INDEX OF FIRST LINES

A crazy bookcase, placed before, 183.
A health to dear woman ! She bids us untwine, 42.
A health to him whose double wreath displays, 293.
A lovely show for eyes to see, 249.
A prologue ? Well, of course the ladies know, 153.
A sick man’s chamber, though it often boast, 58.
A still, sweet, placid, moonlight face, 331.
A triple health to Friendship, Science, Art, 63.
Afar he sleeps whose name is graven here, 296.
Ah Clemence ! when I saw thee last, 326.
Ah, here it is! the sliding rail, 164.
All overgrown with bush and fern, 109.
Alone, beneath the darkened sky, 269.
Alone! no climber of an Alpine cliff, 175.
An usher standing at the door, 249.
And can it be you’ve found a place, 231.
And what shall be the song to-night, 116.
Angel of Death ! extend thy silent reign ! 87.
Angel of love, for every grief, 288.
Angel of Peace, thou hast wandered too long ! 223.
Another clouded night; the stars are hid, 171.
As I look from the isle, o’er its billows of green, 150.
As Life’s unending column pours, 59.
As o’er the glacier’s frozen sheet, 41.
As the voice of the watch to the marinera dream, 93.
As through the forest, disarrayed, 186.
Ay, tear her tattered ensign down ! 4.
Bankrupt! our pockets inside out! 249.
Behold — not him we knew ! 103.
Behold the rocky wall, 100.
Behold the shape our eyes have known! 229.
Brave singer of the coming time, 155.
Brief glimpses of the bright celestial spheres, 172.
Bright on the banners of lily and rose, 232.
“Bring me my broken harp,” he said, 263.
Brothers, whom we may not reach, 200.
But what is this? 181.
Changeless in beauty, rose-hues on her cheek, 298.
Chicago sounds rough to the maker of verse, 255.
Clear the brown path, to meet his coulter’s gleam! 79.
Come back to your mother, ye children, for shame, 34.

Come, dear old comrade, you and I, 113.
Come! fill a fresh bumper, for why should we go, 162.
Come, heap the fagots! Ere we go, 145.
Come, spread your wings, as I spread mine, 90.

Day hath put on his jacket, and around, 9.
Dear friends, left darkling in the long eclipse, 276.
Dear friends, we are strangers; we never before, 220.
Dear Governor, if my skiff might brave, 89.
Dearest, a look is but a ray, 328.
Devoutest of my Sunday friends, 187.
Do you know the Old Man of the Sea, of the Sea? 103.

Eighthy years have passed, and more, 195.
Enchanter of Erin, whose magic has bound us, 233.

Ere yet the warning chimes of midnight sound, 213.

Facts respecting an old arm-chair, 160.
Fallen with autumn’s falling leaf, 289.

Farewell, for the bark has her breast to the tide, 97.

Fast as the rolling seasons bring, 122.
Father of Mercies, Heavenly Friend, 196.
Father, send on Earth again, 193.

Fit emblem for the altar’s side, 274.
Flag of the heroes who left us their glory, 198.
Flash out a stream of blood-red wine, 117.

For him the Architect of all, 143.

Four summers coined their golden light in leaves, 208.

Friend, whom thy fourscore winters leave more dear, 275.

From my lone turret as I look around, 176.
From the first gleam of morning to the gray, 268.

From this fair home behold on either side, 301.

Full sevenscore years our city’s pride, 237.

Full well I know the frozen hand has come, 286.

Giver of all that crowns our days, 194.

Go seek thine earth-born sisters,—thus the Voice, 169.

God bless our Fathers’ Land! 110.

