

INDEX OF TITLES AND FIRST LINES

A bird, who for his other sins	287
A blessed lot hath he, who having passed	40
<i>A Character</i>	287
<i>A Dark Sky</i>	245
<i>A Day-Dream: My Eyes Make Pictures</i>	166
<i>Ad Vilmum Axiologum</i>	187
A green and silent spot, amid the hills	49
Ah! far removed from all that glads the sense	269
<i>A Letter to Sara Hutchinson</i>	169
<i>Alice Du Clos</i>	127
All look and likeness caught from earth	185
All Nature seems at work. Slugs leave their lair	25
All thoughts, all passions, all delights	123
A lovely form there sate beside my bed	220
A mount, not wearisome and bare and steep	140
<i>An Angel Visitant</i>	189
And this reft house is that the which he built	19
<i>An Ode on the Destruction of the Bastille</i>	265
<i>An Ode to the Rain</i>	199
Are there two things, of all which men possess	20
<i>Aria Spontanea</i>	257
<i>Ars Poetica</i>	256
As late I journey'd o'er the extensive plain	8
As late on Skiddaw's mount I lay supine	147
As some vast Tropic tree, itself a wood	246
<i>A Stranger Minstrel</i>	147
A sunny shaft did I behold	255
<i>A Sunset</i>	244
A sworded man whose trade is blood	184
<i>A Thought Suggested by a View of Saddleback in Cumberland</i>	145
<i>A Tombless Epitaph</i>	206
 Beneath yon birch with silver bark	 121

Charles! my slow heart was only sad, when first	18
<i>Christabel</i>	101
<i>Composed on a Journey Homeward</i>	17
<i>Constancy to an Ideal Object</i>	192
Dear native Brook! wild streamlet of the West!	11
<i>Dejection: An Ode</i>	179
Do you ask what the birds say? The Sparrow, the Dove	165
<i>Duty Surviving Self-Love</i>	26
Encinctured with a twine of leaves	233
<i>Epitaph</i>	222
Ere on my bed my limbs I lay	202
Ere the birth of my life, if I wished it or no	211
<i>Fancy in Nubibus</i>	23
Farewell parental scenes! A sad farewell!	10
Farewell, sweet Love! yet blame you not my truth	22
<i>Farewell to Love</i>	22
<i>Fears in Solitude</i>	49
<i>Fire, Famine, and Slaughter</i>	277
Flowers are lovely, Love is flower-like	257
For what is Freedom, but the unfettered use	273
<i>Four Metrical Experiments</i>	252
<i>France: An Ode</i>	280
Friend of the wise! and Teacher of the Good!	59
From his brimstone bed at break of day	284
<i>Frost at Midnight</i>	46
Go little Pipe! for ever I must leave thee	252
Hast thou a charm to stay the morning-star	149
Heard'st thou yon universal cry	265
Hear, sweet Spirit, hear the spell	254
He too has flitted from his secret nest	208
<i>Hope and Time</i>	210
How warm this woodland wild Recess!	190
<i>Human Life</i>	213
<i>Hymn before Sun-Rise, in the Vale of Chamouni</i>	149
If dead, we cease to be; if total gloom	213
If thou were here, these tears were tears of light!	168

I heard a voice from Etna's side	239
I know it is dark; and though I have lain	199
Imagination; honourable aims	242
<i>Inscription for a Fountain on a Heath</i>	146
In the great City rear'd, my fancy rude	210
In Xanadu did Kubla Khan	230
I speak in figures, inward thoughts and woes	259
I stood on Brocken's sovran height, and saw	143
It is an ancient Mariner	81
It may indeed be phantasy, when I	24
Kayser, to whom, as to a second self	27
<i>Kubla Khan</i>	229
<i>Lady, to Death we're Doom'd</i>	21
Lady, to Death we're doom'd, our crime the same!	21
<i>Life</i>	2
Like a lone Arab, old and blind	221
<i>Limbo</i>	214
<i>Lines Composed while Climbing the Left Ascent of Brockley Coomb</i>	139
<i>Lines Written in the Album at Elbingerode, in the Hartz Forest</i>	143
<i>Love</i>	123
<i>Love's Apparition and Evanishment</i>	221
Low was our pretty Cot: our tallest Rose	38
Me n'Asræ perferre jubes oblivia? et Asræ	187
Mild Splendour of the various-vested Night!	7
My eyes make pictures, when they are shut	166
My heart has thank'd thee, Bowles! for those soft strains	13
My pensive Sara! thy soft cheek reclined	13
No cloud, no relique of the sunken day	56
No cold shall thee benumb	252
No more my visionary soul shall dwell	14
Of late, in one of those most weary hours	217
Oft o'er my brain does that strange fancy roll	17
O! it is pleasant, with a heart at ease	23
<i>On a Ruined House in a Romantic Country</i>	19
Once again, sweet Willow, wave thee!	253
<i>On Donne's Poetry</i>	250

