

INDEX OF POETS

BRYANT		LONGFELLOW	
Poems	1	Poems	102
Biographical Sketch	655	Biographical Sketch	667
List of References	635	List of References	641
EMERSON		LOWELL	
Poems	58	Poems	410
Biographical Sketch	663	Biographical Sketch	679
List of References	638	List of References	646
HOLMES		POE	
Poems	355	Poems	36
Biographical Sketch	677	Biographical Sketch	658
List of References	645	List of References	636
LANIER		WHITMAN	
Poems	611	Poems	532
Biographical Sketch	691	Biographical Sketch	685
List of References	650	List of References	647
WHITTIER			
Poems	259		
Biographical Sketch	674		
List of References	643		

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

A batter'd, wreck'd old man, 601.	Arm'd year — year of the struggle, 571.
A beautiful and happy girl, 265.	A ruddy drop of manly blood, 73.
Aboard at a ship's helm, 586.	As a fond mother, when the day is o'er, 252.
A carol closing sixty-nine—a résumé—a repetition, 607.	As a strong bird on pinions free, 599.
A child said <i>What is the grass?</i> fetching it to me with full hands, 533.	As a twig trembles, which a bird, 429.
A Christian! going, gone! 272.	A sight in camp in the daybreak gray and dim, 574.
A cloud, like that the old-time Hebrew saw, 349.	As I lay with my head in your lap camerado, 586.
A crazy bookcase, placed before, 387.	As life runs on, the road grows strange, 524.
A dull uncertain brain, 93.	As one who long hath fled with panting breath, 253.
A fleet with flags arrayed, 254.	As sings the pine-tree in the wind, 95.
Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road, 547.	As sinks the sun behind yon alien hills, 508.
After an interval, reading, here in the midnight, 604.	As sunbeams stream through liberal space, 67.
After surmounting three-score and ten, 608.	As the birds come in the spring, 257.
A gold fringe on the purpling hem, 344.	As the Greek's signal flame, by antique records told, 607.
Ah, broken is the golden bowl! the spirit flown forever! 43.	As toilsome I wander'd Virginia's woods, 574.
Ah, Clemence! when I saw thee last, 358.	A subtle chain of countless rings, 87.
A hundred years! they're quickly fled, 467.	At anchor in Hampton Roads we lay, 235.
A line in long array where they wind betwixt green islands, 572.	At midnight, in the month of June, 43.
All are architects of Fate, 149.	At morn — at noon — at twilight dim, 45.
All as God wills, who wisely heeds, 302.	Atom from atom yawns as far, 91.
Alone in Rome. Why, Rome is lonely too, 60.	A train of gay and clouded days, 91.
Along a river-side, I know not where, 469.	At the last, tenderly, 595.
Along the roadside, like the flowers of gold, 330.	A vision as of crowded streets, 245.
Am I a king, that I should call my own, 255.	A wind came up out of the sea, 212.
A mighty Hand, from an exhaustless Urn, 33.	Ay, tear her tattered ensign down! 355.
A mist was driving down the British Channel, 156.	Ay, thou art welcome, heaven's delicious breath! 14.
Among the thousands who with hail and cheer, 353.	
And as the light divides the dark, 93.	Bathed in war's perfume — delicate flag! 581.
And Ellen, when the gray-beard years, 59.	Beat! beat! drums! — blow! bugles! blow! 572.
And how could you dream of meeting? 523.	Because I feel that, in the Heavens above, 55.
And I behold once more, 58.	Because I was content with these poor fields, 86.
And now gentlemen, 589.	Behold the rocky wall, 376.
Andrew Rykman's dead and gone, 307.	Beloved! amid the earnest woes, 46.
And what is so rare as a day in June? 453.	Beloved, in the noisy city here, 412.
And who art thou? said I to the soft-falling shower, 607.	Beneath the low-hung night cloud, 340.
'A new commandment,' said the smiling Muse, 95.	Beneath the moonlight and the snow, 338.
Annie and Rhoda, sisters twain, 339.	Be of good cheer, brave spirit; steadfastly, 91.
Announced by all the trumpets of the sky, 72.	Beside a stricken field I stood, 306.
A noiseless patient spider, 590.	Beside that milestone where the level sun, 346.
An old man bending I come among new faces, 575.	Beside the ungathered rice he lay, 113.
An old man in a lodge within a park, 245.	Between the dark and the daylight, 232.
Apollo looked up, hearing footsteps approaching, 441.	Blessings on thee, little man, 291.
	Blooms the laurel which belongs, 100.
	Boon Nature yields each day a brag which we now first behold, 94.
	Bowing thyself in dust before a Book, 458.
	Bring me my broken harp, he said, 396.
	Build me straight, O worthy Master! 151.

Bulkeley, Hunt, Willard, Hosmer, Meriam, Flint, 83.
 Burly, dozing humble-bee, 63.
 But Nature whistled with all her winds, 91.
 But never yet the man was found, 90.
 By a route obscure and lonely, 48.
 By his evening fire the artist, 150.
 By the bivouac's fitful flame, 572.
 By the rude bridge that arched the flood, 63.
 Champion of those who groan beneath, 260.
 Coin the day-dawn into lines, 94.
 Columbus stands in the night alone, and, passing grave, 617.
 Come, dear old comrade, you and I, 385.
 Come forth! my catbird calls to me, 497.
 Come, I will make the continent indissoluble, 561.
 Come, let us plant the apple-tree, 22.
 Come my tan-faced children, 569.
 Come, said my soul, 602.
 Come, spread your wings, as I spread mine, 363.
 Come to me, O ye children! 150.
 Come up from the fields, father, here's a letter from our Pete, 573.
 Conductor Bradley, always may his name, 340.
 Daily the bending skies solicit man, 90.
 Darest thou now O soul, 595.
 Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days, 87.
 Day by day for her darlings to her much she added more, 91.
 Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way, 417.
 Dear friends, who read the world aright, 283.
 Dear Sir, — Your letter come to han', 486.
 Dear Wendell, why need count the years, 523.
 Death, thou'rt a cordial old and rare, 621.
 Delicate cluster! flag of teeming life! 589.
 Did you ask dulcet rhymes from me? 579.
 Down 'mid the tangled roots of things, 496.
 Down swept the chill wind from the mountain peak, 455.
 Ef I a song or two could make, 484.
 Entranced I saw a vision in the cloud, 518.
 Ere, in the northern gale, 11.
 Ere pales in Heaven the morning star, 523.
 Ere we Gomera cleared, a coward cried, 618.
 Ever the poet from the land, 94.
 Facing west from California's shores, 560.
 Facts respecting an old arm-chair, 372.
 Fair isle, that from the fairest of all flowers, 46.
 Father of Mercies, Heavenly Friend, 379.
 Flag of stars, thick-sprinkled bunting, 580.
 Flag of the heroes who left us their glory, 379.
 Flood-tide below me! I see you face to face! 553.
 Flood-tide of the river, flow on, 553.
 For Fancy's gift, 93.
 Forgive, O Lord, our severing ways, 351.
 For Nature, true and like in every place, 90.
 For this true nobleness I seek in vain, 410.
 For thought, and not praise, 93.
 For weeks the clouds had raked the hills, 332.

