

## INDEX OF FIRST LINES

371

	PAGE
To him who in the love of Nature holds . . . . .	11
To the town of Atienza, Molina's hrave Alcaÿde . . . . .	133
'Twas evening, and before my eyes . . . . .	333
'Twas when the earth in summer glory lay . . . . .	319
Two dark-eyed maids, at sht of day . . . . .	204
Upon a rock that, high and sheer . . . . .	165
Upon the monntain's distant head . . . . .	112
Voices from the monntains speak . . . . .	241
Weep not for Solo's children slain . . . . .	33
What heroes from the woodland sprung . . . . .	155
When, as the garish day is done . . . . .	87
When beechen huds begin to swell . . . . .	13
When hreezes are soft and skies are fair . . . . .	17
When, doomed to death, the Apostie lay . . . . .	348
When Freedom, from the land of Spain . . . . .	82
When he, who, from the scourge of wrong . . . . .	28
When insect wings are glistening in the beam . . . . .	26
When Spring, to woods and wastes around . . . . .	61
When the firmament quivers with daylight's young beam . . . . .	114
When the radiant morn of creation hroke . . . . .	66
When this song of praise shall cease . . . . .	346
When to the common rest that crowns our days . . . . .	1
Where olive leaves were twinkling in every wind that hlew . . . . .	88
Whither, 'midst falling dew . . . . .	16
Who, 'mid the grasses of the field . . . . .	305
Wild was the day; the wintry sea . . . . .	117
Within this lowly grave a Conqueror lies . . . . .	207
Ye winds, ye unseen currents of the air . . . . .	177
Yet one smile more, der . . . . . ting, distant sun . . . . .	59
Your peaks are beautif . . . . . ye Apennines . . . . .	148
Youth i whose lngenuc . . . . . s, Arit, just and kind . . . . .	342