHILLIPS BROOKS

1835–1893

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie,
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by
The Church Porch O Little Town of Bethlehem

Yet in the dark streets shineth
The everlasting light,
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night *Ib*

THOMAS BROOKS

1608–1680

For (magna est veritas & prævalebit) great is truth, & shall prevail
The Crown and Glory of Christianity, 1662, p 407

ROBERT BARNABAS BROUGH

1828–1860

My Lord Tomnoddy is thirty-four,
The Earl can last but a few years more
My Lord in the Peers will take his place
Her Majesty's councils his words will grace
Office he'll hold and patronage sway,
Fortunes and lives he will vote away,
And what are his qualifications?—ONE!
He's the Earl of Fitzdotterel's eldest son
My Lord Tomnoddy

LORD BROUGHAM

1778–1868

In my mind, he was guilty of no error,—he was chargeable with no exaggeration,—he was betrayed by his fancy into no metaphor, who once said, that all we see about us, Kings, Lords, and Commons, the whole machinery of the State, all the apparatus of the system, and its varied workings, end in simply bringing twelve good men into a box
Speech on the Present State of the Law, 7 Feb 1828, p 5

Look out, gentlemen, the schoolmaster is abroad!
Attr to Speech, London Mechanics' Institute 1825

Education makes a people easy to lead, but difficult to drive, easy to govern, but impossible to enslave
Attr

JOHN BROWN

1715–1766

Truth's sacred Fort th' exploded laugh shall win;
And Coxcombs vanquish Berkley by a grin
Essay on Satire On the Death of Pope, l 223

Altogether upon the high horse
Letter to Garrick, 27 Oct 1765 Correspondence of Garrick (1831), vol 1, p 205.

JOHN BROWN

1800–1859

I, John Brown, am now quite certain that the crimes of this guilty land will never be purged away but with blood *Last Statement, 2 Dec 1859 R J Hinton, John Brown and His Men*

THOMAS BROWN

1663–1704

In the reign of King Charles the Second, a certain worthy Divine at Whitehall, thus address'd himself to the auditory at the conclusion of his sermon 'In short, if you don't live up to the precepts of the Gospel, but abandon your selves to your irregular appetites, you must expect to receive your reward in a certain place, which 'tis not good manners to mention here' *Lacon ics*

A little before you made a leap into the dark
Letters from the Dead

I do not love you Dr Fell,
But why I cannot tell,
But this I know full well,
I do not love you, Dr Fell
[tr of *Martial, Epigrams*, 1 32] *Wks* 1719, vol IV 113

THOMAS EDWARD BROWN

1830–1897

O blackbird, what a boy you are!
How you do go it *The Blackbird*

Money is honey—my little sonny!
And a rich man's joke is allis funny! *The Doctor*

A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
My Garden

Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign,
'Tis very sure God walks in mine *Ib*

CHARLES FARRAR BROWNE

see ARTEMUS WARD

SIR THOMAS BROWNE

1605–1682

He who discommendeth others obliquely commendeth himself
Christian Morals, pt 1, § XXXIV

That unextinguishable laugh in heaven
Cyrus' Garden, ch 2

Life itself is but the shadow of death, and souls departed but the shadows of the living All things fall under this name The sun itself is but the dark *simulacrum*, and light but the shadow of God
Ib ch 4

Flat and flexible truths are beat out by every hammer, but Vulcan and his whole forge sweat to work out Achilles his armour *Ib* ch 5

But the quincunx of heaven runs low, and 'tis time to close the five ports of knowledge *Ib*

All things began in order, so shall they end, and so shall they begin again, according to the ordainer of order and mystical mathematics of the city of heaven *Ib*

Though Somnus in Homer be sent to rouse up Agamemnon, I find no such effects in these drowsy approaches of sleep To keep our eyes open longer were but to act our Antipodes The huntsmen are up in America, and they are already past their first sleep in Persia But who can be drowsy at that hour which freed us from everlasting sleep? or have slumbering thoughts at that time, when sleep itself must end, and, as some conjecture, all shall awake again? *Ib*

I dare, without usurpation, assume the honourable style of a Christian *Religio Medici*, pt 1, § 1

At my devotion I love to use the civility of my knee, my hat, and hand *Ib* § 3

I could never divide my self from any man upon the difference of an opinion, or be angry with his judgment for not agreeing with me in that, from which perhaps within a few days I should dissent my self *Ib* § 6

Many .. have too rashly charged the troops of error, and remain as trophies unto the enemies of truth
Ib

A man may be in as just possession of truth as of a city, and yet be forced to surrender *Ib*

Me thinks there be not impossibilities enough in Religion for an active faith *Ib* § 9

Who can speak of eternity without a solecism, or think thereof without an ecstasy? Time we may comprehend, 'tis but five days elder than ourselves
Ib § 11

I have often admired the mystical way of Pythagoras, and the secret magic of numbers. *Ib* § 12

We carry within us the wonders, we seek without us There is all Africa, and her prodigies in us
Ib § 15

All things are artificial, for nature is the art of God
Ib § 16

'Twill be hard to find one that deserves to carry the buckler unto Samson *Ib* § 21

Obstinacy in a bad cause, is but constancy in a good
Ib § 25

Persecution is a bad and indirect way to plant religion
Ib

There are many (questionless) canonized on earth, that shall never be Saints in Heaven. *Ib* § 26

Not pickt from the leaves of any author, but bred amongst the weeds and tares of mine own brain
Ib § 35

This reasonable moderator and equal piece of justice, Death *Ib* § 37

I am not so much afraid of death, as ashamed thereof, 'tis the very disgrace and ignominy of our natures
Ib § 39

Certainly there is no happiness within this circle of flesh, nor is it in the optics of these eyes to behold felicity, the first day of our Jubilee is death
Ib § 43

I have tried if I could reach that great resolution to be honest without a thought of Heaven or Hell
Ib § 46

To believe only possibilities, is not faith, but mere Philosophy *Ib* § 46

There is no road or ready way to virtue *Ib* § 53

My desires only are, and I shall be happy therein, to be but the last man, and bring up the rear in heaven *Ib* § 57

I am of a constitution so general, that it consorts and sympathiseth with all things I have no antipathy, or rather idiosyncrasy, in diet, humour, air, any thing *Ib* pt II, § 1

I feel not in myself those common antipathies that I can discover in others, those national repugnances do not touch me, nor do I behold with prejudice the French, Italian, Spaniard, or Dutch, but where I find their actions in balance with my countrymen's, I honour, love and embrace them in the same degree *Religio Medici*, pt II, § 1

All places, all airs make unto me one country, I am in England, everywhere, and under any meridian *Ib.*

It is the common wonder of all men, how among so many millions of faces, there should be none alike *Ib* § 2.

No man can justly censure or condemn another, because indeed no man truly knows another *Ib* § 4

Charity begins at home, is the voice of the world *Ib*

Sure there is music even in the beauty, and the silent note which Cupid strikes, far sweeter than the sound of an instrument For there is a music wherever there is a harmony, order or proportion, and thus far we may maintain the music of the spheres, for those well ordered motions, and regular paces, though they give no sound unto the ear, yet to the understanding they strike a note most full of harmony *Ib* § 9

For even that vulgar and tavern music, which makes one man merry, another mad, strikes in me a deep fit of devotion, and a profound contemplation of the first Composer, there is something in it of divinity more than the ear discovers *Ib*

We all labour against our own cure, for death is the cure of all diseases *Ib*

For the world, I count it not an inn, but an hospital, and a place, not to live, but to die in *Ib* § 12

There is surely a piece of divinity in us, something that was before the elements, and owes no homage unto the sun *Ib*

[Sleep is] in fine, so like death, I dare not trust it without my prayers *Ib* § 13

Sleep is a death, O make me try,
By sleeping what it is to die
And as gently lay my head
On my grave, as now my bed *Ib*

Conclude in a moist relentment *Urn Burial*, ch 1

With rich flames, and hired tears, they solemnized their obsequies *Ib* ch 3

Hercules is not only known by his foot *Ib*

Men have lost their reason in nothing so much as their religion, wherein stones and clouts make martyrs. *Ib* ch 4

They carried them out of the world with their feet forward *Ib*

Were the happiness of the next world as closely apprehended as the felicities of this, it were a martyrdom to live *Ib*

These dead bones have quietly rested under the drums and tramplings of three conquests *Ib.* ch 5

Time, which antiquates antiquities, and hath an art to make dust of all things, hath yet spared these minor monuments *Ib*

The long habit of living indisposeth us for dying *Ib*

Misery makes Alcmena's nights *Ib*

What song the Syrens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women. *Ib*

Circles and right lines limit and close all bodies, and the mortal right-lined circle, must conclude and shut up all *Ib*

Old families last not three oaks *Ib*

To be nameless in worthy deeds exceeds an infamous history. *Ib*

But the inequity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. *Ib*

Herostratus lives that burnt the Temple of Diana—he is almost lost that built it *Ib*

The night of time far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the equinox? *Ib*

Mummy is become merchandise, Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams *Ib*

Man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave. *Ib*

Ready to be any thing, in the ecstasy of being ever, and as content with six foot as the *moles* of Adrianus *Ib*

WILLIAM BROWNE

1591–1643

And all the former causes of her moan
Did therewith bury in oblivion
Britannia's Pastorals, bk 1, Song 2

Well languag'd Daniel *Ib* bk II, Song 2

Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother,
Death! ere thou hast slain another,
Fair and learn'd, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee
Epitaph On the Countess of Pembroke.

May! Be thou never grac'd with birds that sing,
Nor Flora's pride!
In thee all flowers and roses spring,
Mine only died *In Obitum M S v° Maij*

SIR WILLIAM BROWNE

1692–1774

The King to Oxford sent a troop of horse,
For Tories own no argument but force
With equal skill to Cambridge books he sent,
For Whigs admit no force but argument
Reply to Trapp's epigram 'The King, observing with judicious eyes,' *q v*
Nichols' Literary Anecdotes, vol II, p 330

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

1806–1861

Here's God down on us! what are you about?
How all those workers start amid their work,
Look round, look up, and feel, a moment's space,
That carpet-dusting, though a pretty trade,
Is not the imperative labour after all,
Aurora Leigh, bk i.

Near all the birds
Will sing at dawn,—and yet we do not take
The chaffering swallow for the holy lark *Ib*

God answers sharp and sudden on some prayers,
And thrusts the thing we have prayed for in our face,
A gauntlet with a gift in 't *Ib* bk ii

The music soars within the little lark,
And the lark soars *Ib* bk iii

I think it frets the saints in heaven to see
How many desolate creatures on the earth
Have learnt the simple dues of fellowship
And social comfort, in a hospital *Ib*

Now may the good God pardon all good men!
Ib bk iv

Since when was genius found respectable? *Ib* bk vi

The devil's most devilish when respectable
Ib bk vii

Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God,
But only he who sees, takes off his shoes,
The rest sit round it and pluck blackberries,
And daub their natural faces unaware
More and more from the first similitude *Ib.*

'Jasper first,' I said,
'And second sapphire, third chalcedony,
The rest in order,—last an amethyst' *Ib* bk ix

Speak low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet
From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low,
Lest I should fear and fall, and miss Thee so
Who art not missed by any that entreat *Comfort*

O poets, from a maniac's tongue was poured the deathless singing!
O Christians, at your cross of hope, a hopeless hand was clinging!
O men, this man in brotherhood your weary paths beguiling,
Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and died while ye were smiling *Cowper's Grave*

And kings crept out again to feel the sun
Crowned and Buried

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
The Cry of the Children

But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free *Ib.*

And lips say, 'God be pitiful,'
Who ne'er said, 'God be praised'
Cry of the Human

Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west, *Toll slowly*
And I smiled to think God's greatness flowed around our incompleteness,—
Round our restlessness, His rest
Rime of the Duchess May, last stanza

Thou large-brained woman and large-hearted man
To George Sand A Desire

Or from Browning some 'Pomegranate', which, if cut deep down the middle,
Shows a heart within blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*, xli

By thunders of white silence, overthrown
Hiram Power's Greek Slave.

'Yes,' I answered you last night,
'No,' this morning, sir, I say
Colours seen by candle-light
Will not look the same by day *The Lady's Yes.*

In the pleasant orchard closes,
'God bless all our gains,' say we,
But 'May God bless all our losses,'
Better suits with our degree *The Lost Bower*

What was he doing, the great god Pan,
Down in the reeds by the river?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat
With the dragon-fly on the river
A Musical Instrument

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,
To laugh as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain,—
For the reed which grows nevermore again
As a reed with the reeds in the river. *Ib*

And her smile, it seems half holy,
As if drawn from thoughts more far
Than our common jestings are

And if any poet knew her,
He would sing of her with falls
Used in lovely madrigals *A Portrait*

God keeps a niche
In Heaven, to hold our idols, and albeit
He brake them to our faces, and denied
That our close kisses should impair their white,—
I know we shall behold them raised, complete,
The dust swept from their beauty,—glorified,
New Memnons singing in the great God-light
Sonnets Futurity.

I tell you, hopeless grief is passionless
Sonnets Grief

Straightway I was 'ware,
So weeping, how a mystic shape did move
Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair,
And a voice said in mastery while I strove, .
'Guess now who holds thee?'—'Death', I said, but there
The silver answer rang, . . . 'Not Death, but Love'
Sonnets from the Portuguese, i.

The face of all the world is changed, I think,
Since first I heard the footsteps of thy soul
Move still, oh, still, beside me, as they stole
Betwixt me and the dreadful outer brink
Of obvious death, where I, who thought to sink,
Was caught up into love, and taught the whole
Of a new rhythm *Ib.* 7.

If thou must love me, let it be for naught
Except for love's sake only *Ib* 14

When our two souls stand up erect and strong
Face to face, silent, drawing nigh and nigher
Ib 22

Let us stay
Rather on earth, Beloved—where the unfit
Contrarious moods of men recoil away
And isolate pure spirits, and permit
A place to stand and love in for a day,
With darkness and the death-hour rounding it *Ib*

God's gifts put man's best dreams to shame *Ib* 26

First time he kissed me, he but only kissed
The fingers of this hand wherewith I write,
And, ever since, it grew more clean and white *Ib* 38

And think it soon when others cry, 'Too late' *Ib* 40

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle light
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right,
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints—I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death *Ib* 43

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this—
'He giveth His beloved, sleep' *The Sleep*

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delvèd gold, the wailers heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And giveth His belovèd, sleep *Ib*

Let One, most loving of you all,
Say, 'Not a tear must o'er her fall,
He giveth His belovèd, sleep' *Ib*

There, Shakespeare, on whose forehead climb
The crowns o' the world Oh, eyes sublime,
With tears and laughters for all time!
A Vision of Poets, verse 100

Life treads on life, and heart on heart
We press too close in church and mart
To keep a dream or grave apart *Ib* (conclusion).

Knowledge by suffering entereth,
And Life is perfected by Death *Ib*

And the rolling anapaestic
Curled like a vapour over shrines!
Wine of Cyprus, x

Our Euripides, the human,
With his droppings of warm tears,
And his touches of things common
Till they rose to touch the spheres! *Ib* xii

ROBERT BROWNING

1812–1889

Burrow awhile and build, broad on the roots of things.
Abt Vogler, 11.

On the earth the broken arcs, in the heaven, a perfect round *Ib* ix

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist *Ib* x

The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard,
Enough that he heard it once we shall hear it by and by. *Ib*

But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear,
The rest may reason and welcome; 'tis we musicians know *Ib* xi

The C Major of this life. *Ib* xii

How he lies in his rights of a man!
Death has done all death can *After.*

So free we seem, so fettered fast we are!
Andrea del Sarto

Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for? *Ib*

Four great walls in the New Jerusalem *Ib*

It all comes to the same thing at the end
Any Wife to Any Husband

Why need the other women know so much? *Ib*

A minute's success pays the failure of years
Apollo and the Fates, prologue

The Doric little Morgue! *Apparent Failure*

It's wiser being good than bad,
It's safer being meek than fierce:
It's fitter being sane than mad
My own hope is, a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched,
That, after Last, returns the First,
Though a wide compass round be fetched,
That what began best can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst *Ib*

That one Face, far from vanish, rather grows,
Or decomposes but to recompose,
Become my universe that feels and knows
Ib epilogue, third speaker, xii

But, thanks to wine-lees and democracy,
We've still our stage where truth calls spade a spade!
Aristophanes' Apology, l 392.

He lies now in the little valley, laughed
And moaned about by those mysterious streams
Ib l 5679

There up spoke a brisk little somebody,
Critic and whippersnapper, in a rage
To set things right
Balaustion's Adventure, pt 1, l 308.

A man can have but one life and one death,
One heaven, one hell. *In a Balcony*, l 13.

I count life just a stuff
To try the soul's strength on *Ib* 1 651.

Truth that peeps
Over the glass's edge when dinner's done,
And body gets its sop and holds its noise
And leaves soul free a little
Bishop Blougram's Apology

A piano-forte is a fine resource,
All Balzac's novels occupy one shelf,
The new edition fifty volumes long. *Ib*

The funny type
They get up well at Leipsic. *Ib*

Just when we're safest, there's a sunset-touch,
A fancy from a flower-bell, some one's death,
A chorus-ending from Euripides,
And that's enough for fifty hopes and fears,—
The grand Perhaps *Ib*

All we have gained then by our unbelief
Is a life of doubt diversified by faith,
For one of faith diversified by doubt:
We called the chess-board white—we call it black. *Ib*

Demireps
That love and save their souls in new French books *Ib*

You, for example, clever to a fault,
The rough and ready man that write apace,
Read somewhat seldomer, think perhaps even less
Ib

Be a Napoleon and yet disbelieve!
Why, the man's mad, friend, take his light away *Ib*

And that's what all the blessed Evil's for *Ib.*

Set you square with Genesis again *Ib.*

No, when the fight begins within himself,
A man's worth something *Ib*

Gigadibs the literary man *Ib*

He said true things, but called them by wrong names
Ib

By this time he has tested his first plough,
And studied his last chapter of St John *Ib*

Saint Praxed's ever was the church for peace.
The Bishop orders His Tomb

Mistresses with great smooth marbly limbs *Ib*

See God made and eaten all day long *Ib*

Good, strong, thick, stupefying incense-smoke *Ib*

Aha, ELUCESCEBAT quoth our friend?
No Tully, said I, Ulpian at the best *Ib*

All *lapis*, all sons *Ib.*

There's a woman like a dew-drop, she's so purer than the purest *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon*, 1 iii

Morning, evening, noon and night,
'Praise God!' sang Theocrite
The Boy and the Angel

How well I know what I mean to do
When the long dark autumn-evenings come
By the Fireside, 1

Not verse now, only prose! *Ib* ii

O woman-country, wooed not wed *Ib* vi.

That great brow
And the spirit-small hand propping it. *Ib* xxiii

We two stood there with never a third *Ib* xxxviii

Oh, the little more, and how much it is!
And the little less, and what worlds away!
Ib xxxix

If you join two lives, there is oft a scar
They are one and one, with a shadowy third,
One near one is too far *Ib* xlvi

One born to love you, sweet! *Ib* li

Letting the rank tongue blossom into speech
Caliban upon Setebos, l 23

Setebos, Setebos, and Setebos!
'Thinketh, He dwelleth i' the cold o' the moon
'Thinketh He made it, with the sun to match,
But not the stars, the stars came otherwise *Ib* l 24

'Let twenty pass, and stone the twenty-first
Loving not, hating not, just choosing so *Ib* l 103

A bitter heart that bides its time and bites *Ib* l 167

Kentish Sir Byng stood for his King,
Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing
Cavalier Tunes. i *Marching Along*

Marching along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song *Ib*

King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
Ib 2 *Give a Rouse*

By the old fool's side that begot him. *Ib*

Noll's damned troopers shot him *Ib*

Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!
Ib 3 *Boot and Saddle*

'Tis the Last Judgment's fire must cure this place,
Calcine its clods and set my prisoners free
Childe Roland, xi

One stiff blind horse, his every bone a-stare
Ib xiii

I never saw a brute I hated so,
He must be wicked to deserve such pain. *Ib* xiv

Dauntless the slug-horn to my lips I set,
And blew *'Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came'*
Ib xxxiv

Out of the little chapel I burst
Into the fresh night-air again *Christmas Eve*, i

The preaching man's immense stupidity. *Ib* iii

In the natural fog of the good man's mind. *Ib* iv

He was there
He himself with his human air *Ib* viii

Our best is bad, nor bears Thy test,
Still, it should be our very best *Ib*

Some thrilling view of the surplice-question
Ib xiv

That sallow, virgin-minded, studious
Martyr to mild enthusiasm *Ib*

The exhausted air-bell of the Critic *Ib* xvi

While I watched my foolish heart expand
In the lazy glow of benevolence,
O'er the various modes of man's belief *Ib* xx

The raree-show of Peter's successor. *Ib* xxii.

For the preacher's merit or demerit,
It were to be wished the flaws were fewer
In the earthen vessel, holding treasure,
Which lies as safe in a golden ewer,
But the main thing is, does it hold good measure?
Heaven soon sets right all other matters! *Ib*

The sprinkled isles,
Lily on lily, that o'erlace the sea
And laugh their pride when the light wave lisps
'Greece' *Cleon*, l 1

I have written three books on the soul,
Proving absurd all written hitherto,
And putting us to ignorance again *Ib* l 57

What is he buzzing in my ears?
'Now that I come to die,
Do I view the world as a vale of tears?'
Ah, reverend sir, not I! *Confessions*

To mine, it serves for the old June weather
Blue above lane and wall,
And that farthest bottle labelled 'Ether'
Is the house o'ertopping all *Ib*

How sad and bad and mad it was—
But then, how it was sweet! *Ib*

There are flashes struck from midnights,
There are fire-flames noondays kindle,
Whereby piled-up honours perish,
Whereby swollen ambitions dwindle,
While just this or that poor impulse,
Which for once had play unstifled,
Seems the sole work of a life-time
That away the rest have trifled *Cristina*, 4

Stung by the splendour of a sudden thought
A Death in the Desert, l 59

Such ever was love's way: to rise, it stoops *Ib* l 134

For life, with all it yields of joy and woe,
And hope and fear,—believe the aged friend—
Is just a chance o' the prize of learning love
Ib l 245

I say, the acknowledgment of God in Christ
Accepted by thy reason, solves for thee
All questions in the earth and out of it *Ib* l 474

For I say, this is death and the sole death,
When a man's loss comes to him from his gain,
Darkness from light, from knowledge ignorance,
And lack of love from love made manifest. *Ib* l 482

Progress, man's distinctive mark alone,
Not God's, and not the beasts': God is, they are,
Man partly is and wholly hopes to be *Ib* l 586

'Twas Cerinthus that is lost *Ib* last line

Your ghost will walk, you lover of trees,
(If our loves remain)
In an English lane *De Gustibus*

The bean-flowers' boon *Ib*

A castle, precipice-encurled,
In a gash of the wind-grieved Apennine *Ib*

Italy, my Italy!
Queen Mary's saying serves for me—
(When fortune's malice
Lost her—Calais)
Open my heart and you will see
Graved inside of it, 'Italy' *Ib*

Reads verse and thinks she understands
Dis aliter visum, iv

Schumann's our music-maker now *Ib* viii

Ingres's the modern man who paints *Ib*

Heine for songs, for kisses, how? *Ib*

Sure of the Fortieth spare Arm-chair
When gout and glory seat me there *Ib* xii

With loves and doves, at all events
With money in the Three per Cents *Ib* xiii

Here comes my husband from his whist *Ib* xxx

How very hard it is to be
A Christian! *Easter Day*, i

'Tis well averred,
A scientific faith's absurd *Ib*. vi

'Condemned to earth for ever, shut
From heaven!'
But Easter-Day breaks! But
Christ rises! Mercy every way
Is infinite—and who can say? *Ib* xxxiii

Karshish, the picker-up of learning's crumbs
An Epistle

Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead! *Evelyn Hope*

Your mouth of your own geranium's red. *Ib*

You will wake, and remember, and understand. *Ib*

What if this friend happen to be—God?
Fears and Scruples, xii

Truth never hurts the teller
Fifine at the Fair, xxxii

'What, and is it really you again?' quoth I·
'I again, what else did you expect?' quoth she
Ib. epilogue, i

When the liquor's out why clink the cannikin?
The Flight of the Duchess, xvi

You're my friend—
What a thing friendship is, world without end! *Ib*. xvii

I must learn Spanish, one of these days,
Only for that slow sweet name's sake
The Flower's Name

Is there no method to tell her in Spanish? *Ib*

If you get simple beauty and nought else,
You get about the best thing God invents.
Fra Lippo Lippi, l 217

You should not take a fellow eight years old
And make him swear to never kiss the girls *Ib* l 224

This world's no blot for us,
Nor blank, it means intensely, and means good
To find its meaning is my meat and drink *Ib* l 313

'Tis the faith that launched point-blank her dart
At the head of a lie—taught Original Sin,
The corruption of Man's Heart (Christianity)
Gold Hair

The moth's kiss, first!
Kiss me as if you made believe
You were not sure, this eve,
How my face, your flower, had pursed
Its petals up. . .
The bee's kiss, now!
Kiss me as if you entered gay
My heart at some noonday *In a Gondola*

Let us begin and carry up this corpse,
Singing together *A Grammarian's Funeral*

He's for the morning *Ib*

This is our master, famous, calm, and dead,
Borne on our shoulders *Ib*

He said, 'What's time? leave Now for dogs and apes!
Man has Forever' *Ib*

That low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it
This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it
That low man goes on adding one to one,
His hundred's soon hit
This high man, aiming at a million,
Misses an unit
That, has the world here—should he need the next,
Let the world mind him!
This, throws himself on God, and unperplext
Seeking shall find Him *Ib*

He settled *Hoti's* business—let it be!—
Properly based *Oun*—
Gave us the doctrine of the enclitic *De*,
Dead from the waist down *Ib*

Lofty designs must close in like effects *Ib*

O, world, as God has made it! all is beauty
The Guardian Angel

This is Ancona, yonder is the sea *Ib*

Infinite mercy, but, I wis,
As infinite a justice too
The Heretic's Tragedy, I

(And wanteth there grace of lute or clavicithern, ye shall say to confirm him who singeth—)
We bring John now to be burned alive *Ib* II

Forth John's soul flared into the dark *Ib* X

God help all poor souls lost in the dark! *Ib*

I liken his Grace to an acorned hog
Holy-Cross Day, IV

The Lord will have mercy on Jacob yet,
And again in his border see Israel set *Ib* XIII

Thou! if thou wast He, who at mid-watch came,
By the starlight, naming a dubious name! *Ib* XVI

We gave the Cross, when we owed the Throne *Ib*

We withstood Christ then? Be mindful how
At least we withstand Barabbas now! *Ib* XVIII

We march, thy band,
South, East, and on to the Pleasant Land *Ib* XX

Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now! *Home Thoughts from Abroad*

That's the wise thrush, he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture! *Ib*

All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower! *Ib*

Nobly, nobly Cape St Vincent to the North-West died away,
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz Bay.
Home-Thoughts from the Sea

'Here and here did England help me how can I help England?'—say,
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise and pray,
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa
Ib

'With this same key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart' once more!
Did Shakespeare? If so, the less Shakespeare he!
House, X

How it strikes a Contemporary *Title*

He took such cognizance of men and things
How it Strikes a Contemporary, l 30

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three
How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon
Incident of the French Camp

'You're wounded!' 'Nay,' the soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said
'I'm killed, Sire!' And his chief beside
Smiling the boy fell dead *Ib*

Ignorance is not innocence but sin
The Inn Album, V

Just my vengeance complete,
The man sprang to his feet,
Stood erect, caught at God's skirts, and prayed!
—So, *I* was afraid! *Instans Tyrannus*

I wager 't is old to you
As the story of Adam and Eve, and possibly quite as true
Ivan Ivanovitch, l 15

The swallow has set her six young on the rail,
And looks seaward *James Lee*, III 1

Oh, good gigantic smile o' the brown old earth
Ib VII 1

I should be dead of joy, James Lee
Ib IX VIII

There's heaven above, and night by night
I look right through its gorgeous roof
Johannes Agricola in Meditation

I said—Then, dearest, since 'tis so,
Since now at length my fate I know,
Since nothing all my love avails,
Since all, my life seemed meant for, fails,
Since this was written and needs must be—
My whole heart rises up to bless
Your name in pride and thankfulness!
Take back the hope you gave,—I claim
Only a memory of the same
The Last Ride Together, I

Who knows but the world may end tonight? *Ib* II

Hush! if you saw some western cloud
All billowy-bosomed, over-bowed
By many benedictions—sun's
And moon's and evening-star's at once *Ib* III

My soul
Smoothed itself out, a long-cramped scroll
Freshening and fluttering in the wind *Ib* IV

Might she have loved me? just as well
She might have hated, who can tell! *Ib*

The petty done, the undone vast *Ib* V

What hand and brain went ever paired? *Ib* VI

They scratch his name on the Abbey-stones
My riding is better, by their leave *Ib*

Sing, riding's a joy! For me, I ride *Ib* VII

Ride, ride together, for ever ride? *Ib* X

Escape me?
Never—
Beloved! *Life in a Love.*

To dry one's eyes and laugh at a fall,
And, baffled, get up and begin again *Ib.*

No sooner the old hope goes to ground
Than a new one, straight to the self-same mark *Ib.*

So, I gave her eyes my own eyes to take,
My hand sought hers as in earnest need,
And round she turned for my noble sake,
And gave me herself indeed *A Light Woman*

'Tis an awkward thing to play with souls,
And matter enough to save one's own *Ib*

And, Robert Browning, you writer of plays,
Here's a subject made to your hand! *Ib*

A face to lose youth for, to occupy age
With the dream of, meet death with *A Likeness*

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a riband to stick in his coat
The Lost Leader

We that had loved him so, followed him, honoured him,
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
Made him our pattern to live and to die! *Ib*

Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
Burns, Shelley, were with us—they watch from their graves! *Ib*

We shall march prospering,—not thro' his presence,
Songs may inspirit us,—not from his lyre,
Deeds will be done,—while he boasts his quiescence,
Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire *Ib*

One more devils'-triumph and sorrow for angels,
One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!
Ib

Never glad confident morning again! *Ib*

All's over, then, does truth sound bitter
As one at first believes? *The Lost Mistress.*

I will hold your hand but as long as all may,
Or so very little longer! *Ib*

Where the quiet-coloured end of evening smiles
Love among the Ruins

Earth's returns
For whole centuries of folly, noise and sin! *Ib*

Love is best *Ib*

How the March sun feels like May! *A Lovers' Quarrel*

Oppression makes the wise man mad *Luria,* IV

But a bird's weight can break the infant tree
Which after holds an aery in its arms *Ib*

The only fault's with time,
All men become good creatures but so slow! *Ib* V

Argument's hot to the close
Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha, XIII

One dissertates, he is candid,
Two must discept,—has distinguished *Ib* XIV

Do I carry the moon in my pocket? *Ib* XXIX

As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
And quench its speed i' the slushy sand
Meeting at Night

A mile of warm sea-scented beach. *Ib*

A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch
And blue spurt of a lighted match,
And a voice less loud, thro' its joys and fears,
Than the two hearts beating each to each! *Ib*

Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,
And did he stop and speak to you
And did you speak to him again?
How strange it seems, and new! *Memorabilia*

A moulted feather, an eagle-feather!
Well, I forget the rest *Ib*

Have you found your life distasteful?
My life did, and does, smack sweet
Was your youth of pleasure wasteful?
Mine I saved and hold complete.
Do your joys with age diminish?
When mine fail me, I'll complain.
Must in death your daylight finish?
My sun sets to rise again. *At the 'Mermaid'.*

I find earth not grey but rosy,
Heaven not grim but fair of hue
Do I stoop? I pluck a posy
Do I stand and stare? All's blue *Ib*

'Next Poet'—(Manners, Ben!) *Ib*

If such as came for wool, sir, went home shorn,
Where is the wrong I did them?
Mr. Sludge, 'The Medium', l 630

Solomon of saloons
And philosophic diner-out *Ib* l 773

This trade of mine—I don't know, can't be sure
But there was something in it, tricks and all!
Really, I want to light up my own mind. *Ib* l. 809

Boston's a hole, the herring-pond is wide,
V-notes are something, liberty still more
Beside, is he the only fool in the world? *Ib* last lines

This is the spray the bird clung to. *Misconceptions*

This is a heart the Queen leant on *Ib.*

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall
My Last Duchess, l 1.

What matter to me if their star is a world?
Mine has opened its soul to me, therefore I love it
My Star

Give me of Nelson only a touch
Nationality in Drinks

All I can say is—I saw it! *Natural Magic*

Never the time and the place
And the loved one all together!
Never the Time and the Place

A lion who dies of an ass's kick,
The wronged great soul of an ancient Master
Old Pictures in Florence, VI

What's come to perfection perishes
Things learned on earth, we shall practise in heaven
Works done least rapidly, Art most cherishes
Ib XVII.

There remaineth a rest for the people of God
And I have had troubles enough, for one. *Ib* XVII

All June I bound the rose in sheaves.
One Way of Love

Lose who may—I still can say,
Those who win heaven, blest are they! *Ib*

There they are, my fifty men and women.
One Word More, I

Rafael made a century of sonnets,
Made and wrote them in a certain volume
Dinted with the silver-pointed pencil
Else he only used to draw Madonnas. *Ib.* II

Suddenly, as rare things will, it vanished. *Ib* IV

Dante once prepared to paint an angel
Whom to please? You whisper 'Beatrice'. *Ib.* V

Dante, who loved well because he hated,
Hated wickedness that hinders loving *Ib*

Does he paint? he fain would write a poem—
Does he write? he fain would paint a picture.
Ib VIII

Heaven's gift takes earth's abatement. *Ib.* IX

Even he, the minute makes immortal,
Proves, perchance, but mortal in the minute *Ib*

Never dares the man put off the prophet *Ib* X

Other heights in other lives, God willing
All the gifts from all the heights, your own, Love!
Ib XII

He who blows thro' bronze, may breathe thro' silver
Ib XIII

I am mine and yours—the rest be all men's *Ib* XIV

Where my heart lies, let my brain lie also. *Ib*

Lo, the moon's self!
Here in London, yonder late in Florence,
Still we find her face, the thrice-transfigured
Curving on a sky imbrued with colour,
Drifted over Fiesole by twilight,
Came she, our new crescent of a hair's-breadth
Full she flared it, lamping Samminiato,
Rounder 'twixt the cypresses and rounder,
Perfect till the nightingales applauded. *Ib* XV

Blank to Zoroaster on his terrace,
Blind to Galileo on his turret,
Dumb to Homer, dumb to Keats—him, even!
Ib XVI

God be thanked, the meanest of his creatures
Boasts two soul-sides, one to face the world with,
One to show a woman when he loves her! *Ib* XVII

Silent silver lights and darks undreamed of,
Where I hush and bless myself with silence. *Ib.* XVIII.

Oh, their Rafael of the dear Madonnas,
Oh, their Dante of the dread Inferno,
Wrote one song—and in my brain I sing it,
Drew one angel—borne, see, on my bosom! *Ib.* XIX.

I see my way as birds their trackless way,
I shall arrive! what time, what circuit first,
I ask not but unless God send his hail
Or blinding fireballs, sleet or stifling snow,
In some time, his good time, I shall arrive:
He guides me and the bird In His good time!
Paracelsus, pt. I.

Truth is within ourselves *Ib.*

Are there not, dear Michal,
Two points in the adventure of the diver,
One—when, a beggar, he prepares to plunge,
One—when, a prince, he rises with his pearl?
Festus, I plunge! *Ib.*

PARACELSUS
I am he that aspired to *know* and thou?
APRILE
I would *love* infinitely, and be loved! *Ib.* pt. II

God is the perfect poet,
Who in his person acts his own creations. *Ib.*

Measure your mind's height by the shade it casts!
Ib pt III.

Heap cassia, sandal-buds and stripes
Of labdanum, and aloe-balls *Ib.* pt IV.

As when a queen, long dead, was young. *Ib*

Over the sea our galleys went. *Ib.*

All at once they leave you, and you know them!
Ib pt V.

I give the fight up let there be an end,
A privacy, an obscure nook for me
I want to be forgotten even by God. *Ib.*

Progress is
The law of life, man is not
Man as yet *Ib.*

Thus the Mayne glideth
Where my Love abideth
Sleep's no softer. *Ib*

Like plants in mines which never saw the sun,
But dream of him, and guess where he may be,
And do their best to climb and get to him *Ib.*

If I stoop
Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud,
It is but for a time, I press God's lamp
Close to my breast, its splendour, soon or late,
Will pierce the gloom I shall emerge one day *Ib.*

Round the Cape of a sudden came the sea,
And the sun looked over the mountain's rim,
And straight was a path of gold for him,
And the need of a world of men for me
Parting at Morning.

It was roses, roses, all the way. *The Patriot.*

The air broke into a mist with bells. *Ib*

Sun-treader, life and light be thine for ever! (Shelley)
Pauline, l 148

Ah, thought which saddens while it soothes!
Pictor Ignotus.

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city,
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its walls on the southern side
The Pied Piper of Hamelin

Shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats *Ib*

Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat! *Ib*

A plate of turtle green and glutinous *Ib*

In did come the strangest figure! *Ib*

So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon *Ib*

So, Willy, let me and you be wipers
Of scores out with all men, especially pipers! *Ib.*

Day! Faster and more fast,
O'er night's brim, day boils at last
Pippa Passes, introduction

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn,
Morning's at seven,
The hill-side's dew-pearled,
The lark's on the wing,
The snail's on the thorn
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world! *Ib* pt I

Some unsuspected isle in the far seas!
Some unsuspected isle in far-off seas! *Ib* pt III

In the morning of the world,
When earth was nigher heaven than now *Ib*

No need that sort of king should ever die! *Ib*

You'll look at least on love's remains,
A grave's one violet
Your look?—that pays a thousand pains
What's death? You'll love me yet! *Ib*

All service ranks the same with God—
With God, whose puppets, best and worst,
Are we, there is no last nor first. *Ib* pt IV

Stand still, true poet that you are!
I know you, let me try and draw you
Some night you'll fail us when afar
You rise, remember one man saw you,
Knew you, and named a star! *Popularity*

With ardours manifold,
The bee goes singing to her groom,
Drunken and overbold. *Ib*

Who fished the murex up?
What porridge had John Keats? *Ib*

The rain set early in tonight *Porphyria's Lover*

All her hair
In one long yellow string I wound
Three times her little throat around,
And strangled her No pain felt she,
I am quite sure she felt no pain *Ib.*

And all night long we have not stirred,
And yet God has not said a word! *Ib.*

But flame? The bush is bare *Prologue* (*Asolando*)

Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face *Prospice*

Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form *Ib*

I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
And bade me creep past *Ib.*

No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness and cold *Ib*

O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest! *Ib*

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made
Our times are in his hand
Who saith, 'A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half, trust God see all, nor be afraid!' *Rabbi ben Ezra*, I

Irks care the crop-full bird? Frets doubt the maw-crammed beast? *Ib* IV

Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joys three-parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang, dare, never grudge the throe! *Ib* VI

For thence,—a paradox
Which comforts while it mocks,—
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail:
What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me
A brute I might have been, but would not sink i' the scale *Ib* VII

Let us not always say
'Spite of this flesh today
I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole!'
As the bird wings and sings,
Let us cry 'All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps soul' *Ib* XII

Once more on my adventure brave and new *Ib* XIV

When evening shuts,
A certain moment cuts
The deed off, calls the glory from the grey *Ib* XVI

Now, who shall arbitrate?
Ten men love what I hate,
Shun what I follow, slight what I receive
Ten, who in ears and eyes
Match me we all surmise,
They, this thing, and I, that whom shall my soul believe? *Ib* XXII

Fancies that broke through language and escaped *Ib* XXV

All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall,
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure
Rabbi ben Ezra, xxvii

Time's wheel runs back or stops potter and clay endure *Ib*

He fixed thee mid this dance
Of plastic circumstance *Ib* xxviii

Look not thou down but up!
To uses of a cup *Ib* xxx

My times be in Thy hand!
Perfect the cup as planned!
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same! *Ib* xxxii

Do you see this square old yellow Book, I toss
I' the air, and catch again
The Ring and the Book, bk i, l. 33

The Life, Death, Miracles of Saint Somebody,
Saint Somebody Else, his Miracles, Death and Life
Ib l 80

Well, British Public, ye who like me not,
(God love you!) *Ib* l 410

'Go get you manned by Manning and new-manned
By Newman and, mayhap, wise-manned to boot
By Wiseman' *Ib* l 444

A dusk mis-featured messenger,
No other than the angel of this life,
Whose care is lest men see too much at once
Ib l 593

Let this old woe step on the stage again! *Ib* l 824

Youth means love,
Vows can't change nature, priests are only men
Ib l 1056

O lyric Love, half angel and half bird
And all a wonder and a wild desire *Ib* l 1391

Boldest of hearts that ever braved the sun,
Took sanctuary within the holier blue,
And sang a kindred soul out to his face,—
Yet hummed at the red-ripe of the heart *Ib* l 1393

This is the same voice can thy soul know change?
Ib l 1401

Never may I commence my song, my due
To God who best taught song by gift of thee,
Except with bent head and beseeching hand
Ib l 1403

Their utmost up and on *Ib* l 1413

The story always old and always new *Ib* bk ii, l 214

But facts are facts and flinch not *Ib* l 1049

Go practise if you please
With men and women leave a child alone
For Christ's particular love's sake! *Ib* bk iii, l 88

In the great right of an excessive wrong *Ib* l 1055

Everyone soon or late comes round by Rome
Ib bk v, l 296

'Twas a thief said the last kind word to Christ
Christ took the kindness and forgave the theft
Ib bk vi, l 869

O great, just, good God! Miserable me! *Ib* l 2105

The uncomfortableness of it all *Ib* bk vii, l 400

True life is only love, love only bliss
Ib l 960

O lover of my life, O soldier-saint *Ib* l 1786

Through such souls alone
God stooping shows sufficient of His light
For us i' the dark to rise by And I rise
Ib l 1843

Faultless to a fault *Ib* bk ix, l 1177

Of what I call God,
And fools call Nature *Ib* bk x, l 1073

Why comes temptation but for man to meet
And master and make crouch beneath his foot,
And so be pedestaled in triumph? *Ib* l 1185

White shall not neutralize the black, nor good
Compensate bad in man, absolve him so
Life's business being just the terrible choice
Ib l 1236.

There's a new tribunal now,
Higher than God's—the educated man's! *Ib* l 1976

That sad obscure sequestered state
Where God unmakes but to remake the soul
He else made first in vain, which must not be
Ib l 2130

It is the glory and good of Art,
That Art remains the one way possible
Of speaking truths, to mouths like mine at least
Ib bk xii, l 842

Thy rare gold ring of verse (the poet praised)
Linking our England to his Italy. *Ib* l 873.

Good, to forgive,
Best, to forget!
Living, we fret,
Dying, we live *La Saisiaz*, dedication

How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses, for ever in joy! *Saul*, ix

All's love, yet all's law *Ib* xvii

'Tis not what man does which exalts him, but what man would do! *Ib* xviii

It is by no breath,
Turn of eye, wave of hand, that salvation joins issue with death!
As thy Love is discovered almighty, almighty be proved
Thy power, that exists with and for it, of being beloved! *Ib.*

O Saul, it shall be
A Face like my face that receives thee, a Man like to me,
Thou shalt love and be loved by, for ever a Hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the Christ stand!" *Ib.*

Because a man has shop to mind
In time and place, since flesh must live,
Needs spirit lack all life behind,
All stray thoughts, fancies fugitive,
All loves except what trade can give?
Shop, xx

I want to know a butcher paints,
A baker rhymes for his pursuit,
Candlestick-maker much acquaints
His soul with song, or, haply mute,
Blows out his brains upon the flute *Shop*, XXI

Nay but you, who do not love her,
Is she not pure gold, my mistress? *Song*

Who will, may hear Sordello's story told.
Sordello, bk I

Who would has heard Sordello's story told
Ib. bk. VI

Sidney's self, the starry paladin. *Ib*

Whence the grieved and obscure waters slope
Into a darkness quieted by hope,
Plucker of amaranths grown beneath God's eye
In gracious twilights where his chosen lie. *Ib*

Still more labyrinthine buds the rose *Ib*

A touch divine—
And the scaled eyeball owns the mystic rod,
Visibly through his garden walketh God. *Ib.*

Any nose
May ravage with impunity a rose *Ib* bk VI

You are not going to marry your old friend's love,
after all? *A Soul's Tragedy*, Act II.

I have known *Four*-and-twenty leaders of revolts.
Ib.

Gr-r-r- there go, my heart's abhorrence!
Water your damned flower-pots, do!
Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister.

I the Trinity illustrate,
Drinking watered orange-pulp—
In three sips the Arian frustrate,
While he drains his at one gulp *Ib*

There's a great text in Galatians,
Once you trip on it, entails
Twenty-nine distinct damnations,
One sure, if another fails *Ib*

My scrofulous French novel
On grey paper with blunt type *Ib.*

'St, there's Vespers! Plena gratia
Ave, Virgo! Gr-r-r—you swine! *Ib*

The glory dropped from their youth and love,
And both perceived they had dreamed a dream
The Statue and the Bust.

The world and its ways have a certain worth *Ib*

The soldier-saints, who row on row,
Burn upward each to his point of bliss. *Ib*

The sin I impute to each frustrate ghost
Is—the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin,
Though the end in sight was a vice, I say. *Ib*

All the breath and the bloom of the year in the bag of one bee. *Summum Bonum* (*Asolando*)

At the midnight in the silence of the sleep-time,
When you set your fancies free. *Ib* epilogue.

Greet the unseen with a cheer *Ib.*

One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake *Ib*

I've a Friend, over the sea;
I like him, but he loves me.
It all grew out of the books I write;
Time's Revenges.

There may be heaven, there must be hell,
Meantime, there is our earth here—well! *Ib.*

Hark, the dominant's persistence till it must be answered to! *A Toccata of Galuppi's*, VIII.

What of soul was left, I wonder, when the kissing had to stop? *Ib* XIV.

Dear dead women, with such hair, too—what's become of all the gold
Used to hang and brush their bosoms? I feel chilly and grown old. *Ib.* XV

As I ride, as I ride.
Through the Metidja to Abd-el-kadr

Grand rough old Martin Luther
Bloomed fables—flowers on furze,
The better the uncouther.
Do roses stick like burrs? *The Twins*

Only I discern—
Infinite passion, and the pain
Of finite hearts that yearn *Two in the Campagna.*

Sky—what a scowl of cloud
Till, near and far,
Ray on ray split the shroud
Splendid, a star! *The Two Poets of Croisic*

Bang-whang-whang goes the drum, tootle-te-tootle the fife. *Up at a Villa—Down in the City.*

Wanting is—what?
Summer redundant,
Blueness abundant,
—Where is the blot? *Wanting—is what?*

What's become of Waring
Since he gave us all the slip? *Waring*, I 1

Monst'-inform'-ingens-horrend-ous
Demoniaco-seraphic
Penman's latest piece of graphic *Ib* IV

Some lost lady of old years *Ib*

In vishnu-land what Avatar? *Ib* VI

'When I last saw Waring . . .'
(How all turned to him who spoke!
You saw Waring? Truth or joke?
In land-travel or sea-faring?) *Ib* II 1

Oh, never star
Was lost here but it rose afar! *Ib* III

But little do or can the best of us:
That little is achieved through Liberty
In Andrew Reid's *Why I am a Liberal*

Let's contend no more, Love,
Strive nor weep
All be as before, Love,
—Only sleep! *A Woman's Last Word*

What so wild as words are? *Ib*

Where the apple reddens,
Never pry—
Lest we lose our Edens,
Eve and I. *Ib.*

That shall be tomorrow
Not tonight
I must bury sorrow
Out of sight *Ib*

I knew you once but in Paradise,
If we meet, I will pass nor turn my face
The Worst of It, XIX.

We have not sighed deep, laughed free,
Starved, feasted, despaired,—been happy
Youth and Art

And nobody calls you a dunce,
And people suppose me clever
This could but have happened once,
And we missed it, lost it for ever *Ib*

MICHAEL BRUCE

1746–1767

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!
To the Cuckoo Also attr to John Logan

In ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
The Man of sorrows had a part
The Enthroned High Priest

GEORGE BRYAN BRUMMELL

1778–1840

Who's your fat friend? (Of the Prince of Wales)
Gronow, *Reminiscences* (1862), p 63

ALFRED BRYAN

Nineteenth Century

Who paid the rent for Mrs Rip Van Winkle
When Rip Van Winkle went away?
Who Paid the Rent for Mrs Rip Van Winkle?

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

1860–1925

The humblest citizen of all the land, when clad in the armor of a righteous cause, is stronger than all the hosts of error
Speech at the National Democratic Convention, Chicago, 1896

You shall not press down upon the brow of labour this crown of thorns, you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold *Ib*

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

1794–1878

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams
Thanatopsis, l 73

They seemed
Like old companions in adversity
A Winter Piece, l 26

ROBERT WILLIAMS BUCHANAN

1841–1901

The Fleshly School of Poetry *Title*

She just wore
Enough for modesty—no more
White Rose and Red, I, v, l 60

The sweet post-prandial cigar *De Berny*

GEORGE VILLIERS, SECOND DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

1628–1687

The world is made up for the most part of fools and knaves *To Mr Clifford, on his Humane Reason*

What the devil does the plot signify, except to bring in fine things? *The Rehearsal*, III 1

Ay, now the plot thickens very much upon us
Ib II

HENRY J. BUCKOLL

1803–1871

Lord, behold us with Thy blessing
Once again assembled here
Psalms and Hymns for the Use of Rugby School Chapel Lord, Behold us with Thy Blessing.

Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Thanks for mercies past receive
Ib Lord, Dismiss us with Thy Blessing

JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE

1802–1879

On such an occasion as this,
All time and nonsense scorning,
Nothing shall come amiss,
And we won't go home till morning
Billy Taylor, I II

ALFRED BUNN

1796?–1860

Alice, where art thou? *Title of Song*

When other lips, and other hearts,
Their tales of love shall tell
Bohemian Girl, Act III

I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls,
With vassals and serfs at my side
Song I Dreamt That I Dwelt

The light of other days is faded,
And all their glory past
The Maid of Artois, Act II

JOHN BUNYAN

1628–1688

Mr Badman died as they call it, like a Chrisom-child, quietly and without fear
Life and Death of Mr Badman

As I walk'd through the wilderness of this world
Pilgrim's Progress, pt 1

The name of the one was Obstinate and the name of the other Pliable *Ib*

The name of the slough was Despond *Ib*

The gentleman's name was Mr Worldly-Wise-Man *Ib*

Set down my name, Sir *Ib*

Come in, come in,
Eternal glory thou shalt win *Ib*

And behold there was a very stately palace before him, the name of which was Beautiful *Ib*

The valley of Humiliation *Ib*

A foul Fiend coming over the field to meet him, his name is Apollyon *Ib*

Then Apollyon straddled quite over the whole breadth of the way *Ib*

Set your faces like a flint *Ib*

It beareth the name of Vanity-Fair, because the town where 'tis kept, is lighter than vanity *Ib*

So soon as the man overtook me, he was but a word and a blow *Ib*

Hanging is too good for him, said Mr Cruelty *Ib*

Yet my great-grandfather was but a water-man, looking one way, and rowing another and I got most of my estate by the same occupation
[Mr By-Ends]

They came at a delicate plain, called Ease, where they went with much content, but that plain was but narrow, so they went quickly over it *Ib*

Remember Lot's Wife *Ib*

A castle, called Doubting-Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair *Ib*

Now Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence *Ib*

A grievous crab-tree cudgel *Ib*

They came to the Delectable Mountains *Ib*

Sleep is sweet to the labouring man *Ib*

A great horror and darkness fell upon Christian *Ib*

Then I saw that there was a way to hell, even from the gates of heaven *Ib.*

So I awoke, and behold it was a dream *Ib*

A man that could look no way but downwards, with a muckrake in his hand *Ib* pt II

One leak will sink a ship, and one sin will destroy a sinner *Ib*

One Great-heart *Ib*

He that is down needs fear no fall,
He that is low no pride
Ib Shepherd Boy's Song in the Valley of Humiliation

A man there was, tho' some did count him mad,
The more he cast away, the more he had *Ib*

An ornament to her profession *Ib*

Whose name is Valiant-for-Truth. *Ib*

Who would true valour see,
Let him come hither,
One here will constant be,
Come wind, come weather
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avow'd intent
To be a pilgrim

[*Popular version of above*
He who would valiant be
'Gainst all disaster,
Let him in constancy
Follow the Master &c] *Ib.*

Who so beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound—
His strength the more is *Ib*

Then fancies flee away!
I'll fear not what men say,
I'll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim *Ib*

Mr Standfast *Ib*

My sword, I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it *Ib*

So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side *Ib*

SAMUEL DICKINSON BURCHARD

1812–1891

We are Republicans and don't propose to leave our party and identify ourselves with the party whose antecedents are rum, Romanism, and rebellion
Speech, New York City, 29 Oct 1884

GELETT BURGESS

1866–

Are you a bromide?
Title of Essay in 'Smart Set' (1906)

I never saw a Purple Cow,
I never hope to see one,
But I can tell you, anyhow,
I'd rather see than be one!
Burgess Nonsense Book The Purple Cow.

Ah, yes! I wrote the 'Purple Cow'—
I'm sorry, now, I wrote it!
But I can tell you anyhow,
I'll kill you if you quote it! *Ib.*

JOHN WILLIAM BURGON

1813–1888

A rose-red city—half as old as Time! *Petra*, l. 132

JOHN BURGOYNE

1722–1792

You have only, when before your glass, to keep pronouncing to yourself nimini-pimini—the lips cannot fail of taking their plie.

The Heiress, III. ii.

EDMUND BURKE

1728–1797

Would twenty shillings have ruined Mr Hampden's fortune? No! but the payment of half twenty shillings, on the principle it was demanded, would have made him a slave

Speech on American Taxation, 1774

It is the nature of all greatness not to be exact *Ib*

Falsehood has a perennial spring *Ib*

It did so happen that persons had a single office divided between them, who had never spoken to each other in their lives, until they found themselves, they knew not how, pigging together, heads and points, in the same truckle-bed *Ib*

For even then, sir, even before this splendid orb was entirely set, and while the western horizon was in a blaze with his descending glory, on the opposite quarter of the heavens arose another luminary, and, for his hour, became lord of the ascendant. *Ib*

Great men are the guide-posts and landmarks in the state. *Ib*

Passion for fame, a passion which is the instinct of all great souls. *Ib*

To tax and to please, no more than to love and to be wise, is not given to men *Ib*

The only liberty I mean, is a liberty connected with order; that not only exists along with order and virtue, but which cannot exist at all without them

Speech at his arrival at Bristol (1774)

Applaud us when we run, console us when we fall, cheer us when we recover but let us pass on—for God's sake, let us pass on!

Speech at Bristol previous to the Election, 1780

Bad laws are the worst sort of tyranny *Ib*

The worthy gentleman [Mr. Coombe], who has been snatched from us at the moment of the election, and in the middle of the contest, whilst his desires were as warm, and his hopes as eager as ours, has feelingly told us, what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue

Speech at Bristol on Declining the Poll, 1780

The cold neutrality of an impartial judge

Preface to the Address of M Brissot

I have in general no very exalted opinion of the virtue of paper government

Speech on Conciliation with America, 1775

The noble lord in the blue riband *Ib*

The concessions of the weak are the concessions of fear *Ib.*

Young man, there is America—which at this day serves for little more than to amuse you with stories of savage men, and uncouth manners, yet shall, before you taste of death, show itself equal to the whole of that commerce which now attracts the envy of the world *Ib*

When we speak of the commerce with our colonies, fiction lags after truth, invention is unfruitful, and imagination cold and barren. *Ib*

A people who are still, as it were, but in the gristle and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood *Ib*

Through a wise and salutary neglect [of the colonies], a generous nature has been suffered to take her own way to perfection, when I reflect upon these effects, when I see how profitable they have been to us, I feel all the pride of power sink and all presumption in the wisdom of human contrivances melt and die away within me My rigour relents I pardon something to the spirit of liberty *Ib*

The use of force alone is but *temporary* It may subdue for a moment; but it does not remove the necessity of subduing again and a nation is not governed, which is perpetually to be conquered *Ib*

Nothing less will content me, than *whole America* Ib

Abstract liberty, like other mere abstractions, is not to be found. *Ib.*

All protestantism, even the most cold and passive, is a sort of dissent But the religion most prevalent in our northern colonies is a refinement on the principle of resistance it is the dissidence of dissent, and the protestantism of the Protestant religion. *Ib*

In no country perhaps in the world is the law so general a study This study renders men acute, inquisitive, dexterous, prompt in attack, ready in defence, full of resources . . They augur misgovernment at a distance, and snuff the approach of tyranny in every tainted breeze *Ib*

The mysterious virtue of wax and parchment. *Ib.*

I do not know the method of drawing up an indictment against an whole people *Ib*

It is not, what a lawyer tells me I *may* do, but what humanity, reason, and justice, tell me I ought to do *Ib*

Govern two millions of men, impatient of servitude, on the principles of freedom *Ib*

I am not determining a point of law, I am restoring tranquillity. *Ib*

The march of the human mind is slow. *Ib.*

Freedom and not servitude is the cure of anarchy, as religion, and not atheism, is the true remedy for superstition *Ib*

Instead of a standing revenue, you will have therefore a perpetual quarrel *Ib*

Slavery they can have anywhere It is a weed that grows in every soil
Conciliation with America, 1775

Deny them this participation of freedom, and you break that sole bond, which originally made, and must still preserve the unity of the empire *Ib*

It is the love of the people, it is their attachment to their government, from the sense of the deep stake they have in such a glorious institution, which gives you your army and your navy, and infuses into both that liberal obedience, without which your army would be a base rabble, and your navy nothing but rotten timber *Ib*

Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom, and a great empire and little minds go ill together *Ib*

By adverting to the dignity of this high calling, our ancestors have turned a savage wilderness into a glorious empire and have made the most extensive, and the only honourable conquests, not by destroying, but by promoting the wealth, the number, the happiness of the human race *Ib*

The people never give up their liberties but under some delusion
Speech at County Meeting of Bucks, 1784

Corrupt influence, which is itself the perennial spring of all prodigality, and of all disorder, which loads us more than millions of debt, which takes away vigour from our arms, wisdom from our councils, and every shadow of authority and credit from the most venerable parts of our constitution
Speech on the Economical Reform, 1780

Individuals pass like shadows, but the commonwealth is fixed and stable *Ib.*

The people are the masters *Ib*

A rapacious and licentious soldiery
Speech on Fox's East India Bill, 1783

He has put to hazard his ease, his security, his interest, his power, even his darling popularity, for the benefit of a people whom he has never seen *Ib*

What the greatest inquest of the nation has begun, its highest Tribunal [the British House of Commons] will accomplish
Impeachment of Warren Hastings, 15 Feb 1788

Religious persecution may shield itself under the guise of a mistaken and over-zealous piety
Ib 17 Feb 1788

An event has happened, upon which it is difficult to speak, and impossible to be silent
Ib 5 May 1789

Resolved to die in the last dyke of prevarication
Ib 7 May 1789

There is but one law for all, namely, that law which governs all law, the law of our Creator, the law of humanity, justice, equity—the law of nature, and of nations *Ib 28 May 1794*

I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all!
Impeachment of Warren Hastings, as recorded by Macaulay in his essay on Warren Hastings

His virtues were his arts
Inscription on the statue of the Marquis of Rockingham in Wentworth Park

The greater the power, the more dangerous the abuse
Speech on the Middlesex Election, 1771

It is not a predilection to mean, sordid, home-bred cares, that will avert the consequences of a false estimation of our interest, or prevent the shameful dilapidation, into which a great empire must fall, by mean reparations upon mighty ruins
Speech on the Nabob of Arcot's Debts.

Old religious factions are volcanoes burnt out
Speech on the Petition of the Unitarians, 1792

Dangers by being despised grow great. *Ib*

To complain of the age we live in, to murmur at the present possessors of power, to lament the past, to conceive extravagant hopes of the future, are the common dispositions of the greatest part of mankind
Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents

The power of the crown, almost dead and rotten as Prerogative, has grown up anew, with much more strength, and far less odium, under the name of Influence *Ib*

The wisdom of our ancestors. *Ib*

When bad men combine, the good must associate, else they will fall, one by one, an unpitied sacrifice in a contemptible struggle *Ib*

Of this stamp is the cant of *Not men, but measures*, a sort of charm by which many people get loose from every honourable engagement. *Ib*

There is, however, a limit at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue
Observations on a Publication, 'The present state of the nation'

Well stored with pious frauds, and, like most discourses of the sort, much better calculated for the private advantage of the preacher than the edification of the hearers *Ib*

It is a general popular error to imagine the loudest complainers for the public to be the most anxious for its welfare *Ib*

I flatter myself that I love a manly, moral, regulated liberty as well as any gentleman
Reflections on the Revolution in France

Whenever our neighbour's house is on fire, it cannot be amiss for the engines to play a little on our own
Ib

Politics and the pulpit are terms that have little agreement No sound ought to be heard in the church but the healing voice of Christian charity. Surely the church is a place where one day's truce ought to be allowed to the dissensions and animosities of mankind *Ib*

A state without the means of some change is without the means of its conservation. *Ib.*

Make the Revolution a parent of settlement, and not a nursery of future revolutions *Ib.*

The confused jargon of their Babylonian pulpits *Ib*

People will not look forward to posterity, who never look backward to their ancestors *Ib*

Government is a contrivance of human wisdom to provide for human *wants* Men have a right that these wants should be provided for by this wisdom *Ib.*

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles, and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in,—glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendour, and joy Little did I dream that I should have lived to see disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour, and of cavaliers I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult But the age of chivalry is gone That of sophisters, economists, and calculators, has succeeded, and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever *Ib*

The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone! *Ib*

It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound *Ib*

Vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness *Ib*

The offspring of cold hearts and muddy understandings *Ib.*

In the groves of *their* academy, at the end of every visto, you see nothing but the gallows *Ib*

Kings will be tyrants from policy, when subjects are rebels from principle *Ib*

Learning will be cast into the mire, and trodden down under the hoofs of a swinish multitude *Ib*

France has always more or less influenced manners in England and when your fountain is choked up and polluted, the stream will not run long, or will not run clear with us, or perhaps with any nation *Ib*

Because half a dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chink, whilst thousands of great cattle, reposed beneath the shadow of the British oak, chew the cud and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field, that of course, they are many in number, or that, after all, they are other than the little, shrivelled, meagre, hopping, though loud and troublesome *insects* of the hour *Ib.*

Who now reads Bolingbroke? Who ever read him through? Ask the booksellers of London what is become of all these lights of the world *Ib*

Man is by his constitution a religious animal *Ib*

A perfect democracy is therefore the most shameless thing in the world *Ib*

The men of England, the men, I mean, of light and leading in England *Ib*

Nobility is a graceful ornament to the civil order It is the Corinthian capital of polished society. *Ib*

Superstition is the religion of feeble minds. *Ib*

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skill Our antagonist is our helper *Ib*

Our patience will achieve more than our force *Ib*

Good order is the foundation of all good things *Ib*

The delicate and refined play of the imagination
On the Sublime and Beautiful, introduction

I am convinced that we have a degree of delight, and that no small one, in the real misfortunes and pains of others. *Ib* pt I, § XIV.

No passion so effectually robs the mind of all its powers of acting and reasoning as fear
Ib. pt II, § II.

Custom reconciles us to everything
Ib pt IV, § XVIII

Laws, like houses, lean on one another
Tracts on the Popery Laws, ch 3, pt I

In all forms of Government the people is the true legislator *Ib*

And having looked to government for bread, on the very first scarcity they will turn and bite the hand that fed them *Thoughts and Details on Scarcity*

The writers against religion, whilst they oppose every system, are wisely careful never to set up any of their own
A Vindication of Natural Society, preface

The fabric of superstition has in our age and nation received much ruder shocks than it had ever felt before, and through the chinks and breaches of our prison we see such glimmerings of light, and feel such refreshing airs of liberty, as daily raise our ardour for more
A Vindication of Natural Society

A good parson once said, that where mystery begins, religion ends Cannot I say, as truly at least, of human laws, that where mystery begins, justice ends? *Ib*

The lucrative business of mystery. *Ib*

The only infallible criterion of wisdom to vulgar judgments—success
Letter to a Member of the National Assembly

Those who have been once intoxicated with power, and have derived any kind of emolument from it, even though but for one year, can never willingly abandon it *Ib*

Cromwell was a man in whom ambition had not wholly suppressed, but only suspended the sentiments of religion *Ib*

Tyrants seldom want pretexts. *Ib.*

You can never plan the future by the past. *Ib*

To innovate is not to reform
A Letter to a Noble Lord, 1796

These gentle historians, on the contrary, dip their pens in nothing but the milk of human kindness
Ib.

The king, and his faithful subjects, the lords and commons of this realm,—the triple cord, which no man can break *Ib*

The coquetry of public opinion, which has her caprices, and must have her way
Letter to Thos Burgh, New Year's Day, 1780

The arrogance of age must submit to be taught by youth *Letter to Fanny Burney, 29 July 1782*

People crushed by law have no hopes but from power
If laws are their enemies, they will be enemies to laws, and those, who have much to hope and nothing to lose, will always be dangerous, more or less
Letter to the Hon C J Fox, 8 Oct 1777

The grand Instructor, Time
Letter to Sir H Langrishe, 26 May 1795

All men that are ruined are ruined on the side of their natural propensities
Letters on a Regicide Peace, letter 1

Example is the school of mankind, and they will learn at no other *Ib*

Never, no, never, did Nature say one thing and Wisdom say another *Ib* No 3

Well is it known that ambition can creep as well as soar *Ib*

I know many have been taught to think, that moderation, in a case like this, is a sort of treason
Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol

Between craft and credulity, the voice of reason is stifled *Ib*

If any ask me what a free government is, I answer, that for any practical purpose, it is what the people think so. *Ib*

Liberty, too, must be limited in order to be possessed
Ib.

Nothing in progression can rest on its original plan
We may as well think of rocking a grown man in the cradle of an infant *Ib.*

Among a people generally corrupt, liberty cannot long exist *Ib*

Nothing is so fatal to religion as indifference, which is, at least, half infidelity
Letter to Wm Smith, 29 Jan 1795

The silent touches of time *Ib.*

Somebody has said, that a king may make a nobleman, but he cannot make a gentleman. *Ib*

Not merely a chip of the old 'block', but the old block itself *On Pitt's First Speech, 1781*

Mr Burke observed that Johnson had been very great that night, Mr Langton . could have wished to hear more from another person, (plainly intimating that he meant Mr Burke) 'O, no (said Mr Burke), it is enough for me to have rung the bell to him' *Boswell's Johnson*, vol. IV, p. 26.

'No, no,' said he, 'it is not a good imitation of Johnson, it has all his pomp, without his force, it has all the nodosities of the oak without its strength, it has all the contortions of the Sybil without the inspiration'
Remark to Boswell who had spoken of Croft's 'Life of Dr. Young' as a good imitation of Johnson's style Boswell's Life of Johnson, vol. IV, p. 59

WILLIAM CECIL, LORD BURLEIGH

1520–1598

What! all this for a song?
To Queen Elizabeth (when ordered to give £100 to Spenser for some poems). *Birch, Life of Spenser*, p xiii.

SIR FRANCIS COWLEY BURNAND

1836–1917

It's no matter what you do
If your heart be only true,
And his heart *was* true to Poll *True to Poll*

FANNY BURNEY (MME D'ARBLAY)

1752–1840

In the bosom of her respectable family resided Camilla *Camilla*, bk. I, ch 1

Travelling is the ruin of all happiness! There's no looking at a building here after seeing Italy. [Mr Meadows] *Cecilia*, ed 1904, bk IV, ch 2

'True, very true, ma'am,' said he [Mr Meadows], yawning, 'one really lives no where, one does but vegetate, and wish it all at an end'
Ib bk VII, ch 5

Indeed, the freedom with which Dr Johnson condemns whatever he disapproves is astonishing
Diary, 23 Aug 1778

All the delusive seduction of martial music
Ib Ce 4 florial, 1802.

'Do you come to the play without knowing what it is?' [Mr Lovel] 'O yes, Sir, yes, very frequently I have no time to read play-bills, one merely comes to meet one's friends, and show that one's alive'
Evelina, letter 20

ROBERT BURNS

1759–1796

O thou! whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie
Address to the Deil.

But fare you weel, auld Nickie-ben!
O wad ye tak a thought an' men'!
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a stake
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Ev'n for your sake! *Ib*

Ye're aiblins nae temptation
Address To the Unco Guid

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman,
Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human *Ib*

Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it,
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted *Ib*

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever *Ae Fond Kiss*

But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love for ever *Ib*

Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted *Ib.*

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind? *Auld Lang Syne.*

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine *Ib*

We'll tak' a right gude-willie waught
For auld lang syne *Ib*

We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne *Ib*

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie's a hand o' thine. *Ib*

But tell me whisky's name in Greek,
I'll tell the reason
The Author's Earnest Cry and Prayer, xxx

Freedom and Whisky gang thegither! *Ib* xxxi

Sleep I can get nane
For thinking on my dearie *Ay Waukin O*

The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame,
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name! *A Bard's Epitaph*

Know prudent cautious self-control
Is wisdom's root *Ib*

Come, Firm Resolve, take thou the van,
Thou stalk o' carl-hemp in man!
And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan
A lady fair,
Wha does the utmost that he can,
Will whyles do mair *To Dr Blacklock*

To make a happy fire-side clime
To weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life *Ib*

But aye the tear comes in my ee,
To think on him that's far awa
The Bonnie Lad that's far awa

O saw ye bonnie Lesley
As she gaed o'er the border?
She's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther
To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever,
For Nature made her what she is,
And ne'er made anither! *Bonnie Lesley*

The Deil he could na scaith thee,
Or aught that wad belang thee,
He'd look into thy bonnie face,
And say, 'I canna wrang thee' *Ib.*

Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel it should tine
The Bonnie Wee Thing.

Your poor narrow foot-path of a street,
Where twa wheel-barrows tumble when they meet
The Brigs of Ayr.

Hark! the mavis' evening sang
Sounding Clouden's woods amang,
Then a-faulding let us gang,
My bonnie dearie *Ca' the Yowes.*

She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
Coming through the rye
Coming through the Rye (taken from an old song, *The Bob-tailed Lass*)

Gin a body meet a body
Coming through the rye;
Gin a body kiss a body
Need a body cry? *Ib*

Contented wi' little and cantie wi' mair
Contented wi' Little.

Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin', stacher through
To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin' noise an' glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnilie,
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labour an' his toil.
The Cotter's Saturday Night, iii

The mother, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new *Ib* v.

They never sought in vain that sought the Lord
aright! *Ib* vi

A wretch, a villain, lost to love and truth *Ib*

The halesome parritch, chief of Scotia's food
Ib xi

He wales a portion with judicious care,
And 'Let us worship God!' he says with solemn air
Ib xii

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
'An honest man's the noblest work of God' *Ib* xix.

Ev'n ministers, they hae been kenn'd,
In holy rapture,
A rousing whid at times to vend,
And nail't wi' Scripture
Death and Dr. Hornbook, i.

I wasna fou, but just had plenty *Ib* III

The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell
Some wee short hour ayont the twal *Ib* XXXI

On ev'ry hand it will allow'd be,
He's just—nae better than he should be
A Dedication to Gavin Hamilton, l 25

The De'il's Awa' Wi' the Exciseman *Title of Song*

But Facts are chiels that winna ding,
An' downa be disputed *A Dream*

Yet aft a ragged cowt's been known
To mak a noble aiver *Ib*

Duncan Gray cam here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
On blithe Yule-nicht when we were fou,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't
Maggie coost her head fu' high,
Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't *Duncan Gray*

Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't
Duncan sighed baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',
Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't *Ib*

How it comes let doctors tell,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Meg grew sick as he grew haill,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't *Ib*

A Gentleman who held the patent for his honours immediately from Almighty God
Elegy on Capt Matthew Henderson from the title

Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon
Epistle to a Young Friend, 1786

But still keep something to yourself
Ye scarcely tell to ony *Ib*

I wa[i]ve the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard of concealing,
But och, it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling! *Ib*

An atheist laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended *Ib*

And may ye better reck the rede
Than ever did th' adviser! *Ib*

The heart aye's the part aye
That makes us right or wrang *Epistle to Davie*

What's a' your jargon o' your schools,
Your Latin names for horns and stools,
If honest Nature made you fools,
What sairs your grammars?
First Epistle to John Lapraik

Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,
That's a' the learning I desire *Ib.*

For thus the royal mandate ran,
When first the human race began,
'The social, friendly, honest man,
Whate'er he be,
'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan,
And none but he!'
Second Epistle to Lapraik

My barmie noddle's working prime
Epistle to James Smith.

Some rhyme a neebor's name to lash,
Some rhyme (vain thought!) for needfu' cash,
Some rhyme to court the country clash,
An' raise a din,
For me, an aim I never fash,
I rhyme for fun *Ib*

Farewell dear, deluding Woman,
The joy of joys! *Ib*

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream
Flow gently, sweet Afton

The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that!
For a' that and a' that

A man's a man for a' that *Ib*

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that,
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he mauna fa' that! *Ib*

It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man the warld o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that *Ib.*

My heart is sair, I daur na tell,
My heart is sair for Somebody
For the Sake of Somebody

There's Death in the cup—so beware!
On a Goblet

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
An' fill it in a silver tassie *Go Fetch to Me a Pint*

Green grow the rashes O,
Green grow the rashes O,
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent amang the lasses O!

There's nought but care on ev'ry han',
In ev'ry hour that passes O,
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses O
Green Grow the Rashes

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie O,
An' warly cares, an' warly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie O! *Ib*

The wisest man the warl' saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses O *Ib*

Auld nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes O,
Her prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses O *Ib*

That I for poor auld Scotland's sake,
Some usefu' plan or beuk could make,
Or sing a sang at least
To the Guidwife of Wauchope-House

Fair fa' your honest sonsie face,
Great chieftain o' the puddin'-race!
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm
Weel are ye wordy o' a grace
As lang's my arm *To a Haggis*

His spindle shank a guid whip-lash,
His nieve a nit *Ib*

It's guid to be merry and wise,
It's guid to be honest and true,
It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
And bide by the buff and the blue
Here's a Health to Them that's Awa'

O, gie me the lass that has acres o' charms,
O, gie me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms.
Hey for a Lass wi' a Tocher

Then hey, for a lass wi' a tocher—
The nice yellow guineas for me! *Ib*

The golden hours on angel wings
Flew o'er me and my dearie,
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.
Highland Mary

But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early! *Ib*

Here some are thinkin' on their sins,
An' some upo' their claes. *The Holy Fair*, x

Leeze me on drink! it gi'es us mair
Than either school or college *Ib* xix

There's some are fou o' love divine,
There's some are fou o' brandy *Ib* xxvii

I hae a wife o' my ain. *I Hae a Wife o' My Ain*

Naebody cares for me,
I care for naebody. *Ib*

It was a' for our rightfu' King
We left fair Scotland's strand
It was a' for our Rightfu' King

Now a' is done that men can do,
And a' is done in vain *Ib*

He turn'd him right and round about
Upon the Irish shore,
And gae his bridle-reins a shake,
With adieu for evermore, My dear,
Adieu for evermore. *Ib*

John Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonny brow was brent
John Anderson My Jo

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither
Now we maun totter down, John,
And hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo *Ib*

Partly wi' love o'ercome sae sair,
And partly she was drunk
The Jolly Beggars, l. 221.

Their tricks an' craft hae put me daft,
They've ta'en me in, an' a' that,
But clear your decks, an' *'here's the Sea!'*
I like the jads for a' that *Ib.* l. 266.

A fig for those by law protected!
Liberty's a glorious feast!
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest. *Ib* l. 292.

Life is all a variorum,
We regard not how it goes;
Let them cant about decorum
Who have characters to lose *Ib* l 308

As cauld a wind as ever blew,
A caulder kirk, and in't but few;
A caulder preacher never spak,—
Ye'se a' be het ere I come back
The Kirk of Lamington.

I've seen sae mony changefu' years,
On earth I am a stranger grown,
I wander in the ways of men,
Alike unknowing and unknown
Lament for James, Earl of Glencairn

The mother may forget the child
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee,
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me *Ib*

O had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain
The Lass of Ballochmyle

When o'er the hill the eastern star
Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo,
. .
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O *The Lea-Rig*

True it is, she had one failing,
Had a woman ever less?
Lines written under the Picture of Miss Burns

Ha! whare ye gaun, ye crowlin' ferlie!
Your impudence protects you sairly
I canna say but ye strunt rarely,
Owre gauze and lace,
Tho' faith! I fear ye dine but sparely
On sic a place *To a Louse*

O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion *Ib*

Their sighin', cantin', grace-proud faces,
Their three-mile prayers, and half-mile graces.
To the Rev John M'Math

May coward shame distain his name,
The wretch that dares not die!
Macpherson's Farewell

Nature's law,
That man was made to mourn
Man was made to Mourn

Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn! *Ib*

O Death, the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best! *Ib*

Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usherest in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn
To Mary in Heaven

Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear *Ib*

I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
'Ye are na Mary Morison' *Mary Morison*

Wee modest crimson-tippèd flow'r
To a Mountain Daisy.

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date,
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight
Shall be thy doom! *Ib*

Wee, sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie,
O what a panic's in thy breastie!
To a Mouse

I'm truly sorry Man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies th' ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion
An' fellow-mortal! *Ib.*

The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley. *Ib*

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer,
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go
My Heart's in the Highlands

O, my Luve's like a red red rose
That's newly sprung in June
Oh my Luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune
My Love is like a Red Red Rose

The minister kiss'd the fiddler's wife,
An' could na preach for thinkin' o't.
My Love she 's but a Lassie yet.

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a lo'esome wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o'mine.
My Wife's a Winsome Wee Thing

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west *Of a' the Airts*

If there's another world, he lives in bliss,
If there is none, he made the best of this
On a Friend Epitaph on Wm Muir

He ne'er was gi'en to great misguidin',
Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in
On a Scotch Bard

Hear, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots
On Captain Grose's Peregrinations

If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede you tent it
A chield's amang you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it *Ib*

He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets *Ib*

An idiot race to honour lost,
Who know them best, despise them most
On Seeing Stirling Palace in Ruins.

O, wert thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee
O, Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast

Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a' *Ib.*

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there *Ib*

The teeth o' Time may gnaw Tamtallan,
But thou's for ever! *To Pastoral Poetry*

The mair they talk I'm kent the better.
E'en Let Them Clash

O Luve will venture in, where it daur na weel be seen *The Poste*

And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear,
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer *Ib*

It's aye the cheapest lawyer's fee,
To taste the barrel *Scotch Drink*

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie
Now's the day, and now's the hour,
See the front o' battle lour!
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slaverie! *Scots, Wha Hae*

Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do or die! *Ib*

Some hae meat, and canna eat,
And some wad eat that want it;
But we hae meat and we can eat,
And sae the Lord be thankit
The Selkirk Grace As attributed to Burns

The Muse, nae poet ever fand her,
Till by himself he learned to wander
Adown some trotting burn's meander,
An' no think lang,
To William Simpson

Good Lord, what is man! for as simple he looks,
Do but try to develop his hooks and his crooks,
With his depths and his shallows, his good and his evil,
All in all, he's a problem must puzzle the devil
Sketch inscribed to C J Fox.

Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love
The Soldier's Return.

Whare sits our sulky sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm
Tam o'Shanter, l 10

Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses
For honest men and bonnie lasses *Ib* l 15

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthen'd sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises! *Ib* l 33

His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony,
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither,
They had been fou for weeks thegither *Ib* l 43

Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious! *Ib* l 57

But pleasures are like poppies spread—
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed,
Or like the snow falls in the river—
A moment white—then melts for ever *Ib* 1 59

Nae man can tether time or tide *Ib* 1 67

That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane *Ib* 1 69

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil,
Wi' usquebae, we'll face the devil! *Ib* 1 105

The mirth and fun grew fast and furious *Ib* 1 143

But Tam kent what was what fu' brawlie *Ib* 1 163

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin'!
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin'! *Ib.* 1 201

He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
But aye a heart aboon them a', *There was a Lad*

A man may drink and no be drunk,
A man may fight and no be slain,
A man may kiss a bonnie lass,
And aye be welcome back again.
There was a Lass, they ca'd her Meg

We labour soon, we labour late,
To feed the titled knave, man,
And a' the comfort we're to get,
Is that ayont the grave, man
The Tree of Liberty, attributed to Burns

His lockèd, lettered, braw brass collar,
Shew'd him the gentleman and scholar.
The Twa Dogs, 1 13

The fient a pride na pride had he. *Ib* 1 16

And there began a lang digression
About the lords of the creation. *Ib* 1 45.

But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges and schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They mak enow themsels to vex them. *Ib* 1 195

But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,
They're a' run deils an' jads thegither. *Ib* 1 221

Rejoiced they were na men but dogs. *Ib* 1 236

Up in the morning's no' for me,
Up in the morning early *Up in the Morning*

Misled by fancy's meteor ray,
By passion driven,
But yet the light that led astray
Was light from Heaven
The Vision, Duan II, XVIII

What can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?
What can a Young Lassie.

And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan. *Ib.*

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;
O, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad·
Tho' father and mither and a' should gae mad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad
Whistle, and I'll come to you, my Lad.

Now we're married—spier nae mair—
Whistle owre the lave o't
Whistle owre the lave o't

We're nae that fou, we're no that fou,
But just a drappie in our ee
Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie,
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
But, by my sooth! she'll wait a wee *Ib.*

Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her! *Willie's Wife.*

Her nose and chin they threaten ither *Ib*

Her face wad fyle the Logan-water *Ib*

The heart benevolent and kind
The most resembles God *A Winter Night*

Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care?
Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonny Doon

Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return *Ib*

And ilka bird sang of its love,
And fondly sae did I o' mine. *Ib.*

And my fause lover stole my rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me. *Ib*

'Don't let the awkward squad fire over me'
A Cunningham's Works of Burns, with his Life, 1834, vol I, p 344.

JEREMIAH BURROUGHS

1599–1646

We use to say, it's a woman's reason to say, I will do such a thing, because I will do it
On Hosea, vol IV, p 80

BENJAMIN HAPGOOD BURT

When you're all dressed up and no place to go
Title of Song

HENRY BURTON

fl. 1886

Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on!
'Twas not given for thee alone,
Pass it on!
Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in Heaven the deed appears—
Pass it on! *Pass It On*

JOHN BURTON

1773–?

Holy Bible, Book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine,
Mine to teach me whence I came,
Mine to teach me what I am
Holy Bible, Book Divine

ROBERT BURTON

1577–1640

All my joys to this are folly,
Naught so sweet as Melancholy
Anatomy of Melancholy *Author's Abstract of Melancholy*

They lard their lean books with the fat of others' works *Ib Democritus to the Reader*

We can say nothing but what hath been said . . Our poets steal from Homer . . . Divines use Austin's words *verbatim* still, and our story-dressers do as much, he that comes last is commonly best *Ib*

I had not time to lick it into form, as she [a bear] doth her young ones *Ib*

Like watermen, that row one way and look another *Ib*

Him that makes shoes go barefoot himself *Ib.*

All poets are mad *Ib*

A loose, plain, rude writer. *Ib*

Cookery is become an art, a noble science cooks are gentlemen *Ib* pt 1, § 2, memb 2, subsect 2.

No rule is so general, which admits not some exception *Ib* subsect 3

Die to save charges *Ib* memb 3. subsect. 12

I may not here omit those two main plagues, and common dotages of human kind, wine and women, which have infatuated and besotted myriads of people They go commonly together *Ib* subsect 13.

Hinc quam sit calamus sævior ense patet [From this it is clear how much the pen is worse than the sword] *Ib* memb 4, subsect 4.

One was never married, and that's his hell, another is, and that's his plague *Ib* memb 4, subsect. 7.

[Fabricius] finds certain spots and clouds in the sun. Ib pt II, § 2, memb. 3.

Seneca thinks he takes delight in seeing thee The gods are well pleased when they see great men contending with adversity *Ib* § 3, memb 1, subsect 1

Every thing, saith Epictetus, hath two handles, the one to be held by, the other not *Ib* memb 3

Who cannot give good counsel? 'tis cheap, it costs them nothing *Ib*

What is a ship but a prison? *Ib* memb 4

All places are distant from Heaven alike *Ib*

The Commonwealth of Venice in their armoury have this inscription, 'Happy is that city which in time of peace thinks of war' *Ib* memb 6

Tobacco, divine, rare, superexcellent tobacco, which goes far beyond all their panaceas, potable gold, and philosopher's stones, a sovereign remedy to all diseases But, as it is commonly abused by most men, which take it as tinkers do ale, 'tis a plague, a mischief, a violent purger of goods, lands, health, hellish, devilish, and damned tobacco, the ruin and overthrow of body and soul *Ib* § 4, memb 2, subsect 1

Let me not live, saith Aretine's Antonia, if I had not rather hear thy discourse than see a play! *Ib* pt III, § 1, memb 1, subsect 1

And this is that Homer's golden chain, which reacheth down from Heaven to earth, by which every creature is annexed, and depends on his Creator *Ib* subsect. 2.

To enlarge or illustrate this—is to set a candle in the sun. *Ib* § II, memb 1, subsect 2

Cornelia kept her in talk till her children came from school, and these, said she, are my jewels *Ib* memb 2, subsect 3.

To these crocodile's tears, they will add sobs, fiery sighs, and sorrowful countenance *Ib* subsect 4

Diogenes struck the father when the son swore *Ib*

England is a paradise for women, and hell for horses· Italy a paradise for horses, hell for women, as the diverb goes *Ib* § 3, memb 1, subsect 2.

The miller sees not all the water that goes by his mill. *Ib* memb. 4, subsect 1.

The fear of some divine and supreme powers, keeps men in obedience *Ib* § 4, memb. 1, subsect 2

One religion is as true as another *Ib* memb 2, subsect. 1.

JOSEPH BUTLER

1692–1752

Things and actions are what they are, and the consequences of them will be what they will be why then should we desire to be deceived? *Fifteen Sermons.* No. 7, § 16

SAMUEL BUTLER

1612–1680

When civil fury first grew high,
And men fell out they knew not why
Hudibras, pt 1, c 1, l 1

And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist, instead of a stick *Ib* 1 11

Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek,
As naturally as pigs squeak
That Latin was no more difficile,
Than to a black-bird 'tis to whistle. *Ib* 1 51

He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skill'd in analytic
He could distinguish, and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute *Ib* 1 65

He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination *Ib* 1 77

For rhetoric he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope *Ib* 1 81

For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools *Ib* 1 89.

A Babylonish dialect
Which learned pedants much affect. *Ib* 1 93

For he, by geometric scale,
Could take the size of pots of ale,
And wisely tell what hour o' th' day
The clock doth strike, by algebra *Ib* 1 121

Beside, he was a shrewd philosopher,
And had read ev'ry text and gloss over *Ib* 1 127

What ever sceptic could inquire for,
For every why he had a wherefore *Ib* 1 131

He knew what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly *Ib* 1 149

Such as take lodgings in a head
That's to be let unfurnished. *Ib* 1 160.

He could raise scruples dark and nice,
And after solve 'em in a trice
As if Divinity had catch'd
The itch, of purpose to be scratch'd *Ib* 1 163

'T was Presbyterian true blue *Ib* 1 189

Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun *Ib* 1 193

And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks *Ib* 1 197

And still be doing, never done
As if Religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended *Ib* 1 202

Compound for sins, they are inclin'd to
By damning those they have no mind to *Ib* 1 213

The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting was grown rusty,
And eat into it self, for lack
Of some body to hew and hack *Ib* 1 357

For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which like ships they steer their courses
Ib 1 457

He ne'er consider'd it, as loth
To look a gift-horse in the mouth *Ib* 1. 483

Quoth Hudibras, I smell a rat;
Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate. *Ib* 1 815

Great actions are not always true sons
Of great and mighty resolutions. *Ib* 1 885

There was an ancient sage philosopher,
That had read Alexander Ross over *Ib* c. 2, l 1

Through perils both of wind and limb,
Through thick and thin she follow'd him *Ib*

And bid the devil take the hin'most *Ib* 1 633

Ay me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron! *Ib* c 3, l 1

I'll make the fur
Fly 'bout the ears of the old cur *Ib* 1 277

These reasons made his mouth to water *Ib* 1 379

Then while the honour thou hast got
Is spick and span-new, piping hot *Ib* 1 398

And though th' art of a different church,
I will not leave thee in the lurch *Ib* 1 763

He that is down can fall no lower *Ib* 1. 878

Cheer'd up himself with ends of verse,
And sayings of philosophers. *Ib* 1 1011.

Cleric before, and Lay behind,
A lawless linsy-woolsy brother,
Half of one order, half another *Ib* 1 1226

Learning that cobweb of the brain,
Profane, erroneous, and vain *Ib* 1 1339

For nothing goes for sense, or light,
That will not with old rules jump right,
As if rules were not in the schools
Derived from truth, but truth from rules *Ib* 1 1353

Quoth Hudibras, Friend Ralph, thou hast
Outrun the constable at last. *Ib* l. 1367.

Some force whole regions, in despite
O' geography, to change their site
Make former times shake hands with latter,
And that which was before, come after
Ib pt. II, c 1, l 23

Not by your individual whiskers,
But by your dialect and discourse *Ib* 1 155.

Some have been beaten till they know
What wood a cudgel 's of by th' blow,
Some kick'd, until they can feel whether
A shoe be Spanish or neats-leather. *Ib* 1 221

Such great achievements cannot fail,
To cast salt on a woman's tail *Ib* 1 277

Quoth she, I've heard old cunning stagers
Say, Fools for arguments use wagers. *Ib* 1 297

She that with poetry is won
Is but a desk to write upon. *Ib* 1 591

Love is a boy, by poets styl'd,
Then spare the rod, and spoil the child. *Ib* 1 844

The sun had long since in the lap
Of Thetis, taken out his nap,
And like a lobster boil'd, the morn
From black to red began to turn. *Ib* c 2, l 29

And after many circumstances,
Which vulgar authors in romances
Do use to spend their time and wits on,
To make impertinent description *Ib* 1 41

Have always been at daggers-drawing,
And one another clapper-clawing. *Ib* 1 79

Oaths are but words, and words but wind
Ib 1 107

For saints may do the same things by
The Spirit, in sincerity,
Which other men are tempted to *Ib* 1 235

As the ancients
Say wisely, Have a care o' th' main chance,
And look before you ere you leap,
For, as you sow, you are like to reap. *Ib* 1 501.

Doubtless the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated, as to cheat
As lookers-on feel most delight,
That least perceive a juggler's sleight,
And still the less they understand,
The more th' admire his sleight of hand
Ib c 3, l 1.

He made an instrument to know
If the moon shine at full or no *Ib* 1 261.

And fire a mine in China, here,
With sympathetic gunpowder
Hudibras, pt II, c 3, l 295.

To swallow gudgeons ere th'are catch'd,
And count their chickens ere th'are hatch'd
Ib l 923

T'enforce a desperate amour.
Ib pt III, c 1, l 2

Still amorous, and fond, and billing,
Like Philip and Mary on a shilling *Ib* l 687

For in what stupid age or nation
Was marriage ever out of fashion? *Ib* l 817

Discords make the sweetest airs *Ib* l 919

What makes all doctrines plain and clear?
About two hundred pounds a year
And that which was prov'd true before,
Prove false again? Two hundred more *Ib* l 1277

With crosses, relics, crucifixes,
Beads, pictures, rosaries, and pixes,
The tools of working out salvation
By mere mechanic operation *Ib* l 1495

The saints engage in fierce contests
About their carnal interests *Ib* c 2, introd

Although there's nothing lost nor won,
The public business is undone. *Ib* l 159

Neither have the hearts to stay,
Nor wit enough to run away *Ib* l 569

For if it be but half denied,
'Tis half as good as justified. *Ib* l 803

For, those that fly, may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain *Ib* c. 3, l 243

He that complies against his will,
Is of his own opinion still *Ib* l 547

For Justice, though she's painted blind,
Is to the weaker side inclin'd *Ib* l 709

For money has a power above
The stars, and Fate, to manage love,
Whose arrows learned poets hold,
That never miss, are tipp'd with gold
Ib l 1279

And counted *breaking Priscian's head* a thing
More capital than to behead a king
Genuine Remains Satire on the Imperfection of Human Learning, pt 2, l 149.

The best of all our actions tend
To the preposterousest end
Ib Satire upon the Weakness and Misery of Man, l 41

The greatest saints and sinners have been made
The proselytes of one another's trade
Miscellaneous Thoughts

All love at first, like generous wine,
Ferments and frets until 'tis fine,
But when 'tis settled on the lee,
And from th' impurer matter free,
Becomes the richer still the older,
And proves the pleasanter the colder. *Ib*

The souls of women are so small,
That some believe they've none at all. *Ib*

The law can take a purse in open court,
While it condemns a less delinquent for't *Ib*

For trouts are tickled best in muddy water
On a Hypocritical Nonconformist, IV

SAMUEL BUTLER

1835–1902

A wound in the solicitor is a very serious thing.
The Humour of Homer. Ramblings in Cheapside

I keep my books at the British Museum and at Mudie's *Ib*

The most perfect humour and irony is generally quite unconscious *Life and Habit*, ch 2

Life is one long process of getting tired.
Note Books. Life, VII

Life is the art of drawing sufficient conclusions from insufficient premises. *Ib* IX

All progress is based upon a universal innate desire on the part of every organism to live beyond its income *Ib* XVI

When the righteous man turneth away from his righteousness that he hath committed and doeth that which is neither quite lawful nor quite right, he will generally be found to have gained in amiability what he has lost in holiness
Ib Elementary Morality Counsels of Imperfection

It costs a lot of money to die comfortably
Ib A Luxurious Death

The healthy stomach is nothing if not conservative
Few radicals have good digestions
Ib. Mind and Matter. Indigestion

The history of art is the history of revivals
Ib Handel and Music Anachronism

Though wisdom cannot be gotten for gold, still less can it be gotten without it Gold, or the value of that is equivalent to gold, lies at the root of wisdom, and enters so largely into the very essence of the Holy Ghost that 'no gold, no Holy Ghost' may pass as an axiom
Ib Cash and Credit Modern Simony

Genius . . . has been defined as a supreme capacity for taking trouble. . . It might be more fitly described as a supreme capacity for getting its possessors into trouble of all kinds and keeping them therein so long as the genius remains
Ib Genius, I

The phrase 'unconscious humour' is the one contribution I have made to the current literature of the day.
Ib The Position of a Homo Unus Libri Myself and 'Unconscious Humour'.

We were saying what a delightful dispensation of providence it was that prosperous people will write their memoirs We hoped Tennyson was writing his (1890)
P S We think his son has done nearly as well (1898)
Ib The Enfant Terrible of Literature

An apology for the Devil It must be remembered that we have only heard one side of the case God has written all the books
Ib Higgledy-Piggledy An Apology for the Devil.

God is Love, I dare say But what a mischievous devil Love is. *Ib God is Love.*

To live is like love, all reason is against it, and all healthy instinct for it *Ib Life and Love*

The public buys its opinions as it buys its meat, or takes in its milk, on the principle that it is cheaper to do this than to keep a cow So it is, but the milk is more likely to be watered
Ib Material for a Projected Sequel to Alps and Sanctuaries. Public Opinion

I do not mind lying, but I hate inaccuracy
Ib Truth and Convenience Falsehood, iv

The world will, in the end, follow only those who have despised as well as served it
Ib Life of the World to Come The World

An honest God's the noblest work of man
Further Extracts from the Note-Books (1934), p 26

Dulce et decorum est desipere in loco.
Ib p 92 [Horace, *Odes*, III ii 14, and IV xii 28]

Jesus! with all thy faults I love thee still *Ib* p. 117

'Tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have lost at all *The Way of All Flesh*, ch 77

Oh God! Oh Montreal! *Psalm of Montreal*

Preferrest thou the gospel of Montreal to the gospel of Hellas,
The gospel of thy connexion with Mr Spurgeon's haberdasher to the gospel of the Discobolus?
Yet none the less hath he blasphemed beauty saying,
'The Discobolus hath no gospel,
But my brother-in-law is haberdasher to Mr. Spurgeon' *Ib*

Yet meet we shall, and part, and meet again,
Where dead men meet on lips of living men
Poems Life after Death

I would not be—not quite—so pure as you
Ib A Prayer

WILLIAM BUTLER

1535–1618

'Doubtless God could have made a better berry [strawberry], but doubtless God never did'
Walton, Compleat Angler, pt 1, ch 5

JOHN BYROM

1692–1763

Some say, that Signor Bononchini,
Compar'd to Handel's a mere ninny;
Others aver, to him, that Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle
Strange! that such high dispute shou'd be
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee
Epigram on the Feuds between Handel and Bononcini

I shall prove it—as clear as a whistle.
Epistle to Lloyd, I xii

When you find
Bright passages that strike your mind.
And which perhaps you may have reason
To think on at another season,—
—Take them down in black and white
Hint to a Young Person

Christians awake, salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of the world was born.
Hymn for Christmas Day

But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous change on a sudden I find!
When things were as fine as could possibly be,
I thought 'twas the spring, but alas! it was she
Pastoral

God bless the King, I mean the Faith's Defender,
God bless—no harm in blessing—the Pretender,
But who Pretender is, or who is King,
God bless us all—that's quite another thing.
To an Officer in the Army

GEORGE GORDON NOEL BYRON, LORD BYRON

1788–1824

The 'good old times'—all times when old are good—
Are gone. *The Age of Bronze*, I

For what were all these country patriots born?
To hunt, and vote, and raise the price of corn?
Ib XIV

Year after year they voted cent per cent,
Blood, sweat, and tear-wrung millions—why? for rent! *Ib*

Woe is me, Alhama! *Siege and Conquest of Alhama*, I

And thou art dead, as young and fair
As aught of mortal birth
And Thou Art Dead

And wilt thou weep when I am low?
And Wilt Thou Weep?

Just like a coffin clapt in a canoe [gondola]
Beppo, XIX

In short, he was a perfect cavaliero,
And to his very valet seem'd a hero. *Ib* XXXIII

His heart was one of those which most enamour us,
Wax to receive, and marble to retain *Ib* XXXIV

Besides, they always smell of bread and butter.
Ib XXXIX

One hates an author that's *all author*, fellows
In foolscap uniforms turn'd up with ink.
Ib LXXV

I am ashes where once I was fire
To the Countess of Blessington

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime?
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime!
Bride of Abydos, C I I

Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine? *Ib.*

Mark! where his carnage and his conquests cease!
He makes a solitude, and calls it—peace!
Ib C II XX.

Hark! to the hurried question of Despair
'Where is my child?'—an echo answers—
'Where?' *Ib.* xxvii.

Adieu, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue
Childe Harold, c. i. xiii.

My native land—Good Night! *Ib.* xiii.

In Biscay's sleepless bay. *Ib* xiv.

Here all were noble, save Nobility *Ib* lxxxv.

War, war is still the cry, 'War even to the knife!'
Ib. lxxxvi.

A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour! *Ib.* c ii ii

The dome of Thought, the palace of the Soul *Ib* vi

Well didst thou speak, Athena's wisest son!
'All that we know is, nothing can be known.' *Ib.* vii.

Ah! happy years! once more who would not be a boy?
Ib xxiii

None are so desolate but something dear,
Dearer than self, possesses or possess'd
A thought, and claims the homage of a tear *Ib* xxiv

The joys and sorrows sailors find,
Coop'd in their winged sea-girt citadel. *Ib* xxviii.

Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!
Immortal, though no more, though fallen, great!
Ib lxxiii.

Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not
Who would be free themselves must strike the blow?
Ib. lxxvi

Where'er we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground
Ib lxxxviii

What is the worst of woes that wait on age?
What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?
To view each loved one blotted from life's page,
And be alone on earth, as I am now *Ib* xcviii

Ada! sole daughter of my house and heart. *Ib* c. iii i.

Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider *Ib* ii

Years steal
Fire from the mind as vigour from the limb;
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim
Ib viii

Stop!—for thy tread is on an Empire's dust!
An earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below! *Ib* xvii

And is this all the world has gain'd by thee,
Thou first and last of fields! king-making Victory?
Ib

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men,
A thousand hearts beat happily, and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell,
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!
Ib xxi

Did ye not hear it?—No, 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined,
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet
Ib. xxii

Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!
Ib xxii

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain. *Ib* xxiii

He rush'd into the field, and foremost fighting, fell
Ib

And there was mounting in hot haste *Ib* xxv

Swiftly forming in the ranks of war,
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar. *Ib*

Or whispering, with white lips—'The foe! they come! they come!' *Ib*

Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas! *Ib* xxvii

Burning with high hope shall moulder cold and low
Ib

Battle's magnificently stern array! *Ib* xxviii.

Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent! *Ib*

Bright names will hallow song. *Ib* xxix.

The tree will wither long before it fall *Ib* xxxii.

Like to the apples on the Dead Sea's shore,
All ashes to the taste *Ib* xxxiv.

There sunk the greatest, nor the worst of men,
Whose spirit, antithetically mixt,
One moment of the mightiest, and again
On little objects with like firmness fixt [Napoleon].
Ib xxxvi.

That untaught innate philosophy. *Ib* xxxix

Quiet to quick bosoms is a hell *Ib* xlii

The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine. *Ib* lv.

But these are deeds which should not pass away,
And names that must not wither. *Ib.* lxvii.

Lake Leman woos me with its crystal face.
Ib lxviii

To fly from, need not be to hate, mankind *Ib* lxix.

I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me; and to me
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
Of human cities torture. *Ib* lxxii.

The self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau *Ib* lxxvii

Exhausting thought,
And living wisdom with each studious year *Ib* cvii.

Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer *Ib.*

I have not loved the world, nor the world me,
I have not flatter'd its rank breath, nor bow'd
To its idolatries a patient knee *Ib* cxiii

I stood
Among them, but not of them, in a shroud
Of thoughts which were not their thoughts. *Ib.*

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand
Childe Harold, c iv 1

Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles! *Ib*

The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord *Ib* xi

Oh for one hour of blind old Dandolo!
Th' octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe
Ib xii

The moon is up, and yet it is not night,
Sunset divides the sky with her, a sea
Of glory streams along the Alpine height
Of blue Friuli's mountains, Heaven is free
From clouds, but of all colours seems to be,—
Melted to one vast Iris of the West,—
Where the day joins the past Eternity. *Ib* xxvii

The Ariosto of the North [Scott] *Ib* xl

Italia! oh Italia! thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty *Ib* xlii

Let these describe the undescribable *Ib* liii

Love watching Madness with unalterable mien
Ib lxxii

Then farewell, Horace, whom I hated so,
Not for thy faults, but mine *Ib* lxxvii

Oh Rome! my country! city of the soul! *Ib* lxxviii.

The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe.
Ib. lxxix.

Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner, torn, but flying,
Streams like the thunder-storm *against* the wind.
Ib xcviii

Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly bodied forth. *Ib* cxv.

Alas! our young affections run to waste,
Or water but the desert *Ib* cxx

Of its own beauty is the mind diseased *Ib* cxxii

Time, the avenger! *Ib* cxxx

The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch who won *Ib* cxl

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away,
He reck'd not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday *Ib* cxli.

A ruin—yet what ruin! from its mass
Walls, palaces, half-cities, have been rear'd
Ib cxliii

While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand,
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall,
And when Rome falls—the World *Ib* cxlv

Spared and blest by time,
Looking tranquillity *Ib* cxlvi

The Lord of the unerring bow,
The God of life, and poesy, and light *Ib* cli

So young, so fair,
Good without effort, great without a foe *Ib* clxxii

Oh! that the desert were my dwelling-place,
With one fair spirit for my minister. *Ib* clxxvii

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar
I love not man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal
Ib clxxviii.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore. *Ib* clxxix

He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown
Ib

Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow·
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now
Ib clxxxii

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests. *Ib* clxxxiii

Dark-heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime,
The image of eternity. *Ib*

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers, . . .
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here
Ib clxxxiv

Eternal spirit of the chainless mind!
Sonnet on Chillon.

Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God *Ib*

My hair is grey, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears
The Prisoner of Chillon, i

Regain'd my freedom with a sigh. *Ib* xiv

The comet of a season. *Chwchill's Grave*

The glory and the nothing of a name. *Ib.*

We were a gallant company,
Riding o'er land, and sailing o'er sea
Oh! but we went merrily! *Siege of Corinth*, prologue

Thus was Corinth lost and won! *Ib* xxxiii

The fatal facility of the octo-syllabic verse
The Corsair, preface

O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free
Ib i 1

Such hath it been—shall be—beneath the sun
The many still must labour for the one *Ib* c i viii.

There was a laughing devil in his sneer *Ib* IX.

The weak alone repent *Ib* C II X

Oh! too convincing—dangerously dear—
In woman's eye the unanswerable tear! *Ib* XV

She for him had given
Her all on earth, and more than all in heaven!
Ib C III XVII

He left a Corsair's name to other times,
Link'd with one virtue, and a thousand crimes.
Ib XXIV

Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
Along Morea's hills the setting sun,
Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light
Curse of Minerva, I I, and *The Corsair*, III I

I had a dream, which was not all a dream
Darkness

I tell thee, be not rash, a golden bridge
Is for a flying enemy
The Deformed Transformed, pt II, sc II

Through life's road, so dim and dirty,
I have dragg'd to three-and-thirty
What have these years left to me?
Nothing—except thirty-three.
Diary, 21 Jan 1821 In Moore's *Life of Byron*, vol II, p 414 (1st ed)

I wish he would explain his explanation.
Don Juan, C I, dedication II

The intellectual eunuch Castlereagh *Ib*. XI

My way is to begin with the beginning *Ib* C. I, VII

In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her,
Save thine 'incomparable oil', Macassar! *Ib* XVII

But—Oh! ye lords of ladies intellectual,
Inform us truly, have they not hen-peck'd you all?
Ib XXII

She
Was married, charming, chaste, and twenty-three.
Ib LIX

Her stature tall—I hate a dumpy woman *Ib* LXI

What men call gallantry, and gods adultery,
Is much more common where the climate's sultry
Ib LXIII

Christians have burnt each other, quite persuaded
That all the Apostles would have done as they did
Ib LXXXIII.

A little still she strove, and much repented,
And whispering 'I will ne'er consent'—consented
Ib CXVII

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home,
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come
Ib CXXIII.

Sweet is revenge—especially to women. *Ib* CXXIV

Pleasure's a sin, and sometimes sin's a pleasure
Ib CXXXII

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence. *Ib* CXCIV

My grandmother's review—the British. *Ib* CCIX

So for a good old-gentlemanly vice,
I think I must take up with avarice *Ib* CCXVI.

There's nought, no doubt, so much the spirit calms
As rum and true religion. *Ib* C II XXXIV

'Twas twilight, and the sunless day went down
Over the waste of waters *Ib* XLIX

A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony. *Ib* LIII.

If this be true, indeed,
Some Christians have a comfortable creed *Ib* LXXXVI

He could, perhaps, have pass'd the Hellespont,
As once (a feat on which ourselves we prided)
Leander, Mr Ekenhead, and I did *Ib*. CV

Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter,
Sermons and soda-water the day after *Ib*. CLXXVIII

Man, being reasonable, must get drunk;
The best of life is but intoxication. *Ib* CLXXIX

Alas! they were so young, so beautiful,
So lonely, loving, helpless *Ib* CXCII

A group that's quite antique,
Half naked, loving, natural, and Greek *Ib* CXCIV

Alas! the love of women! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing! *Ib* CXCIX

In her first passion woman loves her lover,
In all the others all she loves is love. *Ib* C III III

Romances paint at full length people's wooings,
But only give a bust of marriages
For no one cares for matrimonial cooings,
There's nothing wrong in a connubial kiss
Think you, if Laura had been Petrarch's wife,
He would have written sonnets all his life? *Ib* VIII

Dreading that climax of all human ills,
The inflammation of his weekly bills *Ib* XXXV.

He was the mildest manner'd man
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat,
With such true breeding of a gentleman,
You never could divine his real thought
Ib XII.

But Shakspeare also says, 'tis very silly
'To gild refined gold, or paint the lily' *Ib*. LXXVI.

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set *Ib* LXXXVI. I.

The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea,
And musing there an hour alone,
I dream'd that Greece might still be free *Ib* 3.

A king sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis,
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations,—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set where were they? *Ib*. 4.

Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ! *Ib* 7

Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Don Juan, c III lxxxvi 9

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone!
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave? *Ib* 10

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep,
There, swan-like, let me sing and die
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine! *Ib* 16

Milton's the prince of poets—so we say,
A little heavy, but no less divine *Ib* xci

A drowsy frowzy poem, call'd the 'Excursion',
Writ in a manner which is my aversion *Ib* xciv

We learn from Horace, 'Homer sometimes sleeps',
We feel without him, Wordsworth sometimes wakes
Ib xcviii

Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of prayer!
Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of love! *Ib* ciii

Imagination droops her pinion *Ib* c iv iii

And if I laugh at any mortal thing,
'Tis that I may not weep *Ib*. iv.

'Whom the gods love die young' was said of yore
Ib xii.

'Arcades ambo', *id est*—blackguards both *Ib* xciii

I've stood upon Achilles' tomb,
And heard Troy doubted, time will doubt of Rome
Ib ci

Oh! 'darkly, deeply, beautifully blue',
As some one somewhere sings about the sky *Ib* cx

When amatory poets sing their loves
In liquid lines mellifluously bland,
And pair their rhymes as Venus yokes her doves
Ib c v i

I have a passion for the name of 'Mary',
For once it was a magic sound to me:
And still it half calls up the realms of fairy,
Where I beheld what never was to be *Ib* iv

A lady in the case *Ib* xiv.

And put himself upon his good behaviour *Ib* xlvii.

That all-softening, overpowering knell,
The tocsin of the soul—the dinner-bell. *Ib* xlix

Not to admire is all the art I know. *Ib* ci

Why don't they knead two virtuous souls for life
Into that moral centaur, man and wife? *Ib* clviii

There is a tide in the affairs of women,
Which, taken at the flood, leads—God knows where
Ib c vi ii

A lady of a 'certain age', which means
Certainly aged *Ib* lxix

A 'strange coincidence', to use a phrase
By which such things are settled now-a-days
Ib lxxviii

'Let there be light!' said God, 'and there was light!'
'Let there be blood!' says man, and there's a sea!
Ib. c. vii. xli.

'Carnage, (so Wordsworth tells you), is God's daughter.' *Ib* c viii ix

Oh, Wellington! (or 'Villainton')—for Fame
Sounds the heroic syllables both ways *Ib* c ix i

Call'd 'Saviour of the Nations'—not yet saved,
And 'Europe's Liberator'—still enslaved [Wellington] *Ib* v

Never had mortal man such opportunity,
Except Napoleon, or abused it more *Ib* ix

That water-land of Dutchmen and of ditches
Ib c x lxiii

When Bishop Berkeley said 'there was no matter',
And proved it—'twas no matter what he said.
Ib c xi i

But Tom's no more—and so no more of Tom.
Ib. xv

And, after all, what is a lie? 'Tis but
The truth in masquerade *Ib* xxxvi.

I—albeit I'm sure I did not know it,
Nor sought of foolscap subjects to be king —
Was reckon'd, a considerable time,
The grand Napoleon of the realms of rhyme *Ib* lv

But Juan was my Moscow, and Faliero
My Leipsic, and my Mont Saint Jean seems Cain
Ib lvi

John Keats, who was kill'd off by one critique,
Just as he really promised something great,
If not intelligible, without Greek
Contrived to talk about the Gods of late,
Much as they might have been supposed to speak
Poor fellow! His was an untoward fate;
'Tis strange the mind, that fiery particle,
Should let itself be snuff'd out by an article *Ib* lx

Nought's permanent among the human race,
Except the Whigs *not* getting into place *Ib* lxxxii

Love rules the camp, the court, the grove—for love
Is heaven, and heaven is love *Ib* c xii xiii

And hold up to the sun my little taper. *Ib* xxi

For talk six times with the same single lady,
And you may get the wedding dresses ready *Ib* lix.

Merely innocent flirtation,
Not quite adultery, but adulteration. *Ib* lxiii

A Prince . . .
With fascination in his very bow. *Ib* lxxxiv

A finish'd gentleman from top to toe. *Ib*

Beauteous, even where beauties most abound
Ib c xiii ii

Now hatred is by far the longest pleasure,
Men love in haste, but they detest at leisure. *Ib* vi

Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away. *Ib* xi

I hate to hunt down a tired metaphor *Ib* xxxvi

The English winter—ending in July,
To recommence in August. *Ib* xlii.

Society is now one polish'd horde,
Form'd of two mighty tribes, the *Bores* and *Bored*
Ib xcv.

I for one venerate a petticoat *Ib* c xiv xvi

Of all the horrid, hideous notes of woe,
Sadder than owl-songs or the midnight blast,
Is that portentous phrase, 'I told you so'
Don Juan, c XIV l

'Tis strange—but true, for truth is always strange,
Stranger than fiction *Ib* cI

A lovely being, scarcely form'd or moulded,
A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded
Ib. c XV xlm.

The antique Persians taught three useful things,
To draw the bow, to ride, and speak the truth
Ib c XVI I

Not so her gracious, graceful, graceless Grace
Ib xlv

The loudest wit I e'er was deafen'd with *Ib* lxxxI

And both were young, and one was beautiful
The Dream, II

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream *Ib* V

Still must I hear?—shall hoarse Fitzgerald bawl
His creaking couplets in a tavern hall.
English Bards and Scotch Reviewers

I'll publish, right or wrong:
Fools are my theme, let satire be my song *Ib*

'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;
A book's a book, although there's nothing in 't. *Ib*

A man must serve his time to every trade
Save censure—critics all are ready made. *Ib*

With just enough of learning to misquote. *Ib*

As soon
Seek roses in December—ice in June;
Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff;
Believe a woman or an epitaph,
Or any other thing that's false, before
You trust in critics, who themselves are sore *Ib.*

Better to err with Pope, than shine with Pye *Ib*

Sense and wit with poesy allied. *Ib*

Who both by precept and example, shows
That prose is verse, and verse is merely prose *Ib*

Be warm, but pure be amorous, but be chaste *Ib*

Perverts the Prophets, and purloins the Psalms *Ib*

Oh, Amos Cottle!—Phoebus! what a name
To fill the speaking trump of future fame! *Ib.*

The petrifactions of a plodding brain. *Ib.*

To sanction Vice, and hunt Decorum down *Ib*

To live like Clodius, and like Falkland fall *Ib.*

Lords too are bards, such things at times befall,
And 'tis some praise in peers to write at all *Ib.*

Forsook the labours of a servile state,
Stemm'd the rude storm, and triumph'd over fate *Ib.*

'Twas thine own genius gave the final blow,
And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee low·
So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart;
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
He nursed the pinion which impell'd the steel,
While the same plumage that had warm'd his nest
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast. *Ib.*

Yet Truth sometimes will lend her noblest fires,
And decorate the verse herself inspires·
This fact in Virtue's name let Crabbe attest;
Though nature's sternest painter, yet the best. *Ib*

That mighty master of unmeaning rhyme [Darwin]
Ib

Let simple Wordsworth chime his childish verse,
And brother Coleridge lull the babe at nurse. *Ib*

Glory, like the phoenix 'midst her fires,
Exhales her odours, blazes, and expires. *Ib*

I too can hunt a poetaster down. *Ib*

The world is a bundle of hay,
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull. *Epigram*

My sister! my sweet sister! if a name
Dearer and purer were, it should be thine.
Epistle to Augusta

And know, whatever thou hast been,
'Tis something better not to be. *Euthanasia*

Fare thee well! and if for ever,
Still for ever, fare thee well. *Fare Thee Well!*

I only know we loved in vain—
I only feel—Farewell!—Farewell!
Farewell! if ever Fondest Prayer

Nor be, what man should ever be,
The friend of Beauty in distress? *To Florence*

He who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,
(Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers)
The Giaour, l 68

So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,
The first, last look by death reveal'd! *Ib* l 88

Clime of the unforgotten brave! *Ib* l 103

For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeath'd by bleeding Sire to Son,
Though baffled oft is ever won. *Ib* l 123.

Dark tree, still sad when others' grief is fled,
The only constant mourner o'er the dead [cypress]!
Ib l 286.

And lovelier things have mercy shown
To every failing but their own,
And every woe a tear can claim
Except an erring sister's shame *Ib* l 418

The harp the monarch minstrel swept. *Title.*

Or lend fresh interest to a twice-told tale
Hints from Horace, l. 184.

Friendship is Love without his wings!
Hours of Idleness L'Amitié

I have tasted the sweets and the bitters of love
Ib. To Rev J T. Becher

Though women are angels, yet wedlock's the devil
Ib To Eliza

Then receive him as best such an advent becomes,
With a legion of cooks, and an army of slaves!
The Irish Avatar

More happy, if less wise. *The Island*, c II XI

Jack was embarrassed—never hero more,
And as he knew not what to say, he swore
Ib c IV V

Who killed John Keats?
'I,' says the Quarterly,
So savage and Tartarly,
''Twas one of my feats' *John Keats*

Weep, daughter of a royal line.
Lines to a Lady Weeping

Left by his sire, too young such loss to know,
Lord of himself—that heritage of woe.
Lara, c I II

His madness was not of the head, but heart
Ib XVIII

Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh give me back my heart!
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest! *Maid of Athens.*

Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains,
They crown'd him long ago
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow *Manfred*, I I

When the moon is on the wave,
And the glow-worm in the grass,
And the meteor on the grave,
And the wisp on the morass,
When the falling stars are shooting,
And the answer'd owls are hooting,
And the silent leaves are still
In the shadow of the hill. *Ib*

By that most seeming-virtuous eye *Ib*

The heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old—
The dead but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns *Ib* III IV

Old man! 'tis not so difficult to die. *Ib*

You have deeply ventured;
But all must do so who would greatly win
Marino Faliero, I II

My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea,
But, before I go, Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee! *To Thomas Moore*

Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate,
And, whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate *Ib*

My Murray *To Mr. Murray*

There be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee
Stanzas for Music *'There be none of Beauty's daughters'*

There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away *Ib 'There's not a joy the world can give'*

'Tis done—but yesterday a King!
And arm'd with Kings to strive—
And now thou art a nameless thing
So abject—yet alive! *Ode to Napoleon Bonaparte*

The Arbiter of others' fate
A Suppliant for his own! *Ib*

The Cincinnatus of the West *Ib*

But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend
Inscription on a Newfoundland Dog

Oh! snatched away in beauty's bloom,
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb·
But on thy turf shall roses rear
Their leaves, the earliest of the year.
Oh! Snatched Away in Beauty's Bloom

It is not in the storm nor in the strife
We feel benumb'd, and wish to be no more,
But in the after-silence on the shore,
When all is lost, except a little life
On Hearing Lady Byron was Ill.

The moral Clytemnestra of thy lord. *Ib.*

My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flowers and fruits of love are gone,
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!
On This Day I Complete my Thirty-Sixth Year.

Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best,
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest. *Ib.*

It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard,
It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whisper'd word *Parisina.*

Yet in my lineaments they trace
Some features of my father's face. *Ib.*

Thy Godlike crime was to be kind,
To render with thy precepts less
The sum of human wretchedness *Prometheus.*

Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story,
The days of our youth are the days of our glory;
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty
Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty
Stanzas Written on the Road between Florence and Pisa

Oh Fame!—if I e'er took delight in thy praises,
'Twas less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases,
Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover,
She thought that I was not unworthy to love her. *Ib*

I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory. *Ib*

By all that's good and glorious take this counsel
Sardanapalus, I II

I am the very slave of circumstance
And impulse—borne away with every breath!
Ib. IV. 1.

The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold,
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee
Destruction of Sennacherib.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast. *Ib*

And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord! *Ib*

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes.
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies
Hebrew Melodies She Walks in Beauty.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent! *Ib*

Born in the garret, in the kitchen bred,
Promoted thence to deck her mistress' head
A Sketch

So, we'll go no more a roving
So late into the night,
Though the heart be still as loving,
And the moon be still as bright
So, We'll Go No More a Roving

For the sword outwears its sheath,
And the soul wears out the breast
And the heart must pause to breathe,
And love itself have rest. *Ib*

Though the night was made for loving,
And the day returns too soon,
Yet we'll go no more a-roving
By the light of the moon. *Ib*

Could Love for ever
Run like a river *Stanzas*

Part in friendship—and bid good-night *Ib*

Though the day of my destiny's over,
And the star of my fate hath declined.
Stanzas to Augusta

In the desert a fountain is springing,
In the wide waste there still is a tree,
And a bird in the solitude singing,
Which speaks to my spirit of *thee*. *Ib.*

And Freedom hallows with her tread
The silent cities of the dead.
On the Star of 'The Legion of Honour'.

And when we think we lead, we are most led
The Two Foscari, II 1

The Mede is at his gate!
The Persian on his throne! *Vision of Belshazzar*

Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate:
His keys were rusty, and the lock was dull
Vision of Judgement, 1.

The angels all were singing out of tune,
And hoarse with having little else to do,
Excepting to wind up the sun and moon,
Or curb a runaway young star or two *Ib* II

A better farmer ne'er brushed dew from lawn,
A worse king never left a realm undone. *Ib* VIII.

'Midst them an old man
With an old soul, and both extremely blind. *Ib* XXIII

Yet still between his Darkness and his Brightness
There pass'd a mutual glance of great politeness
Ib XXXV

The Archangel bow'd, not like a modern beau.
Ib XXXVI

Satan met his ancient friend
With more hauteur, as might an old Castilian
Poor noble meet a mushroom rich civilian *Ib*

And when the tumult dwindled to a calm,
I left him practising the hundredth psalm *Ib* CVI

Seductive Waltz! *The Waltz*

Voluptuous Waltz! *Ib*

When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss. *When We Two Parted*

If I should meet thee
After long years,
How should I greet thee?—
With silence and tears. *Ib*

The fault was Nature's fault not thine,
Which made thee fickle as thou art
To a Youthful Friend

As he [Lord Byron] himself briefly described it in his Memoranda, 'I awoke one morning and found myself famous'—Moore's *Life of Byron, 1830*, vol 1, p 347 (referring to the instantaneous success of *Childe Harold*)

No *Manual*, no letters, no tooth-powder, no *extract* from Moore's *Italy* concerning Marino Faliери, no *nothing*—as a man hallooed out at one of Burdett's elections, after a long ululatus of No Bastille! No Governor Aris! No'—God knows what,—but his *ne plus ultra* was, 'no nothing!'
Letter to Murray 4 June 1817.

HENRY JAMES BYRON

1834–1884

Life's too short for chess. *Our Boys*, Act I

He's up to these grand games, but one of these days
I'll loore him on to skittles—and astonish him
Ib Act. II.

JAMES BRANCH CABELL

1879–

I am willing to taste any drink once *Jurgen*, ch. I.

A man possesses nothing certainly save a brief loan of his own body and yet the body of man is capable of much curious pleasure *Ib* ch 20

The optimist proclaims that we live in the best of all possible worlds, and the pessimist fears this is true. *The Silver Stallion*, bk. IV, ch. 26.

'CAESER'

Swanee, how I love you! how I love you!
My dear old Swanee *Swanee.*

CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY

1831–1884

The auld wife sat at her wied door,
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
A thing she had frequently done before,
And her spectacles lay on her apron'd knees
Ballad

The farmer's daughter hath soft brown hair,
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
And I met with a ballad, I can't say where,
Which wholly consisted of lines like these *Ib*

And this song is consider'd a perfect gem,
And as to the meaning, it's what you please *Ib*

O Beer! O Hodgson, Guinness, Allsopp, Bass!
Names that should be on every infant's tongue! *Beer*

When 'Dulce est desipere in loco'
Was written, real Falernian winged the pen *Ib*

'Fate cannot touch me I have dined to-day' *Ib*

I cannot sing the old songs now!
It is not that I deem them low;
'Tis that I can't remember how
They go *Changed*

Sikes, housebreaker, of Houndsditch,
Habitually swore,
But so surpassingly profane
He never was before *Charades*, VI

Aspect anything but bland *Ib*

You see this pebble-stone? It's a thing I bought
Of a bit of a chit of a boy i' the mid o' the day—
I like to dock the smaller parts-o'-speech,
As we curtail the already curtail'd cur
(You catch the paronomasia, play 'po' words?)
The Cock and the Bull

The basis or substratum—what you will—
Of the impending eighty thousand lines *Ib*

Donn'd galligaskins, antigropeloes *Ib*

Ombrifuge (Lord love you!), case o' rain. *Ib*

A bare-legg'd beggarly son of a gun *Ib*

Fiddlepin's end! Get out, you blazing ass!
Gabble o' the goose Don't bugaboo-baby *me! Ib*

Pretty i' the Mantuan! *Ib*

It takes up about eighty thousand lines,
A thing imagination boggles at
And might, odds-bobs, sir! in judicious hands,
Extend from here to Mesopotamy *Ib*

Life is with such all beer and skittles;
They are not difficult to please
About their victuals *Contentment*

'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour!
My fondest hopes would not decay.
I never loved a tree or flower
Which was the first to fade away! *Disaster*

For king-like rolls the Rhine,
And the scenery's divine,
And the victuals and the wine
Rather good *Dover to Mumch*

Forever! 'Tis a single word!
Our rude forefathers deemed it two
Can you imagine so absurd
A view? *Forever*

Wherefore bless ye, O beloved ones —
Now unto mine inn must I,
Your 'poor moralist', betake me,
In my 'solitary fly'. *'Hic Vir, Hic Est.'*

For I've read in many a novel that, unless they've souls that grovel,
Folks *prefer* in fact a hovel to your dreary marble halls *In the Gloaming*

Grinder, who serenely grindest
At my door the Hundredth Psalm
Lines on Hearing the Organ

Meaning, however, is no great matter.
Lovers, and a Reflection

Thro' the rare red heather we danced together,
(O love my Willie!) and smelt for flowers
I must mention again it was gorgeous weather,
Rhymes are so scarce in this world of ours. *Ib*

Study first propriety *Of Propriety*

How Eugene Aram, though a thief, a liar, and a murderer,
Yet, being intellectual, was amongst the noblest of mankind *Of Reading*

Thou, who when cares attack,
Bidst them avaunt, and Black
Care, at the horseman's back
Perching, unseatest,
Sweet, when the morn is grey,
Sweet, when they've cleared away
Lunch, and at close of day
Possibly sweetest *Ode to Tobacco*

I have a liking old
For thee, though manifold
Stories, I know, are told
Not to thy credit *Ib.*

How they who use fusees
All grow by slow degrees
Brainless as chimpanzees,
Meagre as lizards.
Go mad, and beat their wives,
Plunge (after shocking lives)
Razors and carving knives
Into their gizzards. *Ode to Tobacco*

Jones—(who, I'm glad to say,
Asked leave of Mrs J)—
Daily absorbs a clay
After his labours *Ib.*

Cats may have had their goose
Cooked by tobacco-juice,
Still why deny its use
Thoughtfully taken?
We're not as tabbies are
Smith, take a fresh cigar!
Jones, the tobacco-jar!
Here 's to thee, Bacon! *Ib*

RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE

1717–1802

What is the worth of anything,
But for the happiness 'twill bring? *Learning*, l 23

WILLIAM CAMDEN

1551–1623

My friend, judge not me,
Thou seest I judge not thee
Betwixt the stirrup and the ground
Mercy I asked, mercy I found
Remains Epitaph for a Man Killed by Falling from His Horse

HERBERT CAMPBELL

Now we sha'n't be long *Title of Song*

JANE MONTGOMERY CAMPBELL

1817–1878

We plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's Almighty Hand,
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain
All good gifts around us
Are sent from Heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love
We Plough the Fields Tr from the German C S Bere's Garland of Songs.

He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star *Ib*

THOMAS CAMPBELL

1777–1844

'Tis Lethe's gloom, but not its quiet,—
The pain without the peace of death! *Absence.*

Of Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone,—
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on *Battle of the Baltic.*

There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time *Ib*

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back. *Ib*

Out spoke the victor then
As he hailed them o'er the wave,
'Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save,
So peace instead of death let us bring
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet
With the crews at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King' *Ib*

Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore! *Ib*

With the gallant good Riou *Ib*

O leave this barren spot to me!
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree.
The Beech-Tree's Petition

The lordly, lovely Rhine *The Child and the Hind*

There came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin
Exile of Erin

He sang the bold anthem of 'Erin go bragh!' *Ib*

Gay lilied fields of France.
Gertrude of Wyoming, pt II, 15.

When Transatlantic Liberty arose. *Ib* pt III, 6.

To-morrow let us do or die! *Ib* 37.

To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die. *Hallowed Ground.*

On the green banks of Shannon, when Sheelah was nigh,
No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I,
No harp like my own could so cheerily play,
And wherever I went was my poor dog Tray
The Harper.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly *Hohenlinden*

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery *Ib*

The combat deepens On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry! *Ib.*

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre. *Ib*

Better be courted and jilted
Than never be courted at all. *The Jilted Nymph.*

All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality *The Last Man.*

'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before
Lochiel's Warning

A chieftain to the Highlands bound
Cries, 'Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry' *Lord Ullin's Daughter*

'O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter' *Ib*

Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover? *Ib*

I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father *Ib.*

One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover *Ib*

'Come back! come back!' he cried in grief
Across the stormy water·
'And I'll forgive yon Highland chief,
My daughter! oh my daughter!' *Ib*

The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting *Ib*

With Freedom's lion-banner
Britannia rules the waves. *Ode to the Germans*

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue
Pleasures of Hope, pt 1, l 7

The proud, the cold untroubled heart of stone,
That never mused on sorrow but its own. *Ib* l 185

Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked—as Kosciusko fell!
Ib l 381

Who hath not owned, with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name?
Ib pt II, l 5

And muse on Nature with a poet's eye *Ib* l. 98.

Since first he called her his before the holy man
Ib l 130

What millions died—that Caesar might be great!
Ib l. 174.

Who hail thee, Man! the pilgrim of a day,
Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay
Ib l 305

Truth, ever lovely,—since the world began
The foe of tyrants, and the friend of man. *Ib* l 347

But, sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in! *Ib* l 357

Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,
But leave, oh! leave the light of Hope behind!
What though my winged hours of bliss have been,
Like angel-visits, few and far between? *Ib* l. 375.

Well can ye mouth fair Freedom's classic line.
And talk of Constitutions o'er your wine
On Poland, l 65

One moment may with bliss repay
Unnumbered hours of pain,
Such was the throb and mutual sob
Of the knight embracing Jane *The Ritter Bann*

And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky
The Soldier's Dream.

Drink ye to her that each loves best,
And, if you nurse a flame
That 's told but to her mutual breast,
We will not ask her name.
Song. Drink Ye To Her

Bind the sea to slumber stilly,
Bind its odour to the lily,
Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver,
Then bind Love to last for ever!
Song. How Delicious is the Winning.

Can you keep the bee from ranging,
Or the ringdove's neck from changing?
No! nor fettered Love from dying
In the knot there 's no untying. *Ib.*

Again to the battle, Achaians!
Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance,
Our land, the first garden of Liberty's tree—
It has been, and shall yet be, the land of the free!
Song of the Greeks.

Her women fair, her men robust for toil;
Her vigorous souls, high-cultured as her soil·
Her towns, where civic independence flings
The gauntlet down to senates, courts, and kings.
Theodric, l. 160

It was not strange, for in the human breast
Two master-passions cannot co-exist *Ib* l. 488.

'Twas the hour when rites unholy
Called each Paynim voice to prayer
The Turkish Lady

Ye Mariners of England
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze—
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow,—
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow
Ye Mariners of England

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep,
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep. *Ib.*

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart
And the star of peace return. *Ib*

An original something, fair maid, you would win me
To write—but how shall I begin?
For I fear I have nothing original in me—
Excepting Original Sin.
To a Young Lady, Who Asked Me to Write Something Original for Her Album

SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN

1836–1908

When was a war not a war? When it was carried on by methods of barbarism.
Speech at Dinner of National Reform Union, 14 June, 1901.

THOMAS CAMPION

d 1619

Rose-cheeked Laura, come;
Sing thou smoothly with thy beauty's
Silent music, either other
Sweetly gracing.
Observations in the Art of English Poesie Laura

Lovely forms do flow
From conceit divinely framed,
Heaven is music, and thy beauty's
Birth is heavenly. *Ib*

But still moves delight,
Like clear springs renewed by flowing,
Ever perfect, ever in themselves eternal *Ib*

My sweetest Lesbia let us live and love,
And though the sager sort our deeds reprove,
Let us not weigh them Heav'n's great lamps do dive
Into their west, and straight again revive,
But soon as once set is our little light,
Then must we sleep one ever-during night
A Book of Airs. My Sweetest Lesbia

Follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow,
Though thou be black as night,
And she made all of light,
Yet follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow
Ib Follow Thy Fair Sun.

When to her lute Corinna sings,
Her voice revives the leaden strings,
And both in highest notes appear,
As any challeng'd echo clear.
But when she doth of mourning speak,
Ev'n with her sighs the strings do break
Ib. When to Her Lute Corinna

Follow your Saint, follow with accents sweet,
Haste you, sad notes, fall at her flying feet
Ib Follow Your Saint.

Hark, all you ladies that do sleep,
The fairy Queen Proserpina
Bids you awake and pity them that weep
Ib. Hark, all you Ladies.

When thou must home to shades of under ground,
And there arriv'd, a new admired guest,
The beauteous spirits do ingirt thee round,
White Iope, blithe Helen, and the rest,
To hear the stories of thy finisht love
From that smooth tongue whose music hell can move
Ib. When Thou Must Home

Never weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore,
Never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more
Two Books of Airs Divine and Moral Songs Never Weather-Beaten Sail

Kind are her answers,
But her performance keeps no day;
Breaks time, as dancers
From their own Music when they stray
Book of Airs, III. VII. *Kind Are Her Answers*

Lost is our freedom,
When we submit to women so.
Why do we need them,
When in their best they work our woe? *Ib*

There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies grow;
A heav'nly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow.
There cherries grow, which none may buy
Till 'Cherry ripe' themselves do cry
Book of Airs, IV VII *There is a Garden in her Face.*

Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rosebuds fill'd with snow.
Yet them nor peer nor prince can buy,
Till 'Cherry ripe' themselves do cry. *Ib.*

GEORGE CANNING

1770–1827

In matters of commerce the fault of the Dutch
Is offering too little and asking too much
The French are with equal advantage content,
So we clap on Dutch bottoms just twenty per cent.
Dispatch, in Cipher, to Sir Charles Bagot, English Ambassador at The Hague, 31 Jan 1826

Needy Knife-grinder! whither are you going?
Rough is the road, your wheel is out of order—
Bleak blows the blast,—your hat has got a hole in't
So have your breeches
The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder

Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, Sir *Ib*

I give thee sixpence! I will see thee damn'd first—
Wretch! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance,
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast! *Ib*

So down thy hill, romantic Ashbourne, glides
The Derby dilly, carrying *Three* Insides
The Loves of the Triangles, l. 178

And finds, with keen discriminating sight,
Black's not so black,—nor white so very white
New Morality, l. 199.

Save me, oh, save me from the candid friend
Ib I 210

Man, only—rash, refined, presumptuous man,
Starts from his rank, and mars creation's plan
Progress of Man, I 55

A sudden thought strikes me, let us swear an eternal friendship. *The Rovers*, I 1

Whene'er with haggard eyes I view
This Dungeon, that I'm rotting in,
I think of those Companions true
Who studied with me at the U-
-NIVERSITY of GOTTINGEN,-
-NIVERSITY of GOTTINGEN. *Song*

Sun, moon, and thou vain world, adieu *Ib*

I called the New World into existence, to redress the balance of the Old *Dec 12, 1826 Speech.*

CANUTE

994?–1035

Merrily sang the monks in Ely
When Cnut, King, rowed thereby,
Row, my knights, near the land,
And hear we these monkes' song
Attr *Song of the Monks of Ely, Historia Eliensis* (1066) *Green, Conquest of England*, IX

RICHARD CAREW

1555–1620

Take the miracle of our age, Sir Philip Sidney
An Epistle on the Excellency of the English Tongue

THOMAS CAREW

1595?–1639?

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or, from star-like eyes, doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires,
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away
Disdain Returned

Here lies a King that rul'd, as he thought fit
The universal monarchy of wit,
Here lies two Flamens, and both those the best
Apollo's first, at last the true God's priest
Elegy on the Death of Donne.

The purest soul that e'er was sent
Into a clayey tenement
On the Lady Mary Villiers

Know, Celia (since thou art so proud,)
'Twas I that gave thee thy renown
Thou had'st in the forgotten crowd
Of common beauties liv'd unknown,
Had not my verse extoll'd thy name,
And with it ympt the wings of fame
Ingrateful Beauty Threatened

Wise poets that wrapt Truth in tales,
Knew her themselves through all her veils *Ib*

An untimely grave
Inscription on Tomb of the Duke of Buckingham.

Good to the poor, to kindred dear,
To servants kind, to friendship clear,
To nothing but herself severe
Inscription on Tomb of Lady Mary Wentworth

So though a virgin, yet a bride
To every Grace, she justified
A chaste polygamy, and died *Ib*

Give me more love or more disdain,
The torrid or the frozen zone:
Bring equal ease unto my pain;
The temperate affords me none
Mediocrity in Love Rejected

When thou, poor excommunicate
From all the joys of love, shalt see
The full reward and glorious fate
Which my strong faith shall purchase me,
Then curse thine own inconstancy
To My Inconstant Mistress.

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose,
For in your beauty's orient deep
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep. *A Song*

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale when May is past;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters and keeps warm her note. *Ib*

Ask me no more if east or west
The Phoenix builds her spicy nest,
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies. *Ib*

HENRY CAREY

1693?–1743

Aldiborontiphoscophornio!
Where left you Chrononhotonthologos?
Chrononhotonthologos, I 1

His cogitative faculties immers'd
In cogibundity of cogitation. *Ib*

To thee, and gentle Rigdum-Funnidos,
Our gratulations flow in streams unbounded. *Ib* III.

God save our gracious king!
Long live our noble king!
God save the king! *God Save the King*

Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks *Ib*

Of all the girls that are so smart
There's none like pretty Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley *Sally in our Alley*

When she is by I leave my work,
(I love her so sincerely)
My master comes like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely *Ib.*

Of all the days that's in the week
I dearly love but one day—
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday. *Ib.*

WILLIAM CARLETON

1784–1869

Things at home are crossways, and Betsey and I are out *Farm Ballads Betsey and I Are Out.*

We arg'ed the thing at breakfast, we arg'ed the thing at tea,
And the more we arg'ed the question, the more we didn't agree. *Ib.*

THOMAS CARLYLE

1795–1881

A well-written Life is almost as rare as a well-spent one
Critical and Miscellaneous Essays, vol i *Richter*

'Providence has given to the French the empire of the land, to the English that of the sea, to the Germans that of—the air!' [quoting a remark of J P F Richter] *Ib*

The three great elements of modern civilisation, Gunpowder, Printing, and the Protestant Religion *Ib State of German Literature*

The 'golden-calf of Self-love.' *Ib. Burns*

So here has been dawning
Another blue day *Ib To-day.*

Out of Eternity
This new Day is born;
Into Eternity
At night, will return. *Ib*

It is the Age of Machinery, in every outward and inward sense of that word.
Ib vol. ii. *Signs of the Times*

The Bible-Society .. is found, on inquiry, to be . a machine for converting the Heathen. *Ib.*

Thought, he [Dr Cabanis] is inclined to hold, is still secreted by the brain, but then Poetry and Religion (and it is really worth knowing) are 'a product of the smaller intestines'! *Ib.*

What is all knowledge too but recorded experience, and a product of history, of which, therefore, reasoning and belief, no less than action and passion, are essential materials? *Ib On History.*

History is the essence of innumerable biographies. *Ib.*

The foul sluggard's comfort 'It will last my time'
Ib. vol iii *Count Cagliostro Flight Last*

This Mirabeau's work, then, is done He sleeps with the primeval giants He has gone over to the majority *Abit ad plures* *Ib Mirabeau.*

There is no life of a man, faithfully recorded, but is a heroic poem of its sort, rhymed or unrhymed
Ib vol iv. *Sir Walter Scott.*

Under all speech that is good for anything there lies a silence that is better. Silence is deep as Eternity; speech is shallow as Time *Ib.*

To the very last, he (Napoleon) had a kind of idea; that, namely, of *La carrière ouverte aux talents*, The tools to him that can handle them. *Ib.*

It can be said of him [Scott], When he departed, he took a man's life along with him No sounder piece of British manhood was put together in that eighteenth century of Time *Ib*

A witty statesman said, you might prove anything by figures *Ib Chartism*, ch. 2.

Surely of all 'rights of man', this right of the ignorant man to be guided by the wiser, to be, gently or forcibly, held in the true course by him, is the indisputablest. *Ib.* ch 6

In epochs when cash payment has become the sole nexus of man to man *Ib*

Thou wretched fraction, wilt thou be the ninth part even of a tailor? *Ib Francia.*

This idle habit of 'accounting for the moral sense', as they phrase it The moral sense, thank God, is a thing you never will 'account for' . . . By no greatest happiness principle, greatest nobleness principle, or any principle whatever, will you make that in the least clearer than it already is
Ib vol v *Shooting Niagara and After?*

'Genius' (which means transcendent capacity of taking trouble, first of all)
Frederick the Great, bk iv, ch 3

If they could forget, for a moment, the correggiosity of Correggio, and the learned babble of the sale-room and varnishing auctioneer. *Ib.* ch 6

Happy the people whose annals are blank in history-books! *Ib* bk xvi, ch 1

Indeed it is well said, 'in every object there is inexhaustible meaning, the eye sees in it what the eye brings means of seeing'
Hist. of the French Revolution, pt i, bk. i, ch 2

Is not every meanest day 'the conflux of two eternities!' *Ib* bk iv, ch 4

A whiff of grapeshot *Ib* bk. v, ch 3.

History a distillation of rumour *Ib* bk vii, ch 5

The gospel according to Jean Jacques
Ib pt ii, bk i, ch 6

The difference between Orthodoxy or My-doxy and Heterodoxy or Thy-doxy *Ib* bk iv, ch 2

The seagreen Incorruptible [Robespierre] *Ib* ch 4

Aristocracy of the Moneybag. *Ib* bk. vii, ch 7.

It is well said, in every sense, that a man's religion is the chief fact with regard to him
Heroes and Hero-Worship, i. *The Hero as Divinity.*

Worship is transcendent wonder. *Ib.*

No sadder proof can be given by a man of his own littleness than disbelief in great men *Ib*

No great man lives in vain The history of the world is but the biography of great men. *Ib*

The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none. *Ib.* ii. *The Hero as Prophet*

The Hero can be Poet, Prophet, King, Priest or what you will, according to the kind of world he finds himself born into. *Ib.* iii. *The Hero as Poet.*

In books lies the *soul* of the whole Past Time, the articulate audible voice of the Past, when the body and material substance of it has altogether vanished like a dream. *Ib.* v. *The Hero as Man of Letters.*

The true University of these days is a collection of books *Ib*

Burke said there were Three Estates in Parliament, but, in the Reporters' Gallery yonder, there sat a *Fourth Estate* more important far than they all *Ib*

Adversity is sometimes hard upon a man, but for one man who can stand prosperity, there are a hundred that will stand adversity *Ib*

I hope we English will long maintain our *grand talent pour le silence.* *Ib* VI *The Hero as King*

Maid-servants, I hear people complaining, are getting instructed in the 'ologies'
Inaugural Address at Edinburgh, 1866

Speech is human, silence is divine, yet also brutish and dead therefore we must learn both arts
Journal.

Respectable Professors of the Dismal Science [Political Economy]
Latter-Day Pamphlets, No 1 *The Present Time*

Little other than a redtape Talking-machine, and unhappy Bag of Parliamentary Eloquence *Ib.*

A healthy hatred of scoundrels
Ib No 2 *Model Prisons*

Idlers, game-preservers and mere human clothes-horses. [Exodus from Houndsditch]
Ib No 3 *Downing Street*

Nature admits no lie *Ib* No 5 *Stump Orator*

A Parliament speaking through reporters to Buncombe and the twenty-seven millions mostly fools
Ib No 6 *Parliaments*

'May the Devil fly away with the fine arts!' exclaimed in my hearing, one of our most distinguished public men *Ib* No 8

Mother of dead dogs
Letter to John Carlyle, 11 Sept 1840 (Froude's *Carlyle*, 1884, vol 1, p 196)

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, *do* that with all thy might and leave the issues calmly to God
Letter to W Graham, 29 Mar 1844

The unspeakable Turk should be immediately struck out of the question
Letter to G Howard, 24 Nov 1876

Transcendental moonshine
Life of John Sterling, Pt 1, ch 15.

The progress of human society consists in the better and better apportioning of wages to work
Past and Present, bk 1, ch 3

Brothers, I am sorry I have got no Morrison's Pill for curing the maladies of Society *Ib* ch 4

Thou and I, my friend, can, in the most flunkey world, make, each of us, *one* non-flunkey, one hero, if we like. that will be two heroes to begin with.
Ib ch 6

Cash-payment is not the sole nexus of man with man. *Ib.* bk. III, ch. 9

Blessed is he who has found his work, let him ask no other blessedness *Ib* ch 11

Captains of industry *Ib* bk IV, title of ch 4

The sunny plains and deep indigo transparent skies of Italy are all indifferent to the great sick heart of a Sir Walter Scott on the back of the Apennines, in wild spring weather, the sight of bleak Scotch firs, and snow-spotted heath and desolation, brings tears into his eyes *Ib* ch 5

Upwards of five-hundred-thousand two-legged animals without feathers lie round us, in horizontal positions, their heads all in nightcaps, and full of the foolishest dreams *Sartor Resartus*, bk 1, ch 3

He who first shortened the labour of copyists by device of *Movable Types* was disbanding hired armies, and cashiering most Kings and Senates, and creating a whole new democratic world he had invented the art of printing *Ib* ch 5

Man is a tool-using animal Without tools he is nothing, with tools he is all *Ib*

Language is called the garment of thought however, it should rather be, language is the flesh-garment, the body, of thought *Ib* ch 11

Man's unhappiness, as I construe, comes of his greatness, it is because there is an Infinite in him, which with all his cunning he cannot quite bury under the Finite *Ib* bk II, ch 9

'Do the duty which lies nearest thee', which thou knowest to be a duty! Thy second duty will already have become clearer *Ib*

What printed thing soever I could meet with I read.
Ib bk II, ch 3.

The end of man is an action, and not a thought
Ib ch 6.

The everlasting no *Ib* ch 7, title

The folly of that impossible precept, 'Know thyself', till it be translated into this partially possible one, 'Know what thou canst work at'. *Ib*

My spiritual new-birth, or Baphometic Fire-baptism
Ib

Great men are the inspired [speaking and acting] texts of that divine Book of Revelations, whereof a chapter is completed from epoch to epoch, and by some named History. *Ib* ch 8

The everlasting yea *Ib.* ch. 9, title

Close thy Byron, open thy Goethe. *Ib*

Be no longer a chaos, but a world, or even worldkin Produce! Produce! Were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a product, produce it in God's name! 'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee: out with it, then *Ib*

As the Swiss Inscription says *Sprechen ist silbern, Schweigen ist golden* (Speech is silvern, Silence is golden), or as I might rather express it Speech is of Time, Silence is of Eternity *Ib* bk III, ch. 3.

Two men I honour, and no third *Ib.* ch 4

I don't pretend to understand the Universe—it's a great deal bigger than I am People ought to be modester
Remark to Wm Allingham D A Wilson's and D. Wilson MacArthur's *Carlyle in Old Age.*

If Jesus Christ were to come to-day, people would not even crucify him They would ask him to dinner, and hear what he had to say, and make fun of it
Remark D A Wilson's *Carlyle at his Zenith*

It were better to perish than to continue schoolmastering
Remark D A Wilson's *Carlyle Till Marriage*

Macaulay is well for a while, but one wouldn't *live* under Niagara
Remark R M Milnes' *Notebook, 1838*

A good book is the purest essence of a human soul
Speech in support of The London Library, 1840 F Harrison's *Carlyle and The London Library*

'"Thou's gey" [pretty, pronounced *gyei*] "ill to deal wi"—Mother's allocution to me once, in some unreasonable moment of mine', is Carlyle's note on this phrase (which, indeed, is an old-fashioned country formula), cited by his wife in a letter to his mother in Dec 1835 The readers of Mr Froude's *Life of Carlyle* will remember that he harps upon this phrase, using it as a sort of refrain, but always with the significant change of the word 'deal' to 'live'—'gey ill to *live* wi'
C Eliot Norton, *Letters of Thomas Carlyle* (1888), I, 44

Who never ate his bread in sorrow,
Who never spent the darksome hours
Weeping and watching for the morrow
He knows ye not, ye gloomy Powers
Translation of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*, Bk II, ch 13

Carlyle and Milnes were talking of the Administration just formed by Sir Robert Peel, and Milnes was evincing some disappointment that he had not been offered a post in it 'No, no,' said Carlyle, 'Peel knows what he is about, there is only one post fit for you, and that is the office of perpetual president of the Heaven and Hell Amalgamation Society'
T E Wemyss Reid, *The Life of Lord Houghton* (1890), p 187

MARGARET FULLER
I accept the universe.
CARLYLE
By God! she'd better! *Attr*

JULIA CARNEY

fl 1850

Little drops of water, little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean, and the pleasant land
So the little minutes, humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages of eternity
Little Things (Attr also to E C Brewer, D C Colesworthy, and F S Osgood)

Little deeds of kindness, little words of love,
Help to make earth happy, like the heaven above
(Changed by later compilers to 'make this earth an Eden') *Ib*

JOSEPH EDWARDS CARPENTER

1813–?

What are the wild waves saying
Sister, the whole day long,
That ever amid our playing,
I hear but their low lone song?
What Are the Wild Waves Saying?

Yes! but there's something greater,
That speaks to the heart alone,
The voice of the great Creator,
Dwells in that mighty tone! *Ib*

LEWIS CARROLL [CHARLES LUTWIDGE DODGSON]

1832–1898

'What is the use of a book', thought Alice, 'without pictures or conversations?'
Alice in Wonderland, ch I

Do cats eat bats? Do bats eat cats? *Ib*

'Curiouser and curiouser!' cried Alice *Ib* ch 2.

How doth the little crocodile
Improve his shining tail,
And pour the waters of the Nile
On every golden scale! *Ib*

How cheerfully he seems to grin,
How neatly spreads his claws,
And welcomes little fishes in
With gently smiling jaws! *Ib.*

'I'll be judge, I'll be jury,' said cunning old Fury,
'I'll try the whole cause, and condemn you to death' *Ib* ch 3.

'I can't explain *myself*, I'm afraid, sir,' said Alice, 'because I'm not myself, you see' 'I don't see,' said the Caterpillar *Ib.* ch 5.

'You are old, Father William,' the young man said,
'And your hair has become very white,
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—
Do you think, at your age, it is right?'

'In my youth,' Father William replied to his son.
'I feared it might injure the brain,
But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again' *Ib.*

'I have answered three questions, and that is enough,'
Said his father, 'don't give yourself airs!
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
Be off, or I'll kick you downstairs!' *Ib*

'I shall sit here,' he said, 'on and off, for days and days' *Ib* ch 6.

'If everybody minded their own business,' said the Duchess in a hoarse growl, 'the world would go round a deal faster than it does.' *Ib.*

Speak roughly to your little boy,
And beat him when he sneezes,
He only does it to annoy,
Because he knows it teases *Ib.*

For he can thoroughly enjoy
The pepper when he pleases! *Ib*

'Did you say pig, or fig?' said the Cat. *Ib*

This time it vanished quite slowly, beginning with the end of the tail, and ending with the grin, which remained some time after the rest of it had gone [The Cheshire Cat] *Ib*

'Have some wine,' the March Hare said in an encouraging tone Alice looked all round the table, but there was nothing on it but tea 'I don't see any wine,' she remarked. 'There isn't any,' said the March Hare *Ib* ch 7

'Then you should say what you mean,' the March Hare went on 'I do,' Alice hastily replied, 'at least —at least I mean what I say—that's the same thing, you know'
'Not the same thing a bit!' said the Hatter 'Why, you might just as well say that "I see what I eat" is the same thing as "I eat what I see!"' *Ib*

'It was the *best* butter,' the March Hare meekly replied *Ib*

'Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!
How I wonder what you're at!
Up above the world you fly!
Like a teatray in the sky' *Ib.*

'Take some more tea,' the March Hare said to Alice, very earnestly
'I've had nothing yet,' Alice replied in an offended tone, 'so I can't take more'
'You mean you can't take *less*,' said the Hatter 'it's very easy to take *more* than nothing' *Ib*

'Let's all move one place on' *Ib*

'But they were *in* the well,' Alice said to the Dormouse 'Of course they were,' said the Dormouse,—'well in' *Ib*

'They drew all manner of things—everything that begins with an M——' 'Why with an M?' said Alice. 'Why not?' said the March Hare *Ib*

The Queen was in a furious passion, and went stamping about, and shouting, 'Off with his head!' or 'Off with her head!' about once in a minute *Ib* ch 8

'A cat may look at a king,' said Alice *Ib*

'And the moral of that is—"Oh, 'tis love, 'tis love, that makes the world go round!"' *Ib* ch 9

Take care of the sense, and the sounds will take care of themselves. *Ib*

'That's nothing to what I could say if I chose,' the Duchess replied *Ib*

'Just about as much right,' said the Duchess, 'as pigs have to fly.' *Ib*

'That's the reason they're called lessons,' the Gryphon remarked· 'because they lessen from day to day.' *Ib*

'Will you walk a little faster?' said a whiting to a snail,
'There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my tail' *Ib* ch. 10.

'Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?' *Ib*

The further off from England the nearer is to France—
Then turn not pale, beloved snail, but come and join the dance *Ib*

'Tis the voice of the lobster, I heard him declare,
'You have baked me too brown, I must sugar my hair' *Ib*

Soup of the evening, beautiful Soup! *Ib*

The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts,
All on a summer day
The Knave of Hearts, he stole those tarts,
And took them quite away! *Ib* ch 11

'Write that down,' the King said to the jury, and the jury eagerly wrote down all three dates on their slates, and then added them up, and reduced the answer to shillings and pence *Ib*

Here one of the guinea-pigs cheered, and was immediately suppressed by the officers of the court. *Ib*

'Where shall I begin, please your Majesty?' he asked
'Begin at the beginning,' the King said, gravely, 'and go on till you come to the end then stop.' *Ib*

'*Un*important, of course, I meant,' the King hastily said, and went on to himself in an undertone, 'important—unimportant—unimportant—important—' as if he were trying which word sounded best. *Ib* ch. 12

'That's not a regular rule you invented it just now.'
'It's the oldest rule in the book,' said the King.
'Then it ought to be Number One,' said Alice. *Ib.*

They told me you had been to her,
And mentioned me to him
She gave me a good character,
But said I could not swim *Ib*

The jury all wrote down on their slates, '*She* doesn't believe there's an atom of meaning in it.' *Ib.*

'Do I look like it?' said the Knave (Which he certainly did *not*, being made entirely of cardboard) *Ib*

'The horror of that moment,' the King went on, 'I shall never, *never* forget!' 'You will, though,' the Queen said, 'if you don't make a memorandum of it' *Alice Through the Looking-Glass*, ch 1

'My precious Lily! My imperial kitten!—
'Imperial fiddlestick!' *Ib.*

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe,
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

'Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!'

He took his vorpal sword in hand
Long time the manxome foe he sought—
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought

And as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back
'And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!'
He chortled in his joy
Alice Through the Looking-Glass, ch 1.

Curtsey while you're thinking what to say It saves time *Ib* ch 2

Speak in French when you can't think of the English for a thing *Ib*

'Now! Now!' cried the Queen 'Faster! Faster!' *Ib*

'Now, *here*, you see, it takes all the running *you* can do, to keep in the same place If you want to get somewhere else, you must run at least twice as fast as that!' *Ib*

'Sap and sawdust,' said the Gnat *Ib* ch 3

Tweedledum and Tweedledee
Agreed to have a battle,
For Tweedledum said Tweedledee
Had spoiled his nice new rattle

Just then flew down a monstrous crow,
As black as a tar-barrel,
Which frightened both the heroes so,
They quite forgot their quarrel
Ib ch 4

'Contrariwise,' continued Tweedledee, 'if it was so, it might be, and if it were so, it would be but as it isn't, it ain't That's logic' *Ib*

The sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright—
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night
Ib The Walrus and the Carpenter

'It's very rude of him,' she said
'To come and spoil the fun!' *Ib*

You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky
No birds were flying overhead—
There were no birds to fly *Ib*

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand,
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand
'If this were only cleared away,'
They said, 'it would be grand!'

'If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose,' the Walrus said,
'That they could get it clear?'
'I doubt it,' said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear *Ib*

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat—
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet *Ib*

And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more *Ib.*

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

'The time has come,' the Walrus said,
'To talk of many things
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings' *Ib*

'For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat!' *Ib.*

'A loaf of bread,' the Walrus said,
'Is what we chiefly need
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed—
Now if you're ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed' *Ib*

'The night is fine,' the Walrus said
'Do you admire the view?' *Ib*

The Carpenter said nothing but
'The butter's spread too thick!' *Ib*

'I weep for you,' the Walrus said
'I deeply sympathize'
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes *Ib.*

But answer came there none—
And this was scarcely odd because
They'd eaten every one *Ib.*

'Fit to snore his head off!' as Tweedledum remarked *Ib*

'Let's fight till six, and then have dinner,' said Tweedledum *Ib*

'You know,' he said very gravely, 'it's one of the most serious things that can possibly happen to one in a battle—to get one's head cut off' *Ib*

'I'm very brave generally,' he went on in a low voice 'only to-day I happen to have a headache' *Ib*

'Twopence a week, and jam every other day' *Ib* ch 5

The rule is, jam to-morrow and jam yesterday—but never jam to-day *Ib*

'It's a poor sort of memory that only works backwards,' the Queen remarked *Ib*

'Consider anything, only don't cry!' *Ib.*

'I can't believe *that*!' said Alice 'Can't you?' the Queen said in a pitying tone 'Try again draw a long breath, and shut your eyes' Alice laughed 'There's no use trying,' she said 'one *can't* believe impossible things' 'I daresay you haven't had much practice,' said the Queen 'When I was your age, I always did it for half-an-hour a day Why, sometimes I've believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast' *Ib*

'It's very provoking,' Humpty Dumpty said after a long silence,—'to be called an egg—*very*!' *Ib.* ch 6

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall,
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty together again *Ib*

With a name like yours, you might be any shape, almost *Ib*

'They gave it me,—for an un-birthday present' *Ib*

'There's glory for you!' 'I don't know what you mean by "glory",' Alice said 'I meant, "there's a nice knock-down argument for you!"' 'But "glory" doesn't mean "a nice knock-down argument",' Alice objected 'When *I* use a word,' Humpty Dumpty said in a rather scornful tone, 'it means just what I choose it to mean,—neither more nor less' *Ib*

'The question is,' said Humpty Dumpty, 'which is to be master—that's all' *Ib*

'I can explain all the poems that ever were invented—and a good many that haven't been invented just yet' *Ib*

'*I* can repeat poetry as well as other folk if it comes to that—' 'Oh, it needn't come to that! 'Alice hastily said *Ib*

The little fishes of the sea,
They sent an answer back to me

The little fishes' answer was
'We cannot do it, Sir, because——' *Ib*

I took a kettle large and new,
Fit for the deed I had to do *Ib.*

I said it very loud and clear,
I went and shouted in his ear

But he was very stiff and proud,
He said 'You needn't shout so loud!'

And he was very proud and stiff,
He said 'I'd go and wake them, if——' *Ib*

You see it's like a portmanteau—there are two meanings packed up into one word *Ib*

He's an Anglo-Saxon Messenger—and those are Anglo-Saxon attitudes *Ib* ch 7

The other Messenger's called Hatta I must have *two* you know—to come and go One to come, and one to go *Ib*

'There's nothing like eating hay when you're faint' 'I didn't say there was nothing *better*,' the King replied, 'I said there was nothing *like* it' *Ib*

'I'm sure nobody walks much faster than I do!'
'He can't do that,' said the King, 'or else he'd have been here first' *Ib*

It's as large as life, and twice as natural! *Ib*

'If you'll believe in me, I'll believe in you' *Ib*

The [White] Knight said 'It's my own invention' *Ib*

'But you've no idea what a difference it makes, mixing it with other things—such as gunpowder and sealing-wax' *Ib*

I'll tell thee everything I can
There's little to relate
I saw an aged, aged man,
A-sitting on a gate.

'Who are you, aged man?' I said
'And how is it you live?'
And his answer trickled through my head
Like water through a sieve

He said, 'I look for butterflies
That sleep among the wheat
I make them into mutton-pies,
And sell them in the street' *Ib.*

I cried, 'Come, tell me how you live!'
And thumped him on the head *Ib*

He said, 'I hunt for haddocks' eyes
Among the heather bright,
And work them into waistcoat-buttons
In the silent night

And these I do not sell for gold
Or coin of silvery shine,
But for a copper halfpenny,
And that will purchase nine.

I sometimes dig for buttered rolls,
Or set limed twigs for crabs,
I sometimes search the grassy knolls
For wheels of hansom-cabs.' *Ib*

Or madly squeeze a right-hand foot
Into a left-hand shoe *Ib*

'Speak when you're spoken to!' the Red Queen sharply interrupted her, *Ib* ch 9

'No admittance till the week after next!' *Ib*

'It isn't etiquette to cut any one you've been introduced to Remove the joint' *Ib*

'Un-dish-cover the fish, or dishcover the riddle' *Ib*

He thought he saw an Elephant,
That practised on a fife
He looked again, and found it was
A letter from his wife
'At length I realize,' he said,
'The bitterness of life!' *Sylvie and Bruno*, ch 5

He thought he saw a Buffalo
Upon the chimney-piece
He looked again, and found it was
His sister's husband's niece
'Unless you leave this house,' he said,
'I'll send for the Police!' *Ib* ch 6.

He thought he saw a Banker's Clerk
Descending from the bus
He looked again, and found it was
A Hippopotamus
'If this should stay to dine,' he said,
'There won't be much for us' *Ib* ch 7

He thought he saw an Albatross
That fluttered round the lamp·
He looked again, and found it was
A penny-postage-stamp
'You'd best be getting home,' he said,
'The nights are very damp' *Ib* ch 12

What I tell you three times is true
Hunting of the Snark, Fit 1. *The Landing*

He had forty-two boxes, all carefully packed,
With his name painted clearly on each·
But, since he omitted to mention the fact,
They were all left behind on the beach *Ib*

He would answer to 'Hi!' or to any loud cry,
Such as 'Fry me!' or 'Fritter-my-wig!' *Ib*

His intimate friends called him 'Candle-ends',
And his enemies, 'Toasted-cheese' *Ib*

Then the bowsprit got mixed with the rudder sometimes *Ib*

But the principal failing occurred in the sailing,
And the Bellman, perplexed and distressed,
Said he *had* hoped, at least, when the wind blew due East,
That the ship would *not* travel due West!
Ib Fit 2 *The Bellman's Speech*

But oh, beamish nephew, beware of the day,
If your Snark be a Boojum! For then
You will softly and suddenly vanish away,
And never be met with again!
Ib Fit 3 *The Baker's Tale*

They sought it with thimbles, they sought it with care,
They pursued it with forks and hope,
They threatened its life with a railway-share,
They charmed it with smiles and soap
Ib Fit 5 *The Beaver's Lesson*

Recollecting with tears how, in earlier years,
It had taken no pains with its sums *Ib*

And in charity-meetings it stands at the door,
And collects—though it does not subscribe *Ib*

For the Snark *was* a Boojum, you see
Ib Fit 8 *The Vanishing*

WILLIAM HERBERT CARRUTH

1859–1924

Some call it evolution,
And others call it God
Each In His Own Tongue, and Other Poems, 1908

PHOEBE CARY

1824–1871

And though hard be the task,
'Keep a stiff upper lip' *Keep a Stiff Upper Lip*

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be,
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea. *Nearer Home*

HARRY CASTLING

What-Ho! She bumps! *Title of Song*

Let 's all go down the Strand *Title of Song.*

REV. EDWARD CASWALL

1814–1878

Days and moments quickly flying,
Blend the living with the dead,
Soon will you and I be lying
Each within our narrow bed
Hymns & Poems Days and Moments Quickly Flying

Earth has many a noble city,
Bethlehem, thou dost all excel
Ib Earth Has Many a Noble City.

My God, I love Thee, not because
I hope for heaven thereby
Ib My God, I Love Thee (tr from Latin)

Come, Thou Holy Spirit, come,
And from Thy celestial home
Shed a ray of light Divine,
Come, Thou Father of the poor,
Come, Thou source of all our store,
Come, within our bosoms shine
Ib Come Thou Holy Spirit, Come (tr from Latin).

In our labour rest most sweet,
Grateful coolness in the heat,
Solace in the midst of woe *Ib*

Hark! a thrilling voice is sounding,
'Christ is nigh,' it seems to say
Ib Hark! A Thrilling Voice is Sounding

Jesu, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast
Ib Jesu, The Very Thought of Thee (tr from Latin)

EDITH CAVELL

1865–1915

I realize that patriotism is not enough I must have no hatred or bitterness towards any one
Last Words, 12 Oct. 1915 The Times, 23 Oct. 1915.

SUSANNAH CENTLIVRE

1667?–1723

The real Simon Pure
Bold Stroke for a Wife, v 1

And lash the vice and follies of the age
The Man's Bewitched, prologue

He is as melancholy as an unbrac'd drum.
Wonder, II 1

JOHN CHALKHILL

fl 1600

Oh, the sweet contentment
The countryman doth find. *Coridon's Song*

PATRICK REGINALD CHALMERS

1874–

'I find,' said 'e, 'things very much as 'ow I've always found,
For mostly they goes up and down or else goes round and round'
Green Days and Blue Days Roundabouts and Swings.

What's lost upon the roundabouts we pulls up on the swings! *Ib*

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

1836–1914

But the cup is nearly full. The career of high-handed wrong is coming to an end. *Speech, 20 Oct 1884*

Provided that the City of London remains as it is at present, the clearing-house of the world
Ib. Guildhall, London, 19 Jan. 1904

Learn to think Imperially. *Ib*

The day of small nations has long passed away. The day of Empires has come
Ib Birmingham, 12 May, 1904

We are not downhearted The only trouble is, we cannot understand what is happening to our neighbours. *Ib. Smethwick, 18 Jan. 1906*

ROBERT CHAMBERS

1802–1871

To change the name, and not the letter,
Is a change for the worst, and not for the better
Book of Days, vol II, June, p 723

JOHN CHANDLER

1806–1876

Conquering kings their titles take
From the foes they captive make·
Jesu, by a nobler deed,
From the thousands He hath freed.
Hymns Ancient and Modern. Conquering Kings Their Titles Take, tr from Latin

ARTHUR CHAPMAN

1873–

Out where the handclasp's a little stronger,
Out where the smile dwells a little longer,
That 's where the West begins.
Out Where the West Begins

GEORGE CHAPMAN

1559?–1634?

I know an Englishman,
Being flatter'd, is a lamb, threaten'd, a lion,
Alphonsus Emperor of Germany, I ii

Berenice's ever-burning hair
Blind Beggar of Alexandria

Speed his plough *Bussy D'Ambois*, I i

Who to himself is law, no law doth need,
Offends no law, and is a king indeed. *Ib* II i

Terror of darkness! O, thou king of flames! *Ib* V i

Give me a spirit that on this life's rough sea
Loves t'have his sails fill'd with a lusty wind,
Even till his sail-yards tremble, his masts crack,
And his rapt ship run on her side so low
That she drinks water, and her keel ploughs air
Byron's Conspiracy, III i

O incredulity! the wit of fools,
That slovenly will spit on all things fair,
The coward's castle, and the sluggard's cradle
De Guiana, l 82

We have watered our horses in Helicon
May-Day, III iii

For one heat, all know, doth drive out another,
One passion doth expel another still
Monsieur D'Olive, V i

They're only truly great who are truly good
Revenge for Honour, V ii

A poem, whose subject is not truth, but things like truth
Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois, dedication

Danger, the spur of all great minds. *Ib* V i

And let a scholar all Earth's volumes carry,
He will be but a walking dictionary
Tears of Peace, l 266

CHARLES I OF ENGLAND

1600–1649

Never make a defence of apology before you be accused.
Letter to Lord Wentworth, 3 Sept 1636

Remember
To Bishop Juxon, on the Scaffold, 30 Jan 1649
Rushworth's Hist Collections, 1701, pt IV

CHARLES II OF ENGLAND

1630–1685

He [Charles II] said once to myself, he was no atheist, but he could not think God would make a man miserable only for taking a little pleasure out of the way.
Burnet, History of My Own Time, vol I, bk II, ch. I.

He [Lauderdale] told me, the king spoke to him to let that [Presbytery] go, for it was not a religion for gentlemen *Ib* ch 2

King Charles gave him [Godolphin] a short character when he was page, which he maintained to his life's end, of being never *in* the way, nor *out* of the way
Ib vol II, bk III, ch 11, n (*The Earl of Dartmouth*).

Let not poor Nelly starve *Ib* ch 17

Better than a play
(*On the Debates in the House of Lords on Lord Ross's Divorce Bill, 1670*) *A Bryant, King Charles II*

Brother, I am too old to go again to my travels
Hume's History of Great Britain, vol II, 1757, ch 7

That is very true for my words are my own, and my actions are my ministers'
Reply to Lord Rochester's Epitaph on him, [q v]

I am sure no man in England will take away my life to make you King (To his brother James)
W. King's Political & Lit Anecdotes

He had been, he said, an unconscionable time dying, but he hoped that they would excuse it
Macaulay's Hist England, 1849, vol 1, ch 4, p. 437

SALMON PORTLAND CHASE

1808–1873

No more slave States, no slave Territories
Platform of the Free Soil National Convention, 1848

The Constitution, in all its provisions, looks to an indestructible Union composed of indestructible States
Decision in Texas v White, 7 Wallace, 725

The way to resumption is to resume
Letter to Horace Greeley, 17 May 1866

EARL OF CHATHAM

see
WILLIAM PITT

THOMAS CHATTERTON

1752–1770

O! synge untoe mie roundelaie,
O! droppe the brynie teare wythe mee,
Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,
Lycke a reynynge ryver bee,
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe-tree
Mynstrelles Songe

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

1328–1400

Singest with vois memorial in the shade
Anelida and Arcite, proem

Whanne that Aprille with his shoures sote
The droghte of Marche hath perced to the rote
Canterbury Tales Prologue l 1.

And smale fowles maken melodye,
That slepen al the night with open ye,
(So priketh hem nature in hir corages)
Than longen folk to goon on pilgrimages *Ib* l 9

He loved chivalrye,
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curteisye *Ib* l 45

He was a verray parfit gentil knight *Ib* l 72

He was as fresh as is the month of May *Ib* l 92

He coude songes make and wel endyte *Ib* l 95

Curteys he was, lowly, and servisable,
And carf biforn his fader at the table *Ib* l 99

Hir gretteste ooth was but by séynt Loy *Ib* l 120

Ful wel she song the service divyne,
Entuned in hir nose ful semely,
And Frensh she spak ful faire and fetisly,
After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe,
For Frensh of Paris was to hir unknowe *Ib* l 122

She wolde wepe, if that she sawe a mous
Caught in a trappe, if it were deed or bledde
Of smale houndes had she, that she fedde
With rosted flesh, or milk and wastel-breed
But sore weep she if oon of hem were deed
Ib l 144

He yaf nat of that text a pulled hen,
That seith, that hunters been nat holy men
Ib l 177

A Frere ther was, a wantown and a merye *Ib* l 208

He knew the tavernes wel in every toun *Ib* l 240

He was the best beggere in his hous *Ib* l 252

Somwhat he lipsed, for his wantownesse,
To make his English swete up-on his tonge
Ib l 264

A Clerk ther was of Oxenford also *Ib* l 285

For him was lever have at his beddes heed
Twenty bokes, clad in blak or reed,
Of Aristotle and his philosophye,
Than robes riche, or fithele, or gay sautrye
But al be that he was a philosophre,
Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre *Ib* l 293

And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche
Ib l 308

No-wher so bisy a man as he ther nas,
And yet he semed bisier than he was *Ib.* l 321

For he was Epicurus owne sone *Ib* l 336

It snewed in his hous of mete and drinke *Ib* l 345

A Shipman was ther, woning fer by weste
For aught I woot, he was of Dertemouthe *Ib* l 388

And, certeinly, he was a good felawe *Ib* l 395

Of nyce conscience took he no keep
If that he faught, and hadde the hyer hond,
By water he sente hem hoom to every lond
Ib l 398.

His studie was but litel on the bible *Ib* l 438

She was a worthy womman al hir lyve,
Housbondes at chirche-dore she hadde fyve,
Withouten other companye in youthe,
But therof redeth nat to speke as nouthe
And thryes hadde she been at Jerusalem,
She hadde passed many a straunge streem,
At Rome she hadde been, and at Boloigne,
In Galice at seint Jame, and at Cologne *Ib* l 459.

A good man was ther of religioun,
And was a povre Persoun of a toun *Ib* l 477.

This noble ensample to his sheep he yaf,
That first he wroghte, and afterward he taughte
Ib l 496.

But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taughte, but first he folwed it him-selve
Ib l 527

That hadde a fyr-reed cherubinnes face *Ib* l. 624.

Wel loved he garleek, oynons, and eek lekes,
And for to drinken strong wyn, reed as blood.
Canterbury Tales Prologue l 634

His walet lay biforn him in his lappe,
Bret-ful of pardoun come from Rome al hoot
Ib l 686

He hadde a croys of latoun, ful of stones,
And in a glas he hadde pigges bones
But with thise relikes, whan that he fond
A povre person dwelling up-on lond,
Up-on a day he gat him more moneye
Than that the person gat in monthes tweye
And thus, with feyned flaterye and japes,
He made the person and the peple his apes
Ib. l 690.

Who-so shal telle a tale after a man,
He moot reherce, as ny as ever he can,
Everich a word, if it be in his charge,
Al speke he never so rudeliche and large;
Or elles he moot telle his tale untrewe,
Or feyne thing, or finde wordes newe *Ib* l 731

And therfore, at the kinges court, my brother,
Ech man for him-self, ther is non other
Ib Knightes Tale, l 323

And whan a beest is deed, he hath no peyne,
But man after his deeth moot wepe and pleyne
Ib l 461

The bisy larke, messager of day *Ib* l 633.

For pitee renneth sone in gentil herte *Ib* l 903

Up roos the sonne, and up roos Emelye *Ib* l 1415

Yet in our asshen olde is fyr y-reke
Ib The Reves Prologue, l 28

So was hir joly whistle wel y-wet
Ib The Reves Tale, l 235

She is mirour of alle curteisye
Ib Tale of the Man of Lawe, l 68

He wolde sowen som difficultee,
Or springen cokkel in our clene corn
Ib The Shipmannes Prologue, l 20

He can nat stinte of singing by the weye
Ib The Prioresses Tale, l 105

'Thou lokest as thou woldest finde an hare,
For ever up-on the ground I see thee stare'
Ib Prologue to Sir Thopas, l 6

What is bettre than wisdom? Womman And what
is bettre than a good womman? No-thing
Ib The Tale of Melibeus, § 15

Ful wys is he that can him-selven knowe
Ib The Monkes Tale, l 149

Redeth the grete poete of Itaille,
That highte Dant, for he can al devyse
Fro point to point, nat o word wol he faille
Ib l 470

The month in which the world bigan,
That highte March, whan god first maked man
Ib The Nonne Preestes Tale, l 367

Daun Russel the fox sterte up at ones *Ib* l 514

And on a Friday fil al this meschaunce. *Ib* l 521

And lightly as it comth, so wol we spende.
Ib Pardoners Tale, l 453.

The bacoun was nat fet for hem, I trowe,
That som men han in Essex at Dunmowe
Ib The Prologe of the Wyves' Tale of Bathe, l 217.

And for to see, and eek for to be seye *Ib* l 552.

But yet I hadde alwey a coltes tooth
Gat-tothed I was, and that bicam me weel.
Ib l 602

This is a long preamble of a tale. *Ib* l 831

As thikke as motes in the sonne-beem
Ib Tale of the Wyf of Bathe, l 12

'My lige lady, generally,' quod he,
'Wommen desyren to have sovereyntee
As wel over hir housbond as hir love' *Ib* l 181

He is gentil that doth gentil dedis *Ib* l 314

The carl spak oo thing, but he thoghte another
Ib The Freres Tale, l 270

Thus with hir fader, for a certeyn space,
Dwelleth this flour of wyfly patience,
That neither by hir wordes ne hir face
Biforn the folk, ne eek in hir absence,
Ne shewed she that hir was doon offence.
Ib The Clerkes Tale, l 862

O stormy peple! unsad and ever untrewe *Ib* l 939

A doghter hadde this worthy king also,
That yongest was, and highte Canacee
Ib The Squieres Tale, l 27

Trouthe is the hyeste thing that man may kepe
Ib The Frankeleyns Tale, l 751

Lat take a cat, and fostre him wel with milk,
And tendre flesh, and make his couche of silk,
And lat him seen a mous go by the wal,
Anon he weyveth milk, and flesh, and al,
And every deyntee that is in that hous,
Swich appetyt hath he to ete a mous
Ib The Maunciples Tale, l 71

Ful craftier to pley she was
Than Athalus, that made the game
First of the ches so was his name
The Book of the Duchesse, l 662

O litel book, thou art so unconning,
How darst thou put thy-self in prees for drede?
The Flower and the Leaf, l 591

Venus clerk, Ovyde,
That hath y-sowen wonder wyde
The grete god of Loves name
Ib The Hous of Fame, III, l 397

And as for me, though that I can but lyte,
On bokes for to rede, I me delyte,
And to hem yeve I feyth and ful credence,
And in myn herte have hem in reverence
So hertely, that ther is game noon,
That fro my bokes maketh me to goon,
But hit be seldom, on the holyday,
Save, certeynly, whan that the month of May
Is comen, and that I here the foules singe,
And that the floures ginnen for to springe,
Farwel my book and my devocion
Legend of Good Women, Prologue, l 29

That, of alle the floures in the mede,
Than love I most these floures whyte and rede,
Swiche as men callen daysies in our toun *Ib*

Til that myn herte dye *Ib* l 57

That wel by reson men hit calle may
The davesye or elles the ye of day,
The emperice and flour of floures alle
I pray to god that faire mot she falle,
And alle that loven floures, for hir sake ! *Ib* l 183

For lo, the gentil kind of the houn!
For whan a flye offendeth him or byteth,
He with his tayl awey the flye smyteth
Al esily, for, of his genterye,
Him deyneth nat to wreke him on a flye,
As doth a curre, or elles another beste *Ib* l 377

And she was fair as is the rose in May
Ib Legend of Cleopatra, l 34

The lyf so short, the craft so long to lerne,
Thassay so hard, so sharp the conquering
The Parlement of Foules, l 1

For out of olde feldes, as men saith,
Cometh al this newe corn froe yeer to yere,
And out of olde bokes, in good feith,
Cometh al this newe science that men lere
Ib l 22

Thou shalt make castels than in Spayne,
And dreme of joye, al but in vayne
Romaunt of the Rose, B l 2573

But the Troyane gestes, as they felle,
In Omer, or in Dares, or in Dyte,
Who-so that can, may rede hem as they wryte
Troilus and Criseyde, i, l 145

For it is seyd, man maketh ofte a yerde
With which the maker is him-self y-beten *Ib* l 740

O wind, O wind, the weder ginneth clere
Ib ii, l 2

Til crowes feet be growe under your ye *Ib* l 403

And we shal speke of thee som-what, I trowe,
Whan thou art goon, to do thyne eres glowe!
Ib l 1021

It is nought good a sleping hound to wake
Ib iii, l 764

For I have seyn, of a ful misty morwe,
Folwen ful ofte a mery someres day *Ib* l 1060

Right as an aspes leef she gan to quake *Ib* l 1200

And as the newe abaysshed nightingale,
That stinteth first whan she biginneth singe
Ib l 1233

For of fortunes sharp adversitee
The worst kinde of infortune is this,
A man to have ben in prosperitee,
And it remembren, whan it passed is *Ib* l 1625

Oon ere it herde, at the other out it wente
Ib iv, l 434

But manly set the world on Sixe and Sevene,
And, if thou deye a martir, go to hevene. *Ib* l 622

For tyme y-lost may not recovered be *Ib* l 1283

Ye, fare-wel al the snow of ferne yere! *Ib* v, l 1176

Eek greet effect men wryte in place lyte. [i e little space]
Thentente is al, and nought the lettres space
Ib l 1629.

Go, litel book, go litel myn tragedie *Ib* l. 1786.

O yonge fresshe folkes, he or she. *Ib* l. 1835

O moral Gower, this book I directe
To thee *Ib.* l. 1856

ANDREW CHERRY

1762–1812

Loud roar'd the dreadful thunder,
The rain a deluge show'rs. *The Bay of Biscay*

Till next day,
There she lay,
In the Bay of Biscay, O! *Ib.*

PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, EARL OF CHESTERFIELD

1694–1773

In scandal, as in robbery, the receiver is always thought as bad as the thief
Advice to his Son. Rules for Conversation, Scandal

In my mind, there is nothing so illiberal and so ill-bred, as audible laughter *Ib Graces, Laughter.*

In my opinion, parsons are very like other men, and neither the better nor the worse for wearing a black gown *Letter to his Son, 5 Apr 1746.*

The knowledge of the world is only to be acquired in the world, and not in a closet *Ib 4 Oct 1746.*

An injury is much sooner forgotten than an insult *Ib 9 Oct 1746.*

Courts and camps are the only places to learn the world in *Ib 2 Oct 1747.*

There is a Spanish proverb, which says very justly, Tell me whom you live with, and I will tell you who you are. *Ib 9 Oct 1747.*

Take the tone of the company that you are in. *Ib.*

Do as you would be done by is the surest method that I know of pleasing *Ib 16 Oct 1747.*

I recommend you to take care of the minutes, for hours will take care of themselves *Ib 6 Nov 1747.*

Advice is seldom welcome, and those who want it the most always like it the least. *Ib 29 Jan. 1748.*

Speak of the moderns without contempt, and of the ancients without idolatry *Ib 22 Feb 1748.*

Wear your learning, like your watch, in a private pocket: and do not merely pull it out and strike it; merely to show that you have one *Ib.*

Sacrifice to the Graces *Ib 9 Mar 1748.*

If Shakespeare's genius had been cultivated, those beauties, which we so justly admire in him, would have been undisgraced by those extravagancies, and that nonsense, with which they are so frequently accompanied. *Ib 1 Apr 1748.*

Women, then, are only children of a larger growth they have an entertaining tattle, and sometimes wit, but for solid, reasoning good-sense, I never knew in my life one that had it, or who reasoned or acted consequentially for four and twenty hours together *Ib 5 Sept 1748*

A man of sense only trifles with them [women], plays with them, humours and flatters them, as he does with a sprightly and forward child, but he neither consults them about, nor trusts them with, serious matters *Ib*

It must be owned, that the Graces do not seem to be natives of Great Britain, and I doubt, the best of us here have more of rough than polished diamond *Ib 18 Nov 1748*

Idleness is only the refuge of weak minds *Ib 20 July, 1749*

Women are much more like each other than men they have, in truth, but two passions, vanity and love, these are their universal characteristics *Ib 19 Dec 1749*

Knowledge may give weight, but accomplishments give lustre, and many more people see than weigh *Ib 8 May 1750*

Is it possible to love such a man? No The utmost I can do for him is to consider him as a respectable Hottentot [Lord Lyttelton] *Ib 28 Feb 1751*

It is commonly said, and more particularly by Lord Shaftesbury, that ridicule is the best test of truth *Ib 6 Feb 1752*

Every woman is infallibly to be gained by every sort of flattery, and every man by one sort or other *Ib 16 Mar 1752*

In matters of religion and matrimony I never give any advice, because I will not have anybody's torments in this world or the next laid to my charge *Letter to A C Stanhope, 12 Oct 1765*

Religion is by no means a proper subject of conversation in a mixed company *Undated Letter to his Godson*, No 112

I assisted at the birth of that most significant word, *flirtation*, which dropped from the most beautiful mouth in the world *The World*, No 101

Tyrawley and I have been dead these two years, but we don't choose to have it known Boswell's *Johnson*, 3 *Apr 1773*

He once exclaimed to Anstis, Garter King at Arms, 'You foolish man, you do not even know your own foolish business'

Jesse's *Memoirs of the Court of England from 1688 to Geo II*, vol II

Give Dayrolles a chair *Last Words* W H Craig, *Life of Chesterfield*

The dews of the evening most carefully shun,
Those tears of the sky for the loss of the sun
Advice to a Lady in Autumn

Unlike my subject will I frame my song,
It shall be witty and it sha'n't be long
Epigram on ['*Long*'] *Sir Thomas Robinson D N B*

The picture plac'd the busts between,
Adds to the thought much strength,
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly's at full length
Wit and Wisdom of Lord Chesterfield Epigrams On the Picture of Richard Nash between the Busts of Newton and Pope at Bath (Attr also to Mrs Jane Brereton)

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON

1874–1936

Are they clinging to their crosses,
F E Smith?
Antichrist, or the Reunion of Christendom

Talk about the pews and steeples
And the cash that goes therewith!
But the souls of Christian peoples
Chuck it, Smith! *Ib*

Heaven shall forgive you Bridge at dawn,
The clothes you wear—or do not wear—
Ballade d'une Grande Dame

But for the virtuous things you do,
The righteous work, the public care,
It shall not be forgiven you *Ib*

They spoke of progress spiring round,
Of Light and Mrs Humphry Ward—
It is not true to say I frowned,
Or ran about the room and roared,
I might have simply sat and snored—
I rose politely in the club
And said, 'I feel a little bored;
Will some one take me to a pub?'
A Ballade of an Anti-Puritan

I'll read 'Jack Redskin on the Quest'
And feed my brain with better things
A Ballade of a Book Reviewer

Prince, Prince-Elective on the modern plan,
Fulfilling such a lot of people's Wills,
You take the Chiltern Hundreds while you can—
A storm is coming on the Chiltern Hills
A Ballade of the First Rain

The gallows in my garden, people say,
Is new and neat and adequately tall
A Ballade of Suicide

The strangest whim has seized me After all
I think I will not hang myself to-day *Ib*

Prince, I can hear the trumpet of Germinal,
The tumbrils toiling up the terrible way,
Even to-day your royal head may fall—
I think I will not hang myself to-day *Ib*

Before the gods that made the gods
Had seen their sunrise pass,
The White Horse of the White Horse Vale
Was cut out of the grass
Ballad of the White Horse, bk. 1.

There was not English armour left,
Nor any English thing,
When Alfred came to Athelney
To be an English king *Ib.*

I tell you naught for your comfort,
Yea, naught for your desire,
Save that the sky grows darker yet
And the sea rises higher *Ib*

Last of a race in ruin—
He spoke the speech of the Gaels *Ib* bk II

For the great Gaels of Ireland
Are the men that God made mad,
For all their wars are merry,
And all their songs are sad *Ib*

The thing on the blind side of the heart,
On the wrong side of the door,
The green plant groweth, menacing
Almighty lovers in the spring,
There is always a forgotten thing,
And love is not secure *Ib* bk III

We have more lust again to lose
Than you to win again *Ib*

And when the last arrow
Was fitted and was flown,
When the broken shield was hung on the breast,
And the hopeless lance was laid in rest,
And the hopeless horn blown,
The King looked up *Ib* bk VII

Nelson turned his blindest eye
On Naples and on liberty
Blessed are the Peacemakers

The Christ-child stood at Mary's knee,
His hair was like a crown,
And all the flowers looked up at Him,
And all the stars looked down
A Christmas Carol

When fishes flew and forests walked
And figs grew upon thorn,
Some moment when the moon was blood
Then surely I was born.

With monstrous head and sickening cry
And ears like errant wings,
The devil's walking parody
Of all four-footed things. *The Donkey*

Fools! For I also had my hour,
One far fierce hour and sweet
There was a shout about my ears,
And palms before my feet *Ib*

There is one creed 'neath no world-terror's wing
Apples forget to grow on apple-trees
Ecclesiastes

The men that worked for England
They have their graves at home.
. .
And they that rule in England,
In stately conclave met,
Alas, alas for England
They have no graves as yet
Elegy in a Country Churchyard

But since he stood for England
And knew what England means,
Unless you give him bacon
You must not give him beans *The Englishman.*

Mr Mandragon, the Millionaire
The Good Rich Man

When Man is the Turk, and the Atheist,
Essene, Erastian Whig,
And the Thug and the Druse and the Catholic
And the crew of the Captain's gig
The Higher Unity

But our best is as far as the fire-drake swings
And our peace is put in impossible things
Where clashed and thundered unthinkable wings
Round an incredible star
The House of Christmas

Or must Fate act the same grey farce again,
And wait, till one, amid Time's wrecks and scars,
Speaks to a ruin here, 'What poet-race
Shot such Cyclopean arches at the stars?'
King's Cross Station.

White founts falling in the courts of the sun,
And the Soldan of Byzantium is smiling as they run
Lepanto

The cold queen of England is looking in the glass,
The shadow of the Valois is yawning at the Mass
Ib

Strong gongs groaning as the drums beat far. *Ib.*

Don John of Austria is going to the war *Ib*

It is he that saith not 'Kismet', it is he that knows not fate,
It is Richard, it is Raymond, it is Godfrey in the gate! *Ib*

Cervantes on his galley sets the sword back in the sheath,
(Don John of Austria rides homeward with a wreath.) *Ib*

And he smiles, but not as Sultans smile, and settles back the blade
(But Don John of Austria rides home from the Crusade.) *Ib*

For I come from Castlepatrick, and me heart is on me sleeve,
But a lady stole it from me on St Gallowglass's Eve
Me Heart

The folk that live in Liverpool, their heart is in their boots,
They go to hell like lambs, they do, because the hooter hoots *Ib*

And they think we're burning witches when we're only burning weeds *Ib*

You saw the moon from Sussex Downs,
A Sussex moon, untravelled still,
I saw a moon that was the town's,
The largest lamp on Campden Hill
The Napoleon of Notting Hill, dedication

This did not end by Nelson's urn
Where an immortal England sits—
Nor where your tall young men in turn
Drank death like wine at Austerlitz *Ib*

Yes, Heaven is everywhere at home,
The big blue cap that always fits. *Ib*

The legend of an epic hour
A child I dreamed, and dream it still,
Under the great grey water-tower
That strikes the stars on Campden Hill *Ib.*

John Grubby, who was short and stout
And troubled with religious doubt,
Refused about the age of three
To sit upon the curate's knee
The New Freethinker

From all the easy speeches
That comfort cruel men *O God of Earth and Altar*

'What of vile dust?' the preacher said
Methought the whole world woke
The Praise of Dust

Before the Roman came to Rye or out to Severn strode,
The rolling English drunkard made the rolling English road *The Rolling English Road*

That night we went to Birmingham by way of Beachy Head. *Ib*

My friends we will not go again or ape an ancient rage,
Or stretch the folly of our youth to be the shame of age *Ib.*

For there is good news yet to hear and fine things to be seen,
Before we go to Paradise by way of Kensal Green *Ib*

And a few men talked of freedom, while England talked of ale *The Secret People*

But the squire seemed struck in the saddle, he was foolish, as if in pain
He leaned on a staggering lawyer, he clutched a cringing Jew,
He was stricken, it may be, after all, he was stricken at Waterloo *Ib*

We only know the last sad squires ride slowly towards the sea,
And a new people takes the land and still it is not we. *Ib*

Smile at us, pay us, pass us, but do not quite forget
For we are the people of England, that never have spoken yet *Ib*

Lord Lilac thought it rather rotten
That Shakespeare should be quite forgotten,
And therefore got on a Committee
With several chaps out of the City.
The Shakespeare Memorial

The souls most fed with Shakespeare's flame
Still sat unconquered in a ring,
Remembering him like anything *Ib*

But not with that grand constancy
Of Clement Shorter, Herbert Tree,
Lord Rosebery and Comyns Carr
And all the other names there are,
Who stuck like limpets to the spot,
Lest they forgot, lest they forgot

Lord Lilac was of slighter stuff,
Lord Lilac had had quite enough *Ib*

God made the wicked Grocer
For a mystery and a sign,
That men might shun the awful shop
And go to inns to dine.
Song Against Grocers

The evil-hearted Grocer
Would call his mother 'Ma'am,'
And bow at her and bob at her,
Her aged soul to damn. *Ib*

He crams with cans of poisoned meat
The subjects of the King,
And when they die by thousands
Why, he laughs like anything *Ib*

He keeps a lady in a cage
Most cruelly all day,
And makes her count and calls her 'Miss'
Until she fades away *Ib.*

The righteous minds of innkeepers
Induce them now and then
To crack a bottle with a friend
Or treat unmoneyed men,

But who hath seen the Grocer
Treat housemaids to his teas
Or crack a bottle of fish-sauce
Or stand a man a cheese? *Ib.*

And I dream of the days when work was scrappy,
And rare in our pockets the mark of the mint,
And we were angry and poor and happy,
And proud of seeing our names in print.
A Song of Defeat

And sword in hand upon Afric's passes
Her last republic cried to God *Ib*

And the faith of the poor is faint and partial,
And the pride of the rich is all for sale,
And the chosen heralds of England's Marshal
Are the sandwich-men of the *Daily Mail.* *Ib*

They haven't got no noses,
The fallen sons of Eve *The Song of Quoodle*

And goodness only knowses
The Noselessness of Man *Ib*

But I, I cannot read it
(Although I run and run)
Of them that do not have the faith,
And will not have the fun
The Song of the Strange Ascetic

Tea, although an Oriental,
Is a gentleman at least,
Cocoa is a cad and coward,
Cocoa is a vulgar beast
The Song of Right and Wrong.

Where his aunts, who are not married,
Demand to be divorced *Ib.*

When old unbroken Pickwick walked
Among the broken men
When I Came Back to Fleet Street.

Still he that scorns and struggles
Sees, frightful and afar,
All that they leave of rebels
Rot high on Temple Bar *Ib.*

And Noah he often said to his wife when he sat down to dine,
'I don't care where the water goes if it doesn't get into the wine' *Wine and Water.*

Step softly, under snow or rain,
To find the place where men can pray;
The way is all so very plain
That we may lose the way *The Wise Men*

'Call upon the wheels, master, call upon the wheels,
We are taking rest, master, finding how it feels'
Song of the Wheels

And that is the meaning of Empire Day
Songs of Education Geography

All slang is metaphor, and all metaphor is poetry
The Defendant A Defence of Slang

There is nothing the matter with Americans except their ideals The real American is all right, it is the ideal American who is all wrong
New York Times, 1 Feb 1931 Reprinted in *Sidelights*

He [Tennyson] could not think up to the height of his own towering style
Victorian Age in Literature, ch 3

ALBERT CHEVALIER

1861–1923

'Wot's the good of Hanyfink? Why—Nuffink!'
Cockney Complaint

We've been together now for forty years,
An' it don't seem a day too much,
There ain't a lady livin' in the land
As I'd 'swop' for my dear old Dutch! *My Old Dutch*

Knocked him in the Old Kent Road *Title of Song*

WILLIAM CHILLINGWORTH

1602–1644

The Bible and the Bible only is the religion of Protestants *The Religion of Protestants*

RUFUS CHOATE

1799–1858

Its constitution the glittering and sounding generalities of natural right which make up the Declaration of Independence
Letter to the Maine Whig State Central Committee, 9 Aug 1856

HENRY FOTHERGILL CHORLEY

1808–1872

God the All-terrible! King, Who ordainest
Great winds Thy clarions, the lightnings Thy sword
Hullah's Part Music God The All-Terrible!

DAVID CHRISTY

1802–?

Cotton is King. *Title of book*, 1855.

CHARLES CHURCHILL

1731–1764

Greatly his foes he dreads, but more his friends,
He hurts me most who lavishly commends
The Apology, l 19

Though by whim, envy, or resentment led,
They damn those authors whom they never read
The Candidate, l. 57

The only difference, after all their rout,
Is, that the one is in, the other out
The Conference, l 165

If all, if all alas! were well at home *Ib* l 226

Be England what she will,
With all her faults, she is my country still
The Farewell, l 27

It can't be Nature, for it is not sense *Ib* l 200

England—a happy land we know,
Where follies naturally grow
The Ghost, bk 1, l 111

Fame
Is nothing but an empty name *Ib* l 229

And adepts in the speaking trade
Keep a cough by them ready made *Ib* bk. II, l 545

Who wit with jealous eye surveys,
And sickens at another's praise *Ib* l 663

Just to the windward of the law *Ib* bk III, l 56

He for subscribers baits his hook,
And takes your cash, but where's the book?
No matter where, wise fear, you know,
Forbids the robbing of a foe,
But what, to serve our private ends,
Forbids the cheating of our friends? *Ib* l 801

A joke's a very serious thing *Ib* bk IV, l 1386

Railing at life, and yet afraid of death
Gotham, 1, l 215

Thy danger chiefly lies in acting well,
No crime's so great as daring to excel
Epistle to William Hogarth, l 51

Candour, who, with the charity of Paul,
Still thinks the best, whene'er she thinks at all,
With the sweet milk of human kindness bless'd,
The furious ardour of my zeal repress'd *Ib* l 55

By different methods different men excel,
But where is he who can do all things well?
Ib l 573

Keep up appearances, there lies the test,
The world will give thee credit for the rest
Outward be fair, however foul within,
Sin if thou wilt, but then in secret sin *Night*, l 311

As one with watching and with study faint,
Reel in a drunkard, and reel out a saint *Ib* l 323

Who often, but without success, have pray'd
For apt Alliteration's artful aid
The Prophecy of Famine, l 85

A heart to pity, and a hand to bless *Ib* l 178

He sicken'd at all triumphs but his own
The Rosciad, l 64

Ne'er blush'd unless, in spreading Vice's snares,
She blunder'd on some virtue unawares *Ib* l 137

Genius is of no country *Ib* l 207

He mouths a sentence, as curs mouth a bone
Ib l 322

Fashion!—a word which knaves and fools may use,
Their knavery and folly to excuse *Ib* l 455.

So much they talk'd, so very little said *Ib* l 550

Not without art, but yet to nature true. *Ib* l 699.

But, spite of all the criticizing elves,
Those who would make us feel, must feel themselves
Ib l 961

The two extremes appear like man and wife,
Coupled together for the sake of strife
The Rosciad, l 1005

Where he falls short, 'tis Nature's fault alone,
Where he succeeds, the merit's all his own
Ib l. 1025

The best things carried to excess are wrong
Ib l 1039

With the persuasive language of a tear
The Times, l 308.

LORD RANDOLPH SPENCER CHURCHILL

1849–1894

The old gang [Members of the Conservative Government]
Speech, House of Commons, 7 Mar 1878.

He told them that he would give them and all other subjects of the Queen much legislation, great prosperity, and universal peace, and he has given them nothing but chips Chips to the faithful allies in Afghanistan, chips to the trusting native races of South Africa, chips to the Egyptian fellah, chips to the British farmer, chips to the manufacturer and the artisan, chips to the agricultural labourer, chips to the House of Commons itself
Ib 24 Jan 1884

An old man in a hurry [Gladstone]
Ib To the Electors of South Paddington, June 1886

Ulster will fight, Ulster will be right
Letter, 7 May 1886.

All great men make mistakes. Napoleon forgot Blucher, I forgot Goschen
Leaves from the Notebooks of Lady Dorothy Nevill, p 21

The duty of an Opposition is to oppose
1830 Quoted by Lord Randolph Churchill W S Churchill, *Lord Randolph Churchill*, vol i, ch 5

WINSTON LEONARD SPENCER CHURCHILL

1874–

It cannot in the opinion of His Majesty's Government be classified as slavery in the extreme acceptance of the word without some risk of terminological inexactitude *Speech, H of C, 22 Feb 1906*

COLLEY CIBBER

1671–1757

O say! What is that thing called Light,
Which I can ne'er enjoy. *The Blind Boy.*

Whilst thus I sing, I am a King,
Altho' a poor blind boy *Ib*

Oh! how many torments lie in the small circle of a wedding-ring! *The Double Gallant*, I ii

Dumb's a sly dog *Love Makes a Man*, IV i

One had as good be out of the world, as out of the fashion *Love's Last Shift*, Act II

Off with his head—so much for Buckingham
Richard III, altered, IV iii

A weak invention of the enemy *Ib* V iii

Conscience avaunt, *Richard's* himself again·
Hark! the shrill trumpet sounds, to horse, away,
My soul's in arms, and eager for the fray. *Ib*

Perish the thought! *Ib* V

Losers must have leave to speak
The Rival Fools, Act I

Stolen sweets are best *Ib*

This business will never hold water
She Would and She Would Not, Act IV

Persuasion tips his tongue whene'er he talks,
And he has chambers in the King's Bench Walks
Parody of Pope's lines on William Murray, Lord Mansfield, in Satires and Epistles of Horace Imitated, Bk I, Ep vi

EARL OF CLARENDON

see
EDWARD HYDE

HENRY CLAY

1777–1852

I had rather be right than be President
To Senator Preston of South Carolina, 1839
Schurz, Life of Henry Clay, vol II

The gentleman [Josiah Quincy] can not have forgotten his own sentiments, uttered even on the floor of this House, 'peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must'
Speech, 8 Jan 1813, Works, 1904, vol vi, p 58.

STEPHEN GROVER CLEVELAND

1837–1908

I have considered the pension list of the republic a roll of honour
Veto of Dependent Pension Bill, 5 July 1888

ROBERT CLIVE LORD CLIVE

1725–1774

By God, Mr Chairman, at this moment I stand astonished at my own moderation!
Reply during Parliamentary cross-examination, 1773.

I feel that I am reserved for some end or other.
Words when his pistol failed to go off twice, in his attempt to commit suicide G R. Gleig, Life, ch 1.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

1819–1861

Juxtaposition, in short, and what is juxtaposition?
Amours de Voyage, canto 1, l 11

Allah is great, no doubt, and Juxtaposition his prophet
Ib canto 3, l 6

Mild monastic faces in quiet collegiate cloisters
Ib canto 3, l 9

Tibur is beautiful, too, and the orchard slopes, and the Anio
Falling, falling yet, to the ancient lyrical cadence
Ib l 11

Whither depart the souls of the brave that die in the battle,
Die in the lost, lost fight, for the cause that perishes with them? *Ib* canto 5, l 6

Say, 'I am flitting about many years from brain unto brain of
Feeble and restless youths born to inglorious days
But,' so finish the word, 'I was writ in a Roman chamber,
When from Janiculan heights thundered the cannon of France' *Ib* end

The grave man, nicknamed Adam
The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich, 1

Over a ledge of granite
Into a granite basin the amber torrent descended *Ib.*

Petticoats up to the knees, or even, it might be, above them *Ib* 11

Hope an Antinous mere, Hyperion of calves the Piper *Ib*

Sesquipedalian blackguard. *Ib.*

Thicksides and *hairy* Aldrich. *Ib*

Grace is given of God, but knowledge is bought in the market *Ib* iv

Bright October was come, the misty-bright October *Ib* vi

Dangerous Corryvreckan. *Ib* ix

This Rachel-and-Leah is marriage *Ib*

They are married and gone to New Zealand. *Ib.*

'There is no God,' the wicked saith,
'And truly it's a blessing,
For what He might have done with us
It's better only guessing' *Dipsychus*, pt. I. v

But country folks who live beneath
The shadow of the steeple,
The parson and the parson's wife,
And mostly married people,

Youths green and happy in first love,
So thankful for illusion,
And men caught out in what the world
Calls guilt, in first confusion,

And almost every one when age,
Disease, or sorrows strike him,
Inclines to think there is a God,
Or something very like Him. *Ib.*

Delicious. Ah!
What else is like the gondola? *Ib* pt II ii

How pleasant it is to have money *Ib*

Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie
Ite Domum Saturae, Venit Hesperus

Thou shalt have one God only, who
Would be at the expense of two?
The Latest Decalogue

Do not adultery commit,
Advantage rarely comes of it *Ib*

Thou shalt not kill, but need'st not strive
Officiously to keep alive *Ib*

Lo, here is God, and there is God,
Believe it not, O Man *The New Sinai.*

What voice did on my spirit fall,
Peschiera, when thy bridge I crost?
'T is better to have fought and lost,
Than never to have fought at all' *Peschiera.*

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
Are scarce long leagues apart, descried
Qua Cursum Ventus

O bounding breeze, O rushing seas!
At last, at last, unite them there! *Ib*

Say not, the struggle naught availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars,
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright
Say Not, the Struggle Naught Availeth.

Green fields of England! whereso'er
Across this watery waste we fare,
Your image at our hearts we bear
Green fields of England, everywhere
Songs in Absence. Green Fields of England!

To finger idly some old Gordian knot,
Unskilled to sunder, and too weak to cleave,
And with much toil attain to half-believe
Ib Come back, Come back.

Some future day when what is now is not,
When all old faults and follies are forgot
Ib. Some Future Day.

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know,
And where the land she travels from? Away.
Far, far behind, is all that they can say
Ib Where Lies the Land

That out of sight is out of mind
Is true of most we leave behind
Ib That Out of Sight

WILLIAM COBBETT

1762–1835

The slavery of the tea and coffee and other slop-kettle *Advice to Young Men, Letter* 1, 31

Nouns of number, or multitude, such as *Mob*, Parliament, Rabble, House of Commons, Regiment, Court of King's Bench, Den of Thieves, and the like
English Grammar, Letter XVII, *Syntax as Relating to Pronouns*

All is vulgar, all clumsy, all dull, all torpid inanity
Ib Letter XXIV, *Six Lessons, Lesson* 4

From a very early age, I had imbibed the opinion, that it was every man's duty to do all that lay in his power to leave his country as good as he had found it *Political Register, 22 Dec 1832*

Give me, Lord, neither poverty nor riches. *Ib*

But what is to be the fate of the great wen (London) of all? The monster, called . 'the metropolis of the empire?' *Rural Rides, 1821*

RICHARD COBDEN

1804–1865

I believe it has been said that one copy of *The Times* contains more useful information than the whole of the historical works of Thucydides
Speech, Manchester, 27 Dec 1850

CHARLES COBORN

1857–

Two lovely black eyes,
Oh! what a surprise!
Only for telling a man he was wrong,
Two lovely black eyes! *Two Lovely Black Eyes*

ALISON COCKBURN

1713–1794

I've seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling,
I've felt all its favours and found its decay
The Flowers of the Forest.

I've seen the forest adorn'd the foremost,
With flowers of the fairest, most pleasant and gay
Sae bonny their blooming, their scents the air perfuming,
But now they are wither'd and wede all away *Ib*

For the flowers of the forest are a' wede away. *Ib*

ASTON COKAYNE

1608–1684

Sydney, whom we yet admire
Lighting our little torches at his fire,
Funeral Elegy on Mr. Michael Drayton

SIR EDWARD COKE

1552–1634

Magna Charta is such a fellow, that he will have no sovereign
On the Lords' Amendment to the Petition of Right, 17 May 1628 Rushworth's Hist. Coll, 1659, 1.

How long soever it hath continued, if it be against reason, it is of no force in law
Institutes Commentary upon Littleton. First Institute, § 80

Reason is the life of the law, nay the common law itself is nothing else but reason The law, which is perfection of reason. *Ib* § 138

The gladsome light of Jurisprudence *Ib epilogus.*

For a man's house is his castle, *et domus sua cuique est tutissimum refugium Ib Third Institute*, cap 73

The house of every one is to him as his castle and fortress. *Semayne's Case*, 5 Rep 91*b*.

Six hours in sleep, in law's grave study six,
Four spend in prayer, the rest on Nature fix
Pandects, lib II, tit IV, *De in Jus vocando*

They [corporations] cannot commit treason, nor be outlawed, nor excommunicate, for they have no souls. *Sutton's Hospital Case*, 10 Rep. 32*b*.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE

1796–1849

But what is Freedom? Rightly understood,
A universal licence to be good *Liberty.*

She is not fair to outward view
As many maidens be,
Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me
Oh! then I saw her eye was bright,
A well of love, a spring of light *Song She is not Fair*

Her very frowns are fairer far,
Than smiles of other maidens are. *Ib*

Old times unqueen thee, and old loves endear thee
To a Lofty Beauty, from her Poor Kinsman

SIR JOHN COLERIDGE, BARON COLERIDGE

1820–1894

I speak not of this college or of that, but of the University as a whole, and, gentlemen, what a *whole* Oxford is!
G. W. E. Russell's *Collections and Recollection*, ch. 29.

MARY ELIZABETH COLERIDGE

1861–1907

Mother of God! no lady thou
Common woman of common earth! *Our Lady*

We were young, we were merry, we were very, very wise,
And the door stood open at our feast,
When there passed us a woman with the West in her eyes,
And a man with his back to the East *Unwelcome*

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

1772–1834

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three
'By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?'
The Ancient Mariner, pt 1

The guests are met, the feast is set
May'st hear the merry din *Ib*

He holds him with his skinny hand,
'There was a ship,' quoth he
'Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon!'
Eftsoons his hand dropt he

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child
The Mariner hath his will

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone
He cannot choose but hear,
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner *Ib*

The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top

The Sun came up upon the left
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea *Ib*

The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon *Ib*

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she *Ib.*

As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head *Ib*

And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald *Ib*

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound! *Ib*

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit,
The helmsman steered us through! *Ib.*

And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo! *Ib*

'God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends that plague thee thus!—
Why look'st thou so?'—With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross *Ib.*

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious Sun uprist *Ib* pt. II

We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea *Ib*

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon *Ib.*

As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean *Ib.*

Water, water, every where,
And all the boards did shrink,
Water, water, everywhere
Nor any drop to drink

The very deep did rot O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night,
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue and white *Ib*

Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow *Ib*

There passed a weary time Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye *Ib* pt III

I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail! *Ib*

Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all *Ib*

When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun *Ib*

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face *Ib.*

Her lips were red, *her* looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold
Her skin was white as leprosy,
The Night-mare LIFE-IN-DEATH was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice,
'The game is done! I've won! I've won!'
Quoth she, and whistles thrice *Ib.*

The Sun's rim dips, the stars rush out
At one stride comes the dark,
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark *The Ancient Mariner*, pt III.

We listened and looked sideways up! *Ib*

The hornèd Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip *Ib*

Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye *Ib.*

And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow! *Ib.*

'I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand' *Ib* pt IV.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony. *Ib.*

And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on, and so did I *Ib.*

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high,
But oh! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye. *Ib*

The moving Moon went up the sky,
And no where did abide
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside *Ib*

And everywhere the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest and their native country and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected, and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival [the stars] *Ib gloss*

But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burned alway
A still and awful red *Ib*

A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware *Ib*

Oh Sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul *Ib* pt V

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew,
And when I awoke, it rained *Ib*

Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank *Ib*

Beneath the lightning and the Moon
The dead men gave a groan *Ib*

It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise *Ib*

We were a ghastly crew *Ib.*

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said nought to me *Ib*

How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning! *Ib*

It ceased, yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune *Ib*

With a short uneasy motion *Ib*

Quoth he, 'The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do' *Ib*

The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind *Ib* pt VI

Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head,
Because he knows, a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread *Ib*

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring *Ib*

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The lighthouse top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree? *Ib*

O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway *Ib.*

A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light *Ib*

No voice, but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart *Ib.*

This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with mariners
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump. *Ib* pt VII

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young *Ib.*

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread
It reached the ship, it split the bay,
The ship went down like lead *Ib*

I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit,
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit

I took the oars the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
'Ha! ha!' quoth he, 'full well I see,
The Devil knows how to row' *Ib.*

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange powers of speech,
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach. *The Ancient Mariner*, pt vii

And hark the little vesper-bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer! *Ib*

O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be. *Ib*

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company
To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends
And youths and maidens gay! *Ib*

He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast
He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all *Ib*

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn. *Ib.*

That he sings, and he sings, and for ever sings he—
'I love my Love, and my Love loves me!'
Answer to a Child's Question

And the Spring comes slowly up this way,
Christabel, pt i

I guess, 'twas frightful there to see
A lady so richly clad as she—
Beautiful exceedingly! *Ib*

Carved with figures strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's brain. *Ib*

A sight to dream of, not to tell! *Ib*

But this she knows, in joys and woes,
That saints will aid if men will call
For the blue sky bends over all! *Ib*

Each matin bell, the Baron saith,
Knells us back to a world of death *Ib* pt ii

Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth. *Ib*

And constancy lives in realms above,
And life is thorny, and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain *Ib*

They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder,
A dreary sea now flows between *Ib*

In Kohln, a town of monks and bones,
And pavements fang'd with murderous stones
And rags, and hags, and hideous wenches,
I counted two and seventy stenches,
All well defined, and several stinks!

Ye Nymphs that reign o'er sewers and sinks,
The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash your city of Cologne,
But tell me, Nymphs, what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine? *Cologne*

My eyes make pictures, when they are shut
A Day-Dream

Well! If the Bard was weatherwise, who made
The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence
Dejection an Ode

I see them all so excellently fair,
I see, not feel, how beautiful they are! *Ib*

O Lady! we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does Nature live *Ib*

A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the Earth *Ib.*

Joy is the sweet voice, joy the luminous cloud—
We in ourselves rejoice!
And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight,
All melodies the echoes of that voice,
All colours a suffusion from that light. *Ib*

From his brimstone bed at break of day
A walking the Devil is gone,
To visit his snug little farm the earth,
And see how his stock goes on
The Devil's Thoughts.

And backward and forward he switched his long tail
As a gentleman switches his cane *Ib*

His jacket was red and his breeches were blue,
And there was a hole where the tail came through
Ib

He saw a Lawyer killing a viper
On a dunghill hard by his own stable,
And the Devil smiled, for it put him in mind
Of Cain and his brother, Abel *Ib.*

He saw a cottage with a double coach-house,
A cottage of gentility,
And the Devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is pride that apes humility *Ib.*

As he went through Cold-Bath Fields he saw
A solitary cell,
And the Devil was pleased, for it gave him a hint
For improving his prisons in Hell *Ib.*

With Donne, whose nurse on dromedary trots,
Wreathe iron pokers into true-love knots
On Donne's Poetry

What is an Epigram? a dwarfish whole,
Its body brevity, and wit its soul *Epigram.*

Swans sing before they die—'twere no bad thing
Did certain persons die before they sing
Epigram on a Volunteer Singer

Stop, Christian passer-by!—Stop, child of God
Epitaph for Himself

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care
The opening bud to Heaven convey'd,
And bade it blossom *there* *Epitaph on an Infant*

Forth from his dark and lonely hiding-place
(Portentous sight)! the owlet Atheism,
Sailing on obscene wings athwart the noon,
Drops his blue-fringèd lids, and holds them close,
And hooting at the glorious sun in Heaven,
Cries out, 'Where is it?' *Fears in Solitude*

Letters four do form his name [Pitt]
Fire, Famine and Slaughter

With what deep worship I have still adored
The spirit of divinest Liberty. *France.*

So for the mother's sake the child was dear,
And dearer was the mother for the child
Sonnet to a Friend Who Asked How I Felt When the Nurse First Presented My Infant to Me.

The frost performs its secret ministry,
Unhelped by any wind *Frost at Midnight*

Only that film, which fluttered on the grate,
Still flutters there, the sole unquiet thing. *Ib*

Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
Whether the summer clothe the general earth
With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch
Smokes in the sun-thaw, whether the eave-drops fall
Heard only in the trances of the blast,
Or if the secret ministry of frost
Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
Quietly shining to the quiet moon *Ib*

It sounds like stories from the land of spirits
If any man obtain that which he merits
Or any merit that which he obtains
The Good, Great Man

'Tis sweet to him who all the week
Through city-crowds must push his way,
To stroll alone through fields and woods,
And hallow thus the Sabbath-day. *Home-Sick*

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning-star
In his steep course?
Hymn before Sun-rise, in the Vale of Chamouni

Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God *Ib*

The Knight's bones are dust,
And his good sword rust,—
His soul is with the saints, I trust
The Knight's Tomb

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree,
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery
But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced
Kubla Khan

And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves,
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw.
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

Image of Lewti! from my mind
Depart, for Lewti is not kind. *Lewti*

This Lime-tree Bower my Prison *Title*

A charm
For thee, my gentle-hearted Charles, to whom
No sound is dissonant which tells of Life *Ib* l 74

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame *Love*

Trochee trips from long to short *Metrical Feet*

Iambics march from short to long,—
With a leap and a bound the swift Anapaests throng.
Ib

Choose thou whatever suits the line;
Call me Sappho, call me Chloris,
Call me Lalage or Doris,
Only, only call me thine. *Names*

'Most musical, most melancholy' bird!
A melancholy bird? Oh! idle thought!
In Nature there is nothing melancholy
The Nightingale

In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column,
In the pentameter aye falling in melody back
Ovidian Elegiac Metre

The fair humanities of old religion
Piccolomini, II. IV.

But still the heart doth need a language, still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names. *Ib*

Something childish, but very natural. *Title*

O! I do love thee, meek *Simplicity*!
Sonnets Attempted in the Manner of Contemporary Writers 2. *To Simplicity.*

And this reft house is that the which he built,
Lamented Jack!
Ib 3 *On a Ruined House in a Romantic Country*

A mother is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive *The Three Graves*, pt III x

We ne'er can be
Made happy by compulsion *Ib* pt IV XII

Never, believe me,
Appear the Immortals,
Never alone
Visit of the Gods (*Imit from Schiller*)

All Nature seems at work Slugs leave their lair—
The bees are stirring—birds are on the wing—
And Winter slumbering in the open air,
Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring!
And I the while, the sole unbusy thing,
Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, nor sing
Work Without Hope

Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve,
And hope without an object cannot live *Ib*

Poor little Foal of an oppressed race!
I love the languid patience of thy face
To a Young Ass

Verse, a breeze mid blossoms straying,
Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee—
Both were mine! Life went a-maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young! *Youth and Age*

Like some poor nigh-related guest,
That may not rudely be dismist,
He hath outstay'd his welcome while,
And tells the jest without the smile *Ib*

He who begins by loving Christianity better than Truth will proceed by loving his own sect of church better than Christianity, and end by loving himself better than all
Aids to Reflection: Moral and Religious Aphorisms, XXV

Until you understand a writer's ignorance, presume yourself ignorant of his understanding
Biographia Literaria, ch 12

That willing suspension of disbelief for the moment, which constitutes poetic faith. *Ib* ch 14

Our *myriad-minded* Shakespeare *Note* 'Ανὴρ μυριόνους, a phrase which I have borrowed from a Greek monk, who applies it to a Patriarch of Constantinople *Ib.* ch 15

No man was ever yet a great poet, without being at the same time a profound philosopher *Ib*

The dwarf sees farther than the giant, when he has the giant's shoulder to mount on
The Friend, § 1, Essay 8

Reviewers are usually people who would have been poets, historians, biographers, &c, if they could, they have tried their talents at one or at the other, and have failed, therefore they turn critics
Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton, 1.

Summer has set in with its usual Severity
Remark quoted in *Lamb's Letter to V. Novello, 9 May, 1826*

The last speech, [Iago's soliloquy] the motive-hunting of motiveless malignity—how awful!
Notes on the Tragedies of Shakespeare, Othello

From whatever place I write you will expect that part of my 'Travels' will consist of excursions in my own mind
Satyrane's Letters, II [*The Friend, 7 Dec 1809*, No 16. *Biographia Literaria*]

Schiller has the material sublime
Table Talk, 29 Dec 1822

You abuse snuff! Perhaps it is the final cause of the human nose *Ib 4 Jan. 1823.*

To see him [Kean] act, is like reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning *Ib 27 April, 1823*

I wish our clever young poets would remember my homely definitions of prose and poetry, that is, prose = words in their best order,—poetry = the *best* words in the best order *Ib 12 July, 1827.*

The man's desire is for the woman, but the woman's desire is rarely other than for the desire of the man *Ib 23 July, 1827*

My mind is in a state of philosophical doubt as to animal magnetism *Ib 30 April, 1830*

The misfortune is, that he [Tennyson] has begun to write verses without very well understanding what metre is *Ib 24 April, 1833*

That passage is what I call the sublime dashed to pieces by cutting too close with the fiery four-in-hand round the corner of nonsense
Ib 20 Jan 1834

This dark freeze-coated, hoarse, teeth-chattering Month *Watchman*, No 6.

JESSE COLLINGS

1831–1920

Three acres and a cow [See J S Mill]
Phrase used in his land-reform propaganda of 1885

JOHN CHURTON COLLINS

1848–1908

To ask advice is in nine cases out of ten to tout for flattery. *Maxims and Reflections*, No. 59

MORTIMER COLLINS

1827–1876

A man is as old as he's feeling,
A woman as old as she looks
The Unknown Quantity.

WILLIAM COLLINS

1721–1759

Fair Fidele's grassy tomb *Dirge in Cymbeline.*

And rifle all the breathing Spring *Ib.*

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed,
Belov'd till life can charm no more,
And mourn'd, till Pity's self be dead. *Ib*

If ought of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, O pensive Eve, to soothe thine ear
Ode to Evening

While now the bright-haired sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed
Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd bat,
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,
As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum. *Ib*

Hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires. *Ib*

Bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve! *Ib*

Round the moist marge of each cold Hebrid isle
Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands.

Tho' taste, tho' genius bless,
To some divine excess,
Faints the cold work till thou inspire the whole
Ode to Simplicity

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
Ode Written in the Year 1746.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung,
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there! *Ib.*

When Music, heav'nly maid, was young
The Passions, an Ode for Music

With eyes up-rais'd, as one inspir'd,
Pale Melancholy sate retir'd,
And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd thro' the mellow horn her pensive soul. *Ib*

In hollow murmurs died away *Ib*

O Music, sphere-descended maid *Ib.*

Too nicely Jonson knew the critic's part,
Nature in him was almost lost in Art
Verses to Sir Thomas Hanmer

Praise the bridge that carried you over
Heir-at-Law, I. i.

Lord help you! Tell 'em Queen Anne's dead. *Ib.*

Oh, London is a fine town,
A very famous city,
Where all the streets are paved with gold,
And all the maidens pretty *Ib.* II.

Oh, Miss Bailey!
Unfortunate Miss Bailey!
Love Laughs at Locksmiths Act II, *Song*.

Mynheer Vandunck, though he never was drunk,
Sipped brandy and water gayly
Mynheer Vandunck

My father was an eminent button maker—but I had a soul above buttons—I panted for a liberal profession *Sylvia Dangerwood*, I x.

His heart runs away with his head
Who Wants a Guinea? I. i

Johnson's style was grand and Gibbon's elegant, the stateliness of the former was sometimes pedantic, and the polish of the latter was occasionally finical. Johnson marched to kettle-drums and trumpets, Gibbon moved to flutes and hautboys, Johnson hewed passages through the Alps, while Gibbon levelled walks through parks and gardens.
Random Records (1830) I 121.

CHARLES CALEB COLTON

1780?–1832

When you have nothing to say, say nothing
Lacon, vol I, No 183

Imitation is the sincerest of flattery. *Ib* No 217.

Examinations are formidable even to the best prepared, for the greatest fool may ask more than the wisest man can answer *Ib* No 322

If you would be known, and not know, vegetate in a village, if you would know, and not be known, live in a city *Ib* No. 334.

Man is an embodied paradox, a bundle of contradictions *Ib* No 408

That debt which cancels all others
Ib vol II, No 66.

GEORGE COLMAN

1762–1836

Like two single gentlemen roll'd into one
Broad Grins Lodgings for Single Gentlemen

Love and a cottage! Eh, Fanny! Ah, give me indifference and a coach and six!
The Clandestine Marriage, I II

When taken, To be well shaken
Ib Newcastle Apothecary.

Says he, 'I am a handsome man, but I'm a gay deceiver'
Broad Grins, &c Unfortunate Miss Bailey

WILLIAM CONGREVE

1670–1729

Is there in the world a climate more uncertain than our own? And which is a natural consequence, is there any where a people more unsteady, more apt to discontent, more *saturnine*, *dark*, and *melancholic* than our selves? Are we not of all people the most unfit to be alone, and most unsafe to be trusted with our selves? '
Amendments of Mr Collier's False and Imperfect Citations

Careless she is with artful care,
Affecting to seem unaffected *Amoret.*

She likes her self, yet others hates
For that which in herself she prizes,
And while she laughs at them, forgets
She is the thing that she despises *Ib.*

It is the business of a comic poet to paint the vices and follies of human kind
The Double Dealer, Epistle Dedicatory

Retired to their tea and scandal, according to their ancient custom *Ib* I 1

There is nothing more unbecoming a man of quality than to laugh, Jesu, 'tis such a vulgar expression of the passion! *Ib* IV

Tho' marriage makes man and wife one flesh, it leaves 'em still two fools *Ib* II III.

She lays it on with a trowel *Ib* III X

When people walk hand in hand there's neither overtaking nor meeting *Ib* IV II

See how love and murder will out *Ib* VI

No mask like open truth to cover lies,
As to go naked is the best disguise *Ib.* V IV

I cannot help it, if I am naturally more delighted with any thing that is amiable, than with any thing that is wonderful *Preface to Dryden*

What he has done in any one species, or distinct kind, would have been sufficient to have acquired him a great name If he had written nothing but his Prefaces, or nothing but his Songs, or his Prologues, each of them would have intituled him to the preference and distinction of excelling in his kind [*Dryden*] *Ib*

O Sleep! thou flatterer of happy minds
Elegy to Sleep

The good receiv'd, the giver is forgot
Epistle to Lord Halifax, l 40

Music alone with sudden charms can bind
The wand'ring sense, and calm the troubled mind
Hymn to Harmony

Ah! Madam, you know every thing in the world but your perfections, and you only know not those, because 'tis the top of perfection not to know them *Incognita*

I am always of the opinion with the learned, if they speak first *Ib*

For 'tis some virtue, virtue to commend
To Sir Godfrey Kneller

But soon as e'er the beauteous idiot spoke,
Forth from her coral lips such folly broke,
Like balm the trickling nonsense heal'd my wound,
And what her eyes enthral'd, her tongue unbound
Lesbia

I confess freely to you, I could never look long upon a monkey, without very mortifying reflections
Letter to Dennis, concerning Humour in Comedy, 1695

If I can give that Cerberus a sop, I shall be at rest for one day *Love for Love*, I IV.

I warrant you, if he danced till doomsday, he thought I was to pay the piper *Ib.* II. V.

Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was but a type of thee, thou liar of the first magnitude. *Ib.*

Has he not a rogue's face? . . . a hanging-look to me has a damn'd Tyburn-face, without the benefit o' the Clergy . . *Ib.* VII.

I came upstairs into the world, for I was born in a cellar *Ib*

What, wouldst thou have me turn pelican, and feed thee out of my own vitals? *Ib*

Oh fie Miss, you must not kiss and tell *Ib* X

He that first cries out stop thief, is often he that has stoln the treasure *Ib* III XIV

Women are like tricks by slight of hand,
Which, to admire, we should not understand.
Ib IV XXI

A branch of one of your antediluvian families, fellows that the flood could not wash away
Ib V II.

To find a young fellow that is neither a wit in his own eye, nor a fool in the eye of the world, is a very hard task *Ib*

Musick has charms to sooth a savage breast
The Mourning Bride, I 1

How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rous roof,
By its own weight made stedfast and immoveable,
Looking tranquillity It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight. *Ib.* II III.

Heav'n has no rage, like love to hatred turn'd,
Nor Hell a fury, like a woman scorn'd. *Ib* VIII.

Is he then dead?
What, dead at last, quite, quite for ever dead!
Ib V XI

In my conscience I believe the baggage loves me, for she never speaks well of me her self, nor suffers any body else to rail at me
The Old Bachelor, I 1

One of love's April-fools *Ib.*

The Devil watches all opportunities *Ib* VI

Man was by Nature Woman's cully made·
We never are, but by ourselves betrayed *Ib* III 1.

Bilbo's the word, and slaughter will ensue
Ib III VII

Ask all the tyrants of thy sex, if their fools are not known by this party-coloured livery—I am melancholy when thou art absent, look like an ass when thou art present, wake for thee, when I should sleep, and even dream of thee, when I am awake, sigh much, drink little, eat less, court solitude, am grown very entertaining to my self, and (as I am informed) very troublesome to everybody else If this be not love, it is madness, and then it is pardonable—Nay yet a more certain sign than all this, I give thee my money *Ib* X

Eternity was in that moment *Ib* IV VII.

You were about to tell me something, child—but you left off before you began *Ib* VIII

Now am I slap-dash down in the mouth. *Ib* IX

Well, Sir Joseph, you have such a winning way with you *Ib* V VII

SHARPER.
Thus grief still treads upon the heels of pleasure
Marry'd in haste, we may repent at leisure

SETTER
Some by experience find those words mis-plac'd
At leisure marry'd, they repent in haste
Ib VIII and IX

I could find it in my heart to marry thee, purely to be rid of thee *Ib* X

Courtship to marriage, as a very witty prologue to a very dull Play *Ib*

O Sleep, why dost thou leave me?
Why thy visionary joys remove?
O Sleep again deceive me,
To my arms restore my wand'ring Love
Semele, II II

Whom she refuses, she treats still
With so much sweet behaviour,
That her refusal, through her skill,
Looks almost like a favour *Song Doris*

False though she be to me and love,
I'll ne'er pursue revenge,
For still the charmer I approve,
Tho' I deplore her change
Song False Though She Be

Wou'd I were free from this restraint,
Or else had hopes to win her,
Wou'd she cou'd make of me a saint,
Or I of her a sinner
Song Pious Selinda Goes to Prayers

Say what you will, 'tis better to be left than never to have been loved *The Way of the World,* II VI

Here she comes i' faith full sail, with her fan spread and streamers out, and a shoal of fools for tenders *Ib* IV

O ay, letters—I had letters—I am persecuted with letters—I hate letters—no body knows how to write letters, and yet one has 'em, one does not know why—They serve one to pin up one's hair *Ib.*

WITWOUD
Pray, Madam, do you pin up your hair with all your letters, I find I must keep copies

MILLAMANT
Only with those in verse, Mr. Witwoud I never pin up my hair with prose *Ib*

MILLAMANT
I believe I gave you some pain

MIRABEL
Does that please you?

MILLAMANT
Infinitely, I love to give pain

MIRABEL
You wou'd affect a cruelty which is not in your nature, your true vanity is in the power of pleasing

MILLAMANT
O I ask your pardon for that—one's cruelty is one's power, and when one parts with one's cruelty, one parts with one's power, and when one has parted with that, I fancy one's old and ugly. *Ib*

Beauty is the lover's gift. *Ib.*

Lord, what is a lover, that it can give? Why one makes lovers as fast as one pleases, and they live as long as one pleases, and they die as soon as one pleases and then if one pleases one makes more *Ib*

Fools never wear out—they are such *drap-de-berry* things *Ib* III. X.

Love's but a frailty of the mind
When 'tis not with ambition join'd *Ib* XII

I nauseate walking, 'tis a country diversion, I loathe the country *Ib* IV IV

O, I hate a lover that can dare to think he draws a moment's air, independent on the bounty of his mistress There is not so impudent a thing in Nature, as the saucy look of an assured man, confident of success *Ib* V

My dear liberty, shall I leave thee? My faithful solitude, my darling contemplation, must I bid you then adieu? Ay-h adieu—My morning thoughts, agreeable wakings, indolent slumbers, all ye *douceurs,* ye *sommeils du matin,* adieu—I can't do 't, 'tis more than impossible. *Ib*

Don't let us be familiar or fond, nor kiss before folks, like my Lady Fadler and Sir Francis Nor go to Hyde-Park together the first Sunday in a new chariot, to provoke eyes and whispers, and then never be seen there together again, as if we were proud of one another the first week, and asham'd of one another ever after Let us be very strange and well-bred Let us be as strange as if we had been married a great while, and as well-bred as if we were not married at all. *Ib*

These articles subscrib'd, if I continue to endure you a little longer, I may by degrees dwindle into a wife *Ib*

O horrid provisos! *Ib*

I hope you do not think me prone to any iteration of nuptials *Ib* XII

Alack he's gone the way of all flesh
'Squire Bickerstaff Detected (Attr to Congreve)

T W CONNOR

She was one of the early birds,
And I was one of the worms
She Was One of the Early Birds

HENRY CONSTABLE

1562–1613

Diaphenia, like the daffadowndilly,
White as the sun, fair as the lily,
Heigh ho, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as my lambs
Are beloved of their dams,
How blest were I if thou wouldst prove me!
[*Damelus' Song to his*] *Diaphenia*

ELIZA COOK

1818–1889

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
The Old Armchair.

Better build schoolrooms for 'the boy',
Than cells and gibbets for 'the man'
A Song for the Ragged Schools

CALVIN COOLIDGE

1872–1933

I do not choose to run for President in 1928.
Announcement in 1927

GEORGE COOPER

1840–1927

O Genevieve, sweet Genevieve,
The days may come, the days may go,
But still the hands of mem'ry weave
The blissful dreams of long ago
Sweet Genevieve.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

1789–1851

The last of the Mohicans *Title of Novel*

RICHARD CORBET

1582–1635

Farewell rewards and fairies.
The Fairy's Farewell

Who of late for cleanliness,
Finds sixpence in her shoe? *Ib*

Let others write for glory or reward,
Truth is well paid when she is sung and heard
Elegy on Lord Howard, Baron of Effingham

FRANCES MACDONALD CORNFORD

1886–

O fat white woman whom nobody loves,
Why do you walk through the fields in gloves,

Missing so much and so much?
To a Fat Lady Seen from a Train

BARRY CORNWALL (BRYAN WALLER PROCTER)

1787–1874

The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free! *The Sea*

WILLIAM JOHNSON CORY

1823–1892

They told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead,
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed *Heraclitus*

How often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky *Ib*

A handful of grey ashes, long long ago at rest. *Ib*

You promise heavens free from strife
Mimnermus in Church

This warm kind world is all I know *Ib*

But oh, the very reason why
I clasp them, is because they die *Ib.*

NATHANIEL COTTON

1705–1788

Yet still we hug the dear deceit
Visions iv, *Content.*

THOMAS COVENTRY

1578–1640

The wooden walls are the best walls of this kingdom
Speech to the Judges, 17 June 1635, given in Rushworth's Hist Coll (1680), vol ii, p 297.

ABRAHAM COWLEY

1618–1667

Love in her sunny eyes does basking play,
Love walks the pleasant mazes of her hair,
Love does on both her lips for ever stray,
And sows and reaps a thousand kisses there
In all her outward parts Love's always seen,
But, oh, he never went within
The Change

Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,
But an eternal Now does always last
Davideis, bk i, l 361

Poet and Saint! to thee alone are given
The two most sacred names of earth and Heaven
On the Death of Mr Crashaw.

Thou
Wert living the same poet which thou'rt now,
Whilst Angels sing to thee their airs divine,
And joy in an applause so great as thine.
Equal society with them to hold,
Thou need'st not make new songs, but say the old
Ib

His faith perhaps, in some nice tenents might
Be wrong, his life, I'm sure, was in the right *Ib*

Hail, Bard triumphant! and some care bestow
On us, the Poets Militant below! *Ib.*

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again
The plants suck in the earth, and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair. *Drinking*

Fill all the glasses there, for why
Should every creature drink but I,
Why, man of morals, tell me why? *Ib.*

God the first garden made, and the first city Cain
The Garden

Ye fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge, say,
Have ye not seen us walking every day?
Was there a tree about which did not know
The love betwixt us two? *On William Harvey*

The world's a scene of changes, and to be
Constant, in Nature were inconstancy
Inconstancy.

What shall I do to be for ever known,
And make the age to come my own? *The Motto*

This only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high
Of Myself

Acquaintance I would have, but when't depends
Not on the number, but the choice of friends *Ib*

I would not fear nor wish my fate,
But boldly say each night,
To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them, I have lived to-day *Ib*

Nothing so soon the drooping spirits can raise
As praises from the men, whom all men praise
Ode upon a Copy of Verses of My Lord Broghill's

Who lets slip Fortune, her shall never find
Occasion once pass'd by, is bald behind
Pyramus and Thisbe, xv

Lukewarmness I account a sin
As great in love as in religion
The Request

Life is an incurable disease *To Dr Scarborough*, vi

Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,
And all the fools that crowd thee so,
Even thou, who dost thy millions boast,
A village less than Islington wilt grow,
A solitude almost *Of Solitude*, xii

Well then, I now do plainly see
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree,
The very honey of all earthly joy
Does of all meats the soonest clov,
And they (methinks) deserve my pity,
Who for it can endure the stings,
The crowd, and buz, and murmurings
Of this great hive, the city
The Mistress, or Love Verses

Ah, yet, e'er I descend to th' grave
May I a small house, and a large garden have!
And a few friends, and many books, both true,
Both wise, and both delightful too!
And since Love ne'er will from me flee,
A Mistress moderately fair,
And good as guardian angels are,
Only belov'd, and loving me!
The Wish

The Dangers of an Honest Man in much Company
Discourses by Way of Essays, in Verse and Prose, 8, title

Hence, ye profane, I hate ye all,
Both the great vulgar, and the small
Trans of Horace, Bk III, Ode I

HANNAH COWLEY

1743–1809

Five minutes! Zounds! I have been five minutes too late all my life-time! *The Belle's Stratagem* I 1

Vanity, like murder, will out *Ib* IV

But what is woman?—only one of Nature's agreeable blunders *Who's the Dupe?* II

WILLIAM COWPER

1731–1800

Let my obedience then excuse
My disobedience now *Beau's Reply*

When the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath a spreading oak
Sat the Druid, hoary chief *Boadicea*

Rome shall perish—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt *Ib.*

Hark! the Gaul is at her gates! *Ib.*

Regions Caesar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway,
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they *Ib.*

Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heav'n awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestow'd,
Shame and ruin wait for you *Ib.*

Obscurest night involv'd the sky,
Th' Atlantic billows roar'd,
When such a destin'd wretch as I,
Wash'd headlong from on board,
Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,
His floating home for ever left *The Castaway.*

But misery still delights to trace
Its semblance in another's case *Ib*

We perish'd, each alone
But I beneath a rougher sea,
And whelm'd in deeper gulphs than he. *Ib*

Truth is the golden girdle of the globe *Charity*, l 86.

Grief is itself a med'cine *Ib* l 159

He found it inconvenient to be poor *Ib* l 189.

India's spicy shores *Ib* l 442

Pelting each other for the public good *Ib* l 623

Spare the poet for his subject's sake *Ib* l 636.

But strive to be a man before your mother
Motto to Connoisseur, No III

Not more distinct from harmony divine,
The constant creaking of a country sign
Conversation, l 9.

Though syllogisms hang not on my tongue,
I am not surely always in the wrong!
'Tis hard if all is false that I advance—
A fool must now and then be right, by chance
Ib l 93

But still remember, if you mean to please,
To press your point with modesty and ease
Conversation, l 103

A noisy man is always in the right *Ib* l 114

A moral, sensible, and well-bred man
Will not affront me, and no other can *Ib* l 193

A tale should be judicious, clear, succinct,
The language plain, and incidents well link'd,
Tell not as new what ev'ry body knows,
And, new or old, still hasten to a close *Ib* l 235

The pipe, with solemn interposing puff,
Makes half a sentence at a time enough,
The dozing sages drop the drowsy strain,
Then pause, and puff—and speak, and pause again
Ib l 245

Pernicious weed! whose scent the fair annoys,
Unfriendly to society's chief joys,
Thy worst effect is banishing for hours
The sex whose presence civilizes ours *Ib* l 251

A fine puss-gentleman that's all perfume *Ib* l 284

His wit invites you by his looks to come,
But when you knock it never is at home *Ib* l 303

Our wasted oil unprofitably burns,
Like hidden lamps in old sepulchral urns *Ib* l 357

Whose only fit companion is his horse *Ib* l 412

A poet does not work by square or line *Ib* l 789

What appears
In England's case to move the muse to tears?
Expostulation, l. 1.

Th' embroid'ry of poetic dreams *Ib* l. 234.

War lays a burden on the reeling state,
And peace does nothing to relieve the weight.
Ib. l. 306.

The busy trifler *Ib* l 322.

A pick-lock to a place. *Ib* l 379

Thousands
Kiss the book's outside who ne'er look within
Ib l 389

Religion, if in heav'nly truths attir'd,
Needs only to be seen to be admired *Ib* l 492

The man that hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves by thumps upon your back
How he esteems your merit,
Is such a friend, that one had need
Be very much his friend indeed
To pardon or to bear it *Friendship*

John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear—
Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen. *John Gilpin*

To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton
All in a chaise and pair

My sister and my sister's child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise, so you must ride
On horseback after we *Ib.*

He soon replied—I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done

I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calendar
Will lend his horse to go *Ib*

O'erjoy'd was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind *Ib*

And all agog
To dash through thick and thin! *Ib*

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seiz'd fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again *Ib*

So down he came, for loss of time,
Although it griev'd him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more *Ib*

Good lack! quoth he—yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise *Ib.*

So, fair and softly, John he cried,
But John he cried in vain

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might. *Ib*

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought,
Away went hat and wig! *Ib.*

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd
Up flew the windows all,
And ev'ry soul cried out—Well done!
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around—
He carries weight! he rides a race!
'Tis for a thousand pound! *Ib*

The dinner waits, and we are tired:
Said Gilpin—So am I *Ib*

Which brings me to
The middle of my song *Ib*

My hat and wig will soon be here—
They are upon the road *Ib*

The calendar, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin *Ib*

My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit. *John Gilpin*

Said John—It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton
And I should dine at Ware *Ib*

'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine *Ib*

Nor stopp'd till where he had got up
He did again get down *Ib*

Now let us sing—Long live the king,
And Gilpin long live he,
And, when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see! *Ib*

An honest man, close-button'd to the chin,
Broad-cloth without, and a warm heart within
Epistle to Jos Hill, l 62

No dancing bear was so genteel,
Or half so dégagé *Of Himself*

Painful passage o'er a restless flood *Hope*, l. 3

Men deal with life as children with their play,
Who first misuse, then cast their toys away
Ib l 127

Some eastward, and some westward, and all wrong
Ib l 281

Could he with reason murmur at his case,
Himself sole author of his own disgrace? *Ib* l 316

And diff'ring judgements serve but to declare
That truth lies somewhere, if we knew but where
Ib l 423

Seek to delight, that they may mend mankind,
And, while they captivate, inform the mind
Ib l 758

Absence from whom we love is worse than death,
And frustrate hope severer than despair
'Hope, Like the Short-Liv'd Ray'

The twentieth year is well-nigh past,
Since first our sky was overcast,
Ah would that this might be the last!
My Mary! *To Mary*

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disus'd, and shine no more,
My Mary! *Ib*

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign,
Yet, gently prest, press gently mine,
My Mary! *Ib*

Greece, sound thy Homer's, Rome thy Virgil's name,
But England's Milton equals both in fame
To John Milton

Oh that those lips had language! Life has pass'd
With me but roughly since I heard thee last
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smiles I see,
The same that oft in childhood solac'd me
On the Receipt of My Mother's Picture, l 1

Blest be the art that can immortalize. *Ib* l 8

Wretch even then, life's journey just begun
Ib l 24

Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unseen, a kiss,
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss *Ib* 25

Disappointed still, was still deceiv'd *Ib* l 39

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor,
And where the gard'ner Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capt,
'Tis now become a history little known *Ib.* l 46

Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionary plum *Ib* l 60

The fragrant waters on my cheek bestow'd *Ib* l 62

Not scorn'd in heaven, though little noticed here
Ib l 73

I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again *Ib* l 86

Me howling winds drive devious, tempest toss'd,
Sails ript, seams op'ning wide, and compass lost
Ib. l. 102

Some people are more nice than wise
Mutual Forbearance, l 20

Oh, fond attempt to give a deathless lot
To names ignoble, born to be forgot!
On Observing Some Names of Little Note Recorded in the Biographia Britannica.

There goes the parson, oh! illustrious spark,
And there, scarce less illustrious, goes the clerk! *Ib*

Thought again—but knew not what to think.
The Needless Alarm, l 54

Beware of desp'rate steps The darkest day
(Live till to-morrow) will have pass'd away.
Ib l 132

Hence jarring sectaries may learn
Their real int'rest to discern,
That brother should not war with brother,
And worry and devour each other
The Nightingale and Glow-Worm

Oh! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!
Olney Hymns, 1

What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill *Ib*

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy Throne,
And worship only thee *Ib*

Nor sword nor spear the stripling took,
But chose a pebble from the brook *Ib* 4

Oh make this heart rejoice, or ache,
Decide this doubt for me,
And if it be not broken, break,
And heal it, if it be. *Ib* 9.

So unaccustom'd to the yoke,
So backward to comply *Olney Hymns*, 12

There is a fountain fill'd with blood *Ib* 15

When this poor lisping stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave *Ib*

Hark, my soul! it is the Lord,
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
'Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?' *Ib* 18

I deliver'd thee when bound,
And, when wounded, heal'd thy wound,
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light *Ib*

'Can a woman's tender care
Cease, towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee' *Ib*

Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death *Ib*

Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint,
Yet I love thee and adore,
Oh for grace to love thee more! *Ib.*

What various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat! *Ib* 29

And Satan trembles, when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees *Ib*

While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side,
But when thro' weariness they fail'd,
That moment Amalek prevail'd *Ib*

I seem forsaken and alone,
I hear the lion roar,
And ev'ry door is shut but one,
And that is mercy's door. *Ib* 33

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform,
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign Will

Ye fearful saints fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace,
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face *Ib* 35

The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r. *Ib*

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain *Ib*

Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings,
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in his wings,
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining
To cheer it after rain *Ib*

I shall not ask Jean Jacques Rousseau,
If birds confabulate or no
Pairing Time Anticipated

The poplars are fell'd, farewell to the shade
And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade
The Poplar-Field

Unmiss'd but by his dogs and by his groom
Progress of Error, l 95

Oh, laugh or mourn with me the rueful jest,
A cassock'd huntsman and a fiddling priest! *Ib* l 110

Himself a wand'rer from the narrow way,
His silly sheep, what wonder if they stray? *Ib* l 118

Remorse, the fatal egg by pleasure laid *Ib* l 239

Woman, lovely woman, does the same *Ib* l 274

Caesar's image is effac'd at last. *Ib* l 280.

As creeping ivy clings to wood or stone,
And hides the ruin that it feeds upon *Ib* l 285.

How many a dunce that has been sent to roam
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home *Ib* l. 415

Talks of darkness at noon-day *Ib* l 451.

Thou god of our idolatry, the press. *Ib* l 461.

The nobler tenants of the flood *Ib* l 482.

Laugh at all you trembled at before *Ib* l 592.

Pleasure is labour too, and tires as much *Hope*, l 20.

He blam'd and protested, but join'd in the plan,
He shar'd in the plunder, but pitied the man
Pity for Poor Africans

Then, shifting his side, (as a lawyer knows how)
Report of an Adjudged Case

But vers'd in arts that, while they seem to stay
A falling empire, hasten its decay *Retirement*, l 383

The disencumber'd Atlas of the state *Ib* l 394

Prison'd in a parlour snug and small,
Like bottled wasps upon a southern wall *Ib* l 493

Play the fool, but at a cheaper rate *Ib* l 562

He likes the country, but in truth must own,
Most likes it, when he studies it in town *Ib* l 573

Philologists who chase
A panting syllable through time and space,
Start it at home, and hunt it in the dark,
To Gaul, to Greece, and into Noah's ark *Ib* l 619

Absence of occupation is not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a mind distress'd *Ib* l 623

Built God a church, and laugh'd his word to scorn
[Voltaire] *Ib* l 688

Beggars invention and makes fancy tame *Ib* 1 709

I praise the Frenchman, his remark was shrewd—
How sweet, how passing sweet, is solitude!
But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper—solitude is sweet *Ib* 1 739

Fast by the banks of the slow winding Ouse
Ib 1 804

The tear that is wip'd with a little address,
May be follow'd perhaps by a smile *The Rose*

Toll for the brave—
The brave! that are no more
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore
Loss of the Royal George

A land-breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset,
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete. *Ib.*

Toll for the brave—
Brave Kempenfelt is gone,
His last sea-fight is fought,
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle,
No tempest gave the shock,
She sprang no fatal leak,
She ran upon no rock,

His sword was in the sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men. *Ib.*

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes. *Ib*

He and his eight hundred
Must plough the waves no more *Ib*

Oh, happy shades—to me unblest!
Friendly to peace, but not to me! *The Shrubbery.*

Chief monster that has plagued the nations yet
(Napoleon) *Table Talk*, l 38

The lie that flatters I abhor the most. *Ib* 1 88

Th' unwashed artificer *Ib* 1 152

As if the world and they were hand and glove.
Ib 1 173.

Admirals, extoll'd for standing still,
Or doing nothing with a deal of skill *Ib* 1 192

The leathern ears of stock-jobbers and Jews
Ib 1 197.

The Frenchman, easy, debonair, and brisk,
Give him his lass, his fiddle, and his frisk,
Is always happy, reign whoever may,
And laughs the sense of mis'ry far away *Ib* 1 236

Freedom has a thousand charms to show,
That slaves, howe'er contented, never know
Ib 1 260

Stamps God's own name upon a lie just made,
To turn a penny in the way of trade *Ib* 1 420.

Suspend your mad career *Ib* 1 435.

Feels himself spent, and fumbles for his brains
Ib 1 537

Ages elaps'd ere Homer's lamp appear'd,
And ages ere the Mantuan swan was heard
To carry nature lengths unknown before,
To give a Milton birth, ask'd ages more *Ib* 1 556

By low ambition and the thirst of praise *Ib* 1 591

Made poetry a mere mechanic art,
And ev'ry warbler has his tune by heart *Ib* 1 654

Pity religion has so seldom found
A skilful guide into poetic ground! *Ib* 1 716

Hail Sternhold, then, and Hopkins, hail! *Ib* 1 759

I sing the Sofa. *The Task*, bk 1, *The Sofa*, l 1.

The Fair commands the song *Ib* 1 7

So sit two kings of Brentford on one throne
Ib 1 78.

Thus first necessity invented stools,
Convenience next suggested elbow-chairs,
And luxury the accomplish'd Sofa last *Ib* 1 86

Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid Nature *Ib* 1 181

Toils much to earn a monumental pile,
That may record the mischiefs he has done
Ib 1 276

God made the country, and man made the town
Ib 1 749

There is a public mischief in your mirth. *Ib* 1 769.

Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more
Ib bk II, *The Timepiece*, l. 1.

Mountains interpos'd
Make enemies of nations, who had else,
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.
Ib 1 17.

Slaves cannot breathe in England, if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free,
They touch our country, and their shackles fall
Ib 1 40

England, with all thy faults, I love thee still—
My country! *Ib* 1 206

I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,
And fields without a flow'r for warmer France
With all her vines. *Ib* 1 212

Presume to lay their hand upon the ark
Of her magnificent and awful cause. *Ib* 1 231

Praise enough
To fill th' ambition of a private man,
That Chatham's language was his mother tongue,
And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own
Ib 1 235

Chatham heart-sick of his country's shame.
Ib 1 244

There is a pleasure in poetic pains
Which only poets know *Ib.* l. 285

Variety 's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavour *Ib* 1 606.

His head,
Not yet by time completely silver'd o'er,
Bespoke him past the bounds of freakish youth,
But strong for service still, and unimpair'd *Ib* l 702.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that has survivʼd the fall!
Ib bk iii, *The Garden*, l 41

Guilty splendour *Ib* l 70

I was a stricken deer, that left the herd
Long since *Ib* l 108

Charge
His mind with meanings that he never had
Ib l 148

Great contest follows, and much learned dust
Involves the combatants *Ib* l 161

From reveries so airy, from the toil
Of dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up! *Ib* l 188

Exercise all functions of a man. *Ib* l 198

Newton, childlike sage!
Sagacious reader of the works of God. *Ib* l 252

Riches have wings *Ib* l 263

The only amaranthine flower on earth
Is virtue *Ib* l 268

Detested sport,
That owes its pleasures to another's pain *Ib* l 326

Studious of laborious ease *Ib* l 361

Who loves a garden loves a greenhouse too
Ib l 566

To combat may be glorious, and success
Perhaps may crown us, but to fly is safe *Ib* l 686

He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spatter'd boots, strapp'd waist, and frozen locks,
News from all nations lumb'ring at his back
Ib bk iv, *The Winter Evening*, l 5

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And, while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evʼning in *Ib* l 34

Katterfelto, with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wondʼring for his bread
Ib l 85

'Tis pleasant through the loopholes of retreat
To peep at such a world, to see the stir
Of Babel, and not feel the crowd *Ib* l 88

O Winter, ruler of thʼ inverted year *Ib* l 120

I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st
And dreaded as thou art *Ib* l 128

I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness
Ib l 139

A Roman meal,

a radish and an egg *Ib* ll 168–73

The slope of faces, from the floor to thʼ roof,
(As if one master-spring controllʼd them all),
Relax'd into a universal grin. *Ib* l 202.

With spots quadrangular of diʼmond form,
Ensanguin'd hearts, clubs typical of strife,
And spades, the emblem of untimely graves
Ib l 217.

In indolent vacuity of thought *Ib* l 297

It seems the part of wisdom *Ib* l 336

All learned, and all drunk! *Ib* l 478

Gloriously drunk, obey thʼ important call! *Ib* l 510

Sidney, warbler of poetic prose *Ib*. l. 516

I never fram'd a wish, or form'd a plan,
That flatter'd me with hopes of earthly bliss,
But there I laid the scene *Ib* l 695

Entangled in the cobwebs of the schools *Ib* l 726

The fragrant weed,
The Frenchman's darling [mignonette] *Ib* l 764

Prepost'rous sight! the legs without the man
Ib bk v, *The Winter Morning Walk*, l 20

Half lurcher and half cur *Ib* l. 46.

Silently as a dream the fabric rose,—
No sound of hammer or of saw was there *Ib* l 144

Great princes have great playthings *Ib* l 175.

But war's a game, which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at *Ib* l 187.

And the first smith was the first murdʼrer's son
Ib l 219

The beggarly last doit *Ib*. l 316

All constraint,
Except what wisdom lays on evil men,
Is evil. *Ib*. l 448

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free
Ib l 733.

Give what thou canst, without thee we are poor,
And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away
Ib l. 905.

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
And, as the mind is pitch'd the ear is pleas'd
With melting airs, or martial, brisk, or grave:
Some chord in unison with what we hear,
Is touch'd within us, and the heart replies
Ib bk vi, *The Winter Walk at Noon*, l 1.

Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own *Ib* l 89

Knowledge is proud that he has learnʼd so much,
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more *Ib* l 96

Books are not seldom talismans and spells. *Ib* l 98

Nature is but a name for an effect,
Whose cause is God *Ib* l 223.

A cheap but wholesome salad from the brook
Ib l 304

Anger insignificantly fierce *Ib* l 320

I would not enter on my list of friends
(Thoʼ gracʼd with polish'd manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm *Ib* l 560.

The crested worm *Ib* l 780.

Stillest streams
Oft water fairest meadows, and the bird
That flutters least is longest on the wing *Ib* 1 929.

Public schools 'tis public folly breeds
Tirocinium, l 250

We love the play-place of our early days *Ib* 1 297.

The little ones, unbutton'd, glowing hot,
Playing our games, and on the very spot,
As happy as we once, to kneel and draw
The chalky ring, and knuckle down at taw,
To pitch the ball into the grounded hat,
Or drive it devious with a dext'rous pat *Ib* 1 304

The parson knows enough who knows a duke
Ib 1 403

As a priest,
A piece of mere church furniture at best *Ib* 1 425

His fav'rite stand between his father's knees
Ib 1 570

Tenants of life's middle state,
Securely plac'd between the small and great
Ib 1 807

If it chance, as sometimes chance it will,
That, though school-bred, the boy be virtuous still
Ib l. 839

Humility may clothe an English dean *Truth*, l 118

He has no hope who never had a fear *Ib* 1 298

Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true—
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew
[Voltaire] *Ib* 1 327

Envy, ye great, the dull unletter'd small *Ib* 1 375

One who wears a coronet, and prays. *Ib* 1 378

His mind his kingdom, and his will his law
Ib 1 406

Mary! I want a lyre with other strings.
Sonnet to Mrs Unwin

Verse, that immortalizes whom it sings! *Ib*

I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the centre all round to the sea
I am lord of the fowl and the brute
Oh, solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place
Verses Supposed to be Written by Alexander Selkirk.

Never hear the sweet music of speech *Ib*

Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestow'd upon man *Ib*

But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard,
Ne'er sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
Or smil'd when a sabbath appear'd *Ib*

Our severest winter, commonly called the spring
Letters To the Rev W Unwin, 8 June, 1783

He kissed likewise the maid in the kitchen, and seemed upon the whole a most loving, kissing, kind-hearted gentleman
Ib To the Rev. J. Newton, 29 Mar 1784

GEORGE CRABBE

1754–1832

What is a church?—Our honest sexton tells,
'Tis a tall building, with a tower and bells
The Borough, letter II, *The Church*, l 11

Virtues neglected then, adored become,
And graces slighted blossom on the tomb *Ib* l 133

Intrigues half-gather'd, conversation-scraps,
Kitchen-cabals, and nursery-mishaps
Ib. letter IV, *The Vicar*, l 71

Habit with him was all the test of truth,
'It must be right I've done it from my youth'
Ib l 138

Lo! the poor toper whose untutor'd sense,
Sees bliss in ale, and can with wine dispense,
Whose head proud fancy never taught to steer,
Beyond the muddy ecstasies of beer
Inebriety, l 120 (Imitation of Pope)

This, books can do—nor this alone they give
New views to life, and teach us how to live,
They soothe the grieved, the stubborn they chastise,
Fools they admonish, and confirm the wise
Their aid they yield to all they never shun
The man of sorrow, nor the wretch undone,
Unlike the hard, the selfish, and the proud,
They fly not sullen from the suppliant crowd;
Nor tell to various people various things,
But show to subjects, what they show to kings.
The Library, l 41

Here come the grieved, a change of thought to find,
The curious here, to feed a craving mind,
Here the devout their peaceful temple choose,
And here the poet meets his favouring muse.
With awe around these silent walks I tread·
These are the lasting mansions of the dead *Ib* l 101

And mighty folios first, a lordly band,
Then quartos, their well-order'd ranks maintain,
And light octavos fill a spacious plain,
See yonder, ranged in more frequented rows,
A humbler band of duodecimos *Ib* l 128

Hence, in these times, untouch'd the pages lie,
And slumber out their immortality *Ib* l 157.

Fashion, though Folly's child, and guide of fools,
Rules e'en the wisest, and in learning rules *Ib* l 167.

Against her foes Religion well defends
Her sacred truths, but often fears her friends
Ib l 249.

Coldly profane, and impiously gay *Ib* l 265

The murmuring poor, who will not fast in peace
The Newspaper, l 158

A master-passion is the love of news *Ib* l 279

Hold their glimmering tapers to the sun
The Parish Register, introd to pt I, l 92

Our farmers round, well pleased with constant gain,
Like other farmers, flourish and complain
Ib pt I, *Baptisms*, l 273.

I preach for ever, but I preach in vain!
Ib pt II, *Marriages*, l 130

When from the cradle to the grave I look,
Mine I conceive a melancholy book
Ib pt III, *Burials*, l 21

Grave Jonas Kindred, Sybil Kindred's sire,
Was six feet high, and look'd six inches higher
Tales, VI, *The Frank Courtship*, l 1

When the coarse cloth she saw, with many a stain,
Soil'd by rude hinds who cut and came again
Ib VII, *The Widow's Tale*, l 25

Who often reads, will sometimes wish to write
Ib. XI, *Edward Shore*, l 109

The wife was pretty, trifling, childish, weak,
She could not think, but would not cease to speak
Ib XIV, *Struggles of Conscience*, l 343

But 'twas a maxim he had often tried,
That right was right, and there he would abide
Ib XV, *The Squire and the Priest*, l 365.

That all was wrong because not all was right
Ib XIX, *The Convert*, l 313

He tried the luxury of doing good
Tales of the Hall, III, *Boys at School*, l 139

Secrets with girls, like loaded guns with boys,
Are never valued till they make a noise
Ib XI, *The Maid's Story*, l 84

'The game', he said, 'is never lost till won'
Ib XV, *Gretna Green*, l 334

The face the index of a feeling mind
Ib XVI, *Lady Barbara*, l 124

Love warps the mind a little from the right
Ib XXI, *Smugglers and Poachers*, l 216

Lo! where the heath, with withering brake grown o'er,
Lends the light turf that warms the neighbouring poor,
From thence a length of burning sand appears,
Where the thin harvest waves its wither'd ears,
Rank weeds, that every art and care defy,
Reign o'er the land, and rob the blighted rye
There thistles stretch their prickly arms afar,
And to the ragged infant threaten war,
There poppies, nodding, mock the hope of toil,
There the blue bugloss paints the sterile soil,
Hardy and high, above the slender sheaf,
The slimy mallow waves her silky leaf,
O'er the young shoot the charlock throws a shade,
And clasping tares cling round the sickly blade
The Village, bk 1, l 63

I sought the simple life that Nature yields
Ib l 110

And the cold charities of man to man *Ib* l 245

A potent quack, long versed in human ills,
Who first insults the victim whom he kills,
Whose murd'rous hand a drowsy Bench protect,
And whose most tender mercy is neglect *Ib* l 282

The ring so worn, as you behold,
So thin, so pale, is yet of gold
The passion such it was to prove,
Worn with life's cares, love yet was love
His Mother's Wedding Ring

DINAH MARIA CRAIK

1824–1887

Douglas, Douglas, tender and true
Songs of Our Youth, '*Douglas, Douglas, Tender and True*'

THOMAS CRANMER

1489–1556

This hand hath offended
Strype's Memorials of Cranmer, 1694, vol. III.

RICHARD CRASHAW

1612?–1649

Nympha pudica Deum vidit, et erubuit
The conscious water saw its God, and blushed
Epigrammata Sacra Aquae in Vinum Versae. (His own translation.)

All those fair and flagrant things
The Flaming Heart Upon the Book of Saint Teresa, l 34

Love's passives are his activ'st part
The wounded is the wounding heart *Ib*

O thou undaunted daughter of desires! *Ib*

By thy large draughts of intellectual day *Ib.*

By all the eagle in thee, all the dove *Ib* l 95.

By the full kingdom of that final kiss
That seized thy parting soul, and seal'd thee His,
By all the Heavens thou hast in Him—
Fair sister of the Seraphim!—
By all of Him we have in thee;
Leave nothing of myself in me.
Let me so read thy life, that I
Unto all life of mine may die! *Ib* l. 101.

I would be married, but I'd have no wife,
I would be married to a single life *On Marriage*

I sing the Name which none can say
But touch'd with an interior ray
To the Name Above Every Name.

Narrow, and low, and infinitely less *Ib.*

Come; and come strong,
To the conspiracy of our spacious song. *Ib*

Gloomy night embrac'd the place
Where the noble Infant lay
The Babe look't up and shew'd his face;
In spite of darkness, it was day
It was Thy day, sweet! and did rise
Not from the East, but from thine eyes
Hymn of the Nativity

Poor World (said I) what wilt thou do
To entertain this starry stranger?
Is this the best thou canst bestow?
A cold, and not too cleanly, manger?
Contend, ye powers of heav'n and earth
To fit a bed for this huge birth *Ib.*

Proud world, said I, cease your contest
And let the mighty Babe alone
The phoenix builds the phoenix' nest
Love's architecture is his own *Ib.*

I saw the curl'd drops, soft and slow,
Come hovering o'er the place's head,
Off'ring their whitest sheets of snow
To furnish the fair Infant's bed
Forbear, said I, be not too bold
Your fleece is white but 'tis too cold *Ib.*

I saw the obsequious Seraphims
Their rosy fleece of fire bestow
For well they now can spare their wings
Since Heaven itself lies here below
Well done, said I but are you sure
Your down so warm, will pass for pure? *Ib*

We saw thee in thy balmy nest,
Young dawn of our eternal day!
We saw thine eyes break from their East
And chase the trembling shades away.
We saw thee, and we blest the sight
We saw thee by thine own sweet light. *Ib*

Welcome, all wonders in one sight!
Eternity shut in a span. *Ib*

Love's great artillery *Prayer*, l 15

Lo here a little volume, but large book
On a Prayer-Book Sent to Mrs M R

Happy soul she shall discover
What joy, what bliss,
How many heavens at once it is,
To have a God become her lover *Ib*

Why, 'tis a point of faith Whate'er it be,
I'm sure it is no point of charity
On a Treatise of Charity

Two walking baths; two weeping motions,
Portable, and compendious oceans
Saint Mary Magdalene, or The Weeper, xix

Love, thou art absolute sole Lord
Of life and death
Hymn to the Name & Honour of the Admirable Saint Teresa, I 1

Farewell house, and farewell home!
She 's for the Moors, and martyrdom *Ib* l 63

Two went to pray? O rather say
One went to brag, th'other to pray.

One nearer to God's Altar trod,
The other to the Altar's God
Steps to the Temple, Two Went up into the Temple to Pray

All is Caesar's; and what odds
So long as Caesar's self is God's? *Ib* Mark 12

And when life's sweet fable ends,
Soul and body part like friends,
No quarrels, murmurs, no delay,
A kiss, a sigh, and so away. *Temperance.*

Whoe'er she be,
That not impossible she
That shall command my heart and me,

Where'er she lie,
Lock'd up from mortal eye,
In shady leaves of destiny.
Wishes to His Supposed Mistress

Meet you her my wishes,
Bespeake her to my blisses,
And be ye call'd my absent kisses.

I wish her beauty,
That owes not all his duty
To gaudy tire, or glist'ring shoe-tie *Ib*

Life, that dares send
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes say 'Welcome Friend' *Ib*

Sydnaean showers
Of sweet discourse, whose powers
Can crown old Winter's head with flowers. *Ib*

'Tis she, and here
Lo I unclothe and clear,
My wishes' cloudy character. *Ib*

Let her full Glory,
My fancies, fly before ye,
Be ye my fictions, but her story *Ib*

JULIA CRAWFORD

fl 1835

Kathleen Mavourneen! the grey dawn is breaking,
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill,
The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shaking,
Kathleen Mavourneen! what, slumbering still?
Oh! hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever?
Oh! hast thou forgotten this day we must part?
It may be for years, and it may be for ever,
Oh! why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?
Kathleen Mavourneen Metropolitan Magazine, London, 1835

MANDELL CREIGHTON

1843–1901

No people do so much harm as those who go about doing good *Life*, 1904, vol II, p 503

JOHN WILSON CROKER

1780–1857

We now are, as we always have been, decidedly and conscientiously attached to what is called the Tory, and which might with more propriety be called the Conservative, party
Article, Quarterly Review, Jan 1830, p 276

A game which a sharper once played with a dupe, entitled, 'Heads I win, tails you lose'
Croker Papers, III 59

OLIVER CROMWELL

1599–1658

A few honest men are better than numbers
Letter to Sir W Spring, Sept 1643.

I beseech you, in the bowels of Christ, think it possible you may be mistaken
Letter to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, 3 Aug 1650

The dimensions of this mercy are above my thoughts It is, for aught I know, a crowning mercy
Letter for the Honourable William Lenthall, 4 Sept 1651

Mr Lely, I desire you would use all your skill to paint my picture truly like me, and not flatter me at all, but remark all these roughnesses, pimples, warts, and everything as you see me, otherwise I will never pay a farthing for it
Remark, Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting, ch 12

Take away these baubles
Remark, Sydney Papers (1825), p 141

It's a maxim not to be despised, 'Though peace be made, yet it 's interest that keeps peace '
Speech to Parliament, 4 Sept 1654.

Necessity hath no law Feigned necessities, imaginary necessities, are the greatest cozenage that men can put upon the Providence of God, and make pretences to break known rules by.
Speech to Parliament, 12 Sept. 1654

Your poor army, those poor contemptible men, came up hither *Speech to Parliament, 21 Apr. 1657.*

You have accounted yourselves happy on being environed with a great ditch from all the world beside
Speech to Parliament, 25 Jan 1658

My design is to make what haste I can to be gone
Last Words Morley, *Life*, v, ch 10.

Not what they want but what is good for them
Attr. remark

RICHARD ASSHETON, VISCOUNT CROSS

1823–1914

[When the House of Lords laughed at his speech in favour of Spiritual Peers]
I hear a smile
G W E Russell's *Collections and Recollections*, ch 29.

JOHN CROWNE

1640?–1703?

River Thames, attended by two nymphs, representing Peace and Plenty
Calisto, prologue, stage directions

RICHARD CUMBERLAND

1631–1718

It is better to wear out than to rust out
G Horne, The Duty of Contending for the Faith

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

1784–1842

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast
And fills the white and rustling sail
And bends the gallant mast
A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea.

While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea *Ib.*

It's hame and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
O, hame, hame, hame to my ain countree!
It's hame and It's hame [Hogg includes this poem among his *Jacobite Relics*, 1 135 In his notes, 1 294, he says he took it from Cromek's *Galloway and Nithsdale Relics*, and supposes that it owed much to Allan Cunningham]

The lark shall sing me hame in my ain countree *Ib*

But the sun through the mirk blinks blithe in my e'e,
'I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countree ' *Ib*

Wha the deil hae we got for a King,
But a wee, wee German lairdie!
The Wee, Wee German Lairdie

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN

1750–1817

The condition upon which God hath given liberty to man is eternal vigilance, which condition if he break, servitude is at once the consequence of his crime, and the punishment of his guilt
Speech on the Right of Election of Lord Mayor of Dublin, 10 July 1790.

GEORGE NATHANIEL CURZON, MARQUESS OF KEDLESTON

1859–1925

I do not exclude the intelligent anticipation of facts even before they occur
Speech, House of Commons, 29 Mar. 1898.

HENRY CUST

1861–1917

Let Hell afford
The pavement of her Heaven *Non Nobis, Domine.*

HARRY DACRE

fl 1892

Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer, do!
I'm half crazy, all for the love of you!
It won't be a stylish marriage,
I can't afford a carriage,
But you'll look sweet on the seat
Of a bicycle built for two! *Daisy Bell*

CHARLES ANDERSON DANA

1819–1897

When a dog bites a man that is not news, but when a man bites a dog that is news
What is News? The New York Sun, 1882

SAMUEL DANIEL

1562–1619

Princes in this case
Do hate the traitor, though they love the treason.
Tragedy of Cleopatra, IV 1.

Unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!
To the Lady Margaret, Countess of Cumberland, xii.

Custom that is before all law, Nature that is above all art *A Defence of Rhyme*

Love is a sickness full of woes,
All remedies refusing:
A plant that with most cutting grows,
Most barren with best using
Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies,
If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries,
Hey ho.
Hymen's Triumph, I v

This is the thing that I was born to do.
Musophilus, l 577

And who, in time, knows whither we may vent
The treasure of our tongue, to what strange shores
This gain of our best glory shall be sent,
T'enrich unknowing nations with our stores?
What worlds in th'yet unformed Occident
May come refin'd with th'accents that are ours?
Ib l. 957

But years hath done this wrong,
To make me write too much, and live too long.
Philotas, [Ded.] *To the Prince*, l 108

Pity is sworn servant unto love:
And this be sure, wherever it begin
To make the way, it lets your master in.
The Queen's Arcadia, II 1

Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born:
Relieve my languish, and restore the light,
With dark forgetting of my care return,
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill adventred youth.
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
Without the torment of the night's untruth
Sonnets to Delia, liv

Come worthy Greek, Ulysses come
Possess these shores with me:
The winds and seas are troublesome,
And here we may be free
Here may we sit, and view their toil
That travail on the deep,
And joy the day in mirth the while,
And spend the night in sleep.
Ulysses and the Siren.

JOHN JEREMIAH DANIELL

1819–1898

Sing, boys, in joyful chorus
Your hymn of praise to-day,
And sing, ye gentle maidens,
Your sweet responsive lay
Hymns Ancient & Modern, Come, Sing with Holy Gladness.

CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN

1809–1882

We must, however, acknowledge, as it seems to me, that man with all his noble qualities, . . still bears in his bodily frame the indelible stamp of his lowly origin
Descent of Man, vol II, pt III, ch 21, last words

I have called this principle, by which each slight variation, if useful, is preserved, by the term of Natural Selection
The Origin of Species, ch 3

We will now discuss in a little more detail the struggle for existence *Ib*

The expression often used by Mr Herbert Spencer of the Survival of the Fittest is more accurate, and is sometimes equally convenient *Ib*

CHARLES D'AVENANT

1656–1714

Custom, that unwritten law,
By which the people keep even kings in awe
Circe, II III

WILLIAM DAVENANT

1606–1668

I shall sleep like a top *The Rivals*, Act III

The lark now leaves his wat'ry nest,
And climbing, shakes his dewy wings,
He takes this window for the east,
And to implore your light, he sings,
Awake, awake, the morn will never rise,
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes. *Song*

JOHN DAVIDSON

1857–1909

When the pods went pop on the broom, green broom
A Runnable Stag

A runnable stag, a kingly crop *Ib*

SIR JOHN DAVIES

1569–1626

Skill comes so slow, and life so fast doth fly,
We learn so little and forget so much
Nosce Teipsum, introduction, xix

Wit to persuade, and beauty to delight
Orchestra, v

Why should your fellowship a trouble be,
Since man's chief pleasure is society? *Ib* xxxii

Judge not the play before the play be done
Respice Finem.

SCROPE BERDMORE DAVIES

c 1783–1852

Babylon in all its desolation is a sight not so awful as that of the human mind in ruins.
Letter to Thomas Raikes May 1835 See *Journal T Raikes, 1831 to 1847*, 1856, vol. II

WILLIAM HENRY DAVIES

1870–

A rainbow and a cuckoo's song
May never come together again,
May never come
This side the tomb *A Great Time*

The simple bird that thinks two notes a song
April's Charms

A flowery, green, bird-singing land. *In May.*

What is this life if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare? *Leisure*

No time to see, in broad daylight,
Streams full of stars, like skies at night. *Ib*

Sweet Stay-at-Home, sweet Well-content
Sweet Stay-at-Home.

JEFFERSON DAVIS

1808–1889

All we ask is to be let alone
Attr Remark in Inaugural Address as President of the Confederate States of America, 18 Feb. 1861.

THOMAS OSBORNE DAVIS

1813–1845

Come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning *The Welcome*

STEPHEN DECATUR

1779–1820

Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations, may she always be in the right, but our country, right or wrong
A S Mackenzie, *Life of Decatur*, ch. XIV.

DANIEL DEFOE

1660?–1731

The best of men cannot suspend their fate:
The good die early, and the bad die late
Character of the late Dr S Annesley.

We lov'd the doctrine for the teacher's sake. *Ib*

Nature has left this tincture in the blood,
That all men would be tyrants if they could
The Kentish Petition, addenda, l 11

I was born in the year 1632, in the city of York, of a good family, though not of that county, my father being a foreigner of Bremen, who settled first at Hull
The Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, pt I

Robin, Robin, Robin Crusoe, poor Robin Crusoe! Where are you, Robin Crusoe? Where are you? Where have you been? *Ib.*

It happened one day, about noon, going towards my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen in the sand I stood like one thunderstruck, or as if I had seen an apparition. *Ib.*

I takes my man Friday with me. *Ib.*

In trouble to be troubl'd
Is to have your trouble doubl'd.
Robinson Crusoe, The Farther Adventures.

Necessity makes an honest man a knave
Serious Reflections of Robinson Crusoe, ch 2.

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The Devil always builds a chapel there;
And 'twill be found, upon examination,
The latter has the largest congregation.
The True-Born Englishman, pt. 1, l. 1.

From this amphibious ill-born mob began
That vain, ill-natur'd thing, an Englishman.
Ib l. 132.

Your Roman–Saxon–Danish–Norman English
Ib l. 139.

Great families of yesterday we show,
And lords whose parents were the Lord knows who.
Ib. l. 374.

In their religion they are so uneven,
That each man goes his own By-way to heaven.
Ib l. 104.

And of all plagues with which mankind are curst,
Ecclesiastic tyranny 's the worst. *Ib.* pt II, l. 299.

When kings the sword of justice first lay down,
They are no kings, though they possess the crown.
Titles are shadows, crowns are empty things,
The good of subjects is the end of kings. *Ib.* l 313.

THOMAS DEKKER

1570?–1632

The best of men
That ere wore earth about him, was a sufferer,
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,
The first true gentleman that ever breath'd.
The Honest Whore, pt I I II.

That great fishpond (the sea). *Ib.*

This principle is old, but true as fate,
Kings may love treason, but the traitor hate.
Ib. pt. IV. IV.

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers·
Oh sweet content!
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed?
Oh, punishment!
Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed
To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?
O, sweet content, O sweet, O sweet content!
Work apace, apace, apace, apace,
Honest labour bears a lovely face;
Then hey nonny, nonny; hey nonny nonny
Patient Grissill, Act I.

Canst drink the waters of the crisped spring?
O sweet content!
Swim'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?
O punishment! *Ib.*

Golden slumbers kiss your eyes,
Smiles awake you when you rise
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Care is heavy, therefore sleep you,
You are care, and care must keep you *Ib* IV II.

Cold 's the wind, and wet 's the rain,
Saint Hugh be our good speed
Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain,
Nor helps good hearts in need

Trowle the bowl, the jolly nut-brown bowl,
And here kind mate to thee
Let 's sing a dirge for Saint Hugh's soul,
And down it merrily
Shoemaker's Holiday, Second Three-man's Song

WALTER DE LA MARE

1873–

Oh, no man knows
Through what wild centuries
Roves back the rose *All That's Past*

Very old are we men;
Our dreams are tales
Told in dim Eden
By Eve's nightingales;
We wake and whisper awhile,
But, the day gone by,
Silence and sleep like fields
Of amaranth lie. *Ib*

Far are the shades of Arabia,
Where the Princes ride at noon. *Arabia*

'He is crazed with the spell of far Arabia,
They have stolen his wits away ' *Ib*

What can a tired heart say,
Which the wise of the world have made dumb?
Save to the lonely dreams of a child,
'Return again, come!' *Dreams*

Bright towers of silence [clouds] *England*

Here lies a most beautiful lady,
Light of step and heart was she,
I think she was the most beautiful lady
That ever was in the West Country
But beauty vanishes, beauty passes,
However rare—rare it be,
And when I crumble, who will remember
This lady of the West Country? *Epitaph*

When I lie where shades of darkness
Shall no more assail mine eyes *Fare Well*

Memory fades, must the remembered
Perishing be? *Ib*

Look thy last on all things lovely,
Every hour—let no night
Seal thy sense in deathly slumber
Till to delight
Thou hast paid thy utmost blessing,
Since that all things thou wouldst praise
Beauty took from those who loved them
In other days *Fare Well*, III

'Is there anybody there?' said the traveller,
Knocking on the moonlit door. *The Listeners*

'Tell them I came, and no one answered,
That I kept my word,' he said *Ib*

Never the least stir made the listeners *Ib*

Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,
And the sound of iron on stone,
And how the silence surged softly backward,
When the plunging hoofs were gone. *Ib*

It 's a very odd thing—
As odd as can be—
That whatever Miss T eats
Turns into Miss T *Miss T*

Never more, Sailor,
Shalt thou be
Tossed on the wind-ridden
Restless sea *Never More, Sailor*

No robin ever
On the deep
Hopped with his song
To haunt thy sleep. *Ib.*

Three jolly Farmers
Once bet a pound
Each dance the others would
Off the ground. *Off the Ground*

And still would remain
My wit to try—
My worn reeds broken,
The dark tarn dry,
All words forgotten—
Thou, Lord, and I *The Scribe*

Slowly, silently, now the moon
Walks the night in her silver shoon *Silver*

Ages and ages have fallen on me—
On the wood and the pool and the elder tree
Song of Enchantment

Of all the trees in England,
Oak, Elder, Elm and Thorn,
The Yew alone burns lamps of peace
For them that lie forlorn *Trees*

JOHN DENHAM

1615–1669

Where, with like haste, though several ways they run,
Some to undo, and some to be undone
Cooper's Hill, l 31

Oh, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full
The Thames, l 189

Youth, what man's age is like to be doth show,
We may our ends by our beginnings know
Of Prudence, l 225

THOMAS DENHAM

1779–1854

Trial by jury itself, instead of being a security to persons who are accused, will be a delusion, a mockery, and a snare
Judgment in O'Connell v *the Queen, 4 Sept 1844*

JOHN DENNIS

1657–1734

A man who could make so vile a pun would not scruple to pick a pocket
The Gentleman's Magazine, 1781, p 324 (Edit note).

Damn them! They will not let my play run, but they steal my thunder!
W S Walsh, Handy-book of Literary Curiosities

THOMAS DE QUINCEY

1785–1859

Set up as a theatrical scarecrow for superstitious terrors
Confessions of an English Opium Eater Preface, 1856

The burden of the incommunicable. *Ib* pt i.

Thou hast the keys of Paradise, oh just, subtle, and mighty opium! *Ib* pt ii, *The Pleasures of Opium*

An Iliad of woes *Ib* pt iii, *The Pains of Opium*

Everlasting farewells! and again, and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells! *Ib*

Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts
Title of Essay

There is first the literature of *knowledge*, and secondly, the literature of *power* *Essays on the Poets, Pope*

Books, we are told, propose to *instruct* or to *amuse* Indeed! . . . The true antithesis to knowledge, in this case, is not *pleasure*, but *power* All that is literature seeks to communicate power, all that is not literature, to communicate knowledge
Letters to a Young Man, Letter iii. (De Quincey adds that he is indebted for this distinction to 'many years' conversation with Mr Wordsworth')

AUBREY THOMAS DE VERE

1814–1902

Love thy God and love Him only,
And thy breast will ne'er be lonely
The Waldenses

Vainly strives the soul to mingle
With a being of our kind,
Vainly hearts with hearts are twined,
For the deepest still is single *Ib*

Mortal! Love that Holy One,
Or dwell for aye alone *Ib*

EDWARD DE VERE, EARL OF OXFORD

1550–1604

If women could be fair and yet not fond
Women's Changeableness.

ROBERT DEVEREUX, EARL OF ESSEX

1566–1601

Reasons are not like garments, the worse for wearing
To Lord Willoughby, 4 Jan 1598–9 [See *Notes and Queries*, Ser. X, vol. ii, p. 23]

GEORGE DEWEY

1837–1917

You may fire when you are ready, Gridley
Dewey's *Autobiography.*

CHARLES DIBDIN

1745–1814

Did you ever hear of Captain Wattle?
He was all for love and a little for the bottle
Captain Wattle and Miss Roe

For a soldier I listed, to grow great in fame,
And be shot at for sixpence a-day. *Charity*

In every mess I finds a friend,
In every port a wife. *Jack in his Element*

And did you not hear of a jolly young waterman,
Who at Blackfriars Bridge used for to ply,
And he feather'd his oars with such skill and dexterity,
Winning each heart, and delighting each eye
The Jolly Young Waterman

As he row'd along, thinking of nothing at all *Ib*

What argufies snivling and piping your eye?
Poor Jack

For they say there's a Providence sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack! *Ib*

Then farewell, my trim-built wherry!
Oars, and coat, and badge, farewell! *Poor Tom*

But the standing toast that pleased the most
Was—The wind that blows, the ship that goes,
And the lass that loves a sailor!
The Standing Toast, from the opera, *The Round Robin*

Spanking Jack was so comely, so pleasant, so jolly,
Though winds blew great guns, still he'd whistle and sing,
Jack lov'd his friend, and was true to his Molly,
And if honour gives greatness, was great as a king
The Sailor's Consolation

Oh! what a snug little Island,
A right little, tight little Island!
The Snug Little Island

Then a very great war-man call'd Billy the Norman,
Cried—Damn it, I never lik'd my land,
It would be much more handy to leave this Normandy
And live on yon beautiful island *Ib*

Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew. *Tom Bowling*

Faithful, below, he did his duty,
But now he's gone aloft. *Ib.*

CHARLES DICKENS

1812–1870

Rather a tough customer in argeyment, Joe, if anybody was to try and tackle him [*Parkes*] *Barnaby Rudge*, ch 1.

Something will come of this I hope it mayn't be human gore. [*Simon Tappertit*] *Ib* ch 4

Polly put the kettle on, we'll all have tea [*Grip*] *Ib* ch 17

'There are strings,' said Mr. Tappertit, '. . . in the human heart that had better not be wibrated' *Ib.* ch 22

Oh gracious, why wasn't I born old and ugly? [*Miss Miggs*] *Ib.* ch 70.

Jarndyce and Jarndyce still drags its dreary length before the Court, perennially hopeless *Bleak House*, ch. 1.

This is a London particular. . . . A fog, miss. *Ib.* ch 3

Educating the natives of Borrioboola-Gha, on the left bank of the Niger [*Mrs Jellyby*] *Ib.* ch 4

The wind's in the east . . . I am always conscious of an uncomfortable sensation now and then when the wind is blowing in the east [*Mr Jarndyce*] *Ib* ch 6

I only ask to be free. The butterflies are free Mankind will surely not deny to Harold Skimpole what it concedes to the butterflies! *Ib*

'Not to put too fine a point upon it'—a favourite apology for plain-speaking with Mr Snagsby *Bleak House*, ch 11

He wos wery good to me, he wos! [*Jo*] *Ib*

He [Mr Turveydrop] is celebrated, almost everywhere, for his Deportment [*Caddy*] *Ib* ch 14

'It was a maxim of Captain Swosser's', said Mrs Badger, 'speaking in his figurative naval manner, that when you make pitch hot, you cannot make it too hot, and that if you only have to swab a plank, you should swab it as if Davy Jones were after you' *Ib* ch 17

The Professor made the same remark, Miss Summerson, in his last illness, when (his mind wandering) he insisted on keeping his little hammer under the pillow, and chipping at the countenances of the attendants The ruling passion! [*Mrs Badger*] *Ib*

'What is peace? Is it war? No Is it strife? No' [*Mr Chadband*] *Ib* ch 19

The Chadband style of oratory is widely received and much admired *Ib*

You are a human boy, my young friend A human boy. O glorious to be a human boy! O running stream of sparkling joy To be a soaring human boy! [*Mr. Chadband*] *Ib*

Jobling, there *are* chords in the human mind [*Guppy*] *Ib* ch 20

'It is', says Chadband, 'the ray of rays, the sun of suns, the moon of moons, the star of stars It is the light of Terewth' *Ib* ch 25

'Lo, the city is barren, I have seen but an eel' *Ib*

It's my old girl that advises She has the head But I never own to it before her. Discipline must be maintained [*Mr Bagnet*] *Ib* ch 27

It is a melancholy truth that even great men have their poor relations *Ib* ch 28

Never have a mission, my dear child [*Mr Jellyby*] *Ib* ch 30

England has been in a dreadful state for some weeks Lord Coodle would go out, and Sir Thomas Doodle wouldn't come in, and there being nobody in Great Britain (to speak of) except Coodle and Doodle, there has been no Government *Ib* ch 40

She's Colour-Sergeant of the Nonpareil battalion [*Mr. Bagnet*] *Ib* ch 52

Hasn't a doubt—zample—far better hang wrong fler than no fler [*The 'debilitated cousin'*] *Ib* ch 53

A smattering of everything, and a knowledge of nothing [*Minerva House*] *Sketches by Boz Tales*, ch 3 *Sentiment*

Grief never mended no broken bones, and as good people's wery scarce, what I says is, make the most on 'em *Ib Scenes*, ch. 22, *Gin-Shops*

O let us love our occupations,
Bless the squire and his relations,
Live upon our daily rations,
And always know our proper stations
The Chimes, 2nd Quarter.

In came a fiddler—and tuned like fifty stomach-aches In came Mrs Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile *A Christmas Carol*, stave 2

'God bless us every one!' said Tiny Tim, the last of all *Ib.* stave 3

It *was* a turkey! He could never have stood upon his legs, that bird He would have snapped 'em off short in a minute, like sticks of sealing-wax *Ib* stave 5

'Somebody's sharp' 'Who is?' asked the gentleman, laughing I looked up quickly, being curious to know 'Only Brooks of Sheffield,' said Mr Murdstone I was relieved that to find it was only Brooks of Sheffield, for, at first, I really thought it was I *David Copperfield*, ch 2

'I am a lone lorn creetur',' were Mrs Gummidge's words, 'and everythink goes contrairy with me' *Ib* ch 3

'I feel it more than other people,' said Mrs Gummidge. *Ib.*

I'd better go into the house, and die and be a riddance! [*Mrs Gummidge*] *Ib*

She's been thinking of the old 'un! [*Mr. Peggotty, of Mrs Gummidge*] *David Copperfield*, ch 3

Barkis is willin'. *Ib.* ch 5

'There was a gentleman here yesterday,' he said—'a stout gentleman, by the name of Topsawyer . he came in here, . . ordered a glass of this ale—*would* order it—I told him not—drank it, and fell dead It was too old for him It oughtn't to be drawn, that's the fact' [*The Waiter*] *Ib*

I live on broken wittles—and I sleep on the coals [*The Waiter*] *Ib*

'When a man says he's willin',' said Mr Barkis, 'it's as much as to say, that a man's waitin' for a answer' *Ib.* ch 8

Experentia does it—as papa used to say. [*Mrs Micawber*] *Ib* ch 11.

I have known him [Micawber] come home to supper with a flood of tears, and a declaration that nothing was now left but a jail, and go to bed making a calculation of the expense of putting bow-windows to the house, 'in case anything turned up,' which was his favourite expression *Ib*

I never will desert Mr Micawber. [*Mrs Micawber*] *Ib* ch. 12

Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six, result happiness Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six, result misery [*Mr Micawber*] *Ib*

Mr Dick had been for upwards of ten years endeavouring to keep King Charles the First out of the Memorial, but he had been constantly getting into it, and was there now *Ib* ch 14

The mistake was made of putting some of the trouble out of King Charles's head into my head *Ib* ch 17.

We are so very 'umble [*Uriah Heep*] *Ib*

'Orses and dorgs is some men's fancy They're wittles and drink to me—lodging, wife, and children—reading, writing and 'rithmetic—snuff, tobacker, and sleep *Ib* ch 19.

I only ask for information [*Miss Rosa Dartle*] *Ib* ch 20.

'It was as true', said Mr Barkis, ' as taxes is And nothing's truer than them' *Ib* ch 21

What a world of gammon and spinnach it is, though, ain't it! [*Miss Mowcher*] *Ib* ch 22

The whole social system is a system of Prince's nails [*Miss Mowcher*] *Ib*

'Oh, surely! surely!' said Mr Spenlow 'I should be happy, myself, to propose two months, but I have a partner. Mr Jorkins' *Ib* ch 23

Other things are all very well in their way, but give me Blood! [*Mr Waterbrook*] *Ib* ch. 25.

I assure you she's the dearest girl [*Traddles*] *Ib* ch 27

Accidents will occur in the best-regulated families, and in families not regulated by that pervading influence which sanctifies while it enhances the —a—I would say, in short, by the influence of Woman, in the lofty character of Wife, they may be expected with confidence, and must be borne with philosophy [*Mr Micawber*] *Ib* ch 28.

He told me, only the other day, that it was provided for That was Mr Micawber's expression, 'Provided for.' [*Traddles*] *Ib.*

'People can't die, along the coast,' said Mr Peggotty, 'except when the tide's pretty nigh out They can't be born, unless it's pretty nigh in—not properly born, till flood. He's a going out with the tide' *Ib.* ch 30.

Mrs Crupp had indignantly assured him that there wasn't room to swing a cat there, but, as Mr Dick justly observed to me, sitting down on the foot of the bed, nursing his leg, 'You know, Trotwood, I don't want to swing a cat I never do swing a cat. Therefore, what does that signify to *me!*' *Ib* ch 35.

It's only my child-wife. [*Dora*] *Ib.* ch. 44.

Circumstances beyond my individual control. [*Mr. Micawber*] *Ib.* ch. 49.

I'm Gormed—and I can't say no fairer than that! [*Mr. Peggotty*] *Ib* ch 63.

He's tough, ma'am, tough, is J. B Tough, and devilish sly! [*Major Bagstock*] *Dombey and Son*, ch 7.

There was no light nonsense about Miss Blimber . . . She was dry and sandy with working in the graves of deceased languages None of your live languages for Miss Blimber They must be dead—stone dead—and then Miss Blimber dug them up like a Ghoul. *Ib* ch. 11.

As to Mr. Feeder, B A , Doctor Blimber's assistant, he was a kind of human barrel-organ, with a little list of tunes at which he was continually working, over and over again, without any variation. *Ib.*

If I could have known Cicero, and been his friend, and talked with him in his retirement at Tusculum (beautiful Tusculum), I could have died contented [*Mrs Blimber*] *Ib.*

'Wal'r, my boy,' replied the Captain, 'in the Proverbs of Solomon you will find the following words, "May we never want a friend in need, nor a bottle to give him!" When found, make a note of' [*Captain Cuttle*] *Ib* ch 15.

Train up a fig-tree in the way it should go, and when you are old sit under the shade of it [*Captain Cuttle*]. *Ib* ch 19

Cows are my passion [*Mrs Skewton*] *Ib* ch 21

Mr Toots devoted himself to the cultivation of those gentle arts which refine and humanize existence, his chief instructor in which was an interesting character called the Game Chicken, who was always to be heard of at the bar of the Black Badger, wore a shaggy white great-coat in the warmest weather, and knocked Mr Toots about the head three times a week *Ib* ch 22

It's of no consequence [*Mr Toots*] *Ib*

The bearings of this observation lays in the application on it [*Bunsby*] *Ib* ch 23.

Say, like those wicked Turks, there is no What's-his-name but Thingummy, and What-you-may-call-it is his prophet! [*Mrs Skewton*] *Dombey and Son*, ch 27.

I positively adore Miss Dombey,—I—I am perfectly sore with loving her. [*Mr. Toots*] *Ib* ch 30

England, Home, and Beauty! [*Captain Cuttle*] *Ib* ch 48.

If you could see my legs when I take my boots off, you'd form some idea of what unrequited affection is. [*Mr. Toots*] *Ib.*

Whatever was required to be done, the Circumlocution Office was beforehand with all the public departments in the art of perceiving—HOW NOT TO DO IT. *Little Dorrit*, bk 1, ch 10.

Look here Upon my soul you mustn't come into the place saying you want to know, you know. [*Barnacle Junior*] *Ib.*

One remark . . I wish to make, one explanation I wish to offer, when your Mama came and made a scene of it with my Papa and when I was called down into the little breakfast-room where they were looking at one another with your Mama's parasol between them seated on two chairs like mad bulls what was I to do? [*Flora Finching*] *Ib* ch 13

The Great Fire of London was not the fire in which your uncle George's workshops was burned down [*Mr. F's Aunt*] *Ib*

I hate a fool! [*Mr. F's Aunt*] *Ib*

Take a little time—count five-and-twenty, Tatty-coram [*Mr. Meagles*] *Ib* ch 16

In company with several other old ladies of both sexes. *Ib* ch. 17.

There's milestones on the Dover Road! [*Mr F's Aunt*] *Ib*. ch. 23.

You can't make a head and brains out of a brass knob with nothing in it You couldn't when your Uncle George was living; much less when he's dead [*Mr F's Aunt*] *Ib*

He [Mr. Finching] proposed seven times once in a hackney-coach once in a boat once in a pew once on a donkey at Tunbridge Wells and the rest on his knees [*Flora Finching*] *Ib* ch 24.

I revere the memory of Mr F as an estimable man and most indulgent husband, only necessary to mention Asparagus and it appeared or to hint at any little delicate thing to drink and it came like magic in a pint bottle it was not ecstasy but it was comfort [*Flora Finching*] *Ib*

E please. Double good! [*Mrs Plornish*] *Ib* ch 25

Father is rather vulgar, my dear The word Papa, besides, gives a pretty form to the lips Papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes and prism, are all very good words for the lips, especially prunes and prism [*Mrs General*] *Ib* bk II, ch 5

Dante—known to that gentleman [Mr. Sparkler] as an eccentric man in the nature of an Old File, who used to put leaves round his head, and sit upon a stool for some unaccountable purpose, outside the cathedral at Florence *Ib*. ch. 6

Once a gentleman, and always a gentleman [*Rigaud*] *Ib* ch 28

Stranger, pause and ask thyself the question, Canst thou do likewise? If not, with a blush retire *Edwin Drood*, ch 4

Circumstances alter cases. *Ib* ch 9

'Dear me,' said Mr Grewgious, peeping in, 'it's like looking down the throat of Old Time' *Ib*

'Umps', said Mr Grewgious *Ib* ch 11

Your sister is given to government [*Joe Gargery*] *Great Expectations*, ch 7

I had cherished a profound conviction that her bringing me up by hand, gave her no right to bring me up by jerks. *Ib* ch 8

On the Rampage, Pip, and off the Rampage, Pip, such is Life! [*Joe Gargery*] *Ib* ch 15

Get hold of portable property [*Wemmick*] *Ib* ch 24

You don't object to an aged parent, I hope? [*Wemmick*] *Ib* ch 25

'Have you seen anything of London, yet?' [*Herbert*] 'Why, yes. Sir—but we didn't find that it come up to its likeness in the red bills—it is there drawd too architectooralooral.' [*Joe Gargery*] *Ib* ch 27

'Halloa! Here's a church! . . . Let's go in! Here's Miss Skiffins! Let's have a wedding' [*Wemmick*] *Ib* ch 55

Now, what I want is, Facts . . . Facts alone are wanted in life [*Mr. Gradgrind*] *Hard Times*, bk 1, ch. 1

The Lord No Zoo. [*Toby Chuzzlewit*] *Martin Chuzzlewit*, ch 1.

'The name of those fabulous animals (pagan, I regret to say) who used to sing in the water, has quite escaped me' Mr George Chuzzlewit suggested 'Swans' 'No,' said Mr Pecksniff 'Not swans Very like swans, too Thank you' The nephew . propounded 'Oysters' 'No,' said Mr Pecksniff, . . 'nor oysters But by no means unlike oysters; a very excellent idea, thank you, my dear sir, very much Wait Sirens! Dear me! sirens, of course' *Ib* ch 4

Any man may be in good spirits and good temper when he's well dressed There an't much credit in that [*Mark Tapley*] *Ib* ch 5

Some credit in being jolly [*Mark Tapley*] *Ib*

A highly geological home-made cake *Ib*

'Let us be merry' Here he took a captain's biscuit [*Mr Pecksniff*] *Ib*

With affection beaming in one eye, and calculation shining out of the other [*Mrs Todgers*] *Ib* ch 8

Oh, Todger's could do it when it chose! Mind that *Ib* ch 9

Charity and Mercy Not unholy names, I hope? [*Mr Pecksniff*] *Ib*

'Do not repine, my friends,' said Mr Pecksniff, tenderly 'Do not weep for me It is chronic' *Ib.*

Let us be moral Let us contemplate existence [*Mr Pecksniff*] *Martin Chuzzlewit*, ch 9

Here's the rule for bargains 'Do other men, for they would do you' That's the true business precept [*Jonas Chuzzlewit*] *Ib* ch 11.

Mrs Harris,' I says, 'leave the bottle on the chimley-piece, and don't ask me to take none, but let me put my lips to it when I am so disposed' [*Mrs Gamp*] *Ib*. ch. 19.

Some people may be Rooshans, and others may be Prooshans, they are born so, and will please themselves 'Them which is of other naturs thinks different [*Mrs Gamp*] *Ib*.

Therefore I *do* require it, which I makes confession, to be brought reg'lar and draw'd mild [*Mrs Gamp*] *Ib* ch. 25.

'She's the sort of woman now,' said Mould, . . . 'one would almost feel disposed to bury for nothing and do it neatly, too!' *Ib*

He'd make a lovely corpse [*Mrs Gamp*] *Ib*.

All the wickedness of the world is print to him [*Mrs Gamp*] *Ib* ch 26

'Sairey,' says Mrs Harris, 'sech is life. Vich likeways is the hend of all things!' [*Mrs. Gamp*] *Ib* ch 29

Our backs is easy ris We must be cracked-up, or they rises, and we snarls You'd better crack up, you had! [*Chollop*] *Ib*. ch. 33.

'Our fellow-countryman is a model of a man, quite fresh from Natur's mould! . . Rough he may be So air our Barrs Wild he may be. So air our Buffalers' [*Pogram*] *Ib* ch 34

'To be presented to a Pogram,' said Miss Codger, 'by a Hominy, indeed, a thrilling moment is it in its impressiveness on what we call our feelings' *Ib*.

'Mind and matter,' said the lady in the wig, 'glide swift into the vortex of immensity Howls the sublime, and softly sleeps the calm Ideal, in the whispering chambers of Imagination' *Ib*.

'The Ankworks package,' . . . 'I wish it was in Jonadge's belly, I do,' cried Mrs Gamp, appearing to confound the prophet with the whale in this miraculous aspiration *Ib* ch 40

Oh Sairey, Sairey, little do we know wot lays afore us! [*Mrs Gamp*] *Ib*

I know'd she wouldn't have a cowcumber! [*Betsey Prig*] *Ib* ch 49

'Who denies of it?' Mrs Gamp enquired. *Ib*.

Ever since afore her First, which Mr Harris who was dreadful timid went and stopped his ears in a empty dog-kennel, and never took his hands away or come out once till he was showed the baby, wen bein' took with fits, the doctor collared him and laid him on his back upon the airy stones, and she was told to ease her mind, his owls was organs [*Mrs Gamp*] *Ib*

'Bother Mrs Harris!' said Betsey Prig . . . 'I don't believe there's no sich a person!' *Ib*.

The words she spoke of Mrs. Harris, lambs could not forgive . . nor worms forget. [*Mrs. Gamp*] *Ib*

Which fiddle-strings is weakness to expredge my nerves this night! [*Mrs Gamp*] *Ib*. ch 51

Farewell! Be the proud bride of a ducal coronet, and forget me! . . . Unalterably, never yours, Augustus. [*Augustus Moddle*] *Ib* ch 54

United Metropolitan Improved Hot Muffin and Crumpet Baking and Punctual Delivery Company *Nicholas Nickleby*, ch 2

He had but one eye, and the popular prejudice runs in favour of two [*Mr. Squeers*] *Ib*. ch 4

Serve it right for being so dear [*Mr Squeers*] *Ib* ch 5

Subdue your appetites, my dears, and you've conquered human natur. [*Mr. Squeers*] *Ib*

C-l-e-a-n, clean, verb active, to make bright, to scour W-i-n, win, d-e-r, der, winder, a casement When the boy knows this out of the book, he goes and does it [*Mr. Squeers*] *Ib*. ch 8.

As she frequently remarked when she made any such mistake, it would be all the same a hundred years hence. [*Mrs. Squeers*] *Ib*. ch. 9.

There are only two styles of portrait painting; the serious and the smirk [*Miss La Creevy*] *Ib* ch 10

Oh! they're too beautiful to live, much too beautiful! [*Mrs Kenwigs*] *Ib*. ch. 14.

Sir, My pa requests me to write to you, the doctors considering it doubtful whether he will ever recuvver the use of his legs which prevents his holding a pen. [*Fanny Squeers*] *Ib*. ch 15

One mask of brooses both blue and green. [*Fanny Squeers*] *Ib*.

I am screaming out loud all the time I write and so is my brother which takes off my attention rather and I hope will excuse mistakes. [*Fanny Squeers*] *Ib*.

I pity his ignorance and despise him. [*Fanny Squeers*] *Ib*.

This is all very well, Mr Nickleby, and very proper, so far as it goes—so far as it goes, but it doesn't go far enough. [*Mr. Gregsbury*] *Ib* ch. 16

We've got a private master comes to teach us at home, but we ain't proud, because ma says it's sinful [*Mrs Kenwigs*] *Ib*

'What's the water in French, sir?' '*L'eau*,' replied Nicholas 'Ah!' said Mr Lillywick, shaking his head mournfully 'I thought as much Lo, eh? I don't think anything of that language—nothing at all' *Ib*

'It's very easy to talk' said Mrs Mantalini 'Not so easy when one is eating a demnition egg,' replied Mr Mantalini, 'for the yolk runs down the waistcoat, and yolk of egg does not match any waistcoat but a yellow waistcoat, demmit' *Ib* ch 17.

Language was not powerful enough to describe the infant phenomenon. *Ib* ch 23

'I hope you have preserved the unities, sir?' said Mr Curdle
'The unities, sir, are a completeness—a kind of a universal dovetailedness with regard to place and time' *Nicholas Nickleby*, ch 24

She's the only sylph I ever saw, who could stand upon one leg, and play the tambourine on her other knee, like a sylph [*Mr Crummles*] *Ib* ch 25

The two countesses had no outlines at all, and the dowager's was a demd outline [*Mr Mantalini*] *Ib* ch 34

A demd, damp, moist, unpleasant body. [*Mr Mantalini*] *Ib*

In the absence of the planet Venus, who has gone on business to the Horse Guards [*The Gentleman in the Small-clothes*] *Ib* ch 41.

Bring in the bottled lightning, a clean tumbler, and a corkscrew. [*The Gentleman in the Small-clothes*] *Ib* ch 49

All is gas and gaiters [*The Gentleman in the Small-clothes*] *Ib*

My life is one demd horrid grind! [*Mr Mantalini*] *Ib* ch 64

He has gone to the demnition bow-wows. [*Mr Mantalini*] *Ib*

Is the old man agreeable? [*Dick Swiveller*] *The Old Curiosity Shop*, ch 2

What is the odds so long as the fire of soul is kindled at the taper of conwiviality, and the wing of friendship never moults a feather! [*Dick Swiveller*] *Ib*

Fan the sinking flame of hilarity with the wing of friendship, and pass the rosy wine. [*Dick Swiveller*] *Ib* ch 7

Codlin's the friend, not Short [*Codlin*] *Ib*. ch 19

If I know'd a donkey wot wouldn't go
To see Mrs Jarley's waxwork show,
Do you think I'd acknowledge him,
Oh no no! *Ib* ch 27

I never nursed a dear Gazelle, to glad me with its soft black eye, but when it came to know me well, and love me, it was sure to marry a market-gardener [*Dick Swiveller*] *Ib* ch 56

'Did you ever taste beer?' 'I had a sip of it once,' said the small servant 'Here's a state of things!' cried Mr Swiveller 'She *never* tasted it—it can't be tasted in a sip!' *Ib* ch 57

It was a maxim with Foxey—our revered father, gentlemen—'Always suspect everybody' [*Sampson Brass*] *Ib* ch 66

Oliver Twist has asked for more! [*Bumble*] *Oliver Twist*, ch 2

Known by the *sobriquet* of 'The artful Dodger' *Ib* ch 8

'Hard,' replied the Dodger 'As nails,' added Charley Bates *Ib* ch 9

There is a passion for hunting something deeply implanted in the human breast *Ib* ch 10

I'll eat my head. [*Mr Grimwig*] *Ib*. ch 14

I only know two sorts of boys Mealy boys, and beef-faced boys. [*Mr Grimwig*] *Ib*

Oh, Mrs Corney, what a prospect this opens! What a opportunity for a joining of hearts and housekeepings! [*Bumble*] *Ib* ch 27

'If the law supposes that,' said Mr Bumble 'the law is a ass—a idiot' *Ib* ch. 51

Why then we should drop into poetry [*Boffin*] *Our Mutual Friend*, bk 1, ch 5

Decline-and-Fall-Off-The-Rooshan-Empire. [*Mr Boffin*] *Ib*

'Mrs Boffin, Wegg,' said Boffin, 'is a highflyer at Fashion' *Ib*

Meaty jelly, too, especially when a little salt, which is the case when there's ham, is mellering to the organ [*Silas Wegg*] *Ib*

'It is Rooshan, ain't it, Wegg?'
'No, sir Roman Roman'
'What's the difference, Wegg?'
'The difference, sir?—There you place me in a difficulty, Mr Boffin Suffice it to observe, that the difference is best postponed to some other occasion when Mrs Boffin does not honour us with her company' *Ib*

I didn't think this morning there was half so many Scarers in Print [*Boffin*] *Ib*

A literary man—*with* a wooden leg [*Mr Boffin on Silas Wegg*] *Ib* ch 8

Professionally he declines and falls, and as a friend he drops into poetry [*Mr Boffin on Silas Wegg*] *Ib*

Mr Podsnap settled that whatever he put behind him he put out of existence Mr Podsnap had even acquired a peculiar flourish of his right arm in often clearing the world of its most difficult problems, by sweeping them behind him *Ib* ch 11

The question [with Mr Podsnap] about everything was, would it bring a blush into the cheek of the young person? *Ib*

The gay, the gay and festive scene,
The halls, the halls of dazzling light [*Mrs Boffin*] *Ib* ch 15

Oh! *I* know their tricks and their manners [*Fanny Cleaver*] *Ib* bk 11, ch 1

Who comes here?
A Grenadier
What does he want?
A pot of beer *Ib* ch 2

I think that it is the best club in London [*Mr Twemlow, on the House of Commons*] *Ib* ch 3

I don't care whether I am a Minx, or a Sphinx [*Lavvy*] *Ib* ch 8

A slap-up gal in a bang-up chariot *Ib*

Queer street is full of lodgers just at present [*Fledgeby*] *Ib* bk 111, ch 1

O Mrs Higden, Mrs Higden, you was a woman and a mother, and a mangler in a million million [*Sloppy*] *Ib* ch 9

He'd be sharper than a serpent's tooth, if he wasn't as dull as ditch water [*Fanny Cleaver*] *Our Mutual Friend*, bk III, ch. 10.

T'other governor. [*Mr. Riderhood*] *Ib* bk IV, ch. 1.

The dodgerest of the dodgers [*Mr Fledgeby*] *Ib* ch 8

The Golden Dustman *Ib* ch 11

He had used the word in its Pickwickian sense He had merely considered him a humbug in a Pickwickian point of view [*Mr Blotton*] *Pickwick Papers*, ch 1

Heads, heads ! five children—mother—tall lady, eating sandwiches—forgot the arch—crash—knock—children look round—mother's head off—sandwich in her hand—no mouth to put it in—head of a family off—shocking, shocking! [*Jingle*] *Ib* ch 2

Half-a-crown in the bill, if you look at the waiter — Charge you more if you dine at a friend's than they would if you dined in the coffee-room [*Jingle*] *Ib*

Not presume to dictate, but broiled fowl and mushrooms—capital thing! [*Jingle*] *Ib*

Kent, sir—everybody knows Kent—apples, cherries, hops, and women [*Jingle*] *Ib*

'It wasn't the wine,' murmured Mr Snodgrass, in a broken voice 'It was the salmon' *Ib* ch 8

I wants to make your flesh creep [*The Fat Boy*] *Ib*

'It's always best on these occasions to do what the mob do' 'But suppose there are two mobs?' suggested Mr Snodgrass 'Shout with the largest,' replied Mr Pickwick *Ib* ch 13

'Can I unmoved see thee dying
On a log,
Expiring frog!' [*Mrs Leo Hunter*] *Ib* ch 15

'Sir,' said Mr Tupman, 'you're a fellow' 'Sir,' said Mr Pickwick, 'you're another!' *Ib*

The word poltics surprises by himself [*Count Smorltork*] *Ib*

Right as a trivet, sir [*Sam Weller*] *Ib* ch 16

Tongue, well that's a wery good thing when it an't a woman's [*Mr Weller*] *Ib* ch 19

Mr Weller's knowledge of London was extensive and peculiar *Ib* ch 20

The victim o' connubiality, as Blue Beard's domestic chaplain said, with a tear of pity, ven he buried him [*Mr Weller*] *Ib*

'It's a wery remarkable circumstance, sir,' said Sam, 'that poverty and oysters always seems to go together' *Ib* ch 22

It's over, and can't be helped, and that's one consolation, as they always says in Turkey, ven they cuts the wrong man's head off [*Sam Weller*] *Ib* ch 23

Dumb as a drum vith a hole in it, sir [*Sam Weller*] *Ib* ch 25

Wery glad to see you, indeed, and hope our acquaintance may be a long 'un, as the gen'l'm'n said to the fi' pun' note [*Sam Weller*] *Ib*

Wen you're a married man, Samivel, you'll understand a good many things as you don't understand now, but vether it's worth while goin' through so much to learn so little, as the charity-boy said ven he got to the end of the alphabet, is a matter o' taste [*Mr. Weller*] *Ib* ch 27

Our noble society for providing the infant negroes in the West Indies with flannel waistcoats and moral pocket handkerchiefs *Ib* ch 27

'Eccentricities of genius, Sam,' said Mr Pickwick *Ib* ch 30

Keep yourself *to* yourself [*Mr Raddle*] *Ib* ch 32

Pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, Sammy? [*Mr. Weller*] *Ib* ch 33

A double glass o' the invariable [*Mr Weller*] *Ib*

Poetry's unnat'ral, no man ever talked poetry 'cept a beadle on boxin' day, or Warren's blackin' or Rowland's oil, or some o' them low fellows [*Mr Weller*] *Ib*

Wot's the good o' callin' a young 'ooman a Venus or a angel, Sammy? [*Mr Weller*] *Ib*

'That's rather a sudden pull up, ain't it, Sammy?' inquired Mr Weller
'Not a bit on it,' said Sam, 'she'll vish there wos more, and that's the great art o' letter writin'' *Ib*

If your governor don't prove a alleybi, he'll be what the Italians call reg'larly flummoxed [*Mr Weller*] *Ib*

She's a swellin' visibly before my wery eyes. [*Mr Weller*] *Ib*

It's my opinion, sir, that this meeting is drunk, sir! [*Mr Stiggins*] *Ib*

A Being, erect upon two legs, and bearing all the outward semblance of a man, and not of a monster [*Buzfuz*] *Ib* ch 34

Chops and Tomata sauce. Yours, Pickwick *Ib*

'Do you spell it with a "V" or a "W"?' inquired the judge
'That depends upon the taste and fancy of the speller, my Lord,' replied Sam *Ib*

Put it down a we, my Lord, put it down a we [*Mr Weller*] *Ib*

'Little to do, and plenty to get, I suppose?' said Sergeant Buzfuz, with jocularity
'Oh, quite enough to get, sir, as the soldier said ven they ordered him three hundred and fifty lashes,' replied Sam
'You must not tell us what the soldier, or any other man, said, sir,' interposed the judge, 'it's not evidence' *Ib.*

'Yes, I have a pair of eyes,' replied Sam, 'and that's just it If they wos a pair o' patent double million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power, p'raps I might be able to see through a flight o' stairs and a deal door, but bein' only eyes, you see my vision's limited.' *Ib*

Oh Sammy, Sammy, vy worn't there a alleybi! [*Mr Weller*] *Ib*

A friendly swarry, consisting of a boiled leg of mutton with the usual trimmings. *Pickwick Papers*, ch. 37

'You dislıked the killibeate taste, perhaps?'
'I don't know much about that 'ere,' said Sam 'I thought they'd a wery strong flavour o' warm flat-irons'
'That *is* the killibeate, Mr Weller,' observed Mr John Smauker, contemptuously *Ib.*

'That 'ere young lady,' replied Sam. 'She knows wot's wot, she does' *Ib*

We know, Mr Weller—we, who are men of the world —that a good uniform must work its way with the women, sooner or later *Ib*

You're a amiably-disposed young man, sir, I don't think. [*Sam Weller*] *Ib* ch 38

'And a bird-cage, sir,' says Sam 'Veels vithin veels, a prison in a prison.' *Ib* ch 40

'It would make anyone go to sleep, that bedstead would, whether they wanted to or not' [*Mr Roker*]
'I should think,' said Sam, . 'poppies was nothing to it' *Ib* ch 41

They don't mind it, it's a regular holiday to them— all porter and skittles. [*Sam Weller*] *Ib.*

If he damned hisself in confidence, o' course that was another thing [*Mr. Weller*] *Ib* ch. 43

The have-his-carcase, next to the perpetual motion, is vun of the blessedest things as wos ever made [*Sam Weller*] *Ib*

Anythin' for a quiet life, as the man said wen he took the situvation at the lighthouse. [*Sam Weller*] *Ib*

Wich puts me in mind o' the man as killed hisself on principle, wich o' course you've heerd on, sir [*Sam Weller*] *Ib.* ch 44

Which is your partickler wanity? Vich wanity do you like the flavour on best, sir? [*Sam Weller*] *Ib* ch 45.

You've got the key of the street, my friend [*Lowten*] *Ib* ch 47.

'Never . . . see . a dead postboy, did you?' inquired Sam . 'No,' rejoined Bob, 'I never did' 'No!' rejoined Sam triumphantly 'Nor never vill, and there's another thing that no man never see, and that's a dead donkey' *Ib* ch 51

'Vell, gov'ner, ve must all come to it, one day or another'
'So we must, Sammy,' said Mr Weller the elder.
'There's a Providence in it all,' said Sam
'O' course there is,' replied his father with a nod of grave approval 'Wot 'ud become of the undertakers vithout it, Sammy?' *Ib* ch 52

''Cos a coachman's a privileged individual,' replied Mr Weller, looking fixedly at his son ''Cos a coachman may do vithout suspicion wot other men may not, 'cos a coachman may be on the wery amicablest terms with eighty mile o' females, and yet nobody think that he ever means to marry any vun among them' *Ib*

Recalled to life That's a Blazing strange answer — Much of that wouldn't do for you, Jerry! I say, Jerry! You'd be in a Blazing bad way, if recalling to life was to come into fashion, Jerry! [*Jerry Cruncher*] *A Tale of Two Cities*, bk 1, ch 2

I pass my whole life, miss, in turning an immense pecuniary Mangle [*Mr Lorry*] *Ib* ch 4

If you must go flopping yourself down, flop in favour of your husband and child, and not in opposition to 'em. [*Jerry Cruncher*] *Ib* bk 11, ch 1

'I tell thee,' said madame—'that although it is a long time on the road, it is on the road and coming I tell thee it never retreats, and never stops' [*Mme Defarge*]
'It is possible—that it may not come, during our lives We shall not see the triumph' [*Defarge*]
'We shall have helped it,' returned madame *Ib* ch 16

There might be medical doctors a cocking their medical eyes [*Jerry Cruncher*] *Ib* bk 111, ch 9

It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done, it is a far, far better rest that I go to, than I have ever known. [*Sidney Carton*] *Ib* ch 15

EMILY DICKINSON

1830–1886

I asked no other thing,
No other was denied
I offered Being for it,
The mighty merchant smiled.

Brazil? He twirled a button,
Without a glance my way
'But, madam, is there nothing else
That we can show to-day?' *Poems Life*

I got so I could hear his name
Without—
Tremendous gain!—
That stop-sensation in my Soul
And thunder in the room *Ib I Got so I Could Hear*

Parting is all we know of heaven,
And all we need of hell. *Ib Parting*

JOHN DICKINSON

1732–1808

Our cause is just Our union is perfect
Declaration on Taking Up Arms in 1775.

Then join in hand brave Americans all,
By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall
The Liberty Song Memoirs of the Historical Soc of Pennsylvania, vol xiv

WENTWORTH DILLON, EARL OF ROSCOMMON

1633?–1685

But words once spoke can never be recall'd
Art of Poetry, l 438.

The last loud trumpet's wondrous sound,
Shall through the rending tombs rebound,
And wake the nations under ground
On the Day of Judgement.

Choose an author as you choose a friend
Essay on Translated Verse, l. 96

Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense *Ib* l 113

The multitude is always in the wrong *Ib* l 183

BENJAMIN DISRAELI

1804–1881

Though I sit down now, the time will come when you will hear me
Maiden Speech, 7 Dec 1837 Meynell, Disraeli, 1 43.

The Continent will not suffer England to be the workshop of the world
Speech, H of C , 15 March 1838

The noble Lord [Lord Stanley] is the Rupert of Parliamentary discussion *Ib 24 April 1844*

The right hon Gentleman [Sir Robert Peel] caught the Whigs bathing, and walked away with their clothes *Ib 28 Feb 1845.*

Protection is not a principle, but an expedient
Ib 17 March 1845

A Conservative Government is an organized hypocrisy. *Ib*

He traces the steam-engine always back to the tea-kettle *Ib 11 April 1845*

A precedent embalms a principle *Ib 22 Feb 1848*

Justice is truth in action *Ib 11 Feb 1851.*

I read this morning an awful, though monotonous, manifesto in the great organ of public opinion, which always makes me tremble Olympian bolts, and yet I could not help fancying amid their rumbling terrors I heard the plaintive treble of the Treasury Bench *Ib 13 Feb 1851.*

England does not love coalitions *Ib 16 Dec 1852*

Finality is not the language of politics
Ib 28 Feb 1859

This shows how much easier it is to be critical than to be correct *Ib 24 Jan 1860*

The Church of England is not a mere depositary of doctrine *Ib 27 Feb 1861*

To put an end to these bloated armaments
Ib 8 May 1862

He seems to think that posterity is a pack-horse, always ready to be loaded *Ib. 3 June 1862*

Colonies do not cease to be colonies because they are independent. *Ib 5 Feb 1863.*

Never take anything for granted
Ib at Salthill, 5 Oct 1864

I hold that the characteristic of the present age is craving credulity
Ib at Meeting of Society for Increasing Endowments of Small Livings in the Diocese of Oxford, 25 Nov 1864

Party is organized opinion *Ib*

Is man an ape or an angel? Now I am on the side of the angels *Ib*

Assassination has never changed the history of the world. *Ib H of C , 1 May 1865.*

Change is inevitable In a progressive country change is constant *Ib. Edinburgh, 29 Oct. 1867*

I had to prepare the mind of the country, and . . to educate our party *Ib*

We have legalized confiscation, consecrated sacrilege, and condoned high treason
Ib. H. of C , 27 Feb. 1871.

I believe that without party Parliamentary government is impossible.
Ib Manchester, 3 April 1872

As I sat opposite the Treasury Bench the ministers reminded me of one of those marine landscapes not very unusual on the coasts of South America You behold a range of exhausted volcanoes *Ib.*

Increased means and increased leisure are the two civilizers of man. *Ib.*

A University should be a place of light, of liberty, and of learning *Ib H of C , 11 March 1873*

All those institutions and all those principles . in due time will become great and 'burning' questions
Ib. 20 March 1873.

An author who speaks about his own books is almost as bad as a mother who talks about her own children
Ib. at Banquet Given by Glasgow to Ld Rector, 19 Nov 1873

King Louis Philippe once said to me that he attributed the great success of the British nation in political life to their talking politics after dinner. *Ib*

Upon the education of the people of this country the fate of this country depends
Ib H of C , 15 June 1874

He is a great master of gibes and flouts and jeers
[*Referring to his Colleague, the Marquis of Salisbury*] *Ib. H of C , 5 Aug 1874*

Lord Salisbury and myself have brought you back peace—but a peace I hope with honour
Ib 16 July 1878.

A series of congratulatory regrets [*Lord Harrington's Resolution on the Berlin Treaty*] *Ib at Banquet in Riding School, Knightsbridge, 27 July 1878*

A sophistical rhetorician, inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity [*Gladstone*] *Ib*

The hare-brained chatter of irresponsible frivolity
Ib Guildhall, London, 9 Nov 1878

One of the greatest of Romans, when asked what were his politics, replied, *Imperium et Libertas* That would not make a bad programme for a British Ministry
Ib Mansion House, London, 10 Nov 1879.

The key of India is in London
Ib H of Lords, 5 March 1881

Damn your principles! Stick to your party.
Attr Remark to Bulwer Lytton (Latham, Famous Sayings)

Between ourselves, I could floor them all This *entre nous* I was never more confident of anything than that I could carry everything before me in that House. The time will come.
Letters, 7 Feb 1833

In the 'Town' yesterday, I am told 'some one asked Disraeli, in offering himself for Marylebone, on what he intended *to stand* "On my head," was the reply' *Ib 8 Apr. 1833*

There can be no economy where there is no efficiency
Ib To Constituents, 3 Oct 1868

Everyone likes flattery, and when you come to Royalty you should lay it on with a trowel
Remark to Matthew Arnold G W E Russell, *Collections and Recollections*, ch 23.

She is an excellent creature, but she never can remember which came first, the Greeks or the Romans. [Of his wife] *Ib* ch 1

Your Majesty is the head of the literary profession
Remark to Queen Victoria Ib ch 23

There is no reason to doubt the story which represents him as using more than once, in conversation with Her Majesty on literary subjects, the words 'We authors, Ma'am'
Buckle's *Disraeli* (1920), v 49.

'I am dead dead, but in the Elysian fields,' was Benjamin's reply to an acquaintance among the peers, who, when welcoming him to the Lords, expressed a fear lest he should miss the excitement of the Commons. *Ib* 522

Tadpole and Taper were great friends. Neither of them ever despaired of the Commonwealth
Coningsby, bk 1, ch 1

No Government can be long secure without a formidable Opposition *Ib* bk II, ch 1

Conservatism discards Prescription, shrinks from Principle, disavows Progress, having rejected all respect for antiquity, it offers no redress for the present, and makes no preparation for the future
Ib ch 5.

'A sound Conservative government,' said Taper, musingly. 'I understand Tory men and Whig measures' *Ib* ch 6

Adventures are to the adventurous *Ib* bk III, ch 1.

The still hissing bacon and the eggs that looked like tufts of primroses *Ib*

Almost everything that is great has been done by youth. *Ib*

Youth is a blunder, Manhood a struggle, Old Age a regret. *Ib*

It seems to me a barren thing this Conservativism—an unhappy cross-breed, the mule of politics that engenders nothing *Ib* ch 5

I have been ever of opinion that revolutions are not to be evaded *Ib* bk IV, ch 11.

The depositary of power is always unpopular *Ib*

Where can we find faith in a nation of sectaries?
Ib ch 13

Man is only truly great when he acts from the passions *Ib*

I grew intoxicated with my own eloquence
Contarini Fleming, pt 1, ch 7

Read no history nothing but biography, for that is life without theory *Ib* ch 23

The practice of politics in the East may be defined by one word—dissimulation. *Ib* pt v, ch 10

He flits across the stage a transient and embarrassed phantom *Endymion*, bk 1, ch 3

His Christianity was muscular *Ib* ch 14

The Athanasian Creed is the most splendid ecclesiastical lyric ever poured forth by the genius of man
Ib ch 54

'As for that,' said Waldershare, 'sensible men are all of the same religion' 'And pray, what is that?' inquired the prince 'Sensible men never tell'
Ib ch 81

The sweet simplicity of the three per cents
Ib ch 91

I believe they went out, like all good things, with the Stuarts. *Ib* ch 99

What we anticipate seldom occurs, what we least expect generally happens. *Ib* bk II, ch 4

Time is the great physician. *Ib* bk VI, ch 9

They [the Furies] mean well, their feelings are strong, but their hearts are in the right place
The Infernal Marriage, pt 1, 1.

The blue ribbon of the turf [The Derby]
Life of Lord George Bentinck, ch 26

Every day when he looked into the glass, and gave the last touch to his consummate toilette, he offered his grateful thanks to Providence that his family was not unworthy of him. *Lothair*, ch 1

'I could have brought you some primroses, but I do not like to mix violets with anything'
'They say primroses make a capital salad,' said Lord St Jerome *Ib* ch 13

A Protestant, if he wants aid or advice on any matter, can only go to his solicitor. *Ib* ch 27.

London, a nation, not a city *Ib*

The gondola of London. [A hansom] *Ib*

When a man fell into his anecdotage it was a sign for him to retire from the world *Ib* ch 28

He was not an intellectual Crœsus, but his pockets were full of sixpences *Ib* ch 28

What I admire in the order to which you belong is that they do live in the air, that they excel in athletic sports, that they can only speak one language, and that they never read This is not a complete education, but it is the highest education since the Greek *Ib* ch 29

You know who the critics are? The men who have failed in literature and art *Ib* ch 35

'My idea of an agreeable person,' said Hugo Bohun, 'is a person who agrees with me' *Ib* ch 41.

St Aldegonde had a taste for marriages and public executions *Ib* ch 88.

'I rather like bad wine,' said Mr Mountchesney, 'one gets so bored with good wine'
Sybil, bk 1, ch 1.

The Egremonts had never said anything that was remembered, or done anything that could be recalled *Ib* ch 3

To do nothing and get something, formed a boy's ideal of a manly career *Ib*. ch 5

Little things affect little minds *Ib* bk. III, ch. 2.

Mr Kremlin himself was distinguished for ignorance, for he had only one idea,—and that was wrong.
Ib bk IV, ch. 5.

I was told that the Privileged and the People formed Two Nations *Ib*. ch 8

A public man of light and leading in the country
Ib bk v, ch 1

The Youth of a Nation are the trustees of Posterity
Ib bk VI, ch 13

Guanoed her mind by reading French novels
Tancred, bk II, ch 9

That fatal drollery called a representative government
Ib ch 13

A majority is always the best repartee. *Ib* ch 14

All is race, there is no other truth *Ib*

The East is a career. *Ib*

London is a modern Babylon. *Ib* bk v, ch 5

The microcosm of a public school
Vivian Grey, bk 1, ch 2

I hate definitions *Ib* bk II, ch 6

Information upon points of practical politics
Ib ch 15

Experience is the child of Thought, and Thought is the child of Action We cannot learn men from books *Ib* bk. v, ch 1.

There is moderation even in excess.
Ib. bk VI, ch 1.

I repeat that all power is a trust—that we are accountable for its exercise—that, from the people, and for the people, all springs, and all must exist
Ib ch 7

A dark horse, which had never been thought of, and which the careless St James had never even observed in the list, rushed past the grand stand in sweeping triumph *Ib* bk II, ch 5

'The age of chivalry is past,' said May Dacre 'Bores have succeeded to dragons'
The Young Duke, bk II, ch 5

A man may speak very well in the House of Commons, and fail very completely in the House of Lords There are two distinct styles requisite I intend, in the course of my career, if I have time, to give a specimen of both. *Ib* bk. v, ch 6

ISAAC DISRAELI

1766–1848

He wreathed the rod of criticism with roses [Bayle]
Curiosities of Literature, 1834, vol 1, p 20.

There is an art of reading, as well as an art of thinking, and an art of writing *Literary Character*, ch 11.

SIDNEY THOMPSON DOBELL

1824–1874

'Ho, sailor of the sea!
How's my boy—my boy?'
'What's your boy's name, good wife,
And in what good ship sailed he?'

'My boy John—
He that went to sea—
What care I for the ship, sailor?
My boy's my boy to me' *How's My Boy?*

The murmur of the mourning ghost
That keeps the shadowy kine,
'Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line!' *A Nuptial Eve*

HENRIETTA OCTAVIA DE LISLE DOBREE

1831–1894

Safely, safely gather'd in,
Far from sorrow, far from sin.
Children's Hymn Book, 1881. *Safely, Safely Gather'd In.*

HENRY AUSTIN DOBSON

1840–1921

This was the Pompadour's Fan!
On a Fan that Belonged to the Marquise de Pompadour.

And I wove the thing to a random rhyme,
For the Rose is Beauty, the Gardener, Time
A Fancy from Fontenelle

His Christian name, I think, was John,—
His surname, Leisure
A Gentleman of the Old School

It may be that he could not count
The sires and sons to Jesse's fount,—
He liked the 'Sermon on the Mount,'—
And more, he read it *Ib*

All passes Art alone
Enduring stays to us;
The Bust outlasts the throne,—
The Coin, Tiberius. *Ars Victrix*

And where are the galleons of Spain?
Ballad to Queen Elizabeth.

O, Love's but a dance,
Where Time plays the fiddle!
See the couples advance,—
O, Love's but a dance!
A whisper, a glance,—
'Shall we twirl down the middle?'
O, Love's a dance,
Where Time plays the fiddle! *Cupid's Alley.*

Ah, would but one might lay his lance in rest,
And charge in earnest were it but a mill!
Don Quixote

Fame is a food that dead men eat,—
I have no stomach for such meat
Fame is a Food that Dead Men Eat.

Once at the Angelus
(Ere I was dead),
Angels all glorious
Came to my bed,
Angels in blue and white
Crowned on the head *Good-night, Babette.*

He held his pen in trust
To Art, not serving shame or lust *In After Days*

The ladies of St James's!
They're painted to the eyes,
Their white it stays for ever,
Their red it never dies
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
Her colour comes and goes,
It trembles to a lily,—
It wavers to a rose. *The Ladies of St James's*

The ladies of St James's!
They have their fits and freaks,
They smile on you—for seconds,
They frown on you—for weeks. *Ib.*

But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
She takes her buckled shoon,
When we go out a-courting
Beneath the harvest moon *Ib*

Time goes, you say? Ah no!
Alas, Time stays, *we* go *The Paradox of Time*

For I respectfully decline
To dignify the Serpentine,
And make *hors-d'œuvres* for fishes
To 'Lydia Languish'

I intended an Ode,
And it turned to a Sonnet.
It began *à la mode*,
I intended an Ode,
But Rose crossed the road
In her latest new bonnet,
I intended an Ode,
And it turned to a Sonnet *Rose-Leaves*

Rose kissed me to-day
Will she kiss me to-morrow?
Let it be as it may,
Rose kissed me to-day,
But the pleasure gives way
To a savour of sorrow,—
Rose kissed me to-day,—
Will she kiss me to-morrow? *Ib*

PHILIP DODDRIDGE

1702–1751

'Live, while you live,' the epicure would say,
'And seize the pleasures of the present day.'
'Live, while you live,' the sacred preacher cries,
'And give to God each moment as it flies'
Lord, in my views let both united be,
I live in pleasure, when I live to Thee
Epigram on His Family Arms, 'Dum Vivimus Vivamus' J Orton, *Memoirs of Doddridge*

Hark, the glad sound! The Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long
Hymns (1755) *Hark, The Glad Sound*

O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed *Ib. O God of Bethel*

God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race. *Ib*

Ye servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heav'nly Word,
And watchful at His Gate
Ib Ye Servants of the Lord

MARY ABIGAIL DODGE

See GAIL HAMILTON.

CHARLES LUTWIDGE DODGSON

See LEWIS CARROLL

GEORGE BUBB DODINGTON

1691–1762

Love thy country, wish it well,
Not with too intense a care,
'Tis enough, that when it fell,
Thou its ruin didst not share
Spence's *Anecdotes*

CHARLES FLETCHER DOLE

1845–?

Democracy is on trial in the world, on a more colossal scale than ever before *The Spirit of Democracy*

ALFRED DOMETT

1811–1887

It was the calm and silent night!—
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was Queen of land and sea!
No sound was heard of clashing wars,
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain;
Apollo, Pallas, Jove and Mars,
Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago! *Christmas Hymn.*

JOHN DONNE

1571?–1631

Twice or thrice had I loved thee,
Before I knew thy face or name
So in a voice, so in a shapeless flame,
Angels affect us oft, and worshipped be
Air and Angels

Just such disparity
As is 'twixt air and Angels' purity,
'Twixt women's love, and men's will ever be *Ib.*

All other things, to their destruction draw,
Only our love hath no decay,
This, no to-morrow hath, nor yesterday,
Running it never runs from us away,
But truly keeps his first, last, everlasting day
The Anniversary

Let us love nobly, and live, and add again
Years and years unto years, till we attain
To write threescore this is the second of our reign
Ib

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will some new pleasures prove
Of golden sands, and crystal brooks,
With silken lines, and silver hooks *The Bait.*

A naked thinking heart, that makes no show,
Is to a woman, but a kind of ghost *The Blossom*

The day breaks not, it is my heart
Break of Day (attr also to John Dowland).

For God sake hold your tongue, and let me love
The Canonization

Wilt thou forgive that sin, where I begun,
Which is my sin, though it were done before?
Wilt thou forgive those sins through which I run
And do them still, though still I do deplore?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
For I have more

Wilt thou forgive that sin, by which I'have won
Others to sin, and made my sin their door?
Wilt thou forgive that sin which I did shun
A year or two, but wallowed in a score?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
For I have more

I have a sin of fear that when I have spun
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore,
Swear by thy self that at my death, thy Sun
Shall shine as it shines now, and heretofore,
And having done that, thou hast done,
I have no more *To Christ*

Dear love, for nothing less than thee
Would I have broke this happy dream,
It was a theme
For reason, much too strong for fantasy,
Therefore thou wak'd'st me wisely, yet
My dream thou brok'st not, but continued'st it
The Dream.

Love built on beauty, soon as beauty, dies.
Elegies, No 2. *The Anagram.*

The grim eight-foot-high iron-bound serving-man,
That oft names God in oaths, and only then
Ib No 4. *The Perfume.*

She, and comparisons are odious
Ib No. 8. *The Comparison.*

No Spring, nor Summer beauty hath such grace,
As I have seen in one Autumnal face
Ib No 9 *The Autumnal*

So, if I dream I have you, I have you,
For, all our joys are but fantastical
Ib. No 10. *The Dream*

By our first strange and fatal interview.
Ib No 16 *On His Mistress.*

All will spy in thy face
A blushing womanly discovering grace. *Ib.*

Whoever loves, if he do not propose
The right true end of love, he's one that goes
To sea for nothing but to make him sick
Ib No 18 *Love's Progress*

The straight Hellespont between
The Sestos and Abydos of her breasts *Ib*

Those set our hairs, but these our flesh upright
Ib No. 19. *On Going to Bed*

O my America! my new-found-land. *Ib*

Where harmless fish monastic silence keep
Epicedes and Obsequies. Elegy on Mrs. Boulstred, l 14

O strong and long-liv'd death, how cam'st thou in?
Ib. l. 21.

Hail, Bishop Valentine, whose day this is,
All the air is thy Diocese
Epithalamions 1, *On the Lady Elizabeth and Count Palatine being Married on St. Valentine' Day.*

The household bird, with the red stomacher. *Ib*

So, so, break off this last lamenting kiss,
Which sucks two souls, and vapours both away,
Turn thou ghost that way, and let me turn this,
And let our selves benight our happiest day
The Expiration

Where, like a pillow on a bed,
A pregnant bank swelled up, to rest
The violets' reclining head,
Sat we two, one another's best. *The Extasy*

So to 'entergraft our hands, as yet
Was all the means to make us one,
And pictures in our eyes to get
Was all our propagation. *Ib*

And whilst our souls negotiate there,
We like sepulchral statues lay,
All day, the same our postures were,
And we said nothing, all the day *Ib.*

But O alas, so long, so far
Our bodies why do we forbear?
They're ours, though they're not we, we are
The intelligencies, they the sphere *Ib.*

So must pure lovers' souls descend
T' affections, and to faculties,
Which sense may reach and apprehend,
Else a great Prince in prison lies *Ib*

She, she is dead, she's dead, when thou know'st this,
Thou know'st how dry a cinder this world is
The First Anniversary, l 427.

Who ever comes to shroud me, do not harm
Nor question much
That subtle wreath of hair, which crowns my arm,
The mystery, the sign you must not touch,
For 'tis my outward soul,
Viceroy to that, which then to heaven being gone,
Will leave this to control,
And keep these limbs, her Province, from dissolution
The Funeral.

What ere she meant by it, bury it with me,
For since I am
Love's martyr, it might breed idolatry,
If into other's hands these relics came,
As 'twas humility
To afford to it all that a soul can do,
So, 'tis some bravery,
That since you would save none of me, I bury some
of you *Ib*

I wonder by my troth, what thou, and I
Did, till we lov'd? were we not wean'd till then?
But suck'd on country pleasures, childishly?
The Good-Morrow

And now good morrow to our waking souls,
Which watch not one another out of fear *Ib*

Without sharp North, without declining West *Ib*

That All, which always is All everywhere
Holy Sonnets Annunciation

Immensity cloistered in thy dear womb *Ib*

As due by many titles I resign
My self to thee, O God, first I was made
By thee, and for thee, and when I decayed
Thy blood bought that, the which before was thine
Ib II

I am a little world made cunningly
Of elements, and an angelic sprite *Ib* V

At the round earth's imagined corners, blow
Your trumpets, Angels, and arise, arise *Ib* VII

All whom war, dearth, age, agues, tyrannies,
Despair, law, chance, hath slain. *Ib* VII

Death be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for, thou art not so,
For, those, whom thou think'st, thou dost overthrow,
Die not, poor death *Ib* X

One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And death shall be no more, death, thou shalt die
Ib

What if this present were the world's last night?
Ib XIII

Batter my heart, three person'd God, for, you
As yet but knock, breathe, shine, and seek to mend.
Ib XIV

Take me to you, imprison me, for I
Except you enthrall me, never shall be free,
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me *Ib*

Show me, dear Christ, thy spouse, so bright and
clear. *Ib.* XVIII
As thou
Art jealous, Lord, so I am jealous now,
Thou lov'st not, till from loving more, thou free
My soul whoever gives, takes liberty.
O, if thou car'st not whom I love
Alas, thou lov'st not me
Hymn to Christ, at the author's last going into Germany.

Seal then this bill of my Divorce to all. *Ib*

To see God only, I go out of sight:
And to scape stormy days, I choose
An everlasting night *Ib*

Since I am coming to that holy room,
Where, with thy quire of Saints for evermore,
I shall be made thy Music, as I come
I tune the instrument here at the door,
And what I must do then, think here before
Hymn to God in My Sickness.

Will no other vice content you? *The Indifferent.*

Rob me, but bind me not, and let me go *Ib.*

And by Love's sweetest part, Variety, she swore. *Ib.*

And said, alas, some two or three
Poor heretics in love there be,
Which think to stablish dangerous constancy. *Ib.*

Stand still, and I will read to thee
A lecture, Love, in love's philosophy
A Lecture upon the Shadow.

When I died last, and, Dear, I die
As often as from thee I go,
Though it be but an hour ago,
And lovers' hours be full eternity. *The Legacy.*

Love is a growing or full constant light,
And his first minute, after noon, is night. *Ib.*

If yet I have not all thy love,
Dear, I shall never have it all *Lovers' Infiniteness.*

I long to talk with some old lover's ghost,
Who died before the god of love was born
Love's Deity.

Rebel and Atheist too, why murmur I,
As though I felt the worst that love could do? *Ib.*

'Tis the year's midnight, and it is the day's.
Nocturnal upon S Lucy's Day.

The world's whole sap is sunk
The general balm th' hydroptic earth hath drunk *Ib.*

I sing the progress of a deathless soul
Progress of the Soul, 1.

Great Destiny the Commissary of God *Ib* IV

To my six lustres almost now outwore *Ib.* V.

This soul to whom Luther, and Mahomet were
Prisons of flesh *Ib.* VII

When my grave is broke up again
Some second guest to entertain,
(For graves have learnt that woman-head
To be to more than one a bed) *The Relic.*

A bracelet of bright hair about the bone *Ib*

As till God's great *Venite* change the song
The Second Anniversary, l 44.

Think then, my soul, that death is but a groom,
Which brings a taper to the outward room *Ib* l 85.

Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say, her body thought
Ib l 244

Whose twilights were more clear, than our mid-day
Ib l 463.

Sweetest love, I do not go,
For weariness of thee,
Nor in hope the world can show
A fitter Love for me,
But since that I
Must die at last, 'tis best,
To use my self in jest
Thus by fain'd deaths to die. *Song*

Go, and catch a falling star,
Get with child a mandrake root,
Tell me, where all past years are,
Or who cleft the Devil's foot
Song, Go and Catch a Falling Star

And swear
No where
Lives a woman true and fair. *Ib.*

Though she were true, when you met her,
And last, till you write your letter,
Yet she
Will be
False, ere I come, to two, or three *Ib.*

Busy old fool, unruly Sun,
Why dost thou thus,
Through windows, and through curtains call on us?
Must to thy motions lovers' seasons run?
The Sun Rising

Love, all alike, no season knows, nor clime,
Nor hours, days, months, which are the rags of time
Ib

I am two fools, I know,
For loving, and for saying so
In whining Poetry. *The Triple Fool*

Who are a little wise, the best fools be *Ib*

I have done one braver thing
Than all the Worthies did,
And yet a braver thing doth spring,
Which is, to keep that hid
The Undertaking

So let us melt, and make no noise,
No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests move,
'Twere profanation of our joys
To tell the laity our love
A Valediction Forbidding Mourning

Dull sublunary lovers' love
(Whose soul is sense) cannot admit
Absence, because it doth remove
Those things which elemented it

But we, by a love so much refined,
That ourselves know not what it is,
Inter-assured of the mind,
Care less, eyes, lips, and hands to miss.

Our two souls therefore, which are one,
Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat

If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two,
Thy soul the fixt foot, makes no show
To move, but doth, if the other do

And though it in the centre sit,
Yet when the other far doth roam,
It leans, and hearkens after it,
And grows erect, as that comes home

Such wilt thou be to me, who must
Like th' other foot, obliquely run,
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And makes me end, where I begun *Ib*

A Day that hath no *pridie*, nor *postridie*, yesterday doth not usher it in, nor tomorrow shall not drive it out. Methusalem, with all his hundreds of years, was but a mushroom of a night's growth, to this Day, and all the four Monarchies, with all their thousands of years, and all the powerful Kings and Queens of this world, were but as a bed of flowers, some gathered at six, some at seven, some at eight, all in one morning, in respect of this Day.
Sermons, I, p 747, No lxxiii *Eternity.*

I throw myself down in my chamber, and I call in, and invite God, and his Angels thither, and when they are there, I neglect God and his Angels, for the noise of a fly, for the rattling of a coach, for the whining of a door.
Ib p. 820, No lxxx *At the Funeral of Sir William Cokayne*

JULIA CAROLINE RIPLEY DORR

1825–1913

O true, brave heart! God bless thee, wheresoe'er
In God's great universe thou art to-day!
Friar Anselm and other Poems. How Can I Cease to Pray for Thee?

CHARLES SACKVILLE, EARL OF DORSET

1638–1706

To all you ladies now at land,
We men, at sea, indite.
To All You Ladies Now at Land

Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ships at sea. *Ib.*

SARAH DOUDNEY

1843–1926

But the waiting time, my brothers,
Is the hardest time of all
Psalms of Life, The Hardest Time of All.

LORD ALFRED BRUCE DOUGLAS

1870–

The placid pug that paces in the Park
The Placid Pug and Other Pieces

And duty is the lobster's chief obsession.
The Pongo Papers

GAVIN DOUGLAS

1474?–1522

Dame naturis menstralis
Eneados, bk XII, prol, l 231

And all small fowlys singis on the spray
Welcum the lord of lycht and lamp of day *Ib* l 251.

WILLIAM DOUGLAS

1672–1748

And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doun and dee. *Annie Laurie.*

LORENZO DOW

1777–1834

Observing the doctrine of Particular Election . . and those who preached it up to make the Bible clash and contradict itself, by preaching somewhat like this

You can and you can't—You shall and you shan't—You will and you won't—And you will be damned if you do—
And you will be damned if you don't
Reflections on the Love of God, vi (1836), 30.

ERNEST DOWSON

1867–1900

And I was desolate and sick of an old passion
Non Sum Qualis Eram.

I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion
Ib.

Dancing, to put thy pale, lost lilies out of mind *Ib*

They are not long, the weeping and the laughter,
Love and desire and hate,
I think they have no portion in us after
We pass the gate. *Vitae Summa Brevis*

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

1859–1930

What of the bow?
The bow was made in England:
Of true wood, of yew-wood,
The wood of English bows. *Song of the Bow.*

To Sherlock Holmes she [Irene Adler] is always *the* woman
The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes. Scandal in Bohemia

It is a capital mistake to theorize before one has data
Ib

It is quite a three-pipe problem
Ib The Red-Headed League

I have nothing to do to-day My practice is never very absorbing *Ib*

The husband was a teetotaller, there was no other woman, and the conduct complained of was that he had drifted into the habit of winding up every meal by taking out his false teeth and hurling them at his wife. *Ib A Case of Identity*

It has long been an axiom of mine that the little things are infinitely the most important *Ib*

'It seems to be one of those simple cases which are so extremely difficult' 'That sounds a little paradoxical' 'But it is profoundly true Singularity is almost invariably a clue The more featureless and commonplace a crime is, the more difficult is it to bring it home'
Ib The Boscombe Valley Mystery

A little monograph on the ashes of one hundred and forty different varieties of pipe, cigar, and cigarette tobacco *Ib*

A man should keep his little brain attic stocked with all the furniture that he is likely to use, and the rest he can put away in the lumber-room of his library, where he can get it if he wants it
Ib Five Orange Pips

Circumstantial evidence is occasionally very convincing, as when you find a trout in the milk, to quote Thoreau's example
Ib The Noble Bachelor

It is my belief, Watson, founded upon my experience, that the lowest and vilest alleys of London do not present a more dreadful record of sin than does the smiling and beautiful countryside
Ib Copper Beeches

A long shot, Watson, a very long shot!
The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes The Silver Blaze

You know my methods in such cases, Watson
Ib The Musgrave Ritual

'These are much deeper waters than I had thought
Ib Reigate Squires

You know my methods, Watson
Ib The Crooked Man

'Excellent!' I [Dr Watson] cried 'Elementary,' said he [Holmes] *Ib*

My practice could get along very well for a day or two *Ib The Naval Treaty.*

He [Professor Moriarty] is the Napoleon of crime
Ib The Final Problem

'The practice is quiet,' said I [Dr Watson], 'and I have an accommodating neighbour' *Ib*

'Arrest you!' said Holmes 'This is really most grati—most interesting!'
Ib The Norwood Builder

'It is my duty to warn you that it will be used against you,' cried the Inspector, with the magnificent fair play of the British criminal law
Ib Dancing Men.

There is a spirituality about the face, however which the typewriter does not generate The lady is a musician
The Return of Sherlock Holmes The Solitary Cyclist

You will ruin no more lives as you ruined mine. You will wring no more hearts as you wrung mine I will free the world of a poisonous thing Take that, you hound, and that!—and that!—and that!—and that! *Ib Charles Augustus Milverton*

We have not yet met our Waterloo, Watson, but this is our Marengo *Ib Abbey Grange*

Now, Watson, the fair sex is your department
Ib The Second Stain

But here, unless I am mistaken, is our client
His Last Bow Wisteria Lodge.

There is but one step from the grotesque to the horrible *Ib*

All other men are specialists, but his specialism is omniscience *Ib Bruce-Partington Plans*

I thought I knew my Watson *Ib The Devil's Foot*

'I [Sherlock Holmes] followed you—' 'I saw no one' 'That is what you may expect to see when I follow you' *Ib*

Good old Watson! You are the one fixed point in a changing age *Ib His Last Bow*

The giant rat of Sumatra, a story for which the world is not yet prepared
The Case Book Sussex Vampire

London, that great cesspool into which all the loungers of the Empire are irresistibly drained
A Study in Scarlet

'Wonderful!' I [Dr Watson] ejaculated 'Commonplace,' said Holmes *Ib*

'I should have more faith,' he said, 'I ought to know by this time that when a fact appears opposed to a long train of deductions it invariably proves to be capable of bearing some other interpretation' *Ib*

Detection is, or ought to be, an exact science, and should be treated in the same cold and unemotional manner You have attempted to tinge it with romanticism, which produces much the same effect as if you worked a love-story or an elopement into the fifth proposition of Euclid
The Sign of Four

An experience of women which extends over many nations and three separate continents *Ib.*

How often have I said to you that when you have eliminated the impossible, whatever remains, *however improbable*, must be the truth? *Ib*

You know my methods Apply them *Ib*

The Baker Street irregulars. *Ib*

'I am inclined to think—' said I [Dr Watson] 'I should do so,' Sherlock Holmes remarked, impatiently *The Valley of Fear*

The vocabulary of 'Bradshaw' is nervous and terse, but limited *Ib*

Mediocrity knows nothing higher than itself, but talent instantly recognizes genius *Ib*

FRANCIS HASTINGS CHARLES DOYLE

1810–1888

Right on our flank the crimson sun went down,
The deep sea rolled around in dark repose,
When, like a wild shriek from some captured town,
The cry of women rose
Loss of the Birkenhead

Last night, among his fellow roughs,
He jested, quaff'd, and swore
The Private of the Buffs.

To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,
He stands in Elgin's place,
Ambassador from Britain's crown
And type of all her race *Ib*

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
Bewilder'd, and alone,
A heart with English instinct fraught
He yet can call his own. *Ib.*

Vain, mightiest fleets of iron framed,
Vain, those all-shattering guns,
Unless proud England keep, untamed,
The strong heart of her sons. *Ib*

A man of mean estate,
Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,
Because his soul was great *Ib*

His creed no parson ever knew,
'For this was still his simpler plan,'
To have with clergymen to do
As little as a Christian can
The Unobtrusive Christian.

FRANCIS DRAKE

1540?–1596

I remember Drake, in the vaunting style of a soldier, would call the Enterprise [of Cadiz, 1587] the singeing of the King of Spain's Beard.
Bacon, *Considerations touching a War with Spain* (*Harleian Misc* 1745, vol v, p 85, col 1)

There is plenty of time to win this game, and to thrash the Spaniards too *Attr in the D N B*
[The tradition goes, that Drake would needs see the game up, but was soon prevail'd on to go and play out the rubber with the Spaniards W Oldys' *Life of Raleigh* in Raleigh's *Hist of the World*, 1736]

MICHAEL DRAYTON

1563–1631

Ill news hath wings, and with the wind doth go,
Comfort's a cripple and comes ever slow
The Barrons' Wars, bk II, xxviii

He was a man (then boldly dare to say)
In whose rich soul the virtues well did suit,
In whom so mix'd the elements all lay,
That none to one could sovereignty impute,
As all did govern yet all did obey,
He of a temper was so absolute,
As that it seem'd when Nature him began,
She meant to shew all, that might be in man
Ib bk III, xl

The mind is free, whate'er afflict the man,
A King's a King, do Fortune what she can
Ib bk V, xxxvi

Thus when we fondly flatter our desires,
Our best conceits do prove the greatest liars
Ib. bk. VI, xciv.

Fair stood the wind for France
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry
To the Cambro-Britans Agincourt

They now to fight are gone,
Armour on armour shone,
Drum now to drum did groan,
To hear, was wonder,
That with the cries they make,
The very earth did shake,
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder *Ib.*

Suffolk his axe did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
Ferrers and Fanhope

Upon Saint Crispin's Day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay
To England to carry
O when shall English men
With such acts fill a pen?
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry? *Ib*

Care draws on care, woe comforts woe again,
Sorrow breeds sorrow, one grief brings forth twain
England's Heroical Epistles Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, to the Lady Geraldine, l 87

When Time shall turn those amber locks to grey,
My verse again shall gild and make them gay
Ib l 123

Had in him those brave translunary things,
That the first poets had [Marlowe]
To Henry Reynolds, of Poets and Poesy, l 106

For that fine madness still he did retain
Which rightly should possess a poet's brain
Ib l 109

Next these, learn'd Jonson, in this list I bring,
Who had drunk deep of the Pierian spring
Ib l 129

I pray thee leave, love me no more,
Call home the heart you gave me,
I but in vain the saint adore,
That can, but will not, save me
To His Coy Love

These poor half-kisses kill me quite *Ib*

He made him turn and stop, and bound,
To gallop, and to trot the round,
He scarce could stand on any ground,
He was so full of mettle
Nymphidia, The Court of Fairy, lxv

That shire which we the heart of England well may call *Poly-olbion*, song xiii, l 2

Crave the tuneful nightingale to help you with her lay,
The ousel and the throstlecock, chief music of our May
Shepherd's Garland, eclogue iii, 17–18

How many paltry, foolish, painted things,
That now in coaches trouble ev'ry street,
Shall be forgotten, whom no poet sings,
Ere they be well wrapped in their winding sheet?
Where I to thee Eternity shall give,
When nothing else remaineth of these days,
And Queens hereafter shall be glad to live
Upon the alms of thy superfluous praise
Sonnets Idea, vi.

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part,
Nay, I have done you get no more of me,
And I am glad, yea glad with all my heart,
That thus so clearly, I myself can free,
Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows,
That we one jot of former love retain,
Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
When his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes,
Now if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,
From death to life, thou might'st him yet recover
Ib lxi.

WILLIAM DRENNAN

1754–1820

The men of the Emerald Isle *Erin*

JOHN DRINKWATER

1882–1937

He comes on chosen evenings,
My blackbird bountiful. *Blackbird.*

Moon-washed apples of wonder *Moonlit Apples*

For all their courteous words they are not one,
This Youth and Age, but civil strangers still,
Age with the best of all his seasons done,
Youth with his face towards the upland hill
Olton Pools, Dedication.

Knowledge we ask not—knowledge Thou has lent,
But, Lord, the will—there lies our bitter need,
Give us to build above the deep intent
The deed, the deed. *A Prayer.*

THOMAS DRUMMOND

1797–1840

Property has its duties as well as its rights
Letter to the Earl of Donoughmore, 22 May 1838

WILLIAM DRUMMOND

1585–1649

This fair volume which we World do name
The World Flowers of Sion

The last and greatest herald of Heaven's King
Poems For the Baptist

Only the echoes which he made relent,
Ring from their marble caves, repent, repent *Ib*

Or if by chance our minds do muse on ought,
It is some picture on the margin wrought *Ib*

Like the Idalian Queen
Her hair about her eyne,
With neck and breasts ripe apples to be seen
Ib. Madrigal, III

A hyacinth I wisht me in her hand. *Ib.*

Phœbus, arise,
And paint the sable skies,
With azure, white, and red. *Ib Song* (II)

I long to kiss the image of my death
Ib sonnet IX, *Sleep, Silence Child*

Alexis, here she stay'd among these pines *Ib* XLVI

A morn
Of bright carnations did o'erspread her face *Ib.*

JOHN DRYDEN

1631–1701

In pious times, ere priestcraft did begin,
Before polygamy was made a sin
Absalom and Achitophel, pt I, l 1.

And, wide as his command,
Scatter'd his Maker's image through the land
Ib l 9

Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,
In him alone, 'twas natural to please *Ib* l 27

Plots, true or false, are necessary things,
To raise up commonwealths and ruin kings
Ib l 83

Of these the false Achitophel was first,
A name to all succeeding ages curst
For close designs and crooked counsels fit,
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit,
Restless, unfixed in principles and place,
In power unpleas'd, impatient of disgrace;
A fiery soul, which working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay
And o'er informed the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity,
Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high
He sought the storms, but for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit
Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide
Ib l 150

Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease *Ib* l 168.

And all to leave what with his toil he won
To that unfeather'd two-legg'd thing, a son
Ib l 169

Resolv'd to ruin or to rule the state *Ib* l 174

And Heav'n had wanted one immortal song
Ib l 197

The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme,
The young men's vision and the old men's dream!
Ib l 238

All empire is no more than power in trust
Ib l 411

Better one suffer, than a nation grieve *Ib* l. 416.

Who think too little, and who talk too much
Ib l. 534

A man so various that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts, and nothing long:
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon
Ib l 545

So over violent, or over civil,
That every man, with him, was God or Devil
Ib l 557

In squandering wealth was his peculiar art:
Nothing went unrewarded, but desert
Beggar'd by fools, whom still he found too late:
He had his jest, and they had his estate. *Ib* l 559

During his office treason was no crime,
The sons of Belial had a glorious time. *Ib* l 597.

His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen
Ib l 645.

Youth, beauty, graceful action seldom fail
But common interest always will prevail
And pity never ceases to be shown
To him, who makes the people's wrongs his own
Ib l 723.

For who can be secure of private right,
If sovereign sway may be dissolv'd by might?
Nor is the people's judgement always true
The most may err as grossly as the few. *Ib* l 779

Never was patriot yet, but was a fool. *Ib* l 968

Beware the fury of a patient man *Ib* l 1005.

Henceforth a series of new time began,
The mighty years in long procession
Once more the God-like David was restored,
And willing nations knew their lawful lord
Ib l 1028

Doeg, though without knowing how or why,
Made still a blund'ring kind of melody,
Spurr'd boldly on, and dash'd through thick and thin,
Through sense and nonsense, never out nor in,
Free from all meaning, whether good or bad,
And in one word, heroically mad
Ib. pt II, l 412.

Rhyme is the rock on which thou art to wreck
Ib. l. 486

The god-like hero sate
On his imperial throne,
His valiant peers were plac'd around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound
(So should desert in arms be crowned.)
The lovely Thais by his side,
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the braves deserves the fair
Alexander's Feast, l 4

Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres *Ib* l 44

Bacchus ever fair, and ever young. *Ib* l 48.

Sound the trumpets, beat the drums,
Flush'd with a purple grace
He shows his honest face
Now gives the hautboys breath, he comes, he comes
Ib I 50

Drinking is the soldier's pleasure. *Ib* I 57

Rich the treasure;
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain *Ib* I 58

And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain. *Ib* I 68

Fallen from his high estate,
And welt'ring in his blood:
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes *Ib* I 78

Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of chance below. *Ib* I 85

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures
War, he sung, is toil and trouble,
Honour but an empty bubble.
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying,
If all the world be worth the winning,
Think, oh think, it worth enjoying
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee *Ib* I 97

Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again. *Ib* I 120

And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy
Ib I 154

Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire
Ib I 160

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down *Ib* I 177

All For Love, or the World Well Lost
Title of Play

Fool that I was, upon my eagle's wings
I bore this wren, till I was tired with soaring,
And now he mounts above me
All For Love, II 1

Give, you gods,
Give to your boy, your Caesar,
The rattle of a globe to play withal,
This gewgaw world, and put him cheaply off
I'll not be pleased with less than Cleopatra *Ib*

The wretched have no friends *Ib* III 1

Nature has cast me in so soft a mould,
That but to hear a story, feigned for pleasure,
Of some sad lover's death, moistens my eyes,
And robs me of my manhood. *Ib* IV 1

Men are but children of a larger growth,
Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,
And full as craving too, and full as vain *Ib*

Your Cleopatra, Dolabella's Cleopatra, every man's Cleopatra *Ib*

Welcome, thou kind deceiver!
Thou best of thieves, who, with an easy key,
Dost open life, and, unperceived by us,
Even steal us from ourselves. *Ib* V 1.

A knock-down argument, 'tis but a word and a blow.
Amphitryon, I 1.

I am devilishly afraid, that's certain, but I'll sing, that I may seem valiant. *Ib* II 1.

Whistling to keep myself from being afraid *Ib* III 1

I never saw any good that came of telling truth *Ib*

I am the true Amphitryon *Ib* V 1.

As one that neither seeks, nor shuns his foe.
Annus Mirabilis, xli

By viewing nature, nature's handmaid art,
Makes mighty things from small beginnings grow
Thus fishes first to shipping did impart,
Their tail the rudder, and their head the prow
Ib clv

And on the lunar world securely pry. *Ib* clxiv

An horrid stillness first invades the ear,
And in that silence we the tempest fear
Astræa Redux, l 7

He made all countries where he came his own
Ib l 76.

Death, in itself, is nothing, but we fear,
To be we know not what, we know not where
Aureng-Zebe, IV 1

When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat,
Yet, fool'd with hope, men favour the deceit,
Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay
To-morrow's falser than the former day,
Lies worse, and, while it says, we shall be blest
With some new joys, cuts off what we possest
Strange cozenage! None would live past years again,
Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain,
And, from the dregs of life, think to receive,
What the first sprightly running could not give *Ib*

From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man *St Cecilia's Day*, 1

What passion cannot Music raise and quell? *Ib* II

The trumpet's loud clangour
Excites us to arms *Ib* III

The soft complaining flute *Ib* IV

The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky *Ib Grand Chorus*

And made almost a sin of abstinence
Character of a Good Parson, l 11

I am as free as nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of servitude began,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran
The Conquest of Granada, pt 1, I 1

Forgiveness to the injured does belong,
But they ne'er pardon, who have done the wrong
Ib pt II, I II

Thou strong seducer, opportunity! *Ib* IV III

For he was great, ere fortune made him so
Death of Oliver Cromwell, VI

Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
The power of beauty I remember yet
Cymon and Iphigenia, l 1

When beauty fires the blood, how love exalts the mind *Ib* l 41

He trudg'd along unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went, for want of thought
Ib l. 84.

She hugg'd th' offender, and forgave th' offence,
Sex to the last *Ib* l 367

Ill fortune seldom comes alone *Ib* l 392.

Of seeming arms to make a short essay,
Then hasten to be drunk, the business of the day
Ib l 407.

Theirs was the giant race before the flood
Epistles To Mr Congreve, l 5

Our builders were with want of genius curst,
The second temple was not like the first,
Till you, the best Vitruvius, come at length
Ib l 13

For Tom the Second reigns like Tom the First
Ib l 48

Heav'n, that but once was prodigal before,
To Shakespeare gave as much, she could not give him more *Ib* l 62

How blessed is he, who leads a country life,
Unvex'd with anxious cares, and void of strife!
Who studying peace, and shunning civil rage,
Enjoy'd his youth, and now enjoys his age
All who deserve his love, he makes his own,
And, to be lov'd himself, needs only to be known
Ib To John Driden of Chesterton, l 1

Lord of yourself, uncumber'd with a wife *Ib* l 18.

Better to hunt in fields, for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught
The wise, for cure, on exercise depend,
God never made his work, for man to mend.
Ib l 92.

Ev'n victors are by victories undone *Ib* l 164

His colours laid so thick on every place,
As only showed the paint, but hid the face.
Ib To Sir R Howard, l 75

Here lies my wife here let her lie!
Now she's at rest, and so am I
Epitaph Intended for Dryden's Wife.

He had brought me to my last legs, I was fighting as low as ever was Squire Widdrington
An Evening's Love, II 1

She fear'd no danger, for she knew no sin
The Hind and the Panther, pt 1, l 4.

And doom'd to death, though fated not to die
Ib l 8

For truth has such a face and such a mien
As to be lov'd needs only to be seen *Ib* l 33.

Reason to rule, mercy to forgive
The first is law, the last prerogative. *Ib* l 261.

For all have not the gift of martyrdom *Ib* pt II, l 59.

Either be wholly slaves or wholly free *Ib* l 285

Much malice mingled with a little wit *Ib* pt III, l 1.

Think you your new French proselytes are come
To starve abroad, because they starv'd at home?
Your benefices twinkl'd from afar,
They found the new Messiah by the star *Ib* l 173

For present joys are more to flesh and blood
Than a dull prospect of a distant good *Ib* l 364.

By education most have been misled,
So they believe, because they so were bred
The priest continues what the nurse began,
And thus the child imposes on the man *Ib* l 389

The wind was fair, but blew a mack'rel gale
Ib l 456

T' abhor the makers, and their laws approve,
Is to hate traitors and the treason love *Ib* l 706

For those whom God to ruin has design'd,
He fits for fate, and first destroys their mind
Ib l 1093

And love's the noblest frailty of the mind
The Indian Emperor, II II

Repentance is the virtue of weak minds. *Ib* III 1

For all the happiness mankind can gain
Is not in pleasure, but in rest from pain. *Ib* IV 1

Since heav'n's eternal year is thine
To the Memory of Mrs Killigrew, l 15

While yet a young probationer,
And candidate of heav'n *Ib* l 21

When rattling bones together fly
From the four corners of the sky *Ib* l 184

That fairy kind of writing which depends only upon the force of imagination
King Arthur, Dedication

All heiresses are beautiful *Ib* I 1

War is the trade of kings *Ib* II II

Ovid, the soft philosopher of love
Love Triumphant, II 1

Thou tyrant, tyrant Jealousy,
Thou tyrant of the mind!
Song of Jealousy Love Triumphant

All human things are subject to decay,
And, when fate summons, monarchs must obey
Mac Flecknoe, l 1.

The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strike through and make a lucid interval,
But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,
His rising fogs prevail upon the day *Ib* l 19.

And torture one poor word ten thousand ways
Ib I 208

We burn daylight. *The Maiden Queen*, II 1.

I am resolved to grow fat and look young till forty, and then slip out of the world with the first wrinkle and the reputation of five-and-twenty. *Ib.* III 1

I am to be married within these three days, married past redemption *Marriage à la Mode*, I. 1.

For secrets are edged tools,
And must be kept from children and from fools
Sir Martin Mar-All, II. II

We loathe our manna, and we long for quails
The Medal, l. 131

But treason is not own'd when 'tis descried,
Successful crimes alone are justified. *Ib* I 207

Three poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy and England did adorn
The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd,
The next in majesty, in both the last
The force of nature could no farther go,
To make a third she join'd the former two
Lines Under Portrait of Milton.

Whatever, is, is in its causes just *Oedipus*, III 1

Wit will shine
Through the harsh cadence of a rugged line
To the Memory of Mr. Oldham

But love's a malady without a cure
Palamon and Arcite, bk II, l 110

Fool, not to know that love endures no tie,
And Jove but laughs at lovers' perjury *Ib* I 148

And Antony, who lost the world for love. *Ib* I 607

Up rose the Sun, and up rose Emily
Ib bk III, l 190

Unsham'd, though foil'd he does the best he can
Ib. I 741

Repentance is but want of power to sin *Ib* I 813

Since ev'ry man who lives is born to die,
And none can boast sincere felicity,
With equal mind, what happens, let us bear,
Nor joy nor grieve too much for things beyond our care
Like pilgrims to th' appointed place we tend,
The world's an inn, and death the journey's end
Ib. I 883.

A virgin-widow and a *Mourning Bride.* *Ib.* I. 927.

Happy who in his verse can gently steer,
From grave to light, from pleasant to severe.
The Art of Poetry, canto I, l 75.

Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow,
He who would search for pearls must dive below
Prologues and Epilogues Prologue, All For Love

Bold knaves thrive without one grain of sense,
But good men starve for want of impudence
Ib. Epilogue, Constantine the Great.

For, Heaven be thank'd we live in such an age,
When no man dies for love, but on the stage
Ib Epilogue, Mithridates.

But 'tis the talent of our English nation,
Still to be plotting some new reformation
Ib Prologue, Sophomsba, l 9

So poetry, which is in Oxford made
An art, in London only is a trade
Prologue to the University of Oxford.

Oxford to him a dearer name shall be,
Than his own mother University
Thebes did his green unknowing youth engage,
He chooses Athens in his riper age *Ib.*

I strongly wish for what I faintly hope·
Like the day-dreams of melancholy men,
I think and think on things impossible,
Yet love to wander in that golden maze.
Rival Ladies, III 1

Learn to write well, or not to write at all
Essay on Satire, l 281.

This is the porcelain of humankind
Don Sebastian, I 1.

Brutus and Cato might discharge their souls,
And give them furloughs for another world,
But we, like sentries, are obliged to stand
In starless nights, and wait the 'pointed hour.
Ib. II. 1.

A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time
Secular Masque, l. 39

Joy rul'd the day, and Love the night. *Ib* I 81.

There is a pleasure sure,
In being mad, which none but madmen know!
The Spanish Friar, II. 1.

Lord of humankind *Ib.*

And, dying, bless the hand that gave the blow. *Ib*

They say everything in the world is good for something *Ib* III II

Or break the eternal Sabbath of his rest *Ib* V II

'Peace, and the butt ' *The Tempest*, IV. III

The clouds dispell'd, the sky resum'd her light,
And Nature stood recover'd of her right
But fear, the last of ills, remain'd behind,
And horror heavy sat on ev'ry mind.
Theodore and Honoria, l 336

And that one hunting which the Devil design'd,
For one fair female, lost him half the kind
Ib. I 427

Mute and magnificent, without a tear.
Threnodia Augustalis, II

Men met each other with erected look,
The steps were higher that they took,
Friends to congratulate their friends made haste,
And long inveterate foes saluted as they passed
Ib. IV

Freedom which in no other land will thrive,
Freedom an English subject's sole prerogative.
Ib X

All delays are dangerous in war. *Tyrannic Love*, I. i.

Pains of love be sweeter far
Than all other pleasures are *Ib* IV 1

We must beat the iron while it is hot, but we may polish it at leisure *Dedication of the Aeneis*

I trade both with the living and the dead, for the enrichment of our native language *Ib*

A thing well said will be wit in all languages
Essay of Dramatic Poesy

He was the man who of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul He was naturally learn'd, he needed not the spectacles of books to read Nature, he looked inwards, and found her there . . He is many times flat, insipid, his comic wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast But he is always great, when some occasion is presented to him [Shakespeare] *Ib*

The consideration of this made Mr Hales of Eaton say, that there was no subject of which any poet ever writ, but he would produce it much better done in Shakespeare. *Ib*

He invades authors like a monarch, and what would be theft in other poets, is only victory in him [Ben Jonson] *Ib*

If by the people you understand the multitude, the *hoi polloi*, 'tis no matter what they think, they are sometimes in the right, sometimes in the wrong their judgement is a mere lottery *Ib*

He [Shakespeare] is the very Janus of poets, he wears almost everywhere two faces, and you have scarce begun to admire the one, ere you despise the other
Essay on the Dramatic Poetry of the Last Age

One of the greatest, most noble, and most sublime poems which either this age or nation has produced [Paradise Lost]
Essays, Apology for Heroic Poetry

What judgment I had increases rather than diminishes, and thoughts, such as they are, come crowding in so fast upon me, that my only difficulty is to choose or reject, to run them into verse or to give them the other harmony of prose
Preface to Fables

'Tis sufficient to say [of Chaucer], according to the proverb, that here is God's plenty *Ib*

It becomes not me to draw my pen in defence of a bad cause, when I have so often drawn it for a good one *Ib*

He [Chaucer] is a perpetual fountain of good sense *Ib*

Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet
Johnson's *Lives of the Poets Swift*

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He, who can call today his own
He who, secure within, can say,
Tomorrow do thy worst, for I have lived today
Trans. of Horace, bk III, Ode XXIX

Not Heav'n itself upon the past has pow'r,
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour *Ib*

I can enjoy her while she's kind,
But when she dances in the wind,
And shakes the wings, and will not stay,
I puff the prostitute away [Fortune] *Ib*

Look round the habitable world! how few
Know their own good, or knowing it, pursue
Trans of Juvenal, X

To see and to be seen, in heaps they run,
Some to undo, and some to be undone
Trans of Ovid, Art of Love, I 109.

Thus, while the mute creation downward bend
Their sight, and to their earthly mother tend,
Man looks aloft, and with erected eyes
Beholds his own hereditary skies
Trans of Ovid, Metamorphoses, I 107

Who, for false quantities, was whipt at school
Trans of Persius, Satires, I. 135.

Swear, fool, or starve, for the dilemma's even,
A tradesman thou! and hope to go to heaven?
Ib V 204

She knows her man, and when you rant and sweat,
Can draw you to her *with a single hair* *Ib* 246.

Arms, and the man I sing, who, forced by fate,
And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate.
Trans. of Virgil, Æneid, I 1

SIR HENRY BATE DUDLEY

1745–1824

Wonders will never cease.
Letter to Garrick, 13 Sept 1776. Correspondence of Garrick, ed. 1832, vol II.

GEORGE DUFFIELD

1818–1888

Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The Psalmist. Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

1465?–1530?

Timor mortis conturbat me
Lament for the Makaris

London, thou art of townes *a per se*. *London*, l. 1.

'Thou lusty Troynovaunt *Ib*. l. 9

London, thou art the flower of cities all!
Gemme of all joy, jasper of jocunditie. *Ib* l 16.

Fair be their wives, right lovesom, white and small
Ib l 46.

Thy famous Maire, by pryncely governaunce,
With sword of justice thee rulcth prudently
No Lord of Parys, Venyce, or Floraunce
In dignitye or honour goeth to hym nigh *Ib* l. 49

All love is lost but upon God alone
The Merle and the Nightingale, 11

FINLEY PETER DUNNE

1867–1935

'Th' American nation in th' Sixth Ward is a fine people,' he says 'They love th' eagle,' he says, 'on th' back iv a dollar'
Mr Dooley in Peace and War. Oratory on Politics.

THOMAS D'URFEY

1653–1723

Neighbours o'er the Herring Pond
Pills to Purge Melancholy, 1719, vol II, p 333
Fable of the Lady, the Lurcher, and the Marrow-Puddings, xiv.

EDWARD DYER

c 1540–1607

My mind to me a kingdom is,
Such perfect joy therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss
That world affords or grows by kind
Though much I want which most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave
My Mind to Me a Kingdom Is.

Some have too much, yet still do crave;
I little have, and seek no more.
They are but poor though much they have,
And I am rich with little store,
They poor, I rich, they beg, I give;
They lack, I have, they pine, I live. *Ib*

And he that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie
Toast Here's a Health to the King

JOHN DYER

1699–1758

A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave *Grongar Hill*, l 89.

While the wanton Zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings *Ib* l 139.

There is a kindly mood of melancholy,
That wings the soul and points her to the skies
The Ruins of Rome, l 347

MARIA EDGEWORTH

1767–1849

Well! some people talk of morality, and some of religion, but give me a little snug property
The Absentee, ch 2.

And all the young ladies . said that to be sure a love match was the only thing for happiness, where the parties could any way afford it
Castle Rackrent (*Continuation of Memoirs*)

I've a great fancy to see my own funeral afore I die
Ib

Come when you're called,
And do as you're bid,
Shut the door after you,
And you'll never be chid *The Contrast*, ch 1

Business was his aversion; pleasure was his business
Ib ch 2

There is one distinguishing peculiarity of the Irish bull—its horns are tipped with brass [i e with impudence or assurance]. *Essay on Irish Bulls*, ch 9

THOMAS ALVA EDISON

1847–1931

Genius is one per cent inspiration and ninety-nine per cent perspiration
Newspaper Interview Life (1932), ch 24

JAMES EDMESTON

1791–1867

Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee
Sacred Lyrics, Set 2 Lead Us, Heavenly Father

EDWARD III

1312–1377

Let the boy win his spurs
Of the Black Prince at Crécy, 1345

[Also say to them, that they suffre hym this day to wynne his spurres, for if god be pleased, I woll this iourney be his, and the honoure therof
Lord Berners, *Froissart's Chron*, 1812, I cxxx 158]

RICHARD EDWARDES

1523?–1566

In going to my naked bed, as one that would have slept,
I heard a wife sing to her child, that long before had wept.
She sighed sore, and sang full sweet, to bring the babe to rest,
That would not cease, but cried still in sucking at her breast
She was full weary of her watch and grieved with her child,
She rocked it, and rated it, till that on her it smiled
Then did she say, 'Now have I found this proverb true to prove
The falling out of faithful friends, renewing is of love' *Amantium Irae*, ed 1580

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT

1789–1871

'Christian! seek not yet repose,'
Hear thy guardian angel say,
Thou art in the midst of foes—
'Watch and pray'
Morning and Evening Hymns Christian! Seek Not Yet Repose

Just as I am, without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!
Invalid's Hymn Book Just As I Am

EBENEZER ELLIOTT

1781–1849

What is a communist? One who hath yearnings
For equal division of unequal earnings
Poetical Works Epigram.

When wilt thou save the people?
Oh, God of Mercy! when?
The people, Lord, the people!
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
Ib The People's Anthem.

GEORGE ELLIS

See GREGORY GANDER.

HENRY HAVELOCK ELLIS

1859–

Every artist writes his own autobiography
The New Spirit Tolstoi II

ELSTOW

Elstow smiling said ..'With thanks to God we know the way to heaven, to be as ready by water as by land, and therefore we care not which way we go'
When threatened with drowning by Henry VIII
Stow, *Annales*, 1615, p 543 ['One Elstow, a friar of the order of Observant Friars']

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

1803–1882

There is no great and no small
To the Soul that maketh all·
And where it cometh, all things are;
And it cometh everywhere. *The Absorbing Soul*

Of Caesar's hand, and Plato's brain,
Of Lord Christ's heart, and Shakespeare's strain *Ib*

If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again *Brahma*

Far or forgot to me is near *Ib*

I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings. *Ib*

But thou, meek lover of the good!
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven. *Ib*

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world
Hymn Sung at the Completion of the Concord Monument

Knows he who tills this lonely field,
To reap its scanty corn,
What mystic fruit his acres yield
At midnight and at morn? *Dirge. Concord, 1838*

Ye cannot unlock your heart,
The key is gone with them,
The silent organ loudest chants
The master's requiem *Dirge*

Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbour's creed has lent
All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone *Each and All.*

O fair and stately maid, whose eyes
Were kindled in the upper skies
At the same torch that lighted mine. *To Eva.*

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
Forbearance.

Give all to love
Obey thy heart,
Friends, kindred, days,
Estate, good fame,
Plans, credit, and the Muse,—
Nothing refuse *Give All to Love*

Cling with life to the maid,
But when the surprise,
First vague shadow of surmise
Flits across her bosom young
Of a joy apart from thee,
Free be she, fancy-free. *Ib*

It was not for the mean,
It requireth courage stout. *Ib*

Heartily know,
When half-gods go,
The gods arrive *Ib.*

Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home·
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine *Good-bye*

For what are they all in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet? *Ib.*

Thou animated torrid-zone *To the Humble Bee.*

A subtle chain of countless rings
The next unto the farthest brings,
And, striving to be man, the worm
Mounts through all the spires of form. *May Day.*

The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter 'Little Prig'
Bun replied,
'You are doubtless very big,
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together,
To make up a year
And a sphere'
Fable, The Mountain and the Squirrel

Things are in the saddle,
And ride mankind
Ode, Inscribed to W. H Channing

The sinful painter drapes his goddess warm,
Because she still is naked, being dressed
The godlike sculptor will not so deform
Beauty, which limbs and flesh enough invest
Painting and Sculpture

Olympian bards who sung
Divine ideas below,
Which always find us young,
And always keep us so *The Poet*

I like a church, I like a cowl,
I love a prophet of the soul,
And on my heart monastic aisles
Fall like sweet strains, or pensive smiles,
Yet not for all his faith can see,
Would I that cowlèd churchman be *The Problem*

Not from a vain or shallow thought
His awful Jove young Phidias brought *Ib*

The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity,
Himself from God he could not free,
He builded better than he knew,—
The conscious stone to beauty grew *Ib*

Taylor, the Shakespeare of divines. *Ib*

Some of your hurts you have cured,
And the sharpest you still have survived,
But what torments of grief you endured
From evils which never arrived!
Quatrains Borrowing (from the French)

Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being
The Rhodora

Though love repine, and reason chafe,
There came a voice without reply,—
'Tis man's perdition to be safe,
When for the truth he ought to die' *Sacrifice*

The frolic architecture of the snow. *The Snowstorm*

Nor sequent centuries could hit
Orbit and sum of Shakespeare's wit *Solution*

Wilt thou seal up the avenues of ill?
Pay every debt, as if God wrote the bill *Ib*

It is time to be old,
To take in sail *Terminus*

House and tenant go to ground,
Lost in God, in Godhead found *Threnody.*

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must*,
The youth replies, *I can* *Voluntaries*, III

There is no way to success in our art but to take off your coat, grind paint, and work like a digger on the railroad, all day and every day.
Conduct of Life. Power

Art is a jealous mistress *Ib. Wealth*

The louder he talked of his honour, the faster we counted our spoons *Ib Worship*

London is the epitome of our times, and the Rome of to-day *English Traits*, XVIII. *Result*

So .. I feel in regard to this aged England . pressed upon by transitions of trade and competing populations,—I see her not dispirited, not weak, but well remembering that she has seen dark days before,—indeed, with a kind of instinct that she sees a little better in a cloudy day, and that, in storm of battle and calamity, she has a secret vigour and a pulse like a cannon
Ib ch 19 (*Speech at Manchester, 1847*)

Every reform was once a private opinion, and when it shall be a private opinion again it will solve the problem of the age *Essays*, I *History*

There is properly no history, only biography *Ib*

To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart is true for all men,—that is genius *Ib* II *Self-Reliance*

To-morrow a stranger will say with masterly good sense precisely what we have thought and felt all the time, and we shall be forced to take with shame our own opinion from another. *Ib*

Society everywhere is in conspiracy against the manhood of every one of its members *Ib*

Whoso would be a man must be a nonconformist *Ib*

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do Speak what you think to-day in words as hard as cannon-balls, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict every thing you said to-day *Ib*

Is it so bad, then, to be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh To be great is to be misunderstood *Ib*

Shoves Jesus and Judas equally aside. *Ib*

I like the silent church before the service begins, better than any preaching *Ib*

As men's prayers are a disease of the will so are their creeds a disease of the intellect *Ib*

Every Stoic was a Stoic, but in Christendom where is the Christian? *Ib*

Men are better than this theology
Ib. III *Compensation*

There are not in the world at any one time more than a dozen persons who read and understand Plato — never enough to pay for an edition of his works, yet to every generation these come duly down, for the sake of those few persons, as if God brought them written in his hand *Ib* IV *Spiritual Laws*

If you would not be known to do anything, never do it *Ib*

All mankind love a lover *Ib* V. *Love*

Yet these uneasy pleasures and fine pains are for curiosity, and not for life *Ib* VI *Friendship*

A friend may well be reckoned the masterpiece of Nature *Ib*

In skating over thin ice, our safety is in our speed
Ib VII *Prudence*

Tart, cathartic virtue *Ib* VIII *Heroism*

O friend, never strike sail to a fear! Come into port greatly, or sail with God the seas *Ib*

It was a high counsel that I once heard given to a young person, 'Always do what you are afraid to do' *Ib*

We are wiser than we know *Ib* IX *The Over-Soul*

Converse with a mind that is grandly simple, and literature looks like word-catching *Ib*

Beware when the great God lets loose a thinker on this planet *Ib* X *Circles*

People wish to be settled only as far as they are unsettled is there any hope for them *Ib*

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm *Ib*

God offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose *Ib* XI *Intellect*

He in whom the love of truth predominates submits to the inconvenience of suspense and imperfect opinion, but he is a candidate for truth . and respects the highest law of his being *Ib*

Nothing astonishes men so much as common-sense and plain dealing *Ib* XII *Art.*

Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful we must carry it with us or we find it not *Ib*

Words and deeds are quite indifferent modes of the divine energy Words are also actions, and actions are a kind of words *Ib* XIII *The Poet*

It is not metres, but a metre-making argument, that makes a poem *Ib*

We are symbols, and inhabit symbols *Ib*

Language is fossil poetry *Ib*

The poet knows that he speaks adequately, then, only when he speaks somewhat wildly, or, 'with the flower of the mind' *Ib*

I knew a witty physician who found the creed in the biliary duct, and used to affirm that if there was disease in the liver, the man became a Calvinist, and if that organ was sound, he became a Unitarian *Ib* XIV *Experience*

To fill the hour—that is happiness *Ib*

The wise through excess of wisdom is made a fool *Ib*

The years teach much which the days never know *Ib*

Those who listened to Lord Chatham felt that there was something finer in the man, than anything which he said *Ib* XV *Character*

Men are conservatives when they are least vigorous, or when they are most luxurious They are conservatives after dinner *Ib New England Reformers*

The reward of a thing well done, is to have done it *Ib*

We are always getting ready to live, but never living *Journals, 13 Apr. 1834.*

Man does not live by bread alone, but by faith, by admiration, by sympathy.
Lectures and Biographical Sketches The Sovereignty of Ethics

Great men are they who see that spiritual is stronger than any material force, that thoughts rule the world
Letters and Social Aims Progress of Culture, Phi Beta Kappa Address, 18 July 1876

By necessity, by proclivity,—and by delight, we all quote *Ib Quotation and Originality*

Next to the originator of a good sentence is the first quoter of it *Ib*

When Nature has work to be done, she creates a genius to do it *Method of Nature*

I have heard with admiring submission the experience of the lady who declared that the sense of being well-dressed gives a feeling of inward tranquillity which religion is powerless to bestow [Miss C F Forbes, 1817–1911] *Ib Social Aims*

Every hero becomes a bore at last
Representative Men Uses of Great Men

Is not marriage an open question, when it is alleged, from the beginning of the world, that such as are in the institution wish to get out, and such as are out wish to get in *Ib Montaigne*

Belief consists in accepting the affirmations of the soul, Unbelief, in denying them *Ib*

Hitch your wagon to a star
Society and Solitude Civilization

We boil at different degrees *Ib Eloquence.*

One of our statesmen said, 'The curse of this country is eloquent men' *Ib*

Invention breeds invention *Ib Works and Days*

Never read any book that is not a year old *Ib Books.*

'Tis the good reader that makes the good book
Ib Success

America is a country of young men *Ib Old Age*

Glittering generalities! They are blazing ubiquities
Attr remark on some one sneering at the ideas of the Declaration of Independence as 'glittering generalities'

If a man write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mouse-trap than his neighbour, tho' he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door
[Mrs Sarah S B Yule (1856–1916) credits the quotation to Emerson in her *Borrowings* (1889), stating in *The Docket*, Feb 1912, that she copied this in her handbook from a lecture delivered by Emerson 'The 'mouse-trap' quotation was the occasion of a long controversy, owing to Elbert Hubbard's claim to its authorship']

He who has a thousand friends has not a friend to spare,
And he who has one enemy will meet him everywhere
Translations. From Omar Cham.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH

1819–1902

Oh! don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown,
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown? *Ben Bolt.*

SIR HENRY ERSKINE

1746–1817

In the garb of old Gaul, wi' the fire of old Rome
In the Garb of Old Gaul

GEORGE ETHEREGE

1635?–1691

I must confess I am a fop in my heart, ill customs influence my very senses, and I have been so used to affectation that without the help of the air of the court what is natural cannot touch me
Letter to Mr Poley, 2/12 Jan 1687/8

Few of our plays can boast of more wit than I have heard him speak at a supper [Sir Charles Sedley]
Letter to Mr Will Richards, undated

I walk within the purlieus of the Law
Love in a Tub, I iii

Do not vow—Our love is frail as is our life, and full as little in our power, and are you sure you shall out-live this day? *The Man of Mode*, II i

When love grows diseas'd, the best thing we can do is to put it to a violent death, I cannot endure the torture of a lingring and consumptive passion
Ib II

Writing Madam's a mechanic part of wit! A gentleman should never go beyond a song or a billet
Ib IV i

What e'er you say, I know all beyond High-Park's a desart to you *Ib* V ii

ABEL EVANS

1679–1737

Under this stone, Reader, survey
Dead Sir John Vanbrugh's house of clay
Lie heavy on him, Earth! for he
Laid many heavy loads on thee!
Epitaph on Sir John Vanbrugh, Architect of Blenheim Palace

When Tadlow walks the streets, the paviours cry,
'God bless you, Sir!' and lay their rammers by
Epigram On Dr Tadlow

VISCOUNT EVERSLEY (CHARLES SHAW-LEFEVRE)

1794–1888

What is that fat gentleman in such a passion about?
Remark as a child on hearing Mr Fox speak in Parliament G W E Russell, *Collections and Recollections*, ch II

JOHN EVELYN

1620–1706

This knight was indeed a valiant gentleman, but not a little given to romance, when he spake of himself. *Diary, 6 Sept. 1651*

Mulberry Garden, now the only place of refreshment about the town for persons of the best quality to be exceedingly cheated at *Ib 10 May 1654*

That miracle of a youth, Mr Christopher Wren
Ib 11 July 1654.

I saw Hamlet Prince of Denmark played, but now the old plays began to disgust this refined age
Ib 26 Nov 1661.

DAVID EVERETT

1769–1813

You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage,
And if I chance to fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero,
Don't view me with a critic's eye,
But pass my imperfections by
Large streams from little fountains flow,
Tall oaks from little acorns grow
Lines Written for a School Declamation.

JOHN EWEN

1741–1821

O weel may the boatie row,
And better may she speed! *The Boatie Rows*

WILLIAM NORMAN EWER

b 1885

I gave my life for freedom—This I know
For those who bade me fight had told me so.
Five Souls, 1917.

How odd
Of God
To choose
The Jews *How Odd.*

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER

1814–1863

Have mercy on us worms of earth
Jesus and Mary Have Mercy on Us, God Most High

My God, how wonderful Thou art!
Thy majesty how bright,
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat
In depths of burning light!
Ib My God, How Wonderful Thou Art!

Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity! *Ib.*

Hark! Hark! my soul, angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore!
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
Oratory Hymns The Pilgrims of the Night

The music of the Gospel leads us home. *Ib*

Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be passed.
Ib.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest? *Ib. Paradise*

Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death
Ib A Pledge of Faithfulness

Small things are best
Grief and unrest,
To rank and wealth are given,
But little things
On little wings
Bear little souls to Heaven
Written in a Little Lady's Little Album

ROBERT FABYAN

d. 1513

Finally he paid the debt of nature.
Chronicles, pt II, xli

GEORGE FARQUHAR

1678–1707

Sir, you shall taste my *Anno Domini*
The Beaux Stratagem, I i.

I have fed purely upon ale, I have eat my ale, drank my ale, and I always sleep upon ale *Ib*

My Lady Bountiful *Ib*

Says little, thinks less, and does—nothing at all, faith.
Ib

'Tis still my maxim, that there is no scandal like rags, nor any crime so shameful as poverty *Ib*

There's some diversion in a talking blockhead, and since a woman must wear chains, I would have the pleasure of hearing 'em rattle a little. *Ib.* II. ii

No woman can be a beauty without a fortune *Ib*

I believe they talked of me, for they laughed consumedly *Ib* III i

'Twas for the good of my country that I should be abroad —Anything for the good of one's country—I'm a Roman for that. *Ib* II

Captain is a good travelling name, and so I take it *Ib*

AIMWELL.
Then you understand Latin, Mr Bonniface?
BONNIFACE
Not I, Sir, as the saying is, but he talks it so very fast that I'm sure it must be good *Ib.*

There are secrets in all families *Ib* III

How a little love and good company improves a woman! *Ib.* IV i

It is a maxim that man and wife should never have it in their power to hang one another *Ib.* II.

Spare all I have, and take my life *Ib.* V. ii

I hate all that don't love me, and slight all that do
The Constant Couple, I ii

Grant me some wild expressions, Heavens, or I shall burst— Words, words or I shall burst. *Ib.* V. iii

Charming women can true converts make,
We love the precepts for the teacher's sake. *Ib*

Crimes, like virtues, are their own rewards
The Inconstant, IV ii

'Tis an old saying, Like master, like man, why not as well, Like mistress, like maid?
Love and a Bottle, I. i

Money is the sinews of love, as of war *Ib* II i.

Poetry's a mere drug, Sir. *Ib* III ii

He answered the description the page gave to a T, Sir. *Ib.* IV iii

And there's a pleasure sure, in being mad,
Which none but mad-men know
The Recruiting Officer, I iii

Hanging and marriage, you know, go by Destiny
Ib. III ii

I cou'd be mighty foolish, and fancy my self mighty witty, Reason still keeps its throne, but it nods a little, that's all. *Ib*

A lady, if undrest at Church, looks silly,
One cannot be devout in dishabilly
The Stage Coach, prologue

I'm privileg'd to be very impertinent, being an Oxonian. *Sir Harry Wildair*, II i

The King of Spain is dead. *Ib.* II.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FARRAR

1831–1903

Russell acted invariably from the highest principles *Eric, or Little by Little*, pt I, ch 3

'Russell, let me always call you Edwin, and call me Eric' *Ib* ch 4

'By heavens, this is *too* bad!' he exclaimed, stamping his foot with anger 'What have I ever done to you young blackguards, that you should treat me thus?'
Ib pt II, ch I

JOHN FERRIAR

1761–1815

Now cheaply bought for thrice their weight in gold
Illustrations of Sterne Bibliomania, l 65

WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN

1806–1869

Repudiate the repudiators
Presidential Campaign Slogan, 1868

EUGENE FIELD

1850–1895

But I, when I undress me
Each night, upon my knees
Will ask the Lord to bless me
With apple pie and cheese. *Apple Pie and Cheese*

When I demanded of my friend what viands he preferred,
He quoth 'A large cold bottle, and a small hot bird!'
The Bottle and the Bird.

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands,
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair,
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there
Little Boy Blue

A little peach in an orchard grew,—
A little peach of emerald hue,
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew,
It grew *The Little Peach*

Listen to my tale of woe *Ib.*

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
Sailed on a river of crystal light,
Into a sea of dew *Wynken, Blynken, and Nod*

HENRY FIELDING

1707–1754

'*Tace*, madam,' answered Murphy, 'is Latin for a candle' *Amelia*, bk I, ch 10

There are moments in life worth purchasing with worlds *Ib.* bk III, ch. 2

It hath been often said, that it is not death, but dying, which is terrible *Ib* ch 4

These are called the pious frauds of friendship *Ib* bk VI, ch 6

When widows exclaim loudly against second marriages, I would always lay a wager, that the man, if not the wedding-day, is absolutely fixed on *Ib.* ch. 8

One fool at least in every married couple. *Ib* bk. IX, ch 4

I am not the least versed in the chrematistic art *Ib* ch 5

There is not in the universe a more ridiculous, nor a more contemptible animal, than a proud clergyman *Ib.* ch 10

One of my illustrious predecessors *Covent-Garden Journal, No. 3, 11 Jan 1752*

I am as sober as a Judge *Don Quixote in England*, III XIV

Oh! The roast beef of England,
And old England's roast beef
The Grub Street Opera, III III

He in a few minutes ravished this fair creature, or at least would have ravished her, if she had not, by a timely compliance, prevented him *Jonathan Wild*, bk III, ch 7

But pray, Mr Wild, why bitch? *Ib* ch 8

To whom nothing is given, of him can nothing be required *Joseph Andrews*, bk II, ch 8

I describe not men, but manners; not an individual, but a species *Ib.* bk III, ch 1.

They are the affectation of affectation *Ib* ch 3

Public schools are the nurseries of all vice and immorality *Ib* ch 5

I defy the wisest man in the world to turn a good action into ridicule *Ib.* ch 6

Some folks rail against other folks, because other folks have what some folks would be glad of *Ib* bk IV, ch 6

Love and scandal are the best sweeteners of tea *Love in Several Masques*, IV XI

Yes, I had two strings to my bow, both golden ones, agad! and both cracked *Ib* V XIII

We must eat to live, and not live to eat *The Miser*, III III

Map me no maps, sir, my head is a map, a map of the whole world *Rape upon Rape*, I V

Every physician almost hath his favourite disease *Tom Jones*, bk II, ch 9

Thwackum was for doing justice, and leaving mercy to heaven *Ib* bk III, ch 10

A late facetious writer, who told the public that whenever he was dull they might be assured there was a design in it *Ib* bk V, ch 1

O! more than Gothic ignorance *Ib* bk VII, ch 3

'I did not mean to abuse the cloth, I only said your conclusion was a *non sequitur*'—
'You are another,' cries the sergeant, 'an you come to that, no more a *sequitur* than yourself'
Ib bk. IX, ch 6

An amiable weakness *Ib* bk X, ch 8

His designs were strictly honourable, as the phrase is, that is, to rob a lady of her fortune by way of marriage *Ib* bk. XI, ch 4

Composed that monstrous animal a husband and wife *Ib* bk XV, ch 9

Nay, you may call me coward if you will, but if that little man there upon the stage is not frightened, I never saw any man frightened in my life *Ib* bk XVI, ch 5

'He the best player!' cries Partridge, with a contemptuous sneer 'Why, I could act as well as he myself I am sure, if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did ... The king for my money! He speaks all his words distinctly, half as loud again as the other. Anybody may see he is an actor.' *Ib*

All Nature wears one universal grin *Tom Thumb the Great*, I I

To sun my self in Huncamunca's eyes *Ib* III

When I'm not thank'd at all, I'm thank'd enough,
I've done my duty, and I've done no more. *Ib*

The dusky night rides down the sky,
And ushers in the morn,
The hounds all join in glorious cry,
The huntsman winds his horn
And a-hunting we will go
A-Hunting We Will Go.

JOHN ARBUTHNOT FISHER, LORD FISHER

1841–1920

You will always be fools! We shall never be gentlemen!

The Times, 26 June 1919 [Quoted by him as 'the apposite words spoken by a German naval officer to his English confrère On the whole I think I prefer to be the fool—even as a matter of business ']

Sack the lot! *Ib 2 Sept 1919*

ALBERT H. FITZ

You are my honey, honey-suckle,
I am the bee *The Honey-Suckle and the Bee*

CHARLES FITZGEFFREY

fl 1617

And bold and hard adventures t' undertake,
Leaving his country for his country's sake
Life and Death of Sir Francis Drake (1596), ccxiii

EDWARD FITZGERALD

1809–1883

Awake! for Morning in the Bowl of Night
Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars to Flight
And Lo! the Hunter of the East has caught
The Sultan's Turret in a Noose of Light
Omar Khayyám, ed 1, 1

Wake! For the Sun, who scatter'd into flight
The Stars before him from the Field of Night,
Drives Night along with them from Heav'n, and strikes
The Sultan's Turret with a Shaft of Light *Ib* ed 4, 1

Dreaming when Dawn's Left Hand was in the Sky
I heard a Voice within the Tavern cry,
'Awake, my Little ones, and fill the Cup
Before Life's Liquor in its Cup be dry' *Ib* ed 1, 11

Before the phantom of False morning died,
Methought a Voice within the Tavern cried,
'When all the Temple is prepared within,
Why nods the drowsy Worshipper outside?'
Ib ed 4, 11

Now the New Year reviving old Desires,
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires
Ib eds 1 and 4, IV

Iram indeed is gone with all its Rose,
And Jamshyd's Sev'n-ring'd Cup where no one knows,
But still the Vine her ancient Ruby yields,
And still a Garden by the Water blows *Ib* ed 1, V

Iram indeed is gone with all his Rose *Ib* ed 4, V

But still a Ruby kindles in the Vine,
And many a Garden by the Water blows *Ib.*

In divine
High piping Pehlevi, with 'Wine! Wine! Wine!'
'Red Wine!'—the Nightingale cries to the Rose
That yellow Cheek of her's to incarnadine
Ib ed 1, VI

That sallow cheek of hers to incarnadine
Ib ed 4, VI.

Come, fill the Cup, and in the Fire of Spring
The Winter Garment of Repentance fling
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To fly—and Lo! the Bird is on the Wing
Ib ed 1, VII.

Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring
Your Winter-garment of Repentance fling
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter—and the Bird is on the wing
Ib ed 4, VII

And look—a thousand Blossoms with the Day
Woke—and a thousand scatter'd into Clay
Ib ed 1, VIII.

Each Morn a thousand Roses brings, you say,
Yes, but where leaves the Rose of Yesterday?
Ib ed 4, IX.

But come with old Khayyám, and leave the Lot
Of Kaikobad and Kaikhosru forgot
Let Rustum lay about him as he will,
Or Hatim Tai cry Supper—heed them not
Ib ed 1, IX.

Well, let it take them! What have we to do
With Kaikobad the Great, or Kaikhosru?
Let Zal and Rustum bluster as they will,
Or Hatim call to Supper—heed not you
Ib ed 4, X

And pity Sultan Mahmud on his Throne
Ib ed 1, X

And Peace to Mahmud on his golden Throne
Ib ed 4, XI

Here with a Loaf of Bread beneath the bough,
A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
And Wilderness is Paradise enow *Ib* ed 1, XI.

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow! *Ib* ed 4, XII

Ah, take the Cash in hand and waive the Rest,
Oh, the brave Music of a *distant* Drum!
Ib ed 1, XII

Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum!
Ib ed 4, XIII

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes—or it prospers, and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face
Lighting a little Hour or two—is gone
Ib ed 1, XIV, ed 4, XVI.

And those who husbanded the Golden grain,
And those who flung it to the winds like Rain,
Alike to no such aureate Earth are turn'd
As, buried once, Men want dug up again
Ib eds 1 and 4, XV

Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai
Whose Doorways are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultan after Sultan with his Pomp
Abode his Hour or two, and went his way
Ib ed 1, XVI.

Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai
Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultan after Sultan with his Pomp
Abode his destin'd Hour, and went his way
Omar Khayyám, ed. 4, xvii

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep
And Bahram, that great Hunter—the Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, and he lies fast asleep
Ib ed 1, xvii

Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep
Ib ed 4, xviii

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Caesar bled,
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head
Ib ed 1, xviii, ed 4, xix

To-morrow!—Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand Years
Ib ed 1, xx, ed 4, xxi

Lo! some we loved, the loveliest and best
That Time and Fate of all their Vintage prest,
Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to Rest
Ib ed 1, xxi

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his Vintage rolling Time hath prest
Ib ed 4, xxii

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend,
Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End!
Ib ed 1, xxiii, ed 4, xxiv

Oh, come with old Khayyám, and leave the Wise
To talk, one thing is certain, that Life flies,
One thing is certain, and the Rest is Lies,
The Flower that once hath blown for ever dies
Ib ed 1, xxvi

Oh threats of Hell and Hopes of Paradise!
One thing at least is certain—*This* Life flies
Ib ed 4, lxiii

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
About it and about but evermore
Came out by the same door as in I went
Ib ed 1, xxvii

Came out by the same Door where in I went
Ib ed 4, xxvii

I came like Water, and like Wind I go
Ib eds 1 and 4, xxviii

Into this Universe, and *Why* not knowing
Nor *Whence*, like Water willy-nilly flowing,
And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,
I know not *Whither*, willy-nilly blowing
Ib eds 1 and 4, xxix

What, without asking, hither hurried *whence*?
And, without asking, *whither* hurried hence!
Another and another Cup to drown
The Memory of this Impertinence!
Ib ed 1, xxx

Oh, many a Cup of this forbidden Wine
Must drown the memory of that insolence!
Ib ed 4, xxx.

There was a Door to which I found no Key
There was a Veil past which I could not see
Some little Talk awhile of ME and THEE
There seem'd—and then no more of THEE and ME
Ib ed 1, xxxii

There was the Door to which I found no Key,
There was the Veil through which I might not see
Some little talk awhile of ME and THEE
There was—and then no more of THEE and ME
Ib ed 4, xxxii

And with its all obliterated Tongue
It murmur'd—'Gently, Brother, gently, pray!'
Ib eds 1 and 4, xxxvi.

Ah, fill the Cup —what boots it to repeat
How Time is slipping underneath our Feet
Unborn TOMORROW, and dead YESTERDAY,
Why fret about them if TODAY be sweet!
Ib ed 1, xxxvii Not in ed 4

One Moment in Annihilation's Waste,
One Moment, of the Well of Life to taste—
The Stars are Setting and the Caravan
Starts for the Dawn of Nothing—Oh, make haste!
Ib ed 1, xxxviii

A Moment's Halt—a momentary taste
Of BEING from the Well amid the Waste—
And lo!—the phantom Caravan has reach'd
The Nothing it set out from—Oh, make haste!
Ib ed 4, xlviii

Was never deep in anything but—Wine
Ib ed 1, xli, ed 4, lvi.

The Grape that can with Logic absolute
The Two-and Seventy jarring Sects confute
Ib ed 1, xliii, ed 4, lix

'Tis all a Chequer-board of Nights and Days
Where Destiny with Men for Pieces plays
Hither and thither moves, and mates, and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays
Ib ed 1, xlix

But helpless Pieces of the Game He plays
Upon this Chequer-board of Nights and Days,
Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays
Ib ed 4, lxix.

The Moving Finger writes, and, having writ
Moves on nor all thy Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all thy Tears wash out a Word of it *Ib* ed 1, li

[Ed 4, lxxi, reads 'your' instead of 'thy']

And that inverted Bowl we call The Sky,
Whereunder crawling coop't we live and die,
Lift not thy hands to *It* for help—for It
Rolls impotently on as Thou or I *Ib* ed 1, lii

And that inverted Bowl they call the Sky
Ib ed 4, lxxii

As impotently moves as you or I *Ib.*

One glimpse of it within the Tavern caught
Better than in the Temple lost outright *Ib* ed 1, lvi

One Flash of it within the Tavern caught
Omar Khayyám, ed 4, lxxvii

Oh Thou, who didst with Pitfall and with Gin
Beset the Road I was to wander in,
Thou wilt not with Predestination round
Enmesh me, and impute my Fall to Sin?
Ib ed 1, lvii

Thou wilt not with Predestined Evil round
Enmesh, and then impute my Fall to Sin!
Ib ed 4, lxxx

Oh, Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make,
And who with Eden didst devise the Snake,
For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man
Is blacken'd, Man's Forgiveness give—and take!
Ib ed 1, lviii

And even with Paradise devise the Snake
Ib ed 4, lxxxi

'Who *is* the Potter, pray, and who the Pot?'
Ib ed 1, lx, ed 4, lxxxvii

'He's a Good Fellow, and 'twill all be well'
Ib ed 1, lxiv, ed 4, lxxxviii

And much as Wine has play'd the Infidel,
And robb'd me of my Robe of Honour—Well,
I wonder often what the Vintners buy
One half so precious as the Goods they sell
Ib ed 1, lxxi

One half so precious as the stuff they sell
Ib ed 4, xcv

Alas, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!
That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!
The Nightingale that in the branches sang,
Ah, whence, and whither flown again, who knows!
Ib ed 1, lxxii

Yet Ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!
Ib ed 4, xcvi

Ah Love! could thou and I with Fate conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!
Ib ed 1, lxxiii

Ah Love! could you and I with Him conspire
Ib ed 4, xcix

Ah, Moon of my Delight who know'st no wane,
The Moon of Heav'n is rising once again
How oft hereafter rising shall she look
Through this same Garden after me—in vain!
Ib ed 1, lxxiv

Yon rising Moon that looks for us again
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane,
How oft hereafter rising look for us
Through this same Garden—and for *one* in vain!
Ib ed 4, c

And when Thyself with shining Foot shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scattered on the Grass,
And in thy joyous Errand reach the Spot
Where I made one—turn down an empty Glass!
Ib ed 1, lxxv

And when like her, O Saki, you shall pass
Ib ed 4, ci

And in your joyous errand reach the spot *Ib*

The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,
The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one
Ib ed 4, viii Not in ed. 1.

Drink! for you know not whence you came, nor why
Drink! for you know not why you go, nor where
Ib ed 4, lxxiv Not in ed 1

A Mr Wilkinson, a clergyman
Benson's *Life of FitzGerald*, p 62, and Hallam Tennyson's *Tennyson*, i 153 [An imitation of Wordsworth's worst style]

JAMES ELROY FLECKER

1884–1915

Voiced like a great bell swinging in a dome
The Bridge of Fire, iv

For pines are gossip pines the wide world through
Brumana.

Half to forget the wandering and the pain,
Half to remember days that have gone by,
And dream and dream that I am home again! *Ib*

The Kings of England lifting up their swords
Shall gather at the gate of Paradise
The Burial in England

Noon strikes on England, noon on Oxford town,
Beauty she was statue cold—there's blood upon her gown
Noon of my dreams, O noon!
Proud and godly kings had built her, long ago,
With her towers and tombs and statues all arow,
With her fair and floral air and the love that lingers there,
And the streets where the great men go
The Dying Patriot

Evening on the olden, the golden sea of Wales,
When the first star shivers and the last wave pales
O evening dreams! *Ib*

West of these out to seas colder than the Hebrides I must go
Where the fleet of stars is anchored and the young star-captains glow *Ib*

The dragon-green, the luminous, the dark, the serpent-haunted sea
The Gates of Damascus West Gate

When the great markets by the sea shut fast
All that calm Sunday that goes on and on
When even lovers find their peace at last,
And Earth is but a star, that once had shone
The Golden Journey to Samarkand Prologue

And some to Meccah turn to pray, and I toward thy bed, Yasmin *Hassan*, i ii

For one night or the other night
Will come the Gardener in white, and gathered flowers are dead, Yasmin *Ib*

For lust of knowing what should not be known,
We take the Golden Road to Samarkand
Ib v ii

And old Mæonides the blind
Said it three thousand years ago
To a Poet a Thousand Years Hence

A ship, an isle, and a sickle moon—
With few but with how splendid stars
The mirrors of the sea are strewn
Between their silver bars.
A Ship, an Isle, and a Sickle Moon

And with great lies about his wooden horse
Set the crew laughing, and forgot his course
The Old Ships

It was so old a ship—who knows, who knows?
And yet so beautiful, I watched in vain
To see the mast burst open with a rose,
And the whole deck put on its leaves again *Ib*

And walk with you, and talk with you, like any other boy *Rioupéroux*

RICHARD FLECKNOE

d. 1678?

Still-born Silence! thou that art
Floodgate of the deeper heart *Poems*, 1653

Was wont to be as still as mouse. *Diarium*, 9 (1656)

MARJORIE FLEMING

1803–1811

A direful death indeed they had
That would put any parent mad
But she was more than usual calm
She did not give a singel dam *Journal*, p 29

The most devilish thing is 8 times 8 and 7 times 7 it is what nature itselfe cant endure *Ib* p 47

Today I pronounced a word which should never come out of a lady's lips it was that I called John a Impudent Bitch *Ib* p 51

I am going to turn over a new life and am going to be a very good girl and be obedient to Isa Keith, here there is plenty of gooseberries which makes my teeth watter *Ib* p 76

I hope I will be religious again but as for regaining my character I despare *Ib* p 80

An annibabtist is a thing I am not a member of *Ib* p 99

Sentiment is what I am not acquainted with *Ib*

O lovely O most charming pug
Thy graceful air and heavenly mug
His noses cast is of the roman
He is a very pretty weomen
I could not get a rhyme for roman
And was oblidged to call it weoman *Poems.*

My dear Isa,
I now sit down on my bottom to answer all your kind and beloved letters which you was so good as to write to me. *Letters I, To Isabella*

ANDREW FLETCHER OF SALTOUN

1655–1692

I knew a very wise man so much of Sir Chr—'s sentiment, that he believed if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation
Letter to the Marquis of Montrose, and Others Political Works.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

1582–1650

The way to God is by our selves
The Purple Island *To the Readers*

Poorly (poor man) he liv'd, poorly (poor man) he di'd. *Ib* I XIX.

His little son into his bosom creeps,
The lively picture of his father's face *Ib* XII. VI.

Drop, drop, slow tears,
And bathe those beauteous feet,
Which brought from Heav'n
The news and Prince of Peace *An Hymn*

In your deep floods
Drown all my faults and fears,
Not let His eye
See sin, but through my tears. *Ib*

Love is like linen often chang'd, the sweeter.
Siceltides, III V.

The coward's weapon, poison. *Ib* V III

Love's tongue is in the eyes.
Piscatory Eclogues, eclog V, XIII.

SAMUEL FOOTE

1720–1777

Born in a cellar, and living in a garret
The Author, II

She went into the garden to cut a cabbage-leaf, to make an apple-pie, and at the same time a great she-bear, coming up the street, pops its head into the shop 'What! no soap?' So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber, and there were present the Picninnies, and the Joblillies, and the Garyalies, and the grand Panjandrum himself, with the little round button at top
An Incoherent Story Invented for Charles Macklin, who said he could say anything by heart after one reading *Quarterly Review, Sept 1854.*

For as the old saying is,
When house and land are gone and spent
Then learning is most excellent *Taste*, I 1

He is not only dull in himself, but the cause of dullness in others
Remark Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, ed Powell, IV, p 178 [Parody of Shakespeare, *Henry IV*, pt II, IV 1 2]

HENRY FORD

1863–

History is bunk
In the witness box during his libel suit v. the Chicago Tribune, July 1919

JOHN FORD

1586–1639?

We can drink till all look blue,
The Lady's Trial, IV. II.
Tell us, pray, what devil
This melancholy is, which can transform
Men into monsters *Ib* III 1.
'Tis Pity She's a Whore *Title of Play.*

LENA GUILBERT FORD

d 1916?

Keep the home fires burning, while your hearts are yearning,
Though your lads are far away they dream of home,
There's a silver lining through the dark cloud shining
Turn the dark cloud inside out, till the boys come home *Keep the Home Fires Burning*

THOMAS FORD

c 1580–1648

There is a lady sweet and kind,
Was never face so pleased my mind,
I did but see her passing by,
And yet I love her till I die
There is a Lady (*Music of Sundry Kinds*, 1607, IX 1)

SAM WALTER FOSS

1858–1911

I say the very things that make the greatest stir,
An' the most interestin' things, are things that didn't occur
Back Country Poems Things That Didn't Occur

CHARLES FOSTER

1828–1904

Isn't this a billion dollar country?
At the 51st Congress, retorting to a Democratic gibe about a 'million dollar Congress'

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER

1826–1864

I come down dah wid my hat caved in,
Doodah! doodah!
I go back home wid a pocket full of tin,
Oh! doodah day!
Gwine to run all night!
Gwine to run all day!
I'll bet my money on de bob-tail nag,
Somebody bet on de bay *Camptown Races*

De blind hoss stick'n in a big mud hole,
Doodah! doodah!
Can't touch de bottom wid a ten-foot pole,
Oh! doodah day! *Ib*

Weep no more, my lady,
Oh! weep no more today!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky Home,
For the old Kentucky Home far away
My Old Kentucky Home

'Way down upon de Swanee Ribber,
Far, far away,
Dere's where my heart is turning ebber
Dere's where de old folks stay
All up and down de whole creation
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home
Old Folks at Home (*Swanee Ribber*)

I'm coming, I'm coming,
For my head is bending low,
I hear their gentle voices calling
'Poor old Joe' *Poor Old Joe*

He had no wool on de top of his head,
In de place where de wool ought to grow *Uncle Ned*

Dere's no more hard work for poor old Ned,
He's gone whar de good niggers go *Ib*

SIR GEORGE EULAS FOSTER

1847–1931

In these somewhat troublesome days when the great Mother Empire stands splendidly isolated in Europe
Speech, Canadian House of Commons, 16 Jan 1896

CHARLES JAMES FOX

1749–1806

How much the greatest event it is that ever happened in the world! and how much the best!
On the Fall of the Bastille Letter to Fitzpatrick, 30 July 1789 Russell's *Life and Times of C J Fox*, vol II, p 361

I die happy
Last Words Russell, *ib* vol III, ch 69

No man could be so wise as Thurlow looked
Campbell's *Lives of the Lord Chancellors*, 1846, vol V, p 661

He was uniformly of opinion which, though not a popular one, he was ready to aver, that the right of governing was not property, but a trust
On Pitt's scheme of Parliamentary Reform J L Hammond, *C J Fox* (1903), p 75

HENRY FOX

1705–1774

If Mr Selwyn calls again, shew him up, if I am alive I shall be delighted to see him, and if I am dead he would like to see me
Last Words J H Jesse, *George Selwyn and his Contemporaries*, 1844, vol III, p 50

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

1706–1790

Remember, that time is money
Advice to Young Tradesman, 1748 *Writings*, vol II

No nation was ever ruined by trade
Essays Thoughts on Commercial Subjects.

Be in general virtuous, and you will be happy
Ib On Early Marriages

But in this world nothing can be said to be certain, except death and taxes
Letter to Jean Baptiste Le Roy, 13 Nov 1789 *Writings*, vol X

Here Skugg lies snug,
As a bug in a rug
Letter to Miss G Shipley, 26 Sept. 1772. Ib. vol V

A little neglect may breed mischief, for want of a nail, the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost, and for want of a horse the rider was lost.
Maxims .. Prefixed to Poor Richard's Almanac, 1758

Three removes is as bad as a fire *Ib*

Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them
Poor Richard's Almanac, May 1733

Some are weather-wise, some are otherwise
Ib Feb. 1735

Necessity never made a good bargain *Ib Apr 1735*

Three may keep a secret, if two of them are dead
Ib July 1735

Early to bed, and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise
Ib Oct 1735

God helps them that helps themselves *Ib June 1736*

At twenty years of age, the will reigns, at thirty, the wit, and at forty, the judgement *Ib June 1741*

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other *Ib 1743*

Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that's the stuff life is made of *Ib June 1746*

Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths
Ib Sept 1747.

Little strokes fell great oaks *Ib Aug 1750*

If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some, for he that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing *Ib Apr 1754*

He that lives upon hope will die fasting
Ib 1758, preface.

Poor man, said I, you pay too much for your whistle
The Whistle, 10 Nov 1779

We must indeed all hang together, or, most assuredly, we shall all hang separately
Remark to John Hancock, at Signing of the Declaration of Independence, 4 July 1776

Man is a tool-making animal
Boswell's *Life of Johnson, 7 Apr 1778*

There never was a good war, or a bad peace
Letter to Quincy, 11 Sept. 1783.

Ça ira. *Attr.*

THOMAS FREEMAN

b c 1591

I love thee Cornwall, and will ever,
And hope to see thee once again,
For why? thine equal knew I never,
For honest minds and active men
Encomion Cornubiæ

PHILIP MOCIN FRENEAU

1752–1832

What madness is ambition!
What is there in that little breath of men,
Which they call Fame, that should induce the brave
To forfeit ease and that domestic bliss
Which is the lot of happy ignorance?
Columbus in Chains, l 12

JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE

1769–1846

The feather'd race with pinions skim the air—
Not so the mackerel, and still less the bear!
Progress of Man, l. 34 *Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin*, 1799

Ah! who has seen the mailed lobster rise,
Clap her broad wings, and soaring claim the skies?
Ib. l 44

CHARLES FROHMAN

1860–1915

Why fear death? It is the most beautiful adventure in life *His last words before going down in the* Lusitania, *7 May 1915*
I F Marcosson and D Frohman, *Charles Frohman*, ch 19

ROBERT FROST

1875–

Something there is that doesn't love a wall
North of Boston Mending Wall.

My apple trees will never get across
And eat the cones under his pines, I tell him
He only says, 'Good fences make good neighbours.'
Ib.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

1818–1894

Wild animals never kill for sport Man is the only one to whom the torture and death of his fellow-creatures is amusing in itself *Oceana*, ch 5

Human improvement is from within outwards.
Short Studies on Great Subjects 3rd Ser *Divus Caesar*

Men are made by nature unequal It is vain, therefore, to treat them is if they were equal
Ib Party Politics

Experience teaches slowly, and at the cost of mistakes
Ib

Fear is the parent of cruelty *Ib*

THOMAS FULLER

1608–1661

Thus this brook hath conveyed his [Wickliff's] ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they, into the main ocean And thus the ashes of Wickliff are the emblem of his doctrine, which now, is dispersed all the world over
The Church History (1655), bk IV, sec II, par 53, p 171

A proverb is much matter decocted into few words
The History of the Worthies of England, ch 2

Know most of the rooms of thy native country before thou goest over the threshold thereof
The Holy and Profane State (1642), bk II, ch 4, p 159 *Of Travelling*

A little skill in antiquity inclines a man to Popery; but depth in that study brings him about again to our religion
Ib ch 6, p 69 *The True Church Antiquary*

Light (God's eldest daughter)
Ib ch 7, p 167 *Of Building*

Learning hath gained most by those books by which the printers have lost
Ib bk III, ch 18, p 200 *Of Books*

He was one of a lean body and visage, as if his eager soul, biting for anger at the clog of his body, desired to fret a passage through it
Ib bk. v, ch 19, p 441 *Life of the Duke of Alva.*

It is always darkest just before the day dawneth
Pisgah Sight, bk II, ch 11, § 5

Worldly wealth he cared not for, desiring only to make both ends meet [Of Edmund Grindall]
Worthies of England Worthies of Cumberland

It is a silly game where nobody wins
Gnomologia, No 2880

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH

1727–1788

We are all going to heaven, and Vandyke is of the company
Last Words Boulton, *Thomas Gainsborough*, ch 9

THOMAS GAISFORD

1779–1855

The advantages of a classical education are two-fold—it enables us to look down with contempt on those who have not shared its advantages, and also fits us for places of emolument not only in this world, but in that which is to come
Good Friday Sermon in the Cathedral, Oxford On the authority of Dr Strong, Bishop of Oxford, to whom Canon Liddon told the story

RICHARD GALL

1776–1801

Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing *Poems and Songs*

SIR GREGORY GANDER (GEORGE ELLIS)

1745–1815

Snowy, Flowy, Blowy,
Showery, Flowery, Bowery,
Hoppy, Croppy, Droppy,
Breezy, Sneezy, Freezy. *The Twelve Months*

AUGUSTUS P. GARDNER

1865–1918

Wake up America *Speech, 16 Oct 1916*

JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD

1831–1881

Fellow-citizens God reigns, and the Government at Washington lives!
Speech on Assassination of Lincoln, 1865.

DAVID GARRICK

1717–1779

Prologues precede the piece—in mournful verse,
As undertakers—walk before the hearse
Apprentice, prologue

Are these the choice dishes the Doctor has sent us?
Is this the great poet whose works so content us?
This Goldsmith's fine feast, who has written fine books?
Heaven sends us good meat, but the Devil sends cooks
On Doctor Goldsmith's Characteristical Cookery

Come, cheer up, my lads! 'tis to glory we steer,
To add something more to this wonderful year,
To honour we call you, not press you like slaves,
For who are so free as the sons of the waves?
Heart of oak are our ships,
Heart of oak are our men
We always are ready,
Steady, boys, steady,
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again
Heart of Oak

We ne'er see our foes but we wish 'em to stay,
They never see us but they wish us away,
If they run, why, we follow, and run 'em ashore,
For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more *Ib*

Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness call'd Noll,
Who wrote like an angel, but talk'd like poor Poll
Impromptu Epitaph

I've that within—for which there are no plaisters
Prologue to Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer.*

A fellow-feeling makes one wond'rous kind
An Occasional Prologue on Quitting the Theatre, 10 June 1776.

That blessed word Mesopotamia
[Garrick tells of the power of George Whitefield's voice, that 'he could make men either laugh or cry by pronouncing the word Mesopotamia' Related by Francis Jacox A story goes (Harvey's *Companion to English Literature*) that an old woman told her pastor that she found great support in that comfortable word Mesopotamia]
Notes and Queries, Ser XI, I 458

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON

1805–1879

I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—and I will be heard!
Salutatory Address of The Liberator, 1 Jan 1831

Our country is the world—our countrymen are all mankind *Prospectus of The Liberator, 15 Dec 1837.*

The compact which exists between the North and the South is 'a covenant with death and an agreement with hell'.
Resolution adopted by the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, 27 Jan 1843

SAMUEL GARTH

1661–1719

Hard was their lodging, homely was their food,
For all their luxury was doing good
Claremont, l 148

A barren superfluity of words.
The Dispensary, c 2, l 95

ELIZABETH CLEGHORN GASKELL

1810–1865

Get her a flannel waistcoat and flannel drawers, ma'am, if you wish to keep her alive But my advice is, kill the poor creature at once [*Capt Brown on Miss Betsey Barker's cow*]
Cranford, ch 1

We were none of us musical, though Miss Jenkyns beat time, out of time, by way of appearing to be so *Ib*

Bombazine would have shown a deeper sense of her loss *Miss Jenkyns* *Ib* ch 7

JOHN GAY

1685–1732

I rage, I melt, I burn,
The feeble God has stabb'd me to the heart
Acis and Galatea, II

Bring me an hundred reeds of decent growth,
To make a pipe for my capacious mouth *Ib*

O ruddier than the cherry,
O sweeter than the berry *Ib*

Wou'd you gain the tender creature?
Softly, gently, kindly treat her,
Suff'ring is the lover's part
Beauty by constraint, possessing,
You enjoy but half the blessing,
Lifeless charms, without the heart *Ib.*

Love sounds the alarm, and Fear is a flying *Ib*

How, like a moth, the simple maid
Still plays about the flame!
The Beggar's Opera, Act I, sc IV, air IV

Our Polly is a sad slut! nor heeds what we have taught her
I wonder any man alive will ever rear a daughter!
Ib VIII, air VII

Do you think your mother and I should have liv'd comfortably so long together, if ever we had been married? *Ib*

There are not many husbands and wives who can bear the charges of plaguing one another in a handsome way. *Ib*

Can Love be controll'd by advice? *Ib* air VIII

O Polly, you might have toy'd and kist,
By keeping men off, you keep them on *Ib* air IX

Well, Polly, as far as one woman can forgive another, I forgive thee *Ib*

POLLY.
Then all my sorrows are at an end
MRS PEACHUM
A mighty likely speech, in troth, for a wench who is just married! *Ib.*

Money, wife, is the true fuller's earth for reputations, there is not a spot or a stain but what it can take out *Ib* IX

A fox may steal your hens, sir

If lawyer's hand is fee'd, sir
He steals your whole estate *Ib* air XI

The comfortable estate of widowhood, is the only hope that keeps up a wife's spirits *Ib* X

Oh, ponder well! be not severe,
So save a wretched wife
For on the rope that hangs my dear
Depends poor Polly's life *Ib* air XII

Away, hussy Hang your husband and be dutiful *Ib*

Even butchers weep! *Ib* XII

Pretty Polly, say,
When I was away,
Did your fancy never stray
To some newer lover? *Ib* XIII, air XIV.

I sipt each flower,
I chang'd ev'ry hour,
But here ev'ry flower is united. *Ib* air XV.

If with me you'd fondly stray
Over the hills and far away *Ib* air XVI

O what pain it is to part! *Ib* air XVII.

We retrench the superfluities of mankind *Ib* II 1

Fill ev'ry glass, for wine inspires us,
And fires us
With courage, love and joy
Women and wine should life employ
Is there ought else on earth desirous? *Ib* air XIX

If the heart of a man is deprest with cares,
The mist is dispell'd when a woman appears
Ib III, air XXI

I must have women There is nothing unbends the mind like them *Ib*

Youth's the season made for joys,
Love is then our duty *Ib* IV, air XXII

To cheat a man is nothing, but the woman must have fine parts indeed who cheats a woman! *Ib*

Man may escape from rope and gun,
Nay, some have outliv'd the doctor's pill
Who takes a woman must be undone,
That basilisk is sure to kill
The fly that sips treacle is lost in the sweets,
So he that tastes woman, woman, woman,
He that tastes woman, ruin meets *Ib.* VIII, air XXVI.

MACHEATH
Have you no bowels, no tenderness, my dear Lucy, to see a husband in these circumstances?
LUCY
A husband!
MACHEATH
In ev'ry respect but the form *Ib* IX.

I am ready, my dear Lucy, to give you satisfaction—
if you think there is any in marriage? *Ib*

In one respect indeed, our employment may be
reckoned dishonest, because, like great Statesmen,
we encourage those who betray their friends *Ib* x

I think you must ev'n do as other widows—buy your-
self weeds, and be cheerful *Ib* xi

How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away!
But while ye thus tease me together,
To neither a word will I say *Ib* xiii, and xxxv

One wife is too much for one husband to hear,
But two at a time there's no mortal can bear
This way, and that way, and which way I will,
What would comfort the one, t'other wife would take
ill *Ib* iii xi, and liii

The charge is prepar'd, the lawyers are met,
The Judges all rang'd (a terrible show!) *Ib* and lvii

That that Jemmy Twitcher should peach me, I own
surprised me! *Ib* xiv

She who has never lov'd, has never liv'd
The Captives, II i

If e'er your heart has felt the tender passion
You will forgive this just, this pious fraud *Ib* IV x

She who trifles with all
Is less likely to fall
Than she who but trifles with one
The Coquet Mother and the Coquet Daughter

Then nature rul'd, and love, devoid of art,
Spoke the consenting language of the heart
Dione, prologue.

Behold the victim of Parthenia's pride!
He saw, he sigh'd, he lov'd, was scorn'd and died
Ib I i

He best can pity who has felt the woe *Ib* II ii

Woman's mind
Oft' shifts her passions, like th'inconstant wind,
Sudden she rages, like the troubled main,
Now sinks the storm, and all is calm again *Ib* v

A woman's friendship ever ends in love *Ib* IV vi

Behold the bright original appear
Epistle to a Lady, l 85

Praising all alike, is praising none *Ib* l 114

One always zealous for his country's good *Ib* l 118

Variety's the source of joy below.
Epistle to Bernard Lintott, l 41

Yet why should learning hope success at Court?
Why should our patriots virtue's cause support?
Why to true merit should they have regard?
They know that virtue is its own reward
Epistle to Methuen, l 39

Life is a jest, and all things show it
I thought so once, but now I know it
My Own Epitaph

Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consum'd the midnight oil?
Fables Series i, introduction, l 15

Where yet was ever found a mother,
Who'd give her booby for another?
Ib The Mother, the Nurse, and the Fairy, iii, l 33.

Envy's a sharper spur than pay,
No author ever spar'd a brother,
Wits are gamecocks to one another
Ib The Elephant and the Bookseller, l 74.

An open foe may prove a curse,
But a pretended friend is worse
Ib xvii *The Shepherd's Dog and the Wolf*, l 33

In ev'ry age and clime we see,
Two of a trade can ne'er agree
Ib xxi *The Rat-Catcher and Cats*, l 43

Where there is life, there's hope, he cried,
Then why such haste? so groan'd and died
Ib xxvii *The Sick Man and the Angel*, l 49

Those who in quarrels interpose,
Must often wipe a bloody nose
Ib. xxxiv *The Mastiff*, l 1.

How many saucy airs we meet
From Temple-bar to Aldgate-street
Ib xxxv *The Barley-Mow and Dunghill*, l 1.

Fools may our scorn, not envy raise,
For envy is a kind of praise
Ib xliv *The Hound and the Huntsman*, l 29

Friendship, like love, is but a name
Ib I *The Hare and Many Friends*, l 1.

And when a lady's in the case,
You know, all other things give place *Ib* I 41

Give me, kind heaven, a private station,
A mind serene for contemplation
Ib Series ii, ii *The Vulture, the Sparrow, and Other Birds*, l 69

Studious of elegance and ease
Ib viii *The Man, the Cat, the Dog, and the Fly*, l 127

'Tis a gross error, held in schools,
That Fortune always favours fools
Ib xii. *Pan and Fortune*, l 119

Like a stuck pig I gaping stare.
A New Song of New Similes

Soft as silk *Ib*

Sound as a top *Ib*

Lighter than a feather *Ib*

Brown as a berry *Ib*

Sharp as a needle *Ib*

Happy as a king *Ib*

Whoever heard a man of fortune in England talk of
the necessaries of life? Whether we can afford
it or no, we must have superfluities *Polly*, I i

How little are our customs known on this side of the
herring-pond! *Ib*

Why, all our fine ladies, in what they call pin-money,
have no other views *Ib*

No, sir, tho' I was born and bred in England, I can
dare to be poor, which is the only thing now-a-
days men are asham'd of *Ib* xi

An inconstant woman, tho' she has no chance to be
very happy, can never be very unhappy. *Ib.* xiv.

Sleep, O Sleep,
With thy rod of incantation
Charm my imagination

What's to sleep?
'Tis a visionary blessing,
A dream that's past expressing,
Our utmost wish possessing
So may I always keep *Ib* II 1

Where I behold the farmer's early care
In the revolving labours of the year
Rural Sports, c 1, l 37

And one slight hair the mighty bulk commands
Ib l 244

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-ey'd Susan came aboard.
Sweet William's Farewell to Black-Eyed Susan

We only part to meet again
Change, as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee *Ib*

They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In ev'ry port a mistress find *Ib*

If to far India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in di'monds bright,
Thy breath is Africk's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory, so white
Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue. *Ib*

Adieu, she cries! and wav'd her lily hand *Ib*

A miss for pleasure, and a wife for breed
The Toilette

With thee conversing, I forget the way
Trivia, bk II, l 480

Now Cynthia nam'd, fair regent of the Night
Ib bk III, l 4

Dispute the reign of some luxurious mule *Ib* l 48

'Twas when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd
The What D'ye Call It, II VIII

GEORGE I OF ENGLAND

1660–1727

I hate all Boets and Bainters
Campbell, *Lives of the Chief Justices*, ch 30, *Lord Mansfield*.

GEORGE II OF ENGLAND

1683–1760

Non, j'aurai des maîtresses
Reply to Queen Caroline when, as she lay dying, she urged him to marry again Her reply to this was 'Ah! mon Dieu! cela n'empêche pas' Hervey, *Memoirs of George the Second*, 1848, vol II

Oh! he is mad, is he? Then I wish he would *bite* some other of my generals
Reply to one who complained that General Wolfe was a madman F Thackeray, *History of William Pitt*, vol. I, ch. 15, note.

GEORGE V OF ENGLAND

1865–1936

Wake up England
Title of a reprint in 1911 of a speech made by the King when Prince of Wales in the Guildhall on 5 Dec 1901 on his return from a tour of the Empire

[I venture to allude to the impression which seemed generally to prevail among their brethren across the seas, that the old country must wake up if she intends to maintain her old position of pre-eminence in her colonial trade against foreign competitors *Speech*]

How is the Empire?
Last Words. The Times, 21 Jan 1936

HENRY GEORGE

1839–1897

So long as all the increased wealth which modern progress brings goes but to build up great fortunes, to increase luxury and make sharper the contrast between the House of Have and the House of Want, progress is not real and cannot be permanent
Progress and Poverty. Introductory, The Problem.

EDWARD GIBBON

1737–1794

My early and invincible love of reading, which I would not exchange for the treasures of India
Autobiography (World's Classics ed), p 27

I spent fourteen months at Magdalen College, they proved the fourteen months the most idle and unprofitable of my whole life *Ib* p. 36.

The monks of Magdalen *Ib*. p. 40.

Decent easy men, who supinely enjoyed the gifts of the founder *Ib*

Their dull and deep potations excused the brisk intemperance of youth *Ib*

Dr — well remembered that he had a salary to receive, and only forgot that he had a duty to perform *Ib* p 44.

It was here that I suspended my religious inquiries (*aged 17*) *Ib* p 63

I saw and loved *Ib*. p 83.

I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son *Ib*

Crowds without company, and dissipation without pleasure (*Of London*) *Ib* p 90

I was never less alone than when by myself *Ib* p 92.

The captain of the Hampshire grenadiers has not been useless to the historian of the Roman empire *Ib* p. 106.

It was at Rome, on the 15th of October, 1764, as I sit musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind *Ib*. p. 160.

The first of earthly blessings, independence
Ib p 176

I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and, perhaps, the establishment of my fame But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future date of my History, the life of the historian must be short and precarious *Ib* p 205

The various modes of worship, which prevailed in the Roman world, were all considered by the people as equally true, by the philosopher, as equally false, and by the magistrate, as equally useful
Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, ch 2

The principles of a free constitution are irrecoverably lost, when the legislative power is nominated by the executive *Ib* ch 3

Titus Antoninus Pius His reign is marked by the rare advantage of furnishing very few materials for history, which is, indeed, little more than the register of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind *Ib*

If a man were called to fix the period in the history of the world during which the condition of the human race was most happy and prosperous, he would, without hesitation, name that which elapsed from the death of Domitian to the accession of Commodus *Ib*

All taxes must, at last, fall upon agriculture. *Ib* ch 8

Corruption, the most infallible symptom of constitutional liberty *Ib* ch 21

In every deed of mischief he (Commenus) had a heart to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute *Ib* ch. 48.

A victorious line of march had been prolonged above a thousand miles from the rock of Gibraltar to the banks of the Loire, the repetition of an equal space would have carried the Saracens to the confines of Poland and the Highlands of Scotland the Rhine is not more impassable than the Nile or Euphrates, and the Arabian fleet might have sailed without a naval combat into the mouth of the Thames Perhaps the interpretation of the Koran would now be taught in the schools of Oxford, and her pulpits might demonstrate to a circumcised people the sanctity and truth of the revelation of Mahomet *Ib* ch 52

Vicissitudes of fortune, which spares neither man nor the proudest of his works, which buries empires and cities in a common grave *Ib* ch 71

All that is human must retrograde if it does not advance *Ib*

WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON

1850–1896

Oh, the lovely fickleness of an April day!
Pastoral Days Spring.

HUMPHREY GIFFORD

1550–1600

I cannot say the crow is white,
But needs must call a spade a spade
Song, A Woman's Face is Full of Wiles Ault, *Elizabethan Lyrics*

Ye curious carpet knights, that spend the time in sport and play,
Abroad, and see new sights, your country's cause calls you away. *For Soldiers Posie of Gilloflowers*

WILLIAM GIFFORD

1756–1826

In all the sad variety of woe *The Baviad*, l 164

The insatiate itch of scribbling
Trans of Juvenal, vii 79

Virtue alone is true nobility *Ib* viii 32

REV. RICHARD GIFFORD

1725–1807

Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound,
She feels no biting pang the while she sings,
Nor, as she turns the giddy wheel around,
Revolves the sad vicissitudes of things
Contemplation.

FRED GILBERT

1850–1903

At Trinity Church I met my doom *Title of Song*

Woa, mare! Woa, mare!
You've earned your little bit o' corn!
Down the Road

As I walk along the Bois Bou-long,
With an independent air,
You can hear the girls declare,
'He must be a millionaire',
You can hear them sigh and wish to die,
You can see them wink the other eye
At the man who broke the Bank at Monte Carlo
The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo.

HUMPHREY GILBERT

1539?–1583

We are as near to heaven by sea as by land!
Hakluyt's Voyages, iii (1600), p 159

WILLIAM SCHWENK GILBERT

1836–1911

It is my duty, and I will
The 'Bab' Ballads Captain Reece

It was their duty, and they did *Ib.*

The mildest curate going
Ib. The Rival Curates.

From a highly impossible tree
In a highly impossible scene *Ib. Only a Dancing Girl*

There were captains by the hundred, there were baronets by dozens *Ib Ferdinando and Elvira*

Only find out who it is that writes those lovely cracker mottoes! *Ib*

Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig
Ib The Yarn of the 'Nancy Bell'

Among them was a Bishop, who
Had lately been appointed to
The balmy isle of Rum-ti-Foo,
And Peter was his name
Ib The Bishop of Rum-ti-Foo

Which is pretty, but I don't know what it means
Ib Story of Prince Agib

Then they began to sing
That extremely lovely thing,
'Scherzando! ma non troppo ppp' *Ib*

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through pathless realms of Space
Roll on!
What though I'm in a sorry case?
What though I cannot meet my bills?
What though I suffer toothache's ills?
What though I swallow countless pills?
Never *you* mind!
Roll on!
Ib To the Terrestrial Globe

It's true I've got no shirts to wear,
It's true my butcher's bill is due,
It's true my prospects all look blue—
But don't let that unsettle you!
Never *you* mind!
Roll on! (*It rolls on*) *Ib*

The padre said, 'Whatever have you been and gone and done?' *Ib Gentle Alice Brown*

A very good girl was Emily Jane,
Jimmy was good and true,
John was a very good man in the main
(And I am a good man too)
Ib Emily, John, James, and I

Down went the owners—greedy men whom hope of gain allured
Oh, dry the starting tear, for they were heavily insured *Ib Etiquette*

He had often eaten oysters, but had never had enough *Ib*

In all the woes that curse our race
There is a lady in the case *Fallen Fairies*, II

He led his regiment from behind—
He found it less exciting *The Gondoliers*, I

That celebrated,
Cultivated,
Underrated
Nobleman,
The Duke of Plaza Toro! *Ib.*

Of that there is no manner of doubt—
No probable, possible shadow of doubt—
No possible doubt whatever. *Ib*

His terrible taste for tippling *Ib*

A taste for drink, combined with gout,
Had doubled him up for ever *Ib*

Oh, 'tis a glorious thing, I ween,
To be a regular Royal Queen!
No half-and-half affair, I mean,
But a right-down regular Royal Queen! *Ib*

All shall equal be *Ib*

The Earl, the Marquis, and the Dook,
The Groom, the Butler, and the Cook,
The Aristocrat who banks with Coutts,
The Aristocrat who cleans the boots *Ib*

But the privilege and pleasure
That we treasure beyond measure
Is to run on little errands for the Ministers of State
Ib II

With the gratifying feeling that our duty has been done! *Ib*

Take a pair of sparkling eyes *Ib*

Take my counsel, happy man,
Act upon it, if you can! *Ib*

He wished all men as rich as he
(And he was rich as rich could be),
So to the top of every tree
Promoted everybody *Ib*

Dukes were three a penny *Ib*

When every blessed thing you hold
Is made of silver, or of gold,
You long for simple pewter
When you have nothing else to wear
But cloth of gold and satins rare,
For cloth of gold you cease to care—
Up goes the price of shoddy *Ib*

When everyone is somebodee,
Then no one's anybody! *Ib*

I see no objection to stoutness, in moderation.
Iolanthe, I

For I'm to be married today—today—
Yes, I'm to be married to-day! *Ib*

Thou the singer, I the song! *Ib*

Bow, bow, ye lower middle classes!
Bow, bow, ye tradesmen, bow, ye masses *Ib*

The Law is the true embodiment
Of everything that's excellent
It has no kind of fault or flaw,
And I, my Lords, embody the Law *Ib*

Pretty young wards in Chancery *Ib*

A pleasant occupation for
A rather susceptible Chancellor! *Ib*

For I'm not so old, and not so plain,
And I'm quite prepared to marry again. *Ib*

Spurn not the nobly born with love affected,
Nor treat with virtuous scorn the well-connected *Ib.*

Hearts just as pure and fair
May beat in Belgrave Square
As in the lowly air
Of Seven Dials *Ib*

When I went to the Bar as a very young man,
(Said I to myself, said I) *Iolanthe*, I

My son in tears—and on his wedding day! *Ib*

He exercises of his brains,
That is, assuming that he's got any *Ib* II

I am an intellectual chap,
And think of things that would astonish you
I often think it's comical
How Nature always does contrive
That every boy and every gal,
That's born into the world alive,
Is either a little Liberal,
Or else a little Conservative! *Ib*

The House of Peers, throughout the war,
Did nothing in particular,
And did it very well
Yet Britain set the world ablaze
In good King George's glorious days! *Ib*

Oh, Captain Shaw!
Type of true love kept under!
Could thy Brigade
With cold cascade
Quench my great love, I wonder! *Ib*

For you dream you are crossing the Channel, and tossing about in a steamer from Harwich—
Which is something between a large bathing machine and a very small second class carriage *Ib*

And bound on that journey you find your attorney
(who started that morning from Devon),
He's a bit undersized, and you don't feel surprised when he tells you he's only eleven *Ib*

Faint heart never won fair lady!
Nothing venture, nothing win—
Blood is thick, but water's thin—
In for a penny, in for a pound—
It's Love that makes the world go round! *Ib*

A wandering minstrel I—
A thing of shreds and patches,
Of ballads, songs and snatches,
And dreamy lullaby! *The Mikado*, I

Are you in sentimental mood?
I'll sigh with you *Ib*

But the happiest hour a sailor sees
Is when he's down
At an inland town,
With his Nancy on his knees, yo ho!
And his arm around her waist! *Ib*

And I am right,
And you are right,
And all is right as right can be! *Ib*

It revolts me, but I do it! *Ib*

I accept refreshment at any hands, however lowly *Ib*

And the brass will crash,
And the trumpets bray,
And they'll cut a dash
On their wedding day *Ib*

I am happy to think that there will be no difficulty in finding plenty of people whose loss will be a distinct gain to society at large *Ib*

As some day it may happen that a victim must be found,
I've got a little list—I've got a little list
Of social offenders who might well be under ground
And who never would be missed—who never would be missed! *Ib*

The idiot who praises, with enthusiastic tone,
All centuries but this, and every country but his own *Ib*

Three little maids from school are we,
Pert as a schoolgirl well can be,
Filled to the brim with girlish glee *Ib*

Life is a joke that's just begun *Ib*

Three little maids who, all unwary,
Come from a ladies' seminary *Ib*

Modified rapture! *Ib.*

Awaiting the sensation of a short, sharp shock,
From a cheap and chippy chopper on a big black block *Ib*

For he's going to marry Yum-Yum—
Yum-Yum *Ib*

There's not a trace
Upon her face
Of diffidence or shyness *Ib* II

Ah, pray make no mistake,
We are not shy,
We're very wide awake,
The moon and I! *Ib*

Brightly dawns our wedding day,
Joyous hour, we give thee greeting! *Ib*

Sing a merry madrigal. *Ib*

Matrimonial devotion
Doesn't seem to suit her notion *Ib*

Here's a how-de-doo! *Ib*

Ha! ha! Family Pride, how do you like *that*, my buck? *Ib*

My object all sublime
I shall achieve in time—
To make the punishment fit the crime—
The punishment fit the crime *Ib*

A source of innocent merriment!
Of innocent merriment *Ib*

Sent to hear sermons
From mystical Germans
Who preach from ten till four *Ib*

The music-hall singer attends a series
Of masses and fugues and 'ops'
By Bach, interwoven
With Spohr and Beethoven,
At classical Monday Pops *Ib*

The billiard sharp whom any one catches,
His doom's extremely hard—
He's made to dwell—
In a dungeon cell
On a spot that's always barred
And there he plays extravagant matches
In fitless finger-stalls
On a cloth untrue
With a twisted cue
And elliptical billiard balls *Ib*

The criminal cried, as he dropped him down,
In a state of wild alarm—
With a frightful, frantic, fearful frown,
I bared my big right arm *Ib.*

I drew my snickersnee! *Mikado*, II

Her terrible tale
You can't assail,
With truth it quite agrees,
Her taste exact
For faultless fact
Amounts to a disease *Ib*

Though trunkless, yet
It couldn't forget
The deference due to me! *Ib*

Something lingering, with boiling oil in it, I fancy *Ib*

Merely corroborative detail, intended to give artistic verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative *Ib.*

She has a left elbow which people come miles to see! *Ib*

The flowers that bloom in the spring, Tra la,
Have nothing to do with the case *Ib*

I've got to take under my wing,
tra la,
A most unattractive old thing,
tra la,
With a caricature of a face
And that's what I mean when I say, or I sing,
'Oh bother the flowers that bloom in the spring' *Ib*

On a tree by a river a little tom-tit
Sang 'Willow, titwillow, titwillow!'
And I said to him, 'Dicky-bird, why do you sit
Singing "Willow, titwillow, titwillow?"' *Ib*

'Is it weakness of intellect, birdie?' I cried,
'Or a rather tough worm in your little inside?'
With a shake of his poor little head he replied,
'Oh, willow, titwillow, titwillow!' *Ib*

He sobbed and he sighed, and a gurgle he gave,
Then he plunged himself into the billowy wave,
And an echo arose from the suicide's grave—
'Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!' *Ib.*

There's a fascination frantic
In a ruin that's romantic,
Do you think you are sufficiently decayed? *Ib*

When your Majesty says, 'Let a thing be done,' it's as good as done—practically, it *is* done—because your Majesty's will is law *Ib*

Twenty love-sick maidens we,
Love-sick all against our will *Patience*, I

When I first put this uniform on. *Ib*

Am I alone,
And unobserved? I am! *Ib.*

If you're anxious for to shine in the high aesthetic line
as a man of culture rare *Ib.*

You must lie upon the daisies and discourse in novel phrases of your complicated state of mind,
The meaning doesn't matter if it's only idle chatter of a transcendental kind
And everyone will say,
As you walk your mystic way,
'If this young man expresses himself in terms too deep for *me*,
Why, what a very singularly deep young man this deep young man must be!' *Ib*

For Art stopped short in the cultivated court of the Empress Josephine *Ib*

Then a sentimental passion of a vegetable fashion
must excite your languid spleen,
An attachment à la Plato, for a bashful young potato,
or a not too French French bean!
Though the Philistines may jostle, you will rank as an apostle in the high aesthetic band,
If you walk down Piccadilly with a poppy or a lily in your medieval hand
And everyone will say,
As you walk your flowery way,
'If he's content with a vegetable love which would certainly not suit *me*,
Why, what a most particularly pure young man this pure young man must be!' *Ib*

Prithee, pretty maiden—prithee, tell me true. *Ib*

Nobody I care for comes a-courting me. *Ib*

Prithee, pretty maiden, will you marry me?
(Hey, but I'm hopeful, willow, willow, waly!)
I may say, at once, I'm a man of propertee—
Hey willow waly O!
Money, I despise it,
Many people prize it,
Hey willow waly O! *Ib*

The pain that is all but a pleasure will change
For the pleasure that's all but pain *Ib*

There will be too much of me
In the coming by and by! *Ib* II

While this magnetic,
Peripatetic
Lover, he lived to learn,
By no endeavour
Can magnet ever
Attract a Silver Churn! *Ib*

Sing 'Hey to you—good day to you'—
Sing 'Bah to you—ha! ha! to you'—
Sing 'Booh to you—pooh, pooh to you' *Ib.*

He will have to be contented
With our heartfelt sympathy! *Ib.*

'High diddle diddle'
Will rank as an idyll,
If I pronounce it chaste! *Ib*

Who's fond of his dinner
And doesn't get thinner
On bottled beer and chops *Ib*

Francesca di Rimini, miminy, piminy,
Je-ne-sais-quoi young man! *Ib.*

A greenery-yallery, Grosvenor Gallery,
Foot-in-the-grave young man! *Ib*

A Sewell and Cross young man,
A Howell & James young man,
A pushing young particle—'What's the next article?'
Waterloo House young man! *Ib*

I'm called Little Buttercup—dear Little Buttercup,
Though I could never tell why
H M S Pinafore, I

I am the Captain of the *Pinafore*,
And a right good captain too! *Ib.*

And I'm never, never sick at sea!
What, never?
No, never!
What, *never*?
Hardly ever!
He's hardly ever sick at sea!
Then give three cheers, and one cheer more,
For the hardy Captain of the *Pinafore*! *Ib.*

You're exceedingly polite,
And I think it only right
To return the compliment *Ib.*

I never use a big, big D *Ib*

And so do his sisters and his cousins and his aunts!
His sisters and his cousins,
Whom he reckons up by dozens,
And his aunts! *Ib*

When I was a lad I served a term
As office boy to an Attorney's firm
I cleaned the windows and I swept the floor,
And I polished up the handle of the big front door
I polished up that handle so carefullee
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee! *Ib*

And I copied all the letters in a big round hand *Ib*

I always voted at my party's call,
And I never thought of thinking for myself at all *Ib*

Stick close to your desks and never go to sea,
And you all may be Rulers of the Queen's Navee! *Ib*

His energetic fist should be ready to resist
A dictatorial word *Ib.*

His bosom should heave and his heart should glow,
And his fist be ever ready for a knock-down blow *Ib.*

Things are seldom what they seem,
Skim milk masquerades as cream *Ib* II

The merry maiden and the tar *Ib*

It was the cat *Ib*

He is an Englishman!
For he himself has said it,
And it's greatly to his credit,
That he is an Englishman! *Ib.*

For he might have been a Roosian,
A French, or Turk, or Prussian,
Or perhaps Italian!
But in spite of all temptations
To belong to other nations,
He remains an Englishman! *Ib.*

The other, upper crust,
A regular patrician *Ib.*

It is, it is a glorious thing
To be a Pirate King *Pirates of Penzance*, I.

The question is, had he not been
A thing of beauty,
Would she be swayed by quite as keen
A sense of duty? *Ib.*

Poor wandering one!
Though thou hast surely strayed,
Take heart of grace,
Thy steps retrace,
Poor wandering one! *Ib.*

Take heart, fair days will shine,
Take any heart, take mine! *Ib*

I am the very model of a modern Major-General *Ib*

When the foeman bares his steel,
Tarantara, tarantara!
We uncomfortable feel,
Tarantara *Ib* II

When constabulary duty's to be done,
The policeman's lot is not a happy one *Ib*

When the enterprising burglar's not a-burgling *Ib*

When the coster's finished jumping on his mother—
He loves to lie a-basking in the sun *Ib*

No Englishman unmoved that statement hears,
Because, with all our faults, we love our House of Peers *Ib*

Politics we bar,
They are not our bent,
On the whole we are
Not intelligent *Princess Ida*, I

Yet everybody says I'm such a disagreeable man!
And I can't think why! *Ib* I

To everybody's prejudice I know a thing or two,
I can tell a woman's age in half a minute—and I do! *Ib*

Man is Nature's sole mistake! *Ib* II

My natural instinct teaches me
(And instinct is important, O!)
You're everything you ought to be,
And nothing that you oughtn't, O! *Ib.*

Oh, don't the days seem lank and long
When all goes right and nothing goes wrong,
And isn't your life extremely flat
With nothing whatever to grumble at! *Ib*

All baronets are bad *Ruddigore*, I

I'll wager in their joy they kissed each other's cheek
(Which is what them furriners do) *Ib*

You must stir it and stump it,
And blow your own trumpet,
Or trust me, you haven't a chance *Ib*

He combines the manners of a Marquis with the morals of a Methodist *Ib*

When he's excited he uses language that would make your hair curl *Ib*

For duty, duty must be done,
The rule applies to everyone *Ib*

If a man can't forge his own will, whose will can he forge? *Ib*

For you are such a smart little craft—
Such a neat little, sweet little craft,
Such a bright little, tight little,
Slight little, light little,
Trim little, prim little craft! *Ib* II

Desperate deeds of derring do *Ib*

Some word that teems with hidden meaning—like
Basingstoke *Ib*

Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn
Ib l 329

In all the silent manliness of grief. *Ib.* l. 384

Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so
Ib l 413.

The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy
The Haunch of Venison, l. 4.

Turn, gentle Hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way,
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray
Edwin and Angelina, or The Hermit

Taught by the Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them *Ib*

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long *Ib*

And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep? *Ib*

The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heav'n refined,
Could nought of purity display,
To emulate his mind *Ib.*

'Turn, Angelina, ever dear' *Ib.*

Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And ev'ry care resign
And shall we never, never part,
My life,—my all that's mine? *Ib*

The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
Shall break thy Edwin's too *Ib*

Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
Nor cut each others' throats, for pay
Logicians Refuted, l 39

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song,
And if you find it wond'rous short,
It cannot hold you long
Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog

That still a godly race he ran,
Whene'er he went to prav *Ib*

The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes *Ib*

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree *Ib*

The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad and bit the man *Ib*

And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man *Ib*

The man recover'd of the bite,
The dog it was that died. *Ib*

Our Garrick's a salad, for in him we see
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree
Retaliation, l 11

Who mix'd reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth
If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt [Dr Barnard, Dean of Derry] *Ib* l 24

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much;
Who, born for the Universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat
To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote,
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining,
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit,
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit
[Edmund Burke] *Ib* l 29

Too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*
[Edmund Burke] *Ib.* l. 46

His conduct still right, with his argument wrong
[William Burke] *Ib* l 46

Here lies David Garrick, describe me, who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man.
Ib l 93

As a wit, if not first, in the very first line [Garrick]
Ib l 96

On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting
[Garrick] *Ib.* l 101

He cast off his friends as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle them back
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame
[Garrick] *Ib* l 107

He was, could he help it?—a special attorney
[Joseph Hickey] *Ib* l 136

Here Reynolds is laid, and to tell you my mind,
He has not left a better or wiser behind
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland,
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart. *Ib.* l. 137.

When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff
[Reynolds] *Ib* l 145

Thou best-humour'd man with the worst-humour'd muse [Whitefoord] *Ib* l 174

Let schoolmasters puzzle their brain,
With grammar, and nonsense, and learning,
Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,
Gives genius a better discerning
She Stoops to Conquer, I 1, song

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheldt, or wandering Po
The Traveller, l 1.

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee,
Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain
Ib l 7.

And learn the luxury of doing good *Ib* 1 22

These little things are great to little man *Ib* 1 42

Who can direct, when all pretend to know? *Ib* 1 64

Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country ever is, at home *Ib* 1 73

Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails,
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails
Ib 1 91.

Man seems the only growth that dwindles here
Ib 1 126

But winter ling'ring chills the lap of May *Ib* 1 172

At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze,
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board *Ib* 1 191

They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming bless'd, they grow to what they seem
Ib 1 265

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land
Ib 1. 282.

Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by *Ib.* 1 327.

The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms
Ib 1 356

Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law
Ib 1 386

When lovely woman stoops to folly
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?
The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom—is to die
Song From the Vicar of Wakefield, ch 29.

For he who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day,
But he who is in battle slain
Can never rise and fight again
Art of Poetry on a New Plan Written by Newbery, revised by Goldsmith

I am resolved to write on, if it were only to spite them
The Bee, No 4 27 Oct 1750 *Miscellaneous*

As writers become more numerous, it is natural for readers to become more indolent
Ib No 175 *Upon Unfortunate Merit*

The volume of nature is the book of knowledge
Citizen of the World. Letter 4.

'The Republic of Letters' is a very common expression among the Europeans *Ib* Letter 20.

He writes indexes to perfection *Ib* Letter 29.

To a philosopher no circumstance, however trifling, is too minute *Ib* Letter 30

'Did I say so?' replied he coolly, 'to be sure, if I said so, it was so' *Ib* Letter 54.

Had Caesar or Cromwell exchanged countries, the one might have been a sergeant, and the other an exciseman *Essays*, 1 *Introductory Paper*

The true use of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them
Ib v. *The Use of Language.*

Bacon, that great and hardy genius
Ib xviii *Travel in Asia*

Here's to the memory of Shakespeare, Falstaff, and all the merry men of East-cheap
Ib xix *At The Boar's Head Tavern*

I hate the French because they are all slaves, and wear wooden shoes
Ib xxiv *Distresses of a Common Soldier*

This same philosophy is a good horse in the stable, but an arrant jade on a journey
The Good-Natured Man, 1

We must touch his weaknesses with a delicate hand There are some faults so nearly allied to excellence, that we can scarce weed out the fault without eradicating the virtue *Ib*

All his faults are such that one loves him still the better for them *Ib.*

I'm now no more than a mere lodger in my own house *Ib*

Life at the greatest and best is but a froward child, that must be humour'd and coax'd a little till it falls asleep, and then all the care is over *Ib.*

Friendship is a disinterested commerce between equals, love, an abject intercourse between tyrants and slaves *Ib*

Don't let us make imaginary evils, when you know we have so many real ones to encounter *Ib*

LEONTINE
An only son, sir, might expect more indulgence.
CROAKER
An only father, Sir, might expect more obedience
Ib

I am told he makes a very handsome corpse, and becomes his coffin prodigiously *Ib*

Silence is become his mother tongue *Ib* II

Measures, not men, have always been my mark. *Ib*

All men have their faults, too much modesty is his *Ib*

You, that are going to be married, think things can never be done too fast, but we, that are old, and know what we are about, must elope methodically, madam *Ib*

She stoops to conquer *Title of play*

In my time, the follies of the town crept slowly among us, but now they travel faster than a stage-coach *She Stoops to Conquer*, 1

I love every thing that's old, old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wines *Ib*

As for disappointing them I should not so much mind, but I can't abide to disappoint myself *Ib*

Is it one of my well-looking days, child? Am I in face today? *Ib*

The very pink of perfection. *Ib*

In a concatenation accordingly *Ib*

I'll be with you in the squeezing of a lemon *Ib*

This is Liberty-Hall, gentlemen. *Ib* II.

We are the boys
That fears no noise
Where the thundering cannons roar *Ib*

Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no fibs
Ib III

Was there ever such a cross-grained brute? *Ib*

Women and music should never be dated *Ib*

As for murmurs, mother, we grumble a little now and then, to be sure But there's no love lost between us *Ib* IV

A book may be amusing with numerous errors, or it may be very dull without a single absurdity
The Vicar of Wakefield, advertisement

I was ever of opinion, that the honest man who married and brought up a large family, did more service than he who continued single and only talked of population *Ib* ch 1

All our adventures were by the fire-side, and all our migrations from the blue bed to the brown *Ib*

A mutilated courtesy *Ib*

The virtue which requires to be ever guarded is scarcely worth the sentinel *Ib* ch 5

I find you want me to furnish you with argument and intellects too No, Sir, there I protest you are too hard for me *Ib* ch 7

'Very well,' cried I, 'that's a good girl, I find you are perfectly qualified for making converts, and so go help your mother to make the gooseberry-pie' *Ib*.

By the living jingo, she was all of a muck of sweat
Ib ch 9

With other fashionable topics, such as pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses *Ib*

Mr Burchell at the conclusion of every sentence would cry out '*Fudge!*'— an expression which displeased us all *Ib* ch 11

Conscience is a coward, and those faults it has not strength enough to prevent it seldom has justice enough to accuse *Ib* ch 13.

It seemed to me pretty plain, that they had more of love than matrimony in them *Ib* ch 16

As ten millions of circles can never make a square, so the united voice of myriads cannot lend the smallest foundation to falsehood *Ib* ch 27

There is no arguing with Johnson, for when his pistol misses fire, he knocks you down with the butt end of it
Remark Boswell's *Life of Johnson, 26 Oct 1769*

As I take my shoes from the shoemaker, and my coat from the tailor, so I take my religion from the priest *Ib 9 April 1773*

[To Johnson who was laughing when he said that the little fishes in a proposed fable should talk like little fishes]
Why, Dr Johnson, this is not so easy as you seem to think, for if you were to make little fishes talk, they would talk like whales.
Ib. 27 April 1773

[To Boswell, for talking of Johnson as entitled to the honour of unquestionable superiority]
Sir, are you for making a monarchy of what should be a republic. *Ib 7 May 1773*

[To Boswell, of Johnson]
Is he like Burke, who winds into a subject like a serpent? *Ib 10 May 1773*

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON

1833–1870

Yet if man, of all the Creator plann'd,
His noblest work is reckoned,
Of the works of His Hand, by sea or by land,
The horse may at least rank second
Hippodromama, pt I, III

She was iron-sinew'd and satin-skinn'd,
Ribb'd like a drum and limb'd like a deer,
Fierce as the fire and fleet as the wind—
There was nothing she couldn't climb or clear
The Romance of Britomarte, VI

I should live the same life over, if I had to live again,
And the chances are I go where most men go
The Sick Stockrider

A little season of love and laughter,
Of light and life, and pleasure and pain,
And a horror of outer darkness after,
And dust returneth to dust again.
Then the lesser life shall be as the greater,
And the lover of life shall join the hater,
And the one thing cometh sooner or later,
And no one knoweth the loss or gain
The Swimmer

The restless throbbings and burnings
That hope unsatisfied brings,
The weary longings and yearnings
For the mystical better things
Wormwood and Nightshade.

No game was ever yet worth a rap
For a rational man to play,
Into which no accident, no mishap,
Could possibly find its way
Ye Wearie Wayfarer, Fytte 4

Yet if once we efface the joys of the chase
From the land, and outroot the Stud,
Goodbye to the Anglo-Saxon race!
Farewell to the Norman blood! *Ib Fytte 7.*

Question not, but live and labour
Till yon goal be won,
Helping every feeble neighbour,
Seeking help from none,
Life is mostly froth and bubble,
Two things stand like stone,
Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage in your own *Ib Fytte 8.*

EVA GORE-BOOTH

1872–1926

The little waves of Breffny go stumbling through my soul *Poems The Little Waves of Breffny.*

GEORGE JOACHIM, FIRST VISCOUNT GOSCHEN

1831–1907

If so we shall make our wills and do our duty
Speech, 14 Apr 1886

We have stood alone in that which is called isolation—our splendid isolation, as one of our colonial friends was good enough to call it [See G E Foster]
Speech at Lewes, 26 Feb 1896.

SIR WILLIAM EDWARD GOSCHEN

1847–1924

I have the courage of my opinions, but I have not the temerity to give a political blank cheque to Lord Salisbury. *Speech, H. of C, 19 Feb. 1884*

EDMUND GOSSE

1849–1928

Papa, don't tell me that she's a Paedobaptist?
Father and Son, ch 10

JOHN GOWER

1325?–1408

It hath and schal ben evermor
That love is mayster wher he wile
Confessio Amantis, prologue, l 34.

RICHARD GRAFTON

?–1572?

Thirty days hath November,
April, June, and September,
February hath twenty-eight alone,
And all the rest have thirty-one
Abridgement of the Chronicles of England (1570), introductory matter, sig 1 ¶ j b

CHARLES GRAHAM

Two little girls in blue, lad,
Two little girls in blue,
They were sisters, we were brothers,
And learned to love the two
Two Little Girls In Blue

HARRY GRAHAM

1874–

Aunt Jane observed, the second time
She tumbled off a bus,
The step is short from the Sublime
To the Ridiculous
Ruthless Rhymes Equammity

Billy, in one of his nice new sashes,
Fell in the fire and was burnt to ashes,
Now, although the room grows chilly,
I haven't the heart to poke poor Billy
Ib Tender-Heartedness

Auntie, did you feel no pain
Falling from that apple-tree?
Would you do it, please, again?
Cos my friend here didn't see *Ib Appreciation*

O'er the rugged mountain's brow
Clara threw the twins she nursed,
And remarked, 'I wonder now
Which will reach the bottom first?'
Ib Calculating Clara

Philip, foozling with his cleek,
Drove his ball through Helen's cheek;
Sad they bore her corpse away,
Seven up and six to play *Ib Philip*

'There's been an accident!' they said,
'Your servant's cut in half, he's dead!'
'Indeed!' said Mr Jones, 'and please
Send me the half that's got my keys' *Ib Mr Jones*

ROBERT CUNNINGHAME-GRAHAM

1735–1797

If doughty deeds my lady please,
Right soon I'll mount my steed
If Doughty Deeds My Lady Please, or *O Tell Me How To Woo Thee*

For you alone I ride the ring *Ib*

JAMES GRAHAME

1765–1811

Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day
The Sabbath, l 29

What strong, mysterious links enchain the heart
To regions where the morn of life was spent!
Ib l 404

JAMES GRAINGER

1721?–1766

What is fame? an empty bubble,
Gold? a transient, shining trouble *Solitude*, l 96

Now, Muse, let 's sing of rats
The Sugar Cane MS quoted in Boswell's *Life of Johnson, 21 March 1776 The passage was not printed*

SIR ROBERT GRANT

1779–1838

The Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendour,
And girded with praise
Bickersteth's Church Psalmody O Worship the King

Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail *Ib*

ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT

1822–1885

I know no method to secure the repeal of bad or obnoxious laws so effective as their stringent execution *Inaugural Address, 4 March, 1869*

I purpose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer
Dispatch to Washington, From Head-Quarters in the Field, 11 May 1864

Let no guilty man escape, if it can be avoided
No personal considerations should stand in the way of performing a public duty
Indorsement of a Letter relating to the Whiskey Ring, 29 July 1875

Let us have peace
Letter of Acceptance of Nomination, 29 May 1868

No terms except unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted I propose to move immediately upon your works
Fort Donelson, 16 Feb 1862

GEORGE GRANVILLE, BARON LANSDOWNE

1667–1735

I'll be this abject thing no more,
Love, give me back my heart again
Adieu l'Amour

Who to a woman trusts his peace of mind,
Trusts a frail bark, with a tempestuous wind
The British Enchanters, II 1

Of all the plagues with which the world is curst,
Of every ill, a woman is the worst *Ib*

Marriage the happiest bond of love might be,
If hands were only joined when hearts agree
Ib V 1

Oh Love! thou bane of the most generous souls!
Thou doubtful pleasure, and thou certain pain
Heroic Love, II 1

'Tis the talk, and not the intrigue, that's the crime
The She Gallants, III 1

Cowards in scarlet pass for men of war *Ib* V

Whimsey, not reason, is the female guide
The Vision, l 81

ARTHUR PERCEVAL GRAVES

1846–1931

Of priests we can offer a charmin' variety,
Far renowned for larnin' and piety *Father O'Flynn.*

Powerfulest preacher and tinderest teacher
And kindliest creature in ould Donegal *Ib*

Checkin' the crazy ones, coaxin' onaisy ones,
Liftin' the lazy ones on wid the stick *Ib*

JOHN WOODCOCK GRAVES

1795–1886

D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gray?
D'ye ken John Peel at the break of the day?
D'ye ken John Peel when he's far far away
With his hounds and his horn in the morning?
'Twas the sound of his horn called me from my bed,
And the cry of his hounds has me oft-times led,
For Peel's view-hollo would waken the dead,
Or a fox from his lair in the morning *John Peel.*

ROBERT GRAVES

1895–

Goodbye to all that *Title of Book.*

THOMAS GRAY

1716–1771

Daughter of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour
The bad affright, afflict the best
Hymn to Adversity, l 1

What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own, she learn'd to melt at others' woe.
Ib l 15.

And leave us leisure to be good. *Ib.* l 20

Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!
Confusion on thy banners wait,
Tho' fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing
They mock the air with idle state *The Bard*, I 1

To arms! cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quiv'ring lance *Ib*

To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay
Ib I II

Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's race.
Give ample room, and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace *Ib* II 1

Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm,
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey *Ib* II II

Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murther fed
Ib II III

Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul! *Ib* III 1

And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest *Ib* III II

What female heart can gold despise?
What cat 's averse to fish?
Ode on the Death of a Favourite Cat

A fav'rite has no friend! *Ib*

Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize,
Nor all, that glisters, gold *Ib.*

Now my weary lips I close,
Leave me, leave me to repose!
Descent of Odin, l 71.

To warm their little loves the birds complain
Sonnet on the Death of Richard West.

And weep the more because I weep in vain *Ib*

The social smile, the sympathetic tear
Alliance of Education and Government, l 37

When love could teach a monarch to be wise,
And gospel-light first dawn'd from Bullen's eyes
Ib l 108.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds
Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard, 1–11.

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Ib 111

Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep *Ib* 1v

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share
Ib v–vi

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave
Ib viii–ix

Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise. *Ib.*

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flatt'ry soothe the dull, cold ear of death?
Ib xi

Hands, that the rod of empire might have swav'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre. *Ib* xii

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll,
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes
Ib xiii–xvi.

Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind
Ib xvii

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray,
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh
Ib xix–xx

And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die *Ib* xxi

For who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires,
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires
Ib xxii–xxiii

Mindful of th' unhonour'd dead *Ib* xxiv

Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn *Ib* xxv

His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by *Ib* xxvi

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heav'n did a recompense as largely send
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God
Ib xxx–xxxii.

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the wat'ry glade
Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College, l 1

Urge the flying ball *Ib* l 30

Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy *Ib* l 38

Alas, regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day *Ib* l 51.

Ah, tell them, they are men *Ib* 1 60.

Grim-visag'd, comfortless Despair *Ib* 1 69.

Slow-consuming Age *Ib* 1 90.

To each his suff'rings all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan,
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own

Yet ah! why should they know their fate?
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies
Thought would destroy their paradise
No more, where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise *Ib* 1 91

Iron-sleet of arrowy shower
Hurtles in the darken'd air. *The Fatal Sisters*

Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages, that lead to nothing *A Long Story*, 11

Full oft within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave Lord-Keeper led the brawls,
The Seal, and Maces, danc'd before him *Ib* 111

Hence, avaunt, ('tis holy ground)
Comus, and his midnight-crew
Ode for Music, or Installation Ode, 1 1

Servitude that hugs her chain *Ib* 1 6

There sit the sainted sage, the bard divine,
The few, whom genius gave to shine
Thro' every unborn age, and undiscover'd clime.
Ib. 1. 15

Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,
Their human passions now no more *Ib* 1 48

The meanest flowret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, and skies,
To him are opening paradise
Ode On the Pleasure Arising from Vicissitude, 1 49

The bloom of young desire and purple light of love
The Progress of Poesy, 1 3

Nature's darling [Shakespeare] *Ib* 111 1

The dauntless child
Stretched forth his little arms, and smiled
[Shakespeare]. *Ib*

Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears *Ib*

Nor second he, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of ecstasy,
The secrets of th' abyss to spy
He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time
The living throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where angels tremble, while they gaze,
He saw, but blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night [*Milton*] *Ib* 111 2

Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding pace *Ib*

Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts, that breathe, and words, that burn *Ib* 3

Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the good how far—but far above the great *Ib*

Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune,
He had not the method of making a fortune
Sketch of his own Character

The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckoo's note
Ode on the Spring, 1 5

How vain the ardour of the crowd,
How low, how little are the proud,
How indigent the great! *Ib* 1 18

Contemplation's sober eye *Ib* 1 31.

It has been usual to catch a mouse or two (for form's sake) in public once a year [On refusing the Laureateship]
Ib. 259, *To Mason, 19 Dec. 1757*

Now as the paradisaical pleasures of the Mahometans consist in playing upon the flute and lying with Houris, be mine to read eternal new romances of Marivaux and Crebillon
Letters 103, *To West, [8] Apr, [1742]*

Any fool may write a most valuable book by chance, if he will only tell us what he heard and saw with veracity *Ib* 475, *To Walpole, 25 Feb 1768*

HORACE GREELEY

1811–1872

Go West, young man, and grow up with the country
Hints Toward Reform

MATTHEW GREEN

1696–1737

I live by pulling off the hat
On Barclay's Apology, 1 84.

They politics like ours profess,
The greater prey upon the less *The Grotto*, 1 69

Fling but a stone, the giant dies
Laugh and be well *The Spleen*, 1 92

Or to some coffee-house I stray,
For news, the manna of a day,
And from the hipp'd discourses gather
That politics go by the weather *Ib* 1 168

Experience joined with common sense,
To mortals is a providence *Ib* 1 312.

Who their ill-tasted, home-brewed prayer
To the State's mellow forms prefer. *Ib* 1 336

By happy alchemy of mind
They turn to pleasure all they find *Ib* 1 610

ALBERT GORTON GREENE

1802–1868

Old Grimes is dead! that good old man
We never shall see more
He used to wear a long, black coat
All buttoned down before *Old Grimes.*

ROBERT GREENE

1560?–1592

A noble mind disdains to hide his head,
And let his foes triumph in his overthrow
Alphonso, King of Aragon, I

Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay. *Title of play.*

Hangs in the uncertain balance of proud time
Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay, III 1

Cupid abroad was lated in the night,
His wings were wet with ranging in the rain
Sonnet Cupid Abroad was Lated

Sweet Adon, darest not glance thine eye
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?
Upon thy Venus that must die?
Je vous en prie, pity me
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami? *Infida's Song.*

Ah! were she pitiful as she is fair,
Or but as mild as she is seeming so
Dorastus in Praise of Fawnia Pandosto, ed 1694.

O glorious sun, imagine me the west!
Shine in my arms, and set thou in my breast! *Ib.*

Love in my bosom like a bee
Doth suck his sweet,
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amid my tender breast,
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest
Ah, wanton, will ye? *Rosalind's Madrigal*

Like to Diana in her summer weed,
Girt with a crimson robe of brightest dye,
Goes fair Samela
Whiter than be the flocks that straggling feed,
When washed by Arethusa's fount they lie,
Is fair Samela *Samela*

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee
Mother's wag, pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.
When thy father first did see
Such a boy by him and me,
He was glad, I was woe
Fortune changed made him so,
When he left his pretty boy,
Last his sorrow, first his joy *Sephestia's Song*

The wanton smiled, father wept,
Mother cried, baby lept,
More he crowed, more we cried;
Nature could not sorrow hide.
He must go, he must kiss
Child and mother, baby bliss;
For he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy. *Ib*

The swain did woo, she was nice,
Following fashion nayed him twice
The Shepherd's Ode

Ah! what is love! It is a pretty thing,
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king,
And sweeter too,

For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
And cares can make the sweetest love to frown
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?
The Shepherd's Wife's Song

For there is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blank verse as the best of you, and being an absolute *Iohannes fac totum*, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country
The Groatsworth of Wit Bought with a Million of Repentance

STEPHEN GRELLET

1773–1855

I expect to pass through this world but once, any good thing therefore that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any fellow-creature, let me do it now, let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again
Attr 'Treasure Trove', collected by John o' London, 1925 Many other claimants to authorship.

CHARLES CAVENDISH FULKE GREVILLE

1794–1865

Knowing, as 'the man in the street' (as we call him at Newmarket) always does, the greatest secrets of kings, and being the confidant of their most hidden thoughts *Memoirs, 22 March 1831*

FULKE GREVILLE, FIRST BARON BROOKE

1554–1628

More than most fair, full of that heavenly fire,
Kindled above to show the Maker's glory,
Beauty's first-born, in whom all powers conspire
To write the Graces' life, and Muses' story
If in my heart all saints else be defaced,
Honour the shrine, where you alone are placed
Cælica, sonnet III

Fire and people do in this agree,
They both good servants, both ill masters be
Inquisition upon Fame, lxvii

Do what you can mine shall subsist by me:
I am the measure of Felicity
Mustapha Chorus Tertius, Eternity.

Oh wearisome condition of humanity!
Born under one law, to another bound
Mustapha, V IV

Silence augmenteth grief, writing increaseth rage,
Stal'd are my thoughts, which loved and lost, the wonder of our age,
Yet quick'ned now with fire, though dead with frost ere now,
Enraged I write, I know now what dead, quick, I know not how
Elegy on the Death of Sir Philip Sidney.

Fulke Greville, Servant to Queen Elizabeth, Councillor to King James, and Friend to Sir Philip Sidney

Epitaph Written for Himself, on his Monument in Warwick

EDWARD, VISCOUNT GREY OF FALLODEN

1862–1933

The British Army should be a projectile to be fired by the British Navy.

Lord Fisher, Memories, ch 1

The lamps are going out all over Europe, we shall not see them lit again in our lifetime

3 Aug 1914 Twenty-Five Years, vol II, ch 20

GERALD GRIFFIN

1803–1840

I knew a gentle maid,
Flower of the hazel glade,—
Eileen Aroon *Eileen Aroon*

Dear were her charms to me,
Dearer her laughter free,
Dearest her constancy,—
Eileen Aroon! *Ib*

NICHOLAS GRIMALD

1519–1562

Of all the heavenly gifts that mortal men commend,
What trusty treasure in the world can countervail a friend? *Of Friendship.*

In working, if travail you sustain,
Into the wind shall lightly pass the pain;
But of the deed the glory shall remain,
And cause your name with worthy wights to reign
In working wrong, if pleasure you attain,
The pleasure soon shall fade, and void as vain,
But of the deed throughout the life the shame
Endures, defacing you with foul defame

Musonius the Philosopher's Saying

GEORGE GROSSMITH

1874–1935

and

WEEDON GROSSMITH

1875?–1919

What's the good of a home if you are never in it?

The Diary of a Nobody, ch 1

I recognized her as a woman who used to work years ago for my old aunt at Clapham It only shows how small the world is *Ib* ch 2

'One, two, three, go! Have you an estate in Greenland?' *Ib* ch 10

'That's right' (*Mr Padge*) *Ib.* ch 11

Without an original there can be no imitation. *Ib.*

I left the room with silent dignity, but caught my foot in the mat *Ib* ch 12

Tum, tum, then the band played *Ib* ch 13

What's the matter with Gladstone? He's all right *Ib* ch 17

TEXAS GUINAN

1884–1933

Fifty million Frenchmen can't be wrong

Attr New York World-Telegram 21 Mar 1931

DOROTHY FRANCES GURNEY

1858–1932

The kiss of the sun for pardon,
The song of the birds for mirth,
One is nearer God's Heart in a garden
Than anywhere else on earth *God's Garden*

DOUGLAS HAIG, EARL HAIG

1861–1928

Every position must be held to the last man there must be no retirement With our backs to the wall, and believing in the justice of our cause, each one of us must fight on to the end

Order to the British Troops, 12 Apr 1918 The Times, 13 Apr

SARAH JOSEPHA HALE

1788–1879

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

'What makes the lamb love Mary so?'
The eager children cry
'Oh, Mary loves the lamb, you know,'
The teacher did reply

Poems for Our Children Mary's Little Lamb

THOMAS CHANDLER HALIBURTON

1796–1865

I want you to see Peel, Stanley, Graham, Shiel, Russell, Macaulay, Old Joe, and so on These men are all upper crust here

Sam Slick in England, ch 24

GEORGE SAVILE, MARQUIS OF HALIFAX

1633–1695

Love is a passion that hath friends in the garrison

Advice to a Daughter Behaviour and Conversation

This innocent word 'Trimmer' signifies no more than this, that if men are together in a boat, and one part of the company would weigh it down on one side, another would make it lean as much to the contrary
Character of a Trimmer, preface

He would rather die, than see a spire of English grass trampled down by a foreign Trespasser
Character of a Trimmer

Men are not hanged for stealing horses, but that horses may not be stolen
Political Thoughts and Reflections Of Punishment

To the question, What shall we do to be saved in this World? there is no other answer but this, Look to your Moat
A Rough Draft of a New Model at Sea

CHARLES SPRAGUE HALL

fl 1860

John Brown's body lies a mould'ring in the grave,
His soul is marching on!
John Brown's Body Nicholas Smith's *Stories of Great National Songs*

JOSEPH HALL

1574–1656

Ah me! how seldom see we sons succeed
Their fathers' praise, in prowess and great deed. *Ib*
Satires, bk iv, no 3

All his dealings are square, and above the board
Virtues and Vices (1608), bk i, p 15

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK

1790–1867

Lord Stafford mines for coal and salt,
The Duke of Norfolk deals in malt,
The Douglas in red herrings *Alnwick Castle*

Forever, float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?
The American Flag
[Attr also to Joseph Rodman Drake, 1795–1820]

They love their land because it is their own,
And scorn to give aught other reason why,
Would shake hands with a king upon his throne,
And think it kindness to his Majesty
Connecticut

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise
On the Death of J R Drake

Come to the bridal-chamber, Death!
Come to the mother's, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath
Marco Bozzaris

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON

1834–1894

The art of reading is to skip judiciously
Intellectual Life, pt iv, letter iv.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

1757–1804

A national debt, if it is not excessive, will be to us a national blessing
Letter to Robert Morris, 30 Apr 1781

GAIL HAMILTON

1838–1896

The total depravity of inanimate things *Epigram*

WILLIAM HAMILTON

1704–1754

Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow
Poetical Works The Braes of Yarrow

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON

1788–1856

Truth, like a torch, the more it's shook it shines
Discussions on Philosophy, title-page.

PERCY HAMMOND

1873–

The human knee is a joint and not an entertainment
Mark Sullivan, *Our Times*, vol iii, ch 10

RICHARD ROLLE DE HAMPOLE

1290?–1349

When Adam dalfe and Eve spane
So spire if thou may spede,
Whare was than the pride of man,
That nowe merres his mede?
Religious Pieces in Prose and Verse, vii *Early English Text Society, Original Series*, No 26
An altered form was used by John Ball (*d* 1381) as the text of his revolutionary sermon on the outbreak of the Peasants' Revolt, 1381
When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?

JOHN HANCOCK

1737–1793

There, I guess King George will be able to read that.
Remark on signing the Declaration of Independence, 4 July 1776

MINNY MAUD HANFF

fl 1900

Since then they called him Sunny Jim
Sunny Jim [Advertisement for Force, a breakfast food]

KATHERINE HANKEY

1834–1911

Tell me the old, old story,
Of unseen things above
The Story Wanted *Tell Me the Old, Old Story.*

PHILIP YORKE, EARL OF HARDWICKE

1690–1764

His doubts are better than most people's certainties
[Referring to the book *Dirleton's Doubts*]
Boswell's *Johnson* (1934), III, p 205

THOMAS HARDY

1840–1928

'He was a man who used to notice such things'
Afterwards

Some nocturnal blackness, mothy and warm,
When the hedgehog travels furtively over the lawn
Ib

As the hope-hour stroked its sum
A Broken Appointment

Twin halves of one august event
Convergence of the Twain

A dear dark-eyed gentleman
The Dark-Eyed Gentleman

And he came and he tied up my garter for me *Ib*

An aged thrush, frail, gaunt, and small,
In blast-beruffled plume *The Darkling Thrush*

So little cause for carolings
Of such ecstatic sound
Was written on terrestrial things
Afar or nigh around,
That I could think there trembled through
His happy good-night air
Some blessed Hope, whereof he knew
And I was unaware *Ib*

Patriotism, grown Godlike *Departure*

And foreign constellations west
Each night above his mound *Drummer Hodge*

What of the Immanent Will and its designs?—
It works unconsciously as heretofore,
Eternal artistries in Circumstance
The Dynasts, pt 1 *Fore-Scene*

Like a knitter drowsed,
Whose fingers play in skilled unmindfulness,
The Will has woven with an absent heed
Since life first was, and ever so will weave *Ib*

The nether sky opens, and Europe is disclosed as a prone and emaciated figure, the Alps shaping like a backbone, and the branching mountain-chains like ribs, the peninsular plateau of Spain forming a head Broad and lengthy lowlands stretch from the north of France across Russia like a grey-green garment hemmed by the Ural mountains and the glistening Arctic Ocean
The point of view then sinks downwards through space, and draws near to the surface of the perturbed countries, where the peoples, distressed by events which they did not cause, are seen writhing, crawling, heaving, and vibrating in their various cities and nationalities
Ib Stage Direction

A local cult called Christianity *Ib* I VI

My argument is that War makes rattling good history, but Peace is poor reading *Ib* II V.

But O, the intolerable antilogy
Of making figments feel! *Ib* IV VI.

Each captain, petty officer, and man
Is only at his post when under fire (*Villeneuve*)
Ib V I

The all-urging Will, raptly magnipotent *Ib* VI VIII

But—a stirring thrills the air
Like to sounds of joyance there
That the rages
Of the ages
Shall be cancelled, and deliverance offered from the darts that were,
Consciousness the Will informing, till It fashion all things fair!
Ib pt III, last lines.

The selfsame bloody mode *Embarcation.*

William Dewy, Tranter Reuben, Farmer Ledlow late at plough,
Robert's kin, and John's, and Ned's,
And the Squire, and Lady Susan, lie in Mellstock churchyard now! *Friends Beyond*

Mothy curfew-tide *Ib.*

A lone cave's stillicide *Ib*

If we break my best blue china, children, I shan't care or ho. *Ib.*

And shakes this fragile frame at eve
With throbbings of noontide *I Look Into My Glass*

If way to the Better there be, it exacts a full look at the worst. *In Tenebris*

Only a man harrowing clods
In a slow silent walk
With an old horse that stumbles and nods
Half asleep as they stalk

Only thin smoke without flame
From the heaps of couch grass,
Yet this will go onward the same
Though Dynasties pass

Yonder a maid and her wight
Come whispering by
War's annals will cloud into night
Ere their story die
In Time of 'The Breaking of Nations'.

That long drip of human tears
On an Invitation to the United States

Let me enjoy the earth no less
Because the all-enacting Might
That fashioned forth its loveliness
Had other aims than my delight
Let Me Enjoy the Earth

Here's not a modest maiden elf
But dreads the final Trumpet,
Lest half of her should rise herself,
And half some sturdy strumpet!
The Levelled Churchyard.

What of the faith and fire within us
Men who march away
Ere the barn-cocks say
Night is growing gray?
Men Who March Away

Your face, and the God-curst sun, and a tree,
And a pond edged with grayish leaves
Neutral Tones.

And both of us, scorning parochial ways,
Had lived like the wives in the patriarchs' days
Over the Coffin.

Christmas Eve, and twelve of the clock
'Now they are all on their knees,'
An elder said as we sat in a flock
By the embers in hearthside ease. *The Oxen.*

So fair a fancy few would weave
In these years! *Ib*

I should go with him in the gloom,
Hoping it might be so *Ib*

Read that moderate man Voltaire
The Respectable Burgher

I have lived with Shades so long
Retrospect I Have Lived with Shades

Love is lame at fifty years *The Revisitation*

A little ball of feather and bone *Shelley's Skylark*

Patiently adjust, amend, and heal
The Sleep-Worker

And the spirits of those who were homing
Passed on, rushingly,
Like the Pentecost Wind *Souls of the Slain*

This is the weather the cuckoo likes,
And so do I *Weathers.*

And maids come forth sprig-muslin drest *Ib*

This is the weather the shepherd shuns,
And so do I *Ib*

Rooks in families homeward go *Ib*

When I set out for Lyonnesse,
A hundred miles away
When I Set Out for Lyonnesse.

When I came back from Lyonnesse
With magic in my eyes *Ib*

Goodbye is not worth while *Without Ceremony*

'Life offers—to deny!' *Yellham-Wood's Story*

The kingly brilliance of Sirius pierced the eye with a steely glitter, the star called Capella was yellow, Aldebaran and Betelgueux shone with a fiery red To persons standing alone on a hill during a clear midnight such as this, the roll of the world eastward is almost a palpable movement
Far From the Madding Crowd, ch 2

A nice unparticular man *Ib* ch 8

We ought to feel deep cheerfulness that a happy Providence kept it from being any worse *Ib*

'Ah! stirring times we live in—stirring times'
Ib ch 15

Five decades hardly modified the cut of a gaiter, the embroidery of a smock-frock, by the breadth of a hair 'Ten generations failed to alter the turn of a single phrase In these Wessex nooks the busy outsider's ancient times are only old, his old times are still new, his present is futurity
Ib ch 22

'And the people of Bath', continued Cain, 'never need to light their fires except as a luxury, for the water springs up out of the earth ready boiled for use.' '"Tis true as the light', testified Matthew Moon 'I've heard other navigators say the same thing' *Ib* ch 33

All that's the matter with me is the affliction called a multiplying eye *Ib* ch 42.

Ethelberta breathed a sort of exclamation, not right out, but stealthily, like a parson's damn
The Hand of Ethelberta

'Done because we are too menny'
Jude the Obscure, pt vi, ch 2

Life's Little Ironies. *Title*

'Well, poor soul, she's helpless to hinder that or anything now', answered Mother Cuxsom 'And all her shining keys will be took from her, and her cupboards opened, and things a' didn't wish seen, anybody will see, and her little wishes and ways will all be as nothing'
The Mayor of Casterbridge, ch 18

Dialect words—those terrible marks of the beast to the truly genteel *Ib* ch 20.

Michael Henchard's Will
That Elizabeth-Jane Farfrae be not told of my death, or made to grieve on account of me
& that I be not buried in consecrated ground.
& that no sexton be asked to toll the bell
& that nobody is wished to see my dead body.
& that no murners walk behind me at my funeral.
& that no flours be planted on my grave
& that no man remember me
To this I put my name *Ib* ch 45

The heaven being spread with this pallid screen and the earth with the darkest vegetation, their meeting-line at the horizon was clearly marked In such contrast the heath wore the appearance of an instalment of night which had taken up its place before its astronomical hour was come darkness had to a great extent arrived hereon, while day stood distinct in the sky
The Return of the Native, ch 1

In fact, precisely at this transitional point of its nightly roll into darkness the great and particular glory of the Egdon waste began, and nobody could be said to understand the heath who had not been there at such a time *Ib*

The great inviolate place had an ancient permanence which the sea cannot claim Who can say of a particular sea that it is old? Distilled by the sun, kneaded by the moon, it is renewed in a year, in a day, or in an hour The sea changed, the fields changed, the rivers, the villages, and the people changed, yet Egdon remained *Ib*

A little one-eyed, blinking sort o' place
Tess of the D'Urbervilles, ch 1.

Always washing, and never getting finished
Ib ch 4

The New Testament was less a Christiad than a Pauliad to his intelligence. *Ib.* ch 25.

The President of the Immortals (in Æschylean phrase) had ended his sport with Tess *Ib* ch 59

The courses of the *Victory* were absorbed into the main, then her topsails went, and then her top-gallants She was now no more than a dead fly's wing on a sheet of spider's web, and even this fragment diminished Anne could hardly bear to see the end, and yet she resolved not to flinch. The admiral's flag sank behind the watery line, and in a minute the very truck of the last main-mast stole away The *Victory* was gone
The Trumpet Major, ch 34

'Good, but not religious-good'
Under the Greenwood Tree, ch 2

'Silent? Ah, he is silent! He can keep silence well That man's silence is wonderful to listen to'
Ib ch 14

'You was a good man, and did good things'
The Woodlanders, ch 48

JULIUS CHARLES HARE

1795–1855

and

AUGUSTUS WILLIAM HARE

1792–1834

Man without religion is the creature of circumstances
Guesses at Truth, Series 1

The ancients dreaded death the Christian can only fear dying *Ib*

Half the failures in life arise from pulling in one's horse as he is leaping *Ib*

Purity is the feminine, Truth the masculine, of Honour *Ib*

Every Irishman, the saying goes, has a potato in his head *Ib*

Everybody has his own theatre, in which he is manager, actor, prompter, playwright, sceneshifter, boxkeeper, doorkeeper, all in one, and audience into the bargain *Ib* Series 2

JOHN HARINGTON

1561–1612

When I make a feast,
I would my guests should praise it, not the cooks
Epigrams, bk 1, No 5 *Against Writers that Carp at Other Men's Books.*

Treason doth never prosper what's the reason?
For if it prosper, none dare call it treason
Ib bk iv, No 5 *Of Treason*

WILLIAM WALLACE HARNEY

1831–1912

On the road, the lonely road,
Under the cold, white moon,
Under the rugged trees he strode,
Whistled and shifted his heavy load—
Whistled a foolish tune. *The Stab*

ROBERT GOODLOE HARPER

1765–1825

Millions for defence but not a cent for tribute
Toast at the dinner given by Congress at Philadelphia, 18 June 1798 (Claypoole's *American Daily Advertiser*, 20 June 1798 A J Beveridge's *Life of John Marshall*, vol II)

CHARLES K. HARRIS

1865–1930

After the ball is over *After the Ball*

Somewhere the sun is shining *Somewhere.*

CLIFFORD HARRIS

You called me Baby Doll a year ago *A Broken Doll*

You left behind a broken doll *Ib*

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

1848–1908

'Law, Brer Tarrypin!' sez Brer Fox, sezee, 'you ain't see no trouble yit Ef you wanter see sho' nuff trouble, you des oughter go 'longer me, I'm de man w'at kin show you trouble,' sezee
Nights with Uncle Remus, ch 17

W'en folks git ole en strucken wid de palsy, dey mus' speck ter be laff'd at *Ib.* ch 23.

Hit look lak sparrer-grass, hit feel like sparrer-grass, hit tas'e lak sparrer-grass, en I bless ef 'taint sparrer-grass *Ib* ch 27

All by my own-alone self *Ib* ch 36

No 'pollygy aint gwine ter make h'ar come back whar de b'iling water hit *Ib* ch 45

We er sorter po'ly, Sis Tempy, I'm 'blige ter you You know w'at de jay-bird say ter der squinch-owl! 'I'm sickly but sassy' *Ib* ch 50

A contrapshun what he call a Tar-Baby
Uncle Remus Legends of the Old Plantation, ch 2 *Tar-Baby Story*

Tar-baby ain't sayin' nuthin', en Brer Fox, he lay low *Ib*

Bred en bawn in a brier-patch! *Ib* ch 4

Lounjun 'roun' en suffer'n' *Ib* ch 12

Ole man Know-All died las' year
Ib ch 34 *Plantation Proverbs*

Licker talks mighty loud w'en it git loose fum de jug
Ib

Hongry rooster don't cackle w'en he fine a wum *Ib*

Youk'n hide de fier, but w'at you gwine do wid de smoke? *Ib*

Oh, whar shill we go w'en de great day comes,
Wid de blowin' er de trumpits en de bangin' er de drums?
How many po' sinners'll be kotched out late
En find no latch ter de golden gate?
Uncle Remus His Songs, 1

FRANCIS BRETT HART *or* BRET HARTE

1836–1902

'Put Watts into 'em—Boys, give 'em Watts!'
Coldwell of Springfield

You see this yer Dow
Hed the worst kind of luck,
He slipped up somehow
On each thing thet he struck
Why, ef he'd a straddled that fence-rail, the derned thing 'ed get up and buck *Dow's Flat*

Thar ain't no sense
In gittin' riled! *Jim*

Never a tear bedims the eye
That time and patience will not dry,
Never a lip is curved with pain
That can't be kissed into smiles again
The Lost Galleon

Over the trackless past, somewhere,
Lie the lost days of our tropic youth,
Only regained by faith and prayer,
Only recalled by prayer and plaint
Each lost day has its patron saint! *Ib*

For there be women fair as she,
Whose verbs and nouns do more agree
Mrs Judge Jenkins

If, of all words of tongue and pen,
The saddest are, 'It might have been,'
More sad are these we daily see
'It is, but hadn't ought to be!' *Ib*

Which I wish to remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
Which the same I would rise to explain
Plain Language from Truthful James

But his smile it was pensive and childlike *Ib*

But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With the smile that was childlike and bland *Ib*

And the same with intent to deceive *Ib*

We are ruined by Chinese cheap labour *Ib*

And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers—that's wax. *Ib*

He wore, I think, a chasuble, the day when first we met
The Ritualist

I reside at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James
The Society upon the Stanislaus.

And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and curled up on the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more *Ib*

With unpronounceable awful names
The Tale of a Pony.

CHRISTOPHER HARVEY

1597–1663

My mind's my kingdom
Schola Cordis, Ode IV, st V

GABRIEL HARVEY

1545?–1630

Now sick, as a dog
Letters, &c, *Works* (1884), vol I, p 161

WILLIAM HAUGHTON

fl 1598

As fit as a fiddle *English-Men for My Money*, IV 1

STEPHEN HAWES

fl 1502–1521

When the lytle byrdes swetely dyd syng
Laudes to their maker early in the mornyng
Passetyme of Pleasure, cap 33, XXXIII

For though the day be never so longe,
At last the belles ringeth to evensonge *Ib* cap 42

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER

1803–1875

And have they fixed the where and when?
And shall Trelawny die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why!
Song of the Western Men The last three lines have existed since the imprisonment by James II, 1688, of the seven Bishops, including Trelawny, Bishop of Bristol

ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS

See ANTHONY HOPE

ALICE HAWTHORNE

Contemp

What is home without a mother? *Title of Song*

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

1804–1864

Dr Johnson's morality was as English an article as a beefsteak *Our Old Home Lichfield and Uttoxeter*

LORD CHARLES HAY

?–1760

Gentlemen of the French Guard, fire first! [Messieurs les gardes françaises, tirez]
Battle of Fontenoy, 1745 E Fournier, *L'Esprit dans l'Histoire* (1883), ch 52, p 349

JOHN HAY

1838–1905

He never flunked, and he never lied,—
I reckon he never knowed how. *Jim Bludso*

And I think that saving a little child,
And fotching him to his own,
Is a derned sight better business
Than loafing around The Throne
Little Breeches, vii.

WILLIAM HAZLITT

1778–1830

His sayings are generally like women's letters, all the pith is in the postscript [Chas Lamb]
Conversations of Northcote Boswell Redivivus

The only specimen of Burke is, *all that he wrote*
English Literature, ch ix. *Character of Mr Burke*

He writes as fast as they can read, and he does not write himself down *Ib* ch xiv *Sir Walter Scott*

His worst is better than any other person's best *Ib*

His works (taken together) are almost like a new edition of human nature This is indeed to be an author! *Ib*

The round-faced man in black entered, and dissipated all doubts on the subject, by beginning to talk He did not cease while he stayed, nor has he since, that I know of [Hazlitt's father]
Ib ch xvii *My First Acquaintance with Poets*

'For those two hours,' he [Coleridge] afterwards was pleased to say, 'he was conversing with W H 's forehead!' *Ib*

He [Coleridge] lamented that Wordsworth was not prone enough to belief in the traditional superstitions of the place, and that there was a something corporeal, a *matter-of-fact-ness*, a clinging to the palpable, or often to the petty, in his poetry, in consequence *Ib*

At Godwin's they [Lamb, Holcroft, and Coleridge] were disputing fiercely which was the best—Man as he was, or man as he is to be 'Give me,' says Lamb, 'man as he is *not* to be ' This saying was the beginning of a friendship between us, which I believe still continues *Ib*

The temple of fame stands upon the grave the flame that burns upon its altars is kindled from the ashes of great men
Lectures on the English Poets Lecture viii, *On the Living Poets*

He [Coleridge] talked on for ever, and you wished him to talk on for ever *Ib.*

The dupe of friendship, and the fool of love, have I not reason to hate and to despise myself? Indeed I do, and chiefly for not having hated and despised the world enough
The Plain Speaker On the Pleasure of Hating

The love of liberty is the love of others, the love of power is the love of ourselves
Political Essays The Times Newspaper

Those who make their dress a principal part of themselves, will, in general, become of no more value than their dress
Ib On the Clerical Character

There is nothing good to be had in the country, or, if there is, they will not let you have it
Ib 1817 Observations on Mr. Wordsworth's Excursion

The art of pleasing consists in being pleased
Round Table, vol i *On Manner*

The greatest offence against virtue is to speak ill of it
Sketches and Essays On Cant and Hypocrisy

The most fluent talkers or most plausible reasoners are not always the justest thinkers
Ib On Prejudice

We never do anything well till we cease to think about the manner of doing it *Ib*

There is an unseemly exposure of the mind, as well as of the body *Ib On Disagreeable People*

A nickname is the heaviest stone that the devil can throw at a man *Ib Nicknames*

Rules and models destroy genius and art
Ib On Taste.

But of all footmen the lowest class is *literary footmen.*
Ib Footmen

His [Leigh Hunt's] light, agreeable, polished style hits off the faded graces of 'an Adonis of fifty'
The Spirit of the Age Mr Leigh Hunt

Cavanagh's blows were not undecided and ineffectual —lumbering like Mr Wordsworth's epic poetry, nor wavering like Mr Coleridge's lyric prose, nor short of the mark like Mr Brougham's speeches, nor wide of it like Mr Canning's wit, nor foul like the *Quarterly*, nor *let* balls like the *Edinburgh Review* Cobbett and Junius together would have made a Cavanagh
Table Talk, vii *The Indian Jugglers*

When I am in the country I wish to vegetate like the country *Ib* xiv *On Going a Journey*

Give me the clear blue sky over my head, and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to dinner—and then to thinking! It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths *Ib*

The English (it must be owned) are rather a foul-mouthed nation *Ib* xxii *On Criticism*

We can scarcely hate any one that we know *Ib*

Venerate art as art *Ib* xxx

So have I loitered my life away, reading books, looking at pictures, going to plays, hearing, thinking, writing on what pleased me best I have wanted only one thing to make me happy, but wanting that have wanted everything
Winterslow My First Acquaintance with Poets

Well, I've had a happy life
Last words W C Hazlitt's *Memoirs of William Hazlitt*, 1867

REGINALD HEBER

1783–1826

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness and lend us Thine aid!
Hymns, &c Brightest and Best

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows! *Ib By Cool Siloam's*

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down the golden sand
Ib From Greenland's Icy Mountains

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone
[This is the most familiar version Bishop Heber originally wrote 'The savage in his blindness' He altered this, and also altered 'Ceylon's' to 'Java's'] *Ib.*

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!

Holy, Holy, Holy! all the Saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea *Ib Holy, Holy, Holy!*

The Son of God goes forth to war,
A Kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar —
Who follows in His train?
Ib The Son of God Goes Forth

A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice
In robes of light array'd *Ib*

They climb'd the steep ascent of Heav'n
Through peril, toil and pain,
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train *Ib.*

ARTHUR HELPS

1813–1875

Somebody, I suppose, was excusing something on the score of temper, to which the bishop replied, 'Temper is nine-tenths of Christianity'
Friends in Council, bk 1, ch 8

Reading is sometimes an ingenious device for avoiding thought *Ib.* bk II, ch 1.

What a blessing this smoking is! perhaps the greatest that we owe to the discovery of America
Ib Series II, 1859, vol 1, ch 1, *Worry*

There is one statesman of the present day, of whom I always say that he would have escaped making the blunders that he has made if he had only ridden more in omnibuses
Ib vol II, ch 9, *On Government*

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

1793–1835

I hear thee speak of the better land,
Thou call'st its children a happy band,
Mother! oh, where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
The Better Land

Not there, not there, my child! *Ib*

The boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but he had fled,
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead *Casabianca*

There came a burst of thunder sound—
The boy—oh! where was he? *Ib.*

But the noblest thing which perish'd there
Was that young faithful heart! *Ib*

Oh! call my brother back to me!
I cannot play alone,
The summer comes with flower and bee—
Where is my brother gone?
The Child's First Grief.

Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Young spirit! rest thee now!
Even while with us thy footstep trod,
His seal was on thy brow *A Dirge.*

Go, stranger! track the deep,
Free, free the white sail spread!
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
Where rest not England's dead
England's Dead

They grew in beauty, side by side
They fill'd one home with glee,—
Their graves are sever'd, far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea
The Graves of a Household

One sleeps where Southern vines are drest
Above the noble slain,
He wrapt his colours round his breast
On a blood-red field of Spain. *Ib*

She faded 'midst Italian flowers—
The last of that bright band *Ib*

He Never Smiled Again! *Title*

The stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land
The Homes of England

The cottage homes of England!
By thousands on her plains *Ib*

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!
The Hour of Death

It is written on the rose,
In its glory's full array—
Read what those buds disclose—
'Passing away' *Passing Away*

Home of the Arts! where glory's faded smile
Sheds lingering light o'er many a mouldering pile
Restoration of the Works of Art to Italy.

In the busy haunts of men
Tale of the Secret Tribunal, pt 1, l 203

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

1849–1903

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance,
I have not winced nor cried aloud
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed
Echoes, iv *Invictus* *In Mem R T H B*

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate
I am the captain of my soul *Ib*

The friendly and comforting breast
Of the old nurse, Death *Ib* xxix *To R L S*

A late lark twitters from the quiet skies
Ib xxxv *Margaritæ Sororis*

Night with her train of stars
And her great gift of sleep *Ib*

So be my passing!
My task accomplished and the long day done,
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing,
Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene,
Death. *Ib*

I was a King in Babylon
And you were a Christian Slave
Ib xxxvii *To W A*

What have I done for you,
England, my England?
What is there I would not do,
England, my own?
For England's Sake, iii *Pro Rege Nostro*

Ever the faith endures,
England, my England:—
'Take and break us: we are yours,
England, my own!
Life is good, and joy runs high
Between English earth and sky,
Death is death; but we shall die
To the Song on your bugles blown, England' *Ib*

A poor old tramp explains his poor old ulcers
Life is (I think) a blunder and a shame
In Hospital, ii *Waiting*

Far in the stillness a cat
Languishes loudly *Ib* vii *Vigil*

Much is she worth, and even more is made of her
Ib viii *Staff-Nurse Old Style*

Valiant in velvet, light in ragged luck,
Most vain, most generous, sternly critical,
Buffoon and poet, lover and sensualist
A deal of Ariel, just a streak of Puck,
Much Antony, Hamlet most of all,
And something of the Shorter-Catechist [Stevenson]
Ib xxv *Apparition*

Gulls in an aery morrice *Rhymes and Rhythms*, xi

MATTHEW HENRY

1662–1714

Many a dangerous temptation comes to us in gay, fine colours, that are but skin-deep
Commentaries, Genesis, iii 1

The better day, the worse deed *Ib* vi

To their own second and sober thoughts
Ib Job vi xxix.

He rolls it under his tongue as a sweet morsel
Ib Ps xxxvi, ii

They that die by famine die by inches
Ib Ps. lix, xv

Men of polite learning and a liberal education.
Ib Acts x 1

There are shallows in them in which a lamb may wade and there are depths in which an elephant may swim
Exposition of the Poetical Books of the O T, Solomon's Song, Introductory observation.

O. HENRY (WILLIAM SYDNEY PORTER)

1862–1910

Life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with sniffles predominating *Gifts of the Magi*

Turn up the lights, I don't want to go home in the dark
Last words, quoting popular song C A Smith's *O Henry*, ch 9

PATRICK HENRY

1736–1799

Cæsar had his Brutus—Charles the First, his Cromwell—and George the Third—('Treason,' cried the Speaker) *may profit by their example* If *this* be treason, make the most of it
Speech in the Virginia Convention, 1765. W Wirt's *Patrick Henry* (1818), p 65

I am not a Virginian, but an American
Ib Sept. 1774.

I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!
Ib 23 Mar. 1775. W Wirt's, *Patrick Henry* (1818), p. 123

PHILIP HENRY

1631–1696

They are not amiss', but præmissi
[Not lost, but gone before]
Matthew Henry, *Life of Philip Henry*, ch. 5, ed 1825, p 111

ALAN PATRICK HERBERT

1890–

Don't let's go to the dogs tonight,
For mother will be there
Don't Let's Go to the Dogs

Don't tell my mother I'm living in sin,
Don't let the old folks know
Don't tell my twin that I breakfast on gin,
He'd never survive the blow
Don't Tell My Mother

It may be life, but ain't it slow? *It May Be Life*

I wouldn't be too ladylike in love if I were you
I Wouldn't Be Too Ladylike

Let's stop somebody from doing something!
Everybody does too much *Let's Stop Somebody*

Let's find out what everyone is doing,
And then stop everyone from doing it *Ib*

As my poor father used to say
In 1863,
Once people start on all this Art
Good-bye, moralitee!
And what my father used to say
Is good enough for me
Lines for a Worthy Person

This high official, all allow,
Is grossly overpaid
There wasn't any Board, and now
There isn't any trade
On the President of the Board of Trade.

Saturday night!
Saturday night!
I want to make Hammersmith hum
Saturday Night

Harriet, Hi!
Light of my eye!
Come to the pictures and have a good cry,
For it's jolly old Saturday,
Mad-as-a-hatter-day,
Nothing-much-matter-day-night! *Ib*

Well, fancy giving money to the Government!
Might as well have put it down the drain
Fancy giving money to the Government!
Nobody will see the stuff again
Well, they've no idea what money's for—
Ten to one they'll start another war
I've heard a lot of silly things, but, Lor'!
Fancy giving money to the Government!
Too Much!

EDWARD HERBERT, BARON HERBERT OF CHERBURY

1583–1648

Now that the April of your youth adorns
The garden of your face
Poems Ditty Now That the April

GEORGE HERBERT

1593–1633

He shoots higher that threatens the moon than he that aims at a tree
A Priest to the Temple, To the Reader

The book of books, the storehouse and magazine of life and comfort, the holy Scriptures
Ib ch 4

Hearken unto a Verser, who may chance
Rhyme thee to good, and make a bait of pleasure
A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice
The Temple. The Church Porch, 1

Drink not the third glass—which thou canst not tame
When once it is within thee *Ib* v

Dare to be true nothing can need a lie,
A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby
Ib xiii.

Chase brave employment with a naked sword
Throughout the world *Ib* xv.

O England, full of sin, but most of sloth,
Spit out thy phlegm, and fill thy breast with glory
Ib xvi

Think the king sees thee still, for his King does
Ib xxi

Never was scraper brave man Get to live,
Then live, and use it *Ib* xxvi.

Wit's an unruly engine, wildly striking
Sometimes a friend, sometimes the engineer
Ib xli

Towards great persons use respective boldness
Ib xliii

But love is lost, the way of friendship's gone,
Though David had his Jonathan, Christ his John
Ib xlvi

Be calm in arguing, for fierceness makes
Error a fault and truth discourtesy *Ib* li

Calmness is great advantage, he that lets
Another chafe, may warm him at his fire *Ib* liii

Who aimeth at the sky
Shoots higher much than he that means a tree
Ib lvi

Man is God's image, but a poor man is
Christ's stamp to boot *Ib* lxiv.

Kneeling ne'er spoil'd silk stocking, quit thy state,
All equal are within the Church's gate *Ib* lxviii.

O, be drest,
Stay not for th' other pin! Why, thou hast lost
A joy for it worth worlds *Ib* lxix.

Judge not the preacher, for He is thy Judge,
If thou mislike him, thou conceiv'st Him not
God calleth preaching folly do not grudge
To pick out treasures from an earthen pot
The worst speaks something good, if all want sense,
God takes a text, and preacheth patience
Ib lxxii

Look not on pleasures as they come, but go
Ib lxxvii

But who does hawk at eagles with a dove?
Ib The Sacrifice, xxiii.

I got me flowers to strew Thy way,
I got me boughs off many a tree,
But Thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st Thy sweets along with Thee
Ib. Easter Song.

Lord, with what care Thou hast begirt us round!
Parents first season us, then schoolmasters
Deliver us to laws, they send us, bound
To rules of reason, holy messengers,

Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging sin,
Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,
Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in,
Bibles laid open, millions of surprises. *Ib Sin.*

Yet all these fences and their whole array
One cunning bosom sin blows quite away *Ib.*

I read, and sigh, and wish I were a tree—
For sure then I should grow
To fruit or shade, at least some bird would trust
Her household to me, and I should be just
Ib. Affliction.

Ah, my dear God, though I am clean forgot,
Let me not love Thee, if I love Thee not. *Ib*

Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing
My God and King.
The heav'ns are not too high,
His praise may thither fly,
The earth is not too low,
His praises there may grow
Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing
My God and King
The Church with psalms must shout,
No door can keep them out
But above all, the heart
Must bear the longest part *Ib Antiphon*

Death is still working like a mole,
And digs my grave at each remove *Ib Grace*

Enrich my heart, mouth, hands in me,
With faith, with hope, with charity,
That I may run, rise, rest with Thee
Ib Trinity Sunday

My God, my verse is not a crown,
No point of honour, or gay suit,
No hawk, no banquet, or renown,
Nor a good sword, nor yet a lute
Ib The Quiddity

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on Time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King
On Sunday heaven's gate stands ope,
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope *Ib Sunday*

Money, thou bane of bliss and source of woe
Ib Avarice.

How well her name an 'Army' doth present,
In whom the 'Lord of Hosts' did pitch His tent!
Ib Anagram, Mary.

Oh that I were an orange-tree,
That busy plant!
Then I should ever laden be,
And never want
Some fruit for Him that dressed me
Ib Employment

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie. *Ib Virtue*

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives. *Ib*

For us the winds do blow,
The earth resteth, heav'n moveth, fountains flow,
Nothing we see but means our good,
As our delight or as our treasure,
The whole is either our cupboard of food
Or cabinet of pleasure. *Ib Man*

Oh mighty love! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him *Ib*

Lord, make me coy and tender to offend
In friendship, first I think if that agree
Which I intend
Unto my friend's intent and end,
I would not use a friend as I use Thee
Ib Unkindness

My friend may spit upon my curious floor,
Would he have gold? I lend it instantly,
But let the poor,
And Thou within them, starve at door
I cannot use a friend as I use Thee. *Ib*

I made a posy while the day ran by,
Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie
My life within this band,
But Time did beckon to the flow'rs, and they
By noon most cunningly did steal away,
And wither'd in my hand *Ib Life*

But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me. *Ib. The Quip.*

SAVIOUR
That as I did freely part
With my glory and desert,
Left all joys to feel all smart—
MAN
Ah, no more Thou break'st my heart
Ib Dialogue.

Grasp not at much, for fear thou losest all
Ib The Size

King of glory, King of peace,
I will love Thee,
And, that love may never cease,
I will move Thee *Ib Praise.*

Sev'n whole days, not one in seven,
I will praise Thee,
In my heart, though not in heaven,
I can raise Thee *Ib*

I struck the board, and cried, 'No more,
I will abroad'
What, shall I ever sigh and pine?
My lines and life are free, free as the road,
Loose as the wind, as large as store
Shall I be still in suit?
Have I no harvest but a thorn
To let me blood, and not restore
What I have lost with cordial fruit?
Sure there was wine
Before my sighs did dry it, there was corn
Before my tears did drown it,
Is the year only lost to me?
Have I no bays to crown it? *Ib The Collar.*

Away! take heed,
I will abroad
Call in thy death's-head there, tie up thy fears,
He that forbears
To suit and serve his need
Deserves his load
But as I rav'd and grew more fierce and wild
At every word,
Methought I heard one calling, 'Child',
And I replied, 'My Lord' *Ib*

He would adore my gifts instead of Me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature
So both should losers be.
Ib The Pulley

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness,
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to My breast. *Ib*

And now in age I bud again,
After so many deaths I live and write;
I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing O, my only Light,
It cannot be
That I am he
On whom Thy tempests fell all night
Ib The Flower.

Like summer-friends,
Flies of estates and sunshine *Ib The Answer*

The God of love my Shepherd is,
And He that doth me feed,
While He is mine, and I am His,
What can I want or need? *Ib 23rd Psalm*

Throw away Thy rod,
Throw away Thy wrath,
O my God,
Take the gentle path. *Ib Discipline*

Love is swift of foot,
Love's a man of war,
And can shoot,
And can hit from far *Ib*

Teach me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see,
And what I do in any thing
To do it as for Thee. *Ib The Elixir*

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine,
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
Makes that and th' action fine *Ib*

Love bade me welcome, yet my soul drew back,
Guilty of dust and sin
But quick-ey'd Love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning
If I lack'd any thing
Ib Love

'You must sit down,' says Love, 'and taste My meat'
So I did sit and eat *Ib*

OLIVER HERFORD

1863–

The bubble winked at me, and said,
'You'll miss me brother, when you're dead'
Toast The Bubble Winked

ROBERT HERRICK

1591–1674

With thousand such enchanting dreams, that meet
To make sleep not so sound, as sweet
Hesperides A Country Life to his Brother, M Tho Herrick

Blest is the bride, on whom the sun doth shine
Ib A Nuptial Song

I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers:
Of April, May, of June, and July-flowers
I sing of May-poles, Hock-carts, wassails, wakes,
Of bride-grooms, brides, and of their bridal-cakes
Ib Argument of his Book

A little saint best fits a little shrine,
A little prop best fits a little vine,
As my small cruse best fits my little wine
Ib A Ternary of Littles, upon a Pipkin of Jelly sent to a Lady

A little stream best fits a little boat,
A little lead best fits a little float,
As my small pipe best fits my little note.

A little meat best fits a little belly,
As sweetly Lady, give me leave to tell ye,
This little pipkin fits this little jelly *Ib*

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past;
But you may stay yet here a while,
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last *Ib Blossoms*

Cherry ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones, come and buy
If so be, you ask me where
They do grow? I answer, there,
Where my Julia's lips do smile,
There's the land, or cherry-isle
Ib Cherry Ripe.

What needs complaints
When she a place
Has with the race
Of Saints?
In endless mirth,
She thinks not on
What's said or done
In earth
Ib Comfort to a Youth that had Lost his Love

Nor do's she mind,
Or think on't now,
That ever thou
Wast kind *Ib.*

Get up, get up for shame, the blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn
Ib. Corinna's Going a-Maying.

Get up, sweet Slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree. *Ib*

'Tis sin,
Nay, profanation to keep in. *Ib*

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time *Ib.*

So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drown'd with us in endless night
Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying. *Ib.*

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attain'd his noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song,
And, having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along *Ib Daffodils.*

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a Spring,
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you or any thing *Ib*

A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction
An erring lace, which here and there
Enthralls the crimson stomacher.
A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribbands to flow confusedly
A winning wave (deserving note)
In the tempestuous petticoat
A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility
Do more bewitch me, than when Art
Is too precise in every part *Ib Delight in Disorder*

Here a solemn Fast we keep,
While all beauty lies asleep
Husht be all things, (no noise here)
But the toning of a tear
Or a sigh of such as bring
Cowslips for her covering
Ib Epitaph upon a Virgin

Only a little more
I have to write,
Then I'll give o'er,
And bid the world Good-night
Ib His Poetry his Pillar

Roses at first were white,
Till they co'd not agree,
Whether my Sappho's breast,
Or they more white sho'd be
Ib How Roses Came Red

'Twixt kings and tyrants there's this difference known,
Kings seek their subjects' good tyrants their own
Ib Kings and Tyrants

You say, to me-wards your affection's strong,
Pray love me little, so you love me long
Ib. Love me Little, Love me Long

Love is a circle that doth restless move
In the same sweet eternity of love
Ib Love What It Is

Night makes no difference 'twixt the Priest and Clerk,
Joan as my Lady is as good i' th' dark
Ib No Difference i' th' Dark

I do love I know not what,
Sometimes this, and sometimes that
Ib No Luck in Love

Because thou prizest things that are
Curious, and unfamiliar *Ib Oberon's Feast*

Made us nobly wild, not mad
Ib Ode for Ben Jonson

Out-did the meat, out-did the frolic wine *Ib*

Fain would I kiss my Julia's dainty leg,
Which is as white and hairless as an egg
Ib On Julia's Legs

Men are suspicious, prone to discontent·
Subjects still loathe the present Government
Ib Present Government Grievous

The readiness of doing, doth express
No other, but the doer's willingness *Ib Readiness*

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt;
Nothing's so hard, but search will find it out.
Ib Seek and Find

And once more yet (ere I am laid out dead)
Knock at a star with my exalted head
Ib The Bad Season Makes the Poet Sad

It is the end that crowns us, not the fight
Ib The End

Good morrow to the day so fair,
Good morning Sir to you
Good morrow to mine own torn hair
Bedabbled with the dew
Ib The Mad Maid's Song.

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting-stars attend thee,
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow,
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee

No Will-o'-th'-Wisp mislight thee,
Nor snake, or slow-worm bite thee
But on, on thy way
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there's none to affright thee
Ib The Night-Piece, to Julia.

Praise they that will times past, I joy to see
My self now live this age best pleaseth me
Ib. The Present Time Best Pleaseth.

Some ask'd how pearls did grow, and where?
Then spoke I to my girl,
To part her lips, and shew'd them there
The quarelets of pearl
Ib The Rock of Rubies, and the Quarry of Pearls

Now is the time, when all the lights wax dim,
And thou (Anthea) must withdraw from him
Who was thy servant
Ib To Anthea Now is the Time.

Give me a kiss, and to that kiss a score,
Then to that twenty, add a hundred more
A thousand to that hundred so kiss on,
To make that thousand up a million
Treble that million, and when that is done,
Let's kiss afresh, as when we first begun
Ib To Anthea Ah, My Anthea!

Bid me to live, and I will live
Thy Protestant to be
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee
A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free,
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart I'll give to thee
Ib To Anthea, Who May Command Him Anything.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep,
While I have eyes to see *Ib.*

Bid me despair, and I'll despair,
Under that cypress tree
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en Death, to die for thee *Ib.*

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me
And hast command of every part,
To live and die for thee. *Ib.*

No marigolds yet closed are,
No shadows great appear
Ib. To Daisies, not to Shut so Soon.

Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes,
Which star-like sparkle in their skies.
Ib. To Dianeme.

I dare not ask a kiss,
I dare not beg a smile,
Lest having that, or this,
I might grow proud the while

No, no, the utmost share
Of my desire, shall be
Only to kiss that air,
That lately kissed thee. *Ib. To Electra*

He loves his bonds, who when the first are broke,
Submits his neck unto a second yoke.
Ib. To Love

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of Heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting

That age is best, which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer,
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times, still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry
Ib To Virgins, to Make Much of Time.

Welcome maids of honour,
You do bring
In the Spring,
And wait upon her *Ib. To Violets.*

Her pretty feet
Like snails did creep
A little out, and then,
As if they started at bo-peep,
Did soon draw in agen *Ib. Upon her Feet.*

Whenas in silks my Julia goes,
Then, then (methinks) how sweetly flows
That liquefaction of her clothes.

Next, when I cast mine eyes and see
That brave vibration each way free,
O how that glittering taketh me!
Ib Upon Julia's Clothes

So smooth, so sweet, so silv'ry is thy voice,
As, could they hear, the damn'd would make no noise,
But listen to thee (walking in thy chamber)
Melting melodious words, to lutes of amber
Ib Upon Julia's Voice

Here a little child I stand,
Heaving up my either hand;
Cold as paddocks though they be,
Here I lift them up to Thee,
For a benison to fall
On our meat, and on us all Amen
Noble Numbers Another Grace for a Child

Lord, Thou hast given me a cell
Wherein to dwell,
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weather-proof,
Under the spars of which I lie
Both soft, and dry
Ib A Thanksgiving to God for his House

A little buttery, and therein
A little bin,
Which keeps my little loaf of bread
Unchipt, unflead
Some brittle sticks of thorn or briar
Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coal I sit,
And glow like it *Ib*

To him, who longs unto his Christ to go,
Celerity even itself is slow
Ib Coming to Christ

When the artless doctor sees
No one hope, but of his fees,
And his skill runs on the lees,
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When his potion and his pill,
His, or none, or little skill,
Meet for nothing, but to kill,
Sweet Spirit comfort me!
Ib His Litany to the Holy Spirit.

In prayer the lips ne'er act the winning part,
Without the sweet concurrence of the heart
Ib The Heart

But, for Man's fault, then was the thorn,
Without the fragrant rose-bud, born,
But ne'er the rose without the thorn *Ib. The Rose*

To work a wonder, God would have her shown,
At once, a bud, and yet a rose full-blown
Ib The Virgin Mary

If any thing delight me for to print
My book, 'tis this, that Thou, my God, art in't
Ib. To God.

JAMES HERVEY

1714–1758

E'en crosses from his sov'reign hand
Are blessings in disguise
Works Reflections on a Flower-Garden.

DU BOSE HEYWARD

1885–

Roll dem bones. *Gamesters All*

JOHN HEYWOOD

1497?–1580?

All a green willow, willow,
All a green willow is my garland
The Green Willow.

EMILY HENRIETTA HICKEY

1845–1924

Beloved, it is morn!
A redder berry on the thorn,
A deeper yellow on the corn,
For this good day new-born
Pray, Sweet, for me
That I may be
Faithful to God and thee
Beloved, It Is Morn

WILLIAM EDWARD HICKSON

1803–1870

'Tis a lesson you should heed,
Try, try again
If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again
Try and Try Again

AARON HILL

1685–1750

Tender-handed stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains,
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains
Verses Written on Window.

'Tis the same with common natures,
Use 'em kindly, they rebel
But be rough as nutmeg-graters,
And the rogues obey you well. *Ib*

ROWLAND HILL

1744–1833

He did not see any reason why the devil should have all the good tunes
E W Broome, Rev Rowland Hill, vii

ARTHUR CLEMENT HILTON

1851–1877

And we found in his palms which were hollow,
What are frequent in palms,—that is dates
The Heathen Pass-ee

PRINCE HOARE

1755–1834

The saucy Arethusa. *Song The Arethusa.*

THOMAS HOBBES

1588–1679

Geometry (which is the only science that it hath pleased God hitherto to bestow on mankind)
Leviathan, pt. 1, ch 4

They that approve a private opinion, call it opinion, but they that mislike it, heresy and yet heresy signifies no more than private opinion
Ib ch 11

No arts, no letters, no society, and which is worst of all, continual fear and danger of violent death, and the life of man, solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short *Ib* ch. 13

Force, and fraud, are in war the two cardinal virtues
Ib

The Papacy is not other than the Ghost of the deceased Roman Empire, sitting crowned upon the grave thereof *Ib* pt IV, ch 47

He was wont to say that if he had read as much as other men, he should have known no more than other men Aubrey, *Life of Hobbes*

I am about to take my last voyage, a great leap in the dark
Last Words (Watkins, *Anecdotes of Men of Learning*)

EDWARD WALLIS HOCH

1849–1925

There is so much good in the worst of us,
And so much bad in the best of us,
That it hardly becomes any of us
To talk about the rest of us
Good and Bad Attr to many other authors

RALPH HODGSON

1871–

Eve, with her basket, was
Deep in the bells and grass,
Wading in bells and grass
Up to her knees,
Plucking a dish of sweet
Berries and plums to eat,
Down in the bells and grass
Under the trees *Poems Eve*

Picture that orchard sprite,
Eve, with her body white,
Supple and smooth to her
Slim finger tips *Ib*

But oh, the den of wild things in
The darkness of her eyes! *Ib. The Gipsy Girl*

Reason has moons, but moons not hers,
Lie mirror'd on her sea,
Confounding her astronomers,
But, O! delighting me
Ib Reason Has Moons

God loves an idle rainbow,
No less than labouring seas *Ib*

'Twould ring the bells of Heaven
The wildest peal for years,
If Parson lost his senses
And people came to theirs,
And he and they together
Knelt down with angry prayers
For tamed and shabby tigers
And dancing dogs and bears,
And wretched, blind, pit ponies,
And little hunted hares.
Ib The Bells of Heaven.

See an old unhappy bull,
Sick in soul and body both *Ib The Bull*

I did not pray him to lay bare
The mystery to me,
Enough the rose was heaven to smell,
And His own face to see *Ib The Mystery*

I climbed a hill as light fell short,
And rooks came home in scramble sort,
And filled the trees and flapped and fought
And sang themselves to sleep
Ib The Song of Honour

Hear flocks of shiny pleiades
Among the plums and apple trees
Sing in the summer day *Ib*

When stately ships are twirled and spun
Like whipping tops and help there's none
And mighty ships ten thousand ton
Go down like lumps of lead *Ib*

I stood upon that silent hill
And stared into the sky until
My eyes were blind with stars and still
I stared into the sky *Ib*

Time, you old gypsy man,
Will you not stay,
Put up your caravan
Just for one day?
Ib Time, You Old Gypsy Man

HEINRICH HOFFMAN

1809–1874

Anything to me is sweeter
Than to see Shock-headed Peter
Struwwelpeter Shock-Headed Peter

Here is cruel Frederick, see!
A horrid wicked boy was he. *Ib Cruel Frederick*

The trough was full, and faithful Tray
Came out to drink one sultry day,
He wagged his tail, and wet his lip *Ib*

At this, good Tray grew very red,
And growled, and bit him till he bled *Ib*

But good dog Tray is happy now,
He has no time to say 'Bow-wow!'
He seats himself in Frederick's chair
And laughs to see the good things there
The soup he swallows, sup by sup—
And eats the pies and puddings up *Ib*

It almost makes me cry to tell
What foolish Harriet befell
Ib Harriet and the Matches.

Now tall Agrippa lived close by—
So tall, he almost touch'd the sky,
He had a mighty inkstand, too,
In which a great goose-feather grew
Ib The Inky Boys

He finds it hard, without a pair
Of spectacles, to shoot the hare
The hare sits snug in leaves and grass,
And laughs to see the green man pass
Ib The Man Who Went Out Shooting

And now she's trying all she can,
To shoot the sleepy, green-coat man *Ib*

'Help! Fire! Help! The Hare! The Hare!' *Ib*

The hare's own child, the little hare *Ib*

The door flew open, in he ran,
The great, long, red-legged scissor-man
Ib The Little Suck-a-Thumb

'Ah!' said Mamma, 'I knew he'd come
To naughty little Suck-a-Thumb' *Ib*

Augustus was a chubby lad,
Fat ruddy cheeks Augustus had
And everybody saw with joy
The plump and hearty, healthy boy.
He ate and drank as he was told,
And never let his soup get cold

But one day, one cold winter's day,
He screamed out, 'Take the soup away!
O take the nasty soup away!
I won't have any soup to-day.' *Ib Augustus.*

Let me see if Philip can
Be a little gentleman,
Let me see, if he is able
To sit still for once at table
Ib Fidgety Philip

But fidgety Phil,
He won't sit still,
He wriggles
And giggles,
And then, I declare,
Swings backwards and forwards,
And tilts up his chair *Ib.*

'Look at little Johnny there,
Little Johnny Head-In-Air!'
Ib Johnny Head-in-Air

'Silly little Johnny, look,
You have lost your writing-book!' *Ib*

JAMES HOGG

1770–1835

My love she's but a lassie yet *Title of Song*

Bonny Kilmeny gaed up the glen
The Queen's Wake, II *Kilmeny Thirteenth Bard's Song*, l 1

Late, late in the gloamin' Kilmeny came hame!
Ib l 24

For Kilmeny had been she knew not where,
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare
Ib l 38

And hey, then, up go we
Jacobite Relics of Scotland, 1 15. *Title*

Wha the deil hae we gotten for a King
But a wee wee German lairdie?
And when we gade to bring him hame,
He was delving in his kail-yardie
Ib 83 *The Wee, Wee German Lairdie*

Listen a while, and I'll tell you a tale,
Of a new device of a Protestant Flail
Ib 324 *The Protestant Flail*

God bless our Lord the king!
God save our lord the king!
God save the king!
Make him victorious,
Happy, and glorious,
Long to reign over us
God save the king!
Ib II 50 *God Save The King*

We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea,
We'll o'er the water to Charlie,
Come weel, come wo, we'll gather and go,
And live or die wi' Charlie
Ib 76 *O'er the Water to Charlie*

There grows a bonny briar bush in our kail yard
Ib 78. *An You Be He*

'Twas on a Monday morning,
Right early in the year,
That Charlie came to our town,
The young Chevalier
And Charlie he's my darling,
My darling, my darling,
And Charlie he's my darling,
The young Chevalier
Ib 93 *The Young Chevalier*
(Another version by Lady Nairne)

Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye wauking yet?
And are your drums a-beatin' yet?
Ib 113 *Johnnie Cope*

Cock up your beaver, and cock it fu' sprush,
We'll over the Border and gi'e them a brush,
There's somebody there we'll teach better behaviour
Hey, Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver!
Ib 127 *Cock Up Your Beaver*

Will you no come back again?
Better lo'ed you'll never be,
And will you no come back again?
Ib 195 *Will You No Come Back Again?*

HENRY RICHARD VASSAL FOX, 3rd BARON HOLLAND

1773–1840

Nephew of Fox, and friend of Grey,—
Enough my meed of fame
If those who deign'd to observe me say
I injur'd neither name
Memoirs of Rev Sidney Smith (1855), 1. 334

SIR RICHARD HOLLAND

c 1450

O Dowglas, O Dowglas,
tendir and trewe! *Duke of the Howlat*, xxxi

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

1809–1894

Lean, hungry, savage anti-everythings
Poems A Modest Request.

Sweet is the scene where genial friendship plays
The pleasing game of interchanging praise
Ib An After-Dinner Poem

Uncursed by doubt, our earliest creed we take;
We love the precepts for the teacher's sake
Ib A Rhymed Lesson (*Urania*)

And, when you stick on conversation's burrs,
Don't strew your pathway with those dreadful *urs* *Ib*

Man wants but little drink below,
But wants that little strong
Ib A Song of other Days (*Parody on Goldsmith*)

Day hath put on his jacket, and around
His burning bosom buttoned it with stars
Ib Evening.

We greet the monarch-peasant
Ib For the Burns Centennial Celebration.

Wisdom has taught us to be calm and meek,
To take one blow, and turn the other cheek,
It is not written what a man shall do
If the rude caitiff smite the other too!
Ib Non-Resistance

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky,
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar,—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more *Ib Old Ironsides*

Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day?
Ib The Deacon's Masterpiece

A general flavor of mild decay *Ib*

When the last reader reads no more
Ib The Last Reader

Feels the same comfort while his acrid words
Turn the sweet milk of kindness into curds
Ib The Moral Bully

And silence, like a poultice, comes
To heal the blows of sound
Ib The Music Grinders

It cannot be,—it is,—it is,—
A hat is going round! *Ib*

Go very quietly and drop
A button in the hat! *Ib*

Call him not old, whose visionary brain
Holds o'er the past its undivided reign
For him in vain the envious seasons roll
Who bears eternal summer in his soul
Ib The Old Player

To be seventy years young is sometimes far more cheerful and hopeful than to be forty years old
On the Seventieth Birthday of Julia Ward Howe

I think I said, I can make it plain to Benjamin Franklin here that there are at least six personalities distinctly to be recognized as taking part in that dialogue between John and Thomas

Three Johns
1. The real John, known only to his Maker
2. John's ideal John, never the real one, and often very unlike him
3. Thomas' ideal John, never the real John, nor John's John, but often very unlike either

Three Thomases
1. The real Thomas
2. Thomas' ideal Thomas
3. John's ideal Thomas

The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table, ch 3

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!
Ib ch 4 *The Chambered Nautilus*

Boston State-House is the hub of the solar system
You couldn't pry that out of a Boston man if you had the tire of all creation straightened out for a crowbar *Ib*

The axis of the earth sticks out visibly through the centre of each and every town or city *Ib*

The world's great men have not commonly been great scholars, nor its great scholars great men *Ib*

His humid front the clve, anheling, wipes
And dreams of erring on ventiferous ripes
Ib ch 11. *Aestivation.*

Depart,—be off,—excede,—evade,—erump! *Ib*

Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith [Samuel Francis Smith] *The Boys*

It is the province of knowledge to speak and it is the privilege of wisdom to listen
The Poet at the Breakfast Table, ch 10

It is the folly of the world, constantly, which confounds its wisdom
The Professor at the Breakfast Table, ch 1

A moment's insight is sometimes worth a life's experience *Ib* ch 10

JOHN HOME

1722–1808

In the first days
Of my distracting grief, I found myself—
As women wish to be, who love their lords
Douglas, I 1.

My name is Norval, on the Grampian hills
My father feeds his flocks, a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to increase his store
Ib II 1

He seldom errs
Who thinks the worst he can of womankind
Ib III iii

Like Douglas conquer, or like Douglas die *Ib* v

WILLIAM HONE

1780–1842

A good lather is half the shave
Every-Day Book, vol I, 1269

John Jones may be described as 'one of the *has* beens'
Ib vol II, 820

THOMAS HOOD

1759–1845

When Eve upon the first of Men
The apple press'd with specious cant,
Oh! what a thousand pities then
That Adam was not Adamant! *A Reflection*

It was not in the winter
Our loving lot was cast!
It was the time of roses,
We plucked them as we passed!
Ballad It Was Not in the Winter

O saw ye not fair Inez? *Fair Inez.*

Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms! *Faithless Nellie Gray*

For here I leave my second leg,
And the Forty-second Foot! *Ib.*

The love that loves a scarlet coat
Should be more uniform *Ib*

His death, which happen'd in his berth,
At forty-odd befell
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton toll'd the bell *Faithless Sally Brown.*

I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn,
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away! *I Remember*

I remember, I remember,
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday,—
The tree is living yet! *Ib*

I remember, I remember,
The fir trees dark and high,
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heav'n
Than when I was a boy *Ib.*

That fierce thing
They call a conscience *Lamia*, sc vii

For that old enemy the gout
Had taken him in toe! *Lieutenant Luff*

Alas! my everlasting peace
Is broken into pieces *Mary's Ghost*

And then, in the fulness of joy and hope,
Seem'd washing his hands with invisible soap,
In imperceptible water
Miss Kilmansegg Her Christening

There's Bardus, a six-foot column of fop,
A lighthouse without any light atop
Ib Her First Step

For one of the pleasures of having a rout,
Is the pleasure of having it over *Ib Her Dream*

Yet Wedlock's a very awful thing!
'Tis something like that feat in the ring,
Which requires good nerve to do it—
When one of a 'Grand Equestrian Troop'
Makes a jump at a gilded hoop,
Not certain at all
Of what may befall
After his getting through it! *Ib Her Marriage*

Home-made dishes that drive one from home
Ib Her Misery

No sun—no moon!
No morn—no noon!
No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day *No!*

No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,—
November! *Ib*

I saw old Autumn in the misty morn
Stand shadowless like Silence, listening
To silence *Ode Autumn*

Thou'lt find thy Manhood all too fast—
Soon come, soon gone! and Age at last
A sorry *breaking-up'*
Ode Clapham Academy.

And there is ev'n a happiness
That makes the heart afraid! *Ode to Melancholy*

Not one of those self-constituted saints,
Quacks—not physicians—in the cure of souls.
Ode to Rae Wilson, l 13

Dear bells! how sweet the sounds of village bells
When on the undulating air they swim!
Now loud as welcomes! faint, now, as farewells!
Ib l 159

She stood breast high amid the corn,
Clasp'd by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won *Ruth*

Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks *Ib*

Sure, I said, heav'n did not mean,
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean,
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home *Ib*

There is a silence where hath been no sound,
There is a silence where no sound may be,
In the cold grave—under the deep deep sea,
Or in the wide desert where no life is found
Sonnet Silence

One more Unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care,
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements.
The Bridge of Sighs

Loving, not loathing *Ib*

All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly *Ib*

Past all dishonour,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful *Ib*

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family *Ib*

Was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other? *Ib*

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home had she none! *Ib.*

Even God's providence
Seeming estranged *Ib*

Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurl'd—
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world! *Ib*

Picture it—think of it,
Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can! *Ib*

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behaviour,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour! *Ib*

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died! *The Death Bed*

Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-ey'd
The Dream of Eugene Aram

But Guilt was my grim Chamberlain
That lighted me to bed *Ib*

Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
Through the cold and heavy mist,
And Eugene Aram walked between,
With gyves upon his wrist *Ib*

Where folks that ride a bit of blood,
May break a bit of bone *The Epping Hunt*, l 99

He keeps a parlour boarder of a pig
The Irish Schoolmaster, v

He never spoils the child and spares the rod,
But spoils the rod and never spares the child
Ib xii

But evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart! *The Lady's Dream*

On Margate beach, where the sick one roams,
And the sentimental reads,
Where the maiden flirts, and the widow comes—
Like the ocean—to cast her weeds
The Mermaid of Margate

The shrill sweet lark
The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies, xxx

The bird forlorn,
That singeth with her breast against a thorn *Ib*

We will not woo foul weather all too soon,
Or nurse November on the lap of June *Ib* xcii

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt
The Song of the Shirt

O! men with sisters dear,
O! men with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives! *Ib*

Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt *Ib*

Oh! God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap! *Ib.*

No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief! *Ib*

My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread! *Ib*

A wife who preaches in her gown,
And lectures in her night-dress!
The Surplice Question.

Our hands have met, but not our hearts,
Our hands will never meet again. *To a False Friend*

There are three things which the public will always clamour for, sooner or later namely, Novelty, novelty, novelty
Announcement of Comic Annual for 1836

The sedate, sober, silent, serious, sad-coloured sect [Quakers] *The Doves and the Crows.*

'Extremes meet', as the whiting said with its tail in its mouth *Ib.*

I don't set up for being a cosmo-polite, which, to my mind, signifies being polite to every country except your own
Up the Rhine To Gerard Brooke

Holland lies so low they're only saved by being dammed *Ib. To Rebecca Page*

RICHARD HOOKER

1554?–1600

He that goeth about to persuade a multitude, that they are not so well governed as they ought to be, shall never want attentive and favourable hearers
Ecclesiastical Polity, bk i, § 1

Of Law there can be no less acknowledged, than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power
Ib § xvi.

Change is not made without inconvenience, even from worse to better
Quoted by Johnson, as from Hooker, in the Preface to the 'English Dictionary'.

ELLEN STURGIS HOOPER

1816–1841

I slept, and dreamed that life was Beauty,
I woke, and found that life was Duty
Life a Duty

HERBERT CLARK HOOVER

1874–

Our country has deliberately undertaken a great social and economic experiment, noble in motive and far-reaching in purpose [The Eighteenth Amendment, enacting Prohibition]
Letter to Senator W H Borah, 28 Feb 1928

ANTHONY HOPE (ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS)

1863–1933

'You oughtn't to yield to temptation'
'Well, somebody must, or the thing becomes absurd'
Dolly Dialogues, No 14

'Boys will be boys——'
'And even that wouldn't matter if we could only prevent girls from being girls' *Ib* No 16

'*Bourgeois*,' I observed, 'is an epithet which the riff-raff apply to what is respectable, and the aristocracy to what is decent' *Ib* No 17

He is very fond of making things which he doesn't want, and then giving them to people who have no use for them *Ib*

'I wish you would read a little poetry sometimes Your ignorance cramps my conversation'
Ib No 22

'I may not understand, but I am willing to admire'
Ib

Good families are generally worse than any others
Prisoner of Zenda, ch 1

LAURENCE HOPE (ADELA FLORENCE NICOLSON)

1865–1904

Pale hands I loved beside the Shalimar,
Where are you now? Who lies beneath your spell?
Indian Love Lyrics Pale Hands I Loved

Pale hands, pink-tipped, like lotus-buds that float
On those cool waters where we used to dwell,
I would have rather felt you round my throat
Crushing out life than waving me farewell *Ib*

Less than the dust beneath thy chariot wheel,
Less than the weed that grows beside thy door,
Less than the rust that never stained thy sword,
Less than the need thou hast in life of me,
Even less am I
Ib Less than the Dust

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS

1844–1890

Not, I'll not, carrion comfort, Despair, not feast on thee,
Not untwist—slack they may be—these last strands of man
In me or, most weary, cry *I can no more* I can,
Can something, hope, wish day come, not choose not to be *Carrion Comfort*

That night, that year
Of now done darkness I wretch lay wrestling with (my God!) my God *Ib*

Towery city and branchy between towers
Duns Scotus' Oxford

Didst fettle for the great grey drayhorse his bright and battering sandal! *Felix Randal*

The world is charged with the grandeur of God
God's Grandeur.

Because the Holy Ghost over the bent
World broods with warm breast and with ah! bright wings *Ib*

I have desired to go
Where springs not fail,
To fields where flies no sharp and sided hail
And a few lilies blow

And I have asked to be
Where no storms come,
Where the green swell is in the havens dumb,
And out of the swing of the sea
Heaven-Haven

What would the world be, once bereft
Of wet and of wildness? Let them be left,
O let them be left, wildness and wet,
Long live the weeds and the wilderness yet
Inversnaid

All
Life death does end and each day dies with sleep
No Worst, There Is None

Glory be to God for dappled things
Pied Beauty

All things counter, original, spare, strange,
Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)
With swift, slow, sweet, sour, adazzle, dim,
He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change
Praise him *Ib*

I am all at once what Christ is, since he was what I am, and
This Jack, joke, poor potsherd, patch, matchwood, immortal diamond,
Is immortal diamond
That Nature is a Heraclitean Fire

Wild air, world-mothering air,
Nestling me everywhere
The Blessed Virgin Compared to the Air We Breathe

Some candle clear burns somewhere I came by
I muse at how its being puts blissful back
With yellowy moisture mild night's blear-all black,
Or to-fro tender trambeams truckle at the eye
The Candle Indoors

Elected Silence, sing to me
And beat upon my whorled ear,
Pipe me to pastures still and be
The music that I care to hear
The Habit of Perfection

Palate, the hutch of tasty lust,
Desire not to be rinsed with wine
The can must be so sweet, the crust
So fresh that come in fasts divine! *Ib*

And you unhouse and house the Lord *Ib*

Look at the stars! look, look up at the skies!
O look at all the fire-folk sitting in the air!
The bright boroughs, the circle-citadels there!
The Starlight Night

Ah well! it is all a purchase, all is a prize
Buy then! bid then!—What?—Prayer, patience, alms, vows
Look, look, a May-mess, like on orchard boughs!
Look! March-bloom, like on mealed-with-yellow sallows!
These are indeed the barn, withindoors house
The shocks This piece-bright paling shuts the spouse
Christ home, Christ and his mother and all his hallows *Ib*

Thou art indeed just, Lord, if I contend
With thee, but, sir, so what I plead is just
Why do sinners' ways prosper? and why must
Disappointment all I endeavour end?
Thou Art Indeed Just, Lord

Birds build—but not I build, no, but strain,
Time's eunuch, and not breed one work that wakes
Mine, O thou lord of life, send my roots rain *Ib*

I caught this morning morning's minion, kingdom of daylight's dauphin, dapple-dawn-drawn Falcon
The Windhover

The achieve of, the mastery of the thing! *Ib*

JOSEPH HOPKINSON

1770–1842

Hail, Columbia! happy land!
Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band! *Hail, Columbia!*

RICHARD HENRY HORNE

1803–1884

'Tis always morning somewhere in the world
Orion, bk III, canto II

Ye rigid Ploughmen! Bear in mind
Your labour is for future hours
Advance! Spare not! Nor look behind!
Plough deep and straight with all your powers!
The Plough

JOHN HOSKINS

1566–1638

Absence, hear thou my protestation
Against thy strength,
Distance and length
Do what thou canst for alteration,
For hearts of truest mettle
Absence doth join, and time doth settle
Absence A Poetical Rhapsody Attr

By absence this good means I gain,
That I can catch her,
Where none can watch her,
In some close corner of my brain
There I embrace and kiss her,
And so I both enjoy and miss her *Ib.*

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, BARON HOUGHTON

1809–1885

'Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?'
'Over the sea'
'Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?'
'All that love me' *A Child's Song Lady Moon*

A fair little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see,
Then smoothed her work, and folded it right,
And said, 'Dear work! Good Night! Good Night!'
Good Night and Good Morning

I wander'd by the brookside,
I wander'd by the mill,—
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still,
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard *Song The Brookside*

A Second Class in the School of Life
Collections and Recollections, ch 5 *G W E. Russell*

ALFRED EDWARD HOUSMAN

1859–1936

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide

Now, of my three score years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy years a score,
It only leaves me fifty more

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow
A Shropshire Lad, II

And naked to the hangman's noose
The morning clocks will ring
A neck God made for other use
Than strangling in a string *Ib* IX

In farm and field through all the shire
The eye beholds the heart's desire,
Ah, let not only mine be vain
For lovers should be loved again *Ib* X

Lovers lying two and two
Ask not whom they sleep beside,
And the bridegroom all night through
Never turns him to the bride *Ib* XII

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard a wise man say,
'Give crowns and pounds and guineas
But not your heart away' *Ib* XIII.

But I was one-and-twenty,
No use to talk to me *Ib*

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard him say again,
'The heart out of the bosom
Was never given in vain,
'Tis paid with sighs a plenty
And sold for endless rue'
And I am two-and-twenty,
And oh, 'tis true, 'tis true *Ib.*

His folly has not fellow
Beneath the blue of day
That gives to man or woman
His heart and soul away *Ib* XIV.

Oh, when I was in love with you,
  Then I was clean and brave,
And miles around the wonder grew
  How well I did behave.

And now the fancy passes by,
  And nothing will remain,
And miles around they'll say that I
  Am quite myself again *A Shropshire Lad*, XVIII

In summertime on Bredon
  The bells they sound so clear,
Round both the shires they ring them
  In steeples far and near,
  A happy noise to hear

Here of a Sunday morning
  My love and I would lie,
And see the coloured counties,
  And hear the larks so high
  About us in the sky

And I would turn and answer
  Among the springing thyme,
'Oh, peal upon our wedding,
  And we will hear the chime,
  And come to church in time' *Ib* XXI

They tolled the one bell only,
  Groom there was none to see,
The mourners followed after,
  And so to church went she,
  And would not wait for me *Ib*

The bells they sound on Bredon,
  And still the steeples hum
'Come all to church, good people,'—
  Oh, noisy bells, be dumb,
  I hear you, I will come *Ib*

The lads that will die in their glory and never be old
Ib XXIII

Is my team ploughing,
  That I was used to drive? *Ib* XXVII

Ay, the horses trample,
  The harness jingles now,
No change though you lie under
  The land you used to plough *Ib*

The goal stands up, the keeper
  Stands up to keep the goal *Ib*

Yes, lad, I lie easy,
  I lie as lads would choose,
I cheer a dead man's sweetheart,
  Never ask me whose *Ib*

To-day the Roman and his trouble
  Are ashes under Uricon *Ib*. XXXI

'Oh, go where you are wanted, for you are not wanted here'
And that was all the farewell when I parted from my dear *Ib* XXXIV *The New Mistress*

'And the enemies of England they shall see me and be sick' *Ib*

White in the moon the long road lies,
  The moon stands blank above,
White in the moon the long road lies
  That leads me from my love *Ib* XXXVI

Oh tarnish late on Wenlock Edge,
  Gold that I never see,
Lie long, high snowdrifts in the hedge
  That will not shower on me *Ib* XXXIX.

Into my heart an air that kills
  From yon far country blows
What are those blue remembered hills,
  What spires, what farms are those?

That is the land of lost content,
  I see it shining plain,
The happy highways where I went
  And cannot come again *Ib* XL.

But play the man, stand up and end you,
  When your sickness is your soul *Ib* XLV

Be still, be still, my soul, it is but for a season,
  Let us endure an hour and see injustice done
Ib XLVIII.

Oh 'tis jesting, dancing, drinking
Spins the heavy world around
If young hearts were not so clever,
Oh, they would be young for ever
Think no more, 'tis only thinking
Lays lads underground *Ib*. XLIX.

Think no more, lad, laugh, be jolly
Why should men make haste to die?
Empty heads and tongues a-talking
Make the rough road easy walking,
And the feather pate of folly
Bears the falling sky *Ib*.

Far in a western brookland
  That bred me long ago
The poplars stand and tremble
  By pools I used to know *Ib* LII.

There, by the starlit fences,
  The wanderer halts and hears
My soul that lingers sighing
  About the glimmering weirs *Ib*.

Many a rose-lipt maiden
  And many a lightfoot lad *Ib* LIV

I shall have lived a little while
  Before I die for ever *Ib* LVII

In all the endless road you tread
  There's nothing but the night *Ib* LX

Say, for what were hop-yards meant,
Or why was Burton built on Trent? *Ib* LXII

Malt does more than Milton can,
To justify God's ways to man *Ib*

Mithridates, he died old *Ib*

We'll to the woods no more,
  The laurels all are cut *Last Poems*, introductory

And lads are in love with the grave *Ib* IV

Peace is come and wars are over,
  Welcome one and welcome all *Ib* VIII

May will be fine next year as like as not
  Oh ay, but then we shall be twenty-four *Ib* IX

We for a certainty are not the first
  Have sat in taverns while the tempest hurled
Their hopeful plans to emptiness, and cursed
  Whatever brute and blackguard made the world
Ib

The troubles of our proud and angry dust
Are from eternity, and shall not fail
Bear them we can, and if we can we must
Shoulder the sky, my lad, and drink your ale *Ib*

Pass me the can, lad, there's an end of May *Ib*

But men at whiles are sober
And think by fits and starts
And if they think, they fasten
Their hands upon their hearts *Ib* x

I, a stranger and afraid
In a world I never made *Ib* xii

The Wain upon the northern steep
Descends and lifts away
Oh I will sit me down and weep
For bones in Africa *Ib* xvii *Astronomy*

Made of earth and sea
His overcoat for ever,
And wears the turning globe *Ib* xx

The fairies break their dances
And leave the printed lawn,
And up from India glances
The silver sail of dawn.

The candles burn their sockets,
The blinds let through the day,
The young man feels his pockets
And wonders what's to pay *Ib* xxi

See, in mid heaven the sun is mounted, hark,
The belfries tingle to the noonday chime
'Tis silent, and the subterranean dark
Has crossed the nadir, and begins to climb
Ib xxxvi

These, in the day when heaven was falling,
The hour when earth's foundations fled,
Followed their mercenary calling
And took their wages and are dead.

