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HANDY DICTIONARY OF POETICAL QUOTATIONS
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HANDY DICTIONARY

OF

POETICAL QUOTATIONS

COMPILED BY

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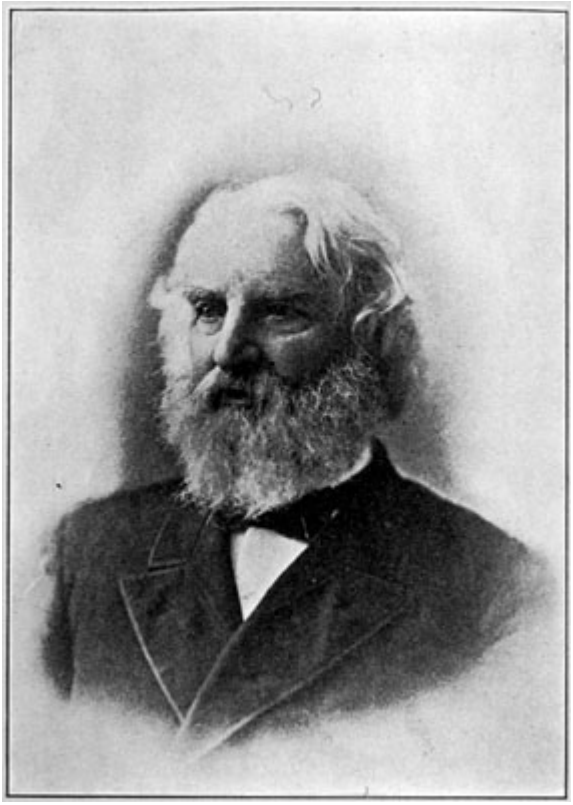

Henry W. Longfellow

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[Transcriber's note: The original text did not contain a table of contents. It has been added for the reader's convenience.]

PREFACE

QUOTATIONS:

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

INDEX TO AUTHORS

INDEX TO QUOTATIONS

PREFACE.

It has been the aim of the compiler of this little book to present a Dictionary of Poetical Quotations which will be a ready reference to many of the most familiar stanzas and lines of the chief poets of the English language, with a few selections from Continental writers; and also some less familiar selections from more modern poets, which may in time become classic, or which at least have a contemporary interest. Readers of English literature are aware that the few great poets of our language have struck perhaps every chord of human sentiment capable of illustration in verse, and even these few have borrowed the ideas, and sometimes almost the exact words, of predecessors or contemporaries.

But often old ideas in a new dress are welcome to readers who might not have been attracted by the old forms; and each generation has its peculiar modes of expression if not its new lines of thought. It is hoped that this mingling of the old and the new will not be without interest. To carry out the plan of

making this a "handy" dictionary of quotations and, at the same time, as comprehensive as the space permitted, it has been necessary to confine the illustration of the topics selected to brief extracts from each author. Of course, in all books of quotations the great name of Shakespeare fills the largest space; and the compiler of this book, as well as all students of Shakespeare, is under obligation to the painstaking compilers of the concordances to this poet, and especially to Mr. Bartlett's monumental work. To many other compilers of quotations, especially to the *Poetical Quotations* of Anna L. Ward (published by Messrs. T.Y. Crowell & Co.), the author is under obligations; while he has made an independent examination of the more recent poets, as well as many of the older ones. The topics illustrated number 2138, selected from the writings of 255 authors. The indexes, which will be found full and complete, were prepared by Mrs. Grace E. Powers, who has also rendered valuable assistance in preparing the copy for the press and in reading the proofs.

G.W.P.

DORCHESTER, MASS., July, 1901.

HANDY DICTIONARY OF POETICAL

QUOTATIONS.

A.

Abashed.

Abash'd the devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue in her shape how lovely.
1
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. iv., Line 846.

Abbots.

To happy convents bosom'd deep in vines,
Where slumber abbots purple as their wines.
2
POPE: *Dunciad,* Bk. iv., Line 301.

Abdication.

I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,

With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duteous oaths.
3
SHAKS.: *Richard II.,* Act iv., Sc. 1.

Abdiel.

So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found;
Among the faithless, faithful only he.
4
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. v., Line 896.

Ability.

I profess not talking; only this,
Let each man do his best.
5
SHAKS.: *1 Henry IV.,* Act v., Sc. 2.

Absence.

What! keep a week away! Seven days and nights?
Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight score times?
O weary reckoning!
6
SHAKS.: *Othello,* Act iii., Sc. 1.

Though lost to sight, to memory dear
Thou ever wilt remain.
7
GEORGE LINLEY: *Song, Though Lost to Sight.*

Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
And image charms he must behold no more.
8
POPE: *Eloisa to A.,* Line 361.

O last love! O first love!
My love with the true heart,
To think I have come to this your home,
And yet—we are apart!
9
JEAN INGELOW: *Sailing Beyond Seas.*

'Tis said that absence conquers love;
But oh believe it not!
I've tried, alas! its power to prove,
But thou art not forgot.
10
FREDERICK W. THOMAS: *Absence Conquers Love.*

Abstinence.

Against diseases here the strongest fence
Is the defensive virtue abstinence.
11
HERRICK: *Aph. Abstinence.*

Abuse.

Thou thread, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou:
Away thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant.
12
SHAKS.: *Tam. of the S.,* Act iv., Sc. 3.

Accident.

As the unthought-on accident is guilty
Of what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.
13
SHAKS.: *Wint. Tale,* Act iv., Sc. 3.

Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field.
14
SHAKS.: *Othello,* Act i., Sc. 3.

Our wanton accidents take root, and grow
To vaunt themselves God's laws.
15
CHARLES KINGSLEY: *Saints' Tragedy,* Act ii., Sc. 4.

By many a happy accident.
16
MIDDLETON: *No Wit, No Help, Like a Woman's,* Act ii., Sc. 2.

Account.

No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.
17
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act i., Sc. 5.

Accusation.

Accuse not Nature: she hath done her part;
Do thou but thine.
18
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. viii., Line 561.

Achievements.

Great things thro' greatest hazards are achiev'd,
And then they shine.
19
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *Loyal Subject,* Act i., Sc. 5.

Acquaintance.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?
20
BURNS: *Auld Lang Syne.*

Action.

Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.
21
SHAKS.: *Othello,* Act ii., Sc. 3.

Of every noble action, the intent
Is to give worth reward—vice punishment.
22
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *Captain,* Act v., Sc. 5.

Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in their dust.
23
JAMES SHIRLEY: *Death's Final Conquest,* Sc. iii.

Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
Makes that and th' action fine.
24
HERBERT: *The Elixir.*

Activity.

If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly.
25
SHAKS.: *Macbeth,* Act i., Sc. 7.

Wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
26
SHAKS.: *3 Henry VI.,* Act v., Sc. 4.

Actors.

A strutting player,—whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretched footing and the scaffoldage.
27
SHAKS.: *Troil. and Cress.,* Act i., Sc. 3.

The world's a theatre, the earth a stage
Which God and Nature do with actors fill.

28
THOMAS HEYWOOD: *Apology for Actors.*

Adaptability.

All things are ready, if our minds be so.
29
SHAKS.: *Henry V.,* Act iv., Sc. 3.

Address.

And the tear that is wiped with a little address
May be follow'd perhaps by a smile.
30
COWPER: *The Rose.*

Adieu.

Adieu, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue.
31
BYRON: *Ch. Harold,* Canto i., St. 13.

Adieu, she cried, and waved her lily hand.
32
GAY: *Sweet William's Farewell to Black-eyed Susan.*

Admiration.

Season your admiration for a while.
33
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act i., Sc 2.

Adoration.

The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration.
34
WORDSWORTH: *It is a Beauteous Evening.*

Adorning.

Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn.
35
GOLDSMITH: *Des. Village,* Line 232.

Loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.
36
THOMSON: *Seasons, Autumn,* Line 204.

Adversity.

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.
37
SHAKS.: *As You Like It,* Act ii., Sc. 1.

A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,

We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
But were we burthen'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain.
38
SHAKS.: *Com. of Errors,* Act ii., Sc. 1.

I am not now in fortune's power:
He that is down can fall no lower.
39
BUTLER: *Hudibras,* Pt. i., Canto iii., Line 877.

For of fortunes sharpe adversite,
The worst kind of infortune is this,—
A man that hath been is prosperite,
And it remember whan it passed is.
40
CHAUCER: *Troilus and Creseide,* Bk. iii., Line 1625.

Advice.

Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
41
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act i., Sc. 3.

Know when to speak—for many times it brings
Danger, to give the best advice to kings.
42
HERRICK: *Aph. Caution in Council.*

The worst men often give the best advice.
43
BAILEY *Festus,* Sc. *A Village Feast.*

'Twas good advice, and meant, my son, Be good.

44
CRABBE: *The Learned Boy.*

Affectation.

There affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen;
Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside;
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride;
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
45
POPE: *R. of the Lock,* Canto iv., Line 31.

Affection.

Why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on.
46
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act i., Sc. 2.

Affection is a coal that must be cool'd,
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire.
47
SHAKS.: *Venus and A.,* Line 387.

Affliction.

Affliction is the good man's shining scene;
Prosperity conceals his brightest ray;
As night to stars, woe lustre gives to man.
48

YOUNG: *Night Thoughts,* Night ix., Line 406.

Now let us thank the Eternal Power: convinced
That Heaven but tries our virtue by affliction.
49
JOHN BROWN: *Barbarossa,* Act v., Sc. 3.

Affronts.

Young men soon give and soon forget affronts;
Old age is slow in both.
50
ADDISON: *Cato,* Act ii., Sc. 5.

Age.

When the age is in, the wit is out.
51
SHAKS.: *Much Ado,* Act iii., Sc. 5

His silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds;
It shall be said,—his judgment rul'd our hands.
52
SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar,* Act ii., Sc. 1.

Manhood, when verging into age, grows thoughtful.
53
CAPEL LOFFT'S *Aphorisms. Published in* 1812.

I am declin'd into the vale of years.
54
SHAKS.: *Othello,* Act iii., Sc. 3.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety; other women
Cloy th' appetites they feed; but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies.
55
SHAKS.: *Ant. and Cleo.,* Act ii., Sc. 2.

An old man, broken with the storms of State,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!
56
SHAKS.: *Henry VIII.,* Act iv., Sc. 2.

We see time's furrows on another's brow...
How few themselves in that just mirror see!
57
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts,* Night v., Line 627.

O, sir! I must not tell my age.
They say women and music should never be dated.
58
GOLDSMITH: *She Stoops to Con.,* Act iii.

What is the worst of woes that wait on age?
What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?
To view each loved one blotted from life's page,
And be alone on earth as I am now.
59
BYRON: *Ch. Harold,* Canto ii., St. 98.

Old age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.
60
BEATTIE: *The Minstrel,* Bk. i., St. 25.

But an old age serene and bright,

And lovely as a Lapland night,
Shall lead thee to thy grave.
61
WORDSWORTH: *To a Young Lady.*

Agony.

A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.
62
BYRON: *Don Juan,* Canto ii., St. 53.

Agreement.

Could we forbear dispute and practise love,
We should agree as angels do above.
63
WALLER: *Divine Love,* Canto iii.

Where order in variety we see,
And where, though all things differ, all agree.
64
POPE: *Windsor Forest,* Line 13.

Aim.

Better have failed in the high aim, as I,
Than vulgarly in the low aim succeed.
65
ROBERT BROWNING: *The Inn Album,* iv.

Air.

When he speaks,
The air, a chartered libertine, is still
66
SHAKS.: *Henry V.,* Act i., Sc. 1.

Alacrity.

I have a kind of alacrity in sinking.
67
SHAKS.: *Mer. W. of W.,* Act iii., Sc. 5.

Ale.

Then to the spicy nut-brown ale.
68
MILTON: *L'Allegro,* Line 100.

A Rechabite poor Will must live,
And drink of Adam's ale.
69
PRIOR: *The Wandering Pilgrim.*

Alexandrine.

A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
70
POPE: *E. on Criticism,* Pt. ii., Line 156.

Alone.

Alone, alone,—all, all alone;
Alone on a wide, wide sea.
71
COLERIDGE: *The Ancient Mariner,* Pt. iv.

Amazement.

But look! Amazement on thy mother sits;
O step between her and her fighting soul:
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.
72
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act iii., Sc. 4.

Amber.

Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.
73
POPE: *Epis. to Arbuthnot,* Line 169.

Ambition.

Fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels: how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
74
SHAKS.: *Henry VIII.,* Act iii, Sc. 2.

I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only

Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other.
75
SHAKS.: *Macbeth,* Act i, Sc. 7.

Ambition has but one reward for all:
A little power, a little transient fame,
A grave to rest in, and a fading name.
76
WILLIAM WINTER: *Queen's Domain.*

To reign is worth ambition, though in hell:
Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven.
77
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. i., Line 262.

Such joy ambition finds.
78
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. iv., Line 92.

America.

America! half brother of the world!
With something good and bad of every land;
Greater than thee have lost their seat—
Greater scarce none can stand.
79
BAILEY: *Festus,* Sc. *The Surface.*

Anarchy.

Where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy amidst the noise

Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.
80
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. ii., Line 894.

Ancestry.

The sap which at the root is bred
In trees, through all the boughs is spread;
But virtues which in parents shine
Make not like progress through the line.
81
WALLER: *To Zelinda.*

What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.
82
POPE: *Essay on Man,* Epis. iv., Line 215.

Angels.

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
83
POPE: *E. on Criticism,* Pt. iii., Line 66.

The angels come and go, the messengers of God.
84
R.H. STODDARD: *Hymn to the Beautiful.*

The good he scorn'd
Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-used ghost,
Not to return; or if it did, in visits
Like those of angels, short and far between.
85
BLAIR: *The Grave,* Pt. ii., Line 586.

Anger.

Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding.
86
SHAKS.: *Coriolanus,* Act iv., Sc. 2.

Never anger made good guard for itself.
87
SHAKS.: *Ant. and Cleo.,* Act iv., Sc. 1.

Angling.

The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait.
88
SHAKS.: *Much Ado,* Act iii., Sc. 1.

'Twas merry when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.
89
SHAKS.: *Ant. and Cleo.,* Act ii., Sc. 5.

Anticipation.

Peace, brother, be not over-exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;
For, grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestall his date of grief,

And run to meet what he would most avoid?
90
MILTON: *Comus,* Line 359.

Antiquity.

O good old man! how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat, but for promotion.
91
SHAKS.: *As You Like It,* Act ii., Sc. 3.

Nor rough, nor barren, are the winding ways
Of hoar antiquity, but strewn with flowers.
92
WARTON: *Written on a Blank Leaf of Dugdale's Monasticon.*

Apathy.