For what need I of book or priest, 94.
 Freedom all winged expands, 99.
 From all the rest I single out you, having a message for you, 564.
 From east and west across the horizon's edge, 608.
 From fall to spring, the russet acorn, 73.
 From Paumanok starting I fly like a bird, 571.
 From purest wells of English undefiled, 353.
 From the hills of home forth looking, far beneath the tent-like span, 297.
 From this fair home behold on either side, 404.
 Full of life now, compact, visible, 564.
 Gaily bedight, 57.
 Give all to love, 85.
 Give me the splendid silent sun with all his beams full-dazzling, 577.
 Glooms of the live-oaks, beautiful-braided and woven, 622.
 God makes sech nights, all white an' still, 472.
 God sends his teachers unto every age, 415.
 God's love and peace be with thee, where, 283.
 Gone, gone, — sold and gone, 263.
 Good-bye my Fancy! 609.
 Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home, 58.
 Go, speed the stars of Thought, 93.
 Go thou to thy learned task, 94.
 Grandmother's mother: her age, I guess, 386.
 Great men in the Senate sate, 99.
 Great soul, thou sittest with me in my room, 411.
 Great Truths are portions of the Soul of man, 411.
 Guvener B. is a sensible man, 433.
 Half of my life is gone, and I have let, 113.
 Hark, some wild trumpeter, some strange musician, 596.
 Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys? 374.
 Hast thou named all the birds without a gun? 73.
 Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay, 369.
 Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard! 280.
 Hear the sledges with the bells, 53.
 He came to Florence long ago, 465.
 He cometh not a king to reign, 325.
 He is dead, the beautiful youth, 241.
 He is dead, the sweet musician! 193.
 Helen, thy beauty is to me, 41.
 Here are old trees, tall oaks, and gnarled pines, 20.
 Here, 'Forgive me, Apollo,' I cried, 'while I pour,' 450.
 Here is the place; right over the hill, 300.
 Here lies the gentle humorist, who died, 252.
 Here once my step was quickened, 466.
 Here's Cooper, who's written six volumes to show, 447.
 Her fingers shame the Ivory keys, 304.
 Her hands are cold; her face is white, 377.
 Her passions the shy violet, 95.
 Hers all that earth could promise or bestow, 523.
 He spoke of Burns: men rude and rough, 413.
 He stood upon the world's broad threshold; wide, 414.
 Him strong Genius urged to roam, 29.

His birthday. — Nay, we need not speak, 374.
 His instant thought a poet spoke, 94.
 His laurels fresh from song and lay, 347.
 How beautiful it was, that one bright day, 239.
 How cold are thy baths, Apollo! 256.
 How dare one say it? 609.
 How long will this harp which you once loved to hear, 383.
 How many have gone? was the question of old, 398.
 How many lives, made beautiful and sweet, 242.
 Ho! workers of the old time styled, 273.
 How solemn! sweeping this dense black tide, 686.
 How strange are the freaks of memory! 498.
 How strange the sculptures that adorn these towers! 240.
 Hush'd be the camps to-day, 585.
 Hushed with broad sunlight lies the hill, 458.
 I am not poor, but I am proud, 58.
 I am not wiser for my age, 95.
 I am owner of the sphere, 73.
 I am the poet of the Body and I am the poet of the Soul, 537.
 I ask not for those thoughts, that sudden leap, 411.
 I believe that the copies of verses I've spun, 394.
 I celebrate myself, and sing myself, 533.
 I do not count the hours I spend, 90.
 I dream'd in a dream I saw a city invincible, 563.
 I du believe in Freedom's cause, 435.
 I dwelt alone, 51.
 I enter, and I see thee in the gloom, 240.
 If he be a nobler lover, take him! 528.
 If I could put my woods in song, 100.
 I framed his tongue to music, 93.
 If the red slayer think he slays, 88.
 If thought unlock her mysteries, 95.
 I gazed upon the glorious sky, 14.
 I had a little daughter, 429.
 I have a fancy: how shall I bring it, 528.
 I have read, in some old, marvellous tale, 106.
 I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear, 560.
 I heard or seemed to hear the chiding Sea, 89.
 I heard that you asked for something to prove this puzzle the New World, 604.
 I heard the trailing garments of the Night, 105.
 I heard the train's shrill whistle call, 290.
 I hear it was charged against me that I sought to destroy institutions, 562.
 I heed not that my earthly lot, 41.
 I know not what the future hath, 314.
 I left my dreary page and sallied forth, 91.
 I lift mine eyes, and all the windows blaze, 241.
 I like a church; I like a cowl, 64.
 Ill fits the abstemious Muse a crown to weave, 61.
 I love the old melodious lays, 280.
 I love to hear thine earnest voice, 356.
 I love to start out arter night's begun, 473.
 I marvel how mine eye, ranging the Night, 619.
 Immortal Love, forever full, 325.
 I mourn no more my vanished years, 301.
 I myself, myself! behold me! 194.

In a far-away northern county in the placid pastoral region, 603.
 In an age of fops and toys, 99.
 In broad daylight, and at noon, 156.
 In calm and cool and silence, once again, 285.
 In clouds descending, in midnight sleep, 586.
 I need no assurances, I am a man who is pre-occupied of his own soul, 553.
 I need not praise the sweetness of his song, 496.
 In Heaven a spirit doth dwell, 41.
 In many forms we try, 96.
 In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes, 61.
 In midnight sleep of many a face of anguish, 586.
 In my sleep I was fain of their fellowship, fain, 629.
 In o'er-strict calyx lingering, 619.
 Inquiring, tireless, seeking what is yet unfound, 560.
 In the ancient town of Bruges, 118.
 In the deep heart of man a poet dwells, 96.
 In the greenest of our valleys, 46.
 In the heart of the Hills of Life, I know, 612.
 In the long, sleepless watches of the night, 257.
 In the Old Colony days, in Plymouth the land of the Pilgrims, 213.
 In the old days — a custom laid aside, 323.
 In the valley of the Pagnitz, where across broad meadow-lands, 116.
 Into the darkness and hush of night, 257.
 In vain we call old notions fudge, 524.
 In youth's spring it was my lot, 659.
 I pace the sounding sea-beach and behold, 246.
 I reached the middle of the mount, 665.
 I remember — why, yes! God bless me! and was it so long ago? 375.
 I said I stood upon thy grave, 291.
 I saw him once before, 358.
 I saw in Louisiana a live-oak growing, 562.
 I saw old General at bay, 573.
 I saw thee once — once only — years ago, 52.
 I saw thee on thy bridal day, 39.
 I saw the twinkle of white feet, 428.
 I see all human wits, 95.
 I see amid the fields of Ayr, 256.
 I see before me now a traveling army halting, 572.
 I shot an arrow into the air, 120.
 I sit in the early twilight, 31.
 I sponse you wonder ware I be; I can't tell, fer the soul o' me, 436.
 Is thy name Mary, maiden fair? 357.
 I stood on the bridge at midnight, 119.
 It don't seem hardly right, John, 478.
 It fell in the ancient periods, 64.
 I thought our love at full, but I did err, 430.
 It is done! 312.
 It is not what we say or sing, 384.
 It is time to be old, 101.
 It mounts athwart the windy hill, 499.
 I treasure in secret some long, fine hair, 462.
 It was a tall young oysterman lived by the river-side, 355.
 It was fifty years ago, 211.
 It was late in mild October, and the long autumnal rain, 278.

