

	PAGE
So in the village inn the poet dwelt	<i>Murray</i> 383
Some have denied a soul! THEY NEVER LOVED	<i>Southey</i> 145
—So the stately bust abode	<i>Taylor</i> 266
Source immaterial of material naught	<i>Newell</i> 233
Stay your rude steps, or e'er your feet invade	<i>Frere, Canning, and Ellis</i> 97
Strahan, Tonson, Lintot of the times	<i>Byron</i> 173
Strange beauty, eight-limbed and eight-handed	<i>Hilton</i> 363
Study first Propriety: for she is indeed the Polestar	<i>Calverley</i> 298
Survey this shield, all bossy bright	<i>H. Smith</i> 32
That very time I saw, (but thou could'st not,)	<i>Cary</i> 271
That which was organized by the moral ability	<i>H. Smith</i> 38
The auld wife sat at her ivied door	<i>Calverley</i> 306
The autumn upon us was rushing	<i>T. Hood, jun.</i> 323
The burden of hard hitting: slog away	<i>Lang</i> 354
The chapel bell, with hollow mournful sound	<i>Ellis</i> 81
The clear cool note of the cuckoo which has ousted the legitimate nest-holder	<i>Stephen</i> 377
The comb between whose ivory teeth she strains	<i>Southey</i> 148
The day is done, and darkness	<i>Cary</i> 270
The Gothic looks solemn	<i>Keats</i> 217
The last lamp of the alley	<i>Maginn</i> 214
The little brown squirrel hops in the corn	<i>Newell</i> 335
The mighty spirit, and its power which stains	<i>Crabbe</i> 86
The Pacha sat in his divan	<i>Maginn</i> 214
The rain had fallen, the Poet arose	<i>Murray</i> 382
The rain was raining cheerfully	<i>Hilton</i> 368
There, pay it, James! 'tis cheaply earned	<i>Trull</i> 347
There is a fever of the spirit	<i>Peacock</i> 164
There is a river clear and fair	<i>Fanshawe</i> 89
There was ane katt, and, ane gude greye katt	<i>Hogg</i> 129
The Scotts, Kerrs, and Murrays, and Deloraines all	<i>Peacock</i> 156
The skies they were ashen and sober	<i>Bret Harte</i> 344
The sun sinks softly to his evening post	<i>Newell</i> 333
Those Evening Bells, those Evening Bells	<i>Hood</i> 241
Thou who, when fears attack	<i>Calverley</i> 292
'Tis mine! what accents can my joy declare	<i>Southey</i> 146
'Tis sweet to view, from half-past five to six	<i>J. Smith</i> 66
'Tis the voice of the lobster	<i>Dodgson</i> 308
'Twas not the brown of chestnut boughs	<i>Bayard Taylor</i> 275
Twinkle, twinkle, little bat	<i>Dodgson</i> 308
Two swains or clowns—but call them swains	<i>Hood</i> 237
Two voices are there: one is of the deep	<i>Stephen</i> 376
Untrue to my Ulric I never could be	<i>Thackeray</i> 248
Waitress, with eyes so marvellous black	<i>Collins</i> 287
Wake! for the Ruddy Ball has taken flight	<i>Thompson</i> 379
Was it not lovely to behold	<i>Hogg</i> 118
Wearisome Sonneteer, feeble and querulous	<i>Canning and Frere</i> 94
We met—'twas in a mob—and I thought he had done me	<i>Hood</i> 240