In lazy apathy let stoics boast
Their virtue fix'd; 'tis fixed as in a frost.
93
POPE: *Essay on Man,* Epis. ii., Line 101.

Apparel.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
94

SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act i., Sc. 3.

Apparitions.

How fading are the joys we dote upon!
Like apparitions seen and gone.
95
JOHN NORRIS: *The Parting.*

Appeal.

I have done the state some service, and they know it.
No more of that; I pray you in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am, nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice.
96
SHAKS.: *Othello,* Act v., Sc. 2.

Appearances.

All that glisters is not gold,
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
97
SHAKS.: *M. of Venice,* Act ii., Sc. 7.

Appearances to save, his only care;
So things seem right no matter what they are.
98
CHURCHILL: *Rosciad,* Line 299.

Appetite.

Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both.
99
SHAKS.: *Macbeth,* Act iii., Sc. 4.

His thirst he slakes at some pure neighboring brook,
Nor seeks for sauce where appetite stands cook.
100
CHURCHILL: *Gotham,* iii., Line 133.

Applause.

I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.
101
SHAKS.: *Macbeth,* Act v., Sc. 3

Oh popular applause! what heart of man
Is proof against thy sweet, seducing charms?
102
COWPER: *Task,* Bk. ii., Line 481.

The applause of list'ning senates to command.
103
GRAY: *Elegy,* St. 16

April.

Whanne that Aprille with his shoures sote
The droughte of March hath perced to the rote.
104
CHAUCER: *Canterbury Tales,* Prologue, Line 1.

April cold with dropping rain
Willows and lilacs brings again,
The whistle of returning birds,
And trumpet-lowing of the herds.
105
EMERSON: *May-day,* Line 124.

When aince Aprile has fairly come,
An' birds may bigg in winter's lum,
An' pleisure's spreid for a' and some
O' whatna state,
Love, wi' her auld recruitin' drum,
Than taks the gate.
106
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: *Underwoods,* Bk. ii., iii.

Argument.

In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still.
107
GOLDSMITH: *Des. Village,* Line 211

Aristocracy.

'Tis from high life high characters drawn;
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn.
108
POPE: *Moral Essays,* Epis. i., Line 135.

Art.

Seraphs share with thee

Knowledge: But art, O man, is thine alone!
109
SCHILLER: *Artists,* St 2.

Art is the child of Nature; yes,
Her darling child, in whom we trace
The features of the mother's face,
Her aspect and her attitude.
110
LONGFELLOW: *Kéramos.*

Artist.

In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed.
111
SHAKS.: *Pericles,* Act ii., Sc. 3.

Aspect.

With grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
A pillar of state.
112
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. ii., Line 300.

Aspiration.

'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on the toe; that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.
113
SHAKS.: *Troil. and Cress.,* Act iv., Sc. 5.

Assurance.

I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate.
114
SHAKS.: *Macbeth,* Act iv., Sc. 1.

Atheism.

By night an atheist half believes a God.
115
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts,* Night v., Line 176.

Athens.

Ancient of days! august Athena! where,
Where are thy men of might, thy grand in soul?
Gone—glimmering through the dream of things that were
First in the race that led to glory's goals
They won, and pass'd away.
116
BYRON: *Ch. Harold,* Canto ii., St. 2.

Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence.
117
MILTON: *Par. Regained,* Bk. iv., Line 240.

Attempt.

The attempt and not the deed
Confounds us.
118
SHAKS.: *Macbeth,* Act ii., Sc. 2.

Attention.

The tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony.
119
SHAKS.: *Richard II.,* Act ii., Sc. 1.

Audience.

Still govern thou my song,
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.
120
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. vii., Line 30,

August.

Rejoice! ye fields, rejoice! and wave with gold,
When August round her precious gifts is flinging;
Lo! the crushed wain is slowly homeward rolled:
The sunburnt reapers jocund lays are singing.
121
RUSKIN: *The Months.*

Aurora.

Aurora now, fair daughter of the dawn,
Sprinkled with rosy light the dewy lawn.

122
POPE: *Iliad,* Bk. viii., Line 1.

Author.

Most authors steal their works, or buy;
Garth did not write his own Dispensary,
123
POPE: *E. on Criticism,* Pt. iii., Line 59.

No author ever spar'd a brother.
124
GAY: *Fables, The Elephant and the Bookseller.*

How many great ones may remember'd be,
Which in their days most famously did flourish,
Of whom no word we hear, nor sign now see,
But as things wip'd out with a sponge do perish.
125
SPENSER: *Ruins of Time,* St. 52.

Authority.

Man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep!
126
SHAKS.: *M. for M.,* Act ii., Sc. 2.

Autumn.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With, fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core.
127
KEATS: *To Autumn.*

Divinest autumn! who may paint thee best,
Forever changeful o'er the changeful globe?
Who guess thy certain crown, thy favorite crest,
The fashion of thy many-colored robe?
128
R.H. STODDARD: *Autumn.*

Autumn wins you best by this its mute
Appeal to sympathy for its decay.
129
ROBERT BROWNING: *Paracelsus,* Sc. i.

The lands are lit
With all the autumn blaze of Golden Rod;
And everywhere the Purple Asters nod
And bend and wave and flit.
130
HELEN HUNT: *Asters and Golden Rod.*

I saw old Autumn in the misty morn
Stand shadowless like silence, listening
To silence, for no lonely bird would sing
Into his hollow ear from woods forlorn,
Nor lowly hedge nor solitary thorn.
131
HOOD: *Autumn.*

Avarice.

The lust of gold succeeds the rags of conquest:
The lust of gold, unfeeling and remorseless!
The last corruption of degenerate man.
132
DR. JOHNSON: *Irene,* Act i., Sc. 1.

So for a good old-gentlemanly vice,
I think I must take up with avarice.
133
BYRON: *Don Juan,* Canto i., St. 216.

That disease
Of which all old men sicken,—avarice.
134
MIDDLETON: *Roaring Girl,* Act i., Sc. 1.

Awkwardness.

Awkward, embarrassed, stiff, without the skill
Of moving gracefully, or standing still,
One leg, as if suspicious of his brother,
Desirous seems to run away from t'other.
135
CHURCHILL: *Rosciad,* Line 438.

B.

Balances.

Jove lifts the golden balances that show
The fates of mortal men, and things below.
136
POPE: *Iliad,* Bk. xxii., Line 271.

Ball.

I saw her at a county ball;
There when the sound of flute and fiddle
Gave signal sweet in that old hall,
Of hands across and down the middle.
137
PRAED: *Belle of the Ball-Room,* St. 2.

Banishment.

Eating the bitter bread of banishment.
138
SHAKS.: *Richard II.,* Act iii., Sc. 1.

Banished?
O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: How hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word—banished?
139

SHAKS.: *Rom. and Jul.,* Act iii., Sc. 3

Banner.

Hang out our banners on the outward walls.
140
SHAKS.: *Macbeth,* Act v., Sc. 5.

A banner with the strange device.
141
LONGFELLOW: *Excelsior.*

Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry.
142
CAMPBELL: *Hohenlinden.*

Bard.

Be that blind bard who on the Chian strand,
By those deep sounds possessed with inward light,
Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssey
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.
143
COLERIDGE: *Fancy in Nubibus.*

Bars.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage.
144
LOVELACE: *To Althea from Prison,* iv.

Baseness.

Since Cleopatra died,
I have lived in such dishonor that the gods
Detest my baseness.
145
SHAKS.: *Ant. and Cleo.,* Act iv., Sc. 14.

Bashfulness.

I pity bashful men, who feel the pain
Of fancied scorn, and undeserv'd disdain,
And bear the marks upon a blushing face,
Of needless shame, and self-impos'd disgrace.
146
COWPER: *Conversation,* Line 347.

Battle.

Then more fierce
The conflict grew; the din of arms, the yell
Of savage rage, the shriek of agony,
The groan of death, commingled in one sound
Of undistinguish'd horrors.
147
SOUTHEY: *Madoc,* Pt. ii., *The Battle.*

For freedom's battle, once begun,
Bequeath'd by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.
148
BYRON: *Giaour,* Line 123.

When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.
149
CAMPBELL: *Ye Mariners of England.*

Beads.

The hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain.
150
LONGFELLOW: *Midnight Mass.*

Beams.

And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
Thro' all the circle of the golden year.
151
TENNYSON: *The Golden Year.*

Beard.

His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll.
152
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act iv., Sc. 5.

His tawny beard was th' equal grace
Both of his wisdom and his face;
In cut and die so like a tile,
A sudden view it would beguile;
The upper part thereof was whey;
The nether, orange mix'd with grey.
153

BUTLER: *Hudibras,* Pt. i., Canto i., Line 241.

Beast.

A beast, that wants discourse of reason.
154
SHAKS.; *Hamlet,* Act i., Sc. 2.

Beauty.

My beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise;
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues.
155
SHAKS.: *Love's L. Lost,* Act ii., Sc. 1.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good;
A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud;
A brittle glass that's broken presently;
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.
156
SHAKS.: *Pass. Pilgrim,* St. 11

Beauty stands
In the admiration only of weak minds
Led captive; cease to admire, and all her plumes
Fall flat and shrink into a trivial toy,
At every sudden slighting quite abash'd.
157
MILTON: *Par. Regained,* Bk. ii., Line 220.

Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
The power of beauty I remember yet.
158
DRYDEN: *Cym. and Iph.,* Line 1.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet
breathing.
159
KEATS: *Endymion,* Bk. i., Line 1.

What is this thought or thing
Which I call beauty? is it thought or thing?
Is it a thought accepted for a thing?
Or both? or neither—a pretext?—a word?
160
MRS. BROWNING: *Drama of Ex. Extrem. of Sword-Glare.*

If eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being.
161
EMERSON: *The Rhodora.*

Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.
162
POPE: *R. of the Lock,* Canto ii., Line 27.

True beauty dwells in deep retreats,
Whose veil is unremoved
Till heart with heart in concord beats,
And the lover is beloved.

163
WORDSWORTH: *To ——. Let Other Bards of Angels Sing.*

Bed.

In bed we laugh, in bed we cry,
And born in bed, in bed we die;
The near approach a bed may show
Of human bliss and human woe.
164
ISAAC DE BENSERADE: *Trans.* by Dr. Johnson.

Bees.

So work the honey-bees;
Creatures, that by a rule in nature, teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
165
SHAKS.: *Henry V.,* Act i., Sc. 2.

The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees.
166
TENNYSON: *The Princess,* Pt. vii., Line 203.

Beggars.

Beggars, mounted, run their horse to death.
167
SHAKS.: *3 Henry VI.,* Act i., Sc. 4.

When beggars die, there are no comets seen;

The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.
168
SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar,* Act ii., Sc. 2.

Behavior.

And puts himself upon his good behavior.
169
BYRON: *Don Juan,* Canto v., St. 47.

Belial.

When night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.
170
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. i., Line 500.

Bells.

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,
When last I heard their soothing chime!
171
MOORE: *Those Evening Bells.*

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky!

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,

Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.
172
TENNYSON: *In Memoriam,* Pt. cv.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
173
EDGAR ALLAN POE: *The Bells.*

Benediction.

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction.
174
WORDSWORTH: *Intimations of Immortality,* St. 9.

Bible.

A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.
175
COWPER: *Olney Hymns,* No. 30.

Bigotry.

Christians have burnt each other, quite persuaded
That all the Apostles would have done as they did.
176
BYRON: *Don Juan,* Canto i., St. 83.

Birds.

You call them thieves and pillagers; but know
They are the winged wardens of your farms,
Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe,
And from your harvests keep a hundred harms.
177
LONGFELLOW: *Birds of Killingworth,* St. 19.

Birth.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar.
178
WORDSWORTH: *Intimations of Immortality,* St. 5.

While man is growing, life is in decrease;
And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.
Our birth is nothing but our death begun.
179
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts,* Night v., Line 717.

Birthday.

A birthday:—and now a day that rose
With much of hope, with meaning rife—

A thoughtful day from dawn to close:
The middle day of human life.
180
JEAN INGELOW. *A Birthday Walk.*

Bivouac.

On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.
181
THEODORE O'HARA: *Bivouac of the Dead.*

Blasphemy.

Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them;
But, in the less, foul profanation.

That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.
182
SHAKS.: *M. for M.,* Act ii., Sc. 2.

Bleakness.

A naked house, a naked moor,
A shivering pool before the door,
A garden bare of flowers and fruit,
And poplars at the garden foot:

Such is the place that I live in,
Bleak without and bare within.
183
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: *The House Beautiful.*

Blessings.

How blessings brighten as they take their flight!
184
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts,* Night ii., Line 602.

For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,
And though a late, a sure reward succeeds.
185
CONGREVE: *Mourning Bride,* Act v., Sc. 12.

Blindness.

O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon;
Irrecoverably dark! total eclipse,
Without all hope of day.
186
MILTON: *Samson Agonistes,* Line 80.

O, loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
Dungeons, or beggary, or decrepit age!
Light, the prime work of God, to me 's extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annul'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd,
187
MILTON: *Samson Agonistes,* Line 67.

Bliss.

Condition, circumstance, is not the thing;
Bliss is the same in subject or in king.
188
POPE: *Essay on Man,* Epis. iv., Line 57.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind.
189
GOLDSMITH: *Traveller,* Line 423.

Blood.

When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows.
190
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act i., Sc. 3.

A ruddy drop of manly blood
The surging sea outweighs;
The world uncertain comes and goes,
The lover rooted stays.
191
EMERSON: *Epigraph to Friendship.*

Blood is a juice of very special kind.
192
GOETHE: *Faust* (Swanwick's Trans.), Line 1386.

Bloom.

O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move
The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love.

193
GRAY: *Prog. of Poesy,* Pt. i., St. 1, Line 3.

Blossoms.

Who in life's battle firm doth stand
Shall bear hope's tender blossoms
Into the silent land.
194
J.G. VON SALIS: *The Silent Land.*

Bluntness.

I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on.
195
SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar,* Act iii., Sc. 2.

Blushing.

Girls blush, sometimes, because they are alive,
Half wishing they were dead to save the shame.
The sudden blush devours them, neck and brow;
They have drawn too near the fire of life, like gnats,
And flare up boldly, wings and all.
What then?
Who's sorry for a gnat ... or girl?
196
MRS. BROWNING: *Aurora Leigh,* Bk. ii., Line 732.

Boasting.

Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas;
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy dogs.
197
SHAKS.: *King John,* Act ii., Sc. 2.

Boat.