Their shoulders held the sky suspended,
They stood, and earth's foundations stay,
What God abandoned, these defended,
And saved the sum of things for pay
Ib xxxvii *Epitaph on an Army of Mercenaries*

RICHARD HOVEY

1864–1900

I do not know beneath what sky
Nor on what seas shall be thy fate,
I only know it shall be high,
I only know it shall be great
Unmanifest Destiny

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW

1823–1897

For all the Saints who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confess'd,
Thy Name, O Jesu, be for ever blest,
Alleluia!
E Nelson's Hymns For Saints' Days For All the Saints

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong
Alleluia! *Ib*

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Alleluia! *Ib*

O Lord, stretch forth thy mighty hand
And guard and bless our fatherland
Church Hymns, 1871 *To Thee, Our God, We Fly*

O Jesu, thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door
Psalms and Hymns, 1867

Shame on us, Christian brethren,
His Name and sign who bear *Ib*

SAMUEL HOWARD

1710–1782

Gentle Shepherd, tell me where. *Song*

ELLEN CLEMENTINE HOWARTH

1827–1899

'Tis but a little faded flow'r,
But oh, how fondly dear!
'Twill bring me back one golden hour,
Through many a weary year
'Tis But a Little Faded Flower

JULIA WARD HOWE

1819–1910

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored
Battle Hymn of the American Republic

His truth is marching on *Ib*

Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him, be jubilant, my feet! *Ib*

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born, across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free. *Ib*

JAMES HOWELL

1594?–1666

Some hold translations not unlike to be
The wrong side of a Turkey tapestry
Familiar Letters, bk i, § 6

One hair of a woman can draw more than a hundred pair of oxen *Ib* bk ii, let 4

This life at best is but an inn,
And we the passengers *Ib* let 73

MARY HOWITT

1799–1888

Old England is our home and Englishmen are we,
Our tongue is known in every clime, our flag on every sea
Old England Is Our Home

'Will you walk into my parlour?' said a spider to a fly
''Tis the prettiest little parlour that ever you did spy'
The Spider and the Fly

EDMOND HOYLE

1672–1769

When in doubt, win the trick
Hoyle's Games Whist Twenty-four Short Rules for Learners

ELBERT HUBBARD

1859–1915

Heaven is largely a matter of digestion
A Thousand and One Epigrams, p 34

Life is just one damned thing after another
Ib p 137

THOMAS HUGHES

1822–1896

Life isn't all beer and skittles
Tom Brown's Schooldays, pt 1, ch 2

He never wants anything but what's right and fair, only when you come to settle what's right and fair, it's everything that he wants and nothing that you want And that's his idea of a compromise Give me the Brown compromise when I'm on his side
Ib pt II, ch 2

DAVID HUME

1711–1776

Avarice, the spur of industry
Essays Of Civil Liberty

A miracle may be accurately defined, a transgression of a law of nature by a particular volition of the Deity, or by the interposition of some invisible agent *On Miracles* pt 1, *note*

No testimony is sufficient to establish a miracle, unless the testimony be of such a kind, that its falsehood would be more miraculous than the fact which it endeavours to establish and even in that case there is a mutual destruction of arguments, and the superior only gives us an assurance suitable to that degree of force which remains after deducting the inferior *Ib* pt 1

There is not to be found, in all history, any miracle attested by a sufficient number of men, of such unquestioned good sense, education, and learning, as to secure us against all delusion in themselves, of such undoubted integrity, as to place them beyond all suspicion of any design to deceive others, of such credit and reputation in the eyes of mankind, as to have a great deal to lose in case of their being detected in any falsehood, and at the same time attesting facts, performed in such a public manner, and in so celebrated a part of the world, as to render the detection unavoidable
Ib pt 2

The usual propensity of mankind towards the marvellous *Ib*

The Christian religion not only was at first attended with miracles, but even at this day cannot be believed by any reasonable person without one Mere reason is insufficient to convince us of its veracity and whoever is moved by faith to assent to it, is conscious of a continued miracle in his own person, which subverts all the principles of his understanding, and gives him a determination to believe what is most contrary to custom and experience *Ib*

Custom, then, is the great guide of human life.
Inquiry Concerning Human Understanding, sec 5, pt 1

Never literary attempt was more unfortunate than my Treatise of Human Nature It fell *dead-born from the press* *My Own Life*, ch 1.

Opposing one species of superstition to another, set them a quarrelling, while we ourselves, during their fury and contention, happily make our escape into the calm, though obscure, regions of philosophy *The Natural History of Religion*

Though I throw out my speculations to entertain the learned and metaphysical world, yet in other things I do not think so differently from the rest of the world as you imagine
Remark Alexander Carlyle's Autobiography

G W. HUNT

fl 1878

We don't want to fight, but, by jingo if we do,
We've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money too
We've fought the Bear before, and while Britons shall be true,
The Russians shall not have Constantinople
We Don't Want to Fight. Music Hall Song, 1878

JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT

1784–1859

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold —
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
'What writest thou?'—The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, 'The names of those who love the Lord'
Abou Ben Adhem and the Angel

'I pray thee then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men' *Ib*

And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest *Ib*

'By God!' said Francis, 'rightly done!' and he rose from where he sat
'No love,' quoth he, 'but vanity, sets love a task like that' *The Glove and the Lions*

Green little vaulter in the sunny grass
To the Grasshopper and the Cricket

The laughing queen that caught the world's great hands *The Nile*

If you become a nun, dear,
A friar I will be *The Nun*

Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in,
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old, but add,
Jenny kissed me *Rondeau*

Where the light woods go seaward from the town
The Story of Rimini, 1, l 18

But most he loved a happy human face
Ib III, l 110

The two divinest things this world has got,
A lovely woman in a rural spot! *Ib* l 257

Places of nestling green, for poets made *Ib* l 430

This Adonis in loveliness was a corpulent man of fifty [George IV]
The Examiner, 22 Mar 1812

ANNE HUNTER

1742–1821

My mother bids me bind my hair
With bands of rosy hue,
Tie up my sleeves with ribbons rare,
And lace my bodice blue
My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair

FRANCIS HUTCHESON

1694–1746

Wisdom denotes the pursuing of the best ends by the best means
Inquiry into the Original of our Ideas of Beauty and Virtue, 1725 Treatise, I, sec v, § 18

That action is best, which procures the greatest happiness for the greatest numbers
Ib Treatise II *Concerning Moral Good and Evil*, sec 3, § 8

ALDOUS LEONARD HUXLEY

1894–

But when the wearied Band
Swoons to a waltz, I take her hand,
And there we sit in peaceful calm,
Quietly sweating palm to palm *Frascati's*

Seated upon the convex mound
Of one vast kidney, Jonah prays
And sings his canticles and hymns,
Making the hollow vault resound
God's goodness and mysterious ways,
Till the great fish spouts music as he swims *Jonah*

Bewildered furrows deepen the Thunderer's scowl,
This world so vast, so variously foul—
Who can have made its ugliness? In what
Revolting fancy were the Forms begot
Of all these monsters? What strange deity—
So barbarously not a Greek was he? *Leda*

If, O my Lesbia, I should commit,
Not fornication, dear, but suicide,
My Thames-blown body, (Pliny vouches it)
Would drift face upwards on the oily tide
With the other garbage, till it putrefied
The Second Philosopher's Song

Your maiden modesty would float face down,
And men would weep upon your hinder parts *Ib*

Beauty for some provides escape,
Who gain a happiness in eyeing
The gorgeous buttocks of the ape
Or Autumn sunsets exquisitely dying
The Ninth Philosopher's Song

Then brim the bowl with atrabilious liquor!
We'll pledge our Empire vast across the flood
For Blood, as all men know, than water's thicker,
But water's wider, thank the Lord, than Blood *Ib*

Votaries of the copulative cult
Soles Occidere et Redire Possunt

Food and drink, food and drink
Olives as firm and sleek and green
As the breasts of a sea-god's daughter,
Swimming far down where the corpses sink
Through the dense shadowy water
Silver and black on flank and back,
The glossy sardine mourns its head
The red anchovy and the beetroot red,
With carrots build a gorgeous stair—
Bronze, apoplexy and Venetian hair—
And the green pillor of the salad round
Sharpens their clarion sound
De lady take hors d'œuvres? and de gentleman too?
Per due! Due! Echo answers Du' *Ib* IX

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY

1825–1895

The chess-board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are what we call the laws of Nature The player on the other side is hidden from us We know that his play is always fair, just, and patient But also we know, to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance
Lay Sermons, &c, III *A Liberal Education*

If some great Power would agree to make me always think what is true and do what is right, on condition of being turned into a sort of clock and wound up every morning before I got out of bed, I should instantly close with the offer
On Descartes' Discourse on Method Method & Results IV

The great end of life is not knowledge but action
Science & Culture, III *Technical Education*

Logical consequences are the scarecrows of fools and the beacons of wise men
Ib IX *On the Hypothesis that Animals are Automata*

Irrationally held truths may be more harmful than reasoned errors
Ib XII *The Coming of Age of the Origin of Species*

It is the customary fate of new truths to begin as heresies and to end as superstitions *Ib*

I took thought, and invented what I conceived to be the appropriate title of 'agnostic'
Science and Christian Tradition, ch 7

EDWARD HYDE EARL OF CLARENDON

1609–1674

Without question, when he [Hampden] first drew the sword, he threw away the scabbard
History of the Great Rebellion, III VII 84

He [Hampden] had a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute any mischief
Ib

He [Falkland] would, with a shrill and sad accent, ingeminate the word *Peace, Peace* *Ib* 233

WILLIAM RALPH INGE

1860–

Literature flourishes best when it is half a trade and half an art
The Victorian Age (1922), p 49

A man may build himself a throne of bayonets, but he cannot sit on it
Marchant, Wit and Wisdom of Dean Inge, No 108

The nations which have put mankind and posterity most in their debt have been small states—Israel, Athens, Florence, Elizabethan England
Ib No 181

JEAN INGELOW

1820–1897

But two are walking apart for ever,
And wave their hands for a mute farewell
Divided

When sparrows build, and the leaves break forth,
My old sorrow wakes and cries
Supper at the Mill

Play up 'The Brides of Enderby'
The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire, 1571

Come up Whitefoot, come up Lightfoot,
Come up Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed *Ib*

A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my son's wife, Elizabeth *Ib*

And awesome bells they were to me,
That in the dark rang 'Enderby' *Ib*

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
That ebb swept out the flocks to sea,
A fatal ebb and flow, alas!
To many more than mine and me *Ib*

ROBERT GREENE INGERSOLL

1833–1899

An honest God is the noblest work of man
Gods, pt I, p 2.

In nature there are neither rewards nor punishments —there are consequences
Lectures & Essays, 3rd Series. *Some Reasons Why*, VIII

JOHN KELLS INGRAM

1823–1907

Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?
The Nation, April 1843

WASHINGTON IRVING

1783–1859

A tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use *Rip Van Winkle.*

They who drink beer will think beer
The Sketch Book *Stratford*

A woman's whole life is a history of the affections
Ib *The Broken Heart*

Free-livers on a small scale, who are prodigal within the compass of a guinea *The Stout Gentleman*

I am always at a loss to know how much to believe of my own stories
Tales of a Traveller, To the Reader

There is a certain relief in change, even though it be from bad to worse, as I have found in travelling in a stage-coach, that it is often a comfort to shift one's position and be bruised in a new place *Ib*

The almighty dollar, that great object of universal devotion throughout our land, seems to have no genuine devotees in these peculiar villages
Wolfert's Roost *The Creole Village*

ANDREW JACKSON

1767–1845

You are uneasy, you never sailed with *me* before, I see
J Parton's Life of Jackson, vol III, ch 35

Our Federal Union it must be preserved
Toast given on the Jefferson Birthday Celebration 13 Apr 1830 Benton, *Thirty Years' View*, vol I

CARRIE JACOBS-BOND

1862–

When you come to the end of a perfect day
Roads of Melody (1927) *A Perfect Day*

RICHARD JAGO

1715–1781

With leaden foot time creeps along
While Delia is away.
Absence *With Leaden Foot*

JAMES I OF ENGLAND AND VI OF SCOTLAND

1566–1625

A branch of the sin of drunkenness, which is the root of all sins
A Counterblast to Tobacco (1604)

A custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black, stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless *Ib.*

Herein is not only a great vanity, but a great contempt of God's good gifts, that the sweetness of man's breath, being a good gift of God, should be wilfully corrupted by this stinking smoke. *Ib*

The wisest fool in Christendom [James]
Ascribed to Henry IV of France in Green's Short History of the English People (1888), p 477

HENRY JAMES

1843–1916

It takes a great deal of history to produce a little literature *Life of Nathaniel Hawthorne*

[Thoreau] was worse than provincial—he was parochial *Ib* ch 4

Dramatise, dramatise!
Prefaces *Altar of the Dead, and elsewhere*

The note I wanted, that of the strange and sinister embroidered on the very type of the normal and easy. *Ib*

The terrible *fluidity* of self-revelation
Ib *The Ambassadors*

The deep well of unconscious cerebration.
Ib *The American*

The historian, essentially, wants more documents than he can really use, the dramatist only wants more liberties than he can really take
Ib *The Aspern Papers, &c*

I have always fondly remembered a remark that I heard fall years ago from the lips of Ivan Turgenieff in regard to his own experience of the usual origin of the fictive picture It began for him almost always with the vision of some person or persons, who hovered before him, soliciting him, as the active or passive figure, interesting him and appealing to him just as they were and by what they were He saw them in that fashion, as *disponibles*, saw them subject to the chances, the complications of existence, and saw them vividly, but then had to find for them the right relations, those that would bring them out
Ib *The Portrait of a Lady*

The fatal futility of Fact
Ib *The Spoils of Poynton, &c*

The only obligation to which in advance we may hold a novel, without incurring the accusation of being arbitrary, is that it be interesting
The Art of Fiction *Partial Portraits*

Experience is never limited, and it is never complete, it is an immense sensibility, a kind of huge spider-web of the finest silken threads suspended in the chamber of consciousness, and catching every air-borne particle in its tissue. *Ib*

What is character but the determination of incident? what is incident but the illustration of character?
Ib

We must grant the artist his subject, his idea, his *donné* our criticism is applied only to what he makes of it *Ib*

Vereker's secret, my dear man—the general intention of his books the string the pearls were strung on, the buried treasure, the figure in the carpet.
The Figure in the Carpet, ch 11

Cats and monkeys, monkeys and cats—all human life is there. *The Madonna of the Future*

Tennyson was not Tennysonian
The Middle Years

'Print it as it stands—beautifully'
Temptations *The Death of the Lion*, x

THOMAS JEFFERSON

1743–1826

In the full tide of successful experiment
First Inaugural Address, 4 March 1801.

Peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations—entangling alliances with none. *Ib*

A little rebellion now and then is a good thing
Letter to James Madison, 30 Jan 1787

The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants It is its natural manure.
Ib To W S Smith, 13 Nov 1787

Whenever a man has cast a longing eye on them [offices], a rottenness begins in his conduct
Ib To Tench Coxe, 1799

To seek out the best through the whole Union, we must resort to other information, which, from the best of men, acting disinterestedly and with the purest motives, is sometimes incorrect
Letter to Elias Shipman and others of New Haven, 12 July, 1801

If a due participation of office is a matter of right, how are vacancies to be obtained? Those by death are few, by resignation, none
[Usually quoted, 'Few die and none resign'] *Ib*

Indeed I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just
Notes on Virginia, Query xviii Manners

When a man assumes a public trust, he should consider himself as public property
Remark to Baron von Humboldt, 1807. *Rayner's Life of Jefferson*, p 356

No duty the Executive had to perform was so trying as to put the right man in the right place
J B MacMaster, *History of the People of the U S*, vol II, ch 13, p 586

CHARLES JEFFERYS

1807–1865

I have heard the mavis singing
His love-song to the morn,
I have seen the dew-drop clinging
To the rose just newly born. *Mary of Argyle*

The bud is on the bough again,
The leaf is on the tree
The Meeting of Spring and Summer

FRANCIS LORD JEFFREY

1773–1850

This will never do
On Wordsworth's 'Excursion'. Edinburgh Review, Nov 1814, p 1.

SOAME JENYNS

1704–1787

A fair where thousands meet, but none can stay,
An inn where travellers bait, then post away.
The Immortality of the Soul, bk I, l 399
Tr from the Latin of Isaac Hawkins Browne, 1705–60

JEROME KLAPKA JEROME

1859–1927

It is impossible to enjoy idling thoroughly unless one has plenty of work to do
Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow On Being Idle

Love is like the measles, we all have to go through it
Ib On Being in Love

I like work it fascinates me I can sit and look at it for hours I love to keep it by me the idea of getting rid of it nearly breaks my heart
Three Men in a Boat, ch 15

DOUGLAS WILLIAM JERROLD

1803–1857

Honest bread is very well—it's the butter that makes the temptation *The Catspaw*, Act III

Religion's in the heart, not in the knees
The Devil's Ducat, I II.

He is one of those wise philanthropists who, in a time of famine, would vote for nothing but a supply of toothpicks
Wit and Opinions of Douglas Jerrold (1859), p 2 *A Philanthropist*

Love's like the measles—all the worse when it comes late in life *Ib* p 6

The best thing I know between France and England is—the sea
Ib p 13 *The Anglo-French Alliance*

That fellow would vulgarize the day of judgment
Ib A Comic Author

The ugliest of trades have their moments of pleasure Now, if I were a grave-digger, or even a hangman, there are some people I could work for with a great deal of enjoyment *Ib* p 14 *Ugly Trades*

Earth is here [Australia] so kind, that just tickle her with a hoe and she laughs with a harvest
Ib A Land of Plenty.

Some people are so fond of ill-luck that they run half-way to meet it
Ib Meeting Troubles Half-way

He was so good he would pour rose-water over a toad *Ib* p 17 *A Charitable Man*

Talk to him of Jacob's ladder, and he would ask the number of the steps
Ib p 29 *A Matter-of-fact Man*

We love peace, as we abhor pusillanimity, but not peace at any price There is a peace more destructive of the manhood of living man than war is destructive of his material body Chains are worse than bayonets *Ib* p 155 *Peace*

If an earthquake were to engulf England to-morrow, the English would manage to meet and dine somewhere among the rubbish, just to celebrate the event
Remark Blanchard Jerrold's Life of D Jerrold, ch 14

The only athletic sport I ever mastered was backgammon
W Jerrold, *Douglas Jerrold* (1914), vol I, ch I, p 22

JOHN JEWEL

1522–1571

In old time we had treen chalices and golden priests, but now we have treen priests and golden chalices
Certain Sermons Preached Before the Queen's Majesty, 1609, p 176

ANDREW JOHNSON

1808–1875

We are swinging round the circle
Speech on the Presidential Reconstruction, August 1866

LIONEL PIGOT JOHNSON

1867–1902

There Shelley dream'd his white Platonic dreams
Oxford

In her ears the chime
Of full, sad bells brings back her old springtide *Ib*

I know you solitary griefs,
Desolate passions, aching hours
The Precept of Silence

The saddest of all Kings
Crown'd, and again disown'd
By the Statue of King Charles I at Charing Cross

Stars in their stations set,
And every wandering star *Ib*

The fair and fatal King *Ib*

Speak after sentence? Yea
And to the end of time *Ib*

King, tried in fires of woe!
Men hunger for thy grace
And through the night I go,
Loving thy mournful face *Ib.*

PHILANDER CHASE JOHNSON

1866–

Cheer up, the worst is yet to come
Shooting Stars See *Everybody's Magazine*, May, 1920

SAMUEL JOHNSON

1709–1784

The rod produces an effect which terminates in itself A child is afraid of being whipped, and gets his task, and there's an end on't, whereas, by exciting emulation and comparisons of superiority, you lay the foundation of lasting mischief, you make brothers and sisters hate each other
Boswell's *Life of Johnson* (*L F Powell's revision of G B Hill's edition*), vol 1, p 46

Johnson I had no notion that I was wrong or irreverent to my tutor
Boswell That, Sir, was great fortitude of mind
Johnson No, Sir, stark insensibility
Ib p 60. *5th Nov 1728*

Sir, we are a nest of singing birds *Ib* p 75 *1730*

If you call a dog *Hervey*, I shall love him
Ib p 106 *1737*

My old friend, Mrs Carter, could make a pudding, as well as translate Epictetus *Ib* p 123 n. *1738*

Sleep, undisturb'd, within this peaceful shrine,
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine!
Ib p 149 *1741*

Great George's acts let tuneful Cibber sing;
For Nature form'd the Poet for the King *Ib*

Tom Birch is as brisk as a bee in conversation, but no sooner does he take a pen in his hand, than it becomes a torpedo to him, and benumbs all his faculties *Ib* p 159 *1743*

[When asked how he felt upon the ill success of *Irene*]
Like the Monument *Ib* p 199 *Feb 1799*

I'll come no more behind your scenes, David, for the silk stockings and white bosoms of your actresses excite my amorous propensities *Ib* p 201 *1750*

A man may write at any time, if he will set himself doggedly to it *Ib* p 203 *Mar 1750*

[Of F Lewis]
Sir, he lived in London, and hung loose upon society
Ib p 226 *1750*

[To Beauclerk]
Thy body is all vice, and thy mind all virtue
Ib p 250. *1752*

[On being knocked up at 3 a m by Beauclerk and Langton]
What, is it you, you dogs! I'll have a frisk with you
Ib

Wretched un-idea'd girls *Ib* p 251 *1753*

I had done all I could, and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little
Ib p 261 *Letter to Lord Chesterfield, 7 Feb 1755*

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks *Ib*

Is not a Patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind, but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it, till I am solitary, and cannot impart it, till I am known, and do not want it *Ib*

[Of Lord Chesterfield]
This man I thought had been a Lord among wits, but, I find, he is only a wit among Lords
Ib p 266 *1754*

[Of Lord Chesterfield's *Letters*]
They teach the morals of a whore, and the manners of a dancing master *Ib*

[Of Bolingbroke and his editor, Mallet]
Sir, he was a scoundrel, and a coward a scoundrel, for charging a blunderbuss against religion and morality, a coward, because he had not resolution to fire it off himself, but left half a crown to a beggarly Scotchman, to draw the trigger after his death! *Ib* p 268 *6 Mar 1754*

Mr Millar, bookseller, undertook the publication of Johnson's Dictionary When the messenger who carried the last sheet to Millar returned, Johnson asked him, 'Well, what did he say?' 'Sir,' answered the messenger, 'he said, thank God I have done with him'
'I am glad', replied Johnson, with a smile, 'that he thanks God for any thing' *Ib* p 287 *April 1755*

I respect Millar, Sir, he has raised the price of literature *Ib* p 288 *1755*

There are two things which I am confident I can do very well one is an introduction to any literary work, stating what it is to contain, and how it should be executed in the most perfect manner, the other is a conclusion, shewing from various causes why the execution has not been equal to what the author promised to himself and to the public *Ib* p 292 *1755*

[When asked by a lady why he defined 'pastern' as the 'knee' of a horse, in his Dictionary]
Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance *Ib* p 293 *1755*

Lexicographer a writer of dictionaries, a harmless drudge *Ib* p 296 *1755*.

I have protracted my work till most of those whom I wished to please have sunk into the grave, and success and miscarriage are empty sounds
Ib p 297 *1755*

A man, Sir, should keep his friendship in constant repair. *Ib* p 300 *1755*

The booksellers are generous liberal-minded men
Ib p 304 *1756*

The worst of Warburton is, that he has a rage for saying something, when there's nothing to be said
Ib p 329 *1758*

No man will be a sailor who has contrivance enough to get himself into a jail, for being in a ship is being in a jail, with the chance of being drowned A man in a jail has more room, better food, and commonly better company *Ib* p 348 *16 Mar 1759*

'Are you a botanist, Dr Johnson?'
'No, Sir, I am not a botanist, and (alluding, no doubt, to his near sightedness) should I wish to become a botanist, I must first turn myself into a reptile'
Ib p 377 *20 July 1762*

Boswell I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it .
Johnson That, Sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help
Ib p 392 *16 May 1763*

[On Dr Blair's asking whether any man of a modern age could have written *Ossian*]
Yes, Sir, many men, many women, and many children *Ib* p 396 *24 May 1763*

Sir, it was like leading one to talk of a book when the author is concealed behind the door *Ib*

He insisted on people praying with him, and I'd as lief pray with Kit Smart as any one else
Ib p 397 *24 May 1763*

[Of Kit Smart]
He did not love clean linen, and I have no passion for it *Ib*

[Of literary criticism]
You may scold a carpenter who has made you a bad table, though you cannot make a table It is not your trade to make tables *Ib* p 409 *25 June 1763*

[Of Dr John Campbell]
I am afraid he has not been in the inside of a church for many years, but he never passes a church without pulling off his hat This shews that he has good principles *Ib* p 418 *1 July 1763*

[Of Dr John Campbell]
He is the richest author that ever grazed the common of literature *Ib* n

Norway, too, has noble wild prospects, and Lapland is remarkable for prodigious noble wild prospects But, Sir, let me tell you, the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees, is the high road that leads him to England! *Ib* p 425 *6 July 1763*

A man ought to read just as inclination leads him; for what he reads as a task will do him little good
Ib p 428 *14 July 1763*

But if he does really think that there is no distinction between virtue and vice, why, Sir, when he leaves our houses let us count our spoons
Ib p 432 *14 July 1763*

Truth, Sir, is a cow, which will yield such people [sceptics] no more milk, and so they are gone to milk the bull *Ib* p 444 *21 July 1763*

Your levellers wish to level *down* as far as themselves, but they cannot bear levelling *up* to themselves
Ib p 448 *21 July 1763*

Sir, it is no matter what you teach them [children] first, any more than what leg you shall put into your breeches first *Ib* p 452 *26 July 1763*

Why, Sir, Sherry [Thomas Sheridan] is dull, naturally dull, but it must have taken him a great deal of pains to become what we now see him Such an excess of stupidity, Sir, is not in Nature
Ib p 453 *28 July 1763*

[Of Sheridan's influence on the English language]
Sir, it is burning a farthing candle at Dover, to shew light at Calais *Ib* p 454 *28 July 1763*

Sir, a woman's preaching is like a dog's walking on his hinder legs It is not done well, but you are surprised to find it done at all
Ib p 463 *31 July 1763*

I look upon it, that he who does not mind his belly will hardly mind anything else
Ib p 467 *5 Aug 1763*

This was a good dinner enough, to be sure, but it was not a dinner to *ask* a man to
Ib p 470 *5 Aug 1763*

Sir, we could not have had a better dinner had there been a *Synod of Cooks* *Ib*

[Talking of Bishop Berkeley's theory of the non-existence of matter, Boswell observed that though they were satisfied it was not true, they were unable to refute it Johnson struck his foot against a large stone, till he rebounded from it, saying]
I refute it *thus*. *Ib* p 471 *6 Aug 1763*

[Of Sir John Hawkins]
A very unclubable man *Ib* p 480 n *1764*

Our tastes greatly alter The lad does not care for the child's rattle, and the old man does not care for the young man's whore
Ib vol II, p 14 *Spring, 1766*

It was not for me to bandy civilities with my Sovereign *Ib* p 35 *Feb 1767*

Johnson Well, we had a good talk
Boswell Yes, Sir, you tossed and gored several persons *Ib* p 66 *1769*

Let me smile with the wise, and feed with the rich
Ib p 79 *6 Oct 1769*

Sir, We *know* our will is free, and *there's* an end on't
Ib p 82 *16 Oct 1769*.

Inspissated gloom *Ib*

I do not know, Sir, that the fellow is an infidel, but if he be an infidel, he is an infidel as a dog is an infidel, that is to say, he has never thought upon the subject *Ib* p 95 *19 Oct 1769*.

I would not *coddle* the child
Ib p 101 *26 Oct 1769*.

Boswell So, Sir, you laugh at schemes of political improvement?
Johnson Why, Sir, most schemes of political improvement are very laughable things
Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, vol II, p 102 *26 Oct. 1769*

It matters not how a man dies, but how he lives
Ib p 106 *26 Oct 1769*

Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, he said, was the only book that ever took him out of bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise *Ib* p 121 *1770*

[On Jonas Hanway, who followed his *Travels to Persia* with *An Eight Day's Journey from London to Portsmouth*]
Jonas acquired some reputation by travelling abroad, but lost it all by travelling at home
Ib p 122 *1770*

That fellow seems to me to possess but one idea, and that is a wrong one *Ib* p 126 *1770*

A gentleman who had been very unhappy in marriage, married immediately after his wife died Johnson said, it was the triumph of hope over experience
Ib p 128 *1770*

Every man has a lurking wish to appear considerable in his native place
Ib p 141 *Letter to Sir Joshua Reynolds, 17 July 1771*

Nobody can write the life of a man, but those who have eat and drunk and lived in social intercourse with him *Ib* p 166 *31 Mar 1772*

I would not give half a guinea to live under one form of government rather than another It is of no moment to the happiness of an individual
Ib p 170 *31 Mar 1772*

[To Sir Adam Fergusson]
Sir, I perceive you are a vile Whig *Ib*

There is a remedy in human nature against tyranny, that will keep us safe under every form of government *Ib*

A man who is good enough to go to heaven, is good enough to be a clergyman *Ib* p 171 *5 Apr 1772*

Sir, there is more knowledge of the heart in one letter of Richardson's, than in all *Tom Jones*
Ib p 174 *6 Apr 1772*

Why, Sir, if you were to read Richardson for the story, your impatience would be so much fretted that you would hang yourself
Ib p 175 *6 Apr 1772*

[On Lord Mansfield, who was educated in England]
Much may be made of a Scotchman, if he be *caught* young *Ib* p 194 *Spring 1772*

[On Goldsmith's apology in the *London Chronicle* for beating Evans the bookseller]
It is a foolish thing well done
Ib p 210 *3 Apr 1773*

Elphinston What, have you not read it through?
Johnson No, Sir, do *you* read books *through*?
Ib p 226 *19 Apr 1773*

[Quoting a college tutor]
Read over your compositions, and where ever you meet with a passage which you think is particularly fine, strike it out *Ib* p 237 *30 Apr 1773*

He [Goldsmith] is now writing a Natural History and will make it as entertaining as a Persian Tale *Ib*

[Of Lady Diana Beauclerk]
The woman's a whore, and there's an end on't
Ib p 247 *7 May 1773*

I hope I shall never be deterred from detecting what I think a cheat, by the menaces of a ruffian
Ib p 298 *Letter to James Macpherson, 20 Jan 1775*

[To Dr Barnard, Bishop of Killaloe]
The Irish are a fair people,—they never speak well of one another *Ib* p 307 *1775*

[To William Strahan]
There are few ways in which a man can be more innocently employed than in getting money
Ib p 323 *27 Mar 1775*

He [Thomas Gray] was dull in a new way, and that made many people think him *great*
Ib p 327 *28 Mar 1775*

I never think I have hit hard, unless it rebounds
Ib p 335 *2 Apr 1775*

I think the full tide of human existence is at Charing-Cross *Ib* p 337 *2 Apr 1775*

Most vices may be committed very genteelly a man may debauch his friend's wife genteelly he may cheat at cards genteelly *Ib* p. 340 *6 Apr 1775*

George the First knew nothing, and desired to know nothing, did nothing, and desired to do nothing, and the only good thing that is told of him is, that he wished to restore the crown to its hereditary successor *Ib* p 342 *6 Apr 1775*

A man will turn over half a library to make one book
Ib p 344 *6 Apr 1775*

Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel
Ib p 348 *7 Apr 1775*

That is the happiest conversation where there is no competition, no vanity, but a calm quiet interchange of sentiments *Ib* p 359 *14 Apr 1775*

[On the Scotch]
Their learning is like bread in a besieged town every man gets a little, but no man gets a full meal
Ib p 363 *18 Apr 1775*

Knowledge is of two kinds We know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it *Ib* p 365 *18 Apr 1775*

In lapidary inscriptions a man is not upon oath
Ib p 407 *1775*

There is now less flogging in our great schools than formerly, but then less is learned there, so that what the boys get at one end they lose at the other
Ib

When men come to like a sea-life, they are not fit to live on land *Ib* p 438 *18 Mar 1776*.

Sir, it is a great thing to dine with the Canons of Christ-Church *Ib* p 445 *20 Mar 1776*

There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn
Ib p 452 *21 Mar 1776*.

Marriages would in general be as happy, and often more so, if they were all made by the Lord Chancellor
Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, vol II, p 461. *22 Mar 1776*

Questioning is not the mode of conversation among gentlemen *Ib* p 472 *Mar 1776.*

Fine clothes are good only as they supply the want of other means of procuring respect
Ib p 475 *27 Mar 1776*

[Johnson had observed that a man is never happy for the present, but when he is drunk, and Boswell said 'Will you not add,—or when driving rapidly in a post-chaise?']
No, Sir, you are driving rapidly *from* something, or *to* something *Ib* vol III, p 5 *29 Mar 1776*

If a madman were to come into this room with a stick in his hand, no doubt we should pity the state of his mind, but our primary consideration would be to take care of ourselves We should knock him down first, and pity him afterwards *Ib* p 11 *3 Apr 1776*

Consider, Sir, how should you like, though conscious of your innocence, to be tried before a jury for a capital crime, once a week *Ib*

We would all be idle if we could *Ib* p 13 *3 Apr 1776*

No man but a blockhead ever wrote, except for money *Ib* p 19 *5 Apr 1776*

His [Lord Shelburne's] parts, Sir, are pretty well for a Lord, but would not be distinguished in a man who had nothing else but his parts
Ib p 35 *11 Apr 1776*

A man who has not been in Italy, is always conscious of an inferiority *Ib* p 36 *11 Apr 1776*

'Does not Gray's poetry tower above the common mark?'
'Yes, Sir, but we must attend to the difference between what men in general cannot do if they would, and what every man may do if he would Sixteen-string Jack towered above the common mark.'
Ib p 38 *12 Apr 1776*

'Sir, what is poetry?'
'Why, Sir, it is much easier to say what it is not We all *know* what light is, but it is not easy to *tell* what it is' *Ib*

[To Mrs Thrale, who had interrupted him and Boswell by a lively extravagant sally on the expense of clothing children]
Nay, Madam, when you are declaiming, declaim, and when you are calculating, calculate
Ib p 49 *26 Apr 1776*

Every man of any education would rather be called a rascal, than accused of deficiency in *the graces*
Ib p 54. *May 1776*

Sir, you have but two topics, yourself and me I am sick of both *Ib* p 57 *May 1776*

Dine with Jack Wilkes, Sir! I'd as soon dine with Jack Ketch *Ib* p 66 *15 May 1776*

Sir, it is not so much to be lamented that Old England is lost, as that the Scotch have found it
Ib p 78 *15 May 1776*

Olivarii Goldsmith, Poetae, Physici, Historici, Qui nullum fere scribendi genus non tetigit, Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit
[To Oliver Goldsmith, A Poet, Naturalist, and Historian, who left scarcely any style of writing untouched, and touched nothing that he did not adorn]
Ib p 82. *22 June 1776* Epitaph on Goldsmith.

That distrust which intrudes so often on your mind is a mode of melancholy, which, if it be the business of a wise man to be happy, it is foolish to indulge, and if it be a duty to preserve our faculties entire for their proper use, it is criminal
Ib p 135 *Letter to Boswell, 11 Sept 1777*

If I had no duties, and no reference to futurity, I would spend my life in driving briskly in a post-chaise with a pretty woman
Ib p 162 *19 Sept 1777*

Depend upon it, Sir, when a man knows he is to be hanged in a fortnight, it concentrates his mind wonderfully *Ib* p 167 *19 Sept. 1777.*

No, Sir, when a man is tired of London, he is tired of life, for there is in London all that life can afford.
Ib p 178 *20 Sept 1777*

He was so generally civil, that nobody thanked him for it *Ib* p 183 *21 Sept 1777*

He who praises everybody praises nobody.
Ib p 225 n

Round numbers are always false.
Ib p 226, n 4 *30 Mar. 1778 Wks* 1787,

[Of the appearance of the spirit of a person after death]
All argument is against it, but all belief is for it
Ib p. 230 *31 Mar 1776.*

John Wesley's conversation is good, but he is never at leisure He is always obliged to go at a certain hour This is very disagreeable to a man who loves to fold his legs and have out his talk, as I do. *Ib*

Though we cannot out-vote them we will out-argue them *Ib* p 234 *3 Apr 1778*

[To a clergyman who asked 'Were not Dodd's sermons addressed to the passions?']
They were nothing, Sir, be they addressed to what they may *Ib.* p 248 *7 Apr 1778*

Seeing Scotland, Madam, is only seeing a worse England *Ib*

Goldsmith, however, was a man, who, whatever he wrote, did it better than any other man could do
Ib p 253 *9 Apr 1778.*

Every man thinks meanly of himself for not having been a soldier, or not having been at sea
Ib. p 265 *10 Apr 1778.*

A mere antiquarian is a rugged being
Ib p 278 *Letter to Boswell, 23 Apr 1778.*

Johnson had said that he could repeat a complete chapter of 'The Natural History of Iceland', from the Danish of Horrebow, the whole of which was exactly thus —'CHAP LXXII *Concerning snakes* 'There are no snakes to be met with throughout the whole island' *Ib* p 279 *13 Apr. 1778.*

A country governed by a despot is an inverted cone
Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, vol III, p 283 *14 Apr 1778*

I am willing to love all mankind, *except an American*
Ib p 290 *15 Apr 1778*

As the Spanish proverb says, 'He, who would bring home the wealth of the Indies, must carry the wealth of the Indies with him' So it is in travelling, a man must carry knowledge with him, if he would bring home knowledge
Ib p 302 *17 Apr 1778*

All censure of a man's self is oblique praise It is in order to shew how much he can spare
Ib p 323 *25 Apr 1778*

[On Boswell's expressing surprise at finding a Staffordshire Whig]
Sir, there are rascals in all countries
Ib p 326 *28 Apr 1778*

I have always said, the first Whig was the Devil *Ib*

It is thus that mutual cowardice keeps us in peace Were one half of mankind brave and one half cowards, the brave would be always beating the cowards Were all brave, they would lead a very uneasy life, all would be continually fighting, but being all cowards, we go on very well *Ib*

The King of Siam sent ambassadors to Louis XIV, but Louis XIV sent none to the King of Siam
Ib p 336 *29 Apr 1776*

Were it not for imagination, Sir, a man would be as happy in the arms of a chambermaid as of a Duchess *Ib* p 341 *9 May 1778*

Dr Mead lived more in the broad sunshine of life than almost any man
Ib p 355 *16 May 1778*

Claret is the liquor for boys, port for men, but he who aspires to be a hero must drink brandy.
Ib p 381 *7 Apr 1779*

A man who exposes himself when he is intoxicated, has not the art of getting drunk
Ib p 389 *24 Apr 1779*

Remember that all tricks are either knavish or childish
Ib p 396. *Letter to Boswell, 9 Sept 1779*

Boswell Is not the Giant's-Causeway worth seeing?
Johnson Worth seeing? yes, but not worth going to see *Ib* p 410 *12 Oct 1779*

If you are idle, be not solitary, if you are solitary, be not idle
Ib p 415 *Letter to Boswell, 27 Oct 1779*

Sir, among the anfractuosities of the human mind, I know not if it may not be one, that there is a superstitious reluctance to sit for a picture
Ib vol IV, p 4 *1780*

[On being asked why Pope had written
Let modest Foster, if he will, excel
Ten metropolitans in preaching well]
Sir, he hoped it would vex somebody
Ib p 9 *1780*

A Frenchman must be always talking, whether he knows anything of the matter or not, an Englishman is content to say nothing, when he has nothing to say *Ib* p 15 *1780*

Greek, Sir, is like lace, every man gets as much of it as he can *Ib* p 23 *1780*

Are we alive after all this satire! *Ib.* p 29 *1780*

[Of Goldsmith]
No man was more foolish when he had not a pen in his hand, or more wise when he had
Ib p 29 *1780*

Mrs Montagu has dropt me Now, Sir, there are people whom one should like very well to drop, but would not wish to be dropped by
Ib p 73 *Mar 1781.*

This merriment of parsons is mighty offensive
Ib p 76 *Mar. 1781*

[Of Lord North]
He fills a chair. *Ib* p. 81 *1 Apr 1781.*

[At the sale of Thrale's brewery]
We are not here to sell a parcel of boilers and vats, but the potentiality of growing rich, beyond the dreams of avarice *Ib* p 87 *6 Apr 1781*

'The woman had a bottom of good sense'
The word '*bottom*' thus introduced, was so ludicrous, . that most of us could not forbear tittering
'Where's the merriment? . I say the *woman* was *fundamentally* sensible'
Ib p 99 *20 Apr 1781*

Classical quotation is the *parole* of literary men all over the world *Ib* p 102 *8 May 1781*

[To Miss Monckton, afterwards Lady Corke, who said that Sterne's writings affected her]
Why, that is, because, dearest, you're a dunce
Ib p 109 *May 1781*

Sir, I have two very cogent reasons for not printing any list of subscribers,—one, that I have lost all the names,—the other, that I have spent all the money *Ib* p 111 *May 1763*

My friend [Johnson] was of opinion, that when a man of rank appeared in that character [as an author], he deserved to have his merit handsomely allowed
Ib. p 114 *May 1781*

A wise Tory and a wise Whig, I believe, will agree
Their principles are the same, though their modes of thinking are different
Ib p 117. *Written statement given to Boswell, May 1781.*

Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
Obscurely wise, and coarsely kind
Ib p 127 *20 Jan. 1782.* On the death of Mr Levett

In Misery's darkest caverns known,
His ready help was ever nigh *Ib*

His virtues walk'd their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void,
And sure th' Eternal Master found
His single talent well employ'd *Ib*

Then, with no throbs of fiery pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his soul the nearest way *Ib.*

I never have sought the world, the world was not to seek me
Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, vol IV, p 172 *23 Mar 1783*

Thurlow is a fine fellow, he fairly puts his mind to yours *Ib* p 179 *1783*

[Of Ossian]
Sir, a man might write such stuff for ever, if he would *abandon* his mind to it *Ib* p 183 *1783*

[When Dr Adam Smith was expatiating on the beauty of Glasgow, Johnson had cut him short by saying 'Pray, Sir, have you ever seen Brentford?']
Boswell My dear Sir, surely that was *shocking*?
Johnson Why, then, Sir, *you* have never seen Brentford *Ib* p 186 *1783*

[To Maurice Morgann who asked him whether he reckoned Derrick or Smart the better poet]
Sir, there is no settling the point of precedency between a louse and a flea *Ib* p 192 *1783*

When I observed he was a fine cat, saying, 'why yes, Sir, but I have had cats whom I liked better than this', and then as if perceiving Hodge to be out of countenance, adding, 'but he is a very fine cat, a very fine cat indeed' *Ib* p 197 *1783*

[Johnson had said 'public affairs vex no man', and Boswell had suggested that the growing power of the Whigs vexed Johnson]
Sir, I have never slept an hour less, nor eat an ounce less meat I would have knocked the factious dogs on the head, to be sure, but I was not *vexed*
Ib p 220 *15 May 1783*

Clear your *mind* of cant *Ib* p 221 *15 May 1783*

Sir, he is a cursed Whig, a *bottomless* Whig, as they all are now *Ib* p 223 *26 May 1783*

As I know more of mankind I expect less of them, and am ready now to call a man *a good man*, upon easier terms than I was formerly
Ib p 239 *Sept 1783*

Boswell is a very clubable man
Ib p 254 n *1783*

[Of George Psalmanazar, whom he reverenced for his piety]
I should as soon think of contradicting a Bishop
Ib p 274 *15 May 1784*

[To Bennet Langton who brought him texts on Christian charity when he was ill]
What is your drift, Sir?
Ib p 281 *30 May 1784*

[On the roast mutton he had for dinner at an inn]
It is as bad as bad can be it is ill-fed, ill-killed, ill-kept, and ill-drest *Ib* p 284 *3 June 1784*

[To Miss Hannah More, who had expressed a wonder that the poet who had written *Paradise Lost* should write such poor Sonnets]
Milton, Madam, was a genius that could cut a Colossus from a rock, but could not carve heads upon cherry-stones *Ib* p 305 *13 June 1784*

Don't cant in defence of savages
Ib p 308 *15 June 1784*.

[On hearing the line in Brooke's *Earl of Essex*
'Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free']
It might as well be 'Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat' *Ib* p 313 *June 1784*

Sir, I have found you an argument, but I am not obliged to find you an understanding *Ib*

[On Sir Joshua Reynolds's observing that the real character of a man was found out by his amusements]
Yes, Sir, no man is a hypocrite in his pleasures
Ib p. 316 *June 1784*

Blown about by every wind of criticism
Ib p 319 *June 1784*

Talking of the Comedy of 'The Rehearsal', he [Johnson] said, 'It has not wit enough to keep it sweet' This was easy,—he therefore caught himself, and pronounced a more rounded sentence, 'It has not vitality enough to preserve it from putrefaction' *Ib* p 320 *June 1784*

Who can run the race with Death?
Ib. p 360 *Letter to Dr Burney, 2 Aug 1784*

Sir, I look upon every day to be lost, in which I do not make a new acquaintance *Ib* p 374 *Nov 1784*

I will be conquered, I will not capitulate *Ib*

Are you sick or are you sullen?
Ib p 380 *Letter to Boswell, 3 Nov 1784*

This world where much is to be done and little to be known
Johnsonian Miscellanies ed G B Hill (1897), vol I *Prayers and Meditations Against inquisitive and perplexing Thoughts*, p 118

Trick'd in antique ruff and bonnet,
Ode, and elegy, and sonnet
Ib Anecdotes of Johnson by Mrs Piozzi, p 190

Hermit hoar, in solemn cell,
Wearing out life's evening gray,
Strike thy bosom, sage! and tell
What is bliss, and which the way?
Thus I spoke, and speaking sigh'd,
Scarce repress'd the starting tear,
When the hoary Sage reply'd,
'Come, my lad, and drink some beer' *Ib* p 193

If the man who turnips cries,
Cry not when his father dies,
'Tis a proof that he had rather
Have a turnip than his father
Burlesque of Lopez de Vega's lines, 'Se acquien los leones vence,' etc Ib

He [Charles James Fox] talked to me at club one day concerning Catiline's conspiracy—so I withdrew my attention, and thought about Tom Thumb.
Ib p 202

Dear Bathurst (said he to me one day) was a man to my very heart's content he hated a fool, and he hated a rogue, and he hated a whig, he was a very good hater *Ib* p 204

[Of a Jamaica gentleman, then lately dead]
He will not, whither he is now gone find much difference, I believe, either in the climate or the company *Ib* p 211

Goldsmith Here's such a stir about a fellow that has written one book [Beattie's *Essay on Truth*], and I have written many
Johnson Ah, Doctor, there go two-and-forty sixpences you know to one guinea *Ib* p 269

It is very strange, and very melancholy, that the paucity of human pleasures should persuade us ever to call hunting one of them *Ib* p 288

You could not stand five minutes with that man [Edmund Burke] beneath a shed while it rained, but you must be convinced you had been standing with the greatest man you had ever yet seen *Ib* p 290

Johnson observed that 'he did not care to speak ill of any man behind his back, but he believed the gentleman was an *attorney*' *Ib* p 327, note

Was there ever yet anything written by mere man that was wished longer by its readers, excepting *Don Quixote*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and the *Pilgrim's Progress*? *Ib* p 332

[On his Parliamentary reports]
I took care that the *Whig Dogs* should not have the best of it
Ib *An Essay on Johnson, by Arthur Murphy*, p 379

Books that you may carry to the fire, and hold readily in your hand, are the most useful after all
Ib vol II *Apophthegms from Hawkins's edition of Johnson's works*, p 2

A man is in general better pleased when he has a good dinner upon his table, than when his wife talks Greek *Ib* p. 11

I would rather see the portrait of a dog that I know, than all the allegorical paintings they can shew me in the world *Ib* p 15

There is a time of life, Sir, when a man requires the repairs of a table
Ib *Anecdotes by Joseph Cradock*, p 64

I have heard him assert, that a tavern chair was the throne of human felicity
Ib *Extracts from Hawkins' Life of Johnson*, p 91

I dogmatise and am contradicted, and in this conflict of opinions and sentiments I find delight *Ib* p 92

Abstinence is as easy to me, as temperance would be difficult *Ib* *Anecdotes by Hannah More*, p 197

Of music Dr Johnson used to say that it was the only sensual pleasure without vice
Ib *Anecdotes by William Seward*, p 301

[Of the performance of a celebrated violinist]
Difficult do you call it, Sir? I wish it were impossible *Ib* p 308

As with my hat upon my head
I walk'd along the Strand,
I there did meet another man
With his hat in his hand
Ib *Anecdotes by George Steevens*, p 315

Where you see a Whig you see a rascal
Ib *Minor Anecdotes of Dr Johnson*, p 393

Madam, before you flatter a man so grossly to his face, you should consider whether or not your flattery is worth his having
Remark to Hannah More Mme D'Arblay's *Diary and Letters* (1891), vol I, ch II, p 55

Let him go abroad to a distant country, let him go to some place where he is *not* known Don't let him go to the devil where he is known!
Boswell's *Tour of the Hebrides*, *18 Aug*, p 193

I wonder, however, that so many people have written who might have let it alone
Ib *19 Aug*, p. 197

[To Boswell who would excuse Sir Alexander Gordon's boring of them by saying it was all kindness]
True, Sir, but sensation is sensation
Ib *23 Aug*, p 219

I inherited a vile melancholy from my father, which has made me mad all my life, at least not sober
Ib. *16 Sept*, p 302

I am always sorry when any language is lost, because languages are the pedigree of nations
Ib *18 Sept*, p 310

[Johnson, railing against Scotland, said that the wine the Scots had before the Union would not make them drunk Boswell assured Johnson there was much drunkenness]
No, Sir, there were people who died of dropsies, which they contracted in trying to get drunk
Ib *23 Sept*, p 326

I do not like much to see a Whig in any dress, but I hate to see a Whig in a parson's gown
Ib *24 Sept*, p 331

The known style of a dedication is flattery it professes to flatter. *Ib* *4 Oct*, p 352

[Calling for a gill of whisky]
Come, let me know what it is that makes a Scotchman happy! *Ib* *23 Oct*, p 393

Sir, are you so grossly ignorant of human nature, as not to know that a man may be very sincere in good principles, without having good practice?
Ib. *25 Oct*, p 403

In all pointed sentences, some degree of accuracy must be sacrificed to conciseness
On the Bravery of the English Common Soldier *Works* (1787), vol x, p 286

I am not yet so lost in lexicography, as to forget that words are the daughters of earth, and that things are the sons of heaven
Dictionary of the English Language *Preface*

Every quotation contributes something to the stability or enlargement of the language *Ib*

But these were the dreams of a poet doomed at last to wake a lexicographer *Ib*

If the changes that we fear be thus irresistible, what remains but to acquiesce with silence, as in the other insurmountable distresses of humanity? It remains that we retard what we cannot repel, that we palliate what we cannot cure *Ib*

The chief glory of every people arises from its authors *Ib*

To make dictionaries is dull work
Ib *Dull* 8

Excise A hateful tax levied upon commodities *Ib*

Oats A grain, which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people *Ib*

Patron Commonly a wretch who supports with insolence, and is paid with flattery *Ib.*

Pension An allowance made to anyone without an equivalent In England it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country. *Ib*

Whig The name of a faction *Ib*

Every man is, or hopes to be, an idler
The Idler, No 1

When two Englishmen meet, their first talk is of the weather *Ib* No 11

Promise, large promise, is the soul of an advertisement. *Ib* No 41

He is no wise man who will quit a certainty for an uncertainty. *Ib* No 57

Unmov'd tho' witlings sneer and rivals rail,
Studious to please, yet not asham'd to fail
Irene, Prologue

Learn that the present hour alone is man's
Ib III ii 33

At seventy-seven it is time to be in earnest
Journey to the Western Islands, Col, p 110

Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings
Ib Inch Kenneth, p 134

How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
Our own felicity we make or find
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy
Lines added to Goldsmith's Traveller

Language is the dress of thought
Lives of the English Poets, ed G B Hill (1905), vol i, *Cowley*, § 181, p 58.

An acrimonious and surly republican
Ib Milton, § 168, p 156

The great source of pleasure is variety
Ib Butler, § 35, p 212

The father of English criticism [Dryden]
Ib Dryden, § 193, p 410

But what are the hopes of man! I am disappointed by that stroke of death, which has eclipsed the gaiety of nations and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure (*Garrick's death*)
Ib vol ii, *Edmund Smith*, § 76, p 21

About things on which the public thinks long it commonly attains to think right
Ib Addison, § 136, p 132

Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison *Ib* § 168, p 150

By the common sense of readers uncorrupted with literary prejudices must be finally decided all claim to poetical honours *Ib Gray*, § 51, p 441

And, bid him go to Hell, to Hell he goes
London, l 116

Of all the griefs that harrass the distresst,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest,
Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous heart,
Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart
Ib l 166

This mournful truth is ev'rywhere confess'd,
Slow rises worth by poverty depress'd *Ib* l 176

Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope, who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow, attend to the history of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia
Rasselas, ch 1

The business of a poet, said Imlac, is to examine, not the individual, but the species, he does not number the streaks of the tulip, or describe the different shades in the verdure of the forest *Ib* ch 10

Human life is everywhere a state in which much is to be endured, and little to be enjoyed *Ib* ch 11

Marriage has many pains, but celibacy has no pleasures *Ib* ch 26

Example is always more efficacious than precept
Ib ch 29

The endearing elegance of female friendship
Ib. ch 45

The power of punishment is to silence, not to confute
Sermons, No xxiii

Notes are often necessary, but they are necessary evils
Shakespeare, preface, sig E4

When learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal Shakespeare rose,
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And painting Time toil'd after him in vain
Prologue at the Opening of the Theatre in Drury Lane, 1747

Cold approbation gave the ling'ring bays,
For those who durst not censure, scarce could praise
Ib.

The wild vicissitudes of taste *Ib*

The stage but echoes back the public voice
The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please, must please to live. *Ib.*

Let observation with extensive view,
Survey mankind, from China to Peru,
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life
Vanity of Human Wishes, l 1.

Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
And ask no questions but the price of votes
Ib l 95

Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause awhile from letters to be wise,
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail
See nations slowly wise, and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust *Ib* l 157

A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him and no labours tire *Ib* l 193

His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand,
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale. *Ib* l 219.

'Enlarge my life with multitude of days!'
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays
Hides from himself its state, and shuns to know,
That life protracted is protracted woe
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy *Ib* I 225

An age that melts with unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modest innocence away *Ib* I 293

Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage *Ib* I 308

In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise!
From Marlb'rough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driv'ler and a show *Ib* I 315

What ills from beauty spring *Ib* I 321

Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice,
Ib I 351

Secure, whate'er he gives, he gives the best *Ib* I 356

Faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat *Ib* I 363

With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find *Ib* I 367

Grief is a species of idleness
Letters of Johnson (ed G B Hill, 1892), vol I, p 212 No 302, *to Mrs Thrale, 17 Mar 1773*

There is no wisdom in useless and hopeless sorrow
Ib vol II, p 215. No 722, *to Mrs Thrale, 12 Apr 1781*

Fly fishing may be a very pleasant amusement, but angling or float fishing I can only compare to a stick and a string, with a worm at one end and a fool at the other
Attributed to Johnson by Hawker in *Instructions to Young Sportsmen*, 1859, p 197 Not found in his works See *Notes and Queries*, 11 Dec 1915

[William Gerard Hamilton of Johnson]
Johnson is dead —Let us go to the next best —there is nobody, no man can be said to put you in mind of Johnson
Boswell's *Life of Johnson* (1934), vol IV, p 420

JOHN PAUL JONES

1747–1792

I have not yet begun to fight
Remark on being hailed to know whether he had struck his flag, as his ship was sinking, 23 Sept 1779 De Koven's *Life and Letters of J P Jones*, vol I

SIR WILLIAM JONES

1746–1794

On parent knees, a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st, when all around thee smil'd,
So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee weep
Persian Asiatick Miscellany (1786), vol II, p 374, *A Moral Tetrastich*

My opinion is, that power should always be distrusted, in whatever hands it is placed
Ld Teignmouth's Life of Sir W Jones (1835), vol I *Letter to Ld Althorpe, 5 Oct. 1782*

Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world allot, and *all* to Heaven.
Ib vol II *Lines in Substitution for Sir E Coke's lines* Six hours in sleep, [etc]

BENJAMIN JONSON

1572–1637

Fortune, that favours fools *The Alchemist*, prologue

I will eat exceedingly, and prophesy
Bartholomew Fair, I VI

Neither do thou lust after that tawney weed tobacco
Ib II VI

When I mock poorness, then heaven make me poor
The Case is Altered, III I

PLOPLE
The Voice of Cato is the voice of Rome
CATO
The voice of Rome is the consent of heaven!
Catiline his Conspiracy, III I

Where it concerns himself,
Who's angry at a slander makes it true *Ib*

Slow, slow, fresh fount, keep time with my salt tears
Yet, slower, yet, O faintly, gentle springs
List to the heavy part the music bears,
Woe weeps out her division, when she sings
Cynthia's Revels, I I

So they be ill men,
If they spake worse, 'twere better for of such
To be dispraised, is the most perfect praise *Ib* III II

True happiness
Consists not in the multitude of friends,
But in the worth and choice *Ib*

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess, excellently bright *Ib* V III

If he were
To be made honest by an act of parliament,
I should not alter in my faith of him.
The Devil is An Ass, IV I

I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare that in his writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line My answer hath been 'Would he had blotted a thousand' Which they thought a malevolent speech I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by wherein he most faulted, and to justify mine own candour for I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any He was (indeed) honest, and of an open and free nature, had an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped *sufflaminandus erat*, as Augustus said of Haterius His wit was in his own power, would the rule of it had been so too . But he redeemed his vices with his virtues There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned
Discoveries De Shakespeare Nostrati. Augustus in Haterium

His hearers could not cough, or look aside from him, without loss The fear of every man that heard him was, lest he should make an end (Bacon)
Ib lxxviii *Dominus Verulamius*

In his adversity I ever prayed, that God would give him strength, for greatness he could not want
Ib lxxx *De Augmentis Scientiarum,—Lord St Alban*

Yet the best pilots have needs of mariners, besides sails, anchor, and other tackle
Ib Illiteratus Princeps

Talking and eloquence are not the same to speak, and to speak well, are two things
Ib Praecept Element

Alas, all the castles I have, are built with air, thou know'st *Eastward Ho*, II ii 226

Still to be neat, still to be drest
As you were going to a feast,
Still to be powder'd, still perfum'd,
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace,
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all the adulteries of art,
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart
Epicoene, I i

HAUGHTY
Is this the silent woman?
CENTAURE
Nay, she has found her tongue since she was married
Ib III vi

But that which most doth take my Muse and me,
Is a pure cup of rich Canary wine,
Which is the Mermaid's now, but shall be mine
Of which, had Horace or Anacreon tasted,
Their lives, as do their lines, till now had lasted
Epigrams, ci *Inviting a Friend to Supper*

Weep with me, all you that read
This little story
And know for whom a tear you shed
Death's self is sorry
'Twas a child that so did thrive
In grace and feature,
As Heaven and Nature seem'd to strive
Which own'd the creature
Years he number'd scarce thirteen
When Fates turn'd cruel,
Yet three fill'd Zodiacs had he been
The stage's jewel,
And did act, what now we moan,
Old men so duly,
As sooth the Parcae thought him one,
He play'd so truly
So, by error, to his fate
They all consented,
But viewing him since, alas, too late!
They have repented
And have sought (to give new birth)
In baths to steep him,
But being so much too good for earth,
Heaven vows to keep him
Ib cxx *An Epitaph on Salathiel Pavy, a Child of Queen Elizabeth's Chapel*

Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die,
Which in life did harbour give
To more virtue than doth live
If at all she had a fault,
Leave it buried in this vault
One name was Elizabeth,
The other let it sleep with death
Fitter, where it died, to tell,
Than that it lived at all! Farewell!
Ib cxxiv *Epitaph on Elizabeth, L H*

Helter skelter, hang sorrow, care'll kill a cat, up-tails all, and a louse for the hangman
Every Man in His Humour, I iii

As sure as death *Ib* II i

I do honour the very flea of his dog *Ib* IV ii

I have it here in black and white *Ib*

It must be done like lightning *Ib* IV v

There shall be no love lost
Every Man out of His Humour, II i

Blind Fortune still
Bestows her gifts on such as cannot use them *Ib* II

How near to good is what is fair!
Love Freed from Ignorance and Folly

Thou art not to learn the humours and tricks of that old bald cheater, Time *The Poetaster*, I i

Ramp up my genius, be not retrograde,
But boldly nominate a spade a spade *Ib* V i

Detraction is but baseness' varlet,
And apes are apes, though clothed in scarlet *Ib*

This is Mab, the Mistress-Fairy
That doth nightly rob the dairy *The Satyr*

She that pinches country wenches
If they rub not clean their benches *Ib*

But if so they chance to feast her,
In a shoe she drops a tester *Ib*

Tell proud Jove,
Between his power and thine there is no odds
'Twas only fear first in the world made gods
Sejanus, II ii

This figure that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut,
Wherein the graver had a strife
With Nature, to out-do the life
O could he but have drawn his wit
As well in brass, as he has hit
His face, the print would then surpass
All that was ever writ in brass
But since he cannot, reader, look
Not on his picture, but his book
On the Portrait of Shakespeare, To the Reader

While I confess thy writings to be such,
As neither man, nor muse, can praise too much
To the Memory of My Beloved, the Author, Mr William Shakespeare

Soul of the Age!
The applause! delight! the wonder of our stage!
My Shakespeare, rise, I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee a room
Thou art a monument, without a tomb,
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give *Ib.*

Marlowe's mighty line *Ib*

And though thou hadst small Latin, and less Greek *Ib*

Call forth thundering Aeschylus *Ib*

To hear thy buskin tread,
And shake a stage or, when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone, for the comparison
Of all, that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come. *Ib*

He was not of an age, but for all time! *Ib*

For a good poet's made, as well as born *Ib*

Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza, and our James! *Ib*

THOMAS
They write here, one Cornelius-Son
Hath made the Hollanders an invisible eel
To swim the haven at Dunkirk, and sink all
The shipping there
CYMBAL
It is an automa, runs under water,
With a snug nose, and has a nimble tail
Made like an auger, with which tail she wriggles
Betwixt the costs of a ship, and sinks it straight
The Staple of News, III 1

Well, they talk we shall have no more Parliaments,
God bless us! *Ib*

Hark you, John Clay, if you have
Done any such thing, tell troth and shame the devil
Tale of a Tub, II 1

Mother, the still sow eats up all the draff
Ib III v

Calumnies are answered best with silence
Volpone, II II

Come, my Celia, let us prove,
While we can, the sports of love *Ib* III v

Suns, that set, may rise again,
But if once we lose this light,
'Tis with us perpetual night *Ib*

You have a gift, sir, (thank your education,)
Will never let you want, while there are men,
And malice, to breed causes [To a lawyer]
Ib V 1

Follow a shadow, it still flies you,
Seem to fly it, it will pursue:
So court a mistress, she denies you,
Let her alone, she will court you
Say, are not women truly, then,
Styl'd but the shadows of us men?
The Forest, VII *Song That Women are but Men's Shadows*

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine,
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine,
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not wither'd be
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me,
Since when it grows and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee *Ib* IX *To Celia*

I sing the birth was born to-night,
The author both of life and light
Underwoods Poems of Devotion, III. *Hymn on the Nativity*

Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
Before rude hands have touch'd it?
Have you mark'd but the fall o' the snow
Before the soil hath smutch'd it?

O so white! O so soft! O so sweet is she!
Ib Celebration of Charis, IV *Her Triumph*

She is Venus when she smiles,
But she's Juno when she walks,
And Minerva when she talks *Ib* V

Greek was free from rhyme's infection,
Happy Greek, by this protection,
Was not spoiled
Whilst the Latin, queen of tongues,
Is not yet free from rhyme's wrongs,
But rests foiled
Ib XLVIII *A Fit of Rhyme against Rhyme*

Vulgar languages that want
Words, and sweetness, and be scant
Of true measure,
Tyrant rhyme hath so abused,
That they long since have refused
Other cesure
He that first invented thee,
May his joints tormented be,
Cramp'd for ever,
Still may syllabes jar with time,
Still may reason war with rhyme,
Resting never! *Ib*

England's high Chancellor the destin'd heir,
In his soft cradle, to his father's chair
Ib LXX *On Lord Bacon's [Sixtieth] Birthday*

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make men better be,
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere
A lily of a day,
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night,
It was the plant and flower of light
In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures, life may perfect be
Ib LXXXVIII *A Pindaric Ode on the Death of Sir H. Morison*

What gentle ghost, besprent with April dew,
Hails me so solemnly to yonder yew?
Ib CI *Elegy on the Lady Jane Pawlet*

The voice so sweet, the words so fair,
As some soft chime had stroked the air,
And though the sound were parted thence,
Still left an echo in the sense *Ib Eupheme*, IV

O rare Ben Jonson
Epitaph written on his tombstone in Westminster Abbey, by Jack Young See Aubrey's *'Brief Lives', Ben Jonson*

DOROTHEA JORDAN

1762–1816

'Oh where, and Oh! where is your Highland laddie gone?'
'He's gone to fight the French, for King George upon the throne,
And it's Oh! in my heart, how I wish him safe at home!' *The Blue Bell of Scotland*

THOMAS JORDAN

1612?–1685

Our God and soldier we alike adore,
Just at the brink of ruin, not before
The danger past, both are alike requited,
God is forgotten, and our soldier slighted
Epigram J Nichols's *Select Collection of Poems*, 1781, vol VII, p 64

JAMES JOYCE

1882–

Portrait of the artist as a young man *Title of Book*

JUNIUS

fl 1770

The liberty of the press is the *Palladium* of all the civil, political, and religious rights of an Englishman *Letters*, dedication

The right of election is the very essence of the constitution. *Ib Letter 11, 24 Apr 1769*

Is this the wisdom of a great minister? or is it the ominous vibration of a pendulum?
Ib Letter 12, 30 May 1769

There is a holy mistaken zeal in politics as well as in religion By persuading others, we convince ourselves. *Ib Letter 35, 19 Dec 1769*

Whether it be the heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, or the hand to execute
Ib Letter 37, 19 Mar 1770

The injustice done to an Individual is sometimes of service to the public *Ib Letter 41, 14 Nov 1770*

DENIS KEARNEY

1847–1907

Horny-handed sons of toil
Speech San Francisco, *c* 1878

JOHN KEATS

1795–1821

The imagination of a boy is healthy, and the mature imagination of a man is healthy, but there is a space of life between, in which the soul is in a ferment, the character undecided, the way of life uncertain, the ambition thick-sighted thence proceeds mawkishness *Endymion*, preface

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever
Its loveliness increases, it will never
Pass into nothingness, but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
Ib bk 1 1

The inhuman dearth
Of noble natures *Ib* 1 8

The grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead *Ib* 1 20

They must be always with us, or we die *Ib* 1 33

The unimaginable lodge
For solitary thinkings, such as dodge
Conception to the very bourne of heaven,
Then leave the naked brain *Ib* 1 293

Wherein lies happiness? In that which becks
Our ready minds to fellowship divine,
A fellowship with essence. *Ib* 1 777

The crown of these
Is made of love and friendship, and sits high
Upon the forehead of humanity. *Ib* 1 800

Who, of men, can tell
That flowers would bloom, or that green fruit would swell
To melting pulp, that fish would have bright mail,
The earth its dower of river, wood, and vale,
The meadows runnels, runnels pebble-stones,
The seed its harvest, or the lute its tones,
Tones ravishment, or ravishment its sweet
If human souls did never kiss and greet? *Ib* 1 835.

Never, I aver,
Since Ariadne was a vintager. *Ib* bk 2, l 442.

O Sorrow,
Why dost borrow
Heart's lightness from the merriment of May?
Ib bk 4, l 164.

To Sorrow,
I bade good-morrow,
And thought to leave her far away behind;
But cheerly, cheerly,
She loves me dearly,
She is so constant to me, and so kind *Ib.* l. 173

'Come hither, lady fair, and joined be
To our wild minstrelsy!' *Ib* 1 236

Great Brahma from his mystic heaven groans,
And all his priesthood moans *Ib* 1 265

Their smiles,
Wan as primroses gather'd at midnight
By chilly finger'd spring *Ib* 1 969.

Sweet are the pleasures that to verse belong,
And doubly sweet a brotherhood in song
Epistle to G F. Mathew

Oh, never will the prize
High reason, and the love of good and ill,
Be my award! *Epistle to J H Reynolds*, l 74

Lost in a sort of Purgatory blind *Ib* 1 80

It is a flaw
In happiness, to see beyond our bourn,—
It forces us in summer skies to mourn,
It spoils the singing of the nightingale *Ib* 1 82

Dry your eyes—O dry your eyes,
For I was taught in Paradise
To ease my breast of melodies
Fairy Song Shed No Tear

Fanatics have their dreams, wherewith they weave
A paradise for a sect *The Fall of Hyperion*, l 1

'None can usurp this height', return'd that shade,
'But those to whom the miseries of the world
Are misery, and will not let them rest' *Ib* l 147

They are no dreamers weak,
They seek no wonder but the human face,
No music but a happy-noted voice *Ib* l 162

The poet and the dreamer are distinct,
Diverse, sheer opposite, antipodes
The one pours out a balm upon the world,
The other vexes it *Ib* l 199

His flaming robes stream'd out beyond his heels,
And gave a roar, as if of earthly fire,
That scared away the meek ethereal hours,
And made their dove-wings tremble On he flared
Ib c ii, l 58

Ever let the fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home *Fancy*, l 1

O sweet Fancy! let her loose,
Summer's joys are spoilt by use *Ib* l 9

Where's the cheek that doth not fade,
Too much gaz'd at? Where's the maid
Whose lip mature is ever new? *Ib* l 69

Where's the face
One would meet in every place? *Ib* l 73

Where—where slept thine ire,
When like a blank idiot I put on thy wreath,
Thy laurel, thy glory,
The light of thy story,
Or was I a worm—too low crawling, for death?
O Delphic Apollo! *Hymn to Apollo*

Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star
Hyperion, bk i, l 3

No stir of air was there,
Not so much life as on a summer's day
Robs not one light seed from the feather'd grass,
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest *Ib* l 7

How beautiful, if sorrow had not made
Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self *Ib* l 35

That large utterance of the early Gods *Ib* l 51

O aching time! O moments big as years! *Ib* l 64

As when, upon a trancèd summer-night,
Those green-rob'd senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmèd by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir
Ib l 72

And all those acts which Deity supreme
Doth ease its heart of love in *Ib* l 111

He enter'd, but he enter'd full of wrath *Ib* l 213

Unseen before by Gods or wondering men
Ib l 183

Instead of sweets, his ample palate took
Savour of poisonous brass and metal sick *Ib* l 188

For as in theatres of crowded men
Hubbub increases more they call out, 'Hush!'
Ib l 253

And still they were the same bright, patient stars
Ib l 353

Who cost her mother Tellus keener pangs,
Though feminine, than any of her sons
Ib bk 2, l 54

Now comes the pain of truth, to whom 'tis pain,
O folly! for to bear all naked truths,
And to envisage circumstance, all calm,
That is the top of sovereignty *Ib* l 202

A solitary sorrow best befits
Thy lips, and antheming a lonely grief
Ib bk 3, l 5

Point me out the way
To any one particular beauteous star,
And I will flit into it with my lyre,
And make its silvery splendour pant with bliss
Ib l 99

Knowledge enormous makes a God of me *Ib* l 113

But, for the general award of love,
The little sweet doth kill much bitterness
Isabella, xiii

Why were they proud? again we ask aloud,
Why in the name of Glory were they proud? *Ib* xvi

So the two brothers and their murder'd man
Rode past fair Florence *Ib* xxvii

And she forgot the stars, the moon, the sun,
And she forgot the blue above the trees,
And she forgot the dells where waters run,
And she forgot the chilly autumn breeze,
She had no knowledge when the day was done,
And the new moon she saw not but in peace
Hung over her sweet Basil evermore *Ib* liii

'For cruel 'tis,' said she,
'To steal my Basil-pot away from me' *Ib* lxii

I stood tip-toe upon a little hill *Title*

And then there crept
A little noiseless noise among the leaves,
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves
I Stood Tip-toe upon a Little Hill

Here are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight *Ib*

Oh what can ail thee, Knight at arms
Alone and palely loitering,
The sedge is wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing *La Belle Dame Sans Merci*

I see a lily on thy brow,
With anguish moist and fever dew,
And on thy cheek a fading rose
Fast withereth too *Ib*

I met a lady in the meads
Full beautiful, a faery's child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild

I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sideways would she lean, and sing
A faery's song *Ib*

She look'd at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan *Ib*

And sure in language strange she said,
'I love thee true!' *Ib*

And there I shut her wild, wild eyes
With kisses four *Ib* (Ld Houghton's version)

'La belle Dame sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall!' *Ib*

I saw their starv'd lips in the gloam
With horrid warning gapèd wide,
And I awoke, and found me here
On the cold hill side *Ib*

She was a gordian shape of dazzling hue,
Vermilion-spotted, golden, green, and blue,
Striped like a zebra, freckled like a pard,
Eyed like a peacock, and all crimson barr'd
Lamia, pt 1, l 47

Real are the dreams of Gods, and smoothly pass
Their pleasures in a long immortal dream
Ib l 127

Love in a hut, with water and a crust,
Is—Love, forgive us!—cinders, ashes, dust;
Love in a palace is perhaps at last
More grievous torment than a hermit's fast
Ib pt 2, l 1

That purple-lined palace of sweet sin *Ib* l 31

In pale contented sort of discontent *Ib* l 135

Do not all charms fly
At the mere touch of cold philosophy?
There was an awful rainbow once in heaven
We know her woof, her texture, she is given
In the dull catalogue of common things
Philosophy will clip an Angel's wings *Ib* l 229

Souls of poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?
Have ye tippled drink more fine
Than mine host's Canary wine?
Lines on the Mermaid Tavern

Pledging with contented smack
The Mermaid in the Zodiac *Ib*

This living hand, now warm and capable
Of earnest grasping, would, if it were cold
And in the icy silence of the tomb,
So haunt thy days and chill thy dreaming nights
That thou would wish thine own heart dry of blood
So in my veins red life might stream again,
And thus be conscience-calm'd—see here it is—
I hold it towards you
Lines Supposed to have been Addressed to Fanny Brawne

Old Meg was brave as Margaret Queen
And tall as Amazon
An old red blanket cloak she wore,
A chip hat had she on *Meg Merrilies*

Bards of Passion and of Mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth!
Have ye souls in heaven too?
[Written on the blank page before Beaumont and Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn*] *Bards of Passion and of Mirth*

Where the nightingale doth sing
Not a senseless, tranced thing,
But divine melodious truth *Ib*

Let none profane my Holy See of love,
Or with a rude hand break
The sacramental cake *Ode to Fanny*

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time
Ode on a Grecian Urn

What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy? *Ib*

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter, therefore, ye soft pipes, play on,
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone *Ib*

For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair! *Ib*

For ever piping songs for ever new *Ib*

All breathing human passion far above *Ib*

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or sea shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn? *Ib*

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! *Ib*

Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity Cold Pastoral! *Ib*

'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,'—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know *Ib*

For I would not be dieted with praise,
A pet-lamb in a sentimental farce! *Ode on Indolence*

By bards who died content on pleasant sward,
Leaving great verse unto a little clan *Ode to Maia*

Rich in the simple worship of a day *Ib*

No, no, go not to Lethe, neither twist
Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine
Ode on Melancholy

Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be
Your mournful Psyche *Ib*

She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die,
And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips
Bidding adieu, and aching Pleasure nigh,
Turning to Poison while the bee-mouth sips
Ay, in the very temple of delight
Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine
Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue
Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine,
His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,
And be among her cloudy trophies hung *Ib*

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense *Ode to a Nightingale*

'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happiness,—
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease *Ib*

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth,
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim *Ib*

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret,
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan *Ib*

Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies
Ib

Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs *Ib*

Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond tomorrow *Ib*

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards *Ib.*

But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways
Ib

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs *Ib*

Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves,
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves *Ib*

Darkling I listen, and, for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down,
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn,
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn *Ib*

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side, and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music —Do I wake or sleep? *Ib*

'Mid hush'd, cool-rooted flowers, fragrant-eyed,
Blue, silver-white, and budded Tyrian. *Ode to Psyche*

To make delicious moan
Upon the midnight hours *Ib*

Thy voice, thy lute, thy pipe, thy incense sweet
From swinged censer teeming,
Thy shrine, thy grove, thy oracle, thy heat
Of pale-mouth'd prophet dreaming *Ib*

Yes, I will be thy priest, and build a fane
In some untrodden region of my mind,
Where branched thoughts, new grown with pleasant pain,
Instead of pines shall murmur in the wind *Ib*

With buds, and bells, and stars without a name,
With all the gardener Fancy e'er could feign,
Who breeding flowers, will never breed the same *Ib*

A bright torch, and a casement ope at night,
To let the warm Love in! *Ib*

Stop and consider! life is but a day,
A fragile dew-drop on its perilous way
From a tree's summit, a poor Indian's sleep
While his boat hastens to the monstrous steep
Of Montmorenci *Sleep and Poetry*, l 85

O for ten years, that I may overwhelm
Myself in poesy, so I may do the deed
That my own soul has to itself decreed *Ib* l 96

They sway'd about upon a rocking horse,
And thought it Pegasus *Ib* l 186

The blue
Bared its eternal bosom, and the dew
Of summer nights collected still to make
The morning precious *Ib* l 189

A drainless shower
Of light is poesy, 'tis the supreme of power,
'Tis might half slumb'ring on its own right arm
Ib l 235

The great end
Of poesy, that it should be a friend
To soothe the cares, and lift the thoughts of man
Ib l 245

They shall be accounted poet kings
Who simply tell the most heart-easing things
Ib l 267

Bright star, would I were stedfast as thou art—
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like nature's patient, sleepless Eremite,
The moving waters at their priestlike task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores
Sonnet 'Bright Star'

Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And to live ever—or else swoon to death *Ib*

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen,
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne,
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold
Then I felt like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken,
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He star'd at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien
Ib On First Looking into Chapman's Homer

O Chatterton! how very sad thy fate!
Ib To Chatterton

I would sooner fail than not be among the greatest
Ib

As to the poetical character itself (I mean that sort of which, if I am anything, I am a member, that sort distinguished from the Wordsworthian or egotistical sublime, which is a thing *per se* and stands alone) it is not itself—it has no self
It has as much delight in conceiving an Iago as an Imogen
Ib 93 *To Richard Woodhouse, 27 Oct 1818*

I think I shall be among the English Poets after my death
Ib 94 *To George and Georgiana Keats, 14 Oct 1818*

The mighty abstract idea I have of beauty in all things stifles the more divided and minute domestic happiness The opinion I have of the generality of women—who appear to me as children to whom I would rather give a sugar plum than my time
Ib

I never can feel certain of any truth but from a clear perception of its beauty
Ib 98 *To George and Georgiana Keats, 16 Dec 1818–4 Jan 1819*

I have come to this resolution—never to write for the sake of writing or making a poem, but from running over with any little knowledge or experience which many years of reflection may perhaps give me, otherwise I shall be dumb
Ib 115 *To B R Haydon, 8 Mar 1819*

It is true that in the height of enthusiasm I have been cheated into some fine passages, but that is not the thing *Ib*

I should like the window to open onto the Lake of Geneva—and there I'd sit and read all day like the picture of somebody reading
Ib 116 *To Fanny Keats, 13 Mar 1819*

A man's life of any worth is a continual allegory
Ib 123 *To George and Georgiana Keats, 14 Feb–3 May 1819*

Shakespeare led a life of allegory his works are the comments on it *Ib*

Nothing ever becomes real till it is experienced—even a proverb is no proverb to you till your life has illustrated it *Ib*

Call the world if you please 'The vale of Soul-making' *Ib*

I have met with women whom I really think would like to be married to a poem, and to be given away by a novel
Ib 136 *To Fanny Brawne, 8 July 1819*

I have two luxuries to brood over in my walks, your loveliness and the hour of my death O that I could have possession of them both in the same minute
Ib 139 *To Fanny Brawne, 25 July 1809*

I am convinced more and more day by day that fine writing is next to fine doing
Ib 145 *To J H Reynolds, 24 Aug 1819*

Give me books, fruit, french wine and fine weather and a little music out of doors, played by somebody I do not know
Ib 146 *To Fanny Keats, 29 Aug 1819*

All clean and comfortable I sit down to write
Ib 156 *To George and Georgiana Keats, 17 Sept 1819*

I have but lately been on my guard against Milton Life to him would be death to me Miltonic verse cannot be written but it [*for* in] the vein of art—I wish to devote myself to another sensation *Ib*

The only means of strengthening one's intellect is to make up one's mind about nothing—to let the mind be a thoroughfare for all thoughts Not a select party *Ib*

You have ravished me away by a power I cannot resist, and yet I could resist till I saw you, and even since I have seen you I have endeavoured often 'to reason against the reason of my Love'
Ib 160 *To Fanny Brawne, 13 Oct 1819*

'If I should die', said I to myself, 'I have left no immortal work behind me—nothing to make my friends proud of my memory—but I have loved the principle of beauty in all things, and if I had had time I would have made myself remembered'
Ib 186 *To Fanny Brawne, Feb 1820?*

I long to believe in immortality If I am destined to be happy with you here—how short is the longest life. I wish to believe in immortality—I wish to live with you for ever
Ib 223 *To Fanny Brawne, July 1820*

I wish you could invent some means to make me at all happy without you Every hour I am more and more concentrated in you, every thing else tastes like chaff in my mouth
Ib 224 *To Fanny Brawne, Aug 1820*

You, I am sure, will forgive me for sincerely remarking that you might curb your magnanimity, and be more of an artist, and load every rift of your subject with ore *Ib* 227 *To Shelley, Aug 1820*

He already seemed to feel the flowers growing over him
Words reported by Severn W Sharp, *Life and Letters of Severn*, ch 4

Here lies one whose name was writ in water
Epitaph Lord Houghton, *Life of Keats*, II 91.

JOHN KEBLE

1792–1866

Hues of the rich unfolding morn,
That, ere the glorious sun be born,
By some soft touch invisible
Around his path are taught to swell
The Christian Year Morning.

Oh! timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise! *Ib*

New every morning is the love
Our waking and uprising prove *Ib.*

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice *Ib*

We need not bid, for cloister'd cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell *Ib.*

Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky. *Ib*

The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God *Ib*

And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray *Ib*

Sun of my soul! Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near *Ib Evening*

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die *Ib*

Like infants' slumbers, pure and light *Ib.*

There is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts
Ib. Septuagesima

Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere *Ib*

The many-twinkling smile of ocean
Ib 2nd Sunday after Trinity

Red o'er the forest peers the setting sun,
The line of yellow light dies fast away
That crown'd the eastern copse and chill and dun
Falls on the moor the brief November day
Ib 23rd Sunday after Trinity

Bless'd are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God. *Ib The Purification*

Still to the lowly soul
He doth Himself impart,
And for His cradle and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart *Ib.*

The voice that breathed o'er Eden
Poems Holy Matrimony

The English *Virgil* [Spenser]
Lectures on Poetry, lect v, 1912, vol 1, p 82

As fire is kindled by fire, so is a poet's mind kindled by contact with a brother poet
Ib. lect xvi, 1912, vol 1, p 317

THOMAS KELLY

1769–1854

The Head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now.
Hymns on Various Passages of Scripture (1820) *The Head that Once Was Crowned*

JOHN KEMPTHORNE

1775–1838

Praise the Lord! ye heavens adore Him,
Praise Him, Angels in the height,
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him,
Praise Him, all ye stars and light
Hymns of Praise For Foundling Apprentices (1796). *Praise the Lord! Ye Heavens Adore Him.*

THOMAS KEN

1637–1711

Awake my soul, and with the sun
The daily stage of duty run,
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice
Morning Hymn (1709) *Awake My Soul*

Each present day thy last esteem *Ib*

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed
Evening Hymn Glory to Thee My God This Night

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Morning and Evening Hymn

LADY CAROLINE KEPPEL

1735–?

What's this dull town to me?
Robin's not near.
He whom I wished to see,
Wished for to hear,
Where's all the joy and mirth
Made life a heaven on earth?
O! they're all fled with thee,
Robin Adair. *Robin Adair*

WILLIAM KETHE

fl 1560

All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice,
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him, and rejoice

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid He did us make
Daye's Psalter (1560) *All People That on Earth*

For it is seemly so to do. *Ib*

For why? The Lord our God is good *Ib*

RALPH KETTELL

1563–1693

Here is Hey for Garsington! and Hey for Cuddesdon! and Hey Hockley! but here's nobody cries, Hey for God Almighty!
Sermon at Garsington Revel Aubrey's *Brief Lives*, vol II

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

1779–1843

'Tis the star-spangled banner, O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!
The Star-Spangled Banner.

JOYCE KILMER

1888–1918

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree
Poems, Essays, and Letters, 1917, 1. *Trees*

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree *Ib*

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN KING

1857–1894

Nothing to do but work,
Nothing to eat but food,
Nothing to wear but clothes
To keep one from going nude *The Pessimist.*

Nothing to breathe but air,
Quick as a flash 'tis gone,
Nowhere to fall but off,
Nowhere to stand but on! *Ib*

HARRY KING

Young men taken in and done for. *Title of Song*

HENRY KING

1592–1669

We that did nothing study but the way
To love each other, with which thoughts the day
Rose with delight to us, and with them set,
Must learn the hateful art, how to forget
A Renunciation.

Nature's true-born child, who sums his years
(Like me) with no arithmetic but tears
The Anniverse. Elegy

Accept, thou shrine of my dead Saint,
Instead of dirges this complaint,
And for sweet flowers to crown thy hearse,
Receive a strew of weeping verse
From thy griev'd friend, whom thou might'st see
Quite melted into tears for thee. *The Exequy.*

Sleep on my Love in thy cold bed,
Never to be disquieted!
My last good night! Thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake
Till age, or grief, or sickness must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves, and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in thy tomb
Stay for me there, I will not fail
To meet thee in that hollow vale
And think not much of my delay;
I am already on the way,
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make, or sorrows breed *Ib*

'Tis true, with shame and grief I yield,
Thou like the van first took'st the field,
And gotten hast the victory
In thus adventuring to die
Before me, whose more years might crave
A just precedence in the grave
But hark! My pulse like a soft drum
Beats my approach, tells thee I come,
And slow howe'er my marches be,
I shall at last sit down by thee *Ib*

STODDARD KING

Contemp

There's a long, long trail a-winding
Into the land of my dreams,
Where the nightingales are singing
And a white moon beams
There's a long, long night of waiting
Until my dreams all come true,
Till the day when I'll be going down
That long long trail with you
The Long, Long Trail

WILLIAM KING

1663–1712

Beauty from order springs. *Art of Cookery*, l 55

Cornwall squab-pie, and Devon white-pot brings,
And Leicester beans and bacon, food of kings!
Ib l 165

ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE

1809–1891

Soon the men of the column began to see that though the scarlet line was slender, it was very rigid and exact. *Invasion of the Crimea*, vol II, p 455.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

1819–1875

Airly Beacon, Airly Beacon,
Oh the pleasant sight to see
Shires and towns from Airly Beacon,
While my love climb'd up to me! *Airly Beacon.*

Airly Beacon, Airly Beacon,
Oh the weary haunt for me,
All alone on Airly Beacon,
With his baby on my knee! *Ib*

And no one but the baby cried for poor Lorraine,
Lorrère. *Ballad 'Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree'*

My fairest child, I have no song to give you,
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and grey
A Farewell To C E G

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever,
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long,
And so make Life, Death, and that vast For Ever,
One grand sweet song. *Ib*

It was Earl Haldan's daughter,
She looked across the sea
It Was Earl Haldan's Daughter

The locks of six princesses
Must be my marriage fee,

'So hey bonny boat, and ho bonny boat!
Who comes a-wooing me?' *Ib*

Leave to Robert Browning
Beggars, fleas, and vines,
Leave to squeamish Ruskin
Popish Apennines,
Dirty stones of Venice
And his gas-lamps seven,
We've the stones of Snowdon
And the lamps of heaven
Letter to Thomas Hughes

What we can we will be,
Honest Englishmen
Do the work that's nearest,
Though it's dull at whiles,
Helping, when we meet them,
Lame dogs over stiles *Ib*

Welcome, wild North-easter!
Shame it is to see
Odes to every zephyr,
Ne'er a verse to thee *Ode to the North East Wind*

Jovial wind of winter
Turn us out to play! *Ib*

Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Down the roaring blast,
You shall see a fox die
Ere an hour be past *Ib*

'Tis the hard grey weather
Breeds hard English men *Ib*

Come, and strong within us
Stir the Vikings' blood,
Bracing brain and sinew,
Blow, thou wind of God! *Ib*

I once had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world,
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled
Songs from The Water Babies My Little Doll.

Yet, for old sakes' sake she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world *Ib*

Undefiled for the undefiled,
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child
Ib The Tide River

When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green,
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen,
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown,
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down;
Creep home, and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among
God grant you find one face there,
You loved when all was young *Ib Young and Old*

The merry brown hares came leaping
Over the crest of the hill,
Where the clover and corn lay sleeping
Under the moonlight still *The Bad Squire*

Oh! that we two were maying
The Saint's Tragedy, II ix

With our limbs at rest on the quiet earth's breast,
And our souls at home with God! *Ib*

'O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee'
The western wind was wild and dark with foam,
And all alone went she *The Sands of Dee*

The cruel crawling foam *Ib*

The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see
The rolling mist came down and hid the land.
And never home came she *Ib*

Three fishers went sailing away to the west,
Away to the west as the sun went down,
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town *The Three Fishers*

And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown. *Ib*

For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbour bar be moaning *Ib*

For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning *Ib*

To be discontented with the divine discontent, and to be ashamed with the noble shame, is the very germ and first upgrowth of all virtue
Health and Education (1874), p 20.

Truth, for its own sake, had never been a virtue with the Roman clergy
Review of Froude's History of England, in Macmillan's Magazine for Jan 1864

He did not know that a keeper is only a poacher turned outside in, and a poacher a keeper turned inside out *The Water Babies*, ch 1

As thorough an Englishman as ever coveted his neighbour's goods *Ib* ch 4

And still the lobster held on *Ib* ch 5

Mrs Bedonebyasyoudid is coming *Ib*

The loveliest fairy in the world, and her name is Mrs Doasyouwouldbedoneby *Ib*

All the butterflies and cockyolybirds would fly past me *Ib* ch 8.

Till the coming of the Cocqcigrues *Ib.*

Don Desperado
Walked on the Prado,
And there he met his enemy *Westward Ho*, ch 12

More ways of killing a cat than choking her with cream *Ib* ch 20

Eustace is a man no longer, he is become a thing, a tool, a Jesuit *Ib* ch 23

What, then, does Dr Newman mean?
Title of a pamphlet, 1864

Some say that the age of chivalry is past, that the spirit of romance is dead The age of chivalry is never past, so long as there is a wrong left unredressed on earth *Life* (1879), vol II, ch 28.

RUDYARD KIPLING

1865–1936

When you've shouted 'Rule Britannia', when you've sung 'God save the Queen',
When you've finished killing Kruger with your mouth *The Absent-Minded Beggar.*

He's an absent-minded beggar, and his weaknesses are great—
But we and Paul must take him as we find him—
He's out on active service, wiping something off a slate—
And he's left a lot of little things behind him! *Ib*

Duke's son—cook's son—son of a hundred Kings—
(Fifty thousand horse and foot going to Table Bay!) *Ib*

Pass the hat for your credit's sake, and pay—pay—pay! *Ib*

If you'd go to Mother Carey
(Walk her down to Mother Carey!),
Oh, we're bound to Mother Carey where she feeds her chicks at sea! *Anchor Song*

England 's on the anvil—hear the hammers ring—
Clanging from the Severn to the Tyne!
Never was a blacksmith like our Norman King—
England's being hammered, hammered, hammered into line! *The Anvil*

Back to the Army again *Title*

A-layin' on to the Sergeant I don't know a gun from a bat *Back to the Army Again*

I 'eard the feet on the gravel—the feet o' the men what drill—
An' I sez to my flutterin' 'eart-strings, I sez to 'em, 'Peace, be still!' *Ib*

Rolling down the Ratcliffe Road drunk and raising Cain *The Ballad of the 'Bolivar'*

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat,
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the ends of the earth!
The Ballad of East and West

With the mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell and the head of the gallows-tree *Ib*

The little silver crucifix
That keeps a man from harm
The Ballad of Fisher's Boarding-House

And the talk slid north, and the talk slid south,
With the sliding puffs from the hookah-mouth
Four things greater than all things are,—
Women and Horses and Power and War
Ballad of the King's Jest

It was not part of their blood,
It came to them very late
With long arrears to make good,
When the English began to hate
The Beginnings

There 's peace in a Larañaga, there 's calm in a Henry Clay. *The Betrothed*

And a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a Smoke *Ib.*

Gentlemen unafraid
Beyond the Path of the Outmost Sun (*Barrack-Room Ballads Dedication*)

E'en as he trod that day to God so walked he from his birth,
In simpleness and gentleness and honour and clean mirth *Ib*

'Oh, where are you going to, all you Big Steamers,
With England's own coal, up and down the salt seas?'
'We are going to fetch you your bread and your butter,
Your beef, pork, and mutton, eggs, apples, and cheese' *Big Steamers*

'Oh, the Channel 's as bright as a ball-room already,
And pilots are thicker than pilchards at Looe' *Ib*

'For the bread that you eat and the biscuits you nibble,
The sweets that you suck and the joints that you carve,
They are brought to you daily by all us Big Steamers—
And if any one hinders our coming you'll starve!' *Ib*

We're foot—slog—slog—slog—sloggin' over Africa—
Foot—foot—foot—foot—sloggin' over Africa—
(Boots—boots—boots—boots—movin' up an' down again!)
There 's no discharge in the war! *Boots*

Try—try—try—try—to think o' something different—
Oh—my—God—keep—me from goin' lunatic!
(Boots—boots—boots—boots—movin' up an' down again!) *Ib*

I—'ave—marched—six—weeks in 'Ell an' certify
It—is—not—fire—devils, dark, or anything,
But boots—boots—boots—movin' up an' down again *Ib*

O ye who tread the Narrow Way
By Tophet-flare to Judgement Day
Buddha at Kamakura.

I've a head like a concertina, I've a tongue like a button-stick,
I've a mouth like an old potato, and I'm more than a little sick,
But I've had my fun o' the Corp'ral's Guard, I've made the cinders fly,
And I'm here in the Clink for a thundering drink and blacking the Corporal's eye *Cells*

'Drunk and resisting the Guard!'
Mad drunk and resisting the Guard—
'Strewth, but I socked it them hard!
So it's pack-drill for me and a fortnight's C B
For 'drunk and resisting the Guard'. *Ib*

Take of English earth as much
As either hand may rightly clutch
In the taking of it breathe
Prayer for all who lie beneath
Lay that earth upon thy heart,
And thy sickness shall depart! *A Charm*

Land of our birth, we pledge to thee
Our love and toil in the years to be,
When we are grown and take our place,
As men and women with our race
Father in Heaven who lovest all,
Oh, help Thy children when they call,
That they may build from age to age
An undefiled heritage

Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
With steadfastness and careful truth,
That, in our time, Thy Grace may give
The truth whereby the nations live
The Children's Song

That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favour of the crowd. *Ib*

That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress

Teach us delight in simple things,
And mirth that has no bitter springs;
Forgiveness free of evil deed,
And love to all men 'neath the sun!

Land of our birth, our faith, our pride,
For whose dear sake our fathers died,
O Motherland, we pledge to thee
Head, heart, and hand through the years to be! *Ib*

High noon behind the tamarisks—the sun is hot above us—
As at Home the Christmas Day is breaking wan
They will drink our healths at dinner—those who tell us how they love us,
And forget us till another year be gone!
Christmas in India

So Time, that is o'er-kind,
To all that be,
Ordains us e'en as blind,
As bold as she
That in our very death,
And burial sure,
Shadow to shadow, well persuaded, saith,
'See how our works endure!'
Cities and Thrones and Powers (*Puck of Pook's Hill*)

We must go back with Policeman Day—
Back from the City of Sleep! *The City of Sleep.*

The coastwise lights of England watch the ships of England go! *The Coastwise Lights*

They know the worthy General as 'that most immoral man' *A Code of Morals*

Gold is for the mistress—silver for the maid—
Copper for the craftsman cunning at his trade
'Good!' said the Baron, sitting in his hall,
'But Iron—Cold Iron—is master of them all'
Cold Iron

We have learned to whittle the Eden Tree to the shape of a surplice-peg,
We have learned to bottle our parents twain in the yolk of an addled egg,
We know that the tail must wag the dog, for the horse is drawn by the cart,
But the Devil whoops, as he whooped of old 'It's clever, but is it Art?'
The Conundrum of the Workshops

Our father Adam sat under the Tree and scratched with a stick in the mould,
And the first rude sketch that the world had seen was joy to his mighty heart,
Till the Devil whispered behind the leaves, 'It's pretty, but is it Art?' *Ib*

By the favour of God we might know as much—as our father Adam knew! *Ib*

And that is called paying the Dane-geld,
But we've proved it again and again,
That if once you have paid him the Dane-geld
You never get rid of the Dane *Dane-Geld.*

'What are the bugles blowin' for?' said Files-on-Parade
'To turn you out, to turn you out,' the Colour-Sergeant said *Danny Deever*

'For they're hangin' Danny Deever, you can hear the Dead March play,
The Regiment's in 'ollow square—they're hangin' 'im to-day,
They've taken of 'is buttons off an' cut 'is stripes away,
An' they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'' *Ib*

The 'eathen in 'is blindness bows down to wood an' stone;
'E don't obey no orders unless they is 'is own;
'E keeps 'is side-arms awful 'e leaves 'em all about,
An' then comes up the Regiment an' pokes the 'eathen out *The 'Eathen*

All along o' dirtiness, all along o' mess,
All along o' doin' things rather-more-or-less,
All along of abby-nay*, kul*, an' hazar-ho*,
Mind you keep your rifle an' yourself jus' so! *Ib*

* Not now * tomorrow * wait a bit

The 'eathen in 'is blindness must end where 'e began,
But the backbone of the Army is the Non-commissioned man! *Ib*

The first dry rattle of new-drawn steel
Changes the world to-day! *Edgehill Fight*

Who are neither children nor Gods, but men in a world of men! *England's Answer to the Cities*

Winds of the World, give answer! They are whimpering to and fro—
And what should they know of England who only England know? *The English Flag*

I barred my gates with iron, I shuttered my doors with flame,
Because to force my ramparts your nutshell navies came *Ib*

Never was isle so little, never was sea so lone,
But over the scud and the palm-trees an English Flag was flown *Ib*

I could not look on Death, which being known,
Men led me to him, blindfold and alone
Epitaphs of the War The Coward

All that pentecostal crew *Et Dona Ferentes*

But it never really mattered till the English grew polite *Ib*

The breed that take their pleasures as Saint Lawrence took his grid *Ib*

'Something lost behind the Ranges' *The Explorer*

Your 'Never-never country' *Ib*

Anybody might have found it, but—His Whisper came to me! *Ib*

For the Red Gods call us out and we must go!
The Feet of the Young Men

When the Hymalayan peasant meets the he-bear in his pride,
He shouts to scare the monster, who will often turn aside

But the she-bear thus accosted rends the peasant tooth and nail
For the female of the species is more deadly than the male *The Female of the Species*

Man propounds negotiations, Man accepts the compromise
Very rarely will he squarely push the logic of a fact
To its ultimate conclusion in unmitigated act *Ib*

Buy my English posies!
Kent and Surrey may—
Violets of the Undercliff
Wet with Channel spray,
Cowslips from a Devon combe—
Midland furze afire—
Buy my English posies
And I'll sell your heart's desire! *The Flowers*

Weed ye trample underfoot
Floods his heart abrim—
Bird ye never heeded,
Oh, she calls his dead to him! *Ib*

Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love again! *Ib*

So it's knock out your pipes an' follow me!
An' it's finish up your swipes an' follow me!
Oh, 'ark to the big drum callin',
Follow me—follow me 'ome! *Follow Me 'Ome*

For it's 'Three rounds blank' an' follow me,
An' it's 'Thirteen rank' an' follow me,
Oh, passin' the love o' women,
Follow me—follow me 'ome! *Ib*

For all we have and are,
For all our children's fate,
Stand up and take the war
The Hun is at the gate! *For All We Have and Are*

There is but one task for all—
One life for each to give
What stands if Freedom fall?
Who dies if England live? *Ib*

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,
Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!
There's the river up an' brimmin', an' there's 'arf a squadron swimmin'
'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark *Ford o' Kabul River*

For to admire an' for to see,
For to be'old this world so wide
It never done no good to me,
But I can't drop it if I tried! *For to Admire*

So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Soudan,
You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-class fightin' man,
An' 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, with your 'ayrick 'ead of 'air—
You big black boundin' beggar—for you broke a British square! *Fuzzy-Wuzzy*

'E's all 'ot sand an' ginger when alive,
An' 'e's generally shammin' when 'e's dead *Ib*

'E's the only thing that doesn't give a damn
For a Regiment o' British Infantree! *Ib*

When 'e's 'oppin' in an' out among the bush
With 'is coffin-'eaded shield an' shovel-spear,
An 'appy day with Fuzzy on the rush
Will last an 'ealthy Tommy for a year *Ib*

To the legion of the lost ones, to the cohort of the damned *Gentlemen Rankers*

Gentlemen-rankers out on the spree,
Damned from here to Eternity *Ib*

We have done with Hope and Honour, we are lost to Love and Truth,
We are dropping down the ladder rung by rung,
And the measure of our torment is the measure of our youth
God help us, for we knew the worst too young! *Ib*

The wild hawk to the wind-swept sky,
The deer to the wholesome wold,
And the heart of a man to the heart of a maid,
As it was in the days of old *The Gipsy Trail*

Our England is a garden that is full of stately views,
Of borders, beds and shrubberies and lawns and avenues,
With statues on the terraces and peacocks strutting by,
But the Glory of the Garden lies in more than meets the eye *The Glory of the Garden*

The Glory of the Garden it abideth not in words *Ib*

Our England is a garden, and such gardens are not made
By singing —'Oh, how beautiful!' and sitting in the shade,
While better men than we go out and start their working lives
At grubbing weeds from gravel paths with broken dinner-knives

There's not a pair of legs so thin, there's not a head so thick,
There's not a hand so weak and white, nor yet a heart so sick,
But it can find some needful job that's crying to be done,
For the Glory of the Garden glorifieth every one

Then seek your job with thankfulness and work till further orders,
If it's only netting strawberries or killing slugs on borders,
And when your back stops aching and your hands begin to harden,
You will find yourself a partner in the Glory of the Garden

Oh, Adam was a gardener, and God who made him sees
That half a proper gardener's work is done upon his knees,
So when your work is finished, you can wash your hands and pray
For the Glory of the Garden, that it may not pass away!
And the Glory of the Garden it shall never pass away! *Ib*

You may talk o' gin an' beer
When you're quartered safe out 'ere,
An' you're sent to penny-fights an' Aldershot it,
But when it comes to slaughter
You will do your work on water,
An' you'll lick the bloomin' boots of 'im that's got it *Gunga Din*

The uniform 'e wore
Was nothin' much before,
An' rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind. *Ib*

An' for all 'is dirty 'ide
'E was white, clear white, inside
When 'e went to tend the wounded under fire! *Ib*

So I'll meet 'im later on
At the place where 'e is gone—
Where it's always double drills and no canteen. *Ib*

'E'll be squattin' on the coals
Givin' drink to poor damned souls,
An' I'll get a swig in Hell from Gunga Din *Ib*

Though I've belted you an' flayed you,
By the livin' Gawd that made you,
You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din! *Ib*

But O, 'tis won'erful good for the Prophet!
Hal o' the Draft (*Puck of Pook's Hill*)

Ere yet we loose the legions—
Ere yet we draw the blade,
Jehovah of the Thunders,
Lord God of Battles, aid! *Hymn Before Action*

There are nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal lays,
And—every—single—one—of—them—is—right!
In the Neolithic Age.

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too,
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master,
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim,
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same *If—*

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss *Ib*

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much,
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!
Ib

I have eaten your bread and salt,
I have drunk your water and wine
I Have Eaten Your Bread (*Departmental Ditties Prelude*)

Dear hearts across the seas *Ib*

No doubt but ye are the People *The Islanders*

Then ye returned to your trinkets, then ye contented your souls
With the flannelled fools at the wicket or the muddied oafs at the goals *Ib*

Given to strong delusion, wholly believing a lie *Ib*

He wrote that monarchs were divine,
And left a son who—proved they weren't! *James I*

Jane went to Paradise
That was only fair,
Good Sir Walter met her first,
And led her up the stair
Henry and Tobias,
And Miguel of Spain,
Stood with Shakespeare at the top
To welcome Jane. *Jane's Marriage*

Jane lies in Winchester, blessèd be her shade!
Praise the Lord for making her, and her for all she made
And, while the stones of Winchester—or Milsom Street—remain,
Glory, Love, and Honour unto England's Jane! *Ib*

Cold, commanded lust *Justice*

Let them relearn the Law *Ib*

I've never sailed the Amazon,
I've never reached Brazil
Just-So Stories Beginning of the Armadilloes

Yes, weekly from Southampton,
Great steamers, white and gold,
Go rolling down to Rio
(Roll down—roll down to Rio!).
And I'd like to roll to Rio
Some day before I'm old! *Ib*

I've never seen a Jaguar,
Nor yet an Armadill-
o dilloing in his armour,
And I s'pose I never will. *Ib*

The Camel's hump is an ugly hump
Which well you may see at the Zoo,
But uglier yet is the Hump we get
From having too little to do
Ib How the Camel Got His Hump

We get the Hump—
Camelious Hump—
The Hump that is black and blue! *Ib*

The cure for this ill is not to sit still,
Or frowst with a book by the fire,
But to take a large hoe and a shovel also,
And dig till you gently perspire *Ib*

Old Man Kangaroo first, Yellow-Dog Dingo behind
Ib Sing-Song of Old Man Kangaroo

'Confound Romance!' And all unseen
Romance brought up the nine-fifteen *The King*

For Allah created the English mad—the maddest of all mankind! *Kitchener's School*

I've taken my fun where I've found it,
An' now I must pay for my fun,
For the more you 'ave known o' the others
The less will you settle to one,
An' the end of it's sittin' an' thinkin',
An' dreamin' Hell-fires to see
So be warned by my lot (which I know you will not),
An' learn about women from me! *The Ladies*

An' I learned about women from 'er! *Ib*

But the things you will learn from the Yellow an' Brown,
They'll 'elp you a lot with the White! *Ib*

For the Colonel's Lady an' Judy O'Grady
Are sisters under their skins! *Ib*

'Have it jest *as* you've a mind to, but, if I was you, I'd dreen' *The Land*

'Hev it just as you've a mind to, *but*'—and here he takes command
For whoever pays the taxes old Mus' Hobden owns the land *Ib*

Thus said the Lord in the vault above the Cherubim,
Calling to the Angels and the Souls in their degree
The Last Chantey

Then said the soul of the Angel of the Off-shore Wind *Ib*

'And Ye take mine honour from me if Ye take away the sea!'
Ib

'Are we babes that we should clamour for a vengeance on the sea?'
Ib

Then cried the soul of the stout Apostle Paul to God
Ib

'When they learned Thy Grace and Glory under Malta by the sea!'
Ib

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners,
Plucking at their harps, and they plucked unhandily
'Our thumbs are rough and tarred,
And the tune is something hard—
May we lift a Deepsea Chantey such as seamen use at sea?'
Ib

'Heave or sink it, leave or drink it, we were masters of the sea!'
Ib

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners,
Crying 'Under Heaven, here is neither lead nor lee!
Must we sing for evermore
On the windless, glassy floor?
Take back your golden fiddles and we'll beat to open sea!'
Ib

Then stooped the Lord, and He called the good sea up to Him,
And 'stablished its borders unto all eternity,
That such as have no pleasure
For to praise the Lord by measure,
They may enter into galleons and serve Him on the Sea
Ib

And the ships shall go abroad
To the Glory of the Lord
Who heard the silly sailor-folk and gave them back their sea!
Ib

'I ha' harpit ye up to the Throne o' God,
I ha' harpit your midmost soul in three
I ha' harpit ye down to the Hinges o' Hell,
And—ye—would—make—a Knight o' me!'
The Last Rhyme of True Thomas

Now this is the Law of the Jungle—as old and as true as the sky
The Law of the Jungle

This is the sorrowful story
Told as the twilight falls
And the monkeys walk together
Holding their neighbours' tails
The Legends of Evil

Thin Noah spoke him fairly, thin talked to him sevairely,
An' thin he cursed him squarely to the glory av the Lord —
'Divil take the ass that bred you, an' the greater ass that fed you!
Divil go wid you, ye spalpeen!' an' the Donkey wint aboard
Ib

Till Noah said —'There's wan av us that hasn't paid his fare!'
Ib

We have had an Imperial lesson, it may make us an Empire yet!
The Lesson

And that's how it all began, my dears,
And that's how it all began!
The Light that Failed, chapter heading

The Liner she's a lady, an' she never looks nor 'eeds—
The Man-o'-War's 'er 'usband, an' 'e gives 'er all she needs,
But, oh, the little cargo-boats, that sail the wet sea roun',
They're just the same as you an' me a-plyin' up an down!
The Liner She's a Lady

There's a whisper down the field where the year has shot her yield,
And the ricks stand grey to the sun,
Singing —'Over then, come over, for the bee has quit the clover,
And your English summer's done' *The Long Trail*

You have heard the beat of the off-shore wind,
And the thresh of the deep-sea rain,
You have heard the song—how long? how long?
Pull out on the trail again!
Ha' done with the Tents of Shem, dear lass,
We've seen the seasons through,
And it's time to turn on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail,
Pull out, pull out, on the Long Trail—the trail that is always new!
Ib

It's North you may run to the rime-ringed sun,
Or South to the blind Horn's hate,
Or East all the way into Mississippi Bay,
Or West to the Golden Gate
Ib

The Queen was in her chamber, and she was middling old,
Her petticoat was satin, and her stomacher was gold
Backwards and forwards and sideways did she pass,
Making up her mind to face the cruel looking-glass
The cruel looking-glass that will never show a lass
As comely or as kindly or as young as what she was!
The Looking Glass

The Queen was in her chamber, her sins were on her head
She looked the spirits up and down and statelily she said —
'Backwards and forwards and sideways though I've been,
Yet I am Harry's daughter and I am England's Queen!'
Ib

There's a Legion that never was 'listed
The Lost Legion

To go and find out and be damned
(Dear boys!),
To go and get shot and be damned
Ib

Lord, Thou hast made this world below the shadow of a dream,
An', taught by time, I tak' it so—exceptin' always Steam
From coupler-flange to spindle-guide I see Thy Hand, O God—
Predestination in the stride o' yon connectin'-rod
McAndrew's Hymn

Alone wi' God an' these
My engines
Ib

Yon's strain, hard strain, o' head an' hand, for though Thy Power brings
All skill to naught, Ye'll understand a man must think o' things
Ib

Ye thought? Ye are not paid to think *Ib*

Mister McAndrew, don't you think steam spoils romance at sea? *Ib*

Romance! Those first-class passengers they like it very well,
Printed an' bound in little books, but why don't poets tell? *Ib*

While, out o' touch o' vanity, the sweatin' thrust-block says
'Not unto us the praise, or man—not unto us the praise!' *Ib*

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea,
There's a Burma girl a-settin', and I know she thinks o' me,
For the wind is in the palm-trees, an' the temple-bells they say
'Come you back, you British soldier, come you back to Mandalay!'
Come you back to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay
Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to Mandalay?
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay! *Mandalay*

An' I seed her first a-smokin' of a whackin' white cheroot,
An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen idol's foot. *Ib*

When the mist was on the rice-fields an' the sun was droppin' slow,
She'd git 'er little banjo an' she'd sing 'Kulla-lo-lo!' *Ib*

But that's all shove be'ind me—long ago an' fur away,
An' there ain' no 'buses runnin' from the Bank to Mandalay,
An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London wot the ten-year soldier tells
'If you've 'eard the East a-callin', you won't never 'eed naught else' *Ib*

I am sick o' wastin' leather on these gritty pavin'-stones,
An' the blasted English drizzle wakes the fever in my bones,
Tho' I walks with fifty 'ousemaids outer Chelsea to the Strand,
An' they talks a lot o' lovin', but wot do they understand?
Beefy face an' grubby 'and—
Law! Wot do they understand?
I've a neater, sweeter maiden in a cleaner, greener land! *Ib*

Ship me somewheres east of Suez, where the best is like the worst,
Where there aren't no Ten Commandments, an' a man can raise a thirst
For the temple-bells are callin', an' it's there that I would be—
By the old Moulmein Pagoda, looking lazy at the sea *Ib*

Ten thousand men on the pay-roll, and forty freighters at sea! *The 'Mary Gloster'*

Harrer an' Trinity College! I ought to ha' sent you to sea *Ib*

For you muddled with books and pictures, an' china an' etchin's an' fans,
And your rooms at college was beastly—more like a whore's than a man's *Ib*

I've seen your carriages blocking the half o' the Cromwell Road,
But never the doctor's brougham to help the missus unload *Ib*

For a man he must go with a woman, which women don't understand—
Or the sort that say they can see it, they aren't the marrying brand *Ib*

I'm sick of the hired women I'll kiss my girl on her lips! *Ib*

Nice while it lasted, an' now it is over—
Tear out your 'eart in' good-bye to your love!
What's the use o' grievin', when the mother that bore you
(Mary, pity women!) knew it all before you? *Mary, Pity Women*

There runs a road by Merrow Down—
A grassy track to-day it is—
An hour out of Guildford town,
Above the river Wey it is *Merrow Down*

But as the faithful years return
And hearts unwounded sing again,
Comes 'Laffy dancing through the fern
To lead the Surrey spring again. *Ib*

'Mines reported in the fairway,
Warn all traffic and detain
'Send up *Unity*, *Claribel*, *Assyrian*, *Stormcock*, and *Golden Gain*' *Mine Sweepers*

'Good rest to all
That keep the Jungle Law' *Morning Song in the Jungle*

If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine! *Mother O' Mine*

If I were damned of body and soul,
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine! *Ib*

'Have you news of my boy Jack?'
Not this tide
'When d'you think that he'll come back?'
Not with this wind blowing, and this tide *My Boy Jack*

My new-cut ashlar takes the light
Where crimson-blank the windows flare *My New-cut Ashlar*

The depth and dream of my desire,
The bitter paths wherein I stray—
Thou knowest Who hast made the Fire,
Thou knowest Who hast made the Clay *Ib*

One stone the more swings into place
In that dread Temple of Thy worth
It is enough that, through Thy Grace,
I saw nought common on Thy Earth *Ib*

Now it is not good for the Christian health to hustle the Aryan brown,
For the Christian rules, and the Aryan smiles, and it weareth the Christian down,
And the end of the fight is a tombstone white with the name of the late deceased,
And the epitaph drear 'A Fool lies here who tried to hustle the East' *Naulahka*, heading of ch 5

The Saxon is not like us Normans His manners are not so polite
But he never means anything serious till he talks about justice and right,
When he stands like an ox in the furrow with his sullen set eyes on your own,
And grumbles, 'This isn't fair dealing,' my son, leave the Saxon alone *Norman and Saxon*

The 'orse 'e knows above a bit, the bullock's but a fool,
The elephant's a gentleman, the battery-mule's a mule,
But the commissariat cam-u-el, when all is said an' done,
'E's a devil an' a ostrich an' a orphan-child in one *Oonts*

Excellent herbs had our fathers of old—
Excellent herbs to ease their pain
'Our Fathers of Old'

Anything green that grew out of the mould
Was an excellent herb to our fathers of old *Ib*

A Nation spoke to a Nation,
A Throne sent word to a Throne
'Daughter am I in my mother's house,
But mistress in my own
The gates are mine to open,
As the gates are mine to close,
And I abide by my Mother's House'
Said our Lady of the Snows *Our Lady of the Snows*

In the Name of the Empress, the Overland Mail! *The Overland Mail*

The toad beneath the harrow knows
Exactly where each tooth-point goes,
The butterfly upon the road
Preaches contentment to that toad *Pagett M P*

Pagett, M P, was a liar, and a fluent liar therewith *Ib*

After me cometh a Builder Tell him, I too have known *The Palace*

Can't! Don't! Sha'n't! Won't!
Pass it along the line!
Somebody's pack has slid from his back,
'Wish it were only mine!
Somebody's load has tipped off in the road—
Cheer for a halt and a row!
Urrh! Yarrh! Grr! Arrh!
Somebody's catching it now!
Parade-Song of the Camp-Animals Commissariat Camels

But a man in khaki kit who could handle men a bit,
With his bedding labelled Sergeant Whatsisname *Pharaoh and the Sergeant*

He drank strong waters and his speech was coarse,
He purchased raiment and forbore to pay,
He stuck a trusting junior with a horse,
And won gymkhanas in a doubtful way,
Then, 'twixt a vice and folly, turned aside
To do good deeds—and straight to cloak them, lied.
Plain Tales from the Hills Chapter heading to 'A Bank Fraud'

The Three in One, the One in Three? Not so!
To my own Gods I go
It may be they shall give me greater ease
Than your cold Christ and tangled Trinities
Ib Chapter heading to 'Lispeth'

Bade farewell to Minnie Boffkin in one last, long lingering fit *The Post that Fitted*

Year by year, in pious patience, vengeful Mrs Boffkin sits
Waiting for the Sleary babies to develop Sleary's fits *Ib*

There is sorrow enough in the natural way
From men and women to fill our day,
But when we are certain of sorrow in store,
Why do we always arrange for more?
Brothers and Sisters, I bid you beware
Of giving your heart to a dog to tear *The Power of the Dog.*

Valour and Innocence
Have latterly gone hence
To certain death by certain shame attended *The Queen's Men.*

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies,
The Captains and the Kings depart
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget! *Recessional*

Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre! *Ib*

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law *Ib*

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And, guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy mercy on Thy People, Lord! *Ib.*

If England was what England seems,
An' not the England of our dreams,
But only putty, brass, an' paint,
'Ow quick we'd drop 'er! But she ain't! *The Return*

English they be and Japanee that hang on the Brown Bear's flank,
And some be Scot, but the worst of the lot, and the boldest thieves, be Yank! *The Rhyme of the Three Sealers*

And I've lost Britain, and I've lost Gaul,
And I've lost Rome and, worst of all,
I've lost Lalage! *'Rimmm'*

I walk my beat before London Town,
Five hours up and seven down,
Up I go till I end my run
At Tide-end-town, which is Teddington
The River's Tale

Brother, thy tail hangs down behind!
Road Song of the Bandar-Log

Who hath desired the Sea?—the sight of salt water unbounded *The Sea and the Hills*

So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise—hillmen desire their Hills! *Ib*

Cheer for the Sergeant's weddin'—
Give 'em one cheer more!
Grey gun-'orses in the lando,
An' a rogue is married to a whore
The Sergeant's Weddin'

Shillin' a day,
Bloomin' good pay—
Lucky to touch it, a shillin' a day! *Shillin' a Day*

Give 'im a letter—
Can't do no better,
Late Troop-Sergeant-Major an'—runs with a letter!
Think what 'e's been,
Think what 'e's seen
Think of 'is pension an'—
GAWD SAVE THE QUEEN! *Ib*

So it was 'Rounds! What Rounds?' at two of a frosty night
'E's 'oldin' on by the Sergeant's sash, but, sentry, shut your eye *The Shut-Eye Sentry*

But you ought to 'ave 'eard 'em markin' time
To 'ide the things 'e said! *Ib*

There was two-an'-thirty Sergeants,
There was Corp'rals forty-one,
There was just nine 'undred rank an' file
To swear to a touch o' sun *Ib*

We'll 'elp 'im for 'is mother, an' 'e'll 'elp us by-an'-by! *Ib*

Them that asks no questions isn't told a lie
Watch the wall, my darling, while the Gentlemen go by!
Five and twenty ponies
Trotting through the dark—
Brandy for the Parson,
'Baccy for the Clerk,
Laces for a lady, letters for a spy,
Watch the wall, my darling, while the Gentlemen go by! *A Smuggler's Song*

Sez 'e, 'I'm a Jolly—'Er Majesty's Jolly—soldier an' sailor too!' *Soldier an' Sailor too!*

'E's a kind of a giddy harumfrodite—soldier an' sailor too! *Ib*

I'm the Prophet of the Utterly Absurd,
Of the Patently Impossible and Vain
The Song of the Banjo

I am all that ever went with evening dress! *Ib*

Let the organ moan her sorrow to the roof—
I have told the naked stars the Grief of Man!
Let the trumpet snare the foeman to the proof—
I have known Defeat, and mocked it as we ran! *Ib*

With my 'Tinka-tinka-tinka-tinka-tink!' *Ib*

There's never a wave of all her waves
But marks our English dead *The Song of the Dead*, II

If blood be the price of admiralty,
Lord God, we ha' paid in full! *Ib*

For the Lord our God Most High
He hath made the deep as dry,
He hath smote for us a pathway to the ends of all the earth! *A Song of the English*

Keep ye the Law—be swift in all obedience—
Clear the land of evil, drive the road and bridge the ford
Make ye sure to each his own
That he reap where he hath sown,
By the peace among our peoples let men know we serve the Lord! *Ib*

Ere Mor the Peacock flutters, ere the Monkey People cry,
Ere Chil the Kite swoops down a furlong sheer,
Through the Jungle very softly flits a shadow and a sigh—
He is Fear, O Little Hunter, he is Fear!
The Song of the Little Hunter

But thy throat is shut and dried, and thy heart against thy side
Hammers 'Fear, O Little Hunter—this is Fear!' *Ib*

Mithras, God of the Morning, our trumpets waken the Wall!
'Rome is above the Nations, but Thou art over all!'
A Song to Mithras

The Sons of Mary seldom bother, for they have inherited that good part,
But the Sons of Martha favour their Mother of the careful soul and the troubled heart
And because she lost her temper once, and because she was rude to the Lord her Guest,
Her Sons must wait upon Mary's Sons, world without end, reprieve, or rest *The Sons of Martha*

They do not preach that their God will rouse them a little before the nuts work loose
They do not teach that His Pity allows them to leave their job when they damn-well choose *Ib*

They sit at the Feet—they hear the Word—they see how truly the Promise runs
They have cast their burden upon the Lord, and—the Lord He lays it on Martha's Sons! *Ib*

'Let us now praise famous men'—
Men of little showing—
For their work continueth,
And their work continueth,
Broad and deep continueth,
Greater than their knowing!
Stalky & Co A School Song

An' it all goes into the laundry,
But it never comes out in the wash,
'Ow we're sugared about by the old men
('Eavy-sterned amateur old men!)
That 'amper an' 'inder an' scold men
For fear o' Stellenbosch! *Stellenbosch.*

No tender-hearted garden crowns,
No bosomed woods adorn
Our blunt, bow-headed whale-backed Downs,
But gnarled and writhen thorn *Sussex*

Half-wild and wholly tame,
The wise turf cloaks the white cliff-edge
As when the Romans came *Ib*

The barrow and the camp abide,
The sunlight and the sward *Ib*

And here the sea-fogs lap and cling
And here, each warning each,
The sheep-bells and the ship-bells ring
Along the hidden beach *Ib*

Little, lost, Down churches praise
The Lord who made the hills *Ib*

Huge oaks and old, the which we hold
No more than Sussex weed *Ib*

God gives all men all earth to love,
But, since man's heart is small,
Ordains for each one spot shall prove
Beloved over all
Each to his choice, and I rejoice
The lot has fallen to me
In a fair ground—in a fair ground—
Yea, Sussex by the sea! *Ib*

Till I 'eard a beggar squealin' out for quarter as 'e ran,
An' I thought I knew the voice an'—it was me!
That Day

'Once on a time there was a Man'
Things and the Man

And, Thomas, here's my best respects to you!
To Thomas Atkins Prelude to Barrack-Room Ballads

One man in a thousand, Solomon says,
Will stick more close than a brother
The Thousandth Man

But the Thousandth Man will stand by your side
To the gallows-foot—and after! *Ib*

With maids of matchless beauty and parentage unguessed,
And a Church of England parson for the Islands of the Blest *The Three-Decker*

Till he heard as the roar of a rain-fed ford the roar of the Milky Way *Tomlinson*

'Stand up, stand up now, Tomlinson, and answer loud and high
The good that ye did for the sake of men or ever ye came to die' *Ib*

'But now ye wait at Heaven's Gate and not in Berkeley Square' *Ib*

'Though we called your friend from his bed this night, he could not speak to you,
For the race is run by one and one and never by two and two' *Ib*

'Oh, this I have read in a book,' he said, 'and that was told to me,
And this I have thought that another man thought of a Prince in Muscovy' *Ib*

'Ye have read, ye have heard, ye have thought,' he said, 'and the tale is yet to run
By the worth of the body that once ye had, give answer—what ha' ye done?' *Ib*

'Oh, this I have felt, and this I have guessed, and this I have heard men say,
And this they wrote that another man wrote of a carl in Norroway' *Ib*

'And—the faith that ye share with Berkeley Square uphold you, Tomlinson!' *Ib*

The Wind that blows between the Worlds, it nipped him to the bone,
And he yearned to the flare of Hell-gate there as the light of his own hearth-stone *Ib*

'For the sin ye do by two and two ye must pay for one by one!' *Ib*

'Once I ha' laughed at the power of Love and twice at the grip of the Grave,
And thrice I ha' patted my God on the head that men might call me brave' *Ib*

'I see no worth in the hobnailed mirth or the jolt-head jest ye did
That I should waken my gentlemen that are sleeping three on a grid' *Ib*

'Have ye sinned one sin for the pride o' the eye or the sinful lust of the flesh?' *Ib*

Then Tomlinson he gripped the bars and yammered, 'Let me in—
For I mind that I borrowed my neighbour's wife to sin the deadly sin'
The Devil he grinned behind the bars, and banked the fires high
'Did ye read of that sin in a book?' said he, and Tomlinson said 'Ay!' *Ib*

The Devil he blew upon his nails, and the little devils ran *Ib*

'Ye have scarce the soul of a louse,' he said, 'but the roots of sin are there' *Ib*

'And—the God that you took from a printed book be with you, Tomlinson!' *Ib*

Oh, it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' 'Tommy, go away',
But it's 'Thank you, Mister Atkins,' when the band begins to play *Tommy*

It's 'Tommy this an' Tommy that, an' 'Chuck him out, the brute!'
But it's 'Saviour of 'is country' when the guns begin to shoot *Ib*

Then it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' 'Tommy, 'ow's yer soul?'
But it's 'Thin red line of 'eroes' when the drums begin to roll *Ib*

We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't no blackguards too
But single men in barricks, most remarkable like you,
An' if sometimes our conduck isn't all your fancy paints,
Why, single men in barricks don't grow into plaster saints. *Ib*

Of all the trees that grow so fair,
Old England to adorn,
Greater are none beneath the Sun,
Than Oak, and Ash, and Thorn. *A Tree Song.*

England shall bide till Judgement Tide,
By Oak, and Ash, and Thorn! *Ib*

I tell this tale, which is strictly true,
Just by way of convincing you
How very little, since things were made,
Things have altered in the building trade
A Truthful Song

The young man kindly answered them
'It might be Lot or Methusalem,
Or it might be Moses (a man I hate),
Whereas it is Pharaoh surnamed the Great

Your glazing is new and your plumbing's strange,
But otherwise I perceive no change,
And in less than a month, if you do as I bid,
I'd learn you to build me a Pyramid!' *Ib*

The old man kindly answered them
'It might be Japheth, it might be Shem,
Or it might be Ham (though his skin was dark),
Whereas it is Noah, commanding the Ark

Your wheel is new and your pumps are strange,
But otherwise I perceive no change,
And in less than a week, if she did not ground,
I'd sail this hooker the wide world round!' *Ib*

Much I owe to the Lands that grew—
More to the Lives that fed—
But most to Allah Who gave me two
Separate sides to my head *The Two-Sided Man*

The dark eleventh hour
Draws on and sees us sold *Ulster*

A fool there was and he made his prayer
(Even as you and I!)
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair
(We called her the woman who did not care)
But the fool he called her his lady fair—
(Even as you and I!) *The Vampire*

But a fool must follow his natural bent
(Even as you and I!) *Ib*

Oh, was there ever sailor free to choose,
That didn't settle somewhere near the sea?
The Virginity

They that have wrought the end unthought
Be neither saint nor sage,
But only men who did the work
For which they drew the wage *The Wage-Slaves*

They shut the road through the woods
Seventy years ago *The Way Through the Woods*

Steadily cantering through
The misty solitudes,
As though they perfectly knew
The old lost road through the woods—
But there is no road through the woods! *Ib*

Father, Mother, and Me,
Sister and Auntie say
All the people like us are We,
And every one else is They. *We and They*

When Earth's last picture is painted and the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colours have faded, and the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for an æon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall put us to work anew *When Earth's Last Picture*

And those that were good shall be happy they shall sit in a golden chair,
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comets' hair *Ib*

And only The Master shall praise us, and only The Master shall blame,
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They are! *Ib*

When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre,
'E'd 'eard men sing by land an' sea,
An' what 'e thought 'e might require,
'E went an' took—the same as me!
When 'Omer Smote (*Barrack-Room Ballads Introduction*)

They knew 'e stole, 'e knew they knowed.
They didn't tell, nor make a fuss,
But winked at 'Omer down the road,
An' 'e winked back—the same as us! *Ib*

Take up the White Man's burden—
Send forth the best ye breed—
Go, bind your sons to exile
To serve your captives' need,
To wait in heavy harness
On fluttered folk and wild—
Your new-caught, sullen peoples,
Half-devil and half-child
The White Man's Burden

By all ye cry or whisper,
By all ye leave or do,
The silent, sullen peoples
Shall weigh your Gods and you *Ib*

Take up the White Man's burden—
And reap his old reward
The blame of those ye better,
The hate of those ye guard *Ib*

'Ave you 'eard o' the Widow at Windsor
With a hairy gold crown on 'er 'ead?
She 'as ships on the foam—she 'as millions at 'ome,
An' she pays us poor beggars in red
The Widow at Windsor

Take 'old o' the Wings o' the Mornin',
An' flop round the earth till you're dead,
But you won't get away from the tune that they play
To the bloomin' old rag over 'ead *Ib*

Down to Gehenna or up to the Throne,
He travels the fastest who travels alone
The Winners

When the 'arf-made recruity goes out to the East
'E acts like a babe an' 'e drinks like a beast,
An' 'e wonders because 'e is frequent deceased
Ere 'e's fit for to serve as a soldier
The Young British Soldier

When you're wounded and left on Afghanistan's plains,
An' the women come out to cut up what remains,
Jest roll to your rifle an' blow out your brains
An' go to your Gawd like a soldier. *Ib*

How can I crown thee further, O Queen of the Sovereign South? *The Young Queen*

'Ha! Ha!' said the duck, laughing
The Day's Work The Brushwood Boy

What shall I do when I see you in the light? *Ib*

Good hunting! *The Jungle Book Kaa's Hunting*

'We be of one blood, thou and I' *Ib*

'Nice,' said the small 'stute Fish 'Nice but nubbly'
Just-So Stories How the Whale Got His Throat

You must *not* forget the Suspenders, Best Beloved
Ib

A man of infinite-resource-and-sagacity *Ib*

Most 'scruciating idle
Ib How the Camel Got His Hump

'Humph yourself!'
And the Camel humphed himself. *Ib*

There lived a Parsee from whose hat the rays of the sun were reflected in more-than-oriental-splendour *Ib How the Rhinoceros Got His Skin*

An Elephant's Child—who was full of 'satiable curtiosity *Ib The Elephant's Child*

The great grey-green, greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever-trees *Ib*

Led go! You are hurtig be! *Ib.*

This is too butch for be! *Ib*

He was a Tidy Pachyderm. *Ib*

The Cat He walked by himself, and all places were alike to him
Ib The Cat That Walked By Himself

He went back through the Wet Wild Woods, waving his wild tail, and walking by his wild lone But he never told anybody *Ib*

Tho' tay is not my divarsion
Life's Handicap The Courting of Dinah Shadd

Glory's no compensation for a belly-ache. *Ib*

What's the good of argifying? *Ib On Greenlow Hill*

I hold by the Ould Church, for she's the mother of them all—ay, an' the father, too I like her behaze she's most remarkable regimental in her fittings *Ib*

Asia is not going to be civilized after the methods of the West There is too much Asia and she is too old *Ib The Man Who Was*

Man that is born of woman is small potatoes and few in the hill *Ib The Head of the District*

Some were married, which was bad, and some did other things which were worse
Ib The Mark of the Beast

You haf too much Ego in your Cosmos
Ib Bertran and Bimi

He did not rave, as do many bridegrooms, over the strangeness and delight of seeing his own true love sitting down to breakfast with him every morning 'as though it were the most natural thing in the world' 'He had been there before', as the Americans say *Ib Georgie Porgie*

The Light that Failed *Title of Novel*

Every one is more or less mad on one point
Plain Tales from the Hills On the Strength of a Likeness

Open and obvious devotion from any sort of man is always pleasant to any sort of woman *Ib*

He gave way to the queer, savage feeling that sometimes takes by the throat a husband twenty years' married, when he sees, across the table, the same face of his wedded wife, and knows that, as he has sat facing it, so must he continue to sit until the day of its death or his own
Ib The Bronckhurst Divorce Case

'Twas like a battle field wid all the glory missin'
Ib The Daughter of the Regiment

On all three counts, as Ortheris says, ''e didn't deserve no consideration' *Ib The Three Musketeers*

Take my word for it, the silliest woman can manage a clever man, but it needs a very clever woman to manage a fool *Ib Three and—an Extra*

But that is another story *Ib*

Lalun is a member of the most ancient profession in the world *Soldiers Three On the City Wall*

Being kissed by a man who didn't wax his moustache was—like eating an egg without salt
Ib The Gadsbys Poor Dear Mamma

Steady the Buffs *Ib*

Been trotting out the Gorgonzola! *Ib*

Almost inevitable Consequences *Ib Fatima*

I gloat! Hear me gloat! *Stalky and Co*, ch 1

Your Uncle Stalky *Ib*

We ain't goin' to have any beastly Erickin'
Ib The Moral Reformers.

'This man,' said M'Turk, with conviction, 'is *the* Gadarene Swine'
Ib The Flag of Their Country

It's boy, only boy *Ib An Unsavoury Interlude*

'Tisn't beauty, so to speak, nor good talk necessarily It's just IT Some women'll stay in a man's memory if they once walked down a street
Traffics and Discoveries Mrs Bathurst.

The Waddy is an infectious disease herself
Wee Willie Winkie A Second-Rate Woman

Once upon a time there was a Man and his Wife and a Tertium Quid *Ib At the Pit's Mouth*

Gawd knows, an' 'E won't split on a pal
Ib Drums of the Fore and Aft

HORATIO HERBERT KITCHENER

1850–1916

You are ordered abroad as a soldier of the King to help our French comrades against the invasion of a common enemy You have to perform a task which will need your courage, your energy, your patience Remember that the honour of the British Army depends on your individual conduct It will be your duty not only to set an example of discipline and perfect steadiness under fire but also to maintain the most friendly relations with those whom you are helping in this struggle In this new experience you may find temptations both in wine and women You must entirely resist both temptations, and, while treating all women with perfect courtesy, you should avoid any intimacy Do your duty bravely Fear God Honour the King

A message to the soldiers of the British Expeditionary Force, 1914, to be kept by each soldier in his Active Service Pay-Book Sir G Arthur's Life of Kitchener, vol III, p 27

What outcries pluck me from my naked bed?

Ib II v 1

Oh eyes, no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears,
Oh life, no life, but lively form of death,
Oh world, no world, but mass of public wrongs

Ib III ii 1

Thus must we toil in other men's extremes,
That know not how to remedy our own

Ib III vi 1

My son—and what's a son? A thing begot
Within a pair of minutes, thereabout,
A lump bred up in darkness

Ib III xi Additions, l 5

Duly twice a morning
Would I be sprinkling it with fountain water
At last it grew, and grew, and bore, and bore,
Till at the length
It grew a gallows and did bear our son,
It bore thy fruit and mine O wicked, wicked plant

Ib III. xii Additions, l 66

HENRY LABOUCHERE

ERRATUM

For

HENRY LABOUCHERE, 1798–1869

read

HENRY LABOUCHERE, 1831–1912

Boswell s *Jonnson* (ed 1934), vol III, p 284
15 Apr 1778

JOHN KNOX

1505–1572

The First Blast of the Trumpet Against the Monstrous Regiment of Women

Title of Pamphlet, 1558

RONALD ARBUTHNOT KNOX

1888–

When suave politeness, tempering bigot zeal,
Corrected *I believe* to *One does feel*

Absolute and Abitofhell

THOMAS KYD

1557?–1595?

In time the savage bull sustains the yoke,
In time all haggard hawks will stoop to lure,
In time small wedges cleave the hardest oak,
In time the flint is pierced with softest shower

The Spanish Tragedy, I. vi 3

Ib

'Presents', I often say, 'endear Absents'

Ib A Dissertation upon Roast Pig

It argues an insensibility *Ib*

We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all The children of Alice called Bartoum father We are nothing, less than nothing, and dreams We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence, and a name

Ib Dream Children

Why have we none [i e no grace] for books, those spiritual repasts—a grace before Milton—a grace before Shakspeare—a devotional exercise proper to be said before reading the Faerie Queene?

Ib Grace Before Meat

Coleridge holds that a man cannot have a pure mind who refuses apple-dumplings I am not certain but he is right. *Ib*

I am, in plainer words, a bundle of prejudices—made up of likings and dislikings

Ib Imperfect Sympathies

I have been trying all my life to like Scotchmen, and am obliged to desist from the experiment in despair. *Ib.*

'A clear fire, a clean hearth, and the rigour of the game' This was the celebrated wish of old Sarah Battle (now with God), who, next to her devotions, loved a good game at whist
Ib Mrs Battle's Opinions on Whist

All people have their blind side—their superstitions, and I have heard her declare, under the rose, that Hearts was her favourite suit *Ib*

She unbent her mind afterwards—over a book *Ib*

Methinks it is better that I should have pined away seven of my goldenest years, when I was thrall to the fair hair, and fairer eyes, of Alice W - -n, than that so passionate a love-adventure should be lost
Ib New Year's Eve

A votary of the desk—a notched and cropt scrivener —one that sucks his substance, as certain sick people are said to do, through a quill
Ib Oxford in the Vacation

In everything that relates to science, I am a whole Encyclopaedia behind the rest of the world
Ib The Old and the New Schoolmaster

He is awkward, and out of place, in the society of his equals .. He cannot meet you on the square
Ib

The human species, according to the best theory I can form of it, is composed of two distinct races, *the men who borrow*, and *the men who lend*
Ib The Two Races of Men

What a liberal confounding of those pedantic distinctions of *meum* and *tuum*! *Ib*

I mean your *borrowers of books*—those mutilators of collections, spoilers of the symmetry of shelves, and creators of odd volumes *Ib.*

To lose a volume to C[oleridge] carries some sense and meaning in it You are sure that he will make one hearty meal on your viands, if he can give no account of the platter after it *Ib*

That princely woman, the thrice noble Margaret Newcastle *Ib*

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart, nor thy library, against S T C[oleridge] *Ib*

I love to lose myself in other men's minds When I am not walking, I am reading, I cannot sit and think Books think for me
Last Essays of Elia Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading

I can read any thing which I call a book There are things in that shape which I cannot allow for such In this catalogue of books which are no books—biblia a-biblia—I reckon Court Calendars, Directories the works of Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, Beattie, Soame Jenyns, and, generally, all those volumes which 'no gentleman's library should be without' *Ib*

Things in books' clothing *Ib*

Milton almost requires a solemn service of music to be played before you enter upon him *Ib*

A poor relation—is the most irrelevant thing in nature. *Ib Poor Relations*

An Oxford scholar, meeting a porter who was carrying a hare through the streets, accosts him with this extraordinary question 'Prithee, friend, is that thy own hare, or a wig?'
Ib Popular Fallacies That the Worst Puns are the Best

Cultivate simplicity Coleridge
Letter to Coleridge, 8 Nov 1796

I could forgive a man for not enjoying Milton, but I would not call that man my friend who should be offended with 'the divine chit-chat of Cowper'
Quoting Coleridge's own phrase in Letter to Coleridge, 5 Dec 1796

The scene for the most part laid in a Brothel O tempora, O mores! but as friend Coleridge said when he was talking bawdy to Miss — 'to the pure all things are pure' *Ib to Southey, July 1798*

An old woman clothed in grey,
Whose daughter was charming and young,
And she was deluded away
By Roger's false flattering tongue
Quoted in letter to Southey, 29 Oct 1798

I came home hungry as a hunter
Letter to Coleridge, probably 16 or 17 Apr 1800

The man must have a rare recipe for melancholy, who can be dull in Fleet Street
The Londoner in letter to Thomas Manning, 15 Feb 1802

Nursed amid her noise, her crowds, her beloved smoke—what have I been doing all my life, if I have not lent out my heart with usury to such scenes? *Ib*

It was Lamb who, when Dr Parr asked him how he managed to emit so much smoke, replied that he had toiled after it as other men after virtue And Macready relates that he remarked in his presence that he wished to draw his last breath through a pipe and exhale it in a pun
Ib to W and D Wordsworth, 28 Sept 1805, note

A little thin, flowery border round, neat, not gaudy
Ib to Wordsworth, June 1806

To do this it will be necessary to leave off Tobacco But I had some thoughts of doing that before, for I sometimes think it does not agree with me
Ib to W Wordsworth, 26 June 1806

I have made a little scale, supposing myself to receive the following various accessions of dignity from the king, who is the fountain of honour—As at first, I, Mr C Lamb, 10th, Emperor Lamb, 11th, Pope Innocent, higher than which is nothing but the Lamb of God
Ib to Thomas Manning, 2 Jan 1810

I was at Hazlitt's marriage, and had like to have been turned out several times during the ceremony Anything awful makes me laugh I misbehaved once at a funeral *Ib to Southey, 9 Aug 1815*

This very night I am going to leave off tobacco! Surely there must be some other world in which this unconquerable purpose shall be realized The soul hath not her generous aspirings implanted in her in vain. *Ib to Thomas Manning, 26 Dec 1815.*

His face when he repeats his verses hath its ancient glory, an Archangel a little damaged [Coleridge]
Ib to W. Wordsworth, 26 April 1816

The rogue gives you Love Powders, and then a strong horse drench to bring 'em off your stomach that they mayn't hurt you [Coleridge]
Ib to Wordsworth, 23 Sept 1816

Fanny Kelly's divine plain face
Ib to Mrs Wordsworth, 18 Feb 1818

How I like to be liked, and what I do to be liked!
Ib to D Wordsworth, 8 Jan 1821.

Who first invented Work—and tied the free
And holy-day rejoicing spirit down
To the ever-haunting importunity
Of business, in the green fields, and the town—
To plough—loom—anvil—spade—and, oh, most sad,
To this dry drudgery of the desk's dead wood?
Ib to Barton, Sept 1822.

Those fellows hate us [Booksellers and authors]
Ib to Barton, 9 Jan 1823.

Old as I am waxing, in his eyes I was still the child he [Randall Norris] first knew me To the last he called me Charley I have none to call me Charley now *Ib to Robinson, 20 Jan 1827*

We should be modest for a modest man—as he is for himself *Ib to Mrs Montagu [Summer 1827]*

You are knee deep in clover.
Letter to C C Clarke, Dec [1828]

When my sonnet was rejected, I exclaimed, 'Damn the age, I will write for Antiquity!'
Ib to B W Procter, 22 Jan 1829.

Books of the true sort, not those things in boards that moderns mistake for books—what they club for at book clubs *Ib to J Gillman, 30 Nov 1829.*

The golden works of the dear, fine, silly old angel [Thomas Fuller] *Ib to J Gillman 1830*

Did G[eorge[D[yer] send his penny tract to me to convert me to Unitarianism? Dear blundering soul! why I am as old a one-Goddite as himself
Ib to Moxon, 24 Oct 1831.

Half as sober as a judge
Ib to Mr and Mrs Moxon, August, 1833

The greatest pleasure I know, is to do a good action by stealth, and to have it found out by accident
Table Talk by the late Elia The Athenæum, 4 Jan 1834

'What a lass that were to go a-gipseying through the world with'
The Jovial Crew The Examiner, July 1819

For thy sake, Tobacco, I
Would do any thing but die
A Farewell to Tobacco, l. 122.

Gone before
To that unknown and silent shore *Hester*

Riddle of destiny, who can show
What thy short visit meant, or know
What thy errand here below?
On an Infant Dying as soon as Born

Slow journeying on
To the green plains of pleasant Hertfordshire
Sonnet The Lord of Light Shakes Off.

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days,—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces
The Old Familiar Faces

Free from self-seeking, envy, low design,
I have not found a whiter soul than thine.
To Martin Charles Burney

I like you, and your book, ingenuous Hone!
To the Editor of the Every-Day Book

Truths, which transcend the searching School-men's vein,
And half had stagger'd that stout Stagirite
Written at Cambridge.

If ever I marry a wife,
I'll marry a landlord's daughter,
For then I may sit in the bar,
And drink cold brandy and water.
Written in a copy of Coelebs in Search of a Wife

Martin, if dirt were trumps, what hands you would hold!
Leigh Hunt's Ld Byron and his Contemporaries (1828), p 299

I do not [know the lady], but damn her at a venture
E V. Lucas, *Charles Lamb* (1905), vol 1, p 320, n

MARY LAMB

1764–1847

He [Henry Robinson] says he never saw a man so happy in *three wives* as Mr. Wordsworth is.
Letter to Sarah Hutchinson, Nov. 1816.

A child's a plaything for an hour.
Parental Recollections.

Thou straggler into loving arms,
Young climber up of knees,
When I forget thy thousand ways,
Then life and all shall cease. *Ib*

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON

1802–1838

Few, save the poor, feel for the poor *The Poor*

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

1775–1864

Around the child bend all the three
Sweet Graces, Faith, Hope, Charity
Around the man bend other faces,
Pride, Envy, Malice, are his Graces
Around the Child.

Ah, what avails the sceptred race!
Ah, what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
Rose Aylmer, all were thine

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and of sighs
I consecrate to thee. *Rose Aylmer.*

There is delight in singing, tho' none hear
Beside the singer. *To Robert Browning.*

Shakespeare is not our poet, but the world's,
Therefore on him no speech! *Ib*

Browning! Since Chaucer was alive and hale,
No man hath walked along our roads with step
So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue
So varied in discourse But warmer climes
Give brighter plumage, stronger wing the breeze
Of Alpine heights thou playest with, borne on
Beyond Sorrento and Amalfi, where
The Siren waits thee, singing song for song *Ib*

Such stains there are—as when a Grace
Sprinkles another's laughing face
With nectar, and runs on *On Catullus*

Child of a day, thou knowest not
The tears that overflow thy urn *Child of a Day*

The witty and the tender Hood
Confessions of Jealousy

Stand close around, ye Stygian set,
With Dirce in one boat convey'd!
Or Charon, seeing, may forget
That he is old and she a shade *Dirce*

Death stands above me, whispering low
I know not what into my ear,
Of his strange language all I know
Is, there is not a word of fear *Epigrams*, c *Death*

Wearers of rings and chains!
Pray do not take the pains
To set me right
In vain my faults ye quote,
I write as others wrote
On Sunium's height *Ib* ci

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife,
Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art,
I warmed both hands before the fire of life,
It sinks, and I am ready to depart *Finis*

I have sinuous shells, of pearly hue
Gebir, bk i, l 170
Apply
Its polished lips to your attentive ear *Ib* l 174

And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there *Ib* l 174

'Is this the mighty ocean? is this all?'
Ib bk v, l 130

From you, Ianthe, little troubles pass
Like little ripples down a sunny river
Ianthe's Troubles

In his own image the Creator made,
His own pure sunbeam quickened thee, O man!
Thou breathing dial! since thy day began
The present hour was ever mark'd with shade!
In His own Image the Creator Made

I loved him not, and yet now he is gone
I feel I am alone
I check'd him while he spoke, yet, could he speak,
Alas! I would not check. *The Maid's Lament*

Mother, I cannot mind my wheel *Title*

No longer could I doubt him true—
All other men may use deceit,
He always said my eyes were blue,
And often swore my lips were sweet
Mother, I Cannot Mind My Wheel

Proud word you never spoke, but you will speak
Four not exempt from pride some future day
Resting on one white hand a warm wet cheek
Over my open volume you will say,
'This man loved *me*!' then rise and trip away
Proud Word You Never Spoke

We are what suns and winds and waters make us,
The mountains are our sponsors, and the rills
Fashion and win their nursling with their smiles
Regeneration

Well I remember how you smiled
To see me write your name upon
The soft sea-sand—'O! what a child!
You think you're writing upon stone!'

I have since written what no tide
Shall ever wash away, what men
Unborn shall read o'er ocean wide
And find Ianthe's name again
Well I Remember How You Smiled

I know not whether I am proud,
But this I know, I hate the crowd *With an Album*

Chatting on deck was Dryden too,
The Bacon of our rhyming crew
To Wordsworth Those Who Have Laid the Harp Aside

Tho' never tender nor sublime,
He struggles with and conquers Time [Dryden]
Ib

Thee gentle Spenser fondly led,
But me he mostly sent to bed *Ib*

George the First was always reckoned
Vile, but viler George the Second,
And what mortal ever heard
Any good of George the Third?
When from earth the Fourth descended
God be praised, the Georges ended!
Epigram in *The Atlas*, 28 Apr 1855 See *Notes and Queries*, 3 May 1902, pp 318, 354

Laodameia died, Helen died, Leda, the beloved of Jupiter, went before
Imaginary Conversations, Æsop and Rhodope, ii

There are no fields of amaranth on this side of the grave there are no voices, O Rhodopè! that are not soon mute, however tuneful there is no name, with whatever emphasis of passionate love repeated, of which the echo is not faint at last *Ib*

Prose on certain occasions can bear a great deal of poetry on the other hand, poetry sinks and swoons under a moderate weight of prose
Ib Archdeacon Hare and Walter Landor

I shall dine late, but the dining-room will be well lighted, the guests few and select *Ib*

When it was a matter of wonder how Keats, who was ignorant of Greek, could have written his 'Hyperion', Shelley, whom envy never touched, gave as a reason, 'Because he was a Greek'
Ib Southey and Landor, ii

Goodness does not more certainly make men happy than happiness makes them good
Ib Lord Brooke and Sir Philip Sidney

LEONORA
But tell him, tell Torquato go again, entreat, persuade, command him, to forget me
PANIGAROLA
Alas! even the command, even the command from you and from above, might not avail perhaps
You smile, Madonna!
LEONORA
I die happy *Ib Leonora di Este and Panigarola*

States, like men, have their growth, their manhood, their decrepitude, their decay *Ib*

ANDREW LANG

1844–1912

St Andrews by the Northern Sea,
That is a haunted town to me! *Almae Matres*

The surge and thunder of the Odyssey
As One that for a Weary Space has Lain

There's a joy without canker or cark,
There's a pleasure eternally new,
'T is to gloat on the glaze and the mark
Of china that's ancient and blue.
Ballade of Blue China

Here's a pot with a cot in a park,
In a park where the peach-blossoms blew,
Where the lovers eloped in the dark,
Lived, died, and were changed into two
Bright birds that eternally flew
Through the boughs of the may, as they sang
'T is a tale was undoubtedly true
In the reign of the Emperor Hwang *Ib*

If the wild bowler thinks he bowls,
Of if the batsman thinks he's bowled,
They know not, poor misguided souls,
They too shall perish unconsoled
I am the batsman and the bat,
I am the bowler and the ball,
The umpire, the pavilion cat,
The roller, pitch, and stumps, and all
Brahma (in imitation of Emerson)

But he shaved with a shell when he chose,—
'Twas the manner of Primitive Man
Double Ballad of Primitive Man

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE

1849–1923

Two men look out through the same bars
One sees the mud, and one the stars.
A Cluster of Quiet Thoughts, 1896 (*Religious Tract Society Publication*)

JOHN LANGHORNE

1735–1779

Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent mourn'd her soldier slain,

The child of misery, baptiz'd in tears!
The Country Justice, pt 1 *Apology for Vagrants*

WILLIAM LANGLAND

1330?–1400?

In a somer seson whan soft was the sonne
The Vision of William concerning Piers the Plowman (ed Skeat), B Text, Prologue, l 1.

A glotoun of wordes. *Ib* l 139

Bakers and brewers, bouchers and cokes—
For thees men doth most harme to the mene puple
Ib C Text, Passus 4, l 80

Grammere, that grounde is of alle
Ib. Passus 18, l 107.

'After sharpest shoures,' quath Pees [Peace] 'most sheene is the sonne,
Ys no weder warmer than after watery cloudes'
Ib Passus 21, l 456

SIDNEY LANIER

1842–1881

Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame
Poems A Ballad of Trees and the Master

HUGH LATIMER

1485?–1555

Be of good comfort Master Ridley, and play the man We shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England, as (I trust) shall never be put out
Acts and Monuments (1570), p 1937

SIR HARRY LAUDER

1870–

I love a lassie *Title of Song*

O! it's nice to get up in the mornin'
But it's nicer to lie in bed
It's Nice To Get Up In The Mornin'

Roamin' in the Gloamin' *Title of Song*

ANDREW BONAR LAW

1858–1923

If, therefore, war should ever come between these two countries [Great Britain and Germany], which Heaven forbid! it will not, I think, be due to irresistible natural laws, it will be due to the want of human wisdom
Speech, House of Commons, 27 Nov 1911

I said [in 1911] that if ever war arose between Great Britain and Germany it would not be due to inevitable causes, for I did not believe in inevitable war I said it would be due to human folly
Speech, House of Commons, 6 Aug. 1914.

DAVID HERBERT LAWRENCE

1885–1930

The terror, the agony, the nostalgia of the heathen past was a constant torture to her mediumistic soul *The Lost Girl*, ch 15

She is dear to me in the middle of my being But the gold and flowing serpent is coiling up again, to sleep at the root of my tree *The Man Who Died*, part II

Be a good animal, true to your animal instincts *The White Peacock*, pt II, ch 2

Along the avenue of cypresses,
All in their scarlet cloaks and surplices
Of linen, go the chanting choristers,
The priests in gold and black, the villagers *Giorno dei Morti*

The silence of the many villagers,
The candle-flame beside the surplices *Ib*

SIR AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD

1817–1894

I have always believed that successes would be the inevitable result if the two services, the army and navy, had fair play, and if we sent the right man to fill the right place *Speech in Parliament, 15 Jan 1855*

STEPHEN BUTLER LEACOCK

1869–

Lord Ronald flung himself upon his horse and rode madly off in all directions *Nonsense Novels Gertrude the Governess*

EDWARD LEAR

1812–1888

There was an Old Man with a beard,
Who said, 'It is just as I feared!—
Two Owls and a Hen,
Four Larks and a Wren,
Have all built their nests in my beard!' *Book of Nonsense*

There was an Old Man in a tree,
Who was horribly bored by a bee,
When they said, 'Does it buzz?'
He replied, 'Yes, it does!
It's a regular brute of a bee!' *Ib*

There was an Old Man in a boat,
Who said, 'I'm afloat, I'm afloat!'
When they said, 'No, you ain't!'
He was ready to faint,
That unhappy Old Man in a boat *Ib*

There was an Old Person of Basing,
Whose presence of mind was amazing,
He purchased a steed,
Which he rode at full speed,
And escaped from the people of Basing. *Ib*

There was an old man who said, 'Hush!
I perceive a young bird in this bush!'
When they said, 'Is it small?'
He replied, 'Not at all!'
It is four times as big as the bush!' *Ib*

'How pleasant to know Mr Lear!'
Who has written such volumes of stuff!
Some think him ill-tempered and queer,
But a few think him pleasant enough *Nonsense Songs*, preface

Who, or why, or which, or what,
Is the Akond of Swat? *Ib The Akond of Swat*

In the middle of the woods
Lived the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò
Two old chairs, and half a candle,—
One old jug without a handle,—
These were all his worldly goods *Ib The Courtship of the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò*

When awful darkness and silence reign
Over the great Gromboolian plain,
Through the long, long wintry nights *Ib The Dong with the Luminous Nose*

Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live,
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
And they went to sea in a Sieve *Ib The Jumblies*

In spite of all their friends could say,
On a winter's morn, on a stormy day,
In a Sieve they went to sea! *Ib*

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat *Ib The Owl and The Pussy-Cat.*

They sailed away for a year and a day,
To the land where the Bong-tree grows *Ib*

They dined on mince, and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon,
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon *Ib*

His Aunt Jobiska made him drink
Lavender water tinged with pink,
For she said, 'The world in general knows
There's nothing so good for a Pobble's toes!' *Laughable Lyrics The Pobble Who Has No Toes*

For his Aunt Jobiska said, 'No harm
Can come to his toes if his nose is warm,
And it's perfectly known that a Pobble's toes
Are safe, provided he minds his nose' *Ib*

'It's a fact the whole world knows,
That Pobbles are happier without their toes' *Ib*

MARY ELIZABETH LEASE

1853–1933

Kansas had better stop raising corn and begin raising hell *attr*

WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE LECKY

1838–1903

The stately ship is seen no more,
The fragile skiff attains the shore,
And while the great and wise decay,
And all their trophies pass away,
Some sudden thought, some careless rhyme,
Still floats above the wrecks of Time
On an Old Song

GERALD STANLEY LEE

Business to-day consists of persuading crowds
Crowds, bk II, ch 5

HENRY LEE

1756–1818

First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his fellow citizens
Resolutions in the House of Representatives on the death of Washington

NATHANIEL LEE

1653?–1692

'Tis beauty calls and glory leads the way
Alexander the Great, II ii

When the sun sets, shadows, that showed at noon
But small, appear most long and terrible
Œdipus, IV i

Man, false man, smiling, destructive man
Theodosius, III ii

He speaks the kindest words, and looks such things,
Vows with so much passion, swears with so much grace
That 'tis a kind of Heaven to be deluded by him
The Rival Queens, Act I

Love itself, that tyrant of the soul *Ib*

See the conquering hero comes,
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums *Ib* Act II

When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war!
Ib IV ii

Philip fought men, but Alexander women *Ib*

Terror haunts the guilty mind *Ib* I i

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

1866–

The cry of the Little Peoples goes up to God in vain
The Cry of the Little Peoples

Give back the little nation leave to live
Christmas in War-Time

Loud mockers in the roaring street
Say Christ is crucified again
Twice pierced His gospel-bearing feet,
Twice broken His great heart in vain,
The Second Crucifixion

The quest of the Golden Girl. *Title of Novel*

HENRY SAMBROOKE LEIGH

1837–1883

In form and feature, face and limb,
I grew so like my brother
That folks got taking me for him
And each for one another
Carols of Cockayne, The Twins

For one of us was born a twin
And not a soul knew which *Ib*

The rapturous, wild, and ineffable pleasure
Of drinking at somebody else's expense
Ib Stanzas to an Intoxicated Fly

I know where little girls are sent
For telling taradiddles *Ib Only Seven*

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

1824–1903

Hans Breitmann gife a barty—
Vhere ish dat barty now?
Hans Breitmann's Party

All goned afay mit de lager-beer—
Afay in de ewigkeit! *Ib*

Und efery dime she gife a shoomp
She make der vinders sound *Ib*

They saw a Dream of Loveliness descending from the train *Brand New Ballads The Masher*

WILLIAM LENTHALL

1591–1662

I have neither eye to see, nor tongue to speak here, but as the House is pleased to direct me
Rushworth's Historical Collections, IV 238

ROGER L'ESTRANGE

1616–1704

It is with our passions as it is with fire and water, they are good servants, but bad masters
Æsop's Fables, no 38, *Reflection*

Though this may be play to you, 'tis death to us
Ib no 398

GEORGE LEVESON-GOWER, EARL GRANVILLE

1815–1891

Spheres of action
Letter to Count Munster, 29 April 1885 (Sir Edward Hertslet, *Map of Africa by Treaty*, 1894, vol II, p 596)

GEORGE HENRY LEWES

1817–1878

Many a genius has been slow of growth Oaks that flourish for a thousand years do not spring up into beauty like a reed *Spanish Drama*, ch 2.

Murder, like talent, seems occasionally to run in families *The Physiology of Common Life*, ch. 12

We must never assume that which is incapable of proof *Ib* ch 13

GEORGE LILLO

1693–1739

There's sure no passion in the human soul,
But finds its food in music *Fatal Curiosity*, I ii

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

1809–1865

I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men everywhere could be free
Speeches and Letters (1907), *Letter to H Greeley, 22 Aug 1862*

I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me
Ib Letter to A G Hodges, 4 Apr 1864

The ballot is stronger than the bullet
Ib Speech, 19 May 1856

'A house divided against itself cannot stand' I believe this government cannot endure permanently, half slave and half free *Ib Speech, 17 June 1858*

What is conservatism? Is it not adherence to the old and tried, against the new and untried?
Ib Speech, 27 Feb 1860

Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it *Ib*

I take the official oath to-day with no mental reservations, and with no purpose to construe the Constitution or laws by any hypercritical rules
Ib First Inaugural Address, 4 Mar 1861.

In giving freedom to the slave, we assure freedom to the free,—honourable alike in what we give and what we preserve
Ib Annual Message to Congress, 1 Dec 1862

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure We are met on a great battlefield of that war We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work they have thus far so nobly advanced It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion, that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth
Ib Address at Dedication of National Cemetery at Gettysburg, 19 Nov 1863

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right
Ib Second Inaugural Address, 4 Mar 1865

You can fool all the people some of the time, and some of the people all the time, but you can not fool all the people all of the time
Attr words in a speech at Clinton, 8 Sept 1858 N W Stephenson, *Autobiography of A Lincoln* (1927) *Attr also to Phineas Barnum, 1810–91*

It is not best to swap horses while crossing the river
Reply to National Union League, 9 June 1864 J E Nicolay and J Hay, *Abraham Lincoln* Bk IX

As President, I have no eyes but constitutional eyes, I cannot see you
Attr reply to the South Carolina Commissioners

People who like this sort of thing will find this the sort of thing they like
Judgement on a book G W E Russell, *Collections and Recollections*, ch 30

GEORGE LINLEY

1798–1865

Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming,
Thy gentle voice my spirit can cheer
Poems Ever of Thee

Among our ancient mountains,
And from our lovely vales,
Oh, let the prayer re-echo
'God bless the Prince of Wales!'
Ib God Bless the Prince of Wales

Thou art gone from my gaze like a beautiful dream,
And I seek thee in vain by the meadow and stream
Ib Thou Art Gone

Tho' lost to sight, to mem'ry dear
Thou ever wilt remain
Song Attr. to Linley Notes and Queries, Ser 5, vol x, p 417

SIR THOMAS LITTLETON

1402–1481

[From] time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. *Tenures* (?1481), § 170

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

1863–

The stern hand of fate has scourged us to an elevation where we can see the great everlasting things

that matter for a nation, the great peaks of honour we had forgotten—duty and patriotism clad in glittering white, the great pinnacle of sacrifice pointing like a rugged finger to Heaven
Speech, Queen's Hall, London, 19 Sept 1914

What is our task? To make Britain a fit country for heroes to live in
Speech, Wolverhampton, 24 Nov 1918

ROBERT LLOYD

1733–1764

Slow and steady wins the race
Poems The Hare and the Tortoise

JOHN LOCKE

1632–1704

New opinions are always suspected, and usually opposed, without any other reason but because they are not already common
Essay on the Human Understanding, dedicatory epistle

Nature never makes excellent things for mean or no uses *Ib* bk II, ch I, sec 15

No man's knowledge here can go beyond his experience *Ib* sec 19

It is one thing to show a man that he is in an error, and another to put him in possession of truth
Ib bk IV, ch 7, sec 11

All men are liable to error, and most men are, in many points, by passion or interest, under temptation to it *Ib* ch 20, sec 17

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON

1821–1895

The world's as ugly, ay, as sin,
And almost as delightful *The Jester's Plea*

And many are afraid of God—
And more of Mrs Grundy *Ib*

Some men are good for righting wrongs,—
And some for writing verses *Ib*

If you lift a guinea-pig up by the tail
His eyes drop out! *A Garden Lyric*

FRANCIS LOCKIER

1667–1740

In all my travels I never met with any one Scotchman but what was a man of sense I believe everybody of that country that has any, leaves it as fast as they can *Spence's Anecdotes* (1858), p 55

THOMAS LODGE

1558?–1625

Devils are not so black as they are painted
A Margarite of America

Love, in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet *Love, In My Bosom*

Heigh ho, would she were mine!
Rosalind's Description

JOHN LOGAN

1748–1788

Behold congenial Autumn comes,
The sabbath of the year!
Ode on a Visit to the Country in Autumn.

For never on thy banks shall I
Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow
The Braes of Yarrow

Sweet bird! thy bow'r is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear,
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!
To the Cuckoo Attr (See *Notes and Queries*, April 1902, p 309, 14 June, 1902, p 469) Attr also to Michael Bruce

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

1807–1882

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where
The Arrow and the Song

And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend *Ib.*

I know a maiden fair to see,
Take care!
She can both false and friendly be,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee! *Beware!* (From the German)

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour *The Bridge*

In the elder days of Art
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part,
For the Gods see everywhere *The Builders.*

'Build me straight, O worthy Master!
Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!'
The Building of the Ship.

Thou too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate! *Ib*

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said,
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead *Children*

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour
The Children's Hour

Singing the Hundredth Psalm, the grand old Puritan anthem *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, III

Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning with laughter,
Said, in a tremulous voice, 'Why don't you speak for yourself, John?' *Ib*

God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for this planting *Ib* iv

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight. *The Day is Done*

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain *Ib*

The bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time *Ib*

The cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away *Ib*

If you would hit the mark, you must aim a little above it,
Every arrow that flies feels the attraction of earth
Elegiac Verse

This is the forest primeval
Evangeline, introduction, l 1

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music *Ib* pt 1 1, l 62

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted,
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment *Ib* pt II 1, l 55

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike *Ib* l 60

And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it for ever *Ib* v, l. 88

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior! *Excelsior*

'Try not the Pass!' the old man said,
'Dark lowers the tempest overhead' *Ib*

'O stay,' the maiden said, 'and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!' *Ib*

'Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!' *Ib*

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found *Ib*

Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine *Flowers.*

That is best which lieth nearest,
Shape from that thy work of art *Gaspar Becerra*

Giotto's tower,
The lily of Florence blossoming in stone
Giotto's Tower

I like that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
The burial-ground God's-Acre! *God's-Acre*

Ah, the souls of those that die
Are but sunbeams lifted higher
The Golden Legend, pt IV *The Cloisters*

I heard the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls! *Hymn to the Night*

Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee *Kavanagh*

Saint Augustine! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!
The Ladder of Saint Augustine

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night *Ib.*

Live I, so live I,
To my Lord heartily,
To my Prince faithfully
To my Neighbour honestly,
Die I, so die I
Law of Life From the Sinngedichte of Friedrich von Logau

Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong *The Light of Stars*

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet! *Maidenhood*

You would attain to the divine perfection,
And yet not turn your back upon the world
Michael Angelo, pt I v

Would seem angelic in the sight of God,
Yet not too saint-like in the eyes of men,
In short, would lead a holy Christian life
In such a way that even your nearest friend
Would not detect therein one circumstance
To show a change from what it was before *Ib*

The men that women marry,
And why they marry them, will always be
A marvel and a mystery to the world *Ib* vi

A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts
My Lost Youth

Angels in broad-brimmed hats and russet cloaks,
The colour of the Devil's nutting-bag!
New England Tragedies John Endicott, I ii

A solid man of Boston
A comfortable man, with dividends,
And the first salmon, and the first green peas *Ib* IV 1

Emigravit is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies,
Dead he is not, but departed,—for the artist never dies
Nuremburg, xiii

Not in the clamour of the crowded street,
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,
But in ourselves, are triumph and defeat *The Poets*

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal,
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul *A Psalm of Life.*

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave *Ib*

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead! *Ib*

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait *Ib*

There is a Reaper whose name is Death,
And with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between
The Reaper and the Flowers

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day,
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away *Ib*

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair! *Resignation*

There is no Death! What seems so is transition,
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death *Ib*

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small,
Though with patience he stands waiting, with exactness grinds he all
Retribution From the Sinngedichte of Friedrich von Logau

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood *Santa Filomena*

'Wouldst thou'—so the helmsman answered,—
'Learn the secret of the sea?
Only those who brave its dangers
Comprehend its mystery!' *The Secret of the Sea*

Beside the ungather'd rice he lay,
His sickle in his hand *The Slave's Dream*

He did not feel the driver's whip,
Nor the burning heat of day,
For Death had illumined the land of Sleep,
And his lifeless body lay
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
Had broken and thrown away! *Ib*

Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest,
Home-keeping hearts are happiest
Song Stay, Stay at Home

Should you ask me, whence these stories?
Whence these legends and traditions?
The Song of Hiawatha, introduction

I should answer, I should tell you,
'From the forests and the prairies,
From the great lakes of the Northland,
From the land of the Ojibways,
From the land of the Dacotahs,
From the mountains, moors, and fenlands,
Where the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
Feeds among the reeds and rushes' *Ib*

Gitche Manito, the mighty *Ib* i *The Peaceful Pipe*

By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them,
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water
Ib iii *Hiawatha's Childhood*

'Ewa-yea! my little owlet!
Who is this, that lights the wigwam?
With his great eyes lights the wigwam?' *Ib*

Called them 'Hiawatha's Chickens'. *Ib*

And his heart was hot within him,
Like a living coal his heart was
Ib iv *Hiawatha and Mudjekeewis*

From the waterfall he named her,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water. *Ib*

As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman,
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows,
Useless each without the other!
Ib x *Hiawatha's Wooing.*

'Onaway! Awake, beloved!' *Ib*

'He is dead, the sweet musician!
He the sweetest of all singers!
He has gone from us for ever,
He has moved a little nearer
To the Master of all music,
To the Master of all singing!
O my brother, Chibiabos!'
Ib xv *Hiawatha's Lamentation*

The secret anniversaries of the heart
Sonnets Holidays

Stars of the summer night!
Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps! *The Spanish Student*, i iii

Dreams of the summer night!
Tell her, her lover keeps
Watch! while in slumbers light
She sleeps! *Ib*

Thinking the deed, and not the creed,
Would help us in our utmost need
Tales of a Wayside Inn, pt I, Prelude, l 221

At all feasts where ale was strongest
Sat the merry monarch longest,
First to come and last to go
Ib The Musician's Tale The Saga of King Olaf, II

He seemed the incarnate 'Well, I told you so!'
Ib The Poet's Tale The Birds of Killingworth

Our ingress into the world
Was naked and bare,
Our progress through the world
Is trouble and care,
Our egress from the world
Will be nobody knows where,
But if we do well here
We shall do well there,
And I could tell you no more,
Should I preach a whole year!
Ib pt II *The Student's Tale The Cobbler of Hagenau*

Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness,
So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another,
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence
Ib pt III *The Theologian's Tale Elizabeth*, IV

Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands,
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands
The Village Blacksmith

He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man *Ib*

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close,
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose *Ib*

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea,
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company
The Wreck of the Hesperus

But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he *Ib*

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe *Ib*

There was a little girl
Who had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead,
When she was good
She was very, very good,
But when she was bad she was horrid
B R T Machetta, *Home Life of Longfellow*

ANITA LOOS

contemp

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes *Title of Novel*

RICHARD LOVELACE

1618–1658

Am not I shot
With the self-same artillery?
Amyntor from Beyond the Sea to Alexis

Lucasta that bright northern star *Ib*

And when she ceas'd, we sighing saw
The floor lay pav'd with broken hearts
Gratiana Dancing and Singing

So did she move, so did she sing
Like the harmonious spheres that bring
Unto their rounds their music's aid,
Which she performed, such a way,
As all th' inamour'd world will say
The Graces danced, and Apollo play'd *Ib*

Forbear thou great good husband, little ant
The Ant

Cease large example of wise thrift a while *Ib*

When Love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fettered to her eye,
The Gods, that wanton in the air,
Know no such liberty *To Althea, From Prison*

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames *Ib*

When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes, that tipple in the deep,
Know no such liberty *Ib*

When (like committed linnets) I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my King,
When I shall voice aloud, how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlarged winds that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty

Stone walls do not a prison make
Nor iron bars a cage,
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage,
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty *Ib.*

If to be absent were to be
Away from thee,
Or that when I am gone,
You or I were alone,
Then my Lucasta might I crave
Pity from blust'ring wind or swallowing wave
To Lucasta, Going Beyond the Seas

And greet as angels greet *Ib*

Tell me not (Sweet) I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast, and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field,
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield

Yet this inconstancy is such,
As you too shall adore,
I could not love thee (Dear) so much,
Lov'd I not honour more
To Lucasta, Going to the Wars

SAMUEL LOVER

1797–1868

When once the itch of literature comes over a man, nothing can cure it but the scratching of a pen
Handy Andy, ch 36

'Now women are mostly troublesome cattle to deal with mostly', said Goggins *Ib*

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

1819–1891

No man is born into the world, whose work
Is not born with him, there is always work,
And tools to work withal, for those who will
And blessèd are the horny hands of toil!
A Glance Behind the Curtain, l 201

An' you've gut to git up airly
Ef you want to take in God
The Biglow Papers, First Series, No 1

God 'll send the bill to you *Ib*

You've a darned long row to hoe *Ib.*

This goin' ware glory waits ye haint one agreeable feetur *Ib* No 2
But John P
Robinson he

Sez theyn't know everythin' down in Judee *Ib* No 3

A marciful Providunce fashioned us holler,
O' purpose thet we might our principles swaller
Ib No 4

I du believe in Freedom's cause,
Ez fur away ez Payris is,
I love to see her stick her claws
In them infarnal Phayrisees,
It's wal enough agin a king
To dror resolves an' triggers,—
But libbaty's a kind o' thing
Thet don't agree with niggers
Ib No 6 *The Pious Editor's Creed*

An' in convartin' public trusts
To very privit uses. *Ib*

I *don't* believe in princerple,
But O, I *du* in interest *Ib*

It ain't by princerples nor men
My preudunt course is steadied,—
I scent wich pays the best, an' then
Go into it baldheaded. *Ib*

God makes sech nights, all white an' still
Fur 'z you can look or listen,
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
All silence an' all glisten
Ib Introduction to the Second Series The Courtin'

'Twas kin' o' kingdom-come to look
On sech a blessed cretur *Ib*

He was six foot o' man, A 1,
Clear grit an' human natur' *Ib*

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
Ez hisn in the choir,
My! when he made Ole Hunderd ring,
She *knowed* the Lord was nigher *Ib*

His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
But hern went pity-zekle *Ib*

I tell ye wut, my jedgement is you're pooty sure to fail,
Ez long 'z the head keeps turnin' back for counsel to the tail *Ib Second Series*, No 3, l 223

We've a war, an' a debt, an' a flag, an' ef this
Ain't to be inderpendunt, why, wut on airth is?
Ib No 4

Earth's biggest Country 's gut her soul
An' risen up Earth's Greatest Nation!
Ib No 7, last lines

But somehow, when the dogs hed gut asleep,
Their love o' mutton beat their love o' sheep
Ib No 11, l 291

Before Man made us citizens, great Nature made us men *On the Capture of Fugitive Slaves*

In life's small things be resolute and great
To keep thy muscle trained know'st thou when Fate
Thy measure takes, or when she'll say to thee,
'I find thee worthy, do this deed for me'? *Epigram*

They believed—faith, I'm puzzled—I think I may call
Their belief a believing in nothing at all,
Or something of that sort, I know they all went
For a general union of total dissent
A Fable for Critics, l 733

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak *Stanzas on Freedom*

They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three *Ib*

The birch, most shy and ladylike of trees
An Indian-Summer Reverie

These pearls of thought in Persian gulfs were bred,
Each softly lucent as a rounded moon,
The diver Omar plucked them from their bed,
FitzGerald strung them on an English thread
In a Copy of Omar Khayyam

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side *The Present Crisis*

Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne *Ib*

Behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own *Ib*

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just,
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified
Ib

New occasions teach new duties Time makes ancient good uncouth,
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth *Ib*

May is a pious fraud of the almanac
Under the Willows, l 21

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days,
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays
Vision of Sir Launfal Pt I, prelude

Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbour, and Me
Ib pt II viii

A wise scepticism is the first attribute of a good critic
Among My Books Shakespeare Once More

Let us be of good cheer, however, remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those which never come
Democracy and Addresses Democracy

There is no good in arguing with the inevitable The only argument available with an east wind is to put on your overcoat *Ib*

JOHN LYDGATE

1370?–1451?

Dowel, Dobet, et Dobest
Piers Plowman MS Laud 851, passus VIII, heading

Woord is but wynd, leff woord and tak the dede
Secrees of old Philisoffres, 1224

Sithe off oure language he [Chaucer] was the lodesterre *The Fall of Princes*, prol l 252

Sithe he off Inglissh-making was the beste,
Preie onto God to yiue his soule good reste *Ib* l 356

Comparisouns doon offte gret greuaunce
Ib bk III, l 2188

Love is mor than gold or gret richesse
The Siege of Thebes Pt III, l 2716

JOHN LYLY

1554?–1606

CAMPASPE
Were women never so fair, men would be false
APELLES
Were women never so false, men would be fond
Campaspe, III. iii

Cupid and my Campaspe play'd
At cards for kisses, Cupid paid,
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows,
Loses them too, then, down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on 's cheek (but none knows how),
With these, the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple on his chin
All these did my Campaspe win
At last he set her both his eyes,
She won, and Cupid blind did rise
O Love! has she done this to thee?
What shall, alas! become of me? *Ib* III v

What bird so sings, yet so does wail?
O 'tis the ravish'd nightingale
Jug, jug, jug, jug, tereu, she cries,
And still her woes at midnight rise *Ib* V i

How at heaven's gates she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings *Ib*

Be valiant, but not too venturous Let thy attire be comely, but not costly
Euphues, Anatomy of Wit (Arber), p 39

Night hath a thousand eyes
Maides Metamorphose, III i

If all the earth were paper white
And all the sea were ink
'Twere not enough for me to write
As my poor heart doth think
Poems, Early Autobiographical Lyly's *Works*, ed Bond (1902), vol III, p 452

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE

1793–1847

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide,
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O, abide with me

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day,
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away,
Change and decay in all around I see,
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me
Remains Abide with Me

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless,
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness,
Where is death's sting? Where, Grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies,
Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee,
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me *Ib*

GEORGE LYTTELTON, BARON LYTTELTON

1709–1773

What is your sex's earliest, latest care,
Your heart's supreme ambition?—To be fair
Advice to a Lady, l 17

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great,
A woman's noblest station is retreat *Ib* l 51.

Where none admire, 'tis useless to excel,
Where none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle
Soliloquy of a Beauty in the Country

Tell me, my heart, if this be love?
Song When Delia

EDWARD GEORGE BULWER-LYTTON, BARON LYTTON

1803–1873

Ah, never can fall from the days that have been
A gleam on the years that shall be! *A Lament*

Take away the sword—
States can be saved without it!
Richelieu, II ii

In the lexicon of youth, which Fate reserves
For a bright manhood, there is no such word
As—*fail*! *Ib*

Here Stanley meets,—how Stanley scorns, the glance!
The brilliant chief, irregularly great,
Frank, haughty, rash,—the Rupert of Debate
The New Timon, pt I vi

Out-babying Wordsworth and out-glittering Keats
Ib

When stars are in the quiet skies,
Then most I pine for thee,
Bend on me, then, thy tender eyes,
As stars look on the sea!
Ernest Maltravers, bk III, ch I

Poverty has strange bedfellows
The Caxtons, pt IV, ch 4

Revolutions are not made with rose-water
The Parisians, bk V, ch 7

There is no man so friendless but what he can find a friend sincere enough to tell him disagreeable truths
What Will He Do With It?, bk III, ch 15 (heading)

EDWARD ROBERT BULWER-LYTTON, EARL OF LYTTON

see

OWEN MEREDITH

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY, BARON MACAULAY

1800–1859

Attend, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise,
I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient days *The Armada*

Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast,
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a post,
With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes,
Behind him march the halberdiers, before him sound the drums *Ib*

Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea,
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be *Ib*

The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless caves *Ib*

The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night *Ib*

At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires,
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling spires *Ib*

And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in,
And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the warlike errand went,
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of Kent *Ib*

Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent,
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle *Ib*

Obadiah Bind-their-kings-in-chains-and-their-nobles-with-links-of-iron *The Battle of Naseby*

Oh, wherefore come ye forth in triumph from the north,
With your hands, and your feet, and your raiment all red?
And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout?
And whence be the grapes of the wine-press which ye tread? *Ib*

And the Man of Blood was there, with his long essenced hair,
And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of the Rhine. *Ib*

For God! for the Cause! for the Church! for the laws!
For Charles King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine! *Ib*

The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums *Ib*

He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye,
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high *Ivry*

'Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme today the helmet of Navarre' *Ib*

Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale *Ib*

To my true king I offer'd free from stain
Courage and faith, vain faith, and courage vain
A Jacobite's Epitaph

And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees *Ib.*

By those white cliffs I never more must see,
By that dear language which I spake like thee,
Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear
O'er English dust. A broken heart lies here *Ib*

Lars Porsena of Clusium
By the nine gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more
By the Nine Gods he swore it,
And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
To summon his array
Lays of Ancient Rome *Horatius*, i

From lordly Volaterræ,
Where scowls the far-famed hold
Piled by the hands of giants
For godlike kings of old *Ib* iv

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

A proud man was Lars Porsena
Upon the trysting day *Ib* xi

And with a mighty following
To join the muster came
The Tusculan Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name *Ib* xii

And plainly and more plainly
Now might the burghers know,
By port and vest, by horse and crest,
Each warlike Lucumo *Ib* xviii

But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe *Ib* xvi

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate
'To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his Gods?' *Ib* xxii

To save them from false Sextus
That wrought the deed of shame *Ib* xxviii

'Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?' *Ib* xxix

And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three *Ib* xxxi

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

Was none who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack,
But those behind cried 'Forward!'
And those before cried 'Back!' *Ib* l

Thrice looked he at the city,
Thrice looked he at the dead,
And thrice came on in fury,
And thrice turned back in dread *Ib* lii.

'Come back, come back, Horatius!'
Loud cried the Fathers all
'Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!' *Ib* liii.

But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more *Ib* liv

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

'Oh, Tiber! father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!' *Ib* lix

And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer *Ib* lx

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing place *Ib* lxii

'Heaven help him!' quoth Lars Porsena,
'And bring him safe to shore,
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before' *Ib* lxiii

When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit. *Ib* lxix

With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old *Ib* lxx

In lordly Lacedæmon,
The city of two kings
The Battle of Lake Regillus, ii

Those trees in whose dim shadow
The ghastly priest doth reign,
The priest who slew the slayer,
And shall himself be slain *Ib* x

Herminius glared on Sextus. *Ib* xv

Ah! woe is me for the good house
That loves the people well! *Ib* xvii

For aye Valerius loathed the wrong,
And aye upheld the right *Ib* xviii

Away, away went Auster
Like an arrow from the bow
Black Auster was the fleetest steed
From Aufidus to Po *Ib* xxv

One of us two, Herminius,
Shall never more go home.
I will lay on for Tusculum
And lay thou on for Rome! *Ib* xxvii

Herminius smote Mamilius
Through breast-plate and through breast,
And fast flowed out the purple blood
Over the purple vest
Mamilius smote Herminius
Through headpiece and through head,
And side by side those chiefs of pride
Together fell down dead *Ib* xxviii

The pass was steep and rugged,
The wolves they howled and whined,
But he ran like a whirlwind up the pass,
And he left the wolves behind *Ib* xxix

'The furies of my brother
With me and mine abide,
If one of your accursed house
Upon black Auster ride!' *Ib* xxx

So spake he, and was buckling
Tighter black Auster's band,
When he was aware of a princely pair
That rode at his right hand
So like they were, no mortal
Might one from other know
White as snow their armour was
Their steeds were white as snow *Ib* xxxii

And all who saw them trembled,
And pale grew every cheek *Ib* xxxiii

Let no man stop to plunder,
But slay, and slay, and slay,
The Gods who live for ever
Are on our side to-day *Ib* xxxv

And fliers and pursuers
Were mingled in a mass,
And far away the battle
Went roaring through the pass *Ib* xxxvi

These be the great Twin Brethren
To whom the Dorians pray *Ib* xl

Thou, through all change,
Fix thy firm gaze on virtue and on me
Lines Written in August

Ye diners-out from whom we guard our spoons
Political Georgics See his letter to Hannah Macaulay, 29 June 1831

Knowledge advances by steps, and not by leaps
Essays and Biographies History

The business of everybody is the business of nobody
Historical Essays Contributed to the 'Edinburgh Review' Hallam's *Constitutional History* (Sept 1828)

The gallery in which the reporters sit has become a fourth estate of the realm *Ib*

He knew that the essence of war is violence, and that moderation in war is imbecility [John Hampden]
Ib Lord Nugent's Memorials of Hampden (Dec 1831)

The reluctant obedience of distant provinces generally costs more than it [the territory] is worth
Ib Lord Mahon's War of the Succession (Jan 1833)

The history of England is emphatically the history of progress
Ib Sir J Mackintosh's History of the Revolution (July 1835)

The rising hope of those stern and unbending Tories
Ib Gladstone on Church and State (April 1839)

Every schoolboy knows who imprisoned Montezuma, and who strangled Atahualpa *Ib Lord Clive*

They [the Nabobs] raised the price of everything in their neighbourhood, from fresh eggs to rotten boroughs *Ib*

When some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St Paul's *Ib Von Ranke* (Oct 1840)

The Chief Justice was rich, quiet, and infamous
Ib Warren Hastings (Oct 1841)

The great Proconsul *Ib*

In order that he might rob a neighbour whom he had promised to defend, black men fought on the coast of Coromandel, and red men scalped each other by the Great Lakes of North America
Ib Frederic the Great (April 1842).

We hardly know any instance of the strength and weakness of human nature so striking, and so grotesque, as the character of this haughty, vigilant, resolute, sagacious blue-stocking, half Mithridates and half Trissotin, bearing up against a world in arms, with an ounce of poison in one pocket and a quire of bad verses in the other [Frederick] *Ib*

Lues Boswelliana, or disease of admiration
Ib Earl of Chatham (Jan 1834)

The dust and silence of the upper shelf
Literary Essays Contributed to the 'Edinburgh Review' Milton (Aug 1825)

As civilization advances, poetry almost necessarily declines *Ib*

Perhaps no person can be a poet, or can even enjoy poetry, without a certain unsoundness of mind *Ib*

Nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand *Ib*

That propensity which, for want of a better name, we will venture to christen Boswellism *Ib*

Out of his surname they have coined an epithet for a knave, and out of his Christian name a synonym for the Devil *Ib Machiavelli* (March 1827)

Nothing is so useless as a general maxim *Ib*

We have heard it said that five per cent is the natural interest of money
Ib Southey's Colloquies (Jan 1830)

His writing bears the same relation to poetry which a Turkey carpet bears to a picture There are colours in the Turkey carpet out of which a picture might be made There are words in Mr Montgomery's writing which, when disposed in certain orders and combinations, have made, and will make again, good poetry But, as they now stand, they seem to be put together on principle in such a manner as to give no image of anything 'in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth'
Ib Mr Robert Montgomery's Poems (April 1830)

The use of a mirror, we submit, is not to be painted upon *Ib.*

But Mr Robert Montgomery's readers must take such grammar as they can get, and be thankful *Ib*

We take this to be, on the whole, the worst similitude in the world In the first place, no stream meanders, or can possibly meander, level with its fount In the next place, if streams did meander level with their founts, no two motions can be less like each other than that of meandering level and that of mounting upwards *Ib*

His theory is therefore this, that God made the thunder, but that the lightning made itself *Ib*

He had a head which statuaries loved to copy, and a foot the deformity of which the beggars in the street mimicked
Ib Moore's Life of Lord Byron (June 1830).

We know no spectacle so ridiculous as the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality *Ib*

We prefer a gipsy by Reynolds to his Majesty's head on a sign-post *Ib*

The world, we believe, is pretty well agreed in thinking that the shorter a prize poem is, the better *Ib*

From the poetry of Lord Byron they drew a system of ethics, compounded of misanthropy and voluptuousness, a system in which the two great commandments were, to hate your neighbour, and to love your neighbour's wife *Ib*

Very few and very weary are those who are in at the death of the Blatant Beast
Ib Southey's Edition of Pilgrim's Progress

What schoolboy of fourteen is ignorant of this remarkable circumstance? *Ib Sir William Temple*

There is a vile phrase of which bad historians are exceedingly fond, 'the dignity of history' *Ib*

The conformation of his mind was such that whatever was little seemed to him great, and whatever was great seemed to him little
Ib On Horace Walpole (Oct 1883)

With the dead there is no rivalry In the dead there is no change Plato is never sullen Cervantes is never petulant Demosthenes never comes unseasonably Dante never stays too long No difference of political opinion can alienate Cicero No heresy can excite the horror of Bossuet
Ib Lord Bacon

An acre in Middlesex is better than a principality in Utopia *Ib* (July 1837)

The checkered spectacle of so much glory and so much shame *Ib*

The Life of Johnson is assuredly a great, a very great work Homer is not more decidedly the first of heroic poets, Shakespeare is not more decidedly the first of dramatists, Demosthenes is not more decidedly the first of orators, than Boswell is the first of biographers
Ib Boswell's Life of Johnson

They knew luxury, they knew beggary, but they never knew comfort *Ib*

In the foreground is that strange figure which is as familiar to us as the figures of those among whom we have been brought up, the gigantic body, the huge massy face, seamed with the scars of disease, the brown coat, the black worsted stockings, the grey wig with the scorched foretop, the dirty hands, the nails bitten and pared to the quick *Ib*

Like Sir Condy Rackrent in the tale, she survived her own wake, and overheard the judgment of posterity *Ib Madame D'Arblay* (Jan 1843)

A sort of broken Johnsonese *Ib*

He was a rake among scholars, and a scholar among rakes [Richard Steele]
Ib Aikin's Life of Addison (July 1843)

The old philosopher is still among us in the brown coat with the metal buttons and the shirt which ought to be at wash, blinking, puffing, rolling his head, drumming with his fingers, tearing his meat like a tiger, and swallowing his tea in oceans
Life of Johnson (*ad fin*)

I shall cheerfully bear the reproach of having descended below the dignity of history
History of England, vol 1, ch 1

Thus our democracy was, from an early period, the most aristocratic, and our aristocracy the most democratic in the world *Ib*

Persecution produced its natural effect on them It found them a sect, it made them a faction *Ib*

It was a crime in a child to read by the bedside of a sick parent one of those beautiful collects which had soothed the griefs of forty generations of Christians *Ib* ch 2

The Puritan hated bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators *Ib*

There were gentlemen and there were seamen in the navy of Charles the Second But the seamen were not gentlemen, and the gentlemen were not seamen *Ib* ch 3

The English Bible, a book which, if everything else in our language should perish, would alone suffice to show the whole extent of its beauty and power
Edinburgh Review, Jan 1828 On John Dryden

His imagination resembled the wings of an ostrich It enabled him to run, though not to soar. *Ib*

The object of oratory alone is not truth, but persuasion *Works* (1898), vol xi *Essay on Athenian Orators*

Dark and terrible beyond any season within my remembrance of political affairs was the day of their flight Far darker and far more terrible will be the day of their return [The Tory Government, defeated in Nov 1830] *Speech, 20 Sept 1831*

Thank you, madam, the agony is abated [Reply, aged four]
Trevelyan's Life and Letters of Macaulay, ch 1

I shall not be satisfied unless I produce something which shall for a few days supersede the last fashionable novel on the tables of young ladies
Ib ch 13

JOSEPH McCARTHY

You made me love you,
I didn't want to do it *You Made Me Love You*

JOHN McCRAE

d 1918

Take up our quarrel with the foe
To you from falling hands we throw
The torch, be yours to hold it high
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields
In Flanders Fields (*Punch*, vol cxlix, *8 Dec 1915*)

GEORGE MACDONALD

1824–1905

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here
At the Back of the North Wind, xxxiii, *Song*

Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through *Ib*

Here lie I, Martin Elginbrodde
Hae mercy o' my soul, Lord God,
As I wad do, were I Lord God,
And ye were Martin Elginbrodde
David Elginbrod, bk i, ch 13

Alas, how easily things go wrong!
A sigh too much, or a kiss too long,
And there follows a mist and a weeping rain,
And life is never the same again
Phantastes Down the Lane

They all were looking for a king
To slay their foes, and lift them high,
Thou cam'st, a little baby thing,
That made a woman cry *That Holy Thing*

CHARLES MACKAY

1814–1889

Cheer! Boys, cheer! *Title of Song*

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming *The Good Time Coming*

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might
In the days when earth was young *Tubal Cain*

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH

1765–1832

Men are never so good or so bad as their opinions
Ethical Philosophy, section 6 *Bentham*

The frivolous work of polished idleness
Ib Remarks on Thomas Brown

The Commons, faithful to their system, remained in a wise and masterly inactivity
Vindiciæ Gallicæ, sec 1

MURDOCH McLENNAN

fl 1715

There 's some say that we wan, some say that they wan
Some say that nane wan at a', man,
But one thing I'm sure, that at Sheriffmuir
A battle there was which I saw, man
And we ran, and they ran, and they ran, and we ran in
And we ran, and they ran awa', man!
Sheriffmuir Roxburghe Ballads (1889), vol vi
In Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*, 1821, vol ii, the last line is 'But Florence ran fastest of a', man (Florence was the Marquis of Huntley's horse

NORMAN MACLEOD

1812–1872

Courage, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path is dark as night,
There's a star to guide the humble
'Trust in God, and do the Right'
Book of Praise Courage, Brother

LEONARD McNALLY

1752–1820

This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,
Has won my right good-will,
I'd crowns resign to call thee mine,
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill
The Lass of Richmond Hill E Duncan *Minstrelsy of England* (1905), i 254 Attr also to W Upton in *Oxford Song Book*, and to W Hudson in Baring-Gould, *English Minstrelsie* (1895), iii 54

SAMUEL MADDEN

1687–1765

Words are men's daughters, but God's sons are things
Boulter's Monument, i 377

ALFRED THAYER MAHAN

1840–1914

Those far distant, storm-beaten ships, upon which the Grand Army never looked, stood between it and the dominion of the world
The Influence of Sea Power upon the French Revolution and Empire 1793–1812 (1892), ii 118

FRANCIS SYLVESTER MAHONY

see FATHER PROUT

SIR HENRY JAMES SUMNER MAINE

1822–1888

Except the blind forces of Nature, nothing moves in this world which is not Greek in its origin
Rede Lecture, 1875 Village Communities

DAVID MALLET

1705?–1765

O grant me, Heaven, a middle state,
Neither too humble nor too great,
More than enough for nature's ends,
With something left to treat my friends
Imitation of Horace, bk II, sat. vi

SIR THOMAS MALORY

fl 1470

It is notoriously known through the universal world that there be nine worthy and the best that ever were That is to wit three paynims, three Jews, and three Christian men As for the paynims they were . the first Hector of Troy, . the second Alexander the Great, and the third Julius Caesar . As for the three Jews . the first was Duke Joshua , the second David, King of Jerusalem, and the third Judas Maccabaeus And sith the said Incarnation was first the noble Arthur The second was Charlemagne or Charles the Great , and the third and last was Godfrey of Bouillon
Le Morte D'Arthur, vol I *Caxton's Original Preface*

I, according to my copy, have done set it in imprint, to the intent that noble men may see and learn the noble acts of chivalry, the gentle and virtuous deeds that some knights used in those days *Ib*

Wherein they shall find many joyous and pleasant histories, and noble and renowned acts of humanity, gentleness, and chivalries For herein may be seen noble chivalry, courtesy, humanity, friendliness, hardiness, love, friendship, cowardice, murder, hate, virtue, and sin Do after the good and leave the evil, and it shall bring you to good fame and renown *Ib*

Me repenteth, said Merlin, because of the death of that lady thou shalt strike a stroke most dolorous that ever man struck, except the stroke of our Lord, for thou shalt hurt the truest knight and the man of most worship that now liveth, and through that stroke three kingdoms shall be in great poverty, misery and wretchedness twelve years, and the knight shall not be whole of that wound for many years *Ib* bk II, ch 8

What, nephew, said the king, is the wind in that door? *Ib* bk VII, ch 34

The questing beast *Ib* bk IX, ch 12.

God defend me, said Dinadan, for the joy of love is too short, and the sorrow thereof, and what cometh thereof, dureth over long
Ib bk X, ch 56

It is his day, said Dinadan *Ib* ch 70

Nay, by my knighthood, said Palomides, I never espied that ever she loved me more than all the world, nor never had I pleasure with her, but the last day she gave me the greatest rebuke that ever I had, the which shall never go from my heart
Ib ch. 82

Fair lord, salute me to my lord, Sir Launcelot, my father, and as soon as ye see him, bid him remember of this unstable world *Ib* bk XVII, ch 22

Thus endeth the story of the Sangreal, that was briefly drawn out of French into English, the which is a story chronicled for one of the truest and the holiest that is in this world
Ib ch 23, end

And thus it passed on from Candlemass until after Easter, that the month of May was come, when every lusty heart beginneth to blossom, and to bring forth fruit, for like as herbs and trees bring forth fruit and flourish in May, in likewise every lusty heart that is in any manner a lover, springeth and flourisheth in lusty deeds
Ib bk XVIII, ch 25

Therefore all ye that be lovers call unto your remembrance the month of May, like as did Queen Guenevere, for whom I make here a little mention, that while she lived she was a true lover, and therefore she had a good end *Ib*

Through this man and me hath all this war been wrought, and the death of the most noblest knights of the world, for through our love that we have loved together is my most noble lord slain *Ib* bk XXI, ch 9

Therefore, Sir Launcelot, I require thee and beseech thee heartily, for all the love that ever was betwixt us, that thou never see me more in the visage. *Ib.*

Wherefore, madam, I pray you kiss me and never no more Nay, said the queen, that shall I never do, but abstain you from such works and they departed But there was never so hard an hearted man but he would have wept to see the dolour that they made *Ib* ch 10

And Sir Launcelot awoke, and went and took his horse, and rode all that day and all night in a forest, weeping *Ib*

Then Sir Launcelot saw her visage, but he wept not greatly, but sighed *Ib* ch. 11

Said Sir Ector Sir Launcelot thou wert never matched of earthly knights' hand, and thou wert the courteoust knight that ever bare shield, and thou wert the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrad horse, and thou wert the truest lover of a sinful man that ever loved woman, and thou wert the kindest man that ever struck with sword, and thou wert the goodliest person that ever came among press of knights, and thou wert the meekest man and the gentlest that ever ate in hall among ladies, and thou wert the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in the rest
Ib ch 13

W. R. MANDALE

19th cent

Up and down the City Road,
In and out the Eagle,
That's the way the money goes—
Pop goes the weasel!
Pop Goes the Weasel

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN

1803–1849

There's wine from the royal Pope
Upon the ocean green,
And Spanish ale shall give you hope,
My Dark Rosaleen! *Dark Rosaleen*

Your holy delicate white hands
Shall girdle me with steel. *Ib*

The fair hills of Eiré, O *Title of Poem*

Roll forth, my song, like the rushing river
The Nameless One

He, too, had tears for all souls in trouble
Here, and in hell *Ib*

MARY DE LA RIVIERE MANLEY

1663–1724

No time like the present *The Lost Lover*, IV 1

HORACE MANN

1796–1859

The object of punishment is, prevention from evil, it never can be made impulsive to good
Lectures and Reports on Education, 1867, lecture VII

Lost, yesterday, somewhere between Sunrise and Sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes No reward is offered, for they are gone forever *Lost, Two Golden Hours*

LORD JOHN MANNERS, DUKE OF RUTLAND

1818–1906

Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,
But leave us still our old nobility!
England's Trust, pt III, l 227.

WILLIAM MURRAY, EARL OF MANSFIELD

1705–1793

Consider what you think justice requires, and decide accordingly But never give your reasons, for your judgement will probably be right, but your reasons will certainly be wrong
Advice Campbell's *Lives of the Chief Justices*, 1874, vol IV, p 26

RICHARD MANT

1776–1848

Bright the vision that delighted
Once the sight of Judah's seer
Ancient Hymns Bright the Vision

WILLIAM LEARNED MARCY

1786–1857

To the victor belong the spoils of the enemy
Parton's *Life of Jackson* (1860), vol III, p 378

EDWIN MARKHAM

1852–

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world
The Man with the Hoe.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

1564–1593

My men, like satyrs grazing on the lawns,
Shall with their goat feet dance an antic hay
Edward II, I 1 59

For when we hear one rack the name of God,
Abjure the Scriptures, and his Saviour Christ,
We fly, in hope to get his glorious soul
Faustus, 1 282

MEPHISTOPHELES
O by aspiring pride and insolence,
For which God threw him from the face of heaven
FAUSTUS
And what are you that live with Lucifer?
MEPHISTOPHELES
Unhappy spirits that fell with Lucifer,
Conspired against our God with Lucifer,
And are for ever damned with Lucifer *Ib* 1 303

Why this is hell, nor am I out of it
Thinkst thou that I who saw the face of God,
And tasted the eternal joys of heaven,
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells
In being deprived of everlasting bliss? *Ib* 1 312.

When all the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be hell that are not heaven *Ib* 1 556.

Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss!
Her lips suck forth my soul see, where it flies!
Come Helen, come give me my soul again
Here will I dwell, for heaven be in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena *Ib* 1 1328.

O thou art fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars,
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter,
When he appeared to hapless Semele,
More lovely than the monarch of the sky
In wanton Arethusa's azured arms,
And none but thou shalt be my paramour *Ib* 1 1341

Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damned perpetually,
Stand still you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come
Ib 1 1420

O lente, lente currite noctis equs
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd
O I'll leap up to my God who pulls me down?
See see where Christ's blood streams in the firmament
One drop would save my soul, half a drop, ah my Christ *Ib* 1 1428

Ah Pythagoras metempsychosis *Ib* 1 1461.

Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burnèd is Apollo's laurel bough,
That sometime grew within this learned man
Ib l 1478

It lies not in our power to love, or hate,
For will in us is over-rul'd by fate
When two are stripped, long ere the course begin,
We wish that one should lose, the other win,
And one especially do we affect
Of two gold ingots, like in each respect
The reason no man knows, let it suffice,
What we behold is censured by our eyes
Where both deliberate, the love is slight,
Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?
Hero and Leander First Sestiad, l 167

I count religion but a childish toy,
And hold there is no sin but ignorance
The Jew of Malta, l 14

And as their wealth increases, so enclose
Infinite riches in a little room *Ib* l 71

As for myself, I walke abroad a nights
And kill sick people groaning under walls
Sometimes I go about and poison wells *Ib* l 939

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Woods or steepy mountain yields
The Passionate Shepherd to his Love

By shallow rivers to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals *Ib*

And I will make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies *Ib*

Jigging veins of rhyming mother wits
Conquests of Tamburlaine, prologue

Zenocrate, lovelier than the Love of Jove,
Brighter than is the silver Rhodope,
Fairer than whitest snow on Scythian hills
Ib pt 1, l 283

Our swords shall play the orators for us *Ib* l 328

With Nature's pride, and richest furniture,
His looks do menace heaven and dare the Gods
Ib l 351

His deep affections make him passionate *Ib* l 359

These are the men that all the world admires
Ib l 418

Accurst be he that first invented war *Ib* l 664

Is it not passing brave to be a King,
And ride in triumph through Persepolis? *Ib* l 758

Nature that fram'd us of four elements,
Warring within our breasts for regiment,
Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds
Our souls, whose faculties can comprehend
The wondrous Architecture of the world
And measure every wand'ring planet's course,
Still climbing after knowledge infinite,
And always moving as the restless Spheres,
Will us to wear ourselves and never rest,
Until we reach the ripest fruit of all,
That perfect bliss and sole felicity,
The sweet fruition of an earthly crown *Ib* l 869

Virtue is the fount whence honour springs *Ib*. l 1769.

Ah fair Zenocrate, divine Zenocrate,
Fair is too foul an epithet for thee *Ib* l. 1916

What is beauty saith my sufferings then?
If all the pens that ever poets held,
Had fed the feeling of their masters' thoughts,
And every sweetness that inspir'd their hearts,
Their minds, and muses on admired themes
If all the heavenly quintessence they still
From their immortal flowers of Poesy,
Wherein as in a mirror we perceive
The highest reaches of a human wit
If these had made one poem's period
And all combin'd in beauty's worthiness,
Yet should there hover in their restless heads,
One thought, one grace, one wonder at the least,
Which into words no virtue can digest. *Ib* l 1941

Now walk the angels on the walls of heaven,
As sentinels to warn th' immortal souls,
To entertain divine Zenocrate *Ib* pt II, l 2983

Yet let me kiss my Lord before I die,
And let me die with kissing of my Lord *Ib* l 3037

Helen, whose beauty summoned Greece to arms,
And drew a thousand ships to Tenedos *Ib* l 3055

More childish valourous than manly wise *Ib* l 3690

Holla, ye pampered Jades of Asia
What, can ye draw but twenty miles a day?
Ib. l. 3980.

I'm arm'd with more than complete steel—
The justice of my quarrel
Lust's Dominion, IV, III Play probably not by Marlowe

SHACKERLEY MARMION

1603–1639

Familiarity begets boldness. *The Antiquary*, Act I

Great joys, like griefs, are silent
Holland's Leaguer, v I

DONALD ROBERT PERRY MARQUIS

1878–

The great open spaces
where cats are cats
Archy and Mehitabel, XIV. *Mehitabel Has an Adventure*, l 100

FREDERICK MARRYAT

1792–1848

There's no getting blood out of a turnip
Japhet, ch 4

'If you please, ma'am, it was a very little one' [The nurse excusing her illegitimate baby]
Midshipman Easy, ch 3

All zeal . . . All zeal, Mr Easy *Ib* ch 9

As savage as a bear with a sore head
The King's Own, ch 26

I never knows the children It's just six of one and half-a-dozen of the other *The Pirate*, ch 4

I think it much better that . . every man paddle his own canoe *Settlers in Canada*, ch 8

JOHN MARSTON

1575?–1634

Who winks and shuts his apprehension up
Antonio's Revenge, prologue

ANDREW MARVELL

1620–1678

Thrice happy he who, not mistook,
Hath read in Nature's mystic book
Upon Appleton House To My Lord Fairfax, lxxiii

Where the remote Bermudas ride
In th' ocean's bosom unespied *Bermudas*

Orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night *Ib*

And makes the hollow seas, that roar,
Proclaim the ambergris on shore
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospel's pearls upon our coast *Ib*

Echo beyond the Mexique Bay *Ib*

Had we but world enough, and time,
This coyness Lady were no crime
We would sit down, and think which way
To walk, and pass our long love's day
To His Coy Mistress

I would
Love you ten years before the Flood
And you should if you please refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews
My vegetable love should grow
Vaster than empires, and more slow *Ib*

But at my back I always hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity
Thy beauty shall no more be found,
Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound
My echoing song then worms shall try
That long preserved virginity
And your quaint honour turn to dust,
And into ashes all my lust
The grave's a fine and private place,
But none I think do there embrace *Ib*

My love is of a birth as rare
As 'tis for object strange and high
It was begotten by despair
Upon impossibility

Magnanimous Despair alone
Could show me so divine a thing,
Where feeble Hope could ne'er have flown
But vainly flapt its tinsel wing *Definition of Love*

As lines so loves oblique may well
Themselves in every angle greet
But ours so truly parallel,
Though infinite can never meet.

Therefore the love which us doth bind,
But Fate so enviously debars,
Is the conjunction of the mind,
And opposition of the stars *Ib*

Earth cannot shew so brave a sight
As when a single soul does fence
The batteries of alluring sense,
And Heaven views it with delight
Dialogue between the Resolved Soul and Created Pleasure

All this fair, and soft, and sweet,
Which scatteringly doth shine,
Shall within one Beauty meet,
And she be only thine *Ib*

And want new worlds to buy *Ib*

Not full sails hasting loaden home,
Nor the chaste lady's pregnant womb,
Nor Cynthia teeming shows so fair,
As two eyes swoln with weeping are *Eyes and Tears*

Thus let your streams o'erflow your springs,
Till eyes and tears be the same things
And each the other's difference bears,
These weeping eyes, those seeing tears *Ib*

They neither build the Temple in their days,
Nor matter for succeeding founders raise
The First Anniversary of the Government under Oliver Cromwell, l 33

Choosing each stone, and poising every weight,
Trying the measures of the breadth and height,
Here pulling down, and there erecting new,
Founding a firm state by proportions true *Ib* l 245.

How vainly men themselves amaze
To win the palm, the oak, or bays,
And their uncessant labours see
Crown'd from some single herb or tree,
Whose short and narrow vergèd shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid,
While all flowers and all trees do close
To weave the garlands of repose *The Garden*

Fair quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence thy Sister dear! *Ib*

Society is all but rude,
To this delicious solitude *Ib*

The Gods, that mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race
Apollo hunted Daphne so,
Only that she might laurel grow
And Pan did after Syrinx speed,
Not as a nymph, but for a reed *Ib.*

What wond'rous life is this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head,
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine,
The nectarine and curious peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach,
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Insnar'd with flow'rs, I fall on grass *Ib*

Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness *Ib*

Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade *Ib.*

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide:
There like a bird it sits, and sings,
Then whets, and combs its silver wings,
And, till prepar'd for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light *Ib*

Such was that happy garden-state,
While man there walk'd without a mate *Ib*

But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there
Two Paradises 'twere in one
To live in Paradise alone *Ib*

Of a tall stature and of sable hue,
Much like the son of Kish that lofty Jew,
Twelve years complete he suffer'd in exile
And kept his father's asses all the while
An Historical Poem

He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try
Horatian Ode upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland, l 57

But bowed his comely head,
Down as upon a bed *Ib*

And now the Irish are ashamed
To see themselves in one year tamed
So much one man can do
That does both act and know *Ib* l 75

Ye living lamps, by whose dear light
The nightingale does sit so late,
And studying all the summer night,
Her matchless songs does meditate
The Mower to the Glow-worms

The wanton troopers riding by
Have shot my fawn and it will die
Nymph Complaining for the Death of her Fawn

Thy love was far more better than
The love of false and cruel men *Ib*

It is a wond'rous thing, how fleet
'Twas on those little silver feet
With what a pretty skipping grace,
It oft would challenge me the race
And when 't had left me far away,
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay.
For it was nimbler much than hinds,
And trod, as on the four winds *Ib*

I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown,
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness *Ib*

Had it liv'd long, it would have been
Lilies without, roses within *Ib*

The Picture of little T C in a Prospect of Flowers
Title of Poem

Who can foretell for what high cause
This darling of the Gods was born?
The Picture of Little T C

For though the whole world cannot shew such another,
Yet we'd better by far have him than his brother
Statue in Stocks-Market

He is Translation's thief that addeth more,
As much as he that taketh from the store
Of the first author *To Dr Witty*

MARY TUDOR

1516–1558

When I am dead and opened, you shall find 'Calais' lying in my heart *Holinshed, Chron* III 1160

THEOPHILE JULIUS HENRY MARZIALS

1850–

'Ahoy! and Oho, and it's who's for the ferry?'
(The briar's in bud and the sun going down)
'And I'll row ye so quick and I'll row ye so steady,
And 'tis but a penny to Twickenham Town'
Twickenham Ferry

JOHN MASEFIELD

1874–

Over the grasses of the ancient way
Rutted this morning by the passing guns.
August 1914.

Coming in solemn beauty like slow old tunes of Spain
Beauty.

But the loveliest things of beauty God ever has showed to me,
Are her voice, and her hair, and eyes, and the dear red curve of her lips *Ib*

Quinquireme of Nineveh from distant Ophir
Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,
With a cargo of ivory,
And apes and peacocks,
Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine.
Cargoes

Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke stack,
Butting through the Channel in the mad March days,
With a cargo of Tyne coal,
Road-rail, pig-lead,
Firewood, iron-ware, and cheap tin trays *Ib*

Oh some are fond of Spanish wine, and some are fond of French,
And some'll swallow tay and stuff fit only for a wench
Captain Stratton's Fancy

And fifteen arms went round her waist.
(And then men ask, Are Barmaids chaste?)
The Everlasting Mercy

To get the whole world out of bed
And washed, and dressed, and warmed, and fed,
To work, and back to bed again,
Believe me, Saul, costs worlds of pain *Ib*

And he who gives a child a treat
Makes joy-bells ring in Heaven's street,
And he who gives a child a home
Builds palaces in Kingdom come,
And she who gives a baby birth
Brings Saviour Christ again to Earth *Ib*

O Christ, the plough, O Christ, the laughter
Of holy white birds flying after *Ib*

The corn that makes the holy bread
By which the soul of man is fed,
The holy bread, the food unpriced,
Thy everlasting mercy, Christ *Ib*

Death opens unknown doors It is most grand to die
Pompey the Great 1 *The Chief Centurions*
'Man is a sacred city'

The house is falling,
The beaten men come into their own
The Rider at the Gate

One road leads to London,
One road runs to Wales,
My road leads me seawards
To the white dipping sails *Roadways*

My road calls me, lures me
West, east, south, and north,
Most roads lead men homewards,
My road leads me forth *Ib*

I must down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn breaking *Sea Fever*

I must down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied *Ib*

I must down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife,
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over *Ib*

Friends and loves we have none, nor wealth nor blessed abode,
But the hope of the City of God at the other end of the road. *The Seekers*

It is good to be out on the road, and going one knows not where *Tewkesbury Road*

It's a warm wind, the west wind, full of birds' cries,
I never hear the west wind but tears are in my eyes
For it comes from the west lands, the old brown hills,
And April's in the west wind, and daffodils
The West Wind

JACKSON MASON

1833–1889

'Rise up, My love, My fair one,
Arise and come away
For lo, 'tis past, the winter,
The winter of thy year,
The rain is past and over,
The flowers on earth appear
And now the time of singing
Is come for every bird,
And over all the country
The turtle dove is heard'
Suppl Hymns to Hymns A and M, 1889
O Voice of the Beloved

PHILIP MASSINGER

1583–1640

Ambition, in a private man a vice,
Is, in a prince, the virtue
The Bashful Lover, I ii.

He that would govern others, first should be
The master of himself *The Bondman*, I iii

Be wise;
Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise
Duke of Milan, I ii.

Greatness, with private men
Esteem'd a blessing, is to me a curse;
And we, whom, for our high births, they conclude
The only freemen, are the only slaves
Happy the golden mean! *Great Duke of Florence*, I i

I am driven
Into a desperate strait and cannot steer
A middle course *Ib* III i.

A New Way to Pay Old Debts *Title of Play.*

The devil turned precisian!
A New Way to Pay Old Debts, I i.

I write *nil ultra* to my proudest hopes. *Ib* IV i.

Patience, the beggar's virtue *Ib* V i.

Some undone widow sits upon my arm,
And takes away the use of 't, and my sword,
Glued to my scabbard with wrong'd orphans' tears,
Will not be drawn *Ib*

View yourselves
In the deceiving mirror of self-love.
Parliament of Love, I v.

What pity 'tis, one that can speak so well,
Should in his actions be so ill! *Ib* III iii

All words,
And no performance! *Ib* IV ii

There are a thousand doors to let out life. *Ib*

Serves and fears
The fury of the many-headed monster,
The giddy multitude *The Unnatural Combat*, III ii.

CHARLES ROBERT MATURIN

1782–1824

'Tis well to be merry and wise,
'Tis well to be honest and true,
'Tis well to be off with the old love,
Before you are on with the new
Bertram Motto.

GEORGE LOUIS PALMELLA BUSSON DU MAURIER

1834–1896

Life ain't all beer and skittles, and more's the pity, but what's the odds, so long as you're happy?
Trilby, pt 1

The salad, for which, like everybody else I ever met, he had a special receipt of his own *Ib*

A little work, a little play
To keep us going—and so, good-day!

A little warmth, a little light
Of love's bestowing—and so, good-night!

A little fun, to match the sorrow
Of each day's growing—and so, good-morrow!

A little trust that when we die
We reap our sowing! and so—good-bye! *Ib* (end)

WILLIAM LAMB, VISCOUNT MELBOURNE

1779–1848

I wish I was as cocksure of anything as Tom Macaulay is of everything
Earl Cowper's Preface to Lord Melbourne's Papers, 1889, p xii

Things have come to a pretty pass when religion is allowed to invade the sphere of private life
Remark on hearing an Evangelical Sermon G W E Russell's Collections and Recollections, ch 6

THOMAS MELLOR

1880–1926

I wouldn't leave my little wooden hut for you!
I've got one lover and I don't want two
I Wouldn't Leave My Little Wooden Hut for You

GEORGE MEREDITH

1828–1909

With patient inattention hear him prate
Bellerophon, iv

Sword of Common Sense!
Our surest gift *To the Comic Spirit*

He who has looked upon Earth
Deeper than flower and fruit,
Losing some hue of his mirth,
As the tree striking rock at the root
The Day of the Daughter of Hades, 1

And we go,
And we drop like the fruits of the tree,
Even we,
Even so *Dirge in Woods*

Is it accepted of Song? *The Empty Purse*

Keep the young generations in hail,
And bequeath them no tumbled house! *Ib*

The Man of England circled by the sands
Epitaph on Gordon of Khartoum

Shall man into the mystery of breath
From his quick beating pulse a pathway spy?
Or learn the secret of the shrouded death,
By lifting up the lid of a white eye?
Cleave thou thy way with fathering desire
Of fire to reach to fire *Hymn to Colour*, v.

Not forfeiting the beast with which they are crossed,
To stature of the gods they will attain
Ib xiv.

The song had ceased, my vision with the song
Ib. xv.

Death met I too,
And saw the dawn glow through *Ib.*

Bring the army of the faithful through.
To J[ohn] M[orley]

I've studied men from my topsy-turvy
Close, and, I reckon, rather true
Some are fine fellows some, right scurvy
Most, a dash between the two *Juggling Jerry*, vii

I'm the bird dead-struck! *Ib* xiii.

Under yonder beech-tree single on the greensward,
Couched with her arms behind her golden head,
Knees and tresses folded to slip and ripple idly,
Lies my young love sleeping in the shade
Love in the Valley, 1

She whom I love is hard to catch and conquer,
Hard, but O the glory of the winning were she won!
Ib ii.

Lovely are the curves of the white owl sweeping
Wavy in the dusk lit by one large star
Lone on the fir-branch, his rattle-note unvaried,
Brooding o'er the gloom, spins the brown eve-jar
Darker grows the valley, more and more forgetting.
So were it with me if forgetting could be willed
Tell the grassy hollow that holds the bubbling well-spring,
Tell it to forget the source that keeps it filled *Ib* v

Fain would fling the net, and fain have her free *Ib* vi

Pure from the night, and splendid for the day *Ib* ix

In arrowy rain *Ib* xii

Quaintest, richest carol of all the singing throats!
[Blackbird] *Ib* xvii

Straight rains and tiger sky. *Ib* xix

Gossips count her faults, they scour a narrow chamber
Where there is no window, read not heaven or her
Ib xxii

Our souls were in our names *Ib* xxiii

Around the ancient track marched, rank on rank,
The army of unalterable law.
Lucifer in Starlight

Each wishing for the sword that severs all
Modern Love, 1

Not till the fire is dying in the grate,
Look we for any kinship with the stars *Ib* iv

With hindward feather, and with forward toe
Her much-adored delightful Fairy Prince! *Ib* x.

And if I drink oblivion of a day,
So shorten I the stature of my soul *Ib* xii.

'I play for Seasons, not Eternities!'
Says Nature *Ib* xiii

It is in truth a most contagious game
HIDING THE SKELETON, shall be its name. *Ib* xvii

They have the secret of the bull and lamb.
'Tis true that when we trace its source, 'tis beer
Ib xviii

We'll sit contentedly
And eat our pot of honey on the grave. *Ib* xxix

That rarest gift
To Beauty, Common Sense *Ib* xxxii

O have a care of natures that are mute! *Ib* xxxv

God, what a dancing spectre seems the moon
Ib xxxix

In tragic life, God wot,
No villain need be! Passions spin the plot
We are betrayed by what is false within *Ib* xliii

We saw the swallows gathering in the sky *Ib* xlvii

The pilgrims of the year waxed very loud
In multitudinous chatterings *Ib*

Their sense is with their senses all mixed in,
Destroyed by subtleties these women are!
Ib xlviii

More brain, O Lord, more brain! *Ib*

Thus piteously Love closed what he begat *Ib* l

Ah, what a dusty answer gets the soul
When hot for certainties in this our life! *Ib*

God! of whom music
And song and blood are pure,
The day is never darkened
That had thee here obscure
Phoebus with Admetus

You with shelly horns, rams! and, promontory goats,
You whose browsing beards dip in coldest dew!
Bulls, that walk the pastures in kingly-flashing coats!
Laurel, ivy, vine, wreathed for feasts not few! *Ib*

Narrows the world to my neighbour's gate
Seed Time

Through the sermon's dull defile
The Sage Enamoured, v

Into the breast that gives the rose,
Shall I with shuddering fall?
The Spirit of Earth in Autumn

Broad as ten thousand beeves
At pasture! *The Spirit of Shakespeare*, i.

As the birds do, so do we,
Bill our mate, and choose our tree
The Three Singers to Young Blood, i

Lowly, with a broken neck,
The crocus lays her cheek to mire
The Thrush in February

Full lasting is the song, though he,
The singer, passes lasting too,
For souls not lent in usury,
The rapture of the forward view. *Ib*

We spend our lives in learning pilotage,
And grow good steersmen when the vessel's crank!
The Wisdom of Eld

Sweet as Eden is the air,
And Eden-sweet the ray *Woodland Peace.*

Enter those enchanted woods,
You who dare
The Woods of Westermain

Thoughts of heroes were as good as warming-pans
Beauchamp's Career, ch 4

'Wilt thou?' said the winged minute *Ib* ch 22

They that make of his creed a strait jacket for humanity *Ib* ch 29

He had by nature a tarnishing eye that cast discolouration *Diana of the Crossways*, ch 1

Men may have rounded Seraglio Point they have not yet doubled Cape Turk *Ib*

Sentimental people, in her phrase, fiddle harmonics on the strings of sensualism *Ib*

Rose pink and dirty drab will alike have passed away *Ib*

'Tis Ireland gives England her soldiers, her generals too *Ib* ch 2

She did not seduce, she ravished *Ib* ch 7

'Hog's my feed,' said Andrew Hedger 'Ah could eat hog a solid hower!' *Ib* ch 8

She was a lady of incisive features bound in stale parchment *Ib* ch 14

Prose can paint evening and moonlight, but poets are needed to sing the dawn *Ib* ch 16

'But how divine is utterance!' she said 'As we to the brutes, poets are to us' *Ib.*

Brittle is foredoomed. *Ib* ch 28

Between the ascetic rocks and the sensual whirlpools *Ib* ch 37

He had his nest of wishes piping to him all the time *Ib* ch 42

There is nothing the body suffers the soul may not profit by *Ib* ch 43

He has a leg. *The Egoist*, ch 2

A dainty rogue in porcelain *Ib* ch 5

Cynicism is intellectual dandyism. *Ib* ch 7

A Phoebus Apollo turned fasting friar *Ib* ch 10

In the book of Egoism, it is written, Possession without obligation to the object possessed approaches felicity *Ib* ch. 14

I have but a girl to give! *Ib* ch 20

Are you quite well, Laetitia? *Ib* ch 40

None of your dam punctilio
One of Our Conquerors, ch 1

I expect that Woman will be the last thing civilized by Man. *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, ch 1

In action Wisdom goes by majorities *Ib*

Who rises from prayer a better man, his prayer is answered. *Ib.* ch 12

A youth educated by a system *Ib* ch 15

Kissing don't last cookery do! *Ib* ch 28

Speech is the small change of silence *Ib* ch 34

Italia, Italia shall be free. *Vittoria*, ch 21

Much benevolence of the passive order may be traced to a disinclination to inflict pain upon oneself *Ib* ch 42

OWEN MEREDITH
(EDWARD ROBERT BULWER, EARL OF LYTTON)
1831–1891

There's nothing certain in man's life but this
That he must lose it *Clytemnestra*, pt xx

He may live without books,—what is knowledge but grieving?
He may live without hope,—what is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love,—what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?
Lucile, pt I, c II, xxiv

Genius does what it must, and Talent does what it can
Poems Last Words of a Sensitive Second-Rate Poet

ALICE MEYNELL
1850–1922

Flocks of the memories of the day draw near
The dovecote doors of sleep *At Night*

With this ambiguous earth
His dealings have been told us These abide
The signal to a maid, the human birth,
The lesson, and the young Man crucified
Christ in the Universe

I come from nothing, but from where
Come the undying thoughts I bear?
The Modern Poet, or A Song of Derivations

I must not think of thee, and, tired yet strong,
I shun the thought that lurks in all delight—
The thought of thee—and in the blue heaven's height,
And in the sweetest passage of a song
Renouncement (ed 1923)

With the first dream that comes with the first sleep
I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart *Ib*

She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep *The Shepherdess*

She holds her little thoughts in sight,
Though gay they run and leap
She is so circumspect and right,
She has her soul to keep *Ib*

Sudden as sweet
Come the expected feet
All joy is young, and new all art,
And He too, Whom we have by heart
Unto us a Son is Given

HUGO MEYNELL
1727–1808

The chief advantage of London is, that a man is always so near his burrow
Boswell's Johnson (ed. 1934), vol III, p 379, 1 Apr. 1779

For anything I see, foreigners are fools
Ib vol IV, p 15, 1780

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE
1734–1788

The dews of summer night did fall,
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
Silver'd the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby
Cumnor Hall

THOMAS MIDDLETON
1570?–1627

I never heard
Of any true affection, but 'twas nipt
With care *Blurt, Master-Constable*, III 1 39

By many a happy accident
No Wit, No Help, Like a Woman's, IV 1 66

Though I be poor, I'm honest *The Witch*, III II

There's no hate lost between us *Ib* IV III 10

Black spirits and white, red spirits and gray,
Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may!
Ib V II 60

ALBERT MIDLANE
1825–1909

There's a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A Friend Who never changes,
Whose love will never die
Good News for the Little Ones There's a Friend for Little Children

JOHN STUART MILL
1806–1873

Ask yourself whether you are happy, and you cease to be so *Autobiography*, ch 5

No great improvements in the lot of mankind are possible, until a great change takes place in the fundamental constitution of their modes of thought.
Ib. ch 7

As often as a study is cultivated by narrow minds, they will draw from it narrow conclusions
Auguste Comte and Positivism, 1865, p 82

When society requires to be rebuilt, there is no use in attempting to rebuild it on the old plan
Dissertations and Discussions, Essays on Coleridge, 1859, vol I, p 423

Unearned increment *Ib* vol IV, p 299

The sole end for which mankind are warranted, individually or collectively, in interfering with the liberty of action of any of their number, is self-protection *Liberty*, introduction

If all mankind minus one, were of one opinion, and only one person were of the contrary opinion, mankind would be no more justified in silencing that one person, than he, if he had the power, would be justified in silencing mankind *Ib* ch 2

We can never be sure that the opinion we are endeavouring to stifle is a false opinion, and if we were sure, stifling it would be an evil still *Ib*

A party of order or stability, and a party of progress or reform, are both necessary elements of a healthy state of political life *Ib*

The liberty of the individual must be thus far limited, he must not make himself a nuisance to other people *Ib* ch 3

All good things which exist are the fruits of originality *Ib*

Liberty consists in doing what one desires *Ib* ch 5

The worth of a State, in the long run, is the worth of the individuals composing it *Ib*

A State which dwarfs its men, in order that they may be more docile instruments in its hands even for beneficial purposes—will find that with small men no great thing can really be accomplished *Ib*

When the land is cultivated entirely by the spade and no horses are kept, a cow is kept for every three acres of land
Political Economy A Treatise on Flemish Husbandry

The great majority of those who speak of perfectibility as a dream, do so because they feel that it is one which would afford them no pleasure if it were realized *Speech on Perfectibility*, 1828

EDNA ST VINCENT MILLAY

1892–

Euclid alone has looked on Beauty bare
The Harp-Weaver, pt IV, sonnet XXII

MRS. EMILY MILLER

1833–1913

I love to hear the story
Which angel voices tell
The Little Corporal I Love to Hear

WILLIAM MILLER

1810–1872

Wee Willie Winkie
Runs through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs
In his nicht-gown,
Tirling at the window,
Crying at the lock,
'Are the weans in their bed,
For it's now ten o'clock?' *Willie Winkie*

A. J. MILLS

Just like the ivy I'll cling to you *Title of Song*

HENRY HART MILMAN

1791–1868

When our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow.
Hymns 'When Our Heads'

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die *Ib Ride On!*

ALAN ALEXANDER MILNE

1882–

Time for a little something
Winnie-the-Pooh, ch 6

James James
Morrison Morrison
Weatherby George Dupree
Took great
Care of his Mother
Though he was only three
When We Were Very Young Disobedience

'You must never go down to the end of the town if you don't go down with me' *Ib*

The King asked
The Queen, and
The Queen asked
The Dairymaid
'Could we have some butter for
The Royal slice of bread?'
Ib The King's Breakfast

'I do like a little bit of butter to my bread!' *Ib*

JOHN MILTON

1608–1674

Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie
Arcades, l 68

Before the starry threshold of Jove's Court
My mansion is *Comus*, l 1

Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
Which men call Earth *Ib* l 5.

Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden key
That opes the palace of Eternity. *Ib* l 12

Rich and various gems inlay
The unadorned bosom of the deep *Ib* l 22

An old, and haughty nation proud in arms *Ib* l 33.

What never yet was heard in tale or song.
From old or modern bard in hall or bower. *Ib.* l. 44

And the gilded car of day,
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream *Ib* l 95

What hath night to do with sleep? *Ib* l 122

Ere the babbling eastern scout,
The nice Morn on the Indian steep
From her cabin'd loop-hole peep *Ib* l 138.

Come, knit hands, and beat the ground,
In a light fantastic round *Comus*, l 143

When the grey-hooded Even
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain
Ib l 188

O thievish Night,
Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,
That nature hung in heaven, and filled their lamps
With everlasting oil, to give due light
To the misled and lonely traveller? *Ib* l 195

Calling shapes and beckoning shadows dire,
And airy tongues that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong siding champion, Conscience
Ib l 207

O welcome pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering angel girt with golden wings
Ib l 213

Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night? *Ib* l 221

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
Within thy airy shell
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroidered vale *Ib* l 230

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
Ib l 244

How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smiled! *Ib* l 249

Such sober certainty of waking bliss
I never heard till now *Ib* l 263

Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls
And courts of princes *Ib* l 321

With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light
Ib l 340

What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?
Ib l 362

Virtue could see to do what virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk And Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
Where with her best nurse Contemplation
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd
He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i' th' centre and enjoy bright day,
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
Benighted walks under the midday sun *Ib* l 373

The unsunned heaps
Of miser's treasure *Ib* l 398

'Tis Chastity, my brother, Chastity
She that has that, is clad in complete steel *Ib* l 420.

How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh, and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns *Ib* l 476

What the sage poets taught by the heavenly Muse,
Storied of old in high immortal verse
Of dire chimeras and enchanted isles
And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to Hell,—
For such there be, but unbelief is blind
Ib l 515

And fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance
Ib l 550

A steam of rich distill'd perfumes *Ib* l 556

I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of Death. *Ib* l 560.

That power
Which erring men call Chance *Ib* l 587

Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt,
Surprised by unjust force, but not enthralled
Ib l 589

If this fail,
The pillared firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble *Ib* l 597

The dull swain
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon
Ib l 634.

Hast thou betrayed my credulous innocence
With vizor'd falsehood, and base forgery?
Ib l 697

None
But such as are good men can give good things,
And that which is not good, is not delicious
To a well-govern'd and wise appetite. *Ib* l. 702.

Budge doctors of the Stoic fur *Ib* l 707

Praising the lean and sallow abstinence *Ib* l 709

Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be hoarded,
But must be current, and the good thereof
Consists in mutual and partaken bliss *Ib* l 739

Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown
In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,
Where most may wonder at the workmanship,
It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence, coarse complexions
And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply
The sampler, and to tease the huswife's wool.
What need a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?
Ib l 745

Obtruding false rules pranked in reason's garb
Ib l 759

Through the porch and inlet of each sense
Dropt in ambrosial oils till she reviv'd
Ib l 839.

Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair
Comus, l 859

Thus I set my printless feet
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
That bends not as I tread *Ib* l 897

Love virtue, she alone is free,
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime,
Or, if virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her *Ib* l. 1019

O fairest flower, no sooner blown but blasted,
Soft silken primrose fading timelessly
On the Death of a Fair Infant, Dying of a Cough, l 1

Hence, vain deluding joys,
The brood of Folly without father bred
Il Penseroso, l 1

Hail divinest Melancholy *Ib* l 12

And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes
There held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble *Ib* l 39

And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet
Ib l 45

And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure *Ib* l 49

Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The Cherub Contemplation *Ib* l 52

Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy! *Ib* l 61

I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heav'n's wide pathless way;
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud *Ib* l 65

Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar *Ib* l 73

Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth *Ib* l 79

Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato *Ib* l 87

Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine *Ib* l 97

Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek *Ib* l 105

Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold *Ib* l 109

Where more is meant than meets the ear *Ib* l 120

While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep *Ib* l 142

But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale *Ib* l 155

With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear
As may, with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes *Ib* l 158

Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain *Ib* l 173

Hence, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus, and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy *L'Allegro*, l 1

So buxom, blithe, and debonair *Ib* l 24

Haste thee Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles *Ib* l 25

Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides
Come, and trip it as ye go
On the light fantastic toe *Ib* l 31

The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty. *Ib* l 36

Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise,
Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow *Ib* l 38

While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn door,
Stoutly struts his dames before *Ib* l 49

Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great Sun begins his state *Ib* l 59

The ploughman near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale *Ib* l 63.

Him the Almighty Power
Hurled headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky
With hideous ruin and combustion down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire
Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.
Paradise Lost, bk 1, l 44

As far as angels' ken *Ib* l 59

A dungeon horrible, on all sides round
As one great furnace flam'd, yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all *Ib* l 60

As far removed from God and light of heav'n
As from the centre thrice to th' utmost pole
Ib l 73

But O how fall'n! how changed
From him who, in the happy realms of light,
Clothed with transcendent brightness didst outshine
Myriads though bright *Ib* l 84

United thoughts and counsels, equal hope,
And hazard in the glorious enterprise *Ib* l 88

Yet not for those
Nor what the potent victor in his rage
Can else inflict do I repent or change,
Though changed in outward lustre, that fixed mind
And high disdain, from sense of injured merit
Ib l 94

What though the field be lost?
All is not lost, th' unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield
And what is else not to be overcome? *Ib* l 105

Vaunting aloud, but racked with deep despair
Ib l 126

Fall'n Cherub, to be weak is miserable
Doing or suffering but of this be sure,
To do ought good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight *Ib* l 157

And out of good still to find means of evil *Ib* l 165

The seat of desolation, void of light *Ib* l 181

What reinforcement we may gain from hope,
If not what resolution from despair *Ib* l 190

The will
And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark designs,
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himself damnation *Ib* l 211

Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,
Said then the lost Archangel, this the seat
That we must change for Heav'n, this mournful gloom
For that celestial light? *Ib* l 242

Farthest from him is best
Whom reason hath equalled, force hath made supreme
Above his equals Farewell happy fields
Where joy for ever dwells Hail horrors, hail
Infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell
Receive thy new possessor one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time
The mind is its own place, and in it self
Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n
Ib l 247

Here we may reign secure, and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition though in hell
Better to reign in hell, than serve in heav'n
Ib l 261.

His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great ammiral, were but a wand,
He walk'd with to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle *Ib* l 292

Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades
High over-arch'd imbower *Ib* l 302

Busiris and his Memphian chivalry *Ib*. l. 307

'Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n!'
They heard, and were abashed, and up they sprung
Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake
Ib l 330.

First Moloch, horrid king, besmear'd with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears *Ib* l 392

For spirits when they please
Can either sex assume, or both, so soft
And uncompounded is their essence pure *Ib* l 423.

Execute their aery purposes *Ib* l 430

Astarte, Queen of Heav'n, with crescent horns
Ib l 439

Thammuz came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allur'd
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summer's day,
While smooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the sea *Ib* l 446

A leper once he lost and gain'd a king *Ib* l 471

Jehovah, who in one night when he passed
From Egypt marching *Ib* l 487

And when night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine *Ib* l 500

Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind *Ib* l 537

Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds
At which the universal host up sent
A shout that tore hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night *Ib* l 540

Anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders *Ib*. l 549

That small infantry
Warred on by cranes *Ib* l 575.

What resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son
Begirt with British and Armoric knights,
And all who since, baptized or infidel
Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond,
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabbia *Ib* l 579

He above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent
Stood like a tower, his form had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appeared
Less than archangel ruined, and th' excess
Of glory obscur'd *Paradise Lost*, bk 1, l 589.

The sun
In dim eclipse disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs *Ib* l 594

His face
Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
Waiting revenge *Ib* l 600

Who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe *Ib* l 648

Mammon led them on,
Mammon, the least erected Spirit that fell
From heav'n, for ev'n in heav'n his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoy'd
In vision beatific *Ib* l 678

Let none admire
That riches grow in hell, that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane *Ib* l 690

Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation *Ib* l 710

From morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day, and with the setting sun
Dropt from the zenith like a falling star *Ib* l 742

Fairy elves,
Whose midnight revels, by a forest side
Or fountain some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon
Sits arbitress *Ib* l 781

High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit raised
To that bad eminence, and from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope *Ib* bk II, l 1

The strongest and the fiercest Spirit
That fought in Heav'n, now fiercer by despair
His trust was with th' Eternal to be deemed
Equal in strength, and rather than be less
Cared not to be at all *Ib* l 44

My sentence is for open war: of wiles
More unexpert, I boast not *Ib* l 51

When the scourge
Inexorably, and the torturing hour
Calls us to penance. *Ib* l 90

Belial, in act more graceful and humane,
A fairer person lost not Heav'n, he seemed
For dignity compos'd and high exploit
But all was false and hollow, though his tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason. *Ib.* l 109

For who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion? *Ib* l 146.

His red right hand *Ib* l. 174

Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,
Ages of hopeless end *Ib.* l. 185

Thus Belial with words clothed in reason's garb
Counselled ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,
Not peace *Ib* l 226.

Our torments also may in length of time
Become our elements *Ib* l 274

With grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
A pillar of state, deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat and public care,
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
Majestic though in ruin *Ib* l 300

To sit in darkness here
Hatching vain empires *Ib* l 377.

Who shall tempt with wand'ring feet
The dark unbottom'd infinite abyss
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way *Ib* l 404

Long is the way
And hard, that out of hell leads up to light *Ib* l 432

O shame to men! devil with devil damn'd
Firm concord holds, men only disagree
Of creatures rational. *Ib* l 496.

In discourse more sweet
(For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense,)
Others apart sat on a hill retir'd,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,
And found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost
Ib l 555

Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy *Ib* l 565

A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog
Betwixt Damiata and Mount Casius old,
Where armies whole have sunk the parching air
Burns frore, and cold performs th' effect of fire
Ib l 592

The bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce
Ib l 598

O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death *Ib* l 620

Worse
Than fables yet have feigned, or fear conceived,
Gorgons and Hydras, and Chimæras dire *Ib* l 626.

The other shape,
If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,
Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
For each seem'd either, black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart, what seem'd his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on. *Ib* l 666.

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape?
Paradise Lost, bk II, l 681
Incens'd with indignation Satan stood
Unterrifi'd, and like a comet burn'd
That fires the length of Ophiucus huge
In th' arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war *Ib* l 707

Their fatal hands
No second stroke intend *Ib* l 712

I fled, and cry'd out, *Death*,
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd
From all her caves, and back resounded, *Death*
Ib l 787

On a sudden open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder *Ib* l 879

A dark
Illimitable ocean without bound,
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and highth,
And time and place are lost *Ib* l 891

Chaos umpire sits,
And by decision more embroils the fray
By which he reigns next him high arbiter
Chance governs all *Ib* l 907

This wild abyss,
The womb of nature and perhaps her grave *Ib* l 910

To compare
Great things with small *Ib* l 921

So eagerly the fiend
O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet pursues his way,
And swims or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies
Ib l 947

Sable-vested Night, eldest of things *Ib* l 962

With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded *Ib* l 995

So he with difficulty and labour hard
Moved on, with difficulty and labour he *Ib* l 1021

Hail, holy light, offspring of Heaven first-born,
Or of th' Eternal co-eternal beam,
May I express thee unblamed? Since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity *Ib* bk III, l 1

So thick a drop serene hath pierced their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veiled Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill *Ib*. l 25

Nor sometimes forget
Those other two equall'd with me in fate,
So were I equall'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides,
And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers, as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid,
Tunes her nocturnal note Thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine,
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of Nature's works to me expung'd and raz'd,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out
So much the rather thou celestial light
Shine inward *Ib* l 32

Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell
Ib l 102

Dark with excessive bright *Ib* l 380

Sericana, where Chineses drive
With sails and wind their cany waggons light.
Ib l 438

Embryos and idiots, eremites and friars,
White, black and grey, with all their trumpery
Ib l 474

Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,
Or in Franciscan think to pass disguised *Ib* l 479

Then might ye see
Cowls, hoods, and habits, with their wearers, tost
And fluttered into rags, then reliques, beads,
Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,
The sport of winds *Ib* l 489

Into a Limbo large and broad, since called
The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown *Ib* l 495

For neither man nor angel can discern
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone *Ib.* l 682

At whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminished heads *Ib* bk IV, l 34

Warring in Heav'n against Heav'n's matchless King
Ib l 41

And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged *Ib* l 55

Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is Hell, myself am Hell,
And in the lowest deep a lower deep
Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven
Ib l 73

So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
Farewell remorse all good to me is lost,
Evil be thou my Good *Ib* l 108

Off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabæan odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest *Ib* l 161

Many a league
Cheer'd with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles
Ib l 164

So clomb this first grand thief into God's fold
So since into his church lewd hirelings climb
Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life,
The middle tree and highest there that grew,
Sat like a cormorant *Ib* l 192

A heaven on earth *Ib* l 208

Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,
Others whose fruit burnished with golden rind
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only *Paradise Lost*, bk iv, l 248

Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose
Ib l 256

The mantling vine *Ib* l 258

Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Proserpin gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower by gloomy Dis
Was gathered *Ib* l 268

Nor where Abassin kings their issue guard,
Mount Amara, though this by some supposed
True Paradise *Ib* l 280

Two of far nobler shape erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honour clad
In naked majesty seemed lords of all *Ib* l 288

For contemplation he and valour formed;
For softness she and sweet attractive grace,
He for God only, she for God in him
His fair large front and eye sublime declared
Absolute rule *Ib.* l 297

Which implied
Subjection, but required with gentle sway
And by her yielded, by him best received,
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet reluctant amorous delay *Ib* l 307

Adam, the goodliest man of men since born
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve. *Ib* l 323

The savoury pulp they chew, and in the rind
Still as they thirsted scooped the brimming stream
Ib l 335

Sporting the lion ramped, and in his paw,
Dandled the kid, bears, tigers, ounces, pards
Gamboll'd before them, th' unwieldly elephant
To make them mirth us'd all his might, and wreathed
His lithe proboscis *Ib* l 343

So spake the Fiend, and with necessity,
The tyrant's plea, excus'd his devilish deeds
Ib l 393

With eyes
Of conjugal attraction unreprov'd *Ib* l 492

Imparadised in one another's arms *Ib* l 506

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad,
Silence accompanied, for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale,
She all night long her amorous descant sung,
Silence was pleas'd now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires Hesperus that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw *Ib* l 598.

God is thy law, thou mine to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.
Ib l 637

With thee conversing I forget all time. *Ib* l 639.

Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds *Ib* l 641.

Sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild, then silent night
With this her solemn bird and this fair moon,
And these the gems of Heav'n, her starry train.
Ib l 646.

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep
Ib l 677.

Into their inmost bower
Handed they went, and eas'd the putting off
These troublesome disguises which we wear,
Strait side by side were laid, nor turned I ween
Adam from his fair spouse, nor Eve the rites
Mysterious of connubial love refus'd
Whatever hypocrites austerely talk
Of purity and place and innocence,
Defaming as impure what God declares
Pure, and commands to some, leaves free to all
Ib l 738

Hail wedded love, mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring, sole propriety,
In Paradise of all things common else *Ib* l 750

Sleep on,
Blest pair, and O yet happiest if ye seek
No happier state, and know to know no more
Ib l 773

Him there they found
Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve *Ib* l 799.

Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear
Touched lightly, for no falsehood can endure
Touch of celestial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeness, up he starts
Discover'd and surpris'd *Ib* l 810

Not to know me argues yourselves unknown
Ib l 830

Abash'd the Devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue in her shape how lovely *Ib* l 846

Of regal port,
But faded splendour wan *Ib* l 869

But wherefore thou alone? Wherefore with thee
Came not all hell broke loose? *Ib* l 917.

Then when I am thy captive talk of chains,
Proud limitary Cherub *Ib* l 970

Like Teneriff or Atlas unremov'd. *Ib* l 987.

Fled
Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night
Ib. l 1014

His sleep
Was aery light, from pure digestion bred.
Ib bk. v, l 3.

My fairest, my espoused, my latest found,
Heaven's last best gift, my ever new delight
Ib l 18.

Good, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows *Ib* l 71.

Best image of myself and dearer half *Ib* l 95.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of Good,
Almighty, thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair, thyself how wondrous then!
Paradise Lost, bk v, l 153

Him first, him last, him midst, and without end
Ib l 165

A wilderness of sweets *Ib* l 294

Another morn
Ris'n on mid-noon *Ib* l 310

So saying, with despatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent *Ib* l 331

From many a berry, and from sweet kernels press'd
She tempers dulcet creams *Ib* l 346

Nor jealousy
Was understood, the injured lover's hell *Ib* l 449

Son of Heav'n and Earth,
Attend that thou art happy, owe to God,
That thou continuest such, owe to thyself,
That is, to thy obedience, therein stand *Ib* l 519

Freely we serve,
Because we freely love, as in our will
To love or not, in this we stand or fall *Ib* l 538

What if earth
Be but the shadow of Heaven, and things therein
Each to other like, more than on earth is thought?
Ib l 574

Hear all ye Angels, progeny of light,
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers
Ib l 600

All seemed well pleased, all seemed but were not all
Ib l 617

And in their motions harmony divine
So smoothes her charming tones, that God's own ear
Listens delighted *Ib* l 625

Satan, so call him now, his former name
Is heard no more in heaven *Ib* l 655

So spake the Seraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he,
Among innumerable false, unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal *Ib* l 893

All night the dreadless angel unpursued
Through Heaven's wide champain held his way till morn,
Waked by the circling hours, with rosy hand
Unbarred the gates of light *Ib* bk vi, l 1

Servant of God, well done, well hast thou fought
The better fight, who singly hast maintained
Against revolted multitudes the cause
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms
Ib l 29

He onward came, far off his coming shone *Ib* l 768.

Headlong themselves they threw
Down from the verge of Heaven, eternal wrath
Burnt after them to the bottomless pit. *Ib.* l 864

Standing on earth, not rapt above the Pole,
More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchang'd
To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil days,
On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues
In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,
And solitude, yet not alone, while thou
Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when morn
Purples the east still govern thou my song,
Urania, and fit audience find, though few
But drive far off the barb'rous dissonance
Of Bacchus and his revellers *Ib* l 23

The affable Archangel *Ib* l 41

Necessity and chance
Approach not me, and what I will is fate *Ib* l 172

There Leviathan
Hugest of living creatures, on the deep
Stretch'd like a promontory sleeps or swims,
And seems a moving land, and at his gills
Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out a sea
Ib l 412

Now half appear'd
The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts *Ib* l 463

The Planets in their stations list'ning stood,
While the bright Pomp ascended jubilant
Open, ye everlasting gates, they sung,
Open, ye heavens, your living doors, let in
The great Creator from his work return'd
Magnificent, his six days' work, a world *Ib* l 563

The Angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice that he a while
Thought him still speaking, still stood fixed to hear
Ib bk viii, l 1

He his fabric of the Heavens
Hath left to their disputes, perhaps to move
His laughter at their quaint opinions wide
Hereafter, when they come to model Heaven
And calculate the stars, how they will wield
The mighty frame, how build, unbuild, contrive
To save appearances, how gird the sphere
With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,
Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb *Ib* l 76

Heaven is for thee too high
To know what passes there, be lowly wise
Think only what concerns thee and thy being
Ib l 172

Liquid lapse of murmuring streams *Ib* l 263

And feel that I am happier than I know *Ib* l 282

In solitude
What happiness? Who can enjoy alone,
Or all enjoying, what contentment find? *Ib* l 364

I waked
To find her, or for ever to deplore
Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure *Ib* l 478

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love. *Ib* l 488

Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,
That would be wooed, and not unsought be won
Ib l 502

The amorous bird of night
Sung spousal, and bid haste the evening star
On his hill top, to light the bridal lamp *Ib* l 518

The sum of earthly bliss. *Ib* l 522

So absolute she seems
And in herself complete, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best
Paradise Lost, bk VIII, l 547

To whom the Angel with contracted brow
Accuse not Nature, she hath done her part,
Do thou but thine, and be not diffident
Of wisdom, she deserts thee not, if thou
Dismiss not her *Ib* l 560

Oft-times nothing profits more
Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right
Well manag'd *Ib* l 571

With a smile that glowed
Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue *Ib* l 618

My celestial Patroness, who deigns
Her nightly visitation unimplor'd,
And dictates to me slumb'ring, or inspires
Easy my unpremeditated verse
Since first this subject for heroic song
Pleas'd me long choosing, and beginning late
Ib bk IX, l 21

Unless an age too late, or cold
Climate, or years damp my intended wing
Ib l 44

The serpent subtlest beast of all the field *Ib* l 86

For nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote
Ib l 232

For solitude sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return *Ib* l 249

Wouldst thou approve thy constancy, approve
First thy obedience *Ib* l 367

As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight
Ib l 445

She fair, divinely fair, fit love for Gods *Ib* l 489

Hope elevates, and joy
Brightens his crest *Ib* l 633

God so commanded, and left that command
Sole daughter of his voice, the rest, we live
Law to ourselves, our reason is our law *Ib* l 652

Her rash hand in evil hour
Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she eat
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat
Sighing through all her works gave signs of woe
That all was lost *Ib* l 780

Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe
So dear I love him, that with him all deaths
I could endure, without him live no life *Ib* l 831

O fairest of creation! last and best
Of all God's works! creature in whom excell'd
Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost,
Defac'd, deflower'd, and now to Death devote?
Ib l 896

For with thee
Certain my resolution is to die,
How can I live without thee, how forgo
Thy sweet converse and love so dearly joined,
To live again in these wild woods forlorn?
Should God create another Eve, and I
Another rib afford, yet loss of thee
Would never from my heart, no no, I feel
The link of nature draw me flesh of flesh,
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state
Mine never shall be parted, weal or woe *Ib* l 906

What thou art is mine,
Our state cannot be sever'd, we are one,
One flesh, to lose thee were to lose myself
Ib l 957

A pillared shade
High overarched, and echoing walks between
Ib l 1106

He hears
On all sides, from innumerable tongues,
A dismal universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn *Ib* bk X, l 506

Complicated monsters, head and tail,
Scorpion and asp, and Amphisbaena dire,
Cerastes horned, Hydrus, and Ellops drear
Ib l 523

Chew'd bitter ashes, which th' offended taste
With spattering noise rejected *Ib* l 566

Oh! why did God,
Creator wise, that peopled highest Heaven
With Spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on Earth, this fair defect
Of Nature? *Ib* l 888

Demoniac frenzy, moping melancholy,
And moon-struck madness *Ib* bk XI, l 485

So may'st thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop
Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease
Gathered, not harshly plucked, for death mature
This is old age *Ib* l 535

Nor love thy life, nor hate, but what thou liv'st
Live well, how long or short permit to Heaven
Ib l 553

The evening star,
Love's harbinger *Ib* l 588

The brazen throat of war had ceased to roar
All now was turned to jollity and game,
To luxury and riot, feast and dance *Ib* l 713

For now I see
Peace to corrupt no less than war to waste *Ib* l 779

Then wilt thou not be loth
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
A Paradise within thee, happier far *Ib* bk XII, l 585.

In me is no delay, with thee to go,
Is to stay here, without thee here to stay,
Is to go hence unwilling, thou to me
Art all things under Heaven, all places thou,
Who for my wilful crime art banished hence
Ib l 615.

They looking back, all th' eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Wav'd over by that flaming brand, the Gate
With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms
Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them soon,
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide
They hand in hand with wandering steps and slow
Through Eden took their solitary way
Paradise Lost, bk XII, l 641

Satan, bowing low
His gray dissimulation, disappeared
Paradise Regained, bk I, l 497

Skill'd to retire, and in retiring draw
Hearts after them tangled in amorous nets
Ib bk II, l 161

Beauty stands
In the admiration only of weak minds
Led captive *Ib* l 220

And now the herald lark
Left his ground-nest, high tow'ring to descry
The morn's approach, and greet her with his song
Ib l 279

Ladies of th' Hesperides, that seemed
Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabled since
Of faery damsels met in forest wide
By knights of Logres, or of Lyones,
Lancelot or Pelleas, or Pellenore *Ib* l 357.

Of whom to be dispraised were no small praise
Ib bk III, l 56

But on Occasion's forelock watchful wait *Ib* l 173

As he who, seeking asses, found a kingdom
Ib l 242

Elephants endorsed with towers *Ib* l 329

Dusk faces with white silken turbans wreath'd
Ib bk IV, l 76

The childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day Be famous then
By wisdom, as thy empire must extend,
So let extend thy mind o'er all the world *Ib* l 220

Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence, native to famous wits
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City or suburban, studious walks and shades,
See there the olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long
Ib l 240

The first and wisest of them all professed
To know this only, that he nothing knew *Ib* l 293

Deep versed in books and shallow in himself
Ib l 327

In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt,
What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so
Ib l 361

Till morning fair
Came forth with pilgrim steps in amice grey
Ib l 426

Without wing
Of hippogriff *Ib* l 541

And, as that Theban monster that proposed
Her riddle, and him who solved it not devoured,
That once found out and solved, for grief and spite
Cast herself headlong from th' Ismenian steep,
So strook with dread and anguish fell the Fiend,
And to his crew, that sat consulting, brought
Joyless triumphals of his hop't success,
Ruin, and desperation, and dismay,
Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God
Ib l 572

He unobserved
Home to his mother's house private returned
Ib l 638

But headlong joy is ever on the wing
The Passion, l 5

A little onward lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps, a little further on
Samson Agonistes, l 1

Eyeless in Gaza, at the mill with slaves *Ib* l 41

O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
Without all hope of day! *Ib* l 80

The sun to me is dark
And silent as the moon,
When she deserts the night
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave *Ib* l 86

To live a life half dead, a living death *Ib* l 100

Ran on embattled armies clad in iron,
And, weaponless himself,
Made arms ridiculous *Ib* l 129

Wisest men
Have erred, and by bad women been deceived,
And shall again, pretend they ne'er so wise
Ib l 210

Just are the ways of God,
And justifiable to men,
Unless there be who think not God at all
Ib. l 293

Of such doctrine never was there school,
But the heart of the fool,
And no man therein doctor but himself *Ib* l 297

What boots it at one gate to make defence,
And at another to let in the foe? *Ib* l 560

My race of glory run, and race of shame,
And I shall shortly be with them that rest *Ib* l 597

But who is this, what thing of sea or land?
Female of sex it seems,
That so bedeck'd, ornate, and gay,
Comes this way sailing
Like a stately ship
Of Tarsus, bound for th' isles
Of Javan or Gadier,
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,
Courted by all the winds that hold them play,
An amber scent of odorous perfume
Her harbinger *Ib* l 710

That grounded maxim
So rife and celebrated in the mouths
Of wisest men, that to the public good
Private respects must yield *Ib* l 865

Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange power,
After offence returning, to regain
Love once possess'd *Samson Agonistes*, l 1003.

Love-quarrels oft in pleasing concord end
Ib l 1008

Therefore God's universal law
Gave to the man despotic power
Over his female in due awe *Ib* l 1053

He 's gone, and who knows how may he report
Thy words by adding fuel to the flame? *Ib* l 1350

Lords are lordliest in their wine *Ib* l 1418

For evil news rides post, while good news baits
Ib l 1538

And as an ev'ning dragon came,
Assailant on the perched roosts
And nests in order rang'd
Of tame villatic fowl *Ib* l 1692

Like that self-begotten bird
In the Arabian woods embost,
That no second knows nor third,
And lay erewhile a holocaust *Ib* l 1699

And though her body die, her fame survives,
A secular bird, ages of lives *Ib* l 1706

Samson hath quit himself
Like Samson, and heroically hath finish'd
A life heroic *Ib* l 1709

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise or blame, nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble
Ib l 1721

All is best, though we oft doubt,
What th' unsearchable dispose
Of highest wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the close.
Oft he seems to hide his face,
But unexpectedly returns
And to his faithful champion hath in place
Bore witness gloriously, whence Gaza mourns
And all that band them to resist
His uncontrollable intent,
His servants he with new acquist
Of true experience from this great event
With peace and consolation hath dismiss'd,
And calm of mind all passion spent *Ib* l 1745

What needs my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones,
The labour of an age in piled stones,
Or that his hallow'd relics should be hid
Under a star-y-pointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
[*Epitaph*] *on Shakespeare*

Blest pair of Sirens, pledges of Heaven's joy,
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse
At a Solemn Music, l. 1.

Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
Their loud up-lifted Angel trumpets blow. *Ib*

Till disproportion'd sin
Jarr'd against nature's chime. *Ib.*

O nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still
Sonnet 1. *To the Nightingale*

All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Task-Master's eye
Ib II *On his having arrived at the age of twenty-three.*

Captain or Colonel, or Knight in arms
Ib. VIII *When the assault was intended to the city*

The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground *Ib*

As that dishonest victory
At Chæronea, fatal to liberty,
Killed with report that old man eloquent
Ib X *To the Lady Margaret Ley*

Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek,
That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.
Thy age, like ours, O soul of Sir John Cheek,
Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,
When thou taught'st Cambridge, and King Edward
Greek *Ib* XI *'A book was writ of late'*

Licence they mean when they cry Liberty,
For who loves that, must first be wise and good
Ib XII *On the Same* [*The detraction*, &c]

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold,
Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,
Forget not *Ib* XV *On the late Massacre in Piedmont*

That one talent which is death to hide.
Ib XVI *On his Blindness*

They also serve who only stand and wait. *Ib*

In mirth, that after no repenting draws
Ib XVIII *To Cyriac Skinner.*

To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way,
For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,
And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And, when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains *Ib*

Methought I saw my late espousèd Saint
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave.
Ib XIX *On His Deceased Wife*

Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined *Ib*

But O as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night *Ib*

New Presbyter is but old Priest writ large
Ib On the New Forces of Conscience under the Long Parliament

For what can war but endless war still breed?
Ib On the Lord General Fairfax.

Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war
Ib [*To the Lord General Cromwell, May 1652*]

Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw *Ib*

Fly, envious Time, till thou run out thy race
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours *On Time*, l 1

Beldam Nature
At a Vacation Exercise in the College, l. 46

He who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things ought himself to be a true poem
Apology for Smectymnuus, introd to sec 1

His words like so many nimble and airy servitors trip about him at command *Ib* sec 12

Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are, nay they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them *Areopagitica*

As good almost kill a man as kill a good book who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image, but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were in the eye *Ib*

A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life *Ib*

I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat *Ib*

Our sage and serious poet Spenser *Ib*

Where there is much desire to learn, there of necessity will be much arguing, much writing, many opinions, for opinion in good men is but knowledge in the making *Ib*

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks Methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam *Ib*

Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously by licensing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength Let her and Falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse, in a free and open encounter *Ib*

But because about the manner and order of this government, whether it ought to be Presbyterial, or Prelatical, such endless question, or rather uproar is arisen in this land, as may be justly termed, what the fever is to the physicians, the eternal reproach of the divines
Reason of Church Government, preface

This manner of writing [*i e* prose] wherein knowing myself inferior to myself I have the use, as I may account it, but of my left hand
Ib bk II, introd to ch 1

A poet soaring in the high region of his fancies with his garland and singing robes about him *Ib*

By labour and intent study (which I take to be my portion in this life) joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to after-times, as they should not willingly let it die *Ib*

Inquisitorious and tyrannical duncery *Ib*

Beholding the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies *Ib*

Let not England forget her precedence of teaching nations how to live
The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce

I call therefore a complete and generous education that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully and magnanimously all the offices both private and public of peace and war. *Of Education*

I will point ye out the right path of a virtuous and noble Education, laborious indeed at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect, and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming
Ib

Brave men, and worthy patriots, dear to God, and famous to all ages *Ib*

Ornate rhetorick taught out of the rule of Plato,
To which poetry would be made subsequent, or indeed rather precedent, as being less subtle and fine, but more simple, sensuous and passionate
Ib.

In those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against Nature not to go out, and see her riches, and partake in her rejoicing with Heaven and Earth *Ib*

For such kind of borrowing as this, if it be not bettered by the borrower, among good authors is accounted plagiary *Iconoclastes*, ch 23

None can love freedom heartily, but good men, the rest love not freedom, but licence
Tenure of Kings and Magistrates

No man who knows aught, can be so stupid to deny that all men naturally were born free *Ib*

JAMES, DUKE OF MONMOUTH

1649–1685

Do not hack me as you did my Lord Russell
Words to his executioner *Macaulay, Hist of England*, vol 1, ch 5

JOHN SAMUEL BEWLEY MONSELL

1811–1875

Fight the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right,
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally

Run the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His Face,
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize
Hymns of Love and Praise *Fight of Faith*

Faint not nor fear, His arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear,
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee *Ib.*

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU

1689–1762

This world consists of men, women, and Hervey's.
Letters, vol 1, p 67

But the fruit that can fall without shaking,
Indeed is too mellow for me.
Letters and Works. Answered, for Lord William Hamilton

He comes too near that comes to be denied
Ib The Lady's Resolve

And we meet, with champagne and a chicken, at last
Ib The Lover

General notions are generally wrong
Ib Letter to Mr. Wortley Montagu 28 March 1710

JAMES MONTGOMERY

1771–1854

'For ever with the Lord!'
Amen, so let it be,
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality. *At Home in Heaven*

Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home *Ib*

He was—whatever thou hast been,
He is—what thou shalt be *The Common Lot*

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast *What is Prayer?*

A day in such serene enjoyment spent
Were worth an age of splendid discontent
Greenland, Canto II, l 224

ROBERT MONTGOMERY

1807–1855

The solitary monk who shook the world
Luther Man's Need and God's Supply, l. 68.

With fearful gaze, still be it mine to see
How all is fill'd and vivified by Thee,
Upon thy mirror, earth's majestic view,
To paint Thy Presence, and to feel it too
The Omnipresence of the Deity (ed 1830), pt 1, l 105

And thou, vast ocean! on whose awful face
Time's iron feet can print no ruin-trace
Ib l 141

Ye quenchless stars! so eloquently bright,
Untroubled sentries of the shadowy night *Ib* l 305

The soul aspiring pants its source to mount,
As streams meander level with their fount *Ib* l 339

JAMES GRAHAM, MARQUIS OF MONTROSE

1612–1650

My dear and only love, I pray
This noble world of thee,
Be govern'd by no other sway
But purest Monarchy
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
And hold a synod in thy heart,
I'll never love thee more *My Dear and Only Love*

He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That puts it not unto the touch,
To win or lose it all *Ib*

But if thou wilt be constant then,
And faithful of thy word,
I'll make thee glorious by my pen,
And famous by my sword *Ib*

Let them bestow on every airth a limb,
Then open all my veins, that I may swim
To thee, my Maker! in that crimson lake,
Then place my parboiled head upon a stake—
Scatter my ashes—strew them in the air,—
Lord! since thou know'st where all these atoms are,
I'm hopeful thou'lt recover once my dust,
And confident thou'lt raise me with the just
Lines Written on the Window of his Jail the Night before his Execution Scottish Poetry of the Seventeenth Century

PERCY MONTROSE

In a cavern, in a canyon,
Excavating for a mine,
Dwelt a miner, Forty-niner,
And his daughter, Clementine
Oh, my darling, oh my darling, oh my darling Clementine!
Thou art lost and gone for ever, dreadful sorry, Clementine.

Light she was and like a fairy,
And her shoes were number nine,
Herring boxes without topses,
Sandals were for Clementine *Ib*

But I kissed her little sister,
And forgot my Clementine *Ib*

CLEMENT C. MOORE

1779–1863

'T was the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse,
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St Nicholas soon would be there
The Night before Christmas

EDWARD MOORE

1712–1757

This is adding insult to injuries *The Foundling*, v ii

I am rich beyond the dreams of avarice
The Gamester, ii ii

GEORGE MOORE

1852–1933

All reformers are bachelors
The Bending of the Bough, Act 1

Art must be parochial in the beginning to become cosmopolitan in the end
Hail and Farewell! 1925, vol 1, p 5

Acting is therefore the lowest of the arts, if it is an art at all *Mummer-Worship*

THOMAS MOORE

1779–1852

For you know, dear—I may, without vanity, hint—
Though an angel should write, still 'tis *devils* must print *The Fudges in England*, letter III, l 64

Yet, who can help loving the land that has taught us
Six hundred and eighty-five ways to dress eggs?
The Fudge Family in Paris, letter VIII l 64

As that Countess of Desmond, of whom I've been told
That she liv'd to much more than a hundred and ten,
And was kill'd by a fall from a cherry-tree then!
Ib letter x, l 23

Weep on, and, as thy sorrows flow,
I'll taste the luxury of woe
Juvenile Poems Anacreontic Press the Grape

Where I love I must not marry,
Where I marry, cannot love
Ib Love and Marriage

'Twere more than woman to be wise,
'Twere more than man to wish thee so!
Ib The Ring (ed 1882)

To love you was pleasant enough,
And, oh! 'tis delicious to hate you!
Ib To — When I Lov'd You

Go where glory waits thee,
But, while fame elates thee,
Oh! still remember me
Irish Melodies Go Where Glory

Erin, the tear and the smile in thine eyes,
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies!
Ib Erin, the Tear

Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid
Ib Oh! Breathe not his Name

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled —
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more
Ib The Harp that Once

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore
Ib Rich and Rare

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet
Ib The Meeting of the Waters

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day
Ib Believe Me, if All

And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still *Ib*

No, the heart that has truly lov'd never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose *Ib*

Oh! blame not the bard *Ib Oh! Blame Not*

And, when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,
The maiden herself will steal after it soon
Ib Ill Omens

'Tis sweet to think, that, where'er we rove,
We are sure to find something blissful and dear,
And that, when we're far from the lips we love,
We've but to make love to the lips we are near
Ib 'Tis Sweet to Think

No, there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream *Ib Love's Young Dream*

Lesbia hath a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it beameth
Ib Lesbia Hath

Eyes of most unholy blue! *Ib By that Lake*

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her, sighing
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying *Ib She is Far*

This life is all chequer'd with pleasures and woes
Ib This Life is All Chequered

'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone,
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone *Ib 'Tis the Last Rose*

Then awake! the heavens look bright, my dear,
'Tis never too late for delight, my dear,
And the best of all ways
To lengthen our days
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!
Ib The Young May Moon

The Minstrel Boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him,
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him
Ib The Minstrel Boy

You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still
Ib Farewell! But Whenever

Has sorrow thy young days shaded?
Ib Has Sorrow Thy Young

Come, child of misfortune, come thither,
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear *Ib*

The light, that lies
In woman's eyes,
Has been my heart's undoing *Ib The Time I've Lost*

My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me *Ib*

Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here *Ib Come, Rest In This Bosom*

I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
But I know that I love thee, whatever thou art *Ib*

And doth not a meeting like this make amends,
For all the long years I've been wand'ring away?
Ib And Doth Not a Meeting

Sing—sing—Music was given,
To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving
Ib Sing—Sing—Music Was Given

Who, that surveys this span of earth we press—
This speck of life in time's great wilderness,
This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,
The past, the future, two eternities!—
Lalla Rookh The Veiled Prophet, II, l 136

There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long
Ib l 247

And, when all hope seem'd desp'rate, wildly hurl'd
Himself into the scale, and sav'd a world
Ib III, l 211

But Faith, fanatic Faith, once wedded fast
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last *Ib* l 356

One Morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood, disconsolate
Ib Paradise and the Peri, l 1

Some flow'rets of Eden ye still inherit,
But the trail of the Serpent is over them all!
Ib l 206

Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay,
I never lov'd a tree or flow'r,
But 't was the first to fade away
I never nurs'd a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die!
Ib The Fire-Worshippers, I, l 279

Like Dead Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,
But turn to ashes on the lips! *Ib* l 484

'Come, come', said Tom's father, 'at your time of life,
"There's no longer excuse for thus playing the rake—
'It is time you should think, boy, of taking a wife'—
'Why, so it is, father—whose wife shall I take?"
Miscellaneous Poems A Joke Versified

Disguise our bondage as we will,
'Tis woman, woman, rules us still
Ib Sovereign Woman

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime
National Airs Those Evening Bells

Oft, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me,
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken,
The eyes that shone,
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Ib Oft in the Stilly Night

I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed! *Ib*

If I speak to thee in Friendship's name,
Thou think'st I speak too coldly,
If I mention Love's devoted flame,
Thou say'st I speak too boldly
Ib How Shall I Woo

Faintly as tolls the evening chime
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St Ann's our parting hymn
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past
Poems Relating to America Canadian Boat Song

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given,
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There's nothing true, but Heaven!
Sacred Songs This World is All

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are free
Ib Miriam's Song Sound the Loud Timbrel

There was a little Man, and he had a little Soul,
And he said, 'Little Soul, let us try, try, try'
Satirical and Humorous Poems Little Man and Little Soul

And one wild Shakespeare, following Nature's lights,
Is worth whole planets, filled with Stagyrites
The Sceptic

Now in his palace of the West,
Sinking to slumber, the bright Day,
Like a tir'd monarch fann'd to rest,
'Mid the cool airs of evening lay,
While round his couch's golden rim
The gaudy clouds, like courtiers, crept–
Struggling each other's light to dim,
And catch his last smile e'er he slept
The Summer Fête, l 232.

Your priests, whate'er their gentle shamming,
Have always had a taste for damning
Twopenny Post-Bag, letter IV

Good at a fight, but better at a play,
Godlike in giving, but—the devil to pay!
On a Cast of Sheridan's Hand Memoirs of the Life of R B Sheridan, 1825, p 712

THOMAS OSBERT MORDAUNT

1730–1809

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife,
Throughout the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name
The Bee, 12 Oct 1791. Verses Written During the War, 1756–1763

HANNAH MORE

1745–1833

For you'll ne'er mend your fortunes, nor help the just cause,
By breaking of windows, or breaking of laws
Address to the Meeting in Spa Fields (1817)
H Thompson's Life, 1838, p 398

A crown! what is it?
It is to bear the miseries of a people!
To hear their murmurs, feel their discontents,
And sink beneath a load of splendid care!
Daniel, pt VI, l 72

Small habits, well pursued betimes,
May reach the dignity of crimes *Florio*, l 77

He lik'd those literary cooks
Who skim the cream of others' books,
And ruin half an author's graces
By plucking bon-mots from their places *Ib* l 123

Did not God
Sometimes withhold in mercy what we ask,
We should be ruined at our own request
Moses in the Bulrushes, Pt I, l 34

The sober comfort, all the peace which springs
From the large aggregate of little things,
On these small cares of daughter, wife, or friend,
The almost sacred joys of home depend
Sensibility, l 315

SIR THOMAS MORE

1478–1535

'In good faith, I rejoiced, son,' quoth he, 'that I had given the devil a foul fall, and that with those Lords I had gone so far, as without great shame I could never go back again'
Roper, *Life of Sir Thomas More* (1935), p 69

'By god body, master More, *Indignatio principis mors est*'

'Is that all, my Lord?' quoth he 'Then in good faith is there no more difference between your grace and me, but that I shall die today, and you tomorrow'
Ib p 71

Son Roper, I thank our Lord the field is won
Ib p 73

Is not this house [the Tower of London] as nigh heaven as my own? *Ib* p 83

I pray you, master Lieutenant, see me safe up, and my coming down let me shift for my self [On mounting the scaffold] *Ib* p 103

Pluck up thy spirits, man, and be not afraid to do thine office, my neck is very short, take heed therefore thou strike not awry, for saving of thine honesty [*To the Executioner*] *Ib* p 103

This hath not offended the king [As he drew his beard aside on placing his head on the block]
Bacon, *Apophthegms*, 22

Yea, marry, now it is somewhat, for now it is rhyme, before, it was neither rhyme nor reason [Advising an author to put his ill-written work into verse]
A Cayley's *Memoirs of Sir Thos More* (1808), vol I, p 247

They roll and rumble,
They turn and tumble,
As pigges do in a poke.
Works, 1557, ¶ II 6 *How a Sergeant would learn to Play the Frere*

This is a fair tale of a tub told us of his elects
Ib p 576 *Confutation of Tyndale's Answers*

Your sheep, that were wont to be so meek and tame, and so small eaters, now, as I hear say, be become so great devourers, and so wild, that they eat up and swallow down the very men themselves
Utopia, bk I

DR. THOMAS MORELL

1703–1784

See, the conquering hero comes!
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums! *Joshua*, pt III

AUGUSTUS DE MORGAN

1806–1871

Great fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em,
And little fleas have lesser fleas, and so *ad infinitum*
A Budget of Paradoxes (1872), p 377

ALBERT EDMUND PARKER, EARL OF MORLEY

1843–1905

I am always very glad when Lord Salisbury makes a great speech, It is sure to contain at least one blazing indiscretion which it is a delight to remember *Speech, Hull, 25 Nov 1887*

JOHN, VISCOUNT MORLEY OF BLACKBURN

1838–1923

No man can climb out beyond the limitations of his own character
Critical Miscellanies (1886), I, *Robespierre*, p 93

[Letter-writing,] that most delightful way of wasting time *Ib* III *Life of Geo Eliot*, p 96

CHARLES MORRIS

1745–1838

If one must have a villa in summer to dwell,
Oh, give me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall!
The Contrast

A house is much more to my taste than a tree,
And for groves, oh! a good grove of chimneys for me *Ib.*

GEORGE POPE MORRIS

1802–1867

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now
Woodman, Spare That Tree

WILLIAM MORRIS

1834–1896

'One of these cloths is heaven, and one is hell,
Now choose one cloth for ever, which they be,
I will not tell you, you must somehow tell
Of your own strength and mightiness'
Defence of Guenevere

And one of these strange choosing cloths was blue,
Wavy and long, and one cut short and red,
No man could tell the better of the two

After a shivering half-hour you said
'God help! heaven's colour, the blue,' and he said 'hell'
Perhaps you then would roll upon your bed,

And cry to all good men that loved you well,
'Ah Christ! if only I had known, known, known' *Ib*

The idle singer of an empty day
The Earthly Paradise An Apology

Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?
Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme
Beats with light wing against the ivory gate,
Telling a tale not too importunate
To those who in the sleepy region stay,
Lulled by the singer of an empty day *Ib*

Forget six counties overhung with smoke,
Forget the snorting steam and piston stroke,
Forget the spreading of the hideous town,
Think rather of the pack-horse on the down,
And dream of London, small and white and clean,
The clear Thames bordered by its gardens green
Ib Prologue *The Wanderers*, l 1

Death have we hated, knowing not what it meant,
Life we have loved, through green leaf and through sere,
Though still the less we knew of its intent
Ib L'Envoi, xiii

Had she come all the way for this,
To part at last without a kiss?
Yea, had she borne the dirt and rain
That her own eyes might see him slain
Beside the haystack in the floods?
The Haystack in the Floods

I know a little garden close
Set thick with lily and red rose,
Where I would wander if I might
From dewy dawn to dewy night,
And have one with me wandering
The Life and Death of Jason, l 577

Love is enough though the world be a-waning,
And the woods have no voice but the voice of complaining *Love is Enough*, 1

But lo, the old inn, and the lights, and the fire,
And the fiddler's old tune and the shuffling of feet,
Soon for us shall be quiet and rest and desire,
And tomorrow's uprising to deeds shall be sweet
The Message of the March Wind

'You must be very old, Sir Giles' *Old Love*

They hammer'd out my basnet point
Into a round salade *Ib*

My lady seems of ivory
Forehead, straight nose, and cheeks that be
Hollow'd a little mournfully
Beata mea Domina! *Praise of my Lady*

Across the empty garden-beds,
When the Sword went out to sea
The Sailing of the Sword

There were four of us about that bed,
The mass-priest knelt at the side
Shameful Death

He did not die in the night,
He did not die in the day *Ib*

It is the longest night in all the year,
Near on the day when the Lord Christ was born,
Six hours ago I came and sat down here,
And ponder'd sadly, wearied and forlorn
Sir Galahad, A Christmas Mystery, l 1

O servant of the high God, Galahad! *Ib* 1 153

Speak but one word to me over the corn,
Over the tender, bow'd locks of the corn
Summer Dawn

And ever she sung from noon to noon,
'Two red roses across the moon'
Two Red Roses Across the Moon

Wind, wind! thou art sad, art thou kind? *The Wind*

Forsooth, brothers, fellowship is heaven, and lack of fellowship is hell fellowship is life, and lack of fellowship is death and the deeds that ye do upon the earth, it is for fellowship's sake that ye do them
The Dream of John Ball, ch 4

RICHARD MORTON

Twiggy voo, my boys, *twiggy voo*?
Twiggy Voo

THOMAS MORTON

1764?–1838

Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed
A Cure for the Heartache, v ii

I eat well, and I drink well, and I sleep well—but that's all *A Roland for an Oliver*, i ii

Always ding, dinging Dame Grundy into my ears—what will Mrs Grundy say? What will Mrs Grundy think? *Speed the Plough*, i i

THOMAS MOSS

1740–1808

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store
The Beggar's Petition

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY

1814–1877

As long as he lived, he was the guiding-star of a brave nation, and when he died the little children cried in the streets [William of Orange]
Rise of the Dutch Republic, pt vi, ch vii

Give us the luxuries of life, and we will dispense with its necessities
Remark O W Holmes' *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, ch 6

PETER ANTHONY MOTTEUX

1660–1718

The devil was sick, the devil a monk wou'd be,
The devil was well, and the devil a monk he'd be
Translation of Rabelais *Gargantua and Pantagruel*, Bk iv, ch 24

HENRY PHIPPS, EARL OF MULGRAVE

1755–1831

And toast before each Martial tune—
'Howe, and the Glorious First of June!'
Our Line Was Formed

DINAH MARIA MULOCK

see

DINAH MARIA CRAIK

ANTHONY MUNDAY

1553–1603

Beauty sat bathing by a spring
Where fairest shades did hide her,
The winds blew calm, the birds did sing,
The cool streams ran beside her
My wanton thoughts enticed mine eye
To see what was forbidden
But better memory said, fie!
So vain desire was chidden
Hey nonny, nonny
England's Helicon *To Colin Clout*

HECTOR HUGH MUNRO

see

SAKI

C. W. MURPHY

We all go the same way home *Title of Song*

Has anybody here seen Kelly?
Kelly from the Isle of Man?
Has Anybody Here seen Kelly?

Kelly from the Em'rald Isle *Ib*

FRED MURRAY

Carve a little bit off the top for me!
A Little Bit Off The Top

Our lodger's such a nice young man *Title of Song*

FREDERICK WILLIAM HENRY MYERS

1843–1901

Moses on the mountain
Died of the kisses of the lips of God *S Paul*

CAROLINA BARONESS NAIRNE

1766–1845

Will ye no come back again?
Better lo'ed ye canna be,
Will ye no come back again?
Life and Songs (1869), *Bonnie Charlie's now awa'*.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin';
Wha'll buy my caller herrin',
New drawn frae the Forth? *Ib Caller Herrin'*.

Oh, ye may ca' them vulgar farin',
Wives and mithers maist despairin',
Ca' them lives o' men *Ib*

Charlie is my darling, my darling, my darling,
Charlie is my darling, the young Chevalier
Ib Charlie is My Darling

Gude nicht, and joy be wi' you a' *Ib Gude Nicht*

Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
We'll up an' gie them a blaw, a blaw,
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'
Ib The Hundred Pipers

A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree
Ib The Laird of Cockpen

I'm wearin' awa'
To the land o' the leal *Ib The Land o' the Leal*

There's nae sorrow there, John,
There's neither cauld nor care, John,
The day is aye fair
In the land o' the leal *Ib.*

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER

1785–1860

Then was seen with what a strength and majesty the British soldier fights
History of the War in the Peninsula, bk xii, ch 6, *Albuera*

THOMAS NASHE

1567–1601

Brightness falls from the air,
Queens have died young and fair,
Dust hath closed Helen's eye
In Time of Pestilence.

Spring, the sweet spring, is the year's pleasant king,
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!
Spring

JAMES BALL NAYLOR

1860–

King David and King Solomon
Led merry, merry lives,
With many, many lady friends
And many, many wives,
But when old age crept over them,
With many, many qualms,
King Solomon wrote the Proverbs
And King David wrote the Psalms
David and Solomon

JOHN MASON NEALE

1818–1866

All glory, laud, and honour
To Thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet Hosannas ring
All Glory, Laud and Honour, tr from Latin, *Gloria, Laus et Honor tibi sit*

Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppress
I know not, oh, I know not,
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare
Jerusalem the Golden, tr from Latin, *Urbs Syon Aurea*

And bright with many an angel
And all the martyr throng *Ib*

The pastures of the blessèd
Are deck'd in glorious sheen *Ib*

The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast *Ib*

O sweet and blessèd country
That eager hearts expect! *Ib*

Around the throne of God a band
Of glorious Angels always stand
Around the Throne of God *Hymns for Children, First Series* (1842)

Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
Art Thou Weary, tr from Greek

'Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,
Answer, Yes!' *Ib*

Brief life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care
Brief Life is Here, tr from Latin, *Hic breve Vivitur.*

Christian, dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the troops of Midian
Prowl and prowl around?
Christian, up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss,
Smite them by the merit
Of the holy Cross
Christian, Dost Thou See Them, tr from Greek.

Laud and honour to the Father,
Laud and honour to the Son,
Laud and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One,
Consubstantial, co-eternal,
While unending ages run
Come ye Faithful, Raise the Anthem *The Christian Remembrancer*, July 1863

Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
Jacob's sons and daughters,
Led them with unmoisten'd foot
Through the Red Sea waters
Come ye Faithful, Raise the Strain, tr from Greek.

Endless noon-day, glorious noon-day
Light's Abode, Celestial Salem, tr from Latin, *Hierusalem Luminosa*

For thee, O dear, dear Country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep
For Thee, O Dear, Dear Country, tr. from Latin, *O Bona Patria*

Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart, and soul, and voice
Good Christian Men, Helmore and Neale, *Carols for Christmastide*

Good King Wenceslas look'd out,
On the Feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about,
Deep and crisp and even
Good King Wenceslas Helmore and Neale, *Carols for Christmastide*

'Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?' *Ib.*

'Bring me flesh and bring me wine,
Bring me pine-logs hither' *Ib*

Page and monarch, forth they went,
Forth they went together *Ib*

'Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger,
Fails my heart, I know not how,
I can go no longer'
'Mark my footsteps, good my page,
Tread thou in them boldly,
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly' *Ib.*

In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted,
Heat was in the very sod
Which the Saint had printed

Wherefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now do bless the poor
Shall yourselves find blessing *Ib*

O come, O come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel.
O Come, O Come, Emmanuel, tr from Latin, *Veni, Veni, Emmanuel*

O happy band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread
O Happy Band of Pilgrims *Hymns of the Eastern Church*

O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win you such a prize! *Ib*

Oh, what the joy and the glory must be,
Those endless Sabbaths the blessèd ones see
Oh, what the Joy, tr from Latin of Abelard,
O quanta qualia sunt illa Sabbata

Raise the 'Trisagion' ever and aye
Stars of the Morning. Hymns of the Eastern Church

Safe home, safe home in port!
Rent cordage, shatter'd deck,
Torn sails, provisions short,
And only not a wreck
Safe Home, Safe Home *Hymns of the Eastern Church*

The prize, the prize secure!
The athlete nearly fell *Ib*

They whose course on earth is o'er
Think they of their brethren more?
They Whose Course on Earth *Hymns for the Young* (1844)

HORATIO NELSON VISCOUNT NELSON

1758–1805

It is my turn now, and if I come back, it is yours
Southey's *Life of Nelson* *Nelson's Memoir of His Services*

Westminster Abbey or victory!
[Battle of Cape S Vincent] *Ib* ch 4.

Before this time to-morrow I shall have gained a peerage, or Westminster Abbey
[Battle of the Nile] *Ib* ch 5

Victory is not a name strong enough for such a scene
[Battle of the Nile] *Ib*

It is warm work, and this day may be the last to any of us at a moment But mark you! I would not be elsewhere for thousands
[Battle of Copenhagen] *Ib* ch 7

I have only one eye,—I have a right to be blind sometimes I really do not see the signal!
[Copenhagen] *Ib*

England expects every man will do his duty
[Battle of Trafalgar] *Ib* ch 9

This is too warm work, Hardy, to last long
[Trafalgar] *Ib*

Thank God, I have done my duty [Trafalgar] *Ib*

Kiss me, Hardy [Trafalgar] *Ib*

EDITH NESBIT

1858–1924

Little brown brother, oh! little brown brother,
Are you awake in the dark? *Baby Seed Song*

SIR HENRY JOHN NEWBOLT

1862–

Effingham, Grenville, Raleigh, Drake,
Here's to the bold and free!
Benbow, Collingwood, Byron, Blake,
Hail to the kings of the sea! *Admirals All,* 1

Admirals all, for England's sake,
Honour be yours, and fame!
And honour, as long as waves shall break,
To Nelson's peerless name! *Ib*

He clapped the glass to his sightless eye,
And 'I'm damned if I see it', he said *Ib*

To set the Cause above renown,
To love the game beyond the prize,
To honour, while you strike him down,
The foe that comes with fearless eyes
To count the life of battle good,
And dear the land that gave you birth,
And dearer yet the brotherhood
That binds the brave of all the earth
The Island Race, Clifton Chapel

'Qui procul hinc', the legend's writ,—
The frontier-grave is far away—
'Qui ante diem periit
Sed miles, sed pro patria' *Ib*

'Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
Strike et when your powder's runnin' low,
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,
An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long ago' *Ib Drake's Drum*

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armadas come
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe
Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe,
Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin'
They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found him long ago! *Ib*

There's a breathless hush in the Close to-night—
Ten to make and the match to win—
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
An hour to play and the last man in
And it's not for the sake of a ribbond coat,
Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
But his Captain's hand on his shoulder smote—
'Play up! play up! and play the game!'
Ib Vitaï Lampada.

The voice of the schoolboy rallies the ranks
'Play up! play up! and play the game!' *Ib.*

Now the sunset breezes shiver,
And she's fading down the river,
But in England's song for ever
She's the Fighting Téméraire
The Fighting Téméraire.

'Ye have robb'd', said he, 'ye have slaughter'd and made an end,
Take your ill-got plunder, and bury the dead'
He Fell Among Thieves.

But cared greatly to serve God and the King,
And keep the Nelson touch. *Minora Sidera.*

MARGARET DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE

1624 ?–1673

Her name was Margarett Lucas, yongest sister to the Lord Lucas of Colchester, a noble familie, for all the Brothers were Valiant, and all the Sisters virtuous *Epitaph, Westminster Abbey.*

JOHN HENRY, CARDINAL NEWMAN

1801–1890

It is very difficult to get up resentment towards persons whom one has never seen
Apologia pro Vita Sua (1864). *Mr Kingsley's Method of Disputation*

There is such a thing as legitimate warfare war has its laws, there are things which may fairly be done, and things which may not be done . He has attempted (as I may call it) to *poison the wells Ib.*

I will vanquish, not my Accuser, but my judges
Ib True Mode of meeting Mr. Kingsley

I used to wish the Arabian Tales were true
Ib History of My Religious Opinions to the Year 1833

Two and two only supreme and luminously self-evident beings, myself and my Creator. *Ib*

Growth [is] the only evidence of life *Ib*

The motto [of *Lyra Apostolica*] shows the feeling of both [Hurrell] Froude and myself at the time we borrowed from M Bunsen a Homer, and Froude chose the words in which Achilles, on returning to the battle, says, 'You shall know the difference now that I am back again' *Ib*

It would be a gain to the country were it vastly more superstitious, more bigoted, more gloomy, more fierce in its religion than at present it shows itself to be
Ib History of My Religious Opinions from 1833–9

From the age of fifteen, dogma has been the fundamental principle of my religion I know no other religion, I cannot enter into the idea of any other sort of religion, religion, as a mere sentiment, is to me a dream and a mockery *Ib*

This is what the Church is said to want, not party men, but sensible, temperate, sober, well-judging persons, to guide it through the channel of no-meaning, between the Scylla and Charybdis of Aye and No.
Ib History of My Religious Opinions from 1839 to 1841

I recollect an acquaintance saying to me that 'the Oriel Common Room stank of Logic'
Ib History of My Religious Opinions from 1841 to 1845

Cowards! If I advanced one step, you would run away *Ib*

Trinity had never been unkind to me There used to be much snap-dragon growing on the walls opposite my freshman's rooms there, and I had for years taken it as the emblem of my own perpetual residence even unto death in my University
On the morning of the 23rd I left the Observatory I have never seen Oxford since, excepting its spires, as they are seen from the railway *Ib*

Ten thousand difficulties do not make one doubt.
Ib. Position of My Mind since 1845

The all-corroding, all-dissolving scepticism of the intellect in religious enquiries *Ib*

Take a mere beggar-woman, lazy, ragged, filthy, and not over-scrupulous of truth,—but if she is chaste, and sober, and cheerful, and goes to her religious duties—she will, in the eyes of the Church, have a prospect of heaven, quite closed and refused to the State's pattern-man, the just, the upright, the generous, the honourable, the conscientious, if he be all this, not from a supernatural power,—but from mere natural virtue
Lectures on Anglican Difficulties Lecture VIII

She [the Catholic Church] holds that it were better for sun and moon to drop from heaven, for the earth to fail, and for all the many millions who are upon it to die of starvation in extremest agony, as far as temporal affliction goes, than that one soul, I will not say, should be lost, but should commit one single venial sin, should tell one wilful untruth, . . or steal one poor farthing without excuse *Ib*

May He support us all the day long, till the shades lengthen, and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over, and our work is done! Then in His mercy may He give us a safe lodging, and a holy rest, and peace at the last *Sermon*, 1834 *Wisdom and Innocence*

Firmly I believe and truly
God is Three, and God is One,
And I next acknowledge duly
Manhood taken by the Son *Firmly I Believe*

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on,
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on
Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see
The distant scene, one step enough for me
The Pillar of Cloud Lead Kindly Light

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will remember not past years *Ib*

And with the morn those Angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile *Ib*

Prune thou thy words, the thoughts control
That o'er thee swell and throng,
They will condense within thy soul,
And change to purpose strong
Flowers Without Fruit Prune Thou Thy Words

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise,
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways. *Praise to the Holiest*

A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came *Ib.*

O wisest love! that flesh and blood
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against their foe,
Should strive and should prevail *Ib*

ISAAC NEWTON

1642–1727

I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me
Brewster's Memoirs of Newton, vol II, ch 27

O Diamond! Diamond! thou little knowest the mischief done!
Remark to a dog who knocked down a candle and so set fire to some papers and 'destroyed the almost finished labours of some years' Thomas Maude, *Wensley-Dale a Poem*, 1780, p 28, note

JOHN NEWTON

1725–1807

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear
Olney Hymns (1779), *How Sweet the Name*

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God
Ib Glorious Things of Thee

ADELA FLORENCE NICOLSON

See LAURENCE HOPE

'NIMROD' [CHARLES JAMES APPERLEY]

1779–1843

'Who is that under his horse in the brook?'—
'Only Dick Christian', answers Lord Forester, 'and it's nothing new to him'
'But he'll be drowned', exclaims Lord Kinnaird
'I shouldn't wonder', observes Mr William Coke
'But the pace is too good to inquire'
The Chase

'Quite the cream of the thing, I suppose', says Lord Gardner *Ib*

RODEN BERKELEY WRIOTHESLEY NOEL

1834–1894

After battle sleep is best,
After noise, tranquillity *The Old*

Loving, adorable,
Softly to rest,
Here in my crystalline,
Here in my breast!
The Water-Nymph and the Boy.

THOMAS NOEL

1799–1861

'Rattle his bones over the stones,
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!'
Rhymes and Roundelays, The Pauper's Drive

REV. JOHN NORRIS

1657–1711

Were angels to write, I fancy we should have but few Folios *Collection of Miscellanies* (1678), *Preface*

How fading are the joys we doat upon!
Like apparitions seen and gone.
But those which soonest take their flight
Are the most exquisite and strong,—
Like angels' visits, short and bright,
Mortality's too weak to bear them long
Ib. The Parting

CHRISTOPHER NORTH (JOHN WILSON)

1785–1854

Minds like ours, my dear James, must always be above national prejudices, and in all companies it gives me true pleasure to declare, that, as a people, the English are very little indeed inferior to the Scotch *Noctes Ambrosianae*, no 9

His Majesty's dominions, on which the sun never sets *Ib* No 20 (April 1829)

Laws were made to be broken.
Ib No 24 (May 1830)

Insultin the sun, and quarrellin wi' the equawtor (*Ettrick Shepherd*) *Ib* (May 1830)

Animosities are mortal, but the Humanities live for ever *Ib* No 35 (Aug 1834)

I cannot sit still, James, and hear you abuse the shopocracy *Ib* No 39 (Feb 1835)

SIR STAFFORD HENRY NORTHCOTE, EARL OF IDDESLEIGH

1818–1887

Argue as you please, you are nowhere, that grand old man, the Prime Minister, insists on the other thing
Speech at Liverpool, 12 Apr 1882

CAROLINE ELIZABETH SARAH NORTON

1808–1877

My beautiful, my beautiful! that standest meekly by,
With thy proudly-arched and glossy neck, and dark and fiery eye!
Fret not to roam the desert now, with all thy winged speed
I may not mount on thee again!—thou'rt sold, my Arab steed! *The Arab's Farewell to His Steed*

The stranger hath thy bridle-rein, thy master hath his gold,—
Fleet-limbed and beautiful, farewell, thou'rt sold, my steed, thou'rt sold *Ib*

And sitting down by the green well, I'll pause and sadly think—
''Twas here he bowed his glossy neck when last I saw him drink' *Ib*

They tempted me, my beautiful! for hunger's power is strong—
They tempted me, my beautiful! but I have loved too long *Ib*

'Tis false! 'tis false, my Arab steed! I fling them back their gold! *Ib*

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers—
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears *Bingen on the Rhine*

I do not love thee!—no! I do not love thee!
And yet when thou art absent I am sad
I Do Not Love Thee

For death and life, in ceaseless strife,
Beat wild on this world's shore,
And all our calm is in that balm—
Not lost but gone before *Not Lost but Gone Before*

ALFRED NOYES

1880–

Go down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in lilac-time,
Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)
And you shall wander hand in hand with love in summer's wonderland,
Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!) *Barrel Organ*

The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees,
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
And the highwayman came riding—
Riding—riding—
The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn-door *The Highwayman*

The landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair. *Ib*

Look for me by moonlight,
Watch for me by moonlight,
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way! *Ib*

There's a magic in the distance, where the sea-line meets the sky *Forty Singing Seamen*, ix

Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day
Sherwood

Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep? *Ib*

FREDERICK OAKELEY

1802–1880

O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem
O Come, All Ye Faithful, tr from Latin, *Adeste Fideles*

SEAN O'CASEY

1884–

The whole world is in a state of chassis
Juno and the Paycock, I i

JOHN O'KEEFE

1747–1833

Amo, amas, I love a lass,
As a cedar tall and slender,
Sweet cowslip's grace
Is her nom'native case,
And she's of the feminine gender
Rorum, corum, sunt Divorum!
Harum, scarum, Divo!
Tag rag, merry derry, periwig and hatband!
Hic hoc horum Genitivo!
Agreeable Surprise, II ii *Song Amo, Amas*

You should always except the present company
London Hermit, I ii

DENNIS O'KELLY

1720 ?–1787

Eclipse first, the rest nowhere.
Epsom, 3 May 1769 *Annals of Sporting*, vol II, p 271.

JOHN OLDHAM

1653–1683

And all your fortune lies beneath your hat
A Satire addressed to a Friend about to leave the University, l 25

Racks, gibbets, halters, were their arguments
Satires Upon the Jesuits, Sat I, *Garnet's Ghost*, l 176.

WILLIAM OLDYS

1696–1761

Busy, curious, thirsty fly
Busy, Curious, Thirsty Fly, l. 1

JOHN OPIE

1761–1807

[When asked with what he mixed his colours]
I mix them with my brains, sir
Samuel Smiles, Self Help, ch 4.

BARONESS ORCZY

contemp

We seek him here, we seek him there,
Those Frenchies seek him everywhere
Is he in heaven?—Is he in hell?
That demmed, elusive Pimpernel?
The Scarlet Pimpernel, ch 12

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

1844–1890

The organized charity, scrimped and iced,
In the name of a cautious, statistical Christ.
Life, Poems, and Speeches (1891), *In Bohemia*, l 37.

ARTHUR WILLIAM EDGAR O'SHAUGHNESSY

1844–1881

We are the music makers,
We are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lonely sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams,—
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams
We are the movers and shakers
Of the world for ever, it seems
Ode 'We are the Music Makers'

One man with a dream, at pleasure,
Shall go forth and conquer a crown,
And three with a new song's measure
Can trample a kingdom down *Ib*

For each age is a dream that is dying,
Or one that is coming to birth *Ib.*

SIR WILLIAM OSLER

1849–1919

The uselessness of men above sixty years of age, and the incalculable benefit it would be in commercial, political, and in professional life if, as a matter of course, men stopped work at this age
Address, Johns Hopkins Univ Feb 1905 H Cushing's *Life of Sir W. Osler* (1925), vol 1, p 667

JOHN O'SULLIVAN

1813–1895

Our manifest destiny to overspread the continent allotted by Providence for the free development of our yearly multiplying millions
U S Magazine and Democratic Review, vol xvii, p 5

A torchlight procession marching down your throat [Description of some whisky] G. W E Russell's *Collections and Recollections*, ch 19

THOMAS OTWAY

1652–1685

These are rogues that pretend to be of a religion now! Well, all I say is, honest atheism for my money. *The Atheist*, Act III, l 31

Ere man's corruptions made him wretched, he
Was born most noble that was born most free·
Each of himself was lord, and unconfin'd
Obey'd the dictates of his godlike mind
Don Carlos, Act II, l 3

Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman!
The Orphan, Act III, l 586

And for an apple damn'd mankind *Ib* l 594

You wags that judge by rote, and damn by rule
Titus and Berenice, prologue, l 3

Oh woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man we had been brutes without you,
Angels are painted fair, to look like you,
There's in you all that we believe of heav'n,
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love
Venice Preserved, Act I, l 337

No praying, it spoils business *Ib* Act II, l 87

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY

1581–1613

In part to blame is she,
Which hath without consent been only tried,
He comes too near, that comes to be denied
Miscellaneous Works, A Wife, xxvi

He disdains all things above his reach, and preferreth all countries before his own
Ib An Affectate Traveller

You cannot name any example in any heathen author but I will better it in Scripture
Ib Crumms Fal'n From King James's Table, § 10

JOHN OWEN

1560?–1622

God and the doctor we alike adore
But only when in danger, not before,
The danger o'er, both are alike requited,
God is forgotten, and the Doctor slighted
Epigrams.

EDWARD OXENFORD

1847–1929

I fear no foe in shining armour *Song.*

THOMAS PAINE

1737–1809

The sublime and the ridiculous are often so nearly related, that it is difficult to class them separately One step above the sublime, makes the ridiculous, and one step above the ridiculous, makes the sublime again *Age of Reason* (1795), pt II, p 20

These are the times that try men's souls
The American Crisis, No I Writings 1894, vol I, p 170

Government, even in its best state, is but a necessary evil, in its worst state, an intolerable one
Common Sense, ch I.

The final event to himself [Mr Burke] has been, that as he rose like a rocket, he fell like the stick
Letter to the Addressers on the late Proclamation, 1792, p 4

[Burke] is not affected by the vality of distress touching his heart, but by the showy resemblance of it striking his imagination He pities the plumage, but forgets the dying bird
Rights of Man, 1791, p 26

My country is the world, and my religion is to do good *Ib* pt II, ch 5

WILLIAM PALEY

1743–1805

Who can refute a sneer?
Moral Philosophy, bk v, ch 9

HENRY JOHN TEMPLE, VISCOUNT PALMERSTON

1784–1865

Accidental and fortuitous concurrence of atoms
Speech, H of C , 5 *March 1857*

What is merit? The opinion one man entertains of another
(Quoted by Carlyle in *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays*, VIII, '*Shooting Niagara*')

'Die, my dear Doctor, that's the last thing I shall do!' *Attr last words*

JOHN PALSGRAVE

d 1554

In the country of the blind the one-eyed man is king (Caecorum in patria luscus rex imperat omnis)
Fullonius' *Comedye of Acolastus*

EDWARD HAZEN PARKER

Life's race well run,
Life's work well done,
Life's victory won,
Now cometh rest
See *Notes and Queries*, 9th Series, vol IV, p 167, and vol VII, p 406.

MARTIN PARKER

-1656?

Country men of England, who live at home with ease,
And little think what dangers are incident o' th' seas
Give ear unto the sailor who unto you will show
His case, his case *How e'er the wind doth blow*
Sailors for My Money (*Roxburghe Ballads*, vol VI, p 797)

You gentlemen of England
Who live at home at ease,
How little do you think
On the dangers of the seas
The Valiant Sailors (*Early Naval Ballads*, Percy Society, 1841, p 34)

But all's to no end, for the times will not mend
Till the king enjoys his own again
Upon Defacing of Whitehall (*The Loyal Garland*, 1671) Later title *When the King Enjoys His Own Again* (Ritson's Ancient Songs, 1792, p 231)

My skill goes beyond the depths of a pond,
Or rivers, in the greatest rain,
Whereby I can tell, all things will be well,
When the King enjoys his own again *Ib*

THEODORE PARKER

1810–1860

A democracy, that is, a government of all the people, by all the people, for all the people, of course, a government after the principles of eternal justice, the unchanging law of God, for shortness' sake, I will call it the idea of freedom
The American Idea Speech at N E Anti-Slavery Convention, Boston, 29 May, 1850 Discourses of Slavery (1863), I

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL

1846–1891

No man has a right to fix the boundary of the march of a nation, no man has a right to say to his country —thus far shalt thou go and no further
Speech at Cork, 21 Jan 1885

THOMAS PARNELL

1679–1717

When thy beauty appears,
In its graces and airs,
All bright as an angel new dropt from the sky,
At distance I gaze, and am aw'd by my fears,
So strangely you dazzle my eye!
Poems (1894). *Song*, '*When thy Beauty Appears*'

Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
But still be a woman to you *Ib*

We call it only pretty Fanny's way
Ib An Elegy, to an Old Beauty, l 34

WALTER HORATIO PATER

1839–1894

A white bird, she told him once, looking at him gravely, a bird he must carry in his bosom across a crowded public place—his own soul was like that!
Marius the Epicurean, pt I, ch 2

The presence that thus rose so strangely beside the waters, is expressive of what in the ways of a thousand years men had come to desire Hers is the head upon which all 'the ends of the world are come', and the eyelids are a little weary . Set it for a moment beside one of those white Greek goddesses or beautiful women of antiquity, and how would they be troubled by this beauty, into which the soul with all its maladies has passed? [Mona Lisa]
The Renaissance. Leonardo da Vinci.

She is older than the rocks among which she sits, like the vampire, she has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave, and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen day about her, and trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants and, as Leda, was the mother of Helen of Troy, and, as Saint Anne, the mother of Mary, and all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with which it has moulded the changing lineaments, and tinged the eyelids and the hands
Ib

To burn always with this hard, gemlike flame, to maintain this ecstasy, is success in life
Ib Conclusion

COVENTRY KERSEY DIGHTON PATMORE

1823–1896

For dear to maidens are their rivals dead
Amelia, l 135

Grant me the power of saying things
Too simple and too sweet for words!
The Angel in the House, ed 1904, bk 1, c 1, Prelude 1, *The Impossibility*, l 7

Love, sole mortal thing
Of worth immortal
Ib Prelude 2, *Love's Reality*, l 9

The fair sum of six thousand years'
Traditions of civility
Ib The Cathedral Close, v l 27

Ah, wasteful woman, she who may
On her sweet self set her own price,
Knowing man cannot choose but pay,
How has she cheapen'd paradise,
How given for nought her priceless gift,
How spoil'd the bread and spill'd the wine,
Which, spent with due, respective thrift,
Had made brutes men, and men divine
Ib c III, Prelude 3, *Unthrift*

Leave us alone! After a while,
This pool of private charity
Shall make its continent an isle,
And roll, a world-embracing sea
Ib c VI, Prelude 2, *Love Justified*, l 9

Kind souls, you wonder why, love you,
When you, you wonder why, love none
We love, Fool, for the good we do,
Not that which unto us is done!
Ib Prelude 4, *A Riddle Solved*

Love wakes men, once a lifetime each,
They lift their heavy lids, and look,
And, lo, what one sweet page can teach,
They read with joy, then shut the book
And some give thanks, and some blaspheme,
And most forget, but, either way,
That and the Child's unheeded dream
Is all the light of all their day
Ib c VIII, Prelude 2, *The Revelation*, l 5

I drew my bride, beneath the moon,
Across my threshold, happy hour!
But, ah, the walk that afternoon
We saw the water-flags in flower!
Ib Prelude 3, *The Spirit's Epochs*, l 9

God's grace is the only grace,
And all grace is the grace of God
Ib c. X, Prelude 1, *The Joyful Wisdom.*

'I'll hunt for dangers North and South,
To prove my love, which sloth maligns!'
What seems to say her rosy mouth?
'I'm not convinced by proofs but signs'
Ib c IV, Prelude 3, *Valour Misdirected*

'I saw you take his kiss!' "Tis true'
'O, modesty!' "Twas strictly kept
He thought me asleep, at least, I knew
He thought I thought he thought I slept
Ib c VIII, Prelude 3, *The Kiss*

Why, having won her, do I woo?
Because her spirit's vestal grace
Provokes me always to pursue,
But, spirit-like, eludes embrace
Ib c XII, Prelude 1, *The Married Lover*, l 1.

Because, though free of the outer court
I am, this Temple keeps its shrine
Sacred to Heaven, because, in short,
She's not and never can be mine *Ib* l 29

Some dish more sharply spiced than this
Milk-soup men call domestic bliss *Olympus*, l 15.

Maud burst in, while the Earl was there,
With 'Oh, Mama, do be a bear!'
The Victories of Love, bk II, ii *From Lady Clitheroe to Mary Churchill*, l 89

No magic of her voice or smile
Suddenly raised a fairy isle,
But fondness for her underwent
An unregarded increment,
Like that which lifts, through centuries,
The coral-reef within the seas,
Till, lo! the land where was the wave,
Alas! 'tis everywhere her grave
Ib v *From Mrs Graham*, l 57.

Faults had she, child of Adam's stem,
But only Heaven knew of them
Ib XII *From Felix to Honoria*, l 167.

Well dost thou, Love, thy solemn Feast to hold
In vestal February
The Unknown Eros, bk I, i *St Valentine's Day*, l 1

Fair as the rash oath of virginity
Which is first-love's first cry
O, Baby Spring,
That flutter'st sudden 'neath the breast of Earth
A month before the birth *Ib* l 9

Thy heart with dead, wing'd innocencies fill'd,
Ev'n as a nest with birds
After the old ones by the hawk are kill'd *Ib* l 51

But, in a while,
The immeasurable smile
Is broke by fresher airs to flashes blent
With darkling discontent *Ib* l 15

I, singularly moved
To love the lovely that are not beloved,
Of all the Seasons, most
Love Winter *Ib* III *Winter*, l 1.

It *was* the azalea's breath, and she *was* dead!
Ib VII *The Azalea*, l 17

So, till to-morrow eve, my Own, adieu!
Parting's well-paid with soon again to meet,
Soon in your arms to feel so small and sweet,
Sweet to myself that am so sweet to you! *Ib* l 22

It was not like your great and gracious ways!
Do you, that have nought other to lament,
Never, my Love, repent
Of how, that July afternoon,
You went,
With sudden, unintelligible phrase,
And frighten'd eye,
Upon your journey of so many days,
Without a single kiss, or a good-bye?
Ib VIII *Departure*, l 1

And the only loveless look the look with which you pass'd *Ib* l 31

My little Son, who look'd from thoughtful eyes
And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,
Having my law the seventh time disobey'd,
I struck him, and dismiss'd
With hard words and unkiss'd,
His Mother, who was patient, being dead
Ib x *The Toys*, l. 1

Then, fatherly, not less
Than I whom Thou hast moulded from the clay,
Thou'lt leave Thy wrath, and say,
'I will be sorry for their childishness' *Ib*

For want of me the world's course will not fail
When all its work is done, the lie shall rot,
The truth is great, and shall prevail,
When none cares whether it prevail or not
Ib XII *Magna est Veritas*, l 7

In the year of the great crime,
When the false English Nobles and their Jew,
By God demented, slew
The Trust they stood twice pledged to keep from wrong,
One said, Take up thy Song,
That breathes the mild and almost mythic time
Of England's prime! *Ib* XIII, 1867, l 1

If I were dead, you'd sometimes say, Poor Child!
Ib XIV. *'If I were dead,'* l 1.

With all my will, but much against my heart,
We two now part
My Very Dear,
Our solace is, the sad road lies so clear
It needs no art,
With faint, averted feet
And many a tear,
In our opposed paths to persevere
Ib XVI *A Farewell*, l 1

Haply yon wretch, so famous for his falls,
Got them beneath the Devil-defended walls
Of some high Virtue he had vow'd to win
Ib. XX *'Let Be,'* l 17

That shaft of slander shot
Miss'd only the right blot
I see the shame
They cannot see
'Tis very just they blame
The thing that's not. *Ib* l 35

Through delicatest ether feathering soft their solitary beat. *Ib* bk II 1 *To the Unknown Eros*, l 8

What in its ruddy orbit lifts the blood,
Like a perturbed moon of Uranus,
Reaching to some great world in ungauged darkness hid. *Ib* l 33

Who is this only happy She,
Whom, by a frantic flight of courtesy,
Born of despair
Of better lodging for his Spirit fair,
He adores as Margaret, Maude, or Cecily? *Ib* l 30.

The Jebusite,
That, maugre all God's promises could do,
The chosen People never conquer'd quite,
Who therefore lived with them,
And that by formal truce and as of right,
In metropolitan Jerusalem
Ib VII *To the Body*, l 32

Enoch, Elijah, and the Lady, she
Who left the lilies in her body's lieu *Ib* l 45

Who has thy birth-time's consecrating dew
For death's sweet chrism retain'd,
Quick, tender, virginal, and unprofaned! *Ib* l 51.

There of pure Virgins none
Is fairer seen,
Save One,
Than Mary Magdalene *Ib* 127.

Shall I, the gnat which dances in thy ray,
Dare to be reverent?
Ib XIV *Psyche's Discontent*, l 72.

This is to say, my dear Augusta,
We've had another awful buster
Ten thousand Frenchmen sent below!
Thank God from whom all blessings flow
Epigram on King William's dispatch to Queen Augusta reported in *The Times*, 8 Aug 1870
B Champneys, *Coventry Patmore* (1900), 1 286

JAMES PAYN

1830–1898

I had never had a piece of toast
Particularly long and wide,
But fell upon the sanded floor,
And always on the buttered side
Chambers's Journal, 2 Feb, 1884.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

1791–1852

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home,
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home! there's no place like home!
Clari, the Maid of Milan *Home, Sweet Home.*

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK

1785–1866

Ancient sculpture is the true school of modesty. But where the Greeks had modesty, we have cant, where they had poetry, we have cant, where they had patriotism, we have cant, where they had anything that exalts, delights, or adorns humanity, we have nothing but cant, cant, cant
Crotchet Castle, ch 7

Modern literature having attained the honourable distinction of sharing with blacking and Macassar oil the space which used to be monopolized by razor-strops and the lottery *Ib* ch 15

The march of mind—has marched in through my back-parlour shutters, and out again with my silver spoons, in the dead of the night The policeman, who was sent down to examine, says my house has been broken open on the most scientific principles *Ib* ch 17

Nothing can be more obvious than that all animals were created solely and exclusively for the use of man *Headlong Hall*, ch 2

'Indeed, the loaves and fishes are typical of a mixed diet, and the practice of the Church in all ages shows—'
'That it never loses sight of the loaves and fishes'
Ib

'I distinguish the picturesque and the beautiful, and I add to them, in the laying out of grounds, a third and distinct character, which I call *unexpectedness*'
'Pray, sir', said Mr Milestone, 'by what name do you distinguish this character, when a person walks round the grounds for the second time?'
Ib ch 4

Sir, I have quarrelled with my wife, and a man who has quarrelled with his wife is absolved from all duty to his country
Nightmare Abbey, ch 11.

Long night succeeds thy little day
Oh blighted blossom! can it be,
That this gray stone and grassy clay
Have closed our anxious care of thee?
Epitaph on his Daughter Works of Peacock, ed Cole, 1875, Biographical Notice by E Nicolls

In his last binn Sir Peter lies,
Who knew not what it was to frown
Death took him mellow by surprise,
And in his cellar stopped him down
Headlong Hall, ch 5

Hail to the Headlong! the Headlong Ap-Headlong!
All hail to the Headlong, the Headlong Ap-Headlong!
The Headlong Ap-Headlong
Ap-Breakneck Ap-Headlong
Ap-Cataract Ap-Pistyll Ap-Rhaiader Ap-Headlong!
Ib ch. 13. *Chorus*

The mountain sheep are sweeter,
But the valley sheep are fatter,
We therefore deemed it meeter
To carry off the latter
The Misfortunes of Elphin, ch 11 *The War-Song of Dinas Vawr.*

The bowl goes trim The moon doth shine,
And our ballast is old wine
Nightmare Abbey, ch 11

In a bowl to sea went wise men three,
On a brilliant night in June
They carried a net, and their hearts were set
On fishing up the moon
The Wise Men of Gotham Paper Money Lyrics

GEORGE PEELE

1558?–1597

Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be,
The fairest shepherd on our green,
A love for any lady
Works, ed Bullen, vol 1 *Arraignment of Paris*, I ii, 55 *Song of Oenone and Paris*

What thing is love for (well I wot) love is a thing
It is a prick, it is a sting,
It is a pretty, pretty thing,
It is a fire, it is a coal
Whose flame creeps in at every hole
Ib vol II *Miscellaneous Poems The Hunting of Cupid*, l 1

His golden locks time hath to silver turn'd,
O time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing!
His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurn'd
But spurn'd in vain, youth waneth by increasing
Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading seen,
Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green
Ib Polyhymnia, Sonnet ad finem. A Farewell to Arms

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
And, lovers' sonnets turn'd to holy psalms,
A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,
And feed on prayers, which are age his alms
But though from court to cottage he depart,
His saint is sure of his unspotted heart *Ib*

Goddess, allow this aged man his right,
To be your beadsman now that was your knight *Ib*

HENRY HERBERT, EARL OF PEMBROKE

1734–1794

My noble friend Lord Pembroke said once to me at Wilton, with a happy pleasantry and some truth, that, 'Dr Johnson's sayings would not appear so extraordinary, were it not for his *bow-wow way*'
Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, *27 Mar 1775*, note.

WILLIAM PENN

1644–1718

No Cross, No Crown *Title of Pamphlet*, 1669

It is a reproach to religion and government to suffer so much poverty and excess
Reflexions and Maxims, pt 1, No 52

Men are generally more careful of the breed of their horses and dogs than of their children. *Ib* No 85

The country life is to be preferred, for there we see the works of God, but in cities little else but the works of men *Ib* No 220

SAMUEL PEPYS

1633–1703

Strange the difference of men's talk!
Diary, 4 Jan 1659–60

And so to bed *Ib 20 April 1660*

A silk suit, which cost me much money, and I pray God to make me able to pay for it
Ib 1 July 1660

I sent for Mr Butler, who was now all full of his high discourse in praise of Ireland, . . but so many lies I never heard in praise of anything as he told of Ireland *Ib 28 July 1660*

I went out to Charing Cross, to see Major-general Harrison hanged, drawn, and quartered, which was done there, he looking as cheerful as any man could do in that condition *Ib. 13 Oct 1660*

Very merry, and the best fritters that ever I eat in my life *Ib 26 Feb 1660–1 (Shrove Tues)*

A good honest and painful sermon
Ib 17 March 1661

If ever I was foxed it was now *Ib 23 April 1661*

But methought it lessened my esteem of a king, that he should not be able to command the rain
Ib 19 July 1662

I see it is impossible for the King to have things done as cheap as other men *Ib 21 July 1662*

But Lord! to see the absurd nature of Englishmen, that cannot forbear laughing and jeering at everything that looks strange *Ib 27 Nov 1662*

My wife, who, poor wretch, is troubled with her lonely life *Ib 19 Dec 1662*

Went to hear Mrs Turner's daughter . . . play on the harpsichon, but, Lord! it was enough to make any man sick to hear her, yet was I forced to commend her highly *Ib 1 May 1663*

Most of their discourse was about hunting, in a dialect I understand very little
Ib 22 Nov 1663

While we were talking came by several poor creatures carried by, by constables, for being at a conventicle I would to God they would either conform, or be more wise, and not be catched!
Ib 7 Aug 1664

Pretty witty Nell. [Nell Gwynne]
Ib 3 April 1665

But Lord! what a sad time it is to see no boats upon the River, and grass grows all up and down White Hall Court *Ib 20 Sept 1665*

Strange to see how a good dinner and feasting reconciles everybody *Ib 9 Nov 1665*

Strange to say what delight we married people have to see these poor fools decoyed into our condition
Ib 25 Dec 1665

And mighty proud I am (and ought to be thankful to God Almighty) that I am able to have a spare bed for my friends *Ib 8 Aug 1666.*

I bless God I do find that I am worth more than ever I yet was, which is £6,200, for which the Holy Name of God be praised! *Ib 31 Oct 1666.*

But it is pretty to see what money will do
Ib 21 March 1667.

JOHN JOSEPH PERSHING

1860–

LaFayette, we are here
Address at the grave of LaFayette, 4 July 1917
G Morgan's *True LaFayette*, 1919, preface

EDWARD JOHN PHELPS

1822–1900

The man who makes no mistakes does not usually make anything
Speech at Mansion House, 24 Jan 1899

AMBROSE PHILIPS

1675?–1749

The flowers, anew, returning seasons bring!
But beauty faded has no second spring
The First Pastoral, Lobbin, l 55

Timely blossom, infant fair,
Fondling of a happy pair,
Every morn, and every night,
Their solicitous delight,
Sleeping, waking, still at ease,
Pleasing without skill to please
Little gossip, blithe and hale,
Tattling many a broken tale
To Mistress Charlotte Pulteney, l 1

JOHN PHILIPS

1676–1709

Happy the man, who, void of cares and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A Splendid Shilling *The Splendid Shilling*, l 1.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS

1864–1915

I am deaf with praises, and all dazed with flowers
Herod, I 1

A man not old, but mellow, like good wine
Ulysses, III 11

WENDELL PHILLIPS

1811–1884

One, on God's side, is a majority
Speeches (1880), *Lecture at Brooklyn, N Y. 1 Nov 1859.*

Every man meets his Waterloo at last *Ib*

Revolutions never go backward
Ib. Address at Boston 17 Feb 1861

We live under a government of men and morning newspapers *Address The Press*

EDEN PHILLPOTTS

1862–

His father's sister had bats in the belfry and was put away *Peacock House My First Murder*

SIR ARTHUR WING PINERO

1855–1934

What beautiful fruit! I love fruit when it's expensive
The Second Mrs Tanqueray, Act I

WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM

1708–1778

The atrocious crime of being a young man . I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny
Speeches H of C, 27 Jan 1741

I rejoice that America has resisted Three millions of people, so dead to all the feelings of liberty, as voluntarily to submit to be slaves, would have been fit instruments to make slaves of the rest
Ib 14 Jan 1766

I cannot give them my confidence, pardon me, gentlemen, confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom youth is the season of credulity
Ib

Unlimited power is apt to corrupt the minds of those who possess it
Ib House of Lords, 9 Jan 1770

There is something behind the throne greater than the King himself *Ib 2 March 1770*

We have a Calvinistic creed, a Popish liturgy, and an Arminian clergy *Ib 19 May 1772*

If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms,—never—never—never!
Ib. 18 Nov 1777

I invoke the genius of the Constitution! *Ib*

The poorest man may in his cottage bid defiance to all the forces of the Crown It may be frail—its roof may shake—the wind may blow through it—the storm may enter—the rain may enter—but the King of England cannot enter—all his force dares not cross the threshold of the ruined tenement!
Ib Date unknown *Brougham's Statesmen in the Time of George III*, First Series

Our watchword is security *Attr*

It was a saying of Lord Chatham, that the parks were the lungs of London
William Windham, in a Speech in House of Commons, 30 June 1808

WILLIAM PITT

1759–1806

Necessity is the plea for every infringement of human freedom It is the argument of tyrants, it is the creed of slaves.
Speeches, H of C, 18 Nov 1783

Roll up that map, it will not be wanted these ten years [On a map of Europe, after hearing the news of the Battle of Austerlitz]
Stanhope's Life of the Rt Hon William Pitt, 1862, vol IV, p 369

England has saved herself by her exertions and Europe by her example
Ib At the Guildhall, 1805

Oh, my country! how I love my country [*Attr last words*] *Ib* p 382

Oh, my country! how I leave my country! [*Attr last words*] *Ib* 1879, vol III, p 391

My country! oh, my country! [*Attr last words*]
G Rose, Diary, 23 Jan 1806

I think I could eat one of Bellamy's veal pies
Alternative attributed last words

JAMES ROBINSON PLANCHÉ

1796–1880

Ching-a-ring-a-ring-ching! Feast of lanterns!
What a crop of chop-sticks, hongs and gongs!
Hundred thousand Chinese crinkum-crankums,
Hung among the bells and ding-dongs!
The Drama at Home, or An Evening With Puff

It would have made a cat laugh
Extravaganzas (1879), *The Queen of the Frogs*, I IV

JOSEPH MARY PLUNKETT

1887–1916

I see His blood upon the rose
And in the stars the glory of His eyes
Poems (1916), '*I See His Blood*'

EDGAR ALLAN POE

1809–1849

This maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me. *Annabel Lee*

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea,
But we loved with a love which was more than love—
I and my Annabel Lee,
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me *Ib*

The beautiful Annabel Lee *Ib.*

In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea *Ib*

The fever call'd 'Living'
Is conquer'd at last *For Anne.*

Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells *The Bells*, l 9.

They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human,
They are Ghouls *Ib.* l 86

Vastness! and Age! and Memories of Eld!
Silence! and Desolation! and dim Night!
The Coliseum, l 10.

While the angels, all pallid and wan,
Uprising, unveiling, affirm
That the play is the tragedy, 'Man',
And its hero the Conqueror Worm
The Conqueror Worm, l 39.

All that we see or seem
Is but a dream within a dream
A Dream within a Dream, l 10

Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicean barks of yore,
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary, wayworn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome *To Helen*, l 1

If I could dwell where Israfel
Hath dwelt, and he where I,—
He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody,
While a bolder note than his might swell
From my lyre within the sky *Israfel*

And, Guy de Vere, hast *thou* no tear?—weep now or nevermore! *Lenore*, l 3

Peccavimus, but rave not thus! and let a Sabbath song
Go up to God so solemnly the dead may feel no wrong *Ib* l 13

And all my days are trances,
And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy grey eye glances,
And where thy footstep gleams—
In what ethereal dances,
By what eternal streams *To One in Paradise*, l 21

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping *The Raven*, 1

Sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore *Ib* 11

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before *Ib* v

Ghastly grim and ancient raven wandering from the Nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore! *Ib* VIII

'Prophet!' said I, 'thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore' *Ib* XVI

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!
Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore' *Ib* XVII

The skies they were ashen and sober;
The leaves they were crisped and sere—
The leaves they were withering and sere,
It was night in the lonesome October
Of my most immemorial year *Ulalume*, l 1

Here once, through an alley Titanic,
Of cypress, I roamed with my Soul—
Of cypress, with Psyche, my Soul *Ib* l 10.

JOHN POMFRET

1667–1703

We live and learn, but not the wiser grow
Reason, l 112.

JOHN POOLE

1786?–1872

I hope I don't intrude? *Paul Pry*, I II.

ALEXANDER POPE

1786?–1872

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart,
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold.
For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage
Prologue to Addison's Cato, l 1.

A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling, with a falling State.
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
Ib l 21

Ye gods! annihilate but space and time,
And make two lovers happy
The Art of Sinking in Poetry, ch 11.

And thou Dalhoussy, the great God of War,
Lieutenant-Colonel to the Earl of Mar *Ib*

Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale,
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise
The Dunciad, bk 1, l 52

Now night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
But liv'd in Settle's numbers one day more *Ib* l 89

Or where the pictures for the page atone,
And Quarles is sav'd by beauties not his own
Ib l 139

And gentle dullness ever loves a joke *Ib* bk II, l 34.

Earless on high, stood unabash'd De Foe *Ib* l 147.

Another, yet the same. *Ib* bk III, l 40.

Lo, where Maeotis sleeps, and hardly flows
The freezing Tanais thro' a waste of snows. *Ib* l 87

Peel'd, patch'd, and piebald, linsey-wolsey brothers,
Grave mummers! sleeveless some, and shirtless others *Ib* l 115

All crowd, who foremost shall be damn'd to fame
Ib l 158

Some free from rhyme or reason, rule or check,
Break Priscian's head, and Pegasus's neck
Ib l 161

So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull
Ib l 171

May you, my Cam and Isis, preach it long!
The Right Divine of Kings to govern wrong
Ib bk IV, l 187

Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair *Ib* l 341

She comes! she comes! the sable Throne behold
Of Night primæval, and of Chaos old!
Before her, Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying rain-bows die away *Ib* l 629

See skulking Truth to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of Casuistry heap'd o'er her head!
Philosophy, that lean'd on Heav'n before,
Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more
Physic of Metaphysic begs defence,
And Metaphysic calls for aid on Sense!
See Mystery to Mathematics fly!
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die
Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,
And unawares Morality expires
Nor public flame, nor private, dares to shine,
Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine!
Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos! is restor'd,
Light dies before thy uncreating word,
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall,
And universal darkness buries all *Ib* l 641.

Vital spark of heav'nly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
The Dying Christian to his Soul

Tell me, my soul, can this be death? *Ib*

What beck'ning ghost, along the moon-light shade
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady, l 1

Is it, in heav'n, a crime to love too well? *Ib* l 6

Is there no bright reversion in the sky,
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?
Ib l 9

Ambition first sprung from your bless'd abodes,
The glorious fault of angels and of gods *Ib* l 13

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned,
By strangers honoured, and by strangers mourned!
Ib l 51

Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be dressed,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast
Ib l. 63.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame
How loved, how honoured once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot,
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!
Ib l 69

Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
Led through a sad variety of woe
Now warm in love, now with'ring in my bloom,
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!
Eloisa to Abelard, l 35

No, make me mistress to the man I love
If there be yet another name more free
More fond than mistress, make me that to thee!
Ib l 8

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot!
The world forgetting, by the world forgot
Ib l 207

One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight
Ib l 273.

See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul!
Ib l 323.

Teach me at once, and learn of me to die
Ib l 328.

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come.
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home
Epigrams An Empty House.

Has she no faults then (Envy says), Sir?
Yes, she has one, I must aver,
When all the world conspires to praise her,
The woman's deaf, and does not hear
Ib On a Certain Lady at Court.

I am his Highness' dog at Kew,
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?
Ib On the Collar of a Dog which I gave to his Royal Highness

Here rests a woman, good without pretence.
Epitaphs On Mrs Corbet

Heav'n, as its purest gold, by tortures tried;
The saint sustain'd it, but the woman died *Ib.*

Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais' easy chair,
Or in the graver gown instruct mankind,
Or, silent, let thy morals tell thy mind
Ib To Swift 22 Oct 1727.

In wit a man, simplicity a child *Ib On Gay*

Form'd to delight at once and lash the age. *Ib.* l. 4

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night
God said, *Let Newton be!* and all was light
Ib. Intended for Sir Isaac Newton.

Prais'd, wept,
And honour'd by the Muse he lov'd
Epitaph on James Craggs in Westminster Abbey.

Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss,
A fool might once himself alone expose,
Now one in verse makes many more in prose
'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own
Essay on Criticism, l 6

Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well
Ib l 15

Some are bewildered in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs nature meant but fools
Ib l 26

A little learning is a dang'rous thing,
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again *Ib* l 215

Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!
Ib l 232

'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all *Ib* l 245

Poets, like painters, thus unskilled to trace
The naked nature, and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art
Ib l 293

True wit is nature to advantage dressed,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed
Ib l 297

Such laboured nothings, in so strange a style,
Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile
Ib l 326

Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside *Ib* l 335

As some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there
These equal syllables alone require,
Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire,
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line
Ib l 342

Where'er you find 'the cooling western breeze',
In the next line, it 'whispers through the trees'
If crystal streams 'with pleasing murmurs creep',
The reader's threatened, not in vain, with 'sleep'
Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along *Ib* l 350

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an echo to the sense
Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows,
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move slow
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main *Ib* l 362

Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move;
For fools admire, but men of sense approve.
Ib l. 390.

What woeful stuff this madrigal would be,
In some starved hackney sonneteer, or me!
But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens, how the style refines
Ib l 418

Some praise at morning what they blame at night,
But always think the last opinion right. *Ib* l 430

To err is human, to forgive, divine *Ib* l 525

The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head *Ib* l 612

For fools rush in where angels fear to tread
Ib l 625

Still pleased to teach, and yet not proud to know
Ib l 632

Awake, my St John! leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of kings
Let us, since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die,
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man,
A mighty maze! but not without a plan
An Essay on Man Epistle 1, l 1

Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
But vindicate the ways of God to man
Say first, of God above or man below,
What can we reason but from what we know?
Ib l 13

Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns *Ib* l 25

Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world
Ib l 87

Hope springs eternal in the human breast,
Man never is, but always to be blessed
The soul, uneasy, and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come
Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind,
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or milky way,
Yet simple nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topped hill, an humbler heav'n
Ib l 95

But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company *Ib* l 111

In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies,
All quit their sphere and rush into the skies!
Pride still is aiming at the bless'd abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be gods
Aspiring to be gods if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels men rebel *Ib* l 123

The first Almighty Cause
Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws *Ib* l 145

Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, man is not a fly *Ib* l 193

Die of a rose in aromatic pain? *Ib* l 200.

The spider's touch how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line
Ib l 217.

Is there a parson, much bemused in beer,
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
A clerk, foredoomed his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza, when he should engross?
Ib I 15

Fired that the house reject him, ''Sdeath I'll print it,
And shame the fools' *Ib* I 61

Destroy his fib or sophistry—in vain!
The creature's at his dirty work again *Ib* I 91

As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came
Ib I 127

This long disease, my life *Ib* I 132

Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The things we know are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.
Ib. I. 169

And he, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad *Ib* I 187

Were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires,
Blest with each talent, and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise,
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer,
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike
Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend,
Dreading e'en fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging, that he ne'er obliged,
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause,
While wits and Templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he!
[Addison] *Ib* I 193

Let Sporus tremble —A What? that thing of silk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk?
Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel? *Ib* I 305

This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings
Ib I 310

So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way
Ib I 313

Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust
Ib. I. 333

That not in fancy's maze he wandered long,
But stooped to truth, and moralised his song.
Ib I 340

Unlearned, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
No language, but the language of the heart
By nature honest, by experience wise,
Healthy by temperance, and by exercise. *Ib* I 398

There St John mingles with my friendly bowl
The feast of reason and the flow of soul
Ib I *Hor* II, *Sat* 1. *To Mr Fortescue*, l 127

For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
Welcome the coming, speed the going guest
Ib II *Hor* II, *Sat* 2. *To Mr Bethel*, l 159.

In life's cool evening satiate of applause
Ib III *Hor* I, *Ep* 1 *To Lord Bolingbroke*, l 9

Not to go back, is somewhat to advance,
And men must walk at least before they dance.
Ib l 53

Get place and wealth—if possible with grace;
If not, by any means, get wealth and place
Ib l 103.

The worst of madmen is a saint run mad
Ib IV *Hor* I, *Ep* 6 *To Mr Murray*, l 27.

Shakespeare (whom you and every play-house bill
Style the divine, the matchless, what you will)
For gain, not glory, winged his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own despite
Ib V *Hor.* II, *Ep* 1. *To Augustus*, l 69

Who now reads Cowley? if he pleases yet,
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit,
Forgot his epic, nay Pindaric art,
But still I love the language of his heart *Ib* l 75

The people's voice is odd,
It is, and it is not, the voice of God. *Ib.* l 89.

In quibbles, angel and archangel join,
And God the Father turns a school-divine
[On *Paradise Lost*] *Ib* l 101

The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease
Ib l 108

Waller was smooth, but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full-resounding line,
The long majestic march and energy divine
Ib l 267

Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The last and greatest art, the art to blot *Ib* l 280

There still remains to mortify a wit,
The many-headed monster of the pit *Ib* l 304

Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame
Ib Epilogue, Dial 1, l 136

Argyll, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the senate and the field
Ib Dial II, l 86.

Ask you what provocation I have had?
The strong antipathy of good to bad *Ib* l 197

Yes, I am proud, I must be proud to see
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me *Ib* l 208

Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride!
They had no poet, and they died
Imitations of Horace, Odes, IV IX 1V

Bathos, the art of sinking in Poetry
Miscellanies. Title

Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground *Ode on Solitude*

And the touched needle trembles to the pole
Temple of Fame, l 431

Father of all! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood!
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myself am blind
The Universal Prayer

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heav'n pursue *Ib*

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see,
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me *Ib*

Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
The clam'rous lapwings feel the leaden death
Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
They fall, and leave their little lives in air
Windsor Forest, l 131

This is the Jew
That Shakspeare drew
Of Macklin's performance of Shylock, 14 Feb 1741 Baker, Reed, & Jones, *Biographia Dramatica* (1812), vol i, pt ii, p 469

Party-spirit, which at best is but the madness of many for the gain of a few
Letters To E Blount, 27 Aug 1714

'Blessed is the man who expects nothing, for he shall never be disappointed', was the ninth beatitude which a man of wit (who, like a man of wit, was a long time in gaol) added to the eighth
Ib To Fortescue, 23 Sept 1725

How often are we to die before we go quite off this stage? In every friend we lose a part of ourselves, and the best part *Ib To Swift*, 5 Dec 1732

To endeavour to work upon the vulgar with fine sense, is like attempting to hew blocks with a razor. *Thoughts on Various Subjects*

When men grow virtuous in their old age, they only make a sacrifice to God of the devil's leavings *Ib*

Not to admire, is all the art I know
To make men happy, and to keep them so
Trans of Horace, Epistles, I vi

WALTER POPE

1630–1714

If I live to be old, for I find I go down,
Let this be my fate in a country town,
May I have a warm house with a stone at the gate,
And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate
May I govern my passion with an absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away,
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay
The Old Man's Wish H Playford, *Theater of Musick*, 1685, bk i, p 50

RICHARD PORSON

1759–1808

When Dido found Æneas would not come,
She mourn'd in silence, and was Di-do-dum
Epigram On Latin Gerunds J S Watson, *Life of Porson* (1861), p 418

'Madoc will be read,—when Homer and Virgil are forgotten.' [To Southey]
Rogers, Table Talk, p. 330

He sometimes draws out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument
[Of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*] *Letters to Travis*, 1790, preface, p xxix

I went to Frankfort, and got drunk
With that most learn'd professor, Brunck,
I went to Worts, and got more drunken
With that more learn'd professor, Ruhnken
Facetiæ Cantabrigienses, 1825

BEILBY PORTEUS

1731–1808

In sober state,
Through the sequester'd vale of rural life,
The venerable Patriarch guileless held
The tenor of his way *Death*, l 108

One murder made a villain,
Millions a hero. *Ib* l 155

War its thousands slays, Peace its ten thousands *Ib* l 179

Teach him how to live,
And, oh! still harder lesson! how to die *Ib* l 319

WILLIAM SYDNEY PORTER

see O HENRY

FRANCIS POTT

1832–1909

The strife is o'er, the battle done,
Now is the Victor's triumph won,
O let the song of praise be sung Alleluia!
The Strife is O'er Hymns fitted to the Order of Common Prayer (1861), tr. of Latin, *Finita Iam Sunt Proelia*

HENRY CODMAN POTTER

1835–1908

We have exchanged the Washingtonian dignity for the Jeffersonian simplicity, which in due time came to be only another name for the Jacksonian vulgarity
Address, Washington Centennial, 30 Apr 1889

SIR JOHN POWELL

1645–1713

Let us consider the reason of the case For nothing is law that is not reason
Coggs v Bernard, 2 Lord Raymond, 911

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED

1802–1839

I think that nought is worth a thought,
And I'm a fool for thinking
The Chart of the Brazen Head

My own Araminta, say 'No!'
A Letter of Advice

A happy boy, at Drury's
School and Schoolfellows.

Just Eton boys grown heavy *Ib*

Of science and logic he chatters,
As fine and as fast as he can,
Though I am no judge of such matters,
I'm sure he's a talented man
The Talented Man

Whate'er the stranger's caste or creed,
Pundit or Papist, saint or sinner,
He found a stable for his steed,
And welcome for himself, and dinner
The Vicar

If he departed as he came,
With no new light on love or liquor,—
Good sooth, the traveller was to blame,
And not the Vicarage, nor the Vicar *Ib*

His talk was like a stream, which runs
With rapid change from rocks to roses
It slipped from politics to puns,
It passed from Mahomet to Moses;
Beginning with the laws which keep
The planets in their radiant courses,
And ending with some precept deep
For dressing eels, or shoeing horses *Ib*

The Baptist found him far too deep,
The Deist sighed with saving sorrow,
And the lean Levite went to sleep,
And dreamed of tasting pork to-morrow *Ib*

For all who understood admired,
And some who did not understand them *Ib*

CHARLES PRATT, EARL CAMDEN

1714–1794

The British Parliament has no right to tax the Americans Taxation and representation are inseparably united God hath joined them, no British Parliament can put them asunder To endeavour to do so is to stab our very vitals
Speech, House of Lords, 1765

ARCHIBALD PHILIP PRIMROSE, EARL OF ROSEBERY

1847–1929

See ROSEBERY

SIR JAMES PRIOR

1790?–1869

Mr Cruger at the conclusion of one of Mr. Burke's eloquent harangues, finding nothing to add, or perhaps as he thought to add with effect, exclaimed earnestly, in the language of the counting-house, 'I say ditto to Mr Burke—I say ditto to Mr Burke' *Life of Burke*, ch 5

MATTHEW PRIOR

1664–1721

He's half absolv'd who has confess'd.
Alma, c II, l 22

Dear Cloe, how blubber'd is that pretty face!
A Better Answer [to Cloe Jealous]

Odds life! must one swear to the truth of a song? *Ib*

I court others in verse but I love thee in prose:
And they have my whimsies, but thou hast my heart
Ib

Serene yet strong, majestic yet sedate,
Swift without violence, without terror great.
Carmen Seculare, l. 282

The song too daring, and the theme too great!
Ib l. 308

She may receive and own my flame,
For tho' the strictest prudes should know it,
She'll pass for a most virtuous Dame,
And I for an unhappy poet
To a Child of Quality Five Years Old.

That I shall be past making love,
When she begins to comprehend it. *Ib.*

Be to her virtues very kind,
Be to her faults a little blind,
Let all her ways be unconfin'd,
And clap your padlock—on her mind.
An English Padlock, l 79.

To John I ow'd great obligation;
But John, unhappily, thought fit
To publish it to all the nation.
Sure John and I are more than quit. *Epigram*

Nobles and heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior;
The son of Adam and of Eve,
Can Bourbon or Nassau go higher? *Epitaph.*

Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,
They led—a kind of—as it were
Nor wish'd, nor car'd, nor laugh'd, nor cried
And so they liv'd, and so they died
An Epitaph, l 59

All jargon of the schools
On Exod. III. 14 I am that I am. An Ode, l 65

And oft the pangs of absence to remove
By letters, soft interpreters of love
Henry and Emma, l 147

No longer shall the bodice, aptly lac'd
From thy full bosom to thy slender waist,
That air and harmony of shape express,
Fine by degrees, and beautifully less *Ib* l 427.

From ignorance our comfort flows,
The only wretched are the wise
To the Hon C Montague, l 35

For the idiom of words very little she heeded,
Provided the matter she drove at succeeded,
She took and gave languages just as she needed
Jenny the Just

Her religion so well with her learning did suit
That in practice sincere, and in controverse mute,
She shewed she knew better to live than dispute *Ib*

Venus, take my votive glass,
Since I am not what I was,
What from this day I shall be,
Venus, let me never see
The Lady who Offers her Looking-Glass to Venus

My noble, lovely, little Peggy
A Letter to the Honourable Lady Miss Margaret Cavendish-Holles-Harley

The merchant, to secure his treasure,
Conveys it in a borrowed name
Euphelia serves to grace my measure,
But Chloe is my real flame
An Ode, 'The Merchant to Secure his Treasure'

They never taste who always drink,
They always talk, who never think
Upon this Passage in the Scaligeriana

He rang'd his tropes, and preach'd up patience,
Back'd his opinion with quotations
Paulo Purganti and his Wife, l 138

Entire and sure the monarch's rule must prove,
Who founds her greatness on her subjects' love
Prologue Spoken on Her Majesty's Birthday, 1704, l 17

Cur'd yesterday of my disease,
I died last night of my physician
The Remedy Worse than the Disease

Abra was ready ere I call'd her name,
And, though I call'd another, Abra came
Solomon, bk II, l 362

What is a King?—a man condemn'd to bear
The public burden of the nation's care
Ib bk III, l 275

Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart,
And often took leave but was loth to depart
The Thief and the Cordelier, v

I never strove to rule the roast,
She ne'er refus'd to pledge my toast
Turtle and Sparrow, l 334

A Rechabite poor Will must live,
And drink of Adam's ale
The Wandering Pilgrim, III

ADELAIDE ANN PROCTER

1825–1864

I do not ask, Oh Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road
A Chaplet of Verses Per Pacem ad Lucem

Joy is like restless day, but peace divine
Like quiet night
Lead me, Oh Lord—till perfect Day shall shine,
Through Peace to Light *Ib*

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys
Legends and Lyrics A Lost Chord

But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen *Ib*

It may be that only in Heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen *Ib*

Rise! for the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on,
The others have buckled their armour,
And forth to the fight are gone
A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has some part to play,
The Past and the Future are nothing,
In the face of the stern To-day *Ib Now*

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER

See BARRY CORNWALL

FATHER PROUT (FRANCIS SYLVESTER MAHONY)

1804–1866

With deep affection,
And recollection,
I often think of
Those Shandon bells *The Bells of Shandon*

'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the River Lee *Ib*

WILLIAM JEFFREY PROWSE

1836–1870

Though the latitude 's rather uncertain,
And the longitude also is vague,
The persons I pity who know not the city,
The beautiful city of Prague *The City of Prague.*

WILLIAM PULTENEY, EARL OF BATH

1684–1764

Since twelve honest men have decided the cause,
And were judges of fact, tho' not judges of laws
The Honest Jury, III In *The Craftsman*, 1731, vol 5, 337 Refers to Sir Philip Yorke's unsuccessful prosecution of *The Craftsman* (1729)

ISRAEL PUTNAM

1718–1790

Men, you are all marksmen—don't one of you fire until you see the whites of their eyes
Bunker Hill, 1775 Frothingham, *History of the Siege of Boston* (1873), ch 5, note

FRANCIS QUARLES

1592–1644

The heart is a small thing, but desireth great matters
It is not sufficient for a kite's dinner, yet the whole world is not sufficient for it
Emblems, bk. 1, No 12 *Hugo de Anima*

We spend our midday sweat, our midnight oil,
We tire the night in thought, the day in toil
Ib bk II, No 2, l 33

Be wisely worldly, be not worldly wise. *Ib* l 46.

Man is Heaven's masterpiece *Ib* No 6, Epig. 6.

The road to resolution lies by doubt
The next way home 's the farthest way about
Ib bk IV, No 2, Epig. 2.

My soul, sit thou a patient looker-on,
Judge not the play before the play is done
Her plot hath many changes, every day
Speaks a new scene, the last act crowns the play
Epigram Respice Finem.

No man is born unto himself alone,
Who lives unto himself, he lives to none
Esther, Sect 1, Medit 1

He that had no cross deserves no crown
Ib Sect 9, Medit 9

He teaches to deny that faintly prays
A Feast for Worms, Sect 7, Medit 7, l 2

Man is man's A B C There is none that can
Read God aright, unless he first spell Man
Hieroglyphics, 1, l 1

He that begins to live, begins to die
Ib 1, Epig 1

Physicians of all men are most happy, what good success soever they have, the world proclaimeth, and what faults they commit, the earth covereth
Ib IV *Nicocles*

Come then, my brethren, and be glad,
And eke rejoice with me,
Lawn sleeves and rochets shall go down,
And hey! then up go we!
The Shepherd's Oracles Eglogue XI, *Song of Anarchus*, 1

We'll cry both arts and learning down,
And hey! then up go we! *Ib* IV.

ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH

1863–

Know you her secret none can utter?
Hers of the Book, the tripled Crown?
Poems *Alma Mater*

Once, my dear—but the world was young then. *Ib*

Yet if at last, not less her lover,
You in your hansom leave the High,
Down from her towers a ray shall hover—
Touch you, a passer-by! *Ib.*

O pastoral heart of England! like a psalm
Of green days telling with a quiet beat
Ib *Ode Upon Eckington Bridge*

Turns in her sleep, and murmurs of the Spring. *Ib.*

JOSIAH QUINCY

1772–1864

As it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some, definitely to prepare for a separation, amicably if they can, violently if they must.
Abridgment of Debates of Congress, 14 Jan 1811, vol IV, p 327

THOMAS RAINBOROWE

–1648

The poorest he that is in England hath a life to live as the greatest he Peacock, *Life of Rainborowe.*

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

1552?–1618

Go, Soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless arrant:
Fear not to touch the best;
The truth shall be thy warrant:
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie *The Lie*, 1.

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love
The Nymph's Reply to the [*Passionate*] *Shepherd*

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, hope's true gage,
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage
The Passionate Man's Pilgrimage

As you came from the holy land
Of Walsingham,
Met you not with my true love
By the way as you came?

How shall I know your true love,
That have met many a one
As I went to the holy land,
That have come, that have gone? *Walsinghame*

Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall.
Line Written on a Window-Pane. Queen Elizabeth wrote under it 'If thy heart fails thee, climb not at all' Fuller, *Worthies* (1840), 1, 419

Even such is time, which takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, and all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust,
Who in the dark and silent grave,

When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days
And from which earth, and grave, and dust,
The Lord shall raise me up, I trust
Written the night before his death Found in his Bible in the Gate-house at Westminster

O eloquent, just, and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded, what none hath dared, thou hast done, and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet*
A History of the World, bk v, ch vi, § 12

[Feeling the edge of the axe before his execution]
'Tis a sharp remedy, but a sure one for all ills
Hume, *History of Great Britain* (1754), vol i, ch iv, p. 72

[When asked which way he preferred to lay his head on the block]
So the heart be right, it is no matter which way the head lies
W Stebbing, *Sir Walter Raleigh*, ch xxx

SIR WALTER A RALEIGH

1861–1922

I wish I loved the Human Race,
I wish I loved its silly face,
I wish I liked the way it walks,
I wish I liked the way it talks,
And when I'm introduced to one
I wish I thought *What jolly Fun!*
Laughter from a Cloud (1923), p 228 *Wishes of an Elderly Man*

JULIAN RALPH

1853–1903

News value
Lecture to Brander Matthews' English Class, Columbia, 1892 Thomas Beer's *Mauve Decade*

ALLAN RAMSAY

1686–1758

Farewell to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean
Works (1851), ii, *Lochaber No More*

JAMES RYDER RANDALL

1839–1908

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle-queen of yore,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Maryland! My Maryland, i

THOMAS RAVENSCROFT

1592?–1635?

We be three poor mariners
Newly come from the seas
Deuteromelia, 1609
Oxford Song Book, vol ii

WALTER RAYMOND

1852–

Right as rain *Love and Quiet Life*, ch 10

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ

1822–1872

The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away
Sheridan's Ride, i

EBEN REXFORD

Darling, I am growing old,
Silver threads among the gold
Shine upon my brow to-day,
Life is fading fast away
Silver Threads among the Gold

FREDERIC REYNOLDS

1765–1841

How goes the enemy? [Said by Mr Ennui, 'the time-killer'] *The Dramatist*, i i

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

1723–1792

If you have great talents, industry will improve them if you have but moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiency
Discourse to Students of the Royal Academy, 11 Dec 1769

A mere copier of nature can never produce anything great *Ib 14 Dec 1770*

He who resolves never to ransack any mind but his own, will be soon reduced, from mere barrenness, to the poorest of all imitations, he will be obliged to imitate himself, and to repeat what he has before often repeated *Ib 10 Dec 1774*

I should desire that the last words which I should pronounce in this Academy, and from this place, might be the name of—Michael Angelo
Ib 10 Dec 1790

He [Dr Johnson] has no formal preparation, no flourishing with his sword, he is through your body in an instant
Boswell's *Johnson* (ed 1934), vol ii, p 365, *18 Apr. 1775*

WALTER REYNOLDS
(DE REYNEL or REGINALD)

d 1327

Vox Populi, vox Dei
The voice of the people, the voice of God
Text of Sermon when Edward III ascended the throne, 1 Feb 1327 *Walsingham, Historia Anglicana* (ed 1863), 1, 186

CECIL JOHN RHODES

1853–1902

So little done, so much to do
Last words *L Michell, Life*, vol II, ch 39

WILLIAM BARNES RHODES

1772–1826

'Who dares this pair of boots displace,
Must meet Bombastes face to face'
Thus do I challenge all the human race
Bombastes Furioso, sc IV

BOMBASTES
So have I heard on Afric's burning shore,
A hungry lion give a grievous roar,
The grievous roar echo'd along the shore
KING
So have I heard on Afric's burning shore
Another lion give a grievous roar,
And the first lion thought the last a bore *Ib*

GRANTLAND RICE

1880–

For when the One Great Scorer comes
To write against your name,
He marks—not that you won or lost—
But how you played the game
Alumnus Football

SIR STEPHEN RICE

1637–1715

Sir Stephen Rice having been often heard to say, before he was a judge, that he will drive a coach and six horses through the Act of Settlement
W King, *State of the Protestants of Ireland*, 1672, ch 3, § 3, par 6

GEORGE RIDDING, BISHOP OF SOUTHWELL

1828–1904

I feel a feeling which I feel you all feel
Sermon in the London Mission of 1885
G W E Russell's *Collections and Recollections*, ch 29

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

1852–1916

An' the gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you don't watch out!
Poems *Little Orphant Annie*

SIR BOYLE ROCHE

1743–1807

Mr Speaker, I smell a rat, I see him forming in the air and darkening the sky, but I'll nip him in the bud *Attr*

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER

1647–1680

Since 'tis Nature's law to change,
Constancy alone is strange
Works (1926), *A Dialogue between Strephon and Daphne*, l 31

The best good man, with the worst-natur'd muse
To Lord Buckhurst

An age in her embraces past,
Would seem a winter's day *Ib The Mistress*

Nothing! thou elder brother ev'n to shade
Ib Upon Nothing

A merry monarch, scandalous and poor
Ib A Satire on King Charles II for which he was Banished from the Court, l 19

Reason, an *ignis fatuus* of the mind
Ib A Satire Against Mankind, l 11

Then Old Age, and Experience, hand in hand,
Lead him to Death, and make him understand,
After a search so painful, and so long,
That all his life he has been in the wrong
Huddled in dirt the reasoning engine lies,
Who was so proud, so witty and so wise *Ib* l 25.

For all men would be cowards if they durst
Ib l 158.

Here lies a great and mighty king
Whose promise none relies on,
He never said a foolish thing,
Nor ever did a wise one
The King's Epitaph An alternative version of the first line is *Here lies our sovereign lord the King* For Charles II's answer, see p 87.

E W ROGERS

Ev'ry member of the force
Has a watch and chain, of course,
If you want to know the time,
Ask a P'liceman! *Ask A P'liceman*

Hi-tiddley-hi-ti *Title of song*

ROBERT CAMERON ROGERS

1862–1912

The hours I spent with thee, dear heart,
Are as a string of pearls to me,
I count them over, every one apart,
My rosary *The Rosary.*

SAMUEL ROGERS

1763–1855

Think nothing done while aught remains to do
Human Life, l 49.

But there are moments which he calls his own,
Then, never less alone than when alone,
Those whom he loved so long and sees no more,
Loved and still loves—not dead—but gone before,
He gathers round him *Ib.* I 755

By many a temple half as old as Time
Italy. A Farewell, II 5

Go—you may call it madness, folly,
You shall not chase my gloom away
There's such a charm in melancholy,
I would not, if I could, be gay *To —, 1814*

Mine be a cot beside the hill,
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear,
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near. *A Wish*

Sheridan was listened to with such attention that you might have heard a pin drop *Table Talk*

Ward has no heart, they say, but I deny it,—
He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it
Ib Epigram upon Lord Dudley

JAMES ROLMAZ

'Where did you get that hat?
Where did you get that tile?
Isn't it a nobby one, and just the proper style?
I should like to have one just the same as that!'
Where'er I go they shout, 'Hello!
Where did you get that hat?'
Where Did You Get That Hat?

FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT

1882–

I pledge you—I pledge myself—to a new deal for the American people
Speech at Convention, Chicago, 2 July 1932 (*New York Times,* 3 July, sect 1, p 8, col 7) E K Lindley, *The Roosevelt Revolution,* ch 1

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

1858–1919

I wish to preach, not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life
Speech, Hamilton Club, Chicago, 10 Apr 1899

Speak softly and carry a big stick
Ib Minnesota State Fair, 2 Sept 1901

The first requisite of a good citizen in this Republic of ours is that he shall be able and willing to pull his weight. *Ib New York, 11 Nov 1902*

A man who is good enough to shed his blood for the country is good enough to be given a square deal afterwards More than that no man is entitled to, and less than that no man shall have
Ib At the Lincoln Monument, Springfield (Illinois), 4 June 1903

The men with the muck-rakes are often indispensable to the well-being of society, but only if they know when to stop raking the muck
Ib At the laying of the Corner-stone of the Office Building of House of Representatives, 14 Apr. 1906.

There can be no fifty-fifty Americanism in this country There is room here for only 100 per cent Americanism, only for those who are Americans and nothing else
Ib Republican Convention, Saratoga

No man is justified in doing evil on the ground of expediency
The Strenuous Life, Essays Latitude and Longitude among Reformers

We demand that big business give the people a square deal, in return we must insist that when any one engaged in big business honestly endeavors to do right he shall himself be given a square deal *Autobiography,* 1913, p 615

Hyphenated Americans.
Metropolitan Magazine, Oct 1915, p 7

ARCHIBALD PHILIP PRIMROSE, EARL OF ROSEBERY

1847–1929

It is beginning to be hinted that we are a nation of amateurs.
Rectorial Address, Glasgow, 16 Nov 1900

I must plough my furrow alone
Speech, City of London Liberal Club, 19 July 1901.

What is the advice I have to offer you? The first is this—that you have to clean your slate [To the Liberal Party] *Ib Chesterfield, 16 Dec 1901.*

ALEXANDER ROSS

1699–1784

Marri'd an' woo'd an' a',
Marri'd an' woo'd an' a',
The dandilly toss[1] of the parish,
Is marri'd and woo'd an' a'.

[1] = toast

The Fortunate Shepherdess (1768), p 139

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI

1830-1894

My heart is like a singing bird
Whose nest is in a watered shoot,
My heart is like an apple-tree
Whose boughs are bent with thickset fruit,
My heart is like a rainbow shell
That paddles in a halcyon sea,
My heart is gladder than all these
Because my love is come to me *A Birthday*

Because the birthday of my life
Is come, my love is come to me *Ib.*

Whose speech Truth knows not from her thought
Nor Love her body from her soul. *Ib*

This is that blessed Mary, pre-elect
God's Virgin *Mary's Girlhood*

Thou fill'st from the winged chalice of the soul
Thy lamp, O Memory, fire-winged to its goal
Mnemosyne

Amid the bitterness of things occult
For Our Lady of the Rocks

And your own footsteps meeting you,
And all things going as they came
The Portrait, III

Yearned loud the iron-bosomed sea *Ib* X

Like tombs of pilgrims that have died
About the Holy Sepulchre. *Ib* XII

(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Three days to-day, between Hell and Heaven!)
Sister Helen

Unto the man of yearning thought
And aspiration, to do nought
Is in itself almost an act *Soothsay*, X

I have been here before,
But when or how I cannot tell:
I know the grass beyond the door,
The sweet keen smell,
The sighing sound, the lights around the shore
Sudden Light, I

Heavenborn Helen, Sparta's queen,
(O Troy Town!)
Had two breasts of heavenly sheen,
The sun and moon of the heart's desire
Troy Town, I

The sea hath no king but God alone
The White Ship, l 6.

From perfect grief there need not be
Wisdom or even memory
One thing then learnt remains to me,—
The woodspurge has a cup of three
The Woodspurge

'I saw the Sibyl at Cumæ'
(One said) 'with mine own eye
She hung in a cage, and read her rune
To all the passers-by
Said the boys, 'What wouldst thou, Sibyl?'
She answered, "I would die" '
Fragments The Sibyl

Was it a friend or foe that spread these lies?
Nay, who but infants question in such wise?
'Twas one of my most intimate enemies. *Fragment*

MARTIN JOSEPH ROUTH

1755–1854

You will find it a very good practice always to verify your references, sir!
Burgon, *Memoir of Dr Routh Quarterly Review*, July 1878, vol. cxlvi.

NICHOLAS ROWE

1674–1718

That false Lothario! *The Fair Penitent*, II 1

To be good is to be happy *Ib.* III 1

The evening of my age. *Ib* IV 1

I feel the pangs of disappointed love *Ib*

Is this that haughty, gallant, gay Lothario? *Ib* V 1

Like Helen, in the night when Troy was sack'd,
Spectatress of the mischief which she made *Ib*

Death is the privilege of human nature,
And life without it were not worth our taking *Ib*

Had I but early known
Thy wond'rous worth, thou excellent young man,
We had been happier both *Ib*

With rough, majestic force he mov'd the heart,
With strength and nature made amends for art
[Shakespeare] *Jane Shore*, prologue

If I boast of aught,
Be it, to have been Heaven's happy instrument,
The means of good to all my fellow-creatures,
This is a King's best praise.
Tamerlane, II II

Death is parting,
'Tis the last sad adieu 'twixt soul and body *Ib*

Think on the sacred dictates of thy faith,
And let that arm thy virtue, to perform
What Cato's daughter durst not,—live Aspasia,
And dare to be unhappy *Ib* IV 1

MATTHEW ROYDON

fl 1580–1622

A sweet attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by looks,
Continual comfort in a face,
The lineaments of Gospel books;
I trow that countenance cannot lie,
Whose thoughts are legible in the eye
An Elegy, or Friend's Passion, for his Astrophill
(i e Sir Philip Sidney), XVIII.

Was never eye, did see that face,
Was never ear, did hear that tongue,
Was never mind, did mind his grace,
That ever thought the travel long—
But eyes, and ears, and ev'ry thought,
Were with his sweet perfections caught *Ib* XIX

JOHN RUSKIN

1819–1900

You know there are a great many odd styles of architecture about, you don't want to do anything ridiculous, you hear of me, among others, as a respectable architectural man-milliner, and you send for me, that I may tell you the leading fashion
The Crown of Wild Olive, § 53, lecture II *Traffic*

Thackeray settled like a meat-fly on whatever one had got for dinner, and made one sick of it.
Fors Clavigera, letter XXXI

[On Whistler's 'Nocturne in Black and Gold']
I have seen, and heard, much of Cockney impudence before now, but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face
Ib letter LXXIX, 18 June 1877

No person who is not a great sculptor or painter *can* be an architect If he is not a sculptor or painter, he can only be a *builder*
Lectures on Architecture and Painting, § 61, Addenda

There is nothing in sea-description, detailed, like Dickens' storm at the death of Ham, in 'David Copperfield'
Modern Painters (1888), vol I, pt. II, p 425, note.

What is poetry? The suggestion, by the imagination, of noble grounds for the noble emotions
Ib vol III

Mountains are the beginning and the end of all natural scenery *Ib.* vol IV, pt V, ch 20, § 1

That mysterious forest below London Bridge
Ib vol V, pt IX, ch 9, § 7

Its symmetry be as of thunder answering from two horizons [A sentence of Johnson]
Praeterita, I. XII *Rosslyn Chapel*, § 251

There was a rocky valley between Buxton and Bakewell, . . . divine as the vale of Tempe, you might have seen the gods there morning and evening,—Apollo and the sweet Muses of the Light You enterprised a railroad, . . you blasted its rocks away And now, every fool in Buxton can be at Bakewell in half-an-hour, and every fool in Bakewell at Buxton
Ib. III IV *Joanna's Cave*, § 84 note

All books are divisible into two classes the books of the hour, and the books of all time
Sesame and Lilies, Lect I *Of Kings' Treasuries*, § 8

But whether thus submissively or not, at least be sure that you go to the author to get at *his* meaning, not to find yours *Ib* § 13

Which of us . . is to do the hard and dirty work for the rest—and for what pay? Who is to do the pleasant and clean work, and for what pay?
Ib § 30, note

What do we, as a nation, care about books? How much do you think we spend altogether on our libraries, public or private, as compared with what we spend on our horses? *Ib* § 32

How long most people would look at the best book before they would give the price of a large turbot for it! *Ib*

We call ourselves a rich nation, and we are filthy and foolish enough to thumb each other's books out of circulating libraries! *Ib*

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No human being, however great, or powerful, was ever so free as a fish *Ib* lect V

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To make your children *capable of honesty* is the beginning of education *Ib*

I hold it for indisputable, that the first duty of a State is to see that every child born therein shall be well housed, clothed, fed, and educated, till it attain years of discretion But in order to the effecting this the Government must have an authority over the people of which we now do not so much as dream *Ib* letter XIII.

It ought to be quite as natural and straightforward a matter for a labourer to take his pension from his parish, because he has deserved well of his parish, as for a man in higher rank to take his pension from his country, because he has deserved well of his country *Unto this Last*, preface, § 6 (4)

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Government and co-operation are in all things the laws of life, anarchy and competition the laws of death *Ib*

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Trust thou thy Love if she be mute, is she not pure?
Lay thou thy soul full in her hands, low at her feet,—
Fail, Sun and Breath!—yet, for thy peace, she shall endure *Trust Thou Thy Love*

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God be with you till we meet again!
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Shall we gather at the river?
Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God
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In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore
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That will be glory for me
Ib That Will Be Heaven For Me

EPES SARGENT

1813–1880

A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep
A Life on the Ocean Wave.

No person who is not a great sculptor or painter *can* be an architect If he is not a sculptor or painter, he can only be a *builder*
Lectures on Architecture and Painting, § 61, Addenda

There is nothing in sea-description, detailed, like Dickens' storm at the death of Ham, in 'David Copperfield'
Modern Painters (1888), vol I, pt. II, p 425, note

What is poetry? The suggestion, by the imagination, of noble grounds for the noble emotions
Ib vol III

Mountains are the beginning and the end of all natural scenery. *Ib.* vol IV, pt. V, ch 20, § 1

That mysterious forest below London Bridge
Ib vol V, pt IX, ch 9, § 7

Its symmetry be as of thunder answering from two horizons. [A sentence of Johnson]
Praeterita, I XII *Rosslyn Chapel*, § 251

There was a rocky valley between Buxton and Bakewell, . . . divine as the vale of Tempe, you might have seen the gods there morning and evening,—Apollo and the sweet Muses of the Light You enterprised a railroad, . . you blasted its rocks away And now, every fool in Buxton can be at Bakewell in half-an-hour, and every fool in Bakewell at Buxton
Ib. III IV *Joanna's Cave*, § 84 note

All books are divisible into two classes the books of the hour, and the books of all time
Sesame and Lilies, Lect I *Of Kings' Treasuries*, § 8

But whether thus submissively or not, at least be sure that you go to the author to get at *his* meaning, not to find yours *Ib* § 13

Which of us . . . is to do the hard and dirty work for the rest—and for what pay? Who is to do the pleasant and clean work, and for what pay?
Ib § 30, note

What do we, as a nation, care about books? How much do you think we spend altogether on our libraries, public or private, as compared with what we spend on our horses? *Ib* § 32

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A home on the rolling deep
A Life on the Ocean Wave.

SIEGFRIED SASSOON

contemp

Everyone suddenly burst out singing
Everyone Sang
The song was wordless,
The singing will never be done *Ib*

RICHARD SAVAGE

d. 1743

No tenth transmitter of a foolish face.
The Bastard, l. 8

Perhaps been poorly rich, and meanly great,
The slave of pomp, a cipher in the state *Ib* l 39

May see thee now, though late, redeem thy name,
And glorify what else is damn'd to fame
Character of the Rev James Foster, l 45

HENRY J. SAYERS

Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay. *Title of song*

GEORGE SAVILE, MARQUIS OF HALIFAX

See HALIFAX

SIR WALTER SCOTT

1771–1832

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver'se who spoke,
'Ere the King's crown shall fall there are crowns to be broke,
So let each cavalier who loves honour and me,
Come follow the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee
Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men,
Come open the West Port, and let me gang free,
And 'it's room for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!'
Bonnie Dundee (*The Doom of Devorgoil*, Act II, sc II)

But answer came there none
Bridal of Triermain, c III x

The stag at eve had drunk his fill,
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
And deep his midnight lair had made
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade
The Lady of the Lake, c I i

A moment gazed adown the dale,
A moment snuff'd the tainted gale *Ib* II

Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's breed,
Unmatch'd for courage, breath, and speed *Ib* VII

Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day,
That costs thy life, my gallant grey! *Ib* IX

In listening mood, she seem'd to stand,
The guardian Naiad of the strand *Ib* XVII

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace
Of finer form, or lovelier face!
What though the sun, with ardent frown,
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown *Ib* XVIII

The will to do, the soul to dare. *Ib* XXI.

His ready speech flow'd fair and free,
In phrase of gentlest courtesy,
Yet seem'd that tone, and gesture bland,
Less used to sue than to command *Ib.*

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking *Ib* XXXI

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done *Ib* XXXII

Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances!
Ib XIX

Speed, Malise, speed! the dun deer's hide
On fleeter foot was never tied *Ib* c III XIII

Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and for ever! *Ib* XVI

Which spills the foremost foeman's life,
That party conquers in the strife! *Ib* c IV VI

'These are Clan Alpine's warriors true,
And, Saxon,—I am Roderick Dhu!' *Ib* c V IX

'Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.' *Ib* X

Respect was mingled with surprise,
And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel. *Ib*

Where, where was Roderick then?
One blast upon his bugle-horn
Were worth a thousand men! *Ib* c. VI. XVIII.

The way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old,
His wither'd cheek and tresses grey,
Seem'd to have known a better day.
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy
The last of all the Bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry,
For, welladay! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead,
And he, neglected and oppress'd,
Wish'd to be with them, and at rest
The Lay of the Last Minstrel, introd l I

The unpremeditated lay *Ib* I 18

Old times were changed, old manners gone,
A stranger fill'd the Stuarts' throne,
The bigots of the iron time
Had call'd his harmless art a crime *Ib* I 19.

Nine-and-twenty knights of fame
Hung their shields in Branksome hall,
Nine-and-twenty squires of name
Brought them their steeds to bower from stall,
Nine-and-twenty yeomen tall
Waited, duteous, on them all
They were all knights of mettle true,
Kinsmen to the bold Buccleuch *Ib* c I III

They carv'd at the meal
With gloves of steel,
And they drank the red wine through the helmet barr'd *Ib* IV.

Such is the custom of Branksome Hall *Ib* VII.

Vengeance, deep-brooding o'er the slain,
Had lock'd the source of softer woe,
And burning pride and high disdain
Forbade the rising tear to flow
The Lay of the Last Minstrel, c I IX

To her bidding she could bow
The viewless forms of air *Ib* XII

What shall be the maiden's fate?
Who shall be the maiden's mate? *Ib* XVI

Steady of heart, and stout of hand *Ib* XXI

Sir William of Deloraine, good at need *Ib* XXII

Yet, through good heart, and Oure Ladye's grace,
At length he gain'd the landing-place *Ib* XXIX

If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight,
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins grey *Ib* c II I

Strange sounds along the chancel pass'd,
The banners wav'd without a blast *Ib* XVI

Yet somewhat was he chill'd with dread,
And his hair did bristle upon his head *Ib*

I cannot tell how the truth may be,
I say the tale as 'twas said to me *Ib* XXII

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed,
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed,
In halls, in gay attire is seen,
In hamlets, dances on the green
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above,
For love is heaven, and heaven is love *Ib* c III II

And laugh'd, and shouted, 'Lost! lost! lost!' *Ib* XIII

Why, when the volleying musket play'd
Against the bloody Highland blade,
Why was not I beside him laid!
Enough, he died the death of fame,
Enough, he died with conquering Graeme
Ib c IV II

For ne'er
Was flattery lost on poet's ear
A simple race! they waste their toil
For the vain tribute of a smile *Ib* conclusion

Call it not vain, they do not err,
Who say, that when the Poet dies,
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies *Ib* c V I

The secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind *Ib* c V XIII

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well,
For him no Minstrel raptures swell,
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand! *Ib* c VI I–II

For Love will still be lord of all *Ib* XI

The elvish page fell to the ground,
And, shuddering, mutter'd, 'Found! found! found!' *Ib* XXIV

That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away *Ib* XXXI

The dew that on the violet lies
Mocks the dark lustre of thine eyes.
The Lord of the Isles, c I III

To show the form it seem'd to hide. *Ib* V

Thus, then, my noble foe I greet;
Health and high fortune till we meet,
And then—what pleases Heaven *Ib* c III VI

Scenes sung by him who sings no more!
His bright and brief career is o'er,
And mute his tuneful strains. *Ib* c IV XI

O! many a shaft, at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant!
And many a word, at random spoken,
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken!
Ib c V, XVIII.

To that dark inn, the grave! *Ib* c VI, XXVI

O hush thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight,
Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright
Lullaby of an Infant Chief

Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,
For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day *Ib*

O lovers' eyes are sharp to see,
And lovers' ears in hearing
The Maid of Neidpath.

Till through her wasted hand, at night,
You saw the taper burning. *Ib*

November's sky is chill and drear,
November's leaf is red and sear.
Marmion, c I, introd 1

To him, as to the burning levin,
Short, bright, resistless course was given *Ib* VI

Had'st thou but liv'd, though stripp'd of power,
A watchman on the lonely tower [On Pitt]
Ib VIII

Now is the stately column broke,
The beacon-light is quench'd in smoke,
The trumpet's silver sound is still,
The warder silent on the hill! [On Pitt] *Ib*

Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,
'Twill trickle to his rival's bier,
O'er Pitt's the mournful requiem sound,
And Fox's shall the notes rebound *Ib* XI

But search the land of living men,
Where wilt thou find their like agen?
Marmion, c I, introd xi

Profan'd the God-given strength, and marr'd the lofty line *Ib* xvi

His square-turn'd joints, and strength of limb,
Show'd him no carpet knight so trim,
But in close fight a champion grim,
In camps a leader sage *Ib* c I v

Stout heart, and open hand! *Ib* x

And come he slow, or come he fast,
It is but Death who comes at last *Ib* c II xxx

When Prussia hurried to the field,
And snatch'd the spear, but left the shield!
Ib c III, introd l 63

Where shall the lover rest,
Whom the fates sever
From his true maiden's breast,
Parted for ever?
Where, through groves deep and high,
Sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die,
Under the willow *Ib* c III x

In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying *Ib* xi

Still is thy name in high account,
And still thy verse has charms,
Sir David Lindesay of the Mount,
Lord Lion King-at-arms! *Ib* c IV vii

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best
Ib c V. xii

So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar
Ib

For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar *Ib*

'O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?'
Ib

'To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine'
Ib

With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye *Ib*

'Now tread we a measure!' said young Lochinvar.
Ib

'She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur,
They'll have fleet steeds that follow' quoth young Lochinvar *Ib*

Heap on more wood!—the wind is chill,
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still
Ib c VI, introd 1

England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale,
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale,
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year. *Ib.* III

What skilful limner e'er would choose
To paint the rainbow's varying hues,
Unless to mortal it were given
To dip his brush in dyes of heaven? *Ib* c VI v.

My castles are my King's alone,
From turret to foundation-stone—
The hand of Douglas is his own *Ib* XIII

'And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hop'st thou thence unscathed to go?
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, grooms—what, warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall' *Ib* XIV

O what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive! *Ib* XVII

Scarce could they hear, or see their foes,
Until at weapon-point they close
They close, in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway, and with lance's thrust,
And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air *Ib* XXV

Good-night to Marmion *Ib* XXVIII

O Woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made,
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou! *Ib* XXX

'Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!'
Were the last words of Marmion. *Ib* XXXII

Where's now their victor vaward wing,
Where Huntley, and where Home?—
O, for a blast of that dread horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne! *Ib* XXXIII

The stubborn spear-men still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell. *Ib* XXXIV.

Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shiver'd was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield! *Ib*

To all, to each, a fair good-night,
And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light!
Ib L'envoy

But Nora's heart is lost and won,
—She's wedded to the Earlie's son! *Nora's Vow*

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan-Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons. *Pibroch of Donuil Dhu.*

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter,
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
The bride at the altar. *Ib.*

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended,
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded *Ib*

Still are the thoughts to memory dear *Rokeby*, xxxiii

A mother's pride, a father's joy! *Ib* c iii xv

O, Brignal banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer queen *Ib* xvi

A weary lot is thine, fair maid,
A weary lot is thine!
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
And press the rue for wine! *Ib* xxviii

He turn'd his charger as he spake,
Upon the river shore,
He gave his bridle-reins a shake,
Said 'Adieu for evermore,
My love!
And adieu for evermore' *Ib*

Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode,
Splash! splash! along the sea *William and Helen*

You . whirl'd them to the back o' beyont
The Antiquary, ch 2

Praetorian here, Praetorian there, I mind the bigging o't *Ib* ch 4

It's no fish ye're buying—it's men's lives *Ib* ch 11

Widow'd wife, and married maid,
Betrothed, betrayer, and betray'd!
The Betrothed, ch 15

Woman's faith, and woman's trust—
Write the characters in dust *Ib* ch 20

Look not thou on beauty's charming,—
Sit thou still when kings are arming,—
Taste not when the wine-cup glistens,—
Speak not when the people listens,—
Stop thine ear against the singer,—
From the red gold keep thy finger,—
Vacant heart and hand, and eye,—
Easy live and quiet die
The Bride of Lammermoor, ch 3

When the last Laird of Ravenswood to Ravenswood shall ride,
And woo a dead maiden to be his bride,
He shall stable his steed in the Kelpie's flow,
And his name shall be lost for evermoe! *Ib* ch 18

I live by twa trades, sir, fiddle, sir, and spade, filling the world, and emptying of it *Ib* ch 24

Her winding-sheet is up as high as her throat already *Ib* ch 34

An ower true tale *Ib*

Touch not the cat but[1] a glove
The Fair Maid of Perth, ch 34

But no one shall find me rowing against the stream I care not who knows it—I write for the general amusement
The Fortunes of Nigel, introductory epistle.

It's ill taking the breeks aff a wild Highlandman.
Ib ch 5

[1] = without

For a con-si-de-ra-tion *Ib* ch 22.

To be plain, if your lordship does not ken when you have a good servant, I ken when I have a kind master *Ib* ch 31

(He) was ever after designated as a 'stickit minister'
Guy Mannering, ch 2.

Twist ye, twine[2] ye! even so
Mingle shades of joy and woe,
Hope and fear, and peace and strife,
In the thread of human life *Ib* ch 4

Ride your ways, Ellangowan *Ib* ch 8

MRS BERTRAM
'That sounds like nonsense, my dear'
MR BERTRAM
'May be so, my dear, but it may be very good law for all that' *Ib* ch 9

Sophia, as you well know, followed me to India She was as innocent as gay, but, unfortunately for us both, as gay as innocent *Ib* ch 12

'Pro-di-gi-ous!' exclaimed Dominie Sampson
Ib ch 14

Gin by pailfuls, wine in rivers,
Dash the window-glass to shivers!
For three wild lads were we, brave boys,
And three wild lads were we,
Thou on the land, and I on the sand,
And Jack on the gallows-tree! *Ib* ch 34

The ancient and now forgotten pastime of high jinks
Ib ch 36

And Bertram's right and Bertram's might
Shall meet on Ellangowan's height *Ib* ch 46

The hour is come, but not the man.
The Heart of Midlothian, ch 4, heading

The passive resistance of the Tolbooth-gate
Ib ch 6

Jock, when ye hae naething else to do, ye may be ay sticking in a tree, it will be growing, Jock, when ye're sleeping *Ib* ch 8

Proud Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early,
Sweet Robin sits in the bush,
Singing so rarely *Ib* ch 40

Come, trowl the brown bowl to me,
Bully boy, bully boy,
Come, trowl the brown bowl to me·
Ho! jolly Jenkin, I spy a knave in drinking,
Come, trowl the brown bowl to me *Ivanhoe*, ch 20

'Pax vobiscum' will answer all queries *Ib* ch 26

When Israel, of the Lord belov'd,
Out of the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her mov'd,
An awful guide in smoke and flame *Ib* ch 39

His morning walk was beneath the elms in the churchyard, 'for death', he said, 'had been his next-door neighbour for so many years, that he had no apology for dropping the acquaintance'
The Legend of Montrose, introduction

But, my lord, there is a Southern proverb,—fine words butter no parsnips *Ib* ch 3

[2] = divide

March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale,
Why the deil dinna ye march forward in order?
March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,
All the Blue Bonnets are bound for the Border
The Monastery, ch 25

Though his suit was rejected,
He sadly reflected,
That a lover forsaken
A new love may get,
But a neck that's once broken
Can never be set *Peveril of the Peak*, ch 39

Ah! County Guy, the hour is nigh,
The sun has left the lea,
The orange flower perfumes the bower,
The breeze is on the sea
Quentin Durward, ch 4

And it's ill speaking between a fou man and a fasting
Redgauntlet, Letter 11, *Wandering Willie's Tale*

Better a finger off, as ay wagging *Ib* ch 2

The ae half of the warld thinks the tither daft
Ib ch 7.

Over the water, and over the sea,
And over the water to Charlie,
Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,
And live or die with Charlie *Ib* ch 11

But with the morning cool repentance came
Rob Roy, ch 12

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my cann,
Come saddle my horses, and call up my man,
Come open your gates, and let me gae free,
I daurna stay langer in bonny Dundee *Ib* ch 23

If your honour disna ken when ye hae a gude servant,
I ken when I hae a gude master, and the deil be in my feet gin I leave ye *Ib* ch 24

It's a far cry to Lochow *Ib* ch 29, note.

There's a gude time coming *Ib* ch 32

'Speak out, sir, and do not Maister or Campbell me—my foot is on my native heath, and my name is MacGregor!' *Ib* ch 34

Fair, fat, and forty *St Ronan's Well*, ch 7

The play-bill, which is said to have announced the tragedy of Hamlet, the character of the Prince of Denmark being left out
The Talisman, introduction For an earlier report of this anecdote, see *T L S* 3 June 1939

Rouse the lion from his lair *Ib*. ch. 6

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go
Waverley, ch 28

Bring the bowl which you boast,
Fill it up to the brim,
Here's to him we love most,
And to all who love him
Brave gallants, stand up,
And avaunt ye, base carles!
Were there death in the cup,
Here's a health to King Charles!
Woodstock, ch. 20.

A man may drink and not be drunk,
A man may fight and not be slain,
A man may kiss a bonnie lass,
And yet be welcome back again *Ib* ch 27

The Big Bow-Wow strain I can do myself like any now going, but the exquisite touch, which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting, from the truth of the description and the sentiment, is denied to me [On Jane Austen]
Journal, *14 Mar 1826*.

I would like to be there, were it but to see how the cat jumps *Ib*. *7 Oct 1826*

From the lone shieling of the misty island
Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas—
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides!
Fair these broad meads, these hoary woods are grand,
But we are exiles from our fathers' land
Canadian Boat Song

Of disputed authorship See *Times Literary Supplement*, 23 Dec 1904, G M Fraser's article

WILLIAM SCOTT, LORD STOWELL

1745–1836

The elegant simplicity of the three per cents
Campbell's Chancellors (1857), vol x, ch 212, p 218

SIR OWEN SEAMAN

1861–1935

New Art would better Nature's best,
But Nature knows a thing or two
Battle of the Bays *Ars Postera*, v.

EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS

1810–1876

Calm on the listening ear of night
Came Heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains
Boston Observer, 1834 *Christmas Hymn Calm on the Listening Ear.*

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old
The Christian Register, 1850 *That Glorious Song of Old*

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY

1639?–1701

Ah, Chloris! that I now could sit
As unconcerned as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No pleasure, nor no pain! *Child and Maiden*

Love still has something of the sea
From whence his mother rose
Love still has Something.

Phyllis is my only joy,
Faithless as the winds or seas,
Sometimes coming, sometimes coy,
Yet she never fails to please
Song Phyllis is my Only Joy

She deceiving,
I believing,
What need lovers wish for more? *Ib*

Phyllis, without frown or smile,
Sat and knotted all the while
Song [Phyllis Knotting] Hears not my Phyllis

Not, Celia, that I juster am
Or better than the rest,
For I would change each hour like them,
Were not my heart at rest
Song [To Celia] Not, Celia, that I juster am.

Why then should I seek farther store,
And still make love anew,
When change itself can give no more,
'Tis easy to be true *Ib*

ALAN SEEGER

1888–1916

I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade
I Have a Rendezvous with Death

JOHN SELDEN

1584–1654

Scrutamini scripturas These two words have undone the world
Table Talk (1892), p 10 *Bible, Scripture*

Old friends are best King James used to call for his old shoes, they were easiest for his feet
Ib p 71, *Friends*

'Tis not the drinking that is to be blamed, but the excess *Ib* p 78 *Humility*

Ignorance of the law excuses no man, not that all men know the law, but because 'tis an excuse every man will plead, and no man can tell how to confute him *Ib* p 99 *Law*

Take a straw and throw it up into the air, you shall see by that which way the wind is
Ib p 105 *Libels*

Marriage is nothing but a civil contract
Ib p. 109 *Marriage*

There is not anything in the world so much abused as this sentence, *Salus populi suprema lex esto*
Ib p. 131. *People*

Philosophy is nothing but discretion
Ib. p 132 *Philosophy*

Pleasure is nothing else but the intermission of pain
Ib. Pleasure

Preachers say, Do as I say, not as I do
Ib. p 147. *Preaching*

WALTER CARRUTHERS SELLAR

contemp

and

ROBERT JULIAN YEATMAN

contemp

1066 and all that *Title of Book*

Julius Caesar (the *memorable* Roman Emperor)
1066 And All That, ch 1

The Roman Conquest was, however, a *Good Thing*
Ib

THOMAS SEWARD

1708–1790

Seven wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begg'd his bread
Attr *On Homer*, or *A Cure for Poetry* H P Dodd, *The Epigrammatists* (1875), p 397

WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD

1801–1872

The Constitution devotes the domain to union, to justice, to defence, to welfare, and to liberty But there is a higher law than the Constitution
Speech in U S Senate, 11 March 1850

I know, and all the world knows, that revolutions never go backward
Ib At Rochester on the Irrepressible Conflict, Oct 1858

EDWARD SEXBY

d 1658

Killing no Murder Briefly Discourst in Three Questions
Title of Pamphlet, 1657

RICHARD SHACKLOCK

c 1565

Proud as peacocks
Hatchet of Heresies (1565), p 26*b*.

THOMAS SHADWELL

1642?–1692

Words may be false and full of art,
Sighs are the natural language of the heart
Psyche, Act III

'Tis the way of all flesh *The Sullen Lovers*, v II

And wit's the noblest frailty of the mind
A True Widow, II 1

The haste of a fool is the slowest thing in the world
Ib III 1

I am, out of the ladies' company, like a fish out of the water *Ib*

Every man loves what he is good at *Ib* v 1

Instantly, in the twinkling of a bed-staff
Virtuoso, I 1

ANTHONY ASHLEY, EARL OF SHAFTESBURY

1621–1683

'People differ in their discourse and profession about these matters, but men of sense are really but of one religion' 'Pray, my lord, what religion is that which men of sense agree in?' 'Madam,' says the earl immediately, 'men of sense never tell it' Burnet, *History of My Own Time*, vol I, bk II, ch I, note by Onslow

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

1564–1616

[In the references the line number is given without brackets where the scene is all verse up to the quotation and the line number is certain It is given in square brackets where prose makes it variable, and the references are to the Oxford Standard Authors Shakespeare in one volume]

It were all one
That I should love a bright particular star
And think to wed it, he is so above me
All's Well That Ends Well, I 1 [97].

My friends were poor but honest *Ib* III [203]

They say miracles are past *Ib* II III [1]

A young man married is a man that's marred *Ib* [315]

I know a man that had this trick of melancholy sold a goodly manor for a song *Ib* III II [8]

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not, and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our own virtues
Ib IV III [83]

There's place and means for every man alive
Ib [379]

The flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire *Ib* V [58]

Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear *Ib* V III 19

The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool *Antony and Cleopatra*, I 1 12

CLEOPATRA
If it be love indeed, tell me how much
ANTONY
There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned
CLEOPATRA
I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd
ANTONY
Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth
Ib. 14.

The scarce-bearded Cæsar *Ib*. 21

Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space
Kingdoms are clay, our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man, the nobleness of life
Is to do thus, when such a mutual pair
And such a twain can do 't, in which I bind *Ib* 33

Whom everything becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep, whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd *Ib* 49

In Nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read *Ib* II [11]

You shall be yet far fairer than you are *Ib* [18]

You shall be more beloving than belov'd *Ib* [24]

O excellent! I love long life better than figs
Ib [34]

Mine, and most of our fortunes, tonight, shall be,—drunk to bed *Ib* [47]

But a worky-day fortune *Ib* [57]

On the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him *Ib* [90]

The nature of bad news infects the teller *Ib* [103]

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,
Or lose myself in dotage *Ib* [125]

I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment I do think there is mettle in death which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying *Ib* [150]

We cannot call her winds and waters sighs and tears, they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report *Ib* [157]

O sir! you then had left unseen a wonderful piece of work which not to have been blessed withal would have discredited your travel *Ib* [164]

Indeed the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow *Ib* [181]

If you find him sad,
Say I am dancing, if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick *Ib* III 3

CHARMIAN
In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing
CLEOPATRA
Thou teachest like a fool, the way to lose him *Ib* 9

In time we hate that which we often fear *Ib* 12

It cannot thus be long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it *Ib* 16

Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
Bliss in our brows bent *Ib* 35.

Quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change *Ib* 53

Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness *Ib* 57

At the last, best *Ib* 61

O! my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten *Ib* 90

'Tis sweating labour
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this *Ib* 93

This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion *Ib* IV 44

On the Alps
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on. *Ib* 66.

Give me to drink mandragora
That I might sleep out this great gap of time
My Antony is away *Antony and Cleopatra*, I v 4

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men *Ib* 23

Where's my serpent of old Nile? *Ib* 25

Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground I was
A morsel for a monarch, and great Pompey
Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow,
There would he anchor his aspect and die
With looking on his life *Ib* 27

My salad days,
When I was green in judgment *Ib* 73

We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good, so find we profit
By losing of our prayers *Ib* II i 5

I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech *Ib* II 117

No worse a husband than the best of men *Ib* 135

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water, the poop was beaten gold,
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were love-sick with them, the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes For her own person,
It beggar'd all description, she did lie
In her pavilion,—cloth-of-gold of tissue,—
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature, on each side her
Stood pretty-dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did *Ib* [199]

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings, at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers, the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs The city cast
Her people out upon her, and Antony,
Enthron'd i' the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air, which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too
And made a gap in nature *Ib* [214]

I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street,
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted
That she did make defect perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth *Ib* [236]

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety, other women cloy
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies, for vilest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish *Ib* [243]

Read not my blemishes in the world's report,
I have not kept the square, but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule *Ib* III 5

Music, moody food
Of us that trade in love *Ib* V 1

I laugh'd him out of patience, and that night
I laugh'd him into patience and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed *Ib* 19

There is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss, a hand that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing *Ib* 28

Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together *Ib* 54

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news, give to a gracious message
A host of tongues, but let ill tidings tell
Themselves when they be felt *Ib* 85

I will praise any man that will praise me
Ib VI [88]

LEPIDUS
What manner o' thing is your crocodile?
ANTONY
It is shaped, sir, like itself, and it is as broad as it hath breadth, it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs, it lives by that which nourisheth it, and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates
LEPIDUS
What colour is it of?
ANTONY
Of its own colour too
LEPIDUS
'Tis a strange serpent
ANTONY
'Tis so, and the tears of it are wet. *Ib* VII [47]

Ah! this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoken on't In me 'tis villainy,
In thee 't had been good service *Ib* [80]

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne!
In thy fats our cares be drown'd,
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd:
Cup us, till the world go round,
Cup us, till the world go round! *Ib* [119]

Ambition,
The soldier's virtue. *Ib* III i 22

The swan's down-feather,
That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines *Ib* II 48

The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown,
Is often left unlov'd *Ib* VI 52

But let determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way *Ib* 84

We have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces *Ib* VIII 17

Fortune knows
We scorn her most when most she offers blows
Ib IX 73

Which had superfluous kings for messengers
Not many moons gone by *Ib* X 5

He wears the rose
Of youth upon him *Ib* XI 20

Men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike *Antony and Cleopatra*, III xi 31

Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds *Ib* 39

Yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story *Ib* 43

Your Cæsar's father oft,
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses *Ib* 82

But when we in our viciousness grow hard,—
O misery on't!—the wise gods seel our eyes,
In our own filth drop our clear judgments, make us
Adore our errors, laugh at's while we strut
To our confusion *Ib* 111

I found you as a morsel cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher *Ib* 116

My playfellow, your hand, this kingly seal
And plighter of high hearts *Ib* 125

Henceforth,
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on't *Ib* 137

Let's have one other gaudy night *Ib* 182

Since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra *Ib* 185

Know that tomorrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight *Ib* IV i 11

To business that we love we rise betime,
And go to't with delight *Ib* iv 20

O! my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men *Ib* v 16

I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. *Ib* vi 30

Ride on the pants triumphing *Ib* viii 16

O infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught? *Ib* 17

My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds *Ib* 18

O sovereign mistress of true melancholy *Ib* ix 12

Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests, the augurers
Say they know not, they cannot tell! *Ib* x 16

The hearts
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar *Ib* 33

The soul and body rive not more in parting
Than greatness going off *Ib* xi 5

Sometimes we see a cloud that's dragonish,
A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world
And mock our eyes with air thou hast seen these signs,
They are black vesper's pageants *Ib* xii 2

That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water *Ib* 9

Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep *Ib* 35.

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon So it must be, for now
All length is torture, since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no further Now all labour
Mars what it does, yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength, seal then, and all is done
Eros!—I come, my queen —Eros!—Stay for me
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze,
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours *Ib* 44

Since Cleopatra died,
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness *Ib* 55

But I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed *Ib* 99

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise *Ib* xiii 3

ANTONY:
Not Cæsar's valour hath o'er thrown Antony
But Antony's hath triumphed on itself
CLEOPATRA
So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony *Ib* 14.

I am dying, Egypt, dying, only
I here importune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips *Ib* 18

The miserable change now at my end
Lament nor sorrow at, but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest, and do now not basely die,
Not cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman, a Roman by a Roman
Valiantly vanquished *Ib* 51.

Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty? O! see my women,
The crown o' the earth doth melt My lord!
O! wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fall'n, young boys and girls
Are level now with men, the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon *Ib* 60

No more, but e'en a woman and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks
And does the meanest chares *Ib* 73

What's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. *Ib* 86.

A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity, but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men *Ib* v 1. 31.

My desolation does begin to make
A better life 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar,
Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,
A minister of her will, and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change,
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dug,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's
Antony and Cleopatra, V II 1

Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia Shall they hoist me up
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! *Ib* 54

His legs bestrid the ocean, his rear'd arm
Crested the world, his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends,
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder For his bounty,
There was no winter in't, an autumn was
That grew the more by reaping, his delights
Were dolphin-like, they show'd his back above
The element they liv'd in, in his livery
Walk'd crowns and crownets, realms and islands were
As plates dropp'd from his pocket *Ib* 82

He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not
Be noble to myself *Ib* 190

Finish, good lady, the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark *Ib* 192

Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
I' the posture of a whore *Ib* 217

I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony *Ib* 227

His biting is immortal; those that do die of it do seldom or never recover *Ib* [246]

A very honest woman, but something given to lie *Ib* [251]

I know that a woman is a dish for the gods if the devil dress her not *Ib* [274]

I have
Immortal longings in me *Ib* [282]

Husband, I come
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire and air, my other elements
I give to baser life *Ib* [289]

If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd *Ib* [296]

If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking *Ib* [299]

CLEOPATRA
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have Come, thou mortal wretch,
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie, poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and dispatch O! couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass
Unpolicied

CHARMIAN
O eastern star!
CLEOPATRA Peace! peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep? *Ib* [303]

Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd *Ib* [317]

It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings *Ib* [328]

As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace *Ib* [348]

She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die *Ib* [356]

Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally *As You Like It*, I II [35]

How now, wit! whither wander you? *Ib* [60]

Your heart's desires be with you! *Ib* [214]

One out of suits with fortune *Ib* [263]

My pride fell with my fortunes *Ib* [269]

Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies *Ib* [271]

Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you *Ib* [301]

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother,
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother *Ib* [304]

O, how full of briars is this working-day world! *Ib* III [12]

We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances *Ib* [123].

Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference, as, the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,
'This is no flattery' *Ib* II 1 2

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head,
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything *Ib* 12.

The big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose,
In piteous chase *Ib* 38.

'Poor deer,' quoth he, 'thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much' *Ib* 47

Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens! *Ib* 55.

I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter *Ib* 67.

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty,
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood. *Ib* III 47.

Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly *As You Like It*, II iii 52

O good old man! how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion,
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having *Ib* 56

Ay, now am I in Arden, the more fool I When I was at home I was in a better place but travellers must be content *Ib* iv [16]

As true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow *Ib* [26]

If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd *Ib* [34]

We that are true lovers run into strange capers *Ib* [53]

Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of *Ib* [57]

I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it *Ib* [59]

My master is of churlish disposition
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality *Ib* [81]

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather *Ib* v 1

I can suck melancholy out of a song as a weasel sucks eggs *Ib* [12]

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets *Ib* [38]

I'll rail against all the first-born in Egypt *Ib* [60]

A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool *Ib* vii 12

And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms *Ib* 16

'Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune'
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock,
Thus may we see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags' *Ib* 19

And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour, we rot and rot:
And thereby hangs a tale *Ib* 26

My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative,
And I did laugh sans intermission
An hour by his dial O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear *Ib* 30

And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it and in his brain,—
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage,—he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. *Ib.* 37.

I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please *Ib.* 47.

The 'why' is plain as way to parish church. *Ib* 52.

But whate'er you are
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time,
If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be *Ib* 109.

There is an old poor man,

Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger *Ib* 129

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms
And then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose well sav'd a world too wide
For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything *Ib* 139.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly
Most friendship is feigning, most loving were folly.
Then heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not. *Ib.* 174.

Run, run, Orlando carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she
As You Like It, III ii 9

Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd? *Ib* [22]

He that wants money, means, and content is without three good friends *Ib* [25]

Thou art in a parlous state *Ib* [46]

I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm *Ib* [78]

From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind *Ib* [94]

This is the very false gallop of verses. *Ib* [120]

Let us make an honourable retreat, though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage *Ib* [170]

O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all whooping! *Ib* [202]

It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover *Ib* [246]

Do you not know I am a woman? what I think, I must speak *Ib* [265]

I do desire we may be better strangers *Ib* [276]

You have a nimble wit, I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels *Ib* [294]

I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults *Ib* [298]

Time travels in divers paces with divers persons I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal *Ib* [328]

Every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow fault came to match it *Ib* [377]

Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical *Ib* III [16]

I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul *Ib* [40]

ROSALIND
His hair is of a good colour
CELIA
An excellent colour, your chestnut was ever the only colour *Ib* IV [10]

Down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love *Ib* V 57

Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might
'Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?' *Ib* 81

It is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, which, by often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous sadness *Ib* IV i [16]

Farewell, Monsieur Traveller look you lisp and wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of your own country, be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola *Ib* [35]

Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole *Ib* [46]

For now I am in a holiday humour *Ib* [70]

When you were gravelled for lack of matter *Ib* [76]

Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love *Ib* [110]

Men are April when they woo, December when they wed maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives *Ib* [153]

The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn *Ib* II [17]

Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy *Ib* III [103]

Cæsar's thrasonical brag of 'I came, saw, and overcame' *Ib* V II. [35]

No sooner met, but they looked, no sooner looked but they loved, no sooner loved but they sighed, no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason, no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy *Ib* [37]

Oh! how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes *Ib* [48]

PHEBE
Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love
SILVIUS
It is to be all made of sighs and tears,—

It is to be all made of faith and service,—

It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes,
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all obeisance *Ib* [90]

'Tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon *Ib* [120]

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green cornfield did pass,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding,
Sweet lovers love the spring *Ib* III [18].

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In the spring time, &c *Ib* [24]

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that life was but a flower,
In the spring time, &c *Ib* [28].

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crowned with the prime
In the spring time, &c *Ib* [32]

Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools *Ib* IV [36]

An ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own.
As You Like It, v. iv [60]

Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house, as your pearl in your foul oyster *Ib* [62]

The retort courteous the quip modest . the reply churlish the reproof valiant the countercheck quarrelsome the lie circumstantial the lie direct *Ib* [96]

Your 'if' is the only peace-maker, much virtue in 'if'. *Ib* [108]

He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit *Ib* [112]

If it be true that, 'good wine needs no bush', 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue
Epilogue [3]

They brought one Pinch, a hungry, lean-fac'd villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A threadbare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,
A living-dead man *The Comedy of Errors*, v. i. 238

He's a very dog to the commonalty.
Coriolanus, I i [29]

The kingly crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter *Ib* [121]

What 's the matter, you dissentious rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs? *Ib* [170]

They threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
Shouting their emulation *Ib* [218]

Oh! I warrant, how he mammocked it! *Ib* iii [71]

My gracious silence, hail! *Ib* II i [194]

Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons *Ib* [197]

Custom calls me to 't
What custom wills, in all things should we do't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to o'erpeer *Ib* II iii [124]

I thank you for your voices, thank you,
Your most sweet voices *Ib* [179]

The mutable, rank-scented many *Ib* III i 65

Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute 'shall'? *Ib* 88

His nature is too noble for the world
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for 's power to thunder His heart's his mouth
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent
Ib 254

You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcases of unburied men
That do corrupt my air,—I banish you. *Ib.* iii 118

The beast
With many heads butts me away *Ib* IV i 1

Under the canopy I' the city of kites and crows
Ib v. [41]

I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct, but stand
As if a man were author of himself
And knew no other kin *Ib* v iii 34

Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace *Ib* 40.

O! a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear, and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since *Ib* 44

Chaste as the icicle
That's curdied by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple *Ib* 65

Thou hast never in thy life
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy,
When she—poor hen! fond of no second brood—
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaden with honour *Ib* 160

If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli.
Alone I did it. *Ib* v 114

On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip *Cymbeline*, II ii 37

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies,
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes
With everything that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise! *Ib* III [22]

Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? *Ib* v 1

As chaste as unsunn'd snow. *Ib* 13

There be many Cæsars
Ere such another Julius Britain is
A world by itself, and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses *Ib* III i 11

The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscalable, and roaring waters. *Ib* 18

O, for a horse with wings! *Ib* II [49]

What should we speak of
When we are as old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? *Ib* III 35

Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion
Ib IV [51]

I have not slept one wink. *Ib* [103]

Hath Britain all the sun that shines? *Ib* [139]

To lapse in fulness
Is sorer than to lie for need, and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars *Ib* VI 12

Weariness
Can snore upon the flint when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard *Cymbeline*, III VI 33

Thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
The azur'd harebell, like thy veins *Ib* IV II 220

Great griefs, I see, medicine the less *Ib* 243

Though mean and mighty rotting
Together, have one dust, yet reverence—
That angel of the world—doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low *Ib* 246

Thersites' body is as good as Ajax'
When neither are alive *Ib* 252

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages,
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke.
Care no more to clothe and eat,
To thee the reed is as the oak
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust

Fear no more the lightning flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone,
Fear not slander, censure rash,
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have,
And renowned be thy grave! *Ib* 258

Every good servant does not all commands
Ib V I 6

He that sleeps feels not the toothache *Ib* IV [176]

He spake of her as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold *Ib* V 181

IMOGEN
Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think that you are upon a rock, and now
Throw me again
POSTHUMUS
Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die! *Ib* 262

Pardon's the word to all *Ib* 423

You come most carefully upon your hour
Hamlet, I I 6

For this relief much thanks, 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart *Ib* 8

O! farewell, honest soldier *Ib* 16

BERNARDO
What! is Horatio there?

HORATIO
A piece of him. *Ib* 19

What! has this thing appear'd again tonight?
Ib 21

Look, where it comes again! *Ib* 40

But in the gross and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state
Ib 68

This sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day
Ib 77

Of unimproved metal hot and full *Ib* 96

This post-haste and romage in the land *Ib* 107

In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets
Ib 113

The moist star
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse *Ib* 118

I'll cross it, though it blast me *Ib* 127

We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence,
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery *Ib* 143

And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons *Ib* 148

Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine *Ib* 153

It faded on the crowing of the cock
Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long,
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad,
The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time *Ib* 157

But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill
Ib 166

The memory be green *Ib* II 2

Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen
Ib 8

With one auspicious and one dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole *Ib* 11

The head is not more native to the heart *Ib* 47

A little more than kin, and less than kind *Ib* 65

Not so, my lord, I am too much i' the sun *Ib* 67.

Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark
Ib 68

QUEEN
Thou know'st 'tis common, all that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity
HAMLET
Ay, madam, it is common *Ib* 72.

Seems, madam! Nay, it is, I know not 'seems'.
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly, these indeed seem,
For they are actions that a man might play
But I have that within which passeth show,
These but the trappings and the suits of woe
Hamlet, I ii 76.

But to persever
In obstinate condolement is a course
Of impious stubbornness, 'tis unmanly grief,
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient *Ib* 92

HAMLET
I shall in all my best obey you, madam
QUEEN
Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply *Ib* 120

O! that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew,
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed, things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely That it should come to this!
But two months dead nay, not so much, not two
So excellent a king, that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? Why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on, and yet, within a month,
Let me not think on 't Frailty, thy name is woman!
A little month, or ere those shoes were old
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears, why she, even she,——
O God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer,—married with mine uncle,
My father's brother, but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules *Ib* 129

It is not, nor it cannot come to good,
But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue! *Ib* 158

A truant disposition, good my lord *Ib.* 169

We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart. *Ib.* 175

Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Ere I had ever seen that day, Horatio! *Ib.* 180

In my mind's eye, Horatio *Ib.* 185.

He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again. *Ib* 187

Season your admiration for a while. *Ib* 192

In the dead vast and middle of the night. *Ib* 198.

Armed at points exactly, cap-a-pe. *Ib* 200

Distill'd
Almost to jelly with the act of fear. *Ib* 204

These hands are not more like. *Ib* 212

But answer made it none *Ib* 215

A countenance more in sorrow than in anger. *Ib* 231.

While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred *Ib* 237

HAMLET
His beard was grizzled, no?
HORATIO
It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd *Ib* 239

Give it an understanding, but no tongue. *Ib* 249

Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve *Ib* 251

All is not well;
I doubt some foul play. *Ib* 254

Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes *Ib* 256.

A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting
The perfume and suppliance of a minute *Ib* III 7

His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own,
For he himself is subject to his birth;
He may not, as unvalu'd persons do,
Carve for himself, for on his choice depends
The safety and the health of the whole state *Ib* 17

And keep you in the rear of your affection. *Ib* 34

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
Whiles, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede. *Ib* 47

A double blessing is a double grace,
Occasion smiles upon a second leave *Ib* 53

And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou character Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar,
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel,
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in,
Bear 't that th' opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy, rich, not gaudy,
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous, chief in that
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry
This above all to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man
Farewell, my blessing season this in thee! *Ib* 58.

You speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance
Hamlet, I iii 101

Ay, springes to catch woodcocks I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows. *Ib* 115

Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence
Ib 121

I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment's leisure *Ib* 132

HAMLET
The air bites shrewdly, it is very cold
HORATIO
It is a nipping and an eager air *Ib* iv 1

But to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance
Ib 14

Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane, O! answer me
Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements, why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous, and we fools of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Ib 39

Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground *Ib* 60

I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself? *Ib* 65

My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve *Ib* 81

Unhand me, gentlemen,
By heaven! I'll make a ghost of him that lets me
Ib 84

Something is rotten in the state of Denmark *Ib* 90

Whither wilt thou lead me? speak, I'll go no further
Ib v 1

Alas! poor ghost *Ib* 4

I am thy father's spirit,
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night *Ib* 9

But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand an end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O, list! *Ib* 13

Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder *Ib* 25.

Murder most foul, as in the best it is,
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural *Ib* 27.

And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf *Ib* 32

O my prophetic soul!
My uncle! *Ib* 40

That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage *Ib* 49.

But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air. *Ib.* 58.

In the porches of mine ears *Ib* 63

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not *Ib* 76

Leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her *Ib* 86

The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire *Ib* 89

While memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe Remember thee!
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there *Ib* 96.

O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables,—meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain,
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark *Ib* 105

HAMLET
There 's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark,
But he 's an arrant knave
HORATIO
There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave,
To tell us this *Ib* 123

And, for mine own poor part,
Look you, I'll go pray *Ib* 131

It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you *Ib* 138

Art thou there, true-penny?
Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage
Ib 150

Hic et ubique? then we'll shift our ground *Ib* 156

Well said, old mole! canst work i' the earth so fast?
Ib 162

O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!
Ib. 164.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy *Ib.* 166

To put an antic disposition on *Ib* 172

Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! *Ib* 182

The time is out of joint, O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right! *Ib* 188.

Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth
Ib II. i 63.

By indirections find directions out *Hamlet*, II i 66

Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbrac'd *Ib* 78

Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ankle *Ib* 80

Such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance *Ib* II 25

Thou still hast been the father of good news *Ib* 42

Brevity is the soul of wit *Ib* 90

More matter with less art *Ib* 95

That he is mad, 'tis true, 'tis true 'tis pity,
And pity 'tis 'tis true a foolish figure,
But farewell it, for I will use no art *Ib* 97

That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase, 'beautified' is a vile phrase *Ib* [110]

Doubt thou the stars are fire,
Doubt that the sun doth move,
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt I love *Ib* [115]

Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star *Ib* [141]

If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre *Ib* [157]

Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm, and carters *Ib* [166]

POLONIUS
Do you know me, my lord?
HAMLET
Excellent well, you are a fishmonger *Ib* [173]

Ay, sir, to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand *Ib* [179]

Still harping on my daughter *Ib* [190]

POLONIUS
What do you read, my lord?
HAMLET
Words, words, words *Ib* [195]

All which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down *Ib* [206]

Though this be madness, yet there is method in it *Ib* [211]

Except my life, except my life, except my life *Ib* [225]

These tedious old fools! *Ib* [227]

As the indifferent children of the earth. *Ib.* [235]

HAMLET
Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?
GUILDENSTERN
Faith, her privates we
HAMLET
In the secret parts of Fortune? O! most true, she is a strumpet What news?
ROSENCRANTZ
None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest
HAMLET
Then is doomsday near *Ib* [240]

There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so *Ib* [259]

O God! I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams *Ib* [263].

GUILDENSTERN
The very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream
HAMLET
A dream itself is but a shadow
ROSENCRANTZ
Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow *Ib* [268]

Beggar that I am, I am poor even in thanks *Ib* [286]

It goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory, this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form, in moving, how express and admirable! in action how like in angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me, no, nor woman neither, though, by your smiling, you seem to say so *Ib* [316]

There was no such stuff in my thoughts *Ib* [332]

What lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you *Ib* [337]

Make those laugh whose lungs are tickle o' the sere *Ib* [346]

There is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out *Ib* [392]

I am but mad north-north-west, when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw [1] *Ib* [405]

That great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts *Ib* [410]

Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light *Ib* [428]

One fair daughter and no more,
The which he loved passing well *Ib* [435]

Come, give us a taste of your quality *Ib* [460]

The play, I remember, pleased not the million, 'twas caviare to the general *Ib* [465]

The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast *Ib* [481]

Head to foot
Now is he total gules *Ib* [487]

The mobled queen *Ib* [533]

Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used, for they are the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live *Ib* [553]

Use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping? *Ib* [561]

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I! *Ib* [584]

[1] = heron-shaw, or heron.

What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba
That he should weep for her? *Hamlet*, II ii [593]

He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears *Ib* [596]

A dull and muddy-mettled rascal *Ib* [602]

But I am pigeon-livered, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter *Ib* [613]

I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal *Ib* [615]

I have heard,
That guilty creatures sitting at a play
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions,
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ *Ib* [625]

Abuses me to damn me *Ib* [640]

The play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king
Ib [641]

Nor do we find him forward to be sounded,
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state *Ib* III i 7

'Tis too much prov'd—that with devotion's visage
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself *Ib* 47

To be, or not to be that is the question
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die to sleep,
No more, and, by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd To die, to sleep,
To sleep perchance to dream ay, there's the rub,
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life,
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of dispriz'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action. *Ib* 56

Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd *Ib* 89.

For, to the noble mind,
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind
Ib 100

Get thee to a nunnery *Ib* [124]

I am myself indifferent honest *Ib* [125]

I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in What should such fellows as I do crawling between heaven and earth? *Ib* [128].

Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool nowhere but in's own house *Ib* [137].

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny *Ib* [142]

I have heard of your paintings too, well enough God hath given you one face, and you make yourself another *Ib* [150]

I say, we will have no more marriages *Ib* [156]

O! what a noble mind is here o'erthrown
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword,
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers, quite, quite, down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh,
That unmatch'd form and figure of blown youth,
Blasted with ecstasy O! woe is me,
To see what I have seen, see what I see! *Ib* [159]

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue, but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently for in the very torrent, tempest, and—as I may say—whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness O! it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant, it out-herods Herod pray you, avoid it.
Ib III i

Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature *Ib* [19]

The purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature *Ib* [24]

To show the very age and body of the time his form and pressure *Ib* [26]

Neither having the accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man. *Ib* [35]

I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably *Ib* [38]

FIRST PLAYER
I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us, sir
HAMLET
O, reform it altogether *Hamlet*, III ii [41]

That's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it *Ib* [49]

Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal *Ib* [59]

Nay, do not think I flatter
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits? *Ib* [61]

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself *Ib* [68]

A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks, and bless'd are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee Something too much of this
Ib [72]

And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy *Ib* [88]

The chameleon's dish I eat the air, promise-crammed. *Ib* [98]

Here 's metal more attractive *Ib* [117]

That 's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs
Ib [126]

Die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year, but, by'r lady, he must build churches then *Ib* [140]

For, O! for, O! the hobby-horse is forgot *Ib* [145]

Marry, this is miching mallecho *Ib* [148]

OPHELIA
'Tis brief, my lord
HAMLET
As woman's love. *Ib* [165]

Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear,
When little fears grow great, great love grows there
Ib [183]

What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose
Ib [206]

This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange
That even our love should with our fortunes change
Ib [212]

The great man down, you mark his favourite flies,
The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies
Ib [216]

Our wills and fates do so contrary run
That our devices still are overthrown *Ib.* [223]

Sleep rock thy brain,
And never come mischance between us twain!
Ib [239]

The lady doth protest too much, methinks
Ib [242]

We that have free souls, it touches us not let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung
Ib [255]

The story is extant, and writ in very choice Italian
Ib [277]

What! frighted with false fire? *Ib* [282]

So runs the world away *Ib* [289].

Put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair *Ib* [325].

O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother!
Ib [347]

The proverb is something musty *Ib* [366]

It will discourse most eloquent music *Ib* [375]

You would play upon me, you would seem to know my stops, you would pluck out the heart of my mystery, you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass *Ib.* [387]

Do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me *Ib* [393]

HAMLET
Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?
POLONIUS
By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed
HAMLET
Methinks it is like a weasel
POLONIUS
It is backed like a weasel
HAMLET
Or like a whale?
POLONIUS
Very like a whale *Ib* [400].

They fool me to the top of my bent *Ib* [408]

By and by is easily said *Ib* [411]

'Tis now the very witching time of night *Ib* [413]

Let me be cruel, not unnatural,
I will speak daggers to her, but use none *Ib* [420]

O! my offence is rank, it smells to heaven *Ib* III 36

My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect *Ib* 40

Whereto serves mercy
But to confront the visage of offence? *Ib* 46

May one be pardon'd and retain the offence? *Ib* 56

'Tis not so above,
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To give in evidence *Ib* 60

Now might I do it pat, now he is praying *Ib* 73

He took my father grossly, full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May,
And how his audit stands who knows save heaven?
Ib 80

Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with *Ib* IV 2

You go not, till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.
Hamlet, III. iv 19

How now! a rat? Dead, for a ducat, dead! *Ib.* 23

A bloody deed! almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother. *Ib.* 28

As false as dicers' oaths *Ib.* 45

A rhapsody of words *Ib.* 48.

Ay me! what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?
Ib. 51.

Look here, upon this picture, and on this. *Ib.* 53.

Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed
And batten on this moor? *Ib.* 66.

At your age
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment. *Ib* 68

Speak no more;
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul *Ib* 88

A cut-purse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket! *Ib* 99

A king of shreds and patches *Ib.* 102.

Do you not come your tardy son to chide? *Ib.* 106.

Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works *Ib* 113.

Bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word, which madness
Would gambol from Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul *Ib* 142

Confess yourself to heaven,
Repent what's past, avoid what is to come *Ib* 149

For in the fatness of these pursy times,
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg *Ib* 153

QUEEN
O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.
HAMLET
O! throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half. *Ib* 156

Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this *Ib* 160

And when you are desirous to be bless'd,
I'll blessing beg of you *Ib* 171

I must be cruel, only to be kind *Ib* 178

For 'tis the sport to have the enginer
Hoist with his own petar and it shall go hard
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them to the moon *Ib* 206

He keeps them, like an ape doth nuts, in the corner of his jaw, first mouthed, to be last swallowed.
Ib IV. II. [19].

A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear. *Ib.* [25].

Diseases desperate grown,
By desperate appliances are reliev'd,
Or not at all *Ib.* III 9

A certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him Your worm is your only emperor for diet
Ib. [21]

A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm
Ib [29]

We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name *Ib* IV. 18.

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more
Sure he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To fust in us unus'd. *Ib* 32

Some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event *Ib* 40

Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honour 's at the stake *Ib* 53.

So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt *Ib* V 19

How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon. *Ib.* [23].

He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone,
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone. *Ib* [29]

White his shroud as the mountain snow *Ib* [36]

Larded with sweet flowers,
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers *Ib.* [38]

Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes. *Ib* [53]

Come, my coach! Good night, sweet ladies, good night *Ib* [72]

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions *Ib* [78]

We have done but greenly
In hugger-mugger to inter him *Ib* [83]

There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would
Ib [123]

To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation *Ib* [130].

Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves *Ib* [160]

They bore him barefac'd on the bier,
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny,
And in his grave rain'd many a tear *Ib* [163]

There's rosemary, that's for remembrance, pray, love, remember and there is pansies, that's for thoughts *Ib* [174]

You must wear your rue with a difference. There's a daisy, I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died. *Ib* [181].

They say he made a good end. *Ib* [184]

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.
Hamlet, IV v [186]

No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again *Ib* [191]

He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan,
God ha' mercy on his soul! *Ib* [196]

His means of death, his obscure funeral,
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite nor formal ostentation *Ib* [213]

And where the offence is let the great axe fall
Ib [218]

You must not think
That we are made of stuff so fat and dull
That we can let our beard be shook with danger
And think it pastime *Ib* VII 30

It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
'Thus diddest thou' *Ib* 55

A very riband in the cap of youth. *Ib* 77.

He grew into his seat,
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorps'd and demi-natur'd
With the brave beast. *Ib* 85.

No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize
Ib 127

There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream,
There with fantastic garlands did she come,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke,
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook Her clothes spread wide,
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up,
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress *Ib* 167

Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears, but yet
It is our trick, nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will *Ib* 186

Is she to be buried in Christian burial that wilfully seeks her own salvation? *Ib.* V I 1.

Ay, marry, is 't, crowner's quest law *Ib* [23]

There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers, they hold up Adam's profession
Ib [32]

The gallows-maker, for that frame outlives a thousand tenants *Ib* [47]

Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating *Ib* [61]

The houses that he makes last till doomsday
Ib [64]

Has this fellow no feeling of his business? *Ib* [71]

The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense. *Ib.* [75]

The pate of a politician, one that could circumvent God. *Ib* [84]

How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us *Ib* [147]

The age is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe [1] *Ib.* [150]

FIRST CLOWN
He that is mad, and sent into England
HAMLET
Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?
FIRST CLOWN
Why, because he was mad he shall recover his wits there, or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there
HAMLET
Why
FIRST CLOWN:
'Twill not be seen in him there, there the men are as mad as he *Ib* [160]

Alas! poor Yorick I knew him, Horatio, a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy, he hath borne me on his back a thousand times, and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come *Ib* [201]

'Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.
Ib. [226].

Imperious Cæsar, dead, and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away. *Ib.* [235]

We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing a requiem, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls *Ib.* [258].

Lay her i' the earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
A minstering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling *Ib* [260]

Sweets to the sweet farewell! *Ib* [265]

I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strewed thy grave *Ib* [267]

For, though I am not splenetive and rash
Yet have I in me something dangerous *Ib* [283]

Forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum *Ib* [291]

And thus a while the fit will work on him,
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,
His silence will sit drooping *Ib* [307]

This grave shall have a living monument *Ib* [319]

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will *Ib* II 10

It did me yeoman's service. *Ib* 36

[1] = chap on the heel

HAMLET
Dost know this water-fly?
HORATIO
No, my good lord.
HAMLET
Thy state is the more gracious, for 'tis a vice to know him *Hamlet*, V II [84]

What imports the nomination of this gentleman? *Ib* [134]

The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides *Ib* [165]

'Tis the breathing time of day with me *Ib* [181]

But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart *Ib* [222]

Not a whit, we defy augury, there's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow If it be now, 'tis not to come, if it be not to come, it will be now, if it be not now, yet it will come the readiness is all *Ib* [232]

I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother *Ib* [257]

Now the king drinks to Hamlet! *Ib* [292]

A hit, a very palpable hit *Ib* [295]

Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osric,
I am justly kill'd with my own treachery *Ib* [320]

O villainy! Ho! let the door be lock'd
Treachery! seek it out *Ib* [325]

The point envenom'd too!—
Then, venom, to thy work *Ib* [335]

This fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest *Ib* [350]

Report me and my cause aright *Ib* [353]

I am more an antique Roman than a Dane *Ib* [355]

Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story *Ib* [358]

The potent poison quite o'ercrows my spirit *Ib* [367]

The rest is silence. *Ib* [372]

Now cracks a noble heart Good-night, sweet prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest! *Ib* [373]

O proud death!
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell? *Ib* [378]

Purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads *Ib* [398]

For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally *Ib* [411]

Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home·
Is this a holiday? *Julius Cæsar*, I I I

What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade? *Ib* [15].

FLAVIUS
Thou art a cobbler, art thou?
2ND COMMONER
Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl . I am indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes *Ib* [22]

As proper men as ever trod upon neat's-leather *Ib* [27]

Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home? *Ib* [36]

You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? *Ib* [39]

Have you not made a universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores? *Ib* [48]

Speak, Cæsar is turn'd to hear *Ib* II 17

Beware the Ides of March *Ib* 18

He is a dreamer, let us leave him pass *Ib* 24

I am not gamesome I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony *Ib* 28

Brutus, I do observe you now of late
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you *Ib* 32

Poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men *Ib* 46

Set honour in one eye and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently *Ib* 86

Well, honour is the subject of my story
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself *Ib* 92

'Dar'st thou Cassius, now,
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?' Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow *Ib* 102

Stemming it with hearts of controversy *Ib* 109

His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his lustre *Ib* 122

Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone *Ib* 128

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves
Men at some time are masters of their fates
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings *Ib* 134

'Brutus' will start a spirit as soon as 'Cæsar'
Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? *Ib* 146

Now is it Rome indeed and room enough
Julius Cæsar, I ii 155

But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow
Ib 181

Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights,
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look,
He thinks too much such men are dangerous
Ib 191

Would he were fatter! But I fear him not
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius He reads much,
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men, he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony, he hears no music,
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit,
That could be mov'd to smile at anything
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar *Ib* 197

'Tis very like he hath the falling sickness
Ib [255]

If Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less *Ib* [277]

For mine own part, it was Greek to me *Ib* [288]

Therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes,
For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd? *Ib* [315]

Besides—I have not since put up my sword,—
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me *Ib* iii 19

Yesterday the bird of night did sit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking *Ib* 26

But men may construe things after their own fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Ib 34

Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius *Ib* 90

Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself *Ib* 93

So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity *Ib* 101

I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest *Ib* 119

O! he sits high in all the people's hearts
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness *Ib* 157

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. *Ib.* II. i. 14

'Tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face,
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. *Ib* 21.

Therefore think him as a serpent's egg
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell *Ib* 32

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council, and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection *Ib* 63

O conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? *Ib* 77

For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention *Ib* 83.

For he will never follow anything
That other men begin *Ib* 151

Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Cassius
Ib 166.

Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods
Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds *Ib* 173

For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies *Ib* 195

But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flattered *Ib* 207.

Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber *Ib* 230

With an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you *Ib* 246.

What! is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed
To dare the vile contagion of the night? *Ib* 263

That great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one *Ib* 272

PORTIA
Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife
BRUTUS
You are my true and honourable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart. *Ib* 285.

I grant I am a woman, but, withal,
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife,
I grant I am a woman, but, withal,
A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so fathered and so husbanded? *Ib* 292.

Enter Cæsar, in his night-gown
Ib II. *Stage Directions.*

Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night.
Ib II. i.

CALPURNIA:
These things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them
CÆSAR
What can be avoided
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Julius Cæsar, II ii 25

CALPURNIA
When beggars die, there are no comets seen,
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes
CÆSAR
Cowards die many times before their deaths
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear,
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come *Ib* 30

Danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he
We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible
And Cæsar shall go forth *Ib* 44

The cause is in my will I will not come *Ib* 71

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up *Ib* 116

My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation *Ib* III [13]

O constancy! be strong upon my side,
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue,
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!
Ib IV 6

CÆSAR
The ides of March are come
SOOTHSAYER
Ay, Cæsar, but not gone *Ib* III i 1

Sweet words,
Low-crooked curtsies, and base spaniel fawning
Ib 42

If I could pray to move, prayers would move me,
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire and every one doth shine,
But there's but one in all doth hold his place
So, in the world, 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive,
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion and that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this,
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so *Ib* 59

Et tu, Brute! *Ib* 77

Ambition's debt is paid *Ib* 83

That we shall die, we know, 'tis but the time
And drawing days out, that men stand upon *Ib* 99

He that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death *Ib* 101

CASSIUS
How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted o'er,
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown!
BRUTUS
How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport
Ib III.

O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? *Ib* 148

Your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world
Ib 155

Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die *Ib* 159

The choice and master spirits of this age *Ib* 163

Let each man render me his bloody hand
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you
Ib 184

Though last, not least in love. *Ib* 189

My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer. *Ib* 191

Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart,
Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.
O world! thou wast the forest to this hart,
And this, indeed, O world! the heart of thee
Ib 204

The enemies of Cæsar shall say this,
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty. *Ib* 212

O! pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers;
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times. *Ib* 254

Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice
Cry, 'Havoc!' and let slip the dogs of war *Ib* 270

Passion, I see, is catching *Ib.* 283

Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more *Ib* II [22]

As he was valiant I honour him but, as he was ambitious, I slew him *Ib* [27]

Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak, for him have I offended Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak, for him have I offended Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak, for him have I offended I pause for a reply
Ib [31]

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears,
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him
The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones,
So let it be with Cæsar The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious,
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it *Ib* [79]

For Brutus is an honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men *Ib* [88]

He was my friend, faithful and just to me
But Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honourable man.
Julius Cæsar, III ii [91]

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept,
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff *Ib* [97]

You all did love him once, not without cause
Ib [108]

O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason *Ib* [110]

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world, now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence *Ib* [124]

Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue *Ib* [136]

The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will
Ib [145]

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men
Ib [148]

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now
You all do know this mantle I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on,
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii *Ib* [174]

See what a rent the envious Casca made *Ib* [180]

For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel
Ib [186]

This was the most unkindest cut of all *Ib* [188]

Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him then burst his mighty heart,
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell
O! what a fall was there, my countrymen,
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us
O! now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity, these are gracious drops
Ib [190]

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny
They that have done this deed are honourable
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it, they are wise and honourable,
And will no doubt with reasons answer you
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts
I am no orator, as Brutus is,
But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That love my friend *Ib* [214]

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor power of speech,
To stir men's blood I only speak right on,
I tell you that which you yourselves do know
Ib [225]

But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny
Ib [230]

Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?
Ib [257].

Now let it work, mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt! *Ib* [265]

Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us anything *Ib* [271]

Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses *Ib* III [34]

He shall not live, look, with a spot I damn him
Ib IV i 6

This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands *Ib* 12

OCTAVIUS
He's a tried and valiant soldier
ANTONY
So is my horse, Octavius, and for that
I do appoint him store of provender *Ib* 28.

We are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies,
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs *Ib* 48

Not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old *Ib* II 16

When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith
Ib 20

CASSIUS
In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment
BRUTUS
Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm
Ib III 7

Remember March, the ides of March remember
Ib 18

Shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes? *Ib* 23.

I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman. *Ib* 27

Away, slight man! *Ib* 37

I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish *Ib* 49

For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men *Ib* 53

You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus,
I said an elder soldier, not a better.
Did I say 'better'? *Ib* 55

Do not presume too much upon my love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for. *Ib* 63

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty
That they pass me by as the idle wind,
Which I respect not *Ib* 66

By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection *Julius Cæsar*, IV iii 72

Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces! *Ib* 78

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are
Ib 85

A friendly eye could never see such faults *Ib* 89

All his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth *Ib* 96

O Cassius! you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again *Ib* 109

O Cassius! I am sick of many griefs *Ib* 143

I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so *Ib* 193

Good reasons must, of force, give place to better
Ib 202

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune,
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries
On such a full sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures *Ib* 217

The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity *Ib* 225

This was an ill beginning of the night
Never come such division 'tween our souls! *Ib* 233

BRUTUS
Then I shall see thee again?
GHOST
Ay, at Philippi
BRUTUS
Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then *Ib* 283

But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless *Ib* v i 34

You know that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion, now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage *Ib* 77

The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age! *Ib* 94

I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life *Ib* 103

Think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome,
He bears too great a mind but this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun,
And whether we shall meet again, I know not
Therefore our everlasting farewell take
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile!
If not, why then, this parting was well made
Ib 111

O! that a man might know
The end of this day's business, ere it come,
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known *Ib* 123

This day I breathed first time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end,
My life is run his compass *Ib* iii 23

O hateful error, melancholy's child!
Why dost thou show, to the apt thoughts of men,
The things that are not? *Ib* 67

O Julius Cæsar! thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails *Ib* 94

Are yet two Romans living such as these?
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay —
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time *Ib* 98

When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself
Ib iv 24

I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies *Ib* 28

Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes,
Our enemies have beat us to the pit
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us *Ib* v 22

Thou art a fellow of a good respect,
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it
Ib 45

Cæsar, now be still,
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will *Ib* 50

This was the noblest Roman of them all *Ib* 68

He, only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man!' *Ib* 71

LEAR
So young, and so untender?
CORDELIA
So young, my lord, and true *King Lear*, I i [108].

A still-soliciting eye. *Ib* [234]

Love is not love
When it is mingled with regards that stand
Aloof from the entire point *Ib* [239]

Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being poor,
Most choice, forsaken, and most lov'd, despis'd!
Ib [253]

Who in the lusty stealth of nature take
More composition and fierce quality
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops *Ib* ii 11

These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us *Ib* [115]

We have seen the best of our time machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves *Ib* [125]

This is the excellent foppery of the world *Ib* [132].

We make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars, as if we were villains by necessity, fools by heavenly compulsion
King Lear, I ii [134]

An admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star!
Ib [141]

My nativity was under Ursa Major, so that it follows I am rough and lecherous *Ib.* [145]

Pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy, my cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam *Ib* [150]

KENT
You have that in your countenance which I would fain call master.
I FAR
What's that?
KENT
Authority *Ib* iv [29]

Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for any thing *Ib* [40]

Lady the brach may stand by the fire and stink
Ib [125]

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest *Ib* [132]

LEAR
Dost thou call me fool, boy?
FOOL
All thy other titles thou hast given away, that thou wast born with *Ib* [163]

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had it head bit off by it young *Ib* [238]

Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster *Ib* [283]

Into her womb convey sterility!
Dry up in her the organs of increase *Ib* [302]

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child! *Ib* [312]

How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell,
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well
Ib [370]

A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats.
Ib II. ii. [15].

Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter!
Ib [68]

I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot *Ib* [89]

I have seen better faces in my time
Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant *Ib* [99]

Winter's not gone yet, if the wild-geese fly that way.
Ib iv [46]

Down, thou climbing sorrow!
Thy element's below *Ib* [57]

That sir which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm *Ib* [79]

O, sir! you are old,
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine. *Ib* [148].

But I'll not chide thee,
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove
Ib [228]

Our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's *Ib* [267]

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age, wretched in both! *Ib* [275]

I will have such revenges on you both
That all the world shall—I will do such things,—
What they are yet I know not,—but they shall be
The terrors of the earth *Ib* [282]

To wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters *Ib* [305]

Contending with the fretful elements,
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main
Ib III i 4

Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn
The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry *Ib* 10

Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once
That make ingrateful man! *Ib* ii 1

I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription then, let fall
Your horrible pleasure, here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this *Ib* [16]

There was never yet fair woman but she made mouths in a glass *Ib* [35]

Things that love night
Love not such nights as these. *Ib* [42]

Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice *Ib* [49]

Close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace I am a man
More sinned against than sinning *Ib.* [57].

The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious
King Lear, III ii [70]

When the mind's free,
The body's delicate *Ib* IV ii

O! that way madness lies, let me shun that *Ib* 21

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your looped and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? *Ib* 28

Take physic, pomp,
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel *Ib* 33

Tom's a-cold *Ib* [57]

Pillicock set on Pillicock-hill
Halloo, halloo, loo, loo! *Ib* [75]

Take heed o' the foul fiend! *Ib* [79]

A serving-man, proud in heart and mind, that curled my hair, wore gloves in my cap, served the lust of my mistress' heart, and did the act of darkness with her, swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven, one that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it *Ib* [84]

Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend *Ib* [96]

Thou art the thing itself, unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art *Ib* [109]

'Tis a naughty night to swim in *Ib* [113]

Drinks the green mantle of the standing pool *Ib* [136]

But mice and rats and such small deer
Have been Tom's food for seven long year *Ib* [142]

The prince of darkness is a gentleman *Ib* [148]

I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban *Ib* [161]

Child Roland to the dark tower came,
His word was still, Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man *Ib* [185]

Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness *Ib* vi [8]

The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me *Ib* [65]

Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound or spaniel, brach or lym,
Or bobtail tyke, or trundle-tail *Ib* [71]

You, sir, I entertain for one of my hundred, only I do not like the fashion of your garments you will say, they are Persian attire, but let them be changed *Ib* [83]

'Tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard *Ib* vii [35]

I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course *Ib* [54]

The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the stelled fires. *Ib* [59]

Out, vile jelly! *Ib* [83].

The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune *Ib* IV. i 3

The lamentable change is from the best,
The worst returns to laughter *Ib* 5

The worst is not,
So long as we can say, 'This is the worst' *Ib* 27.

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods,
They kill us for their sport *Ib* 36

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face *Ib* ii 30

She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap, perforce must wither
And come to deadly use *Ib* 34

Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile,
Filths savour but themselves *Ib* 38

Crown'd with rank fumiter and furrow weeds,
With burdocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn *Ib* iv 3

How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
Show scarce so gross as beetles, half-way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head
The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice, and yond tall anchoring bark
Diminish'd to her cock, her cock a buoy
Almost too small for sight The murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high *Ib* vi 12

The shrill-gorg'd lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard *Ib* 59

Think that the clearest gods, who make them honours
Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee *Ib* 74

They told me I was every thing, 'tis a lie, I am not ague-proof *Ib.* [107]

GLOUCESTER
Is't not the king?
LEAR
Ay, every inch a king *Ib* [110]

The wren goes to 't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight *Ib* [115]

Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination *Ib* [133]

A man may see how this world goes with no eyes
Look with thine ears see how yond justice rails upon yond simple thief Hark, in thine ear change places, and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief? *Ib* [154]

Get thee glass eyes,
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not *Ib* [175]

When we are born we cry that we are come
To this great stage of fools *Ib* [187]

Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire *King Lear*, IV VII 36

Thou art a soul in bliss, but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead *Ib* 46

I am a very foolish, fond old man,
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more or less,
And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind *Ib* 60

For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia *Ib* 69

Pray you now, forget and forgive *Ib* [85]

Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither
Ripeness is all *Ib.* V II 9

Come, let's away to prison;
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness and we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news, and we'll talk with them too,
Who loses, and who wins, who's in, who's out,
And take upon 's the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies, and we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sets of great ones
That ebb and flow by the moon *Ib* III 8

Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense *Ib* 20

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us. *Ib* [172]

The wheel has come full circle. *Ib* [176]

His flaw'd heart,—
Alack! too weak the conflict to support,
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly *Ib* [198]

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman
Ib [274]

I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion
I would have made them skip *Ib* [278]

And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life!
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never!
Pray you, undo this button *Ib* [307]

Vex not his ghost O! let him pass, he hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer *Ib* [314]

The oldest hath borne most we that are young,
Shall never see so much, nor live so long *Ib* [327]

Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs
Love's Labour's Lost, I I I

Spite of cormorant devouring Time *Ib* 4

Why, all delights are vain, but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain
Ib 72

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks,
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books *Ib* 84

At Christmas I no more desire a rose
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled mirth,
But like of each thing that in season grows *Ib* 105

So study evermore is overshot *Ib* [141]

If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,—
I am forsworn 'on mere necessity'. *Ib* [152]

A child of our grandmother Eve, a female, or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman
Ib [263]

The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since, but, I think, now 'tis not to be found
Ib II [117]

Devise, wit! write, pen! for I am for whole volumes in folio! *Ib* [194]

Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues
Ib II 1. 15.

A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal *Ib* 66

Your wit 's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire
Ib [119]

Thy own wish wish I thee in every place! *Ib* [178]

Warble, child, make passionate my sense of hearing
Ib III 1 1.

A very beadle to a humorous sigh *Ib* [185]

This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy,
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;
Regent of love rhymes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents *Ib* [189]

With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes
Ib [207]

Some men must love my lady, and some Joan
Ib [215]

He hath not fed of the dainties that are bred in a book, he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink *Ib* IV II [25]

These are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of pia mater, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. *Ib* [70]

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not *Ib* [102]

The elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy
Ib [126]

By heaven, I do love, and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy *Ib* III [13]

The heavenly rhetoric of thine eye *Ib* [60]

Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find,
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath *Ib* [102]

Thou for whom e'en Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiop were,
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love
Love's Labour's Lost, IV III [119]

Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy *Ib* [151]

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive
They are the ground, the books, the academes,
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire
Ib [302].

For where is any author in the world
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself *Ib* [312]

But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain,
But, with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye,
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ears will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd
Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste
For valour, is not love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as Sphinx, as sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair,
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write
Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs
Ib [327]

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world
Ib [350].

He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument *Ib.* V. I [18]

Priscian a little scratched, 'twill serve *Ib* [31]

MOTH:
They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps
COSTARD
O! they have lived long on the alms-basket of words I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word, for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon *Ib* [39]

In the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon *Ib* [96]

Had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might ha' been a grandam ere she died,
And so may you, for a light heart lives long
Ib II 15

Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectation,
Figures pedantical *Ib* 407

In russet yeas and honest kersey noes *Ib* 414

When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander,
By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might
My scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander
Ib [563]

Let me take you a button-hole lower *Ib* [705]

A world-without-end bargain *Ib* [797]

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it *Ib* [869]

When daisies pied and violets blue
And lady-smocks all silver-white
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo,
Cuckoo, cuckoo, O, word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear! *Ib* [902]

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick, the shepherd, blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-who,
Tu-whit, tu-who—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot
When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marion's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl *Ib* [920]

The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo *Ib* [938]

FIRST WITCH
When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
SECOND WITCH
When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won
THIRD WITCH
That will be ere the set of sun
FIRST WITCH
Where the place?
SECOND WITCH
Upon the heath
THIRD WITCH
There to meet with Macbeth.
FIRST WITCH
I come, Graymalkin!
SECOND WITCH
Paddock calls
THIRD WITCH
Anon!
ALL
Fair is foul, and foul is fair
Hover through the fog and filthy air
Macbeth, I I 1.

DUNCAN
What bloody man is that?
MALCOLM
This is the sergeant
Ib II 1

Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion carv'd out his passage
Macbeth, I ii 17

Memorize another Golgotha *Ib* 41

So well thy words become thee as thy wounds,
They smack of honour both. *Ib*. 44.

Banners flout the sky *Ib* 50

Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit. *Ib* 55

A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd 'Give me,' quoth I
'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do *Ib* iii 4

Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid
He shall live a man forbid
Weary se'nnights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost *Ib* 19

So foul and fair a day I have not seen *Ib* 38.

What are these,
So withered, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like th' inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on 't? *Ib* 39

You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so. *Ib* 45

If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not
Ib 58

Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more *Ib*. 70

The Thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman, and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief;
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting? *Ib* 72

BANQUO
The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them
Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner? *Ib* 83

Strange images of death *Ib* 97.

What! can the devil speak true? *Ib* 107

And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's
In deepest consequence. *Ib* 123

Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme. *Ib*. 127.

This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill, cannot be good, if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am Thane of Cawdor
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings,
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man that function
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not *Ib* 130

If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me *Ib* 143

Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day
Ib 146

MALCOLM
Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it, he died
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he owed
As 'twere a careless trifle
DUNCAN
There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face,
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust. *Ib* iv 7

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be
What thou art promis'd Yet do I fear thy nature,
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way, thou wouldst be great,
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it, what thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily, wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win, thou'dst have, great Glamis,
That which cries, 'Thus thou must do, if thou have it',
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone *Ib* v [16]

The golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal *Ib* [29].

The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts! unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top full
Of direst cruelty, make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry 'Hold, hold!' *Ib* [38]

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter! *Ib* [56]

Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters To beguile the time,
Look like the time, bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under 't. *Macbeth*, I iv [63]

DUNCAN

This castle hath a pleasant seat, the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

BANQUO

This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his lov'd mansionry that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd,
The air is delicate *Ib* vi 1

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success, that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come *Ib* vii 1

This even-handed justice *Ib* 10

Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels trumpet-tongu'd, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off,
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other *Ib* 16

We will proceed no further in this business
He hath honour'd me of late, and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people. *Ib* 31

Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since,
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'
Like the poor cat i' the adage *Ib* 35

I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares do more is none *Ib* 46

LADY MACBETH

I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this

MACBETH

If we should fail,—

LADY MACBETH

We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail *Ib* 54

That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume. *Ib* 65

Bring forth men-children only,
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males *Ib* 72

Away, and mock the time with fairest show
False face must hide what the false heart doth know
Ib 81

There's husbandry in heaven;
Their candles are all out *Ib* II i 4

Merciful powers!
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose *Ib* 7

Shut up
In measureless content *Ib* 16

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressèd brain? *Ib* 33

Now o'er the one half-world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep, witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
The very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it Whiles I threat he lives
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
I go, and it is done, the bell invites me
Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.
Ib 49

That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold,
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire
Ib II 1

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night *Ib* 4

The attempt and not the deed,
Confounds us *Ib* 12

Had he not resembled
My father as he slept I had done 't *Ib* 14

I have done the deed Didst thou not hear a noise?
Ib 16

As they had seen me with these hangman's hands
Ib 29

Consider it not so deeply *Ib* 31.

I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'
Stuck in my throat *Ib* 33

These deeds must not be thought
After these ways, so, it will make us mad
Macbeth, II ii 34.

Methought I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep,' the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast *Ib* 36

Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!
Ib 43

You do unbend your noble strength to think
So brainsickly of things *Ib* 46

MACBETH
I am afraid to think what I have done,
Look on 't again I dare not
LADY MACBETH
Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures, 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil *Ib* 52

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red *Ib* 61

Here's a farmer that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty *Ib* III [5]

Faith, here's an equivocator *Ib* [9]

The primrose way to the everlasting bonfire
Ib [22]

The labour we delight in physics pain *Ib* [56]

The night has been unruly where we lay
Our chimneys were blown down, and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air, strange screams of death,
And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion and confus'd events
New-hatch'd to the woeful time The obscure bird
Clamour'd the live-long night some say the earth
Was feverous and did shake *Ib.* [60]

Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building! *Ib* [72]

Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself! up, up, and see
The great doom's image! *Ib* [83]

Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time, for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality
All is but toys, renown, and grace is dead,
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of *Ib* [98]

Who can be wise, amazed, temperate, and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man
Ib [115]

In the great hand of God I stand, and thence
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice *Ib* [137]

There's daggers in men's smiles *Ib* [147]

A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.
Ib IV 12

Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means! *Ib* 28

Thou hast it now King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd, and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for 't, yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity,
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings *Ib* III i 1

I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain *Ib* 27

To be thus is nothing,
But to be safely thus *Ib* 48

There is none but he
Whose being I do fear, and, under him
My genius is rebuk'd as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar *Ib* 54

Mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man *Ib* 68

FIRST MURDERER
We are men, my liege
MACBETH
Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men *Ib* 91

FIRST MURDERER
I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world
SECOND MURDERER
I another,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it or be rid on 't. *Ib* 108

Leave no rubs nor botches in the work *Ib* 134

Thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night *Ib* 141

Naught's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content.
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy
Ib II 4

LADY MACBETH
Things without all remedy
Should be without regard what's done is done
MACBETH
We have scotch'd[1] the snake, not kill'd it
She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy Duncan is in his grave,
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well,
Treason has done his worst nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further *Ib* II

[1] Theobald's emendation of First Folio 'scorched'

Make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are *Macbeth*, III ii 34

But in them nature's copy's not eterne *Ib* 38

A deed of dreadful note *Ib* 44

Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood,
Good things of the day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse
Ib 45

Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill
Ib 55

Now spurs the lated traveller apace
To gain the timely inn *Ib* III 6

Ourself will mingle with society
And play the humble host *Ib* IV 3

But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. *Ib* 24

Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both! *Ib* 38

Which of you have done this? *Ib* 49

Thou canst not say I did it never shake
Thy gory locks at me *Ib* 50

The air-drawn dagger *Ib* 62

The times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end, but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools this is more strange
Than such a murder is *Ib* 78

I drink to the general joy of the whole table
Ib 89

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold,
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with *Ib* 94

Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble *Ib* 102

Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! *Ib* 106

LADY MACBETH
You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder
MACBETH
Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? *Ib* 109

Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once *Ib* 119

MACBETH
It will have blood, they say, blood will have blood
Stones have been known to move and trees to speak,
Augurs and understood relations have
By maggot-pies and choughs and rooks brought forth
The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?

LADY MACBETH:
Almost at odds with morning, which is which
Ib 122

I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er *Ib* 136

You lack the season of all natures, sleep *Ib* 141

Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound,
I'll catch it ere it come to ground *Ib* V 23

And you all know, security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy *Ib* 32

Round about the cauldron go,
In the poison'd entrails throw *Ib* IV i 4

Double, double toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble. *Ib* 10

Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog *Ib* 14

Slips of yew
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse *Ib* 27.

Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab *Ib* 30

Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and grey,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may [1] *Ib* 44 *Stage direction*

By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.
Open, locks,
Whoever knocks. *Ib* 44

How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
Ib 48

A deed without a name *Ib* 49

Though you untie the winds and let them fight
Against the churches, though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up. *Ib* 52

Be bloody, bold, and resolute, laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth *Ib* 79.

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate *Ib* 83

That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder. *Ib* 85

Wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty *Ib* 88

Take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him *Ib* 90.

Show his eyes, and grieve his heart,
Come like shadows, so depart! *Ib* 110

What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Ib 117

For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me
Ib 123

[1] Davenant's version of *Macbeth*

The weird sisters *Macbeth*, IV 1 136

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it *Ib* 145

The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand *Ib* 147

His flight was madness when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors *Ib* II 3

He wants the natural touch, for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight—
Her young ones in her nest—against the owl
Ib 9

Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell
Ib III 22

MACDUFF
Stands Scotland where it did?
ROSS
Alas! poor country,
Almost afraid to know itself It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave *Ib* 164

What! man, ne'er pull your hat upon your brows,
Give sorrow words the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break
Ib 208

All my pretty ones?
Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?
What! all my pretty chickens and their dam,
At one fell swoop? *Ib* 216

MALCOLM
Dispute it like a man
MACDUFF
I shall do so,
But I must also feel it as a man,
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me *Ib* 219

DOCTOR
You see her eyes are open
GENTLEWOMAN
Ay, but their sense is shut *Ib* V 1 [27]

Out, damned spot! out, I say! One, two why then, 'tis time to do't Hell is murky! Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? Yet who would have thought the old man had so much blood in him? *Ib* [38]

The Thane of Fife had a wife where is she now? What! will these hands ne'er be clean? *Ib* [46]

She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that Heaven knows what she has known
Ib [52]

All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand *Ib* [56]

I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body *Ib* [60]

Foul whisperings are abroad *Ib* [78]

More needs she the divine than the physician
Ib [81]

Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love, now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief *Ib* II. 19

All that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there *Ib* 24.

Bring me no more reports, let them fly all
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane
I cannot taint with fear *Ib* III 1

The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounc'd me thus.
Ib 4

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!
Where gott'st thou that goose look? *Ib* 11.

This push
Will cheer me ever or dis-seat me now
I have lived long enough my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf,
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have, but in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not
Ib 20

DOCTOR
Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest
MACBETH
Cure her of that
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?
DOCTOR
Therein the patient
Must minister to himself
MACBETH
Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it *Ib* 37.

If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again *Ib* 50

Hang out our banners on the outward walls,
The cry is still, 'They come', Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn *Ib* V 1

I have almost forgot the taste of fears
The time has been my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in 't I have supp'd full with horrors,
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me *Ib* 9

SEYTON
The queen, my lord, is dead
MACBETH
She should have died hereafter,
There would have been a time for such a word
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more, it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing *Ib* 16.

I pull in resolution, and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth 'Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane' *Macbeth*, v v 42

I 'gin to be aweary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone
Ib 49

Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back *Ib.* 51

Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death
Ib vi 10.

They have tied me to a stake, I cannot fly
But bear-like I must fight the course *Ib* vii 1

Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? *Ib.* 30

I bear a charmed life *Ib.* 41

And let the angel whom thou still hast served
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd *Ib.* 43

And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us with a double sense,
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope *Ib* 48

Live to be the show and gaze o' the time *Ib* 53

Lay on, Macduff,
And damn'd be he that first cries, 'Hold, enough!'
Ib 62

SIWARD
Had he his hurts before?
ROSS
Ay, on the front
SIWARD
Why, then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death *Ib* 75

For if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not Spirits are not finely touch'd
But to fine issues *Measure for Measure*, I i 33

The sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the Ten Commandments, but scraped one out of the table *Ib* ii [7]

And liberty plucks justice by the nose *Ib* iii 29

I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted *Ib* iv 34

A man whose blood
Is very snow-broth, one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense
Ib 57

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt *Ib* 77

We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch and not their terror *Ib* II 1. 1

'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try *Ib* 17

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall *Ib* 38

This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there *Ib* [144]

I am
At war 'twixt will and will not *Ib* ii 32

Condemn the fault and not the actor of it? *Ib* 37.

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does *Ib* 59

Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? *Ib* 73

O! it is excellent
To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant *Ib* 107

Merciful Heaven!
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak
Than the soft myrtle, but man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep. *Ib* 114

Great men may jest with saints, 'tis wit in them,
But, in the less foul profanation. *Ib* 127

That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy. *Ib* 130

I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross. *Ib* 158.

Having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary
And pitch our evils there? *Ib* 170

O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue *Ib* 180.

When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects Heaven hath my empty words
Ib iv 1.

CLAUDIO
The miserable have no other medicine
But only hope
I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.
DUKE
Be absolute for death, either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter Reason thus with life:
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep a breath thou art
Servile to all the skyey influences *Ib* III 1 2.

If thou art rich, thou'rt poor,
For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee *Ib* 25.

Thou hast nor youth nor age,
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both *Ib* 32.

Palsied eld *Measure for Measure*, III 1 35

Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension,
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies *Ib* 75

If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms *Ib* 81

The cunning livery of hell. *Ib* 93

CLAUDIO
Death is a fearful thing
ISABELLA
And shamed life a hateful
CLAUDIO
Ay, but to die, and go we know not where,
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot,
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod, and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbèd ice,
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world! *Ib* 114

The weariest and most loathèd worldly life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death *Ib* 127

O, fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade *Ib* 146

The hand that made you fair hath made you good
Ib [182]

Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful
Ib [214]

There, at the moated grange, resides this dejected
Mariana *Ib* [279]

A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow
Ib. II [151]

Take, O take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn
But my kisses bring again, bring again;
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain, seal'd in vain
Ib IV 1 1

Though music oft hath such a charm
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm
Ib 16

He will discredit our mystery *Ib* II [29]

Every true man's apparel fits your thief *Ib* [46]

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal *Ib* [66]

A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully
but as a drunken sleep *Ib* [148]

Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd
Ib [219]

I am a kind of burr, I shall stick *Ib* III [193]

A forted residence 'gainst the tooth of time,
And razure of oblivion. *Ib* V 1 12

Let the devil
Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne
Ib. [289]

Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure,
Like doth quit like, and Measure still for Measure
Ib [411]

They say best men are moulded out of faults,
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad *Ib* [440].

In sooth I know not why I am so sad
It wearies me, you say it wearies you,
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn *The Merchant of Venice*, I 1 1

There, where your argosies with portly sail,—
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,—
Do overpeer the petty traffickers *Ib* 9

Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes
And laugh like parrots at a bagpiper.
And other of such vinegar aspect
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable *Ib* 51

I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one *Ib* 77

Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster? *Ib* 83

There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond *Ib* 88

As who should say, 'I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!'
O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing *Ib* 93

Fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool gudgeon, this opinion *Ib* 101

Silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried and a maid not vendible.
Ib 111

Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more
than any man in all Venice His reasons are as
two grains of wheat, hid in two bushels of chaff
you shall seek all day ere you find them, and,
when you have found them, they are not worth
the search *Ib* 114

My purse, my person, my extremest means
Lie all unlock'd to your occasion *Ib* [139]

Sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages *Ib* [164]

By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of
this great world *Ib* II 1

They are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they
that starve with nothing *Ib* [5]

Superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but compe-
tency lives longer *Ib* [9]

If to do were as easy as to know what were good to
do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's
cottages princes' palaces *Ib* [13]

It is a good divine that follows his own instructions, I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching *The Merchant of Venice*, I ii [15]

He doth nothing but talk of his horse. *Ib* [43]

God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man *Ib* [59]

If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands *Ib.* [66]

I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere *Ib* [78]

I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge *Ib* [105]

I dote on his very absence. *Ib.* [118]

Ships are but boards, sailors but men, there be land-rats and water-rats, land-thieves and water-thieves *Ib* III [22]

I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following, but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you What news on the Rialto? *Ib* [36]

How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a Christian,
But more for that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him
He hates our sacred nation, and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift
Ib [42]

The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose *Ib* [99]

A goodly apple rotten at the heart
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath! *Ib* [102]

Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me *Ib* [107]

For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe *Ib* [111].

'Hath a dog money? Is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?' or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this —
'Fair sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last,
You spurn'd me such a day, another time
You call'd me dog, and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys?' *Ib* [122].

For when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend? *Ib* [134].

O father Abram! what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealing teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others! *Ib* [161].

I like not fair terms and a villain's mind *Ib* [180].

Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnished sun
Ib II i 1.

An honest man's son,—or rather an honest woman's son,—for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste,—well, my conscience says, 'Launcelot, budge not' 'Budge,' says the fiend 'Budge not,' says my conscience 'Conscience,' say I, 'you counsel well,' 'fiend,' say I, 'you counsel well' *Ib* II [16]

O heavens! this is my true-begotten father *Ib* [36]

An honest exceeding poor man *Ib* [54]

The very staff of my age, my very prop *Ib* [71]

It is a wise father that knows his own child *Ib* [83]

Truth will come to light, murder cannot be hid long *Ib* [86]

Lord worshipped might he be! What a beard hast thou got! *Ib* [101]

There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night *Ib* V 17

Then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on Black Monday *Ib* [24]

And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife *Ib* [30]

But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit *Ib* VI 36

What! must I hold a candle to my shames? *Ib* 41

Men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages·
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross *Ib* VII 18

Pause there, Morocco *Ib* 24

Young in limbs, in judgment old *Ib* 71.

My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian! O my Christian ducats!
Ib VIII 15

The fool multitude, that choose by show *Ib* IX 26.

Like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits
And rank me with the barbarous multitude
Ib 28

Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity
O! that estates, degrees, and offices
Were not deriv'd corruptly, and that clear honour
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer! *Ib* 39

The fire seven times tried this
Seven times tried that judgment is
That did never choose amiss
Some there be that shadows kiss,
Such have but a shadow's bliss *Ib* 63.

Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth
O, these deliberate fools! *Ib* 79.

The ancient saying is no heresy
'Hanging and wiving goes by destiny' *Ib* 82

The Goodwins, I think they call the place, a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word
The Merchant of Venice, III 1 [4]

Let him look to his bond *Ib* [51, 52, 54]

Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? *Ib* [63]

The villany you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction
Ib [76]

Thou stick'st a dagger in me *Ib* [118]

TUBAL
One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey
SHYLOCK
I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys *Ib* [126]

He makes a swan-like end
Fading in music *Ib* 44

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply

It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed, and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies
Let us all ring fancy's knell
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell
Ib II 63

So may the outward shows be least themselves
The world is still deceived with ornament
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament? *Ib* 73.

Ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea, the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty, in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. *Ib* 97

Thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man *Ib.* 103

Rash-embrac'd despair,
And shuddering fear, and green-ey'd jealousy
Ib 109

What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? *Ib* 115

An unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd,
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn, happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn *Ib.* 160

I wish you all the joy that you can wish. *Ib* 191.

My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid *Ib* 198.

Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper! *Ib* 252.

I will have my bond *Ib* III 17.

This comes too near the praising of myself
Ib IV. 22.

How every fool can play upon the word!
Ib. V. [48]

Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning *Ib* [62]

I'll not answer that
But say it is my humour *Ib* IV. 1 42

A harmless necessary cat. *Ib* 55

I am not bound to please thee with my answer
Ib 65

What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
Ib 89.

I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground *Ib.* 114.

I never knew so young a body with so old a head.
Ib. [163].

PORTIA:
Then must the Jew be merciful.
SHYLOCK:
On what compulsion must I? tell me that.
PORTIA
The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath it is twice bless'd,
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown,
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings,
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself,
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. *Ib* [182]

My deeds upon my head! I crave the law
Ib [206]

Wrest once the law to your authority
To do a great right, do a little wrong *Ib.* [215].

'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error by the same example
Will rush into the state. *Ib* [220].

A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!
Ib. [223].

An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven.
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice *Ib.* [228].

I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment
The Merchant of Venice, IV. 1 [238].

Is it so nominated in the bond? *Ib* [260]

'T is not in the bond *Ib* [263]

For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom it is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty *Ib* [268]

The court awards it, and the law doth give it
Ib [301]

Thyself shalt see the act,
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st
Ib [315]

A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip *Ib* [334]

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word
Ib [342]

You take my house when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house, you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live *Ib* [376]

He is well paid that is well satisfied *Ib* 416

You taught me first to beg, and now methinks
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd
Ib [440]

LORENZO
In such a night
Troilus methinks mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night
JESSICA
In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow e'er himself,
And ran dismay'd away
LORENZO
In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage
JESSICA
In such a night
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson *Ib* V 1 3

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here we will sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony
Sit, Jessica look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins,
Such harmony is in immortal souls,
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it *Ib.* 54.

I am never merry when I hear sweet music *Ib* 69

Therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils,
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus
Let no such man be trusted *Ib* 79

PORTIA
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world
NERISSA
When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.
PORTIA
So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king
Until a king be by, and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters *Ib.* 90

The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark
When neither is attended, and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection!
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd! *Ib* 102

This night methinks is but the daylight sick
Ib 124

For a light wife doth make a heavy husband
Ib 130

These blessed candles of the night. *Ib* 220

I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it
The Merry Wives of Windsor, I 1 1

She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman
Ib [48]

Drink down all unkindness *Ib* [203]

I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here *Ib* [205]

I will make an end of my dinner, there's pippins and seese to come *Ib.* II [12]

'Convey,' the wise it call 'Steal!' foh! a fico for the phrase! *Ib* III [30]

Here will be an old abusing of God's patience, and the king's English *Ib* IV [5]

We burn daylight *Ib* II. 1 [54]

There's the humour of it *Ib* [139]

Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now
Ib [158]

Why, then the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open *Ib* II 2

Marry, this is the short and the long of it *Ib* [62].

Like a fair house built upon another man's ground
Ib. [229]

Ah, sweet Anne Page! *Ib.* III 1 [40].

I cannot tell what the dickens his name is.
Ib. II [20].

He capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April and May
The Merry Wives of Windsor, III II [71]

O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!
Ib IV [32]

If it be my luck, so, if not, happy man be his dole!
Ib [67]

If I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift *Ib* V [7]

I have a kind of alacrity in sinking *Ib* [13]

As good luck would have it *Ib* [86]

A man of my kidney *Ib* [119]

Vengeance of Jenny's case! *Ib* IV. 1 [65]

So curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever *Ib* II [24]

This is the third time, I hope good luck lies in odd numbers There is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance or death *Ib* V 1 2

Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,
You moonshine revellers, and shades of night
Ib V [43]

To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon
A Midsummer Night's Dream, I II 72

But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that which withering on the virgin thorn
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness *Ib* 76

Ay me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth
Ib 132

O hell! to choose love by another's eye *Ib* 140

If there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
Making it momentany as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say, 'Behold!'
The jaws of darkness do devour it up
So quick bright things come to confusion *Ib* 141

Your tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear
Ib 183

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind
Ib 234

The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby *Ib* II [11]

Masters, spread yourselves *Ib* [16]

A part to tear a cat in, to make all split *Ib* [32]

This is Ercles' vein *Ib* [43]

I'll speak in a monstrous little voice *Ib* [55]

I am slow of study *Ib* [70]

I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me *Ib* [73]

I will aggravate my voice so that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove, I will roar you as 'twere any nightingale *Ib* [84]

A proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day
Ib. [89]

Hold, or cut bow-strings *Ib* [115]

Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire *Ib* II 1 2

The cowslips tall her pensioners be,
In their gold coats spots you see,
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours *Ib* 10

I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear *Ib* 14

The middle summer's spring *Ib* 82.

Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound.
And thorough this distemperature we see
The seasons alter hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose *Ib* 103.

Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music *Ib* 149

But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon,
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it, Love-in-idleness *Ib* 161.

I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes *Ib.* 175.

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine
There sleeps Titania some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight,
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in *Ib* 249

Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds,
Some war with rere-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats *Ib* II 3

The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint spirits *Ib.* 6.

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen,
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy queen. *Ib* 9

Weaving spiders come not here,
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near,
Worm nor snail, do no offence *Ib* 20.

This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn-brake our tiring-house
A Midsummer Night's Dream, III 1 [3]

God shield us!—a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing, for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living *Ib* [32]

What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen? *Ib* [82]

Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated *Ib* [124]

The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill. *Ib* [133]

As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky *Ib* II 20

Lord, what fools these mortals be! *Ib* 115

So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem *Ib* 208

For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger,
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to churchyards *Ib* 379

Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad *Ib* 440

Jack shall have Jill,
Nought shall go ill,
The man shall have his mare again,
And all shall be well *Ib* 461

I must to the barber's, mounsieur, for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face *Ib* IV 1 [25]

I have a reasonable good ear in music let us have the tongs and the bones *Ib* [32]

Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow *Ib* [37]

But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me I have an exposition of sleep come upon me *Ib* [43]

But as the fierce vexation of a dream *Ib* [75]

My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought I was enamour'd of an ass *Ib* [82]

Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade,
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wandering moon *Ib* [101]

HIPPOLYTA
I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta never did I hear .
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder
THESEUS
My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew,
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls,
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells
Ib [118]

Saint Valentine is past
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now? *Ib* [145]

I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was *Ib* [211]

The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was *Ib* [218]

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,
That is, the madman, the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name
Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy,
Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear! *Ib* V 1 7

What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour? *Ib* 36

Very tragical mirth. *Ib* [57]

For never anything can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it. *Ib* 82

That is the true beginning of our end
Consider then we come but in despite
We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is All for your delight,
We are not here *Ib* 111

Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast *Ib* [148]

The best in this kind are but shadows, and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them *Ib* [215]

A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience *Ib* [233]

Well roared, Lion *Ib* [272]

This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad *Ib* [295]

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve,
Lovers, to bed, 'tis almost fairy time *Ib* [372]

Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon,
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone *Ib* II 1

Not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door *Ib* 17

A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers
Much Ado About Nothing, I 1 [8]

He hath indeed better bettered expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how.
Much Ado About Nothing, I 1 [15]

He is a very valiant trencher-man *Ib* [52]

I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books
Ib [79]

BEATRICE
I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick nobody marks you
BLNEDICK
What! my dear Lady Disdain, are you yet living?
Ib [121]

Shall I never see a bachelor of three-score again?
Ib [209]

BENEDICK
I will live a bachelor
DON PEDRO
I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love
BENEDICK
With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord; not with love *Ib* [256]

'In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke' *Ib* [271]

Benedick the married man *Ib* [278]

What need the bridge much broader than the flood?
Ib [326]

Would it not grieve a woman to be over-mastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? *Ib* II 1 [64]

Wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace *Ib* [77]

I have a good eye, uncle I can see a church by daylight *Ib* [86]

Speak low, if you speak love *Ib* [104]

Friendship is constant in all other things
Save in the office and affairs of love *Ib* [184]

She speaks poniards, and every word stabs if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her, she would infect to the north star *Ib* [257]

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy I were but little happy, if I could say how much *Ib* [319]

Speak, cousin, or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss *Ib* [322]

There was a star danced, and under that was I born
Ib [351]

Lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet *Ib* III [18]

Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting
Ib [57]

Is it not strange that sheeps' guts should hale souls out of men's bodies? *Ib* [62]

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
Of dumps so dull and heavy,
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy *Ib* [65]

Sits the wind in that corner? *Ib* [108]

Doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age.
Ib [258]

Paper bullets of the brain *Ib* [261]

The world must be peopled When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married *Ib* [262]

Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes
Ib III 1 51

One doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking
Ib 85

Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such
And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand
Ib 109

He hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinks his tongue speaks *Ib* II [12]

BLNEDICK
I have the toothache

DON PEDRO
What! sigh for the toothache? *Ib* [21]

Well, every one can master a grief but he that has it
Ib [28]

A' brushes his hat a mornings, what should that bode? *Ib* [41]

The barber's man hath been seen with him, and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls *Ib* [45]

Are you good men and true? *Ib* III 1

To be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature *Ib* [14]

Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it, and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch
Ib [19]

You shall comprehend all vagrom men *Ib* [25].

SECOND WATCH
How, if a' will not stand?
DOGBERRY
Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go, and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave *Ib* [28]

For the watch to babble and to talk is most tolerable and not to be endured. *Ib.* [36]

If they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for
Much Ado About Nothing, III. iii. [49]

The most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is and steal out of your company *Ib* [61]

I know that Deformed *Ib* [132]

I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man and no honester than I *Ib.* v [15]

Comparisons are odorous *Ib* [18]

If I were as tedious as a king, I could find it in my heart to bestow it all of your worship *Ib* [23]

A good old man, sir, he will be talking as they say, 'when the age is in, the wit is out' *Ib.* [36]

Well, God's a good man *Ib* [39]

O! what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do! *Ib* IV. i [19]

For it so falls out
That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value, then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours *Ib* [219]

The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination,
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate, and full of life
Into the eye and prospect of his soul *Ib* [226]

Write down that they hope they serve God and write God first, for God defend but God should go before such villains! Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves, and it will go near to be thought so shortly *Ib* II [21]

Yea, marry, that's the eftest way *Ib* [39]

Flat burglary as ever was committed *Ib.* [54]

O that he were here to write me down an ass! but, masters, remember that I am an ass, though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass *Ib* [80]

A fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gowns, and everything handsome about him *Ib* [90]

Patch grief with proverbs *Ib* V i 17

For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently *Ib* 35

In a false quarrel there is no true valour *Ib.* [121]

What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care *Ib* [135]

No, I was not born under a rhyming planet *Ib* II [40]

The trumpet of his own virtues *Ib* [91]

Done to death by slanderous tongues *Ib* III 3

The wolves have prey'd, and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey. *Ib* 25

Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war
Othello, I i 14

A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife *Ib* 21.

The bookish theoric *Ib* 24

This counter-caster. *Ib* 31

'Tis the curse of the service,
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
Not by the old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first *Ib* 35

I follow him to serve my turn upon him,
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd *Ib* 42

Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender, and when he's old, cashier'd,
Whip me such honest knaves *Ib* 47

In following him, I follow but myself. *Ib* 58

But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at. I am not what I am *Ib* 64

An old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe *Ib* 88

'Zounds! sir, you are one of those that will not serve God if the devil bid you *Ib* 108

Your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs *Ib* [117]

The gross clasps of a lascivious Moor *Ib* [127]

An extravagant and wheeling stranger
Of here and every where *Ib* [137]

I do hate him as I hate hell-pains *Ib* [155]

I must show out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign *Ib* [157].

Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience
To do no contriv'd murder I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me service *Ib* II 1.

I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege *Ib* 21

I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth *Ib* 26

My parts, my title, and my perfect soul
Shall manifest me rightly *Ib* 31

Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them *Ib* 59

The wealthy curled darlings of our nation. *Ib* 68

The sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou *Ib* 70.

My particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature
That it engluts and swallows other sorrows
And it is still itself *Ib* III 55.

The bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter
After your own sense *Ib* 67.

Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,

It is most true, true, I have married her
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace,
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field,
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle,
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love, what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,
I won his daughter *Othello*, I iii 76

A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself *Ib* 94

Her father lov'd me, oft invited me,
Still question'd me the story of my life
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes
That I have pass'd
I ran it through, even from my boyish days
To the very moment that he bade me tell it,
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence
And portance in my travel's history,
Wherein of antres vast and desarts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak, such was the process,
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders This to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline *Ib* 128

And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs
She swore, in faith, 't was strange, 't was passing strange,
'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful
She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man, she thank'd me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her Upon this hint I spake
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I lov'd her that she did pity them
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd *Ib* 156

I do perceive here a divided duty *Ib* 181

To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw new mischief on *Ib* 204

The robb'd that smiles steals something from the thief *Ib* 208.

But words are words, I never yet did hear
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear *Ib.* 218

The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down *Ib* [230].

My heart's subdu'd
Even to the very quality of my lord *Ib* [252]

I saw Othello's visage in his mind *Ib* [254]

A moth of peace *Ib* [258]

BRABANTIO
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee
OTHELLO
My life upon her faith! *Ib* [295]

I will incontinently drown myself *Ib* [307]

It is silliness to live when to live is torment, and then have we a prescription to die when death is our physician *Ib* [310]

Virtue! a fig! 'tis in ourselves that we are thus, or thus Our bodies are our gardens, to which our wills are gardeners *Ib* [323]

Put money in thy purse *Ib* [345]

The food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida *Ib* [354]

There are many events in the womb of time which will be delivered *Ib* [377]

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse *Ib* [389]

He holds me well,
The better shall my purpose work on him *Ib* [396]

Framed to make women false *Ib* [404]

The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so *Ib* [405]

I have 't, it is engender'd, hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light *Ib* [409]

Our great captain's captain *Ib* II i 74

You are pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds *Ib* 109

Do not put me to 't,
For I am nothing if not critical *Ib* 118

I am not merry, but I do beguile
The thing I am by seeming otherwise *Ib* 122

IAGO
She never yet was foolish that was fair,
For even her folly help'd her to an heir
DESDEMONA
These are old fond paradoxes to make fools laugh i' the alehouse *Ib* 136

IAGO
She that was ever fair and never proud,
Had tongue at will and yet was never loud,
Never lack'd gold and yet went never gay,
Fled from her wish and yet said 'Now I may,'
She that being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay and her displeasure fly,
She that in wisdom never was so frail
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail,

She that could think and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following and not look behind,
She was a wight, if ever such wight were,—
DESDEMONA
To do what?
IAGO
To suckle fools and chronicle small beer
DESDEMONA
O most lame and impotent conclusion!
Othello, II i 148

With as little a web as this will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio *Ib* [169]

OTHELLO
If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy, for I fear
My soul hath her content so absolute
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate
DESDEMONA
The heavens forbid
But that our loves and comforts should increase
Even as our days do grow! *Ib* [192]

A slipper and subtle knave, a finder-out of occasions *Ib* [247]

A pestilent complete knave! and the woman hath found him already *Ib* [253]

This poor trash of Venice *Ib* [315]

Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me
For making him egregiously an ass *Ib* [320]

Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to outsport discretion *Ib* III 2

She is sport for Jove *Ib* [17]

I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment *Ib* [34]

My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream *Ib* [66]

And let me the canakin clink,
A soldier's a man,
A life's but a span,
Why then let a soldier drink *Ib* [72]

England, where indeed they are most potent in potting *Ib* [79]

King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown,
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor lown *Ib* [93]

'Tis pride that pulls the country down *Ib* [99]

Well, God's above all, and there be souls must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved *Ib* [106]

The lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient *Ib* [115]

He is a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction *Ib* [128]

Silence that dreadful bell! it frights the isle
From her propriety *Ib* [177]

But men are men, the best sometimes forget *Ib* [243]

Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter *Ib* [249]

Cassio, I love thee,
But never more be officer of mine *Ib* [250]

Reputation, reputation, reputation! O! I have lost my reputation I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial My reputation, Iago, my reputation! *Ib* [264]

O thou invisible spirit of wine! if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil! *Ib* [285]

O God! that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains, that we should, with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts *Ib* [293]

CASSIO
Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil
IAGO
Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature if it be well used, exclaim no more against it *Ib* [315]

How poor are they that have not patience!
What wound did ever heal but by degrees? *Ib* [379]

O! thereby hangs a tail *Ib* III i [8]

Talk him out of patience *Ib* III 23

Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again *Ib* 90

By heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shown *Ib* 106

Men should be what they seem,
Or those that be not, would they might seem none! *Ib* 126.

Good name in man or woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls,
Who steals my purse steals trash, 'tis something, nothing,
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands,
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed *Ib* 155

O! beware, my lord, of jealousy,
It is the green-ey'd monster which doth mock
The meat it feeds on *Ib* 165

But, O! what damned minutes tells he o'er
Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet soundly loves! *Ib* 169

Poor and content is rich, and rich enough *Ib* 172

Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No, to be once in doubt
Is once to be resolved *Ib.* 177

In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands, their best conscience
Is not to leave 't undone, but keep 't unknown *Ib* 202

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
For too much loving you *Ib* 212

This fellow's of exceeding honesty. *Ib.* 258.

If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune *Othello*, III. iii 260

For I am declin'd
Into the vale of years *Ib* 265

O curse of marriage!
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love
For others' uses *Ib* 268

If she be false, O! then heaven mocks itself
I'll not believe it *Ib* 278

Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ *Ib* 323

Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday *Ib* 331

Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack,
I swear 'tis better to be much abus'd
Than but to know 't a little *Ib* 33k

He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know 't and he's not robb'd at all
Ib 343

I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioners and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known O! now, for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind, farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop and the big wars
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation 's gone! *Ib* 346

Be sure of it, give me the ocular proof *Ib* 361

Never pray more, abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate *Ib* 370

O wretched fool!
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world!
To be direct and honest is not safe *Ib* 376

By the world,
I think my wife be honest and think she is not,
I think that thou art just and think thou art not
Ib 384

There are a kind of men so loose of soul
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs
Ib. 417

But this denoted a foregone conclusion *Ib* 429

Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 't is of aspics' tongues! *Ib* 450

O! blood, blood, blood! *Ib* 452

Like to the Pontick sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont,
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up *Ib.* 454.

For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels *Ib.* IV 43.

The hearts of old gave hands,
But our new heraldry is hands not hearts *Ib* 47

That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give *Ib* 56

'Tis true, there's magic in the web of it,
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work,
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk,
And it was dy'd in mummy which the skilful
Conserv'd of maiden's hearts *Ib* 70.

But jealous souls will not be answer'd so,
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous *Ib* 158

What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight score times?
O, weary reckoning! *Ib* 172

I do attend here on the general,
And think it no addition nor my wish
To have him see me woman'd *Ib* 192.

O! it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
Boding to all *Ib* IV 1 20

Many worthy and chaste dames even thus,
All guiltless, meet reproach *Ib* 47

To beguile many and be beguil'd by one *Ib* 98

They laugh that win *Ib* [123]

I would have him nine years a-killing *Ib* [186]

My heart is turned to stone, I strike it, and it hurts my hand *Ib* [190]

O! the world hath not a sweeter creature, she might lie by an emperor's side and command him tasks *Ib* [192]

O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear *Ib* [198]

But yet the pity of it, Iago! O! Iago, the pity of it, Iago! *Ib* [205]

The justice of it pleases *Ib* [221]

O well-painted passion! *Ib* [268]

Goats and monkeys! *Ib* [274]

Whose solid virtue
The shot of accident nor dart of chance
Could neither graze nor pierce? *Ib* [277]

Your mystery, your mystery; nay, dispatch
Ib II 29

Had it pleas'd heaven
To try me with affliction, had he rain'd
All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head,
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,

Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,
I should have found in some part of my soul
A drop of patience, but, alas! to make me
The fixed figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow and moving finger at,
Yet could I bear that too, well, very well
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,
Where either I must live or bear no life,
The fountain from the which my current runs
Or else dries up, to be discarded thence!
Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads
To knot and gender in! Turn thy complexion there,
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin,
Ay, there, look grim as hell! *Othello*, IV ii 46

O thou weed!
Who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet
That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst ne'er
been born! *Ib* 66

Heaven stops the nose at it and the moon winks
Ib 76

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice
That married with Othello You, mistress,
That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell! *Ib* 88

I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devis'd this slander *Ib* 130

O heaven! that such companions thou'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip
To lash the rascals naked through the world,
Even from the east to the west! *Ib* 141

Unkindness may do much,
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love *Ib.* 159

Why, now I see there's mettle in thee, and even from
this instant do build on thee a better opinion than
ever before *Ib* [207]

EMILIA
I would you had never seen him
DESDEMONA
So would not I, my love doth so approve him.
Ib III 18

The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow,
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her
moans,
Sing willow, willow, willow
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones,—
Sing willow, willow, willow
Sing all a green willow must be my garland *Ib* [41]

DESDEMONA·
Mine eyes do itch,
Doth that bode weeping?
EMILIA
'Tis neither here nor there *Ib* [59]

Who would not make her husband a cuckold to make
him a monarch? *Ib* [76]

He hath a daily beauty in his life
That makes me ugly *Ib* V i 19

This is the night
That either makes me or fordoes me quite *Ib.* 128.

It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!
It is the cause Yet I'll not shed her blood,
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men
Put out the light, and then put out the light
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me, but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume When I have pluck'd the
rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither I'll smell it on the tree
O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword! One more, one more
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after One more, and this the last
So sweet was ne'er so fatal I must weep,
But they are cruel tears, this sorrow's heavenly,
It strikes where it doth love *Ib* II i

If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight. *Ib* 26

Alas! why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame;
These are portents, but yet, I hope, I hope
They do not point on me *Ib* 43.

For to deny each article with oath
Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception
That I do groan withal. *Ib* 54.

Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all *Ib* 74

It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more near the earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad *Ib* 107

Not Cassio kill'd! then murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh *Ib* 113

A guiltless death I die *Ib* 120

Nobody, I myself, farewell *Ib* 122

OTHELLO
She's like a liar gone to burning hell,
'Twas I that kill'd her
EMILIA
O! the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil *Ib* 127

Nay, had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it *Ib* 141

She was too fond of her most filthy bargain *Ib* 155

Thou hast not half the power to do me harm
As I have to be hurt *Ib* 160

You told a lie, an odious damned lie,
Upon my soul, a lie, a wicked lie *Ib* 178.

Curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobation *Ib* 206

With that recognizance and pledge of love
Othello, V II 212

Are there no stones in heaven
But what serve for the thunder? *Ib* 232

Every puny whipster gets my sword *Ib* 242

I will play the swan,
And die in music *Ib* 245

Who can control his fate? *Ib* 264

Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail *Ib* 266

O ill-starr'd wench!
Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it Cold, cold, my girl!
Even like thy chastity
O! cursed, cursed slave Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!
O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead! *Ib* 271

I look down towards his feet, but that's a fable
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee
Ib 285

An honourable murderer, if you will,
For nought did I in hate, but all in honour *Ib* 293

OTHELLO
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?
IAGO
Demand me nothing what you know, you know
From this time forth I never will speak word
Ib 300

I have done the state some service, and they know 't,
No more of that I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am, nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then, must you speak
Of one that lov'd not wisely but too well,
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme, of one whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe, of one whose subdu'd eyes
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their med'cinable gum Set you down this,
And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian and traduc'd the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him thus *Ib* 338

All that 's spoke is marred *Ib* 356

I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee *Ib* 357

See, where she comes apparell'd like the spring
Pericles, I I 12

Few love to hear the sins they love to act *Ib* 92

O you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? *Ib* III I 22

ABRAHAM
Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?
SAMPSON
Is the law of our side if I say ay?
GREGORY
No
SAMPSON
No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir, but I bite my thumb, sir *Romeo and Juliet*, I I [50]

Gregory, remember thy swashing blow *Ib* [68]

Saint-seducing gold *Ib* [220]

And 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace *Ib* II 2

PARIS
Younger than she are happy mothers made
CAPULET
And too soon marr'd are those so early made *Ib* 12

And then my husband—God be with his soul!
A' was a merry man—took up the child
'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit,
Wilt thou not, Jule?' and, by my halidom,
The pretty wretch left crying, and said 'Ay'
Ib III 39

Pretty fool, it stinted and said 'Ay' *Ib* 48

I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on *Ib* IV 37

Come, we burn daylight, ho! *Ib* 43

O! then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the forefinger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers,
The traces, of the smallest spider's web,
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams,
Her whip, of cricket's bone, the lash, of film,
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid,
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coach-makers
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love,
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on curtsies straight,
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees,
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit,
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice,
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep, and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,

And sleeps again This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night,
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which once untangled much misfortune bodes,
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage
Romeo and Juliet, I iv 53

For you and I are past our dancing days
Ib v [35]

O! she doth teach the torches to burn bright
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear,
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear *Ib* [48]

We have a trifling foolish banquet towards
Ib [126]

My only love sprung from my only hate! *Ib* [142]

Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim
When King Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid
Ib II i 13

He jests at scars, that never felt a wound
But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun *Ib* II i

See! how she leans her cheek upon her hand
O! that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek *Ib* 23

O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Ib 33

What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet *Ib* 43

For stony limits cannot hold love out *Ib* 67

Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
Ib 85

Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke but farewell compliment!
Ib 88

At lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs O gentle Romeo!
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo, but else, not for the world
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond *Ib* 92

I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange
Ib 100

ROMEO
Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—
JULIET
O! swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable *Ib* 107

Do not swear at all,
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry *Ib* 112

It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say it lightens Sweet, good-night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet
Ib 118

Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books,
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks
Ib 156

O! for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud,
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies *Ib* 158

It is my soul that calls upon my name•
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears! *Ib* 164

'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone;
And yet no further than a wanton's bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty. *Ib* 176

JULIET
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing
Good-night, good-night! parting is such sweet sorrow
That I shall say good-night till it be morrow.
ROMEO
Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Ib 183

Wisely and slow, they stumble that run fast
Ib III 94

One, two, and the third in your bosom
Ib IV. [24]

O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! *Ib* [41]

I am the very pink of courtesy *Ib* [63]

A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month *Ib* [156]

Two may keep counsel, putting one away *Ib* [211]

These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die *Ib* VI 9

Therefore love moderately, long love doth so,
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow *Ib* 14

O! so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint *Ib* 16

Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat *Ib* III i [23]

A word and a blow *Ib* [43]

Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze,
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I *Ib* [59]

No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve ask for me tomorrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world *Ib* [100]

A plague o' both your houses!
They have made worms' meat of me *Ib* [112]

O! I am Fortune's fool *Romeo and Juliet*, III 1 [142]

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' lodging *Ib* II 1

Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black *Ib* 10

For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night,
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back *Ib* 18

Give me my Romeo and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun *Ib* 21

He was not born to shame
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit *Ib* 91

Romeo, come forth, come forth, thou fearful man
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity *Ib* III 1

Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe *Ib* 22

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy *Ib* 54

Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet *Ib* 56

Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear,
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale
Ib III V 1

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops *Ib* 9

Villain and he be many miles asunder. *Ib* 82

Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds
Ib 153

Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief? *Ib* 198

Romeo 's a dishclout to him *Ib.* 221

'Tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers
Ib IV II [6]

All things that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral,
Our instruments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast,
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change,
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary
Ib V 84

My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne
Ib V 1 3

I do remember an apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwells *Ib* 37

Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut *Ib* 56

The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law
Ib 72

APOTHECARY
My poverty, but not my will, consents
ROMEO
I pay thy poverty, and not thy will *Ib* 75

The time and my intents are savage-wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty tigers or the roaring sea *Ib* III 37

Tempt not a desperate man *Ib* 59

One writ with me in sour misfortune's book *Ib* 82

How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry! which their keepers call
A lightning before death *Ib* 88

Beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there *Ib* 94

Shall I believe
That unsubstantial Death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that I still will stay with thee,
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chambermaids, O! here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death! *Ib* 102

Look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard
Conqueror *The Taming of the Shrew, Induc* 1 [4]

As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell,
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were nor no man ever saw *Ib* II [95]

No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en,
In brief, sir, study what you most affect
Ib I 1 39

There's small choice in rotten apples *Ib* [137]

Nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal
Ib II [82]

O! this learning, what a thing it is *Ib* [163]

She is your treasure, she must have a husband,
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell
Ib II 1 32

Say that she rail, why then I'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale
Say that she frown, I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew
Say she be mute and will not speak a word,
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence *Ib* 171

And thereby hangs a tale *Ib* IV 1 [59]

He kills her in her own humour *Ib* [183]

She shall watch all night
And if she chance to nod I'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake
This is the way to kill a wife with kindness
Ib [208]

What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?
Ib III [23]

And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit. *Ib* [175]

PETRUCHIO
It shall be what o'clock I say it is
HORTENSIO
Why, so this gallant will command the sun
Ib [197]

O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endur'd! *Ib.* V. II. 93.

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty
The Taming of the Shrew, v ii 143

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband *Ib* 156

I am asham'd that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace
Ib 162

What cares these roarers for the name of king?
The Tempest, i i [18]

He hath no drowning mark upon him, his complexion is perfect gallows. *Ib* [33]

Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground *Ib* [70]

The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death *Ib.* [72]

O! I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,
Dash'd all to pieces O! the cry did knock
Against my very heart Poor souls, they perish'd
Ib ii 5

What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time? *Ib* 49

My library
Was dukedom large enough *Ib* 109

Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom *Ib* 166

From the still-vexed Bermoothes. *Ib* 229

I will be correspondent to command
And do my spiriting gently *Ib* 297

You taught me language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse the red plague rid you,
For learning me your language! *Ib* 363

Fill all thy bones with aches *Ib* 370

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands
Curtsied when you have, and kiss'd,—
The wild waves whist,—
Foot it featly here and there,
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear
Hark, hark!
Bow, wow,
The watch-dogs bark
Bow, bow,
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting Chanticleer
Cock-a-diddle-dow
Ib 375

This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air *Ib* 389

Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made
Those are pearls that were his eyes
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell
Ding-dong
Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell. *Ib* 394

The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say what thou seest yond *Ib* 405.

At the first sight
They have changed eyes. *Ib* 437

There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with 't *Ib* 454

What's past is prologue *Ib* ii i [261]

They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk *Ib* [296]

Open-ey'd conspiracy
His time doth take *Ib* [309]

A very ancient and fish-like smell *Ib* ii [27]

When they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian *Ib* [33]

Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows *Ib* [42]

Well, here's my comfort [*Drinks*] *Ib.* [48]

For she had a tongue with a tang *Ib* [53]

'Ban, 'Ban, Ca-Caliban,
Has a new master—Get a new man *Ib* [197]

For several virtues
Have I lik'd several women, never any
With so full soul but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil *Ib* iii i 42

FERDINAND:
Here's my hand
MIRANDA:
And mine, with my heart in 't *Ib* 89

Thou deboshed fish thou *Ib* ii [30]

Flout 'em, and scout 'em, and scout 'em, and flout 'em,
Thought is free *Ib* [133]

He that dies pays all debts *Ib* [143].

The isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not *Ib* [147]

Spongy April *Ib* iv. i. 65.

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary *Ib* 134.

Our revels now are ended These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep *Ib* 148

I do begin to have bloody thoughts *Ib.* [221]

With foreheads villanous low *Ib* [252]

Now does my project gather to a head *Ib* v i 1

Demi-puppets, that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make
Whereof the ewe not bites. *Ib* 36.

Deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book *The Tempest*, v 1 56

Where the bee sucks, there suck I
In a cowslip's bell I lie,
There I couch when owls do cry
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough
Ib 88

O brave new world,
That has such people in 't *Ib* 183

Retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave *Ib* [310]

'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after
Timon of Athens, I, 1 108

He that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer
Ib [233]

The strain of man 's bred out
Into baboon and monkey *Ib* [260]

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men
Ib II [45]

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf,
I pray for no man but myself *Ib* [64]

Like madness is the glory of this life *Ib* [141]

Men shut their doors against a setting sun *Ib* [152]

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy
Ib III v 3

Uncover, dogs, and lap *Ib* VI [96]

You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies
Ib [107]

We have seen better days *Ib* IV II 27

O! the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us
Ib 30

He has almost charmed me from my profession, by persuading me to it *Ib* III [457]

My long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things *Ib* V 1 [191]

Life's uncertain voyage *Ib* [207]

Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood,
Who once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover *Ib* [220]

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd,
She is a woman, therefore may be won,
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of, and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know
Titus Andronicus, II 1 82

Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow *Ib* IV 1 34

The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby
Ib IV [82]

If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul *Ib* V III [189]

The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps
Troilus and Cressida, Prologue, 9

PANDARUS
He that will have a cake out of the wheat must tarry the grinding
TROILUS
Have I not tarried?
PANDARUS
Ay, the grinding, but you must tarry the bolting
TROILUS
Have I not tarried?
PANDARUS
Ay, the bolting, but you must tarry the leavening
TROILUS
Still have I tarried
PANDARUS
Ay, to the leavening, but here's yet in the word 'hereafter' the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking, nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips *Ib* I 1 [15]

O! that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach, to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman *Ib* [57]

I have had my labour for my travail *Ib* [73]

Women are angels, wooing
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing
That she beloved knows nought that knows not this
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is
Ib II [310]

The sea being smooth
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast *Ib* III 34

The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order *Ib* 85

O! when degree is shak'd,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
The enterprise is sick *Ib* 101

Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark! what discord follows, each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy *Ib* 109

The general 's disdain'd
By him one step below, he by the next,
That next by him beneath, so every step,
Exampled by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation *Ib* 129

Like a strutting player, whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage
Ib 153

But we are soldiers,
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love! *Ib* 286

And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large *Ib* 343.

Mongrel beef-witted lord *Ib* II. 1 [14].

Who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head *Troilus and Cressida*, II 1 [78]

The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure *Ib* II 14

TROILUS
What is aught, but as 'tis valued?
HECTOR
But value dwells not in particular will,
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself
As in the prizer 'Tis mad idolatry
To make the service greater than the god
Ib 52

Young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy *Ib* 166

Thus to persist
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy *Ib* 186

I am giddy, expectation whirls me round
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense
Ib III II [17]

To be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might *Ib* [163]

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-siz'd monster of ingratitudes
Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done *Ib* III 145

Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright to have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery *Ib* 150

For honour travels in a strait so narrow
Where one but goes abreast *Ib* 154

Time is like a fashionable host
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing *Ib* 165

Beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,
That all with one consent praise new-born gawds
Ib 171

And give to dust that is a little gilt
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted *Ib* 178

A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin *Ib* [267]

How my achievements mock me! *Ib* IV II [72]

Sometimes we are devils to ourselves
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency *Ib* IV [95]

Fie, fie upon her!
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks, her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body *Ib* V. 54

What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion *Ib* 165

The end crowns all,
And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it *Ib* 223.

Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart
Ib V III [109]

If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die
That strain again! it had a dying fall
O! it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour! Enough! no more
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before
O spirit of love! how quick and fresh art thou,
That notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical *Twelfth Night*, I I I

O! when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence
That instant was I turn'd into a hart,
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me *Ib* 19.

The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view,
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine *Ib* 26.

Away before me to sweet beds of flowers,
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers
Ib 40

And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium *Ib* II 2.

O my poor brother! *Ib* 6

He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria *Ib* III [21]

Speaks three or four languages word for word without book *Ib* [28]

Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has, but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit *Ib* [90]

SIR ANDREW
I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting O! had I but followed the arts!
SIR TOBY
Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair
Ib [99].

Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig
Ib [135]

Is it a world to hide virtues in? *Ib* [142]

Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious, thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part
Twelfth Night, I iv 31

Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage
Ib v [20]

What says Quinapalus? 'Better a witty fool than a foolish wit' *Ib* [37]

Virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin, and sin that amends is but patched with virtue
Ib [52]

Good my mouse of virtue, answer me *Ib* [68]

O! you are sick of self-love, Malvolio *Ib* [96]

A plague o' these pickle herring! *Ib* [127]

Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy, as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple 'tis with him in standing water, between boy and man He is very well-favoured, and he speaks very shrewishly one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him *Ib* [166]

I would be loath to cast away my speech, for besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it *Ib* [184]

I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part *Ib* [191]

OLIVIA
'Tis in grain, sir, 'twill endure wind and weather
VIOLA
'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive
If you will lead these graces to the grave
And leave the world no copy. *Ib* [257]

Item, Two lips, indifferent red, Item, Two grey eyes, with lids to them, Item, One neck, one chin, and so forth *Ib* [268]

Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house,
Write loyal cantons of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, 'Olivia' *Ib* [289]

Farewell, fair cruelty *Ib* [309]

'What is your parentage?'
'Above my fortune, yet my state is well
I am a gentleman' *Ib* [310]

She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more *Ib* II i [31]

I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more mine eyes will tell tales of me. *Ib*. [42]

Not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes
To be up after midnight and to go to bed then, is early, so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. *Ib*. III. [1 and 7]

O mistress mine! where are you roaming?
O! stay and hear, your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low
Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know

What is love? 'tis not hereafter,
Present mirth hath present laughter,
What's to come is still unsure
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure *Ib* [42].

Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tillyvally, lady! *Ib* [85]

He does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural *Ib*. [91].

Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you? *Ib* [100]

SIR TOBY:
Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?
CLOWN
Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too. *Ib*. [124]

MARIA:
Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.
SIR ANDREW
O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog!
Ib [153]

I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated *Ib* [171]

My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour
Ib [184].

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night;
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times
Come, but one verse *Ib* II iv. 2.

DUKE
If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me,
For such as I am all true lovers are
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd How dost thou like this tune?
VIOLA
It gives a very echo to the seat
Where love is enthron'd *Ib*. 15

Let still the woman take
An elder than herself, so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are *Ib* 29.

Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent. *Ib*. 36.

Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones
Do use to chant it it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age *Twelfth Night*, II iv 43

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid,
Fly away, fly away, breath
I am slain by a fair cruel maid
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O! prepare it
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown,
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corse, where my bones shall be thrown
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O! where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there *Ib* 51

Now, the melancholy god protect thee, and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal *Ib* [74]

Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands *Ib* [82]

There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart, no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much, they lack retention
Alas! their love may be call'd appetite,
No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt,
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest so much *Ib* [95]

DUKE
And what's her history?
VIOLA
A blank, my lord She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek she pin'd in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more, but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will, for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love *Ib* [111]

I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too *Ib* [122]

How now, my metal of India! *Ib* v [17]

Here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling *Ib* [25]

Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him how he jets under his advanced plumes! *Ib* [35]

In my branched velvet gown *Ib* [54]

Now is the woodcock near the gin *Ib* [93]

I may command where I adore *Ib* [116]

But be not afraid of greatness some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them *Ib* [158]

Let thy tongue tang arguments of state, put thyself into the trick of singularity She thus advises thee that sighs for thee Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered. *Ib* [165]

Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript *Ib* [189]

He will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors, and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests *Ib* [220]

Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard *Ib* III i [51]

This fellow's wise enough to play the fool,
And to do that well craves a kind of wit. *Ib* [68]

Taste your legs, sir, put them to motion *Ib* [88]

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you! *Ib* [96]

'Twas never merry world
Since lowly feigning was called compliment *Ib* [110]

O world! how apt the poor are to be proud *Ib* [141]

O! what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip *Ib* [159]

Love sought is good, but giv'n unsought is better *Ib* [170]

They have been grand-jurymen since before Noah was a sailor *Ib* II [18]

You should then have accosted her, and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness *Ib* [23]

Where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard *Ib* [30]

I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician *Ib* [35]

Although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England *Ib* [52]

Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter. *Ib* [54]

If he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy *Ib* [68]

Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes *Ib* [73]

More lines than are in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies *Ib* [87]

In the south suburbs, at the Elephant *Ib* III 39

I think we do know the sweet Roman hand *Ib* IV [31]

Why, this is very midsummer madness *Ib* IV. [62]

What, man! defy the devil consider, he's an enemy to mankind *Ib* [109]

Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things I am not of your element *Ib* [138]

If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction *Ib* [142]

More matter for a May morning
Twelfth Night, III IV [158]

Still you keep o' the windy side of the law *Ib* [183]

Fare thee well, and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine, but my hope is better, and so look to thyself *Ib* [185]

Nay, let me alone for swearing *Ib* [204]

He is knight dubbed with unhatched rapier, and on carpet consideration *Ib* [260]

I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight, I care not who knows so much of my mettle *Ib* [300]

Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something *Ib* [380]

I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying, vainness, babbling drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood *Ib* [390]

In nature there's no blemish but the mind,
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind *Ib* [403]

Out, hyperbolical fiend! *Ib* IV II [29]

For I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy *Ib* [37]

CLOWN
What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?
MALVOLIO
That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird
CLOWN
What thinkest thou of his opinion?
MALVOLIO
I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion *Ib* [55]

Leave thy vain bibble-babble *Ib* [106]

We took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate *Ib* V I [185]

And made the most notorious geck and gull
That e'er invention play'd *Ib* [355]

And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges *Ib* [388]

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gates,
For the rain it raineth every day

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain it raineth every day

A great while ago the world begun,
With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day. *Ib* [401]

Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits
The Two Gentlemen of Verona, I I 2

For he was more than over shoes in love *Ib* 24

I have no other but a woman's reason
I think him so, because I think him so *Ib* II 23

Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse
And presently all humbled kiss the rod! *Ib* 55

O! how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day *Ib* III 84

Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten *Ib* II IV 194

He makes sweet music with th' enamell'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage,
And so by many winding nooks he strays
With willing sport, to the wild ocean *Ib* VII 28

Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale,
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon
Ib III I 178.

Ay,
Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy *Ib* II 71

A man I am cross'd with adversity *Ib* IV I 12

You know that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go *Ib* II 19

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she,
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness,
And, being help'd, inhabits there

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling,
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling,
To her let us garlands bring *Ib* 40

How use doth breed a habit in a man!
Ib V IV I

O heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect *Ib* 110

Two lads that thought there was no more behind
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal *The Winter's Tale*, I II 63

We were as twinn'd lambs that did frisk i' the sun,
And bleat the one at the other what we chang'd
Was innocence for innocence, we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd
That any did *Ib* 67

Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand
And clap thyself my love *Ib* 102.

Paddling palms and pinching fingers
The Winter's Tale, I II 116.

Still virginalling
Upon his palm *Ib* 126

Affection! thy intention stabs the centre·
Thou dost make possible things not so held,
Communicat'st with dreams *Ib* 139.

How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash, this gentleman *Ib* 160

A sad tale's best for winter
I have one of sprites and goblins *Ib* II 1 24

It is a heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in 't *Ib* III 116

What's gone, and what's past help
Should be past grief *Ib* III II [223]

Bohema A desert Country near the Sea
Ib III *Stage Direction*

Our ship hath touch'd upon
The desarts of Bohemia *Ib* III I

Exit, pursued by a bear *Ib Stage Direction*

When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy, over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge,
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,
With, heigh! with, heigh! the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay *Ib* IV II I

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear? *Ib* [15]

A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles *Ib* [26]

For the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it
Ib [30]

Prig, for my life, prig, he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings *Ib* [109]

Jog on, jog on the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a *Ib* [133]

For you there's rosemary and rue, these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long *Ib* III 74

The fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations and streak'd gillyvors,
Which some call nature's bastards *Ib* 81

Yet nature is made better by no mean
But nature makes that mean *Ib* 89

Here's flowers for you,
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram,
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun,
And with him rises weeping *Ib* 103

O Proserpina!
For the flowers now that frighted thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty, violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath, pale prime-roses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength,—a malady
Most incident to maids, bold oxlips and
The crown imperial, lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one *Ib* 116.

PERDITA

Sure this robe of mine
Doth change my disposition

FLORIZEL

What you do
Still betters what is done When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so, so give alms,
Pray so, and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too when you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that, move still, still so,
And own no other function each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deed,
That all your acts are queens *Ib* 134

Good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream *Ib* 160

Lawn as white as driven snow *Ib* [220]

I love a ballad in print, a-life, for then we are sure they are true *Ib* [262]

The self-same sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike *Ib* [457]

Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch further,
But milk my ewes and weep *Ib* [462]

Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters *Ib* [586]

Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! *Ib* [608]

Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance *Ib* [734]

That rare Italian master, Julio Romano
Ib V II [108]

Thou art a tall fellow of thy hands *Ib* [185]

'Tis time, descend, be stone no more, approach
Ib III 99

O! she's warm
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating *Ib* 109

Lord of thy presence and no land beside
King John, I I 137

For new-made honour doth forget men's names
Ib 186

Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth
Ib 213

Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs
Ib II 1. 70

For courage mounteth with occasion *Ib* 82

Saint George, that swinged the dragon, and e'er since
Sits on his horse back at mine hostess' door
Ib 288

Mad world! Mad kings! Mad composition!
King John, II. 1. 561.

That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling Commodity,
Commodity, the bias of the world *Ib* 573

Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say there is no sin, but to be rich,
And, being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say there is no vice, but beggary *Ib* 593

Here I and sorrows sit,
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it
Ib III 1 73

Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs!
Ib 128

No Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions *Ib* 153

Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton, Time
Ib 324.

Bell, book and candle shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver becks me to come on
Ib III 12

KING JOHN.
Death
HUBERT.
My lord?
KING JOHN.
A grave.
HUBERT.
He shall not live
KING JOHN
Enough
I could be merry now *Ib* 66

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul,
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath *Ib* IV 17

Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form.
Ib 93.

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man *Ib* 108

Heat me these irons hot *Ib* IV 1 1.

Methinks nobody should be sad but I
Yet I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness *Ib* 13

I knit my handkercher about your brows,—
The best I had, a princess wrought it me
Ib 41

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess *Ib* II 11

The spirit of the time shall teach me speed
Ib 176

Another lean unwash'd artificer *Ib* 201

It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life. *Ib.* 208

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes ill deeds done! *Ib* 219.

Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best
Ib III 28

Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith *Ib* V IV 11.

I beg cold comfort *Ib* VII 42.

This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true *Ib* 112

Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster
King Richard II, I 1 1.

Let's purge this choler without letting blood
Ib 153

The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation, that away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast
Mine honour is my life, both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done *Ib* 177.

We were not born to sue, but to command *Ib* 196

Stay, stay, the king hath thrown his warder down
Ib III 119.

This must my comfort be,
That sun that warms you here shall shine on me
Ib 144.

The language I have learn'd these forty years,
My native English, now I must forego;
And now my tongue's use is to me no more
Than an unstringed viol or a harp. *Ib* 159.

I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a pupil now. *Ib* 170.

How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters and four wanton springs
End in a word, such is the breath of kings *Ib* 213

Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour
Ib 236

Boast of nothing else
But that I was a journeyman to grief? *Ib* 273

All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity. *Ib* 275

O! who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
O, no! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse *Ib* 294.

Methinks I am a prophet new inspir'd,
And thus expiring do foretell of him
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
For violent fires soon burn out themselves,
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short,
He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes
Ib II 1 31

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-Paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,—
For Christian service and true chivalry,—
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land
King Richard II, II i 40

England, bound in with the triumphant sea *Ib* 61

That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself *Ib* 65

Can sick men play so nicely with their names?
Ib 84

Lay aside life-harming heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful disposition *Ib* II 3

Believe me, noble lord,
I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire
These high wild hills and rough uneven ways
Draw out our miles and make them wearisome
Ib III 2

I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul remembering my good friends *Ib* 46

Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste *Ib* 58

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle *Ib* 87

The caterpillars of the commonwealth *Ib* 166

Things past redress are now with me past care
Ib 171

Eating the bitter bread of banishment
Ib III 1 21

I weep for joy
To stand upon my kingdom once again
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs
Ib II 4

Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king,
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel, then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards the right *Ib* 59

O! call back yesterday, bid time return *Ib* 69

Is not the king's name twenty thousand names?
Arm, arm, my name! A puny subject strikes
At thy great glory *Ib* 85

The worst is death, and death will have his day
Ib 103

Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate *Ib* 135

Of comfort no man speak
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs,
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills *Ib* 144

For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the death of kings
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd,
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd,
All murder'd for within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court, and there the antick sits,
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp,
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks,
Infusing him with self and vain conceit
As if this flesh which walls about our life
Were brass impregnable, and humour'd thus
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and farewell king!
Ib 155

See, see, King Richard doth himself appear,
As doth the blushing discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the east *Ib* III 62

O! that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name,
Or that I could forget what I have been,
Or not remember what I must be now *Ib* 136.

What must the king do now? Must he submit?
The king shall do it must he be depos'd?
The king shall be contented must he lose
The name of king? o' God's name, let it go
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,
My gay apparel for an almsman's gown,
My figur'd goblets for a dish of wood,
My sceptre for a palmer's walking staff,
My subjects for a pair of carved saints,
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave,
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head,
For on my heart they tread now whilst I live,
And buried once, why not upon my head? *Ib* 143.

You make a leg *Ib* 175.

Go, bind thou up yon dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight
Ib IV 29

Old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden *Ib* 73

Here did she fall a tear, here, in this place,
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace,
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen *Ib* 104.

If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,
And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,
And lies, and lies *Ib* IV 1. 73.

And there at Venice gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long *Ib* 97

Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels
King Richard II, IV 1. 139

God save the king! Will no man say, amen?
Am I both priest and clerk? Well then, amen.
Ib 172

Give me the crown Here, cousin, seize the crown,
Here cousin,
On this side my hand and on that side thine
Now is this golden crown like a deep well
That owes two buckets filling one another,
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water
That bucket down and full of tears am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high
Ib 181

You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs, still am I king of those *Ib* 192

Now mark me how I will undo myself *Ib* 203

With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown
Ib 207

God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke are made to thee!
Ib 214

A mockery king of snow *Ib* 260

An if my word be sterling yet in England *Ib* 264

Julius Caesar's ill-erected tower *Ib* v 1 2

I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim Necessity, and he and I
Will keep a league till death *Ib* 20

That were some love but little policy *Ib* 84

As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious *Ib* II 23

Who are the violets now
That strew the green lap of the new come spring?
Ib 46

Give me my boots I say *Ib* 77 and 87

He prays but faintly and would be denied *Ib* III 103

I have been studying how I may compare
This prison where I live unto the world *Ib* v 1

How sour sweet music is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives *Ib* 42

Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high,
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downwards, here to die
Ib 112

So shaken as we are, so wan with care
King Henry IV, Part 1, I. 1. 1

In those holy fields
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd
For our advantage, on the bitter cross *Ib* 24

The blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taffeta *Ib* II [10]

I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day *Ib.* [11]

Phoebus, he 'that wandering knight so fair' *Ib* [16]

Let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon *Ib* [28]

FALSTAFF
And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?
PRINCE
As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle
Ib 44

What, in thy quips and thy quiddities? *Ib* [50]

Shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king, and resolution thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old father antick, the law?
Ib [66]

Thou hast the most unsavoury similes *Ib* [89]

I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought *Ib* [92]

O! thou hast damnable iteration, and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint *Ib* [101]

Now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked *Ib* [105]

I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom
Ib [108]

Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal, 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation *Ib.* [116]

How agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good Friday last for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg? *Ib* [126]

There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee *Ib* [154]

Farewell, thou latter spring! Farewell, All-hallown summer! *Ib* [176]

If he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms *Ib* [206]

I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness *Ib* [217]

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work,
But when they seldom come, they wish'd for come
Ib [226].

A certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin, new-reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest home
He was perfumed like a milliner,
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose and took't away again *Ib* III 33

And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly, unhandsome corpse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me. *Ib* 42

So pester'd with a popinjay *Ib* 50

He made me mad
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
Of guns, and drums, and wounds,—God save the mark!—

And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise,
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villainous saltpetre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly, and but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier
King Henry IV, Part 1, I iii 53

To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke
Ib 175

WORCESTER
As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear
HOTSPUR
If he fall in, good-night! or sink or swim
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple. O! the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare *Ib* 192

By heaven methinks it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks,
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
Without corrival all her dignities
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship! *Ib* 201

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me! *Ib* 251

I know a trick worth two of that *Ib* II i [40]

'At hand, quoth pick-purse' *Ib* [53]

We have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible
Ib [95]

I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged *Ib* II [19]

Farewell, and stand fast *Ib* [78]

Happy man be his dole *Ib* [84]

On, bacons, on! *Ib* [99]

It would be an argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever *Ib* 104

Falstaff sweats to death
And lards the lean earth as he walks along
Ib [119]

Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety *Ib* III [11]

A good plot, good friends, and full of expectation, an excellent plot, very good friends. *Ib* [21]

Constant you are,
But yet a woman: and for secrecy,
No lady closer, for I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know.
Ib [113]

Show it a fair pair of heels *Ib* IV [52].

I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the North, he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, 'Fie upon this quiet life! I want work' *Ib* [116]

Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter—pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun? *Ib* [135]

There live not three good men unhanged in England, and one of them is fat and grows old *Ib* [146]

Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me *Ib* [168]

A plague of all cowards, still say I *Ib* [175]

I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew *Ib* [201]

All! I know not what ye call all *Ib* [208]

Nay, that's past praying for. I have peppered two of them: two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward, here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me—
Ib [214]

O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two
Ib [247]

Three misbegotten knaves in Kendal-green
Ib [249]

These lies are like the father that begets them, gross as a mountain, open, palpable *Ib* [253]

Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plentiful as blackberries I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I *Ib* [267]

Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down.
Ib [285]

What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! *Ib* [292]

Instinct is a great matter, I was a coward on instinct
Ib [304]

Ah! No more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me
Ib [316]

What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?
Ib [328]

A plague of sighing and grief! It blows a man up like a bladder *Ib* [370]

I will do it in King Cambyses' vein *Ib.* [430]

QUICKLY
O Jesu! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see!
FALSTAFF
Peace, good pint-pot! *Ib* [441]

Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries? A question not to be asked
Ib [454]

There is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of a fat old man, a tun of man is thy companion
Ib [498]

That roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years *Ib* [504]

If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked!
Ib [524]

No, my good lord, banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins, but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company banish not him thy Harry's company banish plump Jack and banish all the world
King Henry IV, Part 1, II iv [528]

Play out the play *Ib* [539]

O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! *Ib* [598]

GLENDOWER
At my nativity
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets, and at my birth
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward
HOTSPUR
Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your mother's cat had but kittened
Ib III i 13

And all the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common men *Ib* [42]

GLENDOWER
I can call spirits from the vasty deep
HOTSPUR
Why, so can I, or so can any man,
But will they come when you do call for them?
Ib [53]

O! while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil!
Ib [62]

See how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out *Ib* [99]

I had rather be a kitten and cry mew
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers
Ib [128]

Mincing poetry *Ib* [133]

And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith *Ib* [153]

O! he's as tedious
As a tired horse, a railing wife,
Worse than a smoky house I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates and have him talk to me
In any summer-house in Christendom *Ib* [158]

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation *Ib* [204]

Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division, to her lute *Ib* [208]

Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh
Ib 233

You swear like a comfit-maker's wife *Ib* [252]

Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath *Ib* [257]

The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits *Ib* II 60

Being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much
So, when we had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded *Ib* 70

My near'st and dearest enemy *Ib* 123

Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking, I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent.
Ib. III [5]

Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me *Ib* [10].

Come, sing me a bawdy song, make me merry
Ib [15]

Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn? *Ib* [91]

I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty *Ib* [187]

That daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass *Ib* IV i 96

All plum'd like estridges that wing the wind,
Baited like eagles having lately bath'd *Ib* 98

I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship
Ib 104

Doomsday is near, die all, die merrily *Ib* 134

I have misus'd the king's press damnably
Ib II [13]

The cankers of a calm world and a long peace
Ib [32].

I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream *Ib* [64]

Tut, tut, good enough to toss, food for powder, food for powder, they'll fill a pit as well as better tush, man, mortal men, mortal men *Ib* [72]

To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast
Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest *Ib* [86]

Greatness knows itself *Ib* III 74

For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours *Ib* V i 23

Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it *Ib* 28

I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant or more valiant-young,
More daring or more bold, is now alive
To grace this latter age with noble deeds
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry *Ib* 89

FALSTAFF
I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well
PRINCE
Why, thou owest God a death *Ib* [125].

Honour pricks me on Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set-to a leg? No Or an arm? No Or take away the grief of a wound? No Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? No What is honour? A word What is that word, honour? Air A trim reckoning! Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No It is insensible then? Yea, to the dead But will it not live with the living? No Why? Detraction will not suffer it Therefore I'll none of it honour is a mere scutcheon and so ends my catechism
King Henry IV, Part 1, v 1 [131]

Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes,
For treason is but trusted like the fox,
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors *Ib* II 8

O gentlemen! the time of life is short,
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour
An if we live, we live to tread on kings,
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just *Ib* 81

Now, *Esperance*! Percy! and set on *Ib* 96

I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive, and they are for the town's end, to beg during life *Ib* III [36]

I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath give me life, which if I can save, so, if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an end *Ib* 61

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere.
Ib IV. 65

But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool,
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop *Ib* [81]

Fare thee well, great heart!
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound,
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough this earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman *Ib* [87]

Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!
What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spar'd a better man *Ib* [100]

The better part of valour is discretion *Ib* [120]

Full bravely hast thou flesh'd
Thy maiden sword *Ib* [132]

Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying! I grant you I was down and out of breath, and so was he, but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock *Ib* [148]

For my part, if a lie will do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have *Ib* [161]

I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do *Ib* [168]

I speak of peace, while covert enmity
Under the smile of safety wounds the world.
King Henry IV, Part 2, Induction, 9.

Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,
And of so easy and so plain a stop
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it *Ib* 15

Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd
Ib I 1 70

Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office, and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departed friend *Ib* 100

The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent anything that tends to laughter, more than I invent or is invented on me I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men I do here walk before thee like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one
Ib II [7]

A rascally yea-forsooth knave *Ib* [40].

Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time *Ib* [111]

This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship, a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling *Ib* [127]

It is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal *Ib.* [139].

I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient.
Ib [145].

Well, I am loath to gall a new-healed wound
Ib 169

You that are old consider not the capacities of us that are young, you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls, and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too *Ib* [198]

Have you not a moist eye, a dry hand, a yellow cheek, a white beard, a decreasing leg, an increasing belly? *Ib* [206]

Every part about you blasted with antiquity
Ib [210]

My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something of a round belly For my voice, I have lost it with hollaing, and singing of anthems *Ib.* [213].

CHIEF JUSTICE
God send the prince a better companion!
FALSTAFF
God send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him *Ib* [227]

All you that kiss our lady Peace at home *Ib* [236]

It was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common
Ib. [244].

I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is I were better to be eaten to death with rust than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion *King Henry IV, Part 2*, I ii [247]

I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable *Ib* [268]

O, thoughts of men accurst!
Past and to come seem best, things present, worst
Ib III. 107

A poor lone woman *Ib* II i [37]

Away, you scullion! you rampallion! you fustilarian!
I'll tickle your catastrophe *Ib* [67]

He hath eaten me out of house and home *Ib* [82]

Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheeson week *Ib* [97]

Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?
Ib II [7]

I do now remember the poor creature, small beer
Ib [12]

Let the end try the man. *Ib* [52]

Never a man's thought in the world keeps the road way better than thine *Ib* [64]

He was indeed the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves
Ib III 21

Hollow pamper'd jades of Asia *Ib* [177]

By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words
Ib [183]

Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig
Ib [249]

Patch up thine old body for heaven *Ib* [251]

O sleep! O gentle sleep!
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh mine eyelids down
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody?
Ib III 1 5

Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seel up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamour in the slippery clouds,
That with the hurly death itself awakes? *Ib* 18

With all appliances and means to boot *Ib* 29

Then, happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown *Ib* 30

O God! that one might read the book of fate *Ib* 45

There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd,
The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
And weak beginnings lie intreasured *Ib* 80.

Death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all, all shall die How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair? *Ib* II [41]

And is old Double dead? *Ib* [58]

A soldier is better accommodated than with a wife
Ib [73]

Most forcible Feeble *Ib* [181]

We have heard the chimes at midnight *Ib* [231]

I care not, a man can die but once, we owe God a death *Ib* [253]

He that dies this year is quit for the next *Ib* [257]

Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! *Ib* [329]

Like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring when a' was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife *Ib* [335]

Talks as familiarly of John a Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him *Ib* [348]

Against ill chances men are ever merry,
But heaviness foreruns the good event *Ib* IV II 81

A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,
And neither party loser *Ib* 89.

That I may truly say with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, 'I came, saw, and overcame' *Ib* III [44]

A man cannot make him laugh, but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine *Ib* [95]

A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it It ascends me into the brain, dries me there all the foolish and dull and crudy vapours which environ it, makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble fiery and delectable shapes, which, deliver'd o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit The second property of your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood, which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice but the sherris warms it and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme It illumineth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm, and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage, and this valour comes of sherris So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work, and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil till sack commences it and sets it in act and use. *Ib.* [103]

If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them should be, to forswear thin potations *Ib* [133]

Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds *Ib* IV 54.

Thou art a summer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day
King Henry IV, Part 2, IV iv [91]

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night! Sleep with it now!
Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet
As he whose brow with homely biggen bound
Snores out the watch of night *Ib* v 22

This sleep is sound indeed, this is a sleep
That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd
So many English kings *Ib* 34

Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought
Ib 91

Commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways. *Ib* 124

It hath been prophesied to me many years
I should not die but in Jerusalem,
Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land
But bear me to that chamber, there I'll lie
In that Jerusalem shall Harry lie *Ib* 235

Any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook
Ib v 1 [29]

Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
But Harry, Harry *Ib* 48

Sorrow so royally in you appears,
That I will deeply put the fashion on *Ib* 51

'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all *Ib* III [35]

A foutra for the world, and worldlings base!
I speak of Africa and golden joys *Ib* [100]

Under which king, Bezonian? speak, or die!
Ib [116]

Let us take any man's horses, the laws of England are at my commandment *Ib* [139]

I know thee not, old man fall to thy prayers,
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane *Ib* v [52]

Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace,
Leave gormandizing, know the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men *Ib* [57]

Presume not that I am the thing I was *Ib* [61]

Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound
Ib [78]

Where, for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already a' be killed with your hard opinions, for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man
Ib Epilogue [32]

O! for a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention
King Henry V, Chorus, 1

The flat unraised spirits *Ib* 9

Can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt? *Ib* 11

Consideration like an angel came,
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him.
Ib I i 8

Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady currance, scouring faults. *Ib* 33

When he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still *Ib* 47

O noble English! that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France,
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work, and cold for action *Ib* II III

And make your chronicle as rich with praise
As is the owse and bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sumless treasuries *Ib* 163

For so work the honey-bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king and officers of sorts;
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone *Ib* 187

His present and your pains we thank you for
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will in France, by God's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard
Ib 26c

Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies,
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
For now sits Expectation in the air
And hides a sword from hilts unto the point
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,
Promis'd to Harry and his followers
Ib II Chorus, 1

O England! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But see thy fault! *Ib* 16

I dare not fight, but I will wink and hold out mine iron *Ib* I [7]

That's the humour of it *Ib* [63]

Base is the slave that pays *Ib.* [100]

For, lambkins, we will live *Ib.* [134]

Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell *Ib* III [7]

He's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom A' made a finer end, and went away an it had been any christom child, a' parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the

tide for after I saw him fumble with the sheets and play with flowers and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way, for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled of green fields [Theobald's emendation of the Folio's reading 'A table of green fields']
King Henry V, II iii [9]

So a' cried out 'God, God, God!' three or four times now I, to comfort him, bid him a' should not think of God, I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet *Ib* [19]

As cold as any stone *Ib* [25]

BOY
Yes, that a' did, and said they were devils incarnate
HOSTESS
A' never could abide carnation, 'twas a colour he never liked
BOY
A' said once, the devil would have him about women *Ib* [33]

Trust none,
For oaths are straw, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck *Ib* [53]

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more,
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger,
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage,
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect *Ib* III i 1

On, on you noblest English!
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof,
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument *Ib* 17

And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture *Ib* 25

I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start The game's afoot
Follow your spirit, and, upon this charge
Cry 'God for Harry! England and Saint George!' *Ib* 31

I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and safety *Ib* II [14]

Men of few words are the best men *Ib* [40]

A' never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk *Ib* [43]

He will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans *Ib* [89]

One Bardolph, if your majesty know the man his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames o' fire *Ib* VI [110]

I thought upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen *Ib* [161]

Give them great meals of beef and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves and fight like devils *Ib* VII [166]

Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear, and from the tents
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation *Ib* IV Chorus, 1

The royal captain of this ruin'd band *Ib* 29

A largess universal, like the sun
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear *Ib* 43

A little touch of Harry in the night *Ib* 47

O for pity,—we shall much disgrace,
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill dispos'd in brawl ridiculous,
The name of Agincourt *Ib* 49.

Gloucester, 'tis true that we are in great danger,
The greater therefore should our courage be *Ib* IV i 1

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out *Ib* 4.

Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself *Ib* 11

Art thou base, common and popular? *Ib* 37

Trail'st thou the puissant pike? *Ib* 40

If you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle-taddle nor pibble-pabble in Pompey's camp *Ib* [69]

There is much care and valour in this Welshman *Ib* [85]

I think the king is but a man, as I am the violet smells to him as it doth to me *Ib* [106]

I am afeard there are few die well that die in a battle, for how can they charitably dispose of anything when blood is their argument? *Ib* [149]

Every subject's duty is the king's, but every subject's soul is his own *Ib* [189]

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives,
Our children, and our sins lay on the king!
We must bear all O hard condition! *Ib* [250]

What infinite heart's ease
Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy!
And what have kings that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony? *Ib* [256]

'Tis not the balm, the sceptre and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farced title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world,
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave

Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread,
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set
Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium, next day after dawn,
Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,
And follows so the ever-running year
With profitable labour to his grave
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
Hath the forehand and vantage of a king
King Henry V, IV 1 [280]

O God of battles! steel my soldiers hearts,
Possess them not with fear, take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them *Ib* [309]

O! that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day. *Ib* III. 16

If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss, and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour. *Ib*. 20.

I am not covetous for gold,
.
But if it be a sin to covet honour
I am the most offending soul alive *Ib* 24

He which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart, his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is called the feast of Crispian
He that outlives this day and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian'
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say, 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day'
Old men forget yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day Then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd
This story shall the good man teach his son,
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered,
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers,
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother, be he ne'er so vile
This day shall gentle his condition
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day. *Ib* 35

Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat.
Ib. IV [20]

I'll fer him, and firk him, and ferret him. *Ib* [29]

And all my mother came into mine eyes
And gave me up to tears *Ib*. VI 31

There is a river in Macedon, and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth . . . and there is salmons in both *Ib* VII [28]

But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens
Ib V Chorus, 22

Were now the general of our gracious empress,—
As in good time he may,—from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword. *Ib* 30

There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things *Ib* V 1 [3]

Not for Cadwallader and all his goats *Ib* [29]

By this leek, I will most horribly revenge *Ib* [49].

Why that the naked, poor, and mangled Peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births
Ib II 34.

The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
. . . .
Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems
But hateful docks, rough thistles, keksies, burs
Ib 48

If not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true, but for thy love, by the Lord, no, yet I love thee too.
Ib [157].

For these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again *Ib* [162]

Shall not thou and I, between Saint Denis and Saint George, compound a boy, half-French, half-English, that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard? *Ib* [218].

It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married *Ib* [287].

God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one *Ib* [387].

Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
King Henry VI, Part 1, I 1. 1

Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days
Ib II. 131.

Unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.
Ib II II 55

But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw. *Ib* IV 17

From off this brier pluck a white rose with me
Ib 30

Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me *Ib* 33

PLANTAGENET.
Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?
SOMERSET
Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet? *Ib*. 68

Delays have dangerous ends *Ib* III II 33

I owe him little duty and less love *Ib* IV IV 34.

So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings
Ib V III. 56.

She's beautiful and therefore to be woo'd,
She is a woman, therefore to be won
King Henry VI, Part 1, v iii 78

She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns our poverty
King Henry VI, Part 2, i iii [83]

Could I come near your beauty with my nails
I'd set my ten commandments in your face *Ib* [144]

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted!
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just,
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted
Ib iii ii 232

He dies, and makes no sign *Ib* iii 29

Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all
Close up his eyes, and draw the curtains close,
And let us all to meditation *Ib* 31

The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea *Ib* iv i 1

True nobility is exempt from fear *Ib* 129

I say it was never merry world in England since gentlemen came up *Ib* ii. [10]

There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny, the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops, and I will make it felony to drink small beer *Ib* [73]

The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers
Ib [86]

Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? *Ib* [88]

And Adam was a gardener *Ib* [146]

Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used, and, contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill *Ib* vii [35]

Away with him! away with him! he speaks Latin
Ib [62]

Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these? *Ib* x [18]

This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light,
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night
King Henry VI, Part 3, ii v 1

O God! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain,
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials, quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run,
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live *Ib* 21

Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery? *Ib* 42

See, see! what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart *Ib* 85

Warwick, peace,
Proud setter up and puller down of kings *Ib* 156

A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench
Ib viii 7

Live we how we can, yet die we must
Ib v ii 27

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer. *Ib* vi 11

Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither
Ib 67.

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York
King Richard III, i i 1

Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Ib 7

He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute. *Ib* 12

This weak piping time of peace *Ib* 24

And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover, . .
I am determined to prove a villain *Ib* 28

No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity
Ib ii 71

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won? *Ib* 229

Fram'd in the prodigality of Nature. *Ib* 245

By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks? *Ib* iii 53

Since every Jack became a gentleman
There 's many a gentle person made a Jack *Ib* 72

And thus I clothe my naked villany
With odd old ends stol'n forth of holy writ,
And seem a saint when most I play the devil.
Ib 336.

O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days,
So full of dismal terror was the time! *Ib* iv 2

Lord, Lord! methought what pain it was to drown
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wracks,
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon,
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalu'd jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea
Some lay in dead men's skulls, and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by
Ib 21

The empty, vast, and wandering air *Ib* 39

Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence
Ib 55.

As snow in harvest. *King Richard III*, I. iv. [252].

Woe to the land that's govern'd by a child!
Ib II iii 11

So wise so young, they say, do never live long
Ib III i 79

I moralize two meanings in one word *Ib* 83

My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there
Ib IV 31

Talk'st thou to me of 'ifs'? Thou art a traitor:
Off with his head! *Ib* 74

High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect
Ib IV ii 31

I am not in the giving vein to-day *Ib.* 117

The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom
Ib iii 38

Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed *Ib* iv 150

A grievous burthen was thy birth to me,
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy *Ib* 168

An honest tale speeds best being plainly told
Ib 359

Harp not on that string *Ib* 365

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman!
Ib 432

Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway'd?
Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?
Ib 470

Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment
Ib v ii 3

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings
Ib 23

The king's name is a tower of strength
Ib iii 12

Give me another horse! bind up my wounds!
Have mercy, Jesu! Soft! I did but dream
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
Ib 178

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain *Ib* 194

I shall despair There is no creature loves me,
And if I die, no soul shall pity me
Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself? *Ib* 201

By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers
Ib 217

Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold *Ib* 305

A thing devised by the enemy *Ib* 307

Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe *Ib* 310

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!
Ib iv 7

Slave! I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die
I think there be six Richmonds in the field. *Ib.* 9.

They
Made Britain India every man that stood
Show'd like a mine *King Henry VIII*, I i. 20.

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself *Ib* 140

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me,
I had it from my father *Ib* iv. 26

The mirror of all courtesy *Ib* ii 1 53.

Go with me, like good angels, to my end,
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven. *Ib* 75

CHAMBERLAIN
It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.
SUFFOLK
No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady *Ib* ii. [17]

This bold bad man *Ib* [44]

Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up, in a glist'ring grief,
And wear a golden sorrow *Ib* iii 18

I would not be a queen
For all the world *Ib* 45

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung, as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing die. *Ib* III i 3

Heaven is above all yet, there sits a judge,
That no king can corrupt *Ib* 99

A spleeny Lutheran *Ib* ii 100

'Tis well said again,
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well
And yet words are no deeds *Ib* 153

And then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have *Ib.* 203.

That in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, '*Ego et Rex meus*'
Was still inscrib'd *Ib* 314.

Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him,
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do I have ventur'd,

Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream that must for ever hide me
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye
I feel my heart new open'd O how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have,
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again *King Henry VIII*, III ii 352

A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience *Ib* 380

A load would sink a navy *Ib* 384

There was the weight that pull'd me down O Cromwell!
The king has gone beyond me all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever *Ib* 408

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries, but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman
Ib 429

Let's dry our eyes and thus far hear me, Cromwell,
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wrack, to rise in,
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it
Ib 432

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition
By that sin fell the angels *Ib* 441

Love thyself last cherish those hearts that hate thee,
Corruption wins not more than honesty
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues be just, and fear not
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell!
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr *Ib* 444

Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies *Ib* 456

She had all the royal makings of a queen
Ib IV i 87

An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye,
Give him a little earth for charity *Ib* ii 21

He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to Heaven, and slept in peace
Ib 29

So may he rest, his faults lie gently on him! *Ib* 31

He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach. *Ib* 33

His promises were, as he then was, mighty,
But his performance, as he is now, nothing *Ib* 41

Men's evil manners live in brass, their virtues
We write in water. *Ib* 45

He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one,
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not,
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer
Ib 51

Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich and Oxford! *Ib* 58

After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
Than such an honest chronicler as Griffith *Ib* 69

To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures
Ib V ii 30

'Tis a cruelty
To load a falling man *Ib* 76

In her days every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine what he plants, and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours
Ib V 34

Those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour
Ib 37.

Nor shall this peace sleep with her, but as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
Her ashes new-create another heir
As great in admiration as herself *Ib* 40

Some come to take their ease
And sleep an act or two *Ib* Epilogue, 2

The first heir of my invention
Venus and Adoms, Preface

Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn
Ib l 4

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or like a fairy trip upon the green,
Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen
Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire
Ib l 145

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide
Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back *Ib* l. 295.

By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still *Ib* l 697

What I have done is yours, what I have to do is yours, being part in all I have, devoted yours
The Rape of Lucrece, Preface

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
The eyes of men without an orator
Ib l 29.

Or sells eternity to get a toy. *Ib* l 214.

Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light
Ib l 939

Cloud-kissing Ilion. *Ib.* l 1370

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die
Sonnets, 1

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field *Ib* 2

Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime *Ib* 3

Lo! in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight *Ib* 7

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy
Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly,
Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy? *Ib* 8

True concord of well-tuned sounds *Ib*

When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard
Ib. 12

If I could write the beauty of your eyes
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say, 'This poet lies,
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces'
Ib 17

And stretched metre of an antique song *Ib*

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date.
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd,
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course untrimm'd,
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st,
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee *Ib* 18

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date,
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate *Ib* 22

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put beside his part *Ib* 23

O! let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast *Ib*

The painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd *Ib* 25

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed. *Ib* 27

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least,
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee,—and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate,
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings
Ib 29

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste
Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor'd and sorrows end *Ib* 30

But since he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love
Ib 32.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy *Ib* 33.

But, out! alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now *Ib.*

Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun staineth *Ib*

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak?
Ib 34.

Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud,
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud
All men make faults *Ib* 35.

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth *Ib* 37.

Against that time when thou shalt strangely pass,
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity *Ib* 49

Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet *Ib* 52.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
Ib 53.

You in Grecian tires are painted new *Ib.*

The spring and foison of the year *Ib.*

O! how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
Ib 54.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme
Ib 55.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
When you have bid your servant once adieu,
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
But like a sad slave, stay and think of nought
Save, where you are, how happy you make those
So true a fool is love that in your will,
Though you do anything, he thinks no ill
Sonnets, 57

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end *Ib* 60

Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow *Ib*

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye *Ib* 62

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd
The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age *Ib* 64

When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore *Ib*

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower? *Ib* 65

Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry,
As to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly—doctor-like—controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill
Tir'd with all these, from these I would be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone *Ib* 66

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell
Ib 71

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest *Ib* 73

This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long
Ib

So all my best is dressing old words new *Ib* 76

Like unletter'd clerk, still cry 'Amen' *Ib* 85

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all too precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
Ib 86

That affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence *Ib*

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing,
My bonds in thee are all determinate
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving
Thyself thou gav'st, thine own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking,
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but, waking, no such matter *Ib* 87.

Ah, do not, when my heart hath 'scap'd this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe,
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow *Ib* 90

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow *Ib* 94

They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die *Ib*

Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds *Ib*

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
What old December's bareness every where! *Ib* 97

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything *Ib* 98

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I ey'd,
Such seems your beauty still Three winters cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride,
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd
In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd,
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred
Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead
Ib 104

And beauty, making beautiful old rhyme *Ib* 106.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage
Ib 107.

And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.
Sonnets, 107.

O! never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify *Ib* 109.

Alas! 'tis true I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new,
Most true it is that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely, but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love
Ib 110

My nature is subdu'd
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand,
Pity me, then, and wish I were renew'd *Ib* 111

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken,
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come,
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd *Ib* 116

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,
Distill'd from limbecks foul as hell within *Ib* 119

O benefit of ill! now I find true
That better is by evil still made better *Ib*

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteem'd,
When not to be receives reproach of being *Ib* 121

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action, and till action, lust
Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust *Ib* 129

Mad in pursuit, and in possession so,
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof,—and prov'd, a very woe,
Before, a joy propos'd, behind, a dream
All this the world well knows, yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell *Ib*

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun,
Coral is far more red than her lips' red:
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun,
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head
Ib 130

And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare *Ib*

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy *Will*,
And *Will* to boot, and *Will* in over-plus *Ib* 135

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies *Ib* 138

Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch
One of her feather'd creatures broke away *Ib* 143

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman colour'd ill *Ib* 144

Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out *Ib*

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
[Fool'd by] these rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend? *Ib* 146

So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And Death once dead, there's no more dying then
Ib

For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night *Ib* 147

Love is too young to know what conscience is,
Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?
Ib 151

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together
Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care
The Passionate Pilgrim, xii

Age, I do abhor thee, youth, I do adore thee *Ib*

Good friend, for Jesu's sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones
Shakespeare's Epitaph

DAVID TAYLOR SHAW

1813–1890

O Britannia, the pride of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of the sailor's devotion,
No land can compare unto thee!
The Red, White, and Blue First line changed to 'Columbia, the gem of the ocean', when sung by Shaw in America Attr also to Thomas à Becket, 1850

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

1856–

All great truths begin as blasphemies
Annajanska (1919), p 262

You can always tell an old soldier by the inside of his holsters and cartridge boxes The young ones carry pistols and cartridges the old ones, grub
Arms and the Man, Act I

I never apologize *Ib* Act III

You're not a man, you're a machine *Ib*

When a stupid man is doing something he is ashamed of, he always declares that it is his duty
Cæsar and Cleopatra, Act III

He who has never hoped can never despair
Ib Act IV

A man of great common sense and good taste,—meaning thereby a man without originality or moral courage *Ib Notes. Julius Cæsar*

We have no more right to consume happiness without producing it than to consume wealth without producing it *Candida*, Act I

Do you think that the things people make fools of themselves about are any less real and true than the things they behave sensibly about? *Ib.*

It is easy—terribly easy—to shake a man's faith in himself. To take advantage of that to break a man's spirit is devil's work *Ib*

I'm only a beer teetotaller, not a champagne teetotaller *Ib.* Act III

The worst sin towards our fellow creatures is not to hate them, but to be indifferent to them. that's the essence of inhumanity *The Devil's Disciple*, Act II

I never expect a soldier to think. *Ib* Act III

The British soldier can stand up to anything except the British War Office *Ib*

With the single exception of Homer, there is no eminent writer, not even Sir Walter Scott, whom I can despise so entirely as I despise Shakespeare when I measure my mind against his . . It would positively be a relief to me to dig him up and throw stones at him *Dramatic Opinions and Essays* (1907), vol II, p 52

It's all that the young can do for the old, to shock them and keep them up to date *Fanny's First Play*, Induction.

You don't expect me to know what to say about a play when I don't know who the author is, do you? . . . If it's by a good author, it's a good play, naturally That stands to reason. *Ib* Epilogue

What God hath joined together no man shall ever put asunder God will take care of that *Getting Married* (1911), p 216

When you loved me I gave you the whole sun and stars to play with I gave you eternity in a single moment, strength of the mountains in one clasp of your arms, and the volume of all the seas in one impulse of your soul *Ib.* p 278

We possessed all the universe together, and you ask me to give you my scanty wages as well I have given you the greatest of all things, and you ask me to give you little things I gave you your own soul· you ask me for my body as a plaything Was it not enough? Was it not enough? *Ib*

Go anywhere in England, where there are natural, wholesome, contented, and really nice English people, and what do you always find? That the stables are the real centre of the household. *Heartbreak House*, Act III

The captain is in his bunk, drinking bottled ditchwater, and the crew is gambling in the forecastle She will strike and sink and split Do you think the laws of God will be suspended in favour of England because you were born in it? *Ib*

Money is indeed the most important thing in the world, and all sound and successful personal and national morality should have this fact for its basis *The Irrational Knot*, Preface (1905), p xiv

Though the Life Force supplies us with its own purpose, it has no other brains to work with than those it has painfully and imperfectly evolved in our heads *Ib* p xxv.

Reminiscences make one feel so deliciously aged and sad *Ib* ch. 14

A man who has no office to go to—I don't care who he is—is a trial of which you can have no conception *Ib.* ch 18

What really flatters a man is that you think him worth flattering *John Bull's Other Island*, Act IV.

There are only two qualities in the world efficiency and inefficiency, and only two sorts of people the efficient and the inefficient *Ib.*

The greatest of evils and the worst of crimes is poverty *Major Barbara*, Preface

Wot prawce Selvytion nah? *Ib.* Act II.

Nothing is ever done in this world until men are prepared to kill one another if it is not done *Ib* Act III.

Our political experiment of democracy, the last refuge of cheap misgovernment *Man and Superman* (1903), Epistle Dedicatory, p xxi

He who has nothing to assert has no style and can have none he who has something to assert will go as far in power of style as its momentousness and his conviction will carry him *Ib* p xxxv

A lifetime of happiness No man alive could bear it it would be hell on earth *Ib* Act I

The more things a man is ashamed of, the more respectable he is *Ib*

Vitality in a woman is a blind fury of creation *Ib*

The true artist will let his wife starve, his children go barefoot, his mother drudge for his living at seventy, sooner than work at anything but his art *Ib*

Is the devil to have all the passions as well as all the good tunes? *Ib*

Never mind her, go on talking *Ib*

You think that you are Ann's suitor, that you are the pursuer and she the pursued, that it is your part to woo, to persuade, to prevail, to overcome. Fool it is you who are the pursued, the marked-down quarry, the destined prey *Ib* Act II

Marry Ann, and at the end of a week you'll find no more inspiration in her than in a plate of muffins *Ib*

Hell is full of musical amateurs music is the brandy of the damned *Ib* Act III

An Englishman thinks he is moral when he is only uncomfortable *Ib*

As an old soldier I admit the cowardice it's as universal as seasickness, and matters just as little *Ib*

When the military man approaches, the world locks up its spoons and packs off its womankind *Ib*

Those who talk most about the blessings of marriage and the constancy of its vows are the very people who declare that if the chain were broken and the prisoners left free to choose, the whole social fabric would fly asunder You cannot have the argument both ways If the prisoner is happy, why lock him in? If he is not, why pretend that he is? *Ib.*

There are two tragedies in life One is not to get your heart's desire. The other is to get it *Ib* Act IV

Do not do unto others as you would they should do unto you Their tastes may not be the same *Ib, Maxims for Revolutionists*, p. 227

The golden rule is that there are no golden rules *Ib*

Democracy substitutes election by the incompetent many for appointment by the corrupt few *Ib* p 228

Liberty means responsibility That is why most men dread it *Ib* p 229

Marriage is popular because it combines the maximum of temptation with the maximum of opportunity *Ib* p 231

If you strike a child, take care that you strike it in anger, even at the risk of maiming it for life A blow in cold blood neither can nor should be forgiven *Ib* p 234

The reasonable man adapts himself to the world the unreasonable one persists in trying to adapt the world to himself Therefore all progress depends on the unreasonable man *Ib* p 238

The man who listens to Reason is lost Reason enslaves all whose minds are not strong enough to master her *Ib*

Home is the girl's prison and the woman's workhouse *Ib* p 240

Every man over forty is a scoundrel *Ib* p 242

There is nothing so bad or so good that you will not find Englishmen doing it, but you will never find an Englishman in the wrong He does everything on principle He fights you on patriotic principles; he robs you on business principles, he enslaves you on imperial principles *The Man of Destiny*

An English army led by an Irish general that might be a match for a French army led by an Italian general *Ib*

A great devotee of the Gospel of Getting On *Mrs Warren's Profession*, Act IV

The fickleness of the women I love is only equalled by the infernal constancy of the women who love me *The Philanderer*, Act II

It is clear that a novel cannot be too bad to be worth publishing . It certainly is possible for a novel to be too good to be worth publishing *Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant* (1898), vol I, Preface, p VI

There is only one religion, though there are a hundred versions of it *Ib* vol 2, Preface, p. VII

Not bloody likely. *Pygmalion*, Act II

Assassination is the extreme form of censorship *The Rejected Statement*, Pt I

If ever I utter an oath again may my soul be blasted to eternal damnation! *St Joan*, Sc II

How can what an Englishman believes be heresy? It is a contradiction in terms *Ib* Sc IV

Must then a Christ perish in torment in every age to save those that have no imagination? *Ib* Epilogue

Well, sir, you never can tell. That's a principle in life with me, sir, if you'll excuse my having such a thing *You Never Can Tell*, Act II

RICHARD SHEALE

Sixteenth Century

For Witherington needs must I wail,
As one in doleful dumps,
For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps
Ballad of Chevy Chase, Pt II, x

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT SHELLEY

1797–1851

Mrs Shelley was choosing a school for her son, and asked the advice of this lady, who gave for advice—to use her own words to me—'Just the sort of banality, you know, one does come out with "Oh, send him somewhere where they will teach him to think for himself!" Mrs Shelley answered 'Teach him to think for himself? Oh, my God, teach him rather to think like other people!'
Matthew Arnold, *Essays in Criticism, Second Series, Shelley*

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

1792–1822

It might make one in love with death, to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place *Adonais*. Preface.

I weep for Adonais—he is dead!
O, weep for Adonais! though our tears
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head! *Ib.* I

Most musical of mourners, weep again!
Lament anew, Urania!—He died,
Who was the Sire of an immortal strain,
Blind, old, and lonely, when his country's pride,
The priest, the slave, and the liberticide,
Trampled and mocked with many a loathed rite
Of lust and blood, he went, unterrified,
Into the gulf of death, but his clear Sprite
Yet reigns o'er earth, the third among the sons of light *Ib* IV

But now, thy youngest, dearest one, has perished—
The nursling of thy widowhood *Ib* VI

To that high Capital, where kingly Death
Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay,
He came *Adonais*, VII

He will awake no more, oh, never more! *Ib* VIII

The quick Dreams,
The passion-winged Ministers of thought *Ib* IX

Lost Angel of a ruin'd Paradise!
She knew not 'twas her own, as with no stain
She faded, like a cloud which had outwept its rain
Ib X

Desires and Adorations,
Winged Persuasions and veiled Destinies,
Splendours, and Glooms, and glimmering Incarnations
Of hopes and fears, and twilight Phantasies,
And Sorrow, with her family of Sighs,
And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the gleam
Of her own dying smile instead of eyes,
Came in slow pomp *Ib.* XIII

Ah, woe is me! Winter is come and gone,
But grief returns with the revolving year *Ib* XVIII

The great morning of the world when first
God dawned on Chaos *Ib* XIX

Alas! that all we loved of him should be,
But for our grief, as if it had not been,
And grief itself be mortal! *Ib* XXI

Whence are we, and why are we? Of what scene
The actors or spectators? *Ib*

As long as skies are blue, and fields are green,
Evening must usher night, night urge the morrow,
Month follow month with woe, and year wake year to sorrow *Ib*

Why didst thou leave the trodden paths of men
Too soon, and with weak hands though mighty heart
Dare the unpastured dragon in his den?
Defenceless as thou wert, oh, where was then
Wisdom the mirrored shield, or scorn the spear?
Ib XXVII

The herded wolves, bold only to pursue,
The obscene ravens, clamorous o'er the dead
Ib XXVIII

The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame
Over his living head like heaven is bent,
An early but enduring monument,
Came, veiling all the lightnings of his song
In sorrow *Ib* XXX

A pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift—
A Love in desolation masked,—a Power
Girt round with weakness,—it can scarce uplift
The weight of the superincumbent hour,
It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,
A breaking billow,—even whilst we speak
Is it not broken? *Ib* XXXII

A herd-abandoned deer struck by the hunter's dart
Ib XXXIII.

Our Adonais has drunk poison—oh!
What deaf and viperous murderer could crown
Life's early cup with such a draught of woe?
Ib XXXVI.

He wakes or sleeps with the enduring dead,
Thou canst not soar where he is sitting now—
Dust to the dust! but the pure spirit shall flow
Back to the burning fountain whence it came,
A portion of the Eternal *Ib* XXXVIII

He hath awakened from the dream of life—
'Tis we, who lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
And in mad trance, strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings *Ib* XXXIX

He has out-soared the shadow of our night;
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again,
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain
Ib XL

He lives, he wakes,—'tis Death is dead, not he
Ib XLI

He is made one with Nature there is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet bird
Ib XLII

He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely. *Ib* XLIII

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown
Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal thought,
Far in the Unapparent *Ib* XLV

Sublimely mild, a Spirit without spot (Sidney) *Ib*

Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing reproved
Ib

What Adonais is, why fear we to become? *Ib* LI

The One remains, the many change and pass,
Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly,
Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity. *Ib* LII

The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are
Ib LV

The lone Chorasmian shore *Alastor*, l 272

But thou art fled
Like some frail exhalation *Ib* l 686

Pale despair and cold tranquillity,
Nature's vast frame, the web of human things,
Birth and the grave, that are not as they were
Ib l 718

I am the eye with which the Universe
Beholds itself and knows itself divine,
All harmony of instrument or verse,
All prophecy, all medicine is mine,
All light of art or nature,—to my song
Victory and praise in its own right belong
Hymn of Apollo

Arethusa arose
From her couch of snows
In the Acroceraunian mountains,—
From cloud and from crag,
With many a jag,
Shepherding her bright fountains *Arethusa.*

Like friends once parted
Grown single-hearted *Ib.*

'Do you not hear the Aziola cry?
Methinks she must be nigh,'
Said Mary as we sate
In dusk, ere stars were lit, or candles brought,
And I, who thought
This Aziola was some tedious woman,
Asked, 'Who is Aziola?' *The Aziola*

Give yourself no unnecessary pain,
My dear Lord Cardinal Here, Mother, tie
My girdle for me, and bind up this hair
In any simple knot, ay, that does well
And yours I see is coming down How often
Have we done this for one another, now
We shall not do it any more My Lord,
We are quite ready Well, 'tis very well
The Cenci, v iv 158

A widow bird sate mourning for her love
Upon a wintry bough,
The frozen wind crept on above,
The freezing stream below.

There was no leaf upon the forest bare,
No flower upon the ground,
And little motion in the air
Except the mill-wheel's sound
Charles the First, sc v, l 10

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams,
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams *The Cloud*

I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder *Ib*

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast,
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits,
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits *Ib*

And I all the while bask in Heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains *Ib*

That orbèd maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn,
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer,
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these *Ib*

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky,
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores,
I change, but I cannot die
For after the rain when with never a stain
The pavilion of Heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and build it again. *Ib.*

How wonderful is Death,
Death and his brother Sleep!
One pale as yonder wan and horned moon,
With lips of lurid blue,
The other glowing like the vital morn,
When throned on ocean's wave
It breathes over the world·
Yet both so passing strange and wonderful!
The Daemon of the World, Part I, l 1.

My Song, I fear that thou wilt find but few
Who fitly shall conceive thy reasoning,
Of such hard matter dost thou entertain
Epipsychidion Advertisement

My last delight! tell them that they are dull,
And bid them own that thou art beautiful *Ib*

Sweet as stops
Of planetary music heard in trance *Ib* l 85

The spirit of the worm beneath the sod
In love and worship, blends itself with God
Ib l 128

The fields of Immortality *Ib* l 133

Are we not formed, as notes of music are,
For one another, though dissimilar *Ib* l 142

I never was attached to that great sect,
Whose doctrine is, that each one should select
Out of the crowd a mistress or a friend,
And all the rest, though fair and wise, commend
To cold oblivion *Ib* l 149

Who travel to their home among the dead
By the broad highway of the world, and so
With one chained friend, perhaps a jealous foe,
The dreariest and the longest journey go *Ib* l 156

True Love in this differs from gold and clay,
That to divide is not to take away *Ib* l 160

A ship is floating in the harbour now,
A wind is hovering o'er the mountain's brow,
There is a path on the sea's azure floor,
No keel has ever ploughed that path before
Ib l 408

An isle under Ionian skies,
Beautiful as a wreck of Paradise *Ib* l 422

Day and night, aloof, from the high towers
And terraces, the Earth and Ocean seem
To sleep in one another's arms, and dream
Of waves, flowers, clouds, woods, rocks, and all that we
Read in their smiles, and call reality *Ib* l 508

I pant, I sink, I tremble, I expire! *Ib* l 591

Chameleons feed on light and air
Poets' food is love and fame *An Exhortation*

And bloody Faith the foulest birth of time
Feelings of a Republican

Time's printless torrent grew
A scroll of crystal, blazoning the name
Of Adonais! *Fragment on Keats*

My head is wild with weeping
Fragment · My head is wild.

My spirit like a charmed bark doth swim
Upon the liquid waves of thy sweet singing
Fragment To One Singing.

Good-night? ah! no; the hour is ill
Which severs those it should unite,
Let us remain together still,
Then it will be *good* night *Good Night*

To hearts which near each other move
From evening close to morning light,
The night is good, because, my love,
They never *say* good-night *Ib*

Life may change, but it may fly not,
Hope may vanish, but can die not
Truth be veiled, but still it burneth,
Love repulsed,—but it returneth! *Hellas*, l. 34.

Let there be light! said Liberty,
And like sunrise from the sea,
Athens arose! *Ib* l 682

The world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return,
The earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn;
Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam,
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains
From waves serener far,
A new Peneus rolls his fountains
Against the morning star
Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep
Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,
Fraught with a later prize,
Another Orpheus sings again,
And loves, and weeps, and dies
A new Ulysses leaves once more
Calypso for his native shore *Ib* l. 1060

Riddles of death Thebes never knew. *Ib*. l. 1083

Another Athens shall arise,
And to remoter time
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
The splendour of its prime,
And leave, if nought so bright may live,
All earth can take or Heaven can give

Saturn and Love their long repose
Shall burst, more bright and good
Than all who fell, than One who rose,
Than many unsubdued
Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,
But votive tears and symbol flowers

Oh cease! must hate and death return?
Cease! must men kill and die?
Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn
Of bitter prophecy
The world is weary of the past,
Oh, might it die or rest at last! *Ib* l 1090

I pursued a maiden and clasped a reed
Gods and men, we are all deluded thus!
It breaks in our bosom and then we bleed
Hymn of Pan

The awful shadow of some unseen Power
Floats though unseen among us,—visiting
This various world with as inconstant wing
As summer winds that creep from flower to flower.
Hymn to Intellectual Beauty.

Spirit of Beauty, that dost consecrate
With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon
Of human thought or form *Ib.*

While yet a boy I sought for ghosts, and sped
Through many a listening chamber, cave and ruin,
And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing
Hopes of high talk with the departed dead
I called on poisonous names with which our youth is fed *Ib*

The day becomes more solemn and serene
When noon is past—there is a harmony
In autumn, and a lustre in its sky,
Which through the summer is not heard or seen,
As if it could not be, as if it had not been! *Ib*

I arise from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright.
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Hath led me—who knows how?
To thy chamber window, Sweet!

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream—
The Champak odours fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart,—
As I must on thine,
Beloved as thou art!

Oh lift me from the grass!
I die! I faint! I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast,—
Oh! press it to thine own again,
Where it will break at last *The Indian Serenade.*

Best and brightest, come away!
Fairer far than this fair day
To Jane The Invitation

'I am gone into the fields
To take what this sweet hour yields,—
Reflection, you may come to-morrow,
Sit by the fireside with Sorrow —
You with the unpaid bill, Despair,—
You, tiresome verse-reciter, Care,—
I will pay you in the grave,—
Death will listen to your stave. *Ib*

The daisy-star that never sets,
And wind-flowers, and violets,
Which yet join not scent to hue *Ib*

Soothed by every azure breath
That under Heaven is blown
To Jane The Recollection

Less oft is peace in Shelley's mind,
Than calm in waters, seen. *Ib*

I love all waste
And solitary places, where we taste
The pleasure of believing what we see
Is boundless, as we wish our souls to be
Julian and Maddalo, l. 14.

Thou Paradise of exiles, Italy! *Ib* l 57

It is our will
That thus enchains us to permitted ill—
We might be otherwise—we might be all
We dream of happy, high, majestical *Ib* l 170

Me—who am as a nerve o'er which do creep
The else unfelt oppressions of this earth *Ib* l 449

Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong
They learn in suffering what they teach in song
Ib l 543

A wonder of this earth—
Like one of Shakespeare's women *Ib* l 590

O world! O life! O time!
On whose last steps I climb,
Trembling at that where I had stood before,
When will return the glory of your prime?
No more—Oh, never more!
Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar,
Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
No more—Oh, never more! *A Lament*

When the lamp is shattered
The light in the dust lies dead—
When the cloud is scattered
The rainbow's glory is shed
When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remembered not,
When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot
Lines When the Lamp.

When hearts have once mingled
Love first leaves the well-built nest,
The weak one is singled
To endure what it once possessed
O Love! who bewailest
The frailty of all things here,
Why choose you the frailest
For your cradle, your home, and your bier? *Ib*

Many a green isle needs must be
In the deep wide sea of misery,
Or the mariner, worn and wan,
Never thus could voyage on
Lines written amongst the Euganean Hills, l 1

Ay, many flowering islands lie
In the waters of wide Agony *Ib* l 66

Beneath is spread like a green sea
The waveless plain of Lombardy,
Bounded by the vaporous air,
Islanded by cities fair,
Underneath Day's azure eyes
Ocean's nursling, Venice lies,
A peopled labyrinth of walls,
Amphitrite's destined halls. *Ib* l 90

Sun-girt city, thou hast been
Ocean's child, and then his queen;
Now is come a darker day,
And thou soon must be his prey *Ib.* l 115.

My spirit which so long
Darkened this swift stream of song. *Ib* l 311.

Peopling the lone universe *Ib.* l. 319.

Other flowering isles must be
In the sea of Life and Agony. *Ib* l 335.

What! alive, and so bold, O earth?
Lines written on hearing the News of the Death of Napoleon

The fountains mingle with the river,
And the rivers with the ocean,
The winds of heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion,
Nothing in the world is single,
All things, by a law divine,
In one another's being mingle
Why not I with thine?—

See the mountains kiss high Heaven
And the waves clasp one another,
No sister-flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother,
And the sunlight clasps the earth
And the moonbeams kiss the sea:
What are all these kissings worth
If thou kiss not me? *Love's Philosophy.*

Under the roof of blue Italian weather
Letter to Maria Gisborne, l 147.

London, that great sea, whose ebb and flow
At once is deaf and loud, and on the shore
Vomits its wrecks, and still howls on for more.
Ib l 193

You will see Coleridge—he who sits obscure
In the exceeding lustre and the pure
Intense irradiation of a mind,
Which, through its own internal lightning blind,
Flags wearily through darkness and despair—
A cloud-encircled meteor of the air,
A hooded eagle among blinking owls.
You will see Hunt—one of those happy souls
Which are the salt of the earth, and without whom
This world would smell like what it is—a tomb
Ib l. 202

Have you not heard
When a man marries, dies, or turns Hindoo,
His best friends hear no more of him? *Ib* l 235.

The milk-white Snowdonian antelope
Matched with this cameleopard *Ib* l 239.

Wit and sense,
Virtue and human knowledge, all that might
Make this dull world a business of delight,
Are all combined in Horace Smith *Ib* l 247.

I met Murder in the way—
He had a mask like Castlereagh
The Mask of Anarchy, II.

Ye are many—they are few *Ib* XXXVIII.

Its horror and its beauty are divine
The Medusa of Leonardo da Vinci

Some say that gleams of a remoter world
Visit the soul in sleep,—that death is slumber,
And that its shapes the busy thoughts outnumber
Of those who wake and live *Mont Blanc*, l 49

Art thou pale for weariness
Of climbing heaven, and gazing on the earth,
Wandering companionless
Among the stars that have a different birth,—
And ever changing, like a joyous eye
That finds no object worth its constancy?
To the Moon

Nought may endure but Mutability *Mutability*

A glorious people vibrated again
The lightning of the nations *Ode to Liberty*, l 1

My soul spurned the chains of its dismay,
And in the rapid plumes of song
Clothed itself, sublime and strong,
(As a young eagle soars the morning clouds among)
Ib l 5

When o'er the Aegean main
Athens arose a city such as vision
Builds from the purple crags and silver towers
Of battlemented cloud, as in derision
Of kingliest masonry the ocean-floors
Pave it, the evening sky pavilions it,
Its portals are inhabited
By thunder-zoned winds *Ib* l 60

Within the surface of Time's fleeting river
Its wrinkled image lies, as then it lay
Immovably unquiet, and for ever
It trembles, but it cannot pass away! *Ib* l 76

I stood within the City disinterred,
And heard the autumnal leaves like light footfalls
Of spirits passing through the streets, and heard
The Mountain's slumbrous voice at intervals
Thrill through those roofless halls
Ode to Naples, l 1

Long lost, late won, and yet but half-regained
Ib l 58

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hill

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere,
Destroyer and preserver, hear, oh, hear!
Ode to the West Wind, l 1.

Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,
Angels of rain and lightning *Ib* l. 17

Like the bright hair uplifted from the head
Of some fierce Maenad *Ib* l 20

Thou dirge
Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre *Ib* l. 23

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams

Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them *Ib* l 29

Far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know
Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves *Ib* l 38

If I were a dead leaf thou mightst bear,
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee,
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over Heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
Scarce seemed a vision, I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in my sore need
Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed! *Ib* l 43

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is
What if my leaves are falling like its own?
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness Be thou, Spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O, Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind? *Ib* 57.

Or *anything*, as the learned Boar observed
Oedipus Tyrannus, II 1 105.

I met a traveller from an antique land
Who said Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert *Ozymandias*

My name is Ozymandias, king of kings
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair! *Ib*

Nothing beside remains Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away *Ib.*

Hell is a city much like London—
A populous and smoky city
Peter Bell the Third, Part 3 Hell, 1.

But from the first 'twas Peter's drift
To be a kind of moral eunuch,
He touched the hem of Nature's shift,
Felt faint—and never dared uplift
The closest, all-concealing tunic
Ib Part 4 Sin, xi

Ere Babylon was dust,
The Magus Zoroaster, my dead child,
Met his own image walking in the garden,
That apparition, sole of men, he saw
Prometheus Unbound, I, l 191

Dreams and the light imaginings of men,
And all that faith creates or love desires,
Terrible, strange, sublime and beauteous shapes
Ib 200

Cruel he looks, but calm and strong,
Like one who does, not suffers wrong *Ib*. 238

It doth repent me words are quick and vain,
Grief for awhile is blind, and so was mine
I wish no living thing to suffer pain *Ib* 303

See a disenchanted nation
Springs like day from desolation,
To Truth its state is dedicate,
And Freedom leads it forth, her mate *Ib* 567

The good want power, but to weep barren tears
The powerful goodness want worse need for them
The wise want love, and those who love want wisdom *Ib* 625

Thy words are like a cloud of winged snakes,
And yet I pity those they torture not *Ib* 632

Peace is in the grave
The grave hides all things beautiful and good
I am a God and cannot find it there *Ib* 638

The dust of creeds outworn *Ib* 697

On a poet's lips I slept
Dreaming like a love-adept
In the sound his breathing kept,
Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses,
But feeds on the aerial kisses
Of shapes that haunt thought's wildernesses
He will watch from dawn to gloom
The lake-reflected sun illume
The yellow bees in the ivy-bloom,
Nor heed, nor see, what things they be,
But from these create he can
Forms more real than living man,
Nurslings of immortality! *Ib* 737

That sense, which when the winds of Spring
In rarest visitation, or the voice
Of one beloved heard in youth alone,
Fills the faint eyes with falling tears which dim
The radiant looks of unbewailing flowers,
And leaves this peopled earth a solitude
When it returns no more *Ib* II iv 12

To be
Omnipotent but friendless is to reign *Ib* 47

He gave man speech, and speech created thought,
Which is the measure of the universe *Ib* 73

All spirits are enslaved which serve things evil
Ib 110

Fate, Time, Occasion, Chance, and Change? To these
All things are subject but eternal Love. *Ib*. 119

My coursers are fed with the lightning,
They drink of the whirlwind's stream,
And when the red morning is bright'ning
They bathe in the fresh sunbeam *Ib* 163

Life of Life! thy lips enkindle
With their love the breath between them,
And thy smiles before they dwindle
Make the cold air fire, then screen them
In those looks, where whoso gazes
Faints, entangled in their mazes

Child of Light! thy limbs are burning
Through the vest which seems to hide them,
As the radiant lines of morning
Through the clouds ere they divide them,
And this atmosphere divinest
Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou shinest
Ib v 48

My soul is an enchanted boat,
Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing *Ib* 72

Death is the veil which those who live call life
They sleep, and it is lifted *Ib* III iii 113

The loathsome mask has fallen, the man remains
Sceptreless, free, uncircumscribed, but man
Equal, unclassed, tribeless, and nationless,
Exempt from awe, worship, degree, the king
Over himself, just, gentle, wise but man
Passionless?—no, yet free from guilt or pain,
Which were, for his will made or suffered them,
Nor yet exempt, though ruling them like slaves,
From chance, and death, and mutability,
The clogs of that which else might oversoar
The loftiest star of unascended heaven,
Pinnacled dim in the intense inane. *Ib* 193

Familiar acts are beautiful through love *Ib* IV 403.

Language is a perpetual Orphic song,
Which rules with Daedal harmony a throng
Of thoughts and forms, which else senseless and shapeless were *Ib* 415

Elysian, windless, fortunate abodes
Beyond Heaven's constellated wilderness *Ib* 531

A traveller from the cradle to the grave
Through the dim night of this immortal day.
Ib 551.

To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night,
To defy Power, which seems omnipotent,
To love, and bear, to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates,
Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent,
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free,
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory
Ib 570.

How wonderful is Death,
Death and his brother Sleep!
Queen Mab, Canto I, l 1.

That sweet bondage which is freedom's self
Ib Canto 9, l 76.

I dreamed that, as I wandered by the way,
Bare Winter suddenly was changed to Spring,
And gentle odours led my steps astray,
Mixed with a sound of water's murmuring

Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay
Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling
Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,
But kissed it and then fled, as thou mightst in dream *The Question*

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets,
Daisies, those pearled Arcturi of the earth,
The constellated flower that never sets. *Ib*

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,
Green cowbind and the moonlight-coloured may,
And cherry-blossoms, and white cups, whose wine
Was the bright dew, yet drained not by the day,
And wild roses, and ivy serpentine,
With its dark buds and leaves, wandering astray,
And flowers azure, black, and streaked with gold,
Fairer than any wakened eyes behold *Ib*

And nearer to the river's trembling edge
There grew broad flag-flowers, purple, pranked with white,
And starry river buds among the sedge,
And floating water-lilies, broad and bright *Ib.*

With hue like that when some great painter dips
His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse
The Revolt of Islam, C. 5 2, XXIII

A Sensitive Plant in a garden grew
The Sensitive Plant, Part 1, l 1

And the rose like a nymph to the bath addressed,
Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare *Ib* l 29

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tube-rose,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows *Ib* l 37

It is a modest creed, and yet
Pleasant if one considers it,
To own that death itself must be
Like all the rest, a mockery *Ib Conclusion.*

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from Heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art
To a Skylark

And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest
Ib

Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun *Ib*

Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight
Ib

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear
Until we hardly see,—we feel that it is there *Ib.*

Like a Poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace-tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower
Ib

Chorus Hymeneal,
Or triumphal chant,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt,
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want
Ib

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain? *Ib*

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee·
Thou lovest—but ne'er knew love's sad satiety

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
We pine for what is not,
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught,
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought *Ib*

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow
The world should listen then—as I am listening now
Ib

Rarely, rarely, comest thou,
Spirit of Delight!
Song Rarely, Rarely, Comest Thou.

I love all that thou lovest,
Spirit of Delight
The fresh Earth in new leaves dressed,
And the starry night,
Autumn evening, and the morn
When the golden mists are born *Ib*

Everything almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery *Ib*

I love tranquil solitude,
And such society
As is quiet, wise, and good,
Between thee and me
What difference? but thou dost possess
The things I seek, not love them less. *Ib*

I love Love—though he has wings,
And like light can flee,
But above all other things,
Spirit, I love thee—
Thou art love and life! Oh, come,
Make once more my heart thy home *Ib.*

Men of England, wherefore plough
For the lords who lay you low?
Song to the Men of England

An old, mad, blind, despised, and dying king
Sonnet England in 1819.

Lift not the painted veil which those who live
Call Life. *Sonnet Lift not the Painted Veil*

He sought,
For his lost heart was tender, things to love,
But found them not, alas! nor was there aught
The world contains, the which he could approve.
Through the unheeding many he did move,
A splendour among shadows, a bright blot
Upon this gloomy scene, a Spirit that strove
For truth, and like the Preacher found it not. *Ib*

The City's voice itself is soft like Solitude's.
Stanzas Written in Dejection, near Naples

I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown. *Ib*

How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion
Ib

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within nor calm around,
Nor that content surpassing wealth
The sage in meditation found,
And walked with inward glory crowned *Ib*

I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne and yet must bear,
Till death like sleep might steal on me *Ib*

Away! the moor is dark beneath the moon,
Rapid clouds have drank the last pale beam of even
Away! the gathering winds will call the darkness soon,
And profoundest midnight shroud the serene lights of heaven
Stanzas —April 1814 Away! the Moor is Dark.

Swiftly walk over the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where, all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear,—
Swift be thy flight! *To Night*

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
Star-inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day,
Kiss her until she be wearied out,
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
Come, long-sought! *Ib.*

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
Wouldst thou me?
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noontide bee,
Shall I nestle by thy side?
Wouldst thou me? *Ib.*

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon—
Sleep will come when thou art fled;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, beloved Night—
Come soon, soon! *Ib*

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory—
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed,
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on
To—— Music, When Soft Voices.

I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden,
Thou needest not fear mine,
My spirit is too deeply laden
Ever to burthen thine.

I fear thy mien, thy tones, thy motion,
Thou needest not fear mine,
Innocent is the heart's devotion
With which I worship thine.
To—— I Fear thy Kisses

One word is too often profaned
For me to profane it,
One feeling too falsely disdained
For thee to disdain it.
To—— One Word is too often Profaned.

The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow. *Ib*

And like a dying lady, lean and pale,
Who totters forth, wrapped in a gauzy veil
The Waning Moon.

A lovely lady, garmented in light
From her own beauty *The Witch of Atlas*, v

For she was beautiful—her beauty made
The bright world dim, and everything beside
Seemed like the fleeting image of a shade *Ib* xii.

The rapid, blind
And fleeting generations of mankind *Ib* lxxi.

In honoured poverty thy voice did weave
Songs consecrate to truth and liberty,—
Deserting these, thou leavest me to grieve,
Thus having been, that thou shouldst cease to be
To Wordsworth.

Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world.
A Defence of Poetry.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE

1714-1763

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome, at an inn
At an Inn at Henley.

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep,
My grottoes are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep.
A Pastoral Ballad Pt II, Hope, 1.

I have found out a gift for my fair,
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed,
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will say 'twas a barbarous deed. *Ib* v.

A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo,
Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so
The Schoolmistress, XXVIII

Laws are generally found to be nets of such a texture, as the little creep through, the great break through, and the middle-sized are alone entangled in
Essays on Men and Manners On Politics

PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN

1831–1888

The only good Indian is a dead Indian
Attr., at Fort Cobb, Jan 1869

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

1751–1816

Not a translation—only *taken from the French*
The Critic, I 1

The newspapers! Sir, they are the most villainous—licentious—abominable—infernal— Not that I ever read them—no—I make it a rule never to look into a newspaper *Ib*

If it is abuse—why one is always sure to hear of it from one damned good-natured friend or other!
Ib

Egad, I think the interpreter is the hardest to be understood of the two! *Ib* II

Yes, sir, puffing is of various sorts, the principal are, the puff direct, the puff preliminary, the puff collateral, the puff collusive, and the puff oblique, or puff by implication *Ib*

No scandal about Queen Elizabeth, I hope? *Ib* II 1

I open with a clock striking, to beget an awful attention in the audience it also marks the time, which is four o'clock in the morning, and saves a description of the rising sun, and a great deal about gilding the eastern hemisphere *Ib* II

Where they do agree on the stage, their unanimity is wonderful! *Ib*

Inconsolable to the minuet in Ariadne! *Ib*

The Spanish fleet thou canst not see because—
It is not yet in sight! *Ib*

All that can be said is, that two people happened to hit on the same thought—and Shakespeare made use of it first, that's all *Ib* III 1

Burleigh comes forward, shakes his head, and exit
Ib Stage direction.

O Lord, sir, when a heroine goes mad she always goes into white satin *Ib*

An oyster may be crossed in love *Ib*

I ne'er could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me
The Duenna, I II Air

I loved him for himself alone *Ib* III

Had I a heart for falsehood framed,
I ne'er could injure you *Ib* V

'Tis safest in matrimony to begin with a little aversion *The Rivals*, I II

You gentlemen's gentlemen are so hasty
Ib II II

He is the very pine-apple of politeness! *Ib* III III.

An aspersion upon my parts of speech! *Ib*

If I reprehend any thing in this world, it is the use of my oracular tongue, and a nice derangement of epitaphs! *Ib*

Too civil by half. *Ib* IV

Our ancestors are very good kind of folks, but they are the last people I should choose to have a visiting acquaintance with *Ib* IV 1

No caparisons, miss, if you please Caparisons don't become a young woman *Ib* II

You are not like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once, are you? *Ib*

There's nothing like being used to a thing
Ib V III

My valour is certainly going!—it is sneaking off! I feel it oozing out as it were at the palms of my hands! *Ib*

I own the soft impeachment *Ib*

Thro' all the drama—whether damned or not—
Love gilds the scene, and women guide the plot
Ib Epilogue

You shall see them on a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall meander through a meadow of margin. *The School for Scandal*, I 1

Here is the whole set! a character dead at every word
Ib II II

I'm called away by particular business But I leave my character behind me *Ib*

Oh! plague of his sentiments! *Ib* III

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
Here's to the widow of fifty,
Here's to the flaunting, extravagant quean,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty
Let the toast pass,—
Drink to the lass,
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for a glass
Ib III III Song

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize,
Now to the maid who has none, sir;
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
And here's to the nymph with but one, sir *Ib*

ROWLEY
I believe there is no sentiment he has such faith in as that 'charity begins at home'

SURFACE:
And his, I presume, is of that domestic sort which never stirs abroad at all *Ib*

Damned disinheriting countenance *Ib* IV 1.

It was an amiable weakness *Ib* V 1

There is no trusting to appearances *Ib* II.

The Right Honourable gentleman is indebted to his memory for his jests, and to his imagination for his facts

Speech in Reply to Mr Dundas T Moore, *Life of Sheridan* (1825), II 471

You write with ease, to show your breeding,
But easy writing's vile hard reading

Clio's Protest See Moore's *Life of Sheridan*, I 55

WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN

1820–1891

There is many a boy here to-day who looks on war as all glory, but, boys, it is all hell.

Speech, Columbus, Ohio, 11 Aug 1880 Lewis's '*Sherman, Fighting Prophet*'.

JAMES SHIRLEY

1596–1666

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things,
There is no armour against fate,
Death lays his icy hand on kings
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade

The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses, I iii

Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust. *Ib*

I presume you're mortal, and may err.

The Lady of Pleasure, II ii

How little room
Do we take up in death, that, living know
No bounds? *The Wedding*, IV iv

JOSEPH HENRY SHORTHOUSE

1834–1903

'The Church of England', I said, seeing that Mr. Inglesant paused, 'is no doubt a compromise'

John Inglesant (1880), ch 40

In all probability 'Wordsworth's standard of intoxication was miserably low'

Remark to some Wordsworthians who were deploring W's confession that he got drunk at Cambridge G W E Russell's *Collections and Recollections*, ch 8

ALGERNON SIDNEY

1622–1683

Liars ought to have good memories.

Discourses on Government, ch 2, sect xv

Men lived like fishes, the great ones devour'd the small *Ib.* sect xviii

'Tis not necessary to light a candle to the sun.

Ib sect xxiii

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

1554–1586

High erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy

The Arcadia, bk 1, ch 2

Shallow brooks murmur most, deep silent slide away

Ib First Eclogues, Lalus and Dorus, st ii

Who shoots at the mid-day sun, though he be sure he shall never hit the mark, yet as sure he is he shall shoot higher than who aims but at a bush

Ib bk ii, ch 6

My true love hath my heart and I have his,
By just exchange one for the other giv'n,
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driv'n

Ib bk iii, *ad fin*

Doubt you to whom my Muse these notes intendeth,
Which now my breast o'ercharged to music lendeth?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due;
Only in you my song begins and endeth

Astrophel and Stella, Song I. Doubt You to Whom

Have I caught my heav'nly jewel.

Ib Song II Have I Caught

Thy fair hair my heart enchained

Ib Certain Sonnets, To the tune of a Neapolitan Villanell

'Fool!' said my Muse to me, 'look in thy heart, and write' *Ib Sonnet I*

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies!
How silently, and with how wan a face!
What! may it be that even in heavenly place
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries?

Ib Sonnet XXXI.

Do they call virtue there ungratefulness? *Ib.*

Come, Sleep! O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
Th' indifferent judge between the high and low

Ib Sonnet XXXIX.

Take thou of me smooth pillows sweetest bed,
A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light,
A rosy garland and a weary head *Ib*

That sweet enemy, France *Ib Sonnet XLI*

They love indeed who quake to say they love

Ib Sonnet LIV

Oh heav'nly fool, thy most kiss-worthy face
Anger invests with such a lovely grace,
That Anger's self I needs must kiss again

Ib Sonnet LXXIII.

I never drank of Aganippe well,
Nor ever did in shade of Tempe sit,
And Muses scorn with vulgar brains to dwell,
Poor layman I, for sacred rites unfit

Ib Sonnet LXXIV.

Highway, since you my chief Parnassus be,
And that my Muse, to some ears not unsweet,
Tempers her words to trampling horses' feet
More oft than to a chamber melody,
Now blessed you, bear onward blessed me
To her, where I my heart, safe-left, shall meet
Ib Sonnet LXXXIV.

Hundreds of years you Stella's feet may kiss *Ib*

Leave me, O Love, which reacheth but to dust,
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things,
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust,
Whatever fades, but fading pleasure brings
Ib Sonnet CX Splendidis Longum Valedico Nugis

Never love was so abused
Pansies from Penshurst and Wilton V Love

O fair! O sweet! when I do look on thee,
In whom all joys so well agree,
Heart and soul do sing in me,
Just accord all music makes
Ib VIII Verses, To the Tune of a Spanish Song

With a tale forsooth he cometh unto you, with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney corner
The Defence of Poesy (1923), p 20

Certainly I must confess mine own barbarousness, I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas, that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet *Ib* p 24

Philip of Macedon reckoned a horse-race won at Olympus among his three fearful felicities *Ib*

To be rhymed to death as is said to be done in Ireland *Ib*

Thy necessity is yet greater than mine
On giving his water-bottle to a dying soldier on the battle-field of Zutphen, 1586. Sir Fulke Greville's *Life* (1907), ch 12

HAROLD SIMPSON

contemp

Down in the forest something stirred,
It was only the note of a bird
A Cycle of Life No 2 *Down In The Forest*

OSBERT SITWELL

1892–

The British Bourgeoise
Is not born,
And does not die,
But, if it is ill,
It has a frightened look in its eyes
At the House of Mrs Kinfoot

JOHN SKELTON

1460?–1529

As patient and as still
And as full of goodwill,
As the fair Isyphill,
Coliander,
Sweet pomander,
Good Cassander,
Steadfast of thought,
Well made, well wrought
Far may be sought
Erst ye can find
So courteous, so kind,
As Merry Margaret, the midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon or hawk of the tower
To Mistress Margaret Hussey

With solace and gladness,
Much mirth and no madness,
All good and no badness,
So joyously,
So maidenly,
So womanly,
Her demeaning *Ib.*

She is the violet,
The daisy delectable,
The columbine commendable,
The jelofer amiable,
For this most goodly flower,
This blossom of fresh colour,
So Jupiter me succour,
She flourisheth new and new
In beauty and virtue
The Commendations of Mistress Jane Scrope

For the soul of Philip Sparrow,
That was late slain at Carrow
Among the Nunnes Black,
For that sweet soules sake
And for all sparrows' souls
Set in our bead-rolls,
Pater noster qui
With an *Ave Mari*
The Sparrow's Dirge

JOHN SKINNER

1721–1807

Let Whig and Tory a' agree,
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
Whig and Tory a' agree,
To drop their Whigmigmorum,
Let Whig and Tory a' agree
To spend the night in mirth and glee,
And cheerfu' sing alang wi' me
The reel o' Tullochgorum
Tullochgorum, st 1 *The Songs of Scotland*, ed G F. Graham
[A version of 1776 gives line 4 as 'To drop their whipmegorum']

CHRISTOPHER SMART

1722–1771

For Adoration all the ranks
Of angels yield eternal thanks,
And David in the midst *Song to David.*

Glorious—more glorious is the crown
Of Him that brought salvation down
By meekness, call'd thy Son,
Thou that stupendous truth believ'd,
And now the matchless deed's achiev'd,
Determined, dared, and done. *Ib.*

Glorious the northern lights astream,
Glorious the song, when God 's the theme,
Glorious the thunder's roar
Glorious hosanna from the den,
Glorious the catholic amen,
Glorious the martyr's gore *Ib*

Glorious the sun in mid-career,
Glorious th' assembled fires appear,
Glorious the comet's train
Glorious the trumpet and alarm,
Glorious th' almighty stretch'd-out arm,
Glorious th' enraptur'd main *Ib*

He sung of God—the mighty source
Of all things—the stupendous force
On which all strength depends,
From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes,
All period, pow'r, and enterprize
Commences, reigns, and ends *Ib*

Strong is the horse upon his speed,
Strong in pursuit the rapid glede,
Which makes at once his game
Strong the tall ostrich on the ground,
Strong thro' the turbulent profound
Shoots xiphias to his aim *Ib*

Strong is the lion—like a coal
His eye-ball—like a bastion's mole
His chest against his foes
Strong, the gier-eagle on his sail,
Strong against tide, th' enormous whale
Emerges as he goes *Ib*

Tell them I am, Jehova said
To Moses, while earth heard in dread,
And smitten to the heart,
At once above, beneath, around,
All nature, without voice or sound,
Replied, O Lord, Thou art *Ib.*

Where ask is have, where seek is find,
Where knock is open wide. *Ib*

FRANCIS EDWARD SMEDLEY

1818–1864

You are looking as fresh as paint
Frank Fairlegh, ch 41

SAMUEL SMILES

1812–1904

A place for everything, and everything in its place
Thrift, ch 5

Cecil's despatch of business was extraordinary, his maxim being, 'The shortest way to do many things is to do only one thing at once' *Self Help*, ch 9

His (Dr Priestley's) appointment [to act as astronomer to Captain Cook's expedition to the southern seas] has been cancelled, as the Board of Longitude objected to his theology
Men of Invention and Industry, ch 3

ADAM SMITH

1723–1790

To found a great empire for the sole purpose of raising up a people of customers, may at first sight appear a project fit only for a nation of shopkeepers. It is, however, a project altogether unfit for a nation of shopkeepers, but extremely fit for a nation that is governed by shopkeepers
Wealth of Nations, vol II, bk IV, ch 7, Pt III

ALEXANDER SMITH

1830–1867

Like a pale martyr in his shirt of fire
A Life Drama, II

In winter, when the dismal rain
Came down in slanting lines,
And Wind, that grand old harper, smote
His thunder-harp of pines *Ib.*

ALFRED SAMUEL SMITH

1873–

Nothing doing That's just boloney Everybody knows I can't lay bricks
Remark at the laying of the corner-stone of the New York State Office Building

FREDERICK EDWIN SMITH EARL OF BIRKENHEAD

See BIRKENHEAD

JAMES SMITH

1775–1839

AND

HORACE SMITH

1779–1849

And hast thou walk'd about (how strange a story!)
In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory.
Address to a Mummy

Hail, glorious edifice, stupendous work!
God bless the Regent and the Duke of York!
Rejected Addresses No 1 *Loyal Effusion*, l 1.

Who makes the quartern loaf and Luddites rise?
Who fills the butchers' shops with large blue flies?
Ib l 48

I saw them go one horse was blind,
The tails of both hung down behind,
Their shoes were on their feet
Ib No 2 *The Baby's Début*, VI (*Parody of Wordsworth*)

What stately vision mocks my waking sense?
Hence, dear delusion, sweet enchantment, hence!
Ib No 3 *An Address Without a Phoenix*

I am a blessed Glendoveer
'Tis mine to speak, and yours to hear
Ib No 7 *The Rebuilding.*

'Why are you in such doleful dumps?
A fireman, and afraid of bumps!—
What are they fear'd on? fools! 'od rot 'em!'
Were the last words of Higginbottom
Ib No 9. *Drury Lane* (*Parody of Scott*)

'In the name of the Prophet—figs!'
Ib No 10 *Johnson's Ghost*

In Craven-street, Strand, ten attorneys find place,
And ten dark coal-barges are moor'd at its base
Fly, Honesty, fly! seek some safer retreat,
For there's craft in the river, and craft in the street
Craven Street, Strand

LANGDON SMITH

1858–1918

When you were a tadpole, and I was a fish,
In the Palaeozoic time,
And side by side in the ebbing tide
We sprawled through the ooze and slime
A Toast to a Lady (*The Scrap-Book, April, 1906*)

LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH

1865–

There are two things to aim at in life first, to get what you want, and, after that, to enjoy it Only the wisest of mankind achieve the second
Afterthoughts (1931), p. 4

There are few sorrows, however poignant, in which a good income is of no avail. *Ib* p 12

People say that life is the thing, but I prefer reading
Ib p 71

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH

1808–1895

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain-side
Let freedom ring *America*

SYDNEY SMITH

1771–1845

It requires a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding Their only idea of wit . is laughing immoderately at stated intervals
Lady Holland, Memoirs (*1st ed 1855*), I ii 15

I heard him speak disrespectfully of the Equator!
Ib p 17

That knuckle-end of England—that land of Calvin, oat-cakes, and sulphur *Ib*

Looked as if she had walked straight out of the Ark
Ib ch 7, p 157

No furniture so charming as books
Ib ch 9, p 240

Madam, I have been looking for a person who disliked gravy all my life, let us swear eternal friendship *Ib* p. 257

How can a bishop marry? How can he flirt? The most he can say is, 'I will see you in the vestry after service' *Ib* p 258

Not body enough to cover his mind decently with, his intellect is improperly exposed *Ib*

I have, alas, only one illusion left, and that is the Archbishop of Canterbury *Ib* p 259

You find people ready enough to do the Samaritan, without the oil and twopence *Ib* p 261

As the French say, there are three sexes—men, women, and clergymen *Ib* p 262

Praise is the best diet for us, after all. *Ib* p 265

Daniel Webster struck me much like a steam-engine in trousers. *Ib* p 267

He [Macaulay] has occasional flashes of silence, that make his conversation perfectly delightful
Ib ch 11, p 363

Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,
And, scarce-suspected, animate the whole
Recipe for Salad-Dressing, *Ib.* p 373

You remember Thurlow's answer . . you never expected justice from a company, did you? They have neither a soul to lose, nor a body to kick.
Ib p 376

Deserves to be preached to death by wild curates
Ib p 384

I never read a book before reviewing it, it prejudices a man so
H Pearson, The Smith of Smiths (1934), ch III, p 54.

It is a place with only one post a day . . In the country I always fear that creation will expire before tea-time. *Ib* ch 5, p 92

Minorities . . are almost always in the right.
Ib ch 9, p 220

My idea of heaven is, eating *pâtés de foie gras* to the sound of trumpets *Ib* ch 10, p 236

What a pity it is that we have no amusements in England but vice and religion! *Ib*

Death must be distinguished from dying, with which it is often confused *Ib* ch 11, p 271

The only way to deal with such a man as O'Connell is to hang him up and erect a statue to him under the gallows *Ib* p 272

What two ideas are more inseparable than Beer and Britannia? *Ib*

I am just going to pray for you at St Paul's, but with no very lively hope of success
Ib ch. 13, p 308

Poverty is no disgrace to a man, but it is confoundedly inconvenient *His Wit and Wisdom* (1900), p 89

One of the greatest pleasures of life is conversation.
Essays (1877) *Female Education*, p 103.

This great spectacle of human happiness.
Ib Waterton's Wanderings, p 465.

The moment the very name of Ireland is mentioned, the English seem to bid adieu to common feeling, common prudence, and common sense, and to act with the barbarity of tyrants, and the fatuity of idiots *Peter Plymley Letters* (1929), p 9

A Curate—there is something which excites compassion in the very name of a Curate!!!
Ib p 127 *Persecuting Bishops*

The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs Partington *Ib* p 228

Bishop Berkeley destroyed this world in one volume octavo; and nothing remained, after his time, but mind, which experienced a similar fate from the hand of Mr. Hume in 1737
Sketches of Moral Philosophy Introd

We shall generally find that the triangular person has got into the square hole, the oblong into the triangular, and a square person has squeezed himself into the round hole The officer and the office, the doer and the thing done, seldom fit so exactly that we can say they were almost made for each other. *Sketches of Moral Philosophy*, Lect ix

I never could find any man who could think for two minutes together *Ib* Lect xix

The motto I proposed for the [*Edinburgh*] *Review* was *Tenui musam meditamur avena*—'We cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal'
Works (1859), vol. i, Preface, p v

We can inform Jonathan what are the inevitable consequences of being too fond of glory,—Taxes upon every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot . . . taxes on everything on earth, and the waters under the earth
Ib, vol i *Review of Seybert's Statistical Annals of the United States*, p 291.

The schoolboy whips his taxed top—the beardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle, on a taxed road,—and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid seven per cent, into a spoon that has paid fifteen per cent—flings himself back upon his chintz bed, which has paid twenty-two per cent—and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid a licence of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death *Ib*

What bishops like best in their clergy is a dropping-down-deadness of manner
Ib, vol ii, *First Letter to Archdeacon Singleton*, p. 271. *Note.*

I like, my dear Lord, the road you are travelling, but I don't like the pace you are driving, too similar to that of the son of Nimshi I always feel myself inclined to cry out, Gently, John, gently down hill Put on the drag
Ib vol. ii, *Letter to Lord John Russell*, p 300

I look upon Switzerland as an inferior sort of Scotland
Letters *Lady Holland Memoir*, vol. ii. *To Lord Holland, 1815*

Tory and Whig in turns shall be my host,
I taste no politics in boil'd and roast
Ib To John Murray Nov 1834

What would life be without arithmetic, but a scene of horrors? *Ib To Miss ——, 22 July 1835*

I am convinced digestion is the great secret of life
Ib To Arthur Kinglake, 30 Sept 1837

I have no relish for the country, it is a kind of healthy grave. *Ib To Miss G Harcourt, 1838.*

I have seen nobody since I saw you, but persons in orders My only varieties are vicars, rectors, curates, and every now and then (by way of turbot) an archdeacon
Ib To Miss Berry, 28 Jan 1843

One very hot evening in summer, Lady Holland and a large party of friends were suffering from the stifling atmosphere, and a general dulness had crept over the company Then Milnes was seen to enter 'Ah! here comes the cool of the evening,' cried Sydney Smith, and immediately everybody grew brighter [Milnes resented this and other nicknames, and Sydney Smith wrote to him 'The names of "Cool of the evening", "London Assurance", and "In-I-go Jones", are, I give you my word, not mine']
T Wemyss Reid, *Life of Lord Houghton* (1890), p 213

TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT

1721–1771

Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!
The Tears of Scotland

I think for my part one half of the nation is mad—and the other not very sound
The Adventures of Sir Launcelot Greaves, ch 6

He was formed for the ruin of our sex
Roderick Random, ch 22

That great Cham of literature, Samuel Johnson
Letter to John Wilkes, 16 Mar 1759. (*Boswell's Johnson, 1934*, vol i, p 348)

GEORGE HUNT SMYTTAN

1825–1870

AND

FRANCIS POTT

1852–1909

Forty days and forty nights
Thou wast fasting in the wild,
Forty days and forty nights
Tempted, and yet undefiled.
Hymn Forty Days and Forty Nights The Penny Post, 1856.

Prowling beasts about Thy way,
Stones Thy pillow, earth Thy bed *Ib*

WILLIAM SOMERVILLE

1675–1742

If this pale rose offend your sight,
It in your bosom, wear;
'Twill blush to find itself less white,
And turn Lancastrian there
Presenting to a Lady a White Rose and a Red on the Tenth of June

My hoarse-sounding horn
Invites thee to the chase, the sport of kings;
Image of war, without its guilt
The Chase, bk. 1, l. 13

CHARLES HAMILTON SORLEY

1895–1915

We have the evil spirits too
That shake our soul with battle-din
But we have an eviller spirit than you,
We have a dumb spirit within·
The exceeding bitter agony
But not the exceeding bitter cry. *To Poets*

We swing ungirded hips,
And lightened are our eyes,
The rain is on our lips,
We do not run for prize
Song of the Ungirt Runners

We run because we like it
Through the broad bright land *Ib*

REV. ROBERT SOUTH

1634–1716

An Aristotle was but the rubbish of an Adam, and Athens but the rudiments of Paradise.
Sermons, vol I ii

THOMAS SOUTHERN

1660–1746

And when we're worn,
Hack'd, hewn with constant service, thrown aside
To rust in peace, or rot in hospitals
Loyal Brother, Act I

ROBERT SOUTHEY

1774–1843

It was a summer's evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine
The Battle of Blenheim

He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round *Ib*

'Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for' *Ib*

But what they fought each other for,
I could not well make out *Ib*

But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory *Ib*

Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene *Ib*

'And everybody praised the Duke,
Who this great fight did win'
'But what good came of it at last?'
Quoth little Peterkin.
'Why that I cannot tell,' said he,
'But 'twas a famous victory.' *Ib*

My name is Death the last best friend am I.
Carmen Nuptiale. The Lay of the Laureate. The Dream, lxxxvii

'How does the water
Come down at Lodore?' *The Cataract of Lodore.*

And this way the water comes down at Lodore. *Ib.*

Curses are like young chickens, they always come home to roost *The Curse of Kehama Motto*

Water shall hear me,
And know thee and fly thee *Ib* II. 14

And Sleep shall obey me,
And visit thee never,
And the Curse shall be on thee
For ever and ever *Ib*

Hark! at the Golden Palaces
The Brahmin strikes the hour. *Ib* V 1

They sin who tell us love can die.
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity *Ib* X 10

Thou hast been call'd, O Sleep! the friend of Woe,
But 'tis the happy who have called thee so
Ib XV 12

From his brimstone bed, at break of day
A walking the Devil is gone,
To look at his little snug farm of the World,
And see how his stock went on
The Devil's Walk, 1.

His coat was red and his breeches were blue,
And there was a hole where his tail came through.
Ib III.

He passed a cottage with a double coach-house,
A cottage of gentility!
And he owned with a grin
That his favourite sin
Is pride that apes humility *Ib* VIII.

As he passed through Cold Bath fields, he looked
At a solitary cell,
And he was well-pleased, for it gave him a hint
For improving the prisons of Hell *Ib* XV

And all at once to the Bishop they go
God's Judgment on a Wicked Bishop

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was still as she could be
The Inchcape Rock

And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok *Ib.*

'O Christ! It is the Inchcape Rock!' *Ib*

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair;
He curst himself in his despair *Ib.*

Day after day, day after day the same—
A weary waste of waters!
Madoc Pt I, *Madoc in Wales* IV, *The Voyage*, l 32

Blue, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue
Ib. V, *Lincoya*, l. 102.

We wage no war with women nor with priests
Ib. XV, *The Excommunication*, l 65.

What will not woman, gentle woman dare,
When strong affection stirs her spirit up?
Ib Pt. II, *Madoc in Aztlan* II, *The Tidings*, l 125

My days among the dead are passed;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old,
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day
My Days Among the Dead

Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust *Ib*

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
The few locks which are left you are grey,
You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man,
Now tell me the reason, I pray
The Old Man's Comforts, and how he Gained them

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
And pleasures with youth pass away,
And yet you lament not the days that are gone,
Now tell me the reason, I pray *Ib*

In the days of my youth I remembered my God!
And He hath not forgotten my age *Ib*

The Monk my son, and my daughter the Nun
The Old Woman of Berkeley

Their wintry garment of unsullied snow
The mountains have put on
The Poet's Pilgrimage. Pt. I, *The Journey* II, *Flanders*, 23

He ran against a shooting star,
So fast for fear did he sail,
And he singed the beard of the Bishop
Against a comet's tail,
And he passed between the horns of the moon,
With Antidius on his back,
And there was an eclipse that night,
Which was not in the Almanac
St Antidius, the Pope and the Devil

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air,
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven
Thalaba the Destroyer, bk I, 1

A vague, a dizzy, a tumultuous joy. *Ib* bk III XIX

'I had a home once—I had once a husband—
I am a widow, poor and broken-hearted!'
Loud blew the wind, unheard was her complaining,
On drove the chariot *The Widow*, v

The arts babblative and scribblative.
Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society. Coll x Pt II.

The march of intellect *Ib Coll* XIV

Your true lover of literature is never fastidious.
The Doctor, ch. 17.

Show me a man who cares no more for one place than another, and I will show you in that same person one who loves nothing but himself. Beware of those who are homeless by choice.
Ib. ch. 34.

Live as long as you may, the first twenty years are the longest half of your life *Ib.* ch 130

The death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity, men started at the intelligence, and turned pale, as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend
The Life of Nelson, ch 9

The Satanic School
The Vision of Judgment Preface

The pander of posterity. *Ib*

ROBERT SOUTHWELL

1561?–1595

As I in hoary winter's night stood shivering in the snow,
Surprised I was with sudden heat which made my heart to glow;
And lifting up a fearful eye to view what fire was near,
A pretty Babe all burning bright did in the air appear.
The Burning Babe.

'The fuel justice layeth on, and mercy blows the coals,
The metal in this furnace wrought are men's defiled souls
For which, as now on fire I am to work them to their good,
So will I melt into a bath to wash them in my blood'
With this he vanished out of sight and swiftly shrunk away,
And straight I called unto mind that it was Christmas Day. *Ib*

Come, Raphael, this Babe must eat,
Provide our little Toby meat
New Heaven, New War.

Behold, a silly tender Babe
In freezing winter night
In homely manger trembling lies,
Alas, a piteous sight! *New Prince, New Pomp.*

With joy approach, O Christian wight,
Do homage to thy King,
And highly praise his humble pomp,
Which he from heaven doth bring. *Ib.*

Times go by turns, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.
Times go by Turns.

HERBERT SPENCER

1820–1903

Science is organized knowledge *Education*, ch 2.

Absolute morality is the regulation of conduct in such a way that pain shall not be inflicted
Essays (*1891*), vol III, p 152. *Prison Ethics*

The ultimate result of shielding men from the effects of folly, is to fill the world with fools
Ib p 354 *State Tamperings with Money and Banks*

The Republican form of Government is the highest form of government, but because of this it requires the highest type of human nature—a type nowhere at present existing *Ib* p. 478. *The Americans*

Evolution is—a change from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity, to a definite coherent heterogeneity *First Principles*, ch 16, § 138

This survival of the fittest
Principles of Biology, pt III, ch 12, *Indirect Equilibration*, § 165

Progress, therefore, is not an accident, but a necessity
It is a part of nature
Social Statics, pt 1, ch 2, § 4

Education has for its object the formation of character *Ib* pt II, ch 17, § 4

Opinion is ultimately determined by the feelings, and not by the intellect *Ib* pt IV, ch 30, § 8

No one can be perfectly free till all are free, no one can be perfectly moral till all are moral, no one can be perfectly happy till all are happy *Ib* § 16

It was remarked to me by the late Mr Charles Roupell that to play billiards well was a sign of an ill-spent youth
Remark Duncan, '*Life and Letters of Spencer*' (1908), ch 20, p 298

WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER

1770–1834

In fancy's ear he oft would hear
Poor Gêlert's dying yell. *Beth-Gêlert*, xxiii

EDMUND SPENSER

1552?–1599

The merry cuckoo, messenger of Spring,
His trumpet shrill hath thrice already sounded
Amoretti Sonnet xix

Most glorious Lord of life, that on this day
Didst make thy triumph over death and sin:
And, having harrow'd hell, didst bring away
Captivity thence captive, us to win *Ib* lxviii

Fresh spring the herald of love's mighty king,
In whose coat armour richly are display'd
All sorts of flowers the which on earth do spring
In goodly colours gloriously array'd *Ib* lxx

One day I wrote her name upon the strand,
But came the waves and washed it away
Again I wrote it with a second hand,
But came the tide, and made my pains his prey
Vain man, said she, that dost in vain assay,
A mortal thing so to immortalize,
For I myself shall like to this decay,
And eke my name be wiped out likewise
Not so, quoth I, let baser things devise
To die in dust, but you shall live by fame
My verse your virtues rare shall eternize,
And in the heavens write your glorious name,
Where when as death shall all the world subdue,
Our love shall live, and later life renew *Ib* lxxv

Triton blowing loud his wreathed horn
Colin Clout's Come Home Again, l 245

The Shepherd of the Ocean (quoth he)
Unto that Goddess' grace me first enhanc'd,
And to mine oaten pipe inclin'd her ear. *Ib*. l. 358

So love is Lord of all the world by right *Ib* l 883

The woods shall to me answer and my echo ring
Epithalamion, l 18

Behold whiles she before the altar stands
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks
And blesseth her with his two happy hands
Ib l 223

Ah! when will this long weary day have end,
And lend me leave to come unto my love?
Ib l. 278

Song made in lieu of many ornaments,
With which my love should duly have been deck'd
Ib. l 427

Fierce wars and faithful loves shall moralize my song
The Faerie Queene, bk I, introd 1 1

A gentle knight was pricking on the plain
Ib bk I, c 1 1

But on his breast a bloody cross he bore,
The dear remembrance of his dying Lord *Ib* 11

But of his cheer did seem too solemn sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad *Ib*

A bold bad man *Ib* xxxvii

Her angel's face
As the great eye of heaven shined bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place,
Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace
Ib c III iv

A cruel Crocodile,
While in false grief hiding his harmful guile,
Doth weep full sore, and sheddeth tender tears
Ib c v xviii

As when that devilish iron engine, wrought
In deepest hell, and fram'd by furies' skill,
With windy nitre and quick sulphur fraught,
And ramm'd with bullet round, ordain'd to kill,
Conceiveth fire *Ib* c VII xiii

Still as he fled, his eye was backward cast,
As if his fear still followed him behind
Ib c IX xxi

That darksome cave they enter, where they find
That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullen mind *Ib* xxxv

Sleep after toil, port after stormy seas,
Ease after war, death after life does greatly please
Ib xl

So double was his pains, so double be his praise
Ib bk II, c II xxv

And all for love, and nothing for reward
Ib c VIII ii

Let Grill be Grill, and have his hoggish mind
Ib c XII lxxvii

O goodly usage of those antique times,
In which the sword was servant unto right,
When not for malice and contentious crimes,
But all for praise, and proof of manly might,
The martial brood accustomed to fight
Then honour was the meed of victory,
And yet the vanquished had no despite
Ib bk III, c I xiii

Divine tobacco *Ib* c. v. xxxii

Hard is to teach an old horse amble true
Ib c viii xxvi

And painful pleasure turns to pleasing pain
Ib c x lx

And as she look'd about, she did behold,
How over that same door was likewise writ,
Be bold, be bold, and everywhere Be bold

At last she spied at that room's upper end,
Another iron door, on which was writ
Be not too bold *Ib.* c xi liv

Dan Chaucer, well of English undefiled,
On Fame's eternal beadroll worthy to be filed
Ib bk IV, c ii xxxii

For all that nature by her mother wit
Could frame in earth *Ib* c x xxi

O sacred hunger of ambitious minds
Ib bk V, c xii 1

A monster, which the Blatant beast men call,
A dreadful fiend of gods and men ydrad
Ib xxxvii

The gentle mind by gentle deeds is known
For a man by nothing is so well bewray'd,
As by his manners *Ib* bk VI, c iii 1

What man that sees the ever-whirling wheel
Of Change, the which all mortal things doth sway,
But that thereby doth find, and plainly feel,
How Mutability in them doth play
Her cruel sports, to many men's decay?
Ib bk VII, c vi 1

That beauty is not, as fond men misdeem,
An outward show of things, that only seem
An Hymn in Honour of Beauty, l 90

For of the soul the body form doth take;
For soul is form, and doth the body make
Ib l 132

The hearts of men, which fondly here admire
Fair seeming shews, and feed on vain delight,
Transported with celestial desire
Of those fair forms, may lift themselves up higher,
And learn to love with zealous humble duty
Th' eternal fountain of that heavenly beauty
Hymn of Heavenly Beauty, l 16

Of such deep learning little had he need,
Ne yet of Latin, ne of Greek, that breed
Doubts 'mongst Divines, and difference of texts,
From whence arise diversity of sects,
And hateful heresies
Complaints Mother Hubbard's Tale, l 385

Full little knowest thou that hast not tried,
What hell it is, in suing long to bide
To lose good days, that might be better spent,
To waste long nights in pensive discontent,
To speed today, to be put back tomorrow,
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;
To have thy Prince's grace, yet want her Peers',
To have thy asking, yet wait many years,
To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares,
To eat thy heart through comfortless despairs,
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone,
Unhappy wight, born to disastrous end,
That doth his life in so long tendance spend
Ib l 895

What more felicity can fall to creature,
Than to enjoy delight with liberty
Muiopotmos, l 209

I was promis'd on a time,
To have reason for my rhyme,
From that time unto this season,
I received nor rhyme nor reason
Lines on his Pension (*Traditional*)

Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song
Prothalamion, l 18

At length they all to merry London came,
To merry London, my most kindly nurse,
That to me gave this life's first native source
Though from another place I take my name,
A house of ancient fame
There when they came, whereas those bricky towers,
The which on Thames' broad aged back do ride,
Where now the studious Lawyers have their bowers
There whilom wont the Templar Knights to bide,
Till they decay'd through pride. *Ib* l 127

To be wise and eke to love,
Is granted scarce to God above
The Shepherd's Calendar March Willy's Emblem

Bring hither the Pink and purple Columbine,
With Gillyflowers
Bring Coronation, and Sops in wine,
Worn of paramours
Strew me the ground with Daffadowndillies,
And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and loved Lilies
The pretty Pawnce,
And the Chevisaunce,
Shall match with the fair flower Delice
Ib April, l 136

And he that strives to touch the stars,
Oft stumbles at a straw *Ib July*, l 99

The rugged brow of careful Policy
Dedicatory Sonnets To Sir Christopher Hatton

WILLIAM ARCHIBALD SPOONER

1844–1930

Kinquering Congs their titles take
Announcing the hymn in New College Chapel, 1879

ARTHUR CECIL SPRING-RICE

1859–1918

I vow to thee, my country—all earthly things above—
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love
Last Poem

Her ways are ways of gentleness and all her paths are peace. *Ib*

CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON

1834-1892

The Lord gets his best soldiers out of the highlands of affliction
Gleanings among the Sheaves (1864), p 132, *Sorrow's Discipline*

EDWARD STANLEY, EARL OF DERBY

1799-1869

When I first came into Parliament, Mr Tierney, a great Whig authority, used always to say that the duty of an Opposition was very simple—it was, to oppose everything, and propose nothing
House of Commons, 4 June 1841. 3rd Ser lviii 1188

SIR HENRY MORTON STANLEY

1841-1904

Dr Livingstone, I presume?
How I found Livingstone, ch 11

FRANK LEBBY STANTON

1857-1927

Sweetest li'l' feller, everybody knows,
Dunno what to call him, but he's mighty lak' a rose,
Lookin' at his mammy wid eyes so shiny blue
Mek' you think that Heav'n is comin' clost ter you
Mighty Lak' a Rose

JOHN STARK

1728-1822

We beat them to-day or Molly Stark's a widow
Battle of Bennington, 16 Aug 1777 Appleton's *Cycl of Am Biography*, vol v.

RICHARD STEELE

1671-1729

I have often thought that a story-teller is born, as well as a poet *The Guardian*, No 42

Gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the game-act *The Spectator*, No 2

We were in some little time fixed in our seats, and sat with that dislike which people not too good-natured usually conceive of each other at first sight
Ib No 132

The noblest motive is the public good
Ib No 200 *Motto in Ed 1744*

There are so few who can grow old with a good grace
Ib No 263

Will Honeycomb calls these over-offended ladies the outrageously virtuous *Ib* No. 266

Fashion, the arbiter, and rule of right.
Ib No. 478. *Motto in Ed. 1744.*

It is to be noted that when any part of this paper appears dull, there is a design in it
The Tatler, No 38.

Though her mien carries much more invitation than command, to behold her is an immediate check to loose behaviour, to love her is a liberal education
Ib No 49

Every man is the maker of his own fortune
Ib No 52

The insupportable labour of doing nothing
Ib No 54

Reading is to the mind what exercise is to the body
Ib No. 147.

The truth of it is, the first rudiments of education are given very indiscreetly by most parents
Ib. No. 173

Let your precept be, Be easy. *Ib.* No. 196

The pink of courtesy *Ib* No. 204

These ladies of irresistible modesty are those who make virtue unamiable *Ib.* No 217

GEORGE STEEVENS

1736-1800

And when the Pye was open'd
The birds began to sing,
And was not this a dainty dish
To set before the King!
Recorded in Lamb's Letter to Miss Sarah James, ? April, 1829. Attr to Steevens in the D N B

JAMES KENNETH STEPHEN

1859-1892

Two voices are there one is of the deep,
. . . . .
And one is of an old half-witted sheep
Which bleats articulate monotony,
. . . . .
And Wordsworth, both are thine
Lapsus Calami Sonnet.

Good Lord! I'd rather be
Quite unacquainted with the A B C
Than write such hopeless rubbish as thy worst *Ib*

When the Rudyards cease from kipling
And the Haggards ride no more *Ib To R K*

Ah! Matt old age has brought to me
Thy wisdom, less thy certainty
The world's a jest, and joy's a trinket
I knew that once but now—I think it
Ib Senex to Matt Prior.

JAMES STEPHENS

1882-

I hear a sudden cry of pain!
There is a rabbit in a snare *The Snare.*

Little One! Oh, Little One!
I am searching everywhere! *Ib.*

ISABELLA S. STEPHENSON

1843–1890

Holy Father, in Thy mercy,
Hear our anxious prayer,
Keep our loved ones, now far absent,
'Neath Thy care
Holy Father, in Thy Mercy Hymns A and M., Supplement to Revised Edition, 1889.

When in sorrow, when in danger,
When in loneliness,
In Thy love look down and comfort
Their distress *Ib.*

LAURENCE STERNE

1713–1768

They order, said I, this matter better in France.
A Sentimental Journey, I 1.

I had had an affair with the moon, in which there was neither sin nor shame *Ib The Monk Calais*

The Sentimental Traveller (meaning thereby myself) who have travell'd, and of which I am now sitting down to give an account—as much out of necessity, and the *besoin de voyager,* as any one in the class
Ib Preface In the Desobligeant

As an English man does not travel to see English men, I retired to my room *Ib*

Having been in love with one princess or another, almost all my life, and I hope I shall go on so, till I die, being firmly persuaded, that if I ever do a mean action, it must be in some interval betwixt one passion and another *Ib Montriul.*

Vive l'amour! et vive la bagatelle! *Ib The letter*

Hail ye small sweet courtesies of life
Ib The Pulse Paris

There are worse occupations in this world than feeling a woman's pulse *Ib*

He gave a deep sigh—I saw the iron enter into his soul! *Ib The Captive Paris*

I think there is a fatality in it—I seldom go to the place I set out for *Ib The Address Versailles*

Dear sensibility! source inexhausted of all that's precious in our joys, or costly in our sorrows!
Ib The Bourbonnois

If the supper was to my taste—the grace which followed it was much more so *Ib The Supper*

I live in a constant endeavour to fence against the infirmities of ill health, and other evils of life, by mirth, being firmly persuaded that every time a man smiles,—but much more so, when he laughs, that it adds something to this Fragment of Life
Tristram Shandy Dedication

'Pray, my dear,' quoth my mother, 'have you not forgot to wind up the clock?'—'Good G——!' cried my father, making an exclamation, but taking care to moderate his voice at the same time,—'Did ever woman, since the creation of the world, interrupt a man with such a silly question?' *Ib* bk. 1, ch 1

As we jog on, either laugh with me, or at me, or in short do anything,—only keep your temper
Ib ch 6

He was within a few hours of giving his enemies the slip for ever *Ib* ch 12

'Tis known by the name of perseverance in a good cause,—and of obstinacy in a bad one
Ib ch 17

Persuasion hung upon his lips *Ib* ch 19

What is the character of a family to an hypothesis? my father would reply *Ib* ch 21

My uncle Toby would never offer to answer this by any other kind of argument, than that of whistling half a dozen bars of Lillabullero. *Ib*

Digressions, incontestably, are the sunshine,—they are the life, the soul of reading,—take them out of this book for instance,—you might as well take the book along with them *Ib* ch 22

I should have no objection to this method, but that I think it must smell too strong of the lamp
Ib ch 23

'I'll not hurt thee,' says my uncle Toby, rising from his chair, and going across the room, with the fly in his hand,—'I'll not hurt a hair of thy head — Go,' says he, lifting up the sash, and opening his hand as he spoke, to let it escape,—'go, poor devil, get thee gone, why should I hurt thee?—This world surely is wide enough to hold both thee and me' *Ib* bk II, ch 12

Whenever a man talks loudly against religion,—always suspect that it is not his reason, but his passions which have got the better of his creed
Ib ch 17.

'Sir,' replied Dr Slop, 'it would astonish you to know what improvements we have made of late years in all branches of obstetrical knowledge, but particularly in that one single point of the safe and expeditious extraction of the foetus,—which has received such lights, that, for my part (holding up his hands) I declare I wonder how the world has—— '
'I wish', quoth my uncle Toby, 'you had seen what prodigious armies we had in Flanders'
Ib ch 18

'Our armies swore terribly in Flanders,' cried my uncle Toby,—'but nothing to this' *Ib* bk III, ch 11

The corregiescity of Corregio. *Ib* ch 12

Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world,—though the cant of hypocrites may be the worst,—the cant of criticism is the most tormenting! *Ib* ch 12

Is this a fit time, said my father to himself, to talk of Pensions and Grenadiers? *Ib* bk IV, ch 5

The nonsense of the old women (of both sexes)
Ib ch 16

There is a North-west passage to the intellectual world *Ib* ch 42

'The poor soul will die ——'
'He shall not die, by G——,' cried my uncle Toby — The Accusing Spirit, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blush'd as he gave it in,— and the Recording Angel, as he wrote it down, dropp'd a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever *Ib* bk VI, ch 8

An eye full of gentle salutations—and soft responses — whispering soft—like the last low accents of an expiring saint It did my uncle Toby's business *Ib* bk VIII, ch 25

That eternal separation which we are shortly to make *Ib* bk IX, ch. 8

Said my mother, 'what is all this story about?'— 'A Cock and a Bull,' said Yorick *Ib.* ch 33

This sad vicissitude of things *Sermon xvi*

THOMAS STERNHOLD

?–1549

On cherubs and cherubims
full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
came flying all abroad
A Metrical Version of Psalm xviii, verse 10

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

1850–1894

The harmless art of knucklebones has seen the fall of the Roman empire and the rise of the United States
Across the Plains VII *The Lantern-Bearers*, 1

All the while, deep down in the privacy of your fool's heart, to know you had a bull's-eye at your belt, and to exult and sing over the knowledge *Ib*

The bright face of danger *Ib* IV

Every one lives by selling something
Ib IX *Beggars*, III

Our frailties are invincible, our virtues barren, the battle goes sore against us to the going down of the sun *Ib* XI *Pulvis et Umbra*

Surely we should find it both touching and inspiriting, that in a field from which success is banished, our race should not cease to labour.
Ib II

Still obscurely fighting the lost fight of virtue, still clinging, in the brothel or on the scaffold, to some rag of honour, the poor jewel of their souls! *Ib*

To make our idea of morality centre on forbidden acts is to defile the imagination and to introduce into our judgments of our fellow-men a secret element of gusto *Ib* XII *A Christmas Sermon*, 1.

A mortified appetite is never a wise companion *Ib.*

To be honest, to be kind—to earn a little and to spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered, to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation— above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy *Ib*

Here lies one who meant well, tried a little, failed much:—surely that may be his epitaph, of which he need not be ashamed. *Ib* IV

There goes another Faithful Failure! *Ib*

Lamplough was genteel, Eno was omnipresent, Lamplough was trite, Eno original and abominably vulgar Am I, then, to sink with Lamplough, or to soar with Eno?
The Dynamiter The Superfluous Mansion

He who was prepared to help the escaping murderer or to embrace the impenitent thief, found, to the overthrow of all his logic, that he objected to the use of dynamite *Ib.*

'Or Opulent Rotunda Strike the Sky,' said the shopman to himself, in the tone of one considering a verse 'I suppose it would be too much to say "orotunda", and yet how noble it were! "Or Opulent Orotunda Strike the Sky" But that is the bitterness of arts, you see a good effect, and some nonsense about sense continually intervenes'
Ib Epilogue of the Cigar Divan

These are my politics to change what we can, to better what we can, but still to bear in mind that man is but a devil weakly fettered by some generous beliefs and impositions, and for no word however sounding, and no cause however just and pious, to relax the stricture of these bonds *Ib*

Politics is perhaps the only profession for which no preparation is thought necessary
Familiar Studies of Men and Books V. Yoshida-Torajiro.

'Am I no a bonny fighter?' [Alan Breck]
Kidnapped, ch 10

I've a grand memory for forgetting, David [Alan Breck] *Ib* ch 18

I have thus played the sedulous ape to Hazlitt, to Lamb, to Wordsworth, to Sir Thomas Browne, to Defoe, to Hawthorne, to Montaigne, to Baudelaire and to Obermann
Memories and Portraits, ch 4

Each has his own tree of ancestors, but at the top of all sits Probably Arboreal *Ib* ch 6, *Pastoral*

The devil, depend upon it, can sometimes do a very gentlemanly thing
New Arabian Nights The Suicide Club Story of the Young Man with the Cream Tarts

Is there anything in life so disenchanting as attainment? *Ib The Adventure of the Hansom Cab*

'I regard you with an indifference closely bordering on aversion'
Ib The Rajah's Diamond Story of the Bandbox

For my part, I travel not to go anywhere, but to go I travel for travel's sake The great affair is to move
Travels with a Donkey Cheylard and Luc

I own I like definite form in what my eyes are to rest upon, and if landscapes were sold, like the sheets of characters of my boyhood, one penny plain and twopence coloured, I should go the length of twopence every day of my life *Ib Father Apollinaris*

A faddling hedonist. *Ib The Boarders*

The true Babel is a divergence upon morals
Ib. Florac.

Fifteen men on the dead man's chest
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest—
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!
Treasure Island, ch 1

Tip me the black spot *Ib* ch 3

'Pieces of eight!' *Ib* ch 10

'Many 's the long night I've dreamed of cheese—toasted, mostly ' [Ben Gunn] *Ib* ch 15

In marriage, a man becomes slack and selfish, and undergoes a fatty degeneration of his moral being
Virginibus Puerisque, I 1

Acidulous vestals *Ib*

They have never been in love, or in hate *Ib*

Even if we take matrimony at its lowest, even if we regard it as no more than a sort of friendship recognised by the police *Ib*

A little amateur painting in water-colour shows the innocent and quiet mind *Ib*

Lastly (and this is, perhaps, the golden rule), no woman should marry a teetotaller, or a man who does not smoke *Ib*

Marriage is a step so grave and decisive that it attracts light-headed, variable men by its very awfulness *Ib*

Marriage is like life in this—that it is a field of battle, and not a bed of roses *Ib*

Times are changed with him who marries, there are no more by-path meadows, where you may innocently linger, but the road lies long and straight and dusty to the grave *Ib* II

To marry is to domesticate the Recording Angel Once you are married, there is nothing left for you, not even suicide, but to be good *Ib.*

Man is a creature who lives not upon bread alone, but principally by catchwords *Ib*

The cruellest lies are often told in silence
Ib IV *Truth of Intercourse*

Old and young, we are all on our last cruise
Ib Crabbed Age and Youth

Youth is the time to go flashing from one end of the world to the other both in mind and body, to try the manners of different nations, to hear the chimes at midnight, to see sunrise in town and country, to be converted at a revival, to circumnavigate the metaphysics, write halting verses, run a mile to see a fire, and wait all day long in the theatre to applaud 'Hernani' *Ib.*

The weak brother is the worst of mankind *Ib.*

It is better to be a fool than to be dead *Ib.*

To love playthings well as a child, to lead an adventurous and honourable youth, and to settle when the time arrives, into a green and smiling age, is to be a good artist in life and deserve well of yourself and your neighbour *Ib*

I still remember that Emphyteusis is not a disease, nor Stillicide a crime
Ib III. *An Apology for Idlers*

There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy. *Ib*

He sows hurry and reaps indigestion *Ib*

By the time a man gets well into the seventies his continued existence is a mere miracle
Ib V *Æs Triplex*

Into what great waters, not to be crossed by any swimmer, God's pale Prætorian throws us over in the end! *Ib*

Philosophy, in its more rigid sense, has been at the same work for ages, and has the honour of laying before us her contribution towards the subject that life is a Permanent Possibility of Sensation *Ib*

Even if the doctor does not give you a year, even if he hesitates about a month, make one brave push and see what can be accomplished in a week *Ib*

To travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labour
Ib VI *El Dorado.*

The great barons of the mind *Ib* X *Walking Tours*

Though we are mighty fine fellows nowadays, we cannot write like Hazlitt *Ib*

You must not fancy I am sick, only over-driven and under the weather *The Wrecker*, ch 4

'The "Athaneum", that was the name! Golly, what a paper!' ' "Athenæum", you mean,' said Morris
The Wrong Box, ch 15

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light
In summer, quite the other way,—
I have to go to bed by day

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?
A Child's Garden of Verses I *Bed in Summer.*

It is very nice to think
The world is full of meat and drink,
With little children saying grace
In every Christian kind of place.
Ib II *A Thought*

A child should always say what's true,
And speak when he is spoken to,
And behave mannerly at table
At least as far as he is able
Ib V *Whole Duty of Children*

Fairy land,
Where all the children dine at five,
And all the playthings come alive
Ib VIII *Foreign Lands*

When I am grown to man's estate
I shall be very proud and great,
And tell the other girls and boys
Not to meddle with my toys
Ib XII *Looking Forward*

The pleasant land of counterpane
Ib XVI *The Land of Counterpane.*

The child that is not clean and neat,
With lots of toys and things to eat,
He is a naughty child, I'm sure—
Or else his dear papa is poor *Ib* XIX *System.*

The friendly cow, all red and white,
I love with all my heart
She gives me cream with all her might,
To eat with apple-tart *Ib* XXIII *The Cow.*

The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings
Ib XXIV *Happy Thought*

Children, you are very little,
And your bones are very brittle,
If you would grow great and stately,
You must try to walk sedately
Ib XXVII *Good and Bad Children*

But the unkind and the unruly,
And the sort who eat unduly,
They must never hope for glory—
Theirs is quite a different story!

Cruel children, crying babies,
All grow up as geese and gabies,
Hated, as their age increases,
By their nephews and their nieces *Ib*

Must we to bed indeed? Well then,
Let us arise and go like men,
And face with an undaunted tread
The long black passage up to bed
Ib XLI *North-West Passage* I *Good-Night*

Give to me the life I love,
Let the lave go by me,
Give the jolly heaven above
And the byway nigh me
Bed in the bush with stars to see,
Bread I dip in the river—
There's the life for a man like me,
There's the life for ever
Songs of Travel I *The Vagabond*

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around
And the road before me
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me,
All I seek, the heaven above
And the road below me *Ib*

The untented Kosmos my abode,
I pass, a wilful stranger,
My mistress still the open road
And the bright eyes of danger
Ib II *Youth and Love.*

Here, lady, lo! that servant stands
You picked from passing men,
And should you need nor heart nor hands
He bows and goes again *Ib* VII

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight
Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night
I will make a palace fit for you and me
Of green days in forests and blue days at sea
I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your room,
Where white flows the river and bright blows the broom,
And you shall wash your linen and keep your body white
In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night *Ib* XI

Bright is the ring of words
When the right man rings them,
Fair the fall of songs
When the singer sings them
Still they are carolled and said—
On wings they are carried—
After the singer is dead
And the maker buried *Ib* XIV

Low as the singer lies
In the field of heather,
Songs of his fashion bring
The swains together
And when the west is red
With the sunset embers,
The lover lingers and sings
And the maid remembers *Ib*

In the highlands, in the country places,
Where the old plain men have rosy faces,
And the young fair maidens
Quiet eyes *Ib* XV

Trusty, dusky, vivid, true,
With eyes of gold and bramble-dew,
Steel-true and blade-straight,
The great artificer
Made my mate *Ib* XXV *My Wife*

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,
Say, could that lad be I?
Merry of soul he sailed on a day
Over the sea to Skye *Ib* XLII.

Mull was a-stern, Rum on the port,
Eigg on the starboard bow,
Glory of youth glowed in his soul,
Where is that glory now? *Ib*

Blows the wind to-day, and the sun and the rain are flying,
Blows the wind on the moors to-day and now,
Where about the graves of the martyrs the whaups are crying,
My heart remembers how!
Ib XLV *To S R Crockett*

Be it granted to me to behold you again in dying,
Hills of home! and to hear again the call,
Hear about the graves of the martyrs the peewees crying,
And hear no more at all *Ib*

Of all my verse, like not a single line,
But like my title, for it is not mine
That title from a better man I stole,
Ah, how much better, had I stol'n the whole!
Underwoods Foreword.

Go, little book, and wish to all
Flowers in the garden, meat in the hall,
A bin of wine, a spice of wit,
A house with lawns enclosing it,
A living river by the door,
A nightingale in the sycamore! *Ib* bk I I *Envoy.*

The gauger walked with willing foot,
And aye the gauger played the flute,
And what should Master Gauger play
But 'Over the hills and far away'?
Ib II *A Song of the Road*

There 's nothing under Heav'n so blue
That 's fairly worth the travelling to *Ib* IV

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will
This be the verse you grave for me:
'Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill'
Ib XXI. *Requiem*

If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness,
If I have moved among my race
And shown no glorious morning face,
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not, if morning skies,
Books, and my food, and summer rain
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain —
Lord, thy most pointed pleasure take
And stab my spirit broad awake,
Or, Lord, if too obdurate I,
Choose thou, before that spirit die,
A piercing pain, a killing sin,
And to my dead heart run them in!
Ib XXII *The Celestial Surgeon*

Unfrowning caryatides
Ib XXIII *Our Lady of the Snows*

I am a kind of farthing dip,
Unfriendly to the nose and eyes;
A blue-behinded ape, I skip
Upon the trees of Paradise. *Ib* XXX. *A Portrait*

In the afternoon of time
A strenuous family dusted from its hands
The sand of granite, and beholding far
Along the sounding coast its pyramids
And tall memorials catch the dying sun,
Smiled well content, and to this childish task
Around the fire addressed its evening hours
Ib XXXVIII *Say not of me that weakly I declined*

A mile an' a bittock, a mile or twa,
Abune the burn, ayont the law,
Davie an' Donal' an' Cherlie an' a',
An' the mune was shinin' clearly!
Ib bk II IV *A mile an' a bittock*, 1

WILLIAM STEVENSON.

1530?–1575.

I can not eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good
But sure I think, that I can drink
With him that wears a hood
Though I go bare, take ye no care,
I am nothing a cold
I stuff my skin, so full within,
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold
But belly God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old
Gammer Gurton's Needle, Act II, *Song*

SAMUEL JOHN STONE

1839–1901

The Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord,
She is His new creation
By water and the Word
Lyra Fidelium (1866) *The Church's One Foundation.*

Yet Saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry ges up, 'How long?'
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song. *Ib*

'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore,
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest. *Ib*

Weary of earth and laden with my sin
Ib Weary of Earth and Laden

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

1812–1896

'Who was your mother?' 'Never had none!' said the child, with another grin 'Never had any mother? What do you mean? Where were you born?' 'Never was born!' persisted Topsy
Uncle Tom's Cabin, ch 20

'Do you know who made you?' 'Nobody, as I knows on,' said the child, with a short laugh 'I 'spect I grow'd' *Ib.*

''Cause I's wicked—I is I's mighty wicked, any how I can't help it' *Ib.*

WILLIAM STUBBS

1825–1901

Froude informs the Scottish youth
That parsons do not care for truth
The Reverend Canon Kingsley cries
History is a pack of lies
What cause for judgments so malign?
A brief reflection solves the mystery—
Froude believes Kingsley a divine,
And Kingsley goes to Froude for history
In Stubbs's Letter to J R Green, 17 Dec 1871. Letters of Stubbs (1904), p 162

GEOFFREY ANKETELL STUDDERT-KENNEDY

1883–1929

When in the darkest depths the miner striving,
Feels in his arms the vigour of the Lord,
Strikes for a Kingdom and his King's arriving,
Holding his pick more splendid than the sword
Songs of Faith and Doubt (1922), p 7 *Then Will He Come 'When Through the Whirl'*

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

1609–1642

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale? *Aglaura*, IV 1 *Song*

Quit, quit, for shame, this will not move
This cannot take her
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her
The devil take her! *Ib*

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light
Ballad Upon a Wedding, VIII

For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Catherine pear
(The side that's next the sun)

Her lips were red, and one was thin, *Ib*
Compar'd to that was next her chin
(Some bee had stung it newly). *Ib* VI

The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman
The Goblins Act III, *A Catch*

I prithee send me back my heart,
Since I cannot have thine·
For if from yours you will not part,
Why then shouldst thou have mine?
Song I Prithee Send me Back

But love is such a mystery,
I cannot find it out:
For when I think I'm best resolv'd,
I then am in most doubt *Ib*

Out upon it, I have loved
Three whole days together,
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings,
Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
Such a constant lover *A Poem with the Answer*

Had it any been but she,
And that very face,
There had been at least ere this
A dozen dozen in her place. *Ib*

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY

1517?–1547

My friend, the things that do attain
The happy life be these, I find
The riches left, not got with pain,
The fruitful ground, the quiet mind,

The equal friend, no grudge, no strife,
No charge of rule, nor governance,
Without disease the healthy life,
The household of continuance.
Martial's Quiet Life, st. i, II.

The faithful wife, without debate,
Such sleeps as may beguile the night
Content thyself with thine estate,
Neither wish death nor fear his might *Ib* st IV

The soote season, that bud and bloom forth brings
Spring

ROBERT SMITH SURTEES

1803–1864

More people are flattered into virtue than bullied out of vice
The Analysis of the Hunting Field (1846), ch I

The only infallible rule we know is, that the man who is always talking about being a gentleman never is one *Ask Mamma* (1858), ch I

Major Yammerton was rather a peculiar man, inasmuch as he was an ass, without being a fool
Ib ch 25

'Unting is all that's worth living for—all time is lost wot is not spent in 'unting—it is like the hair we breathe—if we have it not we die—it's the sport of kings, the image of war without its guilt, and only five-and-twenty per cent of its danger
Handley Cross (1930), ch 7

'Unting fills my thoughts by day, and many a good run I have in my sleep Many a dig in the ribs I gives Mrs J when I think they're running into the warmint (renewed cheers) No man is fit to be called a sportsman wot doesn't kick his wife out of bed on a haverage once in three weeks! *Ib* ch 11

Tell me a man's a fox-hunter, and I loves him at once *Ib*

Come Hup! I say, you hugly beast! *Ib.* ch 13

He will bring his nightcap with him, for where the M F H dines he sleeps, and where the M F H sleeps he breakfasts. *Ib* ch 15

I'll fill hup the chinks wi' cheese *Ib*

Well did that great man, I think it was Sir Walter Scott, but if it warn't, 'twas little Bartley, the bootmaker, say, that there was no young man wot would not rather have a himputation on his morality than on his 'ossmanship *Ib* ch 16

It ar'n't that I loves the fox less, but that I loves the 'ound more *Ib*

The 'oss loves the 'ound, and I loves both *Ib*

Dinner lost! 'ounds lost, self lost—all lost together!
Ib ch 21

I can stand a wast of praise *Ib* ch 24

From the bonded warehouse of my knowledge
Ib ch 27

Bishops' boots Mr Radcliffe also condemned, and spoke highly in favour of tops cleaned with champagne and abricot jam *Ib*

Unless a man has a good many servants, he had better have them cleanin' his 'oss than cleanin' his breeches *Ib*

Full o' beans and benevolence! *Ib*

Paid for catching my 'oss, 6*d* *Ib* ch 29

Letting in the Latchfords. *Ib* ch 31

Con-found all presents wot eat! *Ib* ch 37

Hellish dark, and smells of cheese! *Ib* ch 50

I feels all over trembulation and fear, like a maid that thinks she's not a-goin' to be married *Ib* ch 52

'Hurrah! blister my kidneys!' exclaimed he in delight, 'it is a frost!—the dahlias are dead!'
Ib ch 59

Howsomever, never mind—the country has its charms—cheapness for one.
Hillingdon Hall (1931), ch 5

Three things I never lends—my 'oss, my wife, and my name *Ib* ch 33

Every man shouting in proportion to the amount of his subscription
Jorrocks's Jaunts and Jollities (1929) No 1 *Swell and the Surrey*

Jorrocks, who is not afraid of 'the pace' so long as there is no leaping *Ib*

And a nod or a wink for every pretty maid that showed at the windows, for . , as he says, 'there is no harm in looking'
Ib No 4 *Surrey Stag-Hounds*

Champagne certainly gives one werry gentlemanly ideas, but for a continuance, I don't know but I should prefer mild hale
Ib No 9 *Mr Jorrocks in Paris*

No one knows how ungentlemanly he can look, until he has seen himself in a shocking bad hat
Mr Facey Romford's Hounds (1892), ch 9

Bob Short, who had replied to Facey's advertisement for a 'strong persevering man, to clean horses'.
Ib ch 19

Better be killed than frightened to death *Ib* ch 32

Thinking that life would be very pleasant if it were not for its enjoyments *Ib*

These sort of boobies think that people come to balls to do nothing but dance; whereas everyone knows that the real business of a ball is either to look out for a wife, to look after a wife, or to look after somebody else's wife *Ib* ch 56

The young ladies entered the drawing-room in the full fervour of sisterly animosity
Mr Sponge's Sporting Tour (1892), ch 17

Women never look so well as when one comes in wet and dirty from hunting *Ib* ch 21

He was a gentleman who was generally spoken of as having nothing a-year, paid quarterly *Ib* ch 24

There is no secret so close as that between a rider and his horse *Ib* ch. 31

He had a tremendous determination of words to the mouth. *Ib* ch 34

When at length they rose to go to bed, it struck each man as he followed his neighbour upstairs that the one before him walked very crookedly *Ib* ch 35

JONATHAN SWIFT

1667–1745

I conceive some scattered notions about a superior power to be of singular use for the common people, as furnishing excellent materials to keep children quiet when they grow peevish, and providing topics of amusement in a tedious winter-night
An Argument Against Abolishing Christianity

Satire is a sort of glass, wherein beholders do generally discover everybody's face but their own
The Battle of the Books, preface

Instead of dirt and poison we have rather chosen to fill our hives with honey and wax, thus furnishing mankind with the two noblest of things, which are sweetness and light *Ib*

I have heard of a man who had a mind to sell his house, and therefore carried a piece of brick in his pocket, which he shewed as a pattern to encourage purchasers
The Drapier's Letters, No 2 (4 Aug 1724)

Laws are like cobwebs, which may catch small flies, but let wasps and hornets break through.
A Tritical Essay upon the Faculties of the Mind

There is nothing in this world constant, but inconstancy *Ib*

He [the emperor] is taller by almost the breadth of my nail than any of his court, which alone is enough to strike an awe into the beholders
Gulliver's Travels Voyage to Lilliput, ch 2.

The colonel and his officers were in much pain, especially when they saw me take out my penknife *Ib*

He put this engine [a watch] to our ears, which made an incessant noise like that of a water-mill, and we conjecture it is either some unknown animal, or the god that he worships, but we are more inclined to the latter opinion *Ib*

Flimnap, the Treasurer, is allowed to cut a caper on the straight rope, at least an inch higher than any other lord in the whole empire, I have seen him do the summerset several times together *Ib.* ch 3

It is alleged indeed, that the high heels are most agreeable to our ancient constitution but however this be, his Majesty hath determined to make use of only low heels in the administration of the government. *Ib* ch 4

He could not forbear taking me up in his right hand, and stroking me gently with the other, after an hearty fit of laughing, asked me whether I were a Whig or a Tory
Ib Voyage to Brobdingnag, ch 3

I cannot but conclude the bulk of your natives to be the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth *Ib* ch 6.

He was amazed how so impotent and grovelling an insect as I (these were his expressions) could entertain such inhuman ideas *Ib* ch 7.

And he gave it for his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn or two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians put together. *Ib*

He had been eight years upon a project for extracting sun-beams out of cucumbers, which were to be put into vials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw inclement summers
Ib Voyage to Laputa, etc, ch. 5

I said the thing which was not
Ib A Voyage to the Houyhnhms, ch 3

I told him . that we ate when we were not hungry, and drank without the provocation of thirst
Ib ch. 6

Plaguy twelvepenny weather
Journal to Stella, 26 Oct 1710.

'Tis very warm weather when one's in bed
Ib 8 Nov 1710

With my own fair hands *Ib 4 Jan 1711*

We are so fond of one another, because our ailments are the same *Ib 1 Feb 1711.*

Will she pass in a crowd? Will she make a figure in a country church? *Ib 9 Feb 1711.*

I love good creditable acquaintance, I love to be the worst of the company *Ib 17 May 1711*

He was a fiddler, and consequently a rogue.
Ib 25 July 1711

He showed me his bill of fare to tempt me to dine with him, poh, said I, I value not your bill of fare, give me your bill of company *Ib 2 Sept 1711*

We were to do more business after dinner, but after dinner is after dinner—an old saying and a true, 'much drinking, little thinking' *Ib 26 Feb 1712*

Monday is parson's holiday. *Ib. 3 Mar. 1712*

Not die here in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole
Letter to Bolingbroke, 21 Mar. 1729

If Heaven had looked upon riches to be a valuable thing, it would not have given them to such a scoundrel
Letter to Miss Vanhomrigh, 12–13 Aug 1720.

What they call 'running a man down'
Letter to a Very Young Lady on her Marriage.

Proper words in proper places, make the true definition of a style
Letter to a Young Clergyman, 9 Jan 1720.

Surely man is a broomstick!
A Meditation upon a Broomstick

I have been assured by a very knowing American of my acquaintance in London, that a young healthy child well nursed is at a year old a most delicious, nourishing, and wholesome food, whether stewed, roasted, baked, or boiled, and I make no doubt that it will equally serve in a fricassee, or a ragout
A Modest Proposal for Preventing the Children of Ireland from being a Burden to their Parents or Country

Promises and pie-crust are made to be broken
Polite Conversation. Dialogue 1.

Bachelor's fare, bread and cheese, and kisses *Ib.*

Like an owl in an ivy-bush. *Ib*

I mean, you lie—under a mistake *Ib*

Why every one as they like, as the good woman said when she kissed her cow *Ib*

Why, madam, Queen Elizabeth's dead *Ib*

The sight of you is good for sore eyes *Ib*

'Tis as cheap sitting as standing *Ib*

Prythee, Tom, sit a little farther I believe your father was no glazier. *Ib*

You were half seas over. *Ib.*

I won't quarrel with my bread and butter *Ib.*

I swear, she's no chicken, she's on the wrong side of thirty, if she be a day *Ib*

If it had been a bear, it would have bit you. *Ib*

She wears her clothes, as if they were thrown on her with a pitchfork *Ib*

Faith, that's as well said, as if I had said it myself
Ib. Dialogue 2.

You must take the will for the deed. *Ib*

She has more goodness in her little finger, than he has in his whole body. *Ib*

Lord, I wonder what fool it was that first invented kissing! *Ib.*

I'll give you leave to call me anything, if you don't call me spade. *Ib.*

I always love to begin a journey on Sundays, because I shall have the prayers of the church, to preserve all that travel by land, or by water *Ib*

I know Sir John will go, though he was sure it would rain cats and dogs *Ib.*

'Tis happy for him, that his father was before him
Ib. Dialogue 3

There's none so blind as they that won't see. *Ib*

She watches him, as a cat would watch a mouse. *Ib*

She pays him in his own coin. *Ib*

All the world and his wife. *Ib*

Damn your cards, said he, they are the devil's books
Ib.

There's two words to that bargain *Ib*

It is a maxim, that those to whom everybody allows the second place, have an undoubted title to the first. *A Tale of a Tub Dedication.*

I never saw, heard, nor read, that the clergy were beloved in any nation where Christianity was the religion of the country Nothing can render them popular but some degree of persecution
Thoughts on Religion

We have just enough religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love one another
Thoughts on Various Subjects

What they do in heaven we are ignorant of, what they do *not* we are told expressly, that they neither marry, nor are given in marriage *Ib.*

The reasons why so few marriages are happy, is, because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages *Ib*

Few are qualified to shine in company, but it is in most men's power to be agreeable *Ib*

Every man desires to live long, but no man would be old *Ib*

A nice man is a man of nasty ideas *Ib*

Old men and comets have been reverenced for the same reason, their long beards, and pretences to foretell events *Ib*

I never wonder to see men wicked, but I often wonder to see them not ashamed *Ib*

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser today than he was yesterday *Ib*

Party is the madness of many, for the gain of a few *Ib*

When men grow virtuous in their old age, they only make a sacrifice to God of the devil's leavings *Ib.*

The most positive men are the most credulous *Ib*

Good God! what a genius I had when I wrote that book
[Of *The Tale of a Tub*] Sir Walter Scott's *Life of Swift* *Works of Swift* (1824), vol 1, p 89

I shall be like that tree, I shall die at the top
Sir Walter Scott, *Memoirs of Swift*

How haughtily he cocks his nose,
To tell what every schoolboy knows
The Country Life, l 81

Lose no time to contradict her,
Nor endeavour to convict her *Daphne*, l 29

Only take this rule along,
Always to advise her wrong,
And reprove her when she's right,
She may then grow wise for spite *Ib* l 35

In all distresses of our friends,
We first consult our private ends,
While nature, kindly bent to ease us,
Points out some circumstance to please us
On the Death of Dr Swift, l 7

Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
A week, and Arbuthnot a day.
St John himself will scarce forbear
To bite his pen, and drop a tear
The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
'I'm sorry—but we all must die!' *Ib* l 207

Yet malice never was his aim,
He lash'd the vice, but spared the name,
No individual could resent,
Where thousands equally were meant *Ib* l 512.

He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad,
And show'd, by one satiric touch,
No nation wanted it so much *Ib* l 538.

They never would hear,
But turn the deaf ear,
As a matter they had no concern in
Dingley and Brent, 11

A coming shower your shooting corns presage
Description of a City Shower, l 9.

I often wish'd that I had clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a-year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace walk, and half a rood
Of land, set out to plant a wood
Imitation of Horace, bk 11, sat vi, ll 1–6

Removed from kind Arbuthnot's aid,
Who knows his art, but not the trade.
Preferring his regard for me
Before his credit, or his fee *In Sickness*, l. 9

Convey a libel in a frown,
And wink a reputation down
Journal of a Modern Lady, l 192.

'Libertas et natale solum'
Fine words! I wonder where you stole 'em
Lines written in 1724 on Chief Justice Whitshed's motto on his coach, after the trial of Drapier.

Hail, fellow, well met,
All dirty and wet
Find out, if you can,
Who's master, who's man
My Lady's Lamentation, l. 171.

Th' artillery of words. *Ode to Sancroft*, 1

Philosophy, the lumber of the schools
Ode to Sir W Temple, 11

Walls have tongues, and hedges ears
Pastoral Dialogue, l 8.

Say, Britain, could you ever boast,—
Three poets in an age at most?
Our chilling climate hardly bears
A sprig of bays in fifty years *On Poetry*, l 5.

Then, rising with Aurora's light,
The Muse invoked, sit down to write;
Blot out, correct, insert, refine,
Enlarge, diminish, interline. *Ib* l. 85

As learned commentators view
In Homer more than Homer knew *Ib* l 103.

So geographers, in Afric-maps,
With savage-pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er unhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns *Ib* l 177

Read all the prefaces of Dryden,
For these our critics much confide in,
(Tho' merely writ at first for filling
To raise the volume's price, a shilling) *Ib* l 251.

He gives directions to the town,
To cry it up, or run it down *Ib* l 269.

Hobbes clearly proves, that every creature
Lives in a state of war by nature *Ib* l 319.

So, naturalists observe, a flea
Hath smaller fleas that on him prey,
And these have smaller fleas to bite 'em,
And so proceed *ad infimtum.*
Thus every poet, in his kind,
Is bit by him that comes behind. *Ib.* l 337.

To guide his steps afford your kindest aid,
And gently pity whom ye can't persuade,
Leave to avenging Heaven his stubborn will,
For, O, remember, he's your brother still
Swan Tripe Club in Dublin, l 489

Humour is odd, grotesque, and wild,
Only by affectation spoil'd,
'Tis never by invention got,
Men have it when they know it not
To Mr Delany, 10 Oct. 1718, l 25

Hated by fools, and fools to hate,
Be that my motto and my fate *Ib* l 171

A beggarly people!
A church and no steeple! [Of St Ann's Church, Dublin]
Attr to Swift by Malone See Prior's *Life of Malone* (1860), p 381

Ubi saeva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit
Where fierce indignation can no longer tear the heart
Swift's Epitaph

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

1837–1909

Superflux of pain *Anactoria*, l 27

Maiden, and mistress of the months and stars
Now folded in the flowerless fields of heaven
Atalanta in Calydon Collected Poetical Works (1924), vol II, p 247, l 1

When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain,
And the brown bright nightingale amorous
Is half assuaged for Itylus,
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,
The tongueless vigil and all the pain

Come with bows bent and with emptying of quivers,
Maiden most perfect, lady of light,
With a noise of winds and many rivers,
With a clamour of waters, and with might,
Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,
Over the splendour and speed of thy feet,
For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,
Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,
Fold our hands round her knees, and cling?
O that man's heart were as fire and could spring to her,
Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring!
For the stars and the winds are unto her
As raiment, as songs of the harp-player,
For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,
And the southwest-wind and west-wind sing

For winter's rains and ruins are over,
And all the season of snows and sins,
The days dividing lover and lover,
The light that loses, the night that wins,
And time remembered is grief forgotten,
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
And in green underwood and cover
Blossom by blossom the spring begins
Ib Chorus, p 249

And the hoofed heel of a satyr crushes
The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root *Ib* p 250.

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,
Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,
Follows with dancing and fills with delight
The Maenad and the Bassarid,
And soft as lips that laugh and hide
The laughing leaves of the tree divide,
And screen from seeing and leave in sight
The god pursuing, the maiden hid. *Ib.*

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair
Over her eyebrows hiding her eyes;
The wild vine slipping down leaves bare
Her bright breast shortening into sighs *Ib*

The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies. *Ib*

Before the beginning of years
There came to the making of man
Time with a gift of tears,
Grief with a glass that ran.
Pleasure with pain for leaven,
Summer with flowers that fell,
Remembrance fallen from heaven,
And Madness risen from hell,
Strength without hands to smite,
Love that endures for a breath,
Night, the shadow of light,
And Life, the shadow of death *Ib.* p. 258

For a day and a night and a morrow,
That his strength might endure for a span
With travail and heavy sorrow,
The holy spirit of man. *Ib* p 259

Eyesight and speech they wrought
For the veil of the soul therein,
A time for labour and thought,
A time to serve and to sin,
They gave him light in his ways,
And love, and a space for delight,
And beauty and length of days,
And night, and sleep in the night
His speech is a burning fire,
With his lips he travaileth,
In his heart is a blind desire,
In his eyes foreknowledge of death,
He weaves, and is clothed with derision,
Sows, and he shall not reap,
His life is a watch or a vision
Between a sleep and a sleep *Ib*

We have seen thee, O love, thou art fair, thou art goodly, O Love *Ib.* p 273.

For words divide and rend,
But silence is most noble till the end *Ib* p 299

Where the narrowing Symplegades whitened the straits of Propontis with spray *Ib* p 327.

Shall I strew on thee rose or rue or laurel,
Brother, on this that was the veil of thee?
Or quiet sea-flower moulded by the sea,
Or simplest growth of meadow-sweet or sorrel?
Ave atque Vale, 1.

Now all strange hours and all strange loves are over,
Dreams and desires and sombre songs and sweet,
Hast thou found place at the great knees and feet
Of some pale Titan-woman like a lover,
Such as thy vision here solicited,
Under the shadow of her fair vast head,
The deep division of prodigious breasts,
The solemn slope of mighty limbs asleep? *Ib* vi

Sleep, and if life was bitter to thee, pardon,
If sweet, give thanks, thou hast no more to live,
And to give thanks is good, and to forgive
Ib xvii

For thee, O now a silent soul, my brother,
Take at my hands this garland and farewell
Thin is the leaf, and chill the wintry smell,
And chill the solemn earth, a fatal mother,
With sadder than the Niobean womb
And in the hollow of her breasts a tomb *Ib* xviii

There lies not any troublous thing before,
Nor sight nor sound to war against thee more,
For whom all winds are quiet as the sun,
All waters as the shore *Ib*

This is the end of every man's desire
A Ballad of Burdens

Poor splendid wings so frayed and soiled and torn!
Poor kind wild eyes so dashed with light quick tears!
Ballad of François Villon

Villon, our sad bad glad mad brother's name. *Ib*

Strung with subtle-coloured hair
Of some dead lute-player *A Ballad of Life*

O slain and spent and sacrificed
People, the grey-grown speechless Christ
Before a Crucifix Poetical Works (1924), vol I, p 744

No soul that lived, loved, wrought and died,
Is this their carrion crucified. *Ib* p. 747

We shift and bedeck and bedrape us,
Thou art noble and nude and antique
Dolores, vii

Change in a trice
The lilies and languors of virtue
For the raptures and roses of vice *Ib* ix

O splendid and sterile Dolores,
Our Lady of Pain *Ib*

Ah beautiful passionate body
That never has ached with a heart! *Ib* xi

But sweet as the rind was the core is,
We are fain of thee still, we are fain,
O sanguine and subtle Dolores,
Our Lady of Pain *Ib* xiii

The delight that consumes the desire,
The desire that outruns the delight *Ib* xiv

For the crown of our life as it closes
Is darkness, the fruit thereof dust,
No thorns go as deep as a rose's,
And love is more cruel than lust
Time turns the old days to derision,
Our loves into corpses or wives,
And marriage and death and division
Make barren our lives *Ib* xx

Ringed round with a flame of fair faces,
And splendid with swords *Ib* xxx

What ailed us, O gods, to desert you
For creeds that refuse and restrain?
Come down and redeem us from virtue,
Our Lady of Pain *Ib* xxxv

On thy bosom though many a kiss be,
There are none such as knew it of old
Was it Alciphron once or Arisbe,
Male ringlets or feminine gold,
That thy lips met with under the statue,
Whence a look shot out sharp after thieves
From the eyes of the garden-god at you
Across the fig-leaves? *Ib* xxxviii

Old poets outsing and outlove us,
And Catullus makes mouths at our speech *Ib* xlii

Where are they, Cotytto or Venus,
Astarte or Ashtaroth, where?
Do their hands as we touch come between us?
Is the breath of them hot in thy hair?
From their lips have thy lips taken fever,
With the blood of their bodies grown red?
Hast thou left upon earth a believer
If these men are dead? *Ib* lii

O daughter of Death and Priapus,
Our Lady of Pain *Ib* liii

I shall remember while the light lives yet
And in the night time I shall not forget *Erotion*

Bright with names that men remember, loud with
names that men forget *Eton An Ode*

What adders came to shed their coats?
What coiled obscene
Small serpents with soft stretching throats
Caressed Faustine? *Faustine*

Those eyes the greenest of things blue,
The bluest of things grey. *Félise.*

In a coign of the cliff between lowland and highland,
At the sea-down's edge between windward and lee,
Walled round with rocks as an inland island,
The ghost of a garden fronts the sea
A Forsaken Garden.

The fields fall southward, abrupt and broken,
To the low last edge of the long lone land
If a step should sound or a word be spoken,
Would a ghost not rise at the strange guest's hand?
So long have the grey bare walls lain guestless,
Through branches and briars if a man make way,
He shall find no life but the sea-wind's, restless
Night and day *Ib*

Heart handfast in heart as they stood, 'Look thither,'
Did he whisper? 'look forth from the flowers to the sea,
For the foam-flowers endure when the rose-blossoms wither
And men that love lightly may die—but we?'
And the same wind sang and the same waves whitened,
And or ever the garden's last petals were shed,
In the lips that had whispered, the eyes that had lightened,
Love was dead. *Ib.*

Stretched out on the spoils that his own hand spread
As a god self-slain on his own strange altar,
Death lies dead *Ib*

Here, where the world is quiet,
Here, where all trouble seems
Dead winds' and spent waves' riot
In doubtful dreams of dreams
The Garden of Proserpine

I am tired of tears and laughter,
And men that laugh and weep,
Of what may come hereafter
For men that sow and reap
I am weary of days and hours,
Blown buds of barren flowers,
Desires and dreams and powers
And everything but sleep. *Ib*

Here life has death for neighbour,
And far from eye or ear
Wan waves and wet winds labour,
Weak ships and spirits steer. *Ib*

Pale, beyond porch and portal,
Crowned with calm leaves, she stands
Who gathers all things mortal
With cold immortal hands *Ib*

Dead dreams of days forsaken,
Blind buds that snows have shaken,
Wild leaves that winds have taken,
Red strays of ruined springs. *Ib*

We are not sure of sorrow,
And joy was never sure. *Ib.*

From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be
That no man lives forever,
That dead men rise up never,
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea. *Ib.*

Then star nor sun shall waken,
Nor any change of light
Nor sound of waters shaken,
Nor any sound or sight
Nor wintry leaves nor vernal,
Nor days nor things diurnal,
Only the sleep eternal
In an eternal night. *Ib*

Calling a crowned man royal
That was no more than a king *The Halt before Rome*

Fiddle, we know, is diddle. and diddle, we take it, is dee
The Heptalogia. The Higher Pantheism in a Nutshell

I am that which began;
Out of me the years roll,
Out of me God and man;
I am equal and whole,
God changes, and man, and the form of them bodily,
I am the soul. *Hertha*

But what thing dost thou now,
Looking Godward, to cry
'I am I, thou art thou,
I am low, thou art high'?
I am thou, whom thou seekest to find him, find thou
but thyself, thou art I *Ib.*

A creed is a rod,
And a crown is of night,
But this thing is God,
To be man with thy might,
To grow straight in the strength of thy spirit, and live
out thy life as the light. *Ib*

Green leaves of thy labour, white flowers of thy
thought, and red fruit of thy death *Ib*

Man, equal and one with me, man that is made of me,
man that is I *Ib*

'Hope thou not much, and fear thou not at all'
Hope and Fear.

In the fair days when God
By man as godlike trod,
And each alike was Greek, alike was free
To Victor Hugo.

And a bird overhead sang *Follow*,
And a bird to the right sang *Here*,
And the arch of the leaves was hollow,
And the meaning of May was clear
An Interlude.

I remember the way we parted,
The day and the way we met,
You hoped we were both broken-hearted,
And knew we should both forget *Ib*

And the best and the worst of this is
That neither is most to blame,
If you have forgotten my kisses
And I have forgotten your name *Ib.*

Swallow, my sister, O sister swallow,
How can thine heart be full of the spring?
A thousand summers are over and dead
What hast thou found in the spring to follow?
What hast thou found in thine heart to sing?
What wilt thou do when the summer is shed?
Itylus.

Hast thou forgotten ere I forget? *Ib*

Sister, my sister, O fleet sweet swallow,
Thy way is long to the sun and the south,
But I, fulfilled of my heart's desire,
Shedding my song upon height, upon hollow,
From tawny body and sweet small mouth
Feed the heart of the night with fire

I the nightingale all spring through,
O swallow, sister, O changing swallow,
All spring through till the spring be done,
Clothed with the light of the night on the dew,
Sing, while the hours and the wild birds follow,
Take flight and follow and find the sun *Ib*

Till life forget and death remember,
Till thou remember and I forget *Ib*

Thy lord the summer is good to follow,
And fair the feet of thy lover the spring
But what wilt thou say to the spring thy lover? *Ib*

But mine goes forth among sea-gulfs hollow
To the place of the slaying of Itylus,
The feast of Daulis, the Thracian sea *Ib*

The small slain body, the flower-like face,
Can I remember if thou forget? *Ib*

Thou hast forgotten, O summer swallow,
But the world shall end when I forget *Ib.*

Apples of gold for the king's daughter
The King's Daughter.

I came as one whose thoughts half linger,
Half run before,
The youngest to the oldest singer
That England bore.
In Memory of Walter Savage Landor.

O father of all of us, Paian, Apollo,
Destroyer and healer, hear! *The Last Oracle*

God by God goes out, discrowned and disanointed,
But the soul stands fast that gave them shape and speech *Ib*

Ah, yet would God this flesh of mine might be
Where air might wash and long leaves cover me,
Where tides of grass break into foam of flowers,
Or where the wind's feet shine along the sea
Laus Veneris

Until God loosen over sea and land
The thunder of the trumpets of the night. *Ib*

Let us go hence, my songs, she will not hear
Let us go hence together without fear
A Leave-taking

But God, if a God there be, is the substance of men which is man. *Hymn of Man*

Glory to Man in the highest! for Man is the master of things. *Ib*

If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather. *A Match*

If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy *Ib*

If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May. *Ib*

If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain *Ib.*

But you would have felt my soul in a kiss,
And known that once if I loved you well,
And I would have given my soul for this
To burn for ever in burning hell *Les Noyades*

Ask nothing more of me, sweet;
All I can give you I give
Heart of my heart, were it more,
More would be laid at your feet:
Love that should help you to live,
Song that should spur you to soar. *The Oblation*

I turn to thee as some green afternoon
Turns toward sunset, and is loth to die,
Ah God, ah God, that day should be so soon!
In the Orchard

For a day and a night Love sang to us, played with us,
Folded us round from the dark and the light,
And our hearts were fulfilled with the music he made with us,
Made with our hands and our lips while he stayed with us,
Stayed in mid passage his pinions from flight
For a day and a night. *At Parting*

The world has no such flowers in any land,
And no such pearl in any gulf the sea,
As any babe on any mother's knee *Pelagius*

I have lived long enough, having seen one thing, that love hath an end,
Goddess and maiden and queen, be near me now and befriend. *Hymn to Proserpine*

Yea, is not even Apollo, with hair and harpstring of gold,
A bitter God to follow, a beautiful God to behold?
I am sick of singing: the bays burn deep and chafe I am fain
To rest a little from praise and grievous pleasure and pain. *Ib*

Wilt thou yet take all, Galilean? but these thou shalt not take,
The laurel, the palms and the paean, the breasts of the nymphs in the brake,
Breasts more soft than a dove's, that tremble with tenderer breath,
And all the wings of the Loves, and all the joy before death. *Ib.*

For no man under the sky lives twice, outliving his day. *Ib*

Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean, the world has grown grey from Thy breath,
We have drunken of things Lethean, and fed on the fullness of death.
Laurel is green for a season, and love is sweet for a day;
But love grows bitter with treason, and laurel outlives not May. *Ib*

For the old faiths loosen and fall, the new years ruin and rend *Ib*

O ghastly glories of saints, dead limbs of gibbeted Gods! *Ib*

Impelled of invisible tides, and fulfilled of unspeakable things. *Ib.*

All ye as a wind shall go by, as a fire shall ye pass and be past;
Ye are Gods, and behold, ye shall die, and the waves be upon you at last *Ib.*

Though the feet of thine high priests tread where thy lords and our forefathers trod,
Though these that were Gods are dead, and thou being dead art a God,
Though before thee the throned Cytherean be fallen, and hidden her head,
Yet thy kingdom shall pass, Galilean, thy dead shall go down to thee dead. *Ib*

As the deep dim soul of a star. *Ib.*

A little soul for a little bears up this corpse which is man. *Ib.*

Love alone, with yearning
Heart for astrolabe,
Takes the star's height, burning
O'er the babe *A Rhyme.*

Say, was not this thy Passion, to foreknow
In death's worst hour the works of Christian men?
On the Russian Persecution of the Jews

In the heart is the prey for gods,
Who crucify hearts, not hands
Satia te Sanguine.

Good hap to the fresh fierce weather,
The quiver and beat of the sea!
While three men hold together,
The kingdoms are less by three
A Song in Time of Order 1852

They have tied the world in a tether,
They have bought over God with a fee *Ib*

When the devil's riddle is mastered
And the galley-bench creaks with a Pope,
We shall see Buonaparte the bastard
Kick heels with his throat in a rope *Ib*

Had you loved me once, as you have not loved,
Had the chance been with us that has not been
The Triumph of Time

I have put my days and dreams out of mind,
Days that are over, dreams that are done *Ib*

The strong sea-daisies feast on the sun *Ib*

Who swims in sight of the great third wave
That never a swimmer shall cross or climb *Ib*

A broken blossom, a ruined rhyme *Ib*

I had wrung life dry for your lips to drink,
Broken it up for your daily bread *Ib*

Content you,
The gate is strait, I shall not be there *Ib*

I will go back to the great sweet mother,
Mother and lover of men, the sea
I will go down to her, I and no other,
Close with her, kiss her and mix her with me *Ib*

I shall sleep, and move with the moving ships,
Change as the winds change, veer in the tide *Ib*

There lived a singer in France of old
By the tideless dolorous midland sea
In a land of sand and ruin and gold
There shone one woman, and none but she *Ib*

In heaven,
If I cry to you then, will you hear or know? *Ib*

One the last flower of Catholic love, that grows
Amid bare thorns their only thornless rose
Two Leaders

Sweet red splendid kissing mouth
Translations from Villon
Complaint of the fair Armouress

There's no good girl's lip out of Paris
Ib Ballad of the Women of Paris

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

1840–1893

These things shall be! A loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known shall rise,
With flame of freedom in their souls,
And light of knowledge in their eyes *Hymn*

JOSEPH TABRAR

19th cent

In over a year and a half,
I've only sung it once,
And I don't suppose I shall sing it again
For months and months and months
For Months and Months and Months

ROBERT TANNAHILL

1774–1810

When gloamin' treads the heels o' day,
And birds sit courin' on the spray,
Alang the flow'ry hedge I stray,
To meet mine ain dear somebody
Songs and Poems (1911), *Mine ain dear Somebody.*

NAHUM TATE

1652–1715

AND

NICHOLAS BRADY

1659–1726

To the hills and the vales,
To the rocks and the mountains,
To the musical groves
And the cool shady fountains,
Let the triumphs of Love,
And of Beauty be shown!
Go revel, ye Cupids,
The day is your own
Dido and Æneas, Act I (*By Nahum Tate*)

Take a bowsey short leave of your nymphs on the shore,
And silence their mourning
With vows of returning,
Though never intending to visit them more
Ib Act III

As pants the hart for cooling streams
When heated in the chase
New Version of the Psalms (1696) *As Pants the Hart*

Through all the changing scenes of life
Ib Through all the Changing

Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear *Ib*

While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The Angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around

'Fear not,' said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,
'Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind'
Supplement to the New Version of the Psalms (1700) *While Shepherds Watched*

ANN TAYLOR

1782–1866

AND

JANE TAYLOR

1783–1827

I thank the goodness and the grace
Which on my birth have smiled,
And made me, in these Christian days,
A happy English child
Hymns for Infant Minds, I *A Child's Hymn of Praise*

O that it were my chief delight
To do the things I ought!
Then let me try with all my might
To mind what I am taught
Ib 18 *For a Very Little Child*

'Tis a *credit* to any good girl to be neat,
But quite a *disgrace* to be fine
Hymns for Sunday Schools *The Folly of Finery*

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well?
My Mother
Original Poems *My Mother* (*By Ann T*)

How pleasant it is, at the end of the day,
No follies to have to repent,
But reflect on the past, and be able to say,
That my time has been properly spent
Rhymes for the Nursery *The Way to be Happy* (*By Jane T*)

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky!
Ib *The Star* (*By Jane T*)

BAYARD TAYLOR

1825–1875

Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold
Bedouin Song *Refrain*

SIR HENRY TAYLOR

1800–1886

Quoth tongue of neither maid nor wife
To heart of neither wife nor maid—
Lead we not here a jolly life
Betwixt the shine and shade?

Quoth heart of neither maid nor wife
To tongue of neither wife nor maid—
Thou wagg'st, but I am worn with strife,
And feel like flowers that fade
Philip Van Artevelde, Pt II v 1 1

JEREMY TAYLOR

1613–1667

Too quick a sense of a constant infelicity
Holy Dying, ch 1, sect v

Every school-boy knows it
On the Real Presence, sect v, par 1

The union of hands and hearts
Sermons. The Marriage Ring, pt 1

JOHN TAYLOR

1580–1653

'Tis a mad world, my masters
Western Voyage, l 1

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE

1628–1699

When all is done, human life is, at the greatest and the best, but like a froward child, that must be play'd with and humoured a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over
Essay on Poetry, ad fin

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

1809–1892

The noblest answer unto such,
Is kindly silence when they brawl.
After-Thought, v

For nothing worthy proving can be proven,
Nor yet disproven *The Ancient Sage*, l 66

Cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt. *Ib* l 68

The rabbit fondles his own harmless face
Aylmer's Field, l 851

Her arms across her breast she laid,
She was more fair than words can say:
Bare-footed came the beggar maid
Before the king Cophetua
In robe and crown the king stept down,
To meet and greet her on her way;
'It is no wonder,' said the lords,
'She is more beautiful than day'
The Beggar Maid

As shines the moon in clouded skies,
She in her poor attire was seen
One praised her ankles, one her eyes,
One her dark hair and lovesome mien
So sweet a face, such angel grace,
In all that land had never been
Cophetua sware a royal oath
'This beggar maid shall be my queen!' *Ib.*

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill,
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of the crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me
Break, Break, Break

A happy bridesmaid makes a happy bride
The Bridesmaid, l 4

For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever *The Brook*, l 33

Here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling *Ib* l 57

That petitionary grace
Of Sweet Seventeen *Ib* l 112

The Lord let the house of a brute to the soul of a man,
And the man said, 'Am I your debtor?'
And the Lord—'Not yet but make it as clean as you can,
And then I will let you a better' *By an Evolutionist*

He that only rules by terror
Doeth grievous wrong *The Captain*, l 1

Slav, Teuton, Kelt, I count them all
My friends and brother souls,
With all the peoples, great and small,
That wheel between the poles
Epilogue to The Charge of the Heavy Brigade, l 18

The song that nerves a nation's heart,
Is in itself a deed *Ib* l 81

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward
The Charge of the Light Brigade

'Forward, the Light Brigade!'
Was there a man dismay'd? *Ib*

Some one had blunder'd *Ib*

Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do and die
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred *Ib*

Cannon to right of them
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd *Ib*

Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell. *Ib*

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wonder'd *Ib*

The golden guess
Is morning-star to the full round of truth
Columbus, l 42

Come not, when I am dead,
To drop thy foolish tears upon my grave,
To trample round my fallen head,
And vex the unhappy dust thou wouldst not save
Come Not, When I Am Dead, 1

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark,

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar. *Crossing the Bar*

O Love what hours were thine and mine,
In lands of palm and southern pine,
In lands of palm, of orange-blossom,
Of olive, aloe, and maize and vine *The Daisy*, 1

A mount of marble, a hundred spires! *Ib* xv

Gray metropolis of the North [Edinburgh] *Ib* xxvi

This proverb flashes thro' his head,
'The many fail the one succeeds'
The Day-dream The Arrival, ii

But dallied with his golden chain,
And, smiling, put the question by
Ib The Revival

And on her lover's arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt it fold,
And far across the hills they went
In that new world which is the old
Ib The Departure, 1

And o'er the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
Beyond the night, across the day,
Thro' all the world she follow'd him *Ib* iv

And is there any moral shut
Within the bosom of the rose? *Ib Moral*, 1.

But any man that walks the mead,
In bud or blade, or bloom, may find,
According as his humours lead,
A meaning suited to his mind. *Ib* ii

Wearing his wisdom lightly, like the fruit
Which in our winter woodland looks a flower
A Dedication

And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew. *The Defence of Lucknow*

Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep
De Profundis, i, l. 1.

I read, before my eyelids dropt their shade,
'The Legend of Good Women', long ago
Sung by the morning star of song, who made
His music heard below
A Dream of Fair Women, l 1

The spacious times of great Elizabeth *Ib* l 7

A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair. *Ib* l 87

A queen, with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes,
Brow-bound with burning gold *Ib* l 127

He clasps the crag with crooked hands,
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands
The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls,
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls *The Eagle.*

Once more the Heavenly Power
Makes all things new,
And domes the red-plow'd hills
With loving blue,
The blackbirds have their wills,
The throstles too *Early Spring*, 1

The curate, he was fatter than his cure
Edwin Morris, l 15

God made the woman for the man,
And for the good and increase of the world *Ib* l 50

Slight Sir Robert with his watery smile
And educated whisker *Ib* l 128

And when they buried him the little port
Had seldom seen a costlier funeral *Enoch Arden*

Barbarous experiment, barbarous hexameters
Experiments In quantity On Translation of Homer.

O mighty-mouth'd inventor of harmonies,
O skill'd to sing of Time or Eternity,
God-gifted organ-voice of England,
Milton, a name to resound for ages
Ib Milton Alcaics

All that bowery loneliness,
The brooks of Eden mazily murmuring *Ib*

O you chorus of indolent reviewers
Ib Milton Hendecasyllabics.

A tiny poem
All composed in a metre of Catullus,
All in quantity, careful of my motion,
Like the skater on ice that hardly bears him *Ib*

The mellow lin-lan-lone of evening bells
Far-Far-Away

O Love, O fire! once he drew
With one long kiss my whole soul thro'
My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew *Fatima*, III

Read my little fable
He that runs may read
Most can raise the flowers now,
For all have got the seed *The Flower*, V

Move onward, leading up the golden year

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but *if* I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.
Flower in the Crannied Wall

More black than ashbuds in the front of March
The Gardener's Daughter, l 28

A sight to make an old man young *Ib* l 140

The she rode forth, clothed on with chastity.
Godiva, l 53

With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon
Was clash'd and hammer'd from a hundred towers
Ib l 74

Ah! when shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal Peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land?
The Golden Year, l 47

Thro' all the circle of the golden year *Ib* l 51

That a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright,
But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight *The Grandmother*, VIII

That man's the true Conservative
Who lops the moulder'd branch away
Hands All Round, I

Pray God our greatness may not fail
Thro' craven fears of being great *Ib* III

Gigantic daughter of the West,
We drink to thee across the flood
For art thou not of British blood?
Ib IV [In original version, published in *The Examiner*, 7 Feb 1852]

Senlac! Sanguelac,
The lake of Blood! *Harold*, III 1

Sanguelac! Sanguelac! the arrow! the arrow! *Ib*

Speak to Him thou for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit can meet—
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet *Higher Pantheism*, VI

Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,
Before a thousand peering littlenesses,
In that fierce light which beats upon a throne,
And blackens every blot
The Idylls of the King, Dedication, l 24

Man's word is God in man
Ib The Coming of Arthur, l 132

A doubtful throne is ice on summer seas *Ib* l 247

Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful
Ib l 284, and *The Passing of Arthur*, l 199.

Rain, rain, and sun! a rainbow in the sky!
A young man will be wiser by and by,
An old man's wit may wander ere he die *Ib* l 402.

From the great deep to the great deep he goes.
Ib l 410.

Blow trumpet, for the world is white with May.
Ib l 481

Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the King—
Else, wherefore born?
Ib. Gareth and Lynette, l 117.

The city is built
To music, therefore never built at all,
And therefore built for ever. *Ib* l. 272

Lightly was her slender nose
Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower. *Ib* l 576.

Lead, and I follow. *Ib* l 726

O purblind race of miserable men,
How many among us at this very hour
Do forge a lifelong trouble for ourselves,
By taking true for false, or false for true!
Ib Geraint and Enid, l. 1

But o'er her meek eyes came a happy mist
Like that which kept the heart of Eden green.
Before the useful trouble of the rain *Ib* l 769

The world will not believe a man repents:
And this wise world of ours is mainly right
Ib l 900.

Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.
Ib Guinevere, l 168.

For manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal nature, and of noble mind *Ib* l 333.

The children born of thee are sword and fire,
Red ruin, and the breaking up of laws *Ib* l 422.

To reverence the King, as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King,
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
To honour his own word as if his God's *Ib* l 465

To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds,
Until they won her, for indeed I knew
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought, and amiable words
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man
The Idylls of the King. Guinevere, l 472.

Our fair father Christ *Ib* l 559

Hereafter in that world where all are pure
We two may meet before high God, and thou
Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and know
I am thine husband—not a smaller soul,
Nor Lancelot, nor another *Ib* l 560

He never mocks,
For mockery is the fume of little hearts *Ib* l 627

I thought I could not breathe in that fine air
That pure severity of perfect light—
I yearn'd for warmth and colour which I found
In Lancelot *Ib* l 640

It was my duty to have loved the highest
It surely was my profit had I known
It would have been my pleasure had I seen
We needs must love the highest when we see it,
Not Lancelot, nor another *Ib* l 652

To where beyond these voices there is peace
Ib l 692

For good ye are and bad, and like to coins,
Some true, some light, but every one of you
Stamp'd with the image of the King
Ib The Holy Grail, l 25

The cup, the cup itself, from which our Lord
Drank at the last sad supper with his own *Ib* l. 46

God make thee good as thou art beautiful
Ib l. 136

For when was Lancelot wanderingly lewd?
Ib. l. 148

I, maiden, round thee, maiden, bind my belt
Ib l 159

Ye follow wandering fires
Lost in the quagmire! *Ib* l. 319

This madness has come on us for our sins
Ib l. 356

And lifting up mine eyes, found myself
Alone, and in a land of sand and thorns *Ib* l 374

I saw the fiery face as of a child
That smote itself into the bread, and went
Ib l 473

And in the strength of this I rode,
Shattering all evil customs everywhere *Ib* l 483

I will be deafer than the blue-eyed cat,
And thrice as blind as any noon-tide owl,
To holy virgins in their ecstasies,
Henceforward *Ib* l 865

So spake the King I knew not all he meant
Ib l 919

Elaine the fair, Elaine the loveable,
Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat
Ib Lancelot and Elaine, l 1

To me
He is all fault who hath no fault at all
For who loves me must have a touch of earth
Ib l 131

In me there dwells
No greatness, save it be some far-off touch
Of greatness to know well I am not great *Ib* l 447

I know not if I know what true love is,
But if I know, then, if I love not him,
I know there is none other I can love. *Ib* l 672

The shackles of an old love straiten'd him,
His honour rooted in dishonour stood,
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true *Ib* l 870

Sweet is true love tho' given in vain, in vain,
And sweet is death who puts an end to pain
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Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
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Or where the kneeling hamlet drains
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The last red leaf is whirl'd away,
The rooks are blown about the skies *Ib.* xv.

To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds,
Until they won her, for indeed I knew
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought, and amiable words
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man
The Idylls of the King Guinevere, l 472

Our fair father Christ *Ib* l 559

Hereafter in that world where all are pure
We two may meet before high God, and thou
Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and know
I am thine husband—not a smaller soul,
Nor Lancelot, nor another *Ib* l 560

He never mocks,
For mockery is the fume of little hearts *Ib* l 627

I thought I could not breathe in that fine air
That pure severity of perfect light—
I yearn'd for warmth and colour which I found
In Lancelot *Ib* l 640

It was my duty to have loved the highest
It surely was my profit had I known
It would have been my pleasure had I seen
We needs must love the highest when we see it,
Not Lancelot, nor another *Ib* l 652

To where beyond these voices there is peace
Ib l 692

For good ye are and bad, and like to coins,
Some true, some light, but every one of you
Stamp'd with the image of the King
Ib The Holy Grail, l 25

The cup, the cup itself, from which our Lord
Drank at the last sad supper with his own *Ib* l. 46

God make thee good as thou art beautiful
Ib l 136

For when was Lancelot wanderingly lewd?
Ib l 148

I, maiden, round thee, maiden, bind my belt
Ib l 159

Ye follow wandering fires
Lost in the quagmire! *Ib* l. 319

This madness has come on us for our sins
Ib l. 356

And lifting up mine eyes, found myself
Alone, and in a land of sand and thorns *Ib* l 374

I saw the fiery face as of a child
That smote itself into the bread, and went
Ib l 473

And in the strength of this I rode,
Shattering all evil customs everywhere *Ib* l 483

I will be deafer than the blue-eyed cat,
And thrice as blind as any noon-tide owl,
To holy virgins in their ecstasies,
Henceforward *Ib* l 865

So spake the King I knew not all he meant
Ib l 919

Elaine the fair, Elaine the loveable,
Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat
Ib. Lancelot and Elaine, l 1

To me
He is all fault who hath no fault at all
For who loves me must have a touch of earth
Ib l 131

In me there dwells
No greatness, save it be some far-off touch
Of greatness to know well I am not great *Ib* l 447

I know not if I know what true love is,
But if I know, then, if I love not him,
I know there is none other I can love *Ib* l 672

The shackles of an old love straiten'd him,
His honour rooted in dishonour stood,
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true *Ib* l 870

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Thou comest, much wept for such a breeze
Compell'd thy canvas *In Memoriam*, xvii

And from his ashes may be made
The violet of his native land. *Ib* xviii

There twice a day the Severn fills,
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills *Ib* xix

I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing *Ib* xxi

The Shadow cloak'd from head to foot,
Who keeps the keys of all the creeds *Ib* xxiii

And Thought leapt out to wed with Thought
Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech *Ib*

I envy not in any moods
The captive void of noble rage,
The linnet born within the cage,
That never knew the summer woods *Ib* xxvii

'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all. *Ib*

The time draws near the birth of Christ *Ib* xxviii

'Where wert thou, brother, those four days?'
There lives no record of reply,
Which telling what it is to die
Had surely added praise to praise

From every house the neighbours met,
The streets were fill'd with joyful sound,
A solemn gladness even crown'd
The purple brows of Olivet.

Behold a man raised up by Christ!
The rest remaineth unreveal'd,
He told it not, or something seal'd
The lips of that Evangelist *Ib* xxxi

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer *Ib* xxxii

Leave thou thy sister when she prays,
Her early Heaven, her happy views,
Nor thou with shadow'd hint confuse
A life that leads melodious days *Ib* xxxiii

And so the Word had breath, and wrought
With human hands the creed of creeds
In loveliness of perfect deeds,
More strong than all poetic thought. *Ib* xxxvi

Short swallow-flights of song, that dip
Their wings in tears, and skim away *Ib* xlviii

And Time, a maniac scattering dust,
And Life, a Fury slinging flame *Ib* l

Do we indeed desire the dead
Should still be near us at our side?
Is there no baseness we would hide?
No inner vileness that we dread? *Ib* li

How many a father have I seen,
A sober man, among his boys,
Whose youth was full of foolish noise *Ib* liii

Hold thou the good define it well
For fear divine Philosophy
Should push beyond her mark, and be
Procuress to the Lords of Hell *Ib*

Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill *Ib* liv

That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain,
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain *Ib*

But what am I?
An infant crying in the night
An infant crying for the light
And with no language but a cry. *Ib*

So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life *Ib* lv

The great world's altar-stairs
That slope thro' darkness up to God *Ib*

Nature, red in tooth and claw *Ib* lvi

Dragons of the prime,
That tare each other in their slime,
Were mellow music match'd with him *Ib*

Peace, come away the song of woe
Is after all an earthly song
Peace, come away we do him wrong
To sing so wildly let us go *Ib* lvii

The passing of the sweetest soul
That ever look'd with human eyes *Ib*

O Sorrow, wilt thou live with me
No casual mistress, but a wife *Ib* lix

As some divinely gifted man,
Whose life in low estate began
And on a simple village green,

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star *Ib* lxiv.

Yet feels, as in a pensive dream,
When all his active powers are still,
A distant dearness in the hill,
A secret sweetness in the stream *Ib.*

So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be *Ib* lxxiii

Death has made
His darkness beautiful with thee *Ib* lxxiv

And round thee with the breeze of song
To stir a little dust of praise *Ib.* lxxv

O last regret, regret can die! *Ib* lxxvii

Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire *Ib* lxxxiii

God's finger touch'd him, and he slept *Ib* lxxxv

I, the divided half of such
A friendship as had master'd Time *Ib*

Dusty purlieus of the law. *Ib* lxxxix

The hard heir strides about their lands,
And will not yield them for a day *Ib* xc

When rosy plumelets tuft the larch,
And rarely pipes the mounted thrush,
Or underneath the barren bush.
The sea-blue bird of March *Ib.* xci

You tell me, doubt is Devil-born.
In Memoriam, xcvi

There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds *Ib*

Their meetings made December June,
Their every parting was to die *Ib* xcvii

He seems so near and yet so far *Ib*

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky. *Ib.* cvi

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow
The year is going, let him go,
Ring out the false, ring in the true *Ib*

Ring out the feud of rich and poor. *Ib.*

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife,
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times,
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite,
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand,
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be *Ib.*

'Tis held that sorrow makes us wise,
Whatever wisdom sleep with thee. *Ib* cviii.

Not the schoolboy heat,
The blind hysterics of the Celt *Ib* cix.

And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman,
Defamed by every charlatan,
And soil'd with all ignoble use *Ib* cxi.

Now fades the last long streak of snow
Now burgeons every maze of quick
About the flowering squares and thick
By ashen roots the violets blow *Ib* cxv.

And drown'd in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song *Ib* cxv.

But trust that those we call the dead
Are breathers of an ampler day
For ever nobler ends *Ib* cxviii

There, where the long street roars, hath been
The stillness of the central sea *Ib* cxxiii

And all is well, tho' faith and form
Be sunder'd in the night of fear *Ib* cxxvii

The red fool-fury of the Seine. *Ib.* cxxvii

Wearing all that weight
Of learning lightly like a flower
Ib. Conclusion, st. x.

One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves. *Ib.* st xxxvi

All along the valley, stream that flashest white
In the Valley of Cauteretz.

The voice of the dead was a living voice to me *Ib*

God gives us love Something to love
He lends us, but, when love is grown
To ripeness, that on which it throve
Falls off, and love is left alone *To J S* iv.

A simple maiden in her flower
Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms
Lady Clara Vere de Vere

Her manners had not that repose
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere *Ib* v

From yon blue heavens above us bent
The gardener Adam and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood *Ib* vii.

Oh! teach the orphan-boy to read,
Or teach the orphan-girl to sew. *Ib.*

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye
The Lady of Shalott, pt i.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver. *Ib.*

But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott? *Ib*

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly
Down to tower'd Camelot. *Ib*

She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott. *Ib* pt ii.

Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed,
'I am half sick of shadows,' said
The Lady of Shalott. *Ib*

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot
A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott *Ib.* pt iii

All in the blue unclouded weather *Ib*

'Tirra lirra,' by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot *Ib.*

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camelot
Out flew the web and floated wide,
The mirror crack'd from side to side;
'The curse is come upon me,' cried
The Lady of Shalott *Ib.*

Like some bold seer in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance—
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot *Ib* pt iv

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darken'd wholly,
Turn'd to tower'd Camelot *Ib*

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer,
And they cross'd themselves for fear,
All the knights at Camelot
But Lancelot mused a little space,
He said, 'She has a lovely face,
God in his mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott'
Ib. pt iv

Slander, meanest spawn of Hell. *The Letters*

Airy, fairy Lilian *Lilian*

Comrades, leave me here a little, while as yet 'tis early morn
Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon your bugle horn *Locksley Hall*, l 1.

The fairy tales of science, and the long result of Time *Ib* l 12

In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd dove,
In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love *Ib* l 19

Love took up the glass of Time, and turn'd it in his glowing hands,
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might,
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in music out of sight *Ib* l 31

And our spirits rush'd together at the touching of the lips *Ib* l 38

As the husband is, the wife is *Ib* l 47

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his his horse *Ib* l 49

The many-winter'd crow that leads the clanging rookery home *Ib* l 68

This is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things *Ib* l 75

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams *Ib* l 79

With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart *Ib* l 94

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that Honour feels *Ib* l 105.

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do.

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be. *Ib* l 117

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue *Ib* l 123.

In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world *Ib* l 128

Science moves, but slowly slowly, creeping on from point to point *Ib* l 134

Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns. *Ib* l 137

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers *Ib* l 143

I am shamed thro' all my nature to have loved so slight a thing *Ib* l 148

Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions, match'd with mine,
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine *Ib* l 151.

I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race *Ib.* l 168.

Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books *Ib* l 172.

I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time *Ib* l 178

Forward, forward let us range,
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change. *Ib* l 181

Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay *Ib* l 184.

He is but a landscape-painter,
And a village maiden she *The Lord of Burleigh*, l 7

Let us see these handsome houses
Where the wealthy nobles dwell *Ib* l 23.

O but she will love him truly!
He shall have a cheerful home *Ib* l 37.

Many a gallant gay domestic
Bows before him at the door *Ib* l 47.

But he clasp'd her like a lover,
And he cheer'd her soul with love
So she strove against her weakness,
Tho' at times her spirit sank *Ib* l 67

And the people loved her much *Ib* l 76

But a trouble weigh'd upon her,
And perplex'd her, night and morn,
With the burthen of an honour
Unto which she was not born *Ib* l 77

'Oh, that he
Were once more that landscape-painter,
Which did win my heart from me!' *Ib* l 82.

Three fair children first she bore him,
Then before her time she died. *Ib.* l 87.

Weeping, weeping late and early,
Walking up and pacing down,
Deeply mourn'd the Lord of Burleigh,
Burleigh-house by Stamford-town. *Ib.* l 89

'Bring the dress and put it on her,
That she wore when she was wed' *Ib* I 95

'Courage!' he said, and pointed toward the land
The Lotos-Eaters

A land
In which it seemed always afternoon *Ib*

Music that gentler on the spirit lies,
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes
Ib Choric Song, I

There is no joy but calm! *Ib* II.

Ah, why
Should life all labour be? *Ib* IV

Let us alone Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb
Let us alone What is it that will last?
All things are taken from us, and become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past *Ib*

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak:
The Lotos blows by every winding creek
All day the wind breathes low with mellower tone
Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone,
Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotos-dust is blown. *Ib* VIII

Live and lie reclined
On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind
For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurl'd
Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly curl'd
Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world *Ib*

Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore
Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and oar,
Oh rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more *Ib*

Of love that never found his earthly close,
What sequel? Streaming eyes and breaking hearts?
Or all the same as if he had not been?
Love and Duty, l 1

The long mechanic pacings to and fro,
The set gray life, and apathetic end *Ib* l 17

Raw Haste, half-sister to Delay
Love thou thy Land, XXIV

Running along the illimitable inane. *Lucretius*, l 40.

Nor at all can tell
Whether I mean this day to end myself,
Or lend an ear to Plato where he says,
That men like soldiers may not quit the post
Allotted by the Gods. *Ib.* l 145

That stays the rolling Ixionian wheel,
And numbs the Fury's ringlet-snake, and plucks
The mortal soul from out immortal hell. *Ib.* l 260

Passionless bride, divine Tranquillity. *Ib.* l. 265

Without one pleasure and without one pain. *Ib* l 268

The lonely moated grange *Mariana*

She only said, 'My life is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said,
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary
I would that I were dead!' *Ib.*

Her tears fell with the dews at even,
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried. *Ib*

She wept, 'I am aweary, aweary,
O God, that I were dead!' *Ib*

I hate the dreadful hollow behind the little wood
Maud, Pt I I 1

The smooth-faced snubnosed rogue
Ib XIII

Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null *Ib* II

A monstrous eft was of old the Lord and Master of Earth *Ib* IV VI

The passionate heart of the poet is whirl'd into folly and vice *Ib* VII

Maud with her exquisite face,
And wild voice pealing up to the sunny sky,
And feet like sunny gems on an English green
Ib V II

That jewell'd mass of millinery,
That oil'd and curl'd Assyrian Bull *Ib* VI VI

She came to the village church,
And sat by a pillar alone,
An angel watching an urn
Wept over her, carved in stone *Ib* VIII

The snowy-banded, dilettante,
Delicate-handed priest intone *Ib*

Ah God, for a man with heart, head, hand,
Like some of the simple great ones gone
For ever and ever by,
One still strong man in a blatant land,
Whatever they call him, what care I,
Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat—one
Who can rule and dare not lie

And ah for a man to arise in me,
That the man I am may cease to be! *Ib* X V–VI.

O let the solid ground
Not fail beneath my feet
Before my life has found
What some have found so sweet. *Ib* XI 1.

Birds in the high Hall-garden
When twilight was falling,
Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,
They were crying and calling. *Ib* XII 1

I kiss'd her slender hand,
She took the kiss sedately;
Maud is not seventeen,
But she is tall and stately. *Ib* IV

I know the way she went
Home with her maiden posy,
For her feet have touch'd the meadows
And left the daisies rosy. *Ib* VI

Gorgonised me from head to foot
With a stony British stare. *Ib* XIII. II.

Go not, happy day,
From the shining fields,
Go not, happy day,
Till the maiden yields.
Rosy is the West,
Rosy is the South,
Roses are her cheeks,
And a rose her mouth. *Ib* XVII

Blush from West to East,
Blush from East to West,
Till the West is East,
Blush it thro' the West. *Maud*, Pt I XVII.

A livelier emerald twinkles in the grass,
A purer sapphire melts into the sea *Ib* XVIII VI

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone,
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the rose is blown

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
On a bed of daffodil sky *Ib*. XXII. I–II.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon,
All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd
To the dancers dancing in tune,
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon *Ib* III.

Whenever a March-wind sighs
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes. *Ib* VII

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
Knowing your promise to me,
The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sigh'd for the dawn and thee. *Ib* VIII

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls *Ib* IX

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear,
She is coming, my life, my fate,
The red rose cries, 'She is near, she is near,'
And the white rose weeps, 'She is late,'
The larkspur listens, 'I hear, I hear,'
And the lily whispers, 'I wait'

She is coming, my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red. *Ib* X–XI

The Christless code,
That must have life for a blow. *Ib* Pt II I 1.

O that 'twere possible
After long grief and pain
To find the arms of my true love
Round me once again! *Ib* IV. 1.

Ah Christ, that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be. *Ib*. III.

But the churchmen fain would kill their church,
As the churches have kill'd their Christ. *Ib*. V II

O me, why have they not buried me deep enough?
Is it kind to have made me a grave so rough,
Me, that was never a quiet sleeper? *Ib*. XI.

Bury me, bury me
Deeper, ever so little deeper *Ib*.

My life has crept so long on a broken wing
Thro' cells of madness, haunts of horror and fear,
That I come to be grateful at last for a little thing
Ib Pt. III. VI 1.

When the face of night is fair on the dewy downs,
And the shining daffodil dies *Ib*.

The blood-red blossom of war with a heart of fire
Ib IV.

It is better to fight for the good, than to rail at the ill,
I have felt with my native land, I am one with my kind,
I embrace the purpose of God, and the doom assign'd.
Ib. V.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-year,
Of all the glad New-year, mother, the maddest merriest day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May. *The May Queen.*

It seem'd so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessed sun,
And now it seems as hard to stay, and yet His will be done!
But still I think it can't be long before I find release,
And that good man, the clergyman, has told me words of peace *Ib Conclusion*

All in the wild March-morning I heard the angels call,
It was when the moon was setting, and the dark was over all,
The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll,
And in the wild March-morning I heard them call my soul. *Ib.*

Follow the Gleam. *Merlin and the Gleam.*

In after-dinner talk,
Across the walnuts and the wine
The Miller's Daughter.

What, it's you,
The padded man—that wears the stays.
The New Timon and the Poets.

What profits now to understand
The merits of a spotless shirt—
A dapper boot—a little hand—
If half the little soul is dirt? *Ib.*

Dosn't thou' ear my 'erse's legs, as they canters awaäy?
Proputty, proputty, proputty—that's what I 'ears 'em saay. *Northern Farmer New Style.*

But I knaw'd a Quaäker feller as often 'as towd me this
'Doänt thou marry for munny, but goä wheer munny is!' *Ib.*

Taake my word for it, Sammy, the poor in a loomp is bad. *Ib.*

An' I thowt a said whot a owt to 'a said an' I coom'd awaay *Northern Farmer Old Style*

Do godamoighty knaw what a's doing a-taakin' o' mea? *Ib.*

Bury the Great Duke
With an empire's lamentation,
Let us bury the Great Duke
To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation
Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington, 1.

Let the sound of those he wrought for,
And the feet of those he fought for,
Echo round his bones for evermore. *Ib* II

The last great Englishman is low *Ib* III

Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common-sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime
O good grey head which all men knew! *Ib* IV.

O fall'n at length that tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew!
Ib.

Under the cross of gold
That shines over city and river. *Ib.* V.

Mighty Seaman, this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea. *Ib* VI

For this is England's greatest son,
He that gain'd a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun. *Ib*

Clash'd with his fiery few and won. *Ib*

In that world-earthquake, Waterloo! *Ib*

Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set
His Briton in blown seas and storming showers
Ib VII

That sober freedom out of which there springs
Our loyal passion for our temperate kings *Ib*

Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power *Ib.*

Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named *Ib*

Not once or twice in our rough island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory *Ib* VIII

He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outredden
All voluptuous garden-roses. *Ib*

The shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun *Ib*

Speak no more of his renown,
Lay your earthly fancies down,
And in the vast cathedral leave him,
God accept him, Christ receive him. *Ib* IX

There lies a vale in Ida, lovelier
Than all the valleys of Ionian hills. *Œnone*, l 1

O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida. *Ib* l 22.

Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
It was the deep midnoon one silvery cloud
Had lost his way between the piney sides
Of this long glen Then to the bower they came,
Naked they came to that smooth-swarded bower,
And at their feet the crocus brake like fire,
Violet, amaracus, and asphodel,
Lotos and lilies. *Ib* l 89

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power
Ib l 142

Because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence *Ib* l 147

I built my soul a lordly pleasure-house,
Wherein at ease for aye to dwell
The Palace of Art, 1

Still as, while Saturn whirls, his stedfast shade
Sleeps on his luminous ring. *Ib* IV

A haunt of ancient Peace. *Ib* XXII

Plato the wise, and large-brow'd Verulam,
The first of those who know *Ib* XII

On corpses three-months-old at noon she came,
That stood against the wall *Ib* LXI.

Act first, this Earth, a stage so gloom'd with woe
You all but sicken at the shifting scenes
And yet be patient Our Playwright may show
In some fifth Act what this wild Drama means
The Play.

Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love. *The Poet.*

And Freedom rear'd in that august sunrise
Her beautiful bold brow *Ib*

Vex not thou the poet's mind
With thy shallow wit;
Vex not thou the poet's mind;
For thou canst not fathom it
Clear and bright it should be ever,
Flowing like a crystal river,
Bright as light, and clear as wind *The Poet's Mind.*

Dark-brow'd sophist, come not anear:
All the place is holy ground *Ib*

And he sat him down in a lonely place,
And chanted a melody loud and sweet,
That made the wild-swan pause in her cloud,
And the lark drop down at his feet *The Poet's Song.*

The swallow stopt as he hunted the fly,
The snake slipt under a spray,
The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak,
And stared, with his foot on the prey *Ib.*

For some cry 'Quick' and some cry 'Slow',
But, while the hills remain,
Up hill 'Too-slow' will need the whip,
Down hill 'Too-quick', the chain *Politics.*

The cuckoo of a joyless June
Is calling out of doors
Prefatory Poem to my Brother's Sonnets.

The cuckoo of a worse July
Is calling thro' the dark *Ib.*

Here, in this roaring moon of daffodil
And crocus
Prefatory Sonnet to the 'Nineteenth Century'.

With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,
And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair
The Princess, prologue, l 141.

A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her, she
Ib l 153.

As thro' the land at eve we went,
And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
O we fell out I know not why,
And kiss'd again with tears
And blessings on the falling out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love
And kiss again with tears!
The Princess, II *Introd Song*

O hard, when love and duty clash! *Ib* II, l 273

And quoted odes, and jewels five-words long,
That on the stretch'd forefinger of all Time
Sparkle for ever *Ib* l. 355

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me,
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps
Ib III, *Introd Song*

A Memnon smitten with the morning Sun
Ib l 100

The splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle, answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying
Ib IV, *Introd Song*

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing! *Ib*

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever. *Ib*

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more
Ib IV, l 21

So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more *Ib* l 30

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square,
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret,
O Death in Life, the days that are no more *Ib* l 31

O Swallow, Swallow, flying, flying South,
Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,
And tell her, tell her, what I tell to thee

O tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest each,
That bright and fierce and fickle is the South,
And dark and true and tender is the North *Ib* l 75.

O tell her, Swallow, that thy brood is flown:
Say to her, I do but wanton in the South,
But in the North long since my nest is made.

O tell her, brief is life but love is long,
And brief the sun of summer in the North,
And brief the moon of beauty in the South

O Swallow, flying from the golden woods,
Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and make her mine,
And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee. *Ib* l 90

Thy voice is heard thro' rolling drums,
That beat to battle where he stands,
Thy face across his fancy comes,
And gives the battle to his hands
A moment, while the trumpets blow,
He sees his brood about thy knee,
The next, like fire he meets the foe,
And strikes him dead for thine and thee
Ib l 552

Man is the hunter, woman is his game. *Ib.* v, l. 147

Man for the field and woman for the hearth:
Man for the sword and for the needle she
Man with the head and woman with the heart
Man to command and woman to obey,
All else confusion *Ib* l 427

Home they brought her warrior dead.
She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry
All her maidens, watching, said,
'She must weep or she will die' *Ib.* VI, *Introd Song*

Home they brought him slain with spears,
They brought him home at even-fall
Version reprinted in Poems (1912), p. 870.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
'Sweet my child, I live for thee' *Ib*

The woman is so hard
Upon the woman. *Ib* VI, l. 205

Ask me no more the moon may draw the sea,
The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape
With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape,
But O too fond, when have I answer'd thee?
Ask me no more

Ask me no more what answer should I give?
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye
Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die!
Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live,
Ask me no more

Ask me no more thy fate and mine are seal'd
I strove against the stream and all in vain
Let the great river take me to the main
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;
Ask me no more.
Ib VII, *Introd. Song.*

Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white,
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk,
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font
The fire-fly wakens waken thou with me.

Now droops the milk-white peacock like a ghost,
And like a ghost she glimmers on to me.

Now lies the Earth all Danae to the stars,
And all thy heart lies open unto me.

Now slides the silent meteor on, and leaves
A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in me

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip
Into my bosom and be lost in me
The Princess, VII, l 161

Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height
What pleasure lives in height? *Ib* l 177

For Love is of the valley, come thou down
And find him, by the happy threshold, he,
Or hand in hand with Plenty in the maize,
Or red with spirted purple of the vats,
Or foxlike in the vine, nor cares to walk
With Death and Morning on the silver horns
Ib l 184

Sweet is every sound,
Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet,
Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees *Ib* l 203

The woman's cause is man's they rise or sink
Together *Ib* l 243

Like perfect music unto noble words *Ib* l 270

Happy he
With such a mother! faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him, and tho' he trip and fall
He shall not blind his soul with clay *Ib* l 308

No little lily-handed Baronet he,
A great broad-shoulder'd genial Englishman
Ib Conclusion, l 84

A pamphleteer on guano and on grain. *Ib* l 89

This laurel greener from the brows
Of him that utter'd nothing base
To the Queen, 1851, '*Revered, beloved*'

Her court was pure, her life serene,
God gave her peace, her land reposed,
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen,

And statesmen at her council met
Who knew the seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet *Ib*

Broad-based upon her people's will,
And compass'd by the inviolate sea *Ib*

Our slowly-grown
And crown'd Republic's crowning common-sense
To the Queen, '*O loyal to the royal in thyself*', l 59

For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid
Recollections of the Arabian Nights, 1

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a fluttered bird, came flying from far away:
'Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-three!' *The Revenge*, 1

Then swore Lord Thomas Howard "Fore God I am no coward,
But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,
And the half my men are sick I must fly, but follow quick
We are six ships of the line, can we fight with fifty-three?' *Ib*

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville 'I know you are no coward,
You fly them for a moment to fight with them again
But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore
I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord Howard,
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain' *Ib* II

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven,
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below,
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blest him in their pain, that they were not left to Spain,
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the Lord *Ib* III

'Shall we fight or shall we fly?
Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
For to fight is but to die!
There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set'
And Sir Richard said again 'We be all good English men
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,
For I never turn'd my back upon Don or devil yet' *Ib* IV

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-thunder and flame,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her dead and her shame
For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and so could fight us no more—
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before? *Ib* IX

'Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her in twain!
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!' *Ib* XI

And the gunner said 'Ay, ay', but the seamen made reply
'We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives' *Ib* XII

And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign grace,
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried
'I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and true,
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do
With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die!'
And he fell upon their decks, and he died *Ib* XIII.

And the little Revenge herself went down by the island crags
To be lost evermore in the main *The Revenge*, xiv

Form, Form, Riflemen Form! *Riflemen Form!*

Make thou my spirit pure and clear
As are the frosty skies,
Or the first snowdrop of the year
That in my bosom lies *St Agnes' Eve.*

The sabbaths of Eternity,
One sabbath deep and wide—
A light upon the shining sea—
The Bridegroom with his bride! *Ib.*

Battering the gates of heaven with storms of prayer. *St Simeon Stylites*, l 7.

What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day? *Sea Dreams*, l 281.

Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away. *Ib.* l. 285.

My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure *Sir Galahad*

So pass I hostel, hall, and grange,
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the holy Grail. *Ib*

A man had given all other bliss,
And all his worldly worth for this,
To waste his whole heart in one kiss
Upon her perfect lips
Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere.

Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits *Song. The Owl.*

Thou art no sabbath-drawler of old saws,
Distill'd from some worm-canker'd homily
Sonnet. To J M K

Thou from a throne
Mounted in heaven wilt shoot into the dark
Arrows of lightnings. I will stand and mark. *Ib*

Oh teach me yet
Somewhat before the heavy clod
Weighs on me, and the busy fret
Of that sharp-headed worm begins
In the gross blackness underneath
Supposed Confessions of a Second-Rate Sensitive Mind.

In tea-cup times of hood and hoop,
Or while the patch was worn
The Talking Oak, xvi.

And far below the Roundhead rode,
And humm'd a surly hymn *Ib* lxxv.

We are not cotton-spinners all,
But some love England and her honour yet
The Third of February, 1852, viii

The woods decay, the woods decay and fall,
The vapours weep their burthen to the ground,
Man comes and tills the field and lies beneath,
And after many a summer dies the swan
Tithonus, l 1

Here at the quiet limit of the world. *Ib* l 7.

Why wilt thou ever scare me with thy tears,
And make me tremble lest a saying learnt,
In days far-off, on that dark earth, be true?
'The gods themselves cannot recall their gifts.'
Ib l 46.

Of happy men that have the power to die,
And grassy barrows of the happier dead *Ib.* l 70.

A still small voice spake unto me,
'Thou art so full of misery,
Were it not better not to be?' *The Two Voices*, i.

This truth within thy mind rehearse,
That in a boundless universe
Is boundless better, boundless worse *Ib.* ix

'Consider well,' the voice replied,
'His face, that two hours since hath died,
Wilt thou find passion, pain, or pride?' *Ib* lxxxi

No life that breathes with human breath
Has ever truly long'd for death. *Ib* cxxxii

For, being of that honest few,
Who give the Fiend himself his due,
Should eighty-thousand college-councils
Thunder 'Anathema', friend at you.
To the Rev. F. D Maurice, ii

A careless-order'd garden
Close to the ridge of a noble down. *Ib.* iv

You'll have no scandal while you dine,
But honest talk and wholesome wine. *Ib.* v.

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race *Ulysses*, l. 1.

I will drink
Life to the lees all times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea I am become a name,
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known, cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honour'd of them all,
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met,
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains: but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things *Ib* l 6.

This gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought
Ib l 30.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus. *Ib* l 33.

There lies the port, the vessel puffs her sail
There gloom the dark broad seas My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me—
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old,
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil,
Death closes all but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with gods
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks
The long day wanes the slow moon climbs the deep
Moans round with many voices Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows, for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down·
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew
Tho' much is taken, much abides, and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are,
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield *Ulysses*, l 44.

What is it all but a trouble of ants in the gleam of a million million of suns? *Vastness.*

Household happiness, gracious children, debtless competence, golden mean *Ib*

An' I thowt 'twur the will o' the Lord, but Miss Annie she said it wur draains *The Village Wife*, ii.

All the charm of all the Muses often flowering in a lonely word *To Virgil*, iii.

I salute thee, Mantovano,
I that loved thee since my day began,
Wielder of the stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man *Ib* x

As 'twere a hundred-throated nightingale.
The Vision of Sin, ii.

God made Himself an awful rose of dawn. *Ib* iii

Bitter barmaid, waning fast! *Ib* iv ii

Let us have a quiet hour,
Let us hob-and-nob with Death. *Ib.* iii.

Every moment dies a man,
Every moment one is born *Ib* ix

Fill the can, and fill the cup
All the windy ways of men
Are but dust that rises up,
And is lightly laid again *Ib* xviii

Drink to heavy Ignorance!
Hob-and-nob with brother Death! *Ib* xxxiii

We knew the merry world was round,
And we might sail for evermore *The Voyage*, i

Give her the wages of going on, and not to die.
Wages, ii

Sea-King's daughter from over the sea, Alexandra!
Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee, Alexandra!
A Welcome to Alexandra

Oh well for him whose will is strong!
He suffers, but he will not suffer long,
He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong *Will.*

O plump head-waiter at the Cock
To which I most resort
Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue, i

Or that eternal want of pence,
Which vexes public men *Ib* vi

High over roaring Temple-bar,
And set in Heaven's third story,
I look at all things as they are,
But thro' a kind of glory. *Ib* ix

Right down by smoky Paul's they bore,
Till, where the street grows straiter,
One fix'd for ever at the door,
And one became head-waiter. *Ib* xviii

A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where Freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent '*You ask me, why*,' iii.

EDWARD TESCHEMACHER

19th cent.

There is a garden that I dream of
The Garden of Your Heart.

Where my caravan has rested,
Flowers I leave you on the grass
Where My Caravan Has Rested

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

1811–1863

He who meanly admires mean things is a Snob
The Book of Snobs, ch 2.

It is impossible, in our condition of Society, not to be sometimes a Snob *Ib.* ch 3.

'Tis not the dying for a faith that's so hard, Master Harry—every man of every nation has done that—'tis the living up to it that is difficult
Esmond, bk i, ch 6

'Tis strange what a man may do, and a woman yet think him an angel *Ib* ch 7.

We love being in love, that's the truth on't
Ib bk ii, ch 15

Why do they always put mud into coffee on board steamers? Why does the tea generally taste of boiled boots? *The Kickleburys on the Rhine*

What woman, however old, has not the bridal-favours and raiment stowed away, and packed in lavender, in the inmost cupboards of her heart?
Lovel the Widower, ch. 28

When I say that I know women, I mean I know that I don't know them Every single woman I ever knew is a puzzle to me, as, I have no doubt, she is to herself *Mr. Brown's Letters.*

A military gent I see—and while his face I scan,
I think you'll all agree with me—He came from Hindostan. *The Newcomes*, bk i, ch i.

What money is better bestowed than that of a school-boy's tip? *The Newcomes*, ch 16

As the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said, 'Adsum!' and fell back It was the word we used at school, when names were called, and lo, he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of The Master *Ib* ch 80

Rake's progress *Pendennis, Title of* ch 19

Yes, I am a fatal man, Madame Fribsbi To inspire hopeless passion is my destiny (*Mirobolant*) *Ib* ch 23

Remember, it is as easy to marry a rich woman as a poor woman *Ib* ch. 28

For a slashing article, sir, there's nobody like the Capting *Ib* ch 32

The *Pall Mall Gazette* is written by gentlemen for gentlemen *Ib*

Now Valoroso is a man again! (*Valoroso*) *The Rose and the Ring*, ch 1.

Business first, pleasure afterwards (*Queen of Paflagonia*) *Ib*

Runs not a river by my palace wall? Have I not sacks to sew up wives withal? (*Valoroso*) *Ib* ch 9

'No business before breakfast, Glum!' says the King. 'Breakfast first, business next' (*Valoroso*) *Ib* ch 11

My bold, my beautiful, my Bulbo! (*Angelica*) *Ib*

Illuminated with the Author's own candles *Vanity Fair Before the Curtain*

This I set down as a positive truth A woman with fair opportunities and without a positive hump, may marry whom she likes *Ib* ch 4

(Miss Crawley) had been in France—and loved, ever after, French novels, French cookery, and French wines *Ib* ch 10

Whenever he met a great man he grovelled before him, and my-lorded him as only a free-born Briton can do *Ib* ch 13

Arms and Hatchments, Resurgam —Here is an opportunity for moralizing! *Ib* ch 14

Darkness came down on the field and city and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart *Ib* ch 32

Nothing like blood, sir, in hosses, dawgs, and men [*James Crawley*] *Ib*. ch 35

Ah! *Vanitas Vanitatum!* Which of us is happy in this world? Which of us has his desire? or, having it, is satisfied?—Come, children, let us shut up the box and the puppets, for our play is played out *Ib* ch 67

'There's no sweeter tobacco comes from Virginia, and no better brand than the Three Castles' *The Virginians*, ch 1

Fashnable fax and polite annygoats *The Yellowplush Papers*, pt. i, *title*

My ma wrapped up my buth in a mistry *Ib* pt ii, *Miss Shum's Husband*, ch 1.

Then sing as Martin Luther sang,
As Doctor Martin Luther sang,
'Who loves not wine, woman and song,
He is a fool his whole life long' *A Credo*

Ho, pretty page, with the dimpled chin
That never has known the barber's shear,
All your wish is woman to win,
This is the way that boys begin
Wait till you come to Forty Year
The Age of Wisdom

Although I enter not,
Yet round about the spot
Ofttimes I hover,
And near the sacred gate,
With longing eyes I wait,
Expectant of her. *At the Church Gate.*

The play is done, the curtain drops,
Slow falling to the prompter's bell.
A moment yet the actor stops,
And looks around, to say farewell.
It is an irksome word and task
And, when he's laughed and said his say,
He shows, as he removes the mask,
A face that's anything but gay
The End of the Play

Christmas is here:
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill.
Little care we;
Little we fear
Weather without,
Sheltered about
The Mahogany Tree *The Mahogany Tree.*

There were three sailors of Bristol City
Who took a boat and went to sea
But first with beef and captain's biscuits
And pickled pork they loaded she
There was gorging Jack and guzzling Jimmy,
And the youngest he was little Billee
Now when they got as far as the Equator
They'd nothing left but one split pea. *Little Billee*

Says gorging Jim to guzzling Jacky,
We have no wittles, so we must eat *we* *Ib.*

There's little Bill as is young and tender,
We're old and tough—so let's eat *he* *Ib.*

He scarce had said his Catechism,
When up he jumps 'There's land I see!
There's Jerusalem and Madagascar,
And North and South Amerikey
There's the British Fleet a-riding at anchor,
With Admiral Napier, K C B' *Ib.*

Werther had a love for Charlotte
Such as words could never utter,
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread and butter
Sorrows of Werther.

Charlotte, having seen his body
Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person,
Went on cutting bread and butter *Ib*

Oh, Vanity of vanities!
How wayward the decrees of Fate are;
How very weak the very wise,
How very small the very great are!
Vanitas Vanitatum.

FRANCIS THOMPSON

1859–1907

Pontifical Death, that doth the crevasse bridge
To the steep and trifid God *Anthem of Earth*

Here I shake off
The bur o' the world, man's congregation shun,
And to the antique order of the dead
I take the tongueless vows my cell is set
Here in thy bosom, my little trouble is ended
In a little peace *Ib*

And thou what needest with thy tribe's black tents
Who hast the red pavilion of my heart?
Arab Love Song

He the Anteros and Eros,
I the body, He the Cross;
He upbeareth me, *Ischyros*,
Agios Athanatos! *Assumpta Maria*

Lo! He standeth, Spouse and Brother,
I to Him, and He to me,
Who upraised me where my mother
Fell beneath the apple-tree *Ib*

Life is a coquetry
Of Death, which wearies me,
Too sure
Of the amour
To the Dead Cardinal of Westminster.

I have no angels left
Now, Sweet, to pray to. *A Carrier Song*

The hills look over on the South,
And Southward dreams the sea,
And with the sea-breeze hand in hand,
Came innocence and she. *Daisy*

Where 'mid the gorse the raspberry
Red for the gatherer springs,
Two children did we stray and talk
Wise, idle, childish things *Ib*

The fairest things have fleetest end,
Their scent survives their close
But the rose's scent is bitterness
To him that loved the rose *Ib*

She went her unremembering way,
She went and left in me
The pang of all the partings gone,
And partings yet to be

She left me marvelling why my soul
Was sad that she was glad,
At all the sadness in the sweet,
The sweetness in the sad *Ib.*

Nothing begins and nothing ends
That is not paid with moan,
For we are born in other's pain,
And perish in our own. *Ib*

Ah, for a heart less native to high Heaven,
A hooded eye, for jesses and restraint,
Or for a will accipitrine to pursue!
The Dread of Height.

Go, songs, for ended is our brief sweet play,
Go, children of swift joy and tardy sorrow
And some are sung, and that was yesterday,
And some unsung, and that may be tomorrow
Envoy.

Little Jesus, wast Thou shy
Once, and just so small as I?
And what did it feel to be
Out of Heaven and just like me? *Ex Ore Infantum.*

Did the things
Play 'Can you see me?' through their wings? *Ib.*

Cast wide the folding doorways of the East,
For now is light increased!
And the wind-besomed chambers of the air,
See they be garnished fair
From the Night of Forebeing Ode to Easter

Spring is come home with her world-wandering feet
And all things are made young with young desires
Ib

Let even the slug-abed snail upon the thorn
Put forth a conscious horn! *Ib*

Look for me in the nurseries of Heaven
To My Godchild.

O nothing, in this corporal earth of man,
That to the imminent heaven of his high soul
Responds with colour and with shadow, can
Lack correlated greatness *The Heart*, II.

And all man's Babylons strive but to impart
The grandeurs of his Babylonian heart. *Ib.*

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days;
I fled Him, down the arches of the years,
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind, and in the mist of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laughter
The Hound of Heaven.

But with unhurrying chase,
And unperturb'd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
They beat—and a Voice beat
More instant than the Feet—
'All things betray thee, who betrayest Me' *Ib*

(For, though I knew His love Who followed,
Yet was I sore adread
Lest, having Him, I must have naught beside) *Ib*

Fear wist not to evade, as Love wist to pursue *Ib*

I said to Dawn Be sudden—to Eve Be soon. *Ib*

To all swift things for swiftness did I sue;
Clung to the whistling mane of every wind. *Ib*

Came on the following Feet,
And a Voice above their beat—
'Naught shelters thee, who wilt not shelter Me' *Ib.*

I sought no more that after which I strayed
In face of man or maid,
But still within the little children's eyes
Seems something, something that replies,
They at least are for me, surely for me!
I turned me to them very wistfully,
But just as their young eyes grew sudden fair
With dawning answers there,
Their angel plucked them from me by the hair *Ib.*

I was heavy with the even
When she lit her glimmering tapers
Round the day's dead sanctities *Ib*

My harness piece by piece Thou hast hewn from me
And smitten me to my knee *Ib*

Yea, faileth now even dream
The dreamer, and the lute the lutanist,
Even the linked fantasies, in whose blossomy twist
I swung the earth a trinket at my wrist
The Hound of Heaven

Ah! must—
Designer infinite!—
Ah! must Thou char the wood ere Thou canst limn
with it? *Ib*

Such is, what is to be?
The pulp so bitter, how shall taste the rind? *Ib*

Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds
From the hid battlements of Eternity,
Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then
Round the half-glimpsèd turrets slowly wash again
Ib

Whether man's heart or life it be which yields
Thee harvest, must Thy harvest-fields
Be dunged with rotten death? *Ib.*

Now of that long pursuit
Comes on at hand the bruit,
That Voice is round me like a bursting sea
'And is thy earth so marred,
Scattered in shard on shard?
Lo, all things fly thee, for thou fliest Me!' *Ib*

And human love needs human meriting
How hast thou merited—
Of all man's clotted clay the dingiest clot?
Alack, thou knowest not
How little worthy of any love thou art *Ib*

All which I took from thee I did but take,
Not for thy harms,
But just that thou might'st seek it in My arms *Ib*

Halts by me that footfall
Is my gloom, after all,
Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly?
'Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,
I am He whom thou seekest!
Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me' *Ib*

There is no expeditious road
To pack and label men for God,
And save them by the barrel-load
Epilogue to 'A Judgment in Heaven'.

O world invisible, we view thee,
O world intangible, we touch thee,
O world unknowable, we know thee,
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee!

Does the fish soar to find the ocean,
The eagle plunge to find the air—
That we ask of the stars in motion
If they have rumour of thee there?

Not where the wheeling systems darken,
And our benumbed conceiving soars!—
The drift of pinions, would we hearken,
Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.

The angels keep their ancient places,—
Turn but a stone, and start a wing!
'Tis ye, 'tis your estrangèd faces,
That miss the many-splendoured thing

But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)
Cry,—and upon thy so sore loss
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder
Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross

Yea, in the night, my Soul, my daughter,
Cry,—clinging Heaven by the hems,
And lo, Christ walking on the water
Not of Gennesareth, but Thames!
The Kingdom of God.

It is little I repair to the matches of the Southron
folk,
Though my own red roses there may blow,
It is little I repair to the matches of the Southron
folk,
Though the red roses crest the caps, I know
For the field is full of shades as I near the shadowy
coast,
And a ghostly batsman plays to the bowling of a
ghost,
And I look through my tears on a soundless-clapping
host
As the run-stealers flicker to and fro,
To and fro —
O my Hornby and my Barlow long ago!
At Lord's

Secret was the garden,
Set i' the pathless awe *The Mistress of Vision*

East, ah, east of Himalay,
Dwell the nations underground. *Ib.*

Where is the land of Luthany,
And where the region Elenore?
I do faint therefor.

When to the new eyes of thee
All things by immortal power,
Near or far,
Hiddenly
To each other linked are,
That thou canst not stir a flower
Without troubling of a star *Ib.*

Lo, in the sanctuaried East,
Day, a dedicated priest
In all his robes pontifical exprest,
Lifteth slowly, lifteth sweetly,
From out its Orient tabernacle drawn,
Yon orbed sacrament confest
Which sprinkles benediction through the dawn
Orient Ode.

Ah! let the sweet birds of the Lord
With earth's waters make accord,
Teach how the crucifix may be
Carven from the laurel-tree,
Fruit of the Hesperides
Burnish take on Eden-trees,
The Muses' sacred grove be wet
With the red dew of Olivet,
And Sappho lay her burning brows
In white Cecilia's lap of snows!
To a Poet Breaking Silence

Summer set lip to earth's bosom bare,
And left the flushed print in a poppy there.
The Poppy.

The sleep-flower sways in the wheat its head,
Heavy with dreams, as that with bread
The goodly grain and the sun-flushed sleeper
The reaper reaps, and Time the reaper

I hang 'mid men my needless head,
And my fruit is dreams, as theirs is bread
The goodly men and the sun-hazed sleeper
Time shall reap, but after the reaper
The world shall glean of me, me the sleeper. *Ib*

I had endured through watches of the dark
The abashless inquisition of each star
Sister Songs, 1

The innocent moon, which nothing does but shine,
Moves all the labouring surges of the world *Ib*

What heart could have thought you?—
Past our devisal
(O filigree petal!)
Fashioned so purely,
Fragilely, surely,
From what Paradisal
Imagineless metal,
Too costly for cost? *To a Snowflake*

His hammer of wind,
And His graver of frost. *Ib.*

And, while she feels the heavens lie bare,
She only talks about her hair. *The Way of a Maid.*

WILLIAM HEPWORTH THOMPSON

1810–1886

We are none of us infallible—not even the youngest of us.
Remark referring to G W Balfour, then Junior Fellow of Trinity G W E Russell's Collections and Recollections, ch. 18.

JAMES THOMSON

1700–1748

When Britain first, at heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain:
'Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
Britons never will be slaves'
Alfred a Masque 1740, Act II, Scene the last.

The world of waters wild. *Britannia*, l 27.

A pleasing land of drowsyhead it was
The Castle of Indolence, c I vi.

As when a shepherd of the Hebrid Isles,
Placed far amid the melancholy main *Ib.* xxx.

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems
Ib lxviii

Poured forth his unpremeditated strain *Ib*

A little, round, fat, oily man of God *Ib* lxix.

For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love,
And, when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between and bid us part? *To Fortune*

Come then, expressive Silence, muse His praise.
A Hymn on the Seasons, l 118.

How the heart listened while he pleading spoke!
While on the enlightened mind, with winning art,
His gentle reason so persuasive stole
That the charmed hearer thought it was his own
To the Memory of the Lord Talbot, l 103

Come, gentle Spring! ethereal mildness, come
The Seasons, Spring, l 1

The stately-sailing swan
Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale,
And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet
Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier-isle,
Protective of his young *Ib* l 778

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot *Ib* l 1152

An elegant sufficiency, content. *Ib* l 1161

The sober-suited songstress [The nightingale]
Ib Summer, l 746

Ships, dim-discovered, dropping from the clouds
Ib l 946

And Mecca saddens at the long delay *Ib* l 979

Or sighed and looked unutterable things *Ib* l 1188

While Autumn nodding o'er the yellow plain
Comes jovial on *Ib Autumn*, l 2

While listening senates hang upon thy tongue
Ib l 15

For loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is when unadorned adorned the most *Ib* l 204.

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare! *Ib.* l 401.

The big round tears run down his dappled face.
Ib. l 454.

The Atlantic surge
Pours in among the stormy Hebrides *Ib* l 864.

Find other lands beneath another sun *Ib.* l 1286.

See, Winter comes to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad *Ib Winter*, l 1.

Welcome, kindred glooms!
Congenial horrors, hail! *Ib* l 5.

The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit Half afraid, he first
Against the window beats, then brisk alights
On the warm hearth, then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is—
Till, more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
Attract his slender feet. *Ib* l 246.

Studious let me sit,
And hold high converse with the mighty dead
Ib l 431.

Oh! Sophonisba! Sophonisba! oh!
Sophonisba, III ii

JAMES THOMSON

1834–1882

The city of dreadful night *Title of poem.*

The City is of Night, perchance of Death,
But certainly of Night *The City of Dreadful Night.*

As we rush, as we rush in the train,
The trees and the houses go wheeling back,
But the starry heavens above that plain
Come flying on our track *Sunday at Hampstead*, x

Give a man a horse he can ride,
Give a man a boat he can sail
Sunday up the River, xv

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

1817–1862

The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation
Walden Economy

It is a characteristic of wisdom not to do desperate things *Ib*

I have lived some thirty years on this planet, and I have yet to hear the first syllable of valuable or even earnest advice from my seniors *Ib*

I long ago lost a hound, a bay horse, and a turtle-dove, and am still on their trail *Ib*

It is true, I never assisted the sun materially in his rising, but, doubt not, it was of the last importance only to be present at it *Ib*

Tall arrowy white pines *Ib*

The owner of the axe, as he released his hold on it, said that it was the apple of his eye, but I returned it sharper than I received it *Ib*

For more than five years I maintained myself thus solely by the labor of my hands, and I found, that by working about six weeks in a year, I could meet all the expenses of living *Ib*

As for Doing-good, that is one of the professions which are full Moreover, I have tried it fairly, and, strange as it may seem, am satisfied that it does not agree with my constitution *Ib*

Simplify, simplify
Ib Where I Lived, and What I Lived For

The three-o'-clock in the morning courage, which Bonaparte thought was the rarest *Ib Sounds*

Wherever a man goes, men will pursue him and paw him with their dirty institutions, and, if they can, constrain him to belong to their desperate odd-fellow society *Ib The Village*

I frequently tramped eight or ten miles through the deepest snow to keep an appointment with a beech-tree, or a yellow birch, or an old acquaintance among the pines *Ib Winter Visitors*

I once had a sparrow alight upon my shoulder for a moment while I was hoeing in a village garden, and I felt that I was more distinguished by that circumstance than I should have been by any epaulet I could have worn *Ib*

It takes two to speak the truth,—one to speak, and another to hear
A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers, Wednesday

Some circumstantial evidence is very strong, as when you find a trout in the milk
Unpublished MSS in Miscellanies, Biographical Sketch (1918), vol x, p 30

Not that the story need be long, but it will take a long while to make it short
Letter to Mr B, 16 Nov. 1857.

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE

1850–

'Curfew must not ring to-night' *Title of poem.*

GODFREY THRING

1823–1903

Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep,
Watch did thine anxious servants keep,
But thou wast wrapp'd in guileless sleep,
Calm and still
Chope's Hymnal (1862) *Fierce Raged The Tempest.*

EDWARD, FIRST BARON THURLOW

1731–1806

As guardian of his Majesty's conscience
Speech in the House of Lords, 1779 C Butler, *Reminiscences*, vol I, p 200

His debt of gratitude also to his Majesty was ample, and which, when he forgot, might God forget him!
Speech in House of Lords, 15 Dec 1788 Parl Hist (1814), vol xxvii, col 680

EDWARD, SECOND BARON THURLOW

1781–1829

Nature is always wise in every part
Select Poems. Sonnet To a Bird, that haunted the Waters of Lacken, in the Winter

Did you ever expect a corporation to have a conscience, when it has no soul to be damned, and no body to be kicked?
Attr Wilberforce, *Life of Thurlow*, vol III, Appendix

THOMAS TICKELL

1686–1740

There taught us how to live, and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die
Epitaph On the Death of Mr Addison, l 81
Addison's *Works* (1721), preface, p xx

MATTHEW TINDAL

1657–1733

Matters of fact, which as Mr Budgell somewhere observes, are very stubborn things
Will of Matthew Tindal (1733), p 23

JOHN TOBIN

1770–1804

The man that lays his hand upon a woman,
Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch
Whom 't were gross flattery to name a coward
The Honeymoon, II 1

AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY

1740–1778

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee
The Gospel Magazine, Oct 1775 *Rock of Ages*

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy Cross I cling,
Naked, come to thee for dress,
Helpless, look to thee for grace,
Foul, I to the Fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die *Ib*

THOMAS TRAHERNE

1634?–1704

You never enjoy the world aright, till the sea itself floweth in your veins, till you are clothed with the heavens, and crowned with the stars and perceive yourself to be the sole heir of the whole world, and more than so, because men are in it who are every one sole heirs as well as you Till you can sing and rejoice and delight in God, as misers do in gold, and kings in sceptres, you never enjoy the world
Centuries of Meditations Cent 1, § 29

The corn was orient and immortal wheat, which never should be reaped, nor was ever sown I thought it had stood from everlasting to everlasting *Ib* Cent III, § 3

The Men! O what venerable and reverend creatures did the aged seem! Immortal Cherubims! And young men glittering and sparkling Angels, and maids strange seraphic pieces of life and beauty! Boys and girls tumbling in the street, and playing, were moving jewels I knew not that they were born or should die, but all things abided eternally as they were in their proper places *Ib*

Contentment is a sleepy thing
If it in death alone must die,
A quiet mind is worse than poverty,
Unless it from enjoyment spring!
That's blessedness alone that makes a King!
Of Contentment

O yonder is the moon
Newly come after me to town,
That shin'd at Lugwardin but yesternight,
Where I enjoy'd the self-same light
On Leaping over the Moon, VIII

I within did flow
With seas of life, like wine, *Wonder*, III

HENRY DUFF TRAILL

1842–1900

Look in my face My name is Used-to-was,
I am also called Played-out and Done-to-death,
And It-will-wash-no-more
After Dilettante Concetti, VIII

JOSEPH TRAPP

1679–1747

The King, observing with judicious eyes,
The state of both his universities,
To Oxford sent a troop of horse, and why?
That learned body wanted loyalty,
To Cambridge books, as very well discerning,
How much that loyal body wanted learning
On George I's Donation of Bishop Ely's Library to Cambridge University Nichols's *Literary Anecdotes*, vol III, p 330
For the reply, see Sir William Browne

Our royal master saw, with heedful eyes,
The wants of his two universities
Troops he to Oxford sent, as knowing why
That learned body wanted loyalty
But books to Cambridge gave, as, well discerning,
That that right loyal body wanted learning
Alternative version recited by Dr Johnson *Johnsonian Miscellanies* (1897), vol I, p 171

HERBERT TRENCH

1865–1923

But when Night is on the hills, and the great Voices Roll in from Sea,
By starlight and by candlelight and dreamlight She comes to me
She Comes Not When Noon is on the Roses

Come, let us make love deathless, thou and I
To Arolilia, No 2 *'Come, let us make love deathless'*

O dreamy, gloomy, friendly Trees *Title of poem.*

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH

1807–1886

England, we love thee better than we know
Gibraltar.

I say to thee, do thou repeat
To the first man thou mayest meet
In lane, highway, or open street—

That he and we and all men move
Under a canopy of love,
As broad as the blue sky above.
The Kingdom of God.

This *is* blessing, this *is* life. *Ib.*

ANTHONY TROLLOPE

1815–1882

He must have known me had he seen me as he was wont to see me, for he was in the habit of flogging me constantly Perhaps he did not recognize me by my face *Autobiography*, ch I

'Unhand it, sir!' said Mrs Proudie From what scrap of dramatic poetry she had extracted the word cannot be said, but it must have rested on her memory, and now seemed opportunely dignified for the occasion. *Barchester Towers*, ch 11.

Lilian Dale,—Old Maid
Last Chronicles of Barset, ch 35.

It's dogged as does it. It ain't thinking about it
Ib ch 61

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER

1810–1889

A good book is the best of friends, the same to-day and for ever
Proverbial Philosophy, Series I *Of Reading*

WALTER JAMES REDFERN TURNER

1889–

Chimborazo, Cotopaxi,
They had stolen my soul away! *Romance*, VII

THOMAS TUSSER

1524?–1580

Make hunger thy sauce, as a medicine for health
Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry, ch 10 *Good Husbandry Lessons*

At Christmas play and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year
Ib 12 *The Farmer's daily Diet*

Yet true it is, as cow chaws cud,
And trees at spring do yield forth bud,
Except wind stands as never it stood,
It is an ill wind turns none to good
Ib ch 13 *Description of the Properties of Winds*

Who goeth a borrowing
Goeth a sorrowing
Few lend (but fools)
Their working tools
Ib ch 15 *September's Abstract*

In doing of either, let wit bear a stroke,
For buying or selling of pig in a poke
Ib September's Husbandry

Naught venture, naught have
Ib ch 16 *October's Abstract*

To dog in the manger some liken I could
Ib. ch 28 *Against Fantastical Scrupleness*

Feb, fill the dyke
With what thou dost like
Ib ch 34 *February's Husbandry*

March dust to be sold
Worth ransom of gold
Ib ch 36 *March's Husbandry*

Sweet April showers
Do spring May flowers
Ib ch 38 *April's Husbandry*

Cold May and windy,
Barn filleth up finely *Ib* ch 40 *May's Husbandry*

Dry August and warm
Doth harvest no harm
Ib ch 46 *August's Husbandry*

Look ere thou leap, see ere thou go
Ib ch 56 *Dialogue of Wiving and Thriving*

Some respite to husbands the weather may send,
But housewives' affairs have never an end
Ib Preface to the Book of Housewifery

The stone that is rolling can gather no moss,
For master and servant, oft changing is loss
Ib. Housewifely Admonitions.

Dry sun, dry wind,
Safe bind, safe find. *Ib Washing*

LAWRENCE TUTTIETT

1825–1899

Father, let me dedicate
All this year to thee
Gems of Thought (1864) *Father, Let Me Dedicate*

MARK TWAIN (SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS)

1835–1910

There was things which he stretched, but mainly he told the truth
The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn, ch 1

The statements was interesting, but tough
Ib. ch 17

All kings is mostly rapscallions *Ib* ch 23

If there was two birds sitting on a fence, he would bet you which one would fly first
The Celebrated Jumping Frog, p 17

I don't see no p'ints about that frog that's any better'n any other frog *Ib* p 20

Soap and education are not as sudden as a massacre, but they are more deadly in the long run.
The Facts concerning the Recent Resignation Sketches New & Old, 1900, p 350

They spell it Vinci and pronounce it Vinchy, foreigners always spell better than they pronounce
Innocents Abroad, ch 19

I do not want Michael Angelo for breakfast—for luncheon—for dinner—for tea—for supper—for between meals *Ib* ch 27

Lump the whole thing! say that the Creator made Italy from designs by Michael Angelo! *Ib*

Guides cannot master the subtleties of the American joke *Ib*

If you've got a nice *fresh* corpse, fetch him out! *Ib*

Are you going to hang him *anyhow*—and try him afterward? *Innocents at Home*, ch 5

You've done yourselves proud *Ib*

When I'm playful I use the meridians of longitude and parallels of latitude for a seine, and drag the Atlantic Ocean for whales! I scratch my head with the lightning and purr myself to sleep with the thunder! *Life on the Mississippi*, ch 3

At bottom he was probably fond of them, but he was always able to conceal it
[Thomas Carlyle and Americans] *My First Lie*

There is a sumptuous variety about the New England weather that compels the stranger's admiration—and regret The weather is always doing some-

thing there, always attending strictly to business, always getting up new designs and trying them on the people to see how they will go But it gets through more business in spring than in any other season In the spring I have counted one hundred and thirty-six different kinds of weather inside of four-and-twenty hours.

The Weather Speech at dinner of New England Society, New York, 22 Dec 1876. Speeches (1910), p. 59

An experienced, industrious, ambitious, and often quite picturesque liar

Private History of a Campaign that Failed

Adam was but human—this explains it all He did not want the apple for the apple's sake, he wanted it only because it was forbidden

Pudd'nhead Wilson, Heading of ch 2

Whoever has lived long enough to find out what life is, knows how deep a debt of gratitude we owe to Adam, the first great benefactor of our race He brought death into the world

Ib heading of ch 3

There's plenty of boys that will come hankering and gruvvelling around when you've got an apple, and beg the core off you, but when *they've* got one, and you beg for the core and remind them how you give them a core one time, they make a mouth at you and say thank you 'most to death, but there ain't-a-going to *be* no core

Tom Sawyer Abroad, ch 1.

There ain't no way to find out why a snorer can't hear himself snore *Ib* ch 10

They inwardly resolved that so long as they remained in the business, their piracies should not again be sullied with the crime of stealing *Ib* ch. 13.

The cross of the Legion of Honour has been conferred upon me However, few escape that distinction *A Tramp Abroad*, ch 8

This poor little one-horse town

The Undertaker's Chat

HENRY TWELLS

1823–1900

At even ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around thee lay

Hymns Ancient and Modern (1868), Appendix. *'At Even Ere the Sun Was Set'*

W UPTON

This lass so neat, with smile so sweet,
Has won my right good will,
I'd crowns resign to call thee mine,
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill

The Lass of Richmond Hill. Oxford Song Book

SIR JOHN VANBRUGH

1664–1726

The want of a thing is perplexing enough, but the possession of it is intolerable

The Confederacy, I ii

BELINDA·

Ay, but you know we must return good for evil.

LADY BRUTE

That may be a mistake in the translation *Ib*

Britons, strike home *Ib* IV i

No man worth having is true to his wife, or can be true to his wife, or ever was, or ever will be so

The Relapse, III ii

WILLIAM HENRY VANDERBILT

1821–1885

The public be damned!

[Reply to a question whether the public should be consulted about luxury trains]

A W Cole's *Letter, New York Times*, 25 August, 1918

CHARLES JOHN VAUGHAN

1816–1897

Must you go? Can't you stay?

[Remark with which he broke up awkward breakfast parties of schoolboys who were too shy to go Story retold with the words transposed, 'Can't you go? Must you stay?']

G W E Russell's *Collections and Recollections*, ch 24

HENRY VAUGHAN

1622–1695

Father of lights! what sunny seed,
What glance of day hast Thou confin'd
Into this bird? To all the breed
This busy ray Thou hast assign'd,
Their magnetism works all night,
And dreams of Paradise and light

Silex Scintillans Cock-Crowing.

I cannot reach it; and my striving eye
Dazzles at it, as at eternity. *Ib Childhood*

Through that pure virgin shrine,
That sacred veil drawn o'er Thy glorious noon,
That men might look and live, as glow-worms shine,
And face the moon,
Wise Nicodemus saw such light
As made him know his God by night

Ib The Night, l 1.

Most blest believer he!
Who in that land of darkness and blind eyes
Thy long expected healing wings could see
When Thou didst rise!
And, what can never more be done,
Did at midnight speak with the Sun! *Ib* l 7.

Dear Night! this world's defeat,
The stop to busy fools, care's check and curb,
The day of spirits, my soul's calm retreat
Which none disturb!
Christ's progress, and His prayer-time,
The hours to which high Heaven doth chime

Ib l. 25.

There is in God—some say—
A deep, but dazzling darkness, as men here
Say it is late and dusky, because they
See not all clear
O for that Night! where I in Him
Might live invisible and dim!
Silex Scintillans *The Night*, l 49.

My soul, there is a country
Far beyond the stars,
Where stands a wingèd sentry
All skilful in the wars
There, above noise and danger,
Sweet Peace is crown'd with smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files *Ib. Peace.*

If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flower of Peace,
The Rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress, and thy ease
Leave then thy foolish ranges;
For none can thee secure,
But One, who never changes,
Thy God, thy life, thy cure *Ib.*

Happy those early days, when I
Shin'd in my angel-infancy
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white, celestial thought,
When yet I had not walked above
A mile or two from my first love,
And looking back—at that short space—
Could see a glimpse of His bright face
Ib The Retreat, l 1

And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity *Ib* l 13

But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness. *Ib* l 19

O how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that plain,
Where first I left my glorious train,
From whence th' enlighten'd spirit sees
The shady City of palm-trees. *Ib* l 21.

Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move,
And when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came, return *Ib* l 29

They are all gone into the world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here,
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear
Ib They Are All Gone

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays. *Ib*

Dear, beauteous death! the jewel of the just,
Shining nowhere but in the dark,
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark! *Ib.*

He that hath found some fledg'd bird's nest, may know
At first sight, if the bird be flown;
But what fair well or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown *Ib*

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep *Ib*

I saw Eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm, as it was bright,
And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years,
Driv'n by the spheres
Like a vast shadow mov'd, in which the world
And all her train were hurl'd *Ib The World.*

THOMAS, LORD VAUX

1510–1556

For Age, with stealing steps,
Hath clawed me with his clutch.
Poems (1872), p 42 *The Aged Lover Renounceth Love* *A Ditty Representing the Image of Death*

QUEEN VICTORIA

1819–1901

I will be good
Letter from the Baroness Lehzen to Her Majesty, 2 Dec. 1867 Martin's *The Prince Consort* (1875), vol 1, p 13

We are not amused
Notebooks of a Spinster Lady, 2 Jan 1900.

He (Mr Gladstone) speaks to Me as if I was a public meeting
G W. E Russell's *Collections and Recollections*, ch 14

JOSEPH AUGUSTINE WADE

1796?–1845

Meet me by moonlight alone
Meet Me by Moonlight.

WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE

? –1881

The hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.
John o' London's Treasure Trove

EDMUND WALLER

1606–1687

So was the huntsman by the bear oppress'd,
Whose hide he sold—before he caught the beast!
Battle of the Summer Islands, II, l 111.

That which her slender waist confin'd
Shall now my joyful temples bind,
No monarch but would give his crown
His arms might do what this has done

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair
Give me but what this riband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round
On a Girdle

Others may use the ocean as their road,
Only the English make it their abode
Of a War with Spain, l 25

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er,
So, calm are we when passions are no more!
On the Foregoing Divine Poems, l 7

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made,
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new *Ib* l 18

Rome, though her eagle through the world had flown,
Could never make this island all her own
Panegyric to My Lord Protector, xvii

Illustrious acts high raptures do infuse,
And every conqueror creates a Muse *Ib* xlvi

Go, lovely Rose!
Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be
Song 'Go, Lovely Rose!'

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retir'd,
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desir'd,
And not blush so to be admir'd *Ib*

Why came I so untimely forth
Into a world which, wanting thee,
Could entertain us with no worth,
Or shadow of felicity?
To My Young Lady Lucy Sidney

So all we know
Of what they do above,
Is that they happy are, and that they love
Upon the Death of My Lady Rich, l 75

Under the tropic is our language spoke,
And part of Flanders hath receiv'd our yoke
Upon the Death of the Lord Protector, l 21

HORACE WALPOLE

1717–1797

Alexander at the head of the world never tasted the true pleasure that boys of his own age have enjoyed at the head of a school
Letters to Montagu, 6 May, 1736

Our supreme governors, the mob
Ib To Horace Mann, 7 Sept 1743

(Strawberry Hill) is a little plaything-house that I got out of Mrs Chenevix's shop, and is the prettiest bauble you ever saw It is set in enamelled meadows, with filigree hedges
To Conway, 8 June, 1747

But, thank God! the Thames is between me and the Duchess of Queensberry

Every drop of ink in my pen ran cold
Ib To Montagu, 3 July, 1752

It has the true rust of the Barons' Wars
Ib To Bentley, Sept 1753

At present, nothing is talked of, nothing admired, but what I cannot help calling a very insipid and tedious performance it is a kind of novel, called *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy*, the great humour of which consists in the whole narration always going backwards
To Dalrymple, 4 Apr 1760

One of the greatest geniuses that ever existed, Shakespeare, undoubtedly wanted taste
Ib To Wren, 9 Aug 1764

The works of Richardson which are pictures of high life as conceived by a bookseller, and romances as they would be spiritualized by a Methodist preacher *Ib To Mann, 20 Dec 1764*

At Madame du Deffand's, an old blind *débauchée* of wit *Ib To Conway, 6 Oct 1765.*

It is charming to totter into vogue
Ib To Selwyn, 2 Dec. 1765

Yes, like Queen Eleanor in the ballad, I sunk at Charing Cross, and have risen in the Faubourg St Germain *Ib To Gray, 25 Jan 1766*

The best sun we have is made of Newcastle coal
Ib To Montagu, 15 June, 1768.

Everybody talks of the constitution, but all sides forget that the constitution is extremely well, and would do very well, if they would but let it alone
Ib To Sir Horace Mann, 18–19 Jan 1770

It was easier to conquer it (the East) than to know what to do with it *Ib To Mann, 27 March, 1772*

The way to ensure summer in England is to have it framed and glazed in a comfortable room.
Ib To Cole, 28 May, 1774

The next Augustan age will dawn on the other side of the Atlantic There will, perhaps, be a Thucydides at Boston, a Xenophon at New York, and, in time, a Virgil at Mexico, and a Newton at Peru At last, some curious traveller from Lima will visit England and give a description of the ruins of St Paul's, like the editions of Balbec and Palmyra *Ib To Mann, 24 Nov 1774*

By the waters of Babylon we sit down and weep, when we think of thee, O America!
Ib To Mason, 12 June, 1775

This world is a comedy to those that think, a tragedy to those that feel
Ib To the Countess of Upper Ossory, 16 Aug 1776

Prognostics do not always prove prophecies,—at least the wisest prophets make sure of the event first
Ib To Thos Walpole, 19 Feb 1785

All his [Sir Joshua Reynolds's] own geese are swans, as the swans of others are geese
Ib. To the Countess of Upper Ossory, 1 Dec 1786

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE, FIRST EARL OF ORFORD

1676–1745

They now *ring* the bells, but they will soon *wring* their hands.
Remark on the declaration of war with Spain, 1739 W Coxe, *Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole* (1798), vol 1, p 618

All those men have their price *Ib* p 757

Madam, there are fifty thousand men slain this year in Europe, and not one Englishman
Remark to Queen Caroline, 1734 Hervey, *Memoirs* (1848), vol 1, p 398

My Lord Bath, you and I are now two as insignificant men as any in England
To Pulteney, Earl of Bath, on their promotion to the House of Lords W King, *Political & Literary Anecdotes* (1819), p 43

The balance of power
Speech in House of Commons, 13 Feb 1741

Sir Robert Walpole's definition of the gratitude of place-expectants, 'That it is a lively sense of *future* favours'
W Hazlitt, *Lectures on the English Comic Writers, Wit and Humour*, p 27

WILLIAM WALSH

1663–1708

And sadly reflecting,
That a lover forsaken
A new love may get,
But a neck when once broken
Can never be set *The Despairing Lover*, l 17

Of all the torments, all the cares,
With which our lives are curst,
Of all the plagues a lover bears,
Sure rivals are the worst!
By partners, in each other kind,
Afflictions easier grow,
In love alone we hate to find
Companions of our woe
Song, 'Of All the Torments'

I can endure my own despair,
But not another's hope *Ib*

IZAAK WALTON

1593–1683

Angling may be said to be so like the mathematics, that it can never be fully learnt
Compleat Angler Epistle to the Reader

And for winter fly-fishing it is as useful as an almanac out of date *Ib*

As no man is born an artist, so no man is born an angler *Ib*

I shall stay him no longer than to wish him a rainy evening to read this following discourse, and that if he be an honest angler, the east wind may never blow when he goes a-fishing *Ib*

I am, Sir, a Brother of the Angle *Ib* pt I, ch 1

It [angling] deserves commendations, it is an art, and an art worthy the knowledge and practice of a wise man *Ib*

Angling is somewhat like poetry, men are to be born so *Ib*

Sir Henry Wotton was also a most dear lover, and a frequent practiser of the art of angling, of which he would say, 'it was an employment for his idle time, which was then not idly spent . a rest to his mind, a cheerer of his spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a procurer of contentedness, and that it begat habits of peace and patience in those that professed and practised it' *Ib.*

I remember that a wise friend of mine did usually say, 'that which is everybody's business is nobody's business' *Ib* ch 2.

Good company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue *Ib*

An excellent angler, and now with God *Ib* ch 4

When I was last this way a-fishing *Ib*

I love such mirth as does not make friends ashamed to look upon one another next morning *Ib* ch 5

A good, honest, wholesome, hungry breakfast *Ib*

No man can lose what he never had *Ib*

Thus use your frog .. Put your hook, I mean the arming-wire, through his mouth, and out at his gills, and then with a fine needle and silk sew the upper part of his leg, with only one stitch, to the arming-wire of your hook, or tie the frog's leg, above the upper joint, to the armed-wire, and, in so doing, use him as though you loved him *Ib* ch 8

This dish of meat is too good for any but anglers, or very honest men *Ib*

I love any discourse of rivers, and fish and fishing *Ib* ch 18.

Look to your health; and if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience, for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of, a blessing that money cannot buy. *Ib* ch. 21.

Let the blessing of St Peter's Master be . upon all that are lovers of virtue, and dare trust in His providence, and be quiet, and go a-Angling *Ib*

But God, who is able to prevail, wrestled with him, as the Angel did with Jacob, and marked him, marked him for his own *Life of Donne*

The great Secretary of Nature and all learning, Sir Francis Bacon. *Life of Herbert.*

Of this blest man, let his just praise be given,
Heaven was in him, before he was in heaven
Written in Dr Richard Sibbes's 'Returning Backslider', now preserved in Salisbury Cathedral Library

WILLIAM WARBURTON

1698–1779

Orthodoxy is my doxy, heterodoxy is another man's doxy
Remark to Lord Sandwich Priestley, *Memoirs* (1807), vol 1, p 372

ARTEMUS WARD [CHARLES FARRAR BROWNE]

1834–1867

I now bid you a welcome adoo
Artemus Ward His Book The Shakers

'Mister Ward, don't yur blud bile at the thawt that three million and a half of your culled brethren air a clanking their chains in the South?' Sez I, 'not a bile! Let 'em clank!' *Ib Oberlin*

The College has konfired upon me the honery title of T K, of which I'm suffishuntly prowd *Ib*

'I wish thar was winders to my Sole', sed I, 'so that you could see some of my feelins'
Ib The Showman's Courtship

If you mean gettin hitched, I'M IN! *Ib*

My pollertics, like my religion, bein of a exceedin accommodatin character *Ib The Crisis*

Shall we sell our birthrite for a mess of potash? *Ib.*

N B. This is rote Sarcasticul
Ib A Visit to Brigham Young

I girdid up my Lions & fled the Scen *Ib*

Did you ever hav the measels, and if so how many?
Ib The Census.

'Fair youth, do you know what I'd do with you if you was my sun?' 'No,' sez he 'Wall,' sez I, 'I'd appint your funeral tomorrow arternoon & the *korps should be ready!* You're too smart to live on this yearth' *Ib Edwin Forrest as Othello*

Before he retired to his virtoous couch *Ib*

The female woman is one of the greatest institooshuns of which this land can boste. *Ib Woman's Rights*

Do me eyes deceive me earsight? Is it some dreams?
Ib Moses, the Sassy

By a sudden and adroit movement I placed my left eye agin the Secesher's fist
Ib Thrilling Scenes in Dixie

The ground flew up and hit me in the hed *Ib*

I presunted myself at Betty's bedside late at nite, with considerbul licker koncealed about my persun
Ib Betsy-Jain Re-orgumsed

The happy marrid man dies in good stile at home, surrounded by his weeping wife and children The old batchelor don't die at all—he sort of rots away, like a polly-wog's tail *Ib Draft in Baldinsville*

It is a pity that Chawcer, who had geneyus, was so unedicated He's the wuss speller I know of
Artemus Ward in London, ch. 4 *At the Tomb of Shakespeare*

Why these weeps? *Artemus Ward's Lecture*

One of the principal features of my Entertainment is that it contains so many things that don't have anything to do with it *Ib*

I can't sing As a singist I am not a success I am saddest when I sing So are those who hear me They are sadder even than I am *Ib*

He [Brigham Young] is dreadfully married He's the most married man I ever saw in my life *Ib*

Why is this thus? What is the reason of this thusness? *Ib*

I am happiest when I am idle I could live for months without performing any kind of labour, and at the expiration of that time I should feel fresh and vigorous enough to go right on in the same way for numerous more months
Pyrotechny III *Pettingill*

Why care for grammar as long as we are good?
Ib v

Let us all be happy, and live within our means, even if we have to borrer the money to do it with
Science and Natural History

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

1851–1920

'Propinquity does it'—as Mrs Thornburgh is always reminding us *Robert Elsmere*, bk 1, ch 2

REV. NATHANIEL WARD

1578–1652

The world is full of care, much like unto a bubble,
Women and care, and care and women, and women and care and trouble
Epigram (Attr by Ward to a lady at the Court of Queen of Bohemia) Simple Cobler's Boy (1648), p 25.

HENRY STEVENSON WASHBURN

We shall meet, but we shall miss him,
There will be one vacant chair
We shall linger to caress him,
When we breathe our evening prayer
The Vacant Chair, chorus

GEORGE WASHINGTON

1732–1799

Father, I cannot tell a lie, I did it with my little hatchet
Attr remark Mark Twain's *Mark Twain as George Washington* Another version is I can't tell a lie, Pa, you know I can't tell a lie I did cut it with my hatchet
Weems, *Washington*, 1800 (ed 1918), p 23

It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliance with any portion of the foreign world
His Farewell Address to the People of the United States, 17 Sept 1796.

Labour to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, called conscience
Rules of Civility and Decent Behaviour Sparks's *Life of Washington* (1839), vol II, p 109

We must consult Brother Jonathan
Said to have been a frequent remark of his during the American Revolution, referring to Jonathan Trumbull, 1710–85, Governor of Connecticut *Norwich Evening Courier*, 12 Nov 1846, No 797, p 2 (*Publications of the Colonial Society of Massachusetts, 1905*, vol VII, p 94).

Put none but Americans on guard tonight
Attr remark, based on his circular letter to regimental commanders, 30 April 1777

ROWLAND WATKYNS

fl 1662

I love him not, but shew no reason can
Wherefore, but this, *I do not love* the man
Flamma sine fumo Antipathy

For every marriage then is best in tune,
When that the wife is May, the husband June
Ib To the most Courteous and Fair Gentlewoman, Mrs Elinor Williams

SIR WILLIAM WATSON

1858–1936

April, April,
Laugh thy girlish laughter,
Then, the moment after,
Weep thy girlish tears! *April*

O be less beautiful, or be less brief *Autumn*

Slight not the songsmith *England my Mother*

Plucked by his hand, the basest weed that grows
Towers to a lily, reddens to a rose *Epigram*

How all her care was but to be fair,
And all her task to be sweet *The Heart of the Rose*

When, upon orchard and lane, breaks the white foam of the Spring
Hymn to the Sea, Pt III, 12

Nature! whose lapidary seas
Labour a pebble without cease *Nature's Way*

Who never negligently yet
Fashioned an April violet,
Nor would forgive, did June disclose
Unceremoniously the rose *Ib*

Time, and the ocean, and some fostering star,
In high cabal have made us what we are
Ode on the Coronation of Edward VII, l 8

Forget not, brother singer, that though Prose
Can never be too truthful or too wise,
Song is not truth, not Wisdom, but the rose
Upon Truth's lips, the light in Wisdom's eyes
Ode to J C Collins

We are children of splendour and flame,
Of shuddering, also, and tears,
Magnificent out of the dust we came,
And abject from the spheres *Ode in May*

The staid, conservative, Came-over-with-the-Conqueror type of mind *A Study in Contrasts*, I, 1. 42

The thirst to know and understand,
A large and liberal discontent,
These are the goods in life's rich hand,
The things that are more excellent
Things That Are More Excellent, VIII

And not without honour my days ran,
Nor yet without a boast shall end,
For I was Shakespeare's countryman,
And were not you my friend? *To H D Traill*

Another bruising of the hapless head
Of a wronged people yearning to be free
Ver Tenebrosum 2 *Hasheen*

In this house with starry dome,
Floored with gemlike plains and seas,
Shall I never feel at home,
Never wholly be at ease? *World-Strangeness*

On from room to room I stray,
Yet mine Host can ne'er espy,
And I know not to this day
Whether guest or captive I *Ib*

ISAAC WATTS

1674–1748

Whene'er I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see!
What shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me?
Divine Songs for Children, IV *Praise for Mercies*

Lord, I ascribe it to Thy grace,
And not to chance, as others do,
That I was born of Christian race,
And not a Heathen, or a Jew
Ib VI *Praise for the Gospel*

There's no repentance in the grave
Ib X *Solemn Thoughts of God and Death*

There is a dreadful Hell,
And everlasting pains,
There sinners must with devils dwell
In darkness, fire, and chains
Ib XI *Heaven and Hell*

But liars we can never trust,
Though they should speak the thing that's true,
And he that does one fault at first,
And lies to hide it, makes it two
Ib XV *Against Lying*

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so,
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too
Ib XVI *Against Quarrelling*

But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise,
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes *Ib*

Whatever brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home
Ib XVII *Love between Brothers and Sisters*

Birds in their little nests agree *Ib.*

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!
Ib xx *Against Idleness and Mischief*

In works of labour, or of skill,
I would be busy too,
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do *Ib*

One sickly sheep infects the flock,
And poisons all the rest
Ib xxi *Against Evil Company*

Let me be dress'd fine as I will,
Flies, worms, and flowers, exceed me still
Ib xxii *Against Pride in Clothes*

I have been there, and still would go,
'Tis like a little Heaven below
Ib xxviii *Lord's Day Evening*

Hush! my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head *Ib Cradle Hymn*

Were I so tall to reach the Pole,
Or grasp the ocean in my span,
I must be measured by my soul,
The mind 's the standard of the man
Ib False Greatness

'Tis the voice of the sluggard, I heard him complain,
'You have wak'd me too soon, I must slumber again'
As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed,
Turns his sides and his shoulders and his heavy head
Moral Songs, i *The Sluggard*

Abroad in the meadows to see the young lambs
Run sporting about by the side of their dams,
With fleeces so clean and so white
Ib ii *Innocent Play*

How rude are the boys that throw pebbles and mire!
Ib

I'll not willingly offend,
Nor be easily offended,
What's amiss I'll strive to mend,
And endure what can't be mended
Ib vi *Good Resolution.*

Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high *Psalms*, v

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home

Beneath the shadow of Thy Throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure,
Sufficient is Thine Arm alone,
And our defence is sure

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away,
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day *Ib Psalm* xc.

How bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?
Hymns and Spiritual Songs, bk i, No 41, *How Bright These Glorious Spirits* First line altered from Watts's original *These glorious minds how bright they shine*

Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound.
Ib bk ii, No 63 *Hark! from the Tombs*

When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes *Ib* No 65.

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain
Ib No. 66 *There is a Land of Pure Delight*

Death, like a narrow sea, divides
That heavenly land from ours. *Ib*

So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between *Ib*

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross the narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away *Ib*

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore. *Ib*

When I survey the wondrous cross
Ib bk iii, No 7 *When I Survey the Wondrous Cross*

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small,
Love so amazing, so Divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all. *Ib*

WALTER THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON

1832–1914

Behold, ye builders, demigods who made England's Walhalla [Westminster Abbey]
What the Silent Voices Said, iv *The Minster Spirits*

FREDERIC EDWARD WEATHERLY

1848–1929

Where are the boys of the Old Brigade?
The Old Brigade

Not in the Abbey proudly laid
Find they a place or part,
The gallant boys of the old brigade,
They sleep in old England's heart *Ib*

Why, Jack 's the king of all,
For they all love Jack! *They All Love Jack.*

WILLIAM WEBB

fl 1839

His throat they cut from ear to ear,
His brains they punch*ed* in,
His name was Mr William Weare,
Wot lived in Lyon's Inn
Ballad See Lord William Lennox in *The Sporting Review*, July 1839, vol II, p 42
Also attrib to Theodore Hook (1788–1841)
See C Hindley's *Life and Times of James Catnach* (1878), p 145

DANIEL WEBSTER

1782–1852

The gentleman has not seen how to reply to this, otherwise than by supposing me to have advanced the doctrine that a national debt is a national blessing
Second Speech in the Senate on Foot's Resolution, 20 Jan 1830

He [Alexander Hamilton] smote the rock of the national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth He touched the dead corpse of the Public Credit, and it sprung upon its feet
Speech at a Public Dinner at New York, 10 March, 1831.

On this question of principle, while actual suffering was yet afar off, they [the Colonies] raised their flag against a power, to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared, a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England
Speech in the Senate on the President's Protest, 7 May, 1834

Thank God, I—I also—am an American!
Speech on the Completion of Bunker Hill Monument, 17 June 1843

The Law It has honoured us, may we honour it
Ib

I was born an American, I will live an American, I shall die an American
Speech in the Senate on 'The Compromise Bill', 17 July, 1850

Fearful concatenation of circumstances
Argument on the Murder of Captain Joseph White

JOHN WEBSTER

1580?–1625?

She's loose i' th' hilts *The Duchess of Malfi*, II. v

Rais'd by that curious engine, your white hand
Ib III II 297

I am acquainted with sad misery
As the tann'd galley-slave is with his oar
Ib IV II 25.

I have made a soap-boiler costive. *Ib* I 117

I am Duchess of Malfi still. *Ib.* I. 146.

I know death hath ten thousand several doors
For men to take their exits *Ib* I 222

So I were out of your whispering *Ib* I 226

FERDINAND
Cover her face, mine eyes dazzle she died young
BOSOLA
I think not so, her infelicity
Seem'd to have years too many *Ib* I 267

We are merely the stars' tennis-balls, struck and bandied
Which way please them. *Ib* V IV 52

Is not old wine wholesomest, old pippins toothsomest, old wood burn brightest, old linen wash whitest? Old soldiers, sweetheart, are surest, and old lovers are soundest *Westward Hoe*, II II

I saw him even now going the way of all flesh *Ib*

'Tis just like a summer bird-cage in a garden the birds that are without despair to get in, and the birds that are within despair and are in a consumption for fear they shall never get out
The White Devil, I II

A mere tale of a tub, my words are idle *Ib* II I

Call for the robin redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men *Ib* V IV.

I am i' th' way to study a long silence *Ib* VI

Prosperity doth bewitch men, seeming clear,
But seas do laugh, show white, when rocks are near
Ib.

I have caught
An everlasting cold *Ib.*

ARTHUR WELLESLEY DUKE OF WELLINGTON

1769–1852

All the business of war, and indeed all the business of life, is to endeavour to find out what you don't know by what you do, that's what I called guessing what was at the other side of the hill'
Croker Papers (1885), vol III, p 276

F.M the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr —— and declines to interfere in circumstances over which he has no control
G A Sala, *Echoes of the Week* in *London Illustrated News*, 23 Aug 1884 Vol. lxxxv, p 171, col 1

I never saw so many shocking bad hats in my life
On seeing the first Reformed Parliament
Sir William Fraser, *Words on Wellington* (1889), p 12

The battle of Waterloo was won in the playing fields of Eton *Ib* p 138

The next greatest misfortune to losing a battle is to gain such a victory as this
S Rogers, *Recollections* (1859), p 215

'What a glorious thing must be a victory, Sir' 'The greatest tragedy in the world, Madam, except a defeat' *Ib* footnote

There is no mistake, there has been no mistake, and there shall be no mistake
Wellingtomana (1852), p 78

Up Guards and at them again!
Attr to Wellington during the Battle of Waterloo
Capt Batty's letter, 22 June 1815, in Booth's *Battle of Waterloo*
J W Croker, in a letter to A Greville, 14 Mar 1852, wrote 'Perhaps I might also venture to ask his Grace whether he did say "Up Guards and at them" '
Wellington replied in an undated letter to Croker which is in Croker Correspondence and Diaries, 1884, vol III, p 280 'What I must have said and possibly did say was, Stand up Guards! and then gave the commanding officers the order to attack'

I used to say of him [Napoleon] that his presence on the field made the difference of forty thousand men
Stanhope's *Life of Wellington,* p 9

Ours [our army] is composed of the scum of the earth—the mere scum of the earth *Ib* p 14

My rule always was to do the business of the day in the day *Ib* p 71

The Government was contemplating the dispatch of an expedition to Burma, with a view to taking Rangoon, and a question arose as to who would be the fittest general to be sent in command of the expedition The Cabinet sent for the Duke of Wellington, and asked his advice He instantly replied, 'Send Lord Combermere'
'But we have always understood that your Grace thought Lord Combermere a fool'
'So he is a fool, and a d—d fool, but he can take Rangoon'
G W E Russell's *Collections and Recollections,* ch 2

In refusing the dedication of a song (the Duke of Wellington) informed Mrs Norton that he had been obliged to make a rule of refusing dedications, 'because, in his situation as Chancellor of the University of Oxford, he had been much exposed to authors' *Ib*

I have no small talk and Peel has no manners *Ib* ch 14

I don't care a twopenny damn what becomes of the ashes of Napoleon Buonaparte
Attr Farmer and Henley, *Slang and its Analogues*

Publish and be damned *Attr*

By God, I never saw so many whores
In all my life before
Hardy, *The Dynasts,* Pt III II III

UXBRIDGE
I have lost my leg, by God!

WELLINGTON
By God, and have you! *Ib* VII VIII

HERBERT GEORGE WELLS

1866–

'I'm a Norfan, both sides,' he would explain, with the air of one who had seen trouble
Kipps, bk I, ch 6, § 1

'I expect,' he said, 'I was thinking jest what a Rum Go everything is I expect it was something like that' *Ib* bk III, ch 3, § 8

The shape of things to come *Title of Book*

The Time-Machine. *Title of volume of stories*

The War that will end War *Title of Book,* 1914

CHARLES WESLEY

1707–1788

'Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,'
Sons of men and angels say,
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply
Hymns and Sacred Poems (1739) *Christ, the Lord, is Risen To-day*

Jesu, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy Bosom fly,
While the waters nearer roll,
While the tempest still is high,
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last
Ib (1740), *Jesu, Lover of My Soul*

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee *Ib*

Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing *Ib*

Thou of Life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee,
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity *Ib*

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child,
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to thee
Ib (1742), *Gentle Jesus, Meek and Mild.*

Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on
Ib (1749), *Soldiers of Christ, Arise*

Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice
Hymns for Our Lord's Resurrection (1746) *Rejoice, the Lord is King*

Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled
Ib Christmas Hymn Hark! the Herald Angels Sing
First two lines altered by George Whitefield in 1753 from Wesley's original
Hark, how all the welkin rings,
'Glory to the King of kings'

Lo! He comes with clouds descending
Hymns of Intercession for all Mankind (1758) *Lo! He Comes with Clouds* New version of John Cennick's 'Lo! He cometh, countless trumpets', in *Collection of Sacred Hymns*, 1752.

Those who set at naught and sold Him,
Pierced and nail'd Him to the Tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see *Ib*

Let saints on earth in concert sing
Funeral Hymns (1759) *Let saints on earth* Altered by F H Murray in his *Hymnal for Use in the English Church*, 1852, from 'Let all the saints terrestrial sing'

JOHN WESLEY

1703–1791

I look upon all the world as my parish
Journal, 11 June 1739

Though I am always in haste, I am never in a hurry
Select Letters (1837) *Letter to a member of the Society 10 Dec 1777*

Do all the good you can,
By all the means you can,
In all the ways you can,
In all the places you can,
At all the times you can,
To all the people you can,
As long as ever you can
Letters (1915) *Rule of Conduct.*

Let it be observed, that slovenliness is no part of religion, that neither this, nor any text of Scripture, condemns neatness of apparel Certainly this is a duty, not a sin 'Cleanliness is, indeed, next to godliness' *Sermons*, No xcii *On Dress*

EDWARD NOYES WESTCOTT

1846–1898

'They say a reasonable amount o' fleas is good fer a dog—keeps him from broodin' over bein' a dog, mebbe' *David Harum*, ch 32

EDITH WHARTON

1862–

Mrs Ballinger is one of the ladies who pursue Culture in bands, as though it were dangerous to meet it alone. *Xingu*, ch 1

RICHARD WHATELY ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN

1787–1863

Preach not because you have to say something, but because you have something to say *Apophthegms*

Happiness is no laughing matter *Ib* p 218

It is a folly to expect men to do all that they may reasonably be expected to do *Ib* p 219

Honesty is the best policy, but he who is governed by that maxim is not an honest man
Ib p 219

WILLIAM WHEWELL

1794–1866

And so no force, however great,
Can stretch a cord, however fine,
Into a horizontal line
That shall be absolutely straight
Quoted as an example of accidental metre and rhyme Printed in prose in Whewell's *Elementary Treatise on Mechanics*, 1819

JAMES ABBOTT McNEILL WHISTLER

1834–1903

Listen! There never was an artistic period There never was an Art-loving nation
'Ten O'Clock'

Nature is usually wrong *Ib*

I am not arguing with you—I am telling you
Gentle Art of Making Enemies

'I only know of two painters in the world,' said a newly introduced feminine enthusiast to Whistler, 'yourself and Velasquez' 'Why,' answered Whistler in dulcet tones, 'why drag in Velasquez?'
D C Seitz, *Whistler Stories* (1913), p 27

[In answer to a lady who said that a landscape reminded her of his work]
Yes madam, Nature is creeping up *Ib*

[In answer to the question 'For two days' labour, you ask two hundred guineas?']
No, I ask it for the knowledge of a lifetime *Ib*

You shouldn't say it is not good You should say you do not like it, and then, you know, you're perfectly safe

[Answering Oscar Wilde's 'I wish I had said that']
You will, Oscar, you will
L C Ingleby, *Oscar Wilde*, p 67

HENRY KIRKE WHITE

1785–1806

Oft in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go
W J Hall's *Mitre Hymn Book*, 1836 Adapted by Dr W B Collyer from White's original 'Much in sorrow, oft in woe'

JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE

1775–1841

Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
To Night, l 1.

Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! Creation widened in man's view *Ib* l 8

If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?
Ib l 14

PAUL WHITEHEAD

1710–1774

Honour's a mistress all mankind pursue,
Yet most mistake the false one for the true
Lur'd by the trappings, dazzled by the paint,
We worship oft the idol for the saint
Honour, l 105

Why, praise is satire in these sinful days
Manners, l 215

WILLIAM WHITEHEAD

1715–1785

Yes, I'm in love, I feel it now,
And Caelia has undone me,
And yet I'll swear I can't tell how
The pleasing plague stole on me
The Je ne scay quoi, st 1 Song

Her voice, her touch, might give th' alarm—
'Twas both perhaps, or neither,
In short, 'twas that provoking charm
Of Caelia altogether *Ib*

WILLIAM WHITING

1825–1878

O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea
Hymn Eternal Father Strong to Save

WALT WHITMAN

? 1819–1892

Silent and amazed even when a little boy,
I remember I heard the preacher every Sunday put God in his statements,
As contending against some being or influence
A Child's Amaze

Give me the splendid silent sun with all his beams full-dazzling!
Give Me the Splendid Silent Sun

I dream'd in a dream I saw a city invincible to the attacks of the whole of the rest of the earth,
I dream'd that was the new city of Friends
I Dream'd in a Dream

The institution of the dear love of comrades
I Hear it was Charged against Me

O my brave soul!
O farther farther sail!
O daring joy, but safe, are they not all the seas of God?
O farther, farther, farther sail! *Passage to India*, 9

Joy, shipmate, joy!
(Pleas'd to my soul at death I cry,)
Our life is closed, our life begins,
The long, long anchorage we leave,
The ship is clear at last, she leaps!
She swiftly courses from the shore,
Joy, shipmate, joy. *Joy, Shipmate, Joy.*

Me imperturbe, standing at ease in Nature
Me Imperturbe.

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting *O Captain! My Captain!* 1.

The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won,
Exult O shores, and ring O bells! But I with mournful tread
Walk the deck my captain lies, Fallen cold and dead *Ib* III

Out of the cradle endlessly rocking,
Out of the mocking-bird's throat, the musical shuttle,

A reminiscence sing
Out of the Cradle endlessly Rocking

O we can wait no longer,
We too take ship O soul,
Joyous we too launch out on trackless seas,
Fearless for unknown shores on waves of ecstasy to sail,
Amid the wafting winds (thou pressing me to thee, I thee to me, O soul,)
Caroling free, singing our song of God,
Chanting our chant of pleasant exploration
Passage to India, 8

Come my tan-faced children,
Follow well in order, get your weapons ready,
Have you your pistols? have you your sharp-edged axes?
Pioneers! O pioneers!
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

Beautiful that war and all its deeds of carnage must in time be utterly lost,
That the hands of the sisters Death and Night incessantly softly wash again, and ever again, this soil'd world,
For my enemy is dead, a man as divine as myself is dead,
I look where he lies white-faced and still in the coffin —I draw near,
Bend down and touch lightly with my lips the white face in the coffin *Reconciliation*

Where the populace rise at once against the never-ending audacity of elected persons
Song of the Broad Axe, 5, l 12

Where women walk in public processions in the streets the same as the men,
Where they enter the public assembly and take places the same as the men,
Where the city of the faithfullest friends stands,
Where the city of the cleanliness of the sexes stands,
Where the city of the healthiest fathers stands,
Where the city of the best-bodied mothers stands,
There the great city stands *Ib* l 20

I celebrate myself, and sing myself
Song of Myself, 1

I loafe and invite my soul *Ib*

Urge and urge and urge,
Always the procreant urge of the world *Ib* 3

A child said *What is the grass?* fetching it to one with full hands,

. .

Or I guess it is the handkerchief of the Lord,
A scented gift and remembrancer designedly dropt,
Bearing the owner's name someway in the corners, that we may see and remark, and say *Whose?*

And now it seems to me the beautiful uncut hair of graves *Ib* 6

The look of the bay mare shames silliness out of me *Ib* 13

I also say it is good to fall, battles are lost in the same spirit in which they are won *Ib* 18

I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contain'd,
I stand and look at them long and long
They do not sweat and whine about their condition,
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,
Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of owning things,
Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago,
Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth *Ib* 31

Behold, I do not give lectures or a little charity,
When I give I give myself *Ib* 39

My rendezvous is appointed, it is certain,
The Lord will be there and wait till I come on perfect terms,
The great Camerado, the lover true for whom I pine will be there *Ib* 44

I have said that the soul is not more than the body,
And I have said that the body is not more than the soul,
And nothing, not God, is greater to one than one's self is *Ib* 47

In the faces of men and women I see God, and in my own face in the glass,
I find letters from God dropt in the street, and every one is sign'd by God's name,
And I leave them where they are, for I know that wheresoe'er I go,
Others will punctually come for ever and ever *Ib*

Do I contradict myself?
Very well then I contradict myself,
(I am large, I contain multitudes.) *Ib* 50

I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world *Ib* 51

Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road,
Healthy, free, the world before me,
The long brown path before me leading wherever I choose *Song of the Open Road*, 1

The earth, that is sufficient,
I do not want the constellations any nearer,
I know they are very well where they are,
I know they suffice for those who belong to them *Ib* 1 8

I am larger, better than I thought,
I did not know I held so much goodness *Ib* 5

I will put in my poems that with you is heroism upon land and sea,
And I will report all heroism from an American point of view. *Starting from Paumanok*, 6

This dust was once the man,
Gentle, plain, just and resolute, under whose cautious hand,
Against the foulest crime in history known in any land or age,
Was saved the Union of these States *This Dust was Once the Man*

When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd,
And the great star early droop'd in the western sky in the night,
I mourn'd, and yet shall mourn with ever-returning spring *When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd*, 1

Come lovely and soothing death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later, delicate death
Prais'd be the fathomless universe,
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious,
And for love, sweet love—but praise! praise! praise!
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding death *Ib* 14

Camerado, this is no book,
Who touches this touches a man *Ib So I ong!*

I am he that walks with the tender and growing night,
I call to the earth and sea half-held by the night
Press close bare-bosom'd night—press close magnetic nourishing night!
Night of south winds—night of the large few stars!
Still nodding night—mad naked summer night *Ib* 21

Earth of the vitreous pour of the full moon just tinged with blue! *Ib*

Far-swooping elbow'd earth—rich apple-blossom'd earth!
Smile, for your lover comes *Ib*

These United States *A Backward Glance O'er Travell'd Roads*
'These States' is *passim* throughout Whitman's verse

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

1807–1892

O brother man! fold to thy heart thy brother *Worship*, l 49

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care *The Eternal Goodness*, xx

The Indian Summer of the heart! *Memories*, ix

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,
The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland *Barbara Frietchie*, l 1.

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down
Ib I 17

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead *Ib* I 23

'Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag,' she said *Ib* I 35.

'Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!' he said *Ib* I 41

'Dinna ye hear it?—Dinna ye hear it?
The pipes o' Havelock sound!'
Pipes at Lucknow, v

For all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these 'It might have been!'
Maud Muller, I 105

CORNELIUS WHURR

c 1845

What lasting joys the man attend
Who has a polished female friend
The Accomplished Female Friend

GEORGE JOHN WHYTE-MELVILLE

1821–1878

Then drink, puppy, drink, and let ev'ry puppy drink,
That is old enough to lap and to swallow,
For he'll grow into a hound, so we'll pass the bottle round,
And merrily we'll whoop and we'll holloa
Drink, Puppy, Drink, chorus

The swallows are making them ready to fly,
Wheeling out on a windy sky·
Goodbye, Summer, goodbye, goodbye
Goodbye, Summer

Wrap me up in my tarpaulin jacket,
And say a poor buffer lies low,
And six stalwart lancers shall carry me,
With steps solemn, mournful, and slow
The Tarpaulin Jacket

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

1855–1919

Laugh, and the world laughs with you,
Weep, and you weep alone,
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own
Solitude

So many gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind,
While just the art of being kind
Is all the sad world needs *The World's Need*

OSCAR FINGAL O'FLAHERTIE WILLS WILDE

1856–1900

He did not wear his scarlet coat,
For blood and wine are red,
And blood and wine were on his hands
When they found him with the dead
The Ballad of Reading Gaol, pt I 1

I never saw a man who looked
With such a wistful eye
Upon that little tent of blue
Which prisoners call the sky *Ib* III

When a voice behind me whispered low,
"That fellow 's got to swing' *Ib* IV

Yet each man kills the thing he loves,
By each let this be heard,
Some do it with a bitter look,
Some with a flattering word
The coward does it with a kiss,
The brave man with a sword! *Ib* VII

Like two doomed ships that pass in storm
We had crossed each other's way
But we made no sign, we said no word,
We had no word to say, *Ib* II XII

The Governor was strong upon
The Regulations Act
The Doctor said that Death was but
A scientific fact
And twice a day the Chaplain called,
And left a little tract *Ib* III III

And once, or twice, to throw the dice
Is a gentlemanly game,
But he does not win who plays with Sin
In the secret House of Shame. *Ib* XXIII

Something was dead in each of us,
And what was dead was Hope *Ib* XXXI

And the wild regrets, and the bloody sweats,
None knew so well as I
For he who lives more lives than one
More deaths than one must die *Ib* XXXVII

I know not whether Laws be right,
Or whether Laws be wrong,
All that we know who lie in gaol
Is that the wall is strong,
And that each day is like a year,
A year whose days are long *Ib* V 1

How else but through a broken heart
May Lord Christ enter in? *Ib* XIV

Surely there was a time I might have trod
The sunlit heights, and from life's dissonance
Struck one clear chord to reach the ears of God
Helas! (*Lines prefixed to his Poems, Paris edition, 1903*)

And yet, and yet,
These Christs that die upon the barricades,
God knows it I am with them, in some ways
Sonnet to Liberty Not that I Love Thy Children

All her bright golden hair
Tarnished with rust,
She that was young and fair
Fallen to dust *Requiescat*

O Singer of Persephone!
In the dim meadows desolate
Dost thou remember Sicily? *Theocritus*

Art never expresses anything but itself
The Decay of Lying (1891), p 43

Really, if the lower orders don't set us a good example, what on earth is the use of them?
Importance of Being Earnest, Act I

In married life three is company and two none *Ib*

Confirmed and secret Bunburyist *Ib*

I have invented an invaluable permanent invalid called Bunbury, in order that I may be able to go down into the country whenever I choose *Ib*

To lose one parent, Mr Worthing, may be regarded as a misfortune, to lose both looks like carelessness *Ib*

All women become like their mothers That is their tragedy No man does That 's his *Ib*

The chapter on the Fall of the Rupee you may omit It is somewhat too sensational *Ib* Act II

On an occasion of this kind it becomes more than a moral duty to speak one's mind It becomes a pleasure *Ib*

Meredith is a prose Browning, and so is Browning He used poetry as a medium for writing in prose
The Critic as Artist Part I Intentions

A little sincerity is a dangerous thing, and a great deal of it is absolutely fatal. *Ib* 2

Ah! don't say that you agree with me When people agree with me I always feel that I must be wrong *Ib*

As long as war is regarded as wicked, it will always have its fascination When it is looked upon as vulgar, it will cease to be popular *Ib*

There is no sin except stupidity *Ib*

Many a woman has a past, but I am told that she has at least a dozen, and that they all fit
Lady Windermere's Fan Act I

There is nothing in the whole world so unbecoming to a woman as a Nonconformist conscience *Ib* Act III

CECIL GRAHAM
What is a cynic?
LORD DARLINGTON
A man who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing *Ib*

DUMBY
Experience is the name every one gives to their mistakes
CECIL GRAHAM
One shouldn't commit any
DUMBY
Life would be very dull without them *Ib*

There is no such thing as a moral or an immoral book Books are well written, or badly written
Picture of Dorian Gray, preface

The moral life of man forms part of the subject-matter of the artist, but the morality of art consists in the perfect use of an imperfect medium *Ib*

There is only one thing in the world worse than being talked about, and that is not being talked about *Ib* ch 1.

A man cannot be too careful in the choice of his enemies *Ib*

The only way to get rid of a temptation is to yield to it *Ib* ch 2

A cigarette is the perfect type of a perfect pleasure It is exquisite, and it leaves one unsatisfied What more can one want? *Ib* ch 6

It is better to be beautiful than to be good But it is better to be good than to be ugly *Ib* ch 17

Anybody can be good in the country *Ib* ch. 19

As for the virtuous poor, one can pity them, of course, but one cannot possibly admire them
Soul of Man under Socialism

Democracy means simply the bludgeoning of the people by the people for the people *Ib*

MRS ALLONBY
They say, Lady Hunstanton, that when good Americans die they go to Paris
LADY HUNSTANTON
Indeed? And when bad Americans die, where do they go to?
LORD ILLINGWORTH
Oh, they go to America
A Woman of No Importance (1893), Act I

The youth of America is their oldest tradition It has been going on now for three hundred years *Ib*

One should never trust a woman who tells one her real age A woman who would tell one that, would tell one anything *Ib*

LORD ILLINGWORTH
The Book of Life begins with a man and a woman in a garden
MRS ALLONBY
It ends with Revelations *Ib.*

GERALD
I suppose society is wonderfully delightful!
LORD ILLINGWORTH
To be in it is merely a bore But to be out of it simply a tragedy *Ib* Act III

You should study the Peerage, Gerald . It is the best thing in fiction the English have ever done *Ib*

Children begin by loving their parents, as they grow older they judge them, sometimes they forgive them *Picture of Dorian Gray*, ch 5

A thing is not necessarily true because a man dies for it
Sebastian Melmoth (1904), p 12 *Oscariana* (1910), p 8

(*At the New York Custom House*)
I have nothing to declare except my genius
F Harris, *Oscar Wilde* (1918), p 75.

(*A huge fee [for an operation] was mentioned*)
'Ah, well, then,' said Oscar, 'I suppose that I shall have to die beyond my means'.
R H Sherard, Life of Oscar Wilde (1906), p 421.

JOHN WILKES

1727–1797

The chapter of accidents is the longest chapter in the book
Attributed to John Wilkes by Southey in The Doctor (1837), vol iv, p 166

WILLIAM WILKIE

1721–1772

[His] labour for his pains
Fables The Boy and the Rainbow, ad fin

EMMA HART WILLARD

1787–1870

Rocked in the cradle of the deep *Song*

WILLIAM III OF ENGLAND

1650–1702

I will die in the last ditch
Hume, History of Great Britain, vol ii, 1757, p 226 Charles II, ch 3

Every bullet has its billet
John Wesley, Journal, 6 June, 1765

SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS

1708–1759

Dear Betty, come, give me sweet kisses,
For sweeter no girl ever gave
But why in the midst of our blisses,
Do you ask me how many I'd have?
I'm not to be stinted in pleasure,
Then prithee, dear Betty, be kind,
For as I love thee beyond measure,
To numbers I'll not be confin'd
A Ballad in Imitation of Martial, Lib 6, Ep 34 Works (1822), vol i, p 111

HARRY WILLIAMS and JACK JUDGE

It's a long way to Tipperary, it's a long way to go,
It's a long way to Tipperary, to the sweetest girl I know!
Good-bye Piccadilly, Farewell Leicester Square,
It's a long, long way to Tipperary, But my heart's right there!
It's A Long Way to Tipperary Chorus claimed by Alice Smythe B Jay Written in 1908 See N Y Times, 20 Sept 1907

In the shade of the old apple tree *Title of Song*

I'm afraid to come home in the dark
Title of Song.

ISAAC WILLIAMS

1802–1865

Disposer Supreme,
And Judge of the earth
Hymns translated from the Parisian Breviary (1839), p 271

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS

1806–1867

At present there is no distinction among the upper ten thousand of the city
Necessity for a Promenade Drive

W. G WILLS

19th cent

I'll sing thee songs of Araby,
And tales of wild Cashmere,
Wild tales to cheat thee of a sigh,
Or charm thee to a tear
'Lalla Rookh'

D. EARDLEY WILMOT

contemp.

It's a corner of heaven itself,
Though it's only a tumble-down nest,
But with love brooding there, why, no place can compare,
With my little grey home in the west
My Little Grey Home

JOHN WILSON

1785–1854

See CHRISTOPHER NORTH

JOHN WILSON

d. 1889.

Oh for a book and a shady nook,
Either in door or out,
With the green leaves whispering overhead,
Or the street cries all about
Where I may read all at my ease,
Both of the new and old,
For a jolly good book whereon to look,
Is better to me than gold
Lines written as a motto to a second-hand books catalogue Lubbock, *Pleasures of Life*, ed 1887, p 48

THOMAS WOODROW WILSON

1856–1924

There is such a thing as a man being too proud to fight *Address at Philadelphia, 10 May 1915*

We have stood apart, studiously neutral
Message to Congress, 7 Dec 1915

The world must be made safe for democracy
Address to Congress, 2 April 1917

It is indispensable that the governments associated against Germany should know beyond a peradventure with whom they are dealing
Note to Germany, 14 Oct 1918

ARTHUR WIMPERIS

1874–

Gilbert, the Filbert,
The Colonel of the Knuts
Gilbert, the Filbert

ROBERT CHARLES WINTHROP

1809–1894

A Star for every State, and a State for every Star
Speech on Boston Common, 27 Aug 1862

GEORGE WITHER

1588–1667

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be *Sonnet*

I loved a lass, a fair one,
As fair as e'er was seen,
She was indeed a rare one,
Another Sheba queen
I Loved a Lass, a Fair One

CHARLES WOLFE

1791–1823

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried
The Burial of Sir John Moore at Corunna, 1

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning *Ib* II

But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him *Ib* III

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow *Ib* IV.

We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory *Ib* VIII.

JAMES WOLFE

1727–1759

[*The General . . repeated nearly the whole of Gray's Elegy . adding, as he concluded, that*] he would prefer being the author of that poem to the glory of beating the French to-morrow
J Playfair, *Biogr Acc of J Robinson* in *Transactions R Soc Edinb 1814*, VII 499

Now, God be praised, I will die in peace
Dying words J Knox, *Historical Journal of Campaigns*, 1757–60 Published 1769 Ed 1914, vol II, p 114

THOMAS WOLSEY, CARDINAL

1475?–1530

Father Abbot, I am come to lay my bones amongst you
Cavendish, *Negotiations of Thomas Woolsey*, 1641, p 108

Had I but served God as diligently as I have served the King, he would not have given me over in my gray hairs *Ib* p 113

J T. WOOD

Wait till the clouds roll by, Jenny,
Wait till the clouds roll by,
Jenny, my own true loved one,
Wait till the clouds roll by
Wait Till the Clouds Roll By.

VIRGINIA WOOLF

contemp

A Room of One's Own *Title of Book*

ELIZABETH WORDSWORTH

1840–1932

If all the good people were clever,
And all clever people were good,
The world would be nicer than ever
We thought that it possibly could

But somehow, 'tis seldom or never
The two hit it off as they should,
The good are so harsh to the clever,
The clever so rude to the good!
St Christopher and Other Poems Good and Clever

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

1770–1850

Where art thou, my beloved Son,
Where art thou, worse to me than dead?
The Affliction of Margaret.

To keep
An incommunicable sleep. *Ib*

My apprehensions come in crowds;
I dread the rustling of the grass,
The very shadows of the clouds
Have power to shake me as they pass *Ib*

Lady of the Mere,
Sole-sitting by the shores of old romance
A Narrow Girdle of Rough Stones and Crags

And three times to the child I said,
'Why, Edward, tell me why?'
Anecdote for Fathers

A Poet!—He hath put his heart to school
Miscellaneous Sonnets, XXVII *A Poet!—He Hath Put*

'At Kilve there was no weather-cock,
And that's the reason why' *Ib*

A slumber did my spirit seal;
I had no human fears:
She seemed a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years

No motion has she now, no force;
She neither hears nor sees,
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,
With rocks, and stones, and trees
A Slumber did My Spirit Seal

Action is transitory,—a step, a blow,
The motion of a muscle, this way or that—
'Tis done, and in the after-vacancy
We wonder at ourselves like men betrayed:
Suffering is permanent, obscure and dark,
And shares the nature of infinity
The Borderers, III. 1539

Love had he found in huts where poor men lie,
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills
Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle

But ne'er to a seductive lay
Let faith be given,
Nor deem that 'light which leads astray
Is light from Heaven' *To the Sons of Burns*

The best of what we do and are
Just God, forgive!
Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1803 III
Thoughts near Burns' Residence

Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now
To a Butterfly I've Watched You Now

I, with many a fear
For my dear country, many heartfelt sighs,
'Mongst men who do not love her, linger here
Poems Dedicated to National Independence pt I, 1 *Near Calais, Aug 1802 Fair Star of Evening*

Jones! as from Calais southward you and I
Went pacing side by side
Ib III *Composed near Calais, on the Road to Ardres.*

Isis and Cam, to patient science dear!
Ib No 42 *Cathedrals, etc Open your Gates, ye Everlasting Piles!*

To be a Prodigal's favourite,—then, worse truth,
A Miser's pensioner,—behold our lot!
O Man, that from thy fair and shining youth
Age might but take the things Youth needed not!
The Small Celandine There is a Flower

There's a flower that shall be mine,
'Tis the little celandine
To the Small Celandine Pansies, Lilies

Pleasures newly found are sweet
When they lie about our feet
February last, my heart
First at sight of thee was glad,
All unheard of as thou art,
Thou must needs, I think have had,
Celandine! and long ago,
Praise of which I nothing know
To the Same Flower Pleasures Newly Found

Small service is true service while it lasts:
Of humblest friends, bright creature! scorn not one
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun
To a Child Written in her Album

O blithe new-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice
O Cuckoo! Shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?
To the Cuckoo O Blithe New-comer!

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring! *Ib*

'Tis the still hour of thinking, feeling, loving
On a High Part of the Coast of Cumberland

Thou unassuming common-place
Of Nature, with that homely face,
And yet with something of a grace
Which love makes for thee
To the Same Flower [*Daisy*] *With Little Here To Do*

Oft on the dappled turf at ease
I sit, and play with similes,
Loose type of things through all degrees *Ib*

Degenerate Douglas! Oh, the unworthy lord!
Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1803. XII
Sonnet Degenerate Douglas!

A brotherhood of venerable trees *Ib*

I thought of Thee, my partner and my guide,
As being past away —Vain sympathies!
For, backward, Duddon! as I cast my eyes,
I see what was, and is, and will abide,
Still glides the Stream, and shall for ever glide,
The Form remains, the Function never dies
The River Duddon, XXXIV *After-Thought*

Enough, if something from our hands have power
To live, and act, and serve the future hour,
And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent dower,
We feel that we are greater than we know *Ib*

Stern daughter of the voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring and reprove *Ode to Duty*

But thee I now will serve more strictly, if I may *Ib.*

Me this unchartered freedom tires,
I feel the weight of chance-desires
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same *Ib*

Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are fresh and strong *Ib*

Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice,
The confidence of reason give,
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live!
Ib

Thine is the tranquil hour, purpureal Eve!
But long as god-like wish, or hope divine,
Informs my spirit, ne'er can I believe
That this magnificence is wholly thine!
—From worlds not quickened by the sun
A portion of the gift is won,
An intermingling of Heaven's pomp is spread
On ground which British shepherds tread
Composed upon an Evening of Extraordinary Splendour

Not in the lucid intervals of life
That come but as a curse to party strife
Evening Voluntaries, IV *Not in the Lucid Intervals*

By grace divine,
Not otherwise, O Nature, we are thine *Ib*

On Man, on Nature, and on Human Life,
Musing in solitude
The Excursion, preface 1 1

Joy in widest commonalty spread *Ib* I 18

The Mind of Man—
My haunt, and the main region of my song
Ib I 40

The discerning intellect of Man,
When wedded to this goodly universe
In love and holy passion, shall find these
A simple produce of the common day *Ib* I 52

A metropolitan temple in the hearts
Of mighty Poets *Ib* I 86

Oh! many are the Poets that are sown
By Nature, men endowed with highest gifts,
The vision and the faculty divine,
Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse
Ib bk 1, I 77

What soul was his, when, from the naked top
Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun
Rise up, and bathe the world in light! *Ib* I 198

The imperfect offices of prayer and praise
Ib I 216

That mighty orb of song
The divine Milton *Ib* I 249

The good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket *Ib* I 500

The intellectual power, through words and things,
Went sounding on, a dim and perilous way!
Ib bk II, I 700

Society became my glittering bride,
And airy hopes my children *Ib* I 735

'Tis a thing impossible, to frame
Conceptions equal to the soul's desires,
And the most difficult of tasks to *keep*
Heights which the soul is competent to gain.
Ib bk IV, I 136.

And that unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man *Ib* I 330

As fast as a musician scatters sounds
Out of an instrument *Ib* I 524

We live by admiration, hope, and love,
And even as these are well and wisely fixed,
In dignity of being we ascend *Ib* I 763

I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell,
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely, and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy, for from within were heard
Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea *Ib* I 1132

Spires whose 'silent fingers point to heaven'
Ib bk VI, I 19 Quoting Coleridge, *The Friend*, sec 1, No 14

The head and mighty paramount of truths,—
Immortal life, in never-fading worlds,
For mortal creatures, conquered and secured
Ib bk VII, I 85

Amid the groves, under the shadowy hills,
The generations are prepared, the pangs,
The internal pangs, are ready, the dread strife
Of poor humanity's afflicted will
Struggling in vain with ruthless destiny *Ib* I 553

A man of hope and forward-looking mind
Ib bk VII, I 276

A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
And confident to-morrows *Ib* I 557

'To every Form of being is assigned',
Thus calmly spoke the venerable Sage,
'An *active* Principle' *Ib* bk IX, I 1

Spirit that knows no insulated spot,
No chasm, no solitude, from link to link
It circulates, the Soul of all the worlds *Ib* I 13

And hear the mighty stream of tendency
Uttering, for elevation of our thought,
A clear sonorous voice, inaudible
To the vast multitude. *Ib* I 87

The primal duties shine aloft like stars,
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of man, like flowers
Ib I 238

Nor less I deem that there are Powers
Which of themselves our minds impress,
That we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness *Expostulation and Reply*

Think you mid all this mighty sum
Of things for ever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking? *Ib*

How nourished there through that long time
He knows who gave that love sublime *Fidelity*

'What is good for a bootless bene?'
With these dark words begins my tale,
And their meaning is, whence can comfort spring
When prayer is of no avail? *The Force of Prayer.*

My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred,
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard *The Fountain*

The wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away
Than what it leaves behind *Ib*

And often, glad no more,
We wear a face of joy because
We have been glad of yore *Ib*

A power is passing from the earth
To breathless Nature's dark abyss,
But when the great and good depart,
What is it more than this—

That Man, who is from God sent forth,
Doth yet again to God return?—
Such ebb and flow must ever be,
Then wherefore should we mourn?
Lines on the Expected Dissolution of Mr Fox

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven!
French Revolution, as it Appeared to Enthusiasts, and *The Prelude,* bk xi, l 108

Sets
The budding rose above the rose full blown
Ib and *The Prelude,* bk xi, l 121

And homeless near a thousand homes I stood,
And near a thousand tables pined and wanted food
Guilt and Sorrow, xli

Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
It is the generous spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his childish thought
Whose high endeavours are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn
Character of the Happy Warrior

Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain,
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower,
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives *Ib*

More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
As tempted more, more able to endure,
As more exposed to suffering and distress,
Thence also, more alive to tenderness *Ib*

And in himself possess his own desire. *Ib*

And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state *Ib*

Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace,
But who if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a lover, and attired
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired,
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw *Ib.*

'Tis, finally, the Man, who, lifted high,
Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,
Or left unthought of in obscurity,—
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not—
Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be won
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray *Ib*

The moving accident is not my trade,
To freeze the blood I have no ready arts
'Tis my delight, alone in summer shade,
To pipe a simple song for thinking hearts
Hart-leap Well, pt 2, l 1

The Being that is in the clouds and air,
That is in the green leaves among the groves,
Maintains a deep and reverential care
For the unoffending creatures whom he loves
Ib l 165

Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.
Ib l 179

High is our calling, friend! Creative Art
(Whether the instrument of words she use,
Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues,)
Demands the service of a mind and heart,
Though sensitive, yet, in their weakest part,
Heroically fashioned
Miscellaneous Sonnets, iii *To B R Haydon· High is our Calling, Friend!*

Sweet Highland Girl, a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower
Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1830 vi *To a Highland Girl.*

The rapt one, of the godlike forehead,
The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth·
And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,
Has vanished from his lonely hearth
Extempore Effusion upon the Death of James Hogg

How fast has brother followed brother,
From sunshine to the sunless land! *Ib*

Him whom you love, your Idiot Boy
The Idiot Boy

And as her mind grew worse and worse,
Her body—it grew better *Ib*

Wisdom and Spirit of the Universe!
Thou Soul that art the Eternity of thought!
And giv'st to forms and images a breath
And everlasting motion!
Influence of Natural Objects, and *The Prelude,* bk i, l 401

A grandeur in the beatings of the heart *Ib.*

All shod with steel
We hissed along the polished ice, in games
Confederate. *Ib* and *The Prelude,* bk i, l 414.

With the din
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud,
The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron, while far-distant hills
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy *Ib*

Leaving the tumultous throng
To cut across the reflex of a star,
Image, that flying still before me, gleamed
Upon the glassy plain *Ib*

Yet still the solitary cliffs
Wheeled by me—even as if the earth had rolled
With visible motion her diurnal round!
Ib and *The Prelude*, bk 1, l. 458

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream
It is not now as it hath been of yore,—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more
Ode Intimations of Immortality, 1

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose,
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare,
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair,
The sunshine is a glorious birth
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth
Ib II

And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound *Ib* III

A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong *Ib*

The winds come to me from the fields of sleep *Ib*

Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
Shepherd-boy *Ib*

And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm *Ib* IV

—But there's a tree, of many, one
A single field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone
The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream? *Ib*

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy,
The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended,
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day. *Ib* V.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' darling of a pigmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes! *Ib*. VII.

As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation *Ib*.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity *Ib* VIII.

Thou Eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind *Ib*.

Thou, over whom thy immortality
Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave *Ib*

Provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke *Ib*

And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life! *Ib*

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction *Ib* IX

Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise,
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings,
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realised,
High instincts before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing *Ib*.

Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence truths that wake,
To perish never
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
Nor Man nor Boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!

Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore. *Ib*

Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower,
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind,
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be,

In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering,
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.
Intimations of Immortality, x.

And O, ye fountains, meadows, hills and groves,
Forbode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might,
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway *Ib* xi.

The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet,
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality,
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears *Ib.*

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
The holy time is quiet as a nun,
Breathless with adoration, the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity,
The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the Sea,
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly
Dear Child! dear Girl! that walkest with me here
If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
Thy nature is not therefore less divine
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year,
And worshipp'st at the temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not
Miscellaneous Sonnets, xxx *It is a Beauteous Evening.*

It is not to be thought of that the Flood
Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, 'with pomp of waters, unwithstood'
National Independence and Liberty. xvi *It is not to be thought of*

In our halls is hung
Armoury of the invincible Knights of old
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake, the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held —In everything we are sprung
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold. *Ib*

I travelled among unknown men
In lands beyond the sea,
Nor, England! did I know till then
What love I bore to thee
I Travelled among Unknown Men

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze
I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way *Ib*

A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth to me the show had brought

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils *Ib.*

Poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings it takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity *Lyrical Ballads Preface*

Vanguard of Liberty, ye men of Kent
National Independence and Liberty, xxiii *To the Men of Kent Vanguard of Liberty.*

Give all thou canst, high Heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely-calculated less or more
Ecclesiastical Sonnets, xlii *King's College Chapel Tax not the Royal Saint*

Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
Lingering—and wandering on as loth to die,
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality *Ib*

They dreamt not of a perishable home
Who thus could build
Ib xlv *Continued They Dreamt not of a Perishable Home*

The gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul
Laodamia, l 74

Of all that is most beauteous—imaged there
In happier beauty, more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams *Ib* l 103.

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee, she is a fen
Of stagnant waters
National Independence and Liberty xiv
London Milton! thou shouldst

Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea.
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness, and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay. *Ib*

Plain living and high thinking are no more
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone, our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws
Ib xiii *Written in London. O Friend! I Know Not*

I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child *Lucy Gray*

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wild moor,
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door! *Ib*

And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind *Ib*

The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising,
There are forty feeding like one!
Written in March.

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated. *Ib*

Meantime Luke began
To slacken in his duty, and at length,
He in the dissolute city gave himself
To evil courses *Michael*, l 442

Many and many a day he thither went,
And never lifted up a single stone *Ib* l 465

Most sweet it is with unuplifted eyes
To pace the ground, if path there be or none,
While a fair region round the traveller lies,
Which he forbears again to look upon
Most Sweet It Is

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man,
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The Child is father of the Man,
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety
My Heart Leaps Up.

From low to high doth dissolution climb
Ecclesiastical Sonnets, xxxiv *Mutability From Low to High*

The unimaginable touch of time *Ib*

Soft is the music that would charm for ever,
The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly
Miscellaneous Sonnets, ix *Not Love, not War*

Another year!—another deadly blow!
Another mighty Empire overthrown!
And we are left, or shall be left, alone
National Independence and Liberty, xxvii *November Another Year!*

We shall exult, if they who rule the land
Be men who hold its many blessings dear,
Wise, upright, valiant, not a servile band,
Who are to judge of danger which they fear,
And honour which they do not understand *Ib*

Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room,
And hermits are contented with their cells
Miscellaneous Sonnets, pt I, 1 *Nuns Fret Not*

The weight of too much liberty *Ib*

There is a spirit in the woods *Nutting*

But Thy most dreaded instrument
In working out a pure intent,
Is man,—arrayed for mutual slaughter,
Yea, Carnage is Thy daughter
Ib xlv *Ode* (1815), l 106 *Imagination Ne'er Before Content*

O dearer far than light and life are dear
To —— O Dearer Far than Life

I heard a Stock-dove sing or say
His homely tale, this very day,
His voice was buried among trees,
Yet to be come-at by the breeze
He did not cease, but cooed—and cooed,
And somewhat pensively he wooed:
He sang of love, with quiet blending,
Slow to begin, and never ending;
Of serious faith, and inward glee,
That was the song,—the song for me!
O Nightingale! Thou Surely Art

Ye sacred Nurseries of blooming Youth!
Ib pt III, II *Oxford Ye Sacred Nurseries.*

A genial hearth, a hospitable board,
And a refined rusticity
Ib pt III, No 18 *Pastoral Character A Genial Hearth*

The light that never was, on sea or land,
The consecration, and the poet's dream
Elegiac Stanzas Suggested by a Picture of Peele Castle in a Storm

A deep distress hath humanized my soul *Ib*

Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone,
Housed in a dream, at distance from the Kind! *Ib*

But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,
And frequent sights of what is to be borne!
Such sights, or worse, as are before me here —
Not without hope we suffer and we mourn *Ib*

I am not one who oft or much delight
To season my fireside with personal talk
Personal Talk, I

Sweetest melodies
Are those that are by distance made more sweet
Ib II

Dreams, books, are each a world, and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow. *Ib* III

The gentle lady married to the Moor,
And heavenly Una with her milk-white lamb. *Ib*

Oh! might my name be numbered among theirs
Ib IV

There's something in a flying horse,
There's something in a huge balloon
Peter Bell, prologue, l 1

Full twenty times was Peter feared
For once that Peter was respected *Ib* pt. I, l. 204

A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more. *Ib* l 249

He gave a groan, and then another,
Of that which went before the brother,
And then he gave a third. *Ib* l 443

Is it a party in a parlour?
Cramm'd just as they on earth were cramm'd—
Some sipping punch, some sipping tea,
But, as you by their faces see,
All silent and all damned! *Ib* pt. II, l 516

The dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink,
I heard a voice, it said, 'Drink, pretty creature, drink!' *The Pet Lamb*

Art thou a Man of purple cheer?
A rosy Man, right plump to see? *A Poet's Epitaph.*

A fingering slave,
One that would peep and botanize
Upon his mother's grave?

A reasoning, self-sufficing thing,
An intellectual All-in-all! *Ib.*

But who is He, with modest looks,
And clad in homely russet brown?
He murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own *Ib*

He is retired as noontide dew,
Or fountain in a noon-day grove,
And you must love him, ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love *Ib*

Impulses of deeper birth
Have come to him in solitude *Ib*

In common things that round us lie
Some random truths he can impart,—
The harvest of a quiet eye,
That broods and sleeps on his own heart

But he is weak, both Man and Boy,
Hath been an idler in the land,
Contented if he might enjoy
The things which others understand *Ib*

Weak as is a breaking wave *Ib*

My soul
Once more made trial of her strength, nor lacked
Aeolian visitations *The Prelude*, bk 1, l 94

Feels immediately some hollow thought
Hang like an interdict upon her hopes *Ib* l 259.

Unprofitably travelling towards the grave *Ib* l 267

Made one long bathing of a summer's day *Ib*. l. 290

Fair seed-time had my soul, and I grew up
Fostered alike by beauty and by fear *Ib* l 301

When the deed was done
I heard among the solitary hills
Low breathings coming after me, and sounds
Of undistinguishable motion, steps
Almost as silent as the turf they trod *Ib* l 321

Though mean
Our object and inglorious, yet the end
Was not ignoble *Ib* l 328

With what strange utterance did the loud dry wind
Blow through my ear! the sky seemed not a sky
Of earth—and with what motion moved the clouds!
Ib l 337

Dust as we are, the immortal spirit grows
Like harmony in music, there is a dark
Inscrutable workmanship that reconciles
Discordant elements, makes them cling together
In one society *Ib* l 340

The grim shape
Towered up between me and the stars, and still,
For so it seemed, with purpose of its own
And measured motion like a living thing,
Strode after me *Ib* l 382

Unknown modes of being *Ib* l 393

Huge and mighty forms that do not live
Like living men, moved slowly through the mind
By day, and were a trouble to my dreams
Ib l 398

Not with the mean and vulgar works of man,
But with high objects, with enduring things
Ib l 408

Strife too humble to be named in verse
Ib l. 513

The self-sufficing power of Solitude.
Ib bk II, l 77

A prop
To our infirmity *Ib* l 214

Thence did I drink the visionary power,
And deem not profitless those fleeting moods
Of shadowy exultation *Ib* l. 311

The soul,
Remembering how she felt, but what she felt
Remembering not, retains an obscure sense
Of possible sublimity *Ib* l 315

Where the statue stood
Of Newton, with his prism and silent face,
The marble index of a mind forever
Voyaging through strange seas of thought alone
Ib bk III, l 61.

Sweet Spenser, moving through his clouded heaven
With the moon's beauty and the moon's soft pace,
I called him Brother, Englishman, and Friend!
Ib. l 280

Here and there
Slight shocks of young love-liking interspersed.
Ib bk IV, l 316

Bond unknown to me
Was given, that I should be, else sinning greatly,
A dedicated spirit *Ib* l 335

A day
Spent in a round of strenuous idleness *Ib* l 377.

That uncertain heaven, received
Into the bosom of the steady lake *Ib* bk V, l 387

Visionary power
Attends the motions of the viewless winds,
Embodied in the mystery of words *Ib* l 595

Present themselves as objects recognized,
In flashes, and with glory not their own
Ib l 604.

Whether we be young or old,
Our destiny, our being's heart and home,
Is with infinitude, and only there,
With hope it is, hope that can never die,
Effort, and expectation, and desire,
And something evermore about to be
Ib bk VI, l 603

We were brothers all
In honour, as in one community,
Scholars and gentlemen *Ib* bk IX, l 227

In the People was my trust,
And in the virtues which mine eyes had seen
Ib bk XI, l 11

The dupe of folly, or the slave of crime
Ib l 320

Not in Utopia—subterranean fields,—
Or some secreted island, Heaven knows where!
But in the very world, which is the world
Of all of us,—the place where, in the end
We find our happiness, or not at all! *Ib* l 140

There is
One great society alone on earth
The noble living and the noble dead *Ib* l 393

A sensitive being, a *creative* soul
The Prelude, bk. xii, l 207.

Oh! mystery of man, from what a depth
Proceed thy honours I am lost, but see
In simple childhood something of the base
On which thy greatness stands *Ib* l 272

Animate an hour of vacant ease *Ib* l. 335

Sorrow, that is not sorrow, but delight,
And miserable love, that is not pain
To hear of, for the glory that redounds
Therefrom to human kind, and what we are
Ib bk xiii, l 246.

Imagination, which, in truth,
Is but another name for absolute power
And clearest insight, amplitude of mind,
And Reason in her most exalted mood
Ib bk xiv, l 190

Prophets of Nature, we to them will speak
A lasting inspiration, sanctified
By reason, blest by faith what we have loved,
Others will love, and we will teach them how,
Instruct them how the mind of man becomes
A thousand times more beautiful than the earth
On which he dwells, above this frame of things
(Which, 'mid all revolution in the hopes
And fears of men, doth still remain unchanged)
In beauty exalted, as it is itself
Of quality and fabric more divine *Ib* l 444

Art thou the bird whom man loves best,
The pious bird with the scarlet breast,
Our little English robin?
The Redbreast Chasing the Butterfly

Love him, or leave him alone! *Ib*

Habit rules the unreflecting herd.
Ecclesiastical Sonnets, xxviii *Reflections Grant that by this Unsparing Hurricane*

There was a roaring in the wind all night
Resolution and Independence, i

As high as we have mounted in delight
In our dejection do we sink as low *Ib* iv

But how can he expect that others should
Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all?
Ib vi

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul, that perished in his pride;
Of him who walked in glory and in joy,
Following his plough, along the mountain side
By our own spirits are we deified
We poets in our youth begin in gladness,
But thereof comes in the end despondency and madness *Ib* vii.

The oldest man he seemed that ever wore grey hairs
Ib viii

As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie
Couched on the bald top of an eminence. *Ib* ix

Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that on a shelf
Of rock or sand reposeth, there to sun itself *Ib.*

That heareth not the loud winds when they call,
And moveth all together, if it moves at all. *Ib* xi.

Choice words, and measured phrase, above the reach
Of ordinary men, a stately speech,
Such as grave livers do in Scotland use. *Ib* xiv.

And mighty poets in their misery dead. *Ib* xvii.

'How is it that you live, and what is it you do?' *Ib.*

The good old rule
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
That they should take, who have the power,
And they should keep who can
Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1803 xi *Rob Roy's Grave*

Scorn not the Sonnet, Critic, you have frowned,
Mindless of its just honours, with this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart
Miscellaneous Sonnets, pt ii, i *Scorn Not the Sonnet*

And when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The Thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
Soul-animating strains,—alas! too few *Ib.*

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be,
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!
She Dwelt Among the Untrodden Ways.

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight,
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament,
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair,
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn,
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay
She was a Phantom of Delight

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty,
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet,
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles *Ib.*

And now I see with eye serene,
The very pulse of the machine,
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller betwixt life and death,
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill,
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command,
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light. *Ib.*

The world is too much with us, late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers
Little we see in Nature that is ours,
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
The Sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers,
For this, for everything, we are out of tune,
It moves us not, Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn,
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn
Ib XXXIII *The World is Too Much with Us*

The swan on still St Mary's Lake
Float double, swan and shadow!
Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1803 XIII
Yarrow Unvisited

But thou, that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation
Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1814 Yarrow Visited

Like,—but oh how different!
Yes, it was the Mountain Echo

Fear and trembling Hope,
Silence and Foresight, Death the Skeleton
And Time the Shadow *Yew Trees*

Thou, while thy babes around thee cling,
Shalt show us how divine a thing
A woman may be made *To a Young Lady*

But an old age, serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night,
Shall lead thee to thy grave *Ib*

HENRY CLAY WORK

1832–1884

Bring the good old bugle, boys, we'll sing another song,
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along,
Sing it as we used to sing it—fifty thousand strong,
As we were marching through Georgia
Marching Through Georgia

'Hurrah! hurrah! we bring the Jubilee!
Hurrah! hurrah! the flag that makes you free!'
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
As we were marching through Georgia *Ib Chorus*

SIR HENRY WOTTON

1568–1639

An ambassador is an honest man sent to lie abroad for the good of his country
Written in the Album of Christopher Fleckmore (1604)

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will,
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!
Character of a Happy Life, 1

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend,
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book, or friend *Ib* V

This man is freed from servile bands,
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall —
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all *Ib* VI

He first deceas'd, she for a little tri'd
To live without him lik'd it not, and di'd
Death of Sir Albertus Morton's Wife

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes,
More by your number, than your light,
You common people of the skies,
What are you when the moon shall rise?
On His Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN

1632–1723

Si monumentum requiris, circumspice
If you would see his monument look around
Inscription over the interior of the North Door in St Paul's Cathedral, London Written by Wren's son

SIR THOMAS WYATT

1503?–1542

Blame not my lute! for he must sound
Of this and that as liketh me *The Lute Obeys,* 1

And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay, say nay, for shame! *An Appeal*

Forget not yet the tried intent
Of such a truth as I have meant,
My great travail so gladly spent
Forget not yet! *Steadfastness*

They flee from me, that sometime did me seek
Remembrance

My lute, awake! perform the last
Labour that thou and I shall waste,
The end that I have now begun,
For when this song is sung and past,
My lute, be still, for I have done *To His Lute.*

WILLIAM WYCHERLEY

1640?–1716

Fy! madam, do you think me so ill bred as to love a husband? *Love in a Wood,* III, IV

Nay, you had both felt his desperate deadly daunting dagger —there are your d's for you!
Gentleman Dancing-Master, Act V

Go to your business, I say, pleasure, whilst I go to my pleasure, business *Country Wife,* Act II

QUAINT
With sharp invectives—
WIDOW
Alias, Billingsgate *Plain Dealer,* Act III.

WYNTOUN'S CHRONICLE

Quhen Alysander oure kyng wes dede,
That Scotland led in luve and le,
Away wes sons of ale and brede,
Of wyne and wax, of gamyn and gle
Oure gold wes changyd into lede,
Cryst, borne into virgynyte,
Succour Scotland, and remede,
That stad is in perplexyte

From Andrew Wyntoun's 'Cronykill', vol 1, p 401, ed 1795 (the edition used by Scott) and in the edition of 1872, vol II, p 266

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

1865–1939

A line will take us hours may be,
Yet if it does not seem a moment's thought,
Our stitching and unstitching has been naught
Adam's Curse

O heart, be at peace, because
Nor knave nor dolt can break
What's not for their applause,
Being for a woman's sake
Against Unworthy Praise

When I was young,
I had not given a penny for a song
Did not the poet sing it with such airs
That one believed he had a sword upstairs
All Things Can Tempt Me

The phantom, Beauty, in a mist of tears
Anashuya and Vijaya

The old priest Peter Gilligan
Was weary night and day,
For half his flock were in their beds,
Or under green sods lay.
Ballad of Father Gilligan

He Who is wrapped in purple robes,
With planets in His care,
Had pity on the least of things
Asleep upon a chair *Ib*

The years like great black oxen tread the world,
And God the herdsman goads them on behind,
And I am broken by their passing feet
The Countess Cathleen, Act IV

The Light of Lights
Looks always on the motive, not the deed,
The Shadow of Shadows on the deed alone *Ib*

God's laughing in Heaven
To see you so good *A Cradle Song*

Down by the salley gardens my love and I did meet,
She passed the salley gardens with little snow-white feet
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree,
But I, being young and foolish, with her would not agree

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs,
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears
Down by the Salley Gardens

She was more beautiful than thy first love,
This lady by the trees *A Dream of Death.*

He found the unpersuadable justice
Ego Dominus Tuus

The coarse-bred son of a livery stable keeper (Keats)
Ib

We who are old, old and gay
O so old!
Thousands of years, thousands of years,
If all were told *A Faery Song*

But weigh this song with the great and their pride,
I made it out of a mouthful of air,
Their children's children shall say they have lied
He Thinks of Those who have Spoken Evil of his Beloved

Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half-light,
I would spread the cloths under your feet.
But I, being poor, have only my dreams,
I have spread my dreams under your feet,
Tread softly, because you tread on my dreams
He Wishes for the Cloths of Heaven

I mourn for that most lovely thing, and yet God's will be done
I knew a phoenix in my youth, so let them have their day *His Phoenix*

Out-worn heart, in a time out-worn,
Come clear of the nets of wrong and right,
Laugh, heart, again in the grey twilight,
Sigh, heart, again in the dew of the morn
Into the Twilight

And God stands winding His lonely horn,
And time and the world are ever in flight,
And love is less kind than the grey twilight,
And hope is less dear than the dew of the morn *Ib*

All the wild witches, those most noble ladies,
For all their broom-sticks and their tears,
Their angry tears, are gone
Lines Written in Dejection

Never give all the heart, for love
Will hardly seem worth thinking of
To passionate women if it seem
Certain, and they never dream
That it fades out from kiss to kiss
Never Give All the Heart

Why, what could she have done, being what she is?
Was there another Troy for her to burn?
No Second Troy

To shake their wicked sides at youth
Restraining reckless middle-age?
On hearing that the Students of our new University have joined the Agitation against Immoral Literature

Was it for this the wild geese spread
The grey wing upon every tide,
For this that all that blood was shed,
For this Edward Fitzgerald died,
And Robert Emmet and Wolfe Tone,
All that delirium of the brave?
Romantic Ireland 's dead and gone,
It 's with O'Leary in the grave *September 1913.*

For the good are always the merry,
Save by an evil chance,
And the merry love the fiddle,
And the merry love to dance
The Fiddler of Dooney

When I play on my fiddle in Dooney
Folk dance like a wave of the sea *Ib.*

One that is ever kind said yesterday
'Your well-beloved's hair has threads of grey,
And little shadows come about her eyes'
The Folly of Being Comforted

Time can but make her beauty over again
Because of that great nobleness of hers
The fire that stirs about her, when she stirs,
Burns but more clearly O she had not these ways
When all the wild summer was in her gaze *Ib*

O heart! O heart! if she'd but turn her head,
You'd know the folly of being comforted *Ib*

The little fox murmured,
'O what of the world's bane?'
The sun was laughing sweetly,
The moon plucked at my rein,
But the little red fox murmured,
'O do not pluck at his rein,
He is riding to the townland
That is the world's bane' *The Happy Townland*

The host is riding from Knocknarea
And over the grave of Clooth-na-Bare,
Caoilte tossing his burning hair,
And Niamh calling Away, come away
The Hosting of the Sidhe

Who holds the world between His bill and made us
strong or weak
Is an undying moorfowl, and He lives beyond the
sky
The rains are from His dripping wings, the moon-
beams from His eye *The Indian upon God*

Who made the world and ruleth it, He hangeth on
a stalk,
For I am in His image made, and all this tinkling
tide
Is but a sliding drop of rain between His petals wide
Ib

The Stamper of the Skies,
He is a gentle roebuck, for how else, I pray, could He
Conceive a thing so sad and soft, a gentle thing like
me? *Ib*

Who made the grass and made the worms and made
my feathers gay,
He is a monstrous peacock, and He waveth all the
night
His languid tail above us, lit with myriad spots of
light *Ib*

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles
made:
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the
honey-bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes
dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where
the cricket sings,
There midnight 's all a-glimmer, and noon a purple
glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the
shore,
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements
gray
I hear it in the deep heart's core
The Lake Isle of Innisfree.

The wind blows out of the gates of the day,
The wind blows over the lonely of heart,
And the lonely of heart is withered away
The Land of Heart's Desire.

The land of faery,
Where nobody gets old and godly and grave,
Where nobody gets old and crafty and wise,
Where nobody gets old and bitter of tongue.
Ib

Of a land where even the old are fair,
And even the wise are merry of tongue *Ib*

Land of Heart's Desire,
Where beauty has no ebb, decay no flood,
But joy is wisdom, Time an endless song *Ib*

All things uncomely and broken, all things worn out
and old,
The cry of a child by the roadway, the creak of a
lumbering cart,
The heavy steps of the ploughman, splashing the
wintry mould,
Are wronging your image that blossoms a rose in
the deeps of my heart
The wrong of unshapely things is a wrong too great to
be told,
I hunger to build them anew and sit on a green knoll
apart,
With the earth and the sky and the water, re-made,
like a casket of gold,
For my dreams of your image that blossoms a rose in
the deeps of my heart
The Lover Tells of the Rose in his Heart

When I was a boy with never a crack in my heart
The Meditation of the Old Fishermen

I heard the old, old men say,
'All that's beautiful drifts away
Like the waters'
The Old Men Admiring Themselves in the Water

A pity beyond all telling
Is hid in the heart of love. *The Pity of Love*

Rose of all Roses, Rose of all the World!
The Rose of Battle.

Who dreamed that beauty passes like a dream?
For these red lips, with all their mournful pride,
Mournful that no new wonder may betide,
Troy passed away in one high funeral gleam,
And Usna's children died.

We and the labouring world are passing by
Amid men's souls, that waver and give place
Like the pale waters in their wintry race,
Under the passing stars, foam of the sky,
Lives on this lonely face
Bow down, archangels, in your dim abode,

Before you were, or any hearts to beat,
Weary and kind one linger'd by His seat,
He made the world to be a grassy road
Before her wandering feet *The Rose of the World*

Far off, most secret, and inviolate Rose,
Enfold me in my hours of hours *The Secret Rose*

A woman of so shining loveliness
That men threshed corn at midnight by a tress *Ib*

When shall the stars be blown about the sky,
Like the sparks blown out of a smithy, and die?
Surely thine hour has come, thy great wind blows,
Far-off, most sweet, and inviolate Rose? *Ib*

It is love that I am seeking for,
But of a beautiful, unheard-of kind
That is not in the world *The Shadowy Waters*

Do you not know
How great a wrong it is to let one's thought
Wander a moment when one is in love? *Ib*

Bend lower, O king, that I may crown you with it
O flower of the branch, O bird among the leaves,
O silver fish that my two hands have taken
Out of the running stream, O morning star,
Trembling in the blue heavens like a white fawn
Upon the misty border of the wood,
Bend lower, that I may cover you with my hair,
For we will gaze upon this world no longer *Ib*

And pluck till time and times are done
The silver apples of the moon
The golden apples of the sun
The Song of Wandering Ængus

The brawling of a sparrow in the eaves,
The brilliant moon and all the milky sky,
And all that famous harmony of leaves,
Had blotted out man's image and his cry

A girl arose that had red mournful lips
And seemed the greatness of the world in tears,
Doomed like Odysseus and the labouring ships
And proud as Priam murdered with his peers,

Arose, and on the instant clamorous eaves,
A climbing moon upon an empty sky,
And all that lamentation of the leaves,
Could but compose man's image and his cry
The Sorrow of Love

And the loud chaunting of the unquiet leaves
Are shaken with earth's old and weary cry
The Sorrow of Love (1893 version)

Come away, O human child!
To the waters and the wild
With a faery, hand in hand,
For the world's more full of weeping than you can
understand *The Stolen Child*

Nor know that what disturbs our blood
Is but its longing for the tomb *The Wheel*

I would that we were, my beloved, white birds on the
foam of the sea! *The White Birds*

But was there ever dog that praised his fleas?
To a Poet, who would have me praise certain bad Poets, Imitators of his and mine

I know what wages beauty gives,
How hard a life her servant lives,
Yet praise the winters gone

There is not a fool can call me friend,
And I may dine at journey's end
With Landor and with Donne. *To a Young Beauty.*

Know, that I would accounted be
True brother of a company
That sang, to sweeten Ireland's wrong,
Ballad and story, rann and song,
Nor be I any less of them,
Because the red-rose-bordered hem
Of her, whose history began
Before God made the angelic clan,
Trails all about the written page
To Ireland in the Coming Times

For the elemental creatures go
About my table to and fro *Ib*

Ah, faeries, dancing under the moon,
A Druid land, a Druid tune! *Ib*

Red Rose, Proud Rose, sad Rose of all my days!
To the Rose upon the Rood of Time

Eternal beauty wandering on her way *Ib*

All changed, changed utterly
A terrible beauty is born *Under Saturn*

Dwell in the house of the Fenians, be they in flames
or at feast *The Wanderings of Oisin*, bk III

When you are old and gray and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep,
How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true,
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face,
And bending down beside the glowing bars,
Murmurs, a little sadly, how Love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars
When you are Old

ANDREW YOUNG

1807–1889

There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where Saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day
Hymn There is a Happy Land C H. Bateman's *Sacred Song Book*, 1843

EDWARD YOUNG

1683–1765

Be wise with speed,
A fool at forty is a fool indeed
Love of Fame, Sat II, l 281

For who does nothing with a better grace?
Ib. Sat. IV, l. 86

For ever most divinely in the wrong
Ib. Sat. VI, l 106.

For her own breakfast she'll project a scheme,
Nor take her tea without a stratagem. *Ib.* l 187

One to destroy, is murder by the law,
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe,
To murder thousands, takes a specious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame
Ib Sat VII, l 55

How commentators each dark passage shun,
And hold their farthing candle to the sun
Ib l 97.

Tir'd Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles, the wretched he forsakes
The Complaint Night Thoughts, Night I, l 1

Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world
Ib l 18

Be wise to-day, 'tis madness to defer *Ib* l 390

Procrastination is the thief of time *Ib* l 393

Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
The palm, 'That all men are about to live'
Ib l 399

At thirty man suspects himself a fool,
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan,
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve,
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves, and re-resolves, then dies the same
Ib l 417

All men think all men mortal, but themselves
Ib. l 724

Man wants but little, nor that little, long,
Ib Night IV, l 118.

A God all mercy, is a God unjust *Ib* l 233

To know the world, not love her, is thy point,
She gives but little, nor that little, long
Ib Night VIII, l 1276.

Devotion! daughter of astronomy!
An undevout astronomer is mad
Ib Night IX, l 769

Life is the desert, life the solitude,
Death joins us to the great majority
The Revenge, Act IV

Accept a miracle, instead of wit,
See two dull lines, with Stanhope's pencil writ
Written with Lord Chesterfield's Diamond Pencil
Spence, Anecdotes, 1820, p 378

You are so witty, profligate, and thin,
At once we think thee Milton, Death, and Sin.
Epigram on Voltaire

ISRAEL ZANGWILL

1864–1926

Scratch the Christian and you find the pagan—spoiled *Children of the Ghetto*, bk II, ch 6.

America is God's Crucible, the great Melting-Pot where all the races of Europe are melting and reforming! .. God is making the American
The Melting Pot, Act I.

THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER

The two extremes, of too much stiffness in refusing, and of two much easiness in admitting any variation *The Preface*

There was never any thing by the wit of man so well devised, or so sure established, which in continuance of time hath not been corrupted *Ib Concerning the Service of the Church*

A table of the Moveable Feasts *Section Heading in Introductory Pages*, p xxxi

Dearly beloved brethren, the Scripture moveth us in sundry places to acknowledge and confess our manifold sins and wickedness *Morning Prayer. Priest's Opening Exhortation*

We should not dissemble nor cloke them *Ib*

When we assemble and meet together *Ib*

Those things which are requisite and necessary, as well for the body as the soul *Ib*

We have erred, and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep *Ib General Confession*

We have left undone those things which we ought to have done, And we have done those things which we ought not to have done, And there is no health in us *Ib*

A godly, righteous, and sober life *Ib*

And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us *Ib The Lord's Prayer*

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end Amen *Ib Gloria*

Lord God of Sabaoth *Ib Te Deum Laudamus*

An infinite Majesty *Ib*

The sharpness of death *Ib*

The noble army of martyrs *Ib*

O Lord, in thee have I trusted let me never be confounded *Ib*

O all ye Works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord. praise him, and magnify him for ever *Ib Benedicite*

O all ye Green Things upon the Earth, bless ye the Lord praise him, and magnify him for ever *Ib*

O ye Whales, and all that move in the Waters *Ib*

O Ananias, Azarias, and Misael, bless ye the Lord praise him, and magnify him for ever *Ib*

Give peace in our time, O Lord
Because there is none other that fighteth for us, but only thou, O God *Ib Versicles*

The author of peace and lover of concord, in knowledge of whom standeth our eternal life, whose service is perfect freedom *Ib Second Collect, for Peace.*

Neither run into any kind of danger *Ib Third Collect, for Grace*

In Quires and Places where they sing *Ib Rubric after Third Collect*

Grant him in health and wealth long to live *Ib. A Prayer for the King's Majesty*

The fountain of all goodness *Ib. Prayer for the Royal Family.*

Almighty and everlasting God, who alone workest great marvels, Send down upon our Bishops, and Curates, and all Congregations committed to their charge, the healthful Spirit of thy grace *Ib Prayer for the Clergy and People*

The continual dew of thy blessing *Ib*

With one accord to make our common supplications unto thee *Ib Prayer of St Chrysostom*

When two or three are gathered together in thy Name thou wilt grant their requests *Ib*

From whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed. *Evening Prayer Second Collect*

That peace which the world cannot give *Ib*

Lighten our darkness, we beseech thee, O Lord, and by thy great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this night *Ib Third Collect*

Whosoever will be saved before all things it is necessary that he hold the Catholick Faith
Which Faith except every one do keep whole and undefiled: without doubt he shall perish everlastingly *Athanasian Creed*

Neither confounding the Persons nor dividing the Substance *Ib*

As also there are not three incomprehensibles, nor three uncreated but one uncreated, and one incomprehensible *Ib*

Not three Gods: but one God. *Ib*

Of a reasonable soul and human flesh subsisting *Ib*

Not by conversion of the Godhead into flesh but by taking of the Manhood into God *Ib*

Have mercy upon us miserable sinners *The Litany.*

Neither take thou vengeance of our sins *Ib*

The crafts and assaults of the devil *Ib*

Envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness *Ib*

Deceits of the world, the flesh, and the devil *Ib*

From battle and murder, and from sudden death *Ib.*

Hardness of heart, and contempt of thy Word and Commandment *Ib.*

Agony and bloody Sweat *Ib*

In the hour of death, and in the day of judgement *Ib*

All Bishops, Priests, and Deacons *Ib.*

Unity, peace, and concord *Ib*

To bring forth the fruits of the Spirit *Ib*

To strengthen such as do stand, and to comfort and help the weak-hearted, and to raise up them that fall, and finally to beat down Satan under our feet *Ib.*

All that are in danger, necessity, and tribulation. *Ib*

All that travel by land or by water, all women labouring of child, all sick persons, and young children, and to shew thy pity upon all prisoners and captives *Ib*

The fatherless children, and widows *Ib*

Our enemies, persecutors, and slanderers *Ib*

The kindly fruits of the earth, so as in due time we may enjoy them *Ib*

Our sins, negligences, and ignorances *Ib*

The sighing of a contrite heart *Ib First Collect*

The craft and subtilty of the devil or man *Ib*

We have heard with our ears, and our fathers have declared unto us, the noble works that thou didst in their days, and in the old time before them *Ib Sentences after the First Collect*

Turn from us all those evils that we most righteously have deserved *Ib Second Collect*

Tied and bound with the chain of our sins *Prayers and Thanksgivings, upon Several Occasions 'O God, whose nature and property'*

Our Mediator and Advocate *Ib*

Our most religious and gracious King *Ib Prayer for the High Court of Parliament.*

The safety, honour, and welfare of our Sovereign, and his Dominions *Ib.*

All sorts and conditions of men *Ib Prayer for All Conditions of Men.*

All who profess and call themselves Christians *Ib.*

Any ways afflicted, or distressed, in mind, body, or estate *Ib.*

A happy issue out of all their afflictions *Ib.*

Our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life *Ib Thanksgivings A General Thanksgiving*

For the means of grace, and for the hope of glory *Ib*

The former and the latter rain *Ib For Rain.*

Cast away the works of darkness, and put upon us the armour of light, now in the time of this mortal life. *Collects 1st Sunday in Advent*

Hear them, read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them. *Ib. 2nd Sunday in Advent.*

An acceptable people in thy sight *Ib 3rd Sunday in Advent*

Sore let and hindered in running the race *Ib 4th Sunday in Advent*

Children by adoption and grace *Ib Christmas Day*

The glory that shall be revealed *Ib St Stephen's Day.*

That they may both perceive and know what things they ought to do, and also may have grace and power faithfully to fulfil the same *Ib 1st Sunday after Epiphany*

Grant us thy peace all the days of our life *Ib 2nd Sunday after Epiphany*

By reason of the frailty of our nature we cannot always stand upright *Ib 4th Sunday after Epiphany*

That most excellent gift of charity. *Ib Quinquagesima Sunday*

All evil thoughts which may assault and hurt the soul *Ib 2nd Sunday in Lent*

Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Hereticks. *Ib Good Friday Third Collect*

Thy special grace preventing us *Ib Easter Day*

The leaven of malice and wickedness. *Ib 1st Sunday after Easter*

Those things that are contrary to their profession. *Ib 3rd Sunday after Easter*

The unruly wills and affections of sinful men. *Ib 4th Sunday after Easter*

The sundry and manifold changes of the world. *Ib*

To have a right judgement in all things *Ib Monday in Whitsun-Week*

The weakness of our mortal nature. *Ib 1st Sunday after Trinity*

We may so pass through things temporal, that we finally lose not the things eternal *Ib 4th Sunday after Trinity*

Such good things as pass man's understanding *Ib 6th Sunday after Trinity*

The author and giver of all good things *Ib. 7th Sunday after Trinity.*

Running the way of thy commandments *Ib 11th Sunday after Trinity*

Those things whereof our conscience is afraid *Ib 12th Sunday after Trinity*

Increase of faith, hope, and charity *Ib 14th Sunday after Trinity.*

Because the frailty of man without thee cannot but fall *Ib 15th Sunday after Trinity*

Serve thee with a quiet mind *Ib 21st Sunday after Trinity*

Thy household the Church *Ib 22nd Sunday after Trinity*

Stir up, we beseech thee, O Lord, the wills of thy faithful people, that they, plenteously bringing forth the fruit of good works, may of thee be plenteously rewarded *Ib 25th Sunday after Trinity*

Carried away with every blast of vain doctrine *Ib St Mark's Day*

Whom truly to know is everlasting life. *Ib St Philip and St James's Day*

Constantly speak the truth, boldly rebuke vice, and patiently suffer for the truth's sake
Ib St John the Baptist's Day

Ordained and constituted the services of Angels and men in a wonderful order
Ib St Michael and All Angels

Who hast knit together thine elect in one communion and fellowship, in the mystical body of thy Son *Ib All Saints' Day*

An open and notorious evil liver
Holy Communion Introductory Rubric

Truly repented and amended his former naughty life *Ib*

A fair white linen cloth. *Ib*

Unto whom all hearts be open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid
Ib Collect for Purity

Thou shalt have none other gods but me
Ib 1st Commandment

Incline our hearts to keep this law
Response to Commandments

Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, nor the likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth Thou shalt not bow down to them, nor worship them for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, and visit the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation
Ib 2nd Commandment

Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain *Ib 3rd Commandment*

Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath-day Six days shalt thou labour, and do all that thou hast to do, but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God. *Ib 4th Commandment.*

The stranger that is within thy gates *Ib*

In six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day *Ib*

Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee *Ib 5th Commandment*

Thou shalt do no murder *Ib 6th Commandment*

Thou shalt not commit adultery
Ib 7th Commandment

Thou shalt not steal. *Ib. 8th Commandment*

Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour *Ib 9th Commandment*

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his servant, nor his maid, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is his *Ib 10th Commandment*

All things visible and invisible. *Nicene Creed*

The Lord and giver of life. *Ib*

Who spake by the Prophets. *Ib*

One Catholick and Apostolick Church. *Ib*

In a decent bason to be provided by the Parish
Ib Rubric before the Prayer for the Church Militant

The whole state of Christ's Church militant here in earth *Ib Prayer for the Church Militant*

The spirit of truth, unity, and concord *Ib*

Live in unity and godly love *Ib*

Truly and indifferently minister justice *Ib.*

Thy true and lively Word *Ib*

All them, who in this transitory life are in trouble, sorrow, need, sickness, or any other adversity *Ib*

Departed this life in thy faith and fear *Ib*

Discreet and learned Minister of God's Word
Ib First Exhortation

Ghostly counsel and advice *Ib*

We eat and drink our own damnation
Ib Third Exhortation

Ye that do truly and earnestly repent you of your sins, and are in love and charity with your neighbours, and intend to lead a new life *Ib The Invitation*

Meekly kneeling upon your knees *Ib*

The burden of them is intolerable
Ib General Confession

Hear what comfortable words
Ib Comfortable Words

It is meet and right so to do *Ib Versicles*

Therefore with Angels and Archangels, and with all the company of heaven *Ib Hymn of Praise*

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts, heaven and earth are full of thy glory Glory be to thee, O Lord most High *Ib*

By the operation of the Holy Ghost
Ib Proper Preface for Christmas Day

A full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction *Ib Prayer of Consecration*

Who, in the same night that he was betrayed *Ib*

This our bounden duty and service
Ib Prayer of Oblation, 1

Not weighing our merits, but pardoning our offences *Ib*

The mystical body of thy Son, which is the blessed company of all faithful people *Ib* 2

Heirs through hope of thy everlasting kingdom *Ib*

The peace of God, which passeth all understanding
Ib The Blessing

Be amongst you and remain with you always *Ib*

All the changes and chances of this mortal life
Ib Collects after the Offertory, 1

Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings *Ib* 4

All our works begun, continued, and ended in thee *Ib*

Those things, which for our unworthiness we dare not, and for our blindness we cannot ask *Ib* 5

For that were Idolatry, to be abhorred of all faithful Christians *Ib. Black Rubric*

In the vulgar tongue
Publick Baptism of Infants Introductory Rubric, 1

All this I stedfastly believe. *Ib. Vow of Faith*

Grant that the old Adam in this Child may be so buried, that the new man may be raised up in him *Ib Invocation of Blessing on the Child*

The faith of Christ crucified *Ib Reception and Dedication of the Child*

Dead unto sin, and living unto righteousness *Ib Thanksgiving*

Crucify the old man *Ib*

Ministration of Baptism to Such as are of Riper Years *Title*

Put on Christ *Ministration of Baptism to Such as are of Riper Years Final Exhortation*

What is your name?
N or M *The Catechism*

A member of Christ, the child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven *Ib*

What did your Godfathers and Godmothers then for you? *Ib*

Renounce the devil and all his works, the pomps and vanity of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh *Ib*

Believe all the Articles of the Christian Faith *Ib*

Yes verily, and by God's help so I will *Ib*

Rehearse the Articles of thy Belief *Ib*

My duty towards God, and my duty towards my Neighbour *Ib*

To love him as myself, and to do to all men, as I would they should do unto me *Ib*

Governors, teachers, spiritual pastors and masters *Ib*

To keep my hands from picking and stealing, and my tongue from evil speaking, lying and slandering *Ib*

To learn and labour truly to get mine own living, and to do my duty in that state of life, unto which it shall please God to call me *Ib*

My good child, know this *Ib*

Amen, So be it *Ib*

Two only, as generally necessary to salvation, that is to say, Baptism, and the Supper of the Lord *Ib*

An outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace *Ib*

In their Mother Tongue *Ib Final Rubric*

Confirmation, or laying on of hands *Title*

Being now come to the years of discretion *Confirmation.*

Ratify and confirm the same *Ib*

Thy manifold gifts of grace *Ib.*

If any of you know cause, or just impediment, why these two persons should not be joined together in holy Matrimony, ye are to declare it. This is the first time of asking *Solemnization of Matrimony. The Banns*

Here in the sight of God, and in the face of this congregation. *Ib. Exhortation*

Brute beasts that have no understanding *Ib*

First, it was ordained for the procreation of children *Ib*

A remedy against sin *Ib*

Such persons as have not the gift of continency *Ib*

Let him now speak, or else hereafter for ever hold his peace *Ib*

Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of Matrimony? *Ib Betrothal*

Forsaking all other, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live *Ib*

To have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance, and thereto I plight thee my troth *Ib*

To love, cherish, and to obey *Ib*

With this Ring I thee wed, with my body I thee worship, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow *Ib The Wedding*

This Ring given and received *Ib The Prayer*

Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder *Ib*

Consented together in holy wedlock *Ib Priest's Declaration*

Peace be to this house *Visitation of the Sick*

Unto God's gracious mercy and protection we commit thee *Ib.*

The inner man *Ib*

Against the hour of death *Ib.*

Laid violent hands upon themselves *Burial of the Dead Introductory Rubric.*

Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery *Ib First Anthem*

In the midst of life we are in death *Ib*

Suffer us not, at our last hour, for any pains of death, to fall from thee *Ib*

We therefore commit his body to the ground, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, in sure and certain hope of the Resurrection to eternal life *Ib*

Sat in the seat of the scornful *Psalms*, 1 1

He shall be like a tree planted by the water-side *Ib.* 3

Why do the heathen so furiously rage together and why do the people imagine a vain thing? *Ib* II 1

Let us break their bonds asunder and cast away their cords from us *Ib* 3

The Lord shall have them in derision. *Ib* 4.

Thou shalt bruise them with a rod of iron and break them in pieces like a potter's vessel *Ib* 9

Kiss the Son, lest he be angry. *Ib.* 12.

Stand in awe, and sin not commune with your own heart, and in your chamber, and be still. *Ib* IV 4

There be many that say Who will shew us any good? *Psalms* IV 6

Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us *Ib* 7.

The Lord will abhor both the bloodthirsty and deceitful man *Ib* V 6

Make thy way plain before my face *Ib* 8

Their throat is an open sepulchre they flatter with their tongue *Ib* 10

Let them perish through their own imaginations *Ib* 11

God is a righteous Judge, strong, and patient and God is provoked every day *Ib* VII 12

Out of the mouth of very babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, because of thine enemies that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger *Ib.* VIII 2.

For I will consider thy heavens, even the works of thy fingers the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained *Ib* 3

What is man, that thou art mindful of him and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

Thou madest him lower than the angels to crown him with glory and worship *Ib* 4

The fowls of the air, and the fishes of the sea and whatsoever walketh through the paths of the seas *Ib* 8

O thou enemy, destructions are come to a perpetual end *Ib* IX 6

Their memorial is perished with them *Ib*

Up, Lord, and let not man have the upper hand *Ib* 19

That the heathen may know themselves to be but men *Ib* 20

In the Lord put I my trust how say ye then to my soul, that she should flee as a bird unto the hill? *Ib* XI 1

That they may privily shoot at them which are true of heart *Ib* 2

For the foundations will be cast down and what hath the righteous done? *Ib* 3

They do but flatter with their lips, and dissemble in their double heart *Ib* XII 2

The fool hath said in his heart there is no God *Ib* XIV 1

There is none that doeth good, no not one *Ib* 2

They are altogether become abominable *Ib* 4

Lord, who shall dwell in thy tabernacle or who shall rest upon thy holy hill?

Even he, that leadeth an uncorrupt life and doeth the thing which is right, and speaketh the truth from his heart

He that hath used no deceit in his tongue, nor done evil to his neighbour and hath not slandered his neighbour

He that setteth not by himself, but is lowly in his own eyes and maketh much of them that fear the Lord

He that sweareth unto his neighbour, and disappointeth him not · though it were to his own hindrance.

He that hath not given his money upon usury · nor taken reward against the innocent

Whoso doeth these things shall never fall *Ib* XV

Thou shalt maintain my lot

The lot is fallen unto me in a fair ground yea, I have a goodly heritage *Ib* XVI 6

For why? thou shalt not leave my soul in hell neither shalt thou suffer thy Holy One to see corruption

Thou shalt shew me the path of life, in thy presence is the fulness of joy and at thy right hand there is pleasure for evermore *Ib* 11

Keep me as the apple of an eye hide me under the shadow of thy wings *Ib* XVII 8

Thou also shalt light my candle the Lord my God shalt make my darkness to be light *Ib.* XVIII 28

With the help of my God I shall leap over the wall *Ib* 29

A people whom I have not known shall serve me *Ib* 44

The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork

One day telleth another and one night certifieth another

There is neither speech nor language but their voices are heard among them

Their sound is gone out into all lands and their words into the ends of the world

In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun which cometh forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a giant to run his course

It goeth forth from the uttermost part of the heaven, and runneth about unto the end of it again and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof *Ib.* XIX 1.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold sweeter also than honey, and the honeycomb *Ib* 10

Who can tell how oft he offendeth O cleanse thou me from my secret faults

Keep thy servant also from presumptuous sins, lest they get the dominion over me so shall I be undefiled, and innocent from the great offence

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart be alway acceptable in thy sight, O Lord my strength, and my redeemer *Ib* 12

The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble · the name of the God of Jacob defend thee,

Send thee help from the sanctuary and strengthen thee out of Sion *Ib* XX 1

Grant thee thy heart's desire and fulfil all thy mind *Ib* 4.

Some put their trust in chariots, and some in horses but we will remember the name of the Lord our God

They are brought down and fallen but we are risen, and stand upright *Ib* 7

Thou hast given him his heart's desire and hast not denied him the request of his lips *Ib* XXI 2.

He asked life of thee, and thou gavest him a long life even for ever and ever. *Psalms* xxi 4.

And imagined such a device as they are not able to perform *Ib* 11

My God, my God, look upon me, why hast thou forsaken me and art so far from my health, and the voice of my complaint?
Oh my God, I cry in the day-time, but thou hearest not and in the night-season also I take no rest
And thou continuest holy O thou worship of Israel *Ib* xxii 1

But as for me, I am a worm, and no man *Ib* 6

All they that see me laugh me to scorn they shoot out their lips, and shake their heads, saying,
He trusted in God, that he would deliver him let him deliver him, if he will have him *Ib* 7

Many oxen are come about me fat bulls of Basan close me in on every side *Ib* 12

For many dogs are come about me *Ib* 16

They pierced my hands and my feet, I may tell all my bones they stand staring and looking upon me
They part my garments among them and cast lots upon my vesture *Ib* 17

Deliver my soul from the sword my darling from the power of the dog
Save me from the lion's mouth thou hast heard me also from the horns of the unicorns *Ib* 20

For he hath not despised, nor abhorred, the low estate of the poor *Ib* 24

All they that go down into the dust shall kneel before him and no man hath quickened his own soul *Ib.* 30

The Lord is my shepherd · therefore can I lack nothing
He shall feed me in a green pasture and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort
He shall convert my soul and bring me forth in the paths of righteousness, for his name's sake
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff comfort me
Thou shalt prepare a table before me against them that trouble me thou hast anointed my head with oil, and my cup shall be full.
But thy loving-kindness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever *Ib* xxiii

The earth is the Lord's, and all that therein is the compass of the world, and they that dwell therein *Ib* xxiv 1

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors and the King of Glory shall come in *Ib* 7

Who is the King of Glory: even the Lord of hosts, he is the King of Glory. *Ib* 10

O remember not the sins and offences of my youth *Ib.* xxv 6

The sorrows of my heart are enlarged. *Ib* 16

Deliver Israel, O God out of all his troubles. *Ib.* 21.

Examine me, O Lord, and prove me try out my reins and my heart *Ib* xxvi 2

I will wash my hands in innocency, O Lord and so will I go to thine altar *Ib* 6

Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house and the place where thine honour dwelleth
O shut not up my soul with the sinners nor my life with the blood-thirsty *Ib* 8

The Lord is my light, and my salvation, whom then shall I fear the Lord is the strength of my life, of whom then shall I be afraid? *Ib* xxvii 1

When my father and my mother forsake me the Lord taketh me up *Ib* 12

I should utterly have fainted but that I believe verily to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living *Ib* 15

The voice of the Lord maketh the hinds to bring forth young, and discovereth the thick bushes *Ib* xxix 8

The Lord sitteth above the water-flood and the Lord remaineth a King for ever *Ib* 9

Give thanks unto him for a remembrance of his holiness
For his wrath endureth but the twinkling of an eye, and in his pleasure is life heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning *Ib* xxx 4

What profit is there in my blood when I go down to the pit?
Shall the dust give thanks unto thee, or shall it declare thy truth? *Ib* 9

Into thy hands I commend my spirit *Ib* xxxi 6

But hast set my feet in a large room. *Ib* 9

I am clean forgotten as a dead man out of mind. *Ib* 14

Thanks be to the Lord for he hath shewed me marvellous great kindness in a strong city *Ib* 23

For while I held my tongue my bones consumed away through my daily complaining *Ib* xxxii 3

For this shall every one that is godly make his prayer unto thee, in a time when thou mayest be found but in the great water-floods they shall not come nigh him *Ib.* 7

Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance *Ib* 8

Be ye not like to horse and mule, which have no understanding whose mouths must be held with bit and bridle, lest they fall upon thee *Ib* 10

Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous for it becometh well the just to be thankful
Praise the Lord with harp sing praises unto him with the lute, and instrument of ten strings
Sing unto the Lord a new song sing praises lustily unto him with a good courage *Ib* xxxiii 1

The Lord bringeth the counsel of the heathen to nought and maketh the devices of the people to be of none effect, and casteth out the counsels of princes *Ib* 10.

There is no king that can be saved by the multitude of an host neither is any mighty man delivered by much strength
A horse is counted but a vain thing to save a man neither shall he deliver any man by his great strength *Psalms* xxxiii 15

O taste, and see, how gracious the Lord is blessed is the man that trusteth in him
O fear the Lord, ye that are his saints for they that fear him lack nothing
The lions do lack, and suffer hunger but they who seek the Lord shall want no manner of thing that is good *Ib* xxxiv 8

What man is he that lusteth to live and would fain see good days? *Ib* 12

Eschew evil, and do good seek peace, and ensue it *Ib* 14

Fret not thyself because of the ungodly *Ib* xxxvii 1

He shall make thy righteousness as clear as the light and thy just dealing as the noonday *Ib*

I have been young, and now am old and yet never saw I the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread *Ib* 25

I myself have seen the ungodly in great power and flourishing like a green bay-tree
I went by, and lo, he was gone I sought him, but his place could no where be found
Keep innocency, and take heed unto the thing that is right for that shall bring a man peace at the last *Ib* 36

Lord, thou knowest all my desire and my groaning is not hid from thee *Ib* xxxviii 9

I held my tongue, and spake nothing I kept silence, yea, even from good words, but it was pain and grief to me
My heart was hot within me, and while I was thus musing the fire kindled and at the last I spake with my tongue,
Lord, let me know mine end, and the number of my days that I may be certified how long I have to live *Ib* xxxix 3

Mine age is even as nothing in respect of thee and verily every man living is altogether vanity
For man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them *Ib* 6

Thou makest his beauty to consume away, like as it were a moth fretting a garment every man therefore is but vanity *Ib* 12

For I am a stranger with thee and a sojourner, as all my fathers were
O spare me a little, that I may recover my strength before I go hence, and be no more seen *Ib* 14

I waited patiently for the Lord and he inclined unto me, and heard my calling
He brought me also out of the horrible pit, out of the mire and clay and set my feet upon the rock, and ordered my goings *Ib.* xl 1

Burnt-offerings, and sacrifice for sin, hast thou not required then said I, Lo, I come
In the volume of the book it is written of me, that I should fulfil thy will, O my God *Ib* 9

Thou art my helper and redeemer make no long tarrying, O my God *Ib* 21

Yea, mine own familiar friend hath lifted up his heel against me *Ib* xli 9 [Bible Version]

Like as the hart desireth the water-brooks so longeth my soul after thee, O God *Ib* xlii 1.

Why art thou so full of heaviness, O my soul and why art thou so disquieted within me? *Ib* 6

The little hill of Hermon *Ib* 8

One deep calleth another, because of the noise of the water-pipes all thy waves and storms are gone over me *Ib* 9.

While mine enemies that trouble me cast me in the teeth *Ib* 12.

My heart is inditing of a good matter I speak of the things which I have made unto the King
My tongue is the pen of a ready writer. *Ib* xlv. 1.

Gird thee with thy sword upon thy thigh, O thou most Mighty according to thy worship and renown
Good luck have thou with thine honour · ride on, because of the word of truth, of meekness, and righteousness, and thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things *Ib* 4

Kings' daughters were among thy honourable women upon thy right hand did stand the queen in a vesture of gold, wrought about with divers colours
Hearken, O daughter, and consider, incline thine ear forget also thine own people, and thy father's house
So shall the King have pleasure in thy beauty *Ib* 10

And the daughter of Tyre shall be there with a gift. *Ib* 13.

The King's daughter is all glorious within her clothing is of wrought gold
She shall be brought unto the King in raiment of needlework the virgins that be her fellows shall bear her company, and shall be brought unto thee *Ib* 14

Instead of thy fathers thou shalt have children whom thou mayest make princes in all lands *Ib* 17

God is our hope and strength a very present help in trouble
Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be moved and though the hills be carried into the midst of the sea *Ib* xlvi 1

God is in the midst of her, therefore shall she not be removed God shall help her, and that right early
The heathen make much ado, and the kingdoms are moved but God hath shewed his voice, and the earth shall melt away *Ib* 5

He maketh wars to cease in all the world he breaketh the bow, and knappeth the spear in sunder, and burneth the chariots in the fire
Be still then, and know that I am God *Ib* 9

He shall subdue the people under us and the nations under our feet. *Ib* xlvii 3

God is gone up with a merry noise and the Lord with the sound of the trump. *Ib* 5

For God is the King of all the earth sing ye praises with understanding *Psalms* xlvii 7

For lo, the kings of the earth are gathered and gone by together
They marvelled to see such things they were astonished, and suddenly cast down. *Ib* xlviii 3

Thou shalt break the ships of the sea through the east-wind *Ib* 6

Walk about Sion, and go round about her and tell the towers thereof
Mark well her bulwarks, set up her houses that ye may tell them that come after
For this God is our God for ever and ever he shall be our guide unto death *Ib* 11

And yet they think that their houses shall continue for ever and that their dwelling-places shall endure from one generation to another, and call the lands after their own names *Ib* xlix 11

He shall follow the generation of his fathers and shall never see light
Man being in honour hath no understanding but is compared unto the beasts that perish *Ib* 19

For all the beasts of the forest are mine and so are the cattle upon a thousand hills *Ib* l 10

Thinkest thou that I will eat bulls' flesh and drink the blood of goats? *Ib* 13

When thou sawest a thief, thou consentedst unto him and hast been partaker with the adulterers *Ib* 18

O consider this, ye that forget God *Ib* 22

For I acknowledge my faults and my sin is ever before me
Against thee only have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight *Ib* li 3

Behold, I was shapen in wickedness, and in sin hath my mother conceived me
But lo, thou requirest truth in the inward parts and shalt make me to understand wisdom secretly
Thou shalt purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean thou shalt wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow
Thou shalt make me hear of joy and gladness that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice *Ib* 5

Make me a clean heart, O God and renew a right spirit within me
Cast me not away from thy presence and take not thy holy spirit from me
O give me the comfort of thy help again and stablish me with thy free spirit
Then shall I teach thy ways unto the wicked and sinners shall be converted unto thee
Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God *Ib* 10

For thou desirest no sacrifice, else would I give it thee but thou delightest not in burnt-offerings
The sacrifice of God is a troubled spirit a broken and contrite heart, O God, shalt thou not despise
O be favourable and gracious unto Sion build thou the walls of Jerusalem *Ib* 16

Then shall they offer young bullocks upon thine altar *Ib* 19

My guide, and mine own familiar friend
We took sweet counsel together and walked in the house of God as friends *Ib* lv. 14

His words were smoother than oil and yet be they very swords *Ib* 22.

All that they imagine is to do me evil
They hold all together, and keep themselves close *Ib* lvi 5

Thou tellest my flittings, put my tears into thy bottle are not these things noted in thy book? *Ib* 8

For thou hast delivered my soul from death, and my feet from falling that I may walk before God in the light of the living *Ib* 13

Under the shadow of thy wings shall be my refuge, until this tyranny be overpast *Ib* lvii 1

God shall send forth his mercy and truth my soul is among lions
And I lie even among the children of men, that are set on fire whose teeth are spears and arrows, and their tongue a sharp sword
Set up thyself, O God, above the heavens and thy glory above all the earth
They have laid a net for my feet, and pressed down my soul they have digged a pit before me and are fallen into the midst of it themselves. *Ib* 4

Awake up, my glory, awake, lute and harp I myself will awake right early. *Ib* 9

Even like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ears
Which refuseth to hear the voice of the charmer charm he never so wisely. *Ib* lviii 4

Let them consume away like a snail, and be like the untimely fruit of a woman and let them not see the sun
Or ever your pots be made hot with thorns so let indignation vex him, even as a thing that is raw *Ib* 7

They grin like a dog, and run about through the city *Ib* lix 6

God hath spoken in his holiness, I will rejoice, and divide Sichem and mete out the valley of Succoth
Gilead is mine, and Manasses is mine, Ephraim also is the strength of my head, Judah is my law-giver
Moab is my wash-pot, over Edom will I cast out my shoe Philistia, be thou glad of me
Who will lead me into the strong city who will bring me into Edom? *Ib* lx 6

As for the children of men, they are but vanity the children of men are deceitful upon the weights they are altogether lighter than vanity itself
O trust not in wrong and robbery, give not yourselves unto vanity if riches increase, set not your heart upon them
God spake once, and twice I have also heard the same that power belongeth unto God,
And that thou, Lord, art merciful for thou rewardest every man according to his work *Ib* lxii 9

My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh also longeth after thee in a barren and dry land where no water is *Ib* lxiii 2

Have I not remembered thee in my bed and though upon thee when I was waking? *Ib* 7

Thou that hearest the prayer unto thee shall all flesh come *Ib* lxv 3

Thou that art the hope of all the ends of the earth, and of them that remain in the broad sea
Who in his strength setteth fast the mountains . and is girded about with power
Who stilleth the raging of the sea and the noise of his waves, and the madness of the people
Psalms, lxv 5

Thou that makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to praise thee *Ib* 8

Thou waterest her furrows, thou sendest rain into the little valleys thereof thou makest it soft with the drops of rain, and blessest the increase of it
Thou crownest the year with thy goodness . and thy clouds drop fatness
They shall drop upon the dwellings of the wilderness and the little hills shall rejoice on every side
The fold shall be full of sheep · the valleys also shall stand so thick with corn, that they shall laugh and sing *Ib* 11.

Who holdeth our soul in life and suffereth not our feet to slip
For thou, O God, hast proved us thou also hast tried us, like as silver is tried *Ib* lxvi 8

God be merciful unto us, and bless us and shew us the light of his countenance, and be merciful unto us
That thy way may be known upon earth thy saving health among all nations *Ib* lxvii 1.

Then shall the earth bring forth her increase and God, even our own God, shall give us his blessing *Ib* 6

Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered let them also that hate him flee before him
Like as the smoke vanisheth, so shalt thou drive them away and like as wax melteth at the fire, so let the ungodly perish at the presence of God
Ib lxviii 1

O sing unto God, and sing praises unto his Name magnify him that rideth upon the heavens, as it were upon an horse, praise him in his Name JAH, and rejoice before him
He is a Father of the fatherless, and defendeth the cause of the widows even God in his holy habitation
He is the God that maketh men to be of one mind in an house, and bringeth the prisoners out of captivity: but letteth the runagates continue in scarceness
O God, when thou wentest forth before the people when thou wentest through the wilderness,
The earth shook, and the heavens dropped at the presence of God *Ib* 4

Thou, O God, sentest a gracious rain upon thine inheritance and refreshedst it when it was weary
Ib 9

The Lord gave the word great was the company of the preachers
Kings with their armies did flee, and were discomfited and they of the household divided the spoil
Though ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove that is covered with silver wings, and her feathers like gold
When the Almighty scattered kings for their sake then were they as white as snow in Salmon

As the hill of Basan, so is God's hill even an high hill, as the hill of Basan
Why hop ye so, ye high hills? this is God's hill, in the which it pleaseth him to dwell *Ib* 11

The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels *Ib* 17

Thou art gone up on high, thou hast led captivity captive, and receivedst gifts for men *Ib* 18

God shall wound the head of his enemies and the hairy scalp of such a one as goeth on still in his wickedness. *Ib*. 21

That thy foot may be dipped in the blood of thine enemies and that the tongue of the dogs may be red through the same *Ib* 23

The singers go before, the minstrels follow after in the midst are the damsels playing on the timbrels
Ib 25

There is little Benjamin their ruler, and the princes of Judah their counsel *Ib* 27

When he hath scattered the people that delight in war *Ib* 30

Lo, he doth send out his voice, yea, and that a mighty voice *Ib* 33

I paid them the things that I never took God, thou knowest my simpleness *Ib* lxix 5

The zeal of thine house hath even eaten me up *Ib* 9.

They that sit in the gate speak against me and the drunkards make songs upon me. *Ib* 12

I looked for some to have pity on me, but there was no man, neither found I any to comfort me
They gave me gall to eat and when I was thirsty they gave me vinegar to drink *Ib* 21

Let them for their reward be soon brought to shame that cry over me, There, there *Ib* lxx 2

I am become as it were a monster unto many
Ib lxxi 6

Give the King thy judgments, O God and thy righteousness unto the King's son *Ib* lxxii 1

The mountains also shall bring peace and the little hills righteousness unto the people *Ib* 3.

He shall come down like the rain into a fleece of wool even as the drops that water the earth. *Ib*. 6

His enemies shall lick the dust
The kings of Tharsis and of the isles shall give presents the kings of Arabia and Saba shall bring gifts
All kings shall fall down before him all nations shall do him service *Ib* 9

Therefore fall the people unto them and thereout suck they no small advantage
Tush, they say how should God perceive it is there knowledge in the Most High? *Ib* lxxiii. 10

Then thought I to understand this but it was too hard for me
Until I went into the sanctuary of God then understood I the end of these men *Ib* 15

O deliver not the soul of thy turtle-dove unto the multitude of the enemies *Ib* lxxiv 20

The earth is weak, and all the inhabiters thereof : I bear up the pillars of it *Psalms* lxxv 4

For promotion cometh neither from the east, nor from the west nor yet from the south. *Ib.* 7

For in the hand of the Lord there is a cup, and the wine is red it is full mixed, and he poureth out of the same *Ib* 9

I have considered the days of old and the years that are past *Ib* lxxvii 5

A faithless and stubborn generation. *Ib* lxxviii 9

Who being harnessed, and carrying bows, turned themselves back in the day of battle. *Ib.* 10

So man did eat angels' food *Ib.* 26

Starting aside like a broken bow. *Ib* 58

So the Lord awaked as one out of sleep · and like a giant refreshed with wine

He smote his enemies in the hinder parts and put them to a perpetual shame. *Ib.* 66.

Thou feedest them with the bread of tears. *Ib* lxxx. 5.

I proved thee also · at the waters of strife *Ib* lxxxi. 8.

They will not be learned nor understand, but walk on still in darkness all the foundations of the earth are out of course *Ib* lxxxii 5

O how amiable are thy dwellings · thou Lord of hosts!

My soul hath a desire and longing to enter into the courts of the Lord : my heart and my flesh rejoice in the living God

Yea, the sparrow hath found her an house, and the swallow a nest where she may lay her young even thy altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God. *Ib* lxxxiv. 1.

Who going through the vale of misery use it for a well and the pools are filled with water

They will go from strength to strength *Ib* 6

For one day in thy courts is better than a thousand

I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of ungodliness *Ib* 10

Lord, thou art become gracious unto thy land thou hast turned away the captivity of Jacob *Ib* lxxxv 1

Mercy and truth are met together righteousness and peace have kissed each other.

Truth shall flourish out of the earth · and righteousness hath looked down from heaven. *Ib* 10

Righteousness shall go before him and he shall direct his going in the way *Ib.* 13

The congregations of naughty men have sought after my soul *Ib* lxxxvi 14

Show some token upon me for good, that they who hate me may see it, and be ashamed *Ib* 17

Her foundations are upon the holy hills · the Lord loveth the gates of Sion more than all the dwellings of Jacob

Very excellent things are spoken of thee thou city of God

I will think upon Rahab and Babylon : with them that know me. *Ib.* lxxxvii. 1.

The singers also and trumpeters shall be rehearse · all my fresh springs shall be in thee. *Ib.* 7.

Lord, thou hast been our refuge from one generation to another

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the world were made thou art God from everlasting, and world without end

Thou turnest man to destruction again thou sayest, Come again, ye children of men

For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday seeing that is past as a watch in the night

As soon as thou scatterest them they are even as a sleep and fade away suddenly like the grass

In the morning it is green, and groweth up but in the evening it is cut down, dried up, and withered *Ib* xc

For when thou art angry all our days are gone we bring our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told.

The days of our age are threescore years and ten, and though men be so strong that they come to fourscore years yet is their strength then but labour and sorrow, so soon passeth it away, and we are gone. *Ib* 9

Prosper thou the work of our hands upon us, O prosper thou our handy-work. *Ib* 17

For he shall deliver thee from the snare of the hunter and from the noisome pestilence

He shall defend thee under his wings, and thou shalt be safe under his feathers his faithfulness and truth shall be thy shield and buckler

Thou shalt not be afraid for any terror by night · nor for the arrow that flieth by day

For the pestilence that walketh in darkness · nor for the sickness that destroyeth in the noon-day

A thousand shall fall beside thee, and ten thousand at thy right hand but it shall not come nigh thee *Ib* xci 3.

There shall no evil happen unto thee neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling

For he shall give his angels charge over thee . to keep thee in all thy ways

They shall bear thee in their hands that thou hurt not thy foot against a stone *Ib* 10.

An unwise man doth not well consider this and a fool doth not understand it *Ib* xcii. 6

They also shall bring forth more fruit in their age and shall be fat and well-liking *Ib* 13

The Lord is King, and hath put on glorious apparel the Lord hath put on his apparel, and girded himself with strength

He hath made the round world so sure that it cannot be moved *Ib* xciii 1

The floods are risen, O Lord, the floods have lift up their voice the floods lift up their waves

The waves of the sea are mighty, and rage horribly but yet the Lord, who dwelleth on high, is mightier *Ib* 9

He that planted the ear, shall he not hear or he that made the eye, shall he not see? *Ib* xciv 9

Shew ourselves glad in him with psalms *Ib.* xcv 2

In his hand are all the corners of the earth : and the strength of the hills is his also

The sea is his, and he made it and his hands prepared the dry land. *Ib* 4

The Lord is King, the earth may be glad thereof yea, the multitude of the isles may be glad thereof *Psalms* xcvii 1.

With trumpets also, and shawms O shew yourselves joyful before the Lord the King *Ib* xcviii 7

The Lord is King, be the people never so impatient he sitteth between the cherubims, be the earth never so unquiet *Ib* xcix 1

Whoso hath also a proud look and high stomach I will not suffer him *Ib* ci 7.

I am become like a pelican in the wilderness and like an owl that is in the desert
I have watched, and am even as it were a sparrow that sitteth alone upon the house-top *Ib* cii 6

They shall perish, but thou shalt endure they shall all wax old as doth a garment,
And as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed but thou art the same, and thy years shall not fail *Ib* 26

Praise the Lord, O my soul and forget not all his benefits *Ib* ciii 2.

Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things making thee young and lusty as an eagle *Ib* 5.

He will not alway be chiding neither keepeth he his anger for ever *Ib* 9

For look how high the heaven is in comparison of the earth so great is his mercy also toward them that fear him
Look how wide also the east is from the west so far hath he set our sins from us
Yea, like as a father pitieth his own children even so is the Lord merciful unto them that fear him *Ib* 11

The days of man are but as grass for he flourisheth as a flower of the field
For as soon as the wind goeth over it, it is gone and the place thereof shall know it no more *Ib* 15

Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters and maketh the clouds his chariot, and walketh upon the wings of the wind
He maketh his angels spirits and his ministers a flaming fire
He laid the foundations of the earth that it never should move at any time
Thou coveredst it with the deep like as with a garment the waters stand in the hills
At thy rebuke they flee at the voice of thy thunder they are afraid
They go up as high as the hills, and down to the valleys beneath even unto the place which thou hast appointed for them
Thou hast set them their bounds which they shall not pass neither turn again to cover the earth
He sendeth the springs into the rivers which run among the hills
All beasts of the field drink thereof and the wild asses quench their thirst
Beside them shall the fowls of the air have their habitation and sing among the branches *Ib* civ 3.

Wine that maketh glad the heart of man · and oil to make him a cheerful countenance, and bread to strengthen man's heart
The trees of the Lord also are full of sap · even the cedars of Libanus which he hath planted *Ib* 15

Wherein the birds make their nests and the fir-trees are a dwelling for the stork
The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats and so are the stony rocks for the conies
He appointed the moon for certain seasons and the sun knoweth his going down
Thou makest darkness that it may be night : wherein all the beasts of the forest do move
The lions roaring after their prey do seek their meat from God
The sun ariseth, and they get them away together and lay them down in their dens
Man goeth forth to his work, and to his labour until the evening *Ib* 17.

So is the great and wide sea also wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts
There go the ships, and there is that Leviathan : whom thou hast made to take his pastime therein
These wait all upon thee that thou mayest give them their meat in due season. *Ib* 25

Whose feet they hurt in the stocks the iron entered into his soul *Ib* cv 18

Wonders in the land of Ham *Ib* 27

Went a-whoring with their own inventions *Ib* cvi 38

Hungry and thirsty their soul fainted in them
So they cried unto the Lord in their trouble and he delivered them from their distress
He led them forth by the right way that they might go to the city where they dwelt
O that men would therefore praise the Lord for his goodness and declare the wonders that he doeth for the children of men!
For he satisfieth the empty soul and filleth the hungry soul with goodness
Such as sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death being fast bound in misery and iron
Because they rebelled against the words of the Lord and lightly regarded the counsel of the most Highest *Ib* cvii 5.

Their soul abhorred all manner of meat · and they were even hard at death's door *Ib* 18

They that go down to the sea in ships and occupy their business in great waters,
These men see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep *Ib* 23

They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man and are at their wit's end
So when they cry unto the Lord in their trouble he delivereth them from their distress *Ib* 27

Then are they glad, because they are at rest and so he bringeth them unto the haven where they would be *Ib* 30

Again, he maketh the wilderness a standing water . and water-springs of a dry ground *Ib.* 35.

And again, when they are minished, and brought low . through oppression, through any plague, or trouble *Ib* 39

Whoso is wise will ponder these things. *Ib* 43.

The Lord said unto my Lord Sit thou on my right hand, until I make thine enemies thy footstool *Psalms* cx 1.

The Lord sware, and will not repent · Thou art a priest for ever after the order of Melchisedech *Ib* 4

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom a good understanding have all they that do thereafter, the praise of it endureth for ever *Ib* cxi 10

A good man is merciful, and lendeth *Ib* cxii 5

He hath dispersed abroad, and given to the poor *Ib* 9

He maketh the barren woman to keep house and to be a joyful mother of children *Ib* cxiii 8

They have mouths, and speak not eyes have they, and see not
They have ears, and hear not noses have they, and smell not
They have hands, and handle not, feet have they, and walk not neither speak they through their throat *Ib* cxv 5

The snares of death compassed me round about and the pains of death gat hold upon me *Ib* cxvi. 3

And why? thou hast delivered my soul from death mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling *Ib* 8

I said in my haste, All men are liars *Ib* 10

The voice of joy and health is in the dwellings of the righteous the right hand of the Lord bringeth mighty things to pass *Ib* cxviii 15

The right hand of the Lord hath the pre-eminence *Ib* 16

I shall not die, but live and declare the works of the Lord *Ib* 17

The same stone which the builders refused is become the head-stone in the corner *Ib* 22

Blessed be he that cometh in the Name of the Lord we have wished you good luck, ye that are of the house of the Lord *Ib* 26

Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way even by ruling himself after thy word *Ib* cxix 9

Make me to go in the path of thy commandments: for therein is my desire *Ib* 35

O turn away mine eyes, lest they behold vanity · and quicken thou me in thy law *Ib.* 37.

In the house of my pilgrimage *Ib* 54

The law of thy mouth is dearer unto me . than thousands of gold and silver *Ib* 72

For I am become like a bottle in the smoke *Ib* 83

I see that all things come to an end but thy commandment is exceeding broad *Ib.* 96

I have more understanding than my teachers: for thy testimonies are my study
I am wiser than the aged . because I keep thy commandments. *Ib.* 99

Thy word is a lantern unto my feet and a light unto my paths.

I have sworn, and am stedfastly purposed to keep thy righteous judgements *Ib* 105

O stablish me according to thy word *Ib* 116

Princes have persecuted me without a cause *Ib* 161

What reward shall be given or done unto thee, thou false tongue even mighty and sharp arrows, with hot burning coals
Woe is me, that I am constrained to dwell with Mesech and to have my habitation among the tents of Kedar. *Ib* cxx 3

I labour for peace, but when I speak unto them thereof they make them ready to battle *Ib* 6

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills · from whence cometh my help *Ib* cxxi 1

He will not suffer my foot to be moved and he that keepeth thee will not sleep. *Ib* 3

The Lord himself is thy keeper the Lord is thy defence upon thy right hand,
So that the sun shall not burn thee by day neither the moon by night *Ib* 5

The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in from this time forth for evermore *Ib* 8

I was glad when they said unto me we will go into the house of the Lord *Ib* cxxii 1

O pray for the peace of Jerusalem they shall prosper that love thee
Peace be within thy walls and plenteousness within thy palaces
For my brethren and companions' sakes I will wish thee prosperity
Yea, because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek to do thee good *Ib* 6

Our soul is escaped even as a bird out of the snare of the fowler the snare is broken, and we are delivered *Ib* cxxiv 6

The hills stand about Jerusalem even so standeth the Lord round about his people, from this time forth for evermore
For the rod of the ungodly cometh not into the lot of the righteous let the righteous put their hand unto wickedness *Ib* cxxv. 2.

Turn our captivity, O Lord as the rivers in the south
They that sow in tears shall reap in joy
He that now goeth on his way weeping, and beareth forth good seed shall doubtless come again with joy, and bring his sheaves with him *Ib* cxxvi 5

Except the Lord build the house their labour is but lost that build it
Except the Lord keep the city the watchman waketh but in vain
It is but lost labour that ye haste to rise up early, and so late take rest, and eat the bread of carefulness for so he giveth his beloved sleep
Lo, children and the fruit of the womb are an heritage and gift that cometh of the Lord
Like as the arrows in the hand of the giant even so are the young children
Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them they shall not be ashamed when they speak with their enemies in the gate *Ib* cxxvii 1

Thy wife shall be as the fruitful vine : upon the walls of thine house
Thy children like the olive-branches round about thy table. *Psalms* cxxviii 3

The plowers plowed upon my back and made long furrows. *Ib* cxxix 3.

Out of the deep have I called unto thee, O Lord Lord, hear my voice *Ib.* cxxx. 1

If thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss · O Lord, who may abide it? *Ib* 3

My soul fleeth unto the Lord . before the morning watch, I say, before the morning watch *Ib* 6

Lord, I am not high-minded I have no proud looks
I do not exercise myself in great matters which are too high for me
But I refrain my soul, and keep it low, like as a child that is weaned from his mother yea, my soul is even like a weaned child *Ib* cxxxi 1

Lord, remember David and all his trouble *Ib* cxxxii 1

Behold, how good and joyful a thing it is brethren, to dwell together in unity!
It is like the precious ointment upon the head that ran down unto the beard even unto Aaron's beard, and went down to the skirts of his clothing *Ib* cxxxiii 1

His mercy endureth for ever *Ib* cxxxvi 1

By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept when we remembered thee, O Sion
As for our harps, we hanged them up upon the trees that are therein
For they that led us away captive required of us then a song, and melody, in our heaviness Sing us one of the songs of Sion
How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?
If I forget thee, O Jerusalem let my right hand forget her cunning
If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth yea, if I prefer not Jerusalem in my mirth *Ib* cxxxvii. 1.

How they said, Down with it, down with it, even to the ground
O daughter of Babylon, wasted with misery yea, happy shall he be that rewardeth thee, as thou hast served us
Blessed shall he be that taketh thy children · and throweth them against the stones *Ib* 7

O Lord, thou hast searched me out, and known me thou knowest my down-sitting, and mine uprising, thou understandest my thoughts long before *Ib* cxxxix 1

Such knowledge is too wonderful and excellent for me · I cannot attain unto it *Ib* 5

If I take the wings of the morning and remain in the uttermost parts of the sea,
Even there also shall thy hand lead me and thy right hand shall hold me
If I say, Peradventure the darkness shall cover me : then shall my night be turned to day.
Yea, the darkness is no darkness with thee, but the night is as clear as the day, the darkness and the light to thee are both alike. *Ib.* 8.

I will give thanks unto thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made. *Ib* 13

And in thy book were all my members written *Ib.* 15

Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle *Ib* cxl 7

Let the lifting up of my hands be an evening sacrifice
Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth and keep the door of my lips. *Ib* cxli 2

Let the righteous rather smite me friendly · and reprove me.
But let not their precious balms break my head *Ib* 5

Let the ungodly fall into their own nets together and let me ever escape them *Ib* 11

That our sons may grow up as the young plants and that our daughters may be as the polished corners of the temple. *Ib* cxliv 12.

That our oxen may be strong to labour, that there be no decay no leading into captivity, and no complaining in our streets *Ib* 14

The Lord is gracious, and merciful long-suffering, and of great goodness. *Ib* cxlv. 8

O put not your trust in princes, nor in any child of man for there is no help in them
For when the breath of man goeth forth he shall turn again to his earth and then all his thoughts perish *Ib* cxlvi 2

The Lord careth for the strangers, he defendeth the fatherless and widow as for the way of the ungodly, he turneth it upside down *Ib* 9

Yea, a joyful and pleasant thing it is to be thankful
The Lord doth build up Jerusalem . and gather together the outcasts of Israel
He healeth those that are broken in heart and giveth medicine to heal their sickness
He telleth the number of the stars · and calleth them all by their names *Ib* cxlvii 1

He hath no pleasure in the strength of an horse · neither delighteth he in any man's legs *Ib.* 10.

He giveth snow like wool and scattereth the hoarfrost like ashes *Ib* 16.

Praise the Lord upon earth · ye dragons and all deeps,
Fire and hail, snow and vapours . wind and storm fulfilling his word. *Ib* cxlviii 7

Young men and maidens, old men and children, praise the name of the Lord for his name only is excellent, and his praise above heaven and earth. *Ib* 12

Let the praises of God be in their mouth and a two-edged sword in their hands. *Ib* cxlix. 6

To bind their kings in chains : and their nobles with links of iron. *Ib* 8.

Praise him upon the well-tuned cymbals · praise him upon the loud cymbals.
Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord *Ib* cl 5

Such as pass on the seas upon their lawful occasions *Forms of Prayer to be Used at Sea.* *'O Eternal Lord God'*

We therefore commit his body to the deep, to be turned into corruption, looking for the resurrection of the body (when the Sea shall give up her dead)
Ib At the Burial of their Dead at Sea.

Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy seven-fold gifts impart
Ordering of Priests Veni, Creator Spiritus

Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight *Ib*

Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of thy grace,
Keep far our foes, give peace at home
Where thou art guide, no ill can come *Ib*

Cheerfully for conscience sake
Accession Service Almighty God, who rulest over all the kingdoms

We will see there shall be due Execution upon them
Articles of Religion His Majesty's Declaration

All things necessary to salvation
Ib Of the Sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures

As the Pelagians do vainly talk
Ib Of Original Sin, IX

Of Works of Supererogation *Title of Article* XIV

Man is very far gone from original righteousness. *Ib.*

Fond thing vainly invented *Ib* XXII *Of Purgatory.*

Understanded of the people
Ib XXIV *Of Speaking in the Congregation*

The corrupt following of the Apostles
Ib XXV *Of the Sacraments*

Reserved, carried about, lifted up, or worshipped
Ib XXVIII *Of the Lord's Supper*

Blasphemous fables, and dangerous deceits
Ib XXXI *Of the One Oblation*

The Bishop of *Rome* hath no jurisdiction in this Realm of *England*
Ib XXXVII *Of the Bishop of Rome*

It is lawful for Christian men, at the commandment of the Magistrate, to wear weapons, and serve in the wars *Ib*

As certain Anabaptists do falsely boast.
Ib XXXVIII *Of Christian Men's Goods*

Table of Kindred and Affinity *Title.*

A Man may not marry his Grandmother
Table of Kindred.

THE HOLY BIBLE

THE OLD TESTAMENT

Upon the setting of that bright *Occidental Star*, Queen *Elizabeth* of most happy memory
Holy Bible, Authorized Translation, Preface

The appearance of Your Majesty, as of the *Sun* in his strength *Ib*

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth

And the earth was without form, and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters

And God said, Let there be light and there was light *Genesis* 1 1

And the evening and the morning were the first day *Ib* 5

And God saw that it was good *Ib* 10

And God made two great lights, the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night he made the stars also *Ib* 16

And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness *Ib* 26

Dominion over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth *Ib*

Male and female created he them *Ib* 27.

Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth *Ib* 28

But there went up a mist from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground *Ib* II 6

And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul

And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden *Ib* 7

The tree of life also in the midst of the garden *Ib* 9

But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die *Ib* 17

It is not good that the man should be alone *Ib* 18

The Lord God brought them unto Adam to see what he would call them *Ib*

And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept and he took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof,

And the rib, which the Lord God had taken from man, made he a woman *Ib* 21

Bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh *Ib* 23

Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife and they shall be one flesh *Ib* 24

Now the serpent was more subtil than any beast of the field *Ib.* III 1

Ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil. *Ib.* 5

And they sewed fig leaves together, and made themselves aprons

And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day *Ib* 7

The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat *Ib* 12

What is this that thou hast done? *Ib* 13

The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat. *Ib*

It shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel *Ib* 15.

In sorrow thou shalt bring forth children *Ib* 16

In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread *Ib* 19

For dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return *Ib*

The mother of all living *Ib* 20

Am I my brother's keeper? *Ib* IV 9

The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground *Ib* 10

My punishment is greater than I can bear *Ib* 13

Dwelt in the land of Nod *Ib* 16

The father of such as dwell in tents *Ib* 20

And Enoch walked with God and he was not for God took him *Ib* V 24.

And Noah begat Shem, Ham, and Japheth *Ib* 32

There were giants in the earth in those days *Ib* VI 4.

Mighty men which were of old, men of renown. *Ib.*

But the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot *Ib* VIII 9

For the imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth *Ib* 21

While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease *Ib* 22

At the hand of every man's brother will I require the life of man *Ib* IX 5

Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed *Ib* 6

I do set my bow in the cloud *Ib* 13

Even as Nimrod the mighty hunter before the Lord *Ib* X 9

Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between thee and me for we be brethren *Ib* XIII 8.

An horror of great darkness fell upon him *Ib* XV 12.

In good old age *Ib* 15.

His hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him. *Ib* XVI 12

Old and well stricken in age. *Genesis* xviii 11.

And the Lord said unto Abraham, Wherefore did Sarah laugh? *Ib* 13

Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? *Ib* 25

But his wife looked back from behind him, and she became a pillar of salt *Ib* xix 26

Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest. *Ib* xxii 2

My son, God will provide himself a lamb *Ib* 8

Behold behind him a ram caught in a thicket by his horns *Ib* 13

Esau was a cunning hunter, a man of the field, and Jacob was a plain man, dwelling in tents *Ib* xxv 27

And he sold his birthright unto Jacob *Ib* 33

Behold, Esau my brother is a hairy man, and I am a smooth man *Ib* xxvii. 11.

The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau. *Ib* 22.

Thy brother came with subtilty, and hath taken away thy blessing *Ib* 35

And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it *Ib* xxviii 12.

Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not *Ib* 16.

This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven *Ib* 17

And Jacob served seven years for Rachel; and they seemed unto him but a few years, for the love he had to her *Ib.* xxix 20

A troop cometh and she called his name Gad *Ib* xxx 11.

Mizpah, for he said, The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another *Ib* xxxi 49

There wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day.
And when he saw that he prevailed not against him, he touched the hollow of his thigh, and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint, as he wrestled with him *Ib* xxxii 24

I will not let thee go, except thou bless me *Ib* 26.

For I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved *Ib* 30

Now Israel loved Joseph more than all his children, because he was the son of his old age, and he made him a coat of many colours. *Ib* xxxvii 3

Behold, your sheaves stood round about, and made obeisance to my sheaf *Ib* 7.

Behold, this dreamer cometh *Ib* 19.

Some evil beast hath devoured him. *Ib* 20

And she caught him by his garment, saying, Lie with me, and he left his garment in her hand, and fled *Ib* xxxix. 12.

And the lean and the ill-favoured kine did eat up the first seven fat kine *Ib* xli 20

And the thin ears devoured the seven good ears *Ib* 24

Jacob saw that there was corn in Egypt *Ib* xlii 1

Ye are spies, to see the nakedness of the land ye are come *Ib* 9

Bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave *Ib* 38

Benjamin's mess was five times so much as any of their's *Ib* xliii 34

Ye shall eat of the fat of the land *Ib* xlv 18

See that ye fall not out by the way *Ib* 24

Few and evil have the years of my life been *Ib* xlvii 9

Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel *Ib* xlix 4

Issachar is a strong ass couching down between two burdens *Ib* 14

Unto the utmost bound of the everlasting hills *Ib* 26

Now there arose up a new king over Egypt, which knew not Joseph *Exodus* i. 8

She took for him an ark of bulrushes, and daubed it with slime. *Ib* ii 3

Who made thee a prince and a judge over us? *Ib.* 14

I have been a stranger in a strange land. *Ib* 22.

Behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed. *Ib* iii. 2.

Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground *Ib* 5

And Moses hid his face; for he was afraid to look upon God *Ib.* 6.

A land flowing with milk and honey, unto the place of the Canaanites, and the Hittites, and the Amorites, and the Perizzites, and the Hivites, and the Jebusites *Ib.* 8

I AM THAT I AM. *Ib.* 14

The Lord God of your fathers, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob *Ib* 15

But I am slow of speech, and of a slow tongue *Ib* iv. 10

I know not the Lord, neither will I let Israel go. *Ib* v 2

My signs and wonders in the land of Egypt *Ib* vii. 3

Aaron's rod swallowed up their rods
And he hardened Pharaoh's heart, that he hearkened not *Ib* 12

A boil breaking forth with blains *Ib.* ix. 10

Darkness which may be felt *Ib* x 21

Your lamb shall be without blemish *Ib.* xii. 5

Roast with fire, and unleavened bread, and with bitter herbs they shall eat it
Eat not of it raw, nor sodden at all with water, but roast with fire, his head with his legs, and with the appurtenances thereof *Ib.* 8.

With your loins girded, your shoes on your feet, and your staff in your hand, and ye shall eat it in haste, it is the Lord's passover

For I will pass through the land of Egypt this night, and will smite all the firstborn in the land of Egypt, both man and beast *Exodus* xii 11

And there was a great cry in Egypt *Ib* 30

And they spoiled the Egyptians *Ib* 36

And the Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a cloud, to lead them the way, and by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light *Ib* xiii 21

The Lord is a man of war *Ib* xv 3

Would to God we had died by the hand of the Lord in the land of Egypt, when we sat by the fleshpots, and when we did eat bread to the full *Ib* xvi 3

But let not God speak with us, lest we die *Ib* xx

Life for life,
Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot,
Burning for burning, wound for wound, stripe for stripe *Ib* xxi 23

Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live. *Ib* xxii 18

Thou shalt not seethe a kid in his mother's milk *Ib* xxiii 19

The Urim and the Thummim *Ib* xxviii 30

And the people sat down to eat and to drink, and rose up to play *Ib* xxxii 6

If not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book which thou hast written *Ib* 32

A stiff-necked people *Ib* xxxiii 3

Joshua the son of Nun *Ib* 11

There shall no man see me, and live *Ib* 20

Let him go for a scapegoat into the wilderness. *Leviticus* xvi. 10

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee
The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee
The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace *Numbers* vi 24

Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets. *Ib.* xi 29

Now the man Moses was very meek, above all the men which were upon the face of the earth *Ib* xii 3.

Sent to spy out the land *Ib.* xiii. 16.

The giants, the sons of Anak *Ib.* 33

Hear now, ye rebels, must we fetch you water out of this rock? *Ib* xx 10

Smote him with the edge of the sword *Ib* xxi 24

He whom thou blessest is blessed, and he whom thou cursest is cursed. *Ib* xxii 6

Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his! *Ib* xxiii 10

God is not a man, that he should lie *Ib* 19

I called thee to curse mine enemies, and, behold, thou hast altogether blessed them these three times *Ib* xxiv 10

Be sure your sin will find you out *Ib* xxxii 23.

I call heaven and earth to witness against you this day *Deuteronomy* iv. 26.

Man doth not live by bread only, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord doth man live *Ib* viii 3

A dreamer of dreams *Ib* xiii 1

The wife of thy bosom *Ib* 6

Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn *Ib.* xxv 4

Cursed be he that removeth his neighbour's landmark *Ib* xxvii 17

In the morning thou shalt say, Would God it were even! and at even thou shalt say, Would God it were morning! *Ib* xxviii 67

The secret things belong unto the Lord our God *Ib* xxix 29

I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing, therefore choose life, that both thou and thy seed may live *Ib* xxx 19

In the waste howling wilderness *Ib* xxxii 10

Jeshurun waxed fat, and kicked *Ib* 15

As thy days, so shall thy strength be *Ib* xxxiii 25.

The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms *Ib* 27

No man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day *Ib* xxxiv 6

As I was with Moses, so I will be with thee I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee *Joshua* i 5

Be strong and of a good courage be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed for the Lord thy God is with thee, whithersoever thou goest *Ib* 9

This line of scarlet thread *Ib* ii 18

All the Israelites passed over on dry ground *Ib* iii 17

When the people heard the sound of the trumpet, and the people shouted with a great shout, that the wall fell down flat, so that the people went up into the city *Ib* vi 20.

Hewers of wood and drawers of water *Ib* ix 21.

Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou Moon, in the valley of Ajalon *Ib* x 12

Is not this written in the book of Jasher? *Ib* 13

I am going the way of all the earth *Ib* xxiii 14.

He delivered them into the hands of the spoilers *Judges* ii 14

Then Jael, Heber's wife, took a nail of the tent, and took an hammer in her hand, and went softly unto him, and smote the nail into his temples, and fastened it into the ground for he was fast asleep and weary *Ib* iv 21.

I arose a mother in Israel *Ib* v 7

The stars in their courses fought against Sisera *Ib* 20.

She brought forth butter in a lordly dish *Ib* 25.

At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down *Judges* v 27

The mother of Sisera looked out at a window, and cried through the lattice, Why is his chariot so long in coming? why tarry the wheels of his chariot? *Ib* 28

Have they not divided the prey, to every man a damsel or two? *Ib* 30

Is not the gleaning of the grapes of Ephraim better than the vintage of Abi-ezer? *Ib* viii 2

Faint, yet pursuing *Ib* 4

Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness *Ib* xiv. 14.

If ye had not plowed with my heifer, ye had not found out my riddle *Ib* 18

He smote them hip and thigh *Ib* xv 8

The Philistines be upon thee, Samson *Ib* xvi 9

He wist not that the Lord was departed from him *Ib* 20

He did grind in the prison house *Ib* 21

From Dan even to Beer-sheba *Ib.* xx. 1

The people arose as one man *Ib* 8

Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee for whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God
Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried the Lord do so to me, and more also, if ought but death part thee and me *Ruth* i 16

Girded with a linen ephod *1 Samuel* ii 18.

The Lord called Samuel and he answered, Here am I. *Ib* iii 4

Here am I, for thou calledst me And he said, I called not, lie down again *Ib* 5

Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth. *Ib.* 9

The ears of every one that heareth it shall tingle. *Ib.* 11.

Quit yourselves like men *Ib* iv. 9.

He fell from off the seat backward by the side of the gate, and his neck brake *Ib* 18.

Ichabod, saying, The glory is departed from Israel *Ib.* 21.

Is Saul also among the prophets? *Ib.* x. 11

God save the king *Ib* 24.

A man after his own heart *Ib* xiii. 14.

I did but taste a little honey with the end of the rod that was in mine hand, and, lo, I must die *Ib.* xiv 43

What meaneth then this bleating of the sheep in mine ears, and the lowing of the oxen which I hear? *Ib* xv 14

To obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams
For rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft. *Ib* 22

Agag came unto him delicately And Agag said, Surely the bitterness of death is past *Ib.* 32

For the Lord seeth not as man seeth for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart *Ib* xvi. 7

Now he was ruddy, and withal of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look to *Ib* 12

I know thy pride, and the naughtiness of thine heart *Ib* xvii 28

Let no man's heart fail because of him [Goliath]. *Ib* 32

Go, and the Lord be with thee *Ib* 37

Five smooth stones out of the brook *Ib* 40

Am I a dog, that thou comest to me with staves? *Ib* 43

Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands *Ib* xviii 7

And Jonathan gave his artillery unto the lad *Ib* xx. 40

As saith the proverb of the Ancients, Wickedness proceedeth from the wicked *Ib* xxiv 13

I have played the fool *Ib* xxvi. 21

The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places how are the mighty fallen!
Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon, lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph
Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain, upon you, nor fields of offerings for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away *2 Samuel* i. 19

Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions
Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul, who clothed you in scarlet, with other delights, who put on ornaments of gold upon your apparel
How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle!
O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thy high places
I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan very pleasant hast thou been unto me thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women.
How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished *Ib* 23.

Smote him under the fifth rib. *Ib* ii 23

Set ye Uriah in the forefront of the hottest battle. *Ib* xi 15

The poor man had nothing, save one little ewe lamb. *Ib.* xii. 3.

Thou art the man *Ib* 7

As water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again *Ib* xiv 14

Come out, come out, thou bloody man, thou son of Belial *Ib* xvi 17.

Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son! *Ib* xviii 33

The sweet psalmist of Israel *2 Samuel* xxiii 1

Went in jeopardy of their lives *Ib* 17

I have somewhat to say unto thee And she said, Say on *1 Kings* ii 14

A proverb and a byword among all people *Ib* ix 7

And when the queen of Sheba had seen all Solomon's wisdom there was no more spirit in her *Ib* x 4

Behold, the half was not told me *Ib* 7

Ivory, and apes, and peacocks *Ib* 22

But King Solomon loved many strange women *Ib* xi 1

My little finger shall be thicker than my father's loins *Ib* xii 10

My father hath chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions *Ib* 11

To your tents, O Israel now see to thine own house, David *Ib* 16

He slept with his fathers *Ib* xiv 20

Nevertheless in the time of his old age he was diseased in his feet *Ib* xv 23

He went and dwelt by the brook Cherith, that is before Jordan

And the ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening, and he drank of the brook *Ib* xvii 5

An handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruse *Ib* 12

How long halt ye between two opinions? *Ib* xviii 21.

He is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked *Ib* 27

There is a sound of abundance of rain *Ib* 41

There ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand *Ib* 44

He girded up his loins, and ran before Ahab *Ib* 46

Sat down under a juniper tree *Ib* xix 4

But the Lord was not in the wind and after the wind an earthquake but the Lord was not in the earthquake And after the earthquake a fire but the Lord was not in the fire and after the fire a still small voice *Ib* 11

And it shall come to pass, that him that escapeth the sword of Hazael shall Jehu slay and him that escapeth from the sword of Jehu shall Elisha slay *Ib* 17

Elijah passed by him, and cast his mantle upon him *Ib* 19

Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off *Ib* xx 11

Hast thou found me, O mine enemy? *Ib* xxi 20

I saw all Israel scattered upon the hills, as sheep that have not a shepherd *Ib* xxii. 17

Feed him with bread of affliction and with water of affliction, until I come in peace.

And Micaiah said, if thou return at all in peace, the Lord hath not spoken by me *Ib* 27

And a certain man drew a bow at a venture, and smote the king of Israel between the joints of his harness *Ib* 34.

The chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof *2 Kings* ii 12

The spirit of Elijah doth rest upon Elisha *Ib* 15

Go up, thou bald head *Ib* 23

Is it well with the child? And she answered, It is well *Ib* iv 26

There is death in the pot *Ib* 40

He shall know that there is a prophet in Israel *Ib* v 8

Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? *Ib* 12

I bow myself in the house of Rimmon *Ib.* 18.

Whence comest thou, Gehazi? *Ib* 25.

Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing? *Ib* viii 13.

Is it peace? And Jehu said, What hast thou to do with peace? turn thou behind me *Ib.* ix 18.

The driving is like the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi for he driveth furiously *Ib* 20

She painted her face, and tired her head and looked out at a window *Ib* 30.

Had Zimri peace, who slew his master? *Ib* 31.

Who is on my side? who? *Ib* 32.

And he said, Throw her down So they threw her down *Ib* 33

They found no more of her than the skull, and the feet, and the palms of her hands. *Ib* 35

Thou trustest upon the staff of this bruised reed, this Egypt, on which if a man lean, it will go into his hand, and pierce it *Ib* xviii 21

He died in a good old age, full of days, riches, and honour *1 Chronicles* xxix 28

Every one with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other hand held a weapon *Nehemiah* iv 17.

The man whom the king delighteth to honour *Esther* vi 9

Behold also the gallows fifty cubits high *Ib* vii 9

The sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also among them

And the Lord said unto Satan, Whence comest thou? Then Satan answered the Lord, and said, From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it *Job* i 6

Doth Job fear God for naught? *Ib* 9

The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord *Ib.* 21.

All that a man hath will he give for his life *Job* II 4

And he took him a potsherd to scrape himself withal *Ib* 8

Curse God, and die *Ib* 9

Let the day perish wherein I was born, and the night in which it was said, There is a man child conceived *Ib* III 3

There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest *Ib* 17

Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery, and life unto the bitter in soul? *Ib* 20

Then a spirit passed before my face the hair of my flesh stood up *Ib* IV 15

Shall mortal man be more just than God? shall a man be more pure than his maker? *Ib* 17.

Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward *Ib* V 7

He taketh the wise in their own craftiness. *Ib.* 13

My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle *Ib* VII 6

He shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know him any more. *Ib.* 10

The land of darkness and the shadow of death *Ib* X 21

A land where the light is as darkness *Ib* 22

Canst thou by searching find out God? *Ib.* XI 7.

No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you *Ib.* XII 2

With the ancient is wisdom, and in length of days understanding *Ib* 12

Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble *Ib* XIV 1

Miserable comforters are ye all *Ib* XVI 2

The king of terrors. *Ib* XVIII 14

I am escaped with the skin of my teeth *Ib* XIX 20

Oh that my words were now written! oh that they were printed in a book! *Ib* 23

I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth
And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God *Ib* 25

Seeing the root of the matter is found in me *Ib* 28

The price of wisdom is above rubies *Ib* XXVIII 18

I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame *Ib* XXIX 15

The house appointed for all living *Ib.* XXX 23

My desire is that mine adversary had written a book *Ib* XXXI 35

Great men are not always wise *Ib.* XXXII

One among a thousand *Ib* XXXIII 23.

Far be it from God, that he should do wickedness *Ib* XXXIV 10

For I am full of matter, the spirit within me constraineth me *Ib* 18

He multiplieth words without knowledge *Ib* XXXV 16.

Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge? *Ib* XXXVIII 2

Gird up now thy loins like a man *Ib* 3

Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? declare, if thou hast understanding *Ib* 4

When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy *Ib* 7

Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further and here shall thy proud waves be stayed *Ib* 11

Hast thou entered into the springs of the sea? or hast thou walked in the search of the depths? *Ib* 16

Hath the rain a father? or who hath begotten the drops of dew? *Ib* 28

Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? *Ib* 31

Canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons? *Ib* 32

He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength he goeth on to meet the armed men *Ib* XXXIX 21.

He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet
He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha, and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting *Ib* 24.

Behold now behemoth, which I made with thee, he eateth grass as an ox *Ib* XL 15

Canst thou draw out Leviathan with an hook? *Ib* XLI 1

Wilt thou play with him as with a bird? or wilt thou bind him for thy maidens? *Ib* 5

Hard as a piece of the nether millstone. *Ib* 24

He maketh the deep to boil like a pot *Ib* 31.

I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee *Ib* XLII 5

So the Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than his beginning *Ib* 12

My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not *Proverbs* I 10

Surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird *Ib* 17

Wisdom crieth without, she uttereth her voice in the streets *Ib* 20

Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honour. *Ib* III 16.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace *Ib* 17

Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom, and with all thy getting get understanding. *Ib* IV 7

The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day *Ib* 18

For the lips of a strange woman drop as an honeycomb, and her mouth is smoother than oil
But her end is bitter as wormwood, sharp as a two-edged sword *Ib* V 3

Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways, and be wise *Proverbs* VI 6

Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep *Ib* 10

So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man *Ib* 11

Neither let her take thee with her eyelids *Ib* 25

Can a man take fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burned? *Ib* 27

Come, let us take our fill of love, until the morning let us solace ourselves with loves
For the goodman is not at home, he is gone a long journey *Ib* VII 18

As an ox goeth to the slaughter *Ib* 22

Wisdom is better than rubies. *Ib* VIII 11

Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant *Ib* IX 17

A wise son maketh a glad father but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother *Ib* X 1

The destruction of the poor is their poverty. *Ib* 15

In the multitude of counsellors there is safety *Ib* XI 14

He that is surety for a stranger shall smart for it *Ib* 15

As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman which is without discretion *Ib* 22

A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband *Ib* XII 4

A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast, but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel *Ib* 10

Hope deferred maketh the heart sick *Ib* XIII 12

The way of transgressors is hard *Ib* 15

The desire accomplished is sweet to the soul *Ib* 19

He that spareth his rod hateth his son *Ib* 24

The heart knoweth his own bitterness, and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy *Ib* XIV 10

In all labour there is profit *Ib* 23

Righteousness exalteth a nation *Ib* 34

A soft answer turneth away wrath *Ib* XV 1

A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance *Ib* 13

Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith. *Ib* 17

A word spoken in due season, how good is it! *Ib* 23

Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall *Ib* XVI 18

The hoary head is a crown of glory. *Ib* 31

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city *Ib* 32

He that repeateth a matter separateth very friends *Ib* XVII. 9.

He that begetteth a fool doeth it to his sorrow *Ib* 21

A merry heart doeth good like a medicine *Ib* 22

A wounded spirit who can bear? *Ib* XVIII 14

There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother *Ib* 24

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging *Ib* XX 1

Every fool will be meddling *Ib.* 3

Even a child is known by his doings *Ib* 1

The hearing ear, and the seeing eye *Ib* 12

It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth *Ib* XX 14

It is better to dwell in a corner of the housetop than with a brawling woman in a wide house *Ib* XXI 9

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches *Ib.* XXII 1

Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old, he will not depart from it *Ib* 6

Riches certainly make themselves wings *Ib* XXIII. 5

Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, . . at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. *Ib* 31

The heart of kings is unsearchable. *Ib.* XXV 3

A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver *Ib* 11.

Heap coals of fire upon his head *Ib* 22

As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country *Ib* 25.

As the bird by wandering, as the swallow by flying, so the curse causeless shall not come *Ib* XXVI. 2

Answer a fool according his folly. *Ib* 5

As a dog returneth to his vomit, so a fool returneth to his folly. *Ib* 11

Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? There is more hope of a fool than of him *Ib* 12

The slothful man saith, There is a lion in the way a lion is in the streets *Ib* 13

The sluggard is wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason *Ib* 16

Boast not thyself of to morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth *Ib.* XXVII 1

Open rebuke is better than secret love *Ib* 5

Faithful are the wounds of a friend *Ib* 6

A continual dropping in a very rainy day and a contentious woman are alike *Ib* 15

Iron sharpeneth iron so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend *Ib* 17

Though thou shouldest bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him *Ib* 22

The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion *Ib.* XXVIII 1

He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent *Ib* 20

A fool uttereth all his mind. *Proverbs* xxix 11.

Where there is no vision, the people perish. *Ib* 18.

The horseleech hath two daughters, crying, Give, give *Ib* xxx 15

There are three things that are never satisfied, yea, four things say not, It is enough:
The grave, and the barren womb, the earth that is not filled with water, and the fire that saith not, It is enough *Ib* 15

The way of an eagle in the air, the way of a serpent upon a rock, the way of a ship in the midst of the sea, and the way of a man with a maid *Ib.* 19

Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is above rubies *Ib* xxxi 10

Her children arise up, and call her blessed *Ib* 28

All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full *Ecclesiastes* i. 7

Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher, vanity of vanities, all is vanity.
What profit hath a man of all his labour which he taketh under the sun?
One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh. *Ib.* 2.

All things are full of labour; man cannot utter it: the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing
The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be, and that which is done is that which shall be done and there is no new thing under the sun. *Ib* 8

All is vanity and vexation of spirit *Ib* 14

He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow *Ib* 18

Wisdom excelleth folly, as far as light excelleth darkness. *Ib.* ii. 13.

One event happeneth to them all *Ib* 14

To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven
A time to be born, and a time to die *Ib* iii. 1

Wherefore I praised the dead which are already dead more than the living which are yet alive. *Ib* iv. 2

A threefold cord is not quickly broken *Ib.* 12

God is in heaven, and thou upon earth: therefore let thy words be few. *Ib* v 2

Better is it that thou shouldest not vow, than that thou shouldest vow and not pay. *Ib* 5

The sleep of a labouring man is sweet *Ib* 12.

A good name is better than precious ointment and the day of death than the day of one's birth.
It is better to go to the house of mourning than to go to the house of feasting *Ib* vii 1

As the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the laughter of a fool *Ib* 6

Better is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof *Ib* 8

Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this. *Ib* 10

In the day of prosperity be joyful, but in the day of adversity consider *Ib* 14

Be not righteous over much *Ib* 16

One man among a thousand have I found, but a woman among all those have I not found *Ib* 28

God hath made man upright, but they have sought out many inventions *Ib* 29

There is no discharge in that war. *Ib* viii 8

A man hath no better thing under the sun, than to eat, and to drink, and to be merry. *Ib* 15

A living dog is better than a dead lion *Ib* ix 4

Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry heart, for God now accepteth thy works *Ib* 7

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest *Ib* 10

The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong *Ib* 11

Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savour. *Ib* x 1.

He that diggeth a pit shall fall into it *Ib* 8

Wine maketh merry but money answereth all things *Ib* 19

For a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter *Ib* 20

Cast thy bread upon the waters for thou shalt find it after many days *Ib* xi 1

In the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be *Ib* 3

He that observeth the wind shall not sow, and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap. *Ib* 4

In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand *Ib* 6

Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun *Ib.* 7

Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth. *Ib* 9

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;
While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain
In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened,
And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of musick shall be brought low,
Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail because man goeth to

his long home, and the mourners go about the streets
Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern
Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.
Ecclesiastes XII 1.

The words of the wise are as goads *Ib* 11

Of making many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness of the flesh *Ib* 12

Fear God, and keep his commandments for this is the whole duty of man
For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil *Ib* 13

The song of songs, which is Solomon's
Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth for thy love is better than wine
The Song of Solomon, I 1

Thy name is an ointment poured forth, therefore do the virgins love thee *Ib* 3

I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Jerusalem *Ib* 5

Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon *Ib* 7

O thou fairest among women *Ib* 8

A bundle of myrrh is my well beloved unto me, he shall lie all night betwixt my breasts *Ib* 13

I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys
Ib. II 1

His banner over me was love *Ib* 4

Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples for I am sick of love
His left hand is under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me *Ib* 5

Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away
For, lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone,
The flowers appear on the earth the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land *Ib* 10

Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines *Ib* 15

My beloved is mine, and I am his he feedeth among the lilies
Until the day break, and the shadows flee away *Ib* 16

By night on my bed I sought him whom my soul loveth *Ib* III 1.

Behold, thou art fair, my love, behold, thou art fair, thou hast doves' eyes within thy locks: thy hair is as a flock of goats, that appear from mount Gilead
Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep that are even shorn, which came up from the washing, whereof every one bear twins, and none is barren among them
Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet, and thy speech is comely thy temples are like a piece of a pomegranate within thy locks
Thy neck is like the tower of David builded for an armoury, whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men.
Thy breasts are like two young roes that are twins, which feed among the lilies *Ib* IV 1

Thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee *Ib* 7

A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse, a spring shut up, a fountain sealed *Ib* 12

Awake, O north wind, and come, thou south, blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits *Ib* 16

I sleep, but my heart waketh it is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying, Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled *Ib* V 2

My beloved put in his hand by the hole of the door, and my bowels were moved for him *Ib* 4

I opened to my beloved, but my beloved had withdrawn himself *Ib* 6

The watchmen that went about the city found me, they smote me, they wounded me, the keepers of the walls took away my veil from me
I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if ye find my beloved, that ye tell him, that I am sick of love
What is thy beloved more than another beloved, O thou fairest among women? *Ib* 7

My beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand *Ib* 10

His hands are as gold rings set with the beryl his belly is as bright ivory overlaid with sapphires
His legs are as pillars of marble, set upon sockets of fine gold his countenance is as Lebanon, excellent as the cedars
His mouth is most sweet yea, he is altogether lovely
This is my beloved, and this is my friend, O daughters of Jerusalem *Ib* 14

Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners? *Ib* VI. 10

Return, return, O Shulamite, return, return, that we may look upon thee *Ib* 13

How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O prince's daughter! *Ib* VII 1

Thy navel is like a round goblet, which wanteth not liquor thy belly is like an heap of wheat set about with lilies *Ib* 2

Thy neck is as a tower of ivory, thine eyes like the fishpools in Heshbon, by the gate of Bath-rabbim thy nose is as the tower of Lebanon which looketh towards Damascus *Ib* 4

Like the best wine, for my beloved, that goeth down sweetly, causing the lips of those that are asleep to speak *Ib* 9

O that thou wert as my brother, that sucked the breasts of my mother! when I should find thee without, I would kiss thee, yea, I should not be despised
I would lead thee, and bring thee into my mother's house *Ib.* VIII. 1.

Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved? I raised thee up under the apple tree there thy mother brought thee forth there she brought thee forth that bare thee

Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm for love is strong as death, jealousy is cruel as the grave. *The Song of Solomon* VIII 5.

Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would be utterly contemned *Ib* 7

We have a little sister, and she hath no breasts. *Ib* 8

Make haste, my beloved, and be thou like to a roe or to a young hart upon the mountain of spices *Ib* 14

The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib *Isaiah* I 3

The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint *Ib* 5

As a lodge in a garden of cucumbers *Ib* 8

Bring no more vain oblations, incense is an abomination unto me, the new moons and sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, I cannot away with *Ib* 13

Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow *Ib* 18

They shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruninghooks, nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more *Ib* II 4

Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils *Ib* 22

The stay and the staff, the whole stay of bread, and the whole stay of water *Ib* III 1

Grind the faces of the poor. *Ib* 15

Walk with stretched forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet *Ib* 16

In that day seven women shall take hold of one man *Ib* IV 1

My wellbeloved hath a vineyard in a very fruitful hill *Ib* V 1

And he looked that it should bring forth grapes, and it brought forth wild grapes *Ib* 2

And he looked for judgment, but behold oppression, for righteousness, but behold a cry. *Ib* 7

Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field, till there be no place *Ib* 8

Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink *Ib* 11

Woe, woe unto them that draw iniquity with cords of vanity, and sin as it were with a cart rope *Ib* 18

Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil *Ib* 20

For all this his anger is not turned away, but his hand is stretched out still *Ib* 25

In the year that king Uzziah died I saw also the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and his train filled the temple

Above it stood the seraphims each one had six wings, with twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly

And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts the whole earth is full of his glory.

And the posts of the door moved at the voice of him that cried, and the house was filled with smoke

Then said I, Woe is me! for I am undone, because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips *Ib* VI 1

Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I, send me *Ib* 8

Make the heart of this people fat, and make their ears heavy, and shut their eyes, lest they see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their heart, and convert, and be healed *Ib* 10

Then said I, Lord, how long? *Ib* 11

Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel.

Butter and honey shall he eat, that he may know how to refuse the evil, and choose the good *Ib* VII 14

For a stone of stumbling and for a rock of offence *Ib* VIII 14

The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.

Thou hast multiplied the nation, and not increased the joy they joy before thee according to the joy in harvest, and as men rejoice when they divide the spoil *Ib* IX 2

For every battle of the warrior is with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood *Ib* 5

For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given and the government shall be upon his shoulder and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace

Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end *Ib* 6

The zeal of the Lord of hosts will perform this *Ib* 7

And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a Branch shall grow out of his roots

And the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord *Ib* XI 1

The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them *Ib* 7

And the lion shall eat straw like the ox

And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice' den

They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea *Ib* 7.

Dragons in their pleasant palaces. *Ib.* XIII 22

Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming *Isaiah* XIV 9

How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! *Ib.* 12

I will also make it a possession for the bittern, and pools of water and I will sweep it with the besom of destruction *Ib.* 23

And in mercy shall the throne be established *Ib* XVI 5

The burden of the desert of the sea *Ib* XXI. 1

Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night?
The watchman said, The morning cometh, and also the night *Ib.* 11

Let us eat and drink, for to morrow we shall die *Ib.* XXII 13

Fasten him as a nail in a sure place *Ib* 23

Whose merchants are princes *Ib* XXIII 8

Howl, ye ships of Tarshish *Ib* 14

A feast of fat things, a feast of wines on the lees *Ib* XXV. 6

We have as it were brought forth wind *Ib* XXVI 18

For precept must be upon precept, precept upon precept, line upon line, line upon line, here a little, and there a little *Ib* XXVIII 10

We have made a covenant with death, and with hell are we at an agreement *Ib* 15

They are drunken, but not with wine *Ib* XXIX. 9

Their strength is to sit still *Ib* XXX. 7.

Now go, write it before them in a table, and note it in a book *Ib* 8

Speak unto us smooth things, prophesy deceits *Ib* 10

In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength. *Ib* 15

One thousand shall flee at the rebuke of one *Ib* 17.

This is the way, walk ye in it *Ib* 21

And a man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest, as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land *Ib* XXXII 2

The liberal deviseth liberal things *Ib* 8

An habitation of dragons, and a court for owls *Ib* XXXIV 13

The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose *Ib* XXXV 1.

Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees *Ib* 3

Then shall the lame man leap up as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert. *Ib* 6

The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein *Ib* 8

Sorrow and sighing shall flee away *Ib* 10.

Set thine house in order *Ib* XXXVIII 1

I shall go softly all my years in the bitterness of my soul. *Ib* 15

Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God
Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished *Ib.* XL 1.

The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God
Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain
And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall be revealed together for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it *Ib* 3

The voice said, Cry And he said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field
The grass withereth, the flower fadeth because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it surely the people is grass *Ib* 6

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young *Ib* 11.

The nations are as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the balance behold, he taketh up the isles as a very little thing *Ib.* 15.

Have ye not known? hath it not been told you from the beginning? *Ib* 21

But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength they shall mount up with wings as eagles they shall run, and not be weary they shall walk, and not faint *Ib* 31.

A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench *Ib* XLII 3

He warmeth himself, and saith, Aha, I am warm, I have seen the fire *Ib* XLIV 16

Shall the clay say to him that fashioneth it, What makest thou? *Ib* XLV 9.

Verily thou art a God that hidest thyself *Ib* 15

I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction *Ib* XLVIII 10.

O that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments! then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea *Ib* 18

There is no peace, saith the Lord, unto the wicked *Ib* 22

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation, that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth! *Ib* LII 7

For they shall see eye to eye, when the Lord shall bring again Zion
Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem for the Lord hath comforted his people, he hath redeemed Jerusalem *Ib* 9

Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed? *Ib* LIII. 1

He hath no form nor comeliness, and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him He is despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief and we hid as it were our faces from him, he was despised, and we esteemed him not

Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows *Isaiah* liii 2.

But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed

All we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned every one to his own way, and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all

He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth *Ib* 5

He was cut off out of the land of the living *Ib* 8

He was numbered with the transgressors, and he bare the sins of many, and made intercession for the transgressors. *Ib.* 12

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat, yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.

Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not? *Ib.* lv. 1.

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near. *Ib* 6.

For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. *Ib* 8

Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree *Ib* 13

I will give them an everlasting name, that shall not be cut off. *Ib* lvi 5

Peace to him that is far off, and to him that is near *Ib* lvii 19

Is it such a fast that I have chosen? a day for a man to afflict his soul? *Ib* lviii 5

Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke? *Ib* 6

Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thine health shall spring forth speedily *Ib* 8

They make haste to shed innocent blood. *Ib* lix 7

Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. *Ib* lx 1

A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation *Ib* 22

The spirit of the Lord is upon me. *Ib* lxi 1

To bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound,

To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God, to comfort all that mourn *Ib*

To give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness *Ib* 3

Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? *Ib* lxiii 1

I have trodden the winepress alone *Ib* 3

In all their affliction he was afflicted *Ib* 9

All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags, and we all do fade as a leaf *Ib* lxiv 6

For, behold, I create new heavens and a new earth *Ib* lxv 17

As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you. *Ib* lxvi 13

They were as fed horses in the morning every one neighed after his neighbour's wife *Jeremiah* v 8

This people hath a revolting and a rebellious heart *Ib* 23

The prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means, and my people love to have it so: and what will ye do in the end thereof? *Ib* 31

Saying, Peace, peace, when there is no peace *Ib* vi 14

Do they provoke me to anger? saith the Lord do they not provoke themselves to the confusion of their own faces? *Ib* vii 19

The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved. *Ib* viii 20

Is there no balm in Gilead? *Ib* 22

Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? *Ib* xiii 23

A man of strife and a man of contention *Ib* xv 10

The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked *Ib* xvii 9

As the partridge sitteth on eggs, and hatcheth them not. *Ib* 11

And seekest thou great things for thyself? seek them not *Ib* xlv 5

Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow *Lamentations* i 12

The wormwood and the gall *Ib* iii 19

It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth *Ib* 27

He giveth his cheek to him that smiteth him *Ib* 30

As if a wheel had been in the midst of a wheel *Ezekiel* x 10.

As is the mother, so is her daughter *Ib* xvi 44

The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge *Ib* xviii 2.

When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive. *Ib* 27

The king of Babylon stood at the parting of the way. *Ezekiel* xxi 21

She doted upon the Assyrians her neighbours, captains and rulers clothed most gorgeously, horsemen riding upon horses, all of them desirable young men *Ib* xxiii 12

The valley which was full of bones *Ib* xxxvii 1

Can these bones live? *Ib* 3

The image that Nebuchadnezzar the king had set up *Damel* iii 3

The sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of musick *Ib* 5

Cast into the midst of a burning fiery furnace *Ib* 6

We are not careful to answer thee in this matter *Ib* 16

Commanded that they should heat the furnace one seven times more than it was wont to be heated *Ib* 19

Then these men were bound in their coats, their hosen, and their hats, and their other garments, and were cast into the midst of the burning fiery furnace *Ib* 21

Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, ye servants of the most high God, come forth, and come hither *Ib* 26

MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN.
This is the interpretation of the thing MENE, God hath numbered the kingdom, and finished it
TEKEL, Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting
PERES, Thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians *Ib* v 25

The Ancient of days *Ib* vii 9

O Daniel, a man greatly beloved *Ib* x 11

Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased *Ib* xii 4

They have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind *Hosea* viii 7

Ye have plowed wickedness, ye have reaped iniquity *Ib* x 13

I drew them with bands of love *Ib* xi 4

I have multiplied visions, and used similitudes *Ib* xii 10

That which the palmerworm hath left hath the locust eaten *Joel* i 4

I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten *Ib* ii 25

And it shall come to pass afterwards, that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions *Ib* 28

Multitudes in the valley of decision. *Ib.* iii. 14.

Can two walk together, except they be agreed? *Amos* iii 3

A firebrand plucked from the burning. *Ib* iv. 11.

Woe to them that are at ease in Zion *Ib* vi 1

The Lord stood upon a wall made by a plumbline, with a plumbline in his hand.
And the Lord said unto me, Amos, what seest thou? And I said, A plumbline *Ib* vii 7

Come, and let us cast lots, that we may know for whose cause this evil is upon us. So they cast lots, and the lot fell upon Jonah *Jonah* i 7

Jonah was in the belly of the fish three days and three nights *Ib* 17

They shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig tree *Micah* iv 4

But thou, Beth-lehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah *Ib.* v 2

Write the vision, and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it. *Habakkuk* ii 2

Your fathers, where are they? And the prophets, do they live for ever? *Zechariah* i 5

For who hath despised the day of small things? *Ib* iv 10

Turn ye to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope *Ib* ix 12

I was wounded in the house of my friends *Ib* xiii 6

Have we not all one father? hath not one God created us? *Malachi* ii 10

But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings *Ib.* iv 2.

THE NEW TESTAMENT

There came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, Saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him *St Matthew* ii 1

They presented unto him their gifts, gold, and frankincense, and myrrh *Ib* 11

They departed into their own country another way. *Ib* 12

Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not *Ib* 18

Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand *Ib* iii 2.

The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight *Ib* 3

Raiment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins, and his meat was locusts and wild honey *Ib* 4

O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come? *Ib* 7

And now also the axe is laid unto the root of the trees *Ib.* 10.

Suffer it to be so now for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness. *Ib.* 15.

This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased *Ib* 17

Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God
St Matthew IV 4.

Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God *Ib* 7

The devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them. *Ib* 8

Angels came and ministered unto him *Ib* 11

Fishers of men *Ib* 19

Blessed are the poor in spirit for their's is the kingdom of heaven
Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted
Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth
Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness for they shall be filled
Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy
Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God
Blessed are the peacemakers. for they shall be called the children of God *Ib* v. 3

Ye are the salt of the earth but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted? *Ib* 13

Ye are the light of the world A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid *Ib* 14

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works *Ib* 16

Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets I am come not to destroy, but to fulfil *Ib* 17

Except your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees *Ib* 20

Whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire *Ib* 22

Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art in the way with him *Ib* 25

Till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing *Ib* 26

Swear not at all, neither by heaven, for it is God's throne
Nor by the earth, for it is his footstool *Ib* 34

Let your communication be, Yea, yea, Nay, nay *Ib* 37

Resist not evil but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also *Ib* 39

Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain *Ib* 41.

He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. *Ib.* 45.

Do not even the publicans the same? *Ib* 46

Be ye therefore perfect *Ib* 48

When thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth *Ib* VI 3

Use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do for they think they shall be heard for their much speaking *Ib.* 7

After this manner therefore pray ye: Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name.

Thy kingdom come Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven
Give us this day our daily bread
And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever Amen *Ib.* 9

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal *Ib* 19

Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven *Ib* 20

Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also *Ib* 21

If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness! *Ib* 23

No man can serve two masters. *Ib* 24

Ye cannot serve God and mammon *Ib* 24

Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?
Behold the fowls of the air for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns. *Ib* 25

Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature? *Ib* 27

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow, they toil not, neither do they spin
And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. *Ib* 28

Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you *Ib* 33

Take therefore no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. *Ib* 34

Judge not, that ye be not judged. *Ib* VII 1

Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye? *Ib* 3

Neither cast ye your pearls before swine. *Ib* 6

Ask, and it shall be given you, seek, and ye shall find, knock, and it shall be opened unto you *Ib* 7

Every one that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth *Ib* 8.

Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? *Ib* 9

Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them for this is the law and the prophets *Ib* 12

Wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat *Ib* 13

Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it. *Ib* 14

Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves. *Ib* 15

Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? *Ib* 16

By their fruits ye shall know them
St Matthew VII 20

And great was the fall of it *Ib* 27

For he taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes *Ib* 29

Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldest come under my roof *Ib* VIII 8

I am a man under authority, having soldiers under me: and I say to this man, Go, and he goeth, and to another, Come, and he cometh, and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it *Ib* 9

I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel *Ib* 10

But the children of the kingdom shall be cast out into outer darkness there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth. *Ib* 12

The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head *Ib* 20

Let the dead bury their dead. *Ib.* 22.

The whole herd ran violently down a steep place into the sea, and perished in the waters *Ib* 32.

Sitting at the receipt of custom. *Ib* IX 9

Why eateth your master with publicans and sinners? *Ib* 11

They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick *Ib* 12

I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance *Ib* 13

Can the children of the bridechamber mourn, as long as the bridegroom is with them? *Ib* 15

Neither do men put new wine into old bottles *Ib* 17

The maid is not dead, but sleepeth *Ib* 24

He casteth out devils through the prince of the devils *Ib.* 34

The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few *Ib* 37

Go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel *Ib* X. 6

Freely ye have received, freely give *Ib.* 8

When ye depart out of that house or city, shake off the dust of your feet. *Ib.* 14

Be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves *Ib* 16

He that endureth to the end shall be saved *Ib* 22

The disciple is not above his master, nor the servant above his lord *Ib* 24

Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father *Ib* 29

The very hairs of your head are all numbered *Ib* 30

Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows *Ib* 31.

I came not to send peace, but a sword *Ib* 34

A man's foes shall be they of his own household *Ib* 36.

He that findeth his life shall lose it and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it *Ib.* 39

Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only *Ib* 42

Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another? *Ib* XI 3

What went ye out into the wilderness to see? A reed shaken with the wind?
But what went ye out for to see? A man clothed in soft raiment? . .
But what went ye out for to see? A prophet? yea, I say unto you, and more than a prophet. *Ib.* 7

The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force. *Ib* 12

We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced *Ib.* 17.

Wisdom is justified of her children *Ib* 19

Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.
Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart and ye shall find rest unto your souls
For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light. *Ib.* 28

He that is not with me is against me. *Ib.* XII 30.

The blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men. *Ib* 31.

The tree is known by his fruit *Ib.* 33.

Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. *Ib* 34.

Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment *Ib* 36.

An evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign. *Ib* 39

Behold, a greater than Solomon is here *Ib.* 42.

Empty, swept, and garnished. *Ib* 44.

Then goeth he and taketh with himself seven other spirits more wicked than himself, and they enter in and dwell there and the last state of that man is worse than the first. *Ib* 45.

Behold my mother and my brethren! *Ib.* 49.

Some seeds fell by the wayside *Ib.* XIII. 4.

Because they had no root, they withered away *Ib.* 7.

But other fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit, some an hundredfold, some sixtyfold, some thirtyfold *Ib.* 8

The care of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches *Ib.* 22.

His enemy came and sowed tares *Ib* 25

An enemy hath done this. *Ib* 28

Let both grow together until the harvest *Ib* 30

The kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed. *Ib* 31.

So that the fowls of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof. *St. Matthew* xiii 32.

A pearl of great price. *Ib* 4

An householder which bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old. *Ib.* 52

Is not this the carpenter's son? *Ib.* 55.

A prophet is not without honour, save in his own country and in his own house *Ib.* 57

They took up of the fragments that remained twelve baskets full *Ib* xiv. 20

In the fourth watch of the night Jesus went unto them, walking on the sea *Ib.* 25

Be of good cheer it is I, be not afraid *Ib* 27

O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt? *Ib.* 31

Not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man, but that which cometh out of the mouth, this defileth a man. *Ib* xv. 11

They be blind leaders of the blind And if the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch *Ib* 14

The dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their masters' table *Ib.* 27

When it is evening, ye say it will be fair weather for the sky is red *Ib* xvi. 2

The signs of the times *Ib* 3

Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it *Ib* 18

Get thee behind me, Satan *Ib* 23

What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? *Ib* xvi 26

It is good for us to be here *Ib* xvii 4

If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place, and it shall remove. *Ib* 20

Become as little children *Ib* xviii 3

But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the midst of the sea *Ib* 6

It must needs be that offences come, but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh! *Ib* 7

If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee it is better for thee to enter into life with one eye, rather than having two eyes to be cast into hell fire *Ib* 9

For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them. *Ib.* 20

Until seventy times seven *Ib* 22

Lord, have patience with me, and I will pay thee all *Ib.* 26.

Pay me that thou owest *Ib* 28.

What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder *Ib.* xix 6

Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself *Ib* 19.

If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven *Ib* 21

He went away sorrowful for he had great possessions *Ib* 22

It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God *Ib* 24

With men this is impossible but with God all things are possible *Ib* 26

But many that are first shall be last, and the last shall be first *Ib.* 30

Why stand ye here all the day idle? *Ib* xx 6

Borne the burden and heat of the day. *Ib* 12

I will give unto this last, even as unto thee
Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own? *Ib* 14

My house shall be called the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves. *Ib* xxi 13

For many are called, but few are chosen *Ib* xxii 14

Whose is this image and superscription? *Ib* 20

Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's *Ib* 21

Last of all the woman died also. *Ib* 27.

For in the resurrection they neither marry, nor are given in marriage. *Ib* 30

They make broad their phylacteries, and enlarge the borders of their garments,
And love the uppermost rooms at feasts, and the chief seats in the synagogues. *Ib* xxiii 5

Whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased, and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted *Ib* 12

Woe unto you, . for ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin *Ib* 23

Blind guides, which strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel *Ib* 24

Whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones. *Ib* 27

O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! *Ib* 37.

Wars and rumours of wars *Ib* xxiv 6

But the end is not yet *Ib*

For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom *Ib* 7

Abomination of desolation *Ib* 15

Wheresoever the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together *Ib* 28

Eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage *Ib* 38.

One shall be taken, and the other left.
St Matthew xxiv 40

Well done, thou good and faithful servant
Ib xxv 21

Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord. *Ib*

Lord, I knew thee that thou art an hard man, reaping where thou hast not sown, and gathering where thou hast not strawed *Ib* 24

Unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance, but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath *Ib* 29

I was a stranger, and ye took me in
Naked, and ye clothed me I was sick, and ye visited me. I was in prison, and ye came unto me *Ib* 35

Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me *Ib* 40

A woman having an alabaster box of very precious ointment *Ib* xxvi. 7.

To what purpose is this waste? *Ib.* 8

What will ye give me, and I will deliver him unto you? And they covenanted with him for thirty pieces of silver *Ib* 15

It had been good for that man if he had not been born. *Ib* 24

This night, before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice. *Ib* 34

Though I should die with thee, yet will I not deny thee *Ib* 35

If it be possible, let this cup pass from me *Ib* 39

What, could ye not watch with me one hour? *Ib* 40

The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak
Ib 41

Hail, master, and kissed him. *Ib* 49.

Friend, wherefore art thou come? *Ib* 50

All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword *Ib* 52

Thy speech bewrayeth thee
Then began he to curse and to swear, saying, I know not the man And immediately the cock crew
Ib 73

Have thou nothing to do with that just man
Ib xxvii 19

He took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person see ye to it. *Ib* 24

His blood be on us, and on our children *Ib* 25

He saved others, himself he cannot save *Ib.* 42

Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani? My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? *Ib.* 46

Simon's wife's mother *St Mark* i. 30

The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath *Ib.* ii. 27

If a house be divided against itself, that house cannot stand *Ib* iii 25

He that hath ears to hear, let him hear *Ib* iv 9

With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured unto you *Ib* 24

My name is Legion for we are many *Ib* v. 9

Clothed, and in his right mind *Ib.* 15

My little daughter lieth at the point of death *Ib* 23

Had suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all that she had, and was nothing bettered but rather grew worse *Ib* 26

Knowing in himself that virtue had gone out of him
Ib 30

I see men as trees, walking *Ib* viii 24

For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? *Ib* 36

Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched *Ib.* ix 44

Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of God
Ib x 14

Which devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayers *Ib* xii 40

And there came a certain poor widow, and she threw in two mites *Ib* 42

Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature *Ib.* xvi 15

It seemed good to me also . to write unto thee most excellent Theophilus *St Luke* i 3

To turn the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just. *Ib* 17.

Hail, thou that art highly favoured, the Lord is with thee blessed art thou among women *Ib* 28

My soul doth magnify the Lord,
And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour
For he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden for, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed *Ib* 46

He hath shewed strength with his arm, he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts
He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and hath exalted them of low degree
He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich he hath sent empty away *Ib* 51

To give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace *Ib* 70

And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed *Ib* ii 1

Because there was no room for them in the inn
Ib 7

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them and they were sore afraid *Ib* 9

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men. *Ib* 14.

Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word *Ib.* 29.

Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business? *St. Luke* II 49

Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man *Ib* 52

Be content with your wages. *Ib* III 14

Shewed unto him all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time *Ib* IV 5

Physician, heal thyself *Ib* 23

Many widows were in Israel in the days of Elias but unto none of them was Elias sent. *Ib* 25

Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing nevertheless at thy word I will let down the net *Ib* V 5

Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you! *Ib* VI 26

Judge not, and ye shall not be judged *Ib* 37

Give, and it shall be given unto you, good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom *Ib* 38

The only son of his mother, and she was a widow *Ib* VII 12

Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee. And he saith, Master, say on *Ib* 40

Peace be to this house *Ib* X 5

For the labourer is worthy of his hire. *Ib* 7

I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven. *Ib* 18

I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight *Ib* 21

For I tell you, that many prophets and kings have desired to see those things which you see, and have not seen them, and to hear those things which ye hear, and have not heard them. *Ib* 24

Fell among thieves *Ib* 30

He passed by on the other side *Ib* 31.

He took out two pence and gave them to the host *Ib* 35

Whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will repay thee *Ib* 35

Go, and do thou likewise *Ib* 37

But Martha was cumbered about much serving *Ib* 40

But one thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her *Ib.* 42

When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace *Ib* XI 21

All his armour wherein he trusted *Ib* 22

He that is not with me is against me *Ib* 23

Take heed therefore that the light which is in thee be not darkness. *Ib* 35

Woe unto you, lawyers! for ye have taken away the key of knowledge. *Ib* 52.

Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God? *Ib* XII 6

Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years, take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. *Ib.* 19.

Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee *Ib.* 20.

Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning *Ib* 35

But he that knew not, and did commit things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes *Ib* 48

Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground? *Ib* XIII 7

Begin with shame to take the lower room *Ib* XIV 9

Friend, go up higher *Ib* 10.

For whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted *Ib* 11

They all with one consent began to make excuse. *Ib* 18.

I pray thee have me excused *Ib*

I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come *Ib* 20.

The poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind *Ib* 21

Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in *Ib* 23

Leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness. *Ib* XV 4

Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost *Ib* 6

Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance *Ib* 7

Wasted his substance with riotous living. *Ib.* 13.

He fain would have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat and no man gave unto him.

And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger!
I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee,
And am no more worthy to be called thy son make me as one of thy hired servants *Ib* 16

Bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it *Ib* 23

This my son was dead, and is alive again, he was lost and is found *Ib* 24

Which hath devoured thy living with harlots *Ib.* 30

I cannot dig, to beg I am ashamed *Ib.* XVI 3

Take thy bill, and sit down quickly, and write fifty *Ib* 6

And the lord commended the unjust steward, because he had done wisely, for the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light *Ib* 8

Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness *Ib* 9

He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much *St. Luke* xvi 10

There was a certain rich man, which was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day *Ib.* 19

The crumbs which fell from the rich man's table *Ib* 21

Carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom *Ib* 22

Between us and you there is a great gulf fixed *Ib* 26

It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea *Ib.* xvii 2

Say, we are unprofitable servants we have done that which was our duty to do *Ib* 10

Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine? *Ib* 17

The kingdom of God is within you *Ib* 21

Remember Lot's wife *Ib* 32

Men ought always to pray, and not to faint *Ib* xviii 1

God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are *Ib* 11

God be merciful to me a sinner *Ib* 13

How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God *Ib* 24.

Have thou authority over ten cities *Ib* xix 17

Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee *Ib* 22

Thou knewest that I was an austere man *Ib* 22.

If these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out *Ib* 40

And when they heard it, they said, God forbid *Ib* xx 16

In your patience possess ye your souls *Ib.* xxi 19

He shall shew you a large upper room furnished *Ib* xxii 12

I am among you as he that serveth *Ib* 27

Nevertheless, not my will, but thine, be done *Ib* 42

And the Lord turned, and looked upon Peter *Ib* 61

For if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry? *Ib* xxiii 31

Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do *Ib* 34

Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom *Ib.* 42

To day thou shalt be with me in paradise *Ib* 43

Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit *Ib* 46

He was a good man, and a just *Ib* 50

Why seek ye the living with the dead? *Ib* xxiv 5

Their words seemed to them as idle tales *Ib* 11

Did not our hearts burn within us, while he talked with us by the way? *Ib* 32

He was known of them in breaking of bread *Ib* 35

A piece of broiled fish, and of an honeycomb. *Ib.* 42.

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God *St John* i 1.

All things were made by him, and without him was not any thing made that was made. *Ib* 3.

And the light shined in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not *Ib* 5.

There was a man sent from God, whose name was John *Ib* 6.

The true light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world *Ib.* 9.

He came unto his own, and his own received him not *Ib* 11

And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father,) full of grace and truth *Ib* 14

No man hath seen God at any time *Ib* 18.

Who coming after me is preferred before me, whose shoe's latchet I am not worthy to unloose *Ib* 27.

Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? *Ib* 46.

Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile *Ib* 47

Woman, what have I to do with thee? mine hour is not yet come *Ib* ii 4.

When he had made a scourge of small cords, he drove them all out of the temple *Ib* 15.

The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth. *Ib* iii 8.

How can these things be? *Ib* 9.

God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life *Ib* 16.

Men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil. *Ib* 19.

The friend of the bridegroom . . rejoiceth greatly because of the bridegroom's voice *Ib* 29.

He must increase, but I must decrease. *Ib.* 30.

God is a Spirit and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth. *Ib* iv 24.

They are white already unto harvest. *Ib* 35

Other men laboured, and ye are entered into their labours *Ib* 38

Rise, take up thy bed, and walk *Ib* v 8.

Passed from death unto life *Ib* 24.

He was a burning and a shining light. *Ib* 35

Search the scriptures *Ib* 39

What are they among so many? *Ib* vi 9

Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost *Ib* 12.

Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out *Ib* 37.

It is the spirit that quickeneth. *St John* vi 63

Never man spake like this man *Ib* vii 46

Are ye also deceived? *Ib* 47

He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her *Ib* viii 7

Neither do I condemn thee go, and sin no more *Ib* 11

The truth shall make you free *Ib* 32

Ye are of your father the devil *Ib.* 44

There is no truth in him *Ib*

He is a liar, and the father of it. *Ib*

Which of you convinceth me of sin? *Ib* 46

The night cometh when no man can work *Ib* ix 4

He is of age, he shall speak for himself *Ib* 21

One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see *Ib* 25

I am the door *Ib* x 9

The good shepherd giveth his life for his sheep. *Ib.* 11

The hireling fleeth, because he is an hireling, and careth not for the sheep. *Ib.* 13

Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold *Ib* 16

I am the resurrection, and the life *Ib* xi 25

Jesus wept *Ib* 35

It is expedient for us, that one man should die for the people. *Ib* 50

Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence, and given to the poor? *Ib* xii 5

The poor always ye have with you. *Ib* 8

Sir, we would see Jesus *Ib* 21

Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you *Ib* 35

Lord, dost thou wash my feet? *Ib* xiii 6

Now there was leaning on Jesus' bosom one of his disciples, whom Jesus loved *Ib* 23

That thou doest, do quickly *Ib* 27

Let not your heart be troubled ye believe in God, believe also in me *Ib* xiv 1

In my father's house are many mansions *Ib* 2

I go to prepare a place for you *Ib*

I am the way, the truth, and the life no man cometh unto the Father, but by me *Ib* 6

Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us *Ib* 8

Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? *Ib* 9

Judas saith unto him, not Iscariot *Ib.* 22

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends *Ib* xv 13

Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you *Ib* 26

It is expedient for you that I go away for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you *Ib* xvi 7

I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now *Ib* 12

A little while, and ye shall not see me and again, a little while, and ye shall see me, because I go to the Father *Ib* 16

Do ye now believe? *Ib* 31.

In the world ye shall have tribulation but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world *Ib* 33.

The son of perdition *Ib* xvii 12.

Put up thy sword into the sheath *Ib* xviii 11.

Answerest thou the high priest so? *Ib* 22

Pilate saith unto him, What is truth? *Ib* 38.

Now Barabbas was a robber. *Ib* 40.

Behold the man *Ib* xix 5.

What I have written I have written. *Ib* 22

Woman, behold thy son! ..
Behold thy mother. *Ib* 26.

I thirst *Ib* 28

It is finished *Ib* 30

A new sepulchre, wherein was never man yet laid. *Ib* 41

The first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene early, when it was yet dark, unto the sepulchre, and seeth the stone taken away from the sepulchre. *Ib* xx 1.

So they ran together, and the other disciple did outrun Peter, and came first to the sepulchre *Ib* 4

She, supposing him to be the gardener. *Ib.* 15

She turned herself and saith unto him, Rabboni. *Ib* 16

Touch me not *Ib.* 17

Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe *Ib* 25.

Be not faithless, but believing. *Ib.* 27.

Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed *Ib* 29

Simon Peter saith unto them, I go a fishing *Ib* xxi 3

Children, have ye any meat? *Ib* 5

Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these? *Ib* 15

Feed my lambs *Ib* 15

Feed my sheep *Ib.* 16

Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee *Ib.* 17

When thou wast young, thou girdest thyself, and walkedst whither thou wouldest but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldest not *Ib* 18.

The disciple whom Jesus loved *Ib* 20

What shall this man do?
Jesus saith unto him, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? *St. John* xxi 21.

The former treatise have I made, O Theophilus *The Acts of the Apostles* i 1

Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? *Ib* 11

His bishoprick let another take *Ib* 20

A rushing mighty wind *Ib* ii 2

Cloven tongues like as of fire *Ib* 3

Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judæa, and Cappadocia, in Pontus, and Asia,
Phrygia, and Pamphylia, in Egypt, and in the parts of Libya about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes,
Cretes and Arabians, we do hear them speak in our tongues the wonderful works of God *Ib* 9

Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee. *Ib* iii 6

I wot that through ignorance ye did it *Ib* 17

They took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus *Ib* iv 13

Barnabas, . the son of consolation *Ib* 36

We ought to obey God rather than men *Ib* v 29

If this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought
But if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it, lest haply ye be found to fight against God *Ib* 38

It is not reason that we should leave the word of God, and serve tables *Ib.* vi 2

The witnesses laid down their clothes at a young man's feet, whose name was Saul. *Ib* vii 58

Saul was consenting unto his death *Ib* viii 1

Thy money perish with thee. *Ib* 20

Thou hast neither part nor lot in this matter *Ib* 21

In the gall of bitterness, and in the bond of iniquity *Ib* 23

Understandest thou what thou readest? .
How can I, except some man should guide me? *Ib* 30

Breathing out threatenings and slaughter *Ib* ix 1

Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? *Ib* 4

It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks *Ib* 5

The street which is called Straight *Ib* 11

Full of good works *Ib.* 36

One Simon a tanner *Ib* 43

As it had been a great sheet knit at the four corners, and let down to the earth *Ib* x 11

What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common *Ib* 15

God is no respecter of persons *Ib* 34

It is the voice of a god, and not of a man *Ib* xii 22

He was eaten of worms, and gave up the ghost *Ib* 23

The gods are come down to us in the likeness of men. *Ib* xiv 11

We also are men of like passions with you. *Ib.* 15

Come over into Macedonia, and help us *Ib.* xvi 9

Lydia, a seller of purple, of the city of Thyatira *Ib* 14

A certain damsel possessed with a spirit of divination *Ib* 16.

Certain lewd fellows of the baser sort *Ib* xvii 5

These that have turned the world upside down. *Ib.* 6.

What will this babbler say? *Ib* 18

For all the Athenians and strangers which were there spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell, or to hear some new thing. *Ib.* 21

Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, To THE UNKNOWN GOD Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you *Ib* 23

For in him we live, and move, and have our being *Ib* 28.

As certain also of your own poets have said *Ib*

Gallio cared for none of those things *Ib* xviii 17.

Mighty in the scriptures *Ib* 24

We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost *Ib* xix 2

Demetrius, a silversmith *Ib* 24

Some therefore cried one thing, and some another for the assembly was confused, and the more part knew not wherefore they were come together *Ib* 32

All with one voice about the space of two hours cried out, Great is Diana of the Ephesians *Ib* 34

For we are in danger to be called in question for this day's uproar *Ib* 42

I go bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem *Ib* xx 22

It is more blessed to give than to receive *Ib* 35

A citizen of no mean city *Ib* xxi 39

Brought up in this city at the feet of Gamaliel *Ib* xxii 3

And the chief captain answered, With a great sum obtained I this freedom And Paul said, But I was free born *Ib* 28

God shall smite thee, thou whited wall *Ib* xxiii. 3.

Revilest thou God's high priest? *Ib* 4

I am a Pharisee, the son of a Pharisee *Ib* 6.

A conscience void of offence toward God, and toward men *Ib* xxiv. 16.

I appeal unto Cæsar *Ib* xxv 11.

Hast thou appealed unto Caesar? Unto Caesar shalt thou go *The Acts of the Apostles* xxv. 12.

I think myself happy, king Agrippa *Ib* xxvi 2

After the most straitest sect of our religion I lived a Pharisee *Ib* 5

Paul, thou art beside thyself, much learning doth make thee mad *Ib* 24

Words of truth and soberness *Ib* 25.

For this thing was not done in a corner *Ib* 26

Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian *Ib* 28

I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost, and altogether such as I am, except these bonds *Ib* 29

They used helps, undergirding the ship *Ib* xxvii 17

They cast four anchors out of the stern, and wished for the day *Ib* 29

Without ceasing I make mention of you always in my prayers.
The Epistle of Paul to the Romans, i 9

The just shall live by faith. *Ib* 17

Worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator *Ib* 25

Patient continuance in well doing *Ib* ii 7

For there is no respect of persons with God *Ib* ii

These . are a law unto themselves *Ib* 14

Let God be true, but every man a liar *Ib* iii 4

Let us do evil, that good may come *Ib* 8

For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God *Ib* 23

For where no law is, there is no transgression *Ib* iv 15

Who against hope believed in hope *Ib* 18

Hope maketh not ashamed *Ib* v 5

Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound *Ib* 20

Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound? *Ib* vi 1

We also should walk in newness of life *Ib* 4

Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more, death hath no more dominion over him
For in that he died, he died unto sin once but in that he liveth, he liveth unto God. *Ib* 9

The wages of sin is death *Ib.* 23.

Is the law sin? God forbid Nay, I had not known sin, but by the law. *Ib.* vii 7.

Now then it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me *Ib.* 17

For the good that I would I do not, but the evil which I would not, that I do. *Ib.* 19

I find then a law, that, when I would do good, evil is present with me *Ib* 21.

O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death? *Ib.* 24.

They that are after the flesh do mind the things of the flesh, but they that are after the Spirit the things of the Spirit
For to be carnally minded is death *Ib* viii 5.

For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear, but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father *Ib* 15

We are the children of God
And if children, then heirs, heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ *Ib* 16.

For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now *Ib* 22

All things work together for good to them that love God *Ib* 28

If God be for us, who can be against us? *Ib* 31

For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come,
Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Jesus Christ our Lord. *Ib* 38.

I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh *Ib* ix 3.

Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour? *Ib* 21

A zeal of God, but not according to knowledge. *Ib* x 2.

I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God *Ib* xii 1

Let love be without dissimulation *Ib* 9

Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love in honour preferring one another,
Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord *Ib* 10

Given to hospitality *Ib* 13.

Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep *Ib* 15

Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate Be not wise in your conceits *Ib* 16

Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord. *Ib* 19.

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good. *Ib* 21.

Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. *Ib* xiii 1.

The powers that be are ordained of God. *Ib.*

For rulers are not a terror to good works, but to the evil *Ib.* 3.

Render therefore to all their dues tribute to whom tribute is due, custom to whom custom, fear to whom fear, honour to whom honour
Owe no man anything, but to love one another for he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law. *Ib.* 7.

Love is the fulfilling of the law. *Ib.* 10.

Now it is high time to awake out of sleep: for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.
The night is far spent, the day is at hand let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light *Romans* XIII. 11

Make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof *Ib.* 14.

Doubtful disputations *Ib* XIV 1

Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind *Ib* 5

We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves *Ib* XV 1

Salute one another with an holy kiss *Ib* XVI 16

The foolishness of preaching
First Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians I. 21

God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty. *Ib.* 27

I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified *Ib* II 2

I have planted, Apollos watered, but God gave the increase *Ib* III 6

Every man's work shall be made manifest *Ib* 13

Stewards of the mysteries of God *Ib* IV 1

A spectacle unto the world, and to angels *Ib* 9

Absent in body, but present in spirit *Ib* V 3

Know ye not that a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump? *Ib* 6

Christ our passover is sacrified for us
Therefore let us keep the feast, not with the old leaven, neither with the leaven of malice and wickedness, but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth *Ib* 7

Your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost *Ib* VI 19

It is better to marry than to burn *Ib* VII 9

The unbelieving husband is sanctified by the wife *Ib* 14

The fashion of this world passeth away. *Ib.* 31

Knowledge puffeth up, but charity edifieth. *Ib* VIII 1

Who goeth a warfare any time at his own charges? who planteth a vineyard, and eateth not of the fruit thereof? *Ib* IX 7

I am made all things to all men. *Ib* 22

Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? *Ib* 24

Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible.
I therefore so run, not as uncertainly so fight I, not as one that beateth the air:
But I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway. *Ib* 25

Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.
There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able, but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it *Ib.* X 12.

All things are lawful for me, but all things are not expedient *Ib* 23.

For the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof *Ib* 26

Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God *Ib* 31

If a woman have long hair, it is a glory to her *Ib* XI 15

Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit *Ib* XII 4

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal *Ib* XIII 1

Though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing
And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing
Charity suffereth long, and is kind, charity envieth not, charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,
Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil,
Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth,
Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things
Charity never faileth but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail, whether there be tongues, they shall cease, whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away
For we know in part, and we prophesy in part *Ib* 2.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child but when I became a man, I put away childish things
For now we see through a glass, darkly, but then face to face now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I am known
And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three, but the greatest of these is charity *Ib* 11.

If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle? *Ib* XIV 8

Let your women keep silence in the churches for it is not permitted unto them to speak *Ib* 34

If they will learn any thing, let them ask their husbands at home for it is a shame for women to speak in the church. *Ib* 35.

Let all things be done decently and in order *Ib* 40

Last of all he was seen of me also, as of one born out of due time
For I am the least of the apostles, that am not meet to be called an apostle, because I persecuted the church of God
But by the grace of God I am what I am *Ib* XV 8

I laboured more abundantly than they all yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me. *Ib* 10

We are of all men most miserable. *Ib.* 19.

But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept.
For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead
For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive *1 Corinthians* xv 20

The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death *Ib* 26

If after the manner of men I have fought with beasts at Ephesus *Ib* 32

Let us eat and drink, for to morrow we die *Ib*

Evil communications corrupt good manners *Ib* 33

One star differeth from another star in glory *Ib* 41

It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption *Ib* 42.

The first man is of the earth, earthy *Ib* 47.

Behold, I shew you a mystery, We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed,
In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump *Ib* 51.

For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality *Ib* 53

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? *Ib* 55

Quit you like men, be strong. *Ib* xvi. 13.

Let him be Anathema Maran-atha *Ib* 22

Fleshy tables of the heart
Second Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians iii 3

Not of the letter, but of the spirit, for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life *Ib* 6

We have this treasure in earthen vessels *Ib* iv 7

An house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens *Ib* v 1.

We walk by faith, not by sight *Ib.* 7

The love of Christ constraineth us *Ib* 14.

Now is the accepted time *Ib* vi 2

By honour and dishonour, by evil report and good report *Ib* 8

As having nothing, and yet possessing all things *Ib* 10

Without were fightings, within were fears *Ib* vii 5

God loveth a cheerful giver *Ib* ix 7

For ye suffer fools gladly, seeing ye yourselves are wise *Ib* xi 19

Are they Hebrews? so am I Are they Israelites? so am I Are they the seed of Abraham? so am I
Are they ministers of Christ? (I speak as a fool) I am more *Ib* 22.

Five times received I forty stripes save one *Ib* 24

In perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren *Ib* 26.

Whether in the body, I cannot tell; or whether out of the body, I cannot tell. God knoweth. *Ib.* xii 2.

There was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me *Ib* 7.

My strength is made perfect in weakness. *Ib* 9.

In the mouth of two or three witnesses shall every word be established *Ib* xiii 1

The right hands of fellowship
Epistle of Paul to the Galatians ii 9

O foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you? *Ib* iii 1.

Weak and beggarly elements *Ib* iv 9

Which things are an allegory. *Ib* 24

Ye are fallen from grace *Ib* v 4

For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh so that ye cannot do the things that ye would *Ib* 17

But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith,
Meekness, temperance *Ib* 22

Be not deceived, God is not mocked for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap *Ib* vi 7

Let us not be weary in well doing for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not *Ib* 9

Ye see how large a letter I have written unto you with mine own hand. *Ib* 11.

You hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins *Epistle of Paul to the Ephesians* ii. 1

Middle wall of partition. *Ib.* 14

Preached peace to you which were afar off, and to them that were nigh *Ib* 17

The unsearchable riches of Christ *Ib* iii. 8

To be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man *Ib* 16.

The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge. *Ib.* 19.

Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think. *Ib* 20.

Worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called. *Ib* iv 1.

Carried about with every wind of doctrine. *Ib.* 14.

We are members one of another *Ib* 25

Be ye angry, and sin not let not the sun go down upon your wrath. *Ib.* 26

Nor foolish talking, nor jesting, which are not convenient *Ib.* v. 4.

Let no man deceive you with vain words for because of these things cometh the wrath of God upon the children of disobedience *Ib* 6.

Redeeming the time, because the days are evil *Ib* 16.

Psalms and hymns and spiritual songs *Ib* 19.

Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord *Ib* 22

The first commandment with promise *Ib.* vi. 2

Ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath. *Ib.* 4.

Not with eyeservice, as menpleasers *Ephesians* vi 6

Put on the whole armour of God *Ib.* 11.

For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places
Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand *Ib* 12

Your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace *Ib* 15

The shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked *Ib* 16

For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain
Epistle of Paul to the Philippians i 21

Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better *Ib* 23

But made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men *Ib* ii 7

Given him a name which is above every name
That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow *Ib* 9

Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling *Ib.* 12

An Hebrew of the Hebrews, as touching the law, a Pharisee *Ib* iii 5

But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ *Ib* 7

If by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead *Ib* 11

Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before,
I press toward the mark *Ib* 13

Whose God is their belly, and whose glory is in their shame *Ib* 19

Rejoice in the Lord alway and again I say, Rejoice *Ib* iv 4

The peace of God, which passeth all understanding *Ib* 7

Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things *Ib* 8

I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me *Ib* 13

Touch not, taste not, handle not
Epistle of Paul to the Colossians ii 21

Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth *Ib.* iii 2

Where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free but Christ is all, and in all *Ib* 11

Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them *Ib* 19

Let your speech be alway with grace, seasoned with salt. *Ib.* iv 6

Luke, the beloved physician *Ib* 14.

Labour of love
First Epistle of Paul to the Thessalonians i 3.

Study to be quiet, and to do your own business *Ib* iv 11.

Pray without ceasing. *Ib* v. 17.

Prove all things, hold fast that which is good. *Ib* 21

If any would not work, neither should he eat
Second Epistle of Paul to the Thessalonians iii 10

Be not weary in well doing. *Ib* 13

Fables and endless genealogies
First Epistle of Paul to Timothy i 4

I did it ignorantly in unbelief *Ib* 13

Sinners, of whom I am chief *Ib* 15.

If a man desire the office of a bishop, he desireth a good work *Ib.* iii 1.

Not greedy of filthy lucre *Ib* 3.

For every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving. *Ib* iv 4

Old wives' fables *Ib* 7.

Worse than an infidel *Ib* v. 8

Tattlers also and busybodies, speaking things which they ought not. *Ib* 13

Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities *Ib* 23.

For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out *Ib* vi 7

The love of money is the root of all evil *Ib* 10

Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life *Ib* 12

Rich in good works *Ib* 18.

Science falsely so called. *Ib* 20

For God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind
Second Epistle of Paul to Timothy i 7

Hold fast the form of sound words *Ib* 13

From a child thou hast known the holy scriptures *Ib* iii 15

Be instant in season, out of season *Ib* iv 2.

I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith *Ib* 7.

For Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world *Ib.* 10

Only Luke is with me *Ib* 11

Alexander the coppersmith did me much evil the Lord reward him according to his works *Ib* 14

Unto the pure all things are pure
Epistle of Paul to Titus i 15

Being such an one as Paul the aged, and now also a prisoner of Jesus Christ
Epistle of Paul to Philemon 9.

At sundry times and in divers manners
Epistles of Paul to the Hebrews 1 1

The brightness of his glory, and the express image of his person *Ib* 3.

For the word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any twoedged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit
Ib IV 12

They crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame *Ib* VI 6

Without shedding of blood is no remission
Ib IX 22

Nor forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is. *Ib* X 25

It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God *Ib* 31

Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen *Ib* XI 1

For he looked for a city which hath foundations
Ib 10

These all died in faith *Ib* 13

Esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt *Ib* 26

Of whom the world was not worthy *Ib* 38

Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us,

Looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith *Ib* XII 1.

Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth *Ib* 6

He found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears *Ib* 17

The spirits of just men made perfect *Ib* 23

Let brotherly love continue

Be not forgetful to entertain strangers for thereby some have entertained angels unawares *Ib* XIII 1

Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to day, and for ever *Ib* 8

For here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come *Ib* 14

To do good and to communicate forget not *Ib* 16

Let patience have her perfect work
General Epistle of James 1 4

If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not. *Ib* 5

Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life
Ib 12

Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.
Ib 17

Be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath

For the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God *Ib* 19.

Superfluity of naughtiness *Ib* 21

Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only
Ib 22

If any be a hearer of the word, and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass

For he beholdeth himself, and goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was
Ib 23

If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain

Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world *Ib* 26

Faith without works is dead *Ib* II 20

How great a matter a little fire kindleth! *Ib* III 5.

The tongue can no man tame, it is an unruly evil
Ib 8

Doth a fountain send forth at the same place sweet water and bitter? *Ib* 11

This wisdom descendeth not from above, but is earthly, sensual, devilish *Ib* 15

Resist the devil, and he will flee from you
Ib IV 7

For what is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away *Ib* 14

Ye have heard of the patience of Job *Ib* V 11

Let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay *Ib* 12

Whom having not seen, ye love
First Epistle General of Peter 1 8

All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away *Ib* 24.

As newborn babes, desire the sincere milk of the word.
Ib II 2

But ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people *Ib* 9

Abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul
Ib 11

Honour all men Love the brotherhood Fear God. Honour the king *Ib* 17

For what glory is it, if, when ye be buffeted for your faults, ye shall take it patiently? but if, when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God *Ib* 20

The Shepherd and Bishop of your souls *Ib* 25

Ornament of a meek and quiet spirit *Ib* III 4

Giving honour unto the wife, as unto the weaker vessel *Ib* 7

Not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing but contrariwise blessing *Ib* 9.

The end of all things is at hand *Ib* IV 7

Charity shall cover the multitude of sins *Ib* 8

Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour *1 Peter* v. 8.

And the day star arise in your hearts.
Second Epistle General of Peter 1 19

Not afraid to speak evil of dignities. *Ib.* II. 10.

The dog is turned to his own vomit again. *Ib* 22

If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us
First Epistle General of John 1 8

But whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him? *Ib.* III. 17

He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love. *Ib.* IV. 8.

No man hath seen God at any time. *Ib.* 12.

There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear. *Ib.* 18.

If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen? *Ib.* 20.

The elder unto the elect lady
Second Epistle of John 1.

Yet Michael the archangel, when contending with the devil he disputed about the body of Moses, durst not bring against him a railing accusation
General Epistle of Jude 9.

Spots in your feasts of charity. *Ib* 12.

Clouds they are without water, carried about of winds. *Ib*

Raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame, wandering stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever. *Ib* 13.

John to the seven churches which are in Asia Grace be unto you, and peace, from him which is, and which was, and which is to come
The Revelation of St John the Divine 1 4.

Behold, he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him: and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him. Even so, Amen

I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord *Ib* 7

I John, who also am your brother, and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, was in the isle that is called Patmos, for the word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ

I was in the spirit on the Lord's day, and heard behind me a great voice, as of a trumpet. *Ib* 9

What thou seest, write in a book, and send it unto the seven churches which are in Asia *Ib* 11.

Being turned, I saw seven golden candlesticks. *Ib* 12

Clothed with a garment down to the foot, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle. *Ib.* 13.

His head and his hairs were white like wool, as white as snow, and his eyes were as a flame of fire,

And his feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace, and his voice as the sound of many waters

And he had in his right hand seven stars and out of his mouth went a sharp twoedged sword and his countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength

And when I saw him, I fell at his feet as dead. *Ib* 14.

I am he that liveth, and was dead, and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen, and have the keys of hell and of death *Ib.* 18.

I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love. *Ib* II 4.

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life. *Ib* 10

I . will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it *Ib* 17

I will not blot out his name out of the book of life *Ib* III 5

I will write upon him my new name. *Ib* 12

I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot I would thou wert cold or hot

So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth. *Ib* 15

Behold, I stand at the door, and knock *Ib* 20

And he that sat was to look upon like a jasper and a sardine stone and there was a rainbow round about the throne, in sight like unto an emerald *Ib* IV 3

And before the throne there was a sea of glass like unto crystal and in the midst of the throne, and round about the throne, were four beasts full of eyes before and behind. *Ib.* 6.

They were full of eyes within and they rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come *Ib.* 8.

Thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created. *Ib* 11

Who is worthy to open the book, and to loose the seals thereof? *Ib* V 2

A Lamb as it had been slain, having seven horns and seven eyes. *Ib* 6

Golden vials full of odours, which are the prayers of saints *Ib* 8.

He went forth conquering, and to conquer *Ib.* VI 2

A measure of wheat for a penny, and three measures of barley for a penny, and see thou hurt not the oil and the wine *Ib* 6.

And I looked, and behold a pale horse and his name that sat on him was Death *Ib* 8

How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth? *Ib* 10.

And the stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig-tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind. *Ib* 13.

Said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb *Revelation* vi 16.

A great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues *Ib* vii 9.

And all the angels stood round about the throne, and about the elders and the four beasts, and fell before the throne on their faces, and worshipped God *Ib* 11.

And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they? *Ib* 13

These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. *Ib* 14.

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. *Ib.* 16.

God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes *Ib* 17.

There was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour *Ib* viii 1.

And the name of the star is called Wormwood *Ib* 11.

Those men which have not the seal of God in their foreheads. *Ib* ix 4.

And in those days shall men seek death, and shall not find it, and shall desire to die, and death shall flee from them *Ib* 6.

And there were stings in their tails. *Ib.* 10.

It was in my mouth sweet as honey and as soon as I had eaten it, my belly was bitter *Ib* x 10

The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ *Ib* xi 15.

And there appeared a great wonder in heaven, a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars. *Ib* xii 1.

And there was war in heaven Michael and his angels fought against the dragon, and the dragon fought and his angels *Ib* 7.

The devil is come down unto you, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time *Ib.* 12.

A time, and times, and half a time *Ib.* 14

Who is like unto the beast? who is able to make war with him? *Ib* xiii 4.

And that no man might buy or sell, save he that had the mark, or the name of the beast, or the number of his name *Ib* 17.

The number of the beast for it is the number of a man, and his number is Six hundred threescore and six *Ib* 18.

They sung as it were a new song and no man could learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand, which were redeemed from the earth. *Ib* xiv. 3.

And in their mouth was found no guile for they are without fault before the throne of God *Ib* 5

Babylon is fallen, is fallen, that great city. *Ib.* 8.

And the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever: and they have no rest day nor night, who worship the beast and his image. *Ib* 11

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them. *Ib.* 13

And I saw as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire. *Ib* xv. 2

Behold, I come as a thief. *Ib* xvi 15

And he gathered them together into a place called in the Hebrew tongue Armageddon *Ib* 16

I will shew unto thee the judgment of the great whore that sitteth upon many waters *Ib* xvii 1

MYSTERY, BABYLON THE GREAT, THE MOTHER OF HARLOTS AND ABOMINATIONS OF THE EARTH

And I saw the woman drunken with the blood of the saints *Ib* 5.

And a mighty angel took up a stone like a great millstone, and cast it into the sea, saying, Thus with violence shall that great city Babylon be thrown down, and shall be found no more at all. *Ib* xviii 21

Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb. *Ib* xix 9.

And I fell at his feet to worship him And he said unto me, See thou do it not I am thy fellow-servant *Ib.* 10.

And I saw heaven opened, and behold a white horse, and he that sat upon him was called Faithful and True *Ib.* 11.

And he hath on his vesture and on his thigh a name written, KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS *Ib* 16.

The key of the bottomless pit *Ib* xx 1.

And he laid hold on the dragon, that old serpent, which is the Devil, and Satan, and bound him a thousand years *Ib.* 2.

On such the second death hath no power *Ib* 6

And I saw a great white throne. *Ib* 11.

And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God, and the books were opened *Ib* 12

And the sea gave up the dead which were in it *Ib* 13

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away, and there was no more sea

And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband *Ib* xxi. 1.

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain for the former things are passed away

And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new And he said unto me, Write for these words are true and faithful *Ib* 4

I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely. *Ib.* 6.

The city was pure gold, like unto clear glass
Revelation xxi. 18.

The first foundation was jasper, the second, sapphire; the third, a chalcedony, the fourth, an emerald,
The fifth, sardonyx, the sixth, sardius, the seventh, chrysolyte, the eighth, beryl, the ninth, a topaz, the tenth, a chrysoprasus, the eleventh, a jacinth, the twelfth, an amethyst *Ib* 19.

The twelve gates were twelve pearls. *Ib*. 21.

The street of the city was pure gold. *Ib*

And I saw no temple therein *Ib* 22

And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof *Ib* 23

And he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb *Ib* xxii 1.

And the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations *Ib* 2.

He that is unjust, let him be unjust still and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still and he that is holy, let him be holy still
And, behold, I come quickly *Ib* 11.

Whosoever loveth and maketh a lie. *Ib* 15

I am the root and the offspring of David, and the bright and morning star
And the Spirit and the bride say, Come And let him that heareth say, Come And let him that is athirst come And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely *Ib* 16.

If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book *Ib* 18

God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and from the things which are written in this book *Ib* 19

Amen Even so, come, Lord Jesus. *Ib*. 20.

APOCRYPHA

The first wrote, Wine is the strongest
The second wrote, The king is strongest
The third wrote, Women are strongest but above all things Truth beareth away the victory
1 Esdras iii 10

Great is Truth, and mighty above all things *Ib* iv 41

I shall light a candle of understanding in thine heart.
2 Esdras xiv 25

The holy spirit of discipline.
The Wisdom of Solomon i 5

The ear of jealousy heareth all things *Ib* 10

But the souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them
In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die and their departure is taken for misery,
And their going from us to be utter destruction but they are in peace
For though they be punished in the sight of men, yet is their hope full of immortality
And having been a little chastised, they shall be greatly rewarded for God proved them, and found them worthy for himself *Ib* iii 1

And in the time of their visitation they shall shine, and run to and fro like sparks among the stubble *Ib* 7

Even so we in like manner, as soon as we were born, began to draw to our end *Ib* v 13

Passeth away as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but a day *Ib*. 14.

O Lord, thou lover of souls *Ib* xi 26

For men, serving either calamity or tyranny, did ascribe unto stones and stocks the incommunicable name *Ib* xiv 21.

Be not curious in unnecessary matters for more things are shewed unto thee than men understand
Ecclesiasticus iii. 23

Be not ignorant of any thing in a great matter or a small. *Ib* v 15.

A faithful friend is the medicine of life *Ib* vi 16.

Miss not the discourse of the elders. *Ib* viii 9.

Open not thine heart to every man *Ib* 19

Give not thy soul unto a woman *Ib* ix 2

Forsake not an old friend, for the new is not comparable to him a new friend is as new wine, when it is old, thou shalt drink it with pleasure *Ib* 10

Judge none blessed before his death *Ib* xi 28

He that toucheth pitch shall be defiled therewith *Ib* xiii 1

For how agree the kettle and the earthen pot together? *Ib* 2

They received the use of the five operations of the Lord, and in the sixth place he imparted them understanding, and in the seventh speech, an interpreter of the cogitations thereof *Ib* xvii 5

Be not made a beggar by banqueting upon borrowing *Ib* xviii 33

He that contemneth small things shall fall by little and little *Ib* xix 1

All wickedness is but little to the wickedness of a woman *Ib* xxv 19

Neither [give] a wicked woman liberty to gad abroad *Ib*. 25

The stroke of the tongue breaketh the bones
Many have fallen by the edge of the sword but not so many as have fallen by the tongue *Ib* xxviii 17.

Envy and wrath shorten the life. *Ib* xxx 24.

Leave off first for manners' sake *Ib* xxxi 17

Let thy speech be short, comprehending much in few words. *Ib* xxxii. 8

Leave not a stain in thine honour *Ib* xxxiii 22

For of the most High cometh healing *Ib* xxxviii 2

Let us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us. *Ib* xliv 1.

Such as did bear rule in their kingdoms *Ib* 3.

Such as found out musical tunes, and recited verses in writing

Rich men furnished with ability, living peaceably in their habitations *Ib* 5

There be of them, that have left a name behind them *Ib* 8

And some there be, which have no memorial *Ib* 9

Their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth for evermore *Ib* 14

It is a foolish thing to make a long prologue, and to be short in the story itself *2 Maccabees* ii 32.

When he was at the last gasp *Ib* vii 9

It was an holy and good thought *Ib* xii 45

ENGLISH LITERATURE

ANONYMOUS

A beast, but a just beast.
Of Dr Temple, Headmaster of Rugby, 1857–69.

Adam
Had 'em *On the Antiquity of Microbes* [*Said to be the shortest poem*]

All present and correct
King's Regulations (Army) Report of the Orderly Sergeant to the Officer of the Day

All quiet along the Potomac
Originated in the American Civil War. Attr. to General McClellan

Always welcome, keep it handy,
Grant's Morella Cherry Brandy. *Advertisement.*

An old Soldier of the Queen's,
And the Queen's old Soldier
Merry Drollery, 1661–9 An Old Soldier of The Queen's Oxford Book of 17th Cent Verse

An old song made by an aged old pate,
Of an old worshipful gentleman who had a great estate *The Old Courtier*

A precedent embalms a principle
Attr to William Scott, Baron Stowell, in an Opinion, while Advocate-General, 1788.

A rainbow in the morning
Is the Shepherd's warning,
But a rainbow at night
Is the Shepherd's delight *Old Weather Rhyme*

Are we downhearted? No!
Expression much used by British soldiers in War of 1914–18, probably based on remark of Joseph Chamberlain, q v

As I sat on a sunny bank,
On Christmas Day in the morning,
I spied three ships come sailing by
Carol As I Sat on a Sunny Bank Oxford Book of Carols

As Joseph was a-walking,
He heard an angel sing
'This night shall be born
Our heavenly king'
As Joseph was a-walking Oxford Book of Carols.

He neither shall be clothed
In purple nor in pall,
But all in fair linen
As were babies all

He neither shall be rock'd
In silver nor in gold,
But in a wooden cradle
That rocks on the mould. *Ib.*

A swarm of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay,
A swarm of bees in June
Is worth a silver spoon,
A swarm of bees in July
Is not worth a fly *Old Rhyme.*

A very gallant gentleman.
Epitaph on Capt Oates (1880–1912), inscribed by A Cherry-Garrard and Surgeon Atkinson on the cross marking the approximate place of his death Being almost crippled, he walked to his death in a blizzard to enable his companions to proceed faster on their journey.

A willing foe and sea room
Naval toast in the time of Nelson Beckett, *A Few Naval Customs, Expressions, Traditions, and Superstitions*

Begone, dull care! I prithee begone from me!
Begone, dull care, you and I shall never agree
Begone Dull Care

Be happy while y'er leevin,
For y'er a lang time deid
Scottish Motto for a house Notes and Queries, 7 Dec 1901, p. 469

Between the stirrup and the ground
I mercy ask'd, I mercy found
Camden's Remains Epitaph on a wicked man killed by a fall from his horse

Born 1820, still going strong
Advertisement for Johnny Walker Whiskey

Bovril prevents that sinking feeling *Advertisement.*

Christmas is coming, the geese are getting fat,
Please to put a penny in the old man's hat,
If you haven't got a penny, a ha'penny will do,
If you haven't got a ha'penny, God bless you!
Beggar's Rhyme

Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl
Until it doth run over .
For to-night we'll merry be,
To-morrow we'll be sober
Come, Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl Oxford Song Book.

Come lasses and lads, get leave of your dads,
And away to the Maypole hie,
For every he has got him a she,
And the fiddler's standing by
For Willie shall dance with Jane,
And Johnny has got his Joan,
To trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it up and down
Come Lasses and Lads Oxford Song Book

Confound their politics
Frustrate their knavish tricks *God Save the King*

Cuccu, cuccu, well singes thu, cuccu
Ne swike thu never nu,
Sing cuccu, nu, sing cuccu,
Sing cuccu, sing cuccu, nu! *Cuckoo Song, c.* 1250.

Dear Sir, Your astonishment's odd
I am always about in the Quad.
And that's why the tree
Will continue to be,
Since observed by Yours faithfully, God.
Reply to limerick on Idealism, 'There was once a man who said "God . "' *q v.*

Defence, not defiance
Motto of the Volunteers Movement, in 1859.

Deprive mankind of their hope of eternal damnation.
Attr. to Lord Westbury.

Dollar Diplomacy.
Term applied to Secretary Knox's activities in securing opportunities for the investment of American capital abroad, particularly in Latin America and China See *Harper's Weekly*, April 23rd, 1910, p. 8.

Dr Brighton *Advertisement*

Dr Williams' pink pills for pale people
Advertisement.

Early one morning, just as the sun was rising,
I heard a maid sing in the valley below
'Oh, don't deceive me, Oh, never leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?'
Song Early One Morning

Esau selleth his birthright for a mess of potage.
Genevan Bible chapter heading to Genesis ch 25

An intelligent Russian once remarked to us, 'Every country has its own constitution, ours is absolutism moderated by assassination'
Georg Herbert, Count Munster, *Political Sketches of the State of Europe, 1814–1867*, ed 1868, p 19.

Every minute dies a man,
And one and one-sixteenth is born.
Parody by a Statistician of Tennyson's Vision of Sin, pt iv, st 9.

For he must be somebody's son.
Title of Music Hall Song

God be in my head,
And in my understanding,

God be in my eyes,
And in my looking,

God be in my mouth,
And in my speaking,

God be in my heart,
And in my thinking,

God be at my end,
And at my departing *Sarum Missal*

God rest you merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay
Carol God Rest You Merry Oxford Book of Carols

O tidings of comfort and joy. *Ib*

God save great *George* our King
Harmonia Anglicana The Gentleman's Magazine, October 1745

Good-morning! Have you used Pears' Soap?
Advertisement

Great Chatham with his sabre drawn
Stood waiting for Sir Richard Strachan,
Sir Richard, longing to be at 'em,
Stood waiting for the Earl of Chatham
At Walcheren, 1809

Great God, what do I see and hear?
The end of things created
Great God, What do I see Collyer's *Hymns Partly Collected and Partly Original, 1812.*

Greensleeves was all my joy,
Greensleeves was my delight,
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,
And who but Lady Greensleeves?
A new Courtly Sonnet of the Lady Greensleeves, to the new tune of 'Greensleeves'. From *'A Handful of Pleasant Delites'* (1584)

Ha-ha-ha, you and me,
Little brown jug, don't I love thee
The Little Brown Jug Oxford Song Book.

Here lies Fred,
Who was alive and is dead·
Had it been his father,
I had much rather,
Had it been his brother,
Still better than another,
Had it been his sister,
No one would have missed her;
Had it been the whole generation,
Still better for the nation
But since 'tis only Fred,
Who was alive and is dead,—
There's no more to be said
Horace Walpole, Memoirs of George II (1882), vol i, p 504.

Here's a health to all those that we love,
Here's a health to all those that love us,
Here's a health to all those that love them that love those
That love them that love those that love us
Old Toast.

Here we come a-wassailing *Old Song.*

Here we come gathering nuts in May
Nuts in May,
On a cold and frosty morning. *Children's Song.*

He talked shop like a tenth muse.
Of Gladstone's Budget speeches G W E. Russell's *Collections and Recollections*, ch 12

He that fights and runs away
May live to fight another day
Musarum Deliciae, collected by Sir John Mennes and Dr James Smith, 1656.

He won't be happy till he gets it
Advertisement for Wright's Coal Tar Soap.

Hierusalem, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end,
Thy joys when shall I see?
Hierusalem See *Songs of Praise Discussed*

Homocea touches the spot *Advertisement*

I expect to pass through this world but once Any good therefore that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any fellow creature, let me do it now Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again
Attr to many people, probably most reliably to Stephen Grellet Canon Jepson positively claimed it for Emerson Attributed to Edward Courtenay, owing to the resemblance of the Earl's epitaph See *Literary World*, March 15th, 1905.

I feel no pain dear mother now
But oh, I am so dry!
O take me to a brewery
And leave me there to die
C Fox-Smith's *Book of Shanties*, 1927.

If the Lord Chancellor only knew a little law he would know something of everything
Of Lord Brougham G W E Russell's *Collections and Recollections*, ch 11

I know two things about the horse,
And one of them is rather coarse
The Week-End Book

In Dublin's fair city, where girls are so pretty,
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone,
As she wheeled her wheelbarrow through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, Cockles and mussels! alive, alive, oh!
Cockles and Mussels Oxford Song Book

In good King Charles' golden days,
When loyalty no harm meant,
A furious High-Churchman I was,
And so I gain'd preferment
Unto my flock I daily preach'd,
Kings are by God appointed,
And damned are those who dare resist,
Or touch the Lord's Anointed
And this is law, I will maintain,
Unto my dying day, Sir,
That whatsoever King shall reign,
I will be the Vicar of Bray, Sir!
The Vicar of Bray Brit Musical Miscellany (1734), 1

The Church of Rome I found would suit
Full well my constitution *Ib*

I turned the cat in pan again,
And swore to him allegiance *Ib*

When George in pudding time came o'er,
And moderate men look'd big, Sir *Ib*

I saw my lady weep,
And Sorrow proud to be exalted so
In those fair eyes where all perfections keep
Her face was full of woe,
But such a woe, believe me, as wins more hearts,
Than Mirth can do with her enticing parts
Songs set by John Dowland, III *Oxford Book of 16th Cent Verse*

I saw three ships a-sailing there,
—A-sailing there, a-sailing there,
Jesu, Mary and Joseph they bare
On Christ's Sunday at morn.

Joseph did whistle and Mary did sing,
—Mary did sing, Mary did sing,
And all the bells on earth did ring
For joy Our Lord was born

O they sail'd in to Bethlehem!
—To Bethlehem, to Bethlehem,
Saint Michael was the steresman,
Saint John sate in the horn
I saw three ships Oxford Book of Carols

I sing of a maiden
That is makeless,
King of all kings
To her son she ches
Carol I Sing of a Maiden Oxford Book of Carols

He came all so still
Where His mother was,
As dew in April
That falleth on the grass *Ib*

Mother and maiden
Was never none but she!
Well may such a lady
God's mother be *Ib.*

The children of Lord Lytton organized a charade The scene displayed a Crusader knight returning from the wars At his gate he was welcomed by his wife to whom he recounted his triumphs and the number of heathen he had slain His wife, pointing to a row of dolls of various sizes, replied with pride, 'And I too, my lord, have not been idle'
G W E Russell's *Collections and Recollections*, ch 31

It's a long time between drinks
The Governor of South Carolina required the return of a fugitive slave The Governor of North Carolina hesitated because of powerful friends of the fugitive He gave a banquet to his official brother The Governor of South Carolina in a speech demanded the return of the slave and ended with 'What do you say?' The Governor of North Carolina replied as above

It is good to be merry and wise,
It is good to be honest and true,
It is best to be off with the old love,
Before you are on with the new
Songs of England and Scotland London, 1835, vol II, p 73

It's love, it's love that makes the world go round
Chansons Nationales et Populaires de France, vol II, p 180

I wish I were single again *I Married a Wife*

Jesus Christ is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy day,
Who did once upon the cross
Suffer to redeem our loss
Hallelujah!
Jesus Christ is Risen To-day From a Latin Hymn of the 15th Century Translator unknown

He was a wight of high renown,
And thou's but of low degree
It's pride that puts this country down
Man, put thy old cloak about thee!
The Old Cloak Oxford Book of 16th Cent. Verse

Like a fine old English gentleman,
All of the olden time
The Fine Old English Gentleman Oxford Song Book

The newly-elected mayor who said that during his year of office he should lay aside all his political prepossessions and be, 'like Caesar's wife, all things to all men'
G W E Russell's *Collections and Recollections*, ch 29

Love me little, love me long,
Is the burden of my song
Love me Little, Love me Long (1569–70)

March winds and April showers
Bringeth vo'th May flowers
West Somerset Word-Book, ed Frederick Thomas Elworthy (1886) March

Miss Buss and Miss Beale
Cupid's darts do not feel
Miss Beale and Miss Buss
They are not like us
Of the Principal and Vice-Principal of the Ladies' College, Cheltenham, Nineteenth Century

Monday's child is fair of face,
Tuesday's child is full of grace,
Wednesday's child is full of woe,
Thursday's child has far to go,
Friday's child is loving and giving,
Saturday's child works hard for its living,
And a child that's born on the Sabbath day
Is fair and wise and good and gay
Bray, *Traditions of Devon*, II 288

Most Gracious Queen, we thee implore
To go away and sin no more,
But if that effort be too great,
To go away at any rate
Epigram on Queen Caroline, 1820 Quoted in Lord Colchester's Diary, Nov 15, 1820, sent to him by Francis Burton

My Love in her attire doth show her wit,
It doth so well become her
For every season she hath dressings fit,
For winter, spring, and summer
No beauty she doth miss,
When all her robes are on,
But beauty's self she is,
When all her robes are gone *Madrigal*

O God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul! *Quoted in* Newman's *Apologia*

O God, for as much as without Thee
We are not enabled to doubt Thee,
Help us all by Thy grace
To convince the whole race
It knows nothing whatever about Thee
Attr to R A Knox Langford Reed, *The Limerick Book*

Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you
Away, you rolling river,
Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you
Away, I'm bound to go
'Cross the wide Missouri *Oxford Song Book.*

Oh! the oak, and the ash, and the bonny ivy-tree,
They flourish at home in my own country
O The Oak and The Ash Oxford Song Book

Oh, 'tis my delight on a shining night, in the season of the year *The Poacher Oxford Song Book*

Oh, 'twas in the broad Atlantic,
'Mid the equinoctial gales,
That a young fellow fell overboard
Among the sharks and whales
And down he went like a streak of light,
So quickly down went he,
Until he came to a mer-ma-id
At the bottom of the deep blue sea
Singing, Rule Britannia, Britannia, rule the waves!
Britons never, never, never shall be mar-ri-ed to a mer-ma-id
At the bottom of the deep blue sea
Oh! 'Twas in the Broad Atlantic Oxford Song Book

Oh! where is my boy to-night?
The boy who was bravest of all
Oh! Where is My Boy To-night?

Old soldiers never die,
They only fade away!
War Song of the British Soldiers, 1914–18

Once a clergyman always a clergyman
Attr ruling in trial of Horne Tooke

One Friday morn when we set sail,
And our ship not far from land,
We there did espy a fair pretty maid,
With a comb and a glass in her hand.
While the raging seas did roar,
And the stormy winds did blow,
And we jolly sailor-boys were all up aloft
And the land-lubbers lying down below
The Mermaid Oxford Song Book

O No John! No John! No John! No!
O No, John Oxford Song Book

On Waterloo's ensanguined plain
Full many a gallant man was slain,
But none, by bullet or by shot,
Fell half so flat as Walter Scott
On Scott's *'Field of Waterloo', 1815*

O Paddy dear, an' did ye hear the news that's goin' round?
The shamrock is by law forbid to grow on Irish ground!
No more St Patrick's Day we'll keep, his colour can't be seen,
For there's a cruel law agin the wearin' o' the Green!
I met wid Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand,
And he said, 'How's poor ould Ireland, and how does she stand?'
She's the most disthressful country that iver yet was seen,
For they're hangin' men an' women there for the wearin' o' the Green
The Wearin' o' the Green (Famous street ballad, later added to by Boucicault)

'O where are you going to, my pretty maid?'
The Rio Grande. Oxford Song Book

'My face is my fortune, kind sir' she said *Ib.*

'Nobody asked you, kind sir' she said. *Ib*

O ye'll tak' the high road, and I'll tak' the low road,
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye,
But me and my true love will never meet again,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'
The Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomon'

But the broken heart it kens nae second spring again,
Tho' the waefu' may cease frae their greeting *Ib*

Please her the best you may,
She looks another way
Alas and well a day!
Phillida flouts me
The Disdainful Shepherdess Oxford Book of 16th Cent Verse

But she did all disdain,
And threw them back again,
Therefore it's flat and plain
Phillida flouts me *Ib*

Raise the stone, and there thou shalt find me, cleave the wood and there am I
Oxyrhyncus Sayings of Christ Sayings of Our Lord, Logion 5, l 23 (1897), p 12

Religion is the opium of the people
Translation of sentence by Karl Marx in *Kritik der Hegelschen Rechtsphilosophie, Introduction:* 'Die Religion ist das Opium des Volkes'

Remember the Maine!
Slogan of the Spanish-American War.

She has kilted her coats o' green satin,
She has kilted them up to the knee,
And she's aff wi' Lord Ronald Macdonald,
His bride and his darling to be *Lizzy Lindsay*

Will ye gang wi' me, Lizzy Lindsay,
Will ye gang to the Highlands wi' me?
Will ye gang wi' me, Lizzy Lindsay,
My bride and my darling to be? *Ib*

Since first I saw your face, I resolved to honour and renown ye,
If now I be disdained, I wish my heart had never known ye
What? I that loved and you that liked, shall we begin to wrangle?
No, no, no, my heart is fast, and cannot disentangle
Songs set by Thomas Ford, 11 *Oxford Book of 16th Cent Verse*

So I wish him joy where'er he dwell,
That first found out the leather bottel
The Leather Bottel

Some talk of Alexander, and some of Hercules,
Of Hector and Lysander, and such great names as these,
But of all the world's brave heroes, there's none that can compare
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, for the British Grenadier *The British Grenadiers*

Spheres of influence
'Spheres of action', found in Earl Granville's letter to Count Munster, April 29, 1885 Hertslet's *Map of Africa by Treaty*, 3rd edn, p 868

Sumer is icumen in,
Lhude sing cuccu!
Groweth sed, and bloweth med,
And springth the wude nu
Cuckoo Song, c 1250

That Kruschen feeling
Advertisement for Kruschen Salts

That schoolgirl complexion
Advertisement for Palmolive Soap

That we spent, we had
That we gave, we have
That we left, we lost
Epitaph of the Earl of Devonshire, quoted by Spenser in The Shepherd's Calendar, Maye, l 7

The animals went in one by one,
There's one more river to cross
One More River. Oxford Song Book

The animals went in four by four,
The big hippopotamus stuck in the door *Ib*

The Campbells are comin', oho, oho
The Campbells are Comin' Oxford Song Book.

The children in Holland take pleasure in making
What the children in England take pleasure in breaking *Nursery Rhyme.*

The girl I left behind me
Title of song, c 1759. Oxford Song Book

The Glorious First of June
Page-heading in Sir William Laird Clowes' *The Royal Navy a History* (1899), vol IV, p 225 *Taken from explanatory pamphlet accompanying Cleveley's prints of the action 'Two prints representing the Glorious and Memorable Action of the First of June 1794'*

The holly and the ivy,
When they are both full grown,
Of all the trees that are in the wood,
The holly bears the crown
The rising of the sun
And the running of the deer,
The playing of the merry organ,
Sweet singing in the choir
The Holly and the Ivy Oxford Book of Carols

The King over the Water
Jacobite Toast, 18th Cent.

The nature of God is a circle of which the centre is everywhere and the circumference is nowhere
Origin unknown, said to have been traced to a lost treatise of Empedocles Quoted in the Roman de la Rose, and by S Bonaventura in Itinerarius Mentis in Deum, cap v ad fin

Then he kissed her cold corpus
A thousand times o'er,
He called her his Dinah—
Though she was no more!
He swallowed the pison
Like a true lovier brave,
And Vilkins and his Dinah
Lie a-buried in one grave
Vilkins and his Dinah, VI John Ashton's *Modern Street Ballads, 1888*, p 100

The noble Duke of York,
He had ten thousand men,
He marched them up to the top of the hill,
And he marched them down again
And when they were up, they were up,
And when they were down, they were down,
And when they were only half way up,
They were neither up nor down
The Noble Duke of York

There is a lady sweet and kind,
Was never face so pleased my mind,
I did but see her passing by,
And yet I love her till I die
Attr to Herrick in the Scottish Students' Song-Book Found on back of leaf 53 of 'Popish Kingdome or reigne of Antichrist', in Latin verse by Thomas Naogeorgus, and Englished by Barnabe Googe Printed 1570. See *Notes and Queries*, S. IX. x. 427.

There is a tavern in the town,
And there my dear love sits him down,
And drinks his wine 'mid laughter free,
And never, never thinks of me
Fare thee well, for I must leave thee,
Do not let this parting grieve thee,
And remember that the best of friends must part.

Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu,
I can no longer stay with you
I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow-tree,
And may the world go well with thee
There is a Tavern in the Town Oxford Song Book

There's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a',
There's nae luck about the house
When our gudeman's awa'
The Mariner's Wife

There was an old Fellow of Trinity,
A Doctor well versed in Divinity,
But he took to free-thinking,
And then to deep drinking,
And so had to leave the vicinity
Limerick in 'The Light Green' Magazine, Oxford, late 90's G W E Russell's *Collections and Recollections*, ch 28.

There was an old man of Boulogne,
Who sang a most topical song
It wasn't the words
Which frightened the birds,
But the horrible double entendre
Langford Reed, *The Limerick Book*, p 51.

There was a young lady named Bright
Who would travel much faster than light
She started one day
In the relative way,
And came back the previous night
Relativity The Week-End Book

There was a young lady of Kent,
Who said that she knew what it meant
When men asked her to dine,
Gave her cocktails and wine,
She knew what it meant—but she went!
Langford Reed, *The Limerick Book*, p 49

There was a young lady of Riga,
Who went for a ride on a tiger,
They returned from the ride
With the lady inside,
And a smile on the face of the tiger. *Ib* p. 103.

There was a young man of Devizes,
Whose ears were of different sizes,
The one that was small
Was no use at all,
But the other won several prizes
Attr to R A Knox Langford Reed, *The Limerick Book*, p 81

There was a young man who said, 'Damn!
At last I've found out that I am—
A creature that moves
In determinate grooves,
In fact not a bus but a tram' *Ib* p 43.

There was once a man who said 'God
Must think it exceedingly odd
If he finds that this tree
Continues to be
When there's no one about in the Quad'
Attr to R A Knox Langford Reed, *The Limerick Book Idealism For the answer, see 'Dear Sir, Your astonishment's odd'.*

The Sun himself cannot forget
His fellow traveller.
On Sir Francis Drake Wit's Recreations (1640), Epigrams, No 146

They come as a boon and a blessing to men,
The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley pen
Advertisement.

'Tis bad enough in man or woman
To steal a goose from off a common;
But surely he's without excuse
Who steals a common from the goose
Epigram in Carey's *Commonplace Book of Epigrams*

We don't want to fight, but, by Jingo, if we do,
We won't go to the front ourselves, but we'll send the mild Hindoo
1878 parody, on hearing that Indian troops were being sent to Malta to help the English G W E Russell's *Collections and Recollections*, ch 28

Weep you no more, sad fountains;
What need you flow so fast?
Songs set by John Dowland, VIII *Oxford Book of 16th Cent Verse*

'Well, what sort of sport has Lord — had?'
'Oh, the young Sahib shot divinely, but God was very merciful to the birds'
G W E Russell's *Collections and Recollections*, ch 30

Were I as base as is the lowly plain,
And you (my Love) as high as Heaven above
Sonnet Attr to Joshua Sylvester. Oxford Book of 16th Cent Verse

Western wind, when wilt thou blow,
The small rain down can rain?
Christ, if my love were in my arms
And I in my bed again!
Oxford Book of 16th Cent Verse.

What did you do in the Great War, daddy?
Recruiting placard, 1914–1918

What is an epigram? a dwarfish whole,
Its body brevity, and wit its soul
Brander Matthews' *American Epigrams. Harper's Mag, Nov, 1903*

What shall we do with the drunken sailor?
Early in the morning?
Hoo-ray and up she rises
Early in the morning
What shall we do with the Drunken Sailor? Oxford Song Book

When Adam delved, and Eve span,
Who was then a gentleman?
Text of Ball's revolutionary sermon at Blackheath in Wat Tyler's Rebellion 1381 See J R Green, *Short Hist* (1893), II 484

When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again
Title of Song Oxford Song Book.

When Molly smiles beneath her cow,
I feel my heart—I can't tell how
When Molly smiles, 1732

Where is the man who has the power and skill
To stem the torrent of a woman's will?
For if she will, she will, you may depend on't,
And if she won't, she won't, so there's an end on't
From the Pillar Erected on the Mount in the Dane John Field, Canterbury Examiner, 31 May 1829

Where's George? Gone to Lyonch
Advertisement for Lyons' lunches

While ladling butter from their separate tubs
Stubbs butters Freeman, Freeman butters Stubbs
Couplet of unknown authorship familiar in the late nineteenth century

Whilst Adam slept, Eve from his side arose
Strange his first sleep should be his last repose
The Consequence

'Who killed Cock Robin?'
'I', said the Sparrow,
'With my bow and arrow,
I killed Cock Robin'
All the birds of the air fell a-sighing and a-sobbing,
When they heard of the death of poor Cock Robin
'Who saw him die?'
'I,' said the Fly,
'With my little eye,
I saw him die' *Nursery Rhyme*

Who passes by this road so late?
Compagnon de la Majolaine!
Who passes by this road so late?
Always gay!
Of all the king's knights 'tis the flower,
Compagnon de la Majolaine,
Of all the king's knights 'tis the flower,
Always gay!
Old French Song quoted by Dickens, *Little Dorrit*, ch 1

Will you hear a Spanish lady
How she woo'd an Englishman?
Garments gay and rich as may be,
Decked with jewels had she on
The Spanish Lady's Love

Within the meaning of the Act *The Betting Act*

Woo'd and married and a',
Woo'd and married and a'
Was she nae very weel aff,
Was woo'd and married and a'
Woo'd and Married and a'

Workers of the world, unite!
Common form of 'Working men of all countries, unite!' *This is the English Translation* (1888) *by Samuel Moore, revised by Engels, of* 'Proletarier aller Länder, vereinigen Euch!' *which concludes 'The Communist Manifesto'* (1848), *by Marx and Engels, and is quoted as the final words of the programme of the Communist International* (1928) *Another common form is* 'Proletarians of the world, unite!'

Worth a guinea a box
Advertisement for Beecham's Pills

You ought to see me on Sunday
Advertisement for Knight's Castille Soap

I am the Dean of Christ Church, Sir
This is my wife, pray look at her
She is the Broad, I am the High,
We are the University
The Masque of Balliol, an unpublished masque composed by and current among members of Balliol College in the late 1870's
The first couplet was unofficially altered to

I am the Dean, and this is Mrs Liddell,
She is the first and I the second fiddle

I am a most superior person,
My name is George Nathaniel Curzon. *Ib.*

My face is pink, my hair is sleek,
I dine at Blenheim once a week
Ib (A later addition)

I am rather tall and stately,
And I care not very greatly
What you say, or what you do
I'm Mackail,—and who are you? *Ib*

First come I, my name is Jowett
There is no knowledge but I know it
I am Master of this college
What I don't know isn't knowledge
Probably group product of Balliol undergraduates in the late 1870's

BALLADS

True Thomas lay on Huntlie bank,
A ferlie he spied wi' his e'e,
And there he saw a ladye bright
Come riding down by the Eildon Tree
The Oxford Book of Ballads Thomas the Rhymer.

True Thomas he pu'd aff his cap,
And louted low down on his knee. *Ib*

She 's mounted on her milk-white steed,
She's ta'en true Thomas up behind *Ib*

That is the Road to fair Elfland,
Where thou and I this night maun gae. *Ib*

It was mirk, mirk night, there was nae starlight,
They waded thro' red blude to the knee;
For a' the blude that's shed on the earth
Rins through the springs o' that country. *Ib.*

And till seven years were gane and past,
True Thomas on earth was never seen *Ib.*

And she has kilted her green kirtle
A little abune her knee,
And she has braided her yellow hair
A little abune her bree *Ib Tam Lin* v

About the dead hour of the night
She heard the bridles ring,
And Janet was as glad at that
As any earthly thing *Ib* xli.

There were twa sisters sat in a bour,
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
There came a knight to be their wooer,
By the bonnie milldams o' Binnorie. *Ib. Binnorie.*

Clerk Saunders and may Margaret
Walk'd owre yon garden green,
And deep and heavy was the love
That fell thir twa between.

'A bed, a bed,' Clerk Saunders said,
'A bed for you and me!'
'Fye na, fye na,' said may Margaret,
'Till anes we married be!' *Ib Clerk Saunders*

There's nae room at my head, Marg'ret,
There's nae room at my feet,
My bed it is fu' lowly now,
Among the hungry worms I sleep *Ib.*

She hadna sail'd a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
Till grim, grim grew his countenance
And gurly grew the sea

'What hills are yon, yon pleasant hills,
The sun shines sweetly on?'—
'O yon are the hills o' Heaven,' he said,
'Where you will never won' *Ib The Daemon Lover*

He strack the top-mast wi' his hand,
The fore-mast wi' his knee,
And he brake that gallant ship in twain,
And sank her in the sea *Ib*

It fell about the Martinmass,
When nights are lang and mirk,
The carline wife's three sons came hame,
And their hats were o' the birk

It neither grew in dike nor ditch,
Nor yet in any sheugh,
But at the gates o' Paradise
That birk grew fair eneugh *Ib The Wife of Usher's Well*

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
—*Every nighte and alle,*
Fire and fleet[1] and candle-lighte,
And Christe receive thy saule *Ib Lyke-Wake Dirge*

[1] = floor Other readings are 'sleet' and 'salt'

From Brig o' Dread when thou may'st pass,
—*Every nighte and alle,*
To Purgatory fire thou com'st at last,
And Christe receive thy saule

If ever thou gavest meat or drink,
—*Every nighte and alle,*
The fire sall never make thee shrink,
And Christe receive thy saule *Ib*

The wind doth blow to-day, my love,
And a few small drops of rain,
I never had but one true love,
In cold grave she was lain *Ib The Unquiet Grave*

True lovers I can get many an one,
But a father I can never get mair *Ib The Douglas Tragedy*

O he's gart build a bonny ship,
To sail on the salt sea,
The mast was o' the beaten gold,
The sails o' cramoisie. *Ib The Lass of Lochroyan.*

O well's me o' my gay goss-hawk,
That he can speak and flee!
He'll carry a letter to my love,
Bring another back to me *Ib The Gay Gosshawk*

'What gat ye to your dinner, Lord Randal, my Son?
What gat ye to your dinner, my handsome young man?'
'I gat eels boil'd in broo', mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down' *Ib Lord Randal*

As I was walking all alane,
I heard twa corbies[1] making a mane:
The tane unto the tither did say,
'Where sall we gang and dine the day?'

'—In behint yon auld fail[2] dyke
I wot there lies a new-slain knight,
And naebody kens that he lies there
But his hawk, his hound, and his lady fair

'His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
His lady's ta'en anither mate,
So we may make our dinner sweet

'Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane,[3]
And I'll pike out his bonny blue e'en
Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair
We'll theek[4] our nest when it grows bare' *Ib The Twa Corbies*

[1] corbies = ravens [2] fail = turf
[3] hause = neck [4] theek = thatch

There were three ravens sat on a tree,
They were as black as they might be.
The one of them said to his make,
'Where shall we our breakfast take?' *Ib The Three Ravens*

Down there comes a fallow doe
As great with young as she might goe
She lifted up his bloudy head
And kist his wounds that were so red *Ib.*

She buried him before the prime,
She was dead herself ere evensong time
God send every gentleman
Such hounds, such hawks, and such a leman! *Ib.*

For in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone *Ib The Nut Brown Maid.*

For I must to the greenwood go
Alone, a banished man *Ib*

The king sits in Dunfermline town
Drinking the blude-red wine *Ib Sir Patrick Spens.*

Our king has written a braid letter,
And seal'd it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

'To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem,
The king's daughter o' Noroway,
'Tis thou must bring her hame'

The first word that Sir Patrick read
So loud, loud laughed he,
The neist word that Sir Patrick read
The tear blinded his e'e. *Ib.*

'I saw the new moon late yestreen
Wi' the auld moon in her arm,
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm'

Go fetch a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And wap[1] them into our ship's side,
And let nae the sea come in
Ib Sir Patrick Spens

[1] wap = wrap

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To wat their cork-heel'd shoon,
But lang or a' the play was play'd
They wat their hats aboon *Ib.*

O lang, lang may the ladies sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang may the maidens sit
Wi' their gowd kames in their hair,
A-waiting for their ain dear loves!
For them they'll see nae mair.

Half-owre, half-owre to Aberdour,
'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet! *Ib*

Marie Hamilton's to the kirk gane
Wi' ribbons on her breast,
The King thought mair o' Marie Hamilton
Than he listen'd to the priest
Ib The Queen's Marie

Yestreen the Queen had four Maries,
The night she'll hae but three,
There was Marie Seaton, and Marie Beaton,
And Marie Carmichael, and me. *Ib*

O little did my mother ken,
The day she cradled me,
The lands I was to travel in
Or the death I was to die! *Ib*

And when we came through Glasgow toun,
We were a comely sight to see,
My gude lord in the black velvet,
And I mysel' in cramasie *Ib Jamie Douglas*

O waly, waly, up the bank,
And waly, waly, doun the brae,
And waly, waly, yon burn-side,
Where I and my Love wont to gae!

I lean'd my back unto an aik,
I thocht it was a trustie tree;
But first it bow'd and syne it brake—
Sae my true love did lichtlie me.

O waly, waly, gin love be bonnie
A little time while it is new!
But when 'tis auld it waxeth cauld,
And fades awa' like morning dew.

O wherefore should I busk my heid,
Or wherefore should I kame my hair?
For my true Love has me forsook,
And says he'll never lo'e me mair. *Ib*

But had I wist, before I kist,
That love had been sae ill to win,
I had lock'd my heart in a case o' gowd,
And pinn'd it wi' a siller pin

And O! if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I mysel' were dead and gane,
And the green grass growing over me! *Ib*

O come ye here to fight, young lord,
Or come ye here to play?
Or come ye here to drink good wine
Upon the weddin'-day?
Ib Katharine Johnstone.

Ye Highlands and ye Lawlands,
O where hae ye been?
They hae slain the Earl of Murray,
And hae laid him on the green
Ib The Bonny Earl of Murray.

He was a braw gallant,
And he rid at the ring,
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
O he might hae been a king! *Ib.*

He was a braw gallant,
And he play'd at the gluve,
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
O he was the Queen's luve!

O lang will his Lady
Look owre the Castle Downe,
Ere she see the Earl of Murray
Come sounding through the town! *Ib*

'Let me have length and breadth enough,
And under my head a sod,
That they may say when I am dead,
—Here lies bold Robin Hood!'
Ib. The Death of Robin Hood.

It fell about the Lammas tide
When husbands win their hay,
The doughty Douglas bound him to ride
In England to take a prey
Ib The Battle of Otterburn, I

My wound is deep I am fayn to sleep,
Take thou the vaward of me,
And hide me by the bracken bush
Grows on yonder lilye-lee *Ib* lvii.

The Percy out of Northumberland,
An avow to God made he
That he would hunt in the mountains
Of Cheviot within days three,
In the maugre of doughty Douglas,
And all that e'er with him be
Ib Chevy Chase, I 1

This began on a Monday at morn,
In Cheviot the hills so hye,
The child may rue that is unborn,
It was the more pitye. *Ib* IV

'But I hae dream'd a dreary dream,
Beyond the Isle of Sky,
I saw a dead man win a fight,
And I think that man was I'
Ib [XIX in the Scottish version, but not included in the Oxford Book version]

For Witherington my heart was woe
That ever he slain should be
For when both his legs were hewn in two
Yet he kneel'd and fought on his knee *Ib* II. 1.

'God have mercy on his soul,' said King Harry,
'Good Lord, if thy will it be!
I've a hundred captains in England,' he said,
'As good as ever was he
But Percy, an I brook my life,
Thy death well quit shall be' *Ib* lviii.

Jesu Christ! our bales[1] bete,[2]
And to the bliss us bring!
This was the Hunting of the Cheviot
God send us all good ending! *Ib* lxii

[1] bales = woes [2] bete = better, relieve

A ship I have got in the North Country
And she goes by the name of the *Golden Vanity*,
O I fear she will be taken by a Spanish Ga-la-lee,
As she sails by the Low-lands low
Ib The Golden Vanity

He bored with his augur, he bored once and twice,
And some were playing cards, and some were playing dice,
When the water flowed in it dazzled their eyes,
And she sank by the Lowlands low

So the Cabin-boy did swim all to the larboard side,
Saying 'Captain! take me in, I am drifting with the tide!'
'I will shoot you! I will kill you!' the cruel Captain cried,
'You may sink by the Low-lands low' *Ib*

Then they laid him on the deck, and he closed his eyes and died,
As they sailed by the Low-lands low *Ib.*

O is my basnet a widow's curch?
Or my lance a wand of the willow-tree?
Or my arm a ladye's lilye hand,
That an English lord should lightly me!
Ib Kinmont Willie, x

He is either himself a devil frae hell,
Or else his mother a witch maun be,
I wadna have ridden that wan water
For a' the gowd in Christentie. *Ib* xlvi

I wish I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries,
O that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirkconnell lea! *Ib Helen of Kirkconnell*

Lady Nancy she died out of pure, pure grief,
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow *Ib Lord Lovel*

All the trees they are so high,
The leaves they are so green,
The day is past and gone, sweet-heart,
That you and I have seen
It is cold winter's night,
You and I must bide alone
Whilst my pretty lad is young
And is growing *Ib The Trees so High*

In Scarlet town, where I was born,
There was a fair maid dwellin',
Made every youth cry *Well-a-way!*
Her name was Barbara Allen

All in the merry month of May,
When green buds they were swellin',
Young Jemmy Grove on his death-bed lay,
For love of Barbara Allen
Ib Barbara Allen's Cruelty

So slowly, slowly rase she up,
And slowly she came nigh him,
And when she drew the curtain by—
'Young man, I think you're dyin'!' *Ib*

'O mother, mother, make my bed,
O make it saft and narrow
My love has died for me to-day,
I'll die for him to-morrow' *Ib.*

'Farewell,' she said, 'ye virgins all,
And shun the fault I fell in
Henceforth take warning by the fall
Of cruel Barbara Allen' *Ib.*

And the Lowlands o' Holland has twin'd my love and me *Ib The Lowlands o' Holland*

'O haud your tongue, my daughter dear, be still and be content,
There are mair lads in Galloway, ye neen nae sair lament'
'O there is none in Gallow, there's none at a' for me,
For I never loved a love but one, and he's drown'd in the sea' *Ib*

There was a youth, and a well-beloved youth,
And he was an esquire's son,
He loved the bailiff's daughter dear,
That lived in Islington
Ib The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington

But when his friends did understand
His fond and foolish mind,
They sent him up to fair London,
An apprentice for to bind. *Ib*

She stept to him, as red as any rose,
And took him by the bridle-ring
'I pray you, kind sir, give me one penny,
To ease my weary limb.'

'I prithee, sweetheart, canst thou tell me,
Where that thou wast born?'
'At Islington, kind sir,' said she,
'Where I have had many a scorn'

'I prithee, sweetheart, canst thou tell me
Whether thou dost know
The bailiff's daughter of Islington?'
'She's dead, sir, long ago'

'Then will I sell my goodly steed,
My saddle and my bow,
I will into some far countrey,
Where no man doth me know'

'O stay, O stay, thou goodly youth!
She's alive, she is not dead,
Here she standeth by thy side,
And is ready to be thy bride' *Ib*

When captains courageous, whom death could not daunt,
Did march to the siege of the city of Gaunt,
They mustered their soldiers by two and by three,
And the foremost in battle was Mary Ambree
Mary Ambree.

'Tom Pearse, Tom Pearse, lend me your grey mare,
All along, down along, out along, lee.
For I want for to go to Widdicombe Fair,
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davey, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,
Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all
Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all'
Ib Widdicombe Fair

But ne'er a word wad ane o' them speak,
For barring of the door
Ib Get Up and Bar the Door.

Goodman, you've spoken the foremost word!
Get up and bar the door. *Ib*

NURSERY RHYMES

Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he,
He called for his pipe,
He called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three
Nursery Rhymes Collected by James Orchard Halliwell (Phillipps), 1

I had a little nut-tree, nothing would it bear
But a silver nutmeg and a golden pear,
The king of Spain's daughter came to visit me,
And all because of my little nut tree *Ib.* 5.

The King of France went up the hill,
With twenty thousand men,
The King of France came down the hill,
And ne'er went up again *Ib* 8

Please to remember
The Fifth of November,
Gunpowder treason and plot,
I know no reason
Why gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot *Ib* 13

A was an apple-pie,
B bit it,
C cut it *Ib* 33.

One, two,
Buckle my shoe,
Three, four,
Shut the door,
Five, six,
Pick up sticks
Seven, eight,
Lay them straight,
Nine, ten,
A good fat hen *Ib* 35

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake baker's man!
So I will, master, as fast as I can
Pat, and prick it, and mark it with T,
Put in the oven for Tony and me *Ib* 36

Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief,
Taffy came to my house and stole a piece of beef
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was not at home,
Taffy came to my house and stole a marrow-bone

I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was not in,
Taffy came to my house and stole a silver pin
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was in bed,
I took up a poker and flung it at his head *Ib* 42

Little Jack Horner sat in the corner,
Eating a Christmas pie
He put in his thumb, and he took out a plum,
And said, 'What a good boy am I!' *Ib* 43

There was a crooked man, and he went a crooked mile,
He found a crooked sixpence against a crooked stile
He bought a crooked cat, which caught a crooked mouse,
And they all lived together in a little crooked house *Ib* 46

The lion and the unicorn
Were fighting for the crown,
The lion beat the unicorn
All round about the town
Some gave them white bread,
And some gave them brown,
Some gave them plum-cake,
And sent them out of town *Ib* 56

Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl
And if the bowl had been stronger,
My song would have been longer *Ib* 59

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig, and away he run!
The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,
And Tom went roaring down the street *Ib* 61.

Simple Simon met a pieman
Going to the fair
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
'Let me taste your ware' *Ib* 63

The Queen of Hearts
She made some tarts,
All on a summer's day
The Knave of Hearts
He stole the tarts,
And took them clean away *Ib* 65.

Solomon Grundy,
Born on a Monday,
Christened on a Tuesday,
Married on a Wednesday,
Took ill on Thursday,
Worse on Friday,
Died on Saturday,
Buried on Sunday
This is the end
Of Solomon Grundy *Ib* 67

They that wash on Monday
Have all the week to dry,
They that wash on Tuesday
Are not so much awry,
They that wash on Wednesday
Are not so much to blame,
They that wash on Thursday
Wash for shame,
They that wash on Friday,
Wash in need,
And they that wash on Saturday,
Oh! they're sluts indeed *Ib* 73

He that would thrive
Must rise at five,
He that hath thriven
May lie till seven *Ib* 76

See a pin and pick it up,
All the day you'll have good luck,
See a pin and let it lay,
Bad luck you'll have all the day! *Ib* 77.

When the wind is in the east,
'Tis neither good for man nor beast,
When the wind is in the north,
The skilful fisher goes not forth,
When the wind is in the south,
It blows the bait in the fishes' mouth;
When the wind is in the west,
Then 'tis at the very best *Ib* 79.

Cross patch,
Draw the latch,
Sit by the fire and spin
Take a cup,
And drink it up,
Then call your neighbours in *Ib* 83

Cry, baby, cry,
Put your finger in your eye,
And tell your mother it wasn't I *Ib* 85.

Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With cockle shells, and silver bells,
And mussels all a row *Ib* 86

Tell tale, tit!
Your tongue shall be split,
And all the dogs in the town
Shall have a little bit *Ib* 88

Multiplication is vexation,
Division is as bad,
The Rule of Three doth puzzle me,
And Practice drives me mad *Ib* 90

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November,
February has twenty-eight alone,
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting leap-year, that's the time
When February's days are twenty-nine *Ib* 91

Three blind mice, see how they run!
They all ran after a farmer's wife,
Who cut off their tails with the carving-knife,
Did you ever see such fools in your life?
Three blind mice *Ib* 97

If I'd as much money as I could spend,
I never would cry old chairs to mend,
Cry chairs to mend, old chairs to mend,
I never would cry old chairs to mend *Ib* 100

The fox jumped up on a moonlight night *Ib* 101

Tom he was a piper's son,
He learned to play when he was young,
But all the tunes that he could play,
Was 'Over the hills and far away' *Ib* 106

London bridge is broken down,
Dance o'er my lady lee *Ib* 110

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor robin do then?
Poor thing!
He'll sit in a barn,
And to keep himself warm,
Will hide his head under his wing
Poor thing! *Ib* 111

Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them,
Let them alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them. *Ib.* 120

Sing a song of sixpence,
A bag full of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds,
Baked in a pie,
When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing,
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before the king?

The king was in his counting-house
Counting out his money,
The queen was in the parlour
Eating bread and honey,
The maid was in the garden
Hanging out the clothes,
There came a little blackbird,
And snapt off her nose *Ib.* 122

As I was going to St Ives,
I met a man with seven wives,
Every wife had seven sacks,
Every sack had seven cats,
Every cat had seven kits,
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were there going to St Ives? *Ib* 132

Humpty Dumpty sate on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall,
Three score men and three score more
Cannot place Humpty Dumpty as he was before
Ib 135

Pease-porridge hot, pease-porridge cold,
Pease-porridge in the pot, nine days old *Ib* 137

King Charles walked and talked
Half an hour after his head was cut off *Ib* 150

Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled pepper,
A peck of pickled pepper Peter Piper picked,
If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled pepper,
Where's the peck of pickled pepper that Peter Piper picked? *Ib* 165

Lauk a mercy on me, this is none of I! *Ib* 169

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do,
She gave them some broth without any bread,
She whipped them all well and put them to bed
Ib 171

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone,
But when she came there
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none *Ib.* 184.

Gay go up and gay go down,
To ring the bells of London town *Ib.* 195.

Oranges and lemons
Say the bells of St Clement's *Ib.*

When will you pay me?
Say the bells at Old Bailey
When I grow rich,
Say the bells at Shoreditch *Ib.*

Here comes a candle to light you to bed,
And here comes a chopper to chop off your head. *Ib.*

See, saw, Margery Daw,
Sold her bed and lay upon straw,
Was not she a dirty slut,
To sell her bed and lie in the dirt! *Ib* 198.

Ride a cock-horse to Banbury-cross,
To see an old lady ride upon a white horse,
Rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes,
And so she makes music wherever she goes *Ib* 214.

This pig went to market,
This pig stayed at home,
This pig had a bit of meat,
And this pig had none,
This pig said, Wee, wee, wee!
I can't find my way home. *Ib* 221.

Hickory, Dickory, Dock,
The mouse ran up the clock,
The clock struck one,
The mouse was gone;
O, U, T, spells out! *Ib.* 226.

How many miles is it to Babylon?—
Threescore miles and ten
Can I get there by candle-light?—
Yes, and back again!
If you are nimble and light,
You may get there by candle-light *Ib* 230

The man in the wilderness asked me,
How many strawberries grow in the sea?
I answered him, as I thought good,
As many as red herrings grew in the wood *Ib* 259

Bye, baby bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting,
To get a little hare's skin
To wrap a baby bunting in *Ib* 274

Ding, dong, bell,
Pussy's in the well!
Who put her in?
Little Tommy Lin *Ib* 283

Cock a doodle doo!
My dame has lost her shoe,
My master's lost his fiddling-stick,
And don't know what to do. *Ib* 285.

Hey! diddle-diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon,
The little dog laughed
To see such craft,
While the dish ran after the spoon *Ib* 301.

Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean,
And so, between them both, you see,
They licked the platter clean *Ib* 327.

Rowley Poley, pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry,
When the girls began to cry,
Rowley Poley ran away *Ib* 347

Four and twenty tailors went to kill a snail,
The best man among them durst not touch her tail
She put out her horns like a little Kyloe cow,
Run, tailors, run, or she'll kill you all e'en now
Ib 359

Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?
I've been up to London to look at the queen
Pussy cat, pussy cat, what did you there?
I frightened a little mouse under the chair *Ib* 362

Hickety, pickety, my black hen,
She lays eggs for gentlemen,
Gentlemen come every day
To see what my black hen doth lay *Ib* 373

Lady-cow, lady-cow, fly thy way home,
Thy house is on fire, thy children all gone,
All but one that ligs under a stone,
Fly thee home, lady-cow, ere it be gone *Ib* 380

This is the farmer sowing his corn,
That kept the cock that crowed in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built *Ib* 398.

Goosey goosey gander,
Whither shall I wander?
Up stairs, down stairs,
And in my lady's chamber,
There I met an old man
That would not say his prayers,
I took him by the left leg,
And threw him down stairs *Ib* 414.

What are little boys made of, made of?
What are little boys made of?
Snaps and snails, and puppy-dogs' tails,
And that's what little boys are made of, made of
What are little girls made of, made of, made of?
What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice, and all that's nice,
And that's what little girls are made of, made of
Ib 416.

Who comes here?
A grenadier
What do you want?
A pot of beer
Where is your money?
I've forgot
Get you gone,
You drunken sot! *Ib* 420.

Bah, bah, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, marry, have I,
Three bags full·
One for my master,
And one for my dame,
But none for the little boy
Who cries in the lane. *Ib* 440

Daffy-down-dilly has come up to town,
In a yellow petticoat, and a green gown. *Ib* 444.

Little Tom Tucker
Sings for his supper,
What shall he eat?
White bread and butter.
How shall he eat it
Without e'er a knife?
How will he be married
Without e'er a wife? *Ib.* 446.

Come, let's to bed,
Says Sleepy-head,
Tarry a while, says Slow;
Put on the pot,
Says Greedy-gut,
Let's sup before we go. *Ib* 447.

When I was a little boy, I had but little wit,
It is some time to go, and I've no more yet,
Nor ever ever shall, until that I die,
For the longer I live, the more fool am I *Ib* 455.

Rain, rain, go away,
Come again another day,
Little Arthur wants to play *Ib* 457

Girls and boys come out to play,
The moon doth shine as bright as day *Ib* 466.

Little boy blue, come blow up your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn,
Where's the little boy that looks after the sheep?
He's under the haycock fast asleep.
Will you wake him? No, not I,
For if I do, he'll be sure to cry *Ib* 468

Little Polly Flinders
Sate among the cinders,
Warming her pretty little toes
Her mother came and caught her,
And whipped her little daughter
For spoiling her nice new clothes. *Ib* 486.

One a penny, two a penny, hot cross-buns,
If your daughters do not like them, give them to your sons. *Ib* 494.

PUNCH

Advice to persons about to marry —'Don't'
Punch, vol viii, p 1 1845

You pays your money and you takes your choice
Ib vol x, p 16 1846

The Half-Way House to Rome, Oxford
Ib vol xvi, p 36 1849

What is better than presence of mind in a railway accident? Absence of body
Ib vol xvi, p 231 1849

Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow
Ib vol xvii, p 241 1849

The cow with the iron tail
Ib vol xxii, p 13 1850

No bread Then bring me some toast!
Ib vol xxii, p 18 1852

A confiseur in the Rue St Denis at Paris has just invented a new Cordial for the special use of the English-French armies in Turkey, to which he has given the name of 'Entente Cordial'
Ib vol xxvi, p 76 1854

Who's 'im, Bill?
A stranger!
'Eave 'arf a brick at 'im *Ib* vol xxvi, p 82 1854

What is Matter?—Never mind
What is Mind?—No matter
Ib vol xxix, p 19 1855

'*Peccavi*—I've Scinde' wrote Lord Ellen so proud
More briefly Dalhousie wrote—'*Vovi*—I've Oude'
Ib vol xxx, p 141 1856

It ain't the 'unting as 'urts 'un, it's the 'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer along the 'ard 'igh road
Ib vol xxx, p 218 1856

O 'ill tak zum o' that in a moog
Ib vol xxxvii, p 156 1859

I see it's written by a lady, and I want a book that my daughters may read. Give me something else
Ib vol liii, p 252 1867

Mun, a had na' been the-erre abune two hours when —*bang*—went saxpence!!! *Ib* vol liv, p 235. 1868.

Cats is 'dogs' and rabbits is 'dogs' and so's parrots, but this 'ere 'Tortis' is an insect, and there ain't no charge for it. *Ib* vol lv, p 155 1869

Nothink for nothink 'ere, and precious little for sixpence *Ib* vol lvii, p 152. 1869

Sure, the next train has gone ten minutes ago
Ib vol lx, p 206 1871

I may've 'ad too mush, but I 'aven't 'ad enough
Ib vol lxiii, p 72 1872

It appears the Americans have taken umbrage
The deuce they have! Whereabouts is that?
Ib vol lxiii, p 189 1872

Go directly—see what she's doing, and tell her she mustn't *Ib* vol lxiii, p 202 1872

There was one poor tiger that hadn't *got* a Christian
Ib vol lxviii, p 143 1875

It's worse than wicked, my dear, it's vulgar
Ib Almanac 1876

What did you take out of the bag, Mamma? *I* only got sixpence *Ib* vol lxx, p 139 1876

'Is Life worth living?" he suspects it is, in a great measure, a question of the Liver
Ib vol lxxiii, p 207 1877

I never read books—I *write* them
Ib vol lxxiv, p 210 1878

I am not hungry, but thank goodness, I am greedy
Ib vol lxxv, p 290 1878

BISHOP
Who is it that sees and hears all I do, and before whom even I am but as a crushed worm?
PAGE
The Missus, my Lord!
Ib vol lxxix, p 63 1880

Ah whiles hae ma doobts aboot the meenister
Ib vol lxxix, p 275 1880

I used your soap two years ago, since then I have used no other *Ib* vol lxxxvi, p 197 1884

What sort of a doctor is he?
Oh, well, I don't know very much about his ability, but he's got a very good bedside manner!
Ib vol lxxxvi, p 121 1884

Don't look at me, Sir, with—ah—in that tone of voice *Ib* vol lxxxvii, p 38. 1884

Oh yes! I'm sure he's not so fond of me as at first He's away so much, neglects me dreadfully, and he's so cross when he comes home. What *shall* I do?
Feed the brute! *Ib* vol lxxxix, p 206 1886.

Hi! James—let loose the Gorgonzola!
Ib vol xcvi, p 82. 1889.

Nearly all our best men are dead! Carlyle, Tennyson, Browning, George Eliot!—I'm not feeling very well myself. *Ib* vol civ, p. 210 1893

Botticelli isn't a wine, you Juggins! Botticelli's a *cheese!* *Ib* vol cvi, p 270 1894

I'm afraid you've got a bad egg, Mr Jones
Oh no, my Lord, I assure you! Parts of it are excellent! *Ib* vol cix, p 222 1895.

Do you know, Carter, that I can actually write my name in the dust on the table?
Faith, Mum, that's more than I can do Sure there's nothing like education, after all
Ib vol cxxii, p 142 1902.

Look here, Steward, if this is coffee, I want tea, but if this is tea, then I wish for coffee
Ib vol cxxiii, p. 44 1902

We must gie it up, Alfred
What, gie up gowff?
Nae, nae, mon Gie up the meenistry
Ib vol cxxvi, p 117 1904.

LATIN QUOTATIONS

PETER ABELARD

1079–1142

O quanta qualia sunt illa sabbata,
Quae semper celebrat superna curia

O what their joy and their glory must be,
Those endless sabbaths the blessed ones see!
Hymnus Paraclitensis Trans by Neale in *Hymnal Noted*, 1858

THOMAS A KEMPIS

1380–1471

Opto magis sentire compunctionem quam scire eius definitionem

I had rather feel compunction, than understand the definition thereof
Imitatio Christi, ch 1, § III Trans by Anthony Hoskins

Sic transit gloria mundi

O, how quickly doth the glory of the world pass away! *Ib* ch 3, § VI

Passione interdum movemur et zelum putamus

We are sometimes moved with passion, and we think it to be zeal Quoted in *ib* ch 5, § 1.

Multo tutius est stare in subiectione quam in praelatura

It is much safer to obey, than to govern
Ib ch 9, § 1

Si libenter crucem portas portabit te

If thou bear the Cross cheerfully, it will bear thee
Ib ch 12, § V

Nunquam sis ex toto otiosus, sed aut legens, aut scribens, aut orans, aut meditans, aut aliquid utilitatis pro communi laborans

Never be entirely idle but either be reading, or writing, or praying, or meditating, or endeavouring something for the public good
Ib ch 19, § IV.

Utinam per unam diem essemus bene conversati in hoc mundo

O that we had spent but one day in this world thoroughly well! *Ib* ch 23, § II

ALCUIN

735–804

Vox populi, vox dei

The voice of the people is the voice of God
Letter to Charlemagne, A D 800 *Works, Epis.* 127.

ST. AMBROSE

c 340–397

Si fueris Romae, Romano vivito more;
Si fueris alibi, vivito sicut ibi

If you are at Rome live in the Roman style, if you are elsewhere live as they live elsewhere
Quoted by Jeremy Taylor, *Ductor Dubitantium*, I 1 5

ST AUGUSTINE

354–430

Fecisti nos ad te et inquietum est cor nostrum, donec requiescat in te

Thou hast created us for thyself, and our heart cannot be quieted till it may find repose in thee
Confessions, bk 1, ch 1 Trans by Watts

Et illa erant fercula, in quibus mihi esurienti te inferebatur sol et luna

And these were the dishes wherein to me, hungering for thee, they served up the sun and moon *Ib* bk III, ch 6

Fieri non potest, ut filius istarum lacrimarum pereat

It is not possible that the son of these tears should be lost *Ib* ch 12

Da mihi castitatem et continentiam, sed noli modo

Give me chastity and continency, but do not give it yet *Ib* bk VIII, ch 7.

Tolle lege, tolle lege

Take up and read, take up and read *Ib* ch 12.

Sero te amavi, pulchritudo tam antiqua et tam nova, sero te amavi! et ecce intus eras et ego foris, et ibi te quaerebam

Too late came I to love thee, O thou Beauty both so ancient and so fresh, yet too late came I to love thee And behold, thou wert within me, and I out of myself, where I made search for thee *Ib* bk X, ch 27.

Continentiam iubes da quod iubes et iube quod vis

Thou commandest me continency give me what thou commandest, and command what thou wilt
Ib ch 29

Securus iudicat orbis terrarum

The verdict of the world is conclusive
Contra Epist Parmen III 24.

Salus extra ecclesiam non est

No salvation exists outside the church
De Bapt IV, c, XVII, 24, referring back to St Cyprian's 'Habere non potest Deum patrem qui ecclesiam non habet matrem' (He cannot have God for his Father who has not the church for his mother), *De Cath Eccl Unitate*, VI.

Audi alteram partem

Hear the other side *De Duabus Animabus*, XIV 11.

Ama et fac quod vis

Love and do what you will
Popular version of St Augustine's 'Dilige et quod vis fac' (Love and do what you will), *In Joann* VII 8

Roma locuta est, causa finita est

Rome has spoken, the case is concluded
Sermons, Bk I

De vitiis nostris scalam nobis facimus, si vitia ipsa calcamus

We make a ladder of our vices, if we trample those same vices underfoot *Ib* III *De Ascensione*

AUGUSTUS CAESAR

63 B C–A D 14

Quintili Vare, legiones redde

Varus, give me back my legions
Suetonius, *Divus Augustus*, 23.

Urbem . . . excoluit adeo, ut iure sit gloriatus marmoream se relinquere, quam latericiam accepisset

He so improved the city that he justly boasted that he found it brick and left it marble *Ib* 28

JOSHUA BARNES?

Deus quos vult perdere, dementat prius

Whom God would destroy, He first sends mad
In his ed of Euripides, Index Prior, s v Deus

ST. BERNARD

1091–1153

Liberavi animam meam.

I have freed my soul *Epistle 371*

CALIGULA

A D 12–41

Utinam populus Romanus unam cervicem haberet!

Would that the Roman people had but one neck!
Suetonius, *Life of Caligula*, 30

CATO THE ELDER

234–149 B C

Delenda est Carthago

Carthage must be destroyed
Plutarch, *Life of Cato*

CATULLUS

87–54? B C

Cui dono lepidum novum libellum
Arido modo pumice expolitum?

Here's my small book out, nice and new,
Fresh-bound—whom shall I give it to?
Carmina, 1, trans by Sir W Marris

Namque tu solebas
Meas esse aliquid putare nugas

To you (Cornelius), who of yore
Upon my trifles set some store *Ib*

Plus uno maneat perenne saeclo

May it outlive an hundred year. *Ib.*

Lugete, O Veneres Cupidinesque,
Et quantum est hominum venustiorum.
Passer mortuus est meae puellae,
Passer, deliciae meae puellae.

Come, all ye Loves and Cupids, haste
To mourn, and all ye men of taste,
My lady's sparrow, O, he's sped,
The bird my lady loved is dead! *Ib* III.

Qui nunc it per iter tenebricosum
Illuc, unde negant redire quenquam

And now he treads the gloomy track
Whence no one, so they say, comes back *Ib.*

Sed haec prius fuere

All this is over now *Ib.* IV.

Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus,
Rumoresque senum severiorum
Omnes unius aestimemus assis
Soles occidere et redire possunt·
Nobis cum semel occidit brevis lux
Nox est perpetua una dormienda

Lesbia mine, let's live and love!
Give no doit for tattle of
Crabbed old censorious men,
Suns may set and rise again,
But when our short day takes flight
Sleep we must one endless night *Ib.* V.

Da mi basia mille

Kiss me times a thousand o'er *Ib.*

Miser Catulle, desinas ineptire

Forgo your dream, poor fool of love. *Ib* VIII.

At tu, Catulle, destinatus obdura

But bide, Catullus, firm and set *Ib.*

Nec meum respectet, ut ante, amorem,
Qui illius culpa cecidit velut prati
Ultimi flos, praetereunte postquam
Tactus aratro est

But ne'er look back again to find my love,
My love, which for her fault has wilted now,
Like meadow flower, upon the marge thereof,
Touched by a passing plough *Ib* XI.

Totum ut te faciant, Fabulle, nasum

To make you nose and only nose *Ib* XIII

O quid solutis est beatius curis?
Cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
Labore fessi venimus larem ad nostrum,
Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto
Hoc est quod unum est pro laboribus tantis.
Salve O venusta Sirmio atque hero gaude,
Gaudete vosque O Lydiae lacus undae,
Ridete quidquid est domi cachinnorum

What joy is like it? to be quit of care
And drop my load, and after weary miles
Come home, and sink upon the bed that so
I used to dream of this one thing is worth
All that long service Hail, sweet Sirmio!
Welcome thy lord with laughter, and give back
Your laughter, waters of the Lydian lake
Laugh, home of mine, with all your maddest mirth
Ib. XXXI.

Quidquid est, ubicumque est,
Quodcumque agit, renidet hunc habet morbum,
Neque elegantem, ut arbitror, neque urbanum
Whate'er the case, where'er he be,
Or does, he smiles, with him it is a vice,
And not, I think, a pretty one, nor nice
Carmina, xxxix

Nam risu inepto res ineptior nulla est
Untimely grinning is the silliest sin *Ib*

Iam ver egelidos refert tepores
Now Spring restores the balmy days *Ib* xlvi.

Gratias tibi maximas Catullus
Agit pessimus omnium poeta,
Tanto pessimus omnium poeta,
Quanto tu optimus omnium's patronum
Catullus gives you warmest thanks,
And he the worst of poets ranks,
As much the worst of bards confessed,
As you of advocates the best *Ib* xlix

Ille mi par esse deo videtur,
Ille, si fas est, superare divos,
Qui sedens adversus identidem te
Spectat et audit
Dulce ridentem, misero quod omnis
Eripit sensus mihi
Like to a god he seems to me,
Above the gods, if so may be,
Who sitting often close to thee
May see and hear
Thy lovely laugh ah, luckless man! *Ib* li

Quid est, Catulle? quid moraris emori?
How now? why not be quick and die? *Ib* lii

Salaputium disertum!
He can talk, that little cuss! *Ib* liii

Caeli, Lesbia nostra, Lesbia illa,
Illa Lesbia, quam Catullus unam
Plus quam se atque suos amavit omnes,
Nunc in quadruviis et angiportis
Glubit magnanimis Remi nepotes
My Lesbia,—Lesbia, whom once
Catullus loved of girls alone
Above himself and all his own—
Now into lanes and corners runs
To traffic with proud Remus' sons *Ib* lviii

Torquatus volo parvulus
Matris e gremio suae
Porrigens teneras manus,
Dulce rideat ad patrem
Semihiante labello
Sit suo similis patri
Manlio et facile insciets
Noscitetur ab omnibus,
Et pudicitiam suo
Matris indicet ore
I'd a wee Torquatus see
Stretch soft finger-tips
From his mother's lap, and smile
Sweetly at his sire the while
With half-parted lips,
To his father Manlius so
Very like, in sooth
Even strangers him shall know,
And his face alone shall show
Forth his mother's truth. *Ib* lxi 209

Vesper adest, iuvenes, consurgite Vesper Olympo
Exspectata diu vix tandem lumina tollit
Up, lads! 'tis Eve at last to longing eyes
Upon Olympus Hesper lifts his ray *Ib* lxii. 1.

Quid datur a divis felici optatius hora?
What gift hath heaven to match thy happy hour?
Ib 30.

Ut flos in saeptis secretus nascitur hortis,
Ignotus pecori, nullo contusus aratro,
Quem mulcent aurae, firmat sol, educat imber;
Multi illum pueri, multae optavere puellae.
As grows a flower within a garden close,
Known to no cattle, by no ploughshare smit,
Suns give it strength, rain growth, and air repose,
And many lads and lasses long for it *Ib* 39

Omnia fanda nefanda malo permixta furore,
Iustificam nobis mentem avertere deorum.
Then right and wrong confused and all at odds
Turned from us the just judgment of the gods
Ib lxiv 406

Sed mulier cupido quod dicit amanti,
In vento et rapida scribere oportet aqua.
But a woman's sayings to her lover,
Should be in wind and running water writ *Ib* lxx.

Desine de quoquam quicquam bene velle mereri,
Aut aliquem fieri posse putare pium
Cease to expect to win men's gratitude,
To think that human beings can be grateful.
Ib lxxiii.

Siqua recordanti benefacta priora voluptas
Est homini
If it be good to mind each kindly act. *Ib* lxxvi.

Difficile est longum subito deponere amorem.
'Tis hard to drop at once old-standing love. *Ib.*

Si vitam puriter egi
If my life be fair *Ib.*

O di, reddite mi hoc pro pietate mea.
Gods, grant me this thing for my piety. *Ib.*

Chommoda dicebat, si quando commoda vellet
Dicere
'Hallowances' said Arrius, (meaning 'allowances')
Ib lxxxiv.

Odi et amo quare id faciam, fortasse requiris
Nescio, sed fieri sentio et excrucior
I hate, I love—the cause thereof
Belike you ask of me
I do not know, but feel 'tis so,
And I'm in agony. *Ib* lxxxv.

Si quicquam mutis gratum acceptumve sepulcris
Accidere a nostro, Calve, dolore potest
If the dumb grave, my Calvus, can receive
Aught that is dear or grateful from our grief
Ib xcvi

Multas per gentes et multa per aequora vectus
Advenio has miseras, frater, ad inferias,
Ut te postremo donarem munere mortis
Et mutam nequiquam alloquerer cinerem
Quandoquidem fortuna mihi tete abstulit ipsum,
Heu miser indigne frater adempte mihi,

Nunc tamen interea haec prisco quae more parentum
Tradita sunt tristi munere ad inferias,
Accipe fraterno multum manantia fletu,
Atque in perpetuum, frater, ave atque vale

By many lands and over many a wave
I come, my brother, to your piteous grave,
To bring you the last offering in death
And o'er dumb dust expend an idle breath,
For fate has torn your living self from me,
And snatched you, brother, O, how cruelly!
Yet take these gifts, brought as our fathers bade
For sorrow's tribute to the passing shade,
A brother's tears have wet them o'er and o'er,
And so, my brother, hail, and farewell evermore!
Carmina, ci.

At non effugies meos iambos

You shan't evade
These rhymes I've made
Fragments, trans Sir W. Marris

THOMAS OF CELANO

c 1250

Dies irae, dies illa
Solvet saeclum in favilla

Day of wrath, on that day the world shall dissolve in ashes *Analecta Hymnica*, liv, p 269

CICERO

106–43 B C

Vulgo enim dicitur Iucundi acti labores

For it is commonly said accomplished labours are pleasant *De Finibus*, II 105

Id quod est praestantissimum maximeque optabile omnibus sanis et bonis et beatis, cum dignitate otium

The thing which is the most outstanding and the most desirable to all healthy and good and beautiful persons, is comfort with honour
Pro Sestio, xlv 98

Mens cuiusque is est quisque

The mind of each man is the man himself
De Republica, VI 26

In Romuli faece

Among the dregs of Romulus
Ad Atticum, II 1 8

Spartam nactus es hanc (ex)orna

Sparta is your inheritance be worthy of her
Ib IV VI 2

Summum bonum

The highest good *De Officus*, I II 5

Cedant arma togae, concedant laurea laudi

Let wars yield to peace, laurels to paeans
Ib I XXII 82.

Nunquam se minus otiosum esse quam cum otiosus, nec minus solum quam cum solus esset

Never less idle than when wholly idle, nor less alone than when wholly alone. *Ib*. III 1 1.

O fortunatam natam me consule Romam!

O happy Rome born when I was consul!
Quoted in *Juvenal*, X. 122

Omnes artes quae ad humanitatem pertinent habent quoddam commune vinclum et quasi cognatione quadam inter se continentur

All arts which have anything to do with man have a common bond and as it were contain within themselves a certain affinity
Pro Archia, I II

Haec studia adulescentiam acuunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solacium praebent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur

These studies are an impetus to youth, and a delight to age, they are an adornment to good fortune, refuge and relief in trouble, they enrich private and do not hamper public life, they are with us by night, they are with us on long journeys, they are with us in the depths of the country *Ib* VII XVI

Oderint, dum metuant

Let them hate so long as they fear
Philippic, I 14 (quoted from the tragedian Accius)

Quod di omen avertant

May the gods avert the omen *Ib* III XIV 35

Silent enim leges inter arma

Laws are inoperative in war *Pro Milone*, IV XI

Cui bono

To whose profit *Ib* XII XXXII

Ne quid res publica detrimenti caperet

Lest any harm should come to the state
Ib XXVI lxx, quoting the senatorial 'ultimate decree', beginning 'caveant consules' (let the consuls see to it)

Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra?

How long will you abuse our patience, Catiline?
In Catilinam, I 1 1

O tempora, O mores!

O what times, O what habits! *Ib*

Abiit, excessit, evasit, erupit.

He departed, he withdrew, he went out, he broke forth *In Catilinam*, II 1 1

Salus populi suprema est lex

The good of the people is the chief law
De Legibus, III III 8

Civis Romanus sum

I am a Roman citizen *In Verrem*, V lvii 147

CONSTANTINE

288?–337

In hoc signo vinces

In this sign shalt thou conquer
Words of Constantine's vision Eusebius, *Life of Constantine*, 1 28.

RENÉ DESCARTES

1596–1650

Cogito, ergo sum

I think, therefore I am
Le Discours de la Méthode

ÆLIUS DONATUS

fl 4th cent. A D.

Huic quid simile sententiae et Comicus ait 'nihil est dictum, quod non est dictum prius' (Terent in *Prolog Eunuch*) Unde preceptor meus Donatus, cum istum versiculum exponeret Pereant, inquit, qui ante nos nostra dixerunt

The same idea is said by the comic poet 'Nothing is said which has not been said before' Whence my teacher Donatus, when he was speaking of that verse, said, 'Confound those who have said our remarks before us'

St Jerome, *Commentary on Ecclesiastes*, cap 1 *Migne's Patrologiae Cursus*, xxiii 390

ENNIUS

239–169 B C

Unus homo nobis cunctando restituit rem

One man by delaying saved the state for us
Cicero, *De Senectute*, iv. 10.

Moribus antiquis res stat Romana virisque

The Roman state and manhood stands by ancient customs *Annals*

EUCLID

fl. c 300 B C.

Quod erat demonstrandum (tr from the Greek)

Which was to be proved

VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS

530–609

Vexilla regis prodeunt
Fulget crucis mysterium

The royal banners forward go
The cross shines forth in mystic glow
Durham Rituale Trans by J M Neale

GAIUS

fl c A D. 110–*c.* 180

Damnosa hereditas

Ruinous inheritance *Inst* ii 163

GREGORY I

540–604

Responsum est, quod Angli vocarentur At ille 'Bene,' inquit, 'nam et angelicam habent faciem, et tales angelorum in caelis decet esse coheredes'

They answered that they were called Angles 'It is well,' he said, 'for they have the faces of angels, and such should be the co-heirs of the angels in heaven.' Bede, *Historia Ecclesiastica*, II. 1

GREGORY VII

1020–1085

Dilexi iustitiam et odi iniquitatem, propterea morior in exilio.

I have loved justice and hated iniquity· therefore I die in exile Bowden, *Life*, iii, ch. 20.

HADRIAN

A D. 76–138

Animula vagula blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis,
Quae nunc abibis in loca
Pallidula rigida nudula,
Nec ut soles dabis iocos!

Little soul, wandering, pleasant, guest and companion of the body, into what places wilt thou now go, pale, stiff, naked, nor wilt thou play any longer as thou art wont *To His Soul*

HORACE

65–8 B.C.

Ut turpiter atrum
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne

Make what at the top was a beautiful woman have ugly ending in a black fish's tail
Ars Poetica, 4, trans by Wickham

'Pictoribus atque poetis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit aequa potestas'
Scimus, et hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.

'Poets and painters,' you say, 'have always had an equal licence in daring invention' We know it this liberty we claim for ourselves and give again to others. *Ib* 9

Inceptis gravibus plerumque et magna professis
Purpureus, late qui splendeat, unus et alter
Adsuitur pannus

Often on a work of grave purpose and high promises is tacked a purple patch or two to give an effect of colour *Ib* 14

Amphora coepit
Institui currente rota cur urceus exit?

It was a wine-jar that was to be moulded as the wheel runs round why does it come out a pitcher? *Ib* 21.

Brevis esse laboro,
Obscurus fio.

It is when I am struggling to be brief that I become unintelligible *Ib* 25

Dixeris egregie notum si callida verbum
Reddiderit iunctura novum.

You may gain the finest effects in language by the skilful setting which makes a well-known word new *Ib* 47

Multa renascentur quae iam cecidere, cadentque
Quae nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet usus,
Quem penes arbitrium est et ius et norma loquendi

Many a term which has fallen from use shall have a second birth, and those shall fall that are now in high honour, if so Usage shall will it, in whose hands is the arbitrament, the right and rule of speech *Ib* 70.

Grammatici certant et adhuc sub iudice lis est.

Scholars dispute, and the case is still before the courts *Ib* 78.

Proicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba
Throws aside his paint-pots and his words a foot and a half long *Ars Poetica*, 97

Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi
If you wish to draw tears from me, you must first feel pain yourself *Ib* 102

Servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet
Difficile est proprie communia dicere
See that it [a fresh character in a play] is kept to the end such as it starts at the beginning and is self-consistent
It is a hard task to treat what is common in a way of your own *Ib* 126

Parturient montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.
Mountains will be in labour, the birth will be a single laughable little mouse *Ib* 139

Dic mihi, Musa, virum, captae post tempora Troiae
Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbis
Of him, my Muse, who, when Troy's ramparts fell, Saw many cities and men's manners, tell *Ib* 141

Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat
His thought is not to give flame first and then smoke, but from smoke to let light break out *Ib* 143

Semper ad eventum festinat et in medias res
Non secus ac notas auditorem rapit
He ever hastens to the issue, and hurries his hearers into the midst of the story as if they knew it before *Ib* 148

Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti
Se puero, castigator, censorque minorum
Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda secum,
Multa recedentes adimunt
Testy, a grumbler, inclined to praise the way the world went when he was a boy, to play the critic and censor of the new generation The tide of years as it rises brings many conveniences, as it ebbs carries many away *Ib* 173

Ne pueros coram populo Medea trucidet
You will not let Medea slay her boys before the audience. *Ib* 185

Quodcumque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi
Anything that you thus thrust upon my sight, I discredit and revolt at *Ib* 188

Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit.
Neither should a god intervene, unless a knot befalls worthy of his interference *Ib* 191

Vos exemplaria Graeca
Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna
For yourselves, do you thumb well by night and day Greek models *Ib.* 268.

Fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quae ferrum valet exsors ipsa secandi
So I will play the part of a whetstone which can make steel sharp, though it has no power itself of cutting *Ib* 304.

Grais ingenium, Grais dedit ore rotundo
Musa loqui
It was the Greeks who had at the Muse's hand the native gift, the Greeks who had the utterance of finished grace *Ib* 323

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando pariterque monendo
He has gained every vote who has mingled profit with pleasure by delighting the reader at once and instructing him *Ib* 343

Indignor quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus
But if Homer, usually good, nods for a moment, I think it shame *Ib* 359

Ut pictura poesis
As with the painter's work, so with the poet's *Ib* 361.

Mediocribus esse poetis
Non homines, non di, non concessere columnae
To poets to be second-rate is a privilege which neither men, nor gods, nor bookstalls ever allowed *Ib* 372

Tu nihil invita dices faciesve Minerva
You will say nothing, do nothing, unless Minerva pleases *Ib* 385

Nonumque prematur in annum
Let it be kept quiet till the ninth year *Ib* 388

Solve senescentem mature sanus equum, ne
Peccet ad extremum ridendus et ilia ducat
Be wise in time, and turn your horse out to grass when he shows signs of age, lest he end in a ludicrous breakdown with straining flanks *Epistles*, I 1 8, trans by Wickham

Nullius addictus iurare in verba magistri,
Quo me cumque rapit tempestas, deferor hospes
I am not bound over to swear allegiance to any master where the wind carries me, I put into port and make myself at home *Ib* 14

Virtus est vitium fugere, et sapientia prima
Stultitia caruisse
To flee vice is the beginning of virtue, and the beginning of wisdom is to have got rid of folly *Ib* 41

Hic murus aeneus esto,
Nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa
Be this your wall of brass, to have no guilty secrets, no wrong-doing that makes you turn pale *Ib* 60

Si possis recte, si non, quocumque modo rem
Money by right means if you can, if not, by any means, money *Ib* 66

Olim quod vulpes aegroto cauta leoni
Respondit referam 'quia me vestigia terrent,
Omnia te adversum spectantia, nulla retrorsum'
The wary fox in the fable answered the sick lion 'Because I am frightened at seeing that all the footprints point towards your den and none the other way' *Ib* 73

Qui quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
Planius ac melius Chrysippo et Crantore dicit
Who shows us what is fair, what is foul, what is profitable, what not, more plainly and better than a Chrysippus or a Crantor *Epis*, I II. 3.

Quidquid delirant reges plectuntur Achivi
For every folly of their princes the Greeks feel the scourge *Epistles*, I ii 14

Rursus quid virtus et quid sapientia possit
Utile proposuit nobis exemplar Ulixen
Again, of the power of virtue and of wisdom he has given us a profitable example in Ulysses *Ib* 17

Nos numerus sumus et fruges consumere nati
We are the ciphers, fit for nothing but to eat our share of earth's fruits *Ib* 27.

Dimidium facti qui coepit habet sapere aude
He who has begun his task has half done it Have the courage to be wise *Ib* 40

Ira furor brevis est
Anger is a short madness *Ib* 62.

Omnem crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum
Grata superveniet quae non sperabitur hora
Me pinguem et nitidum bene curata cute vises
Cum ridere voles Epicuri de grege porcum
Hold for yourself the belief that each day that dawns is your last the hour to which you do not look forward will be a pleasant surprise If you ask of myself, you will find me, whenever you want something to laugh at, in good case, fat and sleek, a true hog of Epicurus' herd *Epis*, I iv. 13

Nil admirari prope res est una, Numici,
Solaque quae possit facere et servare beatum
Nought to admire is perhaps the one and only thing, Numicius, that can make a man happy and keep him so *Epis*, I vi 1

Naturam expelles furca, tamen usque recurret
If you drive nature out with a pitchfork, she will soon find a way back *Epis*, I x 24

Tamen illic vivere vellem,
Oblitusque meorum obliviscendus et illis
Yet I could find it in my heart to live there, forgetting my friends and forgotten by them *Epis*, I xi 8

Caelum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt,
Strenua nos exercet inertia navibus atque
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere Quod petis hic est,
Est Ulubris, animus si te non deficit aequus
They change their sky, not their soul, who run across the sea We work hard at doing nothing we seek happiness in yachts and four-horse coaches What you seek is here—is at Ulubrae—if an even soul does not fail you. *Ib* 27

Concordia discors
Harmony in discord *Epis*, I xii 19

Principibus placuisse viris non ultima laus est
Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum
To have found favour with leaders of mankind is not the meanest of glories It is not every one that can get to Corinth *Epis*, I xvii 35

Et semel emissum volat irrevocabile verbum.
A word once let out of the cage cannot be whistled back again *Epis*, I xviii 71

Nam tua res agitur, paries cum proximus ardet
It is your own interest that is at stake when your next neighbour's wall is ablaze *Ib* 84

Tu, dum tua navis in alto est,
Hoc age, ne mutata retrorsum te ferat aura
Oderunt hilarem tristes tristemque iocosi
For yourself, my friend, while your bark is on the sea, give all heed lest the breeze shift and turn your course back again The gloomy hate the cheerful, the mirthful the gloomy *Ib* 87.

Fallentis semita vitae
The untrodden paths of life. *Ib* 103

Sit mihi quod nunc est, etiam minus, et mihi vivam
Quod superest aevi, si quid superesse volunt di,
Sit bona librorum et provisae frugis in annum
Copia, neu fluitem dubiae spe pendulus horae.
Sed satis est orare Iovem qui ponit et aufert,
Det vitam, det opes aequum mi animum ipse parabo
Give me what I have, or even less, and therewith let me live to myself for what remains of life, if the gods will that anything remain Let me have a generous supply of books and of food stored a year ahead, nor let me hang and tremble on the hope of the uncertain hour Nay, it is enough to ask Jove, who gives them and takes them away, that he grant life and subsistence, a balanced mind I will find for myself *Ib* 107

Prisco si credis, Maecenas docte, Catino,
Nulla placere diu nec vivere carmina possunt
Quae scribuntur aquae potoribus.
You know, Maecenas, as well as I, that, if you trust old Catinus, no poems can please long, nor live, which are written by water-drinkers *Epis*, I xix 1

O imitatores, servum pecus.
O imitators, you slavish herd. *Ib* 19

Graecia capta ferum victorem cepit et artes
Intulit agresti Latio
When Greece had been enslaved she made a slave of her rough conqueror, and introduced the arts into Latium, still rude *Epis*, II i 156

Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus
If he were on earth, Democritus would laugh at the sight *Ib* 194

Atque inter silvas Academi quaerere verum
And seek for truth in the garden of Academus *Epis*, II ii 45

Singula de nobis anni praedantur euntes
Years as they pass plunder us of one thing after another. *Ib* 55.

Multa fero, ut placem genus irritabile vatum
I have to submit to much in order to pacify the sensitive race of poets *Ib* 102

At qui legitimum cupiet fecisse poema,
Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti.
But the man who shall desire to leave behind him a poem true to the laws of art, when he takes his tables to write will take also the spirit of an honest censor *Ib* 109

Obscurata diu populo bonus eruet atque
Proferet in lucem speciosa vocabula rerum,
Quae priscis memorata Catonibus atque Cethegis
Nunc situs informis premit et deserta vetustas

Phrases of beauty that have been lost to popular view he will kindly disinter and bring into the light, phrases which, though they were on the lips of a Cato and a Cethegus of old time, now lie uncouth because out of fashion and disused because old. *Epistles*, II ii 115

Quid te exempta iuvat spinis de pluribus una?
Vivere si recte nescis, decede peritis
Lusisti satis, edisti satis atque bibisti
Tempus abire tibi est

How does it relieve you to pluck one thorn out of many? If you do not know how to live aright, make way for those who do You have played enough, have eaten and drunk enough It is time for you to leave the scene *Ib* 212

Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis,
Ut prisca gens mortalium,
Paterna rura bubus exercet suis,
Solutus omni faenore

Happy the man who far from schemes of business, like the early generations of mankind, ploughs and ploughs again his ancestral land with oxen of his own breeding, with no yoke of usury on his neck! *Epodes*, II i

Maecenas atavis edite regibus,
O et praesidium et dulce decus meum

Maecenas, in lineage the child of kings, but oh! to me, my protector, pride, and joy
Odes, I i 1, trans by Wickham

Indocilis pauperiem pati.

To be content without wealth he finds too hard a lesson *Ib* 18

Quodsi me lyricis vatibus inseres,
Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.

But if you give me a place among the bards of the lyre, I shall lift my head till it strikes the stars *Ib* 35

Audiet pugnas vitio parentum
Rara iuventus

How they fought shall be told to a young generation scant in number for their parents' crimes
Odes, I ii 23

Animae dimidium meae

The half of my own life *Odes*, I. iii 8

Illi robur et aes triplex
Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
Commisit pelago ratem
Primus.

His heart was mailed in oak and triple brass who was the first to commit a frail bark to the rough seas. *Ib* 9.

Audax omnia perpeti
Gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas

In its boldness to bear and to dare all things, the race of man rushes headlong into sin, despite of law *Ib* 25.

Nil mortalibus ardui est

No height is too arduous for mortal men. *Ib*. 37

Pallida Mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turris

Pale Death with impartial foot knocks at the doors of poor men's hovels and of kings' palaces
Odes, I iv. 13.

Vitae summa brevis spem nos vetat incohare longam.

Life's short span forbids us to enter on far-reaching hopes. *Ib*. 15

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
Cui flavam religas comam,
Simplex munditiis?

What delicate stripling is it, Pyrrha, that now, steeped in liquid perfumes, is wooing thee on the heaped rose-leaves in some pleasant grot? For whose eyes dost thou braid those flaxen locks, so trim, so simple? *Odes*, I v 1

Nil desperandum Teucro duce et auspice Teucro

No lot is desperate under Teucer's conduct and Teucer's star *Odes*, I vii 27

Cras ingens iterabimus aequor

To-morrow we set out once more upon the boundless sea *Ib* 32.

Permitte divis cetera

All else leave to the gods *Odes*, I ix 9

Quid sit futurum cras fuge quaerere et
Quem Fors dierum cumque dabit lucro
Appone

What shall be to-morrow, think not of asking Each day that Fortune gives you, be it what it may, set down for gain *Ib* 13

Donec virenti canities abest
Morosa

So long as youth is green and testy old age is far off *Ib* 17

Tu ne quaesieris, scire nefas

Pray, ask not,—such knowledge is not for us
Odes, I xi 1

Dum loquimur, fugerit invida
Aetas carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero

Even while we speak, Time, the churl, will have been running Snatch the sleeve of to-day, and trust as little as you may to-morrow *Ib* 7

Velut inter ignis
Luna minores

As shines the moon among the lesser fires
Odes, I xii 47

Felices ter et amplius
Quos irrupta tenet copula nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis
Suprema citius solvet amor die

Thrice happy they, and more than thrice, whom an unbroken bond holds fast, and whom love, never torn asunder by foolish quarrellings, will not loose till life's last day! *Odes*, I xiii 17.

O matre pulchra filia pulchrior

O fairer daughter of a fair mother *Odes*, I xvi 1.

Mater saeva Cupidinum

The imperious mother of Loves *Odes*, I xix 1.

Integer vitae scelerisque purus
He that is unstained in life and pure from guilt
Odes, I xxii 1

Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem
Still shall I love Lalage and her sweet laughter,
Lalage and her sweet prattle *Ib* 23

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis?
What shame or measure should there be in grief
for one so dear? *Odes*, I xxiv 1

Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit
Many a good man may weep for his death *Ib* 9

Durum sed levius fit patientia
Quidquid corrigere est nefas
'Tis hard But what may not be altered is made
lighter by patience *Ib* 19.

Parcus deorum cultor et infrequens.
A grudging and infrequent worshipper of the gods.
Odes, I xxxiv 1.

Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero
Pulsanda tellus
Now we must drink, now beat the earth with free
step. *Odes*, I xxxvii. 1.

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus
Persian luxury, boy, I hate *Odes*, I xxxviii 1

Mitte sectari, rosa quo locorum
Sera moretur
Cease your efforts to find where the last rose lingers
Ib 3

Incedis per ignis
Suppositos cineri doloso
Treading over fires hidden under a treacherous
crust of ashes *Odes*, II 1 7

Crescit indulgens sibi dirus hydrops
The dread dropsy grows by indulging itself
Odes, II ii 13

Aequam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem
Remember when life's path is steep to keep your
mind even *Odes*, II iii 1

Omnes eodem cogimur
We all are driven one road *Ib* 25

Ille terrarum mihi praeter omnis
Angulus ridet
That nook of earth's surface has a smile for me be-
fore all other places. *Odes*, II. vi. 13.

Auream quisquis mediocritatem
Diligit
Whoso loves well the golden mean *Odes*, II x 5

Sperat infestis, metuit secundis
Alteram sortem bene praeparatum
Pectus
The heart that is well forearmed hopes when times
are adverse, and when they are favourable fears,
a change of fortune *Ib* 13

Neque semper arcum
Tendit Apollo
Nor keeps Apollo his bow for ever strung
Ib 19

Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume,
Labuntur anni
Ah me, Postumus, Postumus, the fleeting years
are slipping by *Odes*, II xiv, 1

Domus et placens
Uxor
House and wife of our choice *Ib* 21

Nihil est ab omni
Parte beatum
No lot is happy on all sides *Odes*, II xvi 27

Credite posteri
Believe it, after-years! *Odes*, II xix 2

Compesce clamorem ac sepulcri
Mitte supervacuos honores
Check all cries, and let be the meaningless honours
of the tomb. *Odes*, II xx 23

Odi profanum vulgus et arceo;
Favete linguis, carmina non prius
Audita Musarum sacerdos
Virginibus puerisque canto
I hate the uninitiate crowd and bid them avaunt.
Listen all in silence! Strains unheard before I,
the Muses' hierophant, now chant to maidens
and to boys *Odes*, III i 1

Omne capax movet urna nomen
Every name alike is shaken in her roomy urn *Ib* 16.

Post equitem sedet atra Cura
Black Care mounts on the horseman's pillion
Ib 40

Cur valle permutem Sabina
Divitias operosiores?
Why should I exchange my Sabine valley for
wealth which adds to trouble? *Ib.* 47

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori
To die for fatherland is a sweet thing and be-
coming *Odes*, III ii. 13

Virtus repulsae nescia sordidae
Intaminatis fulget honoribus,
Nec sumit aut ponit securis
Arbitrio popularis aurae.
Virtue, which cannot know the disgrace of rejection,
shines bright with honours that have no stain on
them, nor takes nor resigns the rods at the shift-
ing breath of the people's pleasure. *Ib* 17.

Raro antecedentem scelestum
Deseruit pede Poena claudo.
Rarely has Punishment, though halt of foot, left
the track of the criminal in the way before her
Ib 31.

Iustum et tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor prava iubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solida
The just man and firm of purpose not the heat
of fellow citizens clamouring for what is wrong,
nor presence of threatening tyrant can shake in
his rocklike soul *Odes*, III iii. 1.

Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinae
If the round sky should crack and fall upon him, the wreck will strike him fearless still
Odes, III iii 7

Aurum irrepertum et sic melius situm
The gold unfound, and so the better placed *Ib* 49

Non hoc iocosae conveniet lyrae
Quo, Musa, tendis?
This will not suit a mirthful lyre Whither away, my Muse? *Ib* 69

Auditis an me ludit amabilis
Insania?
Do you hear it? Or is it a delightful madness that makes sport of me? *Odes*, III iv 5

Non sine dis animosus infans
A brave babe, surely, and some god's special care *Ib* 20

Fratresque tendentes opaco
Pelion imposuisse Olympo
The brothers who strove to leave Pelion set on the top of leafy Olympus *Ib* 51

Vis consili expers mole ruit sua
Force without mind falls by its own weight *Ib* 65

O magna Carthago, probrosis
Altior Italiae ruinis!
O mighty Carthage, lifted higher for the shameful downfall of Italy! *Odes*, III v 39

Delicta maiorum immeritus lues
For the sins of your sire, albeit you had no hand in them, you must suffer *Odes*, III vi 1

Aetas parentum peior avis tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiorem
Our sires' age was worse than our grandsires' We their sons are more worthless than they so in our turn we shall give the world a progeny yet more corrupt *Ib.* 46

Docte sermones utriusque linguae.
Learned . . in the lore of either tongue *Odes*, III viii 5

Donec gratus eram tibi
So long as I found favour in your sight *Odes*, III ix 1

Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens
With you I should love to live, with you be ready to die. *Ib* 24

Splendide mendax et in omne virgo
Nobilis aevum
With glorious falsehood , a maid famous to all time. *Odes*, III xi 35.

Miserarum est neque amori dare ludum neque dulci
Mala vino lavere
Poor maidens! who may neither let love have his way, nor wash away their troubles in sweet wine *Odes*, III. xii 1

O fons Bandusiae splendidior vitro.
O spring of Bandusia, more brilliant than glass. *Odes*, III. xiii 1.

Non ego hoc ferrem calidus iuventa
Consule Planco.
I should not have borne it in my youth's hot blood when Plancus was consul *Odes*, III xiv 27.

Magnas inter opes inops.
A pauper in the midst of wealth *Odes*, III xvi 28.

O nata mecum consule Manlio
pia testa
O born with me when Manlius was consul, my gentle wine-jar *Odes*, III xxi 1.

Quid leges sine moribus
Vanae proficiunt?
What profit laws, which without lives are empty? *Odes*, III. xxiv 35.

Vixi puellis nuper idoneus
Et militavi non sine gloria,
Nunc arma defunctumque bello
Barbiton hic paries habebit
Though that life is past, I was but now still meet for ladies' love, and fought my battles not without glory Now my armour and the lute, whose campaigns are over, will hang here on yonder wall. *Odes*, III xxvi 1.

Fumum et opes strepitumque Romae
The smoke, and the grandeur and the noise . . of Rome *Odes*, III xxix 12.

Ille potens sui
Laetusque deget, cui licet in diem
Dixisse 'vixi cras vel atra
Nube polum Pater occupato
Vel sole puro'
He will through life be master of himself and a happy man who from day to day can have said, 'I have lived to-morrow the Sire may fill the sky with black clouds or with cloudless sunshine' *Ib* 41.

Exegi monumentum aere perennius.
My work is done, the memorial more enduring than brass *Odes*, III xxx 1.

Non omnis moriar
I shall not all die *Ib.* 6.

Non sum qualis eram bonae
Sub regno Cinarae Desine, dulcium
Mater saeva Cupidinum
I am other than I was when poor Cinara was queen Try no more, 'imperious mother of sweet loves'. [Cf Horace, *Odes*, I xix 1] *Odes*, IV 1 3

Numerisque fertur
Lege solutis
As he pours along in lawless rhythms *Odes*, IV ii. 11.

Quod spiro et placeo, si placeo, tuum est
Breath of song and power to please, if please I may, are alike of thee *Odes*, IV. iii. 24.

Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis
Gallant sons spring from the gallant and good *Odes*, IV iv 29.

Duris ut ilex tonsa bipennibus
Nigrae feraci frondis in Algido,
Per damna, per caedis, ab ipso
Ducit opes animumque ferro.

Like the holm-oak shorn by ruthless axes on Algidus where black leaves grow thick, through loss, through havoc, from the very edge of the steel draws new strength and heart
Odes, IV iv 57

Merses profundo pulchrior evenit
Plunge it in the depth—it comes forth the fairer
Ib 65.

Occidit, occidit
Spes omnis et fortuna nostri
Nominis Hasdrubale interempto

Fallen, fallen is all our hope and the fortune of our name in the death of Hasdrubal *Ib* 70

Diffugere nives, redeunt iam gramina campis
Arboribusque comae.

The snows have scattered and fled, already the grass comes again in the fields and the leaves on the trees *Odes*, IV vii 1

Immortalia ne speres, monet annus et almum
Quae rapit hora diem *Ib* 7

That you hope for nothing to last for ever, is the lesson of the revolving year and of the flight of time which snatches from us the sunny days *Ib* 7.

Damna tamen celeres reparant caelestia lunae
Nos ubi decidimus
Quo pater Aeneas, quo Tullus dives et Ancus,
Pulvis et umbra sumus

Yet change and loss in the heavens the swift moons make up again For us, when we have descended where is father Aeneas, where are rich old Tullus and Ancus, we are but some dust and a shadow.
Ib 13.

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.

The hero who is worthy of her praise the Muse will not let die *Odes*, IV viii 28

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi, sed omnes illacrimabiles
Urgentur ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro

Gallant heroes lived before Agamemnon, not a few but on all alike, unwept and unknown, eternal night lies heavy because they lack a sacred poet.
Odes, IV. ix. 25.

Quotiens bonus atque fidus
Iudex honestum praetulit utili

So often as, on a judgement-seat, generous and leal, he has set honour before expediency. *Ib.* 40

Non possidentem multa vocaveris
Recte beatum rectius occupat
Nomen beati, qui deorum
Muneribus sapienter uti
Duramque callet pauperiem pati
Peiusque leto flagitium timet

It is not the possessor of many things whom you will rightly call happy The name of the happy man is claimed more justly by him who has learnt the art wisely to use what the gods give, and who can endure the hardships of poverty, who dreads disgrace as something worse than death. *Ib.* 45.

Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem
Dulce est desipere in loco

Mix with your sage counsels some brief folly In due place to forget one's wisdom is sweet
Odes, IV xii 27.

Qui fit, Maecenas, ut nemo, quam sibi sortem
Seu ratio dederit seu fors obiecerit, illa
Contentus vivat, laudet diversa sequentes?

How comes it, Maecenas, that, whether it be self-chosen or flung to him by chance, every one is discontented with his own lot and keeps his praises for those who tread some other path?
Satires, I i 1. Trans by Wickham

Quamquam ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat? Ut pueris olim dant crustula blandi
Doctores, elementa velint ut discere prima

And yet, why may one not be telling truth while one laughs, as teachers sometimes give little boys cakes to coax them into learning their letters?
Ib 24

Mutato nomine de te
Fabula narratur

Change but the name, and it is of yourself that tale is told *Ib* 69

Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum.

There is measure in everything There are fixed limits beyond which and short of which right cannot find resting-place. *Ib* 106

Hoc genus omne

All their kith and kin. *Sat*, I ii 2

At ingenium ingens
Inculto latet hoc sub corpore

But under that uncouth outside are hidden vast gifts of mind *Sat*, I iii 33

Stans pede in uno

Without effort. *Sat*, I iv 10.

Faenum habet in cornu

He carries hay on his horns *Ib* 34.

Etiam disiecti membra poetae

Even in his dismembered state, the limbs of a poet
Ib 62

Hic niger est, hunc tu, Romane, caveto

That man is black at heart mark and avoid him, if you are a Roman indeed. *Ib.* 85

Ad unguem
Factus homo

The pink of accomplishment *Sat*, I v 32

Credat Iudaeus Apella,

Apella the Jew must believe it, not I *Ib* 100.

Naso suspendis adunco
Ignotos

Hang on the crook of your nose those of unknown origin *Sat*, I vi 5

Sic me servavit Apollo

So Apollo bore me from the fray *Sat*, I ix 78

Solventur risu tabulae, tu missus abibis

In a tempest of laughter the Tables will go to pieces You will leave the court without a stain on your character *Sat.*, II i 86

Nec meus hic sermo est, sed quae praecepit Ofellus
Rusticus, abnormis sapiens crassaque Minerva

This is no talk of my own, but the teaching of Ofellus, the countryman, a philosopher, though not from the schools, but of home-spun wit
Sat, II ii 2.

Par nobile fratrum

A noble pair of brothers. *Sat*, II iii. 243.

Hoc erat in votis modus agri non ita magnus,
Hortus ubi et tecto vicinus iugis aquae fons
Et paulum silvae super his foret

This used to be among my prayers—a portion of land not so very large, but which should contain a garden, and near the homestead a spring of everflowing water, and a bit of forest to complete it *Sat*, II vi 1

O rus, quando ego te aspiciam? quandoque licebit
Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno et inertibus horis,
Ducere sollicitae iucunda oblivia vitae?

O country home, when shall I look on you again! when shall I be allowed, between my library of classics and sleep and hours of idleness, to drink the sweet draughts that make us forget the troubles of life? *Ib.* 60

O noctes cenaeque deum!

O nights and suppers of gods! *Ib* 65

Responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores
Fortis, et in se ipso totus, teres, atque rotundus

Who has courage to say no again and again to desires, to despise the objects of ambition, who is a whole in himself, smoothed and rounded
Sat, II vii 85

JOHN HUSS

1373–1415

O sancta simplicitas!

O holy simplicity!
At the stake, seeing an old peasant bringing a faggot to throw on the pile. Zinegreff-Weidner, *Apophthegmata*, pub in Amsterdam 1653, pt iii, p 383 Geo Buchmann, *Geflugelte Worte* (1898), p 509.

JULIAN

c 331–363

Vicisti, Galilæe

Thou hast conquered, O Galilean
Dying words Latin translation of Theodoret, *Hist Eccles* iii. 20

JULIUS CAESAR[1]

102?–44 B C.

Veni, vidi, vici

I came, I saw, I conquered
Suetonius, *Divus Julius*, xxxvii 2
(Inscription displayed in Caesar's Pontic triumph, or, according to Plutarch, I 2, *written in a letter by Caesar, announcing the victory of Zela which concluded the Pontic campaign)*

Iacta alea est

The die is cast. *Ib* xxxii.
(Caesar at the crossing of the Rubicon)

Et tu, Brute?

You also, Brutus?
Of unknown origin Quoted by Shakespeare, 'Julius Caesar', III 1, *perhaps from the (lost) Latin play 'Caesar Interfectus', probably from 'The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of York' 'Some have written that as M Brutus came running upon him, he said "καὶ σύ, τέκνον", "and you, my son"'* (Holland's *Suetonius*, p. 33)

Gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres

All Gaul is divided into three parts
De Bello Gallico, I. 1.

Fere libenter homines id quod volunt credunt.

Men willingly believe what they wish *Ib* iii. 18

JUVENAL

A D 60–*c* 130

Probitas laudatur et alget

Honesty is commended, and starves
Satires, I 74 Trans by Lewis Evans

Si natura negat, facit indignatio versum

If nature denies the power, indignation would give birth to verses *Ib* 79.

Quidquid agunt homines, votum timor ira voluptas
Gaudia discursus nostri farrago libelli est

All that men are engaged in, their wishes, fears, anger, pleasures, joys, and varied pursuits, form the hotch-potch of my book *Ib.* 85

Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas

Censure acquits the raven, but falls foul of the dove *Ib* ii 63

Nemo repente fuit turpissimus

No one ever reached the climax of vice at one step *Ib* 83

Grammaticus rhetor geometres pictor aliptes
Augur schoenobates medicus magus, omnia novit
Graeculus esuriens, in caelum miseris, ibit
(Alternative reading of last line in coelum iusseris, ibit)

Grammarian, rhetorician, geometer, painter, trainer, soothsayer, rope-dancer, physician, wizard—he knows everything Bid the hungry Greekling go to heaven! He'll go. *Ib* iii 76

Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit

Poverty, bitter though it be, has no sharper pang than this, that it makes men ridiculous *Ib* 152.

Haud facile emergunt quorum virtutibus opstat
Res angusta domi

Difficult indeed is it for those to emerge from obscurity whose noble qualities are cramped by narrow means at home. *Ib* 164.

[1] See also Greek Quotations

Omnia Romae
Cum pretio

Everything at Rome is coupled with high price
Satires, III 183

Credo Pudicitiam Saturno rege moratam
In terris visamque diu

I believe that while Saturn still was king, chastity lingered upon earth, and was long seen there
Ib VI 1

Rara avis in terris nigroque simillima cycno

A rare bird on the earth and very like a black swan *Ib* 165

Hoc volo, sic iubeo, sit pro ratione voluntas

I will it, I insist on it! Let my will stand instead of reason *Ib* 223.

Nunc patimur longae pacis mala, saevior armis
Luxuria incubuit victumque ulciscitur orbem

Now we are suffering all the evils of long-continued peace Luxury more ruthless than war, broods over Rome, and exacts vengeance for a conquered world *Ib* 292

'Pone seram, prohibe' Sed quis custodiet ipsos
Custodes? Cauta est et ab illis incipit uxor

'Put on a lock! keep her in confinement!' But who is to guard the guards themselves? Your wife is as cunning as you, and begins with them
Ib 347.

Tenet insanabile multos
Scribendi cacoethes et aegro in corde senescit

An inveterate itch of writing, now incurable, clings to many, and grows old in their distempered body *Ib* VII 51

Occidit miseros crambe repetita magistros

It is the reproduction of the cabbage that wears out the master's life (i e cabbage twice cooked) *Ib* 154

Summum crede nefas animam praeferre pudori
Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas

Deem it to be the summit of impiety to prefer existence to honour, and for the sake of life to sacrifice life's only end *Ib* VIII 83

Omnibus in terris, quae sunt a Gadibus usque
Auroram et Gangen, pauci dinoscere possunt
Vera bona atque illis multum diversa, remota
Erroris nebula

In all the regions which extend from Gades even to the farthest east and Ganges, there are but few that can discriminate between real blessings and those that are widely different, all the mist of error being removed *Ib* X 1

Nocitura toga, nocitura petuntur
Militia

Our prayers are put up for what will injure us in peace, and injure us in war *Ib* 8

Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator

The traveller with empty pockets will sing even in the robber's face *Ib* 22

Verbosa et grandis epistula venit
A Capreis

A wordy and lengthy epistle came from Capreae
Ib 71

Duas tantum res anxius optat,
Panem et circenses

Limits its (i e the Roman people's) anxious longings to two things only—bread, and the games of the circus *Ib* 80.

I demens et saevas curre per Alpes,
Ut pueris placeas et declamatio fias

Go then, madman, and hurry over the rugged Alps, that you may be the delight of boys, and furnish subjects for declamations *Ib* 166.

Mors sola fatetur
Quantula sint hominum corpuscula

Death alone discloses how very small are the puny bodies of men *Ib* 172.

Da spatium vitae, multos da, Iuppiter, annos

Grant length of life, great Jove, and many years
Ib 188.

Orandum est ut sit mens sana in corpore sano
Fortem posce animum mortis terrore carentem,
Qui spatium vitae extremum inter munera ponat
Naturae

Your prayer must be that you may have a sound mind in a sound body Pray for a bold spirit, free from all dread of death, that reckons the closing scene of life among Nature's kindly boons *Ib* 356.

Nullum numen habes si sit prudentia, nos te,
Nos facimus, Fortuna, deam caeloque locamus

If we have wise foresight, thou, Fortune, hast no divinity It is we that make thee a deity, and place thy throne in heaven! *Ib* 365.

Prima est haec ultio quod se
Iudice nemo nocens absolvitur

This is the punishment that first lights upon him, that by the verdict of his own breast no guilty man is acquitted *Ib* XIII 2.

Quippe minuti
Semper et infirmi est animi exiguique voluptas
Ultio Continuo sic collige, quod vindicta
Nemo magis gaudet quam femina

Since revenge is ever the pleasure of a paltry spirit, a weak and abject mind! Draw this conclusion at once from the fact, that no one delights in revenge more than a woman *Ib* 189

Maxima debetur puero reverentia, siquid
Turpe paras, nec tu pueri contempseris annos

The greatest reverence is due to a child! If you are contemplating a disgraceful act despise not your child's tender years *Ib* XIV. 47

STEPHEN LANGTON

d 1228

Veni Sancte Spiritus
Et emitte coelitus
Lucis tuae radium.

Come, O Creator Spirit, come,
And make within our hearts thy home;
To us thy grace celestial give,
Who of thy breathing move and live
Sequence in Mass of Pentecost. Trans by Bridges

LUIS DE LEÓN

c. 1528–1591

Dicebamus hesterna die

We were saying yesterday

On resuming a lecture at Salamanca University after five years' imprisonment A. F. G. Bell, *Luis de León*, ch 8

LIVY

59 B C–A D 17

Vae victis

Woe to the vanquished *History*, v. xlviii 9

LUCAN

A D 39–65

Victrix causa deis placuit, sed victa Catoni.

The conquering cause was pleasing to the Gods, but the conquered one to Cato

i 128 Trans by Riley

Stat magni nominis umbra

There stood the shadow of a glorious name

Ib 135

Nil actum credens, dum quid superesset agendum

Thinking nothing done while anything remains to be done *Ib* ii 657

Clarum et venerabile nomen
Gentibus

A name illustrious and revered by nations

Ib. ix 203

Estne Dei sedes nisi terra, et pontus, et aer,
Et coelum, et virtus? Superos quid quaerimus ultra?
Jupiter est quodcumque vides, quocumque moveris

The abode of God, too, is, wherever is earth and sea and air, and sky, and virtue Why further do we seek the Gods of heaven? Whatever thou dost behold and whatever thou dost touch, that is Jupiter *Ib* 578

LUCRETIUS

99–55 B C

Ergo vivida vis animi pervicit, et extra
Processit longe flammantia moenia mundi
Atque omne immensum peragravit, mente animoque

And so it was that the lively force of his mind won its way, and he passed on far beyond the fiery walls of the world, and in mind and spirit traversed the boundless whole

De Rerum Natura, i 72 Trans by Bailey

Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.

Such evil deeds could religion prompt *Ib* 101

Nil posse creari
De nilo

Nothing can be created out of nothing *Ib* 155

Suave, mari magno turbantibus aequora ventis,
E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem,
Non quia vexari quemquamst iucunda voluptas,
Sed quibus ipse malis careas quia cernere suave est
Suave etiam belli certamina magna tueri
Per campos instructa tua sine parte pericli
Sed nil dulcius est, bene quam munita tenere
Edita doctrina sapientum templa serena,
Despicere unde queas alios passimque videre
Errare atque viam palantis quaerere vitae,
Certare ingenio, contendere nobilitate,
Noctes atque dies niti praestante labore
Ad summas emergere opes rerumque potiri

Sweet it is, when on the great sea the winds are buffeting the waters, to gaze from the land on another's great struggles, not because it is pleasure or joy that any one should be distressed, but because it is sweet to perceive from what misfortune you yourself are free Sweet is it too, to behold great contests of war in full array over the plains, when you have no part in the danger But nothing is more gladdening than to dwell in the calm high places, firmly embattled on the heights by the teaching of the wise, whence you can look down on others, and see them wandering hither and thither, going astray as they seek the way of life, in strife matching their wits or rival claims of birth, struggling night and day by surpassing effort to rise up to the height of power and gain possession of the world *Ib* ii 1

Sic rerum summa novatur
Semper, et inter se mortales mutua vivunt
Augescunt aliae gentes, aliae minuuntur,
Inque brevi spatio mutantur saecla animantum
Et quasi cursores vitai lampada tradunt

Thus the sum of things is ever being replenished, and mortals live one and all by give and take Some races wax and others wane, and in a short space the tribes of living things are changed, and like runners hand on the torch of life *Ib* 75.

Medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angat

From the heart of this fountain of delights wells up some bitter taste to choke them even amid the flowers. *Ib* iv 1133

MARTIN LUTHER

1483–1546

Esto peccator et pecca fortiter, sed fortius fide et gaude in Christo.

Be a sinner and sin strongly, but more strongly have faith and rejoice in Christ

Letter to Melanchthon Epistolæ M Lutheri (Ienae (1556), i 345)

MAGNA CARTA

1215

Nisi per legale iudicium parum suorum.

Except by the legal judgment of his peers

Clause 39.

MANILIUS

A.D. 1st cent.

Eripuit caelo fulmen, mox sceptra tyrannis.

He snatched the thunderbolt from heaven, soon the sceptres from tyrants

1 104 (*Inscribed on Benjamin Franklin's Statue*)

MARTIAL

b A D 43

Non est, crede mihi, sapientis dicere 'Vivam'
Sera nimis vita est crastina vive hodie

It sorts not, believe me, with wisdom to say 'I shall live' Too late is to-morrow's life, live thou to-day *Epigrammata*, I xv Trans by Ker

Sunt bona, sunt quaedam mediocria, sunt mala plura
Quae legis hic aliter non fit, Avite, liber

There are good things, there are some indifferent, there are more things bad that you read here. Not otherwise, Avitus, is a book produced *Ib.* xvi.

Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare
Hoc tantum possum dicere, non amo te

I do not love you, Sabidius, and I can't say why This only I can say, I do not love you. *Ib* xxxii.

Laudant illa sed ista legunt

Those they praise, but they read the others *Ib* iv. xlix.

Bonosque
Solis effugere atque abire sentit,
Qui nobis pereunt et imputantur.

And he feels the good days are flitting and passing away, our days that perish and are scored to our account *Ib* v xx.

Non est vivere, sed valere vita est

Life is not living, but living in health *Ib* vi. lxx

Rus in urbe

The country in town *Ib* xii lvii

TERENTIANUS MAURUS

fl c A D 200

Pro captu lectoris habent sua fata libelli.

The fate of books depends on the capacity of the reader. *De Literis, Syllabis, &c.*, l 1286

MISSAL

O felix culpa, quae talem ac tantum meruit habere Redemptorem

O happy fault, which has deserved to have such and so mighty a Redeemer *'Exultet' on Holy Saturday.*

NERO

A D 37–68

Qualis artifex pereo!

What an artist dies with me! Suetonius, *Life of Nero*, xlix, 1

OVID

43 B.C.–A D. 18?

Et nulli cessura fides, sine crimine mores,
Nudaque simplicitas, purpureusque pudor

And I have good faith that will yield to none, and ways without reproach, and unadorned simplicity, and blushing modesty *Amores*, I iii 13 Trans by Showerman.

Cetera quis nescit?

The rest who does not know? *Ib* v 25

Procul omen abesto!

Far from us be the omen! *Ib* xiv 41

Vilia miretur vulgus, mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua

Let what is cheap excite the marvel of the crowd, for me may golden Apollo minister full cups from the Castalian fount *Ib* xv 35

Procul hinc, procul este, severae!

Away from me, far away, ye austere fair! *Ib* ii 1 3

Iuppiter ex alto periuria ridet amantum.

Jupiter from on high laughs at the perjury of lovers *Ars Amatoria*, i 633

Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis

Perhaps too my name will be joined to theirs *Ib* iii 339

Nil mihi rescribas, tu tamen ipse veni!

Yet write nothing back to me, yourself come! *Heroides*, I i 2 Trans by Showerman

Iam seges est ubi Troia fuit

Now are fields of corn where Troy once was *Ib* 53

Rudis indigestaque moles

An unformed and confused mass *Metamorphoses*, i 7

Medio tutissimus ibis

You will go most safely in the middle *Ib* ii 137

Inopem me copia fecit

Plenty makes me poor *Ib* iii 466

Ipse docet quid agam, fas est ab hoste doceri

He himself teaches what I should do, it is right to be taught by the enemy *Ib* iv 428

Video meliora, proboque,
Deteriora sequor

I see and approve better things, but follow worse. *Ib* vii 20

Tempus edax rerum

Time the devourer of all things *Ib* xv 234

Iamque opus exegi, quod nec Iovis ira, nec ignes,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas

And now I have finished the work, which neither the wrath of Jove, nor fire, nor the sword, nor devouring age shall be able to destroy *Ib* 871

Principiis obsta, sero medicina paratur
Cum mala per longas convaluere moras

Resist beginnings, too late is the medicine prepared when the disease has gained strength by long delays *Remedia Amoris*, 91. Trans by Showerman.

Qui finem quaeris amoris,
Cedet amor rebus, res age, tutus eris
You who seek an end of love, love yields to business be busy, and you will be safe *Ib* 144

Tu quoque
Thou also *Tristia*, II 39 Trans by Wheeler.

Teque, rebellatrix, tandem, Germania, magni
Triste caput pedibus supposuisse ducis!
That thou, rebellious Germany, at length hast lowered thy sorrowing head beneath the foot of our leader *Ib* III XII 47

Utque solebamus consumere longa loquendo
Tempora, sermonem deficiente die
As we were wont to pass long hours in converse, till daylight failed our talk *Ib* V XIII 27

Nescioqua natale solum dulcedine cunctos
Ducit et immemores non sinit esse sui
By what sweet charm I know not the native land draws all men nor allows them to forget her *Epistulae Ex Ponto*, I III 35 Trans by Wheeler

Adde quod ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores nec sinit esse feros
Note too that a faithful study of the liberal arts humanizes character and permits it not to be cruel *Ib* II IX 47

Gutta cavat lapidem, consumitur annulus usu
Drops of water hollow out a stone, a ring is worn thin by use *Ib* IV X 5

(Gutta cavat lapidem, non vi sed saepe cadendo
The drop of rain maketh a hole in the stone, not by violence, but by oft falling
Latimer, *7th Sermon before Edw. VI*, 1549)

PERSIUS

A D 34–62

Nec te quaesiveris extra
Nor ask any opinion but your own *Satires*, I 7 Trans by Conington

At pulchrum est digito monstrari et dicier 'hic est'
But it is a fine thing for men to point one out and say 'There he goes' *Ib* 28

Virtutem videant intabescantque relicta
Let them look upon virtue, and pine that they have lost her for ever *Ib* III 38

Venienti occurrite morbo
Meet the disease at its first stage *Ib* 64

De nihilo nihilum, in nihilum nil posse reverti
Nothing can come out of nothing, nothing can go back to nothing *Ib* 84 Trans by Conington

Tecum habita noris quam sit tibi curta supellex.
Live at home, and learn how slenderly furnished your apartments are. *Ib* IV 52

PETRONIUS

d. c. A.D. 66

Cave canem.
Beware of the dog *Petronii Arbitri Satyricon*, 29, 1
Found with picture of a dog on a mosaic floor in Pompeii

Horatii curiosa felicitas.
The exact felicity of Horace *Ib* 118.

Habes confitentem reum
You have a confessing prisoner *Ib* 130

PLAUTUS

254–184

Miles gloriosus
The boastful soldier. *Title of Play.*

GRIPUS Tum tu mendicus es?
LABRAX Tetigisti acu
GRIPUS Then you are a beggar?
LABRAX You have touched the point with a needle (You have put your finger on the spot) *Rudens*, I 1305

PLINY

A D 23–79

Brutum fulmen
A harmless thunderbolt *Historia Naturalis*, II XLIII

Ex Africa semper aliquid novi
There is always something new from Africa. *Proverbial from Pliny* Unde etiam vulgare Graeciae dictum 'semper aliquid novi Africam adferre'
Whence it is commonly said among the Greeks that 'Africa always offers something new' *Ib* VIII 42

In vino veritas
Truth comes out in wine *Proverbial from Pliny*
Vulgoque veritas iam attributa vino est
Now truth is commonly said to be in wine *Ib* XIV 141

Sal Atticum
Attic wit *Ib* XXXI 87

Nulla dies sine linea
Not a day without a line *Proverbial from Pliny*
Apelli fuit alioque perpetua consuetudo numquam tam occupatum diem agendi, ut non lineam ducendo exerceret artem, quod ab eo in proverbium venit
It was moreover a regular habit of Apelles never to be so occupied in the business of the day that he could not practise his art by drawing a line, and this gave rise to the proverb *Ib* XXXV 84

Ne supra crepidam sutor iudicaret
The cobbler should not go beyond his last *Ib* 85

PROPERTIUS

b c 51 B C

Navita de ventis, de tauris narrat arator,
Et numerat miles vulnera, pastor oves
The seaman's story is of tempest, the ploughman's of his team of bulls, the soldier tells his wounds, the shepherd his tale of sheep *Elegies*, II 1 43 Trans by Phillimore

Quodsi deficiant vires, audacia certe
Laus erit in magnis et voluisse sat est
And if my strength fail, at least my boldness will be a title of honour, in great enterprises the very 'I would' is enough *Ib* X 5.

Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Grai!
Nescio quid maius nascitur Iliade
Give place, you Roman writers, give place, you Greeks! Here comes to birth something greater than the Iliad *Ib.* xxxiv 65

QUINTILIAN

AD 40–*c.* 100

Satura quidem tota nostra est.
Satire indeed is entirely our own
De Institutione Oratoria, x 1 93.

[Horatius] et insurgit aliquando et plenus est iucunditatis et gratiae et variis figuris et verbis felicissime audax
[Horace] soars occasionally, is full of agreeableness and grace, and shows a most happy daring in certain figures and expressions. *Ib* 96

SALLUST

86–34 B C

Sed res docuit id verum esse, quod in carminibus Appius ait, fabrum esse suae quemque fortunae
But the case has proved that to be true which Appius says in his songs, that each man is the maker of his own fate *Ad Caesarem*, I 1 2

Alieni appetens, sui profusus
Coveting the property of others, lavish of his own *Catilinae*, 5

Idem velle atque idem nolle, ea demum firma amicitia est
Friendship is this—to desire, and to dislike, the same thing *Ib* 20

Pro patria, pro liberis, pro aris atque focis suis
On behalf of their country, their children, their altars, and their hearths *Ib* 59.

Urbem venalem et mature perituram, si emptorem invenerit
The venal city soon to perish, if a buyer can be found *Jugurtha*, 35

Punica fide.
With Carthaginian faith [i e treachery] *Ib* 108, 3

SENECA

d AD 65

Contra bonum morem
Against good custom *Dialogues*, VI 1 2

Illi mors gravis incubat
Qui notus nimis omnibus
Ignotus moritur sibi
On him does death lie heavily who, but too well known to all, dies to himself unknown
Thyestes, II, *chorus* Trans. by Miller

SUETONIUS

fl c AD 120

Festina lente. [Σπεῦδε βραδέως]
Hasten slowly *Divus Augustus*, 25

Ave, Imperator, morituri te salutant
Hail, Emperor, those about to die salute thee *Life of Claudius*, 21.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS

fl 1st cent B C

Bis dat qui cito dat
He gives twice who gives soon *Proverbial, attr to Syrus.*

Beneficium inopi bis dat, qui dat celeriter
He doubly benefits the needy who gives quickly. *Sententia*, J 6

Iudex damnatur ubi nocens absolvitur
The judge is condemned when the criminal is acquitted *Ib* 247

Necessitas dat legem, non ipsa accipit
Necessity gives the law and does not itself receive it *Ib* 399.

Necessitas non habet legem
Necessity has no law *Proverbial, attr to Syrus.*

TACITUS

c AD 55–*c.* 117

Atque omne ignotum pro magnifico est, sed nunc terminus Britanniae patet
For wonder grows where knowledge fails But now the very bounds of Britain are laid bare *Agricola*, 30 Trans by Fyfe

Ubi solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant.
When they make a wilderness they call it peace *Ib*

Proprium humani ingenii est odisse quem laeseris
It is human nature to hate the man whom you have hurt *Ib* 42

Felix opportunitate mortis
Fortune favoured him. in the opportune moment of his death *Ib* 45

Editis annalibus laudatoque M Bruto C Cassium Romanorum ultimum dixisset
In his history he had praised Brutus and had called Cassius the last of the Romans *Annals*, IV 34

Elegantiae arbiter (Of Petronius)
Judge of taste *Ib* XVI 18

Rara temporum felicitate ubi sentire quae velis et quae sentias dicere licet
It is the rare fortune of these days that a man may think what he likes and say what he thinks *Histories*, I 1 Trans by Fyfe

Maior privato visus dum privatus fuit, et omnium consensu capax imperii nisi imperasset
When he was a commoner he seemed too big for his station, and had he never been emperor, no one would have doubted his ability to reign [*Servius Galba*] *Ib* XLIX

Etiam sapientibus cupido gloriae novissima exuitur
For even with philosophers the passion for fame is often their last rag of infirmity *Ib* IV VI

TERENCE

c 190–159 B C

Id arbitror
Adprime in vita esse utile, ut nequid nimis.
My view is that the most important thing in life is never to have too much of anything
Andria, 61

Davos sum, non Oedipus
I am Davos, not Oedipus. *Ib* 194

Amantium irae amoris integratio est
The quarrels of lovers are the renewal of love
Ib 555

Homo sum, humani nil a me alienum puto
I am a man, I count nothing human indifferent to me. *Heauton Timorumenos*, I 1 25

Fortis fortuna adiuvat
Fortune aids the brave. *Phormio*, 203

Quot homines tot sententiae, suus cuique mos
So many men, so many opinions, his own a law to each. *Ib* 454

TERTULLIAN

c 155–*c.* 222

Certum est quia impossibile est
It is certain because it is impossible.
De Carne Christi, II 5

O testimonium animae naturaliter Christianae
O witness of the soul naturally Christian
Apol XVII

TIBULLUS

54?–18? B C

Te spectem, suprema mihi cum venerit hora,
Te teneam moriens deficiente manu
Let me behold thee when my last hour is come, thee let me hold with my dying hand
I 1 59.

Iupiter pluvius.
Jupiter the rain-bringer. *Ib* VII 26

JACOPONI DA TODI

fl 13th cent A D

Stabat mater dolorosa
Iuxta crucem lacrimosa
At the cross her station keeping
Stood the mournful mother weeping
Pachen, *Jacopom da Todi* Trans in English Hymnal.

VEGETIUS

4th cent A D

Qui desiderat pacem, praeparet bellum
Let him who desires peace, prepare for war
De Re Mil. 3, prol

VESPASIANUS

A D 9–79

Amici, diem perdidi
Friends, I have lost a day
Suetonius, Titus, ch 8, 1.

ST. VINCENT OF LERINS

d c A D 450

Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus creditum est
What is always, what is everywhere, what is by all people believed *Commonitorium*, II

VIRGIL

70–19 B.C

Arma virumque cano, Troiae qui primus ab oris
Italiam fato profugus Lavinaque venit
Litora—multum ille et terris iactatus et alto
Vi superum, saevae memorem Iunonis ob iram
Arms I sing, and the man, who first from the shores of Troy came, Fate-exiled, to Italy and her Lavinian strand—much buffeted he on flood and field by constraint of Heaven and fell Juno's unslumbering ire *Aeneid*, I 1 Trans by Jackson.

Quo numine laeso
Wherein was her godhead affronted *Ib* 8

Tantaene animis caelestibus irae?
Can heavenly spirits cherish resentment so dire? *Ib* 11.

Necdum etiam causae irarum saevique dolores
Exciderant animo, manet alta mente repostum
Iudicium Paridis spretaeque iniuria formae
Nor yet had the causes of her wrath, nor her hot resentment, faded from her soul Deep-written in her heart the judgement of Paris remained, and the outrage to her slighted beauty *Ib* 25

Tantae molis erat Romanam condere gentem
So vast was the struggle to found the Roman state *Ib* 33

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto
Here and there in the wastes of ocean a swimmer was seen *Ib* 118

Furor arma ministrat
Fury ministers arms *Ib* 150

Fidus quae tela gerebat Achates
Loyal Achates bore the weapons *Ib* 188

O passi graviora, dabit deus his quoque finem
Friends, that have endured yet heavier blows, God will grant an ending even to this *Ib* 199

Forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit
The day may dawn when this plight shall be sweet to remember *Ib* 203

Durate, et vosmet rebus servate secundis
Then endure for a while, and live for a happier day! *Ib* 207

Dux femina facti
A woman the head of their emprize *Ib* 364

Vera incessu patuit dea.

The goddess indubitable was revealed in her step *Aeneid*, I 405

'En Priamus Sunt hic etiam sua praemia laudi,
Sunt lacrimae rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt
Solve metus, feret haec aliquam tibi fama salutem'
Sic ait atque animum pictura pascit inani

'Lo, here is Priam! Even here, virtue hath her rewards, and mortality her tears even here, the woes of man touch the heart of man! Dispel thy fears, this fame of ours is herald to some salvation' He said, and sated his soul with the barren portraiture *Ib* 461

Impar congressus Achilli

Fronted Achilles with unequal arm. *Ib* 475

Mens sibi conscia recti

A mind conscious of the right *Ib* 604

In freta dum fluvii current, dum montibus umbrae
Lustrabunt convexa, polus dum sidera pascet,
Semper honos nomenque tuum laudesque manebunt

While the rivers shall run to ocean, while the shadows shall move in the mountain valleys, while the sky shall feed the stars, always shall thy honour, and thy name, and thy glory abide *Ib* 607

Non ignara mali miseris succurrere disco

Not unschooled in woe do I learn to succour unhappiness! *Ib* 630

Conticuere omnes intentique ora tenebant

Every tongue was still, every face turned rapt upon him. *Ib* II 1

Infandum, regina, iubes renovare dolorem

Too deep for words, O queen, lies the sorrow thou bidst me renew *Ib* 3

Quaeque ipse miserrima vidi
Et quorum pars magna fui

All the deeds of woe mine eyes have beheld, and those whereof I was no small part *Ib* 5.

Et iam nox umida caelo
Praecipitat suadentque cadentia sidera somnos

And now dewy Night falls precipitate from heaven, and the setting stars counsel sleep! *Ib* 8

Equo ne credite, Teucri
Quidquid id est, timeo Danaos et dona ferentis

Men of Troy, trust not the horse! Be it what it may, I fear the Danaans, though their hands proffer gifts *Ib* 48.

In utrumque paratus,
Seu versare dolos seu certae occumbere morti

Nerved to either event, whether to spin his toils, or to fall under death inevitable *Ib.* 61.

Crimine ab uno
Disce omnes

From a single crime know the nation. *Ib.* 65.

Horresco referens

I shudder at the word *Ib.* 204.

Tacitae per amica silentia lunae

Through the friendly silence of the mute moon *Ib* 255

Tempus erat quo prima quies mortalibus aegris
Incipit et dono divum gratissima serpit

It was the hour when the first sleep of suffering mortality begins, and, by the grace of Heaven, steals on its sweetest errand of mercy *Ib* 268

Quantum mutatus ab illo
Hectore qui redit exuvias indutus Achilli

How was he changed from that Hector, who wended homeward, clad in the spoils of Achilles *Ib* 274.

Iam proximus ardet
Ucalegon

Already neighbour Ucalegon burns *Ib.* 311.

Fuimus Troes, fuit Ilium et ingens
Gloria Teucrorum

Trojans we are no more, Ilium is no more, and the great glory of the Teucrians is departed! *Ib* 325.

Una salus victis nullam sperare salutem

There is but one safety to the vanquished—to hope not safety! *Ib* 354

Dis aliter visum

Heaven's thought was otherwise *Ib.* 428.

Non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis
Tempus eget

The hour calls not for such succour, nor such defenders *Ib* 521.

Sequiturque patrem non passibus aequis

Follows his father with unmatched step *Ib.* 724.

Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
Auri sacra fames!

O cursed lust of gold, to what canst thou not compel the heart of man! *Ib* III 56

Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum

A monster fearful and hideous, vast and eyeless *Ib* 658.

Agnosco veteris vestigia flammae

I feel again a spark of that ancient flame. *Ib.* iv. 23.

Virisque adquirit eundo

At every step she gathers strength. *Ib.* 175.

Sese interea
Temptaturum aditus et quae mollissima fandi
Tempora

Himself meanwhile would assay to find access and watch what hour might be the smoothest for his tale *Ib* 291

Quis fallere possit amantem?

Who shall deceive a lover's thought? *Ib* 296

Nec me meminisse pigebit Elissae
Dum memor ipse mei, dum spiritus hos regit artus

Nor ever shall the thought of Elissa be bitter to me, while yet I have remembrance of myself and the breath governs these limbs *Ib.* 335

Varium et mutabile semper
Femina

A fickle thing and changeful is woman always! *Ib* 569.

Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor

Arise, thou avenger to come, out of my ashes *Ib* 625.

Hos successus alit possunt, quia posse videntur.

To those success was good, and the semblance of power gave power indeed *Aeneid*, v. 231

Facilis descensus Averno
Noctes atque dies patet atri ianua Ditis,
Sed revocare gradum superasque evadere ad auras,
Hoc opus, hic labor est

Light is the descent to Avernus! Night and day the portals of gloomy Dis stand wide but to recall thy step and issue to the upper air—there is the toil and there the task! *Ib* vi 126

Primo avulso non deficit alter
Aureus, et simili frondescit virga metallo

When the first is rent away a second, golden no less, succeeds, and the bough blossoms with ore as precious *Ib* 143

'Procul, o procul este, profani'

Hence, O hence, ye that are uninitiated! *Ib* 258

Nunc animis opus, Aenea, nunc pectore firmo

Now is the hour, Aeneas, for the dauntless spirit —now for the stout heart *Ib* 261

Vestibulum ante ipsum primis in faucibus Orci
Luctus et ultrices posuere cubilia Curae,
Pallentesque habitant Morbi tristisque Senectus,
Et Metus et malesuada Fames ac turpis Egestas

Hard before the portal, in the opening jaws of Hell, Grief and avenging Cares have made their couch, and with them dwell wan Disease and sorrowful Age, and Fear, and Hunger, temptress to Sin, and loathly Want *Ib* 273

Tendebantque manus ripae ulterioris amore

Their hands outstretched in yearning for the farther shore *Ib* 314

Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artis,
Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo

Or who ennobled life by arts discovered, with all whose service to their kind won them remembrance among men *Ib* 663

Spiritus intus alit, totamque infusa per artus
Mens agitat molem et magno se corpore miscet

An indwelling spirit sustains, and a mind fused throughout the limbs sways the whole mass and mingles with the giant frame *Ib* 726

Igneus est ollis vigor et caelestis origo
Seminibus

To these seeds a flame-like vigour pertains and an origin celestial *Ib* 730

Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento
(Hae tibi erunt artes), pacisque imponere morem,
Parcere subiectis et debellare superbos

Roman, be this thy care—these thine arts—to bear dominion over the nations and to impose the law of peace, to spare the humbled and to war down the proud! *Ib* 851

Sunt geminae Somni portae, quarum altera fertur
Cornea, qua veris facilis datur exitus umbris,
Altera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto,
Sed falsa ad caelum mittunt insomnia manes

There are two gates of Sleep —of horn, fame tells, the one, through which the spirits of truth find an easy passage, the other, wrought smooth-gleaming with sheen of ivory, but false the visions that the nether powers speed therefrom to the heaven above. *Ib* 893

Geniumque loci
precatur.

Implored the Genius of the place. *Ib* vii 136.

Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo

And if Heaven be inflexible, Hell shall be unleashed! *Ib* 312.

O mihi praeteritos referat si Iuppiter annos

O, would Jupiter restore me the years that are fled! *Ib* viii 560

Quadripedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum

The sound of galloping hooves shook the crumbling plain *Ib* 596

Me, me, adsum qui feci, in me convertite ferrum.

On me,—here I stand who did the deed,—on me turn your steel *Ib* ix 427.

Dum domus Aeneae Capitoli immobile saxum
Accolet imperiumque pater Romanus habebit

So long as the house of Aeneas shall dwell by the Capitol's unmoved rock and the Father of Rome bear sceptre! *Ib* 448

Macte nova virtute, puer, sic itur ad astra

Good speed to thy youthful valour, child! So shalt thou scale the stars! *Ib* 641

Audentis Fortuna iuvat

Fortune is ally to the brave. *Ib.* x 284.

Experto credite

Credit one who has proved. *Ib* xi 283.

Audiit et voti Phoebus succedere partem
Mente dedit, partem volucris dispersit in auras.

Phoebus heard, and in thought vouchsafed that half his vow should prosper half he scattered to the fleet winds *Ib* xi 794.

Di me terrent et Iuppiter hostis

The gods dismay me, and Jove my foe! *Ib* xii 895.

Tityre, tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi
Silvestrem tenui musam meditaris avena

Tityrus, thou liest canopied beneath thy spreading beech and wooing the silvan Muse on thy slender oat *Eclogues*, i 1 Trans by Jackson

Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida silvas.

Thou teachest the responsive woods to call Amaryllis fair! *Ib* 5

O Meliboee, deus nobis haec otia fecit

O Meliboeus, it was a god gave us this peace *Ib* 6

Non equidem invideo, miror magis

As for me I grudge thee not—rather I marvel! *Ib* 11

Verum haec tantum alias inter caput extulit urbes
Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi

But, above all other cities, this so far exalts her head as the cypress above the lissom osiers! *Ib* 24

Et penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos

Or where the Briton dwells utterly estranged from all the world! *Ib* 66

Formosum pastor Corydon ardebat Alexim

Shepherd Corydon was all aflame for fair Alexis *Ib* ii 1.

O formose puer, nimium ne crede colori!
Sweet boy, trust not over much to thy hue!
Eclogues, II 17

Quem fugis, a, demens? Habitarunt di quoque silvas.
Ah, madman, whom dost thou flee? Even gods have dwelt in woods. *Ib* 60

Trahit sua quemque voluptas
Each draws to his best-beloved *Ib* 65

Nunc frondent silvae, nunc formosissimus annus
Now the woods are green, and the year is loveliest *Ib* III 57.

Ab Iove principium musae.
From Jove my lay begins. *Ib* 60.

Malo me Galatea petit, lasciva puella,
Et fugit ad salices et se cupit ante videri
Galatea, wayward girl, pelts me with apples, then runs behind the willows—and hopes I saw her first! *Ib* 64

Latet anguis in herba
A cold snake lurks in the grass! *Ib* 93

Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites
Not ours to decide such high dispute! *Ib* 108

Claudite iam rivos, pueri, sat prata biberunt
Swains, close now the springs The meadows have drunk enough! *Ib* III.

Sicelides Musae, paulo maiora canamus!
Non omnis arbusta iuvant humilisque myrica
Si canimus silvas, silvae sint consule dignae
Ultima Cumaei venit iam carminis aetas,
Magnus ab integro saeclorum nascitur ordo.
Iam redit et virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna
Iam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto.
Sicilian Muses, let us raise a somewhat loftier strain Not all do orchards and the lowly tamarisk delight If the woodland be our theme, let our woods be worthy of a consul's ear! The last age, heralded in Cumean song, is come, and the great march of the centuries begins anew Now the Virgin returns now Saturn is king again, and a new and better race descends from on high
Ib IV 1

Incipe, parve puer, risu cognoscere matrem
Begin, baby boy, to know thy mother with a smile *Ib* 60

Incipe, parve puer qui non risere parenti,
Nec deus hunc mensa, dea nec dignata cubili est
Begin, baby boy! Him who had never a smile for a parent, no god honours with his board, no goddess with her bed! *Ib* 62

Arcades ambo,
Et cantare pares et respondere parati.
Both Arcadians, both ready to sing in even contest, both ready to make reply! *Ib* VII 4

Saepibus in nostris parvam te roscida mala
(Dux ego vester eram) vidi cum matre legentem
Alter ab undecimo tum me iam acceperat annus,
Iam fragilis poteram a terra contingere ramos
Ut vidi, ut perii, ut me malus abstulit error!
Within our orchard's walls I saw thee—for I was there to point the way—a little maid gathering dewy apples with my mother! Eleven years I had numbered, and the twelfth already claimed me, from the ground already I could reach the frail boughs Ah, how I saw! How I fell! How that fatal blindness swept me away! *Ib* VIII 37

Nunc scio quid sit Amor
Now do I know what Love is! *Ib* 43.

Non omnia possumus omnes.
All power is not to all. *Ib* 63.

Et me fecere poetam
Pierides, sunt et mihi carmina, me quoque dicunt
Vatem pastores, sed non ego credulus illis
Nam neque adhuc Vario videor nec dicere Cinna
Digna, sed argutos inter strepere anser olores
Me, too, the Pierian sisters have made a singer, I, too, have songs ay, and the shepherds dub me *poet*, but I trust them not! For as yet, methinks, my strains befit not a Varius nor a Cinna, but, gooselike, I cackle amid quiring swans!
Ib IX 32.

Omnia vincit Amor et nos cedamus Amori
Love is lord of all yield we, too, to Love!
Ib X 69

Ite domum saturae, venit Hesperus, ite capellae
Get ye home, my full-fed goats, get ye home—the Evening-star draws on! *Ib* 77

Ultima Thule
Farthest Thule *Georgics*, I 30 Trans by Jackson.

Labor omnia vicit
Improbus et duris urgens in rebus egestas.
Never-flinching labour proved lord of all, and the stress of need in a life of struggles! *Ib* 145

Imponere Pelio Ossam
Scilicet, atque Ossae frondosum involvere Olympum
In sooth to pile Ossa on Pelion and roll leaf-crowned Olympus on Ossa *Ib* 281.

Miscueruntque herbas et non innoxia verba
Mingled herbs and charms of bale *Ib* II 129.

Salve, magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus,
Magna virum
Hail, Saturn's land, great mother of the harvest, great mother of men! *Ib* 173

O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint,
Agricolas! Quibus ipsa procul discordibus armis
Fundit humo facilem victum iustissima tellus
Ah, blest beyond all bliss the husbandmen, did they but know their happiness! On whom, far from the clash of arms, the most just Earth showers from her bosom a toilless sustenance
Ib 458

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas
Happy he, who has availed to read the causes of things *Ib* 490.

Strepitumque Acherontis avari
The roaring of the hungry stream of Death! *Ib* 492.

Fortunatus et ille deos qui novit agrestis
And happy he, who has knowledge of the woodland gods *Ib* 493

Temptanda via est, qua me quoque possim
Tollere humo victorque virum volitare per ora
I must assay a path, whereby I may raise me from earth and flit conqueror through the mouths of men! *Georgics*, III. 8

Optima quaeque dies miseris mortalibus aevi
Prima fugit subeunt morbi tristisque senectus
Et labor, et durae rapit inclementia mortis
It is ever the brightest day of life that is first to bid adieu to our hapless mortality disease and gloomy eld steal upon us, and anon suffering, and the ruthless tyranny of Death, sweep us away *Ib* 66

Sed fugit interea, fugit irreparabile tempus.
Meanwhile, Time is flying—flying, never to return *Ib* 284

Hi motus animorum atque haec certamina tanta
Pulveris exigui iactu compressa quiescent
Yet all this tumult of soul and all this savagery of conflict may be quelled and laid to rest by the scattering of a little dust! *Ib* IV 86

Agmine facto
Ignavum fucos pecus a praesepibus arcent
They form in array and cast out the drones and their idle bands from the homestead *Ib* 167.

At genus immortale manet, multosque per annos
Stat fortuna domus, et avi numerantur avorum
Yet the race abides immortal, the star of their house sets not through many years, and grandsire's grandsire is numbered in the roll *Ib* 208

Victorque volentis
Per populos dat iura viamque adfectat Olympo
Assigning, in victorious march, laws to the willing nations, and assaying on earth the path to Heaven! *Ib* 561

VULGATE

Fiat lux
Let there be light *Genesis* I 3.

Dominus illuminatio mea.
The Lord is my light. *Psalm* 27.

Quo vadis?
Whither goest thou? *John* XVI 5

Ecce homo
Behold the man. *Ib* XIX 5

ANONYMOUS

Adeste, fideles,
Laeti triumphantes,
Venite, venite in Bethlehem.
O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem
French or German hymn of 18th Cent Translation by Oakeley in *Murray's Hymnal*, 1852. See *Songs of Praise Discussed*

Ad majorem Dei gloriam
To the greater glory of God
Motto of the Order of Jesus

Cras amet qui nunquam amavit, quique amavit cras amet!
Let those love now, who never lov'd before
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more
Pervigilium Veneris, I Trans by Parnell.

De non apparentibus et de non existentibus eadem est ratio
The reasoning is the same about what does not appear to exist and what does not exist
Law Maxim

Meum est propositum in taberna mori,
Ubi vina proxima morientis ori
Tunc cantabunt laetius angelorum chori
'Sit Deus propitius huic potatori'
I desire to end my days in a tavern drinking,
May some Christian hold for me the glass when I am shrinking,
That the Cherubim may cry, when they see me sinking,
'God be merciful to a soul of this gentleman's way of thinking'
The 'Archipoeta'. Trans by Leigh Hunt

Si monumentum requiris, circumspice
If you ask where is his monument, look around you
Epitaph of Sir Christopher Wren in St Paul's Cathedral

Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes.
Sic vos non vobis nidificatis aves
Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis oves
So you bees make your honey, not for yourselves.
So you birds make nests, not for yourselves
So you sheep bear fleeces, not for yourselves
Lines attributed to Virgil on Bathyllus' claiming the authorship of certain lines by Virgil

Surrexit Christus hodie
Humano pro solamine
Alleluja
Jesus Christ is risen to-day,
Alleluia!
Our triumphant holy day!
Alleluia!
German Easter Carol of 14th cent Translation in *Lyra Davidica*, 1708 See *Songs of Praise Discussed*

Te Deum laudamus
We praise thee, O God
First words and title of Canticle attr. to S. Ambrose

GREEK QUOTATIONS

AESCHYLUS

525–456 B C.

ποντίων τε κυμάτων ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα.

Multitudinous laughter of the waves of ocean
Prometheus Bound, 88 Trans by Herbert Weir Smith (Loeb edition)

ALEXANDER

356–323 B C

εἰ μὴ 'Αλέξανδρος ἤμην, Διογένης ἂν ἤμην

If I were not Alexander, I would be Diogenes
Plutarch, *Life of Alexander*, XIV 3

ARCHIMEDES

287–212 B C

εὕρηκα

Eureka! (I have found!)
Vitruvius Pollio, *De Architectura*, IX 215

δός μοι που στῶ καὶ κινῶ τὴν γῆν

Give me but one firm spot on which to stand, and I will move the earth
Pappus, Alexandr , Collectio, lib VIII, prop 10, § XI (ed Hultsch, Berlin 1878).

ARISTOPHANES

c 444–*c* 380 B C

ὁ δ' εὔκολος μὲν ἐνθάδ', εὔκολος δ' ἐκεῖ

'But he was easy there, is easy here' (Sophocles)
Frogs, 82. Trans by Rogers.

ARISTOTLE

384–322 B C

ἄνθρωπος φύσει πολιτικὸν ζῷον

Man is by nature a political animal
Politics, I 2 9 1252 *b* (ed Newman).

ἢ θηρίον ἢ θεός

Either a beast or a god *Ib* 14 1253.

ἔστιν οὖν τραγωδία μίμησις πράξεως σπουδαίας καὶ τελείας μέγεθος ἐχούσης δι' ἐλέου καὶ φόβου περαίνουσα τὴν τῶν τοιούτων παθημάτων κάθαρσιν

A tragedy is the imitation of an action that is serious and also, as having magnitude, complete in itself with incidents arousing pity and fear, wherewith to accomplish its purgation of such emotions
Poetics, 6 1449 *b* Trans by Bywater.

CALLIMACHUS

fl 250 B.C.

μέγα βιβλίον μέγα κακόν

Great book, great evil
Proverb derived from Callimachus, *Fragments*, 359.

DIOGENES

fl c 380 B C.

"μικρόν", εἶπεν, "ἀπὸ τοῦ ἡλίου μετάστηθι"

Alexander . . asked him if he lacked anything 'Yea,' said he, 'that I do that you stand out of my sun a little' Plutarch, *Life of Alexander*, 14 (North's translation)

EURIPIDES

480–406 B C

ἡ γλῶσσ' ὀμώμοχ', ἡ δὲ φρὴν ἀνώμοτος

'Twas but my tongue, 'twas not my soul that swore.
Hippolytus, 612 Trans by Gilbert Murray.

HERACLEITUS

fl 513 B C

πάντα ῥεῖ, οὐδὲν μένει.

All is flux, nothing is stationary
Alluded to by Aristotle in De Caelo, 3 1 18 (ed Weise) and elsewhere.

HERODOTUS

484–424? B C

οὐ φροντὶς 'Ιπποκλείδῃ

No matter to Hippocleides *Histories*, VI. 129.

HESIOD

c 735 B C

πλέον ἥμισυ παντός

The half is greater than the whole
Works and Days, 40.

HIPPOCRATES

c 460–357 B C.

ὁ βίος βραχύς, ἡ δὲ τέχνη μακρή

The life so short, the craft so long to learn
Aphorisms, I 1 Trans by Chaucer.

HOMER

c 900 B C

μῆνιν ἄειδε, θεά, Πηληϊάδεω 'Αχιλῆος
οὐλομένην, ἣ μυρί' 'Αχαιοῖς ἄλγε' ἔθηκε

The wrath of Peleus' son, the direful spring
Of all the Grecian woes, O Goddess, sing!
Iliad, I 1 Trans. by Pope.

τὸν δ'ἀπαμειβόμενος

To him in answer spake *Iliad*, I 84

δακρυόεν γελάσασα

Smiling through tears *Ib* VI 484

οἵη περ φύλλων γενεή, τοίη δὲ καὶ ἀνδρῶν

As the generation of leaves, so is that of men *Ib* VI 146

αἰὲν ἀριστεύειν καὶ ὑπείροχον ἔμμεναι ἄλλων

Always to be best, and distinguished above the rest *Ib* 208

εἷς οἰωνὸς ἄριστος, ἀμύνεσθαι περὶ πάτρης

One omen is best, to fight in defence of one's country *Ib* XII 243

ἄνδρα μοι ἔννεπε, Μοῦσα, πολύτροπον

Tell me, Muse, of the man of many wiles (Odysseus) *Odyssey*, I 1

πολλῶν δ' ἀνθρώπων ἴδεν ἄστεα καὶ νόον ἔγνω

He saw the cities of many men, and knew their mind *Ib.* 3.

PINDAR

c 522–442 B C.

ἄριστον μὲν ὕδωρ

Water is best [*Inscription over the Pump Room at Bath*]

Olympian Odes, I 1

φωνάντα συνετοῖσιν ἐς δὲ τὸ πᾶν ἑρμηνέων χατίζει

Vocal to the wise, but for the crowd they need interpreters *Ib* II 85

PROTAGORAS

c 481–411 B C

πάντων χρημάτων ἄνθρωπον μέτρον εἶναι

Man is the measure of all things

Quoted by Plato in Theaetetus, 160*d*

SIMONIDES

556–468 B C

ὦ ξεῖν', ἀγγελλον Λακεδαιμονίοις ὅτι τῇδε κείμεθα, τοῖς κείνων ῥήμασι πειθόμενοι

'Go, tell the Spartans, thou who passest by,
That here obedient to their laws we lie'

Select Epigrams (ed Mackail), III 4

SOCRATES

469–399 B C

ὦ Κρίτων, τῷ Ἀσκληπιῷ ὀφείλομεν ἀλεκτρυόνα ἀλλὰ ἀπόδοτε καὶ μὴ ἀμελήσητε

Crito, we owe a cock to Aesculapius, pay it, therefore, and do not neglect it

Last words, 399 B.C Plato, *Phaedo*, 118*a*.