It was many and many a year ago, 56.
 It was the schooner Hesperus, 107.
 It was the season, when through all the land, 235.
 It was three slim does and a ten-tined buck in the
 bracken lay, 623.
 I understand the large hearts of heroes, 541.
 I wait and watch; before my eyes, 305.
 I wandered lonely where the pine-trees made,
 347.
 I was asking for something specific and perfect
 for my city, 565.
 I would the gift I offer here, 282.
 I write my name as one, 350.
 I wrote some lines once on a time, 356.

John Brown of Ossawatimie spake on his dying
 day, 302.
 Joy, shipmate, joy! 596.

Kind solace in a dying hour! 36.

Lay down the axe; fling by the spade, 24.
 Let greener lands and bluer skies, 359.
 Let me go where'er I will, 96.
 Lift again the stately emblem on the Bay State's
 rusted shield, 275.
 Ligeia! Ligeia! 40.
 Listen, my children, and you shall hear, 233.
 Little I ask; my wants are few, 371.
 Little thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown,
 61.
 Long I followed happy guides, 84.
 Long, too long America, 578.
 Look off, dear Love, across the sallow sands, 616.
 Look out! Look out, boys! Clear the track! 405.
 Lord of all being! throned afar, 377.
 Lo! 't is a gala night, 47.
 Love, 91.
 Low and mournful be the strain, 99.

Maiden! with the meek, brown eyes, 112.
 Maud Muller on a summer's day, 289.
 Me imperturbe, standing at ease in Nature, 560.
 Men say the sullen instrument, 498.
 Men! whose boast it is that ye, 414.
 Merrily swinging on brier and weed, 23.
 Mine and yours, 84.
 My aunt! my dear unmarried aunt! 357.
 My coachman, in the moonlight there, 461.
 My Dawn? my Dawn? How if it never break?
 618.
 My day began not till the twilight fell, 524.
 My heart, I cannot still it, 527.
 My heart was heavy, for its trust had been, 275.
 My Love, I have no fear that thou shouldst die,
 411.
 Myself and mine gymnastic ever, 567.

Nay, blame me not; I might have spared, 380.
 Nay, do not dream, designer dark, 609.
 'Neath blue-bell or streamer, 39.
 Next drive we o'er the slimy-weeded sea, 618.
 New England's poet, rich in love as years, 523.
 Night on the prairies, 564.

No Berserk thirst of blood had they, 345.
 No fate, save by the victim's fault, is low, 91.
 No more these simple flowers belong, 287.
 Not as all other women are, 410.
 Not in the solitude, 17.
 Not in the world of light alone, 369.
 Not the pilot has charged himself, 587.
 Not to exclude or demarcate, or pick out evils,
 609.
 Not unto us who did but seek, 313.
 Not without envy Wealth at times must look, 346.
 Now speaks mine other heart with cheerier seem-
 ing, 618.
 Now Time throws off his cloak again, 103.

O Cæsar, we who are about to die, 248.
 O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
 581.
 O'er all the hill-tops, 149.
 O'er the bare woods, whose outstretched hands,
 292.
 O even-handed Nature! we confess, 382.
 O fairest of the rural maids! 9.
 Of all the rides since the birth of time, 296.
 O Friends! with whom my feet have trod, 314.
 Often I think of the beautiful town, 210.
 Of that blithe throat of thine from arctic bleak
 and blank, 606.
 Oft have I seen at some cathedral door, 240.
 Oh! could I hope the wise and pure in heart, 7.
 Oh for one hour of youthful joy! 366.
 Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare, 31.
 Oh what is Heaven but the fellowship, 92.
 O lady fair, these silks of mine are beautiful and
 rare, 259.
 O little feet! that such long years, 239.
 O lonely bay of Trinity, 301.
 O Love Divine, that stooped to share, 377.
 O Love! O Life! Our faith and sight, 326.
 O magnet-South! O glistening perfumed South!
 my South! 565.
 O moonlight deep and tender, 412.
 O Mother Earth! upon thy lap, 260.
 O mother of a mighty race, 21.
 Onaway! Awake, beloved! 184.
 On bravely through the sunshine and the show-
 ers! 92.
 Once git a smell o' musk into a draw, 480.
 Once it smiled a silent dell, 44.
 Once more, O all-adjusting Death! 352.
 Once more on yonder laurelled height, 304.
 Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands, 20.
 Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered,
 weak and weary, 48.
 One broad, white sail in Spezzia's treacherous
 bay, 364.
 One of your old-world stories, Unele John, 24.
 One's-self I sing, a simple separate person, 587.
 On prince or bride no diamond stone, 95.
 On sunny slope and beechen swell, 103.
 On the beach at night, 590.
 On the isle of Penikese, 342.
 On woodlands ruddy with autumn, 30.
 Opening one day a book of mine, 528.

O poet rare and old! 285.
 Or, haply, how if this contrarious West, 618.
 O sight of pity, shame and dole! 588.
 O star of France, 596.
 O star of morning and of liberty! 241.
 O tenderly the haughty day, 88.
 Others may praise what they like, 581.
 O Trade! O Trade! would thou wert dead! 612.
 Our band is few but true and tried, 17.
 Our fathers' God! from out whose hand, 346.
 Our fellow-countrymen in chains! 262.
 Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord, 327.
 Our Lord and Master of us all, 326.
 Our love is not a fading, earthly flower, 412.
 Our ship lay tumbling in an angry sea, 489.
 Out of the cradle endlessly rocking, 557.
 Out of the hills of Habersham, 621.
 Out of the rolling ocean the crowd came a drop
 gently to me, 578.
 Over his head were the maple buds, 94.
 Over his keys the musing organist, 453.
 Over our manhood bend the skies, 453.
 Over sea, hither from Nippon, 567.
 Over the carnage rose prophetic a voice, 578.
 Over the monstrous shambling sea, 628.
 Over the Western sea hither from Nippon come,
 567.
 O, well for the fortunate soul, 100.
 O what are heroes, prophets, men, 96.
 O ye dead Poets, who are living still, 252.

