

	PAGE
In this mimic form of a matron in years	538
In vain to live from age to age	633
In vain ye woo me to your harmless joys	500
Instead of a pound or two, spending a mint	1395
Israel in ancient days	445
It flatters and deceives thy view	571
It is a maxim of much weight	1332
It is not from his form, in which we trace	242
Jealous, and with Love o'erflowing	500
Jesus, where'er thy people meet	450
Jesus, whose blood so freely stream'd	426
John Gilpin was a citizen	346
Keppel, returning from afar	294
Kinsman belov'd, and as a son, by me!	422
Lad! It cannot be, but that thine eyes	623
Laurels may flourish round the conqueror's tomb	407
Learn, ye nations of the earth	500
Let Hamster now lend his aid	631
Little inmate, full of mirth	517
Long pling'd in sorrow, I resign	513
Lord, I love the halitation	200
Lord, my soul with pleasure springs	465
Lord, who hast suffer'd all for me	461
Love! if thy destin'd sacrifice am I	496
Love is the Lord whom I obey	495
Lusus amicitia est, mihi nisi dedita, con fit	575
Madam, a stranger's purpose, in these days	327
Man, on the dubious waves—terror toss'd	31
Maria, could Horace have guess'd	303
Maria! I have ev'ry good	364
Mary! I want a lyre with other strings	421
Meles and Mincio, both your urns depress	359
Mercator, vigiles oculos ut fallere possit	574
methinks I see thee decently array'd	620
Me too, perchance, in future days	358
Me to whatever state the Gods assign	281
Miltiades! thy valour best	365
Mortals! around your destin'd heads	288
Muse—Hide his name of whom I sing	121
My former hopes are fled	453
My gentle Anne, whom heretofore	421
My God, how perfect are thy ways!	440
My God! till I receiv'd thy stroke	440
My halting Muse, that dragg'st by choice along	608
My heart is easy, and my burthen light	490
My lids with grief were tumid yet	500
My mother! if thou love me, name no more	572
My name—my country—what are they to thee?	564
My pens are all split, and my ink-glass is dry	635
My Rose, Gravina, blooms anew	636
My song shall bless the Lord of all	449
My soul is sad and much dismay'd	458
My Sponse! in whose presence I live	489
My two-fold book! single in show	619
M. quarrels with N., for M. wrote a book	626
Mycilla dyes her locks 'tis said	571
Naples, too credulous, ah! boast no more	508
Night! how I love thy silent shades	542