INDEX TO FIRST LINES

lt one lt was

Karsh Kenti King

let 's let th let u

Morni My fid Ny fid My ho My lo

Nay Neve Nobl

No. 1 No. 1 No. W

Of tl Oh,

Oh.

Oh, Oh, Oh. On t Out Ove

Ove

******	, 40 F
PAGE . 183	Grand rough old Martin Luther . 75
	Chow old along with life
h, did you once see Shelley plant. 45	Gr-rthere go, my heart's abhor-
h. Love, but a day	rence · · · · ·
II I believed is true	Tenec .
III June I bound the rose in sheaves 42	Had I but plenty of money, money
th's over then: does truth sound	Had I but pletty of money,
hitter . · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	enough and to spare Hamelin Town 's in Brunswick . 78
All that I know	Heapcassia, sandal-buds and stripes 476
Among these latter busts we could	Heap cassia, sandar one day King
by scores	'Heigho,' yawned one day King
by scores As I ride, as I ride 4 4 4 623	Francis Here 's the garden she walked across
As like as a Hand to another Hand' 623	Here's the garden she warked at the
AS line as a reason	Here 's to Nelson's memory
	Here was I with my arm and heart 631
Roomfiffii P.VPIVII HUDO IS GOOG	Ulat but a word, tall and but
Boot, saddle, to horse, and away. 2	How very hard it is to be
	How well I know what I mean to do 33
But give them me, the mouth, the	
eyes, the brow	I am a Goddess of the ambrosial
4	1
Christ God, who savest men, save	T mage brother Libbo, DV VOIII
most.	
Cleon the poet, (from the sprinkled	
isles)	that youth's
1 Fautor and more fast . 164	that youth's I dream of a red-rose tree
TROUT FRANCE MILLI HIVE TWO -	I hear a voice, perchance I heard . 45
Dear and great Angel, wouldst thou	I know a Mount, the gracious com
only leave	nerceives
Dear, had the world in its caprice . 44	perceives I leaned on the turf
	T l., length one poet in inv lift 11
Escape me	I said—Then, Dearest, since tis 80
Eves, eahn beside thee, (Lady,	I send my heart up to thee, all my
could'st thou know!) 163	heart
	I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris.
Fear death ?- to feel the fog in my	and he
Almont	I've a Friend over the sea
Fee, faw, fum! bubble and squeak 101	I will be quiet and talk with you . But live the state of
Fortu, Fortu, my beloved one . 65	I wish that when you died last May 6
	I wonder do you feel to-day
Give her but a least excuse to love	I Worklet and a start house of
me , , , , , , 110	If one could have that little head of
Cong now! All cone across the	hers
dark so far	Is all our fire of shipwreck wood .
COLIN DO LOS	