SOLON

c 640–*c* 558 B C

γηράσκω δ' ἀεὶ πολλὰ διδασκόμενος

I grow old ever learning many things

Poetae Lyrici Graeci (ed Bergk), *Solon*, 18

πρὶν δ' ἂν τελευτήσῃ, ἐπισχεῖν μηδὲ καλέειν κω ὄλβιον, ἀλλ' εὐτυχέα.

Call no man happy till he dies, he is at best but fortunate Herodotus, *Histories*, I 32

SOPHOCLES

495–406 B C

πολλὰ τὰ δεινὰ κοὐδὲν ἀνθρώπου δεινότερον πέλει

Wonders are many, and none is more wonderful than man *Antigone*, 332 Trans by Jebb

ὦ παῖ, γένοιο πατρὸς εὐτυχέστερος

Ah, boy, may'st thou prove happier than thy sire.

Ajax, 550 Trans by Jebb

THUCYDIDES

b c 471 B C

κτῆμα ἐς ἀεὶ

A possession for ever *Thucydides*, I 22

φιλοκαλοῦμέν τε γὰρ μετ' εὐτελείας καὶ φιλοσοφοῦμεν ἄνευ μαλακίας

For we are lovers of the beautiful, yet simple in our tastes, and we cultivate the mind without loss of manliness

Ib II 40, § 1 Trans by Jowett.

ἀνδρῶν γὰρ ἐπιφανῶν πᾶσα γῆ τάφος

The whole earth is the sepulchre of famous men.

Ib 43, § 3.

τῆς τε γὰρ ὑπαρχούσης φύσεως μὴ χείροσι γενέσθαι ὑμῖν μεγάλη ἡ δόξα, καὶ ἧς ἂν ἐπ' ἐλάχιστον ἀρετῆς πέρι ἢ ψόγου ἐν τοῖς ἄρσεσι κλέος ἦ

To a woman not to show more weakness than is natural to her sex is great glory, and not to be talked of for good or evil among men

Ib 45, § 2

XENOPHON

b c 430 B C

θάλαττα θάλαττα

The sea! the sea! *Anabasis*, IV VII 24

ANONYMOUS

μηδὲν ἄγαν

Nothing in excess

Written up in the temple at Delphi by Cleobulus, according to some accounts Quoted by *Plato*, in *Protagoras*, 343 *b*

γνῶθι σεαυτόν

From the gods comes the saying 'Know thyself'

Juvenal, *Satires*, XI, 27 *The saying was written up in the temple of Delphi.*

[1] See also the Latin Quotations

FOREIGN QUOTATIONS

ABBÉ D'ALLAINVAL

1700-1753

L'embarras des richesses
The more alternatives, the more difficult the choice
Title of Comedy, 1726

COMTE D'ARGENSON

1652–1721

L'ABBÉ GUYOT DESFONTAINES Il faut que je vive
D'ARGENSON Je n'en vois pas la nécessité
DESFONTAINES I must live
D'ARGENSON I do not see the necessity
Voltaire, *Alzire, Discours Préliminaire*

ÉMILE AUGIER

1820–1889

La nostalgie de la boue
Homesickness for the gutter
Le Mariage d'Olympe, I 1

MARÉCHAL BOSQUET

1810–1861

C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.
It is magnificent, but it is not war
Remark on the Charge of the Light Brigade, 1854

MME CORNUEL

1605–1694

Il n'y a point de héros pour son valet de chambre
No man is a hero to his valet
Lettres de Mlle Aissé, XII, 13 août 1728

EMIL COUÉ

1857–1926

Tous les jours, à tous points de vue, je vais de mieux en mieux
Every day, in every way, I am getting better and better *Formula in his clinic at Nancy.*

JACQUES DANTON

1759–1794

De l'audace, et encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace!
Boldness, and again boldness, and always boldness! *Speech to the Legislative Committee of General Defence, 2 Sept. 1792 Le Moniteur, 4 Sept 1792.*

THÉODORE DE BANVILLE

1823–1891

Nous n'irons plus aux bois, les lauriers sont coupés
We will go no more to the woods, the laurel-trees are cut *Les Cariatides, Les Stalactites.*

PIERRE-AUGUSTIN DE BEAUMARCHAIS

1732–1799

Je me presse de rire de tout, de peur d'être obligé d'en pleurer
I make myself laugh at everything, for fear of having to weep *Le Barbier de Séville*, I II.

PIERRE-JEAN DE BÉRANGER

1780–1857

Il était un roi d'Yvetot
Peu connu dans l'histoire.
There was a king of Yvetot
Little known to history
Œuvres, I, *Le Roi d'Yvetot.*

GEORGES-LOUIS LECLERC DE BUFFON

1707–1788

Le style est l'homme même
Style is the man himself *Discours sur le Style*

Le génie n'est qu'une grande aptitude à la patience.
Genius is only a great aptitude for patience
Attr to Buffon by Hérault de Sechelles in Voyage à Montbard

COMTE DE BUSSY-RABUTIN

1618–1693

L'absence est à l'amour ce qu'est au feu le vent, il éteint le petit, il allume le grand
Absence is to love what wind is to fire, it extinguishes the small, it enkindles the great
Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules, Maximes d'Amours

PIERRE-JACQUES, BARON DE CAMBRONNE

1770–1842

La Garde meurt, mais ne se rend pas
The Guards die but do not surrender
Attr to Cambronne when called upon to surrender by Col Halkett Cambronne denied the saying at a banquet at Nantes, 1835

NIVELLE DE LA CHAUSSÉE

1692–1754

Quand tout le monde a tort, tout le monde a raison
When every one is wrong, every one is right
La Gouvernante, I iii

DUC DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

1613–1680

Nous avons tous assez de force pour supporter les maux d'autrui
We have all enough strength to bear the misfortunes of others *Maximes*, 19

On n'est jamais si heureux ni si malheureux qu'on s'imagine
One is never so happy or so unhappy as one thinks *Ib* 49

L'hypocrisie est un hommage que le vice rend à la vertu
Hypocrisy is homage paid by vice to virtue *Ib* 218

C'est une grande habileté que de savoir cacher son habileté
The height of cleverness is to be able to conceal it *Ib* 245

Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis, nous trouvons quelque chose qui ne nous déplaît pas
In the misfortune of our best friends, we find something which is not displeasing to us *Maximes supprimées*, 583

DUC DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD-LIANCOURT

1747–1827

LOUIS XVI C'est une révolte?
LA ROCHEFOUCAULD-LIANCOURT Non, Sire, c'est une révolution
LOUIS XVI Is it a revolt?
LA R -LIANCOURT No, Sire, it is a revolution
When the news arrived at Versailles of the Fall of the Bastille, 1789.

CHARLES-JOSEPH, PRINCE DE LIGNE

1735–1815

Le congrès ne marche pas, il danse
The Congress makes no progress, but it dances
Comment on the Congress of Vienna to Comte Auguste de La Garde-Chambonas La Garde-Chambonas, *Souvenirs du Congrès de Vienne, 1814–1815*, c I

JOSEPH DE MAISTRE

1753–1821

Toute nation a le gouvernement qu'elle mérite.
Every country has the government it deserves
Lettres et Opuscules Inédits, I, p 215, 15 août 1811.

MAURICE DE MAETERLINCK

1862–

Il n'y a pas de morts
There are no dead *L'Oiseau bleu*, IV II.

COMTE DE MIRABEAU

1749–1791

La guerre est l'industrie nationale de la Prusse
War is the national industry of Prussia
Attr to Mirabeau by Albert Sorel, based on his Introduction to his 'Monarchie Prussienne'

ALFRED DE MUSSET

1810–1857

Malgré moi l'infini me tourmente
I can't help it, the idea of the infinite is a torment to me *Premières Poésies, L'Espoir en Dieu.*

MARQUISE DU DEFFAND

1739–1823

La distance n'y fait rien, il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte
The distance is nothing, it is only the first step which counts
Remark on the legend that St Denis, carrying his head in his hands, walked two leagues. Letter to d'Alembert, 7 July 1763

CAMILLE DESMOULINS

1760–1794

My age is that of the *bon Sansculotte Jésus*, an age fatal to Revolutionists
Answer at his trial Carlyle, *French Revolution*, bk VI, ch. 2.

PHILIPPE NÉRICAULT dit DESTOUCHES

1680–1754

Les absents ont toujours tort
The absent are always in the wrong
L'Obstacle Imprévu, I vi.

DENIS DIDEROT

1713–1784

L'esprit de l'escalier.
Staircase wit
An untranslatable phrase, the meaning of which is that one only thinks on one's way downstairs of the smart retort one might have made in the drawing-room. Paradoxe sur le Comédien.

MARÉCHAL DUMOURIEZ

1739–1823

Les courtisans qui l'entourent n'ont rien oublié et n'ont rien appris

The courtiers who surround him have forgotten nothing and learnt nothing

Of Louis XVIII, at the time of the Declaration of Verona, Sept 1795 Examen. See also Talleyrand

L'ABBÉ EDGEWORTH DE FIRMONT

1745–1807

Fils de Saint Louis, montez au ciel

Son of Saint Louis, ascend to heaven

Attr words to Louis XVI as he mounted the steps of the guillotine at his execution, 1793 No documentary proof at all

HENRI ESTIENNE

1532–1598

Si jeunesse savoit, si vieillesse pouvoit

If youth knew, if age could

Les Premices, Épigramme cxci

MARÉCHAL FOCH

1851–1929

Mon centre cède, ma droite recule, situation excellente J'attaque!

My centre is giving way, my right is in retreat, situation excellent I shall attack

Sir G Aston, *Biography of Foch* (1929), ch 13, p 122

ANATOLE FRANCE

1844–1924

Le bon critique est celui qui raconte les aventures de son âme au milieu des chefs-d'œuvre

The good critic is he who relates the adventures of his soul among masterpieces

La Vie littéraire, preface

FRANÇOIS IER

1508–1565

Tout est perdu fors l'honneur

All is lost save honour

Traditional words in a letter to his mother after his defeat at Pavia, 1525 The actual words were 'De toutes choses ne m'est demeuré que l'honneur et la vie qui est saulve'

Collection des Documents Inédits sur l'Histoire de France, vol 1, 1847, p 129

GAVARNI

1810–1866

Les enfants terribles *Title of a series of prints*

The embarrassing young

HENRI IV

1553–1610

Pends-toi, brave Crillon, nous avons combattu à Arques et tu n'y étais pas

Hang yourself, brave Crillon, we fought at Arques and you were not there

Traditional form given by Voltaire to a letter of Henri to Crillon Lettres Missives de Henri IV, Collection des Documents Inédits de l'Histoire de France, vol IV, 1847, p 848

Paris vaut bien une messe

Paris is well worth a mass

Attr either to Henry IV or to his minister Sully, in conversation with Henry Caquets de l'Accouchée, 1622

The wisest fool in Christendom

Of James I of England Remark attr to Henry IV or Sully French not known

ALPHONSE KARR

1808–1890

Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose

The more things change, the more they are the same *Les Guêpes, Jan 1849*, VI.

Si l'on veut abolir la peine de mort en ce cas, que MM les assassins commencent

If we are to abolish the death penalty, I should like to see the first step taken by our friends the murderers *Ib*

LOUIS XIV

1638–1715

Il n'y a plus de Pyrénées

The Pyrenees have ceased to exist

At the accession of his grandson to the throne of Spain, 1700 Attr by Voltaire in Siècle de Louis XIV, ch 28

L'État c'est moi

I am the State

Attr remark before the Parlement de Paris, 13 April 1655 Dulaure, *Histoire de Paris*

MARIE-ANTOINETTE

1755–1793

Qu'ils mangent de la brioche

Let them eat cake

Attr, but much older Rousseau refers in his Confessions, 1740, to a similar remark, as a well-known saying

JEAN MESSELIER

18th cent

Je voudrais, et ce sera le dernier et le plus ardent de mes souhaits, je voudrais que le dernier des rois fût étranglé avec les boyaux du dernier prêtre

I should like to see, and this will be the last and the most ardent of my desires, I should like to see the last king strangled with the guts of the last priest.

In his Will, 1733, published by Voltaire

JEAN-BAPTISTE MOLIÈRE

1622–1673

M JOURDAIN Quoi? quand je dis 'Nicole, apportez-moi mes pantoufles, et me donnez mon bonnet de nuit', c'est de la prose?

MAÎTRE DE PHILOSOPHIE Oui, monsieur

M JOURDAIN Par ma foi! il y a plus de quarante ans que je dis de la prose sans que j'en susse rien

M JOURDAIN What? when I say 'Nicole, bring me my slippers, and give me my night-cap,' is that prose?

PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY Yes, Sir

M JOURDAIN Good Heavens! I have been speaking prose without knowing it *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, II iv

Tout ce qui n'est point prose est vers, et tout ce qui n'est point vers est prose

All that is not prose is verse, and all that is not verse is prose *Ib*

Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?

What the devil is he doing in this galley?
Les Fourberies de Scapin, II vii

Vous l'avez voulu, Georges Dandin, vous l'avez voulu

You wanted it, George Dandin, you wanted it
Georges Dandin, I. ix.

NAPOLEON

1769–1821

A la guerre, les trois quarts sont des affaires morales, la balance des forces réelles n'est que pour un autre quart

In war, moral considerations make up three-quarters of the game the relative balance of manpower accounts only for the remaining quarter
Correspondance de Napoléon Ier, xviii, no 14276 (Observations sur les affaires d'Espagne, Saint-Cloud, 27 août 1808)

Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas

There is only one step from the sublime to the ridiculous
To De Pradt, Polish ambassador, after the retreat from Moscow in 1812 De Pradt, *Histoire de l'Ambassade dans le grand-duché de Varsovie en 1812*, ed 1815, p 215

L'Angleterre est une nation de boutiquiers.

England is a nation of shopkeepers
Attr by B E O'Meara, *Napoleon at St Helena*, vol II The original is probably 'sono mercanti', a phrase of Paoli, quoted by Napoleon, see Gourgaud, *Journal Inédit de Ste-Hélène*, I 69

La carrière ouverte aux talents

The career open to talents
O'Meara, *Napoleon in Exile* (1822), vol I, p 103.

Soldats, songez que, du haut de ces pyramides, quarante siècles vous contemplent

Think of it, soldiers, from the summit of these pyramids, forty centuries look down upon you.
Speech to the Army of Egypt on 21 July 1798, before the Battle of the Pyramids Gourgaud, *Mémoires, Guerre d'Orient*, I, p 160

Tout soldat français porte dans sa giberne la bâton de maréchal de France

Every French soldier carries in his cartridge-pouch the baton of a marshal of France
E Blaze, *La Vie Militaire sous l'Empire*, I v.

Voilà le soleil d'Austerlitz

There rises the sun of Austerlitz
To his officers, before Moscow, 7 Sept 1812

Tête d'Armée *Last words*

NICHOLAS I OF RUSSIA

1796–1855

Nous avons sur les bras un homme malade — un homme gravement malade

We have on our hands a sick man—a very sick man. (The sick man of Europe, the Turk)
Parliamentary Papers Accounts and Papers, vol lxxi, pt 5 *Eastern Papers*, p 2 *Sir G H. Seymour to Lord John Russell, 11 Jan 1853*

BLAISE PASCAL

1623–1662

Le nez de Cléopâtre s'il eût été plus court, toute la face de la terre aurait changé

Had Cleopatra's nose been shorter, the whole history of the world would have been different
Pensées, sect II, 162.

Le silence éternel de ces espaces infinis m'effraie

The eternal silence of these infinite spaces [the heavens] terrifies me *Ib* sect III, 206

Le dernier acte est sanglant, quelque belle que soit la comédie en tout le reste

The last act is bloody, however charming the rest of the play may be *Ib* 210

On mourra seul

We shall die alone *Ib* 211

Le cœur a ses raisons que la raison ne connaît point

The heart has its reasons which reason knows nothing of *Ib* sect IV, 277

L'homme n'est qu'un roseau, le plus faible de la nature, mais c'est un roseau pensant

Man is only a reed, the weakest thing in nature, but he is a thinking reed *Ib* sect VI, 347.

Console-toi, tu ne me chercherais pas si tu ne m'avais trouvé

Comfort yourself, you would not seek me if you had not found me. *Ib* sect VII, 553.

CHARLES PERRAULT

1628–1703

'Anne, ma sœur Anne, ne vois-tu rien venir?' Et la sœur Anne lui répondit, 'Je ne vois rien que le soleil qui poudroye, et l'herbe qui verdoye'

'Anne, sister Anne, do you see anybody coming?' And her sister Anne replied, 'I see nothing but

the sun which makes a dust, and the grass looking green'
Perrault, *Histoires ou Contes du Tems Passé*, 1697 Trans by R Samber, 1764

MARÉCHAL PÉTAIN

1856–

Ils ne passeront pas
They shall not get past *Verdun, Feb 1916.*

MME DE POMPADOUR

1721–1764

Après nous le déluge
After us the deluge
Madame de Hausset, *Mémoires*, p 19

PIERRE-JOSEPH PROUD'HON

1809–1865

La propriété c'est le vol
Property is theft *Qu'est-ce que la Propriété?* ch 1

FRANÇOIS RABELAIS

1494?–1553

L'appétit vient en mangeant
The appetite grows by eating *Gargantua*, I v
Fay ce que vouldras
Do what thou wilt *Ib* I lvii
Tirez le rideau, la farce est jouee
Ring down the curtain, the farce is over
Attr to Rabelais on his death-bed
Je m'en vais chercher un grand peut-être
I go to seek a great perhaps
Attr to Rabelais on his death-bed
Vogue la galère!
A phrase for which it is impossible to find an adequate translation Literally, the words mean 'loose the galley' or 'hoist sail'
Works, bk 1, ch 40

RACINE

1639–1699

Ce n'est plus une ardeur dans mes veines cachée·
C'est Vénus toute entière à sa proie attachée
It is no longer a passion hidden in my veins it is the goddess Venus herself fastened on her prey
Phèdre, I iii
Point d'argent, point de Suisse
No money, no Swiss (soldiers)
Les Plaideurs, I i 15

MME ROLAND

1754–1793

O liberté! O liberté! que de crimes on commet en ton nom!
O liberty! O liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name!
Lamartine, *Histoire des Girondins*, livre li, ch 8

PIERRE RONSARD

1529–1585

Quand vous serez bien vieille, au soir, à la chandelle,
Assise auprès du feu, dévidant et filant,
Direz, chantant mes vers, en vous émerveillant,
Ronsard me célébrait du temps que j'étais belle
When you are very old, and sit in the candle-light at evening spinning by the fire, you will say, as you murmur my verses, a wonder in your eyes, 'Ronsard sang of me in the days when I was fair'
Sonnets pour Helène, ii 43.

ROUGET DE LISLE

1760–1836

Allons, enfants de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé
Come, children of our country, the day of glory has arrived *La Marseillaise*

JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU

1712–1778

L'homme est né libre, et partout il est dans les fers
Man is born free, and everywhere he is in chains
Du Contrat Social, ch 1.

CHARLES-MAURICE DE TALLEYRAND

1754–1838

Ils n'ont rien appris, ni rien oublié
They have learnt nothing, and forgotten nothing
Attr to Talleyrand by the Chevalier de Panat in a letter to Mallet du Pan, Jan 1796, 'Personne n'est corrigé, personne n'a su ni rien oublier ni rien apprendre' (*Mémoires et correspondance de Mallet du Pan, 1851*, ii 196) *See also* Dumouriez
Pas trop de zèle
Not too much zeal
Sainte-Beuve, *Critiques et Portraits*, iii. 324

PIERRE VERGNIAUD

1753–1793

Il a été permis de craindre que la Révolution, comme Saturne, dévorât successivement tous ses enfants
There was reason to fear that the Revolution, like Saturn, might devour in turn each one of its children
Lamartine, *'Histoire des Girondins*, bk xxxviii, ch 20

FRANÇOIS VILLON

b 1431

Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?
But where are the snows of yesteryear?
Le Grand Testament, Ballade des Dames du Temps Jadis Trans by Andrew Lang

VOLTAIRE

1694–1778

Ce corps qui s'appelait et qui s'appelle encore le saint empire romain n'était en aucune manière ni saint, ni romain, ni empire

This agglomeration which was called and which still calls itself the Holy Roman Empire is neither holy, nor Roman, nor an empire
Essai sur les Mœurs et l'Esprit des Nations, lxx

Dans ce pays-ci il est bon de tuer de temps en temps un amiral pour encourager les autres

In this country it is thought well to kill an admiral from time to time to encourage the others
Candide, ch 23

Cela est bien dit, répondit Candide, mais il faut cultiver notre jardin

'That is well said,' replied Candide, 'but we must cultivate our garden' (We must attend to our own affairs) *Ib* 30

Quoi que vous fassiez, écrasez l'infâme, et aimez qui vous aime

Whatever you do, trample down abuses, and love those who love you
Lettres A M d'Alembert, 28 Nov 1762

On dit que Dieu est toujours pour les gros bataillons

It is said that God is always for the big battalions
Ib A M le Riche, 6 Feb 1770

Si Dieu n'existait pas, il faudrait l'inventer

If God did not exist, it would be necessary to invent him
Épîtres, xcvi A l'Auteur du Livre des Trois Imposteurs

Ils ne se servent de la pensée que pour autoriser leurs injustices, et n'emploient les paroles que pour déguiser leurs pensées

Men use thought only to justify their wrongdoings, and speech only to conceal their thoughts
Dialogue xiv Le Chapon et la Poularde

ÉMILE ZOLA

1840–1920

J'accuse

I accuse
Title of an open letter to the President of the Republic, in connexion with the Dreyfus case, published in L'Aurore, 13 Jan 1898

ANONYMOUS

Ça ira

Untranslatable phrase, meaning 'That will certainly happen' *Refrain of French Revolutionary Song*

Cet animal est très méchant,
Quand on l'attaque il se défend

This animal is very mischievous, when it is attacked it defends itself
La Ménagerie, by Théodore P K, 1868

Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche

Knight without fear and without blemish
Description in contemporary chronicles of Pierre Bayard, 1476–1524

Il ne faut pas être plus royaliste que le roi

One must not be more royalist than the king
Phrase originated under Louis XVI Chateaubriand, *La Monarchie selon la Charte*, ed 1876, p 94

Liberté! Égalité! Fraternité!

Liberty! Equality! Fraternity!
Phrase of unkown origin dating from before the French Revolution Aulard, in *Études et Leçons sur la Révolution Française* (6e série), gives the first official use of the phrase in the motion passed by the Club des Cordeliers (30 June 1793) que les propriétaires seront invités, de faire peindre sur la façade de leurs maisons, en gros caractères, ces mots Unité, indivisibilité de la République, Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité ou la mort'
(*Journal de Paris, No 182*)

L'ordre règne à Varsovie

Order reigns in Warsaw
On 16 Sept 1831, the Comte Horace Sebastiani, minister of foreign affairs, said that 'La tranquillité règne à Varsovie' The newspaper Moniteur took it up

Retournons à nos moutons

Let us return to our sheep (Let us get back to the subject) *Maistre Pierre Pathelin* (line 1191)

Taisez-vous! Méfiez-vous! Les oreilles ennemies vous écoutent

Be quiet! Be on your guard! Enemy ears are listening to you *Official Notice in France in 1915.*

DANTE ALIGHIERI

1265–1321

Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita

In the middle of the road of our life
Divine Comedy Inferno, i 1.

Or se' tu quel Virgilio?

Art thou then that Virgil? *Ib* 79.

Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch'entrate!

All hope abandon, ye who enter here *Ib* iii 9.

Il gran rifiuto

The great refusal *Ib* 60.

Onorate l'altissimo poeta.

Honour to the greatest poet *Ib* iv 80.

Il Maestro di color che sanno

The Master of them that know (Aristotle) *Ib* 131.

Nessun maggior dolore,
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria

There is no greater sorrow than to recall a time of happiness in misery *Ib* v 121.

Galeotto fu il libro e chi lo scrisse
Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avante

Galeotto was the book and writer too. that day we read no more *Ib* 137.

E quindi uscimmo a riveder le stelle

Thence we came forth to rebehold each star *Ib* xxxiv 139

Puro e disposto a salire alle stelle

Pure and made apt for mounting to the stars
Ib Purgatorio, xxxiii 145

E la sua volontate è nostra pace
In His will is our peace *Ib Paradiso*, III 85.

Tu proverai sì come sa di sale
Lo pane altrui, e com' è duro calle
Lo scendere e il salir per l'altrui scale.
You shall find out how salt is the taste of another's bread, and how hard a path the going down and going up another's stair *Ib* XVII. 58

L'amor che move il sole e l'altre stelle.
The love that moves the sun and the other stars. *Ib* XXXIII 145.

GALILEO GALILEI

1564–1642

E pur si muove.
But it does move
Attr to Galileo after his recantation in 1632
The earliest appearance of the phrase is 1761 (see E R Hull, *Galileo*), and it is generally conceded to be apocryphal

CAMILLO BENSO CAVOUR

1810–1861

Noi siamo pronti a proclamare nell' Italia questo gran principio Libera Chiesa in libero Stato.
We are ready to proclaim throughout Italy the great principle of a free church in a free state
Speech, 27 Mar 1861 William de la Rive, *Remin of Life and Character of Count Cavour* (1862), ch 13, p 276

LEO TOLSTOY

1828–1910

All unhappy families resemble each other, each unhappy family is unhappy in its own way
Anna Karenina, pt 1, ch 1 Trans by Maude

Pure and complete sorrow is as impossible as pure and complete joy
War and Peace, bk xv, ch. 1 Trans by Maude

Art is not a handicraft, it is the transmission of feeling the artist has experienced
What is Art? ch 19 Trans by Maude

I sit on a man's back, choking him and making him carry me, and yet assure myself and others that I am very sorry for him and wish to ease his lot by all possible means—except by getting off his back
What Then Must We Do? ch 16 Trans by Maude

HENRIK IBSEN

1828–1906

The minority is always right.
An Enemy of the People, Act IV

One should never put on one's best trousers to go out to battle for freedom and truth *Ib* Act V

Vine-leaves in his hair *Hedda Gabler*, Act II.

People don't do such things *Ib* Act. IV.

The younger generation will come knocking at my door. *The Master-Builder*, Act I.

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES

1547–1616

El Caballero de la Triste Figura.
The Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance
Don Quixote, pt I, ch 19 Trans by Smollett (*see* Lockhart's translation, 1882, vol 1, p 171).

Dos linages solos hay en el mundo, como decía una aguela mia, que son el tenir y el no tenir.
There are but two families in the world, as my grandmother used to say, the Haves and the Havenots *Ib* pt II, ch 20 Trans by Jervas

COUNT OXENSTIERNA

1583–1654

Dost thou not know, my son, with how little wisdom the world is governed? *Letter to his son*, 1648.

ARABIAN NIGHTS

Who will change old lamps for new ones? . new lamps for old ones? *The History of Aladdin*

Open Sesame! *The History of Ali Baba*

THEOBALD VON BETHMANN HOLLWEG

1856–1921

Just for a word—'neutrality', a word which in war-time has so often been disregarded, just for a scrap of paper—Great Britain is going to make war
To Sir Edward Goschen, 4 Aug 1914 Dispatch by Sir Edward Goschen to the British Foreign Office

OTTO VON BISMARCK

1815–1898

Die Politik ist keine exakte Wissenschaft.
Politics are not an exact science
Speech, Prussian Chamber, 18 Dec. 1863.

Nach Canossa gehen wir nicht.
We will not go to Canossa
Speech, Reichstag, 14 May 1872.

Die gesunden Knochen eines einzigen pommerschen Musketiers
The healthy bones of a single Pomeranian grenadier.
Speech, Reichstag, 5 Dec 1876.

Ehrlicher Makler
An honest broker
Speech, Reichstag, 19 Feb 1878

Blut und Eisen
Blood and iron
Speech, Prussian House of Deputies, 28 Jan 1886.
(Legt eine möglichst starke militärische Kraft . in die Hand des Königs von Preussen, dann wird er die Politik machen können, die Ihr wünscht, mit Reden und Schützenfesten und Liedern macht sie sich nicht, sie macht sich nur durch Blut und Eisen

Place in the hands of the King of Prussia the strongest possible military power, then he will be able to carry out the policy you wish, this policy cannot succeed through speeches, and festivals, and songs, it can only be carried out through blood and iron)

I may avail myself of the opportunity of denying once more the truth of the story that Prince Bismarck had ever likened Lord Salisbury to a lath of wood painted to look like iron

Sidney Whitman, *Personal Reminiscences of Prince Bismarck* (1902), p 252

AUGUST HEINRICH HOFFMANN VON FALLERSLEBEN

1798–1874

Deutschland, Deutschland uber alles

Germany, Germany over all *Title of Song*

FREDERICK THE GREAT

1712–1786

Hunde, wollt ihr ewig leben?

Dogs, would you live for ever?

When the Guards hesitated, at Köln, 18 June 1757.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

1749–1832

Zwei Seelen wohnen, ach! in meiner Brust

Two souls dwell, alas! in my breast *Faust*, pt 1 *Vor dem Thor*

Verweile doch! du bist so schon!

Stay then! Thou art so fair! *Ib Studierzimmer*

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy *Ib Gretchen am Spinnrad*

Über allen Gipfeln
Ist Ruh'

Over all the mountain tops is peace *Wanderers Nachtlied*

Kennst du das Land, wo die Zitronen bluhn?
Im dunkeln Laub die Gold-Orangen gluhn,
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,
Die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer steht—
Kennst du es wohl?
Dahin! Dahin!
Mocht ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter, ziehn!

Know you the land where the lemon-trees bloom?
In the dark foliage the gold oranges glow, a soft wind hovers from the sky, the myrtle is still and the laurel stands tall—do you know it well? There, there, I would go, O my beloved, with thee! *Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre*, III 1

Mehr Licht!

More light! *Attr dying words* (Actually 'Macht doch den zweiten Fensterladen auch auf, damit mehr Licht hereinkomme' 'Open the second shutter, so that more light can come in ')

Ohne Hast, aber ohne Rast

Without haste, but without rest *Motto.*

FRIEDRICH HALM (FRANZ VON MÜNCH-BELLINGHAUSEN)

1806–1871

Mein Herz ich will dich fragen
Was ist denn Liebe? Sag'!—
'Zwei Seelen und ein Gedanke,
Zwei Herzen und ein Schlag!'

Der Sohn der Wildniss, Act II *ad fin*

What love is, if thou wouldst be taught,
Thy heart must teach alone,—
Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one

Trans. by Maria Lovell in *Ingomar the Barbarian.*

HEINRICH HEINE

1797–1856

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht

I do not murmur, even if my heart break *Buch der Lieder Title of Song*

Ich weiss nicht, was soll es bedeuten,
Dass ich so traurig bin,
Ein Marchen aus alten Zeiten,
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn

I know not why I am so sad, I cannot get out of my head a fairy-tale of olden times *Die Lorelei*

Auf Flugeln des Gesanges

On the wings of song *Title of Song*

IMMANUEL KANT

1724–1804

Zwei Dinge erfullen das Gemuth mit immer neuer und zunehmender Bewunderung und Ehrfurcht, je ofter und anhaltender sich das Nachdenken damit beschaftigt der bestirnte Himmel uber mir, und das moralische Gesetz in mir

Two things fill the mind with ever-increasing wonder and awe, the more often and the more intensely the mind of thought is drawn to them the starry heavens above me and the moral law within me *Critique of Practical Reason*, conclusion.

FRIEDRICH VON KLINGER

1752–1831

Sturm und Drang

Storm and stress. *Title of Play, 1775.*

MARTIN LUTHER

1483–1546

Ich kann nicht anders
I can do no otherwise
Speech at the Diet of Worms, 18 Apr 1521
On his monument at Worms

Wer nicht liebt Wein, Weib und Gesang,
Der bleibt ein Narr sein Leben lang
Who loves not woman, wine, and song
Remains a fool his whole life long
Attr to Luther Written in the Luther room in the Wartburg, but no proof exists of its authorship

Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott,
Ein gute Wehr und Waffen
A safe stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon
Klug'sche Gesangbuch, 1529 *Ein Feste Burg* Trans by Carlyle

Wenn ich gewisst hatte, dass so viel Teufel auf mich gezielet hatten, als Ziegel auf den Dachern waren zu Worms, ware ich dennoch eingeritten
If I had heard that as many devils would set on me in Worms as there are tiles on the roofs, still I would have gone there
Luthers Sammtliche Schriften (1745), XVI 14

PRINCE METTERNICH

1773–1859

Italien ist ein geographischer Begriff
Italy is a geographical expression
Letter, 19 Nov 1849.

FRIEDRICH WILHELM NIETZSCHE

1844–1900

Jenseits von Gut und Bose
Beyond good and evil *Title of Book.*

Herren-Moral und Sklaven-Moral.
Morality of masters and the morality of slaves
Jenseits von Gut und Böse

Blonde Bestie
Blonde beast *Zur Genealogie der Moral*

NOVALIS (FRIEDRICH LEOPOLD VON HARDENBERG)

1772–1801

Gott-trunkener Mensch
A God-intoxicated man *Remark about Spinoza*

ERICH MARIA REMARQUE

1898–

Im Westen nichts Neues
All Quiet on the Western Front
Title of Novel Trans by A W. Wheen.

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER

1759–1805

Mit der Dummheit kampfen Gotter selbst vergebens.
With stupidity the gods themselves struggle in vain
Jungfrau von Orleans, III VI

MAX SCHNECKENBURGER

1819–1849

Die Wacht am Rhein
The watch on the Rhine *Title of Song*

LOUIS SCHNEIDER

O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum,
Wie grun sind deine Blätter!
O pine-tree, O pine-tree,
How green are thy leaves!
Der Kurmärker und die Picarde

ADDENDA

ALFRED AINGER

1837–1904

No flowers, by request
At a dinner given to the contributors to the Dictionary of National Biography, 8 *July* 1897
his summary of their editor's instructions

MATTHEW ARNOLD

1822–1888

'Passionate, absorbing, almost blood-thirsty clinging to life' *Essays in Criticism, Preface.*

JANE AUSTEN

1775–1817

'The little bit (two inches wide) of ivory on which I work with so fine a brush as produces little effect after much labour' *Letter,* 16 *Dec.* 1816

CHARLES BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

1887–

'Well, if you knows of a better 'ole, go to it'
Fragments from France, No 1 (1915).

RICHARD BENTLEY

1662–1742

'He is believed to have liked port, but to have said of claret that "it would be port if it could"'
R C. Jebb, *Bentley,* p 200

SIR WALTER BESANT

1836–1901

The World went very well then *Title.*

VALENTINE BLACKER

1778–1823

'Put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.' *Oliver's Advice*

EDMUND BURKE

1728–1797

My hold of the colonies is in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection. These are ties which, though light as air, are as strong as links of iron
Speech on Conciliation with America, 1775

GEORGE CANNING

1770–1827

Pitt is to Addington
As London is to Paddington
The Oracle, c 1803–4.

(*Pitt*)
When our perils are past, shall our gratitude sleep?
No,—here's to the pilot that weathered the storm
Song for the inauguration of the Pitt Club
25 *May* 1802

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

1328–1400

The smyler with the knyf under the cloke
Canterbury Tales Knighte's Tale, l 1141

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

1849–1894

I forgot Goschen
According to a story current c Dec 1886

DESMOND F. T. COKE

His blade struck the water a full second before any other until as the boats began to near the winning-post, his own was dipping into the water *twice* as often as any other
Sandford of Merton (1903), ch xii

Often quoted as 'All rowed fast but none so fast as stroke', and attrib to 'Ouida'

GEORGE COLMAN

1762–1836

Mum's the word *Battle of Hexham,* II 1

JOHN CALVIN COOLIDGE

1872–1933

They hired the money, didn't they?
With reference to the war debts incurred by England and others

BENJAMIN DISRAELI EARL OF BEACONSFIELD

1804–1881

'Protection is not only dead, but damned' (*c* 1850)
Monypenny and Buckle, *Life of Disraeli,* III. 241.

ERNEST DOWSON

1867–1900

I have forgot much, Cynara! gone with the wind,
Flung roses, roses, riotously, with the throng
Non Sum Qualis Eram

EDWARD FITZGERALD

1809–1883

Mrs Browning's death is rather a relief to me, I must say no more Aurora Leighs, thank God!
Letter, 15 *July* 1861

EDWARD AUGUSTUS FREEMAN

1823–1892

A saying which fell from myself in one of the debates in Congregation on the Modern Language Statute has been quoted in several places 'chatter about Shelley' I mentioned that I had lately read a review of a book about Shelley in which the critic praised or blamed the author for his 'treatment of the Harriet problem'
Contemporary Review, Oct 1887 'Literature and Language'

The two phrases are often telescoped as 'chatter about Harriet'

GEORGE III

1738–1820

'Was there ever,' cried he, 'such stuff as great part of Shakespeare? Only one must not say so! But what think you?—what?—Is there not sad stuff? what?—what?'
To Fanny Burney (in her *Diary*, 19 Dec 1785)

EDWARD GIBBON

1737–1794

My English text is chaste, and all licentious passages are left in the decent obscurity of a learned language *Memoirs of my Life and Writings*

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

1809–1898

(*The Irish Land League*) It is perfectly true that these gentlemen wish to march through rapine to disintegration and dismemberment of the Empire, and, I am sorry to say, even to the placing of different parts of the Empire in direct hostility one with the other
Speech at Knowsley, 27 *Oct* 1881

HANNAH GLASSE

fl 1747

Take your hare when it is cased
Art of Cookery

Usually misquoted as 'First catch your hare'

ALFRED DENIS GODLEY

1856–1925

What asks the Bard? He prays for nought
But what the truly virtuous crave
That is, the things he plainly ought
To have

His taste in residence is plain
No palaces his heart rejoice
A cottage in a lane (Park Lane
For choice)—
Lyra Frivola, 'After Horace'.

KENNETH GRAHAME

1859–1932

'Aunt Maria flung herself on him [the curate] "O Mr Hodgitts!" I heard her cry, "you are brave! for my sake do not be rash!" He was not rash'
The Golden Age, 'The Burglars'.

RICHARD BURDON HALDANE VISCOUNT HALDANE

1856–1928

I had gone to Germany too often, and had read her literature too much, not to give ground to narrow-minded people to say that Germany was my 'spiritual home' *An Autobiography*, p 285

HENRY II

1133–1189

'Who will free me from this turbulent priest?'
History books.

What a parcel of fools and dastards have I nourished in my house, that not one of them will avenge me of this one upstart clerk!
K Norgate, in *Dictionary of National Biography*

HENRY VIII

1491–1547

[*Anne of Cleves*] The King found her so different from her picture that he swore they had brought him a Flanders mare
Smollett, *Hist of England* (ed 3, 1759), vi 68

O HENRY (WILLIAM SYDNEY PORTER)

1862–1910

'Little old New York's good enough for us'—that's what they sing *A Tempered Wind.*

BENJAMIN JOWETT

1817–1893

The lie in the Soul is a true lie
From the Introduction to his translation of Plato's *Republic*, bk II

WILLIAM LAMB, VISCOUNT MELBOURNE

1779–1848

[*Catholic Emancipation*] What all the wise men promised has not happened, and what all the d—d fools said would happen has come to pass
H Dunckley, *Lord Melbourne* (1890)

JOHN GEORGE LAMBTON FIRST EARL OF DURHAM

1792–1840

'. one of his sublimities too good to be lost he said he considered £40,000 a year a moderate income—such a one as a man *might jog on with*'
The Creevey Papers (13 Sept. 1821), II 32

WILLIAM LANGLAND

1330?–1400?

Dowel, Dobet, and Dobest
Piers Plowman MS Laud 581, passus VIII, heading

[*This corrects the errors on* p 251a, *where the phrase is attributed to Lydgate, and the MS number given as* 851]

GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS

1806–1863

Life would be tolerable were it not for its amusements
According to Lord Grey of Fallodon, in his *Twenty-Five Years*

ROBERT LOWE VISCOUNT SHERBROOKE

1811–1892

'I believe it will be absolutely necessary that you should prevail on our future masters to learn their letters'
Speech in House of Commons, 15 July 1867 (on the passing of the Reform Bill)

Popularized as 'We must educate our masters'

CHARLES BLAIR MACDONALD

"When ye come to play golf ye maun hae a heid!"
Scotland's Gift—Golf, 1928

'A caddy at St Andrews named Lang Willie was teaching one of the professors of the university the noble game The professor was not a promising pupil —Willie fairly got out of patience and said to him "Ye see, Professor, as long as ye are learning thae lads at the College Latin and Greek it is easy work, but when ye come to play golf ye maun hae a heid!"'

JOHN, VISCOUNT MORLEY OF BLACKBURN

1838–1923

The whole of the golden Gospel of Silence is now effectively compressed in thirty fine volumes
Critical Miscellanies (1871) *Carlyle.*

ALFRED, LORD MILNER

1854–1925

(*The Peers and the Budget*) 'If we believe a thing to be bad, and if we have a right to prevent it, it is our duty to try to prevent it and to damn the consequences' *Speech at Glasgow*, 26 Nov 1909

JAMES OGILVY, FIRST EARL OF SEAFIELD

1664–1730

Now there's ane end of ane old song
(as he signed the engrossed exemplification of the Act of Union, 1706)
Lockhart Papers (1817), I 223

WALTER HORATIO PATER

1839–1894

All art constantly aspires towards the condition of music
The Renaissance 'The School of Giorgione'

ARCHIBALD PHILIP PRIMROSE EARL OF ROSEBERY

1847–1929

Before Irish Home Rule is concluded by the Imperial Parliament, England as the predominant member of the three kingdoms will have to be convinced of its justice and equity
Speech in the House of Lords, 11 *March* 1894

'SAKI' (HECTOR HUGH MUNRO)

1870–1916

Women and elephants never forget an injury
Reginald Reginald on Besetting Sins

JAMES SMITH

1775–1839

AND HORACE SMITH

1779–1849

John Richard William Alexander Dwyer
Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire
The Theatre (parodied from Crabbe).

EDMUND SPENSER

1552?–1599

So let us love, deare Love, lyke as we ought,
—Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught
Amoretti Sonnet lxviii

LAURENCE STERNE

1713–1768

God tempers the wind, said Maria, to the shorn lamb
A Sentimental Journey Maria

From a French proverb, but familiar in Sterne's form of words

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

1850–1894

AND LLOYD OSBOURNE

Nothing like a little judicious levity
[*Michael Finsbury*] *The Wrong Box*, chap 7

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

1809–1892

This way and that dividing the swift mind
Morte d'Arthur, l 60

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

1811–1863

'Them 's my sentiments!' [*Fred Bullock*]
Vanity Fair, chap 21

MARK TWAIN (SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS)

1835–1910

The reports of my death are greatly exaggerated
Cable from Europe to the Associated Press

ARTHUR WELLESLEY, DUKE OF WELLINGTON

1769–1852

[*At Waterloo*] Hard pounding this, gentlemen, let's see who will pound longest
In Sir W Scott, *Paul's Letters* (1815)

OSCAR FINGAL O'FLAHERTIE WILLS WILDE

1856–1900

I couldn't help it I can resist everything except temptation
Lady Windermere's Fan, Act i

We are all in the gutter, but some of us are looking at the stars *Ib*, Act iii

WILLIAM WINDHAM

1750–1810

Those entrusted with arms . . . should be persons of some substance and stake in the country
In House of Commons, 22 *July* 1807

PELHAM GRENVILLE WODEHOUSE

(1881–)

He spoke with a certain what-is-it in his voice, and I could see that, if not actually disgruntled, he was far from being gruntled
The Code of the Woosters

Slice him where you like a hellhound is always a hell-hound *Ib*

Donning the soup-and-fish in preparation for the evening meal *Jeeves and the Impending Doom*

Excellent browsing and sluicing
Jeeves and the Unbidden Guest

There was another ring at the front door Jeeves shimmered out and came back with a telegram
Jeeves takes charge

SAMUEL WOODFORD

1636–1700

To his very Worthy Friend Mr Izaak Walton, upon his Writing and Publishing the Life of the Venerable and Judicious Mr Richard Hooker
Title of verses prefixed to the Life, 1675

SIR HENRY WOTTON

1568–1639

At my departure toward Rome I had won confidence enough to beg his advice [Alberto Scipioni's] how I might carry myself securely there without offence of others or of mine own conscience '*Signor Arrigo mio*,' says he, '*I pensieri stretti ed il viso sciolto* will go safely over the whole world' ['Sir Henry the thoughts secret and the countenance open']
Letter to Milton, 13 April 1638, prefixed to *Comus*

ANONYMOUS

Earned a precarious living by taking in one another's washing
('It is said that a society was formed (*c* 1900?) for the purpose of discovering the origin of the phrase, but without result' *Benham*, 1936)

Here you are, an able-bodied man, respectably brought-up, instead of which you go about the country stealing ducks
Said to have been addressed to a prisoner by an Indian judge

'How different, how very different from the home life of our own dear Queen!'
Irvin S Cobb, *A Laugh a Day*

As Cleopatra, Sarah Bernhardt stabbed the slave who bore to her the tidings of Mark Antony's defeat at Actium, she stormed, raved, wrecked some of the scenery in her frenzy and finally, as the curtain fell, dropped in a shuddering, convulsive heap

As the applause died, a middle-aged British matron was heard to say to her neighbour 'How different, how very different from the home life of our own dear Queen!' (Victoria)

Know all men by these presents, that I John Griffin make the aforementioned my last will and testament Cruise, *Digest*, 1752

EUCLID

Third century B C

A line is length without breadth

There is no 'royal road' to geometry
(Said to Ptolemy I Proclus, *Comment on Euclid*, Prol G 20)

JULIUS CAESAR

102?–44 B C.

Caesar's wife must be above suspicion
Traditional, based on Plutarch, *Life of Julius Caesar*, x 6

Thou hast Caesar and his fortune with thee
Plutarch, *Life of Julius Caesar*, xxxviii 3 Trans by North

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO

106–43 B C

'Ipse dixit' 'Ipse' autem erat Pythagoras
De Natura Deorum, 1 5 10

'He himself said it', and this 'he himself', it seems, was Pythagoras

MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS

A D 121–180

The poet says, Dear city of Cecrops, and wilt not thou say, Dear City of Zeus? *tr* G Long

TERTULLIAN

A D 192?–220

Plures efficimur quoties metimur a vobis, semen est sanguis Christianorum *Apol* 50 ad fin

The more ye mow us down, the more we grow, the seed is the blood of Christians (Traditionally rendered as 'The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church')

WILLIAM OF OCCAM

c 1300–1349

['*Occam's Razor*'] Entia non sunt multiplicanda praeter necessitatem

Things not known to exist should not, unless it is absolutely necessary, be postulated as existing
Oxf Eng Dict s v 'Razor'.

ANONYMOUS

Et in Arcadia ego
Inscription on a tomb, frequently reproduced in paintings, e g by Guercino, Poussin, and Reynolds

Usually translated 'And I too [the occupant of the tomb] was in Arcadia' But perhaps rather, 'I too [the tomb itself] am in Arcadia' even in Arcadia there am I (Death) (See E Panofsky in *Philosophy and History* essays presented to E Cassirer, 1936)

Quidquid agas, prudenter agas, et respice finem
Gesta Romanorum, cap 103 init

Whatever you do, do cautiously, and look to the end

JULIEN BENDA

1868–

La trahison des clercs

The treason of the educated classes

NICOLAS BOILEAU

1636–1711

Enfin Malherbe vint, et, le premier en France,
Fit sentir dans les vers une juste cadence.
L'Art Poétique, 1 131–2

At last comes Malherbe, and, the first to do so in France, makes verse run smoothly

FRANÇOIS, DUC DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

1613–1680

La reconnaissance de la plupart des hommes n'est qu'une secrète envie de recevoir de plus grands bienfaits *Maximes*, 298

In most of mankind gratitude is merely a secret hope of further favours

A saying ascribed to Sir Robert Walpole by Hazlitt in his 'Wit and Humour' 'The gratitude of place-expectants is a lively sense of future favours' is obviously derived from La Rochefoucauld

M. E. PATRICE MAURICE DE MACMAHON

1808–1893

J'y suis, j'y reste

Here I am, and here I stay
Attr remark at the taking of the Malakoff, 8 September 1855

JEAN-BAPTISTE MOLIÈRE

1622–1673

Il m'est permis, disait Molière, de reprendre mon bien où je le trouve

It is permitted me, said Molière, to take my own where I find it
Grimarest, *Vie de Molière* (1704), p 14

Nous avons changé tout cela
Le Médecin malgré lui, II 6.

We have changed all that (Said by the pretended doctor to justify his mistake as to the relative positions of heart and liver)

NAPOLEON I

1769–1821

Quant au courage moral, il avait trouvé fort rare, disait-il, celui de deux heures après minuit, c'est-à-dire le courage de l'improviste
Las Cases, *Mémorial de Ste-Helène, Dec* 4–5, 1815

As to moral courage, I have very rarely met with *the two o'clock in the morning courage* I mean unprepared courage

VOLTAIRE

1694–1778

Le mieux est l'ennemi du bien

The best is the enemy of the good
Dict Philosophique, art Art Dramatique

ANONYMOUS

An army marches on its stomach
Attrib to Napoleon, in, e g , *Windsor Magazine*, 1904, p 268

Probably condensed from a long passage in Las Cases, *Memorial de Ste-Helène* (Nov 1816)

Tout passe, tout casse, tout lasse
Cahier, *Quelques six mille proverbes*

Everything passes, everything perishes, everything palls

Se non è vero, è molto ben trovato

If it is not true, it is a happy invention

Apparently a common saying in the sixteenth century Found in Giordano Bruno (1585) in the above form, and in Antonio Doni (1552) as 'Se non è vero, egli è stato un bel trovato'

NICHOLAS I

1796–1855

Russia has two generals in whom she can confide—Generals Janvier and Février
Punch, 10 *Mar* 1853 *Speech of the late Emperor of Russia*

PAUL KRUGER

1825–1904

A bill of indemnity for raid by Dr Jameson and the British South Africa Company's troops The amount falls under two heads—first material damage, total of claim, £577,938 3*s* 3*d* , second, moral or intellectual damage, total of claim, £1,000,000
Communicated to House of Commons by Joseph Chamberlain, 18 *February* 1897

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES

1547–1616

Patience, and shuffle the cards
Don Quixote, pt II, ch 23

HERMANN GOERING

1893–

Guns will make us powerful, butter will only make us fat *Radio Broadcast, summer of* 1936

IMMANUEL KANT

1724–1804

There is but one categorical imperative 'Act only on that maxim whereby thou canst at the same time will that it should become a universal law'
Tr A D Lindsay, from *Fundamental Principles of Morals*, p 421

INDEX

NOTE

THE order of the index both in the keywords and in the entries under the keywords is strictly alphabetical To save space the keyword is replaced by its initial letter in the individual entries, and the following abbreviations have been used with the same intention —shd , wd , cd , yr , yrs , for should, would, could, your, and yours The general plan has been to allow two words of index for each line of verse—though it has been found impossible to limit the number to two in the most well-known quotations—and to index the principal words in the prose passages The entries have been made as intelligible as possible in the limited space in order that the index may be used not only to track a known or half-known quotation but to supply a quotation on some particular subject

Irregular spellings (such as occur in Dickens, Artemus Ward, &c), early English words, dialect words, and Cockneyisms are indexed under their correct or English equivalents, except where the words have no such exact equivalent thus alleybi, blude, wision, feace, trouthe, &c , are indexed under alibi, blood, vision, face, and truth respectively, while airts, galumphing, latoun, tapsalteerie, &c , have entries of their own

Greek, Latin, and other foreign quotations each have a separate index of their own following after the English index

A was an apple-pie 532a
Aaron A 's rod 493b
even unto A 's beard 490a
like A 's serpent 301a
Abana and Pharpar 496b
Abandon a all remorse 362a
all hope a , ye who enter here 566b
if he wd a his mind to it 211a
Abandoned what God a , these defended 200a
Abashed a the Devil stood 274b
they heard, and were a 271b
Abassin where A kings their issue guard 274a
Abatement falls into a and low price 369b
Abba we cry, A , Father 513b
Abbey his name on the A -stones 48a
not in the A proudly hid 453b
Abbot A of Aberbrothok 466b
Father A , I am come 462b
ABC unacquainted with the 410b
Abdiel Seraph A 275a
Abed-nego Meshach and A 504a
Abel Cain and his brother, A 100b
Aberbrothok Abbot of A 466b
Aberdeen the Quaker (Lord A) 17a
Aberdour half-fowre to A 530a
Abhor age, I do a thee 369b
Abhorred he hath not despised, nor a 483a
the lean a monster 366b
to be a of all faithful Christians 480b
Abhorring blow me into a 325a
Abide a with me from morn till eve 224a
and no where did a 90a
O Lord, a with me 251b
O Lord, who may a it 490a
others a our question 7b
what was, and is, and will a 463b
with me and mine a 254a
Abiead all things a eternally 445a
Abides tho much is taken much r 430a
Abi-ezer vintage of A 495a
Ability men furnished with a 521a
out of my lean and low r 372a
studies serve for a 10a
thirdly, intellectual a 10b
Abject a from the spheres 452a
I'll be this a thing no more 173a
so a —yet alive 73b
Ablaze yet Britain set the world a 161a
Able above that ye are a 514b
as far as he is a 413b
Able-bodied man stealing ducks 573b
Ablution pure a round earth's human shores 220b
Aboard we brought them all a 437b
Abode archangels, in yr dim a 475b
Kosmos my a 414a
nor wealth nor blessed a 262a
the English make it their a 449a
Abodes turning at the bless'd a 300b
remembers its august a 241a
windless, fortunate a 397b
Abolish utterly a or destroy 466b
Abominable altogether become a 482a
Abomination a of desolation 507b
incense is an a 501a
Abominations mother of harlots and a 519b
Abora singing of Mount A 101b
Abou Ben Adhem 201b
About a , a in reel and rout 98b
heard great argument a it and a 153a
what are you a 43a
Above aim a little a it 247a
around, beneath a 36b
at once a , beneath, around 403a
every perfect gift is from a 517a
he is so a me 322a
some descending from a 13a
'tis not so a 334b
unless a himself he can erect 464b
up a the world so high 425a
we know of what they do a 449a
Abra was ready ere I call'd 306a
Abraham (Abram) A , wherefore did Sarah laugh? 493a
are they the seed of A 515a
carried into A 's bosom 510a
Edward sleep in A 's bosom 385a
O father A these Christians 153a
the God of A 493b
thou liest in A 's bosom 467a
Abridgement an a of all that was pleasant 169b
Abroad a , and see new sights 162b
never stirs a at all 406b
no more, I will a 188a
pouring forth thy soul a 220a
tho bred, I will a 188a
Absalom O A , my son 495b
Absence a from whom we love 109a
a , hear thou my protestation 198a
a is to love what wind is to fire 561b
a makes the heart grow fonder 22a
a of body 515a
a of educated opinion 9b
a of occupation is not rest 110b
a seemed my flame to qualify 389a
bitterness of a sour 388a
by a this good means 198a
conspicuous by its a 315a
eek in her a 80b
hearts of mettle a doth join 198a
I dote on his very a 353a
like a winter hath my a been 388b
lovers' cannot admit a 134a
pangs of a to remove 305b
wh in thy a is a sty 324b
Absent a from Him I roam 280a
a in body but present in spirit 514a
a -minded beggar 227a
a one from another 493a
a thee from felicity 337a
call'd my a kisses 115b
have I been a in the spring 388b
if to be a were to be away 249b
our loved ones, now far a 411a
the a are always in the wrong 562b
thou art a I am sad 290a
with an a heed 179a
Absents presents endear a 238b
Absolute be a for death 351b
he of a temper was so a 136b
how a the knave is 336b
Love, thou art a 115a
so a she seems 276a
the A across the hall 26b
Absolutism moderated by assassination 523a
Absolved half a who has confess'd 305b
Abstain a from fleshly lusts 517b
a you from such works 257b
Abstinence a is as easy to me 212a
a sows sand 30a
made almost a sin of a 139b
the lean and sallow a 267b
Abstract liberty not to be found 55b
Abstracts the a and brief chronicles 332b
Absurd or the thing becomes a 197a
Prophet of the Utterly A 234a
proving a all written hitherto 46a
so a a view 75b
something a about the past 24b
Abundance the a of thy grace 401a
the a of the heart 506b
Abundant good more a grows 274b
Abundantly to do exceeding a 515b
Abuse a the shopocracy 289b
if it is a sure to hear of it 400a
more dangerous the a 56b
to a in public 34a
Abused better to be much a 362a
except Napoleon or a it more 71b
never love was so a 402a
so much a as this sentence 321a
still by himself a 301a
Abuses me to damn me 333a
Abusing here will be an old a 355b
Abydos of her breasts 132b
Abysm of time 367a
Abyss Nature's dark a 465a
secrets of th' a to spy 175a
this wild a , the womb of nature 273a
unbottomed infinite a 272b
Abyssinian it was an A maid 101b
Acacia the slender a 434a
Academe the olive grove of A 277a
Academes women's eyes the a 345a

Academy pronounce in this A. 308b
Accent the a of Christians 333b
Accents a yet unknown 339b
caught his clear a 48a
follow with a sweet 78a
loved a are soon forgot 395a
th' a that are ours 117a
Accept a, thou shrine 225a
I a the Universe 82a
Acceptable a year of the Lord 503a
alway a in thy sight 482b
an a people 479a
Accepted is it a of song? 263b
Accident found out by a 240a
many a happy a 265b
moving a is not my trade 465b
no a, no mishap 171b
there s been an a 172b
the shot of a 362b
Accidents a may be expected 122a
a will occur 122a
chapter of a is the longest 461a
moving a by flood 360a
which shackles i 325a
Accipitrine will a to pursue 441a
Accommodating polities exceedin' a 451a
Accomplishment of verse 464a
Accomplishments give lustre 91a
Accord just a all music makes 402a
with one a to make supplications 478b
Accosted you shd then have a her 371b
Account but sent to my a 331b
shall give a thereof 506b
Accounted I wd a be true brother 476b
Accounting for the moral sense 80b
Accoutred as I was 337b
Accuracy must be sacrificed 212b
Accursed (accurst) shall think themselves a 383a
what God blessed once prove a 44b
wish that myself were a 513b
Accusation bring against him a railing a 518a
Accuse a not Nature 276a
I a 566a
Accused never make a defence before a 87b
Accuser vanquish, not my A 288a
Accusing Spirit wh flew 412a
Ace of trumps up his sleeve 238b
Achaians to the battle, A 77b
Achates loyal A bore the weapons 554b
Ache this heart rejoice, or a 109b
Ached never has a with a heart 421a
Aches fill all thy bones with a 367a
the sense a at thee 363a
Achieve I shall a in time 164b
the a of, the mastery 168a
Achievements how my a mock me 369a
such great a cannot fail 45b
Achiever brings home full numbers 357b
Achieving still a, still pursuing 248a
Achilles clad in the spoils of A 555b
see the great A 439a
stood upon A' tomb 71a
what name A assumed 42b
words in wh A, on returning 288a
work out A his armour 41a
Aching left an a void 109b
Achitophel the false A 138a
Acidulous vestals 413a
Acknowledge do you think I'd a him 125a
I next a duly 288b
Acknowledgement of God in Christ 46a
A-cold owl was a 221b
Acorns oaks from little a grow 149b
A-courting comes a me 165b
when we go out a 131a
Acquaintance a I wd have 107a
an old a among the pines 444a
good creditable a 418a
have a visiting a with 400b
make a new a 211b
shd auld a be forgot 59a
what! old a! 379a
Acquainted (acquent) a with grief 503a
a with sad misery 454b
Love and I are well a 167a
what I am not a with 155a
when we were first a 61a
Acquiesce but to a with silence 212b
Acquist he with new a 278a
Acre an a of barren ground 367a
Acres every three a of land 266a
few paternal a bound 303b
lass that has a o' charms 61a
mystic fruit his a yield 146b
over whose a walked 376a
the a of the rye 327b
three a and a cow 102b
Acrimonious and surly republican 213a
Acroceraunian mountains 392b
Act a first, this Earth, a stage 435b
a in the living Present! 248a
a upon it, if you can! 163b
conclusion in unmitigated a 229a
did a what now we moan 215a
did the a of darkness with her 343a
does both a and know 261a
drive a coach thro' the A 309a
I cd a as well as he myself 151b
in some fifth a 435b
is in itself almost an a 313a
last a crowns the play 307a
prologues to the swelling a 346a
sleep an a or two 386b
some loving a upon her 322b
thine own a and valour 347a
think thou and a 312b
thyself shalt see the a 355a
to mind each kindly a 539b
unproportioned thought his a 330b
what a that roars so loud 135a
within the meaning of the A 528a
Acted Russell a invariably 150b
Acting a of a dreadful thing 338b
a the lowest of the arts 281a
danger chiefly lies in a well 94b
when he was off he was a 160b
Action a in the tented field 360a
a is transitory 463a
a lies in his true nature 334b
a nor utterance 340a
cold for a 381b
do no sinful a 3a
end of life is a 203a
end of man is an a 81b
in a faithful 302b
in a how like an angel 332b
in a wisdom goes by majorities 264b
justice is truth in a 128a
lose the name of a 333a
pious a 333a
spheres of a 244b
suit the a to the word 333b
that and th' a fine 188b
thought is the child of a 130a
till a, lust is perjur'd 380a
turn a good a into ridicule 151b
whose a is no stronger 388a
with what courteous a it waves 331a
Actions a of the just 401a
a that a man might play 330a
best of all our a tend 66a
find their a in balance 42a
great a are not always true sons 65a
great a speak great minds 23a
in his a be so ill 262b
my a are my ministers 87b
speaker of my living a 386b
when our a do not, our fears do 350a
words are also a 148a
Active more a -valiant 378b
Actor after a well-graced a leaves 376a
a moment yet the a stops 440b
anybody may see he is an a 151b
as an unperfect a 387a
like a dull a now 328b
the fault and not the a of it 151b
Actors a or spectators 392a
these our a 367b
Actresses white bosoms of yr a 206b
Acts all those a wh Deity 218a
all yr a are queens 373b
centre on forbidden a 412a
feels the noblest-a the best 18a
first four a already past 28a
illustrious a high raptures 449a
nameless, unremembered a 472a
our a our angels are 23a
our own a mightier powers 5b
Acts (*cont*)
with such a fill a pen 137a
Ad infinitum so proceed a 419b
Ada! sole daughter 68a
Adage the poor cat i' the a 347a
Adam A from his fair spouse 474b
A had 'em 522a
A shall share with me 276a
A, the goodliest man 274a
A was but human 447a
A was not Adamant 194b
a deep sleep to fall upon A 492a
and A was a gardener 384a
Aristotle rubbish of an A 406a
as in A all die 515a
as our Father A knew 228a
child of A's stem 293b
drink of A's ale 306a
father A sat under the tree 228a
gardener A and his wife 431b
God brought them unto A 492a
gratitude we owe to A 447a
grave man nicknamed A 96a
hold up A's profession 316a
in A's ear so charming 275b
oh, A was a gardener 229b
old A in this child 481a
old A's likeness 375b
old A, the curtion crow 24a
old as the story of A and Eve 47b
second A to the fight 288b
son of A and of Eve 305b
the penalty of A 325b
when A dalfe 178b
when A delved 527b
wh did in A fail 289a
whilst A slept 528a
whipped the offending A 381a
young A Cupid 365a
Adamant Adam was not a 194b
Adazzle, dim 197b
Add God shall a unto him 520b
if any man shall a unto 520b
Added these things shall be a 505b
Adder deaf a that stoppeth her ears 485b
it stingeth like an a 498b
that brings forth the a 338a
Adders what a came to shed 421b
Addington Pitt is to A 570b
Addison days and nights to A 213a
Addition think it no a 362b
Address tear wiped with a little a 111a
Addressed a its evening hours 415a
be they a to what they may 209b
Adepts a in the speaking trade 94b
Adieu a, a, kind friends 527a
a, a! my native shore 68a
a! a! thy plaintive anthem 220a
a for ever more, my dear 61a
a for evermore, my love! 319a
a, she cries! and waved 161a
a! the fancy cannot cheat 220a
a 'twixt soul and body 313b
bid you a welcome a 451a
bid yr servant once a 388a
Joy bidding a 219b
thou vain world, a 79a
till tomorrow eve, my Own, a 294a
Adjunct learning is but in a 345a
Adjust patiently a, amend, and heal 180a
we never can a it 59a
Administered whate'er is best a is best 301b
Administration a criticism of a 17a
Admiral kill an a from time to time 566a
Admirals A all 287b
a, extoll'd for standing still 111a
Admiralty blood be the price of a 234b
Admiration the a only of weak minds 277a
disease of a 254b
great in a as herself 386b
season yr a 330a
we live by a 464b
Admire a his sleight of hand 65b
do you a the view 84b
for fools a 300b
for to a an' for to see 229a
I am willing to a 197a
I do a of womankind 108b
let none a that riches grow 272a
not to a is all the art 71a, 104a
nought to a is only thing 543a

Admire (*cont*)
one cannot possibly a them 460b
where none a, 'tis useless to excel 251b
Admired all who understood a 305a
in thee, fair and a 322b
not blush so to be a 449a
only to be seen to be a 108a
that she might a be 372b
Admires he who meanly a 439b
the men that all the world a 259a
Admiring more the riches 272a
Admit never to a them in your sight 11b
Admittance no a till the week after 85b
Admitted to that equal sky 300b
Ado much a there was, God wot 35a
Adon sweet A darest not glance 176a
Adonais blazoning the name of A 393b
I weep for A 391b
the soul of A, like a star 392b
what A is why fear we to become 392b
Adonis A from his native rock 271b
an A of fifty 183b
this A in loveliness 202a
Adoption and their a tried 330b
children by a and grace 479a
the spirit of a 513b
Adorable loving, a, softly to rest 289a
Adoration all a, duty and observance 327b
breathless with a 467a
for a all the ranks of angels 402b
Adorations desires and a 392a
Adore as you too shall a 250a
I may command where I a 371a
I seek and a them 36b
yet I love thee and a 110a
youth, I do a thee 389b
Adored I have still a Liberty 101a
Adores he a as Margaret 294b
Seraph that a and burns 301a
Adorn nothing that he did not a 209b
Adorned the forest a the foremost 97a
when unadorned a the most 443b
Adread yet was I sore a 441b
Adrianus *moles* of A 42b
Adriatic A breaks in a warm bay 5b
spouseless A 69a
Adsum quickly said, 'A' 440a
Adullam political Cave of A 38a
Adulteration not quite adultery, but a 71b
Adulterers partaker with the a 485a
Adulteries the a of art 215a
Adultery do not a commit 96b
gods [call] a 70a
not quite a, but adulteration 71b
thou shalt not commit a 480a
Advance a! spare not! 198a
is somewhat to a 303b
retrograde if it does not a 162a
Advanced cowards! if I a one step 288a
Advancement what a may I hope 334a
Advantage a rarely comes of it 96b
nailed for our a 376a
suck they no small a 486b
them as take a that get a 144a
the private a of the preacher 56b
with equal a content 78b
Advantages he'll remember with a 383a
hope of fair a 353b
Advent best such an a becomes 73a
Adventure beautiful a in life 157b
in the a of a diver 49b
once more on my a 50b
to die will be an awfully big a 21b
Adventures a to the adventurous 129a
bold and hard a 152a
our a were by the fireside 171a
Adventuring thus a to die 225a
Adventurous adventures are to the a 129a
Adversary agree with thine a 505a
mine a had written a book 497a
yr a the devil 518a
Adversity a doth best discover virtue 14b
a is hard upon a man 81a
a is not without comforts 14b
a is the blessing of the New 14a
a 's sweet milk 366a
hundred that will stand a 81a
I am crossed with a 372b
in the day of a consider 499b
Adversity (*cont*)
men contending with a 64a
of fortunes sharp a 90a
old companions in a 53b
or any other a 480b
sweet are the uses of a 325b
things that belong to a 14a
Advertisement promise is the soul of an a 213a
Advice a from my seniors 444a
a is seldom welcome 90b
a to persons about to marry 535a
can Love be controll'd by a 159a
never give any a 91a
tea and comfortable a 222b
to ask a flattery 102a
woman seldom asks a 2b
Advices mony lengthened sage a 62b
Advise always to a her wrong 419a
Adviser than ever did th a 60a
Advises it's my old girl that a 121b
Advocate our Mediator and A 479a
Aegean among the A Isles 8a
o'er the A main Athens arose 396a
Æneas Dido and her A 324b
Dido found A wd not come 304b
Aeon lie down for an a or two 236b
Aery holds an a in its arms 48b
Aeschylus thundering A 216a
Aesculapius owe a cock to A 560a
Aeson herbs that did renew old A 355a
Æsop prettily devised of A 16b
Aesthetic in the high a band 165b
in the high a line 165a
Aetolian Europe to the A shore 6a
Afar a, in the sounding labour-house vast 7b
and cometh from a 466a
you wh were a off 515b
A-faulding let us gang 59b
Afeard art thou a to be the same 347a
Affable the a Archangel 275b
Affair had an a with the moon 411a
no half-and-half a 163b
Affairs for the ordering yr a 373b
or yr a suppose 388a
tide in the a of men 341a
tide in the a of women 71a
will mutter their a 362a
Affect angels a us oft 131b
learned pedants much a. 65a
study what you most a. 366b
Affectation a of a 151a
only by a spoiled 420a
so used to a 149a
spruce a 345a
universities incline wits to a 17a
Affecting to seem unaffected 103b
Affection a beaming in one eye 123b
a on things above 516a
a! thy intention stabs 373a
by letter and a 359b
deep a and recollection 306b
he fills a 's eye 210b
rear of yr a 330b
strong a stirs her spirit 407a
talk not of wasted a 247a
thy a cannot hold the bent 370b
to me-wards yr a 's strong 189b
true a, but 'twas nipt with care 265b
what unrequited a is 123a
Affectioned be kindly a 513b
Affections a dark as Erebus 355b
a gently lead us on 472a
a history of the a 203b
for those first a 466b
his deep a make him passionate 259a
lovers' souls descend t a 132b
old offences of a new 389a
unruly wills and a 479b
young a run to waste 69a
Affinity table of kindred and a 491b
Affirmations belief a of the soul 148b
Afflict how dost thou a me 385a
Afflicted any ways a, or distressed 479a
he was oppressed and he was a 503a
in all their affliction he was a 503b
Affliction a is enamoured 366a
feed him with bread of a 496b
heart together a alters 373b
in all their a he was afflicted 503b
Affliction (*cont*)
in the furnace of a 502b
such a light a 287a
the highlands of a 410a
try me with a 362b
Afflictions a easier grow 450a
a sorted 187a
happy issue out of all their a 479a
Afford parties cd any way a it 143b
Affright there's none to a thee 189b
Affront well-bred man will not a. me 108a
Afghanistan left on A 's plains 237a
Afloat are we now a 341a
I'm a, I'm a 243a
Afoot and light-hearted 458a
Afraid a of that wh is high 499b
a to know itself 350a
a to look upon God 493b
be not a, neither be dismayed 494b
do what you are a to do 148a
half a he first beats 443b
happiness that makes the heart a 195b
I am a to think 348a
I am devilishly a 139b
I, a stranger and a 200a
I'm a to come home in the dark 461b
in short, I was a 145a
it is I, be not a. 507a
keep myself from being a 139b
many are a of God 246a
men not a of G, a of me 303b
not a to speak evil 518a
not so a of death as ashamed 41b
of whom then shall I be a 483b
so, *I* was a 47b
they were sore a 508b
Afric (Africk) A 's sunny fountains 184a
on A 's burning shore 309a
thy breath is A 's spicy gale 161a
upon A 's passes 93b
Africa I speak of A 381a
Jove's planet silent over A 47b
sloggin' over A 227b
something new from A 552b
there is all A 41b
weep for bones in A 200a
African Moon-mountains A 221a
After which was before come a 65b
who coming a me 510b
Afternoon in the a of time 415a
it seemed always a 433a
some green a 423a
the walk that a 293b
wh the rude multitude call the a 345a
After-vacancy in the a 463a
Afton flow gently, sweet A 60b
Agag came unto him delicately 495b
Again a! a! a! 76b
and at him a 19b
do it, please a 172b
has been, and may be a 471a
I do it a and a 82b
is it really you a 46b
try, try a 191a
Against he that is not with me is a me 509a
I have somewhat a thee 518b
who can be a us 513b
Agamemnon heroes lived before A 547a
sent to rouse up A 41a
when A cried aloud 145a
Aganippe I never drank of A well 401b
Agate no bigger than an a-stone 364b
Age a, ache, penury 352a
a at last a sorry *breaking-up* 195b
a best in four things 13b
a cannot wither her 323a
a fatal to Revolutionists 562b
a his seasons done 137b
a, I do abhor thee 389b
a is as a lusty winter 326a
a is full of care 389b
A might but take the things 463b
a of chivalry is gone 57a
a of chivalry is past 130a
a shall not weary them 28b
a will not be defied 15b
a will perform the promises 213b
a with stealing steps 448b
ah! Matt old a 410b

Age (*cont*)
a lady of a 'certain a ' 71*a*
an a of poverty 355*a*
an a that melts with decay 214*a*
an a without a name 283*a*
an old a , serene and bright 473*a*
Athens in his riper a 141*b*
at your a the hey-day 335*a*
build from a to a 227*b*
common at yr a 25*b*
complain of the a we live in 56*b*
crabbed a and youth 389*b*
damn the a 240*a*
days of our a are threescore 487*b*
dearth, a , agues 133*a*
died in a good old a 496*b*
each a is a dream 291*a*
every one when a strike him 96*b*
expect one of my a 149*b*
Father of all! in every a 304*a*
fixed point in a changing a 136*a*
forehead of the a to come 221*a*
form'd to lash the a 299*b*
for what a takes away 405*a*
green and smiling a 413*a*
he cannot endure in his a 358*b*
He hath not forgotten my a 407*a*
he is of a , he shall speak 511*a*
he was not of an a 216*a*
he wd not in mine a 386*a*
I can tell a woman s a 166*b*
if a could 563*a*
in a I bud again 188*a*
in a good old a 492*b*
in torment in every a 391*b*
it is the A of Machinery 80*a*
joys with a diminish 48*b*
kings governed their rude a 17*b*
lead on our days to a 341*a*
let a approve of youth 51*a*
like the old a 371*a*
live this day and see old a 383*a*
mine a is even as nothing 484*a*
more fruit in their a 487*b*
now enjoys his a 140*a*
Old A and Experience 309*b*
old A a regret 129*a*
old a crept over them 286*a*
old a hath yet his honour 439*a*
outworn buried a 388*a*
pays us but with a and dust 307*b*
poison for the a 's tooth 373*b*
serene, that men call a 39*a*
slow-consuming A 175*a*
some smack of a in you 379*b*
son of his old a 493*a*
Soul of the A ! 215*b*
spirits of this a 339*a*
staff of my a 353*b*
stopped work at this a 291*a*
tells one her real a 460*b*
that A is best 190*b*
that wh shd accompany old a 350*b*
the a is grown so picked 336*b*
the a to come my own 107*a*
the a to come wd say 387*a*
the arrogance of a 58*a*
the evening of my a 313*b*
there may perhaps yet dawn an a 6*a*
the toys of a 301*a*
this a best pleaseth me 190*a*
this is old a 276*b*
this Youth and A 137*b*
tho' a from folly cd not give 322*b*
tho' port shd have a 20*a*
thou a unbred 388*b*
thou hast nor youth nor a 351*b*
thro' every unborn a 175*a*
till a , or grief, or sickness 225*a*
to be the shame of a 93*a*
to grace this latter a 378*b*
to occupy a with 48*a*
towards the a of twenty-six 26*a*
to youth and a in common 9*a*
two weak evils, a and hunger 326*b*
unless an a too late 276*a*
Vastness! and A ! 298*a*
virtuous in their old a 304*a*, 419*a*
well stricken in a 493*a*
what stupid a or nation 66*a*

Age (*cont*)
when the a is in 359*a*
wh are a his alms 295*b*
with an a of ease 168*a*
woes that wait on a 68*a*
world's great a begins 394*a*
youth, what man's a is like to be 119*b*
Aged an a thrush, frail 179*a*
deliciously a and sad 390*b*
I am wiser than the a 489*a*
I saw an a , a man 85*a*
object to an a parent 123*b*
Paul the a 516*b*
venerable did the a seem 445*a*
Agents night s black a 349*a*
Ages a and a have fallen 119*b*
a elapsed ere Homer s lamp 111*b*
a ere the Mantuan swan 111*b*
a of hopeless end 272*b*
a Milton birth, ask d a more 111*b*
a secular bird a of lives 278*a*
a thousand a in Thy sight 453*a*
aye, a long ago 221*b*
doubt not thro the a 432*b*
emptiness of a 258*b*
how many a hence 339*b*
his acts being seven a 326*b*
in more refined a 17*b*
mighty a of eternity 82*a*
our help in a past 453*a*
Rock of a 445*a*
some three a since 344*b*
the rages of the a 179*b*
to foreign nations and the next a 17*a*
unending a run 286*b*
Aggravate I will a my voice so 356*b*
Aggregate of little things 281*a*
Aggression against the menace of a 10*b*
Agincourt affright the air at A 381*a*
the name of A 382*b*
Agios Athanatos 441*a*
A-gipseying go a thro' the world 240*a*
A-gley gang aft a 62*a*
Agnes St A ' Eve 221*b*
Agnostic appropriate title of a 203*a*
Ago a great while a the world 372*a*
bleak mid-winter long a 311*a*
she's dead, sir, long a 531*b*
Agog all a to dash thro' thick 108*b*
Agony a and bloody sweat 478*b*
only a , and that has ending 40*a*
sea of Life and A 395*b*
swimmer in his a 70*b*
the a is abated 255*b*
the exceeding bitter a 406*a*
waters of wide a 395*a*
Agree a with thine adversary 505*a*
how a the kettle and the pot 520*b*
if does not a with me 230*b*
I think if that a 187*b*
roses cd not a 189*b*
sugar, and saltness a 169*a*
the more we didn't a 80*a*
they do a on the stage 400*a*
when people a with me 460*a*
with her wd not a 474*a*
you a with me 460*a*
you and I shall never a 522*b*
Agreeable idea of an a person 129*b*
is the old min a ? 125*a*
power to be a 419*a*
Agreed a to have a battle 84*a*
except they be a 504*a*
Agreeing angry for not a with me 41*b*
Agrees person who a with me 129*b*
Agriculture all taxes fall upon a 162*a*
Agrippa tall A 192*b*
think myself happy, King A 513*a*
Ague-proof I am not a 343*b*
Agues dearth, age, a 133*a*
'Ah!' said Mamma, 'I knew 192*b*
Aha a , Elucescebat 45*a*
a , I am warm 502*b*
Ahab ran before A 496*a*
A-hunting a we will go 151*b*
daren't go a 4*a*
Aid afford yr kindest a 420*a*
a they yield to all 113*b*
Alliteration's artful a 94*b*
kind Arbuthnot's a 419*b*

Aid (*cont*)
lend us Thine a 184*a*
metaphysical a doth have 346*b*
one lovely hand for a 77*a*
without our a he did 224*b*
Ask my back unto an a 539*a*
Ail Oh what can a thee 218*b*
Ailments our a are the same 418*a*
Aim an a I never fash 60*b*
malice never was his a 419*a*
shoots xiphias to his a 403*a*
Aimless walks with a feet 430*b*
Aims far other a his heart had learned 168*b*
other a than my delight 180*a*
unsearchable and secret a 36*a*
Ain't they said 'No, you a !' 243*a*
Air a diviner a 467*b*
a A trim reckoning 379*a*
all the a is thy Diocese 132*b*
all the castles built with a 215*a*
amaze the scented a 37*b*
an a that kills 109*b*
and fiends in upper a 318*b*
as the a , invulnerable 329*b*
a stirring thrills the a 179*b*
behold the fowls of the a 505*b*
blue dome of a 393*b*
blue regions of the a 31*b*
bounded by the vaporous a 395*a*
breathe in that fine a 428*a*
brightness fall from the a 285*b*
chambers of the a 441*b*
do corrupt my a 328*a*
draws a moment's a 105*b*
excellent canopy, the a 332*b*
fair and florid a 154*b*
fairer than the evening a 258*b*
fire-folk sitting in the a 197*b*
freshness fills the silent a 407*a*
Germans (empire of) the a 80*a*
glittering in the smokeless a 472*b*
gossip of the a 370*a*
graceful a and heavenly mug 155*a*
happy good-night a 179*a*
her keel ploughs a 87*a*
he says with solemn a 59*b*
hurtles in the darken'd a 175*a*
I am fire and a 325*a*
I eat the a , promise-crammed 334*a*
in that heavenly a bloom 37*a*
into a , into thin a 367*b*
I shot an arrow into the a 246*b*
let the pibroch shake the a 12*a*
make the cold a fire 397*b*
meteor of the ocean a 194*a*
nipping and an eager a 331*a*
no stir in the a 406*b*
no stir of a was there 218*a*
now a is hush'd 103*a*
one that beateth the a 514*a*
only to kiss that a 190*a*
on the undulating a they swam 195*b*
out of a mouthful of a 474*b*
parching a burns fiore 272*b*
playing in the wanton a 344*b*
plunge to find the a 442*a*
purpose up to the ends of the a 36*a*
scent the morning a 331*b*
she purged the a of pestilence 369*b*
sightless couriers of the a 347*a*
smell the Sussex a 27*a*
still a of delightful studies 279*a*
sweet as Eden is the a 264*b*
the a , a charter of libertine 381*b*
the a a solemn stillness holds 174*a*
the a at Agincourt 381*a*
the a bites shrewdly 331*a*
the a broke into a mist 50*a*
the a goes by in a wind 24*b*
the a is calm and pleasant 279*b*
the a is cut away before 99*b*
the a is delicate 347*a*
the a nimbly and sweetly 347*a*
the fog and filthy a 345*b*
the gold a and the silver 312*a*
to fill the sea and a 99*b*
to take into the a 220*a*
to the fainting a lay bare 398*a*
'twixt a and Angels' purity 132*a*
vast, and wandering a 384*b*

Air (*cont*)
viewless forms of a 317*a*
wan soul in that golden a 312*b*
where a might wash 423*a*
whistling to the a 323*a*
wing the midway a 343*b*
with an independent a 102*b*
with his human a 45*b*
with its sweet a 307*a*
with pinions skim the a 157*b*
world-mothering a 197*b*
yr tongue's sweet a 356*a*
Air-bell of the Critic 45*b*
Airly Beacon 225*b*
Airs a to flashes blent 203*b*
angels sing their a divine 106*b*
discords make the sweetest a 66*a*
don't give yourself a l 82*b*
in its graces and a 292*b*
martial a of England 454*a*
melting a , or martial 112*b*
more than light a 370*b*
saucy a we meet 160*b*
sing it with such a 474*a*
sounds and sweet a 367*b*
the wandering a they faint 394*b*
thy Naiad a 298*a*
Airth on every a a limb 280*b*
Airts of a' the a 62*a*
Airy a , fairy Lilian 432*a*
up the a mountain 4*a*
Aisle the long-drawn a 174*a*
Aisles on my heart monastic a 147*a*
Aiver mak a noble a 60*a*
Ajalon in the valley of A 494*b*
Ajax body is as good as A 329*a*
when A strives to throw 300*a*
Akond of Swat 243*b*
Alabaster as monumental a 363*b*
grandsire cut in a 343*b*
Alacrity kind of a in sinking 356*a*
Alan Breck 412*b*
Alarm (Alarum) at once the wild a 252*b*
in a state of wild a 164*b*
trumpet and a 403*a*
Alarms (alarums) dwell in the midst of a 113*a*
our stern a changed 384*b*
swept with confused a 5*a*
used to war's a 194*b*
Alas a and well a day 525*b*
a , how easily things go wrong 256*a*
a ! poor ghost 331*a*
a ! poor Yorick 336*b*
a , that the longest hill 24*b*
a ! 'tis true I have gone 389*a*
Albatross he saw an a 85*b*
I shot the A 98*b*
the A did follow 98*b*
Albu gallant A fell 27*a*
Alcestis brought to me like A 278*b*
Alchemy countenance, like richest a 318*a*
happy a of mind 175*b*
with heavenly a 387*b*
Alciphron A once or Atisbe 421*b*
Alcmena misery makes A 's nights 42*b*
Alcoran *see* Koran
Aldebaran and Betelgueux shone 180*b*
Alderman forefinger of an a 364*b*
Aldermanic nose 19*a*
Aldershot an' A it 229*b*
Aldgate-Street Temple-Bar to A 160*b*
Aldiborontiphoscophornio 79*b*
Aldrich *harry* A 96*a*
Ale a is a dish for a king 373*a*
a , that is good a 34*a*
always sleep upon a 150*a*
Christmas the mightiest a 318*a*
drink of Adam's A 306*a*
eat my a , drunk my a 150*a*
fame for a pot of a 382*a*
feasts where a was strongest 240*a*
fed purely upon a 150*a*
for a continuance mild a 417*a*
good a , the true and proper 34*a*
jolly good a and old 415*a*
no more cakes and a 370*b*
ordered a glass of this a 122*a*
sees bliss in a 113*b*
send thee good a enough 415*b*
sons of a and brede 474*a*

Ale (*cont*)
spicy nut-brown a 269*a*
the size of pots of a 65*a*
while England talked of a 93*a*
Alehouse fools laugh i' the a 306*b*
Aleppo that in A once 364*a*
Alexander (Alisander) A at the head of the world 449*a*
A 's Ragtime Band 28*a*
A the coppersmith 516*b*
declares that I am A 345*b*
fought men, but A women 244*a*
if I were not A 559*a*
quhen A owre kyng 474*a*
read A Ross over 65*a*
she 's gane, like A 59*b*
some talk of A 526*a*
the second A the Great 257*a*
where A 's ashes lay 18*b*
Alexanders like so many A 382*a*
Alexandra our welcome of thee, A 439*a*
Alexandrine needless A ends the song 300*a*
Alexis A , here she stay'd 138*a*
all aflame for fair A 556*b*
Alfred England's A named 435*a*
when A came to Athelney 91*b*
Algebra clock doth strike, by a 65*a*
Algiers soldier lay dying in A 290*a*
Alhama woe is me, A ! 67*b*
Alibi if don't prove a a 126*b*
ivy worn t there 's a 126*b*
Alice A looked all round 83*a*
A , where art thou? 53*b*
fairer eyes, of A W—n 239*a*
'in the well', A said 83*a*
remember sweet A 148*b*
we are not of A 238*b*
Alike as if we had them not 351*a*
is no such surcease Farth 152*b*
faces, there shd be none a 42*a*
Alive a , a , oh 524*a*
are we a after all this satire 210*b*
art a still, while thy book 215*b*
bears not a so stout a gentleman 379*a*
born into the world a 164*a*
he is no longer a 27*b*
I am a for evermore 518*b*
If I am a I shall be delighted 156*b*
in that dawn to be a 465*a*
officiously to keep a 96*b*
'ot sand an' ginger when a 229*a*
shall all be made a 515*a*
she 's a , she is not dead 531*b*
so abject, yet a 73*b*
the playthings come a 413*b*
was a and is dead 523*b*
What! a and so bold 395*b*
All a along, down along 531*b*
a are needed by each one 146*b*
a have given him over 137*b*
a I can say is—I saw it' 49*a*
a ! I know not what ye call a 377*b*
a my pretty chickens 350*a*
a 's over, then 48*a*
a that a man hath 497*a*
a that e'er with him be 530*b*
a that in them is 480*a*
a that is, at a 51*a*
a that therein is 483*a*
a things are lawful for me 514*b*
a things to a men 514*a*, 524*b*
Christ is a , and in a 516*a*
did you say a ? O hell-kitel 150*a*
for a' that and a' that 66*b*
her a on earth 70*a*
if yet I have not a thy love 133*b*
I shall never have it a 133*b*
Lord God made them a 32*a*
more than a in heaven 70*a*
my life, my a 453*b*
naught's had, a 's spent 148*b*
ripeness is a 344*a*
that A , wh always is A 131*a*
woo'd and married and a' 528*b*
Allah A is great, no doubt 96*a*
most to A Who gave me two 236*a*
Allaying a both their fury 367*a*
no a Thames 249*b*
Allegiance follow with a a fallen lord 324*a*

Allegiance (*cont*)
reverence, the religious a 17*a*
swore to him a 524*a*
to hell, a ! 335*b*
Allegorical all the a paintings 212*a*
Allegory led a life of a 223*a*
life is a continual a 223*a*
which things are an a 515*b*
Alleluia song of praise be sung, A ! 304*b*
Allen let humble A do good 303*b*
Alley each a has a brother 302*b*
hollow cave and a lone 433*a*
she lives in our a 79*b*
through an a Titanic 298*b*
Alliance clear of permanent a 451*b*
Alliances entangling a with none 204*b*
Allied to that in you they were a 80
Allies thou hast great a 472*b*
All-in-all intellectual A 468*b*
not at all or a 428*b*
to me was a 472*a*
Alliteration apt A 's artful aid 94*b*
Allowances 'a ' said Arrius 539*b*
Allowed on every hand it will a be 60*a*
Allsopp Guinness, A , Bass 75*a*
All-terrible God the A 94*a*
Allured a to brighter worlds 168*b*
Almanac a out of date 450*a*
fraud of the a 251*a*
go to Carlisle's, and to A's 48
which was not in the a 407*a*
Almanacs greater storms than a can report 322*b*
Almighty a be proved thy power 51*b*
A scattered kings 486*a*
A 's orders to perform 1*a*
A , thine this universal frame 275*a*
arrow from the A 's bow 30*b*
under that A Fan 39*b*
where the A 's form glasses 69*b*
Almond the a tree shall flourish 499*b*
Alms a for oblivion 369*a*
a of thy superfluous praise 137*b*
his a feeds three 251*a*
so give a 373*b*
when thou doest a 505*a*
Alms-basket of words 345*a*
Almsman apparel for an a 's gown 375*b*
Aloe labdanum, and a -balls 49*b*
Aloft lands of olive, a 426*a*
man looks a 142*b*
now he 's gone a 121*a*
Alone all a on Airly Beacon 225*b*
all we ask is to be let a 118*a*
a , a banished man 529*b*
a , a , all, all a 99*a*
a and palely loitering 218*b*
a and warming his five wits 438*a*
a dwell for ever 6*a*
a I did it 328*b*
a wi' God an' these my engines 231*b*
a with his glory 462*b*
am I a , and unobserved? 165*a*
as I was walking all a 529*b*
be a on earth 68*a*
bear the palm a 337*b*
but wherefore thou a ? 274*b*
children dear, were we long a 6*a*
dangerous to meet it a 456*a*
fastest who travels a 236*b*
hast been, shalt be, art, a 6*b*
I am here at the gate a 434*a*
I cannot play a 184*b*
I feel I am a 241*a*
ill fortune seldom comes a 140*a*
I love but you a 529*b*
I seem forsaken and a 110*a*
I was never less a 161*b*
left blooming a 281*b*
let them a and they'll come home 533*a*
let us a Time driveth 433*a*
never less a than when a 310*a*
not given for thee a 63*b*
not good that man shd be a 492*a*
nothing is fair or good a 146*b*
one who treads a 282*b*
or dwell for aye a 120*a*
the Immortals, never a 102*a*
we perished, each a 107*b*
we shall die a 564*b*

Alone (*cont*)
who can enjoy a 275*b*
who might have let it a 212*b*
you and I must bide a 531*a*
you or I were a 249*b*
you weep a 459*a*
Along all a , down a 531*b*
we will go with you a 189*a*
Alonso of Arragon was wont to say 13*b*
Aloof a from the entire point 341*b*
a , from the high towers 393*b*
Alp many a fiery A 272*b*
Alph, the sacred river 101*a*
Alpha I am A and Omega 518*a*
Alphabet ven he got end of the a 126*b*
Alpine A mountains cold 278*b*
streams along the A height 69*a*
the breeze of A heights 241*a*
thro' an A village 247*a*
Alps A on A arise 300*a*
A shaping like a backbone 179*b*
on the A it is reported 322*b*
the fading a 3*a*
Altar an a with this inscription 512*b*
before the a stands 408*b*
bullocks upon thine a 485*a*
his own strange a 421*b*
nearer to God's A trod 115*a*
nearer to the A 's God 115*a*
so will I go to thine a 483*b*
to what green a 210*b*
Altars even thy a , O Lord 487*a*
their a , and their hearths 553*a*
Altar-stairs the great world's a 430*b*
Alteration alters when it a finds 389*a*
do what thou canst for a 198*a*
Altered in the building trade 236*a*
Alternative an unhappy a is before you 11*b*
Alternatives the more a , the more difficult the choice 561*a*
Alters when it alteration finds 389*a*
Althea my divine A brings 249*b*
Altogether charm of Cacha a 457*a*
Always a gay 528*a*
I am not a in the wrong 107*b*
poor a ye have with you 511*a*
they must be a with us 217*b*
Am I a not what I a 359*b*
I a that I a 493*b*
I a what I a 514*b*
Amalek that moment A prevailed 110*a*
Amalfi Sorrento and A 241*a*
Amaracus violet, a , and asphodel 435*a*
Amaranth fields of A lie 119*a*
no fields of a on this side 241*b*
Amaranths plucker of a 52*a*
Amaranthine flower 112*a*
Amaranthus bid amaranthus all his beauty shed 270*a*
Amaryllis sport with A in the shade 269*b*
Amateurs a nation of a 310*b*
Amaze a the scented air 37*b*
vainly men themselves a 260*b*
ye gods, it doth a me 337*b*
Amazed a the gazing rustics 168*b*
who can be wise, a 348*a*
Amazon and tall as A 219*a*
I've never sailed the A 230*b*
Ambassador a from Britain s Crown 136*b*
a is an honest man 473*a*
Ambassadors King of Siam sent a 210*a*
Amber a ceiling of a 6*a*
preserved forever in a 16*b*
pretty! in a to observe 303*a*
the a torrent descended 96*a*
to lutes of a 190*b*
Amber-dropping thy a hair 268*a*
Ambergris proclaim the a 260*a*
Amberley a good brew in A 27*a*
Ambition a can creep as well 58*a*
a first sprung 299*a*
a had not wholly suppressed 57*b*
a , in a private man a vice 262*b*
a of a private man 111*b*
a of so airy a quality 312*b*
a s debt is paid 330*a*
a should be made of sterner stuff 340*a*
a. the soldier s virtue 321*b*
a most pitiful a 334*a*
Ambition (*cont*)
art not without a 346*b*
by low a and praise 111*b*
fling away a 386*a*
heart's supreme a 251*b*
ill-weaved a 379*a*
let not a mock 174*a*
meaner things to low a 300*b*
not with a joined 105*b*
the a thick-sighted 217*a*
thriftless a 348*b*
to reign is worth a 271*b*
vaulting a , wh o'erleaps itself 347*a*
virtue in a is violent 14*b*
wars that make a virtue 362*a*
what madness is a ! 157*a*
who doth a shun 326*a*
young a 's ladder 338*a*
Ambitions swollen a dwindle 46*a*
Ambitious Brutus says he was a 340*a*
Caesar was a 339*b*
hunger of a minds 409*a*
substance of the a 332*b*
Amble teach an old horse a true 409*a*
Ambled he a up and down 378*a*
Ambrosial dropt in a oils 267*b*
Ambuscadoes, Spanish blades 364*b*
Amelia A was praying for George the author of 'A ' 34*a*
Amen A Even so, come, Lord 520*b*
a , so be it 481*a*
A , so let it be 280*a*
'A stuck in my throat 347*b*
clerk, still cry 'A ' 388*a*
even so, A 518*a*
glorious the catholic a 403*a*
hear that grand A 306*b*
sound of a great A 306*b*
will no man say, a ? 376*a*
world without end A 478*a*
Amends meeting like this make a 282*a*
America A ! A ! 22*a*
A half-brother of the world 148*b*
A is a country of young men 477*b*
A is God's crucible 98
A is just ourselves 41*a*
huntsmen are up in A 55*b*
nothing less than *whole A* 46*b*
oh, they go to A 460*b*
O my A ! My new-found-land 132*b*
owe to the discovery of A 184*b*
rejoice that A has resisted 297*a*
smoking discovery of A 184*b*
wake up A 158*a*
when we think of thee, O A 449*b*
young man, there's A 55*b*
youth of A is their tradition 460*b*
American A nation in th' Sixth Ward 184*b*
assured by a very knowing A 143*a*
God is making the A 418*a*
heroism from an A view 477*b*
I also am an A 458*b*
ideal A who is all wrong 454*a*
if I were an A 94*a*
I was born an A 297*a*
love all mankind, *except an A* 454*a*
new deal for the A people 210*a*
not a Virginian but an A 185*b*
subtleties of the A joke 446*b*
Americanism no fifty-fifty A 310*b*
only 100 per cent A 310*b*
Americans A have taken umbrage 535*b*
brave A all 127*b*
good A , when they die, go to Paris 46
hyphenated A 310*b*
matter with A except their ideals 94*a*
put none but A on guard 452*a*
when bad A die 460*b*
when good A die 460*b*
who are A and nothing else 310*b*
Amethyst last an a 43*a*
twelfth, an a 520*a*
Amiability gained in a 66*b*
Amiable a are thy dwellings 487*a*
an a weakness 400*b*
anything that is a 104*a*
Amiably-disposed young man 127*a*
Amicably separation, a if they can 307*b*
Amice pilgrim steps in a grey 277*a*
Amiss all is a 21*a*
Amiss (*cont*)
mark what is done a 490*a*
never anything can be a 357*b*
nothing shall come a 53*b*
what 's a I ll strive to mend 453*a*
Amissi not a , but praemissi 186*a*
Ammiral mast of some great a 271*b*
Amo, amas, I love a lass 290*b*
Among them, but not of them 68*b*
Amorites and the Perizzites 493*b*
Amorous a of their strokes 323*a*
be a , but be chaste 72*a*
Death is a 366*b*
reluctant a delay 274*a*
rival a vows 37*b*
still a , and fond and billing 66*a*
Amos, what seest thou? 504*b*
Amour beginning of an A 25*a*
enforce a desperate a 66*a*
too sure of the a 441*a*
Amphibious ill-born mob 118*b*
Amphisboena dire 276*b*
Amphitrite's destined halls 395*a*
Amphitryon I am the true A 139*b*
Amurath not A an A succeeds 381*a*
Amused we are not a 448*b*
Amusement cough for my own a 11*b*
providing topics of a 417*b*
write for the general a 319*a*
Amusements *lyte* tolerable were it not for its a 572*a*
no a but vice and religion 404*b*
Amusing with numerous errors 171*a*
Anabaptists as certain A do 491*b*
Anacreon Horace or A tasted 215*a*
Anak giants, the sons of A 494*a*
Analytic profoundly skilled in a 64*b*
Ananias O A Azarias 478*a*
Anapaestic rolling a curled 44*a*
Anapaests the swift A throng 101*b*
Anarch thy hand, great A ! 299*a*
Anarchy a the laws of death 315*a*
freedom the cure of a 56*b*
Anathema thunder 'A ' friend, at you 438*b*
Anathema Maran-atha let him be A 515*a*
Anatomy Pinch a mere a 328*a*
Anatomy of Melancholy was the only book 208*a*
Ancestors a are very good kind of folks 400*b*
his own tree of a 412*b*
look backward to their a 57*a*
our a have turned a wilderness 56*a*
wild trick of his a 379*a*
wisdom of our a 56*b*
Ancestral a voices prophesying war 101*b*
tall a trees 184*b*
Anchor he a his aspect and die 323*a*
sails a and other tackle 215*a*
Anchorage long a we leave 457*a*
Anchored on immortality 38*b*
Anchors they cast four a out 513*a*
wedges of gold, great a 384*b*
Anchovy the red a 202*b*
Ancient a and fish-like smell 307*b*
a castle not in decay 15*a*
a nobility is the act of time 15*a*
china that 's a and blue 242*a*
fear thee, a Mariner 99*a*
God save thee, a Mariner 98*b*
how have you left the a love 31*b*
it is an a Mariner 98*a*
lieutenant saved before the a 361*a*
spake on that a man 98*a*
stands Thine a sacrifice 233*b*
the A of days 504*a*
the A of Days in splendour 172*b*
with the a is wisdom 497*a*
Ancients a dreaded death 181*a*
speak of the a without idolatry 90*b*
wisdom of the a 17*a*
Ancona this is A 47*a*
Anderson John A my jo 61*a*
Andrea del Sarto appears 25*a*
Andrew Hedger 264*b*
Anear sophist, come not a 435*b*
Anecdotage fell into a 129*b*
Anfractuosities of the human mind 210*a*
Angel a beautiful and ineffectual a 9*b*
a mighty a took up a stone 519*b*
an a visited the green earth 248*a*

Angel (*cont*)
a new dropt from the sky 292*b*
a of death has been abroad 38*a*
A of Death spread his wings 74*a*
A of the Lord came down 424*b*
a of the Lord came upon them 508*b*
A of the Off-shore Wind 230*b*
a of the world 329*a*
a of this life 51*a*
a spirits of sleep 35*b*
a that presided o'er my birth 30*b*
a -visits, few and far between 77*b*
a watching an urn 433*b*
a whom thou still hast served 351*a*
A with contracted brow 276*a*
a writing in a book of gold 201*b*
as if an angel dropped down 378*b*
a Wenus or a a 126*b*
a woman yet think him an a 439*b*
bright with many an a 286*a*
chip an A 's wings 219*a*
consideration like an a 381*a*
curse his better a 361*b*
custom is a yet in this 335*a*
dark and serious a 30*a*
dreadless a unpursued 275*a*
drew an a down 139*a*
drew one a 49*b*
drive an a from yr door 32*b*
fine, silly old a 240*a*
heard an a sing 522*a*
hear thy guardian a say 146*a*
her a 's face shined bright 408*b*
hold the fleet a fast 247*b*
how like an a 332*b*
in quibbles, a and archangel join 303*b*
is man an ape or an a ? 128*b*
look homeward A, now 270*a*
lost a of a ruined Paradise 392*a*
Love, half a and half bird 51*a*
ministering a shall my sister be 336*b*
ministering a thou 318*b*
my bad a fire my good one 389*b*
neither man nor a can discern 273*b*
pay a glorious a 375*a*
prepared to paint an a 49*a*
Recording A dropped a tear 412*a*
shin d in my a -inf incy 448*a*
still an a appear 292*b*
sword of an A King 30*b*
the A ended 275*b*
the better a is a man 389*b*
their a plucked them from me 441*b*
the more a she 363*b*
the story wh a voices tell 266*a*
tho' an a shd write 281*a*
those A faces smile 288*b*
thou hovering a 267*a*
up-lifted A trumpets blow 278*a*
who wrote like an a 158*b*
Angelic seem a in the sight of God 247*b*
something of a light 470*b*
Angelina turn, A, ever dear 169*a*
Angels all the a stood round 519*a*
a affect us oft 131*b*
a, all pallid and wan 298*a*
a all were singing 74*b*
a alone, that soar above 249*b*
a and ministers of grace 331*a*
a are bright still 350*a*
a are painted fair 291*b*
a came and ministered 505*a*
a came to my bed 131*a*
a in blue and white 131*a*
a in broad-brimmed hats 247*b*
a in some brighter dreams 448*b*
a into Abraham's bosom 510*a*
a keep their ancient places 442*a*
A, Martyrs, Prophets 286*a*
a of God ascending 493*a*
a of rain and lightning 396*a*
A, progeny of light 275*a*
a sing to thee their airs 106*b*
a 'visits, short and bright 289*b*
a wd be gods 300*b*
a yield eternal thanks 402*b*
as far as a ken 271*a*
as make the a weep 351*b*
aspiring to be a 300*b*
blow yr trumpets, a 133*a*
bright-harnest A, 270*b*

Angels (*cont*)
by that sin fell the a 386*a*
calling to the A 230*b*
entertained a unawares 517*a*
even thousands of a 486*b*
flights of a sang 337*a*
four a round my head 2*b*
four a to my bed 2*b*
give his a charge over thee 487*b*
glorious a always stand 286*a*
glorious fault of a 299*a*
God and a to be lookers-on 13*a*
good as guardian a are 107*a*
greet as a greet 250*a*
guardian a sung this strain 443*a*
heard the a call 434*b*
he maketh his a spirits 488*a*
holy a guard thy bed 453*a*
I have no a left 441*a*
invite God, and his A 134*b*
like a trumpet-tongued 347*a*
like good a, to my end 385*b*
maidest him lower than the a 482*a*
man did eat a 'food 108*b*
meet we no a, Pansie 108*b*
Michael and his a 519*a*
nor a, nor principalities 513*b*
now walk the a 259*b*
oblivion in lost a 6*a*
o'er thee the a mourn 37*b*
only the a hear 393*a*
on the side of the a 128*b*
our acts our a are 23*a*
praise Him, a in the height 224*a*
services of A and men 480*a*
sons of men and a say 455*b*
sorrow for a 48*a*
sparkling A 445*a*
then, if a fight 375*a*
therefore with A and Archangels 480*b*
they have the faces of a 541*a*
till a wake thee 206*a*
tongues of men and of a 514*b*
'twixt air and A 's purity 132*a*
unto the world, and to a 514*a*
visits like those of a, 29*a*
walking, like two a 'white 37*a*
were a to write 289*b*
where a fear to tread 300*b*
where a tremble 175*a*
ye like a, appear 7*b*
Angelus once at the A 131*a*
Anger a insignificantly fierce 112*b*
a invests with such grace 401*b*
a is a short madness 543*a*
a is not turned away 501*a*
a makes dull men witty 13*b*
a 's self I needs must kiss 401*b*
carries a as the flint 341*a*
contempt and a of his lip 371*b*
do they provoke me to a ? 503*b*
he that is slow to a 498*a*
keepeth his a for ever 488*a*
more in sorrow than in a 330*b*
rarely gave way to his a 23*b*
you strike it in a 391*a*
Angered she that being a 360*b*
Angle Brother of the A 450*a*
themselves in every a greet 260*a*
Angler excellent a, and now with God 450*b*
if he be an honest a 450*a*
Nero is an a 343*a*
no man is born an a 450*a*
Anglers, or very honest men 450*b*
Angles they were called A 541*a*
Angling a begat habits of peace 450*b*
a deserves commendations 450*b*
a is somewhat like poetry 450*b*
a or float-fishing 214*a*
a rest to his mind 450*b*
a so like the mathematics 450*a*
be quiet, and go a-A 450*b*
Wotton lover of the art of a 450*b*
Anglo-Saxon A attitudes 85*a*
gold idol of the A 17*b*
goodbye to the A race 171*b*
he 's an A Messenger 85*a*
Angry be ye a, and sin not 515*b*
but not an a father 77*a*
I was a with my foe 32*a*

Angry (*cont*)
I was a with my friend 32*a*
speak no a word 3*a*
when he was a, one of his eyes 23*b*
when thou art a all our days 487*b*
why shd I be a with a man 14*a*
Anguish a of all sizes 187*a*
a of a torturing hour 357*b*
solitary hidden a 144*a*
when pain and a wring the brow 318*b*
with a moist and fever dew 218*b*
Animal a more contemptible a 151*a*
be a good a 243*b*
man is a noble a 42*b*
man is a religious a 57*a*
man is a tool-making a 157*a*
monstrous a a husband and wife 151*b*
poor, bare, forked a 343*a*
their glad a movements 472*a*
this a is very mischievous 566*a*
true to yr a instincts 243*a*
Animals all a for the use of man 295*a*
a are such agreeable friends 144*b*
a ask no questions 144*b*
a never kill for sport 157*b*
a pass no criticisms 144*b*
500,000 two-legged a 81*b*
name of those fabulous a 123*b*
the a went in one by one 526*a*
the paragon of a 332*b*
turn and live with a 458*a*
Animate let onion atoms a the whole 404*b*
Animated torrid-zone 146*b*
Animosities are mortal 289*b*
Animosity fervour of sisterly a 417*a*
Anio orchard slopes, and the Anio 96*a*
Anise mint and a 507*b*
Ankle down-gyved to his a 332*a*
Ankles his weak a swell 471*a*
one praised her a 425*b*
Ankworks package 124*a*
Ann Page sweet A 355*b*
Anna here thou, great A 302*b*
Annabel Lee 297*b*
Annals a of the poor 174*a*
war's a will cloud into night 179*b*
writ your a true 328*b*
Anne (Annie) A cd hardly bear to see the end 181*a*
for bonnie A Laurie 135*a*
Miss A she said it wur draains 439*a*
Sister A, do you see anybody 564*a*
Annihilate but space and time 298*b*
Annihilating all that 's made 260*b*
Annihilation one Moment in A 's waste 153*b*
Annibaptist is a thing I am not 155*a*
Anniversaries a of the heart 248*b*
Anno Domini taste my A 150*a*
Annoy he only does it to a. 82*b*
with pleasure thine a 387*a*
Annoyance shadow of a 398*b*
Annoying went surly by, without a me 338*a*
Annuity is a very serious business 11*b*
Annygoats polite a 440*a*
Anoint and cheer our soiled face 491*a*
Anointed rail on the Lord's a 385*a*
touch the Lord's A 524*a*
Anointing thou the a spirit art 491*a*
Another a groan, and then a 468*b*
and each for one a 244*b*
a year! a deadly blow! 468*a*
a, yet the same 299*a*
bind a to its delight 32*a*
'cause a 's rosy are 462*a*
bring a back to me 529*b*
do we look for a 506*b*
for a gives its ease 32*a*
his bishoprick let a take 512*a*
I made a song 36*b*
joys in a 's loss of ease 32*a*
love by a 's eyes 356*a*
members one of a 515*b*
Nature ne'er made a 50*b*
not Lancelot, nor a 428*a*
rather liberal of a man's 16*a*
see a 's grief 33*a*
see a 's woe 33*a*
serveth not a 's will 473*a*

Another (*cont*)
'Sir,' said Mr Pickwick, 'you're a' 126*a*
still better than a 523*b*
taste of a 's bread 567*a*
that 's quite a thing 67*b*
true love know from a one 335*a*
when comes such a ? 340*b*
world cannot show such a 261*a*
Answer a a fool according 498*b*
a came there none 84*b*, 116*a*
a made it none 370*b*
a man's waitin' for a a 122*a*
a trickled thro' my head 85*b*
be swift, my soul, to a Him 200*b*
careful to a thee 504*a*
give me yr a , do! 116*b*
I a , there 188*b*
I shd a , I shd tell thee 248*b*
I wd turn and a 190*a*
little fishes' a was 85*a*
make you not then the better a 359*a*
not bound to please thee with my a 354*b*
reduced the a to shillings 83*b*
sent an a back to me 85*a*
shalt a , Lord, for me 187*b*
soft a turneth away wrath 498*a*
the noblest a unto such 425*b*
the silver a rang 43*b*
Uncle Toby wd never offer to a 411*b*
what a dusty a gets the soul 264*a*
what a shd I give 436*b*
wd not stay for an a 14*a*
Answered a Caius Cassius so 341*a*
a with his eyes upon the ground 428*b*
how a beggar shd be a 355*a*
I a him as I thought good 534*a*
I came, and no one a 119*b*
I have a three questions 82*b*
jealous souls will not be a so 362*b*
they only a 'little liar' 26*a*
when have I a thee 436*b*
Answerest thou the high priest 511*b*
Answers kind are her a 78*b*
ne'er a till a husband cools 302*a*
with dawning a there 441*b*
Ant good husband, little a 249*b*
go to the a , thou sluggard 498*a*
Antagonist our a is our helper 57*b*
Antelope Snowdonian a 395*b*
Anteros he the A and Eros 441*a*
Anthea thou A must withdraw 190*a*
Anthem a of 'Erin go bragh' 76*b*
pealing a swells 174*a*
thy plaintive a fades 220*a*
Anthemed a lonely grief 218*b*
Anthems hollaing, and singing of a 379*b*
loud yr a raise 20*b*
service high, and a clear 268*b*
Anthropophagi and men whose heads 360*a*
Anti savage a -everythings 193*b*
Antic (antick) a disposition 331*b*
old father a , the law 376*b*
there the a sits 375*b*
Anticipate what we a seldom occurs 129*b*
Anticipation of facts 116*b*
Antidius on his back 407*a*
Antidote sweet oblivious a 350*b*
Antigropeloes galligaskins, a 75*a*
Antilogy the intolerable a 179*b*
Antinous Hope an A mere 96*a*
Antipathies those common a 42*a*
Antipathy a of good to bad 303*b*
I have no a in anything 41*b*
Antipodes sheer opposite, a 218*a*
to act our a 41*a*
Antiquarian is a rugged beast 209*b*
Antique noble and nude and a 421*a*
Antiquities a are history defaced 13*a*
time, wh antiquates a 42*b*
Antiquity a inclines a man to Popery 158*a*
blasted with a 379*b*
praise, from dark a 467*a*
write for A 240*a*
Antonia saith Aretine's A 64*b*
Antoninus Titus A Pius His reign 162*a*
Antonio make A Stradivari's violins 144*b*
Antony and Brutus A , there were an A 340*a*
A enthroned i' the marketplace 323*a*
A shall be brought drunken 325*a*
A 's hath triumphed 324*b*
A , that revels long 319*a*
A , who lost the world for love 141*a*
catch another A 325*b*
for Cydnus to meet Mark A 325*a*
loves no plays, as thou dost, A 338*a*
much A 185*b*
my A is away 323*a*
my lord is A again 324*a*
my oblivion is a very A 322*b*
none but A shd conquer A 324*b*
she first meet the curled A 325*a*
spirit that is in A 337*b*
valour hath o'erthrown A 324*b*
Antres vast 360*a*
Ants a trouble of a in the gleam 430*a*
flies or a in amber 16*b*
Anvil England's on the a 227*a*
what the a 32*a*
Any but were there ever a 221*b*
Anybody no one s a ! 163*b*
Anything a , as the learned Boar observed 396*b*
a that is his 480*a*
a to me is sweeter 192*b*
in case a turned up 122*a*
I will do a , Nerissa 353*a*
never to have too much of a 554*a*
not be known to do a 147*b*
or in short do a 411*b*
thanks God for a 206*b*
tho' you do a 388*a*
what is the worth of a 76*a*
wot 's the good of a ? 94*a*
Anywhere a , a , out of the world 196*a*
Ap ster, foot o' man, A. 256*b*
Ap Headlong 295*a*
Apart man's love a thing a 70*a*
two are walking a 203*a*
Ape a blue-behinded a , I skip 415*a*
a an ancient rage 93*a*
buttocks of the a 202*b*
like an angry a 351*b*
like an a doth nuts 335*a*
played the sedulous a 412*b*
their manners from the A 25*b*
Apella the Jew must believe it 547*b*
Apennine folding of the A 9*a*
wind-grieved A 46*a*
Apennines Popish A 226*a*
Apes a are a , tho' clothed 215*b*
cargo of ivory, and a 261*b*
ivory, and a , and peacocks 496*a*
the person and the people his a 80*a*
to her, load a in hell 366*b*
Apocalypse great A 471*a*
Apollo A bore me from the fray 537*b*
A from his shrine 270*b*
A hunted Daphne so 260*b*
A , Pallas, Jove 131*b*
A 's first 79*a*
A 's laurel bough 259*a*
A turned fasting friar 264*b*
as bright A 's lute 345*a*
bards in fealty to A hold 220*b*
Graces danced, and A play'd 249*b*
is not even A a bitter god 423*b*
musical as is A 's lute 267*b*
nor keeps A his bow 545*a*
not here, O A ! 5*b*
O Delphic A ! 218*a*
Paian, A 423*a*
the songs of A 345*b*
'tis A comes leading 5*b*
Apollos watered 514*a*
Apollyon his name is A 514*a*
then A straddled 54*a*
Apologize I never a 380*b*
Apology a before you be accused 87*b*
no a ain't gwine ter make h'ar ter 181*b*
Apoplexy a and Venetian hair 202*b*
a is a kind of lethargy 176*b*
Apostle a in the high aesthetic band 165*b*
a of the Philistines 9*b*
meet to be called an a 514*b*
Apostles Cristes lore A twelve 88*b*
Apostles (*cont*)
following of the A 491*b*
she while A shrank 21*a*
the A wd have done 70*a*
true a of equality 9*b*
Apothecary I do remember an a 366*a*
ointment of the a 499*b*
ounce of civet, good a 343*b*
Apparel every true man's a 352*a*
gold upon yr a 495*b*
my gay a for an almsman's gown 375*b*
put on glorious a 487*b*
the a oft proclaims the man 330*b*
Apparelled a in celestial light 466*a*
a in more precious habit 359*a*
a like the spring 364*a*
Apparition a lovely a 470*b*
if I had seen an a 118*b*
that a , sole of men 397*a*
Appearations like a seen and gone 289*b*
Appeal I a unto Caesar 512*b*
Appealed hast thou a unto Caesar 513*a*
Appear never a the Immortals 102*a*
that didst a so fair 473*a*
Appearance looketh on the outward a 495*b*
the a of Your Majesty 492*a*
Appearances contrive to save a 275*b*
keep up a 94*b*
no trusting to a 400*b*
Appeared thing a again tonight? 329*b*
Appeareth for a little time 517*b*
Appetite a grows by eating 565*a*
as if increase of a had grown 330*a*
doth not the a alter 358*b*
good digestion wait on a 349*a*
govern'd and wise a 267*b*
hungry edge of a 374*b*
love may be called a 371*a*
mortified a is never wise 412*a*
swich a hath he to eten a mous 89*b*
the a may sicken 309*b*
were then to me an a 472*a*
with what a you have 385*b*
Appetites cloy the a they feed 321*a*
our a are apt to change 139*a*
ours, and not their a 362*a*
subdue yr a , my dears 124*b*
to yr irregular a 40*b*
Applaud a thee to the very echo 350*b*
a the hollow ghost 6*b*
a us when we run 55*a*
till thou a the deed 349*a*
Applause a ! delight! the wonder 215*b*
a of listening senates 174*b*
attentive to his own a 303*a*
gained universal a by exploring 410*a*
joy in an a so great as thine 106*b*
salvate of a 303*b*
what's not for their a 474*a*
Apple a codling when 'tis almost an a 370*a*
an a damn'd mankind 291*b*
a for the a 's sake 447*a*
a pressed with specious cant 194*b*
cream to eat with a tart 414*a*
goodly a rotten at the heart 353*a*
like the sweet a 311*b*
pure mind a dumplings 238*b*
the a of an eye 482*b*
when you've got an a 447*a*
where the a reddens 52*b*
Apple pie A was an a 532*a*
cabbage-leaf to make an a 155*b*
with a and cheese 150*b*
Apples a , cherries, hops 126*a*
a forget to grow on apple-trees 92*a*
a in all the Chapels 19*b*
a of gold for the king's 422*b*
a on the Dead Sea's shore 68*b*
breasts ripe a 138*a*
comfort me with a 500*a*
like a of gold 498*b*
moon-washed a of wonder 137*b*
ripe a drop about 260*b*
silver a of the moon 476*a*
small choice in rotten a 366*b*
Apple-tree a do lean down low 21*a*
branch of mossy a 101*a*
falling from that a. 172*b*
fell beneath the a 441*a*

Apple-tree (*cont*)
my heart is like an a 310*b*
raised thee up under the a 501*a*
shade of the old a 461*b*
Apple-trees forget to grow on a 92*a*
my a will never get across 157*b*
plums and a 192*a*
Appliances all a and means to boot 380*a*
by desperate a are relieved 335*a*
Application lays in the a on it 122*b*
Apply know my methods A them 136*a*
Appointed pilgrims to th' a place 111*a*
wh thou hast a for them 488*a*
Appointment with a beech-tree 444*a*
Apprehension a of the good 374*b*
death is most in a 352*a*
in a how like a god 332*b*
shuts his a up 260*a*
Apprehensions my a come in crowds 463*a*
Apprehensive men are a 339*a*
Apprentice for to bind 531*b*
Approach descry the morn s a 277*a*
my pulse beats my a 225*b*
the sweet a of even or morn 273*a*
Approbation a from Sir Hubert 284*b*
cold a gave the lingering bays 213*b*
Approve a a private opinion 191*b*
love doth so a him 363*a*
men of sense a 300*b*
the wh he cd a 399*a*
wdst then a thy constancy 276*a*
Appurtenances thereof 493*b*
Apricocks dangling a 375*b*
April A is the cruellest month 144*b*
A, June, and Septembci 172*a*
A, June, and November 533*a*
A, laugh thy girlish laughter 452*a*
A of her prime 387*a*
A of yr youth adorns 186*b*
A showers bringeth May flowers 525*a*
A 's in the west wind 262*a*
blossoming boughs of A 35*b*
dew in A that falleth 524*b*
fashioned in A violet 452*a*
fickleness of an A day 162*a*
flag to A 's breeze 146*b*
love seemed that A morn 37*b*
men are A when they woo 327*b*
now that A 's there 47*a*
one of love's A fools 104*b*
proud-pied A 388*b*
spongy A 367*b*
sweet A showers 446*a*
three A perfumes 388*b*
uncertain glory of an A day 372*b*
whanne that A 88*a*
you were A 's lady 423*a*
Aprons made themselves a 492*b*
Apt a Alliteration s artful aid 94*b*
find myself so a to die 339*b*
Arab sold, my A steed 289*b*
Arabia all the perfumes of A 350*a*
A and Saba 486*b*
far are the shades of A 119*a*
spell of far A 119*a*
Arabian A fleet might have sailed 162*a*
A woods embost 278*a*
fast as the A trees 364*a*
wish the A Tales were true 288*a*
Arabians Cretes and A 512*a*
Arabs fold their tents, like the A 247*a*
Araby A the blest 273*b*
songs of A 461*b*
Aral shine upon the A Sea 8*a*
Araminta, say 'No!' 305*a*
Arbiter A of others' fate 71*b*
high a chance 273*a*
Arbitrate now, who shall a? 50*b*
Arbitrator common a, Time 369*b*
Arbitress moon sits a 272*a*
Arboreal sits Probably A 412*b*
Arbuthnot A a day 419*a*
kind A 's aid 419*b*
'Arcades ambo' blackguards 71*a*
Arcadians both A 557*a*
Arch A Tear in a visible form 50*b*
a of the leaves was hollow 422*b*
experience is an a 438*b*
forgot the a —crash 126*a*
hour, o' night's black a 63*a*
Archangel affable A 275*b*
A a little damaged 240*a*
less than a ruined 272*a*
the A bowed 74*b*
the lost A 271*a*
Archangels bow down, a with Angels and A 475*b*
Archdeacon by way of turbot, an a 480*b*
Archer busy a his sharp arrows 405*b*
mark the a little meant 401*b*
Arches among her golden a 317*b*
such Cyclopean a 30*b*
Archibald—certainly not 92*b*
Archipelagoes alps and a 315*a*
Architect a greatest of men 3*a*
no person *can* be an a 19*a*
Architectooraloural 123*b*
Architecture a of the snow 147*a*
A of the world 259*a*
love s a is his own 115*a*
odd styles of a about 313*b*
Archways and the pavement 12*a*
Arcs on the earth the broken a 44*b*
Arcturi pearled A 398*a*
Arcturus canst thou guide A 497*b*
Arden now am I in A 326*a*
Ardour a of the crowd 175*b*
furious a of my zeal 94*b*
radiant with a divine 7*b*
Ardours with a manifold 50*a*
Are by God, we a 26*b*
for all we have and a 229*a*
makes us what we a 144*a*
that wh we a, we a 439*a*
very indubitably a 25*a*
Area at a gates 145*a*
Arena swims around him 69*a*
Arethusa A arose from her couch 392*b*
saucy A 191*b*
winton A 's azured arms 258*b*
washed by A 's fount 176*a*
Argifying what 's the good of a 217*a*
Argo a loftier A 394*a*
Argosies with portly sail 352*b*
Argue he cd a still 168*b*
Argued we a at breakfast 80*a*
Argues it a insensibility 238*b*
Arguing what a sniv ling 120*b*
Arguing be calm in a 186*b*
I am not a with you 456*b*
in a too, the parson 168*b*
no a with Johnson 171*a*
no good a with the inevitable 251*a*
there will be much a 279*a*
Argument a knock-down a 139*b*
all a is against it 209*b*
an a for a week 377*a*
a 's hot to the close 48*b*
a with an east wind 251*a*
blood is their a 382*b*
cannot have the a both ways 391*a*
finer than the staple of his a 304*b*, 345*a*
heard great a 153*a*
he will maintain his a 382*a*
highth of this great a 270*b*
I have found you an a 211*b*
knowest thou what a 146*b*
nice knock-down a 85*a*
stir without great a 335*b*
swords for lack of a 382*a*
with a and intellects too 171*a*
with his a wrong 160*b*
Arguments Fools for a use wagers 65*b*
halters, were their a 290*b*
mutual destruction of a 201*a*
no a shall be wanting 11*b*
tongue tang with a 371*b*
Argyll (Argyle) A, the State s thunder 303*b*
master-fiend A 12*b*
Ariadne since A was a vintager 217*b*
the minuet in A! 400*a*
Arian three sips the A frustrate 52*a*
Ariel a deal of A 185*b*
Ariosto of the North [Scott] 69*a*
Arisbe Alcíphron once or A 421*b*
Arise a man to a in me 433*b*
another Athens shall a 394*a*
a and come away 202*a*
a and go like men 414*a*
a, shine, for thy light is come 503*a*
Arise (*cont*)
I a and build it again 393*b*
I a from dreams of thee 394*b*
I will a and go now 475*a*
I will a and go to my father 509*b*
my lady sweet, a! 328*b*
Aristocracy A of the Moneybag 80*b*
a to what is decent 197*a*
Aristocrat a, democrat, autocrat 433*b*
A who banks with Coutts 163*b*
A who cleans the boots 163*b*
Aristotle A and his philosophye 88*b*
[A] Master of them that know 566*b*
A the rubbish of an Adam 406*a*
young men whom A thought unfit 369*a*
Arithmetic no a but tears 225*a*
what wd life be without a 405*b*
Ark a of bulrushes 493*b*
Noah, commanding the A 236*a*
their hand upon the a 111*b*
to Greece, and into Noah's a 110*b*
walked straight out of the a 404*a*
Arm all a it is the cannon's opening roar 68*b*
a, a, my name! 375*a*
a of the Lord revealed 502*b*
bared my big right a 164*b*
flourish of his right a 125*b*
from whose right a 403*a*
his rear'd a crested the world 325*a*
I bit my a 98*b*
my a a ladye's lilye hand 531*a*
rebellious a 'gainst a 346*a*
sufficient is Thine A alone 453*a*
th'almighty stretched-out a 403*a*
the a and burgonet of men 323*a*
the a our soldier 328*a*
the auld moon in her a 530*a*
wh crowns my a 132*b*
widow sits upon my a 262*b*
Armadas till the great A come 287*b*
Armadillo nor yet an a 230*b*
Armageddon in the Hebrew tongue A 519*b*
Armaments these bloated a 128*a*
Armchair I ortieth spare A 46*b*
that old a 105*b*
Armed a against all death 40*a*
a at points exactly 330*a*
a with more than compleat steel 25*b*
I'm a with more than steel 259*b*
thrice is he a 384*a*
to meet the a men 497*b*
when a strong man a 509*a*
Armies a we had in Flanders 411*b*
disbanding hired a 81*b*
ignorant a clash 5*a*
kings with their a 488*a*
our a swore terribly 411*b*
power of a is a visible thing 471*b*
ran on embattled a 277*b*
where a whole have sunk 272*b*
Armoric British and A knights 271*b*
Armour a of a righteous cause 53*a*
a on a shone 137*a*
as snow their a was 254*a*
dilloing in his a 230*b*
his a wherein he trusted 509*a*
in whose coat a richly 408*a*
no a against fate 401*a*
others have buckled their a 306*b*
put on the a of light 514*a*
put yr a on 455*b*
the a of light 479*a*
to work out Achilles his a 41*a*
whole a of God 516*a*
whose a is his honest thought 473*a*
Armourers a, accomplishing the knights 382*b*
now thrive the a 381*b*
Armoury a of the invincible 467*a*
builded for an a 500*b*
Arms and a are strong 200*a*
Arethusa's azured a 258*b*
A and Hatchments 440*a*
a and the man I sing 142*b*
a I sing and the man 554*b*
a of my true love 434*a*
a take yr last embrace! 366*b*
corners of the world in a 374*b*
excites us to a 139*b*

Arms (*cont*)
feels in his a the vigour 415*b*
fifteen a went round her 261*b*
green a round the bosom 398*b*
he laid down his a 194*b*
her a across her breast 423*b*
her a along the deep 76*b*
her a behind her golden head 263*b*
His a are near 279*b*
his a might do what this has 448*b*
imparadised in one another's a 274*a*
I never wd lay down my a 297*a*
made a ridiculous 277*b*
Moses stood with a spread wide 110*a*
muscles of his brawny a 249*a*
my a about my dearie 60*b*
of seeming a to make 140*a*
proud in a 266*b*
seek it in my a 442*a*
since these a of mine 360*a*
so shd descrt in a be crown'd 138*b*
state a do flourish 16*b*
straggler into loving a 240*b*
stretched forth his little a 175*a*
such a gallant feat of a 253*b*
take a against a sea 333*a*
takes away vigour from our a 56*a*
the a are fair 379*a*
the nurse of a 170*a*
the sure-enwinding a 458*b*
throng'd and fiery a 277*a*
'to a !' cried Mortimer 173*b*
to war and a I fly 250*a*
underneath the everlasting a 494*b*
with his a outstretched 369*a*
Army an a marches on its stomach 575*a*
a noble a , men and boys 184*a*
a of the faithful 263*b*
a of unalterable law 263*b*
a , those poor contemptible men 116*a*
a wd be a base rabble 56*a*
backbone of the A 228*b*
back to the A again 227*a*
British a shd be a projectile 177*a*
English a led by an Irish general 391*a*
her name an 'A ' 187*b*
hum of either a 382*b*
like an a defeated 467*b*
noble a of martyrs 478*a*
our a is the scum 455*a*
terrible as an a 500*b*
yestermorn our a lay 12*a*
Arno pined by Arno 252*b*
Aroint thee, witch 346*a*
Around a , beneath, above 36*b*
why is all a us here 429*a*
A-roving we'll go no more a 74*a*
Arragon Alonso of A was wont to say 13*b*
Arraignest thou, her, her foe 6*b*
Arrange we always a for more? 233*b*
Arrant thankless a 307*b*
Array battle's stern a 68*b*
fences and their whole a 187*a*
straight against that great a 253*a*
to summon his a 253*a*
whence all their white a 453*b*
Arrayed like one of these 505*b*
Arrears long a to make good 227*a*
pay life's glad a 50*b*
'Arrest youl' said Holmes 135*b*
Arretium harvests of A 253*a*
Arrival silent joy at their a 99*a*
Arrive better thing th in to a 413*b*
his good time, I shall a 49*b*
I shall a ! what time 49*b*
Arrived a , a new admired guest 78*b*
evils wh never a 147*a*
Arriving serenely a , a 458*b*
Arrogance of age must submit 58*a*
Arrow a from the Almighty's bow 30*b*
a that flieth by day 487*b*
every a that flies 247*a*
I shot an a into the air 246*b*
mine a o'er the house 337*a*
Sanguelac! the a ! the a ! 427*b*
the last a was fitted 92*a*
Arrows archer his sharp a tries 401*b*
a in the hand of the giant 489*b*
a of lightning 438*a*
keen as are the a 398*a*
mighty and sharp a 489*b*

Arrows (*cont*)
my a of desire 31*a*
whose a learned poets hold 66*a*
Arrowy a white pines 444*a*
in a rain 263*b*
iron-sleet of a shower 175*a*
Art adulteries of a 215*a*
all a aspires towards music 572*b*
all nature is but a 301*a*
all the a I know 304*a*
almost lost in A 103*a*
an A -loving nation 456*b*
an a of reading 130*b*
Arbuthnot's aid who knows his a 419*b*
a alone enduring 130*b*
A and Science cannot exist 30*b*
a is a jealous mistress 147*a*
a is long, and Time is fleeting 248*a*
a is the history of revivals 66*b*
a is transmission of feeling 567*a*
a made tongue-tied 388*a*
a most cherishes 49*a*
a must be parochial 281*a*
a never expresses anything 460*a*
a of being kind 459*a*
a o' letter writin' 126*b*
a of our necessities 343*a*
a of reading is to skip 178*b*
a remains the one way 51*b*
a that can immortalize 109*a*
a to blot 303*b*
as much of this in a as you 341*a*
but in the vein of a 223*b*
chrematistic a 151*a*
cookery is become an a 64*a*
Creative A demands the service 465*b*
desiring this man's a 387*a*
each a to please 303*a*
elder days of a 246*b*
enough of science and of a 471*b*
excellency of a is its intensity 222*a*
fine a is that in wh 314*b*
first taught A to pray 312*b*
for A stopped short 165*b*
glory and good of a 51*b*
half a trade and half an a 203*a*
harmless a a crime 316*b*
hateful a , how to forget 225*a*
he tried each a 168*b*
hide their want of a 300*a*
his peculiar a 138*b*
his pen in trust to A 131*a*
invented the a of printing 81*b*
it needs no a 294*a*
it's clever, but is it A ? 228*a*
I will use no a 332*a*
let it be an a lawful as eating 373*b*
love, devoid of a 160*a*
make amends for a 313*b*
morality of a consists 460*b*
more bewitch me, than when A 189*a*
more matter with less a 332*a*
music is such a 385*b*
nature is loth to yield to a 36*a*
nature is the a of God 41*b*
nature's handmaid a 139*b*
Nature that is above all a 117*a*
new A wd better Nature's best 320*b*
next to Nature, A 241*a*
not without a , but yet to nature 94*b*
one with human a 37*a*
poetry a mere mechanic a 111*b*
poetry in Oxford made an a 141*b*
pretend to despise a 30*b*
shape from that thy work of a 247*a*
start on all this A 186*a*
success in our a 147*a*
tender strokes of a 298*b*
there 's no a to find 346*b*
tho' a 's hid causes 215*a*
unpremeditated a 398*a*
venerate as a 184*a*
what a can wash her guilt 170*a*
what shoulder, and what a 32*a*
whole a of war 454*b*
work at anything but his a 390*b*
writing comes from a , not chance 300*a*
Artery each petty a 331*a*
Artful the A Dodger 125*a*
Arthur answered A from the barge 429*a*
first the noble A 257*a*

Arthur (*cont*)
he 's in A 's bosom 381*b*
little A wants to play 534*b*
Article for a slashing a 440*a*
snuffed out by an a 91*b*
to deny each a with oath 363*b*
what's the next a 165*b*
Articles a of the Christian faith 481*a*
a of thy belief 481*a*
Artificer great a made my mate 414*b*
lean unwashed a 374*a*
th unwashed a 111*a*
Artificial all things are a 41*b*
Artillery a of words 419*b*
flashed the red a 77*a*
Jonathan gave his a 495*b*
love's great a 115*a*
with the self-same a ? 249*b*
Artist a good a in life 413*a*
be more of an a 223*b*
every a writes his own 146*a*
grant the a his subject 204*b*
no man is born an a 450*a*
Portrait of the A as a Young Man 217*a*
subject-matter of the a 460*b*
the a never dies 247*b*
true a will let his wife starve 390*b*
what an a I perish! 551*a*
Artistic never was an a period 456*b*
Artistries in Circumstance 179*a*
Arts a that hasten its decay 110*b*
away with the fine a 81*a*
cry both a and learning down 307*a*
dear nurse of a 383*b*
France, famed in all great a 8*a*
grew the a of war and peace 70*b*
his virtues were his a 50*b*
home of the A 185*a*
I but followed the a ! 369*b*
I have no ready a 465*b*
lowest of the a 281*a*
mechanical a and merchandise 16*b*
Murder One of the Fine A 120*a*
no a , no letters 191*b*
that is the bitterness of a 412*b*
women's eyes the a 345*a*
Aryan A brown 233*a*
A smiles 233*a*
As it was in the beginning 478*a*
Ascend degrees by wh he did a 338*b*
Ascendant lord of the a 55*a*
Ascended bright Pomp a jubilant 275*b*
Ascending angels a and descending 493*a*
Ash more black than a -buds 427*a*
Oak, and A , and Thorn 236*a*
oak and the a and the ivy-tree 525*a*
Ashamed a that women are so simple 367*a*
friends a next morning 450*b*
hope maketh not a 513*a*
nor ever once a 5*a*
now the Irish are a 261*a*
see it, and be a 487*a*
something he is a of 389*b*
they shall not be a 489*b*
thing now-a-days men are a of 160*b*
things a man is a of 390*b*
to see them not a 419*a*
Ashbourne thy hill romantic A 78*b*
Ashen by a roots the violets 431*a*
skies they were a 208*b*
Ashes (ash'en) all a to the taste 68*b*
a of great men 183*a*
a of his fathers 253*a*
a of Napoleon Bonaparte 455*a*
a of Wickliff 157*b*
a to a 481*b*
a under Uricon 109*a*
beauty for a 503*b*
but turn to a on the lips! 282*a*
chew'd bitter a 276*b*
ev'n in our a live 174*b*
from his a may be made 430*a*
from their a come 216*a*
handful of grev a 106*b*
her a new-create another heir 386*b*
hoar-frost like a. 490*b*
I am a where once I was fire 67*b*
man splendid in a 42*b*

ENGLISH INDEX

Ashes (*cont*)
monograph on the a of tobacco 135*b*
slept among his a cold 221*b*
to a all my lust 260*a*
Worldly Hope turns A 152*b*
yet in our a olde 89*a*
Ashlar my new-cut a 232*b*
Ashtaroth Astarte or A 421*b*
Asia A is not going to be civilized 237*a*
churches wh are in A 518*a*
hollow pampered jades of A 380*a*
in Pontus and A 512*a*
there is too much A 237*a*
ye pampered Jades of A 259*b*
Ask all that we a or thunk 515*b*
all we ought to a 224*a*
a, and it shall be given 505*b*
a for me tomorrow 365*b*
a me no more 436*b*
a me no more where Jove 79*b*
a nothing more of me 423*a*
a yourself whether you are happy 265*b*
dinner to a a man to 207*b*
for our blindness we cannot a 480*b*
he is of age, a him 511*a*
I do not a O Lord 306*a*
if his son a bread 505*b*
if so be, you a me where 188*b*
never a me whose 199*a*
shd you a me, whence these stories? 248*b*
we a and a 7*b*
we will not a her name 77*b*
where a is have 403*a*
Askance truth a and strangely 389*a*
Asked a leave of Mrs Jones 76*a*
I a no other thing 127*b*
I have a to be 197*b*
nobody a you kind sir 525*b*
some a how pearls 190*a*
Asketh in the streets of A 495*b*
Asketh every one that a receiveth 505*b*
Asking first time of a 481*a*
to have thy a 409*a*
Asklent look d a and unco skeigh 60*a*
Asleep all beauty lies a 189*a*
a upon a chair 474*a*
a within the tomb 33*b*
as moving seems a 426*a*
fall a, or hearing die 385*b*
fast a and weary 494*b*
half a as they stalk 170*b*
he thought me a 293*b*
men's noses as they lie a 364*b*
on a furrow sound a 221*b*
quiet till it falls a 425*b*
soon will be a 20*a*
sucks the nurse a 325*b*
under the haycock fast a 535*a*
vash a in ped 14
we are laid a in body 472*a*
when men were all a 37*a*
Asp hole of the a 501*b*
scorpion and a 276*b*
Asparagus necessary to mention A 123*a*
Aspasia live, A, and dare to be unhappy 313*b*
Aspect anchor his a and die 323*a*
a anything but bland 75*a*
lend the eye a terrible a 382*a*
meet in her a 74*a*
of such vinegar a 352*b*
sweet a of princes 386*a*
with grave a he rose 272*b*
Aspen (aspes) bind the a meter to quiver 77*b*
light quivering a made 318*b*
right as an a leaf 90*a*
Aspens quiver 431*b*
Aspersion upon my parts of speech 400*b*
Asphodel amaracus and a 435*a*
Aspics 'tis of a' tongues 362*a*
Aspiration, to do nought 313*a*
Aspire a where my sunflower 32*a*
by due steps a 266*b*
on what wings dare he a? 32*a*
the rest bade a 48*a*
Aspired what I a to be 50*b*
Aspiring to be gods 300*b*
Aspirings generous a implanted 239*b*
Aspramont jousted in A 271*b*
Ass a that bred you 231*a*
a whose back with ingots bows 351*b*
a, without being a fool 416*b*
Caesar a unpolished 325*a*
dies of an a's kick 40*a*
dull a will not mend 336*a*
enamoured of an a 357*a*
get out, you blazing a! 75*b*
Issachar is a strong a 493*b*
making him egregiously an a 361*a*
much like his master's a 359*b*
remember that I am an a 359*a*
the a his master's crib 501*a*
Wild A stamps o'er his Head 153*a*
write me down an a 359*a*
Assail darkness no more a mine eyes 119*a*
tale you can't a 165*a*
Assailant on the perched roosts 278*a*
Assailed virtue may be a 267*b*
Assassination absolutism moderated by a 523*a*
a is the extreme of censorship 391*b*
a never changed the history 128*b*
if the a ed trammel up 347*a*
Assault and hurt the soul 479*b*
Assaults of the devil 478*b*
Assay th' a so hard 90*a*
Assemble and meet together 478*a*
Assembled once again a here 53*b*
Assemblies, I cannot away with 501*a*
Assembling not forsaking the a 517*a*
Assembly for the a was confused 512*b*
they enter the public a 457*b*
Assert a eternal Providence 270*b*
he who has nothing to a 390*b*
Asses Death hath a' ears 24*a*
he who seeking a 277*a*
kept his father's a 261*a*
mankind are the a who pull 72*b*
wild a quench their thirst 488*a*
Assistance cause that lacks a 18*b*
Assistant no a for a state 332*a*
Assuaged half a for Itylus 420*a*
Assume a a virtue, if you have it not 335*a*
we must never a that 245*a*
Assumes the God 138*b*
Assuming that he's got any 164*a*
Assurance a double sure 349*b*
a given by looks 313*b*
Assured of what he's most a 351*b*
Assyrian *Claribel, A* 232*b*
curled A bull 433*b*
the A came down 74*a*
Assyrians she doted upon the A 504*a*
Astarte A or Ashtaroth 421*b*
A, Queen of Heaven 271*b*
Astley, and Sir Marmaduke 253*b*
Astolat lily maid of A 428*a*
Astonish so a a mother! 314*b*
things that wd a you 164*a*
Astonished a, and suddenly cast down 485*a*
a at my own moderation 95*b*
Astonishes nothing a men so much 148*a*
Astonishment yr a's odd 522*b*
Astray light that led a 61*a*
like sheep have gone a 503*a*
thit light wh leads a 463*a*
Astrolabe yearning Heart for a 423*b*
Astronomer an undevout a 477*b*
Astronomers confounding her a 192*a*
Astronomy daughter of it! 477*b*
Asunder let no man put a 481*b*
no man shall ever put a 390*a*
Atahualpa who strangled A 254*b*
Atalanta made of A's heels 327*a*
Ate A by his side 339*b*
a the food it ne'er had eat 98*a*
a when we were not hungry 418*a*
he a and drank as he was told 192*b*
Athalus first of the ches 89*b*
Athanasian Creed is the most splendid lyric 129*b*
Atheism honest a for my money 291*a*
inclineth man's mind to a 15*a*
miracle to convince a 15*a*
owlet A 100*b*
Atheist an a laugh's 60*a*
never miracle to convert an a 13*a*
Atheist (*cont*)
rebel and A too 133*b*
Turk and the A 92*b*
Atheling when Alfred came to A 91*b*
Athena's wisest son! 68*a*
Athenæum! golly what a paper 413*b*
Athenians all the A and strangers 512*b*
Athens another A shall arise 394*a*
as ever A heard 4*b*
A arose! 394*a*
A but the rudiments of Paradise 406*a*
A, the eye of Greece 277*a*
chooses A in his riper age 141*b*
Israel, A, Florence 203*a*
Maid of A 73*a*
o'er the Aegean main A arose 396*a*
ye men of A 512*b*
Athirst him that is a come 520*b*
unto him that is a 519*b*
Athlete the a nearly fell 287*a*
Athletic only a sport I ever mastered 205*b*
Atkins thank you, Mister A 235*b*
Atlanta from A to the sea 473*a*
Atlantean shoulders immense, A 66
Atlantic A billows roared 107*b*
A Ocean beat Mrs Partington 405*a*
drag the A for whales 446*b*
steep A stream 266*b*
the A surge 443*b*
to where the A raves 88
'twas in the broad A 525*a*
Atlas A of the state 110*b*
Teneriff or A 274*b*
the demi-Atlas of this earth 323*a*
Atmosphere a divinest shrouds thee 397*b*
a of a new-fal'n year 24*a*
Atom that his might cd render void 38*b*
Atomies team of little a 364*b*
to count a 327*a*
Atoms a or systems into ruin hurled 300*b*
fortuitous concurrence of a 292*a*
where all these a are 280*b*
Attached to that great sect 393*b*
Attachment à la Plato 165*b*
Attack lead such dire a 253*a*
Attacked it defends itself 566*a*
Attacks a city invincible to the a 457*a*
Attain a unto the resurrection 516*a*
I cannot a unto it 490*a*
with toil all that I can a 3*b*
Attained sun has not a his noon 189*a*
Attainment so disenchanting as a 412*b*
Attains the upmost round 338*b*
Attempt a and not the deed confounds 347*b*
a the end 189*b*
lose by fearing to a 351*a*
oh, fond a to give 169*b*
Attend another to a him 187*b*
a, all ye who list 252*a*
I do a here on the general 362*b*
Attendance to dance a on 386*b*
Attendant bark a sail 301*b*
Attended is on his way a 466*b*
when neither is a 355*b*
Attention so I withdrew my a 211*b*
wh takes off my a 124*b*
Attentive to his own applause 303*a*
Attic A warbler pours her throat 175*b*
A wit 552*b*
little brain a stocked 135*b*
mellow glory of the A stage 6*a*
O A shape 219*b*
when the A bird trills 277*a*
Atticus if A were he! 303*a*
Attire in halls, in gay a is seen 317*a*
let thy a be comely 251*b*
my love in her a 525*a*
rich a creeps rustling 221*b*
she in her poor a was seen 425*b*
so wild in their a 346*a*
ye shall walk in silk a 33*a*
Attitude fair a! 219*b*
Attitudes Anglo-Saxon a 85*a*
Attorney believed was an a 212*a*
he was a special a 169*b*
other boy to an A's firm 166*a*
on that journey you find yr a 164*a*
rich a's elderly ugly daughter 167*a*

Attorneys ten a find place 404a
Attracts light-headed, variable men 413a
Attribute a to awe and majesty 354b
a to God himself 354b
Auburn sweet A ! 168a
Auctioneer varnishing A 80b
Audacity of elected persons 457b
Audible ill-bred, as a laughter 90b
Audience attention in the a 400a
a into the bargain 181a
fit a find, though few 275b
Audit how his a stands 334b
Aufidus from A to Po 253b
Auger tail made like an a 216a
Aught what is a , but as 'tis valued? 369a
Augur he bored with his a 531a
Augurers say they know not 324a
Augurs a and understood relations 349a
sad a mock 388b
Augury we defy a 337a
August dry A and warm 446a
sicklemen, of A weary 367b
to recommence in A 71b
Augusta say, my dear A 294b
Augustan next A Age 449b
Augustus A was a chubby lad 192b
never yours, A 124b
Auld A Robin Gray 20b
for a lang syne 59a
lassie do wi' an a man 63a
Aunt (Auntie) A , did you feel no pain 172b
A Jane observed 172a
his A Jobiska 243b
Aunts a , who are not married 93b
cousins and his a ! 166a
songs for me and my a 373a
Aurora A 's harbinger 357a
rising with A 's light 419b
Aurora Leighs no more A 571a
Auspicious one a and one dropping eye 320b
Auster black A 's band 254a
black A was the fleetest 253b
upon black A rides! 254a
Austere I was an a man 510a
Austerlitz death like wine at A 92b
sun of A 564b
Austin Divines use A 's words 64a
Author an a that's *all a* 67b
as if a man were a of himself 328b
a and giver of all 479b
a both of life and light 216b
a concealed behind the door 207a
A 's own candles 440a
a who speaks own books 128b
choose an a as friend 128a
example in any heathen a 291b
he is the richest a 207a
if it's by a good a 390a
Jesus the a and finisher 517a
leaves of any a 41b
man of rank [as an a] 210b
no a ever spar'd a brother 160b
prefer being the a of that poem 462b
same steps as the a 222b
sole a of his own disgrace! 109a
store of the first a 261b
the a of peace 478a
this is indeed to be an a ! 183a
time which is the a of authors 13a
to the a to get at *his* meaning 314a
where is any a in the world 345a
Authority a little brief a 351b
as one having a 506a
a forgets a dying king 420a
a of wh we do not dream 314b
a over ten cities 510a
even reproofs from a 14b
man under a 506a
save base a from others! 344b
shadow of a and credit 56a
the law to yr a 354b
tongue-tied by a 388a
virtue in a settled and calm 14b
what's that? A 342a
Authors damn a never read 94a
glory arises from its a 212b
he invades a 142a
much exposed to a 455a
old a to read 13b
Authors (*cont*)
vulgar a in romances 65b
we a , Ma'am 129a
Autobiography writes his own a 146a
Autocrat democrat, a 433b
Automa it is an a 216a
Autumn a evening, and the morn 398b
A grew the more by reaping 325a
A nodding o'er the plain 443b
a sunsets exquisitely dying 202b
breath of A 's being 396a
congenial A comes 246b
happy A -fields 430a
I saw old A 195b
she forgot the chilly a 218b
there is a harmony in a 394b
to yellow a turned 388b
Autumnal in one A face 132a
Availeth struggle naught a 96b
Avails what a the sceptred race! 210b
Avalanche beware the awful a 247a
Avarice a , the spur of industry 201a
beyond the dreams of a 280b
take up with a 70b
Avatar in Vishnu-land what A ? 52b
Avaunt a ! be gone! 362a
a ye, base carles 320a
Avenge, O Lord, thy saints 278b
Avenger enemy and the a 482a
time, the a ! 69a
Avenue of cypresses 243a
Avenues lawns and a 229b
seal up the a of ill 147a
Avernus descent to A 556a
Aversion begin with a little a 400b
closely bordering on a 412b
manner which is my a 71a
Aves thousand a told 221b
Avilion island-valley of A 429b
Avoid a what is to come 333a
man I shd a so soon 318a
what he wd most a 267a
Avoided what can be a 339a
Avoiding in a superstition 15a
Avon A into Severn 157b
swan of A ! 216a
Avow an a to God made he 530b
Await a no gifts from Chance 8a
do not we, Wanderer, a it too? 8a
Awake are you a in the dark? 287a
a , arise , or be for ever fall'n! 271b
a ! for Morning 152a
a , lute and harp 485b
a , my heart, to be loved 35b
a , my little ones 152a
a , my St John 300b
a my soul 224b
a O heart a , a 35b
a , O north wind 506b
a ! the heavens look bright 281b
a , the land is scattered 35b
a up, my glory 485b
being now a I'll queen it 373b
bestir themselves ere well a 271b
Christians a 67b
England! a ! a ! a ! 30b
he will a no more 392a
keep her still a 366b
he ten nights a 358a
my lute, awake! perform 473b
O let me be a 99b
Onaway! a 248b
the rose was a 434a
they do not lie a 458a
we're very wide a 164b
will a right early 485b
Awaked (awakened) he hath a from life 392b
moon wd not be a 355b
Awaking come the great a 20b
Award general a of love 218b
Aware of his life's flow 5a
Away an I coom'd a 435a
a ! a ! for I will fly 220a
a before me to sweet beds 369b
a , I'm bound to go 525a
a , slight man! 340b
a ! take heed I will abroad 188a
a ! the gathering winds 399a
a ! the moor is dark 399a
a went Gilpin 108b
Away (*cont*)
a went hat and wig 108b
a with him! he speaks Latin 384a
a , you rolling river 525a
but they wish us a 158b
come a , come down 6a
dear children, let us a 5b
Niamh calling A , come a 475a
to be a from thee 249b
won't get a from the tune 236b
Awe a into the beholders 417b
a of such a thing as I 337b
female in due a 278a
pity and mournful a 6a
set i' the pathless a 442b
stand in a , and sin not 481b
to keep the strong in a 385a
with a around these walks 113b
Aweary a of the sun 351a
she said, 'I am a ' 433a
Awful anything a makes me laugh 239b
Awkward a thing to play with souls 48a
don't let the a squad fire 63b
he is a , and out of place 239a
Awl all I live by is with the a 337b
Awoke I a found myself famous 74b
so I a and behold 54a
Axe a is laid unto the root 504b
a 's edge did try 261a
head off with a golden a 366a
let the great a fall 336a
owner of the a 444a
Suffolk his a did ply 113a
Axes yr sharp-edged a 457b
Axiom long been an a of mine 135a
Axioms a in philosophy not a 222b
Axis of the earth sticks out 194a
Axle fly sat upon the a tree 16b
glowing a 266b
Ay (aye) Charybdis of A and No 288a
left crying and said 'A ' 364b
Ayr, whim nc er a town surpasses 62b
Azalea it *was* the a 's breath 294a
Azarias Ananias, A 478a
Aziola hear the A cry 393a
Azores Flores in the A 437a
Azure a , white, and red 138a
by every a breath 394b
mountain in its a hue 77a

B

B bit it 532a
Baalim Peor and B 270b
Babblative and scribblative 407a
Babble for the watch to b and talk 388b
learned b of the sale-room 80b
Babbled of green fields 381b
Babbler what will this b say? 512b
Babe (baby) a little b thing 256a
a Mother had her B 3b
as any b on any mother's knee 423a
B all burning bright 407b
b leaps up on his mother's arm 466a
b that milks me 347a
becomes a b in Eternity 29b
birth-strangled b 349b
bring the b to rest 143b
burning o'er the b 423b
bye, b bunting 534a
come little b , come silly soul 35b
cry, b , cry 533a
down comes the b 29a
'e acts like a b 236b
first b laughed 21b
his b on my knee 225b
laid her B to rest 270b
let the mighty B alone 115a
like a testy b 372b
little b thing 256a
mother cried, b lept 176a
my young b were born 530b
only a b small 21a
rock-a-bye-b 29a
see my b at my breast 325b
she who gives a b birth 261b
silly tender B 407b
that great b you see 332b
the B look't up 114b
this B must eat 407b

Babe (*cont*)
wears upon his b -brow 349*b*
where did you come from, b dear? 256*a*
Babel see the stir of B 112*a*
true B is a divergence 413*a*
Babes (babies) as newborn b , desire the milk 517*b*
as were b all 522*a*
cruel children, crying b 414*a*
mouth of very b and sucklings 482*a*
old men, and b 100*a*
revealed them unto b 509*a*
while thy b around thee cling 473*a*
Bab-lock-hithe Thames at B 8*a*
Baboon bred out into b 368*a*
Baby, *see* Babe
Babylon B be thrown down 519*b*
B in all its desolation 118*a*
B is fallen 519*b*
B , wasted with misery 490*a*
by the waters of B 449*b*, 490*a*
die at thirty-five in B 9*a*
ere B was dust 397*a*
how many miles is it to B ? 534*a*
I was a King in B 185*a*
king of B stood 504*a*
London is a modern B 130*a*
Mystery, B the Great 519*b*
think upon Rahab and B 487*a*
Babylonian B pulpits 57*a*
his B heart 441*b*
Babylonish a B dialect 65*a*
Babylons all man s B strive 441*b*
Bacchanal ivy falls with the B 's hair 420*b*
Bacchus B by night 420*b*
B ever fair 138*b*
dissonance of B 275*b*
not charioted by B 220*a*
Plumpy B with pink eyne! 323*b*
proves dainty B gross 345*a*
'Baccy for the Clerk 234*a*
Bach 'Ops' by B interwoven 163*b*
Bachelor b of three score 358*a*
b 's fare, bread and cheese 418*b*
I wd die a b 358*b*
the old b don't die at all 451*a*
Bachelors all reformers are b 281*a*
reasons for b to go out 144*b*
Back at my b I always hear 260*a*
b and side go bare 415*b*
b , Lartius! b , Herminius! 253*b*
b o' beyont 319*a*
b to the Army again 227*a*
borne me on his b 336*b*
by getting off his b 567*a*
duke's revenues on her b 384*a*
fog that rubs its b 144*b*
hair that lay along her b 311*b*
harness on our b 351*a*
I cd never go b again 283*a*
if I come b , it is yrs 287*a*
I sit on a man's b 567*a*
my b unto an ark 530*a*
never come b to me 425*b*
never turned his b 52*a*
not to go b is to advance 303*b*
now that I am b again 288*a*
on the bat's b 368*a*
plowers plowed upon my b 490*a*
rider on so proud a b 386*b*
they show'd his b above 325*a*
think that he'll come b 232*b*
thoughts shall ne'er look b 362*b*
turn yr b upon the world 247*b*
unto the ladder turns his b 338*b*
will ye no come b again? 285*b*
will you no come b again? 193*b*
yr b stops aching 229*b*
Backbiter face-flatterer and b 420*a*
Backbone of the Army 228*b*
Backgammon only sport mastered was b 205*a*
Backing call you that b 377*b*
Backs beast with two b 359*b*
birthrights proudly on their b 371*b*
our b is easy rid 124*a*
with our b to the wall 177*b*
Backward b , turn b , O Time 4*a*
I by backward steps 448*a*
in the dark b. 367*a*

Backward (*cont*)
look b to their ancestors 57*a*
revolutions never go b 321*b*
so b to comply 110*a*
thou wilt fall b 364*b*
Backwards memory only works b 84*b*
narration always going b 449*b*
Bacon b , food of kings! 225*b*
B , that great and hardy genius 170*b*
b was nat fct 89*b*
Friar B and Friar Bungay 176*a*
here's to thee, B ! 76*a*
Secretary of Nature B 450*b*
still hissing b 129*a*
the B of our rhyming crew 241*b*
think how B shined 301*b*
unless you give him b 92*a*
Bacons on, b , on 377*a*
Bad all baronets are b 166*b*
as b as b can be 211*a*
b affright, afflict the blest 173*b*
b 's the best of us 23*a*
better for being a little b 352*b*
charm to make b good 352*a*
defence of a b cause 142*a*
good and b together 323*b*
good compensate b in man 51*b*
good ye are and b 428*a*
heavens, this is *too* b 150*b*
nothing so b or so good 391*a*
not really b at heart 26*a*
novel cannot be too b 391*a*
our best is b 45*b*
sad and b and mad 46*a*
some were married, wh was b 237*a*
so much b in the best of us 192*a*
the b die late 118*a*
think myself a very b Woman 1*b*
'tis b enough in man 527*b*
when b men combine 56*b*
when she was b she was horrid 249*a*
wiser being good than b 44*b*
Badger Mrs B 121*a*
Badman Mr B died 54*a*
Badness all good and no b 402*b*
b of her b 21*b*
Baffled b , get up and begin again 48*a*
b oft is ever won 72*b*
b to fight better 52*a*
Englishman not easily b 17*b*
Bag b and baggage 327*a*
B of Parliamentary Eloquence 81*a*
Turks b and baggage 167*b*
what did you take out of the b ? 535*b*
Bagatelle vive la b 411*a*
Baggage the b loves me 104*b*
Bagpiper laugh like parrots at a b 352*b*
Bags three b full 534*b*
Bah b , b , black sheep 534*b*
sing 'B to you 165*b*
Bahram that great Hunter 153*a*
Baiae's bay 396*b*
Bailey unfortunate Miss B 103*b*
Bailiff loved the b s daughter 531*b*
Bait it blows the b in 532*b*
with this melancholy b 352*b*
yr b of falsehood 331*b*
Baited like eagles 378*b*
Baiting dancing and bear-b 360*b*
Baked you have b me too brown 83*b*
Baker b rhymes for his pursuit 52*a*
pat a-cake, b 's man 532*a*
Bakers and brewers 242*b*
Baker Street irregulars 136*a*
Bakewell valley between Buxton and B 314*a*
Balance at the b let 's be mute 59*a*
b of power 450*a*
b of proud tume 176*a*
dust of the b 502*b*
redress the b of the Old 70*a*
Balances art weighed in the b 504*a*
Balbec editions of B and Palmyra 449*b*
Bald b and unconvincing narrative 165*a*
b as the bare mountain tops 9*b*
expression may be called b 9*b*
go up thou b head 496*b*
Baldheaded go into it b 250*a*
Baldness b full of grandeur 9*b*
Bales our b bete 531*a*
undid his corded b 88*b*

Ball after the b is over 181*b*
bowler and the b 242*a*
his b thro' Helen's cheek 172*b*
little b of feather 180*a*
real business of a b 417*a*
to pitch the b into the hat 113*a*
urge the flying b 174*b*
wind it into a b 30*b*
Ballad b and story 476*b*
b of Sir Patrick Spence 100*b*
guilty of such a b 344*b*
I love a b in print 373*b*
I met with a b 75*a*
metre b -mongers 378*a*
with a woful b 326*b*
Ballads b , songs and snatches 164*a*
permitted to make all the b 155*a*
ye are better than all the b 246*b*
Ballast on the b down below 437*b*
our b is old wine 295*b*
Balliol B made me, B fed me 26*a*
best of B loved and fed me 26*a*
Balloon something in a huge b 468*b*
Ballot is stronger than the bullet 245*a*
Balls elliptical billiard b 164*b*
match'd our rackets to these b 381*b*
people come to b to do nothing 417*a*
Balm b in Gilead 503*b*
b of hurt minds 348*a*
b upon the world 218*a*
calm is in that b 290*a*
can wash the b from king 375*a*
general b th' hydroptic earth 133*b*
mine own tears wash away my b 376*a*
'tis not the b , the sceptre 382*b*
Balms their precious b break my head 490*b*
Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing 158*a*
Balsams Pharaoh is sold for b 42*b*
Baltimore flecked the streets of B 308*a*
Balzac's novels occupy one shelf 45*a*
Ban 'B , 'B , Ca-Caliban 367*b*
scattering b 43*b*
Banbury cock-horse to B -cross 533*b*
to B came I 35*a*
Band Alexander's Ragtime B 28*a*
all that b them to resist 278*a*
around the throne of God a b 286*a*
call st its children a happy b 184*b*
happy b of pilgrims 287*a*
last of that bright b 184*b*
my life within this b 187*b*
not a servile b 468*a*
the b begins to play 235*b*
then the b played 177*b*
this ruined b 382*b*
we march thy b 47*a*
when the wearied B swoons 202*a*
Bandersnatch frumious B ! 83*b*
Bands b of rosy hue 202*a*
drew them with b of love 504*a*
loose the b of wickedness 503*a*
strong as iron b 249*a*
Bane deserve the precious b 272*a*
money, thou b of bliss 187*b*
Oh I ove! thou b 173*a*
what of the world's b 475*a*
Bang b —went saxpence!!! 535*a*
not with a b but a whimper 145*a*
Banged the youth into dumbness 371*b*
Bangs me most severely 79*b*
Banish b Peto, b Bardolph 378*a*
b plump Jack 378*a*
I b you 328*a*
Banished alone a b man 529*b*
Cimber should be b 339*a*
for my crime art b hence 276*b*
Banishment bread of b 375*a*
Banjo git 'er little b 232*a*
Bank a pregnant b 132*b*
a shelving b of turf 198*a*
as I sat on a sunny b 522*a*
B to Mandalay 232*a*
broke the B at Monte Carlo 162*b*
I know a b 356*b*
moonlight sleeps upon this b ! 355*a*
waly up the b 530*a*
Banker he saw a B 's Clerk 85*b*
Bankrupt of life 138*a*
Banks b of the slow winding Ouse 111*a*
b o' Loch Lomond 525*b*

Banks (*cont*)
green b of Shannon 76*b*
my b they are furnished 399*b*
never on thy b shall I behold 246*b*
O, Brignal b 319*a*
the b fade dimmer away 6*a*
ye b and braes 63*b*
Banner b with the strange device 247*a*
blood-red b streams afar 184*a*
Freedom's b streaming o'er us 178*a*
Freedom's lion-b 77*a*
Freedom! yet thy b, torn 69*a*
his b over me was love 500*a*
star-spangled b 224*b*
that b in the sky 194*a*
the royal b, and all quality 362*a*
Banners in army with b 500*b*
b flout the sky 346*a*
b waved without a blast 317*a*
confusion on thy b 173*b*
hang out our b 350*b*
Munich! all thy b wave 77*a*
royal b forward go 541*a*
Banquet trifling foolish b 366*a*
Banquet-hall deserted 282*b*
Banquetting upon borrowing 520*b*
Banquo blood-boltered B 349*b*
Banter how does fortune b us! 33*b*
Baphometic Fire-baptism 81*b*
Baptism B and the Supper 481*a*
B to Such as are of Riper Years 481*a*
Ministration of B 481*a*
Baptist found him far too deep 305*a*
Bar birth's invidious b 430*b*
gold b of Heaven 311*b*
harbour b be moaning 226*b*
I have crost the b 426*a*
may sit in the b 240*b*
no moaning of the b 426*a*
when I went to the B 164*a*
Barabbas B was a robber 511*b*
we withstand B now! 47*a*
Barbara Allen 531*a*
Barbarian, Scythian 516*a*
Barbarians B quite left out 9*b*
young b all at play 69*a*
Barbaric yawp 458*a*
Barbarism methods of b 78*a*
Barbarous b dissonance 275*b*
b experiment 427*a*
'twas a b deed 309*b*
Barbarously so b not a Greek 202*b*
Barbarousness confess mine own b 402*a*
Barber b's man hath been seen with him 358*b*
imprudently married the b 155*b*
I must to the b s 357*a*
Bard a b here dwelt 443*a*
b sublime, if b may e'er be so 400*a*
blame not the b 281*b*
hail, B triumphant! 106*b*
hear the voice of the B! 31*b*
if the B was weatherwise 100*b*
old or modern b 266*b*
the lover and the b 44*b*
the sainted sage the b divine 175*a*
Bardolph one B if yr majesty know 382*a*
Bards b in fealty to Apollo 220*b*
b of old enjoy'd in you 31*b*
B of Passion 219*a*
b sublime whose footsteps 247*a*
b who died content 219*b*
Gods are we, B, Saints 5*a*
last of all the B 316*b*
lords too are b 72*a*
Olympian b who sung 147*a*
Bare back and side go b 415*b*
b, sheer, penetrating power 9*b*
b them right doughtily 117*a*
brought thee forth that b thee 501*a*
sac black and b 62*b*
tho' I go b, take ye no care 415*a*
towards the child she b 110*a*
Bared my big right arm 164*b*
Barefaced bore him b on the bier 335*b*
Barefoot makes shoes go b himself 64*a*
Bare-legged, beggarly son 75*a*
Bareness old December's b 388*b*
Bargain better b driven 401*b*
dateless b to engrossing death 366*b*
her most filthy b 363*b*
Bargain (*cont*)
necessity never made a good b 157*a*
two words to that b 418*b*
world-without-end b 345*b*
Bargains b, and my well-won thrift 353*a*
here's the rule for b 124*a*
Barge answered Arthur from the b 429*a*
from the b a strange perfume 323*a*
the b she sat in 323*a*
Bark bleat, the b, bellow 29*b*
charmed b doth swim 394*a*
fatal and perfidious b 269*b*
his b cannot be lost 346*a*
my b is on the sea 73*a*
my little b attendant 301*b*
star to every wandering b 389*a*
trusts a frail b 173*a*
watch-dog's honest b 70*a*
yond tall anchoring b 343*b*
Barkis is willin' 122*a*
Barks Nicean b of yore 298*a*
Barley among the bearded b 431*b*
rode between the b sheaves 431*b*
three measures of b for a penny 518*b*
Barleycorn bold John B! 63*a*
Barlow my Hornby and my B 442*b*
Barmaid bitter b, waning fast 419*a*
Barmaids are B chaste? 261*b*
Barmie my b noddle's working 60*b*
Barn b filleth up finely 446*a*
he'll sit in a b 533*a*
these are indeed the b 198*a*
to the stack, or the b door 268*b*
Barnabas the son of consolation 512*a*
Barn-cocks ere the b say 180*a*
Barns nor gather into b 505*b*
Baron 'boots,' said the B 19*a*
'good!' said the B 228*a*
Baronet no lily-handed B 437*a*
Baronets all b are bad 166*b*
b by dozens 161*a*
Barons b of the mind 413*b*
rust of the B' Wars 449*b*
Barouche their b-landau 11*a*
Barracks single men in b 235*b*
Barred a spot that's always b 164*b*
Barrel handful of meal in a b 496*a*
to taste the b 62*b*
Barrel-load save them by the b 442*a*
Barrel-organ human b 122*b*
Barren b are those mountains 37*a*
b woman to keep house 489*a*
love b with best using 117*a*
make b our lives 421*a*
none is b among them 500*a*
Barricade some disputed b 321*a*
Barricades Christs die upon the b 459*b*
Barring for b of the door 531*b*
Barrow and the camp abide 235*a*
Barrows of the happier dead 438*b*
Barrs so air our B 124*a*
Bars beside the glowing b 476*b*
look out thro' the same b 242*a*
nor iron b a cage 249*b*
Sun was flecked with b 98*b*
Tomlinson he gripped the b 235*b*
weary of these worldly b 338*a*
Bartholomew boar-pig 380*a*
Bartley, the bootmaker 416*b*
Bartrum called B father 238*b*
Basan as the hill of B 486*b*
fat bulls of B close me in 483*a*
Base b, common and popular 382*b*
fly from its firm b 316*b*
him that uttered nothing b 437*a*
keep down the b in man 428*a*
see something of the b 470*a*
were I as b as is the plain 527*b*
who is here so b 339*b*
Baseness boldness—child of b 14*b*
detraction is but b 215*b*
gods detest my b 324*b*
no b we wed hide 430*a*
Baser let b things devise 408*a*
Bashful he wore a b look 33*a*
Bashfulness England b in religion 2*a*
Basil hung over her sweet B 218*b*
steal my B-pot 218*b*
Basilisk that B is sure to kill 150*b*
Basin (bason) in a decent b 480*a*
into a granite b 96*a*
Basing an old person of B 243*a*
Basingstoke some word like B 166*b*
Basis the b or substratum 75*a*
Basket Eve, with her b 192*a*
Baskets twelve b full 507*a*
Basking he loves to lie a-b 166*b*
Basnet is my b a widow's curch? 531*a*
Basnet point hammered out my b 284*b*
Bass Guinness, Allsopp B! 75*a*
Bassarid Maenad and the B 420*b*
Bassoon flute, violin, b 434*a*
heard the loud b 98*a*
Bastard Buonaparte the b 424*a*
Bastards gillyvors nature's b 373*a*
Bat batsman and the b 242*a*
b that flits at close of eve 29*a*
black b, night, has flown 434*a*
on the b's back I do fly 368*a*
twinkle, little b 83*a*
where the weak-ey'd b 103*a*
wool of b 349*b*
Bates 'as nails,' added Charlie B 125*a*
Bath I melt into a b 407*b*
my Lord B, you and I 450*a*
'people of B,' continued Cain 180*b*
sore labour's b 348*a*
Bathe b those beauteous feet 155*b*
play by me, b in me 226*a*
Bathing Beauty sat b 285*a*
caught the Whigs b 128*a*
made one long b 469*a*
Bathos the art of sinking in Poetry 303*b*
Baths b of all the western stars 439*a*
in b to steep him 215*a*
two walking b 115*a*
Bathurst, said he to me 211*b*
Baton of a marshal of France 564*b*
Bats b in the belfry 297*a*
do cats eat b? 82*b*
like b amongst birds 15*b*
Batsman a ghostly b plays 442*b*
I am the b and the bat 242*a*
if the b thinks he's bowled 242*a*
Battalions God for the big b 566*a*
not single spies, but in b 335*b*
Batten on this moor 335*a*
Batter my heart 133*a*
Batteries of alluring sense 260*b*
Battering the gates of heaven 438*a*
Battle a b there was which I saw 256*b*
after b sleep is best 289*a*
again to the b, Achaians! 77*b*
agreed to have a b 84*a*
amidst the b's thunder 12*a*
back in the day of b 487*a*
b and murder 478*b*
b, and not a bed of roses 413*a*
b goes sore against us 412*a*
b rages loud and long 77*b*
b's magnificently stern array! 58*b*
beat to b where he stands 436*b*
Ben B 194*b*
beneath it rung the b shout 194*a*
count the life of b good 287*b*
drunk delight of b 438*b*
each b sees the other's 382*b*
every b of the warrior 501*b*
far away the b went roaring 254*a*
feats of broil and b 360*a*
flame that lit the b's wreck 184*b*
forefront of the hottest b 495*b*
Freedom's b once begun 72*b*
in the lost b 318*a*
it was not in the b 111*a*
make them ready to b 489*b*
my head in the day of b 490*b*
news of b! 12*a*
next misfortune to losing a b 455*a*
nor the b to the strong 499*b*
nor war, nor b's sound 270*a*
prepare himself to the b 514*b*
Sarah B 239*a*
see the front o' b lour 62*b*
serious things in a b 84*b*
smelleth the b afar off 497*b*
souls that die in the b 96*a*
the b and the breeze 77*b*
the b to his hands 436*b*
the noise of b roll'd 429*a*
the steed to b driven 77*a*
the strife is o'er, the b done 304*b*

Battle (*cont*)
this b fares like .the morning's 384*a*
to b fierce came forth 76*b*
was ever a b like this 437*b*
when the b 's lost and won 345*b*
Battle-day is past 145*b*
Battlefield b wid all the glory missin' 237*b*
we are met on a great b 245*a*
Battle-line far-flung b 233*b*
Battlements owls came perched on b 25*a*
towers and b it sees 269*a*
under my b 346*b*
Battle-queen of yore 308*a*
Battles all his b won 6*b*
b are lost in the same spirit 458*a*
b long ago 471*a*
b , sieges, fortunes 360*a*
God of B , and! 230*a*
high-engendered b 342*b*
last of many b 324*a*
Battle-thunder and flame 437*b*
Bauble my b coach 109*b*
pleased with this b 301*a*
shallow b boats 368*b*
Baubles take away these b 116*a*
Baudelaire sedulous ape to B 412*b*
Bawdy sing me a b song 378*b*
talking b to Miss – 239*b*
Bawl as loud as he cd b 108*b*
Bawling what it likes 9*b*
Bay a night-cap instead of b 168*a*
beyond the Mexique B 260*a*
Biscay's sleepless b 68*a*
China crost the B ! 232*a*
in the B of Biscay, O! 90*b*
it split the b 99*b*
somebody bet on de b 156*a*
Bayed hers wast thou b 339*b*
Bayonet's hold 270*a*
Bayonets chums are worse than b 205*b*
the sods with our b turning 462*a*
throne of b 203*a*
Bays approbation gave the b 213*b*
no b to crown it 188*a*
palm, the oak, or b 260*b*
sprig of b in fifty years 410*b*
the b burn deep 423*b*
Bay-tree flourishing like a green b 484*a*
Be amen, so b it 481*a*
as if it cd not b 394*b*
b amongst you and remain 480*b*
b of good cheer 507*a*
b they what they may 466*b*
b thou me, impetuous one! 396*b*
better not to b 438*b*
b warm, but pure 72*a*
b what they behold 268*b*
b ye therefore perfect 505*a*
cried not to b at all 272*a*
choose not to b 107*a*
evermore about to b 469*b*
hadn't ought to b ! 182*a*
hame fain wad I b 116*a*
haven where they wd b 488*b*
having been must ever b 466*b*
it cannot b ,—it is 194*a*
it is that wh shall b 499*a*
let Finstein b ! 26*b*
lief not b as live to b in awe 337*b*
man wholly hopes to b 46*a*
or those that b not 361*b*
rather see than b one! 54*b*
such things to b 430*b*
their day and cease to b 429*b*
thou shouldst cease to b 399*b*
'tis something better not to b 72*b*
to b , or not to b 333*a*
tree will continue to b 522*b*
what and where they b 434*a*
wish to b no more 73*b*
Beach left behind on the b 85*b*
night sank upon the dusky b 252*a*
only pebble on the b 34*b*
on the b undid his corded bales 8*b*
warm sea-scented b 488*b*
Beachy Head Birmingham by way of B 93*a*
Beacon Airly B 225*b*
face, wh , as a b , gives warning 380*b*
Beacon-light is quenched 317*b*
Beacons b from the abode 392*b*
b of hope, ye appear 7*b*
Beadle a b on boxin' day 126*b*
b to a humorous sigh 344*b*
Beadroll fame's eternal b 409*a*
Beadrolls souls set in our b 402*b*
Beads b and prayer-books 301*a*
b , pictures, rosaries 66*a*
my jewels for a set of b 375*b*
reliques, b , indulgences 273*b*
Beadsman be yr b now 295*b*
the B , after thousand aves 221*b*
Beak take thy b from out my heart 298*b*
Beaker O for a b full 219*b*
Beale Miss B and Miss Buss 525*a*
Be-all and the end-all 347*a*
Beam at the full midday b 279*a*
b that is in thine own eye 505*b*
th'eternal co-eternal b 273*a*
Beameth for whom it b 281*b*
Beamish my b boy! 84*a*
Beams cold lunar b 66*b*
daystar tricks his b 270*a*
his b full-dazzling! 457*a*
if b from happy human eyes 415*a*
little candle throws his b ! 355*b*
quenched in the chaste b 356*b*
some b of wit 140*b*
the b of his chambers 488*a*
Bean home of the b and the cod 34*a*
nine b -rows will I have 475*a*
the b -flowers' boon 46*a*
too French French b ! 165*b*
Beans full o' b and benevolence 416*b*
you must not give him b 92*a*
Bear ill this I b 6*b*
as a b doth her young 64*a*
b -like I must fight 351*a*
b thee in their hands 487*b*
b them we can 200*a*
b with a sore head 259*b*
Brown B 's flank 231*b*
bush supposed a b ! 357*b*
by the b oppressed 448*b*
cub-drawn b wd couch 342*b*
exit, pursued by a b 373*a*
gave pain to the b 255*b*
he-b in his pride 228*b*
if it had been a b 418*b*
learns them first to b 365*a*
my nature cd not b it so 341*a*
no dancing b 109*a*
nothing wd it b 532*a*
Oh, Mama, do be a b ! 293*b*
outwatch the B 268*a*
she-b thus accosted 228*b*
still less the b ! 157*b*
their habits from the B 25*b*
they bayed the b 357*a*
to pardon or to b it 108*a*
vapour sometime like a b 324*a*
we must b all 382*b*
we've fought the B 201*b*
ye cannot b them now 511*b*
ye may be able to b it 514*b*
yet cd I b that too 363*a*
Bear-baiting Puritan hated b 255*b*
Bear-baitings wakes, furs and b 373*a*
Beard b of formal cut 326*b*
b the lion in his den 318*b*
by the colour of his b 370*b*
by thy long grey b 98*a*
his b was grizzled 330*b*
Jove send thee a b 371*b*
King of Spain's B 136*b*
let our b be shook 330*a*
nests in my b 243*a*
Old Man with a b 243*a*
ran down unto the b 490*a*
to pluck me by the b 143*a*
what a b hast thou got 353*b*
white and bristly b 387*a*
yellow cheek, a white b 379*b*
Bearded b like the pard 326*b*
scarce-b Caesar 322*a*
Beards long b , and pretences 419*a*
when b wag all 381*a*
yr b forbid me 146*a*
you whose browsing b 264*a*
Beardsley period 24*b*
Beareth charity b all things 514*b*
Bearing intent of b them is just 379*a*
Bearings of this observation 122*b*
Bears b and lions growl 452*b*
b not alive a gentleman 379*a*
but b it out even to doom 389*a*
dancing dogs and b 192*a*
Beast (beastie) a b , but a just b 522*a*
a b , no more 335*b*
a b , that wants discourse 330*a*
a very gentle b 357*b*
before he caught the b ! 448*b*
Blatant B 255*a*, 409*a*
blonde b 569*a*
Cocoa is a vulgar b 93*b*
cow'rin', tim'rous b 62*a*
curre, or elles another b 90*a*
deem himself a god, or b 301*a*
demi-natur'd with the brave b 336*a*
dialect words marks of the b 180*b*
drinks like a b 236*b*
either a b , or a god 559*a*
either a wild b or a god 15*b*
evil b hath devoured him 493*a*
good for man nor b 532*b*
half a b is the great god Pan 43*b*
life of his b 498*a*
like a wild b guards my way 31*b*
man and bird and b 100*a*
man's life is as cheap as b 's 342*b*
no beast so fierce but knows pity 384*b*
not forfeiting the b 263*b*
number of the b 519*a*
people call this b to mind 25*b*
that wild b man 33*b*
the b with two backs 359*b*
the b with many heads 328*a*
the name of the b 519*a*
the questing b 257*a*
whan a b is deed 89*a*
who is like unto the b 519*a*
who worship the b 519*b*
you are an ugly b 26*a*
you hugly b ! 416*b*
Beastly any b Erickin' 237*b*
Beasts all b of the field drink 488*a*
b did leap 20*b*
b of the forest are mine 485*a*
b that have no understanding 481*b*
birds and b and flowers 20*a*
compared unto the b that perish 485*a*
elders and the four b 519*a*
fled to brutish b 340*a*
fought with b at Ephesus 515*a*
four b full of eyes 518*b*
man kin to the b by body 15*a*
pair of very strange b 327*b*
prowling b about thy way 405*b*
sea-b ranged all round 5*b*
small and great b 488*b*
the b of the forest do move 488*b*
transform ourselves into b 361*b*
Beat b him when he sneezes 82*b*
b of her unseen feet 393*a*
b of the off-shore wind 231*b*
b wild on this world's shore 290*a*
I'd b him like a dog! 370*b*
I walk my b 234*a*
knit hands, and b the ground 267*a*
soft their solitary b 294*b*
telling with a quiet b 307*b*
the b following her daily 312*b*
they b , and a Voice b 441*b*
when thy heart began to b 32*a*
Beata mea Domina 284*b*
Beaten b men come into their own 262*a*
some have been b 65*b*
Beatific enjoy'd in vision b 272*a*
Beating b of my own heart 108*b*
b of so strong a passion 571*a*
hear the b of his wings 38*a*
mend his pace with b 336*a*
Beatitude ninth b 304*a*
Beaton Marie Seaton and Marie B 530*a*
Beatrice even I am B 311*b*
you whisper 'B ' 49*a*
Beau not like a modern b 74*b*
Beaux where none are b 251*b*
Beaumont B and Willoughby 137*a*
bid B lie 215*b*
nigh to rare B lie 22*a*

Beauteous all that is most b 467b
b , even where beauties abound 71b
I love all b things 36b
Beauties b , wh we so justly admire 90b
crowd of common b 79a
pale, unripened b of the north 1b
saved by b not his own 298b
we just b see 216b
where b most abound 71b
you meaner b of the night 473b
'Beautified' is a vile phrase 334a
Beautiful a deal of scorn looks b 371b
all heiresses are b 140b
all that 's b drifts 475b
all things bright and b 3a
and one was b 72a
b and therefore to be woo'd 384a
b as a wreck of Paradise 393b
b exceedingly! 100a
b must be the mountains 37a
better to be b than to be good 460b
for she was b 399b
full b , a faery s child 218b
good as thou art b 428a
his darkness b 430b
how b , if sorrow had not made 218a
how b they are! 100b
how b they stand! 184b
how b Thy mercy-seat 149b
how b upon the mountains 502b
left on her only the b 195b
love of a b , unheard-of kind 476a
lovers of the b 560b
more b than day 425b
more b than the earth 470a
more b than thy first love 474b
most b things useless 314b
my b , my b ! 289b
O be less b 452a
own that thou art b 393b
palace name of which was B 54a
singing 'Oh, how b !' 229b
the b , the b river 315b
the most b lady 119a
they're too b to live 124b
they tempted me, my b ! 290a
they were so young, so b 70b
Tibur is b , too 96a
too b to last 22a
travel to find the b 148a
Beautifully as it stands—b 204b
Beauty a daily b in his life 363a
ah! yet doth b , like a dial hand 388b
all b lies asleep 189a
all is b 47a
Amaranthus all his b shed 270a
and b to delight 117b
as much of b as cd die 215b
a thing of b is a joy 217b
b and length of days 420b
b being the best 36a
b born of murmuring 471b
b by constraint 159a
B cannot keep her eyes 220a
b draws us with a single hair 302b
b faded has no second spring 296b
b for some provides escape 202b
b from order springs 225b
b from the light retir'd 449a
b is bought by judgment 344b
B is its own excuse 147a
B is Nature's brag 267b
B is Nature's coin 267b
b is not an outward show 409a
b is the lover's gift 105a
b is the mind diseased 69a
b is thy earthly dower 465b
b is truth 219b
b itself doth of itself persuade 386b
b like hers is genius 312a
b lives with kindness 372b
b making beautiful old rhyme 388b
b of a thousand stars 258b
b of Israel is slain 495b
b of the morning 472b
b passes like a dream 475b
B sat bathing 285a
b 's birth is heavenly 78a
b 's ensign yet is crimson 366b
B 's first-born 176b
b shd never be half-way 222b
Beauty (*cont*)
b stands in th' admiration 277a
b , strength, youth, are flowers 295b
b that hath not strangeness 16a
b , tho' injurious 278a
b took from those 119b
b too rich for use 365a
B unadorned 25b
b vanishes, b passes 119a
b , wit, high birth 369a
been a thing of b 166a
breast that b cannot tame 18a
but b 's self she is 525a
coming in solemn b 261b
court in b and decay 392a
doth b beauteous seem 387b
dreamed that life was B 196b
dress her b at yr eyes 117b
dust swept from their b 43b
England, Home, and B 34b, 123a
eternal b wandering 476b
Euclid alone has looked on B 266a
fatal gift of b 69a
for b 's heightening 8b
fostered alike by b 469a
friend of B in distress 72b
fruits of life and b 30a
gather b from their sense 76a
give unto them b for ashes 503b
Gods, that mortal b chase 266b
Helen, thy b is to me 298a
her b and her chivalry 68a
her b made the bright world dim 399b
his b to consume away 484a
homely b of the good 467b
idea I have of b 223a
if you get simple b 46b
ills from b spring 214a
in b exalted 470a
in b 's worthiness 259b
in happier b 467b
in the b of the lilies 200b
in thy b 's field 387a
in yr b 's orient deep 79b
Isle of B 22a
it is b truly blent 370a
its horror and its b 395b
I wish her b 115b
joys like b , but skin-deep 18a
King have pleasure in thy b 484b
light from her own b 390b
lines where b lingers 72b
lip or eye, we b call 300a
look not thou on b 's charming 319a
love built on b 132a
loved yr b with love false 476b
loveliest things of b 261b
make her b over again 475a
more beautiful than B 's 218a
must even in b 42a
my eyes for b pine 37a
new in b and virtue 402b
no b she doth miss 525a
no b that we shd desire him 503a
no b without a fortune 150a
none of B 's daughters 73a
nor Summer b hath such grace 132a
of Love, and of B be shown 424b
of that heavenly b 409a
parallels in b 's brow 388a
perception of its b 223a
perhaps some b lies 269a
phantom , B , in a mist 474a
power of b I remember 140a
quietness and b 472a
rarest gift to B 264a
relationship with b and truth 222a
shall b hold a plea 388a
she dwells with B 219b
she walks in b 74a
snatched away in b 's bloom 73b
soul of her b 398a
Spirit of B , that dost consecrate 394b
such seems yr b still 388b
teaches such b as a woman's eye 345a
terrible b is born 476b
the b of the world! 332b
the best part of b 16a
the principle of b in all 223b
thereby b 's rose 387a
the Rose is B 130b
Beauty (*cont*)
they grew in b 184b
thick, bereft of b 367a
thus is that Lady B 312b
thy b shall no more be found 260a
thy b 's silent music 78a
till B , Truth and Love 36b
'tis b calls and glory 244a
'tisn't b , so to speak 237b
troubled by this b 292b
veiling an Indian b 354a
wages b gives 476a
was b 's summer dead 388b
what is b saith my sufferings 259b
what once had b 299b
what the imagination seizes as b 222a
when b fires the blood 140a
when thy b appears 292b
where b has no ebb 475b
whose b is past change 197b
will not so deform B 147a
winds of March with b 373a
within one B meet 260b
write the b of yr eyes 387a
your b with my nails 384a
yr infant b cd beget 320b
youth, b , graceful action 138b
Beaver cock up yr b 193b
with his b on 378b
Because we cannot do it, Sir, b — 85a
Become altogether b abominable 482a
doth so well b her 525a
what 's b of Waring 52b
what shall, alas! b of me 251b
Becomes hardly b any of us 192a
nothing so b a man 382a
whom everything b 322b
Becometh it b us to fulfil 504b
Bed a b , a b 529a
a b at night 168b
a b for you and me 529a
and so to b 296a
as little as my b 224b
as to a lover's b 324b
b amid my tender breast 176a
B be blest that I lie on 2b
b for this huge birth 114b
b in the bush 414a
b majestical 382b
b of Ware 371b
blue b to the brown 171a
book took him out of b 208a
candle to light you to b 533b
come, let 's to b 534b
dark wintry b 396a
down as upon a b 261a
dull, stale, tired b 341b
each within our narrow b 86a
earth in an earthy b 434a
Earth Thy b 405b
England now a-b 383a
for the beloved's b 399b
fortunes drunk to b 322b
four angels to my b 2b
four of us about that b. 284b
from his brimstone b. 100b
from my naked b 238b
from their lowly b 174a
go to b by day 413b
gravity out of his b 377b
grief lies in his b 374a
Guilt lighted me to b 196a
hath made his pendent b 347a
have at his b 's head 88b
have to go to b and see 413b
his brimstone b 466b
his wholesome b 338b
I drunk him to his b 323b
I haste me to my b 387a
I in my b again! 527b
in going to my naked b 143b
in thy cold b 225a
like a pillow on a b 132b
Lord Tomnoddy went home to b ! 19b
manger for His b 3b
me he mostly sent to b 241b
mother, make my b 531b
mother, make my b soon 529b
must we to b indeed? 414a
my b it is fu' lowly 529a
nicer to lie in b 242b

Bed (*cont*)
o'erhang his wavy b 103*a*
on my grave, as now my b 42*a*
passage up to b 414*a*
remembered thee in my b 485*b*
roll upon yr b 284*a*
smooth pillows sweetest b 401*b*
so he on his b 453*a*
sold her b and lay upon straw 533*b*
spare b for my friends 296*b*
take up thy b 510*b*
the fair Infant's b 115*a*
thrice-driven b of down 360*b*
to b go sober 23*a*
to go to b after midnight 370*a*
to more than one a b 133*b*
wash asleep in p 1*a*
warm weather when one's in b 418*a*
welcome to yr glory b 62*b*
whipped them put them to b 533*b*
whole world out of b 261*b*
work, and back to b again 261*b*
Bedeck'd so b, ornate 277*b*
Bedfellows misery with strange b 367*b*
Bedford and Exeter 383*a*
Bedonebyasyoudid Mrs B 226*b*
Beds beat them to their b 324*a*
b for all who come 311*a*
b for me and all 311*a*
came unto my b 372*a*
flock were in their b 474*a*
make thee b of roses 259*a*
Bedside good b manner 535*b*
Bed-staff twinkling of a b 322*a*
Bedstead make anyone go to sleep, that b 127*a*
Bed-time I wd it were b 378*b*
Bee bag of one b 52*a*
b goes singing 50*a*
b has quit the clover 231*b*
b-loud glade 475*a*
b with honied thigh 26*b*
bored by a b 243*a*
bosom, like a b 240*a*
brute of a b! 243*a*
hive for the honey-b 475*a*
I am the b 15*a*
in my bosom like a b 176*a*
keep the b from ranging 77*b*
like a noontide b 399*a*
little busy b 453*a*
some b had stung it 416*a*
the b's kiss, now! 46*b*
where the b sucks 368*a*
Beech (beechen) appointment with a b-tree 444*a*
spare the b tree 76*b*
under yonder b-tree 263*b*
Beef b and iron and steel 38*a*
b, pork, and mutton 227*b*
but first with b 440*b*
great eater of b 369*b*
piece of b and mustard 366*b*
roast b of England 151*a*
Beehive a b's hum shall soothe 110*a*
Bee-mouth while the b sips 219*b*
Been as if he had not b 433*a*
as if it had not b 392*a*, 394*b*
b and gone and done it 163*a*
think what 'e's b 234*a*
what has b has b 142*b*
wh having b must ever be 466*b*
Beer all b and skittles 75*b*, 201*a*, 263*a*
and drink some b 211*b*
a pot of b 125*b*, 534*b*
B and Britannia 404*b*
b at Haslemere 27*a*
b tector iller 390*a*
best B I know 27*a*
bottled b and chops 165*b*
chronicle small b 361*a*
did you ever taste b? 125*a*
felony to drink small b 384*a*
its source, 'tis b 261*a*
muddy ecstasies of b 113*b*
O B! O Hodgson 75*a*
parson, much bemused in b 303*a*
poor creature, small b 380*a*
talk o' gin and b 229*b*
they who drink b will think b 203*b*
to desire small b 380*a*
Bees b are stirring 102*a*
b in the ivy bloom 397*a*
furnished with b 399*b*
innumerable b 437*a*
make a hive for b 295*b*
rob the Hybla b 341*a*
so work the honey-b 381*b*
so you b make yr honey 558*b*
swarm of b in May 522*a*
swarm of golden b 393*a*
Beer-sheba Dan even to B 495*a*
Beetle nor let the b 219*b*
save where the b wheels 174*a*
the poor b 352*a*
where the b winds 103*a*
Beetles b black, approach not here 356*b*
scarce so gross as b 343*b*
Beetroot anchovy and the b red 202*b*
Beeves it pastured 264*a*
Before air is cut away b 99*b*
all be as b, Love 52*b*
b, a joy proposed 389*a*
b me at this instant 342*a*
b you were, or any hearts 479*a*
but gone b 290*a*
events cast their shadows b 77*a*
had he his hurts b? 351*a*
he had been there b 237*b*
I have been here b 313*a*
I have said it b 26*a*
look b and after 398*b*
looking b and after 335*b*
nothin' much b 229*b*
she has walked b 168*a*
that which was b, come after 65*b*
things wh are b 510*a*
those b cried 'Back!' 253*a*
what thou wast b 12*a*
who is preferred b me 510*b*
Beforehand good as it seems b 144*b*
Befriend be near me now and b 423*b*
Beg taught me first to b 355*a*
they b, I give 143*a*
to b during life 379*a*
to b I am ashamed 509*b*
to b 'tis the very worst world 38*a*
Began how it all b, my dears 231*a*
I am that wh b 422*a*
left off before you b 104*b*
Beggar a b, he prepares to plunge 49*b*
bare-footed came the b maid 425*b*
b by b inquoting 520*b*
b may drink his fill 27*a*
b shd be answered 355*a*
b that I am 332*b*
beste b in his hous 88*b*
big black boundin' b 229*a*
Cophetua loved the b-maid 356*a*
doesn't b born 388*a*
'eard a b squealin' 235*a*
impudence, the b's virtue 262*b*
relieve a lame b 367*b*
the b's shop is shut 366*a*
whiles I am a b 374*a*
Beggared all description 323*a*
Beggarly last doit 112*b*
Beggars b, fleas and crimes 226*a*
b in the street mimicked 255*a*
b invention 111*a*
our basest b 342*b*
poor b in red 216*b*
when b die 339*a*
Beggary b in the love 322*a*
no vice, but b 374*a*
they knew b 255*a*
Begin b at the beginning 83*b*
b to take the lower room 509*b*
b with the beginning 70*a*
follow that other men b 338*b*
get up and b again 48*a*
I'll b it—ding dong 354*a*
let us b and carry up this corpse 47*a*
slow to b 468*a*
where I did b, there shall I end 341*b*
where I shall first b 334*b*
where shall I b? 83*b*
Beginning as it was in the b 478*a*
begin at the b 83*b*
begin with the b 70*a*
b of an amour 25*a*
b of fairies 21*b*
Beginning (*cont*)
better than the b thereof 499*a*
ill b of the night 341*a*
in the b God created 492*a*
in the b was the Word 510*b*
long choosing, and b late 276*a*
Omega, the b and the ending 518*a*
the b of wisdom 489*a*
told you from the b 502*b*
true b of our end 357*b*
Beginnings mighty things from small b 139*b*
our ends by our b know 119*b*
resist b 551*b*
seeds and weak b 380*b*
start again at yr b 230*a*
Begins nothing b and nothing ends 441*a*
Begirt Thou hast b us round 187*a*
Begone, dull care 522*a*
Begot b in the ventricle of memory 344*b*
fool's side that b him 45*b*
how b, how nourished? 354*a*
Begotten by despair 266*a*
Beguile b many and be beguiled 362*b*
b the thing I am 360*b*
Beguiled be b by one 362*b*
serpent b me 492*b*
Beguiling smiling of Fortune b 97*a*
Begun end, where I b 134*a*
our works b, continued 480*b*
that sin, where I b 132*a*
things bad b 349*a*
Behave b mannerly at table 413*b*
how well I did b 199*a*
Behaviour her evil b 196*a*
his b everywhere 353*a*
put himself upon his good b 71*a*
we'll teach better b 193*b*
with so much sweet b 105*a*
Behead more capital than to b a king 66*a*
Beheld what never was to be 71*a*
Behemoth behold now B 497*b*
Behind air closes from b 99*b*
and has left me b 67*b*
'arf o' that b 229*b*
get thee b me Satan 507*a*
girl I left b me 526*b*
leave her far away b 217*b*
led his regiment from b 163*a*
ling'ring look b 174*b*
little things b him! 227*a*
something b the throne 297*a*
there was no more b 372*b*
things wh are b 516*a*
those b cried 'Forward!' 253*a*
thou hast left b powers 472*a*
veil upon veil b 52
Behold b an Israelite indeed 510*b*
b, a silly tender babe 407*b*
b, he cometh with clouds 518*a*
b her, single in the field 471*a*
b how good and joyful 490*a*
b, I come as a thief 519*b*
b, I come quickly 520*b*
b, I make all things new 519*b*
b, I show you a mystery 515*a*
b I stand at the door 518*b*
b, I was shapen in wickedness 485*a*
b now Behemoth 497*b*
b the man 511*b*, 558*a*
b this dreamer cometh 493*a*
b, thou art fair 500*a*
b us with thy blessing 53*b*
for, b, from henceforth 508*b*
may I b in thee what I was once 472*a*
power to say, B! 356*a*
what we b is censured 259*a*
woman! when I b thee 222*a*
Beholden much b to Machiavel 13*a*
Beholdeth he b himself and goeth 517*b*
Beholds Universe b itself 392*b*
Being a b breathing thoughtful 470*b*
a b darkly wise 301*a*
a B, erect upon two legs 126*b*
a b of our kind 120*a*
a momentary taste of B 153*b*
a sensitive b 470*a*
Beauty is its own excuse for b 147*a*
b what she is 474*b*
for the ends of B 44*a*
in dignity of b 464*b*

Being (*cont*)
in one another's b mingle 395*b*
I offered B for it 127*b*
its b puts blissful back 197*b*
lovely b, scarcely formed 72*a*
mighty B is awake 467*a*
our b's end and aim 301*b*
our b a heart 469*b*
pleasing anxious b 174*b*
receives reproach of b 389*a*
selfish b all my life 11*b*
sounding labour-house vast of b 7*b*
the B that is in the clouds 465*b*
this intellectual b 272*b*
Thou art B and Breath 38*b*
to every Form of b 464*b*
unknown modes of b 469*a*
we move, and have our b 512*b*
whose b I do fear 348*b*
Beings luminously self-evident b 288*a*
Belt fought with B 27*a*
Belang aught that wad b thee 59*b*
Beldam Nature 278*b*
Belfries the b tingle 200*a*
Belfry bats in the b 297*a*
white owl in the b 438*a*
Belgium B's capital had gathered 68*a*
until B receives in full measure 10*b*
Belgrave Square beat in B 163*b*
Belial B in act more graceful 272*a*
sons of B, flown with insolence 271*b*
sons of B had a glorious time 138*b*
thou son of B 495*b*
thus B with words clothed 272*b*
Belief all b is for it 209*b*
b a believing in nothing 250*b*
b consists in accepting 148*b*
modes of man's b 45*b*
reasoning and b 80*a*
within the prospect of b 346*a*
Beliefs home of forsaken b 9*a*
Believe b all the articles 481*a*
b also in me 511*a*
b it not, O Man 96*b*
b me, if all those charms 281*b*
b of my own stories 203*b*
b the aged friend 46*a*
b they've none at all 66*a*
brain that won't b 29*a*
can't b impossible things 83*b*
corrected '*I b*' 238*a*
do ye now b 511*b*
do you b in fairies? 21*b*
firmly I b 288*b*
I at least b it 12*b*
I b verily to see 483*b*
I can't b *that* 84*b*
I do b her, tho' she lies 389*a*
I don't b in fairies 21*b*
I du b in Freedom's cause 250*a*
I'll not b it 362*a*
I will not b 511*b*
ne er b, do what you please 29*b*
only b and thou shalt see 279*b*
powerfully and potently b 332*a*
read not to b 16*a*
that I b, and take it 145*b*
they b, because they so were bred 140*b*
this I stedfastly b 481*a*
you'll b in me, I'll b in you 85*a*
Believed against hope b in hope 513*a*
be b by any reasonable person 201*b*
b—faith, I'm puzzled 250*b*
b six impossible things 84*b*
fiends no more b 351*a*
nearer than when we b 514*a*
seen, and yet have b 511*b*
understood and not b 31*a*
who hath b our report? 502*b*
Believer in a b's ear! 289*a*
left upon earth a b 421*b*
most blest b he! 447*b*
Believes as one at first b 48*a*
each b his own 300*a*
he more readily b 16*b*
Believeth charity b all things 514*b*
neither b he that it is the sound 407*b*
whosoever b on him 510*b*
Believing b where we cannot prove 429*b*
not faithless but b 511*b*
pleasure of b what we see 395*a*

Believing (*cont*)
she deceiving, I b 321*a*
Bell as the last b struck 440*a*
b, book and candle 374*a*
b to toll me back 220*a*
church-going b 113*a*
crier rung the b 24*a*
enough rung the b to him 58*a*
falling to the prompter's b 440*b*
hear them, ding-dong, b 367*a*
in a cowslip's b I lie 368*a*
I shall b the cat 4*a*
kirk-hammer struck the b 60*a*
Little Mary B 31*a*
matin b, the Baron saith 100*a*
merry as a marriage b 68*a*
sexton tolled the b 195*a*
silence that dreadful b! 361*a*
some cost a passing b 24*a*
sounds ever after as a sullen b 379*b*
surly sullen b 388*a*
the B at Edmonton 108*a*
the b invites me 347*b*
tolled the one b only 190*a*
twilight and evening b 426*a*
voiced like a great b 154*b*
Belle vain to be a b 251*b*
Bellerus fable of B 270*a*
Belles for their b' sake 269*b*
Bellman B, perplexed 86*a*
fatal b 347*b*
Bellona's bridegroom 346*a*
Bellow bleat, the bark, b 29*b*
Bell-rope she swam to the b 24*b*
Bells a mist with b 50*a*
at last the b ringeth 182*b*
awesome b they were 203*b*
b at Old Bailey 533*b*
b at Shoreditch 533*b*
b have knoll'd to church 326*b*
b in yr parlours 366*b*
b of London town 533*b*
b of S Clement's 533*b*
b of Shandon 306*b*
b on her toes 533*b*
b they sound on Bredon 199*a*
b they sound so clear 199*a*
b were ringing the Old Year 168*a*
bonny Christchurch B 3*a*
dear b! how sweet 195*b*
from the b, b, b 298*a*
full, sad b 206*a*
how sweet village b 195*b*
hung among the b 297*a*
instruments to melancholy b 366*a*
lan-lone of evening b 427*a*
oh, noisy b, be dumb 199*a*
ring O b! 457*b*
ring, happy b 431*a*
ring out wild b 431*a*
ring the b now 450*a*
ring the b of Heaven 192*a*
shells, and silver b 533*a*
sweet b jangled 333*b*
the b I hear 457*b*
those evening b! 282*a*
Belly an increasing b 379*b*
b God send thee 415*b*
b is as bright ivory 500*b*
b is like an heap 500*b*
b of the fish 504*b*
b with the husks 509*b*
best fits a little b 188*b*
does not mind his b 207*b*
fair round b 326*b*
God is their b 516*a*
Jonadge's b 124*a*
my b was batter 519*a*
something of a round b 379*b*
Beloved a man greatly b 504*a*
b as thou art! 394*b*
b come into his garden 500*b*
b from pole to pole! 99*a*
b, it is morn 191*a*
b of their dams 105*b*
b till life can charm no more 103*a*
best wine for my b 500*b*
creature that is b 370*b*
for the b's bed 399*b*
he giveth His b sleep 444, 489*b*
how far to be b 322*a*

Beloved (*cont*)
if ye find my b 500*b*
leaning upon her b 501*a*
Luke, the b physician 516*b*
make haste, my b 501*a*
more beloving than b 322*b*
my b had withdrawn 500*b*
my b is mine, and I am his 500*a*
my b is white and ruddy 500*b*
my b put in his hand 500*b*
names of things b 36*a*
one b heard in youth 397*a*
only b, and loving me 107*a*
power of being b! 51*b*
prove b over all 235*a*
Suspenders, Best B 237*a*
this is my b 500*b*
what is thy b more 500*b*
yr well-b's hair 475*a*
Beloving more b than beloved 322*b*
Below all of heaven we have b 1*b*
down and away b 5*b*
little Heaven b 453*a*
Belt my feathern b likewise 108*b*
Belted you an' flayed you 230*a*
Belvoir's lordly terraces 252*b*
Ben Adhem's name 202*a*
Benbow, Collingwood 287*b*
Bench a drowsy B protect 114*a*
b of heedless bishops 400*a*
Benches rub not clean their b 215*b*
Bend around the child b all 240*b*
b lower, O king 476*a*
b on me, then, thy tender eyes 252*a*
Bendemeer's stream 282*a*
Bends b not as I tread 268*a*
b with the remover to remove 389*a*
blue sky b over all 100*a*
made their b adornings 323*a*
Bene bootless b 405*a*
Beneath bound, b, above 36*b*
some springing from b 13*a*
Benedick B, love on 358*b*
B the married man 358*a*
Benediction perpetual b 466*b*
sprinkles b thro' the dawn 442*b*
Benedictions over-bowed by many b 48*a*
Benefactor Adam first great b 447*a*
Benefice dreams he of another b 304*b*
Benefices yr b twinkled from afar 140*b*
Beneficent zealous, b, firm 7*b*
Benefit O b of ill! 389*a*
without the b o' the Clergy 104*b*
Benefits as b forgot 326*b*
forget not all his b 488*a*
Benevolence b of the passive order 265*a*
full o' beans and b! 416*b*
lazy glow of b 45*b*
whether the b of mankind 17*b*
Ben Gunn 413*a*
Benight our happiest day 132*b*
Benighted under the mid-day sun 267*a*
Benson b of hot water 39*a*
for a b to fall on our meat 190*b*
Benjamin B's mess 493*b*
little B their ruler 486*b*
Benjamin Franklin plain to B 194*a*
Ben Jonson O rare B 217*a*
Bennet Mrs B was stirring the fire 11*b*
Bent affection cannot hold the b 370*b*
b him o'er the dead 72*b*
still b to make some port 8*b*
they are not our b 166*b*
to the top of my b 334*b*
Benumbed we feel b, and wish 73*b*
Benumbs pen b all his faculties 206*a*
Bequeath them/no tumbled house! 263*a*
Berenice's ever-burning hair 87*a*
Berkeley (Berkley) Bishop B destroyed this world 405*a*
coxcombs vanquish B 40*b*
when Bishop B said no matter 71*b*
Berkeley Square not in B 235*a*
ye share with B 235*b*
Bermoothes still-vext B 367*a*
Bermudas the remote B 260*a*
Berries b and plums to eat 192*a*
b harsh and crude 269*a*
two lovely b 357*a*
Berry a redder b on the thorn 191*a*
brown as a b 160*b*

Berry (*cont*)
from many a b 275*a*
God cd have made a better b 67*a*
sweeter than the b 159*a*
Berth his death happened in his b 195*a*
Bertram B 's night and B s might 319*b*
Beryl eighth, b 520*a*
rings set with the b 500*b*
Beseems none b him half so well 12*a*
Beset who so b him round 54*b*
Beside thou art b thyself 513*a*
Besmeared Moloch b with blood 271*b*
Besom de voyager 411*a*
Besom the b of destruction 502*a*
Bess, the landlord's daughter 290*a*
Best afflict the b 173*b*
all is b , tho' we oft doubt 278*a*
all my b is dressing old words 388*a*
any other person's b 183*a*
at the last, b 322*b*
bad in the b of us 192*a*
bad 's the b of us 23*a*
beauty being the b 36*a*
b administered is b 301*b*
b and brightest, come away! 394*b*
b and the worst of this is 422*b*
b ends by the b means 202*a*
b found in the close 278*a*
b in this kind are but shadows 357*b*
b is like the worst 232*a*
b is yet to be 50*b*
b men are moulded 352*b*
b of life is but intoxication 70*b*
b of men a sufferer 118*b*
b of what we do and are 463*a*
b that has been known and said 10*a*
b things carried to excess 95*a*
b thou canst bestow 114*b*
b , to forget! 51*b*
b wh lieth nearest 247*a*
change is from the b 343*b*
he made the b of this 62*a*
how much the b ! 156*b*
information from the b of men 204*b*
it shd be our very b 45*b*
it was the b butter 83*a*
little do or can the b of us 5*b*
my handkerchief the b I had 374*a*
next b —there is nobody 214*a*
our b is as far 92*b*
our b is bad 45*b*
please her the b you may 525*b*
propagate the b 9*a*
said it that knew it b 1*b*
sat we two, one another s b 132*b*
seen the b of our time 341*b*
the b and the last! 50*b*
the b ye breed 236*b*
'tis at the very b 532*b*
what began b can't end worst 44*b*
Best-beloved the Suspenders, B 237*a*
Bestial what remains is b 361*b*
Bestir rouse and b themselves 271*b*
Bestow it all of yr worship 369*a*
Bestowed divinely b upon man 113*a*
Bet b you wh one wd fly first 446*b*
Farmers once b a pound 119*b*
somebody b on de bay 156*a*
Bete our baks b 531*a*
Betelgueux Aldebaran and B shone 180*b*
Bethel O God of B 131*b*
Bethlehem B Ephratah 504*b*
B , thou dost all excel 80*b*
little town of B 40*a*
O come ye to B 290*a*, 558*a*
sailed in to B ! 524*a*
Betimes is to be up b 370*a*
Betray all things b thee 441*b*
Nature never did b 472*a*
she'll b more men 363*b*
those who b their friends 160*a*
too late that men b 170*a*
Betrayed b my credulous innocence 267*b*
but by ourselves b 104*b*
night that he was b 480*b*
we are b by what is false 264*a*
wonder at ourselves like men b 463*a*
Betrayer and betrayed 319*a*
Betrothed, betrayer 319*a*
Better become much more the b 352*b*
b by evil still made b 389*a*
Better (*cont*)
b , had I stol'n the whole! 414*b*
b man than I am 230*a*
b not to be 438*b*
b one than you 39*a*
be with Christ , wh is far b 516*a*
blame of those ye b 236*b*
boundless b 438*b*
by God! she'd b 82*a*
can't do no b 234*a*
did I say 'b ' 340*b*
didn't say there was nothing b 85*a*
far, far b thing 127*b*
feed my brain with b things 91*b*
for b for worse 481*b*
former days were b than these 499*a*
friend of my b days! 178*a*
good reasons give place to b 341*a*
he is no b 12*a*
I am getting b and b 561*a*
if way to the B there be 179*b*
I will b the instruction 354*a*
little b than one of the wicked 376*b*
make men b be 216*b*
my riding is b 48*a*
mystical b things 171*b*
nae b than he shd be 60*a*
no b than you shd be 23*a*
no b thing under the sun 499*b*
no man cd tell the b 284*a*
not left a b nor wiser behind 169*b*
one day is b than a thousand 487*a*
or b than the rest 321*a*
rises from prayer a b man 264*b*
see and approve b things 551*b*
striving to b , oft we mar 342*a*
the b the uncouther 52*b*
the b , the worse 13*b*
thy love was far more b 261*a*
'tis something b not to be 72*b*
to take the b things and leave 258*b*
we have seen b days 368*a*
what is b than a good woman? 89*a*
what is b than wisdom? 89*a*
Bettered better b expectation 358*a*
Betters still b what is done 373*b*
Betty (Betsey) B and I are out 80*a*
dear B , be kind 461*a*
dear B , come, give me 461*a*
Between angels short, and far b 29*a*
angel-visits, few and far b 77*b*
as we touch come b us 421*b*
fell thir twa b 529*a*
the 'ouses in b 22*a*
Beuk useful plan or b 60*b*
Beware b , my lord, of jealousy 361*b*
b of desperate steps 109*b*
b of false prophets 505*b*
b of those who are homeless 407*a*
b the awful avalanche 247*a*
b the Ides of March 337*b*
b the Jabberwock 83*b*
b the pine-tree's branch 247*a*
cry, B ! B ! 101*b*
I bid you b 233*b*
Beweep my outcast state 387*a*
Bewildered, and alone 136*b*
Bewitch do more b me 180*a*
prosperity doth b men 454*b*
Bewitched b with the rogue's company 377*a*
who hath b you? 515*b*
Bewrayeth thy speech b thee 508*a*
Beyond back o' b 319*a*
know b a peradventure 462*a*
Bezonian under wh king, B ? 381*a*
Bias commodity, the b of the world 174*a*
Bibble-babble leave thy vain b 372*a*
Bible but Bard on the B 88*b*
Holy B , book divine 61*b*
knows her B true 113*a*
no man knows even his B 10*a*
read the B day and night 29*b*
that book is the B 10*a*
the B clash and contradict itself 135*a*
the B only is the religion 94*a*
the English B a Book 255*b*
Bibles b., billets-doux 302*b*
B laid open 187*a*
Bible-Society machine heathen 80*a*
Biblia-a-biblia 239*a*
Bicycle built for two! 116*b*
Bid b for cloistered cell 223*b*
b her come forth 449*a*
b me discourse 386*b*
b me to live 190*a*
buy them! b them! 198*a*
do as you're b 143*b*
or b me love 190*a*
Biddest Thou b me come to Thee 146*a*
Bidding to her b she cd bow 317*a*
Bide you and I must b alone 531*a*
Bideford men of B 437*b*
Bield thy b shd be my bosom 62*b*
Bier barefac'd on the b 335*b*
better b ye cannot fashion 12*a*
sheaves, borne on the b 387*a*
trickle to his rival's b 317*b*
yr home, and yr b 395*a*
Big clouds are b with mercy 110*a*
twice as b as yours 109*a*
you are doubtless very b 146*b*
Biggen homely b 381*a*
Bigger no b than his head 343*b*
no b than the Moon 98*b*
Bigging I mind the b o't 319*a*
bigoted more b , more gloomy 288*a*
bigots of the iron time 316*b*
Big-Sea-Water 248*b*
Bilbo's the word 104*b*
Bill b our mate, and choose our tree 264*a*
God 'll send the b 250*a*
God wrote the b 147*a*
not yr b of fare 418*a*
take thy b and write fifty 509*b*
the world between His b 475*a*
unpaid b , Despair 394*b*
Billet every billet has its b 461*a*
Billets-doux billets, b 302*b*
Billiard elliptical b balls 164*b*
the b sharp 164*b*
Billiards to play b well 408*a*
Billing still amorous fond, and b 66*a*
Billingsgate Julius, B 473*b*
Billow a breaking b 392*a*
where sounds the far b 318*a*
Billows b smooth and bright 84*a*
even the b of the sea 385*b*
foaming b fair Heaven's hand 315*b*
ruffian b 380*a*
trusted to thy b 69*b*
Billowy-bosomed cloud all b 48*a*
Bills children but as b 14*b*
I cannot meet my b 163*a*
inflammation of his weekly b 70*b*
Billy (Billee) B , in one of his new sashes 172*b*
B the Norman 120*b*
little B 440*b*
poke poor B 172*b*
Bin (binn) in his last b Sir Peter lies 295*a*
therein a little b 190*b*
Bind an apprentice for b to b 531*b*
b him for thy maidens 407*b*
b its odour to the lily 77*b*
b on thy sandals 420*a*
b the aspen ne er to quiver 77*b*
b the sea to slumber 77*b*
b up the broken hearted 503*a*
b yon dangling apricocks 375*b*
love wh us doth b 260*b*
rob me, but b me not 133*b*
safe b safe find 446*b*
then b Love to last 77*b*
Binnorie, O Binnorie 528*b*
Biographies history is the essence of b 80*a*
Biography art of B 27*b*
B is about chaps 27*b*
no history, only b 147*b*
nothing but b 120*b*
Birch appointment with a b 444*a*
b , most shy of trees 250*b*
From B 206*a*
Bird (birdie) a melancholy b 101*b*
amorous b of night 275*b*
a rare b on the earth 549*a*
as i b each endearment tries 168*b*
as a b unto the hill 482*a*
as the b by wandering 498*b*
as the wakeful b sings 273*a*
at least some b wd, trust 187*a*

Bird (Birdie) (*cont*)
a widow b sate mourning 393*a*
beware the Jubjub b 83*b*
b in the solitude singing 74*a*
B is on the Wing 152*b*
b of dawning singeth 329*b*
b of night did sit 338*a*
b of the air shall carry 499*b*
b of wonder dies 380*b*
b overhead sang *Follow* 422*b*
b, rest a little longer 438*a*
b's weight can break the tree 48*b*
b that flutters least 113*a*
b thou never wert 398*a*
b whom man loves best 470*a*
b wings and sings 50*b*
b ye never heeded 229*a*
confined into this b 447*b*
crop-full b 50*b*
Dromedary is a cheerful b 25*b*
escaped even as a b 489*b*
forgets the dying b 202*a*
further than a wanton's b 365*b*
haply inhabit a b 372*a*
hark, by the b's song 428*b*
he guides me and the b 49*b*
if b or devil! 298*b*
if the b be flown 448*a*
like b sang of its love 63*b*
I in the b dead-struck 263*b*
in the sight of any b 497*b*
I wd be a b 36*a*
last b fly into the last night 312*a*
Love, half angel and half b 51*a*
man and b and beast 102*a*
my heart is like a singing b 310*b*
no chirp of any b 198*b*
not born for death, immortal B! 220*a*
O b among the leaves 476*a*
only the note of a b 402*a*
pious b with scarlet breast 470*a*
play with him as with a b 497*b*
poor b, as all forlorn 20*b*
rise up at the voice of a b 499*b*
sea-blue b of March 430*b*
secular b, ages of lives 278*a*
self-begotten b 278*a*
shall I call thee b 463*b*
silence fell with the waking b 434*a*
small hot b! 150*b*
some fledged b's nest 448*a*
spray the b clung to 48*b*
sweet b that shunn'st the noise 268*a*
sweet b! thy bower is green 53*a*, 246*b*
the b forlorn 196*a*
the B of Time 152*b*
the household b 132*b*
the obscure b 348*a*
there like a b it sits 261*a*
the simple b that thinks 118*a*
this b hath made his bed 347*a*
this her solemn b 274*b*
thou art a summer b 381*a*
time is come for every b 262*b*
unto the sweet b's throat 326*a*
wet b-haunted English lawn 7*a*
what b so sings 251*b*
what does little b say 438*a*
white b in his bosom 292*b*
young b in this bush! 243*b*
Bird-cage and a b, sir 127*a*
summer b in a garden 454*b*
Birds all the b without a gun 146*b*
as the b do, so do we 254*a*
B agree with Chinamen 26*b*
b and beasts and flowers 20*a*
b are faint with the hot sun 221*a*
b began to sing 533*a*
b build—but not I 198*a*
b in the high Hall-garden 433*b*
b in their little nests 452*b*
b of calm sit brooding 270*a*
b of the air fell a-sighing 528*a*
b of the air have nests 506*a*
b sing madrigals 259*a*
b sit brooding in the snow 345*b*
b sit cowrin' on the spray 424*b*
b still hopping on the tree 413*b*
b that are without despair 454*b*
b, to court and pair 37*b*
charm of earliest b 274*b*
Birds (*cont*)
eagle suffers little b 368*a*
fear the b of prey 351*a*
full of b' cries 262*a*
God was very merciful to the b 527*b*
height the sweet b 373*a*
holy white b 201*b*
hours and the wild b follow 422*b*
how can ye chant, ye little b 63*b*
if b confabulate 110*b*
if there was two b 446*b*
late the sweet b sang 388*a*
like bats amongst b 15*b*
little b sang east 43*b*
May! be thou never grac'd with b 42*b*
most diminutive of b 350*a*
near all the b will sing 43*a*
nest of singing b 206*a*
no b sing 218*b*
no b were flying overhead 84*a*
one of the early b 105*b*
pipe of half-awakened b 430*a*
pretty b do sing 286*a*
sing like b i' the cage 344*a*
song of the b for mirth 177*b*
sweet b of the Lord 442*b*
two bright b that flew 242*a*
were no b to fly 84*a*
when b do sing 327*b*
when the lytle b swetely 182*b*
wherein the b make their nests 488*b*
wh frightened the b 527*a*
white b on the foam 476*a*
Bird-singing land 118*a*
Bird-song at morning 414*a*
Birk hats were o' the b 529*a*
that b grew fair enough 529*a*
Birmingham by way of Beachy Head 93*a*
Birnam B wood to high Dunsinane 349*b*
till B wood remove 350*b*
Birth a month before the b 293*b*
Angel that presided o'er my b 30*b*
as we lay at b 6*b*
at my b the frame of the earth 378*a*
beauty's b is heavenly 78*a*
bed for this huge b 114*b*
b and the grave 302*b*
b of that word flirtation 91*a*
b's invidious bar 410*b*
bring this monstrous b 360*b*
burthen was thy b to me 385*a*
death than the day of one's b 499*a*
famous by their b 375*a*
have sought to give new b 215*a*
he himself is subject to his b 330*b*
high b, vigour of bone 369*a*
impulses of deeper b 469*a*
I sing the b was born 216*b*
land of our b 227*b*
my love is of a b as rare 260*a*
nobility of b abateth industry 15*a*
of H[ayley's] b 30*a*
one that is coming to b 291*a*
on my b have smiled 424*b*
our b is but a sleep 466*a*
quicken'd new b! 396*b*
repeats the story of her b 2*a*
signal to a maid, the human b 265*a*
sudden and portentous b 318*b*
sunshine is a glorious b 466*a*
time and order of yr b 36*a*
'tis virtue, and not b 23*a*
walked he from his b 227*b*
wanderer is man from his b 6*a*
Birthday b of my life 310*b*
laburnum on his b 195*a*
Birth-partner soul's b 312*a*
Birthright b for a mess of potash 451*a*
Esau selleth his b 523*a*
he sold his b unto Jacob 493*a*
Birthrights proudly on their backs 373*b*
Births b of living creatures 15*b*
plenties, and joyful b 383*b*
whom, for our high b 262*b*
Birth-time's consecrating dew 294*b*
Biscay B's sleepless bay 68*a*
clouds before a B gale 252*b*
in the Bay of B, O! 90*b*
Biscuit b, or confectionary plum 109*b*
dry as the remainder b 326*b*
took a captain's b 123*b*
Biscuits beef and captain's b 440*b*
the b you nibble 227*b*
Biserta whom B sent 271*b*
Bishop among them was a B 103*a*
B Abbot Prior were there 19*a*
B of *Rome* hath no jurisdiction 401*b*
B of yr souls 517*b*
contradicting a B 211*a*
desire the office of a b 516*b*
hail, B Valentine 132*b*
how can a b marry? 404*b*
singed the beard of the B 407*a*
to the B they go 406*b*
Bishoprick his b let another take 512*a*
Bishops bench of headless b 400*a*
B, Priests and Deacons 478*b*
upon our B and Curates 478*b*
what b like best 405*a*
Bit b by him that comes behind 419*b*
b him till he bled 192*b*
dogs shall have a little b 533*a*
dog, tho' he had b me, 344*a*
held with b and bridle 483*b*
I b my arm 98*b*
it wd have b you 418*b*
little b off the top 285*b*
went mad and b the man 169*a*
Bitch a Impudent B 155*a*
why b? 151*a*
Bite b some of my generals 161*a*
b yr thumb at us 364*b*
game they dare not b 303*a*
man recovered of the b 169*a*
to bark and b 452*b*
to b so good a man 169*a*
Bites bides bides time and b 45*b*
Biting his b is immortal 325*a*
Bitter be not b against them 516*a*
my belly was b 519*a*
old and b of tongue 475*b*
shed a b tear 84*a*
unto the b in soul 497*a*
wells up some b taste 530*b*
Bittern possession for the b 502*a*
Bitterness b of absence sour 388*a*
b of death is past 495*b*
b of things occult 313*a*
doth kill much b 218*b*
I must have no b 86*b*
in the b of my soul 502*b*
in the gall of b 512*a*
knoweth his own b 498*a*
the b of life! 85*b*
Bitters sweets and the b of love 72*b*
Bittock mile an' a b 415*a*
Blabbing b, and remorseful day 384*a*
ere the b eastern scout 266*b*
Black as b as they might be 529*b*
b as a tar-barrel 84*a*
b as the Pit from pole 185*a*
b it stood as night 272*b*
b men fought on the coast 254*b*
b's not so b 78*b*
b spirits and white 265*b*, 349*b*
but thou read'st b 29*b*
down in b and white 67*b*
from b to red began to turn 65*b*
have it here in b and white 215*b*
I am b, as if bereaved 32*b*
I am b, but comely 500*a*
I am b, but O! 32*b*
man is b at heart 547*b*
matron, all in b 366*a*
more b than ash-buds 427*a*
night's blear-all b 197*b*
round-faced man in b 183*a*
sae b and bare 62*b*
silver and b on flank 202*b*
suits of solemn b 330*a*
take them down in b 67*a*
tho' thou be b as night 78*a*
white shall not neutralize the b 51*b*
who art as b as hell 389*b*
Blackberries micher and eat b 377*b*
reasons plentiful as b 377*b*
sit round it and pluck b 43*a*
Blackbird my b bountiful 137*b*
O b, what a boy you are! 41*a*
than to a b 'tis to whistle 64*b*
there came a little b 533*b*
Blackbirds b have their wills 426*b*

Blackbirds (*cont*)
four-and-twenty b 533*a*
full of b than of cherries 2*b*
Blackens Skuttlefish b all the Water 2*b*
Black-eyed Susan 161*a*
Blackfriars waterman B Bridge 120*b*
Blackguard sesquipedalian b 96*a*
whatever brute and b 199*b*
Blackguards 'arcades ambo' b 71*a*
done to you young b 150*b*
we aren't no b too 235*b*
Blackheath straight from wild B 252*b*
Blackness in the gross b underneath 438*a*
some nocturnal b 179*a*
to whom is reserved the b 518*a*
Blacksmith like our Norman King 227*a*
Blackthorn starreth now his bough 35*b*
Bladder blows a man up like a b 377*b*
Bladders boys that swim on b 380*a*
Blade against bloody Highland b 317*a*
bud or b, or bloom 426*b*
cling round the sickly b 114*a*
destroy a b of grass 34*a*
the vorpal b went snicker-snack! 84*a*
trenchant b, Toledo trusty 65*a*
we draw the b 230*a*
with bloody, blameful b 357*b*
Blade-straight steel-true and b 414*b*
Blains breaking forth with b 493*b*
Blake Collingwood, Byron, B 287*b*
Blame alike reserved to b 303*a*
b not my lute! 473*b*
in part to b is she 291*b*
murderous, bloody, full of b 389*a*
oh! b not the bard 281*b*
praise it, or b it too much 169*b*
that neither is most to b 422*b*
the b of those ye better 236*b*
thine be the grief, as is the b 12*a*
'tis very just they b 294*a*
what they b at night 300*b*
Blamed he b and protested 110*b*
world b the living man 6*b*
Blanc Mont B is the monarch 73*a*
Blanch Troy, B and Sweetheart 343*a*
Bland aspect anything but b 75*a*
cruel, but composed and b 7*b*
his manners complying, and b 169*b*
lines mellifluously b 71*a*
Blank a b, my Lord 371*a*
b to Zoroaster 49*b*
presented with a universal b 273*b*
this world's no blot nor b 46*b*
Blanket peep thro' the b of the dark 346*b*
red b cloak she wore 219*a*
Blankets rough male kiss of b 39*a*
Blaspheme some give thanks, and some b 293*a*
Blasphemies truths begin is b 389*b*
Blasphemy b against Holy Ghost 506*b*
in the soldier is that b 351*b*
Blast b of vain doctrine 479*b*
bleak blows the b 75*b*
down the roaring b 226*a*
East bowed low before the b 7*a*
heard in the trances of the b 101*a*
I'll cross it, tho' it b me 329*b*
pity striding the b 347*a*
shelter from the stormy b 153*a*
sleep in the arms of the b 393*a*
the banners waved without a b 317*a*
wert thou in the cauld b 62*a*
Blast-beruffled plume 179*a*
Blasted b with antiquity 379*b*
b with excess of light 175*a*
no sooner blown but b 268*a*
Blasts hollow b of wind 161*a*
Blatant Beast death of the B 255*a*
wh the B beast call 409*a*
Blaze b of living light 70*a*
broader still became the b 252*b*
burst out into sudden b 269*b*
his rash fierce b 371*b*
Blazing in a B bad way 127*a*
one b indiscretion 283*b*
that's a B strange answer 127*a*
they are b ubiquities 148*b*
Blazon: this eternal b 331*a*
Bleat b, the bark, bellow 29*b*
b the one at the other 372*b*
Bleating what meaneth then this b 495*a*
Bledde if it were deed or b 88*b*
Bleed and then we b 394*a*
the thorns of life! I b! 396*b*
Bleeding thou b piece of earth 339*b*
Blemish lamb shall be without b 493*b*
Blemishes read not my b 323*b*
Blenches these b gave my heart 389*a*
Blending love, with quiet b 468*a*
Blenheim I dine at B 528*b*
Bless angel fast until he b thee 247*b*
ask the Lord to b me 150*b*
b myself with silence 49*b*
b thee, Bottom! b thee! 357*a*
b the hand that gave the blow 141*b*
b ye the Lord 478*a*
b ye the man that spares 389*b*
God b us every one! 121*b*
go, except thou b me 493*a*
we stand to b Thee 145*b*
wherefore b ye, O beloved ones 75*b*
with Thee at hand to b 251*b*
Blessed b are the dead wh die 519*b*
b are the poor in spirit 505*a*
b are the pure in heart 224*a*
b are they that have not seen 511*b*
b are they wh are called 519*b*
b art thou among women 508*b*
b be he that cometh 489*a*
b be the name of the Lord 496*b*
b is he who has found his work 81*b*
b is the man endureth temptation 517*a*
b is the man that trusteth 484*a*
b shall he be that taketh 490*a*
b them these three times 494*a*
b who expects nothing 304*a*
desirous to be b 335*a*
generations shall call me b 508*b*
his b part to Heaven 386*a*
I b them unaware 99*a*
none b before his death 520*b*
now b you, bear onward b me 402*a*
pastures of the b 286*a*
rise up and call her b 490*a*
Sabbaths the b ones see 287*a*
the b damozel leaned out 311*b*
till, seeming b, they grow 170*a*
what God b once 44*b*
whom thou blessest is b 494*a*
Blessedness ask no other b 81*b*
in single b 350*a*
Blesses b his stars luxury 1*b*
b us with surprise 27*a*
Blesseth b her with his two hands 408*b*
it b him that gives 354*b*
Blessing a b in comparison of this 11*b*
a b that money cannot buy 450*b*
a boon and a b 527*b*
a double b 330*b*
but contrariwise b 617*b*
death, b and cursing 494*b*
dew of thy b 478*b*
God, shall give us his b 480*a*
greatness esteemed a b 262*b*
I had most need of b 347*b*
I'll b beg of you 335*a*
Lord, behold us with Thy b 53*b*
Lord, dismiss us with Thy b 53*b*
mighty b 'while we live, to live' 302*a*
my b season this in thee 330*b*
national debt national b 1786, 454*a*
no harm in B 67*b*
paid thy utmost b 119*b*
shall yourselves find b 286*b*
taken away thy b 493*a*
this is b, this is life 445*b*
thou dost ask me b 344*a*
'tis a visionary b 161*a*
truly it's a b 96*a*
you enjoy but half the b 159*a*
Blessings all wh we behold is full of b 472*a*
b are plentiful and rife 187*a*
b in disguise 191*a*
b of this life 479*a*
b on the falling out 436*a*
break in b on your head 110*a*
first of earthly b, independence 162*a*
from whom all b flow 224*b*
heavenly b without number 453*a*
its many b dear 468*a*
Blest bed be b that I lie on 2*b*
b him in their pain 437*b*
b pair of Sirens 278*a*
but always to be b 300*b*
it is twice b 354*b*
not for mortals always to be b 4*b*
while it says we shall be b 139*b*
Blimber Dr B 122*b*
Miss B 122*b*
Blind altho' a poor B Boy 95*b*
b as any noon-tide owl 428*a*
b leaders of the b 507*a*
b mouths! 269*b*
b, old, and lonely 391*b*
b side of the heart 92*a*
b to Galileo 49*b*
b unbelief is sure to err 110*a*
I myself am b 304*a*
in the country of the b 292*a*
Justice, tho' she's painted b 60*a*
none so b as they that won't see 418*b*
old Maemonides the b 154*b*
ordains us e'en as b 228*a*
people have their b side 239*a*
right to be b sometimes 287*a*
thou Eye among the b 466*b*
unbelief is b 267*b*
whereas I was b, now I see 511*a*
winged Cupid painted b 356*a*
Blinded no longer b by our eyes 39*b*
Blindest fondest, b, weakest 442*a*
Nelson turned his b eye 92*a*
Blindfold and alone 228*b*
Blindly never lov'd sae b 59*a*
Blindness for our b we cannot ask 480*b*
help him of his b 372*b*
the heathen in his b 184*a*
Blinds let through the day 200*a*
Blind-worms newts and b 356*b*
Bliss a b in proof 389*a*
a man had given all other b 438*a*
b and sole felicity 259*a*
b beyond compare 286*a*
b in our brows 322*b*
b was it in that dawn 465*a*
certainty of waking b 267*a*
deprived of everlasting b 258*b*
dream of perfect b 22*a*
each to his point of b, 52*a*
excels all other b 143*a*
have but a shadow's b 353*b*
he lives in b 62*a*
moment may with b repay 77*b*
mutual and partaken b 267*b*
my step in b 36*b*
my wing'd hours of b have been 77*b*
sees b in ale 113*b*
splendour pent with b 218*b*
sum of earthly b 275*b*
the pain, the b of dying! 209*a*
thou art a soul in b 344*a*
to the b us bring 531*a*
what is b, and which the way? 211*b*
where ignorance is b 175*a*
Blisses among his new-born b 466*b*
bespeake her to my b 115*b*
in the midst of our b 461*a*
seeks nor finds he mortal b 397*a*
Blissful something b and dear 281*b*
Blisters angry Mab with b plagues 364*b*
Blithe be you b and bonny 358*a*
buxom, b, and debonair 268*b*
no lark more b 26*a*
Block chopper on a big block b 104*b*
the old b itself 58*a*
you insensible b! 19*a*
Blockhead a talking b 150*a*
no man but a b ever wrote 209*a*
the booktul b 300*b*
when a b's insult points the dart 213*a*
Blocks hew b with a razor 304*a*
you b, you stones 337*b*
Blondes Gentlemen Prefer B 249*b*
Blood a blow in cold b 391*a*
all that b was shed 474*b*
all the while ran b 340*a*
a man, whose b is warm within 352*b*
am I not of her b? 370*b*
a' the b that's shed 528*a*
a thorn to let me b 188*a*
b and iron 567*b*

Blood (*cont*)
b and judgement are co-mingled 334*a*
b and wine are red 459*b*
b-boltered Banquo 349*b*
b is their argument 382*b*
b is thick, but water's thin 164*a*
b more stirs to rouse a lion 377*a*
b of all the Howards 301*b*
B of Jesus whispers peace 28*a*
b of patriots and tyrants 204*b*
b of their bodies grown red 421*b*
b of the martyrs seed of the Church 574*a*
b of this just person 508*a*
b out of a turnip 259*b*
b that she has spilt 107*b*
b was frozen slowly 432*a*
b will have b 349*a*
blushed with b of queens 221*b*
but give me B ! 122*a*
but that Thy b was shed 146*a*
calls to Heaven for human b 29*a*
crimes purged away but with b 40*b*
don't yur b bile 451*a*
drink the b of goats 485*a*
drunken with the b of the saints 519*b*
faith beats with his b 437*a*
felt in the b 472*a*
find so much b in his liver 371*b*
flowed out the purple b 254*a*
folks that ride a bit of b 196*a*
foot in the b of thine enemies 486*b*
for B, as all men know 202*b*
fountain filled with b 110*a*
freeze thy b less coldly 286*b*
freeze thy young b 331*a*
garments rolled in b 501*b*
glories of our b and state 401*a*
guiltless of his country's b 174*a*
harbingers of b and death 351*a*
haste to shed innocent b 503*a*
hey-day in the b is tame 335*a*
his b be on us 508*a*
His b upon the rose 297*b*
I am in b stepped 349*b*
if b be the price 234*b*
I'll not shed her b 363*b*
inhabits our frail b 172*a*
in its ruddy orbit lifts the b 294*b*
I smell the b 343*a*
I sucked the b 98*b*
it was not part of their b 227*a*
judge and avenge our b 518*b*
let there be b ! 71*a*
make thick my b 346*b*
Man of B was there 252*b*
motion of our human b 472*a*
my b for drachmas 341*a*
napkins in his sacred b 340*a*
Neptune's ocean wash this b 348*a*
not gold, not b 394*a*
nothing like b, sir 440*a*
O! b, b, b! 362*a*
pure and eloquent b 133*b*
purge this choler without b 374*b*
red b reigns in the winter's 373*a*
rich with the most noble b 339*b*
sheds his b with me 383*a*
so much b in him 350*a*
song and b are pure 264*a*
speech to stir men's b 340*a*
still the b is strong 320*b*
stir the Vikings' b 226*a*
summon up the b 382*a*
the lake of B ! 427*b*
the secret'st man of b 149*a*
the warming of the b 380*b*
they waded thru' red b 528*a*
thicks man's b with cold 98*b*
thy b bought that 133*a*
Thy b is cold 349*a*
to freeze the b 465*b*
to wash them in my b 407*b*
voice of thy brother's b 492*b*
water's wider than B 202*b*
we be of one b 237*a*
weltering in his b 139*a*
what disturbs our b 476*a*
what profit is there in my b 483*b*
when b is nipp'd 345*b*
when the b burns 331*a*

Blood (*cont*)
when the moon was b 92*a*
white in the b of the Lamb 519*a*
whose b is fet from fathers 382*a*
whose b is very snow-broth 351*a*
whose shedd'eth man's b 492*b*
wish thine own heart dry of b 219*a*
without b is no remission 517*a*
young b must have its course 226*a*
youth and b are warmer 190*b*
Blood-guiltiness deliver me from b 485*a*
Bloodless lay the untrodden snow 76*b*
Blood-red banner streams afar 184*a*
Bloodshed Fear, and B, miserable train! 465*a*
Bloodthirsty b and deceitful man 482*a*
b clinging to life 570*a*
my life with the b 483*b*
Bloody b, bold, and resolute 349*b*
b with spurring 375*a*
come out, thou b man 495*b*
not b likely 391*b*
the b Sun, at noon 98*b*
the selfsame b mode 179*b*
to have b thoughts 367*b*
what b man is that? 345*b*
wipe a b nose 160*b*
Bloom b along the bough 198*b*
b sae fresh and fair 63*b*
drives elate full on thy b 62*a*
its b is shed 63*a*
long milk-b on the tree 434*a*
look at things in b 198*b*
sort of b on a woman 21*b*
withering in my b 299*b*
with the b go I 80
Blooming left b alone 281*b*
sae bonny their b 97*a*
Blooms then b each thing 280*a*
Blossom a broken b 424*a*
bade it *there* 100*b*
blood-red b of war 434*b*
b by b the spring begins 420*b*
b in purple and red 434*a*
b of fresh colour 402*b*
b opening to the day 169*a*
desert b as the rose 502*a*
oh blighted b ! can it be 295*a*
spied a b passing fair 344*b*
timely b, infant fair 296*b*
under the b that hangs 368*a*
Blossoms a thousand B with the Day 152*b*
b in the trees 301*a*
sing of brooks, of b. 188*b*
Blot art to b 303*b*
blackens every b 427*b*
b me, I pray thee 494*a*
b out, correct 419*b*
bright b upon this scene 399*a*
only the right b 294*a*
text that looks a little b. 429*a*
thus world's no b 46*b*
where is the b ? 52*b*
Blotted b it out for ever 412*a*
had b a thousand 214*b*
never b out a line 214*b*
Blow another deadly b ! 468*a*
bless the hand that gave the b 141*b*
b, bugle, b 430*a*
b fall soon or late 414*a*
b him again to me 436*a*
b in cold blood 391*a*
b me about in winds! 364*a*
b out, you bugles 39*a*
b, winds, and crack your cheeks! 342*b*
for a knock-down b 166*a*
genius gave the final b 72*a*
gie them a b 285*b*
he'd never survive the b. 186*a*
liberty's in every b ! 62*b*
must have life for a b. 434*a*
stormy winds do b 77*b*
this b might be the be-all 347*a*
'tis but a word and a b 139*b*
to take one b, and turn 193*b*
was but a word and a b 54*a*
what wood by the b 65*b*
word and a b 544, 365*b*
Blown b with restless violence 352*a*
rooks are b about 420*b*
Blows apostolic b and knocks 65*a*

Blows (*cont*)
b the wind to-day 414*b*
heal the b of sound 194*a*
our vain b malicious 329*b*
vile b and buffets 348*b*
when most she offers b 323*b*
Bludgeoning democracy means b. 400*b*
Bludgeonings of chance 185*a*
Blue and she forgot the b 218*b*
beneath the b of day 198*b*
b above lane and wall 46*a*
b bared its eternal bosom 220*b*
b, darkly, deeply, beautifully b. 406*b*
b, the fresh, the ever free! 106*a*
burnt green, and b 98*b*
canopy of light and b 456*b*
choosing cloths was b 284*a*
do I stand and stare? all 's b 48*b*
domes the hills with loving b. 426*b*
drink till all look b 155*b*
flowers b, silver-white 220*a*
grappling in the central b. 432*b*
heaven's colour, the b 284*a*
little boy blue 535*a*
little tent of b 459*b*
of most unholy b ! 281*b*
our Little Boy B 151*a*
Presbyterian true b 65*a*
said my eyes were b 241*b*
the b and the dim 474*b*
to bide by the buff and the b 61*a*
too expressive to be b 5*b*
two little girls in b 172*a*
within the holier b. 51*a*
yonder living b 431*a*
you get yr eyes so b ? 256*a*
Blue Beard's domestic chaplain 126*a*
Bluebottle like a b fly 19*b*
Blueness abundant 52*b*
Blue-stocking sagacious b 254*b*
Blurst of things gray 421*b*
Blunder frae many a b free us 61*b*
life is I think a b 185*b*
Blunderbuss against religion 206*b*
Blundered, someone had b 426*a*
Blundering kind of melody 138*b*
Blunders escaped b ridden more in omnibuses 184*b*
Woman?—only one of Nature's b 107*b*
Blush b and gently smile 188*b*
b from West to East 434*a*
b to find itself less white 405*b*
b to give it in! 77*b*
born to b unseen 174*a*
else wd a maiden b 365*a*
not b so to be admired 419*a*
with a b retire 123*b*
wd it bring a b into the cheek 125*b*
Blushed her motion b at herself 360*a*
ne'er b unless she blundered 94*b*
saw its god, and b 114*b*
Blushful Hippocrene 219*b*
Blushing a b womanly grace 132*b*
his b honours 385*b*
Blynken Wynken, B and Nod 151*a*
Boar as the learned B observed 396*b*
Board a hospitable b 468*b*
cleanly platter on the b 170*a*
I struck the b 188*a*
square, and above the b 178*a*
there wasn't any B 186*a*
Boards all the b did shrink 98*b*
books not those things in b 240*a*
Boar-pig Bartholomew b 380*a*
Boast Anabaptists do falsely b 491*b*
b himself as he that putteth it off 496*a*
b not thyself of tomorrow 498*b*
b of heraldry 174*a*
b of nothing else but grief 374*b*
b sincere felicity 141*a*
b their love possessing 35*b*
for frantic b and foolish word 233*b*
if I b of aught 313*b*
make no b of it 358*b*
nature's solitary b 472*b*
nor yet without a b shall end 452*b*
now b thee, death 325*b*
of wh we rather b 260*a*
such is the patriot's b 170*a*
Boasteth gone his way, then he b 498*b*
Boastings as the Gentiles use 233*b*

Boat (boatie) a b he can sail 444a
best fits a little b. 188b
his b hastens to the steep 220b
if men are together in a b 178a
in a beautiful pea-green b 243b
my b is on the shore 73a
my b sails freely 361a
my soul is an enchanted b 397b
Old Man in a b 243a
sings in his b on the bay! 425b
so hey bonny b 225b
well may the b row 149b
who took a b and went to sea 440b
with Dirce in one b conveyed! 241a
Boatman, do not tarry! 77a
Boats shallow bauble b dare sail 368b
to see no b upon the River 296a
Bob B Short 417a
bow at her and b at her 93a
Bode what shd that b? 358b
Bodice b, aptly laced 305b
lace my b blue 202a
Bodied softly b forth 69a
Bodies blood of their b 421b
b of unburied men 454b
circles close all b 42b
conceit in weakest b 335a
our b are our gardens 360b
our b why de we forbear? 132b
soldiers bore dead b by 376b
then b are buried in peace 521b
yr b a living sacrifice 513b
Boding doth the raven b to all 362b
Bodkin with a bare b 333a
Bodleian in the name of the B 28b
Body absence of b 535a
absent in b present in spirit 514a
as well for the b as the soul 478a
beautiful passionate b 421a
blows upon my b 325b
b and I pulled at one rope 99a
b form doth take 409a
b gets its sop 45a
b is not more than the soul 458a
b of a weak and feeble woman 145a
b of man is capable of pleasure 75a
b of my brother's son 99a
b of this death 513a
b that once ye had 235b
casting the b's vest aside 261a
Charlotte, having seen his b 440b
clog of his b 158a
commit his b to the ground 481b
demd, damp, moist, unpleasant b 125a
dignity of the whole b 350a
Eve, with her b white 192a
find thy b by thy the wall 6b
flavour, and b, and hue 20a
fretted the pigmy b 138a
from two my b 422b
gigantic b, the huge massy face 256b
gin a b kiss a b 59b
gin a b meet a b 59b
he is through your b 308b
her b it grew better 465b
her b thought 133b
here in the b pent 280a
his b to that pleasant earth 375b
his b to the deep 491a
his lifeless b lay 248a
his mind or b to prefer 301a
I keep under my b 514a
in b and in soul can bind 317a
I the b 441a
its b brevity, and wit its soul 527b
keep yr b white 414b
language is the b, of thought 81b
loan of his own b 75a
like little b with a heart 381b
lilies in her b's hem 294b
little b is aweary of this world 152b
make less thy b hence 381a
man kin to the beasts by his b 15a
marry my b to that dust 225a
motive of her b 369a
my b as a plaything 390a
my b to be burned 514b
mystical b of thy Son 480b
my Thames-blown b 202b
need a b cry? 59b
no b to be kicked 444b

Body (*cont*)
nor a b to kick 404b
nor Love her b from her soul 313a
not b enough to cover his mind 404b
nothing the b suffers 264b
not in thy b is thy life 312a
nought broken save this b 40a
out of the b 515a
patch up thine old b 380a
perfect little b 37a
small slain b 422b
soul and b part like friends 115a
soul and b rive not 324a
soul I know not from thy b 312a
Soul, the b's guest 307b
sound mind in a sound b 549b
still my b drank 99a
tasted her sweet b 362a
than he has in his whole b 418b
the b's delicate 343a
the b than raiment 505b
Thersites' b is as good as Ajax 329a
this b did contain a spirit 379a
this common b 322b
this tumultuous b 39b
tho' her b die 278a
thy b is all vice 206b
upon my buried b 23a
whether in the b, I cannot tell 515a
whose b nature is 301a
who with a b filled 383a
with my b I thee worship 481b
yr b is the temple 514a
Boffin Mrs B does not honour us 125b
Mrs B, Wegg is a highflyer 126b
Boffkin Minnie B 233b
Mrs B sits 233b
Bog o'er b or steep 273a
Boggles thing imagination b at 75b
Bogs fens, b, dens 272b
Bohemia *B A desert Country* 371a
desarts of B 373a
Boil b breaking forth with blains 493b
we b at different degrees 148b
Bois Bou-long 162b
Bold as b as she 228a
be b, and everywhere be b 409a
be not too b 409a
bloody, b, and resolute 349b
b bad man 385b, 408b
b majestic downs 36a
more daring or more b 378b
my b, my beautiful, my Bulbo! 440a
that hath made me b 347b
Boldest b held his breath 76b
b of hearts 51a
Boldness b and again b 561a
b is a child of ignorance 14b
b is an ill keeper of promise 14b
familiarity begets b 259b
use respective b 186b
what first? b 14b
Bole round the elm-tree b 47a
Bolingbroke every man that B hath pressed 375a
this canker, B 377a
who now reads B? 57a
Bologne at Rome and at B 88b
Baloney that's just b 403b
Bolt Ben B 148b
b is shot back somewhere 5a
b of Cupid fell 350b
sulphurous b 151b
Bolting tarry the b 368b
Bolts louder than the b of heaven 77a
the b are hurled 433a
Bombastes meet B face to face 309a
Bombazine shown a deeper sense 150a
Bond b nor free but Christ is all 516a
b unknown to me 469b
I will have my b 354b
look to his b 354a
nominated in the b 355a
our b is not the b of man 428b
take a b of fate 349b
that great b wh keeps me pale! 349a
'tis not in the b 355a
Bondage b is hoarse 365b
b of Rhyming 270b
Cassius from b will deliver 338a

Bondage (*cont*)
disguise our b as we will 282a
out of the land of b came 319b
received the spirit of b 513b
that sweet b 397b
Bondman every b in his own hand bears 318a
here so base that would be a b 339b
in a b's key 353a
thy B let me live! 464a
Bonds break their b asunder 481b
he loves his b 190a
my b in thee are all determinate 388b
spirit into b again 109b
stricture of these b 412b
such as I am, except these b 513a
Bondsmen hereditary b! 68a
Bone b of my bones 492a
b of my b thou art 276b
bracelet of hair about the b 133b
break a bit of b 196a
every b a-stare 45b
into the b of manhood 55b
to a rag and a b 236a
to get her poor dog a b 533b
vigour of the b 360a
Bones b of a single Pomeranian 567b
b wh thou hast broken 485a
can these b live? 504a
come to lay my b amongst you 462b
echo round his b 415a
fill all thy b with aches 367a
for his honoured b 278a
full of dead men's b 507b
he that moves my b 389b
I may tell all my b 483a
in a glas he hadde pigges b 89a
interred with their b 339b
Knight's b are dust 101a
mocked the dead b 384b
my b consumed away 483b
of his b are coral made 367a
rattle his b 280b
rattling b together fly 140b
roll dem b 191a
saints whose b lie scattered 278b
these b from insult to protect 174b
these dead b have rested 42a
the tongs and the b 357a
the tongue breaketh the b 520b
to lay his weary b 386a
thy b are marrowless 349a
thy canonized b 331a
valley wh was full of b 504a
weave their thread with b 371a
where my b shall be thrown 371a
you may see his b and beak 25b
yr b are very brittle 414a
Bonfire way to the everlasting b 348a
Bong-tree grows 243b
Bon-mots plucking b from their places 283a
Bonnet antique ruff and b 211b
in her latest new b 131a
Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee 316a
Bonnie (bonny) be you blithe and b 358a
b wee thing 59b
Bonnivard by B! 69b
Bononchini that Signor B 67a
Booby give her b for another 166b
Booh sing 'B to you' 165b
Boojum the Snark *was* a B 86a
if yr Snark be a B 86a
Book a b may be amusing 171a
a b's a b 72a
a good b is the life-blood 279a
a melancholy b 114a
anything wh I call a b 239a
a religious b or friend 473b
bloody b of law 359b
blot me out of thy b 494a
b essence of a human soul 82a
b of books 186b
b of knowledge fair 273b
b of Jasher 494b
B of Life begins 460b
B of Verses underneath the Bough 152b
b that my daughters may read 535a
b without pictures 82b
but where's the b? 94b
Camerado, this is no b 458b

Book (*cont*)
dainties that are bred in a b 144*b*
eyes were sealed to the holy b 6*a*
farwell my b and my devocion 89*b*
find one English b 10*a*
for a jolly good b 461*b*
from the b of honour razed quite 387*a*
frowst with a b 230*b*
Galeotto was the b 566*b*
gets at the substance of a b 238*a*
God from a printed b 235*b*
go, litil b 90*b*
go, little b, and wish to all 414*b*
good b is the best of friends 446*a*
great b, great evil 559*a*
half a library to make one b 208*b*
Hers of the B 307*a*
if a man write a better b 148*b*
I had my B of Songs 355*b*
I'll drown my b 368*a*
in a b, that all may read 32*b*
in my secret b 36*a*
in thy b were all my members 490*b*
kill a good b 279*a*
kiss the b 's outside 108*a*
leading one to talk of a b 207*a*
little volume, but large b 115*a*
mine adversary had written a b 497*a*
my b, 'tis this 191*a*
name out of the b of life 518*b*
Nature's infinite b of secrecy 322*b*
Nature's mystic b 260*a*
Nature was his b 33*a*
never read any b 148*b*
no moral or an immoral b 460*a*
note it in a b 502*a*
not on his picture, but his b 215*b*
Oh for a b 461*b*
old yellow B 51*a*
O litel b 89*b*
out of the b of life 520*b*
people wd look at the best b 314*a*
plagues written in this b 520*b*
read a b before reviewing 404*b*
reader that makes the good b 148*b*
read of that sin in a b? 235*b*
read the b of fate 380*a*
small old-fashioned b 144*a*
sour misfortune's b 366*b*
take down this b 476*b*
take them out of this b 411*b*
then shut the b 293*a*
there is a b, who runs may read 224*a*
they club for at b clubs 240*a*
they were printed in a b! 497*a*
thick, square b! 167*b*
things noted in thy b 485*b*
things written in this b 520*b*
throw this b about 25*b*
unbent her mind over a b 239*a*
valuable b by chance 175*b*
volume of the b it is written 484*a*
when I wrote that b 419*a*
while thy b doth live 215*b*
word for word without b 369*b*
worthy to open the b 518*b*
writing in a b of gold 201*b*
yr face a b where men may read 147*a*
Bookish the b theoric 359*b*
Books authority from others' b 144*b*
author who speaks own b 128*b*
b, and my food 415*a*
b are not absolutely dead things 279*a*
b are not seldom talismans 112*b*
b are well written 460*a*
b a substantial world 468*b*
b by wh the printers have lost 158*a*
b contain a potency of life 279*a*
b, fruit, French wine 223*a*
b in the running brooks 125*b*
b may carry to the fire 212*a*
b must follow sciences 13*b*
b of the hour 314*a*
b of the true sort 240*a*
b propose to *instruct* 120*a*
b! 'tis a dull strife 471*b*
b to be read only in parts 16*a*
b to Cambridge gave 445*b*
b, wh are no b 239*a*
b will speak plain 15*a*
bound in little b 232*a*

Books (*cont*)
but his b were read 26*b*
cream of others' b 283*a*
deep versed in b 277*a*
dreams, b, are each a world 468*b*
fate of b depends on reader 551*a*
forefathers had no b 384*a*
friends, and many B, both true 107*a*
from my b maketh me to goon 89*b*
gentleman is not in yr b 358*a*
God has written all the b 66*b*
grew out of the b I wrote 52*b*
he may live without b 265*a*
I keep my b at the Museum 66*b*
in b *soul* of Past Time 81*a*
I never read b 535*b*
knowing I loved my b 307*a*
lard their lean b 64*a*
let my b be then the eloquence 387*a*
many b thou readest 7*b*
moderns mistake for b 240*a*
my only b were woman's looks 282*a*
no furniture so charming as b 404*a*
no grace for b 238*b*
of making many b there is no end 500*a*
on b for to rede 89*b*
out of olde b newe science 90*a*
poring over miserable b 432*b*
quit yr b 471*b*
rather studied b than men 17*a*
some b are to be tasted 16*a*
some b may be read by deputy 16*a*
souls in new French b 45*a*
the b were opened 519*b*
the spectacles of b 142*a*
things in b clothing 239*a*
this, b can do 113*b*
three b on the soul 46*a*
thumb each other's b 311*a*
to Cambridge b 445*b*
to Cambridge b he sent 12*b*
treasures that in b are found 395*b*
true University of B 81*a*
twenty b, clad in blak 88*b*
what do we care about b 314*a*
women's eyes the b 345*a*
yr borrowers of b 239*a*
Bookseller conceived by a b 449*b*
Booksellers ask the b of London 57*a*
b are generous 207*a*
Boon a sordid b 473*a*
bean flowers' b 46*a*
b and a blessing to men 527*b*
is life a b? 167*a*
of neither wd I ask the b 399*a*
Boot a dapper b 434*b*
b, saddle, to horse 45*b*
hey for b and horse, lad 226*a*
Boots alak what b it 269*b*
Aristocrat who cleans the b 163*b*
bishop's b Mr Radcliffe also condemned 416*b*
bloomin' b of 'im 229*b*
b -b -b —movin' up an' down 227*b*
bring me my b! 19*a*
give me my b I say 376*a*
my legs when I take my b off 123*a*
taste of boiled b 439*b*
this pair of b displace 309*a*
with spattered b 112*a*
Bo-peep B has lost her sheep 533*a*
they started at b 190*b*
Border Blue Bonnets for the B 320*a*
B, nor Breed, nor Birth 227*a*
gaed o'er the b 59*b*
in his b see Israel set 47*a*
misty b of the wood 476*b*
sung of B chivalry 316*b*
thin flowery b 239*b*
thro' all the wide B 318*a*
we'll over the B 193*b*
Borders b, beds and shrubberies 229*b*
b of their garments 507*b*
'stablishèd its b 231*a*
Bore awhile they b her up 336*a*
b, mid snow and ice, a banner 247*a*
by her that b her understood 428*b*
every hero becomes a b 148*b*
grew, and b, and b 238*b*
singer that England b 423*a*

Bore (*cont*)
thus he b without abuse 431*a*
to be in it is merely a b 460*b*
Bored b by a bee 243*a*
he b with his augur 531*a*
I feel a little b 91*b*
two tribes the bores and b 71*b*
Bores b have succeeded to dragons 130*a*
b thro' his castle wall 375*b*
two tribes, the b and bored 71*b*
Borgias dining with the B tonight 24*b*
Born as of one b out of due time 514*b*
as soon as we were b 520*a*
better to be lowly b 385*b*
b but to die 301*a*
b 1820 522*b*
b in a cellar 155*b*
b in other's pain 441*a*
b in the garret 74*a*
b into the world alive 164*a*
b of Christian race 452*b*
b out of my due time 284*a*
b to love you, sweet! 45*b*
b to set it right! 331*b*
b under one law 176*b*
Bourgeoisie is not b 402*a*
but I was free b 512*b*
day perish wherein I was b 497*a*
else, wherefore b? 427*b*
every moment one is b 439*a*
he was b most noble 291*a*
Horne was nobly b 26*a*
house where I was b 195*a*
how happy is he b and taught 473*a*
if he had not been b 508*a*
I knew not that they were b 445*a*
in silent darkness b 117*a*
I was b about three 379*b*
I was b an American 454*a*
I was b in a cellar 104*b*
I was b in the year 1612 118*a*
maggot must be b i' cheese 144*a*
men are to be b so 450*b*
men naturally were b free 279*b*
my young babe were b 530*b*
natural to die as to be b 14*a*
'never was b,' persisted Topsy 415*b*
no man is b an angler 450*a*
one and one-sixteenth is b 523*a*
people b when the tide's in 122*b*
poet's made, as well as b 216*a*
that thou wast b with 342*a*
then surely I was b 92*a*
thing that I was b to do 117*a*
this night shall be b 522*b*
time to be b 499*a*
to the manner b 331*a*
under that was I b 358*a*
unto wh she was not b 432*b*
we cry, not to be b 17*a*
when we are b we cry 343*b*
whereof it is b 352*b*
where that thou wast b 531*b*
who are just b, being dead 311*b*
world he finds himself b into 80*b*
Borne b on our shoulders 474*a*
b, see on my bosom 49*b*
sights of what is to be b! 468*b*
wh I have b and yet must bear 399*a*
Borogoves all mimsy were the b 83*b*
Boroughs eggs to rotten b 254*b*
the bright b 197*b*
Borrioboola-Gha 121*a*
Borrow if we have to b the money 451*b*
Sorrow, why dost b 217*b*
the men who b 239*a*
to b 'tis the very worst world 38*a*
try to b some 157*a*
Borrower bettered by the b 279*b*
b of the night 148*b*
neither a b, nor a lender be 330*b*
Borrowers yr b of books 239*a*
Borrowing banqueting upon b 520*b*
b dulls the edge of husbandry 330*b*
b only lingers it out 380*a*
he that goes a b 157*a*
kind of b as this 279*b*
who goeth a b 446*a*
Bosom angels into Abraham's b 510*a*
beneath the b of the sea 71*b*
bield shd be my b 62*b*

Bosom (*cont*)
blue barod its eternal b 220*b*
borne, see, on my b ! 49*b*
b of her respectable family 58*b*
b of his Father and his God 174*b*
b, of the lake 437*a*
b of the urgent West 37*a*
cleanse the stuff'd b 350*b*
flits across her b young 146*b*
her b went in 19*b*
his b shd heave 166*a*
his burning b buttoned 193*b*
in Arthur's b 381*b*
in yr fragrant b dies 79*b*
it in yr b, wear 405*a*
lac'd from thy full b 305*b*
my cell is set here in thy b 441*a*
on thy b tho' many a kiss 421*b*
shall men give into yr b 509*a*
slip into my b 437*a*
son into his b creeps 155*b*
sooty b of such a thing 359*b*
such a heart in my b 350*a*
swell, b, with thy fraught 362*a*
take fire in his b 498*a*
that in my b lies 438*a*
the heart out of the b 198*b*
thorns that in her b lodge 331*b*
to Thy B fly 455*b*
to whose b move 36*b*
unadorned b of the deep 266*b*
wear thee in my b. 59*b*
what b beats not 298*b*
white bird in his b 292*b*
wife of thy b 494*b*
Bosomed high in tufted trees 269*a*
Bosom-friend of the maturing sun 221*b*
Bosoms come, within our b shine 86*b*
men's business and b 14*a*
quiet to quick bosoms is a hell 68*b*
silk stockings and white b 206*b*
to hang and brush their b 52*b*
Bossuet excite the horror of B 255*a*
Boston B man is the east wind 4*b*
B 's a hole 48*b*
B state-house is the hub 194*a*
good old B 34*a*
pry that out of a B man 194*a*
solid man of B 247*b*
Thucydides at B 449*b*
Bos'un and a b tight 163*a*
Boswell B is a very clubbable man 211*a*
B is the first of biographers 255*a*
Boswellism christen B 254*b*
Botanist no, Sir, I am not a b 207*a*
Botanize peep and b 468*b*
Botches in the work 348*b*
Both b perhaps or neither 457*a*
so, between them b 534*a*
such revenges on you b 342*b*
Botticelli isn't a wine 536*a*
Bottle a b of hay 357*a*
a little for the b 120*b*
b on the chimley-piece 121*a*
crack a b of fish-sauce 93*b*
crack a b with a friend 93*b*
furthest b labelled 'Ether' 46*a*
large cold b 150*b*
like a b in the smoke 489*a*
like magic in a pint b 123*a*
nor a b to give him 122*b*
tears into thy b 485*b*
ten years in b 20*a*
the leather b 526*a*
thy dog, thy b 301*b*
we'll pass the b round 459*a*
Bottled b lightning 125*a*
b wasps 110*b*
Bottles new wine into old b 506*a*
Bottom bless thee, B ! 357*a*
b of my grief 366*a*
b of the monstrous world 270*a*
can't touch de b 156*a*
reach the b first 172*b*
sit down on my b 155*a*
woman has a b of good sense 210*b*
wooed the slimy b 384*b*
Bottoms b of my trousers 145*a*
Dutch b 78*b*
Bottomless a b Whig 211*a*
Bough Loaf of Bread beneath the b 152*b*
Bough (*cont*)
reddens upon the topmost b 311*b*
starreth now his b 35*b*
that hangs on the b 368*a*
touch not a single b ! 284*a*
when the b bends 29*a*
Boughs back on budding b 37*b*
blossoming b of April 35*b*
b off many a tree 187*a*
b of Heaven and Ocean 396*a*
bursting b of May 37*a*
hour when from the b 73*b*
incense hangs upon the b 220*a*
lowest b and the brushwood 47*a*
my soul into the b does glide 261*a*
oft between the b is seen 39*b*
on the pendent b 330*a*
shade of melancholy b 326*b*
those b wh shake 388*a*
whose b are bent 310*b*
Bought b golden opinions 347*a*
knowledge is b in the market 96*a*
Boulogne old man of B 527*a*
Bound b each to each 468*a*
b him a thousand years 519*b*
b in the spirit 512*b*
b of human thought 438*b*
b of the everlasting hills 493*b*
Brutus will go b to Rome 341*a*
it was too small a b 379*a*
men were b in their coats 504*a*
prison to them that are b 503*a*
the b of the waste 7*b*
to another b 176*b*
young lambs b 466*a*
Boundary of the march of a nation 292*b*
Bounding the heart less b 9*a*
Boundless dark-heaving, b 69*b*
what we see is b 195*a*
Bounds b of freakish youth 112*a*
he passed the flaming b 174*a*
partitions do their b divide 138*a*
thou hast set them their b 488*a*
Bounties thy morning b 109*b*
Bountiful my blackbird b 137*b*
my Lady B 150*a*
Bounty for his b, there was no winter in it 325*a*
goat is the b of God 31*a*
his former b fed 139*a*
Bourbon can B or Nassau go higher? 305*b*
Bourg murmur of their b 4–8*b*
Bourgeois is an epithet 197*a*
Bourgeoisie British B is not born 402*a*
Bourn (Bourne) b of Time and Place 426*a*
country from whose b, 333*a*
I'll set a b 322*a*
to see beyond our b 217*b*
very b of heaven 217*b*
Bout many a winding b 269*a*
Bovril prevents that sinking 522*b*
Bow arrow from the Almighty's b 30*b*
as unto the b the cord 248*b*
b b, ye lower middle classes! 163*b*
b themselves when he did sing 385*b*
b was made in England 135*a*
drew a b at a venture 496*b*
fascination in his very b 71*b*
he breaketh the b 484*b*
I b myself in the house Rimmon 496*b*
I had two strings to my b 151*b*
Lord of the unerring b 69*a*
my b of burning gold 31*a*
my saddle and my b 531*b*
set my b in the cloud 492*b*
shalt not b down to them 480*a*
starting aside like a broken b 487*a*
taught to draw the b 72*a*
what of the b ? 135*a*
with my b and arrow 528*a*
wd b at her and bob 91*a*
Bowed but first it b 530*a*
he b, he fell 495*a*
Bowels b of the harmless earth 377*a*
b of the land 385*a*
have you no b, no tenderness 159*b*
his b of compassion 518*a*
my b were moved for him 500*b*
Bower a b quiet for us 217*b*
bard in hall or b 266*b*
born in a b 22*a*
Bower (*cont*)
b of wanton Shrewsbury 302*b*
flower perfumes the b 320*a*
he sitteth in the Muses' b 36*a*
into their inmost b 274*b*
overflows her b 398*a*
queen in a summer's b 378*a*
smooth-swarded b 435*a*
there's a b of roses 282*a*
this Lime-tree B 101*b*
thy b is ever green 53*a*, 246*b*
to the b they came 435*a*
twa sisters sat in a b 528*b*
Bower-eaves bow-shot from her b 431*b*
Bowers dear lovely b 168*a*
green and pleasant b 30*b*
he sat in breathless b 311*b*
my skiey b 393*a*
when canopied with b 369*b*
Bowery all that b loneliness 427*a*
Bowl atoms lurk within the b 404*b*
B we call the Sky 153*b*
bring the b wh you boast 320*a*
crabs hiss in the b 345*b*
fill the flowing b 522*b*
golden b be broken 500*a*
he called for his b 532*a*
in a b to sea went wise men 295*b*
Love in a golden b 29*b*
the b goes trim 295*b*
trowle the b, the nut-brown b 119*a*
trowl the brown b 319*b*
went to sea in a b 532*b*
Bowler *I* am the b 242*a*
if the wild b 242*a*
Bowling b of a ghost 442*b*
poor Tom B 121*a*
Bowls bowler thinks he b 242*a*
Bows b before him at the door 432*b*
b down to wood and stone 184*a*
come with b bent 420*a*
harnessed and carrying b 487*a*
he b and goes again 414*a*
wood of English b 135*a*
Bowsey take a b short leave 424*b*
Bow-shot from her bower 431*b*
Bowsprit got mixed with the rudder 86*a*
Bow-strings hold, or cut b 356*b*
Bow-windows expense of putting b 122*a*
Bow-wow hark! b ! 367*a*
his b way 295*b*
no time to say 'b !' 192*b*
the Big B strain 320*b*
Bow-wows demnition b 125*a*
Box alabaster b of ointment 508*a*
b where sweets compacted lie 187*b*
shut up the b 440*a*
twelve good men in a b 40*b*
worth a guinea a b 528*b*
Boxes he had forty-two b 85*b*
Boy a b by him and me 176*a*
a b playing on the seashore 289*a*
a b 's will 247*b*
altho' a poor blind b 95*b*
amazed even when a little b 457*a*
bit of a chit of a b 75*a*
blackbird, what a b you are! 41*a*
b my greatness 325*a*
b stood on the burning deck 184*b*
b who was bravest 525*b*
build schoolrooms for 'the b' 106*a*
married by an orphan b 316*b*
Chatterton the marvellous b 470*a*
close upon the growing b 466*a*
compound a b half-French 383*b*
every b and every gal 164*a*
give to yr b, yr Caesar 139*a*
happy b, at Drury's 305*a*
hearty, healthy b 192*b*
he is weak, both Man and B 469*a*
he left his pretty b 176*a*
horrid, wicked b was he 192*b*
how's my b —my b 130*b*
imagination of a b is healthy 217*a*
it's b, only b 237*b*
let the b win his spurs 143*b*
like any other b 155*a*
little b blue 535*a*
little tiny b 372*a*
little vulgar B 19*b*
Love is a b 65*b*

Boy (*cont*)
my beamish b ! 84*a*
my b John, he that went to sea 130*b*
my b 's my b to me 130*b*
news of my b Jack? 232*b*
none for the little b 534*b*
nor Man nor B can abolish 466*b*
office b to an Attorney's firm 166*a*
our Little B Blue 151*a*
purblind, wayward b 344*b*
smiling the b fell dead 47*b*
soaring human b ! 121*b*
speak roughly to yr little b 82*b*
than when I was a b 195*a*
the b be virtuous still 113*a*
the b —oh! where was he? 183*b*
the Minstrel B 281*b*
there's a girl there's a b 10*b*
the thanks of a b 24*b*
to be b eternal 372*b*
what a good b am I! 532*a*
what's yr b's name 130*b*
when I was a b 475*b*
when I was a little b 534*b*
when the b knows this 124*b*
where is my b tonight? 525*b*
where's the little b 535*a*
who wd not be a b ? 68*a*
yet a b I sought for ghosts 394*b*
you are a human b 121*a*
Boyhood if even I were as in my b 396*b*
tears, of b's years 282*b*
Boyish pleasures of my b days 472*a*
Boys as flies to wanton b 343*b*
a sober man, among his b 430*a*
b and girls are level 324*b*
b, in joyful chorus 117*a*
b of the Old Brigade 453*b*
b were moving jewels 445*a*
Christian b I can scarcely make 10*b*
chuet as the liquor for b 210*a*
girls and b come out to play 534*b*
how rude are the b 453*a*
like little wanton b 386*a*
mealy b, and beef-faced b 125*b*
men that were b when I was a boy 27*a*
only know two sorts of b 125*b*
pretty, dimpled b 343*a*
the way that b begin 440*b*
three merry b are we 23*a*
till the b come home 156*a*
we are the b 171*a*
what are little b made of 534*b*
whit the b get at one end 208*b*
young b in Umbro 253*a*
Bozrah garments from B 503*b*
Bracelet of bright hair 133*b*
Bracelets make b to adorn the wife 187*a*
Braes Dann's Bless relaxes 31*a*
Brach b or lym 343*a*
the b may stand by the fire 342*a*
Bracken hide me by the b bush 530*b*
lift him from the b 12*a*
Bradford there goes John B 31*b*
Bradshaw vocabulary of 'B' 136*a*
Brae waly, doun the b 530*a*
Braes run about the b 59*a*
ye banks and b 63*b*
Brag beauty is nature's b 267*b*
left this vault to b of 348*a*
one went to b, th'other to pray 115*a*
Brahma Great B from his heaven 217*b*
Brahmin hymn the B sings 146*a*
B strikes the hour 406*a*
Braids twisted b of lilies 268*a*
Brain bracing b and sinew 226*a*
b of this foolish city 370*b*
bullets of the b 348*b*
close corner of my b 198*a*
draughts intoxicate the b 300*a*
feed my b with better things 91*b*
fibre from the b does tear 29*a*
from b unto b of youths 96*a*
gladness that thy b must know 398*b*
gleaned my teeming b 221*a*
his b, wh is as dry as biscuit 326*a*
I feared it might injure the b 82*b*
in my b I sing it 49*b*
in what furnace was thy b 32*a*
learning, that cobweb of the b 65*b*
left the b that won't believe 29*a*

Brain (*cont*)
let my b lie also 49*a*
little b attic stocked 135*b*
more b, O Lord 264*a*
not alone immured in the b 345*a*
not old, whose visionary b 194*a*
out of the carver's b 100*a*
petrifactions of a plodding b 72*a*
rightly shd possess a poet's b 137*a*
sherris ascends me into the b 380*b*
the b to think again 39*a*
the heat-oppressed b 347*b*
then leave the naked b 217*b*
though the dull b perplexes 220*a*
thought secreted by the b 80*a*
[tobacco] harmful to the b 204*a*
troubles of the b 350*b*
unquiet heart and b 429*b*
warder of the b 347*b*
weeds and tares of mine own b 41*b*
what hand and b went paired? 48*a*
work like madness in the b 100*a*
Brainless as chimpanzees 76*a*
Brains blow out yr b 237*a*
blows out his b upon the flute 52*a*
b taken out and buttered 356*a*
b they punched in 454*a*
cudgel thy b no more 330*a*
dashed the b out 347*a*
exercises of his b 164*a*
fumbles for his b 111*a*
I mix them with my b. 290*b*
maggots in yr b 23*b*
no other b to work with 390*b*
to steal away their b 361*b*
unhappy b for drinking 361*a*
when the b were out 349*a*
Brainsickly think so b of things 348*a*
Brake he b that gallant ship 529*a*
He took the Bread and b it 145*b*
syne it b 530*a*
withering b grown o'er 114*a*
Brambles pale with mist 9*a*
Branch B shall grow out of his roots 501*b*
cut is the b 259*a*
lops the mouldered b 427*a*
snow on the bare b 101*a*
Branched in my b velvet gown 371*a*
Branches fowls lodge in the b 507*a*
fowls sing among the b 488*a*
Nightingale that in the b sang 154*a*
thro' b and briars 421*b*
thy b ne er remembe- 221*a*
Branchy between towers 197*a*
Brand by each gun the lighted b 76*b*
way'd over by that flaming b 277*a*
Brandy b for the Parson 234*a*
cold and water 240*b*
Grant's Morella cherry B 522*a*
hero must drink b 210*a*
sipped b and water gayly 103*b*
some are fou o' b 61*a*
Branksome Hall 316*b*
Brass all that was ever writ in b 215*b*
auld b will buy me a new pan 63*a*
evil manners live in b 386*a*
feet like unto fine b 518*b*
I am become as sounding b 514*b*
its horns are tipped with b 143*b*
more enduring than b 546*b*
nor walls of beaten b 338*a*
putty, b an' paint 233*b*
savours of poisonous b 218*a*
since b, nor stone 388*a*
the b will crash 164*a*
this flesh were b impregnable 375*b*
wit as well in b 215*b*
Brave a b man struggling 298*b*
binds the b of all the earth 287*b*
b days of old 253*a*
b Kempenfelt is gone 111*a*
b man with a sword! 459*b*
b to be a King 259*a*
b to forfeit ease 157*a*
b translunary things 137*a*
clime of the unforgotten b ! 72*b*
delirium of the b 474*b*
how sleep the b 103*a*
I'm very b generally 84*b*
I was clean and b 199*a*
men might call me b 235*b*

Brave (*cont*)
none but the b deserves 138*b*
not too late tomorrow to be b 4*b*
O b new world 368*a*
old Meg was b 219*a*
on, ye b, who rush to glory 77*a*
over the unreturning b 68*b*
that b vibration 190*b*
the b ! that are no more 111*a*
the home of the b ! 224*b*
then it is the b man chooses 251*a*
toll for the b 111*a*
what's b, what's noble 324*b*
Braved whose flag has b 77*b*
Braver I have done one b thing 134*a*
yet a b thence doth spring 134*a*
Bravery all her b on 277*b*
natural b of yr isle 328*b*
Bravest boy who was b of all 525*b*
b of all in Frederick town 459*a*
Brawl ill disposed in b ridiculous 382*b*
kindly silence when they b 425*b*
Brawling of a sparrow in the eaves 476*a*
Brawls b disturb the street 452*b*
Lord-Keeper led the b 175*a*
Brazy b a fool 498*b*
Vicar of B, sir! 524*a*
Brazil B ? He twirled a button 127*b*
I've never reached B 230*b*
Breach imminent deadly b 360*a*
more honoured in the b 331*a*
not yet a b, but in expansion 134*a*
once more unto the b 382*a*
Breaches of b, ambuscades 364*b*
Bread 'a loaf of b,' the Walrus said 84*b*
bit of butter to my b ! 266*b*
bitter b of banishment 375*a*
b, and the circus 549*b*
b and work for all 29*a*
b eaten in secret 498*a*
b enough and to spare 509*b*
b I dip in the river 414*a*
b of tears 487*a*
b to strengthen man's heart 488*a*
broken it up for yr daily b 424*a*
broth without any b 533*b*
cast thy b upon the waters 499*b*
corn that makes the holy b 262*a*
crammed with distressful b 383*a*
cutting b and butter 440*b*
eat b to the full 494*a*
eat thy b with joy 499*b*
feed him with b of affliction 496*b*
fire, and unleavened b 493*b*
going to fetch you yr b 227*b*
grossly, full of b 334*b*
half-pennyworth of b 378*a*
heavy as that with b 442*b*
he took the B and brake it 145*b*
his need begging their b 484*a*
honest b is very well 205*a*
how spoil'd the b 203*a*
if his son ask b 505*b*
I have eaten yr b and salt 230*a*
in the sweat shalt thou eat b 492*b*
known of them in breaking of b 510*a*
Loaf of B beneath the bough 152*b*
looked to government for b 57*b*
man doth not live by b only 494*b*
man shall not live by b alone 505*a*
money for that which is not b 503*a*
my little loaf of b 190*b*
never ate his b in sorrow 82*a*
no b then bring me some to eat 535*a*
quarrel with my b and butter 418*b*
ravens brought him b 496*a*
Royal slice of b 266*b*
smell of b and butter 67*b*
smote itself into the b 428*a*
some gave them white b 532*b*
taste of another's b 567*a*
that b shd be so dear 196*b*
the b that you eat 227*b*
their learning is like b 208*b*
the whole stay of b 501*a*
this day our daily b 505*b*
this the B 31*b*
unleavened b of sincerity 514*a*
Breadth length and b enough 530*b*
Break be not broken, b 109*b*
b, b, b, on thy cold grey stones 425*b*

Break (*cont*)
b forth into joy 502*b*
b it to our hope 351*a*
b off this last lamenting kiss 132*b*
b their bonds asunder 481*b*
but b, my heart 330*a*
grief b ds it b 350*a*
take and b us 185*a*
thou shalt b the ships 485*a*
where it will b at last 394*b*
Breakers wantoned with thy b 69*b*
Breakest thou b my heart 187*b*
Breakfast arg'ed the thing at b 80*a*
b, dinner, lunch, and tea 26*a*
b first, business next 440*a*
b with what appetite you have 385*b*
for her own b she'll project 476*b*
hope is a good b 13*b*
impossible things before b 84*b*
kills Scots at a b 377*a*
Michael Angelo for b 446*b*
shall we our b take? 529*b*
wholesome, hungry b 450*b*
Breaking by b of windows 283*a*
sleep that knows not b 316*b*
take pleasure in b 526*b*
working-class b what it likes 9*b*
Breaking-up a sorry b 195*b*
red ruin, and the b of laws 427*b*
Breaks it b in our bosom 394*a*
Breast beats in every human b 5*a*
bird with the scarlet b 470*a*
boiling bloody b 357*b*
bold spirit in a loyal b 374*b*
bolt shot back in our b 5*a*
b that beauty cannot tame 18*a*
b that gives the rose 264*a*
b will ne'er be lonely 120*a*
bright b shortening into sighs 420*b*
broad b, full eye 386*b*
depth of her glowing b 308*a*
ease my b of melodies 218*a*
friendly and comforting b 185*a*
head upon this b! 237*a*
heart has left my b 73*a*
here beat his b 98*a*
his bed mind my tender b 176*a*
his own clear b 267*a*
Holy Ghost with warm b 197*b*
hope eternal in the human b 300*b*
leaned her b against a thorn 20*b*
lie lightly on thy b 299*b*
life-drop of his bleeding b 72*b*
may toss him to My b 188*a*
'neath the b of Earth 293*b*
nunnery of thy chaste b 250*a*
on her white b a sparkling cross 302*b*
on her left b a mole 328*b*
on his b a bloody cross 408*b*
on some fond b 174*b*
or knock the b 278*a*
panic's in thy b 62*a*
presagers of my speaking b 387*a*
sail upon her patient b 368*b*
see my baby at my b 325*b*
sooth a savage B 104*b*
soul wars out the b 74*a*
the main on its b 6*a*
thou tumer of the human b 173*b*
through breastplate and thro' b 254*a*
told but to her mutual b 77*b*
to rest here in my b! 289*a*
trembles in the b 280*a*
what has b forges 328*a*
when b to b we clung 312*a*
whether my Sappho's b 189*b*
with her b against a thorn 196*a*
wi' ribbons on her b 530*a*
with sweetness fills the b 86*b*
Breastful of milk 311*a*
Breast-high amid the corn 195*b*
Breastplate thro' b and thro' breast 254*a*
what stronger b 384*a*
Breasts Abydos of her b 132*b*
all night betwixt my b 500*a*
b more soft than a dove's 423*b*
b of a sea-god's daughter 202*b*
b of the nymphs in the brake 423*b*
come to my woman's b 346*b*
her b are dun 389*a*
hollow of her b a tomb 421*a*

Breasts (*cont*)
prodigious b 421*a*
she hath no b 501*a*
thy b are like two young roes 500*b*
two b of heavenly sheen 313*a*
Breath a b can make them 168*a*
a b thou art 351*b*
allowing him a b 375*b*
although thy b be rude 326*b*
boldest held his b 76*b*
borne away with every b! 73*b*
borne my b away! 195*a*
breathes with human b 438*b*
breathing thoughtful b 470*b*
b is in his nostrils 501*a*
b of man goeth forth 490*b*
b of them hot in thy hair 421*b*
b of this corporal frame 472*a*
b of worldly men 375*a*
b, smiles, tears, of all my life 44*a*
by every azure b 394*b*
clothed with his b 429*a*
Cobham! to the latest b 302*a*
down and out of b 379*a*
draw his last b thro' a pipe 239*b*
draw thy b in pain 337*a*
dulcet and harmonious b 356*b*
everything that hath b 490*b*
fly away, b 371*a*
gives the hautboys b 139*a*
giv'st to forms and images a b 465*b*
grey from Thy b 423*b*
having lost her b 323*a*
heaven's b smells woomgly 347*a*
her tender-taken b 220*b*
himself the heaven's b 344*b*
Hope's perpetual b 471*b*
if her b were as terrible 358*a*
it fluttered and failed for b 7*b*
it is by no b that salvation 51*b*
last gasp of Love's latest b 137*b*
lightly draws its b 472*b*
little b of men 157*a*
love that endures for a b 420*b*
love the b between them 397*b*
mystery of b 263*b*
nought lost but b 40*a*
O balmy b 363*b*
once their b drew in 98*b*
princes but the b of kings 59*b*
prison of afflicted b 374*a*
soft as the b of even 11*a*
some of us are out of b. 84*b*
so the Word had b 430*a*
such is the b of kings 374*b*
suck my last b 299*b*
suspiration of forced b 330*a*
sweetness of man's b 204*a*
take into the air my quiet b 220*a*
Thou art Being and B 38*b*
thou no b at all 344*a*
thy b is Africk's spicy gale 161*a*
tremble with tenderer b 423*b*
with bated b 353*a*
with low last b 312*b*
Breathe as tho' to b were life 438*b*
b a word about yr loss 230*a*
b its pure serene 220*b*
b not his name 281*a*
b, shine, and seek to mend 133*a*
b thro' silver 49*a*
if such there b 317*a*
in the taking of it b 227*b*
nothing to b but air 225*a*
summer's morn to b 276*a*
thought I cd not b 428*a*
thou thereon didst only b 216*b*
Breathed into his nostrils 492*a*
Brether chide no b in the world 327*a*
Breathers of an ampler day 431*a*
Breathes b there the man, with soul 317*a*
b upon a bank of violets 369*b*
enjoys the air it b 471*a*
Breathing b of the common wind 472*b*
b out threatenings 512*a*
b time of day 337*a*
health, and quiet b 217*b*
in the sound his b kept 397*a*
Breathings low b coming after me 469*a*
Breathless b we flung us 39*b*

Breathless (*cont*)
b with adoration 467*a*
Breaths with sweetmeats tainted 364*b*
Bred because they so were b 140*b*
b en bawn in a brier-patch! 181*b*
b me long ago 199*b*
she is not b so dull 354*a*
where is fancy b 354*a*
Brede with b ethereal wove 103*a*
Bredon bells they sound in B 199*a*
summertime on B 199*a*
Bree a little abune her b 528*b*
Breeches a hole in't So have yr b 78*b*
his b cost him but a crown 361*a*
his b were blue 100*b*, 406*b*
his 'oss then cleanin' his b 416*b*
what leg into your b first 707*b*
Breed b of barren metal 353*a*
b of their horses and dogs 295*b*
b that take their pleasures 228*b*
fear'd by their b 375*a*
happy b of men 375*a*
war but endless war still b 278*b*
where they most breed and haunt 347*a*
will never b the same 220*b*
Breeding true b of a gentleman 70*b*
write to show yr b 401*a*
Breeds lesser b without the Law 233*b*
Breeks aft a wild Highlandman 319*a*
Breeze a b of morning moves 434*a*
chilly autumn b 218*b*
cooling western b 300*a*
dancing in the b 467*a*
O bounding b 96*b*
the battle and the b 77*b*
the b is on the sea 320*a*
the b of song 430*b*
to be come-at by the b 468*a*
tyranny in every tainted b. 55*b*
verse, a b mid blossoms 102*a*
volleying rain and tossing b 88*b*
Breezes b and the sunshine 76*a*
by the midnight b strewn 393*a*
feel no other b 221*a*
heaven is with the b blown 220*a*
little b dusk and shiver 431*b*
spicy b blow o'er Ceylon's isle 184*a*
sunset b shiver 287*b*
Breezy, Sneezy 158*a*
Breffny waves of B 172*a*
Bremen a foreigner of B 118*a*
Brent yr bonny brow was b 61*a*
Brentford have you ever seen B? 211*a*
two kings of B. 111*b*
Brer Fox 181*b*
Brer Tarrypin 181*b*
Bret-ful of pardoun 89*a*
Brethren accursed from Christ for my b 513*b*
b, to dwell together in unity! 490*a*
dearly beloved b 478*a*
for my b and companions' sakes 489*b*
for we be b 492*b*
great Twin B 254*a*
his tuneful b all were dead 316*b*
least of these my b 508*a*
my mother and my b! 506*b*
perils among false b 515*a*
think they of their b more? 287*a*
Brevity b is the soul of wit 332*a*
its body b 100*b*, 527*b*
Brewer Bill B, Jan Stewer 531*b*
not a b's servant 29*a*
Brewers bakers and b 242*b*
Brewery take me to a b 523*b*
Briar (brier) from off this b pluck a rose 383*b*
grows a bonny b bush 193*a*
instead of the b myrtle tree 503*a*
the b's in bud 261*b*
thorough bush, thorough b 356*b*
Briars how full of b is this world 325*b*
Bribes and b about 26*a*
contaminate our fingers with b 340*b*
Brick b in his pocket 417*b*
'eave 'arf a b at him 535*a*
found it b and left it marble 538*a*
Bridal b-favours stowed away 439*b*
b of the earth and sky 187*b*
come to the b-chamber, Death 178*a*

Bridal (*cont*)
light the b lamp 275*b*
Bride as a b adorned for her husband 519*b*
a *mourning* b 141*a*
blooming Eastern b 138*b*
bridegroom with his b 438*b*
b hath paced into the hall 98*a*
b of a ducal coronet 124*b*
b of quietness 219*b*
b, on whom the sun doth shine 188*b*
bridesmaid makes a happy b 425*b*
busk ye, my bonny bonny b 178*b*
but a barren b 302*a*
dead maiden to be his b 319*a*
encounter darkness as a b 352*a*
his b and his darling 526*a*
I drew my b, beneath the moon 293*a*
jealousy to the b 21*b*
my b and my darling 526*a*
my glittering b 464*a*
passionless b 433*a*
ready to be thy b 531*b*
Spirit and the b say, Come 520*b*
the b at the altar 318*b*
turns him to the b. 198*b*
virgin, yet a b 79*b*
who will cheer my bonny b 77*a*
Bride-bed thy b to have deck'd 336*b*
Bridechamber children of the b 506*a*
Bridegroom a b in my death 324*b*
as the b is with them 506*a*
because of the b 's voice 510*b*
Bellona's b 346*a*
b all night through 198*b*
b with his bride 438*b*
cometh forth as a b 482*b*
fresh as a b 376*b*
like a b from his room 12*b*
Bridegrooms I sing of b 188*b*
rave, as do many b 237*b*
Brides 'B of Enderby' 203*a*
I sing of b 188*b*
Bridesmaid happy b makes a happy bride 425*b*
Bridge b at midnight 246*b*
by b and ford 438*a*
by the rude b 146*b*
forgive you B at dawn 91*b*
golden b is for a flying enemy 70*a*
Horatius kept the b 253*b*
keep the b with me 253*a*
London B is broken down 533*a*
on the B of Sighs 69*a*
Peschiera, when thy b I crost 96*b*
praise the b that carried you 103*b*
what need the b much broader 358*a*
Women and Champagne and B 26*b*
Bridle gave his b -reins a shake 61*a*, 338*b*
held with bit and b 483*b*
stranger hath thy b -rein 289*b*
took him by the b -ring 531*b*
Bridles heard the b ring 528*b*
Bridleth not his tongue 517*b*
Brief b life is here our portion 286*a*
b sorrow, short-lived care 286*a*
I am struggling to be b 541*b*
or be less b 452*a*
'tis b, my lord 334*a*
Brier-patch bawn in a b 181*b*
Brig o' Dread 529*a*
Brigade boys of the old B 453*b*
ed thy B with cold cascade 164*a*
forward the Light B 426*a*
Bright all b and glittering 472*b*
all calm, as it was b 448*b*
all things b and beautiful 3*a*
behold the b original appear 160*a*
best of dark and b, 734*a*
b and fierce and fickle 436*a*
b, b as day 476*b*
b in fruitful valleys 37*a*
b is the ring of words 414*b*
b October was come 96*a*
b the vision that delighted 258*a*
b with many an angel 286*a*
Channel 's as b as a ball-room 227*b*
creature not too b or good 470*b*
dark with excessive b 273*b*
how b these glorious spirits 453*b*
lady named B 527*a*
Bright (*cont*)
look, the land is b 96*b*
more b and good 394*a*
myriads though b 271*a*
nought so b may live 394*a*
rises warm and b 9*a*
so quick b things 356*a*
starsl so eloquently b 280*a*
the path before him always b 465*a*
Brighten at the blaze 170*a*
Brightening prospects b to the last 168*a*
Brighter b than flaming Jupiter 258*b*
b than is the silver Rhodope 259*a*
look b when we come 70*a*
Brightest best and b, come away! 394*b*
b and best of the sons 184*a*
tho' the b fell 350*a*
Bright-eyed b Fancy 175*a*
the b Mariner 98*a*
Brightly dawns our wedding day 164*b*
Brightness all her original b 272*a*
amazing b, purity 291*b*
attired with sudden b 465*b*
between his Darkness and his B 74*b*
b falls from the air 285*b*
b of his glory 517*a*
b of the day 3*b*
innocent b 467*a*
with transcendent b 271*a*
Brighton Dr B 523*a*
Brignall banks are wild and fair 319*a*
Brilliant with thousand gems 37*b*
Brilliq 'twas b 83*b*
Brim sparkles near the b 68*a*
winking at the b 219*b*
Brimstone from his b bed the Devil is gone 100*b*, 406*b*
Brine eye-offending b 369*b*
tunnies steeped in b 8*b*
Bring b another back to me 529*b*
b me the flash and b me wine 286*b*
b me up by jerks 123*b*
b the good old bugle, boys 473*a*
my kisses b again 352*a*
nothing in my hand I b 445*a*
the happiness 'twill b 76*a*
to her let us garlands b 372*b*
Bringer b of new things 138*b*
some b of that joy 357*b*
yet the first b of news 379*b*
Brings eye sees in it what the eye b 80*b*
Brink at the b of ruin 217*a*
dreadful outer b 43*b*
shivering on the b 453*b*
Bristle his hair did b upon his head 317*a*
Bristol sailors of B city 440*b*
Britain ambassador from B 's crown 136*b*
B a fit country for heroes 246*a*
B, of you these boast three poets 419*b*
B first, at Heaven's Command 443*a*
B is a world by itself 328*b*
B set the world ablaze 164*a*
Graces not natives of Great B 91*a*
hath B all the sun 328*b*
I've lost B 234*a*
they made B India 385*b*
Britannia B needs no bulwark 78*a*
B rules the waves 77*a*
Oh B, the pride of the ocean 389*b*
rule, B 443*a*
singing Rule, B 525*a*
two ideas Beer and B 404*b*
British art thou not of B blood? 427*a*
B and Armoric Knights 271*b*
B Bourgeoisie is not born 402*a*
B Fleet a-riding 440*b*
B public in one of its fits 255*a*
B Public, ye who like me not 51*a*
B soldier can stand anything 390*a*
B warrior queen 107*b*
broke a B square 229*a*
dirty B coaster 261*b*
fair play of the B criminal 135*b*
Flood of B freedom 467*a*
for the B Grenadiers 526*a*
grandmother's review—the B 70*b*
ground wh B shepherds tread 464*a*
no countries less known by B 34*a*
our ships were B oak 10*b*
piece of B manhood 80*b*
Regiment o' B Infantree 229*a*
British (*cont*)
selfsame B Islands 34*a*
smell the blood of a B man 343*a*
stony B stare 433*b*
British Museum my books at the B 66*b*
Briton as only a free-born B 440*a*
roughly set his B 435*a*
where the B dwells estranged 556*b*
Britons B never shall be married 525*b*
B never will be slaves 443*a*
B, strike home 447*b*
while B shall be true 201*b*
Brittle b is foredoomed 264*b*
yr bones are very b 414*a*
Broached he bravely b his breast 357*b*
Broad b as it hath breadth 323*b*
b as ten thousand beeves 264*a*
b-based upon her people's will 437*a*
his pranks have been too b 334*b*
make b their phylacteries 567*b*
she is the B, I am the High 528*b*
Broadcloth without 109*a*
Broad-shouldered Englishman 437*a*
Broadsword of Locheill 12*a*
Broil feats of b and battle 360*a*
Broke pardon all oaths b to me 376*a*
pride at length b under me 386*a*
Broken (broke) be not b, break 109*b*
I am b by their passing feet 474*a*
laws were made to be b 289*b*
neck that's once b 320*a*
nor a b thing mend 27*a*
Pickwick walked among b men 93*b*
soul had b and thrown away! 248*a*
the golden bowl be b 500*a*
when my grave is b up again 131*b*
whilst we speak is it not b 392*a*
Broken-hearted bind up the b 503*a*
half b 74*b*
we had ne'er been b 59*a*
we were both b 422*b*
Broker an honest b 567*b*
Bromide are you a b? 54*b*
Bronze b, and Venetian hair 202*b*
he who blows thro b 49*a*
Broo' eels boiled in b 529*b*
Brooches I will make you b 414*a*
Brood fond of no second b 328*b*
his b about thy knee 436*b*
thy b is flown 436*b*
Brooding o'er the gloom 263*b*
Brook as doth an inland b 355*b*
a willow grows aslant a b 336*a*
a willowy b, that turns a mill 310*a*
b Cherith 496*a*
chose a pebble from the b 109*b*
fell in the weeping b 331*b*
fish say, in the Eternal B 39*b*
he drank of the b 496*a*
I cd not hear the b flow 108*b*
noise like of a hidden b 99*b*
pore upon the b that babbles by 174*b*
salad from the b 112*b*
stones out of the b 495*b*
where the b and river meet 247*b*
Brookland far in a western b 109*b*
Brooks books in the running b 325*b*
b of Eden mazily murmuring 427*a*
B of Sheffield 121*b*
golden sands and crystal b 132*a*
I sing of b 188*b*
murmurs near the running b 469*a*
shallow b and rivers wide 269*a*
shallow b murmur most 401*b*
what sedged b 8*b*
Brookside I wander'd by the b 198*b*
Broom bright blows the b 414*b*
I am sent with b before 357*b*
pods went pop on the b 117*b*
Broomstick surely man is a b! 418*a*
Broomsticks their b and their tears 474*b*
Broth she gave them some b 533*b*
Brothel in the b or on the scaffold 412*a*
scene laid in a B 239*b*
Brothels b with bricks of Religion 31*a*
keep thy foot out of b 343*a*
Brother been sworn b to him 380*b*
better have him than his b 261*a*
b clasps the hand of b 20*b*
B, Englishman and Friend! 469*b*
b John, the evil one 29*b*

ENGLISH INDEX

Brother (*cont*)
B of the Angle 450*a*
b of the clay 77*b*
b , on this that was the veil 420*b*
b should not war with b 109*b*
b , thy tail hangs down 234*a*
b whom he hath seen 518*a*
dawn is my b 26*b*
elder b ev'n to shade 309*b*
fast has b followed b 465*b*
fold to thy heart thy b 458*b*
forlorn and shipwrecked b 248*a*
furies of my b 254*a*
'gently, B , gently, pray' 153*b*
grew so like my b 244*b*
had it been his b 523*b*
hand of every man's b 492*b*
He standeth, spouse and b 441*a*
he's yr b still 420*a*
I am sworn b , sweet 376*a*
it disdained its b 395*b*
kill a king marry with his b 335*a*
life is very sweet, b 34*a*
little brown b 287*a*
marriage with his b 's wife 385*b*
more close than a b 235*a*
my b , good morning 26*b*
my b , hail, and farewell 540*a*
my b he is in Elysium 369*b*
my b Jonathan 495*b*
my b s keeper 492*b*
my father's b but no more like 330*a*
no author ever spar d a b 160*b*
no b near the throne 303*a*
O b man! 458*b*
Oh! call my b back 184*b*
O my poor b 369*b*
seeth his b have need 518*a*
sheds his blood shall be my b 383*a*
shot mine arrow and hurt my b 337*a*
silent soul, my b 421*a*
sticketh closer than a b 498*b*
still to my b turns 169*b*
sun, moon, and stars, b 34*a*
I am lo'ed him like a vera b 62*b*
that thou wert as my b 500*b*
that wh went before the b 468*b*
the king my b s wreck 144*b*
there s night and day, b 34*a*
thy b came with subtilty 493*a*
true b of a company 476*b*
unto a tyrant b 325*b*
voice of thy b s blood 492*b*
weak b is the worst of mankind 413*a*
where is my b gone? 184*b*
where my b set the laburnum 195*a*
where wert thou, b , those days? 430*a*
who also am yr b 518*a*
wind on the heath, b 34*a*
Brotherhood a b in song 217*b*
b of venerable trees 463*b*
crown thy good with b 22*a*
dearer yet the b 287*b*
love the b Fear God 517*b*
Brotherly let b love continue 517*a*
Brothers all the b too 371*a*
all the B were Valiant 288*a*
b be for a' that 60*b*
b , lift yr voices 20*a*
forty thousand b 236*b*
more than my b are to me 429*b*
Romans were like b 253*a*
two b and their murdered man 218*b*
we band of b 383*a*
we were b all 469*b*
ye are b ! ye are men! 76*b*
Brougham Mr B 's speeches 183*b*
Brought b to you daily by Steamers 227*b*
sea wh b us hither 466*b*
they are b down and fallen 482*b*
we b nothing into this world 516*b*
Brought'st Thy sweets along 187*a*
Brow beautiful bold b 435*b*
b -bound with burning gold 426*b*
b with homely biggen bound 381*a*
but some sober b will bless it 354*a*
Consul's b was sad 253*a*
crystal of his b 251*b*
dangerous b by night 338*b*
his seal was on thy b 184*b*

Brow (*cont*)
hollow eye and wrinkled b 355*a*
in that victorious b 7*b*
on that cheek, and o'er that b 74*a*
on thine azure b 69*b*
rugged b of careful Policy 400*b*
shine upon my b to-day 308*b*
southward-facing b 8*a*
that great b 45*a*
the wrinkle deeper on the b 68*a*
weariness not on yr b 7*b*
whether on Ida's shady b 31*b*
winters shall besiege thy b 387*a*
yr bonny b was brent 61*a*
Brown all the trees are b 226*a*
Aryan b 233*a*
b as a berry 160*b*
in homely russet b 469*a*
learn from the Yellow and B 230*b*
little b brother 287*a*
Long John B 31*a*
tinged her cheek with b 316*a*
you have baked me too b 83*b*
Browne ape to Sir Thomas B 412*b*
Browning B ! Since Chaucer was alive 241*a*
from B some 'Pomegranate' 43*b*
leave to Robert B beggars 226*a*
Meredith is a prose B 460*a*
Robert B , you writer of plays 48*a*
Wordsworth, Tennyson, and B 17*b*
Brownist as a politician 371*b*
Brows bliss in our b 322*b*
b of dauntless courage 272*a*
gathering her b like storm 62*b*
handkerchief about yr b 374*a*
lay her burning b 442*b*
purple brows of Olivet 430*a*
seen in either of our b 137*b*
their b with roses bound 138*b*
yr hat upon yr b 350*a*
Browsing and sluicing 573*b*
Bruce has aften led 62*b*
Bruise it shall b thy head 492*b*
parmaceti for an inward b 377*a*
Bruises one mask of b both blue 124*b*
Bruised be b in a new place 203*b*
b for our iniquities 503*a*
b reed shall he not break 502*b*
Bruising of the hapless head 452*b*
Bruit comes on at hand the b 442*a*
Brunck professor, B 304*b*
Brunswick B s fated chieftain 68*b*
Hamelin Town's in B 50*a*
Brush dip his b in dyes of heaven 318*b*
give them a b 193*b*
Brushers critics are like b 13*b*
Brushes a' b his hat a mornings 338*b*
b of nets' hair 276*b*
Brushing with hasty steps the dews 171*b*
Brute Et tu, B ! 339*a*, 548*b*
Brute b I might have been 50*b*
cross-grained b 171*a*
feed the b ! 535*b*
I never saw a b I hated so 45*b*
lord of the fowl and the b 113*a*
the Lord let the house of a b 426*a*
they are neither b nor human 298*a*
whatever b and blackguard 199*b*
you intoxified b ! 19*a*
Brutes as we to the b , poets to us 264*b*
b never meet in bloody fray 169*a*
had made b men, and men divine 293*a*
horn where other b have none 26*a*
simple race of b 429*a*
we had been b without you 291*b*
Brutish life of man b , and short 191*b*
Brutus B and Cato might discharge 141*b*
B , I do observe you now 337*b*
B is an honourable man 339*b*, 340*a*
B makes mine greater 341*a*
B says he was ambitious 340*a*
B was Caesar's angel 340*a*
B will go bound to Rome 341*a*
'B ' will start a spirit 337*b*
B with himself at war 337*b*
but were I B , and B Antony 340*a*
fault, dear B , is not in our stars 337*b*
he will be found like B 341*b*
I am no orator as B is 340*a*

Brutus (*cont*)
the noble B hath told you 339*b*
what! is B sick 338*b*
when B grows so covetous 341*a*
you wrong me, B 340*b*
Bubble b reputation 326*b*
b winked at me, and said 188*b*
fame? an empty b 172*b*
honour but an empty b 139*a*
life is mostly froth and bubble 171*b*
like the b on the fountain 316*b*
much like unto a b 451*b*
now a b burst, and now a world 300*b*
the world's a b 17*a*
Bubbles borne, like thy b 69*b*
the earth hath b 346*a*
with beaded b at the brim 219*b*
Bubukles face is all b 382*a*
Buccleuch kinsmen to the bold B 316*b*
Buck derned thing 'ed get up and b 182*a*
Bucket that b down 376*a*
Buckets b into empty wells 112*a*
owes two b filling 376*a*
silly b on the deck 99*a*
Buckingham high-reaching B 385*a*
so much for B 95*b*
Buckled take her buckled shoon 131*a*
Buckler carry the b unto Sampson 41*b*
Bucklers there hang a thousand b 500*b*
Buckling black Auster s band 254*a*
Buckram eleven b men out of two rogues in b suits 377*b*
Bud at once, a b , and yet a rose 191*a*
b is on the bough again 205*a*
b may have a bitter taste 110*a*
canker lives in sweetest b 387*b*
in age I b again 188*a*
in b or blade 426*b*
opening b to Heaven 100*b*
rose shd shut, and be a b again 221*b*
this b of love 365*b*
trees do yield forth b 446*a*
Budge B ! says the fiend 353*b*
I will not b for no man's 365*b*
Buds blown b of barren flowers 422*a*
b that snows have shaken 422*a*
b they were swellin' 531*a*
darling b of May 387*a*
driving sweet b like flocks 396*a*
hawthorn hedge puts forth its b 39*a*
kneeled unto the b 324*a*
starry river b 398*a*
summer s velvet b 381*b*
what those b disclose 185*a*
with b and bells 220*b*
Buff to bide by the b and the blue 61*a*
Buffalo he thought he saw a B 85*b*
Buffaloes so air our B 124*a*
Buffer poor b lies low 459*a*
Buffet Satan to b me 515*b*
Buffets b of the world so incens'd 348*b*
fortune's b and rewards 334*a*
Buffoon b and poet 185*b*
statesman, and b 138*b*
Buffs steady the B 237*b*
Bug snug, as a b in a rug 156*b*
Bugaboo don't b baby me! 75*b*
Bughtin'-time is near 61*b*
Bugle blow, b blow 436*a*
bring the good old b , boys 473*a*
one blast upon his b -horn 316*b*
Bugles blow out you b 39*a*
Bugloss there the blue b paints 114*a*
Build birds b but not I 198*a*
b from age to age 227*b*
b me a Pyramid! 236*a*
b me straight, O worthy Master! 246*b*
b on thee a better opinion 363*a*
b thee more stately mansions 194*a*
b , unbuild, contrive 275*b*
burrow awhile and b 44*b*
I arise and b it again 393*b*
I hunger to b them 475*b*
labour is but lost that b it 489*b*
others shd b for him 470*a*
they neither b the Temple 260*b*
when we b b for ever 314*b*
who thus cd b 467*b*
Builded better than he knew 147*a*

Builder after me cometh a B 233a
he can only be a b 314a
Builders behold, ye b, demigods 453b
b wrought with greatest care 246b
our b with want of genius 140a
stone wh the b refused 489a
Building altered in the b trade 236a
ancient b not in decay 15a
church 'tis a tall b 113b
for the B up of Jerusalem 30b
no looking at a b here 58b
stole the life o' the b 348a
Built all we have b do we discern 7a
b in such a logical way 194a
b in th' eclipse 269b
therefore b for ever 427b
therefore never b at all 427b
Bulbo my B! 440a
Bulk the mighty b commands 161a
Bull a Cock and a B 412a
curled Assyrian B 433b
gone to milk the b 207b
greatest of all is John B 72b
in time the savage b doth bear 358a
in time the savage b sustains 238a
old unhappy b 192a
peculiarity of the Irish b 143b
secret of the b and lamb 264a
Bullen's eyes 174a
Bullet ballot stronger than a b 245a
b thro' his heart 440a
by b or by shot 525b
every b has its billet 461a
ramm'd with b round 408b
Bullets b made of platinum 25b
paper b of the brain 358b
Bullied into a certain philosophy 222a
Bullock s but a fool 233a
Bullocks good yoke of b 380b
other young b upon thine altar 485a
Bulls b, that walk the pastures 264a
b, the sport of winds 273b
dew-lapp'd like Thessalian b 357a
fat b of Basan close me in 483a
I will eat b' flesh 485a
seated on two chairs like mad b 123a
Bull s eye at yr belt 412a
Bully b boy, b boy 319b
like a tall b 302b
yr mentality, too, is b 25a
Bulrushes ark of b 493b
Bulwark Britannia needs no b 78a
Bulwarks floating b of the island 28b
mark well her b 485a
Bumble Mr B 125b
Bumps a fireman, and afraid of b! 493b
what ho! she b! 86a
Bun B replied 146b
now for the rollicking b 167a
Bunbury invalid called B 460a
Bunburyist secret B 460a
Buncombe Parliament speaking to B 81a
Bundle of prejudices 238b
Bungay Friar Bacon and Friar B 176a
Bunk history is b 155b
Buns hot cross-b 535b
Bunyan Philistine of literature, B 10b
Buonaparte the bastard 424a
Buoy cock a b too small for sight 343b
Bur o' the world 441a
Burbled as it came! 83b
Burchell wd cry out *'Fudge'* 171a
Burden (see also burthen) b and heat of the day 507b
b and the heat of the long day 7a
b of the desert of the sea 502a
b of the incommunicable 120a
b of them is intolerable 480b
my b is light 506b
on his back the b of the world 258b
public b of the nation's care 306a
sprites, the b bear 367a
take up the White Man's b 236b
they have cast their b 234b
with superfluous b loads 278b
Burdens couching between two b 493b
heavy b at his narrow gate 381b
undo the heavy b 503a
Burdocks, hemlock, nettles 343b
Burghers now might the b know 253a
rich b of the flood 352b
Burglar many a b I've restored 167a
when the enterprising b 166b
Burglary flat b as ever was committed 359a
Burgling burglar's not a-b. 166b
Burgonet of men 323a
Burial and b sure 228a
buried in Christian b 336a
in one red b blent! 68b
to a sad b feast 366a
Burial-ground God's Acre 247b
Buried as b once, Men want dug up 152b
b him before the prime 529b
b in so sweet a place 391b
b in the king's highway 375b
b once, why not upon my head? 375b
lie a-b in one grave 526b
not b me deep enough 434b
there will I be b 495a
they b him costlier funeral 426b
'tis b deep in the next valley 220a
we b him darkly 462a
Buries madmen in the heaps 301b
Burke B is not affected by distress 292a
B said there were 'Three Estates' 81a
B, who winds into a subject 171b
I say ditto to Mr B 305b
only specimen of B 183a
Burleigh B comes forward 400a
B-house by Stamford 432b
the Lord of B 432b
Burma girl a-settin' 232a
Burn abune the b, ayont the law 415a
another Troy for her to b 474b
better to marry than to b 514a
b for ever in burning hell 423a
b to the socket 464a
b upward each to bliss 54a
chance to b yr lips 368b
flag shall yet terrific b 78a
stars that round her b 2a
sun shall not b thee 489b
trotting b 's meander 62b
we b daylight 141*a*, 355*b*, 364*b*
Burned bush b with fire 493b
half his Troy was b 379b
heart hath ne'er within him b 317a
John now to be b alive 47a
Burnet freckled cowslip, b 383b
Burneth the chariots in the fire 484b
Burning a b fiery furnace 504a
Babe all b bright 407b
b and a shining light 510b
b for b 494a
b questions 128b
b Sappho loved 76b
b with high hope 68b
firebrand plucked from the b 504a
on the b deck 184b
smell of b fills the startled air 26b
tiger! tiger! b bright 31b
Burnings restless throbbings and b 171b
Burnish take on Eden-trees 442b
Burns b but more clearly 475a
B, Shelley were with us 48a
not she wh b in t 373a
oil unprofitably b 108a
Burn-side waly, yon b 530a
Burnt Christians have b each other 70a
Burnt-offerings b and sacrifice 484a
delightest not in b 485a
Burr I am a kind of b 352a
Burrow b awhile and build 44b
London so near his b 265b
Burrs conversation's b 193b
roses stick like b 52b
Burs keckses, b 383b
Burst b of thunder sound 184b
his flawed heart b smilingly 344a
the first that ever b 98b
words, words, or I shall b 150a
Bursts thick the b come crowding 7a
Burthen (see also burden) b of an honour 432b
b of the mystery 472a
b was thy birth to me 385a
this the b of his song 28a
too laden ever to b thine 399b
vapours weep their b 438a
Burton why was B built 199b
Bury b it with me 133a
b me, b me deeper 434b
b the Great Duke 435a
ham and sherry meet to b 39b
I b some of you 133a
I come to b Cæsar 339b
let the dead b their dead 506a
sort of woman to b for nothing 124a
Bus descending from a b 85b
not a b but a tram 527a
she tumbled off a b 172a
Buses no b runnin' 232a
Bush b burned with fire 493b
b supposed a bear 357b
but flame? the b is bare 50b
every common b afire with God 43a
fear each b an officer 384b
four times as big as the b! 243b
'oppin in an' out among the b 229a
thorough b thorough briar 356b
underneath the barren b 430b
who aims but at a b 401b
young bird in this b 243b
Bushes discovereth the thick b 483b
Busier seemed b than he was 88b
Business about my father's b 509a
a b of delight 395b
annuity is a very serious b 11b
be quiet, and to do yr own b 516b
big b give a square deal 310b
breakfast first, b next 440a
b first, pleasure afterwards 440a
b of everybody b of nobody 254a
b of the day in the day 455a
b that we love 324a
b to-day persuading crowds 244a
b was his aversion 143b
b will never hold water 95b
called away by particular b 460b
derned sight better b 183a
do other men true b precept 124a
end of this day's b 341b
everybody's b is nobody's b 450b
go to yr b, I say, pleasure 473b
Hott's b 47a
if everybody minded their own b 82b
importunity of b 240a
in civil b, what first? 14b
man to double b bound 334b
men's b and bosoms 14a
men, some to b some to pleasure 302a
more b after dinner 418a
no feeling of his b 336a
no praying, it spoils b 291b
not slothful in b 513b
public b is undone 66a
requisite in b than dispatch 1a
servants of b 14b
than for settled b 160a
their b in great waters 488b
the Treasury is the spring of b 17a
yr own foolish b 91a
Busiris and his Memphian chivalry 271b
Busk b ye, b ye 178b
wherefore shd I b my head 530a
Buskin hear thy b tread 216a
Buss Miss B 525a
Bust B outlasts the throne 130b
give a b of marriages 70b
raise the tardy b 213b
storied urn or animated b 174a
Buster another awful b 294b
Bustle glance, and nod, and b by 8b
Busts picture plac'd b between 35*a*, 91*b*
Busy b old fool, unruly Sun 134a
I wd be b too 453a
Lord! thou knowest how b 11a
no-wher so b a man 88b
silly thoughts so b keep 270b
the b trifler 108a
Busybodies tattlers also and b 516b
Butcher my b's bill is due 163a
to know a b paints 52a
Butchered to make a Roman holiday 69a
Butchers b and cokes 242b
even b weep! 159b
gentle with these b 339b
sacrificers, but not b 338b
who fills the b' shops 403b
Butler Mr B in praise of Ireland 296a

Butt my journey's end, here is my b 364a
peace, and the b 141b
Butter but of b to my bread 266b
b and eggs and a pound of cheese 75a
b and honey shall he eat 501b
b in a lordly dish 494b
b 's spread too thick! 84b
b that makes the temptation 205a
b will only make us fat 575b
chocolate, b , and toast 4b
fetch you yr bread and yr b 227b
it was the *best* b 83a
kiss a dish of b 377b
smell of bread and b 67b
while ladling b from tubs 528 i
Buttercup dear little B 161b
Buttercups little children's dower 47b
Buttered dig for b rolls 85b
full always on the b side 294b
Butterflies b and the cockyolybirds 226b
deny what it concedes to b ! 121a
I look for b 85b
laugh at gilded b 344a
white b in the air 37b
Butterfly b upon a wheel 303a
b upon the road 233a
I d be a b 22a
kill not the moth nor b 29b
Buttery a little b 190b
Buttocks of the ape 202b
Button b in the hat! 194a
gie a b for her! 63b
he twirled a b 127b
little round b on top 155b
pray you, undo this b 344a
Buttoned all b down before 175b
b it with stars 193b
Button-hole take you a b lower 345b
Buttons I had a soul above b 103b
taken of is b off 228b
Buttress not cough of vantage 347a
Buxton valley between B and Bakewell 314a
Buy b my English posies! 229a
b then! bid then! 198a
b wine and milk without money 503a
cherries grow, that none can b 4a
cherries grow, wh none may b 78b
come ye, b and eat 503a
dreams to sell, what wd you b ? 24a
fair ones, come and b 188b
I'd have you b and sell so 373b
I will b with you 353a
new worlds to b 260b
no man might b or sell 519a
nor peer nor prince can b 78b
what the vintners b 154a
Buyer it is naught, saith the b 498b
Buying of pig in a poke 446a
Buzfuz Sergeant B 126b
Buzz the stings, the crowd and b 107a
they said, 'does it b ?' 243a
Buzzards the B are all gentlemen 38a
Buzzing what is he b in my ears? 46a
By and then lay b 385b
By-and-by b is easily said 334b
in the coming b ! 165b
sweet b 315b
Bye, baby bunting 534a
Bymatter as it it had been a b 15b
Byng Kentish Sir B 45b
Byron B 's force 6b
close thy B 81b
Collingwood B , Blake 287b
from the poetry of Lord B 255a
what helps it now, that B bore 6a
when B 's eyes shut in death 6b
Bytch flye offendeth him or b 90a
By-way and the b nigh me 414a
his own B to heaven 118b
Byword proverb and a b 496a
Byzantium B 's conquering foe 60a
Soldan of B is smiling 92b

C

C C cut it 532a
C Major of this life 44b
Ca ira 157a
Cabal in high c have made us 452a
Cabbage twice cooked 549a
Cabbage-leaf, to make an apple-pie 155b
Cabbages of c and kings 84b
Cabin small c build there 475a
willow c at yr gate 370a
Cabin-boy so the C did swim 531a
Cabined c , cribbed, confined 349a
from her c loop-hole peep 266b
her c ample Spirit 7b
Cabinet c of pleasure 187b
consequence of c government 17a
Cabots talk only to God 34a
Cackle hungry rooster don't c 182a
Cackling home to Camelot 342a
Cad cocoa is a c 93b
Cadence c of a rugged line 141a
golden c of poesy 311b
to the ancient lyrical c 96a
Cadiz reeking into C Bay 47b
Cadmus I was with Hercules and C 357a
snakes C and Harmonia 58
the letters C gave 71a
Cadwallader and all his goats 383b
Caesar all is C 's, and what odds 115a
Ay, C , but not gone 318a
beggar's nurse and C 's 325a
broad-fronted C 323a
Brutus was C 's angel 340a
C and his fortune 574a
C bleed in sport 339b
C first in a village than second at Rome 13b
C had his Brutus 185b
C hath wept 340a
C is more dangerous than he 339a
C, is turn d to hear 337b
C , now be still 341b
C shall go forth 339a
C 's image is effaced 116b
C s spirit, ranging for revenge 339b
C 's thrasonical brag 327b
C 's wife above suspicion 574a
C s wife, all things to all men 524b
C was ambitious 339b
C with a senate at his heels 301b
call great C ass unpolicied 325a
cold upon dead C 's trencher 324a
doth this our C feed 337b
enemies of C shall say this 339b
enter C in his night-gown 338b
first time ever C put it on 340a
for always I am C 338a
glow on C s brow 338a
great C fell 340a
grievously hath C answer'd it 339b
had C or Cromwell exchanged 176b
here was a C ! 340b
I appeal unto C 512b
I come to bury C 339b
if C had stabbed their mothers 338a
imperious C dead 336b
in every wound of C 340b
kiss dead C s wounds 340a
Mark Antony's was by C 348b
not C 's valour hath o'erthrown 324b
not that I loved C less 339b
of C 's hand, and Plato's brain 146a
O Julius C ! thou art mighty yet 341b
O mighty C ! dost thou lie so low? 339b
paltry to be C 325a
poison came from C 's crown 29b
regions C never knew 107b
render therefore unto C 507b
scarce-bearded C 322a
soldier fit to stand by C 361a
so let it be with C 339b
so long as C 's self is God's 115a
some buried C bled 153a
start a spirit as soon as 'C æsar' 337b
that C might be great! 77a
their sweets on blossoming C 324a
unto C shalt thou go 513a
we will hear C 's will 340a
word of C might have stood 340a
yr boy, yr C 139a
yr C 's father oft 324a
Caesar Augustus decree from C 508b
Caesars many C ere such another Julius 328b
Cage born within the c 430a
keeps a lady in a c 93b
Cage (*cont*)
nor iron bars a c 249b
Redbreast in a c 29a
she hung in a c 313a
Cages making nests, not in making c 419a
Cain C and his brother, Abel 100b
'people of Bath,' continued C 180b
the first city C 107a
Caitiff if the rude c smite the other 193b
Cake gave them plum-c 532b
geological home-made c 123b
he that will take a c 368b
let them eat c 563b
the sacramental c 219a
Cakes c and apples in chapels 19b
hear, I and o' C 62a
no more c and ale 370b
Calais find 'C ' lying in my heart 261b
fortune's malice lost her C 46a
Jones! as from C southward 463a
to show light at C 207b
Calamity art wedded to c 366a
c of so long life 333a
more than a puddle c 407b
serving either c or tyranny 520a
Calcine its clods 45b
Calculate c the stars 275b
when you are calculating, c 209a
Calculated were I c for the former 222b
Calculation shining out of the other 123b
Calculators sophisters, and c 57a
Caledonia guid to support C 's cause 61a
mourn, hapless C 405b
O C ! stern and wild 317b
Calendar c ught glad to find 108b
good friend the c 108b
Calf bring hither the fatted c 509b
c and the young lion 501b
golden-c of Self-love 80a
when he killed a c 11a
Calf-skin hang a c on those limbs 374a
Caliban 'Ban 'Ban Ca C 367b
Caliph Omar Ben Abdalaziz 23b
Call breezy c of incense 174a
c for the robin redbreast 454b
c him on the deep sea 287b
c him when ye sail 287b
c home the heart you gave me 137a
c me early mother dear 434b
c me Sappho call me Chloris 101b
c themselves Christians 479a
c these delicate creatures ours 362a
c up him that left half told 268b
c yet once 6a
c ye upon him while he is near 503a
c you that backing 377b
children, c no more 6a
Death must c too soon 167a
help thy children when they c 227b
I do not c it 342b
know not what to c you 145b
leave to c me anything 418b
men hit c my thy dayesye 90a
none dare c it treason 181b
obey th'important c 112b
Oh! c my brother back to me! 184b
one clear c for me 426a
only c me thine 101b
pleased to c yr mind 28a
prompt at every c 168b
Red Gods c us out 228b
to hear again the c 414b
to see what he wd c them 402a
voted at my party c 166a
whatever they c him 433b
wild c and a clear c 262a
will they come when you do c 378a
Callay Callooh! C ! 84a
Called c him Sunny Jim 179a
come when you re c 143b
he c for his pipe 532a
I c, not, he down again 495a
science falsely so c 516b
since first he c her his 77a
tho I c another Abra came 306a
vocation wherewith ye are c, 515b
you c me dog 353a
Caller herrin' 285b
Calling c as he used to call 290a
c out of doors 435b

Callıng (*cont*)
c thro' the dark 435*b*
followed their mercenary c 200*a*
high is our c, friend! 465*b*
inclined unto me, and heard my c 484*a*
Maud, they were crying and c 433*b*
one c 'Child' 188*a*
Callooh! Callay! 84*a*
Calls c his dead to him 229*a*
it is my soul that c 365*b*
Calm a c and heavenly frame 109*b*
all c, as it was bright 448*b*
all is c again 160*a*
be c in arguing 186*b*
c and still 444*b*
c in waters, seen 395*a*
c is in that balm 290*a*
c me more! nor let me die! 6*b*
c of mind, all passion spent 278*a*
c on the bosom of thy God 184*b*
c 's not life's crown 9*a*
for a c unfit 138*a*
never felt a c so deep 472*b*
no joy but c 433*a*
nor peace within nor c around 399*a*
peace I seek, and public c 6*b*
she was more than usual c 155*a*
so, c are we when passions 449*a*
tumult dwindled to a c 74*b*
virtue in authority c 14*b*
Wordsworth's sweet c 7*a*
Calmly move c in their place 14*b*
Calmness c is great advantage 186*b*
for c to remember 2*b*
keeps the law in c made 465*b*
Calumnies answered with silence 216*a*
Calumny envy and c and hate 392*b*
thou shalt not escape c 333*b*
Calvin land of C, oat-cakes 404*a*
Calvinist disease in the liver C 148*a*
Calvus if the dumb grave, my C 539*b*
Calypso for his native shore 394*a*
Cam C, to patient science dear! 463*a*
may you, my C preach it long 299*a*
Cambridge books to C gave 445*b*
C people rarely smile 39*b*
fields of C, our dear C 107*a*
to C books, as discerning 445*b*
to C books he sent 42*b*
when thou taught st C 278*b*
Cambuscan bold 268*b*
Came all things going as they c 313*a*
c they to the blissful seats 453*b*
he c all so still 524*b*
I c, I saw, I overcame 548*a*
never c a wink too soon 195*a*
tell them I c 119*b*
whence you c, nor why 154*b*
when he c to himself 509*b*
who cut and c again 114*a*
Cameelious Hump 230*b*
Camel C humphed himself 237*a*
C 's hump is an ugly hump 230*b*
c through the eye of a needle 507*b*
cloud in shape of a c 334*b*
Commissariat c 233*a*
raiment of c s hair 504*b*
swallow a c 507*b*
Cameleopard matched with this c 395*b*
Camelot all the knights at C 432*a*
cackling home to C 342*a*
did she look to C 432*a*
she looked down to C 431*b*
turned to towered C 432*a*
Came-over-with-the-Conqueror 452*a*
Camerado C, this is no book 458*b*
great C, the lover true 458*a*
Cameron come hither, Evan C! 12*b*
Camilla bosom of her family resided C 58*b*
swift C scours the plain 300*a*
Camp barrow and the c abide 235*a*
court, the c, the grove 317*a*
from c to c thro' the night 382*b*
if the general c 362*a*
love rules the c 71*b*
pibble-pabble in Pompey's c 382*b*
Campaspe Cupid and my C 251*a*
did my C win 251*b*
Campbell do not Maister or C me 320*a*
Campbells are comin' 526*b*
Campden Hill largest lamp on C 92*b*
stars on C 92*b*
Camps Courts and c learn the world 90*b*
in c a leader sage 318*a*
Can c something, hope 197*a*
come fill up my c 316*a*, 320*a*
cry *I c no more* 197*a*
do all the good you c 456*a*
fill the c, and fill the cup 439*a*
if we c we must 200*a*
in all the ways you c 456*a*
pass me the c, lad 200*a*
the c must be so sweet 197*b*
they shd keep who c 470*b*
youth replies, *I c* 147*a*
Canaan to the Jews old C stood 453*b*
Canaanites, and the Hittites 493*b*
Canacee highte C 89*b*
Canadian cold on C hills 242*a*
Canary mine host's C wine 219*a*
pure cup of rich C wine 215*a*
Cancel c all our vows 137*b*
c and tear to pieces that bond 349*a*
to c half a Line 153*b*
Cancers because women have c 222*b*
Candid be c where we can 300*b*
one dissertates, he is c 48*b*
Candidate c of heav'n 140*b*
good c cannot be bad colour 23*b*
Candle a farthing c at Dover 207*b*
c -flame beside surplices 243*a*
c of understanding 520*a*
c singed the moth 353*b*
c throws his beams 355*b*
friends called him 'c -ends' 86*a*
Handel fit to hold a c 67*a*
here comes a c to light you 533*b*
hold a c to my shames 353*b*
hold their farthing c 477*a*
light a c to the sun 401*a*
out, out brief c! 350*b*
set a c in the sun 64*b*
some c clear burns 197*b*
tace Latin for a c 151*a*
this day light such a c 242*b*
thou also shalt light my c 482*b*
two old chairs, and half a c 243*b*
we did not see the c 355*b*
Candle-holder a c, and look on 364*b*
Candle-light c and dreamlight 445*b*
can I get there by c? 534*a*
colours seen by c 43*b*
dress by yellow c 413*b*
fire and fleet and c 529*a*
Candlemass until after Easter 257*b*
Candles Author's own c 440*a*
blessed c of the night 355*b*
night s c are burnt out 366*a*
the c burn their sockets 200*a*
their c are all out 347*b*
Candlestick-maker acquaints his soul 52*a*
Candlesticks saw seven golden c 518*a*
Candour with the charity of Paul 94*b*
Candy deal of courtesy 377*a*
Cane as a gentleman switches his c 100*b*
conduct of a clouded c 302*b*
pith of an Indian c 2*a*
Canker as killing as the c 269*b*
c lives in sweetest bud 387*b*
joy without c or cark 242*a*
Cankers c of a calm world 378*b*
some to kill c 356*b*
Cannibals that each other eat 360*a*
Cannikin let me the c clink 361*a*
why clink the c? 46*b*
Canning like Mr C 's wit 183*b*
Cannon burst the c 's roar 194*a*
c to left of them 426*a*
England a pulse like a c 147*b*
even in the c 's mouth 326*b*
if we cd carry c 337*a*
it is the c 's opening roar 68*b*
thundered the c of France 96*a*
Cannon-ball took off his legs 194*b*
Cannons thundering c roar 171*a*
Canny a c hour at e'en 60*b*
Canoe coffin clapt in a c 67*b*
paddle his own c 260*a*
Canon 'gainst self-slaughter 330*a*
Canonized many c on earth 41*b*
Canopies of costly state 380*a*
Canopy from heat did c the herd 387*a*
rich embroidered c 384*b*
this glorious c of light 456*b*
under the c—I' the city of kites 328*a*
Canossa we will not go to C 567*b*
Cans of poisoned meat 93*b*
Canst thou do likewise 123*b*
Can t! Don't! Shan't -33*a*
Cant apple pressed with specious c 194*b*
c about decorum 61*b*
c of criticism is tormenting 411*b*
c of '*Not men but measures*' 56*b*
clear yr *mind* of c 211*a*
don't c in defence of savages 211*a*
we have nothing but c, c, c 295*a*
Canteen drills and no c 230*a*
Canterbury one illusion Archbishop of C 404*b*
Cantering steadily c through 236*a*
Canticle the sweetest c is *Nunc Dimittis* 14*a*
Canticles sings his c and hymn 202*b*
Cantie (canty) c wi' mair 59*b*
mony a c day, John 61*a*
Cantle a monstrous c out 378*a*
Cantons write loyal c 370*a*
Cants of all the c wh are canted 411*b*
Canvas a breeze compelled thy c 430*a*
c drooping, side by side 96*b*
splash at a ten-league c 236*b*
Canvasses good in c and factions 15*a*
Cany waggons 273*b*
Caoilte tossing his burning hair 475*a*
Cap a c by night 168*a*
big blue c that always fits 92*b*
put on my considering c 23*a*
riband in the c of youth 336*a*
stuck a feather in his c 18*b*
Thomas he pu'd aff his c 528*a*
Capability c and god-like reason 335*b*
Negative C 222*a*
Capable a c and wide revenge 362*b*
Capacity genius c of taking trouble 80*b*
notwithstanding thy c 369*b*
Cap-a-pe armed c 330*a*
Caparisons no c miss 400*b*
Cape doubled C Turk 264*b*
round the C of a sudden 49*b*
Cape of Good Hope to double the C 16*b*
Cape St Vincent nobly, nobly C 47*b*
Capella star called C was yellow 180*a*
Caper on the straight rope 417*b*
Capers he c nimbly in 384*b*
lovers run into strange c 326*a*
Capital Belgium's c had gathered 68*a*
C where kingly Death keeps court 392*a*
Corinthian c of society 57*b*
Capitalism at drawing-room meetings 315*b*
Capitol against the C I met a lion 338*a*
amidst the ruins of the C 161*b*
Capitulate I will not c 211*b*
Capon cold c 's leg 376*b*
with good c lin'd 326*b*
Cappadocia in Judea, and in C 512*a*
Caprices public opinion wh has c 58*a*
Caps roses crest the c 442*b*
they threw their c 328*a*
Captain a cook and a c bold 163*a*
a train-band c eke was he 108*a*
C is a good travelling name 150*a*
c jewels in the carcanet 387*b*
c of my soul 185*a*
C of the Gate 253*a*
c of the Hampshire grenadiers 161*b*
C of the *Pinafore* 165*b*, 166*a*
c of this ruined band 382*b*
C or Colonel, or Knight in arms 278*b*
C 's hand on his shoulder 287*b*
C! take me in 531*a*
crew of the c 's gig 163*a*
each c, petty officer, and man 179*b*
foremost c of his time 435*a*
in the c 's but a choleric word 351*b*
O C! my C 457*b*
our great c 's c 360*b*
right good c too 165*b*
the c is in his bunk 390*a*
the cruel C cried 531*a*
there 's nobody like the C 440*a*

Captain (*cont*)
took a c 's biscuit 123*b*
walk the deck my C lies 457*b*
Captains c and rulers clothed 504*a*
C and the Kings depart 233*b*
c by the hundred 163*a*
c of industry 81*b*
hundred c in England 531*a*
thunder of the c 497*b*
when c courageous 531*b*
Captain Wattle 120*b*
Captivate they c , inform the mind 109*a*
Captive c void of noble rage 430*a*
from the foes they c make 87*a*
they that led us away c 490*a*
weak minds led c 277*a*
when I am thy c talk of chains 274*b*
whether guest or c I 452*b*
Captives all prisoners and c 479*a*
proclaim liberty to the c 503*a*
serve yr c ' need 236*b*
Captivity c thence captive 408*a*
given to c me and my hopes 363*a*
led c captive 486*b*
no leading into c 490*b*
power to cancel his c 338*a*
turned away the c of Jacob 487*a*
turn our c , O Lord 489*b*
Car as the void c , hurled abroad 312*b*
c rattling o'er the stony street 68*b*
fixt her polisht c 270*b*
gilded c of day 266*b*
Caravan C starts for the Dawn 153*b*
join the innumerable c 53*a*
phantom C has reached the Nothing 153*b*
put up yr c 192*b*
where my c has rested 439*b*
Caravanserai this battered C 152*b*
Carcanet jewels in the c 387*b*
Carcase not hew him as a c 338*b*
wheresoever the c is 507*b*
Carcases c of many a tall ship 354*a*
c of unburied men 328*a*
Cardboard being made entirely of c 83*b*
Cardinal C Archbishop of Rheims 19*a*
force and fraud c virtues 191*b*
Jackdaw sat on the C 's chair 19*a*
my dear Lord C 393*a*
Cards an old age of c 302*a*
c are the devil's books 418*b*
played at c for kisses 251*a*
some that can pack the c 15*a*
some were playing c 531*a*
Care a deep and reverential c 465*b*
age is full of c 389*b*
and I c not very greatly 528*b*
begone dull c 522*b*
beyond His love and c 458*b*
black C mounts on the pillion 545*b*
builders wrought with greatest c 246*b*
burden of the nation's c 306*a*
can a woman's tender c 110*a*
c , at the horseman's back 75*b*
c draws on c 137*a*
c is heavy, therefore sleep 119*a*
c is lest men see too much 51*a*
careless she is with artful c 103*b*
c ll kill a cat 215*b*
c o' the main chance 65*b*
c sat on his faded cheek 272*a*
c 's check and curb 447*b*
c was but to be fair 452*a*
closed our anxious c of thee 295*a*
death came with friendly c 100*b*
deliberation sat and public c 272*b*
disapproves that c 278*b*
ev'ry c resign 169*a*
forgetting of my c return 117*a*
hast thou no c of me? 324*b*
hours will take c of themselves 90*b*
I c for nobody 28*a*
irks c the crop-full bird? 50*b*
I shan't c or ho 179*b*
killing c and grief 385*b*
little c we 440*b*
load of splendid c 283*a*
Lord, with what c 187*a*
mettle enough in thee to kill c 359*a*
neither cauld nor c 285*b*
Care (*cont*)
nor c beyond to-day 174*b*
nor for itself hath any c 32*a*
nought but c on every han' 60*b*
now with me past c 375*a*
our loved ones 'neath thy C 411*a*
past my help, is past my c 23*a*
polished perturbation! golden c ! 381*a*
sae weary fu' o' c 63*b*
so wan with c 376*a*
take c of the minutes 90*b*
take c of the sense 83*a*
the c of this world 506*b*
the ravelled sleave of c 348*a*
then all the c is over 170*b*
then the c is over 4?5*b*
they sought it with c 86*a*
tiresome, verse-reciter, C 394*b*
tonight so full of c 35*b*
to take c of ourselves 209*a*
'twas nipt with c 265*b*
wales with judicious c 59*b*
what c I how fair she be 462*a*
what is this life, if full of c 118*a*
what tho' c killed a cat 359*a*
with incessant c 269*b*
with so much c I write 36*a*
with too intense a c 131*b*
women and c and trouble 451*b*
work, the public c 91*b*
wrinkled C derides 268*b*
you are c , and c must keep you 119*a*
your sex's earliest, latest c 251*b*
Cared c greatly to serve 287*b*
Gallio c for none 512*b*
nor wished nor c 305*b*
Career boy's ideal of a manly c 130*a*
bright and brief c 317*b*
c open to talents 564*a*
nothing wh might damage his c 21*b*
suspend your mad c 111*a*
the East is a c 130*a*
Careful a man cannot be too c 460*b*
is not c what they mean 368*a*
more c of the breed 295*b*
not c to answer thee 504*a*
so c of the type 430*b*
Carefully very c and slow 437*b*
Carefulness bread of c 489*b*
Careless c of the single life 430*b*
c she is with artful care 103*b*
c their merits to scan 168*b*
first fine c rapture 47*a*
Carelessness lose both looks like c 460*a*
Cares c can make the sweetest love 176*b*
c that infest the day 247*a*
ever against eating c 269*a*
heavier weight of c 1*b*
home-bred c 56*b*
humble c , and delicate fears 471*a*
if no one c for me 28*a*
in thy fats our c be drown'd 323*b*
kings have c that wait 176*b*
man is deprest with c 159*b*
none c whether it prevail 294*a*
of all the torments, all the c 450*a*
remote from worldly c 167*b*
small c of daughter 283*a*
swain, whose constant c 194*b*
thou, who when c attack 75*b*
unvexed with anxious c 140*a*
with crosses and with c 409*a*
worn with life's c 114*a*
Caress linger to c him 451*b*
Carest if thou c not whom I love 133*a*
Cargo c of ivory 261*b*
c of Tyne coal 261*b*
Cargo-boats Oh, the little c 231*b*
Caricature of a face 165*a*
Carl spak oo thing 89*b*
Carl-hemp stalk o' c in man! 59*a*
Carline s wife's three sons came 529*a*
Carlisle burghers of C 252*b*
go to C 's, and to Almanac's 4*b*
Carmichael Marie C , and me 530*a*
Carnage all its deeds of c 457*b*
c is God's daughter 71*b*
C is Thy daughter 468*a*
his c and his conquests cease 67*b*
stern strife and c drear 318*b*
Carnal their c interests 66*a*
Carnally minded is death 513*b*
Carnation never cd abide c 382*a*
Carnations morn of bright c 138*a*
our c and streaked gillyvors 373*a*
soon will the musk c break 8*b*
Carol fluting a wild c 429*b*
heard a c , mournful 432*a*
quaintest, richest c 263*b*
this c they began 327*b*
Caroline [Queen C] in tights 24*b*
Carolings cause for c 179*a*
Carolled still they are c and said 414*b*
Carpenter is not this the c 's son? 507*a*
I understood Christ was a c 29*a*
the Walrus and the C 84*a*
you may scold a c 207*a*
Carpet cliff-top has a c 35*b*
knight on c consideration 372*a*
the figure in the c 204*b*
Turkey c bears to a picture 254*b*
Carpet-dusting not imperative 43*a*
Carpet-knight showed him no c 318*a*
Carpet-knights ye curious c 162*b*
Carr Comyns C 93*a*
Carriage can't afford a c. 116*b*
small second class c 164*a*
women of good c 365*a*
Carriages I've seen yr c blocking 232*b*
Carried c about with every wind 515*b*
c away with every blast 479*b*
c them out of the world 42*a*
on wings they are c 414*b*
Carrion c comfort 197*a*
is this their c crucified 421*a*
Carrots build a gorgeous stair 202*b*
Carrow Sparrow late slain at C 402*b*
Carry c all he knew 168*b*
c everything before me 129*a*
c thee whither thou wdest not 511*b*
c them in his bosom 502*b*
delay to England to c 137*a*
to c off the latter 295*a*
we can c nothing out 516*b*
we must c it with us 148*a*
Cart creak of a lumbering c 475*b*
now traversed the c 306*a*
Carter old friend, Mrs C 206*a*
Carters keep a farm, and c 332*a*
Carthage C must be destroyed 538*a*
to come again to C 355*a*
Carthaginian faith 553*a*
Carve c beforn his vader 88*a*
c him as a dish 338*b*
c on every tree the fair 327*a*
c out dials 384*a*
he may not c for himself 330*b*
Carved c. with figures strange 100*a*
they c at the meal 316*b*
wept over her c in stone 433*b*
Carver made out of the c 's brain 100*a*
was the c happy 314*b*
Caryatides unfrowning c. 415*a*
Casca the envious C 340*a*
Cascade with cold c 164*a*
Case a corpse in the c 19*a*
heart in a c o' gowd 530*a*
his c , his c 292*a*
I'm in a sorry c 163*a*
in such an evil c 253*b*
its semblance in another c. 107*b*
lady in the c 71*a*, 163*a*
nothing to do with the c 165*a*
Casement a c high and triple arch'd 221*b*
at the c seen her stand 431*b*
c ope at night 220*b*
the c slowly grows 436*a*
Casements charm'd magic c 220*a*
Cases circumstances alter c 123*b*
know my methods in such c 135*b*
simple c wh are so difficult 135*a*
Cash c that goes therewith! 91*b*
take the C , and let the Credit go 152*b*
take the c in hand 152*b*
takes yr c , but where's the book 94*b*
Cashiered when he s old, c 359*b*
Cashiering most Kings and Senates 81*b*
Cashmere tales of wild C 461*b*
Cash-payment not the sole nexus 81*a*
Casius Mount C old 272*b*
Cask oldest c is opened 253*b*
Casket of my soul 221*a*

Casques this wooden O the very c 381a
Cassander good C 402b
Cassia heap c , sandal-buds 49b
Cassio as great a fly as C 361a
C , I love thee 361b
not C killed! 363b
Cassius answered Caius C so 341a
as that spare C 338a
C from bondage will deliver C 338a
C has a lean and hungry look 338a
dar'st thou C , now leap in 337b
for ever, farewell, C ! 341a
let me tell you, C 340b
Cassock was swarming with vermin 20a
Cassocked a c huntsman 110b
Cast and suddenly c down 485a
c away the works of darkness 479a
c me not away from thy presence 485a
c the water of my land 350b
c wide the folding doorways 441b
I will in no wise c out 510b
more he c away, the more he had 54b
pale c of thought 333a
to c thee up again 331a
when I c mine eyes and see 190b
Castaway I myself shd be a c 514a
Caste of Vere de Vere 431b
Castilian as might an old C 74b
Casting down their golden crowns 184a
Castle a man's house is his c 97b
ancient c not in decay 15a
bores thro' his c wall 375b
c called Doubting-Castle 54a
c , precipice-encurled 46a
house of every one his c 97b
mistletoe hung in the c hall 22a
old lad of the c 376b
our c 's strength will laugh 350b
owre the C Downe 530b
rich man in his c 3a
splendour falls on c walls 436a
this c hath a pleasant seat 347a
Castlepatrick I come from C 92b
Castlereagh eunuch C 70a
mask like C 395b
Castles alas, all the c air 215a
make c than in Spayne 90a
my c are my King's alone 318b
no better brand than Three C 440a
Casualty force and road of c 353b
Casualty Mountains of C 299a
Casuists, like you and me 302a
Cat a c languishes loudly 185b
a c may look at a king 83a
a harmless necessary c 354b
as a c laps milk 367b
bought a crooked c 532a
c and the fiddle 534a
c had but kittened 378a
C He walked by himself 237a
c i' the adage 347a
c wd watch a mouse 418b
deafer than the blue-eyed c 428a
dog, that worried the c 534b
endow a college or a c 302a
had Tiberius been a c 7b
hanging of his c on Monday 35a
I am as vigilant as a c 378b
I don t want to swing a c 122b
I shall bell the c 4a
it might have been c 19b
I turned the c in pan again 524a
it was the c ! 166a
it wd have made a c laugh 297b
lat take a c 89b
more ways of killing a c 226b
part to tear a c in 356a
pussy c , where have you been? 534a
see how the c jumps 320b
see the c i' the dairy 144a
the pavilion c 242a
touch not the c but a glove 319a
very fine c indeed 211a
what c 's averse to fish? 173b
Catalogue dull c of common things 219a
in the c ye go for men 348b
Cataract c leaps in glory 436a
the sounding c haunted me 472a
Cataracts and hurricanes 342b
Catastrophe c of the old comedy 342a
I'll tickle yr c 380a
Catch c another Antony 325b
c , ere she change, the Cynthia 302a
c him once upon the hip 353a
first c yr hare 571a
he'll c us some more 20a
I'll c it ere it come to ground 349b
that I can c her 198a
toss i' air and c again 51a
Catched be more wise, and not be c 296a
Catching for c my 'oss, 6d 416b
passion, I see, is c 339b
Poverty 's c 25b
Catchwords man lives by c 413a
Catechism scarce had said his C 440b
so ends my c 379a
Categorical imperative 575b
Caterpillar c on the leaf 29b
'I don't see,' said the C 82b
Caterpillars of the commonwealth 375a
Cates than feed on c 378a
Cathartic virtue 148a
Cathay cycle of C 432b
Cathedral in the vast c leave him 435a
outside the c at Florence 123a
Catherine such as are on a C pear 416a
Catholic C and Apostolick Church 480a
C men that live upon wine 26b
flower of C love 424a
glorious the c amen 403a
he hold the C faith 478b
the Druse and the C 92b
Catholic Church holds that it were better 288b
Catiline concerning C conspiracy 211b
Cato Brutus and C might discharge 141b
C gives his little senate laws 298b
C 's daughter 338b
fate of C and of Rome 1a
like C , give his little senate 303a
the Voice of C 214b
what C 's daughter durst not 313b
Cats c and monkeys all human life 234b
c is 'dogs' 535a
c may have had their goose 76a
c whom I liked better 211a
do c eat bats? 82b
open spaces where c are c 259b
rain c and dogs 418b
Cattle c upon a thousand hills 485a
great c shadow of the oak 57a
Mary, go and call the c home 226b
mostly troublesome c 250a
the c are grazing 467b
Catullus C makes mouths 421b
metre of C. 427a
Caucasus frosty C 374b
Caught c my heavenly jewel 401b
how I c it 352b
if he be c young 208a
Cauldron c bubble 340b
round about the c go 340b
Cause armor of a righteous c 53a
beauty of the good old c 467b
C above renown 287b
c for carolings 179a
c is in my will 339a
c of this fair gift 388b
c , or just impediment 481a
c that lacks assistance 18b
c that perishes with them 96a
c that the former days 499a
ere her c bring fame 251a
final c of the human nose 102b
first Almighty C 300b
foretell for what high c 261a
I'll try the whole c 82b
it is the c , my soul 363b
jealous for the c 362b
little shall I grace my c 360a
love him once, not without c 340a
magnificent and awful c 111b
no c however just and pious 412b
nor help the just c 283a
our c is just 127b
perseverance in a good c 411b
report me and my c 337a
ring out a slowly dying c 431a
shrinks to her second c 299a
Thou Great First C 304a
twelve men have decided the c 306b
whose c is God 112b
Causes former c of her moan 42b
from amorous c springs 302b
Home of lost c 9a
men, and malice, to breed c 216a
there is occasions and c 383b
Cavalier brave old Scottish C 12b
each c who loves honour 316a
Cavaliere he was a perfect c 67b
Cavanagh's blows 183b
Cave c 's stalactite 179b
c where Echo lies 305b
darksome c they enter 408b
dull day in an ocean-c 428b
Idols of the C 16b
in this our pinching c 328b
misty eastern c 399a
political C of Adullam 38a
Stygian c forlorn 268b
thro' every hollow c 433a
vacant interlunar c 277b
Cavern happy field or mossy c 219a
in a c 280b
to her old c fled 209a
Caverns c measureless to man 101a
gluts twice ten thousand C 221a
Misery's darkest c 210b
sand strewn c , cool 5b
Caves dark unfathom'd c 174a
dome with c of ice 101b
from the fountain and the c 101b
ring from their marble c 137b
sigh'd from all her c 273a
Caviare to the general 332b
Cawdor C shall sleep no more 348a
Glamis thou art, and C 346b
I am Thane of C 346b
King, C , Glamis 348b
no more than to be C 346a
the Thane of C lives 346a
C B a fortnight's C 227b
Cease c , every joy, to glimmer 77b
c large example of wise thrift 249b
c , towards the child she bare 110a
c ye from man 501a
fears that I may c to be 221a
he did not c , but cooed 468a
man I am may c to be 433b
oh c ! must hate and death return 394a
that love may never c 187b
wonders will never c 142b
Ceased when she c , we sighing saw 249b
Ceasing pray without c 516b
Cecil's despatch of business 403a
Cecilia C 's lap of snows 442b
it is only C , or Camilla 11b
Cecily C , Gertrude, Magdalen 311b
Margaret, Maude, or C 294a
Cecrops dear city of C 574a
Cedar as a c tall and slender 290b
from that moonlit c 77a
Cedarn athwart a c cover 101a
Cedars even the c of Libanus 488b
excellent as the c 500b
Ceiling of amber 6a
Celandine C ! and long ago 463b
'tis the little c 463b
Celebrate I c myself 457b
Celebrated c , cultivated nobleman 103a
c for his Deportment 121a
Celerity even itself is slow 190b
Celestially mud, c fair 39b
Celia (Caelia) C has undone me 457a
charm of C altogether 457a
come, my C , let us prove 216a
know, C , since thou art so proud 79a
not, C , that I juster am 321a
Celibacy has no pleasures 213b
Cell bid, for cloistr'd c 223b
each in his narrow c 174a
hermit hoar, in solemn c 211b
he saw a solitary c 100b
in thine eternal c 337a
looked at a solitary c 406b
my c is set 441a
priest from the prophetic c 270b
self-respecting lady's c 25a
Thou hast given me a c 190b
Cellar born in a c 155b
in his c stopped him down 295a
I was born in a c 104b
Cellarage this fellow in the c 331b

Cellarer Simon the C 25b
Cells contented with their c 468a
thro' c of madness 434b
Celt hysterics of the C 431a
Cenotaph laugh at my own c 393b
Censer swinged c teeming 220a
Censorship extreme form of c 391b
Censure all c of a man's self 210a
c freely who have written well 300a
every trade save c 72a
no man can justly c another 42a
slander, c rash 329a
take each man's c 330b
ten c wrong 300a
those who durst not c 213b
Cent not a c for tribute 181b
they voted c per c 67b
Centaur moral c, man and wife 71a
Centre and tho' it in the c sit 134a
as from the c thrice 271a
c of each and every town 194a
c of my sinful earth 389b
God c is everywhere 526b
hid indeed within the c 332a
intention stabs the c 373a
my sit i' th' c 267a
my c is giving way 563a
poor c of a man's action 15b
stables are the real c 390a
Centric and eccentric 275b
Cents money in the Three per C 46b
simplicity of the three per c 129b, 320b
Centuries bowed by the weight of c 258b
forty c look down 564b
nor sequent c ed hit 147a
praises all c but this 164b
solemn midnight c ago! 131b
thro' what wild c 119a
Century Rafael made a c of sonnets 49a
Cerastes horned 276b
Cerberus C, and blackest Midnight 268b
give that C a sop 104a
you are not like C 400b
Cerebration unconscious c 204a
Cerements burst their c 331a
clinging like c 195b
Ceremonies superstitious of dreams and c 338b
Ceremony an enforced c 340b
but for c hath the forehand 383a
no c that to great ones 'longs 351b
save c, save general c 382b
thrice-gorgeous c 382b
Cerinthus that is lost 46a
Certain for c years, for c months 312b
I am c of nothing 222a
if it seem c and they never dream 471b
more c than uncertainties 21a
not c at all of what may befall 190a
nothing c in man's life 206a
of a c age' 71a
one thing at least is c 153a
Certainties hot for c 264a
if a man will begin with c 13a
most people's c 179a
Certainty c for an uncertainty 213a
such sober c 267a
wisdom, less thy c 410b
Cervantes C is never petulant 255a
C on his galley 92b
C's serious air 299b
C smiled Spain's chivalry away 71b
Cesario mark it, C, it is old 371a
now, good C 370b
Cesspool London, that great c 130a
Cesure refused other c 216b
Ceylon blow soft o er C's isle 181a
Chaldband style of oratory 121a
Chaeronea dishonest victory at C 278b
Chafe he that lets another c 186b
Chafes take no care who c 340b
Chaff like c in my mouth 223b
two bushels of c 352b
vacant c well meant 429b
Chaffinch sings on the bough 47a
Chain a watch and c of course 309b
broke at once the vital c 210b
c of countless rings 146b
c of our sins 479a
dallied with his golden c 426b
ere Slumber's c has bound me 282b
Chain (*cont*)
flesh to feel the c 39a
Homer's golden c 64b
if the c were broken 391a
remove a lengthening c 169b
servitude that hugs her c 175a
what the hammer? what the c? 32a
Chains a clanking their c 451a
adamantine c 271a
bound by gold c 429b
c and slaveriel 62b
c are worse than bayonets 205a
darkness, fire, and c 452b
their kings in c 490b
untwisting all the c 269a
when I am thy captive talk of c 274b
woman must wear c 150a
Chair asleep upon a c 474a
give Dayrolles a c 91a
has one vacant c 248a
he fills a c 210b
is the c empty? 385a
mouse under the c 534a
rack of a too easy c 209a
seated in thy silver c 214b
seats himself in Frederick's c 192b
sit in a golden c 236b
table, stool and c 31b
there will be one vacant c 451b
tilts up his c 193a
Chairs old c to mend 533a
seated on two c like mad bulls 123a
two old c, and half a candle 243b
Chaise all in a c and pair 108a
children three will fill the c 108b
Chalcedony the third, a c 520a
third c, the rest in order 43a
Chalice c of the grapes of God 429b
winged c of the soul 313a
Chalices treen c and golden priests 205b
Challenge c all the human race 309a
oft wd c me the race 261a
send a c to his end 115b
Cham of literature 405b
Chamber a c deaf to noise 401b
bridegroom out of his c 482b
capers nimbly in a lady's c 384b
c in the silent halls of death 53a
commune in yr c, and be still 481b
in my lady's c 531b
many a listening c 304b
once a day her c round 369b
peace in her c. 311b
Chamberlain Guilt was my grim C 196a
Chambermaid happy in the arms of a c 210a
Chambermaids worms are thy c 366b
Chambers c in the King's Bench 95b
c of the East 31b
c of the sun 31b
perfumed c of the great 380a
wind-besomed c 441b
Chameleon's dish I eat the air 134a
Chameleons feed on light 393b
Champagne c and apricot jam 416b
c certainly gives one ideas 417a
c teetotaller 390a
we meet, with c and a chicken 280a
Women, and C, and Bridge 26b
Champain Heaven's wide c 275a
Champak odours fail 394b
Champion in close fight a c grim 318a
strong siding c 267a
to his faithful c bore witness 278a
Chance accident nor dart of c 362b
all c, direction 301a
await no gifts from C 8a
be right, by c 107b
bludgeonings of c 185a
by c, or nature's course 387a
care o' th' main c 65b
c, and death, and mutability 397b
c brought out a noble knight 429a
c o' the prize of learning love 46a
C will bring us through 5b
despair, law, c 133a
died an hour before this c 348a
erring men call C 267b
from art, not c 300a
had the c been with us 424a
high arbiter c 273a
Chance (*cont*)
I am so sometimes by c 373b
if c will have me king 346b
main c of things 380b
morning brought a noble c 429a
necessity and c approach not 275b
nor now to prove our c 137a
not to c, as others do 452b
Occasion, C, and Change 397a
set my life on any c 348b
skirts of happy c 430b
turns of c below 139a
Chance-desires weight of c 464a
Chancel strange sounds along the c 317a
Chancellor c in embryo 400a
England's high C 216b
if the Lord C only knew 524a
marriages by the Lord C 209a
susceptible C! 163b
Chancery young wards in C 163b
Chances against ill c men are merry 380b
c change by course 407b
changes and c of this life 480b
spake of most disastrous c 360a
Change a certain relief in c 203b
a marvellous c on a sudden 67b
appetites as apt to c as theirs 139a
as a vesture shalt thou c them 488a
bitter c of fierce extremes 272b
bolts up c 325a
c and decay in all around 251b
c as the winds c 424a
c, as ye list, ye winds 161a
c came o'er the spirit 72a
c for the worst 87a
c is constant 128b
c is inevitable 128b
c not without inconvenience 196b
c of many-coloured life 213b
fear of c perplexes monarchs 272a
I c, but I cannot die 303a
I deplore her c 105a
I perceive no c 236a
I wd c each hour like them 321a
lamentable c is from the best 343b
life may c 394a
love cd never c 37b
love will c in growing old 37b
miserable c now at my end 324b
more things c more the same 563b
Nature's law to c 309b
neither to c, nor falter 397b
no c tho' you lie under 199a
Occasion, Chance and C 397a
O the heavy c now thou art gone 269b
purge by any desperate c 322b
religion, knavery and c 25b
ringing grooves of c 432b
thou fix thy gaze thro' all c 254a
to c what we can 412b
to know the c and feel it 221b
to show a c from what it was 247b
when c itself can give no more 321a
whirling wheel of C 409a
whose beauty is past c 197b
without the means of some c 56b
wd not c for thine 216a
Changed all c, c utterly 476b
all things are c 14a
c in outward lustre 271a
face of all the world is c 43b
how fall'n, how c from him 271a
let them be c 343a
nor e'er had c 168b
sea c, the fields c 181a
we shall all be c 515a
Changeful sad many c years 61b
Changes c and chances of life 480b
c the world to-day 22bb
follow still the c of the moon 361b
Friend Who never c 265b
God c, and man 422a
her plot hath many c 307a
if the c that we fear 212b
monthly c in her circled orb 365a
One, who never c 448a
sundry and manifold c 479b
world's a scene of c 107a
Changest O Thou, who c not 251b
Changeth He c not thou art dear 279b

Changing oft c is loss 446*b*
the ring dove's neck from c 77*b*
Channel butting thro' the C 261*b*
channel of no-meaning 288*a*
C 's as bright as a ball room 247*b*
drum them up the C 287*b*
wet with C spray 220*a*
Channels streams their c deeper wear 61*b*
Chant c of pleasant exploration 457*b*
do use to c it 371*a*
how can ye c , ye little birds 63*b*
or triumphal c 398*b*
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly 432*a*
Chantey lift a Deepsea C 231*a*
Chanticleer crow like c 326*a*
strain of strutting C 367*a*
Chaos be no longer a c 81*b*
c is come again 361*b*
c umpire sits 273*a*
God dawned on C 392*a*
Night primeval, and of C old 299*a*
reign of C and old Night 271*b*
state of c, 290*b*
thy dread empire, C ! 293*a*
Chapel Devil always builds a c there 118*b*
devil will have his c 18*b*
out of the little c I burst 45*b*
Chapels apples in all the c 19*b*
c had been churches 352*b*
Chap-fallen quite c ? 336*b*
Chaplain Blue Beard's domestic c 126*a*
twice a day the C called 459*b*
Chapman C and Hall 27*b*
Mr C 's yea 27*b*
till I heard C speak 220*b*
Chapmen sale of c 's tongues 344*b*
Chaps Biography is about c 27*b*
c out of the City 93*a*
Chapter c is completed from epoch 81*b*
c of accidents is the longest 461*a*
c on the Fall of the Rupee 460*a*
repeat a complete c 209*b*
studied his last c of St John 45*a*
Char must Thou c the wood 442*a*
Character c dead at every word 400*b*
education formation of c 408*a*
leave my c behind me 400*b*
limitations of his own c 283*b*
my c. I despare 155*a*
my wishes' cloudy c 115*b*
see thou c 330*b*
she gave me a good c 83*b*
the poetical c itself 223*a*
what is c but incident 204*b*
what is the c of a family 411*b*
Characters c of hell to trace 173*b*
c of the great Apocalypse 471*a*
high c are drawn 301*b*
most women have no c 302*a*
who have c to lose 61*b*
write the c in dust 319*a*
Chares does the meanest c 324*b*
Charge and c in earnest 131*a*
c , Chester, c ! 318*b*
c with all thy chivalry! 77*a*
c you more if you dine 126*a*
give his angels c over thee 487*b*
I c you, O daughters 500*b*
O the wild c they made! 426*a*
take thou in c this day 253*b*
the c is prepar'd 160*a*
vex'd his strength in c of me 36*a*
Charger he turned his c as he spake 319*a*
Charges a man ought warily to begin c 15*b*
children but as bills of c 14*b*
die to save c 64*a*
goeth a warfare at his own c ? 514*a*
Charing Cross heaven and C 442*a*
human existence is at C 208*b*
I sunk at C 449*b*
Chariot bang-up c 125*b*
beneath thy c wheel 197*a*
c of Israel, and the horsemen 496*b*
her c is an empty hazel-nut 364*b*
maketh the clouds his c 488*a*
my c of fire! 31*a*
on drove the c 407*a*
snatched from out his c 312*b*
Time's wingèd c 260*a*
why tarry the wheels of his c 495*a*
Charioted not c by Bacchus 220*a*
Charioteer against the wind, a c 312*b*
Charlotte to their dark wintry bed 396*a*
Chariots burneth the c in the fire 484*b*
c of God are twenty thousand 486*b*
some put their trust in c 482*b*
Charitable to men's c speeches 17*a*
Charities c of man to man 114*a*
defer not c till death 16*a*
the c that soothe, and heal 464*b*
Charity all mankind's concern is c 301*b*
C and Mercy Not unholy names 123*b*
c begins at home 42*a*
c cover the multitude of sins 517*b*
c edifieth 514*a*
c enviеth not 514*b*
c never faileth 514*b*
c suffereth long 514*b*
c vaunteth not itself 514*b*
c will hardly water the ground 14*b*
excellent gift of c 479*b*
faith, hope, c 479*b*, 514*b*
give him a little earth for c 388*a*
give lectures or a little c 458*a*
greatest of these is c 514*b*
healing voice of Christian c 56*b*
in c -meetings it stands 86*a*
it is no point of c 115*a*
organized c , scrimped and iced 291*a*
pity gave ere c began 168*b*
pool of private c 293*a*
rarity of Christian c 195*b*
remove mountains and have not c 514*b*
sentiment 'c begins at home' 400*b*
speak and have not c 514*b*
spots in yr feasts of c. 518*a*
the living need c. 5*a*
with c for all 245*b*
with the c of Paul 94*b*
Charity-boy as the c said 126*b*
Charlatan defamed by every c 431*a*
Charlemagne second was C 257*a*
when C with all his peerage 271*b*
Charles C the First, his Cromwell 185*b*
for C King of England 252*b*
gentle-hearted C 101*b*
health to King C 320*a*
in good King C ' golden days 524*a*
keep King C the first out 122*a*
King C 's head [Mr Dick] 122*a*
King C walked and talked 533*b*
seamen in the navy of C II 255*b*
Charlie (Charley) call me C now 240*a*
C came to our town 193*a*
C he 's my darling 193*a*
C is my darling 285*b*
Donal' an' C an' a' 415*a*
live or die with C 193*a*, 320*a*
o'er the water to C 193*a*
over the water to C 320*a*
Charlock throws a shade 114*a*
Charlotte C , having seen his body 440*b*
Werther had a love for C 440*b*
Charm ask why this c is wasted 147*a*
c by wh many people get loose 56*b*
c from the sky 294*b*
c he never so wisely 485*b*
c of all the Muses 439*a*
c of lovely Sue 161*a*
c that lulls to sleep 169*a*
c thee to a tear 461*b*
if you have it [c] 21*b*
music oft hath such a c 352*a*
music that wd c for ever 468*a*
no need of a remote c 472*a*
'twas that provoking c 457*a*
what c can soothe 170*a*
Charmed bear a c life 351*a*
c me from my profession 368*a*
c water burned alway 99*a*
Charmer c whose dimples we prize 400*b*
the c I approve 105*a*
t'other dear c away 160*a*
voice of the c 485*b*
Charming so c left his voice 275*b*
Charms c by accepting 302*a*
c , cheapness for one 417*a*
c or ear or sight 100*b*
do not all c fly 210*a*
endearing young c 281*b*
Freedom has a thousand c 111*a*
Charms (*cont*)
lass that has acres o' c 61*a*
lifeless c , without the heart 159*a*
music alone with sudden c 104*a*
musick has c 104*b*
solitude! where are the c 113*a*
Charon, seeing, may forget 241*a*
Charter as large a c as the wind 326*b*
c of the land 443*a*
the c of thy worth 388*b*
Chartres for C ' head reserve 301*b*
Charybdis Scylla and C Aye No 288*a*
Chase c , the sport of kings 406*a*
efface the joys of the c 171*b*
heated in the c 424*b*
in piteous c 325*b*
rest! thy c is done 316*b*
with unhurrying c 441*b*
woe worth the c 396*a*
Chasm deep romantic c 101*a*
no c , no solitude 464*b*
Chaste are Barmaids c ? 261*b*
be amorous, but be c 72*a*
be thou as c as ice 313*b*
c as the icicle 328*b*
c as unsunned snow 328*b*
c to her husband 302*a*
if I pronounce it c ! 165*b*
married, charming, c 70*a*
nor ever c , except you ravish me 133*a*
Chasten power to c and subdue 472*a*
Chasteneth the Lord loveth he c 517*a*
Chastised c with the sober eye 325*a*
having been a little c 520*a*
my father hath c you 496*a*
Chastisement of our peace upon him 503*a*
Chastity c but not yet 537*b*
clothed on with c 427*a*
cold, my girl! even like thy c 364*a*
give me c and continency 537*b*
that c of honour 87*a*
'tis C , my brother, C 267*b*
Chasuble wore, I think, a c 182*b*
Chatham C heart-sick 111*b*
C 's language 111*b*
great C with sabre drawn 523*a*
listened to Lord C 148*a*
waiting for the Earl of C 523*a*
Chatter c about Harriet 571*a*
c of transcendental kind 165*a*
hare-brained c 128*b*
Chatterings multitudinous c 264*a*
Chatterton C , the marvellous boy 470*a*
O C ! how very sad thy fate! 220*b*
Chatting on deck was Dryden 241*b*
Chaucer by C , or Spenser 215*b*
[C] is a perpetual fountain 142*a*
C was so unedicated 451*a*
Dan C , mighty Shakespeare 36*a*
Dan C , well of English 409*a*
nigh to learned C 22*a*
since C was alive and hale 241*a*
sufficient to say [of C] 142*a*
Chaunting of the unquiet leaves 476*a*
Cheap c sitting as standing 418*b*
counsel 'tis c 64*a*
flesh and blood so c 196*b*
King to have things done as c 296*a*
maketh himself c 16*b*
Cheapened paradise 293*a*
Cheaper c this than to keep a cow 67*a*
fool, but at a c rate 110*b*
Cheapness charms, c for one 417*a*
Cheat c a man is nothing 159*b*
detecting what I think a c 208*b*
life, 'tis all a c 139*b*
of being cheated, as to c 65*b*
Cheated c into some fine passages 223*a*
of being c , as to cheat 65*b*
to be exceedingly c at 149*b*
Cheater bald c , Time 215*b*
Cheating of our friends 94*b*
Cheats who c a woman! 159*b*
Check alas, I wd not c 241*a*
Oh! dreadful is the c 39*a*
Checked I c him while he spoke 241*a*
Cheek a warm wet c 241*b*
blush bepaint my c 365*a*
care sat on his jaded c 272*a*
c a little red 302*a*
c of the young person 125*b*

Cheek (*cont*)
crocus lays her c to mire 264*a*
dry hand, a yellow c 379*b*
feed on her damask c 371*a*
hangs upon the c of night 365*a*
he giveth his c to him 503*b*
he that loves a rosy c 79*a*
I love not hollow c 436*b*
I might touch that c 365*a*
it fanned my c 99*b*
kissed each other's c 166*b*
leans her c upon her hand 365*a*
my c is cold 394*b*
old ornament of his c 358*b*
on that c, and o'er that brow 74*a*
on thy c a fading rose 218*b*
pale grew every c 254*a*
pale grew thy c 74*b*
rose growing on 's c 251*b*
sallow c of hers to incarnadine 152*b*
smite thee on the right c 505*a*
soul of Sir John C 278*b*
the c that does not fade 218*a*
tinged her c with brown 316*a*
waters on my c bestowed 109*b*
withered c and tresses grey 316*b*
yellow C of her s to incarnadine 152*a*
Cheeks blood spoke in her c 131*b*
c of sorry grain 267*b*
c that be hollow'd 284*b*
crack yr c ! 342*b*
fat ruddy c Augustus had 192*b*
her c were so red 226*a*
pale my c with care 462*a*
queen, with swarthy c 426*b*
roses are her c 433*b*
to glow the delicate c 323*a*
Cheer a feeble c the Dane sent 76*b*
c ! boys, c ! 256*a*
c for a halt and a row 233*a*
c my bonny bride 77*a*
c one on the lubous way 311*a*
c up, the worst is yet to come 206*a*
c us when we recover 55*a*
come, c up, my lads 158*b*
cups, that c but not inebriate 112*a*
give 'em one c more! 234*a*
greet the unseen with a c 52*a*
of his c did seem too sad 408*b*
piped with merry c 32*b*
play and make good c 446*a*
sound of royal c 432*a*
this push will c me ever 350*b*
to c but not inebriate 28*a*
to c it after rain 110*b*
Cheered c her soul with love 432*b*
c up himself with ends of verse 65*b*
the guinea-pigs c 83*b*
Cheerful buy yrself weeds, and be c 160*a*
be looking as c as any man ed 206*a*
Cheerfully c for conscience sake 491*a*
c he seems to grin 82*b*
Cheerfulness c always breaking in 144*a*
no warmth, no c 195*a*
truth breathed by c 471*b*
Cheering to our c sent us back 76*b*
Cheerly she loves me 217*b*
Cheers three c one cheer more 166*a*
Cheese born i' the rotten c 144*a*
Botticelli 's a c ! 536*a*
c and garlic in a windmill 378*a*
dark, and smells of c ! 417*a*
eggs and a pound of c 75*a*
eggs, apples, and c 227*b*
fill hup the chinks wi' c 416*b*
his enemies, "I oasted-c ' 86*a*
I've dreamed of c 413*a*
stand a man a c 93*b*
with apple-pie and c 150*b*
Cheese-paring man made of a c 380*b*
Chemist, fiddler, statesman 138*b*
Chenevix's shop 449*a*
Cheque political blank c 172*a*
Chequer-board of Nights and Days 153*b*
Chequered this life is all c 281*b*
Cherish c those hearts that hate thee 386*a*
to love and to c 481*b*
Cherishes Art most c 49*a*
Cherishing kill thee with much c 365*b*
Cherith brook C 496*a*
Cheroot whackin' white c 232*a*
Cherries c fairly do enclose 78*b*
full of blackbirds than of c 2*b*
there c grow 4*a*
there c grow wh none may buy 78*b*
Cherry c and hoary pear 37*b*
c -blossoms, and white cups 398*a*
c now is hung with bloom 198*b*
c ripe 188*b*
like to a double c 357*a*
ruddier than the c 159*a*
there 's the land, or c isle 188*b*
to see the c hung with snow 198*b*
Cherry-ripe themselves do cry 4*a*, 78*b*
Cherry-stones heads upon c 211*a*
Cherry-tree fall from a c then 281*a*
Cherub C Contemplation 268*a*
fall'n c, to be weak 271*a*
proud limitary c 274*b*
Cherubim c does cease to sing 29*a*
fyr-reed c face 88*b*
heaven's c, horsed upon the air 347*a*
rose-lipped c 363*a*
the helmed C 270*b*
the vault above the C 230*b*
Cherubims Immortal C 445*a*
on cherubs and c 412*a*
sitteth between the c 488*a*
young-eyed c 355*a*
Cherubs and cherubims 412*a*
Cheshire Cat 83*a*
Chess Athralus first of the c 80*b*
life 's too short for c 74*b*
Chess-board the c is the world 202*b*
we called the c white 45*a*
Chest c contriv'd a double debt 168*b*
c of drawers by day 168*b*
his c against his foes 403*a*
in a ten-times-barred-up c 374*b*
on the dead man's c 413*a*
Slingsby of the manly c 12*b*
Chester charge, C, charge! 18*b*
Chesterton dared attack my C 26*b*
Chestnut c -husk at the c -root 420*b*
yr c was ever the only colour 327*a*
Chestnuts sailor's wife had c 346*a*
there the c, summer through 39*b*
Chestnut-tree the spreading c 249*a*
Chevalier the young C 193*a*, 285*b*
Cheviot C within days three 53*b*
Hunting of the C 531*a*
in C the hills so hye 53*b*
Chevisaunce Pawnce and the C 409*b*
Chewing little bits of string 26*a*
Chian freighted with C wine 8*a*
Chibiabos Brother, C ! 248*b*
Chicken champagne and a c 280*a*
I swear, she 's no c 418*b*
Chickens all my pretty c 350*a*
count e ere they're hatch'd 60*a*
hen gathereth her c 507*b*
Hiawatha's c 248*b*
Chicks feeds her c at sea 227*a*
Chid you'll never be c 143*b*
Chidden vain desire was c 285*a*
Chide I'll not c thee 342*b*
to c, to laugh, to weep 322*b*
your tardy son to c 335*a*
Chiding he will not alway be c 488*a*
icy fang and churlish c 325*b*
Chief brilliant c, irregularly great 252*a*
c of Ulva's isle 77*a*
forgive yon Highland c 77*a*
Hail to the C who advances 516*b*
Lord, it is my c complaint 110*a*
sinners, of whom I am c 516*b*
the Druid, hoary c 107*b*
th' octogenarian c 60*a*
wit 's a feather and a c a rod 301*b*
Chiefest among ten thousand 500*b*
Chief Justice was rich 254*b*
Chiefs those c of pride 254*a*
Chieftain Brunswick s fated c 68*b*
c o' the pudding race 60*b*
c to the Highlands bound 77*a*
Chiels Facts are c 60*a*
Child a c shd always say what's true 413*b*
a c that so did thrive 215*a*
a happy English c 424*b*
an aggravating c 26*a*
an it had been any christom c 381*b*
around the c bend all the three 240*b*
as a lover or a c 472*b*
a simple c 472*b*
a wife sing to her c 143*b*
behold the c 301*a*
behold the c among his blisses 466*b*
c and mother, baby bliss 176*a*
c ! do not throw this book about 25*b*
c imposes on the man 140*b*
C is afraid of being whipped 206*a*
C is father of the Man 468*a*
C may rue that is unborn 530*b*
c of a day 241*a*
c of our grandmother Eve 344*b*
C, of Light 397*b*
c said *What is the Grass* 458*a*
c 's among you taking notes 62*a*
c 's a plaything 240*b*
c shall lead them 501*b*
c so small and weak 3*b*
c stewed, roasted, baked 418*a*
C 's unheeded dream 293*a*
c that is not clean 414*a*
Christ her little C 3*b*
come away, O human c ! 476*a*
cry of a c by the roadway 475*b*
dauntless c stretched forth 175*a*
dear C ! dear Girl 467*a*
dearer was the mother for the c 101*a*
Elphant's C 237*a*
even a c is known by his doings 498*b*
every c born therein 314*b*
every c may joy to hear 32*b*
every time a c says 21*b*
father that knows his own c 353*b*
fiery face as of a c 428*a*
from a c thou hast known 516*b*
get with c a mandrake root 134*a*
gracious C, that thorn-crowned 7*a*
half-devil and half-c 236*b*
hare's own c 192*b*
healthy c well nursed 418*a*
He became a little c 32*b*
he is a naughty c, I'm sure 414*a*
here a little c I stand 190*b*
I a c, and thou a Lamb 32*b*
if you strike a c 391*a*
I have seen a curious c 464*b*
is it well with the c ? 496*b*
I spake as a c 514*b*
it was a crime in a c 255*b*
I was a c beneath her touch 312*a*
I was a c and she was a c 297*b*
I wd not *coddle* the c 207*b*
land that 's governed by a c ! 385*a*
leave a c alone 51*a*
life is but a froward c 170*b*
life is but like a froward c 425*b*
like a three years' c 98*a*
like a tired c 399*a*
lonely dreams of a c 110*a*
look upon a little c 455*b*
make me a c again 4*a*
Monday's c is fair of face 525*a*
more hideous in a c 342*a*
mother may forget the c 61*b*
mother's sake the c was dear 101*a*
my fairest c 225*b*
my good c, know this 481*a*
my husband took up the c 364*b*
my soul is even like a weaned c 490*a*
naked new-born c 214*a*
never spares the c 196*a*
nicest c I ever knew 26*a*
nor in any c of man 490*b*
not as their friend or c 6*a*
not there, my c ! 184*b*
nurse for a poetic c 317*b*
old Adam in this C 481*a*
on a cloud I saw a c 32*a*
one calling, 'C ' 188*a*
out of the deep, my c 426*b*
O! what a c ! 241*b*
painted c of dirt 303*a*
saving a little c 183*a*
say, Poor C ! 294*a*
see his active c do deeds 387*b*
set his c upon her knee 436*b*
sing to the c on thy knee 37*b*
spare the rod, and spoil the c 65*b*

Child (*cont*)
sprightly and forward c 91*a*
still the c he first knew me 240*a*
sucking c shall play 501*b*
sweet, my c, I live for thee 436*b*
the c of misery 242*a*
there is a man c conceived 497*a*
the room up of my absent c 374*a*
the solitary c 467*b*
this c I to myself will take 471*b*
three times to the c I said 403*a*
to be my c Cordelia 344*a*
to have a thankless c 342*a*
to love playthings well as a c 413*a*
train up a c 498*b*
unto us a c is born 501*b*
waters wild went o'er his c 77*a*
weaned c shall put his hand 501*b*
when I was a c, I spake 514*b*
where is my c? 68*a*
while the heaven-born c 270*a*
who gives a c a home 261*b*
who gives a c a treat 261*b*
wretched c expires 26*a*
Zoroaster, my dead c 397*a*
Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came 45*b*, 343*a*
Childhood c shows the man 277*a*
ever thus, from c 's hour 282*a*
eye of c that fears 348*a*
in my days of c 240*b*
our c 's pattern 3*b*
same that oft in c solaced me 109*a*
see in simple c 470*a*
'twas ever thus from c 's hour! 75*b*
with my c 's faith 44*a*
womanhood and c fleet 247*b*
Childish all tricks knavish or c 210*a*
put away c things 514*b*
something c, but very natural 101*b*
wise, idle, c things 441*a*
Childishness it does from c 322*b*
I will be sorry for their c 294*a*
second c 326*b*
Childless c and crownless 69*a*
proceeded from c men 14*b*
Childlike c Learning sits remote 167*b*
smile it was pensive and c 182*a*
Children all our c 's fate 229*a*
airy hopes my c 464*a*
as c with their play 109*a*
become as little c 507*a*
blessed be that taketh thy c 490*a*
buttercups, the little c 's dower 47*b*
called the c of God 505*a*
called you c 342*b*
careful of dogs than of their c 295*b*
c begin by loving their parents 466*b*
c born of thee are sword 427*b*
c but as bills 14*b*
c by adoption 479*a*
c *capable of honesty* 314*b*
c cried in the streets 285*a*
c dear, was it yesterday? 6*a*
c dear, were we long alone? 6*a*
c deceived with comfits 13*a*
c dine at five 413*b*
c, have ye any meat? 511*b*
c hostages to fortune 14*b*
c in England take pleasure 526*b*
c in Holland take pleasure 526*b*
c in ordinary dress 26*b*
c like the olive-branches 490*a*
c not thine have trod 109*b*
c of Alice called Bartrum 238*b*
c of disobedience 515*b*
c of men, they are but vanity 485*b*
c of the bridechamber 506*a*
c of the kingdom be cast out 506*a*
c of the light 9*a*
c of the Lord 3*a*
c of this world 509*b*
c said she, are my jewels 64*b*
c 's c shall say they have lied 474*b*
c 's looks, that brighten 170*a*
c 's teeth are set on edge 503*b*
c stood watching them 226*b*
c sweeten labours 14*b*
c walking two and two 32*b*
c, you are very little 414*a*
c, you shd never let 452*b*

Children (*cont*)
Christian c all must be 3*b*
come away, c, call no more 6*a*
come again, ye c of men 487*b*
come, dear c, let us away 5*b*
cruel c, crying babies 414*a*
Dame Lurch not have bandy c 32*a*
do ye hear the c weeping 43*a*
even c followed 168*b*
fatherless c, and widows 479*a*
father pitieth his own c 488*a*
frail c of dust 172*b*
Friend for little c 265*b*
go, c of swift joy 441*a*
gracious c 439*a*
he doeth for the c of men 488*b*
her c arise up 499*a*
holdeth c from play 402*a*
if c, then heirs 513*b*
I have gathered thy c 507*b*
I lie even among the c of men 485*b*
indifferent c of the earth 332*a*
I never knows the c 259*b*
instead of fathers shalt have c 484*b*
its c a happy band 184*b*
joyful mother of c 489*a*
little c saying grace 413*b*
little c 's eyes 441*b*
lo, C and the fruit of the womb 486*b*
many women, and many c 207*a*
materials to keep c quiet 417*b*
men c of a larger growth 139*a*
men fear death as c 14*a*
mother who talks about own c 128*b*
myself and c three 108*b*
my tan-faced c 457*b*
neither c nor Gods 228*b*
no c run to lisp 174*a*
Oh, help Thy c 227*b*
old men and c 490*b*
opponent of c of the light 9*a*
procreation of c 481*b*
provoke not yr c 515*b*
Rachel weeping for her c 504*b*
secrets must be kept from c 141*a*
see the c sport 466*b*
shalt bring forth c 492*b*
she had so many c 533*b*
sick persons, and young c 479*a*
sins of the fathers upon the c 480*a*
so are the young c 489*b*
suffer the little c 508*b*
the C 's Hour 246*b*
the young, young c 43*a*
three fair c first 432*b*
thy c all gone 534*a*
to whom the lips of c 286*a*
two c did we stray 441*a*
Uana's c died 475*b*
voices of c on the green 32*b*
we are but little c weak 3*b*
we are c of splendour 452*a*
we are the c of God 513*b*
we have c, we have wives 437*b*
were all thy c kind 381*b*
wisdom is justified of her c 506*b*
wiser than the c of light 509*b*
women, then, are only c 91*a*
Child-wife only my c 122*b*
Chill Ah, bitter c it was! 221*b*
c thy dreaming nights 219*a*
Chillon! thy prison! 69*b*
Chilly altho' the room grows c 172*b*
I feel c and grown old 52*b*
Chiltern storm on the C Hills 91*b*
take the C Hundreds 91*b*
Chimborazo 446*a*
Chime C of full, sad bells 206*a*
c, ye dappled darlings 226*a*
faintly as tolls the evening c 282*b*
higher than the sphery c 268*a*
Jarr'd against nature's c 278*a*
last I heard their soothing c 282*a*
some soft c had stroked the air 216*b*
we will hear the c 199*a*
Chimeras Hydras, and C dire 272*b*
poets taught of dire c 267*b*
Chimes heard the c at midnight 380*b*
Chimney hung by the c with care 280*b*
old men from the c 402*a*

Chimney (*cont*)
smoked like a c 19*a*
Chimney-piece Buffalo upon the c 85*b*
Chimneys c were blown down 348*a*
good grove of c 283*b*
so yr c I sweep 32*b*
Chimney-sweepers come to dust 329*a*
Chimpanzees brainless as c 76*a*
Chin c upon an orient wave 270*b*
compared to that was next her c 416*a*
dimple on his c 251*b*
her nose and c they threaten 63*b*
his c, new-reaped 376*b*
page, with the dimpled c 440*b*
China break my best blue c 179*b*
C 'crost the Bay! 232*a*
c that 's ancient and blue 242*a*
fire a mine in China 66*a*
infusion of a C plant 2*a*
mistress of herself, tho' C fall 302*a*
Chinamen with C, but not with me 26*b*
Chinee heathen C is peculiar 182*a*
Chinese C cheap labour 182*a*
C crinkum-crankums 297*b*
Chinoises Sericana, where C drive 273*b*
Ching-a-ring-a-ring-ching 297*b*
Chink their importunate c 57*a*
Chinks c that time has made 449*a*
fill hup the c wi' cheese 416*b*
Chip hat had she on 219*a*
Chipping at the countenances 121*a*
Chips to the faithful allies 95*a*
Chit-chat of Cowper 239*b*
Chittabob's tail 20*a*
Chivalries gentleness, and c 257*a*
Chivalry age of c is gone 57*a*
age of c is never past 226*b*
age of c is past 190*a*
charge with all thy c 77*a*
Christian service and true c 375*a*
he loved c 88*a*
her beauty and her c 68*a*
his Memphian c 271*b*
I have a truant been to c 378*b*
noble acts of c 257*a*
smiled Spain's c away 71*b*
sung of Border c 316*b*
Chloe (Cloe) C is my real flame 306*a*
dear C, how blubbered 305*b*
to C 's breast Cupid stole 31*b*
what can C want? 302*a*
Chloris ah, C! that I now could sit 320*b*
call me C 101*b*
Chocolate coffee, tea, c 4*b*
Choice but the c of friends 107*a*
c in rotten apples 366*b*
c of all my library 368*a*
each to his c 235*a*
for on his c depends the safety 330*b*
if there were a sympathy in c 356*a*
in the worth and c 214*b*
just the terrible c 51*b*
most c, forsaken 341*b*
to Heaven the measure and the c 214*a*
you takes yr c 535*a*
Choir c invisible 144*b*
ez hisn in the c 250*b*
in a wailful c 221*b*
innumerable c of day 37*a*
leading his c, the Nine 5*b*
sweet singing in the c 526*b*
Choirs (quires) bare ruin'd c 388*a*
c and places where they sing 478*b*
Choler let's purge this c 374*b*
Choose c thy ground 73*b*
c to run for President 166*a*
c whatever suits the line 101*b*
c what many men desire 353*b*
don't c to have it known 91*a*
I lie as lads wd c 109*a*
leading wherever I c 458*a*
not c not to be 197*a*
sailor free to c 236*a*
that did never c amiss 353*b*
therefore c life 494*b*
to c time is to save time 15*b*
where to c their place of rest 277*a*
Choosing c each stone 260*b*
hating not, just c so 45*b*
pleased me long c 276*a*

Chopper here comes a c 533b
Choppy chippy c 164b
Chops bottled beer and c 165b
C and Tomato sauce 126b
Chop-sticks crop of c 297b
Chorasmian lone C shore 302b
hushed C waste 8a
Chord one clear c to reach 459b
smote the c of Self 432a
some c in unison 112b
struck one c of music 306b
Chords Jobling, there *are* c 121b
smote on all the c with might 432a
Choristers go the chanting c 243a
Chortled in his joy 84a
Chorus c from Atlanta to the sea 473a
c Hymeneal 398b
c of indolent reviewers 427a
Chorus-ending from Euripides 45a
Chose to her son she c 524a
Chosen twilights where his c lie 32a
ye have not chosen me 511a
Choughs crows and c 343b
maggot pies and c 349a
russet-pated c 357a
Chrematistic art 151a
Chrism death's sweet c 294b
Chrisom been any c child 381b
Christ acknowledgment of God in C 46a
ah, C, that it were possible 434a
a member of C 481a
and uphold the C 427b
are they ministers of C? 515a
brings Saviour C again to earth 261b
but C risest 46b
but C lore he taughte 88b
C being raised from the dead 513a
C, borne into virgynyte 474a
C-child stood at Mary's knee 92a
C his John 186b
C, if my love were in my arms 527b
C is all, and in all 516a
C is all in all 279b
C is crucified again 244a
'C is nigh,' it seems to say 86b
C is the path 279b
C is thy strength 279b
C our passover 514a
C receive him 435a
C receive thy saule 529a
C's particular love's sake 51a
C's progress 447b
C's stamp to boot 186b
C's Sunday at morn 524a
C, the Lord, is risen to-day 455b
C took the kindness 51a
C was born, across the Sea 200b
C with His lamp of truth 36b
churches have killed their C 434a
counted loss for C 516a
fair father C 428a
faith of C crucified 481a
his captain C. 375b
I am all at once what C is 197b
in C shall all be made alive 515a
joint heirs with C 513b
kingdoms of our Lord, and C 519a
lady of C's College 11a
last kind word to C 51a
lo, C walking on the water 442b
longs unto his C to go 190b
love of C constraineth us 515a
love of C wh passeth 515b
man raised up by C 430a
may Lord C enter in? 459b
must then a C perish 391b
myself were accursed from C 513b
near the birth of C 430a
now is C risen 515a
of Lord C's heart 146a
put on C 481a
reproach of C greater riches 517a
ring in the C 431a
see the C stand 51b
see where C's blood 258b
show me, dear C, thy spouse 133a
shuts the spouse C home 198a
soldiers of C, arise 455b
statistical C 291a
the grey-grown speechless C. 421a
Christ (*cont.*)
through C wh strengtheneth me 516a
to live is C 516a
understood C was a carpenter 29a
unsearchable riches of C 515b
Vision of C that thou dost see 29b
was C a man like us? 5a
we have C's own promise 20a
we withstood C then 47a
when the Lord C was born 284b
with C, wh is far better 516a
yr cold C 233b
Christ Church dine with the Canons of C 208b
festal light in C hall 8a
hark! the bonny C bells 3a
I am the Dean of C, Sir 528b
Christendom summer-house in C 378a
wisest fool in C 563b
Christentie gowd in C 531a
Christiad than a Pauliad 181b
Christian approach, O C wight 407b
articles of the C faith 481b
as little as a C can 136b
born of C race 452b
buried in C burial 336a
C boys I can scarcely make 10b
C can only fear dying 181a
C children all must be 3b
C, dost thou see them 286a
C religion not only was 201b
C! I seek not yet repose 146a
C, up and smite them 286b
coined out of his C name 254b
cooled as a C is 354a
darkness fell upon C 51a
every C engage himself openly 30b
every C kind of place 413b
fled with a C 353b
forgive them as a c 11b
for he is a C 353a
for the C rules 233a
good C men, rejoice 286b
hard it is to be a C! 46b
his C name, I think, was John 130b
honourable style of C 41a
I am a C faithful man 384b
in Christendom where is the C? 147b
in these C days 424b
in what peace a c can die 2b
it weareth the C down 233a
lawful for C men 491b
lead a holy C life 247b
mirror of all C kings 381b
no more wit than a C 369b
not good for the C health 233a
only Dick C 289a
rarity of C charity 195b
scratch the C 477b
shame on us, C brethren 200b
soul naturally C 554a
souls of C peoples 91b
stop, C passer-by! 100b
the C while he sings 110b
the gait of C 333b
thou persuadest me to be a C 513a
three C men 257a
tiger that hadn't *got* a C 513b
to form C men 10b
wherefore, C men, be sure 286b
works of C men 423b
you were a C slave 185a
Christianity beloved where C was the religion 418b
C better than Truth 102a
C, of course, but why journalism? 18a
church better than C 102a
his C was muscular 129b
local cult called C 179b
temper is nine-tenths of C 184a
Christians abhorred of all faithful C 480b
call themselves C 479a
C awake 67b
C have burnt each other 70a
O C, at yr cross 43a
onward, C, onward go 456b
some C have a comfortable creed 70b
what these C are 353a
Christless code 434a
Christmas at C I no more desire a rose 344b
Christmas (*cont.*)
at C play and make good cheer 446a
C comes but once a year 446a
C is coming 522b
C is here 446b
C shd fall in Winter 2a
eating a C pie 532a
keep our C merry still 318a
night before C 280b
old C brought his sports 318a
'twas C broached ale 318a
'twas C told tale 318a
Christmas Day C in the morning 522a
C is breaking wan 228a
that it was C 407b
Christmas Eve twelve of the clock 180a
Christome live in any place in C 145a
died like a C-child 54a
Christs that die upon the barricades 459b
Chronic do not weep for me It is c 123b
Chronicle c of a solitary anguish 144a
c small beer 361a
make yr c as rich with praise 381b
Chronicler honest c, as Griffith 386b
Chronicles brief c of the time 332b
look in the c 366b
Chrononhontonthologos 79b
Chrysolite perfect c 363b
seventh, c 520a
Chrysoprasus tenth, a c 520a
Chubby Augustus was a c lad 192b
Chuck c him out, the brute 235b
c it, Smith! 91b
Church a c and no steeple 420a
at c, with meek grace 168b
bells have knoll'd to c 326b
be the C at rest 415b
blood of the martyrs seed of the C 574a
built a c in Dublin town 27b
built God a c 110b
Catholick and Apostolick C 480a
c better than Christianity 102a
churchmen kill their c 434a
C militant 480b
C of Rome I found wd suit 524a
C's one foundation 415b
C with psalms must shout 187a
come all to c 99a
come to c in time 199a
Dame Lurch, who is always at c 32a
figure in a country c 413a
free c in a free State 567a
'gainst that C prevail 20a
go to c in a gallard 369b
great C victorious 415b
he never passes a c 207a
here's a c! Let's go in! 123b
if undrest at c, looks silly 150b
I hold by the Ould C 237a
I like a c 147a
I like the silent c 147b
into his c lewd hirelings climb 273b
I persecuted the c 514b
I will build my c 507a
mere c furniture 113a
nearer the C, the further from God 44a
no salvation outside the church 537b
of a different c 65a
press too close in c and mart 44a
see a c by daylight 358a
she came to the village c 433b
Sir Roger sleep in c 2a
some to c repair 300a
so to c went she 199a
stands the C clock 40a
the c for peace 45a
thy household the C 479b
what is a c? 113b
where Christ erecteth his c 18b
women to speak in the c 514b
Church-door housbondes at c 88b
so wide as a c 365b
Churches as the c have killed Christ 434a
chapels had been c 352b
c built to please the priest 61a
fight against the c 349b
he must build c then 334a
John to the seven c 518a
keep silence in the c. 514b

Churches (*cont*)
lost, Down c 235*a*
send it to the seven c 518*a*
Church-going bell 113*a*
Churchman wd I that cowlèd c be 147*a*
Churchmen c fain wd lull their church 434*a*
single life doth well with c 14*b*
Church of England C a compromise 401*a*
C depositary of doctrine 128*a*
Churchyard a poor, weak c thing 221*b*
his morning walk in the c 319*b*
Churchyards troop home to c 357*a*
Churn magnet ever attract Silver C 165*b*
Cibber tuneful C sing 206*a*
Cicero fall below Demosthenes or C 149*b*
no opinion can alienate C 255*a*
if I cd have known C 122*b*
Cigar good c is a Smoke 227*b*
Smith, take a fresh c 76*a*
sweet post-prandial c 53*b*
Cigarette is the perfect type 460*b*
Cimber should be banish'd 339*a*
Cincinnatus of the West 73*b*
Cinder how dry a c this world is 132*b*
Cinders made the c fly 227*b*
sate among the c 535*a*
Cinnamon c and cloves 23*a*
tinct with c 221*b*
Cinque-pace measure, and a c 358*a*
Cipher a c in the state 316*a*
Ciphers the only figure among c 16*a*
Circle all within this c move 448*b*
c of a wedding-ring 95*b*
c of the golden year 427*a*
form'd a c. to go into 30*a*
God is a c. 526*b*
love is a c 189*b*
swinging round the c 205*b*
the mortal right-lined c 42*b*
thy firmness makes my c just 134*a*
weave a c round him thrice 101*b*
wheel has come full c 344*a*
Circles c and right lines limit 42*b*
millions of c can never make 171*a*
Circuitous foiled c wanderer 8*a*
Circumcision nor uncircumcision 516*a*
Circumlocution Office 123*a*
Circumscribed in time and place 471*b*
Circumscription and confine 359*b*
Circumspect Buckingham grows c 385*a*
she is so c and right 265*a*
Circumstance artistries in C. 179*a*
breasts the blows of c 430*b*
clutch of c 185*a*
dance of plastic c 51*a*
detect therein one c 247*b*
I am the very slave of c 73*b*
in such perilous c 331*a*
pride, pomp, and c of war 362*a*
some c to please us 419*a*
to a philosopher no c 170*a*
to envisage c 218*b*
Circumstances and after many c 65*b*
c alter cases 123*b*
c beyond my control 122*b*
c over wh he has no control 454*b*
concatenation of c 454*a*
if c lead me 332*a*
man the creature of c 181*a*
Circumstantial c evidence is convincing 135*b*
some c evidence is very strong 444*a*
Circus bread, and the c 549*b*
Cistern for foul toads 363*a*
Citadel a tower'd c 324*a*
winged sea-girt c 68*a*
with peaceful c 219*b*
Citadels circle-c there 107*b*
Cities authority over ten c 510*a*
c of men 438*b*
c of the dead 74*a*
flower of c all 143*a*
hum of human c torture 68*b*
in c little else but works of men 296*a*
islanded by c fair 395*a*
towered c please us 269*a*
walls, palaces, half-c 69*a*
Citizen c of no mean city 512*b*
Gilpin was a c 108*a*
Citizen (*cont*)
humblest c of all the land 53*a*
I am a Roman c 540*b*
requisite of a good c 310*a*
shows he is a c of the world 15*a*
Citizens before Man made us c 250*b*
civil c kneading up the honey 381*b*
fat and greasy c 325*b*
hearts of his fellow c 244*a*
London doth pour out her c 383*b*
City amid the c 's jar 6*b*
a rose-red c 55*a*
a very famous c 103*b*
beautiful c of Prague 306*b*
chaps out of the C 93*a*
citizen of no mean c 512*b*
c had no need of the sun 520*a*
c is built to music 427*b*
c of dreadful night 443*b*
c of kites and crows 328*a*
C of palm-trees 448*a*
C of Sleep 228*a*
c of the best-bodied mothers 457*b*
c of the cleanliness 457*b*
c of the faithfullest 457*b*
c of the healthiest fathers 457*b*
c of the soul 69*a*
c of two kings 253*b*
c or suburban 277*a*
c such as vision builds 396*a*
C 's voice itself 399*a*
c that is set on a hill 505*a*
c was pure gold 520*a*
c wh hath foundations 517*a*
C with her dreaming spires 8*b*
dear c of Cecrops 574*a*
dissolute c 468*a*
earth has many a noble c 86*b*
except the Lord keep the c 489*b*
falling on the c brown 37*a*
go to the c where they dwelt 488*b*
happy is that c 64*a*
hell is a c much like London 396*b*
he that taketh a c 498*a*
holy c, new Jerusalem 519*b*
hope of the C of God 262*a*
if you wd know, live in a c 103*b*
in Dublin's fair c 524*a*
in populous c pent 276*a*
I saw a c invincible 457*a*
kindness in a strong c 483*b*
lead me into the strong c 485*b*
London, a nation, not a c 120*b*
long in c pent 221*a*
looked he at the c 253*b*
lo, the c is barren 121*b*
near a whole c full 195*b*
new c of Friends 457*a*
no continuing c 517*a*
once in royal David's c 3*b*
on, to the C of God 7*b*
out of the holy c 520*b*
perils in the c 515*a*
populous and smoky c 396*b*
possession of truth as of a c 41*b*
run about thro' the c 485*b*
she was a maiden c 472*b*
shines over c and river 435*a*
street of the c was pure gold 520*a*
sun-girt c 395*b*
the c cast her people out 321*a*
the C is of Night 443*b*
the first c Cain 107*a*
there the great c stands 457*b*
this c now doth wear 472*b*
this great hive, the c 107*a*
thou c of God 487*a*
through c -crowds must push 101*a*
towery c 197*a*
up and down the C Road 257*b*
within the C disinterred 396*a*
Zion, c of our God 289*a*
Cive anheling 194*b*
Civet give me an ounce of c 343*b*
Civic where c independence flings 77*b*
Civil c fury first grew high 64*b*
he was so generally c 209*b*
in c business, what first? 14*b*
over violent, or over c 138*b*
too c by half 400*b*
whence all c laws 13*a*
Civilian mushroom rich c 74*b*
Civilities with my Sovereign 207*b*
Civility c of my knee, my hat 41*b*
I see a wild c 189*a*
traditions of c 293*a*
Civilization as c advances, poetry declines 254*b*
resources of c 167*b*
three great elements of modern c 80*a*
Civilized Asia is not going to be c 237*a*
Woman will be the last thing c 264*b*
Civilizes sex whose presence c ours 108*a*
Clad a lady so richly c 100*a*
c in complete steel 267*b*
c in homely russet 469*a*
Claim spring to me, and c me thine 428*a*
Clamour c in the slippery clouds 380*a*
c of the crowded street 247*b*
with a c of waters 420*a*
with the c keep her still awake 366*b*
Clamours drea dc counterfeit 362*a*
Clams of long descent 431*b*
Clan before God made the angelic c 476*b*
leaving verse unto a little c 219*b*
Clan Alpine's warriors 316*b*
Clan Conul 318*b*
Clang of hurrying feet 12*a*
Clangour trumpet's loud c 139*b*
Clank not a bilel Let 'em c ! 451*a*
Clap c thyself my love 372*b*
if you believe, c yr hands! 21*b*
Clapham my old aunt at C 177*a*
Clapper one another c -clawing 65*b*
Clara threw the twins she nursed 172*b*
Clarence perjured C 384*b*
Claret c is the liquor for boys 210*a*
c wd be port 570*a*
Claribel send up *Unty, C.* 232*b*
Clarion c o'er the dreaming earth 396*a*
sound, sound the c 283*a*
Clarions great winds Thy c 64*a*
Clash e'en let them c 62*b*
Clashed c and hammered 427*a*
c with his fiery few 435*a*
Clasp I shall c thee again 50*b*
oh! c we to our hearts 312*a*
reason why I c them 106*b*
Clasped c by the golden light 195*b*
c her like a lover 432*b*
Clasps of a lascivious Moor 359*b*
Classes c against the masses 167*b*
her noblest work she c 60*b*
masses against the c 167*b*
ye lower middle c ! 163*b*
Classic for third the c Milton 36*a*
Classical advantages of a c education 158*a*
c quotation is the *parole* 210*b*
fortifying, c curriculum 10*a*
Clause servant with this c 188*b*
Claverhouse 'twas C who spoke 316*a*
Clavicithern lute or c 47*a*
Clawed me with his clutch 448*b*
Claws c that catch 83*b*
neatly spreads his c 82*b*
pair of ragged c 145*a*
see her stick her c 250*a*
Clay a thousand scattered into C 152*b*
blinds his soul with c 437*a*
brother of the c 77*b*
daily absorbs a c 76*a*
gilded loam or painted c 374*b*
gray stone and grassy c 295*a*
knowest Who hast made the C 232*b*
of c and wattles made 475*a*
power over the c 513*b*
shall the c say to him 502*b*
turf that wraps their c 103*a*
Clayey into a c tenement 79*a*
Clean all c and comfortable 223*b*
as c as you can 426*a*
child that is not c 414*a*
c, verb active 124*b*
grew more c and white 44*a*
have to c your slate 310*b*
I was c and brave 199*a*
will these hands ne'er be c ? 350*a*
Cleaned tops c with champagne 416*b*
Cleaning better have them c his 'oss 416*b*
Cleanliness c is next to godliness 456*a*
who of late for c 106*a*

Cleanly thus so c I myself can free 137b
Cleanse thou me from my faults 482b
Cleansed what God hath c 512a
Clear all doctrines plain and c 66a
c and gentle stream 15b
c as a whistle 67a
nothing she cdn't climb or c 171b
said it very loud and c 85a
that they cd get it c 84a
they see not all c 448a
thy sky is ever c 53a, 246b
Cleared if this were only c away 84a
Clearer thinner, c, farther 436a
Clearing-house of the world 87a
Cleave c the wood 526a
c thou thy way 263b
too weak to c 96b
Cleft who c the Devil's foot 134a
Clementine and his daughter, C 280b
oh my darling C! 280b
Cleopatra C's nose been shorter 504b
gone to gaze on C too 323a
in C's sails their nests 324a
I will be C 324a
I will o'ertake thee, C 324b
pleased with less than C 139a
since C died 324b
some squeaking C 325a
so near the heart as C this 322b
yr C every man's C 139a
Clergy an Arminian c 297a
bishops like best in their c 405a
c were beloved in any nation 418b
without the benefit o' the C 104b
Clergyman a proud c 151a
good enough to be a c 208a
Mr Wilkinson, a c 154b
once a c always a c 525b
that good man, the c 434b
Clergymen men, women and c 404b
to have with c to do 136b
Cleric before, and Lay behind 65b
Clerical lissom, c, printless toe 39b
Clerk a C ther was 88b
am I both priest and c? 376a
'Baccy for the C 234a
c, foredoomed his father's soul 303a
C Saunders 529a
illustrious, goes the c 109b
saw a Banker's C 85b
unlettered c, still cry 'Amen' 388a
Venus c, Ovyde 80b
Clermont broke his heart in C town 25b
Clever all the good people were c 462b
c so rude to the good! 462b
c to a fault 45a
good are so harsh to the c 462b
if young hearts were not so c 109b
it's c, but is it Art? 228a
let who will be c 225b
manage a c man 237b
needs a very c woman 237b
people suppose me c 51a
Client here is our c 136a
Cliff c-top has a carpet 35b
in a coign of the c 421b
Cliff-edge cloaks the white c 235a
Cliffs c wh had been rent 100a
still the solitary c wheeled 466a
where down cloudy c 8b
white c I never more must see 252b
Climate c more uncertain than our 103b
c or the company 211b
cold c, or years damp my wing 276a
our chilling c hardly bears 419b
where the c's sultry 70a
Climates manners, c, councils 438b
Climax of all human ills 70b
Climb a swimmer shall cross or c 424b
heart fails thee, c not at all 145b, 307b
do their best to c 49b
fain wd I c 307b
last steps I c 395a
nothing she cdn't c or clear 171b
teach yc how to c 268a
Climbed the steep ascent 184a
Climber c up of knees 240b
c-upward turns his face 338a
Climbing still c after knowledge 259a
Clime a far serener c 33b
c of the unforgotten brave 72b
Clime (*cont*)
deeds that are done in their c 67b
in every c adored 304a
in some brighter c 19a
that sweet golden c 32a
this the soul, the c 271a
undiscovered c 175a
Climes night of cloudless c 74a
wurmer c give brighter plumage 241a
Cling c with life to the maid 146b
hands round her knees, and c 420a
like the ivy I'll c to you 266b
makes them c together 469a
to thy Cross I c 445a
Clings as creeping ivy c 110b
Clink I'm here in the C 227b
let me the canakin c 361a
Clive what I like about C 27b
Cliveden's proud alcove 302b
Cloak dissemble nor c them 478a
his martial c around him 462a
in c of grey 8a
old c about thee 524b
red blanket c 210a
'tis not alone my inky c 330a
travel forth without my c 387b
Cloaked Shadow c from head to foot 430a
Cloaks scarlet c and surplices 243a
Clock by Shrewsbury c 379a
c doth strike, by algebra 65a
c struck one 534a
forgot to wind up the c 411a
I open with a c striking 400a
look at the c 19a
mouse ran up the c 534a
stands the church C 40a
turned into a sort of c 202b
varnish'd c that click'd 168b
watch the c for you 388a
Clocks morning c will ring 198b
Clod a c of wayward marl 358a
a kneaded c 352a
before the heavy c weighs on me 438a
Clodius live like C 72a
Clog of his body 158a
Clogs of that wh else oversoar 397b
Cloistered fugitive and c virtue 279a
Cloisters quiet collegiate c 96a
studious c pale 268b
Cloistress, she will veiled walk 369b
Clot clotted clay the dingiest c 442a
Clooth-na-Bare grave of C. 475a
Clootie Nick, or C 58b
Close c, and, I reckon, rather true 263b
close behind him tread 99b
c with her, kiss her 424a
ever best found in the c 278a
gates are mine to c 233a
grossly c it in 355a
hush in the c to-night 287b
never found his earthly c 431a
she ll c and be herself 148b
still hasten to a c 108a
they c, in clouds of smoke 318b
Closed no marigolds yet c 190a
Closer is He than breathing 427b
Closet in the world, and not in a c 90b
one by one back in the C lays 153b
Cloth choose one c for ever 284a
did not mean to abuse the c 151b
on a c untrue 164b
web o' the silken c 530a
when the coarse c she saw 114a
white linen c 480a
Clothe care no more to c 320a
c my naked villainy 384b
Clothed c, and in his right mind 508b
c in purple and fine linen 510a
c in white samite 427b
c itself, sublime and strong 396a
c with a garment to the foot 518a
c with his breath 429a
c with the light of the night 422b
c with transcendent brightness 271a
he neither shall be c 522a
Clothes and donn'd his c 335b
away with their c 128a
bought her wedding c 2b
brushers of noblemen's c 13b
c you wear or do not wear 91b
fine c are good 209a
Clothes (*cont*)
gars auld c look weel 59b
hanging out the c 533b
her c spread wide 336a
her nice new c 535b
his c not be burned 408a
kindles in c a wantonness 189a
liquefaction of her c 100b
nothing to wear but c 225a
she wears her c with a pitchfork 418b
some upo' their c 61a
when he put on his c 169a
witnesses laid down their c 512a
Clothes-horses mere human c 81a
Clothing c for the soul divine 29b
c is of wrought gold 484b
gave thee c of delight 32b
softest c, woolly, bright 32b
things in books' c 239a
Cloth-of-gold c of tissue 123a
for c you cease to care 163b
Cloths heaven's embroidered c 474b
I wd spread the c 474b
one of these c is heaven 284a
the dark c 474b
these strange choosing c 284a
Cloud a fair luminous c 100b
but c instead 273b
choose a firm c 302a
c of witnesses 517a
c that's dragonish 324a
c wh had outwept its rain 392a
did a sable c turn forth 267a
do you see yonder c 334b
fades a summer c away 18b
fiend hid in a c 32a
from c and from crag 392b
I do set my bow in the c 492b
if I were a swift c 396b
in a pillar of a c 494a
lonely as a c 467a
no c was in the sky 84a
on a c I saw a child 32a
one silvery c had lost his way 435a
overcome us like a summer's c 349a
saw some western c 48a
stooping thro' a fleecy c 268a
the c may stoop from heaven 436b
there ariseth a little c 466a
the region c hath mask'd him 387b
the wild-swan pause in her c 435b
thickest c earth ever stretched 44b
thro' the dark c shining 156a
towers of battlemented c 396a
tremendous sea of c 49b
turn the dark c inside out 156a
were I a c I'd gather 35b
what a scowl of c 52b
when the c is scattered 395a
you cd not see a c 84a
Cloud-continents 3a
Clouded shine forth upon our c hills 31a
Clouden's woods amang 59b
Cloud-kissing Ilion 386b
Clouds angel dropt from the c 378b
Being that is in the c 465b
clamour in the slippery c 380a
c and eclipses stain 387b
c are lightly curled 433a
c drop fatness 486a
c return after the rain 499b
c that gather round the sun 467a
c they are without water 518a
c ye so much dread 110a
comes with c descending 456a
gaudy c, like courtiers 282b
heavily in c brings on the day 1a
he cometh with c 518a
he that regardeth the c 499b
looks in the c 338b
maketh the c his chariot 488a
never doubted c wd break 52a
O c, unfold! 31a
or in c hide them 107a
pity sitting in the c 366a
rapid c have drank the last 399a
sees God in c 300b
shadows of the c 463a
ships dropping from the c 443b
soars the morning c among 396a
sun breaks thro' the darkest c 366b

Clouds (*cont*)
sweep the c no more 194*a*
the c dispell'd 141*b*
the white c build in the sky 38*a*
the white c stray 37*b*
thro' rolling c to soar 72*a*
thro' the c ere they divide them 397*b*
trailing c of glory 466*a*
wait till the c roll by 462*b*
when dying c contend 384*a*
white c on the wing 4*a*
white c scud between 35*b*
with what motion moved the c 469*a*
Cloudy among her c trophies hung 219*b*
sees a little better in a c day 147*b*
Cloven not a worm is c in vain 430*b*
Clover burnet, and green c 383*b*
c and corn lay sleeping 226*a*
knee deep in c 240*a*
Cloves cinamon and c 23*a*
Clown heard by emperor and c 220*a*
Cloy of all meats the soonest c 107*a*
Cloyment and revolt 371*a*
Club best c in London 125*b*
call the C to session 26*a*
rose politely in the c 91*b*
Clubable man 211*a*
Clubs typical of strife 112*b*
Clucked thee to the wars 328*b*
Clusium Lars Porsena of C 253*a*
Clutch clawed me with his c 448*b*
c of circumstance 185*a*
come, let me c thee 347*b*
either hand may rightly c 227*b*
Clutching the inviolable shade 8*a*
Clytemnestra moral C 73*b*
Cnut when C, King, rowed thereby 79*a*
Coach c and six thro' the Act 309*a*
come, my c! 335*b*
Coaches trouble ev'ry street 137*a*
Coach-house cottage with a double c 100*b*, 406*b*
Coach-makers the fairies' c 364*b*
Coachman 's a privileged indiwidual 127*a*
Coal best sun we have c 449*b*
by whose living c I sit 190*b*
with hot burning c 489*b*
cargo of Tyne c 261*b*
envy's a c comes hissing 18*a*
it is a fire, it is a c 295*b*
like a c his eye-ball 403*a*
the whole world turn to c 187*b*
Coal-barges ten dark c 404*a*
Coalitions England does not love c 128*a*
Coals 'e ll be squattin' on the c 230*a*
heap c of fire 498*b*
I sleep on the c 122*a*
Coarse one of them is rather c 524*a*
Coast I near the shadowy c 442*b*
maps a jagged c 36*a*
sounding c its pyramids 415*a*
to pry along the c 252*a*
Coaster dirty British c 261*b*
merry Grecian c 8*a*
Coat brown c, the black stockings 255*b*
c of many colours 493*a*
he did not wear his scarlet c 459*b*
his c was red 406*b*
in whose c armour richly 408*a*
I take my c from the tailor 171*a*
oars, and c, and badge 120*b*
riband to stick in his c 48*a*
the eternal Footman hold my c 145*a*
the love that loves a scarlet c 195*a*
the sake of a ribboned c 287*b*
wear a long, black c 175*b*
with his c so gray 173*a*
Coats a hole in a' yr c 62*a*
bound in their c, their hosen 504*a*
c o' green satin 526*a*
in kingly-flashing c 264*a*
in their gold c spots you see 356*b*
their c were brushed 84*a*
to make my small elves c 356*b*
to shed their c 421*b*
Coats-of-arms worth a hundred c 431*b*
Cob was the strongest 20*a*
Cobbett and Junius 183*b*
Cobbleigh Uncle Tom C 531*b*
Cobbler c go beyond his last 552*b*
thou art a c, art thou? 337*b*
Cobham you, brave C! 302*a*
Cobweb learning c of the brain 65*b*
Cobwebs c of the schools 112*b*
laws are like c 417*b*
laws were like c 13*b*
Cock bark diminished to her c 343*b*
c a doodle doo! 534*a*
'C and a bull,' said Yorick 412*a*
c 's shrill clarion 174*a*
c up yr beaver 193*b*
c with lively din 268*b*
Crito, we owe a c to Aesculapius 560*b*
faded on the crowing of the c 329*b*
head-waiter at the C 439*b*
he was like a c 144*a*
immediately the c crew 508*a*
kept the c that crowed 534*a*
this night, before the c crow 508*a*
wondrous still, the c and hen 31*b*
Cock-a-diddle-dow 367*a*
Cockatrice' den 501*b*
Cockle hat and staff 335*b*
Cockles and mussels 524*a*
Cockpit can this c hold the fields 381*a*
Cock Robin who killed C? 528*a*
Cocks drowned the c 342*b*
Cocksure as Tom Macaulay 263*a*
Cocktails gave her c and wine 527*a*
Cockyolybirds butterflies and the c 226*b*
Cocoa is a cad 93*b*
Cocqcigrues coming of the C 226*b*
Cod change the c 's head 360*b*
home of the bean and the c 34*a*
Coddle I wd not c the child 207*b*
Code Christless c 434*a*
Codlin the friend 125*a*
Codling when 'tis almost an apple 370*a*
Co-eternal consubstantial, c 286*b*
Co-exist two master passions cannot co-exist 77*b*
Coffee c on board steamers 439*b*
c, tea, chocolate 4*b*
if this is c, I want tea 536*b*
Coffee-house to some c I stray 175*b*
Coffer but litil gold in c 88*b*
Coffin becomes his c prodigiously 170*b*
c clapt in a canoe 67*b*
on my black c 371*a*
white-faced in the c 457*b*
Cogibundity of cogitation 79*b*
Cogitations interpreter of the c 520*b*
Cogitative his c faculties 79*b*
Cognizance took such c of men 47*b*
Cohort of the damned 229*a*
Cohorts his c were gleaming 74*a*
Coign buttress, nor c of vantage 347*a*
Coil c of his crystalline streams 396*b*
shuffled off this mortal c 333*a*
Coin beauty is Nature's c 267*b*
c his pouches wad na bide in 62*a*
c of silvery shine 85*b*
I had rather c my heart 341*a*
pays him in his own c 418*b*
the C, Tiberius 130*b*
Coincidence a 'strange c' 71*a*
Coiner of sweet words 8*a*
Coins, some true, some light 428*a*
Coke Mr William C 289*a*
Cokkel or springen c 89*a*
Cold art neither c not hot 518*b*
as c as any stone 382*a*
boughs wh shake against the c 388*a*
caught an everlasting c 454*b*
c and heat, and summer 492*b*
c as paddocks tho' they be 190*b*
c, c, my girl! 364*a*
c, commanded lust 230*b*
c doth not sting 286*a*
c performs th' effect of fire 272*b*
even till I shrink with c 325*b*
fleece is white but 'tis too c 115*a*
foot and hand go c 415*b*
give them the c steel, boys 4*b*
I am nothing a c 415*a*
ink in my pen ran c 449*b*
i' the c o' the moon 45*b*
let his soup get c 192*b*
life's arrears of pain and c 50*b*
living hand wd, if it were c 219*a*
neither c nor care 285*b*
she alone were c 329*a*
Cold (*cont*)
shelter me from the c 27*a*
straight is c again 341*a*
thick man's blood with c 98*b*
Tom's a-c 343*a*
we called a c a c 27*a*
wert thou in the c blast 62*a*
when its auld it waxeth c 530*a*
Cold Bath Field 100*b*, 406*b*
Colder a c kirk, and in't but few 61*b*
a c preacher never spak 61*b*
the pleasanter the c 66*a*
Coldly c, descends the evening 7*b*
c she turns from their gaze 281*b*
I speak too c 282*b*
Coldness faithless c of the times 431*a*
with c still returning 471*a*
Cole old King C 532*a*
Coleridge as friend C said 239*b*
brother C lull the babe 72*b*
C, for instance, wd let go by 222*a*
[C] talked on for ever 183*b*
cultivate simplicity, C 239*b*
Lamb, Holcroft and C 183*a*
lose a volume to C 239*a*
Mr C 's lyric prose 183*b*
thy library against S T C 239*a*
you will see C 395*b*
Coliander 402*b*
Coliseum when falls the C 69*a*
while stands the C 69*a*
Collar braw brass c 63*a*
Collars of the moonshine's beams 364*b*
Collects c—tho' it does not subscribe 86*a*
c wh had soothed Christians 255*b*
College eighty-thousand c-councils 438*b*
endow a c, or a cat 302*a*
Master of this c 528*b*
Colleges for a' their c and schools 63*a*
Collingwood Benbow, C, Byron 287*b*
Collins if you do *not* marry Mr C 11*b*
Mr C had only to change 11*b*
Cologne at St Jame and at C 88*b*
wash yr city of C 100*b*
Colonel Captain or C or Knight 278*b*
c and his officers were in pain 417*b*
Colonies c do not cease to be c 128*a*
C raised their flag against a power 454*a*
my hold of the c 570*a*
the commerce with our c 55*b*
Colonnade sound of the cool c 110*b*
Colonus singer of sweet C 6*a*
Coloquintida bitter as c 360*b*
Colossus bestride world like a C 337*b*
cut a C from a rock 211*a*
Colour chestnut was ever the only c 327*a*
giveth his c in the cup 498*b*
good dog cannot be of a bad c 23*b*
heaven's c, the blue 284*a*
her c comes and goes 131*a*
his c can't be seen 525*b*
his lips did from their c fly 337*b*
I yearned for warmth and c 428*a*
responds with c and with shadow 441*b*
sky imbrued with c 49*a*
the c I think of little moment 23*b*
those wh love c the most 314*b*
'tis a c she abhors 371*b*
'twas a c he never liked 382*a*
what c is it of? 323*b*
Coloured see the c counties 199*a*
Colouring take a sober c 467*a*
Colours all c a suffusion 100*b*
all c will agree in the dark 14*a*
coat of many c 493*a*
c in the Turkey carpet 254*b*
c seen by candlelight 43*b*
c, that are but skin-deep 185*b*
his c laid so thick 140*a*
in goodly c gloriously array'd 408*a*
their c and their forms 472*a*
under whose c he had fought 375*b*
when the oldest c have faded 236*b*
wrapt his c round his breast 184*b*
wrought about with divers c 484*b*
Colour-Sergeant C said 228*b*
she's c of the Nonpareil 121*b*
Colt hadde alway a c 's tooth 89*b*
Columbia Hail, C! 198*a*
Columbine c commendable 402*b*

Columbine (*cont*)
Pink and purple C 409*b*
Column is the stately c broke 317*b*
six-foot c of fop 195*a*
throws up a streamy c 112*a*
where London's c lifts the head 302*b*
Comb c and a glass in her hand 525*b*
shd I c my hair 530*a*
Combat the c deepens 77*a*
to c may be glorious 112*a*
Combe more yr grace thought Lord C a fool 455*a*
Combine when bad men c 56*b*
Combs gowd c in their hair 530*a*
Combustion accents terrible of c 348*a*
hideous ruin and c 271*a*
Come ait thou he that shd c 506*b*
behold, I c quickly 520*b*
chaos is c again 361*b*
c again another day 534*b*
c again, ye children of men 487*b*
c, and c strong 114*b*
c and he cometh 506*a*
c, and strong within us 226*a*
c, and trip it 268*b*
c as the wives c 319*a*
c as the winds c 319*a*
c away, c away 318*b*
c away, death 371*a*
c back! c back! 77*a*
c back, Horatius! 253*b*
'c, c,' said Tom's father 282*a*
c down, O maid 437*a*
c, fill the Cup 152*b*
c forth, and bring with you 471*b*
c forth into the light 471*b*
c hither, I van Camcron! 12*b*
c Helen, c give me my soul 258*b*
c hither, lady fair 217*b*
c, Holy Ghost 491*a*
c in, c in 54*a*
c in the evening 118*a*
c into the garden, Maud 434*a*
c in yr war-array 318*b*
c, knit hands 267*a*
c, landlord, fill the bowl 522*b*
c lasses and lads 522*b*
c like shadows so depart 349*b*
c, long-sought! 399*a*
c, my coach! 335*b*
c, my Corinna 189*a*
c my tan-faced children 457*b*
c not when I am dead 426*a*
c, O Creator Spirit 549*b*
c one, c all! 316*b*
c out thou bloody man 495*b*
c over into Macedonia 512*b*
c then, my brethren 307*a*
c, Thou Holy Spirit c 86*b*
c, thou most wretch 335*b*
c unto me all ye that labour 506*b*
c unto these yellow sands 367*a*
c up Whitefoot 203*a*
c weal, c woe, we'll gather 320*a*
c what c may 346*b*
c when you're called 143*b*
c with bows bent 420*a*
c with old Khayyám 152*b*
c without warning 118*a*
c worthy Greek Ulysses c 117*a*
c ye before Him, and rejoice 224*b*
c ye here to fight 530*b*
c ye here to pray 530*b*
c ye thankful people, c 3*b*
cry is still, "They c" 350*b*
even so, c, Lord Jesus 520*b*
had she c all the way for this 284*a*
he never will c again 336*a*
I c from nothing 266*a*
if it be now, 'tis not to c 317*a*
I hear you, I will c 190*a*
it needn't c to this 85*a*
let him that heareth, say c 520*b*
let him that is athirst c 520*b*
look not on pleasures as they c 187*a*
may never c together again 118*a*
men may c, and men may go 425*b*
nay, c up hither 312*b*
O c, all ye faithful 290*a*, 558*a*
O c, Immanuel 286*b*
O Lamb of God, I c! 146*a*
Come (*cont*)
one to c, and one to go 85*a*
seldom c, they wished-for c 376*b*
some c to take their ease 386*b*
Spirit and the bride say, C 520*b*
tarry till I c 512*a*
tells thee I c 223*b*
that it shd c to this! 330*a*
the foe! they c! they c! 68*b*
then said I, Lo, I c 484*a*
therefore I cannot c 509*b*
things present, nor things to c 513*b*
thou'lt c no more, never, never 344*a*
ve must all c to it 127*a*
went and cannot c again 199*b*
what's to c is still unsure 370*b*
what will c, and must c 5*a*
when I c again I will repay 509*a*
when shall I c to thee? 523*b*
where did you c from, baby dear? 256*a*
wherefore art thou c? 508*a*
wh was, and wh is to c 518*a*
whistle, and I'll c to you 63*a*
whistle and she'll c 23*b*
will c when it will c 339*a*
will they c when you do call 378*a*
will ye no c back again? 285*b*
will you no c back again? 193*b*
you c most carefully 329*a*
Come-down incredible c! 25*a*
Comedy c to those that think most lamentable c 449*b*
Comeliness he hath no form nor c 356*a*
Comely all mid be c 503*a*
I am black, but c 21*a*
let thy attire be c 500*a*
show a lass as c or as kindly 251*b*
Spanking Jack was so c 231*b*
Comer grasps in the c 120*b*
Comes he c too near 369*a*
hope never comes that c to all 291*b*
if it c to that 271*a*
she c! she c! the sable throne 85*a*
she c to me 445*b*
something wicked this way c 349*b*
Comest thou c, much wept for 430*a*
Comet against a c's tail 407*a*
c of a season 69*b*
glorious the c 's tram 403*a*
Satan stood like a c burn'd 273*a*
Cometh canst not tell whence it c 510*b*
c up from the wilderness 501*a*
he c not, she said 433*a*
it c everywhere 140*a*
one thing c sooner 171*b*
where it c, all things are 140*a*
Comets old men and c, 419*a*
there are no c seen 339*a*
Comfit-maker's wife 378*a*
Comfits children deceived with c 113*a*
Comfort another c like to this 361*a*
a' the c we're to get 63*a*
beside the waters of c 483*a*
carrion c, Despair 197*a*
carry their c about with them 144*b*
c and help the weak-hearted 479*a*
c of thy help again 485*a*
c s a cripple 136*b*
c ye my people 502*b*
continual c in a face 313*b*
feels the same c 194*a*
from ignorance our c flows 306*a*
I beg cold c 374*b*
naught for yr c 92*a*
neither found I any to c me 486*b*
of c no man speak 375*b*
O tidings of c 523*a*
social c, in hospital 43*a*
speeches that c cruel men 93*a*
sweet Spirit c me 191*a*
take all my c of thy worth 387*b*
the sober c, all the peace 283*a*
they never knew c 255*a*
this must my c be 374*b*
two loves of c and despair 389*b*
was not ecstasy but it was c 123*a*
well, here's my c 367*b*
what wd c the one 160*a*
whence can c spring 465*a*
Comfortable c words 480*b*
some Christians have a c creed 70*b*
Comfortably a lot of money to die c 66*b*
Comforted folly of being c 475*a*
for they shall be c 505*a*
Rachel wd not be c 504*b*
Comforter will not come 511*a*
Comforters miserable c 497*a*
Comforteth one whom his mother c 503*b*
Comfortless Despair 175*a*
Comforts c we despise 324*b*
c while it mocks 50*b*
helpers fail, and c flee 251*b*
our loves and c shd increase 361*a*
to be, and was not, c me 50*b*
when c are declining 110*b*
Comic business of a c poet 104*a*
Comical I often think it s c 164*a*
Coming an eye will mark our c 70*a*
Campbells are c 526*b*
c events cast their shadows 77*a*
c of the Cocqcigrues 226*b*
c through the rye 59*b*
c to that holy room 133*a*
even as their c hither 344*a*
far off his c shone 275*a*
going out and thy c in 489*b*
he is c! like a bridegroom 12*b*
hold the fort, for I am c 33*a*
I'm c, I m c 156*b*
it's c yet, for a' that 60*b*
meet thee at thy c 502*a*
she is c, my dove 434*a*
she is c, my own, my sweet 434*a*
the c by and by 165*b*
there 's a good time c 256*a*
welcome the c speed the going 303*b*
Command born to sue, but to c, 374*b*
c my heart and me 115*a*
c Nature except by obeying her 17*a*
even the c from you 242*a*
hast c of every part 190*a*
I may c where I adore 371*a*
I will be correspondent to c 367*a*
left that c sole daughter 276*a*
less used to sue than to c 316*b*
move only in c 350*a*
not in mortals to c success 1*b*
to comfort, and c 470*b*
Commander I was the world's c 345*b*
Commandment first c with promise 515*b*
laws are at my c 381*a*
thy c is exceeding broad 489*a*
thy Word and C 478*b*
Commandments because I keep thy c 489*a*
fear God, and keep his c 500*a*
go in the path of thy c 489*a*
hadst hearkened to my c 502*b*
I'd set my ten c in yr face 384*a*
running the way of thy c 479*b*
Commands he that c the sea 15*b*
servant does not all c 320*a*
those he c move 350*a*
Commemorative cold c eyes 312*b*
Commences reigns, and ends 403*a*
Commend all our swains c her 372*b*
forced to c her highly 296*a*
reserved to blame or to c 303*a*
Commendable silence is only c 352*b*
Commendation beautiful face a c 13*b*
small matters win great c 16*b*
Commendations angling deserves c 450*b*
Commendeth obliquely c himself 41*a*
Commends hurts who lavishly c 94*a*
Comment none can read the c 429*a*
offence shd bear his c 340*b*
Commentators as learned c view 419*b*
how c each dark passage shun 477*a*
Commenus had a heart to resolve 162*a*
Commerce equal to the whole of c 55*b*
honour sinks where c prevails 170*a*
in matters of c the Dutch 78*b*
speak of c of colonies 55*b*
Commissary Destiny the C 133*b*
Commit do not adultery c 96*b*
God's protection we c thee 481*b*
pretty follies they themselves c 353*b*
Committee therefore got on a C 93*a*
Commodity c of good names 376*b*
tickling c, c the bias 374*a*
Commodus the accession of C 162*a*
Common all things they have in c 33*a*

Common (*cont*)
ay, madam, it is c 329b
because they are not already c 246a
c is the commonplace 429b
c woman of c earth 98a
hard task to treat what is c 542a
he nothing c did 261a
in c things that round us lie 469a
I saw naught c on Thy Earth 232b
manner rude c at yr age 25b
nor lose the c touch 230a
steals a c from the goose 527b
such as is c to man 514b
that call not thou c 512a
the same with c natures 191b
thou know'st 'tis c 329b
to make it too c 379b
touches of things c 44a
Commonalty dog to the c 328a
joy in widest c 464a
Commoners vital c 380b
Commonplace common is the c 429b
'c', said Holmes 130a
c things and characters 320b
unassuming c of Nature 463b
Commons C, faithful to system highest tribunal C 256a
let but the c hear this 56a
speak well in the House of C 340a
Common Sense c and plain dealing 130a
experiences joined with c 148a
gift to Beauty, C 175b
Republic s crowning c 264a
rich in saving c 437a
sword of C ! 263a
Commonwealth caterpillars of the c 375a
neither despaired of the C 129a
the c is fixed and stable 56a
Commonwealths plots raise up c 138a
Commune with yr own heart 481b
Communicate to do good and to c 517a
Communicated good, the more c 274b
Communication let yr c, be Yea 505a
Communications evil c corrupt 515a
Communion one c and fellowship 480a
Communist what is a c ? 146a
Community honour as in one c 469b
Compact between the North South 159a
Companion appetite never a wise c 412a
fit c is his horse 108a
God send the prince a better c 379b
his harp, the sole c 22b
leave of an old and agreeable c 162a
thy poor, earth-born c 62a
Companions all her lovely c 281b
best c innocence and health 168a
brethren and c' sakes 489b
c for middle age 14b
c of our woe 450a
I have had c 240b
I think of those C true 79a
old c in adversity 53b
that such c thou'dst unfold 363a
while their c slept 247b
Company a crowd is not c 15b
a little love and good c 150a
an Honest Man in much C 107a
climate or the c 211b
c of all faithful people 480b
c, villainous c 378b
die in that man's c 383a
except the present c 290b
expected justice from a c 404b
gay, in such a jocund c 467a
give me yr bill of c 418a
good c and good discourse 450b
horsemen, a brave c 33b
none of all our c, I boast 36a
other c in youthe 88b
Punctual Delivery C 124b
qualified to shine in c 419a
religion in a mixed c 91a
[Shakespeare] very good c 11a
three is c 460a
take the tone of the c 90b
to the kirk with a goodly c 100a
true brother of a c 476b
we were a gallant c 60b
Compare belied with false c 389a
how I may c this prison 376a
Compare (*cont*)
I will not Reason and C 30b
shall I c thee 387a
Comparison alone, for the c of all 216a
in whose c all whites are ink 368b
Comparisons c are odorous 359a
c doon offte gret greuaunce 251a
confronted him with self-c 346a
she, and c are odious 132a
Compass a narrow c 449a
and c lost 109b
c of the world 483a
my heart the faithful c 161a
my life is run his c 341b
thou shalt c me about 483b
thro' all the c of the notes 139b
to the top of my c 334b
we the globe can c soon 357a
wide c round be fetched 44b
within his bending sickle's c 389a
Compassed c by the inviolate sea 437a
we also are c about 517a
Compasses as stiff twin c are two 134a
Compassion c in the very name of a Curate 405a
his bowels of c 518a
Compel c thee to go a mile 505a
c them to come in 509b
Compensation glory 's no c 237a
Competence debtless c 439a
Competency lives longer 352b
Competition anarchy and c the laws 315a
where there is no c, no vanity 208b
Complain farmers, flourish and c 113b
I heard him c 453a
to c of the age we live in 56b
Complainers for the public 56b
Complaining but the voice of c 284a
no c in our streets 490b
thro' my daily c 483b
unheard was her c 407a
Complaint instead of dirges this c 225a
Lord, it is my chief c 110a
the voice of my c 483a
Complaints what needs c 189a
Complete and in herself c 276a
just my vengeance c 47b
mine I saved and hold c 48b
Complexion c is perfect gallows 367a
gold c dimmed 387a
mislike me not for my c 353a
of what c soever 356a
schoolgirl c 526a
turn thy c there, patience 361a
whose fresh c and whose heart 373b
Complexions coarse c and cheeks 267b
Compliance timely c prevented him 151a
Complies he that c against his will 66a
Compliment but farewell c 367a
feigning was called c 371b
to return the c 166a
Comply so backward to c 110a
Composer contemplation of first C 42a
Composition mad c ! 374a
take more c and fierce quality 341b
Compositions read over yr c 208a
Compound for sins 65a
Comprehend c all vagrom men 358b
when she begins to c 305b
Compromise Church of England a c 401a
give me the Brown c 201a
Compulsion c doth in music lie 266b
fools by heavenly c 342a
give you a reason on c 377b
happy by c 102a
on what c must I? 354b
Compute what 's done we may c 50a
Comrade c of thy wanderings 396b
new-hatch'd, unfledged c 330b
no c Lucy knew 467b
stepping where his c stood 318b
Comrades c, leave me here 432a
dear love of c 457a
yr c chase e'en now the fliers 96b
Comus and his midnight crew 175a
Con taken great pains to c it 370a
Concatenation c of circumstances 454a
in a c accordingly 171a
Conceal half c the Soul within 420b
he was always able to c it 446b
Conceal (*cont*)
how much you can c 21b
ne'er express, yet cannot all c 69b
tried to c him by naming him 194b
use of speech to c them 170b
Concealing hazard of c 60a
Concealment but let c, like a worm 371a
Conceit all in their high c 146b
a man wise in his own c 498b
c divinely framed 78a
c in weakest bodies 335a
sluggard is wiser in his own c 498b
strutting player, whose c lies 368b
with self and vain c 375b
you must c me 339b
Conceited never pity c people 144b
Conceits best c do prove liars 136b
wise in yr own c 513b
words tokens for c 13a
Conceives by idleness 383b
Conceivest thou c Him not 187a
Conceiving our benumbed c soars 442a
Concentrated more and more c in you 223b
Concentrates it c his mind 209b
Conception choke the strong c 363b
such as dodge c 217b
truer c of God 10b
Conceptions equal to the soul's 404b
Concern a matter they had no c in 419a
conduct its largest c 10a
Concerns think only what c thee 275b
where it c himself 214b
Concessions of the weak of fear 55b
Conciseness accuracy sacrificed to c 212b
Conclave in stately c met 92a
Conclusion c in unmitigated act 229a
denoted a foregone c 362a
lame and impotent c 361a
men hasten to a c 15b
the other is a c 206b
Conclusions life is drawing c 66b
narrow minds narrow c 265b
pursued c infinite 325b
Concord c of sweet sounds 355b
c of well-tuned sounds 387a
damn'd firm c holds 272b
lover of c 478a
quarrels oft in pleasing c end 278a
unity peace, and c 479a
Concurrence fortuitous c of atoms 292a
sweet c of the heart 191a
Condemn cause, and c you to death 82b
c itself for being here 350b
neither do I c thee 511a
Condemned to earth for ever 46b
Condemns Johnson c whatever he disapproves 58b
Condense within thy soul 288b
Condescend to men of low estate 513b
Condition cheerful as any man in that it c 296a
gentle his c 383a
my unhoused free c 359b
O hard c ! 382b
wearisome c of humanity 176b
whine about their c 458a
Condolement persevere in c 330a
Conduct c is three-fourths of life 10a
c of a clouded cane 302b
his c still right 169b
morality is the regulation of c 407b
our c isn't all yr fancy paints 235b
secondly, gentlemanly c 10b
what is c ? 10a
Conductor, when you receive a fare 38b
Cone country is an inverted c 210a
Cones eat the c under his pines 157b
Confabulate if birds c 110b
Conference c a ready man 16a
free and friendly c 340b
Confess yourself to heaven 335a
Confessed faith before the world c 200a
half absolved who has c 305b
Confession of his true state 331a
Confide these our critics much c in 419b
Confidence c is of slow growth 297a
damned hisself in c 127a
the c of reason give 464a
Confident never more c of anything 129a

Confine erring spirit hies to his c 329b
the very verge of her c 342b
Confined cabined, cribbed, c 349a
to numbers I'll not be c 461a
Confines in these c cry 'Havoc!' 339b
Confirm c him who singeth 479a
c the feeble knees 502a
c tidings as they roll 2a
ratify and c the same 481a
Confirmation, or laying on of hands 481a
Confirmations jealous c strong 362a
Confiscation we have legalized c 128b
Conflict in this c of opinions 212a
the heat of c, keeps the law 465b
too weak the c to support 344a
Conflux of two Eternities 80b
Conform, or be more wise 296a
Conformation of his mind was such 255a
Confound c their politics 79b, 522b
c the things wh are mighty 514a
do but themselves c 54b
Confounded let me never be c 478a
Confounds not the deed c us 347b
Confusion all else c 436b
bright things come to c 356a
c now hath made his masterpiece 348a
c of their own faces 503b
c on thy banners 173b
c worse confounded 273a
if c have a part 280b
ruin and c hurled 2b
strut to our c 324a
world calls guilt, in first c 96a
Confute c, change hands, and still c 64b
no man can tell how to c him 321a
read not to c 16a
Congratulate friends to c 141b
Congratulatory regrets 128b
Congregate merchants most do c 353a
Congregation in the face of this c 481b
latter has the largest c 118b
Congregations C committed to their charge 478b
c of naughty men 487a
Congress makes no progress 562a
Congs Kinquering C 409b
Conies stony rocks for the c 488b
Conjecture now entertain c 382a
Conjugal attraction unreproved 274a
Conjunction of the mind 260b
Conjuration and what magic 360a
Connecting-rod stride o' yon c 231b
Connoisseurs as some of yr c do 20a
Connubial nothing wrong in a c kiss 70b
rites of c love refused 274b
Connubiality victim o' c 126a
Conquer Antony shd c Antony 324b
c him that did his master c, 324a
easier to c it (the East) 449b
like Douglas c 194b
she stoops to c 170b
that was wont to c others 375a
we c but to save 76b
we'll c again and again 158b
went forth conquering and to c 518b
Conquered c, O pale Galilean 423b
I came, I saw, I c 548a
I will be c 211b
'living' is c at last 297b
mortal creatures, c and secured 464b
People never c quite 294b
perpetually to be c 55b
thou hast c, O Galilean 548a
Conquering c kings their titles take 87a
he went forth c 518b
in c one thou hast so enriched 36a
see the c hero comes 244a
so sharp the c 90a
Conqueror came in with Richard C 366b
came in with the C 38a
c creates a Muse 449a
Emathian c 278b
its hero the C Worm 208a
proud foot of a c 374b
Conquest fann'd by c's crimson 173b
peace is of the nature of a c 380b
shameful c of itself 375a
Conquests are all thy c shrunk 339b
drums and tramplings of three c 42a
his carnage and his c cease 67b
the only honourable c 56a
Conquests (*cont*)
to spread her c further 59b
what c brings he home? 337b
Consanguineous am not I c? 370b
Conscience a Nonconformist c 460a
a still and quiet c 386a
'budge not,' says my c 353b
celestial fire, called c 451b
cheerfully for c sake 491a
c and grace, to the pit 335b
c as their King 427b
c avaunt 95b
c doth make cowards of us all 333a
c is a coward 171a
c is born of love 389b
c is but a word 385a
c of the king 333a
c void of offence 512b
c with injustice is corrupted 384a
corporation to have a c 444b
crept too near his c 385b
gentle beast, and of a good c 357b
guardian of his Majesty's c 444b
health next to a good c 450b
his c has crept too near 385b
hold it very stuff o' the c 359b
my c hath a thousand tongues 385a
Non-conformist C makes cowards 24b
O coward c 385a
of nyce c took he no keep 88b
save free c from the paw 278b
siding champion, C 267a
the c of her worth 275b
their best c is not to leave 't 361b
things whereof our c is afraid 479b
thing they call a c 195a
thus be c-calmed 219a
too young to know what c is 389b
what c dictates to be done 304a
Consciences for c the arms are fair 379a
Conscious the c stone to beauty 147a
to be c of none 80b
Consciousness chamber of c 204b
c the Will informing 179b
Consecrate Beauty, that dost c 394b
I c to thee 241a
Consecrated c above our power 245a
I be not buried in c ground 180b
Consecration and the poet's dream 468b
Consent all with one c began 509b
c of all great men 314b
I will ne'er c—consented 70a
with one c praise gawds 369a
without c been only tried 291b
Consented c together in wedlock 481b
I will ne'er consent—c 70a
to his fate they all c 215a
Consentedst thou c unto him 485a
Consequence business of c 10b
it's of no c 122b
trammel up the c 347a
wisdom in the scorn of c 435b
Consequences almost inevitable C 237b
betray 's in deepest c 346a
c of them will be 64b
damn the c 572b
know all mortal c 350b
logical c are the scarecrows 203a
nor punishments—there are c 203b
Conservation state without means of its c 56b
Conservatism barren thing this C 129a
C discards Prescription 129a
c offers no redress 129a
what is c? 245a
Conservative called the C party 115b
C Government hypocrisy 128a
healthy stomach is c 66b
last C Ministry hypocrisy 17b
man's the true C 247a
or else a little C 164a
sound C government 129a
staid, c type of mind 452a
Conservatives men c after dinner 148a
men are c when least vigorous 148a
Consider c anything, only don't cry 84b
c her ways, and be wise 498a
c it not so deeply 347b
c the lilies of the field 505b
'c well,' the voice replied 418b
in the day of adversity c 499b
Consider (*cont*)
I will c thy heavens 482a
man doth not well c 487b
O c this, ye that forget God 485a
O daughter, and c 484b
read to weigh and c 16a
to c too curiously to c so 336b
Considerable in his native place 208a
Consideration c like an angel 381a
deserve no c 237b
for a c, 319b
our primary c wd be 209a
Considered I have c the days of old 487a
Considering put on my c cap 23a
Consign to thee, and come to dust 329a
Consigned in every place c 213a
Consistency a foolish c 147b
with c great soul has nothing 147b
Consolation Barnabas, the son of c 512a
that's one c 126a
with peace and c dismiss'd 278a
Console us when we fall 55a
Consort with such c as they keep 268b
Conspicuous c by its absence 315a
c object in a Nation's eye 465b
Conspiracy c of our spacious song 114b
O c! sham'st thou to show 338b
open-eyed c 367b
Conspire you and I with Him c 154a
Conspirers where c are 349b
Conspiring with him how to load 221b
Constable fit man for the c of the watch 358b
outrun the c 65b
Constabulary duty's to be done 166b
Constancy but c in a good 41b
c alone is strange 309b
c lives in realms above 100a
finds no object worth its c 396a
hope c in wind 72a
infernal c of the woman 391a
let him in c follow 54b
not with that grand c 93a
O c! be strong 339a
think to stablish dangerous c 133b
wdst thou approve thy c 276a
Constant c as the northern star 339a
c creaking of a country sign 107b
c do remain to keep him so 339a
c, in Nature were inconstancy 107a
c you are, but yet a woman 377a
friendship is c in all 358a
if thou wilt be c then 280b
nothing c, save inconstancy 417b
one here will c be 54b
she is so c to me 217b
to one thing c never 358a
were man but c 372b
Constantinople go to C and take the Turk 383b
Russians shall not have C 201b
Constellated flower that never sets 398a
Constellations foreign c west 179a
I do not want the c any nearer 458a
Constitution C devotes the domain 321b
c is extremely well 449b
C looks to an Union 88a
does not agree with my c 444a
essence of the c 217a
everybody talks of the c 449b
genius of the C 297a
higher law than the C 321b
I am of a c so general 41b
principle of the English c 28b
suit full well my c 524a
venerable parts of our c 56a
Constitutions o'er yr wine 77b
Constraineth love of Christ c us 515a
spirit within me c me 497a
Constraint all c is evil 112b
beauty by c, possessing 159a
Construe men may c things 338a
Consubstantial, co-eternal 286b
Consul's brow was sad 253a
Consult c Brother Jonathan 452a
c our private ends 419a
Consults about serious matters 91a
Consume c away like a snail 485b
no more right to c happiness 390a
Consummation quiet c have 329a
she waits the c, 415b

Consummation (*cont*)
'tis a c devoutly to be wish'd 333*a*
Consumption of the purse 380*a*
Contact with a brother poet 224*a*
Contagion c of the night 338*b*
c of the world's slow stain 392*b*
foul c spread 269*b*
Contaminate our fingers with bribes 340*b*
Contemned it wd be utterly c 501*a*
Contemneth he that c small things 520*b*
Contemplates wreck the thing it c 397*b*
Contemplation beneath thy c 286*a*
best nurse C 267*a*
c makes a rare turkey-cock 371*a*
c 's sober eye 175*b*
for c he and valour formed 274*a*
mind serene for c 160*b*
my darling c 105*b*
the Cherub C 268*a*
Contemporary How it strikes a C 47*b*
Contempt c of thy Word 478*b*
for c too high 107*a*
Contemptible those poor c men 116*a*
Contend c, ye powers of heav n 114*b*
let's c no more, Love 52*b*
Lord, if I c with thee 198*a*
Contending c with the elements 342*b*
let fierce c nations know 1*b*
put God as c against 457*a*
Content as c with six foot 42*b*
c thyself with thine estate 416*b*
c to breathe his native air 303*b*
C! where doth thine harbour hold 21*a*
c with yr wages 509*a*
c you, the gate is strait 424*a*
farewell c! 362*a*
good reason to be c 222*b*
I cd be well c with quiet 378*b*
land of lost c 199*b*
money, means, and c 327*a*
my soul hath her c 361*a*
nor that c surpassing wealth 399*a*
Oh sweet c! 118*b*
our desire is got without c 348*b*
poor and c is rich 361*b*
range with humble livers in c 385*b*
shut up in measureless c 347*b*
will no other vice c you? 133*b*
Contented c if he might enjoy 469*a*
c wi' little 59*b*
slaves, howe'er c 111*a*
with what I most enjoy c least 387*a*
Contention a man of c 503*b*
let the long c cease 6*b*
Contentment all enjoying, what c 275*b*
c is a sleepy thing 445*a*
oh, the sweet c 86*b*
preaches c to that toad 233*a*
where freedom reign, c fails 170*a*
Contest great c follows 112*a*
proud world cease yr c 115*a*
Contests Saints engage fierce c 66*a*
what mighty c rise 302*b*
Contiguity boundless c of shade 111*b*
Continency have not the gift of c 481*b*
Continent make its c an isle 293*a*
upon this c a new nation 245*a*
Continents over three separate c 136*a*
rive yr concealing c 342*b*
Continuance c prefer mild hale 417*a*
in c of time 478*a*
patient c in well-doing 513*a*
the household of c 416*a*
Continue charges wh once begun will c 15*b*
tree will c to be 522*b*
Continuest that thou c such, owe 275*a*
Continueth for their work c 234*b*
Continuous as the stars 467*a*
Contortions of sybil inspiration 58*b*
Contracted Angel with c brow 276*a*
Contradict do I c myself? 458*a*
lose no time to c her 419*a*
read not to c 16*a*
tho' it c everything you said 147*b*
Contradicting a Bishop 211*a*
Contradiction it is a c in terms 391*b*
woman's at best a c 302*a*
Contradictions man a bundle of c 103*b*
Contrairy everythink goes c 121*b*
Contraption he call a Tar-Baby 181*b*
'Contrariwise' continued Tweedledee 84*a*
Contrarious unfit c moods 44*a*
Contrary change them to the c 366*a*
c to their profession 479*b*
Mistress Mary, quite c 533*a*
time runneth not to the c 28*b*, 245*b*
Contributions to development 9*b*
Contrivance government is a c wisdom 57*a*
Contrivances presumption in c 55*b*
Contrive c to write so even 11*b*
Nature always does c 164*a*
Control beyond my individual c 122*b*
his c stops with the shore 69*b*
over wh he has no c 454*b*
who can c his fate? 364*a*
will leave this to c . 132*b*
Controlled I claim not to have c events 245*a*
Controls them and subdues 465*a*
Controverse in c mute 306*a*
Controversy with hearts of c 337*b*
Contumely proud man's c 333*a*
the other is c 15*a*
Convenience next suggested elbow chairs 111*b*
Convenient jesting, wh are not c 515*b*
Convent C of the Sacred Heart 145*a*
c 's narrow room 468*a*
c 's solitary gloom 299*b*
Conventicle for being at a c 296*a*
Convention lords of C 'twas Claver'se 316*a*
Conversation as e'er my c coped 334*a*
brisk as a bee in c 206*a*
c among gentlemen 209*a*
c 's burrs 193*b*
c -scraps, kitchen-cabals 113*b*
ignorance cramps my c 197*a*
pleasures of life is c 404*b*
religion no subject of c 91*a*
silence that make his c delightful 404*b*
that is the happiest c 208*b*
Wesley's c is good 209*b*
Conversations book without c 82*b*
Converse born to write, c 303*a*
c of an innocent mind 221*a*
c with the mighty dead 443*b*
forgo thy sweet c 276*b*
formed by thy c 301*b*
I c day by day 407*a*
spend in pure c 39*b*
Conversing c with W H 's forehead 183*a*
with thee c I forget all time 274*a*
with thee c, I forget the way 161*a*
Conversion of the Jews 260*a*
Convert c, and be healed 501*b*
he shall c my soul 483*a*
Converted sinners shall be c 485*a*
to be c at a revival 413*a*
Converting c all yr sounds of woe 358*b*
machine for c the Heathen 80*a*
Converts qualified for making c 171*a*
women can true c make 150*b*
'Convey' the wise it call 355*b*
Convict endeavour to c her 419*a*
Convince by persuading others we c 217*a*
Convinced not c by proofs 293*b*
Convinceth wh of you c me of sin 511*a*
Convincing just by way of c you 236*a*
Oh! too c—dangerously dear 70*a*
thought of c 169*b*
Conviviality taper of c 125*a*
Convocation of politic worms 335*a*
Convoy crowns for c put 383*a*
Coodle Lord C wd go out 121*b*
Cooed but c, and c 468*a*
Cooings matrimonial c 70*b*
Cook astronomer to Capt C 403*a*
Groom, the Butler, and the C 163*b*
I am a c and a captain bold 163*a*
ill c that cannot lick finger 366*a*
tell William c 381*a*
very uncommon c 315*b*
Cookery c is become an art 64*a*
kissing don't last c dol 265*a*
Cooks bouchers and c 242*b*
c are gentlemen 64*a*
good cook as c go 315*a*
guests shd praise it, not the c 181*a*
Cooks (*cont*)
he lik'd those literary c 283*a*
Synod of C 207*b*
the Devil sends c 158*b*
with a legion of c 73*a*
Cool cheeks wh they did c 323*a*
garden in the c of the day 492*b*
here comes the c of the evening 405*b*
sweet day, so c 187*b*
Cooled a long age in the earth 219*b*
Cool-haired lifting the c creepers 8*a*
Cooling you must stay the c too 368*b*
Coolness grateful c in the heat 86*b*
Coombe [Mr C] snatched from us 55*a*
Co-operation the laws of life 315*a*
Coop't whereunder crawling c 153*b*
Cophetua beggar maid before C 425*b*
C sware a royal oath 425*b*
when King C loved 365*a*
Copier mere c of Nature 308*b*
Copious Dryden 303*b*
Copper for a c halfpenny 85*b*
c for the craftsman 228*a*
hot and c sky 98*b*
Coppersmith Alexander the c 516*b*
Copse that crowned the eastern c 224*a*
turf, wh lay under a c 398*a*
Copy I, according to my c 257*a*
leave the world no c 370*a*
nature s c 's not eterne 349*a*
Copyists shortened the labour of c 81*b*
Coquetry c of public opinion 58*a*
life is a c of death 441*a*
Corages nature in hir c 88*a*
Coral c is far more red 389*a*
c of his lip 251*b*
of his bones are c made 367*a*
or a c lip admires 79*a*
wand ring in many a c grove 31*b*
Coral-reef within the seas 293*b*
Coranto home in a c 369*b*
Corbies I heard twa c 529*b*
Cord as unto the bow the c 248*b*
ever the silver c be loosed 500*a*
stretch a c, however fine 456*b*
threefold c is not broken 499*a*
triple c, wh no man can break 58*a*
Cordage rent c, shatter d deck 287*a*
Cordelia to be my child C 344*a*
Cordial lost with c fruit 188*a*
name of 'Entente C' 535*a*
Cords cast away their c 481*b*
scourge of small c 510*b*
Core ain t-a-going to be no c 447*a*
as the rind was the c is 421*a*
Corinna come, my C 189*a*
when to her lute C sings 78*a*
Corinth C lost and won 69*b*
not everyone that can get to C 543*a*
Corinthian capital of society 57*b*
Corioli eyes the widows in C wear 328*a*
fluttered yr Volscians in C 328*b*
Corking-pin a rather large c 19*b*
Cormorant c devouring Time 344*a*
sat like a c 273*b*
Corn bow d locks of the c 284*b*
breast-high amid the c 195*b*
clover and c lay sleeping 226*a*
cokkel in our clene c 89*a*
cometh al this newe c 90*a*
c before my tears did drown it 188*a*
c in Egypt 493*b*
c that makes the holy bread 262*a*
c was springing green 28*b*
cow's in the c 535*a*
earn d yr little bit o' c 162*b*
flies o'er th' unbending c 300*a*
he treadeth out the c 494*b*
hope c in chaff 72*a*
in tears amid the alien c 220*a*
make two ears of c to grow 418*a*
meadows rich with c 458*b*
raise the price of c 67*b*
the c was orient wheat 445*a*
the farmer sowing his c 534*a*
threshed c at midnight 476*a*
to reap its scanty c 146*b*
valleys stand so thick with c 486*a*
weeds in our sustaining c 343*b*

ornelia kept her in talk 64b
ornelius-Son made the Hollanders 216a
orner close c of my brain 198a
head-stone in the c 489a
keep a c in the thing I love 362a
not done in a c 513a
sits the Wind in that c ? 358b
some c of a foreign field 40a
the world in every c sing 187a
orners come the three c 374b
in his hand are all the c 487b
knit at the four c 512a
polished c of the temple 490b
round earth's imagined c , blow 133a
ornet sound of the c , flute, harp 504a
orney Oh, Mrs C , what a prospect 125b
ornfield o'er the green c did pass 327b
ornish twenty thousand C men 182b
orns yr shooting c presage 419b
ornwall C squab-pie 225b
I love thee C 157a
oromandel fought on the C 254b
oronation C and Sops in wine 409b
reject a petrarchal c 222b
oroner c 's quest law 336a
Medical c 's a queer thing 19a
oronet wears a c , and prays 113a
oronets hearts are more than c 431b
orporal blacking the C 's eye 227b
fun o' the C s guard 227b
orporals forty-one 234a
orporation to have a conscience 444b
orporations cannot commit treason 97b
orporeal, a *matter-of-fact-ness* 183a
orpse (corse) as his c to the rampart 462a
a slovenly, unhandsome c 376b
carry up this c 47a
c of Public Credit 454a
each like a c within 396a
flowers serve for a buried c 366a
frozen c was he 249a
good wishes to the c 21b
he'd make a lovely c 124a
he makes a very handsome c 170b
here 's a c in the case 19a
kissed her cold c 526b
leave the c uninterred 318b
not a friend greet my poor c 371a
seraph-man on every c 99b
the *c shd be ready* 451a
they bore her c away 172b
this c wh is man 423b
thou, dead c revisit'st thus 331a
you've got a nice fresh c 446b
orpses c three-months-old 435b
down where the c sink 202b
loves into c or wives 421a
orrect all present and c 522a
c , insert refine 419b
like magistrates, c at home 381b
to be critical than to be c 128a
orreggio correggiosity of C 80b
correggiescity of C 80b, 411b
orreggios Raphaels, C 169b
orrespondent to command 367a
orridors of Time 247a
orrival without c all her dignities 377a
orrupt a judge that no king can c 385b
a people generally c 58a
c influence prodigality 56a
c the souls of those they rule 7a
good custom shd c the world 429a
power is apt to c 297a
orrupted hath not been c 478a
my fortunes have c honest men 324a
orruptible obtain a c crown 514a
this c must put on incorruption 515a
orruption c of Man's Heart 46b
c , the most infallible symptom 162a
c wins not more than honesty 386a
it is sown in c 515a
keep mine honour from c 386b
thy Holy One to see c. 482b
to be turned into c 491a
vice whose strong c inhabits 372a
Corruptions made him wretched 219a
'orryvreckan dangerous C. 96a
orsair left a C 's name 70a
ortez stout C 220b
'orydon C wd kiss her then 35b
Corydon (*cont*)
Phillida and C 35a
shepherd C was all aflame 556b
Time, not C hath conquer'd thee 8b
Cosmopolitan in the end 281a
Cosmopolite I don't set up for a c 196b
Cosmos too much Ego in yr C 237a
Cosmus, Duke of Florence 13b
Cost gods sigh for the c and pain 43b
rich-proud c of outworn age 388a
too costly for c 443a
why so large c 389b
Coster' s finished jumping 166b
Costive soap-boiler c. 454b
Costly thy habit 330b
Cot here 's a pot with a c 242a
mine be a c beside the hill 310a
Cotopaxi 446a
Cottage c homes of England 185a
c in a lane, Park Lane for choice 571b
c of gentility 100b, 406b
c with a double coach-house 100b, 406b
from court to c he depart 295b
he before his c door 406a
her looks the c might adorn 169a
hides not his visage from our c 373b
in his c bid defiance 297a
love and a c ! 103a
soul's dark c 449a
Cottages poor men's c palaces 352b
Cottle Amos C 72a
Cotton is King 94a
Cotton-spinners we are not c all 438a
Cotytto or Venus 421b
Couch make his c of silk 89b
on my c I lie 467b
retired to his virtoous c 451a
round his C 's golden rim 282b
steel c of war 360b
there I c when owls do cry 368a
they to their grassy c 274a
wraps the drapery of his c 53b
Couch grass heaps of c 179b
Cough c for my own amusement 11b
his hearers cd not c 215a
keep a c by them ready 94b
Coughs no discretion in her c 11b
Coughing drowns the parson's saw 345b
Council instruments are then in c 338b
Councils climates, c , governments 438b
Her Majesty s c his words grace 40b
takes wisdom from our c 56a
thousand college-c 438b
Counsel c of her country's gods 107b
c of the heathen to nought 483b
dost sometimes c take 302b
'fiend ' say I, you c well 353b
fitter for execution than for c 16a
ghostly c and advice 480b
hard it is for women to keep c 339a
if this c be of men 512a
Judah their c 486b
justice, c , and treasure 15a
lightly regarded the c 488b
princely c in his face 272b
spirit of c and might 501b
take my c , happy man 163b
that darkeneth c by words 497b
to keep my own c 167b
took sweet c together 485a
two may keep c 365b
who cannot give good c ? 64a
Counsellor Wonderful, C 501b
Counsellors in the multitude of c 498a
when c blanch 15a
Counsels all good c do proceed 478b
casteth out the c of princes 483b
designs and crooked c fit 138a
how mony c sweet 62b
Count all men c with you 230a
c five-and-twenty 123a
I c myself in nothing 375a
I c them all my friends 426a
I c them over, every one 309b
let me c the ways 44a
makes her c and calls her 'Miss' 93b
Counted he c them at break of day 70b
Countenance c in wh did meet 470b
c is as Lebanon 500b
c like richest alchemy 338a
c more in sorrow 330b
Countenance (*cont*)
damned disinheriting c 400b
did the C Divine 31a
grim, grim grew his c 529a
his c soon brightened 464b
his c was as the sun 518b
Knight of the Sorrowful C 567b
light of thy c upon us 482a
Lord lift up his c 494a
maketh a cheerful c 498a
oil to make him a cheerful c 488a
perceiving Hodge out of c 211a
shew us the light of his c 486a
sobs and sorrowful c 64b
trow that c cannot lie 313b
with a glassy c 432a
withal of a beautiful c 495b
you have that in yr c 342a
Counter all things c , original 197b
Counter-caster this c 359b
Countercheck quarrelsome 328a
Counterfeit sleep, death's c 348a
Counterpane land of c 414a
Countesses had no outlines at all 125a
Counties see the coloured c 199a
six c overhung with smoke 284a
Counting out his money 533b
Counting-house king was in his c 533b
Countries he made all c his own 139b
preferreth all c before his own 291b
rascals in all c 210a
Country absolved from all duty to his c 295a
all these c patriots 67b
anybody can be good in the c 460b
beats not in his c s cause 298b
benefits of yr own c 327a
billion dollar c 156a
but c folks who live beneath 96a
c continually under hatches 222b
c for heroes to live in 246a
c governed by a despot 210a
c has its charms 417a
c kind of healthy grave 405b
c life I praise 37b
c life is to be preferred 296a
c men of England 292a
c 's cause calls you away 162b
C 's gut her soul 250b
departed into their own c 504b
ends thou aim'st at be thy c 's 386a
every c has its own constitution 523a
fear for my dear c 463a
Flora and the c green 219b
for thee, O dear, dear C 286b
from yon far c blows 199b
genius is of no c 94b
God made the c 111b
good news from a far c 498b
had she been a c maid 61b
he likes the c , but in town 110b
his first, best c 170a
how I leave my c ! 297b
how I love my c 297b
if c loves such sweet desires 176b
I loathe the c 105b
in the c I always fear 404b
in the c of the free 43a
in the c places rosy faces 414b
into the c whenever I choose 460a
in yr ain c 116b
is this mine own c ? 99b
I the happy c swain 61b
I tremble for my c 205a
I vow to thee, my c 409b
I will into some far c 531b
know the rooms of thy native c 157b
leave his c as good 97a
leaving his c for his c 's sake 152a
lie for the good of his c 473a
love thy c , wish it well 131b
make unto me one c 42a
mariners from a far c 99b
most disthressful c 525b
my c is the world 292a
my c ! oh, my c ! 297b
my c , tis of thee 404a
my soul, there is a c 448a
never-never c 228b
nothing good in the c 183b
Oh Rome! my c ! 69a

Country (*cont*)
our c is the world 159*a*
our c , right or wrong 118*a*
over all the c the turtle dove 262*b*
polite to every c 196*b*
praises every c but his own 164*b*
pretty c folks wd lie 327*b*
pride that pulls c down 361*a*, 524*b*
save in his own c 507*a*
she is my c still 94*b*
sky their native c 99*a*
springs o' that c 528*a*
stake in the c 573*b*
sucked on c pleasures 133*a*
sweet and blessed c 286*a*
the c in town 551*a*
the good of one's c 150*a*
their c 's wishes blest 103*a*
the undiscovered c 333*a*
they touch our c 111*b*
they've undone his c 1*b*
'tis a c diversion 105*b*
to a boon southern c. 9*a*
to do our c loss 383*a*
to my sin c 116*b*
to vegetate like the c 183*b*
vile, that will not love his c 339*b*
when his c 's pride 391*b*
who leads a c life 140*a*
whose c turned into a desert 56*a*
zealous for his c 's good 160*a*
Countryman contentment the c doth find 86*b*
I was Shakespeare's c 452*b*
Countrymen friends, Romans, c 339*b*
in balance with my c 's 42*a*
our c are all mankind 159*a*
what a fall was there, my c ! 340*a*
Countryside smiling beautiful c 135*b*
Couple begin wood-birds but to c 357*b*
Coupler-flange to spindle-guide 231*b*
Couples see the c advance 131*a*
Couplet fraught with unmeaning 300*a*
Couplets creaking c 72*a*
golden c are disclosed 336*b*
Courage all goes if c goes 21*b*
and of a good c 494*b*
brows of dauntless c 272*a*
c , breath and speed 316*a*
c , brother! do not stumble 256*b*
'c !' he said and pointed 433*a*
c in yr own 171*b*
c is the thing 21*b*
c mounteth with occasion 373*b*
c never to submit 271*a*
c of heart or holiness 26*a*
doth any deed of c 380*b*
fires us with c , love and joy 159*b*
for c to forget 2*b*
greater therefore shd. our c be 382*b*
it requireth c stout 146*b*
my c prove my title! 325*a*
my c to him that can get it 54*b*
screw yr c 347*b*
sing praises with a good c 483*b*
three o'clock in the morning c 444*a*
two o'clock in the morning c 575*a*
vain faith, and c vain 252*b*
without originality or moral c 389*b*
Courageous when captains c 531*b*
Couriers of the air 347*a*
Course as a giant to run his c 482*b*
c of true love 356*a*
crew laughing, and forgot his c 155*a*
current and compulsive c 362*a*
earth's diurnal c 463*a*
foundations are out of c. 487*a*
I have finished my c 516*b*
I must fight the c 351*a*
I must stand the c 343*a*
in our daily c our mind be set 223*b*
insisture, c , proportion 368*b*
keen, unscrupulous c 5*b*
long ere the c begin 259*a*
morning-star in his steep c 101*a*
my preudunt c is steadied 250*a*
short, bright, resistless c 317*b*
steer a middle c 262*b*
take thou what c thou wilt 340*b*
they whose c on earth is o'er 287*a*
with secret c 211*a*

Course (*cont*)
world's c will not fail 294*a*
Coursers c fed with the lightning 397*b*
two c of ethereal race 175*a*
Courses c of my life do show 378*a*
gave himself to evil c 468*a*
planets in their radiant c 305*a*
stars in their c 494*b*
Court c awards it 355*a*
C Calendars, Directories 239*a*
Death keeps his pale c 392*a*
free of the outer c 293*b*
from c to cottage he depart 295*b*
help of the air of the c 149*a*
her c was pure 437*a*
keeps Death his c 375*b*
learning hope success at C 160*a*
let her alone, she will c you 216*a*
love rules the c 317*a*
peril than the envious c 325*b*
sun that shines upon his c 373*b*
turmoiled in the c 384*a*
Courted better be c and jilted 77*a*
c by all the winds 277*b*
than never be courted at all 77*a*
Courteous c he was, lowly 88*a*
if a man be c to strangers 15*a*
so c , so kind, as Merry Margaret 402*b*
Courtesies for these c I'll lend you 353*a*
hail ye small sweet c 411*a*
Courtesy a mutilated c 171*a*
by a frantic flight of c 294*b*
candy deal of c 377*a*
Grace of God is in C 26*a*
greater man, the greater c 428*b*
he loved fredom and c 88*a*
mirour of alle c 89*a*
mirror of all c 385*b*
of C it is much less 26*b*
phrase of gentlest c 316*b*
seated in the heart of c 401*b*
show'd thy dear mother any c 328*b*
the pink of c 410*b*
the very pink of c 365*b*
trust thy honest offer'd c 267*a*
use the devil himself with c 372*a*
wish c wd invent some 361*a*
Courtier c 's, soldier's, scholar's 333*b*
gallops o'er a c 's nose 364*b*
heel of the c 336*b*
o'er c 's knees 364*b*
Courting I heard a linnet c 36*b*
Courtliness, and the desire of fame 428*a*
Courts c for cowards were erected 61*a*
c of the sun 92*b*
c to learn the world in 90*b*
C where Jamshyd gloried 153*a*
gauntlet down to c , and kings 77*b*
halls and c of princes 267*a*
into the c of the Lord 487*a*
one day in thy c 487*a*
shown in c , at feasts 267*b*
Courtship to Marriage as a prologue 105*a*
Cousin here, c , seize the crown 376*a*
Cousins his sisters and his c 166*a*
Coutts Aristocrat who banks with C 163*b*
Cove gain the c with pushing prow 48*b*
Covenant with death 502*a*
Cover athwart a cedarn c 101*a*
c her face 454*b*
c my defenceless head 455*b*
c , of the wings of grasshoppers 364*b*
green underwood and c 420*b*
jewels c every part 300*a*
leaves and flowers do c 454*b*
the turbulent surge shall c 368*a*
Coverings cowslips for her c 189*a*
Covert c from the tempest 502*a*
in shadiest c hid 273*a*
Coverts of dismay 312*b*
Covet thy neighbour's wife 480*a*
Coveted an Englishman as ever c 226*b*
Coveting the property of others 553*a*
Covetous Brutus grows so c 341*a*
Cow a little Kyloe c 534*a*
as c chaws cud 446*a*
cheaper than to keep a c 67*a*
c is kept for every three acres 266*a*
c jumped over the moon 534*a*
c 's in the corn 535*a*

Cow (*cont*)
c with the crumpled horn 534*a*
c with the iron tail 535*a*
friendly c , all red 414*a*
I never saw a Purple C 54*b*
kiss till the c come home 23*a*
Molly smiles beneath her c 528*a*
three acres and a c 102*b*
when she kissed her c 418*b*
Coward call me c if you will 151*b*
count myself the c 437*b*
c does it with a kiss 459*b*
c in thine own esteem 347*a*
c 's castle 87*b*
c 's weapon, poison 155*b*
either a c or a flatterer 339*b*
flattery to name a c 444*b*
'Fore God I am no c 437*a*
he was a scoundrel, and a c 266*b*
I know you are no c 437*b*
I was a c on instinct 377*b*
no c soul is mine 38*b*
O c conscience 385*a*
shaked like a c 378*a*
the c stands aside 251*a*
we took him for a c 372*a*
Cowards all men wd be c 309*b*
being all c , we go on very well 210*a*
conscience doth make c 333*a*
courts for c were erected 61*a*
c die many times 339*a*
C ! if I advanced one step 288*a*
c in scarlet 173*a*
other mannish c have 325*b*
plague of all c 377*b*
what can ennoble sots or c ? 301*b*
word that c use 385*a*
Cowardice c keeps us in peace 210*a*
I admit the c 390*b*
pusillanimity and c 380*b*
Cowardly c put off my helmet 324*b*
I do find it c and vile 341*a*
Cowbind green c 398*a*
Cowl I like a c 147*a*
Cowled wd I that c churchman be 147*a*
Cowley who now reads C ? 303*b*
Cowls, hoods, and habits 273*b*
Cowper chit-chat of C 239*b*
Cows c are my passion 122*b*
when the c come hame 20*b*
Cowslip a pearl in every c 's ear 356*b*
c 's velvet head 268*a*
freckled c , burnet 383*b*
in a c 's bell I lie 368*a*
i' the bottom of a c 328*b*
sweet c 's grace 290*b*
Cowslips C and Kingcups 404*b*
c for her covering 189*a*
c from a Devon combe 229*a*
c tall her pensioners 356*b*
her foot the Cumnor c 8*b*
with c wan 270*a*
Cowt a ragged c 's been known 60*a*
Coxcomb ask two hundred guineas 313*b*
Coxcombs C vanquish Berkley 40*b*
some made c 300*a*
Coy lord, make me c 187*b*
sometimes coming, sometimes c 321*a*
then be not c 190*b*
uncertain, c , and hard to please 318*b*
Coyness this c , Lady no crime 260*a*
Cozenage strange c ! 139*b*
Crabbe Virtue's name let C attest 72*b*
Crabbed c age and youth 389*b*
not harsh, and c 267*b*
Crabs roasted c hiss in the bowl 345*b*
set limed twigs for c 85*b*
Crab-tree cudgel 54*a*
Crack he wd hear the mighty c 2*b*
you'd better c us up 124*a*
Cracked it c and growled 98*a*
two strings and both c 151*b*
Cracked-up we must be c 124*a*
Cracker lovely c mottoes! 163*a*
Crackling of thorns under a pot 499*a*
Cracks a noble heart 337*a*
Cradle baby, c and all 29*a*
bed and procreant c 347*a*
between the c and the grave 143*a*
but in a wooden c 522*a*

Cradle (*cont*)
c endlessly rocking 457*b*
c of our fairy queen 357*a*
c of the deep 461*a*
fancy dies in the c 354*a*
for His c and His throne 224*a*
from the c to the grave I look 114*a*
grown man in the c of an infant 58*a*
hand that rocks the c 448*b*
heir, in his soft c 216*b*
mountain c in Pamere 8*a*
murder an infant in its c 31*a*
the c will fall 29*a*
the c will rock 29*a*
yr c, yr home, and yr bier 395*a*
Cradled c into poetry 395*a*
the day she c me 530*a*
Craft between c and credulity 58*a*
c and subtilty of the devil 479*a*
c so long to lerne 90*a*, 550*b*
dog laughed to see such c 534*a*
lean black c 311*b*
prim little c 166*b*
such a smart little c 166*b*
sweet little c 166*b*
their tricks and c 61*a*
there's c in the river 404*a*
Craftier ful c to pley she was 89*b*
Craftiness wise in their own c 497*a*
Crafts and assaults of the devil 478*b*
Crafty old and c and wise 475*b*
Crag castled c of Drachenfels 68*b*
from cloud and from c 392*b*
he clasps the c 426*b*
leafless trees and every icy c 466*a*
Crags among these barren c 438*b*
at the foot of thy c, O Seal 425*b*
builds from the purple c 396*a*
Cramasie I mysel' in c 530*a*
sails o' c 520*a*
Crammed c just as they on earth 468*b*
c with distressful bread 387*a*
Cramped for ever 216*b*
Cranes warred on by c 271*b*
Cranking river comes me c in 378*a*
Crannies pluck you out of the c 427*a*
Crave have too much, yet still do c 143*a*
I c no pelf 368*a*
my mind forbids to c 143*a*
Craven in C street, Strand 404*a*
Craving and full as c too 139*a*
c credulity 128*a*
Crawl slimy things did c 98*b*
Crawley Miss C had been in France 440*a*
Crawling c between heaven 333*b*
whereunder c coop't 153*b*
Crawls sea beneath him c 426*b*
Crazed he is c with far Arabia 119*a*
Crazy chuckin' the c ones 173*a*
I'm half c 116*b*
who now doth c go 99*b*
Creaking constant c of a sign 107*b*
Cream choking her with c 226*b*
c of others' books 283*a*
gives me c with all her might 414*a*
milk masquerades as c 166*a*
quite the c of the thing 289*a*
visages do c and mantle 352*b*
Creams tempers dulcet c 275*a*
Create as well to c good precedents 14*b*
both what they half c 472*a*
can myself c my little world 24*a*
Father who didst all c 36*b*
from these c he can 397*a*
I must C a System 30*b*
my business is to C 30*b*
Created end of things c 523*a*
God c the heaven 492*a*
they are and were c 518*b*
thou hast c all things 518*b*
Creation about the lords of the c 61*a*
a false c proceeding 347*b*
blind fury of c 390*b*
c expire before teatime 404*b*
doubled His whole c 36*a*
lo! C widened in man's view 457*a*
mars c's plan 79*a*
O fairest of c! 276*a*
our c, preservation 479*a*
right of an earlier c 254*b*
rival her delicate c 473*a*

Creation (*cont*)
she is His new c 415*b*
such as c's dawn beheld 69*b*
the whole c groaneth 513*b*
to wh the whole c moves 431*a*
up and down de whole c 156*a*
what demi-god come so near c 354*a*
while the mute c downward bend 142*b*
Creations God acts his own c 49*b*
Creator C made Italy from designs 446*b*
creature more than the C 513*a*
great C from his work return'd 275*b*
in his own image the C made 241*a*
knowledge for the glory of the C 13*a*
myself and my C 288*a*
O C Spirit, come 549*b*
remember now thy C 499*b*
voice of the great C 82*b*
Creature blank misgivings of a c 466*b*
c, form'd of joy and mirth 30*b*
c in whom excelled 276*a*
c more than the Creator 513*a*
c not too bright or good 470*b*
c's at his dirty work 303*a*
c that moves in grooves 527*a*
every c of God is good 516*b*
every c shall be purified 258*b*
God's first c 16*b*
heaven-eyed c sleeps 465*b*
Heaven wh owned the c 215*a*
he is a base and ignoble c 15*a*
I am a lone lorn c 121*b*
image of the c 370*b*
kindliest c in ould Donegal 173*a*
nor any other c 513*b*
not a c was stirring 280*b*
of humblest friends, bright c! 463*b*
own impulse every c stirs 7*b*
some noble c in her 367*a*
there is no c loves me 385*a*
to look on such a blessed c 250*b*
wine is a good familiar c 361*b*
world hath not a sweeter c 362*b*
wd you gain the tender c? 159*a*
Creatures all c great and small 3*a*
all c here below 224*b*
call these delicate c ours 362*a*
c that by a rule in nature 381*b*
disagree of c rational 272*b*
elemental c go about my table 476*b*
feathered c broke away 389*a*
for mortal c, conquered 464*b*
from fairest c we desire 387*a*
guilty c sitting at a play 333*a*
home, you idle c 337*a*
how many desolate c 43*a*
meanest of his c 49*b*
men become good c 48*b*
millions of spiritual c 274*b*
take unto other living c 15*a*
unoffending c whom he loves 465*b*
Widows most perverse C 2*a*
Crebillon Marivaux and C 175*b*
Credence feyth and ful c 89*b*
Credit an't much c in that 123*b*
before his c, or his fee 419*b*
citizen of c and renown 108*a*
corpse of Public C 454*a*
give thee c for the rest 94*b*
it's greatly to his c 166*a*
let the C go 152*b*
my c now stands on ground 330*b*
some c in being jolly 123*b*
stories not to thy c 75*b*
tis a c to be neat 425*a*
Credulity between craft and c 58*a*
craving c 128*a*
youth is the season of c 297*a*
Credulous positive men most c 410*a*
Creed a c is a rod 422*a*
Christians have a comfortable c 70*b*
deed, and not the c 249*a*
got the better of his c 411*b*
his c a strait jacket 264*b*
his c no parson ever knew 136*b*
it is a modest c 398*a*
our earliest c we take 193*b*
sapping a solemn c 68*b*
stranger's caste or c 305*a*
suckl'd in a c outworn 473*a*
the c in the biliary duct 148*a*

Creed (*cont*)
there is one c 92*a*
to thy neighbour's c has lent 146*b*
we have a Calvinistic c 297*a*
Creeds c that refuse and restrain 421*b*
dust of c out-worn 397*a*
half-believers in our casual c 8*a*
keys of all the c 430*a*
more faith than in half the c 431*a*
so many c 459*a*
their c a disease of the intellect 147*b*
vain are the thousand c 38*b*
wrought the creed of c 430*a*
Creek every winding c 433*a*
Creeks thro' c and inlets making 96*b*
Creep ambition can c 58*a*
c and intrude 269*b*
c home, and take yr place 226*a*
death bade me c past 50*b*
I wants to make yr flesh c 126*a*
love will c in service 372*b*
Creepers lifting the cool-haired c 8*a*
Creeping c on from point to point 432*b*
dominion over every c thing 492*a*
Nature is c up 456*b*
things c innumerable 488*b*
Creeps c in this petty pace 350*b*
wades, or c, or flies 273*a*
Crept c a little noiseless noise 218*b*
c silently to Rest 153*a*
Crescent of a hair's-breadth 49*a*
Cressets shapes, of burning c 378*a*
Cressid where C lay that night 355*a*
Crest high c, short ears 386*b*
joy brightens his c 276*a*
Crested his rear'd arm c the world 325*a*
Crete in a wood of C 357*a*
Cretes and Arabians 512*a*
Crevasse Death doth the c bridge 441*a*
Crew admit me of thy c 268*b*
all that pentecostal c 228*b*
Comus, and his midnight-c 175*a*
c is gambling in the forecastle 390*a*
c of the captain's gig 163*a*
darling of our c 121*a*
set the c laughing 155*a*
to his c, that sat consulting 277*b*
we were a ghastly c 99*a*
with all her c complete 111*a*
Crib the ass his master's c 501*a*
Cribbed cabined, c, confined 349*a*
Cribs liest thou in smoky c 380*a*
Cricket her whip, of c's bone 364*b*
save the c on the hearth 268*a*
where the c sings 475*a*
Cried and c, 'No more' 188*a*
c still in sucking 143*b*
some therefore c one thing 512*b*
winced nor c aloud 185*a*
you suddenly c 39*b*
Crier C cried, 'O Yes' 19*b*
c rung the bell 24*a*
Cries boy who c in the lane 534*b*
check all c, and let be 545*b*
c out, 'Where is it?' 100*b*
night and day on me she c 531*a*
pitying the tender c 33*a*
the street c all about 461*b*
trouble with my bootless c 387*a*
who turnips c 211*b*
with the c they make 137*a*
Crillon hang yourself, brave C 563*b*
Crime any c so shameful as poverty 150*a*
bethink yourself of any c 363*b*
call'd his harmless art a c 316*b*
capital c, once a week 209*a*
c of being a young man 297*a*
c to love too well 209*a*
for my wilful c art banished 276*b*
it was c in a child 255*b*
Napoleon of c 135*b*
no c's so great as to excel 94*b*
now madden to c 67*b*
piracies c of stealing 447*a*
the foulest c in history 458*b*
the more commonplace a c is 135*b*
the punishment fit the c 164*b*
the slave of c 469*b*
this coyness, Lady, were no c 260*a*
thy Godlike c 73*b*
year of the great c 204*a*

Crimes all his c broad blown 334b
c like virtues own rewards 150b
c of this guilty land 40b
dignity of c 283a
hast within thee undivulged c 342b
one virtue, and a thousand c 70a
our c would despair 322a
successful c alone are justified 141a
with reiterated c 271a
worst of c is poverty 390b
Criminal play of the British c law 135b
the c cried, as he dropped 164b
Crimson all c barr'd 219a
beauty's ensign c in thy lips 366b
c of the sunset sky 3b
c-tipped flow r 62a
girt with a c robe 176a
Crimson-blank where c 232b
Cripple comfort s a c 136b
Crispin (Crispian) C shall ne'er go by 383a
feast of C 383a
tomorrow is Saint C 383a
upon St C 's Day 137a
Criterion of wisdom to vulgar 57b
Critic ass-bell of the C 45b
attribute of a good c 251a
c and whippersnapper 44b
C, you have frowned 470b
good c is he who relates 563a
he was in logic a great c 64b
Jonson knew the c 's part 103a
view me with a c 's eye 149b
youngest c has died 236b
Critical easier to be c than correct 128a
nothing if not c 360b
Criticism cant of c tormenting 411b
c of administration 17a
definition of c 9a
every wind of c 211b
father of English c 213a
our c is applied only 204b
rod of c with roses 130b
Criticizing spite of all the c elves 95a
Critics before you trust in c. 72a
c all are ready made 72a
c are like brushers 13b
c men who have failed 129b
therefore they turn c 102a
these our c much confide in 419b
Crito, we owe a cock to Asculapius 560b
Croaks raven c the fatal entrance 346b
Crocodile a cruel C 408b
how doth the little c 82b
Pyramid and C ! 221a
to these c 's tears add sobs 64b
what manner is yr c ? 323b
Crocodiles wisdom of the c 15b
Crocus c braks like fire 435a
C lays her cheek 264a
moon of daffodil and c 435b
Cræsus an intellectual C 129b
Cromek Ol Mr C, how do ye do? 30a
Cromwell Cæsar or C exchanged 170b
C, I charge thee 386a
C, I did not think to shed 386a
C was a man in whom ambition 57b
half o' the C Road 232a
hear me, C 386a
if thou fall'st, O C ! 386a
Philistine in politics, C 10b
pulled me down, O C ! 386a
see C, damned 501b
some C guiltless 174a
Crony ancient, trusty, drouthy c 62b
Crooked c shall be made straight 502b
empire is truly c at the top 17a
set the c straight 284a
there was a c man 532a
Crookedly one before him walked very c 417a
Crooks develop his hooks and his c 62b
Crop watering the last year's c 144a
Croppy Hoppy, C 158a
Cross advantage on the bitter c 376a
at the c her station 554a
c him in nothing 322b
c patch 533a
c of latoun 89a
crucify mankind upon a c of gold 53a
e'en though it be a c. 1a
Cross (*cont*)
his little c to take 3b
hold Thou Thy C 251b
I'll c it tho' it blast me 329b
I survey the wondrous c 453b
I the body, He the C 441a
last at His c 21a
merit of the Holy C 286b
no c deserves no crown 307a
No C, No Crown 295b
one more river to c 526a
on his breast a bloody c 408b
sparkling c she wore 302b
to thy C I cling 445a
under the c of gold 435a
we gave the C 47a
who did once upon the c 524b
with the C of Jesus 20a
Cross-bow whizz of my c ! 90a
with my c I shot the Albatross 98b
Cross-breed an unhappy c 129a
Crossed beast with wh they are c 263b
c each other's way 459b
c themselves for fear 432a
c with adversity 372b
they wd have c once more 253b
Crosses clinging to their c, F E Smith 91b
c from his sov'reign hand 191a
c, relics, crucifixes 66a
Cross-gartered c, a fashion she detests 371b
wished to see thee ever c 371b
Cross-grained brute 171a
Crotchets in thy head 355b
Crouch make c beneath his foot 51b
still bidding c 48a
Crow Adam, the carrion c 24a
c doth sing as sweetly 355b
c makes wing to the rooky wood 349a
flew down a monstrous c 432a
many-wintered c 162b
sun had risen to hear him c 144a
there is an upstart c 176b
Crowbar straightened out for a c 194a
Crowd all c foremost damned 299a
ardour of the c 175b
at once I saw a c 467a
c is not company 15b
endure the stings, the c, and buzz 107a
far from the madding c 's 174b
favour of the c 228a
fly not from the suppliant c 113b
forgotten c of common beauties 70a
I hate the c 241b
not feel the c 112a
out of the c a mistress 393b
she pass in a c 418a
we met, 'twas in a c 22b
Crowded theatres of c men 218a
Crowds business persuading c 244a
c without company 161b
if you can talk with c 230a
my apprehensions come in c 463a
Crowed more he c, more we cried 176a
Crow-flowers, nettles, daisies 336a
Crowling ye c ferlie! 61b
Crown a c is of night 422a
a c ! what is it? 283a
both divide the c 139a
breeches cost him but a c 361a
calm's not life's c 9a
chance may c me 346b
corruptible c 514a
cousin, seize the c 376a
c him with glory 482a
c like a deep well 376a
c of our life as it closes 421a
c of these is made of love 217b
c of twelve stars 519a
c o' the earth doth melt 324b
c the wat'ry glade 174b
defiance to the forces of the C 297a
ere the King's c shall fall 316a
fighting for the c 532a
fill me from the c to the toe 346b
from Life's fresh c 24a
fruition of an earthly c 259a
George I wished to restore the c 208b
give me the c. 376a
Crown (*cont*)
give thee a c of life 518b
glory of my c 145b
go forth and conquer a c 291a
hairy gold c 236b
head that wears a c 380a
his father's c into the hazard 381b
his hair was like a c 92a
hoary head is a c of glory 498a
joy and c eternally 279b
likeness of a kingly c 272b
mine own hands give away my c 376a
monarch better than his c 354b
more glorious is the c 402b
my verse is not a c 187a
no bays to c it? 188a
no cross deserves no c 307a
No Cross, no C 295b
no putting by that c 314a
not the King's c 351b
oxslips and the c imperial 373b
poison from Cæsar's laurel c 29b
power of the c, almost dead 56b
receive the c of life 517a
sceptre and c must tumble 401a
steel against our golden c 375a
the Book, the tripled C 307a
the C is, fountain of honour 17a
the holly bears the c 526b
the mace, the c imperial 382b
tho' they possess the c 118b
within the hollow c keeps Death 375b
Crowned calling a c man royal 422a
c, and again discrowned 206a
c from some single herb 260b
c him long ago 73a
c upon the grave 191b
c with calm leaves 422a
c with glory now 224a
to have thee c withal 346b
Crowning a c mercy 115b
Crownless childless and c 69a
Crowns climb the c o' the world 44a
c are empty things 118b
c around the glassy sea 184a
c for convoy 383a
c in shades like these 168a
give c and pounds 198b
I'd c resign to call thee mine 256b
in his livery walked c 325a
it is the'end that c us 189b
mortal murders on their c 349a
there are c to be broke 316a
with c imperial, c and coronets 381b
Crows c and choughs 343b
c feet be growe under yr yĕ 90a
Crow-toe tufted c 270a
Crucible America is God's C 477b
Crucified carrion c 422a
Jesus Christ, and him c 514a
the dear Lord was c 3b
young Man c 265a
Crucifix how the c may be carven 442b
the little silver c 227a
Crucifixes crosses, relics, c 66a
Crucify c mankind upon gold 53a
c the old man 481a
they c the Son of God afresh 517a
wd not even c him 82a
Cruel comfort c men 93a
c, but composed 7b
c he looks, but calm 397a
c, only to be kind 335a
'for c 'tis,' said she 218b
let me be c, not unnatural 334b
Cruelly I am c used 11b
in a cage most c all day 93b
Cruelty c has a human heart 33a
c to load a falling man 386b
farewell, fair c 370a
fear is the parent of c 157b
full of direst c 346b
one's c is one's power 105a
O, not in c the Reaper came 248a
said Mr C 54a
yond same sovereign c 371a
Cruger Mr C 305b
Cruise all on our last c 413a
Crumb who craved no c 167a
Crumble, who will remember 119a
Crumbs c from the rich man's 510a

Crumbs (*cont*)
dogs eat of the c 507*a*
Crupp Mrs C 122*b*
Crusade rides home from the C 92*b*
Cruse a little oil in a c 406*a*
as my small c best fits 188*b*
Crush of worlds 1*b*
Crushing out life than farewell 197*a*
Crusoe Robin C 118*b*
Crust share her wretched c 251*a*
the c so fresh 197*b*
the other, upper c 166*a*
these men are all upper c here 177*b*
Crutch shoulder'd his c 168*b*
Cry a great c in Egypt 494*a*
answer to 'Hil' or to any loud c 86*a*
bubbling c of some swimmer 70*b*
but behold a c 501*a*
by all ye c or whisper 236*b*
cherry-ripe themselves do c 4*a*
consider anything, only don't c ! 84*b*
c and upon thy so sore loss 442*a*
c , baby, c 533*a*
c , Beware! Beware! 101*b*
c —clinging heaven by the hems 442*b*
c goes up, 'How long?' 415*b*
c is still "They come' 350*b*
c not when his father dies 211*b*
Cuckoo's parting c 8*b*
deep behind him, and a c before 429*a*
earth's old and weary c 476*a*
far c to Lochow 320*a*
have a good c 186*a*
he'll be sure to c 535*a*
he said, what shall I c ? 502*b*
I c in the day-time 483*a*
in heaven, if I c to you then 424*a*
it almost makes me c to tell 192*b*
man's image and his c 476*a*
monstrous head and sickening c 92*a*
no language but a c 430*b*
not the exceeding bitter c 406*a*
she nor swooned, nor uttered c 436*b*
so when they c unto the Lord 488*b*
sudden c of pain 410*b*
that c over me, There, there 486*b*
the c did knock my very heart 367*a*
the c of women rose 136*a*
the girls and made them c 534*a*
the voice said, C 502*b*
to c it up, or run it down 419*b*
we still shd c , not to be born 17*a*
when we are born we c 334*b*
Crying Maud, they were c 433*b*
neither sorrow nor c 519*b*
one c in the wilderness 504*b*
Crystal c of his brow 251*b*
glass like unto c 518*b*
on c rocks ye rove 31*b*
Crystalline here in my c 289*a*
Cubit unto his stature 505*b*
Cuckold to make him a monarch 363*a*
Cuckoo as the c is in June 378*b*
C , c , well sings thou 522*b*
C ! jug-jug, pu-we 286*a*
c of a joyless June 435*b*
c of a worse July 435*b*
c , O, word of fear 345*b*
c 's parting cry 8*b*
c then, on every tree mocks 345*b*
hedge-sparrow fed the c 342*a*
Ihude sing c 526*a*
merry c , messenger 408*a*
O C ! shall I call thee bird 463*b*
rainbow and a c 's song 118*a*
responsive to the c 's note 175*b*
spring-time from the C -bird 471*a*
the weather the c likes 180*a*
Cuckoo-buds of yellow hue 345*b*
Cuckoo-flowers hemlock, nettles, c 343*b*
Cucumber she wdn't have a c 124*a*
Cucumbers a lodge in a garden of c 501*a*
sunbeams out of c 418*a*
Cud as cow chaws c 446*a*
chew the c and are silent 57*a*
Cuddesdon Hey for C ! 11*a*, 224*b*
Cudgel crab-tree c 54*a*
what wood a c 's of 65*b*
Cue with a twisted c 164*b*
Cuisses on his thighs 378*b*
Cully man by Nature woman's c 104*b*
Cult votaries of the copulative c 202*b*
Cultivated Shakespeare's genius c 90*b*
Culture c , acquainting ourselves with the best 10*a*
great aim of c 9*b*
man of c rare 165*a*
men of c apostles of equality 9*b*
pursue C in bands 456*a*
Cumæ Sibyl at C 313*a*
Cumbered Martha was c 509*a*
Cumbereth it the ground? 509*b*
Cummin anise and c 507*b*
Cumnor C Hall 265*b*
her foot the C cowslips 8*b*
Cunning by the very c of the scene 333*a*
c men pass for wise 15*b*
hand forget her c 490*a*
more c to be strange 365*a*
Cup ah, fill the C 153*b*
another and another C 153*a*
come fill up my c 316*a*, 320*a*
c of this forbidden Wine 153*b*
c us, till the world go round 321*b*
drunk their C a Round or two 153*a*
every mordinate c 361*b*
fill the can, and fill the c 439*a*
Jamshyd's Sev'n-ring'd C 152*a*
kiss but in the c 216*a*
let this c pass from me 508*a*
life's enchanted c 68*a*
Liquor in its C be dry 152*a*
Lord there is a c 487*a*
my c shall be full 483*a*
perfect the c as planned 51*a*
tak' a c o' kindness 59*a*
take a c , and drink it up 533*a*
the c is nearly full 87*a*
the c , the c itself 428*a*
there's Death in the c 60*b*
to uses of a c 51*a*
Cups be in their flowing c 383*a*
c , that cheer but not inebriate 112*a*
c , whose wine was the bright dew 398*a*
when flowing c run swiftly 249*b*
Cupboard our c of food 187*b*
the c was bare 533*b*
Cupboards her c opened 180*b*
Cupid bolt of C fell 356*b*
C abroad was lated 176*a*
C and my Campaspe 251*a*
C blind did rise 251*b*
C hath clapped him 327*b*
C is a knavish lad 357*a*
C paid 251*a*
C 's darts do not feel 525*a*
C 's fiery shaft 356*b*
giant dwarf, Dan C 344*b*
note wh C strikes 42*a*
to Chloe's breast C stole 31*b*
wung'd C painted blind 356*a*
young Adam C 365*a*
Cupids boys, like smiling C 323*a*
go revel, ye C 424*b*
Cur as doth a c 90*a*
c can lend ducats 353*a*
fly 'bout the ears of that old c 65*a*
half lurcher and half c 112*b*
the already curtailed c 75*a*
Curs common cry of c 328*a*
c mouth a bone 94*b*
c of low degree 169*a*
Curate compassion name of a C ! 405*a*
c , he was fatter than his cure 426*b*
mildest c going 162*b*
pale young c then 167*a*
sit upon the c 's knee 93*a*
Curates c , long dust, will come 390*b*
preached to death by wild c 402*b*
upon our Bishops and C 478*b*
Curch basnet a widow's c 531*a*
Curd of ass's milk 303*a*
Curdled by the frost 328*b*
Curds milk of kindness into c 194*a*
queen of c and cream 373*b*
Cure c for admiring the Lords 17*b*
c her of that 350*b*
death is the c of all diseases 42*a*
fire must c this place 45*b*
labour against our own c 42*a*
love's a malady without a c 141*a*
no c for this disease 26*a*
Cure (*cont*)
thy life, thy c 448*a*
Cured c yesterday of my disease 306*a*
hurts you have c 147*a*
Curfew c must not ring 444*b*
c tolls the knell 174*a*
far-off c sound 268*a*
mothy c -tide 179*b*
Curious be not c in unnecessary 520*a*
the c here to feed a mind 113*b*
things c , and unfamiliar 189*b*
Curiouser and curiouserl 82*b*
Curiosity pains are for c 147*b*
'satiable c 237*a*
Curl girl who had a little c 249*a*
Curled c darlings of our nation 359*b*
I saw the c drops 115*a*
Curling their monstrous heads 380*a*
Currance heady c 381*b*
Current Beauty must be c 267*b*
c literature of the day 66*b*
c of domestic joy 213*a*
fountain from the wh my c runs 363*a*
freshening its c 6*a*
genial c of the soul 174*a*
o'er-walk a c roaring 377*a*
Pontick sea, whose icy c 362*a*
we must take the c 341*a*
Currents sands split his c 8*a*
their c turn awry 333*a*
Curriculum fortifying, classical c 10*a*
Curse an orphan's c 99*a*
c causeless shall not come 498*b*
c God, and die 407*a*
c his better angel 363*b*
c in a dead man's eye 99*a*
c is come upon me 431*b*
c of kings to be attended 374*a*
c of this country 148*b*
C shall be on thee for ever 466*b*
c thine own inconstancy 79*b*
c to party strife 404*a*
greatness is to me a c 262*b*
heard such a terrible c 19*a*
I called thee to c 404*a*
I know how to c 367*a*
man to man is still greatest c 19*a*
O c of marriage! 362*a*
O strife, O c 44*a*
then began he to c 508*a*
Curses c all Eve's daughters 356*a*
c are like young chickens 406*b*
c , not loud but deep 350*b*
writ with c from pole to pole 30*a*
Cursed c him in sleeping 19*a*
c me with his eye 99*a*
he c him squarely 231*a*
O! c , c have 364*a*
whom thou cursest is c 494*a*
Curst c be he that moves my bones 389*b*
c himself in his despair 466*b*
name to all succeeding ages c 138*a*
Curtail the already curtailed 75*a*
Curtain draw the c by 531*a*
drew Priam's c ! 379*b*
ring down the c 565*a*
the c drops 440*b*
these gifts a c before 'em 369*b*
Curtained with cloudy red 270*b*
Curtains draw the c close 384*a*
fringed c of thine eye 367*b*
let fall the c 112*a*
Curtsey while you're thinking 84*a*
Curtsied when you have, and kiss'd 367*a*
Curtsies sweet words, low-crooked c 339*a*
that dream on c straight 364*b*
Curves lovely are the c of the owl 263*b*
Curzon George Nathaniel C 538*b*
Cushion c and soft Dean invite 302*b*
he hath a c plump 99*b*
Custody Wragg is in c 9*a*
Custom at the receipt of c 506*a*
c calls me to t 328*a*
c lie upon thee 466*b*
c loathsome to the eye 204*a*
c make it their perch 351*a*
c more honoured in the breach 331*a*
c of Branksome Hall 316*b*
c reconciles us to everything 57*b*
c that is before all law 117*a*

Custom (*cont*)
c, that unwritten law 117*b*
c, then, is the great guide 201*b*
c to whom c 513*b*
hath not old c made this life 325*b*
lest one good c shd corrupt 429*a*
more kind than is her c 355*a*
nature her c holds 336*a*
nor c stale her infinite variety 323*a*
that monster, c 335*a*
the tyrant c 360*b*
what c wills shd we do't 328*a*
Customer rather a tough c 121*a*
Customs ill c influence senses 149*a*
little are our c known 160*b*
shattering all evil c 428*a*
Cut c deep down the middle 43*b*
c him out in little stars 366*a*
c is the branch 259*a*
c it down, why cumbereth it 509*b*
c up what remains 237*a*
he was c off out of the land 503*a*
Horse was c out of the grass 91*b*
in the evening it is c down 487*b*
most unkindest c of all 340*a*
name, that shall not be c off 503*a*
who c and came again 114*a*
Cutpurse of the empire 335*a*
Cuts the wrong man's head off 126*a*
Cutting c all the pictures out 25*b*
love that with most c grows 117*a*
Cuxsom Mother C 180*b*
Cyclads young C on a sunnier deep 394*a*
Cycle and epicycle 275*b*
Cyclopean arches 92*b*
Cydnus I am again for C 325*a*
Cygnet's down is harsh 368*b*
Cygnets the swan her downy c save 383*b*
Cymbal become as a tinkling c 514*b*
talk but a tinkling c 15*b*
Cymbals well-tuned c 490*b*
Cynara faithful to thee, C! 135*a*
Cynic a man who knows the price 460*a*
Cynicism is intellectual dandyism 264*b*
Cynosure of neighbouring eyes 269*a*
Cynthia C nam'd, fair regent 161*a*
nor C teeming shows so fair 260*b*
the C of this minute 302*a*
Cypress [c] dark tree, still sad 72*b*
despair, under that c tree 190*a*
in sad c let me be laid 371*a*
land where the c and myrtle 67*b*
nor waves the c 436*b*
no shady c tree 311*a*
pluck C, O pale maidens 7*a*
thro' an alley Titanic, of c 298*b*
Cypresses avenue of c 243*a*
Cyrene parts of Libya about C 512*a*
Cytherea's breath 373*b*
Cytherean throned C 423*b*

D

D a big, big, D 166*a*
there are yr d's for you 473*b*
Dacian their D mother 69*a*
Dacotahs land of the D 248*b*
Daddy D's gone a-hunting 534*a*
do in the Great War, d? 527*b*
Dads get leave of yr d 522*b*
Daedal harmony 397*b*
Daffadillies fill their cups 270*a*
Daffa-down-dilly D has come up to town 534*b*
Diaphenia, like the d 105*b*
Daffadowndillies 409*b*
Daffed the world aside 378*b*
Daffodil moon of d and crocus 435*b*
on a bed of d sky 434*a*
the shining d dies 434*b*
Daffodils d begin to peer 373*a*
d, that come before the swallow 373*a*
dances with the d 467*b*
fair d, we weep to see 189*a*
host of golden d 467*a*
west wind, and d 262*a*
Daft thinks the tither d 320*a*
Dagger a d of the mind 347*b*
deadly daunting d 473*b*
is this a d wh I see before me 347*b*
Dagger (*cont*)
the air-drawn d 349*a*
thou stuckst a d in me 354*a*
Daggers been at d-drawing 65*b*
give me the d 348*a*
speak d to her, but use none 334*b*
there's d in man's smiles 348*a*
Dahlias hurrah the d are dead 417*a*
Daily Mail Sandwich men of the *D* 93*b*
Dainties d that are bred in a book 344*b*
spiced d, every one 221*b*
Dainty every d that is in that hous 89*b*
Dairy Mab doth nightly rob the d 215*b*
see the cat i' the d 144*a*
Dairymaid Queen asked the d 266*b*
Daisies crowflowers, nettles, d 336*a*
d smell-less 23*b*
d, those pearled Arcturi 398*a*
left the d rosy 433*b*
meadows trim with d pied 269*a*
men callen d in our toun 90*a*
strong sea-d feast on the sun 424*a*
toes turned up to the d 19*b*
when d pied and violets blue 345*b*
white d prank the ground 37*b*
you must lie upon the d 165*a*
Daisy d, by the shadow that it casts 463*b*
D, D, give me yr answer 116*b*
d-star that never sets 394*b*
men hit calle may the d 90*a*
mourn'st the D's fate 62*a*
the d delectable 402*b*
there's a d 335*b*
Dale a moment gazed adown the d 316*a*
doxy, over the d 373*a*
haunted spring and d 270*b*
Hermit of the d 169*a*
over hill, over d 356*b*
Dalhousie (Dalhousy) D wrote—'*Vovi*—I've Oude' 535*a*
thou D the great God of War 298*b*
Dalliance primrose path of d 330*b*
silken d in the wardrobe lies 381*b*
Dallied with his golden chain 426*b*
Dallies with the innocence of love 371*a*
Damage moral or intellectual d 575*b*
nothing wh might d his career 21*b*
Damaged an Archangel a little d 240*a*
Damasco or Marocco 271*b*
Damascus Abana and Pharpar of D 496*b*
tower wh looketh toward D 500*b*
Dame Belle D Sans Merci 219*a*, 221*b*
my d has lost her shoe 534*a*
one for my d 534*b*
our sulky sullen d 62*b*
pass for a most virtuous D 305*b*
Dames chaste and worthy d 362*b*
gentle d! it gars me 62*b*
stoutly struts his d before 268*b*
Damiata betwixt D and Casius 272*b*
Damn abuses me to d me 333*a*
d by rule 291*b*
d her at a venture 240*b*
d the consequences 572*b*
d those authors never read 94*a*
d with faint praise 303*a*
her aged soul to d 93*a*
I don't care a twopenny d 455*a*
man who said, 'D!' 527*a*
she did not give a singel d 155*a*
stealthily, like a parson's d 180*b*
thing that doesn't give a d 229*a*
with a spot I d him 340*b*
Damnation d of his taking off 347*a*
drink our own d 480*b*
heap on himself d 271*a*
hope of eternal d 523*a*
I dare d 335*b*
Damnations twenty-nine distinct d 52*a*
Damned all silent and all d! 468*b*
be d (dear boys!) 231*b*
be d if you do be d if ye don't 135*a*
d are those who dare resist 524*a*
d be him that first cries 'Hold' 351*a*
d for never a king's son 376*b*
d from here to Eternity 229*b*
d hisself in confidence 127*a*
d if I see it 287*b*
d in a fair wife 359*b*
if I were d of body and soul 232*b*
music is the brandy of the d 390*b*
Damned (*cont*)
one d thing after another 201*a*
protection is damned 570*b*
publish and be d 455*a*
saved by being d 196*b*
see thee d first 78*b*
the d wd make no noise 190*b*
the public be d 447*b*
thou must be d perpetually 258*b*
what all the d fools said 572*a*
what else is d to tame 316*a*
Damning always had a taste for d 282*b*
d those they have no mind to 65*a*
Damozel blessed d leaned out 311*b*
Damp d fell round Milton 470*b*
the nights are very d 85*b*
Dams run by the side of their d 453*a*
Damsel a certain d possessed 512*b*
a d lay deploring 161*a*
d with a dulcimer 101*b*
to every man a d 495*a*
Damsels d playing on the timbrels 486*b*
of faery d met in forest wide 277*a*
Syrian d to lament his fate 271*b*
Dan even to Beersheba 495*a*
Danaë Earth all D to the stars 436*b*
Dance come and join the d 83*b*
d, and Provençal song 219*b*
d attendance on their lordships' 386*b*
d ne moe atte hallie daie 88*a*
d o'er my lady lee 533*a*
d of plastic circumstance 51*a*
d on the sands, and yet no footing 386*b*
each d the others wd 119*b*
easiest who have learned to d 300*a*
folk d like a wave 475*a*
I must d barefoot 366*b*
O, Love's but a d 131*a*
on with the d! 68*b*
the merry love to d 475*a*
to d at our bridal 318*a*
to do nothing but d 417*a*
walk at least before they d 303*b*
when you do d, I wish you 373*b*
you have the Pyrrhic d as yet 71*a*
Danced d by light of the moon 243*b*
if he d till doomsday 104*a*
many an eye has d to see 194*a*
piped and ye have not d 506*b*
young man that d daintily 13*b*
Dancer curled minion, d 8*a*
Dancers breaks time, as d 78*b*
d dancing in tune 434*a*
Dances Congress d 562*a*
d with the daffodils 467*b*
fairies break their d 200*a*
in what ethereal d 298*a*
lull'd with d and delight 356*b*
she d in the wind 142*b*
Dancing comes Taffy d 232*b*
dancers d in tune 434*a*
d, and bear-baiting 369*b*
d in the chequered shade 269*a*
d, to put thy pale, lost lilies 135*a*
emptier ever d in the air 376*a*
follows with d 420*b*
merry, d, drinking, time 141*b*
mid these d rocks 101*a*
no d bear was so genteel 109*a*
past our d days 365*a*
say I am d 322*b*
Dancing master manners of a d 206*b*
Dandolo blind old D 69*a*
Dandyism cynicism intellectual d 264*b*
Dane get rid of the D 228*b*
more an antique Roman than a D 337*a*
Norman and D are we 439*a*
Dane-geld called paying the D 228*b*
paid him the D 228*b*
Danes all of us D in our welcome 439*a*
Danger above noise and d 448*a*
all that are in d, necessity 479*a*
beard be shook with d 336*a*
bright eyes of d 414*a*
bright face of d 412*a*
d knows full well that Caesar 339*a*
d o'er, both are alike requited 291*b*
d past, both are alike requited 217*a*
d, the spur of all great minds 87*b*
in d to be called in question 512*b*

Danger (*cont*)
last of d and distress 72*b*
neither shape of d can dismay 465*b*
oft in d, oft in woe 456*b*
only when in d, not before 291*b*
out of this nettle, d 377*a*
pleased with the d 138*a*
run into any kind of d 478*a*
send d from the east 377*a*
she fear'd no d 140*a*
there's d in the deep 22*a*
thy d chiefly lies in acting 94*b*
till d's troubled night depart 78*a*
we are in great d 382*b*
when in sorrow, when in d. 411*a*
who are to judge of d 468*a*
Dangerous Caesar is more d 339*a*
D Corryvreckan 96*a*
delays have d ends 383*b*
little learning is a d thing 300*a*
most d is that temptation 351*b*
sincerity is a d thing 460*a*
such men are d 338*a*
therefore are they very d 338*a*
think to stablish d constancy 133*b*
yet have I in me something d 336*b*
Dangers d despised grow great 56*b*
D of an Honest Man 107*a*
d thou canst make us scorn 63*a*
little think what d are incident 202*a*
loved me for the d I had passed 360*a*
no d fright him 213*b*
the d of the seas 202*a*
those who brave its d 248*a*
with d compassed round 275*a*
Daniel a D come to judgment! 354*b*
a second D 355*a*
O D, a man greatly beloved 504*a*
well-languag'd D 42*b*
Dank field strewn with its d drifts 7*b*
Danny Deever 228*b*
Dante D nature of an Old File 123*a*
D never stays too long 255*a*
D of the dread Inferno 49*b*
D once prepared to paint 49*a*
D, who loved well 49*a*
poete of Itaille, that highte D 89*a*
Danube rude hut by the D 69*a*
Daphne Apollo hunted D so 260*b*
Dappled glory be to God for d 197*b*
Dapples the drowsy east 359*a*
Dare d its deadly terrors clasp 32*a*
d to be true 186*b*
d to be unhappy 313*b*
enter you who d 264*b*
I d do all that may become 347*a*
I d meet Surrey 375*b*
I d not ask a kiss 190*a*
I d not beg a smile 190*a*
if I d eat, or drink 375*b*
I will d e'en Death 190*a*
letting 'I d not' wait 347*a*
O, what men d do! 359*a*
slaves who d not be right 250*b*
Dared determined, d, and done 402*b*
Dares in Omer or in D 90*a*
who d do more is none 347*a*
Daresay I d she will do 39*a*
Darest d thou, Cassius, now leap in 337*b*
d thou then to beard the lion 318*b*
how d thou put thyself 89*b*
Darien a peak in D 220*b*
Daring more d or more bold 378*b*
Dark afraid to come home in the d 461*b*
after that the d 426*a*
all colours will agree in the d 14*a*
all that's best of d and bright 74*a*
are you awake in the d? 287*a*
as children fear the d 14*a*
between the d and the daylight 246*b*
blanket of the d 346*b*
d and terrible beyond any season 255*b*
d and true and tender 436*a*
d behind it rose the forest 248*b*
d freeze-coated Month 102*b*
d horse rushed past 130*a*
d was over all 434*b*
d with excessive bright 273*b*
don't want to go home in the d 185*b*
ever-during d surrounds me 273*b*
for us i' the dark to rise by 51*b*

Dark (*cont*)
great leap in the d 191*b*
hellish d, and smells of cheese 417*a*
Joan is as good i' th' d 189*b*
keeps thee here in d 366*b*
made a leap into the d 41*a*
nowhere but in the d 448*a*
O d, d, d 277*b*
o'er the d her silver mantle 274*a*
one stride comes the d 99*a*
permanent, obscure and d 463*a*
poring d fills the wide vessel 382*a*
souls lost in the d 47*a*
sun to me is d 277*b*
the subterranean d. 200*a*
we are for the d 325*a*
what in me is d 270*b*
when it was yet d 511*b*
Darkened day is never d 264*a*
stars, be not d 499*b*
Darkeneth this that d counsel 497*b*
Darkest always d just before the day 158*a*
Dark-heaving, boundless 69*b*
Darkling as on a d plain 5*a*
d I listen 220*a*
Darkly d, deeply, beautifully blue 406*b*
d looked he at the wall 253*a*
thro a glass d 514*b*
Darkness a deep, but dazzling d 448*a*
a great d fell upon Christian 54*a*
angler in the lake of d 343*a*
arrears of pain, d, and cold 50*b*
between his D and his Brightness 74*b*
blackness of d for ever 518*a*
but rather d visible 271*a*
cast away the works of d 479*a*
cast off the works of d 514*a*
cast out into outer d 506*a*
d again and a silence 249*a*
d and the death-hour 44*a*
d and the light to thee alike 490*a*
d came down on the field 440*a*
d comprehended it not 510*b*
d falls at Thy behest 145*b*
d, fire, and chains 452*b*
d from light 46*a*
d had to a great extent arrived 180*b*
d is no d with thee 490*a*
d quieted by hope 52*a*
d, the fruit thereof dust 421*a*
d was upon the face of the deep 492*a*
d wh may be felt 493*b*
day is done and the d falls 247*a*
Death hath made his d beautiful 430*b*
deep into that d peering 298*a*
did the act of d with her 343*a*
encounter d as a bride 352*a*
horror of great d fell upon him 492*b*
how great is that d! 505*b*
I lie where shades of d 110*a*
in d, and in storm delight 22*b*
in d, and with dangers compass'd 275*a*
instruments of d tell us truths 346*a*
in the d of her eyes! 192*a*
in ungauged d hid 294*b*
its nightly roll into d 180*b*
jaws of d do devour it up 356*a*
land of d and blind eyes 447*b*
leaves the world to d and to me 174*a*
lest d come upon you 511*a*
lighten our d 478*b*
light in the d, sailor 315*b*
light that is in thee be d 505*b*
light wh is in thee be not d 509*a*
make my d to be light 482*b*
makest d that it may be night 488*b*
men loved d rather than light 510*b*
people that walked in d 501*b*
peradventure the d shall cover 490*a*
pestilence that walketh in d 487*b*
prince of d is a gentleman 343*a*
rear of d thin 268*b*
ring out the d 431*a*
rulers of the d of this world 516*a*
smoothing the raven down of d 267*a*
spite of d, it was day 114*b*
such as sit in d 488*b*
talks of d at noon-day 110*b*
that year of now done d 197*a*
the d deepens 251*b*
them that sit in d 508*b*

Darkness (*cont*)
turned thy d into light 110*a*
universal d buries all 299*a*
walk on still in d 487*a*
Darks undreamed of 40*b*
Darling Charlie he's my d 193*a*
Charlie is my d 285*b*
d of our crew 121*a*
d of the Gods 261*a*
d of the spring 463*b*
his bride and his d to be 526*a*
my bride and my d to be 526*a*
my d from the power of the dog 483*a*
Nature's d [Shakespeare] 175*a*
oh my d Clementine! 280*b*
put to hazard his d popularity 56*a*
she is the d of my heart 79*b*
six years' d of a pigmy size 466*b*
the Frenchman's d [Mignonette] 112*b*
Darlings d of our nation 359*b*
ye dappled d 226*a*
Darnel, and all the idle weeds 343*b*
Dart his own feather on the fatal d 72*a*
insult points the d 213*a*
launched point-blank her d 46*b*
shook a dreadful d 272*b*
Time shall throw a d 42*b*
Dartle Miss Rosa D 122*a*
Dartmouth he was of D 88*b*
Darts Cupid's d do not feel 525*a*
deliverance from the d that were 179*b*
fiery d of the wicked 516*a*
Dash d him to pieces! 341*a*
d thro' thick and thin 108*b*
most, a d between the two 263*b*
they'll cut a d 164*a*
Dastard a d in war 318*a*
Data theorize before one has d 135*a*
Date yr d is not so past 188*b*
youth and thou are of one d 387*a*
Dates all three d on their slates 83*b*
manna and d 221*b*
palms—that is d 191*b*
Daughter Ada! sole d of my house 68*a*
a d hadde this worthy king 89*b*
any man will ever rear a d 159*a*
apples for the King's d 422*b*
as is the mother, so is her d 503*b*
attorney's elderly ugly d 167*a*
beautiful thy feet prince's d 500*b*
Carnage is Thy d 468*a*
Cato's d 338*b*
d am I in my mother's house 233*a*
d of Death and Priapus 421*b*
d of debate 145*b*
d of Jove, relentless power 173*b*
d of the gods, divinely tall 426*b*
d of Tyre shall be there 484*b*
d was charming and young 239*b*
death of yr d a blessing 11*b*
died Duke-and-a-Duchess' d 19*b*
Earl Haldan's d 225*b*
farmer's d hath soft hair 75*a*
gigantic d of the West 427*a*
hearken, O d, and consider 484*b*
he loved the bailiff's d 531*b*
his d Clementine 280*b*
I am the d of earth 393*a*
I won his d 360*a*
king of Spain's d 532*a*
king's d is all glorious 484*b*
king's d o' Noroway 529*b*
landlord's black-eyed d 290*a*
Light (God's eldest d) 158*a*
Lord Ullin's d 77*a*
married Noah's d 12*b*
marry a landlord's d 240*b*
my d! oh my d! 77*a*
my d! O, my ducats! 353*b*
my little d lieth death 508*b*
O d of Babylon 490*a*
O fairer d of a fair mother 544*b*
O haud yr tongue, my d 531*b*
one fair d and no more 332*b*
on Mrs Porter and on her d 144*b*
preaching down a d's heart 432*a*
skipper had taken his little d 249*a*
sole d of his voice 276*a*
stern d of the voice of God 463*b*
still harping on my d 332*a*
ta'en away this old man's d 359*b*

Daughter (*cont*)
undaunted d of desires 114*b*
weep, d of a royal line 73*a*
whipped her little d 535*b*
yr d and the Moor 359*b*
Daughters book my d may read 535*a*
d as the polished corners 490*b*
d of muuck shall be brought low 499*b*
d of the Philistines 495*b*
fairest of her d Eve 274*a*
horseleech hath two d 499*a*
I am all the d 371*a*
if yr d do not like them 535*b*
kings' d were among thy women 484*b*
none of Beauty's d 73*a*
sweet her artless d 221*a*
with two pernicious d joined 342*b*
words are the d of earth 212*b*
words are men's d 256*b*
ye d of Israel, weep 495*b*
yr d shall prophesy 504*a*
Daulis feast of D 422*b*
Daun Russel the fox 89*a*
Dauntless the slug-horn to my lips 45*b*
Dauphin kingdom of daylight's d 108*a*
Dauphiness the D at Versailles 57*a*
David D had his Jonathan 186*b*
D his ten thousands 495*b*
D in the midst 402*b*
D, King of Jerusalem 257*a*
D wrote the Psalms 286*a*
God-like D was restored 138*b*
Lord, remember D 490*a*
once in royal D's city 3*b*
see to thine own house, D 496*a*
the root and the offspring of D 520*b*
'David Copperfield' storm in 'D' 314*a*
Davie (Davey) D an' Donal' 415*a*
Peter D 531*b*
Daw I am no wiser than a d 383*b*
Dawn a grey d breaking 262*a*
all the birds will sing at d 43*a*
awful rose of d 439*a*
benediction thro' the d 442*b*
choir of day welcome the d 37*a*
dappled d doth rise 268*b*
d comes up like thunder 232*a*
d is my brother 26*b*
d on my right hand 26*b*
d on our darkness 184*a*
D's Left Hand was on the sky 152*a*
dewy d to dewy night 284*a*
grey d is breaking 115*b*
in the white d clear 398*a*
I said to D Be sudden 441*b*
May-time and the cheerful d 470*b*
music of its trees at d 7*a*
next day after d, doth rise 383*a*
no d—no dusk 195*a*
poets are needed to sing the d 264*b*
roseate hues of early d 3*b*
saw the d glow through 263*b*
sigh'd for the d and thee 434*a*
silver sail of d 200*a*
starts for the D of Nothing 153*b*
superb against the d 27*a*
the d is overcast 1*a*
young d of our eternal day 115*a*
Dawneth darkest just before day d 158*a*
Dawning bird of d singeth 329*b*
so here has been d 80*a*
Dawns dark summer d 436*a*
Daws heart for d to peck at 359*b*
Day all d and every day 147*a*
alternate Night and D 153*a*
an 'appy d with Fuzzy 229*a*
and it is the d's 133*b*
another blue d 80*a*
arrow that flieth by d 487*b*
as it fell upon a d 20*b*
beams of lightsome d 317*a*
beneath the blue of d 198*b*
benight our happiest d 132*b*
beyond the night, across the d 426*b*
blabbing, and remorseful d 384*a*
blind with hair the eyes of D 390*a*
breathers of an ampler d 431*a*
breathing time of d 337*a*
bright, bright as d 476*b*
bright d is done 325*a*
brightness of a new-born D 467*a*

Day (*cont*)
brought too long a d 195*a*
business of the d in the d 455*a*
caravan just for one d 192*b*
cares that infest the d 247*a*
child of a d 241*a*
clouds brings on the d 1*a*
come again another d 534*b*
counted them at break of d 70*b*
darkest d will have passed 109*b*
d, a dedicated priest 442*b*
d after d the same 406*b*
d and a night and a morrow 420*b*
d and night, aloof 393*b*
d and night shall not cease 492*b*
d becomes more solemn 394*b*
d be time enough to mourn 117*a*
d boils at last 50*a*
d brought back my night 278*b*
d by d is nought to see 37*b*
d by d like us He grew 3*b*
d dies with sleep 197*b*
d excludes the night 453*b*
d, faster and more fast 50*a*
d for a man to afflict his soul 503*a*
d hath put on his jacket 193*b*
D in his hotness 5*b*
d in such serene enjoyment 280*a*
d is at hand 514*a*
d is done, and the darkness falls 247*a*
d is never darkened 264*a*
d is past and gone 531*a*
d of Empires has come 87*a*
d of my destiny's over 74*a*
d of small nations 87*a*
d of wrath 317*b*, 540*a*
d returns too soon 74*a*
d's at the morn 50*a*
D's azure eyes 395*a*
d's dead sanctities 441*b*
d's march nearer home 280*a*
d spent in a round of idleness 469*b*
d star arise in yr hearts 518*a*
d stood distinct in the sky 180*b*
d that brings forth the adder 338*a*
d that comes betwixt a Saturday 79*b*
d that hath no *pride* 134*a*
d that is dead 425*b*
d Thou gavest, Lord is ended 145*b*
d when I'll be going 225*b*
dearly love but one d 79*b*
death of each d's life 348*a*
dies at the opening d 453*b*
dost rival in the light of d 473*a*
draughts of intellectual d 114*b*
driven away from our immortal d 33*a*
dwell in realms of D 29*b*
each d is like a year 459*b*
each d at dawns is yr last 543*a*
each lost d has its patron saint 182*a*
each present d thy fast 224*b*
eclipse without all hope of d 277*b*
elles the ye of d 90*a*
end of a perfect d 204*a*
enjoy bright d 267*a*
entertains the harmless d 473*b*
ere I had ever seen that d, 330*a*
every d's most quiet need 44*a*
every d to be lost 211*b*
every dog his d 226*a*
every meanest D the conflux 80*b*
eye of pitiful d 349*a*
fairer far than this fair d 394*b*
first d of death is fled 72*b*
first dark d of nothingness 72*b*
fogs prevail upon the d 140*b*
for a d and a night 423*a*
garden in the cool of the d 492*b*
gates of the d 475*b*
gently shuts the eye of d, 18*b*
gilded car of d 266*b*
gloamin' treads the heels o' d 424*b*
go not, happy d 433*b*
good-morrow to the d so fair 189*b*
good things of the d 349*a*
go to bed by d 413*b*
guest that tarrieth but a d 520*a*
gwine to run all d 156*a*
heat of the long d 7*a*
heaven to gaudy d denies 74*a*
he that outlives this d 383*a*

Day (*cont*)
his first, last, everlasting d 132*a*
how many hours bring about the d 384*a*
idle singer of an empty d 284*a*
I have known no d 36*b*
I loved the garish d 288*b*
immortality broods like the d 466*b*
in her nest at peep of d 438*a*
innumerable choir of d 37*a*
in pure converse our eternal d 39*b*
it don't seem a d too much 94*a*
it is his d, said Dinadan 257*a*
it is not yet near d 366*a*
it is our opening d 18*a*
it raineth every d 372*a*
it was Thy d, sweet 114*b*
jocund d stands tiptoe 366*a*
journey take the whole long d 311*a*
joy the d in mirth the while 117*a*
keeps their fallen d about her 293*a*
knell of parting d 174*a*
larke, messager of d 89*a*
latter d upon the earth 497*a*
let the d perish I was born 497*a*
let them have their d, 474*b*
life's little d 251*b*
lifting up of d 381*a*
light of all our d 466*b*
light of all their d 293*a*
light of common d 466*b*
light to rule the d 492*a*
little systems have their d 429*b*
long d wanes 439*a*
look on Silvia in the d 372*b*
look the same by d 43*b*
loved thee since my d began 439*a*
maddest merriest d 434*b*
many and many a d 468*a*
merry heart goes all the d 373*a*
mery someres d 90*a*
moon doth shine as bright as d 534*b*
more and more unto the perfect d 497*b*
morning star, d's harbinger 270*a*
morning were the first d 492*a*
murmur of a summer's d 8*a*
named a trysting d 253*a*
nephew, beware of the d 86*a*
night in thought, the d in toil 307*a*
night of this immortal d 397*b*
night succeeds thy little d 295*a*
no d for me to look upon 372*b*
nothing else saw all d long 218*b*
not to me returns d 273*a*
now is come a darker d 395*b*
now 's the d 62*b*
now the d is over 20*a*
O d and night, but this is strange 331*b*
O frabjous d! 84*a*
on a dull d in an ocean cave 428*b*
one d in thy courts 487*a*
one d telleth another 482*b*
on the d when Christ was born 284*b*
our triumphant holy d 524*b*, 558*b*
outliving his d 423*b*
out of Eternity this new D 80*a*
perfect d nor night 384*a*
performance keeps no d 78*b*
Policeman D 228*a*
precincts of the cheerful d 174*b*
produce of the common d 464*a*
promise such a beauteous d 387*b*
rare as a d in June 251*a*
risel for the d is passing 306*b*
round the feet of the d 420*a*
runs thro' the roughest d 346*b*
sailor, d is at hand 315*b*
sang it all d long 36*b*
seats of everlasting d 453*b*
seem'd to have known a better d 310*b*
see'st the twilight of such d 388*a*
since thy d began 241*a*
sinking to slumber, the bright D 282*b*
sister, the whole d long 82*b*
so foul and fair a d 346*a*
spite of darkness, it was d 114*b*
splendid for the d 236*b*
springs like d from desolation 397*a*
stay, until the hasting d 189*a*
sufficeth that the d will end 341*b*
sufficient unto the d 505*b*
sunless d went down 70*b*

Day (*cont*)
superfluous burden loads the d 278*b*
sweet d , so cool, so calm 187*b*
that d shd be so soon 423*a*
the better d , the worse deed 185*b*
the brightness of the d 3*b*
the d and the way we met 422*b*
the d be never so longe 182*b*
the d breaks not 132*a*
the d but one 34*a*
the d gone by 119*a*
the d is aye fair 285*b*
the d is gone 221*a*
the d must dawn 150*a*
the d of spirits 447*b*
the d will be to-day 37*b*
the gentle d dapples the east 359*a*
the great, the important d 1*a*
the long d done 185*a*
there 's night and d , brother 34*a*
this and every d 224*a*
this d I breathed first 341*b*
this d is called Crispian 383*a*
the d is yr own 424*b*
this d may be the last 287*a*
this d shall gentle his condition 383*a*
this good d new-born 191*a*
this long weary d have end 408*b*
this petty pace from d to d 350*b*
those eyes, the break of d 352*a*
tho' the d be never so long 182*b*
thousand Blossoms with the D 152*b*
till next d , there she lay 90*b*
to hold from this d forward 481*b*
until the breaking of the d 493*a*
until the d break 500*a*
unto my dying d , sir 524*a*
welcum the lamp of d 134*b*
wn en de great d comes 182*a*
what a d may bring forth 498*b*
what glance of d 447*b*
when this d is named 383*a*
while the d ran by 187*b*
wished for the d 513*a*
withstand in the evil d 516*a*
woe worth the d 316*a*
yield d to night 383*b*
young dawn of our eternal d ! 115*a*
Daybreak white tremendous d 40*a*
Day-dreams of melancholy men 141*b*
Daylight and the d 's past 282*b*
between the dark and d 246*b*
d comes, comes in the light 96*b*
in death yr d finish 48*b*
long and lone d 399*a*
night is but the d sick 355*b*
see a church by d 358*a*
we burn d 141*a*, 355*b*, 364*b*
Days all our d are gone 487*b*
all the d that 's in the week 79*b*
Ancient of D 172*b*, 504*a*
as thy d , so shall thy strength 494*b*
beauty and length of d 420*b*
because the d are evil 515*b*
born to inglorious d 96*a*
brave d of old 253*a*
childish d , that were as long 463*a*
considered the d of old 487*a*
d and moments quickly flying 86*a*
d dividing lover and lover 420*a*
d in goodness spent 74*a*
d may come, the d may go 106*a*
d of danger, nights of waking 316*b*
d of man are but as grass 488*a*
d of our tropic youth 182*a*
d seem lank and long 166*b*
d that are no more 436*a*
d that are one with human art 37*a*
d that are over 424*a*
d thought of grief refuse 37*a*
dreams of d forsaken 422*a*
even as our d do grow 361*a*
even from my boyish d 360*a*
evil d come not 499*b*
fain see good d 484*a*
fall'n on evil d 275*a*
fall from the d that have been 252*a*
find it after many d 499*b*
forty d and forty nights 405*b*
full of d , riches, and honour 496*b*
green d in forests 414*b*

Days (*cont*)
how many d will finish year 384*a*
I am but two d old 32*b*
I am weary of d and hours 422*a*
I have put my d out of mind 424*a*
in her d every man shall eat 386*b*
in six d the lord made heaven 480*a*
in the d e'er I was born 33*b*
King Charles' golden d 524*a*
lead on our d to age 341*a*
leads melodious d 430*a*
length of d is in her 497*b*
light of other d around me 282*b*
light of other d is faded 54*a*
live laborious d 269*b*
long as twenty d are now 463*a*
look'd on better d 326*b*
lost d of my life 312*b*
man in his hasty d is honoured 36*b*
man is of few d 497*a*
my d among the dead are passed 407*a*
my d are in the yellow leaf 73*b*
my d are swifter than shuttle 497*a*
my d are trances 298*a*
my d wh are at best but dull 448*a*
my salad d 323*a*
nor d nor things diurnal 422*a*
not without honour my d ran 452*b*
one of my well-looking d 170*b*
past our dancing d 365*a*
praise my d for all they bring 35*b*
psalm of green d 307*b*
remember d that have gone by 154*b*
Rose of all my d 476*b*
seven d and nights 362*b*
seven whole d 188*a*
she has seen dark d before 147*b*
sit here on and off, for d and d 82*b*
six d shalt thou labour 480*a*
sound wch in those d I heard 465*a*
spring full of sweet d 187*b*
then, if ever, come perfect d 251*a*
three whole d together 416*a*
thy d may be long in the land 480*a*
thy young d shaded 281*b*
time and drawing d out 339*a*
to lengthen our d 281*b*
to lose good d 409*a*
to scape stormy d 133*a*
we have seen better d 368*a*
we shall shortly see better d 25*b*
what dark d seen 388*b*
wh the d never know 148*a*
whose d are dwindled 284*b*
wish my d to be 468*a*
with multitude of d 214*a*
world of happy d 384*b*
wrought in ancient d 252*a*
you lament not the d 407*a*
Day-star no sinks the d 270*a*
Day-time I cry in the d 483*a*
Day-rolles a chair 91*a*
Dazed all d with flowers 296*b*
Dazzle mine eyes d 454*b*
see the sights that d 33*b*
you d my eye 292*b*
Dazzled by the paint 457*a*
Dazzles at it, as at eternity 447*b*
De enclitic *D* 47*a*
Deacons Bishops, Priests and D 478*b*
Dead all our best men are d 536*a*
all the rest are d 246*b*
and art thou d , as young 67*b*
and bury the d 287*b*
antique order of the d 441*a*
apples on the D Sea's shore 68*b*
a rat? d , for a ducat 335*a*
back with her d and her shame 437*b*
barrows of the happier d 438*b*
beautiful Evelyn Hope is d 46*b*
bent him o'er the d 72*b*
be thus when thou art d 363*b*
better be a fool than to be d 413*a*
better be with the d 348*b*
blend the living with the d 86*a*
blessed are the d 519*b*
brother, when you're d 188*b*
but marks our English d 234*b*
but they are d those two are d 472*b*
Caesar, d , and turned to clay 316*b*
calls his d to him 229*a*

Dead (*cont*)
captain lies, fallen cold and d 457*b*
Christ risen from the d 515*a*
cities of the d 74*a*
come not, when I am d 426*a*
contend for Homer d 321*b*
converse with the mighty d 443*b*
d , but in the Elysian fields 129*a*
d dieth no more 513*a*
d from the waist down 47*a*
d herself ere evensong 529*b*
d may feel no wrong 298*a*
d men gave a groan 99*a*
d men rise up never 422*a*
d Past bury its d 248*a*
d , quick, I know not how 176*b*
d sceptred sovereigns 73*a*
d shall go down to thee d 423*b*
d shall not have died in vain 245*b*
d unto sin, and living 481*a*
d wh are already d 499*a*
d who live again 141*b*
d with frost ere now 176*b*
death lies d 421*b*
dew on the face of the d 25*a*
dooms imagined for the d 217*b*
do we indeed desire the d 430*a*
down among the d men 143*a*
ere I am laid out d 189*b*
fairy falls down d 21*b*
fame is a food that d men eat 131*a*
fell *d-born from the press* 201*b*
found him with the d 459*b*
found, when she was d 168*a*
frightful when one 's d 302*a*
Grimes is d 175*b*
had I lain for a century d 434*a*
he cd not wait he is d 8*b*
he is d and gone, lady 335*b*
I cheer a d man 's sweetheart 190*a*
he is d , the sweet musician 248*b*
I fell at his feet as d 518*b*
if I am d he wd like to see me 156*b*
if I were d , you'd say 294*a*
if it were d or bledde 88*b*
if Lucy shd be d 471*b*
if oon of hem were d 88*b*
if these men are d 421*b*
I have been d these two years 91*a*
I mysel' were d and gone 530*b*
I saw a d man win a fight 530*b*
I saw the d , small and great 519*b*
is old Double d ? 380*b*
Johnson is d 214*a*
King of Spain is d 150*b*
lasting mansions of the d 113*b*
let the d bury their d 506*a*
life from the d is in that word 280*a*
living need charity more than d 5*a*
love was d 421*b*
man fears to be d 16*b*
me love ys d 88*a*
mourn for me when I am d 388*a*
much less when he 's d 123*a*
my days among the d are passed 407*a*
noble living and the noble d 469*b*
no, no, he is d 336*a*
not d , but gone before 310*a*
not d , but sleepeth 506*a*
O God, that I were d 433*b*
over the rich D 39*a*
profane the service of the d 336*b*
queen, my lord, is d 350*b*
quite, quite for ever d 104*b*
ravens, clamorous o'er the d 302*a*
rejoice ye d , where'er ye spirits 37*a*
rest not England's d 184*b*
round the earth till you re d 236*b*
sea gave up the d 519*b*
Sea shall give up her d 491*a*
seek ye the living with the d ? 510*a*
seen those d men rise 99*a*
shammin' when he 's d 229*a*
sheeted d did squeak 329*b*
she has been d many times 293*a*
she 's alive she is not d 531*b*
she 's d , sir, long ago 531*b*
she, she is d , she 's d 132*b*
she *was* d ! 294*a*
shone round him o'er the d 184*b*
smiling the boy fell d 47*b*

Dead (*cont*)
something was d in each 459*b*
soon to drop off d 311*b*
strikes him d for thine 436*b*
talk with the departed d 394*b*
the d shall live 139*b*
their home among the d 393*b*
the man was d 19*b*
there are no d 562*b*
th' unhonour'd d 174*b*
the wall up with our English d 382*a*
they may say when I am d 530*b*
they told me you were d 106*a*
this my son was d 509*b*
those we call the d 431*a*
thou being d art a God 423*b*
thrice looked he at the d 253*b*
to be said for being d 27*b*
together fell down d 254*a*
took their wages and are d 200*a*
trade with the living and the d 142*a*
view-hollo wd waken the d 173*a*
voice of the d a living voice 431*b*
was alive and is d 523*b*
was patient, being d 294*a*
weep for Adonais he is d 391*b*
whan a beest is d 89*a*
what was d was Hope 459*b*
when I am d and opened 261*b*
when I am d, I hope be said 26*b*
when I am d, my dearest 311*a*
where d men meet 67*a*
who are just born, being d 311*b*
who were d in trespasses 515*b*
with the d there is no rivalry 255*a*
with the enduring d 392*a*
worse to me than d 462*b*
wd that I were d ! 433*a*
y'er a lang time d 522*b*
Deadly in the long run 446*b*
Dead March hear the D play 228*b*
Dead-struck I'm the bird d ! 263*b*
Deaf as d as a door 35*a*
at once is d and loud 395*b*
d and silent, read'st th' deep 466*b*
I am d with praises 296*b*
Meg was d as Ailsa Craig 60*a*
the woman 's d, and does not hear 299*b*
Deafer than the blue-eyed cat 428*a*
Deal big business give a square d 310*b*
gey ill to d wi' 82*a*
new d for the American people 310*a*
to be given a square d 310*a*
to d plainly, I fear I am not 344*a*
Dealing common-sense and plain d 148*a*
this isn't fair d 233*a*
thy just d as the noonday 484*a*
Dealings his d have been told 265*a*
whose own hand d teach them 353*b*
Dean D of Christ Church, sir 528*b*
humility clothe an English d. 113*a*
I am the D 528*b*
sly shade of a Rural D 39*b*
the cushion and soft d invite 302*b*
to your text, Mr D ! 145*a*
Deans dowagers for d 435*b*
Dear and thou art d 279*b*
but oh, how fondly d 200*b*
d as remembered kisses 436*a*
D Sir, yr astonishment 's odd 522*b*
d to maidens are their rivals 203*a*
d to me as are the ruddy drops 338*b*
d to me as light and life 61*a*
d to me in the middle of my being 243*a*
d were her charms to me 177*b*
desolate but something d 68*a*
I hold his d 401*b*
man to all the country d 168*b*
mother's sake the child was d 101*a*
my dove, my d 434*a*
names of things beloved are d 36*a*
serve it right for being so d. 124*b*
small, but how d to us 21*a*
something blissful and d 281*b*
that bread shd be so d 196*b*
this d, d land 375*a*
too convincing—dangerously d 70*a*
too d for my possessing 388*b*
we two now part My Very D 294*a*
Dearer d her laughter free 177*a*
d was the mother 101*a*
d yet the brotherhood 287*b*
O d far than light 468*a*
was there a d one 195*b*
Dearest assure you she 's the d girl 122*a*
d her constancy 177*a*
d idol I have known 109*b*
then, d 'since 'tis so 47*b*
Dearie for thinking on my d 59*a*
my ain kind d O 61*b*
my arms about my d O 60*b*
flew o'er me and my d 61*a*
my bonnie d 59*b*
Dearness a distant d in the hill 430*b*
Dears nature swears, the lovely d 60*b*
Dearth all whom war, d, age, agues 131*a*
inhuman d of noble natures 217*b*
measure in a year of d 31*a*
pine within and suffer d 389*b*
Death absence worse than d 109*a*
a covenant with d 159*a*
Adam brought d into the world 447*a*
after my d I wish no herald 386*b*
against the hour of d 481*b*
a lightning before d 366*b*
all seasons for thine own, O D 185*a*
all the joy before d 423*b*
a man that apprehends d 352*a*
anarchy the laws of d 315*a*
ancients dreaded d 181*a*
and back resounded, D 273*a*
and the shadow of d 497*a*
angel of d has been abroad 38*a*
Angel of D spread his wings 74*a*
armed against all d 's endeavour 40*a*
arms of cool-enfolding d 458*b*
at my d, thy Sun shall shine 132*a*
back to a world of d 100*a*
be absolute for d 351*b*
be dunged with rotten d 442*a*
be thou faithful unto d 518*b*
bitterness of d is past 495*b*
body of this d 513*a*
breast of the old nurse, D 185*a*
brought d into the world 270*b*
but man after his d moot wepe 89*a*
Byron's eyes were shut in d 6*b*
call in thy d 's-head there 188*a*
can this be d 299*a*
certain d by shame attended 233*b*
certain, except d and taxes 156*b*
chamber in the silent halls of d 53*a*
come away, d 371*a*
come to the bridal-chamber, D 178*a*
commands she be stoned to d 30*a*
counts d kind Nature's signal 214*a*
dare e'en D to die for thee 190*a*
daughter at the point of d 508*b*
daughter of Time and Priapus 421*b*
day of d than the day of birth 499*a*
dear, beauteous d 448*a*
d after life does greatly please 408*b*
d amusing in itself 157*b*
D and his brother Sleep 393*b*, 397*b*
D, and that vast For Ever 225*b*
d, a necessary end 339*a*
d, as the Psalmist saith, is certain 380*b*
d bandaged my eyes 50*b*
d been his next-door neighbour 319*b*
d, be not proud 133*a*
d broke at once the vital chain 210*b*
d by slanderous tongues 359*a*
d came with friendly care 100*b*
d closes all 439*a*
d comes to young men 13*b*
d cometh soon or late 253*a*
d complete the same 51*a*
d distinguished from dying 402*b*
D ! thou hast slain another 42*b*
d extinguisheth envy 14*a*
d has done all d can 44*b*
d has left on her only 195*b*
d has made his darkness 430*b*
d hath no more dominion 513*a*
d hath so many doors 23*a*
d hath ten thousand doors 454*b*
d have we hated 284*a*
d, in itself, is nothing 139*b*
D in the cup 60*b*
d in the pot 496*b*
d is a fearful thing 352*a*
d is but a groom 133*b*
d is d, but we shall die 185*a*
d is our physician 360*b*
d is parting 313*b*
d is still working 187*a*
d is the cure of all diseases 42*a*
d is the privilege of nature 313*b*
d is the veil 397*b*
d joins us to the majority 477*b*
d lays his icy hand on kings 401*a*
d lies dead 421*b*
d, like a narrow sea, divides 453*b*
d met I too, and saw the dawn 263*b*
d must be like all the rest 398*a*
d my days shd expiate 387*a*
D My lord ? A grave 374*a*
d of a dear friend 357*b*
d of each day's life 348*a*
d of Nelson was felt in England 407*b*
d of poor Cock Robin 528*a*
d of the Blatant Beast 255*a*
d of yr daughter a blessing 11*b*
D once dead 389*b*
d opens unknown doors 262*a*
D, poor man's dearest friend 61*b*
d 's dateless night 387*b*
d shall fle from them 519*a*
D 's imperishable wing 312*a*
d 's pale flag is not advanced 366*b*
d 's second self 388*a*
d 's self is sorry 215*a*
d stands above me 241*a*
d 's untimely frost 61*a*
D, the consoler 247*a*
d the journey's end 141*a*
D, the last best friend 406*b*
D, the Skeleton 473*a*
d thou shalt die 133*a*
d took him mellow 295*a*
d unloads thee 351*b*
D, when'er he call too soon 167*a*
d will come when thou art dead 399*a*
d will find me before I tire 39*b*
d will have his day 375*a*
D will listen to your stave 394*b*
delivered my soul from d 485*b*
dens, and shades of d 272*b*
desultory feet of D 312*a*
die a dry d 367*a*
die not, poor d 133*a*
die the d of the righteous 494*a*
direful d indeed they had 155*a*
disappointed by that stroke of d 213*a*
Doctor said that D was but a fact 459*b*
doom'd to d, tho' fated 140*a*
dotard D 24*a*
drank d like wine at Austerlitz 92*b*
dread of something after d 333*a*
dreadful brink of obvious d 43*b*
eaten to d with rust 380*a*
eloquent, just, and mighty D 308*a*
face to meet d with 48*a*
faith that looks thro' d 467*a*
fear and danger of violent d 191*b*
fear d ? to feel the fog 50*b*
fears only the stroke of d 16*b*
fed on the fullness of d 423*b*
first day of d is fled 72*b*
fluting a wild carol ere her d 429*b*
for any pains of d, to fall 481*b*
for D had illumined the land 248*a*
for d 's sweet chrism retain'd 294*b*
for restful d I cry 388*a*
foreknow in d 's worst hour 423*b*
friend and enemy is but D 40*a*
from sudden d 478*b*
give me liberty or give me d 186*a*
glad to d 's mystery 106*a*
go hand in hand to d 312*b*
gone to her d ! 195*b*
guiltless d I die 363*b*
half dead, a living d 277*b*
harbingers of blood and d 351*a*
here importune d awhile 324*b*
here life has d for neighbour 422*a*
he shall be our guide unto d 485*a*
his d, wh happened in his berth 195*a*
his means of d 336*a*
his name that sat on him was D 518*b*
hob-and-nob with brother D 439*a*

Death (*cont*)
honour in one eye d i' the other 337*b*
how wonderful is D 393*b*, 397*b*
hungry stream of D 557*b*
I cd not look on D 228*b*
if die, brave d 379*a*
if it in d alone must die 445*a*
I fled, and cry'd out, D 273*a*
if thou canst D defy 37*a*
I have often thought upon d 16*b*
in d they were not divided 495*b*
in d yr daylight finish 48*b*
inherit the vasty Hall of D 7*b*
in his eyes foreknowledge of d 420*b*
in life, in d, O Lord, abide 251*b*
in love with easeful D 220*a*
in our very d and burial 228*a*
in the hour of d 478*b*
in those days shall men seek d 519*a*
into the gulf of d 391*b*
into the jaws of D 426*a*
into the valley of Death 426*a*
it is but D who comes 318*a*
I will be a bridegroom in my d 324*b*
joins issues with d 51*b*
keep a league till d 376*a*
keeps D his court 375*b*
keys of hell and d 518*b*
King D hath asses' ears 24*a*
kiss the image of my d 138*a*
kneeling by his bed of d 137*b*
lapwings feel the leaden d 304*a*
last enemy is d 515*a*
last look by d revealed 72*b*
lead him to D 309*b*
life d does end 197*b*
life is a coquetry of D 441*a*
Life is perfected by D 44*a*
Life, the shadow of d 420*b*
life to him wd be d to me 223*b*
little room do we take up in d 401*a*
look on d itself 348*a*
love is strong as d 501*a*
lovely and soothing d 458*b*
love thee better after d 44*a*
made a covenant with d 502*a*
make d proud to take us 324*b*
make one in love with d 391*b*
marriage and d and division 421*a*
masters the fear of d 14*a*
meetest for d 354*b*
men fear d as children 14*a*
midst of life we are in d 481*b*
most cruel d of Pyramus 356*a*
must hate and d return? 394*a*
my part of d no one so true 371*a*
nativity, chance or d 356*a*
neither d, nor life, nor angels 513*b*
neither wish d nor fear 416*b*
no drinking after d 22*b*
no life, but lively form of d 238*b*
none blessed before his d 520*b*
nor d 's cold flood 453*b*
nor shall d brag thou wander'st 387*a*
not born for d, immortal Bird 220*a*
not d, but, dying, wh is terrible 151*a*
not D, but I ove 43*b*
not plucked, for d mature 276*b*
not so much afraid of d 41*b*
now boast thee, d 325*b*
now to D devote 276*a*
O D in I ife 436*a*
O d, where is thy sting? 515*a*
of Night, perchance of D 443*b*
old men go to d 13*b*
one life and one d 44*b*
one of the new terrors of d 4*b*
on such the second d no power 519*b*
O proud d! what feast is toward 337*a*
or else swoon to d 220*b*
ought but d part thee and me 495*a*
our Jubilee is d 41*b*
pains of d gat hold upon me 489*a*
pain without the peace of d 76*b*
parting image of d 144*b*
passed from d unto life 510*b*
play to you, 'tis d to us 244*b*
pontifical D 441*a*
quiet us in a d so noble 278*a*
ranks of d you'll find him 281*b*
Reaper whose name is D 248*a*

Death (*cont*)
red fruit of thy d 422*b*
rendezvous with D 321*a*
revenge triumph over d 14*a*
ruling passion strong in d 302*a*
Saul was consenting unto his d 512*a*
secret of the shrouded d 263*b*
sense of d is in apprehension 352*a*
shalt thou feed on D 389*b*
sights of ugly d within mine eyes 384*b*
silence deep as d 76*b*
since by man came d 515*a*
sisters D and Night 457*b*
sit in the shadow of d 508*b*
Sleep, brother to D 117*a*
sleep, death's counterfeit 348*a*
sleep is a d 42*a*
[sleep is] in fine, so like d 42*a*
sleep the sleep of d 30*b*
snares of d compassed me 489*a*
some mettle in d 322*b*
some sad lover's d 139*a*
sooner or later, delicate d 458*b*
soothe the dull, cold ear of d 174*a*
so peace instead of d 76*b*
strange images of d 346*a*
stroke of d is as a lover's pinch 325*a*
strong and long-lived d 132*b*
studied in his d 346*b*
sundown splendid D 185*a*
sweet is d who puts an end 428*b*
sword he sung a song of d 30*a*
taste of d but once 339*a*
that d is slumber 396*a*
that sleep of d 333*a*
the d-fires danced 98*b*
the d I was to die 530*a*
their life was d 312*a*
the pang preceding d 168*a*
there is no D! 248*a*
there is not room for D 38*b*
there shall be no more d 510*b*
the sharpness of d 478*a*
the warrant, Claudio, for thy d 352*a*
the way to dusty d 350*b*
they were even hard at d 's door 488*b*
this fell sergeant, d 337*a*
this is d and the sole d 46*a*
thus reasonable moderator Death 41*b*
thou of d must dream 398*b*
thou owest God a d 378*b*
thy bones hearsed in d 331*a*
thy brother D came 399*a*
thy d well quit shall be 531*a*
till d like sleep steal on me 399*a*
till D stopped his tongue 302*b*
till d us do part 481*b*
till life forget and d remember 422*b*
'tis D is dead, not he 392*b*
to be carnally minded is d 513*b*
to my soul at d I cry 457*a*
too low crawling, for d 18*a*
true to thee till d 150*a*
truly longed for d 438*b*
under the ribs of D 267*b*
unsubstantial d is amorous 366*b*
valley of the shadow of d 483*a*
wages of sin is d 513*a*
Waldo improved by d 315*b*
war, d, or sickness 356*a*
Webster was much possessed by d 145*a*
we owe God a d 380*b*
were there d in the cup 320*a*
what is d? you'll love me yet 50*a*
what shd it know of d? 472*b*
what we fear of d 352*a*
when as d shall all subdue 408*a*
when D to either shall come 37*b*
when men are at the point of d 366*b*
where is d 's sting? 251*b*
where kingly D keeps court 392*a*
who can run the race with D? 211*b*
whom d cd not daunt 531*b*
whose portal we call D 248*a*
why fear d? It is adventure 157*b*
wish them to a fairer d 351*a*
with D and Morning 437*a*
with the burly d itself awakes 380*a*
worst is d and d have his day 375*a*
years of fearing d 339*a*
yet afraid of d 94*b*

Death (*cont*)
yr loveliness and hour of my d 223*a*
Death-bed gon to hys d 88*a*
go to thy d 336*a*
Jemmy Grove on his d 531*a*
Death-fires danced 98*b*
Death-hour darkness and the d 44*a*
Deathless make love d 445*b*
Death-moth beetle nor the d 219*b*
Deaths after so many d I live 188*a*
by fain'd d to die 133*b*
die many times before their d 339*a*
more d than one 459*b*
with him all d I cd endure 276*a*
Debate daughter of d 145*b*
Rupert of D 252*a*
Debauchee of wit 449*b*
Debonair blithe, and d 268*b*
Frenchman, easy, d 111*a*
Deboshed fish thou 367*b*
Debt ambition's d is paid 339*a*
d wh cancels all 103*b*
double d to pay 168*b*
in d by disputation 64*b*
in love, and in d 38*a*
national d a national blessing 178*b*, 454*a*
paid the d of nature 150*a*
war, an' a d, an' a flag 250*b*
Debtor am I yr d? 426*a*
d to his profession 14*a*
Debtors as we forgive our d 505*b*
Debts forgive us our d as we forgive 505*b*
he that dies pays all d 367*b*
New Way to Pay Old D 262*b*
our d, our careful wives 382*b*
Decades five d hardly modified 180*b*
Decay all human things d 140*b*
ancient castle not in d 15*a*
and found its d 97*a*
as quick a growth to meet d 189*a*
before D a effacing fingers 72*b*
change and d in all around 251*b*
cold gradations of d 210*b*
d no flood 475*b*
d of that colossal wreck 396*b*
d of the whole age 16*a*
falling empire hasten its d 110*b*
flavour of mild d 194*a*
fondest hopes wd not d 75*b*
her cruel sports, to many men's d 409*a*
melts with unperceiv'd d 214*a*
myself shall like to this d 408*a*
old Time makes these d 79*a*
our love hath no d 132*a*
seen my fondest hopes d 282*a*
that there be no d 490*b*
this muddy vesture of d 355*a*
to the grave with unperceiv'd d 168*a*
woods d and fall 438*a*
Decayed you are sufficiently d 165*a*
Decays glimmering and d 448*a*
Deceased 'e is frequent d 236*b*
he first d 473*b*
name of the late d 231*a*
the d Roman Empire 191*b*
Deceit hug the dear d 106*b*
men favour the d 139*b*
no d in his tongue 482*a*
other men may use d 241*b*
Deceitful bloodthirsty and d man 482*a*
d shine, d flow 282*b*
heart is d above all things 503*b*
men are d upon the weights 485*b*
Deceits d of the world 478*b*
fables, and dangerous d 491*b*
prophecy d 502*a*
Deceive d you with vain words 515*b*
first we practise to d 318*b*
Light can thus d 457*a*
Oh, don't d me 523*a*
Sleep again'd me 105*a*
the same with intent to d 182*a*
we have no sin we d ourselves 518*a*
Deceived are ye also d? 511*a*
be not d God is not mocked 515*b*
by bad women been d 277*b*
children are to be d with comfits 13*a*
disappointed still, was still d 109*b*
men (d) with oaths 13*a*
she has d her father 360*b*
shd we desire to be d? 64*b*