<i>On Quitting School for College</i>	10
<i>On Receiving an Account that his Only Sister's Death was Inevitable</i>	9
<i>On stern Blencartha's perilous height</i>	145
<i>On the tenth day of September</i>	257
<i>O Sara! never rashly let me go</i>	186
<i>O Sara! Never Rashly Let Me Go</i>	186
<i>Pantisocracy</i>	14
<i>Phantom</i>	185
<i>Phantom or Fact</i>	220
<i>Pity</i>	15
<i>Poor little Foal of an oppressed race!</i>	267
<i>Psyche</i>	247
<i>Recollections of Love</i>	190
<i>Reflections on Having Left a Place of Retirement</i>	38
<i>Sad lot, to have no Hope! Though lowly kneeling</i>	212
<i>Schiller! that hour I would have wish'd to die</i>	12
<i>Sea-ward, white gleaming thro' the busy scud</i>	248
<i>Separation</i>	184
<i>Since all that beat about in Nature's range</i>	192
<i>Sisters! sisters! who sent you here?</i>	277
<i>Some are home sick—some two or three</i>	290
<i>Song from Remorse</i>	254
<i>Song from Zapolya</i>	255
<i>Stop, Christian passer-by!—Stop, child of God</i>	222
<i>Sweet Mercy! how my very heart has bled</i>	15
<i>The Ballad of the Dark Ladié</i>	121
<i>The Blossoming of the Solitary Date-Tree</i>	241
<i>The butterfly the ancient Grecians made</i>	247
<i>The Day-Dream: If Thou Wert Here</i>	168
<i>The Delinquent Travellers</i>	290
<i>The Devil's Thoughts</i>	284
<i>The Eolian Harp</i>	36
<i>The Frost performs its secret ministry</i>	46
<i>The Garden of Boccaccio</i>	217
<i>The grapes upon the vicar's wall</i>	71
<i>The Keepsake</i>	163
<i>The Knight's Tomb</i>	251

<i>The Language of Birds</i>	165
<i>The Mad Monk</i>	239
<i>The Netherlands</i>	260
<i>The Nightingale</i>	56
<i>The Pains of Sleep</i>	202
<i>The Pang More Sharp Than All</i>	208
<i>The Picture, or The Lover's Resolution</i>	152
<i>The Present State of Society</i>	269
<i>The Rime of the Ancient Mariner</i>	81
<i>The Sea Mew</i>	248
The spruce and limber yellow-hammer	249
The stars that wont to start, as on a chase	245
<i>The Suicide's Argument</i>	211
The sun is not yet risen	127
The tear which mourn'd a brother's fate scarce dry	9
The tedded hay, the first fruits of the soil	163
<i>The Three Graves</i>	69
<i>The Tropic Tree</i>	246
<i>The Visionary Hope</i>	212
<i>The Wanderings of Cain</i>	232
<i>The World That Spidery Witch</i>	258
<i>The Yellow Hammer</i>	249
<i>This Lime-Tree Bower My Prison</i>	43
This Sycamore, oft musical with bees	146
Through weeds and thorns, and matted underwood	152
Thus far my scanty brain hath built the rhyme	35
Thus she said, and, all around	252
'Tis a strange place, this Limbo!—not a Place	214
'Tis the middle of the night by the castle clock	102
'Tis true, Idoloclastes Satyrane!	206
<i>To a Friend (Charles Lamb)</i>	35
<i>To A Friend who Asked, How I Felt</i>	18
<i>To Asra</i>	20
<i>To a Young Ass</i>	267
<i>To a Young Friend on his Proposing to Domesticate with the Author</i>	140
To know, to esteem, to love, —and then to part	204
<i>To Nature</i>	24
<i>To the Author of The Robbers</i>	12
<i>To the Autumnal Moon</i>	7
<i>To the Rev. W. L. Bowles</i>	13
<i>To the River Otter</i>	11

<i>To the Young Artist</i>	27
<i>To Two Sisters</i>	204
<i>To William Wordsworth</i>	59
Unchanged within, to see all changed without	26
Upon the mountain's edge with light touch resting	244
Verse, a breeze mid blossoms straying	215
Water and windmills, greenness, Islets green	260
Well! if the Bard was weather-wise who made (<i>A Letter . . .</i>)	169
Well! If the Bard was weather-wise, who made (<i>Dejection</i>)	179
Well, they are gone, and here must I remain	43
When they did greet me father, sudden awe	16
Where is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn?	251
With Donne, whose muse on dromedary trots	250
Within these circling hollies woodbine-clad	189
With many a pause and oft reverted eye	139
<i>Work Without Hope</i>	25
Ye clouds! that far above me float and pause	280
You mould my Hopes you fashion me within	188
<i>You Mould My Hopes</i>	188
<i>Youth and Age</i>	215