Grandmother’s mother; her age, I guess, 187.
Hang out our banners on the stately tower! 216.
Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys? 118.
Have I deserved your kindness? Nay, my friends, 68.
Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss Shay, 158.
He died not as the martyr dies, 332.
He rests from toil; the portals of the tomb, 298.
He sleeps not here; in hope and prayer, 165.
He was all sunshine; in his face, 103.
Her hands are cold; her face is white, 163.
Here! sweep these foolish leaves away, 167.
Here’s the old cruiser, Twenty-nine, 128.
His birthday. — Nay, we need not speak, 107.
How beauteous is the bond, 300.
How long will this harp which you once loved to hear, 125.
“How many have gone?” was the question of old, 142.
“How sweet the sacred legend — if unblamed, 317.
How the mountains talked together, 203.
How to address him? awkward, it is true, 239.
I asked three little maidens who heard the organ play, 215.
I believe that the copies of verses I’ve spun, 250.
I bring the simplest pledge of love, 255.
I claim the right of knowing whom I serve, 177.
I don’t think I feel much older; I’m aware I’m rather gray, 141.
I give you the health of the oldest friend, 124.
I have come with my verses — I think I may claim, 134.
I hold a letter in my hand, 62.
I like, at times, to hear the steeples’ chimes, 138.
I liked, at times, to hear the steeples’ chimes, 138.
I love all sights of earth and skies, 284.
I love to hear thine earnest voice, 7.
I may not rightly call thy name, 100.
I must leave thee, lady sweet! 40.
I must leave thee, lady sweet! 40.
I pray thee by the soul of her that bore thee, 164.
I remember — why, yes! God bless me! and was it so long ago? 108.
I saw him once before, 5.
I saw the curl of his waving lash, 8.
I sometimes sit beneath a tree, 14.
I stood on Sarum’s treeless plain, 147.
I suppose it’s myself that you’re making allusion to, 227.
I thank you, Mr. President, you’ve kindly broke the ice, 104.
I was sitting with my microscope, upon my parlor rug, 34.
I was thinking last night, as I sat in the cars, 36.
I wrote some lines once on a time, 14.
If all the trees in all the woods were men, 300.
If every tongue that speaks her praise, 272.
If sometimes in the dark blue eye, 331.
I’m ashamed, — that’s the fact, — it’s a pitiful case, 119.
I’m not a chicken; I have seen, 13.
I’m the fellah that tole one day, 160.
In candent ire the solar splendor flames, 158.
In narrowest girdle, O reluctant Muse, 54.
In poisonous dens, where traitors hide, 192.
In the hour of twilight shadows, 26.
In the little southern parlor of the house you may have seen, 166.
Is it a weanling’s weakness for the past, 286.
Is man’s the only throbbing heart that hides, 319.
Is thy name Mary, maiden fair? 327.
It is a pity and a shame — alas! alas! I know it is, 136.
It is not what we say or sing, 126.
It may be so, — perhaps thou hast, 329.
It may be, yes, it must be, Time that brings, 130.
It was a tall young oysterman lived by the river-side, 329.
It was not many centuries since, 321.
It was the stalwart butcher man, 323.
Kiss mine eyelids, beauteous Morn, 170.
Lady, life’s sweetest lesson wouldst thou learn, 301.
Land where the banners wave last in the sun, 195.