Oh swiftly glides the bonnie boat;
Just parted from the shore,
And to the fisher's chorus-note
Soft moves the dipping oar.
198
BAILLIE: *Oh Swiftly Glides the Bonnie Boat.*

Boldness.

In conversation boldness now bears sway,
But know, that nothing can so foolish be
As empty boldness.
199
HERBERT: *Temple, Church Porch,* St. 34.

Bond.

I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak;
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
200
SHAKS.: *M. of Venice,* Act iii., Sc. 3.

Bones.

Cursed be he that moves my bones.
201
SHAKS.: *Shakespeare's Epitaph.*

Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!
202
THOMAS NOEL: *The Pauper's Ride.*

Books.

A book! O rare one!
Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers.
203
SHAKS.: *Cymbeline,* Act v., Sc. 4.

That place that does contain
My books, the best companions, is to me
A glorious court, where hourly I converse
With the old sages and philosophers;
And sometimes, for variety, I confer
With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels.
204
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *The Elder Brother,* Act i., Sc. 2.

Books cannot always please, however good;
Minds are not ever craving for their food.
205
CRABBE: *The Borough,* Letter xxiv.

Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good;
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.
206
WORDSWORTH: *Personal Talk.*

Deep vers'd in books, and shallow in himself.
207
MILTON: *Par. Regained,* Bk. iv., Line 327.

Some books are lies frae end to end.
208
BURNS: *Death and Dr. Hornbook.*

Bores.

Society is now one polish'd horde,
Formed of two mighty tribes, the *Bores* and *Bored.*
209
BYRON: *Don Juan,* Canto xiii., St. 95.

Again I hear that creaking step!—
He's rapping at the door!—
Too well I know the boding sound
That ushers in a bore.
210
J.G. SAXE: *My Familiar.*

Borrowing.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;

And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
211
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act i., Sc. 3.

Boston.

Solid men of Boston, banish long potations!
Solid men of Boston, make no long orations!
212
CHARLES MORRIS: *American Song. From Lyra Urbanica.*

Bough.

Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burned is Apollo's laurel bough,
That sometime grew within this learned man.
213
MARLOWE: *Faustus.*

Bounds.

There's nothing situate under Heaven's eye,
But hath, his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky.
214
SHAKS.: *Com. of Errors,* Act ii., Sc. 1

Bounty.

For his bounty,
There was no winter in 't; an autumn 't was,
That grew the more by reaping.
215
SHAKS.: *Ant. and Cleo.,* Act v., Sc. 2

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to mis'ry (all he had) a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('t was all he wish'd) a friend.
216
GRAY: *Elegy, The Epitaph.*

Bourn.

The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveller returns.
217
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act iii., Sc. 1.

Bower.

I'd be a butterfly born in a bower,
Where roses and lilies and violets meet.
218
THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY: *I'd be a Butterfly.*

Bowl.

There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl,
The feast of reason and the flow of soul.
219
POPE: Satire i., Line 6.

Boyhood.

The whining schoolboy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school.
220
SHAKS.: *As You Like It,* Act ii., Sc. 7.

The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken.
221
MOORE: *Oft in the Stilly Night.*

Braes.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine.
222
BURNS: *Auld Lang Syne.*

Braggart.

I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple:
Scrambling, outfacing, fashion-monging boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave, and slander,
Go anticly, and show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies if they durst;
And this is all.
223

SHAKS.: *Much Ado,* Act v., Sc. 1.

Brains.

The times have been
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools.
224
SHAKS.: *Macbeth,* Act iii., Sc. 4.

Bravery.

'Tis more brave
To live, than to die.
225
OWEN MEREDITH: *Lucile,* Pt. ii., Canto vi., St. 11.

None but the brave deserves the fair.
226
DRYDEN: *Alex. Feast,* St. 1.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
227
COLLINS: *Lines in 1764.*

Breach.

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more,
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
228

SHAKS.: *Henry V.,* Act ii., Sc. 4.

Bread.

O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!
229
HOOD: *The Song of the Shirt.*

Breast.

The yielding marble of her snowy breast.
230
WALLER: *On a Lady passing through a Crowd of People.*

A word in season spoken
May calm the troubled breast.
231
CHARLES JEFFERYS: *A Word in Season.*

Breath.

When the good man yields his breath
(For the good man never dies).
232
JAMES MONTGOMERY: *The Wanderer of Switzerland,* Pt. v.

Breeches.

But the old three-cornered hat,

And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!
233
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES: *The Last Leaf.*

Breezes.

Breezes of the South!
Who toss the golden and the flame-like flowers,
And pass the prairie-hawk that, poised on high,
Flaps his broad wings, yet moves not—ye have
played
Among the palms of Mexico and vines
Of Texas, and have crisped the limpid brooks
That from the fountains of Sonora glide
Into the calm Pacific—have ye fanned
A nobler or a lovelier scene than this?
234
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT: *The Prairies.*

Brevity.

Since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes—
I will be brief.
235
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act ii., Sc. 2.

For brevity is very good,
When we are, or are not, understood.
236
BUTLER: *Hudibras,* Pt. i., Canto i., Line 669.

Bribes.

What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers;—shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I'd rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
237
SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar,* Act iv., Sc. 3.

Bride.

You are just a sweet bride in her bloom,
All sunshine, and snowy, and pure.
238
THOMAS B. ALDRICH: *An Untimely Thought.*

Bridge.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattl'd farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.
239
EMERSON: *Hymn sung at the Completion of the Battle Monument.*

Brooks.

A silvery brook comes stealing

From the shadow of its trees,
Where slender herbs of the forest stoop
Before the entering breeze.
240
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT: *The Unknown Way*.

Brotherhood.

I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.
241
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act v., Sc. 2.

Affliction's sons are brothers in distress;
A brother to relieve,—how exquisite the bliss!
242
BURNS: *A Winter Night.*

Bubbles.

The earth hath bubbles as the water has,
And these are of them.
243
SHAKS.: *Macbeth,* Act i., Sc. 3.

Bucket.

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well.
244
WOODWORTH: *The Old Oaken Bucket.*

Bud.

The bud is on the bough again.
The leaf is on the tree.
245
CHARLES JEFFERYS: *The Meeting of Spring and Summer*

Bugle.

Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying!
And answer, echoes, answer! dying, dying, dying.
246
TENNYSON: *The Princess,* Pt. iii., Line 360.

Building.

The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew:
The conscious stone to beauty grew.
247
EMERSON: *The Problem.*

Burden.

A sacred burden is this life ye bear:
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly.
248
FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE: *To the Young*

Gentlemen leaving Lenox Academy, Mass.

Bush.

For what are they all in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?
249
EMERSON: *Good-Bye.*

Business.

Let thy mind still be bent, still plotting, where
And when, and how thy business may be done,
Slackness breeds worms; but the sure traveller,
Though he alights sometimes, still goeth on.
250
HERBERT: *Temple, Church Porch,* St. 57.

Buttercups.

All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower.
251
ROBERT BROWNING: *Home-Thoughts, From Abroad.*

C.

Cadence.

Wit will shine
Through the harsh cadence of a rugged line.
252
DRYDEN: *To the Memory of Mr. Oldham,* Line 15.

Cæsar.

Imperious Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.
253
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act v., Sc. 1.

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
254
SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar,* Act iii., Sc. 2.

Calamity.

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.
255
SHAKS.: *Rom. and Jul.,* Act iii., Sc. 3.

Calmness.

And through the heat of conflict keeps the law

In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw.
256
WORDSWORTH: *Character of the Happy Warrior.*

Calumny.

Calumny will sear
Virtue itself: these shrugs, these hums, and ha's.
257
SHAKS.: *Wint. Tale,* Act ii., Sc. 1.

Camping.

The bed was made, the room was fit,
By punctual eve the stars were lit;
The air was still, the water ran,
No need was there for maid or man,
When we put up, my ass and I,
At God's green caravanserai.
258
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: *A Camp.*

Candle.

How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
259
SHAKS.: *M. of Venice,* Act v., Sc. 1.

Candor.

Some positive, persisting fops we know,

Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so;
But you with pleasure own your errors past,
And make each day a critique on the last.
260
POPE: *E. on Criticism,* Pt. iii., Line 9.

Cannons.

The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;
And ready mounted are they, to spit forth
Their iron indignation.
261
SHAKS.: *King John,* Act ii., Sc. 1.

Canopy.

Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
My footstool earth, my canopy the skies.
262
POPE: *Essay on Man,* Epis. i., Line 139.

Capacity.

That wondrous soul Charoba once possest,—
Capacious, then, as earth or heaven could hold,
Soul discontented with capacity,—
Is gone (I fear) forever.
263
WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR: *Gebir,* Bk. ii.

Captain.

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won.
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring.
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.
264
WALT WHITMAN: *O Captain! My Captain*! (On Death of Lincoln.)

A rude and boisterous captain of the sea.
265
JOHN HOME: *Douglas,* Act iv., Sc. 1.

Care.

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie.
266
SHAKS.: *Rom. and Jul.,* Act ii., Sc. 1.

Care that is enter'd once into the breast,
Will have the whole possession, ere it rest.
267
BEN JONSON: *Tale of a Tub,* Act i., Sc. 3.

Care, whom not the gayest can outbrave,
Pursues its feeble victim to the grave.
268
HENRY KIRKE WHITE: *Childhood,* Pt. ii., Line 17.

Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt;
And every grin, so merry, draws one out.
269
PETER PINDAR: *Ex. Odes,* Ode 15.

Hang sorrow! care will kill a cat,
And therefore let's be merry.
270
GEORGE WITHER: *Poem on Christmas.*

Carefulness.

For my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.
271
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act iv., Sc. 5.

Cat.

A harmless necessary cat.
272
SHAKS.: *M. of Venice,* Act iv., Sc. 1.

Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew and dog will have his day.
273
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act v., Sc. 1.

Cataract.

The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion.

274
WORDSWORTH: *Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey.*

Cathedrals.

The high embower'd roof,
With antique pillars, massy proof,
And storied windows, richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
275
MILTON: *Il Penseroso,* Line 157.

Cato.

Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause.
276
POPE: *Prologue to the Satires,* Line 207.

Cattle.

O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee.
277
CHARLES KINGSLEY: *The Sands of Dee.*

Cause.

And therefore little shall I grace my cause

In speaking for myself.
278
SHAKS.: *Othello,* Act i., Sc. 3.

Caution.

Let every eye negotiate for itself
And trust no agent.
279
SHAKS.: *Much Ado,* Act ii, Sc. 1.

Know when to speak; for many times it brings
Danger, to give the best advice to kings.
280
HERRICK: *Aph. Caution in Council,*

Vessels large may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore.
281
FRANKLIN: *Poor Richard.*

Caverns.

Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
282
COLERIDGE: *Kubla Khan.*

Celibacy.

But earthly happier is the rose distill'd,
Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,

Grows, lives and dies in single blessedness.
283
SHAKS.: *Mid. N. Dream,* Act i., Sc. 1.

Our Maker bids increase; who bids abstain
But our destroyer, foe to God and man?
284
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. iv., Line 748.

Censure.

Praise from a friend, or censure from a foe,
Are lost on hearers that our merits know.
285
POPE: *Iliad,* Bk. x., Line 293.

Ceremony.

Ceremony was but devised at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds—hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 't is shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
286
SHAKS.: *Timon of A.,* Act i., Sc. 2.

Challenge.

There I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee, to the extremest point
Of mortal breathing.
287
SHAKS.: *Richard II.,* Act iv., Sc. 1.

Chance.

That power
Which erring men call Chance.
288
MILTON: *Comus,* Line 587.

All nature is but art unknown to thee,
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see.
289
POPE: *Essay on Man,* Epis. i., Line 289.

Change.

All but God is changing day by day.
290
CHARLES KINGSLEY: *Prometheus.*

When change itself can give no more,
'T is easy to be true.
291
CHARLES SEDLEY: *Reasons for Constancy.*

Let the great world spin forever down the ringing
grooves of change.
292
TENNYSON: *Locksley Hall,* Line 182.

Chaos.

For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.
293

SHAKS.: *Venus and A.,* Line 1019.

Chaos of thought and passion, all confused;
Still by himself abused or disabused.
294
POPE: *Essay on Man,* Epis. ii., Line 13.

Character.

There is a kind of character in thy life,
That to the observer doth thy history
Fully unfold.
295
SHAKS.: *M. for M.,* Act i., Sc. 1.

Worth, courage, honor, these indeed
Your sustenance and birthright are.
296
E.C. STEDMAN: *Beyond the Portals,* Pt. 10.

Charity.

Charity itself fulfils the law,
And who can sever love from charity?
297
SHAKS.: *Love's L. Lost,* Act iv., Sc. 3.

Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
298
HOOD: *Bridge of Sighs.*

Charms.

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.
299
POPE: *R. of the Lock,* Canto v., Line 34.

Chastity.

So dear to heav'n is saintly chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackey her.
300
MILTON: *Comus,* Line 453.

Chatterton.

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul that perish'd in his pride.
Of him who walk'd in glory and in joy,
Following his plough along the mountain side.
301
WORDSWORTH: *Res. and Indep.,* St. 7.

Chaucer.

Dan Chaucer, well of English undefyled,
On Fame's eternall beadroll worthie to be fyled.
302
SPENSER: *Faerie Queene,* Bk. iv., Canto ii., St. 32.

Cheating.

Doubtless the pleasure is as great,
Of being cheated as to cheat.
303
BUTLER: *Hudibras,* Pt. ii., Canto iii., Line 1.

Cheerfulness.

It is good
To lengthen to the last a sunny mood.
304
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL: *Legend of Brittany,* Pt. i., St. 35.

Chickens.

To swallow gudgeons ere they 're catch'd,
And count their chickens ere they 're hatch'd.
305
BUTLER: *Hudibras,* Pt. ii., Canto ii., Line 923.

Chiding.

Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclined to mirth.
306
SHAKS.: *2 Henry IV.,* Sc. 4.

Child—Childhood—Children.

Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us

Worse than the dark before.
307
LONGFELLOW: *Children.*

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw.
308
POPE: *Essay on Man.* Epis. ii., Line 275.

The child is father of the man.
309
WORDSWORTH: *My Heart Leaps,* Line 7.

Children are the keys of Paradise.
They alone are good and wise,
Because their thoughts, their very lives are prayer
310
R.H. STODDARD: *The Children's Prayer.*

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days.
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.
311
CHARLES LAMB: *Old Familiar Faces.*

As children gath'ring pebbles on the shore.
312
MILTON: *Par. Regained,* Bk. iv., Line 330.

