

# INDEX

353

PAGE		PAGE
214	They are gone : all is still : Foolish heart, dost thou	
50	quiver ?	48
152	Thou, who dost dwell alone	59
120	Through Alpine meadows, soft-suffus'd	258
167	Through the black, rushing smoke-bursts	111
126	To die be given us, or attain !	70
59	True, we must tame our rebel will	150
46	Vain is the effort to forget	116
154	Was it a dream ? We sail'd, I thought we sail'd	216
165	We cannot kindle when we will	177
109	We, O Nature, depart	174
157	We were apart ! yet, day by day	269
19	Weary of myself, and sick of asking	151
79	Well hath he done who hath seiz'd happiness	32
43	What mortal, when he saw	122
35	When I shall be divorc'd, some ten years hence	123
78	Where I am, thou ask'st, and where I wended	207
19	Where, under Loughrigg, the stream	264
42	Who prop, thou ask'st, in these bad days, my mind ?	23
170	Who taught this pleading to unpractis'd eyes ?	61
343	Why each is striving, from of old	121
124	Why, when the world's great mind	68
345	Ye storm-winds of Autumn	118
168	Yes : in the sea of life enis'd	121
226	Yes, now the longing is o'erpast	124
276	Yet, when I muse on what life is, I seem	45
113		
257		
217		
101		
178		
80		
346		
123		
87		