Leader of armies, Israel’s God, 229.
Let greener lands and bluer skies, 326.
Let me retrace the record of the years, 174.
Like the tribes of Israel, 124.
Listen, young heroes! your country is calling! 192.
Little I ask; my wants are few, 157.
Look out! Look out, boys! Clear the track! 302.
Lord of all being! throned afar, 163.
Lord, Thou hast led us as of old, 288.
“Lucy.” — The old familiar name, 228.
Mine ancient chair! thy wide embracing arms, 333.
My aunt! my dear unmarried aunt! 8.
Nay, blame me not; I might have spared, 1.
New England, we love thee; no time can erase, 96.
No fear lest praise should make us proud! 166.
No life worth naming ever comes to good, 85.
No more the summer floweret charms, 31.
No mystic charm, no mortal art, 212.
Not bed-time yet! The night-winds blow, 144.
Not charity we ask, 100.
Not in the world of light alone, 101.
Not to myself this breath of vesper song, 239.
Not with the anguish of hearts that are breaking, 214.
Now, by the blessed Paphian queen, 7.
Now, men of the North! will you join in the strife, 129.
Now, smiling friends and shipmates all, 204.
Now, while our soldiers are fighting our battles, 197.
O even-handed Nature! we confess, 202.
O God! in danger's darkest hour, 194.
O Lord of Hosts! Almighty King! 196.
O Love Divine, that stooped to share, 150.
O Thou of soul and sense and breath, 208.
O'er the walls that climb, 287.
Oh for one hour of youthful joy! 115.
Oh! I did love her dearly, 327.
Oh, there are times, 9.
Oíd Rip Van Winkle had a grandson, Rip, 63.
Oíd Time, in whose bank we deposit our notes, 135.
Once more Orion and the sister Seven, 273.
Once more, ye sacred towers, 215.
One broad, white sail in Spezzia's treacherous bay, 92.
One country! Treason's writhing asp, 193.
One memory trembles on our lips, 133.
One word to the guest we have gathered to greet! 199.
44
Only a housemaid! She looked from the kitchen, 234.
Our ancient church! its lowly tower, 5.
Our Father! while our hearts unlearn, 298.
Our poet, who has taught the Western breeze, 206.
Perhaps too far in these considerate days, 83.
Poor conquered monarch! though that haughty glance, 324.
Precisely. I see it. You all want to say, 131.
Pride of her clustering spires, her new-built towers, 276.
Proudly, beneath her glittering dome, 293.
“Qui vive?” The sentry's musket rings, 331.
Reader—gentle—if so be, 185.
Say not the Poet dies! 214.
Scarce could the parting ocean close, 94.
Scene,—a back parlor in a certain square, 37.
Scenes of my youth! awake its slumbering fire! 15.
See how yon flaming herald treads, 28.
Sexton! Martha's dead and gone, 104.
Shaded so long by the storm-cloud of danger, 193.
She came beneath the forest dome, 39.
She gathered at her slender waist, 145.
She has gone,—she has left us in passion and pride, 111.
She twirled the string of golden beads, 325.
Shine soft, ye trembling tears of light, 91.
Sire, son, and grandson; so the century glides, 326.
Sister, we bid you welcome,—we who stand, 272.
Slow toiling upward from the misty vale, 191.
Slowly the mist o'er the meadow was creeping, 28.
Strange! that one lightly whispered tone, 327.
Such kindness! the scowl of a cynic would soften, 252.
Sweet Mary, I have never breathed, 326.