Pale genius roves alone, 93.
 Phœbus, sitting one day in a laurel-tree's shade,
 430.
 Pipes of the misty moorlands, 299.
 Ploughman, whose gnarly hand yet kindly
 wheeled, 617.
 Poet and friend of poets, if thy glass, 352.
 Poet! I come to touch thy lance with mine, 253.
 Poets to come! orators, singers, musicians to
 come! 560.
 Poor and inadequate the shadow-play, 347.

Quicksand years that whirl me I know not
 whither, 580.

Reader — gentle — if so be, 388.
 Recorders ages hence, 561.
 Rivermouth Rocks are fair to see, 310.
 Romance, who loves to nod and sing, 40.
 Roomy Eternity, 91.

Saint Augustine! well hast thou said, 155.
 Science! true daughter of Old Time thou art! 40.
 Set not thy foot on graves, 80.
 She gathered at her slender waist, 402.
 She gave me all that woman can, 528.
 She has gone, — she has left us in passion and
 pride, 378.
 She paints with white and red the moors, 91.
 Shines the last age, the next with hope is seen, 95.
 Shot gold, maroon and violet, dazzling silver,
 emerald, fawn, 608.
 Should you ask me, whence these stories? 158.

Shun passion, fold the hands of thrift, 92.
 Shut not your doors to me proud libraries, 579.
 Simple and fresh and fair from winter's close
 emerging, 607.
 Singing my days, 590.
 Six thankful weeks, — and let it be, 65.
 Slow toiling upward from the misty vale, 386.
 Small is the theme of the following Chant, 587.
 Small the theme of my chant, 587.
 So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn, 282.
 Solemnly, mournfully, 121.
 Some die too late and some too soon, 348.
 Some of your hurts you have cured, 94.
 Somewhat back from the village street, 120.
 So nigh is grandeur to our dust, 99.
 So when there came a mighty cry of *Land!* 619.
 Speak and tell us, our Ximena, looking north-
 ward far away, 277.
 Speak! speak! thou fearful guest! 108.
 Spirit that breathest through my lattice, thou, 15.
 Spirit that form'd this scene, 605.
 Stars of the summer night! 111.
 States! 561.
 Statesman, I thank thee! and, if yet dissent, 303.
 Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest, 255.
 Still sits the school-house by the road, 337.
 Still thirteen years: 't is autumn now, 462.
 Stranger, if thou hast learned a truth which
 needs, 3.
 Stream of my fathers! sweetly still, 264.
 Strong, simple, silent are the [steadfast] laws,
 530.
 Summer's last sun nigh unto setting shines, 353.
 Superb and sole, upon a plumèd spray, 620.
 Sweetest of all childlike dreams, 311.

Take this kiss upon the brow! 41.
 Teach me your mood, O patient stars! 91.
 Tears! tears! tears! 587.
 Tell me, maiden, dost thou use, 59.
 Tell me not, in mournful numbers, 104.
 Tell men what they knew before, 92.
 Test of the poet is knowledge of love, 95.
 Thank Heaven! the crisis, 55.
 Thanks in old age — thanks ere I go, 608.
 Thanks to the morning light, 82.
 That book is good, 93.
 That each should in his house abide, 92.
 That's a rather bold speech, my Lord Bacon, 529.
 The Ages come and go, 242.
 The autumn-time has come, 337.
 The bard and mystic held me for their own, 92.
 The blast from Freedom's Northern hills, upon
 its Southern way, 270.
 The bowers whereat, in dreams, I see, 41.
 The commonplace I sing, 608.
 The cordage creaks and rattles in the wind, 418.
 The day is cold, and dark, and dreary, 111.
 The day is done, and the darkness, 115.
 The Dervish whined to Said, 92.
 Thee for my recitative, 604.
 The elder folks shook hands at last, 327.
 The electric nerve, whose instantaneous thrill 50.
 The free winds told him what they knew, 93.

The friends that are, and friends that were, 380.
 The gale that wrecked you on the sand, 94.
 The gods talk in the breath of the woods, 92.
 The green grass is bowing, 59.
 The groves were God's first temples, 12.
 The harp at Nature's advent strung, 327.
 The hound was cuffed, the hound was kicked, 611.
 The innocent, sweet Day is dead, 611.
 The land, that, from the rule of kings, 352.
 The lights are out, and gone are all the guests, 243.
 The little gate was reached at last, 461.
 The lords of life, the lords of life, 77.
 The minstrel of the classic lay, 403.
 The mountain and the squirrel, 73.
 The mountains glitter in the snow, 367.
 The night is come, but not too soon, 104.
 The noble sire fallen on evil days, 598.
 The pines were dark on Ramoth hill, 303.
 The piping of our slender, peaceful reeds, 378.
 The Play is over. While the light, 404.
 The prairie-grass dividing, its special odor breathing, 563.
 The proudest now is but my peer, 285.
 There are some qualities—some incorporate things, 47.
 There are truths you Americans need to be told, 448.
 There came a youth upon the earth, 412.
 There comes Emerson first, whose rich words, every one, 442.
 There comes Poe, with his raven, like Barnaby Rudge, 449.
 There is a quiet spirit in these woods, 102.
 There is Bryant, as quiet, as cool, and as dignified, 444.
 There is Hawthorne, with genius so shrinking and rare, 446.
 There is Lowell, who's striving Parnassus to climb, 452.
 There is no flock, however watched and tended, 149.
 There is no great and no small, 73.
 There is Whittier, whose swelling and vehement heart, 445.
 There's Holmes, who is matchless among you for wit, 452.
 There was a child went forth every day, 532.
 There was a young man in Boston town, 360.
 There was never a leaf on bush or tree, 456.
 The rising moon has hid the stars, 111.
 The river hemmed with leaning trees, 341.
 The robin laughed in the orange-tree, 620.
 The robins sang in the orchard, the buds into blossoms grew, 336.
 The rounded world is fair to see, 77.
 The sea awoke at midnight from its sleep, 246.
 The sea is the road of the bold, 94.
 These are the gardens of the Desert, these, 18.
 The seed that wasteful autumn cast, 365.
 These pearls of thought in Persian gulfs were bred, 529.
 The shades of night were falling fast, 112.