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for to-night.
313
ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN: *Rock Me to Sleep.*

Chime.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
314
MOORE: *A Canadian Boat-Song.*

Chivalry.

Cervantes smil'd Spain's chivalry away.
315
BYRON: *Don Juan,* Canto xiii., St. 11.

Choice.

There's small choice in rotten apples.
316
SHAKS.: *Tam. of the S.,* Act i., Sc. 1.

Follow thou thy choice.
317
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT: *Alcayde of Molina.*

Choler.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
318
SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar,* Act iv., Sc. 3.

Chord.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the

chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in music out of sight.
319
TENNYSON: *Locksley Hall,* Line 33.

Christ.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free.
320
JULIA WARD HOWE: *Battle Hymn of the Republic.*

Hail to the King of Bethlehem,
Who weareth in his diadem
The yellow crocus for the gem
Of his authority.
321
LONGFELLOW: *Christus, Golden Legend,* Pt. iii.

Christ—the one great word
Well worth all languages in earth or Heaven.
322
BAILEY: *Festus,* Sc. *Heaven.*

We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an' pillage.
323
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL: *Biglow Papers,* No. iii.

Christmas.

At Christmas play, and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.
324
TUSSER: 500 *Pts. Good Hus.,* Ch. 12.

Again at Christmas did we weave
The holly round the Christmas hearth;
The silent snow possess'd the earth.
325
TENNYSON: *In Memoriam,* Pt. lxxvii., St. 1.

Bright be thy Christmas tide!
Carol it far and wide,
Jesus, the King and the Saviour, is come!
326
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL: *Christmas Mottoes.*

Heap on more wood! the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
327
SCOTT: *Marmion,* Canto vi., Introduction.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring,—not even a mouse.
328
CLEMENT C. MOORE: *A Visit from St. Nicholas.*

Church.

Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name.
329

POPE: *Moral Essays,* Epis. iii., Line 285.

"What is a church?" Let truth and reason speak;
They would reply—"The faithful pure and meek,
From Christian folds, the one selected race,
Of all professions, and in every place."
330
CRABBE: *The Borough,* Letter ii.

Churchyard.

The solitary, silent, solemn scene,
Where Cæsars, heroes, peasants, hermits lie,
Blended in dust together; where the slave
Rests from his labors; where th' insulting proud
Resigns his power; the miser drops his hoard;
Where human folly sleeps.
331
DYER: *Ruins of Rome,* Line 540.

Churlishness.

My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven,
By doing deeds of hospitality.
332
SHAKS.: *As You Like It,* Act ii., Sc. 4.

Circumstance.

And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance.
333

TENNYSON: *In Memoriam,* Pt. lxiii., St. 2.

Citadel.

A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't.
334
SHAKS.: *Ant. and Cleo.,* Act iv., Sc. 14.

Citizens.

Before man made us citizens, great Nature made us men.
335
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL: *The Capture of Fugitive Slaves.*

City.

As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air.
336
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. ix., Line 445.

Civilities.

Love taught him shame; and shame, with love at strife,
Soon taught the sweet civilities of life.
337
DRYDEN: *Cym. and Iph.,* Line 133.

Clay.

Tho' he trip and fall,
He shall not blind his soul with clay.
338
TENNYSON: *The Princess,* Pt. vii., Line 308.

Cleanliness.

E'en from the body's purity, the mind
Receives a secret sympathetic aid.
339
THOMSON: *Seasons, Summer,* Line 1269.

Clergyman.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden flow'r grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.
340
GOLDSMITH: *Des. Village,* Line 137.

Cliff.

As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
—
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are

spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.
341
GOLDSMITH: *Des. Village,* Line 189.

Clime.

Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main.
342
GOLDSMITH: *Traveller,* Line 409.

Cloak.

Itt 's pride that putts the countrye doune,
Then take thine old cloake about thee.
343
PERCY: *Take Thy Old Cloak About Thee.*

Clock.

Till like a clock worn out with eating time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still.
344
DRYDEN: *Oedipus,* Act iv., Sc. 1.

Clothes.

The naked every day he clad
When he put on his clothes.
345
GOLDSMITH: *Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog.*

Clouds.

Circling the mountains the gray clouds go
Heavy with storms as a mother with child,
Seeking release from their burden of snow
With calm slow motion they cross the wild—
Stately and sombre, they catch and cling
To the barren crags of the peaks in the west,
Weary with waiting, and mad for rest.
346
HAMLIN GARLAND: *The Clouds.*

Clouds on the western side
Grow gray and grayer, hiding the warm sun.
347
CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI: *Twilight Calm.*

Those clouds are angels' robes.—That fiery west
Is paved with smiling faces.
348
CHARLES KINGSLEY: *Saint's Tragedy,* Act i., Sc. 3.

Coach.

Go, call a coach, and let a coach be call'd,
And let the man who calleth be the caller,
And in his calling let him nothing call
But coach! coach! coach! oh, for a coach, ye gods!
349
CAREY: *Chrononhotonthologos,* Act i., Sc. 3.

Cock-crowing.

The early village cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn.
350
SHAKS.: *Richard III.,* Act v., Sc. 3.

Coincidence.

A "strange coincidence," to use a phrase
By which such things are settled nowadays.
351
BYRON: *Don Juan,* Canto vi., St. 78.

Cold.

The cold in clime are cold in blood,
Their love can scarce deserve the name.
352
BYRON: *Giaour,* Line 1099.

For this relief much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.
353
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act i., Sc. 1.

Coliseum.

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls—the world."
354
BYRON: *Ch. Harold,* Canto iv., St. 145.

Colossus.

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.
355
SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar,* Act i., Sc. 2.

Colors.

I took it for a faery vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colors of the rainbow live,
And play i' th' plighted clouds.
356
MILTON: *Comus,* Line 298.

Columbia.

Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world and child of the skies!
Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.
357
TIMOTHY DWIGHT: *Columbia.*

Column.

Where London's column, pointing at the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lies.
358

POPE: *Moral Essays,* Epis. iii., Line 339.

Combat.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave!
359
CAMPBELL: *Hohenlinden.*

Comet.

Incens'd with indignation Satan stood
Unterrify'd, and like a comet burn'd
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In th' Arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war.
360
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. ii., Line 707.

Comfort.

O, my good lord, that comfort comes too late;
'Tis like a pardon after execution;
That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me;
But now I'm past all comforts here but prayers.
361
SHAKS.: *Henry VIII.,* Act iv., Sc. 2.

Commandments.

Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.

362
SHAKS.: *2 Henry VI.,* Act i., Sc. 3.

Commentators.

How commentators each dark passage shun,
And hold their farthing candle to the sun.
363
YOUNG: *Love of Fame,* Satire vii., Line 97.

Commerce.

Where wealth and freedom reign contentment fails,
And honor sinks where commerce long prevails.
364
GOLDSMITH: *Traveller,* Line 91.

Communion.

When one that holds communion with the skies
Has fill'd his urn where these pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
'Tis e'en as if an angel shook his wings.
365
COWPER: *Charity,* Line 435.

Companions.

Oh could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make with joyful wing
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the spring.

366
JOHN LOGAN: *To the Cuckoo.*

Comparisons.

When the moon shone, we did not see the candle;
So doth the greater glory dim the less.
367
SHAKS.: *M. of Venice,* Act v., Sc. 1.

In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her,
Save thine "incomparable oil," Macassar!
368
BYRON: *Don Juan,* Canto i., St. 17.

Compass.

Though pleased to see the dolphins play,
I mind my compass and my way.
369
MATTHEW GREEN: *Spleen,* Line 93.

Compassion.

O, heavens! can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him?
370
SHAKS.: *Titus And.,* Act iv., Sc. 1.

Compensation.

Under the storm and the cloud to-day,

And to-day the hard peril and pain—
To-morrow the stone shall be rolled away,
For the sunshine shall follow the rain.
Merciful Father, I will not complain,
I know that the sunshine shall follow the rain.
371
JOAQUIN MILLER: *For Princess Maud.*

Complexion.

Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun.
372
SHAKS.: *M. of Venice,* Act ii., Sc. 1.

Compulsion.

Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie.
373
MILTON: *Arcades,* Line 68.

Concealment.

She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek.
374
SHAKS.: *Tw. Night,* Act ii., Sc. 3.

Conceit.

Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.

375
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act iii., Sc. 4.

Conclusion.

But this denoted a foregone conclusion.
376
SHAKS.: *Othello,* Act iii., Sc. 3.

Concord.

Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.
377
SHAKS.: *Macbeth,* Act iv., Sc. 3.

Condemnation.

To each his suff'rings; all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan,—
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
378
GRAY: *On a Distant Prospect of Eton College.*

Confession.

Come, now again thy woes impart,
Tell all thy sorrows, all thy sin;
We cannot heal the throbbing heart,
Till we discern the wounds within.

379
CRABBE: *Hall of Justice,* Pt. ii.

Confidence.

I will believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee.
380
SHAKS.: *1 Henry IV.,* Act ii., Sc. 3.

Conflict.

Arms on armor clashing bray'd
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots rag'd; dire was the noise
Of conflict.
381
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. vi., Line 209.

Confusion.

Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!
Confusion on thy banners wait!
382
GRAY: *The Bard,* Pt. i., St. 1.

With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded.
383
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. ii., Line 995.

Congregation.

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The Devil always builds a chapel there;
And 't will be found, upon examination,
The latter has the largest congregation.
384
DEFOE: *True-Born Englishman,* Pt. i., Line 1.

Conquest.

Though fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle slate.
385
GRAY: *The Bard,* Pt. i., St. 1.

Conscience.

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard their currents torn awry,
And lose the name of action.
386
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act iii., Sc. 1.

O conscience, into what abyss of fears
And horrors hast thou driven me; out of which
I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd!
387
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. x., Line 842.

But, at sixteen, the conscience rarely gnaws

So much, as when we call our old debts in
At sixty years, and draw the accounts of evil,
And find a deuced balance with the devil.
388
BYRON: *Don Juan,* Canto i., St. 167.

Consideration.

Consideration like an angel came,
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him.
389
SHAKS.: *Henry V.,* Act i., Sc. 1.

Consistency.

Gineral C. is a dreffle smart man;
He's ben on all sides thet give places or pelf;
But consistency still wuz a part of his plan,—
He's ben true to *one* party, an' thet is himself.
390
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL: *Biglow Papers,* No. ii.

Consolation.

This grief is crowned with consolation.
391
SHAKS.: *Ant. and Cleo.,* Act i., Sc. 2.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,

Which weighs upon the heart?
392
SHAKS.: *Macbeth,* Act v., Sc. 3.

Conspiracy.

Conspiracies no sooner should be formed
Than executed.
393
ADDISON: *Cato,* Act i., Sc. 2.

Constancy.

I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd, and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
394
SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar,* Act iii., Sc. 1.

Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth,
And constancy lives in realms above.
395
COLERIDGE: *Christabel,* Pt. ii.

Consummation.

To die: to sleep:
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heartache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd.
396

SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act iii., Sc. 1.

Contemplation.

For contemplation he and valor form'd,
For softness she and sweet attractive grace.
397
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. iv., Line 297.

Contempt.

From no one vice exempt,
And most contemptible to shun contempt.
398
POPE: *Moral Essays,* Epis. i., Line 194.

Contention.

Sons and brothers at a strife!
What is your quarrel? how began it first?
—No quarrel, but a slight contention.
399
SHAKS.: *3 Henry VI.,* Act i., Sc. 2.

Contentment.

He that commends me to mine own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
400
SHAKS.: *Com. of Errors,* Act i., Sc. 2.

This is the charm, by sages often told,

Converting all it touches into gold:
Content can soothe, where'er by fortune placed,
Can rear a garden in the desert waste.
401
HENRY KIRKE WHITE: *Clifton Grove,* Line 139.

Contradiction.

Woman's at best a contradiction still.
402
POPE: *Moral Essays,* Epis. ii., Line 270.

Controversy.

Great contest follows, and much learned dust
Involves the combatants; each claiming truth,
And truth disclaiming both.
403
COWPER: *Task,* Bk. iii., Line 161.

Conversation.

A dearth of words a woman need not fear;
But 't is a task indeed to learn—to hear:
In that the skill of conversation lies;
That shows or makes you both polite and wise.
404
YOUNG: *Love of Fame,* Satire v., Line 57.

Converts.

More proselytes and converts use t' accrue

To false persuasions than the right and true;
For error and mistake are infinite,
But truth has but one way to be i' th' right.
405
BUTLER: *Misc. Thoughts,* Line 113.

Cooks.

Heaven sends us good meat; but the devil sends cooks.
406
GARRICK: *Epigr. on Goldsmith's Retal.*

Coquette.

Or light or dark, or short or tall,
She sets a springe to snare them all;
All 's one to her—above her fan
She 'd make sweet eyes at Caliban.
407
T.B. ALDRICH: *Coquette.*

Corruption.

Corruption is a tree, whose branches are
Of an unmeasurable length: they spread
Ev'rywhere; and the dew that drops from thence
Hath infected some chairs and stools of authority.
408
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *Hon. Man's For.,* Act iii., Sc. 3

At length corruption, like a general flood,

(So long by watchful ministers withstood,)
Shall deluge all; and avarice creeping on,
Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the sun.
409
POPE: *Moral Essays,* Epis. iii., Line 135.

Counsel.

Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome.
410
SHAKS.: *Henry VIII.,* Act i., Sc. 1.

Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.
411
POPE: *R. of the Lock,* Canto iii., Line 7.

Country.

God made the country, and man made the town;
What wonder, then, that health and virtue, gifts,
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That life holds out to all, should most abound,
And least be threatened in the fields and groves?
412
COWPER: *Task,* Bk. i., Line 749.

True patriots all; for be it understood
We left our country for our country's good.
413
GEORGE BARRINGTON: *Prologue written for the Opening of the Playhouse at New South Wales, Jan. 16, 1796.*

Courage.

What man dare, I dare.
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd Rhinoceros, or th' Hyrcanian tiger.
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble.
414
SHAKS.: *Macbeth,* Act iii., Sc. 4.

I dare do all that may become a man:
Who dares do more is none.
415
SHAKS.: *Macbeth,* Act i., Sc. 7.

No thought of flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
That argued fear; each on himself relied,
As only in his arm the moment lay
Of victory.
416
MILTON, *Par. Lost,* Bk. vi., Line 236.

Court—Courtiers.

The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Whom I have soon to weed and pluck away.
417
SHAKS.: *Richard II.,* Act ii., Sc. 3.

Not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not

Glad at the thing they scowl at.
418
SHAKS.: *Cymbeline,* Act i., Sc. 1.