Teachers of teachers! Yours the task, 298.
Tell me, O Provincial! speak, Cerviio-Nasal! 167.
That age was older once than now, 152.
The Banker's dinner is the stateliest feast, 307.
The Caliph ordered up his cook, 221.
The clock has struck noon; ere it thrice tell the hours, 115.
The Comet! He is on his way, 11.
The curtain rose; in thunders long and loud, 85.
The dinner-bell, the dinner-bell, 330.
The dirge is played, the throbbing death-peak rung, 133.
"The Dutch have taken Holland,"—so the schoolboys used to say, 284.
The feeble sea-birds, blinded in the storms, 61.
The folks, that on the first of May, 330.
The fount the Spaniard sought in vain, 222.
The friends that are, and friends that were, 120.
The glory has passed from the goldenrod's plume, 304.
The god looked out upon the troubled deep, 321.
The house was crammed from roof to floor, 180.
The land of sunshine and of song! 110.
The minstrel of the classic lay, 146.
The mountains glitter in the snow, 97.
The muse of boyhood's fervid hour, 137.
The noon of summer sheds its ray, 73.
The painter's and the poet's fame, 207.
The piping of our slender, peaceful reeds, 72.
The Play is over. While the light, 148.
The pledge of Friendship! it is still divine, 42.
The seed that wasteful autumn cast, 90.
The Ship of State! above her skies are blue, 239.
The snows that glittered on the disk of Mars, 174.
The stars are rolling in the sky, 13.
The stars their early vigils keep, 33.
The summer dawn is breaking, 114.
The sunbeams, lost for half a year, 152.
The sun-browned girl, whose limbs recline, 326.
The sun is fading in the skies, 332.
The sun stepped down from his golden throne, 325.
The tale I tell is gospel true, 73.
The time is racked with birth-pangs; every hour, 180.
The two proud sisters of the sea, 331.
The waves unbuild the wasting shore, 277.
The wreath that star-crowned Shelley gave, 92.
There are three ways in which men take, 12.
There is no time like the old time, when you and I were young, 222.
There was a giant in time of old, 10.
There was a sound of hurrying feet, 322.
There was a young man in Boston town, 60.
There's a thing that grows by the fainting flower, 323.
These hallowed precincts, long to memory dear, 257.
They bid me strike the idle strings, 32.
They tell us that the Muse is soon to fly hence, 251.
This ancient silver bowl of mine, it tells of good old times, 29.
This is our place of meeting; opposite, 269.
| This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign, 149. | What secret charm, long whispering in mine ear, 333. |
| This is your month, the month of "perfect days," 274. | Whatever I do, and whatever I say, 171. |
| This shred of song you bid me bring, 146. | When Advent dawns with lessening days, 290. |
| Thou Gracious Power, whose mercy lends, 129. | When Eve had led her lord away, 155. |
| Thou shouldst have sung the swan-song for the choir, 296. | When evening's shadowy fingers fold, 293. |
| Thou, too, hast left us. While with heads bowed low, 297. | When legislators keep the law, 155. |
| Thou who hast taught the teachers of mankind, 206. | When life hath run its largest round, 98. |
| Though watery deserts hold apart, 198. | When o'er the street the morning peal is flung, 65. |
| Though young no more, we still would dream, 156. | When rose the cry "Great Pan is dead!" 237. |
| Three paths there be where Learning's favored sons, 264. | When the Puritans came over, 30. |
| Through my north window, in the wintry weather, 247. | When treason first began the strife, 205. |
| Thus I lift the sash, so long, 185. | Where are you going, soldiers, 191. |
| Time is a thief who leaves his tools behind him, 147. | Where, girt around by savage foes, 215. |
| 'T is like stirring living embers when, at eighty, one remembers, 224. | Where is this patriarch you are kindly greeting? 243. |
| 'T is midnight: through my troubled dream, 120. | Where, oh where, are the visions of morning, 118. |
| 'T is sweet to fight our battles o'er, 102. | While far along the eastern sky, 188. |
| To God's anointed and his chosen flock, 251. | While fond, sad memories all around us throng, 244. |
| Too young for love? 301. | While in my simple gospel creed, 304. |
| Trained in the holy art whose lifted shield, 220. | Who claims our Shakespeare from that realm unknown, 211. |
| Truth: So the frontlet's older legend ran, 231. | "Who gave this cup?" The secret thou wouldst steal, 300. |
| 'T was a vision of childhood that came with its dawn, 94. | Who is the shepherd sent to lead, 102. |
| 'T was on the famous trotting ground, 234. | Who of all statesmen is his country's pride, 315. |
| Twice had the mellowing sun of autumn crowned, 277. | Why linger round the sunken wrecks, 290. |
| Vex not the Muse with idle prayers, 305. | "Will I come?" That is pleasant! I beg to inquire, 137. |
| Wan-visaged thing! thy virgin leaf, 328. | Winter is past; the heart of Nature warms, 80. |
| Washed in the blood of the brave and the blooming, 194. | Winter's cold drift lies glistening o'er his breast, 210. |
| We count the broken lyres that rest, 99. | Ye that have faced the billows and the spray, 311. |
| We sing "Our Country's" song to-night, 120. | Ye who yourselves of larger worth esteem, 295. |
| We trust and fear, we question and believe, 85. | Yes, dear departed, cherished days, 32. |
| We welcome you, Lords of the Land of the Sun! 201. | Yes, dear Enchantress,—wandering far and long, 43. |
| We will not speak of years to-night, 102. | Yes, lady! I can ne'er forget, 332. |
| Welcome to the day returning, 98. | Yes! the vacant chairs tell sadly we are going, going fast, 140. |
| Welcome, thrice welcome is thy silvery gleam, 291. | Yes, tyrants, you hate us, and fear while you hate, 121. |
| Well, Miss, I wonder where you live, 11. | Yes, we knew we must lose him,—though friendship may claim, 151. |
| What ailed young Lucius? Art had vainly tried, 315. | Yes, write, if you want to, there's nothing like trying, 232. |
| What am I but the creature Thou hast made, 178. | Yet in the darksome crypt I left so late, 82. |
| What flower is this that greets the morn, 196. | You who yourselves in large worth esteem, 295. |
| What if a soul redeemed, a spirit that loved, 182. | Ye that have faced the billows and the spray, 311. |
| What is a poet's love? 328. | Ye who yourselves of larger worth esteem, 295. |
| What makes the Healing Art divine? 106. | Yes, dear departed, cherished days, 32. |