The shadows round the inland sea, 281.
 The skies they were ashen and sober, 51.
 The snow had begun in the gloaming, 469.
 The South-land boasts its teeming cane, 281.
 The South-wind brings, 77.
 The Sphinx is drowsy, 71.
 The Star of Fame shines down upon the river, 246, note.
 The stars of Night contain the glittering Day, 611.
 The storm and peril overpast, 348.
 The subtle power in perfume found, 351.
 The sun athwart the cloud thought it no sin, 91.
 The sunlight glitters keen and bright, 266.
 The sun set, but set not his hope, 92.
 The sun that brief December day, 315.
 The tide rises, the tide falls, 256.
 The time has been that these wild solitudes, 5.
 The wind is roistering out of doors, 500.
 The work of the Lord by night, 98.
 The works of human artifice soon tire, 104.
 The young Endymion sleeps Endymion's sleep, 246.
 They put their finger on their lip, 96.
 Thick-sprinkled bunting! flag of stars! 580.
 Thine eyes still shined for me, though far, 60.
 Think me not unkind and rude, 62.
 This ancient silver bowl of mine, it tells of good old times, 359.
 This is our place of meeting; opposite, 399.
 This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling, 114.
 This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks, 121.
 This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign, 368.
 This is thy hour O Soul, thy free flight into the wordless, 606.
 This is your month, the month of 'perfect days,' 402.
 This shining moment is an edifice, 91.
 Thou blossom bright with autumn dew, 16.
 Thou foolish Hafiz! Say, do churls, 95.
 Though loath to grieve, 80.
 Though love repine, and reason chafe, 95.
 Though old the thought and oft exprest, 499.
 Thou Mother with thy equal brood, 598.
 Thou shouldst have sung the swan-song for the choir, 407.
 Thou that from the heavens art, 149.
 Thou, too, hast left us. While with heads bowed low, 408.
 Thou unrelenting Past! 15.
 Thou wast all that to me, love, 45.
 Thou wast the fairest of all man-made things, 530.
 Thou who hast slept all night upon the storm, 609.
 Thou who wouldst see the lovely and the wild, 9.
 Thou, who wouldst wear the name, 29.
 Thou wouldst be loved?—then let thy heart, 46.
 Thrash away, you'll *hev* to rattle, 431.
 Three Silences there are: the first of speech, 253.
 Thy love thou sentest oft to me, 423.
 Thy summer voice, Muskettaquit, 87.
 Thy trivial harp will never please, 81.
 'T is like stirring living embers when, at eighty, one remembers, 389.

'T is midnight: through my troubled dream, 381.
 'T is the noon of the spring-time, yet never a bird, 284.
 To clothe the fiery thought, 94.
 To heal his heart of long-time pain, 626.
 To him who in the love of Nature holds, 1.
 Too young for love? 404.
 To range, deep-wrapt, along a heavenly height, 627.
 To the God of all sure mercies let my blessing rise to-day, 267.
 To those who died for her on land and sea, 524.
 To those who've fail'd, in aspiration vast, 607.
 Trees in groves, 74.
 True Brahmin, in the morning meadows wet, 94.
 Truth: So the frontlet's older legend ran, 396.
 Try the might the Muse affords, 93.
 Tuscan, that wanderest through the realms of gloom, 118.
 'T was a vision of childhood that came with its dawn, 365.
 'T was on the famous trotting-ground, 392.
 'Twixt this and dawn, three hours my soul will smite, 617.
 Two angels, one of Life and one of Death, 157.
 Type of the antique Rome! Rich reliquary, 45.
 Unbar the door, since thou the Opener art, 95.
 Under a spreading chestnut-tree, 108.
 Up from the meadows rich with corn, 309.
 Up the streets of Aberdeen, 275.
 Vex not the Muse with idle prayers, 407.
 Vigil strange I kept on the field one night, 573.
 Warm and still is the summer night, 251.
 Weak-winged is song, 490.
 We are what we are made; each following day, 60.
 We count the broken lyres that rest, 373.
 We may not climb the heavenly steeps, 325.
 We praise not now the poet's art, 312.
 We saw the slow tides go and come, 343.
 What best I see in thee, 605.
 What care I, so they stand the same, 86.
 What fairings will ye that I bring? 459.
 What flecks the outer gray beyond, 324.
 What heartache—ne'er a hill! 621.
 What is so rare as a day in June? 453.
 What say the Bells of San Blas, 258.
 What visionary tints the year puts on, 424.
 When a deed is done for Freedom, through the broad earth's aching breast, 421.
 When beechen buds begin to swell, 2.

When breezes are soft and skies are fair, 4.
 When descends on the Atlantic, 116.
 Whene'er a noble deed is wrought, 212.
 When I heard at the close of the day, 562.
 When I heard the learn'd astronomer, 579.
 When I peruse the conquer'd fame of heroes, 563.
 When I remember them, those friends of mine, 246.
 When I think of my beloved, 188.
 When I was a beggarly boy, 500.
 When I was born, 85.
 When legislators keep the law, 368.
 When life hath run its largest round, 366.
 When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd, 581.
 When the full-grown poet came, 603.
 When the hours of Day are numbered, 105.
 When the pine tosses its cones, 66.
 When wise Minerva still was young, 465.
 Where are the Poets, unto whom belong, 257.
 Where in its old historic splendor stands, 365, note.
 Where is this patriarch you are kindly greeting? 397.
 Whether is better, the gift or the donor? 67.
 Whispers of heavenly death murmur'd I hear, 588.
 White clouds, whose shadows haunt the deep, 286.
 White swan of cities, slumbering in thy nest, 253.
 Whither? Albeit I follow fast, 463.
 Whither, midst falling dew, 3.
 Who are you dusky woman, so ancient hardly human, 589.
 Who cometh over the hills, 509.
 Who gave thee, O Beauty, 76.
 Who of all statesmen is his country's pride, 362.
 Why, who makes much of a miracle? 552.
 With a glory of winter sunshine, 350.
 With husky-haughty lips, O Sea! 606.
 With snow-white veil and garments as of flame, 241.
 Word over all, beautiful as the sky, 586.
 Words pass as wind, but where great deeds were done, 512.
 Would you hear of an old-time sea-fight? 542.
 Yes, faith is a goodly anchor, 463.
 Yes, sometimes to the sorrow-stricken, 92.
 Yet, in the maddening maze of things, 314.
 Yon mountain's side is black with night, 286.
 You bards of ages hence! when you refer to me, 561.
 You shall not be overbold, 96.
 Youth, large, lusty, loving—youth full of grace, force, fascination, 606.

INDEX OF TITLES

Aboard at a ship's helm (Whitman), 586.
 Abraham Davenport (Whittier), 323.
 Ἀβραμνὴν εἰπόντα αἰῶνα (Emerson), 95.
 After a Lecture on Shelley (Holmes), 364.
 After a Lecture on Wordsworth (Holmes), 363.
 After an Interval (Whitman), 604.
 After the Burial (Lowell), 463.
 After the Curfew (Holmes), 404.
 Agassiz (Lowell), 501.
 Agassiz, The Fiftieth Birthday of (Longfellow), 211.
 Agassiz, The Prayer of (Whittier), 342.
 Al Aaraaf, Song from (Poe), 39.
 Aladdin (Lowell), 500.
 All Here (Holmes), 384.
 America singing, I hear (Whitman), 560.
 Among the Hills (Whittier), 330.
 Amy Wentworth (Whittier), 304.
 Anacreon, The Lyre of (Holmes), 403.
 Andrew Rykman's Prayer (Whittier), 307.
 Angels, Footsteps of (Longfellow), 105.
 Angels of Buena Vista, The (Whittier), 277.
 Annabel Lee (Poe), 56.
 Annie, For (Poe), 55.
 Annie and Rhoda, *see* The Sisters (Whittier), 339.
 Antiquity of Freedom, The (Bryant), 20.
 Apology, The (Emerson), 62.
 April (Whittier), 284.
 Arisen at Last (Whittier), 291.
 Arrow and the Song, The (Longfellow), 120.
 Arsenal at Springfield, The (Longfellow), 114.
 Art and Nature (Longfellow), 104.
 As a strong Bird on Pinions free, *see* Thou Mother with thy equal brood (Whitman), 598.
 As I lay with my head in your lap camarado (Whitman), 586.
 Assurances (Whitman), 553.
 As the Greek's Signal Flame (Whitman), 607.
 As toilsome I wander'd Virginia's woods (Whitman), 574.
 Astræa (Whittier), 285.
 At a Meeting of Friends (Holmes), 375.
 At Eventide (Whittier), 347.
 At the Burns Centennial (Lowell), 467.
 At the Saturday Club (Holmes), 399.
 Auf Wiedersehen (Lowell), 461.
 Aunt, My (Holmes), 357.
 Auspex (Lowell), 527.
 Autocrat, Our (Whittier), 347.
 Autograph, An (Whittier), 350.
 Autograph, For an (Lowell), 499.
 Autumn Walk, My (Bryant), 30.
 Autumn Woods (Bryant), 11.
 Ave Maria (Poe), 45.