Deceived (*cont*)
was I d , or did a sable cloud 267*a*
Deceiver I'm a gay d 103*a*
welcome, thou kind d 139*b*
Deceivers men were d ever 358*a*
Deceiving she d , I believing 321*a*
what is hope but d ? 265*a*
December D when they wed 327*b*
in a drear-nighted D 221*a*
old D 's bareness 388*b*
seek roses in D 72*a*
their meetings made D June 431*a*
wind beat dark D 328*b*
Decembers fifteen wild D 39*a*
Decencies dwell in d for ever 302*a*
Decency want of d is want of sense 128*a*
Decent d easy men 161*b*
who came of d people 27*b*
Decently let all things be done d 514*b*
Decide comes the moment to d 250*b*
d , but never give yr reasons 258*a*
d thus doubt for me 109*b*
who shall d , when doctors disagree 302*a*
Decision by d more embroils 273*a*
in the valley of d 504*a*
Deck boy stood on the burning d 184*b*
d put on its leaves 155*a*
promoted to d her mistress' head 74*a*
shatter'd d 287*a*
silly buckets on the d 90*a*
they laid him on the d 531*a*
walk the d my captain lies 457*b*
Decks but he rose upon their d 437*b*
he fell upon their d 437*b*
Decked d with jewels had she on 528*a*
my love shd duly have been d 408*b*
Declaim you are declaiming, d 209*a*
Declaration of Independence 94*a*
Declare d ,if thou hast understanding 497*b*
d the wonders that he doeth 488*b*
him d I unto you 512*b*
I heard him d 83*b*
nothing to d except my genius 460*b*
ye are to d it 481*a*
Decline D -and-fall-off of 125*b*
partakers of thy sad d 109*a*
writing the d and fall of the city 161*b*
Declined into the vale of years 362*a*
Declines fair from fair sometime d 387*a*
he d and falls 125*b*
Decomposes but to recompose 44*b*
Decorum hunt D down 72*a*
let them cant about d 61*b*
Decoyed into our condition 296*a*
Decrease but I must d 510*b*
Decree d confirmeth all He did 36*a*
d from Cæsar Augustus 508*b*
Decrees how wayward the d of Fate 440*b*
Decreed soul has to itself d 220*b*
Dedicate d a portion of that field 245*a*
Father let me d 446*b*
Dedicated a d spirit 469*b*
Dedication is flattery 212*b*
Dedications rule of refusing d 455*a*
Deductions long'train of d 136*a*
Dee on the River D 28*a*
sands of D 226*b*
Deed a bloody d ! 335*a*
a moment cuts the d off 50*b*
attempt and not the d , confounds 347*b*
better day the worse d 185*b*
blow the horrid d in every eye 347*a*
build the d , the d 137*b*
d of dreadful note 349*a*
d thro' life the shame endures 177*a*
d without a name 349*b*
do this d for me 250*b*
each d of shame 247*b*
fit for the d I had 85*a*
if one good d in all my life 368*a*
I have done the d 347*b*
kind of good d to say well 385*b*
left woord and tak the d 251*a*
of the d the glory shall remain 177*a*
pronounces lastly on each d 269*b*
Shadows on the d alone 474*a*
so I may do the d 220*b*
song is in itself a d 426*a*
so shines a good d 355*b*
take the will for the d 418*b*
the matchless d 's achieved 402*b*

Deed (*cont*)
they that have done this d 340*a*
thinking the d , and not the creed 249*a*
till in Heaven the d appears 63*b*
till thou applaud the d 349*a*
unless the d go with it 350*a*
when the d was done I heard 469*a*
wrought the d of shame 253*a*
Deeds all your better d in water writ 23*a*
d , not words shall speak me 23*a*
d of derring do 166*b*
d wh should not pass away 68*b*
d will be done 48*a*
excus'd his devilish d 274*a*
foul d will rise 330*b*
gentil that doth gentil d 89*b*
gentle and virtuous d 257*a*
grace this age with noble d 378*b*
heart flourisheth in lusty d 257*b*
if doughty d my lady please 172*b*
kind d with coldness returning 471*a*
little d of kindness 82*a*
looks quite thro' the d of men 338*a*
loveliness of perfect d 430*a*
means to do ill d makes ill d. done 374*b*
my d upon my head! 354*b*
our d determine us 144*a*
our d still travel with us 144*a*
renown'd for their d 375*a*
sager sort our d reprove 78*a*
these unlucky d relate 364*a*
thing that ends all other d 325*a*
those scraps are good d past 369*a*
thrice famous d she wrought 252*a*
turned aside to do good d 233*b*
we live in d , not years 18*a*
words and d indifferent modes 148*a*
words are no deeds 385*b*
words to the heat of d 347*b*
years of noble d 428*a*
Deep a home on the rolling d 315*b*
call spirits from the vasty d 378*a*
Catholic men d in the water 26*b*
commit his body to the d 491*a*
Cyclads on a sunnier d 394*a*
darkness upon the face of the d 492*a*
d and crisp and even 286*b*
d as first love 436*a*
d in anything but Wine 153*b*
d in unfathomable mines 110*a*
d silent slide away 401*b*
dive into the bottom of the d 377*a*
eternal d haunted for ever 466*b*
Eve d in the bells and grass 192*a*
from hiding-places ten years d 472*b*
from out the boundless d 426*a*
full many a fathom d 76*b*
he hath made the sea as dry 234*b*
he heard the d behind him 429*a*
her home is on the d 78*a*
his wonders in the d 488*b*
in terms too d for *me* 165*a*
in the lowest d a lower d 273*b*
maketh the d to boil like a pot 497*b*
no robin ever on the d 119*b*
not buried me d enough 431*b*
not d the Poet sees, but wide 8*a*
not so deep as a well 365*b*
one d calleth another 484*b*
one is of the d 410*b*
out of the d have I called 490*a*
out of the d , my child 426*b*
rocked in the cradle of the d 461*a*
singularly d young man 165*a*
sweep through the d 77*b*
that travail on the d 117*a*
the d moans round 439*a*
there 's danger on the d 22*a*
tho' d , yet clear 119*b*
thou coveredst it with the d 488*a*
'tis fifty fathoms d 530*a*
too d for his hearers 169*b*
to the great d he goes 427*b*
unadorned bosom of the d 266*b*
very d did rot 98*b*
when the remorseless d closed 269*b*
woo'd the slimy bottom of the d 384*b*
you are knee d in clover 240*a*
Deep-contemplat ve fools so d 326*a*
Deeper d , ever so little d 434*b*

Deeper (*cont*)
d than did ever plummet 368*a*
d than the depths beneath 110*a*
much d waters than I thought 135*b*
Deepest the d still is single 120*a*
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair 429*b*
Deeps dragons and all d. 490*b*
far in yon azure d. 248*b*
in what distant d or skies 32*a*
Deer a-chasing the d 62*a*, 320*a*
a herd-abandoned d 392*a*
d to the wholesome wold 229*b*
dun d 's hide on fleeter foot 316*b*
I was a stricken d 112*a*
my own stricken d 282*a*
pale wh held that lovely d 448*b*
'Poor d ', quoth he 325*b*
rats and such small d 343*a*
ravens flock around the dying d 12*b*
the running of the d 526*b*
Defaced all saints else be d 176*b*
antiquities are history d 13*a*
d , deflower'd 276*a*
Defacing d you with foul defame 177*a*
defaming and d 429*a*
Defame defacing you with foul d 177*a*
Defaming d and defacing 429*a*
d as impure what God declares 274*b*
Defeat Dear Night!, this world 's d 447*b*
greatest tragedy except a d 455*a*
known D , and mocked it 234*b*
Defect chief d of Henry King 26*a*
fair d of Nature 276*b*
make d perfection 323*a*
some d in her did quarrel 367*b*
Defects among the d of the Bill 315*a*
Defence at one gate to make d 277*b*
cheap d of nations 57*a*
d , not defiance 167*a*, 523*a*
millions for d 181*b*
navy of England—its greatest d 28*b*
never make a d of apology 87*b*
not only of d , but defiance 167*a*
our d is sure 453*a*
thy d upon thy right hand 489*b*
Defenceless as thou wert 392*a*
Defend d us from all perils 478*b*
foremost to d 73*b*
Defender I mean the Faith's D 67*b*
Defends when it is attacked it d 566*a*
Defer d not charities till death 16*a*
let me not d or neglect it 176*b*, 523*b*
'tis madness to d 477*a*
Deference forget the d due to me 165*a*
Defiance defence, not d 167*a*, 523*a*
d in their eye 170*a*
our hearts bid the tyrants d 77*b*
not only of defence, but d 167*a*
Defied age will not be d 15*b*
Defile thro' the sermon's dull d 264*a*
Defiled he that toucheth pitch be d 520*b*
Defileth not into the mouth d 507*a*
Define hold thou the good d it well 430*a*
Definitions d of prose and poetry 102*b*
I hate d 130*a*
Deflowered defaced, d 276*a*
Defoe the Sedulous ape to D 412*b*
stood unabashed D 299*a*
Deformed I know that D 359*a*
none d but the unkind 372*a*
Defy d th' Omnipotent 271*a*
if thou canst Death d 37*a*
Dégagé no dancing bear half so d 109*a*
Degenerate Douglas! 463*b*
Degeneration of his moral being 411*a*
Degree better suits with our d 43*b*
embrace them in the same d 42*a*
exalted them of low d 508*b*
observe d , priority 368*b*
O! when d is shak'd 368*b*
take but d away 368*b*
thou'st but of low d 524*b*
Degrees scorning the base d 338*b*
type of things thro' all d 463*b*
Deified by our own spirits are we d 470*a*
Deigning round turned he, as not d 253*b*
Deist sighed with saving sorrow 305*a*
Deity acts wh D doth ease 218*a*
particular volition of the D 201*a*
poor exchange for D offended 60*a*
Dejection in our d do we sink as low 470*a*

Delay chides his infamous d 477a
Haste, half-sister to D 433a
in d there lies no plenty 370b
in me is no d 276b
Mecca saddens at the long d. 443b
reluctant amorous d 274a
reprov d each dull d 168b
think not much of my d 225a
wanton with long d 35b
Delayed till I am indifferent 206b
Delaying by d saved the state 541a
Delays d are dangerous in war 141b
d have dangerous ends 383b
Delectable Mountains 54a
Delia time creeps while D is away 204a
Deliberate both d love is slight 259a
Deliberates woman that d is lost 1b
Deliberation sat and public care 272b
Delicacy a task of fortitude and d 412a
Delicate so d his motions be 37b
Delicately Agag came unto him d 495b
Delicious d Ah! the gondola this d solitude 260b
Delight Alice who wept with d 148b
all d lies drown'd with us 189a
all for yr d, we are not here 357b
applausel d! the wonder 215b
as our d or as our treasure 187b
bind another to its d 32a
but still moves d 78a
conflict of sentiments I find d 212a
d in simple things 228a
d misfortunes of others 57b
d to season my fireside 468b
desire that outruns the d 421a
drunk d of battle 438b
dull world a business the d 395b
each thing met conceives d 276a
Energy is Eternal D 31a
enjoy'd d with liberty 409b
feed on vain d 409a
form'd to d at once and lash 299b
gave thee clothing of d 32b
give d, and hurt not 367b
go to't with d 324a
Greensleeves was my d 523b
had other aims than my d 180a
Heaven views it with d 260b
he must d in virtue 1b
high as we have mounted in d 470a
if Sion hill d thee more 270b
I only have relinquished one d 467a
is the Shepherd s d 522a
land of pure d 453b
let dogs d to bark 452b
love and a space for d 420b
Moon of my D 154a
Mother of the Fair D 311b
my d and thy d walking 37a
my d on a shining night 525a
my ever new d 274b
my last d! 393b
never too late for d 281b
O that it were my chief d 425a
paint the meadows with d 345b
rarely, comest thou, Spirit of D 398b
seek to d, that they may mend 109a
she was a phantom of d 470b
studies serve for d 16a
the day rose with d to us 225a
their solicitous d 296b
there is d in singing 241a
thought that lurks in all d 265a
till to d thou hast paid 119a
'tis my d, alone in summer shade 465b
to such a deep d 'twould win me 101b
toys for yr d 414a
turn d into a sacrifice 186b
unrest wh men muscall d 392b
very temple of d 219b
weighing d and dole 329b
with grief, but with d no more 395a
yet I hear thy shrill d 398a
youth of d, come hither 32a
Delighted with anything amiable 104a
Delightful ugly as sin almost as d 246a
Delighting but, O! d me 192a
Delights d were dolphin-like 325a
in scarlet, with other d 495b
king of intimate d 112a
Delights (*cont*)
[*Pecunia*] Queen of all d 21a
scorn d, and live laborious days 269b
violent d have violent ends 365b
why, all d are vain 344a
Delineation happiest d of its varieties 11b
Delinquent condemns a less d for 't 66b
Delirium of the brave 474b
Deliver d any man by his strength 484a
d Israel, O God 483a
d me from blood-guiltiness 485a
d my soul from the sword 481a
d thee from the snare 487b
I will d him unto you 508a
let him d him 483a
trusted in God, that he wd d him 483a
Deliverance d from the darts 179b
with songs of d 483b
Delivered d upon the mellowing 344b
I d d thee when bound 110a
Delivereth them from their distress 488b
Dells she forgot the d. 218b
Deloraine, good at need 317a
Delos where D rose 70b
Delphic O D Apollo! 218a
Delphos the steep of D leaving 270b
Deluded Heaven to be d by him 244a
she was d away by Roger's 239b
we are all d thus 394a
Deluge after us the d 565a
the rain a d show'rs 90b
Delusion but under some d 56a
given to strong d 230a
hence dear d, sweet enchantment 403b
Delved when Adam d 178b
Demand d me nothing 364a
d that demi-devil 364a
he'll make d of her 325a
Demas hath forsaken me 516b
Demd d, damp, moist, body life is one d horrid grind 125a
Demeaning so womanly, her d 402b
Demesne Homer ruled as his d 220b
Demetrius, a silversmith 512b
Demi-devil demand that d 364a
Demi-god what d come so near 354a
Demi-natured incorps'd and d 336a
Demi-puppets, that by moonshine 367b
Demireps that love French books 45a
Demnition bow-wows 125a
Democracy a d, a government d bludgeoning of the people 460b
d is on trial 131b
d substitutes election 391a
our d the most aristocratic 255b
perfect d most shameless 57a
political experiment of d 390b
thanks to wireless and d 44b
world must be made safe for d 462a
Democrat aristocrat, d, autocrat 431b
Democratic creating a new d world 81b
our aristocracy the most d 255b
Demolished but by himself 27b
Demoniaco-seraphic 52b
Demon-lover wailing for her d 101a
Demosthenes D is not more decidedly the first 255a
D never comes unseasonably 255a
D when he fled from the battle 13b
fall below D or Cicero 140b
Den d of wild things in her eyes 192a
glorious hosanna from the d 403a
wae to think upo' yon d 50a
Dens lay them down in their d 488b
Denial with d vain, and coy excuse 269a
Denied call that may not be d 262a
d him the request of his lips 482b
if it be but half d 66a
no other was d 127b
prays but faintly and wd be d 376a
too near that comes to be d 280a, 291b
Denies court a mistress, she d you 216a
Deniges who d of it? 124a
Denmark a villain dwelling in all D 331b
Hamlet Prince of D left out 320a
it may be so in D 331b
look like a friend on D 329b
might of D 's crown 76b
rotten in the state of D 331a
Denote that can d me truly 330a
Denoted a foregone conclusion 362a
Deny he that will this health d 143a
life offers—to d 180a
poor heart wd fain d 350b
room to d ourselves, a road 224a
teaches to d that faintly prays 307a
thou shalt d me thrice 508a
to d each article with oath 363b
yet will I not d thee 508a
Depart d again, here, here 366b
d, —be off, — excede 194b
having a desire to d 516a
he will not d from it 498b
I am ready to d 241a
thy sickness shall d 227b
took leave but was loath to d 306a
Departed and all but he d 282b
d this life in thy faith 480b
if he d as he came 305a
Lord was d from him 495a
minds me o' d joys 63b
Departing God be at my d 523a
Departure is taken for misery 520a
Deplore do them still still I do d 132a
find her, or ever to d her loss 275b
Deportment celebrated for his D 121a
Deposed how some have been d 375b
must he be d? 375b
Depositary mere d of doctrine 128a
Depraved expect a boy to be d 315a
Depravity of inanimate things 178b
Deprive mankind of their hope 523a
Deprived of everlasting bliss 258b
Depth but far beyond my d 386a
d and dream of my desire 232b
d, and not the tumult, of the soul 467b
d in that study brings him 158a
in the d be praise 288b
nor height, nor d separate us 513b
Depths darkest d the miner striving 415b
deeper than the d beneath 110a
d in wh an elephant may swim 185b
he sinks into thy d 69b
in d of burning light 149b
in its d doth glow 5b
walked in search of the d 497b
with his d and his shallows 62b
Deputy books also may be read by d. 16a
d elected by the Lord 375a
Derby glides the D dilly 78b
Derision clothed with d 420b
Lord shall have them in d 481b
time turns the old days to d 421a
Derived offices were not d corruptly 353b
Derned sight better business 183a
Derring deeds of d do 166b
Descant her amorous d sung 274a
Descend, be stone no more 373b
Descent d to Avernus 551a
smile at the claims of long d 431b
Describe the undescribable 69a
Descried long leagues apart, d 96b
Description beggared all d 323a
make impertinent d 65b
Descry the moth's approach 277a
Desdemona O D! D! dead! 364a
to hear wd D seriously incline 360a
Desert as to behold d a beggar born 388a
beyond High-Park's a d 149a
d were a paradise 62b
d where no life is found 195b
fret not to roam the d 289b
I never will d Mr Micawber 122a
in the d a fountain 74a
in this d inaccessible 326b
life is the d 477b
nothing went unrewarded, but d 138b
oh! that the d were my dwelling 69b
part with my glory and d 187b
snow upon the D 's dusty Face 152b
so shd d in arms be crowned 138b
streams in the d 502a
the d shall rejoice 502a
two legs of stone in the d 306b
use every man after his d 332b
waste its sweetness on the d air 174a
waste, or water but the d 69a
what ailed us, o gods, to d you 421b
Deserted at his utmost need 130a
Deserting these, thou leavest me 399b
Deserts (desarts) antres vast d idle 360a

Deserts (*cont*)
d of Bohemia 373*a*
d of vast eternity 260*a*
his d are small 280*b*
the moon, when she d the night 277*b*
wisdom, she d thee not 276*a*
Deserve all who d his love 140*a*
d well of yourself 413*a*
Sempronius, we'll d it 1*b*
Deserved d well of his parish 314*b*
we most righteously have d. 479*a*
Deserving where is my d 388*b*
Design dull there was a d in it 151*b*
free from envy, low d 240*b*
paper dull, there is a d in it 410*b*
poetry a palpable d upon us 222*a*
towards his d moves like a ghost 347*b*
Designer infinite 442*a*
Designs at large to his own dark d 271*a*
for close d and counsels 138*a*
ladder to all high d 388*b*
lofty d must close 47*a*
treasures up his bright d 110*a*
Desire all a wonder and a wild d 51*a*
bloom of young d 175*a*
bring me my arrows of d 31*a*
but D gratified plants fruits 30*a*
choose what many men d 353*b*
cleave thy way with fathering d 263*b*
delight that consumes the d 421*a*
depth and dream of my d 232*b*
d accomplished is sweet 498*a*
d in deity 312*a*
d mine adversary had written a book 497*a*
d not to be rinsed with wine 197*b*
d of the moth for the star 399*b*
d shall fail 499*b*
d that outruns the delight 421*a*
d the office of a bishop 516*b*
d to enter into the courts 487*a*
effort, and expectation, and d 469*b*
for therein is my d 489*a*
his heart is a blind d 420*b*
I d to end my days 558*b*
I, fulfilled of my heart's d 422*b*
in fair d thine joy renew 36*b*
in himself possess his own d 465*a*
it is a strange d to seek power 14*b*
lineaments of gratified d 30*b*
Lord, thou knowest all my d 484*a*
love and d and hate 135*a*
man s d is for the woman 102*b*
miserable to have few things to d 15*a*
mixing memory and d. 144*b*
moon of the heart's d. 313*a*
naught for yr d 92*a*
nearer to the Heart's D 154*a*
no beauty that we shd d him 503*a*
one is not to get yr heart's d 391*a*
or kindle soft d 139*a*
our song is the voice of d 37*a*
quiet and rest and d 284*b*
same as thou art in d 347*a*
shall see thy heart's d 37*a*
shd we d to be deceived 64*b*
so vain d was chidden 285*a*
the end of every man's d 421*a*
the eye beholds the heart's d 198*b*
the hours and times of yr d 388*a*
the Youth pined away with d 32*a*
this gray spirit yearning in d 438*b*
transported with celestial d 409*a*
utmost share of my d 190*a*
vain d at last and vain regret 312*b*
what men had come to d 292*b*
whence this fond d 1*b*
where our d is got without content 348*b*
wh of us has his d ? 440*a*
with all the speed d can make 225*a*
woman's d for the d of the man 102*b*
Desirable all of them d young men 504*a*
Desired I have d to go 197*b*
lover's pinch, wh hurts and is d 325*a*
more to be d are they than gold 482*b*
suffer herself to be d 449*a*
Desires all holy d do proceed 478*b*
D and Adorations 392*a*
d and dreams and powers 422*a*
d but acts not, breeds pestilence 31*a*
Desires (*cont*)
d, like fell and cruel hounds 369*b*
liberty doing what one d 266*a*
such sweet d do gain 176*b*
than nurse unacted d 31*a*
the New Year reviving old D 152*a*
'tis not what our youth d 9*a*
undaunted daughter of d 114*b*
unto whom all d known 480*a*
we fondly flatter our d 136*b*
young with young d 441*b*
your heart's d be with you 325*b*
Desirest justice more than thou d 355*a*
Desireth heart d great matters 307*a*
Desirous d to be blessed 335*a*
ought else on earth d 159*b*
Desk a votary of the d 230*a*
but a desk to write upon 65*b*
drudgery of the d 's dead wood 240*a*
o'er his lamplit d in solitude 36*a*
Desmond that Countess of D 281*a*
Desolate d and sick of an old passion 135*a*
how many d creatures on the earth 43*a*
none so d but something dear 68*a*
Desolation abomination of d. 507*b*
my d does begin 325*a*
springs like day from d 397*a*
the seat of d 271*a*
Despair begotten by d 260*c*
bid me d, and I'll d 190*a*
builds a Heaven in Hell's d 32*a*
carrion comfort, D 197*a*
curst himself in his d 406*b*
depth of some divine d 436*a*
for regaining my character I d 155*a*
from d thus high uplifted 272*a*
frustrate hope severer than d 109*a*
Giant D had a wife 54*a*
grim visag'd, comfortless D 175*a*
he who has hoped can never d 389*b*
I can endure my own d 450*a*
I shall d no creature loves me 385*a*
loves of comfort and d 389*b*
magnanimous D 260*a*
near neighbour to D 8*a*
now fiercer by d 272*a*
pale d and cold tranquillity 392*b*
racked with deep d 271*a*
rash-embraced d 354*a*
shall I, wasting in d 462*a*
the hurried question of D 68*a*
the owner whereof was Giant D 54*a*
the unpaid bill, D 394*b*
what resolution from d 271*a*
whom d, law, chance, hath slain 131*a*
wrath, and infinite d 273*b*
ye Mighty, and d 396*b*
Despairer too quick d 88
Despairing mithers maist d 285*b*
Despairs leaden-eyed d 220*a*
eat thy heart thro' comfortless d 409*b*
Despatchful looks in haste 275*a*
Desperate beware of d steps 109*b*
diseases d grown 335*a*
enforce a d amour 66*a*
on d seas long wont to roam 298*a*
tempt not a d man 366*b*
wisdom not to do d things 444*a*
Desperation lives of quiet d 444*a*
Despise contrite heart thou not d 485*a*
d the skylark's song 386
dost thou d the earth 471*a*
know them best, d them most 62*a*
money, I d it 165*b*
Despised dangers by being d 56*b*
d and rejected of men 503*a*
d, and we esteemed him not 503*a*
d as well as served 67*a*
d old man 342*b*
d the day of small things 504*b*
hath not d nor abhorred the poor 483*a*
I shd not be d 500*b*
Despises she is the thing that she d 104*a*
Despising myself almost d 387*b*
Despite builds a Hell in Heaven's d 32*a*
immortal in his own d 303*b*
the vanquished had no d 408*b*
Despond name of the slough was D 54*a*
Despondency and madness 470*a*
Despot's heel is on thy shore 308*a*
Destined wretch as I 107*b*
Destinies veiled D 392*a*
Destiny day of my d 's over 74*a*
D the Commissary 133*b*
D with Men for Pieces 153*b*
hanging and marriage go by D 150*b*
homely joys, and d obscure 174*a*
hopeless passion is my d 440*a*
let determined things to d hold 323*b*
our d, our being's heart 469*b*
our manifest d 291*a*
riddle of d 240*a*
shady leaves of d 115*a*
struggling with ruthless d 464*b*
Destroy I am not come to d 505*a*
impatient to d 214*a*
not come to d the law 505*a*
safer to be that wh we d 348*b*
they shall not hurt nor d 501*b*
utterly abolish or d 466*b*
when you d a blade of grass 34*a*
Destroyed bold peasantry once d 168*a*
nor one life shall be d 430*b*
tall fellow had d so cowardly 377*a*
what Thou art may never be d 38*b*
Destroyer D and healer, hear 423*a*
d and preserver, hear 396*a*
Destroying fighting still and still d 139*a*
Destruction besom of d 502*a*
by d, dwell in doubtful joy 348*b*
d of the poor is their poverty 498*a*
going from us to be utter d 520*a*
other things, to their d draw 132*a*
pride goeth before d 498*a*
startles at d 1*b*
thou turnest man to d 487*b*
way that leadeth to d 505*b*
Destructions O thou enemy, d 482*a*
Desyren to have sovereyntee 89*b*
Detail merely corroborative d 165*a*
Detect lose it in the moment you d 301*b*
wd not d one circumstance 247*b*
Detection is an exact science 136*a*
Determinate d grooves 527*a*
my bonds in thee are all d 388*b*
Determination of words to the mouth 417*a*
Determine our deeds d us 144*a*
Determined, dared, and done 402*b*
Detest but they d at leisure 71*b*
Detraction d is but baseness 215*b*
d will not suffer it 379*a*
Development contributions to d 9*b*
De Vere, hast *thou* no tear? 208*a*
Device banner with the strange d 247*a*
imagined such a d 483*a*
miracle of rare d 101*b*
there is no work nor d 499*b*
Devices d of the people of none effect 483*b*
d still are overthrown 334*a*
Devil abash'd the D stood 274*b*
a laughing d in his sneer 70*a*
a moral of the d himself 382*b*
an apology for the D 66*b*
and you the blacker d 363*b*
a problem must puzzle the d 62*b*
a saint when most I play the d 384*b*
a-walking the D is gone 100*b*, 406*b*
can the d speak true? 346*a*
cards are the d 's books 418*b*
childhood fears a painted d 348*a*
children of the d 437*b*
craft and subtilty of the d 479*a*
crafts and assaults of the d 478*b*
D always builds a chapel 118*b*
d a monk wd be 285*a*
d be sometimes honoured 352*b*
d can cite Scripture 353*a*
d damn thee black 350*b*
D -defended walls 204*a*
d do a very gentlemanly thing 412*b*
D fly away with the fine arts 81*a*
D go wid you 231*a*
d have all the good tunes 191*b*
D, having nothing else to do 26*b*
D he blew upon his nails 235*b*
d he couldna scaith her 59*b*
D he grinned behind the bars 235*b*
D howling 'Ho!' 26*b*
d is come down unto you 519*a*
D knows how to row 99*b*

Devil (*cont*)
d 's most devilish when respectable 43*a*
D 's nutting-bag 247*b*
d 's riddle is mastered 424*a*
d 's walking parody 92*a*
d take her! 416*a*
D take the ass 231*a*
d take the hindmost 65*a*
d taketh him up into mountain 505*a*
d turned precisian 74*b*, 262*b*
d understands Welsh 378*a*
d was sick 285*a*
D watches all opportunities 104*b*
d will have his chapel 18*b*
d with d damn'd 272*b*
d wd have him about women 382*a*
doubt is D -born 431*a*
dreamed of the d 4*a*
drink and the d had done 413*a*
'e's a d an' a ostrich 233*a*
everyman was God or D 138*b*
first Whig was the D 210*a*
gifts from the D and earthly kings 30*b*
given the d a foul fall 283*a*
go to the d where he is known 212*a*
half-d and half-child 236*b*
he shd dream of the d 19*a*
he 's the very d incarnate 372*a*
himself a d frae hell 531*a*
how agrees the d and thee 376*b*
how the d they got there 303*a*
hunting wh the D design'd 141*b*
if the d dress her not 325*a*
if that thou be'st a d 364*a*
is the d to have all the passions 390*b*
I worshipped the D 30*b*
John Brown had the D in his gut 31*a*
let us call thee d 361*b*
man is but a d weakly fettered 412*b*
Milton of the D 's party 31*a*
one more d 's triumph 48*a*
renounce the d and all his works 481*a*
resist the d , and he will flee 517*b*
sacrifice of the d 's leavings 419*a*
serpent, wh is the D 519*b*
serve God if the d bid 359*b*
shame the d 216*a*
sugar o'er the d himself 333*a*
synonym for the D 254*b*
tell truth, and shame the d 378*a*
that is d 's work 390*a*
the D did grin 100*b*
the D 's Awa Wi' the Exciseman 60*a*
the D sends cooks 158*b*
the D smiled 100*b*
the D was pleased 100*b*
the d will come 268*b*
the ingredient is a d 377*b*
there is a d haunts thee 377*b*
till the D whispered 228*a*
turn'd my back upon Don or d 437*b*
use the d himself with courtesy 372*a*
what a mischievous d I ove is 67*a*
what d this melancholy is 155*b*
what, man! defy the d 371*b*
when contending with the d 518*a*
who cleft the D 's foot 134*a*
wi' usquebae, we'll face the d 63*a*
world, the flesh, and the d 478*b*
young and sweating d here 362*b*
yr adversary the d 518*a*
yr father the d 511*a*
Devilish earthly, sensual, d 517*b*
most d thing is 8 times 8 155*a*
Devils as many d as tiles 569*a*
d are not so black as painted 246*a*
d being offended 362*b*
he casteth out d 506*a*
it-is-not-fire-d , dark 227*b*
one sees more d than vast hell 357*b*
said they were d incarnate 382*a*
sinners must with d dwell 452*b*
the little d ran 235*b*
they're a' run d 63*a*
'tis d must print 281*a*
we are d to ourselves 369*a*
whip me, ye d 364*a*
Devisal past our d 443*a*
Devise for he can al d 89*a*
Devizes young man of D 527*a*
Devoid of sense and motion 272*b*
Devon Bideford in D 437*b*
Cowslips from a D combe 229*a*
D white-pot brings 225*b*
if the Dons sight D 287*b*
startled that morning from D 164*a*
Devotion a deep fit of d 42*a*
at my d I love to use the civility 41*b*
d ! daughter of astronomy 477*b*
farwel my book and my d 89*b*
last full measure of d 245*b*
matrimonial d 164*b*
open and obvious d 237*b*
shrine of the sailor's d 389*b*
the d to something afar 399*b*
with d 's visage sugar o'er 333*a*
Devour seeking whom he may d 518*a*
shed tears when they wd d 15*b*
threatening to d me opens wide 273*b*
worry and d each other 109*b*
Devoured d as fast as they are made 369*a*
great ones d the small 401*a*
him who solved it not d 277*b*
some evil beast hath d him 493*a*
Devours the grim wolf ,daily d 269*b*
Devout d in dishabilly 150*b*
here the d their temple choose 113*b*
Dew as d in April that falleth 524*b*
bedabbled with the d 189*b*
besprent with April d 216*b*
birth-time's consecrating d 294*b*
continual d of thy blessing 478*b*
d bespangling herb 189*a*
d of summer nights 220*b*
d on the face of the dead 25*a*
d shall weep thy fall tonight 187*b*
d that on the violet lies 317*b*
dreamt they were filled with d 99*a*
fades awa like morning d 530*a*
fearfully o'ertrip the d 355*a*
honey-heavy d of slumber 338*b*
into a sea of d 151*a*
leave the lilies in their d 74
like the d on the mountain 316*b*
my lips, as sunlight drinketh d 427*a*
red d of Olivet 442*b*
resolve itself into a d 330*a*
roses newly washed with d 366*b*
the bright d is shaking 115*b*
the d was falling fast 468*b*
the d will rust them 359*b*
there rain'd a ghastly d 432*b*
walks o'er the d of yon hill 3-9*b*
who hath begotten the drops of d 497*b*
whose beards dip in coldest d 264*a*
whose wine was the bright d 398*a*
Dewdrop fragile d on its way 220*b*
I have seen the d clinging 205*a*
protects the lingering d 463*b*
there's a woman like a d 45*a*
Dewdrops go seek some d here 356*b*
showers and d wet 311*a*
Dewfall at night 414*b*
Dew-lapped like Thessalian bulls 357*a*
Dews brushing with steps the d 174*b*
her tears fell with the d 433*b*
the d of heaven refined 169*a*
the d of summer night did fall 265*b*
the d of the evening shun 91*a*
Dewy d dawn to d night 284*a*
William D 179*b*
Diadem the precious d stole 335*a*
with a d of snow 73*a*
Dial a d from his poke 326*a*
an hour by his d 326*a*
as the d to the sun 33*b*
ride upon a d 's point 379*a*
thou breathing d 241*a*
Dialect a Babylonish d 65*a*
a d I understand very little 296*a*
d and discourse 65*b*
d words marks of the beast 180*b*
Dial-hand beauty, like a d 388*b*
Dialogue the wooden d and sound 368*b*
Dials carve out d 384*a*
Diamond Britain rough d 91*a*
d , is immortal d 197*b*
like a d in the sky 425*a*
O D ! D ! thou little knowest 289*a*
spots of d form 112*b*
Diamonds thy eyes are seen in d 161*a*
Dian D had hot dreams 329*a*
hangs on D 's temple 328*b*
Diana burnt the temple of D 42*b*
D in her summer weed 176*a*
D of the Ephesians 512*b*
D a lip is not more smooth 370*a*
let us be D 's foresters 376*b*
Diapason d after dinner 19*b*
d closing full 139*b*
Diaphenia daffadowndilly 105*b*
Diaries let d be brought in use 15*a*
Dice some were playing d 531*a*
twain were casting d 98*b*
twice, to throw the d 459*b*
Dicers false as d ' oaths 335*a*
Dick Mr D 122*a*
Dickens what the d his name is 355*b*
Dickon thy master 385*a*
Dicky-bird why do you sit 165*a*
Dictate not presume to d 126*a*
Dictates d of his godlike mind 291*a*
d of thy faith 313*b*
d to me slumbering 276*a*
Dictatorial a d word 166*a*
Dictionaries a writer of d 207*a*
to make d is dull work 212*b*
Dictionary a walking d 87*b*
Did it was their duty, and they d 162*b*
nor ever d a wise one 309*b*
thou canst not say I d it 349*a*
thro' ignorance ye d it 512*a*
whate'er he d was done 138*a*
Diddest thus d thou 136*a*
Diddle, we take it, is dee 422*a*
Dido D and her Æneas 324*b*
when D found Æneas 304*b*
Di-do-dum 304*b*
Die all life of mine may d 114*b*
all that live must d 329*b*
and am prepared to d 351*b*
and a time to d 499*a*
and wring his bosom is to d 170*a*
as loth to d 467*b*
as much beauty as cd d 215*b*
as natural to d 14*a*
ay but to d 352*a*
Beauty that must d 219*b*
before I d for ever 199*b*
begins to live, begins to d 307*a*
behold, ye shall d 423*b*
but I cannot d 393*a*
but we all must d 419*a*
by fam'd death to d 133*b*
cowards d many times 339*a*
curse God, and d 497*a*
dar st thou d ? 352*a*
dead wh d in the Lord 519*b*
death, thou shalt d 133*a*
death, to d for thee 190*a*
d all, d merrily 378*b*
d and be a riddance 121*b*
d , and endow a college 302*a*
d at the top 419*a*
d before they sing 100*b*
d beyond my means 461*a*
d by famine d by inches 185*b*
d in music 364*a*
d in that man's company 383*a*
d in the last ditch 461*a*
d in the lost lost fight 96*a*
d in yon rich sky 436*a*
d I, so d I 247*b*
d , my dear doctor 292*a*
d not, poor death 133*a*
d on mine own sword 351*a*
d or rest at last 394*a*
d to look on 322*b*
d to make men free 200*b*
d to save charges 64*a*
d two months ago 334*a*
d with harness on 351*a*
d with kissing of my Lord 259*b*
d with looking on his life 323*a*
do anything but d 240*a*
do now not basely d 324*b*
easy live and quiet d 319*a*
easy ways to d 325*b*
either do, or d 23*a*
ere their story d 179*b*
ever ye came to d 215*a*
every man is born to d. 141*a*

Die (*cont*)
faith with us who d 256*a*
fall asleep, or hearing d 385*b*
fated not to d 140*a*
fellowship to d with us 383*a*
few d and none resign 205*a*
few d well that d in a battle 382*b*
fight is but to d 437*b*
for the truth he ought to d 147*a*
for thou must d 187*b*
for tomorrow we shall d 502*a*
going on, and not to d 439*a*
good d early 118*a*
good d first 464*a*
harder lesson! how to d 304*b*
hazard of the d 385*b*
he shall not d , by G—— 412*a*
he was not made to d 429*b*
how can man d better 253*a*
how often are we to d 304*a*
I d happy 156*b*, 242*a*
I d ! I faint 394*b*
I'd lay me doun and d 135*a*
if I d , no soul shall pity me 385*a*
If I must d 352*a*
'if I shd d ', said I 223*b*
if I shd d , think only this 40*a*
if it were now to d 361*a*
if thou deye a martir 90*a*
if we are marked to d 383*a*
I'll d for him tomorrow 531*b*
I love her till I d 156*a*, 526*b*
I must d at last 133*b*
in Adam all d 515*a*
in death alone must d 445*a*
in Jerusalem shall Harry d 381*a*
is because they d 106*b*
I shall d to-day, and you 283*a*
I shall not d , but live 489*a*
is loth to d 423*a*
is not born, and does not d 402*a*
is not to d 76*b*
it is most grand to d 262*a*
it was sure to d 282*a*
I will d in peace 462*b*
I will not have thee d 436*b*
king shd ever d 50*a*
learn of me to d 299*b*
leave me there to d 523*b*
let us do or d 62*b*, 76*b*
live and gladly d 415*a*
lo, I must d 495*a*
look about us and to d 300*b*
man can d but once 380*b*
men make haste to d 199*b*
men shall desire to d 519*a*
men that love lightly may d 421*b*
more deaths than one must d 459*b*
my Lord before I d 259*b*
myn herte d 90*a*
my resolution is to d 276*b*
nor let me d before 6*b*
not d here in a rage 418*a*
not d in the night 284*b*
not so difficult to d 71*a*
not to live, but to d in 42*a*
not willingly let it d 279*a*
now that I come to d 46*a*
old soldiers never d 525*b*
or being born, to d 17*a*
or bid me d 190*a*
or let me d 468*a*
parting was to d 431*a*
people d tide's out 122*b*
perceives it d away 466*b*
poor soul will d 412*a*
possess soul before we d 8*b*
power to d 438*b*
regret can d 430*b*
resolved to d last dyke 56*a*
ride on to d 266*b*
Romeo when he shall d 366*a*
seems it rich to d 220*a*
seen her d twenty times 322*b*
shall see a fox d 226*a*
shall Trelawny d ? 182*b*
she answered 'I wd d ' 313*a*
shot my faun and it will d 261*a*
shd d for the people 511*a*
sicken soon and d 270*b*
since I needs must d 307*b*

Die (*cont*)
sinks downward, here to d 376*a*
sing before they d 100*b*
so apt to d 339*b*
stars, until I d 430*a*
taught us how to d 444*b*
that we shall d , we know 339*a*
the death I was to d 530*a*
the d is cast 548*b*
their's but to do and die 426*a*
the man wd d 349*a*
then d , dear, d 23*b*
they d by thousands 93*b*
they d not but cease 312*a*
they must be with us or we d 217*b*
they seemed to d 520*a*
think, or bravely d 209*a*
tho' I shd d with thee 508*a*
those about to d salute thee 553*b*
those that do d of it 325*a*
thou shalt surely d 492*a*
thus adventuring to d 225*a*
to d big adventure 21*b*
to d for fatherland 545*b*
to d , I leave my love 388*a*
to d is gain 516*a*
to d to sleep 333*a*
to live and d for thee 190*a*
to live, or dare to d 301*b*
to live or fear to d 145*a*
tomorrow thou shalt d 312*a*
to say that I shall d 383*b*
turn giddy, rave, and d 299*a*
until that I d 534*b*
wash me, Saviour, or I d 445*a*
weep or she will d 436*b*
we shall d alone 564*b*
we shall d to the Song 185*a*
what it is to d 430*a*
what peace a christian can d 2*b*
when we d we reap our sowing 263*a*
whether thou live or d 37*a*
whom the gods love d young 71*a*
who saw him d ? 528*a*
who wd wish to d ? 34*a*
wisdom shall d with you 497*a*
without Thee I dare not d 224*a*
wretch that dares not d 61*b*
yet d we must 384*b*
yet she must d 363*b*
Died and so they d 305*b*
as He d to make men holy 200*b*
bards who d content 219*b*
before her time she d 432*b*
closed his eyes and d 531*a*
d , as firm as Sparta's king 136*b*
d before the god of love 133*b*
d in a good old age 496*b*
d kisses of the lips of God 285*b*
d like a Chrisom child 54*a*
d like Duke Duchess's daughter 19*b*
d of my physician 306*a*
d unto sin once 513*a*
d while ye were smiling 43*a*
d with conquering Graeme 317*a*
dog it was that d 169*a*
fell upon their decks, and he d 437*b*
God I had d for thee 495*b*
had I but d an hour 348*a*
I cd have d contented 122*b*
Know-all d las' year 182*a*
liked it not, and d 473*b*
my love has d for me 531*b*
queens have d young 285*b*
she d because she never knew 26*b*
she shd have d hereafter 350*b*
since he d , and poets 387*b*
since Maurice d 36*b*
sleeping when she d 106*a*
so groan'd and d 160*b*
these all d in faith 517*a*
they had no poet, and they d 303*b*
two hours since hath d 438*b*
wandered till I d 9*a*
was scorn'd and d 160*a*
when I d last 133*b*
where it d , to tell 215*b*
where thou diest, I will d 495*a*
who d to save us all 3*b*
would to God we had d 494*a*
Dies artist never d 247*b*

Dies (*cont*)
because a man d for it 460*b*
d ere he knows it 47*a*
d in good stile at home 451*a*
d like a dog 459*a*
every moment d a man 439*a*
happy till he d 559*b*
he d , and makes no sign 384*a*
he that d pays all 367*b*
he that d this year 380*b*
it d upon her heart 394*b*
king never d 28*b*
loves, and weeps, and d 394*a*
matters not how a man d 208*a*
more it (love) d 117*a*
no man d for love 141*a*
once hath blown for ever d 153*a*
then d the same 477*a*
troth d here to dust 312*a*
Diest where thou d will I die 495*a*
Diet idiosyncrasy, in d 41*b*
praise is the best d 404*b*
worm emperor for d 315*a*
Dieted with praise 219*b*
Differ men at most d 429*a*
Difference between thee and me what d ? 398*b*
d of 40,000 men 455*a*
d of men's talk 296*a*
know the d now that I am back 288*a*
night makes no d 189*b*
oh, the d to me 470*b*
the only d , after all 94*b*
the other's d bears 260*b*
yr rue with a d 335*b*
Different an' hatched d 144*a*
d methods d men 94*b*
how d from the home life 573*b*
like,—but oh how d ! 473*a*
other natures thinks d 124*a*
something d from either 144*b*
think o' something d 227*b*
we boil at d degrees 148*b*
Difficult d do you call it 212*a*
d of tasks to keep 464*b*
d to please about their victuals 75*b*
not so d to die 73*a*
upon wh it is d to speak 56*a*
Difficulties d do not make doubt 288*b*
knowledge under d 126*b*
Difficulty sowen som d 89*a*
with d and labour 273*a*
Diffidence d or shyness 164*b*
wife, and her name was D 54*a*
Diffident be not d of wisdom 276*a*
Dig d the grave and let me die 415*a*
d till you gently perspire 230*b*
I cannot d , to beg I am ashamed 509*b*
to d the dust enclosed 389*b*
Digest and can d so much 371*a*
inwardly d them 479*a*
Digestion d is the great secret 405*b*
from pure d bred 274*b*
heaven matter of d 201*a*
may good d wait on appetite 349*a*
prove in d sour 374*b*
Digestions few radicals have good d 66*b*
Digged saltpetre shd be d 377*a*
Digger on the railroad 147*a*
Dignify to d the Serpentine 131*a*
Dignities above all earthly d 386*a*
men come to d 14*b*
speak evil of d 518*a*
wear without cornival all her d 377*a*
Dignity an undeserved d 153*b*
below the d of history 255*b*
d of crimes 281*a*
d of history 33*b*
d of the whole body 350*a*
for d composed 272*a*
his estimate and d 369*a*
I left the room with silent d 177*a*
in d of being 464*b*
in d or honour goeth 143*a*
in every gesture d 275*b*
Digression there began a long d 61*a*
Digressions the soul of reading 411*b*
Dike grew in d nor ditch 529*a*
Dilettante snowy-banded d 413*b*
Dilloing in his armour 230*b*
Dilly glides the Derby d 78*b*

Dim nor d nor red 98b
Dim-discovered ships d 443b
Dimension without d, where length 273a
Dimensions the d of this mercy 115b
Diminish d, interline
joys with age d 48b
Diminished hide their d heads 273b
Diminutive wren most d of birds 350a
Dimmed glory of sun will be d 18a
Dimness elms, fade into d apace 7b
Dimple on his chin 251b
Dimples whose d we prize 400b
Dimpling all the way 303a
Din louder still the d 252b
may'st hear the merry d 98a
the cock with lively d 268b
with the d smitten 466a
Dinadan God defend me, said D 257a
it is his day, said D 257a
Dinah Vilkins and his D 526b
Dine children d at five 413b
d among the rubbish 295b
d at journey's end 476b
d with Jack Ketch 209a
d with the Canons 208b
gang and d the day 529b
going to d with some men 27b
go to inns to d 93a
I d at Blenheim 528b
I fear ye d but sparely 61b
if this shd stay to d 85b
if you d at a friend's 126a
I shall d late 241b
I shd d at Ware 109a
men asked her to d 527a
scandal while you d 438b
Dined I have d to-day 75a
in love, or had not d 301b
Diner-out philosophic d 48b
Diners-out from whom we guard 254a
Dines where the M P H d he sleeps 416b
Dining can live without d 265a
they thought of d 169b
Dining-room will be well lighted 241b
Ding d, dong, bell 534a
hear them, d dong bell 367a
hey d a d, d 327b
I'll begin it—d, dong 354a
Dinner after d is after d 418a
after-d 's sleep 351b
and then have d 84b
better is a d of herbs 498a
diapason after d 19a
d lost 'ounds lost 416b
d, lunch and tea 26a
d waits, and we are tired 108b
glass's edge when d 's done 45a
good d enough, to be sure 207b
good d reconciles everybody 206a
good d upon his table 212a
hours' march to d 183b
make our d sweet 529b
not a d to *ask* a man to 207b
talking politics after d 128b
they wd ask him to d 82a
welcome for himself, and d 305a
what gat ye to yr d 529b
who 's fond of his d 165b
Dinner-bell toesin of soul, the d 71a
Dint the d of pity 340a
Diocese all the air is thy D 132b
Diogenes D said of a young man 13b
D struck the father 64b
I wd be D 559a
Dip kind of farthing d 415a
Diplomacy dollar d 523a
Dirce with D in one boat 241a
Dirck galloped 47b
Direct who can d, when all pretend 170a
Direction all chance, d 301a
Directions find d out 332a
gives d to the town 419b
rode madly off in all d 243a
Direness, familiar to my thoughts 350b
Dirge d for St Hugh's soul 119a
d of the dying year 396b
their d is sung 103a
Dirges instead of d this complaint 225a
to sullen d change 366a
Dirt borne the d and rain 284a
half the little soul is d 434b
Dirt (*cont*)
if d was trumps 240b
instead of d and poison 417b
painted child of d 303a
poverty, hunger, and d 196a
Dirtiness all along o' d 228b
Dirty all d and wet 419b
life's road, so dim and d 70a
Dis by gloomy D 274a
thou let'st fall from D 's waggon 373a
Disable all the benefits 327a
Disagree men only d of creatures 272b
Disagreeable I'm such a d man 166b
Disagreeables all d evaporate 222a
Disappoint can't abide to d myself 170b
Disappointed d still still deceived 109b
d, unaneled 331b
never be d 304a
pangs of d love 313b
Disappointeth sweareth and d him not 482a
Disappointing as for d them 170b
Disappointment all I endeavour end 198a
Disapproves condemns what he d 58b
Disaster 'gainst all d 54b
laugh at all d 246b
with 'I triumph and D 230a
Disasters d fallen upon her 57a
d in his morning face 168b
make guilty of our d 342a
so weary with d 348b
Disastrous twilight sheds 272a
Disbelief d in great men 80b
suspension of d 102a
Disbelieve be a Napoleon and d 45a
Disbranch will shiver and d 343b
Discandy do d, melt their sweets 324a
Discarded to be d thence 363a
Discept two must d 48b
Discern all we have built d 7a
natural instinct to d 469a
real interest to d 109b
Discerning genius a better d 169b
Discharge no d in that war 499b
there's no d in the war 227b
Discharged indebted and d 273b
Disciple d is not above his master 506a
d whom Jesus loved 511b
Disciples one of d Jesus loved 511a
Discipline d must be maintained 121b
holy spirit of d 520a
d steadiness under fire 238a
Disciplines of the pristine wars 382a
Disclose more and more to d truth 13b
Discobolus hath no gospel 67a
Discommendeth he who d others 41a
Disconsolate gate of Eden stood d 282a
Discontent age of splendid d 280a
contented sort of d 210a
divine d 226b
in pensive d 409a
large and liberal d 452b
to youth and age in common—d 9a
winter of our d 384b
with darkling d 293b
Discontented everyone that was d 38a
Discord d, harmony not understood 301a
eke d doth sow 145b
hark! what d follows 368b
harmony in d 543a
so musical a d 357a
Discords dire effects from civil d 1b
d make the sweetest airs 66a
Discountenance O ye Religious, d 30b
Discouragement there's no d 54b
Discourse any d of rivers 450b
bid me d 386b
company and good d 450b
dialect and d 65b
d into some frame 334b
d most eloquent music 334b
d of the elders 520b
in d more sweet 272b
rather hear thy d 64b
showers of sweet d 115b
with such large d 335b
Discourses the hipp'd d 175b
Discover happy soul she shall d 115a
Discovered and surprised 274b
Discoverers they are ill d. 13a
Discredit our mystery 352a
Discredited your travel 322b
Discreet and learned minister 480b
Discretion let your own d be your tutor 333b
not to outsport d 361a
philosophy is d 321a
valour is d 379a
woman wh is without d 498a
years of d 481a
Disdain burning pride and high d 317a
d and scorn ride 358b
for thee to d it 399b
more love or more d 79b
patient, deep d 7a
she did all d 526a
that fixed mind and high d 271a
Disdained if now I be d 526a
one feeling too falsely d 399b
Disdains d to hide his head 176a
he d all things above 291b
Disease cure d kill patient 15b
d is incurable 380a
d of not listening 379b
d, or sorrows strike him 96b
Emphyteusis is not a d 413b
find her d, and purge it 350b
her taste amounts to a d 165a
life is an incurable d 107a
no cure for this d 26a
physician hath his favourite d 151b
remedy worse than the d 15a
shapes of foul d 431a
strange d of modern life 8a
this long d, my life 303a
Waddy is an infectious d 237b
without d the healthy life 416a
yesterday of my d 306a
young d 301a
Diseased d in his feet 496a
minister to a mind d 350b
when love grows d 149a
Diseases d, desperate grown 335a
perils and d that he elbows 24a
rheumatic d do abound 356b
Disenchanting so d as attainment 412b
Disentangle heart cannot d 526a
Disgrace a d to be fine 425a
author of his own d 109a
even to a full d 328b
impatient of d 138a
O the d of it 25a
we shall much d 382b
when in d with fortune 387a
Disgruntled if not actually d 573b
Disguise blessings in d 191a
d our bondage as we will 282a
Disguised think to pass d 273b
Disguises troublesome d we wear 274b
Disgust d and loathing fell 7a
old plays began to d 149b
Disgusted with literary men 222a
Dish carve him as a d 338b
for a d of wood 375b
lordly d 494b
plucking a d of sweet plums 192a
some d more sharply spiced 293b
the d ran after the spoon 534a
was not that (this) a dainty d 410b, 533a
woman is a d for the gods 325a
Dishabilly devout in d 150b
Dishclout Romeo 's a d to him 366a
Dishcover the riddle 85b
Dishes are these the choice d 158b
home-made d 195a
shall we recollect half the d 11a
Dishonest employment may be reckoned d 160a
Dishonour honour rooted in d 428b
I have lived in such d 324b
past all d 195b
Disinheriting countenance 400b
Disintegration of the Empire 571a
Dislike and hesitate d 303a
that d wh people 410a
Dislimns with a thought the rack d 324b
Dismal the D Science 81a
Dismay chains of its d 396a
coverts of d 312b
let nothing you d 523a
ruin desperation d 277b
Dismayed neither be thou d 494b

Dismayed (*cont*)
was there a man d ? 426*a*
Dismiss if thou d not her 276*a*
Lord, d us with Thy blessing 53*b*
power to d itself 338*a*
Dismist may not rudely be d 102*a*
Disobedience children of d 515*b*
excuse my d now 107*b*
Man's first d 270*b*
Disobedient hearts of the d 508*b*
Disorder a sweet d 189*a*
last d mortal 168*a*
most admired d 349*a*
Disorders all ruinous d , follow 341*b*
Disparity 'twixt air and Angel s 132*a*
Dispatch be angry, and d 325*a*
requisite in business than d 1*a*
Dispenses, pardons, bulls 273*b*
Dispersed he hath d abroad 489*a*
Dispirited fainting, d race 7*b*
I see her not d 147*b*
Displeasure bade her d fly 306*b*
Disposed when I am so d 124*a*
Disposables saw them as d 204*b*
Dispose how can they charitably d 382*b*
unsearchable d 278*a*
Disposed feel d to bury for nothing 124*a*
Disposer Supreme 461*b*
Disposition antic d 331*b*
entertain a cheerful d 375*a*
goes so heavily with my d 332*b*
lay his goatish d 342*a*
of churlish d 326*a*
this robe doth change my d 373*b*
to shake our d 331*a*
truant d 330*a*
Dispositions of mankind 56*b*
Dispraised of such to be d 214*b*
of whom to be d 277*a*
Disproven proven nor yet d 425*b*
Disputants mind of skittish 2*b*
Disputation run in debt by d 64*b*
that's a feeling d 378*a*
Disputations doubtful d 514*a*
Dispute better to live than d 306*a*
either which he wd d 64*b*
my right there is none to d 113*a*
such high d shd be 67*a*
Disputed Facts downa be d 60*a*
Disquieted never to be d 225*a*
so d within me 484*b*
Disquieteth himself in vain 484*a*
Disraeli D called Peel's Ministry 17*b*
someone asked D 129*a*
Dissatisfied not one is d 458*a*
Dis-seat or d me now 350*b*
Dissect thro' creatures you d 301*b*
we murder to d 471*b*
Dissemble d in their double heart 48*b*
d sometimes yr knowledge 16*a*
not d nor cloke them 478*a*
Dissent all Protestantism is d 55*b*
dissidence of d 55*b*
I shd d myself 41*b*
union of total d 250*b*
Dissertates one d , he is candid 48*b*
Dissidence the d of dissent 55*b*
Dissimilar for one another, tho' d 393*b*
Dissimulation by one word—d 129*b*
his gray d 277*a*
let love be without d 513*b*
Dissipation without pleasure 161*b*
Dissolute manl 196*a*
Dissolution from low doth d climb 468*a*
these limbs from d 132*b*
Dissolve all which it inherit, shall d 367*b*
d , and quite forget 220*a*
d me into ecstasies 268*b*
Dissonance barb'rous d 267*b*, 275*b*
Distance at d I gaze 202*b*
by d made more sweet 468*b*
d lends enchantment 77*a*
for the future in the d 18*b*
magic in the d 290*a*
notes by d made more sweet 103*a*
seconds' worth of d run 230*a*
strength, d and length 198*a*
Distasteful you found your life d 48*b*
Distemperature thorough this d 356*b*
Distil observingly d it out 382*b*
Distilled d almost to jelly 330*b*
Distilled (*cont*)
d from limbecks foul 389*a*
d from worm-cankered homily 438*a*
Distinct from harmony divine 107*b*
Distinction few escape that d, 447*a*
reverence doth make d 329*a*
Distinguish and cd of men d, 334*a*
he cd d , and divide 64*b*
Distinguishable in member, joint 272*b*
Distinguished am I d. from you 1*b*
two must discept—has d 48*b*
Distorting fear my speech d 36*b*
Distraction into a fine d 189*a*
Distress all pray in their d 32*b*
comfort man's d 228*a*
comfort their d 411*a*
deep d hath humanized 468*b*
delivered them from their d 488*b*
everyone that was in d 38*a*
friend of Beauty in d 72*b*
incapable of her own d 336*a*
last of danger and d 72*b*
Distressed art thou sore d ? 286*a*
harrass the d 213*a*
I am d for thee 495*b*
Distresses d of humanity 212*b*
d of our friends 419*a*
Distressful most d country 525*b*
Distrust that d wh intrudes 209*b*
Distrusted power shd be d 214*a*
Disturb this hallowed house 357*b*
Disturbs me with the joy 472*a*
Ditch both shall fall into the d 507*a*
die in the last d 461*a*
d -delivered by a drab 349*b*
environed with a great d 116*a*
grew in dike nor d 529*a*
rather a d in Egypt 325*a*
Ditchers and grave-makers 336*a*
Ditches land of Dutchmen and of d 71*b*
Ditchwater drinking bottled d 390*a*
Ditto to Mr Burke 305*b*
Ditties as d highly penned 378*a*
d of no tone 219*b*
in amorous d all day 271*b*
sing no more d 358*b*
Ditty played an ancient d 221*b*
sung the dolefullest d 20*b*
Dive or d into the bottom 377*a*
search pearls must d below 141*a*
Diver adventure of the d 49*b*
d in deep seas 293*a*
Diverse, sheer opposite 218*a*
Diversion tay is not my d 237*a*
Diversities of gifts 514*b*
Divide cd distinguish, and d 64*b*
or both d the crown 139*a*
to d is not to take 393*b*
two almost d the kind 302*a*
words d and rend 420*b*
Divided I do perceive here a d duty 360*a*
if a house be d 508*a*
Dividends comfortable man, with d 247*b*
Dividing by d we fall 127*b*
d the swift mind 573*a*
yr sweet d throat 79*b*
Divination with a spirit of d 512*b*
Divine ah, what the form d. 240*b*
all save man is d 67*b*
aught d or holy 272*a*
but all are d 5*b*
charming is d philosophy 267*b*
did the Countenance D 31*a*
d discontent 226*b*
d high piping Pehlevi 152*a*
doth ask a drink d 216*a*
entertain d Zenocrate 259*b*
good d that follows precept 353*a*
Hand that made us is D 2*a*
heavy, but no less d 71*a*
holy, d , good 276*a*
how d a thing 473*a*
inspired by d revelation 13*a*
knows itself d 392*b*
love so amazing, so D 453*b*
made men d 293*a*
more needs she the d 350*a*
ray of light D 86*b*
style the d , the matchless 303*b*
Terror the human form d 33*a*
that monarchs were d 230*a*
Divine (*cont*)
to that in you wh is d 8*b*
to the d. perfection 247*b*
Divinely in the wrong 476*b*
Divineness people hath some d 13*b*
Diviner glad d 's theme 138*a*
Divines doubts 'mongst D 409*a*
reproach of the d 279*a*
Divinest two d things 202*a*
Divinity as if D had catch'd the itch 65*a*
d in odd numbers 356*a*
d more than the ear discovers 42*a*
d that stirs within us 1*b*
piece of d in us 42*a*
such d doth hedge 335*b*
there's a d that shapes 336*b*
well versed in D 527*a*
what is called 'orthodox d ' 10*a*
Division d is as bad 533*a*
d of prodigious breasts 421*a*
equal d of unequal earnings 146*a*
never come such d 341*a*
ravishing d 378*a*
woe weeps out her d 214*b*
Divorce d of steel 385*b*
this bill of my D to all 133*a*
Divorced demand to be d 93*b*
d so many English kings 381*a*
Dizzy how d 'tis to cast one's eyes 343*b*
Djinn resident D 167*a*
Do as I wd they shd d unto me 481*a*
aught remains to d 309*b*
be damned if you d 135*a*
but what man wd d 51*b*
by all ye leave or d 236*b*
d after the good 257*a*
d all that thou hast to d 480*a*
d as I say, not as I d 321*a*
d as you're bid 143*b*
d as you wd be done by 90*b*
d exceeding abundantly 515*b*
d in the Great War, Daddy? 527*b*
d it with thy might 499*b*
d noble things, not dream them 225*b*
d not d unto others 391*a*
d nothing and get something 130*a*
d not put me to 't 360*b*
d other men, for they wd d you 124*a*
d only one thing at once 403*a*
d this, and he doeth it 506*a*
d thou but thine 276*a*
d what you are afraid to d 148*a*
d what you can 176*b*
d what you please 29*b*
d ye even so to them 505*b*
don't know what to d 534*a*
either d , or die 23*a*
go, and d thou likewise 509*a*
I can d all things 516*a*
I'd have you d it ever 373*b*
if to d were as easy as to know 352*b*
I'll d , I'll d 346*a*
I may d that I shall be sorry for 340*b*
it is seemly so to d 224*b*
it revolts me, but I d it 164*a*
let me d it now 521*b*
let us d or die 62*b*, 76*b*
meet and right so to d 480*b*
never d anything well 183*b*
say, or what you d 528*b*
see thou d it not 519*b*
so much to d 309*a*
that d not d the thing 388*b*
things men shd d to you 505*b*
this I was born to d, 117*a*
this will never d 205*a*
thus thou must d 346*b*
thy hand findeth to d , d that 81*a*
Todger's cd d it 123*b*
wh I wd not, that I d 513*a*
what I d in any thing 188*a*
what I mean to d 45*a*
what I must d then 133*b*
what is it you d? 470*b*
what men daily d 359*a*
what mightst thou d 381*b*
what were good to d 352*b*
what will ye d in the end 503*b*
what you d still betters 373*b*
write what men d 13*a*

Do (*cont*)
ye cannot d the things ye would 515*b*
Doasyouwouldbedoneby Mrs D 226*b*
Dobest Dowel, Dobet, and D 572*a*
Dobet Dowel, D , and Dobest 572*a*
Dock Hickory, Dickory, D 534*a*
I like to d the smaller parts 75*a*
Docks hateful d 383*b*
Doctor and folly—d -like 388*a*
and the D slighted 291*b*
but never the d 's brougham 232*b*
dishes the D has sent 158*b*
D Brighton 523*a*
d found, when she was dead 168*a*
D said that Death was fact 459*b*
D Slop 411*b*
D well versed in Divinity 527*a*
even if the d does not 413*b*
fee the d for a draught 140*a*
frequent D and Saint 153*a*
God and the d 291*b*
no man d but himself 277*b*
outliv'd the d 's pill 159*b*
some d full of phrase 9*a*
the artless d sees 190*b*
Doctors budge d of the Stoic fur 267*b*
d considering it doubtful 124*b*
how it comes let d tell 60*a*
medical d a cocking their eyes 127*b*
who decide, when d disagree 302*a*
Doctrine blast of vain d 479*b*
d for the teacher's sake 118*a*
d of ill-doing 372*b*
d of the enclitic *De* 47*a*
every wind of d 515*b*
mere depositary of d 128*a*
not for the d , but the music 300*a*
prove their d orthodox 65*a*
such d never was there school 277*b*
this d I derive 345*a*
tho' all the winds of d 279*a*
Doctrines all d plain and clear 66*a*
by d fashion'd to the hour 168*b*
Documents historian wants more d 204*a*
Dodd's were not D 's sermons 209*b*
Dodger the artful D 125*a*
Dodgerest of the dodgers 126*a*
Dodgers dodgerest of the d 126*a*
Doe comes a fallow d 529*b*
Doeg, though without knowing 138*b*
Doer's willingness 189*b*
Doers of the word 517*b*
Does and d —nothing at all 150*a*
dogged as d it 445*b*
Doeth no more I that d it 513*a*
Doff it for shame 374*a*
Dog a d starved master's gate 29*a*
a living d is better 499*b*
am I a d , that thou comest 498*b*
a very d to the commonalty 328*a*
beware of the d 552*a*
broodin' over bein' a d 456*a*
but the poor d 73*b*
by the throat the circumcised d 364*a*
call a d *Hervey* 206*a*
d for a new year's gift 356*a*
d is turned to his own vomit 518*a*
d returneth to his vomit 498*b*
d 's walking on his hinder legs 207*b*
Dumb 's a sly d 95*b*
ever d that praised his fleas? 476*a*
every d has his day 34*a*
every d his day 226*a*
expect thy d , thy bottle 301*b*
fleas is good fer a d 456*a*
from the power of the d 483*a*
good d bad colour 23*b*
grin like a d 485*b*
hath a d money? 353*a*
his faithful d shall bear 300*b*
His Highness' d at Kew 299*b*
hold-fast is the only d 382*a*
I had rather be a d 340*b*
in that town a d was found 169*a*
is thy servant a d 496*b*
let no d bark 352*b*
like a d , he hunts 432*a*
little d laughed 534*a*
little toy d 151*a*
mine enemy's d 344*a*
my poor d 'Tray 76*b*

Dog (*cont*)
portrait of a d that I know 212*a*
sick as a d 182*b*
something better than his d 432*a*
that tossed the d 534*b*
the d had lost his wits 169*a*
the d it was that died 169*a*
the d , to gain some private ends 169*a*
the poor d had none 533*b*
to d in the manger 446*a*
to get her poor d a bone 533*b*
tongue of d 349*b*
very flea of his d 215*b*
when a man bites a d 116*b*
whose d are you? 299*b*
why shd a d have life 344*a*
your heart to a d to tear 233*b*
Dogged as does it 445*b*
Dog-kennel in an empty d 124*a*
Dogma has been the principle 288*a*
Dogmatize I d and am contradicted 212*a*
Dogs all the d in the town 533*a*
as many d there be 160*a*
blood in hosses, dawgs 440*a*
cats is 'd ' 535*a*
dancing d and bears 192*a*
d eat of the crumbs 507*a*
d , wd you live forever? 568*a*
go to the d tonight 186*a*
is it you, you d ? 206*b*
knocked the factious d 211*a*
lame d over stiles 226*a*
let d delight 452*b*
many d are come about me 483*a*
mother of dead d. 81*a*
'orses and d 122*a*
the d did bark 108*b*
the d of war 339*b*
the little d and all 343*a*
they were na men but d. 63*a*
throw physic to the d 350*b*
tongue of the d may be red 486*b*
two d of black St Hubert's 316*a*
uncover, d 368*a*
unmissed but by his d 110*b*
when the d hed gut asleep 250*b*
Whig d shd not have the best 212*a*
Doing aught be worth the d. 33*a*
be not weary in well d 516*b*
be up and d 248*a*
doctrine of ill-d 372*b*
d nothing deal of skill 111*a*
each yr d 373*b*
joy's soul lies in the d 368*b*
manner of d it 183*b*
see what she s d and tell her 535*b*
still be d never done 65*a*
the readiness of d 186*b*
to such d brought his horse 336*a*
weary in well d 515*b*
writing is next to fine d 223*a*
Doings child is known by his d 498*b*
prevent us, O Lord, in all our d 480*b*
Doit the beggarly last d 112*b*
they will not give a d 367*b*
Dole born to all our d 35*b*
happy man be his d 356*a*, 377*a*
I mete and d unequal laws 438*b*
Doll prettiest d in the world 226*a*
sweet little d , dears 226*a*
you called me Baby D 181*b*
you left behind a broken d 181*b*
Dollar billion d country 156*a*
D Diplomacy 523*a*
eagle on the back iv a d 143*a*
the almighty d 207*b*
Dolores sanguine and subtle D 421*a*
splendid and sterile D 421*a*
Dolorous stroke most d 257*a*
Dolour that they made 257*b*
Dolphin a mermaid on a d 's back 356*a*
delights were d -like 325*a*
in my D -chamber 380*a*
Dolt nor knave nor d can break 474*a*
Dombey I adore Miss D 123*b*
Dome blue d of air 393*b*
build that d in air 101*b*
d of pleasure 101*b*
house with starry d 452*b*
rounded Peter's d 147*a*
that sunny d 101*b*

Dome (*cont*)
with a d more vast 194*a*
Domes the red-plow'd hills 426*b*
Domestic d bliss wh is the lot 157*a*
d happiness, thou only bliss 112*a*
d sort wh never stirs 400*b*
gallant gay d 432*b*
milk-soup men call d bliss 293*b*
Domina beata mea D 284*b*
Dominant's persistence 52*b*
Dominations Thrones, D , Princedoms 275*a*
Dominic put on the weeds of D 273*b*
Dominion death hath no more d 513*a*
d over every creeping thing 492*a*
d over palm and pine 233*b*
d over the fish 492*a*
get the d over me 482*b*
I'm truly sorry Man's d 62*a*
Dominions His Majesty's d 289*b*
our Sovereign, and his D 479*a*
Domitian to Commodus 162*a*
Don d different 26*b*
ineffectual D 26*b*
turned my back upon D or devil 437*b*
Donal' an' Charlie 415*a*
Don Desperado 226*b*
Done a' is d in vain 61*a*
a' is d that men can do 61*a*
been and gone and d 163*a*
crying to be d 229*b*
determined, dared, and d 402*b*
d anything that cd be recalled 130*a*
d because we are too menny 180*b*
d one braver thing 134*a*
d while Mrs Bennet was stirring 11*b*
have we d this for one another 393*a*
He might have d with us 96*a*
if it were d when 'tis d 347*a*
I had d all I cd 209*b*
I have d the deed 347*b*
it is well d , and fitting 325*b*
nay, I have d 137*b*
nothing is ever d in this world 390*b*
reward of a thing well d 148*a*
so little d 309*a*
son has d nearly as well 66*b*
the petty d 48*a*
therefore it shall be d 108*b*
things wh may fairly be d 288*a*
things wh may not be d 288*a*
this that thou hast d 402*b*
this thou shdst have d 323*b*
'tis most ignobly d 343*a*
to have d , is to hang 369*a*
to have loved thought d 5*b*
'twere well it were d quickly 347*a*
we have d those things 478*a*
we have d with Hope 229*b*
what can never more be d. 447*b*
what cd she have d 474*b*
what have I d for you 185*a*
what have I ever d to you 150*b*
what ha' ye d ? 235*b*
what I have d is yours 386*b*
what's d is d 348*b*
what's d we partly compute 59*a*
what were good to be d. 353*a*
when thou hast d 132*a*
where much is to be d 211*b*
wh of you have d this ? 349*a*
wh unto us is d 203*a*
wh we ought to have d 478*a*
Donegal kindliest creature in D 173*a*
Done-to-death 445*a*
Donkey D wint aboard 231*a*
d wot wdn't go 125*a*
never see a dead d 127*a*
on a d at Tunbridge Wells 123*a*
Donne with D , whose muse 100*b*
with Landor and with D 476*b*
Donné his idea, his *d.* 204*b*
Don Quixote excepting *D* 212*a*
Dons if the D sight Devon 287*b*
those regal D ! 26*b*
Don't about to marry, D 535*a*
be damned if you d 135*a*
d let 's go to the dogs 186*a*
Donuil Dhu 318*b*
Doodah! doodah! 156*a*
Doodle Sir Thomas D 121*b*

Doom at Trinity Church I met my d 162b
comes to meet his d 167a
even to the edge of d 389a
God, and the d assigned 434
great d 's image 348a
his d 's extremely hard 164b
nor strange thy d 37b
reached the house of d 12b
regardless of their d 174b
shall be thy d 62a
stretch out to the crack of d 349b
to a confined d 388b
to the scaffold and the d 12b
Doomed d for a certain term 331a
d like Odysseus 470a
d to go in company with Pain 465a
Dooms the grandeur of the d 217b
Doomsday d is near, die all 378b
houses last till d 336a
then is d near 332a
Doon braes o' bonny D 63b
Dooney fiddle in D 475a
Door another iron d 409a
as deaf as a d 35a
as the d on its hinges 453a
at her rived d 75a
beside a human d 467b
borne him to yr d 284b
by the same D as in I went 153a
click'd behind the d 168b
d of my lips 490b
d stood open at our feast 98a
D to wh I found no Key 153b
dust behind the d 357b
either in d or out 461b
empine at the d 269b
every d is shut but one 110a
fixed for ever at the d 439b
for barring of the d 531b
get up and bar the d, 531b
handle and the opening of the d 21b
handle of the big front d 166a
he before his cottage d 406a
Ho! let the d be lock'd 337a
I am the d 511a
I stand at the d 518b
is the wind in that d ? 257a
it stands at the d 86a
knocking at my d 567a
knocking on the moonlit d 110b
know the grass beyond the d 313a
my sin their d 132a
no d can keep them 187a
outside the fast-closed d 200b
over that same d writ 409a
posts of the d moved 501b
riding, up to the old inn-d 290a
shut stands the d 6a
shut the d after you 143b
standing at that d 311a
stuck in the d 526b
that is mercy's d 110a
the d flew open, in he ran 192b
the open d for all nations 27b
three, four, shut the d 532a
when gusts shake the d 6a
wrong side of the d 92a
Doorkeeper I had rather be a d 487a
Doors and the d shall be shut 499b
clay-shuttered d 44-a
death hath so many d 23a
death opens unknown d 262a
d to let out life 262b
d, where my heart was 429b
I shuttered my d 228b
let the d be shut upon him 313b
men shut their d 368a
ten thousand several d 454b
th'infernal d 273a
ye everlasting d 483a
ye heavens, yr living d 275b
Doorways d are Night and Day 152a
d of the East 44-b
Dorian the D pipe, the D strain 8b
to the D mood of flutes 271b
Dorians to whom the D pray 254a
Doric the D little Morgue 44b
warbling his D lay 270a
Doris call me Lalage or D 101b
Dormouse said the D 'well in' 83a
Dotage lose myself in d 322b
streams of d flow 214a
Dotages two main plagues, and d 64a
Dote I d on his very absence 353a
nor so old to d on her 342a
Doted she d upon the Assyrians 504a
Dotes who d, yet doubts 17a
Double a d strife 380b
and is old D dead? 349b
d, d, toil and trouble 18a
d error sometimes sets us right 29b
d the vision my eyes do see 123a
E please D good! 16b
for me to d Cape Good Hope 408b
so d was his pains 471b
you'll grow d 163b
Doubled d him up for ever 36a
d His whole creation 527a
Double entendre horrible d 358a
Doublet fashion of a new d 332a
his d all unbraced 278a
Doubt all is best, tho' we oft d 429b
clouded with a d 109b
decide this d for me 18a
defence of philosophic d 45a
d diversified by faith 431a
d is Devil-born 332a
d thou the stars 525a
enabled to d Thee 508
frets d the maw-crammed beast? 84a
'I d it,' said the Carpenter 284a
if the Sun and Moon shd d 29b
I then am in most d 416a
more faith in honest d 431a
never d I love 332a
never stand to d 189b
no d but ye are the People 230a
no possible d whatever 163a
no, to be once in d 361b
resolution lies by d 307a
state of philosophical d 102b
summer side of d 425b
that none might be in d 36b
the doubter and the d 146a
the night of d and sorrow 29b
thousand difficulties not one d 288b
time will d of Rome 71a
troubled with religious d 93a
uncursed by d 193b
when all men d you 230a
when in d, win the trick 201a
wherefore didst thou d? 507a
wh knows no d 6b
without d he shall perish 478b
Doubted and heard I roy d 71a
Doubter I am the d 146a
Doubtful d disputations 514a
in a d way 233b
Doubting a castle, called D -Castle 52a
d in his abject spirit 251a
make allowance for their d 230a
Doubts breed d 'mongst Divines 409a
content to begin with d 13a
d aboot the meenister 535b
he who d from what he sees 29b
his d are better 179a
our d are traitors 351a
saucy d and fears 349a
the littlest d are fear 334a
who dotes, yet d 361b
Douceurs all ye d 10-b
Doughty if d deeds my lady please 172b
Douglas Degenerate D! 463b
D bound him to ride 530b
D, D, tender and true 114b
hand of D is his own 318b
like D consider 193b
maugre of doughty D 530b
O D, tendir and trewe 193b
old song of Percy and D 402a
the D in his hall 318b
the D in red herrings 178a
Dove all the eagle all the d 114b
as the wings of a d 486a
changes on the burnished d 432a
hawk at eagles with a d 187a
pitiest as the female d 336b
roar as any sucking d 356b
the d found no rest 492b
the springs of D 470b
Dovecote doors of sleep 265a
Doves be ye harmless as d 506a
his mother's d 251a
the moan of d 437a
thou hast d' eyes 500a
with loves and d 40b
Dovetailedness universal d 125a
Dover a farthing candle at D 207b
Dover Road milestones on the D 123a
Dove-wings made their d tremble 218a
Dow this yer D hed the worst luck 182a
Dowager the d's was a demd outline 125a
Dowagers for deans 435b
Dowel, Dobet, Dobest 57-a
Dower beauty is thy earthly d 465b
for deathless d 312a
human nature's highest d 465a
Down d among the dead men 143a
d can fall no lower 65a
D churches praise the Lord 235a
d d to hell 384b
d he went like a streak 525a
d in the mouth 105a
D, Surl put it d! 26a
d, thou climbing sorrow 312a
d went the Royal George 111a
d with it, d with it 490a
for I find I go d 304a
he did again get d 109a
he that is d 54b
I will go d to her 424a
level d as far as themselves 207b
look not thou d but up 51a
my coming d let me shift 283a
neither up nor d 526b
or run it d 419b
road by Merrow D 232b
smoothing the raven d 207a
soon came d again 108b
the cygnet's d is harsh 368b
the d on his beak 435b
the ridge of a noble d 438b
thrice-driven bed of d 360b
throw her d 496b
when they were d, they were d 526b
yr d so warm 115a
Downe look owre the Castle D 530b
Down-gyved to his ankle 332a
Downhearted are we d? No! 238a, 522a
we are not d 87a
Downhill this d path is easy 311a
Downs all in the D the fleet 161a
bold majestic d 36a
o'er unhabitable d 419b
on the dewy d 434b
round the spicy d 433a
whale-backed D 215a
Down-sitting thou knowest my d 490a
Downstairs I'll kick you d! 8 b
you kick me d 28a
Downward his looks d bent 27-a
mute creation d bend 142b
that looking d thence 311b
Downwards ed look no way but d 54a
Doxy d over the dale 373a
orthodoxy is my d 450b
Dozen in her place 416a
Drab ditch-delivered by a d 319b
rose pink and dirty d 264b
Drachenfels castled crag of D 68b
Drachmas my blood for d 341a
Draft sow eats up all the d 216a
Drag put on the d 405a
why d in Velasquer? 456b
Dragged to three-and-thirty 70a
Dragon an evening d came 278a
dare the unpastured d 302a
Michael fought against the d 519a
St George, that swinged the d 373b
the d fought and his angels 519a
the d-green, the luminous 154b
the d, that old serpent 519b
Dragon-fly the d hangs 312a
with the d on the river 43b
Dragonish a cloud that's d 324a
Dragons bores have succeeded to d 130a
d in their pleasant palaces 501b
d of the prime 430b
habitation of d 502a
night's swift d 357a

Dragons (*cont*)
ye d and all deeps 490*b*
Drain d not to its dregs the urn 394*a*
put it down the d 186*a*
Drains d his at one gulp 52*a*
she said it wur d 439*a*
Drake D he's in his hammock 287*b*
Grenville, Raleigh, D 287*b*
Drama a fifth shall close the d 28*a*
the d 's laws, the d 's patrons 213*b*
thro' all the d —whether damned 400*b*
what this wild D means 435*b*
Dramatist wants more liberties 204*a*
Dramatize, dramatize! 204*a*
Drank and still my body d 99*a*
d it, and fell dead 122*a*
d strong waters 233*b*
d without thirst 418*a*
I never d of Aganuppe 401*b*
Drap-de-berry such d things 105*b*
Drapery wraps the d of his couch 53*b*
Drapple just a d in our ee 03*b*
Draught fee the doctor for a d 140*a*
for a d of vintage 219*b*
Draughts d of intellectual day 114*b*
healths and d go free 249*b*
shallow d intoxicate the brain 300*a*
Dravest thou d love from thee 442*a*
Draw began to d to our end 520*a*
can ye d but twenty miles 259*b*
did soon d in again 190*b*
d the Thing as he sees It 230*b*
d you to her *with a single hair* 142*b*
let me try and d you 50*a*
Drawbridge up d, glooms 318*b*
Drawers d of water 494*b*
flannel waistcoat and flannel d 159*a*
Drawing in d nothing up 112*a*
Drawn d his wit as well in brass 2 *sb*
it oughtn't to be d 122*a*
new d frae the North 285*b*
sweetness long d out 269*a*
Draws d on and sees us sold 236*a*
tho' she d him 248*b*
Drayhorse the great grey d 197*a*
Dread Brig o' D 529*a*
close your eyes with holy d 101*b*
clouds ye so much d 110*a*
for mighty d had seized 421*b*
I d the rustling of the grass 463*a*
live, that I may d the grave 224*b*
somewhat was he chilled with d 317*a*
still louder and more d 99*b*
the d and fear of kings 354*b*
the d of something after death 333*a*
thrice turned back in d 253*b*
walk in fear and d 99*b*
what d hand? and what d feet? 32*a*
whence this secret d 1*b*
yet nothing did he d 408*b*
Dreaded and d as thou art 112*a*
once d by our foes 111*a*
Dreadful called thee mighty and d 133*a*
each gentle and each d scene 22*b*
Dreads greatly his foes he d 91*a*
Dream a deep d of peace 201*b*
a d itself is but a shadow 382*b*
a d of perfect bliss 22*a*
a long immortal d 219*a*
and then they d of love 361*b*
a phantasma, or a hideous d 338*b*
as a d doth flatter 388*b*
a sight to d of 100*a*
a vision, or a waking dream 220*a*
before, a joy behind, a d 389*a*
behold it was a d 54*a*
broke this happy d 132*a*
but a d within a d 208*a*
d, and so d all night 218*a*
d of battled fields no more 316*b*
d of joye, al but in vayne 90*a*
d that I am home again 154*b*
d that's past expressing 161*a*
each age is a d 291*a*
ever dared to d before 298*a*
feels, as in a pensive d 430*b*
garden that I d of 439*b*
gone like a beautiful d 245*b*
had a d, which was not all a d 70*a*
he shd d of the devil 19*a*
housed in a d 468*b*

Dream (*cont*)
if I d I have you 132*a*
if you can d 230*a*
I has dream'd a dreary d 530*b*
I have had a d 357*b*
life is but an empty d 247*b*
like the empty words of a d 36*b*
love's young d 281*b*
my d thou brok'st not 132*a*
not d them, all day long 225*b*
occupy age with the d of 48*a*
oh! d of joy! 99*b*
one man with a d 291*a*
soft! I did but d 385*a*
the Child is unheeded d 293*a*
the fierce vexation of a d 357*a*
the freshness of a d 460*a*
the glory and the d 466*a*
the lost traveller's d 30*a*
the miner's d of home 168*a*
the old man's d 138*a*
the spirit of my d 72*a*
they fly forgotten, as a d 453*b*
they had dreamed a d 52*a*
they never d that it fades 474*b*
they saw a D of Loveliness 244*b*
this world shadow of a d 231*b*
to keep a d or grave apart 14*a*
to say what d it was 357*b*
to sleep perchance to d 333*a*
what my d was 357*b*
with the first d that comes 265*a*
wrecks of a dissolving d 391*a*
writes her scattered d 35*b*
you d you are crossing 164*a*
yr old men shall d 504*a*
Dreamed a child I d, and dream 92*b*
he d, and behold a ladder 493*a*
I d in a dream 457*a*
I d that, as I wandered 307*b*
I have long d of such a man 381*a*
who d that beauty passes 475*b*
Dreamer a d of dreams 494*b*
behold, this d cometh 493*a*
d of dreams, born out of time 284*a*
even dream the d 442*a*
he is a d, let us leave him 337*b*
the poet and the d 218*a*
Dreamers they are no d work 218*a*
we are the d of dreams 291*a*
Dreaming City with her d spires 8*b*
d arl the time 287*b*
d Hell-fires to see 230*b*
d on things to come 388*b*
of thee I'm fondly d 235*b*
sleep, d on both 351*b*
Dreamlight by candlelight and d 445*b*
Dreams affliction of these terrible d 348*b*
all my nightly d 208*a*
and d of erring on ripes 194*b*
and my fruit is d 442*b*
as angels in some brighter d 448*b*
a sleep full of sweet d 217*b*
a trouble to my d 469*a*
blissful d of long ago 106*a*
dead d of days forsaken 422*a*
desires and d and powers 422*a*
desire, that haunts our d 37*a*
Dian had hot d 329*a*
dreamer of d 194*b*
d and desires and sombre songs 421*a*
d and the light imaginings 397*a*
d, books, are each a world 468*b*
d happy as her day 40*a*
d he of cutting foreign throats 364*b*
d no mortal ever dared to dream 298*a*
d of joy and fear 399*a*
d of Paradise and light 447*b*
d of the summer night 248*b*
d out of mind 424*a*
d that are done 421*a*
embroidery of poetic d 108*a*
England of our d 233*b*
fanatics have their d 218*a*
full of the foolishest d 81*b*
heavy with d 442*b*
he hunts in d 472*a*
his summer d 396*b*
I arise from d of thee 394*b*
if there were d to sell 24*a*
I had drunken in my d. 99*a*

Dreams (*cont*)
I have had d 332*b*
I..have only my d 474*b*
in doubtful d of d 422*a*
in their noonday d 393*a*
is it some d? 451*a*
Land of D is better far 31*a*
less than nothing, and d 238*b*
lies down to pleasant d 53*b*
not make d yr master 230*a*
O evening d! 154*b*
opinion he held once of d 338*b*
our d are tales 119*a*
pleasing d, and slumbers 318*b*
put man's best d to shame 44*a*
real are the d of Gods 219*a*
rich, beyond the d 210*b*
so full of ghastly d 384*b*
spread my d under yr feet 474*b*
stuff as d are made on 367*b*
the land of my d 225*b*
the lonely d of a child 119*a*
the quick D, the passion-winged 392*a*
thou communicat st with d 373*a*
thousand such enchanting d 188*b*
until my d all come true 225*b*
we are the dreamers of d 291*a*
we in d behold the Hebrides 320*b*
what d may come 333*a*
white Platonic d 206*a*
wicked d abuse sleep 347*b*
you tread on my d 474*b*
Dreamt I d that I dwelt 53*b*
than are d of in yr philosophy 331*b*
Drear-nighted in a d December 221*a*
Dregs from the d of life 139*b*
Drenched rotten, cold and d 222*b*
Dress all this fleshly d 448*a*
bring the d and put it on her 433*a*
children in ordinary d 26*a*
come to thee for d 445*a*
d by yellow candle light 413*b*
eighty-five ways to d eggs 281*a*
noble youth did d themselves 380*a*
no more value than their d 183*b*
Peace, the human d 33*a*
Secrecy the human d 33*a*
sweet disorder in the d 189*a*
that ever went with evening d 234*a*
their d a principal part 183*b*
Dressed for him that d me 187*b*
hope drunk wherein you d 347*a*
let me be d fine as I will 453*a*
neat, and trimly d 376*b*
still is naked, being d 147*a*
the sense of being well-d 148*b*
when he is well d 123*b*
you're all d up 65*b*
Dresser slept under the d 27*b*
Dressing my best d is old words 388*a*
Dressings she hath d fit 525*a*
Drest O, be d, stay not 186*b*
still to be d 215*a*
Drew d me backward by the hair 41*b*
d nearer to me, sweetly 188*b*
for wh they d the wage 236*a*
they d all manner of things 63*a*
Dries current runs or else d up 363*a*
Drift I only know I cannot d 458*b*
what is yr d, sir? 211*a*
Drifting I am d with the tide 531*a*
Drifts its dank yellow d of leaves 7*b*
thro' scudding d 438*b*
Drill the feet o' the men what d 227*a*
Drills it is always double d 230*a*
Drink all beasts d thereof 488*a*
a man may d 63*a*, 170*b*
any delicate thing to drink 123*a*
a taste for d 163*b*
came out to d one sultry day 19*a*
doth ask a d divine 216*a*
d and the devil had done for 413*a*
d cold brandy and water 240*b*
d deep, or taste not 300*a*
d down all unkindness 353*b*
d I for you know not whence 154*b*
d no longer water 516*b*
d not the third glass 186*b*
d of it then if you can 196*a*
d, pretty creature, d, 468*b*
d, puppy, d. 489*a*

Drink (*cont*)
d the visionary powers 469*b*
d till all look blue 155*b*
d to heavy Ignorance 439*a*
d to me only with thine eyes 216*a*
d to poor damned souls 230*a*
d unto one of these little ones 506*b*
d ye to her that each loves 77*b*
every creature d but I 106*b*
five reasons we shd d 3*a*
follow strong d 501*a*
food and d, food and d 202*b*
if ever thou gavest meat or d 529*a*
in debt, and in d 38*a*
I think, that I cd d 415*a*
leeze me on d 61*a*
let a soldier d 361*a*
let us eat and d, for tomorrow 515*a*
man wants but little d 193*b*
never taste who always d 306*a*
sit and d with me 27*a*
snewed mete and d 88*b*
strong d is raging 498*b*
teach you to d deep 330*a*
that I might d 219*b*
they will d our healths 228*a*
tippled d more fine 219*a*
to eat, and to d, and to be merry 499*b*
we d to thee across flood 427*a*
when it is old, thou shalt d it 520*b*
when last I saw him d 290*a*
whether therefore ye eat or d 514*b*
who d beer will think beer 203*b*
willing to taste any d once 75*a*
Drinking and then to deep d 527*a*
as they were d all 98*b*
d at somebody else's expense 244*b*
d is the soldier's pleasure 139*a*
d largely sobers us again 300*a*
d the blude-red wine 529*b*
end my days in a tavern d 558*b*
much d, little thinking 418*a*
no d after death 22*b*
not the d that is to be blamed 321*a*
oh 'tis jesting, dancing, d 199*b*
unhappy brains for d 361*a*
with constant d fresh and fair 106*b*
Drinks d, and gapes for drink again 106*b*
long time between d 524*b*
now the king d 337*a*
Drip long d of human tears 180*a*
Drive he will d a coach and six 300*a*
one heat doth d out another 87*b*
or d it devious 113*a*
people difficult to d 40*b*
that I was used to d 199*a*
Driveller Swift expires a d 214*a*
Driven into a desperate strait 262*b*
Driver feel the d's whip 248*a*
Driveth d o'er a soldier's neck 361*b*
for he d furiously 498*b*
Driving d rapidly *from* something 209*a*
spend my life in d briskly 209*b*
the d of Jehu 495*b*
Drizzle the blasted English d 232*a*
Drollery that fatal d 130*a*
Dromedary D is a cheerful bird 25*b*
whose muse on d trots 100*b*
Drone lazy yawning d 381*b*
Drop a d of patience 361*a*
as a d of a bucket 502*b*
a vaporous d profound 349*b*
can't d it if I tried 229*a*
d, d, slow tears 155*b*
d into thy mother's lap 276*b*
d into thyself, and be a fool 301*a*
for every d hinders 196*b*
nor any d to drink 98*b*
one d wd save my soul 258*b*
'ow quick we'd d 'er 233*b*
people one like to d 210*b*
so thick a d serene 271*a*
thou canst d into at will 471*a*
we d like the fruits 263*a*
we shd d into poetry 125*b*
Dropped as he d him down 164*b*
not wish to be d by 210*b*
Dropping continual d in a rainy day 498*b*
d-down-deadness of manner 405*a*
we are d down the ladder 229*b*
Droppings his d of warm tears 44*a*
Drops dear to me as are the ruddy d 338*b*
d that water the earth 486*b*
I saw the curl'd d 115*a*
like kindred d, been mingled 111*b*
some pious d 174*b*
these are gracious d 340*a*
Dropsies trying to get drunk 212*b*
Dropsy the dread d grows 545*a*
Dropt sun d from the zenith 272*a*
Dross all is d that is not Helena 258*b*
to shows of d 353*b*
Drought the d of Marche 88*a*
Drove that shape d suddenly 98*b*
Drown can I d an eye 387*b*
corn before my tears did d it 188*a*
d all my faults 155*b*
I'll d my book 368*a*
I seem to d her remembrance 370*a*
I will incontinently d myself 360*b*
what pain it was to d 384*b*
Drowned delight hes d with us 180*a*
d in yonder living blue 431*a*
he's d in the sea 531*b*
she is d already, sir 370*a*
that he were d in the midst 507*a*
the chance of being d 207*a*
thy thought till it be d 312*b*
Drowning he hath no d mark 367*a*
Drowsyhead land of d 443*a*
Drudge lexicographer harmless d 207*a*
pale and common d 354*a*
Drudgery d of the desk's 240*a*
makes d divine 188*b*
Drug literature is a d 34*a*
poetry's a mere d 150*b*
Drugs what d, what charms 360*a*
Druid a D land, a D tune 476*b*
sat the D, hoary chief 107*b*
Drum and pulpit, d ecclesiastic 64*b*
'ark to the big d 229*a*
d-beat, following the sun 454*a*
d 'ern up the Channel 287*b*
d now to d did groan 137*a*
dumb as a d 126*a*
listenin for the d 287*b*
melancholy as an unbraced d 86*b*
Music of a *distant* D 152*b*
my pulse like a soft d 225*b*
not a d was heard 462*a*
take my d to England 287*b*
the rumble of a distant D! 152*b*
the spirit-stirring d 362*a*
whang goes the d 52*b*
Drums bangin' er de d 182*a*
before him sound the d 252*a*
d and tramplings of conquests 42*a*
guns, and d, and wounds 376*b*
his clarions and his d 252*b*
like muffled d, are beating 248*a*
sound the trumpets, beat the d 139*a*, 244*a*, 287*b*
the d beat far 92*b*
the d begin to roll 235*b*
then anon d in his ear 364*b*
voice is heard thro' rolling d 436*b*
Drunk against a post when he was d 382*a*
all learned, and all d! 112*b*
art of getting d 210*a*
died of dropsies trying to get d 212*b*
drink and not be d 320*b*
d and raising Cain 227*a*
d and resisting the Guard! 227*b*
d the milk of Paradise 101*b*
d with sight of power 233*b*
gloriously d, obey the call 112*b*
he never was d 103*b*
I d him to his bed 323*b*
man must get d 70*b*
may drink and no be d 69*a*
our fortunes d to bed 322*b*
partly she was d 61*a*
that wh hath made them d 347*b*
then hasten to be d 140*a*
the stag at eve had d 316*a*
this meeting is d, sir! 126*b*
was the hope d wherein 347*a*
went to Frankfort, and got d 304*b*
Drunkard the rolling English d 91*a*
Drunkards make songs upon me 486*b*
Drunken Antony be brought d 325*a*
Drunken (*cont*)
do with the d sailor 527*b*
d and overbold 50*a*
d, but not with wine 502*a*
d in my dreams 99*a*
d of things Lethean 423*b*
stagger like a d man 488*b*
to Worts, and got more d 304*b*
you d sot 534*b*
Drunkenness babbling d 372*a*
d, which is the root of all sins 204*a*
Drury a happy boy, at D's 305*a*
Druse the Thug and the D 92*b*
Dry die a d death 367*a*
d sun, d wind 446*b*
good wine or being d 3*a*
he hath made the deep as d 234*b*
O d yr eyes 218*a*
oh, I am so d! 523*b*
water in a d place 502*a*
what shall be done in the d? 510*a*
wine before my sighs did d it 188*a*
Dryad light-winged D of the trees 219*b*
Dryden all the prefaces of D 419*b*
chatting on deck was D too 241*b*
D taught to join the verse 303*b*
even copious D wanted 303*b*
what [D] has done 104*a*
Dublin built a church in D town 27*b*
in D's fair city 524*a*
Ducat dead, for a d, dead! 335*a*
Ducats O, my d! O my daughter! 353*b*
Duchess arms of chambermaid as of a D 210*a*
'as much right', said the D 83*a*
I am D of Malfi still 454*b*
my last D 486
Duck 'Ha! Ha!' said the d, laughing 237*a*
Ducks able-bodied man stealing d 573*b*
four d on a pond 4*a*
Duddon for, backward, D! 403*b*
du Deffand at Madame d D's 449*b*
Due as d by many titles 133*a*
d! d! Echo answers 202*b*
give the Fiend himself his d 438*b*
Dues render to all their d 513*b*
simple d of fellowship 43*a*
Dug Men want d up again 152*b*
never palates more the d 325*a*
Duke a marquis, d, and a' that 60*b*
bury the Great D 435*a*
D's son—cook's son 227*a*
Earl, the Marquis, and the D 163*b*
everybody praised the D 406*a*
knows enough who knows a d 113*a*
Regent and the D of York 403*b*
Dukedom I prize above my d 367*a*
my library was d 367*a*
Dukes were three a penny 163*b*
Dulce when 'd was written 75*a*
Dulcimer damsel with a d 101*b*
d, and all kinds of music 504*a*
Dull as d as ditch water 126*a*
d in a new way 208*b*
d without a single absurdity 171*a*
d wd he be of soul 472*b*
he is not only d himself 155*b*
Sherry is d 207*b*
so d, so dead, in look 379*b*
so smoothly d 299*a*
tell them that they are d 303*b*
this paper appears d 410*b*
tho' it's d at whiles 226*a*
what's this d town to me? 224*b*
wherever he was d a design 151*b*
Dullness cause of d in others 155*b*
d ever loves a joke 298*b*
the d of our blinded sight 491*a*
Dumb d as a drum 126*a*
D's a sly dog 95*b*
d to Homer, d to Keats 49*b*
oh, noisy bells, be d 199*a*
otherwise I shall be d 223*a*
the tongue of the d sing 502*a*
the world have made d 119*a*
Dumbness banged the youth into d 371*b*
Dumb-shows inexplicable d 333*b*
Dumps of d so dull and heavy 358*b*
such doleful d 403*b*
Dumpy I hate a d woman 70*a*
Duncan D Gray cam here to woo 60*a*

Duncan (*cont*)
D hath borne his faculties 347*a*
D is in his grave 348*b*
D sighed baith out and in 60*a*
gart poor D stand 60*a*
hear it not, D 347*b*
the fatal entrance of D 349*b*
Dunce dearest, you're a d 210*b*
d been kept at home 110*b*
d that has been sent to roam 110*b*
nobody calls you a d 53*a*
Satan, thou art a d 30*a*
the puff of a d 169*b*
Dundery tyrannical d 279*a*
Dundee stay langer in bonnie D 320*a*
the bonnet of Bonnie D 316*a*
Dunfermline king sits in D 529*b*
Dunged with rotten death 442*a*
Dungeon a d horrible 271*a*
D, that I'm rotting in 79*a*
nor airless d 338*a*
scourged to his d 53*a*
vapour of a d 362*a*
Dungeon-grate thro' a d he peered 98*b*
Dunghill hard by his own stable 100*b*
Dunkirk swim the haven at D 216*a*
Dunmowe in Essex at D 89*b*
Dunsinane Birnam wood remove to D 350*b*, 351*a*
to high D hill 349*b*
Duodecimos a humbler band of d 113*b*
Dupree Weatherby George D 266*b*
Dusk d, O d the hall with yew 7*a*
no dawn—no d 195*a*
the d with a light behind her 167*a*
Dusky d, vivid, true 414*b*
it is late and d 448*a*
Dust a d whom England bore 40*a*
a heap of d alone 209*b*
an art to make d of all 42*b*
a piece of valiant d 358
are they like to take d 369*b*
a richer d concealed 40*a*
as chimney-sweepers, come to d 329*a*
blossom in their d 401*a*
buried in d 72*b*
cinders, ashes, d 219*a*
curates, long d, will come 39*b*
devise to die in d 408*a*
dig the d enclosed here 389*b*
dry as summer d 464*a*
d as we are 469*a*
d falls to the urn 448*a*
d hath closed Helen's eyes 285*b*
D into D and under D 153*a*
d of creeds outworn 307*a*
d of the balance 502*b*
d returneth to d again 171*b*
d return to the earth 500*a*
d that builds on d 233*b*
d that is a little gilt 369*a*
d that rises up 439*a*
d thou art, and unto d 492*b*
d thou art, to d returnest 247*b*
d to d 481*b*
d to the d! but the spirit 302*b*
earth, and grave, and d 308*a*
fallen to d 460*a*
fear in a handful of d 144*b*
formed man of the d 402*a*
frail children of d 172*b*
have one d, yet reverence 329*a*
his enemies shall lick the d 486*b*
less than the d 197*a*
lie beyond thy d 448*a*
little d of praise 430*b*
Love, which reacheth but to d 402*a*
magnificent out of the d 452*a*
make d our paper 375*b*
March d to be sold 440*a*
much learned d 112*a*
my d wd hear her 434*a*
nigh is grandeur to our d 147*a*
not without d and heat 279*a*
or but writes in d 17*a*
pays us but with age and d 307*b*
proud and angry d 200*a*
provoke the silent d, 174*a*
quintessence of d 332*b*
recover once my d 280*b*
scattering of a little d 558*a*
Dust (*cont*)
shake off the d of your feet 506*a*
shall the d give thanks 483*b*
shed one tear o'er English d 252*b*
sweep the d behind the door 357*b*
that d it so much loves 226*a*
the d on antique time 328*a*
the d swept from their beauty 43*b*
the fruit thereof d 421*a*
they that go down into the d, 483*a*
this d was once the man 458*b*
toy dog is covered with d 151*a*
vex the unhappy d 426*a*
vile d from whence he sprung 317*b*
we too into the D descend 153*a*
what a d do I raise 16*b*
what of vile d? 93*a*
will not perish in the d 407*a*
write my name in the d 536*b*
write the characters in d 319*a*
written in the d 18*b*
you are not worth the d 343*b*
Dust-heap called 'history' 28*b*
Dustman the Golden D 126*a*
Dusty what a d answer 264*a*
Dutch French Spaniard or D 42*a*
my dear old D! 94*a*
the fault of the D 78*b*
we clap on D bottoms 78*b*
Dutchman icicle on a D's beard 371*b*
Dutchmen that water-land of D 71*b*
Duties lowliest d on herself did lay 467*b*
new occasions teach new d 251*a*
property has its d 137*b*
the primal d shine 464*b*
Duty absolved d to his country 295*a*
a divided d 389*b*
as keen a sense of d 166*a*
began to slacken in his d 468*a*
daily stage of d 224*b*
declares that it is his d 390*a*
do yr d bravely 238*a*
d and patriotism clad 246*a*
d as we understand it 245*a*
d, faith, love, are roots 295*b*
d is the lobster's obsession 134*b*
d of an Opposition to oppose 95*a*, 410*a*
d of being happy 413*b*
d to preserve our faculties 209*b*
d we so much underrate 413*b*
d wh lies nearest thee 81*b*
England expects his d 287*a*
every man's d to do all 97*a*
faithful, below, he did his d 121*a*
for d, d must be done 166*b*
he had a d to perform 161*b*
I have done my d 287*a*
I have only done my d 437*b*
in his d prompt 168*b*
I owe a d 25*a*
I owe him little d 383*b*
it is my d, and I will 162*b*
it was their d, and they did 162*b*
I've done my d no more 151*b*
love is then our d 159*b*
make me sick discussing their d 458*a*
moral d to speak one's mind 460*a*
my d in that state of life 481*a*
my d to have loved the highest 428*a*
my d towards God 481*a*
O D! if that name thou love 463*b*
off d for ever 25*a*
our d has been done 163*b*
performing a public d 173*a*
simpleness and d tender 357*b*
subject's d is the king's 382*b*
such d as the subject owes 367*a*
that wh was our d to do 510*a*
the path of d was the way 435*a*
the whole d of man 500*a*
this our bounden d 480*b*
thou knowest to be a d 81*b*
thy second d clearer 81*b*
when constabulary d's 166*b*
when D whispers low 147*a*
when love and d clash 436*a*
when service sweat for d 326*a*
with zealous humble d 409*a*
woke, and found life was D 196*b*
Dwarf sees farther than the giant 102*a*
Dwarfish an Epigram? a d whole 100*b*, 527*b*
Dwell at ease for aye to d 435*b*
better to d in a corner 498*b*
d in the house of the Fenians 476*b*
I cd d where Israfel 298*a*
joy where'er he d 526*a*
or d for aye alone 120*a*
they that d therein 483*a*
Dwelleth d by the castled Rhine 247*a*
He d i' the cold 45*b*
Dwelling a fair maid d 531*a*
where and what his d? 286*b*
whose d is the light 472*a*
Dwelling-place desert were my d 69*b*
Dwelling-places their d shall endure 485*a*
Dwellings how amiable are thy d 487*a*
they shall drop upon the d 486*a*
Dwelt d among untrodden ways 470*b*
where once we d 109*b*
Dwindle d into a wife 105*b*
d, peak and pine 346*a*
Dwindles the only growth that d 170*a*
Dwyer John Richard William D 572*b*
Dyer like the d's hand 389*a*
Dyes stains and splendid d 221*b*
Dying a celerity in d 322*b*
around the d deer 12*b*
as a d man to d men 22*a*
behold you again in d 414*b*
Christian can only fear d 181*a*
death distinguished from d 404*b*
doubly d, shall go down 317*b*
d, has made us rarer gifts 39*a*
d, put on the weeds of Dominic 273*b*
d, we live 51*b*
echoes d, d, d 436*a*
I am d, Egypt 324*b*
living indisposeth us for d 42*b*
not death, but d 151*a*
on account of my d day 222*b*
the d for a faith 439*b*
the pain, the bliss of d 209*a*
there's no more d then 389*b*
till the fire is d 263*b*
tomorrow will be d 190*a*
truth the lips of d men 8*a*
unconscionable time d 88*a*
unmoved see thee d 126*a*
unto my d day, sir 524*a*
we thought her d 196*a*
with groans of the d 318*a*
young man, I think you're d 531*a*
Dyke Feb, fill the d 446*a*
the last d of prevarication 56*a*
yon auld fail d 529*b*
Dynamite objected to the use of d 412*b*
Dynasties the same tho' D pass 179*b*
Dyte Omer, Dares, or in D 90*a*

E

E please Double goode! 123*a*
Each e for one another 244*b*
e to his great Father bends 100*a*
think e in e, immediately wise 39*b*
Eager for the fray 95*b*
Eagle all the e in thee 114*b*
as an e mewing her mighty youth 279*a*
as a young e soars 396*a*
E know what is in the pit 29*b*
e on th' back iv a dollar 143*a*
e plunge to find the air 442*a*
e suffers little birds to sing 368*a*
from in e in his flight 247*a*
hooded e among blinking owls 105*b*
in and out the E 257*b*
like an e in a dove-cote 328*b*
Rome, tho' her e had flown 449*a*
so the struck e 72*a*
strong, the gier-e on his sail 403*a*
upon my e's wings this wren 139*a*
way of an e in the air 499*a*
young and lusty as an e 488*a*
Eagles baited like e lately bath'd 378*b*
hawk at e with a dove 187*a*
mount up with wings as e, 502*b*
there will the e be gathered 507*b*
they were swifter than e 495*b*
where his e never flew 107*b*

Ear a flea in his e 4b
applying to his e 467b
apply its lips to yr attentive e. 241a
beat upon my whorled e 197b
by the hearing of the e 497b
cleave the general e with speech 333a
e of him that hears it 345b
e of jealousy heareth all things 520a
e of man hath not seen 357b
give e unto my song 169a
give every man thine e 330b
God's own e listens 275a
he that planted the e 487b
I have no e 238b
in Reason's e they all rejoice 2a
I was all e 267b
I went and shouted in his e 85a
I will enchant thine e 386b
more is meant than meets the e 268b
more than the e discovers 42a
never e, did hear that tongue 313b
nor the e filled with hearing 499a
not to the sensual e 219b
often stop to soothe thine e 103a
O! it came o'er my e 369b
on his legs with listening e 386b
on the listening e of night 320b
oon e it herde, at the other out 90a
over it softly her warm e lays 251a
pierc'd the hollow of thine e 366a
pierced thro' the e 360a
reasonable good e in music 357a
she shall lean her e 471b
sounds in a believer's e 289a
speech sleeps in a foolish e 335a
stillness first invades the e 139b
stop thine e against the singer 319a
the e is pleased 112b
the hearing e 498b
the word of promise to our e 351a
turn the deaf e 419a
unpleasing to a married e 345b
vexing the dull e 374a
went away with a flea in's e 23a
when the e begins to hear 39a
wind blow through my e 469a
world of eye, and e 472a
Earl an e by right 12a
bonny E of Murray 530b
E can last but a few years 40b
E, the Marquis, and the Dook 163b
while the E was there 293b
Earlie wedded to the E's son 318b
Early call me e, mother dear 434b
e in the morning 184a
e one morning, just as the sun 523a
e to bed, and e to rise 157a
happy those e days 448a
help her, and that right e 484b
nipt my flower sae e 61a
play-place of our e days 113a
right e in the year 193a
the e-rising sun 189a
up in the morning e 63a
up she rises, e in the morning 527b
you've gut to git up e 250a
Earn e a little and to spend a little 412a
I e that I eat 327a
there's little to e 226b
Earned you've e yr little bit 162b
Earnest charge in e but a mill 131a
e of the things they shall do 432a
given me e of success 346b
intermingle jest with e. 16a
time to be in e 213a
Earnings division of unequal e 146a
Earns whate'er he can 249a
Ears countrymen, lend me your e 339b
deaf adder that stoppeth her e 485b
e like errant wings 92a
e of every one that heareth 495a
e of flesh and blood 331a
e that sweep away the dew 357a
e were of different sizes 527a
eyes, and e, and every thought 313b
faculties of eyes and e 333a
fur fly 'bout the e 65a
harvest waves its wither'd e 114a
he that hath e to hear 508a
high crest, short e 386b
I have e in vain 220a
Ears (*cont*)
in the porches of mine e 331b
'jug jug' to dirty e 144b
lest they hear with their e 501b
look with thine e 343b
lover's e will hear the sound 345a
make their e heavy 501b
never mentions hell to e polite 302b
noise of water in mine e 384b
O lovers' e in hearing 317b
pipe of birds to dying e 436b
plucked the ripened e 436a
she gave me e 471a
softest music to attending e 365a
the leathern e of stock-jobbers 111a
there was a shout about my e 92a
they have e, and hear not 489a
thin e devoured the seven good e 493b
to do thyne e glowe 90a
touched my trembling e 269b
we have heard with our e 479a
what is he buzzing in my e? 46a
who in e and eyes match me 50b
Earsight do me eyes deceive me e? 451a
Earth act first, this E, a stage 435b
a glory from the e 466a
a heaven on e 273b
alive, and so bold, O e? 395b
all e can take 394a
all people that on e do dwell 224b
all questions in the e 46a
all the furniture of e 28a
all ye know on e 219b
as if roots of the e were rotten 222b
as if the e had rolled 466a
as low as where this e spins 311b
a touch of e 428b
axis of the e sticks out 194a
balm th' hydroptic e hath drunk 133b
be alone on e, as I am now 68a
be the e never so unquiet 488a
binds the brave of all the e. 287b
bleeding piece of e 339b
blow the e into the sea 342b
bowels of the harmless e 377a
bridal of the e and sky 187b
call heaven and e to witness 494b
centre of my sinful e 389b
chill the solemn e 421a
cloud enveloping the e 100b
condemned to e for ever 46b
corporal e of man 441b
creatures walk the e unseen 274b
crown o' the e doth melt 324b
dear e, I do salute thee 375a
demi-Atlas of this e 323a
E all Danaë to the stars 436b
e, and every common sight 466a
e and man were gone 38b
E and Ocean seem to sleep 393b
e cannot show so brave a sight 260b
e changes, but thy soul and God 51a
e doth like a snake renew 394a
e felt the wound 276a
e hath bubbles 346a
e has many a noble city 86b
e has not anything more fair 472b
e hath no good but yrs 37b
e hath no sin but thine 37b
e in an earthy bed 434a
e in fast thick pants 101a
e is all the home I have 12b
E is but a star that once shone 154b
e is here so kind 205b
e not grey but rosy 48b
e of the vitreous pour 458b
e I render back 76b
e resteth, heaven moveth 187b
e's base built on stubble 267b
e's crammed with heaven 43a
e's diurnal course 463a
E's first blood 467a
e's foundations fled 200a
e's foundations stay 200a
e shall be filled with the glory 2b
e shall be full of the knowledge 501b
e shook, and the heavens dropped 486a
e's joys grow dim 251b
E's last picture is painted 236b
e's majestic view 280a
e, so full of dreary noises 44a
Earth (*cont*)
e's old and weary cry 476a
e's returns for whole centuries 48b
E's shadows fly 392b
e stood hard as iron 311a
e's vain shadows flee 251b
e, that bears thee dead 379a
e that is not filled 499a
e, tideless and inert 18a
e to e, ashes to ashes 481b
e was feverous and did shake 348a
e was without form 492a
e where cares abound 471a
E will live by hers 7b
e, with her thousand voices 101a
ever e and the world were made 487b
every man upon this e 253a
faith round e's shores lay 5a
Falstaff lards the lean e 377a
far-swooping elbowed e 488b
faults they commit e covereth 307a
feels the attraction of e 247a
first e were passed away 519b
flop round the e 236b
flowery lap of e 6b
for e too dear 365a
foundations of the e 487a
fresh E in new leaves 398b
from e's wide bounds 200b
from going to and fro in the e 496b
from wh e, and grave, and dust 308a
gazing on the e 396a
girdle round about the e 356b
give him a little e 386a
gives all men all e to love 235a
give the face of e around 414a
glance from heaven to e 357b
God in heaven and thou upon e 499a
green corners of the e 31b
have mercy on us worms of e 149b
heaven nor e have been at peace 138b
Heaven tries e if it be in tune 251a
help to make e happy 82a
her all on e 70a
her clarion o'er the dreaming e 396a
he who has looked upon E 263a
high in comparison of the e 488a
his head upon the lap of E 174b
honour back, as a king to e 39a
hope of all the ends of the e 486a
huge foundation of the e 378a
I create new heavens and a new e 503b
if all the e were paper 251b
indifferent children of the e 332a
in e's firmament do shine 247a
in that rich e 40a
I saw a new heaven and a new e 519b
I saw nought common on Thy E 232b
is thy e so marred 442a
I swing the e a trinket 442a
I will move the e 550a
kindly fruits of the e 479a
laid the foundations of the e 488a
lay her i' the e 336b
lay lightly gentle e 23a
lay that e upon thy heart 227b
let me enjoy the e 180a
let us stay rather on e 44a
lie heavy on him, E! 149a
long age in the deep-delved e 219b
Lord and Master of E 433b
man marks the e with ruin 69b
meantime, there is our e here 52b
meek shall inherit the e 505a
more beautiful than the e 470a
more than on e is thought 275a
mortal mixture of e's mould 267a
'neath the breast of E 293b
needs find out new heaven, new e 322a
not on things on the e 516a
O E, lie heavily upon her eyes 311a
o'er e's green fields 149b
of the e, earthy 515a
on e I am a stranger 61b
on e was never sown 471b
on the bare e exposed he lies 139a
on the e the broken arcs 44b
or e received her frame 453a
or in the e beneath 480a
our dungy e alike feeds beast 322a
plants suck in the e 106b

Earth (*cont*)
poetry of e is never dead 221*a*
replenish the e 492*a*
rich apple-blossomed e 458*b*
risen up E's Greatest Nation 250*b*
round e's imagined corners 133*a*
sad old e must borrow its mirth 459*a*
saying learnt on that dark e 438*b*
set lip to e's bosom bare 442*b*
she comes more near the e 363*b*
sheet let down to the e 512*a*
since brass, nor stone, nor e 388*a*
sing, ye heavens, and earth reply 455*b*
sleepers in that quiet e 39*a*
smile o the brown old e 47*b*
snug little farm the e 100*b*
so the whole round e is bound 429*b*
standing on e, not rapt above 275*a*
summer clothe the general e 101*a*
take of English e as much 227*b*
takes e's abatement 49*a*
that ere wore e about him 118*b*
the e for it is his footstool 505*a*
the e is not too low 187*a*
the e is the Lord's 483*a*
the e is the Lord's, and the fulness 514*b*
the e its dower of river 217*b*
the e may be glad thereof 488*a*
the e shall melt away 484*b*
the e, that is sufficient 458*a*
th inhabitants o' the e 346*a*
the lark arising from sullen e 387*b*
the latter day upon the e 497*a*
then shall the e bring forth 480*a*
there were giants in the e 492*b*
they whose course on e is o'er 287*a*
things learned on e 49*a*
thing that creepeth upon the e 492*a*
thirsty e soaks up the rain 106*b*
this ambiguous e 265*a*
this dim spot, wh men call E 266*b*
this e of majesty 375*a*
this e, this realm, this England 375*a*
this goodly frame, the e 332*b*
this peopled e a solitude 397*a*
this span of e we press 282*a*
tho all the e o erwhelm them 330*b*
tho the e be moved 484*b*
thou sure and firm-set e 347*b*
thro' my lips to unawakened e 396*b*
thy will be done in e 505*b*
till E and Sky stand presently 227*a*
to no such aureate E are turn'd 152*b*
too good for e 215*a*
to that pleasant country's e 375*b*
to the listening e repeats 2*a*
turn again to cover the e 488*a*
two paces of the vilest e 379*a*
upon the dull e dwelling 372*b*
very e did shake 137*a*
villain of the e 324*a*
water under the e 480*a*
way of all the e 494*b*
what if e be but the shadow 275*a*
what's said or done in e 189*a*
when e was nigher heaven 50*a*
when e was young 256*a*
wh in old days moved e 439*a*
while e heard in dread 103*a*
while the e remaineth 492*b*
whole e is full of his glory 501*b*
who Man of baser E didst make 154*a*
with e's waters make accord 442*b*
ye are the salt of the e 505*a*
ye have left yr souls on e 219*a*
yrs is the e 230*a*
Earth-born poor, e companion 62*a*
thine e joy renew 36*b*
Earthen treasures from an e pot 187*a*
Earthly as glad at that as any e thing 528*b*
e, sensual, devilish 517*b*
nothing e cd surpass her 70*a*
to their e mother tend 142*b*
Earthquake after the wind an e 496*a*
an e's spoil sepulchred below 68*a*
if an e were to engulf England 205*b*
in that world-e, Waterloo 435*a*
sold pills against an e 2*b*
the Lord was not in the e 496*a*
Ease a delicate plain, called E 54*a*
animate an hour of vacant e 470*a*
Ease (*cont*)
at e in Zion 504*a*
Belial counselled ignoble e 272*b*
bring equal e unto my pain 79*b*
Deity doth e its heart of love 218*a*
done with so much e 138*a*
e after war 408*b*
for another gives its e 32*a*
give me greater e than Christ 233*b*
induce the brave to forfeit e 157*a*
infinite heart's e 382*b*
interpose a little e 270*a*
joys in another's loss of e 32*a*
live at home at e 292*a*
nature, kindly bent to e us 419*a*
never wholly be at e 452*b*
not the doctrine of ignoble e 310*a*
on the dappled turf at e 463*b*
prodigal of e 138*a*
put to hazard his e 56*a*
singest in full-throated e 219*b*
some come to take their e 386*b*
studious of elegance and e 160*b*
studious of laborious e 112*a*
such men be never at heart s e 338*a*
take mine e in mine inn 378*b*
take thine e, eat, drink 509*b*
thy fortress, and thy e 448*a*
too much spirit to be e er at e 302*a*
true e in writing comes from art 300*a*
Eased the putting off these disguises 274*b*
Easier I am e to be played on 334*b*
Easiness in admitting any variation 478*a*
East a man with his back to the E 98*a*
ask me no more if e or west 79*b*
daily farther from the e 166*b*
did rise not from the E 114*b*
easier to conquer it (the E) 449*b*
e, ah e of Himalay 442*b*
E all the way into Mississippi 231*b*
E is I 227*a*
e of Suez 232*a*
e wind may never blow 450*a*
fiery portals of the e 375*b*
gorgeous E with richest hand 272*a*
hold the gorgeous E in fee 472*b*
if you've 'eard the E a-callin' 232*a*
lo, in the sanctuaried E 442*b*
look how wide also the e is 488*a*
Lo! the Hunter of the E 152*a*
or in the chambers of the E 31*b*
Phoebus dapples the drowsy e 359*a*
politics in the E dissimulation 129*b*
promotion neither from the e 487*a*
recruity goes out to the E 236*b*
send danger from the e 377*a*
takes this window for the e 117*b*
the E bowed low 7*a*
the E is a career 130*a*
the faint e quickens 420*a*
the folding doorways of the E 441*b*
the little birds sang e 43*b*
there came wise men from the e 504*b*
there is neither E nor West 227*a*
thine eyes break from their E 115*a*
tried to hustle the E 233*a*
we have seen his star in the e 504*b*
wind blew due E 86*a*
wind's in the e 121*a*
East-cheap merry men of E 170*b*
Easter but E-Day breaks! 46*b*
Eastern e side beheld of Paradise 277*a*
ere the blabbing e scout 266*b*
like a blooming E bride 138*b*
not by e windows only 90*b*
right against the e gate 268*b*
Eastertide wearing white for E 198*b*
Eastward some e some westward 109*a*
Easy all zeal, Mr E 259*b*
but he was e there, is e here 559*a*
conclusions of e ways to die 325*b*
let yr precept be, 'Be e' 410*b*
'tis e to be true 321*a*
trust comes e to him 437*a*
yes, lad, I lie e 199*a*
Eat care no more to clothe and e 320*a*
con-found all presents wot e 417*a*
e and drink our own damnation 480*b*
e an ounce less meat 211*a*
e, drink, and be merry 509*b*
e exceedingly, and prophesy 214*b*
Eat (*cont*)
e into itself, for lack 65*a*
e like wolves and fight like devils 382*a*
e not of it raw 493*b*
e the rest of the anatomy 371*b*
e thou and drink 312*a*
e to the glory of God 514*b*
gave me of the tree, and I did e 492*b*
how shall he e it 534*b*
I cannot e but little meat 415*a*
I cd e one of Bellamy s pies 297*b*
I e well, and I drink well 284*b*
I e what I see 83*a*
if I dare e I dare meet Surrey 375*b*
I'll e my head 125*a*
I will not e with you 353*a*
let us e and drink, for we die 502*a*, 515*a*
lots of toys and things to e 414*a*
not work, neither shd he e 516*b*
so I did sit and e 188*b*
some hae meat, and canna e 62*b*
some wad e that want it 62*b*
so we must e we 440*b*
the people sat down to e. 494*a*
the sort who e unduly 414*a*
this Babe must e 407*b*
thou didst e strange flesh 322*b*
thou shalt not e of it 492*a*
to e, and to drink, and to be merry 499*b*
we did e bread to the full 494*a*
we hae meat and we can e 62*b*
we must e to live 151*b*
ye shall e it in haste 494*a*
Eaten e me out of house and home 380*a*
have we e on the insane root 346*a*
he was e of worms 512*b*
they'd e every one 84*b*
Eater e of broken meats 342*a*
great e of beef 369*b*
out of the e came forth meat 495*a*
Eaters sheep tame and so small e 283*b*
Eateth yr master with publicans 506*a*
Eating against e cares lap me 269*a*
e and drinking, marrying 507*b*
Eats whatever Miss T e 119*b*
Eave-drops whether the e fall 101*a*
Eaves fall upon her gilded e 436*a*
on the instant clamorous e 476*a*
Ebb a fatal e and flow 203*b*
e and flow must e er be 465*a*
great ones that e and flow 344*a*
ne er e to humble love 362*b*
ne'er feels retiring e 362*b*
that e swept out the flocks 203*b*
Ebrew I am a Jew else, an E Jew 377*b*
Eccentric centric and e 275*b*
Eccentricities of genius 126*b*
Ecclesiastic tyranny's the worst 118*b*
Ecclesiastical Athanasian e lyric 129*b*
Echo any challenged e clear 78*a*
applaud thee to the very e 350*b*
E answers Du' 202*b*
e is not faint at last 241*b*
e round his bones for evermore 435*a*
it gives a very e to the seat 370*b*
left in e in the sense 216*b*
sweet E, sweetest nymph 267*a*
the cave where E lies 365*b*
woods answer and my e rings 408*b*
Echoes all melodies the e 100*b*
answer, e, dying dying 436*a*
by heaven, he e me 361*b*
our e roll from soul to soul 436*a*
set the wild e flying 436*a*
the e wh he made relent 137*b*
Echoing walks between 276*b*
Eckstein mound where E stood 27*a*
Eclipse E first, the rest nowhere 290*b*
gloom of earthquake and e 398*a*
irrecoverably dark, total e 277*b*
moon hath her e endured 388*b*
sick almost to doomsday with e 329*b*
sliver d in the moon's e 349*b*
there was an e that night 407*a*
Eclipses clouds and e stain moon 387*b*
these late e in the sun 341*b*
Economists sophisters, e 57*a*
Economy no e where no efficiency 129*a*
Ecstasies dissolve me into e 268*b*
holy virgins in their e 428*a*
muddy e of beer 113*b*

Ecstasies (*cont*)
with e so sweet 37*b*
Ecstasy blasted with e 333*b*
eternity without an e 41*b*
in the e of being ever 42*b*
it was not e but it was comfort 123*a*
lie in restless e 348*b*
on waves of e to sail 457*b*
thy soul abroad in such an e 220*a*
upon the seraph-wings of e 175*a*
wak'd to e the living lyre 174*a*
what wild e ? 219*b*
Ecstatic carolings of such e sound 179*a*
Ector said Sir L 257*b*
Eden a Peri at the gate of E stood 282*a*
brooks of E mazily murmuring 427*a*
burnish take on L -trees 442*b*
E -sweet the ray 264*b*
kept the heart of E green 427*b*
learned to whittle the E Tree 228*a*
Lord God planted a garden in I 492*a*
make this earth an E 82*a*
some flow'rets of E 282*a*
sweet as E is the air 264*b*
tales told in dim E 119*a*
this other E , demi-Paradise 375*a*
thro' E took their solitary way 277*a*
voice that breath'd o'er E 224*a*
with E didst devise the Snake 154*a*
with loss of E 270*b*
Edens lest we lose our E , Eve and I 52*b*
Edge at the sea-down's e 421*b*
hungry e of appetite 374*b*
low last e of the lone land 421*b*
the axe's e did try 261*a*
Edification than the e of the hearers 56*b*
Edifice hail, glorious e 403*b*
Edinburgh Review let balls like the *F* 183*b*
Edition new e fifty volumes long 45*a*
new e of human nature 183*a*
pay for an e of (Plato's) works 147*b*
Edmonton unto the Bell at E 108*a*
wife should dine at E 109*a*
Edmund here lies our good E 169*b*
Edom over E cast out my shoe 485*b*
who is this that cometh from E ? 503*b*
who will bring me into E ? 485*b*
Educate got to e him first 315*a*
to e our party 128*b*
we must e our masters 572*a*
Educated absence of e opinion 9*b*
a youth e by a system 265*a*
new tribunal the e man's 51*b*
Education by e most misled 140*b*
e has for its object character 408*a*
e make a people easy to lead 40*b*
e that wh fits a man 279*b*
first rudiments of e are given 410*b*
highest e since the Greek 129*b*
honesty is the beginning of e 314*b*
learning and a liberal e 185*a*
soap and e more deadly 446*b*
thank yr e 216*a*
there's nothing like e 536*b*
to love her was a liberal e 410*b*
travel is a part of e 15*a*
upon the e of the people 128*b*
virtuous and noble E 279*b*
Edward approach proud E 's power 62*b*
E the Confessor slept 27*b*
sons of E sleep in Abraham's 385*a*
why, E , tell me why? 463*a*
winding-sheet of E 's race 173*b*
Edwin break thy E 's too 169*a*
E and Angelina 169*a*
let me always call you E 150*b*
Eel an invisible e 216*a*
I have seen but an e 121*b*
Eels e boiled in broo' 529*b*
some precept for dressing e 305*a*
Effaced Caesar's image is e 110*b*
Effect greet e men wryte 90*a*
Nature is but a name for an e 112*b*
peace between the e and it 346*b*
the rod produces an e 206*a*
thy worst e is banishing 108*a*
Effects close in like e 47*a*
dire e from civil discords 1*b*
when I reflect upon these e 55*b*
Efficiency e and inefficiency 390*b*
no economy where there is no e 129*a*
Efficient and the inefficient 390*b*
Effingham, Grenville, Raleigh 287*b*
Effort e , and expectation, and desire 469*b*
if that e be too great 525*a*
law of human life may be E 314*b*
Effusions liveliest e of wit 11*b*
Eft a monstrous e was of old 433*b*
Eftest yes, marry, that's the e way 359*a*
Eftsoons his hand dropt he 98*a*
Egdon glory of the E waste 180*b*
yet E remained 181*a*
Egg a radish and an e 112*a*
as an e is full of meat 365*b*
eating a demnition e 124*b*
e boiled very soft 11*a*
in the yolk of an addled e 228*a*
like eating an e without salt 237*b*
provoking to be called an e 84*b*
remorse e by Pleasure laid 110*b*
think him as a serpent's e 338*b*
white and hairless as an e 189*b*
you've got a bad e , Mr Jones 536*a*
Eggs as a weasel sucks e 326*a*
e and a pound of cheese 75*a*
e that looked like primroses 129*a*
eighty-five ways to dress e 281*a*
fire but to roast their e 15*b*
fresh e to rotten boroughs 254*b*
partridge sitteth on e 503*b*
she lays e for gentlemen 534*a*
Eglantine in the hedge grew lush e 398*a*
over-canopied with e 356*b*
Ego too much E in your Cosmos 237*a*
Egoism in the book of E 264*b*
Egotist whims of an e 222*a*
Egotistical Wordsworthian or e 223*a*
Egregiously an ass 361*a*
Egress our e from the world 249*a*
Egypt arose up a new king over E 493*b*
greater than the treasures in E 517*a*
Helen's beauty in a brow of E 357*b*
I am dying, E 324*b*
Jehovah passed from E 271*b*
o'er E 's dark sea 282*b*
Pamphylia, in E 512*a*
pass thro' the land of E 494*a*
rather a ditch in E 325*a*
the first-born in E 326*a*
there was a great cry in E 494*a*
there was corn in E 493*b*
this bruised reed, this E 496*b*
Egyptian handkerchief did an E give 362*b*
strong E fetters 322*b*
Egyptians spoiled the E 494*a*
Eigg on the starboard bow 414*b*
Eight a fellow e years old 46*b*
most devilish thing is 8 times 8 155*a*
'pieces of e !' 413*a*
seven, e , lay them straight 532*a*
Eighteen hundred and two in 1802 every monarch was insane 17*b*
Eighteen twenty born 1820 522*b*
Eildon riding down by the E Tree 528*a*
Eileen Aroon 177*a*
Einstein Let E be! 26*b*
Eiré fair hills of E 258*a*
Either how happy cd I be with e 160*a*
when Death to e shall come 37*b*
Ekenhead Leander, Mr E , and I 70*b*
Elaine E the fair 428*a*
E the lily maid 428*a*
Elamites Medes, and E 512*a*
Elates while fame e thee 281*a*
Elbow wh people come miles to see 165*a*
Elbow-chairs next suggested e 111*b*
Eld Memories of E 298*a*
palsied e 352*a*
Elder an e man not at all 14*b*
an e said as we sat in a flock 180*a*
in the e days of Art 246*b*
I said an e soldier, not a better 340*b*
I the e and more terrible 339*a*
the e unto the elect lady 518*a*
travel in the e experience 15*a*
woman take an e than herself 370*b*
Elders discourse of the e 520*b*
e and the four beasts 519*a*
one of the e answered 519*a*
Elder-tree wood and the e 119*b*
Eldest Night, e of things 273*a*
Elect knit together thine e 480*a*
Elected audacity of e persons 457*b*
Election doctrine of Particular E 135*a*
e by the incompetent many 391*a*
e is the constitution 217*a*
her e hath sealed thee 334*a*
snatched at the moment of the e 55*a*
Electrician is no longer there 26*b*
Elegance studious of e and ease 160*b*
Elegancy, facility of poesy 344*b*
Elegant e but not ostentatious 213*a*
e sufficiency, content 443*b*
Element above the e they liv'd in 325*a*
e itself, till seven years' heat 369*b*
I am not of yr e 371*b*
thy e 's below 342*a*
'Elementary,' said Holmes 135*b*
Elemented those things wh e it 134*a*
Elements amidst the wars of e 1*b*
contending with the fretful e 342*b*
e once out of it, it transmigrates 323*b*
I tax not you, you e 342*b*
my other e I give to life 325*a*
Nature that framed us of four e 259*a*
our torments become our e 272*b*
reconciles discordant e 469*a*
something that was before the e 42*a*
so mix'd the e all lay 136*b*
the e so mixed in him 341*b*
weak and beggarly e 515*b*
with the motion of all e 345*a*
Elenore where the region E ? 442*b*
Elephant an E 's child 237*a*
depths in wh an e may swim 185*b*
he thought he saw an E 85*b*
in the south suburbs, at the E 371*b*
the e 's a gentleman 233*a*
the unwieldy e 274*a*
Elephants e endorsed with towers 277*a*
place e for want of towns 419*b*
women and e never forget 572*b*
Elevation scourged us to an e 245*b*
uttering, for e of our thought 464*b*
Eleven e buckram men grown 377*b*
second e sort of chap 21*b*
tells you he's only e 164*a*
Eleventh dark e hour 236*a*
Elf a servant's a negligent e 19*b*
deceiving e 220*a*
here's not a modest maiden e 180*a*
Elfland horns of E faintly blowing 436*a*
the Road to fair E 528*a*
Elf-locks Mab bakes the e 365*a*
Elgin he stands in E 's place 136*b*
Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani? 508*a*
Elias unto none of them was E sent 509*a*
Elijah E cast his mantle upon him 496*a*
Enoch, E , and the Lady 294*b*
spirit of E doth rest upon Elisha 496*b*
Elinor 'I am afraid,' replied E 11*b*
Elisha shall E slay 496*a*
spirit of Elijah doth rest upon E 496*b*
Eliza that so did take E and James 216*a*
Elizabeth change from Jane to E 11*b*
my son's wife, E 203*b*
no scandal about Queen E 400*a*
one name was E 215*b*
Queen E 's dead 418*b*
saying ascribed to Queen E 2*a*
spacious times of great E 426*b*
that E -Jane Farfrae be not told 180*b*
Ellangowan meet on E 's height 319*b*
Ellen E of brave Lochinvar 318*a*
Peccavi wrote Lord E so proud 535*a*
Ellops Hydrus, and E drear 276*b*
Elm the signal-e 8*b*
Elms doves in immemorial e 437*a*
e , fade into dimness 7*b*
Elm-tree round the e bole 47*a*
Elope we must e methodically 170*b*
Eloped lovers e in the dark 242*a*
Eloquence Bag of Parliamentary E 81*a*
for e the soul 272*b*
intoxicated with my own e 129*b*
let my books be then the e 387*a*
mother of arts and e 277*a*
she uttereth piercing e 366*b*
talking and e are not the same 215*a*
Eloquent curse is e men 148*b*
e , just and mighty Death 308*a*
Elsewhere I wd not be e 287*a*

Elsinore stormy steep, E 76b
Elucescebat quoth our friend 45a
Elves fairy e , whose midnight revels 272a
spite of all the criticizing e 95a
stars attend thee, and the e also 189b
small e coats 356b
Ely merrily sang the monks in E 79a
my lord of E 385a
Elysian dead, but in the E fields 129a
E , windless, fortunate abodes 397b
Elysium all night sleeps in E 383a
brother he is in E 369b
what E have ye known 219a
Emanation my E far within 31b
Emathian conqueror 278b
Embalmer O soft e 221a
Embark no sadness when I e 426a
Embarking yr friends are all e 4b
Embarrassed Jack was e 73a
Embarrassing young 563a
Embattled farmers 140b
Embers by the e in hearthside ease 180a
O joy! that in our e doth live 466b
where glowing e thro' the room 268a
Emblem the pink, the e o' my dear 62b
Emblems of deeds that are done 67b
Embodiment the Law is the true e 163b
Embody I, my Lords, e the Law 163b
Embosom'd in the deep 170a
Embrace as to e me she inclined 278b
none I think do there e 260a
spirit-like, eludes e 293b
then I e and kiss 198a
then pity, then e 301a
Embraces age in her e past 309b
Embroidered sinister e on the normal 204a
Embroidery e of poetic dreams 108a
every flower that sad e wears 270a
Embroils by decision more e the fray 273a
Embryo chancellor in e 400a
Embryos and idiots 273b
Emerald a liveher e 434a
fourth, an e 520a
men of the E Isle 137b
peach of e hue 151a
sight like unto an e 518b
Emerge I shall e one day 49b
Emigrant is the inscription 247b
Emily a very good girl was Γ Jane 163a
up roos the sonne, and up roos E 89a
up rose the Sun, and up rose E 141a
Eminence bald top of an e 470a
raised to that bad e 272a
Eminent in gesture proudly e 272a
Emmanuel O come, E 286b
Emolument finds us for places of e 158a
Emotion any heart share in my e 309a
bounding at e new 9a
e recollected in tranquillity 467b
mix for ever with a sweet e 395b
morality touched by e 10a
Emotions noble grounds for e 314a
Emperor [e] is taller by my nail 417b
had he never been e 553b
heard by e and clown 220a
lie by an e 's side 362b
looking for the sacred E 35a
reign of the E Hwang 242a
tent-royal of their e 381b
yr worm is yr only e 335a
Emphyteusis is not a disease 413b
Empire another E overthrown 468a
as thy e must extend 277a
cutpurse of the e 335a
disintegration of the E 571a
e is no more than power 118a
E is on us bestowed 107b
E stands splendidly isolated 156b
every staff of e is crooked 17a
fall-off-the-Rooshan-E 125b
freedom and the unity of the e 56a
great e and little minds 56a
how is the E ? 161b
it may make us an E yet 231a
loungers of the E 136a
nor Roman, nor an e 566a
rod of e might have sway'd 174a
stay a falling e 110b
the deceased Roman E 191b
Empire (*cont*)
the e unpossessed 385a
thy tread is on an E 's dust 68a
to found a great e 403a
we'll pledge our E vast 202b
westward the course of e 28a
wide arch of the ranged e fall 322a
wilderness into a glorious e 56a
with an e 's lamentation 435a
Empire Day the meaning of E 94a
Empires day of E has come 87a
hatching vain e 272b
vaster than e , and more slow 260a
Employment chase brave e 186b
the hand of little e 330a
pleasantness of an e 11b
Empress e and flour of floures 90a
general of our gracious e. 383b
Emptier ever dancing in the air 376a
Emptiness e of ages in his face 258b
eternal smiles his e betray 303a
little e of love 40a
Empty a little louder, but as e quite 301a
e , vast, and wandering 384b
like the e words of a dream 36b
rich he hath sent e away 508b
Emulate to e his mind 169a
Emulation bloodless e 368b
by exciting e 206a
out of the teeth of e 339a
shouting their e 328a
Enable with perpetual light 491a
Enamelled quaint e eyes 270a
snake throws her e skin 350b
Enamour one of those wh most e 67b
Enamoured affliction is e 366a
methought I was e of an ass 357a
Enchanted as holy and e 101a
enter those e woods, you who dare 264b
Enchanter ghosts from an e fleeing 396a
Enchanting divine e ravishment 267a
Enchantment hence sweet e , hence! 403b
'tis distance lends e 77a
Enchantments of the Middle Ages 9a
Encounter in a free and open e 279a
Encourage kill an admiral to e 556a
Encouragement expression of no-e 35a
Encumbers him with help 206b
Encyclopaedia behind the rest 239a
End ages of hopeless e 272b
all things come to an e 489a
a' made a finer e 381b
be-all and the e -all 347a
began to draw to our e 520a
better is the e of a thing 499a
born to disastrous e 409b
but the e is not yet 507b
death, a necessary e , will come 339a
e of a perfect day 204a
e of all things is at hand 517b
e of every man's desire 421a
e of it 's sittin' an' thinkin' 230b
e of this day's business 341b
e of toil and gloom 20b
fairest things have fleetest e 441a
for some felonious e 267a
God be at my e 523a
go on till you come to the e 83b
her e is bitter as wormwood 497b
he made a good e 335b
here is my journey's e 364a
housewives' have never an e 440a
it is the e that crowns us 189b
last, and midst, and without e 471a
lest he shd make an e 215a
let my last e be like his 494a
let the e try the man 380a
let there be an e 49b
like good angels, to my e 385b
long weary day have e 408b
Lord, let me know mine e 484a
make an e the sooner 15b
makes a swan-like e 354a
makes me e , where I begun 134a
making many books there is no e 500a
mean this day to e myself 413a
miserable change now at my e 324b
my friend's intent and e 187b
my sorrows have an e 523b
our minutes hasten to their e 388a
End (*cont*)
quiet-coloured e of evening 48a
reserved for some e or other 96a
right true e of love 132b
sans Singer, and—sans E 153a
set gray life, and apathetic e 433a
silence noble till the e 420b
something ere the e 439a
so there's an e on't 528a
stand up and e you 190b
sufficeth that the day will e 341b
the e crowns all 369b
the e in sight was a vice 52a
the e of all things 124a
the e of things created 523a
the e that I have now begun 473b
the man wd die, and there an e 349a
then the e is known 341b
therefore she had a good e 257b
there's an e 379a
there's an e , I think, of kissing 40a
there's an e on't 207b
there shall I e 341b
the same thing at the e 44b
the true beginning of our e 357b
Time, will one day e it 369b
to pause, to make an e 438b
understood I the e of these men 486b
what the boys get at one e 208b
whose e is purposed by the gods 339a
wish it all at an e 58b
woos his own e 428b
world may e tonight 47b
wrought the e unthought 236a
yet the e was not ignoble 469a
Endearment a bird each fond e tries 168b
Endears falling out all the more e 436a
Endeavour a disinterested e to learn 9a
against all death's e 40a
disappointment all I e end 198a
listlessness, nor mad e 460b
nor e to convict her 419a
Endeavours are an inward light 465a
Ended our revels now are e 367b
Enderby Brides of E 203a
dark rang 'E ' 203b
Ending God send us all good e 531a
slow to begin and never e 468a
song shd here have e 270b
still e at the arrival 379a
Endless in all the e road you tread 199b
Endowed men e with highest gifts 464a
Ends best e by the best means 202a
delights have violent e 365b
divinity that shapes our e 336b
e all our month-long love 36b
e of the world are come 292b
for ever nobler e 431a
let all the e be thy country's 386a
make both e meet 158a
odd old e stol'n forth 384b
our e by our beginnings know 119b
tend to the preposterousest e 66a
worthy e and expectations 14a
Endurance e , foresight, strength 470b
patient e is godlike 247a
Endure all deaths I cd e 276a
as tempted more, more able to e 465a
but thou shalt e 488a
e not yet a breach 134a
e what can't be mended 453a
for thy peace, she shall e 315a
let us e an hour 199b
nought may e but Mutability 396a
see how our works e 228a
we first e , then pity 301a
youth's a stuff will not e 370b
Endured I had e thro' watches 443a
intolerable, not to be e 366b
much is to be e 213b
tolerable and not to be e 388b
Endures ever the faith e 185a
since to be loved e 37b
Endureth charity e all things 514b
he that e to the end 506a
his mercy e for ever 490a
Enduring power, not ourselves 10a
Endymion in E , I leaped headlong 222b
moon sleeps with E 355b
Enemies bay'd about with many e 340b
careful in the choice of his e 460b

Enemies (*cont*)
e of Caesar shall say this 339*b*
e of England be sick 199*a*
e , persecutors, and slanderers 479*a*
e shall lick the dust 486*b*
find out their e now 342*b*
giving his e the slip for ever 411*b*
his e , 'Toasted-cheese' 86*a*
I called thee to curse mine e 494*a*
if laws are their e 58*a*
left me naked to mine e 386*a*
let his e be scattered 486*a*
make e of nations 111*b*
make thine e thy footstool 489*a*
mine e that trouble me 484*b*
my most intimate e 313*a*
our e have beat us to the pit 341*b*
overthrown more than yr e 325*b*
smote his e in the hinder parts 487*a*
speak with their e in the gate 489*b*
such men my friends than e 341*b*
they will be e to laws 58*a*
to forgive e H— does pretend 30*a*
trophies unto the e of truth 41*b*
we read forgive our e 13*b*
wound the head of his e 486*b*
Enemy an e hath done this 506*b*
a weak invention of the e 95*b*
common e of man 348*b*
do be my e 30*a*
e ears are listening 566*b*
e faints not, nor faileth 96*b*
golden bridge is for a flying e 70*a*
hast thou found me, O mine e ? 496*a*
here shall he see no e 326*a*
he s an e to mankind 371*b*
he who has one e 148*b*
his e came and sowed tares 506*b*
how goes the e ? 308*b*
I impeach the common e 56*b*
last e that shall be destroyed 515*a*
mine e 's dog, tho he had bit me 344*a*
my e is dead 457*b*
my vision's greatest e 29*b*
name so terrible to the e 380*a*
near'st and dearest e 378*b*
O cunning e 351*b*
old e the gout 195*a*
O thou e , destructions are come 482*a*
put in e in their mouths 361*b*
right to be taught by the e 551*b*
security is mortals' chiefest e 349*b*
still the e and the avenger 482*a*
that sweet e France 401*b*
there he met his e 226*b*
thing devised by the e 385*a*
to the victim the spoils of the e 258*a*
worst friend and e is but Death 40*a*
Energies of our system will decay 18*a*
Energy e divine 303*b*
E is Eternal Delight 31*a*
Enforce a desperate amour 66*a*
Enforced, shows a hasty spark 341*a*
Enforcement my strong e be 326*b*
Engagement loose from every e 56*b*
Engendered I have 't, it is e 360*b*
Engine devilish iron e 408*b*
he put this e to our ears 417*b*
in dirt the reasoning e lies 309*b*
that curious e , yr white hand 454*a*
two-handed e at the door 269*b*
wit 's an unruly e 186*b*
Engineer e hoist with his petar 335*a*
wit striking sometimes the e 186*b*
Engines alone wi' God in my e 231*b*
e to play a little on our own 56*b*
O you mortal e 362*a*
England a body of E 's 40*a*
admirals all, for E 's sake 287*b*
a dust whom E bore 40*a*
alas, alas, for E 92*a*
as a lover or a child [England] 472*b*
be E what she will 94*b*
between France and E the sea 205*b*
born and bred in E 160*b*
Cambridgeshire, of all E 39*b*
chaffinch sings in E —now! 47*a*
children in E take pleasure 526*b*
coastwise lights of E 228*a*
cold queen of E 92*b*
cottage homes of E 185*a*
England (*cont*)
country men of E 292*a*
did not delay to E to carry 137*a*
earthquake were to engulf E 205*b*
E —a happy land we know 94*b*
E and Saint George! 382*a*
E ! awake! awake! 30*b*
E bashfulness in religion 2*a*
E , bound in with the sea 375*a*
E does not love coalitions 128*a*
E expects every man 287*a*
E has been in a dreadful state 121*b*
E has saved herself 297*b*
E hath need of thee 467*b*
E , Home, and Beauty 34*b*, 123*a*
E invented the phrase 17*a*
E is a garden 229*b*
E is a nation of shopkeepers 564*a*
E is a paradise for women 64*b*
E is the mother of Parliaments 38*a*
E mourns for her dead 28*b*
E , my E 185*a*
E , my own 185*a*
E 's Alfred named 435*a*
E 's being hammered 227*a*
E 's green and pleasant bowers 30*b*
E 's green and pleasant land 31*b*
E shall bide till Judgement 236*a*
E s high Chancellor 216*b*
E 's Milton equals both in fame 109*a*
E 's on the anvil 227*a*
E 's the one land, I know 39*b*
E 's Walhalla 453*b*
E 's winding sheet 29*b*
E , that was wont to conquer 375*a*
E to be the workshop of world 128*a*
E under the dregs of men 26*a*
E was merry E 318*a*
E , we love thee better 415*b*
E , where they are most potent 361*a*
ere E s griefs began 168*a*
Florence, Elizabeth in E 203*a*
foreign field that is forever E 40*a*
France influenced manners in E 57*a*
further off from E 83*b*
gentlemen in E , now a-bed 383*a*
get me to E once again 39*b*
go anywhere in E 390*a*
God-gifted organ-voice of E 427*a*
Greece, Italy and E 141*a*
green fields of E 96*b*
happy is E 221*a*
heralds of E 's marshal 93*b*
here did E help me 47*b*
he that is mad, and sent into E 336*b*
high road that leads him to E 207*a*
history of E is of progress 254*a*
Honour unto E 's Jane 230*b*
how can I help E ? 47*b*
I am E s queen 231*b*
I am in E , everywhere 42*a*
if E to itself do rest but true 374*b*
if E was what E seems 233*b*
in E seven halfpenny loaves sold 384*a*
in E 's song for ever 287*b*
in regard to this aged E 147*b*
insignificant men as any in E 450*a*
Ireland gives E her soldiers 264*b*
it was never merry world in E 384*a*
I've a hundred captains in E 531*a*
knew what E means 92*a*
know of E who only E know? 228*b*
knuckle-end of E 404*a*
light such a candle in E 242*b*
let not E forget her precedence 279*b*
linking our E to his Italy 51*b*
lost the last of E 27*a*
martial airs of E 454*a*
men of E wherefore plough 399*a*
men of light and leading in E 57*b*
men that worked for E 92*a*
mythic time of E 's prime 294*a*
no amusements in E but vice 404*b*
noon strikes on E 154*b*
nor, E ! did I know till then 467*a*
not the E of our dreams 233*b*
oats in E given to horses 212*b*
O E , full of sin 186*b*
O E ! model to thy greatness 381*b*
of a king of E too 145*a*
of all the trees in E 119*b*
England (*cont*)
oh, to be in E 47*a*
old E is lost 209*a*
old E is our home 201*a*
old E to adorn 236*a*
oldest singer that E bore 423*a*
on E 's pleasant pastures 31*a*
or E breed again such a king 137*a*
our banner of England flew 426*b*
our noble E s praise 252*a*
pastoral heart of E 307*b*
proud E keep untamed 136*b*
roast beef of E 151*a*
Rome in this realm of *E* 491*b*
seeing a worse E 209*b*
shire the heart of E all 137*a*
since he stood for E 92*a*
slaves cannot breathe in E 111*b*
sleep in Old E s heart 453*b*
some love E and her honour yet 438*a*
stately homes of E 184*b*
such night in E never had been 252*a*
suspended in favour of E 390*a*
take my drum to E 287*b*
ten thousand of those men in E 383*a*
the Man of E circled 263*a*
the meteor flag of E 78*a*
the royal navy of E 28*b*
they that rule in E 92*a*
this E never did, nor never shall 374*b*
this is E 's greatest son 435*a*
this realm, this E 375*a*
thoughts by E given 40*a*
three good men unhanged in E 377*b*
to ensure summer in E 449*b*
to ride in E to take a prey 530*b*
wake up E 161*b*
walk upon E 's mountains 31*a*
we are the people of E 93*a*
what appears in E s case 108*a*
where an immortal E sits 92*b*
where rest not E 's dead 184*b*
while E talked of ale 93*a*
who dies if E live 229*a*
whoever wakes in E 47*a*
whose limbs were made in E 382*a*
with E s own coal 227*b*
with the crews at E 's feet 76*b*
ye Mariners of E 77*b*
you gentlemen of E 292*a*
you poison E at her roots 34*a*
youth of E are on fire 381*b*
English a body breathing E air 40*a*
a boy, half French half E 383*b*
a happy E child 424*b*
Alfred came to be an E king 91*b*
Allah created the E mad 230*b*
among the E poets after my death 223*a*
an E Flag was flown 228*b*
an E unofficial rose 39*b*
as E an article as a beefsteak 182*b*
best thing in fiction E done 460*b*
between E earth and sky 185*a*
breeds hard E men 226*a*
buy my E posies 229*a*
characteristic of the E monarchy 17*b*
E a foul-mouthed nation 183*b*
E army led by an Irish general 391*a*
E bid adieu to common feeling 405*a*
E least pure philosophers 17*b*
E little inferior to the Scotch 289*b*
E man not travel to see E men 411*a*
E summer 's done 231*b*
E *talent pour le silence* 81*a*
E they be and Japanee 233*b*
E winter—ending in July 71*b*
false E Nobles and their Jew 294*a*
find one E book as in the *Iliad* 10*a*
fine old E gentleman 524*b*
freedom an E subject's 141*b*
ghost will walk in an E lane 46*a*
God's patience and the king s E 355*b*
good E hospitality 33*a*
heart with E instinct fraught 136*b*
he off E -making was the beste 251*a*
if he went among the E 21*b*
marks our E dead 234*b*
my native E , now I must forego 374*b*
nor any E thing 91*b*
only the E make it their abode 449*a*
O noble E ! 381*b*

English (*cont*)
on, on, you noblest E ! 382*a*
O when shall E men 137*a*
principle of the E constitution 28*b*
really nice E people 390*a*
rolling E drunkard 93*a*
rolling E road 93*a*
shed one E tear o'er E dust 252*b*
strung them on an E thread 250*b*
sunny gems on an E green 433*b*
sweet as E air cd make her 435*b*
take of E earth as much 227*b*
talent of our E nation 141*b*
that an E lord shd lightly me! 531*a*
there was not E armour left 91*b*
till the E grew polite 228*b*
to attain an E style 213*a*
to make his E swete 88*b*
to the E (empire) of the sea 80*a*
trick of our E nation 379*b*
under an E heaven 40*a*
upon one pair of E legs 382*a*
up with our E dead 382*a*
we be all good E men 437*b*
well of E undefyled 409*a*
wet bird-haunted E lawn 7*a*
when the E began to hate 227*a*
when you can't think of the E 84*a*
white is the E child 32*b*
winged heels, as E Mercuries 381*b*
yr Saxon-Danish-Norman E 118*b*
Englishman an E thinks he is moral 390*b*
as I am an E 297*a*
broad-shouldered, genial E 437*a*
Brother, E, and Friend 469*b*
E, being flattered, is a lamb 87*a*
E is content to say nothing 210*a*
E's heaven-born privilege 9*b*
E whose heart is in a matter 17*b*
E who speaketh against ale 34*a*
he is an E ! 166*a*
he remains an E 166*a*
never find an E in the wrong 391*a*
no E unmoved 166*b*
not one E 450*a*
one E cd beat three Frenchmen 2*a*
ordinary young E 9*b*
she woo'd an E 528*a*
the last great E is low 435*a*
thorough an E as ever coveted 226*b*
vain ill-natured thing an E 118*b*
what an E believes be heresy? 391*b*
Englishmen absurd nature of E 296*a*
and E are we 201*a*
proper drink of E 34*a*
we will be honest E 226*a*
when two E meet 213*a*
you will not find E doing it 391*a*
Engross pens a stanza when he shd e 303*a*
Enjoy after that to e it [life] 404*a*
can neither, when we will e 7*a*
e things wh others understand 469*a*
he can thoroughly e the pepper 83*a*
let me e the earth no less 180*a*
Light, wh I can never e 95*a*
more we e it, more it dies 117*a*
so as in due time we may e them 479*a*
so I both e and miss her 198*a*
we prize not whiles we e it 359*a*
who can e alone 275*b*
with what I most e contented least 387*a*
you never e the world aright 445*a*
Enjoyed all times I have e greatly 438*b*
e in vision beatific 272*a*
human life is little to be e 213*b*
if not e it sighing cries 117*a*
supinely e the gifts of the founder 161*b*
to have e the sun 5*b*
Enjoying all e, what contentment 275*b*
belief of truth wh is the e of it 14*a*
think, oh think, it worth e 139*a*
Enjoyment a day in such serene e 280*a*
question was it done with e ? 314*b*
unless it from e spring 445*a*
Enjoyments pleasant if it were not for its e 417*a*
Enjoys e the air it breathes 471*a*
the King e his own again 292*b*
Enlarge e diminish interline 419*b*
e my life with multitude of days 214*a*
Enmesh me, and impute my Fall 154*a*
Enmity e under the smile of safety 379*b*
nor all that-is at e with joy 466*b*
Enna that fair field of E 274*a*
Eno soar with E 412*b*
Enoch walked with God 492*b*
Enormous thro' the Sacred Town 26*b*
Enough eaten oysters never had e 163*a*
e for nature's ends 257*a*
e, he died the death of fame 317*a*
e, if something from our hands 463*b*
e of science and of art 471*b*
first cries, 'hold, e' 351*a*
I 'aven't 'ad e 535*b*
it is e that, thro' Thy Grace 232*b*
patriotism is not e 86*b*
saith not, it is e 499*a*
'tis e, 'twill serve 365*b*
was it not e ? 390*a*
yet are they only not e 35*b*
Enquire e wisely concerning this 499*a*
the pace is too good to e 289*a*
Enraged I write, I know not what 176*b*
Enrich e my heart, mouth, hands 187*a*
e unknowing Nations 117*a*
Enriched thou hast e both 36*a*
Enriches robs me of that wh not e 361*b*
Enrichment of our native language 142*a*
Ensample noble e to his sheep 88*b*
Ensham above by E 8*b*
Ensign beauty's e yet is crimson 366*b*
tear her tattered e down 194*a*
Enskyed and sainted 351*a*
Enslave education impossible to e 40*b*
Ensnared hath thus e my soul 364*a*
Entente name of 'E Cordial' 535*a*
Enter all hope abandon, ye who e 566*b*
although I e not 440*b*
e thou into the joy of thy Lord 508*a*
too late! ye cannot e now 427*b*
wh [stars] e unannounced 99*a*
Entered he e, but he e full of wrath 218*a*
Entergraft so to e our hands 132*b*
Enterprise e is sick 368*b*
hazard in the glorious e 271*a*
nurse of heroic e is gone 57*a*
period, power and e 403*a*
Enterprises e of great pith 333*a*
impediments to great e 14*b*
Enters bent on him that e next 376*a*
Entertain e a cheerful disposition 375*a*
e divine Zenocrate 259*b*
e us with no worth 449*a*
forgetful to e strangers 517*a*
some second guest to e 133*b*
speculations to e the learned 201*b*
you, sir, I e for one of my hundred 343*a*
Entertaining very e to myself 104*b*
Entertainment dull thy palm with e 330*b*
human knee is not an e 178*b*
invent some other custom of e 361*a*
principal features of my E 451*a*
what lenten e 332*b*
Enthrall except you e me 133*a*
Enthralled virtue may be assailed but not e 267*b*
Enthusiasm e moves the world 18*a*
nothing great achieved without e 148*a*
studious martyr to mild e 45*b*
Enthusiasts few e speak the truth 18*a*
Entire e and perfect chrysolite 363*b*
e and whole and perfect 409*b*
if thy Faith is e, press onward 37*a*
Entrails in the poisoned e throw 349*b*
swords in our own proper e 341*b*
Entrance beware of e to a quarrel 330*b*
croaks the fatal e of Duncan 346*b*
grow slack from my first e in 188*b*
Entrances their exits and their e 326*b*
Entrancing it is to wander 35*a*
Entrap times put on to e 354*a*
Entreat e me not to leave thee 495*a*
not missed by any that e 43*a*
Entuned in hir nose ful semely 88*b*
Entwine itself verdantly still 281*b*
Environ what perils do e the man 65*a*
Environed with a great ditch 116*a*
Envy America the e of the world 55*b*
death extinguisheth e 14*a*
e and calumny and hate and pain 392*b*
Envy (*cont*)
e and wrath shorten the life 520*b*
e, hatred, and malice 478*b*
e is a kind of praise 160*b*
e never makes holiday 13*b*
e of less happier lands 375*a*
e of thy happy lot 219*b*
e's a coal comes hissing hot 18*a*
e's a sharper spur than pay 160*b*
e, ye great, the dull unlettered 113*a*
has she no faults then (E says) 299*b*
I e not in any moods the captive 430*a*
my means may lie too low for e 107*a*
whose guile, stirr'd up with e 270*b*
Epaulet I cd have worn 444*a*
Ephesians Diana of the E 512*b*
Ephesus beasts at E 515*a*
Ephod linen e 495*a*
Ephraim E also is the strength 485*b*
grapes of E 495*a*
Epic forgot his e, nay Pindaric wit 303*b*
the legend of an e hour 92*b*
Epictetus everything, saith E, hath two handles 64*a*
Mrs Carter cd translate E 206*a*
Epicurus a true hog of E' herd 543*a*
he was E owne sone 88*b*
I held E strong 341*a*
Epicycle cycle and e 275*b*
Epigram what is an E ? 100*b*, 527*b*
Epilogue good play needs no e 328*a*
Epistle wordy and lengthy e 549*a*
Epistles obscure e of love 370*b*
Epitaph believe a woman or an e 72*a*
better have a bad e 332*b*
not remembered in thy e 379*a*
surely that may be his e 412*b*
the e drear 'a Fool lies here' 233*a*
Epitaphs a nice derangement of e. 400*b*
let's talk of worms, and e 375*b*
talking of E 19*a*
Epithet fair is too foul an e for thee 259*b*
Epithets e of war 359*b*
sensitive to e like these 26*a*
Epitome all mankind's e 138*b*
London is the e of our times 147*a*
Equal all e are within the Church's 186*b*
all men are created e 245*a*
all shall e be 163*b*
compel us to be e upstairs 21*b*
deemed e in strength 272*a*
e division of unequal earnings 146*a*
I am e and whole 422*a*
thine e knew I never 157*a*
tho' equal to all things 169*b*
vain treat them as if they were e 157*b*
Equality E ! Fraternity ! 566*a*
never be e in the servants' hall 21*b*
true apostles of e 9*b*
Equalled with me in fate 273*a*
Equals awkward society of his e 239*a*
friendship commerce between e 170*b*
least of all between e 16*a*
Equator quarrellin' wi' the e 289*b*
speak disrespectfully of the E 404*a*
when they got as far as the E 440*b*
Equestrian Grand E Troop 195*a*
Equinoctial gales 525*a*
Equinox when was the e ? 42*b*
Equivocate I will not e 158*b*
Equivocator faith here's an e. 348*a*
Equivocation e of the fiend 351*a*
e will undo us 336*b*
Ercles this is E' vein 356*a*
Erebus affections dark as E 355*b*
not E itself were dim enough 338*b*
Erect godlike e, with native honour 274*a*
grows e, as that comes home 134*a*
of far nobler shape e and tall 274*a*
stood e, caught at God's skirts 47*b*
unless above himself he can e 464*b*
Erecting there e new 260*b*
Eremite nature's patient E 220*b*
Eremites and friars 273*b*
Eric call me E 150*b*
Ericking any beastly E 237*b*
Erin anthem of 'E go bragh' 76*b*
a poor Exile of E 76*b*
E the tear and the smile 281*a*
Eros Anteros and E 441*a*
E !—I come, my queen 324*b*

Eros (*cont*)
unarm, E 324*b*
Err better to e with Pope 72*a*
not e, who say when the Poet dies 317*a*
the most may e as grossly 138*b*
to e is human 300*b*
you're mortal and may e 401*a*
Errand joyous E reach the spot 154*a*
the warlike e went 252*b*
what thy e here below? 240*a*
Errands e for the Ministers of State 163*b*
meet to be sent on e 340*b*
Erred, and strayed from thy ways 478*a*
Erring a rod to check the e 463*b*
Error a gross e, held in schools 160*b*
all men are liable to e 246*a*
double e sometimes sets us right 18*a*
e a fault and truth discourtesy 186*b*
e is immense 33*b*
if this be e, and upon me proved 389*a*
in endless e hurled 301*a*
in religion, what damned e 354*a*
it is the very e of the moon 363*b*
many an e by the same example 354*b*
mountainous e 328*a*
O hateful e 341*b*
rashly charged the troops of e 41*b*
show a man that he is in an e 246*a*
stronger than all the hosts of e 53*a*
Errors e, like straws 141*a*
e of a wise man make yr rule 29*a*
make us adore our e 324*a*
more harmful than reasoned e 203*a*
to her share some female e fall 302*b*
Erump excede, evade, e 194*b*
Eruption strange e to our state 329*b*
Esau E is a hairy man 493*a*
E selleth his birthright 523*a*
E was a cunning hunter 493*a*
the hands are the hands of E 493*a*
Escalus one thing to be tempted, E 351*a*
Escape also make a way to e 514*b*
beauty for some provides e 202*b*
e me? never 48*a*
few e that distinction 447*a*
let me ever e them 490*b*
let no guilty man e 173*a*
man may e from rope 159*b*
Escapes hair-breadth 'scapes 360*a*
painful e of fitful life 35*b*
Escapeth the sword of Hazael 469*a*
Eschew evil 484*a*
Eskdale march, E and Liddesdale 320*a*
Esperance! Percy! and set on 379*a*
Espouse the everlasting Sea 472*b*
Espoused my fairest, my e 274*b*
Espy a fair pretty maid 525*b*
Esquire he was an e 's son 531*b*
Essays worse e proved thee my best 389*a*
Essence a fellowship with e 217*b*
his glassy e, like an angry ape 351*b*
uncompounded is their e pure 271*b*
Essene Erastian Whig 92*b*
Essex in E at Dunmowe 89*b*
Savill was asked by my Lord of E 13*b*
Estate condescend to men of low e 513*b*
e, good fame 146*b*
e o' the world were now undone 351*a*
fallen from his high e 139*a*
gentleman who had a great e 522*a*
have you an e in Greenland? 177*a*
he had his jest, and they had his e 138*b*
he steals yr whole e 159*b*
high or lowly, and ordered their e 3*a*
holy e of Matrimony 481*b*
mind, body, or e 479*a*
nor born in any high e 3*b*
not despised low e of the poor 483*a*
sat a Fourth E more important 81*a*
the low e of his handmaiden 508*b*
the relief of man's e 13*a*
when I am grown to man's e 414*a*
when I came to man's e 372*a*
whose life in low e began 430*b*
Estates Burke said there were Three E 81*a*
e, degrees, and offices 353*b*
flies of e and sunshine 188*a*
Esteem coward in thine own e 347*a*
they give to get e 170*a*
Esteemed better be vile than vile e 389*a*
Esteemed (*cont*)
we e him not 503*a*
Estimate it holds his e and dignity 369*a*
like enough thou know'st thy e 388*b*
Estranged God's providence e 196*a*
Estranging unplumbed, salt, e sea 6*b*
Estridges all plumed like e 378*b*
Et tu, Brute! 339*a*
Eternal abode where the E are 392*b*
a portion of the E 302*b*
but an e now does always last 106*b*
deaf and silent, read'st the e deep 466*b*
energy is E Delight 31*a*
e glory thou shalt win 54*a*
e Passion! e Pain 7*a*
e summer gilds them yet 70*b*
ever in themselves e 78*a*
fish say, in the E Brook 39*b*
his trust was with th' E 272*a*
it keeps e whisperings 221*a*
let us put into their 'F' 10*a*
of th' E co-eternal beam 273*a*
only the sleep e in an e night 422*a*
the E Power, not ourselves 10*b*
Eternities conflux of two E 80*b*
I play for Seasons, not E 264*a*
the past, the future, two e 282*a*
Eternity becomes a babe in E 29*b*
damned from here to E 229*b*
dazzles at it, as at e 447*b*
deserts of vast e 260*a*
E in an hour 29*a*
E is in love with time 31*a*
E shut in a span 115*a*
E 's too short to utter 2*a*
e! thou pleasing, dreadful thought 1*b*
e was in our lips 322*b*
e was in that moment 104*b*
from the hid battlements of E 442*a*
I gave you e 390*a*
intimates e to man 1*b*
into E, at night will return 80*a*
I saw E the other night 448*b*
lives in E 's sunrise 30*b*
make the mighty ages of e 82*a*
memorial from the Soul's e 311*b*
opes the palace of E 266*b*
out of E this new Day 80*a*
passing thro' nature to e 329*b*
Pilgrim of E 392*a*
rise to all e 455*b*
sells e to get a toy 386*b*
silence is deep as E 80*a*
Silence is of E 81*b*
skill'd to sing of Time or E 427*a*
Soul that art the e of thought 465*b*
speak of e without a solecism 41*b*
spy some shadows of e 448*a*
'stablished its borders unto all e 231*a*
stains the white radiance of E 392*b*
sweet e of love 189*b*
teasc us out of thought as doth e 219*b*
the image of e 69*b*
the latest flakes of E 24*a*
the sabbaths of E 438*a*
thoughts that wander thro' e 272*b*
throughout all E, I forgive you 31*b*
troubles are from e 200*a*
types and symbols of F 471*a*
ultimate outpost of e 312*a*
where I to thee E shall give 137*b*
where the day joins the past E 69*a*
Ethelberta breathed a sort of exclamation 180*b*
Ether an ampler e 467*b*
bottle labelled 'E' 46*a*
thro' delicatest e feathering 294*b*
Etherized like a patient e 144*b*
Ethiop jewel in an E 's ear 365*a*
swear Juno but an E were 345*a*
Ethiopian change his skin 503*b*
Etiquette isn't e to cut anyone 85*b*
Eton E boys grown heavy 305*a*
playing-fields of E 454*b*
Etrurian th' E shades 271*b*
Ettrick march, E and Teviotdale 320*a*
Euclid E alone has looked on Beauty 266*a*
worked a love-story into E 136*a*
Eugene our good Prince E 406*a*
Eugene Aram E, tho' a thief 75*b*
E walked between 196*a*
Eunuch e Castlereagh 70*a*
kind of moral e 397*a*
Time's e 198*a*
Euphelia serves to grace 366*a*
Eureka! (I have found!) 559*a*
Euripides chorus-ending from E 45*a*
our E, the human 44*a*
Europe better fifty years of E 432*b*
England has saved E by her example 297*b*
E is disclosed as a prone figure 179*b*
E made his woe her own 6*a*
E 's Liberator—still enslaved 71*b*
glory of E is extinguished 57*a*
lamps are going out all over E 177*a*
slain this year in E 450*a*
Spain, or any prince of E 145*a*
that sheep-worry of E 38*a*
the sick man of E, the Turk 504*b*
through Γ to the Aetolian shore 6*a*
where will E 's latter hour 6*b*
Eurydice half-regained E 269*a*
Eustace is a man no longer 226*b*
Evaded revolutions are not to be e 129*a*
Evangelist honour unto Luke E 312*b*
seal'd the lips of that E 430*a*
Eve a child of our grandmother E 344*b*
as thro' the land at e we went 436*a*
bat that flits at close of e 29*a*
E from his side arose 528*a*
E, with her basket 192*a*
E, with her body white 192*a*
every e I say 36*b*
fairest of her daughters E 274*a*
from noon to dewy e 272*a*
in dim Eden by E 's nightingales 119*a*
like a toad, close at the ear of E 274*b*
nor E the rites mysterious 274*b*
old as the story of Adam and E 47*b*
one of E 's family 195*b*
O pensive E 103*a*
shd God create another E 276*b*
so curses all E 's daughters 356*a*
the fallen sons of E 93*b*
the son of Adam and of E 305*b*
the tranquil hour, purpureal E 464*a*
thy breathing tresses, meekest E 103*a*
to E Be soon 441*b*
we lose our Edens, F and I 52*b*
when Adam delved and E span 178*b*, 527*b*
when E upon the first of Men 194*b*
Evejar spins the brown e 263*b*
Evelyn Hope is dead 46*b*
Even at e ere the sun 447*a*
at e thou shalt say 494*b*
deep and crisp and e 286*b*
depth of waters stilled at e 311*b*
give me a canny hour at e 60*b*
grey-hooded E like a sad votarist 267*a*
I was heavy with the e 441*b*
the last pale beam of e 309*a*
would God it were e 494*b*
Even-fall brought him home at e 436*b*
Evening addressed its e hours 415*a*
all that ever went with e dress 234*a*
and yet the E listens 221*a*
but in the e it is cut down 487*b*
come in the e, or in the morning 118*a*
dews of the e most carefully shun 91*a*
each e sees it close 249*a*
e and the morning the first day 492*a*
e full of linnets' wings 475*b*
e is spread out against the sky 144*b*
e must usher night 392*a*
e on the olden Sea of Wales 154*b*
here comes the cool of e 405*b*
in the e withhold not thine hand 499*b*
it is a beauteous e 467*a*
it was a summer's e 406*a*
like an e gone 453*a*
mid the cool airs of e lay 282*b*
never morning wore to e 429*b*
now came still e on 274*a*
quiet-coloured end of e smiles 48*a*
sadly descends the autumn e 7*b*
Soup of the e, beautiful Soup 83*a*
sweet the coming on of grateful e 274*b*
the e of my age 313*b*
those e bells! those e bells! 282*a*
to his labour until the e 488*b*

Evening (*cont*)
wearing out life's e gray 211*b*
welcome peaceful e in 112*a*
when e shuts 50*b*
when it is e, ye say fair weather 507*a*
wish him a rainy e to read this 450*a*
yr shadow at e rising to meet you 144*b*
Evenings he comes on chosen e 137*b*
long dark autumn-e come 45*a*
Evening-star moon's and e's at once 48*a*
Evensong belles ringeth to e 182*b*
day has run but to the e 189*a*
dead herself ere e 529*b*
Event an e has happened 56*a*
heaviness foreruns the good e 380*b*
one e happeneth to them all 499*a*
one far-off divine e 431*a*
Eventide fast falls the e 251*b*
Events coming e cast their shadows 77*a*
I claim not to have controlled e 245*a*
many e in the womb of time 360*b*
terrible e are welcome 324*b*
Ever e of thee I'm fondly dreaming 245*b*
for e, and for e, farewell, Cassius 341*a*
for e with the Lord 280*a*
gone for e and e by 433*b*
grow for e and for e 436*a*
long life even for e and e 483*a*
now, and e shall be 478*a*
what *never*? hardly e! 166*a*
Everlasting corn stood from e to e 445*a*
e things that matter 245*b*
I choose an e night 133*a*
I have caught an e cold 454*b*
shineth the e light 40*a*
the L had not fix'd his canon 330*a*
thy e mercy, Christ 262*a*
Everlastingness shoots of e 448*a*
Everybody always suspect e 125*a*
business of e is of nobody 254*a*
e does too much 186*a*
e has his own theatre 181*a*
e saw with joy 192*b*
e's business is nobody's business 450*b*
Everyone e is more or less mad 237*b*
e suddenly burst out singing 316*a*
e will say, as you walk yr way 165*a*
God bless us e 121*b*
stop e from doing it 186*a*
let's find out what e is doing 186*a*
when e is somebodee 163*b*
Everything a place for e, and e in its place 403*a*
e almost wh is Nature's 398*b*
e by starts, and nothing long 138*b*
e did banish moan 20*b*
e goes contrary 121*b*
e is good for something 141*b*
e that heard him play 385*b*
e that lives, lives not alone 29*b*
he wd know something of e 524*a*
let e that hath breath 490*b*
sans e 326*b*
to e there is a season 499*a*
with e that pretty is 328*b*
Everywhere e that Mary went 177*b*
Heaven is e at home 92*b*
out of the e into here 256*a*
what is e believed 554*b*
Eves summer e by haunted stream 269*a*
Evidence circumstantial e is convincing 135*b*
compell'd to give in e 334*b*
faith the e of things not seen 517*a*
it's not e 126*b*
some circumstantial e is strong 444*a*
Evil all constraint is e 112*b*
all partial e, universal good 301*a*
all they imagine is to do me e 485*b*
because their deeds were e 510*b*
be not overcome of e 513*b*
better is by e still made better 389*a*
by e report and good report 515*a*
care not a man is Good or E 30*b*
charity thinketh no e 514*b*
clear the land of e 234*b*
coppersmith did me much e 516*b*
deliver us from e 505*b*
do e, that good may come 513*a*
done this e in thy sight 485*a*
eschew e, and do good 484*a*
Evil (*cont*)
E be thou my Good 273*b*
e is present with me 513*a*
e is wrought by want of thought 196*a*
e wh I wd not, that I do 513*a*
forgiveness free of e done 228*a*
government is but a necessary e 291*b*
his good and his e 62*b*
hypocrisy, the only e 273*b*
I will fear no e 483*a*
know how to refuse the e 501*b*
knowledge of good and e 492*a*
love of money is the root of all e 516*b*
maketh his sun to rise on the e 505*a*
man's heart is e from his youth 492*b*
no man is justified in doing e 310*b*
not rendering e for e 517*b*
obscures the show of e 354*a*
of moral e and of good 471*b*
punishment prevention from e 258*a*
resist not e 505*a*
some soul of goodness in things e 382*b*
spirits wh serve things e 397*a*
still to find means of e 271*a*
sufficient unto the day is the e 505*b*
the e that men do lives after 339*b*
them that call e good 501*a*
there shall no e happen unto thee 487*b*
this heart, all e shed away 40*a*
thing of e—prophet still 298*b*
tho' fall'n on e days 275*a*
tongue is an unruly e 517*b*
to resist the e and the good to do 3*a*
Vice itself lost half its e 57*a*
what all the blessed E's for 45*a*
with Predestined E round enmesh 154*a*
wi' tippenny, we fear nae e 63*a*
Evils death the least of all e 16*b*
don't let us make imaginary e 170*b*
must expect new e 15*b*
notes are necessary e 213*b*
pitch our e there 351*b*
torments from e never arrived 147*a*
two weak e, age and hunger 326*b*
turn from us all those e 479*a*
when e are most free 338*b*
Evolution e is a change for homogeneity 408*a*
some call it e 86*a*
Evolved imperfectly e in our heads 390*b*
Ewa-yea my little owlet 248*b*
Ewe black ram is tupping yr e 359*b*
whereof the e not bites 367*b*
Ewer as safe in a golden e 46*a*
Ewes my e breed not 21*a*
Ewigheit afay in de e 244*b*
Exact greatness not to be e 55*a*
Exactness with e grinds he all 248*a*
Exaggerated reports of my death e 573*a*
Exalt whosoever shall e himself 507*b*
Exalted e them of low degree 508*b*
humble himself shall be e 507*b*
knock at a star with my e head 189*b*
Exalteth whosoever e himself 509*b*
Exalts what man does wh e him 51*b*
Examinations are formidable 103*b*
Examine me, O Lord 483*b*
Example e is more efficacious 213*b*
e is the school of mankind 58*a*
George III profit by their e 185*b*
lower orders set us a good e 460*a*
many an error, by the same e 354*b*
my great e, as it is my theme 119*b*
Exampled by the first Pace 368*b*
Excavating for a mine 280*b*
Excel Bethlehem thou dost all e 86*b*
by different methods men e 94*b*
crime's so great as daring to e 94*b*
teach others who themselves e 300*a*
where none admire, 'tis useless to e 251*b*
Excellence faults nearly allied to e 170*b*
in new e divine is old forgot? 36*a*
stewards of their e 388*b*
Excellency of art is its intensity 222*a*
Excellent embodiment of everything that's e 163*b*
e herbs had our fathers 233*a*
'E!' I cried 'Elementary' 135*b*
e thing in woman 344*a*
e wretch!..but I do love thee 361*b*
Excellent (*cont*)
learning is most e 155*b*
nature never makes e things 246*a*
the things that are more e 452*b*
Excelling distinction of e in his kind 104*a*
Silvia is e 372*b*
Excels she e each mortal thing 372*b*
Excelsior strange device, E! 247*a*
Except e my life 332*a*
e the Lord build the house 489*b*
e the present company 290*b*
Exception admits not some e 64*a*
Excess best things carried to e 95*a*
e leads to the palace of wisdom 31*a*
e of glory obscur'd 272*a*
give me e of it 369*b*
nothing in e 560*b*
not the drinking but the e 321*a*
so much poverty and e 295*b*
surprise by a fine e 222*b*
there is moderation even in e 130*a*
to some divine e 103*a*
wasteful and ridiculous e 374*a*
wise thro' e of wisdom 148*a*
Exchange by just e one for the other 401*b*
I wd not e thy sullen skies 111*b*
Excise a hateful tax 212*b*
Exciseman other an e 170*b*
The De'il's Awa' Wi' the E 60*a*
Exciting he found it less e 163*a*
Exclaim no more against it 361*b*
Excommunicate from all the joys 79*b*
Excursion frowzy poem the 'E' 71*a*
Excuse an e for the glass 400*b*
began to make e 509*b*
denial vain, and coy e 269*a*
surely he's without e 527*b*
'tis an e every man will plead 321*a*
Excused I pray thee have me e 509*b*
Execution fitter for e than counsel 16*a*
their stringent e 173*a*
there shall be due E upon them 491*a*
wh smok'd with bloody e 346*a*
Executions marriage and public e 130*a*
Executive legislative nominated by the e 162*a*
Executors delivering o'er to e pale 381*b*
let's choose e, and talk of wills 375*b*
Exercise bear my sword when I do e 108*b*
I do not e myself in great matters 490*a*
sad mechanic e 429*b*
the wise, for cure on e depend 140*a*
what e is to the body 410*b*
Exeter Bedford and E 383*a*
Exhalation fabric huge rose like an e 272*a*
fled like some frail e 392*b*
Exhausted e worlds imagin'd new 213*b*
range of e volcanoes 128*b*
Exhausting thought hiving wisdom 68*b*
Exile a kiss long as my e 328*b*
a poor E of Erin 76*b*
bind yr sons to e 236*b*
there I die in e 541*a*
twelve years he suffered in e 261*a*
Exiles e from our fathers' land 320*b*
Paradise of e, Italy 395*a*
woe wh none save e feel 12*b*
Existence before we have e 238*b*
discuss the struggle for e 117*b*
every e wd exist in Thee 38*b*
e is a mere miracle 413*b*
e saw him spurn her reign 213*b*
let us contemplate e 124*a*
when e or when hope is gone 11*b*
woman's whole e 70*a*
Exit *e, pursued by a bear* 373*a*
shakes his head and e 400*a*
Exits doors for men to take their e 454*b*
they have their e 326*b*
Exorciser no e harm thee 329*a*
Expanse grey e where he floats 6*a*
oft of one wide e had I been told 220*b*
Expansion not a breach, but an e. 134*a*
Expatiates in a life to come 300*b*
Expect country that eager hearts e 286*a*
folly to e men to do all 456*a*
how can he e that others shd 470*a*
what else did you e? 46*b*
what we least e 129*b*
you'd scarce e one of my age 149*b*

Expectancy and rose of the fair state 333b
Expectant e of her 440b
  e wee thing 59b
Expectation a good plot full of e 377a
  bids e rise 168a
  e, and desire 469b
  e whirls me round 369a
  he hath better bettered e 358a
  now sits E in the air 381b
  singing songs of e 20b
Expectations worthy ends and e 14a
Expected reasonably be e to do 456a
Expects blessed who e nothing 304a
  England e every man 287a
Expediency evil on the ground of e 310b
Expedient all things are not e 514b
  e for you that I go 511a
  it is e for us one man shd die 511a
  to pursue the e 169b
Expel one passion doth e another 87b
Expenditure nineteen nineteen six 122a
Expense drinking at somebody else's e 244b
  moan the e of a vanish'd sight 387b
  repay the trouble and e 25b
  who wd be at the e of two? 96b
Expenses of living 444a
Expensive I love fruit when it's e 297a
Experience by e wise 303a
  by long e, and in learned schools 3b
  can go beyond his e 246a
  dirty nurse, E 428b
  e is an arch wherethro' gleams 438b
  e is never limited 204b
  e is the child of Thought 130a
  e is the name to their mistakes 460a
  e joined with common sense 175b
  e keeps a dear school 157a
  e of woman over many nations 136a
  e teaches slowly 157b
  great e of this world 145a
  insight worth a life's e 194b
  knowledge recorded e 80a
  Old Age and E 309b
  perfected by e 16a
  till old e do attain 268b
  travel is a part of e 15a
  triumph of hope over e 208a
  true e from this great event 278a
Experienced nothing real till e 223a
Experientia does it 122a
Experiment a great social e 196b
  desist from the e in despair 238b
  full tide of successful e 204b
  political e of democracy 390b
Expiate death my days shd e 387a
Expire I tremble, I e 393b
Expires blazes, and e 72b
  the wretched child e 26a
Expiring thus e do foretell of him 374b
Explain e his explanation 70a
  I can e all the poems 85a
  I can't e *myself* 82b
Explanation explain his e 70a
Explanations I do loathe e 21b
Expletives their feeble aid do join 300a
Exploit for dignity and high e 272a
Exploration chant of pleasant e 457b
Exposed more e to suffering 465a
  much e to authors 455a
  on the bare earth e he lies 139a
Exposes himself when intoxicated 210a
Exposition of sleep 357a
Exposure unseemly e of the mind 183b
Express beauty picture cannot e 16a
  may I e thee unblamed 273a
  speech not to e our wants 170b
Expressed but ne'er so well e 300a
Expresses art never e anything 460a
  e himself in terms too deep 165a
Expression e of no-encouragement 35a
  e wh displeased us 171a
  his e may often be called bald 9b
  with an indolent e 26b
Expressions notions, and gentle e 214b
Expressive eyes too e to be blue 5b
Expunged Nature's works to me e 273b
Exquisite a cigarette is e 460b
  most e and strong 289b
Extend from here to Mesopotamy 75b
Extensive and peculiar 126a
Extent e of its beauty and power 255b
  hath this e, no more 360a
Extenuate speak of me as I am, nothing e 364a
Extinction of unhappy hates 6b
Extinguished Nature is seldom e 16a
Extirpate to e the vipers 12b
Extolled admirals, e for standing still 111a
Extravagancies undisgraced by e 90b
Extravagant and erring spirit 329b
Extreme if thou, Lord, wilt be e 490a
  in quest to have, e 389a
Extremes e by change more fierce 272b
  'e meet', as the whiting said 196b
  must we toil in other men's e 238b
  two e of passion, joy and grief 344a
  two e, of too much stiffness 478a
Extremity a daring pilot in e 138a
Exuberance of his own verbosity 128b
Exult we shall e, if they who rule 468a
Exultation moods of shadowy e 469b
Exultations thy friends are e 472b
Exulting the people all e 457b
Eye adds seeing to the e. 345a
  a drappie in our e 63b
  affliction called a multiplying e 180b
  a hooded e 441a
  a microscopic e 300b
  an e will mark our coming 70a
  as the great e of heaven shined 408b
  a still-soliciting e 341b
  a wit in his own e 104b
  aye the tear comes in my e 59a
  beam that is in thine own e 505b
  beauteous e of heaven to garnish 374a
  beauty is bought by the e 344b
  bids the rash gazer wipe his e 187b
  blow the horrid deed in every e 347a
  crowned head, the vigilant e 328a
  cursed me with his e 99a
  curse in a dead man's e 99a
  custom loathsome to the e 204a
  dark and fiery e 289b
  Dead Sea fruits, that tempt the e 282a
  dull e of scorn 37b
  each under e doth homage 387a
  elles the e of day 90a
  enter into life with one e 507a
  ever changing, like a joyous e 396a
  every e shall see him 518a
  every tear from every e 29b
  e beholds the heart's desire 198b
  e for e, tooth for tooth 494a
  e full of gentle salutations 412a
  e is not satisfied with seeing 499a
  e made quiet by the power 472a
  e of man hath not heard 357b
  e sees in it what the e brings 80b
  e with wh the Universe beholds 392b
  fair large front and e sublime 274a
  far as human e cd see 432b
  far from e or ear 422a
  fettered to her e 249b
  flash upon that inward e 467b
  fool in the e of the world 104b
  friendly e cd never see faults 341a
  fringed curtains of thine e 367b
  full e, small head 386b
  gently shuts the e of day 18b
  glad me with its soft black e 282a
  glass to his sightless e 287b
  glazed each weary e 98b
  guard me with a watchful E 2a
  harvest of a quiet e 469a
  have you not a moist e 379b
  heavenly rhetoric of thine e 344b
  he had but one e 124b
  he had by nature a tarnishing e 264b
  he that made the e 487b
  his e was backward cast 408b
  his liberal e doth give 382b
  Homer with his e on the object 10a
  if thine e offend thee 507a
  I have a good e, uncle 358a
  I have neither e to see 244b
  I have only one e 287a
  in my great Task-Master's e 278b
  in my mind's e, Horatio 330a
  interest unborrowed from the e. 472a
  in the twinkling of an e 515a
Eye (*cont.*)
  into the e and prospect of his soul 359a
  lend the e a terrible aspect 382a
  Lesbia hath a beaming e 281b
  let thine e look like a friend 3-9b
  lifting up the lid of a white e 263b
  long grey beard and glittering e 98a
  looked with such a wistful e 459b
  looking on it with lack-lustre e 326a
  love-light in yr e 28b
  many an e has danced to see 194a
  mild and magnificent e 48a
  mine e may be deceived 388b
  mountain-tops with sovereign e 387b
  mote that is in thy brother's e 505b
  my left e agin the Secesher's fist 451a
  my striving e dazzles at it 447b
  never a tear bedims the e 182a
  never e, did see that face 313b
  nor let His e see sin 155b
  now I see with e serene 470b
  now mine e seeth thee 497b
  one auspicious one dropping e 329b
  pious drops the closing e requires 174b
  piping yr e 120b
  places that the e of heaven visits 374b
  press onward, for thine e shall see 37a
  reverent e must see a purpose 39a
  rude e of rebellion 374b
  said the Fly, with my little e 528a
  sail and sail, with unshut e 5b
  since first yr e I eyed 388b
  so enquiring e 241a
  sun blinks blithe in my e 116b
  take a sober colouring from an e 467a
  tender e of pitiful day 349a
  that most seeming-virtuous e 73a
  that same e whose bend doth awe 337b
  that sun, thine e 387b
  the e begins to see 39a
  the fruitful river in the e 330a
  then can I drown an e 387b
  then saw her e was bright 97b
  there's language in her e 369a
  the seeing e 498b
  the sober e of dull Octavia 325a
  the tear blinded his e 529b
  they shall see e to e 502b
  thou E among the blind 466b
  thoughts are legible in the e 313b
  'tis the e of childhood that fears 348a
  too hot the e of heaven shines 387a
  trambeams truckle at the e 197b
  view with hollow e 355a
  what immortal hand or e 31b
  where thy grey e glances 298a
  who sees with equal e, as God 300b
  wink the other e 162b
  with his glittering e 98a
  with his keener e 261a
  with, not thro', the e 30a
  world of e and ear 472a
  yr finger in yr e 533a
  you went with frightened e 294a
  you dazzle my e 292b
Eyeball like a coal his e 403a
  the scaled e 52a
Eyeballs my e roll 299b
Eyebrow ballad to his mistress' e 326b
Eyebrows over her e hiding her eyes 420b
Eyeing a happiness in e 202b
Eyeless in Gaza 277b
Eyelids e are a little weary 292b
  I read, before my e dropt 426b
  my lips and e pale 394b
  take thee with her e 498a
  the opening e of the morn 269a
  tinged the e and the hands 293a
  tired e upon tired eyes 433a
  wilt weigh mine e down 380a
  with e heavy and red 196a
Eyes as in a theatre, the e of men 376a
  as long as her e cd see 198b
  as 'twere in scorn of e 384b
  Bacchus with pink e 323b
  beams from happy human e 415a
  before my closing e 251b
  before his streaming e 84b
  bein' only e my wision's limited 126b
  bend on me, then, thy tender e 252a
  brave, joyful e. 37b

Eyes (*cont*)
bright e of danger 414*a*
bright e of the dear one 73*b*
bring all Heaven before mine e 208*b*
burnt the fire of thine e 32*a*
cannot keep her lustrous e 220*a*
censured by our e 259*a*
closed his e in endless night 175*a*
close up his e 384*a*
close yr e with holy dread 101*b*
cocking their medical e 127*b*
cynosure of neighbouring e 209*a*
daily swallowed by men's e 378*a*
darkness no more assail mine e 119*a*
death bandaged my e 50*b*
do me e deceive me earsight? 451*a*
dress her beauty at yr e 117*b*
drink to me only with thine e 210*a*
dry yr e —O dry yr e 218*a*
elves also, whose little e glow 189*b*
e all the smiling family 443*b*
e, and ears, and ev'ry thought 313*b*
e, and tears, be the same things 260*b*
e have they, and see not 489*a*
e like the fishpools in Heshbon 500*b*
e, lips and hands to miss 134*a*
e, look yr Last! 366*b*
e of conjugal attraction 274*a*
e of gold and bramble-dew 414*b*
e of most unholy blue! 281*b*
e of the garden-god 421*b*
e overrunning with laughter 246*b*
e swoln with weeping 260*b*
e that wd not look on me 400*a*
e the greenest of things blue 421*b*
e too expressive to be blue 5*b*
e were blind with stars 192*b*
e were darkened wholly 432*a*
e were made for seeing 147*a*
e were sc led to the holy book 6*a*
e where all perfections keep 524*a*
faculties of e and ears 333*a*
fair maidens quiet e 414*b*
faith in their happy e 27*a*
fills the faint e with filling tears 393*a*
foe that comes with fearless e 287*b*
four beasts full of e 518*b*
frightened look in its e 402*a*
from her e I did receive messages 352*b*
from star-like e, doth seek fuel 79*a*
from women's e this doctrine 345*a*
full of e within 518*b*
gather to the e 430*a*
get thee glass e 343*b*
girl with a pair of blue e 300*b*
God be in my e 523*a*
good for sore e 488*b*
grit his e bath bleer't 60*a*
happiness thro' another man's e 327*b*
hast no speculation in those e 319*a*
hath not a Jew e? 353*a*
he always said my e were blue 241*b*
her eyebrows hiding her e 420*b*
her e are homes of prayer 430*a*
her e as stars of twilight 470*b*
her e the gazers strike 302*b*
her e the glow-worm lend thee 180*b*
her e were deeper than the depth 311*b*
her e were wild 218*b*
her longing e are blest 415*b*
her own dying smile instead of e 302*a*
her own e might see him slain 284*a*
his set her both his e 251*b*
his e drop out 246*a*
his e grow in my brow 323*a*
his e went to and fro 99*b*
his e were as a flame 518*b*
his e were with his heart 60*a*
his flashing e, his floating hair 101*b*
his great e lights the wigwam 248*b*
his sullen e set on yr own 233*a*
how far yr e may pierce 342*a*
hunt for haddocks' e 85*b*
I cast mine e and see that vibration 190*b*
I gave her e my own e 48*a*
I have no e but constitutional e 245*b*
I'll pike out his bonny blue e 520*b*
in the optics of these e 41*b*
in the stars the glory of His e 297*b*

Eyes (*cont*)
I shut her wild, wild e 219*a*
it dazzled their e 531*a*
item, two grey e 370*a*
it was engendured in the e 354*a*
I was e to the blind 497*a*
kindling her undazzled e 270*a*
labour-dimmed e 6*b*
ladies, whose bright e 269*a*
land of darkness and blind e 447*b*
let's dry our e 386*a*
let waking e suffice to wail 117*a*
lids of Juno's e 373*a*
lie heavily upon her e 311*a*
lift up mine e unto the hills 489*b*
lift up thine e 270*b*
lightened are our e 400*a*
light of knowledge in their e 424*a*
light that lies in woman's e 281*b*
lion's ruddy e shall flow 33*a*
little shadows come about her e 475*a*
Lo! as that youth's e burned 312*b*
look'd from thoughtful e 294*a*
looked with human e 439*b*
love-darting e 267*b*
love doth to her e repair 372*b*
love, first learned in a lady's e 345*a*
love looks not with the e 356*a*
lover's e will gaze an eagle 345*a*
love's tongue is in the e 155*b*
make thy two e start 331*a*
man with large grey e 471*b*
Mary-buds ope their golden e. 328*b*
meet in her aspect and her e 74*a*
men's e were made to look 365*b*
mind has a thousand e 34*a*
mine e dazzle 454*b*
mine e do itch 363*a*
mine e from tears 489*a*
mine e have seen the glory 200*b*
mine e their vigils keep 286*b*
mine e will tell tales 370*a*
mock our e with air 334*a*
mocks the dark lustre of thine e 317*b*
my e are dim with childish tears 465*a*
my e are tired of weeping 3*b*
my e for beauty pine 37*a*
my e make pictures 100*b*
my e, my lord, can look as swift 354*b*
my gushing e o'erflow 209*b*
my hand before my e 26*a*
my mistress' e are nothing 360*a*
my mother came into mine e 383*a*
night hath a thousand e 344*a*, 251*b*
no longer blinded by our e 39*b*
not a friend to close his e 139*a*
not the East, but from thine e 114*b*
o'er her meek e came a mist 427*b*
Oh, e, no e but fountains 238*b*
Oh, e sublime, with tears 444*a*
O lovers' e are sharp 317*b*
one of his e became so terrible 23*b*
one praised her ankles, one her e 475*b*
one whose subdued e drop tears 364*a*
on his grave, with shining e 7*a*
O turn away mine e 460*a*
O! when mine e did see Olivia 360*b*
pearls that were his e 367*a*
peep thro' their e and laugh 352*b*
persuade the e of men 386*b*
pictures in our e to get 132*b*
poor kind wild e 421*a*
proud of those two e 190*a*
pure e and Christian hearts 224*a*
rapt soul sitting in thine e 268*a*
royal master saw, with heedful e 445*b*
stormful, yet with jealous e 303*a*
see the whites of their e 307*a*
seel up the shag-boy's e 380*a*
seven horns and seven e 518*b*
she give me e she gave me ears 471*a*
show his e, and grieve his heart 349*b*
sights of death within mine e 384*b*
sight of lidless e in Hell 312*a*
slepen al the night with open e 88*a*
soft e looked love 68*a*
soft look yr e had once 476*b*
stately maid, whose e were kindled 146*b*
streaming e and breaking hearts 433*a*
strike mine e, but not my heart 215*a*
stuck full of e 379*a*

Eyes (*cont*)
such e the widows in Corioli wear 328*a*
swellin' wisibly before my wery e 126*b*
take a pair of sparkling e 163*b*
tempts yr wandering e 173*b*
that poorly satisfy our e 473*b*
the e that had lightened 421*b*
the e that shone 282*b*
the e to behold the sun 499*b*
the Jabberwock, with e of flame 84*a*
the justice with e severe 326*b*
the King with judicious e 445*a*
these e to behold felicity 41*b*
these weeping e, those seeing tears 260*b*
the very e of me 190*a*
they have changed e 367*b*
they're painted to the e 131*a*
they see with their e 501*b*
thine e break from their East 115*a*
this world goes with no e 343*b*
those e, the break of day 352*a*
thou hast doves' e 500*a*
thy dying e were closed 209*a*
thy e are seen in diamonds 161*a*
tired eyelids upon tired e 433*a*
to cast one's e so low 343*b*
to dry one's e and laugh 48*a*
to tear each other's e 452*b*
turn st mine e into my very soul 335*a*
two pitch balls for eyes 314*b*
two lovely black e 97*a*
unfriendly to the nose and e 415*a*
violets blue as yr e 434*a*
walk with wanton e 501*a*
what her e enthrall'd 103*a*
where'er with haggard e I view 79*a*
when I cast mine e and see 190*b*
when to the new e of thee 442*b*
when unto dying e 436*a*
when with eagle e he star'd 220*b*
where did you get yr e so blue? 256*a*
where'er these casual e are cast 407*a*
where e did once inhabit 384*b*
whereso'er I turn my ravished e 1*b*
where you turn yr e 302*b*
while I have e to see 190*a*
who hast given me e to see 224*a*
whom these wakeful e may weep 241*a*
wid e so shiny blue 410*a*
wipe away all tears from their e 519*b*
wipe my weeping e 453*b*
with cold commemorative e 317*b*
with erected e beholds his skies 142*b*
with e as wise, but kindlier 39*a*
with e up-rais'd, as one inspir'd 103*a*
within mine e he makes his nest 176*a*
with longing e I wait 440*b*
with magic in my e 180*a*
with runny e write sorrow 376*b*
with their own e shd see 39*a*
with unuplifted e to pace 408*a*
Wordsworth's e avert their ken 7*a*
write the beauty of yr e 387*a*
yes, I have a pair of e 126*b*
you see her e are open 350*a*
young e grew sudden fair 441*b*
yr quaint enamell'd e 270*a*
Eyne Bacchus with pink e 373*b*
Eyeservice not with e 516*a*
Eyesight e and speech 420*b*
with blinded e poring 432*b*

F

F revere the memory of Mr H 123*a*
Fable but that's a f 364*a*
f of Bellerus 270*a*
f, song, or fleeting shade 189*a*
nocht but f 19*a*
read my little f 427*a*
what resounds in f or romance 271*b*
when life's sweet f ends 115*a*
Fables blasphemous f 491*b*
f and endless genealogies 516*b*
Hesperian f true 274*a*
I had rather believe all the f 15*a*
Martin Luther bloomed f 52*b*
old wives' f 516*b*
worse than f yet have feigned 272*b*

Fabric a f huge rose 272a
baseless f of this vision 367b
his f of the Heavens hath left 275b
of quality and f more divine 470a
silently as a dream the f rose 112b
the f of superstition 57b
whole social f wd fly asunder 301a
Fabricius F finds certain spots 64a
Romans under F 13b
Face all will spy in thy f 132b
am I in f to-day? 170b
anoint and cheer our soiled f 491a
a spirit passed before my f 497a
Babe look't up and shew'd his f 114b
beautiful f is a commendation 13b
beauty shall pass into her f 471b
beefy f an' grubby 'and 232a
before I knew thy f or name 131b
behold her f at ample view 369b
beholding his natural f 517b
bright f of danger 412a
but then f to f 514b
by his wordes be hir f 89b
called upon to f some moment 465a
caricature of a f 165a
corpse with a sad swelled f 19a
disasters in his morning f 168b
dost thou fall upon thy f ? 364b
drift f upwards on the oily tide 202b
dust wh the wind blows in yr f 343b
each turned his f. 99a
everybody's f but their own 417b
f of all the world is changed 43b
f of him that sitteth on the throne 519a
F of Man is blacken'd 154a
f that launched a thousand ships 258b
f that's anything but gay 440b
f thro' love's long residence 36a
f to f, silent, drawing nigh 44a
f to lose youth for 48a
f with an undaunted tread 414a
fair and open f of heaven 221a
false f must hide 347b
Fanny Kelly's divine plain f 240a
feel the mist in my f 50b
fiery f as of a child 428a
fondles his own harmless f 425b
foolish f of praise 303a
fyr-reed cherubinnes f 88b
gazed on the f that was dead 462b
give me a look, give me a f 215a
give me them that will f me 377b
give the f of earth around 414a
God hath given you one f 333b
good f is a letter 2a
grey eyes and a pale f 471b
has a damned Tyburn-f 104b
has he not a Rogue's f ? 104b
he'd look into thy bonnie f 59b
he hides a smiling f 110a
her angel's f shined bright 408b
her f wad fyle 63b
her f was full of woe 524a
he shows his honest f 139a
hid his f amid a crowd of stars 476b
his f deep scars of thunder 272a
his f is all bubukles 382a
his f, that two hours since 438b
His own f to see 192a
honest sonsie f 60b
how blubber'd is that pretty f 305b
huge massy f 255b
human f divine 273b
if thou never see my f again 429a
I have seen God f to f 403a
I have seen in one Autumnal f 132a
illumineth the f, wh, as a beacon 380b
in f of man or maid 441b
in my own f in the glass 458a
it shall be a F like my f 51b
I will pass nor turn my f 53a
I wish I loved its silly f 308a
Jealousy a human f 33a
kissing with golden f the meadows 387b
laid her f between her hands 311b
languid patience of thy f 102a
lives on this lonely f 475b
look on her f, and you'll forget 302b
looks the whole world in the f 249a
Lord make his f shine 404a
loved a happy human f 202a

Face (*cont*)
loving thy mournful f 206a
make the f of heaven so fine 366a
marvellous hairy about the f 357a
Maud with her exquisite f 433b
mind's construction in the f 346b
modesty wd float f down 202b
Monday's child is fair of f 525a
my f is my fortune 525b
my f is pink, my hair is sleek 528b
my f, yr flower 46b
Nature, with that homely f 463b
night's starr'd f 221a
not a trace upon her f 164b
no transmitter of a foolish f 316a
of finer form or lovelier f 316a
oft he seems to hide his f 278a
peered with broad and burning f 98b
Pity a human f 33a
recognize me by my f 445b
sages have seen in thy f 113a
same f of his wedded wife 237b
sang a kindred soul out to his f 51a
see a glimpse of His bright f 418a
seek His f 279b
seek no wonder but the human f 218a
see my Pilot f to f 426a
sees the other's umber'd f 382b
set my ten commandments in yr f 384a
set upon it a good f 18a
she has a lovely f 432a
she looked in my f 20b
she painted her f 496b
shining morning f 326b
showed the paint, but hid the f 140a
shown no glorious morning f 415a
since first I saw yr f 526a
since I no more do see yr f 21a
smiling f a-dream of Spring 102a
so exquisitely fair a f 167a
so sweet a f, such angel grace 425b
sorrow of yr changing f 476b
sprinkles another's laughing f 241a
still we find her f 49a
tears run down his dappled f 443b
that moment that his f I see 100a
that one I, far from vanish 44b
that very f 416a
the f of this tall pile 104b
the f the index of a mind 114a
the flower-like f 422b
the garden of yr f 186b
there is a garden in her f 78b
they that lovely f who view 6b
thrusts the thing in our f 41a
thy f across his fancy comes 436b
thy hyacinth hair, thy classic f 298a
thy most kiss-worthy f 401b
two strong men stand f to f 227a
upon the f of the waters 492a
visit her f too roughly 330a
was never eye, did see that f 313b
was never f so pleased 156a, 526b
with his prism and silent f 469b
with twain he covered his f 501b
where's the f one wd meet 218a
white f in the coffin 457b
with how wan a f ! 401b
woos me with its crystal f 68b
ye have a singing f 23b
you find one f there 226a
yr f, and the God-curst sun 180a
yr f my quarry was 33b
yr f, my thane, is as a book 347a
Faces among so many million of f 42a
around the man bend other f 240b
brake them to our f 43b
cantin', grace-proud f 61b
dash their natural f 43a
dusk-f with white turbans 277a
f are but a gallery of pictures 15b
flame of fair f 421a
hid as it were our f 503a
I have seen better f 342a
I know the f I shall see 312b
in nice clean f 19a
in the f of men and women 458a
lords and owners of their f 388b
make our f vizards to our hearts 349a
men have rosy f 414b
mild monastic f 96a

Faces (*cont*)
ne'er touched earthly f 387a
new men, strange f 429a
set yr f like a flint 54a
the foreign f 420a
their f washed 84a
the old familiar f 240b
the slope of f 112a
their innocent f clean 32b
to the confusion of their own f 503b
wears almost everywhere two f 142a
when they turned their f 253b
with dreadful f throng'd 277a
you by their f see 468b
yr estranged f 442a
Facey's advertisement 417a
Facility f of the octo-syllabic verse 69b
he flowed with that f 214b
Fact Death was but a scientific f 459b
fatal futility of F 204b
he omitted to mention the f 85b
judges of f, tho' not of laws 306b
man's religion is the chief f 80b
matters of f very stubborn 444b
push the logic of a f 229a
when a f appears opposed 136a
Faction it made them a f 255b
Whig The name of a f 213a
Factions good in canvasses and f 15a
religious f are volcanoes 56b
Facts f alone are wanted in life 123b
F are chiels 60a
f are f and flinch not 51a
fashnable f and polite annygoats 440a
intelligent anticipation of f 116b
to his imagination for his f 401a
what I want is F 123b
Faculties descend t'affections, and to f 132b
his cogitative f 79b
his f so meek 347a
souls, whose f can comprehend 259a
very f of eyes and ears 333a
Faculty how infinite in f 332b
the vision and the f divine 464a
Faddling hedonist 412b
Fade climbs f into dimness 7b
f away suddenly like the grass 487b
f far away, dissolve 220a
how fast they f away 3b
I have loved flowers that f 36b
nothing of him that doth f 367a
they only f away 525b
't was the first to f away 282a
we all do f, as a leaf 503b
when can their glory f ? 426a
where's the cheek that does not f 218a
wh was the first to f away 75b
with thee f away into the forest 210b
Faded but a little f flower 200b
companions are f and gone 281b
f on the crowing of the cock 320b
f splendour wan 274b
she f like a cloud 302a
she f 'midst Italian flowers 184b
Fades f awa' like morning dew 530a
it f out from kiss to kiss 474b
now f the glimmering landscape 174a
until she f away 93b
whatever f, but fading pleasure 402a
Fading f in music 354a
how f are the joys we dote upon! 289b
she's f down the river 287b
Fadler my lady F 105b
Faeries, dancing under the moon 476b
Faerie Queen before reading the F 238b
Faery full beautiful, a f's child 218b
sing a f's song 218b
the land of f 475b
with a f hand in hand 476a
Fail and that cannot f 20a
f completely in the House of Lords 130a
f, Sun and Breath 315a
ground not f beneath my feet 433b
I faint! I f 304b
if we shd f,—we f ! 347a, 347b
I will not f thee 494b
I will not f to meet thee 225a
let no man's heart f 495b
nat o word wol he f 89a

Fail (*cont*)
not asham'd to f 213*a*
sooner f than not the greatest 223*a*
succeed in that it seems to f 50*b*
the many f the one succeeds 426*b*
there is no such word is—*f!* 252*a*
when mine f me, I'll complain 48*b*
yon auld f dyke 529*b*
you're pooty sure to f 250*b*
Failed The Light that F 237*b*
tried a little, f much 412*b*
when thro' weariness they f 110*a*
Faileth charity never f 514*b*
f now even dream the dreamer 442*a*
whose goodness f never 18*a*
Failing mercy to every f but their own 72*b*
principal f occurred 86*a*
she had one f 61*b*
Failings e'en his f lean'd to Virtue's 168*b*
Fails she never f to please 321*a*
Failure another Faithful F 412*b*
pays the f of years 44*b*
Failures half the f in life 181*a*
Fain we are f of thee 421*a*
would f see good days 484*a*
Faint always to pray, and not to f 510*a*
a man, so f, so spiritless 379*b*
eating hay when you're f 85*a*
f and far away 290*a*
f heart never won fair lady 164*a*
f not nor fear 279*b*
f, now, as farewells! 195*b*
f, yet pursuing 495*a*
felt f—and never dared uplift 397*a*
he was ready to f 243*a*
I do f therefor 442*b*
the wandering airs they f 394*b*
they f on hill or field 436*a*
they shall walk, and not f 502*b*
we shall reap, if we f not 515*b*
with watching and with study f 94*b*
Fainted I shd utterly have f 483*b*
Faintest why f thou? 9*a*
Faints f, entangled in their mazes 397*b*
f the cold work 103*a*
the enemy f not, nor faileth 96*b*
Fair a f where thousands meet 205*a*
a Mistress moderately f 107*a*
all her care was but to be f 452*a*
all so excellently f 100*b*
all this f and soft, and sweet 260*b*
all those f and flagrant things 114*b*
anything but what's right and f 201*a*
as f as e'er was seen 462*a*
Bacchus ever f, and ever young 138*b*
be f and yet not fond 120*b*
behold thou art f, my love 500*a*
every f from f sometimes declines 387*a*
f and f, and twice so f 295*b*
f and softly, John, he cried 108*b*
f and wise and good 525*a*
f as is the rose in May 90*a*
f be their wives, right lovesom 143*a*
f daffodils, we weep to see 189*a*
f, fat and forty 320*a*
f is foul, and foul is f 345*b*
f is too foul an epithet 259*b*
f mot she falle 90*a*
f stood the wind for France 137*a*
f white linen cloth 480*a*
f with orchard lawns 429*b*
groweth to f instead of plain 36*a*
heaven not grim but f of hue 48*b*
holy, f and wise is she 372*b*
how near to good is what is f 215*b*
I have found out a gift for my f 399*b*
I have sworn thee f 389*b*
Irish are a f people 208*b*
is she kind as she is f? 372*b*
Lady Jane was f 20*a*
let me say that thou wert f 6*b*
lives a woman true and f 134*a*
lose possession of that f 387*a*
more than most f 176*b*
most divinely f 426*b*
never yet was foolish that was f 360*b*
not anything to show more f 472*b*
O f! O sweet! 402*a*
outward be f, however foul within 94*b*
she f, divinely f, fit love 276*a*

Fair (*cont*)
she is not f to outward view 97*b*
she that was ever f 360*b*
she that was young and f 460*a*
she was more f than words 425*b*
so f a fancy few wd weave 180*a*
so f, so calm, so softly seal'd 72*b*
so young, so f 69*a*
sweet and f she seems 449*a*
that was only f 230*a*
the brave deserves the f 138*b*
the day is aye f 285*b*
the F commands the song 111*b*
the hand that made you f 352*a*
thou art all f, my love 500*b*
thou art dead, as young and f 67*b*
thou love, and she be f 219*b*
thou, that didst appear so f 473*a*
thou weed! who art so lovely f 363*a*
thus wondrous f 275*a*
to make itself, in thee f 322*b*
were it fifty times as f 29*a*
were she pitiful as she is f 176*a*
what care I how f she be 462*a*
wondrous still the charming f 31*b*
yr heart's ambition? to be f 251*b*
Fairer be she f than the day 462*a*
f far than this fair day 394*b*
f person lost not Heav'n 272*a*
f than any wakened eyes behold 398*a*
f than feigned of old 277*a*
f than the evening air 258*b*
her very frowns are f far 97*b*
lily of a day is f far in May 216*b*
the f way is not much about 13*a*
you shall be yet far f 322*b*
Fairest f among women 500*a*
f things have fleetest end 441*a*
O f of creation! 276*a*
the leader is f 5*b*
Fairies do you believe in f? 21*b*
f, black, grey, green 356*a*
f break their dances 200*a*
farewell, rewards and f 106*a*
I don't believe in f 21*b*
she is the f' midwife 364*b*
that was the beginning of f 21*b*
the f' coach-makers 364*b*
Fairing thou'll get thy f 63*a*
Fairs he haunts wakes, f 373*a*
Fair-spoken, and persuading 386*b*
Fairway mines reported in the f 232*b*
Fairy by f hands their knell is rung 103*a*
calls up the realms of f 71*a*
f elves, whose midnight revels 272*a*
f land where all the children 413*b*
light she was and like a f 280*b*
like a f trip upon the green 386*b*
little f falls down dead 21*b*
loveliest f in the world 226*b*
Mary Bell had a F in a nut 31*a*
no f takes nor witch hath power 329*b*
that f kind of writing 140*b*
the f way of writing 2*a*
'tis almost f time 357*b*
wide enough to wrap a f in 356*b*
Fairy Prince much-adored F 263*b*
Fairy queen come not near our f 356*b*
near the cradle of our f 357*a*
Fairy-tale of olden times 568*b*
Faith all that f creates 397*a*
a scientific f's absurd 46*b*
a stronger f embrace a sword 250*a*
author and finisher of our f 517*a*
bloody F the foulest birth 393*b*
build their f upon pike and gun 65*a*
but F, fanatic F, once wedded 282*a*
disturb our cheerful f 472*a*
doubt diversified by f 45*a*
ever the f endures 185*a*
f and ful credence 89*b*
f and morals hold wh Milton held 467*a*
f as a grain of mustard seed 507*a*
f in a nation of sectaries 129*a*
f in their happy eyes 27*a*
f, meekness, temperance 515*b*
f of Christ crucified 481*a*
f of our fathers! holy f! 150*a*
f of the poor is faint 93*b*
f panting for a happier seat 214*a*
f's defying 21*a*

Faith (*cont*)
f shines equal, arming me 38*b*
f's transcendent dower 463*b*
f substance of things hoped for 517*a*
f that looks thro' death 467*b*
f that right makes might 245*a*
f unfaithful kept him 428*b*
f unhappily forsworn 388*a*
f without works is dead 517*b*
fight the good fight of f 516*b*
for modes of f let zealots fight 301*b*
he must gather his f together 37*a*
his f, in some nice tenets 106*b*
if I break f, this word shall speak 344*b*
if thy F is entire 37*a*
if ye break f with us who die 256*a*
I have kept the f 516*b*
I have not found so great f 506*a*
I mean the F's Defender 67*b*
impossibilities for an active f 41*b*
increase of f, hope, and charity 479*b*
in f and hope the world disagree 301*b*
in thy f and fear 480*b*
'I shd have more f', he said 136*a*
I shd not alter in my f of him 214*b*
let f be given 463*a*
live but by f, by admiration 148*a*
made of f and service 327*b*
more f in honest doubt 431*a*
my f that every flower enjoys 471*a*
my life upon her f! 360*b*
my staff of f to walk upon 307*b*
my strong f shall purchase me 79*b*
not f, but mere Philosophy 41*b*
not for all his f can see 147*a*
no tricks in plain and simple f 340*b*
not the dying for a f 439*b*
now abideth f, hope, charity 514*b*
of serious f, and inward glee 468*a*
our f, our pride 228*a*
O thou of little f 507*a*
O welcome pure-ey'd F 267*a*
puts me from my f 378*a*
sacred dictates of thy f 313*b*
sanctified by reason, blest by f 470*a*
sea of f was once at the full 5*a*
shake a man's f in himself 390*a*
simple f than Norman blood 431*b*
that he hold the Catholick F 478*b*
the f that launched her dart 46*b*
the f that ye share 235*b*
the just shall live by f 513*a*
them that do not have the f 93*b*
these all died in f 517*a*
the shield of f 516*a*
tho' f and form be sunder'd 431*a*
tho' I have all f 514*b*
'tis a point of f 115*a*
vain f, and courage vain 252*b*
want of f in all 428*b*
welcome home again discarded f 374*b*
we walk by f 515*a*
what of the f and fire within us 180*a*
when F is kneeling by his bed 137*b*
which constitutes poetic f 102*a*
wh I except every one do keep 478*b*
with my childhood's f 44*a*
Faithful Abdiel, f found 275*a*
army of the f 263*b*
as I am a Christian f man 384*b*
be thou f unto death 518*b*
called F and True 519*b*
f in that wh is least 510*a*
f of thy word 280*b*
f only he 275*a*
f to God and thee 191*a*
he was my friend, f and just 340*a*
I have been f to thee, Cynara 135*a*
O come, all ye f 290*a*, 558*a*
O f shepherd! to come 7*b*
to the f herdman's art belongs 269*b*
Faithfulness his f and truth 487*b*
Faithless be not f, but believing 511*b*
f as the winds or seas 321*a*
mortal, but f was she 6*a*
Faiths both were F, and both are gone 6*a*
f and empires gleam 394*a*
f are wafer-cakes 382*a*
the old f loosen and fall 423*b*
Falchion my good biting f 344*a*
Falcon dapple-dawn-drawn F 198*a*

Falcon (*cont*)
f, towering in her pride 348*b*
gentle as f or hawk 402*b*
Falconer O! for a f s voice 365*b*
Falconman winged the pen 75*a*
Falkland F wd with a sad accent 203*a*
like F fall 72*a*
Fall aisles f like sweet strains 147*a*
altho' it f and die that night 216*b*
another thing to f 351*a*
created half to f 301*a*
dew shall weep thy f 187*b*
diggeth a pit shall f into it 499*b*
doeth these things never f 482*b*
dost thou f upon thy face? 364*b*
fair the f of songs 414*b*
f into the hands of God 437*b*
f not out by the way 493*b*
f on us, and hide us 519*a*
flowers, thou let'st f from Dis's 373*a*
for fear of what might f 341*a*
fruit that can f without shaking 280*a*
great was the f of it 506*a*
haughty spirit before a f 498*a*
held we f to rise 52*a*
here didst thou f 339*b*
he that is down can f no lower 65*a*
he that is down needs fear no f 54*b*
his f was destined to a strand 213*b*
hope to rise, or fear to f 473*b*
Humpty Dumpty had a great f 85*a*, 533*b*
I had given the devil a foul f 283*a*
if he f in good night! 377*a*
impute my F to Sin 154*a*
in this we stand or f 275*a*
it had a dying f 369*b*
it is good to f 458*a*
kill'd by a f from a cherry-tree 281*a*
laugh at a f 48*a*
lest they f upon thee 483*b*
man without thee cannot but f 479*b*
nowhere to f but off 225*a*
only bliss that has survived the f 112*a*
she who trifles less likely to f 160*a*
soar not too high to f 262*b*
some old temple nodding to its f 301*b*
sparrows not f on the ground 506*a*
suffer us not to f from thee 481*b*
take heed lest he f 514*b*
take warning by the f 531*b*
therefore f the people unto them 486*b*
tho he trip and f 437*a*
thou wilt f backward 364*b*
what a f was there 340*a*
when we f out with those we love 436*a*
why do ye f so fast? 188*b*
with many a f shall linger near 310*a*
yet fear I to f 307*b*
Fallen arise, or be for ever f 271*b*
Babylon is f 519*b*
Cytherean be f 423*b*
f Cherub to be weak is miserable 271*a*
f from his high estate 139*a*
f into the midst of it themselves 485*b*
how are the mighty f 495*b*
how art thou f from heaven 502*a*
many have f by the tongue 520*b*
O f at length that tower 435*a*
O how f! how changed 271*a*
the f cling to her 420*a*
though f on evil days 275*a*
ye are f from grace 515*b*
Fallest thou f a blessed martyr 386*a*
Falleth that f on the grass 524*b*
Falling blessings on the f out 436*a*
cruelty to load a f man 386*b*
f, f, yet, to the ancient cadence 96*a*
f from that apple-tree 172*b*
f, with a f State 298*b*
folly bears the f sky 199*b*
he hath the f sickness 338*a*
the f out of faithful friends 143*b*
Fallings from us, vanishings 466*b*
Falls by shallow rivers to whose f 259*a*
famous for his f 294*a*
he f like Lucifer 386*a*
he wd sing of her with f 43*b*
like a thunderbolt he f 426*b*
o'erleaps and f on the other 347*a*
then he f, as I do 385*b*
where he f short 95*a*
False all was f and hollow 272*a*
among innumerable f, unmoved 275*a*
any other thing that's f 72*a*
as thou be not f to others 15*b*
betrayed by what is f within 264*a*
by the philosopher, as equally f 162*a*
canst not then be f to any man 330*b*
f as dicers' oaths 335*a*
f Sextus 253*a*
f tho she be to me 105*a*
framed to make women f 360*b*
if all is f that I advance 107*b*
if she be f, O! then heaven mocks 362*a*
I was f of heart 389*a*
ring out the f 431*a*
round numbers are always f 209*b*
she can both f and friendly be 246*b*
she will be f, ere I come 134*a*
taking true for f 427*b*
'tis f! 'tis f! my Arab steed! 290*a*
to bring the f to light 36*b*
true before, prove f again 66*a*
wouldst not play f 346*b*
Falsehood f has a perennial spring 55*a*
f is worse in kings 328*b*
f wd be more miraculous 201*a*
goodly outside f hath 353*a*
heart for f framed 400*a*
let her and F grapple 279*a*
no f can endure celestial temper 274*b*
smallest foundation to f 171*a*
strife of Truth with F 250*b*
to unmask f 386*b*
wedded fast to some dear f. 282*a*
with glorious f 546*a*
with vizor'd f 267*b*
yr bait of f takes this carp 331*b*
Falser tomorrow s f than the former 139*b*
Falstaff but for sweet Jack F 378*a*
F shall die of a sweat 381*a*
F sweats to death 377*a*
to the memory of Shakespeare, F 170*b*
Falter f are lost in the storm 7*b*
hesitate and f life away 8*a*
Faltered if I have f more or less 415*a*
Fame blush to find it f 303*b*
bring you to good f and renown 257*a*
courtliness, and the desire of f 428*a*
Cromwell, damned to everlasting f 301*b*
death openeth the gate to f 14*a*
died the death of f 317*a*
enough my meed of f 193*b*
estate, good f, plans 146*b*
fair f inspires 303*a*
f? an empty bubble 172*b*
f for a pot of ale 382*a*
f is a food that dead men eat 131*a*
f is like a river 16*b*
f is no plant 269*b*
f is nothing but an empty name 94*b*
f is the spur 269*b*
F's eternal bead roll 409*a*
foremost shall be damned to f 299*a*
for his f the ocean sea 21*a*
full of phrase and f 9*a*
gives immortal f 477*a*
great heir of f 278*a*
grief that f can never heal 12*b*
he mistook it for f 169*b*
her f survives 278*a*
his f soon spread around 108*b*
honour be yrs, and f 287*b*
hope of a season s f 287*b*
let f, that all hunt after 344*a*
little breath wh they call F 157*a*
no one shall work for f 236*b*
nor yet a fool to f 303*a*
of so much f in Heaven 269*b*
Oh F! if I e'er took delight 73*b*
on earth yr f is bright 37*a*
passion for f 55*a*
physicians of the utmost f 26*a*
poets' food is love and f 393*b*
rather use than f 429*a*
servants of f 14*b*
temple of f upon the grave 183*a*
till love and f to nothingness 221*a*
to be in the mouth of f 222*a*
to grow great in f 120*b*
trump of future f 72*a*
what else is damned to f 316*a*
Fame (*cont*)
wh f did not delay 137*a*
while f elates thee 281*a*
ympt the wings of f 79*a*
you shall live by f 408*a*
Famed cheat so well as she is f to do 220*a*
Familiar be thou f 330*b*
don't let us be f or fond 105*b*
f acts are beautiful 397*b*
f but not coarse 213*a*
f with her face 301*a*
our names, f in his mouth 383*a*
the old f faces 240*b*
till, more f grown 443*b*
Familiarity begets boldness 259*b*
Families all unhappy f resemble each 567*a*
best-regulated f 122*a*
f not regulated by that influence 122*a*
good f are generally worse 197*a*
great f of yesterday 118*b*
mothers of large f 25*b*
murder seems to run in f 245*a*
old f last not three oaks 42*b*
one of yr antedeluvian f 104*b*
rooks in f homeward go 180*a*
secrets in all f 150*a*
Family a f happier for his presence 412*a*
bosom of her respectable f 58*b*
brought up a large f 171*a*
character of a f to an hypothesis 411*b*
eyes all the smiling f askance 443*b*
Ha! ha! F Pride 164*b*
his f was not unworthy of him 129*b*
one of Eve's f 195*b*
strenuous f dusted from its hands 415*a*
Famine die by f die by inches 185*b*
f supply of toothpicks 205*b*
Famous be f then by wisdom 277*a*
f by my sword 280*b*
f to all ages 279*b*
I awoke and found myself f 74*b*
Famoused for fight 387*a*
Fan f spread and streamers out 105*a*
the Pompadour s F 130*b*
Fanatics have their dreams 218*a*
Fancies f that broke thro' language 50*b*
high region of his f 279*a*
lay yr earthly f down 435*a*
my f, fly before ye 115*b*
our f are more giddy 370*b*
proud and full of f 222*a*
stray thoughts, f fugitive 51*b*
then f flee away! 54*b*
troubled with thick-coming f 350*b*
you set yr f free 52*a*
Fancy all the gardener F. 220*b*
bright-eyed F 175*a*
by hopeless f feigned 436*a*
conduck isn't all yr f paints 235*b*
did yr f never stray 159*b*
dorgs is some men's f 122*a*
ever let the f roam 218*a*
f cannot cheat so well 220*a*
f dies in the cradle 354*a*
f from a flower-bell 45*a*
f is the sails 222*a*
f outwork nature 323*a*
F's gilded clouds 299*a*
f's meteor ray 63*a*
fellow of most excellent f 336*b*
food of sweet and bitter f 327*b*
full of shapes is f 369*b*
let us all ring f's knell 354*a*
listen to the whispers of f 213*b*
makes f tame 111*a*
not expressed in f 330*b*
not in f's maze he wandered 303*a*
now the f passes by 199*a*
O sweet F! let her loose 218*a*
revolting F were the forms begot 202*b*
Shakespeare, F's child 269*a*
tell me where is f bred 354*a*
thy face across his f comes 436*b*
young man's f lightly turns 432*a*
Fancy-free maiden meditation f 356*b*
Fang icy f and churlish chiding 325*b*
Fanhope Ferrers and F 137*a*
Fanned by Conquest's crimson wing 173*b*
Fanny pretty F's way 292*b*
Fans Cupids, with divers-coloured f 323*a*

Fans (*cont*)
etchin's an' f 232*b*
wi' their f into their hand 510*a*
Fantastic light f toe 268*b*
Fantastical it alone is high f 369*b*
joys are but f 132*a*
murder yet is but f 348*b*
Fantasies even the linked f 442*a*
Fantasy all made of f 327*b*
opinion he held once of f 338*b*
too strong for f 132*a*
Far drawn from thoughts more f 43*a*
f and few, are the lands 243*b*
f, f, ahead, is all her seamen 97*a*
f, f behind is all they can say 97*a*
f, f better rest that I go to 127*b*
f, f better thing I do 127*b*
f from eye or ear 422*a*
f from here, the Adriatic breaks 5*b*
f from sorrow, f from sin 130*b*
f from the lips we love 281*b*
f from the madding crowd's 174*b*
f or forgot to me is near 140*a*
nor f away deem thy doom 37*b*
peace to him that is f 503*a*
set this foot of mine as f 338*a*
she is f from the land 281*b*
so near and yet so f 431*a*
think on him that's f awa 59*a*
Farce lamb in a sentimental f 219*b*
same grey f again 92*b*
the f is over 565*a*
Fardels who would f bear 333*a*
Fare I thee well and if for ever 72*b*
f thee well for I must leave 527*a*
f thee well, great heart 370*a*
not yr bill of f 418*a*
that hasn't paid his f 231*a*
when you receive a f 38*b*
Fared sumptuously every day 510*a*
Farewell bidding you a long f 29*a*
f all-hallown summer 376*b*
f, a long f, to all my greatness 385*b*
f al the snow 90*a*
f and stand fast 377*a*
f! be the proud bride 124*b*
f compliment! 365*a*
f dear, deluding Woman 60*b*
f, fair cruelty 370*a*
f goes out sighing 369*a*
f happy fields 271*a*
f honest soldier 329*a*
f house, and f home 115*a*
f king! 375*b*
f, my blessing season this 330*b*
f my book and my devotion 89*b*
f, my trim-built wherry 120*b*
f remorse 273*b*
'f' she said, 'ye virgins all' 511*b*
f the heart that lives alone 468*b*
f the tranquil mind 362*a*
f! thou art too dear 388*b*
f to Lochaber 308*a*
for ever f, Cassius 341*a*
hail, and f evermore! 540*a*
hope bade the world f 77*a*
I bid f to every fear 453*b*
I only feel—F!—F! 72*b*
looks around to say f 440*b*
No-more, Too-late, F 312*b*
no sadness of f 426*a*
our everlasting f take 341*a*
our neighbour and our work f 223*b*
so f hope and with hope f fear 273*b*
sweets to the sweet f 336*b*
take this garland and f 421*a*
that was all the f 199*a*
than waving me f 197*a*
thou sayest f and lo! 36*b*
wave their hands for a mute f 203*a*
wind of welcome and f 311*b*
Farewells everlasting f! 120*a*
Fairin' ca' them vulgar f 285*b*
halesome f 285*b*
Farm in f and field 198*b*
keep a f, and carters 332*a*
snug f of the World 406*b*
snug little f the earth 100*b*
Farmer a better f ne'er brushed 74*b*
f 's daughter hath soft hair 75*a*
f that hanged himself 348*a*
Farmer (*cont*)
ran after a f 's wife 533*a*
the f 's early care 161*a*
this is the f sowing his corn 534*a*
Farmers our f round 113*b*
the embattled f stood 146*b*
three jolly F once bet 119*b*
Farms lass wi' the weel-stockit f 61*a*
pleasant villages and f 276*a*
what f are those? 199*b*
Farther I'm f off from Heaven 195*a*
O f, t sail! 457*a*
Farthest as far as who goes f 338*a*
f from him is best 271*a*
Farthing kind of t dip 415*a*
never pay a f for it 116*a*
paid the uttermost f 505*a*
sparrows sold for two f 509*b*
two sparrows sold for a f 506*a*
what I do, for a F less 1*b*
Fascination a f frantic 165*a*
f in his very bow 71*b*
Fashion after the high Roman f 324*b*
as out of the f 95*b*
construe after their own f 338*a*
cross-gartered, a f she detests 171*b*
deeply put the f on 381*a*
faithful to thee, Cynara! in my f 135*a*
f all things fair 179*b*
f! a word wh knaves may use 94*b*
f of a new doublet 358*a*
f of this world passeth 514*a*
f's brightest arts 168*b*
f, the arbiter 410*b*
f, tho' Polly's child 113*b*
f to abuse in public 34*a*
following f nayed him twice 176*a*
hang quite out of f 360*a*
highflyer at f 125*b*
not for the f of these times 325*a*
w is marriage ever out of f? 66*a*
Fashioned f so purely 443*a*
f so slenderly 195*b*
Fashioneth clay say to him that f it 502*b*
Fast come he slow, or come he f 318*a*
f by their native shore 111*a*
f from every village round 252*b*
find thy Manhood all too f 195*b*
fine and as f as he can 305*a*
fun grew f and furious 63*a*
here a solemn F we keep 180*a*
he talks it so very f 150*a*
how f they fade away 3*b*
is not this the f 503*a*
so f for fear did he sail 407*a*
spare F, that oft with gods 268*a*
such a f that I have chosen 503*a*
thick and f they came 84*b*
too f we live 7*a*
what need you flow so f 527*b*
why do ye fall so f? 188*b*
poor, who will not f in peace 113*b*
Fasten him as a nail 502*a*
Faster cried the Queen, 'F! F! F' 84*a*
walk a little f 83*a*
world wd go round a deal f 82*b*
Fastest he travels the f 236*b*
Fastidious literature is never f 407*a*
Fasting a fou man and a f 320*a*
f in the wild 405*b*
hope will die f 157*a*
think heaven f for a good man's 327*a*
Fasts come in f divine 197*b*
Fat a feast of f things 502*a*
all of us are f 84*b*
drives f oxen shd himself be f 211*a*
fair, f, and forty 320*a*
f and look young till forty 141*a*
f and well liking 487*b*
f gentleman in such a passion 140*a*
f of others' works 64*a*
f of the land 493*b*
f was so white 160*a*
f white woman 106*a*
Jack Sprat cd eat no f 534*a*
Jeshurun waxed f 494*b*
jewels make women f 21*b*
men about me that are f 338*a*
more f than bard beseems 441*a*
one of them is f 377*b*
she helped him to f 19*b*
Fatal I am a f man 440*a*
fair and f King 206*a*
f gift of beauty 69*a*
great deal of it is absolutely f 460*a*
so sweet was ne'er so f 363*b*
strange and f interview 132*b*
their f hands no second stroke 273*a*
Fatality there is a f in it 411*a*
Fate Arbiter of others' f 73*b*
armour against f 401*a*
at length my f I know 47*b*
best of men cannot suspend f 118*a*
big with the f of Cato 1*a*
build that nation's f 29*b*
cd thou and I with F conspire 154*a*
equalled with me in f 273*a*
F cannot touch me 75*a*
f never wounds more deep 213*a*
F so enviously debars 260*b*
F thy measure takes 250*b*
F, Time, Occasion 397*a*
f tried to conceal him 194*b*
I wrote her a tragedy 24*b*
fears his f too much 280*b*
for all our children's f 229*a*
foreknowledge will and f 272*b*
full reward and glorious f 79*b*
hand of f has scourged us 245*b*
hanging breathless on thy f 246*b*
he fits for f 140*b*
here's a heart for every f 73*a*
he that knows not F 92*b*
his was an untoward f 71*b*
how very sad thy f 220*b*
how wayward the decrees of F 440*b*
I wd not fear nor wish my f 107*a*
let this be my f 304*a*
limits of a vulgar f 175*b*
look upon myself and curse my f 387*a*
master of my f 185*a*
must F act the same grey farce 92*b*
my f cries out 331*a*
my motto and my f 420*a*
no gifts from Chance conquered F 8*a*
once dead by f 22*b*
on what seas shall be thy f 200*a*
read the book of f 380*a*
she is coming, my life, my f 434*a*
struggling in the storms of f 298*b*
succeeds in unknown f 361*a*
take a bond of f 349*b*
that f is thine— no distant date 62*a*
the f of this country depends 128*b*
the man I sing, who forced by f 142*b*
their ken from half of human f 7*a*
thou who mourn st the Dasyn s f 62*a*
thy f and mine are seal'd 436*b*
till I thy f shall overtake 225*a*
Time and F of all their Vintage 163*a*
too vast orb of her f 6*b*
what I will is f 275*b*
what shall be the maiden's f? 317*a*
when f summons monarchs obey 140*b*
which f and metaphysical aid 346*b*
who can control his f? 364*a*
why shd they know their f? 175*a*
will in us is over-ruled by f 269*a*
with a heart for any f 248*a*
youth, wh f reserves 452*a*
Fates masters of their f 337*b*
our wills and f contrary run 334*a*
when F turn'd cruel 215*a*
whom the f sever 318*a*
Father about my l 's business 509*a*
a f I can never get mar 529*a*
a mother's pride a f's joy 319*a*
an only f, sir 170*b*
arise and go to my f 500*b*
as a decrepit f takes delight 387*b*
be the root and f of many kings 348*b*
but not an angry f 77*a*
carf biforn his f 88*a*
come silly soul thy f's shame 35*b*
come Thou F of the poor 86*b*
cometh unto the I, but by me 511*a*
cry not when his f dies 211*b*
Diogenes struck the f 64*b*
down from the F of lights 517*a*
even so F, for so it seemed good 509*a*
f answered never a word 249*a*

Father (*cont*)
F, forgive them, for they know not 510*a*
F, I cannot tell a lie 451*b*
F, I have sinned against thee 509*b*
F in Heaven who lovest all 227*b*
F, in Thy gracious keeping 145*b*
F, into thy hands I commend 510*a*
f is rather vulgar, my dear 123*a*
F, let me dedicate 446*b*
F, Mother and Me 23*b*
f of all! in ev'ry age 304*a*
f, O f! what do we here 31*a*
F of lights! what sunny seed 447*b*
f of such as dwell in tents 492*b*
f of the fatherless 486*a*
f's sorrow, f's joy 176*a*
F who didst all create 236*a*
features of my f's face 73*b*
foredoomed his f's soul to cross 305*a*
full fathom five thy f lies 367*a*
had it been his f 523*b*
hath the rain a f? 497*b*
have a turnup than his f 211*b*
have we not all one f? 504*b*
her f loved me 360*a*
he took my f grossly 334*b*
his f's sword he has girded on 281*b*
his f was before him 418*b*
his mother on his f hum begot 30*a*
Holy F, in Thy mercy 411*a*
honour thy f and thy mother 480*a*
how many a f have I seen 430*a*
I am thy f's spirit 331*a*
I go to the F 511*b*
I had it from my f 385*b*
I thank thee, O F 509*a*
it is a wise f 353*b*
kept his f's asses 261*a*
King, f, royal Dane 331*a*
lead us, Heavenly F 143*b*
liar, and the f of it 511*a*
light upon him from his f's eyes 466*b*
like as a f pitieth his children 488*a*
Lord, shew us the F 511*a*
man leave his f and his mother 492*a*
mighty God, The everlasting F 501*b*
my f and my mother forsake me 483*b*
my f argued sair 20*b*
my f chastised you 496*a*
my f did something smack 353*b*
my f feeds his flocks 194*b*
my f's brother no more my f 330*a*
my f sold me 32*b*
my f was an button maker 103*b*
my f wept 32*a*
my poor f used to say 186*a*
O f of all of us 423*a*
only begotten of the F 510*b*
on the king my f's death 144*b*
our fair f Christ 428*a*
our F wh art in heaven 505*a*
picture of his f's face 155*b*
resembled my f as he slept 347*b*
she follow'd my poor f's body 330*a*
she has deceived her f 360*b*
the Child is f of the Man 468*a*
the f of good news 332*a*
the wanton smiled, f wept 176*a*
thicker than my f's loins 496*a*
this is my true-begotten f 353*b*
tho' f and mither gae mad 63*a*
thus with hir f dwelleth 89*b*
thy wish was f to that thought 381*a*
to his great F bends 100*a*
we cry, Abba, F 513*b*
what my f used to say 186*a*
when thy f first did see 176*a*
wise son maketh a glad f 408*a*
with His F work us a peace 270*a*
without f bred 268*a*
ye are of yr f the devil 511*a*
you are old, F William 407*a*
your f was no glazier 418*b*
Fathered being so f 338*b*
Fatherland guard and bless our f 200*b*
Fatherless he defendeth the f 490*b*
Fatherly then, f, not less than I 294*a*
Fathers ashes of his f 253*a*
a sojourner, as all my f were 484*a*
blood is fet from f of war-proof 382*a*
city of the healthiest f 457*b*

Fathers (*cont*)
excellent herbs had our f of old 233*a*
exiles from our f's land 320*b*
faith of our f holy faith! 150*a*
f, provoke not your children 515*b*
f that, like so many Alexanders 382*a*
follow the generation of his f 485*a*
for whose sake our f died 228*a*
God of our f, be the God 131*b*
God of our f, known of old 233*b*
I like to be as my f were 33*b*
instead of thy f have children 484*b*
Lord God of yr f 493*b*
loud cried the F all 253*b*
our f have declared unto us 479*a*
our f that begat us 521*a*
our f worshipped stocks 278*b*
sins of the f upon the children 480*a*
slept with his f 496*a*
the f have eaten sour grapes 503*b*
we sons succeed their f's praise 178*a*
your f, where are they? 504*b*
Fathers-forth he f whose beauty 197*b*
Fathom full f five thy father lies 367*a*
full many a f deep 76*b*
nine f deep he had followed us 98*b*
thou canst not f it 435*b*
where f-line could never touch 177*a*
Fathoms 'tis fifty f deep 530*a*
Fatigued I said, tie up the knocker 302*b*
Fatling lion and the f together 501*b*
Fatness f of these pursy times 335*a*
thy clouds drop f 486*a*
Fats in thy f our cares be drowned 323*b*
Fatter he was f than his cure 426*b*
the valley sheep are f 295*a*
would he were f! 338*a*
Faubourg St Germain 449*b*
Fault a f, wh needs it most 186*b*
break yr neck, 'tis not his f 30*a*
but see thy f! 381*b*
condemn the f and not the actor 351*b*
every one f seeming monstrous 327*a*
faultless to a f 51*b*
fierceness makes error a f 186*b*
for they are without f 519*a*
he that does one f at first 452*b*
if at all she had a f 215*b*
it has no kind of f or flaw 163*b*
it was a grievous f 339*b*
just hint a f 303*a*
scarce weed out the f 170*b*
shun the f I fell in 531*b*
that checks each f 11*a*
the f dear Brutus 337*b*
the f was Nature's f not thine 74*b*
the glorious f of angels 299*a*
to hide the f I see 304*a*
to me he is all f 428*b*
without f or stain on thee 37*a*
Faulted wherein he most f 214*b*
Faultless faultily f 433*b*
f to a fault 51*b*
taste exact for f fact 165*a*
Faults a heady currance, scouring f 381*b*
all his f are such 170*b*
all his f observed 341*a*
all men have their f 170*b*
all men make f 387*b*
all old f and follies are forgot 96*b*
best men are moulded out of f 352*b*
be to her f a little blind 305*b*
cleanse thou me from my secret f 482*b*
drown all my f 155*b*
England, with all thy f 111*b*
f had she, child of Adam's stem 293*b*
f so nearly allied to excellence 170*b*
f they commit, the earth covereth 307*a*
for I acknowledge my f 485*a*
friendly eye could never see such f 341*a*
gossips count her f 263*b*
has she no f 296*b*
his f lie gently on him! 386*a*
if he had any f 169*b*
if our f whipped them not 322*a*
I know most f 327*a*
Jesus! with all thy f I love thee 67*a*
my f ye quote 241*a*
not for thy f, but mine 69*a*
some f to make us men 324*b*
teeth and forehead of our f 334*b*

Faults (*cont*)
the greatest of f 80*b*
vile ill-favoured f 350*a*
with all her f, she is my country 94*b*
ye be bufleted for yr f 517*b*
Faustine caressed I 421*b*
Faustus must be damned 258*b*
Favour f with God and man 509*a*
for yr f give God thanks 358*b*
looks almost like a f 105*a*
to this f she must come 336*b*
Favourable O be f and gracious 485*a*
Favoured that art highly f 508*b*
Favourite a f has no friend! 173*b*
a Prodigal's f 463*b*
you mark his f flies 334*a*
Favours gratitude sense of future f 574*b*
hangs on princes f 386*a*
in the middle of her f 332*a*
I've felt all its f 97*a*
lively sense of *future* f 450*a*
those be rubies, fairy f 356*b*
Fawn blue heavens like a white f 476*a*
the f that flies 420*b*
to f, to crouch, to wait 409*b*
troopers have shot my f 261*a*
unpractis'd he to f 168*b*
Fawning base spaniel f 339*a*
Fear all f, none aid you 301*b*
almost to jelly with the act of f 370*b*
Arch F in a visible form 50*b*
but I f him not 338*a*
continual f and danger of..death 191*b*
crossed themselves for f 432*a*
cuckoo, O, word of f 345*b*
drives away his f 289*a*
ere we will eat our meal in f 348*b*
faith shines arming me from f 38*b*
F, and Bloodshed, miserable train! 495*a*
F and trembling Hope 473*a*
f God keep his commandments 500*a*
f God, and take yr own part 34*a*
f God Honour the king 517*b*
f Him, ye saints 424*b*
f in a handful of dust 144*b*
F is a flying 159*a*
f is the parent of cruelty 157*b*
f no more the frown o' the great 329*a*
f no more the heat o' the sun 329*a*
f not, but trust in Providence 22*a*
f not,' said he 424*b*
f of change perplexes 272*a*
f of some divine powers 64*b*
f of the Lord is the beginning 489*a*
I O little Hunter 234*b*
f or favour of the crowd 228*a*
f o' Stellenbosch 234*b*
f, the first of ills 141*b*
f thou not it all 422*b*
f to launch away 453*b*
f to whom f 513*b*
f was, lest he shd make an end 215*a*
f wist not to evade 441*b*
f ye not therefore 506*a*
feels all over trembulation and f 417*a*
for f of little men 3*a*
for f of wh, hear this, thou age 388*b*
fostered by beauty and by f 469*a*
grow gray with f 396*b*
hate that wh we often f 322*b*
have nothing else to f 424*b*
his f still followed him 408*b*
hope and f set free 422*a*
I bid farewell to every f 453*b*
I cannot taint with f 350*b*
I do f them 339*a*
I f no foe in shining armour 291*b*
I f thy kisses gentle maiden 309*b*
if my name were liable to f 338*a*
I have a sin of f 132*a*
I'll f not what men say 54*b*
in the night, imagining some f 357*b*
I, with many a f for my country 463*a*
I wd not f nor wish my fate 107*a*
judge of danger wh they f 468*a*
land of unbelief and f 31*a*
lest I shd f and fall 43*a*
little we f weather without 440*b*
many things to f 15*a*
most strange that men shd f 339*a*

Fear (*cont*)
never strike sail to a f 148*a*
nobility is exempt from f 384*a*
no hope who never had a f 113*a*
no passion so robs as f 57*b*
not given us the spirit of f 516*b*
O f the Lord, ye his saints 484*a*
perfect love casteth out f 518*a*
possess them not with f 383*a*
severity breedeth f 14*b*
shuddering f 354*a*
spirit of bondage again to f 513*b*
sunder d in the night of f 431*a*
tell pale-hearted f it lies 349*b*
that calms each f 11*a*
that natural f in children 14*a*
thawing cold f 382*b*
the concessions of f 55*b*
therefore will we not f 484*b*
there is no f in love 518*a*
there is not a word of f 241*a*
the spirit of knowledge and f 501*b*
they that f him lack nothing 484*a*
thou needest not f mine 399*b*
to be feared than what I f 338*a*
tragedy arousing pity and f 559*a*
trembled with f at yr frown 148*b*
'twas only f first made gods 215*b*
watch not one another out of f 133*a*
we f to be we know not what 139*b*
what need we f who knows it 350*a*
which feels no f 5*b*
which rather thou dost f to do 346*b*
whom then shall I f 483*b*
whose being I do f 348*b*
why f we to become 392*b*
wise f, you know forbids 94*b*
with his f is put beside his part 387*a*
with hope farewell f 273*b*
without f and without blemish 566*a*
work out yr own salvation with f 516*a*
Feared it is just as I f 243*a*
tell thee what is to be f 338*a*
twenty times was Peter f 468*b*
what are they f on? 403*b*
Fearful come forth, thou f man 366*a*
f thing to fall into the hands 517*a*
frame thy f symmetry 31*b*
ye f saints 110*a*
Fearfully and wonderfully made 490*b*
Fearless f for unknown shores 457*b*
stepping f thro the night 20*b*
Fears craven f of being great 427*a*
either f his fate too much 280*b*
f are less than imaginings 346*b*
f may be liars 96*b*
f of the brave 214*a*
f shall be in the way 499*b*
fifty hopes and f 45*a*
forgot the taste of f 350*b*
hopes and f of all the years 40*a*
humble cares, and delicate f 471*a*
I had no human f 463*a*
its tenderness, its joys, and f 467*a*
little f grow great 334*a*
man f to be dead 16*b*
men's have grown from sudden f 69*b*
not mine own f 388*b*
our f do make us traitors 350*a*
our f our hopes belied 196*a*
our very hopes belied our f 196*a*
tie up thy f 188*a*
when I have f that I may cease 221*a*
who f to speak of Ninety-Eight 203*b*
within were f 515*a*
Feast a f of fat things 502*a*
as you were going to a f 215*a*
by bare imagination of a f 374*b*
door stood open at our f 98*a*
f of reason and the flow of soul 303*b*
Goldsmith's fine f 158*b*
great f of languages 345*a*
if so they chance to f her 215*b*
let us keep the f 514*a*
liberty's a glorious f 61*a*
Love, thy solemn F to hold 293*b*
perpetual f of nectared sweets 267*b*
riot, f and dance 276*b*
sat at any good man's f 326*b*
scramble at the shearers' f 260*b*
song of them that f 286*a*

Feast (*cont*)
the beginning of a f 378*b*
the f is set 98*a*
what f is toward in thine cell 337*a*
when I make a f 181*a*
Feasting go to the house of f 499*a*
Feasts at all f when ale was strongest 249*a*
fools make f 157*a*
spots in yr f of charity 518*a*
table of the Moveable F 478*a*
uppermost rooms at f 507*b*
wreathed for f not few 264*a*
Feat f on which we prided 70*b*
like that f in the ring 195*a*
such a gallant f of arms 253*b*
Feather a moulted f, an eagle-f 48*b*
f is wafted downward 247*a*
friendship never moults a f 125*a*
lighter than a f 160*b*
little ball of f and bone 180*a*
stuck a f in his cap 18*b*
viewed his own f on the dart 72*a*
with hindward f 263*b*
Feathered f creatures broke away 389*a*
f race with pinions skim the air 157*b*
Feathers animals without f 81*b*
her f like gold 486*a*
made my f gay 475*a*
safe under his f 487*b*
she plumes her f 267*a*
Feats f he did that day 383*a*
'twas one of my f 73*a*
Featly foot it f 367*a*
Feature haunt one agreeable f 250*a*
thrive in grace and f 215*a*
Featured like him 387*a*
Features f of my Entertainment 451*a*
homely f to keep home 267*b*
lady of incisive f 264*b*
some f of my father's face 73*b*
February F, fill the dyke 446*a*
F has twenty-eight alone 533*a*
F hath twenty-eight alone 172*a*
F last, my heart was glad 463*b*
in vestal F 293*b*
Fed appetite grown by what it f 330*a*
but it is f and watered 76*a*
f with the same food 354*a*
sheep look up, and are not f 269*b*
Federal our F Union 203*b*
Federation of the world 432*b*
Fee aye the cheapest lawyer's f 62*b*
before his credit, or his f 419*b*
bought over God with a f 424*a*
set my life at a pin's f 331*a*
Feeble f as frail 172*b*
help the f up 368*a*
most forcible F 380*b*
Feed f fat the ancient grudge 353*a*
f me in a green pasture 483*a*
f my lambs 511*b*
f my sheep 511*b*
f the brute! 535*b*
f with the rich 207*b*
gave thee life, and bid thee f 32*b*
He that doth me f 188*a*
to f and batten on this moor 335*a*
we can begin to f 84*b*
Feeder Mr F, B A 122*b*
Feedest tell me where thou f 500*a*
Feedeth he f among the lilies 500*a*
Feeding there are forty f like one 467*b*
Feeds Death, that f on men 389*b*
earth alike f beast as man 322*a*
Feel antilogy of making figments f 179*b*
f I am so most 324*a*
f what I can ne'er express 69*b*
f what wretches f 343*a*
he already seemed to f the flowers 223*b*
I believe to '*One does f*' 238*a*
I f a feeling wh I f you all f 309*a*
I f it more than other people 121*b*
I f like one who treads alone 282*b*
I must also f it as a man 350*a*
in yr arms to f so small 294*a*
know the change and f it 221*b*
no comfortable f in any member 195*a*
tragedy to those that f 449*b*
we f that it is there 398*a*
what did it f to be out of Heaven 441*a*
wd make us f, must f themselves 95*b*

Feeleth He f for our sadness 3*b*
Feeling a f and a love 472*a*
a fellow-f makes one kind 158*b*
f of sadness and longing 247*a*
greater f to the worse 374*b*
had fed the f of their masters' 259*b*
I feel a f 309*a*
lost pulse of f stirs 5*a*
love's f is more soft 345*a*
one f too falsely disdained 399*b*
petrifies the f 60*a*
prevents that sinking f 522*b*
sensible to f as to sight 347*b*
that Kruschen f 526*a*
to me high mountains are a f 68*b*
with the gratifying f 163*b*
Feelings f by wh kings governed 17*b*
f by wh later Greece ruled 17*b*
opinion determined by the f 408*a*
their f are strong 129*b*
we live in f, not in figures 18*a*
Feels become my universe that f 44*b*
finding how it f 93*b*
Fees as they took their f 26*a*
no one hope, but of his f 190*b*
straight dream on f 364*b*
Feet aching hands and bleeding f 7*a*
and did those f in ancient times 31*a*
and my f from falling 485*b*
and what dread f 32*a*
at her f he bowed 495*a*
at the f of Gamaliel 512*b*
at their f the crocus brake 435*a*
bathe those beauteous f 155*b*
beat down Satan under our f 479*a*
beat more instant than the F 441*b*
beat of her unseen f 393*a*
beautiful are thy f with shoes 500*b*
before her wandering f 476*a*
be jubilant, my f! 200*b*
broken by their passing f 474*a*
came on the following F 441*b*
chase the Hours with flying f 68*b*
clang of hurrying f 12*a*
come the expected f 265*a*
crowes f be growe under yr yĕ 90*a*
desultory f of Death 312*a*
diseased in his f 496*a*
fall at her flying f 78*a*
f have they, and walk not 489*a*
f like sunny gems 433*b*
f like unto fine brass 518*b*
f of joy in idleness 37*b*
f of thine high priests 423*b*
f of those he fought for 435*a*
f o' the men what drill 227*a*
f was I to the lame 497*a*
guide our f into the way 508*b*
hear the grown-up people's f 413*b*
her f beneath her petticoat 416*a*
her f have touched the meadows 433*b*
I look down towards his f 364*a*
jewel-print of yr f 434*a*
keep Thou my f 288*b*
laid a net for my f 485*b*
lark drop down at his f 435*b*
let my due f never fail 268*b*
little snow-white f 474*a*
Lord, dost thou wash my f? 511*a*
making a tinkling with their f 501*a*
my dreams under yr f 474*b*
my f from falling 489*a*
my f upon the rock 484*a*
nae room at my f 529*a*
now with his f 176*a*
palms before my f 92*a*
pierced His gospel-bearing f 244*a*
place at the great knees and f 421*a*
pretty f like snails 190*b*
put off thy shoes from off thy f 493*b*
round the f of the day 420*a*
scattered at the f of man 464*b*
set my f in a large room 483*b*
shake off the dust of yr f 506*a*
splendour and speed of thy f 420*a*
spread the cloths under yr f 474*b*
standing, with reluctant f 247*b*
start and tremble under her f 434*a*
suffereth not our f to slip 486*a*
table-crumbs attract his slender f 443*b*
tempt with wand'ring f 272*b*

Feet (*cont*)
the man sprang to his f 47*b*
the sea beneath my f 35*b*
the shuffling of f 284*b*
they hadn t any f 84*a*
they lie about our f 463*b*
they sit at the F 234*b*
those little silver f 261*a*
thus I set my printless f 268*a*
'tis three f long, and two f wide 471*b*
violets suddenly bloom at her f 27*a*
walked those blessed f 376*a*
wish their f in soda water 144*b*
what flowers are at my f 220*a*
white f of laughing girls 253*a*
whose f they hurt in the stocks 488*b*
with faint, averted f 294*a*
with her world-wandering f 441*b*
with lifted f, hands still 24*b*
with oary f bears forward 443*b*
with their f forward 42*a*
with twain he covered his f 501*b*
you Stella's f may kiss 402*a*
yr f shod with the preparation 516*a*
Feign thing, or finde wordes newe 89*a*
Feigned fairer than f of old 277*a*
thus by f deaths to die 133*b*
Feigning was called compliment 371*b*
Felicity absent thee from t awhile 337*a*
exact f of Horace 552*b*
I am the measure of F 176*b*
ne'er remember their green f 221*a*
none can boast sincere f 141*a*
optics of those eyes to behold f 41*b*
or shadow of f 449*a*
our own f we make or find 213*a*
perfect bliss and sole f 259*a*
possession without obligation f 264*b*
tavern-chair throne of human f 212*a*
what more f can fall to creature 409*b*
Felicities three fearful f 402*a*
Fell at one f swoop 350*a*
f among thieves 509*a*
foremost fighting, f 68*b*
from morn to noon he f 272*a*
he bowed, he f 495*a*
I do not love you Dr F 41*a*
I f at his feet as dead 518*b*
it f to earth, I know not where 246*b*
more good than all who f 394*a*
my f of hair wd rouse and stir 350*b*
ran to help me when I f 425*a*
stood who stood and f who f 273*b*
the athlete nearly f 287*a*
the instant that he f 318*b*
'tis enough, that when it f 131*b*
we f out I know not why 436*a*
we f out, my wife and I 436*a*
Felled the poplars are f 110*b*
Fellow a f that hath had losses 359*a*
a full f of thy hands 373*b*
f eight years old 46*b*
forget his f traveller 527*b*
has this f no feeling 336*a*
hay, hath no f 357*a*
he's a good F 154*a*
he was a good f 88*b*
his folly has not f 198*b*
impossible Rome breed thy f 341*b*
many a good tall f had destroyed 377*a*
old F of Trinity 527*a*
'sir', said Mr Tupman, 'you're a f' 126*a*
sweetest li'l' f 410*a*
testy, pleasant F 2*a*
that f 's got to swing 459*b*
there is no f in the firmament 339*a*
this f 's of exceeding honesty 361*b*
this f 's wise enough 371*b*
thou art a f of a good respect 341*b*
to find a young f 104*b*
unweighing f 352*a*
you hear this f in the cellarage 331*b*
young f fell overboard 525*a*
Fellow-countryman is a model 124*a*
Fellow-creatures good to all my f 313*b*
Fellow-mortal companion and f 62*a*
Fellow-rover laughing f 262*a*
Fellows certain lewd f 512*b*
mighty fine f nowadays 413*b*
strange f in her time 352*b*
virgins that be her f 484*b*

Fellows (*cont*)
what shd such f as I do? 333*b*
Fellow-servant I am thy f 519*b*
Fellowship a f with essence 217*b*
fears his f to die 383*a*
f is heaven 284*b*
f is life 284*b*
half-faced f 377*a*
it is for f 's sake 284*b*
manhood, nor good f in thee 376*b*
one communion and F 480*a*
ready minds to f divine 217*b*
simple dues of f 43*a*
the right hands of f 515*b*
why shd yr f a trouble be 117*b*
Felt darkness wh may be f 493*b*
how she f, but what she f 460*b*
Oh, this I have f 235*b*
Female child of Eve, a f 344*b*
elegance of f friendship 213*b*
f of sex it seems 277*b*
f of the species is more deadly 220*a*
for one fair f 141*b*
male and f created he them 492*a*
over his f in due awe 278*a*
polished f friend 459*a*
some f errors fall 302*b*
the f woman 451*a*
what f heart can gold despise 173*b*
whimsey is the f guide 173*a*
Females eighty mile o'f 127*a*
make poor f mad 357*a*
Feminine keener pangs, tho' f 218*b*
Fen of stagnant waters 467*b*
Fence-rail straddled that f 182*a*
Fences good f good neighbours 157*b*
there, by the starlit f 199*b*
yet all these f 187*a*
Fencing that time that I have in f 360*b*
Fenians house of the I 476*b*
Fer I'll f him, and firk him 383*a*
Ferbe f he spied wi his e e 528*a*
ye crowlin' f 61*b*
Ferments and frets 66*a*
Fern grasshoppers under a f 57*a*
Ferne al the snowe of f yere 90*a*
Fern-seed we have the receipt of f 377*a*
Ferrers and Fanhope 137*a*
Ferret firk him, and f him 383*a*
Ferry row us o'er the f 77*a*
who's for the f? 261*b*
Festival things that we ordained f 366*a*
Festus, I plunge! 49*b*
Fetch I f my life and being 359*b*
to f one if one goes astray 311*a*
Fetishly full faire and f 88*b*
Fetlocks shag and long 386*b*
Fetter his body lay a worn-out f 248*a*
Fettered f Love from dying 77*b*
set f that hath had losses 44*b*
Fetters in love with his f 16*b*
strong Egyptian f 322*b*
Feud f of rich and poor 431*a*
Fhairshon swore a f 12*b*
old f twixt things and me 36*a*
Feuds forget all f and shed one tear 252*b*
their ineffectual f 5*a*
Fever-trees all set about with f 237*a*
Fever after life's fitful f 348*b*
anguish moist and f dew 218*b*
English drizzle wakes the f 232*a*
f of life is over 288*b*
grows to an envious f 368*b*
hand of a lady f thee 324*a*
the f called 'Living' 297*b*
thy lips taken f 421*b*
what the f is to the physicians 270*a*
Février to Generals Janvier and F 575*b*
Few angel-visits, f and far between 77*b*
appointment by the corrupt f 391*a*
being of that honest f 438*b*
but f are chosen 507*b*
clash'd with his fiery f 435*a*
err as grossly as the f 138*b*
far and f 243*b*
fear that thou will find but f 393*b*
f and evil have the years been 493*b*
f and short were the prayers 462*b*
f die and none resign 205*a*
f, f shall part where many meet 77*a*

Few (*cont*)
f know their own good 142*b*
f there be that find it 505*b*
f things to desire 15*a*
f, whom genius gave to shine 175*a*
fit audience tho' f 275*b*
party the gain of a f 419*a*
strains—alas! too f 470*b*
the f our Father sends 29*a*
the notes are f 31*b*
we f, we happy f 383*a*
ye are many—they are f 395*b*
Fez in argosy transferred from F 221*b*
Fezziwig in came Mrs F 121*b*
Fhairshon F had a son 12*b*
F swore a feud 12*b*
Fiat I have a bit of F in my soul 24*a*
Fib destroy his f of sophistry 303*a*
Fibre from the brain does tear 29*a*
Fibs I'll tell you no f 171*a*
Fickle made thee f as thou art 74*b*
whatever sea f, freckled 197*b*
Fickleness f of the women I love 391*a*
Oh, the lovely f 162*a*
Fiction by fairy F drest 173*b*
condemn it as an improbable f 371*b*
f lags after truth 55*b*
Peerage the best thing in f 460*b*
truth stranger than f 72*a*
Fictions my f, but her story 115*b*
Fictive origin of the f picture 204*a*
Fiddle as fit as a f 182*b*
f or gay sautrye 88*b*
f, sir, and spade 319*a*
f, we know, is diddle 422*a*
his lass, his f, and his frisk 111*a*
I the second f 528*b*
my f in Dooney 475*a*
the cat and the f 534*a*
the merry love the f 475*a*
Time plays the f 131*a*
Fiddlepin's end! Cut out 75*b*
Fiddler chemist, f, statesman 138*b*
he was a f, and a rogue 418*a*
in came a f 121*b*
the f 's old tune 284*b*
the f 's standing by 522*b*
Fiddlers called for his f three 532*a*
Fiddles take back yr golden f 231*a*
Fiddlestick imperial f! 83*b*
Fiddle-strings is weakness to ex-pledge 124*b*
Fiddling a f priest 110*b*
Fiddling-stick master's lost his f. 534*a*
Fidele I air F 's grassy tomb 102*b*
Fidgety Phil 193*a*
Fie f, f upon her! 369*a*
F, foh and fum 343*a*
f now wd she cry 20*b*
O, f, f, f! thy sin's but a trade 387*a*
Field action in the tented f 360*a*
a man of the f 493*a*
behold her, single in the f 471*a*
but for you, possess the f 96*b*
by flood and f 360*a*
consider the lilies of the f 505*b*
cuckoo's cry from the wet f 8*b*
happy f or mossy cavern 219*a*
he rush'd into the f 68*b*
I thank our Lord the f is won 283*a*
in a f by the river 474*a*
like the van first took'st the f 225*a*
only inhabitants of the f 57*a*
shake alike the senate and the f 303*b*
single f wh I have looked upon 466*a*
six Richmonds in the f 385*b*
sleep is flying from t and tree 35*b*
some corner of a foreign f 40*a*
sparkled on the yellow f 431*b*
that lay f to f 501*a*
the F strewn with its dank drifts 7*b*
there's a whisper down the f 231*b*
the sickle in the fruitful f 30*a*
tills the f and lies beneath 438*a*
till the f ring again 34*b*
when Prussia hurried to the f 318*a*
who tills this lonely f 146*b*
Fields a' babbled of green f 382*a*
ah, vain! These English f 9*a*
as long as f are green 392*a*
better to hunt in f 140*a*

Fields (*cont*)
dream of battled f 316*b*
farewell happy f 271*a*
f invested with purpureal gleams 467*b*
f without a flower 111*b*
first and last of f 68*a*
flowerless f of heaven 420*a*
from the f of sleep 466*a*
go not from the shining f 433*b*
green f of England 96*b*
happy Autumn-f 436*a*
I am gone into the f 394*b*
in joyless f 443*b*
in the flowering of His f 429*a*
in those holy f over whose acres 376*a*
lilied f of France 76*b*
long f of barley and of rye 431*b*
no f of amaranth 241*b*
nor f of offerings 495*b*
out of olde f newe corn 90*a*
plough the f, and scatter 76*a*
poetic f encompass me 1*b*
show'd how f were won 168*b*
stroll alone through f and woods 101*a*
subterranean f 469*b*
the f fall southward 421*b*
the F his study 33*a*
the f of Immortality 393*b*
to f where flies no sided hail 197*b*
tyrant of his f 174*a*
vasty f of France 381*a*
what f, or waves, or mountains? 398*b*
ye f of Cambridge 107*a*
Fiend a foul F Apollyon 54*a*
budge, says the f 353*b*
doubt the equivocation of the f 351*a*
f hid in a cloud 32*a*
f of gods and men ydrad 409*a*
give the F himself his due 438*b*
he knows, a frightful f 99*b*
out hyperbolical f 372*a*
so eagerly the f o'er bog 273*a*
so spake the F 274*a*
so strook fell the F 277*b*
take heed o the foul f 343*a*
thou marble-hearted f 342*a*
Fiends f in upper air 318*b*
f that plague thee thus 98*b*
f will snatch at it 364*a*
these juggling f 351*a*
f a pride and pride had he 63*a*
Fierce anger insignificantly f 112*b*
f as ten furies 272*b*
f is the fire 171*b*
f raged the tempest o er the deep 444*b*
grew more f and wild 188*a*
more f and more inexorable 366*a*
safer being meek than f 44*b*
that f thing conscience 195*a*
with oary feet bears forward f 443*b*
Fierceness makes error a fault 186*b*
Fiere there's a hand, my trusty f 59*a*
Fiesole drifted over F by twilight 49*a*
Fife Elephant that practised on a f 85*b*
farewell the ear-piercing f 362*a*
sound the clarion, fill the f 283*a*
sound the f, and cry the slogan 12*a*
the Thane of F had a wife 350*a*
the wry-necked f 353*b*
tootle-te-tootle the f 52*b*
Fifteen f men on the dead man's chest 413*a*
fifteen wild Decembers 39*a*
maiden of bashful f 400*b*
Fifth f shall close the drama 28*a*
the F of November 532*a*
Fifty Adonis of f 183*b*
it f chides his infamous delay 477*a*
corpulent man of f 202*a*
fifty springs are little room 198*b*
fifty million Frenchmen 177*b*
here's to the widow of f 400*b*
it only leaves me f more 198*b*
Fifty-four, forty or fight 4*a*
Fifty-three the one and the f 437*b*
we fight with f 437*b*
Fig did you say pig, or f? 83*a*
Fight a harder matter to f 427*a*
a man may f and no be slain 63*a*
a man may f, and not be slain 320*b*
are baffled to f better 52*a*
Fight (*cont*)
a second Adam to the f 288*b*
come ye here to f 530*b*
dead man win a f 530*b*
die in the lost, lost f 96*a*
eat like wolves and f like devils 382*a*
end of the f is a tombstone 233*a*
famoused for f 387*a*
fifty-four forty or f 4*a*
f begins within himself 45*a*
f it out on this line 173*a*
f of the one and the fifty-three 437*b*
f on to the end 177*b*
f the good f 279*b*
f the good f of faith 516*b*
f, to be found fighting 37*b*
for if they won t f us 158*b*
forth to the f are gone 306*b*
fought the better f 275*a*
good at a f 282*b*
hath no stomach to this f 383*a*
he s gone to f the French 217*a*
he that flies mought f again 13*b*
I dare not f 381*b*
if he f longer than he sees reason 376*b*
I give the f up 49*b*
I have fought a good f 516*b*
I have not yet begun to f 214*a*
it is better to f for the good 434*b*
I will not cease from Mental F 31*b*
let's f till six 84*b*
live to f another day 170*a*, 523*b*
martial brood accustomed to f 408*b*
never rise to f again 170*a*
shall we f or shall we fly? 437*b*
so ed f us no more 437*b*
so f I 514*a*
so one f more, the best 50*b*
then say it was in f 377*b*
they now to f are gone 137*a*
those that fly may f again 66*a*
those who bade me f had told me 149*b*
to f is but to die 437*b*
to f with them again 437*b*
too proud to f 462*a*
Ulster will f 95*a*
we don't want to f 201*b*, 527*b*
we'll f and we'll conquer 158*b*
who this great f did win 406*a*
Fighter a bonny f 412*b*
fits a dull f 378*b*
I was ever a f 50*b*
Fighteth none other that f for us 478*a*
Fighting f still and still destroying 139*a*
f unarmed amongst soldiers 24*a*
fight, to be found f 37*b*
foremost f, fell 68*b*
I was f as low as Widdrington 140*a*
want of f was grown rusty 65*a*
Fighting Téméraire she s the F 287*b*
Fightings without were f 515*a*
Fights gained a hundred f 435*a*
he that f and runs away 523*b*
he who f and runs away 170*a*
with majesty the British soldier f 285*b*
Fig-leaves across the f 421*b*
they sewed f together 492*b*
Figs f grew upon thorn 92*a*
fig-tree casteth her untimely f 518*b*
gather f of thistles 505*b*
green bursting f 8*b*
I love long life better than f 322*b*
in the name of the Prophet —f 404*a*
Fig-tree every man under his f 504*b*
f casteth her untimely figs 518*b*
train up a f 122*b*
Figure as the active or passive f 204*b*
baby f of the giant 368*b*
f in a country church 418*a*
f in the carpet 204*b*
in did come the strangest f! 50*a*
only f among ciphers 16*a*
this f that thou here seest 215*b*
to make me the fixed f 363*a*
Figures carved with f strange 100*a*
f pedantical 345*a*
prove anything by f 80*b*
Filbert Gilbert, the F 462*a*
File in the nature of an Old F 123*a*
Files commands the beauteous f 448*a*
here f of pins extend 302*b*
Files (*cont*)
ye fill up the gaps in our f 7*b*
Files-on-Parade 228*b*
Filial untie the f band 317*b*
Fill a beggar may drink his f 27*a*
f it up to the brim 320*a*
f me from the crown to the toe top 346*b*
f the unforgiving minute 230*a*
take our f of love 498*a*
Filled dreamt they f with dew 99*a*
f and vivified by Thee 280*a*
f to the brim with girlish glee 164*b*
Filling merely writ at first for f 419*b*
Film only that f, wh fluttered 101*a*
the lash, of f 364*b*
Filth in our own f drop our judgments 324*a*
Filths savour but themselves 343*b*
Filthy greedy of f lucre 516*b*
he wh is f, let him be f still 520*b*
Fin now winks the gold f 436*b*
under that Almighty F 39*b*
Finality not language of politics 128*a*
Financiers leaves to skilled f 167*b*
Find always f us young 147*a*
be sure yr sin will f you out 494*b*
can t tell where to f them 533*a*
f him ware an' wakin' 287*b*
f it after many days 499*b*
f me, and turn thy back 146*a*
f out, if you can whose master 419*b*
f thou but thyself, thou art I 422*a*
I cannot f it out 416*a*
I waked to f her 275*b*
lost thing ed I never f 27*a*
must f it out tonight 348*b*
seek, and ye shall f 505*b*
such perfect joy therein I f 143*a*
there thou shalt f me 526*a*
until I f the holy Grail 438*a*
when you do f him 341*b*
where shall we f her 420*a*
with men I f Him not 420*a*
Finder-out of occasions 361*a*
Findeth he that f his life 506*b*
he that seeketh f 505*b*
Finds f too late that men betray 170*a*
make more opportunities than he f 16*b*
Fine f by degrees 305*b*
frank, and f 26*b*
makes that and th' action f 188*b*
May will be f next year 199*b*
not to put too f a point 121*a*
quite a *disgrace* to be f 425*a*
some are f fellows 263*b*
spider s touch how exquisitely f 300*b*
stretch a cord however f 456*b*
Finely spirits are not f touched 351*a*
Finer something f in the man 148*a*
Finger better a f off 320*a*
f of birth-strangled babe 349*b*
from the red gold keep thy f 319*a*
God s f touched him 430*b*
lazy f of a maid 364*b*
more goodness in her little f 418*b*
my little f shall be thicker 496*a*
point his slow and unmoving f at 363*a*
put my f into the print 511*b*
put yr f in yr eye 533*a*
smooth to her slim f tips 192*a*
the Moving F writes 153*b*
'twixt his f and his thumb 376*b*
Fingers before Decay s effacing f 72*b*
cannot lick his own f 366*a*
do dead men s f call them 336*a*
even the works of thy f 482*a*
he kissed the f of this hand 44*a*
his f held the pen 111*a*
my f wandered idly 306*b*
pinching f 373*a*
smile upon his f' ends 382*a*
spires whose 'silent f' 464*b*
trailing in the streams thy f 8*a*
with f weary and worn 196*a*
with forced f rude 269*a*
Finger-stalls in fitless f 164*b*
Finish good lady 325*a*
Finished it is f 511*b*
Finisher of our faith 517*a*
Finite cannot bury under the F 81*b*
Fir-branch lone on the f 263*b*

Fire adamantine chains and penal f 271a
a little f kindleth 517b
all compact of f 386b
around the f addressed its evening 415a
as a f shall ye pass 423b
as f is kindled by f 224a
ashes where once I was f 67b
as now on f I am 407b
as the flint bears f 341a
before the f of life 241a
be in danger of hell f 505a
books that you may carry to the f 212a
bring me my chariot of f 31a
burnt the f of thine eyes 32a
by a sea-coal f, upon Wednesday 380a
by night in a pillar of f 494a
can a man take f in his bosom 498a
darkness, f, and chains 452b
desire of f to reach to f 263b
don't f you can see their eyes 307a
every time she shouted 'F 'I 26a
faith and f within us 180a
feed the heart of night with f 422b
fell in the f and was burnt to ashes 172b
f and fleet and candle-light 529a
f and hail, snow and vapours 490b
f and people do in thus agree 176b
f answers f 382b
f burn, and cauldron bubble 349b
F I Help! The Hare! 192b
f my good one out 389b
F of London was not the f 123a
f, or the strength of the streams 420a
f sall never make thee shrink 529a
f that in the heart resides 7a
f that saith not, it is enough 499a
f that stirs about her 475a
f when you are ready, Gridley 120b
f within f, desire in deity 312a
French Guard, f first 183a
fretted with golden f 332b
frighted with false f 334b
full of that heavenly f 176b
gave a roar, as if of earthly f 218a
heap coals of f 498b
his eyes were as a flame of f 518b
his ministers a flaming f 488a
his speech is a burning f 420b
hold a f in his hand 374b
I am f and air 325a
I am warm, I have seen the f 502b
in our asshen olde is f y-reke 89a
in the F of Spring 152b
I sit beside my lonely f 2b
it is a f, it is a coal 295b
it is a heretic that makes the f 373a
it—is—not—f—devils dark 227b
I was thus musing the f kindled 484a
I will sit beside the f 26b
laburnums, dropping-wells of f 430b
leads to the great f 322a
lighten with celestial f 491a
lighting our torches at his f 97b
like f he meets the foe 436b
little f is quickly trodden out 384b
make the cold air f 397b
martyr in his shirt of f 403b
men, that are set on f 485b
motion of a hidden f 280a
neighbour's house is on f 56b
nodding by the f 476b
now stir the f 112a
O! for a Muse of f 381a
O love! O f 427a
only at his post when under f 179b
ordain'd to kill, conceiveth f 408b
O that man's heart were as f 420a
pale his ineffectual f 331b
quench'd them half given me f 347b
run a mile to see a f 413a
sea of glass mingled with f 519b
shrivelled in a fruitless f 430b
smiles by his cheerful f 170a
spark o' Nature's f 60a
spring the true Promethean f 345a
Sticks of briar make me a f 190b
stood that night against my f 344a
the f is not quenched 508b
the f seven times tried this 353b
their rosy fleece of f bestow 115a
the Lord was not in the f 496a

Fire (*cont*)
they are all f 339a
thorough flood, thorough f 356b
Thou knowest Who hast made the F 232b
three removes is as bad as a f 157a
till the f is dying in the grate 263b
tongues like as of f 512a
to Purgatory f thou com'st 529a
to view what f was near 407b
two irons in the f 23a
upon a wheel of f 344a
wash me in gulfs of liquid f 364a
went to tend the wounded under f 229b
what the hand dare seize the f? 32a
whether in sea or f 329b
with white f hidden 393a
youk n hide de f 182a
Fireballs blinding f, sleet 49b
Fire-baptism Baphometic F 81b
Firebrand plucked from the burning 504a
I tired that the house reject him 303a
Fire-drake as far as the f swings 92b
Fire-flames noondays kindle 46a
Fire-fly wakens 436b
Fire-folk sitting in the air! 197b
Fireman, and afraid of bumps! 403b
Fire-red hadde a f cherubinnes face 88b
Fires arose the answering f 252b
banked the f high 215b
fuel to maintain his f 79a
glorious th' assembled f 403a
in our ashes live their wonted f 174b
keep the home f burning 156a
never need to light their f 180b
one whose f true genius kindles 303a
quenched the stellèd f 343a
that f the length of Ophiucus 273a
thought-executing f 342b
treading over f hidden 545a
Truth will lend her noblest f 72b
violent f soon burn out 374b
ye follow wandering f 428a
Fire-side adventures were by the f 171a
f enjoyments 112a
happy f clime 59a
season my f with talk 468b
there is no f 248a
winter talk by the f 16a
Firewood, iron ware 261b
Firk I'll fer him and f him 383a
Firm who so f cannot be seduc'd 338a
zealous, beneficent, f 7b
Firmament brave o'erhanging f 332b
Christ's blood streams in the f 258b
f showeth his handiwork 482b
now glow'd the f with sapphires 274a
the pillared f is rottenness 267b
there is no fellow in the f 339a
the spacious f on high 2a
Firmly I believe and truly 288b
Firmness thy f makes my circle just 134a
with f in the right 245b
First after I ast, returns the F 44b
an undoubted title to the f 418b
as a wit, if not f in the f line 169b
be not the f by whom the new 300a
each second stood heir to the f 359b
Eclipse f, the rest nowhere 290b
else he'd have been here f 85a
f, and last, and midst 471a
f and wisest of them all 277a
f come I, my name is Jowett 528b
f fine careless rapture 47a
f in war, f in peace 244a
f love's f cry 293b
f put this uniform on 165a
f shall be last 507b
f that ever burst 98b
f to come and last to go 249a
f to fade away 282a
for wh the f was made 50b
Glorious F of June 285a, 526b
him f, him last 275a
in her f passion woman loves 70b
last state is worse than the f 506b
pray it be f to me 37b
rather be f in a village 13a
she is the f and I the second 528b
the f, last look 72b
there is no last nor f 50a

First (*cont*)
to feel the f kiss 312a
we for a certainty are not the f 199b
when f we met we did not guess 38a
wh was the f to fade away 75b
works of genius are the f things 222a
First-born her f's breath 178a
smite all the f 494a
Firstfruits become the f 515a
Firstlings of my heart 350a
Fir-tree shall come up the f 503a
Fir-trees f a dwelling for the stork 488b
f dark and high 195a
Fish dominion over the f of the sea 492a
ever so free as a f 314b
f not, with this melancholy bait 352b
f out of the water 321b
f say, they have their stream 39a
f would have bright mail 217b
great f spouts music as he swims 202b
harmless f monastic silence 132b
it's no f ye're buying 319a
Jonah was in the belly of the f 504b
littlest f may enter in 39b
man may f with the worm 335b
no more land, say f 39b
O silver f that my two hands 476a
piece of broiled f 510b
the f soar to find the ocean 442a
they're bonnie f and halesome 285b
thou deboshed f thou 367b
un-dish-cover the f 85b
what cat's averse to f? 173b
you were a tadpole, and I was a f 404a
Fished who f the murex up? 50a
Fisher skilful f goes not forth 532b
Fisherman O well for the f's boy 425b
Fishermen that walk upon the beach 343b
Fishers f of men 505a
three f went sailing 226b
Fishes blows bait in the f' mouth 532b
f first to shipping did impart 119b
f, that tipple in the deep 249b
hors d'œuvres for f 131a
if you were to make little f talk 171b
little f' answer was 85a
little f of the sea 85a
loses sight of the loaves and f 295a
men lived like f 401a
the f of the sea 482a
thousand men that f gnawed upon 384b
welcomes little f in 82b
when f flew and forests walked 92a
Fishified how art thou f! 365b
Fishing and for winter fly-f 450a
discourse of fish and f 450b
I go a f 511b
on f up the moon 295b
when I was last this way a-f 450b
when he goes a-f 450a
Fishing-bark many a light f 252a
Fish-like ancient and f smell 367b
Fishmonger you are a f 332a
Fishpond that great f (the sea) 118b
Fishpools in Heshbon 500b
Fish-sauce crack a bottle of f 93b
Fishy immense, of f form and mind 39b
Fist beat with f, instead of a stick 64b
his energetic f shd be ready 166a
his f be ever ready 166a
my left eye agin the Secesher's f 451a
Fit as f as a fiddle 182b
a while the f will work 336b
f audience find, tho' few 275b
f for the deed I had to do 85a
f for to serve as a soldier 236b
one last, long lingering f 233b
Pilot fell down in a f 99b
they therefore needs must f 109a
Fits bein' took with f 124a
blue cap that always f 92b
cope him in these sullen f 325b
Sleary's f 233b
strange f of passion 471a
they have their f and freaks 131a
Fitter being sane than mad 44b
Fittest survival of the f 117b, 408a
Fitzdotterel Earl of F's eldest 40b
Fitzgerald F strung them 250b
for this Edward F died 474b
shall hoarse F bawl 72a

Five f minutes too late 107b
f times received I forty stripes 515a
housbondes she hadde f 88b
must rise at f 532b
Fixed f like a plant 301a
f the where and when 182b
he f thee mid this dance 51a
well and wisely f 464b
Flag an English f was flown 228b
death's pale f 366b
f and sign of love 359b
f that makes you free 473a
f to April's breeze unfurled 146b
like to a vagabond f 322b
our f on every sea 201a
she took up the f 459a
spare yr country's f 459a
the meteor f of England 78a
the old f 's flyin 287b
war, an' a debt, an' a f 250b
whose f has braved 77b
Flag-flowers there grew broad f 398a
Flagons stay me with f 500a
Flags wearily thro' darkness 395b
Flail f of the lashing hail 393a
new device of a Protestant F 193a
Flakes in large white f falling 37a
Flame absence seem'd my f to qualify 389a
adding fuel to the f 278a
burn with this hard, gemlike f 293a
but f ? the bush is bare 50b
Chloe is my real f 306a
feed his sacred f 101b
f that burns upon its altars 183a
f that lit the battle s wreck 184b
friendly glow, and softer f 59a
if you nurse a f 77b
love's devoted f 282b
moth still plays about the f 159a
nor public f , nor private 299a
she may receive and own my f 305b
so in a shapeless f 131b
spark of heavenly f 299a
whose f creeps in at every hole 295b
words so full of subtil f 22b
Flamed upon the brazen greaves 431b
Flamens here lies two F 79a
Flames f in the forehead 270a
from those f no light 271a
his f must waste away 79a
knobs, and f o' fire 382a
thou king of f 87a
thro' their paly f 382b
went by her like thin f 311b
Flaming hurled headlong f 271a
Flanders F mare 571b
our armies swore terribly in F 411b
part of F hath receiv'd our yoke 449a
poppies grow in F Fields 256a
prodigious armies we had in F 411b
Flank on our f the crimson sun 136a
Flanks her silken f with garlands 219b
Flannel get her a f waistcoat 159a
Flannelled fools at the wicket 230a
Flap-dragon easier swallowed than a f 345a
Flapped and fought 192a
Flash one F of it within the Tavern 154a
Flashes f struck from midnights 46a
fresher airs to f blent 293b
in f , and with glory not their own 469b
this proverb f thro' his head 426b
Flashing youth is the time to go f 413a
Flashy their lean and f songs 269b
Flat a very dangerous f , and fatal 354a
fell half so f as Walter Scott 525b
f burglary as ever was 359a
isn't yr life extremely f 166b
stale, f , and unprofitable 330a
therefore it's f and plain 526a
Flat-irons flavour o' warm f 127a
Flats fifty different sharps and f 50a
Flatten hide is sure to f 'em 25b
Flatter before you f a man 212a
fondly f our desires 136b
nay, do not think I f 334a
paint my picture and not f me 116a
they do but f with their lips 482a
they f with their tongue 482a
Flattered being then most f 338b
Flattered (*cont*)
Englishman, being f , is a lamb 87a
f into virtue 416b
f me with hopes of earthly bliss 112b
he that loves to be f 368a
I have not f its rank breath 68b
Flatterer either a coward or a f 339b
face-f and back-biter 429a
General Good is the plea of f 30b
O Sleep! thou f 104a
the arch-f man's self 14b
worthy of the f 368a
Flatterers by f besieged 303a
tell him he hates f 338b
Flattering think him worth f 390b
Flatters the lie that f 111a
what really f a man 390b
Flattery feyned f and japes 89a
f soothe the dull, cold ear 174a
f with a trowel 129a
gross f to name a coward 444b
imitation is the sincerest of f 103b
ne er was f lost on poet s ear 317a
style of a dedication is f 212b
This is no f 325b
to ask advice to tout for f 102b
whether yr f is worth his having 212a
woman gained by every sort of f 91a
Flavia s a wit 302a
Flavour f of mild decay 194a
till it s losing its f 20a
variety gives it all its f 111b
vich wanity do you like the f on 127a
Flaw it has no kind of fault or f 163b
it is a f in happiness 217b
Flaws wished the f were fewer 46a
Flax smoking f shall he not quench 502b
Flayed belted you an f you 230a
Flea clog the foot of a f 371b
f in his ear 4b
f in's ear 23a
precedency between a louse and a f 211a
take the life of a f 20a
very f of his dog 215b
Fleas a flea hath smaller f 419b
beggars, f , and vines 226a
dog that praised his f 476a
f is good fer a dog 456a
great f have little f 283b
Fled all but he had f 184b
but thou art f 392b
f murmuring 274b
I f Him, down the nights 441b
I waked, she f 278b
kissed it and then f 398a
still as he f 408b
they're all f with thee 224b
Flee f from the wrath to come 504b
he can speak and f 529a
that hate him f before him 486a
they f from me, that did me seek 473b
Fleece f was white as snow 177b
like the rain into a f 486b
their rosy f of fire bestow 115a
yr f is white but 'tis too cold 115a
Fleeces so clean and white 453a
Fleet all in the Downs the f 161a
British F a-riding at anchor 440b
fire and f and candle-light 529a
f -limbed and beautiful 289b
how f 'twas on those little feet 261a
O thou most f 420a
Spanish f thou canst not see 400a
where the f of stars is anchored 154b
yield, proud foe, thy f 76b
Fleet Street dull in F 239b
Fleeter of foot than the kid 420b
Fleets ten thousand f sweep over 69b
vain, mightiest f of iron 136b
Flesh all f is as grass 517b
all f is grass 502b
all f shall be revealed 502b
Boston man east wind made f 4b
bring me f and bring me wine 286b
but the f is weak 508a
cd not all this f keep in life? 379a
closed up the f instead 492a
conversion of Godhead into f 478b
fedde with rosted f 88b
f and blood so cheap 196b
Flesh (*cont*)
f and blood wh did in Adam fail 289a
f helps soul 50b
f , how art thou fishified! 365b
f lusteth against the Spirit 515b
f of f , bone of my bone 276b
f of my f 492a
given to me a thorn in the f 515b
going the way of all f 454b
gone the way of all f 105b
gross f sinks downwards 376a
hair of my f stood up 497a
her fair and unpolluted f 336b
I have more f than another man 378b
I wants to make yr f creep 126a
I will eat bulls' f 485a
kinsmen according to the f 513b
make not provision for the f 514a
men are f and blood 339a
milk and tender f 89b
mind the things of the f 513b
my f also longeth after thee 485b
nor soul helps f 50b
of human f subsisting 478b
one f leaves 'em still two fools 104a
shocks that f is heir to 333a
since f must live 51b
sinful lusts of the f 481a
soul to feel the f 39a
spite of this f to-day 50b
study is a weariness of the f 500a
these our f upright 132b
the world, the f and the devil 478b
they shall be one f 492a
they that are after the f 513b
this f of mine might be 423a
this f wh walls about 375b
this soul prisons of f 133b
this world-wearied f 366b
thou didst eat strange f 322b
'tis the way of all f 321b
too too solid f wd melt 330a
unto thee shall all f come 485b
we are one, one f 276b
weyveth milk, and f 89b
wh limbs and f enough invest 147a
within this circle of f 41b
Word was made f 510b
wrestle not against f 516a
yet in my f shall I see God 497a
Fleshed thy maiden sword 379a
Fleshly School of Poetry 53b
Fleshpots when we sat by the f 494a
Fleshy tables of the heart 515a
Flew round and round it f 98a
Flewed so f , so sanded 357a
Fliers chase e en now the f 96b
f and pursuers were mingled 254a
Flies as f to wanton boys, are we 343b
butchers' shops with large blue f 403b
cobwebs, where small f were caught 13b
dead f cause the ointment 499b
f of estate and sunshine 188a
f on summer eves 220a
f , or ants, entombed in amber 16b
f , worms, and flowers 453a
he that f mought fight again 13b
lean black craft like f 311b
shoot folly as it f 300b
then she f away 438a
unfading moths, immortal f 39b
unto you at last she f 79b
Flight alarms of struggle and f 5a
by a frantic f of courtesy 294b
dark was the day of their f 255b
from an eagle in his f 247a
hear the lark begin his f 268b
his f was madness 350a
in what fond f 312b
not attained by sudden f 247b
on tiptoe for a f 218b
prepared for longer f 261a
swift be thy f 399a
the beetle wheels his droning f 174a
Flights upon the banks of Thames 216a
Flighty purpose never is o'ertook 350a
Flim-flam a pretty f 23a
Flimnap the Treasurer 417b
Flinch facts are facts and f not 51a
Flinders little Polly F 535a

Fling I'll have a f 23a
Flint as the f bears fire 341a
in time the f is pierced 238a
ne'er wear out the everlasting f 365b
set your faces like a f 54a
weariness can snore upon the f 329a
Flirt how can he [a bishop] f? 404b
Flirtation birth of that ... word f 91a
merely innocent f 71b
Flit I will f into it with my lyre 218b
Flitting I am f about many years 96a
Flittings thou tellest my f 485b
Float f double, swan and shadow 473a
f upon the wings of silence 267a
little lead best fits a little f 188b
Floated out flew the web and f wide 431b
Float-fishing angling or f 214a
Floating his f home for ever left 107b
Floats f tho unseen among us 394b
that f on high o'er vales 467a
Flock feed his f like a shepherd 502b
half his f were in their beds 474a
leave ... the f without shelter 318b
makest thy f to rest at noon 500a
one sickly sheep infects the f 453a
silent was the f in woolly fold 221b
tainted wether of the f 354b
there is no f, however watched 248a
unto my f I daily preached 524a
Flocks f of shiny pleiades 192a
f of the memories of the day 265a
in fleecy f of light 37b
my f feed not 21a
sweet buds like f to feed in air 396a
watch'd their f by night 424b
whiter than be the f 176a
Flodden's fatal field 318b
Flogging he was in the habit of f me 445b
less f in our great schools 208b
Flood beached verge of the salt f 368a
bridge much broader than the f 358a
bridge that arched the f 146b
by f and field 360a
drink to thee across the f 427a
Empire vast across the f 202b
fellows ... f cd not wash away 104b
fording thro' the rising f 27a
leap ... with me into this angry f 337b
love you ten years before the F 260a
nearly spoiled ta F 12b
never came reformation in a f 381b
nobler tenants of the f 110b
not to be thought of that the F 467a
passage o'er a restless f 109a
struggle thro' such a raging f 253b
taken at the f 341a
the f may bear me far 426a
the giant race before the f 140a
thorough f, thorough fire 356b
to such a sudden f of mutiny 340a
winds that curl the f 249b
Flood-brim unto the furthest f 312b
Flood-gate ... f ... and o'er-bearing nature 359b
f of the deeper heart 55a
Flooding silent f in the main 96b
Floods bathe in fiery f 352a
beside the haystack in the f 284a
in yr deep f drown 155b
neither can the f drown it 501a
the f are risen, O Lord 487b
the f have lift up their voice 487b
the f lift up their waves 487b
the thickets to his f decline 37b
Floor beneath the watery f 270a
f lay pav'd with broken hearts 249b
glimmering o'er my fleece-like f 393a
how the f of heaven is thick inlaid 355a
I cd f them all 129a
I swept the f 166a
the nicely sanded f 168b
thy sad f an altar 69b
windless, glassy f 231a
Floored with gemlike plains 452b
Floors of silent seas 145a
Flop in favour of yr husband 127b
Flopping must go f yourself down 127b
Flora nor F's pride 42b
tasting of F 219b
Florence Cosmus Duke of F 13b
F, Elizabethan England 203a
Florence (*cont*)
lily of F blossoming in stone 247a
outside the cathedral at F 123a
Parys, Venyce or F 143a
rode past fair F 218b
yonder late in F 49a
Florentine and what the F? 36a
Flores in the Azores 437a
Flotilla where the old F lay 232a
Flourish all things f where you turn 302b
farmers ... f and complain 113b
f of his right arm 125b
they f at home 525a
thou shalt f in immortal youth 1b
truth shall f out 487a
Flourisheth she f new and new 402b
Flourishing like a green bay-tree 484a
Flout banners f the sky 346a
f 'em, and scout 'em 367b
gild but to f the ruins grey 317a
Flouts master of gibes and f 128b
Phillida f me 525b
Flow a fatal ebb and f 203b
aware of his life's f 5a
ebb and f must ever be 465a
feast of reason and the f of soul 303b
f gently, sweet Afton 60b
I within did f with seas 445a
Oh, cd I f like thee 119b
that f strewed wrecks 203b
tho' tears no longer f 38b
what need you f so fast? 527b
Flower action is no stronger than a f 388a
a lovelier f ... was never sown 471b
as the f of grass 517b
bud of love ... prove a beauteous f 365b
constellated f that never sets 398a
creep from f to f 394b
crimson-tippèd f 62a
deeper than f and fruit 263a
emperice and f of floures alle 90a
every f enjoys the air 471a
every f that sad embroidery 270a
fell upon a little western f 356b
f in the crannied wall 427a
f of a blameless life 427b
f of a hazel glade 177a
f of Catholic love 424a
f of sweetest smell 468a
f of wyfly pacience 89b
F that once has blown 153a
f that 's like thy face 329a
f that smiles today 190a
f thereof falleth away 517b
Heaven in a Wild F 29a
he flourisheth as a f 488a
here ev'ry f is united 159b
herself a fairer f 274a
honey ... from every opening f 453a
I never loved a tree or f 75b
I sipt each f 159b
life was but a f 327b
little f ... but if I cd understand 427a
look like the innocent f 347a
many a f is born to blush 174a
Margaret, the midsummer f 402b
my face, yr f 46b
nipt my f sae early 61a
no f upon the ground 393a
no sister-f wd be forgiven 395b
not a f, not a f sweet 371a
O fairest f, no sooner blown 268a
O f of the branch 476a
only amaranthine f 112a
orange f perfumes the bower 320a
paints the wayside f 76a
pluck this f, safety 377a
pore ... o'er a weed or a f 20a
summer comes with f and bee 184b
summer's f is to the summer 388b
sweet will be the f 110a
take the f and turn the hour 229a
the fair f Delice 409b
the grass withereth, the f fadeth 502b
the king's knights 'tis the f 528a
the meanest f that blows 467a
there 's a f that shall be mine 463b
this most goodly f 402b
thou canst not stir a f 442b
'tis but a little faded f 200b
wearing ... learning ... like a f 431a
Flower (*cont*)
we saw the waterflags in f 293b
winter woodland looks a f 426b
with the f of the mind 148a
you seize the f 63a
Flower-bell fancy from a f 45a
Flower-de-luce being one 373b
Floweret meanest f of the vale 175a
Flowerets of Eden ye still inherit 282a
Flowering mark'd Him in the f of His fields 429a
other f isles must be 395b
Flower-pots water yr damned f 52a
Flowers all dazed with f 296b
alle that loven f 90a
all its twined f 221b
all the f looked up at Him 92a
all the ground with vernal f 270a
are f but fading seen 295b
blown buds of barren f 422a
blushing f shall rise 302b
break into foam of f 423a
bringeth vo th May f 525a
but as a bed of f 134b
cool-rooted f 220a
fairest f o' the season 373a
Fancy ... who breeding f 220b
feel like f that fade 425a
feel the f growing over him 223b
feet of man, like f 464b
flies, worms, and f 453a
f and fruits of love 73b
f, anew, returning seasons bring! 296b
f azure, black 398a
f ginnen for to spring 89b
f I leave you on the grass 439b
f in the garden 414b
f of all hue 274a
f of the forest 97a, 145b
f on earth appear 262a
f on furze 52b
f, so blue and golden 247a
f that bloom in the spring, Tra la 165a
f that grow between 248a
f that their gay wardrobe wear 269b
f the which on earth do spring 408a
f to crown thy hearse 225a
f to strew Thy way 187a
f to wither at the north wind's 185a
f whyte and rede 90a
frosts are slain and f begotten 420a
gathered f are dead, Yasmin 154b
gave once her f to love 40a
here's f for you 373a
I cannot see what f 220a
I have loved f that fade 36b
immortal f of Poesy 259b
in (May) all f and roses spring 42b
insnared with f, I fall on grass 260b
larded with sweet f 335b
Little T C in a Prospect of F 261a
might I wander there, among the f 37a
most can raise the f now 427a
no f be planted on my grave 180b
no f, by request 570a
no fruits, no f 195a
of alle the f in the mede 90a
oh bother the f that bloom 165a
on chaliced f that lies 328b
O Proserpina! for the f now 373a
our bridal f serve for a ... corse 366a
play with f and smile 382a
radiant looks of unbewailing f 397a
showers for the thirsting f 393a
smelt for f 75b
souls do couch on f 324b
summer with f that fell 420b
sweet beds of f 369b
tell that f wd bloom 217b
the f appear on the earth 500a
these f, as in their causes, sleep 79b
those f made of light 195a
Time did beckon to the f 187b
to his music plants and f 385b
took the f away 248a
up-gathered now like sleeping f 473a
votive tears and symbol f, 394a
with f of the fairest 97a
with rising f be dressed 299b
world has no such f 423a
Flowery at her f work doth sing 268b

Flowery (*cont*)
f way that leads to the broad gate 322*a*
Showery, F. 158*a*
walk yr f way 165*b*
Flowing clear springs renewed by f 78*a*
f with milk and honey 403*b*
when f cups run swiftly 249*b*
Flown with insolence and wine 271*b*
Flows beholds the light and whence it f 466*a*
dreary sea now f between 100*a*
f all that charms or ear 100*b*
methinks how sweetly f 190*b*
Flowy Snowy, F 158*a*
Fluidity of self-revelation 204*a*
Flummoxed Italians call reg'larly f 126*b*
Flung who f it to the winds 152*b*
Flunked never f he never fled 183*a*
Flunkey *one* non-f, one hero 81*a*
Flushed with a purple grace 139*a*
Flute blows out his brains upon the f 52*a*
f, harp, sackbut 504*a*
f, violin, bassoon 434*a*
soft complaining f 139*b*
the gauger played the f 415*a*
Flutes f and soft recorders 271*b*
Gibbon moved to f and hautboys 103*b*
to the tune of f kept stroke 323*a*
Fluttered f and fail'd for breath 7*b*
f round the lamp 85*b*
Fluttering in the wind 48*a*
Flux all is f 559*b*
f of mortal things 9*a*
Fly all things f thee 442*a*
as pigs have to f 83*a*
away the f smyteth 90*a*
but to f is safe 112*a*
curious, thirsty f 290*b*
dead f's wings on a sheet of spider's 181*a*
ensnare as great a f as Cassio 361*a*
f away, breath 371*a*
f, Honesty, f! 404*a*
f infinite wrath 273*b*
f I well know whither 35*b*
f sat upon the axletree 16*b*
f thit sips treacle 159*b*
f to her, and fill upon her eaves 436*a*
f to her and pipe and woo 436*b*
I cannot f 351*a*
I do not want to be a f 167*b*
'I', and the F 528*a*
I will f to thee 220*a*
in my 'solitary f' 75*b*
is not worth a f 522*a*
know thee and f thee 406*b*
let them f all 350*b*
making them ready to f 459*a*
man is not a f, 300*b*
never f conceals a hook 39*b*
said a spider to a f 201*a*
seem to f it, it will pursue 216*a*
shall we fight or shall we f? 437*b*
small gilded f does lecher 343*b*
swallow stopt as he hunted the f 415*b*
they ever f by twilight 15*b*
those that f, may fight 66*a*
to f from, need not be to hate 68*b*
to wreak him on a f 90*a*
Uncle Toby the f in his hand 411*b*
whan a f offendeth 90*a*
wh one wd f first 446*b*
wh way I f is Hell 273*b*
with twain he did f 501*b*
you f them for a moment 437*b*
Fly-fishing very pleasant amusement 214*a*
Flying borne down by the f 318*a*
came f all abroad 412*a*
come f on our track 443*b*
f from far away 437*a*
f still before me 466*a*
sleep is f from field and tree 35*b*
Swallow, f, f South 436*a*
Time is still a-f 190*a*
Flying-fishes play 232*a*
Foal poor little F 102*a*
Foam breaks the f of the Spring 452*a*
cruel crawling f 226*b*
f of perilous seas forlorn 220*a*
like the f on the river 316*b*
Foam (*cont*)
this year, the must shall f 253*a*
through sheets of f 8*b*
too full for sound and f 426*a*
Foam-flowers endure 421*b*
Foaming out their own shame 518*a*
Foe at another to let in the f 277*b*
a timorous f 303*a*
a willing f and sea room 522*b*
darkly at the f 253*a*
first f in the field 250*a*
f that comes with fearless eyes 287*b*
forbids the robbing of a f 94*b*
I fear no f in shining armour 291*b*
I fear no f with Thee at hand 251*b*
I was angry with my f 32*a*
like fire he meets the f 436*b*
my dearest f in heaven 330*a*
my noble f I greet 317*b*
neither seeks nor shuns his f 139*b*
open f may prove a curse 160*b*
perhaps a jealous f 393*b*
rider and horse—friend, f 68*b*
take up our quarrel with the f 256*a*
taken by the insolent f 360*a*
the f! they come! they come! 68*b*
the manxome f he sought 83*b*
thou arraign'st her, her f 6*b*
to match another f 77*b*
treads the shadow of his f 98*a*
truth the f of tyrants 77*b*
unrelenting f to love 443*a*
where breathes the f but falls 178*a*
who never made a f 428*b*
wish my deadly f, no worse 35*a*
yield, proud f, thy fleet 76*b*
Foeman f bares his steel 166*b*
let the trumpet snare the f 234*b*
spills the foremost f's life 316*b*
to-day beneath the f's frown 136*b*
Foemen worthy of their steel 316*b*
Foes against her f Religion 113*b*
beat down baffling f 5*b*
f saluted as they passed 141*b*
from the f they captive make 87*a*
greatly his f he dreads 94*a*
keep far our f 491*a*
let his f triumph in his overthrow 176*a*
man's f of his own household 506*b*
neither f nor loving friends 230*a*
once dreaded by our f 111*a*
scarce hear, or see their f 318*b*
slay their f, and lift them high 256*a*
thou art in the midst of f 146*a*
thrice he routed all his f 139*a*
to hearken if his f pursue him 386*b*
we ne'er see our f 158*b*
Foetus extraction of the f 411*b*
Fog a London particular af, miss 121*a*
feel the f in my throat 50*b*
f of the good man's mind 45*b*
thro' the f and filthy air 345*b*
yellow f that rubs its back 144*b*
Fogs his rising f prevail 140*b*
Foil put it to the f 367*b*
Foiled Latin rests f 216*b*
unsham'd, tho' f 141*a*
Foils five most vile and ragged f 382*b*
Foison spring and f of the year 187*b*
Fold climb into the f 266*b*
climb this thief into God's f 273*b*
f to f of mountain or of cape 436*b*
loves to f his legs 209*b*
sheep wh are not of this f 511*a*
silent was the flock in woolly f 221*b*
the f shall be full of sheep 486*a*
walking round the f 33*a*
Folded f us round from the dark 427*a*
smooth'd her work, and f it right 198*b*
Folding f of the Apennine 9*a*
little f of the hands 498*a*
Folds f of a bright girdle 5*a*
lull the distant f 174*a*
Foliage of the ocean 396*b*
Folio I am for whole volumes in f! 344*b*
Folios mighty f first, a lordly band 113*b*
we shd have but few F 289*b*
Folk civil to f he ne'er saw 4*b*
emptied of this f, this pious morn 219*b*
fluttered f and wild 236*b*
longen f to goon on pilgrimages 88*a*
Folks but country f who live beneath 96*a*
be kind to those dear little f 19*b*
don't let the old f know 186*a*
hand f over to God's mercy 144*a*
old f at home 156*a*
other f have what some f glad of 151*b*
O yonge freshe f, he or she 90*b*
some f rail against other f 151*b*
these pretty country f wd lie 327*b*
where de old f stay 156*a*
Follies all old faults and f 96*b*
England where f naturally grow 94*b*
f of the town crept among us 176*b*
f of the wise 214*a*
lash the vice and f of the age 86*b*
no f to have to repent 425*a*
pretty f that themselves commit 353*b*
thoughtless f laid him low 50*a*
Follow a bird overhead sang F 422*b*
create precedents, as to f them 14*b*
expect to see when I f you 130*a*
f and find the sun 422*b*
f a shadow, it still flies you 216*a*
f ful ofte a merry someres day 90*a*
f me—f me 'ome 229*a*
f thee with all the speed 225*a*
f the Gleam 434*b*
f thy fair sun 78*a*
f up! f up! 34*b*
f well in order 457*b*
f yr Saint, f with accents 78*a*
found in the spring to f 422*b*
he will never f anything 338*b*
If him to serve my turn 359*b*
if they run, why, we f 158*b*
I must fly, but I quick 437*b*
in following him, I f but myself 359*b*
lead, and I f 427*b*
love wd f me still 232*b*
must f, as the night the day 330*b*
plunged in, and bade him f 337*b*
tell her, that I f thee 436*b*
Followed all masters cannot be f 359*b*
f by a sacred song 26*a*
f him, honoured him 48*a*
f perhaps by a smile 111*a*
he f it himselve 88*b*
his fear still f him 408*b*
'I f you'—'I saw no one' 136*a*
nine fathom deep he had f us 98*b*
thro' all the world she f him 426*b*
Following corrupt f of the Apostles 491*b*
in f him, I follow but myself 359*b*
with a mighty f 253*a*
Follows f but for form 342*a*
f with dancing 420*b*
she draws him, yet she f 248*b*
who f in His train? 184*a*
Folly all my joys to this are f 64*a*
brood of F without father bred 268*a*
call it madness f 310*a*
Fashion, tho' l 's child 113*b*
feather pate of f 199*b*
f—doctor-like—controlling skill 388*a*
f helped her to an heir 360*b*
f like a stalking-horse 328*a*
f love did make thee run into 326*a*
f of being comforted 475*a*
f of the world wh confounds 194*b*
f s all they've taught me 282*a*
f s at full length 35*a*, 91*b*
fool returneth to his f 408*b*
from her coral lips such f broke 104*a*
harmless f of the time 189*a*
his f has not fellow 198*b*
knavery and f to excuse 94*b*
lovely woman stoops to f 144*b*, 170*a*
public schools 'tis public f 113*a*
shielding men from f 407*b*
shoot f as it flies 300*b*
shunn'st the noise of f 268*a*
the dupe of f 469*b*
tho age from f cd not give me 322*b*
'tis f to be wise 175*a*
'twixt a vice and f 233*b*
when the forts of f fall 6*b*
whirled into t 433*b*
whole centuries of f 488*b*
wisdom excelleth f 499*a*
Fond be familiar or f 105*b*
fair and yet not f 120*b*

Fond (*cont*)
f and foolish mind 531b
he was probably f of [Americans] 446b
Montague, I am too f 365a
O too f, when have I answer'd 436b
too f of her most filthy bargain 363b
too f to rule alone 303a
we are so f of one another 418a
Fonder makes the heart grow f 22a
Fondest, blindest, weakest 442a
Fondling of a happy pair 296b
Fondly sae did I o' mine 63b
Fondness underwent increment 293b
Font gold fin in the porphyry f 436b
Fontarabbia fell by F 271b
Fontarabian echoes borne 318b
Food books and my f 415a
chewing the f of fancy 327b
child is wholesome f 418a
every day for f or play 98b
fame is a f that dead men eat 131a
finds its f in music 245a
f and drink, f and drink 202b
f for powder 378b
f that to him now is as luscious 360b
have been Tom s f for seven years 343a
homely was their f 159a
it ate the f it ne'er had eat 98a
music, moody f of us in love 323b
nothing to eat but f 225a
our cupboard of f 187b
seeking the f he eats 326a
the f unpriced 262a
Fool a f, a f! I met a f 326a
a f at the other [end] 214a
a f his whole life long 569a
a F lies here 233a
a f there was made his prayer 236a
ambition in the f that uses it 334a
an ass, without being a f 416b
answer a f according to his folly 498b
any f may write a valuable book 175b
better a witty f 370a
better to be a f than to be dead 413a
bray a f in a mortar 498b
call me f, boy 342a
call me not f 326a
clever woman to manage a f 237b
drop into thyself and be a f! 301a
enough to play the f 371b
every f can play upon the word 354b
every f in Buxton 314a
every f will be meddling 498b
f all the people all of the time 245b
f at forty is a f indeed 476b
f doth not understand it 487b
f hath said in his heart 482a
f in the eye of the world 104b
f is happy that he knows no more 301a
f, it is you who are the pursued 390b
f might once himself expose 300a
f must follow his natural bent 236a
f must now and then be right 107b
f returneth to his folly 498b
f! said my Muse 401b
f sees not the same tree 31a
f uttereth all his mind 499a
greatest f may ask more 103b
haste of a f is the slowest 321b
he is a f and a damned f 455a
he's become the golden f 31b
he that begetteth a f 498a
how ill white hairs become a f 381a
I am fortune's f 366a
if the f wd persist in his folly 31a
I hate a f! 123a
I have played the f 495b
I'm a f for thinking 305a
is he the only f in the world? 48b
I speak as a f 515a
life time's f 379a
make my f my purse 360b
man suspects himself a f 477a
more hope of a f than of him 498b
more of the f than of the wise 14b
never was patriot but was a f 138b
nor yet a f to fame 303a
not a f can call me friend 476b
oh heavenly f 401b
old f's side that begot him 45b
Fool (*cont*)
one f at least in every couple 151a
O noble f! A worthy f! 326a
O wretched f! 362a
perfections of a f 29a
play the f, but at a cheaper rate 110b
play the f but in 's own house 333b
play the Roman f 351a
poor venomous f 325a
privacy of yr f's heart 412a
relenting f, and shallow woman 385a
resolved to live a f 22b
so is the laughter of a f 499a
so true a f is love 388a
the f of love 183b
the forest echoed 'f' 429a
the more f am I 534b
the more f I 326a
the wisest f in Christendom 204a, 563a
they f me to the top of my bent 334b
thou f, this night thy soul 509b
thou teachest like a f 322b
transform'd into a strumpet's f 322a
what a f Honesty is 373b
whether he is a Wise man or a F 31a
whosoever shall say, thou f 505a
wise thro' excess is made a f 148a
Fooled by these rebel powers 389b
Fool-fury of the Seine 431a
Fooling beware she is f thee 246b
Foolish a f consistency 147b
f fond old man 344a
f thing was but a toy 372a
f when he had not a pen 210b
God hath chosen the f things 514a
he was f, as if in pain 93a
I being young and f 474a
I cou'd be mighty f 150b
it is a f thing well done 208a
never said a f thing 309b
not denyin' the women are f 144a
she never yet was f 360b
you f man yr own f business 91a
Foolishness f of preaching 514a
yet will not his f depart 498b
Fools all the f that crowd thee so 107a
beggared by f 138b
build a house for f and mad 419a
coxcombs nature meant but f 300a
dreading e'en f 303a
Fashion knaves and f may use 94b
flannelled f at the wicket 230a
f are my theme 72a
f by heavenly compulsion 342a
F for argument use wagers 65b
f! for I also had my hour 92a
f make feasts 157a
f may our scorn, not envy raise 160b
f never wear out 105b
f! 'od rot em 403b
f rush in where angels fear 300b
f they admonish 113b
f, who came to scoff 168b
f will learn in no other 157a
foreigners are f 265b
fortune always favours f 160b
fortune, that favours f 214b
hated by f 420a
have lighted f the way to death 350b
human bodies are sic f 63a
I am two f 134a
I call God, and f call Nature 51b
Incredulity! the wit of f 87b
little wise, the best f be 134a
make f laugh i' the alehouse 360b
Nature made you f 60a
none but f wd keep 351b
one flesh still two f 104a
O, these deliberate f 353b
poor f decoyed into our condition 296a
print it, and shame the f 303a
secrets must be kept from f 141a
see how f are vexed 118b
see such f in yr life 533a
shoal of f for tenders 105a
silence is the virtue of f 13b
the Paradise of F 273b
the scarecrows of f 203a
these tedious old f! 332a
the wayfaring men, tho' f 502a
Fools (*cont*)
things people make f of 390a
think them wise, are greatest f 3b
this great stage of f 343b
to fill the world with f 407b
to suckle f 361a
twenty-seven millions mostly f 81a
we f of nature 331a
what all the d—d f said 572a
what f these mortals be! 357a
wh in all tongues are called f 327b
whosoever shall say, Thou f 505a
world most part of f and knaves 53b
ye suffer f gladly 515a
you f of fortune 368a
you will always be f 152a
Foolscap fellows in f uniforms 67b
f subjects 71b
Foot at the fountain's sliding f 261a
caught my f in the mat 177a
f and hand go cold 415b
f—f—f—sloggin' 227b
f for f 494a
f is on my native heath 320a
f it featly 367a
f less prompt to meet the dew 9a
f the deformity of wh 255a
Hercules known by his f 42a
her f was light 218b
hurt not thy f against a stone 487b
keep thy f out of brothels 343a
led them with unmoisten'd f 286b
like th' other f, obliquely run 134a
nay, her f speaks 369a
no man's f can pass 34a
one f in sea, and one on shore 358a
on fleeter f was never tied 316b
print of a man s naked f 118b
set this f of mine as far 338a
so light a f will ne'er wear out 365b
squeeze a right-hand f 85b
suffer thy f to be moved 489b
the Forty-Second F 194b
they heard his f upon the stirrup 119b
thy f may be dipped in the blood 486b
Thyself with shining f shall pass 154a
thy soul the fixed f 134a
Foote with our friend F 23b
Footfall halts by me that f 442a
Footfalls leaves like light f 396a
Footing 'twixt his stretched f 368b
unsteadfast f of a spear 377a
yet no f seen 386b
Foot-in-the-grave young man 165b
Footman seen the eternal F 145a
Footmen lowest class is *literary* f 183b
Footpath jog on the f way 373a
narrow f of a street 59b
Footprints f on the sands of time 248a
f point towards yr den 542b
f, that perhaps another 248a
Footstep where thy f gleams 298a
with us thy f trod 184b
Footsteps f of thy soul 43b
home his f he hath turn'd 317a
mark my f 286b
plants his f in the sea 110a
whose distant f echo 247a
yr own f meeting you 313a
Footstool by the earth, for it is his f 505a
thine enemies thy f 489a
Foozling Philip, f with his cleek 172b
Fop I am a f 149a
Foppery excellent f of the world 341b
Fops whole tribe of f 341b
Forbear f, said I, be not too bold 115a
for Jesus sake f 389b
our bodies why do we f 132b
St John himself will scarce f 419a
Forbearance ceases to be a virtue 56b
Forbears he that f to suit his need 188a
wh he f again to look upon 468a
Forbid they said God f 510a
Forbidden fruit of that f tree 270a
to see what was f 285a
wanted it only because it was f 447a
Force all his pomp, without his f 58b
ev'ry member of the f has a watch 309b
f and fraud in war virtues 191b
f hath made supreme 271a
f is not a remedy 38a

Force (*cont*)
f of heaven-bred poesy 372*b*
f on wh all strength depends 403*a*
had not f to shape it 429*a*
it is of no f in law 97*b*
longed for trenchant f 5*b*
no argument but f 42*b*
no f but argument 42*b*
no f, can stretch a cord 456*b*
no motion has she now, no f 463*a*
passion spent its novel f 432*a*
patience will achieve more than f 57*b*
some f whole regions 65*b*
thy hands their little f resign 109*a*
use of f alone is but *temporary* 55*b*
violent take it by f 506*b*
who overcomes by f 272*a*
with rough, majestic f 313*b*
yea, very f entangles itself 324*b*
Forced f me to play the woman 386*a*
the sound is f 31*b*
Forces entertain with half their f 381*b*
Forcible most f feeble 380*b*
Forcibly if we must 95*b*
Ford o' Kabul river 220*a*
Fording thro' the rising flood 27*a*
Forebode not any severing 467*a*
Fordoes makes me or f me quite 363*b*
Fordone with weary task f 357*b*
Foredoomed brittle is f 204*b*
Forefathers our rude f deemed it two 75*b*
rude f of the hamlet 174*a*
think of yr f 1*a*
Forefinger f of all I'me 436*a*
f of an alderman 364*b*
Foregoo English, now I must f 374*b*
Foreground in the f is that strange figure 255*b*
Forehead conversing with W H 'sf 183*a*
curl in the middle of her f 249*a*
f of the age to come 221*a*
high upon the f of humanity 217*b*
ivory f, straight nose 284*b*
one, of the godlike f 465*b*
Shakespeare, on whose f climb 44*a*
teeth and f of our faults 334*b*
Foreheads f villainous low 367*b*
free hearts, free f 439*a*
seal of God in their f 519*a*
Foreign by f hands thy dying eyes 299*a*
f constellations west each night 179*a*
some corner of a f field 40*a*
to f nations, and the next ages 17*a*
trampled down by a f trespasser 178*a*
wandering on a f strand 317*a*
Foreigners f always spell better 446*b*
f are fools 265*b*
wh is what them f do 166*b*
Foreknowledge of death 420*b*
providence, f, will 272*b*
Forelock on Occasion's f wait 277*a*
Foremast wi' his knee 529*a*
Foremost f, fighting fell 68*b*
f in battle was Mary 531*b*
none who wd be f 253*a*
Forest a fool i the f 326*a*
dark behind it rose the f 248*b*
down in the f something stirr'd 402*a*
even as the f is 396*b*
fade away into the f dim 219*b*
faery damsels met in f wide 277*a*
flowers of the f 97*a*, 145*b*
f below London Bridge 314*a*
I've seen the f adorn d 97*a*
midnight revels, by a f side 272*a*
the f echoed 'fool' 420*a*
this is the f primeval 247*a*
thou wast the f to this hart 319*b*
Forests fishes flew and f walked 92*a*
f ancient as the hills 101*a*
from the f and the prairies 248*b*
green days in f 414*b*
in the f of the night 71*b*
when f are rended 319*a*
Forestall his date of grief 267*a*
Forest-brook lag my f along 99*b*
Forester 'Dick Christian', answers Lord F 289*a*
Foresters be Diana's f 376*b*
Foretell pretences to f events 419*a*
thus expiring do f of him 374*b*
Foretell (*cont*)
who can f for what high cause 261*a*
Foretop grey wig scorched f 255*b*
Forever and it may be f 115*b*
f, float that standard 178*a*
F! 'tis a single world! 75*b*
Man has F 47*a*
that vast F 225*b*
Forfeit all the souls that were f 351*b*
f to a confined doom 388*b*
He our deadly f shd release 270*a*
Forgave never in his life f a friend 30*a*
Forge f a lifelong trouble 427*b*
in the quick f and working-house 363*b*
Vulcan and his whole f 41*a*
Forgery base f 267*b*
Forget and f so much 117*b*
best to f 51*b*
but do not quite f 93*a*
can I remember if thou f? 422*b*
Charon, seeing, may f 241*a*
command him, to f me 242*a*
f also thine own people 484*b*
f and forgive 344*a*
f not all his benefits 488*a*
f not, brother singer 452*a*
f not yet the tried intent 473*b*
f the pale, unripened beauties 1*b*
f thyself to marble 268*a*
f thy thousand ways 240*b*
f us till another year 228*a*
forgotten ere I f 422*b*
haply may f 311*a*
hateful art, how to f 225*a*
if I f thee, do not thou f me 11*a*
if I f thee O Jerusalem 490*a*
if thou wilt, f 311*a*
I ll not f old Ireland 29*a*
I ll not f you, darling 29*a*
I shall never, *never* f 83*b*
knew we shd both f 422*b*
lest we f 231*b*
names that men f 421*b*
night time I shall not f 421*b*
not a wind that will f thee 472*b*
old men f, yet all shall be forgot 383*a*
or courage to f 2*b*
some blaspheme, and most f 293*a*
teach the unforgetful to f 312*b*
that I cd f what I have been 375*b*
the best sometimes f 361*a*
thou remember and I f 422*b*
we f because we must 5*a*
well, I f the rest 488*b*
world shall end when I f 422*b*
you ll f them all 302*b*
you shd f and smile 311*a*
Forgetful yes, she may f be 110*a*
Forgetfulness not in entire f 460*a*
steep my senses in f 380*a*
to dumb F a prey 174*b*
Forgetive quick, f 360*b*
Forgetteth what manner of man 517*b*
Forgetting a sleep and a f 460*a*
if I cd be willed 263*b*
I've a grand memory for f 412*b*
more and more f 263*b*
world f, by the world forgot 299*b*
Forgive as far as one woman can f 150*b*
Father f them 510*a*
forget and f 344*a*
f me mine was jealousy 428*b*
f them as a christian 11*b*
f us our debts, as we f our debtors 505*b*
f us our trespasses as we f them 478*a*
f you Bridge at dawn 91*b*
give thanks is good, and to f 421*a*
God may f you 145*a*
good, to f 51*b*
I f you you f me 71*b*
just God, f! 463*a*
nor wd f, did June disclose 452*a*
sometimes they f them 460*b*
to f divine 300*b*
wilt thou f that sin 132*a*
Forgiven it shall not be f you 91*b*
pass on, my Queen, f 428*b*
Forgiveness ask of thee f 344*a*
f free of evil done 228*a*
f to the injured does belong 130*b*
Man's F give—and take 154*a*
Forgiveness (*cont*)
mutual F of each vice 30*a*
Forgot all the rest f 387*a*
and she f the stars 218*b*
born to be f 109*b*
f as soon as done 369*a*
f it not, nay, but got it not 311*b*
f the taste of fears 350*b*
I f Goschen 95*a*
lest they f 93*a*
loved accents are soon f 395*a*
quite f their quarrel 84*a*
shd auld acquaintance be f 59*a*
tho' I am clean f 187*a*
when he f, might God forget him 444*b*
where is yr money? I've f 534*b*
yet all shall be f 383*a*
Forgotten f nothing and learnt nothing 563*a*
hast thou f ere I forget 422*b*
I am all f 322*b*
I am clean f 488*b*
I have f yr name 422*b*
injury is much sooner f 90*b*
in the f crowd of beauties 79*a*
newer object quite f 372*b*
not one of them is f before God 509*b*
oh! hast thou f how soon 115*b*
Shakespeare shd be quite f 93*a*
there is always a f thing 92*a*
they fly f as a dream 453*b*
thou hast f, O summer 422*b*
to be f even by God 49*b*
when I am f, as I shall be 386*a*
you have f my kisses 422*b*
Forked poor, bare, f animal 343*a*
Forks pursued it with f and hope 86*a*
Forlorn fiery lands t 220*a*
f! the very word is like a bell 220*a*
for them that be f 119*b*
in these wild woods f 276*b*
Form ah what the f divine 240*b*
does a Human I display 29*b*
earth was without f 492*a*
fain wd I dwell on f 365*a*
fishy f and mind 39*b*
follows but for f 342*a*
I, F, Rillemen F! 438*a*
his f and pressure 333*b*
his f had yet not lost brightness 272*a*
hold fast the f of sound words 516*b*
in f and feature 244*b*
in f, in moving, how express 332*b*
I own I like definite f 412*b*
mouse or two for f 's sake 175*b*
no f nor comeliness 503*a*
of finer f, or lovelier face 316*a*
of the soul the body f doth take 409*a*
soul is f 409*a*
the f of a servant 516*a*
the F remains 463*b*
the mould of f 333*b*
thro all the spires of f 146*b*
to every F of being is assigned 464*b*
to lick it into f 64*a*
to show the f it seem d to hide 317*b*
unmatch d f and figure 333*b*
Formal and circumscribed 471*b*
Formed for one another 393*b*
Former f days were better 499*a*
make f times shake hands 65*b*
the f and the latter rain 479*a*
Forms all f, all pressures past 331*b*
bodies forth the f of things 357*b*
by f unseen their dirge is sung 103*a*
desire of those fair f 409*a*
for f of government let fools 301*b*
f, modes shows of grief 330*a*
f more real than living man 397*a*
giv st to f and images a breath 465*b*
he vents in mangled f 326*b*
huge and mighty f 469*a*
in what fancy were the F begot 202*b*
lovely f do flow from conceit 78*a*
the beauteous f of things 471*b*
their colours and their f 472*a*
viewless f of air 317*a*
Formication not f dear but suicide 202*b*
Forsake f not an old friend 520*b*
f their temples dim 270*b*
I will not fail thee, nor f thee 494*b*

Forsake (cont)
my father and mv mother f me 483b
Forsaken Demas hath f me 516b
home of f beliefs 9a
I seem f and alone 110a
most choice, f 341b
why hast thou f me 483a, 508a
Forsaking f all other, keep thee only 481b
not f the assembling of ourselves 517a
Forsook my true Love has me f 530b
Forspent clean f , f 242b
Forsworn faith unhappily f 388a
I am f on 'mere necessity' 344b
that so sweetly were f 352a
Fort hold the f , for I am coming 33a
Fortescue Charles Augustus F 26a
Forth f they went together 286b
new drawn frae the F 285b
virtues did not go f of us 351a
Fortieth spare Arm-chair 46b
Fortifying, classical curriculum 10a
Fortitude but welcome f 468b
great f of mind 206a
task for all that a man has of f 412a
Fortress a petty f a dubious hand 213b
this f built by Nature 375a
thy f , and thy ease 448a
Forts when the f of folly fall 6b
Fortunate more f alas! than we 6a
Fortune above my f 370a
arrows of outrageous f 333a
blind F still bestows her gifts 215b
but a worky-day f 322b
Caesar and his f with thee 574a
children hostages to f 14b
disdaining f , with his steel 346a
do F what she can 136b
every man maker of his own f 410b
forever, F , wilt thou prove 443a
f aids the brave 554a
F always favours fools 160b
f changed made him so 176a
F is ally to the brave 556b
f is full of fresh variety 21a
f is merry 340b
F knows we scorn her most 323b
f s buffets and rewards 334a
F shows herself more kind 355a
f s malice lost her Calais 46a
F , that favours fools 214b
great, ere f made him so 140a
health and high f till we meet 317b
heaven hath sent me f 326a
how does f banter us 33b
I am f 's fool 366a
I can enjoy her [F] 142b
ill f seldom comes alone 140a
I, made lame by f 's spite 387b
in disgrace with f and men's eyes 387a
in the secret parts of F ? 332a
I puff the prostitute [F] away 142b
man in possession of a good f 11b
mock the good housewife F 325b
most dejected thing of f 343b
mould of a man's f own hands 16a
my face is my f 525b
no beauty without a f 150a
not being F , he s but F 's knave 325a
not the method of making a f 175b
of f 's sharp adversitee 90a
one out of suits with f 325b
pipe for F 's finger to sound 334a
ready visit pays where f smiles 477a
smiling of F beguiling 97a
taken at the flood, leads on to f 341a
to prey at f 362a
tugged with f 348b
vicissitudes of f 162a
well-favoured man is the gift of f 358b
who lets slip F 107a
your f lies beneath yr hat 290b
Fortunes battles, sieges, f 360a
f and lives he will vote away 40b
f tumbling into some laps 13a
judgments a parcel of their f 324a
mine, and most of our f , tonight 322b
my pride fell with my f 325b
O! my f corrupted honest men 324a
our love shd with our f change 334a
those my former f 324b
you'll ne'er mend yr f 283a
Fortune-teller juggler and a f 328a
Forty at f , the judgement (reigns) 157a
fair, fat and f 320a
every man over f is a scoundrel 391a
fool at f is a fool indeed 476b
f days and f nights 405b
f stripes save one 515a
f years on 34b
grow fat and look young till f 141a
his death at f -odd befell 195a
knows it at f 477a
together now for f years 94a
wait till you come to F Year 440b
Forty-niner dwelt a miner, F 280b
Forty-three very well pass for f 167a
Forward find him f to be sounded 333a
f bends his head 98a
f let us range 432b
f , not permanent 330b
f , the light Brigade 426a
look f to posterity 57a
marched breast f 52a
some men a f motion love 448a
those behind cried F ' 253a
Fotching him to his own 183a
Fou had been f for weeks thegither 62b
wasna f , but just had plenty 60a
we're nae that f 63b
Fought a lie met and f with 427a
better to have f and lost 96b
feet of those he f for 435a
f a long hour by Shrewsbury 379a
f was this noble fray 137a
f with us upon St Crispin's 383a
from morn till even f 382a
if that he f and had the hyer 88b
I have f a good fight 516b
I have f for Queen and Faith 437b
I have f with beasts at Ephesus 515a
kneel d and f on his knee 530b
never to have f at all 96b
under whose colours he had f 375b
what they f each other for 406a
Foul fair is f 345b
f , I to the Fountain fly 445a
murder most f 331b
outward be fair f within 94b
so f and fair a day 346a
so variously f 202b
thank the gods I am f 327a
Foulest shortest way is the f 13a
Foul-mouthed English f nation 183b
Found anybody might have f it 228b
as 'ow I've always f 86b
as they f him long ago 287b
at last I've f out that I am 527a
awoke, and f me here 219a
awoke and f myself famous 74b
be f no more at all 519b
came to ask what he had f 406a
f it, or came by it 352b
half-buried in the snow was f 247a
hast thou f me, O mine enemy? 496a
have it f out by accident 240a
he will be f like Brutus 341b
I f Him in the stars 429a
I mercy ask'd, I mercy f 522b
in a time when thou mayest be f 483b
I think, now 'tis not to be f 341b
less often sought than f 73b
muttered 'F ! f ! f !' 317b
my espoused my latest f 274b
not seek me if you had not f me 564b
once f out and solved 277b
quiet, have I f thee here 260b
still has f the warmest welcome 399b
taken my fun where I've f it 230b
they f no more of her 496b
'twill be f , upon examination 118b
what some have f so sweet 433b
when f , make a note of 122b
Foundation Church's one f 415b
f of lasting mischief 206a
good order is the f of all 57b
huge f of the earth shak'd 378a
the first f was jasper 520a
Foundations all the f of the earth 487a
earth's f stay 200a
hell's f quiver 20a
her f are upon the holy hills 487a
looked for a city wh hath f 517a
Foundations (cont)
the f will be cast down 482a
when earth s f fled 200a
when I laid the f of the earth 497b
Founder enjoyed the gifts of the f 161b
Founders matter for succeeding f 260b
Foundest me poor at first 169a
Fount meander level with f 255a, 280a
slow, slow, fresh f 214b
watch'd the f of fiery life 6b
Fountain a f filled with blood 110a
a f sealed 500b
at the f 's sliding foot 261a
back to the burning f 392b
by a forest side or f 272a
[Chaucer] is a f of good sense 142a
doth a f send forth 517b
eternal f of that heavenly beauty 409a
foul, I to the F fly 445a
f from the wh my current runs 363a
f heads, and pathless groves 23a
f in a noon-day grove 469a
f of all goodness 478b
f of the water of life 519b
f 's silvery column 101b
from the f and the caves 101b
he is the f of honour 16b
in the desert a f is springing 74a
mighty f momently was forced 101a
the f -light of all our day 466b
Thou of Life the F art 455b
voice rise like a f for me 429a
when ye f is choked up 57a
woman mov'd is like a f troubled 367a
Fountains a new Peneus rolls his f 394a
f mingle with the river 395b
heaven moveth, f flow 187b
in nature certain f of justice 13a
O, ye f , meadows, hills 467a
shepherding her bright f 392b
silver f mud 387b
streams from little f flow 149b
the cool shady f 424b
Weep you no more, sad f 527b
what objects are the f 398b
Founts meander level with their f 255a
white f falling 92b
Four f spend in prayer 97b
there were f of us about 284b
three, f , shut the door 532a
Four-footed parody of all f things 92a
Four-in-hand round the corner 102b
Fourscore f and seven years ago 245a
f and upward 344a
Four-square to all the winds 435a
Fourteen months at Magdalen College 161b
Fourth estate of the realm 254a
Fouth o' auld nick-nackets 62a
Foutra for the world 381a
Fowl broiled f and mushrooms 126a
dominion over the f of the air 492a
Pythagoras concerning wild f 372a
tame villatic f 278a
Fowler bird out of the snare of the f 489b
geese that the creeping f eye 357a
Fowls behold the f of the air 505b
f of the air, and the fishes 482a
f of the air come and lodge 507a
f of the air have their habitation 488a
I here the f singe 89b
smale f maken melodye 88a
small f singis on the spray 134b
Fox ar'n t that I loves the f less 416b
better than that of the f 33b
[Charles James F] talked to me 211b
Daun Russell the f 89a
drop upon F 's grave the tear 317b
f from his lair in the morning 173b
f jumped up on a moonlight night 533a
f may steal yr hens 159b
F s shall the notes rebound 317b
nephew of F and friend of Grey 103b
the little red f murmured 475a
treason trusted like the f 379a
you shall see a f die 226a
Foxed if ever I was f it was now 296a
Foxes f have holes 506a
f , that spoil the vines 500a
Foxey it was a maxim with F 125a

Foxhunter tell me a man's a f 416b
Foxlike in the vine 437a
Frabjous oh f day 84a
Fraction thou wretched f 80b
Fragilely, surely 443a
Fragments gather up the f 510b
took up of the f 507a
Fragrant in yr f bosom dies 79b
Fragrant-eyed cool-rooted flowers f 220a
Frail feeble as f 172b
our love is f 149a
wisdom never was so f 360b
Frailest choose you the f 395a
Frailties his f from their abode 174b
our f are invincible 412a
Frailty by the f of our nature 479b
F thy name is woman! 330a
love's but a f of the mind 105b
love's the noblest f of the mind 140b
tempt the f of our powers 369a
the f of all things here 395a
the f of a man 14a
the f of man without thee 479b
therefore more f 378b
Frame above this f of things 470a
a calm and heavenly f 109b
a f of adamant, a soul of fire 213b
all the human f requires 26a
bloody passion shakes yr very f 363b
breath of this corporeal f 472a
f and huge foundation of the earth 378a
f outlives a thousand tenants 336a
f thy fearful symmetry 31b
how they will wield the mighty f 275b
let the f of things disjoint 348b
man still bears in his bodily f 117b
put yr discourse into some f 334b
quit oh quit this mortal f 299a
shakes this fragile f at eve 179b
'tis a thing impossible to f 464b
tremble for this lovely f 456b
universal f is without a mind 15a
whatever stirs this mortal f 101b
whole f of Nature break 2b
with rapture-smitten f 77a
Framed conceit divinely f 78a
France best thing between F and England 205b
bought his round hose in F 353a
entertain the full pride of F 381b
fair stood the wind for F 137a
fashion for the maids in F 383b
F, fram'd in all great arts 8a
F influenced manners in England 57a
gay lilied fields of F 76b
I remember, when I was in F 374a
I saw the Queen of F 57a
King of F went up the hill 532a
lived a singer in F of old 424a
(Miss Crawley) had been in F 440a
nearer is to F 83b
order this matter better in F 411a
that sweet enemy F 401b
they in F of the best rank 330b
thundered the cannon of F 96a
until F is adequately secured 10b
vasty fields of F 381a
warmer F with all her vines 111b
Francesca di Rimini miminy piminy 165b
Francis 'By God!' said F 202a
Lady Fidler and Sir F 105b
Franciscan or in F think to pass 273b
Frank to all beside 302a
Frankfort went to F got drunk 304b
Frankincense gold and f and myrrh 504b
Fraud force, and f virtues 191b
f of men was ever so 358b
this just, this pious f 160a
Frauds f of friendship 151a
stored with pious f 56b
Fray brutes never meet in bloody f 169a
by decision more embroils the f 273a
eager for the f 95b
fought was this noble f 137a
latter end of a f 378b
Freaks their fits and f 131a
Freckled whatever is fickle f 197b
Freckles in those f live their savours 356b
Fred here lies F 523b
since 'tis only F 523b
Frederick bravest of all in F town 459a
Frederick (*cont*)
clustered spires of F stand 458b
here is cruel F, see! 192b
sets himself in F's chair 192b
Free a heart as sound and f 190a
all men everywhere cd be f 245a
all men naturally were born f 279b
appal the f 333a
ask me what a f government is 58a
beauteous evening, calm and f 467a
bond nor f but Christ is all 516a
but I was f born 512b
each alike was Greek, alike was f 422b
fain have her f 263b
f and faithful, strong as death 110a
f as nature first made man 139b
f as the road 188a
f be she fancy-f 146b
f church in a f state 567a
f, f the white sail spread! 184b
f from all meaning good or bad 138b
f love—f field 428b
f of the outer court I am 293b
f the world of a poisonous thing 135b
from loving more, thou f my soul 133a
great and joyous, beautiful and f 397b
here's to the bold and f 287b
here we may be f 117a
himself from God he cd not f 147a
in my soul am f 249b
in the country of the f 43a
in unreproved pleasures f 268b
I only ask to be f 121a
Italia shall be f 265a
leaves f to all 274b
let us die to make men f 200b
love virtue, she alone is f 268a
man is born f 565b
most noble that was born most f 291a
my lines and life are f 188a
no one can be f till all are f 408a
o'er the land of the f 224b
others abide thou art f 7b
people yearning to be f 452b
shall yet be, the land of the f 77b
shd themselves be f 39a
so f we seem, so fettered fast 44b
that Greece might still be f 70b
that moment they are f 111b
the butterflies are f 121a
the fresh, the ever f 106a
thou at length art f 194a
thought is f 367b
thus so cleanly I myself can f 137b
to have quite set f Eurydice 269a
truth shall make you f 511a
we must be f or die 467a
when evils are most f 338b
who wd be f themselves 68a
wholly slaves or wholly f 140b
you enthrall me, never shall be f 133a
Freed from the thousands He hath f 87a
Freedom a new birth of f 245b
assure f to the free 245a
battle for f and truth 567a
bounds of f wider yet 437a
but what is F? 97b
cause of F is the cause of God 34b
deny them this participation of f 56a
emotions on the recovery of my f 162a
few men talked of f 93a
flame of f in their souls 424a
Flood of British f 467a
f and curteisye 88a
F and Whisky gang thegither 59a
f an English subject's 141b
F hallows with her tread 74a
F has a thousand charms 111a
f is a noble thing 19a
f is the cure of anarchy 55b
F leads it forth, her mate 397a
f mays man to haiff liking 19a
F reared in that august sunrise 435b
F's banner streaming o'er us 178a
F's battle once begun 72b
f shall awhile repair 103a
F shrieked as Kosciusko fell 77a
F slowly broadens down 439b
f sole unity of the empire 56a
F's soil beneath our feet 178a
f wh in no other land will thrive 141b
Freedom (*cont*)
govern on the principles of f 55b
great sum obtained I this f 512b
I du believe in F's cause 250a
if I have f in my love 249b
I gave my life for f 149b
infringement of human f 297b
in giving f to the slave 245a
let f ring 404a
lost is our f to women 78b
me this unchartered f tires 464a
mouth fair F's classic line 77b
none can love f but good men 279b
regain'd my f with a sigh 69b
rest love not f, but licence 279b
sweet bondage wh is f's self 397b
that sober f out of wh springs 435a
the idea of f 292b
what stands if F fall? 229a
whose service is perfect f 478a
with F's lion-banner 77a
yet F! yet thy banner torn 69a
Free-livers on a small scale 203b
Freely f let me take of Thee 455b
f they stood who stood 273b
f we serve because we f love 275a
f ye have received 506a
I did f part with my glory 187b
I love thee f 44a
take the water of life f 520b
Freeman F butters Stubbs 528a
f whom the truth makes free 112b
Freemen only f the only slaves 262b
to rule o'er f shd be free 39a
Freeport Sir Andrew F 2a
Free-thinking he took to f 527a
Freeze f, f, thou bitter sky, 326b
f thy blood less coldly 286b
Freezings what f have I felt 388b
Freighters forty f at sea 232a
French a boy, half F, half English 383b
behold with prejudice the F 42a
by reading F novels 130a
F are wiser than they seem 15b
F are with equal advantage 78b
F army led by an Italian 391a
F Guard, fire first 183a
F of Paris was to hir unknowe 88b
F, or Turk, or Proosian 166a
F she spak ful faire 88b
he's gone to fight the F 217a
I hate the F 170b
loved F novels, F cookery 440a
my scrofulous F novel 52a
not too F F bean 165b
only *taken from the F* 400a
some are fond of F (wine) 261b
speak in F 84a
to help our F comrades 238a
to the F the empire of the land 80a
to the glory of beating the F 46[illegible]b
we F stormed Ratisbon 47b
what's the water in F 1[illegible]4b
your new F proselytes 140b
Frenchies seek him everywhere 290b
Frenchman F always talking 210a
I praise the F 111a
the F, easy, debonair, and brisk 111a
the F's darling [Mignonette] 112b
truth the brilliant F never knew 113a
Frenchmen did march three F 38[illegible]a
fifty million F can't be wrong 177b
one Englishman cd beat three F 2a
ten thousand F sent below! 294b
Frenzy demoniac f 276b
poet's eye, in a fine f rolling 357b
Frequent f as the Royal Exchange 2a
when young did eagerly f 153a
Fresh as f as paint 403a
f as is the month of May 88a
since first I saw you f 388b
yonge f folkes 90b
Freshening and fluttering in the wind 48a
Freshness dewy f fills the silent air 407a
f of a dream 466a
Fret fever, and the f 220a
f not because of the ungodly 484a
f not to roam the desert now 289b
f of that sharp-headed worm 438a
living we f 51b
tho you can f me 334b

Frets ferments and f 66a
Fretted f by sallies 466b
f the pigmy body to decay 138a
f with golden fire 332b
Friar a f I will be 202a
a F ther was 88b
turned fasting f 264b
Friars barefooted f were singing 161b
eremites and f 273b
Friday F 's child is loving 525a
my man F 118b
on a F fil al this meschaunce 89a
one F morn when we set sail 525b
they that wash on F 532b
worse on F 532b
Friend a f in my retreat 111a
ah, ha! my good f 20a
a mistress or a f 393b
and mine own familiar f 485a
a pretended f is worse 160b
as a f he drops into poetry 125b
as f remembered not 326b
be very much his F indeed 108a
blunt man, that love my f 340a
breed of barren metal of his f 353a
choose an author as a f 128a
close-lipped Patience our only f 8a
Codlin 's the f 125a
'cos my f here didn't see 172b
countervail a f 177a
crack a bottle with a f 93b
damned good-natured f or other 400a
death of a dear f 357b
Death, the last best f 406b
Death, the poor man's dearest f 61b
faithful are the wounds of a f 498b
fav'rite has no f 173b
find a f sincere enough 252a
f, go up higher 509b
f is the medicine of life 520b
f of my better days 178a
f of the bridegroom 510b
f or foe that spread these lies? 313a
f shd bear his f 's infirmities 341a
f that sticketh closer brother 498b
f the masterpiece of Nature 147b
F to Sir Philip Sidney 177a
F, wherefore art thou come? 508a
F Who never changes 265b
forsake not an old f 520b
gained no title lost no f 302b
good f, for Jesu s sake forbear 389b
good wine a f, or being dry 3a
guide, philosopher and f 301b
heard of the loss of a dear f 407b
he gain'd from Heav'n a f 174b
he makes no f never made a foe 428b
he was my f, faithful and just 340a
his f in merry pin 108b
I cannot use a f as I use Thee 187b
I cd not see my little f 19b
if I had a f that loved her 360a
if this f happen to be—God 46b
in a f, it is cold modesty 339b
in every f we lose ourselves 304a
in every mess I finds a f 120b
in the heart of a f 246b
I've a F, over the sea 52b
I was angry with my f 32a
I wd not use a f as I use Thee 187b
knolling a departed f 379b
loses both itself and f 330b
more if you dine at a f 's 126a
my f, judge not me 76a
my f may spit upon my floor 187b
my f what viands he preferred 150b
my good f the calendar 108b
nephew of Fox and f of Gray 193b
never in his life forgave a f 30a
never want a f in need 122b
new f is as new wine 520b
no f like a sister 311a
nor a f to know me 414a
not a f, not a f greet 371a
not a f to close his eyes 139a
not a f to spare 148b
not as their f or child 6a
of every friendless name the f 210b
over yr f that loves you 337b
poor dog, in life the firmest f 73b
rider and horse, f, foe 68b
Friend (*cont*)
save me from the candid f 79a
Sleep! the f of Woe 406b
that it shd be a f to soothe 220b
the equal f 416a
the while I think on thee, dear f 387b
there's a F for little children 265b
this is my f, O daughters 500b
thou art not my f 146b
tho' we called yr f from his bed 235a
timorous foe, and a suspicious f 303a
to me, fair f 388b
truest f to thy lover 257b
truth the f of man 77b
unto my f 's intent and end 187b
verse from thy grieved f 225a
were not you my f? 452b
when it comes say 'Welcome F' 115b
who has a polished female f 459a
who's yr fat f? 53a
with a religious book or f 473b
with one chained f 393b
world is not thy f 366a
worst f and enemy is but Death 40a
yea, mine own familiar f 484b
Yet, O my f not have thee die 436b
you're my f 46b
Friendless omnipotent but f 397a
there is no man so f 252a
Friendly both false and f be 246b
f to peace but not to me! 111a
Friends a few f, and many books 107a
a good plot, good f 377a
animals are such agreeable f 144b
babes, and loving f 100a
best f hear no more of him 395b
best of f must part 527a
call you that backing of yr f? 377b
city of the faithfullest f 457b
distresses of our f 419a
dreads, but more his f 94a
falling out of faithful f 143b
foes nor loving f can hurt 230a
forbids the cheating of our f 94b
f and brother souls 426a
f and loves we have none 262a
f are lapped in lead 20b
f called him 'Candle ends' 86a
f in the garrison 177b
f, kindred, days estate 146b
f of mammon of unrighteousness 509b
f, Romans, countrymen 339b
f to congratulate their f 141b
f who set forth at our side 7b
good book is the best of f 446a
good f, sweet f, let me not stir 340a
he cast off his f 169b
in spite of all their f cd say 243b
laughter, learnt of f 40a
lay down his life for his f 511a
like f once parted 392b
like him with f possessed 387a
make f ashamed to look upon one 450b
make my f proud of my memory 223b
makes f of enemies 334a
many many lady f 286a
merely comes to meet one's f 58b
my never-failing f are they 407a
not in the multitude of f 214b
number, but the choice of f 107a
of f of hope, of all bereft 107b
of humblest f, bright creature 463b
old f are best 321a
old f to trust 13b
ought to forgive our f 13b
precious f hid in death s 387b
Religion often fears her f 113b
remembering my good f 375a
separateth very f 498a
something left to treat my f 257a
soul and body part like f 115a
such men my f than enemies 341b
the f thou hast 330b
the new city of F 457a
the poor make no new f 29a
they had been f in youth 100a
those who betray their f 160a
thy f are exultations 472b
to have advanced true f 5b
to his f and his relations 167a
Friends (*cont*)
to keep a few f 412a
to keep f with himself 412a
trencher-f, time's flies 368a
troops of f 350b
tuned spheres, and that to f 325a
unto the breach, dear f 382a
walked in the house of God as f 485a
want of f, and empty purse 35a
when his f did understand 531b
who has a thousand f 148b
wd not enter on my list of f 112b
wounded in the house of my f 504b
wretched have no f 139a
yr f are all embarking for hell 4b
Friendship be my enemy for f s sake 30a
destitute of sincere f 14a
elegance of female f 213b
f is a disinterested commerce 170b
f is constant in all save love 358a
f is Love without his wings 72b
f, like love, is but a name 160b
f recognized by the police 413a
honest f with all nations 204b
in f first, I think if that agree 187b
keep his f in constant repair 207a
love, f, charity 369a
made of love and f 217b
most f is feigning 326b
part in f 74a
pious frauds of f 151a
society, f and love 113a
speak to thee in F 's name 282b
such a f as had mastered Time 430b
swear an eternal f 79a
swear eternal f 404a
the dupe of f 183b
there is little f in the world 16a
the way of f 's gone 186b
thy f oft has made my heart 30a
to f clear 79b
what a thing f is 46b
what is f but a name 169a
when did f take a breed 353a
where genial f plays the game 193b
wing of f never moults 125a
woman's f ever ends in love 160a
Friendships begin with liking 144a
Fright dreamed Devil waked in a f 4a
f us from the shore 453b
wake in a f 19a
Frighted being thus f, swears 364b
f with false fire 334b
how have I f thee 380a
Frightened f both the heroes so 84a
I never saw any man f in my life 151b
it has a f look in its eyes 402a
killed than f to death 417a
Frightful be f when one's dead 302a
he knows, a f fiend 99b
sees, f and afar 93b
'twas f there to see 100a
Fringed curtains of thine eye 367b
Fringes of a southward-facing brow 8a
Frisk I'll have a f with you 206b
lambs that did f i' the sun 372b
Fritillaries what purple f 8b
Fritter-my-wig! 86a
Fritters best f that ever I eat 296a
Friuli blue F 's mountains 69a
Frivolity chatter of irresponsible f 128b
gay without f 6a
Frog eye of newt and toe of f 349b
no p'ints about that f 446b
on a log, expiring f 126a
the F is justly sensitive 26a
thus use yr f 450b
Frolic Lamb, the f and the gentle 465b
Frolics a youth of f 302a
Front ay, on the f 351a
deep on his f engraven 272b
his fair large f 274a
his humid f the cive wipes 194b
see the f o' battle lour 62b
won t go to the f ourselves 527b
Frontier-grave is far away 287b
Frost comes a f, a killing f 385b
death's untimely f 61a
f performs its secret ministry 101a

Frost (cont)
f wh binds so dear a head! 391b
heavy as f 466b
His graver of f 443a
it is a f ! the dahlias are dead 417a
Frosts f are slain and flowers 420a
hoary headed f fall in the lap 356b
Frosty, but kindly 326a
Froth f amid the boundless main 38b
with his embossed f 368a
Froude F believes Kingsley a divine 415b
F informs the Scottish youth 415b
the feeling of both F and myself 288a
Froust with a book 230b
Frown convey a libel in a f. 419b
frantic, fearful f 164b
I'll f and be perverse 365a
knew not what it was to f 295a
say that she f 366b
they f on you—for weeks 131a
Frowned dismal tidings when he f 168b
it is not true to say I f 91b
Frowning behind a f providence 110a
Frowns her very f are fairer far 97b
Froze the genial current of the soul 174a
Frozen o'er many a f Alp 272b
the torrid or the f zone 79b
when we are f up within 6b
Frugal she had a f mind 108b
Fruit bent with thick set f 310b
bring forth more f in their age 487b
deeper than flower and f 263a
eateth not of the f thereof 514a
forth reaching to the f 276a
f burnished with golden rind 274a
f of the Spirit is love, joy 515b
f , some an hundredfold 506b
f that can fall without shaking 280a
green f wd swell to melting pulp 217b
hang there like f , my soul 329a
I love f when it's expensive 297a
I shd grow to f or shade 187a
it bore thy f and mine 238b
lo, children and the f of the womb 489b
man's disobedience, and the f 270b
mystic f his acres yield 146b
never want some f for Him 187b
reach the ripest f of all 259a
the f thereof dust 421a
tree is known by his f 506b
untimely f of a woman 485b
weakest kind of f drops earliest 354b
what I have lost with cordial f 188a
Fruitful be f , and multiply 492a
Fruitfulness mists and mellow f 221b
Fruition of an earthly crown 259a
Fruits all pleasant f do flow 78b
bring forth the f of the Spirit 479a
by their f ye shall know them 506a
drop like the f of the tree 263a
eat his pleasant f 500b
f of life and beauty 30a
kindly f of the earth 479a
like Dead Sea f 282a
no f , no flowers November! 195a
Fruit-tree silver all these f tops 365a
some f s mossy foot 261a
Frumious Bandersnatch 83b
Frustrate their knavish tricks 79b, 522b
Fry such as 'F me' 86a
Fudge Mr Burchell cry out F ' 171a
Fuel adding f to the flame 78a
f to maintain his fires 79a
Fugitive f and cloistered virtue 279a
remembers what was so f 466b
Fugues masses and f and 'ops 164b
Fulfil faithfully to f the same 479b
not to destroy, but to f 505a
Fulfilled of my heart's desire 422b
Full f and fair ones 188b
f fathom five thy father lies 367a
f man and a fasting 320a
if the moon shine at f or no 65b
reading maketh a f man 16a
some are f o' brandy 61a
some are f o' love divine 61a
too f for sound 426a
wasna f , but just had plenty 60a
we're no that f 63b
without o'erflowing, f 119b
Full-blown a rose f 191a
Fuller money is the true f 's earth 159b
Fulness and the f thereof 514b
f of joy and hope 195a
Fum fie, foh, and f 343a
Fumble with the sheets 382a
Fume black, stinking f thereof 204a
memory shall be a f 347b
mockery is the f of little hearts 428a
Fumiter crown'd with rank f 343b
Fun a little f , to match the sorrow 263a
f grew fast and furious 63a
I've taken my f 230b
make f of it 82a
must pay for my f 230b
to come and spoil the f 84a
will not have the f 93b
wish I thought *What Jolly F* 308a
Function f is smother'd in surmise 346b
own no other f 373b
the F never dies 463b
Functions above their f and offices 345a
exercise all f of a man 112a
Funeral from their office to black f 366a
f bak'd meats 330a
f marches to the grave 248a
her f sermon, wh was long 26b
his obscure f , no trophy 336a
I d appint yr f tomorrow 451a
I misbehaved once at a f 239b
not a f note 462a
see my own f afore I die 143b
seldom seen a costlier f 426b
with mirth in f 329b
Fur keep their f dry 342b
make the f fly 'bout the ears 65a
Furies framed by f ' skill 408b
the f of my brother 254a
Furious a f High-Churchman I was 524a
fun grew fast and f 63a
Furloughs for another world 141b
Furnace as if they burned in a f 518b
as one great f flamed 271a
burning, fiery f 504a
f for yr foe so hot 385b
heat the f one seven times more 504a
in what f of thy brain 32a
the f of affliction 502b
the lover, sighing like f 326b
Furnish coldly f forth the marriage 330a
f all we ought to ask 224a
Furniture mere church f 113a
Nature s pride, and richest f 259a
no f so charming as books 404a
Furrow crush'd beneath the f 's 62a
I must plough my f alone 310b
leaves a shining f 437a
on a half-reap'd f asleep 221b
Furrows bewildered f deepen 202b
plowers made long f 490a
smite the sounding f 439a
thou waterest her f 486a
when in thee time's f I behold 387a
Further shalt thou come, but no f 497b
Fury beware the f of a patient man 138b
civil fury first grew high 64b
comes the blind F 269b
full of sound and f 350b
in her prophetic f sew'd 362b
Life, a F slinging flame 430a
nor Hell a F , like a woman scorn'd 104b
numbs the F 's ringlet-snake 433a
said cunning old F 82b
their f , and my passion 367a
thrice came on in f 253b
Furze Midland f afire 229a
Fusees they who use f 76a
Fust in us unus d 335b
Fustian whose f 's so sublimely bad 303a
Fustilarian you f 380a
Futility fatal f of Fact 204b
Future all the hopes of f years 246b
extravagant hopes of the f 56b
for the f in the distance 18b
I dipt into the f 432b
leave the F to Providence 13a
makes no preparation for the f 129a
never plan the f by the past 57b
Past and the F are nothing 306b
some f day what is now is not 96b
the Bard! who past, and f sees 31b
trust no F , how'er pleasant 248a
Future (cont)
yr labour is for f hours 198a
Fuzzy-Wuzzy 229a
Fye f. na, f na, said May Margaret 529a

G

Gabble o' the goose 75b
Gabies geese and g 414a
Gad liberty to g abroad 520b
she called his name G 493a
Gadarene this man is *the* G Swine 237b
Gadding the g vine 269b
Gadier isles of Javan or G 277b
Gaels spoke the speech of the G 92a
the great G of Ireland 92a
Gaiety eclipsed the g of nations 213a
fit for the g of Mozart 37a
Gain counting g but loss 286a
for g , not glory 303b
g of our best glory 117a
g to society at large 164a
go to g a little patch of ground 335b
loss comes to him from his g 46a
madness of many g of a few 304a
no one knoweth the loss or g 171b
pleased with constant g 113b
sir wh serves and seeks for g 342a
subserves another s g 430b
the soul is competent to g 464b
turns his necessity to glorious g 465a
what things were g to me 516a
whom hope of g allured 163a
would you g the tender creatures 159a
Gained g then by our unbelief 45a
he that g a hundred fights 435a
Gains God bless all our g 43b
light g make heavy purses 16a
Gaiter modified the cut of a g 180b
Gaiters all is gas and g 125a
Galahad Lancelot brave, nor G 429a
servant of the high God, G 284b
Ga-la-lee Spanish G 531a
Galatea, wayward girl 557a
Galatians great text in G 52a
O foolish G 515b
Gale blew a mackerel g 140b
his snowy plumage to the g 443b
partake the g 301b
snuffed the tainted g 316a
so sinks the g 18b
who changest not in any g 429b
Galeotto was the book and writer 566b
Gales cool g shall fan the glade 302b
'mid the equinoctial g 525a
Galice at Seint Jame 88b
Galilean Pilot of the G lake 269b
thou hast conquered, O G 548a
thou hast conquered, O pale G 423b
thy kingdom shall pass, G 423b
wilt thou yet take all, G ? 423b
Galilee rolls nightly on deep G 74a
ye men of G , why stand ye 512a
Galileo on his turret 49b
Gall g a new-healed wound 379b
g enough in thy ink 371b
gave me g to eat 486b
lack g to make oppression 333a
take my milk for g 346b
the wormwood and the g 503b
Gallant g gentleman 522a
he was a braw g 530b
many a g gay domestic 432b
this g will command the sun 366b
with this g good Riou 76b
Gallantry what men call g 70a
Gallants brave g , stand up 320a
Galleon moon was a ghostly g 290a
Galleons high-built g came 437b
they may enter into g 231a
where are the g of Spain 130b
Galley Cervantes on his g 92b
g -bench creaks with a Pope 424a
what is he doing in this g ? 564a
Galleys over the sea our g went 49b
Galley-slave is with his oar 454b
Galliard go to church in a g 369b
Galligaskins, antigropeloes 75a
Gallio cared for none of these 512b
Gallop g apace, you fiery-footed 366a

Gallop (*cont*)
the very false g of verses 327a
to g, and to trot the round 137a
trot became a g soon 108b
Galloped I g, Dirk g, we g 47b
Gallops in this state she g 364b
Gallow O there is none in G 531b
Galloway there are mair lids in G 531b
Gallows g fifty cubits high 406b
his complexion is perfect g 367a
it grew a g and did bear 238b
Jack on the g-tree 319b
shall there be g standing 376b
sing under the g-tree 23a
the g in my garden 91b
to the g-foot—and after 235a
you see nothing but the g 57a
Gallows-maker, for that frame outlives 336a
Galls with the bitterness of yr g 379b
Galumphing went g back 84a
Gamaliel at the feet of G 512b
Gambler whore and g licensed 29b
Game a most contagious g 264a
but how you played the g 309a
but war's a g 112b
dice is a gentlemanly g 459b
g of interchanging praise 193b
helpless Pieces of the G 153b
love the g beyond the prize 287b
makes at once his g 403a
mumbling of the g dare not bite 303a
no g was ever yet worth a rap 171b
passage in the g-act 410a
play up! and play the g! 287b
plenty of time to win this g 136b
silly g where nobody wins 158a
start some g on these heaths 183b
the g is done! I've won! 98b
the g is never lost till won 114a
the g's afoot 382a
the rigour of the g 239a
their is g noon 89b
turned to jollity and g 276b
Game Chicken 122b
Game cocks wits are g to one another 160b
Game-preservers idlers, g 81a
Games he's up to these grand g 74b
in g confederate 465b
playing our g 113a
plays, in the many g of life 465b
Gamesome I am not g 337b
Gamesters see more than g 16a
Gammon world of g and spinnach 122a
Gamp Mrs G 124a
Gamyn and gle 474a
Gander goosey goosey g 534b
Gang the old g 95a
will ye g wi' me 526a
Gaol all that we know who lie in g 459b
Gap made a g in nature 323a
sleep out this great g of time 323a
Gaped horrid warning g wide 219a
Gaps with pictures fill their g 419b
ye fill up the g in our files 7b
Garb in the g of old Gaul 149a
Garbage with the other g 202b
Garden a careless-ordered g 438b
a g is a lovesome thing 41a
a large g have 107a
a river at my g's end 419b
birds in the high Hall-g 433b
blow upon my g 500b
come into the g, Maud 434a
England is a g 229b
every Hyacinth the G wears 153a
g inclosed is my beloved 500b
g's last petals were shed 421b
ghost of a g fronts the sea 421b
Glory of the G 229b
God Almighty first planted a g 16a
God planted a g 492a
God the first g made 106b
God walking in the g 492b
good strawberries in yr g there 385a
how does yr g grow 531a
I have a g of my own 261a
I know a little g close 284a
I value my g more for blackbirds 2b
let my beloved come into his g 500b
Garden (*cont*)
look thro' this same G after me 154a
man and woman in a g 466b
many a G by the Water blows 152a
nearer God's Heart in a g 177b
no tender-hearted g crowns 235a
secret was the g 442b
set to dress this g 375b
such was that happy g-state 261a
the first g of Liberty's tree 77b
the gallows in my g 91b
the g of yr face 186b
there is a g in her face 78b
there is a g that I dream of 439b
thro' a g of bright images 35a
'tis an unweeded g 330a
visibly thro' his g wilketh God 52a
walk'd owre yon g green 529a
we must cultivate our g 506a
who loves a g loves a greenhouse 112a
Garden-beds across the empty g 284b
Garden-croft whistles from a g 222a
Gardener all the g Fancy 220b
and Adam was a g 384a
g Adam and his wife 431b
half a proper g's work 229b
Oh, Adam was a g 229b
supposing him to be the g 511b
where the g Robin 109b
will come the G in white 154b
Gardeners no gentlemen but g 336a
Garden-god the eyes of the g 421b
Gardens down by the salley g 474a
g bright with sinuous rills 101a
in the g of the night 37a
not God! in g! 41a
our bodies are our g 366b
such g are not made by singing 229b
Thames bordered by its g green 284a
thrit in trim g 268a
Garland g and singing robes 279a
green willow is my g 191a
green willow must be my g 361a
immortal g is to be run for 279a
rosy g and a weary head 401b
take this g and farewell 421a
wither'd is the g of the war 324b
Garlanded with carven imag ries 221b
Garlands let us g bring 372b
silken flanks with g drest 219b
weave the g of repose 260b
whose g dead 282b
with fantastic g did she come 336a
you may gather g there 319a
Garlic cheese and g in a windmill 378a
wel loved he g 89a
Garment a g out of fashion 328b
a moth fretting a g 484a
his g in her hand 493a
language is but flesh-g 81b
like a g, wear the beauty 472b
not know the g from the man 30a
the deep like as with a g 488a
wax old as doth a g 488a
wintry g of unsullied snow 407a
with a g down to the foot 518a
Garments do not like the fashion of yr g 343a
dyed g from Bosrah 503b
enlarge the borders of their g 507b
g gay and rich 528a
g rolled in blood 501b
his vacant g with his form 374a
look at her g 195b
reasons are not like g 120b
they part my g among them 483a
trailing g of the Night 247b
Garnered up my heart 363a
Garnish eye of heaven to g 374a
Garnished empty, swept, and g 506b
see they be g fair 441b
Garret and living in a g 155b
g four stories high 13b
Garrick G's a salad 160a
here lies David G 160b
Garsington here is Hey for G 112a, 224b
Garter take away that star and g 12a
tied up my g for me 179a
Garyalies 155b
Gas all is g and gaiters 125a
Gash of the wind-grieved Apennine 46a
Gas-lamps seven 226a
Gasp at his last g 521b
at the last g of love's 137b
Gate after we pass the g 135a
against the eastern g 268b
against the ivory g 284a
aged man, a-sitting on a g 85a
at one g to make defence 277b
a willow cabin at yr g 370a
Captain of the G 253a
death openeth the g to fame 14a
dog starved at his master's g, 29a
find no latch to'r de golden g 182a
from the passion-flower at the g 434a
'gainst thieves men shut their g 372a
gather at the g of Paradise 154b
Heaven's g built in Jerusalem's 30b
heavy burdens at his narrow g 381b
he only cd unlock the g 3b
I am here at the g alone 434a
keep the g of hell 363a
matters not how strait the g 185a
near the sacred g 440b
Pen at the g 282a
poor man at his g 3a
seat by the side of the g 495a
sound at heaven's high g 36b
St Peter sat by the celestial g 74b
strait is the g 505b
the g is strait 424a
the G with dreadful faces 277a
the Hun is at the g 229a
the Mede is at his g 74a
they that sit in the g 486b
this is the g of heaven 493a
watchful at His G 131b
way that leads to the broad g 322a
wide is the g 505b
Gates g are mine to open 233a
g of hell can never 20a
Gaul is at her g 107b
I barred my g with iron 228b
lift up yr heads, O ye g 483a
Lord loveth the g of Sion 487a
Love hovers within my g 249b
on all her stately g arose 252b
open the g of new life to thee 51b
stranger that is within thy g 480a
such are the G of Paradise 30a
through g of pearl 200b
twelve g were twelve pearls 520a
Gath tell it not in G 495b
Gather cannot tell who shall g 484a
g up the fragments 510b
g ye rosebuds 190a
God who made shall g 12b
shall we g at the river? 315b
were I a cloud I'd g 35b
Gathered all is safely g in 3b
be with ease g 276b
by gloomy Dis was g 274a
cannot be g up again 495b
g and gone by together 485a
g them into Armageddon 510b
g together in my name 507a
g together in thy Name 478b
g to the quiet west 185a
I am g to thy heart 265a
safely, safely g in 130b
some g at six, some at seven 134b
Gatherer red for the g springs 441a
Gathering where thou hast not strawed 508a
Gathers all things mortal 422a
Gat-tothed I was 89b
Gaudy g, blabbing, and remorseful day 384a
neat, not g 239b
one other g night 324a
this g melon-flower 47b
Gauger g walked with willing foot 415a
what shd Master G play 415a
Gaul G. is at her gates 107b
G is divided into three parts 548b
G, to Greece into Noah's 110b
in the garb of old G 149a
I've lost G 234a
Gaunt G's embattled pile 252b
siege of the city of G 531b
Gauntlet a g with a gift in't 43a
flings the g down to senates 77b

Gauze strunt rarely owre gauze 61b
Gave g me herselt indeed 48a
Lord g, and the Lord hath taken 496b
no man g unto him 509b
that we g, we have 526a
Gavest me, tho' unseen, a kiss 109b
Gawds praise new-born g 369a
Gay all will be g 47b
always g 528a
a poet cd not but be g 467a
as g as innocent 319b
face that's anything but g 440b
gallant, g Lothario 313b
G grieve a week 419a
g go up and g go down 533b
g without frivolity 6a
I m a g deceiver 103a
impiously g 113b
most pleasant and g 97a
Music was given, to brighten the g 282a
my g goss-hawk 529a
so bedeck d, ornate and g 277b
tho' g they run and leap 265a
thy outward walls so costly g 389b
wise and good and g 525a
wd not, if I cd, be g 310a
yet went never g 360b
Gaza cycless is G 277b
whence G mourns 278a
Gaze fix thy firm g on virtue 254a
summer was in her g 475a
the show and g o' the time 351a
wh I g on so fondly 281b
will g upon this world 476a
with fearful g 280a
Gazed and still they g 168b
but we steadfastly g on the face 462b
fade, too much g at 218a
I g and g—but little thought 467a
Gazelle never nursed a dear G 125a, 282a
Gazer bids the rash g wipe his eye 187b
Gazers her eyes the g strike 302b
Gazes on the ground 258b
Gazing why stand ye g up 512a
with g fed 354a
Geck notorious g and gull 372a
Geese all grow up as g and gabies 414a
g are getting fat 522b
g are swans and swans are g 6b
his own g are swans 449b
if the wild-g fly that way 342a
this the wild g spread 474b
wild g the creeping fowler eye 357a
Gehazi whence comest thou, G? 496b
Gehenna down to G 236b
Gelert s dying yell 408a
Gem considered a perfect g 75a
full many a g of purest ray 174a
g of all joy 143a
Gemlike burn with this g flame 293a
Gems brilliant underfoot with g 37b
crept reflecting g 34b
feet like sunny g 433b
rich and rare were the g she wore 281a
rich and various g inlay 266b
these the g of Heaven 274b
Gender she s of the feminine g 290b
Genealogies fables and endless g 516b
General caviare to the g 332b
G as 'that most immoral man' 228a
G Good plea of the scoundrel 30b
g notions are generally wrong 280a
g of our gracious empress 383b
g s disdained by him one step 368b
I do attend here on the g 362b
of a constitution so g 41b
Generalities glittering g 94a, 148b
sounding g 94a
Generals bite some other of my g 161a
g Janvier and Février 575b
Generation evil and adulterous g 506b
faithless and stubborn g 487a
had it been the whole g 523b
he shall follow the g 485a
O g of vipers 504b
one g passeth away 499a
unto the third and fourth g 480a
ye are a chosen g 517b
yet to every g these come down 147b
younger g will come knocking 567a
Generations all g call me blessed 508b
Generations (cont)
fleeting g of mankind 399b
keep the young g in hail 263a
no hungry g tread thee down 220a
the g are prepared 464b
Genesis square with G again 45a
Geneva grim G ministers 12b
open on to the Lake of G 223a
Genevieve O G, sweet G 106a
Genius Bacon, that hardy g 170b
beauty like hers is g 312a
builders—with want of g curst 140a
Chawcer had g unedicated 451a
creates a g to do it 148b
eccentricities of g 126b
Edmund, whose g was such 169b
g and the mortal instruments 338b
g capacity of taking trouble 80b
G does what it must 265a
g getting its possessors into trouble 66b
g has been slow of growth 244b
g is of no country 94b
g is one per cent inspiration 143b
g is only a great patience 561b
gives g a better discerning 169b
good g presiding over you 222a
implored the G of the place 556b
invoke the g of the Constitution 297a
models destroy g and art 183b
most singular g 34a
my g is rebuked 348b
nothing to declare except my g 460b
parting g is with sighing sent 270b
ramp up my g 215b
talent instantly recognizes g 136a
that is g 147b
tho' taste, tho' g bless 103a
to raise the g 298b
'twas thine own g 72a
what a g I had 419a
when was g found respectable? 43a
whose fires true g kindles 303a
works of g are the first things 222a
Geniuses greatest g wanted taste 449b
Gennesareth not of G but Thames 442b
Gent a military g 439b
Genteel dialect words to the g 180b
no dancing bear was so g 109a
Genteelly debauch friend's wife g 208b
vices may be committed g 208b
Genterye for of his g him deyneth 90a
Gentile the might of the G 74a
Gentiles boastings as the G use 233b
Gentility cottage of g 100b
Gentle fond of each g scene 22b
g kind of the houn 90a
g mind by g deeds is known 409a
g, plain just 458b
he is g that doth g dedis 89b
many a g person made a Jack 384b
one of those g ones 372a
Sleep! it is a g thing 99a
take the g path 188a
that g. voice we hear 11a
these g historians 58a
tho g, yet not dull 119b
verray parfit g knight 88a
Gentle-hearted my g Charles 101b
Gentleman a dear dark-eyed g 179a
always talking about being a g 416b
an old worshipful g 522a
a prosperous g 346a
as a g switches his cane 100b
a very gallant g 522a
a very simple g 373b
bears not alive so stout a g 379a
collar, shewed him the g and scholar 63a
every Jack became a g 384b
fat g in such a passion 149a
fine old English g 524b
finished g from top to toe 71b
g, nurse, that loves to hear himself 365b
g on whom I built trust 346b
g said to the fi' pun' note 126a
g shd never go beyond a song 149a
g 's way of thinking 558b
g tho' spoiled i' the breeding 38a
God send every g 529b
grand old name of g 431a
Gentleman (cont)
I do not think a braver g 378b
king cannot make a g 58a
kissing, kind-hearted g 113a
my state is well I am a g 370a
no g 's library shd be without 239a
once a g, and always a g 123b
prince of darkness is a g 343a, 416a
see if Philip can be a little g 193a
stainless g 429a
St Patrick was a g 27b
tea is a g at least 93b
that smooth-faced g 374a
the first true g 118b
the nomination of this g 337a
this squash this g 373a
true breeding of a g 70b
who was then a g? 527b
Gentlemanly devil do a very g thing 412b
secondly, g conduct 10b
Gentlemen ancient g but gardeners 336a
Buzzards are all g 38a
conversation among g 209a
cooks are g 64a
g come every day 534a
g in England now a-bed 383a
g of the shade 376b
G Prefer Blondes 249b
G -rankers out on the spree 229b
g unafraid 227b
g wd be as sad as night 374a
God Almighty's g 138b
God rest you merry, g 523a
good-morning g both 145a
great-hearted g 45b
I shd waken my g 235b
never merry since g came up 384a
(Presbytery) not a religion for g 87b
scholars and g 469b
seamen were not g 255b
she lays eggs for g 534a
two single g roll d into one 103a
we shall never be g 152a
while the G go by 234a
written by g for g 440a
you g of England 292a
you g 's g are so hasty 400b
Gentleness g, goodness, faith 515b
g, in hearts at peace 40a
have not from yr eyes that g 337b
her ways are ways of g 409b
in simpleness and g 227b
let g my strong enforcement 326b
Gentles and commons 318b
Gentlewomen, like the Nereides 323a
Gently, John, gently down hill 405a
Geographers, in Afric maps 419b
Geographical Italy is a g expression 569a
Geography Biography is different from G 27b
G is about maps 27b
in despite o' g 65b
Geological home-made cake 123b
Geometric he, by g scale 65a
Geometry the only science 191b
George Amelia was praying for G 440a
any good of G the Third 241b
between St Denis and St G 383b
G in pudding time came o'er 524a
G the First knew nothing 208b
G the First was always reckoned 241b
G III profit by their example 185b
G III was a consecrated obstruction 17b
God save great G our king 523a
Great G s acts let Cibber sing 206a
King G 's glorious days 164a
King G will be able to read that 178b
viler G the Second 241b
where's G? Gone to Lyonch 528a
Georges God be praised, the G ended 241b
Georgia marching thro' G 473a
German a wee wee G lairdie 116b, 193a
G, who smoked like a chimney 19a
more g to the matter 337a
the furious G comes 252b
Germans G (empire) of the air 80a
sermons from mystical G 164b
Germany G over all 568a

Germany (*cont*)
G was my spiritual home 571*a*
governments associated against G 462*a*
his bonnet in G 353*a*
war between Great Britain and G 242*b*
Germens all G spill at once 342*b*
Germinal trumpet of G 91*b*
Gertrude Cecely, G., Magdalen 311*b*
Gestes the Troyane g 90*a*
Gesture in every g dignity 275*b*
in shape and g proudly eminent 272*a*
Get don't you wish you may g it 20*a*
earn that I eat, g that I wear 327*a*
g thee to a nunnery 333*b*
g to hive, then hive 186*b*
g up and bar the door 531*b*
g up, g up for shame 189*a*
g up, sweet Slug-a-bed 189*a*
g you gone, you drunken sot 534*b*
if thou canst g but thither 448*a*
none cd g it till now 311*b*
quite enough to g, sir 126*b*
to do nothing and g something 130*a*
to g what you want 404*a*
Gets won't be happy till he g it 523*b*
Getting g and spending we lay waste 473*a*
Gospel of G On 391*a*
with all thy g get understanding 497*b*
Gewgaw this g world 139*a*
Gey ill to live wi' 82*a*
Ghastly the g priest doth reign 253*b*
we were a g crew 99*a*
Ghent *see* Gaunt
Ghost alas! poor g 331*a*
applaud the hollow g 6*b*
blasphemy against the Holy G 506*b*
g of a garden fronts the sea 421*b*
G of the deceased Roman Empire 191*b*
g unlaid forbear thee! 329*a*
if I had seen a g 151*b*
impute to each frustrate g 52*a*
it is an honest g 331*b*
like a g from the tomb 393*b*
like a g she glimmers on to me 436*b*
like a sheeted g, the vessel swept 249*a*
make a g of him that lets me 331*a*
murmur of the morning g 130*b*
since g there's none 189*b*
some old lover's g 133*b*
stalk'd off like an ill us'd g 29*a*
that affable familiar g 388*b*
there needs no g to tell us this 331*b*
to a woman, but a kind of g 132*a*
to the bowling of a g 442*b*
towards his design moves like a g 347*b*
turn thou g that way 132*b*
vex not his g 344*a*
wd a g not rise 421*b*
what beckoning g invites 299*a*
what gentle g hails me 216*b*
yr g will walk in an English lane 46*a*
Ghostly counsel and advice 480*b*
Ghosts G all the country over 567*b*
g from an enchanter fleeing 196*a*
g, wandering here and there 157*a*
haunted by g they have deposed 375*b*
make the g gaze 324*b*
see G gliding between the lines 567*a*
yet a boy I sought for g 394*b*
Ghoul dug them up like a G 122*b*
Ghouls they are G 298*a*
Giant arrows in the hand of the as when a g dies 352*a*
dwarf sees farther than the g 102*a*
excellent to have a g's strength 351*b*
fling but a stone, the g dies 175*b*
g refreshed with wine 487*a*
like a g's robe upon a dwarfish 350*a*
owner whereof was G Despair 54*a*
rejoiceth as a g to run his course 482*b*
tyrannous to use it like a g 351*b*
Giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid 344*b*
Giants g, the sons of Anak 404*a*
piled by the hands of g 253*a*
there were g in the earth 492*b*
Giant's Causeway worth seeing? 210*a*
Gibbets cells and g for 'the man' 106*a*
g keep the lifted hand in awe 477*a*
Gibbon G levelled walks 103*b*
G moved to flutes 103*b*
Gibeon stand thou still upon G 494*b*
Gibes where be your g now? 336*b*
Giddy g harumfrodite 234*a*
I am g, expectation whirls me 369*a*
Giddy-paced times 376*b*
Gift all have not g of martyrdom 140*b*
a portion of the g is won 464*a*
cause of this fair g 388*b*
Common Sensel our surest g 263*a*
every g of noble origin 471*b*
every other g, but wanted love 6*b*
every perfect g is from above 517*a*
excellent g of charity 479*b*
fatal g of beauty 69*a*
for g or grace, surpassing this 44*a*
for nought her priceless g 293*a*
found out a g for my fair 399*b*
gauntlet with a g in't 43*a*
have not the g of continency 481*b*
Heaven's last best g 274*b*
her great g of sleep 185*a*
scented g and remembrancer 458*a*
so thy great g comes home 388*b*
they have the g to know it 326*a*
to a dog for a new year's g 356*a*
wad some Power the g gie us 61*b*
you have a g, sir 216*a*
Gift-horse look a g in the mouth 65*a*
Gifts all good g around us 76*a*
all the g from all the heights 49*a*
blind Fortune still bestows g 215*b*
endowed with highest g 464*a*
for all his g to me 452*b*
gods cannot recall their g 438*b*
God's g put man's to shame 44*a*
her g may henceforth be bestowed 325*b*
he wd adore my g instead of Me 188*a*
make us love yr goodly g 364*a*
manifold g of grace 481*a*
no g from Chance, have conquer'd 8*a*
of all the heavenly g 177*a*
rarer g than gold 30*a*
rich g wax poor 333*b*
receivedst g for men 486*b*
seven-fold g impart 491*a*
the g of G are strown 184*a*
there are diversities of g 514*b*
these g a curtain before 'em 360*b*
Gigadibs the literary man 45*a*
Giggles he wriggles and g 193*a*
Gilbert, the Filbert 462*a*
Gilboa ye mountains of G 495*b*
Gild g, but to flout, the ruins grey 317*a*
g refined gold 374*a*
I'll g it with the happiest terms 379*a*
my verse again shall g 137*a*
Gilead appear from mount G 500*a*
balm in G 503*b*
G is mine 485*b*
Giles you must be very old, Sir G 24*b*
Gills at his g draws in 275*b*
Gilly flowers (gillyvors) Columbine with G 409*b*
streaked g 373*a*
Gilpin away went G 108*b*
G at his horse's side 108*b*
G long live he 109*a*
G's spouse said to her dear 108*a*
G was a citizen 108*a*
said G—so am I 108*b*
Gilt dust that is a little g 369*a*
more laud than g o'er-dusted 369*a*
Gimble gyre and g in the wabe 83*b*
Gin g by pailfuls 319*b*
I breakfast on g 186*a*
now is the woodcock near the g 371*a*
talk o' g an' beer 229*b*
with Pittall and with g beset 154*a*
Ginger g shall be hot i' the mouth 370*b*
Nutmegs and G 23*a*
'ot sand and g when alive 229*a*
Giotto's tower 247*a*
Gipsies the same the G wore 8*a*
Gird another shall g thee 511*b*
g on thy sword, O man 36*b*
g thee with thy sword 484*b*
g up now thy loins 497*b*
how g the sphere 275*b*
Girded with praise 172*b*
Girdle about the paps with a golden 518*a*
Girdle (*cont*)
folds of a bright g 5*a*
I'll put a g round the earth 356*b*
leathern g about his loins 504*b*
Mother, tie my g for me 393*a*
truth golden g of the globe 107*b*
Girdled with towers were g round 101*a*
Girl a fair little g sat 108*b*
a g arose that had red lips 476*a*
an unlessoned g, unschool'd 354*a*
cleanly young g to rub my pate 304*a*
dear Child! dear G! 467*a*
every boy and every g 164*a*
g I left behind me 526*b*
g with a pair of blue eyes 400*b*
going to be a very good g 155*a*
good g was Emily Jane 103*a*
home is the g's prison 391*a*
I have but a g to give 264*b*
I shall find some g perhaps 39*a*
it's my old g that advises 121*b*
no good g's lip out of Paris 424*a*
quest of the Golden G 244*a*
she's the dearest g 122*a*
slap-up g in a bang-up chariot 125*b*
spoke I to my g 190*a*
sweeter no g ever gave 461*a*
there was a little g 249*a*
to the sweetest g I know 461*a*
we all love a pretty g 28*a*
where there's a g there's a boy 10*b*
you speak like a green g 331*a*
Girl-graduates sweet g 435*b*
Girlish laugh thy g laughter 452*a*
Girls boys and g are level now 324*b*
g and boys come out to play 534*b*
he words me, g 325*a*
I know where little g are sent 244*b*
of all the g that are so smart 79*b*
prevent g from being g 197*a*
rose of the rosebud garden of g 434*a*
secrets with g 114*a*
swear to never kiss the g 46*b*
two little g in blue 172*a*
what are little g made of 534*b*
where g are so pretty 524*a*
white feet of laughing g 253*a*
with the g be handy 18*b*
wretched un-idea'd g 206*b*
Gitche Gumee 248*b*
Gitche Manito 248*b*
Give all I can g you I g 423*a*
g all thou canst 467*b*
g all to love 146*b*
g a man a horse he can ride 444*a*
g, and it shall be given unto you 509*a*
g me but what this riband bound 449*a*
g me, heaven, a private station 160*b*
g me more love 79*b*
g me my boots I say 376*a*
g me the crown. Here, cousin 378*a*
g peace in our time 478*a*
g the jolly heaven above 414*a*
g to me the life I love 414*a*
g unto me, made lowly wise 464*a*
g what thou canst 112*b*
in this mood will g us anything 340*b*
it is more blessed to g 512*b*
I will g unto this last 507*b*
such as I have g I thee 512*a*
they beg, I g 143*a*
two daughters, crying, G, g 499*a*
we receive but what we g 100*b*
when I g I g myself 458*a*
Given ask, and it shall be g 505*b*
g for nought her priceless gift 293*a*
g to hospitality 513*b*
never g in vain 198*b*
something g that way 23*a*
that hath shall be g 508*a*
to whom nothing is g 151*a*
Giver God loveth a cheerful g 515*a*
good received, the g is forgot 104*a*
Givers when g prove unkind 333*b*
Gives blesseth him that g 254*b*
he g twice who g soon 555*b*
she g but little 477*b*
what e'er he g, he g the best 214*a*
who g himself with his alms 251*a*
Giving godlike in g 282*b*
not in the g vein to-day 385*a*

Gizzards knives into their g 76a
Glad at sight of thee was g 463b
come then, my brethren, and be g 307a
earth may be g thereof 488a
g did I live and gladly die 415a
g me with its soft black eye 282a
g to death's mystery 196a
g to learn of noble men 340b
g waters of the dark blue sea 69b
g, yea g with all my heart 137b
he was g, I was woe 176a
I was g when they said 489b
Janet was as g at that 528b
often, g no more 465a
Queens hereafter be g to live 137a
sad that she was g 441a
then are they g, because at rest 488b
we have been g of yore 465a
wery g to see you indeed 126a
Gladder my heart is g than all 310b
Glade bee-loud g 475a
crown the wat'ry g 174b
flower of the hazel g 177a
points to yonder g 209a
Gladly wolde he lerne 88b
Gladness g of her g 21b
make me hear of joy and g 485a
music is the g of the world 144b
shareth in our g. 3b
solemn g even crowned 430a
teach me half the g 398b
with solace and g 402b
youth begin in g 470a
Gladstone G ace up his sleeve 238b
Mr G speaks to Me 448b
what's the matter with G? 177b
Glamis G hath murdered sleep 348a
G thou art, and Cawdor 346b
King Cawdor, G 348b
Glance g, and nod, and bustle by 8b
g from heaven to earth 357b
g of great politeness 74b
his g was stern and high 252b
whose g was glum 167a
without a g my way 127b
Glances where thy grey eye g 298a
Glare eyes wh thou dost g with 349a
Glared lion who g upon me 338a
Glasgow when we came thro' G 530a
Glass a comb and a g in her hand 525b
an excuse for a g 400b
dome of many-coloured g 392b
double g o' the invariable 126b
drink not the third g 186b
fill ev'ry g 159b
g to his sightless eye 287b
gold like unto clear g 520a
grief with a g that ran 420b
he was indeed the g 380a
his natural face in a g 517b
in a g he hadde pigges bones 80a
made mouths in a g 342b
my g shall not persuade me 387a
satire is a sort of g 417b
sea of g like unto crystal 518b
sea of g mingled with fire 519b
the g of fashion 333b
thou art thy mother's g 387a
thro' a g darkly 514b
till I set you up a g 335a
truth peeps over the g 's edge 45a
turn down an empty G 154a
Venus, take my votive g 306a
Glasses fill all the g there 106b
g itself in tempests 69b
Shakespeare, and the musical g 171a
wiv a ladder and some g 22a
Glassy windless, g floor 231a
Glaze gloat on the g and the mark 242a
Glazed each weary eye 98b
Glazier father was no g 418b
Glazing yr g is new 236a
Gleam fled the visionary g 466a
follow the G 414b
g on the years that shall be 252a
one high funeral g 475b
Gleams g of a remoter world 396a
invested with purpureal g 467b
sunbeams with their convex g 393b
Glean the world shall g of me 442b
thou shdst but g 195b
Gleaning of the grapes of Ephraim 495a
Glede the rapid g 403a
Glee laugh'd with counterfeited g 168b
piping songs of pleasant g 32a
serious faith and inward g 468a
they filled one home with g 184b
to the brim with girlish g 164b
Glen down the rushy g 4a
piney sides of this long g 435a
Glenartney's hazel shade 316a
Glencairn I'll remember thee G 61b
Glendoveer I am a blessed G 403b
Glenlivet only half G 12b
Glens bask in the g 5b
Glide gently by his, ye waters, g! 8b
shall for ever g 463b
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor 393a
Glideth thus the Mayne g 49b
Gliding moonbeam on the g stream 35b
Glimmer cease, every joy, to g 77b
Glimmering mere g and decays 448a
Glimmers she g on to me 436b
Glimpse g of His bright face 448a
not g divine! 209a
one g of it within the Tavern 153b
Glimpses g of the moon 331a
g that wd make me less forlorn 473a
Glisten all silence an' all g 250b
Glittering g generalities! 94a, 148b
holds him with his g eye 98a
O how that g taketh me 190b
Gloaming roamin' in the G 242b
when g treads the heels o' day 424b
Gloat g on the glaze and the mark 242a
I g! Hear me g! 237b
Globe a seat in this distracted g 331b
rattle of a g to play withal 139a
the great g itself 367b
wears the turning g 200a
we the g can compass 387a
Gloom end of toil and g 20b
go with him in the g 180a
in silence and in g 12b
inspissated g 207b
is my g, after all, shade 442a
its splendour will pierce the g 49b
light to counterfeit a g 268a
shall not chase my g away 310a
this mournful g 271a
thro' hours of g fulfill'd 7a
thy thousand years of g 429b
tunnel of green g 39b
Glooms blown thro' verdurous g 220a
welcome, kindred g! 443b
Gloomy more bigoted, more g 288a
Glories all my g in that one woman 386a
g of our blood and state 401a
in those weaker g spy 448a
its g pass away 251b
you may my g depose 376a
Glorious but Tam was g 62b
by all that's good and g 73b
G First of June 520b
g—more g is the crown 402b
g the northern lights 403a
g things of thee are spoken 289a
King's daughter is all g within 484b
make thee g by my pen 280b
Sons of Belial had a g time 138b
Glory a g a fair luminous cloud 100b
all g laud and honour 286a
all their g past 54a
awake up, my g 485b
being too fond of g 405a
blaze with his descending g 55a
but 'g' doesn't mean argument 85a
but thro' a kind of g 430b
calls the g from the grey 50b
cataract leaps in g 436a
chief g of every people 212b
crowned with g now 224a
crown him with g and worship 482a
day of g has arrived 565b
do all to the g of God 514b
don't know what you mean by 'g' 85a
duty was the way to g 435a
earth are full of thy g 480b
earth is full of his g 501b
eternal g thou shalt win 54a
fill thy breast with g 186b
Glory (*cont*)
for gain, not g 303b
for the hope of g 479a
for what g is it 517b
from another star in g 515a
gain of our best g 117a
g above all the earth 485b
g and loveliness have pass'd away 221a
g and the freshness of a dream 466a
g and the nothing of a name 69b
g be to thee, O Lord most High 480b
g dropped from their youth 52a
g is in their shame 516a
g, jest, and riddle of the world 301a
g leads the way 244a
g, like the phoenix 72b
g of Europe is extinguished 57a
g of God did lighten it 520a
g of man as the flower of grass 517b
g of the coming of the Lord 206b
G of the Garden 229b
g of the Lord is risen 503a
g of the Lord shall be revealed 502b
g of the Lord shone round 508b
g of the world pass away 537a
g of this world, I hate ye 386a
g of youth glowed 414b
g shone around 424b
g 's no compensation 237a
g 's thrill is o'er 281a
g that redounds therefrom 470a
g that shall be revealed 479b
g that was Greece 298a
g to God in the highest 508b
g to the King of kings 455b
g to the newborn King 455b
go where g waits 281a
him who walked in g 470a
his work of g done 111a
Ichabod the g is departed 495a
I felt it was g 73b
in a sea of g 386a
in its g 's full array 185a
into g peep 448b
it is a g to her 514b
joy and their g must be 537a
kingdoms of the world, and the g 505a
King of g, King of peace 187b
King of G shall come in 483a
left him alone with his g 462b
let her full G, my fancies 115b
let others write for g 106a
like madness is the g of this life 368a
like thy g, Titan is to be 397b
mellow g of the Attic stage 6a
Memnonium was in all its g 403b
my gown of g 397b
never hope for g 414a
of the deed the g shall remain 177a
passed away a g from the earth 466a
paths of g lead but to the grave 174a
pride of the peacock g of God 31a
return the g of yr prime? 395a
so doth the greater g 355b
Solomon in all his g 505b
so much g and so much shame 255a
storehouse for the g of the Creator 13a
that will be g for me 315b
the brightness of his g 517a
the g and the dream 466a
the joy and the g must be 287a
the power, and the g 505b
there's g for you 85a
the soiled g 6a
this goin' were g wants ye 250a
this I count the g of my crown 145b
thy laurel, thy g 218a
'tis to g we steer 158b
to the greater g of God 558b
trailing clouds of g do we come 466a
trod the ways of g 386a
uncertain g of an April day 372b
visions of g, spare my sight 173b
walking in an air of g 448a
we beheld his g 510b
What Price G? 4a
when can their g fade? 426a
when gout and g seat me 46b
where is that g now? 414b
who rush to g, or the grave 77a
why in the name of G 218b

Glory (*cont*)
wid all the g missin' 237*b*
with a g in His bosom 200*b*
with g not their own 469*b*
with inward g crowned 399*a*
with my g and desert 187*b*
wretchedness that g brings 368*a*
youth are the days of our g 73*b*
Gloss read ev'ry text and g over 65*a*
Gloucester G we are in danger 382*b*
Salisbury and G 383*a*
Gloucestershire I am a stranger here in G 375*a*
Glove he played at the g 530*b*
that I were a g upon that hand 365*a*
they were hand and g 111*a*
touch not the cat but a g 319*a*
Gloves walk thro' the fields in g 106*a*
with g of steel 316*b*
wore g in my cap 343*a*
Glow and g like it 190*b*
keenly felt the friendly g 59*a*
lazy g of benevolence 45*b*
lo do thyne eres g 90*a*
Glowing his g axle doth allay 266*b*
the other g like the vital morn 393*b*
Glow-worm g shows the matin 331*b*
her eyes the g lend thee 189*b*
the g in the grass 73*a*
Glow-worms live, as g shine 447*b*
Glutton g of wordes 242*b*
of praise a mere g 169*b*
Gnarled g and writhen thorn 235*a*
Gnat grey-coated g 364*b*
'Sap and Sawdust', said the g 84*a*
strain at a g 507*b*
the g wh dances in thy ray 294*b*
Gnats the small g mourn 221*b*
Gnaw you so yr nether lip? 363*b*
Go and as cooks g she went 315*a*
and g at last 188*b*
as often as from thee I g 133*b*
away, I'm bound to g 525*a*
before I g hence 484*a*
bids nor sit nor stand but g 50*b*
but g at once 349*a*
expedient for you that I g away 511*a*
g, and catch a falling star 134*a*
g, and do thou likewise 509*a*
g, and he goeth 506*a*
g, and the Lord be with thee 495*b*
g away and sin no more 525*a*
g fetch a web 530*a*
g, for they call you, Shepherd 8*a*
g, hang yourselves all! 371*b*
g, little book, and wish to all 414*b*
g, lovely Rose! 449*a*
g not, happy day 433*b*
g, songs, for ended is our play 441*a*
g, stranger! track the deep 184*b*
g thy way, eat thy bread 499*b*
g to the ant, thou sluggard 498*a*
g up, thou bald head 406*b*
g very quietly and drop a button 194*a*
g we know not where 352*a*
g where glory waits thee 281*a*
g where you are wanted 199*a*
g with him in the gloom 180*a*
g with him twain 505*a*
g with me, like good angels 385*b*
g ye into all the world 508*b*
g you may call it madness 310*a*
how you do g it! 41*a*
I and my Love wont to g 530*a*
I can g no longer 286*b*
I g from you to Him 12*b*
I g on for ever 425*b*
I g where most men g 171*b*
in service where it cannot g 372*b*
I saw them g, one horse was blind 403*b*
is to g hence unwilling 276*b*
it doesn't g far enough 124*b*
I this night maun g 528*a*
I will neither g nor hang! 28*a*
I will not let thee g 36*b*
let g, sir! Down, Sir! 26*a*
let 's sup before we g 534*b*
let us g hence, my songs 423*a*
men may come and men may g 425*b*
must you g? 447*b*
neither will I let Israel g 493*b*

Go (*cont*)
no, no, g not to Lethe 219*b*
no note of him, but let him g 358*b*
not g except thou bless me 493*a*
not to g anywhere, but to g 412*b*
now g, write it before them 502*a*
O' God's name, let it g 375*b*
one to come, and one to g 85*a*
over the rolling waters g 436*a*
sigh not so, but let them g 358*a*
still we say as we g 311*b*
sweetest love, I do not g 133*b*
then might I let thee g 36*b*
though I must g 134*a*
Thursday's child has far to g 525*a*
to g and find out and be damned 231*b*
to g and get shot and be damned 231*b*
to the Bishop they g 406*b*
unto Caesar shalt thou g 513*a*
we g, and we drop like the fruits 263*a*
we will g into the house 489*b*
what a Rum G everything is 455*b*
who will g for us? 501*b*
why you g, nor where 154*b*
will g with you along 189*a*
with thee to g, is to stay here 276*b*
wrong to sing so loudly let us g 430*b*
you g not, till I set you up 335*a*
you shall g back for mine 109*a*
Goads words of the wise are as g 500*a*
Goal one far-set g 9*a*
the g stands up 199*a*
the grave is not its g 247*b*
till yon g be won 171*b*
Goat g feet dance in antic hay 258*b*
lust of the g is the bounty 31*a*
luxurious mountain g 383*a*
with hoofs of a g 43*b*
Goats Cadwallader and all his g 383*b*
drink the blood of g 485*a*
g and monkeys! 362*b*
hair is as a flock of g 500*a*
promontory g 264*a*
refuge for the wild g 488*b*
Goblet navel is like a round g 500*b*
upon a parcel-gilt g 380*a*
Goblets my figured g for a dish 375*b*
Goblin it makes a g of the sun 312*b*
spirit of health or g damned 331*a*
Goblins an' the g ll git you 309*a*
one of sprites and g 373*a*
God a beautiful G to behold 423*b*
a bitter G to follow 423*b*
about the best thing G invents 46*b*
about the feet of G 420*b*
abusing of G 's patience 355*b*
acknowledgement of G in Christ 46*a*
a' cried out 'G, G, G!' 382*a*
afraid to look upon G 493*b*
after G 's holy ordinance 481*b*
a G all mercy, is a G unjust 477*b*
a g when all our life-breath met 312*a*
a highway for our G 502*b*
Ah, my dear G 187*a*
all love is lost but upon G 143*a*
all the seas of G? 457*a*
almost chide G for making you 327*a*
alone wi' G an' these my engines 231*b*
amaranths grow beneath G 's eye 52*a*
America is G 's crucible 477*b*
an avow to G made he 530*b*
and was the holy lamb of G 31*a*
an honest G is the noblest work 203*b*
animal, or the g that he worships 417*b*
appeal from tyranny to G 69*b*
as far removed from G 271*a*
a shd not think of G 382*a*
as if G brought them 147*b*
as if some lesser g had made 420*a*
assumes the g, affects to nod 138*b*
a thing of wings, myself a g 33*b*
batter my heart, three personed G 131*a*
before G made the angelic clan 476*b*
being dead art a G 423*b*
best of all G 's works 276*a*
better to have no opinion of G 15*a*
blends itself with G 393*b*
blow, thou wind of G 226*a*
body nature is, and G the soul 301*a*
bought over G with a fee 424*a*
broken and contrite heart, O G 485*a*

God (*cont*
built G a church, and laugh'd 110*b*
but for the grace of G 34*b*
but G, if a G there be 423*a*
but G is faithful 514*b*
but if it be of G 512*a*
by G 's Almighty hand 76*a*
by G 's help so I will 481*a*
by searching find out G 497*a*
by that G we both adore 298*b*
by the grace of G I am what I am 514*b*
by the livin' G that made you 230*a*
Cabots talk only to G 34*a*
called the children of G 505*a*
calm on the bosom of thy G 184*b*
carnage is G 's daughter 71*b*
caught at G 's skirts 47*b*
chalice of the grapes of G 429*b*
charged with the grandeur of G 197*b*
chariots of G are twenty thousand 486*b*
cometh the wrath of G 515*b*
consider this, ye that forget G 485*a*
Counsellor, the mighty G 501*b*
crucify the Son of G afresh 517*a*
cry 'G for Harry!' 382*a*
curse G, and die 497*a*
daughter of the voice of G 463*b*
day of vengeance of our G 503*a*
dear G! the very houses 472*b*
declare the glory of G 482*b*
delight in God, as misers in gold 445*a*
died of the kisses of G 285*b*
dim nor red, like G 's own head 98*b*
do all to the glory of G 514*b*
doth Job fear G 406*b*
doth then show likest G 's 354*b*
doubtless G ed have made 67*a*
durst tempt the Son of G 277*b*
dwelleth the love of G in him? 518*a*
ef you want to take in G 250*a*
either a beast or a g 559*a*
either a wild beast, or a g 15*b*
Enoch walked with G 492*b*
even G in his holy habitation 486*a*
even G 's providence estranged 106*a*
every common bush afire with G 43*a*
every creature of G is good 516*b*
every man was G or Devil 138*b*
excellent angler, and now with G 450*b*
faithful to G and thee 191*a*
fall into the hands of G 437*b*
far be it from G 497*a*
fast by the oracle of G 270*b*
fear G, and take yr own part 34*a*
fear G Honour the King 238*a*, 517*b*
fear G keep his commandments 500*a*
fellow-citizens G reigns 158*b*
fool hath said there is no G 482*a*
for G! for the Cause 252*b*
for good to them that love G 513*b*
forgotten even by G 49*b*
for wh G threw him from heaven 258*b*
Freedom the cause of G 34*b*
from everlasting Thou art G 453*a*
from G, who is our home 466*a*
fulfil thy will, O my G 484*a*
Geometry pleased G to bestow 191*b*
gifts of G are strown 184*a*
give to G each moment 131*b*
glory be to G for dappled things 197*b*
glory of G did lighten it 520*a*
glory to G in the highest 508*b*
goat is the bounty of G 31*a*
go up to G so solemnly 298*a*
G accept him, Christ receive 435*a*
G Almighty first planted a garden 16*a*
G Almighty's gentlemen 138*b*
G and angels to be lookers on 13*a*
G and sinners reconciled 455*b*
G and soldier we alike adore 215*a*
G and the doctor we alike adore 291*b*
G answers sharp some prayers 43*a*
G appears, and G is light 29*b*
G be at my end 523*a*
G be in my eyes head heart 523*a*
G be merciful to me 510*a*
G be merciful unto us 486*a*
G being with thee 467*a*
G be with you till we meet again! 315*b*
G bless all our losses 43*b*

God (*cont*)
G bless our Lord the King 193*a*
G bless the Prince of Wales 245*b*
G bless us every one 121*b*
G by G goes out 423*a*
G calleth preaching folly 187*a*
G changes, and man 422*a*
G dawned on chaos 392*a*
G doubled His whole creation 36*a*
G, even our own G 486*a*
G for his Richard hath in pay 375*a*
G fulfils Himself in many ways 429*a*
G gave the increase 514*a*
G gives all men all earth 235*a*
G gives us love 431*b*
G has a few of us 44*b*
G has not said a word 50*b*
G has written all the books 66*b*
G hath chosen the foolish 514*a*
G hath chosen the weak things 514*a*
G hath given you one flee 333*b*
G hath made man upright 499*b*
G hath made them so 452*b*
G hath made the pile complete 430*b*
G hath not given us fear 516*b*
G hath raised me high 145*b*
G hath shewed his voice 484*b*
G hath spoken in his holiness 485*b*
G helps them that helps 157*a*
G Himself is moon and sun 435*a*
G in his mercy lend her grace 432*a*
G-intoxicated man 560*b*
G is a circle 526*b*
G is always for the big battalions 566*a*
G is a righteous Judge 482*a*
G is a Spirit 510*b*
G is forgotten Doctor slighted 201*b*
G is forgotten soldier slighted 217*a*
G is gone up with a merry noise 484*b*
G is his own interpreter 110*a*
G is in heaven thou upon earth 499*a*
G is in the midst of her 484*b*
G is love 518*a*
G is Love I dare say 67*a*
G is making the American 477*b*
G is no respecter of persons 512*a*
G is not a man, that he shd lie 494*a*
G is not mocked 515*b*
G is our G for ever 485*a*
G is our hope and strength 484*b*
G is provoked every day 482*a*
G is the King of ill 485*a*
G is the perfect poet 49*b*
G is, they are 46*a*
G is Three, and God is One 288*b*
G is thy law, thou mine 274*a*
G is working His purpose out 2*b*
G, I thank thee, that I am not 510*a*
G keeps a note in Heaven 43*b*
G knows, an' 'E won't split 217*b*
G knows it I am with them 450*b*
G lets loose a thinker 148*a*
G 'll send the bill 250*a*
G loves an idle rainbow 192*a*
G loveth a cheerful giver 515*a*
G made him, and therefore 353*a*
G made Himself an awful rose 430*a*
G made the country 111*b*
G made them, high or lowly 3*a*
G made the thunder, but 255*a*
G made the wicked Grocer 93*a*
G made the woman for the man 426*b*
G made two great lights 492*a*
G makes sech nights 150*b*
G marked him for his own 450*b*
G may forgive you, but I never 115*a*
G moves in a mysterious way 110*a*
G never made his work 140*a*
G never wrought miracles 15*a*
G now accepteth thy works 499*b*
G of Abraham 493*b*
G of battles, was ever a battle 437*b*
G offers to every mind its choice 148*a*
G of Hosts, be with us yet 233*b*
G of Jacob defend thee 482*b*
G of life and poesy, and light 60*a*
g of my idolatry 365*a*
G of our fathers, be the G 131*b*
G of our fathers, known of old 233*b*
G of Things as They are 236*b*
G I of whom music and song 264*a*

God (*cont*)
G pardon all good men 43*a*
G planted a garden 492*a*
G proved them, and found them 520*a*
g pursuing, the maiden hid 420*b*
G rest you merry, gentlemen 523*a*
G 's a good man 359*a*
G said, let there be light 492*a*
G save great George 523*a*
G save our gracious king 79*b*
G save the king 79*b*, 193*a*, 376*a*, 495*a*
G saw that it was good 492*a*
G scarce seemed there to be 100*a*
G self-slain on his own altar 421*b*
G send every gentleman 529*b*
G send us all good ending 531*a*
G 's finger touched him 430*b*
G 's first Creature, wh was Light 16*b*
G 's gifts put man's to shame 44*a*
G 's grace is the only grace 293*b*
G 's greatness flowed around 41*b*
G 's great *Vemte* 133*b*
G shall add unto him 520*b*
G shall bring every work 500*a*
G shall help her 484*b*
G shall send forth his mercy 485*b*
G shall smite thee 512*b*
G shall take away his part 520*b*
G shall wipe away all tears 519*a b*
G shall wound the head 486*b*
G shalt make my darkness 482*b*
G 's Heart in a garden 177*b*
G shed His grace 22*a*
G 's in his heaven 50*a*
G 's laughing in heaven 474*a*
G so commanded 276*a*
G so loved the world 510*b*
G 's own ear listens delighted 275*a*
G 's own name upon a lie 111*a*
G spake once, and twice 485*b*
G 's pale Presbyterian 413*b*
G 's soldier be he 351*a*
G stooping shows sufficient 51*b*
G strikes a silence thro' you all 44*a*
G 's universal law 278*a*
G takes a text 187*a*
G, that giveth to all men liberally 517*a*
G, that hidest thyself 502*b*
G that maketh men to be one 486*a*
G the All-terrible 94*a*
G, the best maker of marriages 383*b*
G the Father turns a divine 303*b*
G the first garden made 107*a*
G the herdsman goads them 474*a*
G, thou knowest my simpleness 486*b*
G unmakes but to remake 51*b*
G walking in the garden 492*b*
G was very merciful to the birds 527*b*
G who best taught song 51*a*
G who made shall gather 12*b*
G whose puppets are we 50*a*
G will provide for sacrifice 223*b*
G will provide himself a lamb 493*a*
G will take care of that 390*a*
G within the shadow 250*b*
G wd have her shown 191*a*
G wd make a man miserable 87*b*
G wrote the bill 147*a*
granted scarce to G above 409*b*
Great G ! I'd rather be a Pagan 473*a*
great G, what do I see and hear 523*a*
great just, good G 51*a*
grete g of Loves name 89*b*
had I but served G 462*b*
had I but served my G 386*a*
hand folks over to G 's mercy 144*a*
handmaid perfect in G 's sight 311*b*
haupt ye up to the Throne o' G 231*a*
hath not one G created us? 504*b*
have a G become her lover 115*a*
have G for his father 537*b*
have not the seal of G 519*a*
hear one rack the name of G 258*b*
heart within, and G o erhead 248*a*
heaven, for it is G 's throne 505*a*
he for G only 274*a*
heirs of G, and joint-heirs with Christ 513*b*
here in the sight of G 481*b*
here is G 's plenty 142*a*
here's G down on us 43*a*

God (*cont*)
her fathers' G before her 319*b*
her last republic cried to G 93*b*
he sung of G 403*a*
he trusted in G, deliver him 483*a*
he was not for G took him 492*b*
Hey for G Almighty 11*a*, 224*b*
himself from G he cd not free 147*a*
his Father and his G 174*b*
his own word as if his G 's 427*b*
holy, acceptable unto G 513*b*
honest G 's the noblest work of man 67*a*
how odd of G to choose the Jews 149*b*
how shd G perceive it 486*b*
I am a G and cannot find it 397*a*
I bless G I am worth more 296*b*
I cannot tell G knoweth 515*a*
if G be for us 513*b*
if G did not exist 566*a*
if he be not of kin to G 15*a*
if this friend happen to be—G 46*b*
if we were G 's spies 344*a*
in apprehension how like a g 332*b*
inclines to think there is a G 96*b*
in favour with G and man 509*a*
in G 's great universe 134*b*
in my flesh shall I see G 497*a*
in that he liveth, he liveth unto G. 513*a*
in the beginning G created 492*a*
in the bush with G may meet 146*b*
in the faces of men see G 458*a*
in the great hand of G I stand 348*a*
into the hands of the living G 517*a*
into the sanctuary of G 486*b*
invisible, except to G alone 273*b*
invite G, and his angels thither 134*b*
I press G 's lamp close 49*b*
I remembered my G 407*a*
is, and it is not, the voice of G 303*b*
I saw the dead stand before G 519*b*
I the Lord thy G am a jealous G. 480*a*
it is an attribute to G himself 354*b*
it is the voice of a g 512*a*
I who saw the face of G 258*b*
Jerusalem, coming down from G. 519*b*
Jew, by G demented 294*a*
just are the ways of G 277*b*
just G, forgive! 463*a*
justify G 's ways to man 199*b*
justify the ways of G to men 270*b*
Kings are by G appointed 524*a*
know his G by night 447*b*
knowledge makes a G of me 218*b*
know that I am G 484*b*
label men for G 442*a*
Lamb of G to dwell in England s 30*b*
land wh the Lord thy G giveth 480*a*
leap up to my G 258*b*
leave the issues calmly to G 81*a*
led him to confess a G 13*a*
let G arise 486*a*
let G be true 513*a*
let not G speak with us 494*a*
letters from G drop 458*a*
'Let us worship G' 59*b*
Light, G 's eldest daughter 158*a*
like a G in pain 221*b*
lion is the wisdom of G 31*a*
Lo, here is G, and there is G 96*b*
longeth my soul after thee, O G 484*b*
Lord G Almighty, wh was, and is 518*b*
Lord G formed man of the dust 492*a*
Lord G made them all 3*a*
Lord G of Battles aid! 270*a*
Lord thy G is with thee 494*b*
Lord, ye know is G indeed 224*b*
lost in G in Godhead found 147*a*
love G whom he hath not seen? 518*a*
love thy G and love Him only 120*a*
make me a clean heart, O G 485*a*
make no long tarrying, O my G 484*b*
man be more just than G ? 497*a*
man sent from G 510*b*
many are afraid of G 246*a*
men not afraid of G, afraid of me 303*b*
might G forget him 444*b*
Milton in fetters wrote of G 31*a*
Mother of G ! no lady 98*a*
my duty towards G 481*a*

God (*cont*)
my G , how wonderful Thou art 149*b*
my G , I love Thee 86*b*
my G , my G , look upon me 483*a*
my G , why hast thou forsaken me? 508*a*
my soul for G 's grace 37*a*
nakedness of woman of G 311*a*
Name of the Lord thy G in vain 480*a*
nearer, my G , to Thee 1*a*
nearer the church further from G 4*a*
nearer to G 's Altar trod 115*a*
neck G made for other use 198*b*
neither our love from G 312*a*
neither shd a g intervene 542*a*
no man hath seen G 510*b*, 518*a*
none other but the house of G 493*a*
nor asks of G , but of her stars 302*a*
no respect of persons with G 513*a*
not G ! in gardens 41*a*
not G 's, and not the beasts 46*a*
not G. sometimes withhold in mercy 283*a*
nothing, not G , is greater to one 465*a*
not I, but the grace of G 51*b*
not one is forgotten before G 509*b*
not three Gods but one G 478*b*
now, G be thanked who has matched 40*a*
of all the thoughts of G 44*a*
oft names G in oaths 132*a*
of what I call G 51*b*
O G , for as much as without Thee 525*a*
O G , if there be a G 525*a*
O G of battles! steel my soldiers 383*a*
O G of Bethel 131*b*
O G , our help in ages past 453*a*
O G , when thou wentest forth 486*a*
O G within my breast 38*b*
Oh! for a closer walk with G 109*b*
Oh G ! Oh Montreal! 67*a*
Oh my G , I cry in the day-time 483*a*
only man of G 443*a*
once a man who said 'G ' 527*a*
one G , one law, one element 431*a*
one more insult to G 48*a*
one, on G 's side, is a majority 296*b*
one that cd circumvent G 336*a*
on their faces, and worshipped G 519*a*
on, to the City of G 7*b*
others call it G 86*a*
out of me G and man 422*a*
out of the mouth of G 505*a*
paltered with Eternal G for power 435*a*
patent for honours from G 60*a*
patriots, dear to G 279*b*
patted my G on the head 235*b*
peace of G wh passeth 480*b*, 516*a*
peacock is the glory of G 31*a*
perish at the presence of G 486*a*
power belongeth unto G 485*b*
powers that be are ordained of G 513*b*
'Praise G !' sang Theocrite 45*a*
praising G with sweetest looks 195*b*
pre-elect G s Virgin 313*a*
presents the g unshorn 189*a*
presume not G to scan 301*a*
put G in his statements 457*a*
put into their 'G ' no more 10*a*
put on the whole armour of G 516*a*
put yr trust in G , my boys 570*a*
reach the ears of G 159*b*
reader of the works of G 112*a*
read G aright, unless he spell 307*a*
reason and the will of G prevail 9*b*
reflect that G is just 205*a*
rejoice in the living G 487*a*
rejoiced in G my Saviour 508*b*
rest for the people of G 49*a*
revilest thou G 's high priest? 512*b*
righteous are in the hand of G 520*a*
Sabbath of the Lord thy G 480*a*
sacrifice to G devil's leavings 419*a*
safe stronghold our G is still 569*a*
said, 'G be praised' 43*a*
sail with G the seas 148*a*
saith unto Zion, Thy G reigneth 502*b*
say first, of G above or man below 300*b*
say, 'G be pitiful' 43*a*
security of a G 14*a*

God (*cont*)
see G made and eaten all day 45*a*
seek their meat from G 488*b*
seek ye first the kingdom of G 505*b*
seen G face to face 493*a*
sees G in clouds 300*b*
separate us from the love of G 513*b*
servant of G , well done 275*a*
serve G and Mammon 505*b*
serve G if the devil bid you 359*b*
service greater than the g 369*a*
service ranks the same with G 50*a*
set up thyself, O G 485*b*
shalt not tempt the Lord thy G 505*a*
she for G in him 274*a*
short of the glory of G 513*a*
shd G create another Eve 276*b*
signed by G 's name 458*a*
since G is light 273*a*
singing our song of G 457*b*
sing my G and King 187*a*
slope thro' darkness up to G 430*b*
so is G 's hill 480*b*
so long as Caesar's self is G 's 115*a*
so near is G to man 147*a*
sons of G came to present 496*b*
sons of G shouted for joy 497*b*
souls at home with G 226*b*
souls mounting up to G 311*b*
steep and trifid G 441*a*
stewards of the mysteries of G 514*a*
such a lady G 's mother be 524*b*
sung 'G save the Queen' 227*a*
taking of the Manhood into G 478*b*
teach me, my G and King 188*a*
thanks G for anything 206*b*
that thou art happy, owe to G 275*a*
the child of G 481*a*
the eternal G is thy refuge 494*b*
the feeble G his stubb'd me 159*a*
the G that you took from a book 235*b*
the great Pan 43*b*
their G will rouse them 234*b*
the melancholy g protect thee 371*a*
the most resemblies G 63*b*
the negation of G 167*b*
the noblest work of G 301*b*
the other to the Altar's G 115*a*
the people, the voice of G 309*a*
there is in G —some say—a deep 448*a*
'there is no G ', the wicked saith 96*a*
the true G 's priest 79*a*
the Word of G is quick 517*a*
the Word was G 510*b*
they said, G forbid 510*a*
they shall see G 505*a*
they shall see our G 224*a*
they that deny a G destroy 15*a*
this is acceptable with G 517*b*
this thing is G 422*a*
this, throws himself on G 47*a*
those whom G hath joined 481*b*
tho' the mills of G grind slowly 248*a*
thou art G from everlasting 487*b*
thou city of G 487*a*
thou g of our idolatry, the press 110*b*
Thou, my G art in't 191*a*
thou, O G , hast proved us 486*a*
thou, O G , sentest a gracious rain 486*a*
thou owest G a death 178*b*
thousand voices praises G 101*a*
thou shalt have one G only 96*b*
thro' his garden walketh G 52*a*
thro' nature up to nature's G 301*b*
thy G my G 495*a*
thy G 's, and truth's 386*a*
thy G , thy life, thy cure 448*a*
thy soul and G stand sure 51*a*
'tis G gives skill 144*b*
to bring us, daily, nearer G 224*a*
to deem himself a g , or beast 301*a*
to G of the devil's leavings 304*a*
to see G only 133*a*
to the judgement seat of G ! 12*b*
to the unknown G 512*b*
tribunal now, higher than G 's 51*b*
trod that day to G 227*b*
truer conception of G 10*b*
turns on her g , when he sets 281*b*
'twas G the word that spake it 145*b*
unknown animal, or the g 417*b*

God (*cont*)
unless G send his hail 49*b*
until G loosen over sea and land 423*a*
unto G 's gracious mercy 481*b*
very sure G walks in mine 41*a*
vindicate the ways of G to man 300*b*
void of offence towards G 512*b*
walk before G in the light 485*b*
water saw its G , and blushed 114*b*
way to God is by our selves 155*b*
we are the children of G 513*b*
well, G 's above all 361*a*
we ought to obey G 512*a*
we owe G a death 380*b*
were I Lord G 256*a*
we see the works of G 296*a*
we shd leave the word of G 512*a*
we two may meet before high G 428*a*
what G abandoned 200*a*
what G and man is 427*a*
what G hath cleansed 512*a*
what G hath joined together 390*a*
what shall I render to my G 452*b*
wh it therefore G hath joined 507*a*
when G by man as godlike trod 422*b*
when g first maked man 89*a*
when G s the theme 403*a*
wherever G erects a house 118*b*
wh it shall please G to call me 481*a*
who G doth late and early pray 473*b*
whom G to ruin has design'd 140*b*
whom G wd destroy 538*a*
whose cause is G 12*b*
whose G is their belly 516*a*
who think not G at all 277*b*
why did G , Creator wise 276*b*
with equal eye, as G of all 300*b*
with G all things are possible 507*b*
with G be the rest 50*b*
with (my G !) my G 197*a*
wonderful works of G 512*a*
worketh not righteousness of G 517*a*
write G first 359*a*
ye be found to fight against G 512*a*
ye believe in G 511*a*
yet again to G return 465*a*
yr G like a soldier 237*a*
Yours faithfully, G 522*b*
zeal of G , but not knowledge 513*b*
Godamoighty knaw what a's doing 435*a*
Goddess drapes his g warm 147*a*
g , allow this aged man 295*b*
g and maiden 423*b*
g , excellently bright 214*b*
g indubitable was revealed 555*a*
night, sable g ! 477*a*
unto that G grace 408*a*
Goddesses one of these Greek g 202*b*
Godfathers and Godmothers then 481*a*
Godfrey G in the gate 92*b*
last was G of Bouillon 257*a*
Godhead conversion of the G 478*b*
lost in God, in G found 147*a*
God-light singing in the great G 43*b*
God-like God by man as g trod 422*b*
G David was restored 138*b*
g hero sate 138*b*
patriotism, grown G 179*a*
thy G crime was to be kind 73*b*
Godliness cleanliness is next to g 456*a*
in cheerful g 467*b*
Godly every one that is g 483*b*
g , righteous and sober life 478*a*
nobody gets old and g and grave 475*b*
still a g race he ran 169*a*
Godolphin (G) never in the way 87*b*
King Charles gave (G) character 87*b*
Gods angels wd be g 300*b*
as flies are we to the g 343*b*
aspiring to be g if angels fell 300*b*
before the g that made the g 91*b*
be ready, g with thunderbolts 341*a*
by the Nine G he swore 253*a*
counsel of her country's g 107*b*
darling of the G 261*a*
daughter of the g 426*b*
dead limbs of gibbeted G 423*b*
Fast, that oft with g doth diet 268*a*
fear first in the world made g 215*b*
g and men, we are all deluded 394*a*
G are we, Bards, Saints 5*a*

Gods (*cont*)
g cannot recall their gifts 438*b*
G, that mortal beauty chase 260*b*
G, that wanton in the air 249*b*
g themselves throw incense 344*a*
G who live for ever 254*a*
heart is the prey for g 423*b*
in the names of all the g at once 337*b*
kings it makes g 385*a*
let the great g, that keep 342*b*
live on the hills like G 433*a*
men that strove with g 439*a*
neither children nor G 228*b*
none other g but me 480*a*
O g! why do you make us love 364*a*
post allotted by the G 433*a*
real are the dreams of G 219*a*
red-breast household g 443*b*
Red G call us not 228*b*
so many g, so many creeds 459*a*
take the good the g provide 139*a*
talk about the G of late 71*b*
temples of his G 253*a*
thank whatever g may be 185*a*
the g are come down to us 512*b*
the g are just 344*a*
the g arrive 146*b*
the g detest my baseness 324*b*
the g to-day stand friendly 341*a*
these that were G are dead 423*b*
thinking of his own G, a Greek 6*a*
think that the clearest g 343*b*
to my own G I go 233*b*
to stature of the g they attain 263*b*
true g sigh for the cost and pain 43*b*
unseen by G or wondering men 218*a*
utterance of the early G 218*a*
voice of all the g makes heaven 345*a*
weigh yr G and you 236*b*
what alled us, O g 421*b*
whatever g may be 422*a*
whom the g love die young 71*a*
wise g seel our eyes 324*a*
with stupidity the g 569*b*
wondrous the g 31*b*
ye are G, and behold ye shall die 423*b*
ye shall be as g 492*a*
God's acre burial-ground G 247*b*
Godward looking G 422*a*
Goes all g if courage g 21*b*
he bows and g again 414*a*
so far as it g, but it doesn't go 124*b*
they g up and down 86*b*
Goest whither thou g, I will go 495*a*
Goeth cometh, and whither it g 510*b*
wine that g down sweetly 500*b*
Goethe G 's sage mind 6*b*
G 's wide and luminous view 7*a*
open thy G 81*b*
Going all things g as they came 313*a*
endure their g hence 344*a*
give her the wages of g on 439*a*
g from us to be utter destruction 520*a*
g on before 20*a*
g one knows not where 262*a*
g to and fro in the earth 496*b*
g with yr love-locks flowing? 311*a*
he shall direct his g 487*a*
I am g a long way 429*b*
Lord shall preserve thy g out 489*b*
not worth g to see 210*a*
safe shall be my g 40*a*
the order of yr g 349*a*
to keep us g 263*a*
Goings ordered my g 484*a*
Gold a path of g for him 49*b*
arrows are tipped with g 66*a*
barbaric pearl and g 272*a*
book better to me than g 461*b*
brow bound with burning g 426*b*
builded over with pillars of g 30*b*
but litel g in cofre 88*b*
crucify mankind upon a cross of g 53*a*
cursed lust of g 555*b*
delvèd g, the wailers heap! 44*a*
fetch the age of g 270*b*
fetters, though of g 16*b*
fling them back their g 200*a*
flow with tears of g 33*a*
for a' the g in Christentie 531*a*
from the red g keep thy finger 319*a*

Gold (*cont*)
gild refined g 374*a*
gleaming in purple and g 74*a*
g air and the silver fade 312*a*
g, and frankincense, and myrrh 504*b*
g and silver becks me 374*a*
g? a transient, shining trouble 172*b*
g idol of the Anglo-Saxon 17*b*
g is for the mistress 228*a*
g lies at the root of wisdom 66*b*
g that I never see 199*b*
g to airy thinness beat 134*a*
Greensleeves was my heart of g 523*b*
hair and harpstring of g 423*b*
her feathers like g 486*a*
I am not covetous for g 383*a*
is she not pure g, my mistress? 52*a*
like a casket of g 475*b*
Love differs from g and clay 393*b*
man's the g for a' that 60*b*
masons building roofs of g 181*b*
mast was o' the beaten g 529*a*
my bow of burning g 11*a*
never lack'd g and never grav 360*b*
nobility prevents religion of g 17*b*
no g, no Holy Ghost 66*b*
nor all, that glisters, g 173*b*
not g, not blood, their altar 394*a*
O cursed lust of g 555*b*
ornaments of g upon yr apparel 495*b*
oure g wes changyd 474*a*
patines of bright g 355*a*
ringlets or feminine g 421*b*
rocked in silver nor in g 522*a*
saint-seducing g 364*b*
silver and g have I none 512*a*
silver threads among the g 308*b*
so thin, so pale, is yet of g 114*a*
street of the city was pure g 520*a*
streets are paved with g 103*b*
than g, yea, than much fine g 482*b*
that sweet g clime 32*a*
the narrowing lust of g 431*a*
the poop was beaten g 323*a*
the queen in a vesture of g 484*b*
there is g, and here my veins 323*b*
these I do not sell for g 85*b*
thousands of g and silver 489*a*
thrice their weight in g 150*b*
travell'd in the realms of g 220*b*
truth with g she weighs 298*b*
under the cross of g 435*a*
what female heart can g despise 173*b*
what's become of all the g 52*b*
wd he have g? I lend it 187*b*
Golden add to g numbers, g numbers 118*b*
among her g arches 30*b*
bought g opinions 347*a*
end of a g string 30*b*
g lads and girls all must 320*a*
g rule is there are no g rules 391*a*
g slumbers kiss yr eyes 119*a*
g works of the dear old angel 240*a*
hast thou g slumbers 118*b*
her g pillars high 30*b*
he 's become the g fool 31*b*
Jerusalem the g 286*a*
loves well the g mean 545*a*
observed the g rule 31*b*
on every g scale 82*b*
the g opes, the iron shuts 269*b*
two strings both g ones 151*b*
wear a g sorrow 385*b*
Golden Gain Stormcock and *G* 232*b*
Golden Gate West to the G 231*b*
Golden Vanity the *G* 531*a*
Goldsmith G did it better 209*b*
here lies Nolly G 158*b*
Oliver G a Poet 209*b*
this G 's fine feast 158*b*
Golf to play g ye maun hae a heid 572*a*
what, gie up g? 536*b*
Golgotha memorize another G 346*a*
Goliath fail because of him [G] 495*b*
Goltman tall G, silent on his horse 27*a*
Gondola G of London 129*b*
swam in a g 327*a*
what else is like the g? 96*b*
Gone all, all are g 240*b*
all g afay mit de lager-beer 244*b*

Gone (*cont*)
and they are g 221*b*
but now she is g 67*b*
companions are faded and g 281*b*
g before to that unknown 240*a*
g far away into the silent land 311*a*
g whar de good niggers go 156*b*
g with the wind 571*a*
he is g, he is g 336*a*
here to-day, and g tomorrow 25*a*
he 's g, and who knows how 278*a*
I am g into the fields 394*b*
I have g here and there 389*a*
I went by, and lo, he was g 484*a*
I wd have thee g 365*b*
man is very far g 491*b*
now thou art g 269*b*
or that when I am g 249*b*
she is won! we are g 318*a*
soon as she was g from me 31*b*
speak of something that is g 466*a*
they are all g into the world 448*a*
thou art g, and for ever! 316*b*
thou art g from my gaze 245*b*
what 's g, and what 's past help 373*a*
what haste I can to be g 116*a*
when thou art g 90*a*
wilt thou be g? 366*a*
yet, now he is g I am alone 241*a*
Gongs hongs and g l 297*b*
strong g groaning 92*b*
Good a *G Thing* 321*b*
a g time coming 256*a*
all g and no badness 402*b*
all g things wh exist 266*a*
all g to me is lost 273*b*
all his hopes of g. 9*a*
all partial evil, universal g 301*a*
all their luxury was doing g 159*a*
all things work together for g 513*b*
all we dreamed of g shall exist 44*b*
a man who is g enough 310*a*
and the g to do 3*a*
antipathy of g to bad 303*b*
anybody can be g in the country 460*b*
any g therefore that I can do 523*b*
any g thing that I can do 176*b*
apprehension of the g 374*b*
are you g men and true? 358*b*
as for Doing-g I have tried it 444*a*
as g as ever was he 531*a*
as g as he had found it 97*a*
a very g man in the main 163*a*
be as gods, knowing g and evil 492*a*
be g, sweet maid 225*b*
beneath the g how far 175*b*
benevolence does most g or harm 17*b*
better to fight for the g 434*b*
beyond g and evil 569*a*
but what is g for them 116*a*
by a g author, it 's a g play 390*a*
by all that 's g and glorious 73*b*
cannot be ill, cannot be g 346*b*
captive g attending captain ill 388*a*
care not man is G or Evil 30*b*
crown thy g with brotherhood 22*a*
do after the g 257*a*
do all the g you can 456*a*
do any man's heart g to hear me 356*b*
do evil, that g may come 513*a*
do g by stealth and blush 303*b*
dull prospect of a distant g 140*b*
earth hath no g but yrs 37*b*
English if they have a g thing 379*b*
eschew evil, and do g 484*a*
everything is g for something 141*b*
evil be thou my G 273*b*
few know their own g 142*b*
first be wise and g 278*b*
for the g of my country 150*a*
Freedom? licence to be g 97*b*
gallant g Riou 76*b*
General G is the plea 30*b*
glad of other men's g 127*a*
G saw that it was g 492*a*
God 's laughing to see you so g 474*a*
g, amiable, or sweet 276*a*
g and bad together 323*b*
g are always the merry 475*a*
g are so harsh to the clever 462*b*
g as thou art beautiful 428*a*

Good (*cont*)
g, but not religious-g 181*a*
g compensate bad in man 51*b*
g die early, and the bad die late 118*a*
g enough to go to heaven 208*a*
g for man nor beast 532*b*
g for that man if he had not been 508*a*
g for us to be here 507*a*
g God pardon all g men 43*a*
g, great and joyous 397*b*
g man, and did g things 181*a*
g men can give g things 267*b*
g of subjects end of kings 118*b*
g people all, of every sort 169*a*
g people 's wery scarce 121*b*
g, pleasure, ease 301*b*
g plot, g friends 377*a*
g provoke to harm 352*a*
g received, the giver is forgot 104*a*
g shall come of water and of mud 39*a*
g that came of telling truth 139*b*
g that I wd I do not 513*a*
g that ye did for the sake of men 235*a*
g, the more communicated 274*b*
g they inculcate must live 315*b*
g things of the day 349*a*
g things will strive to dwell 367*b*
g to be honest and true 61*a*
g to be merry and wise 61*a*, 524*b*
g to be out on the road 262*a*
g, to forgive, best, to forget 51*b*
g to support Caledonia's cause 61*a*
g to the poor, to kindred dear 79*b*
g we oft might win 351*a*
g without effort 69*a*
g without pretence 209*b*
g ye are, and bad 428*a*
hath this world s g 518*a*
he, only, in common g to all 341*b*
he was a g man, and a just 510*a*
he wos wery g to me 121*a*
his chief g and market 335*b*
his g and his evil 62*b*
hold fast that wh is g 516*b*
hold thou the g 430*a*
how near to g is what is fair 215*b*
I am a g man too 163*a*
if ill the g people were clever 462*b*
ill wind turns none to g 446*a*
in a passion you g may do 29*b*
is g enough for me 186*a*
it never done no g to me 229*a*
it seemed g to me also 508*b*
I will be g 448*b*
I will seek to do thee g 489*b*
Jimmy was g and true 163*a*
know but this, that thou art g 304*a*
knowledge of g and evil 492*a*
learn the luxury of doing g 170*a*
leave us leisure to be g 173*b*
love of g and ill, be my award 217*b*
made you fair hath made you g 352*a*
man loves what he is g at 322*a*
manner of thing that is g 484*a*
means of g to all my creatures 313*b*
meek lover of the g 146*a*
music, the greatest g 1*b*
no g if a passion is in you 29*b*
none that doeth g 482*a*
nor it cannot come to g 330*a*
nothing g or bad, but thinking 332*a*
nothing g to be had in the country 183*b*
nothing is so g as it seems 144*b*
nothing left for you but to be g 413*a*
nothing we see but means our g 187*b*
not too bright or g 470*b*
of moral evil and of g 471*b*
often drawn it for a g one 142*a*
only truly great who are truly g 87*b*
out of g still to find evil 271*a*
overcome evil with g 513*b*
Parent of G 275*a*
pelting each for the public g 107*b*
portend no g to us 341*b*
possible for a novel to be too g 391*a*
punishment never impulsive to g 258*a*
refuse the evil, and choose the g 501*b*
rhyme thee to g 186*b*
ring in the common love of g 431*a*
say it is not g 456*b*

Good (*cont*)
secret thing, whether it be g 500*a*
seek to be g 251*b*
she was very, very g 249*a*
show some token upon me for g 487*a*
so it seemed g in thy sight 500*a*
so much g in the worst of us 192*a*
so much too g for earth 215*a*
sovereign g of human nature 14*a*
still raise for g the voice 214*a*
take the g the gods provide 130*a*
talks so very fast it must be g 150*a*
that to the public g must yield 277*b*
that wh is not g, is not delicious 267*b*
the clever so rude to the g 462*b*
the g die first 464*a*
the g he scorned 29*a*
the g is oft interred 339*b*
the g must associate 56*b*
the g that I can do 18*b*
the g want power 397*a*
them that call evil g 501*a*
there dwelt all that 's g 449*a*
the wine rather g 75*b*
the worst speaks something g 187*a*
they love the G 39*b*
those that were g shall be happy 236*b*
those who go about doing g 115*b*
Time makes ancient g uncouth 251*a*
'tis only noble to be g 431*b*
to be beautful than to be g 460*b*
to be g is to be happy 313*a*
to be obscurely g 1*b*
to do g and to communicate 517*a*
to do ought g never will 271*a*
toward solid g what leads 278*b*
tried the luxury of doing g 114*a*
trust that somehow g 430*a*
voice aloud, how g he is 249*b*
we love, I sol, for the g we do 293*a*
we must return g for evil 447*b*
what g came of it at last? 406*a*
when I wd do g, evil is present 513*a*
when shall all men's g be Peace 427*a*
when the great and g depart 465*a*
who will show us any g? 482*a*
wiser being g than bad 41*b*
work them to their g 407*b*
yet don t look too g 230*a*
zealous for his country's g 160*a*
Good-bye and so—g! 263*a*
g is not worth while 180*a*
g, moralitee! 186*a*
g, proud world 146*b*
g, Summer 450*a*
g to all that 173*b*
g to Rochefoucauld 145*a*
g to the bar 226*b*
g to the Anglo-Saxon race 171*b*
without a single kiss, or a g 204*a*
Good-day and so g! 263*a*
Good Friday soldest him on G last 376*b*
Goodliness thereof is as the flower 502*b*
Goodly to look to 495*b*
Goodman g is not at home 498*a*
g, you've spoken the foremost 531*b*
Good-morning bid me G! 19*a*
g gentlemen both 145*a*
G! Have you used Pears' 523*a*
Good-morrow and so g! 263*a*
at my window bid g 268*b*
G to mine own torn hair 189*b*
G to the day so fair 189*b*
to Sorrow, I bade g 217*b*
Good-natured dislike wh people not too g 410*a*
Goodness crownest the year with thy g 486*a*
days in g spent 74*a*
fountain of all g 478*b*
g does not more certainly 242*a*
g, faith, meekness 515*b*
g never fearful 352*a*
g only knowses 93*b*
how awful g is 274*b*
inclination to g is imprinted 15*a*
I thank the g and the grace 424*b*
know I held so much g 458*a*
long-suffering, and of great g 490*b*
love, sweetness, g 278*b*
more g in her little finger 418*b*

Goodness (*cont*)
praise the Lord for his g 488*b*
see the g of the Lord 483*b*
some soul of g in things evil 382*b*
the powerful g want 397*a*
whose g faileth never 18*a*
wisdom and g to the vile 343*b*
Good-night and bid the world G 189*b*
and so g! 263*a*
'Dear work! G' 198*b*
gives the stern'st g 347*b*
g? ah! no, the hour is ill 394*a*
g, and joy be wi' you 285*b*
g! parting is such sweet sorrow 365*b*
g, sweet prince 337*a*
g to Marmion 318*b*
happy g air 179*a*
has smiled and said 'G' 26*b*
if he fall in g 377*a*
I shall say g till it be morrow 365*b*
my last g 225*a*
my native land G! 68*a*
part in friendship, and bid g 74*a*
say not G 19*a*
they never say g 394*a*
to each a fair g 318*b*
Goods all my worldly g endow 481*b*
his g are in peace 509*a*
precious as the G they sell 154*a*
soul, thou hast much g 509*b*
tho' I bestow all my g 514*b*
Goodwins I think they call the place 354*a*
Goose every g a swan, lad 226*a*
every g is cackling 355*b*
gott st thou that g look 350*b*
royal game of g 168*b*
stabs a common from the g 527*b*
Goose-feather a great g grew 192*b*
Goose-pen write with a g 371*b*
Goosey goosey, gander 534*b*
Gordian she was a g shape 219*a*
some old G knot 96*b*
Gore revenge, the patriotic g 368*a*
mayn t be hum in g 121*a*
Gored tossed and g several persons 207*b*
Gorgeous Tragedy in sceptred pall 268*a*
Gorgonized me 433*b*
Gorgons and Hydras 272*b*
Gorgonzola let loose the G! 536*a*
trotting out the G! 237*b*
Gormandizing leave g 381*a*
Gormed I'm G! 122*b*
Gorse 'mid the g the raspberry red 441*a*
Gooseberries makes my teeth watter 155*a*
Gory never shake thy g locks at me 349*a*
Goschen I forgot G 95*a*, 570*b*
Gosling to obey instinct 328*b*
Gospel g according to Jean Jacques 80*b*
Discobulus hath no g 67*a*
G of Getting On 301*a*
G of Montreal 67*a*
G of Silence 572*b*
g of the Discobolus 67*a*
G 's pearls upon our coast 260*a*
music of the G 150*a*
preach the g to every creature 508*b*
the lineaments of G books 313*b*
whose g is their maw 278*b*
Gospel-light first dawned 174*a*
Goss-hawk my gray g 529*a*
Gossip g of the air 370*a*
g pines 154*b*
little g, blithe and hale 206*b*
Gossips count her faults 263*b*
Gotham wise men of G 532*b*
Gothic more than G ignorance 151*b*
Gottingen University of G 79*a*
Gout drink, combined with g 163*b*
that old enemy the g 195*a*
when g and glory seat me there 46*b*
without g or stone 304*a*
Govern as all did g yet all did obey 136*b*
education makes easy to g 40*b*
great minds such should g 23*a*
he that wd g others 262*b*
Governance by prynceley g 143*a*
charge of rule nor g 416*a*
Governed a nation is not g 55*b*
not so well g as they ought to be 196*b*
Governess of floods 366*b*
Governing was not property 156*b*

Government Conservative G is hypocrisy 128a
every country has the g it deserves 562b
fancy giving money to the G ! 186a
for forms of g let fools contest 301b
four pillars of g 15a
g alter the principles of justice 292b
g contrivance of human wisdom 57a
g is a necessary evil 291b
G must have an authority 314b
g of all the people 292b
g of men and morning newspapers 297a
g the laws of life 315a
g of the people 245b
g shall be upon his shoulder 501b
g without a king 18b
I believe this g cannot endure 245a
increase of his g and peace 501b
in G the people legislator 57b
land of settled g 439b
live under one form of G 208a
looked to g for bread 57b
Monarchy is an intelligible g 17a
negation of God G 167b
no G can be long secure 129a
Republican form of G 407b
still loathe the present G 189b
there has been no G 121b
virtue of paper g 55a
what a free g is 58a
yr sister is given to g 123b
Governments councils, g 438b
Governor Luther a 126a
G was strong upon the Act 459b
Governors g, teachers, pastors 481a
our supreme g, the mob 449a
Gowans fine 59a
Gower O moral G 90b
Gown amply billowing g 26b
branched velvet g 371a
graver g instruct mankind 299b
petticoat, and a green g 531b
Gowns one that hath two g 359a
Grace G—there go, my heart's g—you swine! 52a
Grace abundance of thy g 491a
all g is the g of G 293b
a peculiar g 465a
ascribe it to Thy g 452b
as when a G sprinkles 241a
behold such heavenly g 408b
by g divine not otherwise 461a
by the g of G I am what I am 514b
conscience and g, to the pit 335b
courtly foreign g 437b
cry these dreadful summoners g 342b
double blessing is a double g 330b
ends of Being and ideal G 44a
every virtue, every g 240b
flushed with a purple g 130a
for gift or g, surpassing this 44a
for the means of g 479a
full of g and truth 510b
God in his mercy lend her g 432a
God's g is the only g 293b
God shed His g on thee 22a
g and power faithfully to fulfil 470b
g as lang's my arm 60b
g before Milton Shakespeare 238b
g did much more abound 513a
graceful, graceless G 72a
G is given of God 96a
g me no g 375a
g of a day that is dead 425b
g to love thee more 110a
g was in all her steps 275b
g wh followed it was much more 411a
grow old with a good g 410a
have g to use it so 278b
healthful Spirit of thy g 478b
heaven such g did lend her 372b
he does it with a better g 370b
her spirit's vestal g 293b
if a lie will do thee g 379a
in our time, Thy G may give 228a
inward and spiritual g 481a
let yr speech be alway with g 516a
liken his g to an acorned hog 47a
little children saying g 413b
look to thee for g 445a
make less thy body more thy g 381a
Grace (*cont*)
makes simplicity a g 215a
manifold gifts of g 481a
meek and unaffected g 168b
men hunger for thy g 206a
moments of glad g 476b
my soul for Goddes g 37a
naked nature, and the living g 300a
not I, but the g of God 513b
Nymph, a Naiad, or a G 316a
one thought, one g, one wonder 259b
petitionary g of Sweet Seventeen 425b
quarrel with the noblest g 367b
renown, and g is dead 348a
so sweet a face, such angel g 425b
sweet attractive g 274a
sweet attractive kind of g 313b
sweet cowslip's g 290b
take heart of g 166a
that g may abound 513a
thrive in g and feature 215a
Thy special g preventing us 479b
to us may g be given 184a
trust him for his g 110a
Tuesday's child is full of g 525a
unbought g of life 57a
was never mind, did mind his g 313b
who does nothing with a better g ? 476b
with one half so good a g 351b
with such a lovely g 401b
with what a pretty skipping g 261a
womanly discovering g 132b
ye are fallen from g 515b
yet a bride to every G 79b
yet with something of a g 463b
Graceful Belial, in act more g 272a
g, graceless Grace 72a
youth, beauty, g action 138b
Graceless graceful, g Grace 72a
Graces accused of deficiency in g 209a
G not natives of Gt Britain 91a
g slighted blossom on the tomb 113b
half-milk g 61b
its g and airs 292b
lead these g to the grave 370a
number all yr g 387a
Pride, Envy, Malice, are his G 240b
rum half an author's g 283a
sacrifice to the G 90b
the G danced, and Apollo play'd 249b
write the G' life 176b
Gracing either other sweetly g 78a
Gracious Lord, thou art become g 487a
yr great and g ways 294a
Graciousness gave thy g a zest 36a
Gradation not by the old g 359b
Gradations cold g of decay 210b
Graeme died with conquering G 317a
passed the spirit of the g 12a
Grail until I find the holy G 458a
Grain cheeks of sorry g 267b
husbanded the Golden g 152b
pamphleteer on guano and on g 437a
reaps the bearded g at a breath 248a
say wh g will grow 346a
see a World in a G of Sand 29a
the goodly g 442b
'tis in g, sir 370a
vicant chaff well meant for g 429b
warmth to swell the g 76a
Grains two g of wheat, hid 352b
Gramophone puts a record on the g 144b
Grammcryl they for joy did grin 98b
Grammar erecting a g school 384a
g, that grounde is of alle 242b
heedless of g 19a
such g as they can get 255a
why care for g 455b
with g, and nonsense 169b
Grampian on the G hills 194b
Granary careless on a g floor 221b
Grand g fortifying, curriculum 10a
g old man, the Prime Minister 289b
g style arises in poetry 10a
inscrutable and g 7b
sound so g on the pleasant waters 306b
they said, 'it would be g' 84a
upon wh G Army never looked 256b
Grandam she might ha' been a g 345a
soul of our g 372a
Grandchild Wilhelmine 406a
Grandeur g in the beatings 465b
g of the dooms 217b
g that was Rome 298a
nor g hear with a smile 174a
old Scotia's g springs 59b
so nigh is g to our dust 147a
Grand-jurymen they have been g 371b
Grandmamma dishes for g 11a
Grandmother Man not marry his g 491b
my g's review—the British 70b
Grandsire cut in alabaster 352b
Grange at the moated g Mariana 352a
the lonely moated g 433a
Granite into a g basin 96a
the sand of g 415a
Grant G's Morella Cherry Brandy 522a
g thee thy heart's desire 482b
g us thy peace 479b
Grantchester lovely hamlet G 39b
Granted be it g to me to behold you 414b
never take anything for g 128a
read not to take for g 16a
Granting but by thy g 388b
Grape that can with Logic absolute 153b
Grapes brought forth wild g 501a
Chalice of the g of God 429b
freighted with amber g 8b
gather g of thorns 505b
looked that it shd bring forth g 501a
the fathers have eaten sour g 503b
whence be the g of the wine-press 252b
with thy g our hairs be crown'd 323b
Grapeshot whiff of g 80b
Graphic Penman's latest piece of g 52b
Grapple g them to thy soul 330b
let them g 377a
Grapples with his evil star 430b
Grasp g it like a man 191b
g not at much 187b
g this sorry Scheme of Things 154a
man's reach shd exceed his g 44b
or g the ocean in my span 453a
what dread g dare 32a
Grasping capable of earnest g 219a
Grass a child said *What is the g ?* 458a
all flesh is as g 517b
as the g grows on the weirs 474a
be the green g above me 311a
days of man are but as g 488a
deep in the bells and g 192a
dread the rustling of the g 463a
fade away suddenly like the g 487b
glory of man as the flower of g 517b
go to g. 23a
g grows all up White Hall Court 296a
g withereth, the flower fadeth 502b
green g growing over me 530b
he eateth g as an ox 497b
I fall on g 260b
I know the g beyond the door 313a
kissed the lovely g 39b
lift me from the g 304b
little vaulter in the sunny g 202a
make two blades of g to grow 418a
seed from the feathered g 218a
spire of English g trampled 178a
splendour in the g 466b
surely the people is g 502b
that falleth on the g 524b
trembling thro' the frozen g 221b
twinkles in the g 434a
was cut out of the g 91b
when you destroy a blade of g 34a
where tides of g break into foam 423a
who made the g and the worms 475a
Grass-bank a g beyond 4a
Grasses of the ancient way 261b
Grasshopper g shall be a burden 499b
there was no burr of g 198b
Grasshoppers dozen g under a fern 57a
the cover, of the wings of g 364b
Grassy search the g knolls 85b
Grate film, wh fluttered on the g 101a
Grateful g mind by owing owes not 273b
I come to be g at last 434b
Grates to whisper at the g 249b
Gratiano speaks an infinite deal 352b
Gratifying most g most interesting 135b
Gratitude alas! the g of men 471a
friendships begin with g 144a

Gratitude (*cont*)
g also to his Majesty was ample 444*b*
g of place-expectants 450*a*
g sense of future favours 574*b*
Gratulations our g flow in streams 79*b*
Grave a-buried in one g 526*b*
a g He shall not live 374*a*
a g 's one violet 50*a*
a g unto a soul 374*a*
a just precedence in the g 225*a*
a little, little g , an obscure g 375*b*
a mould'ring in the g 178*a*
an untimely g 79*a*
approach thy g like one who wraps 53*a*
a soldier's g , for thee the best 73*b*
be gentle grave unto me 325*a*
bends to the g with decay 168*a*
between the cradle and the g 143*a*
bewept to the g did go 335*b*
birth and the g 392*b*
botanize upon his mother's g 468*b*
but she is in her g 470*b*
call'd our mother, but our g 350*a*
come from the g , to tell us 331*b*
country a kind of healthy g 405*b*
crowned upon the g thereof 191*b*
digs my g at each remove 187*a*
dig the g and let me die 415*a*
dread the g as little as my bed 224*b*
Duncan is in his g 348*b*
earliest at His g 21*a*
eat our pot of honey on the g 264*a*
echo arose from the suicide's g 165*a*
empires and cities in a common g 162*a*
fame stands upon the g 183*a*
from the cradle to the g I look 114*a*
funeral marches to the g 248*a*
gently steer from g to light 141*a*
g hides all things beautiful 397*a*
g is not its goal 247*b*
g of Clooth-na-Bare 475*a*
g 's a fine and private place 260*a*
g shall have a living monument 336*b*
g with rising flowers be dressed 299*b*
have sunk into the g 207*a*
her heart in his g 281*b*
his vast and wandering g 429*b*
Humours, whether g or mellow 2*a*
ignominy sleep with thee in g 379*a*
in cold g she was lain 529*a*
in his g rain'd many a tear 335*b*
in the cold g , under the deep sea 195*b*
in the dark and silent g 307*b*
is that ayont the g , man 63*a*
I will pay you in the g 394*b*
jealousy is cruel as the g 501*a*
keep a dream or g apart 44*a*
know the g doth gape for thee 381*a*
lads are in love with the g 199*b*
laugh'd at the grip of the G 235*b*
lead but to the g 174*a*
lead these graces to the g 370*a*
like Alcestis from the g 278*b*
made me a g so rough 434*b*
man pompous in the g 42*b*
mild o'er her g , ye mountains 8*b*
my large kingdom for a little g 375*b*
nor wisdom, in the g 499*b*
not have strewed thy g 336*b*
O g , where is thy victory? 515*a*
O'Leary in the g 474*b*
on his g , with shining eyes 7*a*
on my g , as now my bed 42*a*
peace is in the g 397*a*
renowned by thy g ! 329*a*
reproofs ought to be g 14*b*
road lies dusty to the g 413*a*
rush to glory or the g 77*a*
shall lead thee to thy g 473*a*
soldier's g , for thee the best 73*b*
the g , and the barren womb 499*a*
there lies a lonely g 3*a*
there's no repentance in the g 452*b*
this side of the g 241*b*
thought shall be my g 368*a*
thy foolish tears upon my g 426*a*
thy humble g adorned 299*a*
thy root is ever in its g 187*b*
'tis everywhere her g 293*b*
to steer from g to gay 301*b*
to that dark inn, the g ! 317*b*
Grave (*cont*)
travelling towards the g 469*a*
true lover never find my g 371*a*
when my g is broke 133*b*
where, G , thy victory? 251*b*
without a g , unknelled 69*b*
with profitable labour to his g 383*a*
womb of Nature perhaps her g 273*a*
you shall find me a g man 365*b*
Grave-digger work with enjoyment 205*b*
Gravelled for lack of matter 327*b*
Grave-makers ditchers, and g 336*a*
Graver His g of frost 443*a*
wherein the g had a strife 215*b*
Graves arise from their g and aspire 32*a*
beautiful uncut hair of g 458*a*
find ourselves dishonourable g 337*b*
follow us disquietly to our g 341*b*
g have learnt that woman-head 133*b*
g stood tenantless 329*b*
have their g at home 92*a*
let's talk of g 375*b*
their g are severed 184*b*
they have no g as yet 92*a*
Gravitation shall g cease 301*b*
Gravy person who disliked g 404*a*
Gravity reasons find of settled g 387*b*
what doth g out of his bed 377*b*
Gray Duncan G cam here to woo 60*a*
[G] was dull in a new way 208*b*
prefer being author of G s' *Elegy* 462*b*
Grayish pond edged with g leaves 180*a*
Grayling here and there a g 425*b*
Graymalkin I come, G 345*b*
Graze chance cd neither g 362*b*
g him as he passes 24*a*
Great a g , a very g work 255*a*
aim not to be g 251*b*
as g with young as she might goe 529*b*
because his soul was g 136*b*
both the g vulgar, and the small 107*a*
brilliant chief, irregularly g 252*a*
but far above the g 175*b*
ceremony that to g ones 'longs 351*b*
craven fears of being g 427*a*
died—that Caesar might be g 77*a*
disbelief in g men 80*b*
everything g done by youth 129*a*
frown o' the g 329*a*
g , ere fortune made him so 140*a*
G is Diana of the Ephesians 512*b*
g is Truth, and mighty 520*a*
g is Truth, and shall prevail 40*a*
g men are the guide-posts 55*a*
g men are the inspired texts 81*b*
g men are not always wise 497*a*
g men are they who see 148*b*
g men contending with adversity 64*a*
g men have their poor relations 121*b*
g men may jest with saints 351*b*
g to do that thing that ends all 325*a*
g without a foe 69*a*
heights by g men reached 247*b*
he met a g man he grovelled 440*a*
how good he is, how g shd be 249*b*
how indigent the g 175*b*
how very small the very g 440*b*
I only know it shall be g 200*a*
I shall be very proud and g 414*a*
just as he promised something g 71*b*
know well I am not g 428*b*
little seemed to him g 255*a*
lives of g men all remind us 248*a*
made many people think him g 208*b*
man is only truly g 129*b*
neither too humble nor too g 257*a*
no force, however g 456*b*
no g and no small to the Soul 146*a*
no g man lives in vain 80*b*
nor its g scholars g men 194*b*
nothing g was ever achieved 148*a*
only truly g who are truly good 87*b*
packs and sets of g ones 344*a*
perfumed chambers of the g 380*a*
Pharaoh surnamed the G 236*a*
poorly rich, and meanly g 316*a*
poor man loved the g 253*a*
rightly to be g is not to stir 335*b*
simple g ones gone for ever 433*b*
some men are born g 371*a*
that he is grown so g 337*b*
Great (*cont*)
that wh once was g is passed 472*b*
the g break through 400*a*
the g man down 334*a*
the g man helped the poor 253*a*
though fallen, g ! 68*a*
thou wouldst be g 346*b*
to compare g things with small 273*a*
towards g persons use boldness 186*b*
was g by land as thou by sea 435*a*
when the g and good depart 465*a*
while the g and wise decay 244*a*
with the g and their pride 474*b*
Great Britain war arose between G and Germany 242*b*
Greater behold a g than themselves 338*a*
Brutus makes mine g 341*a*
feel that we are g than we know 463*b*
g are none beneath the Sun 236*a*
four things g than all 227*a*
g prey upon the less 175*b*
g than both, by the all-hail 346*b*
g than Solomon is here 506*b*
g than their knowing! 234*b*
that he (Titian) is g than they 314*b*
the g man, the g courtesy 428*b*
there 's something g 82*b*
Greatest fail than not be the g 223*a*
g happiness for the g numbers 202*a*
how much the g event 156*b*
there sunk the g , nor the worst 68*b*
Great-Heart one G 54*b*
Greatly his foes he dreads 94*a*
Greatness base on wh thy g stands 470*a*
be not afraid of g 371*a*
correlated g 441*b*
farewell, to all my g ! 385*b*
for g he cd not want 215*a*
God s g flowed around 43*b*
g knows itself 378*b*
g of the world in tears 476*a*
g , with private men a blessing 262*b*
her g on her subjects' love 306*a*
his g weigh'd 330*b*
if honour gives g 120*b*
in me there dwells no g 428*b*
model to thy inward g 381*b*
nature of all g not to be exact 55*a*
Pray God our g may not fail 427*a*
some achieve g 371*a*
some far-off touch of g 428*b*
some have g thrust upon them 371*a*
surely his g is a-ripening 385*b*
than g going off 324*a*
true g to have in one the frailty 14*a*
Greaves flamed upon the brazen g 431*b*
Grecian his soul toward the G tents 355*a*
merry G coaster 8*a*
ne'er did G chisel trace 316*a*
you in G tires are painted 387*b*
Greece Athens, the eye of G 277*a*
fair G ! sad relic 68*a*
glory that was G 298*a*
G , Italy, and England 141*a*
G might still be free 70*b*
G ruled in more refined ages 17*b*
G , sound thy Homer's name 109*a*
summoned G to arms 259*b*
that insolent G sent forth 216*a*
the constitutions of later G 17*b*
the isles of G , the isle of G ! 70*b*
to Gaul, to G and into Noah's ark 110*b*
when the light wave lisps 'G ' 46*a*
Greedy g men whom hope of gain 163*a*
put on the pot says G -gut 534*b*
thank goodness, I am g 535*b*
Greek barbarously not a G was he? 202*b*
because he *was* a G 241*b*
each alike was G , alike was free 422*b*
G in its origin 256*b*
G , Sir, is like lace 210*b*
G was free from rhyme's 216*b*
happy G , by this protection 216*b*
it was G to me 338*a*
loving, natural, and G 70*b*
neither G nor Jew 516*a*
ne yet of Latin, ne of G 409*a*
small Latin, and less G 216*a*
taught'st King Edward G 278*b*
tell me whiskey's name in G 59*a*
thinking of his own gods, a G 6*a*

Greek (*cont*)
'tis known he cd speak G 64*b*
what the G did 36*a*
when his wife talks G 212*a*
white G goddesses 292*b*
without G contrived to talk 71*b*
Greekling bid the hungry G go 548*b*
Greeks when G joined G 244*a*
where the G had modesty 295*a*
wh came first, the G 129*a*
Green all the trees are g 226*a*
anything g that grew 233*a*
burnt g, and blue and white 98*b*
by him sported on the g 406*a*
do these things in a g tree 510*a*
evermore no g life shoots 34*a*
fairest shepherd on our g 295*b*
g be the turf above thee 178*a*
g fields of England 96*b*
g grow the rashes O 60*b*
g plant groweth, menacing 92*a*
g thought in a g shade 260*b*
how g are thy leaves 569*b*
ice as g as emerald 98*a*
in red and blue and g 32*b*
I saw you fresh, wh yet are g 388*b*
it is g, and groweth up 487*b*
I was g in judgment 323*a*
keeps his own wounds g 14*a*
knaves in Kendal-g 377*b*
laid him on the g 530*b*
laughs to see the g man pass 192*b*
leaves they are so g 531*a*
like a fairy trip upon the g 386*b*
lilac, gold and g 35*b*
making the g one red 348*a*
many a g isle needs must be 395*a*
O all ye G things 478*a*
on a simple village g 430*b*
plot of beechen g 219*b*
the dry smooth-shaven g 268*a*
there is a g hill far away 3*b*
to look so g and pale 347*a*
voices of children heard on the g 32*b*
wearin' o' the G 525*b*
youths g and happy in first love 96*a*
Green-coat sleepy, g man 192*b*
Greenery sunny spots of g 101*a*
Greenery-yallery 165*b*
Greenest of things blue 421*b*
Greenland at G, Zembla 301*a*
from G 's icy mountains 184*a*
have you an estate in G ? 177*a*
Greenly we have done but g 335*b*
Greensleeves G was all my joy 523*b*
who but Lady G ? 523*b*
Greensward single on the g 263*b*
Greenwood I must to the g go 529*b*
Greet g as angels g 250*a*
how shd I g them? 74*b*
if souls did never kiss and g 217*b*
Greeting joyous day, we give thee g 164*b*
may cease frae their g 525*b*
with such prophetic g 346*a*
Greetings, where no kindness is 472*a*
Gregory, remember thy swashing blow 364*b*
Grenadier for the British G 526*a*
who comes here? A G 125*b*, 534*b*
Grenadiers talk of Pensions and G 411*b*
Grenville G, Raleigh, Drake 287*b*
I, Sir Richard G, die 437*b*
Sir Richard G lay 437*a*
then spake Sir Richard G 437*b*
Greta woods are green 319*a*
Greville, Servant to Queen Elizabeth 177*a*
Grew at last it g, and g 238*b*
it neither g in dike nor ditch 529*a*
so we g together 357*a*
that sometime g within 259*a*
they g in beauty, side by side 184*b*
wet by the dew it g 151*a*
Grewgious Mr G 123*b*
Grey an old woman clothed in g 239*b*
bluest of things g 421*b*
calls the glory from the g 50*b*
costs thy life, my gallant g 316*a*
earth not g but rosy 48*b*
Grey (*cont*)
eyes too lovely to be g 5*b*
has threads of g 475*a*
my hair is g, but not with years 69*b*
nephew of Fox, and friend of G 193*b*
Grey-green, greasy Limpopo 237*a*
Greyhound this fawning g 377*a*
Greyhounds in the slips 382*a*
Gridley fire when you are ready, G 120*b*
Grief acquainted with g 501*a*
after long g and pain 434*a*
antheming a lonely g 218*b*
as great as is my g 375*b*
can I see another's g ? 31*a*
care and g of heart 385*b*
everyone can master a g 358*b*
first days of my distracting g 194*b*
forestall his date of g 207*a*
for our g, as if it had not been 392*a*
from perfect g there need not be 313*a*
full of g as rage 342*b*
g and unrest, to rank given 150*a*
g fills the room up 374*a*
g fleeth to it (death) 14*a*
g for awhile is blind 397*a*
g is a species of idleness 214*a*
g is itself a medicine 107*b*
g itself be mortal 392*a*
g never mended no bones 121*b*
g returns with the revolving year 392*a*
g that fame can never heal 12*b*
g upon the heels of pleasure 105*a*
g with a glass that ran 420*b*
hopeless g is passionless 43*b*
I was a journeyman to g 374*b*
in false g hiding his guile 408*b*
modes, shows of g 330*a*
move my faint heart with g 395*a*
my particular g 359*b*
old, there's g enough for thee 176*a*
one g brings forth twain 137*a*
only time for g ! 196*b*
pain and g to me 484*a*
past help shd be past g 373*a*
patch g with proverbs 350*a*
perk'd up, in a glist'ring g 385*b*
repeats to thee thy mother's g 29*b*
sad when others' g is fled 72*b*
sees into the bottom of my g ? 366*a*
she died out of pure, pure g 531*a*
silent manliness of g 169*a*
smiling at g 371*a*
that the thought of g refuse 37*a*
the naked stars the G of Man 234*b*
thine be the g 12*a*
thy mother's g 35*b*
till age, or g, or sickness must 225*a*
time remembered is g forgotten 420*a*
'tis unmanly g 330*a*
what torments of g you endured 147*a*
when thirsty g in wine we steep 249*b*
worm, the canker, and the g 73*b*
Griefs all g that bow 7*b*
cutteth g in halves 15*b*
drinking my g 376*a*
great g, I see, medicine the less 329*a*
he hath borne our g 503*a*
I am sick of many g 341*a*
my state depose, but not my g 376*a*
of all the g that harass 213*a*
passion put to use in my old g 44*a*
solitary g, desolate passions 206*a*
what private g they have, alas, 340*a*
Grievances foregone 387*b*
Grieve do not let this parting g thee 527*a*
g when even the shade 472*b*
I g at grievances 387*b*
nor joy nor g too much 141*a*
Pope will g a month 419*a*
we will g not 466*b*
Grieved g with her child 143*b*
here come the g 113*b*
much it g my heart to think 471*a*
they soothe the g 113*b*
Grieving g, if aught inanimate e'er 68*b*
what 's the use o' g 232*b*
Griffith an honest chronicler as G 386*b*
Grill let G be G 408*b*
Grim g grew his countenance 529*a*
heaven not g but fair 48*b*
Grimes Old G is dead 175*b*
Grin cheerfully he seems to g 82*b*
ending with the g 83*a*
g like a dog 485*b*
he owned with a g 406*b*
Nature wears one universal g 151*b*
relaxed into a universal g 112*a*
they for joy did g 98*b*
vanquish Berkley by a g 40*b*
Grind g the faces of the poor 501*a*
he did g in the prison-house 495*a*
life is one demd horrid g 125*a*
they g exceedingly small 248*b*
Grinder, who serenely grindest 75*b*
Grinders cease because they are few 499*b*
Grinding must needs tarry the g 368*b*
sound of the g is low 499*b*
Grinning mock your own g 336*b*
Gristle people who are still in the g 55*b*
Grit an' human natur' 250*b*
Groan bitter g of the martyr's woe 30*b*
condemned alike to g 175*a*
dead men gave a g 99*a*
hear each other g 220*a*
he gave a g, and then another 468*b*
that I do g withal 363*b*
thousands counted every g 6*a*
with bubbling g 69*b*
Groaned inly while he taught 43*a*
Groaning my g is not hid from thee 484*a*
Grocer evil-hearted G 93*a*
God made the wicked G 93*a*
who hath seen the G 93*b*
Groined the aisles of Rome 147*a*
Gromboolian great G plain 243*b*
Groom bee goes singing to her g 50*a*
death is but a g 133*b*
G, the Butler and the Cook 163*b*
g there was none to see 199*a*
Grooves in determinate g 527*a*
Groping laid our g hands away 30*b*
Gross g and scope of my opinion 329*b*
g as a mountain, open 377*b*
not g to sink, but light 386*b*
Grossness hiding the g with fair 354*a*
Vice by losing all its g 67*a*
Grosvenor Gallery young man 165*b*
Grotesque g to the horrible 136*a*
Pure, Ornate and G 17*b*
Grottoes my g are shaded 399*b*
Ground all seated on the g 424*b*
as water spilt on the g 495*b*
between the stirrup and the g 76*a*, 522*b*
built up on another man's g 355*b*
catch it ere it come to g 349*b*
commit his body to the g 481*b*
drops earliest to the g 354*b*
down with it, even to the g 490*a*
dwelt upon a tract of inland g 464*b*
each dance the others wd off the g 119*b*
fathom-line cd never touch the g 377*a*
for an acre of barren g 367*a*
fruitful g, the quiet mind 416*a*
gained g upon the whole 50*b*
g flew up and hit me 451*a*
g maintained its man 168*a*
having waste g enough 351*b*
he swalloweth the g 497*b*
in a fair g —in a fair g 235*a*
in his own g 303*b*
let us sit upon the g 375*b*
look around, and choose thy g 73*b*
man, low sitting on the g 408*b*
most sweet to pace the g 468*a*
old hope goes to g 48*a*
O let the solid g not fail 433*b*
on a plat of rising g 268*a*
on the g I see thee stare 89*a*
on the holy g 286*a*
other fell into good g 506*b*
passed over on dry g 494*b*
place thou standest is holy g 493*b*
scarce cd stand on any g 137*a*
seem to tread on classic g 1*b*
skilful guide into poetic g 111*b*
stands on such slippery g 339*b*
storms outside our happy g 8*b*
the elvish page fell to the g 317*b*
the passion that left the g 44*b*
'tis haunted, holy g 68*a*
to a more removed g 331*a*
to gain a little patch of g 335*b*

Ground (*cont*)
twice five miles of fertile g 101*a*
wake the nations under g 127*b*
who might well be under g 164*b*
with thy nest upon the dewy g 471*a*
woman's eyes they are the g 345*a*
Groundlings ears of the g 333*b*
Ground-nest herald lark left his g 277*a*
Grounds in the laying out of g 295*a*
walks the g for the second time 295*a*
Ground-whirl of the perished leaves 312*a*
Group that's quite antique 70*b*
Grove clear spring, or shady g 273*a*
good g of chimneys 283*b*
g nods at g 302*b*
the olive g of Academe 277*a*
wand'ring in many a coral g 31*b*
wh a g of myrtles made 20*b*
Grovel they've souls that g 75*b*
Grovelled he g before him 440*a*
Groves amid the g, under the shadowy hills 461*b*
fountain heads, and pathless g 23*a*
g where lady Mary is 311*b*
g where rich trees wept 274*a*
in the green leaves among the g 463*b*
in the g of *their* academy 57*a*
meadows, hills and g 467*a*
o er shady g they hover 454*b*
thro' g deep and high 318*a*
to the musical g 424*b*
Grow ask me where they do g 188*b*
for sure then I shd g 187*a*
g for ever and for ever 136*a*
g old along with me 50*b*
g up with the country 175*b*
if you wd g great and stately 414*a*
let both g together 506*b*
say wh grain will g 346*a*
they g to what they seem 170*a*
Growed I 'spect I g 415*b*
Groweth sed, and bloweth med 526*a*
Growing feel the flowers g over him 223*b*
it is not g like a tree 216*b*
it will be g, Jock 319*b*
lad is young and is g 531*a*
sorrow of each day's g 263*a*
Growled g, and bit him till he bled 192*b*
it cracked and g 98*a*
Grown when they are both full g 526*b*
when we are g and take our place 227*b*
Grown-up hear the g people's feet 413*b*
spoke in quiet g wise 294*a*
Grows g with his growth 301*a*
it g and smells I swear 216*b*
Growth cannot give it vital g again 363*b*
g [is] the only evidence of life 288*a*
States have their g 242*a*
Grub by the joiner squirrel or old g 364*b*
young ones pistols old ones, g 389*b*
Grubby John G, who was short 93*a*
Grudge ancient g I bear him 353*a*
no g, no strife 416*a*
Gruel basin of nice smooth g 11*a*
make the g thick and slab 349*b*
Grumble nothing whatever to g at 166*b*
Grundy ding, dinging Dame G 284*b*
more of Mrs G 246*a*
Solomon G 532*b*
what will Mrs G say 284*b*
Grunt and sweat under weary life 333*a*
Gruntled far from being g 573*b*
Gryphon the G remarked 83*a*
Guano pamphleteer on g 437*a*
Guanoed her mind 130*a*
Guard drunk and resisting the G! 227*b*
guarding, calls not Thee to g 233*b*
g the sailors tossing 20*a*
g us, guide us 143*b*
hate of those ye g 236*b*
none but Americans on g tonight 452*a*
that g our native seas 77*b*
who is to g the guards? 549*a*
Guardian of His Majesty's conscience 444*b*
Guarding, calls not Thee to guard 233*b*
Guards G die but do not surrender 562*a*
up G and at them again 455*a*
Gudeman when our g 's awa' 527*a*
Gudgeon fool g 352*b*
Gudgeons swallow g ere catch'd 66*a*
Guenevere like as did Queen G 257*b*
Guerdon fair g we hope to find 269*b*
Guess as none can even g 37*b*
golden g is morning-star 426*a*
g now who holds thee 43*b*
g that Love wd prove 38*a*
g where he may be 49*b*
I g King George read that 178*b*
Guessed this I have g 235*b*
Guessing it's better only g 96*a*
Guest a new admired g 78*b*
dull fighter and a keen g 378*b*
g that tarrieth but a day 520*a*
made me a closer g 36*a*
rise at the strange g 's hand 421*b*
shakes his parting g by the hand 369*a*
some poor nigh-related g 102*a*
some second g to entertain 133*b*
speed the going g 303*b*
the worthy bidden g 269*b*
this g of summer 347*a*
whether g or captive I 452*b*
Guestless bare walls lain g 421*b*
Guests among the G star-scatter'd 154*a*
mankind hosts and g 34*b*
my g shd praise it, not the cooks 181*a*
the g are met the feast is set 98*a*
the g few and select 241*b*
unbidden g are often welcomest 383*b*
Guide an awful g in smoke 319*b*
custom great g of human life 201*b*
except some man shd g me 512*a*
guard us, g us 143*b*
g my lonely way 169*a*
g philosopher, and friend 301*b*
he shall be our g unto death 485*a*
my g, and mine own friend 485*a*
of Thee, my partner and my g 463*b*
safe into the haven g 455*b*
skilful g into poetic ground 111*b*
to g his steps afford yr aid 420*a*
where thou art g no ill can come 491*a*
Guide-posts great men are the g 55*a*
Guides blind g wh strain at a gnat 507*b*
g cannot master American joke 446*b*
Guiding-star of a brave nation 285*a*
Guildford an hour out of G 232*b*
under G Hill 27*a*
Guile he it was, whose g deceived 270*b*
hiding his harmful g 408*b*
in their mouth was found no g 510*a*
in whom is no g 510*b*
squat and packed with g 39*b*
Guilt full of artless jealousy is g 335*b*
G was my grim Chamberlain 196*a*
if g is in that heart 282*a*
image of war, without its g 406*a*, 416*b*
my stronger g defeats my intent 334*b*
only art her g to cover 170*a*
other pens dwell on g and misery 11*a*
what are e'en wash her g away? 170*a*
what the world calls g 26*a*
Guiltier than him they try 351*a*
Guiltless all g, meet reproach 362*b*
g death I die 363*b*
Guilts close pent-up g 342*b*
Guilty g of dust and sin 188*b*
g of such a ballad 344*b*
g splendour 112*a*
it started like a g thing 329*b*
like a g thing surprised 466*b*
make g of our disasters the sun 342*a*
make mad the g 333*a*
suspicion haunts the g mind 384*b*
terror haunts the g mind 244*a*
Guinea disc of fire like a g 29*b*
42 sixpences to one g 211*b*
jingling of the g 432*a*
rank is but the g 's stamp 60*b*
within the compass of a g 203*b*
worth a g a box 528*b*
Guinea-pig lift a g up by the tail 246*a*
Guinea-pigs one of the g cheered 83*b*
Guineas nice yellow g for me 61*a*
you ask two hundred g 456*b*
Guinness, Allsopp, Bass 75*a*
Guitar the Troubadour touch'd his g 22*b*
Gules now is he total g 332*b*
Gulf g profound as that Serbonian 277*b*
there is a great g fixed 510*a*
Gulfs the g will wash us down 439*a*
Gulfs (*cont*)
whelmed in deeper g than he 107*b*
Gull g 's way and the whale's way 262*a*
notorious geck and g 372*a*
Gulls g him with intelligence 388*b*
g in an aery morrice 185*b*
Gulp drams his at one g 52*a*
Gum their med'cinable g 364*a*
Gummidge Mrs G 121*b*
Gums from his boneless g 347*a*
trees wept odorous g 274*a*
Gun by each g the lighted brand 76*b*
cawing at the g 's report 357*a*
don't know a g from a bat 227*a*
holy text of pike and g 65*a*
named all the birds without a g 146*b*
nor ever lost an English g 435*a*
Gunga Din 230*a*
Gunner said 'Ay, ay' 437*b*
Gunpowder fire a mine with sympathetic g 66*a*
g and sealing-wax 85*a*
G, Printing and Religion 80*a*
g treason and plot 532*a*
Guns but for these vile g 377*a*
g, and drums and wounds 376*b*
g will make us powerful 575*b*
rutted by the passing g 261*b*
vain, those all-shattering g 136*b*
when the g begin to shoot 235*b*
Gurgle as he gave 165*a*
Gurly grew the sea 529*a*
Gurney Peter G 531*b*
Gusto secret element of g 412*a*
Gusts when g shake the door 6*a*
Gut had the Devil in his g 31*a*
Guts sheeps' g shd hale souls 358*a*
wears his g in his head 369*a*
Gutter we are all in the g 573*a*
Guy Ah, County G 320*a*
Gymkhanas won g in a doubtful way 233*b*
Gypsy Time you old g man 192*b*
Gyre and gimble in the wabe 83*b*
Gyves g upon his wrist 196*a*
prisoner in his twisted g 365*b*

H

Ha h-h-h, you and me 523*a*
H! H!' said the duck 217*a*
saith among the trumpets H, h 497*b*
Haberdasher to Mr Spurgeon 67*a*
Habit apparell'd in more precious h 359*a*
costly thy h as thy purse can buy 330*b*
h rules the unreflecting herd 470*a*
h with him was all the test 113*b*
honour peereth in the meanest h 366*b*
such is the force of h 25*a*
the long h of living 42*b*
use doth breed a h in a man 372*b*
Habitable look round the h world 142*b*
Habitation a local h and a name 357*b*
h among the tents of Kedar 489*b*
I have loved the h of thy house 483*b*
Habitations peaceably in their h 521*a*
Habits of h devil, is angel yet in this 335*a*
small h, well pursued becomes 283*a*
their h from the Bear 25*b*
Hack do not h me as you did Russell 279*b*
somebody to hew and h 65*a*
Hacked, hewn with constant Service 406*a*
Hackney 'A Marches 22*a*
Had, having, and in quest to have 389*a*
Haddocks hunt for h' eyes 85*b*
Hag this is the h 365*a*
Haggard if I do prove her h 362*a*
Haggards ride no more 416*b*
Hags rags, and h 100*a*
secret, black, and midnight h 349*b*
Hail congenial horrors, h! 443*b*
h, Bard triumphant! 106*b*
h, fellow, well met 419*b*
h, glorious edifice, 403*b*
h horrors, h infernal world 271*a*
h, master, and kissed him 508*a*
h, thou that art highly favoured 508*b*
h to thee, blithe spirit 398*a*
h ye small sweet courtesies 411*a*

Hail (*cont*)
my brother, h, and farewell 540*a*
no sharp and sided h 197*b*
where falls not h, or rain 426*b*
wield the flail of the lashing h 393*a*
Hailed them o'er the wave 76*b*
Hails the man that h you Tom 108*a*
Hair a bracelet of bright h 173*b*
ae lock o' his gowden h 520*b*
a h twixt south and south-west 64*b*
all her bright golden h 460*a*
all her h in one long yellow string 50*a*
an excellent head of h 369*b*
Apollo's lute, strung with his h 345*a*
a rag and a bone and a hank of h 238*a*
beautiful uncut h of graves 458*a*
beauty draws us with a single h 302*b*
beg a h of him for memory 340*a*
Berenice's ever-burning h 87*a*
bind up this h in any simple knot 393*a*
blind with thine h the eyes of Day 309*a*
by flying h and fluttering hem 312*b*
Caoilte tossing his burning h 475*a*
dead women, with such h, too 52*b*
draw you to her *with a single h* 142*b*
drew me backward by the h 43*b*
each particular h to stand on end 331*a*
from his h shakes pestilence 273*a*
from out his chariot by the h 312*b*
good morrow to mine own torn h 189*b*
gowd kames in their h 530*a*
h as free 215*a*
h of my flesh stood up 497*a*
hath soft brown h 75*a*
her dark h and lovesome mien 425*b*
her h about her eyne 138*a*
her h that lay along her back 311*b*
her h was so charmingly curled 226*a*
her h was long, her foot was light 218*b*
his flashing eyes, his floating h 101*b*
his h did bristle upon his head 317*a*
his h is of a good colour 327*a*
his h was like a crown 92*a*
horrid image doth unfix my h 340*b*
if a woman have long h 514*b*
I he tangled in her h 249*b*
I must sugar my h 83*b*
I never pin up my h with prose 105*a*
it raised my h, it fanned my cheek 99*b*
Jove, in his commodity of h 371*b*
language that would make yr h curl 166*b*
like the bright h uplifted 396*a*
like twilight's, too, her dusty h 470*b*
love-knot into her long black h 290*a*
my face is pink, my h is sleek 528*b*
my fell of h would rouse and stir 350*b*
my h is grey, but not with years 69*b*
my mother bids me bind my h 202*a*
never brush their h 25*b*
nymph, with long dishevelled h 388*b*
one h of a woman can draw more 200*b*
one slight h bulk commands 161*a*
one strangling golden h 312*b*
our new crescent of a h's breadth 49*a*
plucked them from me by the h 441*b*
ruddy limbs and flaming h 30*a*
she has braided her yellow h 528*b*
she h is brown h 355*b*
she only talks about her h 443*a*
she smoothes her h 144*b*
Sir Ralph the Rover tore his h 406*b*
strung with subtle-coloured h 421*a*
sweet Alice, whose h was so brown 148*b*
terrier so covered with h 38*a*
that curled my h 343*a*
that I may cover you with my h 476*a*
that subtle wreath of h 132*b*
the breath of them hot in thy h 421*b*
the pleasant mazes of her h 106*b*
the tangles of Neæra's h 269*b*
thy amber-dropping h 268*a*
thy fair h my heart enchained 401*b*
thy h is as a flock of goats 500*a*
thy h soft-lifted by the wind 221*b*
thy hyacinth h, thy classic face 208*a*
vine-leaves in his h 567*a*
wherefore shd I kame my h? 530*a*
white-robed, with silver h 15*b*
who touches a h of yon grey head 459*a*
with his long essenced h 262*b*
with his white h unbonneted 252*a*

Hair (*cont*)
with yr 'ayrick 'cad of 'air 229*a*
yr h has become very white 82*b*
yr well-beloved's h has threads 475*a*
Hairless as an egg 189*b*
Hairs bring down my grey h 493*b*
elf-locks in foul sluttish h 365*a*
forms of h, or straws, or dirt 303*a*
given me over in my gray h 462*b*
had all his h been lives 363*b*
had I as many sons as I have h 351*a*
h of yr head are all numbered 506*a*
his head and his h were white 518*b*
how ill white h become a fool 381*a*
if h be wires 389*a*
oldest man ever wore grey h 470*a*
those set our h upright 132*b*
with thy grapes our h be crown'd 323*b*
Hairy Esau my brother is a h man 493*a*
marvellous h about the face 357*a*
thickstides and *h* Aldrich 96*a*
Hal why, H, 'tis my vocation, H 376*b*
Halberdiers behind him the h 252*a*
Halcyon St Martin's summer, h days 383*b*
Haldan Earl H 's daughter 225*b*
Hale Meg grew sick as he grew h 60*a*
you are h, Father William 407*a*
Hales Mr H of Eaton 142*a*
Half ache h of the warld thinks 320*a*
another h stand laughing by 381*b*
h a league, h a league onward 426*a*
h of one order, h another 65*b*
h slave and h free 245*a*
h that 's got my keys 172*b*
h to forget the wandering 154*b*
h to remember days gone by 154*b*
image of myself and dearer h 274*b*
lest h of her shd rise herself 180*a*
one h world cannot understand 11*a*
overcome but h his foe 272*a*
poor h-kisses kill me quite 137*a*
the divided h of such a friendship 430*b*
the h is greater than the whole 559*b*
the h was not told me 496*a*
Half-a-crown in the bill 126*a*
Half-a-dozen of the other 259*b*
Half-believe attain to h 96*b*
Half-believers in our casual creeds 8*a*
Half-brother America thou h 18*a*
Half-faced this h fellowship 377*a*
Half-gods go, the gods arrive 146*b*
Half-hour after a shivering h 284*a*
Half-knowledge content with h 222*a*
Half-owre to Aberdour 530*a*
Halfpenny a h will do 522*b*
for a copper h 85*b*
if you haven't got a h 522*b*
Half-workers women must be h 128*b*
Half-world now o'er the one h 347*b*
Hall Absolute across the h 26*b*
bride hath paced into the h 98*a*
Chapman and H swore not at all 27*b*
he slept in the h 27*b*
Mr H 's nay was nay 27*b*
O dusk the h with yew 7*a*
roused in many an ancient h 252*b*
the Douglas in his h 318*b*
this is Liberty-H 171*a*
Tom bears logs into the h 345*b*
Hall-garden birds in the high H 433*b*
Hallelujah to redeem our loss, H 521*b*
Hallelujahs, sweet and low 43*a*
Halloo yr name to the hills 370*a*
Hallow be set to h all we find 223*b*
h thus the Sabbath day 101*a*
seems to h us there 294*b*
Hallowed place of justice is h 16*b*
so h and so gracious is the time 320*b*
Hallows his mother and all his h 198*a*
Halls a hovel to yr marble h 75*b*
Amphitrite's destined h 395*a*
chamber in the silent h of death 53*a*
dreamt that I dwelt in marble h 53*b*
in h, in gay attire is seen 317*a*
in our h is hung armoury 467*a*
tap stry h and courts of princes 267*a*
the h the h of dazzling light 125*b*
thrill thro' those roofless h 396*a*
thro her marble h 247*b*

Halt cheer for a h and a row 233*a*
how long h ye 496*a*
the h, and the blind 509*b*
Halter now fitted the h 306*a*
Halts by me that footfall 442*a*
Halves of one august event 179*a*
Ham it might be H 236*a*
Shem, H, and Japheth 402*b*
wh is the case when there's h 125*b*
with h and sherry meet to bury 39*b*
wonders in the land of H 488*b*
Hamelin I own's in Brunswick 50*a*
Hamilton Alexander H smote the rock 454*a*
Marie H 's to the kirk gane 530*a*
Hamlet good H, cast thy colour off 329*b*
H Prince of Denmark left out 320*a*
H with his doublet all unbrac'd 332*a*
I'll call thee H 331*a*
I saw H Prince of Denmark played 149*b*
Lord H is a prince 332*a*
much Antony, H most of all 185*b*
rude forefathers of the h 174*a*
the kneeling h drains the chalice 429*b*
the lovely h Grantchester 39*b*
Hamlets h brown 103*a*
in h, dances on the green 317*a*
Hammer his H of wind 443*a*
it's the 'a, 'a, a 535*a*
keeping his h under the pillow 121*a*
no sound of h or of saw 112*b*
what the h? what the cham? 32*a*
Hammered England's being h 227*a*
Hammers busy h closing rivets up 382*b*
Hammersmith make H hum 186*a*
Hammock Drake he's in his h 287*b*
his heavy-shotted h-shroud 429*b*
Hampden [H] had a head to contrive 203*a*
some village-H 174*a*
when [H] first drew the sword 203*a*
wd twenty shillings have ruined Mr H? 55*a*
Hampshire captain H grenadiers 101*b*
Hamstring conceit lies in his h 368*b*
Hand a dapper boot—a little h 434*b*
adieu and wav'd her lily h 161*a*
admire his sleight of h 65*b*
a h that kings have lipp'd 323*b*
a h to bless 94*b*
a hopeless h was clinging 43*a*
a lily in yr medieval h 165*b*
a moist eye, a dry h 379*b*
an angry wafture of yr h 338*b*
and h in h will go 61*a*
a petty fortress and a dubious h 213*b*
art in wh the h head heart 314*b*
as an old Parliamentary h 167*b*
at h, quoth pick-purse 377*a*
at the h of every man's brother 402*b*
bear welcome in yr eye, yr h 347*a*
beat so quickly, waiting for a h 429*b*
beefy face and grubby 'a 232*a*
beneath whose awful H 233*b*
bent head and beseeching h 51*a*
bite the h that fed them 57*b*
bringing me up by h 123*b*
bringing thy sheep in thy h 7*b*
by God's Almighty H 76*a*
civility of my knee, my hat, and h 41*b*
cloud like a man's h 496*a*
(Commenus) had a h to execute 162*a*
Dawn's Left H was in the Sky 152*a*
e'en crosses from his sovereign h 191*a*
eftsoons his h dropt he 98*a*
either h may rightly clutch 227*b*
for the touch of a vanish'd h 425*b*
gie's a h o' thine 59*a*
go into his h, and pierce it 496*b*
gold ring on her h she bore 281*a*
hadde the lyer h 88*b*
h for h, foot for foot 494*a*
h in h, on the edge of the sand 243*b*
h in its breeches pocket 222*a*
H like this h shall throw open 51*b*
h of little employment 336*a*
h of the Lord hath pre-eminence 489*a*
H that made us is Divine 2*b*
h that rocks the cradle 448*b*
h to mouth 4*b*

Hand (*cont*)
heaving up my either h 190*b*
here's my h 367*b*
her h in whose compassion 368*b*
her h on her bosom 363*a*
her rash h in evil hour 276*a*
his h is stretched out still 501*a*
his h will be against every man 492*b*
his left h is under my head 500*a*
his red right h 272*b*
holds him with his skinny h 98*a*
I cd make thee open thy white h 372*b*
I do salute thee with my h 375*a*
I fear thy skinny h 99*a*
if you want to win her h 34*b*
I have the use but of my left h 279*a*
I kissed her slender h 433*b*
imposition of a mightier h 254*b*
in a big round h 166*a*
in a bold determined h 76*b*
Infinity in the palm of yr h 29*a*
in her left h riches and honour 497*b*
in his h are all the corners 487*b*
in the h of the Lord is a cup 487*a*
I will hold yr h 48*a*
I wrote it with a second h 408*a*
Joy, whose h is ever at his lips 219*b*
keep the lifted h in awe 477*a*
keep thy h out of plackets 343*a*
laying his h upon many a heart 247*a*
length of days is in her right h 497*b*
let not thy left h know 505*a*
letter with mine own h 515*b*
like the dyer's h 389*a*
man's h is not able to taste 357*b*
my beloved put in his h 500*b*
my h before my eyes 26*a*
my h sought hers 48*a*
my h upon thy mane 69*b*
my playfellow, yr h 324*a*
my right h forgot her cunning 490*a*
my Sword sleep in my h 31*b*
not a h so weak and white 229*b*
one lovely h she stretched for aid 77*a*
on this side my h 376*a*
onward lend thy guiding h 277*b*
or with a rude h break the cake 219*a*
our times are in his h 50*b*
render me his bloody h 339*b*
resting on one white h 241*b*
sealed it with his h 529*b*
shade of His h 442*a*
she laid her snow-white h 474*a*
she leans her cheek upon her h 365*a*
spirit-small h propping it 45*a*
stout heart, and open h 318*a*
stretch forth thy mighty h 200*b*
sweet and cunning h laid on 370*a*
sweeten this little h 350*a*
taking me up in his right h 417*b*
that curious engine, yr white h 454*a*
that I were a glove upon that h 365*a*
the firstlings of my h 350*a*
the h that rounded Peter's 147*a*
the h to execute 217*a*
the larger heart, the kindlier h 431*a*
there also shall thy h lead me 490*a*
there's a h my trusty fere 59*a*
the sweet Roman h 371*b*
they h in h with wandering steps 277*a*
they were h and glove 111*a*
this h hath offended 114*b*
this living h, now warm 219*a*
this my h will rather 348*a*
three lilies in her h 311*b*
thro' her wasted h, at night 317*b*
thrust my h into his side 511*b*
thy defence upon thy right h 489*b*
thy right h shall hold me 490*a*
thy right h shall teach thee 484*b*
too stubborn and too strange a h 337*b*
under whose cautious h 458*b*
voice and h shake still 312*b*
wash this blood clean from my h 348*a*
what dread h ? and what dread feet 32*a*
what h and brain went ever paired 48*a*
what immortal h or eye 31*b*
whatsoever thy h findeth to do 81*a*, 499*b*
what the h dare seize the fire? 32*a*
when people walk h in h, 104*a*
white h of a lady fever thee 324*a*

Hand (*cont*)
who can hold a fire in his h 374*b*
who hath seen her wave her h 431*b*
whose h, like the base Indian 364*a*
whose murd'rous h 114*a*
who will stand on either h. 253*a*
with automatic h 144*b*
wi' their fans into their h 530*a*
withered in my h 187*b*
withhold not thine h 499*b*
with rosy h unbarred 275*a*
with thy bloody and invisible h 349*a*
Handclasp where the h's stronger 87*a*
Handed into their bower h they went 274*b*
Handel compared to H's a mere memory 67*a*
H is scarcely fit to hold 67*a*
Handful h of grey ashes 106*b*
just for a h of silver 48*a*
Handiwork firmament showeth his h 482*b*
Handkercher about yr brows 374*a*
Handkerchief it is the h of the Lord 458*a*
no little h to wipe his nose 19*b*
snuffle and sniff and h 39*b*
that h did an Egyptian give 362*b*
Handle between the touch of the h 21*b*
h of the big front door 166*a*
I polished up that h 166*a*
old jug without a h 243*b*
taste not, h not 516*a*
the h toward my hand 347*b*
tools to him that can h them 80*a*
Handled horse never h before 108*b*
Handles everything hath two h 64*a*
Handmaid h perfect in God's sight 311*b*
philosophy is but an h to religion 13*a*
riches are a good h 13*b*
Handmaiden the low estate of his h 508*b*
Handmaidens whose names symphonies 311*b*
Hands aching h and bleeding feet 7*a*
at the palms of my h 400*b*
bear thee in their h 487*b*
before rude h have touch'd it 216*b*
between the h, between the brows 312*b*
blesseth her with his two happy h 408*b*
blood and wine were on his h 459*b*
but not without men's h 144*b*
cold immortal h 422*a*
clasps the crag with crooked h 426*b*
dirty h, the nails bitten 255*b*
do their h as we touch 421*b*
eyes, lips, and h to miss 134*a*
fill into the h of the living God 517*a*
Father, into thy h I commend 510*a*
fish that with two h have taken 476*a*
folding of the h to sleep 498*a*
fold our h round her knees 420*a*
grasp'd the mane with both his h 108*b*
h are the h of Esau 493*a*
h outstretched in yearning 550*a*
h, that the rod of empire swayed 174*a*
his h are as gold 500*b*
his h prepared the dry land 487*b*
house not made with h 515*a*
if h joined where hearts agree 173*a*
I have thee by the h 36*b*
into the h of the spoilers 494*b*
into thy h I commend my spirit 483*b*
laid our groping h away 39*b*
laid violent h upon themselves 481*b*
laying on of h 481*a*
large and sinewy h 240*a*
lay their h on that golden key 266*b*
made with our h and our lips 423*a*
man's fortune is in his own h 16*a*
mine own h I give away my crown 376*a*
mischief still for idle h to do 453*a*
my h from picking and stealing 481*a*
no hurry in her h 311*a*
one of his h wrought in the work 496*b*
our h have met, but not our hearts 196*b*
our h will never meet again 196*b*
our new heraldry is h not hearts 362*b*
pale h I loved 197*a*
pale h, pink-tipped 197*a*
right h of fellowship 515*b*

Hands (*cont*)
seen me with these hangman's h. 347*b*
shake h with a king 178*a*
so to entergraft our h 132*b*
still the h of memory weave 106*a*
strengthen ye the weak h 502*a*
strength without h to smite 420*b*
the horny h of toil 250*a*
their fatal h no second stroke 273*a*
their h are blue 243*b*
their h upon their hearts 200*a*
the lifting up of my h 490*b*
then take h 367*a*
the palms of her h 496*b*
these h are not more like 330*b*
they have h, and handle not 489*a*
they pierced my h 483*a*
they will soon *wring* their h 450*a*
thou art a tall fellow of thy h 373*b*
thy h their little force resign 109*a*
tinged the eyelids and the h 293*a*
touches of those flower-soft h 323*a*
to you from failing h we throw 256*a*
turn'd it in his glowing h 432*a*
two-edged sword in their h. 490*b*
union of h and hearts 425*a*
washed his h before the multitude 508*a*
wave their h for a mute farewell 203*a*
weak h tho' mighty heart 392*a*
what h you wd hold! 240*b*
who crucify hearts, not h 423*b*
will these h ne'er be clean? 350*a*
with lifted feet, h still 24*b*
with my own fair h 418*a*
yr h begin to harden 229*b*
yr holy delicate white h 258*a*
yr little h were made to take 25*b*
yr little h were never made 452*b*
Handsaw hawk from a h 332*b*
Handsome everything h about him 359*a*
I am a h man 103*a*
Handy always welcome, keep it h 522*a*
more h to leave this Normandy with the girls be h 120*b*
Handy-work prosper thou our h 487*b*
Hang are you going to h him *anyhow* 446*b*
better h wrong fler than no fler 121*b*
feel his title h loose about him 350*a*
h him up and erect a statue 404*b*
h out our banners 350*b*
h the man over again 19*b*
h yr husband and be dutiful 159*b*
h yourself, brave Crillon 563*b*
I will neither go nor h 28*a*
I will not h myself to-day 91*b*
man and wife never power to h 150*a*
she wd h on him 330*a*
syllogisms h not on my tongue 107*b*
we must all h together 157*a*
we shall all h separately 157*a*
wretches h that jurymen may dine 302*b*
you wd h yourself 208*a*
Hanged h for stealing horses 178*a*
here's a farmer that h himself 348*a*
if I were h on the highest hill 232*b*
our harps, we h them up 490*a*
see Harrison h, drawn 296*a*
to be h in a fortnight 209*b*
Hanging h and marriage go by Destiny 150*b*
h and wiving goes by destiny 353*b*
h is too good for him 54*a*
many a good h prevents 370*a*
they're h Danny Deever 228*b*
they're h him to-day 228*b*
they're h men an' women there 525*b*
Hangman a louse for the h seen me with these h's hands 347*b*
Hangs h my helpless soul on Thee 455*b*
he h between, in doubt 301*a*
thereby h a tale 366*b*
Ha'nacker Mill 26*b*
Hanover by famous H city 50*a*
Hans Breitman 244*b*
Hansom [h] the gondola of London 129*b*
you in yr h leave the High 307*b*
Hansom-cabs for wheels of h 85*b*
Hanyfink wot's the good of H 94*a*
Hap from better h to worse 407*b*

Hap (*cont*)
good h to the fresh weather 424*a*
Happen at the Reformation? 286
Happened this cd but have h once 53*a*
Happier a Paradise within thee, h 276*b*
feel that I am h than I know 275*b*
h than this, she is not bred so dull 354*a*
prove h than thy sire 560*b*
we had been h both 313*b*
Happiest h hour a sailor sees 164*a*
I am h when I am idle 451*b*
O yet h if ye seek 274*b*
the h women have no history 144*b*
Happiness a lifetime of h 390*b*
all the h mankind can gain 140*b*
but for the h 'twill bring 76*a*
by wh so much h is produced 208*b*
domestic h, thou only bliss 112*a*
envy no man's h 327*a*
gain a h in eyeing 202*b*
greatest h for the greatest number 202*a*
great spectacle of human h 404*b*
h consists not in the multitude 214*b*
h is no laughing matter 456*a*
h makes them good 242*a*
h too swiftly flies 175*a*
happy in thine h 219*b*
home-born h 112*a*
in solitude what h? 275*b*
it is a flaw in h, to see beyond 217*b*
look into h thro' another eyes 327*b*
love match the only thing for h 143*b*
makes the h she does not find 214*a*
minute domestic h 223*a*
my great task of h 415*a*
no h within this circle of flesh 41*b*
no more right to consume h 390*a*
of no moment to the h 208*a*
O H! our being's end 301*b*
recall a time of h in misery 566*b*
round these our h will grow 468*b*
the mind withdraws into its h 260*b*
there is ev'n a h makes afraid 195*b*
thought of tender h betray 463*b*
to fill the hour, that is h 148*a*
travelling is the ruin of all h 58*b*
virtue alone is h 301*b*
we find our h, or not at all 469*b*
were the h, of the next world 42*a*
wherein lies h? 217*b*
Happy a h noise to hear 199*a*
all be as h as kings 414*a*
all the art I know to make men h 304*a*
all we know is that they h are 449*a*
angry and poor and h 93*b*
as h as we once, to kneel 113*a*
ask yourself whether you are h 265*b*
be h as ever at home 37*b*
be h while y'er leevin 522*b*
be virtuous, and you will be h 156*b*
business of a wise man to be h 209*b*
by many a h accident 268*b*
call no man h till he dies 559*b*
destined to be h with you here 223*b*
dream of h high, majestical 395*a*
duty of being h 413*b*
earthlier h is the rose distilled 356*a*
envy of thy h lot 219*b*
feasted, despaired,—been h 53*a*
fool is h that he knows no more 301*a*
Frenchman is always h 111*a*
h, and glorious 193*a*
h as a king 166*b*
h for him that, his father 418*b*
h, with such a mother 437*a*
h in this, she is not yet so old 153*a*
h is England! 221*a*
h is the man that hath his quiver 480*b*
h man be his dole 356*a*, 377*a*
h men that have the power to die 438*b*
h people whose annals are blank 80*b*
h the man, and h he alone 142*a*
h the man whose wish and care 303*b*
h the man, who void of cares 296*b*
h those early days 448*a*
he won't be h till he gets it 523*b*
how h cd I be with either 160*a*
how h he who crowns 168*a*
how h is he born 473*a*
how h you make those 388*a*
I die h 156*b*

Happy (*cont*)
I had been h, if the general camp 362*a*
I h am, Joy is my name 32*b*
in nothing else so h 375*a*
I think myself h, King Agrippa 513*a*
I've had a h life 184*a*
I were but little h 358*a*
make me at all h without you 223*b*
makes a nation h, and keeps it so 277*a*
makes a Scotchman h [whisky] 212*b*
methinks it were a h life 384*a*
more h, if less wise 73*a*
ne er be made h by compulsion 102*a*
no Irish lad was so h as I 76*b*
no one can be h till all are h 408*a*
one is never so h as one thinks 562*a*
only one thing to make me h 184*a*
period human race was most h 162*a*
physicians of all men are most h 307*a*
so long as you re h 263*a*
that thou art h, owe to God 275*a*
the h who have called thee so 406*b*
then, h low, lie down 380*a*
there is a h land 476*b*
things that do attain the h life 416*a*
thrice h he who, not mistook 260*a*
to be good is to be h 313*a*
to die, 'twere now to be most h 361*a*
too h, h tree 221*a*
too h in thine happiness 219*b*
'Tray is h now 192*b*
was the carver h 314*b*
wh of us is h in this world? 440*a*
who is the h Warrior? 465*a*
Harassed too h, to attain calm 7*a*
Harbinger odorous perfume her h 277*b*
the evening star, love's h 276*b*
yonder shines Aurora's h 357*a*
Harbingers clamorous h of blood 351*a*
Harbour Contentl where doth thine
h hold 21*a*
the h cleared 98*a*
tho' the h bar be moaning 226*b*
Hard does it not seem h to you 413*b*
h as a piece of millstone 497*b*
h, but O the glory of the winning 263*b*
h grey weather 226*a*
'h,' replied the Dodger 125*a*
h to catch and conquer 263*b*
he finds it h, without spectacles 192*b*
how very h it is to be a Christian 46*b*
it seem'd so h at first 434*b*
it was too h for me 486*b*
nothing so h but search will find 189*b*
now it seems as h to stay 434*b*
thou art an h man 508*a*
though 'tis h for you 3*a*
'tis not h to keep the peace 364*b*
unlike the h, the selfish 113*b*
weather breeds h English men 226*a*
woman is so h upon the woman 436*b*
Hardens it h a' within 60*a*
Hardest misfortunes h to bear 251*a*
Hardly shall they that have riches 510*a*
Hardness without h will be sige 6*a*
Hardy kiss me, H 287*a*
Hare each outcry of the hunted h 29*a*
first catch yr h 571*a*
get a little h's skin 534*a*
h's own child, the little h 192*b*
Help! the H! the H! 192*b*
I like the hunting of the h 33*b*
is that thy own h or a wig? 239*b*
it looked like h 19*b*
rouse a lion than to start a h 377*a*
spectacles, to shoot the h 192*b*
the h limp'd trembling 221*b*
the h sits snug in leaves 192*b*
thou woldest finde an h 89*a*
triumph o er the timid h 443*b*
Harebell, like thy veins 329*a*
Hares little hunted h 192*a*
merry brown h 226*a*
Hark h! a thrilling voice is sounding 86*b*
h! at the Golden Palaces 406*b*
h, by the bird's song ye may learn 428*b*
h! from the tombs a doleful sound 453*b*
h! h! bow, wow 367*a*
h! h! I hear Chanticleer 367*a*
h! h! my soul, angelic songs 149*b*
h! h! the lark at heaven's gate 328*b*

Hark (*cont*)
h, how all the welkin rings 455*b*
h! how blithe the throstle sings 471*b*
h, my soul! it is the Lord 110*a*
h! now I hear them 367*a*
h the glad sound! 131*b*
h the herald angels sing 455*b*
h the little vesper-bell 100*a*
h! the mavis' evening sang 59*b*
O h, O hear! how thin and clear 436*a*
Harken mother Ida, h ere I die 435*a*
Harlot every h was a virgin once 30*a*
Portia is Brutus' h 338*b*
the h's cry from street to street 29*b*
Harlotry like one of these h players 377*b*
Harlots devoured thy living with h 509*b*
mother of h 519*b*
Harm benevolence does good or h 17*b*
content with my h 327*a*
crucifix that keeps a man from h 227*a*
do not h nor question much 132*b*
half the power to do me h 363*b*
I fear we'll come to h 530*a*
no h in looking 417*a*
no people do so much h 115*b*
tempt you to all h and ill 3*a*
thees men doth most h 242*b*
to win us to our h 346*a*
when loyalty no h meant 524*a*
Harmless stock of h pleasure 213*a*
Harmonia Cadmus and H 5*b*
Harmonics fiddle h 264*b*
Harmonies inventor of h Milton 427*a*
tumult of thy mighty h 396*b*
Harmony all discord, h not under-
stood 301*a*
all h of instrument or verse 392*b*
distinct from h divine 107*b*
from h, from heavenly h 139*b*
give them the other h of prose 142*a*
h in discord 543*a*
heaven drowsy with the h 345*a*
her voice the h of the world 196*b*
I am disposed to h 238*b*
music wherever there is h 42*a*
rules with Daedal h 397*b*
spirit grows like h in music 469*a*
strike a note most full of h 42*a*
such h is in immortal souls 355*a*
their motions h divine so smoothes 275*a*
there is a h in autumn 394*b*
the touches of sweet h 355*a*
tie the hidden soul of h 269*a*
Harms not for thy h 442*a*
we beg often our own h 323*a*
Harness between the joints of his h 496*b*
die with h on our back 351*a*
him that gardeth on his h 496*a*
my h piece by piece 441*b*
the h jingles now 199*a*
to wait in heavy h 236*b*
Harnessed, and carrying bows 487*a*
Haroun Alraschid good H 437*a*
Harp an unstringed viol or a h 374*b*
h not on that string 385*a*
h, sackbut, psaltery 504*a*
his h, the sole companion 22*b*
his wild h slung behind him 281*b*
I'll hang my h on a willow tree 527*a*
Love took up the h of Life 432*a*
no h like my own 76*b*
praise the Lord with h 483*b*
smote his thunder h of pines 403*b*
the h, his sole remaining joy 316*b*
the h that once thro' Tara's halls 281*a*
the h the monarch minstrel swept 72*b*
who sings to one clear h 429*b*
Harper Wind that grand old h 403*b*
Harping still h on my daughter 332*a*
Harpit I ha h ye up 231*a*
Harp-player songs of the h 420*a*
Harps as for our h 490*a*
plucking at their h 231*a*
Harpsichon Mrs Turner's daughter
play on the h 296*a*
Harriet chatter about H 571*a*
H, Hi! light of my eye 186*a*
what foolish H befel 192*b*
Harris bother Mrs H 124*a*
Mr H who was dreadful timid 124*a*
Harrison see H hanged 296*a*

Harrow Harrer an' Trinity College 232b
toad beneath the h 233a
Harrowing only a man h 179b
Harry but H, H 381a
Cry 'God for H!' 382a
H the king, Bedford and Exeter 383a
I am H's daughter 231b
in that Jerusalem shall H lie 381a
I saw young H 378b
little touch of H in the night 382b
Old H 's got a finger in it 144a
promised to H and his followers 381b
such a King H 137a
Harsh nor h nor grating 472a
not h, and crabbed 267b
Harshness no h gives offence 300a
Hart as pants the h 424b
here wast thou bay'd, brave h 339b
I turned into a h 369b
lame man leap up as an h 502a
like as the h desireth 484b
thou wast the forest to this h 339b
Harum, scarum, Divo 290b
Harvest according to the joy in h 501b
as snow in h 385a
both grow together until the h 506b
doth h no harm 446a
grassy h of the river-fields 8b
h of a quiet eye 469a
h truly is plenteous 506a
like a stubble-land at h home 376b
must Thy h-fields be dunged 442a
no h but a thorn 188a
share my h and my home 195b
she laughs with a h 205b
song of H-home 3b
the h is past 503b
where the thin h waves 114a
white already unto h 510b
Harvests of Arretium 253a
Harwich in a steamer from H 169a
Has-beens one of the h 194b
Haslemere sell good beer at H 27a
Haste fiery-red with h 375a
h of a fool is the slowest 321b
h still pays h 352b
h thee Nymph 268b
h to shed innocent blood 503a
h you, sad notes 78a
he that maketh h to be rich 498b
I said in my h 489a
make h, my beloved 501a
raw H, half-sister to Delay 433a
then why such h 160b
there was mounting in hot h 68b
this sweaty h 329b
tho' I am always in h 450a
what h I can to be gone 16a
where, with like h they run 198
while one with moderate h 330b
whither doth h the nightingale 79b
without h, but without rest 568b
you h away so soon 189a
Hasten h slowly 553a
h to be drunk 140a
men h to a conclusion 15b
now or old, still h to a close 108a
Hasting not full sails h loaden home 260b
until the h day has run 189a
Hasty man in his h days 36b
Hat a' brushes his h a mornings 358b
a chip h had she on 219a
a h is going round 194a
a penny in the old man's h 522b
as with my h upon my head 212a
by his cockle h and staff 335b
civility of my knee, my h, and hand 41b
come down dah wid my h caved in 156a
drop a button in the h 194a
his h in his hand 212a
I live by pulling off the h 176b
in h of antique shape 8a
my h and wig will soon be here 108b
never pull yr h upon yr brows 350a
Parsee from whose h the rays 237a
pitch the ball into the grounded h 113a
seen himself in a shocking bad h 417a
where did you get that h? 310a
without pulling off his h 207a
yr fortune lies beneath yr h 290b
yr h has got a hole in't 78b
Hatched couldna be h o'er again 144a
count their chickens ere th'are h 66a
wh h, wd, grow mischievous 338b
Hatches country wh is under h 222b
Hatchet with my little h 451b
Hatcheth sitteth on eggs, and h them not 503b
Hatching vain empires 272b
Hatchment nor h o'er his bones 336a
Hatchments Arms and H 440a
Hate dower d with the h of h 435b
enough religion to make us h 418b
h for arts that caused himself 303a
h him as I h hell-pains 359b
hence, ye profane, I h ye all 107a
I h a fool 123a
I h all Boets and Bainters 161a
I h all that don t love me 150a
I h him for he is a Christian 353a
I h, I love—the cause thereof 539b
I h the crowd 241b
in time we h that wh we fear 322b
let them h so long as they fear 540b
love and devote and h 135a
love sprung from my only h 365a
make brothers and sisters h 206a
Moses (a man I h) 236a
must h and death return? 394a
never been in love, or in h 413a
no h lost between us 265b
not love thy life, nor h 276b
nought did I in h 364a
roughness breedeth h 14b
scarcely h anyone that we know 183b
reason to h and to despise myself 183b
study of revenge, immortal h 271a
sweet love turns to deadly h 375a
ten men love what I h 506
the h of those ye guard 236b
them that h him flee before him 486a
they who h me may see it 487a
those fellows h us 240a
'tis delicious to h you 281a
when the English began to h 227a
worst sin is not to h them 390a
Hated brute I h so 45b
Dante, loved well because he h 49a
farewell, Horace, whom I h so 69a
h, as their age increases 414a
h by fools 420a
he h a fool, and he h a rogue 211b
or being h, don t give way 230a
she might have h 48a
to be h needs but to be seen 301a
Hater he was a very good h 211b
Hates extinction of unhappy h 6b
ineffectual fools and feeble h 5a
likes herself yet others h 104a
shadows of h 5a
Hath from him that h not 508a
taken away even that wh he h 508a
unto every one that h 508a
Hatim call to Supper 152b
Hatim Tai cry Supper 152b
Hating don't give way to h 230a
Hatred envy, h, and malice 478b
healthy h of scoundrels 81a
I must have no h 86b
no rage, like love to h turned 104b
now h, is by far the longest 71b
stalled ox and h therewith 498a
without love, h, joy, or fun 305b
Hats angels in broad-brimmed h 247b
bound in their hosen, and their h 504a
never saw so many shocking bad h 454b
their h were o' the birk 529a
they wat their h aboon 530a
Hatta other Messenger's called H 85a
Hatter 'you can't take *less*', said the H 83a
Haughtily how h he cocks his nose 419a
Haughtiness of soul 1b
Haunch in the h of winter sings 381a
Haunt a h of ancient Peace 435b
exempt from public h 325b
oh the weary h for me 225b
so h thy days chill thy nights 219a
the Mind of Man—my h 464a
to h, to startle, and waylay 470b
where they most breed and h 347a
Haunted beneath a moon was h 101a
Haunted (*cont*)
h me like a passion 472a
some h by the ghosts 375b
that is a h town to me 242a
'tis h holy ground 68a
Haunts h of horror and fear 434b
in the busy h of men 185a
not here Apollo h meet for thee 5b
Hause-bane his white h 529b
Hautboys gives the h breath 139a
Have deliver him, if he will h him 483a
for all we h and are 229a
h I no bays to crown it 188a
h it just *as* you've a mind to 230b
h more than thou showest 342a
h thou nothing to do 508a
if I dream I h you 132a
I h thee not, and yet I see thee 347b
I must not look to h 350b
men h it when they know it not 420a
other folk h what some be glad 151b
the House of H 161b
to h and to hold 481b
what we h we prize not 359a
Have-his-carcase 127a
Havelock pipes o' H 459a
Haven into the h where they wd be 488b
to their h under the hill 425b
Havenots the Haves and the H 567b
Havens in the h dumb 197b
ports and happy h 374b
Having lest, h Him, I have naught 441b
lest h that, or this 190a
Havoc cry, 'H!' 339b
the h did not slack 76b
Hawk Harry H 531b
h at eagles with a dove 187a
h of the tower 402b
his h, his hound, and his lady 529b
his h to fetch the wild-fowl 529b
I know a h from a handsaw 332b
no h, no banquet, or renown 187a
old ones by the h are kill'd 293b
wild h stood with the down 435b
wild h to the wind-swept sky 229b
Hawks all haggard h will stoop 238a
such h, such hounds 529b
Hawthorn(e) h hedge puts forth its buds 39a
sedulous ape to H 412b
the h bush a sweeter shade 384a
this h brake our tiring house 357a
under the h in the dale 268b
when h buds appear 356a
Hay a mangerful of h 311a
dance an antic h 258b
good h, sweet h 357a
great desire to a bottle of h 387a
nothing like eating h when runt 85a
sat with my love in the scented h 38a
the world is a bundle of h 72b
we lie tumbling in the h 373a
when husbands win their h 530b
worth a load of h 522a
Haycock under the h fast asleep 535a
Hayley Of H 's birth this was the lot 30a
to forgive enemies H does pretend 30a
when H finds out 30a
Haystack beside the h in the floods 284a
Hazael escapeth the sword of H 496a
Hazard equal hope, and h 271a
father's crown into the h 381b
he has put to h his ease 56a
I will stand the h 385b
men that h all do it in hope 353b
the h of concealing 60a
Hazel-nut chariot is an empty h 364b
Hazlitt I was at H 's marriage 239b
played the sedulous ape to H 412b
we cannot write like H 413b
He art thou h that shd come 506b
every h has got him a she 522b
h and we and all men 445b
h for God only 274a
h on whom I hy tempests fell 188a
H too, Whom we have by heart 265a
h 's for the morning 47a
I to Him, and H to me 441a
poorest h that is in England 397b
who is H, with modest looks 469a

Head above my h the heaven 35*b*
after his h was cut off 533*b*
a h fantastically carved upon it 380*b*
a' never broke any man's h 382*a*
a rosy garland and a weary h 401*b*
as gently lay my h on my grave 42*a*
as if her h she bow'd 268*a*
at his h a grass-green turf 335*b*
bare h in hell-black night 343*a*
binds so dear a h 391*b*
bowed his comely h, down 261*a*
breaking Priscian's h 66*a*
bruising of the hapless h 452*b*
can't make a h and brains 123*a*
change the cod's h 360*b*
chopper to chop off yr h. 533*b*
cover my defenceless h 455*b*
cowslips that hang the pensive h 270*a*
cuts the wrong man's h off 126*a*
fit to snore his h off 84*b*
forward bends his h 98*a*
four angels round my h 2*b*
from some once lovely H 153*a*
'gainst a h so old and white 342*b*
gently falling on thy h 453*a*
God be in my h 523*a*
gold crown on 'er 'e 236*b*
go up, thou bald h 496*b*
ground flew up hit me in the h 451*a*
had it h bit off by it young 342*a*
hang 'mid men my needless h 442*b*
have at his beddes h twenty bokes 88*b*
h grown grey in vain 392*b*
h, hands, wings, or feet 273*a*
h, heart, and hand 228*a*
h is not more native to the heart 329*b*
h keeps turnin' back to the tail 250*b*
h like a concertina 227*b*
h of a family off—shocking 126*a*
H that once was crowned with thorns 224*a*
h wh statuaries loved to copy 255*a*
he (Commenus) h to contrive 162*a*
here rests his h upon the lap 174*b*
her fair vast h 421*a*
her h on her knee 363*a*
hers is the h 292*b*
he seems no bigger than his h 343*b*
his answer trickled thro' my h 85*b*
his h and his hairs were white 518*b*
his h completely silvered o er 112*a*
his h under his wing 533*a*
his h with his legs 493*b*
his heart runs away with his h 103*b*
his madness was not of the h 73*a*
his shoulders and his heavy h 453*a*
hoary h is a crown of glory 498*a*
ideas of its 'h' differ from the tail' 17*b*
if she'd but turn her h 475*a*
if you can keep yr h 230*a*
I'll eat my h 125*a*
in the heart or in the h 354*a*
it shall bruise thy h 492*b*
I was born with a white h 379*b*
I will make you shorter by the h 145*b*
knock at a star with my exalted h 189*b*
lifts up his burning h 387*a*
like the ointment upon the h 490*a*
my hat upon my h 212*a*
my h is bending low 156*b*
my h is bloody, but unbowed 185*a*
my h is twice as big as yours 109*a*
my h is wild with weeping 394*a*
my parboiled h upon a stake 280*b*
nae room at my h 529*a*
nail my h on yonder tower 12*b*
not where to lay his h 506*a*
now does my project gather to a h 367*b*
no wool on de top of his h 156*b*
o er the cowslip's velvet h 268*a*
o'er the h of yr loved Lycidas 269*b*
off with his h 83*a*
off with his h Buckingham 95*b*
O good grey h 435*a*
'on my h', was the reply 129*a*
out of King Charles' h into my h 122*a*
over his living h like heaven 392*a*
painted her face, and tired her h 496*b*
put leaves round his h 123*a*
Head (*cont*)
rest thy weary h upon this breast 247*a*
ripe apples drop about my h 260*b*
savage as a bear with a sore h 259*b*
serious to get one's h cut off 84*b*
shake his sapient h 9*a*
she lifted up his bloudy h 529*b*
she has the h 121*b*
singe my white h! 342*b*
such as take lodgings in a h 65*a*
that one small h cd carry all 168*b*
that sacred h of thine 269*b*
the h of the gallows-tree 227*a*
their h the prow 139*b*
their precious balms break my h 490*b*
the kingly crowned h 328*a*
there s not a h so thick 229*b*
the suspicious h of theft 345*a*
the whole h is sick 501*a*
the Wild Ass stamps o'er his H 153*a*
this old grey h 459*a*
thou cutt st my h off 366*a*
thou hast anointed my h with oil 483*a*
thou hast covered my h 490*b*
thro' headpiece and thro' h 254*a*
thumped him on the h 85*b*
thy h is as full of quarrels 365*b*
thy poor h almost turns 7*b*
to deck her mistress' h 74*a*
touches a hair of yon grey h 459*a*
traitor, off with his h 385*a*
trample round my fallen h 426*a*
two separate sides to my h 236*a*
under my h a sod 530*b*
uneasy lies the h 380*a*
very h and front of my offending 360*a*
what seem d his h 272*b*
wherefore shd I busk my h 530*a*
wh was the h wh the tail 38*a*
wh way the h lies 308*a*
whose h proud fancy never taught 113*b*
why not upon my h? 375*b*
with a shake of his poor little h 165*a*
with bent h and beseeching hand 51*a*
with monstrous h and sickening cry 92*a*
yet anon repairs his drooping h 270*a*
you incessantly stand on yr h 82*b*
yr royal h may fall 91*b*
Headache I happen to have a h 84*b*
Head-in-air Johnny H 193*a*
Headland top of some bold h 464*a*
Headlong H Ap-Headlong 295*a*
h themselves they threw down 275*a*
wash'd h from on board 107*b*
Headpiece thro' h and thro' head 254*a*
Heads beast with many h 328*a*
blunt monster with uncounted h 379*b*
curling their monstrous h 380*a*
empty h and tongues 199*b*
fall'n on the inventors' h 337*a*
h, h! five children—mother 126*a*
h I win 115*b*
hide their diminished h 273*b*
hills whose h touch heaven 360*a*
hover in their restless h 259*b*
houseless h and unfed sides 343*a*
hung their h, and then lay by 385*b*
knowledge dwells in h replete 112*b*
pillars rear their marble h 104*b*
shake their h, saying 483*a*
tall men had ever very empty h 13*b*
their h all in nightcaps 81*b*
their h are green 243*b*
their h are hung with ears 357*a*
their h never raising 467*b*
this dreadful pother o'er our h 342*b*
toss-pots still had drunken h 372*a*
when our h are bowed with woe 266*b*
whose h do grow beneath 360*a*
Head-stone in the corner 489*a*
Heal break, and h it if it be 109*b*
grief that fame can never h 12*b*
I will h me of my wound 429*b*
physician, h thyself 509*a*
there is none to h it 221*b*
what wound did ever h 361*b*
Healed convert and be h 501*b*
had h it for ever 247*a*
with his stripes we are h 503*a*
Healer destroyer and h, hear 423*a*
Healeth he h those that are broken 490*b*
Healing arise with h in his wings 504*b*
for the h of the nations 520*a*
long expected h wings 447*b*
rises with h in his wings 110*b*
the most High cometh h 521*a*
Health art so far from my h 483*a*
a sound and pristine h 350*b*
h and high fortune 317*b*
h is the second blessing 450*b*
h on both 349*a*
here's a double h to thee 73*a*
here s a h to all 523*b*
he that will this h deny 143*a*
hunt in fields, for h unbought 140*a*
I have nor hope nor h 399*a*
in h and wealth long to live 478*b*
look to yr h 450*b*
my long sickness of h 368*a*
not good for the Christian h 233*a*
there is no h in us 478*a*
thine h shall spring forth 503*a*
thy saving h among all nations 486*a*
voice of joy and h 489*a*
wisdom breathed by h 471*b*
Healths of h five-fathom deep 364*b*
when h and draughts go free 249*b*
Healthy h by temperance 303*a*
h, free the world before me 458*a*
h, wealthy and wise 157*a*
imagination of a boy is h 217*a*
Heap one h of all yr winnings 230*a*
Heaps unsunned h of miser s 267*b*
Hear all that h me this day 513*a*
and yrs to h 403*b*
be swift to h, slow to speak 517*a*
cd ever h by tale or history 356*a*
did ye not h it? 68*b*
dinna ye h it? 459*a*
do any man s heart good to h me 356*b*
few love to h the sins they act 364*a*
h about the graves of the martyrs 414*b*
h a song that echoes cheerly 431*b*
h it not, Duncan 347*b*
h no more at all 414*b*
h the Aziola cry 393*a*
h them, read, mark, learn 479*a*
h the other side 537*b*
h those things wh ye h 509*a*
he cannot choose but h 98*a*
he that hath ears to h 508*a*
I h a smile 116*a*
I h thee and rejoice 463*b*
I h the foules singe 89*b*
I h you, I will come 199*a*
I love to h the story 266*a*
in heaven will you h or know 424*a*
men sit and h each other groan 220*a*
my heart wd h her and beat 434*a*
O h us when we cry to Thee 457*a*
planted the ear, shall he not h 487*b*
scarce cd they h their foes 318*b*
she will not h 423*a*
still must I h? 72*a*
still, still to h her breath 220*b*
still stood fixed to h 275*b*
the larkspur listens, 'I h, I h' 434*a*
they never wd h 419*a*
time will come when you will h 128*a*
to h some new thing 512*b*
to h, was wonder 137*a*
we cannot h it 355*a*
we shall h it by and by 44*b*
ye must not h him 3*a*
Heard all the sound I h 198*b*
ay, they h his foot 119*b*
enough that he h it once 44*b*
h for their much speaking 505*a*
h melodies are sweet 219*b*
h, not regarded 378*b*
h whether be any Holy Ghost 512*b*
he h it but he heeded not 69*a*
her name is never h 22*a*
his name is h no more in heaven 275*a*
I have also h the same 485*b*
I have h of thee by the ear 497*b*
I never h till now 267*a*
I've h old cunning stagers say 65*b*
I will be h 158*b*
lark so far cannot be seen or h 343*b*
long after it was h no more 471*a*

Heard (*cont*)
none wd be h or writ so oft 36*a*
oon ere it h 90*a*
she wished she had not h it 360*a*
since I h thee last 109*a*
then is h no more 350*b*
they h , and were abashed 271*b*
this patter isn't generally h 167*a*
was h the world around 270*a*
what never yet was h in tale 266*b*
wh in those days I h 465*a*
ye have read, ye have h 235*b*
Hearer any be a h of the word 517*b*
the charmed h 443*a*
Hearers attentive and favourable h 196*b*
edification of the h 56*b*
his h cd not cough 215*a*
not h only 517*b*
Heareth not the loud winds 470*a*
Hearing fall asleep, or h die 385*b*
h oftentimes the still, sad music 472*a*
make passionate my sense of h 344*b*
Hearken h , Lady Betty 48
h , O daughter, and consider 484*b*
to h than the fat of rams 495*a*
Hearkened to my commandments 502*b*
Hearkens it leans, and h after it 134*a*
Hears he h on all sides 276*b*
she neither h nor sees 463*a*
Hearse flowers to crown thy h 225*a*
h where Lycid lies 270*a*
underneath this sable h 42*b*
walk before the h 158*b*
Heart a broken and contrite h 485*a*
a broken h lies here 252*b*
absence makes the h grow fonder 22*a*
a h as soft, a h as kind 190*a*
a h grown cold 392*b*
a h to pity, and a hand to bless 94*b*
a h unfortified 330*a*
a h within blood-tinctured 43*b*
all 's here about my h 337*a*
all that mighty h is still 472*b*
all thy h lies open unto me 436*b*
a loving h to thee 190*a*
a man after his own h 495*a*
a naked thinking h 132*a*
and mine, with my h in it 367*b*
and the h replies 112*b*
as a seal upon thine h 501*a*
a shy spirit in my h 472*b*
as my poor h doth think 251*b*
as well as want of h 196*a*
at the red-ripe of the h 51*a*
a throe of the h 37*a*
awake, my h , to be loved 35*b*
a warm h within 109*a*
awful warmth about my h 222*b*
aye a h aboon them a' 63*a*
beating of my own h 198*b*
because my h is pure 438*a*
bitter h that bides its time 45*b*
blessed are the pure in h 505*a*
blind side of the h 92*a*
blows over the lonely of h 475*b*
bread to strengthen man s h 488*a*
bring with you a h 471*b*
broke his h in Clermont town 25*b*
broken h kens nae second spring 525*b*
broods and sleeps on his own h 469*a*
but deceiveth his own h 517*b*
but some h did break 429*b*
but thou hast my h 305*b*
call home the h you gave me 137*a*
chooseth the pure in h 224*a*
consenting language of the h 160*a*
Convent of the Sacred H 145*a*
cruelty has a human h 33*a*
cry did knock against my very h 367*a*
daughter of my house and h 68*a*
day breaks not, it is my h 132*a*
dissemble in their double h 482*a*
drink thy wine with a merry h 499*b*
each wish of my h 281*b*
enrich my h , mouth, hands 187*a*
entered my h at some noonday 46*b*
ever hold me in thy h 337*a*
every lusty h beginneth 257*b*
ev'ry pang that rends the h 53*a*
fails my h I know not how 286*b*
faint h ne'er wan a lady fair 59*a*

Heart (*cont*)
farewell the h that lives alone 468*b*
far other aims his h had learned 168*b*
feed the h of the night 422*b*
felt along the h 472*a*
fire that in the h resides 7*a*
firstlings of my h 350*a*
fit to employ all the h 51*b*
fleshy tables of the h 515*a*
floodgate of the deeper h 155*a*
floods his h abrim 229*a*
following her daily of thy h 312*b*
fool hath said in his h 482*a*
for a man with h , head, hand 433*b*
for Witherington my h was woe 530*b*
found in thine h to sing 422*b*
found not my h moved 402*a*
friendship made my h to ache 30*a*
gave my h another youth 389*a*
give but not yr h away 198*b*
give me a h to find out Thee 224*a*
give me back my h 73*a*
give me back my h again 173*a*
given him his h 's desire 482*b*
giving yr h to a dog to tear 233*b*
God be in my h 523*a*
grandeur in the beatings of the h 465*b*
grandeurs of his Babylonian h 441*b*
grant thee thy h 's desire 482*b*
Greensleeves was my h of gold 523*b*
grieve his h 349*b*
happiness that makes the h afraid 195*b*
hardness of h 478*b*
hast cleft my h in twain 335*a*
head h , and hand 228*a*
healeth those that are broken in h 490*b*
hear it in the deep h 's core 475*b*
h against thy side hammers 234*b*
h and soul do sing in me 402*a*
h and voice oppress 286*a*
h as sound as a bell 358*b*
h aye 's the part aye 60*a*
h benevolent and kind 63*b*
h distrusting asks, if this be joy 168*b*
h doth need a language 101*b*
h for falsehood framed 400*a*
h handfast in h as they stood 421*b*
h has its reasons 564*b*
h hath ne er within him burn d 317*a*
h is deceitful above all things 503*b*
h is in their boots 92*b*
h is sick of woe 38*b*
h is turned to stone 362*b*
h knoweth his own bitterness 498*a*
h less native to high Heaven 411*a*
h must pause to breathe 74*a*
h of a man to the h of a maid 229*b*
h of a ranger 26*a*
h of kings is unsearchable 498*b*
h of my h , were it more 423*a*
h of oak are our ships 158*b*
h puts forth its pain 39*a*
h runs away with his head 103*b*
h 's denying 21*a*
h 's lightness from May 217*b*
h , the fountain of sweet tears 471*a*
h to h , and mind to mind 317*a*
h [treads] on h 44*a*
h *was* true to Poll 58*b*
h whose love is innocent 74*a*
h with English instinct 136*b*
h within, and God o erhead 248*a*
heathen h that puts her trust 233*b*
he (Commenus) had a h to resolve 162*a*
He hardened Pharaoh s h 493*b*
he has a h , and gets his speeches 310*a*
here's a h for every fate 73*a*
her h in his grave 281*b*
he tears out the h of it 238*a*
his flawed h burst sminingly 344*a*
his h and soul away 198*b*
his h shd glow 166*a*
his h to report 357*b*
his h was hot within 248*b*
his h was one of those 67*b*
his lost h was tender 399*a*
his madness was of h 73*a*
hold thee to my h 169*a*
holiness of the h 's affection 222*a*
hope deferred maketh the h sick 498*a*
hours I spent with thee, dear h 309*b*

Heart (*cont*)
how can thine h be full 422*b*
how else but thro' a broken h 459*b*
how sweet! did any h now share 399*a*
how the h listened 443*a*
humble and a contrite h 233*b*
I feel my h —I can't tell how 528*a*
I feel my h new opened 386*a*
if guilt's in that h 282*a*
if it enrich not the h of another 247*a*
if the h of a man is deprest 159*b*
if thou wilt ease thine h 23*b*
if thy h fails thee 145*b*
if thy h fail thee 307*b*
if yr h be only true 58*b*
if yr h is in it 21*b*
I had locked my h in a case 530*a*
I had rather coin my h 341*a*
I love the language of his h 303*b*
Indian Summer of the h 458*b*
infinite h 's ease kings neglect 382*b*
in his h is a blind desire 420*b*
inmost cupboards of her h 430*b*
in my h , tho' not in heaven 188*a*
innocent is the h 's devotion 399*b*
in the h is the prey for gods 423*b*
in the h of a friend 240*b*
into my h an air that kills 199*b*
I said to H , 'How goes it?' 26*b*
I shall be out of h shortly 378*b*
I was false of h 389*a*
I wish my h had never known ye 526*a*
I'll sell yr h s desire 229*a*
I'll warrant him h -whole 327*b*
it 's oh! in my h 217*a*
joy to his mighty h 228*a*
knocked on my sullen h in vain 415*a*
knowledge of h in Richardson 208*a*
Land of H 's Desire 475*b*
laugh, h , ag in 474*b*
laying his hand upon many a h 247*a*
lay that earth upon thy h 227*b*
lent out my h with usury 239*b*
let no man's h fail 495*b*
let not yr h be troubled 511*a*
let thy h cheer thee 499*b*
lifeless charms, without the h 159*a*
lift up yr h 455*b*
light h lives long 345*a*
like a living coal his h was 248*b*
little body with a mighty h 381*b*
look in thy h , and write 401*b*
loosed our h in tears 6*b*
made my h to glow 407*b*
make me a clean h 485*a*
make my seated h knock 346*b*
make the h of this people fat 501*b*
make this h rejoice 109*b*
maketh glad the h of man 488*a*
man's h is small 235*a*
me h is on me sleeve 92*b*
Mercy has a human h 33*a*
merry h doeth good 498*b*
merry h goes all the day 173*a*
merry h maketh cheerful 498*a*
moon of the h 's desire 313*a*
more native to the h 329*b*
mountain 'tween my h and tongue 339*a*
much against my h 294*a*
music in my h I bore 471*a*
my foolish h expand 45*b*
my h aches 219*b*
my h and my flesh rejoice 487*a*
my h beats loud 394*b*
my h go pit-a-pat! 50*a*
my h hath 'scap'd this sorrow 388*b*
my h is gladder than all these 310*b*
my h is heavy 568*a*
my h is idly stirred 465*a*
my h is inditing of a good matter 484*b*
my h is like an apple tree 310*b*
my h is like a rainbow shell 310*b*
my h is like a singing bird 310*b*
my h is not here 62*a*
my h is sair for Somebody 60*b*
my h leaps up when I behold 468*a*
my h remembers how! 414*b*
my h , safe left, shall meet 402*a*
my h shall be the faithful compass 161*a*
my h 's in the Highlands 62*a*, 320*a*
my h 's right there 461*a*

Heart (*cont*)
alights on the warm h 443*b*
my h 's subdued even to my lord 360*b*
my h 's undoing 281*b*
my h thy home 398*b*
my h untravell'd fondly turns 169*b*
my h upon my sleeve 359*b*
my h was hot within me 484*a*
my h was like to break 20*b*
my h was used to beat 429*b*
my h with pleasure fills 407*b*
my h wd hear her and beat 434*a*
my life, my love, my h 190*a*
myn h dye 90*a*
my reins and my h 483*b*
my true love hath my h 401*b*
my whole h rises up 47*b*
mysterious links enchain the h 172*b*
nearer to the H 's Desire 154*a*
never a crack in my h 475*b*
never give all the h 474*b*
never has ached with a h 421*a*
no longer tear the h 420*a*
no matter from the h 369*b*
no, no, my h is fast 526*a*
Nora's h is lost 318*b*
nor yet a h so sick 229*b*
no, the h that has truly lov'd 281*b*
not really bad at h 26*a*
now cracks a noble h 337*a*
nowhere beats the h so kindly 12*a*
no woman's h so big 371*a*
obey thy h 146*b*
O h be at peace 474*a*
O h I it she d but turn her head 475*a*
on my h they tread now 375*b*
open my h and you will see Italy 46*a*
open not thine h to every man 520*b*
or in the h or in the head 354*a*
O that man's h were as fire 420*a*
O true, brave h ! 134*b*
our being's h and home 469*b*
out of the abundance of the h 506*b*
out-worn h , in a time out-worn 474*b*
pageant of his bleeding h 6*a*
passionate h of the poet 433*b*
pavilion of my h 441*a*
pitee renneth sone in gentil h 89*a*
poor man's h thro' half the year 318*a*
possess thy h , my own 37*b*
pourest thy full h 398*a*
privacy of yr fool s h 412*a*
put his h to school 463*a*
religion's in the h 205*b*
revolting and rebellious h 503*b*
rise in the h 436*a*
roaming with a hungry h 438*b*
room my h keeps empty 225*a*
round his h one golden hair 312*b*
ruddy drops that visit my sad h 338*b*
same h beats in every breast 5*a*
secret anniversaries of the h 248*b*
seeing, shall take h again 248*a*
send me back my h 416*a*
set not yr h upon them 485*b*
Shakespeare unlocked his h 47*b*, 470*b*
shall see thy h s desire 37*a*
she is the darling of my h 79*b*
she wants a h 302*a*
shd you need nor h nor hands 414*a*
sigh, h , again in the dew 474*b*
sighing of a contrite h 479*a*
sighs are the language of the h 321*b*
sigh that rends thy constant h 109*a*
sleep in old England's h 453*b*
so long as the human h is strong 17*b*
sorrows of my h are enlarged 483*a*
so the h be right 308*a*
speaks to the h alone 82*b*
spring Thou up within my h 455*b*
stabb'd me to the h 159*a*
stay at home, my h 248*b*
steady of h , and stout of hand 317*a*
stout h , and open hand 318*a*
strings in the human h 121*a*
stuff wh weighs upon the h 350*b*
such a h in my bosom 350*a*
sure of his unspotted h 295*b*
sweet concurrence of the h 191*a*
take any h , take mine 166*b*
take h , fair days will shine 166*b*

Heart (*cont*)
your image at our h 96*b*
take h of grace 166*a*
take thy beak from out my h 298*b*
taming my wild h to thy hand 358*b*
tear out yr h 232*b*
tell the most h -easing things 220*b*
thanks to the human h 467*a*
that h I'll give to thee 190*a*
that quivered in his h 72*a*
that shire the h of England 137*a*
that young faithful h 184*b*
the bruised h was pierced 360*a*
the counsellor h 328*a*
the h but one 34*a*
the h is a small thing 307*a*
the h must bear the longest part 187*a*
the h of Hell 227*a*
the h out of the bosom 198*b*
the h ran o ur with worship 73*a*
the h that loved her 472*a*
the language of the h 303*a*
the larger h , the kindlier hand 431*a*
the laughing h 's long peace 40*a*
them wh are true of h 482*a*
then burst his mighty h 340*a*
there will yr h be also 505*b*
the service of a mind and h 465*b*
the strong h of her sons 136*b*
the wh shall never go from my h 257*a*
the whole h faint 501*a*
think, this h , all evil shed 40*a*
this h , I know, to be long lov'd 5*b*
this indeed, O world! the h of thee 339*b*
this is a h the Queen leant on 48*b*
tho' the h be still as loving 74*a*
thou break'st my h 187*b*
thou voice of my h 115*b*
thro' the sad h of Ruth 220*a*
thy fair hair my h enchained 401*b*
thy h the lowliest duties did lay 467*b*
thy h with dead innocencies fill'd 293*b*
to eat thy h thro' despairs 409*b*
to get yr h 's desire 391*a*
to mend the h 298*b*
to my dead h run them in 415*a*
to their captain the h 380*b*
twice broken His great h 244*a*
twist the sinews of thy h 32*a*
understand with their h 501*b*
unquiet h and brain 429*b*
untroubled h of stone 77*a*
vacant h and hand 319*a*
waited for the h 's prompting 144*a*
Ward has no h , they say 310*a*
waste his whole h in one kiss 438*a*
weak hands tho' mighty h 392*a*
wear him in thy h 's core, ay, 331*a*
were not my h at rest 321*a*
what can a tired h say 119*a*
what h ed have thought you 443*a*
what his h thinks tongue speaks 358*b*
what the false h doth know 347*b*
when once the young h is stolen 281*b*
when thy h began to beat 32*a*
when we meet a mutual h 443*a*
where I have garnered up my h 363*a*
where my h is turning ebber 150*a*
where my h lies 49*a*
whether it be the h to conceive 217*a*
wh the poor h wd fain deny 350*b*
whispers the o'erfraught h 350*a*
whose complexion and whose h 373*b*
wilt thou cure thine h of love 23*b*
windy tempest of my h 384*b*
win my h from me 432*b*
winning each h 120*b*
wish thine own h dry 219*a*
with a h for any fate 248*a*
with h , and soul, and voice 286*b*
with women the h argues 7*a*
wound a h that's broken 317*b*
wounded is the wounding h 114*b*
ye cannot unlock yr h 146*b*
yet thro' good h , and Our Ladye's 317*a*
your h 's desires be with you 325*b*
Heartache we end the h 333*a*
Heartfelt with our h sympathy 165*b*
Hearth a genial h 468*b*

Hearth (*cont*)
as from an unextinguished h 396*b*
blazing h shall burn 174*a*
by this still h 438*b*
Hearths their altars and their h 553*a*
Hearthside embers in h ease 180*a*
Hearthstone his clean h 59*b*
light of his own h 235*b*
Heartily know 146*b*
Hearts a-yining of h housekeepings 125*b*
boldest of h that ever braved 51*a*
brave h and clean! 428*b*
but our h are great 428*b*
change yr h or lose yr Inns 27*a*
cherish those h that hate thee 386*a*
combine yr h in one 383*b*
conserved of maidens' h 362*b*
country that eager h expect 286*a*
creeds that move men's h 38*b*
dear h across the seas 230*a*
did not our h burn 510*a*
draw h after them tangled 277*a*
ensanguin'd h 112*b*
floor lay pav'd with broken h 249*b*
free h , free foreheads 439*a*
gentleness, in h at peace 40*a*
hands upon their h 200*a*
h are brave again 200*a*
h are dry as summer dust 464*a*
h just as pure and fair 163*b*
h of men, wh fondly here admire 409*a*
h of oak our men 10*b*
h of truest metal 198*a*
h that honour cd not move 40*a*
h , that once beat high 281*a*
h that spaniel'd me at heels 324*a*
h that with rising morn arise 223*b*
H was her favourite suit 239*a*
helps good h in need 119*a*
home-keeping h are happiest 248*b*
if hands joined where h agree 173*a*
if young h were not so clever 199*b*
incline our h to keep this law 480*a*
in the h of his fellow citizens 244*a*
I've heard of h unkind 471*a*
kind h are more than coronets 431*b*
Knave of H , he stole those tarts 83*b*, 532*b*
men with splendid h 39*b*
neither have the h to stay 66*a*
new heraldry is hands not h 362*b*
of all that human h endure 213*a*
offspring of cold h 57*a*
one equal temper of heroic h 439*a*
or any h to beat 476*a*
other lips, and other h 53*b*
our faces vizards to our h 349*a*
our h , though stout and brave 248*a*
our h were fulfilled 423*a*
O you hard h , you cruel men 337*b*
pain of finite h that yearn 52*b*
pluck their h from them 383*a*
pure eyes and Christian h 224*a*
Queen of H made some tarts 83*b*, 532*b*
simple song for thinking h 465*b*
some that smile have in their h 340*b*
stout h and sharp swords 28*b*
streaming eyes and breaking h 433*a*
such a woe as wins more h 524*a*
the cheerful h now broken 282*b*
the day star arise in yr h 518*a*
the h of old gave hands 362*b*
their h are in the right place 129*b*
thousand h beat happily 68*a*
to h wh near each other move 394*a*
to live in h we leave behind 76*b*
to steal away yr h 340*a*
to whom all h be open 480*a*
turn the h of the disobedient 508*b*
two fond h in equal love 18*b*
two h beating each to each 48*b*
two h that beat as one 568*b*
union of hands and h 425*a*
vainly h with h are twined 120*a*
we have given our h away 473*a*
what h have men 428*b*
when h have once mingled 395*a*
while yr h are yearning 156*a*
who crucify h , not hands 423*b*
with h of controversy 337*b*
yr image at our *hearts* 96*b*

Heart-sick Chatham h 111b
Heart-strings jesses were my h 362a
my fluttering h 227a
Heart-throbs count time by h 18a
Heat burden and h of the day 507b
first from h did canopy the head 387a
grateful coolness in the h 86b
h me these irons hot 374a
h not a furnace for yr foe so hot 385b
h the furnace one seven times 504a
h was in the very sod 286b
nothing hid from the h thereof 482b
not the schoolboy h 431a
not without dust and h 279a
one h doth drive out another 87b
sun light on them, nor any h 519a
surprised I was with sudden h 407b
the h of the long day 7a
thy h of pale-mouthed prophet 220a
where is that Promethean h 363b
Heated in the chase 423b
Heating to warm without h 28a
Heath a wind on the h 34a
h wore the appearance of night 180b
land of brown h 317b
lo! where the h 114a
my foot is on my native h 320a
nobody could understand the h 180b
sword sung on the barren h 30a
where the place? Upon the h 345b
why upon this blasted h 346a
wind on the h, brother 34a
Heathen any example in any h 291b
break the h and uphold the Christ 427b
counsel of the h to nought 483b
h bows down to wood and stone 184a
h Chinee is peculiar 182a
h heart that puts her trust 233b
h in 's blindness 228b
h so furiously rage together 481b
machine for converting the H 80a
nostalgia of the h past 243a
not a H, or a Jew 462b
pokes the h out 228b
that the h may know themselves 482a
the h make much ado 484b
vain repetitions, as the h do 505a
you're a pore benighted h 229a
Heather among the h bright 85b
singer lies in the field of h 414b
the bare and broken h 12a
thro' the rare red h 75b
Heaths some game on these lone h 183b
Heaven above my head the h 35b
a H in a Wild Flower 29a
a h on earth 273b
all H in a Rage 29a
all I seek, the h above 414a
all of h we have below 1b
all places distant from H alike 61a
all places hell that are not h 258a
all that we have of h 291b
all the company of h 480b
and *all* to h 214b
and then—what pleases H 317b
angels on the walls of h 259b
an humbler h 300b
anything that is in h above 480a
appeared a great wonder in h 519a
are there no stones in h 364a
as near to h by sea 162b
Astarte, Queen of H 271b
at h 's gates she claps her wings 251b
a will most incorrect to h 330a
bask in h 's blue smile 393a
betwixt H and Charing Cross 442a
beyond H 's wilderness 397b
Brahma from his mystic h groans 217b
breaks the serene of h 407a
bring all H before mine eyes 268b
bring up the rear in h 41b
bring with thee airs from h 311a
Britain first, at H 's command 443a
builds a H in Hell's despair 32a
by that h that bends above us 298b
calls to *H* for human blood 29a
candidate of h 140b
choir of h and furniture of earth 28a
clinging H by the hems 442b
dip his brush in dyes of h 318b
drives Night with them from H 152a

Heaven (*cont*)
earth be but the shadow of H 275a
earth can take or H can give 394a
earth resteth, h moveth 187b
earth's crammed with h 43a
eternal joys of h 258b
even from the gates of h 54a
ev'n in h his looks downward bent 272a
fairer person lost not H 272a
fiercest Spirit that fought in H 272a
find the way to h 326a
first h and earth were passed 519b
flew up to h 's chancery 412a
flowerless fields of h 420a
from a throne mounted in h 438a
from the gold bar of H 311b
from the verge of H 275a
gems of H, her starry train 274b
gentleness of h broods 467a
give the jolly h above 414a
glance from h to earth 357b
God created the h 492a
God's in his h 502
goes his own By-way to h 118b
good gifts are sent from H above 76a
greatest herald of H 's King 137b
H and Hell Amalgamation Society 82a
H and Nature seem'd to strive 215a
H, as its purest gold 299b
h awards the vengeance due 107b
h being spread with this screen 180b
h be in thee lips 258b
H did a recompense send 174b
h has no rage, like love to hatred 104b
H hath my empty words 151b
h hath sent me fortune 326a
'H help him!' quoth Lars Porsena 253b
h in her eye 275b
h is above all yet 385b
h is a matter of digestion 201a
H is everywhere at home 92b
H is for thee too high 275b
H is free from clouds 69a
h is like to a grain of mustard 506b
h is music 78a
H itself lies here 115a
h itself wd stoop to her 268a
H lies about us in our infancy 466a
h nor earth have been at peace 338b
h not grim but fair of hue 48b
H rejects the lore 467b
h 's colour, the blue 284a
h sends us good meat 158b
h 's eternal year is thine 140b
H 's gate, built in Jerusalem's wall 30b
h 's gift takes earth's abatement 49a
H 's great lamps do dive 78a
H 's happy instrument 313b
H 's last best gift 274b
H 's light forever shines 392b
H 's melodious strains 320b
h smiles, and faiths gleam 394a
h 's morning breaks 251b
H soon sets right 46a
H 's pomp is spread on ground 464a
H stops the nose 363a
h such grace did lend her 372b
h suffereth violence 506b
h's wide pathless way 268a
H, that but once was prodigal 140a
H to gaudy day denies 74a
H tries earth if it be in tune 251a
H views it with delight 260b
h vows to keep him 215a
h was in him, before he was in h 450b
he gain'd from H a friend 174b
Hell afford the pavement of her H 116b
her early H, her happy views 430a
himself the h 's breath 344b
his blessed part to H 386a
his h commences 168a
his looks do menace h 259a
his name is heard no more in h 275a
hours to wh high H doth chime 447b
how the floor of h is thick inlaid 355a
I call h and earth to witness 494b
if H had looked upon riches 418a
if h wd make me such another 363b
I have an oath in h 354b

Heaven (*cont*)
I hope for h, thereby 86b
I'm farther off from h 195a
imminent h of his high soul 441b
in h, if I cry to you them 424a
inheritor of the kingdom of h 481a
in my heart, tho' not in h 188a
in that H of all their wish 39b
in the day when h was falling 200a
in the h, a perfect round 44b
in the silent summer h 437b
I saw a new h and a new earth 519b
I saw h opened 519b
is he in h? is he in hell? 290b
is not this house as nigh h 283a
it may be that only in H 306b
it 's a corner of h itself 461b
joy-bells ring in H 's street 261b
kingdom of h is at hand 504b
knell that summons thee to h 347b
lay up treasures in h 505b
leave to avenging H his will 420a
leave to H the measure 214a
lift my soul to h 385b
loftiest star of unascended h 397b
look for me in the nurseries of H 441b
look how high the h is 488a
louder than the bolts of h 77a
love is h, and h is love 71b, 317a
make a H of Hell 271a
makes h drowsy with the harmony 345a
make the face of h so fine 366a
man is H 's masterpiece 307a
mek' you think that H is comin' 410a
met my dearest foe in h 330a
mild H a time ordains 278b
more than all in H 70a
more than h pursue 304a
more things in h and earth 331b
moving thro' his clouded h 469b
my h 's extremest sphere 448b
my idea of h is *pâtes de foie gras* 404b
native to high H 441a
needs find out new h, new earth 322a
not H upon the past has power 142b
nothing true but H 282b
nothing under H so blue 415a
not scorned in h 109b
now ye wait at H 's Gate 235a
of so much fame in H 269b
one h, one hell 44b
one of these cloths is h 284a
only H knew of them 293b
on Sunday h 's gate stands ope 187a
order is H 's first law 301b
or what 's a h for 44b
our Father who art in h 505a
out of H and just like me 441b
over his head like h is bent 392a
parting is all we know of h 127b
pavilion of H is bare 393a
peopled H with Spirits masculine 276b
permission of all-ruling H 271a
Philosophy, that leaned on H 299a
plays such tricks before high h 351b
pomp, wh he from h doth bring 407b
quit the port o' H 287b
read not h or her 263b
reign in hell, than serve in h 271b
remembrance fallen from h 420b
riches of h 's pavements 272a
ring the bells of H 192a
see H 's glories shine 38b
set in H 's third story 439b
shall H 's promise clothe lovers 312a
short permit to H 276b
shun the h that leads men to hell 389a
shut from h 46b
shut thee from h with a dome 194a
sings hymns at h 's gate 387b
speaks of h 11a
steep ascent of H 184a
sure, I said, h did not mean 195b
swear not by h God's throne 505a
tangled boughs of H and Ocean 396a
that from H, or near it 398a
that kiss wh is my h to have 325a
that uncertain h 469b
the brightest h of invention 381a
the fair and open face of h 221a