Ye who claims our Shakespeare from that realm unknown, 211.

"Who gave this cup?" The secret thou wouldst steal, 300.

Who is the shepherd sent to lead, 102.

Who of all statesmen is his country's pride, 315.

Why linger round the sunken wrecks, 290.

"Will I come?" That is pleasant! I beg to inquire, 137.

Winter is past; the heart of Nature warms, 80.

Winter's cold drift lies glistening o'er his breast, 210.

Ye that have faced the billows and the spray, 311.

Ye who yourselves of larger worth esteem, 295.

Yes, dear departed, cherished days, 32.

Yes, dear Enchantress,—wandering far and long, 43.

Yes, lady! I can ne'er forget, 332.

Yes! the vacant chairs tell sadly we are going, going fast, 140.

Yes, tyrants, you hate us, and fear while you hate, 121.

Yes, we knew we must lose him,—though friendship may claim, 151.

Yes, write, if you want to, there's nothing like trying, 232.

Yet in the darksome crypt I left so late, 82.

You who yourselves in large worth esteem, 295.
INDEX OF TITLES

[The titles of the main divisions of this book are set in SMALL CAPITALS.]

"Ad Amicos," 137.
Address for the Opening of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, 216.
Aestivation, 138.
After a Lecture on Keats, 92.
After a Lecture on Moore, 91.
After a Lecture on Shelley, 92.
After a Lecture on Wordsworth, 90.
After-Dinner Poem, 54.
After the Curfew, 148.
After the Fire, 185.
Agnes, 72.
Album Verses, 155.
All here, 136.
America to Russia, 198.
American Academy Centennial Celebration, 256.
Angel-Thief, The, 147.
Appeal for "The Old South," An, 236.
Archbishop, The, and Gil Blas, 141.
Army Hymn, 196.
Astraea, 333.
At a Meeting of Friends, 108.
At My Fireside, 269.
At the Papyrus Club, 249.
At the Saturday Club, 269.
At the Turn of the Road, 304.
At the Unitarian Festival, 277.
Atlantic Dinner, At the, 227.
Aunt, My, 8.
Aunt Tabitha, 171.
Ave, 286.
Aviary, My, 247.
Avis, 100.
Bachelor's Private Journal, From a, 326.
Ballad of the Boston Tea-Party, A, 190.
Ballad of the Oysterman, The, 329.
Banquet to the Chinese Embassy, At the, 200.
Banquet to the Grand Duke Alexis, At the, 199.
Banquet to the Japanese Embassy, At the, 201.
Before the Curfew, 239.
Bells, The, 83.
Bill and Joe, 113.
Birthday Festival, At a, 102.
Birthday of Daniel Webster, 98.
Birthday Tribute to J. F. Clarke, A, 102.
Blank Sheet of Paper, To a, 328.
Boston Common, 109.
Boston to Florence, 276.
Boys, The, 118.
Broken Circle, The, 147.
Broomstick Train, The, 301.
Brother Jonathan's Lament, 111.
Bryant's Seventieth Birthday, 202.

Bunker-Hill Battle and Other Poems (1874-1877), 224.
Burns Centennial Celebration, For the, 107.
But One Talent, 295.
Cacoethes Scribendi, 300.
Caged Lion, To a, 324.
Cambridge Churchyard, The, 5.
Canaan, To, 191.
Centennial Dinner of the Massachusetts Medical Society, 264.
Chambered Nautilus, The, 149.
Chanson without Music, 219.
"Choose You this Day," 121.
Clarke, James Freeman, To, 255.
Close of a Course of Lectures, At the, 93.
Comet, The, 11.
Coming Era, The, 251.
Contentment, 157.
Crooked Footpath, The, 164.