Ballad of the French Fleet, A (Longfellow), 254.
 Ballad of the Oysterman, The (Holmes), 355.
 Barbara Frietchie (Whittier), 309.
 Barclay of Ury (Whittier), 275.
 Barefoot Boy, The (Whittier), 291.
 Bartholdi Statue, The (Whittier), 352.
 Base of all Metaphysics, The (Whitman), 589.
 Bathed in war's perfume (Whitman), 581.
 Battle-Field, The (Bryant), 20.
 Bayard Taylor, To (Lanier), 627.
 Beach at Night, On the (Whitman), 590.
 Beat! Beat! Drums! (Whitman), 572.
 Beauty, Ode to (Emerson), 76.
 Beaver Brook (Lowell), 458.
 Beethoven, To (Lanier), 619.
 Beleaguered City, The (Longfellow), 106.
 Belfry of Bruges, The: Carillon (Longfellow), 118.
 Bells, The (Poe), 53.
 Bells of San Blas, The (Longfellow), 258.
 'Beloved, in the noisy city here' (Lowell), 412.
 Benedicite (Whittier), 283.
 Bibliolates (Lowell), 458.
 Biglow Papers, The: First Series (Lowell), 430.
 Biglow Papers, The: Second Series (Lowell), 472.
 Bill and Joe (Holmes), 385.
 Birds of Killingworth, The (Longfellow), 235.
 Birthday of Agassiz, The Fiftieth (Longfellow), 211.
 Birthday of Daniel Webster (Holmes), 366.
 Bivouac on a Mountain Side (Whitman), 572.
 Bohemian Hymn, The (Emerson), 96.
 Borrowing (Emerson), 94.
 Boston Hymn (Emerson), 98.
 Botanist (Emerson), 94.
 Boys, The (Holmes), 374.
 Brahma (Emerson), 88.
 Breakfast-Table Series, Epilogue to the (Holmes), 387.
 Bridge, The (Longfellow), 119.
 Broadway Pageant, A (Whitman), 567.
 Brooklyn Ferry, Crossing (Whitman), 553.
 Broomstick Train, The (Holmes), 405.
 Brother Jonathan's Lament for Sister Caroline (Holmes), 378.
 Brown of Ossawatimie (Whittier), 302.
 Bryant on his Birthday (Whittier), 312.
 Bryant's Seventieth Birthday (Holmes), 382.
 B. Sawin, Esq., A Second Letter from (Lowell), 436.
 Buena Vista, The Angels of (Whittier), 277.
 Builders, The (Longfellow), 149.
 Building of the Ship, The (Longfellow), 151.
 Bunker-Hill Battle, Grandmother's Story of (Holmes), 389.

INDEX OF TITLES

707

Burial of the Minnisink (Longfellow), 103.
 Burns (Whittier), 287.
 Burns, *see* Incident in a Railroad Car (Lowell), 413.
 Burns, Robert (Longfellow), 256.
 Burns Centennial, At the (Lowell), 467.
 Burns Centennial Celebration, For the (Holmes), 374.
 Burns Club, For the Meeting of the (Holmes), 367.
 Bust of General Grant, On a (Lowell), 530.
 By the Bivouac's Fitful Flame (Whitman), 572.
 By the Lakeside, Summer (Whittier), 286.
 Cable Hymn, The (Whittier), 301.
 California's shores, Facing west from (Whitman), 560.
 Captain! my Captain! (Whitman), 581.
 Carillon, The Belfry of Bruges: (Longfellow), 118.
 Carol closing Sixty-nine, A (Whitman), 607.
 Casella (Emerson), 95.
 Cassandra Southwick (Whittier), 267.
 Cavalry crossing a Ford (Whitman), 572.
 Centennial Hymn (Whittier), 346.
 Centennial Ode, *see* Ode for the Fourth of July (Lowell), 518.
 Certain Civilian, To a (Whitman), 579.
 Chambered Nautilus, The (Holmes), 368.
 Changing, The (Lowell), 429.
 Channing (W. H.), Ode inscribed to (Emerson), 80.
 Charles Eliot Norton, To (Lowell), 500.
 Chattahoochee, Song of the (Lanier), 621.
 Chaucer (Longfellow), 245.
 Children (Longfellow), 150.
 Children's Hour, The (Longfellow), 232.
 Child's Reminiscence, A, *see* Out of the cradle endlessly rocking (Whitman), 557.
 Christian Slave, The (Whittier), 272.
 Churchyard at Tarrytown, In the (Longfellow), 252.
 City in the Sea, The (Poe), 42.
 Clear Midnight, A (Whitman), 606.
 Climacteric (Emerson), 96.
 Clock on the Stairs, The Old (Longfellow), 120.
 Coliseum, The (Poe), 45.
 Columbus (Lowell), 418.
 Columbus, Prayer of (Whitman), 601.
 Columbus, Sonnets on (Lanier), 617.
 Come, said my Soul (Whitman), 602.
 Come up from the fields, father (Whitman), 573.
 Commemoration, Ode Recited at the Harvard (Lowell), 490.
 Commonplace, The (Whitman), 608.
 Concord Bridge, Ode read at the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Fight at (Lowell), 509.
 Concord Hymn (Emerson), 63.
 Concord Ode (Emerson), 88.
 Conductor Bradley (Whittier), 340.
 Conqueror Worm, The (Poe), 47.
 Contentment (Holmes), 371.
 Contrast, A (Lowell), 423.
 Copyright, International (Lowell), 524.
 Corn, The Waving of the (Lanier), 617.
 Corn Song, The (Whittier), 280.