Heaven (*cont*)
theirs is the kingdom of h 505*a*
their spirits are in H 472*b*
the lark, at h 's gate sings 328*b*
then h mocks itself 362*a*
th'opening bud to H conveyed 100*b*
there may be h 52*b*
there's h above 47*b*
there's husbandry in h 347*b*
there was silence in h 519*a*
there was war in h 519*a*
the seat we must change for H 271*a*
this is the gate of h 493*a*
thorny way to h 330*b*
those who win h , blest are they 49*a*
threw him from the face of h 258*b*
thro' H 's wide champain 275*a*
thy soul s flight, if it find h 348*b*
till in H the deed appears 63*b*
'tis h points out an hereafter 1*b*
'tis like a little H below 453*a*
to be young was very h 465*a*
to-day, between Hell and H 313*a*
to grow old in H is to grow young 312*a*
top of it reached to h 493*a*
to the very bourne of h 217*b*
to wh H has joined great issues 465*b*
to wh the Hell I suffer seems a H 273*b*
tradesman hope to go to h 142*b*
trouble deaf h with my cries 387*a*
turn thy back on h 146*a*
under an English h 40*a*
unlock the gate of H let us in 3*b*
unreconciled as yet to h 363*b*
uttermost part of the h 482*b*
voice of Rome is the consent of h 214*b*
waiting for the spark from H 8*a*
warring in H against H 's King 273*b*
was light from H 63*a*
watered h with their tears 32*a*
waves that beat on H 's shore 29*b*
we are all going to h 158*a*
weariness of climbing h 396*a*
we know the way to h by water 146*a*
we shall practise in h 49*a*
what they do in h we are ignorant 418*b*
when earth was nigher h 50*a*
when they come to model H 275*b*
whether in H ye wander fair 31*b*
wh in old days moved earth and h 439*a*
who knows save h 334*b*
whose h shd be true Woman 312*a*
why stand ye gazing up into h ? 512*a*
wish'd H made her such a man 360*a*
with him either in h or in hell 381*b*
without a thought of H or Hell 41*b*
women [differ] as H and Hell 429*a*
yon are the hills o' H 529*a*
Heavenly even in h place that busy archer 401*b*
h paradise is that place 78*b*
once more the H Power 426*b*
thy beauty's birth is h 78*a*
Heavens all the H thou hast in Him 114*b*
ancient H , in silent awe 30*a*
awake! the h look bright 281*b*
blue h above us bent 431*b*
distorts the H from pole to pole 30*a*
eternal in the h 515*a*
feels the h lie bare 443*a*
had I the h ' embroidered cloths 474*b*
h declare the glory of God 482*b*
h dropped at the presence of God 486*a*
h fill with shouting 432*b*
his fabric of the H hath left 275*b*
how many h at once 115*a*
hung be the h with black 383*b*
I create new h 503*b*
in the h like a white fawn 476*a*
I will consider thy h 482*a*
most ancient h , thro' Thee, are fresh 464*a*
pure as the naked h 467*b*
the h are not too high 187*a*
the h my wide roof-tree 12*b*
the h themselves blaze forth 339*a*
the h themselves, the planets 368*b*
the starry h above me 568*b*
the starry h above that plain 443*b*
till you are clothed with the h 445*a*
when the h are bare 466*a*
Heavens (*cont*)
ye h adore Him 224*a*
you promise h free from strife 106*b*
Heaviness h foreruns the good event 380*b*
h may endure for a night 483*b*
lay aside life-harming h 375*a*
melody, in our h 490*a*
praise for the spirit of h 503*b*
so full of h , O my soul 484*b*
Heaving up my either hand 190*b*
Heavy h , but no less divine 71*a*
light gains make h purses 16*a*
makes it much more h 369*a*
spins the h world around 199*b*
with a weight, h as frost 466*b*
Heavy-curled even as, h a charioteer 312*b*
Heavy-shotted hammock-shroud 429*b*
Hebraism H and Hellenism 9*b*
he knows', says H , 'His Bible' 10*a*
Hebrew an H of the Hebrews 516*a*
Hebrews are they H ? So am I 515*a*
Hebrid each cold H isle 103*a*
shepherd of the H isles 443*a*
Hebrides among the farthest H 471*a*
among the stormy H 443*b*
beyond the stormy H 270*a*
seas colder than the H 154*b*
we in dreams behold the H 320*b*
Hecate pale H 's offerings 347*b*
Hector H and Lysander 526*a*
how was he changed from that H 555*b*
the first H of Troy 257*a*
Hecuba what's H to him 333*a*
Hedge along the flowery h I stray 424*b*
from h to h about the mead 221*a*
high snowdrifts in the h 199*b*
in the warm h grew eglantine 398*a*
sheets bleaching on the h 373*a*
Hedgehog travels furtively 179*a*
Hedgehogs thorny h 356*b*
Hedges meadows, with filigree h 449*a*
unkempt about those h 39*b*
walls have tongues, and h ears 419*b*
Hedonist a fiddling h 412*b*
Heed h naught else 232*a*
himself, will take no h at all 470*a*
take h o' the foul fiend 343*a*
take h unto the thing 484*a*
Heeded he heard it, but he h not 69*a*
Heel hoofed h of a satyr 420*b*
lifted up his h against me 484*b*
thou shalt bruise his h 492*b*
Heels at his h a stone 335*b*
high h are most agreeable 417*b*
kick h with his throat in a rope 424*a*
only low h in the administration 417*b*
show it a fair pair of h 377*a*
stream'd out beyond his h 218*a*
Heifer plowed with my h 495*a*
that h lowing at the skies 219*b*
Heigh h -ho! sing h -ho! 326*b*
h ! the sweet birds 373*a*
Height altho' his h be taken 389*a*
h my soul can reach 44*a*
h of this great argument 270*b*
in the blue heaven s h 265*a*
measure yr mind s h 49*b*
none can usurp this h 218*a*
nor h , nor depth 513*b*
on Sunium's h 241*a*
takes the star's h 423*b*
to the Holiest in the h 288
we also know the sacred h 27*a*
what pleasure lives in h 437*a*
yonder mountain h 437*a*
Heights all the gifts from all the h 49*a*
h by great men reached 247*b*
h soul is competent to gain 464*b*
higher than the h above 110*a*
on the h of Killiecrankie 12*a*
other h in other lives 49*a*
trod the sunlit h 459*b*
Heine for songs 46*b*
Heir each second stood h to the first 359*b*
first h of my invention 386*b*
great h of fame 278*a*
h of all the ages 432*b*
h of the whole world 445*a*
helped her to an h 360*b*
her ashes new-create another h 386*b*
Heir (*cont*)
the destined h , in his soft cradle 216*b*
the hard h strides about 430*b*
Heiresses all h are beautiful 140*b*
Heirs h thro' hope of thy kingdom 480*b*
if children, then h 513*b*
sole h as well as you 445*a*
Helen come H give me my soul 258*b*
drove his ball thro H s cheek 172*b*
dust hath closed H 's eyes 285*b*
Heaven-born H 313*a*
H make me immortal with a kiss 258*b*
H 's beauty in a brow of Egypt 357*b*
H , thy beauty is to me 298*a*
H , whose beauty summoned Greece 259*b*
I wish I were where H lies 531*a*
Laodameia died, H died 241*b*
Leda, was the mother of H 293*a*
like another H , fir'd another Troy 139*a*
like H when Troy was sacked 313*b*
the ravish'd H , Menelaus' queen 368*b*
white Iope, blithe H 78*b*
Helena all is dross that is not H 258*b*
Helicon where H breaks down 5*b*
watered our horses in H 87*b*
Hell airs from heaven, or blasts from h 331*a*
a liar gone to burning h 363*b*
all h broke loose 274*b*
all places shall be h 258*b*
an agreement with h 159*a*
and that's his h 64*a*
an orphan's curse wd drag to h 99*a*
a swig in H from Gunga Din 230*a*
Ay, there, look grim as h 363*a*
better to reign in h 271*b*
bid him go to H , to H he goes 213*a*
builds a Heaven in H 's despair 32*a*
builds a H in Heaven s despite 32*a*
burn for ever in burning h 423*a*
characters of h to trace 173*b*
come hot from h 339*b*
down, down to h 384*b*
down to the Hinges o' H 231*a*
England is a h for horses 64*b*
envy's a coal hot from h 18*a*
for the fiery gulf of h 4*b*
for yr love to her, lead apes in h 366*b*
gates of h can never 20*a*
gates of h shall not prevail 507*a*
go to h like lambs 92*b*
have the keys of h and death 518*b*
having harrow'd h 408*a*
having two eyes to be cast into h 507*a*
heaven that leads men to this h 389*a*
H a fury like a woman scorn d 104*b*
Heaven and H Amalgamation Society 82*a*
h and night bring this birth 360*b*
h from beneath is moved for thee 502*a*
h is a city much like London 396*b*
h is full of musical amateurs 390*b*
h is murky 350*a*
h 's foundations quiver 20*a*
he said h ' 284*a*
himself a devil frae h 531*a*
improving prisons in H 100*b*, 406*b*
in danger of h fire 505*a*
in h they ll roast thee 63*a*
in the dunnest smoke of h 346*b*
into the mouth of H 426*a*
Italy a h for women 64*b*
it wd be h on earth 390*b*
jealousy the injured lover s h 275*a*
keep the gate of h 363*a*
let H afford the pavement 116*b*
made human life a h 7*a*
Madness risen from h 420*b*
make a Heaven of H 271*a*
make a h of this world 23*b*
marched—six—weeks in H 227*b*
Milton wrote at liberty of H 31*a*
more devils than vast h can hold 357*b*
more than h to shun 304*a*
myself am H 273*b*
never mentions h to ears polite 302*b*
night the child of h 383*a*
none admire that riches grow in h 272*a*
oh threats of H 153*a*
one heaven, one h 44*b*

Hell (*cont*)
parting all we need of h 127*b*
procuress to the Lords of H 430*a*
rocks whose entrance leads to H 267*b*
shalt not leave my soul in h 482*b*
shout that tore h 's concave 271*b*
sight of lidless eyes in H 312*a*
slander, meanest spawn of H 432*a*
soul from out immortal h 433*a*
summons thee to heaven or to h 347*b*
tears for all souls here, and in h 258*a*
that out of h leads up to light 272*b*
the cunning livery of h 352*a*
there is a dreadful H 452*b*
there must be h 52*b*
there was a way to h 54*a*
tho' h shd bar the way 290*a*
thou profoundest H 271*a*
to-day, between H and Heaven 313*a*
to wh the H I suffer 273*b*
war is all h 401*a*
what h it is, in suing long 409*a*
wh way I fly is H 273*b*
who art as black as h 380*b*
whose music h can move 78*b*
why this is h 258*b*
with h are we at an agreement 502*a*
without a thought of Heaven or H 41*b*
worth ambition tho' in h 271*b*
Hellas a brighter H 394*a*
to the gospel of H 67*a*
Hellenism Hebraism and H 9*b*
Hellespont ed have passed the H 70*b*
Propontic and the H 362*b*
straight H between her breasts 132*b*
Hell-fires an' dreamin' h to see 230*b*
Hell-gate flare of H there 235*b*
Hellhound h always a h 573*b*
Hellish dark, and smells of cheese 417*a*
Hell-kite O h ! All? 350*a*
Hell-pains as I hate h 350*b*
Hells tormented with thousand h 258*b*
Helmet drank the red wine thro' the h 316*b*
his h now shall make a hive 295*b*
put off my h to my countryman 324*b*
she saw the h and the plume 431*b*
Helmsman h steered us through 98*b*
so the h answered 248*a*
Help comfort of thy h again 485*a*
'e'll h us by-an'-by 234*a*
first did h to wound itself 374*b*
from whence cometh my h 489*b*
H ! Fire! H ! the harel 192*b*
h from the sanctuary 482*b*
h of the helpless 251*b*
h us all by Thy grace 525*a*
h us, this and every day 224*a*
here did England h me 47*b*
his ready h was ever nigh 210*b*
how can I h England? 47*b*
I can't h it 415*b*
lift not thy hands to *It* for h 153*b*
love without the h of anything 30*b*
not enough to h the feeble up 368*a*
O God, our h in ages past 453*a*
seeking h from none 171*b*
since there's no h 137*b*
there is no h in them 490*b*
very present h in trouble 484*b*
we have no h but Thee 143*b*
we'll h 'im for 'is mother 234*a*
what is past my h 23*a*
yr countrymen cannot h 207*a*
Helped being h , inhabits there 172*b*
we shall have h it 127*b*
Helper my h and redeemer 484*b*
our antagonist is our h 57*b*
Helpers when other h fail 251*b*
Helping h every feeble neighbour 171*b*
h , when we meet them, lame dogs 226*a*
Helpless h , look to Thee for grace 445*a*
h , naked, piping loud 32*a*
little, weak, and h 3*b*
she's h to hinder that or anything 180*b*
Helps God h them h themselves 157*a*
they used h , undergirding the ship 513*a*
Helter skelter, hang sorrow 215*b*
Hem flying hair and fluttering h 312*b*
red-rose-bordered h 476*b*
Hemisphere gilding the eastern h 400*a*
Hemlock burdocks, h , nettles 343*b*
Hen h gathereth her chickens 507*b*
he yaf nat of that text a pulled h 88*b*
hickety, pickety, my black h 534*a*
nine, ten, a good fat h 532*a*
poor h ! fond of no second brood 328*b*
two Owls and a H 243*a*
wondrous still, the cock and h 31*b*
Hence h , avaunt ('tis holy ground) 175*a*
h , dear delusion 403*b*
h , horrible shadowl 349*a*
h , loathed Melancholy 268*b*
h , with denial vain, excuse 269*a*
h , ye profane, I hate ye all 107*a*
h , you long-legged spinners 356*b*
whither hurried h ! 153*a*
Henpecked have they not h you all 70*a*
Henry and Tobias 230*a*
Henry Clay there's calm in a H 227*a*
Henry King chief defect of H 26*a*
Henry Pimpernell 366*b*
Her h for all she made 230*b*
I learned about women from h 230*b*
keeps their fallen day about h 203*a*
never mind h , go on talking 300*b*
Heraclitus they told me, H 106*a*
Herald hark the h -angels sing 455*b*
h of a noisy world 112*a*
I wish no other h 386*b*
last and greatest h of Heaven's 137*b*
spring the h of love's king 408*a*
Heraldries 'mong thousand h 221*b*
Heraldry boast of h 174*a*
our new h is hands not hearts 362*b*
Heralds of England's marshal 93*b*
Herb sour h of grace 375*b*
Herbert Tree 93*a*
Herbs bitter h they shall eat 493*b*
dinner of h where love is 498*a*
excellent h had our fathers 233*a*
h , and other country messes 269*a*
Medea gather'd the enchanted h 355*a*
Hercules H and Cadmus once 357*a*
H is not only known by his foot 42*a*
is not love a H 345*a*
some of H 526*a*
than I to H 330*a*
Herd habit rules the unreflecting h 470*a*
h ran violently down a steep place 506*a*
leave untended the h 318*b*
left the h long since 112*a*
lowing h winds slowly 174*a*
tho' the h have fled 282*a*
Herdman faithful h 's art 269*b*
Herdsman God the h 474*a*
Here a bird to the right sang H 422*b*
h a little, and there a little 502*a*
h am I, send me 501*b*
h are a few words 354*b*
h did she fall a tear 375*b*
h I and sorrows sit 374*a*
h in my crystalline, h in my breast 289*a*
h lies bold Robin Hood 530*b*
h lies one who meant well 472*b*
h 's a health to all 523*b*
h 's to the charmer whose dimple's 400*b*
h 's to the maiden of fifteen 400*b*
h to-day, and gone tomorrow 25*a*
h , unless I am mistaken, is our client 136*a*
h we are again! 238*a*
h we come a-wassailing 523*b*
h we come gathering nuts in May 523*b*
h , where the world is quiet 422*a*
h will I remain 166*b*
I have been h before 313*a*
it is good for us to be h 507*a*
La Fayette, we are h 296*b*
no noise h 189*a*
of h and everywhere 359*b*
Samuel answered, H am I 495*a*
'tis neither h nor there 361*a*
Hereabouts he dwells 366*a*
Hereafter by the all-hail h ! 346*b*
heaven points out an h 1*b*
here's yet in the word 'h ' 368*b*
she shd have died h 350*b*
what is love? 'tis not h 370*b*
what may come h 422*a*
Hereditary beholds his own h skies 142*b*
h bondsmen 68*a*
Heresies hateful h 409*a*
new truths begin as h 203*a*
Heresy h signifies no more than opinion 191*b*
what an Englishman believes be h 391*b*
Heretic it is a h that makes the fire 373*a*
Heretics Infidels, and H 479*b*
poor h in love 133*b*
Heritage an undefiled h 227*b*
h and gift that cometh 489*b*
I have a goodly h 482*b*
our h the sea 116*a*
that h of woe 73*a*
we have come into our h 39*a*
Hermaphrodite giddy h 234*a*
Hermes thrice great H 268*a*
Herminius back, H 253*b*
H glared on Sextus 253*b*
H smote Mamilus 254*a*
one of us two, H 253*b*
Hermit dwell a weeping h there 103*a*
h hoar, in solemn cell 211*b*
H of the dale 169*a*
the holy H raised his eyes 99*b*
this H good lives in that wood 99*b*
Hermitage minds take that for an h 249*b*
my gorgeous palace for a h 375*b*
Hermits contented with their cells 468*a*
Hermon little hill of H 484*b*
'Hernani' wait all day to applaud 'H ' 431*a*
Hero a h must drink brandy 210*a*
a h perish, or a sparrow fall 300*b*
came the h from his prison 12*b*
every h becomes a bore at last 148*b*
H can be Poet or what you will 80*b*
no man is a h to his valet 561*a*
one non-flunky, one h 81*a*
see the conquering h comes 244*a*
the god-like h sat 138*b*
to his very valet seemed a h 67*b*
where her young h sleeps 281*b*
Herod it out-herods H 333*b*
Heroes all the world's brave h 526*a*
country for h to live in 246*a*
frightened both the h so 84*a*
hail, ye h ! 198*a*
h were good as warming pans 264*b*
like my peers the h of old 50*b*
no thin red h 235*b*
Saints, H , if we will 5*a*
thin red line of h 235*b*
two h to begin with 81*a*
Heroic Samson finished a life h 278*a*
the h for earth too hard 44*b*
Heroically h fashioned 465*b*
in one word, h mad 138*b*
Heroine when a h goes mad 400*a*
Heroism I will report all h 458*b*
with you is h upon land 458*b*
Heron, the Shuh-Shuh-gah 248*b*
Herostratus lives burnt the Temple 42*b*
Herring buy my caller h ' 285*b*
h boxes without topses 280*b*
plague o' these pickle h 370*a*
roast thee like a h ' 63*a*
Herring Pond neighbours o'er the H 143*a*
the h is wide 48*b*
this side of the h 166*b*
Herrings h grew in the wood 534*a*
the Douglas in red h 178*a*
Herself gave me h indeed 48*a*
Hertfordshire plains of pleasant H 240*b*
Hervey call a dog H 206*a*
men, women, and H 's 280*a*
Hesper a shippered H 39*b*
Hesperian fables true 274*a*
Hesperides fruit of the H 442*b*
ladies of th' H 277*a*
still climbing trees in the H 345*a*
Hesperus H entreats thy light 214*b*
H that led the starry host 274*a*
H with the host of heaven came 457*a*
it was the schooner H 249*a*
Heterodoxy h is another man's doxy 450*b*
H or Thy-doxy 80*b*
Heterogeneity definite coherent h 408*a*
Hew not h him as a carcase 338*b*
somebody to h and hack 65*a*
Hewers of wood 494*b*

Hexameter in the h rises the fountain s column 101*b*
Hexameters barbarous h 427*a*
Hey h ! diddle-diddle 534*a*
H for Garsington 11*a*, 224*b*
H for God Almighty 11*a*, 224*b*
h , ho, the wind and the rain 372*a*
h nonino 327*b*
h , then, up go we 193*a*, 307*a*
into H nonny, nonny 358*b*
sing 'H to you' 165*b*
Hey-day in the blood is tame 335*a*
Hi he wd answer to 'H !' 86*a*
h -tiddley-hi-ti 309*b*
Hiawatha's Chickens 248*b*
Hic et ubique? then we'll shift 331*b*
Hic jacet narrow words *H* 308*a*
Hickety, pickety, my black hen 534*a*
Hickory, Dickory, Dock 534*a*
Hid I will find where truth is h 332*a*
thou hast h these things 509*a*
wherefore are these things h 369*b*
wh is, to keep that h 134*a*
Hidden half h from the eye 470*b*
nature is often h 16*a*
Hide for all 'is dirty h 229*b*
h , h , yr golden light 248*b*
h me by the bracken 530*b*
h me, O my Saviour 455*b*
h me under the shadow 482*b*
is there no baseness we wd h ? 430*a*
let me h myself in thee 445*a*
my h is sure to flatten 'em 25*b*
stream that must for ever h me 386*a*
that one talent wh is death to h 278*b*
to h the things 'e said 234*a*
whose h he sold 448*b*
Hideous ingratitude more h in a child 342*a*
too h to be shown 361*b*
Hides h from itself its state 214*a*
h the ruin that it feeds upon 110*b*
Hidest thou art a God that h thyself 502*b*
Hiding the Skeleton 264*a*
Hiding-place as a h from the wind 502*a*
his dark and lonely h 100*b*
Hiding-places ten years deep 472*b*
Higden Mrs H , you was a woman 125*b*
Higginbottom the last words of H 403*b*
High afraid of that wh is h 499*b*
all the trees they are so h 531*a*
as h as Heaven above 527*b*
as h as we have mounted 470*a*
be yrs to hold it h 256*a*
for of the most H cometh healing 521*a*
from h life h characters are drawn 301*b*
heaven is for thee too h 275*b*
heavens are not too h 187*a*
I am low, thou art h 422*a*
I only know it shall be h 200*a*
is there knowledge in the Most H 486*b*
it is just so h as it is 323*b*
look how h the heaven is 488*a*
pitch this one h 5*a*
she is the Broad, I am the H 528*b*
slain in thy h places 495*b*
so h , that looking downward 311*b*
strive to wind ourselves too h 224*a*
surge cannot be heard so h 343*b*
the h that proved too h 44*b*
this h man, aiming at a million 47*a*
this h man, with a great thing 47*a*
thou art gone up on h 486*b*
up above the world so h 425*a*
ye'll tak' the h road 525*b*
you in yr hansom leave the H 307*b*
High-Churchman a furious H I was 524*a*
High-cultured souls, h as her soil 77*b*
High diddle diddle rank as an idyll 165*b*
Higher friend, go up h 509*b*
h than the heights above 110*a*
look'd six inches h 114*a*
the h he 's a getting 190*b*
the steps were h that they took 141*b*
Highest counsel of the most H 488*b*
glory to God in the h 508*b*
my duty to have loved the h 428*a*
needs must love the h 428*a*
trouthe is the h thing 89*b*
Highflyer Mrs Boffin a h 125*b*
High-handed career of h wrong 87*a*
High jinks forgotten pastime of h 319*b*
Highland between lowland and h 421*b*
I'll forgive yon H chief 77*a*
my sweet H Mary 61*a*
Oh! where is yr H laddie gone? 217*a*
sweet H Girl 465*b*
the bloody H blade 317*a*
the heart is H 320*b*
yon solitary H lass 471*a*
Highlandman breeks aff a wild H 319*a*
Highlands Chieftain to the H 77*a*
in the h 414*b*
my heart's in the H 62*a*, 320*a*
will ye gang to the H wi me 526*a*
ye H and ye Lowlands 530*b*
Highly what thou wouldst h 346*b*
High-minded Lord, I am not h 490*a*
High-mindedness joss-sticks and h 35*a*
High-Park beyond H 's a desart 149*a*
Highway a h for our God 502*b*
by the broad h of the world 393*b*
h you my chief Parnassus be 402*a*
I'll be buried in the king's h 375*b*
in lane, h , or open street 445*b*
Highwayman came riding 290*a*
Highways go out into the h and hedges 509*b*
happy h where I went 199*b*
Hilarity sinking flame of h 125*a*
Hill a distant clearness in the h 430*b*
alas, that the longest h must end 24*b*
as the h of Basan 486*b*
at the other side of the h 454*b*
behind the cloud-topped h 300*b*
below the kirk, below the h 98*a*
city that is set on a h 505*a*
down the h dart 24*b*
flee as a bird unto the h 482*a*
hanged on the highest h 232*b*
h athwart a cedarn cover 101*a*
h beside the silver Thames 37*b*
h of everlasting youth 36*b*
hunter home from the h 415*a*
I climbed a h as light fell 192*a*
if the h will not come to Mahomet 15*a*
is this the h ? is this the kirk? 99*b*
I stood tip-toe upon a little h 218*b*
I stood upon that silent h 192*b*
King of France went up the h 532*a*
laughing is heard on the h 32*b*
little h of Hermon 484*b*
nursed upon the self-same h 269*a*
on a h during a clear midnight 180*b*
others apart sat on a h retir'd 272*b*
over h , over dale 356*b*
poor Wat, far off upon a h 386*b*
so is God's h 486*b*
the dew of yon high eastward h 329*b*
there is a green h far away 3*b*
the warder silent on the h [Pitt] 317*b*
to sit upon a h , as I do 384*a*
to their haven under the h 425*b*
traveller's dream under the h 30*a*
up h 'Too-slow' will need the whip 435*b*
up to the top of the h 526*b*
we clamb the h thegither 61*a*
we flung us on the windy h 39*b*
who shall rest upon thy holy h ? 482*a*
youth face towards the upland h 137*b*
Hillflower sunrise like any h 312*a*
Hillmen desire their Hills 234*a*
Hills across the h they went 426*b*
a silence in the h 430*a*
before the h in order stood 453*a*
behold you again h of home! 414*b*
bound of the everlasting h 493*b*
but, while the h remain 435*b*
by the h of Maryland 458*b*
domes the red-plow'd h 426*b*
fair h of Éire! 258*a*
floats on high o'er vales and h 467*a*
forests ancient as the h 101*a*
foundations are upon the holy h 487*a*
go up as high as the h 488*a*
great h of the South Country 26*b*
hillmen desire their H 234*a*
h look over on the South 441*a*
h peep o'er h 300*a*
h stand about Jerusalem 489*b*
I heard among the solitary h 469*a*
Hills (*cont*)
in Cheviot the h so hye 530*b*
larger than human on frozen h 429*a*
lift up mine eyes unto the h 489*b*
little h [bring] righteousness 486*b*
little h shall rejoice 486*a*
my h are white over with sheep 399*b*
o'er the h and far away 426*b*
o'er these dark h of time 33*b*
over the h and far away 415*a*, 533*a*
praise the Lord who made the h 235*a*
rivers wh run among the h 488*a*
shine forth upon our clouded h 31*a*
sleep that is among the lonely h 463*a*
stray over the h and far away 159*b*
strength of the h is his also 487*b*
the cattle upon a thousand h 485*a*
the high h are a refuge 488*b*
the h where his life rose 5*a*
then shook the h with thunder 77*a*
these high wild h 375*a*
the waters stand in the h 488*a*
those blue remembered h 199*b*
tho' the h be carried into the sea 484*b*
to the h and the vales 424*b*
under the shadowy h 464*b*
what h are yon, yon pleasant h 529*a*
why hop ye so, ye high h 486*b*
yon are the h o' Heaven 529*a*
yr name to the reverberate h 370*a*
Hill-side fades up the h 220*a*
on the cold h 219*a*
the h 's dew-pearled 50*a*
travels yet the loved h 9*a*
Hilts hides a sword from h 381*b*
she's loose i' the h 454*a*
Him all of H we have in thee 114*b*
h first, h last 275*a*
h that cometh to me 510*b*
h they found squat like a toad 274*b*
they all cried 'That 's h ' 19*a*
Himalay east of H 442*b*
Himself born unto h alone 307*a*
centre of a man's actions, h 15*b*
ech man for h 89*a*
He doth H impart 224*a*
he has done it all h 21*b*
h he cannot save 508*a*
h , his neighbour, and Me 251*a*
h sole author of his own disgrace 109*a*
hurl'd h into the scale 282*a*
in h possess his own desire 465*a*
lord of h , tho not of lands 473*b*
loved him for h alone 400*a*
no man is demolished but by h 27*b*
that can h knowe 89*a*
unless above h he can erect h 117*a*
when he spake of h 149*b*
when the fight begins within h 45*a*
who finds h , loses his misery 8*b*
who to h is law 87*a*
word politics surprises by h 126*a*
Hinder pawing to get free his h 275*b*
smote his enemies in the h parts 487*a*
weep upon yr h parts 202*b*
Hindered sore let and h 479*a*
Hinders if anyone h our coming 227*b*
Hindmost devil take the h 65*a*
Hindoo marries, dies, or turns H 395*b*
we ll send the mild H 527*b*
Hindostan he came from H 439*b*
Hindrance pointing at h 35*b*
tho' it were to his own h 482*b*
Hindrances what various h we meet 110*a*
Hinds h to bring forth young 483*b*
nimbler much than h 261*a*
Hinges grate harsh thunder 273*a*
Hint I may, without vanity, h 281*a*
it gave him a h 100*b*
it was my h to speak 360*a*
upon this h I spake 360*a*
with shadowed h confuse a life 430*a*
Hip catch him once upon the h 353*a*
I have you on the h 355*a*
smote them h and thigh 495*a*
Hipped discourses 175*b*
Hippocleides no matter to H 559*b*
Hippocrene the blushful H 219*b*
Hippogriff without wing of h 277*a*
Hippopotamus big h stuck in the door 526*b*

Hippopotamus (*cont*)
found it was a H 85*b*
I shoot the H 25*b*
Hips we swing ungirded h 406*a*
Hire the labourer is worthy of his h 509*a*
Hired they h the money 570*b*
Hireling pay given to a state h 213*a*
the h fleeth, because he is a h 511*a*
Hirelings into his church lewd h 273*b*
His He is mine, and I am H 188*a*
Hiss dismal universal h 276*b*
Historian h wants more documents 204*a*
life of the h must be short 162*a*
useless to the h of the Roman Empire 161*b*
Historians phrase of wh bad h are fond 255*a*
these gentle h 58*a*
Histories h make men wise 16*a*
joyous and pleasant h 257*a*
History all knowledge a product of h 80*a*
annals are blank in h -books! 80*b*
antiquities are h defaced 13*a*
antiquities some remnants of h 13*a*
assassination never changed h 128*b*
below the dignity of h 255*b*
by some named H 81*b*
culture h of the human spirit 10*a*
dust-heap called 'h ' 28*b*
ends this strange eventful h 326*b*
exceeds an infamous h 42*b*
future date of my H 162*a*
happiest women have no h 144*b*
her whose h began before God 476*b*
h a distillation of rumour 80*b*
h biography of great men 80*b*
h is a pack of lies 415*b*
h is bunk 155*b*
h is the essence of biographies 80*a*
H is Philosophy by examples 33*b*
h of art is the h of revivals 66*b*
h of England h of progress 254*a*
it takes a great deal of h 204*a*
maintained the dignity of h 33*b*
no h , only biography 147*b*
now become a h little known 109*b*
read no h 129*b*
read their h in a nation's eyes 174*b*
there is a h in all men's lives 380*b*
very few materials for h 162*a*
vile phrase 'the dignity of h ' 255*a*
War makes rattling good h 179*b*
what 's her h ? 371*a*
Hit a h , a very palpable h 337*a*
if you wd h the mark 247*a*
I never think I have h hard 208*b*
Hitched you mean gettin' h 451*a*
Hither come to me h 326*a*
h hurried *whence?* 153*a*
h , page, and stand by me 286*b*
Hitherto shalt thou come 497*b*
Hittites, and the Amorites 493*b*
Hive h for the honey-bee 475*a*
this great h , the city 107*a*
Hives fill our h with honey 417*b*
Hiving wisdom with each year 68*b*
Hivites, and the Jebusites 493*b*
Ho, every one that thirsteth 503*a*
Hoard boastful of her h 170*a*
learning, a mere h of gold 380*b*
our h is little 428*b*
Hoar-frost scattereth the h 490*b*
Hoarse h with little else to do 74*b*
the raven himself is h 346*b*
Hob-and-nob with Death 439*a*
Hobbes clearly proves 419*b*
Hobby-horse the h is forgot 334*a*
Hobden owns the land 230*b*
Hobgoblin of little minds 147*b*
Hockley Hey H 11*a*, 224*b*
Hodge to be out of countenance 211*a*
Hodgson O Beerl O H , Gunness 75*a*
Hoe darned long row to h 250*a*
he leans upon his h 258*b*
take a large h and a shovel also 230*b*
tickle her with a h 205*b*
Hoel's harp 173*b*
Hog Ah could eat h a solid hower 264*b*
h 's my feed 264*b*
liken his Grace to an acorned h 47*a*
Hoi polloi no matter what they think 142*a*
Hoist h with his own petar 335*a*
shall they h me up and show me 325*a*
Holborn when I was last in H 385*a*
Holcroft Lamb, H and Coleridge 183*a*
Hold h both thee and me 411*b*
H , enough 351*a*
h fast that wh is good 516*b*
h fast the form of sound words 516*b*
h , or cut bow-strings 356*b*
h thee to my heart 169*a*
how do I h thee 388*b*
I h it towards you 219*a*
they h all together 485*b*
to cry 'H , h !' 346*b*
where scowls the far-famed h 253*a*
Hold-fast is the only dog 382*a*
Holds he h him with his eye 98*a*
he h me well 360*b*
h him with his skinny hand 98*a*
she h her little thoughts 265*a*
Hole by the h of the door 500*b*
creeps in at every h 295*b*
h where tail came through 100*b*, 406*b*
if you knows of a better h 570*a*
into the square h 405*a*
stick'n in a big mud h 156*a*
stop a h to keep the wind away 336*b*
there 's a h in a' yr coats 62*a*
yr hat has got a h in't 78*b*
Holes where eyes inhabit 384*b*
Holiday butcher'd make Roman h 69*a*
but hit be seldom, on the h 89*b*
envy never makes h 13*b*
get you home is this a h 317*a*
he speaks *holiday* 356*a*
h , the beggar s shop is shut 366*a*
in a h humour 327*b*
ne moe atte h 88*a*
to play on a sunshine h 269*a*
we no h have seen 108*a*
with many h and lady terms 376*b*
Holidays all the year playing h 376*b*
Holiest mother the h thing alive 102*a*
Hollily that wouldst thou h 346*b*
Holiness courage of heart or h 26*a*
for a remembrance of his h 483*b*
go! put off H 30*b*
h of the heart's affection 222*a*
what he lost in h 66*b*
Hollaing, and singing of anthems 379*b*
Holland children in H take 526*b*
H lies so low 196*b*
in the deep where H lies 170*a*
Lowlands o' H has twin'd my love 531*b*
Hollanders the H an invisible eel 216*a*
Hollo came to the mariner s h ! 98*b*
Holloa we'll whoop and we ll h 459*a*
Hollow all the leaves was h 422*b*
h murmurs died away 103*a*
h of Jacob's thigh 493*a*
I hate the dreadful h 433*b*
I plucked a h reed 32*b*
makes the h seas, that roar 260*a*
Providunce fashioned us h 250*a*
tell the grassy h 263*b*
the fearful h of thine ear 366*a*
we are the h men 145*a*
Hollowed a little mournfully 284*b*
Hollowness, treachery, and all disorders 341*b*
Hollows bowery h crowned 429*b*
Holly heigh-ho! the h 326*b*
h and the ivy 526*b*
h bears the crown 526*b*
the h branch shone on the old oak 22*a*
Holmes 'commonplace', said H 136*a*
H remarked impatiently 136*a*
to H [Irene] *the* woman 135*a*
Holocaust lay erewhile a h 278*a*
Holsters and cartridge boxes 390*a*
Holy all the place is h ground 435*b*
called her his before the h man 77*a*
He died to make men h 200*b*
hence, avaunt ('tis h ground) 175*a*
her smile, it seems half h 43*b*
he that is h let him be h still 520*b*
h , divine, good 276*a*
h , fair, and wise 372*b*
H , H , H ! Lord God Almighty! 184*a*
H , h , h , Lord God of hosts 480*b*
Holy (*cont*)
h was the Sabbath bell 221*b*
hunters been nat h men 88*b*
it was an h and good thought 521*b*
neither h , nor Roman 566*a*
said h , h , h , is the Lord 501*b*
saying H , h , h , Lord God 518*b*
thou continuest h 483*a*
thy H One to see corruption 482*b*
whereso er it be, a h place 311*b*
Holy Ghost by the operation of the H 480*b*
come, H , our souls inspire 491*a*
H over the bent world broods 197*b*
no gold, no H 66*b*
pencil of the H hath laboured 14*a*
whether there be any H 512*b*
yr body is the temple of the H 514*a*
Holy Land wh I supposed the H 381*a*
Homage claims the h of a tear 68*a*
do h to thy King 497*b*
each under eye doth h 387*a*
owes no h unto the sun 42*a*
Home (Hame) a day's march nearer h 280*a*
almost sacred joys of h 283*a*
as we draw near h 70*a*
be happy as ever at h 37*b*
behold ye again hills of h ! 414*b*
best country ever is, at h 170*a*
brought him h at even-fall 436*b*
by water he sente hem h 88*b*
charity begins at h 42*a*
comes safe h 383*a*
don't want to go h in the dark 185*b*
dream that I am h again 154*b*
dreamt not of a perishable h 467*b*
dunce that has been kept at h 110*b*
earth is all the h I have 12*b*
eaten me out of house and h 380*a*
England, h and beauty 34*b*, 123*a*
from Thy celestial h 86*b*
gade to bring him h 193*a*
grows erect, as that comes h 134*a*
her h is on the deep 78*a*
he shall have a cheerful h 432*b*
Hierusalem, my happy h 523*b*
his floating h for ever left 107*b*
his luminous h of waters opens 8*a*
h art gone and ta'en thy wages 329*a*
h had she none 195*b*
h his footsteps he hath turn'd 317*a*
h is the girl s prison 391*a*
h is the sailor, h from the sea 415*a*
h -keeping youth 372*b*
h life of our own dear Queen 573*b*
H of lost causes 9*a*
h of the Arts 185*a*
h on the rolling deep 315*b*
h , Rose, and h Provence 96*a*
h 's h be it never so homely 4*b*
h , sweet, sweet h 294*b*
h they brought her warrior dead 436*b*
h they brought him slain 436*b*
h , you idle creatures 317*a*
I am far from h 288*b*
if all alas! were well at h 94*b*
I had a h once 407*a*
I'm come h , my love 20*b*
intruders on his ancient h 8*b*
it 's h and it 's h fain wad I be 116*a*
lady-cow, fly thy way h 534*a*
little grey h in the west 461*b*
man goeth to his long h 500*a*
near to their eternal h 449*a*
never h came she 226*b*
of youth and h 282*a*
old folks at h 156*a*
our eternal h 458*a*
pleasure never is at h 218*a*
points of heaven and h 471*a*
safe h , safe h in port 287*a*
shall I never feel at h 452*b*
shall never more go h 253*b*
sick for h 220*a*
the lark shall sing me h 116*b*
the next way h 's the farthest 307*a*
there is a blessed h 18*a*
there shd be peace at h 452*b*
there 's no place like h 294*b*
they dream of h 156*a*

Home (*cont*)
they filled one h with glee 184*b*
thou must bring her h 529*b*
thy great gift comes h again 388*b*
thy h is still here 282*a*
to their h among the dead 393*b*
turns again h 426*a*
uneasy and confined from h 300*b*
we all go the same way h 285*a*
we won't go h till morning 53*b*
what is h without a mother? 182*b*
what 's the good of a h 177*a*
when I was at h 326*a*
when thou must h to shades 78*b*
where Huntley, and where H ? 318*b*
white porch of his h 253*b*
who gives a child a h 261*b*
you'd best be getting h 85*b*
Home-brewed prayer prefer 175*b*
Home-keeping hearts 248*b*
Homeless h near a thousand homes 465*a*
those who are h by choice 407*a*
Homely it is for h features to keep 267*b*
Home-made dishes 195*a*
Homer contend for H dead 321*b*
deep-browed H 220*b*
dumb to H , dumb to Keats 49*b*
ere H 's lamp appeared 111*b*
Greece, sound thy H s name 109*a*
H and Virgil are forgotten 304*b*
H 'his eye on the object' 10*a*
H is not more decidedly the first 255*a*
H s golden chain 64*b*
H sometimes sleeps 71*a*
H s rule the best 303*b*
H usually good, nods 542*b*
in H more than H knew 419*b*
in H or in Dares 90*a*
living H begg'd his bread 321*b*
our poets steal from H 64*a*
the translator of H 10*a*
when H smote his blooming lyre 230*b*
winked at H down the road 236*b*
with the single exception of H 390*a*
Homes cottage h of England 185*a*
near a thousand h I stood 465*a*
sky their own natural h 99*a*
stately h of England 183*b*
Homestickness for the gutter 561*a*
Home-spuns hempen h 357*a*
Homewards most roads lead men h 262*a*
Homily worm-cankered h 438*a*
Homing spirits of those who were h 180*a*
Hominy to be presented by a H 124*a*
Homocea touches the spot 523*b*
Homogeneity incoherent h 408*a*
Hone ingenuous H 240*b*
Honest a few h men better than numbers 115*b*
anglers, or very h men 450*b*
an h exceeding poor man 353*b*
an h man s aboon his might 60*b*
an h man s son 353*b*
by nature h , by experience wise 303*a*
friends were poor but h 322*a*
good to be h and true 524*b*
h as any man living 359*a*
h by an act of parliament 214*b*
h God 's the noblest work of man 67*a*
h man, close-button'd to the chin 109*a*
h man s the noblest work of God 59*b*, 301*b*
h tale speeds best 385*a*
h without a thought of Heaven 41*b*
I am myself indifferent h 333*b*
I am not naturally h 373*b*
I be poor, I'm h 266*b*
is not an h man 456*b*
I think my wife is h 362*a*
necessity makes an h man a knave 118*b*
the world s grown h 332*a*
thinks men h that but seem so 360*b*
tho' it be h , it is never good 323*b*
to be direct and h is not safe 362*a*
to be h , as this world goes 332*a*
to be h , to be kind 412*a*
whatsoever things are h 516*a*
Honester old man and no h than I 359*a*
Honesty children *capable of h* 314*b*
corruption wins not more than h 386*a*
Honesty (*cont*)
fellow 's of exceeding h 361*b*
fly, H , fly! 404*a*
for saving of thine h 283*a*
H based in vacant heaven 314*b*
H is the best policy 456*a*
h , manhood, nor good fellowship 376*b*
I am arm'd so strong in h 340*b*
I hold it not h to have it thus 332*a*
liv'st to make thine h a vice 362*a*
rich h dwells like a miser 328*a*
thy h and love doth mince 361*a*
what a fool H is 373*b*
Honey as the h of Hybla 376*b*
but taste a little h 495*a*
butter and h shall he eat 501*b*
civil citizens kneading up the h 381*b*
eating bread and h 533*b*
eat our pot of h on the grave 264*a*
fill our hives with h and wax 417*b*
gather h all the day 453*a*
his meat was locusts and wild h 504*b*
h of all earthly joy 107*a*
is there h still for tea? 40*a*
it was in my mouth sweet as h 519*a*
money is h —my little sonny 41*a*
nor h make nor pair 102*a*
suck'd the h of his music vows 333*b*
sweeter also than h 48*b*
they surfeited with h 378*a*
we gather h from the weed 382*b*
with milk and h blest 286*a*
Honeycomb broiled fish and h 510*b*
Honey-dew he on h hath fed 101*b*
Honeyed middle of the night 221*b*
Honeyless leave them h 341*a*
Honey-suckle you are my honey, h 152*a*
Honorificabilitudinitatibus 345*a*
Honour all is lost save h 563*a*
as he was valiant I h him 330*b*
brothers all in h 466*b*
by h and dishonour 515*a*
can h set-to a leg 379*a*
can h 's voice provoke the dust 174*a*
clear h were purchased 353*b*
curses mouth-h , breath 350*b*
days, riches and h 496*b*
depths and shoals of h 386*a*
fear God H the king 517*b*
fount whence h springs 259*a*
from the book of h razed 387*a*
giving h unto the wife 517*b*
good luck have thou with thine h 484*b*
great peaks of h 246*a*
hearts that h ed not move 40*a*
he is the fountain of h 16*b*
helps the hurt that H feels 432*a*
his h and his toil 439*a*
h all men Love the brotherhood 517*b*
h and clean mirth 227*b*
h , as long as wives shall break 287*b*
h aspireth to death 14*a*
h be yours, and fame! 287*b*
h but an empty bubble 139*a*
h comes unlooked for 379*a*
h has come back 39*a*
h hath no skill in surgery 379*a*
h is a mere scutcheon 379*a*
h is the subject of my story 337*b*
h , love, obedience 350*b*
h of the British Army 238*a*
h pricks me on 379*a*
h rooted in dishonour 428*b*
h 's a mistress all pursue 457*a*
h shamefully misplaced 388*a*
h sinks where commerce 170*a*
h 's thought reigns solely 381*b*
h the shrine where you alone 176*b*
h thy father and thy mother 480*a*
h to whom h 513*b*
h travels in a strait 369*a*
h was the meed of victorie 408*b*
h wh they do not understand 468*a*
h , while you strike him down 287*b*
how I do h thee! 354*b*
idiot race to h lost 62*a*
if h gives greatness was great 120*b*
if it be a sin to covet h 383*a*
I h , love and embrace them 42*a*
I like not such grinning h 379*a*
in action faithful, and in h clear 302*b*
Honour (*cont*)
in dignitye or h goeth to hym 143*a*
in h preferring one another 513*b*
jealous in h 326*b*
keep mine h from corruption 386*b*
laud and h to the Father 286*b*
leave not a stain in thine h 521*a*
loaden with h 328*b*
louder he talked of his h 147*a*
loved I not h more 250*a*
loved chivalrye, trouthe and h 88*a*
make one vessel unto h 513*b*
man being in h 485*a*
mine h is my life 374*b*
new-made h doth forget names 373*b*
no point of h , or gay suit 187*a*
not without h my days ran 452*b*
nought in hate, but all in h 364*a*
peace maintained with h 315*a*
peace, I hope, with h 128*b*
pension list a roll of h 95*b*
perfect ways of h 386*b*
perseverance keeps h bright 369*a*
pluck bright h from the moon 377*a*
pluck up drowned h by the locks 377*a*
post of h is a private station 1*b*
prophet is not without h 507*a*
robb'd me of my Robe of H 154*a*
set h in one eye 337*b*
so h cross it from the north 377*a*
so h peereth in meanest habit 366*b*
some love England and her h yet 438*a*
some snatch of h 341*b*
still clinging to some rag of h 412*a*
take h from me 374*b*
that chastity of h 57*a*
that h wd thee do 381*b*
the greater share of h 383*a*
there H comes a pilgrim grey 103*a*
they smack of h both 346*a*
to h we call you 168*b*
Truth the masculine of H 181*a*
two men I h , and no third 81*b*
welcome maids of h 190*b*
what is h ? a word 379*a*
when h 's at the stake 335*b*
where thine h dwelleth 483*b*
while the h thou hast got 65*a*
whom the king delighteth to h 496*b*
with native h clad 274*a*
with the burthen of an h 432*b*
Ye take mine h from me 231*a*
yr quaint h turn to dust 260*a*
Honourable Brutus is an h man 339*b*, 340*a*
h alike in what we give 245*a*
that have done this deed are h 340*a*
Honoured followed him, h him 48*a*
h by the Muse he lov'd 299*b*
h for his burning throne 352*b*
how loved, how h once 299*b*
Lyeus ever h , ever sung 23*b*
man is h for them 36*b*
more h in the breach 331*a*
not least, but h of them all 438*b*
the Law It has h us 454*a*
Honouring not so much h thee 216*b*
Honours claim to poetical h 213*a*
from what a depth proceed thy h 470*a*
gods, who make them h 343*b*
he gave his h to the world 386*a*
his blushing h thick upon him 385*b*
mindless of its just h 470*b*
patent for his h from God 60*a*
whereby piled-up h perish 46*a*
Hood him that wears an h 415*a*
tea-cup times of h and hoop 438*a*
the witty and the tender H 241*a*
Hoods cowls, h , and habits 273*b*
Hoofs h of a swinish multitude 57*a*
when the plunging h were gone 119*b*
Hook draw out Leviathan with an h 497*b*
he for subscribers baits his h 94*b*
never fly conceals a h 39*b*
while thy h spares the next 221*b*
with saints doth bait thy h 351*b*
Hookah-mouth puffs from the h 227*a*
Hooker I'd sail this h 236*a*
Judicious H 573*b*
Hook-nosed fellow of Rome 380*b*
Hooks develop his h and his crooks 62*b*

Hooks (*cont*)
silken lines, and silver h 132*a*
Hoop jump at a gilded h 195*a*
Hoo-ray and up she rises 527*b*
Hooter because the h hoots 92*b*
Hooting bird of night h 338*a*
h at the glorious sun 100*b*
remained there thro' night h 25*a*
Hoots clamorous owl, that nightly h 356*b*
Hop h forty paces thro' the public street 323*a*
who lets it h a little 365*b*
why h ye so, ye high hills? 486*b*
Hope admiration, h and love 464*b*
against h believed in h 513*a*
all h abandon, ye who enter 566*b*
all h pleasure in what remain 139*b*
a man of h and forward-looking 464*b*
beacons of h, ye appear! 7*b*
break it to our h 351*a*
burning with high h 68*b*
but my h is better 372*a*
but not another's h 450*a*
darkness quieted by h 52*a*
equal h, and hazard 271*a*
faith, h, charity 514*b*
fear and trembling H 473*a*
frustrate h severer than despair 109*a*
giving it a h that there 216*b*
god-like wish, or h divine 464*a*
heirs thro' h of thy kingdom 480*b*
he may live without h 265*a*
he that lives upon h 157*a*
high up lifted beyond h 272*a*
H an Antinoüs mere 96*a*
h and fear, and peace and strife 319*b*
h and fear set free 422*a*
H clung feeding, like a bee 102*a*
h deferred maketh the heart sick 498*a*
h elevates, and joy brightens 276*a*
h, for a season, bade farewell 77*a*
h is a good breakfast 13*b*
h is less dear than the dew 474*b*
h maketh not ashamed 513*a*
h may vanish, but can die not 394*a*
h never comes that comes to all 271*a*
h of all the ends of the earth 486*a*
h of a season's fame 287*b*
h of eternal damnation 523*a*
h of fair advantages 353*b*
h of the City of God 262*a*
h once crushed, less quick 9*a*
H sows what Love never reap 312*a*
H 's perpetual breath 471*b*
h springs eternal in the breast 300*b*
h 's true gage 307*b*
h that can never die 469*b*
h the gleaming taper's light 168*a*
h thou not much 422*b*
h to write well hereafter 279*a*
h without an object cannot live 102*a*
I have nor h nor health 399*a*
I h for heaven thereby 86*b*
in faith and h the world 301*b*
in trembling h repose 174*b*
leave the light of H behind 77*b*
like Lucifer, never to h again 386*a*
like to one more rich in h 387*a*
loving longest when h is gone 11*b*
more h of a fool than of him 498*b*
much to h and nothing to lose 58*a*
my own h is 44*b*
Nature, H, and Poesy 102*a*
never h for glory 414*a*
no h who never had a fear 113*a*
no one h, but of his fees 190*b*
no other medicine but only h 351*b*
not without h we suffer 468*b*
nursing the unconquerable h 8*a*
of friends, of h, of all bereft 107*b*
old h goes to ground 48*a*
one H 's one name be there 312*b*
on h the wretch relies 168*a*
our h for years to come 453*a*
perished leaves of H 312*a*
pursued it with forks and h 86*a*
reinforcement we may gain from h 271*a*
so farewell h, and with h fear 273*b*
some blessed h, whereof he knew 179*a*
sure and certain h 481*b*
take back the h you gave 47*b*

Hope (*cont*)
tender leaves of h 385*b*
that h unsatisfied brings 171*b*
their h full of immortality 520*a*
the phantoms of h 213*b*
they h they serve God 350*a*
to feed on h, to pine with fear 409*a*
to h till H creates 397*b*
triumph of h over experience 208*a*
true h is swift 385*a*
was the h drunk 347*a*
what is h but deceiving? 265*a*
what was dead was H 459*b*
when all h seem'd desp'rate 282*a*
whence thus pleasing h 1*b*
where h cd ne'er have flown 260*a*
where there is life, there's h 160*b*
white-handed H, thou angel 267*a*
widowhood, is the only h 159*b*
wish for what I faintly h 141*b*
without all h of day 277*b*
woes wh H thinks infinite 397*b*
work without h draws nectar 102*a*
Worldly H men set their Hearts 152*b*
yet fooled with h 130*b*
youth whose h is high 37*a*
Hoped he who has never h 389*a*
h we were both broken-hearted 422*b*
said he *had* h, at least 86*a*
Hopeful hey, but I'm h 165*b*
Hope-hour as the h stroked 170*a*
Hopeless h grief is passionless 43*b*
the h horn blown 92*a*
the h lance was laid in rest 92*a*
Hopes airy h my children 464*a*
all his h of good 9*a*
all revolution in the h of men 470*a*
all the h of future years 246*b*
extravagant h of the future 56*b*
fifty h and fears 45*a*
had h to win her 105*a*
h and fears it heeded not 398*a*
h and fears of all the years 40*a*
h of earthly bliss 112*b*
if h were dupes 96*b*
interdict upon her h 469*a*
me and my utmost h 363*a*
my h no more must change 464*a*
ml ultra to my proudest h 262*b*
our very h belied our fears 196*a*
seen my fondest h decay 282*a*
what are the h of man 213*a*
Hopeth charity h all things 514*b*
Hoping it might be so 180*a*
Hopkins, haill 111*b*
Hopped with his song 110*b*
Hopping o'er the floor 443*b*
Hoppy, Croppy 158*a*
Hops Kent, sir h, and women 126*a*
Hop-yards for what were h meant 190*b*
Horace farewell H, whom I hated 69*a*
had H or Anacreon tasted 215*a*
we learn from H 71*a*
what H says is, *Eheu Fugaces* 20*a*
Horatio H, thou art e'en as just 334*a*
H, what a wounded name 337*a*
things in heaven and earth, H 331*b*
what! is H there? 329*a*
Horatius come back, come back, H 253*b*
how well H kept the bridge 253*b*
saw brave H stand alone 253*b*
then out spake brave H 253*a*
Horde society is now one polished h 71*b*
Horizon h a blaze with his glory 55*a*
I saw her just above the h 57*a*
Horizontal into a h line 456*b*
Horn come blow up yr h 535*a*
cow with the crumpled h 534*a*
for a blast of that dreadful h 318*b*
her small but sullen h 103*a*
hoarse-sounding h invites thee 406*a*
h of the hunter is heard 115*b*
huntsman winds his h 151*b*
it is the moon, I ken her h 63*b*
pour'd thro' the mellow h 103*a*
put forth a conscious h 441*b*
St John sate in the h 524*a*
shrill clarion, or the echoing h 174*a*
sound of his h brought me 173*b*
sound upon yr bugle h 432*a*
the hopeless h blown 92*a*

Horn (*cont*)
the h, the h, the lusty h 327*b*
to the blind H 's hate 231*b*
Triton blow his wreathed h 473*a*
Triton blowing loud his h 408*a*
winding His lonely h 474*b*
with his hounds and his h 173*a*
you have a h where other brutes 26*a*
Hornby O my H and my Barlow 442*b*
Horne Godolphin H 26*a*
Horned Moon, with one bright star 99*a*
Horner little Jack H 532*a*
Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie 58*b*
Horns from the h of the unicorns 483*a*
h are tipped with brass 143*b*
h of Elfland faintly blowing 436*a*
Morning on the silver h 437*a*
on the h o' the moon 328*a*
ram caught in a thicket by his h 493*a*
seven h and seven eyes 518*b*
she put out her h 534*a*
tender h of cockled snails 345*a*
Horny-handed sons of toil 217*a*
Horrible grotesque to the h 136*a*
O, h! O, h! most h! 331*b*
oh! more h than that 99*a*
Horrid but are they all h? 11*b*
when she was bad she was h 249*a*
Horror a h of outer darkness 171*b*
h and darkness fell 54*a*
h heavy sat on ev'ry mind 141*b*
h of great darkness fell 492*b*
its h and its beauty are divine 395*b*
on h's head horrors accumulate 362*a*
swinges the scaly h 270*b*
take the present h from the time 347*b*
the h of that moment 83*b*
whence this inward h 1*b*
Horrors congenial h, hail 443*b*
hail h, hail infernal world 271*a*
I have supped full with h 350*b*
life but a scene of h 405*b*
Hors d'œuvres de lady take h 202*b*
h for fishes 131*a*
Horse a dark h rushed past 130*a*
a h! a h! my kingdom for a h 385*a*
a h of that colour 370*b*
altogether upon the high h 40*b*
an old h that stumbles and nods 179*b*
as it were upon an h 486*a*
a sword, a h, a shield 250*a*
better have them cleanin' his h 416*b*
between a rider and his h 417*a*
be ye not like to h and mule 483*b*
blind h stuck in in a big mud hole 156*a*
by h and crest 253*a*
dosn't thou 'ear my h 's legs 434*b*
e'er since sits on his h back 373*b*
fit companion is his h 108*a*
for want of a h 157*a*
Gilpin at his h 's side 108*b*
give a man a h he can ride 444*a*
give me another h 385*a*
good h in the stable 170*b*
heaven opened, and behold a h 519*b*
help Hyperion to his h 383*a*
hey for boot and h, lad 226*a*
his h, who never in that sort 108*b*
h is counted but a vain thing 484*a*
h is drawn by the cart 228*a*
h may at least rank second 171*b*
h misused upon the road 29*a*
h, my wife, and my name 417*a*
I know two things about the h 524*a*
I long ago lost a bay h 444*a*
I looked, and behold a pale h 518*b*
lies about his wooden h 155*a*
little dearer than his h 432*a*
my h a thing of wings 33*b*
nothing but talk of his h 353*a*
O, for a h with wings 338*b*
one h was blind 403*b*
one stiff blind h 45*b*
paid for catching my h, 6*d* 416*b*
pleasure in the strength of an h 490*b*
pulling in one's h as leaping 181*a*
ride a cock h 533*b*
ride upon a white h 533*b*
sell the pasture now to buy the h 381*b*
so is my h, Octavius 340*b*
something in a flying h 468*b*

Horse (*cont*)
spit in my face, call me h 377*b*
strong is the h upon his speed 403*a*
stuck a junior with a h 233*b*
teach an old h amble true 409*a*
tedious as a tired h 378*a*
that wh is now a h 324*b*
the h came spurring in 252*b*
the h he knows above a bit 233*a*
the h loves the 'ound 416*b*
the King sent a troop of h 42*b*
to wondrous doing brought his h 336*a*
under his h in the brook 289*a*
what a h shd have 386*b*
Horseback ride on h after we 108*b*
Horse drench then a strong h 240*a*
Horse Guards on business to the H 125*a*
Horseleech hath two daughters 499*a*
Horsemanship on his morality than on his h 416*b*
witch the world with noble h 378*b*
Horsemen and the h thereof 496*b*
h riding upon horses 504*a*
Horse-race won at Olympus 402*a*
Horses all the king's h 85*a*
ay, the h trample 199*a*
come saddle yr h 316*a*, 320*a*
dressing eels, or shoeing h 305*a*
England is a hell for h 64*b*
grey gun-h in the lando 234*a*
hanged for stealing h 178*a*
her words to trampling h ' feet 402*a*
h and dorgs is some men's fancy 122*a*
Italy is a paradise for h 64*b*
nothing like blood, sir, in h 440*a*
not to swap h crossing the river 245*b*
put their trust in h 482*b*
strong man to clean h 417*a*
take any man's h 381*a*
the h of instruction 31*a*
they were as fed h 503*b*
watered our h in Helicon 87*b*
we spend on our h 314*a*
wild white h play 5*b*
Women and H and Power 227*a*
Hosanna h from the den 403*a*
made sweet H ring 286*a*
Hose(n) bound in their h 504*a*
his youthful h well sav'd 326*b*
Hospitable h , in her sweet recess 277*a*
with h ray 169*a*
Hospital learnt social comfort, in a h 43*a*
the world but an h 42*a*
Hospitality doing deeds of h 326*a*
given to h 513*b*
good English h 33*a*
Hospitals rust in peace, or rot in h 406*a*
Host h is riding from Knocknarea 475*a*
if you find such a h 4*b*
like a fashionable h 369*a*
now for the tea of our h 167*a*
on a soundless-clapping h 442*b*
play the humble h 349*a*
praise Him above, ye heavenly h 224*b*
saved by the multitude of an h 484*a*
streams in the countless h 200*b*
two pence and gave them to the h 509*a*
universal h up sent a shout 271*b*
yet mine H can ne er espy 452*b*
Hostages children h to fortune 14*b*
Hostel pass I h , hall and grange 438*a*
Hostess back at mine h door 373*b*
my h of the tavern 376*b*
Hosts God of H , be with us yet 233*b*
holy, lord G of h 480*b*
'Lord of H ' did pitch His tent! 187*b*
mankind h and guests 24*b*
stronger than all the h of error 53*a*
Hot argument's h to the close 48*b*
beat the iron while it is h 142*a*
come from Rome al h 89*a*
his heart was h within him 248*b*
h cross-buns 535*b*
sometime too h the eye of heaven 387*a*
spick and span new, piping h 65*a*
thou art neither cold nor h 518*b*
when h for certainties 264*a*
when you make pitch h 121*a*
why the sea is boiling h 84*b*

Hot (*cont*)
ye'se a' be h ere I come back 61*b*
Hoti's business 47*a*
Hotspur of the North 377*a*
Hottentot a respectable H 91*a*
Hound a traveller, by the faithful h 247*a*
he'll grow into a h 459*a*
his h , and his lady fair 529*b*
his h is to the hunting gane 529*b*
h or spaniel, brach or lym 343*a*
I long ago lost a h 444*a*
I loves the h more 416*b*
nought good a sleping h to wake 90*a*
'oss loves the h 416*b*
puppy, whelp, and h 169*a*
take that, you h 135*b*
Hounds cry of his h 173*b*
desires, like fell and cruel h 369*b*
dinner lost, h lost 416*b*
his h and his horn 173*a*
h all join in glorious cry 151*b*
my h are bred out of the Spartan 357*a*
of smale h had she 88*b*
when the h of spring 420*a*
with h and horsemen 33*b*
with h of Sparta 357*a*
Houndsditch housebreaker, of H 75*a*
Hour abode his destined H 152*b*
abode his H or two 153*a*
against the h of death 481*b*
ah! no, the h is ill 394*a*
anguish of a torturing h 357*b*
animate an h of vacant ease 470*a*
Ave Maria! 'tis the h 71*a*
awaits alike th' inevitable h 174*a*
books of the h 314*a*
break an h 's promise in love 327*b*
bring me back one golden h 200*b*
but every h is saved 438*b*
close-companioned inarticulate h 312*a*
come most carefully upon yr h 329*a*
dark eleventh h draws on 236*a*
dead h of the night 528*b*
ere the parting h go by 7*a*
ending at the arrival of an h 379*a*
Eternity in an h 29*a*
for a dark h or twain 348*b*
from h to h , we ripe 326*a*
he was but one h mine 387*b*
h calls us to penance 272*a*
h is come, but not the man 319*b*
h when from the boughs 73*b*
h when lovers' vows seem sweet 73*b*
h when you too learn all is vain 312*a*
I also had my h 92*a*
I chang'd ev'ry h 159*b*
I have had my h 142*b*
improve each shining h 453*a*
in ev'ry h that passes, O 60*b*
in my h of hours 476*a*
in such h of need 7*b*
iron scourge and torturing h 173*b*
let us have a quiet h 439*a*
make the h full complete 384*a*
mine h is not yet come 510*b*
not an h more or less 344*a*
nothing can bring back the h 466*b*
now 's the day, and now s the h 62*b*
one bare h to live 258*b*
one crowded h of glorious life 283*a*
one far fierce h and sweet 92*a*
present h mark d with shade 241*a*
serve the future h 463*b*
silence the space of half an h 519*a*
sold the truth to serve the h 435*a*
still h of thinking 463*b*
suffer us not, at our last h 481*b*
surely thine h has come 476*a*
that h , o' night s black arch 63*a*
the Children's H 246*b*
the present h alone is man s 213*a*
this wing d h is dropt to us 312*a*
tho' it be but an h ago 133*b*
time and the h runs thro' 346*b*
to fill the h —that is happiness 148*a*
to one dead deathless h 311*b*
troublesome *insects* of the h 57*a*
turn the h 229*a*
wait the 'pointed h 141*b*
watch with me one h 508*a*
wee short h ayont the twal 60*a*

Hour (*cont*)
weight of the superincumbent h 392*a*
when God sends a cheerful h 278*b*
Who has matched us with His h 40*a*
wisely tell what h o' th' day 65*a*
wonder of an h 68*a*
world-without-end h 388*a*
Hour-glass still as the h 321*a*
Hours about the space of two h 512*b*
a line will take us h may be 474*a*
chase the glowing H 68*b*
desolate passions, aching h 206*a*
discourse the freezing h away 328*b*
eight score eight h 362*b*
five h up and seven down 234*a*
golden h on angel wings 61*a*
h and the wild birds follow 422*b*
h and times of yr desire 388*a*
h bring about the day 384*a*
h I spent with thee, dear heart 309*b*
h to wh high Heaven doth chime 447*b*
h will take care of themselves 90*b*
keeping company with the h 454*a*
lag-end of my life with quiet h 378*b*
lovers' h be full eternity 133*b*
now all strange h are over 421*a*
O Love what h were thine 426*a*
on the lazy leaden-stepping h 278*b*
scared away the meek ethereal h 218*a*
six h ago I came 284*b*
six h in sleep 97*b*
steal a few h from the night 281*b*
thro h of gloom fulfill d 7*a*
two golden h set with minutes 258*a*
two h sooner than he wished 208*a*
unnumbered h of pain 77*b*
upon the midnight h 220*a*
waked by the circling h 275*a*
what peaceful h I once enjoy d 109*b*
white and sable h appear 24*a*
who never spent the darksome h 82*a*
Woman! in our h of ease 318*b*
House abide by my Mother's H 233*a*
a man's h is his castle 97*b*
a moat defensive to a h 375*a*
bequeath them no tumbled h 263*a*
beste beggar in his h 88*b*
bloody h of life 374*a*
brawling woman in a wide h 498*b*
build a h for fools and mad 419*a*
build a h with deep thatch 27*a*
but as the H is pleased to direct 244*b*
call upon my soul within the h 370*a*
called the h of prayer 507*b*
daughter am I in my mother s h 233a
daughter of my h and heart 68*a*
dark h , by wh once more I stand 429*b*
disturb this hallowed h 357*b*
eaten me out of h and home 380*a*
everything before me in that H 129*a*
except the Lord build the h 489*b*
fool nowhere but in 's own h 333*b*
from every h the neighbours met 430*a*
God erects a h of prayer 118*b*
go into the h of the Lord 489*b*
go to the h of mourning 499*a*
here is a H that armours a man 26*a*
h and tenant go to ground 147*a*
h appointed for all living 497*a*
h divided against itself 245*a*
h is much more to my taste 283*b*
h not made with hands 515*a*
h of ancient fame 409*b*
h of every one his castle 97*b*
h of my pilgrimage 489*a*
h on fire to roast their eggs 15*b*
h that Jack built 534*b*
h to lodge a friend 419*b*
h was filled with smoke 501*b*
h where I was born 195*a*
h with lawns enclosing 414*b*
h with starry dome 452*b*
if a h be divided 508*a*
ill spirit have so fair a h 367*b*
in a little crooked h 532*a*
in my father's h are mansions 511*a*
is not this h as nigh heaven 283*a*
it snewed in his h 88*b*
I will dwell in the h of the Lord 483*a*
keepers of the h shall tremble 499*b*
let the h of a brute 426*a*

House (*cont*)
like a fair h built 355*b*
little h, whose humble roof 190*b*
man who had a mind to sell his h. 417*b*
may I a small h have 107*a*
may I have a warm h 304*a*
men to be of one mind in an h 486*a*
mere lodger in my own h 170*b*
my h has been broken open 295*a*
my h in the high wood 27*a*
nearer my Father's h 86*a*
one of yr accursed h 254*a*
peace be to this h 481*b*
prop that doth sustain the h 355*a*
prophet in his own h 507*a*
raven o'er the infected h 362*b*
return no more to his h 497*a*
see to thine own h 496*a*
set thine h in order 502*b*
shot mine arrow o'er the h 337*a*
sparrow hath found her an h 487*a*
the h is falling 262*a*
the h o'ertopping all 46*a*
there's nae luck about the h 527*a*
the substance of his h for Love 501*a*
this reft h 102*a*
thy h is on fire 534*a*
unless you leave this h 85*b*
Vinburgh's h of clay 149*a*
walked in the h of God 485*a*
when h and land are gone 155*b*
woe is me for the good h 253*b*
woe unto them that join h to h 501*a*
worse than a smoky h 378*a*
yea, because of the h of the Lord 489*b*
you take my h 355*a*
you unhouse and h the Lord 197*b*
zeal of thine h hath eaten me 486*b*
House-breaker of Houndsditch 75*a*
Household breathing h laws 467*b*
familiar in his mouth as h words 381*a*
her h motions light and free 470*b*
h bird, with the red stomacher 132*b*
h divided the spoil 486*a*
h happiness 439*a*
the h of continuance 416*a*
they of his own h 506*b*
thy h the Church 479*b*
to study h good 276*a*
trust her h to me 187*a*
Householder who bringeth forth 507*a*
Housekeepings hearts and h 125*b*
Housemaids damp souls of h 145*a*
treat h to his teas 93*b*
walks with fifty h 232*a*
House of Lords *cure* for admiring the H 17*b*
House of Peers has never been a House 17*b*
Houses devour widows' h 508*b*
h are built to live in 16*a*
h last till doomsday 316*a*
h thick and sewers annoy 276*a*
if it wasn't for the h in between 22*a*
let us see these handsome h 432*b*
plague o' both yr h 365*b*
round their golden h 433*a*
set up her h 485*a*
the h go wheeling back 443*b*
their h shall continue 485*a*
the very h seem asleep 472*b*
House-top dwell in a corner of the h 498*b*
sitteth alone upon the h 488*a*
Housewife busy h ply her evening 174*a*
here's to the h that's thrifty 400*b*
lo, as a careful h runs 389*a*
mock the good h Fortune 325*b*
Housewives h' affairs never an end 446*a*
h in your beds 360*b*
no more h, but queens 314*a*
Hovel folks *prefer* in fact a h 75*b*
Hover h in their restless heads 259*b*
round the spot ofttimes I h 440*b*
Hovering o'er the place's head 115*a*
How h are the mighty fallen 495*b*
h can these things be? 510*b*
h you do go it 41*a*
Howard if I left them, my Lord H 437*b*
Lord H past away 437*b*
then sware Lord Thomas H 437*a*
Howards blood of all the H 301*b*
How-de-doo here's a h 164*b*
Howe, and the glorious First 285*a*
Howell and James young man 165*b*
Howl h, ye ships of Tarshish 502*a*
whose h's his watch 347*b*
Howling h of Irish wolves 327*b*
in the waste h wilderness 494*b*
when thou liest h 336*b*
winds h at all hours 473*a*
Howls on for more 395*b*
Hub, the King Pin 38*b*
Hubbard old Mother H 533*b*
Hubbub increases more 218*a*
Hudibras Quoth H, Friend Ralph 65*b*
Quoth H, I smell a rat 65*a*
Hue another h unto the rainbow 374*a*
flavour, and body, and h 20*a*
gordian shape of dazzling h 219*a*
join not scent to h 394*b*
losing some h of his mirth 263*a*
shells, of pearly h 241*a*
so yr sweet h hath motion 388*b*
sweet rose, whose h angry 187*b*
the native h of resolution 331*a*
with h like that some painter 398*a*
Hues consecrate with thine own h 394*b*
h of the rich unfolding morn 223*b*
living h and odours 396*a*
rich h have marriage made 36*b*
Hug h it in mine arms 352*a*
h the dear deceit 106*b*
Huge oaks and old 235*a*
Hugest of living creatures 275*b*
Hugger-mugger thus h to inter him 335*b*
Hugh dirge for St H's soul 119*a*
St H be our goodspeed 119*a*
Hugs it to the last 282*a*
Hulk here, a sheer h 121*a*
the naked h alongside came 98*b*
Hull my father settled first at H 118*a*
Hum h of either army stilly sounds 382*b*
h of human cities torture 68*b*
make Hammersmith h 186*a*
mist and h of that low land 8*a*
no voice or hideous h 270*b*
sad-eyed justice, with his surly h 381*b*
the busy h of men 260*a*
Human all h are subject to decay 140*b*
all the h frame requires 26*a*
breathing h passion 219*b*
but h creatures' lives 196*a*
come away, O h child 476*a*
cruelty has a h heart 33*a*
does a H form display 29*b*
ever looked with h eyes 430*b*
from half of h fate 7*a*
glory that redounds to h kind 470*a*
he himself with his h air 45*b*
h at the red-ripe of the heart 51*a*
h bodies are sic fools 63*a*
h face divine 273*b*
h knee is a joint 178*b*
h love needs h meriting 442*a*
in the h breast two passions 77*b*
I wish I loved the H Race 308*a*
Jealousy a h face 33*a*
Love, the h form divine 33*a*
Mercy has a h heart 33*a*
nothing h indifferent to me 554*a*
our Euripides, the h 44*a*
Peace, the h dress 33*a*
permanent among the h race 71*b*
Pity a h face 33*a*
Secrecy the h dress 33*a*
Terror the h form divine 33*a*
the h mind in ruins 118*a*
they are neither brute nor h 298*a*
to step aside is h 59*a*
when first the h race began 60*a*
wrought with h hands the creed 430*a*
you are a h boy 121*a*
Human being no h free as a fish 314*b*
Humanities H live for ever 289*b*
h of old religion 101*b*
Humanity acts of h, gentleness 257*a*
a heart of a veined h 43*b*
high upon the forehead of h 217*b*
h's afflicted will 464*b*
h with all its fears 246*b*
imitated h so abominably 333*b*
insurmountable distresses of h 212*b*
Humanity (*cont*)
rarer spirit never did steer h 324*b*
reasoned out of the feelings of h 28*b*
sad music of h 472*a*
such popular h is treason 1*b*
wearisome condition of h 176*b*
what h, reason tell me I ought 55*b*
Humankind lord of h 141*b*
paint the vices and follies of h 104*a*
porcelain clay of h 141*b*
see the lords of h pass 170*a*
Human nature h is finer 222*b*
h's daily food 470*b*
h's highest dower 465*a*
sovereign good of h 14*a*
there is in h more of the fool 14*b*
Tragedy noblest production of h 2*a*
you've conquered h 124*b*
Humble be it ever so h 204*b*
he that shall h himself 507*b*
h and a contrite heart 233*b*
h livers in content 385*b*
minutes, h though they be 82*a*
neither too h nor too great 257*a*
stir to guide the h 256*b*
we are so very h 122*a*
wisdom is h 112*b*
Humbled all h kiss the rod 372*b*
Humbleness all h, all patience 327*b*
whispering h 353*a*
Humbleth he that h himself 509*b*
Humbug in a Pickwickian sense 126*a*
Hume H, Gibbon, Robertson 239*a*
similar fate from Mr H 405*a*
Humiliation valley of H 54*a*
Humility h clothe an English dean 113*a*
pride that apes h 100*b*, 406*b*
stillness and h 382*a*
Humour has her h most, when she obeys 302*a*
h consists in going backwards 449*b*
h is odd, grotesque 420*a*
kills her in her own h 366*b*
perfect h and irony unconscious 66*b*
say it is my h 354*b*
that's the h of it 381*b*
the phrase 'unconscious h' 66*b*
there's the h of it 355*b*
unyoked h of yr idleness 376*b*
was ever woman in this h won 364*b*
when I am in a serious h 1*b*
Humoured thus comes at the last 375*b*
Humours according as she h lead 426*b*
in all thy H 2*a*
take their h for a warrant 374*a*
Hump Camechious H 230*b*
Camel's h is an ugly h 230*b*
without a positive h 440*a*
Humph yourself! 237*a*
Humpty Dumpty H sat on a wall 85*a*, 533*b*
'the question is', said H 85*a*
Hun is at the gate 229*a*
Huncamunca in H's eyes 151*b*
Hundred about two h pounds a year 66*a*
give me a kiss add a h more 190*a*
he and his eight h 111*a*
his h's soon hit 47*a*
I entertain for one of my h 313*a*
of the three h grant but three 70*b*
two h more 66*a*
when he made Ole H ring 250*b*
wi' a h pipers an' a' 285*b*
with haste might tell a h 330*b*
Hundredfold brought forth an h 506*b*
Hundredth singing the H Psalm 246*b*
Hung be the heavens with black 383*b*
Hunger age and h 326*b*
for h's power is strong 290*a*
h and thirst after righteousness 505*a*
I perish with h 500*b*
make h thy sauce 446*a*
O sacred h of ambitious mind 409*a*
poverty, h, and dirt 196*a*
they shall h no more 519*a*
Hungry but she makes h 323*a*
he hath filled the h with good 508*b*
h and thirsty their soul fainted 488*b*
I am not h, but I am greedy 535*b*
I came home h as a hunter 239*b*
mine is all as h as the sea 371*a*

Hunt fame, that all h after 344a
he wd h in the mountains 530b
h down a tired metaphor 71b
h it in the dark 110b
H , one of those happy souls 395b
to h , and vote 67b
Hunter Bahram, that great H 153a
Fear, O little H he is Fear 234b
from the snare of the h 487b
hungry as a h 239b
h home from the hill 415a
h is heard on the hill 115b
man is the h 436b
Nimrod the mighty h 492b
struck by the h 's dart 392a
the H of the East 152a
Hunters here thy h stand 339b
h been nat holy men 88o
Hunting call h one of them [pleasures] 212a
good h ! 237a
hound is to the h gane 529b
h fills my thoughts by day 416b
h he loved, but love he laugh'd 386b
h is all that's worth living for 416b
h is like the han we breathe 416b
h is the sport of kings 416b
H of the Cheviot 531a
I like the h of the hare 33b
it ain't the h as 'urts 535a
passion for h deeply implanted 125a
that one h wh the Devil design'd 141b
their discourse was about h 206a
wet and dirty from h. 417a
wot is not spent in h 416b
Huntley where H , and where Home 318b
Huntlie lay on H bank 528a
Huntress queen and h 214b
Huntsman a cassocked h 110b
as a h his pack 106b
h by the bear oppressed 448b
h , rest! thy chase is done 316b
h winds his horn 151b
Huntsmen are up in America 41a
Hurled headlong flaming 271a
Hurly with the h death itself awakes 380a
Hurly burly when the h 's done 345b
Hurrah! we bring the Jubilee 473a
Hurricane swept the h of steel 12a
Hurricanoes cataracts and h 342b
Hurry an old man in a h 95a
he sows h and reaps indigestion 413b
I am never in a h 456a
no h in her hands 311a
Hurt as I have to be h 363b
he who shall h the little wren 20a
'I ll not h thee' 411b
nothing doth more h in a state 15b
they shall not h nor destroy 501b
they that have power to h. 388b
Hurting you are h be 237a
Hurtles in the darkened air 175a
Hurts had he his h before 351a
he h me most who commends 94a
I strike it, and it h my hand 362b
some of yr h you have cured 147a
which h , and is desired 325a
Husband and then my h —God be 361b
as the h is, the wife is 432a
as wel over hir h 80b
being a h is a whole-time job 27a
bride adorned for her h 519b
duty a woman oweth to her h 367a
good h , little ant 240b
good works in her h to promote 276a
hung yr h and be dutiful 159b
here comes my h 46b
her h 's to Aleppo gone 340a
h frae the wife despises 62b
h , I come 325a
h ! in ev'ry respect but form 159b
h twenty years married 237b
I am thine h 428a
I had once a h 407a
level in her h 's heart 370b
light wife doth make a heavy h 355b
make her h a cuckold 363a
Mr F most indulgent h 123a
monstrous animal a h and wife 151b
ne'er answers till a h cools 302a
Husband (*cont*) no worse a h than the best 323a
see a h in these circumstances 150b
she must have a h 366b
so ill bred as to love a h 473b
the h was a teetotaller 135a
the Man-o'-War's 'er h 231b
too much for one h to bear 160a
unbelieving h is sanctified 514a
wife is May, the h June 452a
woman is a crown to her h 498a
Husbanded h the Golden grain 152b
so fathered and so h 338b
Husbandry dulls the edge of h 330b
there's h in heaven 347b
Husbands h at church-dore 88b
h love yr wives 516a
h , or when lap-dogs breathe 302b
I shd marry twenty h 353a
let them ask their h at home 514b
pranks they dare not show their h 301b
reasons for h to stay at home 144b
respite to h 446a
submit yourselves unto yr own h 515b
when h win their hay 530b
Hush a h with the setting moon 434a
h ! if you saw some western cloud 48a
h ! my dear, lie still 453a
increases more they call out, 'H !' 218a
O h thee, my babie 317b
old man who said 'H !' 243b
there's a breathless h in the Close 287b
Hushes half the babbling Wye 430a
Husht be all things 189a
Husks h that the swine did eat 509b
what's to come, is strewed with h 369b
Hustle tried to h the East 233a
Hut love in a h 219a
my little wooden h 263a
rude h by the Danube 69a
Hutch palate, the h of tasty lust 197b
Huts where poor men lie 463a
Hwang reign of the Emperor H 242a
Hyacinth a h I wisht me 138a
children with H s temperament 315b
every H the Garden wears 153a
Hyades the rainy H 438b
Hybla as the honey of H 376b
they rob the H bees 341a
Hyde Park beyond H s a desart 149a
nor go to H together 105b
Hydras Gorgons and H 272b
Hydrus and Ellops drear 276b
Hymeneal chorus H 398b
Hymn humm'd a surly h 438a
I the h the Brahmin sings 146a
St Ann's our parting h 282b
your h of praise to-day 117a
Hymns chanting faint h 356a
h and spiritual songs 515b
singing h unbidden 398a
sings his canticles and h 202b
sings h at heaven's gate 387b
solemn h to sullen dirges change 366a
Hyperbole perpetual h 14b
Hyperboles three-pil d h 345a
Hyperion help H to his horse 383a
H of calves the Piper 96a
H to a satyr 330a
Hyphenated Americans 310b
Hypocrisy Conservative Government h 128a
h is homage paid by vice 562a
man nor angel can discern h 273b
now step I forth to whip h 345a
Hypocrite a h in his pleasures 211b
Good is the plea of the h 30b
Hypocrites cant of h the worst 411b
h austerely talk of purity 274b
Hypothesis character of a family to an h 411b
Hyrcanian like the H beast 332b
Hyssop purge me with h 485a
Hysterics blind h of the Celt 431a

I

I Ah, reverend sir, not I! 46a
cleave the wood and there am I 526a
first come I, my name is Jowett 528b
I (*cont*) I again, what else did you expect? 46b
I am a good man too 163a
I am always about in the Quad 522b
I am among you as he 510a
I am he that liveth, and was dead 518b
I am I, thou art thou 422a
I am rather tall and stately 528b
I am that I am 493b
I am the door 511a
I am the High 528b
I, and you, and all of us 340a
I, I also am an American 454a
I in my bed again 527b
I John saw the holy city 519b
I'm Mackail, and who are you 528b
I myself were dead and gane 530b
'I', said the Fly 528a
'I', said the Sparrow 528a
I, singularly moved to love 293b
I the elder and more terrible 339a
I the Lord thy God 480a
I the Trinity illustrate 52a
I think that man was I 530b
it is I, be not afraid 507a
I to Him, and He to me 441a
I too, my Lord, have not been idle 524b
I, with many a fear 463a
no more I that doth it 513a
say, cd that lad be I? 414b
that I am he, let me a little show 339a
there am I in the midst of them 507a
this is none of I 533b
thou art I 422a
Thou, Lord, and I 119b
what am I? an infant crying 430b
yet not I, but the grace of God 514b
Iago but yet the pity of it I ! 362b
conceiving an I as an Imogen 223a
Iambics march from short to long 101b
Ianthe find I 's name again 241b
from you, I , little troubles pass 241a
Iberians the dark I come 8b
Ice as soon seek I in June 72a
hissed along the polished I 465b
I did split with a thunder-fit 98b
I , mast high, came floating by 98a
I on summer seas 427b
I was here, the I was there 98a
it is good to break the I 15b
like the skater on I 427a
pleasure-dome with caves of I 101b
region of thick-ribbed I 352a
skating over thin I 147b
to smooth the I 374a
Ichabod the glory is departed 495a
Icicle chaste as the I 328b
I on a Dutchman's beard 371b
Icicles hung them up in silent I 101b
when I hang by the wall 345b
Icumen sumer is in 526a
Ida dear mother I , hearken 435a
O mother I , many-fountain'd I 435a
there hes a vale in I 435a
whether on I 's shady brow 31b
Idalian Queen 138a
Idea he had only one I 130a
I of her life shall creep 359a
one I , and that is a wrong one 208a
teach the young I 443b
the mighty abstract I I have 223a
Ideal I of a manly career 130a
softly sleeps the calm I 124a
the I American who is all wrong 94a
Ideas all sorts of dead I 567a
champagne gives gentlemanly I 417a
entertain such inhuman I 417b
man of nasty I 419a
sung divine I below 147a
Identity his I presses upon me 222b
Ides beware the I of March 337b
that work the I of March begun 341a
the I of March are come 339a
Idiom for the I of words very little 306a
Idiot an I race to honour lost 62a
as e'er the beauteous I spoke 104a
a tale told by an I 350b
him whom you love, yr I Boy 465b
I who praises all centuries 164b
like a blank I 215a
Idle every I word man shall speak 506b

Idle (*cont*)
for i hands to do 453*a*
happiest when I am i 451*b*
i as a painted ship 98*b*
if you are i, be not solitary 210*a*
I too, my Lord, have not been i 524*b*
most 'scruciating i 237*a*
stand ye here all the day i? 507*b*
we wd all be i if we cd 209*a*
wise, i, childish things 441*a*
Idleness bear such i so near 322*b*
conceives by i 383*b*
feet of joy in i 37*b*
frivolous work of polished i 256*a*
grief is a species of i 214*a*
i the refuge of weak minds 91*a*
round of strenuous i 469*b*
unyok'd humour of yr i 376*b*
Idler every man hopes to be, an i 213*a*
hath been an i in the land 469*a*
Idlers, game-preservers 81*a*
Idling to enjoy i thoroughly 205*a*
Idly bent on him that enters 376*a*
Idol dearest i I have known 109*b*
kisses on an 'eathen i 's foot 232*a*
whate'er that i be 109*b*
worship oft the i for the saint 457*a*
Idolatries bow'd to its i a patient knee 68*b*
Idolatry for that were I 480*b*
god of my i 365*a*
it might breed i 133*a*
on this side i 214*b*
'tis mad i to make the service 369*a*
Idols four classes of I 16*b*
God keeps a niche hold our i 43*b*
Idyll high diddle diddle i 165*b*
If I'd go and wake them, i 85*a*
i at first you don't succeed 191*a*
'i' is the only peacemaker 328*a*
i you can keep yr head 230*a*
much virtue in 'i' 328*a*
Ifs talk'st thou to me of 'i'? 385*a*
Ignis fatuus reason an *I* of the mind 309*b*
Ignoble base and i creature 15*a*
yet the end was not i 469*a*
Ignominy i of our natures 41*b*
thy i sleep with thee 379*a*
Ignorance alike in i, his reason such 301*a*
blind and naked I delivers 429*a*
bliss wh is the lot of happy i 157*a*
boldness is a child of i 14*b*
distinguished for i 130*a*
drink to heavy I! 439*a*
from i our comfort flows 306*a*
from knowledge i 46*a*
I is not innocence 47*b*
i, madam, pure i 207*a*
i of the law excuses no man 321*a*
I pity his i and despise him 124*b*
it was a childish i 195*a*
let me not burst in i 331*a*
more than Gothic i 151*b*
no sin but i 259*a*
putting us to i again 46*a*
the smallest allowance for i 202*b*
thro' i ye did it 512*a*
understand a writer's i 102*a*
what i of pain? 398*b*
where i is bliss 175*a*
yr i cramps my conversation 197*a*
Ignorances negligences and i 479*a*
Ignorant be not i of any thing 520*b*
confound the i 333*a*
i of his understanding 102*a*
most i of what he's most assur'd 351*b*
right of the i man 80*b*
we, i of ourselves 323*a*
Ignorantly I did it ignorantly 516*b*
Iliad an I of woes 120*a*
Ilion cloud-kissing I 386*b*
Ilium burnt the topless towers of I 258*b*
I is no more 555*b*
Ill attending captain i 388*a*
cannot be i, cannot be good 346*b*
cure for this i is not to sit still 230*b*
did not care to speak i of any 212*a*
enchains us to permitted i 395*a*
gey i to live wi' 82*a*
give the i he cannot cure a name 9*a*
Ill (*cont*)
good the final goal of i 430*a*
he thinks no i 388*a*
how i all's here about my heart 337*a*
if it is i has a frightened look 402*a*
looking i prevail 416*a*
make strong themselves by i 349*a*
no i can come 491*a*
nothing i come near thee 329*a*
nought shall go i 357*a*
O benefit of i! 389*a*
of every i, a woman is the worst 173*a*
seal up the avenues of i 147*a*
tempt you to all harm and i 3*a*
than to rail at the i 434*b*
there is some i a-brewing 353*b*
there's nothing i can dwell 367*b*
to do i our sole delight 271*a*
to speak i of it 183*b*
Ill-bred illiberal and so i 90*b*
Ill-drest ill-kept and i 211*a*
Ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own 328*a*
Ill-fed, ill-killed 211*a*
Illiberal so i and so ill-bred 90*b*
Ill-luck so fond of i 205*b*
Illness without the i shd attend it 346*b*
Ills climax of all human i 70*b*
fear, the last of i 141*b*
i have no weight 251*b*
long versed in human i 114*a*
no sense have they of i to come 174*b*
o'er a' the i o' life victorious 62*b*
quiet, after all their i 5*b*
rather bear those i we have 333*a*
to hastening i a prey 168*a*
what i from beauty spring 214*a*
when nae real i perplex them 63*a*
Ill-tempered think him i and queer 243*b*
Illumine what in me is dark i 270*b*
Illusion for man's i given 282*b*
only one i left 404*b*
so thankful for i 96*a*
Illustrious i predecessors 151*a*
scarce less i goes the clerk 109*b*
Illyria tall a man as any 's in I 369*b*
What shd I do in I? 369*b*
Illyrian green I hills 5*b*
Ilsley looks on I downs 8*b*
Image an i gay, to haunt 470*b*
best i of myself 274*b*
Cæsar's i is effaced 110*b*
constant i of the creature 370*b*
express i of his person 517*a*
I am in His i made 475*a*
i of Lewti! 101*b*
i of my death 138*a*
i that, flying still before me 466*a*
i that Nebuchadnezzar set up 504*a*
in his own i the Creator made 241*a*
its wrinkled i lies 396*a*
kills the i of God in the eye 279*a*
let us make man in our i 492*a*
man's i and his cry 476*a*
nor i of thine eyes 312*a*
scatter'd his Maker's i 138*a*
see the great doom's i 348*a*
shalt not make any graven i 480*a*
stamp'd with the i of the King 428*a*
the fleeting i of a shade 399*b*
the i of eternity 69*b*
whose horrid i doth unfix my hair 346*b*
whose is this i 507*b*
worship the beast and his i 519*b*
yr i at our hearts we bear 96*b*
yr i that blossoms a rose 475*b*
Zoroaster met his own i 397*a*
Imageries garlanded with carven i 221*b*
Imagery shd come natural 222*b*
Images express the i of their minds 14*b*
strange i of death 346*a*
thro' a garden of bright i 35*a*
Imagination appear so fair to fond i 473*a*
are of i all compact 357*b*
as i bodies forth the forms 357*b*
a thing i boggles at 75*b*
by bare i of a feast 374*b*
civet to sweeten my i 343*b*
creep into his study of i 359*a*
fairy writing wh depends on i 140*b*
his i wings of an ostrich 255*b*
how abhorred in my i it is! 336*b*
Imagination (*cont*)
if i amend them 357*b*
i cold and barren 55*b*
i droops her pinion 71*a*
i of a boy is healthy 217*a*
i of man's heart is evil 492*b*
i the rudder 222*a*
i to give them shape 333*b*
i, wh is but another name 470*a*
in ages of i 31*a*
in the i of their hearts 508*b*
is to defile the i 412*a*
O Sleep charm my i 161*a*
refined play of the i 57*b*
such tricks hath strong i 357*b*
the truth of i 222*a*
to his i for his facts 401*a*
to save those that have no i 391*b*
were it not for i, Sir 210*a*
what the i seizes as beauty 222*a*
whispering chambers of I 124*a*
Imaginations my i are as foul as Vulcan's 334*a*
perish thro' their own i 482*a*
Imaginative or domestic passages 222*a*
Imagine all that they i is to do me evil 485*b*
the people i a vain thing? 481*b*
Imagined exhausted worlds, and then i new 213*b*
i such a device 483*a*
Imaginings dreams and the light i 397*a*
less than horrible i 346*b*
Imbower high over-arch'd i 271*b*
Imitate i the action of the tiger 382*a*
obliged to i himself 308*b*
Imitation i the sincerest of flattery 103*b*
not a good i of Johnson 58*b*
there can be no i 177*a*
vocation were endless i 466*b*
Imitations poorest of all i 308*b*
Imitators, you slavish herd 543*b*
Imlac business of a poet, said I 213*b*
Immanuel call his name I 501*b*
Immense, of fishy form 39*b*
Immensity belie thy soul's i 466*b*
i cloistered in thy womb 133*a*
Immodest words admit of no defence 128*a*
Immoral as that most i man 228*a*
Immortal being a thing i as itself 331*a*
driven away from our i day 33*a*
Heav'n had wanted one i song 138*a*
Helen, make me i with a kiss 258*b*
his biting is i 325*a*
I have i longings in me 325*a*
I have lost the i part 361*b*
i diamond, is i diamond 197*a*
i in his own despite 303*b*
i, though no more 68*a*
sole thing of worth i 293*a*
the minute makes i 49*a*
thou must be made i 352*a*
what i hand or eye 31*b*
Immortality born for i 467*b*
I long to believe in i 223*b*
like a load of i 222*b*
nurslings of i! 397*a*
over whom thy i broods 466*b*
slumber out their i 113*b*
the fields of I 393*b*
the stedfast rock of i 38*b*
they gave, their i 39*a*
this longing after i 1*b*
this mortal must put on i 515*a*
this mortal shall assume its i 77*a*
'tis i 280*a*
yet is their hope full of i 520*a*
Immortalize art that can i 109*a*
mortal thing so to i 408*a*
Immortalizes verse, that i 113*a*
Immortals never appear the I 102*a*
President of the I 181*a*
Immoveable, looking tranquillity 104*b*
Imogen conceiving an Iago as an I 223*a*
Imparadised in one another's arms 274*a*
Impart doth Himself i 224*a*
Impatience wd be so much fretted 208*a*
Impatient of servitude 55*b*
Impeach I i him in the name of India 56*a*

Impeach (*cont*)
I i the common enemy 56*a*
Impeachment own the soft i 400*b*
Impediment cause, or just i 481*a*
marched on without i 385*a*
Impediments i to great enterprises 14*b*
true minds admit i 389*a*
Imperative categorical i 575*b*
not the i labour after all 43*a*
Imperfections i wh have been divinely appointed 314*b*
pass my i by 149*b*
with all my i on my head 331*b*
Imperial i fiddlestick! 83*b*
my i kitten! 83*b*
the i votaress passed on 356*b*
Imperially learn to think I 87*a*
Impertinence Memory of this I 153*a*
Impertinent i, being an Oxonian 150*b*
to make i description 65*b*
Imperturbe me i 457*b*
Impious when i men bear sway 1*b*
Important infinitely the most i 135*a*
unimportant—i 83*b*
where the most i peers most i 17*b*
Importunate rashly i 195*b*
telling a tale not too i 284*a*
Importunity of business 240*a*
Impossibilities honours of men's i 343*b*
not i enough in Religion 41*b*
Impossibility by despair upon i 260*a*
Impossible *can't* believe i things 84*b*
eliminated the i 136*a*
highly i scene 163*a*
highly i tree 163*a*
i to be silent 56*a*
it is certain because it is i 554*a*
I wish it were i 212*a*
Patently I and Vain 234*a*
peace is put in i things 92*b*
six i things before breakfast 84*b*
some false i shore 8*b*
that not i she 115*a*
think on things i 141*b*
'tis a thing i to frame 464*b*
with men this is i 507*b*
Impostors treat those two i just the same 230*a*
Impotently as i moves as you or I 153*b*
rolls i on as Thou or I 153*b*
Impression Time but the i deeper 61*b*
Imprint done set it in i 257*a*
Imprison take me to you, i me 133*a*
Imprisoned in the viewless winds 352*a*
Imprisonment ache, penury, and i 352*a*
Improbable remains, *however i* 136*a*
Improve i his shining tail 82*b*
still born to i us in every part 169*b*
Improvement i is from within 157*b*
schemes of political i 208*a*
Improvements in the lot of mankind 265*b*
Impudence starve for want of i 141*a*
yr i protects you surly 61*b*
Impulse one i from a vernal wood 471*b*
own i every creature stirs 7*b*
slave of circumstance and i 73*b*
this or that poor i 46*a*
Impulses of deeper birth 469*a*
Impure defaming as i what God declares 274*b*
Impurer from th' i matter free 66*a*
Impute i my Fall to Sin 154*a*
none to one cd sovereignty i 136*b*
In birds, without despair to get i 454*b*
i for a penny, i for a pound 164*a*
such as are i wish to get out 148*b*
such as are out wish to get i 148*b*
the one is i, the other out 94*b*
who's i, who's out 344*a*
yammered, 'Let me i' 235*b*
Inaccuracy I hate i 67*a*
Inactivity masterly i 256*a*
Inane along the illimitable i 433*a*
in the intense i 397*b*
Inanimate depravity of i things 178*b*
if aught i e'er grieves 68*b*
Inanity all torpid i 97*a*
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee! 442*a*
Inarticulate hour 312*a*
Inattention with patient i hear him 263*a*
Inaudible to the vast multitude 464*b*
Incantation i of this verse 396*b*
thy rod of i 161*a*
Incapable I am i of a tune 238*b*
i of her own distress 336*a*
Incapacity courted by I 31*a*
Incarnadine Cheek of her's to i 152*a*
the multitudinous seas i 348*a*
Incarnations glimmering I 392*a*
Incense i-bearing tree 101*a*
i is an abomination 501*a*
nor what soft i hangs 220*a*
stupefying i-smoke 45*a*
the gods themselves throw i 344*a*
thy pipe, thy i sweet 220*a*
Incensed buffets of the world so i 348*b*
i with indignation Satan stood 273*a*
Incertainties more certain than i 21*a*
Inch no painful i to gain 96*b*
Inchcape Rock 406*b*
Inches die by famine die by i 185*b*
Incident what is i but character 204*b*
Incidents well linked 108*a*
Inclination read just as i leads him 207*a*
Incline our hearts to keep this law 480*a*
Inclined as to embrace me she i 278*b*
he i unto me 484*a*
Inclines neither way i 323*b*
Income annual i twenty pounds 122*a*
in wh a good i is of no avail 404*a*
organism live beyond its i 66*b*
Incommunicable burden of the i 120*a*
i sleep 463*a*
Incompleteness flowed around our i 43*b*
Incomprehensibles not three i 478*b*
Inconsolable to the minuet 400*a*
Inconstancy Constant, in Nature were i 107*a*
constant in nothing but i 21*a*
curse thine own i 79*b*
nothing constant, save i 417*b*
yet this i is such 250*a*
Inconstant i woman never be very unhappy 160*b*
woman vain, i, childish 222*a*
Inconvenience change is not made without i 196*b*
Inconvenient i to be poor 107*b*
poverty is confoundedly i 404*b*
Incorpsed as he had been i 336*a*
Incorruptible but we are i 514*a*
sea-green I [Robespierre] 80*b*
Incorruption put on i 515*a*
raised in i 515*a*
Increase as if i of appetite 330*a*
blessest the i of it 486*a*
dry up in her the organs of i 342*a*
fairest creatures we desire i 387*a*
God gave the i 514*a*
good and i of the world 426*b*
he must i, but I must decrease 510*b*
i of faith, hope, and charity 479*b*
Incredible round an i star 92*b*
Incredulity! the wit of fools 87*b*
Increment an unregarded i 293*b*
unearned i 265*b*
Ind from the east to western I 327*a*
wealth of Ormus and of I 272*a*
Indebted and discharged 273*b*
Independence first of blessings, i 162*a*
make up the Declaration of I 94*a*
towns, where civic i flings 77*b*
Independent ef this ain't to be i 250*b*
Indestructible Union of i States 88*a*
Index thunders in the i 335*a*
Indexes such i small pricks 368*b*
writes i to perfection 170*a*
India for the treasures of I 161*b*
how now, my metal of I! 371*a*
if to far I's coast we sail 161*a*
I's coral strand 184*a*
I's spicy shores 107*b*
in the name of the people of I 56*a*
key of I is in London 128*b*
they made Britain I 385*b*
up from I glances 200*a*
Indian a poor I's sleep 220*b*
go, like the I, in another life 301*b*
I Summer of the heart 458*b*
lay out ten to see a dead I. 367*b*
like the base I 364*a*
lo, the poor I 300*b*
Indian (*cont*)
only good I is a dead I 400*a*
pith of an I cane 2*a*
the nice Morn on the I steep 266*b*
Indictment against an whole people 55*b*
Indies augmentation of the I 371*b*
bring home the wealth of the I 210*a*
Indifference fatal to religion as i 58*a*
i closely bordering on aversion 412*b*
Indifferent but to be i to them inhumanity 390*a*
i, and cannot enjoy it 206*b*
Indifferently i minister justice 480*b*
I will look on both i 337*b*
Indigent how i the great! 175*b*
Indigestion sows hurry and reaps i 413*b*
Indignantly day and night held on i 8*b*
Indignation i wd give birth 548*b*
let i vex him 485*b*
where fierce i can no longer tear 420*a*
Indirection wring vile trash by i 341*a*
Indirections by i find directions 332*a*
Indiscretion blazing i 283*b*
Indite songes make and wel i 88*a*
Inditing of a good matter 484*b*
Individual injustice done to an I 217*a*
liberty of the i 266*a*
no i cd resent 419*a*
not an i, but a species 151*a*
not by yr i whiskers 65*b*
Individuals i pass like shadows 56*a*
worth of the i composing it 206*a*
Indubitably they so very i *are* 25*a*
Indulge the loud unseemly jape 25*b*
Indulgences, dispenses, pardons 273*b*
Industry avarice, the spur of i 201*a*
captains of i 81*b*
i will improve them 308*b*
nobility abateth i 15*a*
Inebriate cups that cheer but not i 112*a*
to cheer but not i 28*a*
Inebriated with his own verbosity 128*b*
Ineffectual beautiful and i angel 9*b*
remote and i Don 26*b*
Inert the earth, tideless and i 18*a*
Inevitable arguing with the i 251*a*
I did not believe in i war 242*b*
Inexactitude terminological i 95*a*
Inexorable more fierce and more i. 366*a*
Inez saw you not fair I? 194*b*
Infallible none of us i 443*a*
Infamous exceeds an i history 42*b*
rich, quiet, and i 254*b*
Infancy lies about us in our i 466*a*
nations have their i 33*b*
wayward was thy i 385*a*
Infant at first the i 326*b*
furnish the fair I's bed 115*a*
i crying in the night 430*b*
lisping i prattling on his knee 59*b*
man in the cradle of an i 58*a*
sooner murder an i 31*a*
the i phenomenon 124*b*
timely blossom, i fair 296*b*
to a little i perhaps as painful 14*a*
to the ragged i threaten war 114*a*
where the noble I lay 114*b*
yr i beauty cd beget no pleasure 320*b*
Infantry Regiment o' British I 229*a*
that small i warred on 271*b*
Infants like i' slumbers 224*a*
who but i question in such wise 313*a*
Infect to the north star 358*a*
Infection against i and war 375*a*
Infelicity score of constant i 425*a*
Inferior knowing myself i to myself 279*a*
Inferiority conscious of an i 209*a*
Infernal hail i world 271*a*
Infidel as a dog is an i 207*b*
now, i, I have you on the hip 355*a*
the fellow is an i 207*b*
Wine has play'd the I 154*a*
worse than an i 516*b*
Infidelity indifference half i 58*a*
Infidels I, and Hereticks 479*b*
Jews might kiss, and i adore 302*b*
Infinite an i Majesty 478*a*
as i a justice too 47*a*
i is a torment to me 562*b*
mercy every way is i 46*b*

Infinite (*cont*)
there is an I in him 81*b*
tho' i can never meet 260*a*
Infinitude being's heart is with i 469*b*
Infinity I in the palm of yr hand 29*a*
shares the nature of i 463*a*
Infirm of purpose! give me the dagger 348*a*
Infirmities bear his friend's i 341*a*
thine often i 516*b*
Infirmity prop to our i 469*b*
that last i of noble mind 269*b*
Inflammation of his weekly bills 70*b*
Inflict can else i do I repent 271*a*
Influence a constant i, a peculiar grace 465*a*
bereaves of their bad i 465*a*
corrupt i wh is prodigality 56*a*
spheres of i 526*a*
under the name of I 56*b*
upon whose i Neptune's empire 329*b*
whose bright eyes rain i 269*a*
Influences skyey i 351*b*
sweet i of Pleiades 497*b*
Influenza call it i if you like 27*a*
no i in my young days 27*a*
Inform occasions do i against me 335*b*
she can so i the mind 472*a*
Information i is sometimes incorrect 204*b*
I only ask for i 122*a*
Times contains more useful i 97*a*
where we can find i upon it 208*b*
Informed the tenement of clay 138*a*
Infortune worst kinde i is this 90*a*
Ingeminate the word *Peace* 203*a*
Ingirt spirits do i thee round 78*b*
Ingle his wee bit i 59*b*
Inglorious mean our object and i 469*a*
Ingots of two gold i 259*a*
whose back with i bows 351*b*
Ingratitude I hate i more in a man 372*a*
i, more strong than traitors' 340*a*
i, thou marble-hearted fiend 342*a*
unkind as man's i 326*b*
Ingratitudes great-siz'd monster of i 369*a*
Ingredient is a devil 361*b*
Ingress the modern man 46*b*
Ingress our i into the world 249*a*
Inhabitant the poor i below 59*a*
Inhabitants like the i o' the earth 346*a*
the only i of the field 57*a*
Inhabiters all the i thereof 487*a*
Inhabits being help'd, i there 372*b*
Inhearse thoughts in my brain i 388*b*
Inherit all who it i, shall dissolve 367*b*
meek shall i the earth 505*a*
Inheritance rain upon thine i 486*a*
ruinous i 541*a*
Inheritor of kingdom of heaven 481*a*
Inheritors of unfulfilled renown 392*b*
Inhuman ere ceased the i shout 69*a*
Inhumanity man's i to man 61*b*
that's the essence of i 390*a*
In-i-go Jones 405*b*
Iniquities bruised for our i 503*a*
Iniquity draw i with cords 501*a*
I lack i sometimes 359*b*
in the bond of i 512*a*
laid on him the i of us all 503*a*
rejoiceth not in i 514*b*
that grey i 377*b*
ye have reaped i 504*a*
Injure I ne'er cd i you 400*a*
Injured forgiveness to the i 139*b*
Injuries adding insult to i 280*b*
i that they themselves procure 342*b*
Injury sooner forgotten insult 90*b*
Injustice conscience with i is corrupted 384*a*
endure an hour and see i done 199*b*
i done to the Individual 217*a*
Ink all the sea were i 251*b*
gall enough in thy i 371*b*
he hath not drunk i 344*b*
i in my pen ran cold 449*b*
uniforms turned up with i 67*b*
until his i were temper'd 345*a*
Inkstand mighty i too 192*b*
Inland he's down at an i town 164*a*
i far we be 466*b*
Inlets thro' creeks and i making 96*b*
Inmost see the i part of you 335*a*
Inn an i where travellers bait 205*a*
in the worst i's worst room 302*b*
life at best is but an i 200*b*
no room for them in the i 508*b*
not an i, but an hospital 42*a*
now unto mine i must I 75*b*
old i, and the lights, and the fire 284*b*
remember an I, Miranda? 27*a*
take mine ease in mine i 378*b*
that dark i, the grave! 317*b*
to gain the timely i 349*a*
warmest welcome, at an i 399*b*
wot lived in Lyons' I 454*a*
Inner by his Spirit in the i man 515*b*
the i man 481*b*
Innisfree go to I 475*a*
Innkeepers righteous minds of i 93*b*
Innocence betrayed my credulous i 267*b*
bowers of i and ease 168*a*
came i and she 441*a*
companions, i, and health 168*a*
dallies with the i of love 371*a*
glides in modest i away 214*a*
ignorance is not i 47*b*
I is closing up his eyes 137*b*
I, thy Sister dear 260*b*
our peace, our fearful i 467*b*
purity and place and i 274*b*
Valour and I have latterly 233*b*
was i for i 372*b*
Innocencies dead, wing'd I 293*b*
Innocency keep i, and take heed 484*a*
wash my hands in i 483*b*
Innocent be i of the knowledge 349*a*
I am i of the blood 508*a*
i from the great offence 482*b*
i is the heart's devotion 399*b*
rich shall not be i 498*b*
she was as i as gay 319*b*
source of i merriment 164*b*
taken reward against the i 487*b*
Innocently be more i employed 208*b*
Innovate to i is not to reform 57*b*
Innovator time is the greater i 15*b*
Inns all I have been driven 27*a*
go to i to dine 93*a*
you have lost your I 27*a*
Innumerable join the i caravan 53*a*
Inquest greatest i of the nation 56*a*
Inquire ever sceptic could i for 65*a*
Inquisition abashless i of each star 443*a*
I dogs 437*b*
Inquisitorious duncery 279*a*
Insane every hereditary monarch was i 17*b*
Inscriptions in lapidary i 208*b*
Inscrutable dumb i and grand 7*b*
Insect so grovelling an i as I 417*b*
this 'ere 'Tortis' is an i 535*a*
Insects troublesome i of the hour 57*a*
Insensibility it argues an i 238*b*
stark i 206*a*
Inside worm in yr little i 165*a*
Insides carrying *Three* I 78*b*
Insight i, amplitude of mind 470*a*
moment's i is sometimes worth 194*b*
tasks in hours of i will'd 7*a*
Insignificant two as i men as any 450*a*
Insincerity mark of i of purpose 35*a*
Insisture, course, proportion 368*b*
Insolence aspiring pride and i 258*b*
drown the memory of that i 153*b*
flown with i and wine 271*b*
supports with i 212*b*
Inspiration a lasting i 470*a*
contortions without the i 58*b*
find no more i in her 390*b*
genius is one per cent i 143*b*
Inspire till thou i the whole 103*a*
Inspired every sweetness that i 259*b*
Inspirit songs may i us 48*a*
Inspissated gloom 207*b*
Instance some precious i of itself 335*b*
Instances not with such familiar i 340*b*
wise saws and modern i 326*b*
Instancy majestic i 441*b*
Instant be i in season 516*b*
Instead fist i of a stick 64*b*
Instinct a gosling to obey i. 328*b*
Instinct (*cont*)
heart with English i 136*b*
i bring back the old names 101*b*
i for being unhappy 315*a*
i is a great matter 377*b*
i is important, O! 166*b*
i of all great souls 55*a*
I was a coward on i 377*b*
my natural i teaches me 166*b*
with a natural i to discern 465*a*
Instincts high i before wh 466*b*
Institution i of the dear love 457*a*
such as are in the i 148*b*
Institutions paw him with dirty i 444*a*
woman is one of the greatest i 451*a*
Instruct books propose to i 120*a*
in the graver gown i mankind 299*b*
Instruction I will better the i 354*a*
the horses of i 31*a*
Instructions follows his own i 353*a*
Instructor grand I, Time 58*a*
Instrument all harmony of i 392*b*
i of ten strings 483*b*
call me what i you will 334*b*
Heaven's happy i 313*b*
I tune the i here 133*b*
made an i to know if the moon 65*b*
scatter sounds out of an i 464*b*
sweeter than the sound of an i 42*a*
Thy most dreaded i 468*a*
Instruments docile i in its hands 266*a*
genius and the mortal i 338*b*
i of darkness tell us truths 346*a*
make i to plague us 344*a*
our i to melancholy bells 366*a*
Insufferable Oxford made me i 24*b*
Insulated knows no i spot 464*b*
Insult adding i to injuries 280*b*
blockhead's i points the dart 213*a*
bones from i to protect 174*b*
injury sooner forgotten than i 90*b*
look that threatened her with i 57*a*
Insults first i the victim 114*a*
Insured they were heavily i 163*a*
Insurrection nature of an i 338*b*
Intangible O world i 442*a*
Intellect certain ripeness in i 222*b*
creeds a disease of the i 147*b*
discerning i of Man 464*a*
his i is improperly exposed 404*b*
is it weakness of i, birdie 165*a*
living i that bred them 279*a*
opinion determined not by i 408*a*
our meddling i misshapes 471*b*
put on I 31*a*
scepticism of the i 288*b*
the march of i 407*a*
Intellects furnish you with argument and i 171*a*
Intellectual a tear is an i thing 30*b*
he was not an i Croesus 129*b*
I am an i chap 164*a*
i All-in-all 468*b*
lords of ladies i 70*a*
lose this i being 272*b*
moral or i damage 575*b*
passage to the i world 411*b*
the i power, thro' words 464*a*
thirdly, i ability 10*b*
yet being i amongst the noblest 75*b*
Intelligence gulls him with i 388*b*
whence you owe this strange i 346*a*
Intelligences we are the i 132*b*
Intelligent on the whole we are not i 166*b*
Intemperance brisk i of youth 161*b*
Intense not with too i a care 131*b*
Intensity excellence of art is its i 222*a*
Intent build above the deep i 137*b*
forget not yet the tried i 473*b*
guilt defeats my strong i 334*b*
his first avowed i 54*b*
i of bearing them is just 379*a*
it is my fixed i 19*b*
our true i is 357*b*
prick the sides of my i 347*a*
resist his uncontrollable i 278*a*
same with i to deceive 182*a*
th i is al 90*b*
the less we knew of its i 284*a*
truth that's told with bad i 29*b*
working out a pure i 468*a*

Intention affection! thy i stabs 373a
without some intellectual i 314b
Intents be thy i wicked or charitable 331a
i are savage-wild 366a
Inter in hugger-mugger to i him 335b
Inter-assured of the mind 134a
Intercession for the transgressors 503a
Interchange quiet i of sentiments 208b
Intercourse dreary i of daily life 472a
Interdict upon her hopes 469a
Interest but O, I du in i 250a
common i always will prevail 138b
5 per cent is the natural i 254b
it's i that keeps peace 116a
landed and *monied* i 2a
learn their real i to discern 109b
lend fresh i to a tale 72b
nor any i unborrowed 472a
Interesting most grati—most i 135b
obligation that it be i 204b
Interests contests about their carnal i 66a
Interfused far more deeply i 472a
Interim all the i is a phantasma 338b
Interlunar cave 277b
Intermission I did laugh sans i 326a
Interpretation bearing some other i 136a
i of the thing 504a
Interpreter God is his own i 110a
i of the cogitations thereof 520b
i 's the hardest to be understood 400a
Interrupt did ever woman i a man 411a
Interval make a lucid i 140b
Intervals lucid i and happy pauses 16b
lucid i of life 464a
Interview strange and fatal i 132b
Intestines Poetry of the smaller i 80a
Intolerable O vile, i 366b
this i deal of sack 378a
Intoxicated exposes himself when he is i 210a
i with my own eloquence 129b
Intoxication best of life is but i 70b
Wordsworth's standard of i 401a
Intreasured weak beginnings lie i 380b
Intrigue, that is the crime 173a
Intrigues half-gathered 113b
Introduced cut any one you've been i to 85b
when I'm i to one 308a
Introduction to my literary work 206b
Intrude I hope I don't i 298b
Intruders on his ancient home 8b
Inurned we saw thee quietly i 331a
Invades he i authors 142a
Invariable glass o' the i 126b
Invasion of a common enemy 238a
Invent beats all the lies you can i 29b
more than I i or is invented 379b
necessary to i him (God) 566a
young men are fitter to i 16a
Invented account be first i war 250a
all the poems that ever were i 85a
fond thing vainly i 491b
he first i thee 216b
many that haven't been i 85a
who first i Work 240a
you i it just now 83b
Invention a long poem is a test of i 222a
a weak i of the enemy 95b
beggars i 111a
brightest heaven of i 381a
first heir of my i 386b
i breeds i 148b
i is unfruitful 55b
it 's my own i 85a
that e'er i played 372a
'tis never by i got 420a
Inventions a-whoring with their i 488b
sought out many i 499b
Inventor O mighty-mouthed i 427a
Inventors fall'n on the i' heads 337a
Invents about the best thing God i 46b
Invincible none as i as they 107b
Invisible blackens water till he becomes i 2b
hypocrisy evil that walks i 273b
live i and dim 448a
O world i, we view thee 442a
receipt of fern-seed, we walk i 377a
shall I join the choir i 144b
Invisibly wind does move i 31b
Invitation more i than command 410b
Invited oft i me 360a
Invites his wit i you 108a
Invulnerable it is, as the air, i 329b
Inward celestial light shone i 273b
with my i eye 'tis an Old Man 29b
Ionian isle under I skies 393b
valleys of I hills 435a
Iope white I, blithe Helen 78b
Ipswich and Oxford 386b
Iram indeed is gone 152a
Ire where slept thine i 218a
Ireland discourse in praise of I 290a
general from I coming 383b
great Gaels of I 92a
how 's poor ould I? 525b
I'll not forget old I 29a
I gives England her soldiers 264b
moment name of I is mentioned 405a
romantic I 's dead 471b
said to be done in I 40.a
sang, to sweeten I 's wrong 476b
Irene all-success of *I* 206b
[I Adler] is always *the* woman 135a
Iris in the Spring a livelier i 432a
one vast I of the West 29a
Irish forbid to grow on I ground 525b
howling of I wolves 327b
I are a fair people 208b
led by an I general 391a
no blithe I lad 76b
now the I are ashamed 261a
peculiarity of the I bull 143b
upon the I shore 61a
Irishman potato in his head 181a
Irked it i him to be here 8b
Iron armies clad in i 277b
beat the i while it is hot 142a
blood and i 567b
bound in misery and i 488b
bruise them with a rod of i 481b
dungeon, nor strong links of i 338a
every icy crag tinkled like i 496a
I—Cold I—is master of them 228a
i entered into his soul 488b
i sharpeneth i 498b
I saw the i enter into his soul 411a
man that meddles with cold i! 65a
the i shuts amain 269b
the sound of i on stone 119b
wink and hold out mine i 381b
wood painted to look like i 568a
Iron-bosomed sea 313a
Ironies Life's Little I 180b
Irons he it me these i hot 374a
two i in the fire 23a
Iron-sleet of arrowy shower 175a
Irony humour and i unconscious 66b
Irradiation of a mind 395b
Irrationally held truths 202a
Irregulars Baker Street i 130a
Irrelevant thing in nature 239a
Is he i—what thou shalt be 280a
it i, but hadn't ought to be 182a
such i, what i to be? 442a
whatever i, i in its causes just 141a
wh i, and wh i to come 518a
Isa obedient to I Keith 155a
Isaac God of I 493b
thine only son I 493a
Iscariot Judas not I 511a
Ischyros He upbeareth me, *I* 441a
Iser of I, rolling rapidly 76b
Isis I and Cam, to patient science 463a
may Cam and I, preach it long 299a
Island is an inland i 412b
floating bulwark of the i 28b
i was shaken with an earthquake 2b
live on yon beautiful i 120b
right little, tight little I 120b
shading of the misty i 320b
some secreted i 469b
this i all her own 449a
what a snug little I 120b
Islanded by cities fair 395a
Islands know not where His i lift 458b
many flowering i lie 395a
parson for the I of the Blest 215a
round many western i 220b
Island-story rough i 435a
Island-valley of Avilion 429b
Isle a ship, an i, and a sickle moon 155a
blow soft o'er Ceylon's i 184a
guards his osier-i 443b
I of Beauty, I are thee well! 22a
i of Rum-ti-Foo 163a
i under Ionian skies 393b
it frights the i 361a
make its continent an i 393a
many a green i needs must be 395a
men of the Emerald I 137b
natural bravery of yr i 328b
never was i so little 228b
pumice i in Baiae's bay 396b
some unsuspected i 50a
suddenly raised a fairy i 293b
the i is full of noises 367b
this scepter'd i 375a
Isled thank Him who i us here 435a
Isles among the Ægean i 8a
i and rifted rocks 267b
kings of Tharsis and of the i 486b
other flowering i must lie 395b
sprinkled i, lily on lily 46a
taketh up the i as a very little 502b
the i may be glad thereof 488a
the i of Greece 70b
throned on her hundred i! 69a
touch the Happy I 439a
Islington bailiff's daughter in I 531b
from I to Marybone 30b
village less than I wilt grow 107a
Ismenian steep 277b
Isn't as it i, it ain't 84a
Isolate pure spirits 44a
Isolated stands splendidly i 156b
Isolation our splendid i 172a
Israel all the waters of I 496b
beauty of I is slain 495b
deliver I, O God 483a
gather together the outcasts of I 490b
I arose a mother in I 494b
in his border see I set 47a
I saw all I scattered 496a
I, Athens, Florence 203a
I loved Joseph more than all 493a
I, of the Lord beloved 319b
lost sheep of the house of I 506a
many widows were in I 509a
neither will I let I go 493b
O thou worship of I 483a
ransom captive I 286b
so great faith, no, not in I 506a
success was found on I's side 110a
sweet psalmist of I 496a
there is a prophet in I 496b
to yr tents, O I 496a
Israelite behold an I indeed 510b
Israelites Are they I? so am I 515a
I passed over on dry land 494b
Israel dwell where I hath dwelt 298a
Issachar is a strong ass 493b
Issue happy i out of affliction 479a
kings their i guard 274a
rich legacy unto their i 340a
Issues but to fine i 351a
joined great i, good or bad 465b
leave the i calmly to God 81a
Issuing on a summer's morn 276a
Isthmus i of a middle state 301a
this narrow i 'twixt two seas 282a
Isyphill fair I 402a
It it 's just I 237b
Italia I, I shall be free 265a
I! oh I! 69a
Italian French, I, Spaniard 42a
led by an I general 391a
no I priest shall tithe 374a
or perhaps I! 166a
rare I master, Julio Romano 373b
roof of blue I weather 395b
she faded 'midst I flowers 184b
writ in very choice I 334b
Italians call reg larly flummoxed 126b
Italy after seeing I 58b
a man who has not been in I 209a
Creator made I from designs 446b
graved inside of it, 'I' 46a
Greece, I, and England 141a
grete poete of I 89a
his doublet in I 353a
I a paradise for horses 64b

Italy (*cont*)
I indifferent to Walter Scott 81*b*
I is a geographical expression 569*a*
I, my I! 46*a*
linking our England to his I 51*b*
some jay of I 328*b*
thou Paradise of exiles, I! 395*a*
Itch Divinity had catch'd the i 65*a*
insatiate i of scribbling 162*b*
i of literature comes over a man 250*a*
i of writing 549*a*
mine eyes do i 363*a*
poor i of your opinion 328*a*
Itching to have an i palm 340*b*
Item, two lips 370*a*
Iteration prone to any i of nuptials 105*b*
thou hast damnable i 376*b*
Ithuriel with his spear 274*b*
Itself it is still i 359*b*
nor for i hath any care 32*a*
nothing of i will come 464*b*
nought but i to teach 36*a*
seeketh not i to please 32*a*
to i it only live and die 388*b*
It-will-wash-no-more 445*a*
Itylus half assuaged for I 420*a*
slaying of I 422*b*
Ivory cargo of i 261*b*
i, and apes, and peacocks 496*a*
i on which I work 570*a*
i overlaid with sapphires 500*b*
my lady seems of i forehead 284*b*
thy neck is as a tower of i 500*b*
thy skin is i, so white 161*a*
Ivy and the bonny i-tree 525*a*
as creeping i clings to wood 110*b*
bees in the i-bloom 397*a*
i falls with the Bacchanal s 420*b*
i serpentine 398*a*
just like the i I'll cling to you 266*b*
like an owl in an i-bush 418*b*
pluck an i branch for me 311*a*
the holly and the i 526*b*
with i never sere 269*a*
Ivy-tod is heavy with snow 99*b*
Ixionian wheel 433*a*

J

J dig in the ribs I gives Mrs J 416*b*
Jabberwock beware the J 83*b*
Jacinth eleventh, a 520*a*
Jack as soon dine with J Ketch 209*a*
banish plump J 378*a*
dine with J Wilkes 209*a*
gorging J and guzzling Jimmy 440*b*
have you news of my boy J? 232*b*
house that J built 534*b*
J lov'd his friend 120*b*
J on the gallows-tree 319*b*
J shall have Jill 357*a*
J Sprat could eat no fat 534*a*
J 's the king of all 454*a*
J was embarrassed 73*a*
lamented J! 102*a*
little J Horner 532*a*
many a gentle person made a J 384*b*
poor J, farewell! 379*a*
since every J became a gentleman 384*b*
sixteen-string J 209*a*
Spanking J was so comely 120*b*
they all love J 454*a*
this J, joke, poor potsherd 197*b*
watch for the life of poor J 120*b*
Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair 19*a*
Jacket day hath put on his j 103*b*
his j was red 100*b*
Jacks shy, insinuating J 384*b*
Jackson standing like a stone wall 24*b*
Jacksonian vulgarity 304*b*
Jacob all the dwellings of J 487*a*
God of J 493*b*
hollow of J 's thigh 493*a*
J served seven years 493*a*
J 's sons and daughters 286*b*
J was a plain man 493*a*
Lord will have mercy on J yet 47*a*
sold his birthright unto J 493*a*
take away the captivity of J 487*a*
talk to him of J 's ladder 205*b*

Jacob (*cont*)
the voice is J 's voice 493*a*
traffic of J 's ladder 442*a*
Jade let the galled j wince 334*b*
Jades holla, ye pampered J of Asia 259*b*
hollow pamper'd j of Asia 380*a*
Jads dells an' j thegether 63*a*
I like the j for a' that 61*a*
Jael Heber's wife 494*b*
Jagged maps a j coast 36*a*
Jaguar I've never seen a J 230*b*
Jah praise him in his Name J 486*a*
Jail being in a ship is being in a j 207*a*
nothing was now left but a j 122*a*
Jam cloaned with champagne and apricot j 416*b*
j every other day 84*b*
j tomorrow and j yesterday 84*b*
Jamaica of a J gentleman lately dead 211*b*
James (Jamie) dead of Joy, J Lee 47*b*
Eliza, and our J 210*a*
I saw my J 's ghaist 20*b*
J J Morrison Morrison 266*b*
King J call for his old shoes 321*a*
my J was at sea 20*b*
Jamshyd Courts where J gloried 153*a*
J 's Sev'n-ring'd Cup 152*a*
Jane from J to Elizabeth 11*b*
Honour unto England's J 230*b*
J lies in Winchester 230*b*
J went to Paradise 230*a*
of the knight embracing J 77*b*
Willie shall dance with J 522*b*
Janet was as glad at that 528*b*
Janiculan when from J heights 96*a*
Janus of poets 142*a*
Janvier Generals J and Février 575*b*
Japanee that hang on 233*b*
Jape loud unseemly j 25*b*
Japes feyned flatterye and j 89*a*
Japheth it might be J 230*a*
Shem, Ham, and J 492*b*
Jar amid the city s j 6*b*
Jargon j of the schools 305*b*
j o' your schools 60*a*
Jargoning their sweet j 99*b*
Jarley Mrs J 's waxwork 125*a*
Jarndyce and Jarndyce 121*a*
Jarring sectaries may learn 109*b*
Jasher book of J 494*b*
Jasper first foundation was j 520*a*
'J first', I said 43*a*
j of jocundite 143*a*
to look upon like a j 518*b*
Javan or Gadier 277*b*
Jaws gently smiling j 82*b*
j of darkness do devour it 356*a*
ponderous and marble j 331*a*
that bite 83*b*
Jay height the thrush and the j 373*a*
some j of Italy 328*b*
Jay-bird what de j say 181*b*
Jealous as thou art j, Lord 133*a*
I the Lord thy God am a j God 480*a*
j for they are j 362*b*
j souls will not be answer'd so 362*b*
not ever j for the cause 362*b*
one not easily j 364*a*
to the j confirmations strong 362*a*
who wit with j eye surveys 94*b*
Jealousies pipe blown by surmises, j 379*b*
Jealousy all j to the bride 21*b*
beware, my lord, of j 361*b*
full of artless j 335*b*
I'd make a life of j 361*b*
J a human face 33*a*
j heareth all things 520*a*
j is cruel as the grave 501*a*
mine was j in love 428*b*
nor j was understood 275*a*
fear, and green-eyed j 354*a*
thou tyrant, tyrant J 140*b*
Jean Jacques gospel according to J 80*b*
Jebusite maugre all God's promises 294*b*
Jebusites Hivites and the J 493*b*
Jeffersonian simplicity 304*b*
Jehovah J has triumph'd 282*b*
J, Jove or Lord! 304*a*
J of the Thunders 230*a*
J, who in one night pass'd 271*b*

Jehovah (*cont*)
names divine of Jesus and J 30*a*
tell them I am, J said 403*a*
Jehu J said, what hast thou to do 496*b*
J the son of Nimshi 496*b*
the sword of J shall Elisha slay 496*a*
Jelly distill'd almost to j with fear 330*b*
little pipkin fits this little j 188*b*
meaty j, too is mellering 125*b*
out, vile j! 343*b*
Jelofer amiable 402*b*
Jemmy Grove Young J 531*a*
Jenkin hol jolly J 319*b*
Jenkyns Miss J beat time 159*a*
Jenny J kissed me 202*a*
vengeance of J 's case! 356*a*
wait till the clouds roll by, J 462*b*
Jeopardy of their lives 496*a*
Jerkin like a leather j 369*a*
Jerks bring me up by j 123*b*
Jerry wouldn't do for you, J 127*a*
Jerusalem as the curtains of J 500*a*
build thou the walls of J 485*a*
Building up of J 30*b*
built in J 's wall 30*b*
four great walls in the New J 44*b*
he hath redeemed J 502*b*
if I forget thee, O J 490*a*
if I prefer not J in my mirth 490*a*
I go bound in the spirit unto J 512*b*
I John saw the holy city, new J 519*b*
in metropolitan J 294*b*
in that J shall Harry lie 381*a*
I shd not die but in J 381*a*
J, my happy home 523*b*
J the golden 286*a*
J, thy sister calls 30*b*
O J, J, thou that killest 507*b*
O pray for the peace of J 489*b*
speak ye comfortably to J 502*b*
the hills stand about J 489*b*
the Lord doth build up J 490*b*
there J 's pillars stood 30*b*
there's J and Madagascar 440*b*
thryes hadde she been at J 88*b*
till we have built J 31*b*
was J builded here 31*a*
wise men from the east to J 504*b*
ye waste places of J 502*b*
Jeshurun waxed fat 494*b*
Jessamine pale j 270*a*
the casement j stirr'd 434*a*
the j faint 398*a*
Jesse out of the stem of J 501*b*
sires and sons to J 's fount 130*b*
Jesses for j and restraints 441*a*
her j were my dear heart-strings 362*a*
Jessica look, how the floor of heaven 355*a*
Jest a fellow of infinite j 336*b*
a good j for ever 377*a*
glory, j and riddle of the world 301*a*
he had his j 138*b*
intermingle j with earnest 16*a*
j and youthful jollity 268*b*
J 's prosperity lies in the ear 345*b*
most bitter is a scornful j 213*a*
Nestor swear the j be laughable 352*b*
put his whole wit in a j 22*b*
tells the j without the smile 102*a*
the jolt-head j ye did 235*b*
to use my self in j 133*b*
Jested, quaffed, and swore 176*b*
Jesters shallow j 378*a*
Jesting nor foolish talking, nor j 515*b*
oh, 'tis j, dancing, drinking 199*b*
What is truth? said j Pilate 14*a*
Jestings than our common j are 43*b*
Jests with some excellent j 371*b*
Jesu J, by a nobler deed 87*a*
J, Lover of my soul 455*b*
J, Mary and Joseph they bare 524*a*
J, the very thought of Thee 86*b*
O J thou art standing 200*b*
Thy Name, O J, be for ever blest 200*a*
Jesuit a tool, a J 226*b*
Jesus Blood of J whispers peace 28*a*
disciple(s) whom J loved 511*a*, 511*b*
even so, come, Lord J 520*b*
gentle J, meek and mild 455*b*
J calls us, o'er the tumult 36
J increased in wisdom and stature 509*a*

Jesus (*cont*)
J speaks, and speaks to thee 110*a*
J the author and finisher 517*a*
J walking on the sea 507*a*
J was sitting in Moses' chair 30*a*
J wept 511*a*
J ! with all thy faults I love thee 67*a*
leaning on J 's bosom 511*a*
little J , wast Thou shy 441*b*
name of J every knee shall bow 516*a*
names divine of J and Jehovah 30*a*
shoves J and Judas equally aside 147*b*
Sir, we wd see J 511*a*
stand up for J 142*b*
sweet reasonableness of J 10*b*
sweet the name of J sounds 289*a*
that he may do for J 's sake 3*b*
that they had been with J 512*a*
this J will not do 30*a*
what was the sound of J 's breath 30*a*
with the cross of J 20*a*
ye belong to J 3*a*
Jesus Christ also a prisoner of J 516*b*
if J were to come to-day 82*a*
is J her lord 415*b*
J , and him crucified 514*a*
J her little Child 3*b*
J is risen to-day 524*b*, 558*b*
J ! our baks bate 531*a*
J the same yesterday 517*a*
kingdom and patience of J 518*a*
Jets how he j under his plumes 371*a*
Jetty come up J , rise and follow 203*a*
Jew clutched a cringing J 93*a*
false I nglish Nobles and their J 294*a*
hath not a J eyes 354*a*
I am a Jew else, an Ebrew J 377*b*
neither Greek nor J 516*a*
not a Heathen or a J 452*b*
son of Kish that lofty J 261*a*
the J that Shakespeare drew 304*a*
then must the J be merciful 354*b*
Jewel a precious j in his head 325*b*
have I caught my heavenly j 401*b*
j in a ten-times-barr d-up chest 374*b*
j of gold in a swine's snout 498*a*
lest my j it shd tine 59*b*
mine eternal j given 348*b*
no j is like Rosalind 327*a*
rich j in an Ethiop s ear 365*a*
sets the j -print of yr feet 434*a*
the immediate j of their souls 361*b*
the j of the just 448*a*
the poor j of their souls! 412*a*
Jewels boys and girls were j 445*a*
captain j in the carcanet 387*b*
decked with j had she on 528*a*
I'll give my j for beads 375*b*
j five-words long 436*a*
j make women fat or thin 211*b*
put precious j into a garret 13*b*
these, said she, are my j 64*b*
unvalued j 384*b*
Jewry sepulchre in stubborn J 375*a*
Jews he that is born King of the J 504*b*
J might kiss, and infidels adore 302*b*
J , Turks, Infidels 479*b*
odd of God to choose the J 140*b*
of Rome, J and proselytes 512*a*
so to the J old Canaan stood 453*b*
stock-jobbers and j 111*a*
three paynims, three J 257*a*
till the conversion of the J 260*a*
Jig my very walk shd be a j 369*b*
wooing is as a Scotch j 358*a*
Jigging veins of rhyming wits 259*a*
Jill Jack shall have J 357*a*
Jilted better be courted and j 77*a*
Jim they called him Sunny J 179*a*
Jimmy guzzling J 440*b*
J was good and true 163*a*
Jingo by j if we do 201*b*
by the living j 171*a*
Joan J as my lady is as good 189*b*
Johnny has got his J 522*b*
some men must love Joan 344*b*
while greasy J doth keel the pot 345*b*
Job and a good j too 167*a*
blessed the latter end of J 497*b*
describing the afflictions of J 14*a*
Job (*cont*)
doth J fear God 496*b*
find some needful j 229*b*
heard of the patience of J 517*b*
husband is a whole-time j 27*a*
leave their j when they choose 234*b*
poor as J but not so patient 379*b*
seek yr j with thankfulness 229*b*
Jobiska Aunt J 243*b*
Joblilies and the Garyalies 155*b*
Jobling, there *are* chords 121*b*
Jockey of Norfolk 385*a*
Joe poor old J 156*b*
Jog j *on with* (£40,000 a year) 572*a*
j on the foot-path 373*a*
John Don J of Austria 92*b*
I J saw the holy city 519*b*
I J , who also am yr brother 518*a*
J Anderson my Jo, J 61*a*
J Brown's body 178*a*
J he cried in vain 108*b*
J 's ideal J 194*a*
J now to be burned alive 47*a*
J 's soul flared into the dark 47*a*
J to the seven churches 518*a*
J , unhappily, thought fit 305*b*
J was a very good man 163*a*
Long J Brown 31*a*
man whose name was J 510*b*
Matthew, Mark, Luke, and J 2*b*
maun totter down, J 61*a*
mony a canty day, J 61*a*
my brother J , the evil one 29*b*
oh No ! ! No J ! 525*b*
Sure J and I are more than quit 305*b*
the real J 194*a*
Thomas' ideal J 194*a*
to J I ow'd great obligation 305*b*
John Bull 4*b*
John Clay hark you, J 216*a*
John Naps old J of Greece 366*b*
Johnnie (Johny) J Comes March-ing Home Again 527*b*
J has got his Joan 522*b*
J lad, cock up yr beaver 193*b*
little J Head-in-air 193*a*
silly little J , look 193*a*
J Cope, are ye wauking 193*b*
John of Gaunt Old J 374*b*
talks as familiarly of J 380*b*
John Peel 173*a*
Johnson Burke observed that J 58*a*
Cham of literature, J 405*b*
Dr J condemns what he dis-approves 58*b*
[Dr J] gets at the substance 238*a*
[Dr J] has no formal preparation 308*b*
Dr J 's morality was as English 182*b*
Dr J 's sayings wd not appear 295*b*
J cd repeat a complete chapter 209*b*
J hewed passages thro' the Alps 103*b*
J is dead 214*a*
J marched to kettle drums 103*b*
J 's style was grand 103*b*
Life of J is assuredly great 255*a*
no arguing with J 171*a*
no man to put you in mind of J 214*a*
not a good imitation of J 58*b*
Johnsonese broken J 255*b*
Join come and j the dance 83*b*
Joined j together in Matrimony 481*a*
she j the former two 141*a*
what therefore God hath j 507*a*
whom God hath j together 481*b*
Joint at every j and motive of her body 369*a*
j heirs with Christ 513*b*
human knee is a j 178*b*
remove the j 85*b*
the time is out of j 331*b*
Joint-labourer with the day 329*b*
Joints between the j of his harness 496*b*
his square-turned j 318*a*
may his j tormented be 216*b*
the j that you carve 227*b*
Joke a j 's a very serious thing 94*b*
dullness ever loves a j 298*b*
it 's our only j 21*b*
j well into a Scotch understanding 404*a*
life is a j that 's just begun 164*b*
many a j had he 168*b*
Joke (*cont*)
rich man's j is allis funny 41*a*
subtleties of the American j 446*b*
this Jack, j , poor potsherd 197*b*
you saw Waring? truth or j ? 52*b*
Jokes laugh'd at all his j 168*b*
Wooden shoes are standing J 1*b*
Jollity jest and youthful j 268*b*
nothing trimmed in j 388*a*
turned to j and game 276*b*
Jolly I'm a J —'Er Majesty's J 234*a*
some credit in being j 123*b*
so was her j whistle wel y-wet 89*a*
Jonadge's belly 124*a*
Jonah J was in the belly of the fish 504*b*
lot fell upon J 504*b*
of one vast kidney, J prays 202*b*
Jonas acquired some reputation 208*a*
Jonas Kindred grave J 114*a*
Jonathan distressed for thee, my brother J 495*b*
J gave his artillery 495*b*
O J , thou wast slain 495*b*
Saul and J were lovely 495*b*
we must consult brother J 452*a*
Jones 'indeed!' said Mr J 172*b*
J ! as from Calais southward 463*a*
J , the tobacco jar! 76*a*
J daily absorbs a clay 76*a*
Jonson [J] invades authors 142*a*
J 's learned sock be on 269*a*
next these, learn'd J 137*a*
too nicely J knew 103*a*
Jordan Cherith, that is before J 496*a*
not J 's stream, nor death's 453*b*
on this side J 's wave 3*a*
while J rolled between 453*b*
Joris, and he 47*b*
Jorkins I have a partner, Mr J 122*a*
Jorrocks not afraid of 'the pace' 417*a*
Joseph as J was a-walking 522*a*
Israel loved J more 493*a*
Jesu, Mary and J they bare 524*a*
J did whistle and Mary did sing 524*a*
new king wh knew not J 493*b*
Josephine court of the Empress J 165*b*
Joshua Duke J 257*a*
J the son of Nun 494*a*
Joss-sticks and high-mindedness 35*a*
Jostling by j in the street 30*a*
Jot one j of former love retain 137*b*
Journalism Christianity but why j 18*a*
Journalists say a thing 27*b*
Journey arrant jade on a j 170*b*
death the j 's end 141*a*
he is gone a long j 498*a*
here is my j 's end 364*a*
life's j just begun 109*b*
love to begin a j on Sundays 418*b*
on that j you find yr attorney 164*a*
or he is in a j 496*a*
the longest j go 393*b*
thy heavy riches but a j 351*b*
will the day's j take the day 311*a*
yr j of so many days 294*a*
Journeying on to Hertfordshire 240*b*
Journeyman to grief 374*b*
Journeymen some of nature's j 333*b*
Journeys end in lovers meeting 370*b*
Jove Apollo, Pallas, J 131*b*
ask me no more where J bestows 79*b*
awful J young Phidias brought 147*a*
daughter of J , relentless power 173*b*
deny himself for J 345*a*
Jehovah, J or Lord 304*a*
J and my stars be praised 371*b*
J but laughs at lovers' perjury 141*a*
J for 's power to thunder 328*a*
J 's dread clamours counterfeit 362*a*
lovelier than the Love of J 259*a*
might I of J 's nectar sup 216*a*
she is sport for J 361*a*
starry threshold of J 's court 266*b*
tales of thee to high-judging J 342*b*
tell proud J , between his power 215*b*
they say, J laughs 365*a*
thou for whom e'en J wd swear 345*a*
while J 's planet rises 47*b*
Jovial Autumn comes j on 443*b*
Jowett my name is J 528*b*
Joy a dizzy, a tumultous j. 407*a*

Joy (*cont*)
ah heavenly J ! 36*a*
a J apart from thee 146*b*
all J is young 265*a*
all that is at enmity with J 466*b*
all the J before death 423*b*
bathed in J complete 37*b*
before, a J proposed 389*a*
bends to himself a J 30*b*
break forth into J 502*b*
burst J 's grape 219*b*
cease, every J , to glimmer 77*b*
children of swift J 441*a*
come again with J 489*b*
creature, form'd of J and mirth 30*b*
dead of J , James Lee 47*b*
doth not intermeddle with his J 408*a*
dreme of J , al but in vain 90*a*
dwell in doubtful J 348*b*
each for the J of the working 236*b*
enter into the J of thy Lord 508*a*
eternal J , and everlasting love 291*b*
every child may J to hear 32*b*
extremes of passion, J and grief 344*a*
fields where J for ever dwells 271*a*
fruit of the Spirit is love, J 515*b*
general J of the whole table 349*a*
Greensleeves was all my J 523*b*
headlong J is ever on the wing 277*b*
heart asks, if this be J 168*b*
he chortled in his J 84*a*
he sees it in his J 466*a*
is the fulness of J 482*b*
it wd but apprehend some J 357*b*
I were page to J 423*a*
I wish him J, where'er he dwell 526*a*
I wish you all the J 354*b*
J and woe are woven fine 29*b*
J be wi' you a' 285*b*
J brightens his crest 276*a*
J cometh in the morning 483*b*
J delights in J 387*a*
J in the making 36*b*
J in widest commonalty spread 464*a*
J is like restless day 306*b*
J is my name 32*b*
J is the sweet voice 100*b*
J is wisdom 475*b*
J of elevated thoughts 472*a*
J of love is too short 257*a*
J , pleasance, revel 361*b*
J rul'd the day 141*b*
J runs high 185*a*
J 's a trinket 410*b*
J shall be in heaven 509*b*
J , shipmate, J ! 457*a*
J 's soul lies in the doing 368*b*
J ! that in our embers doth live 466*b*
J the luminous cloud 100*b*
J was never sure 422*a*
J , whose hand is ever at his lips 219*b*
J without canker or cark 242*a*
kisses the J as it flies 30*b*
labour without J is base 314*b*
last his sorrow, first his J 176*a*
lead from J to J 472*a*
let J be unconfined 68*b*
like an unbodied J 398*a*
lost a J for it worth worlds 186*b*
love, and thought, and J 471*a*
make me hear of J and gladness 485*a*
man was made for J and Woe 29*b*
more true J Marcellus exil'd 301*b*
my J , my grief, my hope 448*b*
my J of youthful sports 69*b*
my scrip of J , immortal diet 307*b*
nor J nor grieve too much 141*a*
not a J the world can give 73*b*
not increased the J 501*b*
now from the heart of J 24*b*
now 'tis little J 105*a*
O daring J , but safe 457*a*
oh! dream of J ! 99*b*
oh, what the J and the glory 287*a*
oil of J for mourning 503*b*
O tidings of comfort and J 523*a*
O what their J and their glory 537*a*
Phyllis is my only J 321*a*
pledges of Heaven's J 278*a*
pure and complete J 567*a*
Robin is all my J 336*a*

Joy (*cont*)
running stream of sparkling J 121*b*
shuts up all the passages of J 214*a*
silence perfectest herald of J 358*a*
silent J at their arrival 99*a*
sing, riding 's a J 48*a*
smooth current of domestic J 213*a*
snatch a fearful J 174*b*
some bringer of that J 357*b*
soon brightened with J 464*b*
stern J wh warriors feel 316*b*
such perfect J therein I find 143*a*
sweet J befall thee 32*b*
the deep power of J 472*a*
the harp, his sole remaining J 316*b*
there is no J but calm 433*a*
the senses, for ever in J 51*b*
the smiles of J , the tears of woe 282*b*
the very honey of all earthly J 107*a*
they J before thee 501*b*
thine earth-born J renew 36*b*
thing of beauty is a J for ever 217*b*
thou hast finished J and moan 329*a*
thy J and crown eternally 279*b*
tidings of great J I bring 424*b*
variety s the source of J below 160*a*
we wear a face of J because 465*a*
where's all the J and mirth 224*b*
who hath seen J 30*a*
who shall ever find J 's language 30*a*
with courage, love and J 159*b*
with feet of J in idleness 37*b*
with J approach O Christian 407*b*
Woman, the J of joys 60*b*
writh d not at passing J 221*b*
years to be of work and J 39*a*
Joyance like to sounds of J there 179*b*
with thy clear keen J 398*b*
Joy-bells ring in Heaven's street 261*b*
Joyful J and triumphant 290*a*
J before the Lord the King 488*a*
Joyous J hour, we give thee greeting! 164*b*
J we too launch out 457*b*
Joyously so J , so maidenly 402*b*
Joys Africa and golden J 381*a*
all my J to this are folly 64*a*
all that 's precious in our J 411*a*
great J , like griefs, are silent 259*b*
hence, vain deluding J 268*a*
how fading are the J 289*b*
in whom all J so well agree 402*a*
it [friendship] redoubleth J 15*b*
J are but fantastical 132*a*
J like beauty, but skin deep 18*a*
J of parents are secret 14*b*
J with age diminish 488
left all J to feel all smart 187*b*
minds me o' departed J 63*b*
our J thee parts pain 50*b*
our youth, our J, and all we have 57*b*
present J are more 140*b*
raise yr J and triumphs high 455*b*
sacred J of home depend 283*a*
season made for J 159*b*
their homely J 174*a*
thy J when shall I see? 523*b*
'twere profanation of our J 134*a*
what J await us there 286*a*
what lasting J the man attend 459*a*
why thy visionary J remove? 105*a*
Jubilant be J , my feet 200*b*
Jubilee our J is death 41*b*
we bring the J 473*a*
Jubjub beware the J bird 83*b*
Judæa in J and in Cappadocia 512*a*
Judah among the thousands of J 504*b*
J is my law-giver 485*b*
J their counsel 486*b*
the sight of J 's seer 258*a*
Judas J not Iscariot 511*a*
shoves J and Jesus equally aside 147*b*
Judas Maccabaeus the third J 257*a*
Judea stretches far 320*b*
Judee know everythin' down in J 250*a*
Judge and a good J too 167*a*
and J of the earth 461*b*
as sober as a J 151*a*
as they grow older they J them 460*b*
fitter to invent than to J 16*a*
God is a righteous J 482*a*
forbear to J , for we are sinners 384*a*

Judge (*cont*)
for now I am a J 167*a*
half as sober as a J 240*a*
I am no J of such matters 305*a*
I'll be J , I'll be jury 82*b*
indifferent J between 401*b*
J and avenge our blood 518*b*
J is condemned when 553*b*
J none blessed before his death 520*b*
J not, and ye shall not be judged 509*a*
J not, that ye be not judged 505*b*
J not the Lord 110*a*
J not the play before the play be done 117*b*, 307*a*
J not the preacher 187*a*
J of all the earth do right? 493*a*
made thee a prince and a J over us! 493*b*
monarchs, justly to J 39*a*
my friend, J not me 76*a*
neutrality of an impartial J 55*a*
O wise young J 354*b*
shd but J you as you are 381*b*
there sits a J 385*b*
thine own mouth will I J thee 510*a*
thou seest I J not thee 76*a*
you wags that J by rote 291*b*
Judged that ye be not J 505*b*
Judges hungry J sentence sign 302*b*
J all rang d (a terrible show!) 160*a*
J of fact, tho' not J of law 306*b*
vanquish, not my Accuser, but my J 288*a*
Judgment angry with his J 41*b*
bide till J Ride 236*a*
blood waits upon the J 335*a*
bring every work into J 500*a*
but reserve thy J 330*b*
by the legal J of his peers 550*b*
by Tophet-flare to J Day 227*b*
Daniel come to J 354*b*
God s great J Seat 227*a*
he looked for J 501*a*
He, wh is the top of J 351*b*
in the day of J 478*b*
I was green in J 323*a*
Last J draweth nigh 29*b*
law of human J , Mercy 314*b*
leaves of the J Book unfold 425*a*
my J is you're pooty sure to fail 250*b*
O J ! thou art fled 340*a*
on better J making 388*b*
proceed to J 355*a*
right J in all things 479*b*
seven times tried that J is 353*b*
their J is a mere lottery 142*a*
the J of the great whore 510*b*
the people's J always true 138*b*
vulgarize the day of J 205*b*
what J I had increases 142*a*
what J shall I dread 354*b*
young in limbs, in J old 353*b*
yr J will probably be right 258*a*
Judgments cause for J so malign 415*b*
criterion of wisdom to vulgar J 57*b*
delivers brawling J 429*a*
differing J serve but to declare 109*a*
drop our clear J 324*a*
give the King thy J 486*b*
men's J are a parcel 324*a*
rash J , nor the sneers 472*a*
to keep thy righteous J 489*b*
with our J as our watches 300*a*
Judicious J clear, succinct 108*a*
J levity 573*a*
J Mr Richard Hooker 571*b*
Judy O'Grady 230*b*
Jug little brown J 523*b*
one old J without a handle 243*b*
w'en it git loose fum de J 182*a*
Juggler east perceive a J 's sleight 65*b*
thread-bare J 328*a*
Jug ug cuckoo, J -J 286*a*
J J to dirty ears 144*b*
J , J , J , tereu 251*b*
Jule wilt thou not, J ? 364*b*
Julia J 's dainty leg 189*b*
whenas in silks my J goes 190*b*
where my J 's lips do smile 188*b*
Juliet J is the sun 365*a*
unless philosophy can make a J 366*a*
Julio rare Italian master, J Romano 373*b*

Julius ere such another J 328*b*
ere the mightiest J fell 329*b*
J Cæsar's ill-erected tower 376*a*
the third J Cæsar 257*a*
ye towers of J 173*b*
July cuckoo of a worse J 435*b*
English winter—ending in J 71*b*
how, that J afternoon, you went 294*a*
swarm of bees in J 522*a*
Jumblies live 243*b*
Jump I will not j with common spirits 353*b*
j, as Mr Levi did 19*b*
j at a gilded hoop 195*a*
Jumping from the chair 202*a*
Jumps see how the cat j 320*b*
June all J I bound the rose 49*a*
April, J, and November 172*a*, 533*a*
as the cuckoo is in J 378*b*
cuckoo of a joyless J 435*b*
Glorious First of J 285*a*, 526*b*
leafy month of J 99*b*
newly sprung in J 62*a*
nor wd forgive, did J disclose 452*a*
November on the lap of J 196*a*
on a brilliant night in J 295*b*
perchance, in J! 167*a*
rare as a day in J 251*a*
serves for the old J weather 46*a*
she needs not J for beauty's 8*b*
swarm of bees in J 522*a*
when J is come, then all the day 38*a*
when J is past, the fading rose 79*b*
Junes in three hot J burned 388*b*
Jungle that keep the J law 232*b*
this is the Law of the J 231*a*
thro' the J very softly 234*b*
Junior struck a trusting j 233*b*
Juniper sat down under a j tree 496*a*
Junius Cobbett and J 183*b*
Juno J but an Ethiop were 345*a*
J's unrelenting hate 142*b*
she's J when she walks 216*b*
than the lids of J's eyes 373*a*
Jupiter brighter art thou than J 258*b*
J the rain-bringer 554*a*
Leda, the beloved of J 241*b*
so J me succour 402*b*
Vespers in the Temple of J 161*b*
Jurisdiction *Rome* hath no j 491*b*
Jurisprudence gladsome light of J 97*b*
Jury I ll be j 82*b*
j all wrote down on their slates 83*b*
j eagerly wrote down 83*b*
j passing on the prisoner's life 351*a*
trial by j will be a delusion 120*a*
tried before a jury once a week 209*a*
Jury-men that j may dine 302*b*
Just a beast, but a j beast 522*a*
actions of the j smell sweet 401*a*
becometh well the j 483*b*
be j and fear not 386*a*
chiefly on the j, because 34*b*
I think that thou art j 362*a*
j are the ways of G 277*b*
j as I am, without one plea 146*a*
ninety and nine j persons 509*b*
path of the j is as the light 497*b*
pursue things wh are j in present 13*a*
rain it raineth on the j 34*b*
raise me with the j 280*b*
reflect that God is j 205*a*
sendeth rain on the j 505*a*
slowly wise and meanly j 213*b*
the j shall live by faith 513*a*
thou art indeed j, Lord 198*a*
thou hast made him, thou art j 429*b*
unjust steals the j's umbrella 34*b*
whatever is, is in its causes j 141*a*
what I plead is j 198*a*
whatsoever things are j 516*a*
Juster not, Celia, that I j am 321*a*
Justice as infinite a j too 47*a*
as thou urgest j, be assur'd 355*a*
conscience j enough to accuse 171*a*
crimes, unwhipp'd of j 342*b*
he found the unpersuadable j 474*b*
I have loved j and hated iniquity 541*a*
indifferently minister j 480*b*
in nature, certain fountains of j 13*a*
in the course of j 354*b*
Justice (*cont*)
j, in fair round belly 326*b*
j is truth in action 128*a*
j, more than thou desir'st 355*a*
J, though she s painted blind 66*a*
kings the sword of j lay down 118*b*
liberty plucks j by the nose 351*a*
never expected j from a company 404*b*
persuade J to break her sword 363*b*
place of j is a hallowed place 16*b*
poetic J, with her lifted scale 298*b*
religion, j, counsel 15*a*
revenge is a kind of wild j 14*a*
sad-eyed j, with his surly hum 381*b*
see how yond j rails 343*b*
the fuel j layeth on 407*b*
the j of it pleases 362*b*
the j of my quarrel 25*b*, 259*b*
this even-handed j 347*a*
tho' j be thy plea 354*b*
Thwackum was for doing j 151*b*
till he talks about j and right 233*a*
what you think j requires 258*a*
when mercy seasons j 354*b*
where mystery begins, j ends 57*b*
wh is the j, wh is the thief 343*b*
with sword of j thee ruleth 143*a*
Justifiable to men 277*b*
Justified 'tis half as good as j 66*a*
Justify the ways of God to Men 270*b*
Jutty no j, frieze, buttress 347*a*
Juxtaposition J his prophet 96*a*
j, in short 96*a*

K

Kabul ford o' K river 229*a*
Kaikobad and Kaikhosru 152*b*
K the great 152*b*
Kail brier bush in our k yard 193*a*
delving in his k-yardie 193*a*
Kangaroo old Man K first 230*b*
Kansas had better stop raising corn 243*b*
Karshish the picker-up 46*b*
Kaspar old K's work was done 406*a*
Kate change K into Nan 30*a*
Kathleen Mavourneen 115*b*
Katterfelto with his hair on end 112*a*
Kean to see him [K] act 102*b*
Keats John K five feet high 222*b*
John K, who was killed off 71*b*
K, who was ignorant of Greek 241*b*
out-glittering K 252*a*
what porridge had John K? 50*a*
who killed John K? 73*a*
Kecksies, burs 383*b*
Kedar among the tents of K 489*b*
as the tents of K 500*a*
Keel her k ploughs air 87*a*
no k has ever ploughed that path 393*b*
Keen k were his pangs 72*a*
swayed by quite as k a sense 166*a*
thy tooth is not so k 326*b*
Keener with constant use 203*b*
Keep always k us so 147*a*
and many to k 226*b*
care must k you 119*a*
faith every one do k whole 478*b*
heaven vows to k him 215*a*
hyeste thing that man may k 89*b*
if you can k yr head 230*a*
I k and pass and turn again 146*a*
k holy the Sabbath day 480*a*
k innocency, and take heed 484*a*
k it now, and take the rest! 73*a*
k me as the apple of an eye 482*b*
k something to yoursel 60*a*
k thee only unto her 481*b*
k the home fires burning 156*a*
k themselves close 485*b*
k thy servant also from sins 482*b*
k up appearances 94*b*
k ye the Law 234*b*
k yourself *to* yourself 126*b*
most difficult of tasks to k 464*b*
of nyce conscience took he no k 88*b*
she has her soul to k 265*a*
so may I always k 161*a*
they shd k who can 470*b*
to k thee in all thy ways 487*b*
to k them so 304*a*
Keeper a k is only a poacher 226*b*
am I my brother's k? 492*b*
k stands up to keep the goal 199*a*
Lord himself is thy k 489*b*
Keepers k of the house tremble 499*b*
k of the wall took away my veil 500*b*
wh their k call a lightning 366*b*
Keepest poor at first, and k me so 169*a*
Keepeth thee will not sleep 489*b*
Keeping Father, in Thy gracious k 145*b*
if k it does it much good 20*a*
Keith of Ravelston 130*b*
Kelly Fanny K's divine plain face 240*a*
has anybody here seen K 285*a*
K from the Emerald Isle 285*a*
K from the Isle of Man 285*a*
Kelpie's flow 319*a*
Kelt Slav, Teuton, K 426*a*
Kempenfelt brave K is gone 111*a*
K went down 111*a*
Kendal-green 377*b*
Kensal Green Paradise by way of K 93*a*
Kent I'm k the better 62*b*
K and Surrey may 229*a*
K, sir—everybody knows K 126*a*
knocked him in the Old K Road 94*a*
there was a young lady of K 527*a*
Vanguard of Liberty, ye men of K 467*b*
Kentish K Sir Byng 45*b*
Pancras and K Town repose 30*b*
Kentucky the old K Home 156*a*
Kept that I k my word, he said 119*b*
Kernel like I then was to this k 373*a*
Kernels from sweet k prest 275*a*
Kettle how agree the k and the pot 520*b*
I took a k large and new 85*a*
Polly put the k on 121*a*
Kettle-drums Johnson marched to k 103*b*
Kew go down to K in lilac-time 290*a*
I am his Highness' dog at K 299*b*
Key a Door to wh I found no K 153*b*
in a bondman's k 353*a*
k of the bottomless pit 519*b*
lay hands on that golden k 266*b*
taken away the k of knowledge 509*a*
the k is gone with them 146*b*
turn the k deftly 221*a*
with an easy k, dost open life 139*b*
with this k Shakespeare unlocked 470*b*
with this same k Shakespeare 47*b*
you've got the k of the street 127*a*
Keys have the k of hell and death 518*b*
his k were rusty 74*b*
keeps the k of all the creeds 430*a*
over the noisy k 306*b*
send me the half that's got my k 172*b*
shining k will be took from her 180*b*
two massy k he bore 269*b*
Keystone o' night's black arch the k 63*a*
Khayyam come with old K 152*b*, 153*a*
Kiaugh a' his weary k beguile 59*b*
Kibe he galls his k 336*b*
Kick I ll k you downstairs 82*b*
I wd scarcely k to come 222*b*
k against the pricks 512*a*
k his wife out of bed 416*b*
you k me downstairs 28*a*
Kicked Jeshurun waxed fat, and k 494*b*
some k, until they can feel 65*b*
Kickshaws little tiny k 381*a*
Kid in his paw dandled the k 274*a*
leopard lie down with the k 501*b*
seethe a k in his mother s milk 494*a*
the fleet-foot k 420*b*
Kidney man of my k 356*a*
mound of one vast k 202*b*
Kidneys blister my k 417*a*
Kill be'st a devil, I cannot k thee 364*a*
cease! must men k and die 394*a*
I'll k you if you quote it 54*b*
I will k thee, and love thee after 363*b*
I will shoot you! I will k you! 531*a*
k a man as k a good book 279*a*
k him in the shell 338*b*
k sick people groaning 259*a*
k thee with much cherishing 365*b*
k the poor creature at once 159*a*
meet for nothing, but to k 191*a*
prepared to k one another 390*b*

Kill (*cont*)
shalt not k , but need'st not strive 96*b*
they k us for their sport 343*b*
Killed better be k than frightened 417*a*
by a owl hawked at and k 348*b*
I am justly k 337*a*
I k Cock Robin 528*a*
I k not thee with half so good 341*b*
I kissed thee, ere I k thee 364*a*
I'm k , Sire! 47*b*
Keats k off by one critique 71*b*
k with report that old man 278*b*
man as k himself on principle 127*a*
scotch'd the snake, not k it 348*b*
some sleeping k 375*b*
'twas I that k her 363*b*
Killibeate taste 127*a*
Killiecrankie on the heights of K 12*a*
Killing as k as the canker 269*b*
I wd have him nine years a-k 362*b*
k Kruger with yr mouth 227*a*
K no Murder Briefly Discourst 321*b*
Kills each man k the thing he loves 450*b*
he k her in her own humour 366*b*
he that k me some six Scots 377*a*
k a man k a reasonable creature 279*a*
k reason itself 279*a*
k the image of God 279*a*
Kilmeny bonny K gaed up the glen 193*a*
K had been she knew not where 193*a*
late in the gloamin' K came home 193*a*
Kilted k her coats o' green satin 528*a*
k her green kirtle 528*b*
k them up to the knee 520*a*
Kilve at K there was no weather-cock 463*a*
Kin a little less than 'k ' 19*b*
a little more than k 329*b*
knew no other k 328*b*
makes the whole world k 369*a*
Kind a being of our k 120*a*
at distance from the K 468*b*
by partners, in each other k 450*a*
children k and natural 381*b*
cruel, only to be k 335*a*
enjoy her while she's k 142*b*
Fortune shows herself more k 355*a*
Godlike crime was to be k 73*b*
I am one with my k 434*b*
is she k as she is fair? 372*b*
just the art of being k 459*a*
k are her answers 78*b*
Lewti is not k 101*b*
lost him half the k 141*b*
makes one wondrous k 158*b*
more than kin, and less than k 329*b*
obscurely wise, and coarsely k 210*b*
of a beautiful, unheard of k 476*a*
one that is ever k 475*a*
rather more than 'k ' 19*b*
so constant to me, and so k 217*b*
squamous, omnipotent, and k 39*b*
that ever thou wast k 189*a*
Time, that is o'er k 228*a*
to be honest, to be k 412*a*
world affords or grows by k 143*a*
yet he was k 168*b*
Kindest thou wert the k man 257*b*
Kindle k the loving 282*a*
we cannot k when we will 7*a*
Kindled k above to show the Maker's 176*b*
k in the upper skies 146*b*
Kindliness cool k of sheets 39*a*
Kindly a k mood of melancholy 143*a*
a lass as comely or as k 231*b*
beats the heart so k 12*a*
had we never lov'd sae k 59*a*
Sally is gone that was so k 26*b*
use 'em k , they rebel 191*b*
Kindness acts of k and of love 472*a*
any k that I can show 523*b*
beauty lives with k 372*b*
Christ took the k 51*a*
full o' the milk of human k 346*b*
greetings where no k is 472*a*
have you had a k shown? 63*b*
in vain with lavish k 184*a*
kill a wife with k 366*b*
k in another's trouble 171*b*
little deeds of k 82*a*

Kindness (*cont*)
milk of human k blessed 94*b*
pens in the milk of human k 58*a*
save in the way of k 444*b*
showed me marvellous great k 483*b*
tak' a cup o' k yet 59*a*
think it k to his Majesty 178*a*
Kindred friends, k , days 146*b*
good to the poor, to k dear 79*b*
like k drops, been mingled 111*b*
Table of K 491*b*
Kindreds k of the earth shall wail 518*a*
nations, and k , and people 519*a*
Kine seven fat k 493*b*
that keeps the shadowy k 130*b*
King a' for our rightfu' K 61*a*
a k and officers of sorts 381*b*
a k may make a nobleman 58*a*
a K 's a K , do Fortune 136*b*
a k sate on the rocky brow 70*b*
ale is a dish for a k 373*a*
all the k 's horses 85*a*
a mockery k of snow 376*a*
a name written, K of Kings 519*b*
arose up a new k over Egypt 493*b*
as I have served the K 462*b*
at the k 's court, my brother 89*a*
authority forgets a dying k 429*a*
a worse k never left a realm 74*b*
ay, every inch a k 343*b*
bend lower, O k 476*a*
blessedness alone that makes a K 445*a*
but yesterday a K ! 73*b*
Byng stood for his K 45*b*
castles are my K 's alone 318*b*
cat may look at a k 83*a*
Cotton is K 94*a*
damned for never a k 's son 376*b*
despised, and dying k 399*a*
died, as firm as Sparta's k 136*b*
diel hae we goten for a K 193*a*
diel hae we got for a K 116*b*
divinity doth hedge a k 335*b*
do homage to thy K 407*b*
farewell k ! 375*b*
fear God Honour the K 238*a*, 517*b*
forehand and vantage of a k 383*a*
form'd the Poet for the K 206*a*
gallows in England thou art k 376*b*
give the K thy judgments 486*b*
glories of my K 249*b*
glory to the K of Kings 455*b*
glory to the new born K 455*b*
God bless the K 67*b*
God is the K of all the earth 485*a*
God save great George our k 523*a*
God save our gracious k 79*b*
God save our lord the k 193*a*
God save the K 79*b*, 193*a*, 495*a*
God save the k ! will no man say, Amen 376*a*
government without a k 18*b*
greater than the K himself 297*a*
half the zeal I served my k 386*a*
happy as a k 160*b*
Harry the K , Bedford and Exeter 383*a*
heart and stomach of a k 145*a*
Heaven's matchless K 273*b*
he might hae been a k 530*b*
here lies a great and mighty K 309*b*
here lies a K that rul'd 79*a*
Hero can be K or what you will 80*b*
I am a K , altho' a poor blind boy 95*b*
Idea of a Patriot K 33*b*
if chance will have me k 346*b*
if I were as tedious as a k 359*a*
I have made unto the K 484*b*
I'll catch the conscience of the k 333*a*
is a k indeed 87*a*
is not the k 's name 375*a*
is the k dead? 385*a*
it little profits that an idle k 438*b*
I was a K in Babylon 85*a*
I were k of pain 423*a*
judge, that no k can corrupt 385*b*
kill a k , marry his brother 335*a*
k , and his faithful subjects 58*a*
k can do no wrong 28*b*
K , Cawdor, Glamis 348*b*
K dropped a tear 29*a*

King (*cont*)
K , father, royal Dane 331*a*
k hath thrown his warder down 374*b*
K have pleasure in thy beauty 484*b*
K himself has followed her 168*a*
k-making Victory 68*a*
K , observing with judicious eyes 445*a*
k of all kings to her son 524*a*
K of England cannot enter 297*a*
K of France went up the hill 532*a*
K of glory, K of peace 187*b*
K of Glory shall come in 483*a*
k of intimate delights 112*a*
k of shreds and patches 335*a*
K Pandion, he is dead 20*b*
K said to the jury 83*b*
k 's daughter is all glorious within 484*b*
k 's daughter o' Noroway 529*b*
k sits in Dunfermline town 529*b*
k 's name is a tower of strength 385*a*
K thought mair o' Marie 530*a*
K to have things done as cheap 296*a*
K to Oxford sent a troop 42*b*
k , tried in fires of woe! 206*a*
k was in his counting house 533*b*
K , Who ordainest great winds 94*a*
leper once he lost and gain'd a k 271*b*
lessened my esteem of a k 296*a*
let us sing—long live the K 109*a*
long live our noble k 79*b*
Lord remaineth a K for ever 483*b*
'mercy on his soul,' said K Harry 531*a*
Moloch, horrid k 271*b*
more capital than to behead a k 66*a*
mortal temples of a k 375*b*
must he lose the name of k 375*b*
myself a k of infinite space 332*b*
no k that can be saved 484*a*
now the k drinks to Hamlet 337*a*
old K Cole 532*a*
or who is K 67*b*
our k has written a braid letter 529*b*
our sins lay on the k ! 382*b*
passing brave to be a K 259*a*
patience and the K 's English 355*b*
quhen Alysander oure k 474*a*
religious and gracious K 479*a*
righteousness unto the K 's son 486*b*
roarers for the name of k 367*a*
ruin seize thee, ruthless K ! 173*b*
sea hath no k but God alone 313*a*
shake hands with a k 178*a*
shall be born our heavenly k 522*a*
shines brightly as a k 355*b*
sing my God and K 187*a*
skipping k , he ambled up 378*a*
so excellent a k 33*a*
so spake the K , I knew not all 428*a*
stamp'd with the image of the K 428*a*
still am I k of those 376*a*
strives for his K 's arriving 415*b*
subject's duty is the k s 382*b*
submission meet to our K 76*b*
sword of an Angel K 30*b*
take away my life to make you K 88*a*
thanks as fits a k 's remembrance 332*a*
that sort of k shd ever die 50*a*
that was no more than a k 422*a*
the fair and fatal K 206*a*
their conscience as their K 427*b*
the K asked the Queen 266*b*
the k has gone beyond me 386*a*
the k is but a man, as I am 382*b*
the k is the strongest 520*a*
the K looked up 92*a*
the k my brother's wreck 144*b*
the k my father's death 144*b*
the k never dies 28*b*
the k of terrors 407*a*
the K over the Water 526*b*
the k shall be contented 375*b*
the k shall do it 375*b*
the k stept down 425*b*
they all were looking for a k 256*a*
the year's pleasant k 286*a*
think myself happy, k Agrippa 513*a*
think the k sees thee still 186*b*
this hath not offended the k 283*b*
this is a K 's best praise 313*b*
till the K enjoys his own again 292*b*
title running 'fore the k 382*b*

King (*cont*)
to be an English k 91*b*
to be a Pirate K 166*a*
to be k stands not within 346*a*
to my true K I offered free 252*b*
to reverence the K, as if he were 427*b*
to set before the K! 410*b*, 533*a*
to Thee, Redeemer, K 286*a*
to the K in a raiment of needle-work 484*b*
under wh k, Bezonian? 381*a*
until a k be by 355*b*
upon the k! 382*b*
wal enough again a k 250*a*
wash the balm from an anointed k 375*a*
what is a K? a man condemn'd 306*a*
what must the k do now 375*b*
whatsoever K shall reign 524*a*
who is the K of Glory 483*a*
whom the k delighteth to honour 496*b*
wife of the glorious K 187*a*
worm that hath eat of a k 335*b*
King-at-arms Lord Lion K 318*a*
King Cambyses' vein 377*b*
King Charles K and who'll do him right 45*b*
K gave him a short character 87*b*
K 's head 127*a*
K walked and talked 533*b*
Kingcups Cowslips and K 409*b*
Kingdom act of order to a peopled k 381*b*
advantage on the k of the shore 388*a*
a k for it was too small 379*a*
builds places in K come 261*b*
can trample a k down 291*a*
full k of that final kiss 114*b*
God hath numbered the k 504*a*
hardly riches enter into the k 510*a*
I never gave you k 342*b*
in this k by the sea 207*b*
k against k 507*b*
k and patience of Jesus Christ 518*a*
k of God is within you 510*a*
k of heaven grain of mustard 506*b*
k of heaven is at hand 504*b*
k of heaven suffereth violence 506*b*
kin' o' k -come to look on 250*b*
like to a little k 338*b*
my k for a horse 385*a*
my large k for a little grave 375*b*
my mind 's my k 182*b*
my mind to me a k is 143*a*
of such is the kingdom of God 508*b*
rich man to enter into the k 507*b*
seeking asses found a k 277*a*
seek ye first the k of God 505*b*
stand upon my k once again 375*a*
strikes for a K and his King's theirs is the k of heaven 505*a*
thine is the k, and the power 505*b*
this little k, man, to arm 380*b*
Thy k come 505*b*
thy k is divided 504*a*
thy k shall pass, Galilean 423*b*
when thou comest into thy k 510*a*
Kingdoms bear rule in their k 521*a*
devil sheweth him all the k 505*a*
goodly states and k seen 220*b*
k are clay 322*a*
k of our lord 519*a*
k of this world are become 519*a*
mus d of taking k in 324*a*
the k are less by three 424*a*
the k are moved 484*b*
we have kissed away k 323*b*
King George for K upon the throne 217*a*
K will be able to read that 178*b*
Kingly crown to gain 184*a*
Kings accounted poet k 220*b*
all be as happy as k 414*a*
all k shall fall down before him 486*b*
all the powerful K and Queens 134*b*
Almighty scattered k 486*a*
alone dwell the k of the sea 6*a*
ambition, and the pride of k 300*b*
arm'd with K to strive 73*b*
as k in sceptres 445*a*
bid k come bow to it 374*a*
Captains and the K depart 233*b*
change my state with k 387*b*
city of two k 253*b*
Kings (*cont*)
conquering k their titles take 87*a*
curse of k to be attended 374*a*
death lays his icy hand on k 401*a*
descended of so many royal k 325*b*
divorce'd so many English k 381*a*
enthroned in the hearts of k 354*b*
for godlike k of old 253*a*
from the ruined sides of K 22*b*
gauntlet down to courts and k 77*b*
gifts from the devil and k 30*b*
hand that k have lipped 323*b*
heart of k is unsearchable 498*b*
heart's ease must k neglect 382*b*
he gart k ken 11*a*
hunting is the sport of k 416*b*
K are by God appointed 524*a*
k crept out again 43*a*
k 'daughters thy women 481*b*
k have cares that wait 176*b*
k have desired to see those things 509*a*
k is mostly rapscallious 446*b*
k it makes gods 385*a*
K may be blest 62*b*
K may love treason 118*b*
K of England lifting up swords 154*b*
k of Pharsis and of the isles 486*b*
k that fear their subjects! 384*b*
K will be tyrants from policy 57*a*
k with their armies did like 486*a*
last of the k strangled 563*b*
lo, the k of the earth 485*a*
meaner creatures k 385*a*
mirror of all Christian k 381*b*
Obadiah Bind-their-k -in-chains 252*b*
of cabbages and k 84*b*
or walk with K 230*a*
part wh laws of k can cause 213*a*
passion for our temperate k 435*a*
people keep even k in awe 117*b*
proud and godly k had built her 154*b*
raise commonwealths and ruin k 138*a*
root and father of many k 348*b*
saddest of all K 206*a*
setter up and puller-down of k 384*b*
showers on her k barbaric pearl 172*a*
sit thou still when k are arming 310*a*
stories of the death of k 375*b*
such is the breath of k 374*b*
superfluous k for messengers 323*b*
teeming womb of royal k 375*a*
the chase, the sport of k 406*a*
the dread and fear of k 354*b*
they are no k 118*b*
this royal throne of k 375*a*
to bind their k in chains 490*b*
to calm contending k 386*b*
to subjects, what they show to k 113*b*
true strength of guilty k 7*a*
twixt k and tyrants 189*b*
two k of Brentwood 121*b*
war is the trade of k 140*b*
war's a game k wd not play 112*b*
we live to tread on k 379*a*
what have k that privates have not 382*b*
when k the sword of justice 118*b*
King's Bench K Den of Thieves K Walks 95*b*
Kingsley Froude believes K a divine 415*b*
King Stephen was a worthy peer 361*a*
Kinnaird exclaims Lord K 289*a*
Kinquering congs 409*b*
Kinship with the stars 263*b*
Kinsmen according to the flesh 513*b*
Kipling Rudyards cease from k 410*b*
Kirk a caulder k 61*b*
below the k, below the hill 98*a*
is this the k? 99*b*
Marie Hamilton 's to the k gane 530*a*
walk together to the k 100*a*
Kirkconnell fair K lea 531*a*
Kirk-hammer strak the bell 60*a*
Kirtle kilted her green k 528*b*
Kish son of K that lofty Jew 261*a*
Kismet he that saith not 'K' 92*b*
Kiss ae fond k 59*a*
a gentle k to every sedge 372*b*
a k long as my exile 328*b*
all humbled k the rod 372*b*
a man may k a bonnie lass 63*a*, 320*b*
Kiss (*cont*)
break off this last lamenting k 132*b*
colder thy k 74*b*
come, let us k and part 117*b*
Coridon wd k her 35*b*
coward does it with a k 459*b*
fades out from k to k 474*b*
felt my soul in a k 423*a*
find thee without, I wd k thee 500*b*
full kingdom of that final k 114*b*
gav'st me, tho unseen, a k 109*b*
give me a k 190*a*
his whole heart in one k 438*a*
I dare not ask a k 190*a*
if thou k not me 395*b*
I needs must k again 401*b*
in every k sealed fast 312*a*
I saw you take his k 293*b*
k again with tears 436*a*
k, a sigh, and so away 115*a*
k before they are married 383*b*
k her and mix her with me 424*a*
k her till she be wearied 399*a*
k me as if you entered gay 46*b*
k me as if you made believe 40*b*
k me, Hardy 287*a*
k my girl on the lips 232*b*
k our lady Peace at home 379*b*
k the book's outside 108*a*
k the place to make it well 425*a*
k the Son, lest he be angry 431*b*
k till the cow come home 23*a*
let him k me with his mouth 500*a*
let s k afresh 190*a*
madam, I pray you k me 267*b*
maids must k no men 35*b*
many a glowing k had won 195*b*
moth s k first 46*b*
never k and greet 217*b*
nor k before folks 105*b*
nothing wrong in a connubial k 70*b*
only to k that air 190*a*
on thy bosom tho' many a k be 421*b*
or a k too long 256*a*
part at last without a k? 284*a*
quit in a single k 36*b*
rough male k of blankets 39*a*
seal with a righteous k 366*b*
so k on 190*a*
some there be that shadows k 353*b*
spend that k wh is my heaven 325*a*
stop his mouth with a k 358*a*
swear to never k the girls 46*b*
that k I carried from thee 328*b*
the bee's k, now! 46*b*
the envied k to share 174*a*
then come k me, sweet-and-twenty 370*b*
to feel the first k 312*a*
took the k sedately 433*b*
will she k me to-morrow? 131*a*
with an holy k 514*a*
with one long k my whole soul 427*a*
without a single k, or a good-bye? 294*a*
yet let me k my Lord 259*b*
you must not k and tell 104*b*
Kissed curtsied when you have, and k 367*a*
first time he k me 44*a*
hail, master, and k him 508*a*
he k likewise the maid 113*a*
I k her slender hand 433*b*
I k thee ere I killed thee 364*a*
Jenny k me 202*a*
k again with tears 436*a*
k beside the thorn 37*b*
k her cold corpus 526*b*
k her little sister 280*b*
k into smiles again 182*a*
k it and then fled 398*a*
k man who didn't wax moustache 237*b*
k the girls and made them cry 534*a*
only k the fingers of the hand 44*a*
Rose k me to-day 131*a*
that air, that lately k thee 190*a*
they k each other's cheek 166*b*
we have k away kingdoms 323*b*
Kisses as it rained k 324*a*
bread and cheese, and k 418*b*
call d my absent k 115*b*

Kisses (*cont*)
come, give me sweet k 461*a*
dear as remembered k after death 436*a*
died of the k of the lips of God 285*b*
feeds on the aërial k 397*a*
Heine for songs, for k, how? 46*b*
I fear thy k, gentle maiden 399*b*
I understand thy k, and thou mine 378*a*
k shd impair their white 43*b*
k the Joy as it flies 30*b*
my k are his daily feast 176*a*
my k bring again 352*a*
of many thousand k the poor last 324*b*
play'd at cards for k 251*a*
poor half-k kill me quite 137*a*
sallies of his mother's k 466*b*
sows and reaps a thousand K 106*b*
straight on k dream 361*b*
the k of his mouth 500*a*
thy love in k rain 394*b*
wastin' Christian k 232*a*
with k, four 219*a*
you have forgotten my k 422*b*
Kissing fool that first invented k 418*b*
k don't last cookery do 265*a*
k, kind-hearted gentleman 113*a*
lipped, and trembled k 323*b*
splendid k mouth 423*a*
there's an end, I think, of k 40*a*
when the k had to stop 52*b*
Kissings all these k worth? 195*b*
Kist had I wist, before I k 530*a*
k his wounds that were so red 529*b*
Kit-bag troubles in yr old k 10*b*
Kitchen in the k bred 74*a*
I will make my k 414*b*
Kitchen-cabals 113*b*
Kite Chil the K 234*b*
not sufficient for a k's dinner 307*a*
Kites fatted all the region k 313*a*
Kit Smart pray with K 207*a*
Kitten I had rather be a k 378*a*
my imperial k! 83*b*
Kitty K has no discretion in her coughs 11*b*
young men come for Mary or K 11*b*
Knappeth the spear in sunder 484*b*
Knave a k, a rascal 342*a*
a pestilent complete k! 361*a*
a rascally yea-forsooth k 379*b*
a slipper and subtle k 361*a*
but he's an arrant k 331*b*
coined an epithet for a k 254*b*
'do I look like it?' said the k 83*b*
he's but Fortune's k 325*a*
I spy a k in drinking 319*b*
K of Hearts, he stole those tarts 83*b*
necessity makes an honest man a k 138*b*
nor k nor dolt can break 474*a*
petty sneaking k I knew 30*a*
thank God you are rid of a k 358*b*
the K of Hearts 532*b*
thou k? thou naughty k, what trade! 337*a*
to feed the titled k 63*a*
Knavery k and folly to excuse 94*b*
religion, k, and change 25*b*
Knavish k speech in a foolish ear 335*a*
tricks are either k or childish 210*a*
Knaves bold k thrive 141*a*
called them untaught k 376*b*
'gainst k and thieves men shut 372*a*
misbegotten k in Kendal green 377*b*
whip me such honest k 359*b*
word wh k and fools may use 94*b*
world is made up of fools and k 53*b*
Knead two virtuous souls for life 71*a*
Knee cavity of my k, my hat 41*b*
come, stand beside my k 12*b*
human k is a joint 178*b*
infant prattling on his k 59*b*
kilted them up to her k 526*a*
little abune her k 528*b*
louted low down on his k 528*a*
name of Jesus every k shd bow 516*a*
'pastern' as the 'k' of a horse 207*a*
set upon the nurse's k 530*b*
sing to the child on thy k 37*b*
sit upon the curate's k 93*a*
stood by me, k to k 99*a*
the fore-mast wi' his k 529*a*
Knee (*cont*)
thro' red blude to the k 528*a*
to its idolatries a patient k 68*b*
Kneed crook-k, and dew-lapped 337*a*
Kneel dust shall k before him 483*a*
Kneeled red-cross knight for ever k 431*b*
yet he k and fought 530*b*
Kneeling k ne'er spoiled silk 186*b*
meekly k upon yr knees 480*b*
then, lowly k, wait Thy word 145*b*
Kneels k at morn, and noon, and eve 99*b*
not one k to another 458*a*
Knees at the great k and feet 421*a*
attire creeps rustling to her k 221*b*
between his father's k 113*a*
climber up of k 240*b*
confirm the feeble k 502*a*
down on your k 327*a*
each night, upon my k 150*b*
grass up to her k 192*a*
his Nancy on his k 164*a*
meekly kneeling upon yr k 480*b*
now serve on his k 295*b*
on parent k, a new-born child 214*a*
petticoats up to the k 96*a*
the rest on his k 123*a*
they are all on their k 180*a*
work is done upon his k. 229*b*
Knell all ring fancy's k 354*a*
by fairy hands their k is rung 103*a*
k that summons thee to heaven 347*b*
sea-nymphs hourly ring his k 367*a*
strikes like a rising k 68*a*
that overpowering k 71*a*
Knells us back to a world 100*a*
Knew as tho' they perfectly k 236*a*
before I k thy face 131*b*
blessed Hope, whereof he k 179*a*
builded better than he k 147*a*
died because she never k 26*b*
'e k they knowed 236*b*
he k himself to sing 269*a*
he said it that k it best 14*b*
he that k all that learning 25*a*
he that k not, and did commit 509*b*
I k him well, and every truant k 168*b*
I k my Watson 136*a*
I k that once 410*b*
I k you once, but in Paradise 53*a*
k it all before you 232*b*
k only this, that he k nothing 25*a*
k we shd both forget 422*b*
men fell out they k not why 64*b*
more than Homer k 419*b*
nicest child I ever k 26*a*
none k so well as I 459*b*
none k thee but to love thee 178*a*
she k what it meant 527*a*
such as k it of old 421*b*
Knife eat it without e'er a k 534*b*
my keen k see not the wound 346*b*
smyler with the k 570*b*
war even to the k 68*a*
Knife-grinder needy K! 78*b*
Knight a verray parfit gentil k 88*a*
beadsman now that was yr k 295*b*
came a k to be their wooer 528*b*
chance brought out a noble k 429*a*
courteousest k that ever bare shield 257*b*
go with sir priest than sir k 372*a*
k like the young Lochinvar 318*a*
K of the Sorrowful Countenance 567*b*
k on carpet consideration 372*a*
k was indeed a valiant gentleman 149*b*
k was pricking on the plain 408*b*
k without fear and blemish 566*a*
prince can make a belted k 60*b*
red cross k for ever kneel'd 431*b*
she hath no loyal k and true 431*b*
sternest k to thy mortal foe 257*b*
that wandering k so fair 376*b*
the K's bones are dust 101*a*
the k embracing Jane 77*b*
there lies a new-slain k 529*b*
the [White] K said 85*a*
what can ail thee, K at arms 218*b*
ye wd make a K o' me 231*a*
Knights all k of mettle true 316*b*
all the king's k 'tis the flower 528*a*
all the k at Camelot 432*a*
armourers, accomplishing the k 382*b*
Knights (*cont*)
came among the press of k 257*b*
most noblest k of the world 257*b*
never matched of earthly k' hand 257*b*
nine-and-twenty k of fame 316*b*
the invincible K of old 467*a*
Knit together thine elect 480*a*
Knits me to thy rugged strand 317*b*
Knitter like a k drowsed 179*a*
Knitters in the sun 371*a*
Knives broken dinner-k 229*b*
Knob brains out of a brass k 123*a*
Knock I stand at the door, and k 518*b*
k, and it shall be opened 505*b*
k as you please 209*b*
k at a star with my exalted head 189*b*
k him down first 209*a*
when you k it never is at home 108*a*
where k is open wide 403*a*
you as yet but k, breathe 133*a*
Knock-down a k argument 130*b*
a nice k argument 85*a*
Knocked him in the Old Kent Road 91*a*
Knocker tie up the k 302*b*
Knocketh my beloved that k 500*b*
Knocking k at Preferment's door 8*a*
k on the moonlit door 119*b*
Knocknarea riding from K 475*a*
Knocks apostolic blows and k 65*a*
open, locks, whoever k 349*b*
Knoll sit on a green k apart 475*b*
Knolling a departed friend 379*b*
Knolls search the grassy k 65*b*
Knot in the k there's no untying 77*b*
k worthy of his interference 542*a*
some old Gordian k 96*b*
this hair in any simple k 393*a*
this k intrinsicate of life untie 325*a*
toads to k and pender in 363*a*
Knot grass bunches of k 221*b*
Knots iron pokers into true-love k 100*b*
Knotted all the while 321*a*
Know all that we k is, nothing 68*a*
all that we k who lie in gaol 459*b*
almost afraid to k itself 350*a*
as you k me all, a plum man 340*a*
being with thee when we k it not 467*a*
but this I k full well 41*a*
but yet I k, where'er I go 466*a*
by their fruits ye shall k them 506*a*
does both act and k 261*a*
don't k better merely k more 315*b*
do you k me, my lord 332*a*
enough for man to k 301*b*
every wise man's son doth k 370*b*
feel that I am happier than I k 275*b*
first of those who k 435*b*
for we k in part 514*b*
ful wys that can him-selven k 89*a*
how well I k what I mean to do 45*a*
I am he that aspired to k 49*b*
I do k I love 38*a*
I do k of these reputed wise 352*b*
I do love I k not what 189*b*
I do not k beneath what sky 200*a*
if you wd k, and not be known 103*b*
I k a maiden fair to see 246*b*
I k not if I k what true love is 428*b*
I k not, oh, I k not 286*a*
I k not the man 508*a*
I k not to this day 452*b*
I k not where His islands lift 458*b*
I k not why I am so sad 352*b*
I k that I don't k them 439*b*
I k that I love thee 282*a*
I k thee not, old man 381*a*
I k two things about the horse 524*a*
I k you, let me try and draw you 50*a*
I k you all, and will awhile 376*b*
impossible precept, 'k thyself' 81*b*
I only k I cannot drift 458*b*
I only k it shall be great 200*a*
I only k it shall be high 200*a*
I only k we loved in vain 72*b*
k but this, that thou art good 304*a*
k, that I wd accounted be 476*b*
k thee and fly thee 406*b*
k then thyself, presume not God 301*a*
k thyself 560*b*
k to k no more 274*b*
k what thou canst work at 81*b*

Know (*cont*)
k what to do with it 449*b*
let him not k 't he's not robb'd 362*a*
Master of them that k 566*b*
men have it when they k it not 420*a*
might one from other k 254*a*
more than to k little 15*b*
music by somebody I do not k 223*a*
my good child, k this 481*a*
not to k anything among you 514*a*
not to k me argues yourselves 274*b*
not utter what thou dost not k 377*a*
now I k in part 514*b*
O! that a man might k the end 341*b*
other women k so much 44*b*
pleasant to k Mr Lear 243*b*
professed to k this only 277*a*
quick to learn and wise to k 59*a*
reason but from what we k 300*b*
saying you want to k, you k 123*a*
scarcely hate any one that we k 183*b*
shall I k even as I am known 514*b*
than but to k 't a little 362*a*
that is all ye k on earth 219*b*
that shall we k one day 311*b*
there is no knowledge but I k it 528*b*
they k not what they do 510*a*
they leave you, and you k them 49*b*
theyn't k everythin' down in Judee 250*a*
this shall I ne'er k 389*b*
this warm kind world is all I k 106*b*
thought so once, but now I k it 160*a*
thought to k that you k not 16*a*
to k the world, not love her 477*b*
we are greater than we k 463*b*
we are wiser than we k 148*a*
we k a subject ourselves 208*b*
we might k as much as Adam 228*a*
whatever there is to k 311*b*
what I don t k isn t knowledge 528*b*
what you k, you k 364*a*
when all pretend to k 170*a*
when it came to k me well 282*a*
where no man doth me k 531*b*
whom truly to k is life 479*b*
who only England k 228*b*
with them that k me 487*a*
yet not proud to k 300*b*
you yourselves do k 340*a*
Know-all ole man K 182*a*
Knowed reckon he never k how 183*a*
Knowest k that I love thee 511*b*
lord, thou k all things 511*b*
speak less than thou k 342*a*
thou that k each 436*a*
Knoweth name written, wh no man k 518*b*
no man k of his sepulchre 494*b*
Knowing for lust of k 154*b*
greater than their k l 234*b*
not k what they do 359*a*
Knowledge a k of nothing 121*b*
all k too but recorded experience 80*a*
any little k or experience 223*a*
be innocent of the k 349*a*
bonded warehouse of my k 416*b*
but not according to k 513*b*
by words without k 497*b*
climbing after k infinite 259*a*
close the five ports of k 41*a*
desire more love and k of you 325*b*
dissemble sometimes yr k 16*a*
exult and sing over the k 412*a*
follow k like a sinking star 438*b*
for all k and wonder pleasure 13*a*
for the book of k fair 273*b*
fret not after k 2?1*a*
full of the k of the Lord 501*b*
had no k when the day was done 218*b*
he multiplieth words without k 497*b*
he that increaseth k 490*a*
I ask it for the k of a lifetime 456*b*
in k of whom standeth our life 478*a*
is there k in the Most High? 486*b*
it is the province of k to speak 194*b*
k advances by steps 254*a*
k by suffering entereth 44*a*
k comes, but wisdom lingers 432*b*
k dwells in heads replete 11 *b*
k enormous makes a God of me 218*b*
k in the making 279*a*

Knowledge (*cont*)
[k] is a rich storehouse 13*a*
k is bought in the market 96*a*
k is of two kinds 208*b*
k is proud that he has learn'd 112*b*
k itself is power 17*a*
k may give weight 91*a*
k of man is as the waters 13*a*
k of the ancient languages 38*a*
k of the world 90*b*
k puffeth up 514*a*
k shall be increased 504*a*
k to their eyes her ample page 174*a*
k under difficulties 126*b*
k we ask not, k Thou hast lent 137*b*
let k grow from more to more 429*b*
light of k in their eyes 424*a*
love of Christ wh passeth k 515*b*
man must carry k with him 210*a*
my k is but vain 3*b*
no man s k here can go beyond 246*a*
nor device, nor k in the grave 499*b*
objects and k curious 458*b*
out-topping k 7*b*
science is organized k 407*b*
spirit of k and of the fear 501*b*
such k is too wonderful 490*a*
taken all k to be my province 16*b*
taken away the key of k 509*a*
the literature of k 120*a*
there be k, it shall vanish away 514*b*
there is no k but I know it 528*b*
they took k of them 512*a*
too high the price for k 444*b*
too much k for the sceptic side 301*a*
tree of the k of good and evil 492*a*
true antithesis to k 120*a*
volume of nature book of k 170*a*
what I don't know isn t k 528*b*
what is k but grieving? 265*a*
what k can perform 465*a*
woman's happiest k 274*a*
wonder, wh is the seed of k 13*a*
Known among the leaves hast never k 220*a*
best that has been k and said 10*a*
best that is k and thought 9*a*
even as also I am k 514*b*
go to the devil where he is k 212*a*
had I but early k thy worth 313*b*
have ye not k? 502*b*
Heaven knows what she has k 350*a*
if only I had k, k, k, 284*a*
I have k no day like this 36*b*
I wish my heart had never k ye 526*a*
knowing what shd not be k 154*b*
k and loved so long 35*b*
k no more than other men 191*b*
k of them in breaking of bread 510*a*
k that once if I loved you well 423*a*
more you 'ave k o' the others 230*b*
much have I seen and k 438*b*
much to be done little to be k 211*b*
not be k to do anything 147*b*
people whom I have not k 482*b*
place where he is *not* k 212*a*
so I had nothing k 362*a*
tell him, I too have k 233*a*
till I am k, and do not want it 206*b*
to be lov d needs only to be k 140*a*
what shall I do to be for ever k 107*a*
yet hast thou not k me, Philip 511*a*
you wd be k, and not know 103*b*
Knows he k who gave that love 464*b*
just k, and k no more her Bible 113*a*
k nothing whatever about Thee 525*a*
no man k thro' what centuries 119*a*
no man truly k another 42*a*
now she k, when I resemble her 449*a*
she beloved k nought that k not 368*b*
she k her man 142*b*
she k wot 's wot, she does 127*a*
this she k, in joys and woes 100*a*
this the world well k 389*a*
what every schoolboy k 419*a*
Knuckle down at taw 113*a*
Knucklebones art of k 412*a*
Knuckle-end of England 404*a*
Knuts Colonel of the K 462*a*
Kohln, a town of monks 100*a*
Koran believe all the fables in the K 15*a*

Koran (*cont*)
K wd now be taught in Oxford 162*a*
Kosciusko Freedom shrieked as K. fell 77*a*
Kosmos untented K 414*a*
Kruger finished killing K 227*a*
Kruschen feeling 526*a*
Kubla in Xanadu did K Khan 101*a*
K heard from far 101*b*
Kurd the same about the K. 25*b*
Kyloe a little K cow 534*a*

L

Labdanum stripes of l 49*b*
Laborious indeed at the first ascent 279*b*
Labour all l mars what it does 324*b*
all things are full of l 499*a*
a time for l and thought 420*b*
carpet-dusting not imperative l 43*a*
come unto me all ye that l 506*b*
every l sped 170*a*
forget his l an' his toil 59*b*
for him light l spread 168*a*
green leaves of thy l 422*b*
had my l for my travail 368*b*
[his] l for his pains 461*a*
I'll l night and day 54*b*
in all l there is profit 498*a*
in our l rest most sweet 86*b*
insupportable l of doing nothing 410*b*
in works of l, or of skill 453*a*
it is but lost l that ye haste 489*b*
l and the wounds are vain 96*b*
l a pebble without cease 452*a*
l bears a lovely face 118*b*
l in the deep mid-ocean 433*a*
l of an age in piled stones 278*a*
l of love 516*b*
l 's dull, Lethaean spring 6*a*
l that thou and I shall waste 473*b*
l to keep alive conscience 451*b*
l truly to get mine own living 481*a*
l we delight in physics pain 348*a*
l without joy is base 314*b*
l without sorrow is base 314*b*
learn to l and to wait 248*a*
many still must l 69*b*
our race shd not cease to l. 412*a*
pleasure is l too 110*b*
press down upon the brow of l 53*a*
profit of all his l wh he taketh 499*a*
ruined by Chinese cheap l 182*a*
six days shalt thou l 480*a*
sore l 's bath 348*a*
strength then but l and sorrow 487*b*
their l is but lost 489*b*
the true success is to l 413*b*
'tis sweating l to bear 322*b*
we l soon we l late 63*a*
why shd life all l be? 433*a*
with difficulty and l hard 273*a*
with profitable l to his grave 383*a*
yr l for that wh satisfieth not 503*a*
yr l is for future hours 198*a*
Laboured I l more abundantly 514*b*
other men l 510*b*
Labourer for a l to take his pension 314*b*
l is worthy of his hire 509*a*
now the l 's task is o'er 145*b*
Labourers but the l are few 506*a*
Labour-house sounding l vast 7*b*
Labouring sleep is sweet to the l man 54*a*
sleep of a l man is sweet 499*a*
Labours absorbs a clay after his l 76*a*
children sweeten l 14*b*
forsook the l of a servile state 72*a*
no l tire 213*b*
notice pleased to take of my l 206*b*
revolving l of the year 161*a*
Saints who from their l rest 200*a*
their uncessant l see crown'd 260*b*
they may rest from their l 519*b*
ye are entered into their l 510*b*
Laburnum my brother set the l 195*a*
Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire 430*b*
Labyrinth a peopled l of walls 395*a*
Labyrinthine down the l ways 441*b*
l buds the rose 5?*a*

Lace an erring l 189a
Greek, sir, is like l 210b
strunt rarely owre gauze and l 61b
Laces for a lady 234a
Lack l sigh the l of many a thing 387b
lions do l and suffer hunger 484a
that fear him l nothing 484a
therefore can I l nothing 483a
they l, I have 143a
Lacked being l and lost 359a
questioning if I l anything 188b
Lackey like a l, from the rise to set 383a
Lackeying the varying tide 322b
Lacks if anyone anything l 167a
Lacedæmon in lordly L 253b
Lad many a lightfoot l 199b
my pretty l is young 531a
say, cd that l be I? 414b
when I was a l I served a term 166a
Ladder [Jacob] dreamed, and behold a l 493a
lowliness is young ambition's l 338a
of our vices we can frame a l 247b
talk to him of Jacob's l 205b
the l to all high designs 368b
unto the l turns his back 338b
we are dropping down the l 229b
wiv a l and some glasses 22a
Laden then I shd ever l be 187b
ye that labour and are heavy l 506b
Ladies a lion among l 357a
all you l that do sleep 78b
come from a l' seminary 164b
good night, sweet l 335b
if I be but young 326a
I, of l most deject 333b
I entered the drawing-room l of irresistible modesty 410b
l of St James's 131a
l of th' Hesperides 277a
l, whose bright eyes 269a
lang may the l sit 530a
novel on the tables of young l 255b
o'er l' lips, who on kisses dream 364b
old as I im for l' love unfit 140a
old l of both sexes 123a
out of the l's company 321b
rhyme themselves into l' favours 383b
these over-offended l virtuous 410a
to all you l now at land 134b
wild witches those most noble l 471b
Lads come, cheer up, my l 158b
golden l and girls all must 329a
I are in love with the grave 199b
l that will die in their glory 199a
there are mair l in Galloway 531b
thinking lays l underground 199b
tho' yr l are far away 156a
three wild l were we 319b
two l that thought no more 372b
Lady ain't a l livin' a the land 94a
a l, if undrest at Church 150b
a l in the case 71a, 163a
a love for any l 295b
a self-respecting l's cell 25a
Colonel's L an' Judy O'Grady 230b
come hither, l fair, and joined be 217b
crept too near another l 385b
every l wd be queen 302a
faint heart never won fair l 164a
for secrecy, no l closer 377a
gentle l married to the Moor 468b
good heart, and Our L's grace 317a
heard a linnet courting his l 36b
he is dead and gone, l 335b
he keeps a l in a cage 93b
here l, lo! that servant stands 414a
he saw a l bright 528a
his hound, and his l fair 529b
his l's ta'en another mate 529b
I met a l in the meads 218b
in my l's chamber 534b
in this l's lips and hands 312a
I saw my l weep 524a
I see it's written by a l 535a
I think this l to be my child 344a
I will make a l of my own 471b
kneeled to a l in his shield 431b
l-cow, fly thy way home 534a
l, I fain wd tell how evermore 312a
l, it is to be presumed 215a
Lady (*cont*)
l of light 420a
L of the Mere 463a
L of the Snows 233a
L, she who left the lilies 204b
l so richly clad 100a
l sweet and kind 156a, 526b
L the brach may stand by the fire 342a
L with a Lamp 248a
lang will his L look owre 530b
learned in a l's eyes 345a
like a dying l, lean and pale 399b
like a l as thou art 378a
lovely l, garmented in light 390b
many holiday and l terms 376b
most excellent accomplished l 371b
Mother of God! no l thou 98a
my arm a l's lilye hand 531a
my l seems of ivory 284b
my l sweet, arise 328b
Old L of Threadneedle Street 167a
Our L of Pain 421a
she was the most beautiful l 119a
shd never come out of a l's lips 155a
sighed for the love of a l 167a
some lost l of old years 52b
some men must love my l 344b
talk with the same single l 71b
the chaste l's pregnant womb 260b
the elder unto the elect l 518a
the l doth protest too much 334a
the l of Christ's College 11a
the l of my delight 265a
the Liner she's a l 231b
this l by the trees 474b
this l of the West Country 119a
thy mother a l, both lovely 317b
to see an old l ride 533b
will may such a l 524b
what l wd not love a shepherd? 176b
when a l's in the case 160b
white hand of a l fever thee 324a
why did you throw yr wedded l 329a
will you hear a Spanish l 528a
with the l inside 527a
you were April's l 423a
Lady Betty hearken L 4b
Lady Disdain 358a
Lady Jane was tall 20a
Ladylike I wouldn't be too l in love 186a
Lady-smocks all silver-white 345b
Laetitia are you quite well, L? 264b
LaFayette, we are here 296b
Lag-end of my life 378b
Lager-beer afay mit der l 244b
Laggard for a l in love 318a
Laid ere I am l out dead 189b
hae I, him on the green 530b
I l me down with a will 415a
in sad cypress let me be l 371a
lightly I again 439a
wherein was never man yet l 511b
why was not I not beside him l 317a
Lain in cold grave she was l 529a
Lair deep his midnight l had made 316a
rouse the lion from his l 320a
Laird last L of Ravenswood 319a
Lairdie wee German l 116b, 193a
Laith were our gude Scots 530a
Laity tell the l our love 134a
Lake beside the l, beneath the trees 467a
blossom fell into the l 434a
into the bosom of the steady l 469b
Sanguelac, the l of Blood! 427b
sedge is wither'd from the l 218b
slips into the bosom of the l 437a
swan on still St Mary's L 473a
Lake-blossom white l falls 434a
Lakes long light shakes across the l 430a
scalped each other by the Great L 254b
Lalage call me L or Doris 101b
I've lost L! 234a
L and her sweet laughter 545a
Lamb a L as it had been slain 518b
as a l to the slaughter 503a
but one dead l is there! 248a
Cassius, you are yoked with a l 341a
did he who made the L make thee 32a
God will provide himself a l 493a
go to bed with the l 35a
He calls Himself a L. 32b
Lamb (*cont*)
hide us from the wrath of the l 519a
I a child, and thou a l 32b
[L, Holcroft, and Coleridge] 183a
L, the frolic and the gentle 465b
leads me to the L 109b
Little L God bless thee 32b
little L, I'll tell thee 32b
little L who made thee? 32b
Mary had a little l 177b
of the skin of an innocent l 384a
O L of God, I come 146a
pet-l in a sentimental farce 219b
pipe a song about a L 32b
receive the L of God to dwell 30b
save one little ewe l 495b
sedulous ape to L 412b
shallows in wh a l may wade 185b
tempers the wind to the shorn l 573a
toth, Emperor L 239b
the L is the light thereof 520a
the l was sure to go 177b
the marriage supper of the L 519b
Una with her milk-white l, 468b
was the Holy L of God 31a
what makes the l love Mary 177b
white in the blood of the L 519a
wolf shall dwell with the l 501b
yr l shall be without blemish 493b
Lambkins, we will live 381b
Lambs feed my l 511b
gather the l with his arm 502b
I do love thee as my l 105b
I cd not forgive, worms forget 124b
meadows to see the young l 453a
we were as twinned l 372b
young l bound as to the tabor's 466a
Lame helping l dogs over stiles 226a
l, made l by fortune's spite 387b
l and impotent conclusion 361a
l man leap up as an hart 502a
Lament have I not reason to l 471a
have nought other to l 204a
I anew, Urania 391b
I nor sorrow at 324b
whom universal Nature did l 269b
ye need nae sair l 531b
you l not the days that are gone 407a
Lamented Jack 102a
Lamenting he was left l 77a
Lamentings heard i' the air 348a
Lammas fell about the L tide 530b
Lamp Christ with His l of truth 36b
glorious L of Heaven, the sun 190b
it is a dying l 392a
Lady with a L 218a
largest l is lit 253b
largest l on Campden Hill 92b
light the bridal l 275b
press God's l close 49b
Press-men, Slaves of the L 5a
smell too strong of the l 411b
that fluttered round the l 85b
thou fill st thy l, O Memory 313a
unlit l and the ungirt loin 52a
welcum the l of day 134b
when the l is shattered 395a
whose intense l narrows 398a
with handmaid l attending 270b
Lamping Sammiuato 49a
Lamplough was genteel, L was trite 412b
Lamps and the l of heaven 226a
filled their l with everlasting oil 267a
Heav'n's great l do dive 78a
l are going out all over Europe 177a
l shone o'er fair women 68a
like golden l in a green night 260a
like hidden l in old urns 108a
new l for old 507b
ye living l, by whose dear light 261a
Yew alone burns l of peace 110b
Lancaster time honoured L 374b
Lancastrian turn L there 405b
Lance hopeless I was laid in rest 92a
my l a wand of the willow tree 531a
sword-sway, and with l's thrust 318b
Lancelot by the river sang Sir L 431b
colour wh I found in L 428a
L, budge not 353b
L, or Pelleas, or Pellenore 277a
L mused a little space 432a

Lancelot (*cont*)
nor L , nor another 428*a*
of bold Sir L 431*b*
till she left not even L brave 429*a*
when was L wanderingly lewd? 428*a*
(*See also* Launcelot)
Lancers six stalwart l 459*a*
Land a happy l we know 94*b*
along the l they rode 319*a*
a new people takes the l 93*a*
angel of death abroad thro' the l 38*a*
as thro the l at eve we went 436*a*
beyond this l of woe 18*a*
cast the water of my l 350*b*
dear the l that gave you birth 287*b*
divides that heavenly l from ours 453*b*
eat of the fat of the l 493*b*
edge of the long lone l 421*b*
England's green and pleasant L 31*b*
far into the bowels of the l 385*a*
flowery, green, bird-singing l 118*a*
French the empire of the l 80*a*
from sunshine to the sunless l 465*b*
from the best of all my l 378*a*
from the holy l of Walsinghame 307*b*
from the l of mist and snow 98*b*
good and bad of every l 18*a*
good seed on the l 76*a*
half a rood of l , set out 419*b*
has been the l of the free 77*b*
her l reposed 437*a*
his hands prepared the dry l 487*b*
Hobden owns the l 230*b*
I have felt with my native l 434*b*
ill fares the l to hastening ills 168*a*
in a barren and dry l 485*b*
in a cleaner, greener l 232*a*
in all that l had never been 425*b*
I never liked my l 120*b*
in l -travel or sea-faring? 52*b*
in the l I'm going to 29*a*
in the l of the living 483*b*
I went to the holy l 307*b*
is she known in all the l ? 431*b*
know you the l ? 568*a*
l flowing with milk and honey 493*b*
l is scattered with light 35*b*
l of darkness 497*a*
L of Dreams is better far 31*a*
l of faery 475*b*
L of Heart's Desire 475*b*
l of just and old renown 439*b*
l of lost content 199*b*
l of my sires 317*b*
l of our birth 227*b*
l of pure delight 453*b*
l of sand and ruin 424*a*
l of sand and thorns 428*a*
l of settled government 439*b*
l of the shadow of death 501*b*
l of slaves shall ne er be mine 71*a*
l of the pilgrims' pride 404*a*
l o' the leal 285*b*
l that has taught us 281*a*
l that's governed by a child 385*a*
l -thieves and water-thieves 353*a*
L to wh yon Ship must go 97*a* 472*b*
l where even the old are fair 475*b*
l where my fathers died 404*a*
l where the Bong-tree grows 243*b*
l where the cypress and myrtle 67*b*
l where the light is as darkness 497*a*
l wh the Lord thy God giveth 480*a*
lilacs out of the dead l 144*b*
Lord's song in a strange l 490*a*
lo! the l where was the wave 293*b*
love l because it is their own 178*a*
marching to the Promised L 20*b*
men sing by l an' sea 236*b*
mighty ocean, and the pleasant l 82*a*
mire of the last l ! 39*b*
mist and hum of that low l 8*a*
my native l , Good Night! 68*a*
my new-found-l 132*b*
my own my native l 317*a*
no l beside 373*b*
no l can compare unto thee 389*b*
ocean leans against the l 170*a*
o'er all the pleasant l 184*b*
on to the Pleasant L 47*a*
our ship not far from l. 525*b*

Land (*cont*)
pass, like night, from l to l 100*a*
person dwelling up-on l 89*a*
pleasant l of counterpane 414*a*
pleasing l of drowsy-head 443*a*
plenty o'er a smiling l 174*b*
pointed toward the l 433*a*
Prince of all the l 76*b*
ready by water as by l 146*a*
row, my knights, near the l 79*a*
save a sinking l 301*b*
search the l of living men 318*a*
seems a moving l 275*b*
sente hem hoom to every l 88*b*
shaft of light across the l 427*a*
she is far from the l 281*b*
speak of the better l 184*b*
splendid and a happy l 168*b*
stood as signals to the l 99*b*
stranger in a strange l 493*b*
strong man in a blatant l 433*b*
sweet l of liberty 404*a*
the l you used to plough 199*a*
there is a happy l 476*b*
there shall be no more l 39*b*
there's l I see! 440*b*
there's the l , or cherry isle 188*b*
they are not fit to live on l 208*b*
they who rule the l be men 468*a*
think there is no l 13*a*
this dear, dear l 375*a*
this was the charter of the l 443*a*
thou on the l , and I on the sand 319*b*
thro the broad bright l 406*a*
to all you ladies now at l 134*b*
to see the nakedness of the l 493*b*
to spy out the l 494*a*
violet of his native l 430*a*
was great by l as thou by sea 435*a*
when house and l are gone 155*b*
when the l is cultivated 266*a*
where is the l of Luthany 442*b*
where the l she travels from 97*a*
whistles o'er the furrowed l 268*b*
Landeau they will have their barouche-l 11*a*
grey gun-'orses in the l 234*a*
Land-breeze shook the shrouds 111*a*
Landed inclined to the l interest 2*a*
Landing-place he gained the l 317*a*
safe to the l 253*b*
Landlord l , fill the flowing bowl 522*b*
l s black-eyed daughter 290*a*
Land-lubbers lying down below 525*b*
Landmark removeth his neighbour's l 55*a*
Landmarks great men l in state 494*b*
Landor and with Donne 476*b*
Lands call the l after their own names 485*a*
close to the sun in lonely l 426*b*
envy of less happier l 375*a*
faery l forlorn 220*a*
hard heir strides about their l 430*b*
in l of palm and southern pine 426*a*
l beyond the sea 467*a*
l I was to travel in 530*a*
l the voyager at last 145*b*
much I owe to the L that grew 236*a*
other l beneath another sun 443*b*
princes in all l 484*b*
prizes not quantity of dirty l 371*a*
sound is gone out into all l 482*b*
then l were fairly portioned 253*a*
Landscape fades the glimmering l 174*a*
he is but a l painter 432*b*
once more that l painter 432*b*
view the l o'er 453*b*
Landscapes sold one penny plain 412*b*
Lane blue above l and wall 46*a*
ghost in an English l 46*a*
l , highway, or open street 445*b*
little boy who cries in the l 534*b*
Language a use in measured l lies 429*b*
Chatham's l his mother tongue 111*b*
consenting l of the heart 160*a*
dear l wh I spake like thee 252*b*
don t think anything of that l 124*b*
effusions in the best chosen l 11*b*
enlargement of the l 212*b*
enrichment of our native l. 142*a*

Language (*cont*)
everything in our l shd perish 255*b*
fancies that broke thro' l 50*b*
I love the l of his heart 303*b*
l I have learned forty years 374*b*
l is fossil poetry 148*a*
l is a perpetual Orphic song 397*b*
l is the dress of thought 213*a*
l is the garment of thought 81*b*
l quaint and olden 247*a*
l that wd make yr hair curl 166*b*
l was not powerful enough 124*b*
learned his great l 48*a*
learning me yr l 367*a*
my l is plain 182*a*
no l but a cry 430*b*
no l , but the l of the heart 303*a*
off oure l the lodesterre 251*a*
of his strange l all I know 241*a*
O that those lips had l 109*a*
persuasive l of a tear 95*a*
some entrance into the l 15*a*
still the heart doth need a l 101*b*
sure in l strange she said 218*b*
the l plain 108*a*
there is neither speech nor l 482*b*
there's l in her eye 369*a*
they can only speak one l 129*b*
under the tropic is our l spoke 449*a*
you taught me l 367*a*
Languaged well l Daniel 42*b*
Languages at a great feast of l 345*a*
gave l just as she needed 306*a*
in the graves of deceased l 122*b*
knowledge of the ancient l 38*a*
l are the pedigree of nations 212*b*
none of yr live l for Blimber 122*b*
speaks three or four l 369*b*
vulgar l that want words 216*b*
Languid art thou weary, art thou l 286*a*
l strings do scarcely move! 31*b*
Languish relieve my l 117*a*
Languishes a cat l loudly 185*b*
Languishment tale of love and l 221*a*
Languor l cannot be 398*b*
l is not in yr heart 7*b*
Languors lilies and l of virtue 421*a*
Lantern in thy dark l thus close up 267*a*
thy word is a l unto my feet 489*a*
Lanterns feast of l ! 297*b*
Laodameia died 241*b*
Lap biforn him in his l 89*a*
dropt in her L from some Head 153*a*
l me in soft Lydian airs 269*a*
l of the crimson rose 356*b*
old enough to l and to swallow 459*a*
on the cool flowery l of earth 6*b*
strew the green l of the spring 376*a*
sun in the l of Thetis 65*b*
La Palie Provence and L 96*b*
Lap-dogs when l breathe their last 302*b*
Lapis all *I* , all sons 45*a*
Lapland L noble wild prospects 207*a*
lovely as a L night 473*a*
Laps fortunes tumbling into l 13*a*
Lapse of murmuring streams 275*b*
to l in fulness is sorer 328*b*
Lapwings feel the leaden death 304*a*
Laramaga peace in a L 227*a*
Larboard all to the l side 531*a*
Larch rosy plumelets tuft the l 430*b*
Lard their lean books 64*a*
Larded with sweet flowers 335*b*
Lards the lean earth as he walks 377*a*
Large as l as store 188*a*
I am l , I contain multitudes 458*a*
l , and smooth, and round 406*a*
l as life, and twice as natural 85*a*
l -hearted man 43*b*
l was his bounty 174*b*
so rudeliche and l 89*a*
thou l -brained woman 43*b*
Larger I am l , better than I thought 458*a*
l than human on the frozen hills 429*a*
Largess universal, like the sun 382*b*
Largest shout with the l. 126*a*
those of the l size 84*b*
Lark and the l soars 43*a*
Hark! hark! the l 328*b*
hear the l begin his flight 268*b*
herald l left his ground-nest 277*a*

Lark (*cont*)
l becomes a sightless song 431*a*
l drop down at his feet 435*b*
l from her light wing 115*b*
l, messager of day 89*a*
l now leaves his wat'ry nest 117*b*
l sang loud and high 28*b*
l shall sing me hame 116*b*
l, that tirra-lirra chants 373*a*
late l twitters from the skies 185*a*
like to the l at break of day 387*b*
music soars within the little l 43*a*
no l cd pipe to skies so dull 225*b*
no l more blithe than he 28*a*
sing as sweetly as the l 355*b*
some late l singing 185*a*
swallow for the holy l 43*a*
than l to shepherd's ear 356*a*
the lark's on the wing 50*a*
the nightingale, and not the l 366*a*
the shrill-gorged l 343*b*
the shrill sweet l 196*a*
we rise with the l 35*a*
Larks four L and a Wren 243*a*
hear the l so high 199*a*
mounting l their notes prepare 304*a*
Larkspur listens, 'I hear' 434*a*
Lars Porsena 253*a*, *b*
Lartius back, L 253*b*
Lascivious pleasing of a lute 384*b*
Lash l the vice and follies 86*b*
the l, of film 364*b*
whip to l the rascals naked 363*a*
Lashes three hundred and fifty l 126*b*
Lass a l unparalleled 325*b*
drink to the l 400*b*
every l a queen 226*a*
give him his l, his fiddle 111*a*
hey, for a l wi' a tocher 61*a*
I loved a l, a fair one 462*a*
it was a lover and his l 327*b*
l that has acres o' charms 61*a*
l wi' the weel-stockit farms 61*a*
lordliest l of earth 39*b*
man may kiss a bonnie l 63*a*
penniless l wi' a lang pedigree 285*b*
sweet l of Richmond Hill 256*b*, 447*a*
the l that loves a sailor! 120*b*
this l so neat 256*b*, 447*a*
what a l that were 240*a*
will never show a l as comely 231*b*
yon solitary Highland l 471*a*
Lasses come l and lads 522*b*
he dearly lov'd the l O 60*b*
honest men and bonnie l 62*b*
l a' lilting 145*b*
spent among the l O! 60*b*
then she made the l O 60*b*
'twere na for the l O 60*b*
Lassie I love a l 242*b*
my love she's but a l 193*a*
what can a young l do 63*a*
Last after L, returns the First 44*b*
ah wd that this might be the l 109*a*
at l the belles ringeth 182*b*
at the l, best 322*b*
cobbler shd not go beyond his l 552*b*
comes at the l 375*b*
each day thy l esteem 224*b*
first kiss and forebode the l 312*a*
first to come and l to go 249*a*
he had brought me to my l legs 140*a*
he that comes l is commonly best 64*a*
it did not l 26*b*
it will l my time 80*a*
I will give unto this l 507*b*
l an 'ealthy Tommy for a year 229*a*
l at His cross 21*a*
l came, and l did go 269*b*
l night, among his fellow roughs 136*b*
l, not least in love 339*b*
l of all he was seen of me also 514*b*
l of all our Odysseys 26*b*
l of all the Bards was he 316*b*
l of all the Romans 341*b*
l of all the woman died also 507*b*
l of life for wh first was made 50*b*
l of that bright band 184*b*
l of the Mohicans 106*a*
l state of that man is worse 506*b*
Last (*cont*)
l, till you write yr letter 134*a*
l to lay the old aside 300*a*
many that are first shall be l 507*b*
next in majesty, in both the l 141*a*
noblest offspring is the l 28*a*
of many kisses the poor l 324*b*
one more, and this the l 363*b*
system wd probably l her time 315*b*
that s the l thing I shall do! 292*a*
the best and the l! 50*b*
the l shall be first 507*b*
there is no l nor first 50*a*
this day may be the l 287*a*
what is it that will l 433*a*
Lasted nice while it l 232*b*
Lasting full l is the song 264*a*
l too, for souls not lent 264*a*
Last Judgement 'tis the L 's fire 45*b*
Lasts ever, past recall 51*a*
Latch crosspatch, draw the l 533*a*
find no l ter de golden gate? 182*a*
Latchet whose shoes l I am not worthy 510*b*
Latchfords letting in the L 417*a*
Late all the worse when it comes l 205*b*
five minutes too l 107*b*
it came to them very l 227*a*
l, l in the gloamin' 193*a*
never too l for delight, my dear 281*b*
not too l to seek a newer world 439*a*
some l lark singing 185*a*
sorrow never comes too l 175*a*
too l, too l! ye cannot enter now 427*b*
when others cry, 'too l' 44*a*
white rose weeps 'she is l' 434*a*
who passes by this road so l? 528*a*
Lated in the night 176*a*
Lately that air, that l kissed thee 190*a*
Lath of wood painted like iron 568*a*
Lather good l is half the shave 194*b*
Latian Prince of the L name 253*a*
Latin away with him! he speaks L 384*a*
L names for horns and stools 60*a*
L, queen of tongues 216*b*
L was no more difficile 64*b*
ne yet of L, ne of Greek 409*a*
small L, and less Greek 216*a*
you understand L Mr Bonniface? 150*a*
Latitude parallels of l for a scene 446*b*
the l 's rather uncertain 306*b*
Latoun croys of l, ful of stones 89*a*
Latter blessed the l end of Job 497*b*
former times shake hands with the l 65*b*
l has the largest congregation 118*b*
to carry off the l 295*a*
Laud all glory, l and honour 286*a*
l and honour to the Father 286*b*
Laudable write well in l things 279*a*
Laudes to their Maker 182*b*
Laugh an atheist l 's a poor exchange 60*a*
anything awful makes me l 239*b*
exploded l shall win 40*b*
I did l sans intermission 326*a*
if I l at any mortal thing 71*a*
I make myself l at everything 561*b*
it wd have made a cat l 297*b*
l again in the grey twilight 474*b*
l and be well 175*b*
l, and the world laughs with you 459*a*
l as I pass in thunder 393*a*
l at all you trembled at before 110*b*
l at my own cenotaph 393*b*
l at's while we strut 324*a*
l at them in our turn 11*b*
l, be jolly 199*b*
l broke into a thousand pieces 21*b*
l, home of mine 538*b*
l to scorn the power of man 349*b*
l where we must 300*b*
l with me or at me 411*b*
loud l that spoke the vacant mind 168*b*
make those l whose lungs are tickle 332*b*
man cannot make him l 380*b*
men that l and weep 422*a*
that shall l at all disaster 246*b*
they l that win 362*b*
they l uproariously in youth 39*b*
they that see me l me to scorn 483*a*
Laugh (*cont*)
to l such a vulgar expression 104*a*
unextinguishable l in heaven 41*a*
valleys also shall l and sing 486*a*
wherefore did Sarah l? 493*a*
who but must l 303*a*
Laughable schemes very l things 208*a*
Laughed dey mus' speck ter be l at 181*b*
for they l consumedly 150*a*
full well they l 168*b*
I l him out of patience 323*b*
l and moaned about by streams 44*b*
l in the sun 39*b*
Pilots boy l loud and long 99*b*
so loud, loud l he 529*b*
we have not sighed deep, l free 53*a*
when he s l and said his say 440*b*
when the first baby l 21*b*
Laughing forbear l and jeering 296*a*
happiness is no l matter 456*a*
l immoderately at intervals 404*a*
l is heard on the hill 32*b*
Laughs l the sense of mis'ry far 111*a*
l to see the good things there 192*b*
l to see the green man pass 192*b*
when he l, it adds something 411*a*
while she l at them, forgets 104*a*
why, he l like anything 93*b*
Laughter April, laugh thy girlish l 452*a*
boughs of April in l shake 35*b*
by the faculty of l 2*b*
drinks his wine 'mid l free 527*a*
invent anything that tends to l 379*b*
l for a month 377*a*
L holding both his sides 268*b*
l, learnt of friends 40*a*
let us have mirth and l 70*b*
multitudinous l of the waves 559*a*
O Christ, the l 261*b*
our sincerest l with some pain 398*b*
perhaps to move his l 275*b*
present mirth hath present l 370*b*
so ill-bred, as audible l 90*b*
so is the l of a fool 499*a*
the weeping and the l 135*a*
the worst returns to l 343*b*
tired of tears and l 422*a*
under running l 441*b*
use you for my l 340*b*
when her lovely l shows 78*b*
with weeping and with l 253*b*
Laughters tears and l for all time! 44*a*
Lauk a mercy on me 533*b*
Launcelot salute me to my lord, Sir L 257*b*
Sir L awoke and went 257*b*
Sir L I require thee 257*b*
Sir L saw her visage 257*b*
Sir L thou wert never matched 257*b*
(*See also* Lancelot)
Launch fear to l away 453*b*
yr glorious standard l again 77*b*
Laundry it all goes into the l 234*b*
Laura if L had been Petrarch's wife 70*b*
rose-cheeked L, come 78*a*
Laurel burned is Apollo s l bough 259*a*
carven from the l -tree 442*b*
l for the perfect prime 311*a*
l greener from the brows 437*a*
l is green for a season 423*b*
l outlives not May 423*b*
l, the palms, and the pæan 423*b*
only that she might l grow 260*b*
rose or rue or l 420*b*
the l -trees are cut 561*b*
thy l, thy glory 218*a*
Laurels once more, O ye l 269*a*
the l all are cut 199*b*
thy l torn! 405*b*
worth all your l 73*b*
Lave l in it, drink of it 196*a*
let the l go by me 414*a*
whistle owre the l o't 63*a*
Lavender hot l, mints, savory 373*a*
l water tinged with pink 243*b*
Lavinia she is L 368*a*
Lavish in vain with l kindness 184*a*
Lavishly who l commends 94*a*
Law a fig for those by l protected 61*a*
all's love, yet all's l 51*b*
because they have no l 429*a*

Law (*cont*)
Chancellor only knew a little l 524*a*
common l is nothing but reason 97*b*
crowner's quest l 336*a*
custom that is before all l 117*a*
custom, that unwritten l 117*b*
despair, l, chance 133*a*
dusty purlieus of the l 430*b*
fulfil the l of their being 10*b*
God is thy l, thou mine 274*a*
God's universal l gave to the man 278*a*
had not known sin, but by the l 513*a*
heat of conflict, keeps the l 465*b*
higher l than the Constitution 321*b*
highest l of his being 148*a*
I charge you by the l 355*a*
I crave the l 354*b*
I find then a l 513*a*
ignorance of the l excuses no man 321*a*
I, my Lords, embody the L 163*b*
incline our hearts to keep this l 480*a*
in l's grave study six 97*b*
in l, what plea so tainted 354*a*
is the l of our side if I say ay? 364*b*
is the l sin? 513*a*
it is of no force in l 97*b*
keep the Jungle L 232*b*
laid His hand on Moses' l 30*a*
l can take a purse in open court 66*b*
l is a bottomless pit 4*b*
L is the true embodiment 163*b*
l of nature, and of nations 50*a*
l of thy mouth is dearer 489*a*
l renders men acute, inquisitive 55*b*
L seat is the bosom of God 106*b*
l's made to take care o' raskills 144*a*
L the harmony of the world 196*b*
l to ourselves reason is our l 276*a*
lesser breeds without the L 233*b*
let them reckon the l 230*b*
love is the fulfilling of the l 513*b*
my l the seventh time disobey'd 294*a*
Nature's l to mourn 61*b*
necessity has no l 553*b*
not determining a point of l 55*b*
nothing is l that is not reason 304*b*
not make a scarecrow of the l 351*a*
old father antick, the l 376*b*
people crushed by l no hopes 58*a*
prisons built with stones of L 31*a*
quicken thou me in thy l 489*a*
reason is the life of the l 97*b*
rich men rule the l 170*a*
seven hours to l 214*b*
sharp quillets of the l 383*b*
that I am come to destroy the l 505*a*
that l wh governs all l 56*a*
that loveth hath fulfilled the l 513*b*
the army of unalterable l 261*b*
the bloody book of l 350*b*
the first is l 140*b*
the l doth give it 355*a*
the l is an ass 125*b*
the L it has honoured us 454*a*
the l of humanity justice 56*a*
the l of our Creator 56*a*
the l's delay 333*a*
the l so general a study 55*b*
the more ought l to weed it out 14*a*
there is but one l for all 56*a*
these are a l unto themselves 513*a*
this is l, I will maintain 524*a*
this is the l and the prophets 505*b*
this is the L of the Jungle 231*a*
to the windward of the l 94*b*
touching the l, a Pharisee 516*a*
very good l for all that 319*b*
where no l is no transgression 513*a*
who to himself is L 87*a*
windy side o' the l 172*a*
within the purlieus of the L 149*a*
wrest once the l to yr authority 354*b*
your Majesty's will is l 165*a*
Lawful all things are l for me 514*b*
an art l as eating 373*b*
is it not l for me to do 507*b*
neither quite l nor quite right 66*b*
that wh is l and right 503*b*
upon their l occasions 490*b*
Lawn a l about the shoulders 189*a*
Lawn (*cont*)
bird-haunted English l 7*a*
l as white as driven snow 373*b*
leave the printed l 200*a*
rivulets hurrying thro' the l 437*a*
sun upon the upland l 174*b*
twice a saint in l 301*b*
Laws and their l approve 140*b*
bad l worst sort of tyranny 55*a*
ballads l of a nation 155*a*
beginning with the l 305*a*
breaking up of l 427*b*
if l are their enemies 58*a*
I know not whether L be right 459*b*
l and learning die 258*a*
I are at my commandment 381*a*
l are generally found to be nets 400*a*
l are inoperative in war 540*b*
l are like cobwebs 417*b*
l grind the poor 170*a*
l lean on one another 57*b*
l of God will be suspended 390*a*
l were like cobwebs 13*b*
l were made to be broken 280*b*
not by partial, but by general l 300*b*
part wh l or kings can cause 213*a*
repeal of bad or obnoxious l 173*a*
schoolmasters deliver us to l 187*a*
sweeter manners, purer l 431*a*
they will be enemies to l 58*a*
unequal l unto a savage race 438*b*
whence all civil l are derived 13*a*
Lawyer as a l knows how 110*b*
aye the cheapest l's fee 62*b*
for her the l pleads 21*a*
he saw a l killing a viper 100*b*
if l's hand is fee'd 159*b*
leaned on a staggering l 93*a*
not what a l tells me I *may* do 55*b*
Lawyers L have their bowers 409*b*
let's kill all the l 384*a*
o'er l' fingers 364*b*
the l are met 160*a*
woe unto you, l 509*a*
Lay Brer Fox, he l low 181*b*
Cleric before, and L behind 65*b*
he l like a warrior 462*a*
I me, O! where sad true lover 371*a*
l not up for yourselves treasures 505*b*
l on, Macduff 351*a*
l them down in their dens 488*b*
ne'er to a seductive l 463*a*
the unpremeditated l 316*b*
your sweet responsive l 117*a*
Layman poor l l 401*b*
Lays constructing tribal l 230*a*
little do we know wot l afore us 124*a*
she l it on with a trowel 104*a*
Lazy l leaden-stepping hours 275*b*
litin' the l ones on 173*a*
Lea fair Kirkconnell l 511*a*
on yonder l 62*a*
standing on this pleasant l 473*a*
Lead country life l praise, and l 37*b*
friends are lapped in l 20*b*
go down like lumps of l 192*a*
here is neither l nor lee 231*a*
I wd l thee, and bring thee 500*b*
l, and I follow 427*b*
l, kindly Light 288*b*
l those that are with young 502*b*
l thou me on 288*b*
l us Heavenly Father l us 143*b*
makes a people easy to l 40*b*
ship went down like l 99*b*
tears do scald like molten l 344*a*
when we think we l most led 74*a*
whither wilt thou l me? 131*a*
Leaden if I use l ones 25*b*
Leaden-eyed pale, and l 190*a*
Leader in camps a l sage 318*a*
the L is fairest 5*b*
Leaders blind l of the blind 507*a*
four-and-twenty l of revolts 52*a*
Leading man of light and l 130*a*
Leads l—God knows where 71*a*
l me from my love 199*a*
Leaf caterpillar on the l 29*b*
elm-tree bole are in tiny l 47*a*
fill'n into the sear, the yellow l 350*b*
falls with the l still 23*a*
Leaf (*cont*)
if I were a dead l 396*b*
I were like the l 423*a*
last red l is whirled away 429*b*
my days are in the yellow l 73*b*
no l upon the forest bare 393*a*
November's l is red 317*b*
right as an aspen l 90*a*
the l is on the tree 205*a*
thin is the l 421*a*
we all do fade as a l 503*b*
where the dead l fell did rest 218*a*
League a l but barely three 529*a*
half a l onward 426*a*
keep a l till death 376*a*
she hadna sailed a l 529*a*
Leagues still l beyond those l 312*b*
tho' thy soul sail l 312*b*
Leak one l will sink a ship 54*b*
sprang no fatal l 111*a*
Leal land o the l 285*b*
Lean bruised reed on wh if a man l 496*b*
laws l on one another 57*b*
l and sallow abstinence 267*b*
l, hungry, savage anti-everythings 193*b*
one of all l body and visage 158*a*
she helped him to l 19*b*
sideways wd she l and sing 218*b*
study had made him very l 196*a*
the l was so ruddy 169*a*
wife cd eat no l 534*a*
Leander, Mr Ekenhead, and I 70*b*
Leaning stuffed men l together 145*a*
Leans it l, and hearkens after it 134*a*
Leap a great l in the dark 191*b*
I shall l over the wall 482*b*
it were an easy l 377*a*
l in with me into this flood 337*b*
look before you ere you l 65*b*
made a l into the dark 41*a*
more worthy to l in ourselves 341*b*
Leaping pulling one's horse as he is l 181*a*
so long as there is no l 417*a*
Leaps babe l up on his mother's arm 466*a*
by steps, and not by l 254*a*
I expt into the dangerous world I l 32*a*
Leap-year, that's the time 533*a*
Lear pleasant to know Mr L 243*b*
Learning meet thee on the l 61*b*
Learn diligent to l 465*a*
gladly wolde he l 88*b*
if they will l any thing 514*b*
l about women from me 230*b*
l all we lacked before 39*b*
l and labour truly 481*a*
l, nor account the pang 50*b*
not bred so dull but she can l 354*a*
not yet so old but she may l 354*a*
places to l the world in 90*b*
quick to l, and wise to know 59*a*
we l so little forget so much 117*b*
we live and l 298*b*
when there is much desire to l 279*a*
whereof it is born, I am to l 152*b*
Learned all l, and all drunk 112*b*
grew within this l man 259*a*
I have l to look on nature 472*a*
l about women from 'er 230*b*
l and conned by rote 341*a*
l lumber in his head 300*b*
make the l smile 300*a*
obscurity of a l language 571*a*
of the opinion with the l 104*a*
the l is happy nature 301*a*
they will not be l 487*a*
things l on earth 40*a*
Learning all that ever l writ 25*a*
a' the l I desire 60*a*
cry both arts and l down 307*a*
enough of l to misquote 72*a*
fraught with all l 169*b*
hated not l worse than toad 278*b*
laws and l die 258*a*
l, a mere hoard of gold 380*b*
l hath gained most 158*a*
l is but an adjunct 345*a*
l is most excellent 155*b*
l, that cobweb of the brain 65*b*
l will be cast into the mire 57*a*

Learning (*cont*)
little l is a dangerous thing 300*a*
love he bore to l was in fault 168*b*
loyal body wanted l 445*b*
men of polite l 185*b*
middle age of a state, l 16*b*
much l doth make thee mad 513*a*
of light, of liberty, and of l 128*b*
Of this l, what a thing it is 366*b*
picker-up of l 's crumbs 46*b*
religion with her l did suit 306*a*
renowned for l and piety 173*a*
sceptre, l, physic, must 329*a*
such deep l little had he need 409*a*
their l is like bread 208*b*
those twins of l 386*b*
wearing l lightly like a flower 431*a*
wear yr l, like yr watch 90*b*
whence is thy l ? 160*a*
when l s triumph o er 213*b*
where childlike L sits 167*b*
why shd l hope success at Court 160*a*
Learnt ingling never be fully l 450*a*
plainest taught, and easiest l 277*a*
they have l nothing 565*b*
Lease having so short a l 389*b*
l of my true love 388*b*
summer's l hath all too short 387*a*
Least done it unto the l of these 508*a*
faithful in that wh is l 510*a*
l of all the apostles 514*b*
Leather all but l or prunella 301*b*
as ever trod upon neat s l 337*b*
first found out the l bottel 526*a*
I am sick o' wastin' l 232*a*
Leathern my l belt likewise 108*b*
L'eau, replied Nicholas 124*b*
Leave at once they l you 49*b*
by all ye l or do 236*b*
Comrades, l me here a little 432*b*
fare thee well, for I must l thee 527*a*
give sign for me to l you 378*b*
he is a dreamer, let us l him 337*b*
how I l my country 297*b*
I l them where they are 458*a*
intreat me not to l thee 495*a*
I pray thee l, love me no more 137*a*
l behind us footprints 248*a*
l her to heaven 331*b*
l me here, and when you want me 432*a*
l me, l me to repose! 173*b*
l my little wooden hut for you! 263*a*
l nothing of myself in me 114*b*
l off first for manners' sake 520*b*
l thee alone, for the comparison 216*a*
l thee in the lurch 65*a*
l then thy foolish ranges 448*a*
l the trodden paths of men 392*a*
l to Robert Browning beggars 226*a*
l us alone! 293*a*
l we now Thy servant sleeping 145*b*
lend me l to come unto my love 408*b*
live in hearts we l behind 76*b*
love him, or l him alone! 470*a*
occasion smiles upon a second l 330*b*
often took l loth to depart 306*a*
Oh, never l me 523*a*
O Sleep, why dost thou l me 105*a*
taken an everlasting l 162*a*
true of most we l behind 97*a*
wh thou must l ere long 388*a*
wilt thou l me thus? 473*b*
Leaven l of malice and wicked-
ness 479*b*, 514*a*
little l leaveneth the whole 514*a*
not with the old l of malice 514*a*
Leavening your must tarry the l 368*b*
Leaves all its sweetest l yet folded 72*a*
all that famous harmony of l 476*a*
all that lamentation of the l 476*a*
and the l break forth 203*a*
as naturally as l to a tree 222*b*
as the generation of l 560*a*
as the l grow on the tree 474*a*
autumnal l like light footfalls 396*a*
bear light shade for the l 393*a*
brown skeletons of l that lag 99*b*
buds and l, wandering astray 398*a*
bursts come crowding thro' the l 7*a*
chauntings of the unquiet l 476*a*
close up these barren l 471*b*

Leaves (*cont*)
crowned with calm l 422*a*
fresh Earth in new l dressed 398*b*
from whose presence the l dead 396*a*
green l among the groves 463*b*
green l whispering overhead 461*b*
laughing l of the true 420*b*
l have their time to fall 185*a*
l it as fast as they can 240*a*
L of Life keep falling 154*b*
l of the Judgment Book unfold 425*a*
l of the tree were for the healing 520*a*
l they are so green 531*a*
l they were crisped and sere 298*b*
l to quicken a new birth 396*b*
lisp of l and ripple of rain 420*a*
lofty trees I see barren of l 387*a*
long l cover me 423*a*
nor wintry l nor vernal 422*a*
pickt from the l of any author 41*b*
put l round his head 123*a*
roses rear their l 73*b*
shady l of destiny 115*a*
shatter yr l before the year 269*a*
shows his hoar l in the stream 336*a*
sun came dazzling thro' the l 431*b*
the silent l are still 73*a*
thick as autumnal l 271*b*
thou amongst the l 220*a*
thro' the velvet l the wind 344*b*
violets cover'd up in l 220*a*
what if my l are falling 396*b*
what it l behind 465*a*
when yellow l, or none, or few 388*a*
whole deck put on its l again 155*a*
wild l that winds have taken 422*a*
yellow drifts of withered l 76
Leave-taking it is not worth l 325*a*
Leaving became him like the l it 346*b*
l, with meekness, her sins 196*a*
Lecky since summer first was l 358*b*
Lebanon annual wound in L 271*b*
his countenance is as L 500*b*
nose is as the tower of L 500*b*
Samaracand to cedared L 221*b*
Lecher fly does l in my sight 343*b*
Lecherous I am rough and l 342*a*
Lecture, Love, in love's philosophy 133*b*
Lectures I do not give l 458*a*
l in her night-dress! 196*b*
Led by whim, envy, or resentment l 94*a*
hath l me, who knows how? 394*b*
he l them forth by the right way 488*b*
men l me to him, blindfold 228*b*
Prince l them on 76*b*
they l a kind of as it were 305*b*
think we lead, we are most l 74*a*
Leda as it was the mother of Helen 293*a*
L, the beloved of Jupiter 241*b*
Ledge over a l of granite 96*a*
Ledlow Farmer L late at plough 179*b*
Lee between windward and l 421*b*
here is neither lead nor l l 231*a*
waters of the River L 306*b*
Leek by this l, I will revenge 383*b*
Leeks oynons, and eke l 89*a*
Leer assent with civil l 303*a*
Lees drink life to the l 438*b*
the mere l is left this vault 348*a*
Left all l behind on the beach 85*b*
cannon to l of them 426*a*
have the use but of my l hand 279*a*
he was l lamenting 77*a*
his l hand is under my head 500*a*
l a lot of little things 227*a*
l a name behind them 521*b*
Sun came up upon the l 98*a*
that we l, we lost 526*a*
there'll be little of us l 437*b*
thou hast l thy first love 518*b*
'tis better to be l 105*a*
we are l, or shall be l, alone 468*a*
we, we only, are l ! 7*b*
when 't l me far away 261*a*
you l off before you began 104*b*
Leg a decreasing l. 379*b*
he has a l 264*b*
here I leave my second l 194*b*
I have lost my l, by God 455*a*
kiss my Julia's dainty l 189*b*
literary man *with* a wooden l. 125*b*

Leg (*cont*)
only sylph cd stand upon one l 125*a*
our steed the l 328*a*
took him by the left l 534*b*
what l into yr breeches first 207*b*
you make a l 375*b*
Legacy bequeathing it as a rich l 340*a*
Legend l of an epic hour 92*b*
L of Good Women 426*b*
the l 's writ 287*b*
Legends whence these l 248*b*
Legion l of the lost ones 229*a*
L that never was 'listed 231*b*
my name is L 508*b*
Legion of Honour has been conferred 147*a*
Legions ere yet we loose the l 230*a*
give me back my l 538*a*
let the l thunder past 7*a*
Legislative nominated by executive 162*a*
Legislator people is the true l 57*b*
Legislators poets are the unacknow-
ledged l 399*b*
Legislature no l can manufacture 17*a*
Legs brought me to my last l 140*a*
cannon-ball took off his l 194*b*
delighteth he in any man s l 490*b*
ever recuvver the use of his l 124*b*
his l are as pillars of marble 500*b*
his l bestrid the ocean 325*a*
his l were hewn in two 530*b*
if you cd see my l 123*a*
not a pair of l so thin 229*b*
stands on his hinder l 386*b*
stood upon his l, that bird 121*b*
taste yr l, sir 371*b*
the l without the man 112*b*
to lie between maids' l 334*a*
trunkless l of stone 306*b*
upon one pair of English l 382*a*
walk under his huge l 337*b*
when his l were smitten off 391*b*
Leicester beans and bacon 225*b*
Leicester Square farewell L 461*a*
Leigh Hunt s light agreeable style 183*b*
Leipsic Fabiero my L 71*b*
get up well at L 45*a*
Leisure add to these retired L 208*a*
at l marry'd 105*a*
his surname, L 130*b*
I am quite at l 11*b*
leave us l to be good 173*b*
l answers l 352*b*
no blessed l for love 196*b*
polish it at l 142*a*
repent at l 105*a*
slander any moment's l 331*a*
what l to grow wise 74*a*
Leman Lake L woos me 68*b*
such hounds, and such a l 529*b*
Lemon in the squeezing of a l 171*a*
land where the l -trees bloom 568*a*
take a suck at the l 19*b*
Lemons oranges and l 533*b*
Lend cur can l ducats 353*a*
few l (but fools) 446*a*
good world to l in 38*a*
I l it instantly 187*b*
I'll l you something 372*a*
I'll l you this much 353*a*
l less than thou owest 342*a*
the men who l 230*a*
Lender nor a l be 330*b*
Lenders thy pen from l ' books 343*a*
Lendeth merciful, and l 489*a*
Lends three things I never l 417*a*
Length all l is torture 324*b*
drags its slow l along 300*a*
Folly's at full l 91*b*
his listless l at noontide 174*b*
l and breadth enough 530*b*
Lengths carry nature l unknown 111*b*
Lenore sorrow for the lost L 298*a*
Lent out my heart with usury 239*b*
Lenten entertainment 332*b*
Leopard l shall lie down 501*b*
the l (change) his spots 503*b*
Leper once he lost 271*b*
Leprosy skin was white as l 98*b*
Lesbia if, O my L, I shd commit 202*b*
L hath a beaming eye 281*b*
L mine, let's live and love! 538*b*

Lesbia (*cont*)
L, whom once Catullus loved 539a
my sweetest L let us live 78a
Lesley saw ye bonnie L 59b
Less and beautifully l 305b
for nothing l than thee 132a
greater glory dim the l 355b
had he pleased us l 1b
l than that no man shall have 310a
l than the dust 107a
low, and infinitely l 114b
nicely-calculated l or more 467b
pleased with l than Cleopatra 139a
rather-more-or-l 228b
rather than be l 272a
the l we like you 26b
the little l, what worlds away 45b
they wd have done no l 338a
you mean you can't take l 83a
Lessen they l from day to day 83a
Lesser life shall be as the greater 171b
Lesson l, and the young Man crucified 265a
Love is the lesson 573a
own with pride the l just 18b
'tis a l you shd heed 191a
we've had an Imperial l 231a
Lessons of two such l, why forget 71a
reason they re called l 83a
Let a thorn to l me blood 188a
I will l you a better 426a
I will not l thee go 36b
l go! You are hurtig be! 217a
l what will be o er me 414a
sore l and hindered in running 479a
then might I l thee go 36b
to be l unfurnished 65a
Lethæan labour's dull L spring 6a
Lethargy a kind of l 379b
Lethe crimson'd in thy l 319b
go not to L 219b
on L wharf 331b
tedious shores of L 238b
'tis L 's gloom, but not its quiet 76b
Lethean drunken of things l 423b
Lets ghost of him that l me 331a
Letter a l from his wife 85b
carry a l to my love 529b
change the name, and not the l 87a
deal by speech than by l 16a
for the l killeth 515a
give 'im a l 234a
good face l of recommendation 2a
how large a l I have written 515b
king has written a braid l 529b
one that when he wrote a l 15b
preferment goes by l 359b
read in the bitter l 359b
runs with a l l 234a
zedl thou unnecessary l 342a
Letters I am persecuted with l 105a
I copied all the l 166a
I find l from God 458a
I hate l 105a
in the republic of l 1a
l for a spy 234a
l four do form his name [Pitt] 101a
l, soft interpreters of love 305b
l to pin up one's hair 105a
no arts, no l, no society 191b
nobody knows how to write l 105a
nought the l space 90b
O ay l—I had l 105a
pause awhile from l 213b
the l Cadmus gave 71a
the Republic of L 170a
yr kind and beloved l 155a
Letter-writing great art o' l 126b
[I] that most delightful way 283b
Levellers yr l wish to level down 207b
I ever for him was l have 88b
Levi jump as Mr L did 19b
Leviathan draw out L with an hook 497b
there is that l 488b
there L hugest of creatures 275b
Levin as to the burning l 317b
Levite the lean L went to sleep 305a
Levity a little judicious l ! 573a
Levy foreign l, nothing, can touch him 348b
Lewd certain l fellows 512b
Lewd (*cont*)
when was Lancelot wanderingly l 428a
Lewti image of L 101b
Lexicographer l a writer of dictionaries 207a
to wake a l 212b
Lexicography so lost in l 212b
Lhude sing cuccu 526a
Liar a l, and the father of it 511a
but every man a l 513a
hateth his brother, he is a l 518a
l of the first magnitude 101b
often quite picturesque l 447a
Pagett, M P, was a l 233a
she's like a l gone to hell 363b
they only answered 'little l' 26a
Liars all men are l 489a
conceits do prove the greatest l 136b
l ought to have good memories 401a
l we can never trust 452b
Libanus even the cedars of L 488b
Libel in a frown 419b
Liberal either a little L 164a
rather l of another man's 16a
the l deviseth l things 502a
watchword of the L Party 38a
Liberator Europe's L [Wellington] 71b
Liberticide the slave and the l 391b
Liberties dramatist wants more l 204a
people never give up their l 56a
Libertine puffed and reckless l 330b
the air, a chartered l 381b
Liberty abstract l not to be found 55b
a manly, moral, regulated l 56b
a new nation, conceived in l 245a
angels alone enjoy such l 249b
consecrate to truth and l 399b
dead to all the feelings of l 297a
dishonest victory fatal to l 278b
eldest child of L 472b
enjoy delight with l 409b
first garden of L 's tree 77b
fishes know no such l 249b
give me l, or give me death 186a
he that commands sea is at l 15b
I must have l 320b
interfering with the l of action 266a
let there be light! said L 394a
l cannot long exist 58a
l connected with order 55a
l doing what one desires 266a
L l Equality! Fraternity! 566b
l is eternal vigilance 116b
l means responsibility 391a
l of the individual limited 266a
l of the press 217a
l plucks justice by the nose 351a
l 's a glorious feast 61a
l 's a kind o' thing 250a
l 's in every blow 62b
l still more 48b
l, too, must be limited 58a
Licence mean when they cry L 278b
love of l is the love of others 183b
mountain nymph, sweet l 268b
my dear l, shall I leave thee? 105b
O l! what crimes are committed 565a
on Naples and on l 92a
pardon to the spirit of l 55b
refreshing airs of l 57b
seek power and to lose l 14b
so loving-jealous of his l 365b
spirit of divinest L 101a
steps of virgin l 470b
sweet land of l 404a
symptom of constitutional l 162a
that little is achieved thro' L 52b
the tree of l must be refreshed 204b
this is L -Hall 171a
thy chosen music, L 471b
to proclaim l to the captives 503a
University place of light, of l 128b
vanguard of L, ye men of Kent 467b
weight of too much l 468a
when Transatlantic L arose 76b
whoever gives, takes l 133a
wicked woman l to gad abroad 520b
Libraries books out of circulating l 314a
what do we spend on our l 314a
Library he furnish'd me from mine own l 367a
Library (*cont*)
in the lumber-room of his l 135b
my l was dukedom enough 367a
no gentleman's l shd be without 230a
shut not thy l against S T C 230a
take choice of all my l 368a
turn over half a l 208b
Libya parts of l about Cyrene 512a
Licence L they mean when they cry Liberty 278b
love not freedom, but l 279b
universal l to be good 97b
Licensed whore and gambler l 29b
Licensing by l and prohibiting 279a
Licentious soldiery 56a
Lichthe love did l me 530a
Lick l the bloomin' boots of 'im 229b
to l it into form 64a
Licked the platter clean 531a
Lid hang upon his pent-house l 340a
lifting up the l of a white eye 263b
Liddell this is Mrs L 528b
Liddesdale march, Eskdale and L 320a
Lids drops his blue-fringed l 100b
they lift their heavy l 293a
with eternal l apart 220b
Lie after all, what is a l? 71b
a l, a wicked l 363b
an odious, damned l 363b
asks no questions isn't told a l 234a
at the head of a l 46b
does not stoop, nor l in wait 465a
dost thou l so low? 339b
l ather, I cannot tell a l 451b
give the world the l 307b
here l I, Martin Elginbrodde 256a
I called not, l down again 495a
I cd l down like a tired child 399a
I fain wald l down 529b
if a l will do thee grace 379a
I l as lads wd choose 199a
leads you to believe a l 30a
l all night betwixt my breasts 500a
l as they fell 312b
l at the foot of a conqueror 374b
l down, and stray no further 324b
l for the good of his country 473a
l heavy on him, Earth 149a
l in cold obstruction and to rot 352a
l that passeth thro' the mind 14a
l wh is all a l 427a
l wh is part a truth 427a
loveth and maketh a l 520b
mixture of a l doth add pleasure 14a
Nature admits no l 81a
no change tho' you l under 199a
not a man, that he shd l 494a
nothing can need a l 186b
prayer for all who l beneath 227b
renowned Spenser, l more nigh 22a
rule and dare not l 433b
saying, L with me 493a
something given to l 325a
sorer than to l for need 328b
stamps God's own name upon a l 111a
stone is sometimes seen to l 470a
the l circumstantial, the l direct 328a
the l in the Soul 571b
the l shall rot 294a
the l that flatters 111a
tho' it be a foul great l 18a
under the spars of wh I l 196b
where'er she l, lock'd up 115a
wholly believing a l 230a
who loves to l with me 326a
yes, lad, I l easy 199a
you l dreaming on 306b
you l—under a mistake 418b
Lied children shall say they have l 474b
never flunked, and he never l 183a
or being l about 230a
straight to cloak them, l 233b
Liege of all loiterers 344b
Lies and the Rest is L 153a
beats all the l you can invent 29b
believe her tho' I know she l 389a
believing their own l 4b
cruellest l told in silence 413a
don't deal in l 230a
fiend that l like truth 351a
friend that spread these l 313a

Lies (*cont*)
great l about his horse 155a
history is a pack of l 415b
I say he l, and I 375b
I wish I were where Helen l 531a
I gude Sir Patrick Spens 530a
he told of Ireland 296a
l to hide it, makes it two 452b
l where he longed to be 415a
litts the head and l 302b
nacbody kens that he l there 529b
now l he there 340a
tell pale-hearted fear it l 349b
these l are like the father 377b
tomorrow's falser l worse 139b
Lieutenant is to be saved 361a
Life after l 's fitful fever 348b
a godly, righteous and sober l 478a
all his l been in the wrong 309b
all is lost, except a little l 73b
all my l seemed meant for 47b
all the blessings of this l 479a
all the changing scenes of l 424b
all the years of this our l 472a
all will be love for his l 407a
amended his former naughty l 480a
among the tasks of real l 465a
and on the tree of l sat 273b
anythin' for a quiet l 127a
a Roman's l, a Roman's aims 253b
as l, undying L have 38b
as tho' to breathe were l 438b
as yet not come to l 380b
attain the happy l 416a
author both of l and light 216b
awakened from the dream of l 392b
aware of his l s flow 5a
away the l of care 399a
bankrupt of l 138a
before L 's Liquor in its Cup 152a
before my l has found 433b
begin to make a better l 325a
bid me take l easy 474a
birthday of my l is come 310b
bloodthirsty clinging to l 570a
blotted from l 's page 68a
Book of L begins with a garden 460b
books give new views to l 113b
both hands before the fire of l 241a
brief l is here our portion 286a
busy scenes of crowded l 213b
but have everlasting l 510b
by l 's unresting sea 194a
calamity of so long l 333a
calm's not l 's crown 9a
certain in man's l but this 265a
chances of this mortal l 480b
chief nourisher in l 's feast 348a
C Major of this l 44b
conduct is three-fourths of our l 10a
consider! l is but a day 220b
cool sequestered vale of l 174b
costs thy l, my gallant grey 316a
country l I praise 37b
count the l of battle good 287b
courses of my l do show 378a
crown of our l as it closes 421a
custom great guide of human l 201b
cuts off twenty years of l 339a
death and l, in ceaseless strife 290a
deep almost as l 466b
delicate, and full of l 359a
demands my soul, my l, my all 453b
depends poor Polly's l 159b
desert where no l is found 195b
die with looking on his l 323a
digestion is the great secret of l 465b
doctrine of the strenuous l 310a
dost thou love l ? 157a
doth the winged l destroy 30b
dreamed that I was Beauty 196b
dreary intercourse of daily l 472a
drink l to the lees 438b
duty in that state of l 481a
easy key dost open l 139b
ebbs out l 's little day 251b
either death or l be the sweeter 351b
enter into l with one eye 507a
entertain the big-end of my l 378b
every lovely organ of her l 359a
except my l, except my l 332a

Life (*cont*)
Facts alone are wanted in l 123b
feels its l in every limb 472b
few and evil the years of my l 493b
fie upon this quiet l 377a
flesh with walls about our l 375b
flower of a blameless l 427b
folk he ne'er saw in his l 4b
for l, six hundred pounds a year 419b
for the l to come, I sleep 373a
for what is yr l ? 517b
friend is the medicine of l 520b
from l 's dissonance struck 459b
from L 's fresh crown 24a
from the drugs of l, think to receive 139b
fruits of l and beauty 30a
gave my l for freedom 149b
gavest him a long l 483a
gave thee l, and bid thee feed 32b
gave what l required 168a
give me l 379a
giveth his l for his sheep 511a
give to me the l I love 414a
God of l, and poesy, and light 69a
government the laws of l 315a
great end of l is action 203a
growth is the only evidence of l 288a
hath man no second l ? 5a
have you found yr l distasteful 48b
healthy state of political l 266a
he asked l of thee 483a
he hath a daily beauty in his l 363a
here l has death for neighbour 42.a
her l serene 437a
hesitate and falter l away 8a
he studied from the l 4b
he that findeth his l 506b
he, that leadeth an uncorrupt l 482a
high l conceived by a bookseller 449b
hired a villain to bereave my l 363a
his l, I'm sure, was in the right 106b
his l a watch or a vision 420b
his l was gentle 341b
his name out of the book of l 518b
his part out of the the book of l 520b
his unkindness may defeat my l 363a
holdeth our soul in l 486a
how good is man's l 51b
how hard a l her servant lives 476a
I am the resurrection, and the l 511a
I bear a charmed l 351a
I count l just a stuff 45a
idea of her l shall creep 359a
I fill upon the thorns of l l 396b
I fetch my l and being 359b
if l did ride upon a point 379a
if l was bitter to thee 421a
if recalling to l 127b
I had wrung it dry 424a
I have set before you l 494b
I have set my l upon a cast 385b
I love long l better than figs 322b
immortal l, in never-fading worlds 464b
I must live or bear no l 363a
in all my l like this 36b
in his pleasure is l 483b
in l, in death abide with me 251b
in l 's cool evening 303b
in l 's last scene what prodigies 214a
in l 's small things be resolute 250b
in our l alone does Nature live 100b
intend to lead a new l 480b
in the thread of human l 319b
in the time of this mortal l 479a
in tragic l, God wot 264a
into his nostrils the breath of l 492a
is l a boon? 167a
is L worth living? 535b
I shd live the same l 171b
isn't yr l extremely flat? 66b
it may be l, but ain't it slow 186a
I've had a happy l 184a
I will give thee a crown of l 518b
knot intrinsicate of l untie 325a
large as l, and twice as natural 85a
last of l, of wh the first 50b
later l renew 408a
law of human l may be Effort 314b
lay down his l for his friends 511a
lay hold on eternal l 516b

Life (*cont*)
lay hold on l 279b
lead a holy Christian l 247b
lead l to sovereign power 435b
lead we not here a jolly l 425a
Leaves of L keep falling 154b
lesser l shall be as the greater 171b
let me so read thy l 114b
L, a fiery slinging flame 430a
l ain't all beer 262a
l and all shall cease 240b
l and light be thine 50a
L art of drawing conclusions 66b
l at best is but an inn 200b
l, being weary of these bars 338a
l can little more supply 300b
L, Death, and that vast For Ever 225b
l death does end 197b
l, death, miracles of St Somebody 51a
l did harbour give 215b
L, exempt from public haunt 325b
L Force supplies us 390b
l for l, eye for eye 494a
l from the dead is in that word 280a
l has passed with me but roughly 109a
l have we loved 284a
l in low estate began 430b
L is a coquetry 441a
l is a jest 160a
l is a joke that's just begun 164b
l is all a variorum 61b
l is all chequered 281b
l is an incurable disease 107a
l is a Permanent Possibility 413b
l is a state to be endured 213b
l is but a froward child 170b
l is but an empty dream! 247b
l is but the shadow of death 41a
l is fading fast away 308b
l is good, and joy runs high 185a
l is (I think) a blunder 185b
l is just a chance o' the prize 46a
l is just one damned thing 201a
l is like a froward child 425b
l is made up of sobs, sniffles 185b
l is mostly froth and bubble 171b
l is never the same again 256a
l isn't all beer and skittles 201a
l is one demd horrid grind 125a
l is perfected by Death 44a
l is process of getting tired 66b
L is reall L is earnest! 247b
l is the desert 477b
l is thorny 100a
l is very sweet, brother 34a
l is with such ill beer 75b
L, Joy, Empire 397b
l, like a dome of coloured glass 392b
l may change, but it may fly not 394a
l may perfect be 216b
l more than meat 505b
l of a man a heroic poem 80a
l offers, to deny! 180a
L of L! thy lips enkindle 397b
l of man less than span 17a
l on the ocean wave 315b
l piled on l were all too little 438b
l protracted is protracted woe 214a
L 's a single pilgrim 24a
l 's business being the choice 51b
l 's but a span 361a
l 's but a walking shadow 350b
l 's early cup with such a draught 397a
l 's enchanted cup but sparkles 68a
l 's first native source 409b
L 's five windows of the soul 30a
L 's Little Ironies 180b
l so fast doth fly 117b
l 's poor play is o'er 301a
l 's race well run 292a
l 's road, so dim and dirty 70a
l 's short span forbids us 544b
L 's too short for chess 74b
l 's uncertain voyage 368a
l 's wild restless sea 3b
l tedious as a twice-told tale 374a
L, that dares send a challenge 115b
L that in me has rest 38b
l that leads melodious days 430a
L, the shadow of death 420b
l time's tool 379a

Life (*cont*)
l, 'tis all a cheat 139*b*
l to him wd be death to me 223*b*
l tolerable [but] for its amusements 572*a*
l treads on l 44*a*
l unto the bitter in soul 497*a*
l was but a flower 327*b*
L went a-maying 102*a*
l l we've been long together 18*b*
l with its way before us lies 279*b*
l without it not worth taking 313*b*
l without theory 129*b*
l wd be very dull without them 460*a*
l wd be very pleasant 417*a*
light of a whole l dies 34*a*
like following l thro' creatures 301*b*
lived to find out what l is 447*a*
live out thy l as the light 422*b*
live thou thy l 36*b*
longest halt of yr l 407*b*
Lord and giver of l 480*a*
lost days of my l 312*b*
lover of l shall join the hater 171*b*
Love took up the harp of L 432*a*
lucid intervals of l 464*a*
made human l a hell 7*a*
made l a heaven 224*b*
made this l more sweet 325*b*
mad from l's history 190*a*
madness is the glory of this l 368*a*
make a l of jealousy 361*b*
man can have but one l 44*b*
man's l is cheap as beast's 342*b*
man s l of any worth is allegory 223*a*
many-coloured l he drew 213*b*
marriage is like l in this 413*a*
men deal with l as children 109*a*
methinks it were a happy l 384*a*
middle of the road of our l 566*b*
midst of l we are in death 481*b*
mild concerns of ordinary l 465*a*
mine honour is my l 374*b*
most beautiful adventure in l 157*b*
most glorious Lord of l 408*a*
most loathèd worldly l 352*a*
mounts hardly to eternal l 6*b*
must have l for a blow 434*a*
my l at a pin's fee 331*a*
my l did, and does smack sweet 48*b*
my l has crept so long 431*b*
my l is done 374*b*
my l is dreary 433*a*
my l is preserved 493*a*
my l is run his compass 341*b*
my l,—my all that 's mine? 169*a*
my l upon her faith! 360*b*
my l within this band 187*b*
my lines and l are free 188*a*
narrow way wh leadeth unto l 505*b*
needs spirit lack all l behind 51*b*
neither death, nor l, nor angels 513*b*
Nightmare L.-in-Death was she 98*b*
nobleness of l is to do thus 322*a*
no green l shoots 34*a*
no l, but lively form of death 238*b*
no l but the sea-wind's 421*b*
no l that breathes 438*b*
nor love thy l, nor hate 276*b*
nor my l with the bloodthirsty 483*b*
no sound dissonant wh tells of L 101*b*
nothing half so sweet in l 281*b*
nothing in his l became him 346*b*
not in thy body is thy l at all 312*a*
not one l shall be destroy'd 430*b*
not so much l as on a summer's 218*a*
no wealth but l 315*a*
O dearer far than light and l 468*a*
O Death in L 436*a*
o'er l's solemn main 248*a*
O for a l of sensations 222*a*
of the Well of l to taste 153*b*
of whom standeth our eternal l 478*a*
one crowded hour of glorious l 283*a*
one good deed in all my l I did 368*a*
one l for each to give 229*a*
one thing certain that L flies 153*a*
on Human L, musing in solitude 464*a*
on the Rampage such is L 123*b*
on this l's rough sea 87*a*
onward thro' l he goes 249*a*
other elements I give to baser l 325*a*
other men think of this l 337*b*
our l is closed, our l begins 457*a*
our l is of a mingled yarn 322*a*
our l is rounded with a sleep 367*b*
our love is frail as is our l 140*a*
O world! O l! O time! 395*a*
painful escapes of fitful l 35*b*
passed from death unto l 510*b*
pay l's glad arrears 50*b*
people say that l is the thing 404*a*
pieces of l and beauty 445*a*
plays, in the many games of l 465*b*
portion of a good man's l 472*a*
present l of men on earth 24*a*
progress is the law of l 40*b*
pure river of water of l 520*a*
questioned me the story of my l 360*a*
railing at l afraid of death 94*b*
ravin up thine own l s means 348*b*
reason thus with l 351*b*
recalled to l 127*a*
receive the crown of l 517*a*
reck'd not of the l he lost 60*a*
ring in the nobler modes of l 431*a*
'Sairey,' 'sech is l' 124*a*
sake of l to sacrifice l's end 549*a*
saw l steadily 6*a*
seas of l like wine 445*a*
second class in the School of L 198*b*
set grey l, and apathetic end 433*a*
set my l on any chance 348*b*
shall l succeed in that 50*b*
shamed l a hateful (thing) 352*a*
shew me the path of l 482*b*
short is the longest l 223*b*
since l first was 179*a*
slits the thin-spun l 260*b*
smiles, tears, of all my l! 44*a*
so have l loitered my l away 184*a*
so in my veins red l 210*a*
so many doors to let out l 23*a*
so to prevent the time of l 341*a*
so was it when my l began 368*a*
spare all and take my l 150*a*
stir as l were in't 350*b*
stole the l o' the building 348*a*
storm of l is past 455*b*
strange disease of modern l 8*a*
suburb of the l elysian 248*a*
sweat under a weary l 333*a*
tell her, brief is l 430*b*
that l may be a pleasant road 306*a*
that s the stuff l is made of 157*a*
the angel of this l 51*a*
theatre of man's l 13*a*
the bitterness of l 85*b*
the goods in l's rich hand 452*b*
the Hills where his l rose 52
their l was death 312*a*
the l for a man like me 414*a*
the l so short 90*a*, 559*b*
the ornament of l 347*a*
therefore choose l 494*b*
there s the l for ever 414*a*
the rest of his dull l 22*b*
the Resurrection to eternal l 481*b*
the time of l is short 379*a*
the true of l also 492*a*
the unbought grace of l 57*a*
the way, the truth, and the l 511*a*
the wine of l is drawn 348*a*
things to aim at in l 404*a*
this flesh keep in a little l 379*a*
this Fragment of L 411*a*
this gives l to thee 387*a*
this is blessing, this is l 445*b*
this L flies 153*a*
this l is most jolly 326*b*
this l of mortal breath 248*a*
this long disease, my l 303*a*
this speck of l 282*a*
this transitory l 480*b*
tho' l be long and dreary 150*a*
thousand doors to let out l 262*b*
thou art love and l 398*b*
thou art my l 190*a*
Thou of l the Fountain art 455*b*
thy l hath had some honour 341*b*
till l can charm no more 103*a*
till l forget 422*b*
tired of London, he is tired of l 209*b*
'tis the sunset of l 77*a*
to a l beyond l 279*a*
to be a good artist in l 413*a*
to live a l half-dead 277*b*
to measure l learn thou betimes 278*b*
to the vagrant gypsy l 262*a*
travell'd l s dull round 399*b*
traveller betwixt l and death 470*b*
travel on l's common way 467*b*
true l is only love 51*b*
true pathos of human l 59*a*
turn over a new l 155*a*
unto all l of mine may die 114*b*
upon l's darkening slope 312*a*
variety 's the very spice of l 111*b*
veil, wh those who live call l 397*b*, 399*a*
walk in newness of l 513*a*
watch d the fount of fiery l 6*b*
watch for the l of poor Jack 120*b*
water of l freely 519*b*
way of l is fallen into the sear 350*b*
weaving out l's evening gray 211*b*
well-written L is almost as rare 80*a*
we see into the l of things 472*a*
what argument thy l has lent 146*b*
what is this l if full of care 118*a*
what signifies the l o' man 60*b*
what wond'rous l is this 260*b*
what wd l be without arithmetic 405*b*
when l s sweet fable ends 115*a*
wherefore not L? 457*a*
where the morn of l was spent 172*b*
where there is l, there's hope 160*b*
who leads a country l 140*a*
whom to know is everlasting l 479*b*
whose l is in the right 301*b*
why shd a horse, a rat, have l 344*a*
why shd l all labour be 433*a*
will I requite the l of man 402*b*
Wine of L keeps oozing 154*b*
within the bloody house of l 374*a*
with l all other passions fly 406*b*
with Nature, to out-do the l 215*b*
without disease the healthy l 416*a*
without him live no l 276*a*
woke, and found that l was Duty 196*b*
worn with l's cares 114*a*
worthy womman al hir l 88*b*
write the l of a man 208*a*
you take my l 355*a*
Life blood good book is the l 279*a*
met to fan our l 312*a*
Lifeboat safe within the l 315*b*
Life-breath all our l met to fan 312*a*
Life-drop drank the last l 72*b*
Lifeless in tumult to a l ocean 101*b*
Lifetime, all of happiness 390*b*
knowledge of a l 456*b*
love wakes men, once a l each 203*a*
not see them lit again in our l 177*a*
sole work of a l 46*a*
Lift blinkin' in the l sae hie 63*b*
do not l him from the bracken 12*a*
I l them up to Thee 190*b*
l her with care 195*b*
l me as a wave 396*b*
l me from the grass 394*b*
l not the painted veil 399*a*
l not thy hands to *It* for help 153*b*
l themselves up higher 409*a*
l up yr heads, O ye gates 483*a*
l up yr heart, l up yr voice 455*b*
to l one if one totters down 311*a*
veil after veil will l 5*a*
Lifted up a single stone 468*a*
Lifteth slowly, hitteth sweetly 442*b*
Lifts that wh l thro' centuries 293*b*
Light a blinding l 287*b*
above the l of the morning star 31*a*
a l, a glory, a fair cloud 100*b*
a little warmth a little l 263*a*
all know what l is 209*a*
all l of art or nature 392*b*
and restore the l 117*a*
Angels progeny of l 275*a*
apparelled in celestial l 466*a*
as far as l excelleth darkness 499*a*
as far from God and l of heav'n 271*a*

Light (*cont*)
as if they feared the l 416*a*
as l fell short 192*a*
a well of love, a spring of l 97*b*
bathe the world in l 464*a*
beauty from the l retired 449*a*
blasted with excess of l 175*a*
bright as l, and clear as wind 435*b*
burning and a shining l 510*b*
but he beholds the l 466*a*
but in unapproached l dwelt 273*a*
but soft! what l breaks thro' 365*a*
by the l of the moon 74*a*
by thine own sweet l 115*a*
can again thy former l restore 363*b*
can thy l relume 363*b*
celestial l shine inward 273*b*
child of l! thy limbs are burning 397*b*
come forth into the l of things 471*b*
contend with growing l 384*a*
darkness and the l to thee alike 490*a*
daylight comes, comes in the l 96*b*
depth of burning l 149*b*
dim religious l 268*b*
each one a lovely l 99*b*
each others' l to dim 282*b*
enable with perpetual l 491*a*
enjoyed the selfsame l 445*a*
fade into the l of common day 466*b*
faint in the l that she loves 434*a*
fame beareth up things l 16*b*
fierce l wh beats upon a throne 427*b*
fleecy flocks of l 37*b*
flowers made of l 195*a*
fond Memory brings the l 282*b*
for thy l is come 503*a*
forward, the L Brigade 426*a*
gave him l in his ways 420*b*
gladsome l of Jurisprudence 97*b*
gloom for that celestial l 271*a*
God appears, and God is L 29*b*
God of life, and poesy, and l 69*a*
God said, let there be l 492*a*
God's first Creature, wh was L 16*b*
golden and silver l 474*b*
gone into a world of l 448*a*
greater l to rule the day 492*a*
had she been l, like you 345*a*
hail holy l 273*a*
halls of dazzling l 125*b*
Harriet, Hi! l of my eye! 186*a*
have seen a great l 501*b*
here there is no l 220*a*
her non-radiant l 267*a*
he that has l within 267*a*
hide, hide yr golden l! 248*b*
high endeavours are an inward l 465*a*
if L can thus deceive 457*a*
if once we lose this l 216*a*
if you are nimble and l 534*a*
in a Noose of L 152*a*
informed by the l of nature 13*a*
in its plumes the various l 261*a*
in robes of l array d 184*a*
in the dusk with a l behind her 167*a*
in the l of the living 485*b*
it is the l of Lerewth 121*b*
Lamb is the l thereof 520*a*
land is scattered with l 35*b*
lead, kindly L 288*b*
leave the l of Hope behind! 77*b*
Let Newton be! and all was l 299*b*
lets in new l 449*a*
let there be l 492*a*, 558*a*
let there be l! said Liberty 394*a*
let yr l so shine before men 505*a*
lie like a shaft of l 427*a*
l and leading in England 57*b*
L and Mrs Humphry Ward 91*b*
l and the half-l 474*b*
l, and will aspire 386*b*
l but the shadow of God 41*a*
l dies before thy uncreating word 299*a*
l gains make heavy purses 16*a*
L (God's eldest daughter) 158*a*
l in the darkness, sailor 315*b*
l in the dust lies dead 395*a*
l of all their day 293*a*
l of a whole life dies 34*a*
l of nature led him to confess 13*a*
l of other days is faded 54*a*
l of the bright world dies 34*a*
l of thy countenance upon us 482*a*
l of thy story 218*a*
l she was and like a fairy 280*b*
l shined in darkness 510*b*
l that is in thee be darkness 505*b*
l, that lies in woman's eyes 281*b*
l that never was, on sea or land 468*b*
l thickens the crow makes wing 349*a*
l to shine upon the road 109*b*
l up my own mind 48*b*
l upon him from his father's 466*b*
l upon the shining sea 438*a*
l we sought is shining still 9*a*
l wh is in thee be not darkness 509*a*
l wh leads astray is from Heaven 463*a*
like l dissolved in star-showers 399*a*
line of festal l in Christ-Church 8*a*
line of yellow l dies fast 224*a*
live by thy l 7*b*
live out thy life as the l 422*b*
living lamps, by whose dear l 261*a*
long l shakes across the lakes 436*a*
Lord is my l, and my salvation 483*b*
loved darkness rather than l 510*b*
love is a full constant l 133*b*
love like l can flee 398*b*
lovely lady, garmented in l 399*b*
love who art a l to guide 463*b*
make my darkness to be l 482*b*
man of l and leading 130*a*
mellowed to that tender l 74*a*
more by yr number, than yr l 473*b*
more l! 568*b*
my new-cut ashlar takes the l 232*b*
myriad spots of l 475*a*
Nicodemus saw such l 447*b*
night, the shadow of l 420*b*
no l, but rather darkness 271*a*
nor any change of l 422*a*
nothing goes for sense, or l 65*b*
now is l increased 441*b*
O, my only L 188*a*
once put out thy l 363*b*
once set is our little l 78*a*
opponent of the children of the l 9*a*
or with taper l to seek 374*a*
out of hell leads up to l 272*b*
plant and flower of l 216*b*
Press-men Servants of L 5*a*
pure severity of perfect l 428*a*
pursuit of sweetness and l 9*b*
put on the armour of l 514*a*
put out the l 363*b*
put upon us the armour of l 479*a*
righteousness as clear as the l 484*a*
ring of pure and endless l 448*b*
rule of streaming l 267*a*
sailed on a river of crystal l 151*a*
seat of desolation, void of l 271*a*
shall never see l 485*a*
shed a ray of l Divine 86*b*
sheds lingering l 185*a*
she made all of l 78*a*
shineth the everlasting l 40*a*
shower of l is poesy 220*b*
shows sufficient of His l 51*b*
something of angelic l 470*b*
sometimes a l surprises 110*b*
such a l affliction 287*a*
sun, or the l be not darkened 499*b*
take his l away 45*a*
teach l to counterfeit 268*a*
the just is as the shining l 497*b*
the L of Lights looks always 474*a*
the L that Failed 237*b*
the l that loses 420*a*
then shall thy l break forth 503*a*
the orient when the gracious l 387*a*
third among the sons of l 391*b*
thro' Peace to L 306*b*
thy word a l unto my paths 489*a*
till the hours of l return 7*a*
to bring the false to l 36*b*
to give l to them in darkness 508*b*
travel much faster than l 527*a*
trifles l as air 362*a*
true l, wh lighteth every man 510*b*
truly the l is sweet 499*b*
turn'd thy darkness into l 110*a*

Light (*cont*)
two noblest sweetness and l 417*b*
unbarred the gates of l 275*a*
University shd be a place of l 128*b*
unveil'd her peerless l 274*a*
upon them hath the l shined 501*b*
walk while ye have the l 511*a*
was l from Heaven 63*a*
went like a streak of l 525*a*
what is that thing called L 95*a*
when I see you in the l 237*a*
wherefore is l given to him 497*a*
where l and shade repose 467*b*
where the l is as darkness 497*a*
while the l lives yet 421*b*
whose l doth trample on my days 448*a*
windows that exclude the l 175*a*
wiser than the children of l 509*b*
with a Shaft of L 152*a*
without any l atop 195*a*
ye are the l of the world 505*a*
yet the l that led astray 63*a*
Lighten l our darkness 478*b*
l with celestial fire 491*a*
Lightens ere one can say it l 365*b*
Lighter l than a feather 160*b*
l than vanity itself 485*b*
Lightfoot come up L 203*a*
Lighthouse below the l top 98*a*
l without any light 195*a*
the l top I see 99*b*
the situation at the l 127*a*
Lighting a little Hour or two 152*b*
Lightly English lord shd l me 531*a*
lay l gentle earth 23*a*
l as it comth, so wol we spende 89*b*
Lightning a l before death 366*b*
angels of rain and l 396*a*
beheld Satan as l 509*a*
beneath the l and the Moon 99*a*
bring in the bottled l 125*a*
fear no more the l flash 329*a*
fed with the l 397*b*
it must be done like l 215*b*
its own internal l blind 395*b*
l in the collied night 356*a*
l my pilot sits 393*a*
scratch my head with the l 446*b*
Shakespeare by flashes of l 102*b*
the l made itself 255*a*
the l of the nations 396*a*
thunder, l or in rain 345*b*
too like the l 365*a*
Lightnings arrows of l 438*a*
the l Thy sword 94*a*
veiling all the l of his song 392*a*
Lights all the l wax dim 190*a*
all these l of the world 57*a*
are but broken l of Thee 429*b*
coastwise l of England 228*a*
cometh down from the Father of l 517*a*
Father of l! what sunny seed 447*b*
glorious the northern l 403*a*
l that do mislead the morn 352*a*
l the evening star 76*a*
old inn, and the l 284*b*
serene l of heaven 399*a*
silent silver l and darks 49*b*
spent l quiver and gleam 5*b*
that l the wigwam 248*b*
the l around the shore 313*a*
the l begin to twinkle 439*a*
turn up the l 185*b*
whose l are fled 282*b*
your l burning 509*b*
Like always l it the least 90*b*
each to other l 275*a*
every one as they l 418*b*
how l to this kernel 373*a*
I know what I l 25*a*
I l him, but he loves me 52*b*
I l to be liked 240*a*
I l you, and your book 240*b*
I said there was nothing *l* it 85*a*
I shd l to have one 310*a*
l—but oh how different 473*a*
l doth quit l 352*b*
people who l this sort of thing 245*b*
say you do not l it 456*b*
shall not look upon his l again 330*a*
so extremely l Maple Grove 11*a*

Like (*cont*)
so l they were, no mortal 254*a*
these hands are not more l 330*b*
we run because we l it 406*a*
what else is l the gondola? 96*b*
what l l about Clive 27*b*
wilt thou find their l agen? 318*a*
you who l me not 51*a*
Liked I that loved and you that l 526*a*
Likely l have prov'd most loyally 337*a*
not bloody l 391*b*
Likeness in l of my love 36*b*
its l in the red bills 123*b*
l of a kingly crown 272*b*
l of anything in heaven above 480*a*
made in the l of men 516*a*
returns of force to its own l 274*b*
Likes he l the country 110*b*
minds keep ever with their l 338*a*
she l herself, yet others hates 104*a*
Liketh of this and that as l me 473*b*
Liking all love, all l 189*a*
fredome mays man to haff l 19*a*
friendships begin with l 144*a*
I have a l old 75*b*
ill word may empoison l 358*b*
shall be fat and well l 487*b*
while I am in some l 378*b*
Lilac l, gold and green 35*b*
Lord L had had quite enough 93*a*
Lilacs l out of the dead land 144*b*
l where the robin built 195*a*
l last in the dooryard bloomed 458*b*
Lilac-time down to Kew in l 290*a*
Lilian airy, fairy L 432*a*
I Dale,—Old Maid 445*b*
Lilied fields of France 76*b*
Lilies a few l blow 197*b*
consider the l of the field 505*b*
heap of white set about with l 500*b*
he feedeth among the l 500*a*
in the beauty of the l 200*b*
Kingcups and loved L 409*b*
leave the l in their dew 7*a*
l and languors of virtue 421*a*
l and roses were all awake 434*a*
l and violets meet 22*a*
l in her body's hieu 294*b*
l of all kinds 373*b*
l that fester smell far worse 388*b*
l without roses within 261*a*
lotos and l 435*a*
peacocks and l for instance 314*b*
put thy pale, lost l out of mind 135*a*
roses overgrown, and l 261*a*
the golden l afloat 43*b*
three l in her hand 311*b*
twisted braids of l knitting 268*a*
where roses and white l grow 78*b*
wh feed among the l 500*b*
Lillabullero dozen bars of l 411*b*
I lilting I've heard them l 145*b*
Lily a l of a day 216*b*
basest weed towers to a l 452*a*
bind its odour to the l 77*b*
Elaine, the l maid of Astolat 428*a*
how sweet the l grows 184*a*
I see a l on thy brow 218*b*
it trembles to a l 131*a*
like a l in bloom 201*b*
l-handed baronet 437*a*
l of Florence in stone 247*a*
my precious L! 83*b*
now folds the l all her sweetness 437*a*
seen but a bright l grow 216*b*
set thick with l and red rose 284*a*
sprinkled isles, l on l 46*a*
the l of the valleys 500*a*
the l whispers, 'I wait' 434*a*
to paint the l 374*a*
with a poppy or a l in yr hand 165*b*
Lily-cups the violets, and the l 195*a*
Lily-lee on yonder l 530*b*
Lima curious traveller from L 449*b*
Limb feels its life in every l 472*b*
give every town a l 12*b*
on every airth a l 280*b*
perils both of wind and l 65*a*
to ease my weary l 531*b*
Limb'd like a deer 171*b*
Limbecks foul as hell 389*a*
Limbo large and broad 273*b*
Limbs calf-skin on those recreant l 374*a*
if these poor l die 40*a*
keep these l, her Province 132*b*
marbly l 45*a*
mighty l asleep 421*a*
never tired pilgrim's l 78*b*
ruddy l and flaming hair 30*a*
thy decent l composed 299*a*
thy l are burning 397*b*
trembling l have borne him 284*b*
wh l and flesh enough invest 147*a*
whose l were made in England 382*a*
with our l at rest 226*b*
young in l, in judgment old 353*b*
Lime-tree Bower my Prison 101*b*
Limit quiet l of the world 438*b*
within the l of becoming mirth 344*b*
Limitary Cherub 274*b*
Limitations of his own character 283*b*
Limited liberty, too must be l 58*a*
Limits l of a vulgar fate 175*b*
l cannot hold love out 365*a*
Limn ere Thou canst l with it 442*a*
Limner skilful l ere wd choose 318*b*
Limnes but l the water 17*a*
Limpets stuck like l to the spot 93*a*
Limpopo River 237*a*
Lin little Tommy L 534*a*
Lincoln L sped the message 252*b*
the sign to L sent 252*b*
Linden when the sun was low 76*b*
Linden Lea 21*a*
Lindesay of the Mount 318*a*
Line a l will take us hours 474*a*
cadence of a rugged l, 141*a*
creep in one dull l 300*a*
fight it out on this l 173*a*
into a horizontal l 456*b*
like not a single l 414*b*
l in length without breadth 574*a*
lives along the l 300*b*
Marlowe's mighty l 216*a*
marr'd the lofty l 318*a*
precept upon precept, l upon l 502*a*
Shakespeare never blotted a l 214*b*
strengthen the wavering l 7*b*
the full resounding l 303*b*
the l too labours 300*a*
the scarlet l was slender 225*b*
thin red l topped with steel 315*a*
to cancel half a L 153*b*
we carved not a l 462*b*
will the l stretch out 349*b*
Lineaments in my l they trace 73*b*
l of Gospell bookes 313*b*
l of gratified desire 30*b*
Linen but all in fair l 522*a*
girded with a l ephod 495*a*
he did not love clean l 207*a*
love is like l 155*b*
not l you're wearing out 196*a*
old l wash whitest 454*b*
you shall wash yr l 414*b*
Linen-draper I am a l bold 108*b*
Liner the L she's a lady 231*b*
Lines as l so loves oblique 260*a*
came down in slanting l 403*b*
circles and right l limit 42*b*
consisted of l like these 75*a*
impending eighty thousand l 75*a*
l where beauty lingers 72*b*
liquid l mellifluously bland 71*a*
more l than are in the new map 371*b*
my l and life are free 188*a*
once own the happy l 306*b*
see two dull l 477*b*
takes up about eighty thousand l 75*b*
their lives, as do their l 215*a*
the radiant l of morning 397*b*
when in eternal l to time 387*a*
with silken l, and silver hooks 132*a*
Linger l out a purpos'd overthrow 388*b*
l shivering on the brink 453*b*
one whose thoughts half l 423*a*
who do not love her, l here 463*a*
Lingered one l by His seat 476*a*
Lingering I alone sit l here 448*a*
something l, with boiling oil 165*a*
Lining there's a silver l 156*a*
turn forth her silver l 267*a*
Link from l to l it circulates 464*b*
I feel the l of nature draw me 276*b*
the silver l, the silken tie 317*a*
Linked to each other l are 442*b*
Links mysterious l enchain 172*b*
their nobles with l of iron 496*b*
Lin-lan-lone of evening bells 427*a*
Linn lowpin o'er a l 60*a*
Linnet come, hear the woodland l. 471*b*
full of the l's wings 475*b*
I heard a l courting 36*b*
l born within the cage 430*a*
Linnets like committed l 249*b*
pipe but as the l sing 430*a*
Linsy-woolsy a lawless l brother 65*b*
piebald, l brothers 299*a*
Lion against the Capitol I met a l 338*a*
a l among ladies 357*a*
a l is in the streets 498*b*
another l give a grievous roar 309*a*
beard the l in his den 318*b*
blood more stirs to rouse a l 377*a*
calf and the young l together 501*b*
devil, as a roaring l, walketh 518*a*
first I thought the last a bore 309*a*
gentil kind of the l 90*a*
half appear'd the tawny l 275*b*
hardy as the Nemean l's nerves 311*a*
I hear the l roar 110*a*
l and the belly-pinched wolf 342*b*
L and the Lizard keep 153*a*
l and the unicorn 532*a*
l shall eat straw like the ox 501*b*
l who dies of an ass's kick 49*a*
living dog better than a dead l 499*b*
more fearful wild-fowl than yr l 357*a*
now the hungry l roars 357*b*
righteous are bold as a l 498*b*
rouse the l from his lair 320*a*
save me from the l's mouth 483*a*
saw the l's shadow e'er himself 355*a*
sporting the l ramped 274*a*
strong is the l 403*a*
there is a l in the way 498*b*
there the L's ruddy eyes 33*a*
thou wear a l's hide! 374*a*
well roared, L 357*b*
wrath of the l wisdom of God 31*a*
Lions bears and l growl 452*b*
I girdid up my L 451*a*
l do lack, and suffer hunger 484*a*
l of the *Daily Telegraph* 9*a*
l roaring after their prey 488*b*
my soul is among l 485*b*
they were stronger than l 495*b*
two l litter'd in one day 330*a*
Lip contempt and anger of his l 371*b*
keep a stiff upper l 86*a*
my true l hath virgin'd it 328*b*
never a l is curved with pain 182*a*
no good girl's l out of Paris 424*a*
not a l, or eye, we beauty call 300*a*
or a coral l admires 79*a*
the red was on yr l, Mary 28*b*
throws the coral of his l 251*b*
wagged his tail, and wet his l 192*b*
what need a vermeil-tinctur'd l 267*b*
whose l mature is ever new 218*a*
why gnaw you so yr nether l? 363*b*
Lipped, and trembled kissing 323*b*
Lips a little while our l are dumb 433*a*
at the touching of the l 432*a*
beauty's crimson in thy l 366*b*
bestow'd his l on that place 324*a*
be thro my l to unawakened earth 396*b*
between the l of Love-Lily 312*b*
causing the l of those to speak 500*b*
dear red curve of her l 261*b*
eternity was in our l 322*b*
eyes, l, and hands to miss 134*a*
far from the l we love 281*b*
far more red than her l red 389*a*
for these red l 475*b*
from her coral l such folly 104*a*
girl that had red mournful l 476*a*
here hung those l 336*b*
her l suck forth my soul 258*b*
her l were red 98*b*
her l were red and one was thin 416*a*
his coward l from their colour 337*b*
I am a man of unclean l 501*b*

Lips (*cont*)
I moved my l, the Pilot shrieked 99*b*
in one kiss upon her perfect l 438*a*
in prayer the l ne'er act 191*a*
in the l that had whispered 421*b*
in this lady's l and hands 312*a*
I saw their starved l 219*a*
item, two l 370*a*
keep the door of my l 490*b*
Life of Life! thy l enkindle 397*b*
l as soft, but true 39*a*
l cannot fail of taking 55*a*
l of lurid blue 393*b*
l, O you the doors of breath 366*b*
l that are for others 436*a*
live on the l of those who love 37*a*
make love to the l we are near 281*b*
my l and eyelids pale 394*b*
my l are now forbid 22*a*
my weary l I close 173*b*
my whole soul thro' my l 427*a*
often swore my l were sweet 241*b*
oh that those l had language 109*a*
on a poet's l I slept 397*a*
polished l to yr attentive ear 241*a*
round their narrow l the mould 312*a*
seal'd the l of that Evangelist 430*a*
see my l tremble 299*b*
soft as l that laugh 420*b*
take, O take those l away 352*a*
the l of a strange woman drop 497*b*
their l have thy l taken fever 421*b*
the poor last I lay upon thy l 324*b*
they shoot out their l 483*a*
those l are thine 109*a*
though rosy l and cheeks 389*a*
thy l are like a thread 500*a*
thy l met with under the statue 421*b*
to part her l, and shewed them 190*a*
to whom the l of children 286*a*
turn to ashes on the l 282*a*
when I ope my l let no dog bark 352*b*
when other l, and other hearts 53*b*
when the l have spoken 395*a*
where my Julia's l do smile 188*b*
whispering with white l 68*b*
with his l he travaileth 420*b*
wrung life dry for yr l to drink 424*a*
Liquefaction of her clothes 190*b*
Liquid Shelley with l music 36*a*
Liquidity a purpose in l 39*a*
Liquor atrabilious l 202*b*
before Life's L be dry 152*a*
good l, I stoutly maintain 169*b*
l talks mighty loud 182*a*
no new light on love or l 305*a*
round goblet, wh wanteth not l 500*b*
when the l's out 46*b*
with considerbul l konceåled 451*a*
Liquors hot and rebellious l 325*b*
Lisp look you l 327*a*
Lisped I l in numbers 303*a*
somewhat he l 88*b*
List I've got a little l 164*b*
l, l, O, l 331*a*
love to get sweets into yr l 202*a*
not printing l of subscribers 210*b*
pension l of the republic 95*b*
'Listed Legion never was l 231*b*
Listen darkling I l 220*a*
l all day to such stuff 82*b*
l to my tale of woe 151*a*
l with credulity to fancy 213*b*
Sabrina fair l 268*a*
speak no slander, no, nor l to it 427*b*
the world shd l then 398*b*
Listened l and looked sideways 99*a*
than he l to the priest 530*a*
Listeners least stir made the l 119*b*
Listening disease of not l 379*b*
Listens l like a three-years' child 98*a*
yet the Evening l 221*a*
Listeth wind bloweth where it l 510*b*
Listlessness nor mad endeavour 466*b*
Lit again in our lifetime 177*a*
Literary absence of l opinion 9*b*
disgusted with l men 222*a*
Gigadibs the l man 45*a*
head of the l profession 129*a*
he lik'd those l cooks 283*a*
immense l misapprehension 10*a*
Literary (*cont*)
like an unsuccessful l man 26*b*
l man *with* a wooden leg 125*b*
lowest class is *l footmen* 183*b*
terms wh with St Paul are l 10*a*
Literature all that is l seeks power 120*a*
current l of the day 66*b*
first the l of *knowledge* 120*a*
grazed the common of l 207*a*
great Cham of l 405*b*
he has raised the price of l 206*b*
history to produce a little l 204*a*
l flourishes best 203*a*
l is a drug 34*a*
l looks like word-catching 148*a*
l upon a little oatmeal 405*a*
lover of l is never fastidious 407*a*
modern l having attained 295*a*
once the itch of l comes a man 250*a*
Philistine of genius in l, Bunyan 10*b*
Lith Kings had a *l* in their necks 11*a*
Litter all her l but one 379*b*
Little a l more than a l too much 378*b*
a l while, ye shall not see me 511*b*
as l as a Christian can 136*b*
but l do or can the best of us 52*b*
children, you are very l 414*a*
cry of the L Peoples 244*a*
from having too l to do 230*b*
full l knowest thou 409*a*
goin' thro' so much to learn so l 126*b*
grateful at last for a l thing 434*b*
here a l, and there a l 502*a*
how l are the proud 175*b*
I l have, and seek 143*a*
it was a very l one 259*b*
life were all too l 438*b*
l among the thousands of Judah 504*b*
l deeds of kindness 82*a*
l drink but wants that l strong 193*b*
l drops of water 82*a*
l old New York 571*b*
L One! Oh, L One 410*b*
l ones a cup of cold water 506*b*
l one shall become a thousand 503*a*
l saint best fits a l shrine 188*b*
l things affect l minds 130*a*
l things are great to l men 170*a*
l things are most important 135*a*
l things on l wings 150*a*
l, weak, and helpless 3*b*
love me l, love me long 524*b*
love me l, so you love me long 189*b*
man wants but l here below 169*a*
man wants but l, nor that l, long 477*b*
nor wants that l long 169*a*
offend one of these l ones 507*a*
offering too l asking too much 78*b*
of one to me l remains 438*b*
Oh, the l more and how much 45*b*
precious l for sixpence 535*b*
shall fall by l and l 520*b*
she gives but l, nor that l, long 477*b*
so l done, such things to do 430*b*
that l is achieved thro' Liberty 52*b*
the isles as a very l thing 502*b*
the l creep through 400*a*
the l less, and what worlds away 45*b*
the l nation leave to live 244*a*
trim l, prim l craft 166*b*
whatever was l seemed great 255*a*
you ask me to give you l things 390*a*
Little Cowfold 27*a*
Littleness proof of his own l 80*b*
Littlenesses a thousand peering l 427*b*
Liturgy Calvinistic creed, a Popish l 297*a*
Live age and youth cannot l together 389*b*
a grave He shall not l 374*a*
all that l must die 329*b*
always getting ready to l 148*a*
and how is it you l 85*b*
be fond to l or fear to die 145*a*
bid me to l, and I will l 190*a*
certified how long I have to l 484*a*
come l with me and be my love 259*a*
die before I have begun to l 6*b*
dogs, wd you l forever? 568*a*
dying, we l 51*b*
easy l and quiet die 319*a*
either I must l or bear no life 363*a*
Live (*cont*)
every man desires to l long 419*a*
for me to l is Christ 516*a*
for what do we l 11*b*
get to l Then l, and use it 186*b*
glad did I l and gladly die 415*a*
he shall not l 340*b*
he that begins to l 307*a*
he that shall l this day 383*a*
how can I l without thee 276*b*
how is it that you l 470*b*
if it is to l at all 315*b*
I have hope to l 351*b*
I l by pulling off the hat 175*b*
I l not in myself 68*b*
in health and wealth long to l 478*b*
in him we l, and move 512*b*
I shall not die, but l 489*a*
I shd l the same life 171*b*
I shd l till I were married 358*b*
it were a martyrdom to l 42*a*
I wish to l with you for ever 223*b*
I would gladly l for ever 34*a*
knew better to l than dispute 306*a*
lambkins, we will l 381*b*
Lesbia, let us l and love 78*a*
lest I shd bid thee l 436*b*
let us love nobly, and l 132*a*
l and lie reclined on the hills 433*a*
l as long as you may 407*b*
l beneath yr more habitual sway 467*a*
l in pleasure, when I l to Thee 131*b*
l invisible and dim! 448*a*
l I, so l I 247*b*
l more nearly as we pray 224*a*
l o'er each scene 298*b*
l pure, speak true 427*b*
l till tomorrow 109*b*
l together after God's ordinance 481*b*
l to study, and not study to l 16*b*
l to tread with kings 379*a*
l under one form of government 208*a*
l upon our daily rations 121*b*
l we how we can, yet die we must 384*b*
l, while you l 131*a*, *b*
loves to l i' the sun 326*a*
love that shd help you to l 423*a*
make me l too long 117*a*
man doth not l by bread only 494*b*
man hath but a short time to l 481*b*
may l to fight another day 523*b*
merrily, merrily shall I l now 368*a*
none wd l past years again 139*b*
nought so bright may l 394*a*
one bare hour to l 258*b*
power to l, and act 463*b*
question not, but l and labour 171*b*
see so much, nor l so long 344*a*
so l, that, sinking in thy sleep 214*a*
so l, that when thy summons comes 53*a*
so long as ye both shall l 481*b*
so may'st thou l 276*b*
something for wh we bear to l 301*b*
something that doth l 466*b*
so we'll l and pray 344*a*
so wise, so young never l long 385*a*
sweet my child, I l for thee 436*b*
take the means whereby I l 355*a*
taught us how to l 444*b*
teach him how to l 304*b*
teaching nations how to l 279*b*
tell me how you l 85*b*
tell me whom you l with 90*b*
that all men are about to l 477*a*
there shall no man see me, and l 494*a*
they're too beautiful to l 124*b*
tho' to itself it only l and die 388*b*
thou hast no more to l 421*a*
to l and die for thee 190*a*
to l ever else swoon to death 220*b*
to l in hearts we leave behind 76*b*
to l is like love 67*a*
to l when to l is torment 360*b*
to l with thee, and be thy love 307*b*
to see me cease to l 9*a*
tried to l without him 473*b*
we l and learn 298*b*
we l by admiration, hope 464*b*
we must eat to l 151*b*
we that l to please 213*b*

Live (*cont*)
what man is he that lusteth to l 484*a*
what thou liv'st, l well 276*b*
whether thou l or die 37*a*
while we l, to l 302*a*
without Thee I cannot l 224*a*
Lived had it l long 261*a*
hadst thou but l 317*b*
I had l a blessed time 348*a*
I have l in such dishonour 324*b*
I have l long enough 350*b*, 423*b*
I have l today 107*a*
I have l with Shades so long 180*a*
I shall have l a little while 199*b*
I comfortably so long together 159*a*
I on, and so did I 99*a*
no soul that l, loved 421*a*
poorly (poor man) he l 155*b*
she l to much more 281*a*
she l unknown, and few ed know 470*b*
so they l, and so they died 305*b*
than that it l at all 215*b*
who has never lov'd, has never l 160*a*
Lively thy true and l Word 480*b*
Liver a question of the L 515*b*
disease in the l a Calvinist 148*a*
find so much blood in his l 371*b*
left the l white and pale 380*b*
no motion of the l, but the palate 371*a*
open and notorious evil l 480*a*
Liverpool folk that live in L 92*b*
Livers grave l do in Scotland 470*b*
measure the heat of our l 379*b*
Livery cunning l of hell 352*a*
in her sober l all things clad 274*a*
in his l walk'd crowns 325*a*
shadowed l of the burnish'd sun 353*a*
this party-coloured l 104*b*
Lives a history in all men's l 380*b*
cares, with wh our l are curst 450*a*
ca' them l o' men 285*b*
everyone l by selling something 412*a*
fortunes and l he will vote away 40*b*
had all his hairs been l 363*b*
he l, he wakes, 'tis Death is dead 302*b*
human creatures' l 196*a*
if you join two l oft a scar 45*b*
it's no fish it's men's l 319*a*
leave their little l in air 304*a*
led merry, merry l 286*a*
let us our l lay on the king 382*b*
l more l than one 459*b*
l not alone, nor for itself 29*b*
l of great men all remind us 248*a*
Lord hath spared our l 437*b*
make barren our l 421*a*
more to the L, that fed 236*a*
music of men's l 376*a*
no man l forever 422*a*
no man under the sky l twice 423*b*
not how a man dies, but how he l 208*a*
one really l nowhere 58*b*
other heights in other l 49*a*
our l wd grow together 423*a*
pleasant in their l 495*b*
so long l this 387*a*
start their working l 229*b*
their l, as do their lines 215*a*
virtuous soul then chiefly l 187*b*
went in jeopardy of their l 496*a*
who l unto himself, he l to none 307*a*
Liveth he l unto God 513*a*
I am he that l, and was dead 518*b*
their name l for evermore 521*b*
Living are yet two Romans l 341*b*
before God in the light of the l 485*b*
be happy while y'er l 522*b*
blend the l with the dead 86*a*
dead shall live, the l die 139*b*
devoured thy l with harlots 509*b*
fever called 'L' is conquer'd 297*b*
from too much love of l 422*a*
good is man's life, the mere l l 51*b*
his substance with riotous l. 509*b*
house appointed for all l 497*a*
in the land of the l 483*b*
is Life worth l? 535*b*
Lady Disdain, are you yet l? 358*a*
l need charity more than dead 5*a*
l now begins to mend 368*a*
l, shall forfeit fair renown 317*b*
Living (*cont*)
l the same poet wh thou'rt now 106*b*
l, we fret 51*b*
long habit of l indisposeth us 42*b*
meet all the expenses of l 444*a*
meet on lips of l men 67*a*
Milton! thou shouldst be l 467*b*
more than the l wh are yet alive 490*a*
mother of all l 402*b*
noble l and the noble dead 409*b*
no l with thee, nor without thee 2*a*
out of the land of the l 503*a*
plain l and high thinking 467*b*
search the land of l men 318*a*
that, l know no bounds 401*a*
the l up to it that's difficult 430*b*
there were no l near her 358*a*
the Snake is l yet 26*b*
tride with the l and the dead 132*a*
truly to get mine own l 481*a*
which blamed the l man 6*b*
why seek ye the l 510*a*
ye are l poems 240*b*
Living-dead a l man 328*a*
Livingstone Dr I, I presume 410*a*
Lizard Lion and the L keep 163*a*
Lizards meagre as l 76*a*
Lizzy Lindsay 526*a*
Llewellyn's lay 173*b*
Lo l, all things fly thee 442*a*
L, eh? I don't think anything 124*b*
l! He comes with clouds 456*a*
l, he doth send out his voice 486*b*
L! He standeth, Spouse 441*a*
l! in the orient 387*a*
l, the angel of the Lord came 508*b*
L, the kings of the earth 485*a*
l, the moon's self 49*a*
l, the poor Indian 300*b*
l, where Maeotis sleeps 290*a*
then said I, L, I come 484*a*
Load a l wd sink a navy 380*a*
beneath a l of splendid care 283*a*
cruelty to l a falling man 386*b*
deserves his l 188*a*
how to l and bless 221*b*
shifted his heavy l 181*b*
somebody's l has tipped off 233*a*
Loaded pickled pork they l she 440*b*
Loads laid many heavy l on thee 149*a*
Loaf 'l of bread', the walrus said 84*b*
of a cut l to steal a shive 368*a*
quartern l and Luddites rise 403*b*
Loafe I l and invite my soul 457*b*
Loafing around the Throne 183*a*
Loam men are but gilded l 374*b*
Loan oft loses both itself 330*b*
Loaning like green l 145*b*
Loathe the taste of sweetness 378*b*
Loathed most l worldly life 352*a*
Loathing disgust and secret l fell 7*a*
loving not l 195*b*
Loaves loses sight of the l and fishes 295*a*
seven halfpenny l sold for a penny 384*a*
Lobster duty is the l's obsession 134*b*
like a l boiled 65*b*
seen the mailed l rise 157*b*
still the l held on 226*b*
'tis the voice of the l 83*b*
Local cult called Christianity 179*b*
Localism genuine spirit of l 34*a*
Lochaber farewell to L 308*a*
Lochcill the broadsword of L 12*a*
Lochinvar young L 318*a*
Lochow a far cry to L 320*a*
Lock ae l o' his gowden hair 526*b*
crying at the l 266*a*
the l was dull 74*b*
Lock'd up from mortal eye 115*a*
Locks bow'd l of the corn 284*b*
few l wh are left you 407*a*
his golden l time hath to silver 295*b*
her l were yellow 98*b*
knotted and combined l to part 331*a*
l of six princesses 225*b*
never shake thy gory l at me 349*a*
open, l, whoever knocks 349*b*
pluck up honour by the l 377*a*
shaking her invincible l 279*a*
strapped waist, and frozen l 112*a*
Time shall turn those amber l 137*a*
Locks (*cont*)
yr l were like the raven 61*a*
Locust hath the l eaten 504*a*
years that the l hath eaten 504*a*
Locusts as luscious as l 360*b*
l and wild honey 504*b*
Lodestar he [Chaucer] was the l 251*a*
Lodge l in a garden of cucumbers 501*a*
oh for a l 111*b*
unimaginable l 217*b*
Lodger mere l in my own house 176*b*
our l 's such a nice young man 285*b*
Lodgest where thou l l will lodge 495*a*
Lodging born of despair of better l 294*b*
hard was their l 159*a*
may He give us a safe l 288*b*
Lodgings such as take l in a head 65*a*
Lodore water come down at L 406*b*
Loftiness first in l of thought 141*a*
Lofty and sour to them 386*b*
Log on a l, expiring frog 126*a*
the l was burning brightly 168*a*
to fall a l at last 216*b*
Logan is the Head Centre, the Hub 388*b*
Logan-water fyls the L 63*b*
Logic is it isn't, it ain't That's l 84*a*
Common Room stunk of L 288*a*
Grape that can with L absolute 153*b*
he was in l a great critic 64*b*
l and rhetoric, able to contend 16*a*
push the l of a fact 229*a*
science and l he chatters 305*a*
Logical built in such a l way 194*a*
l consequences are scarecrows 203*a*
Logres knights of L 277*a*
Logs Tom bears l into the hall 345*b*
Loin unlit lamp and the ungirt l 52*a*
Loins he girded up his l 406*a*
I girded up my l 451*a*
let yr l be girded 509*b*
with yr l girded 494*a*
Loitered my life away 184*a*
Loiterers liege of all l 344*b*
Loitering alone and palely l 218*b*
Lombardy wayeless plain of L 305*a*
Lomond banks o' Loch L 525*b*
London a l particular afog, Miss 121*a*
chief advantage of L is 265*b*
dream of L, small and white 284*a*
fate of the great Wen, l 97*a*
he lived in L, and hung loose 206*b*
hell is a city much like l 396*b*
here in L, yonder in Florence 49*a*
I'm learnin' 'ere in L 232*a*
in L all that life can afford 209*b*
it isn't far from L 290*a*
I've been up to L 534*a*
I walk my beat before L Town 234*a*
Key of India is in L 128*b*
L, a nation, not a city 126*b*
L doth pour out her citizens 383*b*
L is a fine town 103*b*
L is a modern Babylon 130*a*
L is the Rome of to-day 147*a*
L, my most kindly nurse 409*b*
L's lasting shame 173*b*
L's towers receive the Lamb 30*b*
L, that great cesspool 136*a*
L, that great sea 395*b*
L the clearing house world 87*a*
L, thou art of townes *a per se* 142*b*
L, thou art the flower of cities 143*a*
lowest and vilest alleys of L 135*b*
man is tired of L tired of life 209*b*
Mr Weller's knowledge of L 126*a*
names of 'L Assurance' 405*b*
of famous L town 108*a*
one road leads to L 262*a*
perks were the lungs of L 297*a*
poetry in L only a trade 141*b*
ring the bells of l town 533*b*
seen anything of L, yet? 123*b*
sent him up to fair L 531*b*
the gondola of L [hansom] 129*b*
they all to merry L came 409*b*
when midst fallen L they survey 18*b*
where L's column lifts the head 302*b*
London Bridge broken arch of L 254*b*
forest below L 314*a*
L is broken down 533*a*
Lone walking by his wild l 237*a*

Loneliness all that bowery l 427a
shade and l and mire 39b
when in danger, when in l 411a
Lonely blows over the l of heart 475b
I m very l now, Mary 29a
none of these so l 39a
so l 'twas, that God himself 100a
there lies a l grave 3a
thy breast will ne'er be l 120a
Lonesome one, that on a l road 99b
Long but as l as all may 48a
can't be l before I find release 434b
days seem l ink and l 166b
every man desires to live l 419a
foolish to make a l prologue 521b
gives but little, nor that little, l 477b
how I l to travel back 448a
how l soever it hath continued 97b
it cannot hold you l 169a
it sha' n't be l 91a
l , and lank, and brown 99a
l folk to goon on pilgrimages 88a
l is the way and hard 272b
l , l may the ladies sit 530a
l , l may the maidens sit 530a
l , l trail a-winding 225b
l or a' the play was play'd 530a
love me little, so you love me l 189b
nor brought too l a day 195a
not that the story need be l 444a
now we sha n't be l 76a
O l will his lady look 530b
Shenandoah, I l to hear you 525a
short and the l of it 355b
so l as men can breathe 387a
so l lives this 387a
the cry goes up 'How l ?' 415b
then said I, Lord, how l ? 501b
the seas are too l 16b
they are not l , the weeping 135a
those whom he loved so l 310a
tho' the day be never so l 182b
Longed he lies where he l to be 415a
truly l for death 438b
Longer l I live, the more fool am I 534b
or so very little l 48a
wished l by its readers 212a
Longest flutters least is l on the wing 113a
l half of yr life 407b
the heart must bear the l part 187a
when nights are l there 351b
Longing its l for the tomb 476a
more l , wavering, sooner lost 370b
this l after immortality 1b
Longings I have immortal l in me 325a
weary l and yearnings 171b
Longitude Board of L objected 403a
meridians of l for a scine 446b
the l also is vague 306b
Long Melford tip them L 34a
Longs unto his Christ to go 190b
Long-suffering l and of great goodness 490b
l , gentleness goodness 515b
Look also a proud l 488a
and not l behind 361a
as they run they l behind 174b
ay, there, l grim as hell 363a
Cassius has a lean and hungry l 338a
don t l at me, Sir, with that tone 535b
dream of the soft l yr eyes had 476b
exacts a full l at the worst 179b
eyes were made to l 365b
first, last l by death reveal'd 72b
fur 'z you can l or listen 250b
give me a l , give me a face 215a
go and l at it 17b
hanging-l to me 104b
hereafter rising shall she l 154a
hit l lak sparrer-grass 181b
I cd not l on Death 228b
I'll be a candle-holder, and l on 364b
I l at all things as they are 439b
I will l on both indifferently 337b
just to l about us and to die 300b
let him l to his bond 354a
l around, and choose thy ground 73b
l before you ere you leap 65b
l ere thou leap 446a
l forth from the flowers 421b
Look (cont)
l here, upon this picture 335a
l homeward, Angel, now 270a
l made of all sweet accord 201b
l not back nor tire 37a
l not thou down 51a
l not thou on beauty's charming 319a
l not thou upon the wine 498b
l on't again I dare not 348a
l round her when the heavens 466a
l thy last on all things lovely 119a
l to your Moat 178a
l upon myself and curse 387a
l upward to the skies 287a
l , what a horse shd have 386b
l , where it comes again 329b
met each other with erected l 141b
my eyes can l as swift as yrs 354b
my God, l upon me 483a
O l at the trees 37a
one longing, ling'ring l 174b
only a l and a voice 249a
only loveless l the l you passed 294a
O sweet! when I do l on thee 402a
row one way and l another 64a
same l wh she turn'd when he rose 281b
shall not l upon his like again 330a
she gave me never a l 6a
so l to thyself 372a
some did die to l on 322b
some do it with a bitter l 459b
that men might l and live 447b
The Twelve-Pound Look 21b
this is my wife, pray l at her 528b
this l of thine will hurl 364a
to l at things in bloom 198b
we l before and after 398b
whence a l shot out sharp 421b
where gott'st thou that goose l ? 350b
wh he forbears again to l upon 468a
yr l ? that pays a thousand 50a
Looked as she l about, she did behold 409a
he l again, and found it was 85b
he who has l upon Earth 263a
I l for some to have pity 486b
l unutterable things 443b
no sooner l but they loved 327b
she l at me as she did love 218b
sigh'd and l , and sigh d again 139a
single field wh I have l upon 466a
so wise as Thurlow l 156b
thrice l he at the city 253b
thrice l he at the dead 253b
Looker-on sit thou a patient l 307a
Lookers-on as l feel most delight 65b
God and angels to be l 13a
l see more than gamesters 16a
Lookest l as thou woldest finde an hare 89a
why l thou so? 98b
Looking God be in my l 523a
l before and after 335b
l one way, and rowing another 54a
no harm in l 417a
staring and l upon me 483a
they all were l for a king 256a
they l back, all th' eastern side 277a
when l well can't move her 416a
Looking-glass face the cruel l 231b
Looks a woman as old as she l 102b
be feared, and kill with l 375b
clear yr l 471b
deep-searched with saucy l 344b
glance that wd those l reprove 168a
he l such things 244a
he l quite through the deeds 338a
her l were free 98b
his l do menace heaven 259a
his modest l the cottage adorn 169a
I have no proud l 490a
I'll say she l as clear 366b
in those l , where whoso gazes 397b
l adorned the venerable place 168b
l commercing with the skies 268a
l handsome in three hundred 356a
l the whole world in the face 249a
Moon that l for us again 154a
my only books were woman's l 282a
praising God with sweetest l 195b
Looks (cont)
puts on his pretty l 374a
she l another way 525b
sun l on alike 373b
who is He, with modest l 469a
with despatchful l in haste 275a
Loom she left the l 431b
Loon thou cream-faced l ! 350b
unhand me, grey-beard l 98a
Loopholes of retreat 112a
Loose ere yet we l the legions 230a
let l the Gorgonzola 536a
l as the wind 188a
O sweet Fancy! let her l 218a
she's l i' the hilts 454a
wear those things so l 19b
Lops the mouldered branch 427a
Lord a certain l , neat, and trimly 376b
a L among wits 206b
Angel of the L came down 424b
ask the L to bless me 150b
bless ye the L 478a
children of the L 3a
cometh in the Name of the L 489a
cry unto the L in their trouble 488b
cup from wh our L drank 428a
day thou gavest, L , is ended 145b
dead wh die in the L 519b
declare the works of the L 489a
deputy elected by the L 375a
dwell in the house of the L 483a
each of himself was l 291a
English l shd lightly me 531a
enter thou into the joy of thy L 508a
except the L build the house 489b
except the L keep the city 489b
five operations of the L 520b
follow with allegiance a fallen l 324a
for ever with the L 280a
for joy Our L was born 524a
for the glory of the L 437b
glory of the coming of the L 200b
glory of the L is risen 503a
glory of the L shone round 508b
go, and the L be with thee 495b
go into the house of the L 489b
great l of all things 301a
gude l in the black velvet 530a
hand of the L bringeth to pass 489a
hark, my soul! it is the L 110a
her sleeping L 270b
how gracious the L is 484a
how long, O L , holy and true 518b
how shall we sing the L 's song 490a
I know not the L 493b
in the L put I my trust 482a
in the spirit on the L 's day 518a
I saw also the L 501a
is Jesus Christ her L 415b
is the arm of the L revealed? 502b
I thowt 'twur the will o' the L 439a
it is the handkerchief of the L 458a
it is the L 's passover 494a
it is the L who rises 110b
I were l in May 423a
joyful before the L the King 488a
kingdoms of our L 519a
King of Kings and L of Lords 519b
let a l once own the happy lines 300b
let me kiss my L 259b
let men know we serve the L 234b
L and giver of life 480a
L awaked as one out of sleep 487a
L blessed the latter end of Job 497b
L careth for the strangers 490b
l commended the unjust steward 509b
L do so to me, and more also 495a
L doth build up Jerusalem 490b
L gave, and the L hath taken 496b
L God of Sabaoth 478a
L hath comforted his people 502b
L hath laid on him the iniquity 503a
L hath put on his apparel 487b
L , hear my voice 490a
L hear thee in day of trouble 482b
L himself is thy keeper 489b
L , I am not high-minded 490a
L , I ascribe it to Thy grace 452b
L , I have loved the habitation 483b
L , in the morning thou shalt hear 453a
L. is gracious and merciful 490b

Lord (*cont*)
L is King be the people impatient 488a
L is king, the earth may be glad 488a
L, let me know mine end 484a
L, lift thou up 482a
L lift up his countenance 494a
L loveth the gates of Sion 487a
L Lundy from his earliest years 26a
L make his face to shine 494a
L, now lettest thou thy servant 508b
l of folded arms 344b
l of himself heritage of woe 73a
l of himself, tho' not of lands 473b
L of Hosts did pitch His tent! 187b
L of hosts is the King of Glory 483a
l of human kind 141b
L of our far-flung battle-line 233b
l of the fowl and the brute 113a
L of the unerring bow 69a
l of thy presence and no land 373b
l of yourself, uncumber'd 140a
L, remember David 490a
L reward him according 516b
L round about his people 489b
L said unto my L 489a
L seeth not as man seeth 495b
L shall have them in derision 481b
L shall preserve thy going out 489b
L stood upon a wall 504b
L sware, and will not repent 489a
L, thou art become gracious 487a
L thou hast been our refuge 487b
L, thou hast searched me out 490a
L, thou knowest all my desire 484a
L turned, and looked upon Peter 510a
l was departed from him 495a
L watch between me and thee 493a
L went before them by day 494a
L, who shall dwell 482a
L will abhor both the bloodthirsty 482a
L with the sound of the trump 484b
love is L of all 508b
men see the works of the L 488b
mongrel beef-witted l 368b
most glorious L of life 408a
much of them that fear the L 482a
my bosom's l sits lightly 366a
my most noble l slain 257b
my soul doth magnify the L 508b
my soul fleeth unto the l 490a
names of those who love the L 201b
nations knew their lawful l 138b
noble l in the blue riband 55b
O L, in thee have I trusted 478a
O L of hosts, my King 487a
O L, thou lover of souls 520a
praise the L upon earth 490b
praise the L who made the hills 235a
praise the L with harp 483b
prepare ye the way of the L 502b
pretty well for a L 209a
rejoice in the L alway 516a
rejoice in the L, O ye righteous 483b
remembrance of his dying L 408b
replied, O L, Thou art 403a
rude to the L her guest 234b
sae the L be thankit 62b
said the L in the vault 230b
sapient sutlers of the L 145a
seek ye the L while he may 503a
serving the L 513b
she *knowed* the L was nigher 260b
sing unto the L a new song 483b
so is the L merciful 488a
sole L of life and death 115a
spirit of the L is upon me 503a
still be l of all 317b
Supper of the L 481a
surely the L is in this place 493a
sweet birds of the L 442b
the earth is the L's 483a
the L bless thee, and keep thee 494a
the L called Samuel 495a
the L gave the word 486a
the L gets his best soldiers 410a
the L hath spared our lives 437b
the L is a man of war 494a
the L is my light 483b, 558a
the L is my shepherd 481a
the L is the strength of my life 483b
Lord (*cont*)
the L let the house of a brute 426a
the L looketh on the heart 495b
the L made heaven and earth 480a
the L my Pasture shall prepare 2a
the L No Zoo 123b
the L remaineth a King for ever 483b
the L sitteth above the waterflood 483b
the L taketh me up 483b
the L was not in the wind 496a
the L will be there 458a
the L, ye know, is God 224b
then said I, L, how long? 501b
then stooped the L 231a
then thank the L 76a
they that wait upon the L 502b
thou, L, art merciful 485b
thou, L, wilt be extreme to mark 490a
thou, O L, art more than they 429b
thou shalt answer, L, for me 187b
thy l the summer is good 422b
till his L is crucified 251a
to my L heartily 247b
to the very quality of my l 360b
touch the L's Anointed 524a
voice of the L maketh the hinds 483b
waited patiently for the L 484a
where the dear L was crucified 3b
whom the L loveth he chasteneth 517a
ye servants of the L 131b
ye that are of the house of the L 489a
you unhouse and house the L 197b
Lord-Keeper led the brawls 175a
Lords about the l of the creation 63a
as l they are certainly expected 99a
ful in the House of L 130a
for the l who lay you low 399a
laith were our gude Scots l 530a
l and owners of their fices 388b
l are lordliest in their wine 278a
l of human kind pass by 170a
l of ladies intellectual 70a
l of the world besides 276b
L too are birds 72a
l where parents were 118b
naked majesty seemed l of all 274a
'no wonder', said the l 425b
princes and l may flourish 168a
Scots l at his feet 530a
with those L I had gone so fu 283a
women who love their l 194b
Lore all the l its scholars heed 224a
Cristes l, and his apostles 88b
gives me mystical l 77a
sweet is the l wh Nature brings 471b
volume of forgotten l 298a
Lorraine, poor L Lorrèe 225b
Lose if I do l thee, I l a thing 351b
I love to l myself 230a
l and neglect the creeping hours 326b
l, and start again 230a
l no time to contradict her 419a
l who may, I still can say 49a
much to hope and nothing to l 58a
no man can l what he never had 450b
our doubts make us l the good 351a
seemed to l with my lost saints 44a
that he must l it 265a
that one shd l, the other win 259a
the way to l him 322b
to l one parent a misfortune 460a
to l thee were to l myself 276b
to win or l it all 280b
we have more lust again to l 92a
who wd l this intellectual being 272b
you l it in the moment 301b
Loser neither party l 380b
Losers l must have leave to speak 98b
so both shd l be 188a
Loses who l, and who wins 344a
Losest for fear thou l all 187b
Loseth he that l his life for my sake 506b
Loss breathe a word about yr l 230a
down he came, for l of time 108b
enow to do our country l 383a
for ever to deplore her l 275b
l of pence, full well he knew 108b
l of thee wd never from my heart 276b
man's l comes to him 46a
no one knoweth the l or gain 171b
Loss (*cont*)
people whose l will be a gain 164a
shown a deeper sense of her l 159a
suffer to redeem our l 524b
those I counted l for Christ 516a
too young such l to know 73a
Losses a fellow that hath had l 359a
all l are restored 387b
God bless all our l 43b
Lost all is l, except a little life 73b
all is not l 271a
a l thing ed I never find 27a
better to have fought and l 96b
better to have loved and l 430a
dinner l, 'ound l, self l 416b
found my sheep wh was l 509b
game is never l till won 114a
having l but once yr prime 190b
he is almost l that built it 42b
he was l and is found 509b
his bark cannot be l 346a
how on a sudden l 276a
I am l, but see in childhood 470a
I long ago l a hound 444a
in time be utterly l 457b
into my bosom and be l in me 437a
is the year only l to me? 188a
laugh'd and shouted, 'L l l l l'! 317a
long l, late won 396a
l and gone for ever 280b
l behind the Ranges 228b
l days of my life 312b
l in a sort of Purgatory 217b
l is our freedom 78b
l to me, l to me! 20a
l, yesterday, somewhere 258a
loved long since, and l awhile 288b
marks, not that you won or l 309a
never star was l here 52b
never to have l at all 67a
nor ever l an English gun 435a
not l but gone before 290a
one woman I have l for ever 386a
praising what is l 322a
sooner l and won, than women's 370b
that nothing be l 510b
their labour is but l 489b
there shall be no love l 215b
there's no hate l between us 265b
there's nothing l nor won 66a
tho' l to sight, to mem'ry dear 245b
to be l evermore in the main 438a
'twas Corinthus that is l 46a
we are l to Love 229b
we have missed it, l it for ever 53a
what I have l with cordial fruit 188a
what tho' the field be l 271a
you have l yr writing-book 193a
Lot attempt to give a deathless l 109b
a weary l is thine, fair maid 319a
l is fallen unto me 482b
might be L or Methusalem 236a
our loving l was cast 194b
policeman's l not a happy one 166b
rejoice the l has fallen to me 235a
remember L's Wife 54a, 510a
so be warned by my l 230b
the l fell upon Jonah 504b
thou shalt maintain my l 482b
with a toward or untoward l 465b
Loth l to leave this Paradise 276b
l to look a gift-horse 65a
Lothario gallant, gay L 313b
that false L! 313a
Lots cast l upon my vesture 483a
come, and let us cast l 504b
Lottery razor-strops and the l 295a
their judgement is a mere l 142a
Lotus like l-buds that float 197a
l and lilies 435a
the L blooms below 433a
yellow L-dust is blown 433a
Loud at once is deaf and l 395b
curses, not l but deep 350b
licker talks mighty l 182a
l roared the dreadful thunder 90b
now l as welcome 195b
said it very l and clear 85a
so l, l laughed he 529b
yet was never l 360b
you needn't shout so l 85a

Louder a little l but as empty 301a
still l and more dread 99b
Loudly a cat languishes l 185b
Louis son of Saint L 563a
Louis XIV Siam sent ambassadors to L 210a
Loungers of the Empire are drained 136a
Lounjun 'roun' en suffer'n' 181b
Louse between a l and a flea 211a
Louted low down on his knee 528a
Love a feeling and a l 472a
absence is to l 561b
absence from whom we l 109a
acts of kindness and of l 472a
against the reason of my L 223b
a grace wh l makes for thee 463b
alas! the l of women! 70b
a lecture, L, in l's philosophy 133b
all be as before, L 52b
alle that l floures 90a
All For L 139a
all for l nothing for reward 408b
all for the l of you 116b
all l, all liking, all delight 189a
all l at first, like generous wine 66a
all l is lost but upon God 143a
all mankind l a lover 147b
all she loves is l 70b
all's l, yet all's law 51b
all that l me 198a
all the little emptiness of l 40a
all the world and l were young 307b
all things subject but eternal L 397a
all who deserve his l 140a
a l for any lady 295b
am like to l three more 416a
amo, amas, I l a lass 290b
and the shepherd of his l 18b
an hour s promise in l 327b
an oyster may be crossed in l 400a
Antony, who lost the world for l 141a
are but ministers of L 101b
as great in l as in religion 107a
a sigh to those who l me 73a
as in our will to l or not 275a
as l doth give my heart 371a
as l's young dream 281b
as L wist to pursue 441b
as thy L is discovered almighty 51b
at his call l him 470a
Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of l! 71a
a well of l 97b
Beauty, Truth, and L 36b
because my l is come 310b
before the god of l was born 133b
beggary in the l 322a
best to be off with the old l 524b
be Thy name known, wh is L 36b
beyond His l and care 458b
bind L to last for ever! 77b
bird sate mourning for her l 393a
blunt man, that l my friend 340a
boast their l possessing 35b
both deliberate, the l is slight 259a
brown jug, don't I l thee? 523b
but for thy L, by the Lord, no 383b
but I do l thee 361b
but little in our l 371a
but l from l, toward school 365b
but l he laughed to scorn 386b
but l is long 436b
but l is lost 186b
but never taint my l 363a
but quick-eyed L, observing me 188b
but to l one another 513b
by a l so much refined 134a
by heaven, I do l 344b
can L be controll'd by advice 159a
Cassio, I l thee 361b
caught up into l 43b
cheered her soul with l 432b
cherished still this test for l 312a
choose l by another's eyes 356a
Christ's particular l's sake 51a
clap thyself my l 372b
comely in nothing but l 14b
conscience is born of l 389b
constancy of the women who l me 391a
content with a vegetable l 165b
converse and l so dearly joined 276b
cd L for ever run like a river 74a

Love (*cont*)
course of true l never smooth 356a
cymbal where there is no l 15b
dallies with the innocence of l 371a
dearly l but one day 79b
deep and heavy was the l 529a
deep as first l 436a
Deity doth ease its heart of l 218a
dinner of herbs where l is 498a
disparity twixt women's l 132a
dost thou l life? 157a
dropped from their youth and l 52a
dull sublunary lovers' l 134a
emphasis of passionate l repeated 241b
ends all our month-long l 36b
England I l thee still 111b
England we l thee 445b
eternal joy, and everlasting l 291b
evening star, l's harbinger 276b
ever wilt thou l, and she be fair 219b
every other gift, but wanted l 6b
except for l's sake only 44a
faith creates or l desires 397a
falling out renewing is of l 143b
fall out with those we l 436a
familiar acts beautiful thro' l 397b
ficklesness of the women I l 391a
find the arms of my true l 434a
fires us with courage, l and joy 159b
fit l for Gods 276a
flag and sign of l 359b
flowers and fruits of l are gone 73b
food of us that trade in l 323b
for a laggard in l 318a
for ladies l unfit 140a
for l, sweet l—but praise! 458b
for l will hardly seem worth 474b
for a good man's l 327a
forspent with l and shame 242b
for the l he had to her 493a
free l—free field 428b
Friendship is L 72b
from too much l of living 422a
general award of l 218b
give all to l obey thy heart 146b
give me more l or more disdain 79b
God gives us l 431b
God is l 518a
God is L, I dare say 67a
God of l my Shepherd is 188a
greater l hath no man 511a
green and happy in first l 96a
grete god of L's name 89b
hail wedded l, mysterious law 274b
half in l with easeful Death 220a
hard, when l and duty clash 436a
has twin'd my l and me 531b
hath not, or is not in l 368b
have you left the ancient l? 31b
health to all those that l us 523b
health to all those that we l 523b
hear him sing his song of l 36b
heart whose l is innocent 74a
heigh-ho, how I do l thee! 105b
he kept, his l, his zeal 275a
he ll carry a letter to my l 529b
he'll never l me mair 530a
he may live without l 265a
herald of l's mighty king 408a
here's to him we l most 370a
he sang of l 468a
he sought things to l 399a
he was all for l 120b
he was the Queen's l 530b
he will seem worthy of yr l 469a
he wd l and she wd not 35a
hid in the heart of l 475b
him whom you l, yr Idiot Boy 465b
his banner over me was l 500a
his for his l 387b
his tender l 36b
hold yr tongue, and let me l 132a
honour, l, obedience 350b
how a little l improves woman 150a
how do I l thee? 44a
how dwelleth the l of God 518a
how I l my country 297b
how l exalts the mind 140a
how l so young cd be so sweet 37b
how shall I know yr true l 307b
how shd I yr true l know 335b

Love (*cont*)
how this spring of l resembleth 372b
how wayward is this foolish l 372b
human l needs human meriting 442a
I am sick of l 500a
I and my L wont to gae 530a
I cd not l thee (Dear) so much 250a
I do know I l 38a
I do l I know not what 189b
I do l thee as my lambs 105b
I do l thee, meek *Simplicity* 101b
I do not l thee!—no! 290a
I do not l you Dr Fell 41a
I do not l you Sabidius 551a
I drew them with bands of l 504a
I felt the worst that l cd do 133b
if ever thou shalt l 370b
if I have freedom in my l 249b
if I know what true l is 428b
if I l not him 428b
if I l Thee not 187a
if it be l indeed 322a
if l were what the rose is 423a
if music be the food of l 369b
if my l were in my arms 527b
if of herself she will not l 416a
if this be not l, it is madness 104b
if thou canst not whom I l 133a
if thou must l me 44a
if yet I have not all thy l 133b
I hate, I l—the cause thereof 539b
I have been in l, and in debt 38a
I knew it was l 73b
I know that I l thee 282a
I know whose l wd follow me 232b
I leave my l alone 388a
ilka bird sang of its l 63b
I'll l no more 12a
I'll never l thee more 280b
I l a lassie 242b
I l all beauteous things 36b
I l all thou lovest 398b
I l but you alone 529b
I l everything that's old 170b
I l God, and hateth his brother 518a
I l her so sincerely 79b
I l him not, but shew no reason 452a
I l it, I l it 105b
I l L tho' he has wings 398b
I l my L, and my l loves me 100a
I l not hollow cheek 436b
I l thee, all unlovely 112a
I l thee and adore 110a
I l thee beyond measure 461a
I l thee Cornwall 157a
I l thee freely 44a
I l thee purely 44a
I l thee to the depth 44a
I l thee to the level 44a
I l thee with a l 44a
I l thee with the breath 44a
I l thee with the passion 44a
I never had but one true l 529a
I never loved a l but one 531b
I never shall l the snow again 36b
I never was in l—yet the voice 222b
ink temper'd with L's sighs 345a
in likeness of my l 36b
in l alone we hate companions 450a
in l and holy passion 464a
in l with his fetters 16b
in l with one princess 411a
in peace, L tunes the shepherd's 317a
in the office and affairs of l 358a
in Thy l look down and comfort 411a
in Wonder, L and Praise 2a
I seek, not l them less 398b
I shall be past making l 305b
I shall desire more l 325b
I shd l a particular star 322a
is it a crime to l too well? 299a
is it possible to l such a man? 91a
is not l a Hercules 345a
I think my l as rare 389a
it is l that I am seeking for 476a
it strikes where it doth l 363b
I was in l with you 199a
I wd l infinitely 49b
joy of l is too short 257a
keep a corner in the thing I l. 362a
kill thee, and l thee after 363b

Love (*cont*)
King of L my Shepherd is 18*a*
kiss yr l again 229*a*
know the l betwixt us two 107*a*
labour of l 516*b*
lack of l from l made manifest 46*a*
last gasp of L 's latest breath 137*b*
laughed at the power of L 235*b*
leads me from my l 199*a*
lease of my true l control 388*b*
leave me, O L 402*a*
leave to come unto my l 408*b*
Lesbia let us live and l 78*a*
Lesbia mine, let's live and l 538*b*
lest that thy l prove variable 365*a*
let brotherly l continue 517*a*
let l be without dissimulation 513*b*
let me not l thee 187*a*
let s contend no more, I 52*b*
letters, soft interpreters of l 305*b*
let the triumphs of L be shown 424*b*
let the warm L in 220*b*
let thy l be younger than thyself 370*b*
let thy l in kisses rain 394*b*
let us l nobly 132*a*
let us l our occupation 121*b*
let us make l deathless 445*b*
let us take our fill of l 498*a*
lies my young l sleeping 263*b*
lightly turns to thoughts of l 432*a*
little duty and less l 383*b*
little light of l 's bestowing 263*a*
little season of l and laughter 171*b*
little words of l 82*a*
little worthy of any l thou art 442*a*
live in unity and godly l 486*b*
live with me and be my l 132*a*, 259*a*
live with thee, and be thy l 307*b*
look at least on l 's remains 50*a*
look'd at me as she did l 218*b*
lost to l and truth 59*b*
l, all alike, no season knows 134*a*
l alone, with yearning heart 423*b*
l alters not with his brief hours 389*a*
l, an abject intercourse 170*b*
l and a cottage l 103*a*
l and all its smart 23*b*
l, and a space for delight 420*b*
l and charity with yr neighbours 480*b*
l and desire and hate 135*a*
l and do what you will 538*a*
l and murder will out 104*a*
l and scandal best sweeteners 151*b*
l, and thought, and joy 471*a*
l and toil in the years to be 227*b*
l bade me welcome 188*b*
l built on beauty dies 132*a*
l but her, and l for ever 59*a*
l but her for ever 59*b*
l ceases to be a pleasure 254*a*
L closed what he begat 264*a*
l, converted from the thing it was 387*b*
l cd teach a monarch to be wise 174*a*
L, I cd thou and I conspire 154*a*
l, devoid of art 160*a*
L did make thee run 326*a*
L does on both her lips 106*b*
l doth to her eyes repair 372*b*
l endures no tie 141*a*
l, first learned in a lady's eyes 345*a*
l first leaves the well-built nest 395*a*
L, forgive us!—cinders, ashes 219*a*
l, friendship, charity 369*a*
l gilds the scene 400*b*
l, give me back my heart 173*a*
l goes toward l, as school-boys 365*b*
l grows bitter with treason 423*b*
l had been sad ill to win 530*a*
l had he found in huts 463*a*
l hath an end 423*b*
l hath friends in the garrison 177*b*
l him, or leave him alone! 470*a*
L in a golden bowl? 29*b*
l in a hut, with water 219*a*
l in a palace is perhaps at last 219*a*
L in desolation masked 302*a*
L in her sunny eyes 106*b*
l, in my bosom, like a bee 176*a*, 246*a*
L is a boy, by poet s styl'd 65*b*
l is a circle 189*b*
l is a growing or full light 133*b*

Love (*cont*)
l is a sickness full of woes 117*a*
l is a spirit all compact 386*b*
L is best 48*b*
l is blind, and lovers cannot see 353*b*
l, is but a name 160*b*
l is crowned with the prime 327*b*
l is dying 21*a*
l, I see, changing his property 375*a*
l is enough 284*a*
l is heaven, and heaven is l 71*b*, 117*a*
l is lame at fifty 180*a*
l is left alone 431*b*
l is less kind than twilight 474*b*
l is like linen often chang d 155*b*
l is like the measles 205*a*
l is lord of all 408*b*, 557*b*
l is master wher he wile 172*a*
l is more cruel than lust 421*a*
l is more than gold 251*a*
l is not l when it is mingled 341*b*
l is not l wh alters 389*a*
l is not secure 92*a*
L is of the valley 437*a*
l is strong as death 501*a*
l is such a mystery 416*a*
l is sweet for a day 423*b*
l is swift of foot 188*a*
l is the fulfilling of the law 513*b*
L is the lesson 573*a*
l is then our duty 150*b*
l is too young to know 389*b*
l itself have rest 74*a*
l itself shall slumber on 399*b*
l itself, that tyrant of the soul 244*a*
l, joy, peace 515*b*
l looks not with the eyes 356*a*
l me, it was sure to die! 282*a*
l me little, l me long 524*b*
l me little, so you l me long 189*b*
l moderately, long l doth so 365*b*
l of Christ constraineth us 515*a*
l of Christ wh passeth knowledge 515*b*
l of false and cruel men 261*a*
l of liberty is the l of others 183*b*
l of money is the root of all evil 516*b*
l of pleasure, and l of sway 302*a*
l of power is the l of ourselves 183*b*
l only bliss 51*b*
l repulsed, but it returneth 394*a*
lover forsaken a new l may get, 320*a*, 450*a*
L (ruled) the night 141*b*
l rules the camp 71*b*
l rules the court 317*a*
l 's a malady without a cure 141*a*
l 's a man of war 188*a*
L sang to us 423*a*
l 's architecture is his own 115*a*
l 's but a frailty of the mind 105*b*
L seeketh not itself to please 32*a*
L seeketh only Self to please 32*a*
l 's emulous ardours 312*a*
l 's feeling is more soft 345*a*
l 's great artillery 115*a*
l shd have no wrong 35*b*
l shd with our fortunes change 334*a*
l slights it (death) 14*a*
l 's long since cancelled woe 387*b*
l 's not Time's fool 389*a*
l so amazing so Divine 453*b*
l, sole mortal thing of worth 293*a*
l sought is good 371*b*
L sounds the alarm 150*a*
l 's passives are his activ'st 114*b*
L 's sweetest part, Variety 133*b*
L 's the noblest frailty 140*b*
L 's throne was not with these 311*b*
L still has something of the sea 320*b*
l 's tongue is in the eyes 155*b*
l 's tongue proves dainty 345*a*
l, sweetness, goodness 278*b*
l that endures for a breath 420*b*
l that ever was betwixt us 257*b*
l that makes the world go round 164*a*, 524*b*
l that never found his close 433*a*
l that never told can be 31*b*
l that shd help you 423*a*
l that the winged seraphs 297*b*
l that was more than I 297*b*

Love (*cont*)
l that well wh thou must leave 388*a*
l the babe that milks me 347*a*
l the brotherhood 517*b*
l thee better after death 44*a*
L, the human form divine 13*a*
l their land because their own 178*a*
l those who l you 566*a*
L, thou art absolute sole Lord 115*a*
l thy God and l Him only 120*a*
l thyself last 386*a*
l, to all men 'neath the sun! 228*a*
l to hatred turned 104*b*
l took up the glass 432*a*
l took up the harp 432*a*
l wakes men, once a lifetime 293*a*
L walks the pleasant mazes 106*b*
l warps the mind 114*a*
l was dead 421*b*
l watching Madness 69*a*
l, whose month is ever May 344*b*
l will change in growing old 37*b*
l will creep in service 372*b*
L will still be lord of all 317*b*
l without the help of anything 30*b*
L wd prove so hard a master 38*a*
l yet was l 114*a*
loyal cantons of contemned l 370*a*
made of l and friendship 217*b*
make l to the lips we are near 281*b*
makes thy l more strong 388*a*
make the sweetest l to frown 176*b*
make us l yr goodly gifts 304*a*
man's l is of man's life 70*a*
many waters cannot quench l 501*a*
marriage the happiest bond of l 173*a*
marry yr old friend s l 52*a*
me and my true l 525*b*
medicines to make me l him 377*a*
men have died but not for l 327*b*
men l in haste dotest at leisure 71*b*
men l what I hate 50*b*
men that l lightly may die 421*b*
mention L 's devoted flame 282*b*
met you not with my true l 307*b*
me l ys dedde 88*a*
mile or two from my first l 448*a*
mine is an unchanging l 110*a*
mine was jealousy in l 428*b*
miserable l, that is not pain 470*a*
money has a power to manage l 66*a*
money is the sinews of l 150*b*
'mongst men who do not l her 463*a*
moral of that is Oh, 'tis l 'tis l' 83*a*
more beautiful than thy first l 474*b*
more of l than matrimony 171*a*
more than over shoes in l 372*b*
mortall L that Holy One 120*a*
murmurs how L fled 476*b*
my dear and only l 280*b*
my God, I l Thee 86*b*
my grief, my hope, my l 448*b*
my life, my l, my heart 190*a*
my l and I did meet 474*a*
my l and I did stand 474*a*
my l and I wd lie 199*a*
my l climb'd up to me 225*b*
my l doth so approve him 363*a*
my l has died for me today 531*b*
my L in her attire doth show 525*a*
my l is come to me 310*b*
my l is of a birth as rare 260*a*
my l is the maid of all maidens 21*a*
my l, more noble than the world 371*a*
my l she's but a lassie 193*a*
my l shd duly have been deck'd 408*b*
my L 's like a red, red rose 62*a*
my L 's like the melodie 62*a*
my l, the flower of Yarrow 246*b*
my true l did lichtlie me 530*a*
my true L has me forsook 530*a*
my true l hath my heart 401*b*
my vegetable l shd grow 260*a*
my whole course of l 360*a*
names of those who l the Lord 201*b*
nature is fine in l 335*b*
needs must l the highest 428*a*
ne'er ebb to humble l 362*b*
ne er knew l 's sad satiety 398*b*
neither our l from God 312*a*
never been in l, or in hate 413*a*

Love (*cont*)
never doubt I l 332*a*
never l was so abused 402*a*
never, my l, repent of how 294*a*
never seek to tell thy l 31*b*
new every morning is the l 223*b*
new L pine at them 220*a*
no blessed leisure for l 196*b*
no l lost between us 171*a*
'no l,' quoth he, 'but vanity' 202*a*
no man dies for l 141*a*
no more, dear l 436*b*
no natural l of the 'chaste muse' 33*a*
none knew thee but to l thee 178*a*
none other I can l 428*b*
none profane my Holy See of l 219*a*
none to praise and very few to l 470*b*
no new light on l or liquor 305*a*
nor fettered L from dying 77*b*
nor L her body from her soul 313*a*
nor l thy life, nor hate 276*b*
not Death, but L 13*b*
not enough to make us l 418*b*
nothing all my l avails 47*b*
not in our power to l or hate 259*a*
not l her, is thy point 477*b*
not unworthy to l her 73*b*
now warm in l 299*b*
oh for grace to l thee more! 110*a*
Oh L! thou bane 173*a*
oh l! who bewailest the frailty 395*a*
O L! has she done this to thee 251*b*
O l, my l! if I no more shd see 312*a*
O l, O fire! once he drew 427*a*
O, L 's but a dance 131*a*
O l what hours were thine 426*a*
O L will venture in 62*b*
O lyric L, half angel 51*a*
O mightie l! Man is one world 187*b*
one born to l you, sweet 45*b*
one jot of former l retain 137*b*
one of l 's April-fools 104*b*
one to another with brotherly l 513*b*
only in command, nothing in l 350*a*
only l sprung from my only hate 365*a*
or bid me l, and I will give 190*a*
O spirit of l! how quick 369*b*
ostentation of our l 323*b*
our l hath no decay 132*a*
our l is frail as is our life 149*a*
our l shall live 408*a*
outward parts L 's always seen 106*b*
over hir housbond as hir l 89*b*
Ovid, the sweet philosopher of l 140*b*
owe a duty, where I cannot l 25*a*
O wisest l! that flesh and blood 289*a*
pains of l be sweeter far 142*a*
pangs of disappointed l 313*b*
pangs of dispriz'd l 333*a*
partly wi' l o ercome 61*a*
passing the l of women 495*b*
passin' the l o' women 229*a*
pass our long l 's day 260*a*
perfect l casteth out fear 518*a*
perhaps was sick, in l 301*b*
pity is sworn servant unto l 117*a*
place to stand and l in 44*a*
planet of L is on high 434*a*
poets' food is l 393*b*
poor excommunicate from l 79*b*
poor heretics in l 133*b*
pray, l, remember 335*b*
pray thee leave l me no more 137*a*
presume too much upon my l 340*b*
prosperity's the very bond of l 373*b*
prove an unrelenting foe to l 443*a*
prov'd thee my best of l 389*a*
prove my l, wh sloth maligns 293*b*
purple light of l 175*a*
purple with l 's wound 356*b*
quarrels of lovers renewal of l 554*a*
quench my great l 164*a*
reason, and the l of good and ill 217*b*
rebuke is better than secret l 498*b*
recognizance and pledge of l 364*a*
regain l once possessed 278*a*
remembrance of my former l 372*b*
restore my wandering l 105*a*
rhymes of a l never woo'd 36*a*
right to dissemble yr l 28*a*
rise up, My l, My fair one 262*a*, 500*a*

Love (*cont*)
rites of connubial l refused 274*b*
Romeo! if thou dost l 365*a*
rosy red, l 's proper hue 276*a*
same sweet eternity of l 189*b*
Saturn and L their long repose 394*a*
Scotland led in l and le 474*a*
seals of l, but seal'd in vain 352*a*
see thee look pale with love 358*a*
separate us from the l of God 513*b*
sets l a task like that 202*a*
shackles of an old l 428*b*
shall my sense pierce l 312*a*
shalt set l to rhyme 37*b*
she bid me take l easy 474*a*
she never told her l 371*a*
shepherd grew acquainted with L 206*b*
she said, 'I l thee true!' 218*b*
she whom I l is hard to catch 263*b*
she will l him truly 432*b*
shocks of young l -liking 469*b*
show a fitter L for me 133*b*
show of l as I was wont to have 337*b*
shows of l to other men 337*b*
side-long looks of l 168*a*
sighed for the l of a ladye 167*a*
silence was the song of l 312*a*
since I am l 's martyr 133*a*
singularly moved to l the lovely 293*b*
sit with my l in the hay 38*a*
society, friendship, and l 113*a*
so dear I l him 276*a*
so faithful in l 318*a*
soft eyes looked l 68*a*
so ill-bred as to l a husband 473*b*
so many times do I l thee 24*a*
some are fou o' l divine 61*a*
some l but little policy 376*a*
some obscure epistles of l 370*b*
something to l he lends 431*b*
so sweet l seemed 37*b*
so true a fool is l 388*a*
sows what L shall never reap 312*a*
speak low, if you speak l 358*a*
spirit of power and of l 516*b*
spring of l gushed from my heart 99*a*
still make l anew 321*a*
stony limits cannot hold l out 365*a*
stories of thy fini ht l 78*b*
study the way to l each other 225*a*
substance of his house for l 501*a*
such ever was l 's way 46*a*
such I account thy l 347*a*
sweetest l, I do not go 133*b*
sweet is true l 428*b*
sweets and the bitters of l 72*b*
tale of l and languishment 221*a*
tell him, that I am sick of l 500*b*
tell me, my heart if this be l 251*b*
tell the laity our l 134*a*
tell this youth what 'tis to l 327*b*
tell us how they l us 228*a*
thank the Lord, for all His L 76*a*
that is l 's curse, pass on 428*b*
that l may never cease 187*b*
that my love is weak and faint 110*a*
the fool of l 183*b*
their l may be called appetite 371*a*
their tales of l shall tell 53*b*
the last flower of Catholic l 424*a*
the l he bore to learning 168*b*
the l of l 435*b*
the l of the turtle 67*b*
the l that lingers there 154*b*
the l that loves a scarlet coat 195*a*
the l that moves the sun 567*a*
the l wh doth us bind 260*b*
then must the L be great 21*a*
then they dream of l 364*b*
the prize of learning l 46*a*
therefore I l it 49*a*
there is no fear in l 518*a*
there my dear l sits him down 527*a*
there shall be no l lost 215*b*
the right true end of l 132*b*
the service of my l 409*b*
the wise want l 397*a*
they all l Jack 454*a*
they happy are, and that they l 449*a*
they l indeed who quake to say 401*b*
they l the better still 29*a*

Love (*cont*)
they shall prosper that l thee 489*b*
they sin who tell us l can die 406*b*
this bud of l 365*b*
tho' I knew His l Who followed 441*b*
tho' last, not least in l 339*b*
tho' l repine, and reason chafe 147*a*
those that l them that l those 523*b*
those who l want wisdom 397*a*
those who l you well 37*a*
thou art goodly, O l 420*b*
thou art l and life! 398*b*
thou dravest l from thee 442*a*
thought that l cd never change 37*b*
thou hast left thy first l 518*b*
thou knowest that I l thee 511*b*
thou shalt l and be loved by 51*b*
thou shalt l thy neighbour 507*b*
thro' l 's long residence 36*a*
thro' l, thro' hope 463*b*
thro' our l that we have loved 257*b*
thy l is better than wine 500*a*
thy l to me was wonderful 495*b*
thy l was far more better 261*a*
thy sweet l remembered 387*b*
till l and fame to nothingness 221*a*
Time was when L and I 167*a*
'tis brief, my lord As woman's l 334*a*
to all who l him 320*a*
to be wise and eke to l 409*b*
to be wise, and l 369*a*
to be wroth with one we l 100*a*
to live is like l 67*a*
to l, and bear 397*b*
to l and be loved by me 297*b*
to l and to cherish 481*b*
to l a woman for singing 342*a*
to l, cherish and to obey 481*b*
to l her is a liberal education 410*b*
to l him as myself 481*a*
to l is wise 37*b*
to l one maiden only 428*a*
to l with zealous humble duty 409*a*
to l you was pleasant 281*a*
to Mercy, Pity, Peace, and L 32*b*
to see her is to l her 59*b*
to see her was to l her 59*a*
to the seat where l is throned 370*b*
true life is only l 51*b*
true L in this differs from gold 393*b*
true l sitting down to breakfast 237*b*
trust thou thy L 315*a*
turning mortal for thy l 345*a*
two fond hearts in equal l 18*b*
type of true l kept under 164*a*
under a canopy of l 445*b*
virginity first l 's first cry 293*b*
wait her l to come again 355*a*
waly, waly gin l be bonnie 530*a*
wander hand in hand with l 290*a*
was not this l indeed? 371*a*
we all l a pretty girl 28*a*
we have seen thee, O l 420*b*
well dost thou, L 293*b*
we l being in l 439*b*
we l but while we may 428*b*
we l, Fool, for the good we do 293*a*
we l our House of Peers 166*b*
we're far from the lips we l 281*b*
Werther had a l for Charlotte 440*b*
we serve, because we freely l 275*a*
what a mischievous devil L is 67*a*
what is l? It is a pretty thing 176*a*
what is l? 'tis not hereafter 370*b*
what lady wd not l a shepherd 176*b*
what l I bore to thee 467*a*
what l is, if thou wdst be taught 568*b*
what l of thine own kind? 398*b*
what thing is l 295*b*
what we have loved, others will l 470*a*
when I l thee not, chaos is come 361*b*
when l begins to sicken 340*b*
when l grows diseased 149*a*
when l is done 34*a*
when l is grown to ripeness 431*b*
when L speaks 345*a*
when L with unconfined wings 249*b*
when my l swears 389*a*
when one is in l 476*a*
where I l I must not marry 281*a*
where I marry, cannot l 281*a*

Love (*cont*)
where l is great 314*a*
where my L abideth 49*b*
while we can, the sports of l 216*a*
who gave that l sublime 464*b*
whom having not seen, ye l 517*b*
whom the gods l die young 71*a*
Whose l will never die 265*b*
willing to l all mankind 210*a*
with a l I seemed to lose 44*a*
with all their quantity of l 336*b*
with all thy faults I l thee still 67*a*
with l brooding there 461*b*
with music sweet as l 398*a*
without l, hatred, joy, or fear 305*b*
with their l the breath between 397*b*
woman's friendship ends in l 160*a*
women passions vanity and l 91*a*
words of l then spoken 282*b*
wouldn't be too ladylike in l 186*a*
yes, I'm in l, I feel it now 457*a*
yet I l her till I die 156*a*, 526*b*
yet I l thee too 383*b*
you all did l him 340*a*
you'll l me yet! 50*a*
you made me l you 256*a*
you must l him, ere to you 469*a*
'you must sit down', says L 188*b*
you (my L) as high as Heaven 527*b*
yr true l 's coming 370*b*
youth means l 51*a*
you who do not l her 52*a*
you wonder why, I you 293*a*
you, you wonder why, I none 293*a*
Love-adept dreaming like a l 397*a*
Love-adventure shd be lost 239*a*
Loved all we l of him shd be 392*a*
better l ye canna be 285*b*
better l you'll never be 193*b*
better to have l and lost 430*a*
but I have l too long 290*a*
Dante, who l well 49*a*
daughter wh he l passing well 332*b*
ever l that I not at first sight 259*a*, 327*a*
for some we l, the loveliest 153*a*
God so l the world 510*b*
had we never l sae blindly 59*a*
had we never l sae kindly 59*a*
hid you l me once 424*a*
having l this present world 516*b*
heart that has truly l 281*b*
he had l her long 35*b*
how l, how honoured once 299*b*
if I l you well 423*a*
I have l long since 288*b*
I have l thee, Ocean 69*b*
I have not l the world 68*b*
I l a lass, a fair one 462*a*
I l her that she did pity 360*a*
I l him for himself 490*a*
I l him not 241*a*
I l thee once 12*a*
I l the man on this side idolatry 214*b*
I never l a love but one 531*b*
I never l a tree or flower 75*b*, 282*a*
I only know we l in vain 72*b*
I saw and l 161*b*
I that l and you that liked 526*a*
I that l thee since my day 439*a*
I wd *love* infinitely, and be l 49*b*
keep our l ones, now far absent 411*a*
known and l so long 35*b*
Lavinia therefore must be l 368*a*
life have we l 284*a*
Lo! some we l, the loveliest 153*a*
l and still loves 310*a*
l at home revered abroad 59*b*
l not wisely but too well 364*a*
lovers shd be l again 198*b*
l the sorrows of your face 476*b*
l when all was young 226*a*
l yr beauty with love false 476*b*
many l yr moments of grace 476*b*
men that l you well 284*a*
might she have l me? 48*a*
most he l a happy human face 202*a*
most l, despised 341*b*
never the time and the l one 49*a*
never to have been l 105*a*
never to have l at all 430*a*
nor no man ever l 389*a*

Loved (*cont*)
no sooner l but they sighed 327*b*
one man l the pilgrim soul 476*b*
one of his disciples, whom Jesus l 511*a*
out upon it, I have l 416*a*
people l her much 432*b*
see the souls we l 434*a*
she l me for the dangers 360*a*
since to be l endures 37*b*
the disciple whom Jesus l 511*b*
this man l *me* 241*b*
thrice had I l thee 131*b*
to be long l was never fram'd 5*b*
to be l needs only to be known 140*a*
to be l needs only to be seen 140*b*
to have l so slight a thing 432*b*
to have l the highest 428*a*
to have l thought done 5*b*
took from those who l them 119*b*
use him as tho' you l him 450*b*
view each l one blotted 68*a*
we that had l him so 48*a*
what thou, and I, did till we l 133*a*
what we have l, others will love 470*a*
when you l me I gave you 390*a*
who has never l, has never lived 160*a*
with those that l me, and alone 438*b*
woman who l him the best 226*b*
Love-in-idleness 356*b*
Love-knot dark red l 290*a*
Lovel Lord L he died of sorrow 531*a*
Loveless the only l look 294*a*
Loveliest l things have mercy shown 72*b*
nothing l can be found 276*a*
Loveliest l of trees, the cherry 198*b*
l things of beauty 261*b*
the l and the best 26*b*
Love-light in yr eye 288*b*
Love-Lily between the lips of L 312*b*
Loveliness enough their simple l 221*a*
fashioned forth in l 180*a*
glory and l have pass'd 221*a*
her l I never knew 97*b*
its l increases 217*b*
l needs not the foreign aid 443*b*
l of perfect deeds 430*a*
portion of the l 392*b*
saw a Dream of L descending 244*b*
woman of so shining l 476*a*
yr l and the hour of my death 223*a*
Love-locks with your l flowing 311*a*
Lovely look thy last on all things l 119*a*
l as a Lapland night 473*a*
l forms do flow 78*a*
more l and more temperate 387*a*
singularly moved to love the l 203*b*
wh once he made more l 392*b*
yes, he is altogether l 500*b*
Love-match was the only thing 143*b*
Love Powders rogue gives you L 240*a*
Love-quarrels oft in pleasing end 278*a*
Lover all mankind love a l 147*b*
a l forsaken a new love may get 320*a*
angel appear to each l beside 292*b*
as true a l as ever sigh'd 126*a*
beauty is the l 's gift 105*a*
by the l and the bard 44*b*
clasped her like a l 432*b*
days dividing l and l 420*a*
feet of thy l the spring 422*b*
felt for thee as a l 472*b*
give repentance to her l 170*a*
God become her l 115*a*
good-bye to yr l 232*b*
got one l and I don't want two 263*a*
great Camerado, the l true 458*a*
happy as a l 465*b*
heart that is in any manner a l 257*b*
I cannot prove a l 384*b*
if at last, not less her l 307*b*
I sighed as a l 161*b*
it was a l and his lass 327*b*
jealousy the injured l 's hell 275*a*
like a true l brave 526*b*
Lord, what is a l 105*b*
l and sensualist 185*b*
l forsaken a new love may get 450*a*
l of life shall join the hater 171*b*
l of literature never fastidious 407*a*
l 's ears will hear the lowest 345*a*

Lover (*cont*)
l 's eyes will gaze an eagle 345*a*
magnetic, peripatetic l 165*b*
mock l of the good 146*a*
my false l stole my rose 63*b*
of all the plagues a l bears 450*a*
O I hate a l that can dare 105*b*
O Lord, thou l of souls 520*a*
O l of my life 51*b*
one was round her l 77*a*
on her l 's arm she leant 426*b*
pale Titan-woman like a l 421*a*
resolve the propositions of a l 327*a*
run into 't as to a l 's bed 324*b*
sad true l never find my grave 371*a*
she was a true l 257*b*
slide into a L 's head 471*a*
smile, for yr l comes 458*b*
some sad l 's death 139*a*
stray to some newer l 159*b*
such a constant l 416*a*
suff'ring is the l 's part 159*a*
talk with some old l 's ghost 133*b*
tell her, her l keeps watch 248*b*
the l, all as frantic 357*b*
the l lingers and sings 414*b*
the l, sick to death 344*b*
the l sighing like a furnace 326*b*
the lunatic, the l, and the poet 357*b*
truest l of a sinful man 257*b*
when they have slain her l 77*a*
where shall the l rest 318*a*
why so pale and wan, fond l? 416*a*
woman loves her l 70*b*
Lovers all l young, all l must 329*a*
all ye that be l call 257*b*
almighty l in the spring 92*a*
as I am all true l are 370*b*
at l' perjuries Jove laughs 365*a*
even I find their peace at last 154*b*
hour when l vows seem sweet 73*b*
journeys end in l meeting 370*b*
Jove but laughs at l 's perjury 141*a*
l' absent hours, more tedious 362*b*
l are round her, sighing 281*b*
l cannot see the pretty follies 353*b*
l' hours be full eternity 133*b*
l in peace, lead on our days 341*a*
l lying two and two 198*b*
l shd be loved again 198*b*
l, to bed 357*b*
l who have cherished still 312*a*
make two l happy 298*b*
must pure l' souls descend 132*b*
night by night thro l' brains 364*b*
not the nectarous poppy l use 6*a*
old l are soundest 454*b*
O l' eyes are sharp 317*b*
one makes l as one pleases 105*b*
quarrels of l are the renewal 554*a*
sound l' tongues by night 365*b*
sweet l love the spring 327*b*
these l fled away 221*b*
to thy motions l' seasons run? 134*a*
true l I can get many 529*a*
we that are true l 126*a*
what need l wish for more? 321*a*
where the l eloped in the dark 242*a*
young l lately wed 431*b*
Loves all l except what trades can give 51*b*
all she l is love 70*b*
all strange l are over 421*a*
all the wings of the L 423*b*
amatory poets sing their l 71*a*
any severing of our l 467*a*
ar'n't that I l the fox less 416*b*
as lines so l oblique 260*a*
as truly l on to the close 281*b*
a-waiting for their an dear l 530*a*
each man kills the thing he l 459*b*
every man l what he is good at 322*a*
faithful l shall moralize my song 408*b*
foxhunter, and I l him at once 416*b*
friends and l we have none 262*a*
he l his bonds 190*a*
her that each l best 77*b*
if country l such sweet desires 176*b*
if our l remain 46*a*
I have reigned with yr l 145*b*
I like him, but he l me 52*b*

Loves (*cont*)
let us solace ourselves with l 498*a*
l , and weeps, and dies 394*a*
l nothing but himself 407*a*
old l endear thee 97*b*
one l him still the better 170*b*
one that l his fellowmen 202*a*
'oss l the hound and I l both 416*b*
our l and comforts shd increase 361*a*
our l into corpses or wives 421*a*
perhaps their l , or their sheep 270*b*
she l me dearly 217*b*
show a woman when he l her 49*b*
to warm their little l 173*b*
two l I have 389*b*
whoever l , if he do not propose 132*b*
who l a garden l a greenhouse 112*a*
who l me must have 428*b*
who l to lie with me 326*a*
with l and doves 46*b*
woman l her lover 70*b*
Love-sick l all against our will 165*a*
Savonarola l ! Ha, ha! 25*a*
twenty l maidens we 165*a*
Lovesome garden is a l thing 41*a*
Love-song singing his l to the morn 205*a*
Lovest alas, thou l not me 133*a*
Father in Heaven who l all 227*b*
Hal, an thou l me 377*b*
l thou me more than these 511*b*
say, poor sinner, l thou me? 110*a*
thou l not, till from loving more 133*a*
thou l the one, and I the other 21*a*
why l thou that 387*a*
Love-story a l into Euclid 136*a*
Loveth He made and l all 100*a*
he that l another hath fulfilled 513*b*
he that l not knoweth not God 518*a*
prayeth best, who l best 100*a*
prayeth well, who l well 100*a*
the dear God who l us 100*a*
thou whom my soul l 500*a*
whom the Lord l he chasteneth 517*a*
Love-thoughts lie rich 369*b*
Loving begin by l their parents 460*b*
for l , and for saying so 134*a*
Friday's child is l and giving 525*a*
I will give a l heart to thee 190*a*
Lady Moon, whom are you l ? 198*a*
l , adorable, softly to rest 289*a*
l Christianity better than Truth 102*a*
l himself better than me 14*a*
l not, hating not 45*b*
l , not loathing 195*b*
l thy mournful face 206*a*
most l were folly 326*b*
my own sex that of l longest 11*b*
night was made for l 74*a*
One, most l of you all 44*a*
pardon for too much l you 361*b*
they talks a lot o' l 232*a*
till from l more 133*a*
wickedness that hinders l 49*a*
Loving-jealous of his liberty 365*b*
Loving-kindness thy l and mercy shall follow me 483*a*
Low from l to high doth dissolution 468*a*
he that is l no pride 54*b*
hear but their l lone song? 82*b*
I am l , thou art high 422*a*
I deem them l 75*a*
I ll tak' the l road 525*b*
in dejection do we sink as l 470*a*
last great Englishman is l 435*a*
l , l , breathe and blow 436*a*
on a rock conveniently l 84*b*
sweet and l 436*a*
that l man goes on adding 47*a*
that l man seeks a little thing 47*a*
the earth is not too l 187*a*
then, happy l , lie down 380*a*
they are minished, and brought l 488*b*
to cast one's eyes so l 343*b*
what is l raise and support 270*b*
wilt thou weep when I am l ? 67*b*
Lowells talk to the Cabots 34*a*
Lower he that is down can fall no l 65*a*
madest him l than the angels 482*a*
take you a button-hole l 345*b*
Lowing of the oxen wh I hear? 495*a*
Lowlands by the L low 531*a*
Lowlands (*cont*)
L o' Holland has twin'd my love 531*b*
ye Highlands and ye L 530*b*
Lowliness is young ambition's ladder 338*a*
Lowly any hands, however l 164*a*
made them, high or l 3*a*
my bed it is fu' l 529*a*
l in his own eyes 482*a*
poor, and mean, and l 3*b*
still to the l soul 224*a*
'tis better to be l born 385*b*
Lown he called the tailor l 361*a*
Lowpin' o'er a linn 60*a*
Loyal and neutral, in a moment 348*a*
Loyalties home of impossible l 9*a*
Loyalty that learned body wanted l 445*b*
unterrified his l he kept 275*a*
when l no harm meant 524*a*
Lucas her name was Margaret L 288*a*
Lucasta L that bright northern star 249*b*
my L might I crave 249*b*
Lucent each softly l 250*b*
Lucifer are you that live with L ? 258*b*
for ever damned with L 258*b*
he falls like L 386*a*
O L , son of the morning 502*a*
spirits that fell with L 258*b*
Luck all the day you'll have good l 532*b*
as good l wd have it 356*a*
damn'd ill l every way 25*b*
good l have thou 484*b*
if it be my l , so 356*a*
light in ragged l 185*b*
nae l about the house 527*a*
we have wished you good l 489*a*
Lucrative business of mystery 57*b*
Lucre not greedy of filthy l 516*b*
Lucumo each warlike L 253*a*
Lucy few cd know when L ceased 470*b*
if L shd be dead 471*b*
no comrade L knew 467*b*
Luddites quartern loaf and L rise 403*b*
Lues Boswelliana 254*b*
Lugwardin shined at L 445*a*
Luke honour unto L Evangelist 312*b*
L began to slacken in his duty 468*a*
L , the beloved physician 516*b*
Matthew, Mark, L , and John 2*b*
only L is with me 516*b*
Lukewarm because thou art l 518*b*
Lukewarmness I account a sin 107*a*
Lull arrives a l in the hot race 5*a*
Lullaby and dreamy l 164*a*
I will sing a l 119*a*
rock them, rock them, l 119*a*
sing l and lap it warm 35*b*
Lulled in these flowers with dances 356*b*
Lumber learned l in his head 300*b*
philosophy, the l of the schools 419*b*
Lumber-room of his library 135*b*
Luminary arose another l 55*a*
Luminous Goethe's wide and l view 7*a*
Lump leaveneth the whole l 514*a*
l bred up in darkness 238*b*
l the whole thing! 416*b*
of the same l to make one vessel 513*b*
Lumps go down like l of lead 192*a*
Luna in the vats of L 253*a*
Lunar on the l world securely pry 139*b*
Lunatic keep me from goin' l 227*b*
l , the lover, and the poet 357*b*
Lunch dinner, l and tea 26*a*
Luncheon supper, dinner, l 50*a*
Lundy Lord L from his earliest years 26*a*
Lungs dons with l of bronze 26*b*
if their l receive our air 111*b*
my l began to crow 326*a*
parks were the l of London 297*a*
[smoking] dangerous to the l 204*a*
whose l are tickle o' the sere 332*b*
Lurch Dame L always at church 32*a*
Lurcher half l and half cur 112*b*
Lured by the trappings 457*a*
Lust cold commanded l. 230*b*
for l of knowing what 154*b*
into ashes all my l 260*a*
is l in action 389*a*
love is more cruel than l 421*a*
l of the goat is the bounty 31*a*
no l because they have no laws 429*a*
Lust (*cont*)
not serving shame or l 131*a*
served the l of my mistress' heart 343*a*
slept in the contriving of l 343*a*
weariness and sated l 7*a*
Lusteth he that l to live 484*a*
Lustre a l in its sky 394*b*
dark l of thine eyes 317*b*
I ne'er cd any l see 400*a*
obscure in the exceeding l 395*b*
same eye did lose his l 337*b*
Lustres to my six l 133*b*
Lusts abstain from fleshly l 517*b*
fulfil the l thereof 514*a*
sinful l of the flesh 481*a*
Lusty as an eagle 488*a*
Lutanist the lute the l 442*a*
Lute blame not my l 473*b*
grace of l or clavicithern 47*a*
lascivious pleasing of a l 384*b*
musical as is Apollo s l 267*b*
my l , awake! perform the last 473*b*
my l , be still, for I have done 473*b*
not a good sword, nor yet a l 187*a*
Orpheus with his l 385*b*
or the l its tones 217*b*
ravishing division, to her l 378*a*
rift within the l 428*b*
sing praises unto him with the l 483*b*
when the l is broken 395*a*
when to her l Corinna sings 78*a*
Lute-player some dead l 421*a*
Lutes to l of amber 190*b*
Luthany where is the land of L 442*b*
Luther Philistine of religion, L 10*b*
rough old Martin L 52*b*
sing as Martin L sang 440*b*
this soul to whom L 133*b*
Lutheran a spleeny L 385*b*
Luxuries give us the l of life 285*a*
I have two l to brood over 223*a*
Luxurious exquisite sense of the l 222*b*
l mountain goat 383*a*
Luxury all their l was doing good 159*a*
ancient languages is mainly a l 38*a*
and thinks it l 1*b*
l of doing good 114*a*, 170*a*
l the accomplished Sofa last 111*b*
taste the l of woe 281*a*
they knew l , they knew beggary 255*a*
to l and riot 276*b*
Lycid hearse where L lies 270*a*
Lycidas head of yr loved L 269*b*
L yr sorrow is not dead 270*a*
so L sunk low 270*a*
Lydia a seller of purple 512*b*
Lydian lap me in soft L airs 269*a*
softly sweet, in L measures 139*a*
Lyeus ever young 23*b*
Lying evil-speaking, l , and slandering 481*a*
hate ingratitude more than l 372*a*
I do not mind l 67*a*
land-lubbers l down below 525*b*
leave him l where he fell 12*a*
settling and loosely l 37*a*
soon will you and I be l 86*a*
this vice of l 380*b*
world is given to l 379*a*
Lynn men set out from L 196*a*
Lyon wot lived in L 's Inn 454*a*
Lyonch gone to L 528*a*
Lyones knights of Logres, or of L 277*a*
Lyonesse when I came back from L 180*a*
when I set out for L 180*a*
Lyra Apostolica motto of *L* 288*a*
Lyre flit into it with my l 218*b*
make me thy l 396*b*
Mary! I want a l 113*a*
my l within the sky 298*a*
'Omer smote 'is bloomin' l 236*b*
songs not from his l 48*a*
wak'd to ecstasy the living l 174*a*
Lyres sound of l and flutes 293*a*
Lyric most splendid ecclesiastical l 129*b*
O l Love, half angel 51*a*
Lysander of Hector and L 526*a*
that other principle of L 13*a*
Lyte greet effect in place l 90*b*
men wryte in place l 90*b*
tho' that I can but l (little) 89*b*

M

M everything that begins with an M 83*a*
Ma'am wd call his mother 'M ' 93*a*
Mab angry M with blisters plagued 364*b*
M , the Mistress-Fairy 215*b*
Queen M hath been with you 364*b*
this is that very M 365*a*
McAndrew Mister M 232*a*
Macaroni called it M 18*b*
Macassar blacking and M oil 295*a*
thine 'incomparable oil', M 70*a*
Macaulay apostle of the Philistines M 9*b*
cocksure as M is of everything 263*a*
[M] has flashes of silence 404*b*
M is well for a while 82*a*
Macbeth M does murder sleep 348*a*
M shall never vanquish'd be 349*b*
M shall sleep no more 348*a*
none of woman born shall harm M 349*b*
there to meet with M 345*b*
Macdonald aff wi' lord Ronald M 526*a*
rose the slogan of M 12*a*
Macduff lay on M 351*a*
M was from his mother's womb 351*a*
Mace the sword, the m 382*b*
Macedon there is a river in M 383*b*
the great war from M 9*a*
Macedonia come over into M 512*b*
Maces Seal and M danced 175*a*
MacGregor my name is M 320*a*
Machiavel much beholden to M 13*a*
Machinations, hollowness, treachery 341*b*
Machine a large bathing m 164*a*
m for converting the Heathen 80*a*
the very pulse of the m 470*b*
you re not a man, you're a m 390*a*
Machinery it is the Age of M 80*a*
the whole m of the State 40*b*
Mackail I m M , and who are you? 528*b*
Mackerel blew a m gale 140*b*
not so the m 157*b*
M'Tavish against the clan M 12*b*
M'Turk 237*b*
Mad Allah created the English m 230*b*
all poets are m 64*a*
a pleasure sure, in being m 141*b*, 150*b*
build a house for fools and m 419*a*
everyone is m on one point 237*b*
fitter being sane than m 44*b*
God wd destroy first sends m 538*a*
go m , and beat their wives 76*a*
he made me m to see him 376*b*
how sad and bad and m it was 46*a*
I am but m north-north-west 332*b*
in one word, heroically m 138*b*
m , and sent into England 336*b*
m -as-a-hatter-day 186*a*
made us nobly wild not m 189*b*
m from life s history 196*a*
m in pursuit, and in possession 389*a*
m world! m kings! m composition! 374*a*
makes men m 363*b*
melancholy made me m 212*b*
men that God made m 92*a*
much learning doth make thee m 513*a*
oh! he is m is he? 161*a*
one half of the nation is m 405*b*
oppression makes the wise man m 48*b*
some did count him m 54*b*
that he is m tis true 332*a*
tho' father and mither gae m 63*a*
thus to make poor females m 357*a*
'tis a m world, my masters 425*a*
undevout astronomer is m 477*b*
went m and bit the man 169*a*
when a heroine goes m 400*a*
why, the man's m , friend 45*a*
Madagascar Jerusalem and M 440*b*
Madam I may not call you 145*b*
Madden now m to crime 67*b*
Made dost thou know who m thee? 32*b*
even more is m of her 185*b*
good poet 's m , as well as born 216*a*
he was not m to die 420*b*
he who m the Lamb 32*a*
I am fearfully and wonderfully m 490*b*
I know not that m them do it 340*a*
Made (*cont*)
in a world I never m 200*a*
little Lamb, who m thee? 32*b*
m and wrote them 49*a*
see God m and eaten all day 45*a*
soul He else m first in vain 51*b*
thou hast m him thou art just 429*b*
well m , well wrought 402*b*
whereof are you m 387*b*
without him was not anything m 510*b*
you m me love you 256*a*
Madeira for a cup of M 376*b*
Madman if a m were to come 209*a*
that is, the m 357*b*
Madmen buries m in the heaps 301*b*
none but m know 141*b*, 150*b*
worst of m is a saint run mad 303*b*
Madness for that fine m he did retain 137*a*
despondency and m 470*a*
great wits to m near allied 138*a*
his m was not of the head 73*a*
if this be not love, it is m 104*b*
like m is the glory of this life 368*a*
Love watching M 69*a*
m of many for the gain of a few 304*a*
M risen from hell 420*b*
m , yet there is method in it 332*a*
moon-struck m. 276*b*
much mirth and no m 402*b*
such harmonious m 398*b*
that way m lies 343*a*
this is very midsummer m 371*b*
this m has come on us 428*a*
thro' cells of m 434*b*
what m is ambition! 157*a*
wh m wd gambol from 335*a*
with a crafty m , keeps aloof 333*a*
work like m in the brain 100*a*
you may call it m , folly 310*a*
Madoc will be read 304*b*
Madonnas he only used to draw M 49*a*
Rafael of the dear M 49*b*
Madrigal sing a merry m 164*b*
woeful stuff this m wd be 300*b*
Madrigals birds sing m 259*a*
falls used in lovely m 43*b*
Maenad head of some fierce M 396*a*
M and the Bassarid 420*b*
Maeonides blind M 273*a*
old M the blind 154*b*
Maeotis lo, where M sleeps 299*a*
Magazine of life and comfort 186*b*
Magdalen Cicely, Gertrude M 311*b*
fourteen months at M College 161*b*
the monks of M 161*b*
Maggie coost her head fu' high 60*a*
Maggot must be born i' the cheese 144*a*
Maggot-pies and choughs and rooks 349*a*
Maggots in yr brains 23*b*
Magic a dealer in m and spells 167*a*
if this be m , let it be an art 373*b*
no m of her voice 293*b*
once it was a m sound to me 71*a*
secret m of numbers 41*b*
the m of a name 77*a*
there's m in the web of it 362*b*
what conjuration what mighty m 360*a*
with a m like thee 73*a*
with m in my eyes 180*a*
Magistrate commandment of the M 491*b*
Magistrates some, like m correct 381*b*
Magna Charta is such a fellow 97*b*
Magnanimity curb yr m 223*b*
in all the m of thought 477*a*
m in politics wisdom 56*a*
Magnanimous Despair alone cd show 260*a*
Magnet attract a Silver Churn 165*b*
Magnetic peripatetic lover 165*b*
Magnetism works all night 447*b*
Magnificence this m is wholly thine 464*a*
Magnificent in his mild and m eye 48*a*
it is m , but it is not war 561*a*
m out of the dust we came 452*a*
mute and m , without a tear 141*b*
Magnify m him for ever 478*a*
m him that rideth the heavens 486*a*
my soul doth m the Lord 508*b*
Magnipotent raptly m 179*b*
Magnitude liar of the first m 104*b*
Mahmud M on his golden throne 152*b*
pity Sultan M 152*b*
Mahogany Tree 440*b*
Mahomet hill will not come to M 15*a*
passed from M to Moses 305*a*
soul to whom Luther, and M 133*b*
Mahometans paradisaical pleasures of the M 175*b*
Maid a m not vendible 352*b*
as the m that milks 324*b*
a wink for every pretty m 417*a*
bare-footed came the beggar m 425*b*
cling with life to the m 146*b*
come down, O m 437*a*
espy a fair pretty m 525*b*
from the lazy finger of a m 364*b*
going to, my pretty m ? 525*b*
had she been a country m 61*b*
heart of neither m nor wife 425*a*
I beheld the m 354*b*
I heard a m sing in the valley 523*a*
I knew a gentle m 177*a*
it was an Abyssinian m 101*b*
like mistress, like m 150*b*
like a moth, the simple m 159*a*
Lily Dale,—Old M 445*b*
little M wd have her will 472*b*
M of Athens, ere we part 73*a*
m whom there were none to praise 470*b*
m whose lip mature is ever new 218*a*
many a youth, and many a m 269*a*
my love is the m ov all maidens 21*a*
now to the m who has none, sir 400*b*
O fair and stately m 146*b*
of wedded m , and virgin mother 270*a*
slain by a fair cruel m 371*a*
the maiden passion for a m 428*a*
the m remembers 414*b*
the m was in the garden 533*b*
the matron and the m 184*a*
there was a fair m dwellin' 531*a*
the signal to a m 265*a*
the way of a man with a m 499*a*
to the heart of a m 229*b*
widow'd wife, and wedded m 319*a*
yonder a m and her wight 179*b*
Maiden a m never bold 360*a*
archly the m smiled 246*b*
a village m she 432*b*
from his true m 's breast 318*a*
God pursuing, the m hid 420*b*
how cd you use a poor m so 523*a*
I know a m fair to see 246*b*
I, m , round thee, m , bind my belt 428*a*
I pursued a m 394*a*
I sing of a m 524*a*
I've a neater, sweeter m 232*a*
kissed the m all forlorn 534*a*
let the m understand 34*b*
like a high-born m 398*a*
m , and mistress of the months 420*a*
m herself will steal after it 281*b*
m meditation, fancy-free 356*b*
m most perfect, lady of light 420*a*
many a rose-lipt m 199*b*
mother, a m is a tender thing 428*b*
mother and m 524*b*
prithee, pretty m 165*b*
rare and radiant m 298*a*
she was a m city 472*b*
simple m in her flower 431*b*
that orbèd m , with white fire 393*a*
the merry m and the tar 166*a*
this m she lived 297*b*
thy pipe is as the m 's organ 370*a*
till the m yields 433*b*
to love one m only 428*a*
to the m of bashful fifteen 400*b*
what shall be the m s fate 317*a*
where the m flirts 196*a*
woo a dead m to be his bride 319*a*
Maidens all her m , watching 436*b*
all the m pretty 103*b*
bind him for thy m 497*b*
conserved of m ' hearts 362*b*
lang may the m sit 530*a*
not fair as many m be 97*b*
sing, ye gentle m 117*b*
than smiles of other m are 97*b*
twenty love-sick m we 165*a*
what m loth? 219*b*

Maidens (*cont*)
young fair m quiet eyes 414*b*
young men and m 490*b*
youths and m gay! 100*a*
Maids but our cold m 336*a*
fashion for the m in France 383*b*
free m that weave their thread 371*a*
if seven m with seven mops 84*a*
m are May when they are m 327*b*
m come forth sprig-muslin drest 180*a*
m dance in a ring 286*a*
m lie on their backs 365*a*
m must kiss no men 35*b*
m of matchless beauty 235*a*
m strange seraphic pieces 445*a*
malady most incident to m 373*b*
three little m from school 164*b*
to lie between m ' legs 334*a*
welcome m of honour 190*b*
Maid-servants getting instructed 81*a*
Mail out of fashion, like a rusty m 369*a*
the Overland M 233*a*
Mailed seen the m lobster rise 157*b*
Maimed the spent and m among 226*a*
Main arose from out the azure m 443*a*
comes silent, flooding in, the m 96*b*
curled waters 'bove the m 342*b*
far amid the melancholy m 443*a*
glorious th' enraptured m 403*a*
great river take me to the m 436*b*
idlest froth amid the boundless m 38*b*
like the troubled m 160*a*
skims along the m 300*a*
Maine remember the M ! 526*a*
Maintain this is law, I will m 524*a*
Maire thy famous M 143*a*
Maisie proud M is in the wood 319*b*
Maize lands of m and vine 426*a*
with Plenty in the m 437*a*
Majestic m tho' in ruin 272*b*
m yet sedate 305*b*
Majestical happy, high, m 395*a*
we do it wrong, being so m 329*b*
Majesty an infinite M 478*a*
attribute to awe and m 354*b*
her ebon throne in rayless m 477*a*
in naked m seemed lords of all 274*a*
ride on! ride on in m ! 266*b*
sight so touching in its m 472*b*
sweetness, mercy, m 249*b*
the appearance of Your M 492*a*
the next in m 141*a*
think it kindness to his M 178*a*
this earth of m 375*a*
Thy m how bright 149*b*
who, busied in his m 381*b*
yr M 's will is law 165*a*
Major-General a modern M 166*b*
Majority death joins us to the m 477*b*
gone over to the m 80*a*
m is always the best repartee 130*a*
one, on God's side, is a m 296*b*
Make a Scotsman on the m 21*b*
does not usually m anything 296*b*
he did us m 224*b*
I cd not well m out 406*a*
I too will something m 36*b*
m it soft and narrow 531*b*
m more opportunities than he finds 16*b*
nothing can m her 416*a*
one of them said to his m 520*b*
ten to m and the match to win 287*b*
what m ye and what strive for? 36*a*
Makeless maiden that is m 524*a*
Maker m is himself y-beten 90*a*
more pure than his m 497*a*
scatter'd his M 's image 138*a*
show the M 's glory 176*b*
syng laudes to their m 182*b*
the m buried 414*b*
Makers t' abhor the m 140*b*
Makes m the happiness does not find 214*a*
night that m me or fordoes me 363*b*
tongue of him that m it 345*b*
Makest what m thou? 502*b*
Making joy in the m 36*b*
praise the Lord for m her 230*b*
take pleasure in m. 526*b*
Makings of a queen 386*a*
Maladies Pill for the m of Society 81*a*
soul with all its m 292*b*
Malady m most incident to maids 373*b*
medicine worse than the m 23*a*
Male m and female created he them 492*a*
more deadly than the m 220*a*
rough m kiss of blankets 30*a*
Malefactions proclaimed their m 331*a*
Males compose nothing but m 347*b*
Malfi Duchess of M still 454*b*
Malice envy, hatred, and m 478*b*
Envy, M , are his Graces 240*b*
I fight of treasonous m 348*a*
leaven of m and wickedness 479*b*
m and contentious crimes 408*b*
m domestic, foreign levy 348*b*
m never was his aim 419*a*
men, and m to breed 216*a*
much m mingled with wit 140*b*
nor set down aught in m 364*a*
not with the old leaven of m 514*a*
whilst our poor m remains 348*b*
with m toward none 245*b*
Malignity motiveless m 102*b*
Mallow the slimy m 114*a*
Malmsey and Malvoisie 25*b*
Malt Duke of Norfolk deals in m 178*a*
m does more than Milton can 199*b*
rat that ate the m 534*b*
Malta under M by the sea 231*a*
Malvoisie Malmsey and M 25*b*
Malvolio sick of self love, M 370*a*
Mamilius Herminius smote M 254*a*
the Tusculan M 253*a*
Mammocked how he m it! 328*a*
Mammon M led them on 272*a*
M , the least erected Spirit 272*a*
the m of unrighteousness 509*b*
ye cannot serve God and m 505*b*
Mammy lookin' at his m 410*a*
Man Adam, the goodliest m of men 274*a*
a good old man, sir 359*a*
ah, for a m to arise in me 433*b*
ah, God for a m with heart 433*b*
a House that armours a m 20*a*
all, save the spirit of m 67*b*
all that makes a m 428*a*
all that was pleasant in m 169*b*
alone, a banished m 520*b*
a m all light, a seraph-m 90*b*
a m can have but one life 44*b*
a m divine as myself is dead 457*b*
a m he must go with a woman 232*b*
a m in khaki kit 233*a*
a M like to me 51*b*
a m may drink 63*a*, 320*b*
a m may fight and no be slain 63*a*, 320*b*
a m may kiss a bonnie lass 63*a*, 320*b*
a m of an unbounded stomach 380*a*
a m of hope and forward-looking 464*b*
a m of infinite resource 237*a*
a m of mean estate 136*b*
a m of my kidney 356*a*
a m of such a feeble temper 337*b*
a m 's a m for a' that 60*b*
a m sent from God 510*b*
a m severe he was 168*b*
a m so various that he seem'd 138*b*
a m 's worth something 45*a*
a m when breast to breast 312*a*
a m who has no office to go to 390*b*
a m who is good enough to shed 310*a*
a m with his back to the East 98*a*
a merrier m , within the limit 344*b*
and the last m in 287*b*
an honest exceeding poor m 153*b*
an honest m , close-buttoned 109*a*
an old m , broken with the storms 380*a*
any m may be in good spirits 123*b*
any m obtain that wh he merits 101*a*
any m that walks the mead 426*b*
a plain, blunt m 340*a*
apparel oft proclaims the m 330*b*
appear like m and wife 95*a*
a proper m , as one shall see 356*b*
arms, and the m I sing 142*b*
around the m bend other faces 240*b*
art thou a M of purple cheer? 468*b*
as a dead m out of mind 483*b*
as if a m were author of himself 328*b*
Man (*cont*)
as nature first made m 139*b*
a soldier 's a m 361*a*
at thirty m suspects himself 477*a*
a very foolish, fond old m 344*a*
a very unclubbable m 207*b*
a' was a merry m 364*b*
away, slight m ! 340*b*
bears up this corpse wh is m 423*b*
because a m has shop to mind 51*b*
before M made us citizens 250*b*
behold a m raised up by Christ 430*a*
behold the m 511*b*
believe it not, O M 96*b*
better angel is a m right fair 389*b*
better spar'd a better m 379*a*
bird whom m loves 470*a*
bite so good a m 169*a*
bold bad m 385*b*, 408*b*
breathes there the m 317*a*
breath of m goeth forth 490*b*
brute to the soul of a m 426*a*
but every m a liar 513*a*
but m after his death moot wepe 89*a*
but m passionless? 307*b*
but pitied the m 110*b*
by his Spirit in the inner m 515*b*
by m came death 515*a*
called her his before the holy m 77*a*
cash sole nexus of m to m 80*b*
cease ye from m 501*a*
cells and gibbets for 'the m ' 106*a*
childhood shows the m 277*a*
Christian, pagan, nor m 333*b*
cold charities of m to m 114*a*
corruption of M 's Heart 46*b*
cd m outlook that mark! 448*a*
crucifix keeps a m from harm 227*a*
crucify the old m 481*a*
dare do all that may become a m 347*a*
dares the m put off the prophet 49*a*
deny a god destroy m 's nobility 15*a*
devotion from any sort of m 237*b*
diapason closing full in M 139*b*
discerning intellect of M 464*a*
dream'd of such a kind of m 381*a*
dull ear of a drowsy m 374*a*
each m render me his bloody hand 339*b*
earl by right, by courtesy a m 12*a*
earth and m were gone 38*b*
each m for him-self 89*a*
end of m is an action 81*b*
ere m 's corruptions made him 291*a*
evasion of whoremaster m 342*a*
even such a m , so faint 379*b*
every m (gained) by (flattery) 91*a*
every m in arms shd wish to be 465*a*
every m is an idler 213*a*
every m living is vanity 484*a*
every m 's hand against him 402*b*
every m Bolingbroke press'd 375*a*
every m therefore is but vanity 484*a*
every m who is high up 21*b*
every m who lives is born to die 141*a*
every m was God or Devil 138*b*
every minute dies a m 523*a*
exercise all functions of a m 112*a*
eye of m hath not heard 357*b*
find that cursed m , low sitting 408*b*
first-class fightin' m 229*a*
first m is of the earth, earthy 515*a*
first m thou mayest meet 445*b*
foot-in-the-grave young m 165*b*
for a rational m to play 171*b*
for it is the number of a m 519*a*
for M 's fault, then was the thorn 191*a*
for m to meet and master 51*b*
for m 's illusion given 282*b*
frailty of m without thee 479*b*
gave to the m despotic power 278*a*
gently scan yr brother m 59*a*
get a new m 367*b*
gird on thy sword, O m 36*b*
gird up now thy loins like a m 497*b*
give a m a horse 444*a*
given to the common enemy of m. 348*b*
gives to m or woman his heart 198*b*
glory of m as the flower of grass 517*b*
God above or m below 300*b*
God by m as godlike trod 422*b*

Man (*cont*)
God hath made m upright 499*b*
God is not a m 494*a*
God made the woman for the m 426*b*
God's a good m 350*a*
good compensate bad in m. 51*b*
good Lord, what is m ! 62*b*
good m was ther of religioun 88*b*
good name in m or woman 361*b*
goodness is imprinted in m 15*a*
greatest m you had ever yet seen 212*a*
grown to m 's estate 414*a*
handsome, well-shaped m. 11*a*
hang the m over again 19*b*
happy the m , and happy he alone 142*a*
has not m a microscopic eye? 300*b*
hath m no second life 5*a*
heart of a m to a maid 229*b*
Heaven had made her such a m 360*a*
he shall live a m forbid 346*a*
he was a good m , and a just 510*a*
he was a m , take him for all 330*a*
he was six foot o' m , A 1 256*b*
his little world of m 342*b*
horse a vain thing to save a m. 482*a*
hour is come, but not the m. 319*b*
how can m die better 253*a*
how he lies in his rights of a m 44*b*
how poor a thing is m 117*a*, 464*b*
I am a m , I count nothing human 554*a*
I am a m of authority 506*a*
I am a worm, and no m. 483*a*
if a m, say, I love God 518*a*
if m , of all the Creator plann'd 171*b*
if such a m there be 303*a*
I have a m 's mind 330*a*
I know not the m. 508*a*
I know the m that must hear me 100*a*
I'm a m of propertee 165*b*
I'm truly sorry m 's dominion 62*a*
I must also feel it as a m 350*a*
infirm, weak, and despised old m 342*b*
in one the frailty of a m 14*a*
in the likeness of a fat old m 377*b*
in the mind of m 472*a*
in the Parliament of m 432*b*
in this corporal earth of m 441*b*
in wit a m , simplicity a child 299*b*
I saw an aged, aged m 85*a*
is m an ape or an angel? 128*b*
I think that m was I 530*b*
I was an austere m 510*a*
je-ne-sais-quoi young m ! 165*b*
justify God's ways to m 190*b*
keep down the base in m 428*a*
killed that old m eloquent 278*b*
king is but a m , as I am 382*b*
know what God and m is 427*a*
lasting joys the m attend 459*a*
legs without the m 112*b*
let him pass for a m 353*a*
let no m put asunder 461*b*
let not m put asunder 507*a*
let the end try the m 380*a*
'let there be blood!' says m 71*a*
let us make m in our image 492*a*
life of a m a heroic poem 80*a*
life of m less than a span 17*a*
like a m inspired 465*b*
like a m made after supper 380*b*
like a strong m after sleep 279*a*
like master, like m 150*b*
Lord God formed m of the dust 492*a*
made his work, for m to mend 140*a*
make me mistress to the m I love 299*b*
making a poet out of a m 43*b*
M accepts the compromise 229*a*
m after his own heart 495*a*
m all tattered and torn 534*a*
m and a woman in a garden 466*b*
m and bird and beast 100*a*
m and wife never power to hang one another 150*a*
m ,—arrayed for mutual slaughter 468*a*
m as he is *not* to be 183*a*
m aware of his life's flow 5*a*
m became a living soul 492*a*
m being in honour 485*a*
m be more pure than his maker? 497*a*
m by nothing is so well bewray'd 400*a*
m cannot choose but pay 293*a*
Man (*cont*)
m clothed in soft raiment 506*b*
m comes and tills the field 438*a*
m delights me not 332*b*
m did eat angels' food 487*a*
m did not make, and cannot mar 6*b*
m does not live by bread alone 148*a*
m doth not live by bread only 494*b*
m dreams of fame 428*b*
m , equal and one with me 422*b*
m equal, unclassed, tribeless 397*b*
m , false m 244*a*
m far gone from righteousness 491*b*
m fell into his anecdotage 129*b*
m for the field 436*b*
m for the sword 436*b*
m goeth forth to his work 488*b*
m goeth to his long home 499*b*
M has Forever 47*a*
m hath all wh Nature hath 9*a*
m have the upper hand 482*a*
m he was to all the country dear 168*b*
m in his hasty days 36*b*
m in the bush with God may meet 146*b*
m in the wilderness asked me 534*a*
m in whose rich soul 136*b*
m is a bundle of contradictions 103*b*
m is an embodied paradox 103*b*
M is a noble animal 42*b*
m is a political animal 559*a*
m is a religious animal 57*a*
m is as old as he's feeling 102*b*
m is a tool-making animal 157*a*
m is a tool-using animal 81*b*
m is born free 565*b*
m is born unto trouble 497*a*
m is but a devil weakly fettered 412*b*
m is distinguished by laughter 2*b*
m is God's image 186*b*
M is Heaven's masterpiece 307*a*
M I shd avoid so soon 338*a*
m is m 's and master of his fate 428*b*
m is m 's ABC 307*a*
m is Nature's sole mistake! 166*b*
m is not a fly 300*b*
m is not m as yet 49*b*
m is of kin to beasts 15*a*
m is one world 187*b*
m is only a reed 564*b*
m is only truly great 129*b*
m is small potatoes 237*a*
m is the hunter 436*b*
m is the maker of his fortune 410*b*
M is the Master of things 423*a*
m is the measure of all things 560*a*
m lays his hand upon a woman 444*b*
m lives by catchwords 413*a*
m looketh on the outward 495*b*
m looks aloft 142*b*
m made the town 111*b*
m maketh offe a yerde 90*a*
m marks the earth with ruin 69*b*
m may escape from rope 150*b*
m more sinned against 342*b*
m must get drunk 70*b*
m must play a part 352*b*
m must serve his time 72*a*
m never is, but always to be 300*b*
M of baser earth did not make 154*a*
m of sense only trifles with them 91*a*
M of sorrows had a part 53*a*
m only one torture amusing 157*b*
m partly is and hopes to be 46*a*
M propounds negotiations 229*a*
m , proud m 351*b*
m , put thy old cloak about thee! 524*b*
m remains sceptreless 397*b*
m 's Babylons strive to impart 441*b*
m 's chief pleasure is society? 117*b*
m 's congregation shun 441*a*
m 's desire is for the woman 102*b*
m 's distinctive mark 46*a*
m seeketh in society comfort 13*a*
m seems the only growth 170*a*
M 's Forgiveness give—and take! 154*a*
m shall have his mare 357*a*
m shall not live by bread alone 505*a*
m 's heart is evil from his youth 492*b*
m 's heart is small 235*a*
m 's image and his cry 476*a*
m 's inhumanity to m 61*b*
Man (*cont*)
m 's life is cheap as beasts 342*b*
m 's love is of m 's life apart 70*a*
m some did count him mad 54*b*
m 's the gowd for a' that 60*b*
m still bears stamp of origin 117*b*
m 's strength to comfort 228*a*
m struggling in the water 206*b*
m s unconquerable mind 472*b*
m 's unhappiness, as I construe 81*b*
m s word is God in m 427*b*
m that is born of a woman 481*b*, 497*a*
m that is I 422*b*
m that is made of me 422*b*
m that is not passion's slave 334*a*
m that meddles with cold iron! 65*a*
M I the pilgrim of a day 77*b*
m to command woman to obey 436*b*
m to double business bound 334*b*
m to m the greatest curse 19*a*
m to m, the warld o'er 60*b*
m walketh in a vain shadow 484*a*
m wants but little 169*a*, 477*b*
m was formed for society 28*b*
m was made for Joy and Woe 20*b*
m was made to mourn 61*b*
m who cd make so vile a pun 120*a*
m who has the power and skill 528*a*
M , who is from God sent 465*a*
m who needlessly sets foot 112*b*
m , whose blood is warm 352*b*
m who used to notice such things 179*a*
m with a muck-rake in his hand 54*a*
m without religion 181*a*
m with the head 436*b*
m will go down to the pit 18*a*
m woman's cully made 104*b*
many years a mortal m may live 384*a*
Master Ridley play the m 242*b*
means for every m alive 322*a*
mind of m more beautiful 470*a*
mind's the standard of the m 453*a*
moral centaur, m and wife 71*a*
more like a whore's than a m 's 232*b*
more than m to wish thee so 281*a*
moulded by the lips of m 439*a*
my handsome young m 529*b*
my m Friday with me 118*b*
my only study is m 34*a*
Nature made thee to temper m 291*b*
neither is any mighty m delivered 484*a*
neither m nor angel can discern 273*b*
neither m , nor muse, can praise 215*b*
never had m such opportunity 71*b*
never m spake like this m 511*a*
never yet was noble m 428*b*
new m may be raised up in him 481*a*
noblest work of m 67*a*, 203*b*
noisy m is always in the right 108*a*
no m does That is his 460*a*
no m hath seen God 510*b*, 518*a*
no m is born into the world 250*a*
no m is born unto himself 307*a*
no m need boast their love 36*b*
no m true to his wife, or can be 447*b*
nor M nor Boy 466*b*
nothing to do with that just m 508*a*
not good that the m shd be alone 492*a*
not know the garment from the m 30*a*
not the bond of m and wife 428*b*
not yet old enough for a m 370*a*
nowher so busy a m as he 88*b*
O brother m ! 458*b*
o'er all this scene of m. 300*b*
of m 's clotted clay the dingiest 442*a*
of M 's first disobedience 270*b*
of m 's miraculous mistakes 477*a*
O good old m ! 326*a*
oh! mystery of m 470*a*
old m with an old soul 74*b*
O M that from thy fair youth 463*b*
O men, this m in brotherhood 43*a*
once on a time there was a M 235*a*
one m among a thousand 499*b*
one m picked out of ten thousand 332*a*
one m with a dream 291*a*
one still strong m 433*b*
only a m harrowing clods 179*b*
only m is vile 184*a*
on M , on Nature musing 464*a*
open not thine heart to every m 520*b*

Man (*cont*)
O selfless m and gentleman *429a*
out of me God and m *422a*
outward semblance of a m *126b*
owe more tears to this dead m *341b*
O wretched m that I am *513a*
pass m 's understanding *479b*
pays to trusted m annual visit *443b*
poor m that hangs on princes' *386a*
preaching m 's immense stupidity *45b*
prentice han' she tried on m *60b*
present hour alone is m 's *213a*
proper study of mankind is m *301a*
put m 's best dreams to shame *14a*
rash, refined, presumptuous m *79a*
ready now to call a m *a good m* *211a*
right m in the right place *205a*
right m to fill the right place *243a*
rocking a grown m in the cradle *58a*
rood of ground maintained its m *168a*
rough and ready m that write *45a*
round, fat, oily m of God *443a*
running a m down *418a*
Sabbath was made for m *508a*
sadder and a wiser m *100a*
Saint nor Sophist led, but be a m *5a*
saucy look of an assured m *105b*
scarce be a m before thy mother *23a*
sees m control the wind *5b*
sensible, and well-bred m *108a*
seven women take hold of one m *501a*
shake a m 's faith in himself *390a*
shall a young m cleanse his way *489a*
shall m be more just than God *497a*
shall m into the mystery spy *263b*
she knows her m *142b*
shew all, that might be in m *136b*
sinful m beneath the sky *224a*
single m in possession of fortune *11b*
sober m among his boys *430a*
so can I, or so can any m *378a*
social, friendly, honest m *60a*
so is it now I am a m *468a*
some divinely gifted m *430b*
so much one m can do *261a*
so near is God to m *147a*
Son of M in weary Night's *30a*
son of m , that thou visitest him? *482a*
soul of the m on its breast *6a*
so unto the m is woman *248b*
strain of m 's bred out *368a*
strange what a m may do *439b*
strive to be a m before yr mother *107b*
striving to be m , the worm mounts *146b*
strong m , to clean horses *417a*
surely m is a broomstick! *418a*
teach you more of m *471b*
tell me a m 's a foxhunter *416b*
that low m goes on adding *47a*
that low m seeks a little thing *47a*
that make ingrateful m *342b*
that parchment shd undo a m *384a*
that thorn-crowned M ! *7a*
that wild beast m *33b*
the best good m *309b*
the Child is father of the M *468a*
the grave m , nicknamed Adam *96a*
the holy spirit of m *420b*
the inner m *481b*
the m hath penance done *99b*
the m I am may cease to be! *433b*
the m in the street *176b*
the m is absolutely fixed on *151a*
the M of England circled *263a*
the m perceives it die away *466b*
the m recovered of the bite *169a*
the m sprang to his feet *47b*
the m that hails you Tom or Jack *108a*
the M , who, lifted high *465b*
the mildest mannered m *70b*
the most senseless and fit m *358b*
the old m kindly answered *236a*
the people arose as one m *495a*
the play is the tragedy, 'M ' *298a*
there came to the making of m *420b*
there is a m child conceived *497a*
there is an old poor m *326b*
the relief of m 's estate *13a*
there was an Old M in a boat *243a*
there was an Old M in a tree *243a*
there was an old m of Boulogne *527a*

Man (*cont*)
there was an old m who said, 'Hush!' *243b*
there was an Old M with a beard *243a*
the ruins of the noblest m *339b*
the secret'st m of blood *349a*
these last strands of m *197a*
the state of m a little kingdom *338b*
the substance of men wh is m *423a*
the White M 's burden *236b*
they are neither m nor woman *298a*
think of it, dissolute m ! *196a*
this dust was once the m *458b*
this foolish-compounded clay m *379b*
this high m , aiming at a million *47a*
this high m , with a great thing *47a*
this is a slight unmeritable m *340b*
this is not the m *381a*
this is the state of m *385b*
this little kingdom, m , to arm *380b*
this m loved *me* *241b*
this pure young m *165b*
this was a m ! *341b*
thou art e'en as just a m. *334a*
thou art the m *495b*
thou best-humoured m *169b*
thou excellent young m *313b*
thou large-hearted m *43b*
thou madest m , he knows not why *429b*
thousandth M will stand by *235a*
thou stalk o' carl-hemp in m *59a*
thou turnest m to destruction *487b*
thro' this m and me hath war *257b*
thus the child imposes on the m *140b*
'tis an Old M grey *29b*
'tis m s perdition to be safe *147a*
'tis not what m does wh exalts *51b*
to be a well-favoured m *358b*
to be m with thy might *422b*
to cheat a m is nothing *159b*
to every m a damsel *495a*
to every m upon this earth *253a*
told the stars the Grief of M *234b*
took a m 's life along with him *80b*
tresses m 's imperial race insnare *302b*
truth the friend of m *77b*
tun of m is thy companion *377b*
unaccommodated m is no more *343a*
unless he first spell M *307a*
untainted by m 's misery *398b*
unto the m of yearning thought *313a*
unwise m doth not well consider *487b*
Valoroso is a m again *440a*
voice of a god and not of a m *512a*
vulgar works of m *409a*
wanderer is m from his birth *6a*
Waterloo House young m *165b*
way of a m with a maid *499a*
were m but constant *372b*
what a piece of work is a m ! *332b*
what bloody m is that *345b*
whate'er afflict the m *136b*
what every m may do *209a*
what is a m if but to sleep *335b*
what is m , that thou art mindful *482a*
what m has made of m *471a*
what m shd ever be *72b*
what signifies the life o' m *60b*
when a m bites a dog *116b*
when a m shd marry *14b*
when a strong m armed *509a*
when god first maked m *89a*
when he thinks, good easy m *385b*
when I became a m *514b*
when I came to m 's estate *372a*
when M is the Turk *92b*
wherever a m goes *444a*
whether m 's heart or life it be *442a*
while m there walked *261a*
who kills a m kills God's image *279a*
who s master, who's m *410b*
whoso sheddeth m 's blood *492b*
whoso wd be a m *147b*
who touches this touches a m *458b*
why m of morals, tell me why? *106b*
wisest m the warl'saw *60b*
woman is the lesser m *432b*
woman's cause is m 's *437a*
worth makes the m *301b*
wrath of m worketh not *517a*
wrestled a m with him *493a*

Man (*cont*)
wretched m outlive his wealth *355[illegible]*
writing (maketh) an exact m. *16[illegible]*
you gods, a poor old m *342[illegible]*
you'll be a M , my Son! *230[illegible]*
young lassie do wi' an auld m *63a*
young m feels his pockets *200a*
young m kindly answered *236a*
you're not a m , you're a machine *389b*
Manager, actor, prompter *181a*
Manasses is mine *485b*
Man-at-arms must now serve *295b*
Mandalay come you back to M *232a*
from Rangoon to M *232a*
on the road to M *232a*
Mandate thus the royal m ran *60a*
Mandragon Mr M , the millionaire *92a*
Mandragora give me to drink m *323a*
not poppy, nor m *362a*
Mandrake get with child a m root *134a*
Mane grasped the m with both hands *108b*
my hand upon thy m *69b*
seized fast the flowing m *108b*
thin m , thick tail *386b*
Manes plats the m of horses *365a*
Manger cold, and not too cleanly, m *114b*
in a m for His bed *3b*
in homely m trembling *407b*
in the rude m lies *270a*
One born in a m *448a*
to dog in the m some liken I cd *446a*
Mangerful of hay *311a*
Mangle immense pecuniary M *127b*
Mangler in a million *125b*
Manhood by taking of the M into God *478b*
Fate reserves for a bright m *252a*
find thy M all too fast *195b*
hardened into the bone of m *55b*
in conspiracy against the m *147b*
in the glory of his m *12a*
M a struggle *129a*
m full and fair *37a*
m taken by the Son *288b*
neither m , nor good fellowship *376b*
no sounder piece of British m *80b*
robs me of my m *139a*
Manhoods hold their m cheap *383a*
Mania of owning things *458a*
Maniac poets, from a m 's tongue *43a*
Time, a m scattering dust *430a*
Manifest man's work made m *514a*
my soul shall m mightly *359b*
our m destiny to overspread *291a*
Manifold stories, I know *75b*
Mankind all the happiness m can gain *140b*
all m 's epitome *138b*
as a spectator of m *1b*
as I know more of m *211a*
but itself to teach it to m *36a*
common dispositions of m *56b*
crucify m upon a cross of gold *53a*
deceived the mother of m *270b*
example is the school of m *58a*
fleeting generations of m *399b*
fly from, need not be to hate, m *68b*
for an apple damn d m *291b*
Gods together, careless of m *433a*
he's an enemy to m *371b*
if all m minus one *266a*
in my mind, of all m *529b*
in th' original perused m *4b*
justified in silencing m *266a*
make m , in conscious virtue bold *298b*
m are the asses who pull *72b*
m hosts and guests *24b*
m 's concern is charity *301b*
m will not be reasoned *28b*
mistress all m pursue *457a*
retrench the superfluities of m *159b*
shut the gates of mercy on m *174b*
survey m , from China to Peru *213b*
things in the saddle, and ride m *146b*
to party what was meant for m *169b*
to you and all m *424b*
Manlier nobler and the m one *71a*
Manliness silent m of grief *169a*
Manly I love a m moral liberty *56b*
Man-milliner architectural m *313b*

Manna his tongue dropt m 272*a*
m and dates, in argosy 221*b*
news, the m of a day 175*b*
we loath'd our m 141*a*
Manned by Manning 51*a*
Manner a m rude and wild 25*b*
as the manner of some is 517*a*
a very good bedside m 535*b*
forgetteth what m of man 517*b*
Socratic m is not a game 25*a*
the m of his speech 323*a*
think about the m of doing it 183*b*
to the m born 331*a*
Manners catch the m living 300*b*
combines the m of a Marquis 166*b*
corrupt good m 515*a*
first for m ' sake 520*b*
France influenced m in England 57*a*
her m had not that repose 431*b*
his m are not so polite 233*a*
his m our heart 169*b*
his m were gentle 169*b*
I describe not men, but m 151*a*
I know their tricks and their m 125*b*
m are not idle 427*b*
m, climates, councils 438*b*
Next Poet'—(M, Ben!) 48*b*
not good m to mention here 40*b*
Peel has no m 455*a*
polish'd m and fine sense 112*b*
so neat the m of my mother 370*a*
so well bewrayed as by his m 409*a*
sundry times and in divers m 517*a*
take their m from the ape 25*b*
teach m of a dancing master 206*b*
with sweeter m, purer laws 431*a*
Manning manned by M 51*a*
Manningtree ox 377*b*
Manor sold a goodly m for a song 322*a*
Man-o-War's 'er husband 231*b*
Mansion back to its m call 174*a*
Jove's Court my m is 266*b*
made his everlasting m 308*a*
upon thy fading m spend 389*b*
Mansionary his loved m 347*a*
Mansions build thee more stately m 194*a*
in my father's house are many m 511*a*
listing m of the dead 113*b*
to m in the skies 453*b*
where the many m be 80*a*
Mantalini Mr M 124*a*, *b*, 125*a*
Mrs M 124*b*
Mantle Elijah cast his m upon him 406*a*
green m of the standing pool 343*a*
in his m muffling up his face 340*a*
m like a standing pond 352*b*
morn, in russet m clad 329*b*
over dark her silver m threw 274*a*
twitched his m blue 270*a*
wrapt in scarlet m warm 109*b*
wrapt thy form in a m grey 399*a*
you all do know this m 340*a*
Mantovano I salute thee, M 479*a*
Mantuan ere the M swan was heard 111*b*
Old M! old M! 344*b*
pretty t' the M! 75*b*
Manual no M, no letters 74*b*
Manure it is its natural m 204*b*
Manuscript Youth's sweet-scented M 154*a*
Manxome foe he sought 83*b*
Many as it were a monster unto m 486*b*
do you ask me how m I'd have? 461*a*
election by the incompetent m 391*a*
few shall part where m meet 77*a*
how m among us at this very hour 427*b*
if so, how m? (measles) 451*a*
madness of m gain of a few 301*a*
m are called, but few are chosen 507*b*
m have fallen by the sword 520*b*
m shall run to and fro 504*a*
m still must labour for the one 69*b*
m there be that go in thereat 505*b*
m things to fear 15*a*
my name is Legion, for we are m 508*b*
party is the madness of the m. 419*a*
the m change and pass 392*b*
the m fail the one succeeds 426*b*
the mutable, rank-scented m 328*a*
there's a tree, of m, one 466*a*
Many (*cont*.)
the unheeding m he did move 399*a*
what are they among so m 510*b*
ye are m, they are few 395*b*
yes, sir, m men, m women 207*a*
Many-headed monster multitude 262*b*
Map m me no maps 151*b*
m with the augmentation 371*b*
my head is a m 151*b*
roll up that m 297*b*
Maple extremely like M Grove 11*a*
Maps Geographers, in Africa m 419*b*
Geography is about m 27*b*
Mar Colonel to the Lord of M 298*b*
man did not make, and cannot m 6*b*
oft we m what's well 342*a*
Marathon M looks on the sea 70*b*
mountains look on M 70*b*
Marble dreamt that I dwelt in m halls 53*b*
forget thyself to m 268*a*
found it brick and left it m 538*a*
in water writ, but this in m 23*a*
m index of a mind 469*b*
nor, in thy m vault shall sound 260*a*
not m, nor the gilded monuments 387*b*
sleep in dull cold m 386*a*
way to receive and m to retain 67*b*
Marbled Sunium's m steep 71*a*
Marcellus exiled feels 301*b*
March ashbuds in the front of M 427*a*
beware the Ides of M 337*b*
boundary of the m of a nation 292*b*
day's in nearer home 280*a*
dell dinna ye m forward 320*a*
droghte of M hath perced 88*a*
hem his watery m 8*a*
lambies m from short to long 101*b*
in the mad M days 261*b*
in the wild M -morning 434*b*
long majestic m, 303*b*
M dust to be sold 448*a*
m is o'er the mountain waves 78*a*
m, m, Eskdale and Liddesdale 320*a*
m, m, Ettrick and Teviotdale 320*a*
m of the human mind is slow 55*b*
'm on!' he said 459*a*
M sun feels like May 48*b*
M winds and April showers 525*a*
remember M, the ides of M 340*b*
sea-blue bird of M 430*b*
stablish, continue our m 7*b*
take the winds of M with beauty 371*a*
the ides of M are come 339*a*
the m of intellect 407*a*
the m of mind 295*a*
the month that highti M 89*a*
we shall m prospering 48*a*
whenever a M -wind sighs 434*a*
with merry m lining home 381*b*
Marchioness, like on sallows 198*a*
Marched 'ave m —six—weeks in 'Ell 227*b*
he marched them down again 526*b*
he m them up to the top 526*b*
m into their land 12*b*
Marches our delightful m to measures 384*b*
slow howe'er my m be 225*b*
March Hare 'Why not?' said the M 83*a*
Marching his truth is m on 200*b*
Johnny Comes M Home Again 527*b*
m along, fifty score strong 45*b*
m as to war 20*a*
m thro' Georgia 473*a*
m where it likes 9*b*
passed from Egypt m 271*b*
Marcus first, M Brutus 339*b*
Mare bay m shames silliness 458*a*
Flanders m 571*b*
lend me yr grey m 531*b*
man shall have his m again 357*a*
woa, m! woa, m! 162*b*
Marengo this is our M 135*b*
Margaret Clerk Saunders and Mary M 529*a*
M and Rosalys 311*b*
M, Maude, or Cecily 204*b*
Merry M, the midsummer flower 402*b*
noble M Newcastle 239*a*
Margate in M last July 19*b*
Margate (*cont*.)
on M beach 196*a*
Marge every m enclosing 429*a*
having an ample m 429*a*
m of each cold Hebrid isle 103*a*
Margent Meander's m green 267*a*
Margery Daw 533*b*
Margin picture on the m wrought 137*b*
thro' a meadow of m 406*b*
world, whose m fades for ever 438*b*
Maria Ave M! tis the hour 71*a*
Mariana resides this dejected M 352*a*
Marie M Carmichael, and me 530*a*
M Hamilton 's to the kirk gane 530*a*
M Seaton and M Beaton 530*a*
Maries the Queen had four M 530*a*
Marigold, that goes to bed 373*a*
Marigolds no m yet closed are 190*a*
Mariner came to the m 's hollo! 98*b*
God save thee, ancient M! 98*b*
I fear thee, ancient M 99*a*
it is an ancient M 98*a*
or the m, worn and wan 395*a*
the bright-eyed M 98*a*
the M hath his will 98*a*
Mariners best pilots need of m 215*a*
loves to talk with m 99*b*
my m, souls that have toil'd 419*a*
rest ye, brother m 433*a*
we be three poor m 308*b*
ye M of England 77*b*
Marivaux and Crebillon 175*b*
Marjoram mints, savory, m 373*a*
Mark ed man outlook that m 448*a*
finds m the archer little meant 317*b*
go, m him well 317*a*
Gray's poetry above common m 209*a*
I press toward the m 516*a*
it is an ever-fixed m 389*a*
I will stand and m 438*a*
Matthew, M, Luke and John 2*b*
m my footsteps, good my page 286*b*
m, or the name of the beast 519*a*
read, m, learn 479*a*
straight to the self-same m 48*a*
sure he shall never hit the m. 401*b*
Mark Antony s was by Cæsar 348*b*
Marked God marked him for his own 450*b*
if we are m to die 383*a*
Market chief good and m of his time 335*b*
Market-gardener marry a m 125*a*
Market-place Antony, enthroned i' the m 323*a*
Idols of the M. 16*b*
noonday, upon the m 338*a*
Markets great m by the sea 154*b*
Marking the malady of not m 379*b*
Marks nobody m you 358*a*
Marl clod of wayward m 358*a*
over the burning m 271*b*
Marlborough from M 's eyes dotage flew 214*a*
praise the Duke of M won 406*a*
Marlowe's mighty line 216*a*
Marmaduke Astley, and Sir M 252*b*
Marmion good-night to M 318*b*
the last words of M 318*b*
Marocco Damasco or M. 271*b*
Marquis manners of a M. 166*b*
m, duke and a' that 60*b*
the M gazed a moment 12*b*
Married all that 's spoke is m 364*a*
a young man married is m 322*a*
is thy earth so m 442*a*
soon m are those too early made 364*b*
Marriage coldly furnish the m tables 330*a*
courtship to m witty prologue 105*a*
every m then is best in tune 452*a*
gentleman very unhappy in m 208*a*
good hanging prevents a bad m 370*a*
hanging and m go by Destiny 150*b*
in m, a man becomes slack 413*a*
is not m an open question 148*b*
it won't be a stylish m 116*b*
m and death and division 421*a*
m has many pains 213*b*
m is a civil contract 321*a*

Marriage (*cont*)
m is a step so grave 413*a*
m is like life in this 413*a*
m is popular because it combines 391*a*
m supper of the lamb 510*b*
m the happiest bond of love 173*a*
marrying and giving in m 507*b*
merry as a m bell 68*a*
more for a m than a ministry 17*b*
must be my m fee 226*b*
neither marry, nor are given in m 507*b*
O curse of m ! 362*a*
rich hues have m made 36*b*
rob a lady by way of m 151*b*
satisfaction, if any in m 160*a*
talk about the blessings of m 391*a*
the m with his brother's wife 385*b*
this Rachel-and-Leah is m 96*a*
tho' m makes one flesh 104*a*
to the m of true minds 389*a*
was m ever out of fashion? 66*a*
with dirge in m 329*b*
with the vow I made to her in m 331*b*
Marriage-feast sweeter than the m 100*a*
Marriages best maker of all m 383*b*
m and public executions 130*a*
m made by the Lord Chancellor 209*a*
only give a bust of m 70*b*
reasons why so few m are happy 419*a*
we will have no more m 333*b*
widows exclaim against second m 151*a*
Married Alfred and I intended to be m 38*b*
at leisure m, repent in haste 105*a*
aunts, who are not m 93*b*
Benedick the m man 358*a*
cuckoo mocks m men 345*b*
delight we m people have 296*a*
ere I will be m to a sponge 353*a*
he is dreadfully m 451*b*
honest man who m more service 171*a*
how will he be m 534*b*
if ever we had been m 159*a*
I'm to be m to-day 163*b*
in m life three is company 460*a*
I wd be m to a single life 114*b*
like to be m to a poet 223*a*
maids to kiss before they are m 383*b*
m and gone to New Zealand 96*a*
m and woo'd and a' 310*b*
m, charming, chaste 70*a*
m in haste repent at leisure 105*a*
m man dies in good stile 451*a*
m past redemption 141*a*
m to a mer-ma-id 525*b*
m to immortal verse 269*a*
mostly m people 96*a*
most m man I ever saw 451*b*
now we re m spite nae mair 63*a*
once you are m nothing left 413*a*
one fool in every m couple 151*a*
one was never m his hell 64*a*
Reader, I m him 382*a*
rogue is m to a whore 234*a*
some were m, wh was had 237*a*
think I shd live till I were m 368*b*
thinks she's not a-goin' to be m 417*a*
till anes we m be 529*a*
true, I have m her 360*a*
wen you're a m man, Samivel 126*b*
wench who is just m 159*b*
woo'd and m and a' 528*b*
word unpleasing to a m ear 345*b*
you, that are going to be m 170*b*
young man m is a man marred 322*a*
Marries m, dies, or turns Hindoo 395*b*
times changed with him who m 413*a*
Marrow busk ye my winsome m 188*b*
Marry advice to persons about to m 535*a*
and why they m them 247*b*
as easy to m a rich woman 440*a*
better to m than to burn 514*a*
come hame, my love, to m thee 20*b*
doánt thou m for monny 434*b*
he ever means to m any vun 127*a*
he's going to m Yum-Yum 164*b*
how can a bishop m ? 404*b*
if I shd m him 353*a*
if you do *not* m Mr Collins 11*b*
I shd m twenty husbands 353*a*
Man may not m his grandmother 491*b*
Marry (*cont*)
m Ann no more inspiration 390*b*
m thee, purely to be rid of thee 105*a*
m yr old friend's love 52*a*
neither m, nor given in marriage 507*b*
no woman shd m a tectotaller 413*a*
pretty maiden, will you m me? 165*b*
question when I m again 163*b*
sure to m a market-gardener 125*a*
to m is to domesticate 413*a*
we are told that they neither m 418*b*
where I love I must not m 281*a*
where I m, cannot love 281*a*
while ye may, go m 190*b*
woman may m whom she likes 440*a*
Marrying m and giving in marriage 507*b*
they aren't the m kind 232*b*
Mars Pallas, Jove and M 131*b*
this seat of M 375*a*
Marshes see to 'Ackney M 22*a*
Mart too close in church and m 44*a*
Martha M was cumbered 509*a*
Sons of M 234*b*
Martial melting airs, or m 112*b*
m brood accustomed to fight 408*b*
Martin Elgunbeddw 256*a*
Martinmass it fell about the M 529*a*
Martlet m builds in the weather 353*b*
temple-haunting m 347*a*
Martyr all the m throng 286*a*
glorious the m's gore 403*a*
groan of the m's woe 30*b*
I am love's m 133*a*
if thou deye a m 90*a*
m to mild enthusiasm 45*b*
Oldcastle died a m 381*a*
pale m in his shirt of fire 403*b*
thou fall st a blessed m 386*a*
Martyrdom all have not the gift of m 140*b*
it were a m to live 42*a*
she's for the Moors, and M 115*a*
Martyrs about the graves of the m 414*b*
blood of the m seed of the Church 574*a*
noble army of m 478*a*
stones and clouts make m 42*a*
Marvel but that s no m 380*b*
Marvelled to see such things 485*a*
Marvelling she left me m 441*a*
Marvellous m change on a sudden 67*b*
usual propensity towards the m 201*b*
Marvels who alone workest great m 478*b*
Mary Christ-child stood at M's knee 92*a*
cometh M Magdalene early 511*b*
everywhere that M went 177*b*
groves where the lady M is 311*b*
if any young men come for M 11*b*
I'm sitting on the stile, M 28*b*
I'm very lonely now, M 29*a*
in battle was M Ambree 511*b*
is there room for M there? 315*b*
Jesu, M and Joseph they bare 524*a*
little M Bell had a Fairy 31*a*
M did sing 524*a*
M had a little lamb 177*b*
M hath chosen that good part 509*a*
M ! I want a lyre 113*a*
M loves the lamb, you know 177*b*
M, pity women! 232*b*
M was that Mother mild 3*b*
Mistress M, quite contrary 533*a*
my M from my soul was torn 61*b*
my M —kind and true! 29*a*
my M ! 109*a*
my M 's asleep by thy stream 60*b*
my sweet Highland M 61*a*
O M, go and call the cattle home 226*b*
O Mother, M Mother 313*a*
passion for the name of 'M' 71*a*
Philip and M on a shilling 66*a*
Queen M 's saying serves for me 46*a*
red was on yr lip, M 28*b*
said M as we sate in dusk 393*a*
Saint Anne, the mother of M 293*a*
save One, than M Magdalene 294*b*
Sons of M seldom bother 234*b*
this is that blessed M 313*a*
to M Queen the praise be given! 99*a*
Mary (*cont*)
ye are na M Morison 61*b*
Marybone from Islington to M 30*b*
Mary-buds winking M begin 328*b*
Maryland by the hills of M 458*b*
M, my M ! 308*a*
Mask he had a m like Castlereagh 395*b*
m of night is on my face 365*a*
no m like open truth 104*a*
one m of brooses 124*b*
shows, as he removes the m 440*b*
the loathsome m has fallen 397*b*
Masks, and antique pageantry 269*a*
Masonry kinghest m 396*a*
Masons singing m building roofs 381*b*
Masquerade the truth in m 71*b*
Mass baby figure of the giant m 368*b*
jewelled m of millinery 433*b*
mingled in a m 254*a*
m of mankind understand it 17*a*
yawning at the M 92*b*
Massacre not as sudden as a m 446*b*
Masses back the m against the classes 167*b*
bow, ye m ! 163*b*
m and fugues and 'ops' 164*b*
Mass-priest knelt at the side 284*b*
Massy antique pillars m proof 268*b*
Mast bends the gallant m 116*a*
m burst open with a rose 155*a*
m of some great ammiral 271*b*
m was o' the beaten gold 529*a*
right up above the m 98*b*
upon the high and giddy m 380*a*
Master a m o'er a slave 466*b*
build me straight, O worthy M 246*b*
Caliban, has a new m 367*b*
chants the m's requiem 146*b*
Cold Iron—is m of them all 228*a*
Dickon thy m is bought 385*a*
everyone can m a gruf 358*b*
he saith, M, say on 509*a*
I am M of this College 528*b*
I am the m of my fate 185*a*
I bae a gude m 320*a*
in constancy follow the M 54*b*
in his m's steps he trod 286*b*
into the woods my M went 242*b*
ken when I have a kind m 319*b*
like m, like man 150*b*
love is m wher he wile 172*a*
love wd prove so hard a m 38*a*
man is m in and m of his fate 428*b*
Man is the m of things 423*a*
m and servant, oft changing 446*b*
M of All Good Workmen 236*b*
m of gibes and flouts 128*b*
M of them that know 566*b*
m o' the Tiger 340*a*
m's lost his fiddling-stick 534*a*
m of unmeaning rhyme 72*b*
m, we have toiled all the night 509*a*
my m comes like any Turk 79*b*
my m is of churlish disposition 316*a*
no more subtle m under heaven 428*a*
one for my m 534*b*
one m-passion in the breast 301*a*
only The M shall praise us 236*b*
our m, famous, calm, and dead 47*a*
our royal m saw 445*b*
pity lets yr m in 117*a*
shd be the m of himself 262*b*
soul of an ancient M 49*a*
stood in the presence of The M 440*a*
that did his m conquer 324*a*
th' Eternal M found his talent 210*b*
tho' thy m miss'd it 386*a*
thy m hath his gold 289*b*
to the M of all music 248*b*
to the M of all singing 248*b*
we've got a private m 124*b*
wh I wd fain call m 342*a*
wh is to be m, that's all 85*a*
who's m, who's man 419*b*
Master-fiend Argyle 12*b*
Master-light of all our seeing 466*b*
Masterly inactivity 256*a*
M F H where the M F H dines 416*b*
Master-passion is the love of news 113*b*
Master-passions two m cannot co-exist 77*b*

Masterpiece confusion hath made his m 348a
Masterpieces his soul among m 563a
Masters all m cannot be truly follow'd 359b
a Mad World, my M 35a
both ill m be 176b
good servants, but bad m 244b
light-hearted M of the waves 8b
men are m of their fates 337b
noble and approved good m 359b
no man can serve two m 505b
spiritual pastors and m 481a
the people are the m 56a
we cannot all be m 359b
we must educate our m 572a
we were m of the seal 231a
Mastery the m of the thing 198a
Mast-high the ice m 98a
Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel 343a
Masts his m crack 87a
Match and the m to win 287b
spurt of a lighted m 48b
to m another foe 77b
who in ears and eyes m me 50b
Matches m of the Southron folk 442b
plays extravagant m 164b
Matchless the m , what you will 303b
Mate Freedom leads it forth, her m 397a
great artificer made my m 414b
his lady's ta en anither m 529b
man there walked without a m 261a
m of the *Nancy* brig 163a
she took unto herself a M 472b
who shall be the maiden's m 317a
Material most m in the postscript 15b
Schiller has the m sublime 102b
Mates his m were idly sporting 36b
his shivering m 443b
Mathematics angling so like the m 450a
m (make men) subtile 16a
mystical m of the city of heaven 41a
see Mystery to M fly! 299a
Matin each m bell the Baron saith 100a
shows the m to be near 331b
Matrimonial m devotion 164b
no one cares for m coongs 70b
Matrimony if we take m at its lowest 413a
in m begin with aversion 400b
in matters of religion and m 91a
in the holy estate of M 481b
joined together in holy M 481a
more of love than m 171a
Matron m and the maid 184a
the m 's glance 168a
thou sober-suited m 366a
Matt, old age has brought 410b
Matter a little m mend all this 35b
a m they had no concern in 419a
Berkeley said 'there was no m 71b
gravelled for lack of m 327b
great a m a little fire kindleth 517b
I am full of m 497a
I do not much dislike the m 323a
if it is it doesn't m 167a
in a great m or a small 520b
I the m will re-word 335a
m enough to save one's own 48a
m for succeeding founders 260b
m she drove at succeeded 306a
meaning however, is no great m 75b
mind and m glide swift 124a
more m for a May morning 372a
more m with less art 332a
neither part nor lot in this m 512a
order this m better in France 411a
pour out the pack of m 323b
root of the m is found in me 497a
Star-Chamber m of it 355b
such hard m dost thou entertain 393b
sum of m remains the same 14a
take away the m of them 15a
then he's full of m 325b
the wrecks of m 1b
to set off wretched m 270b
'twas no m what he said 71b
what is M ? never mind 535a
what is Mind?—No m 535a
wings shall tell the m 499b
Matter-of-fact-ness in his poetry 183a
Matters be not curious in unnecessary m 520a
not exercise myself in great m 490a
sets right all other m 46a
Matthew M , Mark, Luke, and John 2b
testified M Moon 180b
Mature for death m 276b
whose lip m is ever new 218a
Maud come into the garden, M 434a
M burst in the Earl was there 293b
M is not seventeen 433b
M , M , M , they were crying 433b
M with her exquisite face 433b
Maugre of doughty Douglas 530b
Maurice since M died 36b
Mavis Hark! the m ' evening sang 59b
I have heard the m singing 205a
Mavourneen Kathleen M 115b
Mawkish so sweetly m 299a
Mawkishness thence proceeds m 217a
Maxim a m he had often tried 114a
he who is governed by that m 456b
so useless as a general m 254b
that grounded m so rife 277b
Maxims a little hoard of m 432a
Maximum of temptation 391a
May all in the merry month of M 531a
as flush as M 334b
boughs of the m , as they sang 242a
bringeth vo'th M flowers 525a
bursting boughs of M 37a
chills the lap of M 170a
cold M and windy 446a
crowned with milk-white m 37b
do spring M flowers 446a
fair as is the rose in M 90a
fresh as is the month of M 88a
from the merriment of M 217b
gathering nuts in M 523b
he smells April and M. 356a
his bough on the eve of M 35b
I m to be Queen o' the M Mother 434b
in the merrie month of M 20b, 35a
I were lord in M 423a
love, whose month is ever M 344b
March sun feels like M 48b
M ! be never grac'd with birds 42b
M is a pious fraud 251a
M will be fine next year 199b
M 's new-fangled mirth 344b
meaning of M was clear 422b
mid-M 's eldest child 220a
month of M was come 257b
more matter for a M morning 372a
remembrance the month of M 257b
shake the darling buds of M 387a
swarm of bees in M 522a
the moonlight coloured m 398a
there's an end of M 200a
whan month of M is comen 89b
when M is past 79b
whenas M was in his pride 35a
world is white with M 427b
yet said, 'Now I m 360b
Maying let's go a-M 189a
that we two were M 226a
May-mess, like on orchard 198a
Mayne glideth 49b
Maypole away to the M hie 522b
where's the M in the strand 35a
Maypoles I sing of M 188b
May-time and the cheerful dawn 470b
Maze a mighty m ! 300b
burgeons every m of quick 431a
not in fancy's m he wandered 303a
wander in that golden m 141b
Mazes entangled in their m 397b
in wand'ring m lost 272b
voice thro' m running 269a
Mazy meandering with a m motion 101a
Me adore my gifts instead of M 188a
cometh unto the Father, but by m 511a
eyes that wd not look on m 400a
if you don't go down with m 266b
I knew the voice an' it was m 235a
just, good God! miserable m ! 51a
m , that was never a quiet sleeper 434b
m , to whom thou gav'st it 388b
m , who am as a nerve 395a
none other gods but m 480a
talk awhile of M and THEE 153b
Me (*cont*)
tell them, they are m ! 175a
this is too butch for M ! 237a
two topics, yourself and m 209a
wouldest thou m ? 399a
ye have done it unto m 508a
Mead about the new-mown m 221a
any man that walks the m 426b
by the stream and o er the m 32b
Dr M in the sunshine of life 210a
the even m 383b
Meadow a time when m , grove 466a
painted m , or a purling stream 1b
Meadow-gale of spring 99b
Meadow-sweet or sorrel 420b
Meadows abroad in the m 453a
her feet have touched the m 433b
in the dim m desolate 460a
in your m fair 35b
m trim with daisies 269a
Mr M 58b
oft water fairest m 113a
O, ye fountains, m , hills 467a
past the near m 220a
paint the m with delight 345b
set in enamelled m 449a
the m runnels 217b
there are no more by-path m 413a
up from the m rich with corn 458b
with golden face the m green 387b
Meads fair these broad m 320b
flowery m in May 462a
I met a lady in the m 218b
these sweet-springing m 37a
Meagre as lizards 76a
Meal a Roman m 112a
eat our m in fear 348b
handful of m in a barrel 496a
no man gets a full m 208b
one hearty m on yr viands 239a
Meals great m of beef and iron 382a
Mean careful what they m thereby 368a
debtless competence, golden m 439a
for m or no uses 246a
happy the golden m 262b
if I ever do a m action 411a
I know not what they m 436a
I m this day to end myself 433a
I m what I say 83a
it was not for the m 146b
loves well the golden m 545a
m and mighty rotting together 329a
meanly admires m things 439b
means just what I choose it to m 85a
nature is made better by no m 373a
nature makes that m 373a
nothing common did or m 261a
poor, and m and lowly 3b
tho' m our object 469a
you shd say what you m 83a
Meander by slow M s margent 267a
Meandering with a mazy motion 101a
Meanders no stream m level 255a
Meanest m of his creatures 49b
m thing that feels 465b
wisest brightest, m 301b
Meaneth what m then this bleating 495a
Meaning a m suited to his mind 426b
an atom of m in it 83b
as to the m , it s what you please 75a
free from all m 138b
m however, is no great matter 75b
rest to some faint m pretence 140b
that is the m of Empire Day 94a
the m doesn t matter 165a
the m of May was clear 422b
to find its m is my meat 46b
to the author to get at his m 314a
within the m of the Act 528a
Meanings two m in one word 385a
two m packed up into one word 85a
with m that he never had 112a
Means all appliances and m 380a
by absence this good m I gain 198a
by any m I might attain 516a
die beyond my m 461a
I don't know what it m 163a
live within our m 451b
m intensely, and m good 46b
m to do ill deeds 374b
my person, my extremest m 352b

Means (*cont*)
priests bear rule by their m 503*b*
take the m whereby I live 355*a*
that my m may lie too low 107*a*
that wants money, m, and content 327*a*
Meant here lies one who m well 412*b*
I knew not all he m 428*a*
knowing not what it m 284*a*
she knew what it m 527*a*
what ere she m by it 133*a*
where thousands equally were m 419*a*
Measles did you ever hav the m 451*a*
love's like the m 205*b*
Measure a m of wheat for a penny 518*b*
is a Scotch jig, a m 358*a*
be scant of true m 216*b*
does it hold good m? 46*a*
Fate thy m takes 250*b*
good m, pressed down 509*a*
I love thee beyond m 461*a*
man is the m of all things 560*a*
M still for M 352*b*
now tread we a m 318*a*
number, weight, and m 31*a*
praise the Lord by m 231*a*
shrunk to this little m 339*b*
stateliest m ever moulded 439*a*
there is m in everything 547*b*
to lead but one m 318*a*
to m life learn thou betimes 278*b*
was heard the mingled m 101*b*
wh is the m of the universe 397*a*
with a new song's m 291*a*
with what m ye meet 508*b*
Measured I must be m by my soul 453*a*
I've m it from side to side 471*b*
Measureless caverns m to man 101*a*
Measures better than all m 398*b*
cant of '*Not men but m*' 56*b*
in short m, life may perfect be 216*b*
marches to delightful m 384*b*
m, not men my mark 170*b*
softly sweet, in Lydian m 139*a*
trying the m of the breadth 260*b*
Meat as an egg is full of m 365*b*
children, have ye any m? 511*b*
dish of m is too good 450*b*
I cannot eat but little m 415*a*
if ever thou gavest m 529*a*
is not the life more than m 505*b*
little m best fits 188*b*
loves the m in his youth 358*b*
m in the hall 414*b*
mock the m it feeds on 361*b*
on our m, and on us all 190*b*
out of the eater came forth m 495*a*
snewed in his house of m 88*b*
some hae m and canna eat 62*b*
soul abhorred all manner of m 488*b*
taste My m 188*b*
tearing his m like a tiger 255*b*
their m in due season 488*b*
upon what m doth Cæsar feed 337*b*
we hae m and we can eat 62*b*
world is full of m and drink 413*b*
Meat-fly Thackeray settled like a m 313*b*
Meats an eater of broken m 342*a*
of all m the soonest cloy 107*a*
Meaty jelly, too, is mellering 125*b*
Mecca M saddens at the long delay 443*b*
some to M turn 154*b*
Mechanic mere m operation 66*a*
writing Madam 's a m part of wit 149*a*
Meddle with my toys 414*a*
Meddling every fool will be m 498*b*
Medea gather d the enchanted herbs 355*a*
Mede is at his gate 74*a*
Medes given to the M and Persians 504*a*
M, and Elamites 512*a*
Mediator our M and Advocate 479*a*
Medical doctors a cocking their m eyes 127*b*
Medicinable their m gum 364*a*
Medicine all m is mine 392*b*
as a m for health 446*a*
faithful friend is the m of life 520*b*
giveth m to heal their sickness 490*b*
great griefs, I see, m the less 329*a*
grief is itself a m 107*b*
m thee to that sweet sleep 362*a*
m worse than the malady 23*a*
Medicine (*cont*)
merry heart doeth good like m 498*b*
miserable have no other m 351*b*
Medicines to make me love him 377*a*
Mediocrity knows nothing higher 136*a*
Meditate her songs does m 261*a*
m the thankless Muse 269*b*
Meditation in maiden m, fancy free 356*b*
let us all to m 384*a*
the m of my heart 482*b*
Mediterranean, where he lay, lulled 396*b*
Medium use of an imperfect m 460*b*
Mede alle the floures in the m bloweth m 90*a*
526*a*
m of some melodious tear 269*a*
Meek blessed are the m 505*a*
I am m and gentle 339*b*
I am m and lowly in heart 506*b*
safer being m than fierce 44*b*
taught us to be calm and m 193*b*
the man Moses was very m 494*a*
Meekest Launcelot thou wert the m man 257*b*
Meekness by m, call d thy Son 402*b*
faith, m, temperance 515*b*
leaving, with m, her sins 196*a*
of m, and righteousness 484*b*
Meet assemble and m together 473*a*
face one wd m in every place? 218*a*
God be with you till we m again 315*b*
I cannot m them here 437*a*
if I shd m thee after long years 74*b*
if we do m again we shall smile 341*a*
I'll m the raging of the skies 77*a*
it is m and right so to do 480*b*
make both ends m 158*a*
m me by moonlight 448*b*
m thee in that hollow vale 225*a*
m, with champagne and a chicken 280*a*
my heart, safe left, shall m 402*a*
never the twain shall m 227*a*
only part to m again 161*a*
run to m what he wd most avoid 267*a*
run half way to m it 205*b*
she first m the curled Antony 325*a*
so I'll m 'im later on 230*a*
soon again to m 294*a*
there did m another man 212*a*
tho' infinite can never m 260*a*
we shall m, but we shall miss him 451*b*
we two may m before high God 428*a*
when shall we three m again 345*b*
when we m at any time again 137*b*
when we shall m at compt 364*a*
where dead men m 67*a*
where the brook and river m 247*b*
whether we shall m again 341*a*
will never m again 525*b*
yet m we shall 67*a*
Meeter we therefore deemed it m 295*a*
Meeting as if I was a public m 448*b*
broke the good m 349*a*
doth not a m like this 282*a*
journeys end in lovers m 370*b*
neither overtaking nor m 104*a*
this m is drunk, sir! 126*b*
working-class m when it likes 9*b*
Meetings alarums changed to m 384*b*
their m made December June 431*a*
Meg M grew sick as he grew haill 60*a*
M was deaf 60*a*
Old M was brave 219*a*
Melancholy alien sound of m 466*a*
day-dream of m men 141*b*
distrust is a mode of m 209*b*
green and yellow m 371*a*
had this trick of m 322*a*
hail divinest M 268*a*
hateful error, m s child! 341*b*
hence, loathed M 268*b*
I can suck m out of a song 326*a*
I inherited a vile m 212*b*
in Nature there is nothing m. 101*b*
it is a m of mine own 327*a*
kindly mood of m 143*a*
m as an unbraced drum 86*b*
M mark'd him for her own 174*b*
mistress of true m 324*a*
moping m 276*b*
most m of human reflections 17*b*
most musical, most m 268*a*
Melancholy (*cont*)
most musical, most m bird! 101*b*
my cue is villainous m 342*a*
naught so sweet as M 64*a*
pale M sate retir'd 103*a*
rare recipe for m 239*b*
so dainty sweet, as lovely m 23*a*
such a charm in m 310*a*
taught me to rhyme, and to be m 344*b*
the m god protect thee 371*a*
veil'd M has her sovran shrine 219*b*
what charm can soothe her m 170*a*
what devil this m is 155*b*
Melchisedech after the order of M 489*a*
Mellering to the organ 125*b*
Mellow death took him m 295*a*
Humours, whether grave or m 2*a*
indeed is too m for me 280*a*
man not old, but m 296*b*
to the State s m forms prefer 175*b*
Mellowed to that tender light 74*a*
Mellstock lie in M Churchyard now 179*b*
Melodies all m the echoes of that voice 100*b*
ease my breast of m 218*a*
heard m are sweet 219*b*
sweetest m are those by distance 468*b*
Melody a mortal m 298*a*
blundering kind of m 138*b*
chanted a m loud and sweet 435*b*
falling in m back 101*b*
from ancient m have ceased 31*b*
Luve's like the m 62*a*
smale fowles maken m 88*a*
sound of sweetest m 380*a*
than to a chamber m 402*a*
Melon this gaudy m-flower 47*b*
Melons stumbling on m, as I pass 260*b*
Melrose view fair M aright 317*a*
Melt I rage, I m 159*a*
m at other's woe 173*b*
now m into sorrow 67*b*
so let us m, and make no noise 134*a*
this too too solid flesh wd m 330*a*
Melted m into air, into thin air 367*b*
till he m like a cloud 437*b*
Melting-pot America the great M 477*b*
Melts then m for ever 63*a*
Member ev'ry m of the force 309*b*
predominant m of the three kingdoms 572*b*
thing I am not a m of 155*a*
Members in thy book were all my m 490*b*
m one of another 515*b*
Memnon smitten with the Sun 436*a*
Memnonium was in all its glory 403*b*
Memnons new M singing 43*b*
Memoirs people will write their m 66*b*
Memorable m Roman Emperor 321*b*
upon that m scene 261*a*
Memorandum if you don't make a m 83*b*
Memorial keep King Charles out of the M 12?*a*
m more enduring than brass 546*b*
some frail m still erected 174*b*
their m is perished with them 482*a*
wh have no m 5?1*b*
Memorials tall m catch the sun 415*a*
Memoried many-m name 28*b*
Memories flocks of the m of the day 265*a*
liars ought to have good m 401*a*
a night of m and sighs ?41*a*
Memory a grand m for forgetting 412*b*
a great man s m may outlive 334*a*
beg a hair of him for m 340*a*
begot in the ventricle of m 344*b*
better m said, he 285*a*
dear son of m 278*a*
drown the M of this Impertinence 153*a*
drown the m of that insolence 153*b*
fond M brings the light 282*b*
for my name and m 17*a*
from the table of my m I ll wipe 331*b*
indebted to his m for his jests 401*a*
it's a poor sort of m 84*b*
m and desire, stirring dull roots 144*b*
m fades must the remembered 119*a*
m, the warder of the brain 347*b*
need not be wisdom or even m 313*a*
O! it comes o'er my m 362*b*

Memory (*cont*)
only a m of the same 47*b*
pluck from the m a rooted sorrow 350*b*
quick, thy tablets, M 7*a*
still the hands of m weave 106*a*
sweet their m still 109*b*
the m be green 329*b*
their very m is fair 448*a*
these few precepts in thy m 330*b*
tho' lost to sight, to m dear 245*b*
thoughts to m dear 319*a*
thy lamp, O M, fire-winged 313*a*
time whereof the m of man 28*b*, 245*b*
vibrate in the m 399*b*
while m holds a seat 331*b*
Memphian chivalry 271*b*
Men all are m, condemned alike 175*a*
all his m looked at each other 220*b*
all m are about to live 477*a*
all m are liable to error 246*a*
all m are liars 489*a*
all m become good creatures 48*b*
all m everywhere cd be free 245*a*
all m have their faults 170*b*
all m make faults 387*b*
all m think all m mortal 477*a*
all m wd be cowards 309*b*
all m wd be tyrants 118*a*
all other m may use deceit 241*b*
all sorts and conditions of m 479*a*
all the king's m 85*a*
all the m and women players 3-6*b*
all the windy ways of m 439*a*
all things to all m 514*a*
all those m have their price 450*a*
among new m, strange faces 429*a*
among the broken m 93*b*
are you good m and true? 358*b*
as if m fought upon the earth 318*b*
as m's have grown from fears 69*b*
as proper m as ever trod 337*b*
a State wh dwarfs its m 266*a*
best of m was a sufferer 118*b*
better m than we go out 229*b*
booksellers are generous m 207*a*
brave m, and worthy patriots 279*b*
busy hum of m 269*a*
but good m starve 141*a*
but m are m, the best forget 361*a*
by keeping m off keep them on 159*a*
cheerful ways of m cut off 273*b*
deals with the memory of m 4-*b*
Death, that feeds on m 389*b*
disgrace with fortune and m's eyes 387*a*
do not live like living m 469*a*
doth make m better be 216*b*
do to all m as I wd they shd do 481*a*
Duke of York had ten thousand m 526*b*
England under the dregs of m 26*a*
I've upon the first of M 194*b*
fair women and brave m 68*a*
fewer m, the greater honour 383*a*
fishers of m 505*a*
for fear of little m 4*a*
for m must work 226*b*
forsaking even military m 167*a*
fraud of m was ever so 358*b*
girls are level now with m 324*b*
gods in the likeness of m 512*b*
going to dine with some m 27*b*
good m that loved you well 284*a*
good will toward m 508*b*
great m contending with adversity 64*a*
half-m, and their dirty songs 40*a*
hearts of oak our m 10*b*
her m robust for toil 77*b*
honest m and bonnie lasses 62*b*
honest minds and active m 157*a*
honours of m's impossibilities 343*b*
hosses, dawgs, and m 440*a*
husband than the best of m 323*a*
if after the manner of m 515*a*
if it issue not towards m 15*a*
if m are together in a boat 178*a*
if these m are dead 421*b*
if this counsel be of m 512*a*
I love not m the less 69*b*
in His ways with m 429*a*
in m, we various ruling passions 302*a*
in the busy haunts of m 185*a*

Men (*cont*)
in the catalogue ye go for m 348*b*
I see m as trees walking 508*b*
is there no way for m to be 328*b*
it ain't by princerples nor m 250*a*
I travelled among unknown m 467*a*
I've ninety m and more 437*b*
justify the ways of God to M 270*b*
know themselves to be but m 482*a*
learn m from books 130*a*
let us arise and go like m 414*a*
let us now praise famous m 5-1*a*
life of m a single sparrow 24*a*
little else but the works of m 296*a*
little things great to little m 170*a*
love of false and cruel m 261*a*
love to all m 'neath the sun! 228*a*
made brutes m, and m divine 293*a*
made 'em to match the m 144*a*
made in the likeness of m 516*a*
measures, not m been my mark 170*b*
melancholy wh can transform m 155*b*
m about me that are fat 338*a*
m and malice, to breed causes 216*a*
m and the sun-hazed sleeper 442*b*
m and women with one race 227*b*
m are April when they woo 327*b*
m are better than this theology 147*b*
m are but gilded loam 374*b*
m are conservatives after dinner 148*a*
m are made by nature unequal 157*b*
m are never so good or so bad 256*a*
m are suspicious 189*b*
m are we, and must grieve 472*b*
m at most differ as Heaven 429*a*
m at some time are masters 337*b*
m below, and saints above 317*a*
m caught out in guilt 96*a*
m children of a larger growth 139*a*
m dare trust themselves with m 368*a*
m deal with life as children 109*a*
m (deceived) with oaths 13*a*
m fear death as children 14*a*
m fell out they knew not why 64*b*
m have died from time to time 327*b*
m have lost their reason 340*a*
m hunger for thy grace 206*a*
m in a world of m 228*b*
m in great place are servants 14*b*
m in nations, all were his 70*b*
m in women do require 30*b*
m lead lives of desperation 444*a*
m like soldiers may not quit 433*a*
m lived like fishes 401*a*
m make haste to die 199*b*
m may come and m may go 425*b*
m may rise on stepping-stones 429*b*
m met each other 141*b*
m must endure their going hence 344*a*
m must pursue things just 13*a*
m, my brothers m the workers 432*a*
m of England, wherefore plough 399*a*
m of few words are the best m 382*a*
m of light and leading 57*b*
m of like passions with you 512*b*
m of little showing 234*b*
m only disagree of creatures 272*b*
m on the pay-roll 232*a*
m ought always to pray 510*a*
m, serving either calamity 520*a*
m's evil manners live in brass 386*a*
m shd be what they seem 361*b*
m slain this year in Europe 450*a*
m's m gentle or simple 144*a*
m so loose of soul 362*a*
m, some to business 302*a*
m, some to quiet 302*a*
m that all the world admires 259*a*
m that God made mad 9-*a*
m that sow and reap 422*a*
m that strove with gods 439*a*
m that were boys I was a boy 27*a*
m that women marry and why 247*b*
m to take their exit 454*b*
m were deceivers ever 358*a*
m with sisters dear 196*a*
m who hold its blessings dear 468*a*
m, with wailing in yr voices 44*a*
m wh have not the seal 519*a*
m who march away 180*a*
m whose visages do cream 352*b*

Men (*cont*)
m with splendid hearts 39*b*
m, women, and clergymen 404*b*
m wd be angels 300*b*
m wd be false 251*a*
m wd be fond 251*a*
moderate m look'd big, Sir 524*a*
more wondrous are the m 31*b*
my fifty m and women 49*a*
never be beloved by m 29*a*
not as other m are 510*a*
not in the roll of common m 378*a*
not m, but manners 151*a*
not m, but measures 56*b*
not the m you took them for 359*a*
not thrones and crowns, but m 146*a*
not without m's hands 144*b*
obey God rather than m 512*a*
of all m most miserable 514*b*
old m so duly 215*a*
old plain m have rosy faces 414*b*
O m, this man in brotherhood 43*a*
O! m with mothers 196*a*
one that loves his fellow-m 202*a*
only m who did the work 236*a*
O shame to m! 272*b*
O that m wd therefore praise 488*b*
pack and label m for God 442*a*
picked from passing m 414*a*
port for m 210*a*
practice with m and women 51*a*
priests are only m 51*a*
quit you like m be strong 515*a*
quit yourselves like m 495*a*
rather have such m my friends 341*b*
rather studied books than m 17*a*
safe where m fall 40*a*
saint-like in the eyes of m 247*b*
saints will aid if m will call 100*a*
services of Angels and m 480*a*
shall m seek death 519*a*
she'll betray more m 363*b*
shire for m who understand 39*b*
single m in barricks 235*b*
sleek-headed m 338*a*
so long as m can breathe 387*a*
so many m, so many opinions 554*a*
so they be ill m 214*b*
some faults to make us m 324*b*
souls out of m's bodies 358*a*
spirits of just m made perfect 517*a*
such cognisance of m and things 47*b*
such m as he be never at ease 338*a*
such m are dangerous 338*a*
such names and m as these 366*b*
swallow down m themselves 283*b*
tell them they are m 175*a*
that m stand upon 339*a*
the flag the m hauled down 459*a*
the M! O what venerable 445*a*
the same as the m 457*b*
these m are all upper-crust 177*b*
these m see the works of the Lord 488*b*
the shadows of us m 216*a*
this happy breed of m 375*a*
tho' m be so strong 487*b*
thousand m that fishes gnaw'd 384*b*
three good m unhanged 377*b*
tide in the affairs of m 341*a*
'tis furnish'd well with m 339*a*
to m of other minds 170*a*
tramp of the twenty-two m 34*b*
twelve good m into a box 40*b*
'twixt women's love, and m's 132*a*
two m look out 242*a*
two stern-faced m set out 196*a*
two strong m stand face to face 227*a*
very old are we m 119*a*
vexes public m 439*b*
wander in the ways of m 61*b*
weak m must fall 375*a*
wealth accumulates and m decay 168*a*
we m, at sea indite 134*b*
we m may say more swear more 371*a*
we petty m walk under 337*b*
were na m but dogs 63*a*
we then, too, can be such m as he 5*a*
we've got the m 201*b*
what hearts have m 428*b*
what m dare do what m may do 359*a*
what m in general cannot do 209*a*

Men (*cont*)
what m or gods are these? 219*b*
what you and other m thunk 337*b*
when m and mountains meet 30*a*
when m are at the point of death 366*b*
where the great m go 154*b*
while three m hold together 424*a*
who cd handle m a bit 233*a*
why don't the m propose, mamma 22*b*
wisest m have erred 277*b*
with four-and-twenty m 12*b*
with M for Pieces plays 153*b*
with small m no gre it thing 266*a*
women in m do require 30*b*
world of m for me 49*b*
ye are brothers! ye are m 76*b*
you are not stones, but m 340*a*
young m and maidens 490*b*
young m come for Mary 11*b*
young m taken in and done for 225*a*
yr tall young m in turn 92*b*
Men-children bring forth m only 347*b*
Mend nor a broken thing m 27*a*
old chairs to m 533*a*
that they may m mankind 109*a*
to m it or be rid on t 348*b*
what's amiss I'll strive to m 453*a*
Mended nothing else but to be m 65*a*
what can t be m 453*a*
Mendip's sunless caves 252*a*
Mene, mene, tekel 504*a*
Menelaus Helen, M ' queen 368*b*
Menny done because we are too m 180*b*
Menpleasers eye service as M 516*a*
Mental not cease from M fight 31*b*
Mentality yr m , too, is bully 25*a*
Mention I make m of you always 513*a*
no m of me more be heard 386*a*
oh! no! we never m her 22*a*
Mentioned m her virtues, it is true 29*a*
m me to him 83*b*
Mercenary followed their m calling 200*a*
Merchandise arts and m 16*b*
Merchant m to secure his treasure 306*a*
the mighty m smiled 127*b*
Merchants others, like m 381*b*
where m most do congregate 353*a*
whose m are princes 502*a*
Merci Belle Dame sans M 219*a*, 221*b*
Mercies tender m of the wicked 498*a*
thanks for m past receive 53*b*
when all thy M , O my God 2*a*
Merciful blessed are the m 505*a*
God be m unto us 486*a*
God was very m to the birds 527*b*
good man is m , and lendeth 489*a*
m and mighty 184*a*
so is the Lord m 488*a*
then must the Jew be m. 354*b*
thou, Lord, art m 485*b*
Mercuries as English M 381*b*
Mercury like feathered M. 378*b*
words of M are harsh 345*b*
Mercy a crowning m 115*b*
a God all m , is a God unjust 477*b*
Charity and M Not unholy names 123*b*
clouds are big with m 110*a*
emboldens sin so much as m 368*a*
God ha' m on his soul 336*a*
God have m upon one of our souls 172*a*
God shall send forth his m 485*b*
God sometimes withhold in m 283*a*
half so good a grace as m does 351*b*
have m on Jacob yet 47*a*
have m upon us miserable sinners 478*b*
his m endureth for ever 490*a*
Holy Father, in Thy m 411*a*
I m ask'd, I m found 522*b*
infinite m , but, I wis 47*a*
in m the throne be established 502*a*
law of human judgment, M 314*b*
leaving m to Heaven 151*b*
loveliest things have m shown 72*b*
m and truth are met together 487*a*
m blows the coals 407*b*
m every way is infinite 46*b*
M has a human heart 33*a*
m I asked, m I found 76*a*
m is above this sceptred sway 354*b*
m I to others show 304*a*

Mercy (*cont*)
Oh, God of M ! when? 146*a*
'O m !' to myself I cried 471*b*
peace on earth, and m mild 455*b*
quality of m is not strained 354*b*
reason to rule, m to forgive 140*b*
render the deeds of m 354*b*
shut the gates of m on mankind 174*b*
so great is his m also 488*a*
sweetness, m , majesty 249*b*
that is m 's door 110*a*
that m show to me 304*a*
they shall obtain m 505*a*
thy everlasting m , Christ 262*a*
thy loving-kindness and m 483*a*
Thy m on Thy People, Lord 233*b*
to M , Pity, Peace and Love 32*b*
unto God's gracious m 481*b*
we do pray for m 354*b*
when m seasons justice 354*b*
whereto serves m 334*b*
whose most tender m is neglect 114*a*
Mercy-seat how beautiful Thy m 149*b*
in coming to thy m 110*a*
Mere Lady of the M 463*a*
Meredith is a prose Browning 460*a*
Meridian in England under any m 42*a*
Merit from sense of injured m 271*a*
his m handsomely allowed 210*b*
how he esteems yr m 108*a*
or any m that wh he obtains 101*a*
patient m of the unworthy 333*a*
Satan exalted sat, by m raised 272*a*
smite them by the m 286*b*
the m 's all his own 95*a*
to buried m raise the tardy bust 213*b*
to true m shd they have regard? 160*a*
what is m ? 292*a*
Meriting love needs human m 442*a*
Merits careless their m to scan 168*b*
not weighing our m 480*b*
obtain that wh he m 101*a*
seek his m to disclose 174*b*
Merlin me repenteth, said M 257*a*
Mermaid a seeming m steers 323*a*
choicer than the M Tavern 219*a*
mar-ri-ed to a m 525*b*
m -like awhile they bore her 330*a*
m on a dolphin's back 356*b*
the M in the Zodiac 219*a*
until he came to a m 525*a*
what things done at the M ! 22*b*
wine, wh is the M 's now 215*a*
Mermaids so many m , tended her 323*a*
Merrily m did we drop 98*a*
m , m , shall I live now 368*a*
oh! but we went m ! 69*b*
Merriment source of innocent m 164*b*
this or parsons offensive 210*b*
your flashes of m 336*b*
Merrow road by M Down 232*b*
Merry against ill chances men are m 380*b*
a wantown and a m 88*b*
eat, drink, and be m 509*b*
for to-night we'll m be 522*b*
God rest you m , gentlemen 523*a*
good to be m and wise 524*b*
I am never m sweet music 155*a*
I am not m , but I do beguile 360*b*
I cd be m now 374*a*
it was never m world in England 384*a*
let us be m 123*b*
makes one man m , another mad 42*a*
m as a marriage bell 68*a*
m , dancing, drinking time 141*b*
m of soul he sailed on a day 414*b*
point of death have they been m 366*b*
such a m , nimble spirit 145*a*
the good are always the m 475*a*
their wars are m 92*a*
the m love the fiddle 475*a*
the m love to dance 475*a*
three m boys are we 23*a*
'tis m in hall when beards wag 381*a*
to eat, and to drink, and to be m 499*b*
uprouse ye then, my m men 18*a*
very m , and the best fritters 296*a*
Merryman song of a m 167*a*
Mesech to dwell with M 489*b*
Meshach, and Abed-nego 504*a*

Mesopotamia blessed word M 158*b*
dwellers in M 512*a*
Mesopotamy from here to M 75*b*
Mess all along o' m 228*b*
Benjamin's m was five times 493*b*
birthright for a m of pottage 523*a*
in every m I finds a friend 120*b*
Message give to a gracious m a host 323*b*
the electric m came 12*a*
Messages fair speechless m 352*b*
Messenger a dusk misfeatured m 51*a*
he's an Anglo-Saxon M 85*a*
larke, m of day 89*a*
M said in a sullen tone 85*a*
the m of Satan 515*b*
the other M 's called Hatta 85*a*
Messengers his m ride forth 253*a*
superfluous kings for m 323*b*
Messes herbs, and other country m 269*a*
Messiah shall the true M see 456*a*
they found the new M 140*b*
Met are m in thee to-night 49*a*
each thing m conceives delight 276*a*
how first he m her 440*b*
ne'er m with elsewhere 294*b*
never be m with again 86*a*
no sooner m , but they looked 327*b*
part of all that I have m 438*b*
she were true, when you m her 134*a*
that have m many a one 307*b*
the day and the way we m 422*b*
we m , 'twas in a crowd 22*b*
Metal breed for barren m 353*a*
here's m more attractive 334*a*
m in this furnace wrought 407*b*
my m of India! 371*a*
Paradisal imagineless m 443*a*
poisonous brass and m sick 218*a*
sonorous m blowing 271*b*
unimproved m hot and full 329*b*
Metals keys he bore of m twain 269*b*
Metaphor all m is poetry 94*a*
hunt down a tired m 71*b*
Metaphysic high as m wit can fly 65*a*
M calls for aid on Sense 299*a*
Physic of M begs 299*a*
Metaphysics circumnavigate the m 413*a*
Mete with what measure ye m 508*b*
Metempsychosis ah, Pythagoras m 258*b*
Meteor and the m on the grave 73*a*
cloud-encircled m of the air 395*b*
m of the ocean air 194*a*
misled by fancy's m ray 63*a*
shone like a m streaming 271*b*
slides the silent m on 437*a*
the m flag of England 78*a*
Method madness, yet there is m in it 332*a*
m and reasonableness of Jesus 10*b*
m of making a fortune 175*b*
Methodist morals of a M 166*b*
spiritualized by a M 449*b*
Methods by m of barbarism 78*a*
my m in such cases 135*b*
you know my m Apply them 136*a*
you know my m , Watson 135*b*
Methusalem M , with all his years 134*b*
might be Lot or M 236*a*
Metre a m -making argument 148*a*
in a m of Catullus 427*a*
m of an antique song 387*a*
[Tennyson] write without understanding m 102*b*
wretched matter and lame m 270*b*
Metres it is not m makes a poem 148*a*
Metropolis gray m of the North 426*b*
the m of the empire 97*a*
Metropolitan in m Jerusalem 204*b*
Mettle he was so full of m 137*a*
I see there's m in thee 361*a*
like a man of m 191*b*
m enough in thee to kill care 359*a*
the m of yr pasture 382*a*
there is m in death 322*b*
thy undaunted m shd compose 347*b*
who knows so much of my m 372*a*
Meum distinctions of *m* and *tuum* 239*a*
Mew rather be a kitten and cry m 378*a*
Mewling infant, m and puking 326*b*
Mexico a Vergil at M 449*b*
Mexique beyond the M Bay 260*a*

Micaiah said, if thou return 496b
Micawber I never will desert Mr M 122a
Mr M 's expression 'Provided for' 122b
Mice fisherman appear like m 343b
her feet like little m stole 416a
m , and rats and such small deer 343a
schemes o' m an' men 62a
three blind m 533a
Michael M and his angels fought 519a
yet M the archangel 518a
Michael Angelo enter M 25a
made Italy from designs by M 446b
M for breakfast 446b
talking of M 144b
the name of M 308b
Michael Henchard's Will 180b
Michal are there not, dear M 49b
Micher sun prove a m 377b
Miching mallecho this is m 334a
Microcosm of a public school 130a
Microscopes magnifyin' gas m 126b
Microscopic has not man a m eye 300b
Mid-day more clear, than our m 133b
Middle can take no m ways 37b
go most safely in the m 551b
grant me, Heaven, a m state 257a
in the m of my being 243a
it was the m of the night 84a
last enchantments of the M Age 9a
[M] class of Philistines 9b
m of the road of our life 566b
m -sized are alone entangled 400a
shall we twirl down the m 131a
tenants of life's m state 113a
to the m of my song 108b
Middle-age restraining reckless m ? 474b
Middlesex an acre in M 255a
Middleton Lady M exerted herself 11b
Midge spins like a fretful m 311b
Midian the troops of M 286a
Midland M furze afire 229a
o'er the blue M waters 8b
Midlands when I am living in the M 26b
Midnight a budding morrow in m 221a
at m and at morn 146b
at the m in the silence 52a
blackest M born 268b
came upon the m clear 320b
consum'd the m oil 160a
did at m speak with the Sun 447b
foul and m murther 173b
heard the chimes at m 380b
in the solemn m 131b
m never come 258b
m 's all a-glimmer 475b
not to be a-bed after m 370a
once upon a m dreary 298a
primroses gather'd at m 217b
profoundest m shroud the lights 399a
sadder than m blast 72a
soft embalmer of the still m 221a
stars of m shall be dear 471b
still her woes at m rise 251b
stood on the bridge at m 246b
the iron tongue of m 357b
thro' the m dark and drear 249a
'tis now dead m 352a
tis the year's m 133b
to cease upon the m 220a
you secret, black, and m hags 349b
Midnights flashes struck from m 46a
Mid-noon another morn ris'n on m 275a
it was the deep m 435a
Midshipmite and a m 163a
Midsummer high M pomps come on 8b
this is very m madness 371b
Mid-watch He, who at m same 47a
Midwife she is the fairies' m 364b
Mien dark hair and lovesome m 425b
I fear thy m 399b
sought with an indignant m 107b
truth has such a m 140b
Might dear m of Him that walked 270a
eke with all his m 108b
heart of hearts I feel yr m 467a
I spread my conquering m 345b
it m have been 182a, 459a
love, exceeds man's m 369a
m of Denmark's crown 76b
Might (cont)
m she have loved me? 48a
proof of manly m 408b
Rome been growing up to m 131b
sovereign sway dissolved by m 138b
spirit of counsel and m 501b
the all-enacting M 180a
'tis m half slumbering 220b
to be man with thy m 422b
Tubal Cain was a man of m 256a
wish death nor fear his m 416b
Might-have-been my name is M 312b
Mightiest one moment of the m 68b
'tis m in the m 354b
Mighty all the proud and m have 143a
called thee m and dreadful 133a
confound the things wh are m 514a
how are the m fallen 495b
let the m Babe alone 115a
look on my works, ye M 396b
mean and m rotting together 329a
m in the scriptures 512b
m men wh were of old 492b
m things from small beginnings 139b
promises were, as he then was m 386a
put down the m from their seats 508b
shield of the m is cast away 495b
slow to anger better than m 498a
thou art m yet! 341b
[Mignonette] the fragrant weed 112b
Migrations from the blue bed 171a
Miguel of Spain 230a
Milan retire me to my M 368a
Mild brought reg lar and draw'd m 124a
m as she is seeming 176a
m monastic faces 96a
m , obedient, good as He 3b
sublimely m , without spot 392b
Mildest m curate going 162b
the m mannered man 70b
Mildness ethereal m , come 443b
Mile compel thee to go a m 505a
each day he walks a m 24a
eighty m o' females 127a
he went a crooked m 532a
m an' a bittock 415a
m of warm sea-scented beach 48b
walked on a m or so 84b
yr sad tires in a m -a 373a
Miles draw out our m 375a
he be many m asunder 366a
how many m is it to Babylon 534a
m and m distant tho' last line be 312b
m around they'll say 199a
Sheridan twenty m away 308b
three-score m and ten 534a
twice five m of fertile ground 101a
Milestones on the Dover Road 123a
Militant Church m here in earth 480b
the Poets M below 106b
Military a m gent 439b
as well as any m man 382a
forsaking even m men 167a
when the m man approaches 390b
Milk a breastful of m 311a
anon he weyveth m 89b
drunk the m of Paradise 101b
find a trout in the m 135b, 444a
flowing with m and honey 493b
fostre him wel with m 89b
full o' the m of human kindness 346b
m and wastel-breed 88b
m comes frozen home in pail 345b
m is more likely to be watered 67a
m my ewes and weep 373b
m of kindness into curds 194a
pens in m of human kindness 58a
seethe a kid in his mother's m 494a
sincere m of the word 517b
skim m masquerades as cream 166a
sweet m of human kindness 94b
take my m for gall 346b
with m and honey blest 286a
Milking at the ewe m 145b
Milkmaid singeth blithe 268b
Milks love the babe that m me 347a
Milk-soup men call domestic bliss 293b
Milk-white before m , now purple 356b
Milky Way roar of the M 235a
solar walk or m 300b
twinkle on the m 467a
Mill all the water that goes by his m 64b
brook, that turns a m 310a
charge were it but a m 131a
in Gaza, at the m with slaves 277b
I wandered by the m 198b
more water glideth by the m 368a
Millar I respect M , sir 206b
Milldams o' Binnorie 528b
Miller m sees not all the water 64b
more water than wots the m of 368a
there was a jolly m once 28a
Milliner perfumed like a m 376b
Millinery jewell d mass of m 433b
Million a mangler in a m m 125b
high man, aiming at a m 47a
make that thousand up a m 190a
Millionaire he must be a m 162b
Mr Mandragon, the M 92a
Millions m a hero 304b
m died, that Cæsar be great 77a
m for defence 181b
m of mischiefs 340b
m of strange shadows 387b
she 'as m at 'ome 236b
tear-wrung m 67b
twenty-seven m mostly fools 81a
Mills dark Satanic m 31a
tho' the m of God grind slowly 248a
Millstone a stone like a great m 519b
better for him that a m 507a, 510a
hard as a piece of the nether m 497b
Mill-wheel except the m 's sound 393a
Milsom Street remain 230b
Milton a grace before M 238b
been on my guard against M 223b
damp fell round the path of M 470b
England's M equals both 109a
forgive a man for not enjoying M 239b
for third the classic M 36a
malt does more than M can 199b
M , a name to resound for ages 427a
M almost requires a service 239a
M , Death and Sin 477b
M , Madam, was a genius 211a
M 's the prince of poets 71a
M ! thou shouldst be living 467b
M was for us 48a
M wrote in fetters 31a
morals hold wh M held 467a
some mute inglorious M 174a
the divine M 464a
to give a M birth, ask'd ages 111b
Miltonic verse cannot be written 223b
Mimsy all m were the borogoves 83b
Min is the old m agreeable? 125a
Mince love doth m this matter 361a
they dined on m 243b
Mincing as they go 501a
Mind a fool uttereth all his m 499a
agree to be of one m 13b
all my m is clouded 429b
a m impatient 330a
a m not to changed 271a
a m quite vacant m distress'd 110b
any substance without a m 28a
as a dead man out of m 483b
as her m grew worse 465b
as the m is pitched 112b
body filled and vacant m 383a
bring the philosophic m 467a
but not astound the virtuous m 267a
calm the troubled m 104a
charge his m with meanings 112a
clap yr padlock on her m 305b
clearest insight, amplitude of m 470a
clear yr m of cant 211a
clothed, and in his right m 508b
converse of an innocent m 221a
cover his m decently 404b
dart, with heedful m. 24b
dictates of his godlike m 291a
dividing the swift m 573a
down the ways of my own m 441b
ever by the eternal m 466b
excursions in my own m 102b
extend thy m o'er all the world 277a
fair terms and a villain's m 353a
farewell the tranquil m 362a
feed this m of ours 464b
first destroys their m 140b
fixed m and high disdain 271a

Mind (*cont*)
fog of the good man's m 45*b*
forward-looking m 464*b*
fruitful ground, the quiet m 416*a*
fulfil all thy m 482*b*
gentle m by gentle deeds 409*a*
God offers to every m its choice 148*a*
golden m stoops not to dross 353*b*
grateful m by owing owes not 273*b*
had you in yr m such stores 471*a*
happy alchemy of m 175*b*
have his hoggish m 408*b*
heart argues, not the m 7*a*
heart to heart, and m to m. 317*a*
he bears too great a m 341*a*
hev it jest *as* you've a m to 230*b*
he who does not m his belly 207*b*
hills come back into my m 26*b*
his fond and foolish m 531*b*
his m his kingdom 113*a*
his m into the common stock 167*b*
how the m of man becomes 470*a*
human m away from (miracles) 10*a*
if he wd *abandon* his m to it 211*a*
index of a failing m 114*a*
inform the m that is within us 472*a*
in my m, of all mankind 529*b*
in my m's eye, Horatio 330*a*
intense irradiation of a m 395*b*
inter-assured of the m 134*a*
in the m of man 472*a*
I saw Othello's visage in his m 360*b*
its own beauty is the m diseased 69*a*
last infirmity of noble m 269*b*
laugh that spoke the vacant m 168*b*
let the m be a thoroughfare 223*b*
light up my own m 48*b*
love warps the m 114*a*
make up one's m about nothing 223*b*
man's unconquerable m 472*b*
many movements of his m 472*b*
marble index of a m 469*b*
march of the human m is slow 55*b*
march of m has marched in 295*a*
meaning suited to his m 426*b*
measure my m against his 390*a*
measure yr m's height 49*b*
men to be of one m in an house 486*a*
m and matter glide swift 124*a*
m and soul, according well 429*b*
m at peace with all below 74*a*
m, body, or estate 479*a*
m, from pleasures less, withdraws 260*b*
m not high things 513*b*
m or body to prefer 301*a*
m serene for contemplation 160*b*
m that is grandly simple 148*a*
m turn upon the poles of truth 14*a*
m what I am taught 425*a*
minister to a m diseased 350*b*
moral duty to speak one's m 460*a*
moved slowly thro' the m 469*a*
musing in his sullen m 408*b*
my m forbids to crave 143*a*
my m's my kingdom 182*b*
my m to me a kingdom is 143*a*
narrowed his m 169*b*
never disclose her m 361*a*
never be brought to m 59*a*
never face so pleased my m 156*a*, 526*b*
never to ransack any m 308*b*
noblest frailty of the m 140*b*, 321*b*
no passion in the m of man 14*a*
nor does she m 189*a*
nothing remained but m 405*a*
nothing unbends the m like (women) 159*b*
not in my perfect m 344*a*
not with the eyes, but with the m 356*a*
now I change my m 341*a*
of love, and of a sound m 516*b*
of loyal nature, and of noble m 427*b*
on our daily course our m 223*b*
on the enlightened m 443*a*
on the torture of the m to lie 348*b*
out of sight is out of m 97*a*
pale, lost lilies out of m 135*a*
passages that strike yr m 67*a*
persuaded in his own m 514*a*
philosophic m can take no middle 37*b*
poet certain unsoundness of m 254*b*

Mind (*cont*)
poor Indian! whose untutored m 300*b*
presence of m in a railway 535*a*
presence of m was amazing 243*a*
pulse in the eternal m 40*a*
puts his m to yours 211*a*
quiet m is worse than poverty 445*a*
seized their troubled m 424*b*
serve thee with a quiet m 479*b*
service of a m and heart 465*b*
she had a frugal m 108*b*
she unbent her m afterwards 239*a*
shows the innocent and quiet m 413*a*
some strain of music to thy m 35*b*
some untrodden region of my m 220*b*
sound m in a sound body 549*b*
spirit of the chainless m 69*b*
that of the human m in ruins 118*a*
the conjunction of the m 260*b*
the great barons of the m 413*b*
the man but changed his m 301*b*
the m has a thousand eyes 34*a*
the m is free 136*b*
the m is its own place 271*a*
the m of man, my haunt 464*a*
the m's construction in the face 346*b*
the m's the standard of the man 453*a*
the m, that fiery particle 71*b*
there *are* chords in the human m 121*b*
there's no blemish but the m 372*a*
they captivate, inform the m 109*a*
this truth within thy m rehearse 438*b*
thou, my m, aspire higher things 402*a*
thou tyrant of the m 140*b*
thy chaste breast, and quiet m 250*a*
thy m all virtue 206*b*
thy m is a very opal 371*a*
to emulate his m 169*a*
to feed a craving m 113*b*
to the noble m, rich gifts 333*b*
two things fill the m with awe 568*b*
universal frame is without a m 15*a*
unseemly exposure of the m 183*b*
vex not thou the poet's m 435*b*
was never m, did m his grace 313*b*
we are not enticing yr m 351
we cultivate the m 560*b*
what a noble m here o'erthrown 333*b*
what is m? no matter 535*a*
when the m's free 343*a*
whether 'tis nobler in the m 333*a*
wiser m mourns less 465*a*
with equal m, what happens 141*a*
with-the-Conqueror type of m 452*a*
with the flower of the m 148*a*
years steal fire from the m 68*a*
yet is thy m perplexed 118*b*
you are pleased to call yr m 28*a*
yr complicated state of m 165*a*
Minden's plain 242*a*
Mindful m of the unhonour'd dead 174*b*
that thou art m of him 482*a*
Minds balm of hurt m 348*a*
express the images of their m 14*b*
great actions speak great m 23*a*
great empire and little m 56*a*
honest m and active men 157*a*
idleness refuge of weak m 91*a*
law of all men's m 7*b*
live again in m made better 144*b*
lose myself in other men's m 239*a*
m innocent and quiet 249*b*
m like ours, my dear James 289*b*
narrow m draw narrow conclusions 265*b*
noble m keep ever their likes 338*a*
our m do muse on ought 137*b*
purest and most thoughtful m 314*b*
ready m to fellowship divine 217*b*
religion of feeble m 57*b*
repentance virtue of weak m 140*b*
righteous m of innkeepers 93*b*
strange faces, other m 429*a*
the mighty m of old 407*a*
to have aspiring m 259*a*
to the marriage of true m 389*a*
wh of themselves our m impress 464*b*
wisdom in m attentive 112*b*
Mine beasts of the forests are m 485*a*
every man show'd like a m 385*b*
excavating for a m 280*b*

Mine (*cont*)
fire a m in China 66*a*
heigh ho, wd she were m! 246*a*
I am m and yours 49*a*
Mermaid's now, but shall be m 215*a*
m has been a fine one 34*a*
m is an unchanging love 110*a*
m to teach me what I am 63*b*
my all that's m? 169*a*
my beloved is m 500*a*
she shall be m 471*b*
she's not and never can be m 293*b*
then shouldst thou have m 416*a*
what thou art is m 276*b*
while He is m, and I am His 188*a*
wish it were only m 233*a*
Miner dwelt a m 280*b*
in the depths the m striving 415*b*
m's dream of home 168*a*
Miners rugged m poured to war 252*a*
Minerva when she talks 216*b*
Mines deep in unfathomable m 110*a*
delve one yard below their m 335*a*
like plants in m 49*b*
Lord Stafford m for coal 178*a*
m reported in the fairway 232*b*
Mingle in another's being m 395*b*
m m, m, you that m may 265*b*, 349*b*
vainly strives the soul to m 120*a*
Mingled heard the m measure 101*b*
when it is m with regards 341*b*
Minion curled m, dancer 8*a*
morning's m 198*a*
Minished, and brought low 488*b*
Minister a m of her will 325*a*
a 'stickit m' 319*b*
discreet and learned M 480*b*
hae ma doobts aboot the m 535*b*
m kiss'd the fiddler's wife 62*a*
m to a mind diseased 350*b*
patient must m to himself 350*b*
quench thee, thou flaming m 363*b*
whole world now is but the m 36*a*
wisdom of a great m 217*a*
Ministered angels came and m 505*a*
Ministers all are but m of love 101*b*
angels and m of grace 331*a*
are they m of Christ? 515*a*
errands for the M of State 163*b*
ev'n m, they hae been kenned 59*b*
grim Geneva m 12*b*
his m a flaming fire 488*a*
I call you servile m 342*b*
m exhausted volcanoes 128*b*
my actions are my m' 87*b*
passion-winged M of thought 392*a*
you murdering m 346*b*
Ministries *Times* has made m 17*a*
Ministry frost performs its secret m 101*a*
more for a marriage than a m 17*b*
nae, mon Gie up the m 536*b*
the secret m of frost 101*a*
Minnehaha, Laughing Water 248*b*
Minnows Triton of the m 328*a*
Minorities always in the right 404*b*
Minority is always right 567*a*
Minstrel a wandering m I 164*a*
ethereal m! 471*a*
him no M raptures swell 317*a*
M was infirm and old 316*b*
ring the fuller m in 431*a*
the M Boy 281*b*
the harp the monarch m swept 72*b*
Minstrels dame nature's m 134*b*
m follow after 486*b*
Minstrelsy our wild m 217*b*
Mint fire-new from the m 371*b*
m and anise 507*b*
our pockets the mark of the m 93*b*
Mints lavender, m, savory 373*a*
Minuet in Ariadne 400*a*
Minute do it in M Particulars 30*b*
fill the unforgiving m 230*a*
first m, after noon, is night 133*b*
he that will divide a m 327*b*
he, the m makes immortal 49*a*
in a m pay life's glad arrears 50*b*
perfume and suppliance of a m 330*b*
'wilt thou?' said the winged m 264*b*
Minutes about the earth in forty m 356*b*

Minutes (*cont*)
damned m tells he o'er 361*b*
five m too late 107*b*
sixty diamond m 258*a*
so do our m hasten to their end 388*a*
so the little m 82*a*
take care of the m 90*b*
to see the m how they run 384*a*
Minx, or a Sphinx 125*b*
Mirabeau's work, then, is done 80*a*
Miracle accept a m, instead of wit 477*b*
any m attested by men 201*a*
continued m in his own person 201*b*
existence is a mere m 413*b*
m may be accurately defined 201*a*
m of a youth Christopher Wren 149*b*
m of our age, Sir Philip Sidney 79*a*
m of rare device 101*b*
never m to convert an atheist 13*a*
never m to convince atheism 15*a*
sufficient to establish a m 201*a*
Miracles God never wrought m 15*a*
m do not happen 10*a*
religion first attended with m 201*b*
sapping the proof from m 10*a*
they say m are past 322*a*
Miranda an Inn, M? 27*a*
Mire learning will be cast into the m 57*a*
out of the m and clay 484*a*
reign of some luxurious m 161*a*
shade and loneliness and m 39*b*
Mirror deceiving m of self-love 262*b*
hold the m up to nature 333*b*
m cracked from side to side 431*b*
m of all Christian kings 381*b*
m of all courtesy 385*b*
m of alle curteisye 89*a*
thou glorious m 69*b*
thy m, earth's majestic view 280*a*
use of a m not to be painted 254*b*
Mirrors of the sea are strown 155*a*
Mirth birds of Passion and of M 219*a*
creature, form'd of joy and m 30*b*
dim and decorous m 39*b*
elephant to make them m 274*a*
fat from all resort of m 268*a*
fence evils of life, by m 411*a*
honour and clean m 227*b*
if in m, report that I am sick 322*b*
I'll use you for my m 340*b*
I love such m as does not make friends 450*b*
in endless m 189*a*
joy the day in m the while 117*a*
let us have m and laughter 70*b*
limit of becoming m 344*b*
losing some hue of his m 263*a*
M admit me of thy crew 268*b*
m and no madness 402*b*
m, that after no repenting draws 278*b*
m that has no bitter springs 228*a*
no worth in the babbled m 215*b*
old earth must borrow its m 459*a*
prefer not Jerusalem in my m 490*a*
present m hath present laughter 370*b*
public mischief m your m 111*b*
so much M and Spleen 2*a*
song of the birds for m 177*b*
sunburnt m 219*b*
than M can do with her parts 524*a*
very tragical m 357*b*
where's all the joy and m 224*b*
you have displaced the m 349*a*
Misael Azariah, and M 478*a*
Misanthropy and voluptuousness 255*a*
Misapprehension immense literary m 10*a*
Misbehaved I m once at a funeral 239*b*
Miscarriage success and m are empty 207*a*
Mischance never come m between us 334*a*
on a Friday fell all this m 80*a*
seeing all his own m 432*a*
Mischief a public m in your mirth 111*b*
hand to execute any m 203*a*
in every deed of m 162*a*
m thou art afoot 340*b*
neglect may breed m 157*a*
Satan finds some m still 453*a*
spectators of the m wh she made 313*b*
Mischief (*cont*)
to draw new m on 360*a*
to mourn a m that is past 360*a*
you wait on nature's m 346*b*
Mischiefs millions of m 340*b*
record the m he has done 111*b*
Mischievous wd, as his kind, grow m 338*b*
Miser a M's pensioner 463*b*
heaps of m's treasures 267*b*
Miserable it is a m state of mind 15*a*
me m! 273*b*
mercy upon us m sinners 478*b*
m comforters are ye all 497*a*
of all men most m 514*b*
purblind race of m men 427*b*
the m have no other medicine 351*b*
to be weak is m 271*a*
Miseries bear the m of a people 283*a*
bound in shallows and in m 341*a*
shed a tear in all my m 380*a*
those to whom the m are misery 218*a*
Misers as m do in gold 445*a*
Misery acquainted with sad m 454*b*
and is full of m 481*b*
bound in m and iron 488*b*
child of m, baptiz'd in tears 242*a*
dwell on guilt and m 11*a*
gave to M all he had 174*b*
in M's darkest cavern 210*b*
in the deep wide sea of m 395*a*
laughs the sense of m far away 111*a*
light given to him that is in m 497*a*
mighty poets in their m dead 470*b*
m acquaints strange bedfellows 367*b*
m, and will not let them rest 218*a*
m makes Alcmena's nights 42*b*
m still delights to trace 107*b*
result, m 122*a*
their departure is taken for m 520*a*
thou art so full of m 438*b*
thro' the vale of m use it 487*a*
untainted by man's m 398*b*
who finds himself, loses his m 8*b*
Misfortune alleviate so severe a m 11*b*
come, child of m 281*b*
in sour m's book 366*b*
m of our best friends 562*a*
next m to losing a battle 455*a*
once untangled much m bodes 365*a*
Misfortunes children make m more bitter 14*b*
he'll have m great 63*a*
delight in the real m of others 57*b*
m hardest wh never come 251*a*
Misgivings blank m of a creature 466*b*
Misgovernment augur m at a distance 55*b*
refuge of cheap m 390*b*
Misguiding given to great m 62*a*
Mishap into wh no accident, no m 171*b*
Misled by education most m 140*b*
Mislike if thou m him 187*a*
m me not for my complexion 153*a*
they that m it, heresy 191*b*
Misogyn the confirmed m 25*a*
Misprision upon m growing 388*b*
Misquote enough of learning to m 72*a*
Miss a m for pleasure 161*a*
calls her 'M' 93*b*
mine he cannot m 401*b*
M Blimber 122*b*
M Codger 124*a*
m not the discourse 520*b*
so I both enjoy and m her 198*a*
we shall m him 451*b*
whatever M T eats 119*b*
you'll m me, brother 188*b*
Missed health and wealth have m me 202*a*
no one wd have m her 523*b*
we m it, lost it forever 53*a*
who never wd be m 164*b*
Missing so much and so much 106*a*
Mission never have a m 121*b*
Mississippi the way into M Bay 231*b*
Missouri 'cross the wide M 525*a*
Missus the M, my Lord! 535*b*
to help the m unload 232*b*
Mist brambles pale with m 9*a*
came a happy m 427*b*
Mist (*cont*)
feel the m in my face 50*b*
follows a m and a weeping rain 256*a*
grey m on the sea's face 262*a*
m dispell'd woman appears 159*b*
m resembles the rain 247*a*
m was on the rice-fields 232*a*
no m obscures, nor cloud 407*a*
rolling m came down 226*b*
the rank m they draw 269*b*
thro' the cold and hoary m 196*a*
went up a m from the earth 492*a*
Mistake ah, pray make no m 164*b*
a m in the translation 447*b*
he never overlooks a m 202*b*
man is Nature's sole m! 166*b*
m the false one for the true 457*a*
there is no m 455*a*
you lie—under a m 418*b*
Mistaken possible you may be m 115*b*
Mistakes all great men make m 95*a*
experience is a name m 460*a*
I hope will excuse m 124*b*
m in who makes no m 296*b*
of man's numerous m 477*a*
teaches at the cost of m 157*b*
Mistaking gav'st it else m 388*b*
Mistletoe hung in the castle hall 22*a*
Mistress a M moderately fair 107*a*
art is a jealous m 147*a*
a teeming m 302*a*
but m in my own 233*a*
in every port a m 161*a*
is she not pure gold, my m? 52*a*
like m, like maid 150*b*
like M Mall's picture 309*b*
m I am ashamed to call you 145*b*
m of herself, tho' China fall 302*a*
m of the months 420*a*
m of the true melancholy 324*a*
m to the man I love 209*b*
more fond than m 209*b*
my m' eyes are nothing like 389*a*
my m still the open road 414*a*
no casual m, but a wife 430*b*
O m mine! 370*b*
on the bounty of his m 105*b*
riches the worst m 13*b*
select out of the crowd a m 39*b*
so court a m, she denies you 216*a*
true, a new m now I chase 250*a*
was m of her choice 334*a*
you saw the m, I beheld the maid 354*b*
Mistresses m with great smooth 45*a*
one wife and hardly any m 315*a*
wives are young men's m 14*b*
Mistress-Fairy Mab, the M 215*b*
Mists Season of m 221*b*
shaken m a space unsettle 442*a*
when the golden m are born 398*b*
Misty of a ful m morwe 90*a*
Misunderstood is it so bad to be m 147*b*
to be great is to be m 147*b*
Misuse first m, then cast away 109*a*
Misused the king's press 378*b*
Mites she threw in two m 508*b*
Mithras God of the Morning 234*b*
Mithridates half M 254*b*
M, he died old 199*b*
Mix I m them with my brains 290*b*
kiss her and m her with me 424*a*
Mixed it is full m 487*a*
Mixing it with other things 85*a*
Mixture had the m been 12*b*
m of a he doth add pleasure 14*a*
mortal m of earth's mould 267*a*
Mizpah the Lord watch between 493*a*
Mizraim cures wounds 42*b*
Moab a vale in the land of M 32*a*
M is my wash-pot 485*b*
Moan account of fore-bemoaned m 387*b*
former causes of her m. 42*b*
made sweet m 218*b*
make delicious m 220*a*
that is not paid with m 441*a*
the little ones m 6*a*
twa corbies making a m. 529*b*
we cast away m 336*a*
Moaned laughed and m about 44*b*
Moaning. bar and its m. 226*b*

Moaning (*cont*)
may there be no m of the bar 426*a*
now they are m 145*b*
Moans deep m round with many voices 439*a*
murmured her m 363*a*
Moat as a m defensive to a house 373*a*
look to your M 178*a*
Moated the lonely m grange 433*a*
Mob amphibious ill-born m 118*b*
do what the m do 126*a*
m of gentlemen who wrote 30*b*
M was the wrongest 20*a*
nouns as M, Parliament, Rabble 97*a*
our supreme governors, the m 449*a*
Mobled queen 332*b*
Mobs suppose there are two m? 126*a*
Mock how my achievements m me 369*a*
m on, m on, Voltaire, Rousseau 31*b*
m the air with idle state 173*b*
m the good housewife Fortune 325*b*
m the meat it feeds on 361*b*
Mocked as if he m himself 338*a*
God is not m 515*b*
m it as we rant 234*b*
Mockers loud m in the street 244*a*
Mockery all the rest, a m 398*a*
in monumental m 369*a*
m is the fume of little hearts 428*a*
our vain blows malicious m 329*b*
unreal m, hence! 349*a*
Mocking-bird's throat 457*b*
Mocks comforts while it m 50*b*
he never m 428*a*
Mode selfsame bloody m 179*b*
Model England! m to thy inward greatness 381*b*
m of a modern Major-General 166*b*
Models destroy genius and art 183*b*
Moderate men looked big, Sir 524*a*
Moderation astonished at my own m 95*b*
m even in excess 130*a*
m in war is imbecility 254*a*
m is a sort of treason 58*a*
no terms of m with the vulgar 13*b*
Moderator reasonable m Death 41*b*
Modern Prince-Elective on the m plan 91*b*
Moderns speak of m without contempt 90*b*
Modes unknown m of being 469*a*
various m of man's belief 45*b*
Modest for a modest man 240*a*
Modester people ought to be m 81*b*
Modesty in a friend, it is cold m 339*b*
ladies of irresistible m 410*b*
'O m! I was strictly kept' 293*b*
press yr point with m 108*a*
too much m is his 170*b*
where the Greeks had m 295*a*
wore enough for m 53*b*
yr maiden m wd float 202*b*
Mogul, and Mugwump 38*b*
Mohicans last of the M 106*a*
Moist conclude in a m relentment 42*a*
Mole a m cinque-spotted 328*b*
death is still working like a m 187*a*
go ask the M 29*b*
like a bastion s m his chest 403*a*
well said, old m! 331*b*
Moles of Adrianus 42*b*
Molly M Malone 524*a*
was true to his M 120*b*
when M smiles beneath her cow 528*a*
Moloch first M, horrid king 271*b*
Moltke, 'silent in seven languages' 17*b*
Moment a m gazed adown the dale 316*a*
a M's Halt 153*b*
certain m cuts the deed off 50*b*
does not seem a m's thought 474*a*
eternity was in that m 104*b*
every m, dies a man 439*a*
every m, lightly shaken 432*a*
horror of that m never forget 83*b*
in a m, in the twinkling of an eye 515*a*
one M in Annihilation's Waste 153*b*
one m may with bliss repay 77*b*
some awful m 465*b*
sonnet is a m's monument 311*b*
the kingdoms in a m of time 509*a*

Moment (*cont*)
the Marquis gazed a m 12*b*
very m that he bade me tell it 360*a*
Momentany as a sound 356*a*
Momentousness its m and his conviction 390*b*
Moments are m in life worth worlds 151*a*
days and m quickly flying 86*a*
m big as years 218*a*
m in the being 466*b*
m wh he calls his own 310*a*
Monan's rill 316*a*
Monarch a merry m, scandalous 309*b*
come, thou m of the vine 323*b*
cuckold to make him a m? 363*a*
every hereditary m was insane 17*b*
like a tired m fann'd to rest 282*b*
love cd teach a m to be wise 174*a*
m better than his crown 354*b*
m of all I survey 113*a*
more lovely than m of the sky 258*b*
no m but wd give his crown 448*b*
page and m, forth they went 286*b*
sat the merry m longest 249*a*
sure the m's rule must prove 306*a*
the m of a shed 170*a*
we greet the m-peasant 193*b*
with a m's voice cry, Havoc!' 339*b*
Monarchies all the four M 134*b*
Monarchize to m, be feared 375*b*
Monarchs fate summons, m must obey 140*b*
fear of change perplexes m 272*a*
righteous m, justly to judge 39*a*
wrote that m were divine 230*a*
Monarchy are you for making a m 171*b*
characteristic of the English M 17*b*
mass of mankind understand (M) 17*a*
M is an intelligible government 17*a*
mystic reverence to a true m 17*a*
no other sway but purest M 280*b*
universal m of wit 79*a*
wh are essential to a true m 17*a*
Monastic mild m faces 96*a*
on my heart m aisles 147*a*
Monday began on a M at morn 530*b*
betwixt a Saturday and M 79*b*
classical M Pops 164*b*
fell a-bleeding on Black M 353*b*
hanging of his cat on M 35*a*
M is parson's holiday 418*a*
M's child is fair of face 525*a*
Solomon Grundy, born on a M 532*b*
they that wash on M 532*b*
'twas on a M morning 193*a*
Money blockhead ever wrote, except for m 209*a*
borer the m to do it 451*b*
buy wine and milk without m 507*a*
counting out his m 533*b*
fancy giving m to the government! 186*a*
goa wheer m is 434*b*
hath a dog m? 353*a*
he gat him more m 89*a*
he that hath no m, come ye 503*a*
he that wants m, means, content 327*a*
how pleasant it is to have m 96*b*
if I'd as much m as I cd spend 533*a*
if not, by any means, m 542*b*
if you wd know the value of m 157*a*
I give thee my m 104*b*
I have spent all the m 210*b*
lends out m gratis 353*a*
lot of m to die comfortably 66*b*
love of m is the root of all evil 516*b*
m answereth all things 409*b*
m has a power above the stars 66*a*
m, I despise it 165*b*
m in the Three per Cents 46*b*
m is honey, my little sonny! 41*a*
m is indeed the most important 390*a*
m is like muck 15*a*
m is the sinews of love 150*b*
m is the true fuller's earth 159*b*
m language all understand 25*b*
m on de bob-tail nag 156*a*
[M] queen of all delights 21*a*
m speaks sense 25*b*
m, thou bane of bliss 187*b*

Money (*cont*)
more innocently than in getting m 208*b*
natural interest of m 254*b*
neither is m the sinews of war 15*b*
ninepence in ready m 2*b*
no m, no Swiss [soldiers] 565*a*
no one shall work for m 236*b*
not given his m upon usury 482*b*
put m in thy purse 360*b*
see what m will do 296*b*
so m comes withal 366*b*
suit wh cost me much m 296*a*
that's the way the m goes 257*b*
they hired the m, didn't they? 570*b*
they've no idea what m 's for 186*a*
thy m perish with thee 512*a*
time is m 156*b*
we've got the m too 201*b*
what m is better bestowed 440*a*
wherefore do ye spend m 503*a*
where is yr m? 534*b*
you pays yr m takes yr choice 535*a*
Money-bag aristocracy of the M 80*b*
Money-bags dream of m 353*b*
Moneys as m for values 13*a*
lend you thus much m? 353*a*
Mongrel greyhound, m grim 343*a*
m beef-witted lord 368*b*
m, puppy, whelp 169*a*
Monied interest 2*a*
Moniment, without a tomb 215*b*
Monitor murmurings, whereby the m expressed 464*b*
Monk m who shook the world 280*a*
the devil a m wd be 285*a*
the M my son 407*a*
Monkey bred out into baboon and m 368*a*
ere the M People cry 234*b*
had of yr daughter for a m 354*a*
never look long upon a m 104*a*
Monkeys for a wilderness of m 354*a*
goats and m! 362*b*
m and cats, all human life 204*b*
the m walk together 231*a*
Monks merrily sang the m in Ely 79*a*
the m of Magdalen 161*b*
Monmouth also a river at M 383*b*
Monograph on the ashes of tobacco 135*b*
Monotony bleats articulate m 410*b*
Monsr'-inform'-ingens 52*b*
Monster a m fearful and hideous 555*b*
as it were a m unto many 486*b*
blunt m with uncounted heads 379*b*
chief m plagued the natives 111*a*
great-siz'd m of ingratitudes 369*a*
it is the green-ey'd m 360*b*
lean abhorred m 366*b*
many-headed m of the pit 303*b*
many-headed m, the multitude 262*b*
m, wh the Blatant Beast men call 409*a*
shouts to scare the m 228*b*
some m in his thought 361*b*
that Theban m 277*b*
Monsters begot of all these m 202*b*
complicated m, head and tail 276*b*
Monstrous bottom of the m world 270*a*
speak in a m little voice 356*a*
Montagu Mrs M his dropt me 210*b*
Montague in truth, fair M 365*a*
Montaigne sedulous ape to M 412*b*
Montalban Aspramont or M 271*b*
Monte Carlo broke the bank at M 162*b*
Montezuma who imprisoned M 254*b*
Montgomery Mr M's readers 255*a*
Mr M's writing 254*b*
Month a little m 330*a*
April is the cruellest m 144*b*
ends all our m-long love 36*b*
hoarse teeth-chattering M 102*b*
love whose m is ever May 344*b*
m follow m with woe 392*a*
m in which the world began 89*a*
this is the M, the happy morn 270*a*
yet within a m 330*a*
Months but two m dead 330*a*
for m and m and m 424*a*
gat in m tweye 89*a*
I cd live for m without labour 451*b*
three crabbed m had soured 372*b*

Montmorenci monstrous steep of M 220b
Montreal Oh God! Oh M 67a
the gospel of M 67a
Mont Saint Jean seems Cain 71b
Monument an early but enduring m 302a
ask where is his m 558b
from off the M ! 19b
grave shall have a living m 336b
if you wd see his m 473b
in this shalt find thy m 389a
like the M 206b
patience on a m 371a
thou art a m , without a tomb 216a
you ask for his m 19a
Monuments gilded m of princes 387b
Mood albeit unused to the melting m 364a
her most exalted m 470a
in that sweet m 471a
in this m will give us anything 340b
in vacant or in pensive m 467b
listening m , she seem'd to stand 316a
that blessed m 472a
that strain was of a higher m 269b
woman in her selfless m 428b
Moods m of shadowy exultation 469b
unfit contrarious m 44a
Moon a climbing m an empty sky 476a
a huge halt m 378a
a hush with the setting m 434a
a m that was the town's 92b
and a white m beams 225b
and face the m 447b
and the m be still as bright 74a
and the m was full 429a
an isle and a sickle m 155a
a Sussex m , untravelled still 92b
auld m in her arm 530a
bares her bosom to the m 473a
be a dog, and bay the m 340b
beams of the watery m 356b
behold the wandering m 268a
beneath a waning m was haunted 101a
beneath the harvest m 131a
beneath the lightning and the M 99a
beneath the visiting m 324b
between the horns of the moon 407a
blow them to the m 135a
bowl goes trim The m doth shine 295b
brief the m of beauty 436b
brilliant m and all the milky sky 476a
by the light of the m 74a
by yonder blessed m I swear 365a
city had no need of the m 520a
come from the dying m 436a
course of one revolving m 138b
danced by the light of the m 243b
danced the m on Monan's rill 316a
dancing spectre seems the m 264a
do I carry the m in my pocket? 48b
drew my bride, beneath the m 293a
dwelleth i' the cold o the m 45b
each paved with the m 393a
fair as the m 500b
follow still the changes of the m 361b
God Himself is m and sun 435a
hang them on the horns o' the m 328a
her solemn bird and this fair m 274b
honour from the pale faced m 377a
horned M , with one bright star 99a
hymns to the cold fruitless m 356a
if the m shine at full or no 65b
if the Sun and M shd doubt 29b
I had had an affair with the m 411a
I saw the new m late 530a
it is the m , I ken her horn 63b
it is the very error of the m 361b
it was when the m was setting 434b
Lady M , Lady M 108a
lo, the m's self 49a
lucent as a rounded m 250b
minions of the m 376b
m and stars thou hast ordained 482a
m doth shine as bright as day 534b
m doth with delight 466a
m for certain seasons 488b
M , in the valley of Ajalon 494b
m is my sister 26b
m is on the wave 73a
m may draw the sea 436b
M of Heaven is rising 154a

Moon (*cont*)
M of my Delight 154a
m on my left 26b
m , or the stars, be not darkened 490b
m plucked at my rein 475a
m , rising in clouded majesty 274a
m shines bright on Mrs Porter 144b
m shone, we did not see the candle 355b
m sits arbitress 272a
m sleeps with Endymion 355b
m stands blank above 190a
m , sweet regent of the sky 265b
m under her feet 510a
m was a ghostly galleon 290a
m was shinin' clearly! 415a
mortal m hath her eclipse 388b
neither the m by night 480b
new m she saw not 218b
no bigger than the M 98b
no sun—no m ! 195a
now the m walks the night 119b
on whom the pale m gleams 291a
owl does to the m complain 174a
O yonder is the m 445a
perturbed m of Uranus 294b
roaring m of daffodil and crocus 435b
saw the m from Sussex downs 92b
set on fishing up the m 295b
shines the m in clouded skies 425b
shining to the quiet m 101a
shoots higher threatens the m 186b
silent as the m 277b
silver apples of the m 476a
shivered in the m's eclipse 340b
stain both m and sun 387b
sun and m , rejoice before Him 224a
sun, m , and stars, brother 34a
swear not by the m 365a
swifter than the wandering m 357a
the cow jumped over the m 534a
the glimpses of the m. 331a
the innocent m 443a
the m is up 69a
the m's beauty m's soft pace 469b
the m , the governess of floods 356b
the m winks 363a
the moving M went up the sky 99a
the slow m climbs 439a
two red roses across the m. 284b
under the cold, white m 181b
under the solitary m 8a
upon the corner of the m 340b
very wide awake the m and I 164b
vitreous pour of the full m 458b
when the m shall rise 473b
when the m was blood 92a
when the m was overhead 431b
whom mortals call the m 393a
wind up the sun and m 74b
with heavy sad steps, O M 401b
wolf howls the m 157b
yonder wan and horned m 193b
yon rising M that looks for us 154a
Moonbeam the sad m 35b
Moonbeams m from His eye 475a
the m kiss the sea 395b
Moonlight as m unto sunlight 432b
fox jumped up on a m night 533a
how sweet the m sleeps 355a
look for me by m 290a
meet me by m alone 462a
m in his room 201b
under the m still 220a
visit it by the pale m 317a
Moonlit hark! from that m cedar 7a
Moons new m and sabbaths 501a
not many m gone by 323b
reason has m , but m not hers 192a
Moonshine by m do the ringlets make 367b
collars of the m's watery beams 364b
m an' snow on field 250b
transcendental m 81a
Moon-struck madness 276b
Moon-washed apples 137b
Moor away! the m is dark 399a
clasps of a lascivious M 350b
falls on the m the brief day 224a
feed and batten on this m 335a
gentle lady married to the M 468b
make the M thank me, love me 361a

Moor (*cont*)
over the purple m 290a
she dwelt on a wide m 467b
the M is of a free nature 360b
yr daughter and the M 359b
Moore before I go, Tom M 73a
Moorfowl an undying m 475a
Moors blows the wind on the m 414b
she's for the M , and martyrdom 115a
Mops seven maids with seven m 84a
Mor the Peacock 234b
Moral and the m of that is 83a
degeneration of his m being 413a
Englishman thinks he is m 390b
his m pleases, not his wit 303b
is there any m shut 426b
let us be m 124a
make a m of the devil 382b
m Clytemnestra 73b
m considerations three quarters 564a
m life of a man forms part 466b
m or intellectual damage 575b
m sense never account for 80b
m , sensible, and well bred 108a
no one m till all are m 408a
no such thing as a m or an immoral book 460a
O m Gower 90a
the m law within me 568b
to point a m , or adorn a tale 213b
Moralist rustic m to die 174b
yr 'poor m ', betake me 75b
Morality Dr Johnson's m English 182b
good-bye, m ! 186a
make our idea of m centre 412a
m is the regulation of conduct 407b
m of art consists 460b
m of masters m of slaves 569a
m touched by emotion 10a
on his m than on his 'ossmanship 416b
periodical fits of m 255a
personal and national m 390a
some people talk of m 143b
unawares M expires 299a
Moralize I m two meanings 385a
loves shall m my song 408b
Moralized his song 303a
Moral philosophy m handmaid to religion 13a
m (make men) grave 16a
Morals Babel is a divergence upon m 413a
let thy m tell thy mind 299b
m of a Methodist 166b
teach the m of a whore 206b
why, man of m , tell me why? 166b
More and m , and m , and m 84b
by god body, master M 283a
easy to take m than nothing 83a
for I have m 132a
he m had pleased us 1b
he will awake no m 392a
in that m he all his hopes 9a
(I speak as a fool) I am m. 515a
I've no m yet 534b
knowledge grow from m to m 429b
m he cast away, the m he had 54b
m than my brothers are to me 429b
m than that no man is entitled 310a
m we see of you 26b
m wd be laid at yr feet 423a
m you have known o' the others 230b
no m but e'en a woman 324b
no m of that 364a
no m of that, Hal 377b
no m , oh, never m ! 395a
oh, the little m , and how much 45b
Oliver Twist has asked for m 125a
once m , O ye laurels 269a
once m unto the breach once m 382a
one m and this the last 363b
only a little m I have to write 189b
rather-m -or-less 228b
she cd not give him m 140a
so I can't take m 83a
they merely know m 315b
thou, O Lord, art m than they 429b
we shall not do it any m 393a
where m is meant than meets 268b
who dares do m is none 347a

More (*cont*)
will whyles do m 59*a*
Morea along M 's hills 70*a*
Morgue the Doric little M 44*b*
Moriarty Professor M 135*b*
Morn a m of bright carnations 138*a*
another m ris n on mid-noon 275*a*
as yet 'tis early m 432*a*
at midnight and at m. 146*b*
autumn evening, and the m 398*b*
awake, the m will never rise 117*b*
beloved, it is m ! 191*a*
clasped by the light of m 195*b*
clear in the cool September m 458*b*
cock that crowed in the m 534*a*
fair laughs the m 173*b*
from m to night, my friend 311*a*
glowing like the vital m 393*b*
hearts that with rising m arise 223*b*
hues of the rich unfolding m 223*b*
in a m by break of day 35*a*
incense-breathing M 174*a*
less dear than the dew of the m 474*b*
lights that do mislead the m 352*a*
lov'st to greet the early m 61*b*
M a thousand Roses brings 152*b*
M from black to red began to turn 65*b*
m , in russet mantle clad 329*b*
one Friday m when we set sail 525*b*
opening eyelids of the m 269*a*
salute the happy m 67*b*
see the opening m 32*a*
shall be the m of song 415*b*
sun came peeping in at m 195*a*
sweet is the breath of m 274*b*
the blooming m upon her wings 189*a*
the m not waking till she sing 251*b*
the nice M on the Indian steep 266*b*
this pious m 219*b*
this the happy m 270*a*
to descry the m 's approach 277*a*
ushers in the m 151*b*
when m purples the east 275*b*
where the m of life was spent 172*b*
with the m those Angel faces 288*b*
Morning a breeze of m moves 434*a*
almost at odds with m 349*b*
as the radiant lines of m 397*b*
before the m watch 490*a*
bird-song at m 414*a*
break forth as the m 503*a*
caught this m m 's minion 198*a*
cold and frosty m 523*b*
duly twice a m 238*b*
early in the m 527*b*
evening and the m first day 492*a*
every m brought a noble chance 429*a*
every m the red sun rises 3*a*
full many a glorious m 387*b*
glad confident m again 48*a*
God of the M 234*b*
here of a Sunday m 199*a*
he s for the m 47*a*
if m skies, books, and my food 415*a*
in the m it is green 487*b*
in the m of the world 50*a*
in rainfall at m 414*b*
in the m sow thy seed 499*b*
in the m thou shalt say 494*b*
it's nice to get up in the m 242*b*
joy cometh in the m 483*b*
like to the m 's war 384*a*
looketh forth as the m 500*b*
Lord, in the m thou shalt hear 453*a*
Lucifer, son of the m ! 502*a*
make the m precious 220*b*
methinks I scent the m air 331*b*
m , evening, noon, and night 45*a*
M in the Bowl of Night 152*a*
m s at seven 50*a*
never m wore to evening 429*b*
'No', this m., sir, I say 43*b*
outgoings of the m and evening 486*a*
phantom of False m died 152*a*
rainbow in the m 522*a*
sees some m , unaware 47*a*
shown no glorious m face 415*a*
take the wings of the m 490*a*
the great m of the world 392*a*
the m lowers 1*a*
the m stars sang together 497*b*
thy m bounties 109*b*
till m fair came forth 277*a*
'tis almost m 365*b*
'tis always m somewhere 198*a*
up in the m early 63*a*
voila of the M 475*a*
walk with Death and M 437*a*
watchman said, The m cometh 502*a*
wear the beauty of the m 472*b*
when the red m is brightening 397*b*
Wings o' the M 236*b*
with m cool repentance came 320*a*
won t go home till m 53*b*
would God it were m 494*b*
Morning-star a charm to stay the m 101*a*
golden guess is m 426*a*
Morocco pause there, M 353*b*
Morrice gulls in an aery m 185*b*
Morrison M M Weatherby George 266*b*
M 's Pill for curing Society 81*a*
Morrow bitterly thought of the m 462*b*
budding m is midnight 221*a*
day and a night and a m 420*b*
good m to our waking souls 131*a*
m shall take thought itself 505*b*
of a ful misty m 90*a*
take no thought for the m 505*b*
watching for the m 82*a*
windy night a rainy m 388*b*
Morsel I found you as a m cold 324*a*
m for a monarch 323*a*
Mortal all men m , but themselves 477*a*
a m thing so to immortalize 408*a*
beyond a m 's share 261*a*
but m in the minute 49*a*
change all m things doth sway 490*a*
fair as aught of m birth 67*b*
gathers all things m 422*a*
grief itself be m 392*a*
he rais'd a m to the skies 139*a*
her last disorder m 168*a*
I presume you're m 401*a*
know all m consequences 350*b*
love, sole m thing 293*a*
m ! Love that Holy One 120*a*
no m might one from other know 254*a*
purest treasure m times afford 374*b*
singing, here comes a m 6*a*
swings the flux of m things 9*a*
this m must put on immortality 515*a*
this m shall assume its immortality 77*a*
turning m for thy love 345*a*
tush, man, m men, m men 378*b*
unless to m it were given 318*b*
whatever stirs this m frame 101*b*
Mortality kept watch o'er man's m 467*a*
m 's too weak to bear them 289*b*
m weighs heavily on me 221*a*
sad m o'ersways their power 388*a*
there's nothing serious in m 348*a*
who then to frail m shall trust 17*a*
Mortals experience to m is a providence 175*b*
not for m always to be blest 4*b*
security is m 's chiefest enemy 349*b*
than we m dream 398*b*
timorous m start and shrink 453*b*
what fools these m be! 357*a*
whom m call the moon 393*a*
Mortar bray a fool in a m 498*b*
Mortify a wit 303*b*
Mortimer 'to arms!' cried M 173*b*
Moscow Juan was my M 71*b*
Moses as I was with M 494*b*
climb where M stood 453*b*
disputed about the body of M 518*a*
His hand on M ' law 30*a*
I am, Jehova said to M 403*a*
it might be M (a man I hate) 236*a*
Jesus was sitting in M ' chair 30*a*
M commands she be ston'd 30*a*
M died of the kisses of God 285*b*
M hid his face 493*b*
M stood with arms spread 110*a*
passed from Mahomet to M 305*a*
the man M was very meek 494*a*
Moss azure m and flowers 396*b*
m that wholly hides oak-stump 99*b*
stone, rolling can gather no m 446*b*
Most make the m on 'em 121*b*
the m may err as grossly 136*b*
thinks m , feels the noblest 18*a*
Mote that is in thy brother s eye 505*b*
Motes as thikke as m 89*b*
Moth a m of peace 360*b*
how, like a m , the simple maid 159*a*
kill not the m nor butterfly 29*b*
m fretting a garment 484*a*
not a m with vain desire 430*b*
the candle singed the m 353*b*
the moth s kiss, first! 46*b*
where m and rust doth corrupt 505*b*
Mother abide by my M 's house 233*a*
all my m came into mine eyes 383*a*
all so still where His m was 524*a*
a m for her children 28*b*
a m is a m still 102*a*
an Egyptian to my m give 362*b*
any babe on any m 's knee 423*a*
as is the m , so is her daughter 503*b*
back to the great sweet m 424*a*
bathe in me, m and child 226*a*
behold my m and my brethren 506*b*
behold thy m 511*b*
bring thee into my m 's house 500*b*
call his m 'Ma'am' 93*a*
call me early, m dear 434*b*
come to the m 's, when she feels 178*a*
coster 's jumping on his m 166*b*
daughter am I in my m s house 233*a*
dearer was the m for the child 101*a*
deceived the m of mankind 270*b*
does yr m know you are out? 19*b*
don't tell my m I'm living in sin 180*a*
drop into thy m 's lap 276*b*
else his m a witch maun be 511*a*
fairer daughter of a fair m 544*b*
foolish son heaviness of his m 498*a*
for m will be there 186*a*
from whence his m rose 320*b*
great M 's train divine 9*a*
happy he with such a m 437*a*
Heaven's M send us grace 98*b*
here, M , tie my girdle 393*a*
His m on his father him begot 30*a*
his M , who was patient, being dead 294*a*
home to his m 's house 277*b*
I arose a m in Israel 494*b*
I feel no pain dear m now 523*b*
in sin hath my m conceived me 485*a*
it cannot be called our m 350*a*
joyful m of children 489*a*
little did my m ken 530*a*
Mary was that M mild 36*b*
m , a maiden is a tender thing 428*b*
m , and lover of men 424*a*
m and maiden 534*b*
m bids me bind my hair 202*a*
m came and caught her 535*b*
m cried, baby lept 176*a*
m., for love of grace, lay not 335*a*
m , make my bed soon 529*b*
m may forget the child 61*b*
m of all living 492*b*
m of dead dogs 81*a*
M of God! no lady thou 98*a*
m of harlots and abominations 519*b*
m of months in meadow 420*a*
m of Parliaments 38*a*
m of Sisera looked out 495*a*
m of the Fair Delight 311*b*
M ! oh, where is that radiant shore 184*b*
m o' mine 232*b*
m 's milk were scarce out of him 370*a*
m 's pride, a father's joy 319*a*
m 's sake the child was dear 101*a*
m 's wag, pretty boy 176*a*
m that bore you knew it all 232*b*
m the holiest thing alive 102*a*
m who talks her own children 128*b*
M , Wife and Queen 437*a*
m , wi' her needle an' her sheers 59*b*
my m bore me in the wild 32*b*
my m didna speak 20*b*
my m groaned, my father wept 32*a*
my m she fell sick 20*b*
near the manners of my m 370*a*
never had any m 415*b*
old M Hubbard 533*b*

Mother (*cont*)
O M , Mary M 313*a*
O m , m , make my bed soon 531*b*
one whom his m comforteth 503*b*
repeats to thee thy m 's grief 29*b*
rhyming m wits 259*a*
scarce be a man before thy m 23*a*
show'd thy dear m any courtesy 328*b*
Simon's wife s m 508*a*
solemn earth, a fatal m 421*a*
so loving to my m 330*a*
Sons of Martha favour their M. 234*b*
stood the mournful m weeping 554*a*
strive to be a man before yr m 107*b*
such a lady God's m be 524*b*
sucked the breasts of my m 500*b*
tell yr m it wasn't I 533*a*
there thy m brought thee forth 501*a*
there was their Dacian m 69*a*
this great m of the sciences 17*a*
thou art thy m 's glass 387*a*
thy m a lady, both lovely 317*b*
thy m 's grief 35*b*
took great care of his m 266*b*
upraised me where my m fell 441*a*
virgin m born 270*a*
what is home without a m ? 182*b*
when my m died 32*b*
where a M laid her Baby 3*b*
where yet was ever found a m 160*b*
who ran to help me my M 425*a*
whose m was her painting 328*b*
who was yr m ? 415*b*
yr m will never see you again 11*b*
Mother Carey bound to M 227*a*
Motherland, we pledge to thee 228*a*
Mothers all women become like their m 460*a*
city of the best-bodied m 457*b*
if Cæsar had stabbed their m 338*a*
m of large families 25*b*
m that lack sons 328*a*
younger are happy m made 364*b*
Mother tongue Chatham s language was his m 111*b*
Mother-wit Nature by her m ed frame 409*a*
Moths unfading m 39*b*
Mothy curfew-tide 179*b*
Motion a breath and everlasting m 465*b*
careful of my m 427*a*
her m blushed at herself 360*a*
in his m like an angel sings 355*a*
little m in the air 393*a*
meandering with a mazy m 101*a*
measured m like a living thing 469*a*
m of our human blood 472*a*
next to the perpetual m 127*a*
no m has she now, no force 463*a*
sounds of undistinguishable m 469*a*
the acting and the first m 338*b*
the m of a hidden fire 280*a*
this sensible warm m 352*a*
to nothing with perpetual m 380*a*
to rot itself with m 322*b*
unshak d of m 339*a*
with a short uneasy m 99*b*
with his eternal m make 467*a*
with the m of all elements 345*a*
with visible m her diurnal round 466*a*
with what m moved the clouds! 469*a*
yr sweet hue hath m 388*b*
Motions her household m light 470*b*
m of his spirit are dull 355*b*
m of the viewless winds 469*b*
must to thy m lovers' seasons 134*a*
skittish in all motions 370*b*
so delicate his m be 37*b*
those well-ordered m 42*a*
two weeping m 115*a*
Motive looks always on the m 474*a*
noblest m is the public good 410*a*
Motive-hunting of motiveless malignity 102*b*
Motives meaner than your own 21*b*
Motley a m fool 326*a*
made myself a m 389*a*
M 's the only wear 326*a*
Motto be that my m and my fate 420*a*
m I proposed for the [*Edinburgh*] 405*a*
Mottoes lovely cracker m 163*a*
Mould anything that grew out of the m 233*a*
m of a man's fortune 16*a*
rocks on the m 522*a*
round their lips the m falls 312*a*
splashing the wintry m 475*b*
the m of form 333*b*
'the sort of woman now,' said M 124*a*
Moulded scarcely formed or m 72*a*
Moulds crack nature's m 342*b*
Moulmein Pagoda 232*a*
Moult time shall m away 416*a*
Mound each night above his m 179*a*
seated upon the convex m 202*b*
this wave-washed m 312*b*
Mount by m , and stream, and sea 184*b*
great Vision of the guarded m 270*a*
I may not m on thee again 289*b*
liked the 'Sermon on the M ' 130*b*
M Amara 274*a*
m , m , my soul 376*a*
m of marble, a hundred spires 426*b*
whilst you m up on high 376*a*
Mountain a forked m , or blue promontory 324*a*
devil exceeding high m 505*a*
every m and hill made low 502*b*
fold to fold, of m or of cape 436*b*
gross as a m 377*b*
heard the M 's slumbrous voice 396*a*
his plough, along the m -side 470*a*
in all my holy m 501*b*
I reside at Table M 182*b*
land of the m and the flood 317*b*
Nebo s lonely m 3*a*
o'er the rugged m 's brow 172*b*
robes the m in its azure hue 77*a*
say unto this m , Remove hence 507*a*
set a huge m 'tween my heart 339*a*
sun looked over the m 's rim 49*b*
the m and the squirrel 146*b*
the m sheep are sweeter 295*a*
this fair m leave to feed 335*a*
tiptoe on the misty m tops 366*a*
up the airy m 4*a*
woods or steepy m yields 259*a*
young hart upon the m of spices 501*a*
Mountain-built with peaceful citadel 219*b*
Mountains Acroceraunian m 392*b*
among our ancient m 245*b*
among the m by the winter sea 429*a*
barren are those m 37*a*
beautiful must be the m 37*a*
before the m were brought forth 487*b*
brighter Hellas rears its m 394*a*
came to the Delectable M 54*a*
faith, so that I cd remove m 514*b*
fields, or waves, or m 398*b*
from Greenland's icy m 184*a*
he wd hunt in the m 530*b*
his strength setteth fast the m 486*a*
how beautiful upon the m 502*b*
Mont Blanc is the monarch of m 73*a*
m also shall bring peace 486*b*
m and rocks, Fall on us 519*a*
m are the beginning of scenery 314*a*
m divide us, and the waste 320*b*
m interpos'd make enemies 111*b*
m , moors, and fenlands 248*b*
m will be in labour 542*a*
o'er her grave ye m shine 8*b*
paced upon the m overhead 476*b*
see the m kiss high Heaven 395*b*
snow on the m below 393*a*
snow the m have put on 407*a*
the m are our sponsors 241*b*
the m look on Marathon 70*b*
to me high m are a feeling 68*b*
to the rocks and the m 424*b*
two Voices one of the m 471*b*
unoverleap'd M of Necessity 8*a*
upon England's m green 31*a*
when men and m meet 30*a*
ye m of Gilboa 495*b*
Mountain-tops flatter the m 387*b*
over all the m is peace 568*a*
the m that freeze 385*b*
Mountebank a mere anatomy, a m 328*a*
m who sold pills 2*b*
Mounted Lycidas sunk low, but m 270*a*
m on her milk-white steed 528*a*
Mounting there was m in hot haste 68*b*
Mounts m , and that hardly 6*b*
now he m above me 139*a*
Mourn blessed are they that m 505*a*
I m for that most lovely thing 474*b*
in summer skies to m 217*b*
makes countless thousands m 61*b*
man was made to m 61*b*
m , hapless Caledonia, m 405*b*
m with ever-returning spring 458*b*
no longer m for me 388*a*
now can never m a heart 392*b*
o'er thee the angels m 37*b*
shall I go m. for that, my dear? 373*a*
time enough to m 117*a*
to comfort all that m 503*a*
wherefore shd we m ? 465*a*
Mourned a beast wd have m longer 330*a*
m , till Pity's self be dead 103*a*
Mourner constant m o'er the dead 72*b*
Mourners most musical of m 391*b*
m go about the streets 500*a*
no m walk behind me 180*b*
the m followed after 199*a*
Mournful m that no new wonder 475*b*
when m as I sit 20*b*
Mourning and silence their m 424*b*
better to go to the house of m 499*a*
hath oftener left me m 471*a*
m of a mighty nation 435*a*
oil of joy for m 503*b*
she doth of m speak 78*a*
Mouse as still as m 155*a*
caught a crooked m 532*a*
good my m of virtue 370*a*
hath he to ete a m 89*b*
I frightened a little m 534*a*
if that she sawe a m 88*b*
killing of a m on Sunday 35*a*
lat him seen a m 89*b*
not a m shall disturb this house 357*b*
not even a m 280*b*
single laughable little m 542*a*
so quiet as a m 1*a*
the m ran up the clock 534*a*
the m was gone 534*a*
usual to catch a m or two 175*b*
Mouse-trap make a better m 148*b*
Moustache kissed by a man who didn t wax his m 237*b*
Mouth a pipe for my capacious m 159*a*
a rose her m 433*b*
determination of words to the m 417*a*
down in the m 105*a*
God be in my m 523*a*
God be in their m 490*b*
he opened not his m 503*a*
her m is smoother than oil 497*b*
his m is most sweet 500*b*
if you m it 333*b*
in their m was found no guile 519*a*
in the m of fame 222*a*
it was in my m sweet as honey 519*a*
matched in m like bells 357*a*
m fair Freedom s classic line 77*b*
m like an old potato 227*b*
m of the Lord hath spoken it 502*b*
m of yr own geranium's red 46*b*
not wh goeth into the m defileth 507*a*
ope his m , out there flew a trope 64*b*
out of his m went a sword 518*b*
out of the heart the m speaketh 506*b*
out of the m of very babes 482*a*
out of thine own m will I judge 510*a*
purple-stained m 219*b*
reasons made his m to water 65*a*
sandwich no m to put it in 126*a*
satisfieth thy m with good things 488*a*
set a watch, O Lord before my m 490*b*
spue thee out of my m 518*b*
stop his m with a kiss 358*a*
sweet red splendid kissing m 424*a*
sweet small m 422*b*
to look a gift-horse in the m 65*a*
what seems to say her rosy m ? 293*b*
with the m of a bell 227*a*
Mouthed first m last swallowed 335*a*
Mouthful out of a m of air 474*b*
Mouths blind m ! 269*b*
enemy in their m 361*b*

Mouths (*cont*)
fair woman made m in a glass 342b
have m , and speak not 489a
he m a sentence 94b
our m are one with Mouth 40a
to m like mine at least 51b
whose m must be held with bit 483b
Move anon they m in phalanx 271b
but it does m 567a
for ever and for ever when I m 438b
for in him we live, and m 512b
for shame, this will not m 416a
if I cd pray to m 339a
it never shd m at any time 488a
I will m Thee 187b
let's all m one place on 83a
makes no show to m 134a
m onward, leading up 427a
m still, still so 373b
so did she m , so did she sing 249b
the great affair is to m 412b
Moveable Feasts 478a
Moved eyes have m me not 415a
he has m a little nearer 248b
hell from beneath is m for thee 502a
I, singularly m 293b
not suffer thy foot to be m 489b
that it cannot be m 487b
Movement a sudden and adroit m 451a
Movements many m of his mind 472b
their glad animal m 472a
Movers and shakers of the world 291a
Moves as impotently m as you or I 153b
having writ m on 153b
it m us not 473a
m , and mates, and slays 153b
Moveth all together, if at all 470a
Moving in m , how express 332b
m about in worlds not realised 466b
m others, are themselves as stone 388b
the m Moon went up 99a
tho' m inly to one far-set goal 9a
Moving-delicate, and full of life 359a
Mower whets his scythe 268b
Mozart fit for the gaiety of M. 37a
Much and asking too m 78b
but poor tho' m they have 143a
goin' thro' so m learn so little 126b
I have as m of this in art 341a
I may've 'ad too m 535b
is by m too m 378b
maketh m of them that fear 482a
more to that wh had too m. 325b
m of a muchness 144a
so many worlds, so m to do 430b
something too m of this 334a
there will be too m of me 165b
there won't be too m for us 85b
this is too m for be 237a
Muchness much of a m 144a
Muck money is like m 15a
stop raking the m 310b
Muck-rake man with a m. 54a
Muck-rakes indispensable 310b
Mud m celestially fair 39b
of water and of m 39a
one sees the m 242a
put m into coffee 439b
Muddied oafs at the goals 230a
Muddy m ecstasies of beer 113b
m , ill-seeming, thick 367a
trouts tickled best in m water 66b
Muddy-mettled rascal 333a
Mudie's keep my books at M 66b
Muffin now for the m and toast 167a
Muffins in a plate of m 390b
Mug graceful air and heavenly m 155a
zum o' that in a m 535a
Mugwump of the final plot 38b
Mulberry Garden 149b
Mule be ye not like to horse and m 483b
cross breed, the m of politics 129a
the battery-m 's a m 233a
Mull was a-stern 414b
Multiplication is vexation 533a
Multiply be fruitful, and m. 402a
Multiplying eye 180b
Multitude cover the m of sins 517b
fool m , that choose by show 353b
goeth about to persuade a m 196b
great m , wh no man cd number 519a

Multitude (*cont*)
hoofs of a swinish m 57a
inaudible to the vast m 464b
not in the m of friends 214b
rank me with the barbarous m 353b
saved by the m of an host 484a
still discordant, wavering m 379b
the giddy m 202b
the m is always in the wrong 128a
the rude m call the afternoon 345a
Multitudes against revolted m 275a
I contain m 458a
m in the valley of decision 504a
pestilence-stricken m 396a
Mum 's the word 570b
Mummers grave m ! 299a
Mummy it was dyed in m 362b
M is become merchandise 42b
Munch on, crunch on 50a
Munched, and munched 346a
Mundane more than m weeds 39b
Munich wave, M ! all thy banners 77a
Murder foul and midnight m 173b
from battle and m 478b
I met M in the way 395b
Killing no M Briefly Discourst 321b
love and m will out 104a
more strange than such a m is 349a
most sacrilegious m. 348a
most unnatural m 331b
m by the law 477a
m cannot be hid long 353b
m most foul 331b
M One of the Fine Arts 120a
m run in families 245a
m , tho' it have no tongue 331a
m yet is but fantastical 346b
no place shd m sanctuarize 336a
one m made a villain 304b
then m 's out of tune 363b
thou shalt do no m 480a
to do no contrived m 359b
to m and to ravish 12b
we m to dissect 471b
withered m , alarum'd 347b
Murdered some sleeping kill'd, all m 375b
two brothers and their m man 218b
Murderer an honourable m 364a
deaf and viperous m 392a
Eugene Aram a liar, and a m 75b
first smith was the first m 's son 112b
help the escaping m 412b
the man is a common m 315b
Murders twenty mortal m 349a
Murdstone Mr M 121b
Murex who fished the m up? 50a
Murmur Atheist too, why m I 133b
creeping m and the pouring dark 382a
I do not m 568b
live m of a summer's day 8a
take the rustic m of their bourg 428b
whose m invites one to sleep 390b
with reason m at his case 100a
Murmuring of innumerable bees 437a
Murmurings m of the city 107a
m , whereby the monitor expressed 464b
Murmurs as for m , mother 171a
hear our mutual m sweep 71a
hollow m died away 103a
m as the ocean m 241a
no quarrels, m , no delay 115a
Murphy *'tace*, madam', answered M 151a
Murray bonny Earl of M 530b
my M 73a
Muscle keep thy m trained 250b
the motion of a m 463a
Muscovy of a Prince in M 235a
Muscular his Christianity was m 129b
Muse every conqueror creates a M 449a
for this the Tragic M first trod 298b
honour'd by the M he loved 290b
meditate the thankless M 260b
M invoked, sit down to write 419b
my M these notes intendeth 401b
my M , to some ears not unsweet 402a
natural love of the 'chaste m ' 33a
neither man, nor M , can praise 215b
now, M , let's sing of rats 172b
O! for a M of fire 381a
plans, credit, and the M 146b

Muse (*cont*)
poet meets his favouring m. 113b
so may some gentle M 269a
talked shop like a tenth m 523b
taught by the heavenly M 267b
the M , nae poet ever fand her 62b
wh most doth take my M and me 215a
with the worst-humour'd m. 169b
with the worst natured M 309b
worthy of the Virgilian m 37a
Muses adopting M chose their sons 30a
charm of all the M 439a
m on admired themes 259b
M ' sacred grove be wet 442b
M scorn with vulgar brains 401b
sitteth in the M ' bower 36a
wander where the M haunt 273a
write the M ' story 176b
Museum bones and beak all in the M 25b
Mushrooms broiled fowl and m 126a
Music(k) a little m out of doors 223a
all art aspires towards m 572b
all kinds of m 504a
along the Psalmist's m deep 44a
but the m there 300a
ceasing of exquisite m. 247a
chief m of our May 137a
city is built to m 427b
compulsion doth in m lie 266b
daughters of m be brought low 499b
die in m 364a
discourse most eloquent m 334b
fading in m 354a
finds its food in m 245a
fled is that m 220a
from their own M when they stray 78b
God! of whom m and song 264a
great fish spouts m 202b
hath no m in himself 355b
heard his voice in all her m 302b
hear'st thou m sadly 387a
hear the sweet m of speech 113a
heaven is m 78a
heavy part the m bears 214b
he hears no m 338a
how sour sweet m is 376a
how sweet his m ! 471b
I don't know anything about m. 25a
if m be the food of love 369b
in sweet m is such art 385b
I shall be made thy M 133b
just accord all m makes 402a
let the sounds of m creep 355a
like harmony in m 469a
made his m heard below 426b
maintain the m of the spheres 42a
makes m wherever she goes 533b
make the m mute 428b
many a tale their m tells 282a
Master of all m 248b
may make one m as before 429b
mellow m match'd with him 430b
Milton a solemn servant of m. 239a
mind the m and the step 18b
m alone with sudden charms 104a
M and sweet Poetry 21a
m arose voluptuous swell 68a
m for the time doth change 355b
m has charms to sooth 104b
M , heavenly Maid, was young 103a
m in its roar 69b
m in my heart I bore 471a
m is the brandy of the damned 390b
m is the gladness of the world 144b
m , moody food of us 323b
M of a *distant* Drum 152b
m of its trees at dawn 7a
m of men's lives 376a
m oft hath such a charm 352a
m of the Gospel leads us home 150a
m sensual pleasure without vice 212a
m sent up to God by the lover 44b
M shall untune the sky 139b
m soars within the little lark 43a
M , sphere-descended maid 103a
m sweeter than their own 469a
m that gentlier on the spirit 433a
m that I care to hear 197b
m , the greatest good mortals know 1b

Music(k) (*cont*)
m to hear 387a
m, when soft voices die 399b
m wherever there is a harmony 42a
m with th' enamelled stones 372b
m, yearning like a God in pain 221b
never merry when I hear sweet m 355a
no m in the nightingale 372b
not formed, as notes of m are 393b
o'ercharged to m lendeth 401b
pass'd in m out of sight 432a
perfect m unto noble words 437a
reasonable good ear in m 357a
sank like m on my heart 99b
seduction of martial m 58b
Shelley's genius m not poetry 9a
Shelley with liquid m 36a
sing—M was given, to brighten 282a
softest m to attending ears 365b
soft is the m that wd charm 468a
still, sad m of humanity 472a
strain of m to thy mind 35b
struck one chord of m 306b
sweet as stops of planetary m 393b
that m still! 471a
that vulgar and tavern m 42a
their rounds their m's aid 249b
the m he made with us 423a
there is m even in beauty 42a
the soul of m shed 281a
this m crept by me 367a
thy beauty's silent m 78a
thy chosen m, Liberty! 471b
to hear the sea-maid's m 356b
to his m plants and flowers 385b
uproar's yr only m 222a
what passion cannot M raise 139b
where m dwells lingering 467b
whose m hell can move 78b
with m loud and long 101b
with m sweet as love 398a
women and m shd never be dated 171a
yr voice is m 25a
Musical found out m tunes 521a
most m, most melancholy 268a
Shakespeare and the m glasses 171a
silence more m than any song 311a
we were none of us m 159a
Musician as a m scatters sound 464b
better a m than the wren 355b
he is dead, the sweet m 248b
the lady is a m 135b
Musicians 'tis we m know 44b
Music-maker Schumann's our m 46b
Music-makers we are the m 291a
Musing m full sadly in his mind 408b
m there an hour alone 70b
thus m the fire kindled 484a
Musk of the rose is blown 434a
Musket his m moulds in his hands 151a
when the volleying m played 317a
Musk-rose cankers in the m buds 356b
m, and the well-attir'd woodbine 270a
the coming m 220a
Mussels cockles and m, alive, alive 524a
m all in a row 533a
Must Duty whispers low *Thou m* 147a
I do but sing because I m 430a
this year, the m shall foam 253a
we forget because we m 5a
Mustard but to say 'Pass the m' 167a
faith as a grain of m 507a
like to a grain of m seed 506b
piece of beef and m 366b
Muster to join the m came 253a
Mustn't tell her she m 535b
Musty proverb is something m 334b
Mutability M in them doth play 409a
nought may endure but M 396a
Mutable, rank-scented many 328a
Mute at the balance let's be m 59a
care of natures that are m! 264a
ditty, long since m 221b
if she be m, is she not pure? 315a
make the music m 428b
m and magnificent, without a tear 141b
m on Tara's walls 281a
say she be m 366b
some m inglorious Milton 174a
Mutilators of collections 239a
Mutiny a sudden flood of m 340a

Mutiny (*cont*)
stones of Rome to rise and m 340b
Mutton boiled leg of m 127a
their love o' m 250b
Mutton-pies make them into m 85b
Mutual m cowardice keeps us in peace 210a
m forgiveness of each vice 30a
told but to her m breast 77b
Muzzle not m the ox 494b
My! when he made Ole Hunderd 250b
My-doxy Orthodoxy or M 80b
My-lorded him 440a
Mynheer Vandunck 103b
Myra's pocket-hole 31b
Myriad-minded Shakespeare 102a
Myriads though bright 271a
Myrrh bundle of m is my well-beloved 500a
frankincense, and m 504b
Myrtle land where the cypress and m 67b
shall come up the m tree 503a
than the soft m 351b
Myrtles once more ye m brown 269a
wh a grove of m made 20b
Myself am quite m again 199a
because I'm not m 82b
find in m no pity to m 385a
I can't explain m 82b
I celebrate m 457b
I follow but m 359b
I live not in m 68b
I'm not feeling very well m 536a
I pray for no man but m 368a
leave nothing of m in me 114b
m and my Creator 288a
m not least, but honoured of them 438b
m when young did eagerly 153a
never less alone than when by m 161b
nobody, I m, farewell 363b
thinking for m at all 166a
too near the praising of m 354b
when I give I give m 458a
Mysteries stewards of the m 514a
what m do lie beyond thy dust 448a
Mystery burthen of the m 472a
comprehend its m 248a
embodied in the m of words 469b
he will discredit our m 352a
in m our soul abides 7a
I show you a m 515a
lay bare the m to me 192a
love is such a m 416a
lucrative business of m 57b
marvel and a m to the world 247b
M, Babylon the Great 519b
oh! m of man 470a
Penetralium of m 222a
pluck out the heart of my m 334b
reflection solves the m 415b
see M to Mathematics fly 299a
take upon 's the m of things 344a
the m, the sign 132b
where m begins, justice ends 57b
where m begins, religion ends 57b
wrapped up my buth in a m 440b
yr m, yr m, nay, despatch 362b
Mysterious God moves in a m way 110a
Mystic as ye walk yr m way 165a
Nature's m book 260a
Mystical m body of thy Son 480b
m mathematics of the city of heaven 41a

N

N or M 481a
Na fye n, fye n 529a
Nabobs raised the price of everything 254b
Nadir dark has crossed the n 200a
Nag money on de bob-tail n 156a
Naiad a Nymph, a N or a Grace 316a
guardian N of the strand 316a
Nail Dick, the Shepherd, blows his n 345b
fasten him as a n 502a
for want of a n, the shoe was lost 157a
one n by strength drives out 372b
smote the n into his temples 494b
Nailed hundred years ago were n 376a
n Him to the Tree 456a

Nails blowing of his n 384a
into the print of the n 511b
n bitten and pared to the quick 255b
near yr beauty with my n 384a
on his n, which were taper 182a
whole social system Prince's n 122a
Nail't wi' Scripture 59b
Naked a n thinking heart 132a
he but n, tho' locked up 384a
helpless, n piping 32a
in going to my n bed 143b
left me n to mine enemies 386a
n, and ye clothed me 508a
n, come to thee for dress 445a
n shingles of the world 5a
n they came to that bower 435a
n to the hangman's noose 198b
on Nilus' mud lay me stark n 325a
our ingress into the world was n 249a
still is n, being dressed 147a
the n every day he clad 169a
the n hulk alongside came 98b
to go n is the best disguise 104a
Nakedness n of the land 493b
n of woman work of God 31a
not in utter n 466a
Namancos looks toward N 270a
Name a dearer n shall be 141b
a deed without a n 349b
a local habitation and a n 357b
and stain'd his n 59a
another place I take my n 409b
a passion for the n of Mary 71a
arm, arm, my n 375a
before we have existence, and a n 238b
Ben Adhem's n led all the rest 202a
breathe not his n 281a
Christian n, I think, was John 130b
conveys it in a borrowed n 306a
coward shame distain his n 61b
[Dryden], acquired him a great n 104a
ease, content! whate'er thy n 301b
eke my n be wiped out 408a
fame is nothing but an empty n 94b
filches from me my good n 361b
find Ianthe's n again 241b
for my n and memory 17a
for that slow sweet n's sake 46b
friendship, like love, is but a n 160b
give the ill he cannot cure a n 9a
glory and the nothing of a n 69b
good n in man or woman 361b
good n is better than ointment 499a
good n is rather to be chosen 498b
grand old n of gentlemen 431a
grete god of Loves n 89b
hallowed be thy n 505a
He is called by thy n 32b
Hell trembled at the hideous n 273a
her n an 'army' doth present 187b
her n is never heard 22a
her n was Barbara Allen 531a
high tho' his titles, proud his n 317a
his former n is heard no more 275a
His N and sign who bear 200b
his n only is excellent 490b
his n painted clearly on each 85b
his n shall be lost for evermore 319a
Horatio, what a wounded n 337a
I am become a n 438b
if a n dearer and purer were 72b
if my n were liable to fear 338a
I got so I cd hear his n 127b
I have forgotten yr n 422b
I have no n 32b
I injured neither n 193b
in the stone a new n written 518b
I sing the N wh none can say 114b
is not the king's n thousand 375a
I will give them an everlasting n 503a
I will not blot out his n 518b
I wrote her n upon the strand 408a
Joy is my n 32b
lash'd the vice but spared the n 419a
leaving here a n, I trust 407a
left a n behind them 521b
lesser than my n 375b
let me not n it to you 363b
letters four do form his n [Pitt] 101a
mark, or the n of the beast 519a
Milton, a n to resound for ages 427a

Name (*cont*)
Muses chose their sons by n 36*a*
must he lose the n of king? 375*b*
my n is George Nathaniel Curzon 528*b*
my n is Jowett 528*b*
my n is Legion 508*b*
my n is Might-have-been 312*b*
my n is Ozymandias 396*b*
my n is Used-to-was 445*a*
my n were not so terrible 380*a*
my 'oss, my wife, and my n 417*a*
my verse extolled thy n 70*a*
n great in story 73*b*
n of the God of Jacob defend thee 482*b*
N of the Lord thy God in vain 480*a*
n to all succeeding ages curst 138*a*
n wh is above every n 516*a*
naming a dubious n ! 47*a*
no more must change their n 464*a*
no profit but the n 335*b*
nothing but to n his tools 64*b*
O Duty! if that n thou love 463*b*
Oh! might my n be numbered 408*b*
one Hope, s one n be there 312*b*
on his thigh a n 519*b*
or the number of his n 519*a*
our n is heard no more 109*b*
owner's n someway in the corners 458*a*
Phœbus! what a n to fill 72*a*
rose by any other n 365*a*
see one's n in print 72*a*
set down my n, Sir 54*a*
still is thy n in high account 318*a*
still the n do bide the same 21*a*
such weak witness of thy n 278*a*
takes a specious n 477*a*
that many-memoried n 28*b*
the incommunicable n 520*a*
their n liveth for evermore 521*b*
the magic of a n 77*a*
the n, at wh the world grew pale 213*b*
there is no n of wh the echo 241*b*
the whistling of a n 301*b*
they had their n thence 267*b*
thy n is an ointment 500*a*
Thy N, O Jesus, be for ever blest 200*a*
to all men be Thy n known 36*b*
to bless yr n in pride 47*b*
to change the n not the letter 87*a*
Villon, our glad mad brother's n 421*a*
we will not ask her n 77*b*
what is friendship but a n ? 169*a*
what is yr n ? 481*a*
what n Achilles assumed 42*b*
what n gave he? 25*a*
what's in a n ? 365*a*
what the dickens his n is 355*b*
what thy lordly n is 298*b*
whose n was writ in water 223*b*
with a n like yrs any shape 85*a*
Wolfe's great n compatriot 111*b*
worth in age without a n 283*a*
write against yr n 309*a*
write upon him my new n 518*b*
write yr n upon the sand 241*b*
yet another n more free 299*b*
yr n with worthy wights to reign 177*a*
Named thee but to praise 178*a*
Nameless n here for evermore 298*a*
thou art a n thing 73*b*
to be n in worthy deeds 42*b*
Names a commodity of good n 376*b*
bright n will hallow song 68*b*
bright with n that men remember 421*b*
called him soft n 220*a*
called them by the wrong n 45*a*
calleth them all by their n 490*b*
call the lands after their own n 485*a*
deathless lot to n ignoble 109*b*
home of unpopular n 9*a*
honour doth forget men's n 373*b*
I called on poisonous n 394*b*
I have lost all the n 210*b*
n of things belov'd are dear 36*a*
n of those who love the Lord 201*b*
n that must not wither 68*b*
not unholy n, I hope 123*b*
oft n God in oaths 132*a*
or allow their n to be mentioned 11*b*
our n, familiar in his mouth 383*a*
our souls were in our n 263*b*

Names (*cont*)
play so nicely with their n 375*a*
seeing our n in print 93*b*
such great n as these 526*a*
syllable men's n 267*a*
those rugged n grow sleek 278*b*
twenty more such n and men 366*b*
two most sacred n 106*b*
unpronounceable awful n 182*b*
worshipped by the n divine 30*a*
yr n, remembered day and night 37*a*
Nan change Kate into N 30*a*
Nancy Lady N she died 531*a*
mate of the *N* brig 163*a*
with his N on his knees 164*a*
Nap sun had taken out his n 65*b*
Napier Admiral N, K C B 440*b*
Napkins dip their n in his blood 340*a*
Naples and on liberty 92*a*
Napoleon ashes of N Bonaparte 455*a*
be a N and yet disbelieve 45*a*
chief monster (N) 111*a*
except N, or abused it more 71*b*
N forgot Blucher 95*a*
[N] had a kind of idea 80*a*
N of crime 135*b*
N of the realms of rhyme 71*b*
(N) sheep-worry of Europe 38*a*
[N's] presence on the field 455*a*
Napper Tandy 525*b*
Narcissa last words poor N spoke 302*a*
Narcotics, numbing pain 429*b*
Narrow each within our n bed 86*a*
make it soft and n 531*b*
n, and low, and infinitely less 114*b*
n minds n conclusions 265*b*
Narrows world to my neighbour's gate 264*a*
Nassau can Bourbon or N 305*b*
Nasty man of n ideas 410*a*
n, brutish and short 191*b*
Nation a n is not governed 55*b*
a N spoke to a N 233*a*
an old, and haughty n 260*b*
a small one a strong n 503*a*
boundary of the march of a n 292*b*
build that n's fate 29*b*
greatest inquest of the n began 50*a*
guiding-star of a brave n 285*a*
half of the n is mad 405*b*
he hates our sacred n 353*a*
in what stupid age or n 60*a*
London, a n not a city 129*b*
mourning of a mighty n 435*a*
n of men of honour cavaliers 57*a*
N of shopkeepers 1*a*
n shall not lift up sword 501*a*
n shall rise against n 507*b*
nerves a n's heart 426*a*
never was an Art-loving n 456*b*
noble and puissant n 279*a*
no n wanted it so much 419*a*
no n was ever ruined by trade 156*b*
object in a N's eye 465*b*
once to every man and n 250*b*
one suffer, than a n grieve 138*a*
publish it to all the n 305*b*
righteousness exalteth a n 498*a*
risen up Earth's Greatest N 250*b*
see a disenchanted n 397*a*
still better for the n 523*b*
that n, or any n so conceived 245*a*
their history in a n's eyes 174*b*
thou hast multiplied the n 501*b*
upon this continent a new n 245*a*
we are a n of amateurs 310*b*
what makes a n happy 277*a*
who shall make the laws of a n. 155*a*
ye are an holy n 517*b*
National be above n prejudices 289*b*
n debt a n blessing 1788, 454*a*
Nations all n shall do him service 486*b*
called 'Saviour of the N' 71*b*
cheap defence of n 57*a*
day of small n passed away 87*a*
dwell the n underground 442*b*
enrich unknowing n 117*a*
for the healing of the n 520*a*
languages are the pedigree of n 212*b*
let fierce contending n know 1*b*
n are as a drop of a bucket 502*b*

Nations (*cont*)
n have their infancy 33*b*
n touch at their summits 17*b*
news from all n 112*a*
of all n and kindreds 519*a*
saving health among all n 486*a*
see n slowly wise 213*b*
subdue the n under our feet 484*b*
temptations to belong to other n 166*a*
the lightning of the n 396*a*
truth whereby the n live 228*a*
try the manners of different n 413*a*
wake the n under ground 127*b*
willing N knew their lord 138*b*
Native considerable in his n place 208*a*
content to breathe his n air 303*b*
found him a n of the rocks 206*b*
my n land—Good Night 68*a*
song comes n with the warmth 221*a*
tho' I am n here 331*a*
Natives bulk of yr n to be vermin 417*b*
n of Borrioboola-gha 121*a*
Nativity at my n the port of heaven 378*a*
my n was under Ursa 342*a*
n, chance or death 356*a*
out of love with yr n 327*a*
Natural as n to die as to be born 14*a*
daub their n faces unaware 43*a*
follow his n bent 236*a*
he wants the n touch 350*a*
I do it more n 370*b*
loving, n, and Greek 70*b*
most n thing in the world 237*b*
on the stage he was n 109*b*
ruined on their n propensities 58*a*
something childish, but very n 101*b*
something in this more than n 332*b*
'twas n to please 138*a*
twice as n 85*a*
what is n cannot touch me 449*a*
Natural History now writing n 208*b*
Natural Philosophy (make men) deep 16*a*
Natural Selection the term of N 117*b*
Naturalists so, n observe, a flea 419*b*
Naturally poetry as n as leaves to a tree 222*b*
where follies n grow 94*b*
Nature accuse not N 276*a*
action lies in his true n 334*b*
a friend the masterpiece of N 147*b*
against the use of n 346*b*
all N cries aloud 1*b*
all n is but art 301*a*
all N seems at work 102*a*
all N was degraded 29*a*
all n, without voice or sound 403*a*
allow not n more than n needs 342*b*
a mere copier of n 368*b*
auld n swears, the lovely dears 60*b*
beauty is N's brag 267*b*
beauty is N's coin 267*b*
before wh our mortal n tremble 466*b*
Beldam N 278*b*
blind forces of N 256*b*
breathless N's dark abyss 465*a*
broken N's social union 62*a*
built by N for herself 375*a*
by n's kindly law pleased 301*a*
can't be N, for it is not sense 94*b*
command n except by obeying 17*a*
commonplace of N 403*b*
counts death kind N's signal 214*a*
crack n's moulds 342*b*
creatures that by a rule in n 381*b*
Dame n's minstrils 134*b*
disguise fair n with rage 382*a*
everything almost wh is N's 308*b*
eye N's walks 300*b*
feel the link of n draw me 276*b*
flood-gate and o'erbearing n 359*b*
following N's lights 282*b*
fram'd in the prodigality of N 384*b*
free as n first made man 139*b*
fresh from N's mould 124*a*
fulfils great N's plan 60*a*
generous n has been suffered 55*b*
gillyvors n's bastards 373*a*
great N made us men 250*b*
great N's second course 348*a*
happy n to explore 301*a*
Heaven and N, seem'd to strive 215*a*

Nature (*cont*)
he is made one with N 392b
his n is too noble 328a
hold the mirror up to n 333b
I call God and fools call N 51b
if thou and n can so gently part 325a
if thou hast n in thee 331b
if you drive n out 543a
I have learned to look on n 472a
I love but N more 69b
informed by the light of n 13a
in n fountains of justice 13a
in N 's infinite book of secrecy 322b
in n there are neither rewards 203b
in n there's no blemish 372a
in n things move violently 14b
in our life alone does N live 100b
in the lusty stealth of n 341b
in the youth of primy n 330b
jarr'd against n 's chime 278a
law of n , and of nations 56a
let N be yr teacher 471b
little we see in N 473a
lives in a state of war by n 419b
man hath all wh N hath 9a
man is N s sole mistake! 166b
manners the fruit of loyal n 427b
more than enough for n 's ends 257a
most irrelevant thing in n 239a
muse on N with a poet's eye 77a
music doth change his n 355b
mute N mourns her worshipper 317a
my n cd not bear it so 341a
my n is subdued 389a
naked n , and the living grac 300a
N admits no lie 81a
N always does contrive 164a
N and N 's laws lay hid in night 299b
N by her mother-wit cd frame 409a
n cd no farther go 141a
n cd not sorrow hide 176a
N from her seat sighing 276a
n gives way to in repose 347b
N has cast me in so soft a mould 139a
N has left this tincture 118a
n hath fram'd strange fellows 352b
n her custom holds 336a
N herself seems to write for him 9b
N , Hope, and Poesy 102a
N I loved, and next to N , Art 241a
N in him was almost lost in Art 103a
n in you stands on the very verge 342b
n is always wise 444b
N is but a name for an effect 112b
N is creeping up 456b
n is fine in love 335b
n is loth to yield her art 36a
n is made better by no mean 373a
n is often hidden 16a
n is the art of God 41b
N is usually wrong 456b
n , kindly bent to ease us 419a
N knows a thing or two 320b
N led him to confess a god 13a
N made her what she is 59b
N made you fools 60a
n makes that mean 373a
N might stand up and say 341b
n must obey necessity 341a
N never did betray the heart 472a
n never makes excellent things 246a
N never put jewels into garret 13b
n , red in tooth and claw 430b
n said, 'A lovelier flower' 471b
n 's changing course untrimm'd 387a
n 's copy's not eterne 349a
N 's darling [Shakespeare] 175a
n seems dead 347b
N 's great law 7b
n 's handmaid, art 139b
N 's law man was made to mourn 61b
n 's own sweet and cunning hand 370a
n 's patient, sleepless Eremite 220b
N 's soft nurse 380a
N 's sweet restorer 477a
N stood recover'd of her sight 141b
N 's true-born child 225a
N 's vast frame 392b
N that framed us of elements 259a
N that is above all art 117a