Daily Trials, 9.
De Sauty, 167.
Deacon's Masterpiece, The, 158.
Death of President Garfield, On the, 289.
Dedication of the Fountain at Stratford-on-Avon, 291.
Dedication of the Halleck Monument, Poem at the, 214.
Dedication of the New City Library, Boston, For the, 293.
Dedication of the Pittsfield Cemetery, 87.
Departed Days, 32.
Dilemma, The, 7.
Dinner to Admiral Farragut, At a, 204.
Dinner to General Grant, At a, 205.
Dorchester Giant, The, 10.
Dorothy Q., 186.
Dying Seneca, The, 332.

Earlier Poems, 3.
Ehrenberg, Christian Gottfried, To, 206.
English Friend, To an, 90.
Epilogue to the Breakfast-Table Series, 183.
Even-Song, 130.
Evening, by a Tailor, 9.
Evening Thought, An, 331.
Exile's Secret, The, 311.
Extracts from a Medical Poem, 61.

Family Record, A, 239.
Fantasia, 170.
Farewell to Agassiz, A, 203.
INDEX OF TITLES

Farewell to J. R. Lowell, 97.
First Fan, The, 237.
First Verses, 321.
Flâneur, The, 284.
Flower of Liberty, The, 196.
For Class Meeting, 136.
For the Burns Centennial Celebration, 107.
For the Centennial Dinner of the Proprietors of Boston Pier, 220.
For the Commemoration Services, 208.
For the Dedication of the New City Library, Boston, 263.
For the Meeting of the Burns Club, 97.
For the Meeting of the National-Sanitary Association, 106.
For the Moore Centennial Celebration, 253.
For the Services in Memory of Abraham Lincoln, 208.
For the Window in St. Margaret’s, 296.
For Whittier’s Seventieth Birthday, 250.
Fountain of Youth, The, 222.
Freedom, Our Queen, 195.
F. W. C., 122.
Garfield, President, On the Death of, 289.
Girdle of Friendship, The, 145.
God save the Flag, 194.
Golden Flower, The, 290.
Goodyear, T. C., 155.
Gould, Dr. Benjamin Apthorp, A Welcome to, 273.
Governor Swain, To, 89.
Grandmother’s Story of Bunker-Hill Battle, 224.
Gray Chief, The, 102.
H. C. M., H. S., J. K. W., 133.
Hail Columbia! 290.
Harvard, 268.
Harvard College, Poem for the Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Founding of, 277.
Hayes, Rutherford B., To, 239.
Hedge, Frederick Henry, To, 274.
Height of the Ridiculous, The, 14.
Homesick in Heaven, 169.
Hot Season, The, 240.
How not to settle it, 138.
How the Old Horse won the Bet, 234.
Hudson, The, 94.
Humboldt’s Birthday, 213.
Hymn after the Emancipation Proclamation, 194.
Hymn at the Funeral Services of Charles Sumner, 215.
Hymn for the Class-Meeting, 129.
Hymn for the Dedication of Memorial Hall at Cambridge, 215.
Hymn for the Fair at Chicago, 194.
Hymn for the Inauguration of the Statue of Governor Andrew, 229.
Hymn for the Two Hundredth Anniversary of King’s Chapel, 287.
Hymn of Peace, A, 223.
Hymn of Trust, 163.
Hymn read at the Dedication of the Oliver Wendell Holmes Hospital at Hudson, Wisconsin, 288.
Hymn written for the Great Central Fair in Philadelphia, 193.
Hymn written for the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Reorganization of the Boston Young Men’s Christian Union, 298.
Hymn, The Word of Promise, 288.
I Like you and I Love you, 301.
Illustration of a Picture, 325.
Impromptu, An, 115.
Impromptu at the Walker Dinner upon the Completion of the Great Organ for Boston Music Hall, An, 215.
In Memory of Charles Wentworth Upham, Jr., 103.
In Memory of John and Robert Ware, 212.
In Memory of John Greenleaf Whittier, 297.
In Response, 252.
In the Quiet Days, 186.
In the Twilight, 144.
In War Time, 191.
Indian Summer, Our, 117.
Insect, To an, 7.
International Ode, 110.
Iris, Her Book, 164.
Iron Gate, The, 243.
Island Hunting-Song, The, 31.
Invită Minervă, 305.
J. D. R., 120.
King’s Chapel, Read at the Two Hundredth Anniversary, 286.
La Griset, 326.
La Maison d’Or, 301.
Last Blossom, The, 156.
Last Charge, The, 123.
Last Leaf, The, 4.
Last Look, The, 103.
Last Prophecy of Cassandra, 332.
Last Reader, The, 14.
Last Survivor, The, 140.
Latter-Day Warnings, 154.
Lexington, 28.
L’Inconnue, 327.
Lines, 119.
Lines by a Clerk, 327.
Lines recited at the Berkshire Jubilee, 33.
Living Temple, The, 104.
Longfellow, H. W., To, 206.
Lover’s Secret, The, 313.
Loving-Cup Song, A, 145.
Lowell, James Russell, To, 274, 293.
Lowell, James Russell, 296.
Lowell, James Russell, 296.
“Lucy,” 228.
Lyre of Anacreon, The, 146.
Marc Rubrum, 117.
Martha, 104.
Medical Poems, 58.
Meeting of Friends, At, 108.
Meeting of the Alumni of Harvard College, 104.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Meeting of the American Medical Association,</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meeting of the Burns Club, For the</td>
<td>97</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meeting of the Dryads, The</td>
<td>321</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meeting of the National Sanitary Association,</td>
<td>106</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Memorial Tribute to Dr. Samuel G. Howe, A</td>
<td>229</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MEMORIAL VERSES, 208</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Midsummer, 167</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mind’s Diet, The</td>
<td>85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Modest Request, A</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moral Bully, The</td>
<td>84</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morning Visit, The</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mother’s Secret, The</td>
<td>317</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mysterious Visitor, The</td>
<td>322</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nearing the Snow Line, 191</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Never or Now, 192</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Eden, The</td>
<td>94</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Non-Resistance, 83</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Noontide Lyric, A</td>
<td>330</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No Time like the Old Time, 222</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nux Postcanatica, 35</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ode for a Social Meeting (with alterations), 162</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ode for Washington’s Birthday, 98</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Cambridge, 230</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Cruiser, The</td>
<td>128</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Ironsides, 3</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Man Dreams, The</td>
<td>115</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Man of the Sea, The</td>
<td>109</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Player, The</td>
<td>85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Tune, The</td>
<td>146</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old-Year Song, An</td>