Courtin', The (Lowell), 472.
 Courtship of Miles Standish, The (Longfellow), 213.
 Cradle endlessly rocking, Out of the (Whitman), 557.
 Crossing Brooklyn Ferry (Whitman), 553.
 Cross of Snow, The (Longfellow), 257.
 Cumberland, The (Longfellow), 235.
 Curfew (Longfellow), 121.
 Curfew, After the (Holmes), 404.
 Dandelion, To the (Lowell), 417.
 Daniel Webster, Birthday of (Holmes), 366.
 Dante (Longfellow), 118, 240.
 Darest Thou now O Soul (Whitman), 695.
 Davenport, Abraham (Whittier), 323.
 Daybreak (Longfellow), 212.
 Day is Done, The (Longfellow), 115.
 Daylight and Moonlight (Longfellow), 156.
 Days (Emerson), 87.
 Day's Ration, The (Emerson), 85.
 Deacon's Masterpiece, The (Holmes), 369.
 Dead House, The (Lowell), 466.
 Dead Ship of Harpswell, The (Whittier), 324.
 Death, Hymn to (Bryant), 7.
 Death of Lincoln, The (Bryant), 31.
 Death of Queen Mercedes (Lowell), 522.
 Death's Valley (Whitman), 609.
 Dedication, Songs of Labor (Whittier), 282.
 Delicate Cluster (Whitman), 589.
 Dirge (Emerson), quoted, 62 note, and 665.
 Divina Commedia (Longfellow), 240.
 Dorothy Q. (Holmes), 386.
 Dream-Land (Poe), 48.
 Dream within a Dream, A (Poe), 41.
 Dying Words of Stonewall Jackson, The (Lanier), 611.
 Each and all (Emerson), 61.
 Earth-Song (Emerson), 84.
 E. C. S., To (Whittier), 352.
 Eldorado (Poe), 57.
 Ellen, Lines to (Emerson), 59.
 Ellen, To (Emerson), 59.
 Ellen at the South, To (Emerson), 59.
 Elmwood, The Herons of (Longfellow), 251.
 Ember Picture, An (Lowell), 498.
 Enchanter, The (Emerson), 96.
 Endymion (Longfellow), 111.
 Endymion (Lowell), 524.
 English Friend, To an (Holmes), 365.
 Entrance to a Wood, Inscription for the (Bryant), 3.
 Envoi: The Poet and his Songs (Longfellow), 257.
 Envoi: To the Muse (Lowell), 463.
 Epilogue to the Breakfast-Table Series (Holmes), 387.
 Eros (Emerson), 96.
 Eternal Goodness, The (Whittier), 314.
 Ethiopia saluting the Colors (Whitman), 589.
 Eulalie — A Song (Poe), 51.
 Evangeline (Longfellow), 121.
 Evening, *see* Summer by the Lakeside (Whittier), 286.

Evening Song (Lanier), 616.
 Evening Wind, The (Bryant), 15.
 Eventide, At (Whittier), 347.
 Excelsior (Emerson), 94.
 Excelsior (Longfellow), 112.
 Experience (Emerson), 77.
 Expostulation (Whittier), 262.
 Fable (Emerson), 73.
 Fable for Critics, A (Lowell), 440.
 Facing west from California's shores (Whitman), 560.
 Fairest of the Rural Maids (Bryant), 9.
 Faith Poem, *see* Assurances (Whitman), 553.
 Farewell of a Virginia Slave-Mother, The (Whittier), 263.
 Fiftieth Birthday of Agassiz, The (Longfellow), 211.
 Finale of Christus (Longfellow), 242.
 First Dandelion, The (Whitman), 607.
 First-Day Thoughts (Whittier), 285.
 First Snow-fall, The (Lowell), 459.
 Flag of Stars, thick-sprinkled bunting (Whitman), 580.
 Flood of Years, The (Bryant), 33.
 Follen, *see* Expostulation (Whittier), 262.
 Foot-Path, The (Lowell), 499.
 Footsteps of Angels (Longfellow), 105.
 For an Autograph (Lowell), 499.
 For Annie (Poe), 55.
 Forbearance (Emerson), 73.
 Foreign Lands, To (Whitman), 604.
 Forerunners (Emerson), 84.
 Forest Hymn, A (Bryant), 12.
 Forgiveness (Whittier), 275.
 For the Burns Centennial Celebration (Holmes), 374.
 For the Meeting of the Burns Club (Holmes), 367.
 'For this true nobleness I seek in vain' (Lowell), 410.
 For Whittier's Seventieth Birthday (Holmes), 394.
 For you, O Democracy (Whitman), 561.
 Fourth of July, An Ode for the (Lowell), 518.
 Fragments on Nature and Life (Emerson), 90.
 Fragments on the Poet and the Poetic Gift (Emerson), 92.
 Franciscus de Verulamio sic cogitavit (Lowell), 529.
 Freedom, Stanzas on (Lowell), 414.
 Friendship (Emerson), 73, 95.
 Friendship, The Girdle of (Holmes), 402.
 Fringed Gentian, To the (Bryant), 16.
 From 'A Fable for Critics' (Lowell), 440.
 From Alcuin (Emerson), 94.
 From My Arm-Chair (Longfellow), 255.
 From Paumanok starting I fly like a bird (Whitman), 571.
 From the Flats (Lanier), 621.
 From the 'Psalm of the West' (Lanier), 617.
 From the 'Song of Myself' (Whitman), 533.
 F—s S. O—d, To (Poe), 46.
 Full of life now (Whitman), 564.

Gardener (Emerson), 94.
 Garrison (Whittier), 348.
 Garrison, To William Lloyd (Whittier), 260.
 Garrison of Cape Ann, The (Whittier), 297.
 Gaspar Becerra (Longfellow), 150.
 General Grant, On a Bust of (Lowell), 530.
 Giotto's Tower (Longfellow), 242.
 Girdle of Friendship, The (Holmes), 402.
 Give All to Love (Emerson), 85.
 Give me the splendid silent sun (Whitman), 577.
 Goethe, Written in a Volume of (Emerson) 65.
 Good-bye (Emerson), 58.
 Good-bye my Fancy (Whitman), 609.
 Good Ship Union, Voyage of the (Holmes), 381.
 Grandmother's Story of Bunker-Hill Battle (Holmes), 389.
 Grant (Whitman), 605.
 Grant, On a Bust of General (Lowell), 530.
 'Great truths are portions of the soul of man' (Lowell), 411.
 Greek's Signal Flame, As the (Whitman), 607.
 Green River (Bryant), 4.
 Grisette, La (Holmes), 358.
 Hafiz (Emerson), 95.
 Hamatreya (Emerson), 83.
 Hamish, The Revenge of (Lanier), 623.
 Hampton Beach (Whittier), 266.
 Hanging of the Crane, The (Longfellow), 243.
 Harvard Commemoration, Ode recited at the (Lowell), 490.
 Haunted Palace, The (Poe), 46.
 Hawthorne (Longfellow), 239.
 Heavenly Death Whispers of (Whitman), 588.
 Hebe (Lowell), 428.
 Height of the Ridiculous, The (Holmes), 356.
 Helen, To (Poe), 41, 52.
 Heri, Craš, Hodie (Emerson), 95.
 Heroes, *see, in the* Song of Myself (Whitman), 541.
 Herons of Elmwood, The (Longfellow), 251.
 Hesperus, The Wreck of the (Longfellow), 107.
 Hiawatha, The Song of (Longfellow), 158.
 Hills, Among the (Whittier), 330.
 History, Motto to the Essay on, *see* The Informing Spirit (Emerson), 73.
 Holidays (Emerson), 73.
 Holmes, To Oliver Wendell (Whittier), 353.
 Holmes, on his Seventy-fifth Birthday, To (Lowell), 523.
 Hound, The (Lanier), 611.
 How Love looked for Hell (Lanier), 626.
 How the Old Horse won the Bet (Holmes), 392.
 Hudson, The (Holmes), 365.
 Hudson, To the (Hellman), 365, note.
 Humble-Bee, The (Emerson), 63.
 Hushed be the camps to-day (Whitman), 585.
 Huskers, The (Whittier), 278.
 H. W. L., To (Lowell), 496.
 Hymn (Poe), 45.
 Hymn, A Sun-Day (Holmes), 377.
 Hymn, The Bohemian (Emerson), 96.
 Hymn for the Celebration of Emancipation (Whittier), 313.
 Hymn of the City (Bryant), 17.

