

# INDEX OF FIRST LINES

375

	PAGE
O heard ye yon pibroch sound sad in the gale . . . . .	167
O leave this barren spot to me! . . . . .	245
O scenes of my childhood, and dear to my heart . . . . .	372
O thou by whose expressive art . . . . .	263
Of Nelson and the North . . . . .	189
Oh, how hard it is to find . . . . .	334
Oh, Judith! had our lot been cast . . . . .	329
Oh! once the harp of Innisfail . . . . .	137
On England's shore I saw a pensive band . . . . .	281
On Linden, when the sun was low! . . . . .	196
On Susquehanna's side, fair Wyoming . . . . .	45
On the green banks of Shannon, when Sheelah was nigh . . . . .	255
Our bosoms we'll bare for the glorious strife . . . . .	199
Our bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lowered . . . . .	198
Our friendship's not a stream to dry . . . . .	312
Phoebus has risen, and many a glittering ray . . . . .	357
Platonic friendship, at your years . . . . .	342
Pledge to the much-loved land that gave us birth! . . . . .	200
Pride of the British stage . . . . .	272
Prophetic pencil! wilt thou trace . . . . .	259
Since there is magic in your look . . . . .	336
So all this gallant blood has gushed in vain! . . . . .	223
Soul of the poet! wheresoe'er . . . . .	266
Star of the morn and eve . . . . .	151
Star that bringest home the bee . . . . .	333
Steer, helmsman, till you steer our way . . . . .	285
Sweet bud of life! thy future doom . . . . .	287
Sweet Iser! were thy sunny realm . . . . .	329
Tell me, ye bards, whose skill sublime . . . . .	347
The brave Roland!—the brave Roland! . . . . .	175
The deep affections of the breast . . . . .	254
The kiss that would make a maid's cheek flush . . . . .	308
The last, the fatal, hour is come . . . . .	172
The more we live, more brief appear . . . . .	307
The mountain summits sleep: glens, cliffs, and caves . . . . .	352
The ordeal's fatal trumpet sounded . . . . .	177
The Ritter Bann from Hungary . . . . .	179
The Spirit of Britannia . . . . .	216