Nature (*cont*)
n then to me was all in all 472a
N was his book 33a
N wears one universal grin 151b
n ! whose lapidary seas 452a
N , with equal mind 5b
n yet remembers 466b
needed not books to read N 142a
never did N say one thing 58a
new edition of human n 183a
noble n poetically gifted 10a
no compunctious visitings of n 346b
not Eternities! says N 264a
not without art yet to n true 94b
of an open and free n 214b
one touch of n makes world kin 369a
O N , we are thine 464a
on N musing in solitude 464a
our tainted n 's solitary boast 472b
paid the debt of n 150a
pattern of excelling n 363b
Poets that are sown by N 464a
progress is a part of n 408a
prophets of N 470a
read in N 's mystic book 260a
reason of the frailty of our n 479b
rest in N , not the God of N 188a
restore the tone of languid N 111b
secret aims of n 36a
Secretary of N Francis Bacon 450b
Shakespeare found [N] 142a
shares the n of infinity 463a
sides of n will not sustain it 322b
simple life that N yields 114a
simple n to his hope has giv'n 300b
some of n 's journeymen 333b
so priketh hem n 88a
spark o' N 's fire 60a
standing at ease in N 457b
stars that n hung in heaven 267a
still is N 's priest 466a
strength and n made amends 313b
strife with N , to out-do the life 215b
strong propensity of n 279a
sullenness against N not to go 279b
sweet is the lore wh N brings 471b
that age can lay on n 352a
the fault was N 's 74b
the modesty of n 333b
the n of an insurrection 338b
the n of the times deceased 380b
the rest on N fix 97b
they perfect n and are perfected 16a
things rank and gross in n 330a
this fair defect of N 276b
tho' n s sternest painter 72b
thorough knowledge of human n 11b
thro' n up to n 's God 301b
thy n is not therefore less divine 467a
'tis N 's fault alone 95a
'tis N 's law to change 309b
'tis their n too 452b
to carry n lengths unknown 111b
touched the hem of N 's shrift 397a
true wit is n to advantage 300a
universal blank of N s works 273b
vermin n ever suffered to crawl 417b
voice of N cries 174b
volume of n book of knowledge 170a
vows can't change n 51a
we fools of n 331a
we see the fancy outwork n 323a
weakness of our mortal n 479b
what n itselfe can't endure 155a
when N has work to be done 148b
when N him began 136b
whole frame of n break 2b
whole realm of n mine 453b
whom universal N did lament 269b
whose body n is 301a
with N 's pride 259a
woman! N made thee to temper 291b
woman N 's agreeable blunders 107b
womb of n and perhaps her grave 273a
words, like N , half reveal 429b
write and read comes by n 358b
yet do I fear thy n 346b
Natures care of n that are mute 264a
dearth of noble n 217b
ignominy of our n 41b
other n thinks different 124a

Natures (*cont*)
'tis the same with common n 191b
Naught horror, of falling into n 1b
I must have n beside 441b
I tell you n for yr comfort 92a
it is n , saith the buyer 498b
n for yr desire 92a
n 's had, all's spent 348b
n venture, n have 446a
Naughtiness n of thine heart 495b
superfluity of n 517b
Naughty amended his former n life 480a
congregations of n men 487a
n little Suck-a-thumb 192b
Navarre helmet of N 252b
Navel thy n is like a round goblet 500b
Navies airy n grappling 432b
when n are stranded 319a
yr nutshell n came 228b
Navigation swallow n up 349b
Navigators I've heard other n say 180b
Navy a load wd sink a n 386a
Army fired by the British N 177a
royal n of England defence 28b
Rulers of the Queen's N 166a
yr n nothing but rotten timber 56a
Nay Communication be N , n 505a
Hall's n was n 27b
yea be yea, and yr n , n 517b
Nayed him twice 176a
Nazareth good come out of N ? 510b
N B This is rote Sarcasticul 451a
Neæra's hair 269b
Near as n to heaven by sea 162b
be n us at our side 430a
call ye upon him while he is n 503a
far or forgot to me is n 146a
he comes too n to be denied 280a
he seems so n and yet so far 431a
make love to the lips we are n 281b
not night if Thou be n 224a
she is n , she is n 434a
Nearer dearer one still, and a n one 195b
n and n draws the time 2b
n my Father's house 86a
n , my God, to Thee 1a
n than hands and feet 427b
n the crystal sea 86a
n the great white throne 86a
Nearest do the work that s n 226a
that is best wh lieth n 247a
Neat *credit* to any good girl to be n 425a
in a n 's tongue dried 352b
n , not gaudy 239b
Spanish or n 's-leather 65b
still to be n , still to be drest 215a
trod upon n 's-leather 337b
Neat-handed Phyllis 269a
Nebo's lonely mountain 3a
Nebuchadnezzar the king 504a
Necessaries talk of the n of life 160b
Necessary a harmless n cat 354b
generally n to salvation 481a
government is but a n evil 291b
n he hold the Catholic Faith 478b
n to leave off Tobacco 239b
plots true or false, are n things 138a
Necessities art of our n is strange 343a
dispense with its n 285a
feigned n , imaginary n 161a
Necessity as if we were villains by n 342a
by n we all quote 148b
I am forsworn 'on mere n ' 344b
I do not see the n 561a
nature must obey n 341a
n and chance approach not me 275b
n gives the law 553b
n has no law 553b
n hath no law 116a
n invented stools 111b
n makes an honest man a knave 118b
n never made a good bargain 157a
n plea for every infringement 297b
n , the tyrant s plea 274a
no virtue like n 374b
sworn brother to grim N 376a
teach thy n to reason thus 374b
thy n is yet greater 402a
turns his n to glorious gain 465a
uno'erleaped Mountains of N 8a

Neck a n God made for other use 198b
arching proud his n 443b
he bowed his glossy n 290a
his n brake 495a
if you break not yr n 30a
item, one n , one chin 370a
kings had a lith in their n 11a
left his straight n bent 312b
lowly, with a broken n 264a
millstone were hanged about his n 507a, 510a
my n is very short 283a
n and breasts ripe apples 138a
n that's once broken 320a
n when once broken 450a
proudly arched and glossy n 289b
Roman people had but one n ! 538a
thy n is as a tower of ivory 500b
thy n is like the tower of David 500b
Necks n in thunder clothed 175a
walk with stretched forth n 501a
Nectar of Jove's n sup 216a
sprinkles with n , and runs on 241a
they lie beside their n 433a
Nectarine and curious peach 260b
Ned work for poor old N 156b
Need day's most quiet n 44a
Deloraine, good at n 317a
deserted at his utmost n 139a
helps good hearts in n 119a
help us in our utmost n 249a
in such hour of n of yr race 7b
is what we chiefly n 84b
less than the n thou hast in me 197a
shd you n nor heart nor hands 414a
sorer than to he for n 328b
sought hers as in earnest n 48a
suit and serve his n 188a
there lies our bitter n 137b
thus with thee in my sore n 396b
what can I want or n ? 188a
why do we n them (women) 78b
Needed all are n by each 146b
Needle camel thro' the eye of a n 507b
for the n she 430b
hinders n and thread 196b
plying her n and thread 196a
sharp as a n 160b
the touched n trembles 304a
true as the n to the pole 33b
wi' her n an' her sheers 59b
Needles thy n , once a shining store 109a
Needlework raiment of n 484b
Needy n , hollow-eyed wretch 328a
n Knife-grinder! 78b
Negation of God 167b
Negative Capability 222a
Neglect defer it or n it 176b, 523b
first begin, and both n 334b
most tender mercy is n 114a
n may breed mischief 157a
such sweet n more taketh me 215a
wise and salutary n 55b
Neglected he, n and oppressed 316b
to have his all n 206b
Negligences, and ignorances 470a
Negligently who never n yet 452a
Negociate our souls n there 132b
Negroes providing the infant n 126b
Neighbour as he followed his n upstairs 417a
bear false witness against thy n 480a
borrowed my n 's wife 235b
death had been his n 319b
duty towards my N 481a
hath not slandered his n 482a
helping every feeble n 171b
he that sweareth unto his n 482a
his hungering n , and Me 251a
I have an accommodating n 135b
life to thy n 's creed has lent 146b
narrows the world to my n 's gate 264a
near n to Despair 8a
n 's house is on fire 56b
neighed after his n 's wife 503b
nor done evil to his n 482a
our n and our work farewell 223b
removeth his n 's landmark 494b
that he might rob a n 254b
thou shalt love thy n 507b
to hate yr n 255a
Neighbour (*cont*)
to love yr n 's wife 255a
to my N honestly 247b
Neighbours call yr n in 533a
from every house the n met 430a
good fences make good n 157b
good n I have had 145a
holding their n ' tails 231a
love and charity with yr n 480b
make sport for our n 11b
on the vigil feast his n 383a
what is happening to our n 87a
Neighed after his neighbour s wife 503b
Neighs high and boastful n 382b
Neither to n a word will I say 160a
Nell pretty witty N 296a
Nelly let not poor N starve 87b
Nelson death of N felt in England 407b
did not end by N 's urn 92b
keep the N touch 287b
N 's peerless name 287b
N turned his blindest eye 92a
of N and the North 76b
of N only a touch 49a
Nemean lion's nerve 331a
Nephew beamish n 86a
Nephews their n and their nieces 414a
Neptune all great N 's ocean 348a
flatter N for his trident 328a
N 's empire stands 329b
stands as N 's park 328b
Nero is an angler 343a
Nereides gentlewomen like the N 323a
Nerve me—who am as a n 395a
Nemean lion's n 331a
requires good n to do it 195a
Nerves my firm n never tremble 349a
nobody feels for my poor n 11b
strengthens our n 57b
weakness to expredge my n 124b
Nervii he overcame the N 340a
Nest yr n as a n with birds 293b
found some fledged bird s n 448a
her soft and chilly n 221b
her young ones in her n 350a
his n of wishes piping to him 264b
in her n at peep of day 438a
lark now leaves his wat ry n 117b
long since my n is made 436b
n is in a watered shoot 310b
n of singing birds 206a
n wh thou canst drop into 471a
only a tumble-down n 461b
Phoenix builds her spicy n 79b
phoenix builds the phoenix' n 115a
plumage that had warmed his n 72b
saw thee in thy balmy n 115a
swallow a n lay her young 487a
thy n upon the dewy ground 471a
we'll theek our n 629b
within mine eyes he makes his n 176a
Nestle I n by thy side 399a
Nestling me everywhere 197b
Nestor swear the jest be laughable 352b
Nests birds in their little n agree 452b
birds of the air have n 506a
built their n in my beard 243a
in Cleopatra's sails their n 324a
n in order rang'd of tame fowl 278a
these to their n 274a
Net fain wd fling the n 263b
in vain the n is spread 497b
I will let down the n 509a
laid a n for my feet 485b
they carried a n 295b
Nets come clear of the n of wrong 474b
ladies spend time in making n 419a
laws are generally found to be n 490a
n and stratagems to catch us 187a
tangled in amorous n 277a
ungodly fall into their own n 490b
Nettle out of this n , danger 377a
stroke a n , and it stings you 191b
Nettles, daisies, and long purples 336a
Neutral loyal and n , in a moment 348a
stood apart, studiously n 462a
Neutrality just for a word—n 567b
n of an impartial judge 55a
Never escape me? n —beloved! 48a
I n form'd a plan 112b
I shall n have it all 133b
Never (*cont*)
n appear the Immortals, n alone 102a
n glad confident morning 48a
n , I ween, did swimmer 253b
n more, Sailor 119b
n , n , n , n n 344a
n , n thinks of me 527a
n *you* mind! roll on! 163a
Oh n , n , n , since I joined 167a
what, n ? no, n ! 166a
wh n were nor no man saw 366b
Never-failing mines of n skill 110a
Nevermore quoth the Raven, 'N !' 298b
Never-never yr 'n country' 228b
New a bringer of n things 438b
against the n and untried 245a
a little time while it is n ! 530a
al this n corn 90a
al this n science 90a
amaist as weel's the n 59b
before you are on with the n 262b, 524b
behold, I make all things n 519b
both of the n and old 461b
ever piping songs for ever n 219b
first by whom the n are tried 300a
fitter for n projects 16a
Heavenly Power makes all things n 426b
how strange it seems, and n ! 48b
in n excellence divine 36a
n and neat and adequately tall 91b
n every morning is the love 223b
n friend is as n wine 520b
n is not comparable to him 520b
n nobility the act of power 15a
no n thing under the sun 499a
story always old and always n 51a
tell not as n 108a
things n and old 507a
to hear some n thing 512b
upon the threshold of the n 449a
yielding place to n 429a
New-caught, sullen peoples 236b
New-comer blithe n ! 463b
New England weather 446b
New-hatch'd to the woeful time 348b
Newman new-manned by N 51a
what, then, does Dr N mean? 226a
New-manned by Newman 51a
News a man bites a dog that is n 116b
any n in the paper 11b
bad n infects the teller 322b
brought from Heaven the n 155b
brought me bitter n to hear 106a
evil n rides post 278a
first bringer of unwelcome n 379b
for n , the manna of a day 175b
good n baits 278a
ill n hath wings 136b
master-passion is the love of n 113b
never good to bring bad n 323b
n from all nations 112a
n of battle, n of battle 12a
n value 308a
others may tell the n 33a
poor rogues talk of court n 344a
so is good n from a far country 498b
the father of good n 332a
the n that's goin' round 525b
there is good n yet to hear 93a
to the dismal n I tell 4b
what n ? None, my lord 332a
what n on the Rialto? 353a
Newspaper rule never to look into a n 400a
Newspapers men and morning n 297a
n ! Sir, they are most villainous 400a
Newt eye of n 349b
New Testament adversity blessing of the N 14a
N was less a Christian 181a
Newton a N at Peru 449b
God said, *Let N be!* 299b
N , childlike sage! 112a
where the statue stood of N 469b
Newts, and blind-worms 356b
New World I called the N into existence 79a
that n wh is the old 426b
New Year N reviving old desires 152a
of all the glad N 434b

New York a Xenophon at N 449b
little old N 571b
New Zealand married gone to N 96a
some traveller from N 254b
Next n , when I cast mine eyes 190b
that n by him beneath 368b
Nexus cash payment is not sole n 81a
cash payment the sole n of man 80b
Niagara wouldn't *live* under N 82a
Niamh calling Away 475a
Nice it's n to get up in the morning 242b
more n than wise 109b
n but nubbly 237a
n man is a man of nasty ideas 419a
n while it lasted 232b
spice, and all that's n 534b
such a n young man 285b
swain did woo, she was n 176a
Nicean barks of yore 298a
Nicer to lie in bed 242b
Niche God keeps a n in Heaven 43b
window'd n of that high hall 68b
Nick, or Clootie 58b
Nickie-ben auld N ! 59a
Nickleby this is all very well, Mr N 124b
Nick-nackets fouth o' auld n 62a
Nickname is the heaviest stone 183b
Nicodemus saw such light 447b
Niece his sister's husband's n 85b
Nieces their nephews and their n 414a
Niger left bank of the N 121a
Niggers that don't agree with n 250a
whar de good n go 156b
Nigh as n as ever he can 89a
Christ is n 86b
drawing n and nigher 44a
it shall not come n thee 487b
slowly she came n him 531a
to them that were n 515b
Night about the dead hour of the n 528b
a crown is of n 422a
afraid for any terror by n 487b
all n has the casement stirr'd 434a
all n have the roses heard 434a
all n long we have not stirred 50b
alternate N and Day 153a
amorous bird of n 275b
and so dream all n 218a
a n of memories and of sighs 241a
appearance of an instalment of n 180b
a rainbow at n 522a
as a watch in the n 487b
as n is withdrawn 37a
ate a good supper at n 4a
become a borrower of the n 348b
beyond the n , across the day 426b
bird of n did sit 338a
black bat, n , has flown 434a
black n doth take away 388a
blessed candles of the n 355b
boldly say each n 107a
boon I ask of thee, beloved N 399a
by n on my bed I sought him 500a
call it perfect day nor n 384a
came back the previous n 527a
certain term to walk the n 331a
choose an everlasting n 133a
clamoured the live-long n 348a
closed his eyes in endless n 175a
come, civil n all in black 366a
come, seeling n , scarf up 349a
come, thick n , and pall thee 346b
danger's troubled n depart 78a
darkness that it may be n 488b
darksome n be passed 150a
dead vast and middle of the n 330a
dear N ! this world's defeat 447b
deep of n is crept upon our talk 341a
Desolation! and dim N ! 298a
dewy n falls precipitate 555a
dreams of the summer n 248b
drives N along with them 152a
dying year, to wh this closing n. 396b
each n , upon my knees 150b
every n and alle 529a
falls from the wings of N 247a
first minute, after noon, is n 133b
first sweet sleep of n 394b
fled the shades of n 274b
for a day and a n 423a
fourth watch of the n 507a
Night (*cont*)
from my lonely room this n 12a
from the Field of N 152a
give not a windy n a rainy morrow 388b
golden lamps in a green n 260a
gwine to run all n 156a
half-held by the n 458b
hangs upon the cheek of n 365a
he did not die in the n 284b
hell and n must bring this birth 360b
He waveth all the n 475a
honey'd middle of the n 221b
how beautiful is n 407a
hung aloft the n 220b
I be by Silvia in the n 372b
ignorant armies clash by n 5a
I have pass'd a miserable n 384b
ill beginning of the n 341a
in an eternal n 422a
infinite day excludes the n 453b
in freezing winter n 407b
in hell-black n endur'd 343a
in such a n did Thisbe 355a
in such a n Medea 355a
in such a n stood Dido 355a
in such a n Troilus 355a
in the Bowl of N 152a
in the forests of the n 31b
in the gardens of the n 37a
in the n , imagining some fear 357b
in the n , my Soul, my daughter 442b
in weary N 's decline 30a
in winter I get up at n 413b
it is cold winter's n 531a
it is not n if Thou be near 224a
it was mirk, mirk n 528a
it was the calm and silent n 131b
it was the middle of the n 84a
it will be *good* n 394a
know his God by n 447b
last bird fly into the last n 312a
last out a n in Russia 351b
let no n seal thy sense 119a
lie upon the wings of n 366a
lightning in the collied n 356a
light of the n on the dew 422b
longest n in all the year 284b
long, long n of waiting 225b
long n succeeds thy little day 295a
lovely as a Lapland n 473a
mad naked summer n 458b
magnetic, nourishing n 458b
making n hideous 331a
many a watchful n 381a
mask of n is on my face 365a
morning cometh, and also the n 502a
my delight on a shining n 525a
my n be turned to day 490a
mysterious N ! 456b
Nature's laws lay hid in n 299b
neither the moon by n 489b
never sees horrid n 383a
n and day on me she cries 531a
n and light and the half-light 474b
n , and sleep in the n 420b
n by n I look right thro' 47b
n cometh when no man can work 511a
n darkens the streets 271b
n embrac'd the place 114b
n has a thousand eyes 34a
n hath a thousand eyes 251b
n in the lonesome October 298b
n is as clear as the day 490a
n is beginning to lower 246b
n is drawing nigh 20a
n is growing grey 180a
n joint-labourer with the day 329b
n makes no difference 189b
n of south winds 458b
n of the few large stars 458b
n of this immortal day 397b
n of time surpasseth the day 42b
n ! sable goddess 477a
n sank upon the dusky beach 252a
n 's black agents to their preys 349a
n 's blear-all black 197b
n 's candles are burnt out 366a
N 's Plutonian shore 298b
n -season also I take no rest 483a
n 's starr'd face 221a
n 's swift dragons 357a
Night (*cont*)
n that either makes me 363b
n that he was betrayed 480b
n that shd banish all sin 168a
n , the shadow of light 420b
n time I shall not forget 421b
n urge the morrow 392a
n was made for loving 74a
n , wherein the cub-drawn bear 342b
n -wind brings up the stream 6a
n with her train of stars 185a
nor grew it white in a single n 69b
nothing but the n 199b
obscurest n involv'd the sky 107b
o'er n 's brim, day boils 50a
O for that N ! 448a
of the n for the morrow 399b
oft, in the stilly n 282b
oh, Pilot! 'tis a fearful n 22a
one ever-during n 78a
one n certifieth another 482b
one n or the other n 154b
one other gaudy n 324a
O n 's black arch the key-stane 63a
O thievish N 267a
out and all is n 299a
out of the n that covers me 185a
out-soared the shadow of our n 392b
palace of dim n 366b
perils and dangers of this n 478b
piercing the n 's dull ear 382b
press close, bare-bosomed n 458b
pure from the n 263b
reign of Chaos and old N 271b
retreating breath of the n -wind 5a
revellers, and shades of n 356a
sable-vested N 273a
sentries of the shadowy n 280a
shades of n were falling fast 247a
Shadwell's genuine n 140b
ship after ship the whole n long 437b
show thy dangerous brow by n 338b
silent n with this her bird 274b
sing even in the dead of n 370a
singing startle the dull n 268b
Sire, the n is darker now 286b
sleep one ever-during n 78a
sleeps as may beguile the n 416b
sleep we must one endless n 538b
slepen al the n with open yë 88a
snores out the watch of n 381a
soft stillness and the n 355a
so late into the n 74a
some n you'll fail us 50a
some time of the n 356b
song of n 's sweet bird 392b
song we heard last n 370b
son of the sable N 117a
soon the n of weeping 415b
souls who dwell in N 29b
sound of revelry by n 68a
spend the n in sleep 117a
spend the n wi' mirth and glee 402b
Spirit of N ! 399a
stars of the summer n 248b
steal a few hours from the n 281b
stepping fearless thro' the n 20b
still, as darker grows the n 168a
still-nodding n 458b
stood that n against my fire 344a
studying all the summer n 261a
such n in England ne'er had been 252a
tender and growing n 458b
the City is of N 443b
the city of dreadful n 443b
the dusky n rides down 151b
the feet of the n 420a
the n has been unruly 348a
the N in its silence 5b
the n is dark 288b
the n is far spent 514a
'the n is fine', the Walrus said 84b
the n is good 394a
the n that first we met 22b
the n that wins 420a
there's n and day, brother 34a
the sisters Death and N 457b
the trumpets of the n 423a
the world's last n 133a
things that love n 342b

Night (*cont*)
this ae n 529*a*
this n is but the daylight 355*b*
this n shall be born 52–*b*
this n thy soul shall be required 509*b*
this passing n was heard 220*a*
tho' thou be black as n 78*a*
thou and I this n maun gae 528*a*
Throne behold of N primaeval 209*a*
thro' the empty-vaulted n 267*a*
thro' the foul womb of n 382*b*
thro' the n of doubt and sorrow 20*b*
Thy tempests fell all n 188*a*
tire the n in thought 307*a*
'tis a naughty n to swim in 343*a*
toiling upward in the n 247*b*
touch of Harry in the n 382*b*
trailing garments of the N 247*b*
trip we after the n 's shade 357*a*
'twas the n before Christmas 280*b*
vile contagion of the n 338*b*
walks in beauty, like the n 74*a*
war's annals will cloud into n 179*b*
watchman, what of the n ? 502*a*
watch that ends the n 453*a*
waters on a starry n 466*a*
we have toiled all the n 509*a*
what hath n to do with sleep? 266*b*
what is the n ? 349*a*
when n is nigh 224*a*
when N is on the hills 445*b*
when she deserts the n 277*b*
when the face of n is fair 434*b*
witching time of n 334*b*
with us perpetual n 216*a*
womb of uncreated n 272*b*
world will be in love with n 366*a*
wd not spend another such a n 384*b*
'Yes,' I answered you last n 43*b*
yet it is not n 69*a*
you meaner beauties of the n 473*b*
Night-air into the fresh n again 45*b*
Nightcap a n decked his brows 168*a*
bring his n with him 416*b*
Nightcaps heads all in n 81*b*
Night-dress lectures in her n 196*b*
Nighted cast thy n colour off 329*b*
Night-flies hush'd with buzzing n 380*a*
Nightgown downstairs in his n 266*a*
enter Cæsar in his n 338*b*
Nightingale all but the wakeful n 274*a*
bright n amorous 420*a*
crave the tuneful N 137*a*
Hark! ah, the N 7*a*
hundred-throated n 439*a*
I the n all spring thro' 422*b*
it was the n 366*a*
my n , we have beat them 324*a*
newe abayysshed n 90*a*
N cries to the Rose 152*a*
n does sit so late 261*a*
n , if she shd sing by day 355*b*
n in the sycamore 414*b*
n 's high note is heard 73*b*
n sings round it 282*a*
N that in the branches sang 154*a*
no music in the n 372*b*
O n , that on yon bloomy spray 278*a*
O 'tis the ravish'd n 251*b*
rour you as 'twere any n 356*b*
save the n alone 20*b*
sings as sweetly as a n 366*b*
spoils the singing of the n. 217*b*
the n 's complaint 394*b*
where the n doth sing 219*a*
whither doth haste the n 79*b*
Nightingales n are singing near 145*a*
till the n applauded 49*a*
told by Eve's n 119*a*
where the n are singing 225*b*
Nightly to the listening Earth 2*a*
Night-mare Life-in-Death 98*b*
Night-rack came rolling up 226*b*
Nights Chequer-board of N and Days 153*b*
chill thy dreaming n 219*a*
fled Him, down the n 441*b*
God makes sech n 250*b*
love not such n as these 342*b*
misery makes Alcmena's 42*b*
n are long and murk 529*a*
Nights (*cont*)
n of waking 316*b*
summer n collected still 220*b*
the n are very damp 85*b*
the n are wholesome 329*b*
thro the long, long wintry n 243*b*
to waste long n in discontent 409*a*
what n are longest 351*b*
Nile pour the waters of the N 82*b*
serpent of old N 323*a*
Nil ultra to my proudest hopes 262*b*
Nilus on N ' mud lay me 325*a*
Nimble if you are n and light 534*a*
words that have been so n 22*b*
Nimbler much than hinds 261*a*
Nimini-pimini pronouncing n 55*a*
Nimrod the mighty hunter 492*b*
Nimshi too similar to the son of N 405*a*
Nine but where are the n ? 510*a*
fair N , forsaking Poetry 31*b*
leading his choir, the N 5*b*
leave the ninety and n 509*b*
n , ten, a good fat hen 532*a*
that will purchase n 85*b*
there be n worthy and the best 257*a*
Nine-fifteen romance brought up the n 230*b*
Ninepence but n in ready money 2*b*
Ninety-eight fears to speak of N ? 203*b*
Nineveh one with N and Tyre 233*b*
Quinquireme of N 261*b*
Ninny compar'd to Handel's a n 67*a*
Ninth quiet till the n year 542*b*
Niobe like N , all tears 330*a*
N of Nations 69*a*
Niobean womb 421*a*
Nip him in the bud 309*b*
Nipping and an eager air 331*a*
Nipple have plucked my n 347*a*
Nipt affection, but 'twas n 265*b*
Nitre windy n and quick sulphur 408*b*
No Araminta, say 'N !' 305*a*
are we downhearted? N ! 522*a*
Charybdis of Aye and N 288*a*
n arts, n letters, n society 191*b*
n ! it is an ever-fixed mark 389*a*
n ! let 'em all come! 238*a*
'n , none at all', he replied 11*b*
n , n , n my heart is fast 526*a*
n sun—n moon! 195*a*
'N ,' this morning sir, I say 43*b*
Oh n John! n John! 525*b*
oh! n ! we never mention her 22*a*
the everlasting n 81*b*
the people cried, 'O N !' 19*b*
Noah before N was a sailor 371*b*
married N 's daughter 12*b*
N begat Shem, Ham 492*b*
N he often said to his wife 93*b*
N said "There's wan' av us 231*a*
N spoke him fairly 231*a*
to Greece, and into N 's ark 110*b*
whereas it is N 236*a*
Nobby isn't it a n one 310*a*
Nobility all were noble save n 68*a*
ancient n is the act of time 15*a*
betwixt the wind and his n 376*b*
deny a god destroy man's n 15*a*
leave us still our old n ! 258*a*
new n the act of power 15*a*
n is a graceful ornament 57*b*
n. of birth abateth industry 15*a*
n prevents the rule of wealth 17*b*
true n is exempt from fear 184*a*
virtue alone is true n 162*b*
Noble all were n save nobility 68*a*
a n army, men and boys 184*a*
an old Castilian poor n 74*b*
ashamed with the n shame 226*b*
Homer is eminently n 10*a*
never yet was n man 428*b*
n and nude 421*a*
n grounds for the n emotions 314*a*
n living and the n dead 469*b*
n mind disdain to hide his head 176*a*
n nature, poetically gifted 10*a*
only n to be good 431*b*
quiet as in a death so n 278*a*
shd not be n to myself 325*a*
some work of n note 430*b*
to learn of n men 340*a*
Noble (*cont*)
virtue not birth, makes us n. 23*a*
what's brave, what's n 324*b*
where the n infant lay 114*b*
Nobleman as a n shd do 379*a*
celebrated, cultivated n 163*a*
king may make a n 58*a*
what may a N find to do 19*b*
Noblemen critics, brushers of n 's clothes 13*b*
Nobleness allied with perfect n. 10*a*
n of life is to do thus 322*a*
N walks in our ways 39*a*
that great n of hers 475*a*
Nobler and the manlier one 71*a*
Nobles n and heralds, by yr leave 305*b*
n by the right of creation 254*b*
their n with links of iron 490*b*
where the wealthy n dwell 432*b*
Noblest amongst the n of mankind 75*b*
an honest man's the n work 50*b*
her n work she classes 60*b*
his n work is reckoned 171*b*
n Roman of them all 341*b*
n thing wh perished there 184*b*
Tragedy is the n Production 2*a*
Nobly let us love n 132*a*
spurn not the n born 163*b*
Nobody business of n 254*a*
everybody's business is n 's 450*b*
I care for n 61*a*
I care for n , not I 28*a*
n asked you, kind sir 525*b*
n calls you a dunce 53*a*
n cares for me 61*a*
n feels for my poor nerves 11*b*
n I care for comes a-courting me 165*b*
n , I myself, farewell 363*b*
n is on my side 11*b*
n shd be sad but I 374*a*
n takes part with me 11*b*
n walks much faster than I do 85*a*
pauper, whom n owns 289*b*
there's n at home 299*b*
where n gets old 475*b*
Nocturnal some n blackness 179*a*
Nod affects to n 138*b*
dwelt in the land of N 492*b*
if she chance to n I'll rail 366*b*
n and a wink for every maid 417*a*
Wynken, Blynken and N 151*a*
Nodded, nearly napping 298*a*
Nodding if he sees anybody else n 2*a*
Noddle my barmie n 60*b*
Nodosities of the oak 58*b*
Nods Homer n 542*b*
n , and becks, and smiles 268*b*
Reason n a little 150*b*
why n the drowsy Worshipper 152*a*
Noes honest kersey n 345*a*
Noise above n and danger 448*a*
a chamber deaf to n 401*b*
after n tranquillity 289*a*
a little noiseless n 218*b*
a pleasant n till noon 99*b*
battle is with confused n 501*b*
body holds its n 45*a*
boys that fears no n 171*a*
didst thou not hear a n ? 347*b*
full of foolish n 430*a*
God is gone up with a merry n 484*b*
happy n to hear 199*a*
inexplicable dumb-shows and n 331*b*
melt, and make no n 134*a*
n and sin! 48*b*
n like of a hidden brook 99*b*
n of the water-pipes 484*b*
nursed amid her n , her crowds 239*b*
the n of battle roll'd 429*a*
valued till they make a n 114*a*
wi' flichterin' n an' glee 59*b*
with a n of winds 420*a*
with spattering n rejected 276*b*
Noises earth, so full of dreary n 44*a*
like n in a swound 98*a*
the isle is full of n 367*b*
Noiseless tenor of their way 174*b*
Noisy man is always in the right 108*a*
Nokomis Daughter of the Moon, N 248*b*
the wigwam of N 248*b*
Noll for shortness call'd N. 158*b*

Noll (*cont*)
N 's damned troopers 45*b*
Noman dear Mr N 26*b*
No-meaning channel of n 288*a*
Nominated in the bond 355*a*
Nomination what imports the n 337*a*
Nominative grace is her n case 290*b*
No-more I am also called N 312*b*
Non-commissioned man 228*b*
Non-conformist N Conscience makes cowards 24*b*
whoso wd be a man must be a n 147*b*
None by resignation, n 205*a*
few die and n resign 205*a*
I'll n of it 350*b*
perfectly sure I have n 82*b*
there's n at a' for me 531*b*
Nonino hey n 327*b*
Nonparcil battalion 121*b*
Nonsense grammar, and n 169*b*
n healed my wound 104*a*
round the corner of n 102*b*
that sounds like n 319*b*
thro' sense and n 138*b*
time and n scorning 53*b*
Non requitur yr conclusion is a *n* 151*b*
Nook a book and a shady n 461*b*
an obscure n for me 49*b*
Nooks by many winding n he strays 372*b*
Noon by n most cunningly did steal 187*b*
dark, amid the blaze of n 277*b*
drawn o'er thy glorious n 447*b*
far from the fiery n 218*a*
from n to dewy eve 272*a*
near her highest n 268*a*
n a purple glow 475*b*
n behind the tamarisks 228*a*
n of my dream, O n 154*b*
N strikes on England 154*b*
on obscene wings athwart the n 100*b*
Princes ride at n 119*a*
shameless n 427*a*
she sung from n to n 284*b*
sun has not attained his n 190*a*
when n is past 394*b*
Noonday at n, upon the market-place 338*a*
fire-flames n kindled 46*a*
my heart at some n 46*b*
sickness destroyeth in the n 487*b*
thy just dealing is the n 484*a*
tingle to the n chime 200*a*
Noondays endless n, glorious n 286*b*
Noontide at n wd he stretch 174*b*
retired as n dew 469*a*
throbbings of n 179*b*
when n wakes anew 47*b*
Noose naked to the hangman's n 198*b*
Nora's heart is lost 318*b*
Norfin I m a N, both sides 455*b*
Norfolk Duke of N deals in malt 178*a*
jockey of N, be not too bold 385*a*
Normal very type of the n 204*a*
Norman a blacksmith like our N 227*a*
Billy the N 120*b*
farewell to the N blood! 171*b*
N and Dane are we 439*a*
simple faith than N blood 431*b*
the reef of N's Woe 249*a*
Normandy handy to leave this N 120*b*
Normans Saxon is not like us N 233*a*
North Ariosto of the N 69*a*
a ship in the N Country 531*a*
ask where's the N? 301*a*
at the n wind's breath 185*a*
awake O n wind 500*b*
compact between N and the South 159*a*
grey metropolis of the N 420*b*
honour cross it from n to south 377*a*
Hotspur of the N 377*a*
hunt for dangers N and South 293*b*
in the N long since 436*b*
in triumph from the n 252*b*
it's N you may run 231*b*
[Lord N] fills a chair 210*b*
of Nelson and the N 76*b*
sum of summer in the N. 436*b*
tender is the N 436*a*
the n wind doth blow 533*a*
unripened beauties of the n 1*b*
North (*cont*)
without sharp N 133*a*
North America scalped each other by N 254*b*
North-easter welcome, wild N 226*a*
Northern glorious the n lights 403*a*
Lucasta that bright n star 240*b*
not, as in n climes 70*a*
St Andrews by the N Sea 242*a*
Wain upon the n steep 200*a*
North-north-west mad n 332*b*
Northumberland Percy out of N 530*b*
North-West N Passage to the intellectual 411*b*
to the N died away 47*b*
Norval my name is N 194*b*
Norway a carl in N 235*b*
N o'er the faem 520*b*
N, too, has noble wild prospects 207*a*
Norwegian hewn on N hills 271*b*
Nose a great hook n like thine 29*b*
any n may ravage a rose 52*a*
Cleopatra's n 564*b*
custom hateful to the n 201*a*
down his innocent n 325*b*
entuned in hir n 88*b*
ever and anon he gave his n 376*b*
final cause of the human n 102*b*
forehead, straight n 284*b*
gallops o'er a courtier's n 364*b*
he cocks his n 419*a*
her n and chin they threaten 63*b*
his n 's cast is of the roman 155*a*
if his n is warm 243*b*
lightly was her slender n 427*b*
many an Aldermanic n 19*a*
Marion's n looks red 345*b*
may they stop their n 324*a*
my n fell a-bleeding 353*b*
n, n, jolly red n 23*a*
n was as sharp as a pen 382*a*
snapt off her n 533*b*
snub n like to mine 29*b*
thy n is as the tower of Lebanon 500*b*
wipe a bloody n 160*b*
wipe his little n 19*b*
with a snug n 216*a*
Nosedessness of Man 93*b*
Noses athwart men's n as they lie 364*b*
n have they, and smell not 489*a*
they haven't got no n 93*b*
wearing our own n 328*b*
Nostalgia of the heathen past 243*a*
Not Archibald—certainly n! 315*a*
Note a bolder n than his 298*a*
best hits my little n 188*b*
deed of dreadful n 319*a*
dreadful n of preparation 382*b*
gen'l m'n said to the fi'pun'n 120*a*
keeps warm her n 79*b*
nightingale's high n is heard 73*b*
not a n of mine worth the noting 358*a*
n most full of harmony 42*a*
n this before my notes 358*a*
only the n of a bird 402*a*
simplest n that swells the gale 175*a*
sound me from my lowest n 334*b*
the n I wanted 204*a*
tunes her nocturnal n 273*a*
turn his merry n 320*a*
tu-whoo, a merry n 345*b*
when found, make a n of 122*b*
with a n like thine 206*a*
with his n so true 357*a*
Note-book set in a n learn'd 341*a*
Notes all the compass of the n 139*b*
both in highest n appear 78*a*
child's amang you taking n 62*a*
ed thy n flow in 398*b*
formed, as n of music are 393*b*
Fox's shall the n rebound 317*b*
haste you, sad n 78*a*
her thick-warbled n 277*a*
my Muse these n intendeth 401*b*
n are often necessary 213*b*
n by distance made more sweet 103*a*
n, with many a winding bout 269*a*
such n as, warbled to the string 268*b*
such were the n 302*b*
the n are few 31*b*
thanks two n a song 118*a*
Nothing and it was n. more 468*b*
an infinite deal of n. 352*b*
as having n 515*a*
as he is now, n 386*a*
did n in particular 164*a*
does n with a better grace 476*b*
doing n with a deal of skill 111*a*
even as n in respect of thee 484*a*
everything by starts, and n long 138*b*
George the First knew n 208*b*
gives to airy n a habitation 357*b*
glory and the n of a name 69*b*
have not charity, I am n 514*b*
having n, yet hath all 473*b*
I am n if not critical 360*b*
I come from n 265*a*
I have n to do to-day 135*a*
insupportable labour of doing n 410*b*
is it n to you 503*b*
it profiteth me n 514*b*
knew he knew n yet 25*a*
knows n whatever about Thee 525*a*
know that he n knew 277*a*
let n you dismay 523*a*
made us, is there n else 127*b*
needy n trimmed in jollity 388*a*
no n 74*b*
n a-year, paid quarterly 417*a*
n begins and n ends 441*a*
n beside remains 396*b*
n brings me all things 368*a*
n but the night 199*b*
n but well and fair 278*a*
n can be created out of n 550*a*
n can be known 68*a*
n can return to n 552*a*
n, can touch him further 348*b*
n comes amiss, so money comes 366*b*
n did he say 12*b*
n for n, 'tre 535*b*
n great was ever achieved 148*a*
n hid from the heat thereof 482*b*
n in his life became him 346*b*
n in my hand I bring 445*a*
n, in this corporal earth 441*b*
n is but what is not 346*b*
n is fair or good alone 146*b*
n is here for tears 278*a*
n is there to come 106*b*
n less will content me 55*b*
n-much-matter-day 186*a*
n of him that doth fade 367*a*
n of itself will come 404*b*
n refuse 146*b*
n! thou elder brother to shade 309*b*
n to be refused 516*b*
n to do but work 225*a*
n to do with the case 165*a*
n to eat but food 225*a*
n to wear but clothes 225*a*
n to what I ed say 83*a*
n under Heaven so blue 415*a*
n venture, n win 164*a*
n we see but means our good 187*b*
n will remain 199*a*
passages, that lead to n 175*a*
phantom Caravan has reached the N 153*b*
praise of wh I n know 463*b*
reputed wise, for saying n 362*b*
signifying n 350*b*
starts for the Dawn of N 153*b*
there is n either good or bad 332*a*
they that starve with n 352*b*
they were n, Sir 209*b*
think n done while aught remains 309*b*
to be thus is n 348*b*
to n but herself severe 79*b*
to whom n is given 151*a*
we are n, less than n 238*b*
we brought n into this world 516*b*
we can carry n out 516*b*
we have taken n 509*a*
we that did n study 225*a*
when you have n to say, say n 103*b*
why—N! 94*a*
Nothingness first dark day of n 72*b*
never pass into n 217*b*
Nothings invulnerable n 392*b*
such laboured n 300*a*
Notice a man who used to n 179*a*

Notice (*cont*)
n you have been pleased to take 206*b*
Noticeable a n man 471*b*
Noting not a note worth the n 358*a*
Notion and foolish n 61*b*
Notions about a superior power 417*b*
Notorious evil liver 480*a*
Nought n is worth a thought 305*a*
n spake he to Lars Porsena 253*b*
n so much the spirit calms 70*b*
Nouns n of number, or multitude 97*a*
verbs and n do more agree 182*a*
Nourish eyes n all the world 345*a*
Nourished how begot, how n 354*a*
how n there 464*b*
n in the womb of pia mater 344*b*
Nourisher chief n in life s feast 348*a*
Nourisheth lives by that wh n it 321*b*
Novel a n cannot be too bad 391*a*
given away by a n 223*a*
n called *Tristram Shandy* 449*b*
obligation to wh we may hold a n 204*b*
oh! it is only a n 11*b*
scrofulous French n 52*a*
supersede the last fashionable n 255*b*
Novels Balzac's n occupy one shelf 45*a*
loved, ever after, French n 442*a*
Novelty create at last this n Earth 276*b*
n, n, n 196*b*
November April, June, and N 533*a*
no leaves, no birds—N ! 195*a*
N 's leaf is red 317*b*
N 's sky is chill 317*b*
nurse N on the lap of June 196*a*
on the moor the brief N day 224*a*
the Fifth of N 532*a*
thirty days hath N 172*a*
Now an eternal N does always last 106*b*
as it was in the beginning, is n 478*a*
if it be n, 'tis not to come 337*a*
it is not n as it hath been 466*a*
leave N for dogs and apes 47*a*
let me do it n 523*b*
n is the accepted time 515*a*
n sleeps the crimson petal 436*b*
n we sha'n't be long 76*a*
Nowher so busy a man 88*b*
Nubbly nice but n 237*a*
Nude keep one from going n 225*a*
noble and n 421*a*
Nuisance to other people 266*a*
Null spendidly n 433*b*
Number in the n I do not know but one 319*a*
more by yr n, than yr light 473*b*
multitude, wh no man cd n 519*a*
not on the n but the choice 107*a*
n is Six hundred three score 519*a*
n, weight and measure 31*a*
telleth the n of the stars 490*b*
the n of his name 519*a*
the n of my days 484*a*
the n of the beast 519*a*
Numbered name be n among theirs 468*b*
n with the transgressors 503*a*
Numbers add to golden n 118*b*
brings home full n 357*b*
divinity in odd n 356*a*
honest men are better than n 115*b*
I lisped in n 303*a*
in fresh n number all yr graces 387*a*
liv'd in Settle's n. 298*b*
opposed n pluck their hearts 383*a*
round n are always false 209*b*
secret magic of n 41*b*
tell me not, in mournful n. 247*b*
the plaintive n flow 471*a*
to n I'll not be confin'd 461*a*
voluntary move harmonious n 273*a*
Numbness pains my sense 219*b*
Nun if you become a n, dear 202*a*
Joshua the son of N 494*a*
my daughter the N 407*a*
quiet as a n 467*a*
Nunc dimittis sweetest canticle is *N* 14*a*
Luncheon take yr n 50*a*
Nunnery from the n of thy chaste breast 250*a*
get thee to a n 333*b*
Nuns among the N ' Black 402*b*
n. fret not 468*a*
Nuptials iteration of n 105*b*
Nurse beggar's n and Cæsar's 325*a*
continues what the n began 146*b*
dirty n, Experience 428*b*
fawn upon a n 374*b*
if you n a flame 77*b*
London, my most kindly n 409*b*
nature's soft n 380*a*
n for a poetic child 317*b*
n of manly sentiment 57*a*
rose a n of ninety years 436*b*
set upon the n 's knee 530*b*
sucks the n asleep 325*b*
testy babe, will scratch the n 372*b*
Nursed I never n a dear gazelle 282*a*
n upon the self-same hill 269*a*
Nurseries in the n of Heaven 441*b*
N of blooming Youth 468*a*
public schools n of all vice 151*b*
Nursery n-mishaps 113*b*
trod my n floor 109*b*
Nurses wives are old men's n 14*b*
Nursing lack of woman's n 290*a*
n the unconquerable hope 82*a*
Nursling of the sky 393*a*
n of thy widowhood 391*b*
win their n with their smiles 241*b*
Nurslings n of immortality 397*a*
Nut a Fairy in a n 31*a*
Nut-brown spicy n ale 269*a*
Nutmeg but a silver n 532*a*
Nutmeg-graters rough as n 191*b*
Nutmegs and ginger 23*a*
Nutrition draw n, propagate 301*a*
Nuts before the n work loose 234*b*
gathering n in May 523*b*
like an ape does n 335*a*
Nutshell bounded in a n 332*b*
Nutting-bag Devil's n 247*b*
Nut tree I had a little n 532*a*
Nymph a N, a Naiad, or a Grace 316*a*
Echo, sweetest n 267*a*
haste thee, N 268*b*
like a n, with long hair 386*b*
mountain n, sweet Liberty 268*b*
not as a n, but for a reed 260*b*
n, in thy orisons be all my sins 333*b*
rose like a n to the bath 398*a*
to the n with but one, sir 400*b*
Nymphs breasts of the n 423*b*
leave of yr n on the shore 424*b*
N that reign o'er sewers 100*b*
where were ye, N 269*b*

O

O O all ye Green Things 478*a*
O all ye works of the Lord 478*a*
O Ananias, Azarias 478*a*
O little did my mother ken 530*a*
O Paddy dear, an' did ye hear 525*b*
O stablish me according 489*b*
O! that we now had here 383*a*
O, U, T, spells out 534*a*
O ye Whales, and all that move 478*a*
within this wooden O 381*a*
Oafs muddied o at the goals 230*a*
Oak cattle shadow of the British o 57*a*
heart of o are our ships 158*b*
hearts of o our men 10*b*
hollow o our palace is 116*a*
I lean'd my back unto an (aik) o 530*a*
many an o that grew thereby 265*b*
nodosities of the O 58*b*
O, and Ash, and Thorn 236*a*
o, and the ash, and the bonny ivy 525*a*
O, Elder, Elm 119*b*
our ships were British o 10*b*
sage beneath the spreading o 107*b*
standing long an o 216*b*
to thee the reed is as the o 329*a*
unwedgeable and gnarled o 351*b*
win the palm, the o or bays 260*b*
Oaks huge o and old 235*a*
little strokes fell great o 157*a*
o, branch-charméd by the stars 218*a*
o that flourish for a thousand years 244*b*
old families last not three o 42*b*
tall o from little acorns grow 149*b*
Oak-stump hides the rotted old o 99*b*
Oar but bend to the o 315*b*
tann'd galley-slave is with his o 454*b*
Oars he feathered his o 120*b*
I took the o 99*b*
o, and coat, and badge 120*b*
our o keep time 282*b*
the o were silver 323*a*
Oat-cakes Calvin, o, and sulphur 404*a*
Oaten if ought of o stop 103*a*
Oatmeal literature upon a little o 405*a*
Oats A grain given to horses 212*b*
Oath a good mouth-filling o 378*a*
a man is not upon o 208*b*
an o, an o, I have an o 354*b*
Cophetua swore a royal o 425*b*
fair as the rash o of virginity 203*b*
hir gretteste o sèynt Loy 88*a*
if ever I utter an o again 391*b*
I take the official o to-day 245*a*
Oaths full of strange o 326*b*
God pardon all o 376*a*
men (deceived) with o 13*a*
o are but words 65*b*
o are straw 382*a*
oft names God in o 132*a*
swore as many o as I spake 343*a*
Obadiah Bind-their-kings 252*b*
Obdurate if too o I, choose thou 415*a*
Obedience approve first thy o 276*a*
fear keeps men in o 64*b*
let my o then excuse 107*b*
rebellion is o to God 34*b*
reluctant o of distant provinces 254*a*
that is, to thy o 275*a*
Obedient mild, o, good as He 3*b*
o to their laws we lie 560*a*
Obeisance made o to my sheaf 493*a*
Obermann sedulous ape to O 412*b*
Oberon! what visions have I seen 357*a*
Obey all did govern yet all did o 136*b*
'E don't o no orders 228*b*
in all my best o you, madam 330*a*
o thy heart 146*b*
Sleep shall o me 406*b*
the rogues o you well 191*b*
to love, cherish, and to o 481*b*
to o is better than sacrifice 495*a*
Obeying command Nature except by o her 17*a*
Obeys has her humour when she o 302*a*
Object ev'ry beauteous o that I view 161*a*
Homer with his eye on the o 10*a*
my o all sublime 164*b*
newer o quite forgotten 372*b*
ship come in with o won 457*b*
tho' mean our o and inglorious 469*a*
'tis for o strange and high 260*a*
Objects but with high o 469*a*
on little o with like firmness 68*b*
themselves as o recognized 469*b*
what o are the fountains 308*b*
Oblations bring no more vain o 501*a*
Obligation only o to wh we may hold a novel 204*b*
possession without o 264*b*
to John I owed great o 305*b*
Obliged so obliging that he ne'er o 303*a*
Obliquely like th' other foot, o run 134*a*
Oblivion childishness, and mere o 326*b*
commend to cold o 393*b*
drink o of a day 264*a*
formless ruin of o 369*b*
my o is a very Antony 322*b*
o as they rose shrank 392*b*
o in lost angels can infuse 6*a*
puts alms for o 369*a*
razure of o 352*a*
the inequity of o 42*b*
therewith bury in o 42*b*
Obscure Coleridge—he who sits o 395*b*
that had thee here o 264*a*
thro' the palpable o 272*b*
Obscured excess of glory o 272*a*
Obscurely to be o good 1*b*
Obscurity decent o of a learned language 571*a*
left unthought of in o 465*b*
Obsequies celebrates his o 317*a*
they solemnized their o 42*a*
Obsequious saw the o Seraphims 115*a*
Observance in the breach than the o 331*a*

Observance (*cont*)
with this special o 333*b*
Observant of His heavenly Word 131*b*
Observation bearings of this o 122*b*
cramm'd with o 326*b*
let o with extensive view 213*b*
youth and o copied there 331*b*
Observations wh ourselves we make 301*b*
Observatory I left the O 288*b*
Observe Brutus, I do o you now 337*b*
Observed o of all observers 333*b*
since o by Yours faithfully, God 522*b*
Observer he is a great o 338*a*
partial for th' o 's sake 301*b*
Obstinacy o in a bad cause 41*b*
o in a bad one 411*b*
Obstinate name of the one was O 54*a*
Obstruction George III consecrated o. 17*b*
lie in cold o and to rot 352*a*
Obtain that wh he merits 101*a*
Obtains merits that wh he o 101*a*
Occasion courage mounteth with o 373*b*
lie all unlocked to yr o 352*b*
o is bald behind 107*a*
o smiles upon a second leave 330*b*
on O 's forelock wait 277*a*
on such an o as this 53*b*
take o by the hand 437*a*
upon the mellowing of o 344*b*
when we had o to be seen 378*b*
Occasions all o do inform against 335*b*
new o teach new duties 251*a*
there is o and causes 383*b*
upon their lawful o 490*b*
Occident in th' yet unformed O 117*a*
Occult bitterness of things o 313*a*
Occupation absence of o is not rest 110*b*
my estate by the same o 54*a*
Occupations let us love our o 121*b*
pause in the day's o 246*b*
there are worse o in this world 411*a*
Occur things that didn't o 156*a*
Ocean a dark illimitable o 273*a*
as it draws to the O 6*a*
blue sky bounds the o 35*b*
Britannia, the pride of the o 389*b*
broad o leans against the land 170*a*
dark unfathom'd caves of o bear 174*a*
deep and dark blue O 69*b*
Earth and O seem to sleep 393*b*
from o s farthest coast 200*b*
grasp the o in my span 453*a*
grateful smell old O smiles 273*b*
great Neptune's o wash blood 348*a*
great o of truth undiscovered 289*a*
his legs bestrid the o 325*a*
I have loved thee, O ! 69*b*
in tumult to a lifeless o 101*b*
I pass thro' the pores of the o 393*a*
is this the mighty o ? 241*a*
life on the o wave 315*b*
make the mighty o 82*a*
many-twinkling smile of o 224*a*
murmurs as the o murmurs there 241*a*
o 's child and then his queen 395*b*
O 's nursling, Venice lies 395*a*
o 's wave-beat shore 149*b*
on one side lay the O 429*a*
on the o 's bosom, unespy'd 260*a*
seen the hungry o gain advantage 388*a*
shall read o'er o wide 241*b*
Shepherd of the O 408*a*
so on the o of life we pass 249*a*
the day-star in the o bed 270*a*
the fish soar to find the o 442*a*
the o -floors pave it 396*a*
the rivers with the o 395*b*
the sapless foliage of the o 396*b*
time, and the o 452*a*
upon the o green 258*a*
use the o as their road 449*a*
vast o ! on whose awful face 280*a*
with willing sport, to the wild o 372*b*
Oceans compendious o 115*a*
O'clock shall be what o I say it is 366*b*
O'Connell to deal with O 'C 404*b*
Octavia eye of dull O 325*a*
Octavos light o fill a spacious plain 113*b*
October bright O was come 96*a*
night in the lonesome O 298*b*

October (*cont*)
with the leaf still in O 23*a*
Octosyllabic facility of the o verse 69*b*
Ocular give me the o proof 362*a*
Odd and this was o, because, you know 84*a*
creators of o volumes 239*a*
how o of God to choose the Jews 149*b*
humour is o, grotesque 420*a*
it's a very o thing 119*b*
luck lies in o numbers 356*a*
must think it exceedingly o 527*a*
scarcely o because they d eaten 84*b*
Odd-fellow desperate o society 444*a*
Odds facing fearful o 253*a*
the o is gone 324*b*
what's the o, so long as 263*a*
Ode I intended an O 131*a*
o, and elegy, and sonnet 211*b*
Odes o to every zephyr 226*a*
quoted o, and jewels 436*a*
Odious! in woollen! 302*a*
Odorous beech and o pine 37*b*
comparisons are o 359*a*
Odour stealing and giving o 369*b*
Odours Champak o fail 394*b*
gentle o led my steps 397*b*
glory exhales her o 72*b*
golden vials full of o 518*b*
heavens rein o on you 371*b*
living hues and o 396*a*
o, when sweet violets sicken 399*b*
Odysseus doomed like O 476*a*
Odyssey thunder of the O 242*a*
Odysseys last of all our O 26*a*
O'er then I'll give o 189*b*
O'er-dusted more laud than gilt o 369*a*
O'erjoyed was he to find 108*b*
O'ertake I will o thee, Cleopatra 324*b*
O'erthrown noble mind is here o 333*b*
O'erwhelm all the earth o them 330*b*
Off be o, or I'll kick you 82*b*
nowhere to fall but o 225*a*
o with his head! 83*a*
o with the old love 262*b*, 524*b*
sit here on and o for days 82*b*
when he was o he was acting 169*b*
Offal this slave's o 333*a*
Offence a conscience void of o 512*b*
beauty after o returning 278*a*
confront the visage of o 334*b*
every nice o bear his comment 340*b*
forgave the o 140*a*
greatest o against virtue 183*b*
his was doon o 89*b*
innocent from the great o 482*b*
my o is rank 334*b*
pardon'd and retain the o 334*b*
that wh wd appear o in us 338*a*
what dire o from am'rous causes 302*b*
where the o is let the axe fall 336*a*
Offences but pardoning our o 480*b*
it must needs be that o come 507*a*
made old o of affections new 389*a*
more o at my beck 333*b*
sins and o of my youth 483*a*
Offend coy and tender to o 187*b*
not willingly o 453*a*
o one of these little ones 507*a*
Offended for him have I o 339*b*
nor be easily o 453*a*
this hand hath o 114*b*
this hath not o the king 283*b*
Offender she hugged the o 140*a*
Offenders a little list of social o 164*b*
Offendeth who can tell how oft he o 482*b*
Offending head and front of my o 360*a*
whipped the o Adam 381*a*
Offer instantly close with the o 202*b*
Offering an o far too small 453*b*
Office been so clear in his great o 347*a*
be not afraid to do thine o 283*a*
Circumlocution O 123*a*
during his o treason no crime 138*b*
each in his o wait 131*b*
from their o to black funeral 366*a*
hands, that yarely frame the o 323*a*
hath but a losing o 379*b*
insolence of o 333*a*
man who has no o to go to 390*b*
o and affairs of love 358*a*

Office (*cont*)
o, and custom, in all line 368*b*
o he'll hold and patronage sway 40*b*
serves it in the o of a wall 375*a*
single o divided between them 55*a*
the o opposite to St Peter 363*a*
Officer never more be o of mine 361*b*
o and the office seldom fit 405*a*
Officers a king and o of sorts 381*b*
his o were in much pain 417*b*
Offices above their functions and o 345*a*
cast a longing eye on [o] 204*b*
estates, degrees, and o 353*b*
imperfect o of prayer 464*a*
o both private and public 279*b*
Official this high o, all allow 186*a*
Officious, innocent, sincere 210*b*
Offspring new-fledg d o to the skies 168*b*
o of Heaven first born 273*a*
Time's noblest o 28*a*
true source of human o 274*b*
Oft how o hereafter will she wax 154*a*
o in danger, o in woe 456*b*
o, in the stilly night 282*b*
Often how o have we done this 393*a*
how o wd I have gathered 507*b*
Oh o don't deceive me 523*a*
O ! Sophonisba! Sophonisba! O ! 443*b*
Oil a little o in a cruse 496*a*
anointed my head with o 483*a*
consum'd the midnight o 160*a*
her mouth is smoother than o 497*b*
hurt not the o and the wine 518*b*
'incomparable o,' Macassar 70*a*
lingering, with boiling o in it 165*a*
o to make him a cheerful 488*a*
o, vinegar, sugar 169*a*
our midday sweat, our midnight o 307*a*
our wasted o unprofitably burns 108*a*
pour this o on the water 24*a*
their lamps with everlasting o 267*a*
without the o and twopence 404*b*
Oils dropt in ambrosial o 267*b*
the water, like a witch's o 98*b*
Oily fat, o man of God 443*a*
Ointment alabaster box of o 508*a*
like the precious o upon the head 490*a*
name is better than precious o 499*a*
the o of the apothecary 499*b*
thy name is an o poured forth 500*a*
why was not this o sold 511*a*
Ojibways land of the O 248*b*
O'Leary it's with O in the grave 474*b*
Old adherence to the o and tried 245*a*
all the young can do for the o 390*a*
all times when o are good 67*b*
a man not o but mellow 296*b*
an o man in a hurry 95*a*
both of the new and o 461*b*
call him not o, whose brain 194*a*
crucify the o man 481*a*
darling, I am growing o 308*b*
die in their glory and never be o 199*a*
'eavy-sterned amateur o men 234*b*
for o sakes' sake 226*a*
growing o in drawing nothing up 112*a*
grown o before my time 311*a*
grow o along with me 50*b*
grow o with a good grace 410*a*
half as o as Time 55*a*
he is o and she a shade 241*a*
holdeth o men from the chimney 402*a*
hopeful than to be forty years o 194*a*
I am too o the seas too long 16*b*
I am too o to fawn upon a nurse 374*b*
I fancy one s o and ugly 105*a*
if ever I grow to be o 27*a*
if I live to be o 304*a*
if to grow o in Heaven 312*a*
I grow o I grow o 145*a*
I have been young and now am o 484*a*
I heard the o, o men say 475*b*
I love everything that's o 170*b*
I m not so o, and not so plain 163*b*
is not o wine wholesomest 454*b*
it is o and plain 371*a*
it was so o a ship—who knows 155*a*
it was too o for him 122*a*
man is as o as he's feeling 102*b*
men as o as we to keep the peace 364*b*
Mithridates, he died o 199*b*

Old (*cont*)
no man wd be o 419*a*
nor so o to dote on her 342*a*
not persuade me I am o 387*a*
not yet o enough for a man 370*a*
off with the o love 262*b*
o Adam in this child 481*a*
o and well stricken in age 493*a*
o and young on our last cruise 413*a*
o as I am, for ladies' love unfit 140*a*
o as I am waxing 240*a*
o friends, o times 170*b*
o loves endear thee 97*b*
o, mad, blind dying king 399*a*
o man! not so difficult to die 73*a*
o man's wit may wander 427*b*
o men, and babes 100*a*
o men and comets reverenced 419*a*
o men go to death 13*b*
o there's grief enough for thee 176*a*
o times are still new 180*b*
o times unqueen thee 97*b*
o to you as the story of Adam 47*b*
one of them is fat and grows o 377*b*
O, sir! you are o 342*b*
out of o bokes newe science 90*a*
out of o feldes newe corn 90*a*
redress the balance of the O 79*a*
ring out the o 431*a*
say I'm growing o 202*a*
she is not yet so o 354*a*
she was middling o 231*b*
snowy summits o in story 436*a*
so o, and so profane 381*a*
some day before I m o! 230*b*
sugared about by the o men 234*b*
tell me the o, o story 179*a*
that new world wh is the o 426*b*
the 'good o times' 67*b*
the last to lay the o aside 300*a*
the o man had so much blood 350*a*
the o ones, grub 389*b*
there I met an o man 534*b*
they shall not grow o 28*b*
thinking of the o 'un 122*a*
this year, o men shall reap 253*a*
till the stars are o 425*a*
time to be o, to take in sail 147*a*
to me you never can be o 388*b*
too o to go again to my travels 87*b*
very o are we men 119*a*
wax o as doth a garment 488*a*
w en folks get o en strucken 181*b*
we're o and tough 440*b*
we that are left grow o 28*b*
we who are o, o and gay 474*b*
when all the world is o, lad 226*a*
when I shall grow o 468*a*
when it is o, thou shalt drink it 520*b*
when they get to feeling o 39*b*
when thou shalt be o 511*b*
when 'tis o it waxeth cauld 530*a*
when we are as o as you 328*b*
when you are o and grey 476*b*
when you are o sit under shade 122*b*
when you are very o 565*b*
where even the o are fair 475*b*
where nobody gets o 475*b*
whether it be new or o 415*b*
whether we be young or o 469*b*
why wasn't I born o and ugly? 121*a*
woman as o as she looks 102*b*
you and I are o 439*a*
you are o Father William 82*b*, 407*a*
you must be very o, Sir Giles 284*b*
you that are o consider not 379*b*
young a body with so o a head 354*b*
young and o came forth to play 269*a*
yr o men shall dream dreams 504*a*
Old Bailey say the bells at O 533*b*
Old Kent Road 94*a*
Old Testament prosperity blessing of the O 14*a*
Oldcastle died a martyr 381*a*
Olden all of the o time 12*b*, 524*b*
Older becomes the richer still the o 66*a*
she is o than the rocks 293*a*
Oldest o man he seemed 470*a*
the o hath borne most 344*a*
Old-gentlemanly a good o vice 70*b*
Olive lands of o, aloe, and maize 426*a*
Olive-branches children like the o 490*a*
Oliver Twist has asked for more 125*a*
Olives as firm 202*b*
Olivet purple brows of O 430*a*
wet with the red dew of O 442*b*
Olivia air cry out, 'O!' 370*a*
mine eyes did see O first 369*b*
Ologies instructed in the 'o' 81*a*
Olympian O bards who sung 147*a*
O bolts 128*a*
Omar the diver O plucked then 250*b*
Ombrifruge (Lord love you) 75*a*
Omega Alpha and O 518*a*
Omen from us be the o 551*b*
may the gods avert the o 540*b*
Omitted, all the voyage of their life 341*a*
Omnibuses only ridden more in o 184*b*
Omnipotent durst defy th' O 271*a*
o but friendless 397*a*
squamous, o, and kind 39*b*
Omniscience his specialism is o 136*a*
On before you are o with the new 262*b*, 524*b*
but o, o thy way 189*b*
nowhere to stand but o 225*a*
o, bacons, o! 377*a*
o, o you noblest English! 382*a*
sit here o and off, for days 82*b*
their utmost up and o 51*a*
Onaway! Awake, beloved! 248*b*
Once Christmas comes but o a year 446*a*
did you o see Shelley plain 48*b*
not o or twice 435*a*
o a clergyman 525*b*
o but the world was young then 307*a*
o did she hold the gorgeous Last 472*b*
o to every man and nation 250*b*
pass thro' this world but o 176*b*, 523*b*
taste any drink o 75*a*
One all but o that ligs under 534*a*
all their words they are not o 137*b*
all the means to make us o 132*b*
and for o in vain 154*a*
animals went in o by o 526*a*
but that's all o 372*b*
incorporate and make us o 338*b*
in the number I do know but o 339*a*
it ought to be Number O 83*b*
it were all o that I shd love 322*a*
made o of them 341*b*
made o with Nature 392*b*
many must labour for the o 69*b*
none that doeth good, no, not o 482*a*
o among a thousand 497*a*
o especially do we affect 259*a*
o fixed for ever at the door 439*b*
o for my master o for my dame 534*b*
o God, o law, o element 431*a*
o man in a thousand 235*a*
O, most loving of you all 44*a*
o near o is too far 45*b*
o of us two, Herminius 253*b*
o shall be taken 508*a*
o thing is certain, Life flies 153*a*
o to destroy, is murder 477*a*
o to watch, and o to pray 2*b*
o, two, and the third in yr bosom 365*b*
o, two why then, 'tis time 350*a*
o was round her lover 77*a*
O, who never changes 448*a*
only o thing at once 403*a*
our two souls wh are o 134*a*
race is run by o and o 235*a*
than O who rose 394*a*
the day but o 34*a*
the heart but o 34*a*
the less will you settle to o 230*b*
the many fail the o succeeds 426*b*
the O remains, the many change 392*b*
there's but o in all doth hold 339*a*
the Three in O, the O in Three 233*b*
they are o and o 45*b*
to o thing constant never 358*a*
to the nymph with but o, sir 400*b*
we are o, o flesh 276*b*
where o but goes abreast 369*a*
One-and-twenty when I was o 198*b*
One-eyed o, blinking sort of place 181*a*
o man is king 292*a*
One-Goddite a o 240*a*
One-horse poor little o town 447*a*
One-horse (*cont*)
wonderful o shay 194*a*
Ones little o, unbuttoned, glowing 113*a*
One-sixteenth one and o is born 523*a*
Onion let o atoms lurk within 404*b*
tears live in an o 322*b*
Onions, and eke lekes 89*a*
Only nor this the o time 37*b*
o a little more to write 189*b*
o a man harrowing clods 179*b*
o Luke is with me 516*b*
o man is vile 184*a*
o thin smoke without flame 179*b*
Onward a little o lend thy guiding hand 277*b*
half a league o 426*a*
he o came 275*a*
o, Christian Soldiers 20*a*
o, Christians, o go 456*b*
o ye will tread 287*a*
press o, for thine eye shall see 37*a*
Onwards—always onwards 12*b*
Ooze of their pasture ground 5*b*
Oozing I feel it o out 400*b*
feed o pasture ground 5*b*
Opal thy mind is a very o 371*a*
Open gates are mine to o 233*a*
I o with a clock striking 400*a*
lie o unto the fields 472*b*
on a sudden o fly 273*a*
o not thine heart to every man 520*b*
o Sesame! 567*b*
o to me, my sister 500*b*
o, ye heavens, yr living doors 275*b*
the o door for all nations 27*b*
warder, warder! o quickly 12*a*
Opened I o to my beloved 500*b*
knock, and it shall be o 505*b*
when the Pye was o 410*b*
Opening it is our o day 18*a*
to him are o paradise 175*a*
Operation by mere mechanic o 66*a*
hath a two-fold o in it 380*b*
o of the Holy Ghost 480*b*
surgical o to get a joke 404*a*
Operations five o of the Lord 520*b*
Ophelia water hast thou, poor O 336*a*
Ophir from distant O 261*b*
Ophiucus huge in th' arctic sky 273*a*
Opinion a better o than ever before 363*a*
absence of educated o 9*b*
a plague of o 369*a*
approve a private o, call it o 191*b*
better to have no o of God 15*a*
coquetry of public o 58*a*
from the main o he held once 338*b*
great organ of public o 128*a*
gross and scope of my o 329*b*
held Epicurus strong, and his o 341*a*
is of his own o still 66*a*
justifies th' ill o 62*a*
of the o with the learned 104*a*
one person of the contrary o 266*a*
o determined by the feelings 408*a*
o in good men is but knowledge 279*a*
o one man entertains 292*a*
o we are endeavouring to stifle 266*a*
party is organized o 128*b*
reform was once a private o 147*b*
suspense and imperfect o 148*a*
take our own o from another 147*b*
the poor itch of your o 328*a*
thinks the last o right 300*b*
this fool gudgeon, this o 352*b*
upon the difference of an o 41*b*
Opinions halt ye between two o 496*a*
I have bought golden o 347*a*
killed with yr hard o 381*a*
never so bad as their o 256*a*
new o are always suspected 246*a*
so many men, so many o 554*a*
stiff in o 138*b*
their quaint o wide 275*b*
the public buys its o 67*a*
Opium religion o of the people 526*a*
subtle, and mighty o 120*a*
Oppenheim, half-blind with blood 27*a*
Opponent ascribe to an o motives 21*b*
o of the chosen people 9*a*
Opportune moment of his death 553*b*
Opportunities Devil watches all o 104*b*

Opportunities (*cont*)
make more o than he finds 16*b*
Opportunity man must make his o 13*a*
marriage maximum of o 391*a*
never had mortal man such o 71*b*
o makes a thief 16*b*
thou strong seducer, o ! 140*a*
Oppose duty of an Opposition to o 95*a*, 410*a*
Opposed th' o may beware of thee 130*b*
Opposition duty of an O to oppose 95*a*, 410*a*
Her Majesty's O 17*a*
o of the stars 260*b*
without a formidable O 129*a*
Oppressed he was o , and he was afflicted 503*a*
let the o go free 503*a*
Oppression but behold o 501*a*
lack gall to make o bitter 333*a*
o makes the wise man mad 48*b*
thro' o , thro' any plague 488*b*
Oppressions unfelt o of this earth 395*a*
Oppressor the o 's wrong 333*a*
Opprest heart and voice o 286*a*
Oppugnancy meets in mere o 368*b*
Ops fugues and 'o ' 164*b*
Optimist in the best of all worlds 75*a*
Opulent Rotunda Strike the Sky 412*b*
Oracle fast by the o of God 270*b*
I am Sir O 352*b*
Oracles the o are dumb 270*b*
Orange drinking watered o -pulp 52*a*
lands of palm, of o -blossom 426*a*
o bright, like golden lamps 260*a*
that I were in o -tree 187*b*
Oranges and lemons 533*b*
Orator eyes of men without an o 386*b*
I am no o 340*a*
Orators swords shall play the o 259*a*
Oratory Childhand style of o 121*a*
object of o alone is not truth 255*b*
Orb before this splendid o was set 55*a*
mighty o of song Milton 464*a*
quail and shake the o 325*a*
the moon in her circled o 365*a*
there's not the smallest o 355*a*
too vast o of her fate 6*b*
Orbit in its ruddy o lifts the blood 294*b*
Orbs hath pierced their o 273*a*
Oreades in Scotland at the O 301*a*
Orchard chaffinch sings on the o bough 47*a*
in the pleasant o closes 43*b*
little peach in an o grew 151*a*
picture that o sprite 192*a*
when, upon o and lane 452*a*
Ordained stars, wh thou hast o 482*a*
Ordains o for each one spot 235*a*
o us e'en as hand 228*a*
Order all things began in o 41*a*
Angels sit in o serviceable 270*b*
beauty from o springs 225*b*
best words in the best o 102*b*
good o is the foundation of all 57*b*
in all line of o 368*b*
liberty connected with o 55*a*
men in a wonderful o 480*a*
nobility ornament to the civil o 57*b*
o is Heaven's first law 301*b*
stand not upon the o of yr going 349*a*
teach the act of o 381*b*
the old o changeth 429*a*
time and o of yr birth 36*a*
Ordered their estate 3*a*
Orders Almighty's O to perform 1*a*
e' don't obey no o 228*b*
lower o don t set us example 460*a*
Ordinance according to God s holy o 481*b*
live together after God's o 481*b*
Ordinary a Christian or an o man 369*b*
o young Englishman 9*b*
Ore load yr subject with o 223*b*
with new spangled o 270*a*
Organ every lovely o of her life 359*a*
great o of public opinion 128*a*
let the o moan her sorrow 234*b*
let the pealing o blow 268*b*
mellowing to the o 125*b*
o -voice of England, Milton 427*a*

Organ (*cont*)
pipe is as the maiden's o 370*a*
playing of the merry o 526*b*
seated one day at the o 306*b*
silent o loudest chants 146*b*
speak with most miraculous o 333*a*
Organism to live beyond its income 66*b*
Organs dry up in her the o of increase 342*a*
his owls was o 124*a*
moves with its own o 323*b*
Organjè flow'd past O 8*a*
Oriel Common Room 288*a*
Orient from out its O tabernacle 442*b*
in yr beauty's o deep 79*b*
lo! in the o 387*a*
o and immortal wheat 445*a*
Oriental tea an O is a gentleman 93*b*
Oriflamme be your o to-day 252*b*
Origin every gift of noble o 471*b*
stamp of his lowly o 117*b*
wh is not Greek in its o 256*b*
Original all things counter, o 197*b*
an o something, fair maid 78*a*
behold the bright o appear 160*a*
in the o perused mankind 4*b*
nothing o in me, excepting O sin 78*a*
without an o no imitation 177*a*
Originality fruits of o 266*a*
without o or moral courage 380*b*
Originator of a good sentence 148*b*
Orion loose the bands of O 497*b*
Orisons in thy o be all my sins 333*b*
Orlando run, run O 327*a*
Ormus and of Ind 272*a*
Ornament an o to her profession 54*b*
hiding the grossness with fair o 354*a*
navy defence and o 28*b*
needs not the foreign aid of o 443*b*
o is but the guiled shore 354*a*
o of a meek and quiet spirit 517*b*
o put upon civic buildings 314*b*
sent to be a moment's o 470*b*
still deceived with o 354*a*
studies serve for o 16*a*
sweet o wh truth doth give! 387*b*
the old o of his cheek 358*b*
wh thou esteem'st the o of life 347*a*
Ornaments hide with o their want 300*a*
made in lieu of many o 408*b*
Ornate Pure, O , and Grotesque Art 17*b*
Orphan an o 's curse 99*a*
I'm an O , both sides 455*b*
o -child in one 231*a*
teach the o -boy to read 431*b*
teach the o -girl to sew 431*b*
Orphans wrong'd o ' tears 262*b*
Orpheus another O sings 394*a*
but the soul of O sing 268*b*
O was not more charming 279*b*
O with his lute 385*b*
that O drew trees, stones 355*a*
Orphic language is a perpetual O song 397*b*
Orthris as O says 237*b*
Orthodox prove their doctrine o 65*a*
what is called 'o divinity' 10*a*
Orthodoxy o is my doxy 450*b*
O or My-doxy 80*b*
Oscar you will, O , you will 456*b*
Ossa to pile O on Pelion 557*b*
Ostentation o of our love 323*b*
rite nor formal o 330*a*
Ostrich 'e's a devil an' a o 233*a*
his imagination wings of an o 255*b*
strong the tall o on the ground 403*a*
Othello O 's occupation's gone 362*a*
O 's visage in his mind 306*b*
whore of Venice married with O 363*a*
Other follow anything that o men begin 338*b*
I and no o 424*a*
no o was denied 127*b*
since then I have used no o 535*b*
the o down, unseen 376*a*
ther is non o 89*a*
when the o far doth roam 134*a*
Others delight in pains of o 57*b*
do not do unto o as you wd 391*a*
fly to o that we know not 333*a*
he that wd govern o 262*b*

Others (*cont*)
learn'd to melt at o ' woe 173*b*
o apart sat on a hill 272*b*
o may tell the news 33*a*
o will punctually come for ever 458*a*
Otherwise I can do no o 560*a*
so and no o 234*a*
some are o 157*a*
we might be o 395*a*
Oude *vous*—I've O 535*a*
Ought it is, but hadn't o to be 182*a*
not what they o to do 13*a*
to do the things I o ! 425*a*
we do not what we o 5*b*
you're everything you o to be 166*b*
Oughtn't nothing that you o , O! 166*b*
Oun properly based O 47*a*
Ours all the haunt be o 324*b*
little in Nature that is o 473*a*
whiles it was o 359*a*
Ourself will mingle with society 349*a*
Ourselves even steal us from o 139*b*
in o , are triumph and defeat 247*b*
not in our stars, but in o 337*b*
not to please o 514*a*
still to o in every place 213*a*
the enduring power, not o 10*a*
the eternal, not o 10*a*
the Eternal Power, not o 10*b*
the way to God is by o 155*b*
'tis in o that we are thus 360*b*
Ouse slow winding O 111*a*
Ousel and the throstlecock 137*a*
Out at the other o it went 90*a*
Betsey and I are o 80*a*
fear they shall never get o 454*b*
one is in, the other o 94*b*
o , damned spot! o I say! 350*a*
o , vile jelly! 343*b*
o with it, then 81*b*
such as are in wish to get o 148*b*
such as are o wish to get in 148*b*
they'd immediately go o 29*b*
this is hell, nor am I o of it 258*b*
vanity, like murder, will o 107*b*
yr mother know that you are o ? 19*b*
Out-argue we will o them 209*b*
Outcast degraded, spiritless o ! 78*b*
Outcasts the o of Israel 490*b*
Outcries what o pluck me 238*b*
Outcry each o of the hunted hare 29*a*
Outdid the meat o the frolic wine 189*b*
Outface it with their semblances 325*b*
Outgoings of the morning 486*a*
Outgrabe mome raths o 83*b*
Outlines two countesses had no o. 125*a*
Outlive o his life half a year 134*a*
o this powerful rhyme 387*b*
sure you shall o this day? 149*a*
Outpost ultimate o of eternity 312*a*
Outrun disciple did o Peter 511*b*
o the constable at last 65*b*
Outside goodly o falsehood hath 353*a*
swashing and a martial o 325*b*
Outsider busy o 's ancient times 188*b*
Outsing and outlove 421*b*
Out-soared he has o the shadow 392*b*
Outstayed he hath o his welcome 102*a*
Out-vote tho' we cannot o them 209*b*
Outward o be fair, however foul within 94*b*
sepulchres appear beautiful o 507*b*
she is not fair to o view 97*b*
with my o , a Thistle 29*b*
Outwatch the Bear 268*a*
Oven put in the o for Tony and me 532*a*
Over it's o , and can't be helped 126*a*
o the hills and far away 415*a*, 533*a*
o then, come o 231*b*
o the water, and o the sea 320*a*
until it doth run o 522*b*
Over-bowed by many benedictions 48*a*
Over-canopied with woodbine 356*b*
Overcast since first our sky was o 109*a*
Overcoat his o for ever 200*a*
to put on yr o 251*a*
Overcome nature is sometimes o 16*a*
o evil with good 513*b*
o us like a summer's cloud 349*a*
what is else not to be o 271*a*
Overcomes who o by force 272*a*

Over-driven and under the weather 413b
Overland the O Mail 233a
Overmuch be not righteous o 499b
Overpaid high official is grossly o 186a
Overpeer the petty traffickers 352a
Overset she was o 111a
Overtaking neither o nor meeting 104a
Overthrow his foes triumph in his o 176a
  linger out a purposed o 388b
  of God, ye cannot o it 512a
  think't, thou dost o , die not 133a
Overthrown wrestled well, and o 325b
Overwhelm myself in poesy 220b
Ovid O , the soft philosopher of love 140b
  Venus clerk, O 89b
Owe much I o to the Lands 236a
  o no man anything 513b
  o no man hate 327a
Owedst sleep wh thou o yesterday 362a
Owes he o not any man 249a
Owest lend less than thou o 342a
  pay me that thou o 507a
Owing grateful mind by o owes not 273b
Owl blind as any noon-tide o 428a
  by a mousing o hawked at 348b
  clamorous o , that nightly hoots 356b
  curves of the white o sweeping 263b
  like an o in an ivy-bush 418b
  like an o that is in the desert 488a
  moping o doth complain 174a
  nightly sings the staring o 345b
  O and the Pussy Cat went to sea 243b
  O , and the Waverley Pen 527b
  o , for all his feathers, was a-cold 221b
  o that shriek d, the fatal bellman 347b
  sadder than o -songs 72a
  white o in the belfry 438a
  wren will fight against the o 350a
Owlet Ewa-yea! my little o ! 248b
  o whoops to the wolf below 99b
  the o Atheism 100b
Owls a court for o 502a
  eagle among blinking o 395b
  his o was organs 124a
  the answered o are hooting 73a
  two black o came and perched 25a
  two O and a Hen 243a
  when o do cry 368a
Own all countries his o 139b
  A Room of One's O 462b
  beaten men come into their o 262a
  do what I will with mine o 507b
  hearer thought it was his o 443a
  he came unto his o 510b
  he yet can call his o 136b
  I have a garden of my o 261a
  ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine o 328a
  King enjoys his o again 293b
  love land because it is their o 178a
  moments wh he calls his o 310a
  never mused on sorrow but its o 77a
  never to set up any of their o 57b
  she is coming, my o , my sweet 434a
  she knew not 'twas her o 302a
  so well to know her o 276a
Own-alone all by my o self 181b
Owned treason is not o 141a
Owner bearing the o 's name 458a
  o of the axe 444a
Owners down went the o 163a
Owse and bottom of the sea 381b
Ox as an o goeth to the slaughter 498a
  he eateth grass as an o 407b
  lion shall eat straw like the o 501b
  nor his o , nor his ass 480a
  roasted Manningtree o 377b
  stalled o and hatred therewith 498a
  stands like an o in the furrow 233a
  the o knoweth his owner 501a
  the o to wrath has moved 29a
  thou shalt not muzzle the o 494b
Oxen many o are come about me 483a
  our o may be strong to labour 490b
  the years like great black o 474a
  who drives fat o 211a
Oxenford Clerk ther was of O 88b
Oxford Half-Way House to Rome, O 535a
  I have never seen O since 288b
  Ipswich and O 386b
  King to O sent a troop 42b, 445a
Oxford (*cont*)
  Koran in the schools of O 162a
  noon on O town 154b
  O that has made me insufferable 24b
  O to him a dearer name 141b
  poetry wh is in O made an art 141b
  troops he to O sent 445b
  what a *whole* O is 97b
Oxlips bold o 373b
  where o grow 356b
Oxonian impertinent, being an O 150b
Oxus O , forgetting the bright speed 8a
  shorn and parcelled O 8a
Oyster as yr pearl in yr foul o 328a
  an o may be crossed in love 400a
  the world's mine o 355b
Oysters all the little O stood 84b
  by no means unlike o 123b
  four young O hurried up 84a
  he had often eaten o 163a
  if you're ready, O dear 84b
  o more beautiful than religion 315b
  poverty and o go together 126a
Ozymandias, king of kings 396b

P

Pa my p requests me to write 124b
Pace bloody thoughts, with violent p 362b
  by the first p that is sick 368b
  creeps in this petty p 350b
  don't like the p you are driving 405a
  long-resounding p 175a
  no p perceived 388b
  not afraid of 'the p ' 417a
  the moon's soft p 466b
  the p is too good to inquire 289a
  unperturb'd p 441b
Paces ordered motions, and regular p 42a
  p about her room again, alone 144b
  she made three p thro' the room 431b
  two p of the vilest earth 379a
Pachyderm he was a Tidy P 237a
Pacific he stared at the P 220b
Pacing walking up and p down 432b
Pacings long mechanic p 433a
Pack I will p , and take a train 39b
  p up your troubles 10b
  p when it begins to rain 342a
  pour out the p of matter 323b
  somebody's p has slid 233a
  some that can p the cards 15a
Package Ankworks p 124a
Pack-drill it's p for me 227b
Packed boxes, all carefully p 85b
Pack-horse posterity is a p 128a
  think rather of the p 284a
Packs and sets of great ones 344a
Padded man that wears the stays 434b
Paddington ever-weeping P 30b
Paddle his own canoe 260a
Paddles 'ear their p chunkin' 232a
Paddock calls 345b
Paddocks cold as p 190b
Paddy dear, an' did ye hear 525b
Padlock on her mind 305b
Paedobaptist she's a P 172a
Pagan Christian, p , nor man 333b
  on that hard P world 7a
  p , I regret to say 123b
  P suckled in a creed outworn 473a
  you find the p —spoiled 477b
Page beautiful quarto p 400b
  elvish p fell to the ground 317b
  every p having an ample marge 429a
  hither, p , and stand by me 286b
  I were p to joy 423a
  p and monarch, forth they went 286b
  pictures for the p atone 298b
  pretty p , with the dimpled chin 440b
  to their eyes her ample p 174a
  trails all about the written p 476b
  what one sweet p can teach 293a
Pageant insubstantial p faded 367b
  p of his bleeding heart 6a
  the dreary p laboured 12b
Pageantry masks, and antique p 269a
Pageants black vesper's p 324a
  p of the sea 352a
Pages untouched the p lie 113b
Pagett, M P , was a liar 233a
Pagoda Moulmein P 232a
Pain, Apollo 423a
Paid as if not p before 387b
  he is well p that is well satisfied 385a
  I p them the things 486b
  nothing a-year, p quarterly 417a
  p with sighs a plenty 198b
  truth is well p 106a
  two I am sure I have p 377b
  we ha' p in full 234b
  ye are not p to think 232a
Pain after long grief and p 434a
  a piercing p , a killing sin 415a
  arrears of p , darkness 50b
  auntie, did you feel no p 172b
  born in other's p 441a
  but relieved their p 168b
  costs worlds of p 261b
  creation travaileth in p 513b
  death who puts an end to p 428b
  die of a rose in aromatic p ? 300b
  equal ease unto my p 79b
  Eternal Passion! Eternal P 7b
  give yourself no unnecessary p 393a
  gods sigh for the cost and p 43b
  grievous pleasure and p 48a
  he hath no p 239b
  herbs to ease their p 233a
  I am quite sure she felt no p 50a
  I feel no p dear mother 523b
  I love to give p 105a
  inflict p upon oneself 265a
  in pleasure, but in rest from p 140b
  I were king of p 423a
  labour we delight in physics p 348a
  laughter with some p is fraught 398b
  love, that is not p 470a
  my heart puts forth its p 39a
  narcotics, numbing p 429b
  new grown with pleasant p 220b
  no living thing to suffer p 397a
  no p felt she 50a
  no pleasure, nor no p 320b
  now comes the p of truth 218b
  our joys three parts p 50b
  Our Lady of P 421a
  owes pleasures to another's p 112a
  O what p it is to part! 159b
  p and anguish wring the brow 318b
  p and grief to me 484a
  p and ruin to despise 174b
  p of finite hearts that yearn 52b
  p shall not be inflicted 407b
  p that is all but a pleasure 165b
  p without the peace of death 76b
  passion, p , or pride 438b
  peril, toil, and p 184a
  pleasure that's all but p 165b
  pleasure the intermission of p 321a
  pleasure turns to pleasing p 409a
  pleasure with p for leaven 420b
  pleasures banish p 453b
  riches left, not got with p 416a
  shall lightly pass the p 177a
  sorrow, loss or p 471a
  sudden cry of p 410b
  superflux of p 420a
  sweet is pleasure after p 139a
  tender for another's p 175a
  that is not akin to p 247a
  there be any more p 519b
  thou certain p 173a
  to go in company with P 465a
  tongueless vigil and all the p 420a
  unnumbered hours of p 77b
  upon the midnight with no p 220a
  what ignorance of p ? 398b
  what p it was to drown 384b
  what triumph! hark, what p 7a
  wicked to deserve such p 45b
  with no throbs of fiery p 210b
  without one p 433a
  with p purchased, doth inherit p 344a
Painch, tripe, or thairm 60b
Painful no p inch to gain 96b
  one is as p as the other 14a
  p pre-eminence 16
  too p an endeavour 302a
Pains all p the immortal spirit 7b

Pains (*cont*)
by p men come to greater p 14b
everlasting p 452b
for my p a world of sighs 360a
his p were o'er 167a
his present and yr p 381b
labour for his p 461a
made my p his prey 408a
p of death gat hold upon me 489a
p of love be sweeter far 142a
repays a thousand p 50a
so double was his p 408b
taken no p with its sums 86a
take the p to set me right 241a
uneasy pleasures and fine p 147b
Paint as fresh as p 403a
does he p ? 49a
flinging a pot of p 313b
he fain wd p a picture 49a
I cannot p what then I was 472a
let her p an inch thick 336b
p the sable skies 138a
putty, brass, an' p 233b
showed the p, but hid the face 140a
take off yr coat, grind p 147a
those who P 'em truest 1a
to p the lily 374a
to p Thy Presence 260a
Painted as idle as a p ship 98b
mirror is not to be p upon 254b
p to the eyes 131a
paltry, foolish, p things 137a
she p her face 406b
upon a p ocean 98b
Painter he is but a landscape-p 432b
nature's sternest p 72b
not a great p can be an architect 314a
once more thit landscape p 432b
some great p dips his pencil 398a
the sinful p drapes his goddess 147a
Painters I hate all Boets and P 161a
poets, like p, thus unskilled 300a
Painting amateur p in water-colour 413a
p thy outward walls so costly 389b
whose mother was her p 328b
Paintings all the allegorical p 212a
I have heard of your p 333b
Paints He p the wayside flower 76a
Ingres's the modern man who p 46b
to know a butcher p 52a
Pair all in a chuse and p 108a
aware of a princely p 254a
blest p of Sirens 278a
happy, happy, p 138b
nor p, nor build, nor sing 102a
such a mutual p 322a
Palace a p and a prison on each hand 69a
a p fit for you and me 414b
cypress in the p walk 436b
hollow oak our p is 116a
in his p of the West 282b
in the lighted p near 432a
love in a p 219a
my gorgeous p for a hermitage 375b
opes the p of Eternity 266b
p name of wh was Beautiful 54a
p of dim night 366b
purple-lined p of sweet sin 219a
Palaces builds p in Kingdom come 261b
dragons in their pleasant p 501b
fair, frail, p 3a
hark! at the Golden P 406b
mid pleasures and p 294b
plenteousness within thy p 480b
poor men's cottages princes' p 352b
saw in sleep old p 396b
the gorgeous p 367b
'two-and-thirty p ' 222b
walls, p, half-cities 69a
watch the sunshot p high 38a
Paladin Sidney's self, the starry p 52a
Palæozoic in the P time 404a
Palate against his p fine 219b
his ample p took savour 218a
no motion of the liver, but the p 371a
p, the hutch of tasty lust 197b
Palatinus but he saw on P 253b
Pale art thou p for weariness 396a
behold a p horse 518b
by park and p 438a
Pale (*cont*)
great bond wh keeps me p ! 349a
moon p in her anger 356b
one p as yonder wan moon 393b
over park, over p 156b
p, and leaden-eyd 196a
p as thy smock 364a
p, beyond porch and portal 422a
p contented sort of discontent 219a
p grew thy cheek 74b
p hands I loved 197a
p wh held that lovely deer 448b
prithee, why so p 416a
walk the studious cloisters p 268b
why so p and wan 416a
Pale-mouth'd prophet 220a
Palestine in sunny P 261b
Paling piece-bright p 198a
Pall in purple nor in p 522a
Tragedy in sceptred p 268a
when that began to p 27b
Palladium of all the rights 217a
Pallas Apollo, P, Jove 131b
Pallets upon uneasy p stretching 380a
Palliate what we cannot cure 212b
Pallid angels, all p and wan 298a
Pall Mall shady side of P 283b
Pall Mall Gazette 440a
Palm bear the p alone 337b
dominion over p and pine 233b
dull thy p with entertainment 330b
lands of p and southern pine 426a
lands of p, of orange 426a
quietly sweating p to p 202a
to have an itching p 340b
virginalling upon his p 373a
win the p, the oak, or bays 260b
Palmer exerted herself to ask Mr P 11b
sad votarist in p's weed 267a
sceptre for a p's walking staff 375b
Palmerston pugilist [Lord P] 17a
Palmerworm that wh the p hath left 504a
Palms in his p wh were hollow 191b
paddling p 373a
p before my feet 92a
their fronded p in air 458b
the p of her hands 496b
what are frequent in p dates 191b
Palm-trees City of p 448a
Palmyra Balbec and P 449b
Palomides by my knighthood, said P 257a
Palpable as a mountain, open, p 377b
thro the p obscure 272b
Palsied old 352a
Palsy strucken wid de p 181b
Palter with us with a double sense 351a
Paltry to be Cæsar 325a
Pamare mountain cradle in P 8a
Pamphylia Phrygia, and P 512a
Pamphleteer on guano 437a
Pan buy me a new p 63a
half a beast is the great god P 43b
P by noon 420b
P did after Syrinx speed 260b
the great god P 43b
turned the cat in p again 524a
Pancras and Kentish Town 30b
Pander of posterity 407b
Pandion King P 20b
Pane a tap at the p 48b
Panes of quaint device 221b
Pang e'en the p preceeding death 168a
ev ry p that rends the heart 53a
learn, nor account the p 50b
p as great as when a giant dies 352a
p of all the partings 441a
she feels no biting p 102b
turned his face with a ghastly p 99a
Pangs cost her mother Tellus keener p 218b
in the sweet p of it remember 376b
keen were his p 72a
more p and fears than wars 386a
p of dispriz'd love 333a
the p, the internal p are ready 464b
Panic's in thy breastie 62a
Panjandrum grand P himself 155b
Pansie meet we no angels, P ? 10b
Pansies, that's for thoughts 335b
Pansy the p at my feet 466a
the p freakt with jet 270a
Pant I p, I sink, I tremble 193b
Pantaloon lean and slippered p 326b
Pants as p the hart 424b
earth in fast thick p 101a
ride on the p triumphing 324a
Papa else his dear p is poor 414a
P, potatoes, poultry 123a
the word P 123a
Papacy the ghost of Roman Empire 191b
Paper any news in the p 11b
golly, what a p ! 413b
grey p with blunt type! 52a
he hath not eat p 344b
if all the earth were p 251b
just for a scrap of p 567b
make dust our p 375b
that ever blotted p 354b
the virtue of p government 55a
this p appears dull 410b
Paper-mill thou hast built a p 384a
Papist saint or sinner 305a
Paps with a golden girdle 518a
Paradisaical pleasures of the Mahometans 175b
Paradisal imagineless metal 443a
Paradise Athens but the rudiments of P 406a
beautiful as a wreck of P 393b
but at the gates o' P 529a
by some supposed true P 274a
dreams of P and light 447b
drunk the milk of P 101b
England is a p for women 64b
enjoy p in the next (world) 23b
even with P devise the snake 154a
gather at the gate of P 154b
heav'nly p is that place 78b
how his she cheapen d p 293a
in P, if we meet 53a
Italy a p for horses 64b
I was taught in P 218a
Jane went to P 230a
Limbo the P of Fools 273b
lost angel of a ruined P 392a
loth to leave this P 276b
O P ! O P 150a
P by way of Kensal Green 93a
P, so late their happy seat 277a
P subtle and mighty opium! 120a
p to what we fear of death 352a
P within thee, happier far 276b
skip upon the trees of P 415a
sole propriety in P 274b
such are the Gates of P 30a
the desert were a p 62b
thought wd destroy their p 175a
thou shalt be with me in P 510a
threats of Hell and Hopes of P 153a
this other Eden, demi-P 375a
to him are opening p 175a
to live in P alone 261a
weave a p for a sect 218a
Wilderness is P enow! 152b
[Paradise Lost] most sublime poem 142a
Paradises two P 'twere 261a
Paradox man is an embodied p 103b
p wh comforts while it mocks 50b
Paradoxes old fond p 360b
Paradoxical that sounds a little p 135a
Paragon of animals! 332b
Parallel but ours so truly p 260a
Parallels delves the p in beauty's 388a
Paramount of truths 464b
Paramour dark to be his p 368b
thou shalt be my p 258b
Paramours worn of p 409b
Parasol Mima's p between them 123a
Parcae thought him one 215a
Parcel a p of their fortunes 324a
p of boilers and vats 210b
Parchment bound in stale p 264b
lamb shd be made into p 384a
p, being scribbled o'er 384a
virtue of wax and p 55b
Pard freckled like a p 219a
p-like spirit, beautiful 302a
Pardon bret-ful of p 89a
if life was bitter to thee, p 421a

Pardon (*cont*)
I p something to liberty 55*b*
kiss of the sun for p 177*b*
p for too much loving you 361*b*
p 's the word to all 329*a*
the injur'd they ne'er p 139*b*
to p or to bear it 108*a*
weep for my p 324*b*
Pardon'd and retain the offence? 334*b*
Parent bedside of a sick p 255*b*
don't object to an aged p 123*b*
on p knees, a naked child 214*a*
our first p knew thee 456*b*
P of Good, Almighty 275*a*
perhaps that p mourned 242*a*
that wd put any p mad 155*a*
to lose one p misfortune 460*a*
Parentage p unguessed 235*a*
what is yr p? 370*a*
Parents begin by loving their p 460*b*
besmear'd with p ' tears 271*b*
education given by most p 410*b*
joys of p are secret 14*b*
learned to bottle our p twain 228*a*
lords whose p were Lord knows 118*b*
p first season us 187*a*
stranger to one of yr p 11*b*
Parfit gentil knight 88*a*
Paris fur away ez P is 250*a*
French of P was to hir unknowe 88*b*
good Americans die they go to P 460*b*
good Americans they die, go to P 4*b*
Helen with wanton P sleeps 368*b*
no good girl's lip out of P 424*a*
no lord of P , Venyce or Floraunce 143*a*
P is well worth a mass 563*b*
the judgment of P 554*b*
Parish all the world as my p 456*a*
bason to be provided by the P 480*a*
his pension from his p 313*b*
Parish Church plain as way to p 326*b*
Park over p , over pale 356*b*
p where the peach-blossoms blew 242*a*
pug that paces in the P 134*b*
stands as Neptune's p 328*b*
with a cot in a p 242*a*
P Lane for choice 571*b*
Parks were the lungs of London 297*a*
Parliament crop-headed P 45*b*
honest by an act of p 214*b*
in the P of man 432*b*
Mob P , rabble 97*a*
P has no right to tax Americans 305*a*
P speaking to Buncombe 81*a*
Three Estates in P 81*a*
Parliamentary as an old P hand 167*b*
Bay of P Eloquence 81*a*
Rupert of P discussion 128*a*
without party P government 128*b*
Parliaments England mother of P 38*a*
we shall have no more P 216*a*
Parlour is it a party in a p? 468*b*
prisoned in a p snug 110*b*
'tis the prettiest little p 201*a*
will you walk into my p? 201*a*
Parlour boarder of a pig 196*a*
Parlous in a p state 327*a*
Parma foul scorn that P or Spain 145*a*
Parmacett for an inward bruise 377*a*
Parnassus you my chief P be 402*a*
Parochial art must be p 281*a*
scorning p ways 180*a*
[Thoreau] he was p 204*a*
Parrots like p at a bagpiper 352*b*
rabbits is 'dogs' and so's p 535*a*
Parsee from whose hat the rays 237*a*
Parody devil's walking p 92*a*
Parole of literary men 210*b*
Paronomasia catch the p 75*a*
Parson a Church of England p 235*a*
brandy for the P 234*a*
coughing drowns the p 's saw 345*b*
his creed no p ever knew 136*b*
like a p 's damn 180*b*
Monday is p s holiday 418*a*
p knows enough knows a duke 113*a*
P lost his senses 192*a*
p , much bemused in beer 303*a*
then the P might preach 32*a*
the p and the p 's wife 96*a*

Parson (*cont*)
the p , oh! illustrious spark 109*b*
the p owned his skill 168*b*
tickling a p 's nose 364*b*
Whig in a p 's gown 212*b*
Parsons p are very like other men 90*b*
p do not care for truth 415*b*
this merriment of p 210*b*
Parsnips fine words butter no p 319*b*
Part a p to tear a cat in 356*a*
being p in all I have 386*b*
come in between and bid us p 443*a*
come let us kiss and p 137*b*
each man has some p to play 306*b*
fear God, and take yr own p 34*a*
few, few shall p 77*a*
for mine own poor p 331*b*
for we know in p 514*b*
from yours you will not p 416*a*
hast command of every p 190*a*
heart must bear the longest p 187*a*
his fear is put beside his p 387*a*
I am a p of all 438*b*
I have forgot my p 328*b*
list to the heavy p 214*b*
man must play a p 352*b*
Man of sorrows had a p 53*a*
Mary hath chosen that good p 509*a*
neither p nor lot in this matter 512*a*
only p to meet again 161*a*
ought but death p thee and me 495*a*
p in friendship 74*a*
precise in every p 189*a*
shall we never, never p 169*a*
the heart aye's the p aye 60*a*
the more p knew not wherefore 512*b*
thou and nature can so gently p 325*a*
to p at last without a kiss? 284*a*
we lose a p of ourselves 304*a*
we prophecy in p 514*b*
we two now p 294*a*
what pain it is to p 150*b*
Partaker with the adulterers 485*a*
Partakers of thy sad decline 109*a*
Parted a' p between twelve and one 381*b*
double cherry, seeming p 357*a*
I p from my dear 199*a*
like friends once p 392*b*
mine never shall be p 276*b*
never met—or never p 59*a*
p are those who are singing 34*b*
p for ever? 318*a*
the way we p 422*b*
when we two p 74*b*
Parthenia's pride 160*a*
Parthians, and Medes Elamites 512*a*
Partial acts not by p but by gen'ral laws 300*b*
Particle a pushing young p 165*b*
every air-borne p 204*b*
Particular a London p 121*a*
doctrine of p Election 135*a*
so singular in each p 373*b*
Particulars do it in Minute P 30*b*
minutely organized P 30*b*
Parties p nobly are subdued 380*b*
political p die own lies 4*b*
Parting at the p of the way 504*a*
do not let this p grieve thee 527*a*
ere the p hour go by 7*a*
every p was to die 431*a*
in every p an image of death 144*b*
p is all we know of heaven 127*b*
p is such sweet sorrow 365*b*
p 's well paid with soon again 294*a*
rive not more in p 324*a*
shakes his p guest by the hand 369*a*
this p was well made 341*a*
Partings pang of all the p gone 441*a*
p to be 441*a*
Partington Mrs P 405*a*
Partition middle wall of p 515*b*
yet a union in p 357*a*
Partner a p Mr Jorkins 122*a*
my p and my guide 463*b*
p in the Glory of the Garden 229*b*
while his loved p 170*a*
Partners by p , in each other kind 450*a*
Partridge as the p sitteth on eggs 503*b*
'he the best player!' cries P 151*b*

Parts all his gracious p 374*a*
his p pretty well for a Lord 209*a*
if p allure thee 301*b*
inwards to the p extreme 380*b*
my p , my title 359*b*
nothing else but his p 209*a*
one man in his time plays many p 326*b*
p of it are excellent! 536*a*
with her enticing p 524*a*
Party ancient forms of p strife 431*a*
as a curse to p strife 404*a*
at my p 's call 166*a*
Breitmann gif a p 244*b*
I had to educate our p 128*b*
is it a p in a parlour? 468*b*
neither p loser 380*b*
none was for a p 253*a*
not a select p 223*b*
p is organized opinion 128*b*
p is the madness of many 419*a*
p of two is like Scotch terrier 38*a*
p-spirit the madness of many 304*a*
stick to yr p 128*b*
that p conquers in the strife! 316*b*
to p gave up what was meant 169*b*
watchword of the great Liberal p 38*a*
where ish dat p now 244*b*
without p Parliamentary government is impossible 128*b*
Pass all ye that p by 503*b*
bounds wh they shall not p 488*a*
bringeth mighty things to p 489*a*
but it cannot p away 396*a*
for God's sake, let us p on! 55*a*
I expect to p thro' this world 176*b*, 523*b*
I shall not p this way again 176*b*, 523*b*
it may not p away 229*b*
I will p nor turn my face 53*a*
I will p thro' the land 494*a*
let him p for a man 353*a*
O! let him p 344*a*
O Sisi, you shall p 154*a*
p by me as the idle wind 340*b*
p it along the line 233*a*
p it on! 63*b*
p , like night, from land to land 100*a*
p our long love's day 260*a*
p the hat for yr credit's sake 227*a*
power to shake me as they p 463*a*
ships that p in the night 249*a*
sideways did she p 231*b*
so p I hostel hall 438*a*
the p was steep and rugged 254*a*
the same tho' Dynasties p 179*b*
thou shalt strangely p 387*b*
'try not the P ! 247*a*
very well p for forty-three 167*a*
we p and speak to one another 249*a*
went roaring thro the p 254*a*
Passage access and p to remorse 346*b*
all unseen can p find 344*b*
any one grand and spiritual p 222*b*
a p wh you think is time 208*a*
black p up to bed 414*a*
carv'd out his p 346*a*
commentators each dark p shun 477*a*
fret a p through it 158*a*
North-West p to the intellectual 411*b*
painful p o er a restless flood 109*a*
p in the game act 410*a*
sweetest p of a song 265*a*
Passages bright p strike yr mind 67*a*
cheated into some fine p 223*a*
p , that lead to nothing 175*a*
Passed it remembren whan it p is 90*a*
p by on the other side 509*a*
so he p over 54*b*
there hath p away a glory 466*a*
when she had p , it seemed 247*a*
Passenger punch in the presence of the p 38*b*
Passengers romance! those first-class p 232*a*
we the p 200*b*
Passer-by touch you, a p! 307*b*
Passes sword in hand upon Afric's p 93*b*
to know what p there 275*b*
who p by this road so late? 528*a*
Passeth not the he that p 14*a*
so soon p it away 487*b*

Passing he cd not wait their p 8*b*
I did but see her p by 156*a*, 526*b*
'p away' 185*a*
p of the sweetest soul 430*b*
p thro' nature to eternity 329*b*
power is p from the earth 465*a*
so be my p 185*a*
the labouring world are p by 475*b*
Passion all made of p 327*b*
all p spent 278*a*
bards of P and of Mirth 219*a*
beating of so strong a p 371*a*
breathing human p far above 219*b*
by p driven 63*a*
by such poor p as the maid 324*b*
chaos of thought and p 301*a*
cows are my p 122*b*
eternal P ! eternal Pain! 7*b*
fat gentleman in such a p 149*a*
felt the tender p 160*a*
held in holy p still 268*a*
his pulse failing, P speechless 137*b*
I discern infinite p 52*b*
I have a p for the name of 'Mary' 71*a*
I have no p for it 207*a*
in her first p woman loves 70*b*
in love and holy p 464*a*
interval betwixt one p and another 411*a*
it did relieve my p much 370*b*
maiden p for a maid 428*a*
man that is not p 's slave 334*a*
may I govern my p 304*a*
no good if a p is in you 29*b*
no p in the mind of man so weak 14*a*
no p so robs as fear 57*b*
O well-painted p 362*b*
one master p in the breast 301*a*
one p doth expel another 87*b*
our loyal p for our kings 435*a*
p ending, doth the purpose lose 334*a*
p for fame instinct of all souls 55*a*
p for hunting something 125*a*
p hidden in my veins 565*a*
p , I see, is catching 339*b*
p of a vegetable fashion 165*b*
p put to use in my old griefs 44*a*
p -winged Ministers of thought 392*a*
places wh pale p loves 23*a*
ruling p strong in death 302*a*
sick of an old p 135*a*
some bloody p shakes yr frame 363*b*
strange fits of p have I known 471*a*
sure no p in the human soul 245*a*
their fury and my p 367*a*
the p such it was to prove 114*a*
the p that left the ground 44*b*
the Queen was in a furious p 83*a*
the ruling p ! 121*a*
the ruling p conquers reason 302*a*
this p , and the death of a friend 357*b*
to be in a p you good may do 29*b*
to inspire hopeless p my destiny 440*a*
torture of a lingering p 149*a*
two extremes of p 344*a*
was not this thy P 423*b*
what is p but pining? 265*a*
what in p we propose 334*a*
what P cannot music raise 139*b*
when his p shall have spent 432*a*
whose every p fully strives 322*b*
wilt thou find p , pain 438*b*
Passionate beautiful p body 421*a*
deep affections make him p 259*a*
make p my sense of hearing 344*b*
simple sensuous and p 279*b*
Passionately and irretrievably 312*b*
Passion-flower at the gate 434*a*
Passionless hopeless grief is p 43*b*
Passions all thoughts, all p 101*b*
all thy p , matched with mine 432*b*
desolate p , aching hours 206*a*
great when he acts from the p 129*b*
in men, we various ruling p find 302*a*
is the devil to have all the p 390*b*
men of like p with you 512*b*
p as it is with fire and water 244*b*
p got the better of his creed 411*b*
p spin the plot! 264*a*
such angry p rise 452*b*
their human p now no more 175*a*
when p are no more 449*a*
Passions (*cont*)
with life all other p fly 406*b*
woman's mind oft shifts her p 160*a*
women have but two p 91*a*
Passive benevolence of the p order 265*a*
Passiveness in a wise p 464*b*
Passives love's p are his activ'st 114*b*
Passover Christ our p 514*a*
it is the Lord's p 494*a*
Passport his p shall be made 383*a*
Past audible voice of the P 81*a*
books soul of the P Time 81*a*
leave thy low-vaulted p ! 194*a*
let the dead P bury its dead 248*a*
many a woman has a p 460*a*
never plan the future by the p 57*b*
nostalgia of the heathen p 243*a*
o'er the p its undivided reign 194*a*
over the trackless p 182*a*
parcels of the dreadful P 433*a*
P and the Future are nothing 306*b*
p and to come seem best 380*a*
praise they that will times p 190*a*
remembrance of things p 387*b*
something absurd about the p 24*b*
that's p praying for 377*b*
the Bard! who present, p sees 31*b*
they say miracles are p 322*a*
they shall not get p 565*a*
to lament the p 56*b*
upon the p has power 142*b*
what s p , and what s to come 369*b*
what s p is prologue 367*b*
world is weary of the p 394*a*
'Pastern' as the 'knee' of a horse 207*a*
Pastime and think it p 336*a*
forgotten p of high jinks 319*b*
p and our happiness will grow 468*b*
take his p therein 488*b*
Pastoral eternity Cold P ! 219*b*
Pastors as some ungracious p do 330*b*
spiritual p and ministers 481*a*
Pasture feed me in a green p 483*a*
the Lord my P shall prepare 2*a*
the mettle of yr p 382*a*
they sell the p now 381*b*
Pastures England's pleasant p 31*a*
fresh woods, and p new 270*a*
p of the blessed 286*a*
pipe me to p still 197*b*
Pat now might I do it p 334*b*
p -a-cake 532*a*
p he comes, like the catastrophe 342*a*
p it, and prick it 532*a*
with a dexterous p 113*a*
Patch cross p , pull the latch 533*a*
p up thine old body 380*a*
while the p was worn 438*a*
Patched is but p with sin 370*a*
Patches thing of shreds and p 164*a*
Pate feather p of folly 199*b*
made by an aged old p 522*a*
the p of a politician 336*a*
you beat yr p 299*b*
young girl to rub my bald p 304*a*
Pâtés de foie gras idea of heaven is eating *p* 404*b*
Patent p for his honours from God 60*a*
so my p back again is swerving 388*b*
Path around his p taught to swell 223*b*
broad vine-sheltered p 312*b*
Christ is the p 279*b*
for if thou p 338*b*
if p there be or none 468*a*
in the p of thy commandments 489*a*
long brown p before me 458*a*
make a beaten p to his door 148*b*
makes the p before him bright 465*a*
midst the twilight p 103*a*
p of the just is as the light 497*b*
p on the sea s azure floor 393*b*
ploughed that p before 393*b*
primrose p of dalliance 330*b*
shew me the p of life 482*b*
straight was a p of gold for him 49*b*
take the gentle p 188*a*
tho' thy p is dark as night 256*b*
Paths a light unto my p 489*a*
all her p are peace 497*b*
bitter p wherein I stray 232*b*
Paths (*cont*)
in our opposed p to persevere 294*a*
make his p straight 504*b*
so many p that wind 459*a*
thro' the p of the seas 482*a*
trodden p of men 392*a*
yr weary p , beguiling 43*a*
Pathless pleasure in p woods 69*b*
Pathos true p and sublime 59*a*
Pathway beating pulse a p spy? 263*b*
don't strew yr p with urs 193*b*
smote for us a p 234*b*
Patience a drop of p 363*a*
close-lipped P for our friend 8*a*
flour of wyfly p 89*b*
genius aptitude for p 561*b*
heard of the p of Job 517*b*
I laughed him out of p 323*b*
in yr p possess ye yr souls 510*a*
kingdom and p of Jesus Christ 518*a*
languid p of thy face 102*a*
let p have her perfect work 517*a*
Lord, have p with me 507*a*
p , and shuffle the cards 575*b*
p on a monument 371*a*
p , the beggar's virtue 262*b*
p , thou young cherubim 363*a*
P will achieve more than force 57*b*
preached up p 306*a*
takes a text, and preacheth p 187*a*
talk him out of p 361*b*
they that have not p 361*b*
time and p will not dry 182*a*
year by year, in pious p 233*b*
Patient as p and as still 402*a*
cure the disease and kill the p 15*b*
fortitude, and p cheer 468*b*
fury of a p man 138*b*
his Mother, who was p , being dead 294*a*
like a p etherized 144*b*
O soul, be p 35*b*
p as the female dove 336*b*
poor as Job but not so p 379*b*
the p must minister to himself 350*b*
with p inattention 263*a*
yet be p 435*b*
Patiently adjust, amend 180*a*
Patines of bright gold 355*a*
Patmos isle that is called P 518*a*
Patriarch venerable P guileless held 304*b*
Patriarchs the wives in the p 'days 180*a*
Patrician a regular p 166*a*
Patrick before they see Sir P Spens 530*a*
first word that Sir P read 529*b*
lies gude Sir P Spens 530*a*
St P was a gentleman 27*b*
Patriot never was p yet, but was a fool 138*b*
such is the p 's boast 170*a*
the Idea of a P King 33*b*
Patriotism duty and p clad 246*a*
p , grown Godlike 179*a*
p is not enough 86*b*
p last refuge of a scoundrel 208*b*
where they had p , we have cant 295*a*
Patriots all these country p 67*b*
brave men, and worthy p 279*b*
our p virtue's cause support 160*a*
Patron is not a P , my Lord 206*b*
P Commonly a wretch 212*b*
want, the p and the jail 213*b*
Patronage and p sway 40*b*
Patroness my celestial P. 276*a*
Patter unintelligible p 167*a*
Pattern as a p to encourage purchasers 417*b*
He is our childhood's p 3*b*
our p to live and to die! 48*a*
thou cunning'st p 363*b*
Pattern-man the State's p 288*b*
Paul by the apostle P 385*a*
down by smoky P 's they bore 439*b*
P the aged 516*b*
P , thou art beside thyself 513*a*
the Stout Apostle P 231*a*
we and P must take him 227*a*
with the charity of P 94*b*
Pauliad Christiad than a P 181*a*
Pauper he's only a p 289*b*
Pause how dull it is to p 438*b*
in p. when I shall first begin 334*b*

Pause (*cont*)
must give us p 333*a*
nor made a p , nor left a void 210*b*
p , and puff and p again 108*a*
p in the day's occupations 246*b*
p there, Morocco 353*b*
Pauses intervals and happy p 16*b*
Pavement a p of pearl 6*a*
archways and the p 12*a*
thy cold p were a sod 69*b*
the p of her Heaven 116*b*
Pavements on the p gray 475*b*
p fanged with stones 100*a*
riches of heaven's p 272*a*
Pavilion p of Heaven is bare 393*a*
red p of my heart? 441*a*
she did lie in her p 323*a*
Pavilioned in splendour 172*b*
Paving-stones on these gritty p 232*a*
Paviours the p cry 149*a*
Paw in his p , dandled the kid 274*a*
save free conscience from the p 278*b*
the grim wolf with privy p 269*b*
Paweth he p in the valley 497*b*
Pawing to get free 275*b*
Pawnce the pretty P 499*a*
Paws massive p of elder persons 25*b*
'Pax vobiscum' will answer all 319*b*
Pay bloomin' good p 234*a*
clean work, and for what p 314*a*
credit's sake, and p , p , p ! 227*a*
cut each others' throats for p 169*a*
dirty work and for what p 314*a*
envy's a sharper spur than p 160*b*
forebore to p 233*b*
in heavenly p a glorious angel 375*a*
I p thy poverty, and not thy will 366*a*
I was to p the piper 104*a*
I will p thee all 507*a*
make me able to p for it 296*a*
more tears than you shall see me p 341*b*
now I must p for my fun 230*b*
p for one by one 235*b*
p me that thou owest 507*a*
p too much for yr whistle 157*a*
saved the sum of things for p 200*a*
thou shdst vow and not p 499*a*
wh I new p as if not paid 387*b*
when will you p me? 533*b*
wonders what's to p 200*a*
Paying called p the Dane-Geld 228*b*
Paynim each P voice to prayer 77*b*
Paynims three p , three Jews 257*a*
Pays base is the slave that p 381*b*
his ready visit p 477*a*
owes not but still p 273*b*
p him in his own coin 418*b*
scent wh p the best 250*a*
Pea but one split p 440*b*
Peace alas! my everlasting p is broken 195*a*
all her paths are p 409*b*
a moth of p 360*b*
angling begat habits of p 450*b*
a p I hope with honour 128*b*
arts of war and p 70*b*
author of p 478*a*
beyond these voices there is p 428*a*
but they are in p 520*a*
by the p among our peoples 234*b*
calm P and Quiet 268*a*
cankers of a long p 378*b*
certain knot of p 401*b*
chastisement of our p 503*a*
come ye in p here 318*a*
deep dream of p 201*b*
even lovers find their p 154*b*
exceeding p had made Ben Adhem 201*b*
far our foes, give p at home 491*a*
fear, and p and strife 319*b*
for ever hold his p 481*b*
for the p of Jerusalem 489*b*
friendly to p , but not to me 111*a*
gentleness, in hearts at p 40*a*
give p in our time 478*a*
God gave her p 437*a*
grant us thy p 479*b*
grows the flower of P 448*a*
had thy p been as a river 502*b*
had Zimri p 496*b*
haunt of ancient P 435*b*

Peace (*cont*)
I came not to send p 506*a*
if these shd hold their p 510*a*
if thou return at all in p 496*b*
I labour for p 489*b*
increase of his government and p 501*b*
ingeminate the word *P* 203*a*
in His will is our p 567*a*
in p , Love tunes the shepherd's 317*a*
in p there's nothing so becomes 382*a*
in p thinks of war 64*a*
I shall have some p there 475*a*
is it p ? And Jehu said 496*b*
I speak of p 379*b*
it's interest that keeps p 116*a*
kiss our lady P at home 379*b*
laughing heart's long p 40*a*
less oft is p in Shelley's mind 395*a*
let us have p 173*a*
love, joy, p , long-suffering 515*b*
lovers in p , lead on our days 341*a*
make a wilderness call it p 553*b*
makes a solitude , calls it p ! 67*b*
mangled P , dear nurse of arts 383*b*
men so old as we to keep the p 364*b*
merry songs of p 386*b*
mountains also shall bring p 486*b*
my p is gone 568*a*
never was a good war, or a bad p 157*a*
nor keep p between the effect 346*b*
nor p within nor calm around 399*a*
not p at any price 205*b*
nymphs P and Plenty 116*a*
O Eastern star! p ! p ! 325*b*
of p for evermore 415*b*
O heart, be at p 474*a*
on earth p , good will 508*b*
our feet into the way of p 508*b*
our p , our fearful innocence 467*b*
over all the mountain tops is p 568*a*
p above all earthly dignities 386*a*
p , and the butt 141*b*
p be to my sable shroud 269*a*
p be to this house 481*b*, 509*a*
p be within thy walls 489*b*
p brooded o'er the hush'd domain 131*b*
p , come away 430*b*
p comes dropping slow 475*a*
p divine like quiet night 306*b*
p does nothing to relieve 108*a*
peaceful sloth, not p 272*b*
p , good pint-pot! 377*b*
p hath her victories 278*b*
p in her chamber 311*b*
p instead of death let us bring 76*b*
p in thy breast! 365*b*
p is come and wars are over 199*b*
p is in the grave 397*a*
p is of nature of a conquest 380*b*
P is poor reading 179*b*
p is put in impossible things 92*b*
p is what I seek 6*b*
p maintained with honour 315*a*
p of God, wh passeth understanding 480*b*, 516*a*
p on earth, and mercy mild 455*b*
p , p , when there is no p 503*b*
p , perfect p 28*a*
P , retrenchment, and reform 38*a*
p shall go sleep with Turks 376*a*
p (slays) its ten thousands 304*b*
P , the human dress 33*a*
p to corrupt no less than war 276*b*
p to him that is far off 503*a*
p to the soul of the man 6*a*
p wh springs from little things 281*a*
p wh the world cannot give 478*b*
preached p to you wh were afar 515*b*
preparation of the gospel of p 516*a*
quath P 242*b*
rest and p at the last 288*b*
righteousness and p have kissed 487*a*
ring in the thousand years of p 431*a*
rust in p , or rot in hospital 406*a*
seek p , and ensue it 484*a*
sez to 'em, 'P , be still!' 227*a*
shades, where p can never dwell 271*a*
shall bring a man p at the last 484*a*
soft phrase of p 360*a*
sweet P is crownid with smiles 448*a*
that publisheth p 502*b*

Peace (*cont*)
their bodies are buried in p 521*b*
The Prince of P 501*b*
there abides a p of thine 6*b*
there is no p unto the wicked 502*b*
there shd be p at home 452*b*
the star of p return 78*a*
the wound of p is surety 369*a*
this p sleep with her 386*b*
thro' P to Light 306*b*
thy banished p , thy laurels torn! 405*b*
thy right hand carry gentle p 386*a*
thy servant depart in p 508*b*
to a woman trusts his p of mind 173*a*
to gain our p , have sent to p 348*b*
told me words of p 434*b*
to Mercy, Pity, P 32*b*
trouble is ended in a little p 441*a*
unity, p and concord 479*a*
universal P he like a shaft 427*a*
until I come in p 496*b*
wait Thy word of p 145*b*
Warwick, p 384*b*
weak piping time of p 384*b*
what hast thou to do with p 496*b*
What is p ? is it war? No 121*a*
where they shd kneel for p 307*a*
while he taught you p 43*a*
whispers p within 28*a*
who desires p , prepare for war 554*a*
who studying p 140*a*
with p and consolation 278*a*
work us a perpetual p 270*a*
wd I were sleep and p 365*b*
Peaceable most p way for you 359*a*
Peaceably if we can 95*b*
Peaceful hours I once enjoy'd! 109*b*
Peacemaker 'if' is the only p 328*a*
Peacemakers blessed are the p 505*a*
Peach a little p in an orchard 151*a*
nectarine and curious p 260*b*
that Jimmy Twitcher shd p me 160*a*
Peacock droops the milk-white p 436*b*
eyed like a p 219*a*
he is a monstrous p 475*a*
Mor the P 234*b*
the pride of the p 31*a*
Peacocks ivory, and apes, and p 496*a*
p and lilies 314*b*
p strutting by 229*b*
proud as p 321*b*
Peak blooms below the barren p 431*a*
dwindel, p , and pine 340*a*
Peaks p but to the stars are known 6*b*
p of honour we had forgotten 246*a*
Peal p upon our wedding 199*a*
the wildest p for years 192*a*
Pear a golden p 532*a*
cherry and hoary p 37*b*
such as are on a Catherine p 418*a*
Pearl a pavement of p 6*a*
a p of great price 507*a*
a prince, he rises with his pearl 40*b*
barbaric p and gold 272*a*
base Indian, threw a p away 364*a*
heaps of p , inestimable stones 384*b*
no such p in any gulf 423*a*
orient p a double row 78*b*
p in every cowslip's ear 356*b*
p in yr foul oyster 328*a*
the quarelets of p 190*a*
Pearls as a string of p to me 309*b*
gates were twelve p 520*a*
gospel's p upon our coast 260*a*
neither cast p before swine 505*b*
some ask'd how p did grow 190*a*
these p of thought 250*b*
those are p that were his eyes 367*a*
who wd search for p 141*a*
Pears have you used P ' soap? 523*a*
rich mellow p 19*b*
Peas the first green p 247*b*
Peasant rends the p tooth 229*a*
some belated p sees 272*a*
the toe of the p 336*b*
we greet the monarch p 193*b*
when the Hymalayan p 228*b*
yonder p , who is he 286*b*
Peasantry but a bold p 168*a*
Peasants hard hands of p 341*a*
Peascod squash is before 'tis a p 370*a*

Pease porridge hot 533*b*
Pebble chose a p from the brook 109*b*
finding a smoother p 289*a*
labour a p without cease 452*a*
only p on the beach 34*b*
you see this p-stone 75*a*
Pebbles boys that throw p and marel 453*a*
on the unnumbered idle p chafes 343*b*
Peccavi—I've Scinde 535*a*
Peccavimus, but rave not thus! 298*a*
Pecks p and starts 443*b*
p of poison are not p of salt 30*a*
Pecksniff Mr P 123*b*
Peculiar extensive and p 126*a*
Pecuniary immense p Mangle 127*b*
its p affairs 167*b*
Pedants learned p much affect 65*a*
Pedestaled in triumph 51*b*
Pedigree languages p of nations 212*b*
lass wi' a lang p 285*b*
Peel Disraeli called P 's Ministry 17*b*
[P] caught the Whigs bathing 128*a*
P has no manners 455*a*
P Graham, Shiel, Russell 177*b*
Peep from her cabin'd loop-hole p 266*b*
one that wd p and botanize 468*b*
p about to find ourselves 337*b*
p thro' their eyes and laugh 352*b*
to p at such a world 112*a*
treason can but p to what it wd 335*b*
Peeping in at noon 195*a*
Peer a rhyming p 303*a*
daffodils begin to p 373*a*
Stephen was a worthy p 361*a*
Peerage p , or Westminster Abbey 287*a*
you shd study the P 460*b*
Peering into that darkness p 298*a*
Peers delight of battle with my peers 438*b*
fare like my p the heroes 50*b*
House of P , throughout the war 164*a*
judgement of his p 550*b*
most important p important 17*b*
My Lord in the P 40*b*
'tis some praise in p to write 72*a*
valiant p were plac'd around 138*b*
we love our House of P 166*b*
yet want her P ' 409*a*
Peewees martyrs the p crying 414*b*
Pegasus P 's neck 299*a*
thought it P 220*b*
turn and wind a fiery P 378*b*
Peggotty Mr P 122*b*
Peggy noble, lovely, little P 306*a*
Pehlevi divine high piping P 152*a*
Pelagians do vainly talk 491*a*
Peleus wrath of P ' son 559*b*
Pelf I crave no p 368*a*
Pelican p in the wilderness 488*a*
wdst thou have me turn p 104*b*
Pelion pile Ossa on P 557*b*
Pelleas Lancelot or P 277*a*
Pellenore Pelleas or P 277*a*
Pelop Thebes, or P 's line 268*a*
Pelting each other public good 107*b*
Pembroke's mother 42*b*
Pen before my p has glean'd 221*a*
draw my p in defence bad cause 142*a*
Falernian winged the p 75*a*
foolish when he had not a p 210*b*
he held his p in trust to Art 131*a*
his fingers held the p 111*a*
I made a rural p 32*b*
less brilliant p than mine 24*b*
make thee glorious by my p 280*b*
my tongue is the p 484*b*
Nature take the p out of his hand 9*b*
nose was as sharp as a p 382*a*
p becomes a torpedo to him 260*a*
p is worse than the sword 64*a*
prevents his holding a p 124*b*
scarce forbear to bite his p 419*a*
scratching of a p 250*a*
thy p from lenders' books 343*a*
with such acts fill a p 137*a*
write, p ! 344*b*
Penalty the p of Adam 325*b*
to abolish the death p 563*b*
Penance and p more will do 99*b*
the man hath p done 99*b*
torturing hour calls us to p 272*a*
Pence eternal want of p 439*b*

Pence (*cont*)
he took out two p 509*a*
sold for three hundred p 511*a*
yet loss of p , full well he knew 108*b*
Pencil dinted with the silver-pointed p 49*a*
his p out faces 169*b*
his p was striking 169*b*
p in the gloom of earthquake 398*a*
p of the Holy Ghost 14*a*
Pendent round about the p world 352*a*
Pendulum vibration of a p 217*a*
Penetralium of mystery 222*a*
Penetrating base, sheer, p power 9*b*
Peneus rolls his fountains 394*a*
Penknife saw me take out my p 417*b*
Penman's latest piece of graphic 52*b*
Penned excellently well p 370*a*
Penning now wd mock my p 36*a*
Penny dukes were three a p 163*b*
if you haven't got a p 522*b*
in for a p , in for a pound 164*a*
it was a p -postage-stamp 85*b*
measure of wheat for a p 518*b*
measures of barley for a p 518*b*
one a p , two a p 535*b*
please to put a p 522*b*
p plain and twopence coloured 412*b*
p to Twickenham Town 261*b*
sir, give me one p 531*b*
to turn a p in the way of trade 111*a*
Penny-fights an' Aldershot 226*b*
Pennyworths buying good P 157*a*
Pens dip their p milk of kindness 58*a*
if all the p ever poets held 259*b*
let other p dwell on guilt 11*a*
Pension his p from his parish 314*b*
P An allowance made 213*a*
p list of the republic 95*b*
think of 'is p 234*a*
Pensioner a Miser's p 463*b*
Pensioners cowslips tall her p 356*b*
Pensions and Grenadiers 411*b*
Pent here in the body p 280*a*
long in city p 221*a*
Pentameter in the p aye falling 101*b*
Pentecost like the P wind 180*a*
Pentecostal crew 228*b*
Pent-house hang upon his p lid 346*a*
Pentridge by the river 21*a*
Penury ache, p and imprisonment 352*a*
p repress'd their noble rage 174*a*
People a beggarly p ! 420*a*
a glorious p vibrated again 396*a*
all p that on earth do dwell 224*b*
all the Lord's p were prophets 494*a*
an acceptable p 479*a*
anywhere a p more unsteady 103*b*
a p but in the gristle 55*b*
a p generally corrupt 58*a*
a p overlaid with taxes 15*b*
a p whom I have not known 482*b*
a stiff-necked p 494*a*
based upon her p 's will 437*a*
bear the miseries of a p ! 283*a*
benefit of a p never seen 56*a*
be the p never so impatient 488*a*
bludgeoning of the p by the p 460*b*
by p you understand *hoi polloi* 142*a*
came of decent p 27*b*
chief glory of every p 212*b*
chosen P never conquer'd quite 294*b*
common p of the skies 473*b*
company of all faithful p 480*b*
fire and p do in this agree 1766
fool all the p 245*b*
forget also thine own p 484*b*
from the p all springs 130*a*
good of the p is the chief law 540*b*
government of all the p 292*b*
government of the p , by the p 245*b*
happy the p whose annals blank 80*b*
he looked upon his p 252*b*
his p are free 282*b*
indictment against an whole p 55*b*
in the P was my trust 469*b*
it is what the p think so 58*a*
makes the p 's wrongs his own 138*b*
maketh the devices of the p 483*b*
my p love to have it so 503*b*
new p takes the land 93*a*

People (*cont*)
no doubt but ye are the P. 230*a*, 497*a*
none of yr p stir me 357*a*
nor is the p 's judgement true 138*b*
nor tell to various p 113*b*
no vision, the p perish 499*a*
one man shd die for the p 511*a*
only two sorts of p 390*b*
O stormy p ! 89*b*
p arose as one man 495*a*
p came to theirs 192*a*
p crushed by law have no hopes 58*a*
p don't do such things 567*a*
p hath some divineness in it 13*b*
p keep even kings in awe 117*b*
p loved her much 432*b*
p never give up their liberties 56*a*
p not too good-natured conceive 410*a*
p shouted with a great shout 494*b*
p suppose me clever 53*a*
p that delight in war 486*b*
p that walked in darkness 501*b*
p the most unfit to be alone 103*b*
person and the p his apes 89*a*
pink pills for pale p 523*a*
plenty of p whose loss gain 164*a*
singular use for the common p 417*b*
sits high in all the p 's heart 338*a*
some p are more nice than wise 109*b*
speak not when the p listens 319*a*
spent and sacrificed p 421*a*
subdue the p under us 484*b*
such a lot of p 's Wills 91*b*
surely the p is grass 502*b*
that has such p in 't 368*a*
that loves the p well 253*b*
the city cast her p out 323*a*
the Lord round about his p 489*b*
the madness of the p 486*a*
the p are the masters 56*a*
the p cried, 'O No' 19*b*
the p imagine a vain thing 481*b*
the p is the true legislator 57*b*
the p , Lord, the p 146*a*
the p 's voice is odd 303*b*
the Privileged and the P 130*a*
therefore fall the p unto them 486*b*
the voice of the p 309*a*
this p hath a revolting heart 503*b*
Thy mercy on Thy P 233*b*
thy p shall be my p 495*a*
thy p still are fed 131*b*
understanded of the p 491*b*
upon the education of the p 128*b*
voice of the p the voice of God 537*a*
we are the p of England 93*a*
when p walk hand in hand 104*a*
when wilt thou save the p ? 146*a*
wills of thy faithful p 479*b*
wronged p yearning to be free 452*b*
ye are a peculiar p 517*b*
Peopled the world must be p 358*b*
this p earth a solitude 397*a*
Peoples all the p , great and small 426*a*
by the peace among our p 234*b*
cry of the Little P 244*a*
new-caught, sullen p 236*b*
p , distressed by events 179*b*
silent, sullen p 236*b*
Peopling the lone universe 395*b*
Peor and Baalim 270*b*
Pepper enjoy the p when he pleases 83*a*
peck of pickled p 533*b*
p and vinegar besides 84*b*
Peppered I am p , I warrant 365*b*
I have p two of them 377*b*
where they are p 379*a*
Peradventure know beyond a p 462*a*
p the darkness shall cover me 490*a*
Perceive both p and know what things 479*b*
half create, and what p 472*a*
Perceivest this thou p , wh makes thy love 388*a*
Perch and not their terror 351*a*
Percy *Esperance!* P ! 379*a*
I am not yet of P 's mind 377*a*
old song of P and Douglas 402*a*
P , an I brook my life 531*a*
P out of Northumberland 530*b*
Perdition down to bottomless p 271*a*

Perdition (*cont*)
p catch my soul 361*b*
the son of p 511*b*
Perfect be ye therefore p 505*a*
clear springs ever p 78*a*
if thou wilt be p, go and sell 507*b*
p democracy a shameless thing 57*a*
p the cup as planned! 51*a*
p till the nightingales applauded 49*a*
spirits of just men made p 517*a*
the most p humour unconscious 66*b*
Perfectibility speak of p as a dream 266*a*
Perfection attain to the divine p 247*b*
culture ascertain what p is 9*b*
he writes indexes to p 170*a*
p wrongfully disgrac'd 388*a*
pursuit of p sweetness 9*b*
right praise and true p 355*b*
the very pink of p 171*a*
top of P not to know them 104*a*
what's come to p perishes 49*a*
Perfections eyes where all p keep 524*a*
know everything but yr p 104*a*
p of a fool 29*a*
with his sweet p caught 313*b*
Perfidious bark 269*b*
Perform his wonders to p 110*a*
they are not able to p 483*a*
Performance all words, and no p 262*b*
her p keeps no day 78*b*
his p, as he is now, nothing 380*a*
Perfume p and the suppliance of a minute 330*b*
scent of odorous p 277*b*
strange invisible p 323*a*
Perfumed gently, o'er a p sea 298*a*
p like a milliner 376*b*
powder'd, still p 215*a*
Perfumes all the p of Arabia 350*a*
in the vale p his wings 143*a*
rich distill'd p 267*b*
Perhaps I go to seek a great p 565*a*
the grand P 45*a*
Peri at the gate 282*a*
Peril p, toil and pain 184*a*
those in p on the sea 457*a*
Perilous in steep places 36*a*
Perils if man cd see the p 24*a*
in p in the city 515*a*
p and dangers of this night 478*b*
p both of wind and limb 65*a*
what p do environ the man 65*a*
Period belong to the Beardsley p 24*b*
give an account of that p 24*b*
made one poem's p 259*b*
p human race most happy 162*a*
p, power, and enterprize 403*a*
Peripatetic magnetic, p lover 165*b*
Perish all his thoughts will p 18*a*
he shall p everlastingly 478*b*
I shall p on the shore 132*a*
it were better to p 82*a*
name that will not p in the dust 407*a*
not p, but have everlasting life 510*b*
our days that p 551*a*
p in our own 441*a*
p the thought! 95*b*
p thro' their own imaginations 482*a*
p with the sword 508*a*
Rome shall p write that word 107*b*
shall not p from the earth 245*b*
they shall p, but thou shalt endure 488*a*
they too shall p unconsoled 242*a*
thy money p with thee 512*a*
to p rather, swallowed up 272*b*
Perished memorial is p with them 482*a*
noblest thing wh p there 184*b*
poor souls, they p 367*a*
we p, each alone 107*b*
Perishes cause that p with them 96*a*
nothing really p 14*a*
what's come to perfection p 49*a*
Perishing the remembered p be? 119*a*
Periwig p and hatband 290*b*
p-pated fellow 333*b*
Perizzites, and the Hivites 493*b*
Perjured p Clarence 384*b*
p, murderous, bloody 389*a*
Perjuries at lovers' p Jove laughs 365*a*
Perjury Jove but laughs at lover's p 141*a*
lay p upon my soul 354*b*
Perjury (*cont*)
p of lovers 551*b*
Perk'd up, in a ghst'ring grief 385*b*
Permanence wh the sea cannot claim 181*a*
Permanent nought s p human race 71*b*
suffering is p 463*a*
Permission of all-ruling Heaven 271*a*
Pernicious weed! 108*a*
Perpetuity to merit of p 42*b*
Perplexed p her, night and morn 432*b*
p in the extreme 364*a*
Perplexity that stad is in p 474*a*
Persecuted I p the church 514*b*
princes have p me 489*b*
Persecutest Saul, why p thou me? 512*a*
Persecution p bad way to plant religion 41*b*
p produced its natural effect 255*b*
popular but some degree of p 418*b*
religious p may shield itself 50*a*
Persephone O Singer of P 460*a*
Persepolis in triumph thro' P 259*a*
Persever in obstinate condolement 330*a*
Perseverance p in a good cause 411*b*
p keeps honour bright 369*a*
Persevere our opposed paths to p 294*a*
Persia past their first sleep in P 41*a*
Persian entertaining as a P Tale 208*b*
in P gulfs were bred 250*b*
the P on his throne 74*a*
they are P attire 343*a*
Persians P taught three useful things 72*a*
given to the Medes and P 504*a*
Persist it the fool wd p in his folly 31*a*
thus to p in doing wrong 369*a*
Persistence dominant's p 52*b*
Person blush to the cheek of the young p 125*b*
express image of his p 517*a*
goodliest p that ever came 257*b*
her own p beggar'd description 323*a*
I am a most superior p 528*b*
idea of an agreeable p 129*b*
licker koncealed about my p 451*a*
like a well-conducted p 440*b*
my purse, my p he all unlock'd 352*b*
Old P of Basing 243*a*
p and the people 89*a*
p gat in monthes tweye 89*a*
p who agrees with me 129*b*
poure p dwelling up-on land 89*a*
povre P of a toun 88*b*
square p into the round hole 405*a*
there's no sich a p 124*a*
Personal no p considerations 173*a*
Personated most feelingly p 370*b*
Persons as unvalued p do 330*b*
God is no respecter of p 512*a*
neither confounding the P 478*b*
no respect of p with God 513*a*
paws of elder p 25*b*
p shd not be joined together 481*a*
place, p nor time 370*b*
Perspiration genus is ninety-nine per cent p 143*a*
Perspire dig till you gently p 230*b*
Persuade beauty doth of itself p 386*b*
pity whom ye can't p 420*a*
Persuaded Death thou hast p 308*a*
for I am p neither death 513*b*
fully p in his own mind 514*a*
quite p that all the Apostles 70*a*
shadow to shadow, well p 228*a*
Persuadest almost thou p me 513*a*
Persuading by p me to it 368*a*
by p others, we convince ourselves 217*a*
Persuasion firm p removed mountains 31*a*
firm p that a thing is so 31*a*
not capable of a firm p 31*a*
not truth, but p 255*b*
p hung upon his lips 411*b*
p tips his tongue 95*b*
Persuasions winged P 392*a*
Pert as a schoolgirl 164*b*
Perturbation polished p 381*a*
Peru from China to P 213*b*
Newton at P 449*b*
Perverse all women born are so p 35*b*
I'll frown and be p 365*a*
Peschiera, when thy bridge cross 96*b*
Pessimist fears this is true 75*a*
Pestered with a popingay 376*b*
Pestilence desires but acts not, breeds p 31*a*
from the noisome p 487*b*
p that walketh in darkness 487*b*
purged the air of p 369*b*
shakes p and war 273*a*
Pestle among wheat with a p 498*b*
Pests of society 33*b*
Petal like the p of a flower 427*b*
now sleeps the crimson p 436*b*
O filigree p! 443*a*
Petals between His p wide 475*a*
garden's last p were shed 421*b*
pursed its p up 46*b*
scriptured p 312*b*
Petar hoist with his own p 335*a*
Peter disciple did outrun P 511*b*
in his last binn Sir P lies 295*a*
Lord looked upon P 510*a*
office opposite to St P 363*a*
old priest P Gilligan 474*a*
once that P was respected 488*b*
P Piper picked 533*b*
P saith I go a fishing 511*b*
P was his name 163*a*
raree-show of P's successor 45*b*
St P sat by the celestial gate 74*b*
Shock-headed P 192*b*
thou art P 507*a*
'twas P's drift to be 397*a*
twenty times was P feared 468*b*
Peterkin quote little P 406*a*
Peter Turf 366*b*
Petrarch if Laura had been P's wife 70*b*
Petrarchal coronation 222*b*
Petrifications of a plodding brain 72*a*
Petrifies the feeling 60*a*
Petticoat draiglet a' her p 59*b*
feet beneath her p 416*a*
her p was satin 231*b*
I for one venerate a p 71*b*
in a yellow p 534*b*
in the tempestuous p 189*a*
out of the Realm in my p 145*a*
Petticoats up to the knees 96*a*
Pews talk about the p and steeples 91*b*
Pewter long for simple p 163*b*
Phalanx they move in perfect p 271*b*
where is the Pyrrhic p gone? 71*a*
Phantasies twilight P 302*a*
Phantasma or a hideous dream 338*b*
Phantasy he had an excellent p 214*b*
Phantom p, Beauty in a mist of tears 474*a*
p of False morning died 152*a*
quite the p of ourselves 6*b*
she was a p of delight 470*b*
transient and embarrassed p 129*b*
Phantoms an unprofitable strife 302*b*
Pharaoh he hardened P's heart 493*b*
P is sold for balsams 42*b*
P's bitter yoke 286*b*
P surnamed the Great 236*a*
Pharisee I am a P, the son of a P 512*b*
I lived a P 513*a*
touching the law, a P 516*a*
Pharisees righteousness of the scribes and P 505*a*
them infarnal P 250*a*
Pharpar Abana and P 496*b*
Phenomenon the infant p 124*b*
Phials turning of the p of wrath 312*b*
Phidias awful Jove young P brought 147*a*
Phil fidgety P 193*a*
Philip hast thou not known me, P? 511*a*
heard of P Sidgsby 12*b*
let me see if P can 193*a*
P and Mary on a shilling 66*a*
P, foozling with his cleek 172*b*
P fought men 244*a*
P of Macedon horse-race won 402*a*
P's peerless son 9*a*
P Sparrow 402*b*
Philippi see thee at P 341*a*
Philistia, be thou glad 485*b*
Philistine P must have originally meant 9*a*
P of literature, Bunyan 10*b*
P of politics, Cromwell 10*b*

Philistine (*cont*)
P of religion, Luther 10*b*
Philistines Apostle of the P Macaulay 9*b*
Barbarians, P, Populace 9*b*
daughters of the P 495*b*
[Middle] Class designations of P 9*b*
P be upon thee 495*a*
tho' the P may jostle 165*b*
Philistinism! we have not the expression 9*a*
Phillida P and Corydon 35*a*
P flouts me 525*b*
Philologists who chase a syllable 110*b*
Philosopher al be that he was an p 88*b*
an ancient sage p 65*a*
guide, p, and friend 301*b*
he was a shrewd p 65*a*
I have tried too to be a p 144*a*
poet at the same time a p 102*a*
the old p is still among us 255*b*
there was never yet p 359*a*
to a p no circumstance minute 170*a*
Philosophers and sayings of p 65*b*
English least pure p 17*b*
Philosophic defence of p doubt 18*a*
P diner-out 48*b*
p mind can take 37*b*
Philosophical state of p doubt 102*b*
Philosophy adversity's sweet milk p 366*a*
Aristotle and his p 88*b*
axioms in p are not axioms 222*b*
bullied into a certain p 222*a*
charming is divine p 267*b*
for fear Divine P shd push 430*a*
hang up p! 366*a*
hast any p in thee, shepherd? 327*a*
History is P by examples 33*b*
if p cd find it out 332*b*
lecture, Love, in love s p 133*b*
little p inclineth to atheism 15*a*
luxurious and a love for p 222*b*
[natural p] mother of science 17*a*
not faith, but mere P 41*b*
obscure regions, of p 201*b*
p, in its more rigid sense 413*b*
p is nothing but discretion 321*a*
p the lumber of the schools 419*b*
p, that leaned on Heaven 299*a*
p will clip an Angel's wings 219*a*
than are dreamt of in yr p 331*b*
that untaught innate p 68*b*
this same p is a good horse 170*b*
touch of cold p 219*a*
unfit to hear moral p 369*a*
unless p can make a Juliet 366*a*
vain wisdom all, and fake p 272*b*
Phineus Tiresias, and P 273*a*
Phlegm spit out thy p 186*b*
Phœbus before the wheels of P 359*a*
bright P in his strength 373*b*
Delos rose and P sprung 70*b*
P' amorous pinches black 323*a*
P Apollo turned fasting friar 264*b*
P, arise 138*a*
P gins arise 328*b*
P, he 'that wandering knight' 376*b*
P! what a name 72*a*
sweats in the eye of P 383*a*
towards P' lodging 366*a*
wheels of P' wain 267*a*
Phoenix I knew a p 474*b*
like the p midst her fires 72*b*
P builds her spicy nest 79*b*
the maiden p 386*b*
the p builds the p nest 115*a*
Phrase a fico for the p 355*b*
choice words, and measured p 470*b*
doctor full of p and fame 9*a*
p by wh such things are settled 71*a*
p of wh bad historians are fond 255*a*
portentous p 'I told you so' 72*a*
proverbed with a grand-sire p 364*b*
soft p of peace 360*a*
sudden, unintelligible p 294*a*
that's an ill p 332*a*
the p 'unconscious humour' 66*b*
the p wd be more german 337*a*
Phrases discourse in novel p 165*a*
high-sounding p 73*b*
taffeta p, silken terms 345*a*
Phrygia and Pamphylia 512*a*
Phylacteries make broad their p 507*b*
Phyllida but P, my P 131*a*
Phyllis P is my only joy 321*a*
P, without frown or smile 321*a*
wh the neat-handed P dresses 269*a*
Physic P of Metaphysic begs defence 299*a*
sceptre, learning, p, must 329*a*
take p, pomp 343*a*
throw p to the dogs 350*b*
Physician death is our p 360*b*
died last night of my p 306*a*
Luke, the beloved p 516*b*
more needs divine than the p 350*a*
p hath his favourite disease 151*b*
p, heal thyself 509*a*
time is the great p 129*b*
whole need not a p 506*a*
Physicians P are most happy 307*a*
p of the utmost fame 26*a*
things of many p 508*b*
what the fever is to the p 279*a*
Pia mater in the womb of p 344*b*
Piano-forte is a fine resource 45*a*
Pibble-pabble tiddle-taddle nor p 382*b*
Pibroch let the p shake the air 12*a*
p of Donuil Dhu 318*b*
Piccadilly good-bye P 461*a*
walk down P with a lily 165*b*
Pick holding his p more splendid 415*b*
Picked you p from passing men 414*a*
Picket's off duty for ever 25*a*
Picking and stealing 481*a*
Pickle plague o these p herring! 370*a*
Pick-lock to a place 108*a*
Pick-purse 'at hand, quoth p' 377*a*
Pickwick Mr P 126*a*
old unbroken P walked 93*b*
P, the Owl and the Waverley 527*b*
Pickwickian in its P sense 126*a*
P point of view 126*a*
Picninnies and the Joblillies 155*b*
Picture beauty, wh a p cannot express 16*a*
Earth's last p 236*b*
it is some p on the margin 137*b*
like Mistress Mall s p 369*b*
like the p of somebody reading 223*a*
lively p of his father s face 155*b*
look here, upon this p 335*a*
not on his p, but his book 215*b*
paint my p truly like me 116*a*
p it—think of it 196*a*
p placed the busts between 35*a*, 91*b*
reluctance to sit for a p 210*a*
Turkey carpet bears to a p 254*b*
Pictured her p urn 175*a*
Pictures all his p faded 29*a*
apples of gold in p of silver 498*b*
beads, p, rosaries 66*a*
come to the p have a good cry 186*a*
cutting all the p out 25*b*
faces are but a gallery of p 15*b*
my eyes make p 100*b*
p in our eyes to get 132*b*
the dead are but as p 348*a*
the p for the page atone 298*b*
use of a book without p 82*b*
with savage p fill their gaps 419*b*
you are p out of doors 360*b*
Picturesque quite p liar 447*a*
Pie blackbirds baked in a p 533*a*
eating a Christmas p 532*a*
to make the gooseberry p 171*a*
when the p was opened 533*a*
Piece a p of him 329*b*
Pieces dash'd all to p 367*a*
Destiny with Men for P 153*b*
helpless P of the game 153*b*
peace is broken into p 195*a*
p of eight 413*a*
the p are the phenomena 202*b*
thirty p of silver 508*a*
Piecrust promises and p 418*a*
Pieman Simple Simon met a p 532*b*
Pier from this here p 19*b*
I walked upon the p 19*b*
Pierce into his hand, and p it 496*b*
the meeting soul may p 269*a*
Pierced hath p to the rote 88*a*
Pierced (*cont*)
p and nail'd Him to the Tree 456*a*
they also wh p him 518*a*
they p my hands 483*a*
Piercing even to the dividing asunder 517*a*
Pierian drunk deep of the P spring 137*a*
taste not the P spring 300*a*
Pies eats the p and puddings up 192*b*
one of Bellamy's veal p 297*b*
Piety all thy P nor Wit shall lure 153*b*
each to each by natural p 468*a*
mistaken and overzealous p 56*a*
renowned for larnin' and p 173*a*
to p more prone 3*b*
Pig a parlour boarder of a p 196*a*
did you say p, or fig? 83*a*
like a stuck p 160*b*
selling of p in a poke 446*a*
stole a p, and away he run! 532*b*
the p was eat 532*b*
this p went to market 533*b*
Pigeon-livered I am p 333*a*
Pigging in the same truckle-bed 55*a*
Pigmy darling of a p size 466*b*
fretted the p body 138*a*
Pigs as naturally as p squeak 64*b*
as p do in a poke 283*b*
as p have to fly 83*a*
in a glas he hadde p' bones 89*a*
whether p have wings 84*b*
Pike holy text of p and gun 65*a*
I ll p out his bonny blue e en 529*b*
trail'st thou the puissant p 382*b*
Pilate P saith what is truth? 511*b*
what is truth? said jesting P 14*a*
Pilchards thicker than p at Looe 227*b*
Pile earn a monumental p 111*b*
face of this tall p 104*b*
God hath made the p complete 430*b*
o er many a mouldering p 185*a*
Pilgrim Honour comes, a p grey 103*a*
labour night and day to be a p 54*b*
life's a single p 24*a*
Man! the p of a day 77*b*
never tired p's links 78*b*
onward goes the p band 20*b*
P of Eternity 392*a*
p of the sky! 471*a*
p steps in amice grey 277*a*
p steps of spring 36*a*
Pilgrimage he overtaketh in his p 372*b*
in the house of my p 489*a*
thus I ll take my p 307*b*
succeed me in my p 54*b*
Pilgrimages folk to goon on p 88*a*
Pilgrims happy band of p 287*a*
like p to th' appointed place 141*a*
like tombs of p 313*a*
p of the year waxed very loud 264*a*
Pilgrim's Progress wished longer excepting *P* 212*a*
Pill his potion and his p 191*a*
Morrison s P for curing maladies 81*a*
outliv d the doctor s p 159*b*
Pillage they with merry march 381*b*
Pillar p of a cloud p of fire 494*a*
rising seem d a p of state 272*b*
sat by a p alone 433*b*
she became a p of salt 493*a*
the triple p of the world 322*a*
you are a well-deserving p 355*a*
Pillared shade 276*b*
Pillars among her golden p high 30*b*
ancient p rear their heads 104*b*
antique p massy proof 268*b*
builded over with p of gold 30*b*
four p of government 15*a*
his legs are as p of marble 500*b*
I bear up the p of it 487*a*
there Jerusalem s p stood 30*b*
Pillicock set on Pillicock-hill 343*a*
Pillow finds the down p hard 329*a*
his little hammer under the p 121*a*
like a p on a bed 132*b*
sigh d upon a midnight p 326*a*
stones Thy p, earth Thy bed 405*b*
'tis my p white 393*a*
Pillows smooth p sweetest bed 401*b*
Pills I swallow countless p 163*a*
p against an earthquake 2*b*
Pilot a daring p in extremity 138*a*

Pilot (*cont*)
I took the oars the P 's boy 99*b*
oh, P ! 'tis a fearful night 22*a*
P of the Galilean lake 269*b*
see my P face to face 426*a*
the P shrieked 99*b*
Pilotage in learning p 264*b*
Pilots best p have needs of mariners 215*a*
p are thicker than pilchards 227*b*
Pimmy mimmy, p 165*b*
Pimpernel demmed, elusive P 290*b*
p dozed on the lea 434*a*
Pimples roughnesses, p , warts 110*a*
Pin heard a p drop 310*a*
his friend in merry p 108*b*
life at a p 's fee 331*a*
pinn'd it wi' a siller p 530*a*
see a p and pick it up 532*b*
stay not for th' other p ! 186*b*
with a little p bores thro' 375*b*
Pinafore Captain of the *P* 165*b*
Pinch death is as a lover s p 325*a*
they brought one P 328*a*
Pinches Phœbus' amorous p black 323*a*
Pindaric epic, nay P art 303*b*
Pindarus the house of P 278*b*
Pine beech and odorous p 37*b*
dwindel, peak, and p 346*a*
most I p for thee 252*a*
p for what is not 398*b*
p with fear and sorrow 409*a*
palm and southern p 426*a*
shall I ever sigh and p ? 188*a*
tallest p hewn on Norwegian hills 271*b*
they p , I live 143*a*
why dost thou p within 389*b*
Pine-apple of politeness 400*b*
Pined p and wanted food 465*a*
p away seven of my years 239*a*
she p in thought 371*a*
Pine-logs bring me p 286*b*
Pines arrowy white p 444*a*
eat the cones under his p. 157*b*
great p groan aghast 393*a*
his thunder-harp of p 403*b*
instead of p shall murmur 220*b*
never get between the p 27*a*
old acquaintance among the p 444*a*
p are gossip p the wide world 154*b*
she stay'd among these p 138*a*
Pine-tree O p , O p 569*b*
p 's withered branch 247*a*
Pine-trees black and gloomy p 248*b*
Pinion he nursed the p 72*a*
Imagination droops her p 71*a*
Pinions stayed his p from flight 423*a*
the drift of p 442*a*
with p skim the air 157*b*
Pink bring hither the P 409*b*
lavender water tinged with p 243*b*
p pills for pale people 523*a*
rose p and dirty drab 264*b*
the p of courtesy 410*b*
the p o' womankind 62*b*
the p , the emblem o' my dear 62*b*
the very p of courtesy 365*b*
the very p of perfection 171*a*
the white p , and the pansy 270*a*
Pin-money what they call p 160*b*
Pinnace, like a fluttered bird 437*a*
Pinned it wi' a siller pin 530*a*
Pins here files of p extend 302*b*
Pinto Ferdinand Mendez P 104*b*
Pint-pot peace, good p ! 377*b*
Pioneers p and all 362*a*
p ! O p ! 457*b*
Pious stored with p frauds 56*b*
this just, this p fraud 160*a*
Pipe a p for my capacious mouth 159*a*
as my small p best fits 188*b*
draw his last breath thro' a p 239*b*
drop thy p , thy happy p 32*b*
easier to be played on than a p 334*b*
he called for his p 532*a*
p and woo her 436*b*
p a song about a lamb 32*b*
p but as the linnets sing 430*a*
p for fortune's finger 334*a*
p me to pastures still 197*b*
p of half-awakened birds 436*a*
p that song again 32*b*

Pipe (*cont*)
p to the spirit ditties 219*b*
p , with solemn puff 108*a*
piped a silly p , and took tea 222*b*
put that in yr p and smoke it 19*b*
quite a three-p problem 135*a*
rumour is a p 379*b*
she loved the Dorian p 80
thy small p shrill and sound 370*a*
to mine oaten p inclined 408*a*
Piped p with merry cheer 32*b*
we have p unto you 506*b*
Piper Hyperion of calves the P 96*a*
I was to pay the p 104*a*
Peter P picked a peck 533*b*
p , pipe that song again 32*b*
p sit thee down and write 32*b*
Tom, Tom the p 's son 532*b*
Pipers all men, especially p ! 50*a*
five-and-thirty p 12*b*
wi' a hundred p an' a' 285*b*
Pipes grate on their scrannel p 269*b*
it's knock out yr p 229*a*
soft p , play on 219*b*
the p o' Havelock sound! 459*a*
what p and timbrels? 219*b*
Piping helpless, naked, p 32*a*
his p took a troubled sound 80
p down the valleys wild 32*a*
p songs of pleasant glee 32*a*
weak p time of peace 384*b*
Pipkin little p hits this little jolly 188*b*
Pippa passes 25*a*
Pippins old p toothsomest 454*b*
there's p and seese to come 355*b*
Piracies shd not again be sullied 447*a*
Pirate sanctumonious p 351*a*
to be a P King 166*a*
Pistol when his p misses fire 171*a*
Pistols have you yr p ? 457*b*
Piston steam and p stroke 284*a*
Pit after them to the bottomless p 275*a*
black as the P from pole 185*a*
Eagle know what is in the p 29*b*
enemies have beat us to the p 341*b*
he that diggeth a p 499*b*
key of the bottomless p 516*b*
law is a bottomless p 4*b*
man will go down into the p 18*a*
many-headed monster of the p 303*b*
out of the horrible p 484*a*
Stygian smoke of the p 204*a*
they have digged a p before me 485*b*
they 'll fill a p 378*b*
when I go down to the p 483*b*
Pitch a bumping p 287*b*
he that toucheth p defiled 520*b*
nightly p my moving tent 280*a*
of what validity and p soe'er 369*b*
roller, p , and stumps 242*a*
two p balls for eyes 344*b*
when you make p hot 121*a*
Pitch-and-toss one turn of p 230*a*
Pitcher p be broken at the fountain 500*a*
Pitchfork drive out nature with a p 543*a*
thrown on her with a p 418*b*
Pitfall with P and with Gin 154*a*
Pith arms had seven years' p 360*a*
enterprises of p and moment 333*a*
Pities he p the plumage 292*a*
taught by the Power that p me 169*a*
Pitiful ah! were she p 176*a*
lips say, 'God be p' 43*a*
Oh! it was p ! 195*b*
p , 'twas wondrous p 360*a*
Pitiless ruffians, p as proud 107*b*
Pitt as P is to Addington 570*b*
o'er P 's the mournful requiem 317*b*
Pity a p beyond all telling 475*b*
arousing p and fear 550*a*
cherish p, lest you drive an Angel 32*b*
crave p from blustering wind 249*b*
gently p whom ye can't persuade 420*a*
had p on the least of things 474*a*
he best can p felt the woe 160*a*
hern went p-zekle 250*b*
his heart kep' goin' p-pat 250*b*
His P allows them to leave 234*b*
his p gave ere charity began 168*b*
I learn to p them 169*a*
in p and mournful awe 6*a*

Pity (*cont*)
I p his ignorance 124*b*
it was great p , so it was 377*a*
it was the more p 530*b*
knows some touch of p 384*b*
looked for some to have p on me 486*b*
lov'd her that she did p them 360*a*
never any p for conceited people 144*b*
no p to myself 385*a*
no soul shall p me 385*a*
P a human face 33*a*
p him afterwards 209*a*
p is sworn servant unto love 117*a*
p , like a naked new-born babe 347*a*
p me, then, and wish 389*a*
p my simplicity 455*b*
p never ceases to be shown 138*b*
p renneth sone in gentil herte 89*a*
p sitting in the clouds 366*a*
p Sultan Mahmud 152*b*
p them that weep 78*b*
p the sorrows of a poor old man 284*b*
p those they torture not 397*a*
shew thy p upon all prisoners 479*a*
the p of it, Iago 362*b*
till P 's self be dead 103*a*
"Tis P She's a Whore 155*b*
'tis true, 'tis p p 'tis 'tis true 332*a*
to Mercy, P , Peace 32*b*
virtuous poor, one can p them 466*b*
what 'tis to p , and be pitied 326*b*
you feel the dint of p 340*a*
Pixes pictures, rosaries and p 66*a*
Place across a crowded public p 292*b*
adorn'd the venerable p 168*b*
a dozen dozen in her p 416*a*
all move one p on 83*a*
all rising to great p 14*b*
a pick-lock to a p 108*a*
a p for everything 403*a*
a savage p ! 101*a*
at the p where 'e is gone 230*a*
before I understood this p 448*a*
bounds of p and time 175*a*
bourne of Time and P 426*a*
cares no more for one p 407*a*
earns a p i' the story 344*a*
every Christian kind of p 413*b*
face one wd meet in every p 218*a*
find they a p or part 453*b*
found no p of repentance 517*a*
get p and wealth 303*b*
grave's a fine and private p 260*a*
his p ed nowhere be found 484*a*
his p know him any more 497*a*
home better p 326*a*
hovering o'er the p 's head 115*a*
I go to prepare a p for you 511*a*
in many a secret p 471*b*
is there no respect of p in you? 370*b*
men in great p are servants 14*b*
night embrac'd the p 114*b*
never the time and the p 49*a*
no p , shd murder sanctuarize 330*a*
no p to go 63*b*
nor wished to change his p 168*b*
not to be changed by p or time 271*a*
of p 'tween high and low 329*a*
one in all doth hold his p 339*a*
one-eyed, blinking sort o' p 181*a*
p not good manners to mention 40*b*
p of the slaying of Itylus 422*b*
p thereof shall know it no more 488*a*
p to stand and love in 44*a*
p where men can pray 93*b*
p where the tree falleth 499*b*
p where thine honour dwelleth 483*b*
p wh thou hast appointed for them 488*a*
receive yr reward in a certain p. 40*b*
reign in this horrible p 113*a*
right man to fill the right p 243*a*
rising unto p is laborious 14*b*
sat him down in a lonely p 435*b*
seldom go to p I set out for 411*a*
smallest people in a great p 17*b*
surely the Lord is in this p 493*a*
the mind is its own p. 71*a*
there's p and means 322*a*
till there be no p 501*a*
time and p are lost 273*a*

Place (*cont*)
to keep in the same p 84*a*
upon the p beneath 354*b*
we are grown and take our p 227*b*
when she a p has 189*a*
where to choose their p of rest 277*a*
Whigs *not* getting into p 71*b*
wryte in p lyte 90*b*
Placed securely p between 113*a*
Places all p, all airs make unto me 42*a*
all p are distant from Heaven 64*a*
all p that the eye of heaven 374*b*
all p thou 276*b*
all p were alike to him 237*a*
angels keep their ancient p 442*a*
hark, in thine ear, change p 343*b*
love all waste and solitary p 395*a*
perilous in steep p 36*a*
p of nestling green 202*a*
plucking bon-mots from their p 283*a*
proper words in proper p 418*a*
Quires and P where they sing 478*b*
Scripture moveth us in sundry p 478*a*
slain in thy high p 495*b*
strange p cramm'd 326*b*
they were in their proper p 445*a*
wickedness in high p 516*a*
Placid and self-contained 458*a*
Plagiary borrowing is accounted p 270*b*
Plague and that's his p 64*a*
any p come nigh thy dwelling 487*b*
fiends that p thee thus 98*b*
instruments to p us 344*a*
oh! p of his sentiments! 400*b*
pleasing p stole on me 457*a*
p o' both yr houses 365*b*
p of all cowards 377*b*
p of sighing and grief 377*b*
the red p rid you 367*a*
thro' any p, or trouble 488*b*
Plagued monster that has p the nations 111*a*
Plagues add unto him the p 520*b*
of all the p a lover bears 450*a*
two main p and common dotages 64*a*
Plaguing charges of p in a handsome way 159*a*
Plaid beneath the tartan p 12*a*
my p to the angry airt 62*a*
Plain as on a darkling p 5*a*
base as is the lowly p 527*b*
delicate p, called Ease 54*a*
gleamed upon the glassy p 466*a*
great Gromboolian p 243*b*
he will make it p 110*a*
Homer is eminently p and direct 10*a*
I'm not so old, and not so p 163*b*
instead of p and sere 36*a*
it's flat and p 526*a*
knight was pricking on the p 408*b*
nodding o'er the yellow p, 443*b*
once more reach that p 448*a*
p man in his p meaning 354*b*
penny p and twopence coloured 412*b*
stretched upon the p 72*a*
that p was but narrow 54*a*
the way is all so very p 93*b*
virtue is best p set 16*a*
Waterloo's ensanguined p 525*b*
waveless p of Lombardy 395*a*
Plainly and more plainly 253*a*
Plainness perfect p of speech 10*a*
Plains by thousands on her p 185*a*
her silver-mantled p 320*b*
p of pleasant Hertfordshire 240*b*
ringing p of windy Troy 438*b*
whiten the green p under 303*a*
Plain-speaking with Mr Snagsby 121*a*
Plaint tease her with our p 8*b*
Plaisters for wh there are no p 158*b*
Plan fulfils great Nature's p 60*a*
joined in the p 110*b*
mighty maze! but not without a p 300*b*
nothing rest on its original p 58*a*
p pleased his childish thought 465*a*
some usefu' p or beuk 60*b*
the simple p, that they shd take 470*b*
this was still his simple p 136*b*
Plancus when P was consul 546*b*
Planet born under a riming p 350*a*
new p swims into his ken 220*b*
Planet (*cont*)
p of Love is on high 434*a*
p's tyrant, dotard Death 24*a*
p Venus gone on business 125*a*
every wand'ring p's course 259*a*
while Jove's p rises 47*b*
Planetary stops of p music 393*b*
Planets other p circle other suns 300*b*
p, filled with Stagyrites 282*b*
p in their radiant courses 305*a*
P list'ning stood 275*b*
then no p strike 329*b*
the p, and this centre 368*b*
with p in His care 474*a*
Plank have to swab a p 121*a*
Planned perfect woman, nobly p 470*b*
Plans hopeful p to emptiness 199*b*
p credit and the Muse 146*b*
Plant an orange-tree, that busy p 187*b*
fixed like a p 301*a*
green p groweth, menacing 92*a*
love is a p 117*a*
O wicked, wicked p 238*b*
Sensitive P in a garden grew 398*a*
Plantagenet thy rose a thorn, P 383*b*
Plantation longing for de old p 156*a*
Planted I have p, Apollo's watered 514*a*
Plants grow up as the young p 490*b*
like p in mines 49*b*
p did spring 20*b*
p suck in the earth 106*b*
to his music p and flowers 385*b*
under his own vine what he p 386*b*
Plastic dance of p circumstance 51*a*
Plat of rising ground 268*a*
Plate of turtle green 50*a*
Plates dropp'd from his pocket 325*a*
Platform half the p just reflects 302*b*
the p, 'twixt eleven and twelve 330*b*
Platinum bullets made of p 25*b*
Plato attachment à la P 165*b*
Cæsar's hand and P's brain 146*a*
dozen persons who read P 147*b*
lend an ear to P 433*a*
P is never sullen 255*a*
P's retirement 277*a*
P the wise 435*b*
P thou reasonest well 1*b*
taught out of the rule of P 279*b*
unsphere the spirit of P 268*a*
Plats the manes of horses 365*a*
Platter cleanly p on the board 170*a*
licked the p clean 534*a*
no account of the p after it 239*a*
Plautus too light 332*b*
Play actions that a man might p 330*a*
a little work, a little p 263*a*
an hour to p 287*b*
as children with their p 109*a*
better than a p 87*b*
but better at a p 282*b*
by a good author, it's a good p 390*a*
come ye here to p? 530*b*
delicate and refined p 57*b*
every day, for food or p 98*b*
everything that heard him p 385*b*
fair p of the British law 135*b*
for once had p unstifled 46*a*
full craftier to p 89*b*
girls and boys come out to p 534*b*
good p needs no epilogue 128*a*
guilty creatures sitting at a p 333*a*
hear thy discourse than see a p 64*b*
his p is always fair 202*b*
I cannot p alone 184*b*
I doubt some foul p 330*b*
I shd like so much to p 413*b*
is there no p, to ease the anguish 357*b*
judge not the p before p be done 117*b*, 307*a*
learned to p when he was young 533*a*
little Arthur wants to p 534*b*
may be p to you, 'tis death to us 244*b*
multitude can p upon it 379*b*
or a' the p was played 530*a*
our p is done 372*b*
our p is played out 440*a*
p by me, bathe in me 226*a*
p out the p 378*a*
p up! and p the game! 287*b*
Play (*cont*)
p with him as with a bird 407*b*
rose up to p 494*a*
sees all her sons at p 5*b*
seven up and six to p 172*b*
sick men p so nicely 375*a*
the p is done 440*b*
the p pleased not the million 332*b*
the p 's the thing 333*a*
turn us out to p 226*a*
what to say about a p 390*a*
witty prologue to a dull P 105*a*
yet cannot p well 15*a*
you cannot p upon me 334*b*
young barbarians all at p 69*a*
you wd p upon me 334*b*
Playbill tragedy of Hamlet 320*a*
Playbills no time to read p 58*b*
Played he p at the glove 530*b*
he p so truly 215*a*
if this were p upon a stage now 371*b*
I have p the fool 495*b*
p by somebody I do not know 223*a*
Played-Out I am also called P 445*a*
Playedst thou p most foully 348*b*
Player he the best p I 151*b*
like a strutting p 368*b*
p on the other side is hidden 202*b*
poor p, that struts and frets 350*b*
Players as many of your p do 333*b*
lenten entertainment the p receive 332*b*
men and women merely p 326*b*
one of these harlotry p 377*b*
p in yr housewifery 360*b*
the p have often mentioned it 214*b*
will you see the p well bestowed? 332*b*
Playfellow my p, yr hand 324*a*
Play-house you and every p bill 303*b*
Playing ever amid our p I hear 82*b*
p of the merry organ 526*b*
the purpose of p 333*b*
Playing fields of Eton 454*b*
Playmates I have had p 240*b*
Play-place of our early days 113*a*
Plays few of our p can boast wit 149*a*
he loves no p, as thou dost 338*a*
old p began to disgust 149*b*
p, in the many games of life 465*b*
Plaything a little p-house 449*a*
child's a p for an hour 240*b*
some livelier p gives 301*a*
Playthings p come alive 413*b*
princes have great p 112*b*
to love p well as a child 413*a*
Playwright our P may show 435*b*
Plea as I am, without one p 146*a*
in law, what p so tainted 354*a*
tho' justice be thy p 354*b*
Plead so what I p is just 198*a*
Pleasance p, revel and applause 361*b*
youth is full of p 389*b*
Pleasant from p to severe 141*a*
how p it is to have money 96*b*
hes down to p dreams 53*b*
of all that was p in man 169*b*
p if one considers it 398*a*
p it is, at the end of the day 425*a*
think him p enough 243*b*
very p hast thou been 495*b*
Pleasanter the colder 66*a*
Pleasantness her ways are ways of p 497*b*
p of an employment 11*b*
Please blow on whom I p 326*b*
difficult to p about victuals 75*b*
not to p ourselves 514*a*
p her the best you may 525*b*
she never fails to p 321*a*
some circumstance to p us 419*a*
studious to p 213*a*
to tax and to p 55*a*
towered cities p us 269*a*
'twas natural to p 138*a*
we'll strive to p you 372*b*
we that live to p 213*b*
whom to p? you whisper 49*a*
Pleased all seemed well p 275*a*
had he p us less 18
he was well-p gave him a hint 406*b*
in whom I am well p 504*b*
p me long choosing 276*a*

Pleased (*cont*)
p with less than Cleopatra 139*a*
p with the danger 138*a*
p with what he gets 326*a*
they please, are p 170*a*
Pleases every prospect p 184*a*
if one p one makes more 105*b*
the pepper when he p 83*a*
Pleasing every p prudent part 302*a*
p consists in being pleased 183*b*
p without skill to please 296*b*
surest method of p 90*b*
this p anxious being 174*b*
Pleasure aching P nigh 219*b*
all knowledge is p in itself 13*a*
body is capable of much p 75*a*
budge for no man's p 365*b*
business first, p afterwards 440*a*
but fading p brings 402*a*
but the privilege and p 163*b*
cabinet of p 187*b*
doubtless the p is as great 65*b*
egg by p laid 110*b*
for thy p they are created 518*b*
for yr p you came here 109*a*
gave p to the spectators 255*b*
happiness is not in p 140*b*
hatred is by far the longest p 71*b*
I go to my p , business 473*b*
I have no p in them 499*b*
I'm not to be stinted in p 461*a*
in trim gardens takes his p 268*a*
it becomes a p 460*a*
let fall yr horrible p 342*b*
little p out of the way 87*b*
love ceases to be a p 25*a*
love of p , and the love of sway 302*a*
Love! thou doubtful p 173*a*
make a bait of p 186*b*
man's chief p is society 117*b*
mind, from p less, withdraws 260*b*
mingled profit with p 542*b*
mixture of a lie add p 14*a*
music only p without vice 212*a*
my p had I seen 428*a*
never had I p with her 257*a*
never to blend our p 465*b*
no p , nor no pain! 320*b*
not *P* but *power* 120*a*
on p she was bent 108*b*
painful p turns to pain 409*a*
pain that is all but a p 165*b*
P at the helm 173*b*
P , blind with tears 392*a*
p eternally new 242*a*
p in the pathless woods 69*b*
p in poetic pains 111*b*
p in the strength of an horse 490*b*
p is intermission of pain 321*a*
p is labour too 110*b*
p never is at home 218*a*
p of believing what we see 395*a*
p of the fleeting year 388*b*
p 's a sin 70*a*
p soon shall fade 177*a*
p , sure in being mad 141*b*, 150*b*
p that boys head of a school 449*a*
p that's all but pain 165*b*
p was his business 143*b*
p with pain for leaven 420*b*
receiv'st with p thine annoy? 387*a*
refrain from the unholy p 25*b*
source of p is variety 213*a*
stock of harmless p 213*a*
story, feigned for p 139*a*
suburbs of yr good p 338*b*
such as have no p 231*a*
sweet is p after pain 139*a*
the greatest p I know 240*a*
the p of having it over 195*a*
there is p for evermore 482*b*
the shadow of the dome of p 101*b*
thy most pointed p take 415*a*
turn to p all they find 175*b*
type of a perfect p 460*b*
ugliest of trades moments of p 205*b*
variety is the soul of p 25*b*
was yr youth of p wasteful? 48*b*
wild, and effable p 244*b*
what p lives in height 437*a*
when Youth and P meet 68*b*

Pleasure (*cont*)
where is no p ta'en 366*b*
without one p and one pain 433*a*
working wrong, if p you attain 177*a*
yet all hope p 139*b*
you were queen of p 423*a*
Pleasure-dome stately p 101*a*
Pleasure-house lordly p 435*b*
Pleasures breed that take their p 228*b*
coarser p of my boyish days 472*a*
hypocrite in his p 211*b*
look not on p as they come 187*a*
mid p and palaces 294*b*
one of the p of having a rout 195*a*
other p all abjure 275*b*
owes its p to another s pain 112*a*
paucity of human p 212*a*
purest of human p 16*a*
p are like poppies spread 63*a*
p banish pain 453*b*
p in a long immortal dream 219*a*
p newly found are sweet 463*b*
p of life conversation 404*b*
p that to verse belong 217*b*
p with youth pass away 407*a*
seize the p of the present day 131*a*
some new p prove 132*a*
soothed his soul to p 139*a*
sucked on country p 133*a*
than all other p are 142*a*
these pretty p might me move 307*b*
these uneasy p for curiosity 147*b*
understand the p of the other 11*a*
unreproved p free 268*b*
we will all the p prove 259*a*
with p too refined to please 302*a*
Pledge I will p with mine 216*a*
ne'er refused to p my toast 306*a*
O Motherland, we p to thee 228*a*
Pledges p of a fruitful tree 188*b*
p of Heaven's joy 278*a*
Pledging with contented smack 219*a*
Pleiades flocks of shiny p 192*a*
sweet influences of P 497*b*
Plenteously bringing forth the fruit 479*b*
Plenteousness within thy palaces 489*b*
Plentiful more p than hope 187*a*
Plenty here is God's p 142*a*
in delay there lies no p 370*b*
on the expectation of p 348*a*
representing Peace and P 116*a*
scatter p o'er a smiling land 174*b*
wasna fou but just had p 60*a*
with P in the maize 437*a*
Pliable name of the other P 54*a*
Plighter of high hearts 324*a*
Pliny vouches it 202*b*
Plodders small have continual p 344*b*
Plods his weary way 174*a*
Plot good p , good friends 377*a*
green p shall be our stage 357*a*
gunpowder treason and p 532*a*
her p hath many changes 307*a*
some melodious p 219*b*
the p thickens 53*b*
this blessed p , this earth 375*a*
what the devil does the p signify 53*b*
women guide the p 400*b*
Plots, true or false 138*a*
Plotting some new reformation 141*b*
Plough following his p 470*a*
land you used to p 199*a*
men of England, wherefore p 399*a*
O Christ, the p 261*b*
p deep and straight 198*a*
p —loom—anvil —spade 240*a*
p my furrow alone 310*b*
speed his p 87*a*
tested his first p 45*a*
we p the fields, and scatter 76*a*
Ploughing is my team p 199*a*
Ploughman hard as the palm of p 368*b*
heavy steps of the p 475*b*
the p homeward plods 174*a*
the p near at hand 268*b*
whilst the heavy p snores 357*b*
Ploughmen ye rigid P ! 198*a*
Ploughshare soldiers of the p 314*b*
stern Ruin's p drives 62*a*

Ploughshares beat their swords into p 501*a*
Plowed with my heifer 495*a*
Plowers plowed upon my back 490*a*
Pluck p till time and times are done 476*a*
to p me by the beard 343*a*
Plucked p by his hand 452*a*
p them as we passed 194*b*
the fruit, she p , she eat 276*a*
Pluckers wh the p forgot 311*b*
Plucking at their harps 231*a*
Plucks silk thread p it back again 365*b*
Plum biscuit, or confectionary p 109*b*
he took out a p 532*a*
Plumage gives out his snowy p 443*b*
pities the p 292*a*
p that had warm'd his nest 72*b*
warmer climes give brighter p 241*a*
Plumbing yr p 's strange 236*a*
Plumbline and I said, A p 504*b*
with p in his hand 504*b*
Plume blast-beruffled p 179*a*
ruffles her pure cold p 429*b*
Sir P , of amber snuff-box 302*b*
saw the helmet and the p 431*b*
where ye see my white p shine 252*b*
Plumed all p like estridges 378*b*
Plumelets rosy p 430*b*
Plumes in its p the various light 261*a*
jets under his advanced p 371*a*
Plummet did ever p sound 368*a*
Plump he hath a cushion p 99*b*
rosy Man, right p to see 468*b*
Plums berries and p to eat 192*a*
p and apple trees 192*a*
Plunder he shared in the p 110*b*
me that p forbear 399*b*
no man stop to p 254*a*
take your ill-got p 287*b*
Plunge a beggar, he prepares to p 49*b*
Festus, I p ! 49*b*
p (after shocking lives) 76*a*
Plunged as I was, I p in 337*b*
p himself into the wave 165*a*
p in thought again 7*a*
Pluto iron tears down P 's cheek 268*b*
won the ear of P 269*a*
Ply thee home, lady-cow 534*a*
Plying a-p up an' down! 231*b*
p her needle and thread 196*a*
Plymouth Hoe arl the time o' P 287*b*
Po from Aufidus to P 253*b*
lazy Scheldt, or wandering P 169*b*
Poacher a keeper turned inside 226*b*
Pobble's toes 243*b*
Pocket carry the moon in my p 48*b*
crept in at Myra's p -hole 31*b*
diadem stole put it in his p 335*a*
scruple to pick a p 120*a*
wid a p full of tin 156*a*
Pocket-handkerchief holding his p 84*b*
Pocket-handkerchiefs moral p 126*b*
Pockets plates dropp d from his p 325*a*
young man feels his p 200*a*
Pods when the p went pop 117*b*
Podsnap Mr P 125*b*
Poem adjunct or true ornament of p 270*b*
a tiny poem all composed 427*a*
frowzy p , call'd the 'Excursion' 71*a*
he fain wd write a p 49*a*
life of a man heroic p 80*a*
like to be married to a p 223*a*
long p is a test of invention 222*a*
made one p 's period 259*b*
not metres that makes a p 148*a*
ought himself to be a true p 279*a*
p lovely as a tree 225*a*
p , whose subject is not truth 87*b*
sake of writing or making a p 223*a*
shorter a prize p is, the better 255*a*
Poems I can explain all the p 85*a*
I will put in my p 458*b*
one of the most sublime p 142*a*
p are made by fools like me 225*a*
ye are living p 246*b*
Poesy flowers of P 259*b*
force of heaven-bred p 372*b*
God of life, and p , and light 69*a*
golden cadence of p 344*b*
Nature, Hope, and P 102*a*
on the viewless wings of P 220*a*

Poesy (*cont*)
overwhelm myself in p 220*b*
p *vinum dæmonum* 13*a*
shower of light is p 220*b*
the great end of p 220*b*
wit with p allied 72*a*
Poet and the p 's dream 468*b*
a p cd not but be gay 467*a*
a P ! put his heart to school 463*a*
a p soaring in the high region 279*a*
be accounted p kings 220*b*
business of a comic p 104*a*
business of a p , said Imlac 213*b*
dreams of a p doomed at last 212*b*
every p , in his kind, is bit 419*b*
flattery lost on p 's ear 317*a*
form'd the P for the King 206*a*
God is the perfect p 49*b*
good p 's made as well as born 216*a*
grete p of Itaille Dant 89*a*
here the p meets his muse 113*b*
honour to the greatest p 566*b*
if any p knew her 43*b*
if a P now and then 472*b*
I for an unhappy p 305*b*
is this the great p 158*b*
like a P hidden 398*a*
living the same p wh thou'rt now 106*b*
lunatic, the lover, and the p 357*b*
making a p out of a man 43*b*
many a wd -be p at this hour 36*a*
Milton was a true P 31*a*
muse on Nature with a p 's eye 77*a*
never durst p touch a pen 345*a*
'next P '—(Manners, Benl) 48*b*
no p without unsoundness 254*b*
not deep the P sees 8*a*
notes, thy once-loved P sung 302*b*
on a p s lips I slept 397*a*
painter's work so with the p 's 542*b*
passionate heart of the p 433*b*
P and Saint! 106*b*
p and the dreamer are distinct 218*a*
p did feign that Orpheus drew 355*a*
p knows he speaks adequately 148*a*
p same time a philosopher 102*a*
p 's eye, in a fine frenzy 357*b*
p 's pen turns them to shapes 357*b*
rightly shd possess a p s brain 137*a*
sage and serious p , Spenser 279*a*
say, that when the P dies 317*a*
say 'This p lies' 387*a*
Shakespeare is not our p 241*a*
so is a p 's mind kindled 224*a*
spare p for his subject sake 107*b*
story-teller born as well as a p 410*a*
Swift you will never be a p 142*a*
the Hero can be P , Prophet 80*b*
the limbs of a p 547*b*
the Muse, nae p ever fand her 62*b*
the p does not work by square 108*a*
the p sing it with such airs 474*a*
they had no p and they died 303*b*
this is truth the p sings 432*a*
thy skill to p were 398*b*
true p that you are 50*a*
vex not thou the p 's mind 435*b*
wd not be called a p 33*a*
whom no p sings 137*a*
Poetaster hunt a p down 72*b*
Poetess a maudlin p 303*a*
Poetic guide into p ground 111*b*
more strong than all p thought 430*a*
pleasure in p pains 111*b*
p justice, with her lifted scale 298*b*
Poetical claim to p honours 213*a*
gods had made thee p 327*a*
Poet-race shot such arches 92*b*
Poetry all metaphor is p 94*a*
angling is somewhat like p 450*b*
art of sinking in P 303*b*
as a friend he drops into p 125*b*
civilization advances, p declines 254*b*
cradled into p by wrong 395*a*
fair Nine, forsaking P 31*b*
Fleshly School of P 53*b*
genuine p and p of Dryden, Pope 9*b*
genuine p in the soul 9*b*
grand style arises in p 10*a*
I can repeat p as well 85*a*
Poetry (*cont*)
if p comes not as naturally 222*b*
language is fossil p 148*a*
made p a mere mechanic art 111*b*
mincing p 378*a*
Music and sweet P 21*a*
not p , but prose run mad 303*a*
or even enjoy p 254*b*
p *best* words in the best order 102*b*
p in Oxford made an art 141*b*
p is conceived in their wits 9*b*
p is the spontaneous overflow 467*b*
p of earth is never dead 221*a*
P of the smaller intestines 80*a*
p 's a mere drug 150*b*
p shd be great and unobtrusive 222*a*
p shd surprise by excess 222*b*
p sinks and swoons 241*b*
p s unnat'ral 126*b*
Polar star of p 222*a*
read a little p sometimes 197*a*
saying so in whining P 134*a*
scrap of dramatic p 445*b*
Shelley's genius music, not of p 9*a*
she that with p is won 65*b*
Sir, what is p ? 209*a*
to the petty, in his p 183*a*
to wh p wd be made subsequent 279*b*
used p as a medium 460*a*
we hate p that has a design 222*a*
we shd drop into p 125*b*
what is p ? noble emotions 314*a*
where they had p , we have cant 295*a*
Poets all p are mad 64*a*
all the pens that ever p held 259*b*
as we to the brutes, p are to us 264*b*
certain also of yr own p 512*b*
I hate all P and Bainters 161*a*
in the hearts of mighty P 464*a*
I shall be among the English P 223*a*
many P sown by Nature 464*a*
mighty p in their misery dead 470*b*
Milton 's the prince of p 71*a*
old p outsing and outlove us 421*b*
O p , from a maniac s tongue 43*a*
our p steal from Homer 64*a*
places of green, for p made 202*a*
pleasure which only p know 111*b*
p are needed to sing the dawn 264*b*
p better prove 387*b*
p ' food is love and fame 393*b*
p , like painters, thus unskilled 300*a*
p (make men) witty 16*a*
p that wrapt Truth in tales 79*a*
p the unacknowledged legislators 399*b*
Savill his opinion touching p 13*b*
sensitive race of p 543*b*
sights as youthful p dream 260*a*
souls of p dead and gone 219*a*
theft in other p victory in him 142*a*
the P Militant below! 106*b*
things, that the first p had 137*a*
three p in an age at most 419*b*
three p , in three distant ages 141*a*
to p to be second-rate 542*b*
very Janus of p 142*a*
we p in our youth 470*a*
what the sage p taught 267*b*
when amatory p sing their loves 71*a*
whose arrows learned p. hold 66*a*
why don't p tell? 232*a*
Pogrom presented to a P 124*a*
Point aloof from the entire p 341*b*
fine p of his soul 222*a*
fixed p in a changing age 136*a*
not to put too fine a p upon it 121*a*
p against p 346*a*
p me out the way 218*b*
p me to the skies 251*b*
press yr p with modesty 108*a*
swim to yonder p 337*b*
the p envenom'd too! 337*a*
they do not p on me 363*b*
thus I bore my p 377*b*
why, 'tis a p of faith 115*a*
Points kindred p of heaven 471*a*
Poising every weight 260*b*
Poison Adonais has drunk p 392*a*
coward's weapon, p 155*b*
he swallowed the p like 526*b*
if you p us, do we not die? 354*a*
Poison (*cont*)
I go about and p wells 259*a*
ounce of p in one pocket 254*b*
pecks of p are not pecks of salt 30*a*
p for the age's tooth 373*b*
P while the bee-mouth sips 219*b*
strongest p ever known 29*b*
the potent p quite o'ercrows 337*a*
Poisoned cans of p meat 93*b*
some p by their wives 375*b*
Poisons all the rest 453*a*
Poke as pigges do in a p 283*b*
drew a dial from his p 326*a*
Pokers wreathe iron p 100*b*
Polar-star of poetry 222*a*
Pole all sights from p to p 8*b*
as the needle to the p 33*b*
centre thrice to th' utmost p 271*a*
needle trembles to the p 304*a*
not rapt above the P 275*a*
soldier's p is fallen 324*b*
spread the truth from p to p 2*a*
were I so tall to reach the P 453*a*
wid a ten foot p 156*a*
Poles upon the p of truth 14*a*
wheel between the p 426*a*
Police friendship recognized by p 413*a*
I'll send for the P ! 85*b*
Policeman go back with P Day 228*a*
p 's lot is not a happy one 166*b*
want to know the time ask a P ! 309*b*
Policy based either on religion or p 314*b*
brow of careful P 409*b*
kings will be tyrants from p 57*a*
p to stear clear of alliance 451*b*
some love but little p 376*a*
Polish it at leisure 142*a*
Polished idleness 256*a*
Polite p to every country 196*b*
till the English grew p 228*b*
you're exceedingly p 166*a*
Politeness glance of great p 74*b*
Pine-apple of p 400*b*
when suave p , tempering zeal 238*a*
Political man is a p animal 559*a*
my remembrance of p affairs 255*b*
schemes of p improvement 208*a*
Politician a Brownist as a p 371*b*
like a scurvy p 343*b*
the pate of a p 336*a*
Politicians whole race of p put together 418*a*
Politics confound their p 79*b*, 522*b*
Conservatism mule of p 129*a*
finality not the language of p 128*a*
I taste no p in boil'd 405*a*
magnanimity in p wisdom 56*a*
mistaken zeal in p 217*a*
my p exceedin accommodatin 451*a*
Philistine of p , Cromwell 10*b*
points of practical p 130*a*
p and the pulpit are terms 56*b*
p are not an exact science 567*b*
p go by the weather 175*b*
p in the East dissimulation 129*b*
p is perhaps the only profession 412*b*
p we bar 166*b*
range of practical p 167*b*
shoved him into p 26*a*
slipped from p to puns 305*a*
talking p after dinner 128*b*
these are my p 412*b*
they p like ours profess 175*b*
Poll but talk'd like poor P 158*b*
his heart *was* true to P 58*b*
Polly depends poor P 's life 159*b*
little P Flinders 535*a*
our P is a sad slut 159*a*
P put the kettle on 121*a*
P , you might have toy'd 159*a*
Pretty P say 159*b*
Pollywog like a p 's tail 451*a*
Polonies fine p 19*b*
Poltigrue My Lady P 26*b*
Polygamy before p was made a sin 138*a*
justified a chaste p 79*b*
Pomander sweet p 402*b*
Pomegranate from Browning some P 43*b*
p within thy locks 500*a*
sings on yon p tree 366*a*
Pomeranian grenadier 567*b*

Pomp all our p of yesterday 233b
bright P ascended jubilant 275b
grinning at his p 375b
Heaven's p is spread 464a
his p, without his force 58b
in lowly p ride on to die 266b
p, and feast, and revelry 269a
praise his humble p 407b
pride, p and circumstance 362a
puts all the p to flight 299b
Sultan after Sultan with his P 152b, 153a
sweet than that of painted p 325b
take physic, p 343a
the p of power 174a
the slave of p 316a
the tide of p 382b
vain p and glory of the world 386a
Pompadour the P 's Fan 130b
Pompey at the base of P 's statua 340a
great P wd stand 323a
knew you not P ? 337b
pibble-pabble in P 's camp 382b
Pomps high Midsummer p 8b
p and vanity of this world 481a
Pond beyond the depths of a p 292b
four ducks on a p 4a
mantle like a standing p 352b
neighbours o'er the Herring P 143a
p edged with grayish leaves 180a
Sir Thomas again in the p 20a
they have their stream and p 39a
Ponder oh, p well! 159b
wise will p these things 488b
Pondered I p, weak and weary 298a
p sadly, wearied and forlorn 284b
Poniards she speaks p 358a
Ponies blind pit p 192a
five-and-twenty p 234a
Pontgibaud they mended it 25b
Pontick sea 362a
'Pontol' he cried 26a
Pony riding on a p. 18b
Pontus in P, and Asia 512a
Pool it must first fill a p 14b
mantle of the standing p 343a
p of private charity 293a
wood p and the elder tree 119b
Pools p are filled with water 487a
p I used to know 199b
Poop was beaten gold 323a
Poor all my goods to feed the p 514b
all things in common, being so p 33a
and given to the p 489a
anger keeps (dull men) p 13b
angry and p and happy 93b
annals of the p 174a
art thou p 118b
as for the virtuous p 460b
blessed are the p in spirit 505a
but let the p find Thou within 187b
come, Thou Father of the p 86b
Death, the p man's friend 61b
faith of the p is faint 93b
found'st me p at first 169a
give to the p 507b
good to the p 79b
great man helped the p 253a
great men have their p relations 121b
grind the faces of the p 501a
heaven make me p 214b
his dear papa is p 414a
how apt the p are to be proud 371b
how many p I see 452b
how p a thing is man 464b
I, being p, have only my dreams 474b
I can dare to be p 160b
if thou art rich, thou'rt p 351b
inconvenient to be p 107b
laws grind the p 170a
low estate of the p 483a
makes me p indeed 361b
marry a rich woman as a p 440a
most rich, being p 341b
my Friends were p but honest 322a
none so p to do him reverence 340a
ointment given to the p 511a
p always ye have 511a
p and content is rich 361b
p, and mean, and lowly 3b
p, and the maimed, and the halt 509b
Poor (*cont*)
p are they have not patience 361b
p have cried, Cæsar hath wept 340a
p, infirm, weak 342b
p make no new friends 29a
p man at his gate 3a
p man is Christ's stamp 186b
p man loved the great 253a
p Persoun of a toun 88b
p, reckless, rude 136b
p wandering one 166a
property of the p 315a
save the p, feel for the p 240b
solitary, p, nasty, brutish 191b
so lonely and p of old 39a
the murmuring p 113b
the p advanced makes friends 334a
the p, in a loomp is bad 434b
the p man had nothing 495b
they are but p 143a
they p, I rich 143a
tho' I be p, I'm honest 265b
tho' p in gear 62b
too p for a bribe 175b
warms the neighbouring p 114a
who now do bless the p 286b
without thee we are p 112b
Poorest he that is in England 307b
Poorly (poor man) he lived 155b
Poorness when I mock p 214b
Pop goes the weasel 257b
Pope better to err with P 72a
galley-bench creaks with a P 424a
poor P will grieve a month 419a
P with eye on his style 10a
wine from the royal P 258a
Popery antiquity inclines to P 158a
Popinjay pestered with a p 376b
Popish Apennines 226a
Poplar edg'd with p pale 270b
Poplars p stand and tremble 190b
the p are felled 116b
Poppies fume of p 221b
pleasures are like p spread 63a
p grow in Flanders fields 256a
p was nothing to it 127a
there p, nodding 114a
Poppy blindly scattereth her p 42b
flushed print in a p 442b
not p, nor mandragora 362a
not the nectarous p 6a
Pops classical Monday P 164b
Populace Barbarians, Philistines, P 9b
P nearly (left out) 9b
residuum give the name of p 9b
where the p rise at once 457b
Popular base, common and p 382b
it will cease to be p 460a
render them p but persecution 418b
Popularity even his starling p 56a
Population only talked of p 171a
Populous city pent 276a
Porcelain p of human kind 141b
rogue in p 264b
Porch p and inlet of each sense 267b
white p of his home 253b
Porches of mine ears 331b
Pore he wd p by the hour 20a
p upon the brook 174b
Pores of the ocean 393a
Pork dreamed of tasting p 305a
pickled p they loaded she 440b
Porpentine the fretful p 331a
Porpoise close behind us 83a
Porridge pease p hot 533b
the halesome p 59b
what p had John Keats? 50a
Porringer take my little p 472b
Port by p and vest 253a
claret wd be p if it cd. 570a
come into p greatly 148a
in every p a mistress 161a
in every p a wife 120b
of regal p, but faded 274b
p after stormy seas 408b
p for men 210a
p seen a costlier funeral 426b
still bent to make some p 8b
the p is near 457b
there lies the p 439a
tho' p shd have age 20a
Port (*cont*)
with our sprightly p 324b
Portable get hold of p property 123b
Portal beyond porch and p 422a
fiery p of the east 375b
Portals its p are inhabited 366a
P are alternate Night and Day 153a
Portance in my travel's history 360a
Portcullis let the p fall 318b
Portents these are p 363b
Porter all p and skittles 127a
moon shines bright on Mrs P 144b
Porters poor mechanic p 381b
Portia is Brutus' harlot 338b
Portion he wales a p 59b
no p in us after 135a
p of a good man's life 472a
p of that around me 68b
p of the loveliness 392b
Portioned lands were fairly p 253a
Portions and parcels of the Past 433a
Portmanteau it's like a p 85a
Portrait p of a dog that I know 212a
P of the Artist as a Young Man 217a
Portrait-painting two styles of p 124b
Ports five p of knowledge 414a
p and happy havens 374b
p of slumber open 381a
Posies thousand fragrant p 259a
Position every p must be held 177b
Positive men most credulous 419a
Possess but for you, p the field 96b
never once p our soul 8b
p these shores with me 117a
p thy heart, my own 37b
things rank p it merely 330a
thou dost p the things I seek 398b
we may p man's strength 228a
Possessed regain love once p 278a
Possesses man p nothing certainly 75a
Possessing too dear for my p 388b
wealth or rank p 286b
yet p all things 515a
Possession a p for the bittern 502a
have p of them both 223a
lose p of that fair 387a
mad in pursuit, and in p so 389a
p of it is intolerable 447a
p of this heavenly sight! 364a
p without obligation 264b
virtue that p wd not show us 359a
Possessions for he had great p 507b
Possessor receive thy new p 271a
Possessors present p of power 56b
Possest cuts off what we p 139b
Possibilities to believe only p 41b
Possible Christ, that it were p 434a
make p things not held so 373a
O that 'twere p 414a
p you may be mistaken 115b
probable, p shadow of doubt 163a
with God all things are p 507b
Post against a p when he was drunk 382a
only at his p when under fire 179b
only one p a day 404b
p allotted by the Gods 433a
rode inland many a p 252a
Postboy never see a dead p 127a
Posteriors of this day 345a
Posterity doing something for P. 2b
I had not told p this 214b
look forward to p 57a
overheard the judgment of p 255b
pander of p 407b
P do something for us 2b
p is a pack-horse 128a
shd not stand in thy p. 348b
think of your p 1a
thy p shall sway 107b
trustees of P 130a
Post-chaise driving briskly in a p 209b
Post-haste and romage in the land 329b
Post-prandial cigar 53b
Posts of the door moved 501b
Postscript here is yet a p 371b
most material in the p 15b
pith is in the p 183a
Postures the same our p were 132b
Posy home with her maiden p. 433b
I made a p 187b
I pluck a p. 48b

Pot deep to boil like a p 497b
flinging a p of paint 313b
Joan doth keel the p 345b
kettle and the earthen p together? 520b
p with a cot in a park 242a
put on the p, says Greedy-gut 534b
strawberries mouth of their p 13b
there is death in the p 496b
the three-hooped p 384a
who the P ? 154a
Potage mess of p 523a
Potash birthrite for a mess of p ? 451a
Potations dull and deep p 161b
forswear thin p 380b
Potato bashful young p 165b
every Irishman p in his head 181a
Potatoes man is small p 237a
papa, p, poultry 123a
Potency books contain a p 279a
their changeful p 369a
Potent most p in potting 361a
p, grave, and reverend 359b
Pother o'er our heads 342b
Potion and his pill 101a
Potions what p have I drunk 389a
Potomac all quiet along the P 25a, 522a
Pots lien among the p 486a
p he made hot with thorns 485b
Potsherd joke, poor p, patch 197a
p to scrape himself 497a
Potter like a p 's vessel 481b
p and clay endure 51a
p power over the clay 513b
who is the P 154a
Pouch on side 326b
Pouches coin his p wad na bide 62a
Poultice silence, like a p 194a
Poultry papa, potatoes, p 123a
Pouncet-box he gave his nose 376b
Pound give thee a silver p 77a
I owe you a thousand p 381a
'tis for a thousand p 108b
Pounding hard p this, gentlemen 573a
Pounds about two hundred p a year 66a
draw for a thousand p 2b
for life, six hundred p a year 419b
give crowns and p 198b
handsome in three hundred p 356a
rich with forty p a year 168b
young Scotsman with £300 21b
Pour I will p out my spirit 504a
Poureth out of the same 487a
Poverty an age of p 355a
any crime so shameful as p 150a
destruction of the poor their p 498a
give me neither p nor riches 97a
in honoured p thy voice 399b
I pay thy p, and not thy will 366a
my p, but not my will, consents 366a
p and oysters go together 126a
p come as one that travelleth 498a
p his strange bedfellows 252a
p hunger, and dirt 196a
p is no disgrace 404b
p 's catching 25b
quiet mind is worse than p 445a
she scorns our p 384a
so much p and excess 295b
stooped me in p 362b
worst of crimes is p 390b
worth by p depressed 213b
Powder food for p 378b
keep yr p dry 570a
yr p 's runnin' low 287b
Powdered still to be p 215a
Power all p is a trust 130a
all things by immortal p 442b
almighty he proved Thy p 51b
another name for absolute p 470a
a p I cannot resist 223b
a p is passing from the earth 465a
balance of p 450a
bare, sheer, penetrating p 9b
beauty hath strange p 278a
between his p and thine 215b
breathless, p breathe forth 323a
call our p to account 350a
deep p of joy 472a
depositary of p is unpopular 129a
doth exercise a p 465a
drink the visionary p 469b
Power (*cont*)
drunk with sight of p 233b
earthly p show likest God's 354b
empire is p in trust 138a
endless wisdom, boundless p 149b
enduring p, not ourselves 10a
Eternal P, not ourselves 10b
force of temporal p 354b
gave to the man despotic p 278a
girded about with p 486a
greater p dangerous the abuse 56b
Horses and P and War 227a
I feel all the pride of p sink 55b
if some great P wd agree 202b
if there 's a p above us 1b
intoxicated with p 57b
in p unpleased 138a
kingdom, and the p, and the glory 505b
knowledge itself is p 17a
lead life to sovereign p 435b
literature seeks to communicate p 120a
love of p love of ourselves 183b
money has a p above the stars 66a
mortality o'ersways their p 388a
never lacks p to dismiss itself 338a
never willingly abandon p 57b
new nobility the act of p 15a
no hopes but from p 58a
notions about a superior p 417b
not *pleasure*, but *p* 120a
of p and of love 516b
once more the Heavenly P 426b
one's cruelty is one's p 105a
palter d with Eternal God for p 435a
period, p, and enterprize 403a
p belongeth unto God 485b
P girt round with weakness 392a
p of Armies is a visible thing 471b
p of beauty I remember yet 140a
p of saying things 293a
p of the crown, almost dead 56b
p shd always be distrusted 214a
p to cancel his captivity 338a
p to do me harm 363b
p to love or hate 250a
p wh erring men call Chance 267b
p wh stands on Privilege 26b
proud Edward's p 62b
second death hath no p 519b
seeds of godlike p 5a
seek p and to lose liberty 14b
shadow of some unseen P 394b
something from our hands have p 463b
some unknown P 's employ 7a
take, who have the p. 470b
the good want p 397a
the intellectual p thro' words 464a
the literature of p 120a
they that have p to hurt 388b
tho' of ample p to chasten 472a
tho' stripped of p 317b
Thy P brings all skill to naught 231b
'tis the supreme of p 220b
titles, p and pelf 317a
to defy P, wh seems omnipotent 397b
to every p a double p 345a
unlimited p is apt to corrupt 297a
upon the past has p 142b
visionary p attends the winds 469b
wad some P the giftie gie us 61b
Wordsworth's healing p 6b
Powers deem that there are p 464b
dreams and p 422a
fear of some divine p 64b
his active p are still 430b
lay waste our p 473a
p, that be are ordained of God 513b
p that will work for thee 472a
principalities, nor p 516a
rebel p that thee array 380b
soul subject unto the higher p 513b
strange p of speech 100a
tempt the frailty of our p 369a
whose p shed round him 465a
wise p deny us 323a
ye gloomy P 82a
Powerful the p goodness want 397a
Poyser Mrs P 'has her say' 144a
Practical politics 130a
Practice in p, tho' not in principle 11b
my p could get along 135b
Practice (*cont*)
my p is never very absorbing 135a
P drives me mad 533a
that in p sincere 306a
the p is quiet 135b
without having good p 212b
Practise go p if you please 51a
we p to deceive 318b
we shall p in heaven 49a
Practised what he preached 4b
Prado walked on the P 226b
Præmissi not anussi, but p 186a
Praetorian God's palc P 413b
P here, P there 319a
Prague beautiful city of P 306b
Prairies from the forests and the p 248b
Praise all song of p is due 401b
all things thou wdst p 119b
alms of thy superfluous p 137b
ambition and the thirst of p 111b
at the shout of p 20a
censure of self is oblique p. 210a
censure, scarce cd p 213b
chronicle as rich with p 381b
damn with faint p 303a
dispraised, is the most perfect p 214b
dispraised were no small p 277a
envy is a kind of p 160b
expressive silence, muse, His p 443a
foolish face of p 303a
for love—but P, P, P 458b
game of interchanging p 193b
garment of p for the spirit 503b
girded with p 172b
God hath no better p 36b
guests p it, not the cooks 181a
His p forth tell 224b
His p may thither fly 187a
however we do p ourselves 370b
I can stand a wast of p 416b
if there be any p 516a
in the depth be p 288b
I p my days for all they bring 35b
I will p any man will p me 323b
I will p Thee 188a
let us now p famous men 234b, 521a
little dust of p 430b
man, nor muse, can p too much 215b
men wd therefore p the Lord 488b
morning and evening to p thee 486a
named thee but to p 178a
not be dieted with p 219b
not unto us the p, or man 232a
of p a mere glutton 169b
once beat high for p 281a
only the Master shall p us 236b
p above heaven and earth 490b
p, and proof of manly might 408b
p, blame, love 470b
p enough to fill th' ambition 111b
p Father Son and Holy Ghost 224b
p for skill not spent amiss 35b
p God, from whom all blessings 224b
p Him above, ye heavenly host 224b
p Him, all creatures here below 224b
p Him, all ye stars and light 224a
p him, and magnify him 478a
p Him, Angels in the height 224a
p him in his Name JAH 486a
p him upon the loud cymbals 490b
p his humble pomp 407b
p in its own right belong 392b
p is satire in these sinful days 457a
p is the best diet 404b
p it, or blame it too much 169b
p of it endureth for ever 489a
p of wh I nothing know 463b
praises from whom all men p 107a
p the bridge that carried you 103b
p the Duke of Marlboro' won 406a
p the Lord by measure 231a
p the Lord, O my soul 488a
p the Lord upon earth 490b
p the Lord with harp 483b
P the Lord! ye heavens adore Him 224a
p they that will times past 190a
p to the Holiest in the height 288b
right p and true perfection 355b
sea of the world's p 467a
sickens at another's p 94b
solid pudding against empty p 298b

Praise (*cont*)
some p at morning 300*b*
song of p be sung 304*b*
song of thanks and p 466*b*
succeed their fathers' p 178*a*
surely added p to p 430*a*
swells the note of p 174*a*
that hath breath p the Lord 490*b*
there were none to p 470*b*
they turn from P 44*a*
this is a King's best p 313*b*
'tis some p in peers 72*a*
to bury Cæsar, not to p him 339*b*
to utter all thy P 2*a*
we p thee, O God 558*b*
who Paint em truest P 'em most 1*a*
wits to read, and p to give 215*b*
Wonder, Love and P 2*a*
world conspires to p her 209*b*
Praised everybody p the Duke 406*a*
I p the dead 499*a*
more in him to be p 214*b*
p him to his face 437*b*
p wept and honoured 299*b*
who ne'er said, 'God be p' 43*a*
Praises delight in thy p 73*b*
His p there may grow 187*a*
let the p of God be 490*b*
loud p sound at heaven's 36*b*
sing p lustily unto him 483*b*
sing p unto his Name 486*a*
sing ye p with understanding 485*a*
who p everybody p nobody 209*b*
Praising p all alike, is p none 160*a*
p what is lost 322*a*
too near the p of myself 354*b*
Prank daisies p the ground 37*b*
Pranks his p have been too broad 334*b*
let heaven see the p 361*b*
Prattle thinking his p tedious 376*a*
Pray all together p 100*a*
came to scoff, remain'd to p 168*b*
first taught Art to p 312*b*
I did not p him to lay bare 102*a*
I p for no man 368*a*
I p you, kind sir 531*b*
late and early p 473*b*
live more nearly as we p 224*a*
look you, I ll go p 331*b*
men ought always to p 510*a*
never p more 362*a*
no angels left now to p to 441*a*
nor p with you 153*a*
one to watch, and one to p 2*b*
O p for the peace of Jerusalem 489*b*
place where men can p 93*b*
p, and sing, and tell old tales 344*a*
p for my soul 429*a*
p for you at S Paul's 404*b*
p, Sweet, for me 191*a*
p with Kit Smart 207*a*
p without ceasing 516*b*
so give alms, p so 373*b*
this manner therefore p ye 505*a*
too much sense to p 302*a*
to whom the Dorians p 254*a*
two went to p ? 115*a*
wash yr hands and p 229*b*
watch and p ! 146*a*
when I wd p and think 351*b*
whene'er he went to p 169*a*
Prayed caught at God's skirts and p 47*b*
having p together, we will go 189*a*
p where he did sit 99*b*
Prayer biddeth me to p 100*a*
breathe our evening p 451*b*
call'd the folk to evening p 221*b*
called the house of p 507*b*
each Paynim voice to p 77*b*
four spend in p 97*b*
godly make his p unto thee 483*b*
hear our anxious p 411*a*
he made his p to a rag 236*a*
homes of silent p 430*a*
ill-tasted, home-brewed p 175*b*
in p the lips ne'er act 191*a*
more things are wrought by p 429*a*
offices of p and praise 464*a*
oh, let the p re-echo 245*b*
p for all who lie beneath 227*b*
p is the soul's sincere desire 280*a*
Prayer (*cont*)
rises from p a better man 264*b*
that same p doth teach 354*b*
the people's p 138*a*
this p I make 472*a*
thou that hearest the p 485*b*
'tis the hour of p 71*a*
when p is of no avail 465*a*
with storms of p 438*a*
Prayers are the p of the saints 518*b*
fall to thy p 381*a*
feed on p, wh are age his alms 295*b*
for a pretence make long p 508*b*
God answers sharp some p 43*a*
have the p of the church 418*b*
I know whose p 232*b*
knelt down with angry p 192*a*
long p' I said 'they say' 6*a*
mention of you always in my p 513*a*
not trust it without my p 42*a*
of yr p one sweet sacrifice 385*b*
p are a disease of the will 147*b*
p would move me 339*a*
profit by losing of our p 323*a*
short were the p we said 462*b*
their three-mile p 61*b*
where p cross 351*b*
wd not say his p 534*b*
Prayer-time His p 447*b*
Prayeth p best, who loveth best 100*a*
p well, who loveth well 100*a*
Praying insisted on people p with him 207*a*
no p, it spoils business 291*b*
now might I do it he is p 334*b*
Prays he p but faintly 376*a*
leave thy sister when she p 430*a*
to deny that faintly p 307*a*
wears a coronet, and p 113*a*
Preach could na p for thinkin' o't 62*a*
I p for ever 113*b*
p from ten till four 164*b*
p not because say something 456*a*
p the gospel to every creature 508*b*
shd I p a whole year 249*a*
sure to p again 22*a*
Preached flock I daily p 524*a*
he practised what he p 4*b*
I have p to others 514*a*
I p as never sure to preach 22*a*
p peace to you 515*b*
p to death by wild curates 404*b*
Preacher a caulder p 61*b*
he, too is no mean p 471*b*
judge not the p 187*a*
like the P found it not 399*a*
powerfulest p 173*a*
p every Sunday put God 457*a*
p's merit or demerit 46*a*
private advantage of the p 56*b*
vanity of vanities, saith the P 499*a*
Preachers company of the p 486*a*
p say, Do as I say 321*a*
Preaches wife who p 196*b*
Preaching a woman's p 207*b*
church better than any p 147*b*
God calleth p folly 187*a*
p down a daughter's heart 432*a*
the foolishness of p 514*a*
Preamble long p of a tale 89*b*
Precedence in the grave 225*a*
Precedency between a louse flea 211*a*
Precedent from p to p 439*b*
p embalm a principle 128*a*, 522*a*
recorded for a p 354*b*
Precedents create good p 14*b*
Precept ending with some p deep 305*a*
example more than p 213*b*
impossible p, 'know thyself' 81*b*
p must be upon p 502*a*
Precepts p for the teacher's sake 150*b*, 193*b*
these few p in thy memory 330*b*
Precincts of the cheerful day 174*b*
Precious deserve the p bane 272*a*
make vile things p 343*a*
p stone set in the silver sea 375*a*
so p as the Goods they sell 154*a*
so p as the stuff they sell 154*a*
that were most p to me 350*a*
'tis p of itself 369*a*
Precipice a castle p-encurled 46*a*
Precipices rang aloud 466*a*
Precise too p in every part 189*a*
Precisely thinking too p 335*b*
Precisian devil turned p 74*b*, 262*b*
Predecessors illustrious p 151*a*
Predestination in the stride 231*b*
Predestined Evil round enmesh 154*a*
Predicate as we all p 25*a*
Predominant member 572*b*
Pre-eminence Lord hath the p 489*a*
painful p ! 1*b*
Prefaces all the p of Dryden 419*b*
Preferment knocking at P 's door 8*a*
p goes by letter 359*b*
so I gain'd p 524*a*
Prefer reth all countries before his 291*b*
Preferring in honour p one another 513*b*
Pregnant a p bank 132*b*
Prejudice to everybody's p 166*b*
Prejudices bundle of p 238*b*
it p a man so 404*b*
uncorrupted with literary p 213*a*
Prelate a religion without a p 18*b*
Prelatical to be Presbyterial or P 279*a*
Premises from insufficient p 66*b*
Prentice her p han' she tried 60*b*
Preparation dreadful note of p 382*b*
p of the gospel of peace 516*a*
profession for wh no p 412*b*
Prepare I go to p a place 511*a*
my shroud O! p it 371*a*
p ye the way of the Lord 502*b*, 504*b*
to p the mind of the country 128*b*
Prepared to marry again 163*b*
Preposterousest ends 66*a*
Prerogative dead and rotten as P 56*b*
English subject's sole p 141*b*
the first is law, the last p 140*b*
Presage augurs mock their own p 388*b*
credit things that do p 311*a*
Presagers of my speaking breast 387*a*
Presbyter new P is but old Priest 278*b*
Presbyteral or Prelatical 279*a*
Presbyterian true blue 65*a*
Presbytery not a religion for gentlemen 87*b*
Prescription conservatism discards P 129*a*
have we a p to die 306*b*
Presence better by their p 144*b*
from whose unseen p the leaves 396*a*
His P shall my wants supply 2*a*
knowledge wh is the p of it 141
[Napoleon's] p on the field 455*a*
not thro his p 48*a*
p of mind in a railway accident? 535*a*
p that disturbs me 472*a*
p that thus rose so strangely 292*b*
scanter of yr maiden p 331*a*
thy p is the fulness of joy 482*b*
to paint Thy P 280*a*
to the p in the room 201*b*
whose p of mind was amazing 243*a*
Present act in the living P 248*a*
all p and correct 522*a*
an un-birthday p 85*a*
except the p company 290*b*
his p and yr pains 381*b*
his p is futurity 180*b*
if this p were the last night? 133*a*
importance only to be p at it 444*a*
no redress for the p 129*a*
nor powers, nor things p 513*b*
no time like the p 258*a*
predominate over the p 213*a*
p in spirit 514*a*
p joy are more to flesh 140*b*
take the p time 327*b*
the Bard who p sees 11*b*
things just in the p 13*a*
things p, worst 380*a*
Presents con-found all p wot eat! 417*a*
know all men by these p 574*a*
P endear Absents 238*b*
p the god unshorn 189*a*
Preservation, and all the blessings 479*a*
Preserve it as yr chiefest treasure 25*b*
Preserver destroyer and p, hear 306*a*
President as P I have no eyes 245*b*
P of the Immortals 181*a*

President (*cont*)
rather be right than be P 95*b*
Presider fancy Shakespeare thus P 222*a*
Press *dead-born from the p* 201*b*
god of our idolatry, the p 110*b*
I p toward the mark 516*a*
liberty of the p 217*a*
misused the king's p 378*b*
p it to thine own again 394*b*
put thy-self in p 89*b*
Pressed good measure, p down 509*a*
Presses them and learns them 365*a*
Pressing thou p me to thee 457*b*
Press-men, Slaves of the Lamp 5*a*
Presst yet, gently p 109*a*
Pressures all p past 331*b*
Presume do not p too much 340*b*
let none p to wear 353*b*
p not that I am the thing 381*a*
p to lay their hand upon the ark 111*b*
Presumed lady, it is to be p 215*a*
Presumption in human contrivances 55*b*
Pretence against the undivulged p 348*a*
faint meaning make p 140*b*
Pretences to break known rules 116*a*
Pretend they ne er so wise 277*b*
Pretender but who P is 67*b*
God bless the P 67*b*
Pretexts tyrants seldom want p 57*b*
Pretty all my p ones 350*a*
all the maidens p 103*b*
p I in umber to observe 303*a*
p t' the Mantuan! 75*b*
p witty Nell 296*a*
wh is p, but I don t know 163*a*
Prevail culture perfection p 9*b*
great is truth and shall p 40*a*
shd strive and shd p 289*a*
truth is great and shall p 294*a*
whether it p or not 293*a*
Prevaricate Ralpho, thou dost p 65*a*
Prevarication die in the last dyke of p 56*a*
Prevent p girls from being girls 197*a*
p us, O Lord 480*b*
so to p the time of life 341*a*
Preventing Thy special grace p us 479*b*
Prevention hide thee from p 338*b*
Prey expects his evening p 173*b*
fear the birds of p 351*a*
greater p upon the less 175*b*
have they not divided the p 495*a*
in England to take a p 530*b*
roaring after their p 488*b*
thou soon must be his p 395*b*
to dumb Forgetfulness a p 174*b*
to p at fortune 362*a*
with his foot on the p 435*b*
yet as p to all 301*a*
you who are the destined p 390*b*
Priam drew P's curtain 379*b*
proud as P 476*a*
Priapus Death and P 421*b*
Price abatement and low p 369*b*
all those men have their p 450*a*
it blood be the p of admiralty 234*b*
knows the p of everything 460*a*
[Nabobs] raised the p of everything 254*b*
pearl of great p 507*a*
raise the p of corn 67*b*
raise the volume's p, a shilling 419*b*
set her own p 293*a*
treasures still, of countless p 223*b*
What P Glory? 4*a*
without money and without p 503*a*
wot p Selvytion nah? 390*b*
Prick if you p us 354*a*
love is a p, it is a sting 295*b*
to p and sting her 311*b*
Pricking p of my thumbs 349*b*
p on the plain 408*b*
Prickly arms afar 114*a*
Pricks indexes p to volumes 368*b*
kick against the p 512*a*
Pride all their mournful p 475*b*
and spite of p 301*a*
blend our pleasure or our p 465*b*
burning p and high disdain 317*a*
considerate p waiting revenge 272*a*
Pride (*cont*)
flent a p na p had he 63*a*
four not exempt from p 241*b*
ha! ha! Family P. 164*b*
her p of place 348*b*
he that is low no p 54*b*
I feel all the p of power sink 55*b*
I know thy p 495*b*
maiden p, adieu! 385*b*
my high-blown p 386*a*
my p fell with my fortunes 325*b*
O by aspiring p and insolence 258*b*
our faith, our p 228*a*
passion, pain, or p 438*b*
perished in his p 470*a*
p goeth before destruction 498*a*
p, in reasoning p, our error lies 300*b*
p in their port 170*a*
p of the peacock 31*a*
p of the rich is all for sale 93*b*
p, pomp and circumstance 362*a*
p ruled my will 288*b*
p still is aiming at the bless'd 300*b*
p that apes humility 100*b*, 406*b*
p that licks the dust 303*a*
p that pulls the country down 361*a*
p that puts this country down 524*b*
relieve the wretched was his p 168*b*
ring out false p 431*a*
so sleeps the p of former days 281*a*
till they deceived thro' p 409*b*
'tis p, rank p, and haughtiness 1*b*
vain was the sage's p! 303*b*
victim of Parthenia's p! 160*a*
Pride a Day that hath no *p* 134*a*
Priest a fiddling p 110*b*
am I both p and clerk? 376*a*
answerest thou the high p so? 511*b*
churches built to please the p 61*a*
day, a deluded p 443*b*
delicate-handed p 433*b*
free me from this turbulent p 571*b*
guts of the last p 563*b*
hearing the holy p 408*b*
Hero can be P 80*b*
inspires the pale-eyed p 270*b*
I tell thee, churlish p 336*b*
I will be thy p 220*b*
loud prays the p 6*a*
no Italian p shall tithe 374*a*
old p Peter Gilligan 474*a*
old P writ large 278*b*
p all shaven and shorn 534*a*
p continues what nurse began 140*b*
p mere church furniture 113*a*
p slave, and the liberticide 391*b*
p who slew the slayer 253*b*
rather go with sir p 372*a*
revilest thou God's high p? 512*b*
still is Nature's p 466*b*
than he listened to the p 530*a*
the ghastly p doth reign 253*b*
thou art a p for ever 489*a*
the true God's p 70*a*
what green altar, O mysterious p 219*b*
Priestcraft ere p did begin 138*a*
Priesthood all his p moans 217*b*
a royal p 517*b*
Priestley's appointment 403*a*
Priest-like task of pure ablution 220*b*
Priests Bishops, P, and Deacons 478*b*
feet of thine high p 423*b*
of p we can offer a variety 173*a*
p are only men 51*a*
p bear rule by their means 503*b*
p bless her when she is riggish 323*b*
p by the imposition 254*b*
p in gold and black 243*a*
p, tapers, temples 299*b*
treen p and golden chalices 205*b*
war with women nor with p 406*b*
yr p, whate'er their shamming 282*b*
Prig Betsy P 124*a*
called the latter 'Little P.' 146*b*
p, for my life, p 373*a*
Primate served the Lord P 19*a*
Prime April of her p 387*a*
burned him before the p 529*b*
dragons of the p 430*b*
in the golden p of Alraschid 437*a*
laurel for the perfect p 311*a*
Prime (*cont*)
lost but once yr p 190*b*
love is crowned with the p. 327*b*
return the glory of yr p! 395*a*
splendour of its p 394*a*
while we are in our p 189*a*
Prime Minister grand old man the P 289*b*
Primeval this is the forest p 247*a*
Primrose like thy face, pale p 329*a*
p by a river's brim 468*b*
p firstborn child of Ver 23*b*
p path of dalliance 330*b*
p peeps beneath the thorn 169*a*
p way to the everlasting bonfire 348*a*
rathe p 270*a*
soft silken p fading 268*a*
yellow p was to him 468*b*
Primrose Hill and St John's Wood 30*b*
Primroses eggs like tufts of p 129*a*
pale p 373*b*
p make a capital salad 129*b*
their smiles, wan as p 217*b*
Prince ambition in a p, the virtue 262*b*
greatest p o' the world 324*b*
great P in prison lies 132*b*
Hamlet is a p, out of thy star 332*a*
Milton's the p of poets 71*a*
p can mak a belted knight 60*b*
p, he rises with the pearl? 49*b*
P of all the land led them on 76*b*
p of darkness is a gentleman 343*a*, 416*a*
P of the Latian name 253*a*
P, P.-Elective on the modern plan 91*b*
send the p a better companion! 379*b*
social system of P's rivals 122*a*
Spain, or any p of Europe 145*a*
the news and P of Peace 155*b*
The P of Peace 501*b*
thro' the p of the devils 506*a*
to have thy P's grace 409*a*
to my P faithfully 247*b*
who made thee a p 493*b*
Princedoms, Virtues, Powers 275*a*
Princes blaze forth the death of p 339*a*
counsels of p 483*b*
else to foreign p 385*b*
hangs on p' favours 386*a*
p and lords may flourish 168*a*
p but the breath of kings 59*b*
p have great playthings 112*b*
p have persecuted me 489*b*
p in all lands 484*b*
p in this case hate the traitor 116*b*
put not yr trust in p 490*b*
sweet aspect of p 386*a*
when p die with us! 379*a*
where the P ride at noon 119*a*
whose merchants are p 502*a*
Princess a p wrought it me 374*a*
fitting for a p 325*b*
in love with one p or another 411*a*
locks of six p 225*b*
Principalities against p, against powers 516*a*
nor angels, nor p 513*b*
Principle an *active* P 404*b*
Conservatism shrinks from P 129*a*
Englishman does everything on p 391*a*
first human p I wd teach 380*b*
I *don t* believe in p 250*a*
in practice tho' not in p 11*b*
killed hisself on p 127*a*
loved the p of beauty 223*b*
no greatest happiness p 80*b*
precedent embalms a p 128*a*, 522*a*
p of Natural Selection 117*b*
p of the English constitution 28*b*
protection is not a p 128*a*
subjects are rebels from p 57*a*
that's a p in life with me 391*b*
that sensibility of p 57*a*
this p is old, but true 118*b*
Principles damn yr p! stick to yr party 128*b*
fights you on patriotic p 391*a*
first, religious p 10*b*
he has good p 207*a*
it ain't by p nor men 250*a*

Principles (*cont*)
not wear out [p] in practice 22*b*
on the most scientific p 295*a*
p of a free constitution 162*a*
sincere in good p 212*b*
we might our p. swaller 250*a*
Print all the wickedness is p to him 124*a*
delight me for to p my book 191*a*
faith, he'll p it 62*a*
I love a ballad in p 373*b*
p it as it stands 204*b*
p of a man's naked foot 118*b*
p wd then surpass all 215*b*
's death I'll p it 303*a*
seeing our names in p 93*b*
see one's name in p 72*a*
so many Scarers in P 125*b*
'tis *devils* must p 281*a*
Printed what p thing soever 81*b*
wh the Saint had p 286*b*
Printers books by wh p have lost 158*a*
Printing caused p to be used 384*a*
Gunpowder, P Religion 80*a*
invented the art of p 81*b*
Prior once was Matthew P 305*b*
Priority observe degree, p 368*b*
Priscian *breaking P's head* 66*a*, 299*a*
P a little scratched 345*a*
Prism especially prunes and p 123*a*
Newton, with his p 469*b*
Prison a great Prince in p lies 132*b*
a pretty sort of p 25*a*
a p in a p 127*a*
came the hero from his p 12*b*
Chillon! thy p is a holy place 69*b*
chinks and breaches of our p 57*b*
home is the girl s p 391*a*
I was in p, and ye came unto me 508*a*
let's away to p 344*a*
opening of the p to them 503*a*
palace and a p on each hand 69*a*
p of afflicted breath 374*a*
stone walls do not a p make 249*b*
This Lime-tree Bower my P 101*b*
thus p where I live 376*a*
wear out, in a walled p 344*a*
what is a ship but a p ? 64*a*
Prisoner a p of Jesus Christ 516*b*
passing on the p 's life 351*a*
p comes to meet his doom 167*a*
p in his twisted gyves 365*b*
p is happy, why lock him in? 391*a*
Prisoners all p and captives 479*a*
bringeth the p out 486*a*
keeping them p underneath 383*b*
p left free to choose 391*a*
set my p free 45*b*
wh p call the sky 459*b*
ye p of hope 504*b*
Prison-house did grind in the p 495*a*
secrets of my p 331*a*
shades of the p begin to close 466*a*
Prisons improving his p in Hell 100*b*
improving the p of Hell 406*b*
p are built with stones of Law 31*a*
to Mahomet were p of flesh 133*b*
Prithee, pretty maiden 165*b*
Privacy, an obscure nook for me 49*b*
Private consult our p ends 419*a*
dog, to gain some p ends 169*a*
greatness, with p men a blessing 262*b*
heart's ease p men enjoy! 382*b*
post of honour is a p station 1*b*
public good p respects yield 277*b*
public trusts to very p uses 250*a*
religion sphere of p life 263*a*
secure of p right 138*b*
served no p end 302*b*
to serve our p ends 94*b*
Privates her p we 332*a*
kings that p have not too 382*b*
Privilege all the p I claim 11*b*
but the p and pleasure 163*b*
death is the p 313*b*
Englishman's heaven-born p. 9*b*
power wh stands on P. 26*b*
p o' sitting down 144*b*
Privileged and the People 130*a*
Prize all is a p 198*a*
fraught with a later p 394*a*
Prize (*cont*)
love the game beyond the p 287*b*
many people p it 165*b*
never will the p be my award! 217*b*
not all that tempts is lawful p 173*b*
one receiveth the p 514*a*
p of all too precious you 388*a*
p the thing unganed 368*b*
p we sought is won 457*b*
shall win you such a p 287*a*
the p, the p secure! 287*a*
'Timotheus yield the p 139*a*
we do not run for p 406*a*
what we have we p not 359*a*
Prizer precious as in the p 369*a*
Prizes other won several p 527*a*
p not quantity of dirty lands 371*a*
to offer glittering p 28*b*
wh in herself she p 104*a*
Prizest things that are curious 189*b*
Probable, possible shadow of doubt 163*a*
Probably Arboreal 412*b*
Probationer of heaven 140*b*
Problem a three-pipe p 135*a*
p must puzzle the devil 62*b*
solves the p of the age 147*b*
Proboscis wreathed his lithe p 274*a*
Proceed *ad infinitum* 419*b*
Proceeding I am charged withal 360*a*
Proceedings interested him no more 182*b*
Process such was the p 360*a*
Procession torchlight p down yr throat 291*a*
years in long p 138*b*
Proconsul the great P 254*b*
Procrastination is the thief of time 477*a*
Procreation for the p of children 481*b*
Proctors prudes for p 435*b*
Procuress to the Lords of Hell 430*a*
Prodigal a P 's favourite 463*b*
Heav'n once was p before 140*a*
yet p of ease 138*a*
Prodigality corrupt influence p 50*a*
p of Nature 384*b*
Prodigies Africa, and her p 41*b*
'Prodigious!' exclaimed Domine 319*b*
Produce p it in God's name 81*b*
p of the common day 464*a*
P ! P ! 81*b*
Product fraction of a p 81*b*
Production Tragedy is the noblest P 2*a*
Profanation in the less foul p 351*b*
sin, nay, p to keep in 189*a*
'twere p of our joys 134*a*
Profane coldly p 113*b*
for me to p it 399*b*
hence, ye p, I hate ye 107*a*
p, erroneous and vain 65*b*
so surpassingly p never before 75*a*
to Banbury came I, O p one! 35*a*
we shd p the service of the dead 338*b*
Profaned one word is too often p 399*b*
p the God-given strength 318*a*
Profess and call themselves Christians 479*a*
Profession an ornament to her p 54*b*
charmed me from my p 368*a*
contrary to their p 479*b*
debtor to his p 14*a*
most ancient p in the world 237*b*
only p for wh no preparation 412*b*
panted for a liberal p 103*b*
Professionally he declines and falls 125*b*
Professions wh are full 444*a*
Professors of the Dismal Science 81*a*
Profit in all labour there is p 498*a*
it surely was my p 428*a*
mingled p with pleasure 542*b*
no p but the name 335*b*
no p grows where is no pleasure 366*b*
p by losing of our prayers 323*a*
taught me language, and my p 367*a*
to whose p 540*b*
what p hath a man 499*a*
what p is there in my blood 483*b*
what shall it p a man 508*b*
Profited what is a man p 507*a*
Profitless deem not p 469*b*
Profits little p that an idle king 438*b*
oft-times nothing p more 276*a*
Profligate, and thin 477*b*
Profound thro' the turbulent p 403*a*
Prognostics do not always prove 449*b*
Programme for a British Ministry 128*b*
Progress all p is based 66*a*
a party of p or reform 266*b*
Conservatism disavows P 129*a*
history of England p 254*a*
our p thro' the world 249*a*
p depends on the unreasonable 391*a*
p is a necessity 408*a*
p is not real 161*b*
p is part of nature 408*a*
p is the law of life 49*b*
p, man's distinctive mark 46*a*
p of a deathless soul 133*b*
p of wages to work 81*a*
rake's p 440*a*
spoke of p spiring round 91*b*
Progression nothing in p can rest 58*a*
Project gather to a head 367*b*
Projectile Army shd be a p 177*a*
Projects fitter for new p 16*a*
Proletarians of the world, unite! 528*b*
Prologue make a long p 521*b*
what 's past is p 367*b*
witty p to a very dull Play 105*a*
Prologues p precede the piece p to the swelling act 158*b*
Promethean the right P fire 346*a*
where is that P heat 345*a*
Promise boldness ill keeper of p 363*b*
cat the air p -crammed 14*b*
first commandment with p 334*a*
how truly the P runs 515*b*
knowing yr p to me 234*b*
p of strength and manhood 434*a*
p soul of an advertisement 37*a*
p such a beauteous day 213*a*
we have Christ's own p 387*b*
who broke no p 20*a*
word of p to our ear 302*b*
you p heavens free from strife 351*a*
Promised I was p on a time 166*b*
p to Harry and his followers 409*b*
shalt be what thou art p 381*b*
Promised Land marching to the P 346*b*
Promises all God's p cd do 204*b*
his p were, as he then was 386*a*
p and piecrust 418*a*
p as sweet 470*b*
Promontory a sterile p 312*b*
blue p with trees 324*a*
I sat upon a p 356*b*
stretched like a p 275*b*
Promoted everybody 163*b*
Promotion none sweat but for p 326*a*
p cometh neither from the east 487*a*
Prompt the foot less p 9*a*
Promptings waited for the heart's p 144*a*
Pronounce p it faithfully 365*a*
spell better than they p 446*b*
Pronounces lastly on each deed 269*b*
Proof assume wh is incapable of p 245*a*
give me the ocular p 362*a*
lapp'd in p 346*a*
no sadder p of his own littleness 80*b*
sapping the p from miracles 10*a*
'tis a common p 338*a*
Proofs not by p but signs 293*b*
p of holy writ 362*a*
Prop my very p 353*b*
p to our infirmity 469*b*
you do take the p 355*a*
Propagate learn and p the best 9*a*
Propagation was all our p 132*b*
Propensities excite my amorous p 266*b*
ruined their natural p 58*a*
Propensity usual p of mankind 201*b*
Property get hold of portable p 123*b*
I'm a man of p 165*b*
little snug p 143*b*
love, I see, changing his p 375*a*
no right to the p of the poor 315*a*
p has its duties 137*b*
p is theft 565*a*
p, p, p 434*b*
Prophecies prognostics not always p 449*b*
p, they shall fail 514*b*
Prophecy all p, all medicine 392*b*
the trumpet of a p ! 366*b*
the wh observed, a man may p 380*b*

Prophecy (*cont*)
urn of bitter p 394*a*
Prophesy eat exceedingly, and p 214*b*
we p in part 514*b*
Prophesyings with accents terrible 348*a*
Prophet confound the p with the whale 124*a*
Hero can be P 80*b*
I am a p new inspired 374*b*
I love a p of the soul 147*a*
in the name of the P —figs! 404*a*
Juxtaposition his p 96*a*
man put off the p 49*a*
pale-mouth'd p 220*a*
p ? and more than a p 506*b*
p is not without honour 507*a*
P of the Utterly Absurd 234*a*
'P !' said I, 'thing of evil' 298*b*
there is a p in Israel 496*b*
What-you-may-call-it is his p ! 123*a*
wonderful good for the P ! 230*a*
Prophetess? pretty young woman 144*a*
Prophetic O my p soul! 331*b*
something like p strain 268*b*
Prophets beware of false p 505*b*
is Saul also among the p ? 495*a*
Lord's people were p 494*a*
perverts the P 72*a*
p and kings have desired to see 509*a*
p of Nature 470*a*
p prophesy falsely 503*b*
the p, do they live for ever? 504*b*
this is the law and the p 505*b*
thou that killest the p 507*b*
who spake by the P 480*a*
wisest p make sure first 449*b*
Propinquity does it 451*b*
Propontic and the Hellespont 362*b*
Proportis with spray 420*b*
Proportion no p kept! 376*a*
some strangeness in the p 16*a*
Proportions p we just beauties see 216*b*
state by p true 260*b*
Propose if he do not p true end of love 132*b*
in passion we p 334*a*
why don't the men p ? 22*b*
Proposed he p seven times 123*a*
Propositions of a lover 327*a*
Propriety a dozen features of p 222*a*
does not always evince its p 11*b*
frights the isle from her p 361*a*
inseparable p of time 13*b*
sole p in Paradise 274*b*
study first p 75*b*
Prose all that is not p is verse 504*a*
I have been speaking p 564*a*
I love thee in p 305*b*
makes many more in p 300*a*
medium for writing p 460*a*
moderate weight of p 241*b*
never put up my hair with p 105*a*
not verse now, only p 45*a*
poets best writers next to p 13*b*
p bear a great deal of poetry 241*b*
P can never be too truthful 451*a*
p can paint evening 264*b*
p run mad 303*a*
p, words in their best order 102*b*
shows that p is verse 72*a*
the other harmony of p 142*a*
whale's back in the sea of p 222*a*
Proselytes new French p 140*b*
of Rome, Jews and p 512*a*
p of one another's trade 66*a*
Proserpin gathering flowers 274*a*
Proserpina P bids you awake 78*b*
P for the flowers now 373*a*
Prospect dull p of a distant good 140*b*
every p pleases 184*a*
noblest p wh a Scotchman sees 207*a*
so full of goodly p 279*b*
T C in a P of Flowers 261*a*
what a p this opens 125*b*
within the p of belief 346*a*
Prospects all his p brightening 168*a*
my p all look blue 163*a*
Norway, too, has noble wild p 207*a*
shining p rise 1*b*
Prosper p thou our handy-work 487*b*
p thou the work of our hands 487*b*
Prosper (*cont*)
they shall p that love thee 489*b*
Treason doth never p 181*b*
Prospering we shall march p 48*a*
Prosperity day of p be joyful 499*b*
I will wish thee p 489*b*
jest's p lies in the ear 345*b*
man to have been in p 90*a*
man who can stand p 81*a*
p doth best discover vice 14*b*
p doth bewitch men 454*b*
p is not without many fears 14*b*
p is the blessing of the O T 14*a*
p 's the very bond of love 373*b*
things wh belong to p 14*a*
Prosperous 'tis p to be just 251*a*
untoward lot, p or adverse 465*b*
Prospers turns Ashes—or it p 152*b*
Prostitute I puff the p away 142*b*
Protect I'll p it now 284*a*
Protection p is not a principle 128*a*
P is not only dead 570*b*
Protective of his young 443*b*
Protest lady doth p too much 334*a*
Protestant a P Flail 193*a*
Printing and P Religion 80*a*
protestantism of the P religion 55*b*
P only go to his solicitor 129*b*
thy P to be 190*a*
Protestantism is a sort of dissent 55*b*
Protestants Bible religion of P 94*a*
Protestation absence, hear thou my p 198*a*
Proteus rising from the sea 473*a*
Protracted I have p my work 207*a*
life p is p woe 214*a*
Proud all the p and mighty have 143*a*
all the p shall be 290*b*
be not p of those two eyes 190*a*
Celia, since thou art so p 79*a*
death be not p 133*a*
ever fair and never p 360*b*
he hath scattered the p 508*b*
he was very stiff and p 85*a*
how apt the poor are to be p 371*b*
how little are the p 175*b*
if she be p, is she not sweet? 315*a*
I might grow p the while 190*a*
I shall be very p and great 414*a*
knowledge is p 112*b*
know not whether I am p 241*b*
mighty p to have a spare bed 296*b*
of wh I'm suffishuntly p 451*a*
p as peacocks 321*b*
p as Priam 476*a*
p in heart and mind 343*a*
P Maisie is in the wood 319*b*
p me no prouds 366*a*
p, revengeful, ambitious 333*b*
p word you never spoke 241*b*
ridiculous than a p clergyman 151*a*
save a p rider on so p a back 386*b*
so p, so witty, and so wise 309*b*
Sorrow p to be exalted so 524*a*
the selfish and the p 113*b*
too p to fight 462*a*
too p to importune 175*b*
to war down the p 550*a*
we ain't p ma says it's sinful 124*b*
why were they p ? 218*b*
yes, I am p 303*b*
you've done yourselves p 446*b*
Prouder never, I ween, was p seen 19*a*
Proudie 'sir!' said Mrs P 445*b*
Proud-pied April 388*b*
Prove believing where we cannot p 429*b*
Celia, let us p 218*a*
examine me, O Lord, and p me 483*b*
if thou wouldst p me 105*b*
p all things 516*b*
p anything by figures 80*b*
Proved error, and upon me p 389*a*
I p thee also 487*a*
son who p they weren't 230*a*
thou, O God, hast p us 486*a*
'tis too much p 333*a*
to have p most royally 337*a*
wh was to be p 541*a*
Proven worthy proving can be p. 425*b*
Provence home, P and La Palie 96*a*
in P called, 'La belle dame' 221*b*
Provender appoint him store of p. 340*b*
Provender (*cont*)
for nought but p 359*b*
Proverb even a p is no p 223*a*
p and a by-word 496*a*
p is much matter decocted 157*b*
p is something musty 334*b*
thus p flashes thro' his head 426*b*
Proverbed with a grandsire phrase 364*b*
Proverbs patch grief with p 389*a*
Solomon wrote the P 286*a*
Proves by thumps upon yr back 108*a*
Provided expression 'P for' 122*b*
Providence assert eternal P 270*b*
behind a frowning p 110*a*
even God's p seeming estranged 196*a*
experience to mortals is a p 175*b*
fear not, but trust in P 22*a*
happy P kept it 180*b*
leave the future to P 13*a*
P fashioned us holler 250*a*
p, foreknowledge, will 272*b*
'P in it all,' said Sam 127*a*
p in the fall of a sparrow 337*a*
P sits up aloft 120*b*
P their guide 277*a*
Province all knowledge to be my p 16*b*
Provinces kissed away kingdoms and p 323*b*
obedience of distant p 254*a*
Provincial he was worse than p 204*a*
Proving nothing worthy p can be proven 425*b*
Provision make not p for the flesh 514*a*
one p was conspicuous 315*a*
Provisos O horrid p ! 105*b*
Provocation what p I have had? 303*b*
Provoke do they p me to anger? 503*b*
do they not p themselves 503*b*
p the years to bring the yoke 466*b*
Provoked charity is not easily p 514*b*
God is p every day 482*a*
Provoking it's very p 84*b*
Prow an emerging p 8*a*
gain the cove with pushing p 48*b*
their head the p 139*b*
Prowl and prowl around 286*a*
Prudence is a rich, ugly, old maid 31*a*
Prudent every p part 302*a*
Prudes p for proctors 435*b*
strictest p shd know it 305*b*
Prune thou thy words 288*b*
Prunella leather or p 301*b*
Prunes especially p and prism 123*a*
Pruning-hooks spears into p 501*a*
Prussia military domination of P 10*b*
war national industry of P 562*b*
when P hurried to the field 318*a*
Prussian French, or Turk, or P 166*a*
Prussians others may be P 124*a*
Prussic acid without any water 19*b*
Pry apple reddens, never p 52*b*
Psalm at my door the Hundredth P 75*b*
like a p of green days 307*b*
practising the hundredth p 74*b*
Psalmanazar George P 211*a*
Psalmist along the P's music deep 44*a*
death, as the P saith, is certain 380*b*
sweet p of Israel 496*a*
Psalms David wrote the P. 286*a*
glad in him with p 487*b*
p and hymns and spiritual songs 515*b*
purloins the P 72*a*
sonnets turned to holy p 295*b*
Psaltery, dulcimer 504*a*
Psyche be yr mournful P 219*b*
Ptarmigan that whitens 428*b*
Pub some one take me to a p 91*b*
Public British p in one of its fits 255*a*
British P, you who like me not 51*a*
consider himself as p property 205*a*
convartin' p trusts 250*a*
echoes back the p voice 213*b*
injustice of service to the p 217*a*
loudest complainers for the p 56*b*
man assumes a p trust 205*a*
noblest motive is the p good 410*a*
pot of paint in the p's face 313*b*
p be damned 447*b*
p schools 'tis p folly breeds 113*a*
p will always clamour for 196*b*
speak in p on the stage 149*b*

Public (*cont*)
the p business is undone 66*a*
the p buys its opinions 67*a*
things on wh the p thinks long 213*a*
to the p good private respects 277*b*
vexes p men 439*b*
Publican a fawning p 353*a*
Publicans do not the p the same? 505*a*
eateth with p and sinners? 506*a*
Publish I'll p, right or wrong 72*a*
p and be damned 455*a*
p it not in Askelon 495*b*
p it to all the nation 305*b*
Puck just a streak of P 185*b*
Pudding chieftain o' the p-race 60*b*
in p time came o'er 524*a*
make a p as translate Epictetus 206*a*
Polly, p and pie 534*a*
p in his belly 377*b*
solid p against empty praise 298*b*
Puddings eats the pies and p up 192*b*
Puff I p the prostitute away 142*b*
solemn interposing p 108*a*
then pause, and p 108*a*
the p direct 400*a*
Puffing is of various sorts 400*a*
Puffs with the sliding p 227*a*
Pug O most charming p 155*a*
placid p that paces in the Park 134*b*
Pugging tooth on edge 373*a*
Pugilist put in the p 17*a*
Puking infant, mewling and p 326*b*
Pull p for the shore, sailor 315*b*
p out on the trail again! 231*b*
rather a sudden p up 126*b*
willing to p his weight 310*a*
Pulling here p down 260*b*
Pulls who p me down? 258*b*
Pulp p so bitter 442*a*
savoury p they chew 274*a*
Pulpit politics and the p 56*b*
p, drum ecclesiastic 64*b*
Pulpits Babylonian p 57*a*
p and Sundays 187*a*
Pulse a p in the eternal mind 40*a*
a p like a cannon 147*b*
beating p a pathway spy 263*b*
feeling a woman's p 411*a*
feel that p no more 281*a*
his p failing, Passion 137*b*
my p like a soft drum 225*b*
very p of the machine 470*b*
when the p begins to throb 39*a*
Pulses proved upon our p 222*b*
Pumice isle in Baiae's bay 396*b*
Pumps yr p are strange 236*a*
Pun cd make so vile a p 120*a*
exhale it in a p 239*b*
Punch p brothers! p with care! 38*b*
p in the presence of the passenjare 38*b*
Punctilio dam p 264*b*
Pundit or Papist 305*a*
Punished in the sight of men 520*a*
Punishment all p in itself is evil 27*b*
all p is mischief 27*b*
my p is greater than I can bear 492*b*
p is to silence, not to confute 213*b*
the object of p is prevention 258*a*
the p fit the crime 164*b*
thy mind perplexed? Oh p 118*b*
Puns slipped from politics to p 305*a*
Punt as the slow p swings round 8*a*
Pupil to be a p now 374*b*
Puppets God, whose p are we 50*a*
shut up the box and the p 440*a*
Puppy drink, p, drink 459*a*
Puppy-dogs snails and p tails 534*b*
Purblind race of miserable men 427*b*
Purchase it is all a p 198*a*
strong faith shall p me 79*b*
Pure as p as snow 333*b*
because my heart is p 438*a*
be warm, but p 72*a*
blessed are the p in heart 505*a*
blest are the p in heart 224*a*
chooseth the p in heart 224*a*
down so warm, will pass for p? 115*a*
impure what God declares p 274*b*
more p, as tempted more 465*a*
not quite—so p as you 67*a*
particularly p young man 165*b*
Pure (*cont*)
p as the naked heavens 467*b*
p mind refuses apple dumplings 238*b*
P, Ornate, and Grotesque Art 17*b*
the real Simon P 86*b*
to the p all things are p 239*b*
unto the p all things are p 516*b*
whatsoever things are p 516*a*
world where all are p 428*a*
Purely I love thee p 44*a*
Purer live the p with the other half 335*a*
so p than the purest 45*a*
Purest p of human pleasures 16*a*
p soul that ere was sent 79*a*
Purgation of such emotions 559*a*
Purgatory in a sort of P blind 217*b*
no other p but a woman 23*a*
to P fire thou com st 529*a*
Purge I'll p, and leave sack 379*a*
p me with hyssop 485*a*
Purified every creature shall be p 258*b*
Puritan grand old P anthem 246*b*
he is a kind of p 370*b*
P hated bear-baiting 255*b*
when I saw a P-one 35*a*
Purity all p, all trial 327*b*
amazing brightness, p 291*b*
and awful p 149*b*
nought of p display 169*a*
p and place and innocence 274*b*
p is the feminine of Honour 181*a*
'twixt air and Angels p 132*a*
Purlieus of the Law 149*a*, 430*b*
Purple a Man of p cheer? 468*b*
a p patch or two 541*b*
I never saw a P Cow 54*b*
in p nor in pall 522*a*
Lydia, a seller of p 512*b*
p all the ground 270*a*
p, prankt, with white 398*a*
p with love's wound 356*b*
Purples bursting into glossy p 435*a*
daisies, and long p 336*a*
Purpose a p in liquidity 39*a*
a time to every p 499*a*
better shall my p work on him 360*b*
carry p up 36*a*
change to p strong 288*b*
embrace the p of God 434*b*
flighty p never is o ertook 350*a*
for my p holds to sail 439*a*
God is working His p out 2*b*
infirm of p! give me the daggers 348*a*
my p is, indeed, a horse 370*b*
one increasing p 432*b*
passion ending, doth the p lose 334*a*
p of the things themselves 338*a*
pushes his prudent p 477*a*
shake my fell p 346*b*
supplies us with its own p. 390*b*
to what p is this waste? 508*a*
unconquerable p shall be realized 239*b*
with p of its own 469*a*
Purposed end is p by the gods 339*a*
sworn, and am stedfastly p 489*b*
Purposes aery p 271*b*
p mistook fall'n on the inventors 337*a*
Purse consumption of the p 380*a*
law can take a p in open court 66*b*
make my fool my p 360*b*
my p, my person, my means 352*b*
put money in thy p 360*b*
silken or in leathern p 296*b*
want of friends, and empty p 35*a*
who steals my p steals trash 361*b*
Purses light gains make heavy p 16*a*
Pursue bold only to p 392*a*
foes p him still 386*b*
my desires e er since p me 369*b*
or knowing it, p 142*b*
provokes me always to p 293*b*
p Culture in bands 456*a*
p with eagerness hope 213*b*
seem to fly it, it will p 216*a*
Pursued habits, well p betimes 283*a*
it is you who are the p 390*b*
p conclusions infinite 325*b*
p with yell and blow 98*a*
Pursuers fliers and p 254*a*
Pursueth flee when no man p 498*b*
Pursuing faint, yet p 495*a*
Pursuing (*cont*)
still achieving, still p 248*a*
talking, or he is p 496*a*
Pursuit mad in p 389*a*
mental p for the Building up 30*b*
now of that long p 442*a*
p of perfection 9*b*
what mad p? 279*b*
Pursy fitness of these p times 335*a*
Push p beyond her mark 430*a*
p off, and sitting well in order 439*a*
p us from our stools 349*a*
tarry till they p us 341*b*
this p will cheer me 350*b*
Pusillanimity badge of p 380*b*
Puss-gentleman a fine p 108*a*
Pussy Owl and the P-cat 243*b*
p cat, where have you been? 534*a*
p's in the well 534*a*
Put p himself good behaviour 71*a*
p on Christ 481*a*
that thou here seest p 215*b*
Putrefaction preserve it from p 211*b*
Putrefied garbage, till it p 202*b*
Putteth as he that p it off 496*a*
Putty, brass, an' paint 233*b*
Pu-we jug-jug, p 286*a*
Puzzle let schoolmasters p. 169*b*
woman is a p to me 439*b*
Pye than shine with P 72*a*
when the P was opened 410*b*
Pyramid build me a P 236*a*
chief of the P and Crocodile! 221*a*
star-y-pointing p 278*a*
Pyramids summit of these p 564*b*
the sounding coast its p 415*a*
Pyramus death of P and Thisby 356*a*
Pyrenees have ceased to exist 563*b*
Pyrrhic where is the P phalanx gone? 71*a*
you have the P dance as yet 71*a*
Pyrrhus P another such victory 13*b*
the rugged P 332*b*
Pythagoras ah P metempsychosis 258*b*
way of P. 41*b*
what is the opinion of P 372*a*

Q

Quack, long versed in human ills 114*a*
Quacks in the cure of souls 195*b*
Quad always about in the Q 522*b*
no one about in the q 527*b*
Quadrangular with spots q 117*b*
Quagmire lost in the q 428*a*
Quails we long for q 141*a*
Quake aspes leef she gan to q 90*a*
Quaker knaw'd a Q feller 434*b*
we turned out the Q 17*a*
Qualifications what are his q?—ONE 40*b*
Qualities I am endued with such q 145*a*
only two q in the world 390*b*
Quality ambition of so airy a q 332*b*
composition and fierce q 341*b*
draw the inward q after them 324*a*
give us a taste of yr q 332*b*
of q and fabric more divine 470*a*
q of mercy is not strain'd 354*b*
royal banner, and all q 362*a*
the very q of my lord 360*b*
true-fix'd and resting q 339*a*
unbecoming q than to laugh 104*a*
Qualms with many, many q 286*a*
Quantities such q of sand 84*a*
who, for false q, was whipt 142*b*
Quantity all in q, careful 427*a*
Quantum o' the sin 60*a*
Quarelets of pearl 190*a*
Quarles is sav d by beauties 298*b*
Quarrel beware of entrance to a q 330*b*
find q in a straw 335*b*
have therefore a perpetual q 55*b*
in a false q no true valour 359*a*
our q with the foe 256*a*
q with my bread and butter 418*b*
q with the noblest grace 367*b*
quite forgot their q 84*a*
sudden and quick in q 326*b*
that hath his q just 384*a*

Quarrel (*cont*)
the justice of my q 259*b*
Quarries rough q, rocks and hills 360*a*
Quarrelled I have q with my wife 295*a*
Quarrelling sci them a q 201*b*
Quarrels head is as full of q 365*b*
no q, murmurs, no delay 115*a*
who in q interpose 160*b*
Quarry yr face my q was 33*b*
Quarry-slave at night 53*a*
Quarter for q as 'e ran 235*a*
Quartered safe out 'ere 229*b*
Quarterly 'I,' says the Q 73*a*
nor foul like the *Q* 183*b*
Quartos, their well-order'd ranks 113*b*
Queen flaunting, extravagant q 400*b*
Queen a heart the Q leant on 48*b*
apparent q unveil'd 274*a*
a q, long dead, was young 49*b*
a q, with swarthy cheeks 426*b*
beggar maid shall be my q 425*b*
British warrior q 107*b*
cold q of England 92*b*
dropped a tear into the Q's ear 29*a*
every lady wd be q 302*a*
every lass a q 226*a*
Gawd save the Q 234*a*
grace a summer q 319*a*
he was the Q's luve 530*b*
home life of our own dear Q 573*b*
I am England's q 231*a*
I am yr anointed Q 145*a*
I come, my q 324*b*
I'll q it no inch further 373*b*
I saw the Q of France 57*a*
I wd not be a q 385*b*
jealous q of heaven 328*b*
laughing q that caught the world's 202*a*
like the Idalian Q 138*a*
most Gracious Q, we thee implore 525*a*
Mother, Wife and Q 437*a*
ocean's child, and then his q 395*b*
old soldier of the Q's 522*a*
pass on my Q, forgiven 428*b*
Q and huntress, chaste and fair 214*b*
Q asked the Dairymaid 266*b*
q in a summer's bower 378*a*
q of curds and cream 373*b*
Q of Hearts, she made some tarts 83*b*, 532*b*
Q of land and sea! 131*b*
Q o' the May, Mother 434*b*
Q of the Sovereign South 237*a*
Q rose of the rosebud garden 434*a*
Q was in a furious passion 83*a*
Q was in her chamber 231*b*
q was in the parlour 533*b*
regular Royal Q 163*b*
remembrance of a weeping q 375*b*
royal makings of a q 386*a*
sometime sister, now our q 329*b*
the mobled q 332*b*
the Q had four Maries 530*a*
the q in a vesture of gold 484*b*
the q, my lord, is dead 350*b*
the q of Sheba 496*a*
to London to look at the q 534*a*
you were q of pleasure 423*a*
Queen Anne Q's dead 103*b*
Q smallest in a great place 17*b*
Queen Eleanor in the ballad 449*b*
Queen Elizabeth no scandal about Q 400*a*
Q of most happy memory 492*a*
Q's dead 418*b*
Queen Mab hath been with you 304*b*
Queens all yr acts are q 373*b*
no more housewives, but q 314*a*
q have died young and fair 285*b*
Q hereafter shall be glad 117*b*
q of higher mystery to the world 314*a*
q you must always be 314*a*
too often idle and careless q 314*a*
Queensberry between me and Q 449*a*
Queer ill-tempered and q 243*b*
Queer Street is full of lodgers 125*b*
Quench cascade q my great love 164*a*
I q thee, thou flaming minister 363*b*
q all the fiery darts 516*a*
Quenched them hath given me fire 347*b*
Quest fair rover what thy q? 37*a*
q of the Golden Girl 244*a*
Questing the q beast 257*a*
Question a q not to be asked 377*b*
harm nor q much 132*b*
hurried q of Despair 68*a*
interrupt with such a silly q 411*a*
nor dare I q with 388*a*
others abide our q 7*b*
q not, but live and labour 171*b*
smiling, put the q by 426*b*
that is the q 313*a*
that q 's out of my part 370*a*
the q is, had he not been 166*a*
'the q is,' said Humpty Dumpty 85*a*
the q [with Mr Podsnap] was 125*b*
the right q to ask 314*b*
thrilling view of the surplice-q 45*b*
Turk struck out of the q 81*a*
Questioning q is not the mode 209*a*
sweetly q 188*b*
Questionings obstinate q 466*b*
Questions all q in the earth 46*a*
ask me no q 171*a*
great and 'burning' q 128*b*
I have answered three q 82*b*
q but the price of votes 213*b*
them that asks no q 234*a*
Quibbles, angel and archangel join 303*b*
Quick every maze of q 431*a*
for some cry 'Q' 435*b*
less q to spring again 9*a*
q and fresh art thou 360*b*
q, tender, virginal 294*b*
q a growth to meet decay 189*a*
Quicken thou me in thy law 489*a*
Quickened no man hath q his own soul 483*a*
q now with fire 176*b*
you hath he q 515*b*
Quickly behold, I come q 520*b*
thit thou doest, do q 511*a*
'twere well it were done q 347*a*
Quickness too much q to be taught 302*a*
Quicksands soundings q and the rocks 222*b*
Quiddities quips and thy q 376*b*
Quiescence he boasts his q 48*a*
Quiet all q along the Potomac 25*a*, 522*a*
All Q on the Western Front 560*b*
anythin' for a q life 127*a*
beg you will let me be q 23*b*
be q, and go a-Angling 450*b*
be q! be on yr guard! 566*b*
breathless q, after all their ills 58
calm Peace, and Q 268*a*
eye made q by the power 472*a*
fair q, have I found thee 260*b*
in q she reposes 7*b*
Lethe's gloom, but not its q 76*b*
men, some to 302*a*
my scallop-shell of q 307*b*
q and rest and desire 284*b*
q to quick bosoms is a hell 68*b*
rich, q and infamous 254*b*
study to be q 516*b*
what may q us 278*a*
where the world is q 422*a*
Quietness q and beauty 472*a*
q and in confidence 502*a*
q, grown sick of rest 322*b*
unravished bride of q 219*b*
Quietus his q make 333*a*
Quill his substance thro' a q 239*a*
the wren with little q 357*a*
Quillets of the law 383*b*
Quills q upon the fretful porpentine 331*a*
tender stops of various q 270*a*
Quinapalus what says Q? 170*a*
Quince mince, and slices of q 243*b*
Quincunx of heaven runs low 41*a*
[Quincy] cannot have forgotten 95*b*
Quinquireme of Nineveh 261*b*
Quintessence heavenly q they still 250*b*
what is this q of dust? 332*b*
Quintilian made Q stare 278*b*
Quip modest 128*a*
Quips q and cranks 268*b*
q and thy quiddities 376*b*
Quire full-voiced q below 268*b*
with thy q of Saints 133*a*
Quiring to the young-eyed cherubim 355*a*
Quit is q for the next 380*b*
John and I are more than q 305*b*
q in a single kiss 36*b*
q oh q this mortal frame 299*a*
q, q for shame 416*a*
q you like men 515*a*
q yourselves like men 495*a*
thy death well q shall be 531*a*
Quiver he stakes his q 251*a*
his q full of them 489*b*
q and beat of the sea! 424*a*
Quivers with emptying of q 420*a*
Quotation classical q is the *parole* 210*b*
every q contributes something 212*b*
Quotations back'd his opinion with q 306*a*
Quote kill you if you q it 54*b*
we all q 148*b*
Quoter first q. of it 148*b*

R

Rabbit a r in a snare 410*b*
r fondles his own face 425*b*
Rabbits is 'dogs' 535*a*
Rabble army wd be a basc r 56*a*
Rabboni saith unto him, R 511*b*
Rabelais shake in R's easy chair 299*b*
Race all is r 130*a*
a lull in the hot r 5*a*
an idiot r to honour lost 62*a*
another r hath been 467*a*
appointed for my second r 448*a*
a simple r! 317*a*
challenge all the human r 309*a*
Coal of an oppressed r 102*a*
giant r before the flood 140*a*
godly r he ran 169*a*
God of their succeeding r 131*b*
held the human r in scorn 26*a*
he ran his godly r 108*b*
he rides a r 108*b*
hindered in running the r 479*a*
if I have moved among my r 415*a*
I joined the human r 167*a*
I wish I loved the Human R 308*a*
joy whose r is just begun 308*a*
last of a r in ruin 92*a*
life's r well run 292*a*
more lovely ere his r be run 70*a*
my r of glory run 277*b*
no longer tolerate the r 18*a*
oft wd challenge me the r 261*a*
our r shd not cease to labour 412*a*
place has with the r of Saints 189*a*
r is not to the swift 499*b*
r is run by one and one 235*a*
r of little odious vermin 417*b*
r wh is set before us 517*a*
rear my dusky r 432*b*
run the straight r 279*b*
sane and simple r 429*a*
sooner will his r be run 190*b*
still in a tree did end their r 260*b*
they wh run in a r run all 514*a*
things shall be! a loftier r 424*a*
till thou run out thy r 278*b*
to convince the whole r 525*a*
type of all her r 136*b*
unequal laws unto a savage r 438*b*
waters in their wintry r 475*b*
who can run the r with Death? 211*b*
yr fainting, dispirited r 7*b*
Races soft in the level r 36*a*
Rachel R-and-Leah is marriage 96*a*
R weeping for her children 504*b*
seven years for R 493*a*
Rack not a r behind 367*b*
one r the name of God 288*b*
r of a too easy chair 299*a*
r of this tough world 344*a*
set me on the r 362*a*
then we r the value 359*a*
with a thought the r dishmns 324*b*
Rackets our r to these bills 381*b*
Rackrent like Sir Condy R 255*b*
Racks gibbets, halters 290*b*
Radcliffe also condemned bishops' boots 416*b*

Radiance white r of Eternity 392b
Radiancy what r of glory 286a
Radiant with ardour divine 7b
Radicals few r have good digestions 66b
Radish like a forked r 380b
r and an egg 112a
Rafael R made a century of sonnets 49a
R of the dear Madonnas 49b
Rafters sheds with smoky r 267a
Rag bloomin' old r over 'ead 236b
to a r and a bone 236a
Ragamuffins I have led my r 379a
Rage all Heaven in a R 29a
ape an ancient r 93a
hard, and full of r 355a
heathen so furiously r together 481b
I r, I melt 159a
repress'd their noble r 174a
shunning civil r 140a
swell the soul to r 139a
void of noble r 430a
waves of the sea r horribly 487b
where the r of the vulture 67b
with hard-favoured r 382a
with this r shall beauty hold 388a
Rages battle r loud and long 77b
r of the ages 179b
sudden she r 160a
Raggedness window'd r 343a
Rags no scandal like r 150a
r, and hags, and hideous wenches 100a
righteousness are as filthy r 503b
sat in unwomanly r 196a
wh are the r of time 134a
Ragtime Band 28a
Rahab and Babylon 487a
Rail anybody else to r at me 104b
her six young on the r 47b
I'll r against all the firstborn 326a
I'll r and brawl 366b
r on the Lord's anointed 385a
say that she r 366b
some folks r against other folks 151b
Rail'd on Lady Fortune 326a
Railing for railing 517b
Rails he r, even there 353a
Railway presence of mind in a r accident 535a
threatened life with a r-share 86a
Raiment as r, as songs of the harp 420a
man clothed in soft r 506b
purchased r and forbore to pay 233b
r of camel's hair 504b
sparkling r bright 3b
yr r all red 252b
Rain able to command the r 296a
after the r with never a stain 393a
angels of r and lightning 396a
borne the dirt and r 284a
but a sliding drop of r 475a
come with the volleying r 8b
conflicting wind and r 342b
dropped as the gentle r 354b
earth soaks up the r 106b
few small drops of r 529a
flung it to the winds like R 152b
former and the latter r 479a
hath the r a father? 497b
I dissolve it in r 393a
in arrowy r 263b
mist and a weeping r 256a
mist resembles the r 247a
my food, and summer r 415a
neither let there be r 495b
nor the clouds return after the r. 499b
not hail, or r, or any snow 429b
ombrifuge case o' r 75a
or rivers, in the greatest r. 292b
out of the caverns of r 393b
pack when it begins to r 342a
r and wind beat dark December 328b
r cats and dogs 418b
r into a fleece of wool 486b
r into the little valleys 486a
r is on our lips 406b
r it raineth every day 372a
r it raineth on the just 34b
r, r and sun! 427b
r, r go away 534b
r set early in to-night 50a
right as r 308b
Rain (*cont*)
ripple of r 420a
sendeth r on the just 505a
send my roots r 198a
sentest a gracious r 486a
small r down can r 527b
soft with the drops of r 486a
sound of abundance of r 496a
the r a deluge show'rs 90b
the r is over and gone 500a
the r is past and over 262a
the soft refreshing r 76a
the wind and the r 372a
thresh of the deep sea r 231b
to cheer it after r 110b
useful trouble of the r 427b
wet's the r 119a
when the dismal r came down 403b
wh had outwept its r 392a
Rainbow a r at night 522a
a r in the morning 522a
another hue unto the r 374a
awful r once in heaven 219a
behold a r in the sky 468a
blend like the r 281a
God loves an idle r 192a
paint the r's varying hues 318b
rain and sunl a r in the sky 427b
r and a cuckoo's song 118a
r comes and goes 466a
r round about the throne 518b
r's glory is shed 395a
Rainbows varying r die away 299a
Rained when I awoke, it r 99a
with [Burke] while it r 212a
Rainfall at morning 414b
Rains he is dissolving in r 393a
r and ruins are over 420a
r are from His dripping wings 475a
straight r and tiger sky 263b
Rainy a r evening to read this 450a
dropping in a very r day 498b
Raise I can r Thee 188a
more skill'd to r the wretched 168b
not for these I r 466b
r me with the just 280b
r the stone thou shalt find me 526a
r up them that fall 479a
r yr joys and triumphs 455b
Raised r a mortal to the skies 139a
r thee up under the apple tree 501a
Raiseth cross that r me 1a
Raising stop r corn begin r hell 243b
Rake a r among scholars 255b
for thus playing the r 282a
r's progress 440a
woman is at heart a r 302a
Raleigh Grenville, R, Drake 287b
Rally behind the Virginians 24b
Ralph Quoth Hudibras, Friend R 65b
Sir R the Dover tore his hair 406b
Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate 65a
Ram a r caught in a thicket 493a
black r is tupping yr white ewe 350b
Rammers lay their r by 149a
Ramp up my genius 215b
Rampage on the R, Pip 123b
Rampallion you r! 380a
Rampart to the r we hurried 462a
Ramparts to force my r 228b
Rams my r speed not 21a
to hearken than the fat of r 495a
you with shelly horns, r! 264a
Ran and we r, and they r 256b
herd r violently down a steep 506a
I r it through 360a
r about the room and roared 91b
r a hundred years to a day 194a
r before Ahab 496a
r dismay'd away 355a
they r together 511b
who r to help me when I fell 425a
Randal Lord R, my Son 529b
Random shaft at r sent 317b
things wh I do half at r 222a
Range with humble livers 385b
Ranger heart of a r 26a
Ranges leave then thy foolish r 448a
lost behind the R 228b
Ranging keep the bee from r 77b
r in the rain 176a
Rangoon but he can take R. 455a
R to Mandalay 232a
Rank man of r appeared 210b
man, starts from his r 79a
matched, r on r 263b
nine 'undred r an' file 234a
r is but the guinea's stamp 60b
thirteen r an' follow me! 229a
to r and wealth are given 150a
unassailable holds on his r 339a
Rankers gentlemen-r 229b
Ranks even the r of Tuscany 253b
forming in the r of war 68b
place in the r awaits you 306b
r are breaking like thin clouds 252b
schoolboy rallies the r 287b
seen in glittering r 270b
those craven r to see 253b
Rann and song 476b
Ransom r captive Israel 286b
world's r, blessed Mary's Son 375a
worth r of gold 446a
Raphael, this Babe must eat 407b
Raphaels, Correggios 169b
Rapid Homer is eminently r 10a
Rapidly Iser, rolling r 76b
works done least r 49a
Rapids are near 282b
Rapier with unhatched r 372a
Rapine march through r 571a
Rapping some one gently r 298a
Rapscallions kings is mostly r 446b
Rapt r one, of the godlike forehead 465b
r, twirling in thy hand 8a
Rapture each gay turn thy r move 300b
first fine careless r 47a
in regenerate r turns my face 312b
modified r! 164b
r of the forward view 264a
r on the lonely shore 69b
with r-smitten frame 77a
Raptures hugh r do infuse 440a
r and roses of vice 421a
Rare however r—r it be 119a
I think my love as r 389a
neither rich nor r 303a
O r Ben Jonson 217a
rich and r were the gems 281a
she was indeed a r one 462a
Raree-show of Peter's successor 45b
Rarely, rarely, comest thou 398b
Rarity alas! for the r 195b
Rascal muddy-mettled r 333a
rather be called a r 209a
you see a Whig you see a r 212a
Rascals lash the r naked 363a
law's made to take care o' r 144a
r in all countries 210a
Rash for my sake do not be r 571b
I am not splenetive and r 336b
is too r, too unadvis'd 365a
I tell thee be not r 70a
Rashes green grow the r 60b
Raspberry mid the gorse the r red 441a
Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia 213b
Rat cat that killed the r 534b
how now! a r? 335a
I smell a r 65a, 309b
like a r without a tail 346a
like the sound of a r 50a
poisoned r in a hole 418a
r of Sumatra 136a
Rate of usance 353a
Rated in the Rialto you have r me 353a
Rather I had much r 523b
Ratify and confirm the same 481a
Ratiocination pay with r 64b
Rations live upon our daily r 121b
Ratisbon we French stormed R 47b
Rats land-r and water-r 343a
let's sing of r 172b
mice and r and such small deer 343a
Rattle hearing 'em r a little 150a
not care for the child's r 207b
pleased with a r 301a
r his bones over the stones 289b
r of a globe to play 139a
r of new-drawn steel 228b
spoiled his nice new r 84a
Rattle-note unvaried 263b
Ravage any nose may r. 52a

Rave not r, as do many bridegrooms 237b
Peccavimus, but r not thus! 298a
Raved but as I r 188a
Ravelston Kuth of R 131a
Raven grim and ancient r 298b
quoth the r, 'Nevermore' 298b
r o er the infected house 362b
smoothing the r down 267a
snow on a r's back 366a
the r himself is hoarse 346b
yr locks were like the r 61a
Ravens r, clamorous o'er the dead 392a
r brought him bread 496a
there were three r 529b
you have seen the r flock 12b
Ravenswood laird of R to R shall ride 319a
Ravin ambition, that wilt r up 348b
Ravish except you r me 133a
to murder and to r 12b
Ravished at least wd have r her 151a
she did not seduce, she r 264b
you have r me away 223b
Ravisher tell the r of my soul 78a
Ravishment divine enchanting r 267a
tones r, or r its sweet 217b
Raw eat not of it r 493b
even as a thing that is r 485b
Ray Eden-sweet the r 264b
emits a brighter r 168a
fancy's meteor r 63a
from her towers a r shall hover 307b
of purest serene 174a
r of light Divine 86b
r on r split the shroud 52b
the vale with hospitable r 169a
this busy r I hou hast assign'd 447b
wh dances in thy r 294b
touch'd with an interior r 114b
Raymond it is Richard, it is R 92b
Raze dcare to r the sanctuary 351b
Razor hew blocks with a r 304a
Razors and carving knives 76a
Razor-strops and the lottery 295a
Razure of oblivion 352a
Reach haight my soul can r 44a
I cannot r it 447b
into my hands themselves do r 260b
man's r shd exceed his grasp 44b
rumour might never r me more 111b
Reaches beyond the r of our souls 331a
r of a human wit 259b
Read a little I can read 322b
and more, he r it 130b
authors whom they never r 94a
do *you* r books *through*? 208a
dozen persons who r Plato 147b
fashion to read in secret 34a
for aught that ever I cd r 356a
I can r anything 239a
I d sit and r all day 223a
I, I cannot r it 93b
I may r all at my ease 461b
I r, and sigh 187a
I r, before my eyelids dropt 426b
King George will be able to r that 178b
let me so r thy life 114b
Madoc will be r 304b
man ought to r as inclination 207a
much had he r 4b
'none at all,' he replied, and r on 11b
none can r the comment 429a
none can r the text 429a
Oh, this I have r 235a
on bokes for to r, I me delyte 89b
r and understand Shakespeare 222b
r as much as other men 191b
r hem as they wryte 90a
r, mark, learn, inwardly digest 479a
r my little fable 427a
r not to contradict 16a
r somewhat seldomer 45a
r Thee everywhere 224a
r the perfect ways 386b
r to thyself alone the songs 37b
slowly r, and dream 476b
testament I do not mean to r 340a
that day we r no more 566b
they never r 129b
they r with joy 293a
we r, fine things 222b
Read (*cont*)
we r in their smiles 393b
what do you r, my lord? 332a
what soever I cd meet with I r 81b
who runs may r 224a
write and r comes by nature 358b
ye have r, ye have heard 235b
Reader gentle r! you wd find a tale 471a
last r reads no more 194a
O r! had you in yr mind 471a
r breathless, instead of content 222b
R, I married him 38b
r, look not on his picture 215b
r that makes the good book 148b
sagacious r of the works of God 112a
the r 's threatened not in vain 300a
under this stone, R, survey 149a
Readers r to become more indolent 170a
sense of r uncorrupted 213a
Readest understand thou what thou r? 512a
Readeth he may run that r 504b
Readiness r is all 337a
the r of doing 180b
Reading an art of r 130b
art of r is to skip 178b
digressions the soul of r 411b
easy writing's vile hard r 401a
for yr writing and r 358b
invincible love of r 161b
I prefer r 404a
Peace is poor r 179b
r device for avoiding thought 184b
r is to the mind what exercise 410b
r maketh a full man 16a
when I am not walking, I am r 230a
Reads he r much 338a
who now r Bolingbroke? 57a
who now r Cowley? 303b
who often r wish to write 114a
Ready Abra was r 306a
conference (maketh) a r man 16a
my Lord, we are quite r 393a
r to be anything 42b
r to be thy bride 531b
we always are r 158b
Real any less r and true 390a
becomes r till it is experienced 223a
forms more r than living man 397a
many r ones to encounter 170b
the r Simon Pure 86b
Reality in their smiles, and call r 393b
Realize 'at length I r,' he said 85b
Realized no pleasure if it were r 266a
Realm moves to that mysterious r 53a
out of the R in my petticoat 145a
this r, this England 375a
whole r of nature mine 453b
Realms calls up the r of fairy 71a
happy r of light 271a
r and islands were as plates 325a
whatever r to see 169b
whom three r obey 302b
Reap as you sow, you are like to r 65b
in due season we shall r 515b
neither do they r 505b
r where he hath sown 234b
regardeth the clouds shall not r 499b
sow in tears shall r in joy 489b
sows, and he shall not r 420b
that shall he also r 515b
where I r thou shdst but glean 195b
Reaped corn never shd be r 445a
Reaper but after the r the world 442b
R whose name is Death 248a
the R came that day 248a
Time the r 442b
Reapers, reaping early 431b
Reaping ever r something new 432a
grew the more by r 325a
reapers, r early 431b
r where thou hast not sown 508a
Rear bring up the r in heaven 41b
r of darkness thin 268b
r of yr affection 330b
Rearward of a conquered woe 388b
Reason accepted by thy r, solves for thee 46a
alike in ignorance, his r such 301a
and that's the r why 463a
but a woman's r 372b
Reason (*cont*)
but show no r can 452a
capability and god-like r 335b
common law is r 97b
consider the r of the case 304b
feast of r and the flow of soul 303b
free from rhyme or r 209a
give aught other r why 178a
give you a r on compulsion! 377b
have I not r to lament 471a
have r to think on 67b
high r, and the love of good 217b
his gentle r so persuasive 443a
how noble in r 332b
if it be against r, 97b
I'll tell the r 59a
in erring r's spite 301a
in R's ear they all rejoice 2a
it's a woman's r to say 63b
it was a theme for r 132a
I will not R and Compare 30b
know the r why 182b
law, wh is perfection of r 97b
longer than he sees r 376b
love repine, and r chafe 147a
men have lost their r 340a
mere r is insufficient 201b
mix'd r with pleasure 169b
neither rhyme nor r 283b
noble and most sovereign r 333b
nothing is law that is not r 304b
not his r, but his passions 411b
oh, the very r why 106b
or any other r why 3a
our r is our law 276a
passion conquers r still 302a
pranked in r's garb 267b
r against the r of my love 223b
r and the will of God 9b
r, an *ignis fatuus* of the mind 309b
R enslaves all whose minds 391a
r firm, the temperate will 470b
r has moons 102a
R in her most exalted mood 470a
r is the life of the law 97b
R nods a little 150b
R still keeps its throne 150b
r themselves out again 383b
r thus with life 351b
r to rule, mercy to forgive 140b
received nor rhyme nor r 409b
rest may r and welcome 44b
rules of r, holy messengers 187a
sanctified by r, blest by faith 470a
seven men that can render a r 498b
so long as human r works 17b
still may r war with rhyme 216b
tell me the r, I pray 407a
that takes the r prisoner 346a
the confidence of r give 464a
their's not to r why 420a
the man who listens to R is lost 391a
the r no man knows 250a
to have r for my rhyme 409b
voice of r is stifled 58a
wants discourse of r 330a
we r but from what we know 300b
what r tells me I ought to do 55b
whimsey, not r the female guide 173a
whom r hath equalled 271a
words cloth'd in r's garb 272b
worse appear the better r 272a
Reasonable man adapts himself 391a
Reasonableness of Jesus 10b
Reasonably be expected to do 456a
Reasoned r high of providence 272b
r or acted consequentially 91a
r out of humanity 28b
Reasoners most plausible r 183b
Reasoning fitly shall conceive thy r 393b
r and belief 80a
r but to err 301a
r, self-sufficing thing 468b
the r is the same 558b
truth by consecutive r 222a
Reasons five r we shd drink 3a
good r must give place to better 341a
never give yr r 258a
r are as two grains 352b
r are not like garments 120b
r find of settled gravity 387b

Reasons (*cont*)
r made his mouth to water 65*a*
the heart has its r 564*b*
with r answer you 340*a*
yr r will certainly be wrong 258*a*
Rebel R and Atheist too 133*b*
up the street came the r tread 459*a*
use 'em kindly, they r 191*b*
Rebelled against the words of the Lord 488*b*
Rebellion a little r now and then 204*b*
bringing r broached 383*b*
r is as the sin of witchcraft 495*a*
r lay in his way 378*b*
r to tyrants obedience to God 34*b*
rude eye of r 374*b*
rum, Romanism, and r 54*b*
Rebels all that they leave of r 93*b*
devil here that commonly r 362*b*
heir now, ye r 494*a*
r from principle 57*a*
tho r wound thee 375*a*
Rebounds hit hard, unless it r 208*b*
Rebuff welcome each r 50*b*
Rebuild it on the old plan 265*b*
Rebuilt Society requires to be r 265*b*
Rebuke at thy r they flee 488*a*
flee at the r of one 502*a*
gave me the greatest r 257*a*
open r better than secret love 498*b*
Rebuked my genius is r 348*b*
Recall a time of happiness 566*b*
Recalled only r by prayer 182*a*
r to life 127*a*
words once spoke can never be r 127*b*
Recalling to life come into fashion 127*a*
Recapture fine careless rapture 47*a*
Receipt at the r of custom 506*a*
special r of his own 263*a*
we have the r of fern-seed 377*a*
Receive blessed to give than to r 512*b*
r my soul at last 455*b*
we r but what we give 100*b*
Received by him best r 274*a*
freely ye have r 506*a*
good r, the giver is forgot 104*a*
his own r him not 510*b*
Receiver as bad as the thief 90*b*
Receives heart that watches and r 471*b*
their good r 465*a*
Receiv'st r with pleasure thine annoy 387*a*
wh thou r not gladly 387*a*
Receiveth every one that asketh r. 505*b*
Rechabite poor Will must live 306*a*
Recipe rare r for melancholy 239*b*
Recked not of the life he lost 69*a*
Reckless I am r what I do 348*b*
poor, r, rude 136*b*
Reckoning Air A trim r! 379*a*
O, weary r! 362*b*
the sense of r 383*a*
they little r make 269*b*
unanel'd, no r made 331*b*
Recognizance and pledge of love 364*a*
Recognize me by my face 445*b*
Recoil with impetuous r 273*a*
Recollect half the dishes 11*a*
Recollecting with tears 86*a*
Recollection deep affection and r 306*b*
Recollections those shadowy r 466*b*
Recommence winter to r in August 71*b*
Recommends air sweetly r itself 347*a*
Recompense Heav'n did a r send 174*b*
Recompose decomposes but to r 44*b*
Reconciles custom r us to everything 57*b*
feasting r everybody 296*a*
Record no r of reply 430*a*
puts a r on the gramophone 144*b*
r the mischiefs he has done 111*b*
weep to r, and blush 77*b*
Recorders flutes and soft r 271*b*
Recording domesticate the R Angel 413*a*
Records all trivial fond r 331*b*
sweet r, promises as sweet 470*b*
Recover seldom or never r 325*a*
thou might'st him yet r 137*b*
Recreant soldier a mere r prove 368*b*
Recruity 'arf-made r 236*b*
Red a still and awful r 99*a*
Red (*cont*)
black to r began to turn 65*b*
blossom in purple and r. 434*a*
curtain'd with cloudy r 270*b*
far flashed the r artillery 77*a*
flowers whyte and r 90*a*
give this cheek a little r 302*a*
glowed celestial rosy r 276*a*
his r right hand 272*b*
in one r burial blent 68*b*
making the green one r 348*a*
Nature, r in tooth and claw 430*b*
never blows so r the Rose 153*a*
nor dim nor r 98*b*
one cut short and r 284*a*
pale, and hectic r 396*a*
poor beggars in r 236*b*
raspberry r for the gatherer 441*a*
r as a rose is she 98*a*
r men scalped each other 254*b*
r o'er the forest peers 224*a*
r spirits and grey 349*b*
streaks of r were mingled 416*a*
their r it never dies 131*a*
thin r line tipped with steel 315*a*
Tray grew very r 192*b*
upon the wine when it is r 498*b*
yr own geranium's r 46*b*
yr raiment all r 252*b*
Red-breast r, sacred to the household 443*b*
r sit and sing 101*a*
r whistles from a garden 222*a*
Reddens where the apple r 52*b*
Rede better reck the r 60*a*
recks not his own r 330*b*
Redeem he that doth r her 377*a*
r us from virtue 421*b*
tho' late, r thy name 316*a*
Redeemed from the earth 519*a*
Redeemer as our dear R said 31*b*
know that my r liveth 497*a*
my strength, and my r 482*b*
Thou art my helper and r 484*b*
to Thee, R King 286*a*
Redeeming the time days are evil 515*b*
Redemption married past r 141*a*
our great r from above 270*a*
slavery, of my r thence 360*a*
Red-legged scissor-man 192*b*
Red Queen sharply interrupted 85*b*
Red-ripe of the heart 51*a*
Red Sea thro' the R waters 286*b*
Redskin Jack R on the Quest 91*b*
Red-tape Talking-machine 81*a*
Reed a thinking r 564*b*
bruised r shall he not break 502*b*
clasped a r 394*a*
not as a nymph, but for a r. 260*b*
plucked a hollow r 32*b*
r is as the oak 329*a*
r shaken with the wind? 506*b*
r wh grows nevermore again 43*b*
r with the reeds in the river 43*b*
spring into beauty like a r 244*b*
staff of this bruised r 496*b*
Reeds bring me an hundred r 159*a*
down in the r by the river 43*b*
feeds among the r and rushes 248*b*
my worn r broken 119*b*
Reef of Norman's Woe 249*a*
Reek o' the rotten fens 328*a*
Reel r in a drunkard r out a saint 94*b*
r o' Tullochgorum 402*b*
they r to and fro 488*b*
References verify yr r 313*a*
Refined come r with th' accents 117*a*
love so much r 134*a*
Refining still went on r 169*b*
Reflect on the past 425*a*
Reflection r solves the mystery 415*b*
r, you may come to-morrow 394*b*
years of r may give me 223*a*
Reflections monkey mortifying r 104*a*
Reflex of a star 466*a*
Reform every r was once opinion 147*b*
peace, retrenchment, and r 38*a*
r it altogether 334*a*
to innovate is not to r 57*b*
Reformation never came r in a flood 381*b*
Reformation (*cont*)
plotting some new r 141*b*
what then did happen at the R? 28*b*
Reformed that indifferently 334*a*
Reformers all r are bachelors 281*a*
consolations of middle-aged r 315*b*
Refrain from the unholy pleasure 25*b*
Refrains sends a cheerful hour, r 278*b*
Refreshedst it when it was weary 486*a*
Refreshes in the breeze 301*a*
Refreshment fill them full of r 247*a*
I accept r 164*a*
only place of r cheated at 149*b*
Refuge other r have I none 455*b*
thou hast been our r 487*b*
thy wings shall be my r 485*b*
Refusal r, thro' her skill favour 105*a*
the great r 566*b*
Refuse creeds that r 421*b*
nothing r 146*b*
r till the conversion of the Jews 260*a*
Refused nothing to be r 516*b*
r about the age of three 93*a*
Refuses whom she r, she treats still 105*a*
Refute I r it *thus* 207*b*
who can r a sneer? 292*a*
Regained only r by faith 182*a*
yet but half-r 396*a*
Regard preferring his r for me 419*b*
shd be without r 348*b*
we r not how it goes 61*b*
Regarded heard, not r 378*b*
lightly r the counsel 488*b*
Regardful of the embroiling sky 443*b*
Regardless of their doom 174*b*
Regards love mingled with r 341*b*
Regenerate rapture turns my face 312*b*
Regent fair r of the Night 161*a*
God bless the R 403*b*
moon, sweet r 265*b*
r of love rhymes 344*b*
Regiment comes up the R 228*b*
led his r from behind 163*a*
Monstrous R of Women 238*a*
our breasts for r 259*a*
R o British Infantree 229*a*
the R's in 'ollow square 228*b*
Regimental in her fittings 237*a*
Region in the sleepy r stay 284*a*
is this the r, this the soil 271*a*
main r of my song 464*a*
r cloud hath mask'd him 387*b*
r of thick-ribbèd ice 352*a*
untrodden r of my mind 220*b*
where the r Elenore? 442*b*
while a fair r 468*a*
Regions Cæsar never knew 107*b*
Register history r of the crimes 162*a*
Regress is a downfall, or eclipse 14*b*
Regret O last r, r can die 430*b*
wild with all r 436*a*
Regrets congratulatory r 128*b*
wild r and the bloody sweats 459*b*
Regular brought r and draw d mild 124*a*
icily r 433*b*
Regulated moral r liberty 56*b*
Regulations Act 459*b*
Rehearse a tale he moot r 89*a*
r the Articles of thy Belief 481*a*
Reign better to r in hell 271*b*
long to r over us 193*a*
o er the past its undivided r 194*a*
omnipotent but friendless is to r 397*a*
r in this horrible place 113*a*
r of some luxurious mire 161*a*
r whoever may 111*a*
spurn her bounded r 213*b*
this is the second of our r 132*a*
to r is worth ambition 271*b*
undisturbed their ancient r 131*b*
we may r secure 271*b*
Reigned with yr loves 145*b*
Reigns Tom the Second r 140*a*
Rein moon plucked at my r 475*a*
spite of curb and r 108*b*
with loose r and bloody spur 252*a*
Reinforcement gain from hope 271*a*
Reins try out my r 483*b*
Rejected despised and r of men 503*a*
tho' his suit was r 320*a*
Rejoice again I say, R 455*b*, 516*a*

Rejoice (*cont*)
bones wh thou hast broken may r 485*a*
come ye before Him, and r 224*b*
each to his choice, and I r 235*a*
eke r with me 307*a*
from age to age thou didst r 471*b*
good Christian men, r 286*b*
I hear thee and r 463*b*
make this heart r , or ache 109*b*
men r when they divide the spoil 501*b*
r in the Lord always 516*a*
r in the Lord, O ye righteous 483*b*
r , O young man, in thy youth 499*b*
r with me found my sheep 509*b*
r with them that do r 513*b*
r ye dead, where'er yr spirits 37*a*
we in ourselves r 100*b*
wherefore r ? what conquests brings he 337*b*
Rejoiceth not in iniquity 514*b*
Rejoicing toiling—r —sorrowing 249*a*
Related to whom r , or by whom begot 299*b*
Relation a poor r irrelevant 239*a*
Relations augurs and understood r 349*a*
even great men have their poor r 121*b*
find for them the right r 204*b*
maintain the most friendly r 238*a*
squire and his r 121*b*
to his friends and his r 167*a*
Relative in the r way 527*a*
Relaxes bless r 31*a*
Relearn the Law 230*b*
Release before I find r 434*b*
our deadly forfeit shd r 270*a*
the prisoner's r 401*b*
Releasing thy worth gives thee r 388*b*
Relent echoes wh he made r 137*b*
r his first avow'd intent 54*b*
Relentment in a moist r 42*a*
Relic fair Greece! sad r 68*a*
Relics crosses, r crucifixes 66*a*
other's hands these r came 133*a*
r , beads, indulgences 273*b*
that his hallow'd r shd be hid 278*a*
unhonour d his r are laid 281*a*
with these r 89*a*
Relief certain r in change 203*b*
for this r much thanks 329*a*
gave that thought r 466*a*
not seek for kind r 33*a*
oh! give r 284*b*
the r of man's estate 13*a*
Relieve the wretched was his pride 168*b*
Religion against her foes R 113*b*
ambition suspended r 57*b*
amusements in England vice r 404*b*
as if R were intended 65*a*
Bible is the r of Protestants 94*a*
bringeth men's minds about to r 15*a*
brings him about again to our r. 158*a*
brothels with bricks of R 31*a*
dogma principle of my r 288*a*
England bashfulness in r. 2*a*
enough r to make us hate 418*b*
great in love as in r 107*a*
good man was ther of r 88*b*
her r so well with her learning 306*a*
honesty either on r or policy 314*b*
humanities of old r 101*b*
I know of no other r 288*a*
in matters of r and matrimony 91*a*
in r , what damned error 354*a*
man's r is the chief fact 80*b*
man without r 181*a*
men lost their reason in r. 42*a*
men of sense of one r 322*a*
more beautiful than any r 315*b*
more fierce in its r 288*a*
much r as my William likes 168*a*
my pollertics, like my r 451*a*
my r is to do good 292*a*
mystery begins, r ends 57*b*
nothing is so fatal to r 58*a*
not impossibilities enough in R 41*b*
one r is as true as another 64*b*
persecution bad to plant r 41*b*
Philistine of r , Luther 10*b*
philosophy. handmaid to r 13*a*
pity r has so seldom found 111*b*
(Presbytery). not a r gentlemen 87*b*
Religion (*cont*)
Printing and the Protestant R 80*a*
pure r and undefiled 517*b*
pure r breathing laws 467*b*
r , as a mere sentiment 288*a*
r blushing veils her fires 299*a*
r but a childish toy 259*a*
r , if in heavenly truths attir'd 108*a*
r in a mixed company 91*a*
r invade private life 263*a*
r is powerless to bestow 148*b*
r is the opium of the people 526*a*
r is thus not simply morality 10*a*
r , justice counsel, and treasure 15*a*
r , knavery, and change 25*b*
R of the smaller intestines 80*a*
r prevalent northern colonies 55*b*
r remedy for superstition 55*b*
r 's in the heart, not in knees 205*b*
r without a prelate 18*b*
rogues pretend to be of a r 291*a*
rum and true r 70*b*
sensible men of the same r 129*b*
slovenliness is no part of r 456*a*
some people talk of r 143*b*
straitest sect of our r 513*a*
such evil deeds cd r prompt 550*a*
superstition r of feeble minds 57*b*
take my r from the priest 171*a*
talks loudly against r 411*b*
their r they are so uneven 118*b*
there is only one r 391*a*
this man's r is vain 517*b*
writers against r 57*b*
Religious dim r light 268*b*
first r principles 10*b*
good but not r good 181*a*
hope I will be r again 155*a*
if any seem to be r 517*b*
intellect in r enquiries 288*b*
man is a r. animal 57*a*
O ye R , discountenance 30*b*
r factions are volcanoes 56*b*
r persecution may shield itself 56*a*
suspended my r enquiries 161*b*
troubled with r doubt 93*a*
Relinquished one delight 467*a*
Relish imaginary r is so sweet 369*a*
Remain r with you always 480*b*
still wd r my wit 119*b*
things have been they r 96*b*
Remained buckets had so long r 99*a*
Remains all that r of her 195*b*
look on love s r 50*a*
what then r we still shd cry 17*a*
whatever r , *however improbable* 136*a*
Remark his r was shrewd 111*a*
which I wish to r 182*a*
Remarkable nothing left r 324*b*
Remedies all r refusing 117*a*
will not apply new r 15*b*
Remedy a r against sin 481*b*
force is not a r 38*a*
found out the r 351*b*
how to r our own 238*b*
r in nature against tyranny 208*a*
r is worse than the disease 15*a*
sharp r , but a sure one 308*a*
they sought the r 327*b*
things without all r 348*b*
Remember can I r if thou forget? 422*b*
dost thou r Sicily? 460*a*
for calmness to r 2*b*
haply I may r 311*a*
he'll r with advantages 383*a*
I can't r how they go 75*a*
I do now r small beer 380*a*
if I do not r thee 490*a*
if thou wilt, r 311*a*
I'll r thee, Glencairn 61*b*
in the morning we will r them 28*b*
I r how you smiled 241*b*
I r , I r 195*a*
I r the way we parted 422*b*
I r , when I was in France 374*a*
I wd r Him 24*b*
Lord, r me when thou comest 510*a*
names that men r 421*b*
oh! still r me 281*a*
O r not the sins and offences 483*a*
please to r the Fifth November 532*a*
Remember (*cont*)
plight shall be sweet to r 554*b*
r 87*b*
r and be sad 311*a*
r , he's yr brother 420*a*
r Lot's Wife 54*a*, 510*a*
r March, the ides of March r 340*b*
r me when I am gone 311*a*
r not past years 288*b*
r now thy Creator 499*b*
r of this unstable world 257*b*
r one man saw you, knew you 50*a*
r such things were 350*a*
r that thou keep holy the Sabbath 480*a*
r the best of friends must part 527*a*
r the Maine! 526*a*
r what I must be now 375*b*
r while the light lives yet 421*b*
still r , if you mean to please 108*a*
sweet pangs of it r me 370*b*
that no man r me 180*b*
thy branches ne'er r 221*a*
till thou r and I forget 422*b*
to r for years, to r with tears! 4*a*
we will r the name of the Lord 482*b*
yet will I r thee 110*a*
you will wake and r. 46*b*
Remembered dream r on waking 36*b*
in their flowing cups freshly r 383*a*
I wd have made myself r. 223*b*
must the r perishing be? 119*a*
r thee in my bed 485*b*
still r that he once was young 4*b*
we in it shall be r 383*a*
when we r thee O Sion 490*a*
Remembering r happier things 432*a*
r him like anything 93*a*
soul r how she felt 469*b*
what she felt r not 469*b*
Remembren, when it passed is 90*a*
Remembers and the maid r 414*b*
r its august abodes 241*a*
r me of all his gracious parts 374*a*
Remembrance appear almost a r 222*b*
as the r of a guest 520*a*
dear r of his dying Lord 408*b*
fits a king's r 332*a*
praising makes the r dear 322*a*
r fallen from heaven 420*b*
r of a weeping queen 375*b*
r of his holiness 483*b*
r of my former love 372*b*
r of things past 387*b*
rosemary, that's for r 335*b*
seem to drown her r 370*a*
Remembrancer designedly dropt 458*a*
Reminiscence sing 457*b*
Reminiscences make one feel so sad 390*b*
Remission without blood is no r 517*a*
Remnant r of our Spartan dead! 70*b*
smell my r out 187*b*
Remnants antiquities r of history 13*a*
Remorse abandon all r 362*a*
farewell r good to me is lost 273*b*
r , the fatal egg by pleasure laid 110*b*
stop up the passage to r 346*b*
Remote r from towns he ran 168*b*
r unfriended melancholy 169*b*
where the r Bermudas ride 260*a*
Re-mould it nearer Heart s Desire 154*a*
Remove digs my grave at each r 187*a*
drags at each r a chain 169*b*
Removed as far r from God 271*a*
therefore shall she not be r 484*b*
Remover to remove 389*a*
Removes three r as bad as a fire 157*a*
Remus traffic with proud R ' sons 539*a*
Render earth! r back 70*b*
r therefore to all their dues 513*b*
r therefore unto Cæsar 507*b*
to r with thy precepts less 73*b*
Rendezvous I have a r with Death 321*a*
my r is appointed 458*a*
Rending soon the r of the tomb 20*b*
Renewed wish I were r 389*a*
Renewing is of love 143*b*
Renounce r the devil 481*a*
r when that shall be necessary 412*a*
Renown citizen of credit and r 108*a*
equall'd with them in r 273*a*
honour and r ye 526*a*

Renown (*cont*)
inheritors of unfulfilled r 392b
land of just and old r 439b
living, shall forfeit fair r 317b
mighty men of old, men of r 492b
no banquet, or r 187a
r, and grace is dead 348a
set the Cause above r 287b
sing the glorious day's r 76b
speak no more of his r 435a
thy worship and r 484b
'twas I that gave thee thy r 79a
wight of high r 524b
Renowned no less r than war 278b
Rent I widen the r 393a
r for Mrs Rip Van Winkle 53a
r the envious Casca made 340a
why? for r! 67b
Repair friendship in constant r 207a
r unto the Bell at Edmonton 108a
Repairs of the table 212a
Reparations upon mighty ruins 56b
Repartee majority is best r 130a
Repay come again I will r thee 509a
I will r 513b
Repeal of obnoxious laws 173a
Repeat I say to thee, do thou r 445b
r what he has often repeated 308b
Repeateth he that r a matter 498a
Repent do I r or change 271a
do truly and earnestly r 480b
from their marble caves, r, r 137b
I do r it from my very soul 368a
it doth r me 397a
leisure marry'd, they r in haste 105a
marry d in haste r at leisure 105a
never, my love, r 294a
nor falter, nor r 397b
no strength to r 378b
r what's past 335a
r ye, for the kingdom of heaven 504b
shd I r me 363b
sware, and will not r 489a
the weak alone r 70a
well, I'll r, and that suddenly 378b
Repentance but sinners to r 506a
found no place of r 517a
give r to her lover 170a
just persons, wh need no r 509b
no r in the grave 452b
r is the virtue of weak minds 140b
r want of power to sin 141a
Winter Garment of R fling 152b
with the morning cool r came 320a
Repented of her scorn the maid r 18b
strove, and much r 70a
Repenting mirth, that after no r draws 278b
wooing, wedding and r 358a
Repents not believe a man r 427b
Repetitions, as the heathens do 505a
Repine do not r, my friends 123b
Replication of r sounds 317b
Replied I r, 'My Lord' 188a
Replies something that r 441b
Reply how nourished? R, r 354a
I pause for a r 339b
loving and a fair r 330a
no record of r 430a
their's not to make r 426a
the r churlish 328a
Report by evil r and good r 515a
ill r while you live 332b
knew thee from r divine 456b
my gossip R 354a
r me and my cause aright 337a
whatsoever things are of good r 516a
who hath believed our r? 502b
who knows how he may r 278a
Reporters gallery in wh the r sit in the R[r] Gallery yonder 81a
Reports bring me no more r 350b
r of my death exaggerated 573a
Repose between truth and r 148a
Christian! seek not yet r 146a
earned a night's r 249a
her manners had not that r 431b
hush'd in grim r 173b
I long for a r 464a
leave me to r! 173b
Love their long r 394a
Repose (*cont*)
nature gives way to in r 347b
rolled around in dark r 136a
shd be his last r 528a
weave the garlands of r 260b
Reposes in quiet she r 7b
Reprehend if I r anything 400b
Representative drollery called a r government 130a
Representation taxation and r united 305a
Reproach all guiltless, meet r 362b
eternal r of the divines 279a
receives r of being 389a
r of Christ greater riches 517a
r to religion and government 295b
writing their own r 368b
Reprobation fall to r 363b
Reproof valiant r 328a
Reproofs from authority grave 14b
Reprove r her when she's right 419a
tho' the sager sort our deeds r 78a
Reptile turn myself into a r 207a
Republic last r cried to God 93b
monarchy of what shd be a r. 171b
pension list of the r 95b
R is a government 17b
r of letters 1a, 170a
R's crowning common-sense 437a
Republican R form of Government 407b
surly r 213a
Republics appeal to understanding 17b
Repudiate the repudiators 150b
Repugnances national r do not touch me 42a
Repulsed love r, but it returneth! 394a
Reputation bubble r 326b
made himself of no r 516a
my r, Iago, my r 361b
purest treasure is spotless r 374b
r of five-and-twenty 141a
r, r, r 361b
wink a r down 419b
Reputations fuller's earth for r 159b
Request ruined at our own r 283a
the r of his lips 482b
Requests thou wilt grant their r 478b
Requiem chants the master's r 146b
Pitt's the mournful r 317b
to sing a r, and such rest 336b
to thy high r become a sod 220a
Require services to do, till you r 388a
what 'e thought 'e might r 236b
Required with gentle sway 274a
Requisite and necessary 478a
Requite I shd ill r thee 109b
Requited both are alike r 217a
Rere-mice war with r 356b
Rescue to the r came 288b
Resemble her to thee 449a
Resembled had he not r my father 347b
Resentment get up r towards persons 288a
Reserved I am r for some end 96a
r, carried about 491b
Residence a forted r 352a
thro' love's long r 36a
Resign few die and none r 205a
I'd crowns r to call thee mine 447a
I r myself to thee 131a
nor, when we will, r 7a
Resignation gently slopes 168a
Resist damned are those who dare r 524a
I cd r till I saw you 223b
r the devil, and he will flee 517b
Resistance passive r of the Tol-booth 310b
refinement principle of r 55b
the wrong that needs r 18b
Resisted know not what's r 59a
rejoice that America has r 297a
Resistless r, and grand 169b
short, bright, r course 317b
Resolute bloody, bold, and r 349b
Resolution I pull in r 351a
my r is to die 276b
native hue of r 333a
reach that great r 41b
r thus fobbed 376b
road to r lies by doubt 307a
what r from despair 271a
Resolutions great and mighty r 65a
Resolve come, Firm R 59a
prudent purpose to r 477a
that we here highly r 245b
Resolved in doubt is once to be r 361b
I r to honour 526a
think I'm best r 416a
Resolves dror r an' triggers r, and re-r 250a
Resort all r of mirth 477a
to wh I most r 268a
various bustle of r. 439b
Resource infinite-r -and-sagacity 267a
piano-forte is a fine r 237a
Resources of civilization 45a
Respect idle wind, wh I r not 167b
is there no r of place 340b
means of procuring r. 370b
no r of persons 209a
r was mingled with surprise 317b
the r that makes calamity 333a
Respectable a r Hottentot 91a
devil's most devilish when r 43a
not one is r or unhappy 458a
the more r he is 390b
when was genius found r? 43a
Respected Peter was r 468b
Respecter of persons 512a
Respects my best r to you 215a
private r must yield 277b
Responsibility liberty means r 391a
Rest and take thy r 73b
angels sing thee to thy r 337a
a r for the people of God 49a
away the r have trifled 46a
bridie, r a little longer 438a
come, r in this bosom 282a
find r unto yr souls 506b
glad, because they are at r 488b
good r to all 232b
he robs me of my r 176a
ill a-brewing towards my r 353b
in labour r most sweet 86b
I will give you r 506b
keep her from her r 350b
might it die or r at last! 394a
now cometh r 292a
now she's at r 140a
one by one crept silently to R 151a
quietness, grown sick of r 322b
r a little from praise 423b
r comes at length 150a
r I well know where 35b
r, r perturbed spirit 331b
r thy weary head 247a
r will give a shrug, and cry 419a
r ye, brother mariners 433a
Sabbath of his r 141b
safe lodging, and a holy r 288b
seals up all in r 388a
set up my everlasting r 366b
shortly be with them that r 277b
sky is their appointed r 99a
so late take r 489b
so may he r 386a
so sweet to r 365b
take r while you may 317b
the r be all men's 49a
the r is silence 337a
the r, tho' fair and wise, commend 393b
there the weary be at r 497a
they have no r 519b
they r not day and night 518b
to quiet r are gone 20b
we are taking r, master 93b
were not my heart at r 321a
we shall be with those that r 33b
we shall r, and we shall need it 236b
who doth not crave for r? 150a
will not let them r 218a
yiue his soule good r 251a
young spiritl r thee now! 184b
Rested the seventh day 480a
Resting war with rhyme, r never! 216b
Restless for my sake r heretofore 109a
r, unfixed in principles 138a
sea-wind's, r night and day 421b
too r, too untamed 5b
Restlessness round our r, His rest 43b
with repining r 188a
Restore I will r to you the years 504a
let me blood, and not r. 188a

Restore (*cont*)
time may r us 6*b*
Restraint I were free from this r 105*a*
Rests, without a stone 299*b*
Result full r of all 300*a*
r happiness 122*a*
Resume resumption is to r 88*a*
Resumption is to resume 88*a*
Resurgam hatchments, R 440*a*
Resurrection attain unto the r 516*a*
came also the r 515*a*
certain hope of the R 481*b*
I am the r, and the life 511*a*
in the r they neither marry 507*b*
looking for the r of the body 491*a*
Retain jot of former love r 137*b*
Retard what we cannot repel 212*b*
Retention they lack r 371*a*
Retentive to the strength of spirit 338*a*
Retinue puffed up with this r 380*b*
Retire r me to my Milan 368*a*
skilled to r, and in retiring 277*a*
with a blush r 123*b*
Retired add to these r Leisure 268*a*
he is r as noontide 469*a*
Retirement r urges sweet return 276*a*
there must be no r 177*b*
Retort courteous 328*a*
Retreat a friend in my r 111*a*
I will not r 158*b*
loopholes of r 112*a*
make an honourable r 327*a*
woman's noblest station is r 251*b*
Retreats I tell thee it never r 127*b*
Retrenchment Peace, r, and reform 38*a*
Retrograde if it does not advance 162*a*
Return departed never to r 63*b*
dust r to the earth 500*a*
gone, and never must r 269*b*
if thou r at all in peace 496*b*
let us r to our sheep 566*b*
retirement urges sweet r 276*a*
r again, come! 119*a*
r no more to his house 497*a*
r, r, O Shulamite 500*b*
r, that we may look upon thee 500*b*
terrible will be day of their r 255*b*
Returned Creator from his work r 275*b*
mother's house private r 277*b*
Returning r were as tedious 349*b*
with vows of r 424*b*
Returns but unexpectedly r 278*a*
Reuben Tranter R 179*b*
Revealed all flesh shall be r 502*b*
last look by death r 72*b*
r them unto babes 509*a*
the glory that shall be r 479*b*
Revel go r, ye Cupids 424*b*
Revelation inspired by divine r 13*a*
Revelations divine Book of R 81*b*
it ends with R 460*b*
Revellers Bacchus and his r 275*b*
you moonshine r 356*a*
Revelry pomp, and feast, and r 269*a*
sound of r by night 68*a*
Revels Antony, that r long 339*a*
elves, whose midnight r 272*a*
our r now are ended 367*b*
what r are in hand 357*b*
Revenge Cæsar's spirit, ranging for r 330*b*
capable and wide r 362*b*
her r being nigh 360*b*
I'll ne'er pursue r 105*a*
I will most horribly r 383*b*
little R herself went down 438*a*
man that studieth r 14*a*
my great r had stomach for them 363*b*
pride waiting r 272*a*
r his foul and unnatural murder 331*b*
R is a kind of wild justice 14*a*
r triumphs over death 14*a*
spur my dull r 335*b*
stirr'd up with envy and r 270*b*
study of r, immortal hate 271*a*
sweet as my r! 328*b*
sweet is r, especially to women 70*a*
sweet r grows harsh 363*b*
Revenges I will have such r 342*b*
time brings in his r 372*a*
Revenue instead of a standing r 55*b*
no r hast, but thy good spirits? 334*a*
Revenue (*cont*)
streams of r gushed forth 454*a*
Revenues she bears a duke's r 384*a*
Revered loved at home, r abroad 59*b*
Reverence have hem in r 89*b*
more of r in us 429*b*
none so poor to do him r 340*a*
mystic r to a true monarchy 17*a*
r is due to a child 549*b*
thousand claims to r 437*a*
yet r, that angel of the world 329*a*
Reverend ah, r sir, not I! 46*a*
it is a r thing to see 15*a*
Reverent r eye must see a purpose 39*a*
shall I dare to be r? 294*b*
Reveries from r so airy 112*a*
Reversion no bright r in the sky? 299*a*
Reviewers chorus of indolent r 427*a*
r wd have been poets 102*a*
Reviewing read a book before r it 404*b*
Revilest thou God's high priest? 512*b*
Revivals art is the history of r 66*b*
Revive straight again r 78*a*
Revolt is it a r? 562*a*
Revolution No it is a r 562*a*
r in the hopes of men 470*a*
R, like Saturn 565*b*
Revolutionists age fatal to R 562*b*
Revolutions nursery of future r 57*a*
r are not made with rose-water 252*a*
r are not to be evaded 129*a*
r never go backward 297*a*, 321*b*
Revolving one r moon 138*b*
r in his alter'd soul 139*a*
r labours of the year 161*a*
Reward and nothing for r 408*b*
for their r be brought to shame 486*b*
full r and glorious fate 79*b*
Lord r him according 516*b*
no r is offered 258*a*
reap his own old r 236*b*
r of a thing well done 148*a*
what r shall be given or done 489*b*
Rewarded of thee be plenteously r 479*b*
they shall be greatly r 520*a*
Rewardest man according to his work 485*b*
Rewardeth happy he be that r thee 490*a*
Rewards crimes are their own r 150*b*
farewell, r and fairies 106*a*
neither r nor punishments 203*b*
Reynolds prefer a gipsy by R 255*a*
[Sir Joshua R.'] own geese 440*b*
when Sir Joshua R died 29*a*
Reynynge lycke a r ryver bee 88*a*
Rhapsody of words 335*a*
Rheims Lord Archbishop of R 19*a*
Rhetoric(k) r he cd not ope 64*b*
ornate r taught 270*b*
r, able to contend 16*a*
r of thine eye 344*b*
Rhetorician all a r's rules 64*b*
Rheumatic diseases do abound 356*b*
Rhine dwelleth by the castled R 247*a*
henceforth wash the river R 100*b*
king-like rolls the R 75*b*
lordly, lovely R 76*b*
river R, it is well known 100*b*
Rupert of the R 252*b*
the watch on the R 569*b*
wide and winding R 68*b*
Rhinoceros, you are an ugly beast 26*a*
Rhodope brighter than silver R 259*a*
there are no voices, O R! 241*b*
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee 147*a*
Rhyme a ruined r. 424*a*
build the lofty r 269*a*
can r themselves into favours 383*b*
cd not get a r for roman 155*a*
free from r's infection 216*b*
free from r's wrongs 216*b*
have reason for my r 409*b*
in a sort of Runic r 298*a*
I r for fun 60*b*
it was neither r nor reason 283*b*
love hath taught me to r 344*b*
making beautiful old r 388*b*
many a mused r 220*a*
Rhyme (*cont*)
master of unmeaning r 72*b*
Napoleon of the realms of r 71*b*
now it is r. 283*b*
outlive thus powerful r 387*b*
reason war with r 216*b*
received nor r nor reason 409*b*
r invention of a barbarous age 270*b*
r is the rock 138*b*
r the rudder is of verses 65*a*
shalt set love to r 37*b*
some careless r 244*a*
some free from r 299*a*
some r a neebor's name 60*b*
some r for needfu' cash 60*b*
some r to court the clash 60*b*
suffice me that my murmuring r 284*a*
tyrant r hath so abused 216*b*
was never said in r 221*b*
wove the thing to a random r 130*b*
Rhymed to death as in Ireland 402*a*
Rhymes baker r for his pursuit 52*a*
pair their r as Venus her doves 71*a*
r are so scarce 75*b*
ring out my mournful r 431*a*
with uncouth r deck'd 174*b*
Rhyming Bacon of our r crew 241*b*
bondage of R 270*b*
born under a riming planet 359*a*
Rhythm whole of a new r 43*b*
Rialto in the R you have rated me 353*a*
what news on the R? 353*a*
Rib I another r afford 276*b*
smote him under the fifth r 495*b*
the r made he a woman 492*a*
Riband lord in the blue r 55*b*
r in the cap of youth 336*a*
r to stick in his coat 48*a*
what this r bound 449*a*
Ribbed r like a drum 171*b*
r sea sand 99*a*
Ribbon blue r of the turf 129*b*
Ribbons sleeves with r rare 202*a*
wi' r on her breast 530*a*
Ribs God took one of his r 492*a*
seated heart knock at my r 346*b*
under the r of Death 267*b*
Ribstone Pippin right as a R 26*b*
Rice beside the ungather'd r 248*a*
must was on the r-fields 232*a*
Rich and with thee r 112*b*
art thou r 118*b*
as easy to marry a r woman 440*a*
being r, my virtue then 374*a*
call ourselves a r nation 314*a*
camel than for a r man 507*b*
feed with the r 207*b*
grow r in that wh never rust 402*a*
he was r as r cd be 163*b*
if I ever become a r man 27*a*
if thou art r, thou'rt poor 381*b*
let him be r and weary 188*a*
maketh haste to be r 498*b*
making it r, and like a lily 201*b*
most r, being poor 341*b*
neither r nor rare 303*a*
no sin, but to be r 374*a*
poor and content is r 361*b*
poorly r, and meanly great 316*a*
pride of the r is all for sale 93*b*
r beyond the dreams of avarice 210*b*, 280*b*
r have no right to the poor 315*a*
r he hath sent empty away 508*b*
r in good works 516*b*
r in saving common sense 435*a*
r in the simple worship 219*b*
r man in his castle 3*a*
r man's joke is alls funny! 41*a*
r men furnished with ability 521*a*
r men rule the law 170*a*
r, not gaudy 330*b*
r, quiet, and infamous 254*b*
r with forty pounds a year 168*b*
r with little store 143*a*
r with the spoils of time 174*a*
seems it r to die 220*a*
something r and strange 367*a*
there was a certain r man 510*a*
they poor, I r 143*a*
we're r in love 62*b*

Rich (*cont*)
when I grow r 533*b*
wished all men as r as he 163*b*
Richard God for his R hath 375*a*
good Sir R, tell us now 437*b*
it is R, it is Raymond 92*b*
more terror to the soul of R 385*a*
R doth himself appear 375*b*
R 's himself again 95*b*
R, that sweet lovely rose 377*a*
Sir R bore in hand 437*b*
Sir R, longing to be at 'em 523*a*
we came in with R Conqueror 366*b*
Richardson in one letter of R 208*a*
read R for the story 208*a*
works of R pictures of high life 449*b*
Richer for r for poorer 481*b*
r than all his tribe 364*a*
the r still the older 66*a*
Riches deceitfulness of r 506*b*
for that r where is my deserving 388*b*
hardly shall they that have r 510*a*
Heaven had looked upon r 418*a*
he heapeth up r 484*a*
his best r, ignorance 168*a*
if r increase, set not yr heart 485*b*
infinite r in a little room 259*a*
in her left hand r and honour 497*b*
Lord, neither poverty nor r 97*a*
love is mor than gret r 251*a*
rather to be chosen than great r 498*b*
r are a good handmaid 13*b*
r are for spending 15*b*
r have wings 112*a*
r left, not got with pain 416*a*
r make themselves wings 498*b*
since all the r of this world 30*b*
that r grow in hell 272*a*
thy heavy r but a journey 351*b*
unsearchable r of Christ 515*b*
Richest than the r (work) without meaning 314*b*
Richmond lass of R Hill 256*b*, 447*a*
Richmonds six R in the field 385*b*
Ricks stand grey to the sun 231*b*
Rid get r of the Dane 228*b*
marry thee to be r of thee 105*a*
mend it or be r on't 348*b*
you are r of a knave 358*b*
Riddance die and be a r 121*b*
Ridden that wan water 531*a*
Riddle devil's r is mastered 424*a*
dishcover the r 85*b*
glory, jest, and r of the world 301*a*
monster that proposed her r 277*b*
r of destiny, who can show 240*a*
ye had not found out my r 495*a*
Riddles of death Thebes never knew 394*a*
Ride all-arm'd I r 438*a*
as I r, as I r 52*b*
for you alone I r the ring 172*b*
Haggards r no more 410*b*
r a bit of blood 196*a*
r a cock-horse 533*b*
r on because of the word 484*b*
r on! r on in majesty! 266*b*
r on the pants triumphing 324*a*
r, r together, for ever r? 48*a*
r your ways, Ellangowan 319*b*
riding's a joy! For me, I r 48*a*
squires r slowly towards the sea 93*a*
they returned from the r 527*a*
to r, and speak the truth 72*a*
up he got, in haste to r 108*b*
went for a r on a tiger 527*a*
when he next doth r abroad 109*a*
Rider as a steed that knows his r 68*a*
r and horse, friend, foe 68*b*
save a proud r 386*b*
secret between a r and horse 417*a*
the r was lost 157*a*
Rides upon the storm 110*a*
Rideth upon the heavens 486*a*
Ridge of a noble down 438*b*
Ridicule good action into r. 151*b*
r is the best test of truth 91*a*
Ridiculous made arms r 277*b*
sublime and r related 291*b*
sublime to the r 172*a*, 564*a*
Riding my r is better 48*a*
r. o'er the azure realm 173*b*
Riding (*cont*)
r o'er land 69*b*
sing, r 's a joy 48*a*
Stonewall Jackson r ahead 459*a*
wanton troopers r by 261*a*
Ridley be of good Comfort Master R 242*b*
Rife and celebrated in the mouths 277*b*
Riff-raff epithet wh the r apply 197*a*
Rifle jest roll to yr r 237*a*
mind you keep yr r jus' so! 228*b*
r all the breathing Spring 102*b*
Riflemen form, R form 438*a*
Rift load every r of yr subject 223*b*
r within the lute 428*b*
Riga a young lady of R 527*a*
Rigdum-Funnidos 79*b*
Rigged with curses dark 269*b*
Riggish bless her when she is r 323*a*
Right all is r as r can be 164*a*
allow this aged man his r 295*b*
all's right with the world 50*a*
as men strive for r 44*a*
as much r as pigs have to fly 83*a*
at yr age, it is r 82*b*
aye upheld the r 253*b*
because not all was r 114*a*
because r is r, to follow r 435*b*
be r by chance 107*b*
Bertram's r and Bertram's might 319*b*
born to set it r 331*b*
but what's r and fair 201*a*
doeth that wh is lawful and r 503*b*
double error sometimes sets us r 18*a*
down the r it maps a coast 36*a*
every-single-one-of-them-is-r 230*a*
faith that r makes might 245*a*
fashion, the rule of r 410*b*
heaven still guards the r 375*a*
his r hand doth embrace me 500*a*
I am r and you are r 164*a*
in the r with two or three 250*b*
I think it only r 166*a*
Judge of all the earth do r 493*a*
just and r well managed 276*a*
know not whether Laws be r 459*b*
make me always do what is r 202*b*
makes us r or wrang 60*a*
my right there is none to dispute 113*a*
Nature stood recover'd of her r 141*b*
no man has a r to fix boundary 292*b*
on the r went down into the sea 98*a*
our country, r or wrong 118*a*
public attains to think r 213*a*
rage to set things r 44*b*
rather be r than be President 95*b*
reprove her when she's r 419*a*
r and wrong he taught 4*b*
r as a Ribstone-Pippin 26*b*
r as a trivet 126*a*
r as rain 308*b*
R Divine of Kings govern wrong 299*a*
r man in the r place 205*a*, 243*a*
r of an excessive wrong 51*a*
r of the ignorant man 80*b*
so circumspect and r 265*a*
sword was servant unto r 408*b*
take the pains to set me r 241*a*
talks about justice and r 233*a*
that r was r there he wd abide 114*a*
that's r 177*a*
tho' r were worsted 52*a*
to do great r, do little wrong 354*b*
too fond of the r 169*b*
whatever is, is r 301*a*
when all goes r 166*b*
who'll do him r now 45*b*
whose life is in the r 301*b*
with firmness in the r 245*b*
Righteous be not r overmuch 499*b*
dwellings of the r 489*a*
let me die the death of the r 494*a*
never saw I the r forsaken 484*a*
not come to call the r 506*a*
rejoice in the Lord, O ye r 483*b*
r are bold as a lion 498*b*
r, let him be r still 520*b*
r man regardeth the life of his beast 498*a*
r put their hand unto wickedness 489*b*
r rather smite me friendly 490*b*
Righteous (*cont*)
the r are in the hand of God 520*a*
what hath the r done 482*a*
Righteousness becometh us to fulfil all r 504*b*
bring me forth in the paths of r 483*a*
except yr r exceed r of scribes 505*a*
far gone from original r 491*b*
hunger and thirst after r 505*a*
little hills r unto the people 486*b*
living unto r 481*a*
looked for r, but behold a cry 501*a*
power wh makes for r 10*a*
r and peace have kissed 487*a*
r exalteth a nation 498*a*
r hath looked down from heaven 487*a*
r shall go before him 487*a*
r unto the King's son 486*b*
seek God, and his r 505*b*
shall the Sun of r arise 504*b*
thy r as clear as the light 484*a*
thy r as the waves of the sea 502*b*
turneth away from his r 66*b*
what r really is 10*b*
word of meekness, and r 484*b*
worketh not the r of God 517*a*
Righteousnesses are as filthy rags 503*b*
Righting good for r wrongs 246*a*
Rightly when this we r know 29*b*
Rights lies in his r of a man! 44*b*
Palladium of all the r 217*a*
property has duties well as r. 137*b*
Rigol this golden r 381*a*
Rigorous move on a r line 7*a*
Rigour my r relents 55*b*
r of the game 239*a*
Riled no sense in gittin' r! 182*a*
Rill cool Siloam's shady r 184*a*
Rills gardens bright with sinuous r 101*a*
Rim utmost purple r 426*b*
Rimmon in the house of R 496*b*
Rind burnished with golden r 274*a*
how shall taste the r? 442*a*
pulp they chew, and in the r 274*a*
sweet as the r was the core is 421*a*
Ring bright gold r on her hand 281*a*
bright is the r of words 414*b*
curfew must not r to-night 444*b*
for you alone I ride the r 172*b*
he rid at the r 530*b*
kneel and draw the chalky r 113*a*
like that feat in the r 195*a*
only pretty r time 327*b*
rare gold r of verse 51*b*
r, happy bells, across the snow 431*a*
r in the Christ that is to be 431*a*
r of pure and endless light 448*b*
r out, wild bells, to the wild sky 431*a*
r that he had of yr daughter 354*a*
round both shires they r them 199*a*
sleeps on his luminous r 435*b*
the r so worn, as you behold 114*a*
they now *r* the bells 450*a*
this R given and received 481*b*
with this R I thee wed 481*b*
Ringdove's neck from changing 77*b*
Ringed round with a flame 421*a*
Ringlets green sour r make 367*b*
male r or feminine gold 421*b*
Ringlet-snake Fury's r 433*a*
Rings chain of countless r 146*b*
his hands are as gold r 500*b*
oft, as in airy r they skim 304*a*
r on her fingers 533*b*
wearers of r and chains 241*a*
when the right man r them 414*b*
Rio rolling down to R 230*b*
Riot fierce blaze of r 374*b*
spent waves' *r* 422*a*
Riou gallant good R 76*b*
Rip Van Winkle rent for Mrs R 53*a*
Ripe a r and good one 386*b*
cherry r 188*b*
from hour to hour, we r and r 326*a*
what shelter to grow r 7*a*
Riper amuse his r stage 301*a*
Such as are of R Years 481*a*
Ripeness certain r in intellect 222*b*
r is all 344*a*
Ripes ventiferous r 194*b*
Ripped mother's womb untimely r 351*a*

Ripples down a sunny river 241a
Rise arts that caused himself to r 303a
but now they r again 349a
catch the manners as they r 300b
created half to r 301a
dead men r up never 422a
half of her shd r herself 180a
held we fall to r 52a
i' the dark to r by And I r 51b
off dull sloth, and joyful r 224b
of hope to r , or fear to fall 473b
raise the wretched than to r. 168b
r and trip away 241b
R ! for the day is passing 306b
r , honest Muse! 302a
r like feathered Mercury 378b
r , take up thy bed, and walk 510b
r up at the voice of the bird 499b
r up My love 262a, 500a
run, r , rest with thee 187a
seen those dead men r 99a
stoop to r 262b
that we love we r betimes 324a
twilight that doth not r nor set 311a
when afar you r 50a
woe unto them that r up 501a
wd thrive must r at five 532b
ye haste to r up early 489b
Risen Christ, the Lord, is r to-day 455b
we are r , and stand upright 482b
Risen hoo-ray and up she r 527b
Rising all r to great place 14b
assisted the sun in his r 444a
how oft hereafter r 154a
in his r seem'd a pillar 272b
r and cawing at the gun's 357a
r with Aurora s light 419b
Risk it on one turn 230a
Rite no noble r 336a
r of lust and blood 391b
Rites for sacred r unfit 401b
hour when r unholy 77b
Rival in the light of day 473a
Rivalry with the dead there is no r 255a
Rivals and r rail 213a
dear to maidens their r dead 293a
r are the worst! 450a
River above the r Wey it is 232b
a living r by the door 414b
Alph, the sacred r 101a
among the r sallows 221b
away you rolling r 525a
beside the r make for you 39b
breast of the R of Time 6a
down in the reeds by the r 43b
down upon de Swannee R 156a
dragon-fly on the r 43b
fame is like a r 16b
flowing like a crystal r 435b
ford o' Kabul r 229a
fountains mingle with the r 395b
from the r winding clearly 431b
fruitful r in the eye 330a
grassy harvest of the r -fields 8b
grey-green, greasy Limpopo R 237a
laugh as he sits by the r 43b
let the great r take me 436b
like the snow falls in the r 63a
Love for ever run like a r 74a
lycke a reynynge r bee 88a
majestic R floated on 8a
on a tree by a r 165a
on either side the r lie 431b
one more r to cross 526a
Pentridge by the r 21a
primrose by a r 's brim 468b
reed with the reeds in the r 43b
ripples down a sunny r 241a
r at my garden's end 419b
r comes me cranking in 378a
r glideth at his own sweet will 472b
r Weser, deep and wide 50a
runs not a r by my palace? 440a
sailed on a r of crystal light 151a
she s fading down the r 287b
shewed me a pure r of water 520a
shines over city and r 435a
spake to the noble r 253b
there is a r in Macedon 383b
there's the r up an' brimmin' 229a
the rush of the r 25a
River (cont)
thy peace been as a r 502b
'tirra-lirra', by the r 431b
to the r 's trembling edge 398a
weariest r winds safe to sea 422a
we gather at the r 315b
white flows the r 414b
Rivers any discourse of r 450b
as the r in the south 489b
being suffered, r cannot quench 384b
brooks and r wide 269a
by shallow r to whose falls 259a
noise of winds and of many r 420a
r , in the greatest rain 292b
sendeth the springs into the r. 488a
the r run into the sea 499a
washed by the r 40a
Rivets busy hammers closing r up 382b
Rivulets place where r dance 471b
r hurrying thro' the lawn 437a
Road 'ammer along the 'ard 'igh r 535a
and the r before me 414a
and the r below me 414a
at the other end of the r 262a
beset the R I was to wander in 154a
does the r wind uphill 311a
drive the r and bridge the ford 234b
endless r you tread 199b
force and r of casualty 353b
free as the r 188a
golden R to Samarkand 154b
horse misus'd upon the r 29a
I like the r you are travelling 405a
I ll tak' the high r 525b
in the moon the long r lies 199a
I take to the open r 458a
life may be a pleasant r 306a
life s r , so dim and dirty 70a
load has tipped off in the r 233a
long time on the r 127b
my mistress still the open r 414a
my r leads me forth 262a
no expeditious r to pack 442a
no r or ready way to virtue 41b
no 'royal r ' to geometry 573b
on a lonesome r doth walk 99b
one r leads to London 262a
on the r , the lonely r 181b
on the r to Mandalay 232a
r lies long and straight 413a
r that leads him to England 207a
r to bring us, daily, nearer God 224a
R to fair Elf-land 528a
r was a ribbon of moonlight 290a
r went up, the r went down 25b
rolling English r 93a
rough is the r 78b
rough r easy walking 199b
sad r lies so clear 294a
shut the r thro the woods 236a
the r is rough and long 38b
the world to be a grassy r 476a
they are upon the r 108b
to be out on the r 262a
use the ocean as their r 449a
who passes by this r so late? 528a
Road-rail, pig-lead 261b
Roads most r lead men homewards 262a
Roadway stand on the r 475b
Roam dunce that has been sent to r 110b
ever let the fancy r 218a
r whatever realm to see 169b
the other far doth r 134a
who soar, but never r 471a
Roaming R in the Gloamin' 242b
r with a hungry heart 438b
where are you r ? 370b
Roar bark, bellow, and r 29b
hear the waves r 6a
I hear the lion r 110a
I will r , that I will do 356b
lion give a grievous r 309a
long, withdrawing r 5a
r as any sucking-dove 356b
r , as if of earthly fire 218a
r of the Milky Way 235a
r their ribs out 167a
swinging slow with sullen r 268a
Roared ran about the room and r 91b
well r , Lion 357b
Roarers what care these r 367a
Roaring r lions of the *Daily Telegraph* 9a
r in the wind 470a
Roast but to r their eggs 15b
no politics in boiled and r 405a
r me in sulphur 364a
r with fire, and unleavened bread 493b
strove to rule the r 306a
Rob r a lady by way of marriage 151b
r me, but bind me not 133b
Robbed he's not r at all 362a
he that is r not wanting 362a
r that smiles steals something 360a
'ye have r ', said he 287b
Robber Barabbas was a r 511b
Robbery in scandal as in r 90b
Robbing forbids the r of a foe 94b
Robe in a r of clouds 73a
intertissued r of gold 382b
nor the judge s r 351b
robb'd me of my R of Honour 154a
r of mine change my disposition 373b
Robert Browning, you writer of plays 48a
Robert Emmet and Wolfe Tone 474b
Robes arrayed in white r 519a
garland and singing r about him 279a
have washed their r in the blood 519a
his flaming r streamed out 218a
in all his r pontifical exprest 442b
in r of light arrayed 184a
r loosely flowing 215a
than r riche, or fithele 88b
when all her r are on 525a
[Robespierre] sea-green Incorruptible 80b
Robin Auld R Gray 20b
bonny sweet R 336a
call for the r redbreast 454b
gay R is seen no more 76a
lilacs where the r built 195a
little English r 470a
no r ever on the deep 119b
R Redbreast in a Cage 29a
R 's not near 224b
sweet R sits in the bush 319b
what will poor r do then 533a
where the gardener R day by day 109b
Robin Adair 224b
Robin Hood *here lies bold R* 530b
is R asleep? 290a
Robinson John P R he 250a
Robinson Crusoe except *R* Robin Crusoe 212a, 118b
Robs me of that wh not enriches him 361b
Robustious periwig-pated fellow 333b
Rochefoucauld good-bye to R 145a
Rochets shall go down 307a
Rock all on a r reclin d 161a
a pendant r 324a
for a r of offence 501b
impregnable r of Scripture 167b
it is the Inchcape R ! 406b
R of ages, cleft for me 445a
r of immortality 38b
r of the national resources 454a
rhyme is the r 138b
set my feet upon the r 484a
shadow of a great r 502a
she ran upon no r 111a
then they rested on a r 84b
the tall r the mountain 47-a
think that you are upon a r 329a
this r shall fly 316b
they knew the perilous r 406b
tree striking r at the root 263a
upon this r I will build 507a
water out of this r 494a
Rocked he neither shall be r 522a
r in the cradle of the deep 461a
she r it, and rated it 143b
Rocket he rose like a r 291b
Rocking cradle endlessly r 457b
r a grown man 58a
Rocking-horse thought it Pegasus 220b
Rocks between the ascetic r 264b
change from r to roses 305a
lights twinkle from the r 439a
mid these dancing r 101a
mountains and r fall on us 519a
on crystal r ye rove 31b

Rocks (*cont*)
paled in with r unscaleable 328*b*
rifted r leads to Hell 267*b*
r, and stones, and trees 463*a*
r, caves, lakes, fens 272*b*
r for the conics 488*b*
r on the mould 522*a*
seas white, when r are near 454*b*
she is older than the r 293*a*
valleys and r never heard 113*a*
walled round with r 421*b*
Rod Aaron's r 493*b*
a creed is a r 422*a*
all humbled kiss the r 372*b*
a r out of the stem of Jesse 501*b*
a r to check the erring 463*b*
bruise them with a r of iron 481*b*
every r of empire crooked 17*a*
eyeball owns the mystic r 52*a*
honey with the end of the r 495*a*
r and thy staff comfort me 483*a*
r of the ungodly cometh not 489*b*
r produces effect wh terminates 206*a*
spareth his r hateth his son 498*a*
throw away Thy r 188*a*
thy r of incantation 161*a*
Rode full royally he r 412*a*
I r upon the Down 33*b*
nor second he, that r sublime 175*a*
r all that day and all night 257*b*
r between the barley-sheaves 431*b*
r the six hundred 426*a*
she r forth, clothed with chastity 427*a*
steed, wh he r at full speed 243*a*
Roderick Dhu 316*b*
Rods bleeding from the Roman r 107*b*
Roe and following the r 62*a*
be thou like to a r 501*a*
Roebuck he is a gentle r 475*a*
Roes breasts are like two young r 500*b*
Roger's false flattering tongue 239*b*
Rogue a dainty r in porcelain 264*b*
bewitched with the r's company 377*a*
busy and insinuating r 363*a*
fiddler, and consequently a r 418*a*
has he not a r's face? 104*b*
r and peasant slave 332*b*
r is married to a whore 234*a*
Rogues hear poor r talk of court 344*a*
r in buckram suits 377*b*
r obey you well 191*b*
r that pretend to religion 291*a*
you dissentious r 328*a*
Roland to the dark tower came 343*a*
Roll all away began to r 30*a*
few more years shall r 33*b*
never *you* mind! r on! 163*a*
not in the r of common men 378*a*
r dem bones 191*a*
r forth, my song 258*a*
r of the world eastward palpable 180*b*
r on, thou ball 163*a*
r on, thou deep blue ocean 69*b*
r up and down our ships 134*b*
r up that map 297*b*
r upon yr bed 284*a*
Roller, pitch, and stumps 242*a*
Rolling came r up ragged and brown 226*b*
r down the Ratcliffe Road 227*a*
r down to Rio 230*b*
Rolls dig for buttered r 85*b*
r, impotently on as Thou or I 153*b*
r it under his tongue 185*b*
Romage in the land 329*b*
Roman a dog than such a R 340*b*
after the high R fashion 324*b*
a R meal 112*a*
a R's life a R's arms 253*b*
a R thought hath struck him 322*b*
before the R came to Rye 93*a*
bleeding from the R rods 107*b*
butcher'd to make a R holiday 69*a*
cd not get a rhyme for r 155*a*
heard the snobbish R say 24*b*
his noses cast is of the r 155*a*
I am a R citizen 540*b*
I'm a R for that 150*a*
know the sweet R hand 371*b*
more an antique R than a Dane 337*a*
noblest R of them all 341*b*
not holy, nor R, nor an empire 566*a*
Roman (*cont*)
play the R fool 351*a*
R, be thus thy care 556*a*
R by a R valiantly vanquished 324*b*
R-Saxon-Danish 118*b*
Rooshan, ain't it no, sir R, R 125*b*
so rude that wd not be a R 339*b*
the R and his trouble 199*a*
think not, thou noble R 341*a*
virtue with the R clergy 226*b*
wnt in a R chamber 96*a*
Romance a little given to r 149*b*
'Confound R!' 230*b*
resounds in fable or r 271*b*
R brought up the nine-fifteen 230*b*
R! those first-class passengers 232*a*
sitting by the shores of old r 463*a*
symbols of a high r 221*a*
think steam spoils r at sea 232*a*
Romances r as they wd be spiritualized 449*b*
r paint at full length 70*b*
to read eternal new r of Marivaux 175*b*
vulgar authors in r 65*b*
with high r blent 221*a*
Roman Empire calls itself the Holy R 566*a*
fall of the R 412*a*
ghost of the deceased R 191*b*
historian of the R 161*b*
Romanism rum, R and rebellion 54*b*
Romans are yet two R living 341*b*
as when the R came 235*a*
called Cassius the last of the R 553*b*
friends, R, countrymen 339*b*
last of all the R 341*b*
pristine wars of the R 382*a*
R call it stoicism 1*b*
R were like brothers 253*a*
to whom the R pray 253*b*
wh came first Greeks or the R 129*a*
Romantic deep r chasm 101*a*
r Ireland's dead and gone 474*b*
Romanticism tinge it with r 136*a*
Rome asles of Christian R 147*a*
at R live in the Roman style 537*b*
at R she hadde been 88*b*
Bishop of R hath no jurisdiction 491*b*
but that I loved R more 339*b*
Church of R I found wd suit 524*a*
come from R al hoot 89*a*
everyone comes round by R 51*a*
falls the Coliseum, R shall fall 69*a*
fate of Cato and of R 1*a*
first in a village second at R 13*a*
grandeur that was R 298*a*
Half-way House to R, Oxford 535*a*
hook-nosed fellow of R 380*b*
impossible to breed thy fellow 341*b*
in all you writ to R 385*b*
insolent Greece, or haughty R 216*a*
it was at R, on the 15 of October 161*b*
I've lost R 234*a*
lay thou on for R! 253*b*
let R in Tiber melt 322*a*
London is the R of to-day 147*a*
now is it R indeed 338*a*
Oh R! my country! 69*a*
palmy state of R 329*b*
rolls by the towers of R 253*b*
R been growing up 131*b*
R has spoken 538*a*
R, in the height of her glory 454*a*
R is above the Nations 234*b*
R shall perish—write that word 107*b*
R, tho' her eagle had flown 449*a*
R thy Virgil's name 109*a*
sires have marched to R 253*a*
stands the Coliseum, R shall stand 69*a*
stones of R to rise and mutiny 340*b*
strangers of R, Jews 512*a*
time will doubt of R 71*a*
varletry of censuring R 325*a*
Voice of Cato is the voice of R 214*b*
when R falls—the World 69*a*
you cruel men of R 337*b*
Romeo give me my R 366*a*
O gentle R! 365*a*
R, come forth 366*a*
R's a dishclout to him 366*a*
R! wherefore art thou R? 365*a*
Ronald Lord R flung himself 243*a*
Ronsard sang of me 505*b*
Ronyon rump-fed r 346*a*
Roof even upon the topmost r 426*b*
look right thro' its gorgeous r 47*b*
majestical r fretted 332*b*
runs through the arched r 270*b*
whose humble r is weather-proof 190*b*
worthy shdst come under my r 506*a*
Roofs building r of gold 381*b*
Roof-tree heavens my wide r 12*b*
Rookery leads the clanging r 432*a*
Rooks choughs and r brought forth 349*a*
r are blown about 429*b*
r came home in scramble 192*a*
r in families homeward go 180*a*
Room altho' the r grows chilly 172*b*
A R of One's Own 462*b*
brings a taper to the outward r 133*b*
coming to that holy r, 133*a*
from my lonely r thus night 12*a*
from r to r I stray 452*b*
how little r do we take up 401*a*
infinite riches in a little r 259*a*
is there r for Mary there? 315*b*
large upper r furnished 510*a*
left the r with silent dignity 177*a*
like a bridegroom from his r 12*b*
nae r at my head 529*a*
Rome indeed and r enough 338*a*
r, and verge enough 173*b*
set my feet in a large r 483*b*
take the lower r 509*b*
there is not r for Death 38*b*
there was no r for them 508*b*
to make thee a r 215*b*
who sweeps a r as for Thy laws 188*b*
yes, there's r 315*b*
you shall keep yr r 414*b*
Rooms know r of thy native country 157*b*
love the uppermost r at feasts 507*b*
yr r at college was beastly 232*b*
Rooshan, ain't it, Wegg 125*b*
Rooshans people may be R 124*a*
Roost curses come home to r 406*b*
Rooster hongry r don't cackle 182*a*
Root axe is laid unto the r 504*b*
have we eaten on the insane r 346*a*
here, r and all, in my hand 427*a*
I am the r and the offspring 520*b*
nips his r 385*b*
r and father of many kings 348*b*
r of the matter is found in me 497*a*
self-control is wisdom's r 59*a*
they had no r, they withered 506*b*
thy r is ever in its grave 187*b*
Roots are r, and ever green 295*b*
as if r of the earth rotten 222*b*
broad on the r of things 44*b*
poison England at her r 144*a*
r that can be pulled up 144*a*
send my r rain 198*a*
Rope his throat in a r 424*a*
pulled at one r 99*a*
r that hangs my dear 159*b*
sin as it were with a cart r 501*a*
Roper Son R, the field is won 283*a*
Rorum, corum 290*b*
Rosaleen my Dark R 258*a*
Rosalind no jewel is like R 327*a*
Rosalys Margaret and R 311*b*
Rosaries pictures, r, and pixes 66*a*
Rosary my r 309*b*
Rose against the blown r 324*a*
all June I bound the r 49*a*
any nose may ravage a r 52*a*
a r her mouth 433*b*
a r in the deeps of my heart 475*b*
as red as any r 531*b*
blossom as the r 502*a*
breast that gives the r 264*a*
bud, and yet a r full blown 191*a*
budding r above the r full blown 465*a*
Christmas I no more desire a r 344*b*
die of a r in aromatic pain? 300*b*
disclose unceremoniously the r 452*a*
English unofficial r 39*b*
enough the r was heaven to smell 192*a*
fair as is the r in May 90*a*
go, lovely R! 449*a*

Rose (*cont*)
happy is the r distilled 356*a*
hath not thy r a canker 383*b*
hath not thy r a thorn 383*b*
he r the morrow morn 100*a*
he wears the r of youth 323*b*
him that loved the r 441*a*
His blood upon the r 297*b*
home, R, and home Provence 96*b*
I am the r of Sharon 500*a*
if love were what the r is 423*a*
if this pale r offend 405*b*
I have plucked the r 363*b*
Iram is gone with all its R 152*a*
I r the wrong way to-day 25*b*
it is written on the r 185*a*
it wavers to a r 131*a*
Jove bestows the fading r 79*b*
lap of the crimson r 356*b*
last r of summer 281*b*
leaves the R of Yesterday 152*b*
look wh she turn'd when he r 281*b*
lost here but it r afarl 52*b*
lovely is the r 466*a*
mast burst open with a r 155*a*
mighty lak' a r 410*a*
more labyrinthine buds the r 52*a*
most sweet, and inviolate R 476*a*
musk of the r is blown 434*a*
my fause lover stole my r 63*b*
my Luve's like a red red r 62*a*
ne'er the r without the thorn 191*a*
Nightingale cries to the R 152*a*
no thorns go as deep as a r's 421*a*
on thy cheek a fading r 218*b*
pluck a red r from off this thorn 383*b*
pluck a white r with me 383*b*
queen r of the rosebud 434*a*
reddens to a r 452*a*
red r cries, 'She is near' 434*a*
Red R, Proud R, sad R 476*b*
Richard, that sweet lovely r 377*a*
R as where some buried Cæsar 153*a*
r both at an instant 379*a*
R crossed the road 131*a*
r just newly born 205*a*
R kissed me to-day 131*a*
r leaves, when the r is dead 399*b*
R of all Roses, R of all World 475*b*
r of the fair state 333*b*
r or rue or laurel 420*b*
r politely in the club 91*b*
r-red city 55*a*
R that cannot wither 448*a*
r up to play 494*a*
r was awake all night 434*a*
r with all its sweetest leaves 72*a*
shd vanish with the R 154*a*
slowly, slowly r she up 531*a*
sweet r, whose hue angry 187*b*
that wh we call a r 365*a*
their only thornless r 424*a*
thereby beauty's r never die 387*a*
the r growing on's cheek 251*b*
the r like a nymph 398*a*
the r's scent is bitterness 441*a*
tho' a r shd shut 221*b*
under the r 28*a*, 239*a*
up he r, and donn'd his clothes 335*b*
up r the son up r Emelye 89*a*, 141*a*
vernal bloom, or summer's r 273*a*
when the r-blossoms wither 421*b*
white r weeps, 'She is late' 434*a*
wild centuries roves back the r 119*a*
within the bosom of the r 426*b*
with lily and red r 284*a*
without thorn the r 274*a*
you r o' the wrong side to-day 38*a*
Rose Aylmer 240*b*
Roseate hues of early dawn 3*b*
Rosebery and Comyns Carr 93*a*
Rosebud r set with wilful thorns 435*b*
rose of the r garden of girls 434*a*
without the fragrant r 191*a*
Rosebuds gather ye r 190*a*
r filled with snow 78*b*
Rose-cheeked Laura 78*a*
Roseleaf only a r down 24*a*
Rosemary for you there's r 373*a*
there's r for remembrance 315*b*
Roses change from rocks to r 305*a*
Roses (*cont*)
have the r heard 434*a*
it was the time of r 194*b*
lilies without, r within 261*a*
make thee beds of r 259*a*
Morn a thousand R brings 152*b*
morning r newly washed 366*b*
Oh r for the flush of youth 311*a*
on thy turf shall r rear 73*b*
plant thou no r at my head 311*a*
raptures and roses of vice 421*a*
rod of criticism with r 130*b*
r across the moon 284*b*
r and white lilies grow 78*b*
r are her cheeks 433*b*
r at first were white 189*b*
r have thorns, fountains mud 387*b*
r, red and white 195*a*
r, r, all the way 50*a*
r stick like burrs 5*b*
r were all awake 434*a*
scent of the r will hang round 281*b*
seek r in December 72*a*
she wore a wreath of r 22*b*
so with r overgrown 261*a*
strew no more red r 7*a*
strew on her r 7*b*
sweet musk-r, and with eglantine 356*b*
tho' my own red r blow 442*b*
virgins are soft as the r 67*b*
voluptuous garden-r 435*a*
where r and violets meet 22*a*
wild, r, and ivy serpentine 398*a*
Rose-water revolutions not made with r 252*a*
r over a toad 205*b*
Ross read Alexander R over 65*a*
sing the Man of R 302*a*
Rosy earth not grey but r 48*b*
he that loves a r cheek 79*a*
left the daisies r 433*b*
pass the r wine 125*a*
r is the west 433*b*
Rot cold obstruction and to r 352*a*
hour to hour, we r and r 326*a*
propagate, and r 301*a*
r high on Temple Bar 93*b*
r inwardly and foul contagion 269*b*
r itself with motion 322*b*
the very deep did r 98*b*
Rote learned and conned by r 341*a*
Rotten goodly apple r 353*a*
Lord Lilac thought it rather r 93*a*
something is r in Denmark 331*a*
Rottenness firmament is r 267*b*
r begins in his conduct 204*b*
Rotting Dungeon, that I'm r in 79*a*
me in and mighty, r 329*a*
Rotunda Opulent R Strike 412*b*
Rotundity o' the world 342*b*
Rough earth's smoothness r 56*b*
r as nutmeg-graters 191*b*
r he may be 124*a*
the r places plain 502*b*
Rougher I beneath a r sea 107*b*
Rough-hew them how we will 336*b*
Roughness breedeth hate 14*b*
Roughs among his fellow r 136*b*
Round attains the upmost r 338*b*
dance their wayward r 471*b*
drunk their Cup a R or two 153*a*
everyone comes r by Rome 51*a*
her diurnal r! 466*a*
in the heaven, a perfect r 44*b*
knew the merry world was r 439*a*
large, and smooth, and r 406*a*
light fantastic r 267*a*
or else goes r and r 86*b*
r about the cauldron 349*b*
r and r it flew 98*a*
r and top of sovereignty 349*b*
r me once again! 434*a*
r she turned for my noble sake 48*a*
r turned he, as not deigning 253*b*
the golden r 346*b*
Roundabouts what's lost upon the r 86*b*
Rounded with a sleep 367*b*
Roundelay synge untoe mie r 88*a*
Rounder 'twixt the cypresses 49*a*
Round-faced man in black 183*a*
Roundhead below the R rode 438*a*
Round-heads and Wooden-shoes 1*b*
Round-hoofed, short-jointed 386*b*
Rounds it's 'Three r blank' 229*a*
it was 'R! What R?' 234*a*
unto their r their music's aid 249*b*
Roupell Mr Charles R 408*a*
Rouse r and bestir themselves 271*b*
r him at the name of Crispian 383*a*
Rousseau mock on, Voltaire, R 31*b*
not ask Jean Jacques R 110*b*
sophist, wild R 68*b*
Rout difference, after all their r 94*b*
pleasures of having a r 195*a*
ruin upon ruin, r on r 273*a*
wherefore doth yr r 252*b*
Routed thrice he r all his foes 139*a*
Rove that, where'er we r 281*b*
Rover whither away, fair r 37*a*
Roving Lady Moon, where are you r 198*a*
we'll go no more a-r 74*a*
Roves back the rose 119*a*
Row darned long r to hoe 250*a*
Devil knows how to r 99*b*
I'll r ye so quick 261*b*
mussels all in a r 533*a*
of orient pearl a double r 78*b*
Oysters waited in a r 84*b*
r, brothers, r 282*b*
r, my knights, near the land 79*a*
saints, who r on r, burn upward 52*a*
watermen, that r one way 64*a*
weel may the boatie r 149*b*
Rowed all r fast 570*b*
r along, thinking of nothing 120*b*
Rowing find me r against the stream 319*a*
looking one way, and r another 54*a*
r home to haven 261*b*
Rowland's oil 126*b*
Rowley Poley, pudding and pie 534*a*
Royal a crowned man r 422*a*
a more than r tomb 16*b*
high on a throne of r state 272*a*
men of r siege 359*b*
no r road to geometry 573*b*
to be a regular R Queen! 163*b*
Royal Exchange love to frequent the R 2*a*
Royal George down went the R 111*a*
Royalist more r than the king 566*b*
Royally to have prov'd most r 337*a*
Royalty flattery to R with a trowel 129*a*
r appeals to diffused feelings 17*b*
r is a government one person 17*b*
Rub ay, there's the r 333*a*
Rubbish cast as r to the void 430*b*
hopeless r as thy worst 410*b*
Rubies price is above r 499*a*
r fairy favours 356*b*
wisdom is above r 497*a*
wisdom is better than r 498*a*
Rubious more smooth and r 370*a*
Rubs nor botches in the work 348*b*
Ruby a R kindles in the Vine 152*a*
Vine her ancient R yields 152*a*
Rudder mixed with the r 86*a*
rhyme the r is of verses 65*a*
snatched his r 8*b*
their tail the r 139*b*
Ruddy now he was r 495*b*
Rude but only rather r and wild 26*a*
'it's very r of him' she said 84*a*
r am I in my speech 360*a*
society is all but r 260*b*
who is here so r 339*b*
Rudelithe and large 89*a*
Rudest work that tells a story 314*b*
Rudyards cease from kapling 410*b*
Rue I'll set a bank of r 375*b*
nought shall make us r 374*b*
press the r for wine 319*a*
rose or r or laurel 420*b*
r, even for ruth 375*b*
sold for endless r 198*b*
there's rosemary and r 373*a*
wear yr r with a difference 335*b*
Ruffian menaces of a r 208*b*
that father r 377*b*
Ruffians, pitiless as proud 107*b*
Ruffled, and sometimes impaired 267*a*
Rug snug, as a bug in a r 156*b*

ugged antiquarian is a r being 209b
those r names to our mouths 278b
uhnken learn'd professor, R 304b
un around the dear r 281b
aspect of princes, and their r 380a
at the brink of r 217a
back, erc the r fall! 253b
formed for the r of our sex 405b
formless r of oblivion 369b
hideous r and combustion 271a
hides the r that it feeds upon 110b
in a r that's romantic 165a
last of a race in r 92a
majestic tho' in r 272b
man marks the earth with r 69b
pain and r to despise 174b
predicts the r of the State 29a
print no r -trace 280a
rid r, and breaking up of laws 427b
r and confusion hurled 2b
r, and desperation, and dismay 277b
r half an author's graces 283a
r seize thee, ruthless King! 173b
s upon r, rout on rout 273a
r —yet what r! 69a
seed of r in himself 7a
shame and r wait for you 107b
spreading r and scattering ban 43b
stern R 's ploughshare 62a
thou its r didst not share 131b
to r or to rule the state 138a
whom God to r has design'd 140b
you will r no more lives 135b
ained r at our own request 283a
r by buying pennyworths 157a
r of their natural propensities 58a
o ning along the illimitable inane 433a
ains flout, the r grey 317a
human mind in r 118a
mean reparations upon mighty r 56b
rains and r are over 420a
the r of the noblest man 330b
ule all be done by the r 323b
declared absolute r 274a
errors of a wise man make yr r 29a
golden r is no golden rules 391a
good be each man's r 427a
good old r sufficeth 470b
levell'd r of streaming light 267a
little r, a little sway 143a
no charge of r, nor governance 416a
no r is so general exception 64a
not a regular r 83b
observed the golden r 31b
oldest r in the book 83b
only take this r along 419a
r applies to everyone 166b
R, Britannia 443a
R of Three doth puzzle me 533a
r to do the business of the day 455a
singing, R Britannia 525a
such as did bear r 521a
sure the monarch's r must prove 306a
they that r in England 92a
too fond to r alone 303a
to ruin or to r the state 138a
to r the roast 306a
wd the r of it had been so too 214b
when you've shouted 'R Britannia' 227a
who can r and dare not lie 433b
ulers little Benjamin their r 486b
ulers against the r of the darkness 516a
r are not a terror to good works 513b
R of the Queen's Navee 166a
ules all a rhetorician's r 64b
as if r were not in the schools 65b
but truth from r 65b
he that only r by terror 426a
little r and few 26b
never shows she r 302a
obtruding false r 267b
pretences to break known r by 116a
r and models destroy genius 183b
r are the laws of Nature 202b
r even the wisest in learning r 113b
twelve good r 168b
with old r jump right 65b
woman, r us still 282a
uling r himself after thy word 480a
the r passion conquers reason 302a
um and a bottle of r 413a

Rum (*cont*)
r and true religion 70b
R on the port 414b
r, Romanism, and rebellion 54b
what a R Go everything is 455b
Rumbled under the water it r on 99b
Rumination by often r 327a
Rumour distillation of r 80b
have r of thee there? 442a
r is a pipe 379b
r of oppression and deceit 111b
Rumours of wars 507b
Rum-ti-Foo isle of R 163a
Run altho' I r and r 93b
cry it up, or r it down 419b
day has r but to the even-song 189a
good r I have in my sleep 416b
gwine to r all night 156a
he may r that readeth 504b
if they r, why, we follow 158b
I r, I r, I am gathered 265a
I therefore so r 514a
let us r with patience 517a
many shall r to and fro 504a
r about thro' the city 485b
r, and not be weary 502b
r at least twice as fast 84a
r into any kind of danger 478a
r, rise, rest with Thee 187a
r, tailors, r, or she'll kill you all 534a
r the straight race 279b
r to and fro like sparks 520a
see how they r 533a
stay, and r again, and stay 261a
still as they r they look behind 174b
they wh r in a race r all 514a
those sins thro' wh I r 132a
thoughts half r before 423a
to my dead heart r them in! 415a
to r for President in 1928 106a
to r, tho' not to soar 255b
to wait, to ride, to r 409b
up I go till I end my r 234a
we do not r for prize 466a
we r because we like it 466a
Runagates continue in scarceness 486a
Runcible spoon 247b
Rune she read her r to all 313a
Runic R rhyme 298a
some fallen R stone 6a
Runnable stag 117b
Runnels pebble-stones 217b
Runneth about unto the end of it 482b
Running call 'r a man down 418a
first sprightly r 130b
it takes all the r *you* can do 84a
r it never runs from us 132a
r the way of thy commandments 479b
Runs fights and r away 523b
it never r from us away 132a
sprinkles with nectar, and r on 241a
Run-stealers flicker to and fro 442b
Rupee chapter on the Fall of the R 466a
Rupert R of debate 257a
R of Parliamentary discussion 128a
R of the Rhine 252b
Rural lovely woman in a r spot 202a
made a r pen 32b
nor r sights alone, but r sounds 111b
Rush as we r, as we r 443b
Rushing mighty wind 512a
Rushingly, like the Pentecost Wind 180a
Rushy down the r glen 4a
Ruskin leave to squeamish R 226a
Russel Daun R the fox 89a
Russell R, let me call you Edwin 150b
hack me as you did Lord R 279b
R acted highest principles 150b
Russia last out a night in R 351b
Russian might have been a R 166a
Russians [R] dash on the thin red line 315a
R shall not have Constantinople 201b
Rust eaten to death with r 380a
golden hair tarnished with r 460a
his good sword r 101a
less than the r 197a
needles now r disus'd 109a
that wh never taketh r 402a
the true r of the Barons' Wars 449b
to r unburnished, not to shine 438b

Rust (*cont*)
toy soldier is red with r 151a
wear out than to r out 116a
where moth and r doth corrupt 505b
Rustic moralist 174b
Rusticity refined r 488b
Rustics amazed the gazing r 168b
Rustum let R lay about 152b
Zal and R 152b
Rusty want of fighting was grown r 65a
Ruth rue, even for r 375b
the sad heart of R 220a
Rutted this morning by the guns 261b
Rye a bag full of r 533a
before the Roman came to R 93a
between the acres of the r 327b
coming through the r 59b
fields of barley and of r 431b
rob the blighted r 114a

S

Saba Arabia and S 486b
Sabachthani Eli, Eli, lama s 508a
Sabæan blow S odours 273b
Sabaoth Lord God of S 478a
Sabbath born on the S day 525a
eternal S of his rest 131b
hail, S! poor man's day 172b
hallow thus the S day 101a
holy was the S-bell 221b
keep holy the S day 480a
let a S song 298a
one s deep and wide 418a
S of the Lord thy God 480a
S of the year! 246a
s was made for man 508a
smiled when s appear'd 113a
thou art no s-drawler 418a
upon a S day it fell 221b
Sabbaths new moons and s 501a
s of Eternity 438a
those endless s 287a, 517a
Sable and of s hue 261a
s silvered 330b
Sabre with his s drawn 523a
Sabrina fair 268a
Sack I'll purge and leave s 379a
intolerable deal of s 378a
nothing without s 380b
s and sugar be a fault 377b
s the lot! 152a
Sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer 504a
Sacks to sew up wives 440a
Sacrament orbed s 442b
Sacred Alph, the s river 101a
feed his s flame 101b
Sacrifice bodies a living s 513b
coming to the s 210b
God will provide for s 223b
my hands be an evening s 490b
pay thy morning s 224b
pinnacle of s pointing 246a
prayers one sweet s 385b
s for sin, hast thou not required 484a
s, oblation, and satisfaction 480b
s of God is a troubled spirit 485a
s to God devil's leavings 419a
s to the Graces 90b
stands Thine ancient s 233b
thou desirest no s 485a
to obey is better than s 495a
turn delight into a s 186b
unpitied s in a struggle 56b
Sacrificed passover is s for us 514a
Sacrificers, but not butchers 338b
Sacrifices upon such s my Lord ha 344a
Sacrilege we have consecrated s 128b
Sad ah, s and strange 436a
gentlemen wd be as s as night 174a
if you find him s 322b
know not why I am so s 352b, 568b
make a man look s 357b
mine a s one 352b
more s are those we daily see 182a
nobody shd be s but I 374a
s and bad and mad it was 46a
s as angels for man's sin 77b
s or singing weather 423a
s stuff (Shakespeare) 571a

Sad (*cont*)
s that she was glad 441*a*
s tires in a mile-a 373*a*
say I m s 202*a*
so s, so fresh, the days 436*a*
so s, so strange, the days 436*a*
seem too solemn s 408*b*
their songs are s 92*a*
the s moonbeam 35*b*
thou art absent I am s 290*a*
when so s thou canst not sadder 442*a*
wind! thou art s 284*b*
Winter sullen and s 443*b*
wrought in a s sincerity 147*a*
Sad-coloured sect [Quakers] 196*b*
Sadder canst not s 442*a*
s and wiser man 100*a*
s even than I am 451*a*
Saddest I'm s when I sing 22*a*, 451*a*
s are, 'It might have been' 182*a*
s of all Kings crown'd 206*a*
Saddle boot, s, to horse 45*b*
my s and my bow 531*b*
Sadly descends the autumn evening 7*b*
Sadness a most humorous s 327*a*
feeding of s and longing 247*a*
He feeleth for our s 3*b*
no s of farewell 426*a*
s in the sweet 441*a*
s of her might 219*b*
s of her s 21*b*
Safe I wish him s at home 217*a*
man's perdition to be s 147*a*
s bind, s find 446*b*
s for democracy 462*a*
s home, s home 287*a*
s shall be my going 40*a*
s though all safety's lost 40*a*
s where men fall 40*a*
to be honest is not s 362*a*
you're perfectly s 456*b*
Safely but to be s thus 348*b*
s, s gather'd in 130*b*
thro the World we s go 29*b*
Safer s being meek 44*b*
s to be that wh we destroy 348*b*
Safest die, s of all 40*a*
just when we re s 45*a*
Safety counsellors there is s 408*a*
in in shall eat in s 386*b*
pluck this flower, s 377*a*
pot of ale, and s 382*a*
safe though all s's lost 40*a*
s and the health of the state 330*b*
s, honour, and welfare 479*a*
s is in our speed 147*b*
under the smile of s 370*b*
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent 138*a*
Sagacity infinite-resource-and-s 237*a*
Sage be neither saint nor s 236*a*
calmly spoke the venerable S 464*b*
hoary S reply'd 211*b*
Newton, childlike s! 112*a*
s beneath a spreading oak 107*b*
s in meditation found 399*a*
there sit the sainted s 175*a*
without hardness will be s 6*a*
Sager sort our deeds reprove 78*a*
Sages holy s once did sing 270*a*
Rhodoric if the s 147*a*
s have seen in thy face 113*a*
than all the s can 471*b*
the dozing s 108*a*
Said a thing well s 142*a*
by and by is easily s 334*b*
finer than anything wh he s 148*a*
great deal to be s 27*b*
he himself has s it 166*a*
he s nought to me 99*a*
if I s so, it was so 170*a*
I s the thing wh was not 418*a*
never s a foolish thing 309*b*
never to himself hath s 317*a*
s anything that was remembered 130*a*
s I to myself, s I 164*a*
s it that knew it best 14*b*
s on both sides 2*a*
s or done in earth 189*a*
s what a owt to 'a s 435*a*
she s, 'I am aweary' 433*a*
so very little s 94*b*
Said (*cont*)
there's no more to be s 523*b*
there's nothing to be s 207*a*
'tis well s again 385*b*
well s, as if I had s it 418*b*
we s nothing, all the day 132*b*
Sail a s l a s l 98*b*
farther, farther s 457*a*
fast for fear did he s 407*a*
free the white s spread! 184*b*
never weather-beaten s 78*b*
proud full s of his verse 388*a*
s and s, with unshut eye 5*b*
s the wet seas roun' 231*b*
sea-mark of my utmost s 364*a*
shook out more s 8*b*
silver s of dawn 200*a*
time to take in s 147*a*
two towers of s at dawn 96*b*
we might s for evermore 439*a*
white and rustling s 116*a*
white s 's shaking 262*a*
Sailed never s with *me* before 203*b*
s by the Lowlands low 531*a*
s in to Bethlehem! 524*a*
s off in a wooden shoe 151*a*
s the wintry sea 249*a*
she hadna s a league 529*a*
they s away for a year 243*b*
Sailing come s to the strand 530*a*
comes this way s 277*b*
failing occurred in the s 86*a*
s o'er life's solemn main 248*a*
s o'er sea 69*b*
three fishers went s 226*b*
three ships a-s there 524*a*
three ships come s by 522*a*
Sailor before Noah was a s 371*b*
do with the drunken s? 527*b*
give ear unto the s 292*a*
happiest hour a s sees 164*a*
home is the s 415*a*
ho, s of the seal 130*b*
lass that loves a s 120*b*
light in the darkness, s 315*b*
never more, S 119*b*
no man will be a s 207*a*
s free to choose 236*a*
s 's wife had chestnuts 346*a*
shrine of the s 's devotion 389*b*
soldier an' s too 234*a*
well for the s lad 425*b*
Sailor-boys were all up aloft 525*b*
Sailor-folk silly s 231*a*
Sailor-men shd wear these things 19*b*
Sailors guard the s tossing 20*a*
joys and sorrows s find 68*a*
s but mess 353*a*
s in every port a mistress 161*a*
s of Bristol City 440*b*
Sails loves t' have his s fill'd 87*a*
not full s hasting 260*b*
purple the s 323*a*
s by the Lowlands low 531*a*
s fill'd, and streamers waving 277*b*
s o cramoisie 529*a*
s ripped, seams opening 109*b*
still the s made on 99*b*
thy white s crowding 37*a*
torn s, provisions short 287*a*
we our s advance 137*a*
white dipping s 262*a*
Sail-yards tremble 87*a*
Saint able to corrupt a s 376*b*
accents of an expiring s 412*a*
a s in crape 301*b*
be neither s nor sage 236*a*
by s, by savage, and by sage 304*a*
each lost day has its patron s 182*a*
follow yr S 78*a*
frequent Doctor and S 153*a*
his s is sure of his heart 295*b*
in vain the s adore 137*a*
little s best fits 188*b*
Miracles of S Somebody 51*a*
my late espoused S 278*b*
neither S nor Sophist led 5*a*
never a s took pity 99*a*
Poet and S I to thee alone 106*b*
reel out a s 94*b*
s run mad 303*b*
Saint (*cont*)
s sustained it 209*b*
seem a s when most the devil 384*b*
she cd make of me a s 105*a*
shrine of my dead S 225*a*
to catch a s 351*b*
weakest s upon his knees 110*a*
wh the S had printed 286*b*
worship oft the idol for the s 457*a*
St Aldegonde had a taste 130*a*
St Andrews by the Northern Sea 242*a*
St Anne S was the mother 293*a*
we'll sing at S 282*b*
St Augustine! well hast thou said 247*b*
St Bride no, by S of Bothwell 318*b*
St Clement's bells of S 533*b*
St Denis between S and St George 383*b*
Sainted ensky'd and s 351*a*
St Gallowglass's Eve 92*b*
St George England and S 382*a*
S that swinged the dragon 373*b*
Saint Hubert's breed 316*a*
St Ives going to S 533*b*
St James galice at S 88*b*
ladies of S 131*a*
St John awake, my S 300*b*
his last chapter of S 45*a*
Primrose Hill and S 's Wood 30*b*
S himself will scarce forbear 419*a*
S sate in the horn 524*a*
there S mingles 303*b*
St Lawrence took his grid 228*b*
Saint-like yet not too s 247*b*
St Loy by S 88*a*
Saint Martin's summer 383*b*
St Mary's Lake 473*a*
Saint Michael was the steresman 524*a*
St Nicholas soon wd be there 280*b*
St Patrick's day we ll keep 525*b*
St Paul description of the ruins of S 's 440*b*
I am designing S 's 27*b*
sketch the ruins of S 's 254*b*
wh with S are literary terms 10*a*
Saint Praxed's ever was the church 45*a*
Saints all s else be defaced 176*b*
all the S adore Thee 184*a*
avenge thy slaughtered s 278*b*
calls His s around 36*b*
drunken with the blood of the s 519*b*
fear Him, ye s 424*b*
for all the S 200*a*
frets the s in heaven 43*a*
ghastly glories of s 423*b*
greatest s and sinners 66*a*
grow into plaster s 235*b*
his soul is with the s 101*a*
lose with my lost s 44*a*
men may jest with s 351*b*
never be S in heaven 41*b*
pair of carved s 375*b*
place with the race of S 189*a*
s engage in fierce contests 66*a*
s have dwelt secure 453*a*
S, Heroes, if we will 5*a*
s immortal reign 453*b*
s in yr injuries 360*b*
s may do the same things 65*b*
s on earth in concert sing 456*a*
s will aid if men will call 100*a*
self-constituted s 195*b*
twilight s 221*b*
where S in glory stand 476*b*
wh are the prayers of s 518*b*
with s doth bait thy hook 351*b*
with thy quire of S 133*a*
ye fearful s 110*a*
ye that are his s 484*a*
yet S their watch are keeping 415*b*
St Satan s fold 429*a*
Saint Valentine is past 357*b*
Sake for my noble s 48*a*
for old sakes' s 226*a*
for whose dear s 228*a*
s of a ribboned coat 287*b*
Saki, you shall pass 154*a*
Sairey, Sairev, little do we know 124*a*
Salad Garrick's a s 169*a*
green pallor of the s 202*b*
my s days 323*a*
primroses make a capital s 129*b*

Salad (*cont*)
s from the brook 112*b*
s special receipt of his own 263*a*
Salade a round s 284*b*
Salamis sea-born S 70*b*
Salary had a s to receive 161*b*
Sale of chapmen's tongues 344*b*
Sale-room babble of the s 80*b*
Salisbury blank cheque to Lord S 172*a*
likened Lord S to a lath 568*a*
S and Gloucester 383*a*
when Lord S makes a speech 283*b*
Sallow, virgin-minded 45*b*
Sallows among the river s 221*b*
mealed-with-yellow s 198*a*
Salley gardens 474*a*
Sally none like pretty S 79*b*
S is gone 26*b*
Sally Lunn! 167*a*
Salmon for the s 's tail 360*b*
it was the s 126*a*
the first s 247*b*
white as snow in S 486*a*
Salmons there is s in both 383*b*
Saloons Solomon of S 48*b*
Salt fire and s 529*a*
kissed moustache egg s 237*b*
pecks of poison are not pecks of s 30*a*
pillar of s 493*a*
s have lost his savour 505*a*
s of the earth 505*a*
s on a woman's tail 65*b*
speech be seasoned with s 516*a*
yr bread and salt 230*a*
Salted wherewith shall it be s ? 505*a*
Saltness of time 379*b*
Saltpetre villainous s 377*a*
Salutary wise and s neglect 55*b*
Salutations eye full of gentle s 412*a*
Salute earth, I do s thee 375*a*
I s thee, Mantovano 439*a*
s one another with an holy kiss 514*a*
s the happy morn 67*b*
those about to die s you 553*b*
Saluted inveterate foes s 141*b*
Salvation generally necessary to s 481*a*
Him that brought s down 402*b*
my bottle of s 307*b*
none of us shd see s 354*b*
no s exists outside the church 537*b*
now is our s nearer 514*a*
s joins issue with death 51*b*
seeks her own s 336*a*
that publisheth s 502*b*
things necessary to s 491*a*
tools of working out s 66*a*
work out yr own s 516*a*
wot prawce S 390*b*
Samaritan ready to do the S 404*b*
Samarkand Golden Road to S 154*b*
silken S 221*b*
Same another, yet the s 299*a*
Christ the s yesterday 517*a*
endless years the s 453*a*
go onward the s 179*b*
go the s way home 285*a*
he is much the s 12*a*
I sang the s again 32*b*
just the s as that! 310*a*
matter remains the s 14*a*
s a hundred years hence 124*b*
s as you an' me 231*b*
that ever is the s 464*a*
the s as if he had not been 433*a*
the s as me 236*b*
thou art the s, and thy years 488*a*
what reason I shd be the s ? 12*a*
Samela fair S 176*a*
Samian wine 71*a*
Samite white s 427*b*
Samminiato lamping S 404*a*
Sammy, vy worn't there a alleybi 126*b*
Samphire, dreadful trade! 343*b*
Sampler ply the s 267*b*
Sampson Dominie S 319*b*
Samson carry the buckler unto S 41*b*
Philistines be upon thee, S 495*a*
S hath quit himself like S 278*a*
Samuel Lord called S 495*a*
Sanctities day's dead s 441*b*
Sanctuary desire to raze the s 351*b*
Sanctuary (*cont*)
help from the s 482*b*
s within the holier blue 51*a*
until I went into the s 486*b*
Sand abstinence sows s 30*a*
always play with s 26*a*
beds of s and rushy isles 8*a*
foot plain to be seen in the s 118*b*
I on the s 319*b*
land of s and rain 424*a*
land of s and thorns 428*a*
length of burning s appears 114*a*
little grains of s 82*a*
name upon the soft sea-s 241*b*
o'er and o'er the s 226*b*
on the edge of the s 243*b*
ribbed sea-s 99*a*
roll down the golden s 184*a*
s -strewn caverns cool 5*b*
speed in' the slushy s 48*b*
such quantities of s 84*a*
throw the s against the wind 31*b*
World in a Grain of S 29*a*
Sandal battering s 197*a*
heap cassia, s -buds 49*b*
his s shoon 335*b*
Sandals bind on thy s 420*a*
S were for Clementine 280*b*
Sanded fell upon the s floor 294*b*
so flewed, so s 357*a*
Sandford down by S 8*b*
Sands circled by the s 263*a*
come unto these yellow s 367*a*
golden s, and crystal brooks 132*a*
here are s, ignoble things 22*b*
lone and level s 306*b*
ran itself in golden s 432*a*
s begin to hem 8*a*
s of Dee 226*b*
steer too nigh the s 138*a*
Sandwich-men of the *Daily Mail* 93*b*
Sandwiches tall lady, eating s 126*a*
Sane fitter being s 44*b*
Sang he worked and s 28*a*
I s long years ago 20*b*
s it all day long 36*b*
s themselves to sleep 192*a*
s the uncouth swain 270*a*
s within the bloody wood 145*a*
Sangreal story of the S 257*b*
Sanguelac, the lake of Blood! 427*b*
Sank s by the Lowlands low 531*a*
s her in the sea 520*a*
Sans s teeth, s eyes 326*b*
s Wine, s Song 153*a*
Sap from her material s 343*b*
s and sawdust 84*a*
trees also are full of s 488*b*
world's whole s is sunk 133*b*
Sapphire a purer s 434*a*
second s 434; 520*b*
Sapphires ivory overlaid with s 506*b*
living s 274*a*
Sappho burning S loved 70*b*
call me S 101*b*
S lay her burning brows 442*b*
whether my S 's breast 189*b*
Saracens to the confines of Poland 162*a*
Sarah S Battle 239*a*
wherefore did S laugh? 493*a*
Sarcasticul this is rote S 451*a*
Sardine glossy s 202*b*
jasper and a s stone 518*b*
Sardius sixth, s 520*a*
Sardonyx fifth, s 520*a*
Sashes his nice new s 172*b*
Sassy sickly but s 181*b*
Sat as he s facing it 237*b*
came and s down here 284*b*
he s him down in a lonely place 435*b*
he that s was like a jasper 518*b*
people s down to eat 494*a*
we s, side by side 28*b*
Satan auld Hornie, S 58*b*
finally to beat down S 479*a*
get thee behind me, S 507*a*
I beheld S as lightning 509*a*
Lord said unto S 496*b*
my S, thou art but a dunce 30*a*
S, bowing low 277*a*
S came also among them 496*b*
Satan (*cont*)
S exalted sat 272*a*
S finds some mischief still 453*a*
S met his ancient friend 74*b*
S, so call him 275*a*
S stood unterrifi'd 273*a*
S trembles, when he sees 110*a*
the messenger of S 515*b*
wh is the Devil, and S 519*b*
Satanic dark S mills 31*a*
S School 407*b*
Satchel schoolboy, with his s 326*b*
Satiety love's sad s 398*b*
occasion of s 16*b*
Satin heroine mad into white s 400*a*
Satire after all this s 210*b*
let s be my song 72*a*
praise is s 457*a*
s is a sort of glass 417*b*
s or sense can Sporus feel? 303*a*
Satisfaction oblation, and s 480*b*
s, if any in marriage 166*a*
Satisfied or, having it, is s ? 449*a*
things that are never s 499*a*
well paid that is well s 335*a*
Satisfies where most she s 323*a*
Satisfieth s the empty soul 488*b*
that wh s not 503*a*
who s thy mouth 488*a*
Saturday betwixt a S and Monday 79*b*
died on S 532*b*
it's jolly old S 186*a*
S night! 186*a*
S 's child works hard 525*a*
that wash on S 532*b*
Saturn hail, S 's land 557*b*
now S is king again 557*a*
Revolution, like S 505*b*
S and Love their long repose 394*a*
while S whirls 435*b*
Satyr heel of a s 420*b*
Hyperion to a s 330*a*
Satyrs my men, like s 258*b*
Saucy airs we meet 160*b*
Saul believe me, S, costs worlds 261*b*
daughters of Israel, weep over S 495*b*
O S, it shall be a Face 51*b*
S and Jonathan were lovely 495*b*
S also among the prophets? 495*a*
S hath slain his thousands 495*b*
S was consenting unto his death 512*a*
S, why persecutest thou me? 512*a*
whose name was S 512*a*
Saunders Clerk S 520*a*
Sautrye fithele or gay s 88*b*
Savage by saint, by s 304*a*
s, extreme, rude 389*a*
s in his blindness 184*a*
the noble s ran 130*b*
Savageness out of a bear 362*b*
Savages cant in defence of s 211*a*
Save can, but will not, s me 137*a*
choose time is to s time 15*b*
conquer but to s 76*b*
died to s us all 3*b*
die to s charges 64*a*
dust thou wdst not s 426*a*
enough to s one's own 48*a*
God s the king! 79*b*
life wh if I can s, so 379*a*
many to s with thyself 7*b*
s me from the candid friend 79*a*
wilt thou s the people? 146*a*
you wd s none of me 133*a*
Saved endureth to the end shall be s 506*a*
England has s herself 297*b*
he s others 508*a*
s and hold complete 48*b*
s the sum of things for pay 200*a*
there be souls must be s 361*a*
we are not s 503*b*
whosoever will be s 478*b*
Savill was asked by Essex 13*b*
Saving a little child 183*a*
Saviour around the S 's throne 184*a*
call'd 'S of the Nations' 71*b*
her sins to her S 196*a*
hide me, O my S, hide 455*b*
lived on earth our S Holy 3*b*
our S 's birth is celebrated 329*b*
S of 'is country 235*b*

Saviour (*cont*)
speak low to me, my S 43*a*
the S comes, the S promised long 131*b*
'tis thy S, hear his word 110*a*
whereon the S was born 67*b*
Savonarola had S spoken less 25*a*
S love-sick! 25*a*
Savoury mints, s, marjoram 373*a*
Savour filths s but themselves 343*b*
keep seeming and s 373*a*
salt have lost his s 505*a*
send forth a stinking s 499*b*
Savours freckles live their s 356*b*
Saw all I can say is—I s it 49*a*
coughing drowns the parson's s 345*b*
do not s the air 333*b*
he thought he s 85*b*
I came I s, I overcame 548*a*
I s and loved 161*b*
I s him die 528*a*
I s no one 136*a*
nor no man ever s 366*b*
no sound of s was there 112*b*
nothing else s all day long 218*b*
thy s of might 127*a*
we s thee in thy balmy nest 115*a*
when I s him, I fell as dead 518*b*
Sawdust sap and s 84*a*
Saws all s of books 331*b*
drawler of old s 438*a*
full of wise s 326*b*
Saxon ancient S phrase 247*a*
leave the S alone 233*a*
S and Norman and Dane 439*a*
S,—I am Roderick Dhu! 316*b*
S is not like us Normans 233*a*
Say can t s no fairer 122*b*
content to s nothing 210*a*
did I s so? 170*a*
heard him s again 198*b*
he knew not what to s 73*a*
I can s little more 370*a*
if I cd s how much 358*a*
I have somewhat to s 406*a*
I mean what I s 83*a*
I s it, that shd not s it 23*b*
I s to thee, do thou repeat 445*b*
kind of good deed to s well 385*b*
let me s that thou wert fair 6*b*
let us not always s 50*b*
Master, s on 509*a*
Mrs Poyser 'has her s out' 144*a*
must not s that thou wert true 6*b*
nothing to s, s nothing 103*b*
nothing to what I cd s 83*a*
s I'm weary, s I'm sad 202*a*
s I sent thee thither 384*b*
s nay, s nay, for shame 471*b*
s that she rail 366*b*
s that we have no sin 518*a*
she said, S on 496*a*
somewhat to say unto thee 509*a*
still we s as we go 311*b*
we men may s more 371*a*
what o'clock I s it is 366*b*
what will this babbler s? 512*b*
what you s, or what you do 528*b*
while you're thinking what to s 84*a*
yet many things to s 511*b*
you have to s something 456*a*
you shdn't s it is not good 456*b*
you shd s what you mean 83*a*
Sayest farewell, and lol 36*b*
Saying ancient s is no heresy 353*b*
power of s things 293*a*
rage of s something 207*a*
Tar-baby ain't s nuthin' 181*b*
tremble lest a s learnt 438*b*
what are the wild waves s 82*b*
Sayings like women's letters 183*a*
Says little, thinks less 150*a*
Scabbard sword, glued to my s 262*b*
threw away the s 203*a*
Scabs make yourselves s 328*a*
Scaffold brothel or on the s 412*a*
to the s and the doom 12*b*
Scaffoldage footing and the s 368*b*
Scaith Deil he could na s thee 59*b*
Scale he, by geometric s 65*a*
hurl'd himself into the s 282*a*
I have made a little s 239*b*

Scale (*cont*)
Justice, with her lifted s 298*b*
on every golden s! 82*b*
s weighing delight and dole 329*b*
Scallop-shell of quiet 307*b*
Scalp hairy s of such a one 486*b*
Scan gently s yr brother man 59*a*
s his work in vain 110*a*
Scandal in s, as in robbery 90*b*
love and s best sweeteners 151*b*
no s about Queen Elizabeth 400*a*
no s like rags 150*a*
retired to their tea and s 104*a*
s while you dine 438*b*
the s, the incredible come-down 25*a*
Scandalous monarch, s and poor 309*b*
Scanter of yr maiden presence 331*a*
Scapegoat into the wilderness 494*a*
Scar from cliff and s 430*a*
there is oft a s 45*b*
Scarce rhymes are so s 75*b*
Scarceness continue in s 486*a*
Scare me with thy tears 438*b*
Scarecrow s of the law 151*a*
theatrical s 120*a*
Scarers in print 125*b*
Scarf veiling an Indian beauty 354*a*
Scarfs garters, gold 301*a*
Scarlet apes, tho' clothed in s 215*b*
cowards in s 173*a*
in S town 531*a*
line of s thread 494*b*
lips are like a thread of s 500*a*
s line was slender 225*b*
tho' yr sins be as s 501*a*
who clothed you in s 495*b*
Scars he jests at s 365*a*
strip his sleeve and show his s 383*a*
the s remaining 100*a*
Scatter plough the fields, and s 76*a*
s, as from an hearth 396*b*
s my ashes 280*b*
s their snow around 37*b*
Scattered Israel s upon the hills 496*a*
land is s with light 35*b*
s his Maker's image 118*a*
s the people that delight in war 486*b*
writes her s dream 35*b*
Scatterest soon as thou s them 487*b*
Scatteringly doth shine 260*b*
Scene a breath, a little s 375*b*
all this s of man 300*b*
gay and festive s 125*b*
girdid up my Lions and fled the s 451*a*
highly impossible s 163*a*
last s of all 326*b*
live o'er each s 298*b*
lonely s shall thee restore 103*a*
made a s of it with my Papa 123*a*
of what s the actors? 392*a*
our lofty s be acted o'er 339*b*
proud s was o'er 298*b*
see the distant s 288*b*
speaks a new s 307*a*
sweet is the s where friendship 193*b*
there I laid the s 112*b*
upon that memorable s 261*a*
very cunning of the s 333*a*
Scenery mountains end of all s 314*a*
s is fine human nature is finer 222*b*
the s 's divine 75*b*
Scenes changing s of life 424*b*
gay gilded s 1*b*
no more behind yr s, David 206*b*
s of crowded life 213*b*
sicken at the shifting s 435*b*
s sung by him 317*b*
Scent an amber s 277*b*
join not s to hue 394*b*
rose's s is bitterness 441*a*
s of the roses 281*b*
s survives their close 441*a*
sweetest flower for s 398*a*
whose s the fair innovs 108*a*
Scents murmurs s of the infinite Sea 6*a*
sweet unmemoried s 36*b*
their s the air perfuming 97*a*
Sceptic s could inquire for 65*a*
knowledge for the s 's side 301*a*
Scepticism s of the intellect 288*b*
wise s. of a good critic 251*a*

Sceptre her leaden s 477*a*
my s for a palmer's staff 375*b*
s and crown must tumble down 401*a*
s, learning, physic 329*a*
s shows the force 354*b*
'tis not the balm, the s 382*b*
Sceptred avails the s race 240*b*
dead but s sovereigns 73*a*
Sceptreless, free, uncircumscribed 397*b*
Scheldt by the lazy S 169*b*
Scheme she'll project a s 476*b*
sorry S of things 154*a*
Schemes many s thou breedest 7*b*
s of political improvement 208*a*
s o' mice an' men 62*a*
Scherzando! ma non troppo ppp 163*a*
Schiller has the material sublime 102*b*
Scholar he was a s 386*b*
our S travels yet 9*a*
s all Earth's volumes carry 87*b*
s among rakes 255*b*
showed him the gentleman and s 63*a*
what ills the s 's life assail 213*b*
Scholars lore its s need 224*a*
nor its great s great men 194*b*
s and gentlemen 469*b*
the land of s 170*a*
School at the head of a s 449*a*
drink gi'es us mair than s 61*a*
drew me to s along the way 109*b*
example is the s of mankind 58*a*
experience keeps a dear s 157*a*
goeth to s, and not to travel 15*a*
he's been to a good s 315*a*
microcosm of a public s 130*a*
reason for hating s 24*b*
Satanic S 407*b*
s of Stratford atte Bowe 88*b*
such doctrine never was there s 277*b*
three little maids from s 164*b*
toward s with heavy looks 365*b*
unwillingly to s 326*b*
Schoolboy every s knows it 425*a*
every s knows who imprisoned 254*b*
not the s 's hoat 431*a*
s 's tale wonder of an hour 68*a*
s 's tip 440*a*
s whips his taxed top 405*a*
voice of the s 287*b*
what every s knows 419*a*
what s of fourteen is ignorant 255*a*
whining s 326*b*
Schoolboys from their books 365*b*
School-bred, though s, the boy be virtuous 113*a*
Schooldays in my joyful s 240*b*
School-divine Father turns a s 303*b*
Schoolgirl pert as a s 164*b*
s complexion 526*a*
Schoolman's subtle art 303*a*
Schoolmaster is abroad 40*b*
Schoolmastering continue s 82*a*
Schoolmasters injuries must be their s 342*b*
let s puzzle 169*b*
then s deliver us 187*a*
Schoolrooms build s for the boy 106*a*
Schools and in learned s 3*b*
bewildered in the maze of s 300*a*
cobwebs of the s 112*b*
for a' their college and s 63*a*
jargon of the s 305*b*
jargon o' your s 60*a*
public s nurseries of all vice 151*b*
public s public folly breeds 113*a*
Schooner Hesperus 249*a*
Schumann's our music-maker 46*b*
Science Art and S cannot exist 30*b*
cometh al this newe s 90*a*
cookery is a noble s 64*a*
detection is an exact s 136*a*
enough of s and of art 471*b*
everything that relates to s. 239*a*
fair S frown'd not 174*b*
fairy tales of s 432*a*
Geometry the only s 191*b*
his soul proud s never taught 300*b*
pretend to despise Art and S. 30*b*
Professors of the Dismal S 81*a*
s and logic he chatters 305*a*
s falsely so called 516*b*

Science (*cont*)
s is organized knowledge 407*b*
s moves, but slowly 432*b*
Sciences books must follow s 13*b*
mother of the s 17*a*
Scientific absence of s opinion 9*b*
a s faith's absurd 46*b*
theologians s terms 10*a*
Scinde *peccavi*—I've S 535*a*
Scissor-man 192*b*
Scoff some that came to s at him 12*b*
Scope art, and that man's s 387*a*
Score s and the tally 384*a*
to that kiss a s 190*a*
Scorer One Great S comes 309*a*
Scores out with all men 50*a*
Scorn disdain and s ride sparkling 358*b*
dull eye of s 37*b*
figure for the time of s 363*a*
fools may our s raise 160*b*
Fortune knows we s her 323*b*
foul s that Parma or Spain 145*a*
haughty s wh mocked the smart 6*a*
held the human race in s 26*a*
I have had many a s 531*b*
I s to change my state 387*b*
not a thing to laugh to s 327*b*
of her s the maid repented 18*b*
s not the Sonnet 470*b*
s of s 435*b*
s the spear 392*a*
sound of public s 276*b*
to wail their s 117*a*
treat with virtuous s 163*b*
what a deal of s looks beautiful 371*b*
Scorned lov'd, was s and died 160*a*
not s in heaven 109*b*
Scorner of the ground 388*b*
Scornful seat of the s 481*b*
s, yet with jealous eyes 303*a*
Scorns he that s and struggles 63*b*
Scorpion and asp 276*b*
Scorpions chastise you with s 496*a*
Scot some be S 233*b*
Scotch English little inferior to S 289*b*
joke well into a S understanding 404*a*
party like the S terrier 38*a*
S have found it 209*a*
Scotched the snake, not killed it 348*b*
Scotchman makes a S happy 212*b*
much may be made of a S 208*a*
noblest prospect S ever sees 207*a*
S but what was a man of sense 246*a*
Scotchmen trying to like S 238*b*
Scotia chief of S's food 59*b*
old S's grandeur springs 59*b*
Scotland be in S afore ye 525*b*
grave livers do in S use 470*b*
I do indeed come from S 207*a*
in S, at the Orcades 301*a*
left fair S's strand 61*a*
Oats in S supports the people 212*b*
poor auld S's sake 60*b*
S, Madam a worse England 209*b*
shivered was fair S's spear 318*b*
stands S where it did 350*a*
succour S, and remede 474*a*
Switzerland inferior sort of S 405*a*
that S led in luve 474*a*
Scots kills S at a breakfast 377*a*
Land o' Cakes, and brither S 62*a*
our gude S lords 530*a*
S lords at his feet 530*a*
S, wha hae wi' Wallace 62*b*
S, whom Bruce led 62*b*
Scotsman moral attribute of a S 21*b*
S on the make 21*b*
young S with £300 21*b*
Scott flat as Walter S 525*b*
Italy indifferent to sick heart of S 81*b*
not even Sir Walter S 390*a*
[S.] Ariosto of the North 69*a*
Sir Walter S little Bartley 416*b*
Scottish brave old S Cavalier 12*b*
informs the S youth 415*b*
Scoundrel General Good plea of the s 30*b*
given them to such a s 418*a*
he was a s, and a coward 206*b*
Scoundrel (*cont*)
man over forty is a s 391*a*
patriotism refuge of a s 208*b*
Scoundrels healthy hatred of s 81*a*
Scoured to nothing 380*a*
Scourge s inexorably 272*a*
s of small cords 510*b*
whose iron s and torturing hour 173*b*
Scourged to his dungeon 53*a*
Scout blabbing eastern s 266*b*
flout 'em and s 'em 367*b*
Scowl with anxious s draw near 12*b*
Scowls the far-famed hold 253*a*
Scramble home in s sort 192*a*
Scrap of paper 567*b*
Scrape potsherd to s himself 497*a*
Scraper never was s brave man 186*b*
Scrappy when work was s 93*b*
Scraps s are good deeds past 360*a*
stolen the s 345*a*
Scratch quick sharp s 48*b*
s his name on the Abbey-stones 48*a*
s the Christian 477*b*
Scratched of purpose to be s 65*a*
Priscian a little s 345*a*
s with a stick 228*a*
Scratching of a pen 250*a*
Screaming out loud all the time 124*b*
Screams strange s of death 348*a*
Screen s from seeing 420*b*
s them in those looks 397*b*
Screw yr courage 347*b*
Scribblative babblative and s 407*a*
Scribble, scribble, scribble! 167*b*
Scribbling insatiate itch of s 162*b*
Scribes authority not as the s 506*a*
righteousness of the s 505*a*
Scrip and scrippage 327*a*
Scripture devil can cite S 353*a*
impregnable rock of S 167*b*
I will better it in S 291*b*
nail't wi' S 59*b*
S moveth us in sundry places 478*a*
Scriptures abjure the S 258*b*
book of books holy S 186*b*
hast known the holy s 516*b*
mighty in the S 512*b*
search the s 510*b*
Scrivener crept s 239*a*
Scroll long-cramped s 48*a*
s of crystal, blazoning 393*b*
with punishments the s 185*a*
Scruple some craven s 335*b*
scruples dark and nice 65*a*
Scullion away, you s! 380*a*
Sculptor great s be an architect 314*a*
the godlike s 147*a*
Sculpture ancient s modesty 295*a*
shapeless s decked 174*b*
Scum [our army] is the mere s 455*a*
Scurvy some, right s 263*b*
Scutcheon a shielded s 221*b*
honour is a mere s 379*a*
my s plain declares 345*b*
Scuttled that ever s ship 70*b*
Scylla Charybdis of Aye and No 288*a*
Scythe crooked s and spade 401*a*
mower whets his s 268*b*
Scythian Barbarian, S 516*a*
Snow on S hills 259*a*
Sea against a s of troubles 333*a*
all as hungry as the s 371*a*
all the s were ink 251*b*
alone dwell for ever kings of s 6*a*
alone on a wide wide s 99*a*
and a flowing s 116*a*
and the s rises higher 92*a*
around the glassy s 184*a*
as stars look on the s 252*a*
beneath a rougher s 107*b*
beneath the bosom of the s 31*b*
bind the s to slumber stilly 77*b*
birds on the foam of the s! 476*a*
blow the earth into the s 342*b*
blue days at s 414*b*
boat and went to s 440*b*
Bohemia Country near the S 373*a*
bottom of the deep blue s 525*a*
bound in with the triumphant s 375*a*
by life's unresting s. 194*a*
by the deep s 69*b*
Sea (*cont*)
by the sounding s 297*b*
called the good s up to Him 231*a*
can see nothing but s 13*a*
centre all round to the s 113*a*
cold grey stones, O S! 425*b*
cross the narrow s 453*b*
crowned with summer s 420*b*
dance like a wave of the s 475*a*
death, like a narrow s, divides 453*b*
desert of the s 502*a*
dolorous midland s 424*a*
down to a sunless s 101*a*
dreary s now flows 100*a*
earth, nor boundless s 388*a*
English (empire) of the s 80*a*
espouse the everlasting S 472*b*
even the billows of the s 385*b*
far over the summer s 437*b*
fearest nor s rising 37*a*
feeds her chicks at s! 227*a*
for his fame the ocean s 21*a*
for the s's worth 359*b*
France and England is the s 205*b*
from s to shining s 22*a*
from the flowers to the s 421*b*
garden fronts the s 421*b*
gave them back their s 231*a*
go down to the s in ships 488*b*
grave, under the deep deep s 195*b*
great and wide s also 488*b*
great by land as thou by s 435*a*
great fishpond (the s) 118*b*
great markets by the s 154*b*
gurly grew the s 520*a*
hail to the kings of the s! 287*b*
heaven broods o'er the S 467*a*
Helicon in cliff to the s 5*b*
he's drown'd in the s 531*b*
he that commands the s 15*b*
ho, sailor of the s! 130*b*
if we gang to s, master 530*a*
I leaped headlong into the s 222*b*
in a bowl to s went wise men 205*b*
in peril on the s 457*a*
in perils in the s 515*a*
in the flat s sunk 267*a*
into a s of dew 151*a*
into that silent s 98*b*
inviolate s 437*a*
iron-browned s 313*a*
isles that o'erlace the s 46*a*
I've a Friend, over the s 52*b*
kingdom by the s 207*b*
lands beyond the s 467*a*
leagues beyond there is more s 312*b*
learn the secret of the s 248*a*
let nae the s come in 530*a*
lie mirrored on her s 192*a*
life's wild restless s 1*b*
light upon the shining s 438*a*
like a bursting s 442*a*
like to the Pontic s 362*a*
little fishes of the s 85*a*
London, that great s 305*b*
lonely s and the sky 262*a*
lookin' eastward to the s 232*a*
looking lazy at the s 232*a*
Love has something of the s 320*b*
lover of men, the s 424*a*
melts into the s 434*a*
moon may draw the s 436*b*
mountains by the winter s 420*a*
my bark is on the s 73*a*
nearer the crystal s 86*a*
never go to s 166*a*
never sick at s! 166*a*
never was, on s or land 468*b*
never was s so lone 228*b*
not having been at s 209*b*
nothing in s-description 314*a*
o'er a perfumed s 298*a*
one foot in s 358*a*
one is of the s 471*b*
on such a full s are we afloat 341*a*
ought to ha' sent you to s 232*b*
our heritage the s 116*a*
out of the s came he! 98*a*
out of the swing of the s 197*b*
over the s she flies 27*a*
over the s our galleys went 49*b*

Sea (*cont*)
over the s to Skye 414*b*
owse and bottom of the s 381*b*
paddles in the halcyon s 310*b*
plants his footsteps in the s 110*a*
Proteus rising from the s 471*a*
quiver and beat of the s 424*a*
raging waves of the s 518*a*
ran purple to the s 271*b*
receiveth as the s 369*b*
remain in the broad s 486*a*
righteousness as the waves of the s 502*b*
rude s grew civil 356*b*
sailed the wintry s 249*a*
sail on the salt s 529*a*
sailors on the deep blue s 20*a*
say of a s that it is old? 181*a*
scatter'd in the bottom of s 384*b*
s, and all that in them is 480*a*
s being smooth how many boats 308*b*
s-blooms and the oozy woods 396*b*
s-flower moulded by the s 420*b*
s gave up the dead 519*b*
s grows stormy 6*a*
s hath no king 313*a*
s is his, and he made it 487*b*
s itself floweth in yr veins 445*a*
s of faith was once at the full 5*a*
s of glass like unto crystal 518*b*
s of glass mingled with fire 519*b*
s of Life and Agony 395*b*
s of the world's praise 467*a*
S shall give up her dead 491*a*
s, the open s! 106*a*
S that bares her bosom 473*a*
s was made his tomb 21*a*
s, with such a storm 343*a*
scents of the infinite S 6*a*
sepulchre there by the s 297*b*
serpent-haunted s 153*b*
serve Him o'er the S 231*a*
set in the silver s 375*a*
settle somewhere near the s. 236*a*
she looked across the s 225*b*
shine along the s 423*a*
shine upon the Aral S 8*a*
sight of that immortal s 466*b*
somewhere safe to s 422*a*
Southward dreams the s 441*a*
splash! splash! along the s 319*a*
spread like a green s 395*a*
springs of the s 497*b*
steep place into the s 506*a*
stilleth the raging of the s 486*a*
stillness of the central s 431*a*
strawberries grow in the s 534*a*
such pearl in any gulf the s 423*a*
sudden came the s 49*b*
sun was shining on the s 84*a*
sweet it is, when on the great s 550*b*
Sword went out to s 284*b*
there was no more s 519*b*
the s beneath my feet 35*b*
the s! the s! 560*b*
the S where it goes 5*a*
the Thracian s 422*b*
the waters cover the s 501*b*
thousand furlongs of s 367*a*
tigers or the roaring s 366*a*
to a most dangerous s 354*a*
to fill the s and air 90*b*
to s but to make him sick 132*b*
tremendous s of cloud 49*b*
trunk spouts out a s 275*b*
under Malta by the s 231*a*
union with his native s 464*b*
unplumb'd, salt, estranging s 6*b*
upon the slimy s 98*b*
uttermost parts of the s 490*a*
vengeance on the s 231*a*
Voices roll in from S 445*b*
water in the rough rude s 375*a*
waters cover the s 2*b*
waters of the dark blue s 69*b*
we'll beat to open s 231*a*
we'll o'er the s 103*a*
we men, at s, indite 134*b*
went down into the s 98*a*
went to s in a bowl 532*b*
went to s in a Sieve 243*b*
we were masters of the s! 231*a*

Sea (*cont*)
when I put out to s 426*a*
whether in s or fire 329*b*
whisper, o'er the s 99*a*
who hath desired the S. 234*a*
whose sound was like the s 467*b*
why the s is boiling hot 84*b*
wide s of misery 395*a*
willing foe and s room 522*b*
wind of the western s 436*a*
wind-ridden restless s 119*b*
with Ships the s was sprinkled 472*b*
within a walk of the s 27*a*
world-embracing s 293*a*
world's tempestuous s 143*b*
wrinkled s beneath him crawls 426*b*
yea, Sussex by the s! 235*a*
ye take away the s! 231*a*
yet the s is not full 499*a*
yonder is the s 47*a*
Sea-banks upon the wild s 355*a*
Sea-beast crawled forth 470*a*
Sea-breakers by lonely s 291*a*
Sea-breeze hand in hand 441*a*
Sea-change suffer a s 367*a*
Sea-faring land-travel or s? 52*b*
Sea-fight last s is fought 111*a*
Sea-flower moulded by the sea 420*b*
Sea-fogs lap and cling 235*a*
Sea-girt winged s citadel 68*a*
Sea-god breasts of a s's daughter 202*b*
Seagreen Incorruptible 80*b*
Sea-gulfs among s hollow 422*b*
Sea-hall his long s 428*b*
Sea-King's daughter 439*a*
Seal as a s upon thine heart 501*a*
have not the s of God 519*a*
his s was on thy brow 184*b*
S and Maces danced 175*a*
s then, and all is done 324*b*
s then this bill 133*a*
yr hand, this kingly s 321*a*
Sealed but s in vain 352*a*
s it with his hand 529*b*
s thee for herself 334*a*
seal'd thy soul, and s thee His 114*b*
something s the lips 430*a*
so softly s 72*b*
Sea-life come to like a s 208*b*
Sea-line meets the sky 290*a*
Sealing-wax gunpowder and s 85*a*
ships and s 84*b*
s of love 352*a*
Seals to lose the s thereof 518*b*
Seaman mighty S, this is he 435*a*
Sea-mark of my utmost sail 364*a*
Seamen ahead, is all her s know 97*a*
s made reply 437*b*
s were not gentlemen 255*b*
such as s use at sea 231*a*
Sea-monster more hideous than the s 342*a*
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell 367*a*
Sear fallen into the s 350*b*
Search after a s so painful 309*b*
but s will find it out 189*b*
in the s of the depths 497*b*
not worth the s 352*b*
s the land of living men 318*a*
s the scriptures 510*b*
Searched lord thou hast s me 490*a*
Searching by s find out God 497*a*
I am s everywhere 410*b*
Seas all the s of God 457*a*
and the waste of s 320*b*
breaking the silence of the s 471*a*
but s do laugh 454*b*
dangers of the s 292*a*
dark broad s 439*a*
dear hearts across the s 230*a*
down to the s again 262*a*
floors of silent s 145*a*
foam of perilous s 220*a*
gemlike plains and s 452*b*
guard our native s 77*b*
half s over 418*b*
his Briton in blown s 435*a*
incident o' th' s 292*a*
lapidary s 452*a*
launch out on trackless s 457*b*
makes the hollow s 260*a*

Seas (*cont*)
multitudinous s incarnadine 348*a*
newly come from the s 308*b*
no less than labouring s 192*a*
on desperate s long wont 298*a*
on what s shall be thy fate 200*a*
O rushing s! 96*b*
raging s did roar 525*b*
s are quiet winds give o'er 449*a*
s colder than the Hebrides 154*b*
strange s of thought 469*b*
such as pass on the s 490*b*
the s are too long 16*b*
thro' the paths of the s 482*a*
'twixt two boundless s 282*a*
up and down the salt s 227*b*
vext the dim s 438*b*
when the s were roaring 161*a*
Seasickness as universal as s 390*b*
Season comet of a s 69*b*
done at the same s 378*a*
each thing that in s grows 344*b*
'gainst that s comes 320*b*
in s, out of s 516*b*
in the s of the year 525*a*
little s of love 171*b*
meat in due s 488*b*
s of all natures, sleep 340*b*
s of calm weather 466*b*
s of snows and sins 420*a*
s she hath dressings fit 525*a*
s yr admiration 330*a*
the soote s 416*b*
things by s seasoned 355*b*
think on at another s 67*b*
to every thing there is a s 409*a*
word spoken in due s 498*a*
Seasoned timber, never gives 187*b*
Seasons Age with his s done 137*b*
all s shall be sweet 101*a*
anew, returning s bring 206*b*
as the swift s roll! 194*a*
envious s roll 194*a*
few more s come 33*b*
four s fill the measure 221*a*
from s such as these 343*a*
in process of the s have I seen 388*b*
I play for S, not Eternities! 264*a*
knew the s when to take 437*a*
lovers' s run 134*a*
of all the S, most love Winter 203*b*
seen the s through 231*b*
see the s alter 356*b*
the s' difference 325*b*
thou hast all s 185*a*
with the year's return 273*a*
Seat castle hath a pleasant s 347*a*
echo to the s where love 370*b*
he fell from off the s 495*a*
he grew into his s 336*a*
late their happy s 277*a*
panting for a happier s 214*a*
s of the scornful 481*b*
this s of Mars 375*a*
while memory holds a s 331*b*
wild sequester'd s 103*a*
with such ease into his s 378*b*
you'll look sweet on the s 116*b*
Seated all s on the ground 424*b*
s one day at the organ 306*b*
s upon the convex mound 202*b*
Seaton Marie S Marie Beaton 530*a*
Seats blissful s 453*b*
Seaward on the rail, and looks s 47*b*
Seawards my road leads me s 262*a*
salt tides s flow 6*b*
Sea-water salt s passes by 430*a*
Sea-wind no life but the s's 421*b*
Secesher again the S's fist 445*b*
Second allows the s place 418*b*
nor s he, that rode sublime 175*a*
no s knows nor third 278*a*
s and sober thoughts 185*b*
s at Rome 13*a*
S Class in the School of Life 198*b*
s eleven sort of chap 21*b*
where each s stood heir 359*b*
Seconds sixty s' worth of distance 230*a*
smile on you—for s 131*a*
Secrecy for s, no lady closer 377*a*
Nature's infinite book of s 322*b*

Secrecy (*cont*)
S the human dress 33*a*
Secret bread eaten in s 498*a*
ceases to be a s 25*a*
know you her s 307*a*
learn the s of the sea 248*a*
no s so close 417*a*
s, black, and midnight hags 349*b*
s of the bull and lamb 264*a*
s of the shrouded death 263*b*
s things belong unto the Lord 494*b*
s was the garden 442*b*
then in s sin 94*b*
three may keep a s 157*a*
told my s out 36*b*
with every s thing 500*a*
Secretary of Nature Bacon 450*b*
Secrets from whom no s are hid 480*a*
learned the s of the grave 293*a*
s are edged tools 141*a*
s in all families 150*a*
s of my prison-house 331*a*
s of th' abyss to spy 175*a*
s with girls, like loaded guns 114*a*
Sect attached to that great s 393*b*
it found them a s 255*b*
most straitest s of our religion 511*a*
paradise for a s 218*a*
sad-coloured s [Quakers] 196*b*
slave to no s 301*b*
Sectaries jarring s may learn 109*b*
nation of s 129*a*
Sects diversity of s 409*a*
jarring S confute 153*b*
Secure love is not s 92*a*
none can thee s 448*a*
s of private right 138*b*
s, whate'er he gives 214*a*
stand s amidst a falling world 2*b*
Security hazard his ease, his s 56*a*
our watchword is s 297*a*
s is mortals' chiefest enemy 349*b*
s of God 14*a*
Sed groweth s 526*a*
Sedately try to walk s 414*a*
Sedge gentle kiss to every s 372*b*
s is withered from the lake 218*b*
Seditions way to prevent s 15*a*
Seduce did not s, she ravished 264*b*
Seduced that cannot be s 318*a*
Seducer strong s, opportunity 140*a*
Seduction of martial music 58*b*
See all that we s or seem 298*a*
all they that s me 483*a*
and thou shalt s 279*b*
an' for to s 229*a*
before they s Sir Patrick Spens 530*a*
blind as they that won't s 418*b*
Christian, dost thou s then 286*a*
dagger wh I s before me 347*b*
damned if I s it 287*b*
did you ever s such fools 533*a*
given me eyes to s 224*a*
glass where you may s the inmost 335*a*
gold that I never s 199*b*
I chanced to s at break of day 467*b*
I cd not s my little friend 19*b*
I do not ask to s the scene 288*b*
I do not s them here 312*b*
'I don't s,' said the Caterpillar 82*b*
if I no more shd s thyself 312*a*
if thou shdst never s my face 429*a*
in all things Thee to s 188*a*
I now can s no more 466*a*
I now do plainly s 107*a*
I s, not feel, how beautiful 100*b*
I s them all so excellently 100*b*
I s what I eat 83*a*
I s what was, and is 463*b*
I shall s thee again 341*a*
I want you to s Peel, Stanley 177*b*
I was blind, now I s 511*a*
know the faces I shall s 312*b*
little while, and ye shall s me 511*b*
made the eye, shall he not s? 487*b*
may I be there to s 109*a*
more people s than weigh 91*a*
my friend here didn't s 172*b*
my Holy S of love 19*a*
never hope to s one 54*b*
never s us but wish us away 158*b*

See (*cont*)
no man s me, and live 494*a*
no mwore do s yr feace 21*a*
one short hour to s 434*a*
O! s my women 324*b*
O taste, and s 484*a*
play 'Can you s me?' 441*b*
rather s than be one 54*b*
s a disenchanted nation 397*a*
s all, nor be afraid 50*b*
s, and ech for to be seye 89*b*
s an innumerable company 29*b*
s a pin 532*b*
s a round disc of fire 29*b*
s ere thou go 446*a*
s here it is 219*a*
s her passing by 156*a*, 526*b*
s me on Sunday 528*b*
seem to s the things dost not 343*b*
s ourselfs as others s us! 61*b*
s, s, King Richard doth himself 375*b*
s, s where Christ's blood 258*b*
s, the conquering hero comes! 283*b*
s thee at Philippi 341*a*
s those things wh you s 509*a*
s thou do it not 519*b*
s thro' a flight o' stairs 126*b*
s to 'Ackney Marshes 22*a*
s too much at once 51*a*
s what was forbidden 285*a*
s, where 'mid work of his hand 466*b*
s, where she comes 364*a*
s ye to it 508*a*
shall never s so much 344*a*
shall s eye to eye 502*b*
Spanish fleet thou canst not s 400*a*
them they'll s nae mair 530*a*
they shall s our God 224*a*
thy joys when shall I s? 523*b*
to s and to be seen 142*b*
to s God only 133*a*
to s her is to love her 59*b*
to s her was to love her 59*a*
to s what I have seen 333*b*
until we hardly s 398*a*
Venus, let me never s 306*a*
virtue cd s to do 267*a*
wait and s 10*b*
we s thro' a glass darkly 514*b*
what do I s and hear? 523*a*
what went ye out for to s 506*b*
what you may expect to s 136*a*
when do I s thee most 311*b*
when I s you in the light 237*a*
while I have eyes to s 190*a*
yet I s thee still 347*b*
you cd not s a cloud 84*a*
you s me here, you gods 342*b*
Seed all have got the s 427*a*
beareth forth good s 489*b*
garden that grows to s 330*a*
good s on the land 76*a*
in the morning sow thy s 499*b*
robs not one light s 218*a*
s begging their bread 484*a*
s in secret slept 34*b*
s its harvest 217*b*
s of ruin in himself 7*a*
what sunny s 447*b*
Seeds look into the s of time 346*a*
s and weak beginnings 380*b*
s of godlike power 5*a*
some s fell by the wayside 506*b*
the winged s 396*a*
Seed-time fair s had my soul 460*a*
s and harvest, and cold 492*b*
Seeing light of all our s 466*b*
precious s to the eye 345*a*
way of s (things rightly) 314*b*
worth s? yes 210*a*
Seek and s no more 143*a*
I renches s him everywhere 290*b*
I s and adore them 36*b*
I s thee in vain 245*b*
possess the things I s 398*b*
s, and ye shall find 505*b*
s it in My arms 442*a*
s no happier state 274*b*
s out—less often sought 73*b*
s to do thee good 480*b*
s ye first the kingdom of God 505*b*

Seek (*cont*)
s ye the Lord while he may 503*a*
shall we not s it 184*b*
shd I s farther store 321*a*
sometime did me s 473*b*
they who s the Lord 484*a*
we s one to come 517*a*
what I s, I know 6*b*
where s is find 403*a*
wh, s thro' the world 294*b*
you shall s all day 352*b*
you wd not s me 504*b*
Seekest He whom thou s 442*a*
s thou great things 503*b*
whom thou s to find him 422*a*
Seeketh charity s not her own 514*b*
he that s findeth 505*b*
Seeking s shall find Him 47*a*
s the food he eats 326*a*
s whom he may devour 518*a*
we must still be s 464*b*
Seeks neither s, nor shows his foe 130*b*
whoever s abroad 221*b*
Seel s up the ship-boy's eyes 380*a*
wise gods s our eyes 324*a*
Seeling come, s night 349*a*
Seem all that we see or s 208*a*
men shd be what they s 361*b*
show of things, that only s 409*a*
wd they might s none 361*b*
Seemed all s well pleased 275*a*
Seeming by s otherwise 360*b*
keep s and savour 373*a*
of s arms a short assay 140*a*
Seemly it is s so to do 224*b*
Seems, madam! I know not seems 330*a*
Seen and be no more s 484*a*
benefit people never s 56*a*
blessed are they that have not s 511*b*
brother whom he hath s 518*a*
had not the great sun s 36*b*
he was s of me also 514*b*
I have s nobody since I saw you 405*b*
lark so far cannot be s 343*b*
love God whom he hath not s 518*a*
much have I s 438*b*
much more had s 4*b*
needs but to be s 301*a*
needs only to be s 108*a*, 140*b*
resentment persons never s 288*a*
s her wave her hand 431*b*
s of none save him 219*b*
s what she cd not declare 193*a*
that you and I have s 531*a*
things a' didn't wish s 180*b*
to see and to be s 142*b*
True Thomas on earth was never s 528*b*
we have s thee, O love 420*b*
who hath not s thee 221*b*
whom having not s, ye love 517*b*
wd you had never s him 363*a*
yet s too oft 301*a*
Seer bold s in a trance 432*a*
sight of Judah's s 258*a*
Sees doubts from what he s 29*b*
eye s what the eye brings 80*b*
loved so long and s no more 310*a*
s what he foresaw 465*b*
she neither hears nor s 463*a*
think the king s thee 186*b*
See, saw, Margery Daw 533*b*
Seese pippins and to s come 355*b*
Seest say what thou s yond 367*b*
what thou s, write 518*a*
Seeth Lord s not as man s 495*b*
Seine latitude for a s 446*b*
red fool-fury of the S 431*a*
Seizure to whose soft s 368*b*
Select most s and generous 330*b*
Selection principle of Natural S. 117*b*
Self arch-flatterer is a man's s 14*b*
by my own-alone s 181*b*
chord of S 432*a*
concentred all in s 317*a*
dearer than s 68*a*
each one a murdered s 312*b*
for my single s 337*b*
from thee to my sole s 220*a*
greater to one than one's s is 458*a*
infusing him with s 375*b*
joy to see my s now live 190*a*

Self (*cont*)
love seeketh only S 32*a*
poetical character has no s 223*a*
resign my s to thee, O God 133*a*
swear by thy gracious s 365*a*
sweet s set her own price 293*a*
to thine own s be true 330*b*
Self-begotten bird 278*a*
Self-constituted saints 195*b*
Self-control prudent, cautious s 59*a*
self-knowledge, s 435*b*
Self-esteem, grounded on just 276*a*
Self-honoured, self-secure 7*b*
Selfish s being all my life 11*b*
unlike the hard, the s 113*b*
Self-knowledge self-reverence, s 435*b*
skilful in s 465*a*
Self-love golden calf of S 80*a*
mirror of s 262*b*
sick of s, Malvolio 370*a*
sin of s possesseth 388*a*
true s and social are the same 301*b*
Self-lovers nature of extreme s 15*b*
Self-protection liberty of action s 266*a*
Self-revelation *fluidity* of s 204*a*
Self-reverence, self-knowledge 435*b*
Self-sacrifice spirit of s 464*a*
Self-scanned self-schooled, s 7*b*
Self-secure self-honoured, s 7*b*
Self-seeking free from s 240*b*
Self-sufficing power of Solitude 469*b*
Sell go and s that thou hast 507*b*
I s my goodly steed 531*b*
Selling lives by s something 412*a*
Selves dead s to higher things 429*b*
Selwyn if Mr S calls 156*b*
Semblance outward s of a man 126*b*
s in another's case 107*b*
thou, whose exterior s doth belie 466*b*
thy native s on 338*b*
Semblative a woman's part 370*a*
Semele hapless S 258*b*
Seminary from a ladies' s 164*b*
Sempronius we'll do more, S 1*b*
Senate gives his little s laws 298*b*, 303*a*
shake alike the s 303*b*
with a s at his heels 301*b*
Senates applause of listening s 174*b*
gauntlet down to s 77*b*
listening s hang upon thy tongue 443*b*
Senators green-robed s 218*a*
Send here am I, s me 501*b*
s the mild Hindoo 527*b*
s them in, for I am at leisure 11*b*
whom shall I s 501*b*
Seneca high speech of S 14*a*
S cannot be too heavy 332*b*
Senior-junior Dan Cupid 344*b*
Seniors advice from my s 444*a*
Senlac! Sanguelac 427*b*
Se'nnights nine times nine 346*a*
Sensation but s is s 212*b*
devote myself to another's 223*b*
Permanent Possibility of S 413*b*
s of a short, sharp shock 164*b*
Sensational somewhat too s 460*a*
Sensations for a life of s 222*a*
s sweet, felt in the blood 472*a*
Sense accounting for the moral s 80*b*
after yr own s 359*b*
as keen a s of duty 166*a*
batteries of allurin s 260*b*
bind the wandering s 104*a*
bottom of good s 210*b*
but their s is shut 350*a*
can't be Nature, for it is not s 94*b*
claim to common s 25*b*
common s and good taste 389*b*
gather beauty from their s 36*a*
is of s forlorn 100*a*
it enchants my s 369*a*
judge not the Lord by feeble s 110*a*
left an echo in the s 216*b*
live within the s they quicken 399*b*
lovers' whose soul is s 134*a*
men of s of one religion 322*a*
Metaphysic calls for aid on S I 299*a*
mocks my waking s 403*b*
nor numb'd s to steel it 221*b*
no s in gittin' riled! 182*a*
nothing goes for s, or light 65*b*

Sense (*cont*)
not when the s is dim 24*b*
palter with us with a double s 351*a*
porch and inlet of each s 267*b*
retains an obscure s 469*b*
satire or s, can Sporus feel? 303*a*
Scotchman a man of s 246*a*
seal thy s in deathly slumber 119*a*
s aches at thee 363*a*
s and outward things 466*b*
s and wit with poesy allied 72*a*
s faints picturing them 396*b*
s is with their senses mixed 264*a*
s sublime of something far more 472*a*
s, wh when the winds of Spring 397*a*
Shadwell never deviates into s 140*b*
shall my s pierce love 312*a*
solid, reasoning good-s 91*a*
some nonsense about s 412*b*
sound an echo to the s 300*a*
stings and motions of the s 351*a*
take care of the s 83*a*
thro' s and nonsense 138*b*
too quick a s 425*a*
want of decency is want of s 128*a*
wh s may reach and apprehend 132*b*
who all my s confined 304*a*
wit and s, virtue 395*b*
without one grain of s 141*a*
Senseless else s and shapeless 397*b*
s and fit man for the constable 358*b*
s, tranced thing 219*a*
Senses my s in forgetfulness 180*a*
Parson lost his s 192*a*
my s wd have cooled 350*b*
power of our s 213*a*
s, for ever in joy! 51*b*
unto our gentle s 347*a*
Sensibility dear s ! 411*a*
experience is an immense s 204*b*
s of principle 57*a*
yet wanting s 112*b*
Sensible s men never tell 129*b*
s men of the same religion 129*b*
s to feeling as to sight 347*b*
woman was *fundamentally* s 210*b*
Sensibly things they behave s about 390*a*
Sensitive Frog is justly s 26*a*
S Plant in a garden grew 398*a*
s, yet heroically fashioned 465*b*
Sensual earthly, s, devilish 517*b*
thro'out the s world proclaim 283*a*
Sensualism strings of s 264*b*
Sent with broom before 357*b*
Sentence he mouths a s 94*b*
makes half a s at a time 108*a*
my s is for open war 272*a*
originator of a good s 148*b*
speak after s ? Yea 206*a*
Sentences in all pointed s 212*b*
Sentiment nurse of manly s 57*a*
religion as a mere s 288*a*
s he has such faith in 400*b*
s is what I am not acquainted 155*a*
Sentimental are you in s mood? 164*a*
s people fiddle harmonics 264*b*
S Traveller 411*a*
the s reads 196*a*
Sentiments plague of his s 400*b*
s that no legislature 17*a*
them's my s 573*a*
Sentinel scarcely worth the s 171*a*
s on Whitehall gate 252*b*
the s stars set their watch 77*b*
Sentinels fixed s almost receive 382*b*
s to warn th' immortal souls 259*b*
Sentries like s, are obliged to stand 141*b*
untroubled s of the night 280*a*
Sentry s, shut yr eye 234*a*
wingèd s 448*a*
Sent'st it back to me 216*b*
Separate us from the love of God 513*b*
Separation that eternal s 412*a*
September April, June, and S 172*a*
cool S morn 458*b*
thirty days hath S 533*a*
Sepulchral statues lay 132*b*
Sepulchre a new s 511*b*
be a soldier's s 77*a*
died about the Holy S 313*a*
dome of a vast s 396*b*

Sepulchre (*cont*)
first to the s 511*b*
no man knoweth of his s 494*b*
s in stubborn Jewry 375*a*
s there by the sea 297*b*
throat is an open s 482*a*
when it was yet dark, unto the s 511*b*
whole earth is the s 560*b*
why the s, wherein we saw thee 331*a*
Sepulchres whited s 507*b*
Sequel what s ? streaming eyes 433*a*
Sequester'd vale of life 174*b*
Sequitur no more a s than yourself 151*b*
Seraglio Point 264*b*
Seraph a s -man 99*b*
rapt S that adores 301*a*
S Abdiel, faithful found 275*a*
s -band, each waved his hand 99*b*
Seraphim bright S in burning row 278*a*
sister of the S ! 114*b*
sworded S 270*b*
Seraphims above it stood the s 501*b*
saw the obsequious S 115*a*
Seraphs winged s of heaven 297*b*
Seraph-wings of ecstasy 175*a*
Serbonian bog 272*b*
Sere instead of plain and s 36*a*
leaves they were crisped and s 298*b*
tickle o' the s 332*b*
Serene breathe its pure s 220*b*
s yet strong 305*b*
that unhoped s 39*a*
Serener far s clime 33*b*
Serfs at my side 53*b*
Sergeant a-layin' on to the S 227*a*
cheer for the S 's weddin' 234*a*
might have been a s 170*b*
'olding on by the S 's sash 234*a*
S Whatsisname 233*a*
this fell s, death 337*a*
Sergeants two-an-thirty S 234*a*
Sericana, where Chineses drive 273*b*
Series of new time began 138*b*
Serious dark and s angel 36*a*
in a s humour 1*b*
joke's a very s thing 94*b*
never means anything s 233*a*
nor trusts them with, s matters 91*a*
nothing s in mortality 348*a*
s and the smirk 124*b*
s things in a battle 84*b*
treats a s subject 10*a*
Sermon her funeral s 26*a*
him who a s flies 186*b*
honest and powerful s 296*a*
liked the 'S on the Mount' 130*b*
preach a better s 148*b*
s 's dull defile 264*a*
turn out a s 60*a*
Sermons s and soda-water 70*b*
s from mystical Germans 164*b*
s in stones 325*b*
Serpent be the s under 't 347*a*
dragon, that old s 519*b*
gold and flowing s 243*a*
it biteth like a s 498*b*
like Aaron's s 301*a*
my s of old Nile 323*a*
s beguiled me 492*b*
s subtlest beast 276*a*
s was more subtil 492*a*
sharper than a s 's tooth 342*a*
the infernal S 270*b*
think him as a s 's egg 338*b*
'tis a strange s 323*b*
trail of the S 282*a*
way of a s upon a rock 499*a*
Serpentine to dignify the S 131*a*
Serpents obscene small s 421*b*
wise as s 506*a*
Servant bid yr s once adieu 388*a*
form of a s 516*a*
for thy s heareth 495*a*
good and faithful s 508*a*
good s does not all commands 329*a*
hard a life her s lives 476*a*
his s, nor his maid 480*a*
is thy s a dog 496*b*
ken when you have a good s 319*b*
lo! that s stands you picked 414*a*
not a brewer's s 29*a*

Servant (*cont*)
now Thy s sleeping 145b
said the small s 125a
s above his lord 506a
S of God, well done 275a
s of the high God, Galahad! 284b
s 's too often a negligent elf 19b
s with this clause 188b
thy s depart in peace 508b
ye hae a gude s 320a
yr s 's cut in half 172b
Servants as one of thy hired s 509b
equality in the s ' hall 21b
fire and people both good s 176b
good s , but bad masters 244b
hired s of my father's 509b
his s he with new acquist 278a
man has a good many s 416b
men in great place are thrice s 14b
Press-men S of Light 5a
s of the most high God 504a
to s kind 79b
we are unprofitable s 510a
ye s of the Lord 131b
Serve cared greatly to s God 287b
freely we s 275a
have not known shall s me 482b
Him s with fear 224b
I now will s more strictly 463b
no man can s two masters 505b
s it right for being so dear 124b
s my turn upon him 359b
s thee with a quiet mind 479b
they also s who only stand 278b
time to s and to sin 420b
Served as thou hast s us 490a
despised as well as s it 67a
had I but s God 462b
Jacob's seven years 493a
Serves s and seeks for gain 342a
take the current while it s 341a
Serveth among you as he that s 510a
Service all s ranks same with God 59a
bounden duty and s 480b
choke their s up 326a
desert in s 369a
did me yeoman's s 336b
done the state some s 364a
essential s to his country 418a
he s out on active s 227a
hown with constant s 406a
in s high, and anthems clear 268b
in thee 't had been good s 323b
s greater than the god 369a
s is perfect freedom 478a
s of a mind and heart 465b
s of the antique world 326a
s sweat for duty 326a
small s is true s 463b
sometimes to do me s 359b
song the s divyne 88b
'tis the curse of s 359b
weary and old with s 380a
Services nor s to do 388a
s of Angels and men 480a
Servile freed from s bands 473b
s to all the skyey influences 351b
Serving cumbered about much s 509a
Serving-man iron-bound s 132a
s , proud in heart 343a
Servisable lowly and s 88a
Servitors words airy s 279a
Servitude bare laws of s 139b
impatient of s 55b
s is at once the consequence 116b
s that hugs her chain 175a
Sesame Open S ! 567b
Sesquipedalian blackguard 96a
Sessions of sweet silent thought 387b
Sestos and Abydos of her breasts 132b
Set here is the whole s 400b
I s her on my pacing steed 218b
meet it is I s it down 331b
neck broken can never be s 320a
play a s shall strike hazard 381b
s a candle in the sun 64b
s himself doggedly to it 206b
s thou in my breast 176a
s thine house in order 502b
s up thyself, O God 485b
to have it thus s down 332a

Set (*cont*)
virtue best plain s 16a
Setebos, Setebos, and Setebos 45b
Setter up and puller down of kings 384b
Setteth not by himself 482a
Setting elsewhere its s 466a
nearer he's to s 190b
Settle less will you s to one 230b
S 's numbers 298b
s somewhere near the sea 236a
Settled people wish to be s 148a
such things are s nowadays 71a
'tis s on the lee 66a
Settlement parent of s 57a
Settleth lie that s in the mind 14a
Settling perpetually s 37a
Seven may lie till s 532b
nay, we are s 472b
s maids with s mops 84a
s times s nature cant endure 155a
seventy times s 507a
s whole days, not one in s 188a
world on Sixe and S 90a
Seven Dials air of S 163b
Seven-fold gifts impart 491a
Seventeen grace of Sweet S 425b
Maud is not s 433b
Seventh day is the Sabbath 480a
Seventies gets well into the s 413b
Seventy times seven 507a
Seventy-seven at s it is time 213a
Sever kiss, and then we s 59a
s themselves, and madly sweep 357a
to s for years 74b
Severe from lively to s. 301b
from pleasant to s 141a
if s in aught 168b
to nothing but herself s 79b
wise he was, but not s 4b
Severed their graves are s 184b
Severely bangs me most s 79b
Severity s bredeth fear 14b
s of perfect light 428a
summer with its usual S 102a
treats with s serious subject 10a
Severn clanging from the S 227a
or out to S strode 93a
S into the narrow seas 157b
twice a day the S fills 430a
Severs those it shd unite 394a
Seville dogs of S 437b
Sewed prophetic fury s the work 362b
Sewell and Cross young man 165b
Sewers houses thick and s 276a
reign o'er s and sinks 100b
Sewing s as long as her eyes 198b
s at once, with a double thread 196a
Sex fair s is yr department 135b
for the rum s of our s 405b
here's the S ! 61a
no stronger than my s 338b
s to the last 140a
soft, unhappy s 25b
spirits can either s assume 271b
the s whose presence civilizes 108a
tyrants of thy s 104b
weaker s , to piety more prone 3b
what is yr s 's care 251b
women are a s by themselves 25a
Sexes cleanliness of the s 457b
old ladies of both s 123a
old women (of both s) 411b
there are three s 404b
Sexton our honest s tells 113b
s tolled the bell 195a
went and told the s 195a
Sextus false S 253a
Herminius glared on S 253b
to S thought spake he 253b
Seye eek for to be s 89b
Shackles s of an old love 428b
their s fall 111b
Shade after the night's s 357a
alone in summer s 465b
Amaryllis in the s 269b
betwixt the shine and s 425a
boundless contiguity of s 111b
by the s it casts 49b
clutching the inviolable s. 8a
crowd into a s 302b
dancing in the chequered s. 269a

Shade (*cont*)
Glenartney's hazel s 316a
green thought in a green s. 260b
hawthorn bush a sweeter s. 384a
he is old and she a s 241a
his stedfast s sleeps 435b
I bear light s 393a
in s of Tempe sit 401b
narrow verged s 260b
no s , no shine November! 195a
old sit under the s of it 122b
pillared s high overarched 276b
present hour marked with s. 241a
s and lovelyness and mire 39b
s of His hand 442a
s of melancholy boughs 326b
s of that wh once was great 472b
s of the old apple-tree 401b
s that follows wealth or fame 169a
sitting in a pleasant s 20b
sitting in the s 229b
sly s of a Rural Dean 39b
song, or fleeting s 189a
vois memorial in the s 88a
wander'st in his s 387a
Shades chase the trembling s. away 115a
doleful s 271a
far are the s of Arabia 119a
field is full of s 442b
fled the s of night 274b
home to s of under ground 78b
I have lived with S so long 180a
mingle s of joy and woe 319b
Oh, happy s —to me unblest 111a
s did hide her 285a
s of night were falling fast 247a
s of the prison-house 466a
till the s lengthen 288b
where s of darkness 119a
Shadow but a s 's bliss 353b
cattle s of the British oak 57a
daisy, by the s that it casts 403b
double, swan and s ! 473a
dream itself is but a s 332b
earth be but the s of Heaven 275a
follow a s 216a
hence, horrible s ! 349a
hide me under the s. of thy wings 482b
in the s of the hill 73a
it is but a s 's s 332b
life is but the s of death 41a
life's but a walking s 350b
light but the s of God 41a
like a vast s moved 448b
man walketh in a vain s. 484a
neither s of turning 517a
on the earth the s of thee 312a
or s of felicity 449a
out-soared the s of our night 392b
saw the lion's s ere himself 355a
S cloaked from head to foot 430a
s of a glorious name 550a
s of a great rock 502a
S of Shadows on the deed 474a
s of some unseen Power 394b
s of the dome of pleasure 101b
s of the steeple 96a
s of the Valois 92b
s of Thy wing 455b
s to s , well persuaded 228a
ship's huge s lay 99a
substance that s seem'd 272b
treads the s of his foe 98a
unhappy s 78a
vague s of surmise 146b
with colour and with s 441b
yr s at evening 144b
Shadowless like Silence 195b
Shadows are s , not substantial 401a
beckoning s dire 267a
best in this kind are but s 357b
but the s of us men 216a
come like s , so depart! 349b
events cast their s before 77a
half sick of s 431b
individuals pass like s 56a
millions of strange s 387b
no s great appear 190a
of their s deep 476b
our fatal s 23a
scattering of all s 20b

Shadows (*cont*)
s and windy places 420*a*
s come about her eyes 475*a*
s flee away 500*a*
s numberless 219*b*
s of hates 5*a*
s of the evening 20*a*
s, that showed at noon 244*a*
s to-night have struck terror 385*a*
there be that s kiss 353*b*
very s of the clouds 463*a*
what s we are s we pursue 55*a*
Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego 504*a*
Shadwell S never deviates into sense 140*b*
S 's genuine night 140*b*
Shady s side of Pall Mall 283*b*
s with birch and beech 37*b*
sunshine in the s place 408*b*
Shaft and winged the s 72*a*
Of many a s, at random sent 317*b*
s of slander 294*a*
Shaftesbury particularly by Lord S 91*a*
Shake acacia wd not s 434*a*
dreams that s us nightly 348*b*
here I s off the bur 441*a*
never s thy gory locks 349*a*
s me as they pass 463*a*
s hands for ever 137*b*
s off the dust 506*a*
s of his poor little head 165*a*
s the massive paws 25*b*
s thou to look on't 324*a*
Shaken and is never s 389*a*
so s as we are 376*a*
taken, To be well s 103*a*
Shakers movers and s 291*a*
Shake-scene in the country 176*b*
Shakespeare as I despise S 390*a*
better done in S 142*a*
but S also says 70*b*
Christ's heart, and S 's strain 146*a*
Dan Chaucer, mighty S 36*a*
did S ? the less S hel 47*b*
fancy S this Presider 222*a*
for gentle S cut 215*b*
grace before S 238*b*
if S 's genius had been cultivated 90*b*
immortal S rose 213*b*
I was S 's countryman 452*b*
Jew that S drew 301*a*
like one of S 's women 395*a*
Lo, S, since thy time 36*a*
make room for S 22*a*
myriad-minded S 102*a*
my S, rise 215*b*
one wild S, following Nature's 282*b*
perhaps understand S 222*b*
reading S by flashes 102*b*
S, and the musical glasses 171*a*
S, Falstaff wf East-cheap 170*b*
S, Lancy's child 269*a*
[S] had the largest soul 142*a*
S is not more decidedly the first 255*a*
S is not our poet 241*a*
[S] is the very Janus 142*a*
S led a life of allegory 223*a*
S made use of it first 400*a*
[S] naturally learned 142*a*
S, on whose forehead climb 44*a*
S' sad stuff 571*a*
S shd be quite forgotten 93*a*
S, undoubtedly wanted taste 440*b*
S unlocked his heart 47*b*, 470*b*
S was of us 48*a*
S (whom you and every play-house) 303*b*
souls most fed with S 's flame 93*a*
stood with S at the top 239*a*
sum of S 's wit 147*a*
Taylor, the S of divines 147*a*
tongue that S spake 467*a*
to S gave as much 140*a*
what needs my S 278*a*
Shaking fall without s 280*a*
Shalimar beside the S 197*a*
Shall his absolute 's' 328*a*
you s and you shan't 135*a*
Shallow Master S, I owe you 381*a*
s brookes murmur 401*b*
s in himself 277*a*
vain or s thought 147*a*
Shallows bound in s 341*a*
s in wh a lamb may wade 185*b*
with his depths and his s 62*b*
Shalott beside remote S 431*b*
the Lady of S 431*a*, 432*a*
Shame and race of s 277*b*
ashamed with the noble s 226*b*
certain death by certain s 233*b*
deed throughout the life the s 177*a*
each deed of s 247*b*
erring sister's s 7*b*
foaming out their own s 518*a*
he was not born to s 360*a*
I see the s they cannot see 294*a*
let s say what it will 330*a*
not serving s or lust 131*a*
put him to an open s 517*a*
put them to a perpetual s 487*a*
secret House of S 459*b*
s and ruin wait for you 107*b*
s come when it will 342*b*
s distain his name 61*b*
s is ashamed to sit 366*a*
s it is to see 226*a*
s on us, Christian brethren 200*b*
so much glory and so much s 255*a*
the deed of s 253*a*
thy father's s 35*b*
waste of s 389*a*
without great s never go back 283*a*
with s and grief I yield 225*a*
whose glory is in their s 516*a*
Shamed s life is hateful 352*a*
s thro' all my nature 432*b*
Shameless perfect democracy s 57*a*
Shames candle to my s 353*b*
s, on my bare head 362*b*
Shamming priests gentle s 282*b*
s when he's dead 229*a*
Shamrock is by law forbid 525*b*
Shandon bells of S 306*b*
Shank his shrunk s 326*b*
his spindle s 61*a*
Shannon on the green banks of S 76*b*
Shape a dancing s 470*b*
execrable s 273*a*
gave them s and speech 423*a*
grim s towered up 469*a*
harmony of s express 305*b*
in s and gesture eminent 272*a*
let it keep one s 351*a*
mystic s did move behind me 43*b*
s from that thy work 247*a*
s no bigger than agate-stone 364*b*
s of things to come 455*b*
stoop from heaven and take the s 436*b*
such a questionable s 331*a*
take any s but that 349*a*
the other s, if s it might be 272*b*
to s it as he wd 429*a*
two of far nobler s 274*b*
virtue in her s 274*b*
when that strange s 98*b*
you might be any s 85*a*
Shaped it is s like itself 323*b*
Shapen in wickedness 485*a*
Shapes fiery and delectable s 380*b*
full of fiery s 378*a*
full of s is fancy 369*b*
it s thoughts outnumber 396*a*
'mongst horrid s 268*b*
s and beckoning shadows 267*a*
s that haunt thought s 397*a*
sublime and beauteous s 197*a*
turns them to s 357*b*
what s of sky or plain? 398*b*
Shard iron s 233*b*
scattered in s on s 442*a*
Share Adam shall s with me 276*a*
beyond a mortal's s 261*a*
its ruin didst not s 131*b*
no one so true did s it 371*a*
no the utmost s of my desire 190*a*
s the good man's smile 168*b*
to s it a' 62*b*
Shareth in our gladness 7*b*
Sharks among the s and whales 525*a*
Sharon rose of S 500*a*
Sharp s as a needle 160*b*
s remedy, but a sure one 308*a*
somebody's s 121*b*
Sharp (*cont*)
the billiard s 164*b*
Sharpeneth the countenance of his friend 498*b*
Sharper I returned it s 444*a*
s than any two-edged sword 517*a*
s than a serpent's tooth 126*a*, 342*a*
Sharpest you still have survived 147*a*
Sharpness of death 478*a*
Sharps different s and flats 50*a*
Shatter wd we not s it 154*a*
Shattered many were s 437*b*
Shattering all evil customs 428*a*
Shave good lather is half the s 194*b*
Shaved with a shell when he chose 242*a*
Shaw Oh, Captain S! 164*a*
Shawms trumpets also and s 488*a*
Shay one-hoss s 194*a*
She and you are s 108*b*
any been but s 416*a*
as any s belied 389*a*
but alas! it was s 67*b*
came innocence and s 441*a*
cruellest s alive 370*a*
got him a s 522*b*
never home came s 226*b*
never none but s! 524*b*
one woman, and none but s 424*a*
part to blame is s 291*b*
s, and comparisons are odious 132*a*
s beloved knows naught 368*b*
s for God in him 274*a*
s is the Broad 528*b*
s, s is dead 132*b*
s, supposing him the gardener 511*b*
s, while Apostles shrank 21*a*
that not impossible s 115*a*
the chaste, and unexpressive s 327*a*
'tis s, and here lo I 115*b*
when s is by I leave my work 79*b*
who is this only happy S 294*b*
Sheaf above the slender s 114*a*
lay thy s adown 195*b*
Shearers at the s' feast 269*b*
sheep before her s 503*a*
Shears Fury with th' abhorred s 269*b*
wi' her needle an' her s 59*b*
Sheath sword outwears its s 74*a*
sword was in the s 111*a*
thy sword into the s 511*b*
we shall never s the sword 106*b*
Sheaves bring his s with him 489*b*
girded up in s 387*a*
yr s stood round 493*a*
Sheba another S queen 462*a*
queen of S 496*a*
She-bear, coming up the street 155*b*
Shed from the straw-built s 174*a*
lowly cattle s 3*b*
monarch of a s 170*a*
prepare to s them now 340*a*
with [Burke] beneath a s 212*a*
Sheds found in lowly s 267*a*
Sheelah when S was nigh 76*b*
Sheen deck'd in glorious s 286*a*
Sheep all we like s 503*a*
as s that have not a shepherd 496*a*
bah, bah, black s 534*b*
beat their love o' s 250*b*
bleating of the s in my ears 495*a*
Bo-Peep has lost her s 533*a*
bringing thy s in thy hand 7*b*
careth not for his s 511*a*
ensample to his s 88*b*
feed my s 511*b*
fold shall be full of s 486*a*
from thy ways like lost s 478*a*
giveth his life for his s 511*a*
hungry s look up 269*b*
I have found my s 509*b*
looking on their silly s 384*a*
lost s of the house of Israel 506*a*
loves, or else their s 270*b*
mountain s are sweeter 295*a*
of an old half-witted s 410*b*
one sickly s infects the flock 453*a*
other s I have 511*a*
plunge the struggling s 253*a*
return to our s 566*b*
s are in the fauld 20*b*
s before her shearers 503*a*

Sheep (*cont*)
s 's in the meadow 535*a*
s, that were wont to be so meek 283*b*
s, what wonder if they stray 110*b*
shepherdess of s 265*a*
teeth are like a flock of s 500*a*
that looks after the s 535*a*
wh come to you in s 's clothing 505*b*
white over with s 399*b*
Sheep-bells and the ship-bells 235*a*
Sheep-hook how to hold a s 269*b*
Sheeps' guts shd hale souls 358*a*
Sheep-worry of Europe [Napoleon] 38*a*
Sheet a wet s 116*a*
float that standard s 178*a*
great s knit at the four corners 512*a*
old England's winding s 29*b*
s were big enough bed of Ware 371*b*
white s bleaching 373*a*
wrapped in their winding s 137*a*
Sheets fumble with the s 382*a*
kindliness of s 39*a*
whitest s of snow 115*a*
Sheffield Brooks of S 121*b*
[Shelburne's] parts, Sir 209*a*
Shelf from the s diadem stole 335*a*
s of rock or sand 470*a*
silence of the upper s 254*b*
Shell heart is like a rainbow s 310*b*
he shaved with a s 242*a*
kill him in the s 338*b*
leaving thine outgrown s 194*a*
within thy airy s 267*a*
smooth-lipped s 464*b*
Shelley Burns, S, were with us 48*a*
did you once see S plain 48*b*
Mrs S answered 301*b*
peace in S 's mind 395*a*
[S] is a ineffectual angel 9*b*
S, whom envy never touched 241*b*
S with liquid music in the word 36*a*
sphere for S 's genius 9*a*
there S dreamed 206*a*
Shells cockle s, and silver bells 533*a*
s, of pearly hue 241*a*
Shelter I'd s thee 62*a*
s from the stormy blast 453*a*
what s to grow ripe 7*a*
Shelters naught s thee 441*b*
Shem done with the Tents of S 231*b*
it might be S 236*a*
S, Ham, and Japheth 492*b*
Shenandoah, I long to hear you 525*a*
Shepherd as sweet unto a s 176*a*
call you, S, from the hill 8*a*
dead s, now I find thy saw 327*a*
fairest s on our green 295*b*
feed his flock like a s 502*b*
feed me with a S 's Care 22
gentle S, tell me where 200*b*
God of love my S is 188*a*
good s giveth his life 511*a*
hast any philosophy in thee, s ? 327*a*
is the S 's delight 522*a*
is the S 's warning 522*a*
King of Love my S is 18*a*
lark to s 's ear 356*a*
Lord is my s 483*a*
O faithful s ! to come 7*b*
sheep that have not a s 496*a*
S and Bishop of yr souls 517*b*
s, blowing of his nails 384*a*
s, blows his nail 345*b*
s in Virgil 206*b*
s, I take thy word 267*a*
s of the Hebrid Isles 443*a*
S of the Ocean 408*a*
s (repented) of his love 18*b*
s tells his tale 268*b*
slighted, s 's trade 269*b*
star calls up the s 352*a*
the S 's sweet lot 32*b*
thou happy S-boy 466*a*
truth in every s 's tongue 307*b*
weather the s shuns 180*a*
wd not love a s swain? 176*b*
Shepherdess of sheep 265*a*
Shepherding her bright fountains 392*b*
Shepherds ground wh British s tread 464*a*
s, looking on their silly sheep 384*a*
Shepherds (*cont*)
that liberal s give 336*a*
while s watched their flocks 424*b*
Sheridan [S] is dull 207*b*
S twenty miles away 308*b*
S was listened to 310*a*
Sheriff stout old s comes 252*a*
Sheriffmuir a battle there was 256*b*
Sherris valour comes of s 380*b*
Sherris-sack hath a two-fold 380*b*
Sherry is dull 207*b*
Sherwood in the red dawn 290*a*
Sheugh yet in any s 529*a*
Shew ourselves glad in him 487*b*
Shewed unto him all the kingdoms 509*a*
She-wolf eats the s 's young 99*b*
Shews admire fur seeming s 400*a*
Shield be thy s and buckler 487*b*
broken was her s 318*b*
coffin-'eaded s 229*a*
idle spear and s 270*a*
lady in his s 431*b*
s of faith, wherewith ye shall 516*a*
s of the mighty is cast away 495*b*
s was hung on the breast 92*a*
snatch'd spear but left the s 318*a*
trusty s and weapon 569*a*
wisdom the mirrored s 392*a*
Shielding men from folly 407*b*
Shields all s of mighty men 500*b*
s in Branksome Hall 316*b*
Shieling lone s 320*b*
Shift let me s for myself 283*a*
we'll s our ground 331*b*
we s and bedeck and bedrape 421*a*
Shifting his side (as a lawyer) 110*b*
Shilling a Splendid S 296*b*
Philip and Mary on a s 234*a*
s a day, bloomin' good pay 410*b*
volume's price, a s 355*b*
Shillings rather than forty s 355*b*
Shimmered Jeeves s out 573*b*
Shine anxious for to s 165*a*
betwixt the s and shade 425*a*
come, within our bosoms s 86*b*
deceitful s, deceitful flow 282*b*
every one doth s 339*a*
I'll s on ye yet 116*b*
let yr light so s before men 505*a*
no shade, no s November! 195*a*
nothing does but s 443*a*
not to s in use 438*b*
qualified to s in company 419*a*
see him s so brisk 376*b*
s as it shines now 132*a*
s in my arms 176*a*
s thro' the gloom 251*b*
their visitation they shall s 520*a*
they s on all alike 302*b*
warms you here shall s on me 374*b*
wh scatteringly doth s 260*b*
Shined in her person s 278*b*
s at Lugwardin 445*a*
Shines more it's shook, it s 178*b*
Shinest whereso'er thou s 397*b*
Shingles naked s of the world 5*a*
Shining I see it s plain 199*b*
needles, once a s store 109*a*
quietly s to the quiet moon 101*a*
season of clear s 110*b*
s nowhere but in the dark 448*a*
s with all his might 84*a*
somewhere the sun is s 181*b*
Shins break my s against it 326*a*
Ship all I ask, is a tall s 262*a*
a s, an isle 155*a*
a s is floating in the harbour 393*b*
being in a s is being in jail 207*a*
betwixt the costs of a s 216*a*
born in a s River of Time 6*a*
from fearful trip the victor s 457*b*
gart build a bonny s 529*a*
he brake that gallant s 529*a*
his rapt s run on her side 87*a*
idle as a painted s 98*b*
it reached the s 99*b*
it was so old a s 155*a*
land to wh the s wd (must) go 97*a*, 472*b*
like a stately s 277*b*
many a tall s he buried 354*a*
one leak will sink a s 54*b*
Ship (*cont*)
O S of State! 246*b*
our s hath touched upon the desarts 373*a*
s after s, the whole night long 437*b*
s has weathered every rack 457*b*
s not far from land 525*b*
s 's huge shadow lay 99*a*
s I have got in the North Country 531*a*
s is anchored safe 457*b*
s is clear at last 457*a*
s was as still as she cd be 406*b*
s went down like lead 99*b*
s wd *not* travel due West! 86*a*
stately s is seen no more 244*a*
'there was a s,' quoth he 98*a*
the s that goes 120*b*
the s was cheered 98*a*
undergirding the s 513*a*
wap them into our s 's side 530*a*
way of a s 499*a*
we too take s O soul 457*b*
what care I for the s 130*b*
what good s sailed he 130*b*
what is a s but a prison? 64*a*
whither, O splendid s 37*a*
Ship-bells ring along the beach 235*a*
Ship-boy seel up the s 's eyes 380*a*
Shipman was ther 88*b*
Shipmate, joy! 457*a*
Shipping fishes first to s impart 139*b*
sink all the s there 216*a*
Ships as s, becalmed at eve 96*b*
drew a thousand s to Tenedos 259*b*
face that launched a thousand s 258*b*
far distant, storm-beaten s 256*b*
go down to the sea in s 488*b*
howl, ye s of Tarshish 502*a*
I spied three s 522*a*
like two doomed s 459*b*
mighty s ten thousand ton 192*a*
move with the moving s 424*a*
of shoes and s 84*b*
our s were British oak 10*b*
past away with five s of war 437*b*
roll up and down our s at sea 134*b*
s are but boards 353*a*
s are out of gear 437*a*
she 'as s on the foam 236*b*
s, by thousands, lay 70*b*
s, dim-discovered 443*b*
s shall go abroad 231*a*
s that pass in the night 249*a*
s, towers, domes 472*b*
six s of the line 437*b*
something wrong with our bloody s 22*b*
stately s are twirled 192*a*
stately s go on 425*b*
there go the s 488*b*
thou shalt break the s 485*a*
Thracian s and the foreign faces 425*a*
three s a-sailing there 524*a*
watch the s of England go! 228*a*
weak s and spirits steer 422*a*
we've got the s 201*b*
with S the sea was sprinkled 472*b*
Shipwreck escaped the s of time 13*a*
s of my youth 117*a*
Shire s heart of England 137*a*
thro' all the s 198*b*
Shires round both the s 199*a*
s and towns from Airly 225*b*
Shirt merits of a spotless s 434*b*
s wh ought to be at wash 255*b*
shroud as well as s 196*a*
Shirts no s to wear 163*a*
Shive cut loaf to steal a s 368*a*
Shoal of time 347*a*
Shoals of honour 386*a*
Shock s them and keep them up 390*a*
short, sharp s 164*b*
we shall s them 374*b*
Shock-headed Peter 192*b*
Shocks s of young love-liking 469*b*
thousand natural s 333*a*
withindoors house the s 198*a*
Shod all s with steel 465*b*
Shoddy up goes the price of s 163*b*
Shoe a s be Spanish 65*b*
dame has lost her s 534*a*
for want of a s 157*a*
in a s she drops a tester 215*b*

Shoe (*cont*)
into a left-hand s 85*b*
one, two, buckle my s 532*a*
sailed off in a wooden s 151*a*
sixpence in her s 106*a*
who lived in a s 533*b*
Shoes beautiful are thy feet with s 500*b*
ere those s were old 330*a*
French wear wooden s 170*b*
he who sees, takes off his s 43*a*
him that makes s 64*a*
King James call for his old s 321*a*
my s from the shoemaker 171*a*
of s and ships 84*b*
over s in love 372*b*
put off thy s 493*b*
s were clean and neat 84*a*
s were number nine 280*b*
s were on their feet 403*b*
surgeon to old s 337*b*
Wellington s of his soldiers 17*b*
yr s on yr feet 494*a*
Shoe-string careless s 189*a*
Shoe-tie or glist'ring s 115*b*
Shone along the deep proudly s 76*b*
s like a meteor streaming 271*b*
s round him o'er the dead 184*b*
Shook monk who s the world 280*a*
Shoomp she gife a s 243*b*
Shoon cork-heeled s 530*a*
his clouted s 267*b*
his sandal s 335*b*
takes her buckled s 131*a*
walks the night in her silver s 119*b*
Shoot I s the hippopotamus 25*b*
I will s you! 531*a*
man of war, and can s 188*a*
privily s at them 482*a*
s folly as it flies 300*b*
s higher than arms at a bush 401*b*
s, if you must 459*a*
s out their lips 483*a*
s the sleepy, green-coat man 192*b*
up and s themselves 39*b*
nest is in a watered s 310*b*
wilt s into the dark 438*a*
young idea how to s 443*b*
Shooting-stars attend thee 189*b*
Shoots aimeth at the sky s higher 186*b*
s at the midday sun 401*b*
s higher that threatens moon 186*b*
s of everlastingness 448*a*
Shop a man has s to mind 51*b*
he talked s like a tenth muse 523*b*
shun the awful s 93*a*
Shopkeepers a nation of s 1*a*, 403*a*, 564*a*
Shopocracy abuse the s 289*b*
Shore adieu! my native s 68*a*
all waters as the s 421*a*
ambergris on s 260*a*
apples on the Dead Sea's s 68*b*
bring him safe to s 253*b*
Chorasmian s 392*b*
courses from the s 457*a*
dies a wave along the s 18*b*
fast by their native s 111*a*
fright us from the s 453*b*
high s of this world 382*b*
his control stops with the s 69*b*
kingdom of the s 388*a*
lash the sounding s 300*a*
lights around the s 313*a*
low sounds by the s 475*b*
more willing bent to s 78*b*
my boat is on the s 73*a*
naked foot on the s 118*b*
Night's Plutonian s 298*b*
now upon the farther s 145*b*
nymphs on the s 424*b*
ornament is but the guiled s 354*a*
pull for the s, sailor 315*b*
rapture on the lonely s 69*b*
s of Araby the blest 273*b*
s of the wide world 221*a*
some false impossible s 8*b*
some wide-watered s 268*a*
sport upon the s 466*b*
stayed upon the green s 222*b*
to his own native s 298*a*
towards the pebbled s 388*a*
unknown and silent s 240*a*
Shore (*cont*)
wandering from the nightly s 298*b*
waves that beat on Heaven's s 29*b*
where is that radiant s? 184*b*
wild on this world's s 290*a*
Shoreditch bells at S 533*b*
Shores around desolate s 221*a*
earth's human s 220*b*
exult O s 457*b*
made in her concave s 337*b*
possess these s with me 117*a*
s of old romance 463*a*
Shorewards great winds s blow 5*b*
Shorn came for wool went home s 48*b*
s and parcelled Oxus 8*a*
Short Codlin's the friend, not S 125*a*
come s of the glory 513*a*
Eternity s too s 2*a*
find it wond'rous s 169*a*
long while to make it s 444*a*
nasty, brutish, and s 191*b*
s, and far between 29*a*
s and the long of it 355*b*
s as any dream 350*a*
s, bright, resistless course 317*b*
the lyf so s 90*a*
we have as s a Spring 189*a*
Shorter Clement S 93*a*
make you s by the head 145*b*
s a prize poem is the better 255*a*
Shorter-Catechist [Stevenson] 185*b*
Shortest s of men 19*b*
s way the foulest 13*a*
Shortness spend that s basely 370*a*
Shot a long s, Watson 135*b*
by bullet or by s 525*b*
Sahib s divinely 527*b*
s at for sixpence a day 120*b*
s heard round the world 146*b*
s with the self-same artillery 249*b*
Shoulder hand on his s smote 287*b*
on any s that I see 342*a*
on my leaning s 474*a*
s the sky, my lad 200*a*
sparrow alight on my s 444*a*
what s, and what art 32*a*
Shoulders about the s thrown 189*a*
bearing on s immense 6*b*
borne on our s 47*a*
heads do grow beneath their s 360*a*
their s held the sky 200*a*
turns sides and his s 453*a*
Shout ceased the inhuman s 69*a*
made a universal s 337*b*
needn't s so loud 85*a*
rout send forth a joyous s 252*b*
rung the battle s 194*a*
s about my ears 92*a*
s of them that triumph 286*a*
s round me, let me hear thy shouts 466*a*
s that tore hell's concave 271*b*
s with the largest 126*a*
shouted with a great s 494*b*
with psalms must s 187*a*
Shouted s in his ear 85*a*
sons of God s for joy 497*b*
Shouting captains, and the s 497*b*
every man's in proportion 417*a*
tumult and the s 213*b*
Shouts with his sister at play! 425*b*
Shove s away the worthy guest 269*b*
that's all s be'ind me 232*a*
Shoved him into politics 26*a*
Shovel also 230*b*
Show all a fleeting s 282*b*
I will s you something 144*b*
merely to s that you have one 90*b*
multitude, that choose by s 353*b*
offer it the s of violence 320*b*
outward s of things 400*a*
Savon? s him up 25*a*
s and gaze o' the time 351*a*
s it a fair pair of heels 377*a*
s me so divine a thing 260*a*
s, to the apt thoughts of men 341*b*
s us how divine a woman 473*a*
s us the Father 511*a*
s vilely in me 380*a*
that we can s to-day 127*b*
that within wh passeth s 330*a*
thing they most do s 388*b*
Show (*cont*)
time with fairest s 347*b*
to s the form it seemed to hide 317*b*
wealth to me the s had brought 467*a*
Shower a very s of beauty 465*b*
crawling out after a s 20*a*
dying lamp, a falling s 392*a*
s of light is poesy 220*b*
s yr shooting corns presage 419*b*
will not s on me 199*b*
Showers after sharpest s 242*b*
Aprille with his s sote 88*a*
as sun and s there 385*b*
blown seas and storming s 435*a*
I bring fresh s 393*a*
see, what s arise 384*b*
s and dewdrops wet 311*a*
small s last long 374*b*
suck the honied s 270*a*
Sydnae in s 115*b*
with true-love s 335*b*
Showery, Flowery 158*a*
Showest have more than thou s 342*a*
Showing men of little s 234*b*
Shown God wd have her s 191*a*
Shows our s are more than will 371*a*
s of love to other men 337*b*
so may the outward s 354*a*
Shrank oblivion s reproved 392*b*
Shreds king of s and patch 335*a*
thing of s and patches 164*a*
Shrewsbury bower of wanton S 302*b*
long hour by S clock 379*a*
Shriek a solitary s 70*b*
short shrill s 103*a*
s from some captured town 136*a*
to hear a night-s 350*b*
with hollow s 270*b*
Shrieking hooting and s 338*a*
s and squeaking 50*a*
Shrieks to pitying Heav'n are cast 302*b*
Shrine Apollo from his s 270*b*
best fits a little s 188*b*
Melancholy has her sovran s 219*b*
pure virgin s 447*b*
s, where you alone are placed 176*b*
this peaceful s 206*a*
this Temple keeps its s 293*b*
thy s, thy grove 220*a*
Shrines a vapour over s! 44*a*
Shrink mortals start and s 453*b*
never make thee s 529*a*
Shroud comes to s me 132*b*
in a s of thoughts 68*b*
my s of white 371*a*
peace be to my sable s 269*a*
rav on rav split the s 52*b*
s as well as a shirt 196*a*
white his s 335*b*
Shrouds land-breeze shook the s 111*a*
s thee wheresoe'er thou shinest 397*b*
Shrunk how much art thou s! 379*a*
swiftly s away 407*b*
Shudder I s at the word 555*a*
Shuddering of s, also, and tears 452*a*
shall I with s fall? 264*a*
Shuffle patience, and s the cards 575*b*
Shuffled off this mortal coil 333*a*
Shuffling not so above, there is no s 334*b*
Shuh-shuh-gah 248*b*
Shulamite return, O S 500*b*
Shun I did s a year 132*a*
s the fault I fell in 531*b*
s what I follow 50*b*
thought she wd s me 22*b*
Shut but their senses is s 330*a*
O s not up my soul 483*b*
s the door after you 143*b*
s the door, good John 302*b*
s up in measureless content 347*b*
wisdom quite s out 273*b*
Shutter before her on a s 440*b*
Shutters close the s fast 112*a*
my back-parlour s 295*a*
Shuttle musical s 457*b*
swifter than a weaver's s 497*a*
Shy Jesus, wast Thou s 441*b*
we are not s 164*b*
Shyness diffidence or s 164*b*
Siam King of S sent ambassadors 210*a*
Sibyl saw the S at Cumae 313*a*

Sibyl (*cont*)
s, that had numbered in the world 362*b*
what wdst thou, S? 313*a*
Sichem divide S 485*b*
Sicily dost thou remember S? 460*a*
Syrtes and soft S 8*b*
Sick all his s men from the land 437*b*
are you s or are you sullen? 211*b*
as s that surfeit with too much 352*b*
but they that are s 506*a*
can s men play so nicely 375*a*
half my men are s 437*b*
half s of shadows 431*b*
I am s at heart 329*a*
I am s of many griefs 341*a*
I am sudden s 322*b*
kill s people groaning 259*a*
lying s ashore 437*b*
make any man s to hear her 296*a*
more than a little s 227*b*
never s at sea! 166*a*
not so s, my lord 350*b*
perhaps was s, in love 301*b*
say I'm s, I'm dead 302*b*
see me and be s 199*a*
s almost to doomsday with eclipse 329*b*
s, and ye visited me 508*a*
s, as a dog 182*b*
s in soul and body both 192*a*
s man of Europe, the Turk 564*b*
s persons, and young children 479*a*
tell him, that I am s of love 500*b*
the s, O Lord, around thee lay 447*a*
to sea but to make him s 132*b*
where the s one roams 196*a*
yourself and me, I am s of both 209*a*
Sicken appetite may s 369*b*
Vanity will s soon and die 270*b*
when love begins to s 340*b*
Sickened at all triumphs 94*b*
Sickens at another's praise 94*b*
Sickle ed not make the s yield 30*a*
his s in his hand 248*a*
s in the fruitful field 30*a*
with his s keen 248*a*
within his bending s's compass 389*a*
Sicklemen sunburnt s 367*b*
Sickly but sassy 181*b*
Sickness by His health, s 33*a*
falling s 338*a*
in s and in health 481*b*
love is a s 117*a*
medicine to heal their s 490*b*
my long s of health 368*a*
s that destroyeth 487*b*
thy s shall depart 227*b*
very s in my heart 336*a*
when yr s is yr soul 199*b*
Side be near us at our s 430*a*
friends who set forth at our s 7*b*
Gods are on our s to-day 254*a*
my hand into his s 511*b*
on one s lay the Ocean 429*a*
on this s my hand 376*a*
passed by on the other s 509*a*
rose o' the wrong s to-day 38*a*
she standeth by thy s 531*b*
s by s those chiefs of pride 254*a*
s by s were laid 274*b*
trumpets sounded on the other s 54*b*
who is on my s? who? 406*b*
Side-arms keeps his s awful 228*b*
Sides between the piney s 435*a*
holding both his s 268*b*
houseless heads and unfed s 343*a*
no woman's s can bide 371*a*
rumed s of kings 22*b*
said on both s 2*a*
s of nature will not sustain it 322*b*
turns his s and his shoulders 453*a*
two separate s to my head 236*a*
wear it on both s 369*a*
Sideways looked s up 99*a*
s wd she lean 218*b*
Sidney Friend to Sir Philip S 177*a*
miracle of our age S 79*a*
S's self, the starry paladin 52*a*
S's sister 42*b*
S, warbler of poetic prose 112*b*
Siege laugh a s to scorn 350*b*
men of royal s 359*b*

Siege (*cont*)
s of the city of Gaunt 531*b*
Sieges battles, s fortunes 360*a*
Sieve in a s I'll thither sail 346*a*
to sea in a S 243*b*
water through a s 85*b*
Sifted God had s three kingdoms 247*a*
Sigh a s too much 256*a*
beadle to a humorous s 344*b*
cheat thee of a s 461*b*
he gave a deep s 411*a*
I'll s with you 164*a*
kiss, a s, and so away 115*a*
passing tribute of a s 174*b*
prompts th' eternal s 301*b*
regain'd my freedom with a s 69*b*
shall I ever s and pine? 188*a*
s for the toothache 358*b*
s, heart, again in the dew 474*b*
s is the sword of an Angel King 30*b*
s like Tom o' Bedlam 342*a*
s no more, ladies 358*a*
s of such as bring cowslips 189*a*
s that only one thing 9*a*
s that rends thy constant heart 160*a*
s that silence heaves 218*b*
s to those who love me 73*a*
some a light s 24*a*
then s not so 358*a*
took her with a s 31*b*
you can hear them s 162*b*
Sighed he s no more 167*a*
I s, and said among them 61*b*
no sooner loved but they s 327*b*
she s sore, and sang full sweet 143*b*
s and look'd, and s again 139*a*
s and looked unutterable 443*b*
s at the sound of a knell 113*a*
s for the love of a ladyel 167*a*
we have not s deep 53*a*
wept not greatly, but s 257*b*
Sighing genius is with s sent 270*b*
it s cries, Hey ho 117*a*
plague of s and grief 377*b*
poor soul sat s 363*a*
s of a contrite heart 479*a*
s thro' all her works 276*a*
sorrow and s shall flee 502*a*
we s saw 249*b*
Sighs add sobs, fiery s 64*b*
before my s did dry it 188*a*
breast shortening into s 420*b*
for my pains a world of s 360*a*
her s the strings do break 78*a*
made of s and tears 327*b*
night of memories and of s 241*a*
on the Bridge of S 69*a*
paid with s a plenty 198*b*
s are the natural language 321*b*
Sorrow, with her family of S 392*a*
thousand s to save 371*a*
winds and waters s and tears 322*b*
Sight alas, a piteous s 407*b*
at s of thee was glad 463*b*
bury sorrow out of s 53*a*
by faith, not by s 515*a*
cannot shew so brave a s 260*b*
creation downward bend their s 142*b*
dislike at first s 410*a*
dulness of our blinded s 491*a*
earth, and every common s 466*a*
first s they have changed eyes 367*b*
gleamed upon my s 470*b*
hide them for my aching s 12*a*
in the s of the unwise 520*a*
it is not yet in s 400*a*
it was a heavenly s 99*b*
keen discriminating s 78*b*
loved not at first s 259*a*, 327*a*
love this s so fair 224*a*
many a vanished s 387*b*
nor any sound or s 422*a*
oft the s of means to do ill 374*b*
Oh the pleasant s to see 225*b*
out of s is out of mind 97*a*
possession of this heavenly s 364*a*
sensible to feeling as to s 347*b*
s of any bird 497*b*
s of vernal bloom 273*a*
s of you is good for sore eyes 418*b*
s so touching in its majesty 472*b*

Sight (*cont*)
s to dream of 100*a*
s to make an old man young 427*a*
so he vanished from my s 32*b*
terror on my aching s 104*b*
tho' lost to s 245*b*
to s or thought be formed 276*a*
we were a comely s 530*a*
Sighted fifty-three 437*a*
Sigh-tempests nor s move 134*a*
Sights all s from pole to pole 8*b*
discover s of woe 271*a*
frequent s of what is to be borne 468*b*
her s and sounds 40*a*
see the s that dazzle 33*b*
s as youthful poets dream 269*a*
so full of ugly s 384*b*
such s, or worse 468*b*
Sign creaking of a country s 107*b*
he dies, and makes no s 384*a*
in this s shalt thou conquer 540*b*
nay, but I have a s 41*a*
outward and visible s 481*a*
seeketh after a s 506*b*
s you must not touch 132*b*
we made no s 459*b*
wh is indeed but s 359*b*
Signal I do not see the s! 287*a*
only a s shown 249*a*
s to a mud 265*a*
Signals stood as s to the land 99*b*
Signifying nothing 350*b*
Signiors grave, and reverend s 359*b*
Sign-post Majesty's head on a s 255*a*
Signs by proofs but s 293*b*
my s and wonders 493*b*
s of the times 507*a*
Sikes, housebreaker 75*a*
Silence after-s on the shore 73*b*
all s an' all glisten 250*b*
a s in the hills 430*a*
being of the eternal S 466*b*
bless myself with s 499*b*
breaking the s of the seas 471*a*
calumnies answered be t with s 216*a*
come then, expressive S 443*a*
elected S, sing to me 197*b*
eternal s of these spaces 504*b*
ever widening slowly s all 428*b*
fish monastic s keep 132*b*
foster-child of s 219*b*
friendly s of the mute moon 555*a*
God strikes a s 14*a*
Gospel of S 572*b*
his s will sit drooping 336*b*
icy s of the tomb 219*a*
I kept s even from good words 484*a*
in s and in gloom 12*b*
in s sad, trip we 357*a*
kindly s when they brawl 425*b*
let yr women keep s 514*b*
lies are often told in s 413*a*
like S, listening to s 195*b*
[Macaulay] has flashes of s 404*b*
my gracious s 328*a*
parted in s and tears 74*b*
power of punishment is to s 213*b*
rest is s 337*a*
sigh that s heaves 218*b*
s accompanied 274*a*
S! and Desolation! 298*a*
S and Foresight 473*a*
s and sleep like fields 119*a*
s augmenteth grief 176*b*
s deep as death 76*b*
s fell with the waking birds 434*a*
s in heaven 519*a*
S is deep as Eternity 80*a*
s is divine, yet also brutish 81*a*
S is golden 81*b*
s is his mother tongue 170*b*
s is most noble 420*b*
S is of Eternity 81*b*
s is only commendable 352*b*
s is the perfectest herald 358*a*
s is the virtue of fools 13*b*
s, like a poultice 194*a*
s more musical than any song 311*a*
s of the many villagers 243*a*
s of the sleep-time 52*a*
s of the upper shelf 254*b*

Silence (*cont*)
s sank like music 99*b*
s surged softly backward 119*b*
s that dreadful bell 361*a*
s that is in the starry sky 463*a*
s their mourning 424*b*
s was pleased 274*a*
s we the tempest fear 139*b*
speech is the small change of s 265*a*
still-born S ! 155*a*
study a long s 454*b*
that eternal s 438*b*
that man s s is wonderful 181*a*
there is a s where no sound 195*b*
thunders of white s 43*b*
'tis visible s 312*a*
towers of s 119*a*
to wh , in s hushed, his very soul 464*b*
two-fold s was the song 312*a*
under all speech lies a s 80*a*
with s and tears 74*b*
Silencing justified in s mankind 266*a*
Silent all s and all damned 468*b*
away into the s land 311*a*
great joys, like griefs, are s 259*b*
impossible to be s 56*a*
into that s sea 98*b*
s ? ah he is s ! 181*a*
s as the moon 277*b*
s in seven languages 17*b*
s , let thy morals tell thy mind 299*b*
s on his horse 27*a*
s stars go by 40*a*
s , upon a peak in Darien 220*b*
tongue lies s in the grave 110*a*
why art thou , thou voice 115*b*
Silently gentle wind s , invisibly 31*b*
s , and with how wan a face 401*b*
s as a dream the fabric rose 112*b*
s steal away 247*a*
Silk make his couche of s 89*b*
soft as s 160*b*
that thing of s 303*a*
walk in s attire 33*a*
worms that did breed the s 362*b*
Silken s dalliance 381*b*
s , shy, insinuating 384*b*
Silks in s my Julia goes 190*b*
Silliness buy mare shames s 458*a*
s to live when is torment 360*b*
Silly babe, come s soul 35*b*
heard a lot of s things 186*a*
s to gild refined gold 70*b*
Siloa's brook that flow'd 270*b*
Siloam's shady rill 184*a*
Silver breathe thro' s 49*a*
gold and s becks me 374*a*
I'll give thee as s pound 77*a*
just for a handful of s 48*a*
like as s is tried 486*a*
little s crucifix 227*a*
little s feet 261*a*
rocked in s nor in gold 522*a*
s and black on flank and back 202*b*
s and gold have I none 512*a*
s cord be loosed 500*a*
s for the maid 228*a*
s hae to spare 33*a*
s , snarling trumpets 221*b*
s tassie 60*b*
s threads among the gold 308*b*
thirty pieces of s 508*a*
turn forth her s liming 267*a*
white-robed, with s hair 35*b*
Silvered head not completely s 112*a*
Silversmith Demetrius, a s 512*b*
Silvery com of s shine 85*b*
so s is thy voice 190*b*
Silvia except I be by S 372*b*
then to S let us sing 372*b*
who is S ? 372*b*
Similes most unsavoury s 376*b*
play with s 463*b*
Similitude more from the first s 43*a*
worst s in the world 255*a*
Similitudes visions, and used s 504*a*
Simmery Axe number seventy, S ! 167*a*
Simon one S a tanner 512*a*
real S Pure 86*b*
S , I have somewhat to say 509*a*
S lovest thou me 511*b*
Simon (*cont*)
S Peter saith unto them 511*b*
S s wife's mother 508*a*
S the Cellarer 25*b*
Simple S met a pieman 532*b*
Simple delight in s things 228*a*
for as s he looks 62*b*
I sought the s life 114*a*
mind that is grandly s 148*a*
s great ones gone for ever 433*b*
s , sensuous and passionate 279*b*
too s and too sweet 293*a*
Simpleness God knowest my s 486*b*
s and gentleness 227*b*
when s and duty tender it 357*b*
Simples compounded of many s 327*a*
Simplicity cultivate s Coleridge 230*b*
in his s sublime 435*a*
in low s 353*a*
love thee, meek *S* ! 101*b*
makes s a grace 215*a*
noble nature treats with s 10*a*
pity my s 455*b*
s a child 299*b*
s of the three per cents 129*b*, 320*b*
truth miscalled s 388*a*
Simplify, simplify 444*a*
Simulacrum sun the dark s 41*a*
Sin before polygamy was a s 138*a*
be ye angry, and s not 515*b*
blossoms of my s 331*b*
by that s fell the angels 386*a*
convinceth me of s 511*a*
dead unto s , and living 481*a*
died unto s once 513*a*
does not win who plays with S 459*b*
dreadful record of s 135*b*
earth hath no s but thine 37*b*
ere s ed blight 100*b*
excepting Original S 78*a*
for she knew no s 140*a*
for the good man's s 77*b*
go, and s no more 511*a*
go away and s no more 525*a*
guilty of dust and s 188*b*
have ye sinned one s for the pride 235*b*
he that is without s 511*a*
his darling s is pride 100*b*
his favourite s is pride 406*b*
ignorance not innocence but s 47*b*
I have a s of fear 132*a*
impute my Fall to S 154*a*
in s hath my mother conceived 485*a*
is the law s ? God forbid 513*a*
laden with my s 415*b*
lukewarmness I account a s 107*a*
Milton, Death, and S 477*b*
mother I'm living in s 186*a*
my s is ever before me 485*a*
my s their door 132*a*
night that shd banish all s 168*a*
noise and s ! 48*b*
no s but ignorance 259*a*
no s , but to be rich 374*a*
no s except stupidity 460*a*
nothing emboldens s as mercy 368*a*
not known s , but by the law 513*a*
not let His eye see s 155*b*
one cunning bosom s 187*a*
one single venial s 288*b*
one s will destroy a sinner 54*b*
palace of sweet s 219*a*
piercing pain, a killing s 415*a*
quantum o' the s 60*a*
read of that s in a book 235*b*
remedy against s 481*b*
roots of s are there 235*b*
sacrifice for s , not required 484*a*
say that we have no s 518*a*
shall we continue in s 513*a*
s as it were with a cart rope 501*a*
s if thou wilt in secret 94*b*
s I impute to each ghost 52*a*
s of abstinence 139*b*
s of self-love possesseth all 388*a*
s 's a pleasure 70*a*
s shall be no more 149*b*
s strongly 550*b*
s that amends is but patched 370*a*
s that dwelleth in me 513*a*
s to covet honour 383*a*
Sin (*cont*)
S wherewith the Face of Man 154*a*
s wh doth so easily beset us 517*a*
s wh I did shun 132*a*
s ye do by two and two 235*b*
stand in awe, and s not 481*b*
taught Original S 46*b*
they s who tell us love can die 406*b*
this dark world of s 28*a*
thy s 's not accidental 352*a*
till disproportioned s jarr'd 278*a*
time to serve and to s 420*b*
'tis s , nay profanation 189*a*
to s in loving virtue 351*b*
wages of s is death 513*a*
want of power to s 141*a*
weeps incessantly for my s 31*b*
where s abounded, grace abound 513*a*
wilt thou forgive that s 132*a*
won others to s 132*a*
world's as ugly, ay, as s 246*a*
worst s to be indifferent 390*a*
yr s will find you out 494*b*
Since s first I saw 526*a*
s nothing all my love avails 47*b*
Sincere officious, innocent, s 210*b*
Sincerity in a sad s 147*a*
s is a dangerous thing 460*a*
unleavened bread of s 514*a*
Sinew bracing brain and s 226*a*
Sinewed she was iron-s 171*b*
Sinews money is the s of love 150*b*
neither is money the s of war 15*b*
stiffen the s 382*a*
twist the s of thy heart 32*a*
Sinful affections of s men 479*b*
do no s action 3*a*
ma says it's s 124*b*
Sing beginneth s 90*a*
byrdes swetely did s 182*b*
cannot s the old songs 20*b*, 75*a*
cherubim does cease to s 29*a*
come, s now, s 23*b*
die before they s. 100*b*
'e'd 'eard men s 236*b*
elected Silence, s to me 197*b*
flowery work doth s 268*b*
found in thine heart to s 422*b*
hearts unwounded s 212*b*
how shall we s to her 420*a*
I can't s saddest when I s 451*a*
if she shd s by day 355*b*
I'll s , that I may seem valiant 139*b*
I s of a maiden 524*a*
I s of brooks 188*b*
let me s and die 71*a*
Mary did s 524*a*
might not s so wildly well 298*a*
more safe I s 275*a*
must we s for evermore 231*a*
of thee I s 404*a*
O s unto God, and s praises 486*a*
nor build, nor s 102*a*
nor stayed to hear him s 36*b*
now let us s 109*a*
Places where they s 478*b*
pray, and s , and tell old tales 344*a*
saddest when I s 22*a*, 451*a*
saints on earth in concert s 456*a*
second best to s them 27*a*
s alang wi' me 402*b*
s all a green willow 363*a*
s a merry madrigal 164*b*
s among the branches 488*a*
s , and build the lofty rhyme 269*a*
s a sang at least 60*b*
s 'Bah to you' 165*b*
s because I must 430*a*
s both high and low 370*b*
s , boys, in joyful chorus 117*a*
s cuccu, nu! 522*b*
S 'Hey to you' 165*b*
s in a hempen string 23*a*
s in the summer day 102*a*
s in the valley below 523*a*
s it as we used to s it 473*a*
s it with a spirit 473*a*
s me a song of a lad 414*b*
s me yr song, O! 167*a*
s, no more ditties 358*b*

Sing (*cont*)
s no sad songs for me 311*a*
s of her with falls 43*b*
s 'Kulla-lo-lo!' 232*a*
s —s —Music was given 282*a*
s them loud even 370*a*
s the savageness out of a bear 362*b*
s thou smoothly 78*a*
s together, ye waste places 502*b*
s to the Lord with cheerful voice 224*b*
s unto the Lord a new song 483*b*
s us one of the songs 490*a*
s, while the hours follow 422*b*
s, ye gentle maidens 117*a*
s, ye heavens, and earth reply 455*b*
so did she s 249*b*
still wdst thou s 220*a*
swans s before they die 100*b*
then they began to s 161*a*
to Silvia let us s 372*b*
to s them too 373*b*
used to s in the water 123*b*
we two alone will s 344*a*
we will s one song 156*a*
when he did s 385*b*
when you s, I'd have you buy 373*b*
whilst thus I s, I am a King 95*b*
wrong to s so wildly 430*b*
Singe it do s yourself 385*b*
Singed the beard of the Bishop 407*a*
Singeing King of Spain's Beard 136*b*
Singer after the s is dead 414*b*
he, the s, passes 264*a*
idle s of an empty day 284*a*
low as the s lies 414*b*
none hear beside the s 241*a*
O S of Persephone! 461*a*
s in France of old 424*a*
s of sweet Colonus 6*a*
the music-hall s 164*b*
thine ear against the s 319*a*
thou the s, I the song! 163*b*
when the s sings them 414*b*
youngest to the oldest s 423*a*
Singers s also and trumpeters 487*a*
s go before 486*b*
sweetest of all s 248*b*
Singeth with her breast 196*a*
Singing angels s out of tune 74*b*
carry up this corpse, s together 47*a*
I am sick of s 423*b*
love a woman for s 342*a*
Master of all s! 248*b*
now the time of s 262*b*
parted those who are s to-day 34*b*
poured the deathless s 43*a*
s as they shine 2*a*
s in the Wilderness 152*b*
s of birds is come 500*a*
s of Mount Abora 101*b*
s so rarely 319*b*
s startle the dull night 268*b*
s still dost soar 398*a*
s to Father, Son 200*b*
s will never be done 316*a*
stinte of s 89*a*
suddenly burst out s 316*a*
sweet s in the choir 526*b*
there is delight in s 241*a*
waves of thy sweet s 394*a*, 397*b*
ye have a s face 23*b*
Singing-boys six little S 19*a*
Singist as a s I am not a success 451*a*
Single careless of the s life 430*b*
deepest still is s 120*a*
forever! 'tis a s word! 75*b*
in s blessedness 356*a*
married to a s life 114*b*
nothing in the world is s 395*b*
s life doth well with churchmen 14*b*
s thraldom 17*a*
wish I were s again 524*b*
Single-hearted grown s 392*b*
Singly who s hast maintained 275*a*
Sings another Orpheus s 394*a*
Christian while he s 110*b*
grove he s in now 448*a*
he s, and he s 100*a*
in his motion like an angel s 355*a*
no pang the while she s 162*b*
s for his supper 534*b*

Sings (*cont*)
s in his boat on the bay! 425*b*
s on yon pomegranate tree 366*a*
small fowlys s on the spray 134*b*
tell me what she s 471*a*
wakeful bird s darkling 273*a*
waking til she s 251*b*
well s thu, cuccu 522*b*
Singular in each particular 373*b*
Singularity excess, and not by s 222*b*
s is almost invariably a clue 135*a*
trick of s 371*b*
Sinister embroidered on normal 204*a*
Sink not gross to s, but light 386*b*
not s i' the scale 50*b*
or s or swim 377*a*
s by the Lowlands low 531*a*
s me the ship 437*b*
to s with Lamplough 412*b*
Sinketh he that s in 14*a*
Sinking alacrity in s 356*a*
s as the light wind 221*b*
that s feeling 522*b*
Sinks it s, and I am ready 241*a*
reign of sewers and s 100*b*
slow s, more lovely ere his race 70*a*
Sinned against thee only have I s 485*a*
Father, I have s against heaven 509*b*
for all have s 513*a*
have ye s one sin 235*b*
more s against than sinning 342*b*
Sinner I of her a s 105*a*
joy over one s that repenteth 509*b*
merciful to me a s 510*a*
one sin will destroy a s 54*b*
Papist, saint or s 305*a*
say, poor s, lov'st thou me? 110*a*
Sinners but s to repentance 506*a*
eateth with publicans and s? 506*a*
for we are s all 384*a*
God and s reconciled 455*b*
greatest saints and s 66*a*
if s entice thee 497*b*
many po' s 'll be ketched 182*a*
mercy upon us miserable s 478*b*
s must with devils dwell 452*b*
s, of whom I am chief 516*b*
s shall be converted 485*a*
s' ways prosper 198*a*
Sinning else s greatly 469*b*
sinned against than s 342*b*
Sins bare the s of many 503*a*
be all my s remembered 333*b*
chain of our s 479*a*
commit the oldest s 381*a*
compound for s inclin'd to 65*a*
cover the multitude of s 517*b*
dead in trespasses and s 515*b*
drunkeness root of all s 204*a*
for the s of yr sire suffer 546*a*
her s to her Saviour 196*a*
her s were on her head 211*b*
madness come on us for our s 428*a*
manifold s and wickedness 478*a*
our s lay on the king! 382*b*
presumptuous s 482*b*
repent you of yr s 480*b*
season of snows and s 420*a*
set our s from us 488*a*
s scarlet books were read 26*b*
s they love to act 364*a*
s thro' wh I run 132*a*
thinkin' on their s 61*a*
tho' yr s be as scarlet 501*a*
vengeance of our s 478*b*
visit the s of the fathers 480*a*
weep for their s 458*a*
Sion if S hill delight thee 270*b*
lovith the gates of S 487*a*
O be gracious unto S 485*a*
sing us one of the songs of S 490*a*
strengthen thee out of S 482*b*
walk about S 485*a*
when we remembered thee, O S 490*a*
Sip be tasted in a s 125*a*
Sipping some s punch 468*b*
Sips three s the Aryan 52*a*
Sir s priest than s knight 372*a*
S, we wd see Jesus 511*a*
Sir-come-spy-see 19*a*
Sire by bleeding S to Son 72*b*

Sire (*cont*)
left by his s 73*a*
lisp their s 's return 174*a*
make their s stoop 375*b*
S of an immortal strain 391*b*
still from the s the son shall hear 318*b*
Sybil Kindred's s 114*a*
thy s was a knight 317*b*
Siren drunk of S tears 389*a*
the S waits thee 241*a*
Sirens Blest pair of S 278*a*
dear me! s, of course 123*b*
Sires land of my s 317*b*
s have marched to Rome 253*a*
Sirius kingly brilliance of S 180*a*
Sir Robert slight S 426*b*
Sir Roger S sleep in [church] 2*a*
S told them 2*a*
Sisera mother of S looked out 495*a*
stars fought against S 494*b*
Sis Tempy 181*b*
Sister erring s 's shame 72*b*
garden inclosed is my s 500*b*
had it been his s 523*b*
Innocence thy S 260*b*
kissed her little s 280*b*
leave thou thy s 430*a*
ministering angel shall my s be 336*b*
moon is my s 26*b*
my dear, dear S! 472*a*
my s and my s 's child 108*b*
my s, good night 26*b*
my s, my love, my dove 500*b*
my s! my sweet s! 72*b*
no friend like a s 311*a*
our S the Spring 27*a*
our sometime s, now our queen 329*b*
shouts with his s 425*b*
S and Auntie say 236*a*
s of the Seraphim! 114*b*
s of the spring 396*a*
s, my s, O swallow 422*b*
s's husband's niece 85*b*
s, the whole day long 82*b*
swallow, my s; O swallow 422*b*
we have a little s 501*a*
yr s is given to government 123*b*
Sisterly animosity 417*a*
Sisters all the S virtuous 288*a*
men with s dear 196*a*
s and his cousins 166*a*
s under their skins 230*b*
sphere-born harmonious s 278*a*
they were s, we were brothers 172*a*
twa s sat in a bour 528*b*
weird s 350*a*
Sit at last s down by thee 225*b*
cure is not to s still 230*b*
here we will s 355*a*
I shall s here on and off 82*b*
I s on a man's back 567*a*
let us s upon the ground 375*b*
rest s round it 474*a*
s by the fire and spin 533*a*
s down quickly, and write fifty 509*b*
s every man under his vine 504*b*
s thou on my right hand 489*a*
s thou still when kings arming 319*a*
so I did s and eat 188*b*
to s for a picture 210*a*
to s upon a hill, as I do 384*a*
though I s down now 128*a*
we wd s down 260*a*
Site to change their s 65*b*
Sits O! he s high 338*a*
Sitting cheap s as standing 418*b*
end of it's s an' thinkin' 230*b*
listen where thou art s 268*a*
privilege of s down 144*b*
s careless on a granary 221*b*
s well in order 439*a*
Situation at the lighthouse 127*a*
Six five, s, pick up sticks 532*a*
in law's grave study s 97*b*
Jonas Kindred was s feet high 114*a*
let's fight till s 84*b*
rode the s hundred 426*a*
s hours in sleep 97*b*
s of one 259*b*
to my s lustres 133*b*
world on S and Sevene 90*a*

Sixpence *bang*—went s 111 535*a*
found a crooked s 532*a*
I give thee s ! 78*b*
I only got s 535*b*
precious little for s. 535*b*
shot at for s a day 120*b*
s all too dear 361*a*
s at a bookstall 144*a*
s in her shoe 106*a*
song of s 533*a*
Sixpences pockets were full of s. 129*b*
two-and-forty s guinea 211*b*
Sixteen-string Jack 209*a*
Sixty men above s years 291*a*
Sixtyfold some s, some thirtyfold 506*b*
Size s of pots of ale 65*a*
those of the largest s 84*b*
Skater like the s on ice 427*a*
Skating over thin ice 147*b*
Skeigh asklent and unco' s 60*a*
Skeleton hiding the s 264*a*
Skeletons brown s of leaves 99*b*
Sketch first rude s 228*a*
Skiddaw red glare on S 252*b*
till S saw the fire 252*b*
Skies as long as s are blue 392*a*
baby small, dropt from the s 21*a*
clear as are the frosty s 438*a*
cloudless climes and starry s 74*a*
distant deeps or s 32*a*
exchange thy sullen s 111*b*
heifer lowing at the s 219*b*
hereditary s 142*b*
of morning s, books, and my food 415*a*
I'll meet the raging of the s 77*a*
kindled in the upper s 146*b*
looks commercing with the s 268*a*
look up at the s 197*b*
look upward to the s 287*a*
mansions in the s 453*b*
only matched in the s 39*a*
paint the sable s 138*a*
people of the s 473*b*
points her to the s 143*a*
rush into the s ! 300*b*
s are painted with sparks 339*a*
s so dull and grey 225*b*
s they were ashen and sober 298*b*
soaring claim the s 157*b*
sparkle in their s 190*a*
Stamper of the S 475*a*
stars are in the quiet s 252*a*
twitter in the s 222*a*
watcher of the s 220*b*
watch-tower in the s 268*b*
Skiff attains the shore 244*a*
Skill all s to naught 231*b*
doctor-like—controlling s 388*a*
foresight, strength, and s 470*b*
my s goes beyond the depths 292*b*
never-failing s 110*a*
or none, or little s 191*a*
praise for s not spent amiss 35*b*
sharpens our s 57*b*
simple truth his utmost s ! 473*a*
s comes so slow 117*b*
s is nothing without sack 380*b*
s runs on the lees 190*b*
thy s to poet were 398*b*
'tis God gives s 144*b*
Skilled s in analytic 64*b*
s to retire, and in retiring 277*a*
Skimble-skamble stuff 378*a*
Skimpole Harold S 121*a*
Skin enamelled s 356*b*
Ethiopian change his s 503*b*
get a little hare's s 534*a*
his s was dark 230*a*
I stuff my s, so full within 415*a*
s is ivory so white 161*a*
s of my teeth 497*a*
s was white as leprosy 98*b*
that whiter s of hers 363*b*
tho' after my s worms destroy 497*a*
Skin-deep colours, that are but s 185*b*
joys like beauty, but s 18*a*
Skins sisters under their s 230*b*
Skip art of reading is to s 178*b*
blue-behinded ape, I s 415*a*
I wd have made them s 344*a*
Skipper taken his little daughter 249*a*
Skipping pretty s grace 261*a*
Skirts caught at God's s 47*b*
my s up in the air 35*b*
s of happy chance 430*b*
tents, whose cloudy s 103*a*
s of his clothing 490*a*
Skittles all beer and s 75*b*, 201*a*
all porter and s 127*a*
loore him on to s 74*b*
Skittish in all motions 376*b*
Skugg lies snug 156*b*
Skull found s and the feet 496*b*
Skulls lay in dead men's s 384*b*
Skuttlefish disputants mind of the S 2*b*
Sky about us in the s 190*a*
above the bright blue s 265*b*
all the milky s 476*a*
almost touched the s 192*b*
banner in the s 194*a*
bears the falling s 190*b*
bed of daffodil s 434*a*
blue ethereal s 2*a*
blue s bends over all 100*a*
blue s of spring 4*a*
Bowl we call the S 151*b*
bright reversion in the s 290*a*
broad as the blue s 445*b*
build in the breezy s 38*a*
close against the s 195*a*
crimson of the sunset s 3*b*
die in yon rich s 436*a*
do not know beneath what s 200*a*
dusky night ride down the s 151*b*
evening s pavilions it 396*a*
fearest nor s clouding 37*a*
first our s was overcast 109*a*
foam of the s 475*b*
forehead of the morning s 270*a*
for the s is red 507*a*
freeze, thou bitter s 326*b*
from the four corners of the s 140*b*
give me the clear blue s 183*b*
held the s suspended 200*a*
hot and copper s 98*b*
I stared into the s 192*b*
like a diamond in the s 425*a*
like a tentray in the s 83*a*
like strips of the s 393*a*
lonely sea and the s 262*a*
lustre in its s 394*b*
monarch of the s 258*b*
moon upon an empty s 476*a*
Music shall untune the s 139*b*
my lyre within the s 298*a*
nether s opens 179*b*
nursling of the s 393*a*
obscurest night involved the s 107*b*
only one is shining in the s 470*b*
Ophiucus huge in th' arctic s 273*a*
out of the s as I came through 256*a*
pealing up to the sunny s 433*b*
pilgrim of the s 471*a*
sea-line meets the s 290*a*
set their watch in the s 77*b*
shine upon the starry s 30*b*
shoulder the s 200*a*
sinful man beneath the s 224*a*
s belongs to them 99*a*
s bounds the ocean 35*b*
s grows darker yet 92*a*
s imbrued with colour 49*a*
s is clear and blue 413*b*
s resum'd her light 141*b*
s seemed not a s of earth 469*a*
s —what a scowl of cloud 52*b*
somewhere sings about the s 71*a*
spread out against the s 144*b*
stars be blown about the s 476*a*
that equal s 300*b*
that is in the starry s 461*a*
th' embroiling s 443*b*
they change their s 543*a*
thy s is ever clear 53*a*, 246*b*
tiger s 263*b*
till Earth and S stand presently 227*a*
under that benign s 39*a*
whatever s 's above me 73*a*
wheeling out on a windy s 459*a*
wh prisoners call the s 459*b*
who ameth at the s 186*b*
Sky (*cont*)
wide and starry s 415*a*
wild bells, to the wild s 431*a*
Skye beyond the Isle of S 530*b*
over the sea to S 414*b*
Skylark despise the s 's song 38*b*
s wounded in the wing 29*a*
Slab gruel thick and s 349*b*
Slack observing me grow s 188*b*
the havoc did not s 76*b*
Slain above the noble s 184*b*
can never do that s s 66*a*
ere thou hast s another 42*b*
ever he s shd be 530*b*
fight and no be s 63*a*
fight and not be s 320*b*
I am s by a fair cruel maid 371*a*
many a gallant man was s 525*b*
O s and spent 421*a*
Saul hath s his thousands 495*b*
shall himself be s 253*b*
s the Jabberwock 84*a*
s think he is s 146*a*
thrice he slew the s 139*a*
trade of war I has s s men 359*b*
vengeance brooding o'er the s 317*a*
when they have s her lover 77*a*
who is in battle s 170*a*
whom law, chance, hath s 133*a*
Slander devised this s 363*a*
fear not s, censure rash 329*a*
ring out the civic s 431*a*
shaft of s 294*a*
s any moment's leisure 331*a*
s, meanest spawn of Hell 432*a*
to speak no s 427*b*
who's angry at a s 214*b*
Slanderers persecutors, and s 479*a*
Slang all s is metaphor 94*a*
Slate have to clean yr s 310*b*
something off a s 227*a*
Slates jury wrote down on s 83*b*
Slaughter arrayed for mutual s 468*a*
as a lamb to the s 503*a*
as an ox goeth to the s 498*a*
breathing threatenings and s 512*a*
canon 'gainst self-s 330*a*
great s of his own side 13*b*
wade thro' s to a throne 174*b*
when it comes to s 229*b*
Slaughter'd and made an end 287*b*
Slav, Teuton, Kelt 426*a*
Slave a fingering s 468*b*
base is the s that pays 381*b*
been s to thousands 361*b*
Being yr s, what shd I do 388*a*
but like a sad s 388*a*
cogging, cozening s 363*a*
here I stand, yr s 342*b*
I am the very s of circumstance 73*b*
in giving freedom to the s 245*a*
master o'er a s 466*b*
meant them for a s 71*a*
no more s States s Territories 88*a*
O! cursed, cursed s 364*a*
rogue and peasant s am I! 332*b*
s ! I have set my life 385*b*
s 's offal 333*a*
s to no sect 301*b*
sleep soundly as wretched s 382*b*
were a Christian S 185*a*
what a s art thou 377*b*
wd have made him a s 55*a*
Slavery chains and s 62*b*
s of the tea and coffee 97*a*
s they can have anywhere 56*a*
s weed grows in every soil 56*a*
taken by the foe and sold to s 360*a*
Slaves an army of s 73*a*
be wholly s or wholly free 140*b*
Britons never will be s 443*a*
by s that take their humours 374*a*
freemen, are the only s 262*b*
French are all s 170*b*
land of s shall ne'er be mine 71*a*
make s of the rest 297*a*
morality of s 569*a*
necessity is the creed of s 297*b*
not press you like s 158*b*
s cannot breathe in England 111*b*
s, howe'er contented, never know 111*b*

Slaves (*cont*)
s who dare not be in the right 250*b*
s who fear to speak 250*a*
tho' ruling them like s 397*b*
Slay but s, and s, and s 254*a*
Slayer red s think he slays 146*a*
Slays moves, and mates, and s 153*b*
red slayer think he s 146*a*
Sleary babies Sleary's fits 233*b*
Sleave of care 348*a*
Sleep abuse the curtained s 347*b*
after battle s is best 289*a*
after-dinner's s 351*b*
among the hungry worms I s 529*a*
and we must s 324*b*
angel spirits of s 35*b*
as before, Love,—only s ! 52*b*
back from the City of S 228*a*
be but to sleep and feed? 335*b*
between a s and a s 420*b*
but as a drunken s 352*a*
but cannot break his S 153*a*
can s so soundly as the slave 382*b*
care-charmer S 117*a*
care is heavy, therefore s you 119*a*
charm that lulls to s 169*a*
day dies with s 197*b*
Death and his brother S ! 393*b*, 397*b*
deep and dreamless s 49*a*
dewy-feather'd s 268*b*
dovecote doors of s 265*a*
drowsy approaches of s 41*a*
everything but s 422*a*
exposition of s 367*a*
first s his last repose 528*a*
first s in Persia 41*a*
first sweet s of night 394*b*
flowers, as in their causes, s 79*b*
folding of the hands to s 498*a*
freed us from everlasting s 41*a*
from the fields of s 466*a*
gentle s from Heaven 99*a*
giveth his beloved s 44*a*, 489*b*
Glamis hath murdered s 348*a*
gray and full of s 476*b*
great gift of s 185*a*
held we s to wake 52*a*
how s the brave 103*a*
I am fayn to s 530*b*
illumined the land of S 248*a*
incommunicable s 463*a*
in guileless s 444*b*
in s a king 388*b*
in thy last long s 214*a*
invites one to s 399*b*
I shall s, and move with the ships 424*a*
I s, but my heart waketh 500*b*
I s out the thought 371*a*
I s well, but that's all 284*b*
keepeth thee will not s 489*b*
Macbeth does murder s 348*a*
Macbeth shall s no more 348*a*
make any one s that bedstead 127*a*
medicine thee to that sweet s 362*a*
mortality like unwilling s 221*a*
no s till morn 68*b*
one short s past 133*a*
only the s eternal 422*a*
or let me s alway 99*b*
O s ! O gentle s 380*a*
O S ! the friend of woe 406*b*
O S ! thou flatterer 104*a*
quiet s and a sweet dream 262*a*
rounded with a s 367*b*
saw in s old palaces 306*b*
season of all natures, s 349*b*
shall not s, tho' poppies grow 256*a*
silence and s like fields 119*a*
silence of the s-time 52*a*
Sir Roger s in [church] 2*a*
s after toil 408*b*
S again deceive me 105*a*
s al the night with open yè 88*a*
s an act or two 386*b*
s and a forgetting 466*a*
s, and if life was bitter 421*a*
s, death's counterfeit 348*a*
s deeply above 39*b*
s dwell upon thine eyes 365*b*
s. full of sweet dreams 217*b*

Sleep (*cont*)
s. I can get nane 59*a*
s in dull cold marble 386*a*
s in one another's arms 393*b*
s in spite of thunder 349*b*
s in the affliction 348*b*
s in the night 420*b*
s is a death 42*a*
[s is] in fine, so like death 42*a*
s is sweet to the labouring man 54*a*
S ! it is a gentle thing 99*a*
s, liest thou in smoky cribs 380*a*
s like a top 117*b*
s not so sound, as sweet 188*b*
s of a labouring man 499*a*
s on, blest pair 274*b*
s one ever-during night 78*a*
s on my Love in thy cold bed 225*a*
S, O S, with thy rod 161*a*
s out this great gap of time 323*a*
s, pretty wantons, do not cry 119*a*
s rock thy brain 334*a*
s shall neither night nor day 346*a*
S shall obey me 406*b*
s's no softer 49*b*
s that is among the lonely hills 463*a*
s that knits up care 348*a*
S, the certain knot of peace 401*b*
s thegither at the foot 61*a*
s, the innocent s 348*a*
s the s of death 30*b*
s the s that knows not breaking 316*b*
s to fall upon Adam 492*a*
s, undisturb'd, within this shrine 206*a*
s was airy light 274*b*
S, why dost thou leave me? 105*a*
s will come when thou art fled 199*a*
s with it now! 381*a*
such as s o' nights 338*a*
sweet restorer, balmy s 477*a*
that s of death 333*a*
then s, dear, s 23*b*
they are even as s s 487*b*
they s, and it is lifted 397*b*
think of them that s 76*b*
this s is sound indeed 381*a*
thy sweet child S 199*a*
till death like s steal on 199*a*
time to awake out of s 514*a*
to die, to s 333*a*
to haunt thy s 119*b*
turns in her s 307*b*
uncanopied s is flying 35*b*
visit the soul in s 396*a*
voice cry, 'S no more!' 348*a*
we shall not all s 515*a*
what hath night to do with s? 266*b*
what's to s? 161*a*
when man doth s 448*b*
when s itself must end 411*a*
whom they s beside 108*b*
with the first s 265*a*
wd I were s and peace 365*b*
Sleeper glean of me the s 442*b*
never a quiet s 434*b*
sun-flushed s 442*b*
sun-hazed s 442*b*
Sleepers in that quiet earth 39*a*
Sleepeth not dead, but s 506*a*
peradventure he s 496*a*
Sleep-flower sways in the wheat 442*b*
Sleeping cursed him in s 19*a*
Jock, when ye're s 319*b*
kind of s in the blood 379*b*
lies my young love s 263*b*
s and the dead are pictures 348*a*
s found by whom they dread 271*b*
s hound to wake 90*a*
s three on a grid 231*b*
s, waking, still at ease 296*b*
s when she died! 196*a*
s woods all night singeth 99*b*
some s killed 375*b*
tha' s there below 287*b*
try, by s, what it is to die 42*a*
wakened us from s 40*a*
Sleeps fitful fever he s well 348*b*
he that s feels not toothache 329*a*
in slumbers light she s 248*b*
in their s will mutter 362*a*
now s the crimson petal 436*b*

Sleeps (*cont*)
one s where Southern vines 184*b*
s, and never palates more the dug 325*a*
s as may beguile the night 416*b*
s on his own heart 409*a*
s with the primeval giants 80*a*
so s the pride 281*a*
where the M F H s he breakfasts 416*b*
while my pretty one, s 436*a*
Sleepy contentment is a s thing 445*a*
in the s region stay 284*a*
to bed, says S-head 534*b*
Sleet fire and s 529*a*
whistling s and snow 249*a*
Sleeve ace of trumps up his s 238*b*
my heart upon my s 359*b*
will he strip his s 383*a*
Sleeves lawn s and rochets 307*a*
s with ribbons rare 202*a*
Slight admire his s of hand 65*b*
perceive a juggler s s 65*b*
Slander cedar tall and s 206*b*
Slept dying when she s 196*a*
first-fruits of them that s 515*a*
hath it s since 347*a*
he thought I s 293*b*
I have not s one wink 328*b*
one that wd have s 143*b*
resembled my father as he s 347*b*
s among his ashes cold 221*b*
s an hour less 211*a*
s in the contriving of lust 313*a*
s under the dresser 27*b*
s with his fathers 496*a*
while their companions s 247*b*
Slew he was ambitious, I s him 319*b*
Slid into my soul 99*a*
Slide let the world s 23*b*
Slight loved so s a thing 432*b*
s all that do 150*a*
s not the songsmith 452*a*
s what I receive 50*b*
Slighter Lilac was of s stuff 93*a*
Slime slimier s 39*a*
sprawled thro' the ooze and s 404*a*
tare each other in their s 430*b*
Slimy s things did crawl 98*b*
thousand s things 99*a*
Slings and arrows 333*a*
Slingsby of the manly chest 12*b*
Slinks out of the race 279*a*
Slip enemies the s for ever 411*b*
gave us all the s 82*b*
Slipped he s up somehow 182*a*
Slipper and subtle knave 361*a*
Slippered Hesper 39*b*
Slips all s of hers 195*b*
greyhounds in the s 382*a*
Slits the thin-spun life 269*b*
Sliver an envious s broke 336*a*
s and disbranch 143*b*
Slog—slog—slog—sloggin' 227*b*
Slogan cry the s 12*a*
rose the s of Macdonald 12*a*
Slope s of mighty limbs 421*a*
s thro' darkness up to God 430*b*
the s of faces 112*a*
upon life's darkening s 312*a*
Slopes orchard s, and the Anio 96*a*
resignation gently s the way 168*a*
Slop-kettle coffee and other s 97*a*
Sloth but most of s 186*b*
love, wh s maligns 293*b*
peaceful s, not peace 272*b*
resty s 329*a*
shake off dull s 224*b*
too much time in studies is s 16*a*
Slothful not s in business 513*b*
s man saith, there is a lion 498*b*
Slough name of the s was Despond 54*a*
Slovenliness is no part of religion 456*a*
Slovenly will spit on all things 87*b*
Slow as tardy as too s 365*b*
but so s ! 48*b*
celerity even itself is s 190*b*
come he s, or come he fast 318*a*
I am s of speech 493*b*
I am s of study 356*a*
may be life, but ain't it s ? 186*a*
or were he reckoned s 36*b*
s and steady wins the race 246*a*

Slow (*cont*)
s howe'er my marches be 225*b*
s in pursuit 357*a*
s, s, fresh fount 214*b*
s to speak, s to wrath 517*a*
some cry 'S' 435*b*
steps solemn, mournful, and s 459*a*
sun climbs s 96*b*
tarry a while, says S 534*b*
untriended, melancholy, s 169*b*
vaster than empires, and more s 260*a*
Slowly s rose she up 531*a*
s she came nigh him 531*a*
Spring comes s up this way 100*a*
Slow-worm snake, or s bite thee 189*b*
Slug-a-bed get up, sweet S 189*a*
Sluggard foul s's comfort 80*a*
go to the ant, thou s 498*a*
s is wiser in his own conceit 498*b*
the s's cradle 87*b*
voice of the s 453*a*
Slug-horn to my lips 45*b*
Slugs killing s on borders 229*b*
s leave their lair 102*a*
s that come crawling out 20*a*
Sluicing browsing and s 573*b*
Slumber buzzing night-flies to thy s 380*a*
ere S's chain has bound 282*b*
honey-heavy dew of s 338*b*
I must s again 453*a*
lie still and s 453*a*
limbs affected s more 78*b*
ports of s open wide 381*a*
sense in deathly s 110*a*
sleep, a little s 498*a*
s did my spirit seal 463*a*
s is more sweet than toil 433*a*
s out their immortality 113*b*
to soothing s seven 214*b*
will start from her s 6*a*
Slumbering dictates to me s 276*a*
might halt s 220*b*
Slumbers golden s kiss yr eyes 119*a*
hast thou golden s 118*b*
imagine unquiet s 39*a*
like infants' s 224*a*
pleasing dreams, and s light! 318*b*
soul is dead that s 247*b*
visit'st my s nightly 275*b*
while in s light she sleeps! 248*b*
Slung atween the round shot 287*b*
Slut I am not a s 327*a*
Polly is a sad s 159*a*
was not she a dirty s 533*b*
Sly Tough, and de-vilish s! 122*b*
Smack father did something s 353*b*
pledging with contented s 219*a*
Small almost too s for sight 343*b*
between the s and great 113*a*
compare great things with s. 273*a*
day of s nations 87*a*
day of s things 504*b*
dull unlettered s 113*a*
how s, of all that hearts endure 213*a*
how s the world is 177*a*
in life's s things be resolute 250*b*
just so s as I 441*b*
no great and no s 146*a*
of s houndes had she 88*b*
one that was s 527*a*
said 'is it s?' 243*b*
showed at noon but s 244*a*
s, but how dear to us 21*a*
s continual plodders ever won 344*b*
s is the worth of beauty 449*a*
s matters win commendation 16*b*
s one a strong nation 503*a*
s run down can rain 527*b*
s states, Israel, Athens England 203*a*
s things are best 150*a*
souls of women are so s 66*a*
very s the very great are! 440*b*
Smaller fleas to bite 'em 419*b*
Smallest Queen Anne s in great place 17*b*
Smart girls that are so s 79*b*
joys to feel all s 187*b*
scorn wh mocked the s 6*a*
Smatch some s of honour 341*b*
Smattering of everything 121*b*
Smauker Mr S 127*a*
Smell ancient and fish-like s 367*b*
cheered with the grateful s 273*b*
chill the wintry s 421*a*
flower of sweetest s 468*a*
Hudibras, I s a rat 65*a*
rose was heaven to s 192*a*
rose wd s as sweet 368*a*
shine so brisk, and s so sweet 376*b*
s it on the tree 363*b*
s my remnant out 187*b*
s of bread and butter 67*b*
s sweet, and blossom in their dust 401*a*
s the dew and rain 188*a*
s too strong of the lamp 411*b*
sweet keen s 313*a*
Smelling out a suit 364*b*
Smells grows and s, I swear 216*b*
it s to heaven 314*b*
s wooingly here 347*a*
Smell st fair and s so sweet 363*a*
Smile and s, s, s 10*b*
blush and gently s 188*b*
calm thou may'st s 214*a*
Cambridge people rarely s 30*b*
followed perhaps by a s 111*a*
gleam of her own dying s 392*a*
good gigantic s 47*b*
Heaven's blue s 393*a*
her s, it seems half holy 43*b*
I dare not beg a s 190*a*
I hear a s 116*a*
jest without the s 102*a*
last s ere he slept 282*b*
meet again, why, we shall s 341*a*
moved to s at anything 338*a*
one may s and s, and be a villain 331*b*
peculiar sweet s shone 440*a*
remember how you s 241*b*
share the good man's s 168*b*
show their teeth in way of s 352*b*
s at us, pay us 93*a*
s dwells a little longer 87*a*
s, for yr lover comes 458*b*
s his work to see 32*a*
s in thine eyes 281*a*
s it was pensive and childlike 182*a*
s on the face of the tiger 527*a*
s on you—for seconds 131*a*
s that glowed celestial 276*a*
s that was childlike and bland 182*a*
s to those who hate 73*a*
s upon his fingers' ends 382*a*
s we wd aspire to 386*a*
s with the wise 207*b*
some that s have in their hearts 340*b*
the immeasurable s 293*b*
the social s 174*a*
thrifty wifie's s 50*b*
tribute of a s 317*a*
twinkling s of ocean 224*a*
vast substantial s 121*b*
when you gave her a s 148*b*
with a s on her lips 318*a*
with his watery s 426*b*
without frown or s 321*a*
with s so sweet 447*a*
you shd forget and s 311*a*
you s, Madonna 242*a*
Smiled all around thee s 214*a*
his s and said 'Good Night' 26*b*
He Never S Again 184*b*
his little arms, and s 175*a*
s a kind of sickly smile 182*b*
s well content 415*a*
s when a sabbath appear'd 113*a*
till that on her it s 143*b*
until she s on me 97*b*
Smiles becks, and wreathed s 268*b*
breath, s, tears, of all my life 44*a*
daggers in men's s 348*a*
eternal s his emptiness betray 303*a*
every time a man s 411*a*
flower that s to-day 190*a*
kissed into s again 182*a*
life is sobs, sniffles, and s 185*b*
neat, with s so sweet 256*b*
own sweet s I see 109*a*
robbed that s steals something 360*a*
seldom he s 338*a*
s awake you 119*a*
s before they dwindle 397*b*
Smiles (*cont*)
s, but not as Sultans smile 92*b*
s by his cheerful fire 170*a*
s sae sweetly on her knee 61*b*
s, wan as primroses 217*b*
than s of other maidens are 97*b*
their nurslings with their s 241*b*
the s of joy, the tears of woe 282*b*
the s that win 74*a*
tears and s like us He knew 3*b*
we read in their s 393*b*
when Molly s beneath her cow 528*a*
wife s, and lets it go at that 21*b*
with s and soap 86*a*
Smilest thou s and art still 7*b*
Smiling he hides a s face 110*a*
it was s in my face 347*a*
I've seen the s 97*a*
s, put the question by 426*b*
s the boy fell dead 47*b*
tho', by yr s, you seem to say so 332*b*
villain, s, damned villain! 331*b*
virtuel com'st thou s 324*a*
Smirk serious and the s 124*b*
Smite Christian, up and s them 286*b*
rather s me friendly 490*b*
rude caitiff s the other two! 103*b*
s all the firstborn 494*a*
s once, and s no more 269*b*
s thee on thy right cheek 505*a*
Smiteth cheek to him that s him 503*b*
Smith by naming him S 194*b*
Chuck it, S! 91*b*
clinging to their crosses F E S ? 91*b*
combined in Horace S 395*b*
first s first murderer's son 112*b*
s, a mighty man is he 249*a*
S, take a fresh cigar! 76*a*
Smithy sparks blown out of a s 476*a*
village s stands 249*a*
Smitten me to my knee 441*b*
Smock embroidery of a s-frock 180*b*
pale as thy s 364*a*
Smoke above the s and stir 266*b*
a man who does not s 413*a*
bottle in the s 489*a*
counties overhung with s 284*a*
dunnest s of hell 346*b*
emit so much s 239*b*
from the s into the smother 325*b*
good cigar is a S 227*b*
guide in s and flame 319*b*
house was filled with s 501*b*
in yon s concealed 96*b*
like as the s vanisheth 486*a*
only thin s without flame 179*b*
put that in yr pipe and s it 19*b*
s of their torment 519*b*
stupefying incense-s 45*a*
thin stinking s 204*a*
w'at you gwine do wid de s? 182*a*
Smoked like a chimney 19*a*
Smoking blessing this s is 184*b*
s blessing we owe to America 184*b*
s flax 502*b*
s of a whackin' white cheroot 232*a*
Smooth I am a s man 493*a*
large, and s, and round 406*a*
s as monumental alabaster 363*b*
supple and s to her 192*a*
true love never did run s 356*a*
Smoother words were s than oil 485*b*
Smoothes her charming tones 275*a*
Smooth-faced snubnosed rogue 433*b*
Smoothness temperance give it s 333*b*
turns earth's s rough 50*b*
Smote s for us a pathway 234*b*
s him thus 364*a*
s him with the edge of the sword 494*a*
s itself into the bread 428*a*
s them hip and thigh 495*a*
they s me, they wounded me 500*b*
Smother from the smoke into the s 325*b*
Smutched soil hath s it 216*b*
Smyler with the knyf 570*b*
Snagsby Mr S 121*a*
Snail a whiting to a s 83*a*
consume away like a s 485*b*
creeping like s 326*b*
slug-abed s 441*b*
s's on the thorn 50*a*

Snail (*cont*)
turn not pale, beloved s 83*b*
went to kill a s 534*a*
worm nor s, do no offence 356*b*
Snails horns of cockled s 345*a*
pretty feet like s 190*b*
s, and puppy-dogs' tails 534*b*
Snake didst devise the S 154*a*
like a wounded s 300*a*
nor s or slow-worm 189*b*
scotched the s, not killed it 348*b*
S is living yet 26*b*
s lurks in the grass 557*a*
s slipt under a spray 435*b*
s throws her enamelled skin 356*b*
with Paradise devise the S 154*a*
Snakes cloud of winged s 397*a*
there are no s 209*b*
two bright and aged s 5*b*
you spotted s 356*b*
Snapdragon gold-dusted s 8*b*
s growing on the walls 288*b*
Snapped 'em off short 121*b*
Snapper-up'of unconsidered trifles 373*a*
Snapping slew the S Turtle 12*b*
Snaps and snails 534*b*
Snare rabbit in a s 410*b*
s is broken, and we are destroyed 489*b*
s of the hunter 487*b*
world's great s 324*a*
Snares of death compassed me 489*a*
Snark be a Boojum 86*a*
Snarls they rises, and we s 124*a*
Snatch s a fearful joy 174*b*
s them straight away 364*a*
Snatched away in beauty's bloom 73*b*
Snatches ballads, songs and s 164*a*
chanted s of old tunes 336*a*
Sneer devil in his s 70*a*
solemn creed with solemn s 68*b*
teach the rest to s 303*a*
who can refute a s? 292*a*
Sneering without s, teach the rest 303*a*
Sneers of selfish men 472*a*
Sneezes beat him when he s 82*b*
Sneezy Breezy, S 158*a*
Snewed in his hous of mete 88*b*
Snicker hold my coat and s 145*a*
Snicker-snack blade went s 84*a*
Snickersnee I drew my s 165*a*
Sniffles predominating 185*b*
Snob admires mean things is a S 439*b*
not to be sometimes a S 439*b*
Snodgrass Mr S 126*a*
Snore can't hear himself s 447*a*
fit to s his head off 84*b*
Snored simply sat and s 91*b*
Snorer can't hear himself 447*a*
Snores out the watch 381*a*
Snow archtecture of the s 147*a*
as s in harvest 385*a*
blood is very s-broth 351*a*
bloodless lay the untrodden s 76*b*
chaste as unsunned s 328*b*
cherry hung with s 198*b*
frost from purest s 328*b*
garment of unsullied s 407*a*
gone with the s 36*a*
half-buried in the s was found 247*a*
he giveth s like wool 490*b*
if s be white 389*a*
I shall be whiter than s 485*a*
I sift the s 393*a*
Ivy-tod is heavy with s 99*b*
land of mist and s 98*b*
last long streak of s 431*a*
lawn as white as driven s 373*b*
like S upon the Desert's Face 152*b*
mark'd but the fall o' the s 216*b*
mockery king of s 376*a*
naked in December s 374*b*
never shall love the s again 36*b*
rose-buds filled with s 78*b*
scatter their s around 37*b*
sends the s in winter 76*a*
shroud as the mountain s 335*b*
s and vapours 490*b*
s falls in the river 63*a*
s had fallen, s on s 311*a*
s hath retreated 467*b*
s in Salmon 486*a*

Snow (*cont*)
s in the glance of the Lord 74*a*
s lay round about 286*b*
s of ferne yere 90*a*
s on a raven's back 366*a*
s on field an' hill 250*b*
s on Scythian hills 259*a*
s shall be their winding-sheet 77*a*
the s came flying 37*a*
they shall be white as s 501*a*
tufts of s on the bare branch 101*a*
Virgin shrouded in s 32*a*
we shall have s 533*a*
where the s lay dinted 286*b*
whitest sheets of s 115*a*
wish a s in May's mirth 344*b*
with a diadem of s 73*a*
Snowdon we've the stones of S 228*a*
Snowdonian antelope 395*b*
Snowdrifts lie long, high s 199*a*
Snowdrop first s of the year 438*a*
Snows buds that s have shaken 422*a*
Cecilia's lap of s 442*b*
her couch of s 392*b*
Lady of the S 233*a*
season of s and sins 420*a*
s of yesteryear 565*b*
thro' a waste of s 299*a*
Snowy, Flowy 158*a*
Snubnosed rogue 433*b*
Snuff only took s 169*b*
s, tobacker, and sleep 122*a*
you abuse s 102*b*
Snuff-box of amber s justly vain 302*b*
Snuffed s out by an article 71*b*
s the tainted gale 316*a*
Snuffle and sniff and handkerchief 30*b*
Snug little s property 143*b*
s, as a bug 156*b*
So if it was s, it might be 84*a*
if it were s, it wd be 84*a*
well, I told you s 249*a*
Soap have you used Pears' S? 521*a*
I used yr s two years ago 535*b*
s and education more deadly 446*b*
What! no s 155*b*
washing with invisible s 195*a*
with smiles and s 86*a*
Soap-boiler costive 454*b*
Soar run, tho' not to s 255*b*
shd spur you to s 423*a*
singing still dost s 398*a*
s not too high to fall 262*b*
thou canst not s 392*a*
type of the wise who s 471*a*
Soaring tired with s 139*a*
Sob throb and mutual s 77*b*
Sobbed and he sighed 165*a*
Sobbing a-sighing and a-s 528*a*
Sober be s, be vigilant 518*a*
men at whiles are s 200*a*
righteous, and s life 478*a*
s as a judge 151*a*, 240*a*
to bed go s 23*a*
to-morrow we'll be s 522*b*
Soberness words of truth and s 513*a*
Sobers drinking largely s us 300*a*
Sobs add s, fiery sighs 64*b*
s, sniffles, and smiles 185*b*
Social s intercourse with him 208*a*
s system Prince's nails 122*a*
true self-love and s the same 301*b*
Societies troops, and sweet s 270*a*
Society chief pleasure is s 117*b*
cling together in one s 469*a*
Corinthian capital of s 57*b*
desperate odd-fellow s 444*a*
equal s with them to hold 106*b*
gain s at large 164*a*
hung loose upon s 206*b*
man seeketh in s comfort 13*a*
man was formed for s 28*b*
one great s alone 469*b*
ourself will mingle with s 349*a*
pests of s 33*b*
Pill for the maladies of S 81*a*
s became my glittering bride 464*a*
s conspiracy against manhood 147*b*
s distributes itself 9*b*
s, friendship, and love 113*a*

Society (*cont*)
s is all but rude 260*b*
s is now one polished horde 71*b*
s is wonderfully delightful 460*b*
s than solitude is worse 19*a*
s, where none intrudes 69*b*
solitude sometimes is best s 276*a*
such s as is quiet 308*b*
three great classes s 9*b*
unfriendly to s's joys 108*a*
when s requires to be rebuilt 265*b*
Sock Jonson's learned s 269*a*
Socked I s it them hard 227*b*
Socket burn to the s 464*a*
Sockets candles burn their s 200*a*
s of fine gold 500*b*
Socks when thy s were on 216*a*
Socratic manner is not a game 25*a*
Sod become a s 220*a*
hard and trampled s 12*a*
heat was in the very s 286*b*
under my head a s 530*b*
Soda-water sermons and s 70*b*
Sodden and unkind 26*b*
Sods s with our bayonets turning 462*a*
under green s lay 474*a*
Sofa accomplished S last 111*b*
I sing the S 111*b*
wheel the s round 112*a*
Soft all this fair, and s 260*b*
cast me in so s a mould 139*a*
her voice was ever s 344*a*
it s as silk remains 191*b*
O so s! O so sweet is she! 216*b*
s as lips that laugh 420*b*
s as silk 160*b*
s as the breath of even 11*a*
s in the level races 36*a*
Softly fair and s he cried 108*b*
I shall go s all my years 502*b*
s, gently, kindly treat 159*a*
s she was going up 99*a*
Softness she and sweet grace 274*a*
Soil fame grows on mortal s 269*b*
fattest s to weeds 380*b*
paints the sterile s 114*a*
(slavery) grows in every s 56*a*
s hath smutched it 216*b*
this the s, the clime 271*a*
Soiled s by rude hands 114*a*
s with all ignoble use 431*a*
Sojourner, as all my fathers were 484*a*
Solace our s is, the sad road 294*a*
s in the midst of woe 86*b*
with s and gladness 402*b*
Solar hub of the s system 194*a*
s walk or milky way 300*b*
Sold eleventh hour sees us s 276*a*
not have s her for it 363*b*
set at naught and s Him 456*a*
s cheap what is most dear 389*a*
s for endless rue 108*b*
s his birthright unto Jacob 403*a*
s my steed, thou'rt s 289*b*
Soldan of Byzantium is smiling 92*b*
Soldier always tell an old s 389*b*
ambition, the s's virtue 323*b*
as an old s I admit cowardice 390*b*
a s's grave, for thee the best 73*b*
Battle was a s bold 194*b*
be a s's sepulchre 77*a*
British s can stand up 390*a*
come you back, you British s 232*a*
drinking is the s's pleasure 139*a*
driveth o'er a s's neck 364*b*
every French s carries 564*b*
expect a s to think 390*a*
farewell, honest s 329*a*
for a s I listed 120*b*
for her the s fights 211*a*
for to serve as a s 236*b*
God and s we alike adore 217*a*
God's s be he 351*a*
go to yr Gawd like a s 237*a*
himself have been a s 377*a*
in the s is flat blasphemy 351*b*
I said an elder s 340*b*
let a s drink 361*a*
little toy s 151*a*
majesty the British s fights 285*b*
mourn'd her s slain 242*a*

Soldier (*cont*)
'Nay,' the s 's pride touched 47*b*
not having been a s 209*b*
old S of the Queen s 522*a*
our s slighted 217*a*
s a mere recreant prove 368*b*
s , and afeard? 350*a*
s an' sailor too 234*a*
s fit to stand by Cæsar 361*a*
s , full of strange oaths 326*b*
s is a quiet grave man 17*b*
s is better accommodated 380*b*
s not a romantic animal 17*b*
s of the Legion lay dying 290*a*
s , rest! thy warfare o'er 316*b*
s 's a man 361*a*
s 's pole is fallen 324*b*
tried and valiant s 340*b*
wot the ten-year s tells 232*a*
Soldiers amongst a thousand s 24*a*
but we are s 368*b*
Ireland gives England her s 264*b*
Lord puts His best s 410*a*
men like s may not quit 433*a*
mustered their s by two 531*b*
old s never die 525*b*
old s , sweetheart, are surest 454*b*
onward, Christian s 20*a*
others, like s , armed 381*b*
s bore dead bodies by 376*b*
S of Christ, arise 455*b*
S of the ploughshare 314*b*
steel my s ' hearts 383*a*
substance of ten thousand s 385*a*
Wellington shocs of his s 17*b*
Soldier-saint O s 51*b*
Soldier-saints, who row on row 52*a*
Soldiery licentious s 56*a*
Sole dove s of her foot 492*b*
Solecism eternity without a s 41*b*
Solemn more s and serene 304*b*
s creed with s sneer 68*b*
Solemnized their obsequies 42*a*
Solicit for it straight 363*b*
Soliciting still-s eye 341*b*
this supernatural s 346*b*
Solicitor Protestant only go to his s 129*b*
wound in the s very serious 66*b*
Solid s man of Boston 247*b*
too too s flesh 330*a*
Solitary if you are idle, be not s 210*a*
life of man, s brutish 191*b*
saw a s cell 100*b*
s , and cannot impart it 206*b*
s place shall be glad 502*a*
s sorrow best befits 218*b*
took their s way 277*a*
to wander s there 261*a*
Solitude a s almost 107*a*
bird in the s singing 74*a*
bliss of s 467*b*
City's voice soft like S 's 309*a*
come to him in s 469*a*
he makes a s , and calls it peace! 67*b*
I love tranquil s 398*b*
in s what happiness? 275*b*
lamp-lit desk in s 36*a*
midst of a vast s 254*b*
my faithful s 105*b*
O still s 36*a*
passing sweet, is s 111*a*
race wh disturbed its s 18*a*
self-sufficing power of S 469*b*
society than s is worse 19*a*
s sometimes is best society 276*a*
s ! where are the charms 113*a*
s , yet not alone, while thou 275*b*
Soul to S retires 152*a*
sweet retired s 267*a*
this delicious s 260*b*
this peopled earth a s 397*a*
worst s destitute friendship 14*a*
whisper, s is sweet 111*a*
whosoever is delighted in s 15*b*
Solitudes misty s 236*a*
Solomon all S 's wisdom 496*a*
felicities of S 14*a*
greater than S is here 506*b*
one man in a thousand, S says 235*a*
S Grundy 532*b*
S in all his glory 505*b*

Solomon (*cont*)
S loved many strange women 496*a*
S of saloons 48*b*
S wrote the Proverbs 286*a*
song of songs, wh is S 's 500*a*
Solve 'em in a trice 65*a*
Some s have too much 143*a*
s talk of Alexander 526*a*
s there be, wh have no memorial 521*b*
Somebody brisk little s 44*b*
heart is sair for S 60*b*
let's stop s doing something 186*a*
mine ain dear s 424*b*
must be s 's son 523*a*
Saint S 51*a*
s 's catching it now 233*a*
s to hew and hack 65*a*
when everyone is s 163*b*
Someone s had blundered 426*a*
s somewhere sings about the sky 71*a*
Somerset rose a canker, S 383*b*
Something driving rapidly *from* s 209*a*
have to say s 456*a*
I too will s make 36*b*
know s of everything 524*a*
s attempted, s done 249*a*
s evermore about to be 469*b*
s in a flying horse 468*b*
s in its depths doth glow 5*b*
s in it, tricks and all 48*b*
s in thus more than natural 332*b*
s rich and strange 367*a*
s , s that replies 441*b*
s there is moves me to love 38*a*
s there is doesn t love a wall 157*b*
s too much of this 334*a*
s very like Him 96*b*
s wicked this way comes 349*b*
s will come of this 121*a*
that s still wh prompts th' sigh 301*b*
time for a little s 266*b*
'tis s , nothing 361*b*
when there's s doing 238*a*
Sometimes s coming, s coy 321*a*
s this, and s that 189*b*
Somewhat to say unto thee 496*a*
Somewhere s I came by 197*b*
s the sun is shining 181*b*
that truth lies s 109*a*
Somnus in Homer 41*a*
Son an only s , sir 176*b*
beggarly s of a gun 75*a*
body of my brother's s 99*a*
by bleeding Sue to S 72*b*
coarse-bred s of a livery keeper 474*b*
conceive, and bear a s 501*b*
crucify S of God afresh 517*a*
did bear our s 238*b*
Duke s s —cook's s 227*a*
England's greatest s 435*a*
Epicurus owne s 88*b*
Pharaohon had a s 12*b*
foolish s is the heaviness 498*a*
from the sire the s shall hear 318*b*
gave his only-begotten S 510*b*
good man teach his s 381*a*
he was an esquire s s 531*b*
his little s into his bosom 155*b*
honest man's s 353*b*
I obeyed as a s 161*b*
kiss the S , lest he be angry 481*b*
left a s who—proved they weren't 230*a*
Lord Randal, my s 520*b*
manhood taken by the S 288*b*
Monk my s 407*a*
must be somebody's s 523*a*
my little S , who look'd 294*a*
my s —and what's a s ? 238*b*
my s , if sinners entice thee 497*b*
my s in tears 164*a*
my s 's wife, Elizabeth 203*b*
mystical body of thy S 480*a*, 480*b*
O Absalom, my s , my s 495*b*
only s of his mother 509*a*
O wonderful s 334*b*
s has done nearly as well 66*b*
S of God goes forth to war 184*a*
S of Heav'n and Earth 275*a*
S of Heaven's eternal King 270*a*
s of his old age 493*a*
S of man hath not where to lay 506*a*

Son (*cont*)
S of Morn in weary Night's 30*a*
s of man, that thou visitest him 482*a*
s of perdition 511*b*
S of the old moon-mountains 221*a*
spareth his rod hateth his s 498*a*
struck the father when s swore 64*b*
this is my beloved S 504*b*
this is my s Melchisedech 438*b*
thus my s was dead 509*b*
thus the carpenter's s 507*a*
thy s , thine only s Isaac 493*a*
to her s she dies 524*a*
two-legged thing, a s 138*a*
unto us a s is given 501*b*
wise s maketh a glad father 498*a*
woman, behold thy s ! 511*b*
worthy to be called thy s 509*b*
your tardy s to chide 335*a*
Song acquaints his soul with s 52*a*
after all an earthly s 430*b*
a goodly manor for a s 322*a*
Alexandrine ends the s 300*a*
all thus for a s 58*b*
an old s made by an aged 522*a*
as it were a new s 519*a*
be the morn of s 415*b*
breeze of s 430*b*
bright names will hallow s 68*b*
brotherhood in s 217*b*
but their low, lone s 82*b*
but weigh this s with the great 474*b*
civil at her s 356*b*
conspiracy of our spacious s 114*b*
end of ane old s 572*b*
fable, s or fleeting shade 189*a*
followed by a sacred s 26*a*
ful wel she s the service 88*b*
glorious the s 403*a*
God who best taught s 51*a*
greet her with his s 277*a*
heard in tale or s 266*b*
hear we these monkes' s 79*a*
her symphony and s 101*b*
his s of love 36*b*
hopped with his s 119*b*
I have a s to sing O! 167*a*
I have no s to give you 225*b*
I made another s 36*b*
in England s s for ever 287*b*
is it accepted of S ? 263*a*
I the s ! 163*b*
lark becomes a sightless s 431*a*
lasting is the s 264*a*
lightnings of his s 392*a*
melancholy out of a s 326*a*
metre of an antique s 387*a*
middle of my s 108*b*
morning star of s 426*b*
most topical s 527*a*
my S , I fear thou wilt find 393*b*
my vision with the s 263*b*
never go beyond a s 149*a*
never may I commence my s 51*a*
new s 's measure 291*a*
no man cd learn that s 519*a*
no sorrow in thy s 53*a*, 246*b*
oaten stop, or pastoral s 103*a*
old and antique s 370*b*
one grand sweet s 225*b*
one s , and in my brain I sing it 49*b*
only in you my s begins 401*b*
on the wings of s 568*b*
orb of s Milton 464*a*
our s is the voice of desire 37*a*
our s shall rise to Thee 184*a*
passage of a s 265*a*
penny for a s 474*a*
pipe a simple s 465*b*
pipe that s again 32*b*
rainbow and a cuckoo's s 118*a*
rapid plumes of s 396*a*
required of us then a s 490*a*
roll forth, my s 258*a*
self-same s that found a path 220*a*
shedding my s upon height 422*b*
sing a fairy's s 218*b*
singing our s of God 457*b*
singing s for s 241*a*
sing me a bawdy s 378*b*
sing me a s of a lad 414*b*

Song (*cont*)
sings a solitary s 467*b*
sings each s twice over 47*a*
sing the Lord's s 490*a*
sing unto the Lord a new s 483*b*
s about a lamb 32*b*
s and blood are pure 264*a*
s charms the sense 272*b*
s, from beginning to end 246*b*
s in thy praise 60*b*
s is considered a perfect gem 75*a*
s is not truth 452*a*
s is sung and past 473*b*
s made in lieu of ornaments 408*b*
s of a merry man 167*a*
s of Harvest home 3*b*
s of sixpence 533*a*
s of them that feast 286*a*
S on yr bugles blown 185*a*
s that echoes cheerly 431*b*
s that nerves a nation's heart 426*a*
s that shd spur you 423*a*
s the Syrens sang 42*b*
s too daring 305*b*
s was wordless 316*a*
s wd have been longer 532*b*
sound my echoing s 260*a*
still govern thou my s 275*b*
subject for heroic s 276*a*
swallow-flights of s 430*a*
swear to the truth of a s 305*b*
swift stream of s 395*b*
take up thy S 294*a*
that glorious s of old 320*b*
that piece of s 370*b*
the burthen of his s 28*a*
the Fair commands the s 111*b*
the s for me! 468*a*
they teach in s 305*a*
thinks two notes a s 118*a*
thro' all spheres one s increase 311*b*
till I end my s 409*b*
time our tedious s have ending 270*b*
turn out a s 60*a*
wanted one immortal s 138*a*
we'll sing another s 471*a*
wherefrom ye learn yr s 37*a*
will I frame my s 91*a*
wine, woman, and s 440*b*
woman, wine and s 569*a*
yet my s comes native 221*a*
you have heard the s 231*b*
Songs angelic s are swelling 149*b*
best of all trades, to make s 27*a*
cannot sing the old s 20*b*, 75*a*
coude s make and wel endyte 88*a*
dirty s and dreary 40*a*
ever piping s 219*b*
fall of s 414*b*
fruit for their s 2*b*
go, s, for ended 441*a*
Heine for s 46*b*
her matchless s does meditate 261*a*
hymns and spiritual s 515*b*
lean and flashy s 269*b*
let us go hence, my s 423*a*
merry s of peace 386*b*
my uncared-for s 36*a*
our sweetest s are saddest 398*b*
sing no sad s for me 311*a*
sombre s and sweet 421*a*
song of s, wh is Solomon's 500*a*
s consecrate to truth 399*b*
s for me and my aunts 373*a*
s may inspirit us 48*a*
s of Araby 461*b*
s of expectation 20*b*
s of happy cheer 32*b*
s of his fashion bring 414*b*
s of pleasant glee 32*a*
s of the harp-player 420*a*
s that I made for thee 37*b*
their s are sad 92*a*
the Sussex s be sung 27*a*
thou need'st not make new s 106*b*
with s of deliverance 483*b*
wrote my happy s 32*b*
Songsmith slight not the s 452*a*
Songstress sober-suited s. 443*b*
Sonnet it turned to a S 131*a*
ode, and elegy, and s 211*b*

Sonnet (*cont*)
scorn not the S 470*b*
s is a moment's monument 311*b*
Sonnets book of Songs and S 355*b*
lovers' s turned to psalms 295*b*
Rafael made a century of s 49*a*
written s all his life 70*b*
Sonneteer hackney s 300*b*
Sons actions not always true s 65*a*
all *lapis*, all s 45*a*
Arcturus with his s 497*b*
as many s as I have hairs 351*a*
bears all its s away 453*b*
best of the s of the morning! 184*a*
bind yr s to exile 236*b*
fallen s of Eve 93*b*
give them to yr s 535*b*
God's s are things 256*b*
if I had a thousand s 380*b*
keener pangs than her s 218*b*
methinks her patient s 170*a*
Mothers that lack s 328*a*
Muses chose their s by name 36*a*
seldom see we s succeed 178*a*
s may grow up as plants 490*b*
s of ale and brede 474*a*
s of Belial, flown with insolence 271*b*
s of God came to present 496*b*
s of God shouted for joy 497*b*
S of Martha 234*b*
S of Mary 234*b*
s of men and angels 455*b*
s of the waves 158*b*
strong heart of her s 136*b*
their s, they gave 30*a*
things are the s of heaven 212*b*
third among the s of light 391*b*
we arraign her, her s 6*b*
yr s and daughters prophesy 504*a*
Soon day returns too s 74*a*
death cometh s or late 253*a*
Death will come s, too s 390*a*
Night, come s, s I 390*a*
s in yr arms to feel so small 294*a*
think it s when others cry 44*a*
world with us, late and s 473*a*
you haste away so s 189*a*
Sooner make an end the s 15*b*
s will his race be run 190*b*
s it's over, the s to sleep 226*b*
Soonest take their flight 289*b*
Soot in s I sleep 32*b*
Soote season 416*b*
Sooth it is silly s 371*a*
Soothe friend to s the cares 220*b*
Soothes saddens while it s I 50*a*
Sop body gets its s 45*a*
Cerberus a s 104*a*
Sophia followed me to India 319*b*
Sophist dark-browed s 435*b*
Saint nor S led 5*a*
self-torturing s, wild Rousseau 68*b*
Sophisters, economists calculators 57*a*
Sophistry his fib or s 302*a*
universities incline wits to s 17*a*
Sophronisba! Sophronisba! Oh! 443*b*
Sops in wine 409*b*
Sordello's story told 52*a*
Sore critics, who themselves are s 72*a*
s with loving her 123*a*
Sores all kinds of s, and shames 362*b*
Sorrel meadow-sweet or s 420*b*
Sorrento and Amalfi 241*a*
Sorrow brief s, short-lived care 280*a*
certain of s in store 233*b*
doeth it to his s 498*a*
down, thou climbing s 342*a*
ere the s comes with years 43*a*
far from s 130*b*
father's s 176*a*
from the memory a rooted s 350*b*
from the sphere of our s 399*b*
give s words 350*a*
gray hairs with s to the grave 493*b*
has s thy young days shaded? 281*b*
heart hath 'scap'd this s 388*b*
he died out of s 531*a*
I must bury s 53*a*
in s thou shalt bring forth 492*b*
knowledge increaseth s 499*a*
labour without s is base 314*b*

Sorrow (*cont*)
last his s, first his joy 176*a*
lightnings of his song in s 392*a*
like this s 'twill come 37*b*
little fun, to match the s 263*a*
Lycidas yr s is not dead 270*a*
moan her s to the root 234*b*
more in s than in anger 330*b*
mused on s but its own 77*a*
my old s wakes 203*a*
nae s there, John 285*b*
natured not s hide 176*a*
neither s, nor crying 519*b*
never ate his bread in s 82*a*
night of doubt and s 20*b*
no greater s than to recall 566*b*
no s in thy song 53*a*, 246*b*
not a word of s 462*b*
not be in s too? 33*a*
not sure of s 422*a*
now melt into s 67*b*
parting is such sweet s 365*b*
pure and complete s 507*a*
regions of s, doleful shades 271*a*
resembles s only 247*a*
shd water this s 322*b*
shun the man of s 113*b*
sin ed blight or s fade 100*b*
sit by the fireside with S 394*b*
so beguile thy s 368*a*
solitary s best befits 218*b*
some natural s 471*a*
s and sighing shall flee 502*a*
s and silence are strong 247*a*
s breeds s 137*a*
s dogging sin 187*a*
s enough in the natural way 233*b*
s for the lost Lenore 208*a*
s like unto my s 503*b*
s makes us wise 431*a*
s more beautiful than Beauty s 218*a*
s never comes too late 175*a*
s of the meanest thing 465*b*
S proud to be exalted 524*a*
s's crown of s 432*a*
s so royally in you appears 381*a*
s, that is not s 470*a*
S, why dost borrow 217*b*
S, wilt thou live with me 430*b*
S, with her family of Sighs 392*a*
swift joy and tardy s 431*a*
tales of s done 168*b*
think is to be full of s 220*a*
this s 's heavenly 363*b*
to come in spite of s 268*b*
to S, I bade good-morrow 217*b*
travail and heavy s 420*b*
trouble, s, need 480*b*
useless or hopeless s 214*a*
wear a golden s 385*b*
what s was, thou bad'st her know 173*b*
when in s, when in danger 411*a*
write s on the bosom of the earth 376*b*
you were thrall to s 423*a*
Sorrowful he went away s 507*b*
Sorrowing borrowing goeth in s 446*a*
toiling—rejoicing—s 219*a*
Sorrows and carried our s 503*a*
as thy s flow 281*a*
costly in our s 411*a*
desire can make, or s breed 225*a*
engluts and swallows other s 359*b*
few s, however poignant 404*a*
for transient s 470*b*
here I and s sit 371*a*
it soothes his s 286*a*
losses are restored and s end 387*b*
man of s 503*a*
Man of s had a part 53*a*
my s are at an end 159*b*
my s have an end 523*b*
pity the s of a poor old man 284*b*
s of my heart are enlarged 483*a*
s of yr changing face 476*b*
when s come, they come not single 335*b*
Sorry death's self is s 215*a*
do that I shall be s for 340*b*
I am very s for him 567*a*
I'm s, but we all must die 419*a*
s for their childishness 294*a*
Sort fellows of the baser s 512*b*

Sort (*cont*)
like this s of thing 245*b*
Sorted with sobs he s out 84*b*
Sorts all s and conditions 479*a*
s of things and weather 146*b*
Sot you drunken s ! 534*b*
Sots what can ennoble s 301*b*
Soudan into the S 's realm 9*a*
yr 'ome in the S 229*a*
Sought come, long-s ! 399*a*
far may be s 402*b*
I have never s the world 211*a*
I s him, but his place 484*a*
I s no more 441*b*
less often s than found 73*b*
love s is good 371*b*
on my bed I s him 500*a*
s, for his lost heart was tender 399*a*
s it with thimbles 86*a*
s thee wandering, set thee right 110*a*
s the Lord aright 59*b*
s with an indignant mien 107*b*
they never s in vain 59*b*
tho' he sought it carefully 517*a*
those men that s him 386*b*
Soul acquaints his s with song 52*a*
a *creative* s 470*a*
adieu 'twixt s and body 313*b*
affirmations of the s 148*b*
a fiery s 138*a*
aged s to damn 93*a*
a grave unto a s 374*a*
agrees devil and thee about s 376*b*
all that a s can do 133*a*
and his s sincere 174*b*
angels call to the s 448*b*
as if that s were fled 281*a*
a s of fire 213*b*
assault and hurt the s 479*b*
awake my s 224*b*
became a living s 492*a*
because his s was great 136*b*
become a living s 472*a*
be still, my s 199*b*
bid the s of Orpheus 208*b*
bitterness of my s 502*b*
blind his s with clay 437*a*
boasts two s-sides 49*b*
body and its s can bind 317*a*
body nature is, and God the s 301*a*
books on the s 46*a*
books s of the Past Time 81*a*
but the s stands fast 423*a*
call upon my s 370*a*
calm s of all things 6*b*
can thy s know change? 51*a*
captain of my s 185*a*
casket of my s 221*a*
catch my flying s 299*b*
Chatterton the sleepless s 470*a*
Christe receive thy s 529*a*
city of the s 69*a*
clothing for the s divine 29*b*
conceal the S within 429*b*
condense within thy s 288*b*
consistency a great s nothing 147*b*
Country s gut her s 250*b*
crowd not on my s ! 173*b*
delivered my s from death 485*b*, 489*a*
deliver my s from the sword 483*a*
demands my s, my life 453*b*
desire is sweet to the s 498*a*
dim s of a star 423*b*
dividing asunder of s and spirit 517*a*
dull wd he be of s 472*b*
ensnared my s and body 364*a*
equal to the s 's desires 404*b*
eternal summer in his s 194*a*
every s, it passed me by 99*a*
eye and prospect of his s 359*a*
fair seed-time had my s 409*a*
fetter, that the s thrown away! 248*a*
Flat in my s 24*a*
fine point of his s 222*a*
five windows of the s 30*a*
flesh helps s 50*b*
footsteps of thy s 43*b*
for my s, what can it do 331*a*
for s is form 409*a*
found in some part of my s 363*a*
freed his s the nearest way 210*b*

Soul (*cont*)
full of heaviness, O my s. 484*b*
give me my s again 258*b*
given my s for this 423*a*
give not thy s unto a woman 520*b*
good book essence of a human s 82*a*
go, S, the body's guest 307*b*
half the little s is dirt 434*b*
hangs my helpless s on Thee 455*b*
hang there like fruit, my s 329*a*
happy s she shall discover 115*a*
have neither a s to lose 404*b*
heard them call my s 434*b*
heart and s do sing 402*a*
heart and the s and the senses 51*b*
heaven of his high s 441*b*
he grants the s again 110*b*
he had a little S 282*b*
height my s can reach 44*a*
her love-laden s. 398*a*
her s to keep 265*a*
he shall convert my s 483*a*
hidden s of harmony 269*a*
hides a dark s 267*a*
him whom my s loveth 500*a*
his angry s ascended 12*b*
his own s was like that 292*b*
his heart and s away 198*b*
his s proud science never taught 300*b*
his s shall taste the sadness 219*b*
his s well-knit 6*b*
holdeth our s in life 486*a*
how prodigal the s 311*a*
humanized my s 468*b*
hungry s with goodness 488*b*
hurl my s from heaven 364*a*
I am the s 422*a*
I built my s a pleasure-house 435*b*
if his eager s, biting for anger 158*a*
I gave you yr own s 390*a*
I loafe and invite my s 457*b*
in my s am free 249*b*
in mystery our s abides 7*a*
I refrain my s 490*a*
I roamed with my S 298*b*
iron entered into his s 488*b*
I saw the iron enter into his s 411*a*
I thee to me, O s 457*b*
it is my s that calls 365*b*
John's s flared into the dark 47*a*
King Cole was a merry old s 532*a*
lay perjury upon my s 354*b*
lay thou thy s full in her hands 315*a*
leave my s in hell 482*b*
leaves s free a little 45*a*
let every s be subject 153*b*
lie in the S 571*b*
lift my s to heaven 385*b*
lips suck forth my s 258*b*
little s for a little bears up 423*b*
little S, let us try 282*b*
little s, wandering, pleasant 541*b*
long kiss my whole s thro' my lips 427*a*
Love her body from her s 313*a*
lose his own s 507*a*, 508*b*
man in whose rich s the virtues 136*b*
man to afflict his s 503*a*
man, with s so dead 317*a*
marvelling why my s was sad 441*a*
may my s be blasted 391*b*
measured by my s 453*a*
meeting s may pierce in notes 269*a*
memorial from the S 's eternity 311*b*
men so loose of s 362*a*
mercy o' my s, Lord God 256*a*
merry of s he sailed 414*b*
midmost s in three 231*a*
mind and s, according well 429*b*
mine eyes into my very s 335*a*
mood that wings the s 143*a*
moon off-hiding s alive 383*a*
mount, mount, my s 376*a*
my own s has to itself decreed 220*b*
my rising S surveys 2*a*
my s doth magnify the Lord 508*b*
my s drew back 188*b*
my s for Goddès grace 37*a*
my s hath a desire and longing 487*a*
my s hath her content 361*a*
my s, if I have a s ! 525*a*
my s in agony 99*a*

Soul (*cont*)
my s in a kiss 423*a*
my s into the boughs does glide 261*a*
my s is among lions 485*b*
my s is an enchanted boat 397*b*
my S, my daughter 442*b*
my s once more made trial 469*a*
my s s birth-partner 312*a*
my s 's calm retreat 447*b*
my s 's in arms 95*b*
my s sit thou a looker-on 367*a*
my s smoothed itself 48*a*
my s spurned the chains 396*a*
my s that lingers sighing 199*b*
my s, there is a country 448*a*
my s thirsteth for thee 485*b*
my s with the sinners 483*b*
my title, and my perfect s 359*b*
my unconquerable s 185*a*
never once possess our s 8*b*
no coward s is mine 38*b*
nor s helps flesh 50*b*
nor the prophetic s 388*b*
no s shall pity me 385*a*
no s that lived, loved, wrought 421*a*
no s to be damned 444*b*
not a smaller s, nor Lancelot 428*a*
of a reasonable s subsisting 478*b*
old man with an old s 74*b*
O my brave s ! 457*a*
O my prophetic s ! 331*b*
one drop wd save my s 258*b*
one impulse of yr s 390*a*
one s commit single venial sin 288*b*
opened its s to me 49*a*
O s, be patient 35*b*
O thou s of my s ! 50*b*
our s had felt him 6*b*
our s is escaped even as a bird 489*b*
our s with battle-din 406*a*
parting s relies 174*b*
passing of the sweetest s 430*b*
perdition catch my s 361*b*
pilgrim s in you 476*b*
poetry is conceived in the s 9*b*
poor s sat sighing 363*a*
poor s, the centre of my earth 389*b*
poor s thinks no harm 35*b*
pour'd her pensive s 103*a*
prayer is the s 's sincere desire 280*a*
pressed down my s 485*b*
progress of a deathless s 133*b*
prophet of the s 147*a*
pure s unto his captain Christ 375*b*
purest s that ere was sent 79*a*
quickened his own s 483*a*
receive my s at last 455*b*
repent it from my very s 368*a*
revolving in his altered s 139*a*
roll from s to s 436*a*
sang a kindred s out 51*a*
satisfieth the empty s 488*b*
save his s alive 503*b*
scarce the s of a louse 235*b*
seized thy parting s 114*b*
[Shakespeare] had the largest s 142*a*
shrinks the s back on herself 1*b*
sickness is yr s 199*b*
sighed his s toward the Grecian 355*a*
silent s, my brother 421*a*
since my dear s was mistress 334*a*
single s does fence 260*b*
so longeth my s after thee 484*b*
some s of goodness 382*b*
soothed his s to pleasures 139*a*
s abhorred all manner of meat 488*b*
s above buttons 103*b*
s and body part like friends 115*a*
s and body rive not 324*a*
s aspiring pants its source 280*a*
s fainted in them 488*b*
s fleeth unto the Lord 490*a*
s from out immortal hell 433*a*
s hath not her generous aspirings 239*b*
s is competent to gain 464*b*
s is dead that slumbers 247*b*
s is even like a weaned child 490*a*
s is in a ferment 217*a*
s is marching on 178*a*
s is not more than the body 458*a*
s is with the saints 101*a*

