

	PAGE		PAGE
Oh, dry the sant tear frae thine e'e....	66	This generation ne'er can know.....	257
Oh! how wondrous are the changes...	85	This life is a drama, a great panorama	37
Oh, I am poor, and very poor!.....	88	This life is a struggle, a battle at best	379
Oh, Jennie's locks are like the gowd...	146	This sketch I dedicate to you.....	336
Oh, mear'y, that ne'er lets the weary...	135	Thou in thy ignorance must wait.....	50
Oh, seek the greenwood shade.....	223	Time's writing his changes on a.....	118
Oh, sing and rejoice!.....	170	'Tis holy ground on which we tread.....	306
Oh, tell me not of mighty wars!.....	108	'Tis Sabbath morn, and a holy balm.....	54
Oh, they besa moory ille to dread.....	222	To gather gear is all the rage.....	386
Oh! what art thou, mysterious power.....	189	'Twee midnight an' mornin', that.....	324
Oh, what a sight of pure delight!.....	175		
Oh! why did I leave thee? Oh! why.....	102	Unbar the gates of eye and ear.....	160
Old Adam was a character.....	321	Up! my friend, be bold and true.....	93
Old England is eaten by knaves.....	219		
O sons of Italy, awake!.....	73	Wearily my days are past.....	191
Poor hapless, wretched, injured.....	370	Wee destitute, deserted wean.....	364
		Weel, Kirsty, since we've got a coo.....	300
Sing me that sang again!.....	141	Welcome to the weary worn.....	270
Some say their see witches ava.....	318	Welcome! welcome, Indian summer!	180
That's Hawkie as he look'd lang syne!	342	Well, as I said, I'm forest bred.....	264
The age, ah, me! of jollity.....	362	We're all afloat in a leaky boat.....	380
The Anglo-Saxon leads the van.....	33	We're auld and frail, and hirpin'.....	290
The clock in yonder old church tower.....	132	We've muckle to vex us pair sons o' a.....	138
The flowers of the summer have faded.....	171	What poor little fellows are we!.....	370
The glorious sun.....	173	When first I settled in the woods.....	274
The night was dark, the winds were.....	48	When moony a year had come and.....	107
The old ruin grey is mould'ring away.....	79	When my gloomy hour comes on me.....	74
The serfs of the Tsar know not pity.....	72	When the Genius of Canada came.....	194
The summer birds are gone.....	147	When winter comes to bridge the.....	139
The spring is here, with voice of.....	200	Where'er we may wander, whate'er be.....	36
The sun is up, and through the woods.....	157	Where Speed rolls her waters.....	144
The temple was a ruin'd heap.....	80	Where yonder ancient willow weeps.....	278
The watchers are weary, the Night's.....	124	While hosts of cowards in our time.....	381
The world reserves its honors for.....	308	Who'll sing the song of the starry.....	176
There's joy in the greenwood, for.....	187	Why left I my country, why did I.....	249
There's neighbor John, dull as a stone.....	202	Willie Fulton leev'd up 'mang the.....	359
There's no 'in bonnie Scotland's isle.....	150	Wouldst thou have serrows manifold.....	372
There's nothing that the world calls.....	149	Wouldst thou know the soul of silence.....	259
There's somewhat that's lurking.....	85		
There is a lonely spirit.....	282	Ye're turnin' auld, Towser, yer teeth.....	116
They place the Chieftain in his chair.....	292	Ye've come far too early.....	178
They should not have buried thee.....	368	You educated folk, no doubt.....	282
		Your journey's but beginning now.....	215