A mere court butterfly,
That flutters in the pageant of a monarch.
419
BYRON: *Sardanapalus,* Act v., Sc. 1.

Courtesy.

How sweet and gracious, even in common speech,
Is that fine sense which men call Courtesy!
Wholesome as air and genial as the light,
Welcome in every clime as breath of flowers,—
It transmutes aliens into trusting friends,
And gives its owner passport round the globe.
420
JAMES T. FIELDS: *Courtesy.*

Courtship.

Bring, therefore, all the forces that you may,
And lay incessant battery to her heart;
Plaints, prayers, vows, ruth, and sorrow, and dismay,
—
These engines can the proudest love convert.
421
SPENSER: *Amoretti and Epithalamion,* Sonnet xiv.

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won.
422
SHAKS.: *Titus And.,* Act ii., Sc. 1.

He that would win his dame must do
As love does when he draws his bow;
With one hand thrust the lady from,
And with the other pull her home.
423
BUTLER: *Hudibras,* Pt. ii., Canto i., Line 449.

Covetousness.

When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness.
424
SHAKS.: *King John,* Act iv., Sc. 2.

Cowardice.

O, that a mighty man, of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!
425
SHAKS.: *Tam. of the S.,* Introduction, Sc. 2.

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
426
SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar,* Act ii., Sc. 2.

The man that lays his hand upon a woman,
Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch
Whom 't were gross flattery to name a coward.
427
JOHN TOBIN: *Honeymoon,* Act ii., Sc. 1.

The coward never on himself relies,
But to an equal for assistance flies.
428
CRABBE: Tale iii., Line 84.

Cowslips.

With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears.
429
MILTON: *Lycidas,* Line 139.

Coxcombs.

So by false learning is good sense defac'd;
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs, nature meant but fools.
430
POPE: *E. on Criticism,* Pt. i., Line 25.

And coxcombs vanquish Berkeley by a grin.
431
JOHN BROWN: *An Essay on Satire.*

Cradle.

Me let the tender office long engage
To rock the cradle of reposing age.
432
POPE: *Prologue to the Satires,* Line 408.

Craftiness.

That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar.
433
BRET HARTE: *Plain Language from Truthful James.*

Creation.

Creation sleeps! 'T is as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause,—
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.
434
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts,* Night i., Line 23.

Credit.

Bless paper credit! last and best supply!
That lends corruption lighter wings to fly.
435
POPE: *Moral Essays,* Epis. iii., Line 39.

Creed.

Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?
436
MOORE: *Come, Send Round the Wine.*

Crime.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream.
437
SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar,* Act ii., Sc. 1.

One murder made a villain,
Millions a hero. Princes were privileged
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.
438
BEILBY PORTEUS: *Death,* Line 154.

Criticism—Critics.

I am nothing if not critical.
439
SHAKS.: *Othello,* Act ii., Sc. 1.

Critics I saw, that other names deface,
And fix their own, with labor, in their place.
440
POPE: *Temple of Fame,* Line 37.

Cromwell.

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud,
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plough'd.
441
MILTON: *Sonnets, To the Lord General Cromwell.*

Cross.

The moon of Mahomet
Arose, and it shall set;
While, blazoned as on heaven's immortal noon,
The cross leads generations on.
442
SHELLEY: *Hellas,* Line 221.

Crowd.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray.
443
GRAY: *Elegy,* St. 19.

Crown.

Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe.
444
SHAKS.: *Macbeth,* Act iii., Sc. 1.

What seem'd his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand.
445
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. ii., Line 666.

Cruelty.

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch,
Uncapable of pity, void and empty

From any dram of mercy.
446
SHAKS.: *M. of Venice,* Act iv., Sc. 1.

Cupid.

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.
447
SHAKS.: *Mid. N. Dream,* Act i., Sc. 1.

Cupid is a casuist,
A mystic, and a cabalist,—
Can your lurking thought surprise,
And interpret your device....
Heralds high before him run;
He has ushers many a one;
He spreads his welcome where he goes,
And touches all things with his rose.
All things wait for and divine him,—
How shall I dare to malign him?
448
EMERSON: *Daem. and Celes., Love,* Pt. i.

Cure.

'T is an ill cure
For life's worst ills, to have no time to feel them.
449
SIR HENRY TAYLOR: *Philip Van Artevelde,* Pt. i., Act i., Sc. 5.

Curfew.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
450
GRAY: *Elegy,* St. 1.

Curiosity.

I loathe that low vice, curiosity.
451
BYRON: *Don Juan,* Canto i., St. 23.

Curls.

Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod,—
The stamp of fate, and sanction of the god.
452
POPE: *Iliad,* Bk. i., Line 684.

Current.

We must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.
453
SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar,* Act iv., Sc. 3.

Curses.

Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar.

454
SHAKS.: *Macbeth,* Act iv., Sc. 1.

But in their stead
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honor, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
455
SHAKS.: *Macbeth,* Act v., Sc. 3.

It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark.
456
MILTON: *Lycidas,* Line 100.

Custom.

How use doth breed a habit in a man!
457
SHAKS.: *Two Gent. of V.,* Act v., Sc. 4.

Custom calls me to 't;—
What custom wills, in all things should we do 't?
458
SHAKS.: *Coriolanus,* Act ii., Sc. 3.

Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this.
459
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act iii., Sc. 4

Cypress.

Dark tree! still sad when others' grief is fled,

The only constant mourner o'er the dead.
460
BYRON: *Giaour,* Line 286.

D.

Daffadills.

Fair daffadills, we weep to see
You haste away so soon:
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attained his noon.
461
HERRICK: *To Daffadills.*

Dagger.

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand?...
or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
462
SHAKS.: *Macbeth,* Act ii., Sc. 1

Daisy.

The daisy's cheek is tipp'd with a blush,
She is of such low degree.
463
HOOD: *Flowers.*

Damnation.

And deal damnation round the land.
464
POPE: *The Universal Prayer,* St. 7.

Damsel.

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw.
465
COLERIDGE: *Kubla Khan.*

Dancing.

Alike all ages: dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze:
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.
466
GOLDSMITH: *Traveller,* Line 251.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they feared the light;
But, oh! she dances such a way!

No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight.
467
SUCKLING: *On a Wedding.*

Come and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe.
468
MILTON: *L'Allegro,* Line 33.

On with the dance! let joy be unconfined!
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet,
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.
469
BYRON: *Ch. Harold,* Canto iii., St. 22.

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
470
BYRON: *Don Juan,* Canto iii., St. 86. 10.

Danger.

He that stands upon a slippery place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.
471
SHAKS.: *King John,* Act iii., Sc. 4.

Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower,
safety.
472
SHAKS.: *1 Henry IV.,* Act ii., Sc. 3.

Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray.

473
WORDSWORTH: *Character of the Happy Warrior.*

Dante.

Oh their Dante of the dread Inferno,
Wrote one song—and in my brain I sing it.
474
ROBERT BROWNING: *One Word More,* xvii.

Daring.

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.
475
SHAKS.: *Macbeth,* Act i., Sc. 7

The bravest are the tenderest,—
The loving are the daring.
476
BAYARD TAYLOR: *The Song of the Camp.*

Darkness.

Lo! darkness bends down like a mother of grief
On the limitless plain, and the fall of her hair
It has mantled a world.
477
JOAQUIN MILLER: *From Sea to Sea,* St. 4.

Thy hand, great Anarch, lets the curtain fall,
And universal darkness buries all.
478

POPE: *Dunciad,* Bk. iv., Line 649.

Dart.

Th' adorning thee with so much art
Is but a barb'rous skill;
'Tis like the pois'ning of a dart,
Too apt before to kill.
479
ABRAHAM COWLEY: *The Waiting Maid.*

Daughter.

Still harping on my daughter.
480
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act ii., Sc. 2.

Farewell, farewell to thee, Araby's daughter!
Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea.
481
MOORE: *Lalla Rookh, The Fire-Worshippers.*

Dawn.

The morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness.
482
SHAKS.: *Tempest,* Act v., Sc. 1.

The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
483
SHAKS.: *1 Henry VI.,* Act ii., Sc. 2.

Clothing the palpable and familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn.
484
COLERIDGE: *Death of Wallenstein,* Act i., Sc. 1.

Day, Days.

At the close of the day when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When naught but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And naught but the nightingale's song in the grove.
485
BEATTIE: *The Hermit.*

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!
486
BYRON: *On my Thirty-sixth Year.*

One of those heavenly days that cannot die.
487
WORDSWORTH: *Nutting.*

Death.

Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.
488
SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar,* Act ii., Sc. 2.

Kings and mightiest potentates must die,
For that's the end of human misery.
489
SHAKS.: *1 Henry VI.,* Act iii., Sc. 2.

Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
490
SHAKS.: *Rom. and Jul.,* Act iv., Sc. 5.

Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.
491
SHAKS.: *Richard II.,* Act ii., Sc. 1.

Behind her death,
Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet
On his pale horse.
492
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. x., Line 588.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother's, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet song, and dance, and wine;
And thou art terrible,—the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony are thine.
493

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK: *Marco Bozzaris.*

Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow.
494
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts,* Night v., Line 1011.

To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
495
MACAULAY: *Lays Anc. Rome, Horatius,* xxvii.

Leaves have their times to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O death.
496
MRS. HEMANS: *Hour of Death.*

Death is only kind to mortals.
497
SCHILLER: *Complaint of Ceres,* St. 4.

What a strange, delicious amazement is Death,
To be without body and breathe without breath.
498
EDWIN ARNOLD: *She and He.*

There is no Death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death.
499
LONGFELLOW: *Resignation,* St. 5.

Our days begin with trouble here,
Our life is but a span,

And cruel death is always near,
So frail a thing is man.
500
From the New England Primer.

Death rides on every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flower.
501
HEBER: *At a Funeral,* No. i.

How wonderful is Death!
Death and his brother Sleep.
502
SHELLEY: *Queen Mab,* St. i.

And Death is beautiful as feet of friend
Coming with welcome at our journey's end.
503
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL: *To George William Curtis.*

Death in itself is nothing; but we fear
To be we know not what, we know not where.
504
DRYDEN: *Aurengzebe,* Act iv., Sc. 1.

Debt.

You say, you nothing owe; and so I say:
He only owes, who something hath to pay.
505
MARTIAL: (*Hay*), ii., 3.

Decay.

Before decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers.
506
BYRON: *Giaour,* Line 68.

The ruins of himself! now worn away
With age, yet still majestic in decay.
507
POPE: *Odyssey,* Bk. xxiv., Line 271.

Deceit.

Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice.
508
SHAKS.: *Richard III.,* Act ii., Sc. 2.

O, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive.
509
SCOTT: *Marmion,* Canto vi., St. 17

December.

And after him came next the chill December:
Yet he, through merry feasting which he made
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember;
His Saviour's birth his mind so much did glad.
510
SPENSER: *Faerie Queene,* Bk. vii., Canto vii., St. 41.

As soon
Seek roses in December, ice in June.
511

BYRON: *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,* Line 75.

Decency.

Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense.
512
EARL OF ROSCOMMON: *Essay on Translated Verse*; Line 113.

Decision.

If it were done, when 't is done, then 't were well
It were done quickly.
513
SHAKS.: *Macbeth,* Act i., Sc. 7.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right;
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light.
514
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL: *Present Crisis.*

Deeds.

And with necessity,

The tyrant's plea, excus'd his devilish deeds.
515
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. iv., Line 393.

Oh! 't is easy
To beget great deeds; but in the rearing of them—
The threading in cold blood each mean detail,
And furze brake of half-pertinent circumstance—
There lies the self-denial.
516
CHARLES KINGSLEY: *Saint's Tragedy,* Act iv., Sc. 3.

Deep.

Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies,
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land.
517
GOLDSMITH: *Traveller,* Line 282.

Defeat.

Such a numerous host
Fled not in silence through the frighted deep,
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded.
518
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. ii., Line 993.

Defect.

So may a glory from defect arise.
519

ROBERT BROWNING: *Deaf and Dumb.*

Defence.

What boots it at one gate to make defence,
And at another to let in the foe?
520
MILTON: *Samson Agonistes,* Line 560.

Defiance.

I do defy him, and I spit at him;
Call him a slanderous coward, and a villain:
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds;
And meet him, were I tied to run a-foot,
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps.
521
SHAKS.: *Richard II.,* Act i., Sc. 1.

Deity.

Hail, source of being! universal soul
Of heaven and earth! essential presence, hail!
To Thee I bend the knee; to Thee my thoughts
Continual, climb; who, with a master hand,
Hast the great whole into perfection touch'd.
522
THOMSON: *Seasons, Spring,* Line 556.

Dejection.

As high as we have mounted in delight,

In our dejection do we sink as low.
523
WORDSWORTH: *Resolution and Independence,* St. 4.

Delay.

Delay leads impotent and snail-paced beggary.
524
SHAKS.: *Richard III.,* Act iv., Sc. 3.

Be wise to-day; 't is madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
525
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts,* Night i., Line 390.

Deliberation.

Deep on his front engraven,
Deliberation sat, and public care.
526
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. ii., Line 300.

Delight.

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight,
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament.
527
WORDSWORTH: *She was a Phantom of Delight.*

Delusion.

For love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul
That not your trespass but my madness speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place.
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen.
528
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act iii., Sc. 4.

Denmark.

Something is rotten in the State of Denmark.
529
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act i., Sc. 4.

Deportment.

What's a fine person, or a beauteous face,
Unless deportment gives them decent grace?
Blest with all other requisites to please,
Some want the striking elegance of ease;
The curious eye their awkward movement tires;
They seem like puppets led about by wires.
530
CHURCHILL: *Rosciad,* Line 741.

Depravity.

God's love seemed lost upon him.
531
BAILEY: *Festus,* Sc. *Heaven.*

Depression.

All day the darkness and the cold
Upon my heart have lain,
Like shadows on the winter sky,
Like frost upon the pane.
532
WHITTIER: *On Receiving an Eagle's Quill.*

Desert.

In the cold grave, under the deep, deep sea,
Or in the wide desert where no life is found.
533
HOOD. *Sonnet, Silence.*

The keenest pangs the wretched find
Are rapture to the dreary void,
The leafless desert of the mind,
The waste of feelings unemployed.
534
BYRON: *Giaour,* Line 957.

Desire (Love).

It liveth not in fierce desire,
With dead desire it doth not die.
535
SCOTT: *Lay of the Last Minstrel,* Canto v., St. 13.

Desolation.