Soul (*cont*)
s may not profit by 264*b*
s of Adonais, like a star 392*b*
S of all the worlds 464*b*
s of her beauty and love 398*a*
s of man is fed 262*a*
s of music shed 281*a*
s of our grandam 372*a*
s of Sir John Cheek 278*b*
S of the Age! 215*b*
s of thy turtle-dove 486*b*
s, remembering how she felt 469*b*
s remembering my good friends 375*a*
s, revolving hopeless strife 35*b*
s's dark cottage 449*a*
S that art the Eternity of thought 465*b*
S that maketh all 146*a*
S that rises with us 466*a*
s, that she should flee as a bird 482*a*
s the body form doth take 409*a*
s, thou hast much goods 509*b*
s to feel the flesh 39*a*
s to whom Luther 133*b*
s, uneasy, and confined from home 300*b*
s wears out the breast 74*a*
s with all its maladies 292*b*
stately mansions, O my s 194*a*
stature of my s, 264*a*
still to the lowly s 224*a*
stop-sensation in my S 127*b*
strains that might create a s 267*b*
strong is the S 5*a*
subject's s is his own 382*b*
sun of my s 224*a*
sweet and virtuous s 187*b*
taught my s to fancy aught 448*a*
tell me, my s, can this be death? 299*a*
the palace of the S 68*a*
the s to dare 316*b*
think nobly of the s 372*a*
thirst that from the s doth rise 216*a*
this night thy s be required 509*b*
thus s hath been alone 100*a*
thou art a s in bliss 344*a*
thou free my s 133*a*
tho' thy s sail leagues 312*b*
thoughtful S to Solitude retires 152*a*
thy rapt s sitting 268*a*
thy s and God stand sure 51*a*
thy s I know not from thy body 312*a*
thy s's flight, if it find heaven 348*b*
thy s's immensity 466*b*
thy s the fixt foot 134*a*
thy s was like a star 467*b*
'tis my outward s 132*b*
to bear my s away 2*b*
tocsin of the s 71*a*
to fret thy s 409*a*
to get his glorious s 258*b*
to my s at death I cry 457*a*
try the s's strength on 45*a*
tumult, of the s 467*b*
unmakes but to remake the s 51*b*
vainly strives the s to mingle 120*a*
veil of the s therein 420*b*
very s listened intensely 464*b*
wake the s by tender strokes 298*b*
wan s in that golden air 312*b*
was not spoken of the s 247*b*
waters to a thirsty s 498*b*
well for the body as the s 478*a*
we too take ship, O s 457*b*
what of s was left 52*b*
what s was his 464*a*
wh enters into one's s 222*a*
wh war against the s 517*b*
white bird his own s 292*b*
whiter s than thine 240*b*
whom shall my s believe 50*b*
whose s is sense 134*a*
whose s was sad 167*a*
winders to my S 451*a*
winged chalice of the s 313*a*
with Psyche, my S 298*b*
with so full s but some defect 367*b*
wit its s 100*b*, 527*b*
wd harrow up thy s 331*a*
wronged great s 49*a*
Soul-making vale of S 223*a*
Souls all the s that were forfeit 351*b*
amid men's s, that waver 475*b*
Souls (*cont*)
as we wish our s to be 395*a*
bear little s to Heaven 150*a*
Bishop of yr s 517*b*
borne inward unto s afar 44*a*
[corporations] have no s 97*b*
corrupt the s of those they rule 7*a*
damp s of housemaids 145*a*
division 'tween our s 341*a*
drink to poor damned s 230*a*
find rest unto yr s 506*b*
for all sparrows' s 402*b*
freedom in their s 424*a*
good morrow to our waking s 133*a*
harmony is in immortal s 355*a*
have ye s in heaven too? 219*a*
Holy Ghost, our s inspire 491*a*
if human s did never kiss 217*b*
if s can weep in bliss 109*b*
instinct of all great s 55*a*
jewel of their s 361*b*
kind s, you wonder 293*a*
knead two virtuous s 71*a*
kind of such dear s 375*a*
left yr s on earth 219*a*
Lord, thou lover of s 520*a*
men's defiled s 407*b*
mercy upon one of our s. 372*a*
might discharge their s 141*b*
must pure lovers' s descend 132*b*
our s as free 69*b*
our s have sight of that sea 466*b*
our s, whose faculties 259*a*
our two s, therefore, wh are one 134*a*
peace-parted s 336*b*
poor jewel of their s 412*a*
possess ye yr s 510*a*
quacks in the cure of s 195*b*
see the s we loved 434*a*
s are but sunbeams 247*b*
s at home with God 226*b*
s do couch on flowers 324*b*
s exult, and London's towers 30*b*
s fed with Shakespeare's flame 93*a*
s in new French books 45*a*
S in their degree 230*b*
s lost in the dark 47*a*
s mounting up to God 311*b*
s negotiate there 132*b*
s not lent in usury 264*a*
s of Christian peoples 91*b*
s of poets dead and gone 219*a*
s of the righteous hand of God 520*a*
s of women are so small 66*a*
s out of men's bodies 358*a*
s stand up erect 44*a*
s that die in the battle 96*a*
s that have toiled 439*a*
s were in our names 263*b*
s who dwell in Night 20*b*
tears for all s in trouble 258*a*
there be s must be saved 361*a*
they've s that grovel 75*b*
thro' such s alone 51*b*
times that try men's s 291*b*
to play with s 48*a*
two s dwell, alas! in my breast 568*a*
two s with but a single thought 568*b*
vigorous s, high-cultured 77*b*
we that have free s 334*b*
wh sucks two s 132*b*
wh virtuous s abhor 280*b*
Sound a deep s strikes 68*a*
all is not s 215*a*
all the s I heard 198*b*
as to the tabor's s 466*a*
born of murmuring s 471*b*
call him up the S 287*b*
carolings of such ecstatic s 170*a*
except the mill-wheel's s 303*a*
full of s and fury 350*b*
give an uncertain s 514*b*
great shocks of s 427*a*
heal the blows of s 194*a*
hearest the s thereof 510*b*
heart as s and free 190*a*
however rude the s 162*b*
like the s of a rat 50*a*
measures of delightful s 398*b*
momentany as a s 356*a*
nor any s or sight 422*a*
Sound (*cont*)
no s is dissonant 101*b*
no s was heard of clashing wars 131*b*
o'er my ear like the sweet s 369*b*
once, it was a magic s 71*a*
piping took a troubled s 8*b*
recoil and jarring s 273*a*
same s is in my ears 465*a*
sleep not so s, as sweet 188*b*
s as a top 160*b*
s is forc'd, the notes are few 31*b*
s is gone out into all lands 482*b*
s must seem an echo 300*a*
s of abundance of rain 496*a*
s of public scorn 276*b*
s of revelry by night 68*a*
s of royal cheer 432*a*
s of the cool colonnade 110*b*
s of the grinding is low 499*b*
s of those he wrought for 435*a*
s of water's murmuring 397*b*
s, s the clarion 283*a*
s were parted thence 216*b*
sweet is every s 437*a*
the other not very s 405*b*
trumpet's wondrous s 127*b*
tumult sent an alien s 466*a*
where hath been no s 195*b*
wooden dialogue and s 308*b*
you wd s me from my lowest 334*b*
Sounding s generalities 94*a*
s labour house 7*b*
s thro' the town 530*b*
went s on, a dim way 464*a*
Soundings acquainted with the s 222*b*
Sounds blowing martial s 271*b*
concord of sweet s 355*b*
concord of well-tuned s 387*a*
in souls a sympathy with s 112*b*
musician scatters s 464*b*
replication of yr s 337*b*
rural s exhilarate 111*b*
s and sweet airs 367*b*
s will gather beauty 36*a*
s will take care of themselves 83*a*
strange s along the chancel 317*a*
tempting s I hear 33*b*
Soup let his s get cold 192*b*
s he swallows, sup by sup 192*b*
S of the evening, beautiful S! 83*b*
take the nasty s away 192*b*
won't have any s to-day 192*b*
Soup-and-fish donning the s 573*b*
Sour lofty and s to them 386*b*
Source God, the mighty s of all 403*a*
its s, 'tis beer 264*a*
its s to mount 280*a*
life's first native s 409*b*
or ope the sacred s 175*a*
s of all my bliss 160*a*
s of human offspring 274*b*
s that keeps it filled 263*b*
Thou s of all our store 86*b*
South beauty in the S 436*b*
clanking their chains in the S 451*a*
come, thou s 500*b*
compact between North S 159*a*
fickle is the S 436*a*
full of the warm S 219*b*
good s wind 98*b*
hair twixt s and s-west side 64*b*
hills look over on the S 441*a*
hills of the S Country 26*b*
Queen of the Sovereign S 237*a*
rivers in the s 489*b*
rosy is the S 433*b*
S East, and on 47*a*
S to the blind Horn's hate 231*b*
wanton in the S 436*b*
Southampton weekly from S 230*b*
Southern boon s country 9*a*
bore me in the s wild 32*b*
Southron matches of the S folk 442*b*
Southward dreams the sea 441*a*
South-west wind and west wind 420*a*
Sovereign Civilities with my s 207*b*
from his s hand 191*a*
if s sway may be dissolv'd 138*b*
Magna Charta will have no s 97*b*
servants of the s or state 14*b*
S, and his Dominions 479*a*

Sovereign (*cont*)
s of sighs and groans 344*b*
trample on their s 's head 375*b*
what to be a s 145*a*
whilst I, my s , watch the clock 388*a*
Sovereign'st thing on earth 377*a*
Sovereigns dead but sceptred s 73*a*
Sovereignty round and top of s 349*b*
to one cd s impute 136*b*
top of s 218*b*
wommen desyren s 89*b*
Sow build for him, s for him 470*b*
for, as you s like to reap 65*a*
fowls of the air for they s not 505*b*
observeth the wind shall not s 499*b*
s eats up all the draff 216*a*
s in tears shall reap in joy 489*b*
s that hath overwhelmed 379*b*
Sowen som difficultee 89*a*
Sower went forth sowing 34*b*
Soweth whatsoever a man s 515*b*
Sowing we reap our s 263*a*
Sown nor was ever s 445*a*
on earth was never s 471*b*
Poets that are s by Nature 464*a*
where thou hast not s 508*a*
Sows, and he shall not reap 420*b*
Space annihilate but s and time 298*b*
here is my s 322*a*
king of infinite s 332*b*
nought the lettres s 90*a*
sinks downwards thro' s 179*b*
somewhere, beyond s and time 39*a*
Spaces silence of these infinite s 564*b*
s where cats are cats 259*b*
Spade crooked scythe and s 401*a*
cultivated entirely by the s 266*a*
fiddle, sir, and s 319*a*
if you don't call me s 418*b*
must call a s a s 162*b*
nominate a s a s 215*b*
s with wh Wilkinson hath tilled 471*a*
Spades let s be trumps 302*b*
s emblem of untimely graves 112*b*
Spain blood-red field of S 184*b*
castels thin in S 90*a*
Cervantes smiled S 's chivalry 71*b*
devildoms of S 437*b*
into the hands of S 437*b*
King of S is dead 150*b*
King of S 's Beard 136*b*
king of S 's daughter 532*a*
Miguel of S 230*a*
not left to S 437*b*
plateau of S forming a head 179*b*
slow old tunes of S 261*b*
where are the gallows of S ? 130*b*
Spake carl s oo thing 89*b*
never man s like this man 511*a*
s by the Prophets 480*a*
s full well, in language quaint 247*a*
s he, and was buckling tighter 254*a*
s on that ancient man 98*a*
Span Eve s 178*b*
life of man less than a s 17*a*
spick and s.-new 65*a*
Spaniard French, Italian, S , or Dutch 42*a*
Spaniards S seem wiser than they are 15*b*
to thrash the S too 136*b*
Spaniel'd hearts that s me 324*a*
Spaniels civilly delight 303*a*
Spanish ambuscadoes, S blades 364*b*
fond of S wine 261*b*
hear a S lady 528*a*
I must learn S 46*b*
S ale shall give you hope 258*a*
S fleet thou canst not see 400*a*
S Gal-la-lee 531*a*
S or neat's leather 65*b*
S ships of war 437*a*
tell her in S 46*b*
there is a S proverb 90*b*
Spare advance! S not 198*a*
how much he can s 210*a*
O s me a little 484*a*
s all I have 150*a*
s the beechen tree 76*b*
s the humbled 556*a*
s the poet for subject's sake 107*b*
s the rod, and spoil the child 65*b*
Spare (*cont*)
s yr country's flag 459*a*
Spared better s a better man 379*a*
Sparely I fear ye dine but s 61*b*
Spares never s the child 196*a*
Spark nor human s is left 299*a*
parson, oh! illustrious s 109*b*
shows a hasty s 341*a*
s from Heaven to fall 8*a*
s of celestial fire 451*b*
vital s of heav'nly flame! 299*a*
Sparkle for ever 436*a*
Sparkling pair of s eyes 163*b*
Sparks as the s fly upward 497*a*
s among the stubble 520*a*
s blown out of a smithy 476*a*
with unnumber'd s 339*a*
Sparrow brawling of a s 476*a*
even as it were a s 488*a*
hedge-s fed the cuckoo 342*a*
hero perish, or a s fall 300*b*
in the fall of a s 337*a*
'I,' said the S 528*a*
life of man like s 24*a*
my lady's s , O, he's sped 538*b*
soul of Philip S 402*b*
s alight on my shoulder 444*a*
s hath found her a nest 487*a*
Sparrow-grass hit look lak s 181*b*
Sparrows for all s ' souls 402*b*
are not five s sold 509*b*
are not two s sold 506*a*
more value than many s 506*a*
team of s 251*a*
when s build 203*a*
Spars under the s of wh I lie 190*b*
Sparta firm as S 's king 136*b*
S is yr inheritance 540*a*
with hounds of S 357*a*
Spartan out of the S kind 357*a*
remnant of our S dead! 70*b*
Spartans go tell the S 560*a*
spat on me on Wednesday 353*a*
Speak been supposed to s 71*b*
both of them s of something 466*a*
did he stop and s to you 488*b*
heard Chapman s out loud 220*b*
hear them s in our tongues 512*a*
he can s and flee! 529*a*
he shall s for himself 511*a*
if I s to thee in Friendship's 282*b*
if they s first 104*a*
I never will s word 364*a*
I only s right on 340*a*
I s too boldly 282*b*
I s too coldly 282*b*
I s unto them thereof 489*b*
I s with the tongues of men 514*b*
it was my hint to s 360*a*
let him now s 481*b*
let not God s with us 494*a*
live pure, s true 427*b*
losers must have leave to s 95*b*
men shall s well of you 509*a*
not permitted unto them to s 514*b*
of comfort no man s 375*b*
one that can s so well 262*b*
one to s , and another to hear 444*a*
province of knowledge to s 194*b*
shame for women to s 514*b*
slaves who fear to s 250*b*
slow to s 517*a*
s after sentence? 206*a*
s but one word to me 284*b*
s by the card 336*b*
s , Cæsar is turned to hear 337*b*
s daggers to her, but use none 334*b*
s disrespectfully of the Equator 404*a*
s for yourself, John 246*b*
s , I'll go no further 331*a*
s in French when you can't think 84*a*
s less than thou knowest 342*a*
s , Lord, for thy servant heareth 495*a*
s low, if you s love 358*a*
s low to me, my Saviour 43*a*
s more in a minute 365*b*
s no more of his renown 435*a*
s no more, thou turn'st mine eyes 335*a*
s not when the people listens 319*a*
s of me as I am 364*a*
s of the better land 184*b*
Speak (*cont*)
s roughly to yr little boy 82*b*
s softly and carry a big stick 310*a*
s the speech, I pray you 333*b*
s the thing that's true 452*b*
s to Him thou for He hears 427*b*
s unto us smooth things 502*a*
s very well in the Commons 130*a*
s what to-morrow thinks 147*b*
s what you think to-day 147*b*
s when he is spoken to 413*b*
s when you're spoken to 85*b*
s ye comfortably to Jerusalem 502*b*
therof redeth nat to s 88*b*
those that are asleep to s 500*b*
'tis mine to s 403*b*
upon wh it is difficult to s 56*a*
well didst thou s 68*a*
we shal s of thee 90*a*
what I think, I must s 327*a*
what shd we s of 328*b*
when you s , sweet 373*b*
who s the tongue that Shakespeare 467*a*
wd not cease to s 114*a*
you s to him again 48*b*
Speaker no other s of my actions 386*b*
Speakers stay, you imperfect s 346*a*
Speakest wiser than thou art ware 326*a*
Speaking adepts in the s trade 94*b*
for their much s 505*a*
God be in my s 523*a*
in s for myself 360*a*
s in a perpetual hyperbole 14*b*
s things wh they ought not 516*b*
sum of things for ever s 464*b*
thought him still s 275*b*
Speaks he speaks very shrewishly 370*a*
Jesus s , and s to thee 110*a*
never s well of me 104*b*
she s poniards 358*a*
s an infinite deal of nothing 352*b*
s the kindest words 244*a*
s to Me public meeting 448*b*
when he s , the air is still 381*b*
Spear bring me my s 31*a*
ever put s in the rest 257*b*
footing of a s 377*a*
his s , to equal wh the tallest 271*b*
idle s and shield 270*a*
Ithuriel with his s 274*b*
knappeth the s in sunder 484*b*
shield an' shovel-s 229*a*
shivered was Scotland's s 318*b*
snatched the s , but left the shield 318*a*
will like a dividing s 5*b*
Spearmen still made good 318*b*
Spears brought him slain with s 436*b*
sheen of their s 74*a*
s into pruning-hooks 501*a*
stars threw down their s 32*a*
teeth are s and arrows 485*b*
Special he was as s attorney 169*b*
Specialism his s is omniscience 136*a*
Species female of the s 229*a*
not an individual, but a s 151*a*
not the individual, but the s 213*b*
than as one of the s 1*b*
Specimen only s of Burke is, *all* 183*a*
Speckled Vanity 270*b*
Spectacle s of human happiness 404*b*
s of so much glory 255*a*
s unto the world 514*a*
Spectacles s of books to read 142*a*
s , to shoot the hare 192*b*
with s on nose 326*b*
Spectator of mankind 1*b*
Spectators actors or s ? 392*a*
Spectatress of the mischief 313*b*
Spectre dancing s seems the moon 264*a*
my s around me 31*b*
s -thin, and dies 220*a*
Spectre-bark off shot the s 99*a*
Speculation no s in those eyes 349*a*
Speculations throw out my s 201*b*
Speech a stately s 470*b*
better to deal by s 16*a*
Consul's s was low 253*a*
cd wed itself with S 430*a*
eyesight and s they wrought 420*b*
fear my s distorting 36*b*
general ear with horrid s 333*a*

Speech (*cont*)
his ready s flowed 316*b*
his s was coarse 233*b*
I am slow of s 493*b*
in high style, and make a s 11*a*
in the seventh s, an interpreter 520*b*
knavish s 'bleeps 335*a*
let thy s be short 520*b*
makes mouths at our s 421*b*
manner of his s 323*a*
mighty likely s 159*b*
neither s nor language 482*b*
nor utterance, nor power of s 340*a*
on him no s 241*a*
smaller parts-o'-s 75*a*
speak the s, I pray you 333*b*
s be alway with grace 516*a*
s created thought 397*a*
s is a burning fire 420*b*
s is human 81*a*
S is of Time 81*b*
s is shallow as Time 80*a*
S is silvern 81*b*
s only to conceal thoughts 566*a*
s small change of silence 265*a*
spoke the s of the Gaels 92*a*
strange powers of s 100*a*
sweet music of s 113*a*
they thought a malevolent s 214*b*
thy s bewrayeth thee 508*a*
thy s is comely 500*a*
to cast away my s 370*a*
tongue blossom into s 45*b*
true use of s 170*b*
under all s lies a silence 80*a*
upon my parts of s 400*b*
whose s Truth knows not 313*a*
Speeches all the easy s 93*a*
gets his s by it 310*a*
I leave it to men's charitable s 17*a*
Speed better may she s 149*b*
courage, breath, and s 316*a*
deliberate s 441*b*
follow thee with all the s 225*a*
outstrip thy skiey s 396*b*
Oxus, forgetting the bright s 8*a*
safety is in our s 147*b*
shall teach me s 374*a*
s his plough 87*a*
s i' the slushy sand 48*b*
s, Malise, s! 316*b*
Speeds too fast, 'twill tire 344*b*
Spell foreigners always s better 446*b*
s it with a 'V' or a 'W'? 126*b*
went thy s thro' him 312*b*
who lies beneath yr s? 197*a*
Speller Chawcer wuss s I know 451*a*
taste and fancy of the s 126*b*
Spells dealer in magic and s 167*a*
Spence grand old ballad S 100*b*
Spencer renowned S, he 22*a*
Spend good world to s in 38*a*
much money as I cd s 533*a*
so wol we s 89*b*
s that shortness basely 379*a*
to s, to give, to want 409*b*
what we yet may s 153*a*
Spendest whatsoever thou s more 509*a*
Spending riches are for s 15*b*
Spenlow Mr S 122*b*
Spens Sir Patrick S 529*b*
Spenser a little nearer S 22*a*
lodge thee by Chaucer, or S 215*b*
serious poet S 279*a*
sweet S moving 469*b*
thee gentle S fondly led 241*b*
Spent being s, the worse 190*b*
feels himself s 111*a*
s and maimed among 226*a*
that we s, we had 526*a*
time has been properly s 425*a*
Sphere all quit their s 300*b*
arrows of that silver s 398*a*
cheering the elevated s 57*a*
gird the s with centric 275*b*
make up a year and a s 146*b*
s for Shelley's genius 9*a*
their motion in one s 379*a*
they the s 132*b*
world's storm-troubled s 38*b*
Sphere-descended Muse, s maid 103*a*
Spheres abject from the s. 452*a*
driven by the s 448*b*
like the harmonious s 249*b*
maintain the music of the s 42*a*
moving as the restless S 259*a*
propertied as all the tuned s 325*a*
rose to touch the s 44*a*
seems to shake the s 138*b*
shot madly from their s 356*b*
s of action 244*b*
s of influence 526*a*
start from their s 331*a*
you ever-moving s 258*b*
Sphinx Minx, or a S 125*b*
subtle as S 345*a*
Spice, and all that's nice 534*b*
Spiced dish more sharply s 293*b*
Spices s thereof may flow out 500*b*
upon the mountain of s 501*a*
woodbine s 434*a*
Spick and span new 65*a*
Spicy India's s shores 107*b*
s breezes blow soft 184*a*
Spider said a s to a fly 201*a*
smallest s's web 364*b*
s's touch how exquisitely fine 300*b*
Spiders s, flies ants in amber 16*b*
weaving s come not here 356*b*
Spider-web kind of huge s 204*b*
Spied ferlie he s wi' his e'e 528*a*
Spier married, s nae mair 63*a*
Spies if we were God's s 344*a*
they come not single s 335*b*
ye are s, to see the nakedness 493*b*
Spill spare rod s the child 65*b*
Spills guilt s itself in fearing 335*b*
wh s the foremost foeman's 316*b*
Spin neither do they s 505*b*
sit by the fire and s 533*a*
Spindle-guide coupler-flange to s 231*b*
Spinnage world of gammon and s 122*a*
Spinners long-legged s 356*b*
made of long s' legs 364*b*
Spins like a fretful midge 311*b*
Spinsters and the knitters 171*a*
Spire of English grass 178*a*
Spires City with her dreaming s 80
dim-discovered s 103*a*
from all her reeling s 252*b*
mount of marble, a hundred s 426*b*
s of Frederick stand 458*b*
s whose 'silent fingers' 464*b*
the s of form 146*b*
what s, what farms 109*b*
ye distant s, ye antique towns 174*b*
Spiring progress s round 91*b*
Spirit a dedicated s 469*b*
all pains the immortal s 7*b*
a s when her s looked 312*a*
before that s die 415*a*
body did contain a s 370*a*
bold s in a loyal breast 374*b*
bound in the s 512*b*
bring forth the fruits of the S 479*a*
'Brutus' will start a s 337*b*
by the S, in sincerity 65*b*
clear s doth raise 269*b*
come, O Creator S 549*b*
come, Thou Holy S, come 86*b*
culture history of the human s 10*a*
curbing his lavish s 346*a*
delighted s to bathe in floods 352*a*
diversities gifts, but the same S 514*b*
dividing asunder of soul and s 517*a*
dumb s within 406*a*
eviller s than you 406*a*
expense of s 389*a*
extravagant and erring s hies 320*b*
ferment in s 513*b*
fiercest S that fought in Heav'n 272*a*
flesh lusteth against the S 515*b*
follow yr s 382*a*
fruit of the S is love, joy 515*b*
gentler on the s lies 433*a*
genuine s of localism 34*a*
God is a S 510*b*
hail to thee, blithe s! 398*a*
haughty s before a fall 498*a*
healthful S of thy grace 478*b*
her cabin'd ample S. 7*b*
her s 's vestal grace 293*b*
Spirit (*cont*)
he that ruleth his s 498*a*
holding the eternal s 374*a*
holy-day rejoycing s 240*a*
holy s of discipline 520*a*
holy s of man 420*b*
humble, tranquil s 118*b*
I am thy father's s 331*a*
I commend my s 483*b*, 510*a*
if the ill s have so fair 367*b*
immortal s grows 469*a*
informs my s, ne'er can I believe 464*a*
invisible s of wine 361*b*
it is the generous s 465*a*
I was in the s 518*a*
lodging for his S fair 294*b*
Mammon, the least erected S 272*a*
man kin to God by his s 15*a*
meek and quiet s 517*b*
merry, nimble, stirring s 345*a*
motions of his s 355*b*
my s hath rejoiced in God 508*b*
my s is too deeply laden 399*b*
my s like a charmed bark 394*a*
my s pure and clear 438*a*
my s wh so long darkened 395*b*
needs s lack all life behind 51*b*
no more s in her 496*a*
no s can walk aboard 329*b*
nought the s calms as rum 70*b*
one fair s for my minister 69*b*
pard-like s 392*a*
pardon the s of liberty 55*b*
pour out my s upon all flesh 504*a*
pure s shall flow 392*b*
put a s of youth 388*b*
quite o'ercrows my s 337*a*
rarer s never did steer 324*b*
renew a right s within me 485*a*
rest, perturbed s 331*b*
retentive to the strength of s 338*a*
rural sounds, exhilarate the s 111*b*
sacrifice of God is a troubled s 485*a*
scorned his s 338*a*
shy s in my heart 472*b*
sing it with a s 471*a*
slumber did my s seal 463*a*
speaks to my s of *thee* 74*a*
S and the bride say, Come 520*b*
s, antithetically mixt 68*b*
s bloweth and is still 7*a*
S fierce, My s! 396*b*
s giveth life 515*a*
S, I love thee 398*b*
s indeed is willing 508*a*
s in my feet 394*b*
s in the woods 468*a*
S of adoption 513*b*
S of Beauty, that dost consecrate 394*b*
S of Delight! 398*b*
s of divinest Liberty 101*a*
s of fear 516*b*
S of God moved upon the waters 492*a*
s of health or goblin 331*a*
s of my dream 72*a*
S of Night! 399*a*
s of self-sacrifice 464*a*
s of sense hard as the palm 368*b*
s of the chainless mind! 69*b*
s of the Lord bloweth upon it 502*b*
s of the Lord is upon me 503*a*
s of the Lord shall rest upon him 501*b*
S of the Universe! 465*b*
s of the worm beneath the sod 393*b*
s of truth, unity, and concord 480*b*
s passed before my face 497*a*
s shall return unto God 500*a*
s so still and quiet 360*a*
s that ever took flesh 147*b*
s that is in Antony 337*b*
s that knows no insulated spot 464*b*
s that on this life's sea 87*a*
s that quickeneth 511*a*
S that strove for truth 399*a*
S, wh art moving everywhere 396*a*
s within me constraineth me 497*a*
S. without spot (Sidney) 392*b*
S with S can meet 427*b*
s, yet a woman too! 470*b*
stablish me with thy free s 485*a*

Spirit (*cont*)
stab my s broad awake 415*a*
stirs her s up 407*a*
strengthened with might by his S 515*b*
strength of thy s 422*b*
strike with our s 's knife 302*b*
sweet S comfort me! 190*b*
take not thy holy s from me 483*a*
the anointing S art 491*a*
th' enlightened s sees 448*a*
there's a wicked s 3*a*
they that are after the S 513*b*
things of the S 513*b*
this gray s yearning 438*b*
tho' at times her s sank 432*b*
thy s walks abroad 341*b*
to break a man's s 390*a*
to the s ditties of no tone 219*b*
unsphere the s of Plato 268*a*
voice did on my s fall 96*b*
voice my s can cheer 245*b*
with a joyful s I die 437*b*
with too much s to be at case 302*a*
worser s a woman 389*b*
wounded s who can bear? 498*b*
yea, saith the S 519*b*
yet a s still 470*b*
young s ! rest thee now! 184*b*
Spiriting do my s gently 367*a*
Spiritless degraded, s outcast! 78*b*
Spirit-like, eludes embrace 293*b*
Spirits actors were all s 367*b*
all s are enslaved 397*a*
angel s of sleep 35*b*
beauteous s do ingirt 78*b*
black s and white 265*b*, 349*b*
by our own s are we deified 470*a*
choice and master s 339*b*
come, you s that tend 346*b*
drooping s can raise 107*a*
flat unraised s 381*a*
glorious s shine! 453*b*
Heaven with S masculine 276*b*
her wanton s look out 369*a*
inland petty s muster me 380*b*
isolate pure s 44*a*
jump with common s 353*b*
maketh his angels s 488*a*
no revenue but thy good s 314*a*
other s there are 221*a*
our s rushed together 432*a*
pluck up thy s , man 283*a*
ruffle up yr s 340*b*
rule our s from their urns 73*a*
seven other s more wicked 506*b*
she looked the s up and down 231*b*
s are not finely touched 351*a*
s can either sex assume 271*b*
s from the vasty deep 378*a*
s of just men made perfect 517*a*
s of those who were homing 180*a*
s passing thro' the streets 396*a*
s that know all consequences 350*b*
stories from the land of s 101*a*
then s are in Heaven! 472*b*
unhappy s that fell 258*b*
weak ships and s steer 422*a*
we have the evil s too 406*a*
wh like two s do sugrest me 389*b*
wonders at our quaint s 356*b*
Spiritual Germany was my s home 571*b*
s is stronger than material 148*b*
Spirituality about the face 135*b*
Spit my friend may s 187*b*
s on all things fair 87*b*
s upon him, whilst I say he lies 375*b*
Spite I do to s the world 348*b*
it were only to s them 170*a*
slander and the s 431*a*
Splash! splash! along the sea 310*a*
Splashing and paddling 43*b*
Spleen excite yr languid s 165*b*
in a s , unfolds both heaven 356*a*
so much Mirth and S 2*a*
Spleeny Lutheran 385*b*
Splendid a S Shilling 296*b*
load of s care 283*a*
s and a happy land 168*b*
s isolation 172*a*
s with swords 421*a*
Splendid (*cont*)
sundown s and serene 185*a*
Splendour faded s wan 274*b*
guilty s 112*a*
its s , soon or late, will pierce 49*b*
more-than-oriental-s 237*a*
not in lone s 220*b*
over the s and speed 420*a*
pavilioned in s 172*b*
silvery s pant with bliss 218*b*
s among shadows 309*a*
s falls on castle walls 430*a*
s in the grass 466*b*
s of its prime 394*a*
stung by the s 46*a*
sun in his first s 472*b*
we are children of s 452*a*
Splendours, and Glooms 392*a*
Splendrive tho' I am not s 336*b*
Spliced in the humdrum way 38*b*
Split Gawd won't s on a pal 237*b*
ice did s 98*b*
s her in twain 437*b*
to make all s 356*a*
tongue shall be s 533*a*
Split'st the unwedgeable 351*b*
Spohr and Beethoven 164*b*
Spoil come and s the fun 84*a*
company, hath been the s of me 378*b*
household divided the s 486*a*
sign'd in thy s 339*b*
when they divide the s 501*b*
Spoiled the Egyptians 494*a*
Spoilers hands of the s 494*b*
s of the symmetry 239*a*
Spoils s that his own hand spread 421*b*
s the rod 196*a*
s the singing of the nightingale 217*b*
s were fairly sold 253*a*
stratagems and s 355*b*
Spoke all that's s is marred 364*a*
checked him while he s 241*a*
deny what I have s 365*a*
he s , and loos'd our hearts 6*b*
proud word you never s 241*b*
put a s among yr wheels 23*a*
she s , and panted 323*a*
s in her cheeks 133*b*
s what she shd not 350*a*
while he pleading s 443*a*
Spoken glorious things of thee are s 289*a*
Lord hath not s by me 496*b*
not have s on't 323*b*
speik when you're s to 85*b*
that never have s yet 93*a*
Sponge married to a s 353*a*
Spongy April 367*b*
Sponsors mountains are our s 241*b*
Spoon dish ran after the s 534*a*
runcible s 243*b*
worth a silver s 522*a*
Spoons let us count our s 207*b*
we counted our s 147*a*
we guard our s 254*a*
with my silver s 295*a*
world locks up its s 390*b*
Sport all the s is stale 226*a*
animals never kill for s 157*b*
Cæsar bleed in s 339*b*
detested s 112*a*
she is s for Jove 361*a*
s for our neighbours 11*b*
S that wrinkled Care derides 268*b*
s , to the wild ocean 372*b*
s with Amaryllis in the shade 269*b*
to s wd be as tedious 376*b*
'unting is the s of kings 416*b*
Sported on the green 406*a*
Sporting mates were idly s 36*b*
Sports Christmas brought his s 318*a*
excel in athletic s 129*b*
joy of youthful s 69*b*
play her cruel s 409*a*
s of love 216*a*
Sportsman wot doesn't kick his wife 416*b*
Sporus let S tremble 303*a*
Spot angry s doth glow 338*a*
for each one s shall prove 235*a*
out, damned s ! out, I say! 350*a*
reach the S where I made one 154*a*
s that's always barred 164*b*
Spot (*cont*)
stir of this dim s 266*b*
there is no s in thee 500*b*
tip me the black s 413*a*
with a s I damn him 340*b*
Spots gold coats s you see 356*b*
leopard has s 503*b*
s and clouds in the sun 64*a*
s in yr feasts of charity 518*a*
s quadrangular 112*b*
Spousal bird of night sung s 275*b*
Spouse dear Christ, thy s 133*a*
John Gilpin's s said 108*a*
my sister, my s 500*b*
S and Brother 441*a*
s of the worm 77*b*
Sprat Jack S 534*a*
Sprawled thro' the ooze 404*a*
Spray champ chafe toss in the s 5*b*
cowrin' on the s 424*b*
never a s of yew 7*b*
snake slipt under a s 435*b*
s the bird clung to 488*b*
thin on yon bloomy s 278*a*
twirling a withered s 8*a*
Spread butter's s too thick 84*b*
masters, s yourselves 356*a*
money not good except s 15*a*
Spreading s chestnut-tree 249*a*
s of the hideous town 284*a*
Sprig of bays in fifty years 410*b*
Sprightly first s running 139*b*
Sprig-muslin drest 180*a*
Spring and ed s to her 420*a*
apparelled like the s 364*a*
a s of light 97*b*
been absent in the s 388*b*
blossom the s begins 420*b*
blue sky of s 4*a*
can S be far behind? 396*b*
chilly finger'd s 217*b*
clear s , or shady grove 273*a*
come, gentle S ! 443*b*
cuckoo, messenger of S 408*a*
drunk deep of the Pierian s 137*a*
ever-returning s 488*b*
falsehood has a perennial s 55*a*
farewell! thou latter s ! 376*b*
flowers that bloom in the s , tra la 165*a*
floures ginnen for to s 89*b*
found in the s to follow 422*b*
fresh s , and summer 395*a*
fresh s the herald of love's 408*a*
gay s leaping cometh 35*b*
has no second s 296*b*
haunted s and dale 270*b*
have as short a S 189*a*
heart be full of the s 422*b*
hounds of s 420*a*
how this s of love resembleth 372*b*
image of thine eyes in any s 312*a*
in the Fire of S 152*b*
in the S a young man's fancy 432*a*
I thought 'twas the s 67*b*
lap of the new come s 376*a*
lead the Surrey s again 212*b*
linnet courting his lady in the s 36*b*
lived light in the s 5*b*
made a lasting s 385*b*
meadow-gale of s 99*b*
melted into s 39*a*
middle summer's s 356*b*
murmurs of the S 307*b*
nae second s 525*b*
nightingale all s thro' 422*b*
no S , nor Summer beauty 132*a*
now S restores the balmy days 539*a*
O, Baby S 203*b*
one master-s controll'd them all 112*a*
our Sister the S 27*a*
pilgrim steps of s 384*a*
rifle all the breathing S 102*b*
sister of the s shall blow 396*a*
smiling face a dream of S ! 102*a*
S a livelier iris changes 432*a*
s and foison of the year 387*b*
S comes slowly up this way 100*a*
s , full of sweet days and roses 187*b*
s goeth all in white 37*b*
S in rarest visitation 397*a*
s is come home 441*b*

Spring (*cont*)
s of love gushed 99a
s shut up, a fountain sealed 500b
s, the sweet s 286a
S, time's Harbinger 23b
sweet lovers love the s. 327b
taste not the Pierian s 300a
that S shd vanish 154a
thought 'twas the s it was she 67b
thou wilt s to me 428a
thy lover the s 422b
waters of the crisped s 119a
white foam of the S 452a
winter, commonly called the s 113a
Winter was changed to S 397b
year's at the s 50a
you do bring in the S 190b
Springe woodcock to mine own s 337a
Springen cokkel 89a
Springes to catch woodcocks 331a
Springs all my fresh s 487a
fifty s are little room 198b
four wanton s 374b
mirth that has no bitter s 228a
O faintly, gentle s 214b
red strays of ruined s 422a
s into the rivers 488a
s of the sea 497b
s o' that countrie 528a
s renewed by flowing 78a
streams o'erflow yr s 260b
three beauteous s to autumn 388b
water at those s 328b
where s not fail 197b
Springtide her old s 206a
Spring-time pretty ringtime 327b
Sprinkles another's laughing face 241a
Sprinkling wd I be s it 238b
Sprite an angelic s 133a
his clear S yet reigns 391b
picture that orchard s 192a
Sprites one of s and goblins 373a
sweet s, the burden bear 367a
Sprouting despondently 145a
Sprush cock it fu' s 193b
Spue thee out of my mouth 518b
Spun my last thread 132a
Spur danger s of all great minds 87b
fame is the s 269b
I have no s to prick 347a
Spurgeon haberdasher to Mr S 67a
Spurn not the nobly born 163b
Spurned me such a day 353a
Spurred Doeg s boldly on 138b
Spurs boy win his s 143b
s the lated traveller 349a
s too fast betimes 374b
Spurt of a lighted match 48b
Spy all will s in thy face 132b
to s out the land 494a
Squad let the awkward s 63b
Squadron 'arf a s swimmin' 229a
Squamous, omnipotent, and kind 39b
Square broke a British s 229a
circles can never make a s 171a
given a s deal 310a
grows a glimmering s 436a
I have not kept the s 323b
meet you on the s 239a
s, and above the board 178a
s with Genesis again 45a
Squares about the flowering s 431a
Squash s is before 'tis a peascod 370a
this s, this gentleman 373a
Squat like a toad 274b
Squeak naturally as pigs s 64b
s and gibber 329b
Squeaking of the wry-necked fife 353b
[Squeers] had but one eye 124b
Squeeze a right-hand foot 85b
Squeezing with you in the s of a lemon 171a
Squinch-owl say ter der s 181b
Squire s and his relations 121b
s seemed struck in the saddle 93a
Squires gallant s of Kent 252b
last sad s 93a
nine and twenty s of name 316b
Squirrel joiner s 364b
mountain and the s 146b
Stab my spirit broad awake 415a
Stability a party of s 266a
Stable commonwealth is fixed and s 56a
courtly s 270b
dunghill hard by his own s 100b
nothing s in the world 222a
son of a livery s keeper 474b
s for his steed 305a
s-place sufficed 311a
Stables are the real centre 390a
Stablish s, continue our march 7b
s me according to thy word 489b
s me with thy free spirit 485a
Stacher through to meet their Dad 59b
Stack, or the barn door 268b
Stacks all ready in s 167a
Staff every rod or s of empire 17a
rod and thy s comfort me 483a
s of this bruised reed 496b
stay and the s 501a
yr s in yr hand 494a
Stafford Lord S mines 178a
Stag a runnable s 117b
s at eve 316a
Stage agree on the s 490a
all the world's a s 326b
daily s of duty 224b
dies for love, but on the s 141a
drown the s with tears 333a
first reared the S 213b
green plot shall be our s 357a
he flits across the s 129b
hour upon the s 350b
little man there upon the s 151b
Muse first trod the s 298b
old woe step on the s again 51a
on the s he was natural 169b
played upon a s now 371b
shake a s 216a
speak in public on the s 149b
s but echoes back 213b
s so gloomed with woe 435b
s where every man must play 352b
the s's jewel 215a
this great s of fools 343b
unperfect actor on the s 387a
well-trod s anon 269a
we've still our s 44b
wonder of our s! 215b
Stage-coach follies faster than a s 170b
Stagers heard old cunning s 65b
Stages his s may have been 390b
Stagger like a drunken man 488b
Stagirite staggered that stout S 240b
Stagnated seem well-nigh s 311b
Stagyrites planets, filled with S 282b
Stain felt a s like a wound 57a
offered free from s 252b
saw, with many a s 114a
s in thine honour 521a
suns of the world may s 387b
without fault or s on thee 37a
world's slow s 392b
Stained the water clear 32b
Stains s and splendid dyes 221b
such s there are 241a
Stair build a gorgeous s 202b
going up another's s 567a
led her up the s 230a
rising by a winding s 14b
Staircase wit 562b
Stairs up s, down s 534b
Stake deep s they have 56a
have tied me to a s 351a
head upon a s 280b
I am tied to the s 343a
s in the country 573b
still hae a s 50a
thumbscrew and the s 437b
we are at the s 340b
Stale how weary, s, flat 330a
poor I am s 328b
Stalk half asleep as they s 170b
He hangeth on a s 475a
Stalked off reluctant 29a
Stalking-horse folly like a s 328a
Stalky yr Uncle S 237b
Stamford bullocks at S fair 380b
by S town 432b
Stamp Christ's s to boot 186b
penny-postage-s 85b
s of his lowly origin 117b
Stamper of the Skies 475a
Stamping Queen went s about 83a
Stand at the casement seen her s 431b
cannot always s upright 479b
cd s on any ground 137a
do I s and stare? 48b
farewell, and s fast 377a
glorious Angels always s 286a
having done all, to s 516a
his fav'rite s between 113a
how does she s? 525b
how, if a' will not s 358b
incessantly s on yr head 82b
in this we s or fall 275a
I s alone, and think 221a
little child I s 190b
nowhere to s but on 225a
now who will s on either hand 253a
one firm spot on wh to s 559a
on what he intended to s 129a
risen and s upright 482b
she seemed to s 316a
souls s up erect 44a
s a man a cheese 93b
s close around 241a
s. not upon the order 349a
s still, true poet 50a
s still, you ever-moving spheres 258b
s to in a month 365b
s up for Jesus 142b
s up now, Tomlinson 235a
s upon my kingdom 375a
strengthen such as do s 479a
time to s and stare 118a
we s to bless Thee 145b
why s ye here all the day idle? 507b
will s a-tiptoe when this day 383a
Standard yr glorious s launch 77b
Standest meekly by 289b
Standeth she s by thy side 531b
that thinketh he s 514b
Standfast Mr S 54b
Standing keep you s at that door 311a
s for some false shore 8b
s is slippery 14b
Stands s Scotland where it did? 350a
sturdy and staunch he s 151a
what s if Freedom fall? 229a
Stanhope's pencil writ 477b
Stanley approbation from Sir Hubert S 284b
here S meets, how S scorns 252a
on, S, on! 318b
[S] Rupert of discussion 128a
Stanza who pens a s 303a
Staple of his argument 304b, 345a
Star a bright particular s 322a
against the morning s 394a
an incredible s 92b
bid haste the evening s 275b
bright and morning s 520b
bright morning s 270a
bright *Occidental S* 402a
bright s, wd I were stedfast 220b
came forth to rebehold each s 566b
catch a falling s 134a
constant as the northern s 339a
curb a runaway young s 74b
day-s arise in yr hearts 518a
desire of the moth for the s 399b
dim soul of a s 423b
evening s, love's harbinger 276b
every wandering s 206a
eve's one s 218a
fair as a s, when only one 470b
first s shivers 154b
flowed right for the Polar S 8a
found the new Messiah by the s. 140b
glittering like the morning s 57a
grapples with his evil s 430b
great s early drooped 458b
hitch yr wagon to a s 148b
infect to the north s 358a
inquisition of each s 443a
knock at a s 189b
light of the morning s 31a
lights the evening s 76a
like a sinking s 438b
lit by one large s 263b
loftiest s of unascended heaven 397b
moist s under whose influence 329b

ENGLISH INDEX

Star (*cont*)
Moon, with one bright s 99*a*
morning s of song 426*b*
named a s 50*a*
never s was lost here 52*b*
O eastern s ! 325*b*
one s differeth from another s 515*a*
our life's S 466*a*
particular beauteous s 218*b*
ran against a shooting s 407*a*
reflex of a s 466*a*
running stream, O morning s 476*a*
seen his s in the east 504*b*
some fostering s 452*a*
splendid, a s ! 52*b*
S for every State 462*a*
s-inwrought! 399*a*
s is called Wormwood 519*a*
s-like sparkle in their skies 190*a*
s nor sun shall waken 422*a*
s of my fate hath declined 74*a*
s of peace return 78*a*
s or two beside 99*a*
s, that once had shone 154*b*
s to every wandering bark 389*a*
s to guide the humble 256*b*
s to steer her by 262*a*
s, with lessening ray 6 *b*
s-y-pointing pyramid 278*a*
sunset and evening s 426*a*
take away that s and garter 12*a*
takes the s 's height 423*b*
their s is a world 49*a*
there was a s danced 358*a*
thy soul was like a s 467*b*
to the charge of a s ! 342*a*
troubling of a s 442*b*
twinkle, twinkle, little s 425*a*
unfolding s calls up shepherd 352*a*
vague unpunctual s 30*b*
youngest-teemed s 270*b*
zenith like a falling s 272*a*
Star-captains glow 154*b*
Star-Chamber matter of it 355*b*
Stare made Quintilian s 278*b*
on the ground I see thee s 89*a*
stony British s 433*b*
time to stand and s 118*a*
Stared I s into the sky 192*b*
s, with his foot on the prey 435*b*
Staring and looking upon me 483*a*
Stark Molly S 's a widow 410*a*
Star-led wizards 270*a*
Starlight by the s, naming 47*a*
River floated into the frosty s 8*a*
s and by candlelight 445*b*
there was nae s 528*a*
Star-like from s eyes doth seek 79*a*
Starry this s stranger 114*b*
where are those s woods? 37*a*
Stars all the s looked down 92*a*
amid a crowd of s 476*b*
and calculate the s 275*b*
and one the s 242*a*
and she forgot the s 218*b*
ask of the s in motion 442*a*
asks of God, but of her s 302*a*
as s look on the sea 252*a*
baths of all the western s 439*a*
beauty of a thousand s 258*b*
between me and the s 469*a*
blesses his s thinks it luxury 1*b*
blue sky belongs to [s] 99*a*
bright, patient s 218*b*
by the earnest s 218*a*
certain s shot madly 356*b*
close up the s 267*a*
continuous as the s 467*a*
crowned with the s 445*a*
crown of twelve s 510*a*
cut him out in little s 366*a*
Danaë to the s 436*b*
doubt thou the s are fire 332*a*
eyes were blind with s 192*b*
falling s are shooting 73*a*
far beyond the s 448*a*
fault is not in our s 337*b*
fleet of s is anchored 154*b*
for mounting to the s 566*b*
glows in the s 301*a*
he made the s also 492*a*

Stars (*cont*)
in his right hand seven s 518*b*
in the shining of the s 429*a*
kinship with the s 263*b*
look at the s ! 197*b*
morning s sang together 497*b*
moves the sun and the other s 567*a*
new-bathed s 8*a*
night with her train of s 185*a*
opposition of the s 260*b*
peaks but to the s are known 6*b*
praise Him, all ye s and light 224*a*
preserve the s from wrong 464*a*
risen s and the fallen 420*a*
sentinel s set their watch 77*b*
shalt thou scale the s 556*b*
shine aloft like s 464*b*
silent s go by 40*a*
some of us are looking at the s 573*a*
s and sunbeams know 7*b*
s and the winds are unto her 420*a*
S are setting and the Caravan 153*b*
s be blown about the sky 476*a*
S before him from the Field 152*a*
s began to blink 468*b*
s came out far over 437*b*
s come out, and the night-wind 6*a*
s hide their diminished heads 273*b*
s in her hair were seven 311*b*
s in their calm 5*b*
s in their courses 494*b*
s in their stations set 206*a*
s move still, time runs 258*b*
s of heaven fell 518*b*
s of midnight shall be dear 471*b*
s of the summer night 248*b*
s of twilight fair 470*b*
s on Campden Hill 92*b*
s peep behind her 393*a*
s rush out 99*a*
s' tennis-balls 454*b*
s that have a different birth 396*a*
s, that in earth's firmament 247*a*
s that round her burn 2*a*
s the glory of His eyes 297*b*
s threw down their spears 32*a*
s to set 185*a*
s, wh thou hast ordained 482*a*
s without a name 220*b*
Stone that puts the S 152*a*
streams full of s 118*a*
strives to touch the s 409*b*
sun, moon, and s, brother 34*a*
Syrian s look down 7*a*
telleth the number of the s 490*b*
the s came otherwise 45*b*
two s keep not their motion 379*a*
under the passing s 475*b*
wandering s, to whom is reserved 518*a*
when s are in the quiet skies 252*a*
with her splendid s 155*a*
with s to see 414*a*
ye quenchless s ! 280*a*
yoke of inauspicious s 366*b*
Star-scattered Guests S 154*a*
Star-shine at night 414*a*
Star-showers dissolved in s 399*a*
Star-spangled banner 224*b*
Start cannot once s me 350*b*
s it at home 110*b*
s not so wildly 334*b*
s of the majestic world 337*b*
straining upon the s 382*a*
will s from her slumber 6*a*
wd s and tremble 434*a*
Started she s one day 527*a*
s like a guilty thing 320*b*
Starting aside like a broken bow 487*a*
Startle s or amaze it with itself 222*a*
these thoughts may s 267*a*
wh makes thee s at me 62*a*
Startles at destruction 1*b*
Starts up he s discovered 274*b*
Starve hinders our coming you'll s 227*b*
let not poor Nelly s 87*b*
s at door 187*b*
swear, fool, or s 142*b*
that s with nothing 352*b*
to s abroad 140*b*
Starved saw their s lips 219*a*
s, feasted, despaired 53*a*

State all were for the s 253*a*
Argyll, the s 's whole thunder 303*b*
Atlas of the s 110*b*
bewceep my outcast s 387*a*
burden on the reeling s 108*a*
confession of his true s 333*a*
done the s some service 364*a*
eruption to our s 320*b*
falling, with s falling S 298*b*
first duty of a S 314*b*
founding a firm s 266*b*
free church in a free s 567*a*
from thy s mine never parted 276*b*
gambler by the s licensed 29*b*
glories of our blood and s 401*a*
grant me, Heaven, a middle s 257*a*
great men landmarks in the s 55*a*
health of the whole s 330*b*
healthy s of political life 266*a*
his s empties itself 355*b*
I am the S 563*b*
in a s of wild alarm 164*b*
in that s I came, return 448*a*
in the youth of a s 16*b*
labours of a servile s. 72*a*
last s of that man 506*b*
mock the air with idle s 173*b*
my single s of man 346*b*
my s depose 376*a*
my s, like to the lark 387*b*
no assistant for a s 332*a*
nothing doth more hurt in a s 5*b*
obscure sequestered s 51*b*
O Ship of S ! 246*b*
our s cannot be sever'd 276*b*
palmy s of Rome 329*b*
predicts the ruin of the S 29*a*
quit thy s 186*b*
rush into the s 354*b*
scoffing his s 375*b*
seek no happier s 274*b*
S for every Star 462*a*
s in wonted manner keep 214*b*
S 's mellow forms prefer 175*b*
S 's pattern man 288*b*
S wh dwarfs its men 266*a*
s without means of change 56*b*
Sun begins his s 268*b*
the s of man 338*b*
this is the s of man 385*b*
thy s is the more gracious 337*a*
to ruin or to rule the s 138*a*
traduced the s 364*a*
whole s of Christ's Church 480*b*
with the storms of s 386*a*
world of pomp and s 22*b*
yet my s is well 370*a*
Stately grow great and s 414*a*
rather tall and s 528*b*
she is tall and s 433*b*
s homes of England 184*b*
Statements was interesting 446*b*
States indestructible s 88*a*
in s unborn 339*b*
many goodly s 220*b*
no more slave S. 88*a*
small s, Israel, Athens 203*a*
s can be saved without it! 252*a*
s, like men, have their growth 242*a*
Union of these S 458*b*
Statesman chemist, fiddler, s 138*b*
one s of the present day 184*b*
s if ridden in omnibuses 184*b*
s, yet friend to truth! 302*b*
too nice for a s 169*b*
Statesmen s at her council 437*a*
S betray their friends 160*a*
Station give me a private s 160*b*
Stations know our proper s 121*b*
Statistical Christ 291*a*
Statua base of Pompey's s 340*a*
Statue hang him up and erect a s. 404*b*
lips met with under the s 421*b*
s stood of Newton 469*b*
Statues sepulchral s lay 132*b*
s on the terraces 229*b*
towers and tombs and s 154*b*
Stature add one cubit unto his s 505*b*
of a tall s 261*a*
s of my soul 264*a*
to s of the gods 263*b*

Status quo restored the s 26b
Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel 246b
Stave Death will listen to yr s 394b
Staves comest to me with s 495b
Stay but none can s 205a
but we wish 'em to s 158b
can't you s ? 447b
I still will s with thee 366b
neither have the hearts to s 66a
no longer s with you 527a
not making a s 189b
O! s and hear 370b
'O s ,' the maiden said 247a
O s ,' thou goodly youth 531b
sl ort time to s as you 180a
s a little end the sooner 15b
s , and run again, and s 261a
s for me there 225a
s me with flagons 500a
s rather on earth 44a
s , s at home, my heart 248b
s , s , the king hath thrown 374b
s , s , until the hasting day 189a
s the morning star 101a
s then! Thou art so fair! 568a
s yet here awhile 188b
s , you imperfect speakers 346a
whole s of bread 501a
without thee here to s 276b
with thee to go, is to s here 276b
Stay-at-Home sweet S 118a
Stayed s in mid passage 423a
while he s with us 423a
Stays man that wears the s 433b
Steadfastness and careful truth 228a
Steadily saw life s 6a
Steady slow and s wins 246a
s , boys, s 158b
s of heart, and stout of hand 317a
s the Buffs 237b
Steal cunningly did s away 187b
maiden herself will s 281b
silently s away 247a
s across the sky 20a
s a goose from off a common 527b
's !' foh! 355b
s from all I may be 69b
s from his figure 388b
s my thunder 120a
s out of yr company 359a
s us from ourselves 139b
then s away, give little warning 19a
thou shalt not s 480a
to s away yr hearts 340a
Stealing hanged for s horses 178a
picking and s 481a
piracies crime of s 447a
s and giving odour 369b
Steals s on the e ir 200a
s yr whole estate 159b
Stealth do a good action by s 240a
do good by s 303b
lusty s of nature 341b
Steam exceptin' always S 231b
forget the snorting s 284a
s of rich distill'd perfumes 267b
s spoils romance 232a
Steam-engine s back to the tea-kettle 128a
Webster s in trousers 404b
Steamers all you Big S 227b
coffee on board s 439b
s , white and gold 230b
Stedfast as thou art 220b
Steed Austr was the fleetest s 253b
farewell the neighing s 362a
he purchased a s 243a
his s was the best 318a
mounts the warrior's s 317a
on her milk-white s 528a
on my pacing s 218b
sell my goodly s 531b
sold, my Arab s 289b
soon I'll mount my s 172b
stable for his s 305a
s in the Kelpie's Flow 319a
s , that knows his rider 68a
s threatens s 382b
s to battle driven 77a
Steeds brought them their s 316b
fiery-footed s 366a
Steeds (*cont*)
his s to water 328b
hurled abroad by reinless s 312b
s were white as snow 254a
they'll have fleet s 318a
Steel again in complete s 331a
armed with compleat s 25b, 259b
clad in complete s 267b
cold s , boys! 4b
foeman bares his s 166b
foemen worthy of their s 316b
girdle me with s 258a
hit shrewd s 375a
locked up in s 384a
long divorce of s 385b
nor s , nor poison 348b
pinion wh impelled the s 72a
rattle of new-drawn s 228b
shot and s , and scorching flame 12a
s my soldiers' hearts 383a
s -true and blade-straight 414b
the hurricane of s 12a
with his brandished s 340a
with hoops of s 330b
Steep Ismenian s 277b
monstrous s of Montmorenci 220b
more beautifully s 472b
no towers along the s 78a
s place into the sea 506a
Sunium's marbled s 71a
wild and stormy s 76b
Stepped me in poverty 362b
Steeple church and no s ! 420a
on it put a s 27b
shadow of the s 96a
Steeples drenched our s 342b
in s far and near 199a
still the s hum 199a
talk about the pews and s 91b
Steer converse, happily to s 301b
s too nigh the sands 138a
verse can gently s 141a
with which s their courses 62a
Steered helmsman s us through 98b
Steersmen grow good s 264b
Stella you S 's feet may kiss 402a
Stellenbosch fear o' S 234b
Stem moulded on one s 357a
s of Jesse 501b
Stenches two and seventy s 100a
Step by him one s below 368b
first s wh counts 562b
if a s shd sound 421b
mind the music and the s 18b
my s in bliss 36b
one s enough for me 288b
s softly, under snow 93b
with s so active 241a
Stephen Feast of S 286b
S Sly 366b
Stepped in so far 349b
Stepping where his comrade stood 318b
Stepping-stones rise on s 429b
Steps Age, with stealing s 448b
ask the number of the s 205b
by backward s wd move 448a
by due s aspire 266b
countest the s of the Sun 32a
fearful s pursuing hopes 394b
hear not my s 347b
invites my s , and points 299a
last s I climb 395a
master's s he trod 286b
pilgrim s of spring 36a
s almost as silent 469a
s of virgin liberty 470b
s solemn, mournful and slow 450a
support uneasy s 271b
the s were higher 141b
thy s retrace 166a
to these dark s 277b
very s have left a trace 69b
wandering s and slow 277a
with how sad s 401b
Stept she s to him, as red 531b
Sterility into her womb convey s 342a
Sterling if my word be s 376a
Stern anchors out of the s 513a
Mull was a-s 414b
s and unbending Tories 254b
s to view 168b
Stern-faced men set out from Lynn 196a
Sternhold hail S , then 111b
Steward unjust s 509b
Stewards s of their excellence 388b
s of the mysteries 514a
Stewer Jan S 531b
Stick carry a big s 310a
he fell like the s 291b
kind of burr, I shall s 352a
s and a string 214a
s close to yr desks 166a
Sticking-place courage to the s 347b
'Stickit minister' 319b
Sticks brittle s of thorn 190b
five, six, pick up s 532a
Stiff he was very proud and s 85a
s in opinions 138b
s upper lip 86a
Stiff-necked people 494a
Stiffness in refusing 478a
Stifling it wd be an evil 266a
Stiggins Mr S 126b
Stile against a crooked s 532a
merrily hent the s -a 373a
sitting on the s , Mary 28b
Stiles lame dogs over s 226a
Still as patient and as s 402a
as s as mouse 155a
be s and be content 531b
be s , be s , my soul 199b
be s then, and know 484b
but s moves delight 78a
Caesar, now be s 341b
calm and s 444b
he came all so s 524b
he won't sit s 193a
how s we see thee lie 40a
in yr own chamber, and be s 481b
methinks s doth stand 388b
move s , s so 373b
ship was as s as she cd be 406b
sit s for once at table 193a
s as, while Saturn whirls 435b
strength is to sit s 502a
thou smilest and art s 7b
Stilleth the raging of the sea 486a
Stillicide caves s s 179b
S a crime 413b
Stillness a horrid s 139b
air a solemn s holds 174a
modest s and humility 382a
soft s and the night 355a
s of the central sea 431a
Still-vext Bermoothes 367a
Sting death, where is thy s ? 515a
each s that bids 50b
it is a prick, it is a s 295b
thy s is not so sharp 326b
where is death's s ? 251b
Stings armed in their s 381b
nasty long s 20a
s you fog yr pains 191b
wanton s and motions 351a
were s in their tails 519a
Stink stand by the fire and s 342a
Stinks and several s 100a
s and stings 303a
Stinte of singing 89a
Stinted be s in pleasure 461a
pretty fool, it s 364b
Stinteth first when she singe 90a
Stir above the smoke and s 266b
let me not s you 340a
never s made the listeners 119b
none of yr people s me 357a
no s in the air 406b
no s of air was there 218a
s it and stump it 166b
s up, we beseech thee, O Lord 479b
things that make the greatest s 156a
Stirred in the forest something s 402a
we have not s 50b
Stirring s thrills the air 179b
s times we live in 180b
Stirrup his foot upon the s 119b
I sprang to the s 47b
s and the ground 76a, 522b
Stirs about her, when she stirs 475a
Stitch! stitch! stitch! 196a
Stitching our s and unstitching 474a
Stock his mind into the common s 167b

Stock (*cont*)
how his s goes on 100*b*
how his s went on 406*b*
Stock-dove I heard a S 468*a*
Stocking a s all the day! 168*a*
kneeling ne'er spoiled silk s 186*b*
Stockings black worsted s 255*b*
come to her in yellow s 371*b*
commended thy yellow s 371*b*
he stood in his s 19*b*
silk s and white bosoms 206*b*
the s were hung 280*b*
Stockish nought so s, hard 355*a*
Stock-jobbers ears of s and Jews 111*a*
Stocks ascribe unto stones and s 520*a*
s in fragrant blow 8*b*
they hurt in the s 488*b*
worshipped s and stones 278*b*
Stoic every S was a S 147*b*
S fur 267*b*
weakness for the s 's pride 301*a*
Stoicism Romans call it s 1*b*
Stoics after the manner of the S 14*a*
Stole from a better man I s 414*b*
mice, s in and out 416*a*
reason so persuasive s 443*a*
s a pig, and away he run 532*b*
they knew 'e s 236*b*
wonder where you s 'em 419*b*
Stolen better, had I s the whole 414*b*
s his wits away 119*a*
s my soul away 446*a*
s waters are sweet 498*a*
s sweets are best 95*b*
Stoles nice white s 19*a*
Stomach army marches on its s 575*a*
healthy s conservative 66*b*
my great revenge had s 363*b*
my s is not good 415*a*
no s to this fight 383*a*
of an unbounded s 386*a*
proud look and high s 488*a*
s of a king 145*a*
wine for thy s 's sake 516*b*
Stomach-aches tuned like fifty s 121*b*
Stomacher her s was gold 231*b*
with the red s 132*b*
Stone angel took up a s 519*b*
are themselves as s 388*b*
as a huge s is 470*a*
as cold as any s 382*a*
at his heels a s 335*b*
be s no more 373*b*
bows down to wood and s 184*a*
dig and heap, lay s on s 7*a*
fling but a s 175*b*
for a s of stumbling 501*b*
give him a white s 518*b*
grey s and grassy clav 295*a*
hurt not thy foot against a s 487*b*
let him first cast a s 511*a*
lifted up a single s 468*a*
nor s, nor earth 388*a*
one s the more swings 232*b*
precious s set in the silver sea 375*a*
raise the s 526*a*
seeth the s taken away 511*b*
sound of iron on s 119*b*
s that is rolling 446*b*
S that puts the Stars to flight 152*a*
s that the devil can throw 183*b*
s the twenty-first 45*b*
s where Alexander's ashes lay 18*b*
s wh the builders refused 489*a*
that lies under a s 534*a*
the conscious s 147*a*
trunkless legs of s 396*b*
turn but a s 442*a*
underneath this s doth lie 215*b*
under this s, Reader 149*a*
untroubled heart of s 77*a*
violet by a mossy s 470*b*
virtue is like a rich s 16*a*
we raised not a s 462*b*
will he give him a s? 505*b*
with a s at my gate 304*a*
without a s, a name 299*b*
without gout or s 304*a*
you're writing upon s 241*b*
Stones age in piled s 278*a*
bones over the s 289*b*
Stones (*cont*)
five smooth s out of the brook 495*b*
gray s, O Seal 425*b*
inestimable s 384*b*
like s of worth 387*b*
man that spares these s 389*b*
music with th' enamelled s 372*b*
no s in heaven 364*a*
pavements fanged with s 100*a*
sermons in s 325*b*
softened the s 363*a*
s and clouts make martyrs 42*a*
s have been known to move 149*a*
s Thy pillow 405*b*
s wd immediately cry out 510*a*
throweth them against the s 490*a*
throw s at him 390*a*
very s of Rome 340*b*
very s prate 347*b*
we've the s of Snowdon 226*a*
worshipped stocks and s 278*b*
you are not s 340*a*
you blocks, you s 337*b*
Stonest them wh are sent 507*b*
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead 450*a*
Stony car rattling o'er the s street 68*b*
Stood freely they s who s 273*b*
he s in his stockings 19*b*
long I s there wondering 298*a*
s between it and the dominion 256*b*
s by me, knee to knee 99*a*
they s aloof 100*a*
we have s apart 462*a*
Stooks stood amid the s 195*b*
Stools Latin names for horns and s 60*a*
necessity invented s 111*b*
push us from our s 349*a*
Stoop do I s? I pluck a posy 48*b*
s into a sea of cloud 49*b*
s to rise 262*b*
therefore does not s 405*a*
Stooping s down, as needs he must 168*b*
s thro' a fleecy cloud 268*a*
Stoops she s to conquer 170*b*
to rise, it s 46*a*
Stop did he s and speak to you 48*b*
let's s somebody from doing 186*a*
made him turn and s 137*a*
so plain a s 379*b*
sound what s she please 334*a*
s and consider! 220*b*
s, Christian passer-by! 100*b*
s everyone from doing it 186*a*
s! for thy tread 68*a*
s to busy fools 447*b*
that honourable s 361*a*
the end then s 83*b*
time must have a s 379*a*
Stopped cellar s him down 295*a*
nor s till where he had got up 109*a*
Stopp'st wherefore s thou me 98*a*
Stoppeth one of three 98*a*
Stops seem to know my s 334*b*
s his mouth with a kiss 358*a*
s of planetary music 393*b*
tender s of various quills 270*a*
Stop-sensation in my Soul 127*b*
Store as large as s 188*a*
cares were to increase his s 194*b*
come, Thou source of all our s 86*b*
He even will bless yr s 284*b*
oft amid thy s 221*b*
spread her wholesome s 168*a*
s of the first author 261*b*
Storehouse s for the glory of the Creator 13*a*
s of life and comfort 186*b*
Stores such s as silent thought 471*a*
Storied s of old in high 267*b*
s windows richly dight 268*b*
Stories believe of my own s 201*b*
manifold s, I know 75*b*
sad s of the death of kings 375*b*
s from the land of spirits 101*a*
s of savage men 55*b*
s of thy finisht love 78*b*
s to rede 19*a*
whence these s? 248*b*
with dismal s 54*b*
Stork dwelling for the s 488*b*
Storm and directs the S 1*a*
Storm (*cont*)
brows like gathering s 62*b*
falter, are lost in the s! 7*b*
fled away into the s 221*b*
in darkness and in s 22*b*
it is not in the s 73*b*
leave thee in the s 342*a*
pelting of this pitiless s 343*a*
rides upon the s 110*a*
sea, with such a s 343*a*
stemm'd the rude s 72*a*
s and stress 568*b*
S coming on the Chiltern Hills 91*b*
S in a Teacup 22*a*
s in 'David Copperfield' 314*a*
Stormcock, and Golden Gain 232*b*
Storms all thy waves and s 484*b*
ere the winter s begin 3*b*
gale when s are o'er 18*b*
greater s and tempests 322*b*
he sought the s 138*a*
s that rage outside 8*b*
sudden s are short 374*b*
where no s come 197*b*
wh no loud s annoy 213*a*
with the s of state 386*a*
Stormy beyond the s Hebrides 270*a*
to 'scape s days 113*a*
wild and s steep 76*b*
Story earns a place i' the s 324*a*
ere their s die 179*b*
honour is the subject of my s 337*b*
how strange a s! 403*b*
how to tell my s 360*a*
I love to hear the s 266*a*
light of thy s 218*a*
my s being done 360*a*
name great in s 73*b*
pretty s tell 425*a*
quite a different s 414*a*
read this little s 215*a*
short in the s itself 521*b*
shuts up the s of our days 308*a*
Sordello's s told 52*a*
still is the s told 253*b*
s always old and always new 511*a*
s chronicled for one of the truest 257*b*
s, feigned for pleasure 139*a*
s for wh the world 136*a*
s! God bless you 78*b*
s is extant 334*b*
s need be long 444*a*
s of Cambuscan bold 268*b*
s of her birth 2*a*
s of my life 360*a*
s shall the good man teach 383*a*
tell me the old, old s 179*a*
that is another s 237*b*
this is the sorrowful s 231*a*
to tell my s 337*a*
Story-dressers our s do as much 64*a*
Story-teller is born 410*a*
Stout Grubby, who was short and s 93*a*
Stoutness, in moderation 163*b*
Strachan Sir Richard S 523*a*
Strack he s the top-mast 529*a*
Straddled then Apollyon s 54*a*
Stradivari Antonio S's violins 144*b*
Straggler into loving arms 240*b*
Straight grow s in the strength 422*b*
make s in the desert 502*b*
seven, eight, lay them s 512*a*
shall be absolutely s 456*b*
s to the self-same mark 48*a*
street wh is called S 512*a*
Straightway I was 'ware 43*b*
Strain drop the drowsy s 108*a*
hold cheap the s 50*b*
like prophetic s 268*b*
of thy happy s 398*b*
she loved the Dorian s 8*b*
Sire of an immortal s 391*b*
soft is the s 300*a*
s of man's bred out 368*a*
s of strutting chanticleer 367*a*
that s again 369*b*
that s I heard 269*b*
unpremeditated s 443*a*
yon's s, hard s 231*b*
Strained mercy is not s 354*b*
Straining upon the start 382*a*

Strains blessed s are telling 149b
mute his tuneful s 317b
soul-animating s 470b
such s as wd have won the ear 269a
took in s 267b
Strait how s the gate 185a
in a s so narrow 369a
into a desperate s 262b
thro' s, rough, dense 273a
Strait-jacket creed s for humanity 264b
Straits outside the Western S 8b
Strand Chelsea to the S 232a
come sailing to the s 530a
destined to a barren s 213b
her name upon the s 408a
in Craven-street, S 404a
India's coral s 184a
I walked along the S 212a
knits me to thy rugged s 317b
left fair Scotland's s 61a
let's all go down the S 86a
some far northern s 6a
was walking on the s 529b
where's the Maypole in the S 35a
Strands last s of man 197a
Strange how s it seems, and new! 48b
in language s she said 218b
more cunning to be s 365a
nor s thy doom 37b
passed many a s streem 88b
something rich and s 367a
s and terrible events 324b
s, even in a dream 99a
s to think by the way 311b
this is more s 349a
this is wondrous s 331b
'tis s, but true 72a
'tis s the mind snuff'd out 71b
too s, too restless 5b
truth is always s 72a
'twas s, 'twas passing s 360a
very s and well bred 105b
Strangeness in the proportion 16a
Stranger a wilful s 414a
I am a s with thee 484a
I, a s and afraid 200a
I was a s 508a
on earth I am a s 61b
s doth not intermeddle 498a
s! 'eave 'arf a brick 535a
s filled the Stuarts' throne 316b
s hath thy bridle-rein 289b
s here in Gloucestershire 375a
s in a strange land 493b
s, pause and ask thyself 123b
s's caste or creed 305a
s that is within thy gates 480a
s to one of yr parents 11b
surety for a s 498a
this starry s 114b
to-morrow a s will say 147b
wheeling s 359b
Strangers all the Athenians and s 512b
by s honoured 299a
careth for the s 490b
forgetful to entertain s 517a
if a man be courteous to s 15a
we may be better s 327a
Strangest in did come the s figure 50a
Strangled throat around, and s her 50a
Strangling than s in a string 198b
Stratagem tea without a s 476b
Stratagems nets and s 187a
s, and spoils 355b
Stratford atte Bowe scole of S 88b
Straw find quarrel in a s 335b
lion shall eat s 501b
oft stumbles at a s 409b
pipes of wretched s 260b
s wh way the wind is 321a
tickled with a s 301a
Strawberries Dr Boteler said of s 67a
I saw good s 385a
only netting s 229b
s at the mouth 13b
s grow in the sea 534a
Strawberry [Butler] said of the [S] 67a
like s wives 13b
Strawberry Hill 449a
Straws errors, like s 141a
of hairs, or s, or dirt 303a
Stray from their own Music s 78b
paths wherein I s 232b
what wonder if they s 110b
with me you'd fondly s 159b
Strayed after wh I s 441b
s from thy ways 478a
tho' thou hast surely s 166a
Strays by many winding nooks he s 372b
s of ruined springs 422a
Streaks s of red were mingled 416a
s of the tulip 213b
Stream by mount, and s, and sea 184b
clear and gentle s 35b
eves by haunted s 269a
feed, by the s 32b
freezing s below 393a
have their s and pond 39a
in such a crystal s 398b
I strove against the s 436b
leaves in the glassy s 336a
like an ever-rolling s 453b
little s best fits 188b
make thy s my great example 119b
meadow, grove, and s 466a
mercy of a rude s 386a
me rowing against the s 319a
mighty s of tendency 464b
no s meanders level 255a
on the gliding s 35b
over the still s 220a
painted meadow, or a purling s 1b
passed many a strange s 88b
round the bosom of the s 398a
salt weed sways in the s 5b
scooped the brimming s 274a
smooth s in smoother numbers 300a
steep Atlantic s 266b
still glides the S 463b
s that flashest white 431b
s will not run long 57a
sweetness in the s 430b
swift s of song 395b
talk was like a s 305a
the dark, the silent s 304b
the s runs fast 282b
trailing in the cool s 8a
vagabond flag upon the s 322b
Streamers and s waving 277b
fan spread and s out 105a
s waving in the wind 161a
Streams alone spring the great s 6b
as shallow s run dimpling 303a
as s meander 280a
by those mysterious s 44b
civil laws but as s 13a
fresh s ran by her 363a
gilding pale s 387b
his crystalline s 396b
large s from little fountains 149b
liquid lapse of murmuring s 275b
more pellucid s 467b
sands dam his s 8a
sitting by desolate s 291a
spent the s 37a
stillest s oft water fairest 113a
s full of stars 118a
s in the desert 502a
s o'erflow yr springs 260b
s their channels deeper wear 61b
s, whereupon ye learn 37a
strength of the s 420a
what eternal s 298a
Street brawls disturb the s 452b
by jostling in the s 30a
car rattling o'er the stony s 68b
clamour of the crowded s 247b
foot-path of a s 59b
going past me in the s 413b
hark! s cry from s to s 20b
he at the end of the s 145a
if the s were time 145a
key of the s 127a
lane, highway, or open s 445b
long unlovely s 429b
man in the s 176b
mockers in the roaring s 244a
ringing down the s 12a
sell them in the s 85b
s of the city was pure gold 520a
s wh is called Straight 512a
trouble every s 137a
Street (*cont*)
up the s came the rebel tread 459a
where the long s roars 431a
where the s grows straiter 439b
Streets children cried in the s, 285a
doors shall be shut in the s 499b
gibber in the Roman s 329b
her voice in the s 497b
in the dark s shineth 40a
no complaining in our s 490b
s are paved with gold 103b
s broad and narrow 524a
s were filled with joyful sounds 430a
s where the great men go 154b
Strength are not now that s 439a
as my s wears away 304a
Christ is thy s 279b
confidence shall be yr s 502a
conscience s enough to prevent 171a
delivered by much s 484a
entangles itself with s 324b
girded himself with s 487b
God wd give him s 215a
go from s to s 487a
grows the s of all 301a
hast thou ordained s 482a
have a giant's s 351b
he hath shewed s 508b
his s make stronger 37a
his s the more is 54b
I may recover my s 484a
impulse of thy s 396b
in the s of this I rode 428a
is practised that s 7b
king's name is a tower of s 385a
Lord is the s of my life 483b
Lord shall renew their s 502b
man by his great s 484a
man's s to comfort 228a
my s, and my redeemer 482b
my s is as the s of ten 438a
my s is made perfect 515b
navy of England natural s 288b
O man, thy s endue 76b
on wh all s depends 403a
profaned the God-given s 318a
promise of s and manhood 37a
rejoiceth in his s 497b
somehow tell of yr own s 284a
so shall thy s be 494b
s and nature made amends 313b
s by limping sway disabled 388a
s, distance and length 198a
s in what remains 466b
s is to sit still 502a
s might endure for a span 420b
s setteth fast the mountains 486a
s then but labour and sorrow 487b
s without hands 420b
trial of her s 469a
true s of guilty kings 7a
try the soul's s on 47a
unbend yr noble s 348a
vexed his immortal s 36a
Strengthen s such as do stand 479a
s thee out of Sion 482b
s the wavering line 7b
s ye the weak hands 502a
to s whilst one stands 311a
Strengthened to be s with might 515b
Strengtheneth Christ wh s me 516a
Strengthens with his strength 301a
Strenuous doctrine of the s life 310a
Stretch s forth thy mighty hand 200b
s him out longer 344a
Stretched s like a promontory 275b
s out on the spoils 421b
there was things wh he s 446b
Strew flowers to s thy way 187a
s on her roses 7b
s them in the air 280b
Stricken I was a s deer 112a
s at Waterloo 93a
Strict death, is s in his arrest 337a
Strictly I now will serve more s 463b
Stride one's comes the dark 99a
Strife a double s 17a
and void of s 140a
but I am worn with s 425a
dull and endless s 471b
forms of party s 431a

Strife (*cont*)
for the sake of s 95*a*
graver had a s 215*b*
in the common s 465*a*
let there be no s 492*b*
life, in ceaseless s. 290*a*
man of s 503*b*
none was worth my s 241*a*
nor in the s we feel benumbed 73*b*
or a double s 17*a*
O s, O curse 44*a*
party conquers in the s 316*b*
phantoms an unprofitable s 392*b*
serv'd for that Titanic s 6*b*
soul, revolving hopeless s 35*b*
stern s, and carnage drear 318*b*
s comes with manhood 317*b*
s too humble 469*b*
s with the palm 5*b*
the s is o'er 304*b*
waters of s 487*a*
what is peace? is it s? 121*a*
when the s is fierce 200*a*
Strike Britons, s home 447*b*
honour, while you s 287*b*
if you s a child 391*a*
I s it, and it hurts 362*b*
she will s and sink 390*a*
s et when yr powder's low 287*b*
s it out 208*a*
s thy bosom, sage 211*b*
themselves must s the blow 68*a*
thou s not awry 283*a*
yet afraid to s 303*a*
Strikes how it s a Contemporary 47*b*
s him dead for thine and thee 436*b*
s where it doth love 363*b*
String end of a golden s 30*b*
harp not on that s 385*a*
little bits of s 26*a*
one long yellow s 50*a*
sing in a hempen s 23*a*
strangling in a s 198*b*
untune that s 368*b*
Strings her sighs the s do break 78*a*
I had two s to my bow 151*b*
instrument of ten s 483*b*
languid s do scarcely move! 31*b*
revives the leaden s 78*a*
there are s in the human heart 121*a*
Stripe for stripe 494*a*
Stripes beaten with few s 509*b*
cut 'is s away 228*b*
forty s save one 515*a*
things worthy of s 509*b*
with his s we are healed 503*a*
Stripling crossing the s Thames 8*a*
nor spear the s took 109*b*
Stripped when two are s 289*a*
Strive shd s afresh against the foe 289*a*
s, and hold cheap the strain 50*a*
s nor weep 52*b*
s officiously to keep alive 96*b*
to s, to seek 439*a*
we'll s to please you 372*b*
Striving to better, oft we mar 342*a*
Strode after me 469*a*
Stroke none so fast as s 570*b*
no second s intend 273*a*
past the tyrant's s 329*a*
some distressful s 360*a*
s most dolorous 257*a*
tune of flutes kept s 323*a*
Strokes amorous of their s 323*a*
little s fell great oaks 157*a*
Stroking me gently with the other 417*b*
Stroll alone through fields 101*a*
Strong be s and of a good courage 494*b*
but s in will 439*a*
cruel he looks, but calm and s 397*a*
faithful, s as death 110*a*
fifty-score s 45*b*
heavens are fresh and s 464*a*
I again am s 466*a*
most exquisite and s 289*b*
O constancy! be s 339*a*
quit you like men, be s 515*a*
still going s 522*b*
s against tide, th' whale 403*a*
s came forth sweetness 495*a*
s for service still 112*a*

Strong (*cont*)
s in pursuit the rapid glede 403*a*
s is the horse upon his speed 403*a*
s is the Soul 5*a*
s men shall bow themselves 499*b*
s the gier-eagle 403*a*
s the tall ostrich 403*a*
s thro' the turbulent profound 403*a*
s without rage 119*b*
to keep the s in awe 385*a*
to suffer and be s 247*b*
victory is not a name s enough 287*a*
wants that little s. 193*b*
we then that are s 514*a*
Stronger s by weakness 449*a*
no s than my sex 338*b*
s than the hosts of error 53*a*
Strongest *Cob* was the s 20*a*
wine is the s 520*a*
Stronghold safe s our God is still 569*a*
turn ye to the s 504*b*
Strook so s with dread 277*b*
Strove a little still she s 70*a*
I s, made head 50*b*
I s with none 241*a*
Struck he s the top-mast 529*a*
I s the board 188*a*
s him, and dismiss'd 294*a*
s so to the soul 333*a*
Struggle alarms of s and flight 5*a*
sacrifice in a contemptible s 56*b*
say not, the s naught availeth 96*b*
s for existence 117*b*
what s to escape? 219*b*
Struggles and howls at fits 393*a*
Struggling in vain with ruthless destiny 464*b*
Strumpet half some sturdy s 180*a*
into a s's fool 322*a*
most true, she is a s 332*a*
Strumpeted virtue rudely s 388*a*
Strung with subtle-coloured hair 421*a*
Strunt but yr s rarely 61*b*
Struts s and frets his hour 350*b*
s his dames before 268*b*
Stuarts stranger filled the S' throne 316*b*
went out with the S 129*b*
Stubble base built on s 267*b*
showed like a s-land 376*b*
sparks among the s 520*a*
Stubborn matters of fact s things 444*b*
s spearmen still made good 318*b*
the s they chastise 113*b*
too s and too strange 337*b*
Stubbornness impious s 330*a*
Stubbs footman to Justinian S 572*b*
S butters Freeman 528*a*
Stuck like a s pig 160*b*
Stud outroot the S 171*b*
Studied more than I have s 370*a*
rather books than men 17*a*
s men from my close 263*b*
s with me at the U— 70*a*
Studies air of delightful s 279*a*
he s it in town 110*b*
s serve for delight 16*a*
too much time in s 16*a*
Studious s let me sit 443*b*
s of laborious ease 112*a*
Study his s of imagination 359*a*
I am slow of s 356*a*
labour and intent s 279*a*
live to s, and not s to live 16*b*
much s is a weariness 500*a*
my only s, is man 34*a*
proper s of mankind 301*a*
s a long silence 454*b*
s evermore is overshot 344*b*
s first propriety 75*b*
s is like the heaven's sun 344*b*
s made him very lean 196*a*
s to be quiet 516*b*
s was but litel on the bible 88*b*
s what you most affect 366*b*
that did nothing s 225*a*
the Fields his s 33*a*
thy testimonies are my s 489*a*
Studying s all the summer night 261*a*
s how I may compare 376*a*
Stuff bosom of that perilous s 350*b*
listen all day to such s 82*b*

Stuff (*cont*)
made of sterner s 340*a*
of s so fat and dull 336*a*
see the s again 186*a*
skumble-skamble s 378*a*
so precious as the s they sell 154*a*
s o' the conscience 359*b*
such s in my thoughts 332*b*
such volumes of s 243*b*
we are such s 367*b*
what s 'tus made of 352*b*
Stuffed s with epithets of war 359*b*
we are the s men 145*a*
Stuffs out his vacant garments 374*a*
Stumble brother! do not s 256*b*
s that run fast 365*b*
Stump stir it and s it 166*b*
Stumps fought upon his s 391*b*
Stung some bee had s it 416*a*
Stunned one that hath been s 100*a*
Stupid when a s man is ashamed 390*a*
Stupidity man's immense s 45*b*
no sin except s 460*a*
such an excess of s 207*b*
with s the gods 569*b*
Sty no better than a s 132*b*
Stygian S cave forlorn 268*b*
S smoke of the pit 204*a*
ye S set 241*a*
Style do it in a high s 11*a*
grand s arises in poetry 10*a*
his own towering s 94*a*
how the s refines 300*b*
in so strange a s 300*a*
Johnson's s was grand 103*b*
just the proper s 310*a*
nothing to assert has no s 390*b*
Pope eye on his s 10*a*
s is the man 561*b*
theirs for their s I'll read 387*b*
true definition of a s 418*a*
Styles two distinct s requisite 130*a*
Subdue chasten and s 472*a*
he shall s the people 484*b*
that must s at length 301*a*
Subdued my nature is s 389*a*
parties nobly are s 380*b*
Subject duty s owes the prince 367*a*
every s's duty is the king's 382*b*
grant the artist his s 204*b*
puny s strikes 375*a*
spare the poet for his s's sake 107*b*
s for heroic song 276*a*
s made to yr hand 48*a*
s of all verse 42*b*
s to his birth 330*b*
s we old men of lying! 380*b*
unlike my s will I frame 91*a*
what it is to be a s 145*a*
with itself, but with its s 222*a*
Subjection wh implied s 274*a*
Subjects but show to s 113*b*
greatness on her s' love 306*a*
good of s is the end of kings 118*b*
kings seek their s' good 189*b*
my s for a pair of saints 375*b*
paid his s with a royal wage 39*a*
s are rebels from principle 57*a*
s still to the Government 189*b*
were their s wise 112*b*
Sublime boundless, endless and s 69*b*
egotistical s 223*a*
howls the s 124*a*
know how s a thing 247*b*
my object all s 164*b*
never tender nor s 241*b*
step is short from the S 172*a*
s and the ridiculous 291*b*
s dashed to pieces 102*b*
s to the ridiculous 564*a*
Sublimity possible s 469*b*
Sublunary dull s lovers' 134*a*
Submission make s to our King 76*b*
yielded with coy s 274*a*
Submit must he s? 375*b*
never to s or yield 271*a*
we s to women so 78*b*
wives, s yourselves 515*b*
Submits his neck second yoke 190*a*
Subscribe collects, tho' it does not s 86*a*
Subscribers any list of s 210*b*

Subscribers (*cont*)
for s baits his hook 94*b*
Subscription shouting amount of his s 417*a*
you owe me no s 342*b*
Subsist mine shall s by me 176*b*
Subsisting human flesh s 478*b*
Substance all the s of his house 501*a*
dividing the S 478*b*
or s might be called 272*b*
s of a book 238*a*
s of ten thousand soldiers 385*a*
s of the ambitious 332*b*
s of things hoped for 517*a*
wasted his s 509*b*
what is yr s 387*b*
Substances in yr sightless s 346*b*
Substitute shines brightly 355*b*
Substratum basis or s 75*a*
Subterranean the s dark 209*a*
Subtle know not well the s ways 146*a*
serpent was more s 492*a*
Subtlest serpent s beast 276*a*
Subtleties destroyed by s 264*a*
Subtilty brother came with s 493*a*
s of the devil 479*a*
Suburb of the life elysian 248*a*
Suburbs s at the Elephant 371*b*
s of yr good pleasure 338*b*
Succeed first you don't s 191*a*
see we sons s 178*a*
Succeeded matter she drove at s 306*a*
Succeeds an Amurath s 381*a*
he s, the merit's all his own 95*a*
s in unknown fate 361*a*
Success ecstasy, is s in life 293*a*
from wh s is banished 412*a*
given me earnest of s 346*b*
his surcease s 347*a*
infallible criterion s 57*b*
minute's s pays 44*b*
mortals to command s 1*b*
no very lively hope of s 403*b*
s in our art 147*1*
s in political life 128*b*
s miscarriage empty sounds 207*a*
s perhaps may crown us 112*a*
s was found on Israel's side 110*a*
triumphals of his hop t s 277*b*
true s is to labour 413*b*
what good s soever they have 307*a*
Successful s crimes alone justified 141*a*
tide of s experiment 204*b*
Succoth valley of S 485*b*
Such altogether s as I am 513*a*
of s is the kingdom of God 508*b*
s wilt thou have to me 134*a*
Suck I have given s 347*a*
love doth s his sweet 246*a*
s they no small advantage 486*b*
Suck-a-Thumb 192*b*
Sucklings babes and s 482*a*
Sucks where the bee s 368*a*
Sudden s as sweet 265*a*
too unadvised, too s 365*a*
Sue charm of lovely S 161*a*
less used to s 316*b*
we were not born to s 374*b*
Suez east of S 232*a*
Suffer better one s 138*a*
cannot s wrong 439*b*
do well, and s for it 517*b*
I will not s him 488*a*
not without hope we s 468*b*
s a sea-change 367*a*
s for the truth's sake 480*a*
s it to be so now 504*b*
s me to come to thee 455*b*
s the little children 508*b*
s to redeem our loss 524*b*
s us not, at our last hour 481*b*
those that I saw s 367*a*
to s all alike 324*a*
to s and be strong 247*b*
will not s long 439*b*
ye s fools gladly 515*a*
Sufferance corporal s 352*a*
s is the badge of our tribe 353*a*
Suffered being s, rivers cannot quench 384*b*
had s many things 508*b*
Suffered (*cont*)
have s greatly 438*b*
O! I have s with those 367*a*
Sufferer best of men was a s 118*b*
Suffereth charity s long 514*b*
Suffering knowledge by s entereth 44*a*
learn in s teach in song 395*a*
lounjun 'roun' en s 181*b*
more exposed to s 465*a*
out of human s 467*a*
s is permanent 463*a*
s is the lover's part 150*a*
Sufferings saith my s then 259*b*
to each his s 175*a*
Suffers he s, but not suffer long 439*b*
Suffice for those who belong to them 458*a*
Sufficiency elegant s 443*b*
Sufficient unto the day 505*b*
Suffolk his axe did ply 137*a*
Suffusion all colours a s 100*b*
dim s veiled 273*a*
Sugar action, we do s o'er 333*a*
give a s plum than my time 223*a*
I must s my hair 83*a*
sack and s be a fault 177*b*
s and spice, and all that's nice 534*b*
Sugared 'ow we're s about 234*b*
Suggest spirits do s me still 389*b*
Suggestion I yield to that s 346*b*
they'll take s as a cat 367*b*
Suicide echo from the s 's grave 165*a*
not fornication but s 202*b*
nothing left for you, not even s 413*a*
Suing in s long to bide 409*a*
Suit Hearts was her favourite s 239*a*
honour, or gay s 187*a*
I be still in s 188*a*
seem to s her notion 164*b*
silk s, wh cost me much money 209*a*
smelling out a s 364*b*
tho' his s was rejected 320*a*
Suitor think that you are Ann's s 390*b*
Suitors see s following 361*a*
Suits out of s with fortune 325*b*
s of solemn black 330*a*
wh now s with it 347*b*
Sulky sullen dame 62*b*
Sullen sick or are you s? 211*b*
Winter s and sad 443*b*
Sullenness against Nature 279*b*
Sulphur quick s fraught 408*b*
Sultan pity S Mahmud 152*b*
S after S with his Pomp 152*b*, 153*a*
S's Turret with a Shaft 152*a*
Sum all this mighty s 464*b*
giving thy s of more 325*b*
great s obtained I this freedom 512*b*
make up my s 316*b*
s of earthly bliss 275*b*
s of human wretchedness 73*b*
Sumatra rat of S 136*a*
Summed can it be s up so 36*b*
Summer after s merrily 368*a*
all-hallown s 376*b*
all on a s day 83*b*
all on a s's day 532*b*
all the wild s 475*a*
bathing of a s's day 469*a*
bears eternal s in his soul 194*a*
branding s suns avail 429*b*
chestnuts, s through 39*b*
compare thee to a s's day 387*a*
dews of s night 265*b*
Diana in her s weed 176*a*
ditties all a s's day 271*b*
English s's done 231*b*
eternal s gilds them 70*b*
expect Saint Martin's s 381*b*
fades a s cloud away 18*b*
fantastic s's heat 374*b*
flies on s eves 220*a*
fresh spring and s 395*a*
goodbye, S, goodbye 459*a*
in a s seson 242*b*
in s, quite the other way 413*b*
it was a s's evening 406*a*
last rose of s 281*b*
life as on a s's day 218*a*
love in s's wonderland 290*a*
merry s's day 90*a*
middle s's spring 356*b*
Summer (*cont*)
on a s's evening 340*a*
see in a s's day 356*b*
singest of s 219*b*
s and winter, and day and night 492*b*
s by this sun of York 384*b*
s clothe the general earth 101*a*
s comes with flower 184*b*
s dies the swan 438*a*
s first was leavy 358*b*
s is ended, and we are not saved 503*b*
s is icumen in 526*a*
s redundant 52*b*
s set lip 442*b*
s's flower is to the s sweet 388*b*
s's green all girded up 387*a*
s's joys are spoilt 218*a*
s skies to mourn 217*b*
s's lease hath all too short 387*a*
s's ripening breath 365*b*
s's velvet buds 381*b*
s with flowers that fell 420*b*
S with its usual Severity 102*a*
thick-warbled notes the s long 277*a*
this guest of s 347*a*
thou art a s bird 381*a*
thro' the s is not heard 394*b*
thy eternal s 387*a*
thy lord the s 422*b*
to ensure s in England 449*b*
was beauty's s dead 388*b*
when the s is shed 422*b*
winter, spring, and s 525*a*
Summer-friends like s 188*a*
Summer-house in Christendom 378*a*
Summer-night tranced s 218*a*
Summers a thousand s are over 422*b*
raw inclement s 418*a*
shook three s' pride 388*b*
this many s in a sea of glory 386*a*
Sun nerser several times 417*b*
Summertime on Bredon 199*a*
Summits nations touch at their s 17*b*
snowy s old 436*a*
Summon to s his array 253*a*
Summoners these dreadful s grace 342*b*
Summons hark to the s! 318*b*
s comes to join the caravan 53*a*
upon a fearful s 329*b*
Sums no pains with its s 86*a*
Sun against a setting s 368*a*
all, except their s, is set 70*b*
alone the s arises 6*b*
apples of the s 476*a*
as s and showers there 385*b*
as the dial to the s 33*b*
as the s breaks thro' 366*b*
as the s in his strength 492*a*
a s will pierce 44*b*
at the going down of the s 28*b*
aweary of the s 351*a*
be ere the set of s 345*b*
before the rising s 453*a*
beneath the making s 36*b*
benedictions—s's and moon's 48*a*
best s we have Newcastle coal 449*b*
betwixt us and the S 98*b*
blushing discontented s 375*b*
bride, on whom the s doth shine 188*b*
brief the s of summer 436*b*
bright-haired s 103*a*
broad s is sinking 467*a*
busy old fool, unruly S 134*a*
catch the dying s 415*a*
chambers of the s 31*b*
clear as the s 500*b*
close to the s 426*b*
common s, the air, and skies 175*a*
countenance was as the s 518*b*
countest the steps of the S 32*a*
crimson s went down 136*a*
dewdrop from the s 463*b*
doubt thou the sun doth move 332*a*
drum-beat, following the s 454*a*
dry s, dry wind 446*b*
ere the s was set 447*a*
ever braved the s 51*a*
every morning the red s 3*a*
eyes to behold the s 499*b*
faint with the hot s 221*a*
farthing candle to the s 477*a*

Sun (*cont*)
follow and find the s 422*b*
follow thy fair s 78*a*
gallant will command the s 366*b*
glorious s be born 223*b*
glorious S uprist 98*b*
glorious the s in mid-career 403*a*
goblin of the s 312*b*
God-curst s 180*a*
God Himself is moon and s 435*a*
great S begins his state 268*b*
guilty of our disasters the s. 342*a*
had not the great s seen 36*b*
hath Britain all the s 328*b*
headland, he beheld the s 404*a*
hent o' the s 329*a*
he maketh his s to rise 505*a*
hills, the s shines sweetly on 529*a*
hold to the s my little taper 71*b*
hooting at the glorious s 100*b*
I am too much i' the s 329*b*
insultin' the s 289*b*
Juliet is the s 365*a*
just as the s was rising 523*a*
kings crept out to feel the s 43*a*
kiss of the s for pardon 177*b*
labour he taketh under the s 499*a*
like-reflected s 397*a*
lamp of Heaven, the s 190*b*
lands beneath another s 443*b*
largess universal like the s 382*b*
leave the blessed s 414*b*
let not the s go down 515*b*
let them not see the s 485*b*
light a candle to the s 401*a*
Linden, when the s was low 76*b*
livery of the burnished s 353*a*
loss of the s 91*a*
loves to live i' the s 326*a*
marigold bed wi' the s 373*a*
midnight speak with the S 447*b*
Morea's hills the setting s 70*a*
most sheene is the s 242*b*
my s sets to rise again 48*b*
never assisted the s 444*a*
never did s more beautifully 472*b*
new thing under the s 499*a*
no need of the s 520*a*
nor s shall waken 422*a*
no s —no moon! 195*a*
nothing like the s 389*a*
not quickened by the s 464*a*
o'er thee the s doth pine 37*b*
on wh the s never sets 289*b*
owes no homage to the s 42*a*
peers the setting s 224*a*
plants wh never saw the s 49*b*
quiet as the s 421*a*
rest the s goes round 449*a*
rime-ringed s 231*b*
round the setting s 467*a*
sawes a description of the s 400*a*
scarce ed see the s 311*b*
sea-daisies feast on the s 424*a*
self-same s that shines 373*b*
set a candle in the s 64*b*
shall the s light on them 519*a*
shall the S of righteousness arise 504*b*
shoots at the midday s 401*b*
side that's next the s 416*a*
smitten with the morning S 436*a*
somewhere the s is shining 181*b*
splendid silent s 457*a*
spots and clouds in the s 64*a*
study is like the heaven's s 344*b*
s and moon of the heart's desire 313*a*
s and moon, rejoice 224*a*
S and Moon shd doubt 29*b*
s and stars to play with 390*a*
s and the rain are flying 414*b*
s and the south 422*b*
s ariseth, and they get them away 488*b*
s came dazzling thro' 431*b*
S came up upon the left 98*a*
s climbs slow 96*b*
s feels like May 48*b*
s had risen to hear him 144*a*
s has left the lea 320*a*
s has not attain'd his noon 189*a*
s himself a fair hot wench 376*a*
S himself cannot forget 527*b*
Sun (*cont*)
s himself must die 77*a*
s, imagine me the west! 176*a*
s in dim eclipse 272*a*
s in the lap of Thetis 65*b*
s is laid to sleep 214*b*
s is mounted 200*a*
s itself is but the dark *simulacrum* 44*a*
s knoweth his going down 488*b*
s looked over the mountain's rim 49*b*
s, moon, and stars, brother 34*a*
s of Austerlitz 504*b*
s of heaven prove a micher 377*b*
s of my soull 224*a*
s of York 384*b*
s shall not burn thee 489*b*
s shines always there 29*a*
S 's rim dips 99*a*
s, stand thou still 494*b*
s that warms you here 374*b*
s thro' the mirk 116*b*
s to me is dark 277*b*
s upon the upland lawn 171*b*
S was flecked with bars 98*b*
s was laughing sweetly 475*a*
s was shining on the sea 84*a*
s went down stars came out 437*b*
S, who scattered into flight 152*a*
s will be dimmed 18*a*
s, with ardent frown 316*a*
swear to a touch o' s 234*a*
sweetheart of the s 195*b*
sweet tale of the s 377*b*
tabernacle for the s 482*b*
tapers to the s 113*b*
that s, thine eye 387*b*
the bloody S, at noon 98*b*
the maturing s 221*b*
there to s itself 470*a*
the rising of the s 526*b*
the s, or the light not darkened 499*b*
the unregulated s 39*b*
till the s grows cold 425*a*
time this s is set 417*b*
tired the s with talking 106*b*
to have enjoyed the s 5*b*
to-morrow let my s display 107*a*
to s myself in Huncamunca's 151*b*
to the garish s 366*a*
under the midday s 267*a*
up roos the s 89*a*
up rose the s 141*a*
was sitting in the s 406*a*
west as the s went down 226*b*
whan soft was the s 242*b*
when the s in bed 270*b*
when the s rises, do you not see 29*b*
when the s sets, shadows 244*a*
when the s set where were they? 70*b*
window where the s came 195*a*
wind up the s and moon 74*b*
with the dying s 34*a*
with the s to match 45*b*
woman clothed with the s 519*a*
yet the early rising s 189*a*
Sunbeam bathe in the fresh s 397*b*
motes in the s 89*b*
s in a winter's day 143*a*
s quickened thee, O man 241*a*
Sunbeams stars and s know 7*b*
s lifted higher 247*b*
s out of cucumbers 418*a*
winds and s 393*b*
Sunburn'd sicklemen 367*b*
Sunday buried on S 532*b*
Christ's S at morn 524*a*
killing of a mouse on S 35*a*
of a S morning 199*a*
on S heaven's gate 187*a*
see me on S 528*b*
that calm S that goes on 154*b*
Sundays begin a journey on S 418*b*
Pulpits and S 187*a*
S of man's life 187*a*
Sundered in the night 431*a*
Sundown splendid and serene 185*a*
Sunflower as the s turns 281*b*
S! weary of time 32*a*
where my S wishes to go 32*a*
Sung I've only s it once 424*a*
some are s 441*a*
Sung (*cont*)
s from noon to noon 284*b*
395*b*
Sun-gurt city 241*a*
Sunium on S 's height 71*a*
S 's marbled steep 111*a*
Sunk all s beneath the wave 267*a*
in the flat sea s 437*b*
some were s 270*a*
s tho' he be 260*b*
that s so low 101*a*
Sunless down to a s sea 432*b*
Sunlight as moonlight unto s 235*a*
s and the sward 395*b*
s clasps the earth 427*a*
s drinketh dew 425*b*
Sunnier side of doubt 179*a*
Sunny S Jim 522*a*
sat on a s bank 101*b*
that s dome 8*a*
Sunrise descried at s prow 394*a*
like s from the sea 306*b*
lives in Eternity's s 91*b*
seen their s pass 312*a*
s blooms and withers 413*a*
s in town and country 435*b*
that august s 33*b*
Suns be where s are not 40*a*
blest by s of home 420*b*
branding summer s avail 33*b*
few more s shall set 172*a*
light of setting s 439*a*
million million of s 300*b*
other planets circle other s 432*b*
process of the s 388*b*
s and universes ceased 538*b*
s may set and rise 387*b*
s of the world may stain 387*b*
s, that set, may rise 216*a*
we are what s make us 241*b*
Sunset as after s fadeth 388*a*
sail beyond the s 439*a*
s and evening star 426*a*
s divides the sky 69*a*
s embers 414*b*
s ran, one glorious blood-red 47*b*
there's a s -touch 45*a*
'tis the s of life 77*a*
turns toward s 423*a*
Sunsets exquisitely dying 202*b*
Sunset-seas continents of s 3*a*
Sunshine breezes and the s 76*a*
by intercepting the s 550*b*
from s to the sunless land 465*b*
lived more in the broad s of life 210*a*
made a s in the shady place 408*b*
on a s holiday 260*a*
s is a glorious birth 466*a*
thunder and the s 439*a*
Sunshot palaces high 38*a*
Sun-thaw smokes in the s 101*a*
Sun-treader, life 50*a*
Sup he swallows, s by s 192*b*
let's s before we go 534*b*
who sipped no s 167*a*
Superb against the dawn 27*a*
Supererogation Works of S 491*b*
Superfluities s of mankind 159*b*
we must have s 160*b*
Superfluity barren s of words 159*a*
s comes sooner 352*b*
s of naughtiness 517*b*
Superfluous in the poorest things s 342*b*
so s to demand the time 376*a*
s lags the veteran 214*a*
s to point out this is war 1*a*
Superflux of pain 420*a*
Superior most s person 528*b*
sick of his s 368*b*
Superscription image and s 507*b*
Supersede the last fashionable novel 255*b*
Superstition as in avoiding s 15*a*
religion remedy for s 55*b*
species of s to another 201*b*
s religion of feeble minds 57*b*
the fabric of s 57*b*
Superstitions end as s 203*a*
Superstitious he is s grown 338*b*
more s, more bigoted 288*a*
ye are too s 512*b*
Supped full with horrors 350*b*
Supper ate a good s at night 4*a*

Supper (*cont*)
Baptism, and the S 481*a*
consider s as a turnpike 144*a*
eat my s there 472*b*
Hatim call to S 152*b*
Hatim Tai cry S 152*b*
heard him speak at a s 149*a*
hope is a bad s 13*b*
if the s was to my taste 411*a*
last sad s 428*a*
marriage s of the Lamb 519*b*
sings for his s 534*b*
s, dinner, luncheon 50*a*
Supple and smooth to her 192*a*
Suppliant S for his own! 73*b*
thus the s prays 214*a*
Supplications our common s 478*b*
Support but to s him after 368*a*
s uneasy steps 271*b*
s us all the day long 288*b*
Suppose 'do you s,' the Walrus said 84*a*
Suppressed guinea-pigs was s 83*b*
Supreme disposer S 461*b*
France in none s 8*a*
Surcease with his s success 347*a*
Sure as s as death 215*b*
make assurance double s 349*b*
not s of sorrow 422*a*
one s, if another fails 52*a*
s and safe one 386*a*
s in all His ways 288*b*
s there was wine! 188*a*
s to each his own 234*b*
too s of the amour 441*a*
Surety s for a stranger 498*a*
wound of peace is s 369*a*
Surface of Time's fleeting river 396*a*
Surfeit no crude s reign 267*b*
sick that s with too much 352*b*
that suffer s, cloyment 371*a*
Surfeited they s with honey 378*a*
Surfeiting excess of it, that, s 369*b*
Surfeit-swelled so s 381*a*
Surge rude imperious s 380*a*
the murmuring s 343*b*
turbulent s shall cover 368*a*
Surgeon to old shoes 337*b*
Surgery honour hath no skill in s 379*a*
Surges labouring s of the world 443*a*
when loud s lash 300*a*
Surly lion went s by 338*a*
Surmise function is smother'd in s 346*b*
vague shadow of s 146*b*
we all s, they, this thing 50*b*
with a wild s 220*b*
Surmises blown by s 379*b*
Surname his s, Leisure 130*b*
out of his s coined 254*b*
Surplice view of the s-question 45*b*
Surplice-peg shape of a s 228*a*
Surplices flame beside the s 243*a*
scarlet cloaks and s 243*a*
Surprise blesses us with s 27*a*
Oh! what a s 97*a*
poetry shd s by excess 222*b*
respect was mingled with s 316*b*
rise to no little s 19*a*
Surprised discovered and s 274*b*
Surprises millions of s 187*a*
politics s by himself 126*a*
sometimes a light s 110*b*
Surrender Guards die not s 562*a*
unconditional s 173*a*
yet be forced to s 41*b*
Surrey I dare meet S 375*b*
Kent and S may 229*a*
S spring again 232*b*
Survey monarch of all I s 113*a*
time, that takes s 379*a*
when I s the wondrous Cross 453*b*
Survival of the Fittest 117*b*, 408*a*
Survived you still have s 147*a*
Susan black-eyed S 161*a*
Susceptible rather s Chancellor 163*b*
Suspect always s everybody 125*a*
nothing makes a man s much 15*b*
s the thoughts of others 353*a*
Suspects, yet soundly loves! 361*b*
Suspected new opinions always s 246*a*
Suspend best cannot s their fate 118*a*
Suspended almost s, we are laid asleep 472*a*
s in favour of England 390*a*
s my religious enquiries 161*b*
Suspenders *not* forget the S 237*a*
Suspense inconvenience of s 148*a*
Suspension of disbelief 102*a*
Suspicion Caesar's wife above s 574*a*
s all our lives 379*a*
s always haunts the guilty 384*b*
Suspicions s amongst thoughts 15*b*
with fresh s 361*b*
Suspicious men are s 189*b*
Suspiration windy s 330*a*
Sussex moon from S downs 92*b*
smell the S air 27*a*
story of S told 27*a*
S moon, untravelled 92*b*
S songs be sung 27*a*
S weed 235*a*
yea, S by the sea 235*a*
Sustain nature will not s it 322*b*
Sutlers of the Lord 145*a*
Swab have to s a plank 121*a*
Swaddling out of his s-clouts 332*b*
Swaggering by s ed I never thrive 372*a*
what have we s here 357*a*
Swain a frugal s 194*b*
dull s treads 267*b*
I the happy country s 61*b*
no better than a homely s 384*a*
sang the uncouth s 270*a*
s did woo, she was nice 176*a*
Swains bring the s together 414*b*
our s commend her 372*b*
Swallow as the s by flying 498*b*
before the swallow dares 373*a*
flies with s 's wings 385*a*
O fleet sweet s 422*b*
O summer s 422*b*
O S, flying from the woods 436*b*
O s sister, O changing s 422*b*
O S, S, flying South 436*a*
O tell her, S 436*a*, *b*
s a nest where she may lay 487*a*
s-flights of song 430*a*
s has set her six young 47*b*
s, my sister, O sister s 422*b*
s stopt as he hunted 435*b*
s twittering from the shed 174*a*
the chaffering s 43*a*
to lap and to s 459*a*
we might our principles s 250*a*
Swallowed first mouthed last s 335*a*
s by men's eyes 378*a*
Swalloweth he s the ground 497*b*
Swallows engluts and s other sorrows 359*b*
gathering s twitter 222*a*
s are making them ready 450*a*
s have built in Cleopatra's sails 324*a*
we saw the s gathering 264*a*
Swan double, s and shadow! 473*a*
doth the s her downy cygnets 383*b*
every goose a s, lad 226*a*
I will play the s 364*a*
like a sleeping s 397*b*
makes a s-like end 354*a*
some full-breasted s 420*b*
stately-sailing s 443*b*
summer dies the s 438*a*
S of Avon 216*a*
s on still St Mary's Lake 473*a*
the s 's down-feather 323*b*
wild-s pause in her cloud 435*b*
Swannee my dear old S 75*a*
S Ribber 156*a*
Swans geese are s 6*b*
his own geese are s 440*b*
s sing before they die 100*b*
very like s 123*b*
Swap not best to s horses 245*b*
Sward sunlight and the s 235*a*
Swarm of bees in May 522*a*
Swarry a friendly s 127*a*
Swashing remember thy s blow 364*b*
s and a martial outside 325*b*
Swat Akond of S 243*b*
Swath spares the next s 221*b*
Sway above this sceptred s 354*b*
governed by no other s 280*b*
Sway (*cont*)
limping s 388*a*
little rule, a little s 143*a*
love of s 302*a*
more habitual s 467*a*
prevail'd with double s 168*b*
Swayed s upon a rocking horse 220*b*
wd she be s by quite as keen 166*a*
Sways by submitting, s 302*a*
so s she level 370*b*
Swear and s nowhere 134*a*
blessed moon I s 365*a*
do not s at all 365*a*
s by thy gracious self 365*a*
s by thyself 132*a*
s, fool, or starve 142*b*
s like a comfit-maker's wife 378*a*
s me, Kate 378*a*
s not at all 505*a*
s not by the moon 365*a*
s on a parcel-gilt goblet 380*a*
s to never kiss the girls 466*b*
Sweareth unto his neighbour 482*a*
Swearing let me alone for s 372*a*
Swears with so much grace 244*a*
Sweat agony and bloody S 478*b*
a muck of s 171*a*
Falstaff shall die of a s 381*a*
in the s of thy face 492*b*
spend our mid-day s 307*a*
thev do not s and whine 458*a*
Sweating s devil here 362*b*
s palm to palm 202*a*
Sweats I alstaff s to death 377*a*
regrets and the bloody s 459*b*
s in the eve of Phoebus 383*a*
Sweep madly s the sky 357*a*
s on, you fat and greasy citizens 325*b*
s the clouds no more 194*a*
s thro' her marble halls! 247*b*
s through the deep 77*b*
Sweeps a room as for Thy laws 188*b*
Sweet all her task to be s 452*a*
all is not s 215*a*
as s unto a shepherd 176*a*
doth suck his s 176*a*
half so s in life 281*b*
how it was s 46*a*
how s! did any heart 399*a*
how s is the Shepherd's s lot 32*b*
if s, give thanks 421*a*
in the s o' the year 373*a*
little s doth kill 218*b*
love so young cd be so s 37*b*
O fair! O s 402*a*
O so s is she! 216*b*
O s and far from cliff 436*a*
pleasures newly found are s 463*b*
sleep not so soundd, as s 188*b*
some have found so s 433*b*
so s, as lovely melancholy 23*a*
so s, the sense faints 396*b*
so s was ne'er so fatal 363*b*
s and fair she seems 449*a*
s and low 436*a*
s and virtuous soul 187*b*
s as summer 386*b*
s as those by hopeless fancy 436*a*
s by-and-by 315*b*
s is every sound 437*a*
s is the breath of morn 274*b*
s it is, when on the sea 550*b*
s, not lasting 330*b*
s reasonableness 10*b*
s the coming on 274*b*
s their memory still 109*b*
s tho' in sadness 366*b*
s to myself that am so s 294*a*
s voice s lips 221*a*
s, when the morn is grey 75*b*
s, when they've cleared away 75*b*
s will be the flower 110*a*
swore my lips were s 241*b*
thy chamber window, S! 394*b*
'tis s to him 101*a*
'tis very s to look 221*a*
too simple and too s 293*a*
wit enough to keep it s 211*b*
with ecstasies so s 37*b*
with swift, slow, s, sour 197*b*
you'll look s on the seat 116*b*

Sweet-and-twenty kiss me, s 370b
Sweeten this little hand 350a
Sweeteners best s of tea 151b
Sweeter music s than their own 469a
s also than honey 482b
s no girl ever gave 461a
s than the marriage feast 100a
s thy voice 437a
thereby be the s 351b
Sweetest possibly s 75b
Sweetheart dead man's s 199a
I prithee, s, canst thou tell 531b
past and gone, s 531a
s of the sun 195b
Tray, Blanche and S 343a
Sweeting pretty s 370b
Sweetly flows that liquefaction 190b
Sweetmeats breaths with s 364b
Sweetness as may, with s 268b
every s that inspired 259b
folds the lily all her s up 437a
linked s long drawn out 269a
loathe the taste of s 378b
out of the strong came forth s 495a
pursuit of s and light 9b
s in the sad 441a
s in the stream 430b
s, mercy, majesty 249b
very s yieldeth proof 467b
want words, and s 216b
waste its s on the desert 174a
wh are s and light 417b
with s fills the breast 86b
Sweet peas on tiptoe 218b
Sweets all its s are gone 221a
box where s compacted 187b
discandy, melt their s 324a
instead of s, his ample palate 218a
nectared s 267b
stolen s are best 95b
s and the bitters of love 72b
s into your list 202a
s that you suck 227b
s to the sweet 336b
s with s war not 387a
Thy s along with Thee 187a
wilderness of s 275a
Sweet-William with its cottage smell 8b
Swell are taught to s 223b
green s is in the havens 197b
s at full of tide 323b
s, bosom, with thy fraught 362a
s gluts twice ten thousand 221a
Swelling green buds they were s 531a
she's a s visibly 126b
Swept empty, s, and garnished 506b
s it for half a year 84a
Swerving patent back again is s. 388b
Swift be s to hear 517a
dividing the s mind 573a
love is s of foot 188a
oh, be s, my soul 200b
s Anapæsts throng 101b
s as a shadow 356a
S expires a driv'ler 214a
s in all obedience 234b
s things for swiftness 441b
s to be hurled 196a
s without violence 305b
S, you will never be a poet 142a
too s arrives as tardy 365b
with s, slow 197b
Swiftness O s never ceasing! 295b
s did I sue 441b
Swike ne s thu 522b
Swimmer in the ocean a s 554b
Swine cast ye yr pearls before s 505b
gold in a s's snout 498a
husks that the s did eat 509b
Swing fellow's got to s 459b
I don't want to s a cat 122b
out of the s of the sea 197b
s me suddenly into the shade 30b
v'ice hed sech a s 250b
Swinged the dragon 373b
Swinges the scaly horror 270b
Swinging s round the circle 205b
s slow with sullen roar 268a
Swings one the more s into place 232b
his and that way s 9a
Swings (*cont*)
we pulls up on the s 86b
Swinish hoofs of a s multitude 57a
Swipes finish up yr s 229a
s they take in 27a
Swiss no money, no S 565a
Switched his long tail 100b
Switzerland inferior Scotland 405a
Swiveller Dick S 125a
Swim but said I cd not s 83b
naughty night to s in 343a
s to Thee, my Maker 280b
Swimmer never a s shall cross 424a
never, I ween, did s 253b
some strong s 70b
to be crossed by any s 413b
Swims new planet s into his ken 220b
s, or sinks, or wades 273a
who s in sight 424a
Swoop one full s 350a
Swop for my dear old Dutch 94a
Sword born of thee are s and fire 427b
brave man with a s 459b
broached on his s 383b
die on mine own s 351a
employment with the naked s 186b
famous by my s 280b
fleshed thy maiden s 379a
flourishing with his s 308b
gird on thy s, O man 36b
hack thy s as thou hast done 377b
[Hampden] first drew the s 203a
he had a s upstairs 474a
hides a s from hilts 381b
his father's s 281b
his good s rest 101a
I bear my trusty s 108b
is the s unsweyed? 385a
Justice to break her s 363b
lift up s against nation 501a
lightnings Thy s 94a
many have fallen by the s 520b
more splendid than the s 415b
mouth went a sharp two-edged s 518b
my soul from the s 483a
my s I give 54b
nor the deputed s 351b
not to send peace, but a s 506a
oyster I with s will open 355b
pen is worse than the s 64a
put up thy s 511b
sharp as a two-edged s 497b
sharper than any two-edged s 517a
since put up my s 338a
s, a horse, a shield 250a
s, glued to my scabbard 262b
s he sung a song of death 30a
s, nor yet a lute 187a
s of an Angel King 30b
s of Common Sense 261a
s of Hazael 496a
s outwears its sheath 74a
S sleep in my hand 31b
s sung on the barren hearth 30a
s that severs all 263b
s upon thy thigh 484b
s was in the sheath 111a
s was servant unto right 408b
S went out to sea 284b
take away the s 252a
the s, the mace 382b
they that take the s 508a
tongue a sharp s 485b
took his vorpal s 83b
two-edged s in their hands 490b
unsmote by the s 74a
we shall never sheathe the s 10b
whipster gets my s 364a
with s of justice thee ruleth 143a
with s -sway, and with lance s 318b
with the edge of the s 494a
Swords keep up yr bright s 359b
lifting up their s 154b
sheathed their s for lack 382a
splendid with s 421a
stout hearts and sharp s 28b
s into ploughshares 501a
s must have leaped 57a
s shall play the orators 259a
turns our s in our own entrails 341b
yet be they very s 485b
Swords (*cont*)
your s, made rich 339b
Swore jested, quaffed, and s. 136b
our armies s terribly 411b
Sikes habitually s 75a
s not at all 27b
tongue not my soul that s 559b
what to say, he s 73a
Sworn had I so s as you 347a
I have s, and am purposed 480b
I have s thee fair 380b
Swosser Captain S 121a
Swound noises in a s 98a
Sybil contortions of the s 58b
Sycamore nightingale in the s 414b
sighing by a s tree 363a
Sydnæan Showers 115b
Sydney, whom we yet admire 97b
Syllable chase a panting s 110b
s of recorded time 350b
Syllables heroic s both ways 71b
s jar with time 216b
these equal s alone 300a
Syllogisms hang not 107b
Sylph only s I ever saw 125a
Symbols huge cloudy s 221a
s of Eternity 471a
we are s, and inhabit s 148a
Symmetry its s be as of thunder 314a
thy fearful s 31b
Sympathetic gunpowder 66a
Sympathies vain s! 463b
Sympathize I deeply s 84b
Sympathy by admiration, by s 148a
in the primal s 466b
souls a s with sounds 112b
s in choice 356a
the secret s 317a
with our heartfelt s 165b
wrought to s with hopes 398a
Symphonies five sweet s 311b
Symphony and song 101b
Symplegades narrowing S 420b
Synagogues chief seats in the s 507b
Syne for auld lang s 590a
Synod hold a s in thy heart 280b
S of Cooks 207b
Syrens song the S sang 42b
Syrian in the lorn S town 7a
S damsels to lament 271b
the S stars look down 7a
Syrinx Pan did after S speed 260b
Syrops lucent s 221b
Syrups drowsy s of Arabia 362a
Syrtes and soft Sicily 8b
System educated by a s 265a
energies of our s will decay 18a
I must Create a S 30b
social s Prince's nails 122a
s into s runs 300b
while they oppose every s 57b
Systems atoms or s into ruin 300b
our little s 429b
wheeling s darken 442a

T

T mark it with T 532a
to a T, sir 150b
Tabbies we're not as t are 76a
Tabernacle dwell in thy t 482a
Orient t 442b
set a t for the sun 482b
Table about my t to and fro 476b
Alice looked all round the t 83a
carpenter made you a bad t 207a
crumbs from the rich man's t 510a
crumbs wh fall from masters' t 507a
general joy of the whole t 349a
requires the repairs of the t 212a
scraped one out of the t 351a
set the t on a roar 336b
shalt prepare a t before me 483a
sit still for once at t 193a
t of the Moveable Feasts 478a
write it before them in a t 502a
Table Bay horse and foot going to T! 227a
Table-crumbs attract his feet 443b
Table-lands the shining t 435a

Table Mountain reside at T 182b
Tables fleshy t of the heart 515a
leave God, and serve t. 512a
make it plain upon t 504b
my t—meet it is I set it down 331b
near a thousand t pined 465a
not yr trade to make t 207a
Tablets quick, thy t, Memory! 7a
Tabor as to the t's sound 466a
Tace Latin for a candle 151a
Tackle swell with the touches 323a
Tadlow walks the streets 149a
Tadpole T and Taper 120a
when you were a t 404a
Taffeta doublet of changeable t 371a
wench in flame-coloured t 376a
Taffy comes I dancing 232b
T was a Welshman 512a
I was not at home 532a
Tag rag, merry derry 290b
Tail brother, thy t hangs down 234a
cast salt on a woman's t 65b
Chittabob's t was the finest 20a
comes she with a tithe-pig's t 364b
corking-pin stuck through his t 19b
counsel to the t 259b
cow with the iron t 515a
durst not touch her t 534a
has a nimble t 216a
her t came out 19b
he wagged his t, and wet his lip 192b
he with his t awry 90a
his languid t above us 475a
hole where t came thro' 100b, 406b
improve his shining t 82b
scaly horror of his folded t 270b
sensations of its 't' 17b
such a little t behind 25b
switched his long t 100b
t must wag the dog 228a
their t the rudder 139b
thereby hangs a t 361b
thin mane, thick t 386b
treading on my t 83a
waving his wild t 237a
wh t she wriggles 216a
wh was the head wh was the t 38a
Tailor he called the t lown 361a
ninth part even of a t 80b
t make thy doublet 371a
Tailors four-and-twenty t 534a
run, t, run or she'll kill you 534a
Tails bring their t behind them 533a
holding their neighbours' t 231a
nasty long t 20a
t of both hung down 403b
t you lose 115b
were stings in their t 519a
Taint but never t my love 363a
Take easy to t more than nothing 83a
from thee I did but t 442b
I believe, and t it 145b
I can't t more 83a
I saw you t his kiss! 293b
prays der Lord, T anything 1a
shalt not t the Name of the Lord 480a
these thou shalt not t 423b
this cannot t her 416a
t and break us, we are yours 185a
t any heart, t mine 166b
t any shape but that 349a
t anything for granted 128a
t a suck at the lemon 19b
t heed therefore that the light 509a
t him for all in all 330a
t me to a brewery 523b
t me to you, imprison me 133a
t my counsel, happy man 103b
t my Muse and me 215a
t, O t those lips away 352a
t some more tea 83a
t that, you hound, and that! 135b
t thee with her eyelids 408a
t what this sweet hour yields 304b
t what thou wilt away 112b
they shd t, who have the power 470b
well, let it t them! 152b
ye shall t it patiently 517b
you mean you can't t *less* 83a
Taken deny its use thoughtfully t 76a
I fear she will be t 531a
Taken (*cont*)
Lord hath t away 496b
not be t away from her 509a
one shall be t 508a
tho' much is t, much remains 439a
when t, to be well shaken 103a
Takes blesseth him that t 354b
like that it t away 73b
Taking a's doing a-t o' mea? 415a
damnation of his t-off 347a
folks got t me for him 244b
in the t of it breathe 227b
t in one another's washing 573b
think, boy, of t a wife 282a
Talbot Warwick and T 383a
Tale and thereby hangs a t 326a
an ower true t 319a
as it were a t that is told 487b
a t shd be judicious 108a
dark words begins my t 465a
debonair and gentle t 221a
doth the same t repeat 466a
every t condemns me 385a
fair t of a tub 283b
find a t in every thing 471a
her terrible t you can't assail 165a
I cd a t unfold 331a
interest to a twice-told t 72b
I say the t as 'twas said 317a
long preamble of a t 89b
many a t their music tells 282a
mere t of a tub 454b
my t of woe 151a
point a moral, or adorn a t 213b
round unvarnished t deliver 360a
sad t's best for winter 373a
schoolboy's t wonder of an hour 68a
shepherd tells his t 268b
sing or say his homely t 468a
sweet t of the sun 477b
t not too importunate 283a
t shall put you down 377b
t told by an idiot 350b
t was undoubtedly true 242a
t wh holdeth children from play 402a
t, wh is strictly true 236a
tattling many a broken t 296b
tedious as a twice-told t 374a
telle a t after a man 89a
telle his t untrewe 89a
thereby hangs a t 366b
to him my t I teach 100a
tongue brings in a several t 385a
Talent blesst with each t 303a
his single t well employ'd 210b
I' does what it can 265a
t instantly recognizes genius 136a
t of the English nation 141b
that one t wh is death to hide 278b
Talented I'm sure he's a t man 305a
Talents if you have great t 306b
Tales fear increased with t 14a
our dreams are t 119a
poets that wrapt Truth in t 79a
seemed to them as idle t 510a
t of love shall tell 53b
tell old t, and laugh 344a
tell t of thee to Jove 342b
wild t to cheat thee 461b
Talismans books are t and spells 112b
Talk after-dinner t 434b
an hour's t withal 344b
but t of his horse 353a
by beginning to t 183a
Cabots t only to God 34a
difference of men's t 296a
fit time to t of Pensions 411b
have him t to me 378a
have out his t 200b
honest talk and wholesome wine 438b
hopes of high t 304b
I have no small t 455a
it would t Lord how it talk'th 23b
leading one to t of a book 207a
leave the Wise to t 153a
let's t of graves 375b
loves to hear himself t 365b
made ignoble t 428b
my fireside with personal t 468b
night is crept upon our t 341a
no use to t to me 198b
Talk (*cont*)
Pelagians do vainly t. 491a
read not to find t 16a
Sailor-men shd t so very queer 19b
some little t awhile 153b
t about the rest of us 102a
t a little wild 385b
t, and not the intrigue crime 173a
t but a tinkling cymbal 15b
t him out of patience 361b
t six times with the same lady 71b
t so like a waiting-gentlewoman 376b
t was like a stream 305a
t with some old lover's ghost 133b
t with you, walk with you 353a
the main they t 62b
the t slid north 227a
they always t, who never think 306a
those who t most about marriage 391a
to t of many things 84b
we'll t with them too 344a
who t too much 138a
wished him to t on for ever 183b
winter t by the fireside 16a
Talked believe they t of me 150a
[Coleridge] t on 183b
Lord, how it t 23b
so much they t 94b
t with us by the way 510a
thin t to him scarcely 231a
worse than being t about 460b
Talkers most fluent t 183b
Talking foolish t nor jesting 515b
I renchman must be always t 210a
he is t, or he is pursuing 496a
he will be t 350a
never mind her, go on t 390b
t about being a gentleman 416b
t and eloquence not the same 215a
t of Michel Angelo 141b
t politics after dinner 128b
tired the sun with t 106b
you will still be t 358a
Talking-machine red-tape T 81a
Talks he t at so very fast 150a
liked the way it t 308a
t about her hair 443a
Tall divinely t 426b
gallows neat and adequately t 91b
her stature t 70a
he's as t a man as any 369b
rather t and stately 528b
she is t and stately 433b
so t, he almost touched the sky 192b
t as Amazon 219a
t men had ever very empty heads 13b
were I so t to reach the Pole 453a
Taller by the breadth of my nail 417b
Tallest of boys 19b
Tally score and the t 384a
Talmud all the fables in the T 15a
Tam but I was glorious 62b
T kent what was what 63a
T lo'ed him like a brither 62b
T I thou'll get thy fairin' 63a
Tamarisks noon behind the t 228a
Tambourine on her other knee 125a
Tame be not too t 333b
glass, wh thou canst not t 186b
half-wild and wholly t 235a
who, ne'er so t, so cherish'd 379a
Tamed in one year t 261a
Tamer of the human breast 173b
Tamtallan Time may gnaw T 62b
Tanais flows the freezing I thro' 299a
Tane unto the tither did say 529b
Tang a tongue with a t 367b
Tanner one Simon a t 512a
Taper a t to the outward room 133b
hold up to the sun my t 71b
hope the gleaming t's light 168a
Tadpole and T 129a
t of conviviality 125a
yon t cheers the vale 169a
you saw the t burning 317b
Tapers hold their glimmering t 113b
lit her glimmering t 441b
priests, t, temples 299b
what is frequent in t wax 182a
Tapestry of a Turkey t 200b

Tappertit Mr T 121a
Tapping suddenly there came a t 298a
Tapsalteerie may a' gae t Ol 60b
Tar maiden and the t 166a
Tara hangs as mute on T 's walls 281a
harp that once thro' T 's halls 281a
Taraddiddles telling t 244b
Tarantara, tarantara 166b
Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay 316a
Tar-Baby he call a T 181b
T ain't saying nuthin' 181b
Tar-barrel black as a t 84a
Tare each other in their slime 430b
Tares clasping t cling round 114a
enemy came and sowed t 506b
weeds and t of mine own brain 41b
Tarn the dark t dry 119b
Tarnish late on Wenlock Edge 199b
Tarnishing by nature a t eye 264b
Tarpaulin jacket 459a
Tarquin great house of T 253a
T 's ravishing strides 347b
Tarried have I not t ? 368b
Tarry boatman, do not t ! 77a
longer will t 137a
t a while, says Slow 534b
t the grinding 368b
t till I come 512a
t till they push us 341b
why t the wheels of his chariot? 495a
you may for ever t 190b
Tarrying make no long t 484b
Tarshish howl, ye ships of T 502a
Tarsus stately ship of T 277b
Tartan beneath the t plaid 12a
Tartarly so savage and T 73a
Tarts she made some t 83b, 532b
he stole the t 532b
he stole those t 83b
[Tar water] cheer but not inebriate 28a
Task all her t to be sweet 452a
but one t for all 229a
delightful t ! 443b
good never will be our t 271a
great t of happiness 415a
labourer's t is o'er 115b
long day' t is done 324b
morning sees some t begin 249a
my t accomplished 185a
sets love a t like that 202a
t for all that a man has 412a
thy worldly t hast done 329a
to this childish t 415a
trivial round, the common t 224a
weary t foredone 357b
what he reads as a t 207a
Task-Master great T 's eye 278b
Tasks among the t of real life 465a
command him t 362b
t in hours of insight willed 7a
Tassel-gentle lure this t back 365b
Tassie in a silver t 60b
Taste all ashes to the t 68b
always had a t for damning 282b
bud may have a bitter t 110a
but t a little honey 495a
common sense and good t 389b
he had a kind of t 353b
her t exact 165a
judge of t 553b
let me t the whole of it 50b
let me t yr ware 532b
mortal t brought death 270b
O t , and see, how gracious 484a
Shakespeare, wanted t 449b
t my *Anno Domini* 150a
t not, handle not 516a
t not when wine cup glistens 319a
t of yr quality 332b
t yr legs, sir 371b
terrible t for tippling 163b
they never t who always drink 306a
things sweet to t 374b
tho' t , tho' genius bless 103a
to t the barrel 62b
vicissitudes of t 213b
wh th' offended t rejected 276b
Tasted can't be t in a sipl 125a
some books are to be t 16a
t the eternal joys of heaven 258b
Tastes t greatly alter 207b
Tastes (*cont*)
t may not be the same 391a
various are the t of men 3a
Tattle women have an entertaining t 91a
Tattlers also and busybodies 516b
Tattling many a broken tale 206b
Tattycoram 123a
Taught afterward he t 88b
all they've t me 282a
he t , but first he folwed 88b
he t us little 6b
in them is plainest t 277a
mind what I am t 425a
quickness ever to be t 302a
say, I t thee 386a
t by the Power that pities 169a
t them as one having authority 506a
Taunting reproofs grave, and not t 14b
Tavern as by a good t 208b
a t in the town 527a
choicer than the Mermaid T 219a
creaking couplets in a t hall 72a
Voice within the T cried 152a
vulgar and t music 42a
within the T caught 153b, 154a
Tavern-chair throne of felicity 212a
Taverns he knew the t well 88b
t while the tempest hurled 199b
Taw knuckle down at t 113a
Tawny Nightingale! the t-throated! 7a
Tax *Excise* a hateful t 212b
to t and to please 55a
Taxation and representation 305a
Taxed all the world shd be t 508b
schoolboy whips his t top 405a
t horse, with a t bridle 405a
Taxes all t fall upon agriculture 162a
as true as t is 122a
except death and t 156b
people overlaid with t 15b
t on everything on earth 405a
whoever pays the t 230b
Tay some'll swallow t 261b
t is not my diversion 237a
Taylor Shakespeare of divines 147a
T C in a Prospect of Flowers 261a
Tea coffee, t , chocolate 4b
counsel take—and sometimes t. 302b
dinner, lunch, and t 26a
honey still for t 40a
if this is coffee, I want t 536b
now for the t of our host 167a
some sipping t 468b
swallowing his t in oceans 255b
take some more t 83a
t , altho' an Oriental 93b
t and comfortable advice 222b
t tase of boiled boots 430b
t without a stratagem 476b
to their t and scandal 104a
we ll all have t 121a
Teach and gladly t 88b
go, t eternal wisdom how to rule 301a
I can easier t twenty 353a
let such t others who excel 300a
mine to t me 63b
oh t me yet somewhat 438a
she doth t the torches 365a
still pleased to t 300b
t him how to tell my story 360a
t me at once, and learn 299b
t me how a beggar be answer'd 355a
t me, my God and King 188a
t me to feel 304a
t me to live, that I may dread 224b
t ourselves that honourable stop 361a
t them how the mind of man 470a
t the orphan-boy 431b
t thy necessity to reason 374b
t us to bear the yoke 228a
t you more of man 471b
t you to drink deep 330a
what you t them first 207b
Teacher doctrine for the t 's sake 118a
let Nature be yr t 471b
precepts for the t 's sake 150b, 193b
tenderest t 173a
Teachers daily t had been woods 463a
more understanding than my t 489a
Teaching follow mine own t 353a
t nations how to live 279b
Teacup Storm in a t 22a
t times of hood and hoop 438a
Tea-kettle always back to the t. 128a
Team is my t ploughing 199a
t of little atomies 364b
Tear all he had, a t 174b
and a t in her eye 318a
aye the t comes in my ee 50a
claims the homage of a t 68a
charm thee to a t 461b
dropped a t into the Queen's ear 29a
droppe the brynie t 88a
drop upon Fox's grave the t 317b
Erin, the t and the smile 281a
every t from every eye 29b
every woe a t can claim 72b
fallen a splendid t 434a
forbade the rising t 317a
for whom a t you shed 215a
from yr eyelids wip'd a t 326b
grave rain'd many a t 335b
Guy de Vere, hast *thou* no t 208a
here did she fall a t 375b
meed of some melodious t 269a
never a t bedims 182a
not a t must o'er her fall 44a
persuasive language of a t 95a
Recording Angel dropped a t 412a
repressed the starting t 211b
shed a bitter t 84a
t be duly shed 103a
t blinded his e'e 529b
t her tattered ensign down! 194a
t him for his bad verses 340b
t is an intellectual thing 30b
t it from thy Throne 109b
t was in his eye 252b
t wiped with a little address 111a
the sympathetic t 174a
the unanswerable t 70a
think to shed a t 386a
toning of a t 189a
weep with thee, t for t 281b
Tear-floods no t 134a
Tears and the t of it are wet 323b
baptized in t 242a
beguile her of her t 366a
big round t run down 443b
bitter t to shed 106a
breath, smiles, t , of all my life! 44a
broomsticks and their t 474b
but they are cruel t 363b
corn, before my t did drown 188a
daffadillies fill their cups with t 270a
dashed with light quick t ! 421a
dearth of woman's t 290a
dim with childish t 465a
dip their wings in t 430a
drew iron t down Pluto's cheek 268b
drop, drop, slow t 155b
droppings of warm t 44a
drop t as fast as the Arabian 364a
drop thy foolish t 426a
drown the stage with t 333a
eyes and t be the same things 260b
far too freely moved to t 26a
fills the eyes with falling t 397a
flow with t of gold 33a
fountain of sweet t 471a
full of t am I 376a
gave me up to t 383a
greatness of the world in t 476a
had t for all souls in trouble 258a
her salt t fell from her 363a
her t fell with the dews 433b
if you have t 340a
I heard her t 311b
in t amid the alien corn 220a
in the mist of t I hid from Him 441b
keep time with my salt t 214b
kiss again with t 436a
let it wipe another's t 63b
like Niobe, all t 330a
like summer tempest came her t 436b
long drip of human t 180a
melted into t for thee 225a
mine own t do scald like lead 344a
mine own t I wash away my balm 376a
move the muse to t. 108a

Tears (*cont*)
my son in t 164*a*
my t must stop 196*b*
no arithmetic but t 225*a*
nothing is here for t 278*a*
now am full of t 474*a*
of shuddering, also, and t 452*a*
our bitter t o'erflow 266*b*
owe more t to this dead man 341*b*
parted in silence and t 74*b*
Pleasure, blind with t 392*a*
put my t into thy bottle 485*b*
rich flames, and hired t 42*a*
scare me with thy t 438*b*
see sin, but through my t 155*b*
shedded tender t 408*b*
shed t when they wd devour 15*b*
sink'st in thine own t 119*a*
some natural t they dropped 277*a*
sought it carefully with t 517*a*
source of sympathetic t 175*a*
t and laughters for all time! 44*a*
t and smiles like us He knew 3*b*
t from the depth 436*a*
t, idle t 436*a*
t live in an onion 322*b*
t no bitterness 251*b*
t of the sky 91*a*
t shall drown the wind 347*a*
t that overflow thy urn 241*a*
t, their little triumphs o'er 175*a*
T wash out a Word of it 153*b*
that sow in t shall reap in joy 489*b*
the big round t cours'd 325*b*
therefore I forbid my t 336*a*
the smiles of joy, the t of woe 282*b*
those seeing t 260*b*
tho' t no longer flow 38*b*
time with a gift of t 420*b*
tired of t and laughter 422*a*
too deep for t 467*a*
to remember with t ! 4*a*
to these crocodile's t add sobs 64*b*
votive t and symbol flowers 394*a*
watered Heaven with their t 32*a*
weep thy girlish t 452*a*
wipe all t from their eyes 519*b*
wipe away all t 519*a*
with the bread of t 487*a*
Teas treat housemaids to his t 93*b*
Tease t us out of thought 219*b*
thus t me together 160*a*
Teases because he knows it t 82*b*
Tea-shops low-class t 35*a*
Tea-time creation expire before t 404*b*
Teatray in the sky 83*a*
Teddington which is T 234*a*
Tedious cheer one on the t way 311*a*
more t than the dial 362*b*
t as a king 359*a*
t as a tired horse 378*a*
thinking his prattle to be t 376*a*
Teeming nor Cynthia t shows 260*b*
Tees my loveliest T 252*b*
Teeth cast me in the t 484*b*
children's t are set on edge 503*b*
makes my t watter 155*a*
show their t in way of smile 352*b*
skin of my t 497*a*
taking out his false t 135*a*
t and forehead of our faults 334*b*
tell him to his t 336*a*
thy t are like a flock of sheep 500*a*
to cast into my t 341*a*
weeping and gnashing of t 506*a*
whose t are spears and arrows 485*b*
with thy sharp t this knot 325*a*
Teeth-chattering Month 102*b*
Teetotaller beer t, not a champagne t 390*a*
no woman shd marry a t 413*a*
Tekel, Upharsin 504*a*
Telegraph lions of the *Daily T* 9*a*
Telemachus mine own T 438*b*
Tell almost makes me cry to t 192*b*
but why I cannot t 41*a*
from the grave, to t us this 331*b*
I cannot t what you think 337*b*
I can t you anyhow 54*b*
I cd never t why 165*b*
if it be love t me how much 322*a*
I have none to t, Sir 78*b*
I'll swear I can't t how 457*a*
in the body, I cannot t 515*a*
I shd answer, I shd t you 248*b*
I t you that wh you do know 340*a*
Lady, I fain wd t how 312*a*
men of sense never t 322*a*
never seek to t thy love 31*b*
no method to t her in Spanish? 46*b*
night to dream of, not to t 100*a*
sweetheart, canst thou t me 531*b*
t her, that I follow thee 436*b*
t her, what I t to thee 436*a*
t it not in Gath 495*b*
t me, my heart 251*b*
t me not, in mournful numbers 247*b*
t me not, Sweet, I am unkind 250*a*
t me, O thou my soul loveth 500*a*
t me the old, old story 179*a*
t me whom you live with 90*b*
t not as new ev'rybody knows 108*a*
t proud Jove 215*b*
t tale, tit 533*a*
t them I am, Jehova said 493*a*
t them that come after 485*a*
t the other girls and boys 414*a*
t you who you are 90*b*
'that I cannot t,' said he 406*a*
they didn't t, nor make a fuss 236*b*
what I t you three times 85*b*
whereby I can t 292*b*
woman who wd t one that 460*b*
ye scarcely t to ony 60*a*
you must somehow t of yr own 284*a*
you must not kiss and t 104*b*
you never can t 391*b*
Teller bad news infects the t 322*b*
truth never hurts the t 46*b*
Telling I am t you 456*b*
if thou know'st it, t 286*b*
only for t a man he was wrong 97*a*
pity beyond all t 475*b*
wh t what it is to die 430*a*
Tellus cost her mother T pangs 218*b*
Tempe dwine as the vale of T 314*a*
in shade of T sit 401*b*
Temper a tart t never mellows 203*b*
because she lost her t once 234*b*
do anything, only keep yr t 411*b*
he of a t was so absolute 136*b*
of such a feeble t 337*b*
one equal t of heroic hearts 430*a*
t is nine-tenths of Christianity 184*a*
touch of celestial t 274*b*
Temperance as t wd be difficult 212*a*
faith, meekness, t 515*b*
healthy by t 303*a*
ye must acquire and beget a t 333*b*
Temperate more lovely and more t 387*a*
the t affords me none 79*b*
Tempes where fairer T bloom 304*a*
Tempest drave devious, t toss'd 109*b*
fierce raged the t 444*b*
in taverns while the t hurled 199*b*
lowers the t overhead 247*a*
no t gave the shock 111*a*
silence we the t fear 139*b*
t still is high 455*b*
windy t of my heart 384*b*
Tempests glasses itself in t 69*b*
he on whom Thy t fell 188*a*
looks on t and is never shaken 389*a*
Tempest-tost it shall be t 346*a*
Templar Knights to bide 409*b*
Templars wits and T 303*a*
Temple all the T is prepared within 152*a*
at the t's inner shrine 467*a*
broke ope the Lord's anointed t 348*a*
build the T in their days 260*b*
dread T of Thy worth 232*b*
drove them all out of the t 510*b*
dwell in such a t 367*b*
Herostratus burnt T of Diana 42*b*
his train filled the t 501*b*
in the very t of delight 219*b*
I saw no t therein 520*a*
let each new t 194*a*
metropolitan t in the hearts 464*a*
polished corners of the t 490*b*
Temple (*cont*)
second t was not like the first 140*a*
some old t, nodding to its fall 301*b*
t half as old as Time 310*a*
T lost outright 153*b*
this T keeps its shrine 203*b*
when t and tower 278*b*
yr body is the t 514*a*
Temple Bar high over roaring T 439*b*
rot high on T 93*b*
T to Aldgate Street 160*b*
Temple-bells t are callin' 232*a*
t they say Come you back 232*a*
Temples forsake their t dim 270*b*
mortal t of a king 375*b*
my joyful t bind 448*b*
smote the nail into his t 494*b*
solemn t 367*b*
t of his Gods 253*a*
thy t are like a pomegranate 500*a*
Temporal pass through things t 479*b*
Tempt he tries to t you 3*a*
king nor prince shall t me 12*a*
shall not t the Lord thy God 505*a*
so proudly t the Son of God 277*b*
t my Lady Poltigue 26*b*
t not a desperate man 366*b*
t the frailty of our powers 369*a*
Temptation cold, and to t slow 388*b*
fond of resisting t 23*b*
lead us not into t 505*b*
man that endureth t 517*a*
maximum of t with opportunity 391*a*
most dangerous is that t 351*b*
oughtn't to yield to t 197*a*
resist everything except t 573*a*
t comes to us in gay colours 185*b*
that way going to t 351*b*
there hath no t taken you 514*b*
to get rid of a t yield to it 406*b*
why comes t but for man to meet 51*b*
with t also make way to escape 514*b*
ye're aiblins nae t 59*a*
Temptations to belong other nations 166*a*
Tempted extreme annoyance, t him 26*b*
more pure, as t more 465*a*
one thing to be t 351*a*
other men are t to 65*b*
suffer you to be t 514*b*
t, and yet undefiled 405*b*
t by a private whim 26*b*
they t me, my beautiful! 290*a*
Tempting sounds I hear 33*b*
Tempts yr wandering eyes 173*b*
Ten it's now t o'clock 266*a*
nine, t, a good fat hen 532*a*
t, who in ears and eyes 50*b*
upper t thousand of the city 461*b*
were there not t cleansed? 510*a*
Tenant house and t go to ground 147*a*
Tenants nobler t of the flood 110*b*
outlives a thousand t 336*a*
t of life's middle state 113*a*
Ten Comandments aren't no T 232*a*
went to sea with the T 351*a*
Tend upon the hours and times 388*a*
Tendance in so long t spend 400*b*
Tended her i' the eyes 323*a*
Tendency mighty stream of t 464*b*
Tender Bill as is young and t 440*b*
distorting his t love 36*b*
Dowglas, t and trewe! 193*b*
felt the t passion 160*a*
quick, t, virginal 294*b*
t for another's pain 175*a*
things that are t and unpleasing 15*b*
tho' never t nor sublime 241*b*
Tender-handed stroke a nettle 191*b*
Tenderly take her up t 105*b*
Tenderness more alive to t 465*a*
thanks to its t, its joys 467*a*
Tenders shoal of fools for t 105*a*
Tendrils strong as flesh and blood 468*b*
Tenedos a thousand ships to T 259*b*
Tenement informed the t of clay 138*a*
into a clayey t 79*a*
threshold of the ruined t ! 207*a*
Teneriff or Atlas 274*b*
Tennis-balls stuffed t 358*b*
the stars' t 454*b*
Tennyson hoped T was writing his 66*b*

Tennyson (*cont*)
[T] cd not think up to 94*a*
T was not Tennysonian 204*b*
[T] write verses without understanding 102*b*
Wordsworth, T, and Browning 17*b*
Tenor held the t of his way 304*b*
noiseless t of their way 174*b*
1066 and all that 321*b*
Tent I rede ye t it 62*a*
little t of blue 459*b*
my t 's thin roof 393*a*
my wind-built t 393*a*
pitch my moving t 280*a*
sits in yon western t 103*a*
summer's evening, in his t 340*a*
Tent-royal of their emperor 381*b*
Tents fold their t, like the Arabs 247*a*
ha done with the T of Shem 231*b*
plain man, dwelling in t 493*a*
such as dwell in t 492*b*
t of ungodliness 487*a*
thy tribe's black t 441*a*
to yr t, O Israel 496*a*
within whose magic t 36*b*
Tereu, Tereu, by and by 20*b*
Term I served a t 166*a*
Termagant for o'erdoing T 333*b*
Terminations terrible as her t 358*a*
Terminological inexactitude 95*a*
Terms airs and recollected t 370*b*
I come on perfect t 458*a*
I like not fair t 353*a*
in good set t 320*a*
not t except surrender 173*a*
silken t precise 345*a*
t like grace, new birth 10*a*
t too deep for *me* 165*a*
the happiest t I have 379*a*
Terrace at t walk 419*b*
blank to Zoroaster on his t 49*b*
Terrible I the elder and more t 339*a*
make thee t and dear 399*a*
t as hell 272*b*
Terrier party like the Scotch t 38*a*
Terror only rules by t 426*a*
so full of dismal t 384*b*
struck more t to Richard 385*a*
t by night 487*b*
t haunts the guilty mind 241*a*
t of darkness! 87*a*
T the human form divine 33*a*
t to good works 513*b*
their perch and not their t 351*a*
there is no t, Cassius 340*b*
without t great 305*b*
Terrors its deadly t clasp 32*a*
king of t 497*a*
new t of death 4*b*
scarecrow for superstitious t 120*a*
shall be the t of the earth 342*b*
Tertium Quid Wife and a T 237*b*
Tess his sport with T 181*a*
Test best is bad, nor bears I by t 45*b*
bring me to the t 335*a*
there lies the t 94*b*
Testament Commons hear this t 340*a*
thou mak'st a t 325*b*
Tested his first plough 45*a*
Tester she drops a t 215*b*
Testimonies thy t are my study 489*a*
Testimony no t is sufficient 201*a*
Tetchy and wayward 385*a*
Tether nae man can t time or tide 63*a*
tied the world in a t 424*a*
Teuton Slav, T, Kelt 426*a*
Teviotdale march, Ettrick and T 320*a*
Text approve it with a t. 354*a*
a square of t 429*a*
God takes a t 187*a*
great t in Galatians 52*a*
many a holy t around she strews 174*b*
neat rivulet of t 400*b*
none can read the t 429*a*
of that t a pulled hen 88*b*
read ev'ry t and gloss over 65*a*
to yr t, Mr Dean! 145*a*
Texts difference of t 409*a*
Texture we know her woof, her t 219*a*
Thackeray settled like a meat-fly 313*b*
Thairm painch, tripe, or t. 60*b*
Thais lovely T by his side 138*b*
lovely T sits beside thee 139*a*
Thames crossing the stripling T 8*a*
flights upon the banks of T 216*a*
hill beside the silver T 37*b*
my T-blown body 202*b*
not of Gennesareth, but T! 442*b*
of our poor T she never heard! 88
on T's broad aged back 409*b*
sweet T, run softly 409*b*
T, attended by two nymphs 116*a*
T bordered by its gardens 284*a*
T is between me and the Duchess 449*a*
the youthful T 8*b*
with no allaying T 249*b*
Thammuz came next 271*b*
Thamyris and blind Mæonides 273*a*
Thane of Cawdor lives 346*a*
Thank I t thee, Jew 355*a*
I t the goodness and the grace 424*b*
make the Moor t me 361*a*
t me no thankings 360*a*
t whatever gods may be 185*a*
t with brief thanksgiving 422*a*
t you the agony is abated 255*b*
then t the Lord, O t the Lord 76*a*
Thanked nobody t him for it 209*b*
when I'm not t at all 151*b*
Thankful come, ye t people 38
pleasant thing it is to be t 490*b*
so t for illusion 90*a*
the just to be t 483*b*
Thankfulness bless yr name in pride and t 47*b*
Thanks for this relief much t 329*a*
I am poor even in t 332*b*
shall the dust give t 483*b*
some give t 293*a*
such t as fits a king's 332*a*
ta'en with equal t 334*a*
take the t of a boy— 24*b*
t be to the Lord 483*b*
t God for anything 206*b*
t to the human heart 467*a*
to give t is good 421*a*
Thanksgiving be received with t 516*b*
thank with brief t 422*a*
with proud t 28*b*
Tharsis kings of T 480*b*
That take t you hound, and t! 135*b*
1066 and all t 321*b*
t thou doest, do quickly 511*a*
Thatch house with deep t 27*a*
while the nigh t smokes 101*a*
Thatch-eves round the t run 221*b*
Thaw, and resolve itself 330*a*
Theatre as in a t, the eyes of men 376*a*
everybody has his own t 181*a*
Idols of the T 16*b*
this t of man's life 13*a*
wait all day long in the t 413*a*
Theatres t, and temples lie open 472*b*
t of crowded men 218*a*
Theatrical scarecrow 120*a*
Theban that T monster 277*b*
this same learned T 343*a*
Thebes riddle of death T never knew 394*a*
T did his green youth 141*b*
T, or Pelops' line 268*a*
walked about in T's streets 403*b*
Thee at last sit down by t 225*b*
but broken lights of t 429*b*
do it as for T 188*a*
have not T in awe 233*b*
love be great, 'twixt t and me 21*a*
minister of t to me 30*a*
nearer, my God, to T 1*a*
sigh'd for the dawn and t 434*a*
talk awhile of ME and T 153*b*
therefore to t it was given 7*b*
what have I to do with t? 510*b*
who T by faith confessed 200*a*
without T I cannot live 224*a*
without T I dare not die 224*a*
Theek we'll t our nest 529*b*
Theft Christ forgave the t. 51*a*
suspicious head of t 345*a*
wd be t in other poets 142*a*
Their's t but to do and die 426*a*
t not to make reply 426*a*
Them 's my sentiments 573*a*
Theme act of the imperial t 346*a*
as it is my t! 119*b*
it was a t for reason 132*a*
the t too great! 305*b*
Themes muses on admired t 259*b*
Themselves are a law unto t 513*a*
behold a greater than t 338*a*
outward shows be least t 354*a*
vilest things become t in her 323*a*
Thentente is al 90*b*
Theocrite Praise God!' sang T 45*a*
Theologians employed terms 10*a*
Theology better than this t 147*b*
objected to his t 403*a*
Theophilus most excellent T 508*b*
treatise have I made, O T 512*a*
Theoric bookish t 359*b*
Theorize before one has data 135*a*
There condemn itself for being t 350*b*
cry over me, T, t 486*b*
he had been t before 237*b*
he was t He himself 45*b*
if thou wert t 62*b*
I have been t 453*a*
I shall not be t 424*a*
is t anybody t 119*b*
it's t that I wd be 232*a*
not t, not t, my child! 184*b*
t am I in the midst of them 507*a*
t goes John Bradford 34*b*
t, t, I wd go, O my beloved 568*a*
Thereby hangs a tail 361*b*
Thermopylæ to make a new T 70*b*
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax 329*a*
These from t I wd be gone 388*a*
long way with t thou seest 429*b*
t are they wh came out 519*a*
t, in the day when heaven 200*a*
Thetis sun in the lap of T 65*b*
They every one else is T 236*a*
t at least are for me 441*b*
t, this thing, and I 50*b*
Thick as t as motes 89*b*
his colours laid so t 140*a*
t and fast they came at last 84*b*
t as autumnal leaves 271*b*
through t and thin 65*a*, 108*b*, 138*b*
Thicker than my father's loins 496*a*
Thicket ram caught in a t 493*a*
t closed behind her 429*a*
Thickets fields and thorny t 443*b*
t to his floods decline 37*b*
Tricksides and *hairy* Aldrich 96*a*
Thief apparel fits yr t 352*a*
behold, I come as a t 519*b*
embrace the impenitent t 412*b*
Eugene Aram, tho' a t 75*b*
first cries out stop the t 104*b*
first grand t into God's fold 273*b*
giant's robes upon a dwarfish t 350*a*
have a t or two guiltier 351*a*
if you do take a t 359*a*
opportunity makes a t 16*b*
rails upon yond simple t 343*b*
receiver as bad as the t 90*b*
steals something from the t 360*a*
Taffy was a t 512*a*
t doth fear each bush 384*b*
t said the last kind word 51*a*
Translation's t that addeth more 261*b*
when thou sawest a t 485*a*
wh is the justice, wh is the t? 343*b*
Thieves fell among t 509*a*
'gainst knaves and t 372*a*
land-t and water-t 353*a*
made it a den of t 507*b*
shot out sharp after t 421*b*
thou best of t 139*b*
where t break through 505*b*
Thigh bee with honied t 268*b*
hollow of Jacob's t 493*a*
on his t a name 519*b*
Thighs cusses on his t 378*b*
Thimbles sought it with t 86*a*
Thin gruel, t, but not too t 11*a*
jewels make women t 21*b*
lips were red, and one was t 416*a*
O heart! how t and clear 436*a*
profligate, and t 477*b*
so t, so pale, is yet of gold 114*a*

Thin (*cont*)
through thick and t 65*a*, 108*b*, 138*b*
Thine as I must on t 394*b*
not my will, but t 510*a*
only call me t 101*b*
Rose Aylmer, all were t 240*b*
she be only t 260*b*
since I cannot have t 416*a*
why not I with t ? 395*b*
Wordsworth, both are t 410*b*
Thinner, clearer, farther going! 436*a*
I hing acting of a dreadful t 338*b*
a *Good T* 321*b*
a t well said 142*a*
beguile the t I am 360*b*
blame the t that's not 294*a*
bonnie wee t 59*b*
but one t is needful 509*a*
but that is not the t 223*a*
conceive a t so sad 475*a*
dejected t of fortune 343*b*
doth the t wh is right 482*a*
draw the T as he sees It 236*b*
each t that in season grows 344*b*
every blessed t you hold 163*b*
excels each mortal t 372*b*
fond t vainly invented 491*b*
gentle t like me 475*a*
good and joyful a t it is 490*a*
good t come out of Nazareth? 510*b*
handsome wee t 62*a*
has this t appeared again 329*b*
I am the t I was 381*a*
I know a t or two 166*b*
ill-favoured t, sir 328*a*
in his hand T became a trumpet 470*b*
I said the t wh was not 418*a*
I wove the t to a random rhyme 130*b*
joyful and pleasant t 490*b*
laugh at any mortal t 71*a*
learning, what a t it is 366*b*
lo'esome wee t 62*a*
lose a t none but fools wd keep 351*b*
lovely and a fearful t 70*b*
many a t I sought 387*b*
miss the many-splendoured t 442*a*
most unattractive old t 165*a*
motion like a living t 469*a*
no new t under the un 499*a*
palsy-stricken, churchyard t 221*b*
play's the t 333*a*
prize the t ungained 368*b*
same t at the end 44*b*
seeks a little t to do 47*a*
she seemed a t that cd not feel 463*a*
sole unquiet t 101*a*
such a t as I myself 337*b*
such a t as thou 359*b*
sweetest t that ever grew 467*b*
that extremely lovely t 163*a*
that t that ends all 325*a*
the t that hath been shall be 499*a*
t begot within a pair of minutes 238*b*
t devised by the enemy 385*a*
t imagination boggles at 75*b*
t immortal as itself 331*a*
t that she despises 104*a*
this t is of God 422*a*
this t was not done in a corner 513*a*
thou art the t itself 343*a*
throw away the dearest t he owed 346*b*
very t he'll set you to 30*a*
we have so much of the t 9*a*
what a little t to remember 4*a*
what is that t called Light 95*a*
what t dost thou now 422*a*
what t of sea or land? 277*b*
what t upon his back had got 108*b*
winsome wee t 62*a*
with a great t to pursue 47*a*
Things aggregate of little t 283*a*
all good t are ours 50*b*
all other t give place 160*b*
all other t, to their destruction 132*a*
all t are full of labour 499*a*
all t are taken from us 433*a*
all t change them to the contrary 366*a*
all t come to an end 489*a*
all t else about 470*b*
all t necessary to salvation 491*a*
all t show it 160*a*
Things (*cont*)
all t that we ordained 366*a*
all t thou wdst praise 119*b*
all t to all men 514*a*, 524*b*
all t uncomely and broken 475*b*
all t visible and invisible 480*a*
all t were made by him 510*b*
all t work together for good 513*b*
art all t under Heaven 276*b*
as rare t will, it vanished 49*a*
as t have been they remain 96*b*
beauteous forms of t 471*b*
brave translunary t 137*a*
but for the virtuous t 91*b*
cannot but remember such t were 350*a*
cannot do the t that ye wd 515*b*
can such t be 349*a*
cared for none of those t 512*b*
cognisance of men and t 47*b*
contemneth small t 520*b*
credit t that do presage 341*a*
dead selves to higher t 429*b*
did the t play thro' their wings? 441*b*
do the t I ought 425*a*
dreaming on t to come 388*b*
end of all t is at hand 517*b*
fair and flagrant t 114*b*
feud 'twixt t and me 36*a*
fine t to be seen 93*a*
foolish t of the world 514*a*
forgetting those t wh are behind 516*a*
former t are passed away 519*b*
forms of t unknown 357*b*
fulfilled of unspeakable t 423*b*
full of a number of t 414*a*
giver of all good t 479*b*
God's sons are t 256*b*
good t will strive to dwell 367*b*
great ugly t 20*a*
how can these t be 516*b*
I find t very much as 'ow 86*b*
I look at all t as they are 439*b*
I make all t new 519*b*
into the life of t 472*a*
I speak of the t wh I have made 484*b*
I will do such t 342*b*
left undone those t 478*a*
let all t be done decently 514*b*
let determined t to destiny hold 323*b*
lose not the t eternal 479*b*
main chance of t 380*b*
make possible t not so held 373*a*
mass of t to come at large 368*b*
mind not high t 513*b*
more t are shewed unto thee 520*a*
more t are wrought by prayer 429*a*
more t in heaven and earth 331*b*
my friend, the t that do attain 416*a*
mystical better t 171*b*
nor t diurnal 422*a*
nor t present, nor t to come 513*b*
nothing brings me all t 368*a*
O all ye Green T 478*a*
on all t all day long 429*a*
on t above, not on t on the earth 516*a*
paid them the t I never took 486*b*
paltry, foolish, painted t 137*a*
people don't do such t 567*a*
purpose of the t themselves 338*a*
put away childish t 514*b*
right judgment in all t 479*b*
sad vicissitudes of t 162*b*
secret t belong unto the Lord 494*b*
see the good t there 192*b*
seekest thou great t 503*b*
sense and outward t 466*b*
shape of t to come 455*b*
show the t that are not 341*b*
substance of t hoped for 517*a*
such good t, as pass man's 479*b*
take upon's the mystery of t 344*a*
teach thee terrible t 484*b*
these t shall be! 424*a*
these t shall be added 505*b*
t altered in the building trade 236*a*
t and actions are what they are 64*b*
t are beyond all use 339*a*
t are in the saddle 146*b*
t are not what they seem 247*b*
t are seldom what they seem 166*a*
t are the sons of heaven 212*b*
Things (*cont*)
t at home are crossways 80*a*
t bad begun 349*a*
t beyond our care 141*a*
t forever speaking 464*b*
t like that, you know, must be 466*a*
t more true and deep 398*b*
t noted in thy book 485*b*
t outward do draw the inward 324*a*
t past redress 375*a*
t people make fools of themselves 390*a*
t rank and gross in nature 330*a*
t standing thus unknown 337*a*
t that are more excellent 452*b*
t that didn t occur 156*a*
t that love night 342*b*
t that make the greatest stir 156*a*
t that they shall do 432*a*
t they ought to do 479*b*
t unattempted yet in prose 270*b*
t whereof our conscience afraid 479*b*
t wh are requisite and necessary 478*a*
t wh are written in this book 520*b*
t, wh for our unworthiness 480*b*
t wh I have seen 466*a*
t without all remedy 348*b*
t won are done 308*b*
t worthy of stripes 509*b*
those t wh elemented it 134*a*
thousand slimy t 99*a*
through t temporal 479*b*
to bring in fine t 53*b*
unhappy, far-off t 174*a*
unto the pure all t are pure 516*b*
very excellent t are spoken 487*a*
weak t of the world 514*a*
were such t here as we do speak 346*a*
whatsoever t are true 516*a*
what t at the Mermaid 22*b*
what t were gain to me 516*a*
when t were as fine 67*b*
whoso doeth these t 482*b*
wh t are an allegory 515*b*
with enduring t 466*a*
worse than senseless t 337*b*
yet possessing all t 515*a*
you are idle shallow t 371*b*
Think all that we ask or t 515*b*
always talk, who never t 306*a*
an' no t lang 62*b*
as my poor heart doth t 251*b*
because I t him so 372*b*
books t for me 239*a*
but to t is to be full of sorrow 220*a*
comedy to those that t 449*b*
cd t for two minutes together 405*a*
do then, t here before 133*b*
expect a soldier to t 390*a*
haply I t on thee 387*b*
'I am inclined to t,' said I 136*a*
I cannot sit and t 219*a*
I do not t so differently 201*b*
I don't t 127*a*
if they t, they fasten their hands 200*a*
if you can t not make thoughts 230*a*
I sometimes t that never blows 153*a*
I t and t on things impossible 141*b*
I t that thou art just 362*a*
I t, therefore I am 540*b*
it is very nice to t 413*b*
knew not what to t 109*b*
learn to t Imperially 87*a*
let me not t on't 330*a*
man must t o' things 231*b*
must not t of thee 265*a*
now I t it 410*b*
or t on't now 189*a*
pause and sadly t 290*a*
she cd not t 114*a*
she that cd t 361*a*
stay and t of nought 388*a*
teach him to t for himself! 391*b*
[Tennyson] cd not t up to the height 94*a*
t by fits and starts 200*a*
t he never cd recapture 47*a*
t, in this battered Caravanserai 142*a*
t like other people 391*b*
t no more, lad 109*b*
t not God at all 277*b*
t not, thou noble Roman 341*a*

Think (*cont*)
t of them that sleep 76*b*
t on him that's far awa 59*a*
t only this of me 40*a*
t only what concerns thee 275*b*
t on these things 516*a*
t perhaps even less 45*a*
t they of their brethren more 287*a*
t thou and act 312*b*
t what 'e 's been 234*a*
t what I have done 348*a*
t you mid all this mighty sum 464*b*
those who greatly t 299*a*
'tis sweet to t where'er we rove 281*b*
whate'er you t, good words best 374*b*
when I wd pray and t 351*b*
who t too little 138*a*
Thinker on this planet 148*a*
Thinkers not always the justest t 183*b*
Thinketh He made it 45*b*
Thinking and then to t ! 183*b*
dignity of t beings 213*a*
hardly seem worth t of 474*b*
I'm a fool for t 305*a*
it ain t t about it 445*b*
much drinking, little t 418*a*
plain living and high t 467*b*
t, teeling, loving 463*b*
t for myself at all 166*a*
t makes it so 332*a*
t of nothing at all 120*b*
t of the days that are no more 436*a*
t of the old 'un 122*a*
t on fantastic summer's heat 374*b*
t on my dearie 59*a*
t on the frosty Caucasus 374*b*
t on their sins 61*a*
t too precisely on the event 335*b*
t what a Rum Go everything is 455*b*
with too much t 302*a*
Thinkings solitary t 217*b*
Thinks he most lives who t most 18*a*
he t too much 338*a*
I know she t o' me 232*a*
man t meanly of himself 209*b*
never t of me 527*a*
says little, t less 150*a*
she t not on what's said 189*a*
things on wh the public t long 213*a*
t men honest that but seem 360*b*
whene'er she t at all 94*b*
when he t, good easy man 385*b*
whether he t too little 301*a*
Thinner on bottled beer 165*b*
Thinness gold to airy t beat 134*a*
Third then he gave a t 468*b*
the t in yr bosom 365*b*
with a shadowy t 45*b*
with never a t 45*b*
Thirst I t 511*b*
man can raise a t 232*a*
neither t any more 519*a*
t after righteousness 505*a*
t that from the soul doth rise 216*a*
t to know and understand 452*b*
without provocation of t 418*a*
Thirsted scooped brimming stream 274*a*
Thirsteth ho, every one that t 503*a*
Thirty at t man suspects himself 477*a*
at t, the wit (reigns) 157*a*
t days hath November 172*a*
t days hath September 533*a*
wrong side of t 418*b*
Thirty-three nothing—except t 70*a*
Thirty-five to die at 9*a*
This that it shd come to t ! 330*a*
t royal throne of kings 375*a*
t was a man 341*b*
Thisbe death of Pyramus and T 366*a*
T fearfully o ertrip the dew 355*a*
Thistle a T across my way 29*b*
find the stubborn t bursting 435*a*
Thistles docks, rough t 383*b*
gather figs of t ? 505*b*
t stretch their prickly arms 114*a*
Thither if thou canst get but t 448*a*
Thomas John's ideal T 194*a*
pop Sir T again in the pond 20*a*
ta'en true T up behind 528*a*
the real T 194*a*
T, because thou hast seen me 511*b*
Thomas (*cont*)
T, here's my best respects 235*a*
T 'ideal T 194*a*
true T he pu'd off his cap 528*a*
true T lay on Huntlie 528*a*
true I on earth was never seen 528*b*
Thoreau quote T 's example 135*b*
Thorn breast against a t 20*b*, 196*a*
Elder, Elm, and T 119*b*
figs grew upon t 92*a*
from off this t with me 383*b*
given to me a t in the flesh 515*b*
gnarled and writhen t 235*a*
instead of the t the fir tree 503*a*
kissed beside the t 37*b*
left the t wi' me 63*b*
ne'er the rose without the t 191*a*
no harvest but a t 188*a*
Oak, and Ash, and T 230*a*
peeps beneath the t 169*a*
plant this t, this canker 377*a*
slug-abed snail upon the t 441*b*
then was the t, without rose-bud 191*a*
t thy brow to braid 319*a*
withering on the virgin t 356*a*
Thornburgh Mrs 'I 451*b*
Thorn-crowned Man 7*a*
Thorns brow of labour crown of t 53*a*
crackling of t under a pot 499*a*
fall upon the t of life! 396*b*
gather grapes of t 505*b*
land of sand and t 428*a*
no t go as deep 421*a*
once was crowned with t 244*a*
pots be made hot with t 485*b*
set with little wilful t 435*b*
t that in her bosom lodge 331*b*
Thoroughfare for all thoughts 223*b*
Thou for t art with me 483*a*
I am t 422*a*
not only t, but also all that hear 513*a*
t also 552*a*
t art t 422*a*
T beside me singing 152*b*
t for whom e'en Jove wd swear 345*a*
T ! if t wast He 47*a*
t, Lord, and I 119*b*
t 's for ever! 62*b*
t that hearest the prayer 485*b*
t to me art all things 276*b*
T wast up by break of day 187*a*
'tis t must bring her hame 529*b*
Thought any unproportioned t 330*b*
armour is his honest t 473*a*
a Roman t hath struck him 322*b*
as in uttish t he stood 83*b*
as silent t can bring 471*a*
as swift as t 345*a*
best that is known and t 9*a*
better than I t 458*a*
bound of human t 438*b*
built beyond mortal t 302*b*
but he t another 89*b*
change in the modes of t 265*b*
chaos of t and passion 301*a*
charm, by t supplied 472*a*
does not seem a moment's t 474*a*
eager t warbling his Doric lay 270*a*
elevation of our t 464*b*
end of man action and not a t 81*b*
ere 'I cd wed itself 430*a*
eternity dreadful t ! 1*b*
Eternity of t 465*b*
even with a t the rack dislimns 324*b*
every third t shall be my grave 368*a*
evil is wrought by want of t 196*a*
exhausting t, and living wisdom 68*b*
Experience is the child of I 130*a*
flowers of thy t 422*b*
green t in a green shade 260*b*
haunt t's wildernesses 397*a*
her body t 133*b*
he t he saw 85*b*
he t I t he t I slept 293*b*
hit on the same t 400*a*
holy and good t 521*b*
human t or form 394*b*
in a general honest t 341*b*
indolent vacuity of t 112*b*
in loftiness of t 141*a*
in the light of t. 398*a*
Thought (*cont*)
I shun the t 265*a*
I sleep out the t 373*a*
I t so once 160*a*
Jesu, the very t of Thee 86*b*
keep ye t of us 36*a*
knows not from her t 313*a*
language is the body, of t. 81*b*
language is the dress of t 213*a*
lean upon the t 5*b*
lived with no other t 297*b*
love, and t, and joy 471*a*
magnanimity of t 477*a*
man of yearning t and aspiration 313*a*
man's t keeps the roadway 380*a*
more strong than all poetic t 430*a*
my t whose murder yet is but fantastical 346*b*
never cd divine his real t 70*b*
nought is worth a t 305*a*
oft was t but ne'er expressed 300*a*
O, if I t that, I'd beat him 370*b*
one t of thee puts all the pomp 299*b*
one t, one grace, one wonder 250*b*
perish the t 95*b*
pleased his childish t. 465*a*
plunged in t again 7*a*
possesses or possessed a t 68*a*
question with my jealous t 388*a*
reach on with thy t 312*b*
rear the tender t 443*b*
sessions of sweet silent t 387*b*
sight or t be formed 276*a*
some hollow t 469*a*
some monster in his t 361*b*
some sudden t 244*a*
speech created t 397*a*
splendour of a sudden t 46*a*
steadfast of t 402*b*
stood awhile in t 83*b*
strange seas of t 469*b*
sudden t strikes me 79*a*
swift as t in every power 345*a*
take no t for the morrow 505*b*
teach high t 428*a*
tease us out of t 219*b*
tell of saddest t 398*b*
the dome of I 68*a*
the pale cast of t 333*a*
thing they call a t 300*a*
thinking to have common t 302*a*
this I have t that another man t 235*a*
t again, but knew not what 109*b*
t-executing fires 342*b*
t is free 367*b*
'I is the child of Action 130*a*
T leapt out to wed with T 430*a*
t of grief refuse 37*a*
t of our past years 466*b*
t secreted by the brain 80*a*
t 's the slave of life 379*a*
t upon thee when I was waking? 485*b*
t wh saddens while it soothes 50*a*
t wd destroy their paradise 175*a*
thou wert a beautiful t 69*a*
to believe yr own t 147*b*
to have loved t done 5*b*
to let one's t wander 476*a*
two souls with but a single t 568*b*
untouched by solemn t 467*a*
vain or shallow t 147*a*
wad ye tak a t 59*a*
wh of you by taking t 505*b*
whistled for want of t 140*a*
white celestial t 448*a*
wish was father to that t 381*a*
working-house of t 383*b*
ye t ? ye are not paid to think 232*a*
Thoughts absent t o'ither 63*a*
adieu—my morning t 105*b*
all his t perish 490*b*
all his t will perish 18*a*
all stray t, fancies fugitive 51*b*
all t, all passions 101*b*
apt t of men 341*b*
as thy t in me 437*a*
busy t outnumber 396*a*
cursed t nature gives way to 347*b*
dark soul and foul t 267*a*
did their silly t so busy keep 270*b*
drawn from t more far 43*b*

Thoughts (*cont*)
drive my dead t 396*b*
even so my bloody t 362*b*
familiar to my slaughterous t 350*b*
feed on t, that voluntary move 273*a*
feed with lofty t 472*a*
feeling of their masters' t 259*b*
give thy t no tongue 330*b*
gor'd mine own t 389*a*
high-erected t 401*b*
holds her little t in sight 265*a*
how many t there be 24*a*
I do begin to have bloody t 367*b*
in t more elevate 272*b*
in t, not breaths 18*a*
joy of elevated t 472*a*
lift the t of man 220*b*
mood when pleasant t bring sad t 471*a*
my sad t doth cheer 448*a*
my t are not yr t 503*a*
my wanton t enticed 285*a*
not make t yr aim 230*a*
of all the t of God 44*a*
on hospitable t intent 275*a*
only to conceal their t 566*a*
our t as boundless 69*b*
pansies, that's for t 135*b*
please yr t in feeding them 324*b*
ripe t in my brain 388*b*
second and sober t 185*b*
sensations rather than of t' 222*a*
some strange t transcend 448*b*
soothing t that spring 467*a*
so thy t, when thou art gone 399*b*
spirits that tend on mortal t! 346*b*
stal'd are my t 176*b*
such stuff in my t 332*b*
suspect the t of others 353*a*
suspicions amongst t 15*b*
sweet t in a dream 304*b*
than I have t to put them in 333*b*
these t may startle well 267*a*
thou understandest my t 490*a*
t beyond reaches of our souls 331*a*
t by England given 40*a*
t come crowding in so fast 142*a*
t control that o'er thee swell 288*b*
t go blowing through them 40*a*
t half linger, half run before 423*a*
t of men accurst 380*a*
t of men are widened 432*b*
t of youth are long, long t 247*b*
t rule the world 148*b*
t that arise in me 425*b*
t, that breathe 175*a*
t that do he too deep for tears 467*a*
t that wander thro' eternity 272*b*
t to memory dear 319*a*
t wh may assault the soul 479*b*
t which were not their t 468*b*
t whose very sweetness yieldeth 467*b*
throng of t and forms 397*b*
trouble with any such t yet 382*a*
undying t I bear 265*a*
wayward t will slide 471*a*
where branched t, new grown 270*b*
whose t are legible in the eye 313*b*
with wh t the day rose 225*a*
yet in these t myself despising 387*b*
Thousand draw for a t pounds 2*b*
little one shall become a t 503*a*
make that t up a million 190*a*
mind has a t eyes 34*a*
night has a t eyes 14*a*
one among a t 497*a*
one man among a t 499*b*
one man in a t 215*a*
one man picked out of ten t 332*a*
one ten t of those men 383*a*
one t shall flee at the rebuke 502*a*
ten t at thy right hand 487*b*
ten t times ten t 3*b*
t fragrant posies 259*a*
t scattered into Clay 152*b*
t shall fall beside thee 487*b*
who has a t friends 148*b*
Thousands from the t He hath freed 87*a*
makes countless t mourn! 61*b*
Saul hath slain his t 495*b*
t counted every groan 6*a*
Thousands (*cont*)
t equally were meant 419*a*
t of gold and silver 489*a*
t of years, if all were told 474*b*
to murder t a specious name 477*a*
Thousandth Man will stand by 235*a*
Thracian for the T ships 420*a*
the I sea 422*b*
Thraldom single t, or a double strife 17*a*
Thrall hath thee in t 219*a*
t to the fair hair 239*a*
you were t to sorrow 423*a*
Thrasonical Cæsar's t brag 327*b*
Thread at once, with a double t 196*a*
feels at each t 300*b*
hangs like a blue t 312*a*
hinders needle and t 196*b*
plying her needle and t 196*a*
silk t plucks it back again 365*b*
spun my last t 132*a*
this line of scarlet t 494*b*
t of his verbosity 304*b*, 345*a*
t of human life 316*b*
weave their t with bones 371*a*
Threaded together on Time's string 187*a*
Threadneedle Street Old Lady of I 167*a*
Threat whiles I t he lives 347*b*
Threats no terrors, Cassius, in yr t 340*b*
Threatened Englishman, being t, a lion 87*a*
t its life with a railway-share 86*a*
Three Church clock at ten to t 40*a*
forth went the dauntless T 253*a*
God is I', and God is One 288*b*
kingdoms are less by t 424*a*
not t of my hundred left alive 379*a*
Rule of T doth puzzle me 533*a*
the T in One, the One in T 233*b*
this night she'll hae but t 530*a*
tho' he was only t 266*b*
t blind mice 533*a*
t gentlemen at once 400*b*
t hundred grant but t 70*b*
t is company 460*a*
t may keep a secret 157*a*
t merry boys 23*a*
t o'clock in the morning courage 444*a*
when shall we t meet again 345*b*
woodspurge has a cup of t 313*a*
Three-and-thirty dragged to t 70*a*
Threefold cord 499*a*
Threescore attain to write t 132*a*
Thresh of the deep-sea rain 231*b*
Threshold across my t 291*a*
by the happy t 417*a*
goest over the t thereof 157*b*
starry t of Jove's Court 266*b*
Threw them back again 525*b*
Thrice t came on in fury 88*b*
t hadde she been at Jerusalem 88*b*
t he routed all his foes 139*a*
Thrift due, respective t 293*a*
large example of wise t 249*b*
my well-won t 353*a*
t, t Horatio! 330*a*
Thrifty housewife that's t 400*b*
Thrill glory's t is o'er 281*a*
Thrive he that wd t 532*b*
swaggering cd I never t 372*a*
Thriven he that hath t 532*b*
Throat 'Amen' stuck in my t 347*b*
and an undulating t 26*b*
brazen t of war 276*b*
down the t of Old Time 123*b*
each t was parched 98*b*
feel the fog in my t 50*b*
felt you round my t 107*a*
his t they cut from ear to ear 454*a*
I took by the t 364*a*
scuttled ship or cut a t 70*b*
speak they thro' their t 489*a*
three times her little t around 50*a*
t is an open sepulchre 482*a*
t is shut and dried 234*b*
winding-sheet high as her t 319*a*
with shriller t shall sing 249*b*
yet straining his t 166*b*
yr sweet dividing t, 70*b*
Throats cut each other's t, for pay 169*a*
Throats (*cont*)
cutting foreign t 364*b*
mortal engines, whose rude t 362*a*
serpents with soft stretching t 421*b*
their patriot t 213*b*
Throb and mutual sob 77*b*
Throbbings restless t and burnings 171*b*
t of noontide 179*b*
Throe a t of the heart 37*a*
dare, never grudge the t! 50*b*
Throne a doubtful t is ice 427*b*
angels fell before t 519*a*
around the Saviour's t rejoice 184*a*
around the t of God a band 286*a*
barge like a burnish'd t 323*a*
before the t a sea of glass 518*b*
beneath the shadow of Thy T 453*a*
cradle and His t 224*a*
fierce light wh beats upon a t 427*b*
Gehenna or up to the T 236*b*
guiding the fiery-wheeled t 268*a*
here is my t, bid kings come 174*a*
high on a t of royal state 272*a*
honour'd for his burning t 352*b*
in mercy the t be established 502*a*
in the midst of the t 518*b*
loafing around The T 183*a*
love's t was not with these 311*b*
Mahmud on his golden I 152*b*
nearer the great white t 86*a*
on a t of rocks 73*a*
Persian on his t 74*a*
rainbow round about the t 518*b*
river proceeding out of the t 520*a*
royal t of kings 375*a*
sable T behold of Night 299*a*
saw a great white t 519*b*
seek such t as this 314*a*
sits lightly in his t 366*a*
something behind the t greater 207*a*
the living t, the sapphire-blaze 175*a*
thou from a t mounted 438*a*
t he sits on 382*b*
t of bayonets 203*a*
T sent word to a T 233*a*
upon a t, high and lifted up 501*b*
wade thro' slaughter to a t 174*b*
when we owed the T 47*a*
without fault before the t 519*a*
Throned on ocean's wave 393*b*
Thrones rose from their t 392*b*
I', Dominations, Princedoms 275*a*
Throng all the martyr t 286*a*
leaving the tumultuous t 466*a*
plaudits of the t 247*b*
Throstle blithe the t sings 471*b*
t with his note so true 357*a*
Throstlecock ousel and the t 137*a*
Throstles the t too 426*b*
Through after his getting t it! 105*a*
do *you* read books t? 208*a*
Throve that on wh it t falls off 431*b*
Throw he said, T her down 496*b*
now t me again 320*a*
t away Thy rod 188*a*
t away Thy wrath 188*a*
t yr wedded lady from you? 329*a*
Thrush an aged t, frail 179*a*
heigh! the t and the jay 373*a*
rarely pipes the mounted t 430*b*
that's the wise t 47*a*
Thrust-block sweatin' t 232*a*
Thrusts the thing prayed for 43*a*
Thucydides T at Boston 449*b*
[T or Xenophon] maintained 33*b*
Times more useful than I' 97*a*
Times works of T 97*a*
Thug and the Dirase 92*b*
Thule farthest T 557*b*
Thumb bite yr t at us 364*b*
he put in his t 532*a*
'twixt his finger and his t 376*b*
Thumbs pricking of my t 349*b*
t are rough and tarred 231*a*
Thumbscrew and the stake 437*b*
Thummim Urim and the T 494*a*
Thumped him on the head 85*b*
Thumps proves by t upon yr back 108*a*
Thunder all-dreaded t-stone 329*a*
as I pass in t 393*a*
at the voice of thy t 488*a*

Thunder (*cont*)
bid the t -bearer shoot 342*b*
came a burst of t sound 184*b*
cavern under is fettered the t 303*a*
dawn comes up like t 232*a*
deep t peal on peal 68*b*
felt him like the t 's roll 6*b*
from the moan of t 392*b*
glorious the t 's roar 403*a*
God made the t lightning made itself 255*a*
he was as rattling t 325*a*
hills with t riven 77*a*
hinges grate harsh t 273*a*
let the legions t past 7*a*
loud roared the dreadful t 90*b*
sleep in spite of t 349*b*
sound like t —everlastingly 467*a*
steal my t 120*a*
such sweet t 357*a*
symmetry be as of t 314*a*
thou, all-shaking t 342*b*
t and the sunshine 439*a*
t in the room 127*b*
t , lightning or in rain 345*b*
t of the captains 407*b*
t of the Odyssey 242*a*
t to t 137*a*
to sleep with the t 446*b*
what serve for the t ? 364*a*
Thunderbolt a harmless t 552*b*
like a t he fall 426*b*
Thunderbolts gods, with all yr t 341*a*
oak-cleaving t 342*b*
Thundered volleyed and t 426*a*
Thunderer's scowl 202*b*
Thunders Jehovah of the T 230*a*
t in the index 335*a*
t of white silence 43*b*
Thunderstorm streams like the t 69*a*
Thunderstruck I stood like one t 118*b*
Thurlow remember T 's answer 404*b*
'I is a fine fellow 211*a*
wise as T looked 156*b*
Thursday they that wash on T 512*b*
'I 's child has far to go 525*a*
took ill on I 532*b*
twas on a Holy T 32*b*
Thus I refute it *t* 207*b*
that we are t or t 360*b*
t from childhood's hour! 75*b*
t have I had thee 388*b*
t thou must do 346*b*
to be t is nothing 348*b*
why is this t ? 451*b*
Thusness reason for this t 451*b*
Thwackum was for doing justice 151*b*
Thyatira in the city of T 512*b*
Thy-doxy Heterodoxy or T 80*b*
Thyme among the springing t 199*a*
sweet t true 23*b*
wild t blows 356*b*
Thyrsis T of his own will went away 8*b*
T , still our Tree is there 9*a*
Thyself and I—and I—t 312*b*
be so true to t 15*b*
I am t —what hast thou done 312*b*
I no more shd see t 312*a*
many to save with t 7*b*
nor thee from t 312*a*
read to t alone 37*b*
resolve to be t 8*b*
seekest thou great things for t 503*b*
thou continuest such, owe to t 275*a*
thou t to all eternity 312*b*
t how wondrous then! 275*a*
t thou gav'st, thine own worth 388*b*
T with shining Foot shall pass 154*a*
Tiber O, T ! father T ! 253*b*
Rome in T melt 322*a*
T trembled underneath 337*b*
Tiberius had T been a cat 7*b*
so T might have sat 7*b*
the Coin, T 130*b*
Tibur is beautiful too 96*a*
Tickle if you t us 354*a*
I'll t yr catastrophe 380*a*
Tickled trouts are t best 66*b*
Tickling t a parson's nose 364*b*
trout that must be caught with t 371*a*
Tiddle-taddle nor pibble-pabble 382*b*
Tide all this tinkling t 475*a*
at the turning o' the t 381*b*
but came the t 408*a*
but such a t as moving 426*a*
call of the running t 262*a*
face upwards on the oily t 202*b*
going out with the t 122*b*
grey wing upon every t 474*b*
I am drifting with the t 531*a*
lackeying the varying t 322*b*
lived in the t of times 339*b*
not this t 232*b*
people born t 's in 122*b*
people die t 's out 122*b*
side by side in the ebbing t 404*a*
tether time nor t 63*a*
t in the affairs of men 341*a*
t in the affairs of women 71*a*
t of human existence 208*b*
under the whelming t 270*a*
upon the swell at full of t 323*b*
western t crept up 226*b*
written what no t wash away 242*b*
Tidings dismal t when he frown'd 168*b*
glad t of great joy 424*b*
good t of good 502*b*
let ill t tell themselves 323*b*
O t of comfort 521*a*
Tideless earth, t and inert 18*a*
t dolorous midland sea 424*a*
Tides impelled of invisible t 423*b*
salt t seawards flow 5*b*
Tidy Pachyderm 237*a*
Tie the silken t 317*a*
Tied and bound with our sins 479*a*
Tiger a ride on a t 527*a*
find a T well repay 25*b*
imitate the action of the t 382*a*
on the face of the t 527*a*
t 's heart wrapped in a player's 176*b*
t that hadn't *got* a Christian 535*b*
T , T , burning bright 31*b*, 32*a*
T Tim, come tell me true 19*b*
Tiger-moth's deep wings 221*b*
Tigers inexorable than empty t 366*a*
tamed and shabby t. 192*a*
t of wrath are wiser 31*a*
Tights she played it in t 24*b*
Tile where did you get that t ? 310*a*
Tiles as many devils as there are t 569*a*
Tills knows he who t 146*b*
Tillyvally, lady 370*b*
Tim Inny T 121*b*
Timber navy nothing but rotten t 56*a*
Timbrel sound the loud t 282*b*
Timbrels playing on the t 486*b*
Time above the wrecks of T 244*a*
against that t when 387*b*
a good t coming 256*a*
a gude t coming 320*a*
all of the olden t 524*b*
ancient nobility act of t 15*a*
and T is fleeting 248*a*
and to the end of t 206*a*
a t , and times, and half a t 519*a*
a weary t ! a weary t ! 98*b*
backward and abysm of t 367*a*
balance of proud t 176*a*
bald cheater, T 215*b*
bald sexton, T 374*a*
bank and shoal of t 347*a*
been so long t with you 511*a*
before her t she died 432*b*
be not coy, but use yr t 190*b*
bid t return 375*a*
books of all t 314*a*
bounds of place and t 175*a*
bourne of T and Place 426*a*
breaks t , as dancers 78*b*
breast of the River of T 6*a*
by T 's devouring hand 35*a*
by I 's slow finger 18*b*
child of silence and slow t 219*b*
chinks that t has made 449*a*
choose thine own t 19*a*
conspiracy his t doth take 367*b*
cormorant devouring T 144*a*
corridors of T 247*a*
count t by heart-throbs 18*a*
creeping hours of t 326*b*
Time (*cont*)
curtsey it saves t 84*a*
dark hills of t 33*b*
dear t 's waste 387*b*
demand the t of the day 376*a*
did those feet in ancient t 31*a*
dismal terror was the t ! 384*b*
do not squander t 157*a*
down the throat of Old T 123*b*
dust on antique t wd lie 328*a*
'eard 'em markin' t 214*a*
eighteenth century of I' 80*b*
envious and calumniating t 369*a*
eternity is in love with t 31*a*
even such is t 307*b*
events in the womb of t 360*b*
figure for the t of scorn 363*a*
fly, envious T 278*b*
fool all the people all of the t 215*b*
foremost captain of his t 435*a*
foremost files of t 432*b*
for loss of t 108*b*
for t 's-lost 90*a*
foulest birth of t 393*b*
friendship as had mastered T 430*b*
from this t forth for evermore 489*b*
'gainst the tooth of t 352*a*
give peace in our t 478*a*
grand Instructor, T 58*a*
great gap of t 323*a*
half as old as T 55*a*
hardest t of all 134*b*
harmless folly of the t 189*a*
hatched to the woeful t 348*a*
he said, 'What's t ?' 47*a*
he hath but a short t 519*a*
his golden locks t hath to silver 295*b*
his prison'd t made me 36*a*
his youth 'gainst t and age 295*b*
holy t is quiet as a nun 467*a*
how long a t lies in one word 374*b*
how I is slipping 153*b*
if the street were t 145*a*
if you want to know the t 309*b*
I have no precious t 388*a*
in a t out-worn 474*b*
in continuance of t. 478*a*
in His good t ! 49*b*
innovations the births of t 15*b*
in our t , Thy Grace may give us 228*a*
inseparable propriety of t 13*b*
in such a t as this 340*b*
in the afternoon of t 415*a*
in the old t before them 479*a*
in t all haggard hawks 218*a*
in t small wedges cleave 238*a*
in t the flint is pierced 238*a*
in t the savage bull 238*a*
I shall find t , Cassius 341*b*
it is some t to go 514*b*
it is t to be old 147*a*
it was the t of roses 194*b*
it will last my t 80*a*
keeping t , t , t 298*a*
kingdoms in a moment of t 509*a*
last syllable of recorded t 350*b*
leaves have their t to fall 185*a*
[letter-writing] way of wasting t 283*b*
little t while it is new! 530*a*
long result of T 432*a*
long t between drinks 524*b*
look into the seeds of t 346*a*
love's not T 's fool 389*a*
Love took up the glass of I 432*a*
meanwhile, T is flying 558*a*
mild and almost mythic t 204*a*
mild Heaven a t ordains 278*b*
Miss Jenkyns beat t 159*a*
mock the t with fairest show 347*b*
my t has been properly spent 425*a*
never the t and the place 49*a*
night of t surpasseth the day 42*b*
no proper t of day 195*a*
nor this the only t 37*b*
no t to see, in broad daylight 118*a*
not of an age, but for all t ! 216*a*
now is the accepted t 515*a*
now it is high t to awake 514*a*
O aching t ! 218*a*
old T is still a-flying 190*a*
old I makes these decay 79*a*

Time (*cont*)
old T' the clock-setter 374*a*
only fault's with t 48*b*
only t for griefl 196*b*
on the sands of t 248*a*
O t too swift 295*b*
panting T' toiled after him 213*b*
pluck till t and times are done 476*a*
present horror from the t 347*b*
procrastination is the thief of t 477*a*
quaffing, and unthinking t 141*b*
redeeming the t, because the days 515*b*
rich with the spoils of t 174*a*
saltness of t 379*b*
seen better faces in my t 342*a*
seen the best of our t 341*b*
series of new t began 138*b*
shipwreck of t 13*a*
short t to stay, as you 189*a*
silent touches of t 58*a*
sing of T or Eternity 427*a*
so gracious is the t 329*b*
some t, his good t 49*b*
somewhere, beyond space and t 39*a*
so shall T be 312*b*
spared and blest by T 69*a*
Speech is of T' 81*b*
speech is shallow as T 80*a*
spirit of the t 374*a*
stretch'd forefinger of all T 436*a*
struggles with and conquers T 241*b*
Sun-flower! weary of t 32*a*
syllables jar with t 216*b*
take a little t Tattycoram 123*a*
take the present t 327*b*
temple half as old as T 310*a*
tether t nor tide 63*a*
that old common arbitrator, T' 369*b*
that t may cease 258*b*
that t of year thou mayst in me 388*a*
the Bird of T' 152*b*
thee conversing I forget all t 274*a*
the Gardener, T 130*b*
then while t serves 189*a*
the rags of t 134*a*
there is a t of life, Sir 212*a*
the T'-Machine 455*b*
the t returns again 30*b*
the t will come 129*a*
threaded together on T 's string 187*a*
thro' that long t 464*b*
T, a maniac scattering dust 430*a*
T' ambles withal 327*a*
t and my intents are savage 366*a*
t and nonsense scorning 53*b*
t and order of yr birth 36*a*
t and patience will not dry 182*a*
t and place are lost 273*a*
t and the hour runs thro' 346*b*
t, and the ocean
T' an endless song 475*b*
t but five days elder 41*b*
T but the impression deeper 61*b*
T can but make her beauty 475*a*
T did beckon to the flow'rs 187*b*
t doth settle 198*a*
t doth transfix the flourish 388*a*
t draws near the birth of Christ 430*a*
T' driveth onward fast 433*a*
T Fate their Vintage prest 153*a*
t for a little something 266*b*
t for labour and thought 420*b*
t for such a word 350*b*
t goes, you say 131*a*
't has come,' the Walrus said 84*b*
t hath, my lord, a wallet 369*a*
t hovers o'er, impatient 214*a*
t I might have trod 459*b*
T in hours, days, years 448*b*
t is come round 341*b*
t is like a fashionable host 369*a*
t is lost wot is not hunting 416*b*
t is money 156*b*
t is our tedious song 270*b*
t is out of joint 331*b*
t is the greatest innovator 15*b*
t is the great physician 129*b*
T, like an ever-rolling stream 453*b*
T' makes ancient good uncouth 251*a*
T' may gnaw Tamtallan 62*b*
t may restore us 6*b*

Time (*cont*)
T, not Corydon hath conquer'd 8*b*
T, Occasion, Chance 397*a*
t of life is short 379*a*
t of the singing of birds 500*a*
t of this mortal life 479*a*
T' plays the fiddle 131*a*
t remembered is grief 420*a*
t runs, the clock will strike 258*b*
T 's eunuch 198*a*
T 's full hand defaced 388*a*
T 's fleeting river 396*a*
t 's flies 368*a*
t 's furrows I behold 387*a*
t 's glory is to calm 386*b*
t 's great wilderness 282*a*
t shall moult away 416*a*
I shall reap 442*b*
T' shall throw a dart 42*b*
t 's iron feet 280*a*
T' 's noblest offspring 28*a*
T 's printless torrent 393*b*
t 's wheel runs back 51*a*
I 's winged chariot 260*a*
T 's wrecks and scars 92*b*
T, that is o'er-kind 228*a*
t that shall surely be 2*b*
t that takes survey 379*a*
T, the avenger! 69*a*
t the devourer of all things 551*b*
T' the reaper 442*b*
T' the Shadow 473*a*
t to act them in 333*b*
t to be born 499*a*
t to win this game 136*b*
T' travels in divers places 327*a*
t turns the old days 421*a*
'T was when Love and I 167*a*
t we may comprehend 41*b*
t, when all the lights wax dim 190*a*
t when meadow, grove and stream 466*a*
t when thou mayest be found 483*b*
t whereof the memory of man 288, 245*b*
t, wh antiqua es antiquities 42*b*
t, wh is the author of authors 13*a*
t will doubt of Rome 71*a*
T' will run back 270*b*
t with a gift of tears 420*b*
T' writes no wrinkle 69*b*
T, you old gypsy man 192*b*
t, you thief, who love to get 202*a*
'tis almost fairy t 357*b*
'tis but the t 339*a*
'tis t, descend 373*b*
'tis t to do 't 350*a*
to beguile the t, look like the t 347*a*
to choose t is to save t 15*b*
too much t in studies is sloth 16*a*
to remoter t bequeath 394*a*
to t thou growest 387*a*
turn backward, O T 4*a*
unimaginable touch of t 468*a*
very age and body of the t 333*b*
Vintage rolling T' hath prest 153*a*
waiting t, my brothers 134*b*
wastes her t and me 449*a*
what t, what circuit 40*b*
when T' arrives locks to grey 137*a*
when t is broke 375*a*
whips and scorns of t 333*a*
whirligig of t 372*a*
who, in t, knows whither 117*a*
with leaden foot t creeps 204*a*
world enough, and t 260*a*
wrinkled deep in t 323*a*
Timely happy, timely wise 223*b*
Times all t when old are good 67*b*
coldness of the t 431*a*
ever lived in the tide of t 339*b*
former t shake hands 65*b*
giddy-paced t 370*b*
how many t do I love thee 24*a*
if the t do bear it 15*a*
my t be in Thy hand 51*a*
nature of the t deceased 380*b*
old t were changed 316*b*
our t are in his hand 50*b*
signs of the t 507*a*
spacious t of great Elizabeth 426*b*
stirring t we live in 180*b*
sundry t and in divers manners 517*a*

Times (*cont*)
tea-cup t 438*a*
the good old t 67*b*
t are changed with him 413*a*
t go by turns 407*b*
T has made many ministries 17*a*
t have been, that, when the brains 349*a*
t that try men's souls 291*b*
T useful than Thucydides 97*a*
t will not mend till the king 292*b*
usage of those antique t 408*b*
wh cunning t put on 354*a*
worst T succeed the former 190*b*
Time-Spirit proof from miracles 10*a*
Timon hath made his mansion 368*a*
Timotheus yield the prize 139*a*
Tin pocket full of t 156*a*
Tincture in the blood 118*a*
Tine my jewel it shd t 59*b*
Tingle ears heareth it shall t 495*a*
Tingling whoreson t 379*b*
Tinka-tinka-tink 234*b*
Tinkle grasped it for a t 24*b*
Tinkling with their feet 501*a*
Tinklings lull the distant folds 174*a*
Tinsel flapt its t wing 260*a*
Tintinabulation that so musically 298*a*
Tints that glow 74*a*
Tip schoolboy's t 440*a*
star within its nether t 99*a*
t me the black spot 413*a*
t them Long Melford 34*a*
Tippenny wi t, we fear nae evil 63*a*
Tipperary long way to T' 461*a*
Tipple fishes, that t 249*b*
Tippled drink, more fine 219*a*
Tippling taste for t 163*b*
Tips with silver all these tree tops 365*a*
Tip-tilted like the petal 427*b*
Tip-toe upon a little hill 218*b*
Tire his duty to gaudy t 115*b*
long before I t 39*b*
t of all creation 104*a*
Tired dinner waits and we are t 108*b*
hunt down a t metaphor 71*b*
I am t of tears and laughter 422*a*
life process of getting t 66*b*
man is t of London t of life 209*b*
till t he sleeps 301*a*
t waves, vainly breaking 96*b*
t with all these 388*a*
t yet strong 265*a*
Tires t betimes that spurs too fast 374*b*
you in Grecian t are painted 387*b*
Tiresias and Phineus 273*a*
Tiring-house hawthorn-brake our t 357*a*
Tirling at the window 266*a*
Tirra-lirra lark, that t chants 373*a*
't' by the river 431*b*
'Tis done, but yesterday 73*b*
Tit tell tale, t 533*a*
Titan like thy glory, T 397*b*
pale T'-woman 421*a*
pitiful-hearted T' 377*b*
the weary T' 6*b*
T' kiss a dish of butter 377*b*
Titania there sleeps T' 356*b*
Titanic alley T' 298*b*
served for that T' strife 6*b*
Tithe or toll in our dominions 374*a*
Tithe-pig's tail 364*b*
Tither tane unto the t did say 529*b*
Titian nobody cares about T' 314*b*
Title courage prove my t 325*a*
does he feel his t 350*a*
farced t running fore 382*b*
honery t of T' K 451*a*
like my t, for it is not mine 414*b*
read my t clear 453*b*
t from a better man 414*b*
whatever t suit thee 58*b*
who gained no t 362*b*
Titled to feed the t knave 63*a*
Titles as due by many t 133*a*
despite those t, power, and pelf 317*a*
have t manifold 467*a*
high though his t 317*a*
thy other t thou hast given away 342*a*
t are shadows 118*b*
what once had beauty, t 299*b*
Titwillow oh willow, t 165*a*

Toad contentment to that t 233a
I had rather be a t 362a
rose-water over a t 205b
t beneath the harrow 233a
t, ugly and venomous 325b
Toads cistern for foul t 363a
Toast bring me some t 535a
chocolate, butter, and t 48
let the t pass 400b
never had a piece of t 294b
now for the muffin and t 167a
refused to pledge my t 306a
t of the parish 310b
t that pleased me most 120b
to t our wants 302a
Tobacco devilish and damned t 64b
divine t 400a
for thy sake, T 240a
going to leave off t 239b
goose cooked by t-juice 76a
Jones, the t jarl 76a
no sweeter t than the Three Castles 440a
snuff, t, and sleep 122a
that tawny weed t 214b
'T, divine, rare 64a
Tobias Henry and T 230a
Toby provide our little T meat 407b
Tocher lass wi' a t 61a
Tocsin of the soul 71a
To-day call t his own 142a
face the stern T 306b
if I be sweet 153b
I have lived t 107a, 142a
I'm to be married t 163b
lose ground won t 8a
never do t what you can put off 535a
never jam t 84b
Rose kissed me t 131a
such a day to-morrow as t 372b
the day will be t 37b
t, all day, I rode 33b
t, beneath the foeman's frown 136b
t he puts forth leaves 385b
t thou shalt be with me 510a
will not hang myself t 91b
wiser t than he was yesterday 410a
Todger's cd do it 123b
Toe clerical, printless t 39b
gentleman from top to t 71b
light fantastic t 268b
taken him in t! 195a
with forward t 263b
Toes a Pobble's t 243b
t are turned up to the daisies 19b
warming her pretty little t 535b
Together all t pray 100a
been t now for forty years 94a
forth they went t 286b
let us remain t still 394a
Iifel we've been long t 18b
never come t again 118a
rise or sink t 437a
three men hold t 424a
walk t to the kirk 100a
wherefore they were come t 512b
Toil, double t and trouble 349b
forget his labour an' his t 59b
her men robust for t 77b
her strong t of grace 325b
his honour and his t 439a
horny-handed sons of t 217a
horny hands of t 250a
'mid t and tribulation 415b
mock the hope of t 114a
mock their useful t 174a
more sweet than t 433a
our love and t 227b
remark each anxious t 213b
sit, and view their t 117a
they t not, neither spin 505b
they waste their t 317a
t, envy, want 213b
t in other men's extremes 238b
who climbs with t 24b
why all this t and trouble? 471b
with much t attain 96b
yet with great t 3b
Toiled he had t after it 239b
rest forgot for wh he t 387a
we have t all the night 509a
Toiling t—rejoicing—sorrowing 249a
t upward in the night 247b
Toils distinguished but by t 1b
superior t 1b
their t unbraid 260b
t much to earn 111b
Token show some t upon me 487a
Tokens words t for concents 13a
Tolbooth resistance of the T-gate 319b
Told bade me fight had t me so 149b
best being plainly t 385a
drank as he was t 192b
half was not t me 496a
hath it not been t you 502b
if all were t 430a
I t you so 474b
love that never t can be 72a
that was t to me 31b
t me you had been to her 83b
well, I t you so 249a
went and t the sexton 195a
Toledo blade, T trusty 65a
Tolerable and not to be endured 358b
Tolerate no longer t the race 18a
Toll bell to t me back 220a
birds sang t slowly 43b
tithe or t in our dominions 374a
t for the brave 111a
Tolled the one bell 199a
Tolls the evening chime 282b
Tom have been T's food 343a
little T Tucker 534b
said T's father 282a
T he was a piper's son 533a
T's i-cold 343a
T's no more so no more of T 71b
T the Second like T the first 140a
T, T, the piper's son 532b
'T was beat 532b
Tomata Chops and T Sauce 126b
Tomb a more than royal t 16b
as toward the silent t 463b
come this side the t 118a
Fiddle's grassy t 102b
fourfold t 22a
from the t the voice of Nature 174b
graces blossom on the t 113b
icy silence of the t 219a
keeps empty in thy t 225a
longing for the t 476a
making their t the womb 388b
monument, without a t 215b
of her breasts a t 421a
press no ponderous t 73b
sea was made his t 21a
soon the rending of the t 20b
stood upon Achilles' t 71a
t by the sounding sea 297b
world wd smell like a t 395b
Tombs a mark! from the t 453b
like t of pilgrims 313a
rending t rebound 127b
t of brass are spent 780a
towers and t and statues 154b
upon our brazen t 144a
Tombstone fight is a t white 233a
Tom Jones than in all *T* 208a
Tomlinson stand up now, T 235a
Tommy an 'ealthy T for a year 229a
little T Lin 534a
I, 'ow's yer soul? 235b
'T this, an' T that 235b
Tomnoddy my Lord T 19b, 40b
Tom o' Bedlam 342a
To-morrow altho' t it seem a dream 36b
boast not thyself of t 498b
eat and drink, for t we die 515a
I'll die for him t 531b
jam t 84b
lose t the ground won to-day 8a
not too late t to be brave 4b
pine at them beyond t 220a
reflection, you may come t 394b
so, till t eve, my Own, adieu! 294a
such a day t as to-day 372b
that may be t 441a
that shall be t 53a
think t will repay 130b
this, no t hath 132a
To-morrow (*cont*)
to be put back t 409a
t, and t, creeps in 350b
t blossoms 385b
t do thy worst 142a
t is our wedding-day 108a
t is Saint Crispian 383a
t let my sun his beams 107a
t let us do or die 76b
t 'll be the happiest 434b
t's falser than the former 139b
t speak what t thinks 147b
t's uprising to deeds 284b
t the last of many battles 324a
t to fresh woods 270a
t we'll be sober 522b
T !—Why, T *I may* be 153a
t will be dying 190a
unborn *T* 153b
will she kiss me t? 131a
you can put off till t 535a
To-morrows confident t 464b
Tom Pearse, Tom Pearse 531b
Tom Thumb thought about T 211b
Tomtit a little t sang 165a
Tone deep, autumnal t 396b
dwells in that mighty t! 82b
praises, with enthusiastic t 164b
t, and gesture bland 316b
t of languid Nature 111b
t of the company 90b
with mellower t 433a
Tones smoothes her charming t 275a
t are remembered not 395a
t ravishment 217b
Toning of a tear 189a
Tongs and the bones 357a
Tongue all obliterated *I* 153b
bear welcome in your t 347a
bridleth not his t 517b
Death stopped his tuneful t 362b
done unto thee, thou false t 489b
every t brings in a tale 385a
fellows of infinite t 383b
give thy thoughts no t 330b
had t at will 360b
hang upon thy t 443b
haud yr t, my daughter 531b
have fallen by the t 520b
heart thinks his t speaks 358b
her t unbound 104a
his t dropt manna 272a
his t is the clapper 358b
his t to conceive 357b
hold yr t, and let me love 132a
I held my t 484a
I must hold my t 330a
in their Mother T 481a
in the vulgar t 480b
iron t of midnight 357b
I spake with my t 484a
it have no t, will speak 333a
lends the t vows 331a
let my t cleave to my mouth 490a
let thy t tang arguments 371b
lisping, stammering t 110a
love's t proves dainty Bacchus 345a
my oracular t 400b
my t is the pen 484b
my t 's use is to me 374b
never ear, did heare that t 313b
nor t to speak 244b
our t is known 201a
rank t blossom into speech 45b
Roger's false flattering t 239b
rolls it under his t 185b
she had a t with a tang 367b
she has found her t 215a
silence is become his mother t 170b
smooth t whose music 78b
snakes with double t 356b
swete up-on his t 88b
that his t must vent 328a
their t a sharp sword 485b
the t our trumpeter 328a
tongue breaketh the bones 520b
t can no man tame 517b
t from evil speaking 481a
t in every wound 340b
t is the only edged tool 203b
t like a button-stick 227b

'Tongue (*cont*)
t shall be split 533*a*
t of the dogs may be red 486*b*
t of him that makes it 345*b*
t sounds ever after as a bell 379*b*
t so varied 241*a*
t to persuade 203*a*
t, well that's a very good thing 126*a*
t, wh is the birth, becomes wit 380*b*
treasure of our t 117*a*
understanding, but no t 330*b*
while I held my t 483*b*
whose strenuous t can burst 219*b*
wd that my t cd utter 425*b*
yr t's sweet air 356*a*
Tongues airy t that syllable 267*a*
bestowed that time in the t 369*b*
conscience a thousand several t 385*a*
done to death by slanderous t 359*a*
finds t in trees 325*b*
gracious message a host of t 323*b*
heads and t a-talking 199*b*
hundreds, and people, and t 519*a*
lovers' t by night 365*b*
neither evil t, rash judgments 472*a*
'tis of aspics' t 362*a*
t can poison truth 100*a*
t like as of fire 512*a*
t of men and of angels 514*b*
t, they shall cease 514*b*
to silence envious t 386*a*
walls have t 419*b*
wild t that have not Thee 233*b*
To-night child again, just for t 4*a*
met in thee t 40*a*
to-morrow not t 53*a*
t it doth inherit 7*b*
t so full of care 35*b*
t we'll merry be 522*b*
Tony in the oven for T and me 532*a*
Took all wh I t from thee 442*a*
'e went an' t the same as me 236*b*
t her with a sigh 31*b*
t to free-thinking 527*a*
ye t me in 508*a*
Tool man is a t-using animal 81*b*
Tools but to name his t 63*b*
few lend their working t 446*a*
secrets are edged t 141*a*
t of working out salvation 66*a*
t to him that can handle them 80*a*
t to work withal 250*a*
without t he is nothing 81*b*
'Too-quick,' the chain 435*b*
'Too-slow' will need the whip 435*b*
Tooth danger of her former t 348*b*
had alwey a coltes t 89*b*
keen and angry t 36*a*
Nature, red in t and claw 410*b*
pugging t 373*a*
sharper than a serpent's t 342*a*
t for t 404*a*
Toothache endure the t patiently 359*a*
I have the t 358*b*
I suffer t's ills 163*a*
sigh for the t 358*b*
sleeps feels not the t 329*a*
Tooth-picks supply of t 205*b*
Tooth-point where each t goes 233*a*
Toots Mr T 122*b*
Top couched on the bald t 470*a*
die at the t 419*a*
from the naked t 464*a*
gentleman from t to toe 71*b*
He, wh is the t of judgment 351*b*
little bit off the t 285*b*
ruffian billows by the t 380*a*
sleep like a t 117*b*
sound as a t 160*b*
t of every tree 163*b*
t of sovereignty 218*b*, 340*b*
whips his taxed t 405*a*
Topaz ninth, a t 520*a*
Toper Lo! the poor t 113*b*
Tophet-flare 227*b*
Topics have but two t 209*a*
Top-mast he strack the t 529*a*
Tops spun like whipping t 192*a*
think their slender t 195*a*
t cleaned with champagne 416*b*
Topsawyer 122*a*
T'opses boxes without t 280*b*
T'opsy 'never was born!' persisted T 415*b*
T'opsy-turvey studied men from my t 263*b*
T'orch a bright t 220*b*
hand on the t of life 550*b*
since the t is out 324*b*
t is at thy temple door 308*a*
t that lighted mine 146*b*
truth, like a t 178*b*
we throw the t 256*a*
T'orchlight procession throat 291*a*
T'orches lighting our little t 97*b*
she doth teach the t 365*a*
Tories stern and unbending T 254*b*
T own no argument 42*b*
T'orment measure of our t 229*b*
more t than a hermit's fast 219*a*
no t touch them 520*a*
smoke of their t 519*b*
t of the night's untruth 117*a*
when to live is t 360*b*
Tormented with ten thousand hells 258*b*
Torments of all the t 450*a*
t become our elements 272*b*
t laid to my charge 91*a*
t lie in a wedding-ring 95*b*
what t of grief 147*a*
Torn Mary from my soul was t 61*b*
Torpedo pen becomes a t to him 206*a*
Torrent amber t descended 96*a*
t of a woman's will 528*a*
Torrid animated t-zone 146*b*
t or the frozen zone 79*b*
'Tortoise' is an insect 535*a*
Torture all length is t 324*b*
hum of human cities t 68*b*
pity those they t not 397*a*
t amusing in itself 157*b*
t not again 392*b*
t of a lingering passion 149*a*
t of the mind 348*b*
t one poor word 141*a*
Tortures gold, by t tried 299*b*
Tory T and Whig in turns 405*a*
T men and Whig measures 129*a*
whether I were a Whig or a T 417*b*
what is called the T party 115*b*
Whig and T a' agree 402*b*
wise T wise Whig will agree 210*b*
Toss good enough to t 378*b*
I t i' the air 51*a*
may t hum to My breast 188*a*
t of the parish 310*b*
Tossed t and gored several persons 207*b*
t on the wind ridden sea 119*b*
Toss-pots still had drunken heads 372*a*
Total gules 332*b*
Totter t into vogue 449*b*
we maun t down, John 61*a*
Totters forth, wrapped in a veil 399*b*
Touch by one satiric t 419*a*
far-off t of greatness 428*b*
fear not to t the best 307*b*
her t, might give th' alarm 457*a*
I might t that cheek 365*a*
little t of Harry 382*b*
nations t at their summits 17*b*
Nelson t 287*b*
nothing, can t him further 348*b*
of Nelson only a t 49*a*
one t of nature 369*a*
puts it not unto the t 280*b*
soft t invisible 223*b*
t divine, and the scaled eyeball 52*a*
t me not 511*b*
t not a single bough 284*a*
t not, taste not 516*a*
t of a vanish'd hand 425*b*
t of celestial temper 274*b*
t of cold philosophy 210*a*
t of earthly years 463*a*
t, wh renders interesting 120*b*
t you, a passer-by 307*b*
unimaginable t of time 468*a*
wants the natural t 350*a*
Touched chord is t within us 112*b*
t nothing that he did not adorn 209*b*
t with an interior ray 114*b*
Touches Homocea t the spot 523*b*
such heavenly t ne'er touch'd 387*a*
t of things common 44*a*
Touches (*cont*)
who t this t a man 458*b*
Tough interesting, but t 446*b*
rather a t customer 121*a*
t, ma'am, t, is J B I 122*b*
Toves the slithy t 83*b*
Tow, row, row 526*a*
Toward or untoward lot 465*b*
Tower Cæsar's ill-erected t 376*a*
Giotto's t 247*a*
ivy-mantled t 174*a*
maiden in a palace-t 398*a*
nail my head on yonder t 12*b*
neck is like the t of David 500*b*
nor stony t, nor walls 338*a*
Roland to the dark t came 45*b*, 341*a*
stood like a t 272*a*
that t of strength 435*a*
[T of London] as nigh heaven 283*a*
watchman on the lonely t [Pitt] 317*b*
with a t and bells 113*b*
Towers cloud-capped t 367*b*
elephants endorsed with t 277*a*
from her t a ray 307*b*
hammer'd from a hundred t 427*a*
no t along the steep 78*a*
sublime on the t 393*a*
tell the t thereof 485*a*
those bricky t 409*b*
topless t of Ilium 258*b*
t, and battlements it sees 269*a*
t and tombs and statues 154*b*
t of silence [clouds] 119*a*
two t of sail 96*b*
whispering from her t 9*a*
with walls and t 101*a*
ye antique t 174*b*
ye t of Julius 173*b*
To-witta-woo pu-we, t! 286*a*
Town a tavern in the t 527*a*
Ayr, wham ne'er a t surpasses 62*b*
come after me to t 445*a*
down to the end of the t 266*b*
enormous thro' the Sacred T 26*b*
give every t a limb 12*b*
haunted t to me! 242*a*
in Scarlet t 531*a*
little t of Bethlehem 40*a*
man made the t 111*b*
my fate in a country t 304*a*
one-horse t 447*a*
pore Persoun of a t 88*b*
seaward from the t 202*a*
sent them out of t 532*b*
shriek from some captured t 136*a*
sounding thro' the t 530*b*
spreading of the hideous t 284*a*
tavernes wel in every t 88*b*
the country in t 551*a*
the lorn Syrian t 7*a*
they are for the t 's end 379*a*
t lighter than vanity 54*a*
t of monks and bones 100*a*
watching them out of the t 226*b*
what little t by river or sea 219*b*
what's this dull t to me 224*b*
Winkie runs thro' the t 266*a*
Town-crier spoke my lines 333*b*
Townland riding to the t 475*a*
Towns elephants for want of t 419*b*
London, thou art of t 142*b*
seven wealthy t contend 321*b*
shires and t from Airly 225*b*
t civic independence flings 77*b*
Townshend persuade Tommy T 169*b*
Toy eternity to get a t 386*b*
foolish thing was but a t 372*a*
Toyed might have t and kist 159*a*
Toys all is but t 348*a*
meddle with my t 414*a*
then cast their t away 109*a*
t and things to eat 414*a*
Trace misery still delights to t 107*b*
t upon her face 164*b*
Traces, of the smallest spider's web 364*b*
Track around the ancient t 263*b*
come flying on our t 443*b*
grassy t to-day it is 232*b*
t the deep 184*b*
tread again that ancient t 448*a*
Tract left a little t 459*b*

Tract (*cont*)
t of inland ground 464*b*
Trade accident is not my t 465*b*
a losing t, I assure you 34*a*
every t save censure 72*a*
except what t can give 51*b*
half a t and half an art 203*a*
his art, but not the t 419*b*
in the t of war slain men 359*b*
in the way of t 111*a*
no nation was ever ruined by t 156*b*
not accidental, but a t 352*a*
now there isn't any t 186*a*
others venture t abroad 381*b*
poetry in London is a t 141*b*
proselytes of one another's t 66*a*
samphire, dreadful t 343*b*
slighted shepherd's t 269*b*
some way of common t 375*b*
that t in love 323*b*
the old t 's plyin' 287*b*
this t of mine 48*b*
t with the living and the dead 142*a*
two of a t 160*b*
war is the t of kings 140*b*
what t, thou knave? 337*a*
Trader some grave Tyrian t 8*a*
Trades best t, to make songs 27*a*
ughest of t moments of pleasure 205*b*
Tradesman thou! hope to heaven 142*b*
Tradesmen bow, ye t 163*b*
Tradition youth of America is their oldest t 460*b*
Traditions these legends and t 248*b*
t of civility 293*a*
Traffic warn all t and detain 232*b*
Traffickers overpeer the petty t 352*b*
t, the dark Iberians 8*b*
Tragedies two t in life 391*a*
Tragedy Fate wrote her a t 24*b*
go hitel myn t 90*b*
gorgeous T in sceptred pall 268*a*
greatest t except a defeat 455*a*
out of it simply a t 460*b*
play is the t, 'Man' 208*a*
that is their t 460*a*
t is the imitation of an action 559*a*
T is the noblest Production 2*a*
t to those that feel 449*b*
Tragical very t mirth 357*b*
Trail long, long t a-winding 225*b*
old t, our own t 231*b*
pull out on the t again! 231*b*
still on their t 144*a*
t of the Serpent 282*a*
t that is always new 231*b*
Trails all about the written page 476*b*
Trail'st thou the puissant pike? 382*b*
Train as we rush in the t 441*b*
gems of Heav'n, her starry t 274*b*
great Mother's t divine 9*a*
his t filled the temple 501*b*
left my glorious t 448*a*
next t has gone ten minutes 535*b*
pack and take a t 79*b*
t up a child 498*b*
t up a fig-tree 122*b*
who follows in His t? 184*a*
world and all her t were hurl'd 448*b*
Train-band captain eke was he 108*a*
Traitor but the t hate 118*b*
of 'ifs'? Thou art a t 385*a*
princes hate the t 116*b*
Traitors he looked upon the t 252*b*
is to hate t and the treason love 140*b*
more strong than t' arms 340*a*
our doubts are t 351*a*
Tram not a bus but a t 527*a*
Trambeams tender t 197*b*
Trammel up the consequence 347*a*
Tramp poor old t explains 185*b*
t of twenty-two men 34*b*
t! t! along the land they rode 319*a*
Trample t down abuses 566*a*
t on their sovereign's head 375*b*
weed ye t underfoot 229*a*
Trampled and mocked with many 391*b*
Tramplings of three conquests 42*a*
Trance bold seër in a t. 432*a*
in mad t strike 192*b*
no nightly t 270*b*
Tranced senseless, t thing 219*a*
Trances all my days are t 298*a*
Tranquil thine is the t hour 464*a*
Tranquillity after noise, t 289*a*
despair and cold t 392*b*
divine T 433*a*
emotion recollected in t 467*b*
feeling of inward t 148*b*
I am restoring t 55*b*
looking t 69*a*
sinking down in its t 467*a*
Transatlantic Liberty arose 76*b*
Transcend our wonted themes 448*b*
Transcendental chatter of a t kind 165*a*
t moonshine 81*a*
Transfigured her face, the thrice-t 49*a*
Transfigures you and me 200*b*
Transgression there is no t 513*a*
t of a law of nature 201*a*
Transgressions wounded for our t 503*a*
Transgressors intercession for the t 503*a*
numbered with the t 503*a*
way of t 498*a*
Transition what seems so is t 248*a*
Transitory action is t 463*a*
Translated Bottom! thou art t 357*a*
Translation he is 'I 's thief 261*b*
may be a mistake in the t 447*b*
not a t—only taken 400*a*
Translations not unlike to be 200*b*
Translucent wave 268*a*
Translunary brave t things 117*a*
Transmigrates elements once out it t 323*b*
Transmitter of a foolish face 316*a*
Transmutes, bereaves 465*a*
Transported with the View, I'm lost 2*a*
Trap mous caught in a t 88*b*
Trappings and the suits of woe 330*a*
Trash peasants their vile t 341*a*
poor t of Venice 361*a*
steals my purse steals t 361*b*
Travail if t you sustain 177*a*
my great t so gladly spent 473*b*
my labour for my t 368*b*
that t on the deep 117*a*
t and heavy sorrow 420*b*
Travaileth with his lips he t 420*b*
Travel all that t by land 479*a*
discredited your t 322*b*
ever thought the t long 313*b*
goeth to school, and not to t 15*a*
how I long to t back 448*a*
in a moment t hither 466*b*
I t for t 's sake 412*b*
lands I was to t in 530*a*
not t to see English men 411*a*
our deeds still t with us 144*a*
portance in my t 's history 360*a*
tho' we t the world over 148*a*
to t hopefully is better 413*b*
t down the years 63*b*
t much faster than light 527*a*
t forth without my cloak 387*b*
t, in the younger sort 15*a*
t on life's common way 467*b*
wherever I t I find it so 26*b*
Travelled much have I t 220*b*
t among unknown men 467*a*
Traveller 'anybody there?' said the t 110*b*
curious t from Lima 449*b*
Farewell, Monsieur T 127*a*
forget his fellow t 527*b*
from whose bourn no t returns 333*a*
I met a t 396*b*
lost t 's dream 30*a*
misled and lonely t 267*a*
region round the t lies 468*a*
some t from New Zealand 254*b*
spurs the lated t apace 349*a*
the Sentimental I 411*a*
t betwixt life and death 470*b*
t, by the faithful hound 247*a*
t came by, silently 31*b*
t from the cradle to the grave 397*b*
t 's journey is done 32*a*
t was to blame 105*a*
t with empty pockets 549*a*
Travellers inn where t bait 205*a*
t must be content 326*a*
Travelleth come as one that t 498*a*
Travelling Captain is a good t name 150*a*
t abroad t at home 208*a*
t is the ruin of all happiness! 68*b*
t towards the grave 469*a*
worth the t to 415*a*
Travels contemplation of my t 327*a*
hedgehog t furtively 179*a*
he t the fastest who t alone 236*b*
too old to go again to my t 87*b*
'T' excursions in my own mind 102*b*
Tray good dog T 102*b*
my poor dog T 76*b*
T, Blanche and Sweetheart 343*a*
Trays cheap tin t 261*b*
Treachery fear their subjects' t 384*b*
killed with my own t 337*a*
t I seek it out 337*a*
Treacle fly that sips t 159*b*
Tread beetle, that we t upon 352*a*
close behind him t 99*b*
Freedom hallows with her t 74*a*
if onward ye will t 287*a*
on my heart they t now 375*b*
so airy a t 434*a*
to t on classic ground 1*b*
t softly you t on my dreams 474*b*
t thou in them boldly 286*b*
with an undaunted t 414*a*
ye who t the Narrow Way 227*b*
Treads on it daily clouted shoon 267*b*
Treason and the t love 140*b*
bloody t flourish'd 340*a*
condoned high t 128*b*
[corporations] cannot commit t 97*b*
gunpowder t and plot 532*a*
in trust I have found t 145*a*
kings may love t 118*b*
moderation is a sort of t 58*a*
none dare call it t 181*b*
Person state hireling for t 213*a*
popular humanity is t 1*b*
there was t done 26*a*
they love the t 116*b*
t can but peep 335*b*
'T' cried the Speaker 185*b*
T doth never prosper 181*b*
t has done his worst 348*b*
t is but trusted like the fox 379*a*
t is not own'd 141*a*
t was no crime 138*b*
Treasons fit for T, stratagems 355*b*
Treasure as yr chiefest t 25*b*
delight or as our t 187*b*
earthern vessel, holding t 46*a*
he that has stoln the t 104*b*
justice, counsel, and t 15*a*
of his t things new and old 507*a*
precious t, thou art mine 63*b*
purest t mortal times afford 374*b*
rich the t, sweet the pleasure 139*a*
she is yr t 366*b*
thou shalt have t in heaven 507*b*
t in earthen vessels 515*a*
t of our tongue 117*a*
we t beyond measure 163*b*
what trusty t in the world 177*a*
where yr t is 505*b*
Treasurer Himmap, the T 417*b*
Treasures better than all t 398*b*
lay not up t upon earth 505*b*
lay up yourselves t in heaven 505*b*
new t still, of countless price 223*b*
than the t in Egypt 517*a*
t from an earthen pot 187*a*
t up his bright designs 110*a*
Treasuries sumless t 381*b*
Treasury T is the spring of business 17*a*
treble of the T Bench 128*a*
Treat all eager for the t 84*a*
something to t my friends 257*a*
t unmoneyed men 93*b*
who gives a child a t 261*b*
you shd t me thus 150*b*
Treatise at a dismal t rouse 350*b*
former t have I made 512*a*
Treaty and a t broken 26*a*
Trebisond Marocco or T 271*b*
Treble towards childish t 326*b*

Treble (*cont*)
t of the Treasury Bench 128a
Tree Adam sat under the T 228a
and on the t of life sat 273b
baby on the t top 29a
bespangling herb and t 180a
birds still hopping on the t 413b
break the infant t 48b
by the Lildon T 528a
choose our t 264a
dark t, still sad 72b
drop like the fruits of the t 263a
fool sees not the same t 31a
garden of Liberty's t 77b
God can make a t 225a
got me boughs off many a t 187a
he that aims at a t 186b
highly impossible t 163a
if he finds that this t 527b
incense-bearing t 101a
in the wide waste there still is a t 74a
I shall be like that t 419a
it was a trustie t 530a
laughing leaves of the t divide 420b
little girl sat under a t 198b
lone, sky-pointing t 9a
Mahogany T 440b
may be ay sticking in a t 319b
middle t and highest there 273b
more to my taste than a t 283b
not growing like a t 216b
Old Man in a t 243a
on a t by a river 165a
our T yet crowns 9a
pledges of a fruitful t 188b
poem lovely as a t 225a
root of my t 243a
she gave me of the t 492b
sighing by a sycamore t 363a
smell it on the t 363b
some single herb or t 260b
spare the beechen t 76b
than he that means a t 186b
that is why the t 522b
there's a t, of many one 466a
these things in a green t 510a
three ravens sat on a t 529b
till the t die 329a
too happy, happy t 221a
top of every t 163b
t did end their race 260b
t is known by his fruit 506b
t is living yet 195a
t of life also 492a
t of the knowledge of good 492a
t planted by the water-side 481b
t striking rock at the root 263a
t wh did not know the love 107a
t, whose taste brought death 270b
t will wither before it fall 68b
Tumtum t 83b
under the greenwood t 326a
where the t falleth 499b
wish I were a t 187a
woodman, spare that t ! 284a
Treen chalices 205b
Trees all the t are brown 226a
all the t are green 226a
all t do close 260b
among the gusty t 290a
axe laid root of the t 504b
beside the lake, beneath the t 467a
birch, most shy of t 250b
brotherhood of venerable t 463b
buried among t 468a
Dryad of the t 219b
fast as the Arabian t 364a
filled the t and flapped 192a
finds tongues in t 325b
from a t's summit 220b
gloomy, friendly T 445b
grottoes are shaded with t 399b
hide in cooling t 221a
high in tufted t 269a
I see men as t 508b
it 'whispers thro' the t' 300a
lady by the t 474b
leafless t and every icy crag 466a
loveliest of t, the cherry 198b
music of its t at dawn 7a
of all the t in England 119b

Trees (*cont*)
O look at the t 37a
Orpheus drew t, stones 355a
rocks, and stones, and t 463a
still climbing t in the Hesperides 345a
till ancestral t 184b
t and houses go wheeling 443b
t are full of sap 488b
t at spring do yield 446a
t began to whisper 434b
t did grow 20b
t in whose dim shadow 253b
t that are in the wood 526b
t that are therein 490a
t that grow so fair 236a
t they are so high 531a
t to speak 349a
t upon 't, that nod 324a
t wept odorous gums 274a
t, where you sit 302b
under the rugged t 181b
vext garden-t 8b
when lofty t I see 387a
with his lute made t 385b
you lover of t 46a
Trelawny shall T die? 182b
Tremble t and despoil themselves 396b
t lest a saving learnt 438b
t like a guilty thing 466b
t, thou wretch 342b
Trembled all who saw them t 254a
all you t at before 110b
Hell t at the hideous name 273a
there t through his air 179a
Tremblers boding t learn'd to trace 168b
Trembles it t to a lily 131a
Satan t, when he sees 110a
t, but it cannot pass away 396a
t in the breast 280a
Trembling t, hoping, lingering 209a
t where I had stood 395a
with fear and t 516a
Trembulation I feels all over t 417a
Trencher dead Cæsar's t 324a
valiant t-man 358a
Trenches in thy beauty's field 387a
Trent o'er the wide vale of T 252b
why was Burton built on T ? 196b
Trespass that t against us 478a
Trespasses forgive us our t 478a
who were dead in t 515b
Tress threshed at midnight by a t 476a
Tresses breathing t, meekest Eve 103a
fair t man's imperial race 302b
knees and t folded 263b
t like the morn 267b
withered cheek and t grey 316b
Trial democracy is on t 131b
t by jury a delusion 120a
t of her strength 469a
Tribe badge of all our t 153a
his t were gentlemen 138b
Idols of the T 16b
may his t increase 201b
richer than all his t 364a
thy t's black tents 441a
whole t of fops 141b
Tribes our supple t 213b
t, the *Bores* and *Bored* 71b
Tribulation came out of great t 519a
companion in t 518a
'mid toil and t 415b
necessity, and t 479a
ye shall have t 511b
Tribunal new t now 51b
Tributaries brooks are Thames's t 8b
Tribute not a cent for t 181b
passing t of a sigh 174b
t to whom t is due 513b
Trick into the t of singularity 371b
long t's over 262a
served such another t 356a
t of our English nation 379b
t worth two of that 377a
when in doubt, win the t 201a
wild t of his ancestors 379a
vet it is our t 336a
Trick'd in antique ruff 211b
Tricks frustrate their knavish t 79b, 522b
plays such fantastic t 351b
something in it, t and all 48b

Tricks (*cont*)
such t hath strong imagination 357b
their t an' craft 61a
their t and their manners 125b
there are no t in plain faith 340b
t are either knavish or childish 210a
t that are vain 182a
women are like t 104b
Tried can't drop it if I t 229a
fire seven times t this 353b
she for a little t 473b
thou also hast t us 486a
thou that hast not t 409a
too much are t 7a
t a little, failed much 412b
when he is t, he shall receive 517a
without consent been only t 291b
Trifle as 'twere a careless t 346b
Trifled away the rest have t 46a
Trifler busy t 108a
Trifles but t with one 160a
man of sense t with [women] 91a
she who t with all 160a
t light as air 362a
unconsidered t 373a
win us with honest t 346a
Trigger after his death 206b
Triggers resolves an' t 250a
Trimmer innocent word 'T' 178a
Trimmings with the usual t 127a
Trinities tangled T 233b
Trinity Harrer an' T College 232b
I the T illustrate 52a
old fellow of I 527a
T Church I met my doom 162b
'I had never been unkind 288b
Trinket at my wrist 442a
Trip come, and t it 268b
his words t about him 279a
once you t on it, entails 52a
our fearful t is done 457b
t it up and down 522b
t no further, pretty sweeting 370b
Tripe paunch, t, or thairm 60b
Triple casement t arched 221b
t cord, wh no man can break 58a
Trippingly on the tongue 333b
Trips trochee t 101b
Trisagion raise the 'T' 287a
Trissotin hilf T 254b
Tristram Shandy novel called *T S* 449b
Triton hear old T 473a
T blowing loud 408a
I of the minno vs 328a
Triumph be pedestaled in t 51b
in ourselves, are t 247b
in their t die 365b
in t from the north 252b
in t thro' Persepolis 259a
I t still, if Thou abide 251b
now is the Victor s t won 304b
poor t o'er the timid hare! 443b
pursue the t 301b
shout of them that t 286a
t over death and sin 408a
we shall not see the t 127b
what t! hark 7a
when learning's t o'er her foes 213b
who in t advances 316b
with T and Disaster 230a
Triumphals joyless t 277b
Triumphant joyful and t 290a
Triumphs glories t, spoils 330b
let the t of Love 424b
sickened at all t 94b
their little t o'er 175a
Triumph-song distant t 200a
Trivet right as a t 126a
Trivial rise from t things 302b
the t round 224a
Trochee trips 101b
Trod a time I might have t 450b
t that day to God 227b
Trodden little fire is quickly t out 384b
t the winepress alone 503b
Troilus methinks mounted walls 355a
Trojans we are no more 555b
Troop farewell the plumed t 362a
sent a t of horse 445a
t cometh name Gad 493a

Troop (*cont*)
t home to churchyards 357*a*
while a foreign t was landed 297*a*
Troopers Noll's damned t 45*b*
wanton t riding by 261*a*
Troops Æneas shall want t 324*b*
in solemn t, and sweet societies 270*a*
rashly charged the t of error 41*b*
t he to Oxford sent 445*b*
t of Midian 286*a*
Troop-Sergeant-Major 234*a*
Trope out there flew a t 61*b*
Tropes he ranged his t 306*a*
Trophies all their t pass away 244*a*
cloudy t hung 219*b*
down her weedy t fell 336*a*
t unto the enemies of truth 41*b*
Trophy, sword, nor hatchment 336*a*
Tropic under the t is our language 449*a*
Trot to t the round 137*a*
Troth I plight thee my t 481*b*
noblest t dies here 312*a*
tell t and shame the devil 216*a*
Trotting thro' the dirk 234*a*
Troubadour gaily the T 32*b*
Trouble against them that t me 483*a*
all this toil and t 471*b*
but a t of ants 439*a*
cried unto the Lord in their t 488*b*
double, toil and t 349*b*
few days, and full of t 497*a*
forge a lifelong t 427*b*
genius capacity of taking t. 80*b*
genius possessors into t 66*b*
have your t doubl'd 118*b*
here, where all t seems dead 422*a*
in the day of t 482*b*
in t to be troubled 118*b*
kindness in another's t 171*b*
man is born unto t 497*a*
man wa'at kin show you t 181*b*
mine enemies that t me 484*b*
my little t is ended 441*a*
one who had seen t 455*b*
present help in t 481*b*
progress t and care 249*a*
Roman and his t are ashes 199*a*
soon smooth away t 39*a*
transient, shining t 172*b*
t enough of its own 459*a*
t, sorrow, need 480*b*
t to my dreams 469*a*
t weighed upon her 432*b*
useful t of the rain 427*b*
war, he sung, is toil and t 139*a*
when there's t brewing 238*a*
women and care and t 451*b*
wd t him much more 108*b*
you ain't see no t yit 181*b*
Troubled let not yr heart be t 511*a*
t with thick-coming fancies 350*b*
world's storm-t sphere 38*b*
Troubles a sea of t 331*a*
Ianthe, little t pass 241*a*
I have had t enough 49*a*
O God out of all his t 483*a*
pack up your t 10*b*
t of our proud and angry dust 200*a*
t of the brain 350*b*
Troubling t of a star 442*b*
wicked cease from t 497*a*
Troublous not any t thing before 421*a*
Trough was full, and faithful Tray 192*b*
Troul they t so merrily 3*a*
Trousers bottoms of my t rolled 145*a*
Trousers hitched his t up 19*b*
never put on one's best t 567*a*
Webster steam-engine in t 404*b*
Trout a lusty t 425*b*
here comes the t 371*a*
t in the milk 135*b*, 444*a*
Trouts are tickled best 66*b*
Trowel flattery with a t 129*a*
lays it on with a t 104*a*
Trowl the brown bowl 319*b*
Troy fir'd another T 139*a*
half his T was burned 379*b*
night when T was sacked 313*b*
tale of T divine 268*a*
(O T Town!) 313*a*
ringing plains of windy T 438*b*

Troy (*cont*)
T passed away in one gleam 475*b*
was there another T 474*b*
where's T ? 35*a*
Troyan mounted the T walls 355*a*
the T gestes 90*a*
Troynovaunt lusty T 142*b*
Truant every t knew 168*b*
t been to chivalry 378*b*
t disposition 330*a*
Truce formal t and as of right 294*b*
place where one day's t 56*b*
quashed in our new t 36*a*
Truck of the last mammast 181*a*
Truckle-bed pigging together same t 55*a*
Trudg'd along unknowing 140*a*
True always say what's t 413*b*
always think what is t 202*b*
an ower t tale 319*a*
Arabian Tales were t 288*a*
be so t to thyself 15*b*
called Faithful and T 519*b*
can the devil speak t 340*a*
ed I doubt him t 241*b*
England to itself do rest but t 374*b*
good to be honest and t 61*a*, 324*b*
heart was t to Poll 58*b*
he said t things 45*a*
I am the t Amphitryon 130*b*
if this be t, indeed 70*b*
if t, here only 274*a*
if yr heart be only t 58*b*
I ll prove more t 365*a*
I love thee t 218*b*
I reckon rather t 263*b*
is t of most we leave behind 97*a*
kept him falsely t 428*b*
like to coins, some t, some light 428*a*
long enough it will be t 27*b*
man had rather were t believes 16*b*
most t it is that I have look'd 380*a*
nay, had she been t 363*b*
never man was t 35*b*
nothing t, but Heaven 282*b*
one religion is as t as another 64*b*
part of death no one so t 371*a*
possibly quite as t 47*b*
prithee, tell me t 165*b*
say that thou wert t 6*b*
slander makes it t 214*b*
so young, my lord, and t. 341*b*
speak the thing that's t 452*b*
taking t for false 427*b*
tale was undoubtedly t 242*a*
tell you three times is t 85*b*
that he is mad, 'tis t 332*a*
thing is not necessarily t 460*b*
things more t and deep 398*b*
thing they know isn't t 27*b*
tho' she were t, when you met her 134*a*
'tis easy to be t 321*a*
'tis t, 'tis pity 332*a*
'tis t, 'tis t 198*b*
to thine own self be t 330*b*
t as taxes is 122*a*
T Thomas lay on Huntlie 528*a*
t to thee till death 150*a*
we are sure they are t 373*b*
well to be honest and t 262*b*
what is t for you 147*b*
whatsoever things are t 516*a*
wh are t of heart 482*a*
wh was prov'd t before 66*a*
woman t and fair 134*a*
worship considered equally t 162*a*
yet t it is, as cow chaws 446*a*
True-fix'd and resting quality 330*a*
Truepenny art thou there, t ? 331*b*
Truest those who Paint 'em t 1*a*
t and the holiest (story) 257*b*
Trump at the last t 515*a*
Lord with the sound of the t 484*b*
neighing steed, and the shrill t 362*a*
Trumpery with all their t 273*b*
Trumpet anon a t sounds 442*a*
blow t, for the world is white 427*b*
blow yr own t 166*b*
dreads the final T 180*a*
glorious the t 403*a*
great voice, as of a t 518*a*

Trumpet (*cont*)
hark! the shrill t sounds 95*b*
heard the sound of the t 494*b*
he shifted his t 169*b*
his t shrill 408*a*
it is the sound of the t 497*b*
last loud t's wondrous sound 127*b*
let the t snare the foeman 234*b*
moved more than with a t 402*a*
the Thing became a t 470*b*
t give an uncertain sound 514*b*
t of a prophecy! 396*b*
t of Germinal 91*b*
t of his own virtues 359*a*
t shall be heard on high 139*b*
t's loud clangour 139*b*
t's silver sound is still 317*b*
t to t spake 137*a*
Trumpeters singers also and t 487*a*
Trumpets blowin' er de t 182*a*
blow yr t, Angels 133*a*
he saith among the t, Ha ha 497*b*
moment, while the t blow 436*b*
pâtés de foie gras to t 404*b*
silver, snarling t 221*b*
sound the t 139*a*, 244*a*, 283*b*
the t bray 164*a*
t also, and shawms 488*a*
t of the night 423*a*
t sounded for him 54*b*
up-lifted Angel t blow 278*a*
Trumps if dirt were t 240*b*
let spades be t 302*b*
Truncheon marshal's t 351*b*
Trundle-tail 343*a*
Trunk so large a t before 25*b*
t spouts out a sea 275*b*
Trunkless, yet it couldn't forget 165*a*
Trust all power is a t 130*a*
empire is power in t 138*a*
fear not, but t in Providence 22*a*
if you can t yourself 230*a*
in the People was my t 490*b*
in t I have found treason 145*a*
liars we can never t 452*b*
little t that when we die 263*a*
men dare t themselves with men 368*a*
on whom I built an absolute t 346*b*
O t not in wrong 485*b*
put not yr t in princes 490*b*
put their t in chariots 482*b*
right of governing a t 156*b*
rude, cruel, not to t 389*a*
slew the T they stood pledged 294*a*
soothed by an unfaltering t 53*a*
to frail mortality shall t 17*a*
T his sworn brother 373*b*
t in all things high 417*a*
t in God, and do the Right 266*b*
t me not at all 428*b*
t no Future howe'er pleasant 248*a*
t none, for oaths are straw 382*a*
t on, and think to-morrow 139*b*
t that somehow good 430*a*
t thou thy Love 315*a*
t thy honest offer'd courtesy 267*a*
t was with th' Eternal 272*a*
Trusted armour wherein he t 509*a*
let no such man be t 355*b*
Lord in thee have I t 478*a*
t to thy billows 69*b*
Trustees of Posterity 130*a*
Trusts convartin' public t 250*a*
nor t them with, serious matters 91*a*
t a frail bark 173*a*
Trusty, dusky, vivid 414*b*
Truth against multitudes the cause
of t 275*a*
as beauty must be t 222*a*
ask if t be there 6*b*
beauty is t, t beauty 210*b*
Beauty, T, and Love 36*b*
belief of t, wh is the enjoying 14*a*
between t and repose 148*a*
bread of sincerity and t 514*a*
bright countenance of t 279*a*
bring t to light 386*b*
but t from rules 65*b*
candidate for t 148*a*
cannot tell how the t may be 317*a*
Christianity better than T 102*a*

Truth (*cont*)
Christ with His lamp of t 36*b*
commencing in a t 346*b*
constantly speak the t 480*a*
desire of fame, and love of t 428*a*
divine melodious t 219*a*
does t sound bitter 48*a*
dost to T aspire 37*a*
doubt t to be a liar 332*a*
few enthusiasts speak t 18*a*
fiction lags after t 55*b*
fiend that lies like t 351*a*
find where t is hid 332*a*
forc'd me, out of thy honest t 386*a*
for the t he ought to die 147*a*
freeman whom the t makes free 112*b*
full round of t 426*a*
good that came of telling t 139*b*
great is t, and shall prevail 40*a*
great is T, and mighty 520*a*
great ocean of t 289*a*
habit all the test of t 113*b*
heavenly t imparts 224*a*
how sweet the t 149*b*
I am the way, the t 511*a*
I hold it t 429*b*
image of t new-born 32*a*
inquiry of t, wh is the love-making 14*a*
justice is t in action 128*a*
keep abreast of T 251*a*
kept thy t so pure 278*b*
knowledge of t, wh is the presence 14*a*
know then this t 301*b*
let t be told 37*b*
lie wh is part a t 427*a*
light of T 121*b*
looked on t askance 389*a*
loved chivalrye, t and honour 88*a*
love of t predominates 148*a*
mainly he told the t 446*b*
mercy and t are met together 487*a*
more and more to disclose t 13*b*
never feel certain of any t 223*a*
no mask like open t 104*a*
not t, but things like t 87*b*
one t is clear 301*a*
oratory not t, but persuasion 255*b*
parsons do not care for t 415*b*
Pilate saith what is t ? 511*b*
poets that wrapt T in tales 79*a*
possession of t as of a city 41*b*
put him in possession of t 246*a*
relationship with beauty and t 222*a*
ridicule is the best test of t 91*a*
ring in the love of t 431*a*
rose upon T 's lips 452*a*
seeming t wh cunning times 354*a*
see skulking t fled 299*a*
shall it declare thy t ? 483*b*
she is made of t 389*a*
simple t miscalled simplicity 388*a*
sole judge of t 301*a*
song is not t 452*a*
songs consecrate to t and liberty 309*b*
so T be in the field 279*a*
speaketh the t from his heart 482*a*
Spirit that strove for t 399*a*
spread the t from pole to pole 2*a*
steadfastness and careful t 228*a*
stooped to t 303*a*
strife of T with falsehood 250*b*
stupendous t believed 402*b*
such a t as I have meant 473*b*
suffer for the t 's sake 480*a*
swear to the t of a song 305*b*
sweet ornament wh t doth give! 387*b*
takes this carp of t 331*b*
that t lies somewhere 109*a*
then to side with T is noble 251*a*
there is no t in him 511*a*
they worship T 39*b*
this mournful t confess'd 213*b*
this t to prove 6*b*
thy God s, and t 's 386*a*
tongues can poison t 100*a*
to T its state is dedicate 397*a*
trophies unto the enemies of t 41*b*
t and untruth together 15*b*
T beareth away the victory 520*a*

Truth (*cont*)
t be veiled, but still it burneth 394*a*
t breathed by cheerfulness 471*b*
t by consecutive reasoning 222*a*
t can never be told 31*a*
t comes out in wine 552*b*
t, ever lovely foe of tyrants 77*b*
T forever on the scaffold 250*b*
t, for its own sake 226*b*
t from his lips prevail'd 168*b*
t golden girdle of the globe 107*b*
t has such a face 140*b*
t his utmost skill! 473*a*
t in every shepherd's tongue 307*b*
t in masquerade 71*b*
t in the inward parts 485*a*
t is always strange 72*a*
t is great, and shall prevail 294*a*
t is marching on 200*b*
t is not in us 518*a*
t is stranger than fiction 72*a*
t is the hyeste thing 89*b*
t is well paid when she is sung 106*a*
t is within ourselves 49*b*
t lies within a little compass 33*b*
t, like a torch 178*b*
t never hurts the teller 46*b*
t of imagination 222*a*
t peeps over the glass's edge 45*a*
l severe, by fairy fiction dressed 173*b*
t shall be thy warrant 307*b*
t shall flourish out of the earth 487*a*
t shall make you free 511*a*
t, Sir, is a cow 207*b*
T sometimes will lend her fires 72*b*
t 's sacred Fort 40*b*
t that 's told with bad intent 29*b*
t the brilliant Frenchman 113*a*
l the masculine, of Honour 181*a*
t the poet sings 432*a*
t thy Bondman let me live! 464*a*
t to o'erpeer 328*a*
t, unity, and concord 480*b*
t universally acknowledged 11*b*
t upon the lips of dying men 8*a*
t whereby the nations live 228*a*
t will come to light 353*b*
t with gold she weighs 298*b*
t within thy mind rehearse 438*b*
two to speak the t 444*a*
upon the poles of t 14*a*
whatever remains must be the t 136*a*
what is t ? said jesting Pilate 14*a*
where t calls spade a spade 44*b*
while you live, tell t 378*a*
who ever knew T put to the worse 279*a*
who never sold the t 415*a*
whose speech T knows not 313*a*
with t it quite agrees 165*a*
wood of t, of meekness 484*b*
words of t and soberness 513*a*
worship him in spirit and in t 510*b*
yet friend to t 302*b*
you saw Waring? T or joke? 52*b*
Truthful name is T James 182*b*
too t or too wise 452*a*
Truths bear all naked t 218*b*
darkness tell us t 346*a*
fate of new t 203*a*
irrationally held t 203*a*
one way possible of speaking t 51*b*
paramount of t 464*b*
religion, if in heavenly t attir'd 108*a*
some random t he can impart 469*a*
tell him disagreeable t 252*a*
t as refin'd as ever Athens 4*b*
t begin as blasphemies 389*b*
t that wake, to perish never 466*b*
t wd you teach 301*b*
two t are told 346*a*
Truth-teller was our Alfred 435*a*
Try guiltier than him they t 351*a*
little Soul, let us t, t, t 282*b*
then let me t with all my might 425*a*
t can be such men as he! 5*a*
t him afterward 446*b*
't not the Pass!' 247*a*
t, t again 191*a*
t -t -t -t -to think o' something 227*b*
Trying she's t all she can 192*b*

Trying (*cont*)
t to like Scotchmen 238*b*
Tu quoque 552*a*
Tub fair tale of a t 283*b*
mere tale of a t 454*b*
Tubal Cain was a man of might 256*a*
Tube reeking t and iron shard 233*b*
Tube-rose sweet t 398*a*
Tubes are twisted 236*b*
Tubs from their separate t 528*a*
Tucker little Tom T 534*b*
Tuesday christened on a T 532*b*
that wash on T 532*b*
T 's child is full of grace 525*a*
Tug then was the t of war 244*a*
Tugela side 27*a*
Tugs each t it a different way 72*b*
Tulgey the t wood 83*b*
Tulip streaks of the t 213*b*
Tulips bloom as they are told 39*b*
Tullochgorum Reel o' T 402*b*
Tully no, T, said I 45*a*
Tum, tum, then the band played 177*b*
Tumble twa wheel-barrows t 59*b*
Tumbling boys t in the street 445*a*
fortunes t into some laps 13*a*
Tumbrils toiling up the way 91*b*
Tumtum tree 83*b*
Tumult depth, and not the t 467*b*
Jesus calls us, o'er the t 3*b*
'mid this t Kubla heard 101*b*
t and the shouting dies 233*b*
t dwindled to a calm 74*b*
t of her war 415*b*
Tumultuous this t body 39*b*
Tun of man 377*b*
Tune dost thou like this t ? 370*b*
get away from the t 236*b*
has his t by heart 111*b*
Heaven tries earth if it be in t 251*a*
incapable of a t 238*b*
out of t and harsh 333*b*
sing'th a quiet t 99*b*
sweetly played in t 62*a*
t is something hard 231*a*
t the instrument here at the door 131*b*
we are out of t 473*a*
whistled a foolish t 181*b*
Tunes devil have all the good t 191*b*
found out musical t 521*a*
little list of t 122*b*
slow old t of Spain 261*b*
snatches of old t 336*a*
t that he cd play 533*a*
Tunic all-concealing t 397*a*
Tunnel of green gloom 30*b*
Tunnies steeped in brine 8*b*
Tupman Mr T 126*a*
Tupping yr white ewe 359*b*
Turbans silken t wreath'd 237*a*
Turbot price of a large t for it 314*a*
(way of t) an archdeacon 405*b*
Turbulent free me from this t priest 571*b*
t of wit 138*a*
Turf a grass-green t 335*b*
as the t they trod 469*a*
blue ribbon of the t 129*b*
every t beneath their feet 77*a*
green be the t above 178*a*
green t lie lightly on thy breast 299*b*
lends the light t 114*a*
on the dappled t at ease 463*b*
shelving bank of t 398*a*
thy t shall roses rear 73*b*
to bless the t 103*a*
t suck the horned showers 270*a*
wise t cloaks the cliff-edge 235*a*
Turgeneff lips of Ivan T 204*a*
Turk bear, like the T 303*a*
French, or T, or Prussian 166*a*
master comes like any T 79*b*
sick man of Europe, the T 564*b*
take the T by the beard! 383*b*
the unspeakable T 81*a*
turbaned T 364*a*
when Man is the T 92*b*
Turkey in T 'ven they cuts 126*a*
T carpet to a picture 254*b*
wrong side of a T tapestry 200*b*
Turkey-cock rare t of him 371*a*
Turks say, like those wicked 123*a*

Turks (*cont*)
sleep with T and infidels 376*a*
[T] bag and baggage 167*b*
T Infidels, and Hereticks 479*b*
Turmoil ceaseless t seething 101*a*
Turmoiled in the court 384*a*
Turn he made him t. 137*a*
it is my t now 287*a*
I t to thee as some afternoon 423*a*
I wd t and answer 199*a*
let not each gay t 300*b*
perhaps t out a sermon 60*a*
the planets, in their t 2*a*
to t you out, to t you out 228*b*
t again to cover the earth 488*a*
t again to his earth 490*b*
t, Angelina, ever dear 169*a*
t from us all those evils 479*a*
t our captivity 489*b*
t out a song 60*a*
t thou behind me 496*b*
t thou ghost that way 132*b*
t to God to praise and pray 47*b*
t to him the other also 502*a*
t whcresoe'er I may 466*a*
who will often t aside 228*b*
Turned been t out several times 239*b*
cried, and t away 39*b*
having once t round 99*b*
how all t to him 52*b*
in case anything t up 122*a*
I t me to them very wistfully 441*b*
t every one to his own way 503*a*
t him right and round about 61*a*
Turner Mrs T 's daughter play 296*a*
Turneth he t it upside down 490*b*
Turning at the t o' the tide 381*b*
but there s no t back 311*a*
by never t back 311*a*
neither shadow of t 517*a*
Turnip blood out of a t. 259*b*
t than his father 211*b*
Turnips who t cries 211*b*
Turnpike consider supper as a t 144*a*
Turns poor head almost t 7*b*
t no more his head 99*b*
t of chance below 139*a*
whoso t as I, this evening 47*b*
Turret Galileo on his t 49*b*
the Sultan's T 152*a*
Turrets half-glimpsed t 442*a*
Turtle the love of the t 67*b*
t green and glutinous 50*a*
voice of the t is heard 500*a*
Turtle-dove bay horse and a t. 444*a*
soul of thy t 486*b*
t is heard 262*b*
Turvevdrop Mr T 121*a*
Tuscany ranks of T 253*b*
Tusculan Mamilius 253*a*
Tusculum lay on for T 253*b*
I (beautiful T) 122*b*
Tush, they say, how shd God 486*b*
Tuum distinctions of *meum* and *t* 239*a*
Tu-whit, tu-who, a merry note 345*b*
Twa fell thir t between 529*a*
we t hae run about 59*a*
Twain mischance between us t 334*a*
such a t can do't 322*a*
t he covered his face 501*b*
t were casting dice 98*b*
Twal wee short hour ayont the t 60*a*
Tweedledee Tweedledum and T 84*a*
'twixt Tweedledum and T 67*a*
Tweedledum T and Tweedledee 84*a*
'twixt T and Tweedledee 67*a*
Twelve Christmas Eve, and t 180*a*
jury may in a sworn t 351*a*
parted between t and one 381*b*
platform, 'twixt eleven and t 330*b*
since t honest men decided 306*b*
t good men into a box 40*b*
T -Pound Look 21*b*
Twentieth year is well-nigh past 109*a*
Twenty at t years will reigns 157*a*
first t years are the longest 407*b*
ivy of sweet two-and-t 73*b*
let t pass 45*b*
to that t, add a hundred 190*a*
t will not come again 198*b*
Twenty-four we shall be t 199*b*
Twenty-nine distinct damnations 52*a*
Twenty-six towards the age of t 26*a*
Twice no man under the sky
lives t 423*b*
t pierced His gospel feet 244*a*
Twickenham penny to T Town 261*b*
Twig a-top on the the topmost t. 311*b*
Twiggy-voo, my boys 284*b*
Twigs limed t for crabs 85*b*
Twilight bats ever fly by t 15*b*
disastrous t sheds 272*a*
dreaming thro' the t 311*a*
in me thou seest the t 388*a*
less kind than the grey t 474*b*
like t 's, too, her dusky hair 470*b*
over Fiesole by t 49*a*
told as the t fails 231*a*
t and evening bell 426*a*
t, and the sunless day 70*b*
t gray in her sober livery 274*a*
Twilights gracious t where his
chosen lie 52*a*
t were more clear 133*b*
Twin don't tell my t 186*a*
great T Brethren 254*a*
one of us was born a t 244*b*
t halves of one august event 170*a*
Twine another o' the t 530*a*
twist ye, t ye 319*b*
'Twin'd my love and me 531*b*
Twinkle t, t, little bat 83*a*
t, t little star 425*a*
Twinkled yr benefices t 140*b*
Twinkling endureth but the t 483*b*
t of a bedstaff 322*a*
t of an eye 515*a*
Twins Clara threw the t 172*b*
every one bear t 500*a*
roes that are t 500*b*
those t of learning 386*b*
Twirl down the middle 131*a*
Twist blossomy t 442*a*
t ye, twine ye 319*b*
Twitched his mantle blue 270*a*
Twitcher Jeremy T 160*a*
Twitters a late lark t 185*a*
Two at the expense of t 96*b*
bicycle built for t 116*b*
can t walk together 504*a*
forefathers deemed it t 75*b*
grows t thereby 186*b*
if they be t, they are t so 134*a*
in favour of t [eyes] 124*b*
lies to hide it, makes it t 452*b*
nay, not so much, not t 330*a*
never by t and t 235*a*
one, t, buckle my shoe 532*a*
takes t to speak the truth 444*a*
those other t equalled with me 273*a*
t and t only supreme beings 288*a*
t are walking apart 203*a*
t at a time no mortal bear 160*a*
t lovely black eyes 97*a*
t may keep counsel 365*b*
t men I honour 81*b*
t o'clock *in the morning courage* 575*a*
t of a trade 160*b*
t only, as generally necessary 481*a*
t or three are gathered together
4788, 507*a*
t things stand like stone 171*b*
t to bear my soul away 2*b*
t went to pray 115*a*
we t stood there 45*b*
when we t parted 74*b*
Two-and-twenty I am t 198*b*
Two-handed engine at the door 269*b*
Two-legged unfeather'd t thing 138*a*
Twopence go the length of t 413*b*
I care not t 23*a*
t a week, and jam 84*b*
t coloured 412*b*
without the oil and t 404*b*
Tyke bobtail t 343*a*
Tyne Severn to the T 227*a*
Type careful of the t 430*b*
funny t at Leipsig 45*a*
grey paper with blunt t ! 52*a*
highest t of human nature 407*b*
loose t of things 461*b*
noble t of good 248*a*
Type (*cont*)
t of all her race 136*b*
Types device of *Movable T* 81*b*
Typewriter does not generate 135*b*
Tyrannies age, agues, t 133*a*
Tyrannous to use it like a giant 351*b*
Tyranny appeal from t to God 69*b*
bad laws worst sort of t 55*a*
ecclesiastic t s the worst 118*b*
remedy against t 208*a*
serving either calamity or t 520*a*
snuff the approach of t 55*b*
this t be overpast 485*b*
Tyrant Jealousy, thou t of the
mind! 140*b*
little t of his fields 174*a*
love that t of the soul 244*a*
necessity, the t 's plea 274*a*
past the t 's stroke 329*a*
planet's t, dotard Death 24*a*
t custom 360*b*
t duke unto a t brother 325*b*
t rhyme hath so abused 216*b*
Tyrants all men wd be t 118*a*
hearts bid the t defiance 77*b*
kings will be t from policy 57*a*
love between t and slaves 170*b*
necessity argument of t 297*b*
truth foe of t 77*b*
'twixt kings and t difference 189*b*
t of thy sex 104*b*
t seldom want pretexts 57*b*
when t ' crests and tombs 389*a*
Tyrawley and I have been dead 91*a*
Tyre daughter of T shall be there 484*b*
one with Nineveh and T 233*b*
Tyrian budded T 220*a*
some grave T trader 8*a*

U

Ubiquities blazing u 148*b*
Ucalegon neighbour U burned 555*b*
Uffish in u thought he stood 83*b*
Ugher yet is the Hump 230*b*
Ugliness who can have made its u? 202*b*
Ugly fancy one's old and u 105*a*
good than to be u 460*b*
I say, you u beast! 416*b*
that makes me u 363*a*
why wasn't I born old and u? 121*a*
Ulcers his poor old u 185*b*
Ullin Lord U 's daughter 77*a*
Ulpian at the best 45*a*
Ulster will fight 95*a*
Ulva chief of U 's isle 77*a*
Ulysses a new U leaves 394*a*
profitable example in U 543*a*
U come possess these shores 117*a*
Umbrage Americans have taken u 535*b*
Umbrella steals the just's u 34*b*
Umbro young boys in U 253*a*
Umpire chaos u sits 273*a*
u, the pavilion cat 242*a*
'Umps,' said Mr Grewgious 123*b*
Una with her milk-white lamb 468*b*
Unaccustomed to the yoke 110*a*
Unacquainted with the ABC 410*b*
Unadorned beauty u 25*b*
when u adorned the most 443*b*
Unadvised too u, too sudden 365*a*
Unaffected affecting to seem u 103*b*
Unafraid Gentlemen u 227*b*
Unalterably, never yours 124*b*
Unaneled disappointed, u 131*b*
Unanimity is wonderful! 400*a*
Unapparent far in the U 392*b*
Unapt to perceive 9*b*
Unarm, Eros 324*b*
Unashamed brawling judgments, u 429*a*
Unassailable holds on his rank 339*a*
Unattempted things u yet 270*b*
Unaware blessed them u 99*a*
he knew and I was u 179*a*
some morning, u 47*a*
Unawares angels u 517*a*
Unbecoming more u than to
laugh 104*a*
u to a woman 460*a*
Unbelief blind u is sure 110*a*

Unbelief (*cont*)
did it ignorantly in u 516*b*
gained them by our u 45*a*
land of u and fear 31*a*
one is u other is contumely 15*a*
U in denying them 148*b*
u is blind 267*b*
Unbend yr noble strength 348*a*
Unbends the mind like (women) 159*b*
Unbent she u her mind 219*a*
Unbewail'd hold u their way 323*b*
Unbidden guests are often welcomest 383*b*
Un-birthday an u present 85*a*
Unblamed may I express thee u ? 273*a*
Unborn child may rue that is u 530*b*
ye u ages, crowd not 173*b*
Unbought grace of life 57*a*
Unbound spirit into bonds again 109*b*
Unbowed bloody, but u 185*a*
Unbroke keep all vows u 376*a*
Unbroken Pickwick 93*b*
Unburied bodies of u men 454*b*
Unbusy sole u thing 102*a*
Unbuttoned little ones, u 113*a*
Uncanopied sleep is flying 15*b*
Uncared O my u -for songs 36*a*
Unceremoniously the rose 452*a*
Uncertain trumpet give an u sound 514*b*
u, coy, and hard to please 318*b*
Uncertainty certainty for an u 213*a*
Unchanged doth still remain u 470*a*
Uncharitableness and all u 478*b*
Unchipt, unflead 190*b*
Uncircumcised daughters of the u 495*b*
Uncircumcision circumcision nor u 516*a*
Uncle married with mine u 330*a*
O my prophetic soul! my u! 331*b*
u me no u 375*a*
Unclean man of u lips 501*b*
Uncle George when yr U was living 123*a*
Uncle Stalky vr U 237*b*
Uncle Toby U's business 412*a*
U whistling Lillaburlero 411*b*
U with the fly in his hand 411*b*
Uncle Tom Cobbleigh 531*b*
Unclothe lo I u and clear 115*b*
Unclubbable man 207*b*
Uncoffined unknelled, u 69*b*
Uncomely all things u and broken 475*b*
Uncomfortable moral when he is only u 390*b*
we u feel 166*b*
Uncomfortableness of it all 51*b*
Uncommon very u cook 315*b*
Unconcerned as when yr infant beauty 320*b*
Unconfined let joy be u 68*b*
Uncoming thou art so u 89*b*
Unconquered sat u in a ring 93*a*
Unconscionable time dying 88*a*
Unconscious humour and irony u 66*b*
Unconsciously as heretofore 179*a*
Uncontrollable than thou, O u! 196*b*
Unconvincing bald and u narrative 165*a*
Uncouth not unkind because u 36*a*
Uncoulher better the u 52*b*
Uncover, dogs, and lap 368*a*
Uncreated nor three u 478*b*
Unction flattering u to yr soul 335*a*
Undefiled my dove, my u 500*b*
so shall I be u 482*b*
tempted, and yet u 405*b*
u for the u 226*a*
Undercliff violets of the U 229*a*
Undercurrent about his name 314*b*
Undergirding the ship 513*a*
Underground dwell the nations u 442*b*
lays lads u 199*b*
Underlings we are u 337*b*
Underneath are the everlasting arms 494*b*
Undersized he's a bit u 164*a*
Understand fool doth not u 487*b*
honour wh they do not u 468*a*
I may not u 197*a*
I u thy kisses 378*a*
mankind u (Monarchy) 17*a*
more things than men u 520*a*
none aid you, and few u 301*b*
shire for men who u 39*b*

Understand (*cont*)
some who did not u them 305*a*
still the less they u 65*b*
things wh others u 469*a*
thirst to know and u 452*b*
thought I to u this 486*b*
to admire, we shd not u 104*b*
u a writer's ignorance 102*a*
what profits now to u 434*b*
when his friends did u 531*b*
wot do they u ? 232*a*
Understanded of the people 491*b*
Understandest thou u my thoughts 490*a*
u thou what thou readest 512*a*
Understandeth who u thee not, loves thee not 344*b*
Understanding beasts that have no u 481*b*
find you an u 211*b*
for thy more sweet u, a woman 344*b*
give it an u 330*b*
God be in my u 523*a*
good things as pass man's u 479*b*
good u have all they 489*a*
he imparted them u 520*b*
horse and mule, wh have no u 483*b*
if thou hast u 497*b*
ignorant of his u 102*a*
in honour hath no u 485*a*
in length of days u 497*a*
light a candle of u 520*a*
more u than my teachers 489*a*
passeth all u 516*a*
sing ye praises with u 485*a*
spirit of wisdom and u 501*b*
to the u they strike a note 42*a*
u to direct 217*a*
wh passeth all u 480*b*
with all thy getting get u 497*b*
Understandings muddy u 57*a*
Understands think she u 46*b*
Understood all who u admired 305*a*
by her that bore her u 428*b*
Great First Cause, least u 304*a*
interpreter hardest to be u 400*a*
then u I the end 486*b*
u, and not be believed 31*a*
Undertakers as u walk before 158*b*
wot 'ud become of the u 127*a*
Underwood green u and cover 420*b*
Undescribable describe the u 69*a*
Undid what they u did 323*a*
Un-dish-cover the fish 85*b*
Undo I will u myself 376*a*
some to u 119*b*, 142*b*
Undoing my heart's u 281*b*
Undone another victory, we are u 136
Caelia has u me 457*a*
estate o' the world were now u 351*a*
not to leave 't u 361*b*
petty done, the u vast 48*a*
some to be u 119*b*, 142*b*
to give, to want, to be u 409*b*
we have left u those things 478*a*
wishest shd be u 346*b*
woe is me! for I am u 501*b*
Undress when I u me 150*b*
Undrest if u at church 150*b*
Undulate round the world 458*b*
Undying thoughts I bear 265*a*
Unearned increment 265*b*
Uneasy coaxin' u ones 173*a*
short u motion 99*b*
you are u 203*b*
Uneducated Chawcer was so u 451*a*
Unequal men are made by nature u 157*b*
Unextinguishable laugh 41*a*
Uneven in religion they are so u 118*b*
Unexpectedness wh I call *u* 295*a*
Unexpert wiles more u 272*a*
Unexpressed uttered or u 280*a*
Unexpressive she 327*a*
Unfaith in ought 428*b*
Unfamiliar curious, and u 189*b*
Unfeather'd two-legg'd thing 138*a*
Unfeeling th' u for his own 175*a*
Unfit for all things u 169*b*
u contrarious moods of men 44*a*
Unfixed in principles 138*a*
Unfolding star calls up the shepherd 352*a*
Unfolds both heaven and earth 356*a*
Unforgetful teach the u to forget 312*b*

Unfortunate one more U 195*b*
u Miss Bailey! 103*b*
Unfriendly u to society's joys 108*a*
u to the nose 415*a*
Unfrowning caryatides 415*a*
Unfurnished head to be let u 65*a*
Ungartered, and down-gyved 332*a*
Ungather'd beside the u rice 248*a*
Ungentlemanly how u he can look 417*a*
Ungodliness tents of u 487*a*
Ungodly as for the way of the u 490*b*
because of the u 484*a*
rod of the u cometh not 489*b*
seen the u in great power 484*a*
u fall into their own nets 490*b*
u perish at presence of God 486*a*
Ungratefulness call virtue there u ? 401*b*
Unguessed walk on earth u at 7*b*
Unhand 'u it, sirl' 445*b*
u me, gentlemen 331*a*
u me, grey-beard 98*a*
Unhanged three good men u 377*b*
Unhappiness comes of his greatness 81*b*
Unhappy dare to be u 313*b*
inconstant never be very u 160*b*
instinct for being u 315*a*
not one is respectable or u 458*a*
to thyself u chief 35*b*
u families resemble each other 567*a*
Unheard those u are sweeter 219*b*
u of as thou art 463*b*
Unholy hour when rites u 77*b*
shrieks and sights u 268*b*
Unhonoured u his relics are laid 281*a*
u, and unsung 317*b*
Unhoped that u serene 39*a*
Unhoused free condition 359*b*
Unhousel'd, disappointed 331*b*
Unicorn lion and the u 532*a*
Unicorns horns of the u 483*a*
Un idea'd girls 206*b*
Uniform first I put this u on 165*a*
shd be more u 195*a*
u 'e wore nothin' much before 229*b*
u must work its way 127*a*
Uniformity use before u 16*a*
Uniforms fellows in foolscap u 67*b*
Unimpaired strong for service u 112*a*
Unimportant—important 83*b*
Unintelligent as upper class 9*b*
Union an indestructible U 88*a*
broken Nature's social u 62*a*
our Federal U 203*b*
our u is perfect 127*b*
sail on, O U 246*b*
saved the U of these States 458*b*
u of hands and hearts 425*a*
u of total dissent 250*b*
u with his native sea 464*b*
yet an u in partition 357*a*
Unit misses in u 474
Unitarian he became a U 148*a*
Unitarianism convert me to U 240*a*
Unite at last, u them there 96*b*
severs those it shd u 394*a*
workers of the world, u! 528*b*
United ev'ry flower is u 159*b*
U Metropolitan Improved 124*b*
u thoughts and counsels 271*a*
United States rise of the U 412*a*
these U 458*b*
Unities preserved the u, sir 125*a*
Uniting by u we stand 127*b*
Unity live in u and godly love 480*b*
send up *U* 232*b*
to dwell together in u 490*a*
u, peace, and concord 479*a*
Universal relaxed into a u grin 112*a*
this u frame began 139*b*
u dovetailedness 125*a*
u frame without a mind 15*a*
with a u blank 273*b*
Universe born for the U 169*b*
eye with wh the U beholds 302*b*
I accept the u 82*a*
in a boundless u 438*b*
in God's great u 134*b*
into this U, and *Why* 163*a*
measure of the u 307*a*
my u that feels 44*b*

Universe (*cont*)
peopling the lone u 305*b*
praised be the fathomless u 458*b*
pretend to understand the U 81*b*
Spirit of the U ! 465*b*
to mingle with the U 69*b*
wedded to this goodly u 464*a*
we possessed all the u 390*a*
wide vessel of the u 382*a*
Universes suns and u ceased 38*b*
Universities state of both his u 445*a*
u incline wits to sophistry 17*a*
wants of his two u 445*b*
University than his own mother U 141*b*
true U collection of books 81*a*
U of Gottingen 79*a*
U place of light 128*b*
we are the U 528*b*
Unjust on the u fella 34*b*
u , let him be u still 520*b*
u steals the just's umbrella 34*b*
Unkempt about those hedges 39*b*
Unkind deformed but the u 372*a*
sodden and u 26*b*
Sweet, I am u 250*a*
Trinity had never been u 288*b*
u and the unruly 414*a*
winter was not u 36*a*
Unkindness drink down all u 355*b*
his u may defeat my life 363*a*
u may do much 363*a*
you elements, with u 342*b*
Unknelled, uncoffined 69*b*
Unknowable O world u 442*a*
Unknowing u and unknown 61*b*
u what he sought 140*a*
Unknown and to fame u 174*b*
argues yourselves u 274*b*
behind the dim u 250*b*
but keep 't u 361*b*
in some u power's employ 7*a*
she lived u 470*b*
that is to him u 448*b*
things standing thus u 337*a*
to few u 273*b*
to the U God 512*b*
unknelled, uncoffined u 69*b*
Unlearned amaze the u 300*a*
u , he knew no schoolmen's art 303*a*
Unlessoned girl 354*a*
Unloads death u thee 351*b*
Unlock cannot u yr heart 146*b*
only cd u the gate 3*b*
Unloose I am not worthy to u 510*b*
Unloved unshown, is often left u 323*b*
Unlovely as thou seem'st 112*a*
Unmakes God u but to remake 51*b*
Unmeritable man 340*b*
Unmindfulness play in skilled u 179*a*
Unmissed but by his dogs 110*b*
Unmoneyed treat u men 93*b*
Unmoved cold 388*b*
Unmuzzled come among you u 167*b*
Unnatural foul, strange and u 331*b*
let me be cruel, not u 334*b*
poetry's u 126*b*
Unnecessary give yourself no u pain 393*a*
Unobserved am I alone, and u ? 165*a*
u home to his mother's house 277*b*
Unofficial English u rose 39*b*
Unparticular nice u man 180*b*
Unpitied unrespited, u 272*b*
Unplumbed, salt, estranging sea 6*b*
Unpopular I was not u there 24*b*
power is always u 129*a*
Unpremeditated his u strain 443*a*
my u verse 276*a*
u lay 316*b*
Unprofitable stale, flat and u 330*a*
u of my whole life 161*b*
Unpunctual vague u star 39*b*
Unqueen old times u thee 97*b*
Unquiet immovably u 396*a*
sole u thing 101*a*
Unreasonable depends on the u man 391*a*
Unreconciled as yet to heaven 363*b*
Unregulated there the u sun 39*b*
Unremembered nameless, u acts 472*a*
Unremembering way 441*a*
Unreproved pleasures free 268*b*
Unrequited what u affection is 123*a*
Unrespited, unpitied 272*b*
Unrest what men miscall delight 392*b*
Unreturning over the u brave 68*b*
Unrevealed rest remaineth u 430*a*
Unrewarded nothing went u 138*b*
Unrighteousness mammon of u 509*b*
Unripened beauties of the north 1*b*
Unruly unkind and the u 414*a*
Unsad and ever untrewe 89*b*
Unsatisfied cigarette leaves one u 460*b*
Unscathed thence u to go 318*b*
Unseatest care perching, u 75*b*
Unseduced unshaken, u 275*a*
Unseemly behave itself u 514*b*
Unseen floats tho' u among us 394*b*
greet the u with a cheer 52*a*
left u a wonderful piece 322*b*
minute and u part 246*b*
thou art u , but yet I hear 398*a*
u before by Gods 218*a*
u things above 179*a*
walk the earth u 274*b*
Unselfishness of an oyster 315*b*
Unsettle don't let that u you 163*a*
Unsettled as far as they are u 148*a*
Unsex me here 346*b*
Unshaken, unseduced 275*a*
Unsham'd, tho' foil'd 141*a*
Unshapely wrong of u things 475*b*
Unsifted in such perilous circumstances 311*a*
Unskilled to sunder 96*b*
Unsought not u be won 275*b*
Unsoundness certain u of mind 254*b*
Unspeakable the u Turk 81*a*
Unspotted from the world 517*b*
Unstable remember of this u world 257*b*
u as water, thou shalt not excel 493*b*
Unstaid and skittish 370*b*
Unsubdued than many u 394*a*
Unsuccessful literary man 26*b*
Unsung some u 441*a*
unhonoured and u 317*a*
Unsunned heaps of miser's 267*b*
Unsure to come is still u 370*b*
Unsuspected some u isle 50*a*
Unsweet ears not u 402*a*
Untainted than a heart u 384*a*
Untamed too restless, too u 5*b*
Untangled much misfortune bodes 365*a*
Untender so young, and so u ? 341*b*
Unterrified Satan stood u 273*a*
unseduced, u 275*a*
Unthinkable thundered u wings 92*b*
Unthinking quaffing and u time 141*b*
Unthread the rude eye 374*b*
Untimely an u grave 79*a*
came I so u forth 449*a*
Untouched u by solemn thought 467*a*
u the pages he 113*b*
Untrue tells his tale u 80*a*
unsad and ever u 89*b*
Untruth one wilful u 288*b*
torments of the night's u 117*a*
truth and u together 15*b*
Untying knot there's no u 77*b*
Unused fust in us u 335*b*
Unvarnished tale 360*a*
Unvexed with anxious cares 140*a*
Unwashed artificer 111*a*
Unweighing fellow 352*a*
Unwept, unhonoured and unsung 317*b*
Unwholesome egg boiled is not u 11*a*
Unwise in the sight of the u 520*a*
Unwithstood with pomp of waters, u 467*a*
Unworthiness for our u we dare not 480*b*
Unworthy family was not u of him 129*b*
I was not u to love her 73*b*
merit of the u takes 331*a*
Up Antony is notwithstanding u 319*a*
be u and doing 248*a*
cannot bear levelling u 207*b*
come U ! you hugly beast 416*b*
gay go u 533*b*
hey! then u go we ! 193*a*, 307*a*
neither u nor down 526*b*
only half way u 526*b*
see me safe u 283*a*
seven u and six to play 172*b*
Up (*cont*)
their utmost u and on 51*a*
u Guards and at them 455*a*
u he got, in haste 108*b*
u in the morning's no' for me 63*a*
u , Lord, and let not man 482*a*
u stairs, down stairs 534*b*
u ! u ! my friend 471*b*
when they were u 526*b*
where he had got u 109*a*
Upbeareth me, *Ischyros* 441*a*
Upbraideth giveth and u not 517*a*
Up-gathered now like flowers 473*a*
Upharsin mene, mene, tekel, u 504*a*
Uphill road wind u all the way 311*a*
we shall escape the u 311*a*
Uphold the unyok'd humour 376*b*
Upland ah, vain! this u dim 9*a*
Uplift never dared u the tune 397*a*
Uplifted beyond hope 272*a*
Upper all u crust here 177*b*
Englishman of u classes 9*b*
large u room furnished 510*a*
stiff u lip 86*a*
u ten thousand of the city 461*b*
Upraised me where my mother 441*a*
Upright who cannot sit u 108*b*
Uprising downsitting, and mine u 490*a*
our wakening and u 223*b*
to-morrow's u shall be sweet 284*b*
Uproar this day's u 512*b*
u 's your only music 222*a*
Uprouse ye, then, my merry men! 18*a*
Upside turned the world u down 512*b*
Upstairs compel us to be equal u 21*b*
came u into the world 104*b*
Up-tails all 215*b*
Upward they must u still 251*a*
Urania govern thou my song, U 275*b*
lament anew, U ! 391*b*
Uranus perturbed moon of U 294*b*
Urban, squat, and packed with guile 39*b*
Urge procreant u of the world 457*b*
u and u and u 457*b*
Uriah in the forefront battle 495*b*
Urien ashes under U 199*a*
Urim and the Thummim 494*a*
Urn bubbling and loud-hissing u 112*a*
end by Nelson's u 92*b*
favour my destin'd u 269*a*
her pictured u 175*a*
storied u or animated bust 174*a*
tears that overflow thy u 241*a*
Urns rule spirits from their u 71*a*
old sepulchral u 108*a*
Urs those dreadful *u* 193*b*
Ursa Major my nativity under U 342*a*
Us they are not like u 525*a*
Usage of those antique times 408*b*
Usance rate of u 353*a*
Use come to deadly u 343*b*
have no u for them 197*a*
joys are spoilt by u 218*a*
let diaries be brought in u 15*a*
let u be preferred 16*a*
rather u than fame 429*a*
still why deny its u 76*a*
such as cannot u them 215*b*
takes away the u of 't 262*b*
things are beyond all u 339*a*
u a poor maiden so 523*a*
u doth breed a habit 372*b*
u every man after his desert 332*b*
u in measured language 429*b*
Used as he hath u of old 340*b*
I am cruelly u 11*b*
I have u no other 535*b*
it will be u against you 135*b*
nothing like being u to a thing 400*b*
Used-to-was 445*a*
Useful magistrate, as equally u 162*a*
Useless most beautiful things u 314*b*
u as a general maxim 254*b*
u each without the other 248*b*
Uselessness of men above sixty 291*a*
Uses thing I love for others' u 362*a*
to u of a cup 51*a*
u of this world 330*a*
very privit u 250*a*
Using love barren with best u 117*a*
Usna's children died 475*b*

Usquebae wi u face the devil 63a
Usurp none can u this height 218a
Usurpation I dare without u 41a
Usury his money upon u 482b
lent out my heart with u 239b
souls not lent in u 264a
Uther romance of U 's son 271b
Utmost wha does the u 59a
Utopia not in U 469b
principality in U 255a
Utter man cannot u it 499a
not u what thou dost not know 377a
to u all thy Praise 2a
Utterance how divine is u 264b
that large u 218a
timely u gave 466a
with what strange u 469a
Uttered u nothing base 437a
u or unexpressed 280a
Uzziah year that King U died 501a

V

Vacant a mind quite v 110b
Vacuity indolent v of thought 112b
Vagrom comprehend all v men 358b
Vague, a dizzy, a tumultuous joy 407a
Vain a' is done in v 61a
and full as v 139a
because I weep in v 174a
call it not v , they do not err 317a
in v with lavish kindness 184a
let not only mine be v 198b
most v , most generous 185b
Name of the Lord thy God in v 480a
Patently Impossible and V 234a
profane, erroneous, and v 65b
same Garden after me—in v ! 154a
sweet is love tho' given in v 428b
v are the thousand creeds 38b
v man, said she 408a
v , mightiest fleets of iron 136b
v , those all-shattering guns 136b
why, all delights are v 344a
Vainly strives the soul 120a
Vale as a v of tears 46a
as that v in whose bosom 281b
declin'd into the v of years 362a
longest hill must end in a v 24b
meet thee in that hollow v 225a
sequester'd v of rural life 304b
there lies a v in Ida 435a
the v of Soul-making 223a
the V , the three lone weirs 8b
v of misery use it for a well 487a
violet-embroidered v 267a
yon taper cheers the v 169a
Valentine Hail, Bishop V 132b
Valerius loathed the wrong 253b
Vales and from our lovely v 245b
to the hills and the v 424b
voice, making all the v rejoice 32b
Valet no man is a hero to his v 561a
to his very v seem'd a hero 67b
Valiant as he was v I honour him 339b
be v , but not too venturous 251b
he who would v be 54b
ring in the v man 431a
the v never taste of death 339a
v in velvet 185b
Valiant-for-Truth 54b
Valiant-young more v 378b
Validity of what v and pitch 369b
Valley all along the v 431b
darker grows the v 263b
every v shall be exalted 502b
he lies now in the little v 44b
he paweth in the v 497b
Love is of the v 437a
sing in the v below 523a
there is not a v so sweet 281b
the v sheep are fatter 295a
v between Buxton and Bakewell 314a
v of Humiliation 54a
v of the shadow of death 483a
v wh was full of bones 504a
Valley-glades deep in the next v 220a
Valleys bright in the fruitful v 37a
down to the v beneath 488a
far below them in the v 433a
Valleys (*cont*)
piping down the v wild 32a
sendest rain into the little v 486a
v also shall stand so thick 486a
v and rocks never heard 113a
v of Ionian hills 435a
Vallombrosa brooks in V 271b
Valois shadow of the V 92b
Valoroso is a man again! 440a
Valour better part of v 379a
false quarrel there is no true v 359a
for contemplation he and v 274a
for v , is not love a Hercules 345a
in thine own act and v 347a
like v 's minion carv'd 346a
much v in this Welshman 382b
my v is certainly going! 400b
V and Innocence 233b
v comes of sherris 380b
who wd true v see 54b
Valorous more childish v 259b
Value knows the v of nothing 460a
more v than many sparrows 506a
then we rack the v 359a
v dwells not in particular will 369a
what he most doth v 465b
Valued but as 'tis v 369a
Values as moneys are for v 13a
Vampire like the v , she has been dead 293a
Van first took'st the field 225a
Vanbrugh's house of clay 149a
Vandyke is of the company 158a
Vanish far from v , rather grows hope may v , but can die not 394a
suddenly v away 86a
Vanished as rare things will, it v 49a
he v out of sight 407b
it v quite slowly 83a
v from his lonely hearth 465b
Vanishest if thus thou v 325a
Vanisheth then v away 517b
Vanishings fallings from us, v 466b
Vanity all others are but v 406b
children of men, they are but v 485b
draw iniquity with cords of v 501a
every man living is altogether v 484a
every man therefore is but v 484a
give not yourselves unto v 485b
herein is not only a great v 204a
lest they behold v 489a
lighter than v itself 485b
no love, quoth he, but v 202a
no need of such v 358b
oh, V of vanities! 440b
out o' touch o' v 232a
speckled V will sicken soon 270b
that v in years 377b
town is lighter than v 54a
v and vexation of spirit 499a
v , like murder, will out 107b
v of vanities, saith the Preacher 499a
wh is yr particikler v 127a
women two passions, v and love 91a
Vanity-Fair beareth the name of V 54a
Vanquished by a Roman valiantly v 324b
ingratitude quite v him 340a
the v had no despite 408b
v , he ed argue still 168b
woe to the v 550a
Vantage forehand and v of a king 383a
might the v best have took 351b
Vapour like a v over shrines! 44a
live upon the v of a dungeon 362a
v sometime like a bear 324a
what is yr life? it is even a v 517b
Vapours congregation of v 332b
crudy v wh environ it 380b
the v weep their burthen 438a
v both away 132b
Variable love prove likewise v 365a
v as the shade 318b
Variableness in whom is no v 517a
Variation admitting any v 478a
Varieties different v of pipe 135b
Variety fortune is full of fresh v 21a
her infinite v 323a
I ove's sweetest part, V 133b
offer a charmin' v 173a
sad v of woe 162b, 299b
Variety (*cont*)
source of pleasure is v 213a
v about the New England weather 446b
v is the soul of pleasure 25b
v 's the source of joy below 160a
v 's the spice of life 111b
Variorum life is all a v 61b
Various a man so v 138b
nor tell to v people v things 113b
v are the tastes of men 3a
v hindrances we meet 110a
Varletry shouting v 325a
Varus, give me back my legions 538a
Vase shatter the v , if you will 281b
Vassals and serfs at my side 53b
Vast and middle of the night 330a
Vastness! and Age! 298a
Vasty Hall of Death 7b
Vats of Luna 253a
Vault fretted v 174a
in the v above the Cherubim 230b
leave it buried in this v 215b
lees is left this v to brag of 348a
making the hollow v resound 202b
nor, in thy marble v 260a
Vaulted with such ease 378b
Vaulter green little v 202a
Vaulting ambition 347a
Vaunt all but an empty v 398b
Vaunt-couriers to thunderbolts 342b
Vaunting aloud, but racked 271a
Vaward take thou the v of me 530b
Veer in the tide 424a
Vegetable content with a v love 165b
my v love shd grow 260a
passion of a v fashion 165b
Vegetate one does but v 58b
v in a village 103b
wish to v like the country 183b
Veil death is the v 397b
lift not the painted v 399a
sacred v drawn o'er Thy noon 447b
this that was the v of thee? 420b
took away my v from me 500b
v after v will lift 5a
V thro' wh I might not see 153b
wrapped in a gauzy v 399b
Veils knew her thro all her v 79a
v of the soul therein 420b
Vein King Cambyses' v 377b
not in the giving v to-day 385a
this is Ercles' v 356a
Veins azur'd harebell, like thy v 329a
my bluest v to kiss 323b
open all my v 280b
so in my v red life might stream 219a
Velasquez why drag in V ? 456b
Velvet gude lord in the black v 530a
mantle warm, and v capt 109b
valiant in v 185b
Venerate I for one v a petticoat 71b
v art as art 181a
Venetian apoplexy and V hair 202b
turban'd Turk beat a V 364a
Vengeance clamour for a v on the sea 231a
day of v of our God 503a
heav'n awards the v due 107b
just my v complete 47b
neither take v of our sins 478b
no sense can rouse to v 78b
v , deep-brooding o'er the slain 317a
v is mine, I will repay 513b
v of Jenny's case 356a
Venice dirty stones of V 226a
here with us in V 353a
in V they do let heaven see 361b
I stood in V 69a
no Lord of Parys, V or Florounce 143a
no, not for V 354b
Ocean's nursling, V 395a
that cunning whore of V 363a
there at V gave his body 375b
this poor trash of V 361a
V in their armoury inscription 64a
V , the eldest child of Liberty 472b
where V sat in state 69a
Venite God's great *V* 133b
Venom, to thy work 337a
Venture a bow at a v 406b
damn her at a v 240b

Venture (*cont*)
naught v, naught have 446a
O Luve will v in 62b
Ventured I have v, like little boys 385b
you have deeply v 73a
Ventures or lose our v 341a
Venus as V yokes her doves 71a
a V or a angel 126b
Cotytto or V 421b
o'er-picturing that V 323a
planet V gone on business 125a
thy V that must die 176a
V clerk, Ovyde 89b
V herself fastened on her prey 565a
V, let me never see 306a
V, take my votive glass 306a
V when she smiles 216b
Ver first born child of V 23b
Veracity heard and saw with v 175b
Verbosity exuberance of his own v 128b
thread of his v 345a
Verbs and nouns do more agree 182a
Verdict of the world is conclusive 537b
Verdure see no other v 221a
Vere de Vere caste of V de V 431b
Vercker's secret 204b
Verge room, and v enough 173b
upon the beached v 368a
very v of her confine 342b
Verger an erudite V 19a
Vergil at Mexico 449b
Verify yr references 313a
Verisimilitude fine isolated v 222a
give artistic v 165a
Vermillion-spotted, golden 219a
Vermin race of little odious v 417b
swarming with all sorts of v 20a
Vernal seasons of the year 279b
Versailles the Dauphiness, at V 57a
Verse all that is not prose is v 564a
a v may find him 186b
bumbast out a blank v 176b
cheered himself with ends of v 65b
come, but one v 370b
court others in v 305b
decorate the v herself 72b
facility of the octosyllabic v 69b
Flask of Wine, a Book of V 152b
had not my v extolled thy name 79a
harmonious sisters, Voice and V 278a
incantation of this v 396b
in high immortal v 267b
leaving great v unto a clan 219b
lies the subject of all v 42b
married to immortal v 269a
my unpremeditated v 276a
my v again shall gild 137a
my v is not a crown 187a
my v yr virtues rare eternize 408a
ne'er a v to thee 226a
not v now, only prose! 45a
now one in v makes many more 300a
of my v, like not a single line 414b
pleasures that to v belong 217b
reads v thinks she understands 46b
receive a strew of weeping v 225a
rough, hoarse v 300a
run them into v 142a
sail of his great v 388a
still thy v has charms 318a
this be the v you grave for me 415a
tiresome v-reciter, Care 394b
to join the varying v 303b
too humble to be named in v 469b
v, a breeze 102a
v can gently steer 141a
v immortalizes whom it sings! 113a
v is merely prose 72a
v sweetens toil 162b
wanting the accomplishment of v 464a
Verser hearken unto a V 186b
Verses Book of V underneath the Bough 152b
false gallop of v 327a
quire of bad v in the other 254b
recited v in writing 521a
rhyme the rudder is of v 65a
some for writing v 246a
tear him for his bad v 340b
Tennyson write v without metre 102b
write halting v, run a mile 413a
Versing relish v 188a
Versions hundred v of (one religion) 391a
Verulam large-browed V 435b
Vesper black v's pageants 324a
Vesper-bell hark the little v 100a
Vespers 'st, there's V 52a
Vessel a brave v 367a
break them like a potter's v 481b
earthern v, holding treasure 46a
gallant trim the gilded v goes 173b
like a ghost, the v swept 249a
make one v unto honour 513b
steersmen when the v's crank! 264b
the v puffs her sail 439a
weigh the v up 111a
wide v of the universe 382a
wife, as the weaker v 517b
Vessels treasure in earthen v 515a
Vest blood over the purple v 254a
casting the body's v aside 261a
thro' the v wh seems to hide 397b
Vestal blameless v's lot 299b
in v February 293b
Vestals acidulous v 413a
Vestry I will see you in the v 404b
Vesture as a v shalt thou change 488a
cast lots upon my v 483a
he hath on his v a name 519b
muddy v of decay 355a
queen in a v of gold 484b
Veteran on the stage 214a
Veterans world its v rewards! 302a
Vex he hoped it wd v somebody 210a
mak enow' themselves to v them 63a
v not thou the poet's mind 435b
Vexation multiplication is v 533a
vanity and v of spirit 499a
v of a dream 357a
Vexed but I was not *v* 211a
v his immortal strength 36a
Vexes the other v it 218a
Vials full of odours 518b
Viands what v he preferred 150b
Vibrated better not be v 121a
Vibration each way free 190b
Vicar not the Vicarage, nor the V 305a
the V of Bray, sir 524a
Vicarage not the V, nor the Vicar 305a
Vice ambition, in a private man a v 262b
boldly rebuke v 480a
end in sight was a v 52a
he lashed the v 419a
music pleasure without v 212a
mutual Forgiveness of each v 30a
no amusements but v and religion 404b
no v, but beggary 374a
old-gentlemanly v avarice 70b
or any taint of v 372a
prosperity doth best discover v 14b
raptures and roses of v 421a
spreading v's snares 94b
than bullied out of v 416b
that reverend v 377b
thine honesty a v 362a
this v of lying 380b
thy body is all v 206b
'tis a v to know him 337a
to sanction V, and hunt Decorum 72a
'twixt a v and folly, turned 233b
v is a monster 301a
v itself lost half its evil 57a
virtue itself of v pardon beg 335a
when v prevails 1b
where th' extreme of v 301a
will no other v content you? 133b
Viceroy to that to heaven gone 132b
Vices dwelt upon her v too 26a
of our pleasant v plague us 344a
of our v we can frame 247b
redeemed his v with his virtues 214b
v may be committed genteelly 208b
Vicinity so had to leave the v 527a
Viciousness in our v grow hard 324a
Vicissitude this sad v of things 412a
Vicissitudes sad v of things 162b
v of fortune 162a
wild v of taste 213b
Victim a v must be found 164b
first insults the v 114a
v o' connubiality 126a
Victims the little v play 174b
Victor now is the V's triumph won 304b
out spoke the v then 76b
potent v in his rage 271a
to the v the spoils of the enemy 258a
Victories after a thousand v once foiled 387a
peace hath her v 278b
victors are by v undone 140a
Victorious make him v 193a
o'er all the ills of life v 62b
Victors let the v, when they come 6b
v are by victories undone 140a
Victory at every famous v 406a
courses of the *V* were absorbed 181a
glorious thing must be a v, Sir 455a
gotten hast the v 225a
honour was the meed of v 408b
Joy, Empire, and V 397b
life's v won 292a
O grave, where is thy v? 515a
such another v, we are undone 13b
that dishonest v at Chæronea 278b
theft is only v in him 142a
the *V* was gone 181a
to gain such a v as this 455a
Truth beareth away the v 520a
'twas a famous v 406a
v and praise in its own right 392b
v is not a name strong enough 287a
v is twice itself 357b
welcome to yr gory bed, or to v 62b
Westminster Abbey or v 287a
Victuals difficult to please about their v 75b
v and the wine rather good 75b
we have no v 440b
View behold her face at ample v 369b
Creation widened in man's v 457a
do you admire the v 84b
Goethe's wide and luminous v 7a
lends enchantment to the v 77a
made myself a motley to the v 389a
observation with extensive v 213b
point of v, then sinks downwards 179b
rapture of the forward v 264a
transported with the V 2a
v fair Melrose aright 317a
v the landscape o'er 453b
View-hollo Peel's v 173b
Viewing him since, alas, too late! 215a
Views her happy v 430a
they give new v to life 113b
Vigil tongueless v 420a
will yearly on the v feast 383a
Vigilance liberty is eternal v 116b
Vigilant be sober, be v 518a
I am as v as a cat 378b
Vigils mine eyes their v keep 286b
Vigour England has a secret v 147b
takes away v from our arms 56a
the v of the Lord 415b
years steal v from the limb 68a
Vigorous conservatives when they are least v 148a
Vikings stir the V' blood 226a
Vile be he ne'er so v 383a
better to be v than v esteemed 389a
find it cowardly and v 341a
goodness to the v seem v 343b
make v things precious 343a
only man is v 184a
O v, intolerable 366b
who is here so v 339b
Vileness no inner v that we dread? 430a
Vilest things become themselves 323a
Vilikins and his Dinah 526b
Villa if one must have a v 283b
Village a v less than Islington 107a
loveliest v of the plain 168a
rather be first in a v 13a
some v Hampden 174a
the v smithy stands 249a
thro an Alpine v passed 247a
vegetate in a v 103b
v maiden she 432b
Villagers in gold and black, the v 243a
Villages pleasant v and farms 276a
Villain condemns me for a v 385a
determined to prove a v 384b
hungry, lean-faced v 328a

Villain (*cont*)
I am alone the v 324*a*
if some eternal v 363*a*
in tragic life no v need be 264*a*
one murder made a v 304*b*
smile, and be a v 331*b*
smiling, damned v 331*b*
v and he be many miles asunder 366*a*
v dwelling in all Denmark 331*b*
v to bereave my life 30*a*
Villains as if we were v by necessity 342*a*
God shd go before such v 359*a*
Villanous forcheads v low 367*b*
that's v, and shows ambition 334*a*
Villany clothe my naked v 384*b*
in me 'tis v 323*b*
O v! Ho! let the door be lock'd 337*a*
v you teach me, I will execute 354*a*
Villatic tame v fowl 278*a*
Villiers great V lies—alas! 302*b*
Villon, our sad brother's name 421*a*
Vinci they spell it V 446*b*
Vindicate the ways of God to man 300*b*
Vine best fits a little v 188*b*
eat in safety under his own v 386*b*
every man under his v 504*b*
foxlike in the v 437*a*
lands of maize and v 426*a*
luscious clusters of the v 260*b*
monarch of the v 323*b*
Ruby kindles in the V 152*a*
the gadding v 269*b*
the mantling v 274*a*
V her ancient Ruby yields 152*a*
wife shall be as the fruitful v 490*a*
wild v slipping down 420*b*
Vinegar gave me v to drink 486*b*
other of such v aspect 352*b*
pepper and v besides 84*b*
Vine-leaves in his hair 567*a*
Vines beggars, fleas and v 226*a*
bless with fruit the v 221*b*
foxes, that spoil the v 500*a*
where Southern v are drest 184*b*
Vine-sheltered brood v path 312*b*
Vineyard my wellbeloved hath a v 501*a*
who planteth a v 514*a*
Vintage a draught of v! 219*b*
his V rolling Time 153*a*
v of Abi-ezer 495*a*
v where the grapes of wrath 200*b*
Vintager Ariadne was a v 217*b*
Vintners what the V buy 154*a*
Vinum dæmonum call poesy **v.** 13*a*
Viol than an unstringed v 374*b*
Violence blown with restless v 352*a*
by v constrained to do anything 145*a*
essence of war is v 254*a*
kingdom of heaven suffereth v 506*b*
offer it the show of v 329*b*
with v shall that great city 519*b*
Violent danger of v death 191*b*
laid v hands upon themselves 481*b*
so over v, or over civil 138*b*
virtue in ambition is v 14*b*
Violently move v to their place 14*b*
v if they must 307*b*
Violet a grave's one v 50*a*
dew that on the v lies 317*b*
fashioned an April v 452*a*
she is the v 402*b*
the glowing v 270*a*
the nodding v grows 356*b*
throw a perfume on the v 374*a*
v, amaracus 435*a*
v by a mossy stone 470*b*
v in the youth of nature 330*b*
v of his native land 430*a*
v smells to him as it doth to me 382*b*
Violets by ashen roots the v blow 431*a*
daisies pied and v blue 345*b*
fast fading v 220*a*
from her flesh may v spring 336*b*
I wd give you some v 335*b*
lilies and v meet 22*a*
mix v with anything 129*b*
upon a bank of v 369*b*
v, and the lily cups 195*a*
v blue as yr eyes 434*a*
v dim, but sweeter than Juno's eyes 373*a*

Violets (*cont*)
v of the Undercliff 229*a*
v' reclining head 132*b*
v suddenly bloom at her feet 27*a*
when sweet v sicken 399*b*
where early v die 318*a*
who are the v now 376*a*
wind-flowers and v 394*b*, 398*a*
Violin flute, v, bassoon 434*a*
Violins Antonio Stradivari's v 144*b*
Viper Lawyer killing a v 100*b*
Vipers O generation of v 504*b*
to extirpate the v 12*b*
Virgil art thou then that V? 566*b*
Homer and V are forgotten 304*b*
Rome (sound) thy V's name 109*a*
the English V [Spenser] 224*a*
the Shepherd in V 206*b*
V at Mexico 449*b*
Virgilian worthy of the V muse 37*a*
Virgin a v shall conceive 501*b*
a v-widow and a *Mourning Bride* 141*a*
bashful v's side-long looks 168*a*
every harlot was a v once 30*a*
now the V returns 557*a*
pale V shrouded in snow 32*a*
pre-elect God's V 313*a*
see the V blest 270*b*
so tho' a v, yet a bride 79*b*
withering on the v thorn 356*a*
Virginal quick, tender, v 294*b*
Virginalling upon his palm 373*a*
Virgined lip hath v it ever since 328*b*
Virginia tobacco comes from V 440*a*
Virginian I am not a V 185*b*
Virginians rally behind the V 24*b*
Virginity that long-preserved v 260*a*
the rash oath of v 293*b*
Virgins 'farewell,' she said, 'ye v all' 531*b*
Martyrs, Prophets, V 280*a*
of pure V none is fairer 294*b*
therefore do the v love thee 500*a*
v are soft as the roses 67*b*
v in their ecstasies 428*a*
v that be her fellows 484*b*
Virgo! gr-r-r 52*a*
Virtue adversity doth best discover v 14*b*
ambition in a prince, the v 262*b*
as other men after v 230*b*
assume a v, if you have it not 335*a*
being rich my v then shall be 374*a*
blunder'd on some v unawares 94*b*
call v there ungratefulness 401*b*
every v, every grace 240*b*
faith let that arm thy v 313*b*
fighting the lost fight of v 412*a*
first upgrowth of all v 226*b*
fix thy firm gaze on v and on me 254*a*
flattered into v 416*b*
forbearance ceases to be a v 56*b*
from mere natural v 288*b*
fugitive and cloistered v 279*a*
goad us on to sin in loving v 351*b*
greatest offence against v 183*b*
he must delight in v 1*b*
if there be any v 516*a*
if v feeble were 268*a*
if you can keep yr v 230*a*
in conscious v bold 298*b*
ladies who make v unamiable 410*b*
laments that v cannot live 339*a*
lean'd to V's side 168*b*
let them look upon v 552*a*
liberty with order and v 55*a*
lilies and languors of v 421*a*
linked with one v 70*a*
love v, she alone is free 268*a*
more v than doth live 215*b*
my mouse of v 370*a*
no distinction between v and vice 207*b*
no road or ready way to v 41*b*
no v like necessity 374*b*
O infinite v! 324*a*
only amaranthine flower is v 112*a*
patriots v's cause support 160*a*
redeem us from v 421*b*
some by v fall 351*b*
tart, cathartic **v.** 148*a*
thy mind all v 206*b*
'tis some v, v to commend 104*a*

Virtue (*cont*)
'tis v not birth makes us noble 23*a*
very sinews of v 450*b*
v! a fig! 360*b*
v alone is happiness 301*b*
v alone is true nobility 162*b*
v and human knowledge 395*b*
v cd see to do what v wd 267*a*
v had gone out of him 508*b*
v in ambition is violent 14*b*
v in her shape how lovely 274*b*
v is bold 352*a*
v is its own reward 160*a*
v is like a rich stone 16*a*
v is the fount whence honour 259*a*
v itself of vice must pardon beg 335*a*
v may be assailed 267*b*
v of paper government 55*a*
v of wax and parchment 55*b*
v rudely strumpeted 388*a*
v she finds too painful 302*a*
v that possession wd not show 359*a*
v that transgresses but patch'd 370*a*
v, wh cannot know the disgrace 545*b*
v wh requires to be guarded 171*a*
walls of some high V 294*a*
wars that make ambition v 362*a*
wh into words no v can digest 259*b*
whose solid v cd neither graze 362*b*
will change to v and worthiness 338*a*
without eradicating the v 170*b*
Virtues be to her v very kind 305*b*
crimes, like v own rewards 150*b*
curse on his v 1*b*
force and fraud cardinal v 191*b*
for several v like'd several women 367*b*
his v walk'd their round 210*b*
his v were his arts 56*b*
his v will plead like angels 347*a*
if v did not go forth of us 351*a*
in v nothing earthly cd surpass 70*a*
mentioned her v, it is true 26*a*
our v barren 412*a*
our v would be proud 322*a*
the trumpet of his own v 359*a*
my verse yr v shall eternize 408*a*
v neglected then, adored become 113*b*
v we write in water 386*a*
v wh mine eyes had seen 469*b*
whose soul the v well did suit 136*b*
world to hide v in 369*b*
Virtuous because thou art v 370*b*
be in general v 156*b*
but for the v things you do 91*b*
grow v in their old age 304*a*, 419*a*
ladies outrageously v 410*a*
most seeming-v eye 73*a*
retired to his v couch 451*a*
the boy be v still 113*a*
who can find a v woman? 409*a*
Virtuousest seems wisest, v 276*a*
Visage dejected 'haviour of the v 330*a*
hides not his v from our cottage 373*b*
never see me more in the v 257*b*
Othello's v in his mind 360*b*
Visages men whose v do cream 352*b*
Vishnu-land what Avatar? 52*b*
Visible all things v 480*a*
Vision a more delightful v 57*a*
as thy v here solicited 421*a*
bright the v that delighted 258*a*
by the v splendid 466*b*
city such as v builds 396*a*
double the v my eyes do see 29*b*
double v is always with me 29*b*
enjoy'd in v beatific 272*a*
fabric of this v 367*b*
fatal v, sensible to feeling 347*b*
his life is a watch or a v 420*b*
in a v once I saw 101*b*
my v's greatest enemy 29*b*
my v with the song 263*b*
saw the V of the world 432*b*
scarce seemed a v 396*b*
the v raised its head 201*b*
the young men's v 138*a*
v and the faculty divine 404*a*
V of Christ wh those dost see 29*b*
v of some person or persons 204*b*
V of the guarded mount 270*a*
was it a v, or a waking dream? 220*a*

Vision (*cont*)
what stately v mocks my sense? 403*b*
where there is no v, the people perish 499*a*
with the v glorious 415*b*
you see my v 's limited 126*b*
Visionary fled the v gleam 466*a*
v joys remove 105*a*
Visions I have multiplied v 504*a*
lost in stormy v 392*b*
my Oberon! what v have I seen? 357*a*
v of glory, spare my sight 173*b*
young men shall see v 504*a*
Visit intending to v them more 424*b*
v it by the pale moonlight 317*a*
v the fatherless and widows 517*b*
to trusted man his annual v 443*b*
what thy short v meant 240*a*
Visitation in the time of their v 520*a*
nightly v unimplored 276*a*
winds of Spring in rarest v 397*a*
Visitations aeolian v 469*a*
Visitings compunctious v of nature 346*b*
Visits like angels' v, short 289*b*
v like those of angels 29*a*
Vitality not v enough to preserve it 211*b*
v in a woman furv of creation 390*b*
Vitals feed thee out of my own v ? 104*b*
Vitruvius you, the best V 140*a*
Vivified filled and v by Thee 280*a*
Vizards to our hearts 349*a*
V-notes are something 48*b*
Vocabulary of Bradshaw 136*a*
Vocation as if his whole v 466*b*
labour in his v 376*b*
'tis my v, Hal 376*b*
worthy of the v 515*b*
Vogue totter into v 449*b*
Voice after the fire a still small v 496*a*
aggravate my v so 356*b*
a great v, as of a trumpet 518*a*
and that a mighty v 486*b*
a thrilling v is sounding 86*b*
a V above their beat 441*b*
a v less loud 48*b*
a v whose sound was like the sea 467*b*
a v will run from hedge 221*a*
because of the bridegroom s v 510*b*
bird of the air carry the v 499*b*
bird, or but a wandering v 463*b*
but few thy v 330*b*
clear sonorous v 464*b*
distant v, in the darkness 249*a*
each a mighty V 471*b*
find their sole v in that brow 7*b*
gave thee such a tender v 32*b*
harmonious sisters, V and Verse 278*a*
hear a v in every wind 174*b*
heard a v cry 'Sleep no more!' 348*a*
heart and soul and v 286*b*
heart and v oppress 286*a*
hear the v of the Bard 31*b*
her v, and her hair, and eyes 261*b*
her v might give th alarm 457*a*
her v in the street 497*b*
her v revives the leaden strings 78*a*
her v was ever soft 344*a*
his big manly v 326*b*
his sweet v he rears 99*b*
his v in all her music 392*b*
his v was buried among trees 468*a*
his v was propertied 325*a*
I heard a v, it said 468*b*
in poverty thy v did weave 399*b*
I sing with mortal v 275*a*
is, and is not the v of God 303*b*
I thought I knew the v 235*a*
it is the v of a god 512*a*
joy is the sweet v 100*b*
let thy v rise like a fountain 429*a*
lift up yr v, rejoice 455*b*
look at me in that tone of v 535*b*
Lord, hear my v 499*a*
Mountain's slumbrous v 396*a*
my v ascending high 453*a*
no magic of her v 293*b*
no v, but oh! the silence 99*b*
no v hed sech a swing 250*b*
no v or hideous hum 270*b*
O! for a falconer's v 365*b*
or the v of one beloved 397*a*

Voice (*cont*)
our song is the v of desire 37*a*
people's v is odd 303*b*
raise for good supplicating v 214*a*
refuseth the v of the charmer 485*b*
reserve the more weighty v 15*b*
seasoned with a gracious v 354*a*
singest with v memorial 88*a*
sing to the Lord with cheerful v 224*b*
small v spake unto me 438*b*
so charming left his v 275*b*
so in a v 131*b*
sole daughter of his v 276*a*
so silvery is thy v 190*b*
sound of a voice that is still 425*b*
speak in a monstrous little v 350*a*
sweeter thy v 437*a*
that gentle v we hear 11*a*
that V is round me 442*a*
there came a v without reply 147*a*
the v of my complaint 483*a*
the v of the great Creator 82*b*
the v said, Cry 502*b*
the v so sweet 216*b*
this is the same v 51*a*
thy gentle v my spirit can cheer 245*b*
thy v and hand shake still 312*b*
thy v, thy lute 220*a*
'tis the v of the lobster 83*b*
'tis the v of the sluggard 453*a*
utter forth a glorious V 2*a*
v and the shape of a woman 222*b*
v as the sound of many waters 518*b*
v behind me whispered low 459*b*
v, I have lost it with hollaing 379*b*
v I heard this passing night 220*a*
v is heard thro' rolling drums 436*b*
v is Jacob's v 493*a*
v of Cato is the v of Rome 214*b*
v of him in the wilderness 502*b*
v of joy and health 489*a*
v of one crying in the wilderness 504*b*
v of the dead was a living v 431*b*
v of the Lord God walking 492*b*
v of the Lord maketh the hinds 483*b*
v of the people hath divineness 13*b*
v of the people is the v of God 537*a*
v of the people, the v of God 309*a*
v of the schoolboy rallies 287*b*
v of the turtle is heard 500*a*
v of thy brother's blood 492*b*
v said in mastery while I strove 43*b*
v so thrilling ne'er was heard 471*a*
v that breath d o er Eden 224*a*
v thro' mazes running 269*a*
V within the Tavern 152*a*
wake thy wild v anew 318*b*
what v did on my spirit fall 96*b*
when I shall v aloud 249*b*
wild v pealing up 433*b*
Voiced like a great bell 154*b*
Voices ancestral v prophesying war 101*b*
brothers, lift yr v 20*a*
great V roll in from Sea 445*b*
I hear their gentle v calling 156*b*
men, with wailing in yr v ! 44*a*
moans round with many v 439*a*
music, when soft v die 199*b*
our v keep tune 282*b*
their v are heard among them 482*b*
there are no v, O Rhodopé! 241*b*
two v are there 410*b*, 471*b*
v of children on the green 32*b*
where beyond these v is peace 428*a*
wh angel v tell 266*a*
yr v yr most sweet v 328*a*
Void left an aching v 109*b*
nor made a pause, nor left a v 210*b*
that his might ed render v 38*b*
Volaterræ from lordly V 253*a*
Volcanoes range of exhausted v 128*b*
religious factions v burnt out 56*b*
Volleyed and thundered 426*a*
Volscians flutter'd yr V in Corioli 328*b*
Voltaire mock on, V, Rousseau 31*b*
read that moderate man V 180*a*
[V] built God a church 110*b*
Volubility I'll commend her v 366*b*
Volume lo here a little v 115*a*
lose a v to [Coleridge] 239*a*
this fair v wh we World name 137*b*

Volume (*cont*)
v of forgotten lore 298*a*
v of the book it is written 484*a*
wrote them in a certain v 49*a*
Volumes all Earth's v carry 87*b*
from mine own library with v 367*a*
I am for whole v 344*b*
pricks to their subsequent v 368*b*
Voluptuous music arose with its v swell 68*a*
Voluptuousness misanthropy and v 255*a*
Vomit dog is turned to his own v 518*a*
dog returneth to his v 498*b*
Vorpal the v blade 84*a*
took his v sword 83*b*
Vortex of immensity 124*a*
Votaress imperial v passed on 356*b*
Votaries of the copulative cult 202*b*
Votarist like a sad v 267*a*
Votary of the desk 239*a*
Vote to hunt, and v 67*b*
to lend him a v 169*b*
Votes questions but the price of v 213*b*
Vous—I've Oude 535*a*
Vow better that thou shdst not v 499*a*
do not v 149*a*
hand in hand even with the v 331*b*
I v to thee, my country 409*b*
that great v wh did make us one 338*b*
Vowels the open v tire 300*a*
Vows cancel all our v 137*b*
God keep all v 376*a*
hour when lovers' v seem sweet 73*b*
I take the tongueless v 441*a*
kinds the tongue v 331*a*
our moist v denied 270*a*
prove much in our v 371*a*
suck'd the honey of his music v 333*b*
v can t change nature 51*a*
v, to the blackest devil 335*b*
v with so much passion 244*a*
whose rival amorous v 37*b*
Voyage all the v of their life 341*a*
drear was the v, sailor 315*b*
dry as the biscuit after a v 326*b*
its v closed and done 457*b*
never thus cd v on 395*a*
take my last v 191*b*
Voyager lands the v at last 145*b*
Vulcan V and his whole forge 41*a*
V 's stithy 334*a*
Vulgar all is v, all clumsy 97*a*
both the great v, and the small 107*a*
ca' them v farin' 285*b*
familiar, but by no means v 330*b*
I saw a little v Boy 19*b*
laugh! such a v expression 104*a*
takes place with the v 13*b*
when it is looked upon as v. 460*a*
wicked, my dear, it's v 535*b*
work upon the v with fine sense 304*a*
Vulgarize the day of judgment 205*b*
Vulture where the rage of the v 67*b*

W

Wabe gimble in the w 81*b*
Waddy is an infectious disease 237*b*
Wade shd I w no more 349*b*
Wae to think upo' yon den 59*a*
Wafted spices are w abroad 434*a*
Wafture of yr hand 338*b*
Wag Mother's w 176*a*
Wage for wh they drew the w 236*a*
paid his subjects a royal w 39*a*
Wagers Fools for argument use w 65*b*
Wages be content with yr w 509*a*
give her the w of going on 439*a*
I know what w beauty gives 476*a*
my scanty w as well 390*a*
my w taken 185*a*
progress apportioning w to work 81*a*
ta'en thy w 329*a*
took their w and are dead 200*a*
w of sin is death 513*a*
Wagging better a finger off, as ay w 320*a*
Waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat 364*b*
Waggons many w light 273*b*

Waggon-spokes made of spinners' 364b
Wagon to a star 148b
Wags how the world w 326a
I must confess, are w too 379b
you w that judge by rote 291b
Wail earth shall w because of him 518a
old woes new w 387b
yet so does w ? 251b
Wailers delv'd gold, the w heap! 44a
Wailing deeply w 456a
Wain upon the northern steep 200a
Waist arms went round her w 261b
full bosom to thy slender w 305b
her slender w confined 448b
round her w she felt it fold 426b
strapp'd w, and frozen locks 112a
then you live about her w 332a
Waistcoat get her a flannel w 159a
yolk runs down the w 124b
Waistcoat-buttons work them into w 85b
Waistcoats negroes with flannel w 126b
Wait and w upon her 190b
each in his office w 131b
if you can w and not be tired 230a
is this a time to w ? 12a
learn to labour and to w 248a
she'll w a wee 63b
that w upon the Lord 502b
the lily whispers, 'I w' 434a
these w all upon thee 488b
w and see 10b
w the 'pointed hour 141b
w till the clouds roll by 462b
w upon Mary's sons 234b
we can w no longer 457b
who only stand and w 278b
wd not w for me 199a
Waited Oysters w in a row 84b
w, duteous on them all 316b
w patiently for the Lord 484a
Waiter if you look at the w 126a
one became head-w 439b
plump head-w at the Cock 439b
Waiting a-w for their ain dear 530a
find wings w there 24b
not be tired by w 230a
the w time, my brothers 134b
w for Sir Richard Strachan 523a
Waiting-gentlewoman talk so like a w 376b
Waive take the Cash w the Rest 152b
Wake do I w or sleep? 220a
held we sleep to w 52a
I'd go and w them, if—— 85a
sleping hound to w 90a
survived her own w 255b
those who w and live 306a
thou wilt not w till I 225a
w and call me early 434b
w ! for the Sun, who scatter'd 152a
w up America 158a
we w and whisper awhile 119a
we w eternally 133a
will you w him? No, not I 535a
you will w, and remember 46b
Waked I w, she fled 278b
I w to find her 275b
you have w me too soon 453a
Waked'st thou w me wisely 132a
Waken thou with me 436b
Wakening and uprising prove 223b
Wakes at wh he starts and w 364b
he haunts w, fairs 373a
he w or sleeps with the dead 302a
Hock-carts, wassails, w 188b
w it now, to look so green 347a
Waketh but my heart w 500b
Waking dream remembered on w 76b
thought upon thee when I was w 485b
w, no such matter 388b
w or asleep, thou of death 398b
w with day 317b
Wakings adieu agreeable w 105b
Waldo is one of those people 315b
Wales God bless the Prince of W 245b
golden sea of W 154b
one road runs to W 262a
Walet his w lay biforn 89a
Walk a closer w with God 109b
ah, the w that afternoon 293b
Walk (*cont*)
cloistress, she will veiled w 369b
his morning w in the churchyard 319b
I do here w before thee 379b
I w abroad a nights 250a
I w unseen on the dry green 288a
men must w before they dance 303b
my very w shd be a jig 369b
people w hand in hand 104a
shadows that w by us still 23a
swiftly w over the western wave 390a
take up thy bed, and w 510b
they shall w, and not faint 502b
this is the way, w ye in it 502a
try to w sedately 414a
w about Sion 485a
w along the Bois Bou-long 162b
w by myself in Westminster Abbey 1b
w in fear and dread 99b
w in newness of life 513a
w together to the kirk 100a
w while ye have the light 511a
w with stretched forth necks 501a
w with you, and talk with you 155a
where'er you w 302b
will you w a little faster? 83a
with Thee, may w uncowed 228a
Walked Cat He w by himself 237a
each w very crookedly 417a
Him that w the waves 270a
him who w in glory 470a
I had not w above a mile 448a
w about in Thebes' streets 403b
w along our roads 241a
w he from his birth 227b
w on a mile or so 84b
Walkedst whither thou wouldest 511b
Walking as I was w all alone 529b
be but a w dictionary 85b
craves wary w 338a
I nauseate w 105b
Jesus w on the sea 507a
Johnnie Cope, are ye w yet? 193b
Joseph was a-w 522a
make the rough road easy w 199b
Proud Maisie w so early 319b
seen us w every day? 107a
w in an air of glory 448a
w, like two angels white 37a
w up and down in it 496b
w up and pacing down 432b
was w on the strand 529b
were w close at hand 84a
Walks echoing w between 276b
he that w with the night 458b
in my w it seems to me 26a
liked the way it w 308a
nobody w much faster 85a
nothing w with aimless feet 430b
now the moon w the night 119b
once turned round w on 90b
she w—the lady of my delight 265a
silent w I tread 113b
studious w and shades 277a
such quiet w as these 384a
take my w abroad 452b
w up and down with me 374a
Wall built in Jerusalem's w 30b
darkly looked he at the w 253a
find thy body by the w 6b
flower in the crannied w 427a
Humpty Dumpty sat on a w 85a
I shall leap over the w 482b
Jackson standing like a stone w 24b
middle w of partition 515b
or close the w up 382a
our trumpets waken the W ! 234b
reserve the hanging w 301b
seen a mous go by the w 89b
serves it in the office of a w. 375a
shone on the old oak w 22a
smite thee, thou whited w 512b
something that doesn't love a w 157b
stood against the w 435b
that the w is strong 459b
the Lord stood upon a w 504b
the w fell down flat 494b
the whitewash'd w 168b
weather on the outward w 353b
Wall (*cont*)
with our backs to the w 177b
without a city w 3b
Wallace wi' W bled 62b
Waller was smooth 303b
Wallet at his back 369a
Wallow naked in December's snow 374b
Wallowed in a score 132a
Walls banners on the outward w 350b
build thou the w of Jerusalem 485a
close her from thy ancient w 30b
deep and wide washes its w 50a
Devil-defended w 294a
grey bare w lain guestless 421b
painting thy outward w 389b
sick people groaning under w 259a
snap-dragon growing on the w 288b
stone w do not a prison make 249b
w have tongues 419b
w in the New Jerusalem 44b
w, palaces, half-cities 69a
watches from his mountain w 426b
within the spacious w 175a
with w and towers were girdled 101a
wooden w are the best 106b
Walnuts and the wine 434b
Walrus and the Carpenter 84a, b
Walsinghame holy land of W 307b
Walter good Sir W met her 230a
Waltz seductive W ! 74b
swoons to a w 202a
voluptuous W ! 74b
Waly w, w up the bank 530a
w, w gin love be bonnie 530a
Wand ammiral, were but a w 271b
with thine opiate w 399a
Wander himself he learned to w 62b
I w in the ways of men 61b
I wd w if I might 284a
let one's thought w 476a
may w ere he die 427b
then w o'er city, and sea 399a
to w unchecked thro' a garden 35a
w in that golden maze 141b
w where the Muses haunt 273a
we will not w more 433a
whither shall I w ? 534b
wit! whither w you? 325b
Wandered as I w by the way 397b
I w by the brook-side 108b
I w lonely as a cloud 467a
I w till I died 9a
Wanderer foiled circuitous w 8a
himself a w from the narrow 110b
the w halts and hears 199b
w is man from his birth 6a
weary, wayworn w bore 298a
Wandering a w minstrel I 164a
forget the w and the pain 134b
have one with me w 284a
I've been w away 282a
poor w one! 166a
restore my w Love 105a
sought thee w, set thee right 110a
w companionless among the stars 396a
w on as loth to die 467b
Wanderings comrade of thy w 396b
he chid their w 168b
Want eternal w of pence 439b
feel there is some hidden w 398b
first to get what you w 404a
gift will never let you w 210a
I w what I w when I w it 33a
making things wh he doesn't w 197a
not what they w 116a
ring out the w 431a
saying you w to know 123a
the House of W 161b
tho' much I w 143a
thy w as an armed man 498a
w no manner of thing that is good 484a
w of a thing is perplexing 447a
what can I w or need? 188a
what does he w ? A pot of beer 125b
what do you w ? A pot of beer 534b
what more can one w ? 460b
Wanted go where you are w ? 199a
no nation w it so much 419a
not be w these ten years 297b
w one thing have w everything 184a
you w it, George Dandin 564a

Wanting and art found w 504a
not w what is stolen 362a
w is—what? 52b
Wanton ah, w will ye? 176a
a w and a merye 88b
no further than a w 's bird 365b
the w smiled 176a
w in the South 436b
w with long delay 35b
w Zephyr sings 143a
weep not, my w 176a
Wantoned with thy breakers 69b
Wantonness in clothes a w 189a
sad only for w 374a
Wants it 's everything he w 201a
nor w that little long 169a
Presence shall my w supply 2a
provide for human w 57a
to toast our w 302a
w shd be provided for 57a
Wap them into our ship s side 530a
War accurst that first invented w 259a
all the business of w 454b
all whom w , dearth, age 133a
amidst the ranks of w 252b
ancestral voices prophesying w 101b
as long as w is regarded as wicked 460a
as much and as little of the w 15b
at w 'twixt will and will not 351b
beautiful that w and all its deeds 457b
blood-red blossom of w 434b
brazen throat of w 276b
Brutus, with himself at w 337b
carried the great w from Macedon 9a
circumstance of glorious w ! 362a
come in yr w array 318b
Dalhoussy, the great God of W 298b
delays are dangerous in w 141b
do in the Great W , daddy? 527b
essence of w is violence 254a
flinty and steel couch of w 360b
Force and fraud in w virtues 101b
forming in the ranks of w 68b
hath all this w been wrought 257b
Horses and Power and W 227a
House of Peers, throughout the w 164a
I did not believe in inevitable w 242b
if, therefore, w shd ever come 242b
image of w , without its guilt 406a, 416b
infection and the hand of w 375a
in the trade of w slain men 359b
in time of peace thinks of w 64a
in w , he mounts the warrior's 317a
in w the two cardinal virtues 191b
in w moral considerations 564a
John of Austria is going to the w 92b
less renowned than w 278b
lives in a state of w by nature 419b
love's a man of w 188a
magnificent, but it is not W 561a
Minstrel Boy to the w is gone 281b
moderation in w is imbecility 254a
my sentence is for open w 272a
neither is money sinews of w 15b
neither learn w any more 501a
no discharge in that w 490b
no discharge in the w 227b
offer w shd kneel for peace 367a
or come ye in w 318a
peace to corrupt w to waste 276b
people that delight in w 486b
shakes pestilence and w 273a
so dauntless in w 318a
some slain in w 375b
Son of God goes forth to w 184a
stand up and take the w 229a
stuff'd with epithets of w 359b
tell us all about the w 466a
the Lord is a man of w 494a
there never was a good w 157a
there was w in heaven 510a
they'll start another w 186a
to point out that this is w 1a
to w against thee more 421a
to w and arms I fly 250a
tumult of her w 415b
unsuccessful or successful w 111b
'unting is the image of w 416b
used to w 's alarms 194b
wage no w with women 466b
w boys is all hell 401a
War (*cont*)
w , death, or sickness 356a
w even to the knife! 68a
w has its laws 288a
w , he sung, is toil and trouble 139a
w is the trade of kings 140b
w its thousands slays 304b
w lays a burden on the state 108a
W makes rattling good history 179b
w national industry of Prussia 562b
w , nor battle's sound was heard 270a
w 's a game were subjects wise 112b
w 's annals will cloud into night 179b
w 's glorious art 477a
W that will end W 455b
w , w is still the cry 68a
weapons of w perished 495b
we've a w , an' a debt 250b
what can w but endless w still breed? 278b
what is peace? is it w ? 121a
when the blast of w blows 382a
when was a w not a w ? 78a
where mingles w 's rattle 318a
who desires peace, prepare for w 554a
who is able to make w with him? 519a
wither'd is the garland of the w 324b
Warble w , child 344b
w his native wood-notes 260a
Warbled notes as, w to the string 268b
Warbler Attic w pours her throat 175b
every w has his tune 111b
Sidney, w of poetic prose 112b
Warblest at eve 278a
Warburton rage for saying something 207a
Ward American nation n th' Sixth W 143a
Light and Mrs Humphry W 91b
thou knowest my old w 377b
W has no heart, they say 310a
Warder w silent on the hill! 317b
w ! w ! open quickly 12a
Wardrobe their gay w wear 269b
Wards pretty young w 163b
turn the key in the old w 221a
Ware bed of W 371b
I shd dine at W 109a
let me taste yr w 532b
ne'er be w of mine own wit 326a
Warehouse of my knowledge 416b
Warfare goeth a w at his own charges? 514a
her w is accomplished 502b
rest! thy w o'er 316b
such a thing as legitimate w 288a
the w long 200a
Waring what's become of W 52b
when I last saw W 52b
Warily cares, an' warly men 60b
Warm and, I am w 502b
be w , but pure 72a
it is w work 287a
nursing her wrath to keep it w 62b
O! she's w 373b
rises w and bright 3a
to keep himself w 533a
too w work, Hardy, to last long 287a
to w their little loves 173b
to w without heating 28a
w him at his fire 186b
yr down so w 115a
War-man call'd Billy the Norman 120b
Warmed I w both hands 241a
Warmer ys no weder w 242b
Warming her pretty little toes 535b
Warming-pans heroes were as good as w 264b
Warmint running into the w 416b
Warms it w the very sickness 330a
w in the sun 301a
Warmeth he w himself 502b
Warmth a little w , a little light 263a
awful w about my heart 222b
I yearn'd for w and colour 428a
no w , no cheerfulness 195a
w to swell the grain 76a
Warn to w , to comfort 470b
w all traffic and detain 232b
Warned be w by my lot 230b
friends, be w by me 26a
Warning come without w 118a
give little w 19a
give w to the world 388a
horrid w gaped wide 219a
is the shepherd's w 522a
take w by the fall 531b
Warns conscience w me not to do 304a
War Office except the British W 390a
Warp weave the w 173b
Warrant here's the w , Claudio 352a
Warren's blackin' 126b
Warring w in Heav'n 273b
w within our breasts 259a
Warrior home they brought her w dead 436b
like a w taking his rest 462a
painful w famousèd for fight 387a
who is the happy W 465a
Warriors Clan Alpine's w 316b
stern joy wh w feel 316b
Wars amidst the w of elements 1b
Christian men serve in the w 491b
clucked thee to the w 328b
examine the w of Pompey 382b
fierce w and faithful loves 408b
he maketh w to cease 484b
more fears that w or women 386a
no sound was heard of clashing w 131b
peace is come and w are over 199b
plumed troop, and the big w 362a
ring out the thousand w of old 431a
skilful in the w 448a
their w are merry 92a
w and rumours of w 507b
Warsaw order reigns in W 566b
Warts roughnesses, pimples, w 116a
Warwick W and Talbot 383a
W , peace 384b
Wary adder craves w walking 338a
Was I am not what I w 306a
it w a Turkey 12b
w —whatever thou hast been 280a
wh is and wh w 518a
Wash gulfs will w us down 439a
henceforth w the river Rhine? 100b
it never comes out in the w 234b
Lord, dost thou w my feet? 511a
no tide shall ever w away 241b
softly w again and ever again 457b
they that w on Monday 532b
thou shalt w me I be whiter 485a
w me in steep-down gulfs 364a
w me, Saviour, or I die 445a
w my hands in innocency 483b
w yr city of Cologne 100b
Washed have w their robes 519a
took water, and w his hands 508a
w , and dressed, and warmed 261b
w by Arethusa's fount 176a
Washes moon w all the air 356b
w its walls on the southern side 50a
Washing always w , and never finished 181a
came up from the w 500a
seemed w his hands 195a
taking in one another's w 573b
Washington Government at W lives! 158b
take in at W Inn 27a
Washingtonian dignity 304b
Waspish when you are w 340b
Wasps bottled w upon a wall 110b
Wassailing here we come a-w 523b
Waste across this watery w 96b
his flames must w away 79a
hushed Chorasmian w 8a
I love all w and solitary places 395a
in wide w there still is a tree 74a
pale W widens around 6a
to the bound of the w 7b
to what purpose is this w ? 508a
weary w of waters 406b
were I in the wildest w 62b
young affections run to w 69a
Wasted talk not of w affection 247a
why this charm is w 147a
Wasteful was yr youth of pleasure w ? 48b
Wastel-bread milk and w 88b
Wastes her time and me 449a
Wat poor W , far off upon a hill 386b

Wat (*cont*)
to w their cork-heeled shoon 530*a*
they w their hats abune 530*a*
Watch a w and chain, of course 309*b*
before the morning w 490*a*
call the rest of the w together 358*b*
cat wd w a mouse 418*b*
engine [a w] to our ears 417*b*
for the w to babble and to talk 358*b*
his life is a w 420*b*
keeping w above his own 250*b*
Lord w between me and thee 493*a*
men wont to w on duty 271*b*
one to w , and one to pray 2*b*
past as a w in the night 487*b*
Saints their w are keeping 415*b*
set a w , O Lord, before my mouth 490*b*
she shall w all night 366*b*
short as the w 453*a*
stars set their w in the sky 77*b*
they w from their gravesl 48*a*
w and pray 146*a*
w did thine anxious servants 444*b*
w o'er man's mortality 467*a*
w the wall, my darling 234*a*
w I while in slumbers she sleeps! 248*b*
w with me one hour 508*a*
wear yr learning, like yr w 90*b*
where none can w her 198*a*
wh w not one another out of fear 133*a*
Watch-dog w 's honest bark 70*a*
w 's voice that bayed 168*b*
Watch-dogs bark 367*a*
Watched he w and wept 168*b*
I have w am even as a sparrow 488*a*
Watches endured thro' w of the dark 443*a*
heart that w and receives 471*b*
he w from his mountain walls 426*b*
our judgments as our w 300*a*
Watchful guard me with a w Eye 2*a*
w at His gate 131*b*
Watching before I tire of w you 39*b*
w round you still 3*a*
with w and with study faint 94*b*
Watchman w on the lonely tower 317*b*
w said, The morning cometh 502*a*
w waketh but in vain 489*b*
w , what of the night? 502*a*
Watchmen that went about the city 500*b*
Watch-tower in the skies 268*b*
Watchword w is security 297*a*
w of the Liberal Party 38*a*
Water across the stormy w 77*a*
a cup of cold w only 506*b*
and with w of affliction 496*b*
as w spilt on the ground 495*b*
barge burn'd on the w 323*a*
benison of hot w 39*a*
better deeds shall be in w writ 23*a*
blood is thick, but w 's thin 164*a*
Blood than w 's thicker 202*b*
but limns the w 17*a*
by trinking up ta w 12*b*
by w and the Word 415*b*
by w he sente hem hoom 88*b*
cast the w of my land 350*b*
charmed w burned alway 99*a*
Christ walking on the w 442*b*
clouds they are without w 518*a*
conscious w saw its God 114*b*
dense shadowy w 202*b*
dreadful noise of w 384*b*
drink no longer w 516*b*
drops of w hollow out a stone 552*a*
drunk yr w and wine 230*a*
earth hath bubbles, as the w has 346*a*
fetch you w out of this rock? 494*a*
fish out of the w 321*b*
for the bittern, and pools of w 502*a*
Garden by the W blows 152*a*
good come of w and of mud 39*a*
he took w , and washed his hands 508*a*
I came like W 153*a*
I don't care where the w goes 93*b*
if I were under w 222*b*
I hear lake w lapping 475*b*
indistinct, as w is in w 324*b*
in the w under the earth 480*a*
I stained the w clear 32*b*
it is an automa, runs under w 216*a*

Water (*cont*)
King over the W 526*b*
land where no w is 485*b*
lay a great w 429*a*
like W willy-nilly flowing 153*a*
little drops of w 82*a*
made the w wh they beat 323*a*
miller sees not all the w 64*b*
Minnehaha, Laughing W 248*b*
more w ghideth by the mill 368*a*
name was writ in w 223*b*
nor sodden at all with w 493*b*
not all the w in the rude sea 375*a*
o'er the w to Charlie 193*a*
over the w , and over the sea 320*a*
over the w to Charlie 320*a*
pools are filled with w 487*a*
pour this oil on the w 24*b*
Prussic acid without any w 19*b*
ready by w as by land 146*a*
reasons made his mouth to w 65*a*
ridden that wan w 531*a*
river of w of life 520*a*
rivers of w in a dry place 502*a*
salt w unbounded 234*a*
same place sweet w and bitter? 517*b*
Skuttle-fish blackens all the W 2*b*
so low that she drinks w 87*a*
sound of w 's murmuring 397*b*
the w come down at Lodore? 406*b*
the whole stay of w 501*a*
this business will never hold w 95*b*
'tis with him in standing w 370*a*
too much of w hast thou 336*a*
under the w it rumbled on 90*b*
unseen, and full of w 376*a*
unstable as w shalt not excel 493*b*
virtues we write in w 386*a*
washing in imperceptible w 195*a*
wash their feet in soda w 144*b*
w but the desert 69*a*
w flowed in it dazzled their eyes 531*a*
w is best 560*a*
w like a stone 311*a*
w , like a witch's oils 98*b*
w of life freely 519*b*, 520*b*
w once a day her chamber 369*b*
w shall hear me 406*b*
w springs up boiled 180*b*
w 's wider, thank the Lord 202*b*
w through a sieve 85*b*
w , w , everywhere 98*b*
w yr damned flower-pots 52*a*
wetter w , slimier slime 39*a*
whar de b'iling w hit 181*b*
what's the w in French 124*b*
wilderness a standing w 488*b*
you will do yr work on w 229*b*
Water-brooks hart desireth the w 484*b*
Water-colour amateur painting in w 413*a*
Watered but it is fed and w 76*a*
w the whole face of the land 492*a*
Waterfall he named her 248*b*
Waterflags in flower 293*b*
Water-flies let the w blow me 325*a*
Water-fly dost know this w ? 337*a*
Water-flood Lord sitteth above the w 483*b*
Water-floods not come nigh him 483*b*
Watering the last year's crop 144*a*
Water-land of Dutchmen 71*b*
Water-lilies floating w , broad and bright 398*a*
Water-lily she saw the w bloom 471*b*
Waterloo he was stricken at W 93*a*
meets his W at last 296*b*
our W , Watson 135*b*
that world-earthquake, W ! 435*a*
W House young man 165*b*
W 's ensanguined plain 525*b*
W was won playing-fields of Eton 454*b*
Waterman jolly young w 120*b*
w , looking one way 54*a*
Watermen, that row one way 64*a*
Water-mill noise like that of a w 417*b*
Water-pipes noise of the w 484*b*
Waters all that move in the W 478*a*
all w as the shore 421*a*
and the w murmuring 268*b*
as cold w to a thirsty soul 498*b*

Waters (*cont*)
as the w cover the sea 2*b*, 501*b*
at the w of strife 487*a*
beams of his chambers in the w 488*a*
beside the w of comfort 483*a*
bosom the bright w meet 281*b*
brook into the main of w 355*b*
by the w of Babylon 449*b*, 490*a*
calm in w , seen 395*a*
cast thy bread upon the w 499*b*
come ye to the w 503*a*
cool w where we used to dwell 197*a*
crept by me upon the w 367*a*
drifts away like the w 475*b*
fades o'er the w blue 68*a*
fen of stagnant w 467*b*
flowed 'with pomp of w ' 467*a*
gently by his, ye w , glide! 8*b*
give place like the pale w 475*b*
God moved upon the face of the w 492*a*
into what great w 413*b*
its w , returning back 247*a*
knowledge of man is as the w. 13*a*
luminous home of w 8*a*
many w cannot quench love 501*a*
mighty w rolling evermore 466*b*
much deeper w than I had thought 135*b*
nor sound of w shaken 422*a*
obscure w slope into a darkness 52*a*
occupy their business in great w 488*b*
once more upon the w 68*a*
over the waste of w 70*b*
rocks, unscaleable, and roaring w 328*b*
see thee in our w yet appear 216*a*
stolen w are sweet 498*a*
swell the curled w 342*b*
the width of the w , the hush 6*a*
tho' Thou the w warp 326*b*
thro' the Red Sea w 286*b*
to the w and the wild 476*a*
turning bitter w into sweetness 144*a*
w of the crisped spring 119*a*
w of wide Agony 395*a*
w on a starry night 466*a*
w on my cheek bestowed 109*b*
w stand in the hills 488*a*
w stilled at even 311*b*
w were his winding sheet 21*a*
w wild went o'er his child 77*a*
weary waste of w 406*b*
while the w nearer roll 455*b*
whore that sitteth upon many w 519*b*
with a clamour of w 420*a*
with earth's w make accord 442*b*
world of w wild 443*a*
Waterside tree planted by the w 481*b*
Water-springs of a dry ground 488*b*
Water-tower great grey w 92*b*
Watery across this w waste 96*b*
Watson a long shot, W 135*b*
good old W ! 136*a*
I thought I knew my W 136*a*
it is my belief, W 135*b*
W , the fair sex is yr department 135*b*
you know my methods, W 135*b*
Watts Boys, give 'em W ! 182*a*
Waught right gude-willie w 59*a*
Wave all sunk beneath the w 111*a*
a winning w (deserving note) 189*a*
brooding on the charmèd w 270*a*
chin upon an orient w 270*b*
dies a w along the shore 18*b*
glassy, cool, translucent w 268*a*
in sight of the great third w 424*a*
last w pales 154*b*
over the western w 399*a*
plunged into the billowy w 165*a*
the blind w , feeling round 428*b*
w and whirlwind wrestle 246*b*
w may not foam 184*b*
w that echoes round the world 428*b*
w to pant beneath thy power 396*b*
weak as is the breaking w 469*a*
wish you a w o' the sea 373*b*
within the w 's intenser day 396*b*
Waved long has it w on high 194*a*
Waverley pen 527*b*
Wavers to a rose 131*a*
Waves all thy w and storms 484*b*
Britannia rule(s) the w 77*a*, 443*a*

Waves (*cont*)
but came the w 408*a*
come as the w come 319*a*
floated midway on the w 101*b*
free as the sons of the w ? 158*b*
from w serener far 394*a*
hear the w roar 6*a*
heed not the rolling w 315*b*
here shall thy proud w be stayed 497*b*
I see the w upon the shore 399*a*
light-hearted Masters of the w 8*b*
like as the w make the shore 388*a*
little w of Breffny 172*a*
longed for dash of w 8*a*
never a wave of all her w 234*b*
nothing, save the w and I 71*a*
o'er the mountain w 78*a*
plough the w no more 111*a*
raging w of the sea 518*a*
the noise of his w 486*a*
the same w whitened 421*b*
the w bound beneath me 68*a*
the wild w whist 367*a*
tired w, vainly breaking 96*b*
wan w and wet winds labour 422*a*
w are mighty, and rage horribly 487*b*
w be upon you at last 423*b*
w clasp one another 395*b*
w, flowers, clouds, woods, rocks 393*b*
w of thy sweet singing 394*a*, 397*b*
w that beat on Heaven's shore 29*b*
w you to a more removed ground 331*a*
what are the wild w saying 82*b*
when the w went high 138*a*
yesty w confound and swallow 349*b*
Wavy in the dusk 263*b*
Wax hereafter will she w and wane 154*a*
in tapers—that's w 182*a*
like as w melteth 486*a*
virtue of w and parchment 55*b*
w to receive, and marble to retain 67*b*
Waxwork Mrs Jarley's w show 125*a*
Way adorns and cheers our w 168*a*
a little pleasure out of the w 87*b*
as birds their trackless w 49*b*
broad is the w to destruction 505*b*
care not wh w we go 146*a*
dim and perilous w ! 464*a*
each thing give him w 322*b*
find out his uncouth w 272*b*
found thee a w to rise in 386*a*
had she come all the w for this 284*a*
heav'n's wide pathless w 268*a*
I am already on the w 225*a*
I am the w, the truth 511*a*
if w to the Better there be 179*b*
I know the w she went 433*b*
in the w with him 505*a*
into their own country another w 504*b*
I see my w as birds 49*b*
last this w a-fishing 450*b*
led them forth by the right w 488*b*
life with its w before us lies 270*b*
long is the w and hard 272*b*
long w to Tipperary 461*a*
make thy w plain before my face 482*a*
my w begin with the beginning 70*a*
New W to Pay Old Debts 262*b*
narrow is w leadeth unto life 505*b*
never *in* the w, nor *out* of the w 87*b*
prepare ye the w of the Lord 502*b*
pretty Fanny's w 292*b*
primrose w everlasting bonfire 348*a*
rebellion lay in his w 378*b*
she went her unremembering w 441*a*
some w of common trade 375*b*
such a winning w with you 105*a*
that's the eftest w 359*a*
that thy w may be known 486*a*
that w madness lies 343*a*
thee conversing, I forget the w 161*a*
the farthest w about 307*a*
the w was long 316*b*
there was but one w 382*a*
the w of all flesh 105*b*, 321*b*, 454*b*
this is the w the world ends 145*a*
this is the w, walk ye in it 502*a*
this w and that w, and wh. w 160*a*
this w or that 463*a*
thorny w to heaven 330*b*
to catch the nearest w 346*b*

Way (*cont*)
tread the Narrow W 227*b*
walk yr mystic w 165*a*
wanderer from the narrow w 110*b*
w is all so very plain 93*b*
w is long to the sun 422*b*
w of all the earth 494*b*
w of an eagle 490*a*
w of transgressors is hard 498*a*
w to heaven by water as by land 146*a*
we may lose the w 93*b*
what leads the nearest w 278*b*
young man cleanse his w 489*a*
Wayfaring men, tho' fools 502*a*
Waylay to startle, and w 470*b*
Ways blood is nipp'd and w be foul 345*b*
can take no middle w 37*b*
cheerful w of men 273*b*
dwelt among untrodden w 470*b*
for w that are dark 182*a*
gave him light in his w 420*b*
her w are w of gentleness 490*b*
her w are w of pleasantness 497*b*
her w be unconfined 305*b*
her w to roam 40*a*
how many w and days! 312*b*
I am with them, in some w 459*b*
know not well the subtle w 146*a*
neither are yr w my w 503*a*
nine and sixty w tribal lays 230*a*
oldest sins the newest kind of w 381*a*
one of two bad w 339*b*
several w they run 119*b*
she had not these w 475*a*
sure in all His w 288*b*
teach thy w unto the wicked 485*a*
their incommunicable w follow 312*a*
wild hills and rough uneven w 375*a*
winding mossy w 220*a*
windy w of men 439*a*
world and its w certain worth 52*a*
yr great and gracious w 294*a*
Wayside some seeds fell by the w 506*b*
Wayward strange and w wight 22*b*
Wayworn wanderer bore 298*a*
We w authors, Ma'am 129*a*
people like us are W 236*a*
put it down w, my Lord 126*b*
still it is not w 93*a*
time stays, w go 131*a*
w must eat w 440*b*
Weak admiration only of w minds 277*a*
alack! too w the conflict 344*a*
bear the infirmities of the w 514*a*
but he is w, both Man and Boy 469*a*
concessions of the w of fear 55*b*
God hath chosen the w things 514*a*
how very w the very wise 440*b*
idleness refuge of w minds 91*a*
made w by time and fate 439*a*
mortality's too w to bear 280*b*
my love is w and faint 110*a*
not a child so small and w 3*b*
speak for the fallen and the w 250*b*
to be w is miserable 271*a*
the w alone repent 70*a*
w and beggarly elements 515*b*
w as is a breaking wave 469*a*
w brother the worst of mankind 413*a*
w one is singled to endure 395*a*
Weaker to the w side inclined 66*a*
Weakest fondest, blindest, w 442*a*
w saint upon his knees 110*a*
Weak-hearted help the w 479*a*
Weakness all w that impairs 7*b*
amiable w 151*b*, 400*b*
is it w of intellect, birdie 165*a*
made perfect in w 515*b*
no w, no contempt, dispraise 278*a*
one man's w the strength of all 301*a*
owning her w 196*a*
she strove against her w 432*b*
too much w for the stoic's 301*a*
w is not in yr word 7*b*
w of our mortal nature 479*b*
Weaknesses his w are great 227*a*
w with a delicate hand 170*b*
Weal come w, come woe 320*a*
never shall be parted, w or woe 276*b*
Wealth all that w e'er gave 174*a*
as their w increases, so enclose 259*a*

Wealth (*cont*)
best riches, ignorance and w 168*a*
boundless his w as wish 317*a*
bring home the w of the Indies 210*a*
consume w without producing it 390*a*
get place and w 303*b*
in health and w long to live 478*b*
let w and commerce die 258*a*
little w he had 419*a*
love remembered such w brings 387*b*
nobility prevents the rule of w 17*b*
no w but life 315*a*
shade that follows w or fame 169*a*
Sleep the poor man's w 401*b*
squandering w his peculiar art 138*b*
swim'st thou in w 119*a*
to rank and w are given 150*a*
wait for w, or honours 465*a*
w I seek not 414*a*
w or rank possessing 286*b*
w to me the show had brought 467*a*
where w accumulates 168*a*
where w and freedom reign 170*a*
wretched man outlive his *wealth* 355*a*
Wealthy healthy, w, and wise 157*a*
Weaned soul is even like a w child 490*a*
were we not w till then 133*a*
Weans are the w in their bed 266*a*
fire-side chime to w and wife 59*a*
Weapon other hand held a w 496*b*
trusty shield and w 569*a*
Weaponless himself 277*b*
Weapon-point at w they close 318*b*
Weapons Christian men to wear w 491*b*
get yr w ready 457*b*
w of war perished 195*b*
Wear nothing else to w 163*b*
w out than to rust out 116*a*
w out the everlasting flint 365*b*
w without corrival 377*a*
will us to w ourselves 259*a*
Weare Mr William W 454*a*
Wearer by the merit of the w ! 353*b*
Wearers of rings and chains! 241*a*
Wearied and forlorn 284*b*
Wearies me, you say it w you 352*b*
Weariness art thou pale for w 396*a*
deep w and sated lust 7*a*
for w of thee 133*b*
thro' w they failed 110*a*
w can snore upon the flint 329*a*
w not on yr brow 7*b*
w, the fever, and the fret 220*a*
yet w may toss him 188*a*
Wearing for w a black gown 90*b*
I m w awa' to the land 285*b*
the worse for w 120*b*
w his wisdom lightly 426*b*
w o the Green 525*b*
w the white flower 427*b*
Wears so w she to him 370*b*
w out his time 359*b*
w the turning globe 200*a*
Weary art thou w 286*a*
a w time! 98*b*
be not w in well doing 516*b*
cyclids are a little w 292*b*
glazed each w eye 98*b*
how w, stale, flat 330*a*
I am w of days and hours 422*a*
I'm w wi' hunting 529*b*
I see w fu' o care 63*b*
let him be rich and w 188*a*
let us not be w in well doing 515*b*
Oh, I am very w 38*b*
run, and not be w 502*b*
say I'm w, say I'm sad 202*a*
she, the w Titan 6*b*
she was full w of her watch 143*b*
there the w be at rest 497*a*
w and ill at ease 306*b*
w and kind one linger'd 476*a*
w and old with service 386*a*
w of breath 195*b*
w of earth and laden with my sin 415*b*
w with toil, I haste me 387*a*
Weasel as a w sucks eggs 326*a*
methinks it is like a w 334*b*
pop goes the w ! 257*b*
Weather and thro' cloudy w 18*b*
but winter and rough w 326*a*

Weather (*cont*)
constant be, come wind, come w 54*b*
first talk is of the w 213*a*
for the old June w 46*a*
hap to the fresh fierce weather 424*a*
hard grey w breeds hard men 226*a*
if it prove fair w 416*a*
ill is the w bringeth no gain 119*a*
in calm or stormy w 311*a*
in sad or singing w 423*a*
in the blue unclouded w 431*b*
little we fear w without 440*b*
martlet, builds in the w 353*b*
mention again it was gorgeous w 75*b*
136 different kinds of w 447*a*
plaguy twelve-penny w 418*a*
politics go by the w 175*b*
respite to husbands w may send 446*a*
roof of blue Italian w 395*b*
say it will be fair w 507*a*
season of calm w 466*b*
'tis very warm w in bed 418*a*
under the w 413*b*
variety about the New England w 446*b*
w ginneth clere 90*a*
w the cuckoo likes 180*a*
w the shepherd shuns 180*a*
woo foul w all too soon 196*a*
ys no w warmer 242*b*
Weather-beaten sail more willing 78*b*
Weather-cock there was no w 463*a*
Weatherwise if the Bard was w 100*b*
some are w 157*a*
Weave ever so will w 179*a*
so fair a fancy few wd w 180*a*
tangled web we w 318*b*
w a circle round him thrice 101*b*
w the warp, and w the woof 173*b*
Weaves, and is clothed with derision 420*b*
Web go fetch a w 530*a*
magic in the w of it 362*b*
out flew the w 431*b*
she left the w 431*b*
tangled w we weave 318*b*
w of human things 392*b*
w of our life of a mingled yarn 322*a*
with as little a w as this 361*a*
Webs and trafficked for strange w 293*a*
takes the flood with swarthy w 429*b*
Webster W steam-engine in trousers 404*b*
W was much possessed by death 145*a*
Wed she wore when she was w 433*a*
star and think to w it 322*a*
young lovers lately w 431*b*
Wedded art w to calamity 366*a*
Faith, once w fast 282*a*
hail w love, mysterious law 274*b*
tho' w we have been 108*a*
w to the Earlie's son! 318*b*
w to this goodly universe 464*a*
Wedding bought her w clothes 2*b*
cheer for the Sergeant's w 234*a*
get the w dresses ready 71*b*
let s have a w 123*b*
our w cheer to a sad burial 366*a*
peal upon our w 199*a*
wooing, w, and repenting 358*a*
Wedding-day barefoot on her w 366*b*
brightly dawns our w 164*b*
drink good wine upon the w 530*b*
in tears—and on his w! 164*a*
said John, it is my w. 109*a*
to-morrow is our w 108*a*
Wedding-guest W here beat his breast 98*a*
W sat on a stone 98*a*
W stood still 98*a*
W! this soul hath been 100*a*
Wedding-ring circle of a w 95*b*
Wede withered and w all away 97*a*
Wedges in time small w cleave 238*a*
w of gold, great anchors 384*b*
Wedlock joined together in holy w 481*b*
W 's a very awful thing 195*a*
yet w 's the devil 73*a*
Wednesday he that died o' W 379*a*
married on a W 532*b*
W 's child is full of woe 525*a*
they that wash on W 532*b*
Wee expectant w things 59*b*
handsome w thing 62*a*
Wee (*cont*)
my w, w thing 158*a*
sweet w wife o' mine 62*a*
this pig said w, w, w 533*b*
w, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous 62*a*
w, w German lairdie 116*b*
winsome w thing 62*a*
Weed hold no more than Sussex w 235*a*
honey from the w 382*b*
less than the w that grows 197*a*
lust after that tawney w tobacco 214*b*
more ought law to w it out 14*a*
O thou w! 363*a*
pernicious w! 108*a*
salt w sways in the stream 5*b*
slavery is a w 56*a*
the basest w that grows 452*a*
the fat w that rots itself 311*b*
the fragrant w [Mignonette] 112*b*
w wide enough to wrap a fairy 356*b*
w ye trample underfoot 229*a*
Weeds boughs her coronet w 336*a*
buy yourself w 160*a*
fumiter and furrow w 343*b*
grubbing w from gravel 229*b*
idle w that grow 343*b*
long live the w 197*b*
more than mundane w 39*b*
rank w, that every art defy 114*a*
smell far worse than w 388*b*
the fattest soil to w 380*b*
to cast her w 196*a*
w and tares of mine own brain 41*b*
when we're only burning w 92*b*
worthless as withered w 38*b*
Week a w but only four 20*b*
be accomplished in a w 413*b*
dine at Blenheim once a w 528*b*
of all the days that's in the w 79*b*
sweet to him who all the w 101*a*
till the w after next 85*b*
twopence a w, and jam 84*b*
what I keep a w away? 362*b*
Weeks been fou for w thegither 62*b*
brief hours and w 389*a*
frown on you—for w 131*a*
working about six w in a year 444*a*
Weel may the boatie row 149*b*
Weep all around thee w 214*a*
bid me to w, and I will w 190*a*
even butchers w 159*b*
fair daffodils, we w to see 189*a*
find my grave, to w there 371*a*
if souls can w in bliss 109*b*
I'll w with thee, tear for tear 281*b*
I must w they are cruel tears 363*b*
I saw my lady w 524*a*
I w for Adonais 391*b*
I w for joy to stand 375*a*
'I w for you,' the Walrus said 84*b*
may w, but never see 241*a*
milk my ewes and w 373*b*
moot w and pleyhe 89*a*
O! now you w 340*a*
scarcely cry 'w! w! w!' 32*b*
seek it, and w no more 184*b*
she must w or she will die 436*b*
sore w she if oon were deed 88*b*
strive nor w 52*b*
'tis that I may not w 71*a*
to Hecuba, that he shd w for her? 333*a*
w, and you w alone 459*a*
w away the life of care 399*a*
w, daughter of a royal line 73*a*
w for bones in Africa 200*a*
w no more, my lady 156*a*
w not, my wanton 176*a*
w now or nevermore! 298*a*
w on, and, as thy sorrows flow 281*a*
w the more because I w in vain 174*a*
w to record blush to give it in 77*b*
w upon yr hinder parts 202*b*
w with me, all you that read 215*a*
w with them that w 513*b*
w you no more, sad fountains 527*b*
wilt thou w when I am low? 67*b*
wolde w, if she sawe a mous 88*b*
wd not w, if Atticus were hel 303*a*
Weeping doth that bode w 363*a*
do ye hear the children w 43*a*
Weeping (*cont*)
ever-w Paddington 30*b*
eyes swoln with w 260*b*
goeth on his way w 489*b*
my eyes are tired of w 38*b*
my head is wild with w 394*a*
not long, the w and the laughter 135*a*
soon the night of w 415*b*
strew of w verse 225*a*
they are w bitterly 43*a*
w and gnashing of teeth 506*a*
w and watching for the morrow 82*a*
w in the playtime of the others 43*a*
w thou sat'st 214*a*
w, w late and early 432*b*
with w and with laughter 253*b*
world's more full of w 476*a*
Weeps why these w? 451*a*
Wegg Rooshan, ain't it, W 125*b*
Weigh let us not w them 78*a*
more people see than w 91*a*
read to w and consider 16*a*
w it down on one side 178*a*
w the vessel up 111*a*
w this song with the great 474*b*
w yr Gods and you 236*b*
Weight beneath the furrow's w 62*a*
bowed by the w of centuries 258*b*
by its own w made stedfast 104*b*
custom lie upon thee with a w 466*b*
feel the w of chance desires 464*a*
heavy and the weary w 472*a*
he carries w! he rides a race! 108*b*
lay aside every w 517*a*
nothing to relieve the w 108*a*
number, w, and measure 31*a*
oppression of their prodigal w 375*b*
there was the w pull'd me down 386*a*
thrice their w in gold 150*b*
wearing all that w of learning 431*a*
w of the supercumbent hour 392*a*
w of too much liberty 468*a*
willing to pull his w 310*a*
Weights deceitful upon the w 485*b*
Weighty fame is like a river drowns things w 16*b*
Weirs about the glimmering w 199*b*
the three lone w 8*b*
Welcome advice is seldom w 90*b*
always w, keep it handy 522*a*
aye be w back again 63*a*
bay deep-mouthed w 70*a*
bear w in your eye 347*a*
be w back again 320*b*
choir of day w the dawn 37*a*
frolic w took the thunder 439*a*
he hath outstayed his w 102*a*
poor dog the first to w 73*b*
thrice w, darling of the Spring 463*b*
warmest w, at an inn 399
w, all wonders in one sight! 115*a*
w each rebuff 50*b*
w ever smiles 369*a*
w for himself, and dinner 395*a*
w, kindred glooms 443*b*
w maids of honour 190*b*
w one and w all 199*b*
w peaceful evening in 112*a*
w the coming guest 303*b*
w, thou kind deceiver 139*b*
w to yr gory bed 62*b*
w, wild North-caster 226*a*
when it comes say 'W Friend' 115*b*
wind of w and farewell 311*b*
Welcomes w little fishes in 82*b*
w world and his wife 4*b*
Welcomest when they are gone 383*b*
Welfare of our Sovereign 479*a*
Welkin hark, how all the w rings 455*b*
Well all is not w 330*b*
all is w, tho' faith and form 431*a*
all shall be w 357*a*
all things will be w 292*b*
are you quite w, Laetitia? 264*b*
as w said had said it myself 418*b*
a w of love, a spring of light 97*b*
bed-time, Hal, and all well 378*b*
do w, and suffer for it 517*b*
down by the green w, I'll pause 299*a*
fair w or grove he sings in 448*a*
fare thee w and if for ever 72*b*

Well (*cont*)
foolish thing w done 208*a*
golden crown like a deep w 376*a*
how w I did behave 199*a*
I can do very w 206*b*
if we do w here 249*a*
is it w with the child? 496*b*
kiss the place to make it w 425*a*
laugh and be w 175*b*
learn to write w 141*b*
looking w won't move her 416*a*
must come, shall come w 5*a*
never speak w of one another 208*b*
not feeling very w myself 536*a*
not wisely but too w 364*a*
pussy's in the w 534*a*
they were *in* the w 83*a*
they were w in 83*a*
'twill all be w 154*a*
use it for a w 487*a*
very w where they are 458*a*
w done, said I 115*a*
w done, thou good and faithful 508*a*
w for him whose will is strong! 439*b*
w for the fisherman's boy 425*b*
w for the sailor lad 425*b*
w of English undefyled 409*a*
W of Life to taste 153*b*
w of unconscious cerebration 204*a*
w, 'tis very w 393*a*
w to be merry and wise 262*b*
who can do all things w? 94*b*
Well-a-way every youth cry *W* 531*a*
Well-beloved myrrh is my w 500*a*
my w hath a vineyard 501*a*
Well-bred very strange and w 105*b*
Well-connected scorn the w 163*b*
Well-content sweet W 118*a*
Well-doing continuance in w 513*a*
Weller Mr W 126*a*, *b*, 127*a*
Sam W 126*a*, *b*, 127*a*
Well-favoured he is very w 370*a*
Wellington W or Villainton 71*b*
W presents his compliments 454*b*
W shoes of his soldiers 17*b*
Wells buckets into empty w 112*a*
John Wellington W 167*a*
Well-spent rare as a w (life) 80*a*
Well-spring holds the bubbling w 263*b*
Welsh devil understands W 378*a*
makes W as sweet 378*a*
Welshman Taffy was a W 532*a*
valour in this W 382*b*
Weltering in his blood 139*a*
Wen great w (London) 97*a*
Wenceslas good King W 286*b*
Wench hostess a most sweet w? 376*b*
O ill-starr'd w! 364*a*
stuff fit only for a w 261*b*
sun himself a fair hot w 376*a*
Wenches hags, and hideous w 100*a*
pinches country w 215*b*
Wenlock Edge 199*b*
Went I w by, and lo 484*a*
what it meant—but she w! 527*a*
what w ye out for to see? 506*b*
Wept he watch'd and w 168*b*
he w not greatly, but sighed 257*b*
he w to hear 32*b*
that long before had w 143*b*
thou comest, much w for 430*a*
turned aside and w 12*b*
w (I heard her tears) 311*b*
w like anything to see 84*a*
w o'er his wounds 168*b*
w over her, carved in stone 433*b*
w with joy to hear 32*b*
we sat down and w 490*a*
Were we w? why then we *are* 26*b*
Wernher fair young W died 27*a*
Werther had a love 440*b*
Weser, deep and wide 50*a*
Wesley's conversation is good 209*b*
Wessex in these W nooks 180*b*
West April's in the w wind 262*a*
ask me no more if east or w 79*b*
blush from W to East 434*a*
bosom of the urgent W 37*a*
Cincinnatus of the W 73*b*
ever was in the W Country 110*a*
fishers out into the w 226*b*

West (*cont*)
gathered to the quiet w 185*a*
gigantic daughter of the W 427*a*
go W, young man 175*b*
I dearly like the w 62*a*
imagine me the w! 176*a*
in his palace of the W 282*b*
in the regions of the W 12*b*
it comes from the w lands 262*a*
lady of the W Country 110*a*
little birds sung w 43*b*
little grey home in the w 461*b*
Lochinvar is come out of the w 318*a*
never hear the w wind 262*a*
O wild W Wind 396*a*
rosy is the W 433*b*
safeguard of the W 472*b*
sailing away to the w 226*b*
ship wd *not* travel due W! 80*a*
sunset fadeth in the w 388*a*
that 's where the W begins 87*a*
there is neither East nor W 227*a*
till the W is East 434*a*
wan w shivers 420*a*
W is W 227*a*
W to the Golden Gate 231*b*
when the w is red 414*b*
when the wind is in the w 532*b*
without declining W 133*a*
woman with the W in her eyes 98*a*
Western All Quiet on the W Front 569*b*
cooling w breeze 300*a*
outside the W Straits 8*b*
W custom of one wife 315*a*
w wind, when wilt thou blow 527*b*
Westminster Abbey England's Wallhalla [W] 453*b*
peerage, or W 287*a*
walk by myself in W 1*b*
W or Victory! 287*a*
Weston Mr W's good wine 111*a*
West Port open the W 316*a*
Westward but w, look, the land 96*b*
some eastward, and some w 100*a*
w the course of empire takes 28*a*
Wet bereft of w and of wildness 197*b*
w with Channel spray 229*a*
Wether black w of St Satan's 429*a*
tainted w of the flock 354*b*
Wev above the river W it is 232*b*
Whale confound the prophet with the w 124*a*
th' enormous w emerges 403*a*
the w's way 262*a*
very like a w 334*b*
w's back in the sea of prose 222*a*
Whale-backed Downs 235*a*
Whales among the sharks and w 525*a*
drag the Atlantic Ocean for w 446*b*
great w come sailing by 8*b*
O ye w, and all that move 478*a*
they wd talk like w 171*b*
Wharf in ease on Lethe w 331*b*
Wharfs adjacent w 323*a*
What he knew w 's w 65*a*
she knows w 's w, she does 127*a*
I am kent w was w 63*a*
tell us w and where they be 434*a*
to be we know not w 139*b*
w are these, so withered 346*a*
w are they all 146*b*
w are they among so many? 510*b*
w from this day I shall be 306*a*
w I has this thing appear'd 329*b*
w have I done for you, England 185*a*
w is here? 432*a*
w is home without a mother? 182*b*
w is it then to have no wife 17*a*
w is there I wd not do 185*a*
w is this that thou hast done? 492*b*
w? I that loved 526*a*
w 's gone and w 's past help 373*a*
w we have been makes w we are 144*a*
w we can we will be 226*a*
w went ye out for to see? 506*b*
why, or which, or w 243*b*
Whatever thou hast been 72*b*
What-ho! She bumps! 86*a*
What's-his-name Sergeant W 233*a*
W but Thingummy 123*a*
Whatsoever things are true 516*a*

Whaups are crying 414*b*
Wheat among w with a pestle 498*b*
have a cake out of the w 368*b*
measure of w for a penny 518*b*
orient and immortal w 445*a*
sleep among the w 85*b*
sways in the w its head 442*b*
two grains of w, bid 352*b*
w for this planting 247*a*
w set about with lilies 500*b*
when w is green 356*a*
Wheel and the w 's kick 262*a*
butterfly upon a w 303*a*
fly sat upon axletree chariot-w 16*b*
I cannot mind my w 241*a*
noisy w was still 198*b*
rolling Ixionian w 433*a*
turns the giddy w around 162*b*
upon a w of fire 344*a*
w broken at the cistern 500*a*
w had been in the midst of a w 503*b*
w has come full circle 344*a*
whirling w of Change 409*a*
yr w is new 236*a*
yr w is out of order 78*b*
Wheelbarrow she wheeled her w 524*a*
Wheel-barrows tumble when they meet 59*b*
Wheeling w out on a windy sky 459*a*
w stranger 359*b*
Wheels all the w run down 226*a*
call upon the w, master 93*b*
for w of Hansom-cabs 85*b*
hindmost w of Phoebus' wain 267*a*
put a spoke among yr w 23*a*
w within w. 127*a*
why tarry the w of his chariot? 495*a*
Whelks bubukles, and w 382*a*
Whelmed in deeper gulphs than he 107*b*
When w Adam dalfe 178*b*
w or how I cannot tell 313*a*
w shall I come to thee? 523*b*
w shall we three meet again 345*b*
w that Aprille 88*a*
w that I was and a little boy 372*a*
Whence hither hurried *w*? 153*a*
w and what art thou 273*a*
w, and whither flown 154*a*
w are we, and why are we? 392*a*
w comest thou, Gehazi? 496*b*
Why not knowing nor *W* 153*a*
Where Alice, w art thou? 53*b*
be we know not w 139*b*
cries out, 'W is it?' 100*b*
echo answers, w? 68*a*
fell to earth, I knew not w 246*b*
gentle Shepherd, tell me w 200*b*
oh w, and oh! w 217*a*
O w hae ye been? 53*b*
question w you may be 388*a*
the boy, oh! w was he? 184*b*
think of nought save, w you are 388*a*
what and w they be 434*a*
w are they, Cotytto or Venus 421*b*
w are you going Big Steamers 227*b*
w are you going to 525*b*
w are you now? 107*a*
w art thou, my beloved Son 462*b*
w is he who can do all things 94*b*
w is my boy to-night? 525*b*
w is my child? 68*a*
w is she now? 350*a*
w is the man who has the power 528*a*
w lies the land 97*a*
w 's George? Gone to Lyonch 528*a*
w shall we gang and dine 529*b*
w shall we find her 420*a*
w shall we our breakfast take? 529*b*
w 's now their victor 318*b*
w the bee sucks 368*a*
w the place? upon the heath 345*b*
w was than the pride of man 178*b*
w wast thou when I laid 497*b*
w wert thou, brother 430*a*
w —w slept thine ire 218*a*
w you will never won 529*a*
will be nobody knows w 249*a*
Whereabout prate of my w 347*b*
Where'er we tread 't is haunted 68*a*
Wherefore for every why he had a w 65*a*

Wherefore (*cont*)
O w shd I busk my heid? 530*a*
w are these things hid? 369*b*
w thou alone? 274*b*
Wheresoe'er w in God's universe 134*b*
w I turn my ravished eyes 1*b*
Wheresomever with him, w he is 381*b*
Wherewithal shall a young man 489*a*
Wherry my trim-built w 120*b*
Whets, and combs its silver wings 261*a*
Whetstone play the part of a w 542*a*
Which not a soul knew w 244*b*
w of you have done this? 349*a*
Whid a rousing w 59*b*
Whiddon Dan'l W 531*b*
Whiff of grapeshot 80*b*
Whiffling thro' the tulgy wood 83*b*
Whig a *bottomless* W 211*a*
Essene, Frastian W 92*b*
first W was the Devil 210*a*
not like to see a W any dress 212*b*
Tory and W in turns 405*a*
Tory men and W measures 129*a*
where you see a W a rascal 212*a*
whether I were a W or a Tory 417*b*
W and Tory a' agree 402*b*
W Dogs shd not have the best 212*a*
W in a parson's gown 212*b*
W The name of a faction 213*a*
wise Tory and a wise W agree 210*b*
you are a vile W 208*a*
Whigmigmorum 402*b*
Whigs caught the W bathing 128*a*
W admit no force but argument 42*b*
W *not* getting into place 71*b*
While little w our lips are dumb 433*a*
little w shall see me 511*b*
oh! yet a little w 472*a*
Whim strangest w has seized me 91*b*
Whimper not with a bang but a w 145*a*
Whims of an egotist 222*a*
Whimsey, not reason 173*a*
Whimsies they have my w 305*b*
Whiming in w poetry 134*a*
Whip in every honest hand a w 361*a*
not feel the driver's w 248*a*
"Too-slow" will need the w 435*b*
w me such honest knaves 350*b*
w me, ye devils 364*a*
w, of cricket's bone 364*b*
Whip-lash shank a guid w 61*a*
Whipmegorum 402*b*
Whipped she w them all well 533*b*
w her little daughter 535*b*
Whippersnapper critic and w 44*b*
Whipping who shd 'scape w? 332*b*
Whips chastised you with w 496*a*
w and scorns of time 333*a*
Whipster every puny w. 364*a*
Whipt at school 142*b*
Whirligig of time 372*a*
Whirlpools the sensual w 264*b*
Whirlwind drink of the w's stream 397*b*
like a w up the pass 254*a*
rides in the W 1*a*
shall reap the w 504*a*
the sweeping w's sway 173*b*
wave and w wrestle 246*b*
Whisker educated w 426*b*
Whiskers not by yr individual w 65*b*
Whiskey Freedom and W 59*a*
tell me w's name in Greek 59*a*
Whisper by all ye cry or w 236*b*
far-heard w, o'er the sea 99*a*
full well the busy w 168*b*
his W came to me 228*b*
to w at the grates 249*b*
we wake and w 119*a*
w down the field 231*b*
Whispering above me, w low 241*a*
come w by 179*b*
so I were out of yr w 454*b*
w, with white lips 68*b*
Whisperings eternal w 221*a*
foul w are abroad 350*a*
Whispers God w in the ear 44*b*
it w thro' the trees 100*a*
secret w of each other's watch 382*b*
Whist a good game at w 239*a*
comes my husband from his w 46*b*
wild waves w 367*a*
Whistle clear as a w 67*a*
he cd w them back 169*b*
her joly w 89*a*
I'd w her off 362*a*
Joseph did w 524*a*
let it w as it will 318*a*
pay too much for yr w 157*a*
still he'd w and sing 120*b*
to a blackbird 'tis to w 64*b*
w, and I'll come to you 63*a*
w and she'll come to you 23*b*
w owre the lave o 't 63*a*
Whistled w a foolish tune 181*b*
w and shifted his heavy load 181*b*
w as he went 140*a*
Whistles quoth she, and w thrice 98*b*
w in his sound 326*b*
w o'er the furrowed land 268*b*
Whistling alone, w to the air 323*a*
w bars of Lillabullero 411*b*
w to keep from being afraid 139*b*
White arrayed in w robes 519*a*
black where I read w 29*b*
blush to find itself less w 405*b*
burnt green, and blue and w 98*b*
crowned with milk-w may 37*b*
down in black and w 67*b*
'elp you a lot with the W 230*b*
fleece was as snow 177*b*
floures w and rede 90*a*
grew more clean and w 44*a*
hair has become very w 82*b*
hairs were w like wool 518*b*
have it here in black and w 215*b*
holy w birds flying after 261*b*
kisses shd impair their w 43*b*
my beloved is w and ruddy 500*b*
nor grew it w in a single night 69*b*
nor w so very w 78*b*
O! my soul is w 32*b*
O so w! O so soft! 216*b*
roses at first were w 189*b*
so clean and so w 453*a*
spring goeth all in w 37*b*
their w it stays forever 131*a*
the snow a moment w 63*a*
the w clouds stray 37*b*
the W Man's burden 236*b*
they more w shd be 189*b*
w already unto harvest 510*b*
w as snow in Salmon 486*a*
w as snow their armour 254*a*
w as the sun 105*b*
w butterflies in the air 37*b*
w, clear w, inside 229*b*
w daisies prank the ground 37*b*
w for Eastertide 198*b*
w his shroud as the snow 315*b*
w in the blood of the Lamb 519*a*
w in the moon the long road 199*a*
w is the English child 32*b*
w -robed, with silver hair 36*b*
w shall not neutralize the black 51*b*
wild w horses play 5*b*
yr fleece is w but 'tis too cold 115*a*
Whited thou w wall 512*b*
w sepulchres 507*b*
Whitefoot come up W 203*a*
Whitehall grass grows W Court 296*a*
sentinel on W gate 252*b*
White Horse of the W H Vale 91*b*
Whitens Ptarmigan that w 428*b*
Whiter w soul than thine 240*b*
w than be the flocks 176*a*
Whites all w are ink 368*b*
Whither I know not *W* 153*a*
whence, and w flown 154*a*
w depart the souls 96*a*
w goest thou? 558*a*
w hurried hence 153*a*
Whithersoever thou goest 494*b*
Whiting a w to a snail 83*a*
'extremes meet', as the w said 196*b*
Whizz of my cross-bow 99*a*
Who and w are you? 528*b*
w can tell how oft he offendeth 482*b*
w comes here? A Grenadier 125*b*, 534*b*
w is like unto the beast? 519*a*
w is on my side? w? 496*b*
w is she that looketh forth 500*b*
w is Silvia? 372*b*
Who (*cont*)
w is the King of Glory 483*a*
w is this? 432*a*
w killed Cock Robin? 528*a*
w, or why, or which 243*b*
w saw him die? 528*a*
w shall dwell in thy tabernacle 482*a*
w was then the (a) gentleman? 178*b*, 527*b*
w will show us any good? 482*a*
Whole a w I planned 50*b*
half is greater than the w 559*b*
I am equal and w 422*a*
parts of one stupendous w 301*a*
saw life steadily, and saw it w 6*a*
that be w need not a physician 506*a*
that is, seeing the w of them 314*b*
what a w Oxford is! 97*b*
whose prayers wd make me w 232*b*
Whoop merrily we'll w 459*a*
Whooping out of all w! 327*a*
Whore for the young man's w 207*b*
judgment of the great w 519*b*
more like a w's than a man's 232*b*
Pity She's a W 156*b*
posture of a w 325*a*
rogue is married to a w 214*a*
teach the morals of a w 206*b*
that cunning w of Venice 363*a*
the woman's a w 208*b*
w and gambler licensed 29*b*
Whoring with their own inventions 488*b*
Whoremaster evasion of w man 142*a*
Whores never saw so many w 455*a*
Whose see and remark, and say w 458*a*
Whosoever will be saved 478*b*
Why and *W* not knowing 153*a*
for every w he had a wherefore 65*a*
for w? the Lord our God is good 224*b*
for w? thou shalt not leave 482*b*
he knows not w 429*b*
I can't think w 166*b*
I cd never tell w 165*b*
man of morals tell me w 166*b*
the 'w' is plain 326*b*
w and wherefore in all things 383*b*
w, Edward, tell me w? 463*a*
'w not?' said the March Hare 83*a*
w? thou hast delivered my soul 489*a*
'w with an M?' said Alice 83*a*
will know the reason w! 182*b*
Wicked darts of the w 516*a*
God help the w! 377*b*
I's w I is 415*b*
it's worse than w 535*b*
let but thy w men go 107*a*
little better than one of the w 376*b*
long as war is regarded as w 460*a*
must be w to deserve such pain 45*b*
never wonder to see men w 419*a*
no peace unto the w 502*b*
spirits more w than himself 506*b*
tender mercies of the w 498*a*
'there is no God,' the w saith 96*a*
there's a w spirit 3*a*
thy ways unto the w 485*a*
when the w man turneth 503*b*
w cease from troubling 497*a*
w flee when no man pursueth 498*b*
Wickedness against spiritual w 516*a*
all w little to the w of woman 520*b*
from God, that he shd do w 497*a*
goeth on still in his w 486*b*
I was shapen in w 485*a*
leaven of malice and w 514*a*
loose the bands of w 503*a*
manifold sins and w 478*a*
put their hand unto w 489*b*
turneth away from his w 503*b*
w of the world is print to him 124*a*
W proceedeth from the wicked 495*b*
w that hinders loving 49*a*
ye have plowed w 504*a*
[Wickliff's] ashes into Avon 157*b*
Widdicombe Fair 531*b*
Widdrington as low as Squire W 140*a*
Wide alone on a w w sea 99*a*
how w also the east is 488*a*
how w the limits stand 168*b*
nor so w as a church door 365*b*
not deep the poet sees but w 8*a*

Wide (*cont*)
two feet w 471*b*
w as his command 138*a*
Widening slowly silence all 428*b*
Wider gape for thee thrice w 381*a*
Widow a virgin-w 141*a*
a w bird sate mourning 393*a*
came a certain poor w 508*b*
defendeth the fatherless and w 490*b*
here's to the w of fifty 405*b*
I am a w, poor 407*a*
Molly Stark 's a w 410*a*
my basnet a w 's curch? 531*a*
of his mother, and she was a w 509*a*
some undone w sits 262*b*
the W at Windsor 236*b*
w comes to cast her weeds 196*a*
Widowhood comfortable estate of w 159*b*
nursling of thy w 391*b*
Widows and w in their affliction 517*b*
defendeth the cause of the w 486*a*
devour w ' houses 508*b*
do as other w, buy yourself weeds 160*a*
fatherless children, and w 479*a*
many w were in Israel 509*a*
when w exclaim loudly 151*a*
w in Corioli 328*a*
W most perverse Creatures 2*a*
Wielder of the stateliest measure 439*a*
Wife account w but as bills 14*b*
a letter from his w 85*b*
appear like man and w 95*a*
artist will let his w starve 390*b*
as the husband is, the w is 432*a*
auld w sat at her ivied door 75*a*
a w for breed 161*a*
better accommodated than with a w 380*b*
borrowed my neighbour's w 235*b*
bracelets to adorn the w 187*a*
Brutus' harlot, not his w 338*b*
but I'd have no w 114*b*
Caesar's w, all things to all men 524*b*
carline's w 's three sons 529*a*
cleave unto his w 492*a*
damned in a fair w 359*b*
dwindle into a w 105*b*
faithful w, without debate 416*b*
fireside clime to weans and w 59*a*
Giant Despair had a w 54*a*
heard a w sing to her child 143*b*
he cd not act upon my w 30*a*
here lies my w 140*a*
his w looked back 493*a*
hurling them at his w 135*a*
husband frae the w despised 62*b*
if ever I marry a w 240*b*
if Laura had been Petrarch's w 70*b*
if w should dine at Edmonton 109*a*
I hadna been his w a week 20*b*
I hae a w o' my ain 61*a*
I have married a w 509*b*
I have quarrelled with my w 295*a*
in every port a w 120*b*
in the lofty character of W 122*b*
kick his w out of bed 416*b*
kill a w with kindness 366*b*
light w make heavy husband 355*b*
Lord Brutus took to w 338*b*
love yr neighbour's w 255*a*
man and w never power to hang 150*a*
marriage with his brother's w 385*b*
married without e'er a w ? 534*b*
match'd with an aged w 438*b*
minister kissed the fiddler's w 62*a*
monstrous animal a husband and w 151*b*
Mother, W and Queen 437*a*
must be in want of a w 11*b*
my 'oss, my w, and my name 417*a*
my true and honourable w 338*b*
my w poor wretch, is troubled 296*a*
neighed after his neighbour's w 503*b*
neither maid nor w 425*a*
no casual mistress, but a w 430*b*
no man can be true to his w. 447*b*
one w and hardly any mistresses 315*a*
one w is too much 160*a*
parson and the parson's w. 96*a*
ran after a farmer's w 533*a*

Wife (*cont*)
remember Lot's w 54*a*, 510*a*
sailor's w had chestnuts 346*a*
same face of his wedded w 237*b*
sanctified by the w 514*a*
shalt not covet thy neighbour's w 480*a*
sic a w as Willie had 63*b*
so save a wretched w 150*b*
sweet wee w o' mine 62*a*
tedious as railing w 378*a*
Thane of Fife had a w 350*a*
the w smiles, and lets it go 21*b*
the w was pretty 114*a*
think, boy, of taking a w 282*a*
think my w be honest 362*a*
this is my w, pray look at her 528*b*
this woman to thy wedded w 481*b*
thy bottle, and thy w 301*b*
to have or have no w 17*a*
to look out for a w 417*a*
t'other w wd take ill 160*a*
uncumber'd with a w 140*a*
weeping w and children 451*a*
we fell out, my w and I 436*a*
when his w talks Greek 212*a*
whose w shall I take? 282*a*
widowed w, and married maid 310*a*
w, as unto the weaker vessel 517*b*
w cd eat no lean 534*a*
w is May, the husband June 452*a*
w of thy bosom 494*b*
w shall be as the fruitful vine 490*a*
w who preaches in her gown 196*b*
world and his w 4*b*, 418*b*
Wifely flour of w patience 89*b*
Wig hat and w will soon be here 108*b*
thy own hare, or a w ? 230*b*
w with the scorched foretop 255*b*
Wight maid and her w 176*b*
she was a w, if ever such w were 361*a*
strange and wayward w 22*b*
unhappy w, born to disastrous 409*b*
w of high renown 524*b*
Wights with worthy w to reign 177*a*
Wigwam lights the w 248*b*
w of Nokomis 248*b*
Wild den of w things in her eyes! 192*a*
half-w and wholly tame 235*a*
her eyes were w 218*b*
her w, w eyes 219*a*
made us nobly w 189*b*
only rather rude and w 26*a*
pray, Mr W, why bitch? 151*a*
revenge is a kind of w justice 14*a*
talk a little w 385*b*
to the waters and the w. 476*a*
walking by his w lone 237*a*
waving his w tail 237*a*
Wet W Woods 237*a*
what are the w waves saying 82*b*
what so w as words are? 52*b*
when w in woods the noble savage 139*b*
w he may be 124*a*
Wild-cats in yr kitchens 360*b*
Wilderness a w of sweets 275*a*
cometh up from the w 501*a*
crying in the w 504*b*
dwellings of the w 486*a*
for a scapegoat into the w 494*a*
for a w of monkeys 354*a*
guess to be a little w 261*a*
Heaven's constellated w 397*b*
in the waste howling w 494*b*
in the w shall waters break out 502*a*
like a pelican in the w 488*a*
lodge in some vast w 111*b*
man in the w asked me 534*a*
ninety and nine in the w 509*b*
perils in the w 515*a*
singing in the W 152*b*
the w a standing water 488*b*
thou wentest thro' the w 486*a*
thro' the w of this world 54*a*
voice that crieth in the w 502*b*
weeds and the w 197*b*
w and the solitary place 502*a*
w into a glorious empire 56*a*
W is Paradise enow 152*b*
W were Paradise enow! 152*b*
Wildernesses desert w 267*a*

Wild-fowl fetch the w home 529*b*
more fearful w than yr lion 357*a*
Wildness bereft of wet and of w 197*b*
Wile follow'd with endearing w 168*b*
see bright to w us hame 63*b*
Wiles cranks, and wanton w 268*b*
man of many w 560*a*
of w more unexpert 272*a*
transient sorrows, simple w 470*b*
Wilful to w men the injuries 342*b*
Wilhelmine grandchild W 406*a*
Wilkinson Mr W, a clergyman 154*b*
spadel with wh W hath tilled 471*a*
Will all-urging W 179*b*
as in our w to love or not 275*a*
at war 'twixt w and w not 351*b*
a w most incorrect 330*a*
boy's w is the wind's w 247*b*
but, Lord, the w 137*b*
cannot kindle when we w 7*a*
cause is in my w 339*a*
consciousness the W informing 179*b*
dwells not in particular w 369*a*
eternal spirit, against her w 374*a*
foreknowledge, w and fate 272*b*
forge his own w 166*b*
good Lord, if thy w it be! 531*a*
good w toward men 508*b*
he that complies against his w 66*a*
his own sweet w 472*b*
his w his law 113*a*
his w is not his own 330*b*
his w made or suffered them 397*b*
humanity's afflicted w 464*b*
if she w, she w 528*a*
in His w is our peace 567*a*
I shd fulfil thy w 484*a*
it is my duty and I w 162*b*
I w do because I w do it 63*b*
I w it, I insist on it! 549*a*
laid me down with a w 415*a*
leave to Heaven his stubborn w 420*a*
Michael Henchard's W 180*b*
neither, when we w, enjoy 7*a*
not my w, but thine 510*a*
our shows are more than w 371*a*
our w that thus enchains us 395*a*
poverty, but not my w, consents 166*a*
prayers are a disease of the w 147*b*
pride ruled my w 288*b*
puzzles the w 333*a*
take the w for the deed 418*b*
the Mariner hath his w 98*a*
the temperate w 470*b*
the W has woven with an absent 179*a*
the W is free 5*a*
the w, the w! Caesar's w 340*a*
the w to do 316*b*
thou hast thy 'W' 389*a*
thowt 'twur the w o' the Lord 439*a*
th' unconquerable w 271*a*
thy w be done in earth 505*b*
torrent of a woman's w 528*a*
we *know* our w is free 207*b*
what I w is fate 275*b*
what of the Immanent W 179*a*
whose w is strong 439*b*
w accipitrine 441*a*
W Honeycomb calls these ladies 410*a*
w in us is over-ruled 259*a*
w like a dividing spear 5*b*
W to boot, and *W* in over-plus 389*a*
w you, won't you 83*a*
with all my w 294*a*
with half so good a w 341*b*
won my right good w 256*b*, 447*a*
works his sovereign W 110*a*
yet His w be done! 434*b*
yr Majesty's w is law 165*a*
you w, Oscar, you w 456*b*
Willed all we have w or hoped 44*b*
William my W 's wife 168*a*
religion as my W like 168*a*
you are old, Father W 82*b*, 407*a*
Williams' pink pills 523*a*
Willie (Willy) O love my W! 75*b*
sic a wife as W had 63*b*
W, let me and you be wipers 50*a*
W shall dance with Jane 522*b*
Willing Barkis is w 122*a*
when a man says he's w 122*a*

Will-o'-th'-Wisp mislight me 189b
Willoughby Beaumont and W 137a
Willow all a green w , w 191a
Dido with a w in her hand 355a
sing all a green w 363a
sing w , w , w 363a
there is a w grows aslant 336a
violets die, under the w 318a
w must be my garland 363a
w , twillow 165a
w , w , waly 165b
Willows where the w weep 35b
w whiten 431b
Willow-tree al under the w 88a
lance a wand of the w ? 531a
my harp on a weeping w 527a
Wills blackbirds have their w 426b
let's talk of w 375b
mention it within their w 340a
our w and fates contrary run 334a
our w are gardeners 360b
so we shall make our w 172a
such a lot of people's W 91b
the w above be done! 367a
unruly w and affections 479b
what she w to do seems wisest 270a
w of thy faithful people 479b
Wimpled, whining, purblind 344b
Win but he does not w 459b
one shd lose, the other w 259a
than you to w again 92a
they laugh that w 362b
Virtue he had vow'd to w 294a
who w heaven, blest are they 49a
who would greatly w 73a
w or lose it all 280b
w-i-n, w 124b
yet wouldst wrongly w 346b
Winced nor cried aloud 185a
Winchester Jane lies in W 230b
while the stones of W 230b
Wind *against* the w 69a
airts the w can blaw 62a
all ye as a w shall go by 423b
aloud the w doth blow 345b
and the w blows stronger 286b
and the w s song 262a
Angel of the Off-shore W 230b
argument with an east w 251a
as cauld a w as ever blew 61b
as it were brought forth w 502a
as W along the Waste 153a
a w is hovering o'er 393b
a w on the heath 34a
bay'd the whisp'ring w 168b
beat of the offshore w 231b
betwixt the w and his nobility 376b
bids the w blow the earth 342b
blow, blow, thou winter w 326b
blows the w. to-day 414b
blow, thou w of God! 226a
blow, w ! come, wrack! 351a
Boston man is the east w 4b
both with w and stream 361a
boy's will is the w 's will 247b
breathing of the common w 472b
chiding of the winter's w 325b
clear as w 435b
cold's the w 119a
conflicting w and rain 342b
constant be, come w , come weather 54b
dust wh the rude w blows 343b
east w may never blow 450a
e'er the w doth blow 292a
every w of criticism 211b
every w of doctrine 515b
except w stands as never 446a
fair stood the w for France 137a
filled with a lusty w 87a
for the gentle w does move 31b
frosty w made moan 311a
frozen w crept on above 393a
gone with the w 571a
good south w sprung up 98b
he that observeth the w 499b
hey, ho, the w and the rain 372a
hiding place from the w 502a
His hammer, of w 443a
ill w turns none to good 446a
into the w pass the pain 177a
Wind (*cont*)
is the w in that door? 257a
jovial w of winter 226a
large a charter as the w 326b
let her down the w 362a
light w lives or dies 221b
like W I go 153a
loose as the w 188a
Lord was not in the w 496a
loud dry w blow thro' my ear 469a
never hear the west w 262a
nor ever w blows loudly 429b
north w doth blow 513a
nor wild w sweep 184b
O wild West W 396a
O w , the weder ginneth clere 90a
passionate w of welcome 311b
pass me by as the idle w 340b
perils both of w and limb 65a
pity for blustering w 249b
reed shaken with the w ? 506b
roaring in the w all night 470a
rushing mighty w 512a
shaken of a mighty w 518b
sits the w in that corner? 358b
soft-lifted by the winnowing w 221b
southwest-w and west-w sing 420a
soon as the w goeth over it 488a
stop a hole to keep the w away 336b
straw way the w is 321a
streamers waving in the w 161a
strive to w ourselves 224a
swoln with w and the rank mist 269b
tears shall drown the w 347a
tempers the w to the shorn lamb 573a
the same w sang 421b
the w blows out of the gates 475b
the w breathes low 433a
the w sweep man away 5b
they have sown the w 504a
thy great w blows 476a
thro' the east-w 485a
thro' the velvet leaves the w 344b
throw the sand against the w 31b
toast the w that blows 120b
'twill endure w and weather 370a
unhelped by any w 101a
walketh upon the wings of the w 488a
warm w , the west w 262a
western w , when wilt thou blow 527b
whenever a March w sighs 434a
when the w blows 29a
when the w is in the east 532b
when the w is southerly 332b
where the w 's feet shine 423a
whistles in the w 467b
whistling mane of every w 441b
w a fiery Pegasus 378b
w and storm fulfilling 490b
w and wave and oar 433a
w beat dark December 328b
w began to roll 434b
w blew due East 86a
w bloweth where it listeth 510b
w blows it back again 31b
w breathing thro' the grass 39a
w doth blow to-day 529a
w is in the palm trees 232a
w of the western sea 436a
w on the heath, brother 34a
w 's in the east 121a
w 's like a whetted knife 262a
W that blows between 235b
w that follows fast 116a
W , that grand old harper 403b
w was a torrent of darkness 290a
w w I thou art sad 284b
with this w blowing 232b
Wind-flowers pied w 398a
w , and violets 394b
Winding-sheet snow shall be their w 77a
waters were his w 21a
w is as high as her throat 319a
w of Edward's race 173b
Windmill garlic in a w 378a
Window chamber where there is no w 263b
dash the w -glass to shivers 310b
first against the w beats 443b
light thro' yonder w breaks 365a
little w where the sun 195a
Window (*cont*)
Sisera looked out at a w 495a
takes this w for the east 117b
thy chamber w , Sweet 394b
tirling at the w 266a
w to open onto the Lake 223a
w-i-n, win, d-e-r, der, w 124b
Windows blank the w flare 232b
by breaking of w 283a
by eastern w only 96b
five w of the soul 30a
I cleaned the w 166a
I wish thar was w to my Sole 451a
make der w sound 244b
look out of the w be darkened 499b
rich w that exclude the light 175a
thou, thus thro' w call on us 134a
up flew the w all 108b
w richly dight 268b
Winds amid the wafting w 457b
between the w of heaven 330a
Burke, who w into a subject 171b
call her w and waters sighs 322b
carried about of w 518a
change, as ye list, ye w 161a
come as the w come 319a
courted by all the w 277b
dead w ' and spent waves' 422a
enlarged w that curl the flood 249b
for us the w do blow 187b
gathering w will call the darkness 399a
great w shorewards blow 5b
great w Thy clarions 94a
hear the w howling 6a
imprisoned in the viewless w 352a
in the visitation of the w 380a
light w go seaward 202a
loud w when they call 470a
me howling w drive devious 109b
melodious w have birth 31b
motions of the viewless w 469b
north-east w blow Sabean odours 273b
on the wings of mighty w 412a
rough w do shake the darling buds 387a
stormy w did blow 525b
stormy w do blow 77b
summer w that creep from flower 394b
the w blew calm 285a
tho' w blew great guns 120b
tho' you untie the w 349b
thunder-zoned w 396a
to all the w that blew 435a
trod, as on the four w 261a
waves and wet w labour 422a
what w and waters make us 241b
when the w give o'er 449a
where the w are all asleep 5b
wild leaves that w have taken 422a
w and seas are troublesome 117a
w and sunbeams 393b
w are breathing low 394b
w are quiet as the sun 421a
w are unto her as raiment 420a
w come to me from the fields 466a
w of heaven mix for ever 395b
w of March with beauty 373a
W of the World, give answer! 228b
w somewhere safe to sea 422a
w that will be howling 473a
w were love-sick with them 323a
w whistle shrill 440b
Windsor Widow at W 236b
Windward of the law 94b
Windy shadows and w places 420a
w side o' the law 372a
Wine a bin of w 414b
a Jug of W 152b
as water unto w 432b
best w , for my beloved 500b
blood and w are red 459b
bored with good w 130a
Botticelli isn't a w 536a
bring me w 286b
can with w dispense 113b
Catholic men that live upon w 26b
come ye here to drink good w 530b
cruse best fits my little w 188b
Cup of this forbidden W 153b
deep in anything but W 153b
desire not to be rinsed with w 197b

Wine (*cont*)
do crush their w 260*b*
doesn't get into the w 93*b*
drank the red w thro' the helmet 316*b*
drinking the blude-red w 529*b*
drink one cup of w 318*a*
drinks his w 'mud laughter free 527*a*
drink thy w with a merry heart 499*b*
drunken, but not with w. 502*a*
drunk yr water and w 230*a*
fetch to me a pint o' w. 60*b*
fond of Spanish w 261*b*
for its poisonous w 219*b*
for to drinken strong w 89*a*
for w inspires us 159*b*
freighted Chian w 8*b*
french w and fine weather 223*a*
full of dewy w 220*a*
gave her cocktails and w 527*a*
giant refreshed with w 487*a*
good w, a friend, or being dry 3*a*
grief in w we steep 249*b*
'have some w,' March Hare said 81*a*
he drinks no w 380*b*
honest talk and wholesome w 438*b*
hurt not the oil and the w 518*b*
I don't see any w 83*a*
I'll not look for w 216*a*
invisible spirit of w 361*b*
I rather like bad w 130*a*
is not old w wholesomest 454*b*
it wasn't the w 126*a*
let us have w and women 70*b*
lordliest in their w 278*a*
love at first, like generous w 66*a*
love is better than w 500*a*
mine host's Canary w 219*a*
Mr Weston's good w 11*a*
new friend is as new w 520*b*
new w into old bottles 506*a*
old w to drink 13*b*
our ballast is old w 295*b*
outdid the frolic w 189*b*
pass the rosy w 125*a*
Pehlevi, with W ! W ! W ! 152*a*
press the rue for w 319*a*
red sweet w of youth 39*a*
Red W ! the Nightingale cries 152*a*
rich Canary w 215*a*
Samian w 71*a*
sans W, sans Song, sans Singer 153*a*
spill'd the w 293*a*
sure there was w 188*a*
sweet white w 261*b*
talk of Constitutions o'er yr w 77*b*
there is a cup, and the w is red 487*a*
this the W, and this the Bread 31*b*
truth comes out in w 552*b*
two main plagues w and women 64*a*
upon the w when it is red 498*b*
use a little w for thy stomach's 516*b*
victuals and the w rather good 75*b*
walnuts and the w 434*b*
when the w-cup glistens 319*a*
when the w is in, the wit is out 23*b*
who loves not w 440*b*
who loves not woman, w 569*a*
W, a Book of Verse 152*b*
w and wax, of gamyn and gle 474*a*
w from the royal Pope 258*a*
W has play'd the Infidel 154*a*
w in rivers 319*b*
w is a good familiar creature 361*b*
w is a mocker 498*b*
W is the strongest 520*a*
w maketh merry 499*b*
w of life is drawn 348*a*
W of Life keeps oozing 154*b*
w that maketh glad the heart 488*a*
with seas of life, like w 445*a*
women and w shd life employ 159*b*
Wine-lees and democracy 44*b*
Wine-press trodden the w alone 503*b*
w wh ye tread 252*b*
Wines feast of w on the lees 502*a*
Wing beats with light w 284*a*
crept so long on a broken w 434*b*
damp my intended w 276*a*
Death's imperishable w 312*a*
flapt its tinsel w 260*a*
Wing (*cont*)
flits by on leathern w 103*a*
got to take under my w, tra la 165*a*
grey w upon every tide 474*b*
his head under his w 533*a*
joy is ever on the w 277*b*
skylark wounded in the w 29*a*
soars on golden w 268*a*
soiled glory, and the trailing w 6*a*
start a w ! 442*a*
their victor vaward w 318*b*
white clouds on the w 4*a*
w of friendship never moults 125*a*
with as inconstant w as summer 394*b*
without w of hippogriff 277*a*
with the shadow of Thy w 455*b*
Winged said the w minute 264*b*
w hours of bliss 77*b*
w sea-girt citadel 68*a*
Wings all legs and w 20*a*
arise with healing in his w 504*b*
as the bird w and sings 50*b*
clap her broad w 157*b*
combs its silver w 261*a*
covered with silver w 486*a*
defend thee under his w 487*b*
dip their w in tears 430*a*
each one had six w 501*b*
eagle's w I bore this wren 139*a*
ears like errant w 92*a*
falls from the w of Night 247*a*
find w waiting there 24*b*
float upon the w of silence 267*a*
for their leathern w 356*b*
Friendship Love without his w 72*b*
girt with golden w 267*a*
glittering ranks with w display'd 270*b*
golden hours on angel w 61*a*
head, hands, w, or feet 273*a*
hear the beating of his w 38*a*
if I take the w of the morning 490*a*
ill news hath w 136*b*
in the vale perfumes his w 143*a*
lets grow her w 267*a*
lie upon the w of night 366*a*
little w are stronger 438*a*
long expected healing w 447*b*
Love with unconfined w 249*b*
now with his w he plays 176*a*
O, for a horse with w ! 328*b*
on the viewless w of Poesy 220*a*
on what w dare he aspire 32*a*
on w they are carried 414*b*
play thro' their w 441*b*
poor splendid w so frayed 421*a*
prisoners underneath her w 383*b*
riches have w 112*a*
riches make themselves w 498*b*
rises with healing in his w 110*b*
sailing on obscene w 100*b*
shakes his dewy w 117*b*
shakes the w, and will not stay 142*b*
she claps her w 251*b*
straight on w I arise 36*a*
that wh hath w shall tell 499*b*
they now can spare their w 115*a*
those quivering w composed 471*a*
thundered unthinkable w 92*b*
thy w shall be my refuge 485*b*
tiger-moth's deep-damask'd w 221*b*
walketh upon the w of the wind 488*a*
whether pigs have w 84*b*
while the w aspire 471*a*
W o' the Mornin' 236*b*
w were wet with ranging 176*a*
with ahl bright w 197*b*
vmpt the w of fame 79*a*
Wink never came a w too soon 195*a*
w and hold out mine iron 381*b*
w a reputation down 419*b*
Winked bubble w at me, and said 188*b*
'e w back—the same as us! 236*b*
w at 'Omer down the road 236*b*
Winkie Wee Willie W 266*a*
Winks and shut his apprehension 260*a*
Winning glory of the w were she won! 263*b*
such a w way 105*a*
world be worth the w 139*a*
Winnings one heap of all yr w 230*a*
Wins game where nobody w 158*a*
Winter age is as a lusty w 326*a*
amusement in a tedious w-night 417*b*
bare W suddenly was changed 397*b*
but w and rough weather 326*a*
Christmas in the Middle of W 2*a*
crown old W's head 115*b*
dark as w was the flow 76*b*
English w—ending in July 71*b*
ere the w storms begin 3*b*
for, lo! the w is past 500*a*
for w, spring and summer 525*a*
furious w's rages 329*a*
her w weeds outworn 394*a*
He sends the snow in w 76*a*
hounds of spring on w's traces 420*a*
how like a w hath my absence 388*b*
if W comes, can Spring be far 396*b*
in freezing w night 407*b*
in hoary w's night 407*b*
in the bleak mid-w 311*a*
in the haunch of w sings 381*a*
in w I get up at night 413*b*
it is cold w's night 531*a*
it was not in the w 194*b*
it was the w wild 270*a*
jovial wind of w 226*a*
most love W 293*b*
no w in thy year 53*a*, 246*b*
one cold w's day 192*b*
our severest w the spring 113*a*
reigns in the w's pale 373*a*
sad tale's best for w 373*a*
savour all the w long 373*a*
shalt find the w's rage 286*b*
there was no w in't 325*a*
'tis past, the w 262*a*
W comes to rule the varied year 443*b*
w fly-fishing 450*a*
W-garment of Repentance fling 152*b*
w is come and gone 392*a*
w lingering chills the lap 170*a*
w of our discontent 384*b*
W, ruler of th' inverted year 112*a*
W slumbering in the open air 102*a*
w's not gone yet 342*a*
w's rains and ruins 420*a*
w talk by thy fireside 16*a*
w was not unkind 36*a*
w, when the dismal rain came 103*b*
wd seem a w's day 309*b*
Winters fifty w o'er him 175*a*
four lagging w 374*b*
praise the w gone 476*a*
three w cold from the forests 388*b*
when forty w shall besiege 387*a*
w and keeps warm her note 79*b*
Wipe away all tears 519*a*
Wiped but w them soon 277*a*
Wipers me and you be w 50*a*
Wires across the w 12*a*
black w grow on her head 389*a*
Wisdom be famous than by w 277*a*
celestial W calms the mind 214*a*
criterion of w to vulgar judgements 57*b*
due to the want of human w 242*b*
excess leads to the palace of w 31*a*
folly wh confounds its w 194*b*
gold lies at the root of w 66*b*
go, teach eternal w 301*a*
government is a contrivance of w 57*a*
living w with each year 68*b*
if any of you lack w 517*a*
it seems the part of w 112*b*
Jesus increased in w and stature 509*a*
light in W's eyes 452*a*
lion is the w of God 31*a*
little w the world is governed 567*b*
more of w in it 471*b*
nor knowledge, nor w, in the grave 499*b*
not diffident of w 276*a*
no w in useless sorrow 214*a*
of highest w brings about 278*a*
pray for w yet 2*b*
privilege of w to listen 194*b*
provided for by this w 57*a*
self-control is w's root 59*a*
she that in w never was so frail 360*b*
spirit of w and understanding 501*b*
takes w from our councils 56*a*

Wisdom (*cont*)
the beginning of w 489*a*
there's w in women 40*a*
Thine endless w 149*b*
this w descendeth not 517*b*
those who love want w 397*a*
thy w, less thy certainty 410*b*
to the w of the just 508*b*
understand w secretly 485*a*
vain w all 272*b*
wearing his w lightly 426*b*
what is bettre than w? 89*a*
w and goodness to the vile 343*b*
W and Spirit of the Universe 465*b*
w and Wit are little seen 35*a*, 91*b*
w at one entrance shut out 273*b*
W be put in a silver rod 29*b*
w breathed by health 471*b*
w cricth without 497*b*
w denotes the pursuing of the best 202*a*
w excelleth folly 499*a*
w goes by majorities 264*b*
w has taught us to be calm 193*b*
w in minds attentive 112*b*
w in the scorn of consequence 435*b*
w is above rubies 497*a*
w is better than rubies 498*a*
w is humble he knows no more 112*b*
w is justified of her children 506*b*
w is the principal thing 497*b*
w lays on evil men 112*b*
w lingers 432*b*
w not to do desperate things 444*a*
w of our ancestors 56*b*
w of the ancients 17*a*
w of the crocodiles 15*b*
w or even memory 313*a*
W say another 58*a*
W's self oft seeks solitude 267*a*
w shall die with you 497*a*
w sleep with thee 431*a*
w the mirrored shield 392*a*
w with mirth 169*b*
w and wit are little seen 35*a*
with the ancient is w 497*a*
Wise a being darkly w 301*a*
all things w and wonderful 3*a*
and confirm the w 113*b*
angling worthy of a w man 450*b*
are reputed w saying nothing 352*b*
beacons of w men 203*a*
be lowly w 275*b*
be not worldly w 307*a*
be w to-day 477*a*
be w with speed 476*b*
be ye therefore w as serpents 506*a*
care whether he is a W man 31*a*
childish valourous than manly w 259*b*
cunning men pass for w 15*b*
each in each, immediately w 19*b*
errors of a w man make yr rule 29*a*
every w man's son doth know 370*b*
exceeding w, fair spoken 386*b*
first be w and good 278*b*
fool wd persist become w 31*a*
ful w is he him selven knowe 89*a*
give unto me, made lowly w 464*a*
good to be merry and w 61*a*, 524*b*
grow w for spite 419*a*
guid to be merry and w 61*a*
healthy, wealthy, and w 157*a*
heard a w man say 198*b*
hid from the w and prudent 509*a*
holy, fair and w is she 372*b*
how very weak the very w 440*b*
in a bowl went w men three 295*b*
men are not always w 497*a*
more happy, if less w 73*a*
more nice than w 109*b*
more of the fool than of the w 14*b*
more than woman to be w 281*a*
more w when he had 210*b*
nor ever did a w one 309*b*
nor talk too w 230*a*
obscurely w, and coarsely kind 210*b*
pretend they ne'er so w 277*b*
smile with the w 207*b*
so proud, so witty and so w 309*b*
sorrow makes us w 431*a*
so w as Thurlow looked 156*b*
Wise (*cont*)
so w, so young never live long 385*a*
taketh the w own craftiness 497*a*
there came w men 504*b*
the w of the world made dumb 119*a*
the w want love 397*a*
they are w and honourable 340*a*
those that think them w, are fools 3*b*
tho' w in show 278*b*
timely happy, timely w 223*b*
'tis folly to be w 175*a*
to a w man ports and havens 374*b*
to be w and eke to love 409*b*
to be w, and love 369*a*
to confound the w 514*a*
to love is w 37*b*
too truthful or too w 452*a*
type of the w who soar 471*a*
virtuous and w he was 4*b*
vocal to the w 560*a*
we were very, very w 98*a*
what all the w men promised 572*a*
what leisure to grow w 7*a*
while the great and w decay 244*a*
who are a little w best fools 134*a*
who can be w, amazed 348*a*
whoso is w will ponder 488*b*
w are merry of tongue 475*b*
w, for cure, on exercise depend 140*a*
w, idle, childish things 441*a*
W in his own conceit 498*b*
w in yr own conceits 513*b*
w men eat them (feasts) 157*a*
w men of Gotham 532*b*
w thro' excess of wisdom 148*a*
w, upright, valiant 468*a*
with Khayyam, and leave the W 153*a*
wretched are the w 306*a*
ye yourselves are w 515*a*
Wisely loved not w but too well 364*a*
w and slow 365*b*
Wiseman wise-manned by W 51*a*
Wiser are w than their own 40*a*
French are w than they seem 15*b*
grow w and better 304*a*
I am w than the aged 489*a*
not left a better or w behind 169*b*
sadder and a w man 100*a*
Spaniards seem w than they are 15*b*
speakest w than thou art ware 326*a*
to be guided by the w. 80*b*
w being good 44*b*
w men become 449*a*
w than a daw 383*b*
w than the children of light 509*b*
w than we know 148*a*
w to-day than he was yesterday 419*a*
young man will be w by and by 427*b*
Wisest first and w of them all 277*a*
in the mouths of w men 277*b*
more than the w man can answer 103*b*
only the w of mankind achieve 404*a*
rules e'en the w 113*b*
seems w, virtuousest best 276*a*
the w fool in Christendom 204*a*, 563*b*
w, brightest, meanest of mankind 301*b*
w man the warl' saw 60*b*
w men have erred 277*b*
Wish all yr w is woman to win 440*b*
each w of my heart 281*b*
fled from her w 360*b*
happy the man whose w and care 303*b*
I never fram'd a w 112*b*
I often w the night 195*a*
I strongly w for what I hope 141*b*
I w I were where Helen lies 531*a*
I w no living things to suffer 397*a*
I w you all the joy 354*b*
long as god-like w 464*a*
man in arms shd w to be 465*a*
no addition nor my w 362*b*
our utmost w possessing 161*a*
she'll w there wos more 126*b*
thy own w w I thee 344*b*
to his w or not 465*b*
whoever hath her w 389*a*
w I were single again 524*b*
w was father to that thought 381*a*
Wished devoutly to be w 333*a*
he whom I w to see 224*b*
Wished (*cont*)
hyacinth I w me in her hand 138*a*
I've often w that I had clear 419*b*
nor w, nor car'd, nor laugh'd 305*b*
w for to hear 224*b*
w she had not heard it 360*a*
Wishes her little w and ways 180*b*
his nest of w piping 264*b*
meet you her my w 115*b*
my w cloudy character 115*b*
sober w never learned 174*b*
so many w feedest 7*b*
their country's w blest 103*a*
Wishing each w for the sword 263*b*
w me like to one more rich 387*a*
Wisp on the morass 73*a*
Wist had I w, before I kist 530*a*
Wit age is in, the w is out 359*a*
all yr Piety nor W 153*b*
a miracle, instead of w 477*b*
an accepted w has but to say 167*a*
an old blind *debauchee* of w 449*b*
are at their w's' end 488*b*
as a w, if not first 169*b*
as metaphysic w can fly 65*a*
a spice of w 414*b*
a w's a feather 301*b*
becomes excellent w 380*b*
beef does harm to my w 369*b*
brevity is the soul of w 332*a*
by the w of man so well devised 478*a*
cause that w is in other men 379*b*
cd he but have drawn his w 215*b*
craves a kind of w 371*b*
devise, w! write, pen! 344*b*
fancy w will come 299*b*
he shoots his w 328*a*
his w invites you 108*a*
his w was in his own power 214*b*
How now, w! 325*b*
how the w brightens 300*b*
I had but little w 534*b*
in w a man 299*b*
jest with saints, 'tis w in them 351*b*
let w bear a stroke 446*a*
loudest w I ever was deafen'd 72*a*
malice mingled with a little w 140*b*
more w than a Christian 369*b*
ne'er be ware of my own w 326*a*
neither w, nor words, nor worth 340*a*
not his pointed w 303*b*
only idea of w laughing 404*a*
plays boast of more w 149*a*
pleasant smooth w 11*a*
reaches of a human w 259*b*
Sleep the baiting-place of w 401*b*
some beams of w 140*b*
still remains to mortify a w 303*b*
still wd remain my w to try 119*b*
sum of Shakespeare's w 147*a*
too proud for a w 169*b*
true w is nature to advantage 300*a*
universal monarchy of w 79*a*
vex not with thy shallow w 435*b*
wears his w in his belly 369*a*
whole wealth of thy w 354*b*
whole w in a jest 22*b*
wine is in, the w is out 23*b*
wisdom and w are little seen 35*a*, 91*b*
w and sense, virtue knowledge 395*b*
w enough to keep it sweet 211*b*
w enough to run away 66*a*
w in all languages 142*a*
w in his own eye 104*b*
w's an unruly engine 186*b*
w's the noblest frailty 321*b*
w that can creep 303*a*
w to persuade 117*b*
witty fool than a foolish w 370*a*
w will shine thro' the harsh 141*a*
w with jealous eye surveys 94*b*
women have sometimes w. 91*a*
ye have a nimble w 327*a*
your w's too hot 344*b*
Witch mother a w maun be 531*a*
nor w hath power to charm 329*b*
shalt not suffer a w to live 494*a*
water like a w's oils 98*b*
w the world with horsemanship 178*b*
Witchcraft no w charm thee 329*a*
only w I have used 360*a*

Witchcraft (*cont*)
rebellion is as the sin of w 495*a*
w celebrates pale Hecate's 347*b*
Witches all the wild w 474*b*
think we're burning w 92*b*
Witching time of night 334*b*
With he that is not w me 506*b*, 509*a*
too much w us 473*a*
wd I were w him 381*b*
Withal Time ambles w 327*a*
Withdraw Anthea must w from him 190*a*
Withdrawing melancholy long, w roar 5*a*
Withdrawn as night is w 37*a*
Wither age cannot w her 323*a*
it needs must w 363*b*
tree will w long before it fall 68*b*
w and come to deadly use 343*b*
Withered dried up, and w 487*b*
it cd not w be 216*b*
no root, they w away 506*b*
so w and so wild 346*a*
w and wede all away 97*a*
w in my hand 187*b*
Withereth rose fast w too 218*b*
Witherington for W my heart was woe 530*b*
for W needs must I wail 391*b*
Withers are unwrung 334*b*
Within from w were heard murmurings 464*b*
he never went w 106*b*
I have that w wh passeth show 330*a*
improvement is from w outwards 157*b*
I've that w for wh no plasters 158*b*
kingdom of God is w you 510*a*
outward be fair, however foul w 94*b*
that is w him does condemn 350*b*
w the meaning of the Act 528*a*
w were fears 515*a*
Without no living with thee, nor w thee 2*a*
when I shd find thee w 500*b*
w were fightings 515*a*
Withstand in the evil day 516*a*
Withstood we w Christ then 47*a*
Witlings tho' w sneer 213*a*
Witness bore w gloriously 278*a*
heaven and earth to w 494*b*
shalt not bear false w 480*a*
weak w of thy name 278*a*
Witnesses cloud of w 517*a*
mouth of two or three w 515*b*
w laid down their clothes 512*a*
Wits great w madness allied 138*a*
he shall recover his w there 336*b*
home-keeping youths have ever homely w 372*b*
lord among w 206*b*
native to famous w. 277*a*
rash bavin w 378*a*
stolen his w away 119*a*
their poetry conceived in w 9*b*
universities incline w 17*a*
veins of rhyming mother w 259*a*
warming his five w 438*a*
we have w to read 215*b*
w and Templars 303*a*
w are gamecocks 160*b*
Wittles live on broken w 122*a*
w and drink to me 122*a*
Witty anger makes dull men w 13*b*
I am not only w 379*b*
it shall be w shan t be long 91*a*
w, profligate and thin 477*b*
Wive when I came, alas! to w 372*a*
Wives fair be their w 143*a*
go mad, and beat their w 76*a*
happy in three w 240*b*
husbands love yr w 516*a*
like strawberry w 13*b*
loves into corpses or w 421*a*
man with seven w 533*b*
many, many w 286*a*
old w' fables 516*b*
our careful w 382*b*
sacks to sew up w 440*a*
sky changes when they are w 327*b*
some poisoned by their w 375*b*
we have children, we have w 437*b*
Wives (*cont*)
w and mithers maist despairin' 285*b*
w are young men's mistresses 14*b*
w in the patriarchs' days 180*a*
w, submit unto yr husbands 515*b*
Wiving hanging and w 353*b*
Wizards star-led w 270*a*
Woa marel 162*b*
Woe all yr Sounds of w 358*b*
best can pity who has felt the w 160*a*
beyond this land of w 18*a*
can I see another's w 33*a*
companions of our w 450*a*
death and all our w 270*b*
deep, unutterable w 12*b*
discover sights of w 271*a*
Europe made his w her own 6*a*
every w a tear can claim 72*b*
face was full of w 524*a*
from w to w tell o'er 387*b*
gave signs of w 276*a*
heads are bowed with w 266*b*
in her voiceless w 69*a*
joy and w are woven fine 29*b*
king tried in fires of w 206*a*
lock'd the source of softer w 317*a*
long since cancelled w 387*b*
man was made for Joy and W 29*b*
melt at other's w 173*b*
my heart is sick of w 38*b*
never shall be parted, weal or w 276*b*
of all the hideous notes of w 72*a*
old w step on the stage 51*a*
proved, a very w 389*a*
rearward of a conquered w 388*b*
sad variety of w 162*b*, 299*b*
Sleep the balm of w 401*b*
Sleep! the friend of W 406*b*
solace in the midst of w 86*b*
such a draught of w 392*a*
such a w, believe me, as wins 524*a*
taste the luxury of w 281*a*
the song of w an earthly song 430*b*
the tears of w, deceitful shine 282*b*
they work our w 78*b*
to feel another's w 304*a*
trappings and the suits of w 330*a*
Wednesday's child is full of w 525*a*
w comforts w again 137*a*
w is me, that I with Mesech 489*b*
w to that man by whom cometh 507*a*
w to the vanquished 550*a*
w unto you for ye pay tithe 507*b*
w unto you, lawyers! 509*a*
w unto you, when all men speak well 509*a*
w weeps out her division 214*b*
Woe-begone dead in look so w 379*b*
Woeful may cease frae greeting 525*b*
Woes an Iliad of w 120*a*
in all w that curse our race 163*a*
old w new wail 387*b*
still her w at midnight rise 251*b*
w wh Hope thinks infinite 397*b*
worst of w that wait on age 68*a*
Wolf Assyrian came down like a w 74*a*
his sentinel, the w 347*b*
lion and the belly-pinched w 342*b*
owlet whoops to the w 99*b*
the w that follows 420*b*
w behowls the moon 357*b*
w shall dwell with the lamb 501*b*
w with privy paw 269*b*
Wolfe's great name compatriot 111*b*
Wolfe I one 474*b*
Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted 219*b*
Wolsey, that once trod the ways 386*a*
Wolves herded w, bold only to pursue 392*a*
howling of Irish w 327*b*
inwardly they are ravening w 505*b*
left the w behind 254*a*
paw of hireling w 278*b*
the w have preyed 359*a*
w they howled and whined 254*a*
Woman ah, wasteful w 293*a*
all is semblative a w's part 370*a*
an honest w's son 353*b*
a sweeter w ne'er drew breath 203*b*
a w's noblest station 251*b*
a w's preaching 207*b*
Woman (*cont*)
a w's whole life affections 203*b*
Aziola was some tedious w 393*a*
barren w to keep house 489*a*
being for a w's sake 474*a*
believe a w or an epitaph 72*a*
brawling w in a wide house 488*b*
brought the trembling w there 300*a*
but the w died 299*b*
callin' a young w a Wenus 126*b*
can a w's tender care 110*a*
caparisons don t become a w 400*b*
cast salt on a w's tail 65*b*
changeful is w always 555*b*
constant you are, but yet a w 377*a*
contentious w are alike 498*b*
damnable, deceitful w 291*b*
die because a w's fair? 462*a*
dispell'd when a w appears 159*b*
do you not know I am a w? 327*a*
each thought on the w 226*b*
e'en a w and commanded 324*b*
every w knows that 21*b*
excellent thing in w 344*a*
fair w wh is without discretion 498*a*
farewell dear, deluding W 60*b*
fat white w whom nobody loves 106*a*
feeling a w's pulse 411*a*
fine parts indeed who cheats a w 159*b*
frailty, thy name is w! 330*a*
fury, like a w scorned 104*b*
give not thy soul unto a w 520*b*
gives to man or w 198*b*
God made w for the man 426*b*
good name in man or w 361*b*
had a w ever less 61*b*
he is a very pretty w 155*a*
here rests a w, good 299*b*
he that tastes w, ruin meets 159*b*
how divine a w may be made 473*a*
I can tell a w's age 166*b*
it a w have long hair 514*b*
I grant I am a w 338*b*
I hate a dumpy w 70*a*
inconstant w never unhappy 160*b*
in that one w I have lost 386*a*
in w's eye the unanswerable tear 70*a*
[Irene Adler] always *the* w 135*a*
I saw the w drunken 519*b*
is this the silent w 215*a*
I will take some savage w 432*b*
lack of w's nursing 290*a*
large-brained w 43*b*
lays his hand upon a w 444*b*
let still the w take an elder 370*b*
light, that lies in w's eyes 281*b*
lips of a strange w 497*b*
love company improves a w! 150*a*
lovely w in a rural spot! 202*a*
lovely w stoops to folly 144*b*, 170*a*
man and a w in a garden 460*b*
man he must go with a w 232*b*
man's desire is for the w 102*b*
man's mind, but a w's might 339*a*
man that is born of w 237*a*, 481*b*, 497*a*
man was W's cully made 104*b*
many a w has a past 460*a*
more sweet understanding, a w 344*b*
more than w to be wise 281*a*
nakedness of w work of God 31*a*
naked thinking heart to a w 132*a*
never be by w loved 29*a*
never trust a w who tells age 460*b*
none of w born harm Macbeth 349*b*
no, nor w either 332*b*
no other but a w's reason 372*b*
no other purgatory but a w 23*a*
nothing lovelier found in w 270*a*
no w beauty without a fortune 150*a*
no w's heart so big 371*a*
no w shd marry a teetotaller 413*a*
no w's sides can bide 371*a*
oblidged to call it w 155*a*
of every ill, a w is the worst 173*a*
oh w! lovely w Nature made thee 291*b*
old w clothed in grey 239*b*
O most pernicious w! 331*b*
one hair of a w can draw 200*b*
one to show a w loves her 49*b*
one w can forgive another 159*b*

Woman (*cont*)
only books were w 's looks 282*a*
O w -country, wooed not wed 45*a*
O W ! in our hours of ease 318*b*
perfect w , nobly planned 470*b*
pleasant to any sort of w 237*b*
poor lone w 380*a*
post-chaise with a pretty w 209*b*
shallow, changing w 385*a*
shape of a w has haunted me 222*b*
she is a w , therefore 368*a*
she was a worthy w 88*b*
silliest w manage a clever man 237*b*
sort of bloom on a w 21*b*
so unbecoming to a w 460*a*
so unto the man is w 248*b*
speaks small like a w 355*b*
still be a w to you 292*b*
still gentler sister w 59*a*
such a w oweth to her husband 367*a*
such beauty as a w 's eye 345*a*
take a mere beggar-w 288*b*
that made a w cry 256*a*
that princely w 239*a*
the female w 451*a*
there shone one w 424*a*
the rib made he a w 492*a*
the wickedness of a w 520*b*
the w died also 507*b*
the w 's a whore 208*b*
the w 's deaf, and does not hear 299*b*
they are neither man nor w 298*a*
think myself a very bad W 1*b*
'tis brief as w 's love 334*a*
'tis w , w , rules us still 282*a*
to a w not to show weakness 560*b*
tongue good when it an't a w 's 126*a*
to play the w 386*a*
torrent of a w 's will 528*a*
uncommon pretty young w 144*a*
untimely fruit of a w 485*b*
very honest w given to lie 325*a*
virtuous w is a crown 408*a*
vitality in a w 390*b*
was never yet fair w 342*b*
weak and feeble w 145*a*
what is better than a good w 89*a*
what is w ? agreeable blunders 107*b*
what w , however old 439*b*
who can find a virtuous w ? 499*a*
whose heaven shd be true W 312*a*
who takes a w must be undone 159*b*
who to a w trusts 173*a*
wicked w liberty to gad abroad 520*b*
wilt thou have this w 481*b*
wine, w , and song 440*b*
w among all those not found 499*b*
w as old as she looks 102*b*
w , behold thy son! 511*b*
w clothed with the sun 519*a*
w for the hearth 436*b*
w gained by every sort of flattery 91*a*
w , gentle w dare 407*a*
w had a bottom of good sense 210*b*
w hath found him already 361*a*
w having an alabaster box 508*a*
w in her selfless mood 428*b*
W , in the lofty character of Wife 122*b*
w in this humour wooed 384*b*
w is a dish for the gods 325*a*
w is a puzzle to me 439*b*
w is at heart a rake 302*a*
w is his game 436*b*
w is only a w 227*b*
w is so hard upon the w 436*b*
w is the lesser man 432*b*
W last thing civilized by Man 264*b*
w like a dew-drop 45*a*
w , lovely w , does the same 110*b*
w loves her lover 70*b*
w may marry whom she likes 440*a*
w moved is like a fountain 367*a*
w must wear chains 150*a*
w of so shining loveliness 476*a*
w said when she kissed her cow 418*b*
w 's at best a contradiction 302*a*
w sat in unwomanly rags 196*a*
w 's cause is man's 437*a*
w 's desire is rarely other 102*b*
w seldom asks advice 2*b*

Woman (*cont*)
w 's faith, and w 's trust 319*a*
w 's friendship ever ends in love 160*a*
w 's happiest knowledge 274*a*
w 's mind oft shifts 160*a*
w 's reason to say 63*b*
w 's whole existence 70*a*
w that deliberates is lost 1*b*
w that Lord Brutus took to wife 338*b*
w to obey 436*b*
w true and fair 134*a*
w wailing for her demon lover 101*a*
w wakes to love 428*b*
w well-reputed, Cato's daughter 338*b*
w , what have I to do with thee? 510*b*
w ! when I behold thee flippant 222*a*
w who did not care 236*a*
w who lived in a shoe 533*b*
w whom thou gavest with me 492*b*
w who wd tell one that 460*b*
w , wine and song 569*a*
w with the heart 436*b*
w with the West in her eyes 98*a*
w yet think him an angel 439*b*
worser spirit a w colour'd ill 380*b*
wd it not grieve a w 358*a*
yet a w too 479*b*
yr wish is w to win 440*b*
Woman'd see me w 362*b*
Woman-head more than one a bed 133*b*
Womanhood good, heroic w 248*a*
w and childhood fleet 247*b*
Womankind admire of w but one 108*b*
faith in w 437*a*
I do think better of w 222*b*
packs off its w 390*b*
the pink o' w 62*b*
worst he can of w 194*b*
Womanly now is pure w 195*b*
so w , her demeaning 402*b*
Womb chaste lady's pregnant w 260*b*
his mother's w untimely ripped 351*a*
immensity in thy dear w 133*a*
into her w convey sterility 342*a*
like a child from the w 393*b*
making their tomb the w 388*b*
sadder than the Niobean w 421*a*
teeming w of royal kings 375*a*
the grave, and the barren w 499*a*
w of nature perhaps her grave 273*a*
w of uncreated night 272*b*
Women Achilles among w 42*b*
alas! the love of w 70*b*
all w become like their mothers 460*a*
all w born are so perverse 35*b*
among thy honourable w 484*b*
are not w truly, then shadows 216*a*
as the weird w promised 348*b*
beautiful w of antiquity 292*b*
because w have cancers 222*b*
blessed art thou among w 508*b*
by bad w been deceived 277*b*
by subtleties these w are! 264*a*
cry of w rose 136*a*
dear dead w , with such hair 52*b*
devil wd have him about w 382*a*
England is a paradise for w 64*b*
experience of w many nations 136*a*
fairest among w 500*a*
fears than wars or w have 386*a*
framed to make w false 360*b*
from w 's eyes this doctrine 345*a*
happiest w have no history 144*b*
hard for w to keep counsel! 339*a*
her w fair, her men robust 77*b*
in the room the w come and go 144*b*
if w cd be fair 120*b*
I must have w 150*b*
in w , two almost divide 302*a*
Italy a hell for w 64*b*
jewels make w fat or thin 21*b*
Kent, sir hops and w 126*a*
lamps shone o'er fair w 68*a*
learn about w from me 230*b*
learned about w from 'er 230*b*
Legend of Good W 426*b*
let us have wine and w 70*b*
let yr w keep silence 514*b*
like w 's letters in the postscript 183*a*
lost and worn, than w 's are 170*b*
loved many strange w 496*a*

Women (*cont*)
Mary, pity w ! 232*b*
men and w with our race 227*b*
men in w do require 30*b*
men that w marry 247*b*
men, w , and clergymen 404*b*
Monstrous Regiment of W 238*a*
my fifty men and w 49*a*
not denyin' the w are foolish 144*a*
old w (of both sexes) 411*b*
one of Shakespeare's w 395*a*
opinion of the generality of w. 223*a*
other w cloy the appetites 323*a*
other w know so much 44*b*
passing the love of w 229*a*, 495*b*
practise with men and w 51*a*
proper function of w 144*b*
say that I know w 439*b*
seven w take hold of one man 501*a*
several virtues liked several w 367*b*
shame for w to speak 514*b*
sick of the hired w 232*b*
some w 'll stay in a man's memory 237*b*
souls of w are so small 66*a*
sweet is revenge, especially to w 70*a*
there be w , fair as she 182*a*
there's wisdom in w 40*a*
these tell-tale w 385*a*
though w are angels 73*a*
tide in the affairs of w 71*a*
to passionate w if it seem 474*b*
'twixt w 's love, and men's 132*a*
two main plagues wine and w 64*a*
uniform work its way with the w 127*a*
wage no war with w 406*b*
were w never so fair 251*a*
were w never so false 251*a*
we submit to w so 78*b*
where w walk in public 457*b*
wh w don't understand 232*b*
with w the heart argues 7*a*
w and care and trouble 451*b*
W , and Champagne, and Bridge 26*b*
w and elephants never forget 572*b*
W and Horses and Power 227*a*
w and music never be dated 171*a*
w and wine shd life employ 159*b*
w are angels, wooing 368*b*
w are a sex by themselves 25*a*
w are like tricks 104*b*
w are mostly troublesome cattle 250*a*
w are so simple to offer war 367*a*
W are strongest 520*a*
w can true converts make 150*b*
w care more for a marriage 17*b*
w come out to cut up 237*a*
w desyren to have sovereyntee 89*b*
w do in men require 30*b*
w guide the plot 400*b*
w have an entertaining tattle 91*a*
w have but two passions 91*a*
w have no characters at all 302*a*
w labouring of child 479*a*
w more like each other than men 91*a*
w must be half-workers 328*b*
w must weep 226*b*
w never look so well 417*a*
w of good carriage 365*a*
w , then, are only children 91*a*
w who love their lords 194*b*
w , worst and best 429*a*
you shd be w 346*a*
Won baffled oft is ever w 72*b*
I am too quickly w 365*a*
I've w ! I've w ! 98*b*
I've w others to sin 132*a*
nothing lost nor w 66*a*
not that you w or lost 309*a*
other palms are w 467*a*
she is w ! we are gone 318*a*
she w , and Cupid blind did rise 251*b*
some say that we w 256*b*
spirit in wh thy are w 458*a*
where you will never w 529*a*
why, having w her 293*b*
woman in this humour w 384*b*
woman, therefore may be w 368*a*
woman, therefore to be w 384*a*
Wonder all a w and a wild desire 51*a*
all the w that wd be 432*b*

Wonder (*cont*)
around the w grew 199*a*
common w of all men 42*a*
did w more and more 108*b*
great w in heaven 519*a*
in w love and praise 2*a*
I w, by my troth 133*a*
I w what you are 425*a*
I w what you're at 83*a*
mournful that no new w betide 475*b*
'no w,' said the lords 425*b*
one w at the least 259*b*
seek no w but the human face 218*a*
still the w grew 168*b*
to work a w, God wd have 191*a*
we w at ourselves 463*a*
what w if a Poet now and then 472*b*
without our special w 349*a*
w how the devil they got there 303*a*
w of an hour 68*a*
w of our age 176*b*
w of our stage! 215*b*
w of this earth 395*a*
w, wh is the seed of knowledge 13*a*
worship is transcendent w 80*b*
Wondered all the world w 426*a*
Wonderful all things wise and w 3*a*
anything that is w 104*a*
called W, Counsellor 501*b*
how w is Death 393*b*
my God, how w Thou art 149*b*
O w, w, and most w 327*a*
passing strange and w 393*b*
to add to this w year 158*b*
'w!' I ejaculated 136*a*
Wondering for his bread 112*a*
Wonders all w in one sight 115*a*
carry within us the w 41*b*
declare the w that he doeth 488*b*
'e w because 'e is frequent 236*b*
his w in the deep 488*b*
his w to perform 110*a*
my signs and w in Egypt 493*b*
w in the land of Ham 488*b*
w that I yet have heard 339*a*
w what's to pay 200*a*
w where he is 443*b*
w will never cease 142*b*
Wondrous more w still charming fair 31*b*
more w still the table 31*b*
thyself how w then! 275*a*
w the gods, more w the men 31*b*
w, w, still the cock and hen 31*b*
Woning fer by weste 88*b*
Won't Don't! Shan't! W! 233*a*
if she w, she w 528*a*
will you, w you 83*a*
Woo April when they w 327*b*
Duncan Gray came here to w 60*a*
so thou wilt w 365*a*
tell my story that wd w her 360*a*
why, having won her, do I w? 293*b*
w foul weather all too soon 196*a*
Wood behind the little w 433*b*
bows down to w and stone 184*a*
brown heath and shaggy w 317*b*
char the w ere limn with it 442*a*
cleave the w 526*a*
deep and gloomy w 472*a*
great Birnam w 349*b*
heap on more w 318*a*
Hermit good lives in that w 99*b*
herrings grew in the w 534*a*
impulse from a vernal w 471*b*
I walked by the w side 35*a*
makes wing to the rooky w 349*a*
misty border of the w 476*a*
my house in the high w 27*a*
old w best to burn 13*b*
old w burn brightest 454*b*
set out to plant a w 419*b*
springth the w nu 526*a*
starlight w, with fearful steps 394*b*
their dark impenetrable w 318*b*
three (years) in the w 20*a*
trees that are in the w 526*b*
true w, of yew-w 135*a*
what w a cudgel's of 65*b*
whiffling thro' the tulgey w 83*b*
within the bloody w 145*a*

Wood (*cont*)
w and the pool and elder tree 119*b*
w of English bows 135*a*
you are not w but men 340*a*
Woodbine well-attir'd w 270*a*
with luscious w 356*b*
w spaces are wafted 434*a*
Wood-birds but to couple now 357*b*
Woodcock w near the gin 371*a*
w to mine own springe 337*a*
Woodcocks springes to catch w 331*a*
Wooden walls are the best 106*b*
Wooden-shoes Round-heads and W 1*b*
Woodland about the w ride 198*b*
our winter w looks a flower 426*b*
Woodlands about the w I will go 198*b*
Woodman w, spare that tree! 284*a*
w, spare the beechen tree 76*b*
Wood-notes native w wild 269*a*
Wood-pigeons breed 399*b*
Woods from the golden w 436*b*
Greta w are green 319*a*
in these wild w forlorn 276*b*
into the w my Master went 242*b*
never knew the summer w 430*a*
no bosomed w adorn 235*a*
no road thro' the w! 236*a*
pleasure in the pathless w 69*b*
sea-blooms and the oozy w 396*b*
senators of mighty w 218*a*
sounding Clouden's w 50*b*
stroll alone thro' fields and w 101*a*
teachers had been w and rills 463*a*
these hoary w are grand 320*b*
there is a spirit in the w 468*a*
these w more free from peril 325*b*
those enchanted w 264*b*
to the sleeping w all night 99*b*
we'll to the w no more 199*b*
Wet Wild W 237*a*
when all the w are still 278*a*
where are those starry w? 37*a*
w decay and fall 438*a*
w have no voice but complaining 284*a*
w on shore look dim 282*b*
w or steepy mountain yields 259*a*
w shall to me answer 408*b*
Woodspurge has a cup 313*a*
Wooed beautiful, therefore to be w 384*a*
her worth, that wd be w 275*b*
love that he hath never w 36*a*
pensively he w 468*a*
she w an Englishman 528*a*
woman-country, w not wed 45*a*
woman in this humour w 384*b*
woman, therefore may be w 368*a*
w and married and a' 310*b*, 528*b*
Wooer knight to be their w 528*b*
Woof we knew her w 219*a*
w of my tent's thin roof 393*a*
Wooing ha, ha, the w o't 60*a*
love-making, or w of it 14*a*
who comes a w me 225*b*
women are angels, w 368*b*
w, wedding, and repenting 358*a*
Woomgs romances paint w 70*b*
Wool have you any w? 534*b*
he giveth snow like w 490*b*
he had no w on de top 156*b*
if such as came for w 48*b*
rain into a fleece of w 486*b*
tease the huswife's w 267*b*
where de w ought to grow 156*b*
Woollen odious! in w! 302*a*
Woolly clothing, w, bright 32*b*
Word a dectarreal w 166*a*
a false w spoken 26*a*
an irksome w and task 440*b*
a time for such a w 350*b*
a w and a blow 54*a*, 139*b*, 365*b*
be a hearer of the w 517*b*
before thy uncreating w 299*a*
Bilbo's the w 104*b*
birth of w *flirtation* 91*a*
but even that w alone 312*b*
by water and the W 415*b*
captain's but a choleric w 351*b*
contempt of thy W 478*b*
doers of the w, and not hearers 517*b*
every idle w that men speak 506*b*

Word (*cont*)
every w be established 515*b*
every w stabs 358*a*
every w that proceedeth 494*b*, 505*a*
first w that Sir Patrick read 529*b*
flowering in a lonely w 439*a*
fool can play upon the w! 354*b*
for no w however sounding to relax 412*b*
for teaching me that w 355*a*
frantic boast and foolish w 233*b*
God has not said a w 50*b*
God the w that spake it 145*b*
honour his own w 427*b*
if my w be sterling 376*a*
I'll talk a w with this Theban 343*a*
ill w may empoison liking 358*b*
in every whispered w 73*b*
in the beginning was the W 510*b*
left w and take the dede 251*a*
Lord gave the w 486*a*
man's w is God in man 427*b*
mute and will not speak a w 366*b*
nat o w wol he faille 89*a*
ne'er a w wad ane o' them 531*b*
not a w of sorrow 462*b*
not eaten thee for a w 345*a*
observant of His heav'nly W 131*b*
one w is too often profaned 399*b*
or a w be spoken 421*b*
pardon's the w to all 329*a*
proud w you never spoke 241*b*
sincere milk of the w 517*b*
some with a flattering w 459*b*
some w like Basingstoke 166*b*
so the W had breath 430*a*
speak but one w to me 284*b*
speak no angry w 3*a*
suit the w to the action 333*b*
Tears wash out a W ot it 153*b*
that I kept my w 119*b*
that once familiar w 22*a*
the w of Caesar might have stood 340*a*
they hear the W 234*b*
thief said the last kind w 51*a*
this w shall speak for me 344*b*
thy w is a lantern 489*a*
time lies in one little w! 374*b*
to-day I pronounced a w 155*a*
to neither a w will I say 160*a*
torture one poor w 141*a*
true and lively W 480*b*
two meanings packed into one w 85*a*
'twas God the w that spake it 145*b*
wanton springs end in a w 374*b*
we had no w to say 459*b*
we have not the w (Philistinism) 9*a*
we said no w 459*b*
what the w did make it 145*b*
when I use a w 85*a*
w, at random spoken 317*b*
w fitly spoken 498*b*
w for w without book 360*b*
w is but wynd 251*a*
w of God is quick, and powerful 517*a*
w spoken in due season 498*a*
W was made flesh 510*b*
you've spoken the foremost w! 531*b*
Words abideth not in w 229*b*
all their courteous w 137*b*
all w forgotten 119*b*
alms-basket of w 345*a*
a rhapsody of w 335*a*
artillery of w 419*b*
barren superfluity of w 159*a*
bright is the ring of w 414*b*
but w are w 360*a*
choice w, and measured phrase 470*b*
comer of sweet w 8*a*
councils his w will grace 40*b*
darkeneth by w without knowledge 497*b*
deceive you with vain w 515*b*
deeds, not w shall speak me 23*a*
determination of w to the mouth 417*a*
dressing old w new 388*a*
embodied in the mystery of w 469*b*
few of the unpleasant'st w 354*b*
finde w newe 89*a*
fine w butter no parsnips 319*b*
fine w I where you stole 'em 419*b*

Words (*cont*)
for all sad w of tongue 459*a*
form of sound w 516*b*
for the idiom of w 306*a*
give sorrow w 350*a*
glotoun of w 242*b*
good w, I think, were best 374*b*
hear what comfortable w 480*b*
Heaven hath my empty w 351*b*
he w me, girls 325*a*
high thought, and amiable w 428*a*
his w trip about him 279*a*
his w were smoother than oil 485*b*
immodest w admit no defence 128*a*
in all His w most wonderful 288*b*
in w deceiving 270*b*
it wasn't the w 527*a*
last w name of M Angelo 308*b*
last w of Higginbotham 403*b*
let the w of my mouth 482*b*
let thy w be few 499*a*
like the empty w of a dream 36*b*
melting melodious w 190*b*
men of few w are the best 382*a*
much in few w 526*b*
much matter into few w 157*b*
multiplieth w without knowledge 407*b*
my w among mankind 396*b*
my w are my own 87*b*
my w were now written 497*a*
neither by hir w 89*b*
oaths are w, and w but wind 65*b*
perfect music unto noble w 437*a*
play 'po' w ? 75*a*
proper w in proper places 418*a*
prune thou thy w 288*b*
repeats his w 374*a*
silence even from good w 484*a*
so well thy w become thee 346*a*
such as w could never utter 440*b*
sweet w, low-crooked curtsies 339*a*
ten low w oft creep 300*a*
these are very bitter w 380*a*
these two w undone the world 321*a*
the w so fair 216*b*
thro' w and things 464*a*
'twas throwing w away 472*b*
two narrow w, *Hic jacet* 308*a*
two w to that bargain 418*b*
vulgar languages that want w 216*b*
what so wild as w are 52*b*
wh into w no virtue can digest 259*b*
while his acrid w turn 194*a*
with hard w and unkiss'd 294*a*
with lucky w favour 269*a*
with these dark w begins 465*a*
wit, nor w, nor worth 340*a*
w and deeds are modes 148*a*
w, and no performance 262*b*
w are also actions 148*a*
w are like a cloud of snakes 397*a*
w are men's daughters 256*b*
w are no deeds 385*b*
w are quick and vain 397*a*
w are the daughters of earth 212*b*
w as hard as cannon-balls 147*b*
w divide and rend 420*b*
w in Mr Montgomery's writing 254*b*
w into the ends of the world 482*b*
w, like Nature, half-reveal 429*b*
w may be false 321*b*
w move slow 300*a*
w of learned length 168*b*
w of love then spoken 282*b*
w of the wise are as goads 500*a*
w of truth and soberness 513*a*
w once spoke never be recall'd 127*b*
w seemed to them as idle tales 510*a*
w, that burn 175*a*
w that have been so nimble 22*b*
w tokens for conceits 13*a*
w to the heat of deeds 347*b*
w, w, mere w 369*b*
w, w or I shall burst 150*a*
w, w, w 332*a*
yr w, they rob the Hybla bees 341*a*
Wordsworth carnage, so W tells 71*b*
happy in *three wives* as Mr W is 240*b*
let simple W chime 72*b*
Mr W's epic poetry 183*b*
out-babying W 252*a*
Wordsworth (*cont*)
sedulous ape to W 412*b*
W, both are thine 410*b*
W's eyes avert their ken 7*a*
W's healing power 6*b*
W sometimes wakes 71*a*
W's standard of intoxication 401*a*
W's sweet calm 7*a*
W, Tennyson, and Browning 17*b*
W was not prone enough 183*a*
Wordsworthian or egotistical sublime 223*a*
Wore she wore a wreath of roses 22*b*
she w when she was wed 433*a*
w enough for modesty 53*b*
w, I think, a chasuble 182*b*
Work a little w 263*a*
all out of w, and cold fraction 381*b*
at his dirty w again 303*a*
a wonderful piece of w 322*b*
blessed he who has found his w 81*b*
bread and w for all 29*a*
canst w i' the earth 331*b*
clean w, and for what pay? 314*a*
deareth a good w 516*b*
dirty w and for what pay 314*a*
do the w that's nearest 226*a*
every man's w shall be manifest 514*a*
faints the cold w 103*a*
for their w continueth 234*b*
his little w of love 3*b*
his six days' w 275*b*
his w of glory done 111*a*
if any wd not w 516*b*
I have protracted my w 207*a*
I like w it fascinates me 205*a*
it is warm w 287*a*
I want w 377*a*
Kaspar's w was done 406*a*
left no immortal w behind me 223*b*
life's w well done 292*a*
man goeth forth to his w 488*b*
man stopped w at this age 291*a*
'mid w of his own hand 466*b*
no one shall w for money 236*b*
not breed one w that wakes 198*a*
nothing to do but w 225*a*
now let it w 340*b*
only men who did the w 236*a*
patience have her perfect w 517*a*
plenty of w to do 205*a*
poet not w by square or line 108*a*
progress of wages to w 81*a*
put us to w anew 236*b*
rewardest man according to his w 485*b*
said, 'Dear w! Good night!' 198*b*
scan his w in vain 110*a*
sole w of a life-time 46*a*
sport as tedious as to w 376*b*
then smoothed her w 198*b*
there is always w 250*a*
there is no w nor device 499*b*
the righteous w, the public care 511*b*
those men that do no w to-day 383*a*
to make dictionaries is dull w 212*b*
too warm w, Hardy, to last long 287*a*
to w, and back to bed 261*b*
to w a wonder, God wd have 191*a*
when all its w is done 204*a*
when Nature has w to be done 148*b*
when no man can w 511*a*
when she is by I leave my w 79*b*
when w was scrappy 91*b*
when yr w is finished 229*b*
who first invented W 240*a*
whose w is not born with him 250*a*
woman is the w of God 31*a*
w apace, apace, apace 118*b*
w for poor old Ned 156*b*
w like a dagger on the railroad 147*a*
w of noble note 439*a*
w of our hands upon us 487*b*
w the Ides of March began 341*a*
w them to their good 407*b*
w till further orders 229*b*
w without hope 102*a*
wrought in the w 496*b*
years to be of w and joy 39*a*
Worked he w and sang 28*a*
men that w for England 92*a*
Workers w of the world unite 528*b*
w start amid their work 43*a*
Workest great marvels 478*b*
Workhouse home is the woman's w 391*a*
Working for the joy of the w 236*b*
in w, if travail you sustain 177*a*
w six weeks in a year 444*a*
Working-class vast portion of the w 9*b*
Working-house of thought 383*b*
Workmanship dark inscrutable w 469*a*
wonder at the w 267*b*
Workmen Master of all Good W 236*b*
Works cast off the w of darkness 514*a*
counsels, and all just w 478*b*
faith without w is dead 517*b*
full of good w 512*a*
God now accepteth thy w 499*b*
good w in her husband 276*a*
his ordinary w convince it 15*a*
his w are the comments on it 223*a*
how our w endure 228*a*
I know thy w 518*b*
in w of labour, or of skill 453*a*
may see yr good w 505*a*
move immediately upon yr w 173*a*
noblest w from childless men 14*b*
noble w that thou didst 470*a*
O all ye W of the Lord 478*a*
our w begun, continued 480*b*
rich in good w 516*b*
rulers not a terror to good w. 513*b*
still, the more he w 471*a*
Saturday's w hard for its living 525*a*
their w do follow them 519*b*
vulgar w of man 469*a*
w done least rapidly 49*a*
w his sovereign Will 110*a*
W of Supererogation 491*b*
Workshop England w of the world 128*a*
Worky-day fortune 322*b*
World a balm upon the w 218*a*
abide in this dull w 324*b*
above the w you fly 83*a*
a bubble burst, and now a w 300*b*
ae half of the w 320*a*
a foutra for the w 381*a*
against a w in arms, 254*b*
Alexander at the head of the w 449*a*
a little w made cunningly 133*a*
all's right with the w 50*a*
all the sad w needs 459*a*
all the uses of this w 330*a*
all the w and his wife 46
all the w has gained by thee 68*a*
all the w's a stage 326*b*
all the w wondered 426*a*
all the w wd stare 109*a*
all th' inamoured w will say 249*b*
America half-brother of the w 18*a*
and saved a w 282*a*
anywhere out of the w ! 196*a*
as good be out of the w 95*b*
a' the weary w to quiet 20*b*
at wh the w grew pale 213*b*
banish all the w 378*a*
become fit for this w 222*a*
be'old this w so wide 229*a*
bend doth awe the w 337*b*
Berkeley destroyed this w 405*a*
blackguard made the w 199*b*
books are a substantial w 468*b*
bottom of the monstrous w 270*a*
brave new w 368*a*
brave w, Sir, full of religion 25*b*
briars, is this working-day w ! 325*b*
Britain is a w by itself 328*b*
broad highway of the w 393*b*
burden of the w 258*b*
busy w is hushed 288*b*
but else, not for the w 365*a*
called the New W into existence 79*a*
caught the w's great hands 202*a*
chide no breather in the w 327*a*
compare this prison unto the w 376*a*
compass of the w 483*a*
courts places to learn the w in 90*b*
cup us, till the w go round 323*b*
daffed the w aside 378*b*
deceits of the w 478*b*
deign on the passing w 213*b*

World (*cont*)
devil kingdoms of the w 505*a*
dry a cinder this w is 132*b*
dull w a business of delight 395*b*
earth and the w were made 487*b*
enjoys the w aright 436*b*
enthusiasm moves the w 18*a*
ere the w. be passed 168*a*
estate o' the w were now undone 351*a*
even so the w 312*b*
excellent foppery of the w 341*b*
experience of this w 145*a*
extend thy mind o'er all the w 277*a*
eyes nourish all the w 345*a*
fair volume wh we W do name 137*b*
fashion of this w passeth away 514*a*
fled from this vile w 388*a*
folly of the w confounds 194*b*
free, the w before me 458*a*
furloughs for another w 141*b*
gave his honours to the w 386*a*
get the whole w out of bed 261*b*
girdled with the gleaming w 433*a*
give warning to the w 388*a*
gleams of a remoter w 396*a*
gleams that untravelled w 438*b*
God so loved the w 510*b*
good and increase of the w 426*b*
good-bye, proud w 146*b*
good deed in a naughty w 355*b*
good w to spend in 38*a*
great morning of the w 392*a*
great while ago the w begun 372*a*
great w 's altar-stairs 430*b*
great w spin for ever 432*b*
had we but w enough 260*a*
hand that rules the w 448*b*
he doth bestride the narrow w 337*b*
herald of a noisy w 112*a*
hereafter, in a better w than this 325*b*
high shore of this w 382*b*
his little w of man 342*b*
his six days' work, a w 275*b*
holds the w between His bill 475*a*
hold the w but as the w 352*b*
Holy Ghost over the bent w 107*b*
hooker the wide w round! 236*a*
how small the w is 177*a*
if he shall gain the whole w 507*a*
if there's another w 62*a*
I have never sought the w 211*a*
I have not loved the w 68*b*
I have overcome the w 511*b*
in a w I never made 200*a*
in the morning of the w 50*a*
in the very w, wh is w of us all 469*b*
in the whole wide w again 416*a*
in this harsh w draw thy breath 337*a*
into a w wh, wanting thee 449*a*
into the dangerous w I leapt 32*a*
is the voice of the w 42*a*
joy the w can give 73*b*
kind that is not in the w 476*a*
knew the merry w was round 439*a*
knowledge of the w in the w 90*b*
leaves the w to darkness 174*a*
leave the w unseen 219*b*
lesser god had made the w 429*a*
let the w mind him 47*a*
let the w slide 23*b*
light of the bright w dies 34*a*
little body is aweary of this w 352*b*
little of this great w 360*a*
little wisdom the w is governed 567*b*
long prayers in the w they say 6*a*
look round the habitable w! 142*b*
lords of the w besides 270*b*
loved this present w 516*b*
love that makes the w go round 83*a*, 524*b*
made the bright w dim 399*b*
made the round w so sure 487*b*
made the w to be a grassy road 476*a*
mad w! Mad kings! 374*a*
Mad W, my Masters 35*a*, 425*a*
make me such another w 363*b*
manifold changes of the w 479*b*
man is one w 187*b*
may the w go well with thee 527*a*
mighty w of eye, and ear 472*a*
month in wh the w began 89*a*
music is the gladness of the w 144*b*
my blemishes in the w 's report 323*b*
my country is the w 292*a*
myself create my little w 24*a*
naked shingles of the w 5*a*
naked sword throughout the w 186*b*
noble blood of all this w 339*b*
nor the w me 68*b*
now attracts the envy of the w 55*b*
o'er a slumbering w 477*a*
of all the w 's brave heroes 526*a*
of this bad w the loveliest 26*b*
of whom the w was not worthy 517*a*
oh w, no w, but public wrongs 238*b*
O monstrous w.! 362*a*
one half of the w. cannot understand 11*a*
one to face the w with 40*b*
on the lunar w securely pry 139*b*
on the shore of the wide w 221*a*
O w invisible, we view thee 442*a*
O w! O life! O time! 395*a*
O w! thou wast the forest 339*b*
pass thro' this w but once 521*b*
peace wh the w cannot give 478*b*
poor W (said I) 114*b*
procrastinating urge of the w 457*b*
proud w, said I 115*a*
quiet limit of the w 438*b*
rack of this tough w 344*a*
reaching to some great w 294*b*
reckless what I do spite the w 348*b*
ring'd with the azure w 426*b*
roll of the w eastward 180*b*
Rose of all the W 475*b*
rotundity o' the w 342*b*
round about the pendent w! 352*a*
round the w away 226*a*
round the w for ever and aye 5*b*
rulers of the darkness of this w 516*a*
say to all the w 'a man!' 341*b*
secure amidst a falling w 2*b*
see a W in a Grain of Sand 29*a*
see how this w goes 343*b*
seek a newer w 439*a*
sensual w proclaim 283*a*
service of the antique w 326*a*
set the w on Sixe and Sevene 90*a*
shakers of the w for ever 291*a*
shot heard round the w 146*b*
shows he is a citizen of the w 15*a*
since all the riches of this w 30*b*
smile of safety wounds the w 379*b*
snug farm of the W 406*b*
so, in the w 339*a*
so runs the w away 334*b*
spectacle unto the w 514*a*
spins the heavy w 190*b*
start of the majestic w 337*b*
stood against the w 340*a*
strange to the w 33*a*
take note, O w! 362*a*
ten to the world allot 214*b*
than this w dreams of 429*a*
that, has the w here 47*a*
the care of this w 506*b*
their star is a w 49*a*
these laid the w away 39*a*
the whole w woke 93*a*
the w 's an inn 141*a*
the w. was young then 307*a*
the W went very well then 570*a*
the w ye shall have tribulation 511*b*
this busie w and I 107*a*
this dark w of sin 28*a*
this gewgaw w 139*a*
this is a puzzling w 144*a*
this little w, this precious stone 375*a*
this noble w of thee 280*b*
this the w well knows 389*a*
this unintelligible w 472*a*
this warm kind w is all I know 106*b*
this wise w of ours 427*b*
this w, I hate ye 386*a*
this w 's no blot 46*b*
this w so vast 202*b*
tho' the w be a-waning 284*a*
thoughts rule the w 148*b*
thou seest the w, Volumnius 341*b*
thou tell'st the w it is not worth 325*a*
thou vain w., adieu 79*a*
thro' the W, we safely go 29*b*
thus I live in the w 1*b*
tied the w in a tether 424*a*
till the w is wrought to sympathy 398*a*
to know the w, not love her 477*b*
to the ending of the w 383*a*
trying to adapt the w 391*a*
turned the w upside down 512*b*
'twas never merry w 371*b*
two words have undone the w 321*a*
unspotted from the w 517*b*
vanity of this wicked w 481*a*
verdict of the w is conclusive 537*b*
view the w as a vale of tears 46*a*
visiting this various w 394*b*
void, the w can never fill 109*b*
wash again this soiled w 457*b*
wave that echoes round the w 428*b*
way the w ends 145*a*
we and the labouring w 475*b*
what of the w 's bane 475*a*
what wd the w be, once bereft 197*b*
when all the w dissolves 228*b*
when all the world is old 226*a*
when all the w is young 226*a*
when in the w I lived 345*b*
when Rome falls—the W 69*a*
whereon the Saviour of the w 67*b*
wh is the w of all of us 469*b*
whole w cannot shew another 261*a*
whoso hath this w 's good 518*a*
wide w dreaming on things 388*b*
wilderness of this w 54*a*
will gaze upon this w 476*b*
winds of the W, give answer! 228*b*
wondrous Architecture of the w 259*a*
w affords or grows by kind 143*a*
w and all her train 448*b*
w and his wife 418*b*
w and its ways have a worth 52*a*
w and love were young 307*b*
w, as God has made it! 47*a*
w as my parish 456*a*
w be made safe for democracy 462*a*
w be worth the winning 139*a*
w below the shadow 231*b*
w but an hospital 42*a*
w consists of men, women, and Hervey's 280*a*
w contains, the wh he ed approve 399*a*
w continues to offer prizes 28*b*
w forgetting, by the w forgot 299*b*
w full of a number of things 414*a*
W give thee credit for the rest 94*b*
w has grown grey from Thy breath 423*b*
w has little to bestow 18*b*
w has no such flowers 423*a*
w in every corner sing 187*a*
w is a bundle of hay 72*b*
w is all a fleeting show 282*b*
w is charged with the grandeur 197*b*
w is full of care 451*b*
w is full of meat and drink 413*b*
w is in a state of chassis 290*b*
w is made up fools and knaves 53*b*
w is not for aye 334*a*
w is not thy friend 366*a*
w is too much with us 473*a*
w is weary of the past 394*a*
w its veterans rewards 302*a*
w laughs with you 459*a*
w may end to-night 47*b*
w must be peopled 358*b*
w now is but the minister 36*a*
w of gammon and spinnach 122*a*
w of happy days 384*b*
w of men for me 49*b*
w of pomp and state 22*b*
w of vile ill-favour'd faults 356*a*
w of waters wild 443*a*
w, or even worldkin 81*b*
w 's a bubble 17*a*
w 's a jest, and joy's a trinket 410*b*
w 's a scene of changes 107*a*
w 's as ugly, ay, as sin 246*a*
w 's course will not fail 294*a*

World (*cont*)
w 's great age begins anew 394*a*
w 's great men not scholars 194*b*
w 's great snare uncaught 324*a*
w shall end when I forget 422*b*
w shd listen then 398*b*
w 's mine oyster 355*b*
w 's more full of weeping 476*a*
w 's storm-troubled sphere 38*b*
w 's tempestuous sea 143*b*
w still deceived with ornament 354*a*
w surely is wide enough 411*b*
w 's whole sap is sunk 133*b*
w to hide virtues in 369*b*
w was all before them 277*a*
w was very guilty 344*b*
W Well Lost 139*a*
w where all are pure 428*a*
w will follow only those 67*a*
w will give thee credit 94*b*
w will not believe man repents 427*b*
w without end Amen 478*a*
w wd go round a deal faster 82*b*
w wd smell like a tomb 395*b*
worst w that ever was known 38*a*
ye are the light of the w 505*a*
yr back upon the w 247*b*
World-forsakers world-losers and w 291*a*
Worldlings mak'st a testament as w 325*b*
world, and w base 381*a*
World-losers and world-forsakers 291*a*
Worldly all my w goods 481*b*
all w shapes shall melt 77*a*
be wisely w 307*a*
breath of w men 375*a*
honours, or for w state 465*a*
thanked my God for w things 30*b*
W Hope men set their Hearts 152*b*
Worldly-Wise-Man 54*a*
Worlds allur'd to brighter w 168*b*
both the w suffer 348*b*
both w at once they view 449*a*
from w not quickened by the sun 464*a*
in never-fading w 464*b*
in w not realized 466*b*
joy for it worth w 186*b*
new w to buy 260*b*
so many w , so much to do 430*b*
Soul of all the w 464*b*
the crush of w 1*b*
Wind that blows between the W 235*b*
w in th' yet unformed Occident 117*a*
worth purchasing with w 151*a*
World-terror's wing 92*a*
World-without-end w bargain 345*b*
w hour 388*a*
Worm big as a round little w 364*b*
Conqueror W 298*a*
don't cackle w'en he fine a w 182*a*
I am a w , and no man 483*a*
I am but as a crushed w 535*b*
I want to be a w 167*b*
like a w i' the bud 371*a*
or was I a w —too low-crawling 218*a*
rather tough w 165*a*
sets foot upon a w 112*b*
sharp-headed w 438*a*
spirit of the w beneath the sod 393*b*
spouse of the w 77*b*
the crested w 112*b*
their w dieth not 508*b*
w at one end fool at the other 214*a*
w is cloven in vain 430*b*
w is yr only emperor 335*a*
w mounts thro' all the spires 146*b*
w nor snail, do no offence 356*b*
w that hath eat of a king 335*b*
w that never dies 39*b*
w , the canker, and the grief 73*b*
Worms among the hungry w I sleep 529*a*
convocation of politic w 335*a*
devils wd set on me in W 569*a*
flies, w , and flowers 453*a*
he was eaten of w 512*b*
I was one of the w 105*b*
I went to W , and got more drunken 304*b*
made w ' meat of me 365*b*
mercy on us w of earth 149*b*
nor w forget 124*b*
Worms (*cont*)
of w , and epitaphs 375*b*
then w shall try 260*a*
with vilest w to dwell 388*a*
w destroy this body 497*a*
w have eaten them 327*b*
w thy chambermaids 366*b*
w were hallowed that did breed 362*b*
Wormwood end is bitter as w 497*b*
star is called W 519*a*
the w and the gall 593*b*
Worn when we're w , hacked, hewn 406*a*
Worry and devour each other 109*b*
Worrying what's the use of w 10*b*
Worse as her mind grew w 465*b*
boundless better, boundless w 438*b*
but rather grew w 508*b*
cd make the w appear the better 272*a*
greater feeling to the w 374*b*
if they spake w , 'twere better 214*b*
kept it from being any w 180*b*
leave the w ones 25*b*
nobody seem'd one penny the w 19*a*
other things wh were w 237*a*
see better things follow w 551*b*
the better, the w 13*b*
w , and worst times, still succeed 190*b*
w than an infidel 516*b*
w than fables yet have feigned 272*b*
w to me than dead 462*b*
w when it comes late 205*b*
Worship are come to w him 504*b*
bow down to them, nor w them 480*a*
fell at his feet to w him 519*b*
must w him in spirit 510*b*
simple w of a day 219*b*
thy w and renown 484*b*
with what deep w 101*a*
with wh I w thine 399*b*
w her by years 428*a*
w is transcendent wonder 80*b*
w of the great of old 73*a*
w only thee 109*b*
w to the garish sun 366*a*
w , wh prevailed in Roman world 162*a*
ye ignorantly w 512*b*
Worshipped angels w be 131*b*
lifted up, or w 491*b*
suspect that I w the Devil 30*b*
w by the names divine 30*a*
Worshipper drowsy W outside Nature mourns her w 152*a*
Worshipp'st at the temple's shrine 317*a*
Worser throw away the w part 467*a*
Worst a full look at the w 335*a*
began best can't end w 179*b*
best and the w of this is 44*b*
best is like the w 422*b*
change for the w 232*a*
good in the w of us 192*a*
greatest, nor the w of men 68*b*
his w is better 183*a*
hopeless rubbish as thy w 410*b*
I love to be the w 418*a*
knew the w too young 229*b*
the w is not, so long 343*b*
things present, w 380*a*
thinks the w he can 194*b*
this is the w 343*b*
w are no worse 357*b*
w inn's w room 302*b*
w is death 375*a*
w is yet to come 206*a*
w kinde of infortune 90*a*
w returns to laughter 343*b*
w speaks something good 187*a*
Worth all his worldly w for this 438*a*
aught be w the doing 33*a*
comfort of thy w 387*b*
early known thy wondrous w 313*b*
entertain us with no w 449*a*
I am w more than ever 296*b*
in the w and choice 214*b*
much is she w 185*b*
own w then not knowing 388*b*
relic of departed w 68*a*
slow rises w by poverty 213*b*
Temple of thy W 232*b*
the conscience of her w 275*b*
what is the w of anything 76*a*
Worth (*cont*)
wit, nor words, nor w 340*a*
whose w 's unknown 389*a*
w a guinea a box 528*b*
w makes the man 301*b*
w of a State w of individuals 266*a*
w the travelling to 415*a*
Worthies than all the W did 134*a*
Worthiness change to virtue and to w 338*a*
combin'd in beauty's w 259*b*
Worthy found them w for himself 520*a*
I find thee w 250*b*
Lord, I am not w 506*a*
more w to leap in ourselves 341*b*
nine w and the best that were 257*a*
no more w to be called thy son 509*b*
of whom the world was not w 517*a*
seem w of yr love 469*a*
she was a w womman 88*b*
who is w to open the book 518*b*
w of the vocation 515*b*
Wotton Sir Henry W lover of angling 450*b*
Sir Henry W used to say 13*b*
Would as I w they shd do 481*a*
'dare not' wait upon 'I w' 347*a*
under her wings, and ye w not! 507*b*
Wouldst highly that w thou holily 346*b*
Wound did help to w itself 374*b*
earth felt the w 276*a*
felt a stain like a w 57*a*
gall a new-healed w 379*b*
heal me of my grievous w 429*b*
jests at scars never felt a w 365*a*
knife see not the w it makes 346*b*
my w is deep 530*b*
tho' rebels w thee 375*a*
tongue in every w of Caesar 340*b*
what w did ever heal 361*b*
whose annual w in Lebanon 271*b*
willing to w afraid to strike 303*a*
w for w 494*a*
w in the solicitor very serious 66*b*
w of peace is surety 369*a*
w that laid thee low 72*a*
Wounded tend the w under fire 229*b*
when w , heal'd thy wound 110*a*
w and left on Afghanistan's 237*a*
w for our transgressions 503*a*
w in the house of my friends 504*b*
w is the wounding heart 114*b*
w spirit who can bear? 498*b*
'you're w !' 'Nay' 47*b*
Wounds bind up my w 385*a*
dead Caesar's w 340*a*
faithful are the w of a friend 498*b*
guns, and drums, and w 376*b*
heals his w 289*a*
keeps his own w green 14*a*
kist his w that were so red 529*b*
labour and the w are vain 96*b*
words become thee as thy w 346*a*
w I had on Crispin's day 383*a*
Woundy they sound so w great 3*a*
Wrack a way, out of his w 386*a*
blow, wind! come, w ! 351*a*
Wracks thousand fearful w 384*b*
Wragg is in custody 9*a*
Wrangle shall we begin to w 526*a*
Wrap me up in my tarpaulin 459*a*
Wrapped w in purple robes 474*a*
w up my buth in a mistry 440*b*
Wrath day of w 540*a*
devil having great w 519*a*
envy and w shorten the life 520*b*
eternal w burnt after them 275*a*
flee from the w to come 504*b*
from the w of the Lamb 519*a*
grapes of w are stored 200*b*
he enter'd full of w 218*a*
his w endureth but the twinkling 483*b*
I told my w 32*a*
my w did grow 32*a*
not in cruelty, not in w 248*a*
nursing her w to keep it warm 62*b*
slow to w 517*a*
soft answer turneth away w 498*a*
sun go down upon yr w 515*b*
that day of w 317*b*
Thou'lt leave Thy w , and say 294*a*

Wrath (*cont*)
throw away Thy w 188*a*
tigers of w are wiser 31*a*
turning of the phials of w 312*b*
wh way shall I fly infinite w 273*b*
who the ox to w has moved 29*a*
W, by His meekness 33*a*
w of men worketh not 517*a*
w of Peleus' son 559*b*
w of the lion 31*a*
Wreath I put on thy w 218*a*
subtle w of hair 132*b*
sent thee late a rosy w 216*b*
Wreathed his lithe proboscis 274*a*
Wreck decay of that colossal w 396*b*
from its own w the thing 397*b*
only not a w 287*a*
with sunken w 381*b*
Wrecks above the w of Time 244*a*
on the shore vomits its w 395*b*
w of a dissolving dream 394*a*
Wreke him on a flye 90*a*
Wren considered Sir Christopher W 19*a*
eagle's wings I bore this w 139*a*
four Larks and a W 243*a*
miracle of a youth Mr Christopher W 149*b*
no better a musician than the w 355*b*
robin redbreast and the w 454*b*
Sir Christopher W said 27*b*
who shall hurt the little w 29*a*
w goes to 't 343*b*
w with little quill 357*a*
youngest w of nine 371*b*
w, the most diminutive of birds 350*a*
Wrestle we w not against flesh 516*a*
Wrestled as he w with him 493*a*
God w with him 450*b*
Sir, you have w well 325*b*
there w a man with him 493*a*
Wrestles he that w with us 57*b*
Wrestling I wretch lay w 197*a*
Wretch ceremony, such a w 383*a*
excellent w! 361*b*
hailed the w who won 69*a*
haply yon w, so famous 294*a*
leaves the w to weep 169*a*
my wife, who, poor w 296*a*
nor the w undone 113*b*
on hope the w relies 168*a*
Patron Commonly a w 212*b*
pretty w left crying 364*b*
sharp-looking w 328*a*
such a destined w as I 107*b*
tremble, thou w 342*b*
wise w! with pleasures too refined 302*a*
w, a villain, lost to love 59*b*
w, concentred all in self 317*a*
w even then 109*b*
w that dares not die 61*b*
w! whom no sense of wrongs 78*b*
w whom 'twere gross flattery 444*b*
Wretched how w is that poor man 386*a*
the w he forsakes 477*a*
w have no friends 130*a*
w in both! 342*b*
w men are cradled into poetry 395*a*
Wretchedness sum of human w 73*b*
w that glory brings us! 368*a*
Wretches feel what w feel 343*a*
poor naked w 343*a*
Wriggles and giggles 193*a*
Wring soon w their hands 450*a*
w his bosom—is to die 170*a*
you will w no more hearts 135*b*
Wrinkle slip out with the first w 141*a*
Time writes no w 69*b*
w deeper on the brow 68*a*
Wrinkled deep in time 323*a*
Wrist gyves upon his w 196*a*
Writ heard or w so oft 36*a*
I never w, nor no man loved 389*a*
stolen forth of holy w 384*b*
w in a Roman chamber 96*a*
Write born to w, converse 303*a*
but a desk to w upon 65*b*
cannot w like Hazlitt 413*b*
can you contrive to w so even? 11*b*
does he w? he fain wd paint 49*a*
does not w himself down 183*a*

Write (*cont*)
enraged I w 176*b*
fingers of hand wherewith I w 44*a*
he said unto me, W 519*b*
hope to w well hereafter 279*a*
I am resolved to w on 170*a*
I live and w 188*a*
I sit down to w 223*b*
I will w for Antiquity! 240*a*
I will w upon him my new name 518*b*
I w as others wrote 241*a*
I w for the general amusement 319*a*
last, till you w yr letter 134*a*
learn to w well 141*b*
let others w for glory 106*a*
little more I have to w 189*b*
look in thy heart, and w 401*b*
make me w too much 117*a*
man may w at any time 206*b*
Muse invoked, sit down to w 419*b*
never read books—I w them 535*b*
never to w for the sake of writing 223*a*
nobody can w the life of a man 208*a*
not enough for me to w 251*b*
piper, sit thee down and w 32*b*
ready man that w apace 45*a*
rede hem as they w 90*a*
screaming all the time I w 124*b*
sit down quickly, and w fifty 509*b*
sometimes wish to w 114*a*
tho' an angel shd w 281*a*
were angels to w 289*b*
what thou seest, w in a book 518*a*
w and read comes by nature 358*b*
w God first 359*a*
w it before them in a table 502*a*
w me as one that loves 202*a*
w me down an ass 359*a*
w my name in the dust 536*b*
w such stuff for ever 211*a*
'w that down,' the King said 83*b*
w the vision, and make it plain 504*b*
you w with ease 401*a*
Writer a late facetious w. 151*b*
loose, plain, rude w 64*a*
tongue is the pen of a ready w 484*b*
understand a w's ignorance 102*a*
you w of plays 48*a*
Writers as w become more numerous 170*a*
poets best w, next to prose 13*b*
w against religion 57*b*
Writes one who w amiss 300*a*
Writest 'what w thou?' 201*b*
Writhed not at passing 221*b*
Writing easy w's hard reading 401*a*
fairy kind of w 140*b*
fairy way of w 2*a*
fine w is next to fine doing 223*a*
for yr w and reading 358*b*
recited verses in w 521*a*
some for w verses 246*a*
this manner of w 279*a*
true ease in w 300*a*
w a mechanic part of wit! 149*a*
w increaseth rage 176*b*
w (maketh) an exact man 16*a*
Writing-book you have lost yr w! 193*a*
Writings confess thy w to be such 215*b*
Written a well-w Life 80*a*
censure freely who have w well 300*a*
fails, since this was w 47*b*
I have since w what no tide 241*b*
my words were now w 497*a*
so many people have w 212*b*
something so w to after-times 279*a*
what I have w I have w 511*b*
w by mere man wished longer 212*a*
w on terrestrial things 179*a*
w such volumes of stuff! 243*b*
Wrong all was w because 114*a*
bade her w stay 360*b*
better hang w flier than no flier 121*b*
career of high-handed w 87*a*
cradled into poetry by w 395*a*
divinely in the w 476*b*
do a little w 354*b*
doeth grievous w 426*a*
easily things go w 256*a*
feel I must be w. 460*a*
Frenchmen can't be w 177*b*

Wrong (*cont*)
gang a kennin w 59*a*
general notions are generally w 280*a*
great a w it is to let 476*a*
he can't be w whose life 301*b*
he has been in the w 309*b*
I canna w thee 59*b*
I dread, doing no w 354*b*
if you w us not revenge? 354*a*
in working w, if pleasures 177*a*
king can do no w 28*b*
love shd have no w 35*b*
makes us right or w 60*a*
multitude is always in the w 128*a*
nature is usually w 456*b*
nets of w and right 474*b*
never dreamed w wd triumph 52*a*
not surely always in the w 107*b*
one idea, and that is a w one 208*a*
one idea, and that was w 130*a*
one w more to man 48*a*
O trust not in w 485*b*
our country, right or w 118*a*
own he has been in the w 419*a*
pardon, who have done the w 139*b*
pledged to keep from w 294*a*
preserve the stars from w 404*a*
right and w he taught 46
right of an excessive w 51*a*
suffer w no more 253*a*
telling a man he was w 97*a*
to advise her w 419*a*
Valerius loathed the w 253*b*
we do him w 430*b*
we do it w, being so majestical 329*b*
when everyone is w 562*a*
when nothing goes w 166*b*
where is the w I did them? 48*b*
who does, not suffers w 397*a*
w extenuates not w 369*a*
W for ever on the throne 250*b*
w left unredressed on earth 226*b*
w of unshapely things 475*b*
w side of a Turkey tapestry 200*b*
w side of the door 92*a*
w side of thirty 418*b*
w that needs resistance 18*b*
you w me every way 340*b*
Wrongs good for righting w 246*a*
mass of public w 238*b*
people's w his own 138*b*
redressing human w 427*b*
w darker than death 397*b*
Wrote gentlemen who w with ease 303*b*
sorry now, I w it 54*b*
this they w that another man w 235*b*
whatever he w, did it better 209*b*
w my happy songs 32*b*
Wroth with one we love 100*a*
Wrought but being w, perplexed 364*a*
first he w 88*b*
sound of those he w for 435*a*
w the end unthought 236*a*
Wye half the babbling W 430*a*
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod 151*a*

X

Xanadu in X did Kubla Khan 101*a*
Xenophon X at New York 449*b*
[X] maintained the dignity of history 33*b*
Xiphias to his aim 403*a*

Y

Yammerton Major Y 416*b*
Yank boldest thieves, be Y! 233*b*
Yankee Doodle came to town 18*b*
Yarn I ask is a merry y 262*a*
mingled y, good and ill together 322*a*
Yarrow my love, the flower of Y 246*b*
Yasmin flowers are dead, Y 154*b*
I toward thy bed, Y 154*b*
Yawcob Strauss leaf dot Y S 1*a*
Yawp my barbaric y 458*a*
Y-beten maker is him-self y 90*a*
Ydrad but ever was y 408*b*
gods and men y 409*a*

Yea Chapman's y was y 27b
let yr communication be Y, y 505a
let yr y be y 517b
the everlasting y 81b
Yea-forsooth knave 379b
Year acceptable y of the Lord 503a
all this y to thee 446b
another y ! another deadly blow! 468a
atmosphere of a new-fal'n y 24a
before the mellowing y 269a
bloom the y long! 37a
breath and the bloom of the y 52a
circle of the golden y 427a
crownest the y with goodness 486a
dirge of the dying y 396b
doctor does not give you a y 413b
each day is like a y 459b
fill the measure of the y 221a
follows so the ever-running y 383a
grief returns with the revolving y 392a
heav'n's eternal y is thine 140b
if all the year were holidays 376b
in over a y and a half 424a
in the sweet o' the y 373a
leading up the golden y 427a
longest night in all the y 284b
my most immemorial y 298b
no winter in thy y ! 53a, 246b
pilgrims of the year 264a
pleasure of the fleeting y ! 388b
read any book not a y old 148b
shd I preach a whole y ! 249a
that time of y thou mayst behold 388a
the y is going 431a
the y of the great crime 294a
the y 's at the spring 50a
this many and many a y 38a
thus newe corn from y to y 90a
this wonderful y 158b
thro' many a weary y 200b
thus with the y seasons return 273a
till another y be gone 228a
till you come to Forty Y 440b
'tis the y 's midnight 133b
to make up a y and a sphere 146b
twentieth y is well-nigh past 109a
will finish up the y 384a
Winter comes rule the varied y 443b
Winter, ruler of th' inverted y 112a
wisdom with each studious y 68b
y after y voted cent per cent 67b
y only lost to me 188a
y wake y to sorrow 392a
y whose days are long 459b
Yearn finite hearts that y 52b
Yearning unto the man of y thought 313a
Yearnings weary longings and y 171b
Years add again y and y unto y 132a
ah! happy y ! 68a
all the same a hundred y hence 124b
and the y that are past 487a
as the faithful y return 232b
before the beginning of y 420b
bring our y to an end 487b
but y hath done this wrong 117a
come to the y of discretion 481a
cuts off twenty y of life 339a
down the arches of the y 441b
ere the sorrow comes with y 43a
few more y shall roll 33b
for certain y , for certain months 312b
forty y on 34b
gave up the y to be 39a
going on now for three hundred y 460b
go softly all my y 502b
hair is grey, but not with y 69b
have him nine y a-killing 362b
hopes and fears of all the y 40a
how many y a mortal man may live 384a
into the vale of y 362a
it may be for y 115b
language learned these forty y 374b
live a thousand y 339b
love you ten y before the Flood 260a
Lundy from his earliest y 26a
meet thee after long y 74b
moments big as y 218a
more y might crave precedence 225a
new y. run and rend 423b
Years (*cont*)
nor the y condemn 28b
nor the y draw nigh 499b
of my three score y and ten 198b
O for ten y 220b
our age are threescore y and ten 487b
our noisy y seem moments 466b
out of me the y roll 422a
provoke the y to bring the yoke 466b
recollecting how, in earlier y 86a
sae mony changefu' y 61b
seemed unto him but a few y 493a
some lost lady of old y 52b
Such as are of Riper Y 481a
sum of six thousand y 293a
take from seventy y a score 198b
the golden y return 394a
the long y I've been wandering 282a
they come to fourscore y 487b
thought of our past y 466b
thousands of y , if all were told 474b
thousand y in thy sight 487b
thy thousand y of gloom 429b
thy y shall not fail 488a
till seven y ' heat 369b
till seven y were gone 528b
to remember for y 4a
touch of earthly y 463a
twelve y complete in exile 261a
twice ten tedious y 108a
what have these y left to me? 70a
where all past y are 134a
y damp my intended wing 276a
y glide away 20a
y he number'd scarce thirteen 215a
y in long procession 138b
y like great black oxen 474a
y steal fire from the mind 68a
y teach much wh days never know 148a
y that bring philosophic mind 467a
y that the locust hath eaten 504a
Yesterday's Sev'n Thousand Y 153a
yet wait many y 409a
Yeas in russet y 345a
Yell Gêlert's dying y 408a
such a y was there 318b
Yellow come unto these y sands 367a
deeper y on the corn 191a
hair y like ripe corn 311b
learn from the Y an' Brown 230b
the sear, the y leaf 350b
y , and black, and pale 396a
Yellow-Dog-Dingo behind 230b
Yeoman did me y 's service 336b
Yeomen nine and twenty y tall 316b
y , whose limbs made in England 382a
Yerde man maketh offe a y 90a
Yes Crier cried, 'O Y !' 19b
Prophets, Virgins, answer, Y ! 286a
'Y ,' I answered you last night 43b
y , there's room 315b
y verily, and by God's help 481a
Yesterday all our pomp of y 233b
and dead Y 153b
but y the word of Caesar 340a
call back y , bid time return 375a
children dear, was it y 6a
Christ the same y , and to-day 517a
great families of y 118b
leaves the Rose of Y 152b
no to-morrow hath, nor y 132a
sweet sleep wh thou ow'dst y 362a
that was y 441a
thousand years are but as y 487b
'tis done, but y a King! 73b
we were saying y 550a
Y 's Sev'n Thousand Years 153a
Yesterdays cheerful y 464b
y have lighted fools 350b
Yestreen new moon late y 530a
Yew dusk the hall with y 7a
never a spray of y 7b
slips of y sliver'd in the moon's 349b
solemnly to yonder y 216b
stuck all with y 371a
Y alone burns lamps of peace 119b
Yield at a touch I y 436b
find, and not to y 439a
never to submit or y 271a
oughtn't to y to temptations 197a
Yield (*cont*)
with shame and grief I y 225a
y , proud foe, thy fleet 76b
y them for a day 430b
Yielded by her y , by him received 274a
y with coy submission 274a
Y-lost for tyme y 90a
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum 413a
Yoke bring the inevitable y 466b
bull doth bear the y 358a
Flanders hath received our y 449a
he bear y in his youth 503b
my y is easy 506b
neck unto a second y 190a
Pharaoh's bitter y 286b
take my y upon you 506b
to bear the y in youth 228a
ye break every y 503a
y of inauspicious stars 366b
Yolk runs down the waistcoat 124b
Yonder all before us lie 260a
Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo 243b
Yore as it hath been of y 466a
Yorick alas! poor Y 336b
'Cock and a Bull,' said Y 412a
York at Y , 'tis on the Tweed 301a
born in 1632, in the city of Y 118a
noble Duke of Y 526b
this sun of Y 384b
You all too precious y 388a
and y , and all of us fell down 340a
even as y and I! 236a
is it really y again? 46b
to y , to y , all song of praise 401b
unto y at last she flies 79b
Young always find us y 147a
America is a country of y men 148b
as great with y as she might goe 529b
a y man's fancy 432a
both were y 72a
[Brigham Y] is dreadfully married 451b
capacities of us that are y 379b
crime of being a y man 297a
God guide them—y 428b
head bit off by it y 342a
I, being y and foolish 474a
if y hearts were not so clever 199b
I have been y 484a
in Heaven is to grow y 312a
I was y and foolish 474a
knew the worst too y ! 229b
learned to play when he was y 533a
loved when all was y 226a
love so y cd be so sweet 37b
made y with y desires 441b
marry? a y man not yet 14b
my pretty lad is y 531a
myself when y did eagerly 133a
nest where she may lay her y 487a
not so y , sir, to love a woman 342a
or as y as what she was 231b
rejoice, O y man, in thy youth 499b
remembered that he once was y 4b
she died y 454b
she that was y and fair 460a
sight to make an old man y 427a
so wise, so y 385a
so y , and so untender? 341b
so y a body with so old a head 354b
so y , so fair 69a
swallow six y on the rail 47b
tall y men in turn 92b
the y can do for the old 390a
the y , y children 43a
they were so y , so beautiful 70b
they wd be y for ever 199b
those that are with y 502b
thou wast y , thou girdedst thyself 511b
to be seventy years y 194a
to be y was very heaven 465a
went to the Bar as a very y man 164a
we that are y 344a
we were y , we were merry 98a
when all the world is y 226a
whether we be y or old 469b
y and old come forth to play 269a
y and so fair! 195b
y enough for a boy 370a
y generations in hail 263a
y man, I think you're dying 531a

ENGLISH INDEX

Young (*cont*)
y man will be wiser by and by 427b
y men are fitter to invent 16a
y men glittering and sparkling 445a
y men taken in and done for 225a
y men Aristotle thought unfit 369a
y. ones carry pistols 389b
yr y men shall see visions 504a
Younger let thy love be y 370b
travel, in the y sort 15a
y than she are happy mothers 364b
Youngest but now, thy y, dearest 391b
infallible, not even the y 443a
y to the oldest singer 423a
y was, and highte Canacee 89b
Your who's y fat friend 53a
Yours all I have, devoted y 386b
what I have done is y 386b
y I see is coming down 393a
Yourself an' y jus' so 228b
do it y 19b
go into it y 30a
keep something to y 60a
keep y *to* y 126b
speak for y, John 246b
two topics, y and me 209a
Youth adventurous and honourable y 413a
age approve of y 51a
age must be taught by y 58a
a man loves the meat in his y 358b
April of yr y adorns 186b
a spirit of y in everything 388b
as y and thou are of one date 387a
a y, and a well-beloved y 531b
a y of frolics 302a
a y of labour 168a
bear the yoke in his y 503b
billiards sign of an ill-spent y 408a
blest with y for evermore 312a
brisk intemperance of y 161b
caught our y 40a
child do deeds of y 387b
crabbed age and y 389b
Creator in the days of thy y 499b
days of our tropic y 182a
days of our y are glory 73b
done it from my y 113b
dropped from their y and love 52a
enjoy'd his y 140a
everything great done by y 129a
every y cry *Well-a-way* 531a
face to lose y for 48a
figure of blown y 333b
flourish in immortal y 1b
flourish set on y 388a
gave my heart another y 389a
gives his y delight 301a
glory of y glowed in his soul 414b
green unknowing y engage 141b
he wears the rose of y 323b
hill of everlasting y 36b
his y 'gainst time and age 295b
home-keeping y homely wits 372b
Youth (*cont*)
hour of thoughtless y. 472a
if y knew 563a
I knew a phœnix in my y 474b
'in my y,' Father William replied 82b
in my y I never did apply 325b
in my y I remembered my God! 407a
in the lexicon of y 252a
in the vaward of our y 379b
in y it sheltered me 284a
laugh uproariously in y 39b
lol as that y 's eyes burned 312b
mewing her mighty y 279a
music tells, of y, and home 282a
noble y did dress themselves 380a
not clean past yr y 379b
Nurseries of blooming Y 468b
offences of my y 483a
one beloved heard in y alone 397a
O stay, thou goodly y! 531b
other companye in y 88b
our y, our joys, and all 307b
past the bounds of freakish y 112a
pleasures with y pass away 407a
red sweet wine of y 39a
rejoice, O young man, in thy y 499b
riband in the cap of y 330a
roses for the flush of y 311a
shake their wicked sides at y 474b
ship-wreck of my y 117a
stretch the folly of our y 93a
stroke that my y suffered 360a
the measure of our y 229b
they had been friends in y 100a
things Y needed not 463b
this Y and Age strangers still 137b
thoughts of y are long 247b
thou hast nor y nor age 351b
thy fair and shining y 463b
to many a y, and many a maid 269a
what our y deserves 9a
when Y and Pleasure meet 68b
where y grows pale 220a
with wh our y is fed 394b
y and age in common 9a
y and blood are warmer 190b
y and observation copied 331b
y, beauty, graceful action 138b
y face towards the upland hill 137b
y, I do adore thee 389b
Y is a blunder 129a
y is full of pleasance 389b
y is the season of credulity 297a
y is the time to go flashing 413a
y is vain 100a
y means love 51a
y of America their tradition 460b
Y of a Nation trustees 130a
y of delight, come hither 32a
y of England is on fire 381b
y of pleasure wasteful 48b
Y on the prow 173b
Y pined away with desire 32a
y 's a stuff will not endure 370b
Youth (*cont*)
y shows but half 50b
Y 's sweet-scented manuscript 154a
y 's the season made for joys 159b
y to fortune and fame unknown 174b
y waneth by increasing 295b
y was full of foolish noise 430a
y, what man's age is like to be 119b
y, who bore, mid snow and ice 247a
y, who daily farther 466b
y whose hope is high 37a
y will be served 34a
Youths feeble and restless y 96a
y and maidens gay 100a
y green and happy 96a
Y-reke is fyr y 89a
Y-sowen wonder wyde 89b
Yule-nicht when we were fou' 60a
Yum-Yum going to marry Y 164b
Yvetot there was a King of Y 561b
Y-wet whistle wel y 89a

Zal and Rustum bluster 152b
Zeal all z all z Mr Easy 259b
a z of God, but not knowledge 513b
furious ardour of my z 94b
mistaken z in politics 217a
not too much z 565b
serv'd my God with half the z 386a
tempering bigot z 238a
the z of thine house 486b
we think it to be z 537a
z of the Lord of Hosts 501b
Zealots let graceless z fight 301b
Zealous, beneficent, firm 7b
Zebra striped like a z 219a
Zed! thou unnecessary letter! 342a
Zembla at Greenland, Z 301a
Zenith dropt from the z 272a
Zenocrate ah fair Z, divine Z 259b
entertain divine Z 259b
Z, lovelier than the Love 259a
Zephyr odes to every z 226a
soft the z blows 173b
when z gently blows 300a
while the wanton z sings 143a
Zest thy graciousness a warmer z 36a
Zeus dear City of Z 574a
Zimri had Z peace 496b
Zion at ease in Z 504a
the Lord shall bring again Z 502b
unto Z, Thy God reigneth 502b
Z, city of our God 289a
Zodiac Mermaid in the Z 219a
Zodiacs three fill'd Z 215a
Zone torrid or the frozen z 79b
Zoo you may see at the Z 230b
Zoroaster blank to Z on his terrace 49b
the Magus Z, my dead child 397a

LATIN

A
Abibis tu inissus a 547b
Abiit, excessit 540b
Abire tempus a tibi est 544a
Abutere quousque tandem a 540b
Academi inter silvas A 543b
Achates fidus A 554b
Acheronta movebo 556b
Acherontis strepitumque A avari 557b
Achilli exuvias indutus A 555b
impar congressus A 555a
Achivi plectuntur A 543a
Acu tetigisti a 552b
Addictus nullius a iurare 542b
Adeste, fideles 558a
Admirari nil a prope res est una 543a
Adulescentiam studia a acuunt 540b
Aenea nunc animis opus, A 556a
Aeneae domus A. Capitoli saxum accolet 556b
Aeneas quo pater A, quo Tullus dives 547a
Aeneus hic murus a esto 542b
Aequam memento servare mentem 545a
Aequora multa per a vectus 536b
Aes robur et a triplex 544a
Aetas a parentum peior 548a
fugerit invida a 544b
Aevi quodi superest a 543b
Africa ex A semper aliquid novi 552b
Agamemnona vixere fortes ante A 547a
Agendum dum quid superesset a 550a
Agri modus a non ita magnus 548a
Agricolas O fortunatos nimium a 557b
Alexim Corydon ardebat A 556b
Alieni appetens 553a
Alpes saevas curre per A 549b
Ama et fac quod vis 538a
Amantem quis fallere possit a ? 555b
Amantium irae 554a
Amantum Iuppiter perturia ridet a 551b
Amari surgit a aliquid 550b
Amaryllida resonare doces A silvas 556b
Amavi sero te a 537b
Amet cras a qui nunquam amavit 558b
Amici, diem perdidi 554b
Amicitia demum firma a est 553a
Amo non a te, Sabidi 551a
odi et a 539b
Amor cedet a rebus 552a
nunc scio quid sit A 557b
omnia vincit A 557b
suprema citius solvet a die 544b
Amorem subito deponere a 539b
Amori dare ludum 546a
Amoris qui finem quaeris a 552a
Amphora coepit institui 541b
Ampullas proicit a 542a
Angelicam habent faciem 541a
Angelorum cantabunt laetius a chori 558b
Angli quod A vocarentur 541a
Anguis latet a in herba 557a

Angulus ille terrarum a ridet 545a
Angusta res a domi 548b
Animae a dimidium meae
a naturaliter Christianae 554a
Animam a praeferre pudori
liberavi a meam 538a
Animus nunc a opus, Aenea
tantaene a caelestibus irae? 556a
Animula vagula blandula 554b
Animum aequum mi a ipse parabo 543b
Animus si te non deficit aequus 543a
Anni singula a praedantur 543b
Annos multos da, Iuppiter, a 549b
Annus monet a et hora
nunc formosissimus a 547a
Anser inter strepere a olores 557b
Antecedentem raro a scelestum 545b
Apollo A pocula plena ministret 551b
semper arcum tendit A 545a
sic me servavit A 547b
Apparentibus de non a 558b
Appetens alieni a 553a
Aqua scribere oportet a 539b
Aquae vicinus rugis a fons
scribuntur a potoribus 543b
Araneam quare videmus a 16b
Arator de tauris narrat a 552b
Aratro nullo contusus a 539b
postquam tactus a est 538b
Arbiter elegantiae a 553b
Arbitrio popularis aurae 545b
Arbitrium quem penes a est 541b
Arbusta non omnis a iuvant 557a
Arcades ambo 557a
Arcadia et in A ego 574b
Arcum neque semper a tendit
Apollo 545a
Ardet iam proximus a Ucalegon 555b
paries cum proximus a 543a
Arduï nil mortalibus a est 544a
Arduis rebus in a 545a
Argutos inter anser olores 557b
Aris pro a atque focis suis 553a
Arma a virumque cano 554b
cedant a togae 540a
Artes didicisse fideliter a 552a
hae tibi erunt a 556a
omnes a quae ad humanitatem
pertinent 540b
Artifex qualis a pereo 551a
Aspiciam quando ego te a 548a
Assis omnes unius aestimemus a 538b
Astra sic itur ad a 556b
Atticum sal A 552b
Audacia certe laus erit 552b
Audax a omnia perpeti 544a
verbis felicissime a 553a
Aude sapere a 543a
Audi alteram partem 537b
Auditis an ludit insania 546a
Auditorem non secus ac notas a rapit 542a
Augescunt aliae gentes 550b
Auras evadere ad a 556a
Auream mediocritatem 545a
Aureus non deficit alter a 556a
Auri sacra fames 555b
Auroram usque A et Gangen 549a
Aurum irrepertum 546a
Auxilio non tali a tempus eget 555b
Ave frater, a atque vale 540a
Avena musam meditaris a 556b
Averno facilis descensus A 556a
Avi numerantur avorum 558a
Avis rara a in terris 549a
Avite aliter non fit, A, liber 551a

B

Bandusiae O fons B 546a
Barbiton hic paries habebit 546b
Basia da mi b mille 538b
Beatum facere et servare b 543a
nihil est ab omni parte b 545b
Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis 544a
Belli certamina magna tueri 550b
Bellum praeparet b 554a
Benefacta recordanti b 539b
Beneficium inopi bis dat 553b
Bibendum nunc est b 545a
Blandula animula vagula b 541b
Bona sunt b, sunt quaedam mediocria 551a
Bono cui b 540b
Bonum summum b 540a
Brevis esse laboro 541b
Britannicae terminus B patet 553b
Britannos divisos orbe B 556b
Brute et tu, B? 548b
Brutum fulmen 552b

C

Caelestis origo seminibus 556a
Caelum non animum mutant 543a
Cacoethes scribendi c 549a
Calamus saevior ense patet 64a
Callet duramque c pauperiem 547a
Campum quatit ungula c 556b
Canamus paulo maiora c 557a
Canities donec c abest morosa 544b
Cantabit vacuus viator 549a
Cantare pares 557a
Capax imperii nisi imperasset 553b
Capitoli immobile saxum 556b
Capitis tam cari c 545a
Capreis grandis epistula venit a C 554a
Carpe diem 544b
Carthago delenda est C 538a
O magna C 546a
Cassium Romanorum ultimum 553b
Castalia Apollo pocula C ministret 551b
Castitatem da mihi c 537b
Catilina quousque abutere, C 540b
Catoni causa placuit victa C 550a
Catonibus priscis memorata C 544a
Catulle C, destinatus obdura 538b
miser C, desinas ineptire 538b
Catullus gratias tibi maximas C 539a
Causa c finita est 538a
victrix c deis placuit 550a
Causas rerum cognoscere c 557b
Cave canem 552a
Cedite Romani scriptores 553a
Cenae O noctes c que deum 548a
Censoris animum c sumret honesti 543b
Censura vexat c columbas 548b
Certamina c magna tueri 550b
haec c tanta quiescent 558a
Certum est quia impossibile est 554a
Cervicem utinam populus Romanus
unam c haberet 538a
Cetera quis nescit? 551b
Cethegis Catonibus atque C 544a
Chommoda dicebat 539b
Christianae animae naturaliter C 554a
Christus surrexit C hodie 558b
Chrysippo et Crantore 542b
Cinarae sub regno C 546b
Circenses panem et c 549b
Circumspice c, si monumentum
requiris 19a
si monumentum requiris, c 473b, 558b
Civis Romanus sum 540b
Civium non c ardor prava iubentium 545b
Clamorem compesce c 545b
Clarum et venerabile nomen 550a
Claudite iam rivos, pueri 557a
Cogimur omnes eodem c 545a
Cogito, ergo sum 540b
Cognatione quadam continentur
(artes) 540b
Colori nimium ne crede c 557a
Columnae non concessere c 542b
Communia proprie c dicere 542a
Compesce clamorem 545b
Compunctionem opto sentire c 537a
Concordia discors 543a
Confitentem habes c reum 552b
Conscire nil c sibi 542b
Consule c Planco 546b
fortunatam natam me c
Romam 540a
nata mecum c Manlio 546b
Consumere solebamus c longa,
tempora 552a
Conticuere omnes intentique 555a
Continentiam iubes 537b
Copula irrupta tenet c 544b
Cor inquietum est c nostrum 537b
ulterius c lacerare nequit 420a
Corde aegro in c senescit 549a
Corinthum contingit adire C 543a
Cornea quarum (portae) altera fertur
c 556a
Cornu faenum habet in c 547b
Corpore latet hoc sub c 547b
Corpuscula quantula hominum c 549b
Corrigere quidquid c est nefas 545a
Corydon formosum pastor C ardebat Alexim 556b
Cotis fungar vice c 542a
Crambe repetita 549a
Crantore Chrysippo et C 542b
Cras c amet qui nunquam amavit 558b
c ingens iterabimus aequor 544b
Creantur fortes c 546b
Creari nil posse c de nilo 550a
Credat Iudaeus Apella 547b
Credens nil actum c 550a
Credite posteri 545b
Credula quam minimum c postero 544b
Credulus non ego c illis 557b
Credunt quod volunt c 548b
Crepidam ne supra c sutor iudicaret 552b
Crimine ab uno disce omnes 555a
Crucem si libenter c portas 537a
Crustula dant c blandi doctores 547b
Cubili dea nec dignata c est 557a
Culpa O felix c 551a
Cumaei ultima C venit aetas 557a
Cunctando restituit rem 541a
Cupidines O Veneres C que 538b
Cupidinum dulcium mater saeva C 546b
mater saeva C 544b
Cupressi inter viburna c 550b
Cura post equitem sedet atra C 545b
Curiosa Horatii c felicitas 552b
Curis quid solutis est beatius c 538b
Cursores vitai lampada tradunt 550b
Custodiet quis c ipsos custodes 549a
Cycno nigro similima c 549a

D

Damna per d, per caedis 547a
Damnatur iudex d ubi nocens
absolvitur 553b
Damnosa hereditas 541a
Danaos timeo D et dona ferentis 555a
Dat beneficium inopi bis d
bis d qui cito d 553b
Davos sum, non Oedipus 554a
Dea vera incessu patuit d 555a
Debellare superbos 556a
Decede peritis 544a
Declamatio fias 549b
Decorum d est desipere in loco
dulce et d mori 545a, b
Decus dulce d meum 544a
Defensoribus non tali auxilio nec
d istis 555b
Definitionem quam scire eius d 537a
Dei estne D sedes nisi terra? 550a
Delenda est Carthago 538a
Delicta maiorum 546a
Dementat deus quos vult perdere,
d prius 538a
Democritus rideret D 543b
Demonstrandum quod erat d 541a
Deo par esse d videtur 539a
Deorum parcus d cultor 545a
Desideratoque d lecto 538b
Desiderio quis d sit pudor 545a
Desinas Catulle d ineptire 538b
Desine bene velle mereri 539b
Despere decorum est d in loco 67a
dulce est d in loco 547b
Desperandum nil d 544b
Destinatus obdura 538b
Deteriora sequor 551b
Detrimenti ne quid res publica d
caperet 540b
Deus d quos vult perdere 538a
nec d intersit 542a
sit D propitius huic potatori 558b
Di d me terrent 556b
d omen avertant 540b
O d, reddite mi hoc 539b
Dic mihi, Musa, virum 542a
Dicebamus hesterna die 550a

Dicere quae sentias d licet 553b
Die sermonem deficiente d 552a
Diem amici, d perdidi 554b
carpe d 544b
qui ante d perit 287b
utinam per unam d conversati 537a
Dies d irae 540a
nulla d sine linea 552b
Diffugere nives 547a
Digito pulchrum est d monstrari 552a
Dignitate cum d otium 540a
Dignum laude virum 547a
Dimidium animae d meae 544a
d facti qui coepit habet 543a
Dis d aliter visum 555b
non sine d animosus infans 546a
Discors concordia d 543a
Ditis atri ianua D 556a
Divis permitte d cetera 544b
Divisa in partes tres 548b
Divitias operosiores 545b
Divos si fas est, superare d 539a
Dixeris egregie notum 541b
Dixerunt qui ante nos nostra d 541a
Dixit ipse d 574a
Doceri fas est ab hoste d 551b
Docet ipse d quid agam 551b
Docte sermones 546a
Dolendum est primum ipsi tibi 542a
Dolorem iubes renovare d 555a
Dolorosa stabat mater d 554a
Dolos seu versare d 555a
Dolosa cineri d 545a
Domina beata mea D 284b
Dominus D illuminatio mea 558a
Domus d et placens uxor 545b
stat fortuna d 558a
Dona timeo Danaos et d ferentis 555a
Dono cui d novum libellum 538a
Dormienda nox est perpetua una d 538b
Dulce d est desipere in loco 547a
d et decorum est 545b
d ridentem Lalagen 545a
Dulci misceat utile d 542b
Durate, et vosmet servate 554b
Durum sed levius fit 545a
Dux femina facti 554b

E

Eadem semper e 145b
Ecce homo 558a
Ecclesiam e non habet matrem 537b
salus extra e non est 537b
Edax tempus e rerum 551b
Effugies non e meos iambos 540a
Egelidos ver e refert tepores 539a
Egestas turpis E 556a
urgens in rebus e 557b
Ego et Rex meus 385b
Eheu fugaces, Postume 545b
Electro formicam in e 16b
Elephanto altera (porta) perfecta nitens e 556a
Elissae meminisse pigebit E 555b
Emollit mores 552a
Emori quid moraris e ? 539a
Ense calamus saevior e patet 64a
Entia non sunt multiplicanda 574a
Epicuri de grege porcum 543a
Epistula verbosa et grandis e 549a
Equo ne credite, Teucri 555a
Equis currite noctis e 258b
Equitem post e sedet atra Cura 545b
Equum solve mature sanus e 542b
Erupit excessit, evasit, e 540b
Erupuit caelo fulmen 551a
Error me malus abstulit e 557a
Esuriens Groeculus e 548b
Esurienti mihi e te 537b
Evasit, erupit 540b
Eventum semper ad e festinat 542a
Excessit, evasit, erupit 540b
Excoluere qui vitam e per artis 556a
Excrucior sentio et e 539b
Exemplaria vos e Graeca versate 542a
Existentibus de non e eadem ratio 558b
Ex(orna) hanc e 540a
Exoriare aliquis ultor 555b
Experto credite 556b

F

Fabrum esse suae quemque fortunae 553a
Fabula de te f narratur 547b
Facilis descensus Averno 556a
Faece in Romuli f 540a
Faenore solutus omni f 544a
Faenum habet in cornu 547b
Fagi Tityre, tu patulae f 556b
Fallentis semita vitae 543b
Fallere quis f possit amantem? 555b
Fames auri sacra f 555b
malesuada F 556a
Fanda omnia f nefanda 539b
Fandi mollissima f tempora 555b
Farrago libelli est 548b
Faucibus primus in f Orci 556a
Favete linguis 545b
Favilla solvet saeclum in f 540a
Fecisti nos ad te 537b
Felices ter et amplius 544b
Felicitas Horati curiosa f 552b
Felix f opportunitate mortis 553b
f qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas 557b
O f culpa 551a
Femina nemo magis gaudet quam f 549b
Feros nec sinit esse f 552a
Ferrum in me convertite f 556b
Festina f lente 553a
Festinat ad eventum f 542a
Fiat lux 558a
Fide Punica f 553a
Fideles adeste, f 558a
Fides nulli cessura f 551b
Fidus Achates 554b
Filius istarum lacrimarum 537b
Finem dabit deus his quoque f 554b
respice f 574b
Fines sunt certi denique f 547b
Flagitium prius leto f timet 547a
Flammae veteris vestigia f 555b
Flammantia moenia mundi 550a
Flebilis multis bonis f occidit 545a
Flectere si nequeo superos 550b
Flere si vis me f 542a
Flos prati ultimi f 538b
ut f in saeptis 539b
Focis pro aris atque f 553a
Fons O f Bandusiae 540a
Fonte medio de f leporum 556b
Formosa mulier f superne 541b
Formosam resonare Amaryllida doces 556b
Fors quem F dierum cumque dabit lucro appone 544b
Forsan meminisse iuvabit 554b
Forsitan et nostrum nomen 551b
Fortes f creantur fortibus 546b
vixere f ante Agamemnona 547a
Fortiter pecca f 550b
Fortuna audentis F iuvat 556b
fortis f adiuvat 554a
stat f domus 558a
te, nos facimus, F, deam 549b
Fortunae fabrum esse suae f 553a
Fortunatam O f natam Romam 540a
Fortunatos O f nimium 557b
Fortunatus deos qui novit 557b
Frater, ave atque vale 540a
Fratrum par nobile f 548a
Fruges consumere nati 543a
Frugis provisae f copia 543b
Fucos ignavum f pecus 558a
Fuere sed haec prius f 538b
Fugaces eheu f, Postume 545b
Fugis quem f, a, demens? 557a
Fuit Ilium 555b
Fulgore non fumum ex f 542a
Fulmen brutum f 552b
eripuit caelo f 551a
Fumum f et opes .Romae non f ex fulgore 546b
Fungar vice cotis 542a
Furor f arma ministrat 554b
ira f brevis est 543a
Futurum quid sit f 544b

G

Gadibus a G usque auroram 549a
Galatea malo me G petit 557a
Gallia est omnis divisa 548b
Gangen usque Auroram et G 549a
Genium loci precatur 556b
Gens humana ruit 544a
Gentes multas per g 539b
Genus at g immortale manet 558a
g irritabile vatum 543b
hoc g omne 547b
Germania rebellatrix G 552a
Gloria sic transit g mundi 537a
Gloriae cupido g novissima exuitur 553b
Gloriam ad majorem Dei g 558b
Gloriosus miles g 552b
Graeca vos exemplaria G versate 542a
Graecia capta ferum victorem cepit 543b
Graeculus esuriens 548b
Gracilis quis multa g 544b
Grais ingenium dedit musa loqui 542b
Grammatici certant 541b
Gratias tibi maximas 539a
Gratus donec g eram tibi 546a
Graviora O passi g 554b
Grege Epicuri de g porcum 543a
Gurgite in g vasto 554b
Gutta cavat lapidem 552a

H

Habent sua fata libelli 551a
Habita tecum h 552a
Hasdrubale interempto 547a
Herbas miscueruntque h 557b
Hereditas damnosa h 541a
Hesperus venit H, ite capellae 557b
Hilarem oderunt h tristes 543b
Homerus bonus dormitat H 542b
Homines quot h tot sententiae 554a
ridiculos h facit 548b
Homo ecce h 558a
h sum 554a
Honores mutte supervacuos h 545b
Honoribus intaminatis fulget h 545b
Honos semper h nomenque manebunt 555a
Hora felici optatius h 539b
quae rapit h diem 547a
suprema mihi cum venerit h 554a
Horatius insurgit aliquando [H] 553a
Horis inertibus h 548a
Horrendum, informe, ingens 555b
Horresco referens 555a
Hortis flos secretus nascitur h 539b
Hospes deferor hospes 542b
h comesque corporis 541b
Humani nil a me alienum puto 554a
Hydrops crescit dirus h 545a

I

Iacta alea est 548b
Iam ver refert tepores 539a
Iambos non effugies meos i 540a
Idem velle atque idem nolle 553a
Idola Tribus 16b
Idolorum quatuor sunt genera I 16b
Idoneus vixi puellis nuper i 546b
Ignara non i mali 555a
Igneus est ollis vigor 556a
Ignis incedis per i 545a
velut inter i luna minores 544b
Ignotum omne i pro magnifico 553b
Ignotus moritur sibi 553a
Ilex tonsa bipennibus 547a
Iliade quid mains nascitur I 553a
Ilium fuit I 555b
Illacrimabiles sed omnes i 547a
Imber firmat sol, educat i 539b
Imitatores O i, servum pecus 543b
Immortalia ne speres 547a
Impavidum ferient ruinae 546a
Imperator, morituri te salutant 553b
Imperii capax i nisi imperasset 553b
Imperio tu regere i populos 556a
Imperium et Libertas 128b
Impossibile certum est quia i est 554a
Incedis per ignis 545a
Inceptis gravibus plerumque 541b
Incepto qualis ab i processerit 542a
Incipe, parve puer 557a
Inculto latet hoc sub corpore 547b
Indignatio facit i versum 548b

LATIN INDEX

Indignatio (*cont*)
i *principis mors est* 283a
ubi saeva i 420a
Indocilis pauperiem pati 544a
Infandum, regina 555a
Infans non sine dis animosus i 546a
Iniuria spretae i formae 554b
Iniquitatem odi i 541a
Inmemores non simt esse sui 552a
Inopem me copia fecit 551b
Inops magnas inter opes i 546b
Insania amabilis i 546a
Intabescant virtutem i que relicta 552a
Integer vitae scelerisque purus 545a
Interire nil vere i 14a
Intus ecce i eras 537b
Invideo non equidem i 556b
Iocosae non hoc i convenit lyrae 546a
Iocosi oderunt tristem i 543b
Iove ab I principium musae 557a
Iovem satis est orare I 543b
Iovis quod nec I ira abolere 551b
Ipse dixit 574a
Ira furor brevis est 543a
Irae amantium i 554a
dies i 540a
tantaene animis caelestibus i ? 554b
Irrevocabile volat i verbum 543a
Italiae probrosis altior I ruinis 546a
Italiam fato profugus venit 554b
Ite domum saturae capellae 557b
Iter per i tenebricosum 538b
Iterabimus cras ingens i aequor 544b
Iucundi acti labores 540a
Iudaeus credat I Apella 547b
Iudex i damnatur 553b
i honestum praetulit utili 547a
Iudicat securus i orbis terrarum 537b
Iudice sub i lis est 541b
Iudicium i Paridis 554b
i parum suorum 550b
Iunctura si verbum reddiderit i 541b
Iunonis memorem I ob iram 554b
Iuppiter et I hostis 556b
I est quodcumque vides 550a
I ex alto ridet 551b
I pluvius 554a
Iura per populos dat i 558a
Iustitiam dilexi i et odi iniquitatem 541a
Iustum et tenacem virum 545b
Iuvenes vesper adest, i 539b
Iuventa calidus i 546b
Iuventus rara i 544a

L

Labor hic I est 556a
I omnia vicit 557b
Labores iucundi acti I 540a
Lacrimae sunt I rerum 555a
Lacrimarum filius istarum I 537b
Lacrimosa iuxta crucem I 554a
Laeti triumphantes 558a
Lalagen dulce ridentem L 545a
Lampada cursores vitai I tradunt 550b
Lapidem gutta cavat I 552a
Laterıciam quam I accepisset 538a
Latio Graecia artes intulit L 543b
Latrone cantabit coram I viator 549a
Laudamus Te Deum I 558b
Laudant illa sed ista legunt 551a
Laudator temporis acti 542a
Laudet diversa sequentes 547b
Lege tolle I 537b
Leges quid I proficiunt 546b
silent enim I inter arma 540b
Legiones Quintili Vare, I redde 538a
Legunt laudant illa sed ista I 551a
Lente *O I, I currite* 258b
Lesbia L nostra, L illa 539a
vivamus, mea L 538b
Lex salus populi suprema est I 540b
Libelli farrago I est 548b
habent sua fata I 551a
Libellum lepidum novum I 538a
Libenter fere I homines credunt 548b
Liber aliter non fit, Avite, I 551a
Liberavi animam meam 538a
Libertas *Imperium et L* 128b
I et natale solum 419b
Librorum sit bona I copia 543b
Lignum praecipue autem I, sive virga 17a
Linea nulla dies sine l. 552b
Lis sub iudice I est 541b
Lites tantas componere I 557a
Locuta Roma I est 538a
Loquendi ius et norma I 541b
Lucem ex fumo dare I 542a
Lucis tuae radium 549b
Luctus et Curae 556a
Lues immeritus I 546a
Lugete, O Veneres 538b
Luna velut inter ignis I minores 544b
Lunae amica silentia I 555a
Lusisti satis 544a
Lux cum semel occidit brevis I 538b
fiat I 558a
Luxuria incubuit 549a
Lydiae O L lacus undae 538b

M

Maecenas M edite regibus 544a
qui fit, M 547b
Macte nova virtute, puer 556b
Magna est veritas 40a
Magnifico omne ignotum pro m 553b
Mala sunt m plura 551a
Malo me Galatea petit 557a
Malorum religio potuit suadere m 550a
Manlio consule M 546b
suo simulis patri M 539a
Manus tendebantque m 556a
Mare oleum mittas in m 24b
qui trans m currunt 543a
Mari suave, m magno 550b
Marmoream se relinquere 538a
Mater m saeva Cupidinum 544b
scientiarum m 17a
stabat m dolorosa 554a
Materiae summam m prorsus eandem 14a
Matre pulchra filia pulchrior 544b
Matrem risu cognoscere m 557a
Mavult homo verum 16b
Maxima debetur puero reverentia 549b
Me, me, adsum qui feci 556b
Medea ne coram populo M trucidet 542a
Medias in m res 542a
Medicina sero m paratur 551b
Medio tutissimus ibis 551b
Mediocria sunt quaedam m 551a
Mediocribus esse poetis 542b
Mediocritatem auream m 545a
Meliboee O M, deus otia fecit 556b
Meliora video m, proboque 551b
Membra disiecti m poetae 547b
Meminisse haec olim m iuvabit 554b
Memor dum m ipse mei 555b
Memores quoque sui m fecere 556a
Mendax splendide m 546a
Mens m agitat molem 556a
m cuiusque is est quisque 540a
m sana in corpore sano 549b
m sibi conscia recti 555a
Merses profundo 547a
Metuant oderint, dum m 540b
Metuit secundis sortem pectus 545a
Miles m gloriosus 552b
numerat m vulnera 552b
sed m, sed pro patria 287b
Militavi non sine gloria 546b
Minerva crassa M 548a
invita M 542b
Miscuerunt herbas 557b
Miseris succurrere disco 555a
Miserrima quaeque ipse m vidi 555a
Modus est m in rebus 547b
Moles rudis indigestaque m 551b
tantae m erat condere gentem 554b
Monstrum horrendum 555b
Monumentum circumspice, si m requiris 19a
exegi m aere perennius 546b
si m requiris 473b
Morbi pallentesque habitant M 556a
subeunt m tristisque senectus 558a
Morbo venienti occurrite m 552a
Morbum hunc habet m 539a
Morem contra bonum m 553a
Mores O tempora, O m 540b
qui m hominum..vidit 542a
sine crimine m 551b
Moriar non omnis m 546b
Moribus m antiquis res stat 541a
quid leges sine m proficiunt 546b
Morientı te teneam m 554a
Morior in exilio 541a
Morituri Imperator, m te salutant 553b
Mortalia mentem m tangunt 555a
Mortalibus nil m ardui est 544a
Mors illi m gravis incubat 553a
indignatio principis m est 283a
m sola fatetur 549b
pallida M aequo pulsat 544b
Mortis felix opportunitate m 553b
posce animum m terrore carentem 549b
rapit inclementia m 558a
timor m conturbat me 142b
Mulier m cupido quod dicit amanti 539b
m formosa superne 541b
Mundi flammantia moenia m 550a
sic transit gloria m 537a
Munditiis simplex m 544b
Murus aeneus esto 542b
Mus nascetur ridiculus m 542a
Musa M vetat mori 547a
quo, M, tendis 546a
Mutabile semper femina 555b
Mutato nomine de te 547b
Mutatus quantum m ab illo Hectore 555b

N

Naso suspendis adunco 547b
Nasum totum ut te faciant n 538b
Natale solum dulcedine ducit 552a
Natura si n negat 548b
Naturae enim non imperatur 17a
Naturam expelles furca 543a
Navita de ventis narrat 552b
Nebula remota erroris n 549a
Necessitas n dat legem 553b
n non habet legem 553b
Negotiis qui procul n 544a
Nequid ut n nimis 554a
Nequiores aetas tulit nos n 546a
Niger hic n est 547b
Nihil est ab omni parte beatum 545b
Nihilum de nihilo n 552a
Nil n admirari 543a
n posse creari de nilo 550a
Nimis ut nequid n 554a
Nives diffugere n 547a
Nobilitate contendere n 550b
Nocens nemo n absolvitur 549b
Nocitura toga, n petuntur militia 549a
Noctes n atque dies niti 550b
O n cenaeque deum 548a
Nodus dignus vindice n inciderit 542a
Nomen clarum et venerabile n 550a
nostrum n miscebitur istis 551b
omne capax movet urna n 545b
Nominis stat magni n umbra 550a
Non sum qualis eram 546b
Nonum prematur in annum 542b
Notus nimis omnibus 553a
Novi ex Africa semper aliquid n 552b
Nox n est perpetua una dormienda 538b
n umida coelo praecipitat 555a
Nugas solebas aliquid putare n 538a
Nulla retrorsum (vestigia) 542b
Nullius addictus iurare in verba 542b
Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit 209b
Numen nullum n habes 549b
Numerisque fertur lege solutis 546b
Numerus nos n sumus 543a
Numine quo n laeso 554b
Nunc est bibendum 545a
Nympha pudica Deum vidit 114b

O

Oblitus meorum obliviscendus 543a
Oblivia ducere iucunda o vitae 548a
Obliviscendus meorum o et illis 543a
Obscurus fio 541b
Occidere soles o et redire possunt 538b
Occidit cum semel o brevis lux 538b
o, o fortuna nostri 547a

Occumbere seu certae o morti 555a
Occupato nube polum Pater o 546b
Occurrite venienti o morbo 552a
Oderint, dum metuant 540b
Odi incredulus o 542a
o et amo 539b
o profanum vulgus et arceo 545b
Persicos o, puer, apparatus 545a
Odisse quem laeseris 553b
Oedipus Davos sum, non O 554a
Ofellius quae praecepit O rusticus 548a
Oleum mittas in mare 24a
Olores inter strepere anser o 557b
Olympo viamque adfectat O 558a
Pelion imposuisse O 546a
Olympum Ossae frondosum involvere O 557b
Omen di o avertant 540b
procul o abesto 551b
Omne capax movet urna nomen 545b
Omnes eodem cogimur 545a
Omnia non o possumus omnes 557b
o mutari 14a
Omnium consensu capax imperii 553b
Operosiores divitias o 545b
Opes magnas inter o inops 546b
Opus hoc o, hic labor est 556a
iamque o exegi 551b
Optima quaeque dies fugit 558a
Orbis fractus illabatur o 546a
Orci in faucibus O 556a
Ore rotunda 542b
Orna hanc ex (o) 540a
Ornavit nullum quod tetigit non o 209b
Ossam imponere Pelio O 557b
Ossibus ex o ultor 555b
Ostendis quodcumque o mihi 542a
Otia deus nobis haec o fecit 556b
Otiosum nunquam se minus o 540a
Otiosus nunquam sis ex toto o 537a
Otium cum dignitate o 540a

P

Pacem p appellant 553b
qui desiderat p 554a
Pacis longae p mala 549a
p imponere morem 556a
Pallescere nulla p culpa 542b
Pallida Mors 544b
Pallidula rigida nudula 541b
Panem et circenses 549b
Pannus purpureus p 541b
Paratus in utrumque p 555a
Parcere subiectis 556a
Parcus deorum cultor 545a
Parentum aetas p peior 546a
audiet pugnas vitio p 544a
Pars quorum p magna fui 555a
Partem audi alteram p 537a
Parturient montes 542a
Passer mortuus est 538b
Passibus non p aequis 555b
Passione interdum movemur 537a
Pater nube polum P occupato 546b
Patientia levius fit p 545a
Patimur nunc p longae pacis mala 549a
Patrem habere non potest Deum p 537b
Patria pro p mori 545b
pro p, pro liberis 553a
Patronum optimus omnium's p 539a
Pauperiem duram callet p pati 547a
indoctis p pati 544a
Paupertas nil habet infelix p 548b
Pauperum tabernas 544b
Pecca fortiter 550b
Pecus imitatores, servum p 543b
Pede stans p in uno 547b
Pelio imponere P Ossam 557b
Pelion imposuisse Olympo 546a
Pendulus dubiae spe p hora 543b
Pereant qui ante nos dixerunt 541a
Perenne plus uno maneat p saeclo 538b
Perennius aere p 546b
Pereunt et imputantur 551a
Perii ut vidi, ut p 557a
Pernt qui ante diem p 287b
Perituram venalem et mature p. 553a
Permitte divis cetera 544b
Pernoctant (studia) nobiscum 540b
Perpetua nox est p una dormienda 538b
Perpetuum atque in p, frater, ave 540a
Persicos odi, puer, apparatus 545a
Petis quod p hic est 543a
Pictura p pascit inani 555a
ut p poesis 542b
Pictoribus atque poetis 541b
Pierides me facere poetam P 557b
Pietate hoc pro p mea 539b
Piscem desinat in p mulier 541b
Placeo quod spiro et p 546b
Planco consule P 546b
Pluvius Iupiter p 554a
Poema cupiet fecisse p 543b
Poena deserut pede P claudo 545b
Poesis ut pictura p 542b
Poeta pessimus omnium p 539a
Poetae dissecti membra p 547b
Poetis mediocribus esse p 542b
pictoribus atque p 541b
Populi salus p suprema est lex 540b
vox p, vox dei 537a
Populus utinam p Romanus unam cervicem haberet 538a
Porcum Epicuri de grege p 543a
Portae geminae Somni p 550a
Portas si libenter crucem p 537a
Possidentem non p multa beatum 547a
Possunt, quia posse videntur 556a
Posteri credite p 545b
Postume eheu fugaces, P 545b
Potoribus scribuntur aquae p 543b
Praedantur singula de nobis anni p euntes 543b
Praelatura subiectione quam in p 537a
Praesidium et dulce decus meum 544a
Praeteritos referat si Iuppiter annos 556b
Praevalebit magna est veritas et p 40a
Prata sat p biberunt 557a
Prematur nonumque p in annum 542b
Pretio omnia Romae cum p 549a
Priamus en P 555a
Primo avulso non deficit 550a
Principibus p placuisse viris 543a
Principius p obsta 551b
Principium ab Iove p musae 557a
Prius sed haec p fuere 538b
Probitas p laudatur 548b
Procul p hinc, p este, severae 551b
p omen abesto 551b
p, o p este, profani 556a
qui p hinc 287b
Progeniem vitiosiorem 546a
Progenies iam nova p caelo 557a
Propositi tenacem p virum 545b
Propositum meum est p 558b
Proprie communia dicere 542a
Proximus iam p ardet Ucalegon 555b
patries cum ardet 543a
Pudor purpureusque p 551b
quis desiderio sit p 545a
Puellae passer, deliciae meae p 538b
Puellis vixi p nuper idoneus 546b
Puer O formose p 557a
te p in rosa urget 544b
Pueros ne p coram populo Medea trucidet 542a
Pulchra O matre p 544b
Pulchritudo tam antiqua 537b
Pulchrum qui quid sit p decet 542b
Pulsanda tellus 545a
Pulveris exigui iactu 558a
Pulvis et umbra sumus 547a
Pumice libellum p expolitum 538a
Punica fide 553a
Puriter si vitam p egi 539b
Purpureus pannus 541b
Pyrrha grato, P, sub antro 544b

Q

Quadrigis petimus bene vivere 543a
Quadripedante putrem 556b
Quadruviis et angiportis 539a
Quaesieris tu ne q 544b
Quaesiveris nec te q extra 552a
Qualis ab incepto 542a
Quanta qualia sabbata 537a
Querimonius divulsus q 544b
Quid est, Catulle? 539a
Quidquid agunt homines 548b
Quies prima q mortalibus aegris 555a
Quo, Musa, tendis? 546a
Quorum pars magna fui 555a
Quousque tandem abutere patientia 540b

R

Rapit quae r hora diem 547a
Rari nantes in gurgite vasto 554b
Rebellatrix Germania 552a
Rebus in arduis 545a
Recte si possis r 542b
Rectum nequit consistere r 547b
Redire negant r quenquam 538b
soles occidere et r possunt 538b
Regere imperio populos memento 556a
Reges quidquid delirant r 543a
Regis vexilla r prodeunt 541a
Religio potuit suadere malorum 550a
Rem quocumque modo r 542b
Remi magnanimis R nepotes 539a
Renascentur multa r quae iam cecidere 541b
Renidet quodcumque agit, r 539a
Res r angusta domi 548b
r publica detrimenti caperet 540b
Respice finem 574b
Responsare cupidinibus 548a
Rescribas nil mihi r 551b
Retrorsum vestigia nulla r 542b
Reverentia maxima debetur puero r 549b
Revocare gradum 556a
Rex ego et r meus 385b
Ridentem audit dulce r 539a
r dicere verum quid vetat 547b
Ridete quidquid est domi cachinnorum 538b
Ripae ulterioris amore 556a
Risu nam r inepto res ineptior nulla est 539a
Robur et aes triplex 544a
Roma locuta est 538a
Romae omnia R cum pretio 549a
si fueris R 537b
strepitumque R 546b
Romam fortunatam natam me consule R 540a
Romana res stat R viresque 541a
Romanam condere gentem 554b
Romane hunc tu, R, caveto 547b
regere populos, R, memento 556a
Romani cedite R scriptores 553a
Romano vivito more 537b
Romanorum Cassium R ultimum 553b
Romanus civis R sum 540b
imperiumque pater R habebit 556b
Romuli in R faece 549a
Rosa quo locorum sera moretur 545a
Rota currente r cur urceus exit? 541b
Ruit mole r sua 516a
Rumores r que senum severiorum 538b
Rus O r, quando ego te aspiciam? 548a
r in urbe 551a

S

Sabbata qualia sunt illa s 537a
Sabidi non amo te, S 551a
Saeclo plus uno maneat perenne s 538b
Saeclorum nascitur ordo 557a
Saepibus in nostris 557a
Sal Atticum 552b
Salaputium disertum 539a
Salus s extra ecclesiam non est 537b
s populi suprema est lex 321a, 540b
una s victis 555b
Salutem nullam sperare s 555b
Salve, magna parens 557b
Sana mens s in corpore sano 549b
Sanguinis semen est s Christianorum 574a
Sapiens abnormis s 548a
Sapientia de S Veterum 17a
Sapientibus etiam s cupido gloriae 553b
Satura quidem tota nostra est 553a
Saturnia redeunt S regna 557a
S tellus 557b
Saturno rege 549a
Scalam de vitiis nostris s 538a

Scelestum raro antecedentem s 545b
Sceptra eripuit mox s tyrannis 551a
Scientiarum mater 17a
Scientia potestas est 17a
Scire nefas 544b
Scribere oportet aqua 539b
Scripturas scrutamini s. 321a
Sectari mitte s 545a
Securis nec summit aut ponit s 545b
Securus iudicat orbis terrarum 537b
Seges nunc s est ubi Troia fuit 551b
Semen est sanguinis Christianorum 574a
Semihiante labello 539a
Semper quod s, quod ubique s eadem 554b 145b
Senectutem (studia) oblectant 540b
Senectus tristis s 558a
Sententiae quot homines tot s 554a
Sentire quae velis 553b
Sepulcris si quicquam mutis gratum s accidere potest 539b
Sera nimis vita est crastina 551a
Serena sapientum templa s 550b
Sermo nec meus hic s est 548a
Sermones utriusque linguae 546a
Sero te amavi 537b
Servate vosmet rebus s secundis 554b
Servetur ad imum 542a
Sesquipedalia verba 542a
Severae procul este, s 551b
Severiorum rumoresque senum s 538b
Sic vos non vobis 558b
Sicelides Musae 557a
Sidera suadent s somnos sublima feriam s vertice 555a 544a
Signo in hoc s vinces 540b
Silent enim leges inter arma 540b
Silvae nunc frondent s 557a
Silvas habitarunt di quoque s 557a
Simplex munditiis 544b
Simplicitas nudaque s O sancta s 551b 548a
Sirmio salve O venusta S 538b
Situm sic melius s 546a
Sol inferebatur s et luna 537b
Solamine humano pro s 558b
Soles s effugere atque abire sentit s occidere et redire possunt 551a 538b
Solitudinem ubi s faciunt 553b
Solum natale s dulcedine nec minus s 552a 540a
Solutis lege s 546b
Solve s metus s senescentem equum 555a 542b
Solventur risu tabulae 547b
Somni geminae S portae 556a
Spartam nactus es 540a
Spatium da s vitae 549b
Sperat infestis 545a
Sperabitur grata quae non s 543a
Spinis exempta s de pluribus una 544a
Spiritus dum s hos regit artus s intus alit 555b 556a
veni Sancte S 549b
Spiro quod s et placeo 546b
Splendide mendax 546a
Splendidior vitro 546a
Spretaeque iniuria formae 554b
Stat stat fortuna domus s magni nominis umbra 558a 550a
Strenua nos exercent inertia 543a
Strepitumque Acherontis avari 557b
Studia adulescentiam acuunt 540b
Stultitia sapientia s caruisse 542b
Suave, mari magno 550b
Subiectione stare in s 537a
Sublimi feriam sidera vertice 544a
Successus hos s alit 556a
Succurrere miseris s disco 555a
Sufflaminandus s erat 214b
Sum cogito, ergo s 540b
Summum bonum 540a
Supellex curta s. 552a
Superos flectere si nequeo s s quid quaerimus ultra 556b 550a
Suppositos per ignis s cineri 545a
Supremum omnem crede diem s 543a
Surrexit Christus hodie 558b

T

Taberna in t mori 558b
Tacitae per amica silentia lunae 555a
Tantas componere lites 557a
Tecum vivere amem 540a
Te Deum laudamus 558b
Tellus pulsanda t 545a
Tempestas quo me cumque rapit t 542b
Temptanda via est 558a
Tempora O t, O mores 540b
Temporis laudator t acti 542a
Temporum rara t felicitate 553b
Tempus fugit irrevocabile t t abire tibi est t edax rerum t quo quies serpit 558a 551b 555a
Tenacem iustum et t 545b
Tendebant manus 550a
Tenebricosum it per iter t 538b
Tenui musam meditamur 405a
Testa pia t 546b
Tetigisti acu 552b
Teucro et auspice T 544b
Thule ultima T 557b
Timeo Danaos 555a
Timor t mortis conturbat me 142b
votum t ira voluptas 548b
Tityre, tu patulae 556b
Tolle lege 537b
Torquatus volo parvulus 539a
Tristes oderunt hilarem t 543b
Troia ubi T fuit 551b
Troiae captae post tempora T 542a
Tu et t, Brute 548b
t quoque 552a
Tullus dives et Ancus 547a
Turpissimus nemo repente fuit t 548b
Tutissimus medio t ibis 551b
Tyranni non vultus instantis t 545b
Tyrannis eripuit mox sceptra t 551a

U

Ubique quod semper, quod u 554b
Ulixen proposuit exemplar U 543a
Ultio in firmi est animi voluptas u 549b
prima est haec u 549b
Ultor ex ossibus u 555b
Ulubris quod petis hic est, est U 543a
Umbra pulvis et u sumus 547a
Unguem ad u factus homo 547b
Unus homo cunctando restituit rem 541a
Urbem u excoluit adeo 538a
u venalem 553a
Urbis mores vidit et u 542a
Urceus currente rota cur u exit 541b
Urna omne capax movet u nomen 545b
Utile qui miscuit u dulci 542b
Uxor ab illis incipit u domus et placens u 549a 545b

V

Vadis quo v? 558a
Vae victis 550a
Vagula animula v blandula 541b
Vale frater, ave atque v 540a
Valere sed v vita est 551a
Vanae quid leges v proficiunt 546b
Vare Quintili V, legiones redde 538a
Varium et mutabile 555b
Vate carent quia v sacro 547a
Vatum genus irritabile v 543b
Verbis felicissime audax 553a
Velle idem v atque idem nolle 553a
Veneres lugete, O V 538b
Veni v Sancte Spiritus 549b
v, vidi, vici 548a
Veniam dat v corvis 548b
v petimusque damusque 541b
Venienti occurrite morbo 552a
Venite, venite in Bethlehem 558a
Ver egelidos refert tepores 539a
Vera dinoscere possunt v bona 549a
Verbum volat irrevocabile v 543a
Veritas in vino v. 552b
magna est v 40a
Versate nocturna v manu 542a
Verum mavult homo v esse 16b
Vesper adest, iuvenes 539b
Vestibulum ante ipsum 556a
Vestigia nulla retrorsum 542b
Vetustas deserta v nec edax abolere v 544a 551b
Vexilla regis prodeunt 541a
Viator cantabit vacuus v 549a
Viburna inter v cupressi 556b
Victisti, Galilaee 548a
Victis vae v 550a
Victor per populos dat iura 558a
Victrix causa deis placuit 558a
Video meliora, proboque 551b
Vidi ut v, ut perii 557a
Vigor et caelestis origo 556a
Villa miretur vulgus 551b
Vina proxima morientis ori 558b
Vinces in hoc signo v 540b
Vinclum quoddam commune v 540b
Vino in v veritas 552b
Virenti canities abest morosa 544b
Vires quodsi deficiant v 552b
Virginibus puerisque 545b
Virgo iam redet et v 557a
Virisque adquirit eundo 555b
Vitae integer v scelerisque purus iucunda oblivia v 545a 548a
Virtus quid v et sapientia possit v est vitium fugere v repulsae nescia sordidae 543a 542b 545b
Virtutem videant 552a
Virum arma v que cano 554b
Vis ama et fac quod v iube quod v v consili expers vivida v animi pervicit 538a 550a 543b
Vitae fallentis semita v v summa brevis 544b 543b
Vitam det v, det opes propter v perdere causas si v puriter egi 549a 539b
Vitiis de v nostris scalam facimus 538a
Vitium virtus est v fugere 542b
Vivamus, mea Lesbia 538b
Vive hodie 551a
Vivere non est v, sed valere vita est tecum v amem 551a 546a
Vivida vis animi pervicit 550a
Vixi dixisse v' v puellis nuper idoneus 546b
Vocabula quae sunt in honore v specioso v rerum 541b 544a
Volitare virum v per ora 558a
Volo hoc v, sic iubeo 549a
Volucris dispersit in auras 556b
Voluisse sat est 552b
Voluntas sit pro ratione v 549a
Voluptas trahit sua quemque v votum timor ira v 557a 548b
Vos sic v non vobis 558b
Votis hoc erat in v 548a
Votum timor ira voluptas 548b
Vox populi, vox dei 309a, 537a
Vulgus odi profanum v 545b
Vulpes aegroto cauta leoni 542b
Vultus non v instantis tyranni 545b

Z

Zelum putamus 537a

GREEK

A

'Αγαν. μηδὲν ἀ. 560b
'Αλεκτρυόνα τῷ 'Ασκληπιῷ ὀφείλομεν ἀ 560a
'Αλέξανδρος εἰ μὴ 'Α ἥμην 559a
'Αμύνεσθαι περὶ πάτρης 560a
'Ανήριθμον γέλασμα 559a
'Ανθρώπου οὐδὲν ἀ δεινότερον 560b
'Ανθρώπων πολλῶν δ' ἀ ἴδεν ἄστεα 560a
'Απομειβόμενος τὸν δ' ἀ. 560a
'Αρετῆς πέρι ἢ ψόγου 560b
'Αριστεύειν αἰὲν ἀ 560a
'Ασκληπιῷ τῷ 'Α ὀφείλομεν ἀλεκτρύονα 560a
"Αστεα. ἴδεν ἄ 560a

B

Βιβλίον μέγα β μέγα κακόν 559b
Βίος ὁ β βραχύς 559b

Γ

Γελάσασα δακρύοεν γ. 560a
Γέλασμα ἀνήριθμον γ. 559a
Γηράσκω δ' αἰὲι πολλὰ διδασκόμενος 560a
Γλῶσσ' ἡ γ. ὀμώμοχ' 559b
Γνῶθι σεαυτόν 560b

Δ

Δακρύοεν γ ιάσασα 560a
Δεινά πολλα τὰ δ 560b
Διδασκόμενος γηράσκω δ' ἀεὶ πολλὰ δ 560b
Διογένης ἀν ἥμην 559a

E

'Επιφανῶν ἀνδρῶν ἐ γῆ τάφος 560b
Εὔκολος ὁ δ' ε μὲν ἐνθαδ' 559a
Εὕρηκα 559a
Εὐτελείας φιλοκαλοῦμεν μετ' ε 560b
Εὐτυχέα μηδὲ καλέειν αλλ' ε. 560b
Εὐτυχέστερος πατρὸς ε. 560b

H

'Ηλίου ἀπὸ τοῦ ἡ μετάστηθι 559b
"Ημισυ πλέον ἢ παντός 559b

Θ

Θάλαττα, θάλαττα 560b
Θεός ἢ θηρίον ἢ θ 559a
Θηρίον ἢ θ. ἢ θεός 559a

I

'Ιπποκλείδη οὐ φροντὶς 'Ι 559b

K

Κάθαρσιν παθημάτων κ 559a
Κτῆμα ἐς ἀεί 560b
Κυμάτων ποντίων τε κ 559a

Λ

Λακεδαιμονίοις ἀγγειλον Λ 560a

M

Μαλακίας· φιλοσοφοῦμεν ἄνευ μ 560b
Μέτρον πάντων χρημάτων μ 560a
Μῆνιν ἄειδε, θεά 559b

N

Νόον καὶ ν ἔγνω 560a

O

Οἰωνός· εἷς ο ἄριστος 560a
"Ολβιον μηδὲ καλέειν κω ὅ 560b

Π

Πειθόμενοι τοῖς κείνων ῥήμασι π 560a
Πολιτικόν ἄνθρωπος φύσει π ζῶον 559a
Πολύτροπον ἄνδρα μοι ἔννεπε, Μοῦσα, π 560a

P

'Ρεῖ πάντα ῥ, οὔδεν μένει 559b

Σ

Σεαυτόν· γνῶθι σ 560b
Στῶ ποῦ σ 559a
Συνετοῖσιν φωνᾶντα σ 560a

T

Τάφος· πᾶσα γῆ τ 560b
Τέχνη ἡ δὲ τ μακρή 559b
Τραγῳδία μίμησις 559a

Y

"Υδωρ· ἄριστον μὲν ὕ 560a
'Υπαρχούσης φύσεως μὴ χείροσι γενέσθαι 560b

Φ

Φιλοκαλοῦμεν μετ' εὐτελείας 560b
Φιλοσοφοῦμεν ἄνευ μαλακίας 560b
Φρὴν ἡ δὲ φ ἀνώμοτος 559b
Φύλλων οἵη περ φ γενεή 560a
Φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσιν 560a

Ψ

Ψόγου ἀρετῆς πέρι ἢ ψ. 560b

FRENCH

A

Absence est à l'amour 265b
Absents ont toujours tort 951b
Accuse j'a 666a
Acte le dernier a est sanglant 554b
Adversité de nos meilleurs amis 562a
Aimez qui vous aime 566a
Allons, enfants de la patrie 565b
Âme aventures de son â 563a
Ami n'oserez-vous, mon bel a 176a
Amiral tuer un a pour encourager 566a
Amour l'absence est à l'a 561b
Angleterre nation de boutiquiers 564a
Animal cet a est très méchant 566a
Anne sœur A, ne vois-tu rien venir 564b
Antan neiges d'a 565b
Appétit vient en mangeant 565a
Appris ils n'ont rien a 565b
rien oublié et rien a 563a
Ardeur dans mes veines cachée 565a
Argent point d'a 565a
Arques nous avons combattu à A 563b
Assassins Mm les a commencent 563b
Attaque on l'a il se défend 566a
situation excellente J'a 563a
Audace, et encore de l'audace 561a
Austerlitz soleil d'A 564b
Autrui les maux d'a 562a

B

Bataillons Dieu est pour les gros b 566a
Bâton de maréchal de France 80a, 564b
Belle temps que j'étais b 565b
Bien mieux est l'ennemi du bien mon b ou je le trouve 575a
Bienfaits recevoir de plus grand b 574b
Bois nous n'irons plus aux b 561b
Boue nostalgie de la b 561a
Boutiquiers nation de b 564a
Brioche mangent de la b 563b

C

Ça ira 566a
Carrière ouverte aux talents 80a, 564a
Casse tout passe, tout c 575a
Centre mon c cède 563a
Chandelle au soir, à la c 565b
Change plus ça c, plus même chose 563b
Changé nous avons c tout cela 575a
Chefs-d'œuvre âme au milieu des c 561a
Chercher un grand peut-être 565a
Chercherais tu ne me c pas 564b
Chevalier sans peur 566a
Cléopâtre le nez de C 564b
Clercs la trahison des c 574b
Cœur a ses raisons 564b
Comédie belle que soit la c 564b
Compagnon de la Majolaine 528a
Congrès ne marche pas 562a
Courage deux heures après minuit 575a
Crillon pends-toi, brave C 563b
Crimes O liberté! que de c 565a
Critique le bon c est celui 563a
Cultiver notre jardin 566a

D

Danse congrès ne marche pas, il d 562a
Défend on l'attaque il se d 566a
Déluge après nous le d 565a
Déplait quelque chose qui ne nous d pas 562a
Dévorat successivement tous ses enfants 565b
Dieu est pour les gros bataillons 566a
si D n'existait pas 566a
Direz, chantant mes vers 565b
Distance n'y fait rien 562b

E

Écrasez l'infâme 566a
Égalité Liberté! É! 566b

FRENCH INDEX

Embarras des richesses 561a
Empire ni romain, ni e 566a
Encourager pour e les autres 566a
Enfants terribles 563a
Escalier esprit de l'e 562b
Espaces infinis m'effraie 564b
Esprit de l'escalier 562b
Etat c'est moi 563b

F

Farce est jouée 565a
Fers il est dans les f 565b
Fils de Saint Louis 563a
Forces balance des f réelles 564a
Fraternité Egalité! F ! 566b

G

Galère faire dans cette g vogue la g 564a 565a
Garde la G meurt 562a
Génie aptitude à la patience 561b
Georges Dandin vous l'avez voulu, G D 564a
Giberne soldat porte dans sa g 564b
Gloire le jour de g est arrivé 565b
Gouvernement qu'elle mérite 562b
Guerre à la g , les trois quarts ce n'est pas la g g est l'industrie de la Prusse 564a 561a 562b

H

Habileté que de savoir cacher 562a
Héros point de h pour son valet 561a
Heureux si h ni si malheureux 562a
Homme gravement malade le style est l'h l'h n'est qu'un roseau 564b 561b 564b
Honneur tout est perdu fors l'h 563a
Hypocrisie est un hommage 562a

I

Infâme écrasez l'i 566a
Infini me tourmente 562b
Inventer il faudrait l'i 566a
Ira ça i 566a

J

Jardin cultiver notre j 566a
Jésus *bon Sanseulotte* J 562b
Jeunesse si j savoit 563a
Jour de gloire est arrivé 563b
Jours tous les j , à tous points 561a

L

Lasse tout casse, tout l 575a
Lauriers sont coupés 561b
Liberté L ! Egalité! 566b
O l ! que de crimes 565a
Libre l'homme est né l, 565b
Louis fils de Saint L 563a

M

Magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre 561a
Maîtresses j'aurai des m 161a
Malade homme gravement m 564b
Malherbe en fin M vint 574b
Malheureux si heureux ni si m 562a
Maux supporter les m d'autrui 562a
Méfiez-vous! Les oreilles ennemies 566b
Messe Paris vaut bien une m 563b
Meurt la Garde m 562a
Mieux je vais de m en m 561a
m est l'ennemi du bien 575a
Monde quand tout le m a tort 562a
Morales trois quarts sont des affaires m 564a
Morts il n'y a pas de m 562b
Mourra on m seul 564b
Moutons retournons à nos m 566b

N

Nation toute n a le gouvernement 562b
Nécessité je n'en vois pas la n 561a
Neiges d'antan 565b
Nez de Cléopâtre 564b
Nostalgie de la boue 561a

O

Ordre règne à Varsovie 566b
Oserez n'o vous, mon bel ami 176a
Oublié rien appris, ni rien o rien o et n'ont rien appris 565b 563a
Oreilles ennemies vous écoutent 566b

P

Pantoufles apportez-moi mes p 564a
Paris vaut bien une messe 563b
Paroles n'employoient les p que 566a
Pas premier p qui coûte 562b
Passe tout p , tout casse 575a
Passeront ils ne p pas 565a
Patience aptitude à la p 561b
Patrie enfants de la p 565b
Pends-toi, brave Crillon 563b
Pensée se servent de la p 566a
Pensées pour déguiser leurs p 566a
Perdu fors l'honneur 563a
Peur sans p et sans reproche 566a
Peut-être chercher un grand p 565a
Pleurer peur d'être obligé d'en p 561b
Plus ça change, p c'est la même 563b
Premier pas qui coûte 562b
Prêtre boyaux du dernier p 563b
Proie Vénus à sa p attachée 565a
Propriété c'est le vol 565a
Prose ce qui n'est point p est vers 564a
je dis de la p 564a
Prusse industrie nationale de la P 562b
Pyramides haut de ces p 564a
Pyrénées il n'y a plus de P 563b

R

Raisons le cœur a ses r 564b
Reconnaissance secrète envie 574b
Reprendre mon bien 574b
Reproche sans peur et sans r 566a
Reste j'y suis, j'y r 574b
Retournons à nos moutons 566b
Révolte c'est une r ? 562a
Révolution c'est une r 562a
R , comme Saturne 565b
Richesses embarras des r 561a
Rideau tirez le r 565a
Ridicule du sublime au r 564a
Rire je me presse de r de tout 561b
Roi plus royaliste que le r r d'Yvetot 566b 561b
Rois dernier des r fût étranglé 563b
Romain ni saint, ni r 566a
Ronsard me célébrait 565b
Roseau un r pensant 564b
Royaliste plus r que le roi 566b

S

Saint ni s , ni romain 566a
Sanglant dernier acte est s 564b
Saturne Révolution, comme S 565b
Seul on mourra s 564b
Siècles quarante s vous contemplent 564a
Silence grand talent pour le s s éternel de ces espaces 81a 564b
Situation excellente j'attaque 563a
Soldat tout s français porte 564b
Soldats, songez que, du haut 564a
Soleil d'Austerlitz 564b
Style est l'homme 561b
Sublime au ridicule 564a
Suis j'y s , j'y reste 574b
Suisse point de S 565a

T

Taisez-vous! Méfiez-vous! 566b
Talent pour le silence 81a
Talents carrière ouverte aux t 80a, 564a
Temps que j'étais belle 565b
Tête d'armée 564b
Tort absents ont toujours t tout le monde a t 562b 562a
Trahison des clercs 574b
Trouve mon bien ou je le t 564b
Trouvé si tu ne m'avais t 574b
Tuer de temps en temps un amiral 566a

V

Valet point de héros pour son v 561a
Varsovie l'ordre règne à V 566b
Veines ardeur dans mes v cachée 565a
Vent qu'est au feu le v 561b
Vénus c'est V toute entière 565a
Vers n'est point prose est v 564a
Vice le v rend à la vertu 562a
Vieille quand vous serez bien v 565b
Vieillesse si v pouvoit 563a
Vive il faut que je v 561a
Vogue la galère 565a
Vol la propriété c'est le v 565a
Vouldras fay ce que v 565a
Voulu vous l'avez v , Georges Dandin 564a

Y

Yvetot un roi d'Y 561b

Z

Zèle pas trop de z 565b

ITALIAN

A

Altrui lo pane a 567a
Amor che move il sole 567a

B

Ben trovato 575a

C

Cammin di nostra vita 566b
Chiesa libera C in libero Stato 567a

D

Dolore nessun maggior d 566b

F

Felice ricordarsi del tempo f 566b

G

Galeotto fu il libro 566b

L

Lasciate ogni speranza 566b
Leggemmo non vi l avante 566b
Libera Chiesa 567a
Libro Galeotto fu il l 566b

M

Maestro di color che sanno 566b
Mezzo nel m del cammin 566b
Miseria felice nella m 566b
Muove e pur si m 567a

O

Onorate l'altissimo poeta 566b

P

Pace è nostra p 567a
Pane lo p altrui 567a
Pensieri stretti ed il viso sciolto 573b
Poeta l'altissimo p 566b
Proverai sì come sa di sale 567a
Puro e disposto 566b

R

Ricordarsi del tempo felice 566b
Rifiuto il gran r 566b
Riveder le stelle 566b

S

Sanno Maestro di color che s 566b
Scale per l'altrui s 567a
Scendere e il salir 566b
Speranza lasciate ogni s 566b
Stato libera Chiesa in libero S 567a
Stelle riveder le s 566b
salire alle s 566b
sole e l'altre s 567a

T

Trovato è molto ben t 575a

V

Virgilio or se' tu quel V 566b
Viso sciolto 573b
Volontate e la sua v. 567a

SPANISH

C

Caballero de la Triste Figura 567b

L

Linajes dos l solos hay 567b

F

Figura Caballero de la Triste F 567b

T

Tenir el t y el no t 567b

GERMAN

A

Anders ich kann nicht a 569a

B

Bedeuten was soll es b 568b
Bestie blonde B 569b
Blatter grun sind deine B 569b
Blonde Bestie 569b
Blut und Eisen 567b
Böse jenseits von Gut und B 569a
Burg feste B ist unser Gott 569a

C

Canossa nach C gehen wir nicht 567b

D

Dächern Ziegel auf den D 569a
Deutschland über alles 568a
Dinge zwei D erfüllen das Gemuth 568b
Drang Sturm und D 568b
Dummheit mit der D kämpfen
Götter 569b

E

Ehrlicher Makler 567b
Eisen Blut und E 567b

F

Flügeln des Gesanges 568b
Fragen ich will dich f 568b

G

Gedanke zwei Seelen und ein G 568b
Geliebter O mein G 568a
Geographischer Begriff 569a
Gesang Weib und G 569a
Gesanges aus Flügeln des G 568b
Gesetz moralische G in mir 568b
Gipfeln über allen G ist Ruh' 568a
Gold-Orangen glühn 568a
Gott feste Burg ist unser G 569a
Götter Dummheit kämpfen G 569b
Gott-trunkener Mensch 569b
Grolle ich g nicht 568b
Gut jenseits von G und Bose 569a

H

Hast ohne H, aber ohne Rast 568b
Herren-Moral 569a
Herz mein H ich will dich fragen 568b
mein H ist schwer 568a
wenn das H auch bricht 568b
Herzen zwei H und ein Schlag 568b
Himmel bestirnte H uber mir 568b
Hunde, wollt ihr ewig leben? 568a

I

Italien ist ein geographischer Begriff 569a

K

Kann ich k nicht anders 569a
Kennst du das I and 568a
Knochen die gesunden K 567b

L

Land kennst du das L 568a
Laub im dunkeln L 568a
Leben Narr sein L lang 569a
wollt ihr ewig l ? 568a
Licht mehr L ! 568b
Liebe was ist denn L ? 568b
Lorbeer hoch der L steht 568a

M

Makler Ehrlicher M 567b
Märchen aus alten Zeiten 568b
Mensch Gott-trunkener M 569b
Moral Herren-M und Sklaven-M 569a
Musketiers pommerschen M 567b
Myrte die M still 568a

N

Narr der bleibt ein N 569a
Neues im Westen nichts N 569b

P

Politik keine exakte Wissenschaft 567b
Pommerschen einzigen p Muske-
tiers 567b

R

Rast ohne Hast, aber ohne R 568b
Rhein die Wacht am R 569b
Ruh' meine R ' ist hin 568a
uber allen Gipfeln ist R ' 568a

S

Schlag zwei Herzen und ein S 568b
Schon du bist so s 568a
Seelen zwei S und ein Gedanke 568b
zwei S wohnen in meiner Brust 568a
Sinn nicht aus dem S 568b
Sklaven-Moral 569a
Sturm und Drang 568b

T

Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum 569b
Teufel so viel T 569a
Traurig ich so t bin 568b

V

Verweile doch! du bist 568a

W

Wacht die W am Rhein 569b
Waffen gute Wehr und W 569a
Weib Wein, W und Gesang 569a
Weiss nicht, was soll es bedeuten 568b
Westen im W nichts Neues 569b
Wind sanfter W vom blauen Him-
mel 568a
Worms Dächern waren zu W 569a

Z

Ziegel auf den Dächern 569a
Zeiten Märchen aus alten Z 568b
Zitronen wo die Z blühn 568a

PRINTED IN
GREAT BRITAIN
AT THE
UNIVERSITY PRESS
OXFORD
BY
JOHN JOHNSON
PRINTER
TO THE
UNIVERSITY