Hymn of Trust (Holmes), 377.
 Hymns of the Marshes (Lanier), 622, 628, 629.
 Hymn to Death (Bryant), 7.
 Hymn to the Night (Longfellow), 105.
 'I ask not for those thoughts, that sudden leap' (Lowell), 411.
 Ichabod (Whittier), 282.
 I dream'd in a dream (Whitman), 563.
 I hear America singing (Whitman), 560.
 I hear it was charged against me (Whitman), 562.
 In a copy of Omar Khayyam (Lowell), 529.
 Incident in a Railroad Car, An (Lowell), 413.
 In clouds descending, in midnight sleep, *see* Old War Dreams (Whitman), 586.
 Inconnue, L' (Holmes), 357.
 India, Passage to (Whitman), 590.
 Indian-Summer Reverie, An (Lowell), 424.
 Informing Spirit, The (Emerson), 73.
 In Memory of John Greenleaf Whittier (Holmes), 408.
 In School-Days (Whittier), 337.
 Inscription, *see* One's-self I sing (Whitman), 587.
 Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood (Bryant), 3.
 Inscription proposed for a Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument (Lowell), 524.
 International Copyright (Lowell), 524.
 In the Churchyard at Tarrytown (Longfellow), 252.
 In the Twilight (Lowell), 498.
 Invita Minerva (Holmes), 407.
 Iron Gate, The (Holmes), 397.
 Ironsides, Old (Holmes), 355.
 I saw in Louisiana a live-oak growing (Whitman), 562.
 I saw Old General at Bay (Whitman), 573.
 Israfil (Poe), 41.
 'I thought our love at full, but I did err' (Lowell), 430.
 Jacquerie, Song for the (Lanier), 611.
 James Russell Lowell (Whittier), 353.
 James Russell Lowell, 1819-1891 (Holmes), 407.
 James Russell Lowell, To (Holmes), 402.
 J. D. R. (Holmes), 380.
 John Greenleaf Whittier, In Memory of (Holmes), 408.
 Jonathan to John (Lowell), 478.
 Joy, Shipmate, Joy! (Whitman), 596.
 Jugurtha (Longfellow), 256.
 June (Bryant), 14.
 J. W., To (Emerson), 80.
 Keats (Longfellow), 246.
 Keats (Spingarn), 246, note.
 Keats, To the Spirit of (Lowell), 411.
 Killed at the Ford (Longfellow), 241.
 Killingworth, The Birds of (Longfellow), 235.
 Ladder of Saint Augustine, The (Longfellow), 155.
 La Grisette (Holmes), 358.
 Lake, The (Poe), 659.

Lakeside, The (Whittier), 281.
 Lakeside, Summer by the (Whittier), 286.
 La Maison d'Or (Holmes), 404.
 Lament for Sister Caroline, Brother Jonathan's (Holmes), 378.
 Last Eve of Summer, The (Whittier), 353.
 Last Invocation, The (Whitman), 595.
 Last Leaf, The (Holmes), 358.
 Last Walk in Autumn, The (Whittier), 292.
 Latest Views of Mr. Biglow (Lowell), 484.
 Latter-Day Warnings (Holmes), 368.
 Laus Deo! (Whittier), 312.
 Lending a Punch-Bowl, On (Holmes), 389.
 Lenore (Poe), 43.
 L'Envoi: The Poet and his Songs (Longfellow), 257.
 L'Envoi: To the Muse (Lowell), 463.
 Letter from Mr. Ezekiel Biglow of Jaalam to the Hon. J. T. Buckingham, A (Lowell), 430.
 Lexington (Whittier), 345.
 Life, Fragments on (Emerson), 91.
 Lifetime, A (Bryant), 31.
 Ligeia, Song to (Poe), 40.
 Light of Stars, The (Longfellow), 104.
 Lincoln, The Death of (Bryant), 31.
 L'Inconnue (Holmes), 357.
 Lines to Ellen (Emerson), 59.
 Little People of the Snow, The (Bryant), 24.
 Living Temple, The (Holmes), 369.
 Locomotive in Winter, To a (Whitman), 604.
 L. of G.'s Purport (Whitman), 609.
 Longings for Home, *see* O Magnet-South (Whitman), 565.
 Long, too long America (Whitman), 578.
 Lords of Life, The, *see* Experience, (Emerson), 77.
 Lost Occasion, The (Whittier), 348.
 Lost Youth, My (Longfellow), 210.
 Love (Emerson), 91.
 Lowell, James Russell (Whittier), 353.
 Lowell, James Russell, 1819-1891 (Holmes), 407.
 Lowell, To James Russell (Holmes), 402.
 Lyre of Anacreon, The (Holmes), 403.
 Magnet-South (Whitman), 565.
 Maidenhood (Longfellow), 112.
 Maison d'Or, La (Holmes), 404.
 Mannabatta (Whitman), 565.
 Marguerite (Whittier), 336.
 Marion's Men, Song of (Bryant), 17.
 Marshes of Glynn, The (Lanier), 622.
 Marsh Song — at Sunset (Lanier), 628.
 Masaccio (Lowell), 465.
 Mason and Slidell (Lowell), 473.
 Massachusetts to Virginia (Whittier), 270.
 Master, Our (Whittier), 325.
 Maud Muller (Whittier), 289.
 Meeting, The (Whittier), 327.
 Me Imperturbe (Whitman), 560.
 Memorial Poems, Three (Lowell), 509.
 Memories (Whittier), 265.
 Merlin (Emerson), 81.
 Merops (Emerson), 86.
 Merrimac, The (Whittier), 264.