Desolate! Life is so dreary and desolate.
Women and men in the crowd meet and mingle,
Yet with itself every soul standeth single,
Deep out of sympathy moaning its moan;
Holding and having its brief exultation;
Making its lonesome and low lamentation;
Fighting its terrible conflicts alone.
536
ALICE CARY: *Life.*

Despair.

Despair defies even despotism; there is
That in my heart would make its way thro' hosts
With levell'd spears.
537
BYRON: *Two Foscari,* Act i., Sc. 1.

Then black despair,
The shadow of a starless night, was thrown
Over the world in which I moved alone.
538
SHELLEY: *Revolt of Islam, Dedication,* St. 6

The strongest and the fiercest spirit
That fought in heaven, now fiercer by despair.
539
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. ii., Line 44.

Destiny.

That old miracle—Love-at-first-sight—
Needs no explanations. The heart reads aright

Its destiny sometimes.
540
OWEN MEREDITH: *Lucile,* Pt. ii., Canto vi., St. 16.

Where'er she lie,
Locked up from mortal eye,
In shady leaves of destiny.
541
RICHARD CRASHAW: *Wishes to his Supposed Mistress.*

Determination.

I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace.
542
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act i., Sc. 2.

Detraction.

Happy are they that hear their detractions,
And can put them to mending.
543
SHAKS.: *Much Ado,* Act ii., Sc. 3.

A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At every word a reputation dies.
544
POPE: *R. of the Lock,* Canto iii., Line 15.

Devil.

'T is the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil.

545
SHAKS.: *Macbeth,* Act ii., Sc. 2.

The devil was sick, the devil a saint would be;
The devil was well, the devil a saint was he.
546
RABELAIS: *Works,* Bk. iv., Ch. xxiv.

Devotion.

As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,
So deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion
Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee.
547
MOORE: *As Down in the Sunless Retreats.*

Dew.

What gentle ghost, besprent with April dew,
Hails me so solemnly to yonder yew?
548
BEN JONSON: *Elegy on the Lady Jane Pawlet.*

Dial.

True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shin'd upon.
549
BUTLER: *Hudibras,* Pt. iii., Canto ii., Line 175.

Difficulty.

It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the postern of a needle's eye.
550
SHAKS: *Richard II.,* Act v., Sc. 5.

Dignity.

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.
551
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. viii., Line 488.

Digression.

And there began a lang digression
About the lords o' the creation.
552
BURNS: *The Twa Dogs.*

Dinner.

Since Eve ate apples, much depends on dinner.
553
BYRON: *Don Juan,* Canto xiii., St. 99.

Disappointment.

Oh! that a dream so sweet, so long enjoy'd,
Should be so sadly, cruelly destroy'd!
554
MOORE: *Lalla Rookh, Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.*

Discord.

Discord oft in music makes the sweeter lay.
555
SPENSER: *Faerie Queene,* Bk. iii., Canto ii., St. 15.

From hence, let fierce contending nations know
What dire effects from civil discord flow.
556
ADDISON: *Cato,* Act ii., Sc. 4.

Discourse.

Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust in us unused.
557
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act iv., Sc. 4.

Discretion.

Let's teach ourselves that honorable stop,
Not to outsport discretion.
558
SHAKS.: *Othello,* Act ii., Sc. 3.

It shewed discretion, the best part of valor.
559
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *King and No King,* Act iv., Sc. 3.

Diseases.

Diseases, desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are reliev'd,
Or not at all.
560
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act iv., Sc. 3.

Disguise.

'T is great, 't is manly, to disdain disguise;
It shows our spirit, or it proves our strength.
561
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts,* Night viii., Line 372.

Dislike.

I do not love thee, Doctor Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this alone I know full well,
I do not love thee, Doctor Fell.
562
TOM BROWN: *Trans. of Martial's Ep. I.,* 33.

Disobedience.

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe.
563
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. i., Line 1.

Disorder.

You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.
564
SHAKS.: *Macbeth,* Act iii., Sc. 4.

Disposition.

He is of a very melancholy disposition.
565
SHAKS.: *Much Ado,* Act i., Sc. 1.

Dispute.

'T is strange how some men's tempers suit,
Like bawd and brandy, with dispute,
That for their own opinions stand fast,
Only to have them claw'd and canvass'd.
566
BUTLER: *Hudibras,* Pt. ii., Canto ii., Line 1.

Dissension.

Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,
That no dissension hinder government.
567
SHAKS.: *3 Henry VI.,* Act iv., Sc. 6.

Dissimulation.

Away and mock the time with fairest show;
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.
568
SHAKS.: *Macbeth,* Act i., Sc. 7.

Dissolution.

Like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.
569
SHAKS.: *Tempest,* Act iv., Sc. 1.

Distance.

'T is distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
570
CAMPBELL: *Pl. of Hope,* Pt. i., Line 7.

Sweetest melodies
Are those that are by distance made more sweet.
571
WORDSWORTH: *Personal Talk,* St. 2.

Distrust.

The saddest thing that can befall a soul

Is when it loses faith in God and woman.
572
ALEXANDER SMITH: *A Life Drama,* Sc. 12.

Divinity.

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.
573
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act v., Sc. 2.

Doctrine.

And prove their doctrine orthodox,
By apostolic blows and knocks.
574
BUTLER: *Hudibras,* Pt. i., Canto i., Line 205.

Dogs.

Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are 'clept
All by the name of dogs.
575
SHAKS.: *Macbeth,* Act iii., Sc. 1.

Dominion.

Here we may reign secure, and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heaven.

576
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. i., Line 261.

Doom.

What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
577
SHAKS.: *Macbeth,* Act iv., Sc. 1.

Doubt.

Modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst.
578
SHAKS.: *Troil. and Cress.,* Act ii., Sc. 2.

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.
579
SHAKS.: *M. for M.,* Act i., Sc. 5.

Drama.

The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please, must please to live.
580
DR. JOHNSON: *Pro. On Opening Drury Lane Theatre.*

Dreams.

I talk of dreams
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air;
And more inconstant than the wind.
581
SHAKS.: *Rom. and Jul.,* Act i., Sc. 4.

Dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy.
582
BYRON: *Dream,* St. 1.

Some dreams we have are nothing else but dreams,
Unnatural and full of contradictions;
Yet others of our most romantic schemes
Are something more than fictions.
583
HOOD: *The Haunted House.*

Like glimpses of forgotten dreams.
584
TENNYSON: *The Two Voices,* St. cxxvii.

Dress.

Be plain in dress, and sober in your diet;
In short, my deary, kiss me, and be quiet.
585
LADY M.W. MONTAGU: *A Summary of Lord Lyttelton's Advice.*

We sacrifice to dress, till household joys
And comforts cease. Dress drains our cellar dry,
And keeps our larder lean; puts out our fires,

And introduces hunger, frost, and woe,
Where peace and hospitality might reign.
586
COWPER: *Task,* Bk. ii., Line 614.

Drink—Drinking—Drunkenness.

Oh, that men should put an enemy in
Their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we
Should, with joy, pleasance, revel and applause,
Transform ourselves into beasts!
587
SHAKS.: *Othello,* Act ii., Sc. 3,

Give him strong drink until he wink,
That's sinking in despair;
An' liquor guid to fire his bluid,
That's prest wi' grief an' care,
There let him house and deep carouse,
Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,
Till he forgets his loves or debts,
An' minds his griefs no more.
588
BURNS: *Scotch Drink.*

Dryden.

Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine.
589
POPE: Satire v., Line 267.

Duelling.

Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man;
Some frolic drunkard, reeling from a feast,
Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest.
590
DR. JOHNSON: *London.*

Dunce.

How much a dunce, that has been sent to roam,
Excels a dunce, that has been kept at home.
591
COWPER: *Prog. of Error,* Line 415.

Dungeon.

Dweller in yon dungeon dark,
Hangman of creation, mark!
592
BURNS: *Ode on Mrs. Oswald.*

Duty.

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free;
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

593
WORDSWORTH: *Ode to Duty.*

E.

Eagle.

So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart.
594
BYRON: *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,* Line 826.

Ear.

Where more is meant than meets the ear.
595
MILTON: *Il Penseroso,* Line 120.

Earth.

The earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn.
596

SHELLEY: *Hellas,* Line 1060.

Earth felt the wound; and Nature from her seat,
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe
That all was lost.
597
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. ix., Line 782.

Upon my burned body lie lightly, gentle earth.
598
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *Maid's Tragedy,* Act i., Sc. 2.

Earth with her thousand voices praises God.
599
COLERIDGE: *Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni.*

Ease.

Ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
600
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. iv., Line 96.

East.

An hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peered forth the golden window of the east.
601
SHAKS.: *Rom. and Jul.,* Act i., Sc. 1.

Easter.

Rise, heart; thy Lord is risen. Sing His praise
Without delays,
Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise
With Him mayst rise:
That, as His death calcined thee to dust,
His life may make thee gold, and, much more, just.
602
HERBERT: *The Church. Easter.*

Eating.

Unquiet meals make ill digestions.
603
SHAKS.: *Com. of Errors,* Act v., Sc. 1.

Some hae meat and canna eat,
And some would eat that want it;
But we hae meat, and we can eat,
Sae let the Lord be thankit.
604
BURNS: *Grace before Meat.*

Echo.

Echo waits with art and care
And will the faults of song repair.
605
EMERSON: *May-Day,* Line 439.

O love, they die, in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
606

TENNYSON: *The Princess,* Pt. iii., *Song.*

Eclipse.

The sun, ...
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs.
607
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. i., Line 597.

Eden.

They hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.
608
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. xii., Line 645.

Education.

'Tis education forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd.
609
POPE: *Moral Essays,* Epis. i., Line 149.

Eloquence.

His tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels.
610

MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. ii., Line 113.

Emerson.

There comes Emerson first, whose rich words, every one,
Are like gold nails in temples to hang trophies on.
611
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL: *A Fable for Critics.*

Eminence.

He who ascends to mountain tops shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapp'd in clouds and snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below.
612
BYRON: *Ch. Harold,* Canto iii., St. 45.

Empire.

Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.
613
GRAY: *Elegy,* St. 12.

End.

Life's but a means unto an end; that end
Beginning, mean, and end to all things,—God.
614
BAILEY: *Festus,* Sc. *A Country Town.*

Endurance.

'Tis not now who's stout and bold?
But who bears hunger best, and cold?
And he's approv'd the most deserving,
Who longest can hold out at starving.
615
BUTLER: *Hudibras,* Pt. iii., Canto iii., Line 353.

England.

O England!—model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,—
What mightst thou do, that honor would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
616
SHAKS.: *Henry V.,* Act i., *Chorus.*

Enmity.

'Tis death to me to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.
617
SHAKS.: *Richard III.,* Act ii., Sc. 1.

Ensign.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky.

618
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES: *Old Ironside.*

Enthusiasm.

Rash enthusiasm, in good society
Were nothing but a moral inebriety.
619
BYRON: *Don Juan,* Canto xiii., Line 35.

Envy.

Fools may our scorn, not envy, raise,
For envy is a kind of praise.
620
GAY: *Fables,* Pt. i., Fable 44.

Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue;
But, like a shadow, proves the substance true.
621
POPE: *E. on Criticism,* Pt. ii., Line 266.

Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
622
THOMSON: *Seasons, Spring,* Line 284.

Epitaphs.

Nobles and heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior,
The son of Adam and of Eve:
Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher?

623
PRIOR: *Ep. Extempore.*

Here rests his head, upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.
624
GRAY: *Elegy, Epitaph.*

Equality.

The trickling rain doth fall
Upon us one and all;
The south wind kisses
The saucy milkmaid's cheek,
The nun's demure and meek,
Nor any misses.
625
E.C. STEDMAN: *A Madrigal,* St. 3.

Error.

Shall Error in the round of time
Still father Truth?
626
TENNYSON: *Love and Duty.*

But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers.
627
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT: *The Battle-Field.*

Eternity.

Beyond is all abyss,
Eternity, whose end no eye can reach.
628
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. xii., Line 555.

Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
629
ADDISON: *Cato,* Act v., Sc. 1.

Europe.

Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.
630
TENNYSON: *Locksley Hall,* Line 184.

Eve.

Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons, the fairest of her daughters, Eve.
631
MILTON: *Par. Lost.,* Bk. iv., Line 323.

Evening.

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.
632
LONGFELLOW: *The Day is Done.*

The sun is set; the swallows are asleep;
The bats are flitting fast in the gray air;
The slow soft toads out of damp corners creep;
And evening's breath, wandering here and there
Over the quivering surface of the stream,
Wakes not one ripple from its silent dream.
633
SHELLEY: *Evening.*

Evil.

Farewell hope! and with hope, farewell fear!
Farewell remorse! all good to me is lost.
Evil, be thou my good; by thee at least
Divided empire with heaven's king I hold.
634
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. iv., Line 108.

Evil springs up, and flowers, and bears no seed,
And feeds the green earth with its swift decay,
Leaving it richer for the growth of truth.
635
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL: *Prometheus.*

Example.

The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones.
636
SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar,* Act iii., Sc. 2.

By his life alone,
Gracious and sweet, the better way was shown.
637

WHITTIER: *The Pennsylvania Pilgrim.*

Excess.

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of Heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.
638
SHAKS.: *King John,* Act iv., Sc. 2.

Exile.

Beheld the duteous son, the sire decayed,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the Western main.
639
GOLDSMITH: *Traveller,* Line 407.

Expectation.

'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear;
Heaven were not heaven if we knew what it were.
640
SUCKLING: *Against Fruition.*

Experience.

Experience is by industry achieved,

And perfected by the swift course of time.
641
SHAKS.: *Two Gent, of V.,* Act i., Sc. 3.

His head was silver'd o'er with age,
And long experience made him sage.
642
GAY, *Fables,* Pt. i., *The Shepherd and the Philosopher.*

Extremes.

Extremes in nature equal good produce,
Extremes in man concur to general use.
643
POPE: *Moral Essays,* Epis. iii., Line 161.

Eyes.

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
644
SHAKS.: *Rom. and Jul.,* Act ii., Sc. 2.

True eyes
Too pure and too honest in aught to disguise
The sweet soul shining thro' them.
645
OWEN MEREDITH: *Lucile,* Pt. ii., Canto ii., St. 3.

There are eyes half defiant,
Half meek and compliant;
Black eyes, with a wondrous, witching charm
To bring us good or to work us harm,

646
PHOEBE CARY: *Doves' Eyes.*

Soul-deep eyes of darkest night.
647
JOAQUIN MILLER: *Californian,* Pt. iv.

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer.
648
TENNYSON: *In Memoriam,* Pt. xxxii., St. 1.

