

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

669

	PAGE
No longer I follow a sound	384
No mischief worthier of our fear	370
No more shall hapless Celia's ears	385
No strength of Nature can suffice	468
None ever shar'd the social feast	343
Nor oils of balmy scent produce	379
Not a flow'r can be found in the fields	367
O God, whose favourable eye	470
O how love thy holy word	456
O Love, my best desire fulfil	461
O Love, of pure and heav'nly birth!	491
O Matutini rores, amaraque salubres	311
O Sov'reign of an isle renown'd	380
Obscurest night involv'd the sky	431
Of all the gifts thine hand bestows	474
Oft we enhance our ills by discontent	372
Oh, fond attempt to give a deathless lot	397
Oh! for a closer walk with God	433
Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness	146
Oh, happy shades—to me unbless'd!	272
Oh lov'd! but not enough—though dearer far	197
"Oh most delightful hour by man	397
Oh that Pieria's spring would thro' my breast	606
Oh that those lips had language! Life has pass'd	394
Oh thou, by long experience tried	492
One parson, one poet, one belman, one erier	621
On the green margin of the brook	236
Other stones the æra tell	337
Our good old friend is gone, gone to his rest	561
Painter, this likeness is too strong	345
Patron of all those luckless brains	356
Pause here, and think: a monitory rhyme	386
Pay me my price, Potters! and I will sing	573
Peace has unveil'd her smiling face	501
Pertida, crudelis, victa et lymphata furor	305
Pity, says the Theban Bard	372
Plangimus fortes—periere fortes	345
Poets attempt the noblest task they can	399
Poor in my youth, and in life's later scenes	570
Poor Vestris, griev'd beyond all measure	321
Populeæ cecidit gratissima copia silvæ	362
Praise in old times the sage Prometheus won	308
Que lenta accedit, quam velox præterit hora!	383
Quales ærii montis de vertice nubes	575
Qui subito ex imis rerum in fastigia surgit	578
Reader! behold a monument	397
Reasoning at every step he treads	303
Rebellion is my theme all day	340
Receive, dear friend, the truths I teach	314
Rich, thou hadst many lovers—poor, hast none	567
Romney! expert infallibly to trace	419
Round Thurlow's head in early youth	297
Says the pipe to the snuff-box, I can't understand	338
Say, ye apostate and profane	281
Saunt'ring along the street one day	525
Season of my purest pleasure	519
See'st thou yon mountain laden with deep snow	529
See where the Thames, the purest stream	275