

	PAGE		PAGE
Woe unto us, not her	402	Yes, I'm a ruined man, Kate	52
Work while you work	368	Yes, I behold again the place	245
Would you be young again	252	Youth is the virgin nurse of tender hope	254
Would you hear of an old-fashioned sea-fight	155	You are fickle, oh, so fickle, dare I tell	157
Wuust we went a-fishin'	353	Young friends, to whom life's early days	360
Years, years ago, ere yet my dreams	171	Yo' may tell me ob pastries	490
Year after year, unto her feet	170	You needn't be trying to comfort me	380
Ye who would have your features florid	328	You sail and you seek for the Fortunate Isles	416
Ye have been fresh and green	115	You took me, Henry, when a girl	25
		You think I am dead	441