The bright black eye, the melting blue,—
I cannot choose between the two.
649
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES: *The Dilemma.*

These poor eyes, you called, I ween,
"Sweetest eyes were ever seen."
650
MRS. BROWNING: *Catarina to Camoens.*

Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell.
651
BYRON: *Ch. Harold,* Canto iii., St. 21.

F.

Fabric.

Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose, like an exhalation.
652
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. i., Line 710.

Face.

Your face, my Thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters.
653
SHAKS.: *Macbeth,* Act i., Sc. 5.

The light upon her face
Shines from the windows of another world.
Saints only have such faces.
654
LONGFELLOW: *Michael Angelo,* Pt. ii., 6.

Can't I another's face commend,
And to her virtues be a friend,
But instantly your forehead lowers,
As if *her* merit lessen'd *yours*?
655
MOORE: *The Farmer, the Spaniel, and the Cat,* Fable ix.

Behind a frowning providence
He hides a shining face.
656
COWPER: *Light Shining out of Darkness.*

Fair.

Fair is foul, and foul is fair.
657
SHAKS.: *Macbeth,* Act i., Sc. 1.

Exceeding fair she was not; and yet fair
In that she never studied to be fairer
Than Nature made her; beauty cost her nothing,
Her virtues were so rare.
658
GEORGE CHAPMAN: *All Fools,* Act i., Sc. 1.

Fairies.

This is the fairy land; O spite of spites,
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites.
659
SHAKS.: *Com. of Errors,* Act ii., Sc. 2.

Faith.

If faith produce no works, I see
That faith is not a living tree.
660
HANNAH MORE: *Dan and Jane.*

Whose faith, has centre everywhere,
Nor cares to fix itself to form.
661
TENNYSON: *In Memoriam,* Pt. xxxiii., St. 1.

'Tis hers to pluck the amaranthine flower
Of faith, and round the sufferer's temples bind
Wreaths that endure affliction's heaviest shower,
And do not shrink from sorrow's keenest wind.
662
WORDSWORTH: *Weak is the Will of Man.*

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.
663
POPE: *Essay on Man,* Epis. iii., Line 303.

Fall.

He that is down, needs fear no fall.
664
BUNYAN: *The Author's Way of Sending forth his Second Part of the Pilgrim,* Pt. ii.

Falsity.

As false
As air, as water, as wind, as sandy earth;
As fox to lamb; as wolf to heifer's calf;
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son.
665
SHAKS.: *Troil. and Cress.,* Act iii., Sc. 2.

Fame.

Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs.
666
SHAKS.: *Love's L. Lost,* Act i., Sc. 1.

Fame, if not double-faced, is double-mouthed,
And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds:
On both his wings, one black, the other white,
Bears greatest names in his wild aery flight.
667
MILTON: *Samson Agonistes,* Line 971.

What's fame? a fancied life in others' breath,
A thing beyond us, even before our death.
668
POPE: *Essay on Man,* Epis. iv., Line 237.

There was a morning when I longed for fame,
There was a noontide when I passed it by.
There is an evening when I think not shame
Its substance and its being to deny.
669
JEAN INGELOW: *The Star's Monument,* St. 81.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar?
670
BEATTIE: *Minstrel,* Bk. i., St. 1.

Or ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame!
671
POPE: *Essay on Man,* Epis. iv., Line 281.

Family.

Birds in their little nest agree;
And 'tis a shameful sight
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight.
672
WATTS: *Divine Songs,* Song xvii.

Famine.

Famine is in thy cheeks.
673
SHAKS.: *Rom. and Jul.,* Act v., Sc. 1.

Fancy.

Tell me, where is fancy bred;
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourishéd?
Reply, reply.
It is engendered in the eyes,
With gazing fed: and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
674
SHAKS.: *M. of Venice,* Act iii., Sc. 2. *Song.*

She's all my fancy painted her;
She's lovely, she's divine.
675
WILLIAM MEE: *Alice Gray.*

Farewell.

Farewell! Farewell! Through keen delights
It strikes two hearts, this word of woe.
Through every joy of life it smites,—
Why, sometime they will know.
676
MARY CLEMMER: *Farewell.*

Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been:
A sound which makes us linger;—yet—farewell!
677
BYRON: *Ch. Harold,* Canto iv., St. 186.

Fashion.

The fashion wears out more apparel than the man.
678
SHAKS.: *Much Ado,* Act iii., Sc. 3.

Fate.

What fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.
679
SHAKS.: *3 Henry VI.,* Act iv., Sc. 3.

All human things are subject to decay,
And when fate summons, monarchs must obey.
680
DRYDEN: *MacFlecknoe,* Line 1.

Things are where things are, and, as fate has willed,
So shall they be fulfilled.

681
ROBERT BROWNING: *Agamemnon.*

And binding Nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.
682
POPE: *The Universal Prayer,* St. 3.

For fate has wove the thread of life with pain,
And twins ev'n from the birth are misery and man!
683
POPE: *Odyssey,* Bk. vii., Line 263.

Father.

It is a wise father that knows his own child.
684
SHAKS.: *M. of Venice,* Act ii., Sc. 2.

Father of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord.
685
POPE: *The Universal Prayer,* St. 1.

Fault—Faults.

Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
686
SHAKS.: *M. for M.,* Act ii., Sc. 2.

Dare to be true: nothing can need a lie;
A fault which needs it most, grows two thereby.

687
HERBERT: *The Church Porch.*

In vain my faults ye quote;
I write as others wrote
On Sunium's hight.
688
WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR: *The Last Fruit of an Old Tree,* Epigram cvi.

Favor.

Poor wretches, that depend
On greatness' favor, dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve.
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favors.
689
SHAKS.: *Cymbeline,* Act v., Sc. 4.

Fawning.

And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning.
690
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act iii., Sc. 2.

Fear.

Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?

691
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act i., Sc. 4.

Of all base passions fear is most accurs'd.
692
SHAKS.: *1 Henry VI.,* Act v., Sc. 2.

Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full,
Weak and unmanly, loosens ev'ry power.
693
THOMSON: *Seasons, Spring,* Line 286.

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip
To hand the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your honor grip,
Let that aye be your border.
694
BURNS: *Ep. to a Young Friend.*

Feasting.

Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale.
695
GOLDSMITH: *Traveller,* Line 17.

Swinish gluttony
Ne'er looks to heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted base ingratitude
Crams, and blasphemes his feeder.
696
MILTON: *Comus,* Line 776.

February.

Come when the rains
Have glazed the snow and clothed the trees with ice,
While the slant sun of February pours
Into the bowers a flood of light.
697
WILLIAM COLLEN BRYANT: *A Winter Piece.*

Feeling.

But spite of all the criticising elves,
Those who would make us feel, must feel themselves.
698
CHURCHILL: *Rosciad,* Line 961.

Feet.

Like snails did creep her pretty feet
A little out, and then,
As if they played at bo-peep,
Did soon draw in again.
699
HERRICK: *Aph. Upon Her Feet.*

Fellow.

In all thy humors, whether grave or mellow,
Thou 'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow,
Hast so much wit and mirth and spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.
700

ADDISON: *Spectator.* No. 68.

Female.

But who is this, what thing of sea or land,—
Female of sex it seems.
701
MILTON: *Samson Agonistes,* Line 710.

Fickleness.

Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,
Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain!
Vain as the leaf upon the stream,
And fickle as a changeful dream.
702
SCOTT: *Lady of the Lake,* Canto v., St. 10.

Fiction.

When fiction rises pleasing to the eye,
Men will believe, because they love the lie;
But truth herself, if clouded with a frown,
Must have some solemn proof to pass her down.
703
CHURCHILL: *Epis. to Hogarth,* Line 291.

And truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.
704
GRAY: *The Bard,* Pt. iii., St. 3.

Fidelity.

Master, go on, and I will follow thee
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.
705
SHAKS.: *As You Like It,* Act ii., Sc. 3.

To God, thy country, and thy friend be true.
706
HENRY VAUGHAN: *Rules and Lessons,* St. 8.

Fields.

Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were
won.
707
GOLDSMITH: *Des. Village.*

Fiend.

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head,
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.
708
COLERIDGE: *The Ancient Mariner,* Pt. v.

Fighting.

I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.
709

SHAKS.: *Macbeth,* Act v., Sc. 3.

He who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day;
But he who is in battle slain
Can never rise and fight again.
710
GOLDSMITH: *Art of Poetry.*

Fire.

From beds of raging fire to starve in ice
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine,
Immovable, infix'd, and frozen round,
Periods of time; thence hurried back to fire.
711
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. ii., Line 592.

Firmament.

Now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires.
712
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. iv., Line 598.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
713
ADDISON: *Ode.*

Flag.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
714
JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE: *The American Flag.*

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
715
CAMPBELL: *Mariners of England.*

Flame.

Glory pursue, and gen'rous shame,
Th' unconquerable mind, and freedom's holy flame.
716
GRAY: *Prog, of Poesy,* Pt. ii., St. 2, Line 10.

The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.
717
HEMANS: *Casablanca.*

Flattery.

By heav'n I cannot flatter: I do defy
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love, hath no man than yourself;
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.
718

SHAKS.: *1 Henry IV.,* Act iv., Sc. 1.

'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery 's the food of fools;
Yet, now and then, your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.
719
SWIFT: *Cadenus and Vanessa,* Line 755.

Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death?
720
GRAY: *Elegy,* St. 11.

Flea.

So, naturalists observe, a flea
Has smaller fleas that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em;
And so proceed *ad infinitum.*
721
SWIFT: *Poetry, A Rhapsody.*

Flesh.

Oh, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!
722
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act v., Sc. 1.

Flirtation.

Never wedding, ever wooing,

Still a love-lorn heart pursuing,
Read you not the wrong you're doing,
In my cheek's pale hue?
All my life with sorrow strewing,
Wed, or cease to woo.
723
CAMPBELL: *Maid's Remonstrance.*

Flood.

Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?
724
SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar,* Act i., Sc. 2.

Flowers.

The gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds.
725
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT: *Death of the Flowers.*

Flowers preach to us if we will hear.
726
CHRIS. G. ROSSETTI: *Consider the Lilies of the Field.*

In Eastern lands they talk in flowers,
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares;
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers
On its leaves a mystic language bears.
727
J.G. PERCIVAL: *Language of the Flowers.*

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost.
728
COLERIDGE: *Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni.*

Foe.

Give me the avowed, the erect, the manly foe,
Bold I can meet,—perhaps may turn his blow!
But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh save me from the *candid friend*!
729
GEORGE CANNING: *New Morality.*

Folly.

Fools, to talking ever prone,
Are sure to make their follies known.
730
GAY: *Fables,* Pt. i., Fable 44.

Whether the charmer sinner it, or saint it,
If folly grow romantic, I must paint it.
731
POPE: *Moral Essays,* Epis. ii., Line 15.

Where lives the man that has not tried
How mirth can into folly glide,
And folly into sin!
732
SCOTT: *Bridal of Triermain,* Canto i., St. 21.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,

What charm can soothe her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away?
733
GOLDSMITH: *The Hermit,* Ch. xxiv.

Fools.

Fools are my theme, let satire be my song.
734
BYRON: *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,* Line 6.

Since call'd
The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown.
735
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. iii., Line 495.

And ever since the Conquest have been fools.
736
EARL OF ROCHESTER: *Artemisia in the Town to Chloe in the Country.*

For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
737
POPE: *E. on Criticism,* Pt. iii., Line 66.

Footprints.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.
738
LONGFELLOW: *A Psalm of Life.*

Forbearance.

The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear;
And something, every day they live,
To pity, and perhaps forgive.
739
COWPER: *Mutual Forbearance.*

Force.

Who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
740
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. i., Line 648.

Forest.

Summer or winter, day or night,
The woods are an ever-new delight;
They give us peace, and they make us strong,
Such wonderful balms to them belong:
So, living or dying, I'll take mine ease
Under the trees, under the trees.
741
R.H. STODDARD: *Under the Trees.*

This is the forest primeval.
742
LONGFELLOW: *Evangeline,* Introduction.

Forgetfulness.

Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
From God, who is our home.
743
WORDSWORTH: *Intimations of Immortality.*

God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle line—
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget.
744
RUDYARD KIPLING: *Recessional.*

Forgiveness.

Good nature and good sense must ever join;
To err is human, to forgive divine.
745
POPE: *E. on Criticism,* Pt. ii., Line 324.

They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.
746
BAILEY: *Festus,* Sc. *Home.*

Good, to forgive;
Best to forget!
747
ROBERT BROWNING: *La Saisiaz,* Prologue.

Form.

She was a form of life and light
That seen, became a part of sight,
And rose, where'er I turn'd mine eye,
The morning-star of memory!
748
BYRON: *Giaour,* Line 1127.

Fortitude.

True fortitude is seen in great exploits
That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides;
All else is tow'ring frenzy and distraction.
749
ADDISON: *Cato,* Act ii., Sc. 1.

Fortune.

Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach, and no food,—
Such as are the poor in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.
750
SHAKS.: *2 Henry IV.,* Act iv., Sc. 4.

Fortune is female: from my youth her favors
Were not withheld, the fault was mine to hope
Her former smiles again at this late hour.
751
BYRON: *Mar. Faliero,* Act v., Sc. 1.

Forever, Fortune, wilt thou prove

An unrelenting foe to love;
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between and bid us part?
752
THOMSON: *Song.*

Frailty.

Frailty, thy name is Woman!
753
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act i., Sc. 2.

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.
754
SHAKS.: *King John,* Act v., Sc. 7.

France.

'Tis better using France, than trusting France;
Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps only defend ourselves;
In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.
755
SHAKS.: *3 Henry VI.,* Act iv., Sc. 1.

Fraternity.

There are bonds of all sorts in this world of ours,
Fetters of friendship and ties of flowers,

And true-lovers' knots, I ween;
The girl and the boy are bound by a kiss,
But there 's never a bond, old friend, like this,
We have drunk from the same canteen.
756
CHARLES G. HALPINE ("MILES O'REILLY"): *The Canteen.*

Freedom.

We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.
757
WORDSWORTH: *Sonnet. It is not to be thought of, etc.*

Oh, FREEDOM! thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crowned his slave
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
Armed to the teeth, art thou; one mailèd hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy
brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars.
758
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT: *Antiquity of Freedom.*

My angel,—his name is Freedom,—
Choose him to be your king;
He shall cut pathways east and west,
And fend you with his wing.
759
EMERSON: *Boston Hymn.*

Then Freedom sternly said: "I shun
No strife nor pang beneath the sun,
When human rights are staked and won."
760
WHITTIER: *The Watchers.*

When Freedom from her mountain-height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
761
JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE: *The American Flag.*

Freeman.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free.
762
COWPER: *Task,* Bk. v., Line 733.