<td>186</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On Lending a Punch-Bowl, 29</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On the Threshold, 249</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Once More, 127</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>One Country, 193</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Only Daughter, The</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Opening of the Piano, The</td>
<td>166</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Opening the Window, 185</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Organ-Blower, The</td>
<td>187</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our Banker, 135</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our Dead Singer, H. W. L., 271</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our Home — Our Country, 263</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our Indian Summer, 117</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our Limitations, 85</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our Oldest Friend, 124</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our Sweet Singer, 133</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our Yankee Girls, 326</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pantomime, At the, 189</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parkman, Francis, 208</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parson Turell’s Legacy, 160</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parting Health, A</td>
<td>151</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parting Hymn, 196</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parting Song, The</td>
<td>106</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parting Word, The</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peabody, George, To, 249</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peau de Chagrín of State Street, The, 300</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peirce, Benjamin, 143</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Philosopher to his Love, The, 328</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pilgrim’s Vision, The, 26</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ploughman, The</td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poem at the Centennial Dinner of the Massachusetts Medical Society, 264</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poem for the Dedication of the Fountain at Stratford-on-Avon, 291</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poem for the Dedication of the Pittsfield Cemetery, 87</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poem for the Meeting of the American Medical Association, 62</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poem read at the Dinner given to the Author by the Medical Profession of the City of New York, 68</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poem served to Order, A, 221</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>POEMS FROM THE AUTOCRAT, 149</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>POEMS FROM THE PROFESSOR, 163</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>POEMS FROM THE POET, 169</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>POEMS FROM OVER THE TEACUPS, 300</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>POEMS OF THE CLASS OF ’29, 113</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>POEMS PUBLISHED BETWEEN 1837 AND 1848, 26</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Post-Prandial, 284</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prelude (to Parson Turell’s Legacy), 160</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prelude to a Volume printed in Raised Letters for the Blind, 276</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Programme, 185</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prologue, 155</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prologue to Songs in Many Keys, 72</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Promise, The, 100</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Questions and Answers, 115</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Qui Vive?&quot; 331</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>READINGS OVER THE TEACUPS, 306</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reflections of a Proud Pedestrian, 8</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Remember — Forget, 116</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rhymed Lesson, A, 43</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rhymes of a Life-Time, 268</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rhymes of an Hour, 216</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rip Van Winkle, M. D., 63</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robinson of Leyden, 165</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roman Aqueduct, A, 326</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rose and the Fern, The</td>
<td>301</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>School-Boy, The</td>
<td>257</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sea Dialogue, A, 218</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Secret of the Stars, The, 319</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Semi-Centennial Celebration of the New England Society, 96</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sentiment, A, 42, 63</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>September Gale, The, 13</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Services in Memory of Abraham Lincoln, For the, 208</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shadows, The, 142</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shakespeare Tercentennial Celebration, 211</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sherman’s in Savannah, 124</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ship of State, The, 239</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Silent Melody, The, 263</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smiling Listener, The, 131</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Song for a Temperance Dinner, 42</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Song for the Centennial Celebration of Harvard College, 30</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Song for the Dinner to Charles Dickens, 33.
Song of Other Days, A, 41.
SONGS IN MANY KEYS, 72.
SONGS OF MANY SEASONS, 185.
SONGS OF WELCOME AND FAREWELL, 198.
Souvenir, A, 332.
Spectre Pig, The, 323.
Spring, 50.
Spring has come, 152.
St. Anthony the Refomer, 166.
St. Margaret's, For the Window in, 296.
Stanzas, 397.
Star and the Water-Lily, The, 325.
Statesman's Secret, The, 315.
Steamboat, The, 28.
Stethoscope Song, The, 60.
Stowe, Harriet Beecher, Two Poems to, 272.
Study, The, 82.
Sun and Shadow, 150.
Sun-Day Hymn, A, 163.
Sweet Little Man, The, 197.

