

	PAGE
Charles— and I say it wond'ring— thou must know . . .	632
Charon! receive a family on board . . .	744
Christina, maiden of heroic men! . . .	749
Close by the threshold of a door nail'd fast . . .	310
Cocoanut naught . . .	639
Come, peace of mind, delightful guest! . . .	272
Come, ponder well, for 'tis no jest . . .	291
Contemplate, when the sun declines . . .	563
Could Homer come himself, distress'd and poor . . .	405
Could I, from heav'n inspir'd, as sure presage . . .	395
Cowper had sinn'd with some excuse . . .	633
Cowper, whose silver voice, task'd sometimes hard . . .	377
Cum tot sustineant reges et tanta neque ulla . . .	621
Dear Anna— between friend and friend . . .	335
Dear architect of fine <i>Chateau en l'air</i> . . .	424
Dear Joseph— five and twenty years ago . . .	369
Dear Louto, accept a sinful heart . . .	469
Dear President, whose art sublime . . .	324
Delia, th' unkindest girl on earth . . .	271
Did Cytherea to the skies . . .	549
Did not my muse (what can she less?) . . .	279
Did not thy reason and thy sense . . .	272
Doom'd as I am in solitude to waste . . .	284
Ease is the weary merchant's pray'r . . .	530
<i>Εὐχόμενός τις ταύτην</i> . . .	426
Eldest-born of pow'r's divine! . . .	563
Enamour'd, artless, young, on foreign ground . . .	623
En— <i>que prodigia ex oris allata remotis</i> . . .	423
Ere God had built the mountains . . .	436
Exalt me, Clio, to the skies . . .	589
Fairest and foremost of the train, that wait . . .	76
Fair Lady! whose harmonious name the Rhine . . .	621
False, cruel, disappointed, stung to th' heart . . .	305
Farewell!— But not for ever, Hope replies . . .	562
Farewell, dear scenes, for ever closed to me . . .	428
Farewell! enured with all that could engage . . .	382
Farewell, false hearts! whose best affections fail . . .	337
Far from the world, O Lord, I flee . . .	163
Far happier are the dead, methinks, than they . . .	579
Fierce passions discompose the mind . . .	445
Fond youth! who dream'st that hoarded gold . . .	569
For'd from home, and all its pleasures . . .	371
Fortune! I thank thee: gentle Goddess! thanks! . . .	233
From right to left, and to and fro . . .	759
From thorny wilds a Monster came . . .	499
Full thirty frosts since thou wert young . . .	273
God gives his mercies to be spent . . .	437
God moves in a mysterious way . . .	455
God of my life, to thee I call . . .	457
Go—thou art all unfit to share . . .	385
Grace, triumphant in the throne . . .	473
Gracious Lord, our children see . . .	448
Grant me the muse, ye Gods! whose humble flight . . .	625
Greece, sound thy Homer's, Rome, thy Virgil's name . . .	579
Hackney'd in business, wearied at that oar . . .	109
Hair, wax, rouge, honey, teeth, you buy . . .	571
Happy songster! perch'd above . . .	538