Tartarus, 304.
Teachers of America, To the, 298.
"Thus saith the Lord," 192.
To a Blank Sheet of Paper, 328.
To a Caged Lion, 324.
To an English Friend, 90.
To an Insect, 7.
To Canaan, 191.
To Christian Gottfried Ehrenberg, 206.
To Frederick Henry Hedge, 274.
To George Peabody, 249.
To Governor Swain, 89.
To H. W. Longfellow, 206.
To James Freeman Clarke, 255.
To James Russell Lowell, 274.
To John Greenleaf Whittier, 275.
To My Companions, 333.
To My Old Readers, 306.
To My Readers, 1.
To Rutherford Birchard Hayes, 239.

To the Eleven Ladies, 300.
To the Poets who only read and listen, 292.
To the Portrait of "A Gentleman," 329.
To the Portrait of a Lady, 11.
To the Teachers of America, 298.
Toadstool, The, 323.
Toast to Wilkie Collins, A, 207.
Too Young for Love, 301.
Treadmill Song, The, 13.
Two Armies, The, 59.
Two Poems to Harriet Beecher Stowe, 272.
Two Sonnets: Harvard, 261.
Two Streams, The, 99.

Under the Violets, 163.
Under the Washington Elm, 195.
Union and Liberty, 198.
Unsatisfied, 234.
Upham, Charles Wentworth, Jr., In Memory of, 103.

VERSES FOR AFTER-DINNER, 36.
VERSES FROM THE OLDEST PORTFOLIO, 321.
Vestigia Quinque Retrorsum, 244.
Vive la France, 110.
Voice of the Loyal North, A, 120.
Voiceless, The, 99.
Voyage of the Good Ship Union, 120.

Ware, John and Robert, In Memory of, 212.
Wasp and the Hornet, The, 331.
Welcome to Dr. Benjamin Apthorp Gould, A, 273.
Welcome to the Chicago Commercial Club, 255.
Welcome to the Grand Duke Alexis, 199.
Welcome to the Nations, 232.
What I have come for, 134.
What We all think, 152.
Whittier, John Greenleaf, In Memory of, 297.
Whittier, John Greenleaf, To, 275.
Wind-Clouds and Star-Drifts, 171.

Youth, 290.