Friendship.

I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends.
763
SHAKS.: *Richard II.,* Act ii., Sc. 3.

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd unfledged comrade.
764
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act i., Sc. 3.

Oh, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!
765
EMERSON: *Forbearance.*

The friendships of the world are oft
Confederacies in vice, or leagues of pleasure.
766
ADDISON: *Cato,* Act iii., Sc. 1.

Two friends, two bodies with one soul inspir'd.
767
POPE: *Iliad,* Bk. xvi., Line 267.

Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend.
768
DR. JOHNSON: *Verses on the Death of Mr, Robert Levet,* St. 2.

Small service is true service while it lasts.
Of humblest friends, bright creature! scorn not one:
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.
769
WORDSWORTH: *To a Child.*

Front.

His fair large front and eye sublime declar'd
Absolute rule.
770
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. iv., Line 297.

Frost.

All the panes are hung with frost,
Wild wizard-work of silver lace.
771
T.B. ALDRICH: *Latakia.*

What miracle of weird transforming
Is this wild work of frost and light,
This glimpse of glory infinite!
772
WHITTIER: *The Pageant,* St. 8

But, oh! fell death's untimely frost
That nipt my flower sae early.
773
BURNS: *Highland Mary.*

Fruit.

The ripest fruit first falls.
774
SHAKS.: *Richard II.,* Act ii., Sc. 1.

Fury.

Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned.
775
CONGREVE: *Mourning Bride,* Act iii., Sc. 8.

Beware the fury of a patient man.
776
DRYDEN: *Absalom and Achitophel,* Pt. i., Line 1005.

Futurity.

The dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.
777
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act iii., Sc. 1.

O Death, O Beyond,
Thou art sweet, thou art strange!
778
MRS. BROWNING: *Rhapsody of Life's Progress.*

Ah Christ, that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be.
779
TENNYSON: *Maud,* Pt. xxvi., St. 3.

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
780
LONGFELLOW: *Psalm of Life.*

G.

Gain.

Remote from cities liv'd a swain,
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain.
781
GAY: *Fables,* Pt. i., *The Shepherd and the Philosopher.*

Gale.

So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er.
782
MRS. BARBAULD: *Death of the Virtuous.*

Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale.
783
BURNS: *The Cotter's Saturday Night.*

Gambling.

Play not for gain, but sport. Who plays for more
Than he can lose with pleasure, stakes his heart;
Perhaps his wife's too, and whom she hath bore.
784
HERBERT: *Temple, Church Porch,* St. 33.

Garden.

A garden, sir,

Wherein all rainbowed flowers were heaped together.
785
CHARLES KINGSLEY: *Saint's Tragedy,* Act v., Sc. 1.

God the first garden made, and the first city, Cain.
786
COWLEY: *The Garden,* Essay v.

Garret.

Born in the garret, in the kitchen bred.
787
BYRON: *A Sketch.*

Garrick.

Here lies David Garrick—describe him who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man.
As an actor, confess'd without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line;
Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings—a dupe to his art.
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colors he spread,
And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting:
'Twas only that when he was off, he was acting.
788
GOLDSMITH: *Retaliation,* Line 93.

Gem.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene

The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear.
789
GRAY: *Elegy,* St. 14.

Genius.

Time, place, and action, may with pains be wrought.
But genius must be born, and never can be taught.
790
DRYDEN: *Epis. to Congreve* Line 59.

Nor mourn the unalterable Days
That Genius goes and Folly Stays.
791
EMERSON: *In Memoriam.*

Gentleman.

We are gentlemen,
That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
Envy the great, nor do the low despise.
792
SHAKS.: *Pericles,* Act ii., Sc. 3.

When Adam dolve, and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?
793
Lines used by John Ball in Wat Tyler's Rebellion.

Gentleness.

What would you have? Your gentleness shall force
More than your force move us to gentleness.

794
SHAKS.: *As You Like It,* Act ii., Sc. 7.

Ghosts.

Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,
Which thou dost glare with!
795
SHAKS.: *Macbeth,* Act iii., Sc. 4.

Many ghosts, and forms of fright,
Have started from their graves to-night;
They have driven sleep from mine eyes away.
796
LONGFELLOW: *Christus, Golden Legend,* Pt. iv.

Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost
That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,
No goblin, or swart fairy of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
797
MILTON: *Comus,* Line 432.

Gifts.

She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts she looks from me, are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd.
798

SHAKS.: *Wint. Tale,* Act iv., Sc. 3.

Saints themselves will sometimes be,
Of gifts that cost them nothing, free.
799
BUTLER: *Hudibras,* Pt. i., Canto i., Line 495.

Girdle.

I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.
800
SHAKS.: *Mid. N. Dream,* Act ii, Sc. 1.

Gloaming.

Late, late in a gloamin, when all was still,
When the fringe was red on the westlin hill,
The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,
The reek o' the cot hung over the plain—
Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane;
When the ingle lowed with an eiry leme,
Late, late in the gloamin Kilmeny came hame!
801
JAMES HOGG: *Kilmeny.*

Gloom.

Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom.
802
MILTON: *Il Penseroso,* Line 79.

Glory.

Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.
803
SHAKS.: *1 Henry VI.,* Act i., Sc. 2.

His form had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appear'd
Less than archangel ruin'd, and th' excess
Of glory obscur'd.
804
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. i., Line 591.

Go where glory waits thee!
But while fame elates thee,
Oh, still remember me!
805
MOORE: *Go Where Glory Waits Thee.*

The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.
806
WORDSWORTH: *Intimations of Immortality,* St. 2.

Ye sons of France, awake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
807
JOSEPH R. DE L'ISLE: *Marseilles Hymn.*

Glow-worm.

The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.
808
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act i., Sc. 5.

Gluttony.

Swinish gluttony
Ne'er looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted, base ingratitude
Crams, and blasphemes his Feeder.
809
MILTON: *Comus,* Line 776.

God.

'T is heaven alone that is given away,
'T is only God may be had for the asking.
810
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL: *The Vision of Sir Launfal.*

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul.
811
POPE: *Essay on Man,* Epis. i., Line 267.

Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee:
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

812
MOORE: *Thou Art, O God.*

And they were canopied by the blue sky,
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful
That God alone was to be seen in heaven.
813
BYRON: *The Dream,* St. 4.

The conscious water saw its God and blushed.
814
RICHARD CRASHAW: *Epigram.*

From Thee, great God, we spring, to Thee we tend,—
Path, motive, guide, original, and end.
815
DR. JOHNSON: *Motto to the Rambler,* No. 7.

Gods.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us.
816
SHAKS.: *King Lear,* Act v., Sc. 3.

Heartily know,
When half-gods go,
The gods arrive.
817
EMERSON: *Give All to Love.*

Gold.

Gold; worse poison to men's souls,

Doing more murther in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell.
818
SHAKS.: *Rom. and Jul.,* Act v., Sc. 1.

O cursed lust of gold! when for thy sake
The fool throws up his interest in both worlds;
First starved in this, then damn'd in that to come.
819
BLAIR: *The Grave,* Line 347.

So dear a life your arms enfold,
Whose crying is a cry for gold.
820
TENNYSON: *The Daisy,* St. 24.

Goodness.

May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be!
And, when old Time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!
821
SHAKS.: *Henry VIII.,* Act ii., Sc. 1.

Oh, sir! the good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer's dust,
Burn to the socket.
822
WORDSWORTH: *Excursion,* Bk. i., Line 504.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long:
And so make life, death, and that vast forever

One grand, sweet song.
823
CHARLES KINGSLEY: *A Farewell.*

Good Night.

At once, good night:—
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.
824
SHAKS.: *Macbeth,* Act iii., Sc. 4.

Good night! good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night, till it be morrow.
825
SHAKS.: *Rom. and Jul.,* Act ii., Sc. 2.

To all, to each, a fair good night,
And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light.
826
SCOTT: *Marmion,* Canto vi., L'Envoy.

Government.

'T is government that makes them seem divine.
827
SHAKS.: *3 Henry VI.,* Act 1., Sc. 4.

Each petty hand
Can steer a ship becalm'd; but he that will
Govern and carry her to her ends, must know
His tides, his currents, how to shift his sails;
What she will bear in foul, what in fair weathers;

Where her springs are, her leaks, and how to stop 'em;
What strands, what shelves, what rooks do threaten her.
828
BEN JONSON: *Catiline,* Act iii., Sc. 1.

For forms of government let fools contest,
Whate'er is best administer'd is best.
829
POPE: *Essay on Man,* Epis. iii., Line 303.

Grace.

When once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right.
830
SHAKS.: *M. for M.,* Act iv., Sc. 4.

From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.
831
POPE: *E. on Criticism,* Pt. i., Line 152.

Grandeur.

Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.
832
GRAY: *Elegy,* St. 8.

Gratitude.

The still small voice of gratitude.
833
GRAY: *Ode for Music, Chorus,* V., Line 8.

I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning;
Alas! the gratitude of men
Hath oftener left me mourning.
834
WORDSWORTH: *Simon Lee.*

Grave.

One destin'd period men in common have,
The great, the base, the coward, and the brave,
All food alike for worms, companions in the grave.
835
LANSDOWNE: *On Death.*

The grave, dread thing!
Men shiver when thou 'rt named: Nature appall'd,
Shakes off her wonted firmness.
836
BLAIR: *The Grave,* Line 9.

Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down,
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrewn,
Fast by a brook or fountain's murmuring wave;
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave!
837
BEATTIE: *The Minstrel,* Bk. ii., St. 17.

Greatness.

I have touched the highest point of all my greatness.
838
SHAKS.: *Henry VIII.,* Act iii., Sc. 2.

Rightly to be great,
Is, not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honor's at the stake.
839
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act iv., Sc. 4.

Great hearts have largest room to bless the small;
Strong natures give the weaker home and rest.
840
LUCY LARCOM: *Sonnet, The Presence.*

Greece.

Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!
Immortal, though no more; though fallen, great!
841
BYRON: *Ch. Harold,* Canto ii., St. 73.

Such is the aspect of this shore;
'T is Greece, but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.
842
BYRON: *Giaour,* Line 90.

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung.
843

BYRON: *Don Juan,* Canto iii., St. 86. 1.

Greeks.

When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war.
844
NATHANIEL LEE: *Alex. the Great,* Act iv., Sc. 2.

Grief.

My grief lies onward and my joy behind.
845
SHAKS.: *Sonnet 50.*

What's gone, and what's past help,
Should be past grief.
846
SHAKS.: *Wint. Tale,* Act iii., Sc. 2.

What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?
847
MILTON: *Comus,* Line 362.

O brothers! let us leave the shame and sin
Of taking vainly, in a plaintive mood,
The holy name of GRIEF!—holy herein,
That, by the grief of ONE, came all our good.
848
MRS. BROWNING: *Sonnets, Exaggeration.*

In all the silent manliness of grief.
849
GOLDSMITH: *Des. Village,* Line 384.

Ground.

Where'er we tread, 't is haunted, holy ground.
850
BYRON: *Ch. Harold.* Canto ii., St. 88.

Groves.

The groves were God's first temples.
851
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT: *A Forest Hymn.*

In such green palaces the first kings reign'd,
Slept in their shades, and angels entertain'd;
With such old counsellors they did advise.
And by frequenting sacred groves grew wise.
852
WALLER: *On St. James's Park.*

Grudge.

If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
853
SHAKS.: *M. of Venice,* Act 1., Sc. 3.

Guests.

Unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.
854

SHAKS.: *1 Henry VI.,* Act ii., Sc. 2.

For I who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.
855
POPE: Satire ii., Line 159.

Guilt.

So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.
856
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act iv., Sc. 5.

How guilt, once harbor'd in the conscious breast,
Intimidates the brave, degrades the great!
857
DR. JOHNSON: *Irene,* Act iv., Sc. 8.

H.

Habit.

Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.
858

DRYDEN: *Ovid's Metamorphoses,* Bk. xv., Line 155.

Small habits well pursued betimes
May reach the dignity of crimes.
859
HANNAH MORE: *Floris,* Pt. i., Line 85.

Hair.

She knows her man, and when you rant and swear,
Can draw you to her with a single hair.
860
DRYDEN: *From Persius,* Satire v., Line 246.

Golden hair, like sunlight streaming
On the marble of her shoulder.
861
J.G. SAXE: *The Lover's Vision,* St. 3.

When you see fair hair
Be pitiful.
862
GEORGE ELIOT: *Spanish Gypsy,* Bk. 4.

Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd like a meteor to the troubled air.
863
GRAY: *The Bard,* Pt. i., St. 2.

Halter.

No man e'er felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law.
864

JOHN TRUMBULL: *McFingal,* Canto iii., Line 489.

Hand.

Let my hand—
This hand, lie in your own—my own true friend!
Hand in hand with you.
865
ROBERT BROWNING: *Paracelsus,* Sc. 5.

'T was a hand
White, delicate, dimpled, warm, languid, and bland.
The hand of a woman is often, in youth,
Somewhat rough, somewhat red, somewhat graceless in truth;
Does its beauty refine, as its pulses grow calm,
Or as Sorrow has, crossed the life-line in the palm?
866
OWEN MEREDITH: *Lucile,* Pt. i., Canto iii., St. 13.

Happiness.

And there is even a happiness
That makes the heart afraid.
867
HOOD: *Ode to Melancholy.*

Happiness depends, as Nature shows,
Less on exterior things than most suppose.
868
COWPER: *Table Talk,* Line 246.

O happiness! our being's end and aim!
Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name:

That something still which prompts the eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die.
869
POPE: *Essay on Man,* Epis. iv., Line 1.

Harmony.

Soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
870
SHAKS.: *M. of Venice,* Act v., Sc. 1.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man.
871
DRYDEN: *A Song for St. Cecilia's Day,* Line 11.

Harp.

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
872
MOORE: *The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls.*

Haste.

Farewell; and let your haste commend your duty.
873

SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act i., Sc. 2.

Running together all about,
The servants put each other out,
Till the grave master had decreed,
The more haste, ever the worst speed.
874
CHURCHILL: *Ghost,* Bk. iv., Line 1159.

Hat.

So Britain's monarch once uncovered sat,
While Bradshaw bullied in a broad-brimmed hat.
875
JAMES BRAMSTON: *Man of Taste.*

Hatred.

To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.
876
SHAKS.: *Mid. N. Dream,* Act iii., Sc. 2.

Never can true reconcilement grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep.
877
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. iv., Line 98.

There was a laughing devil in his sneer,
That rais'd emotions both of rage and fear;
And where his frown of hatred darkly fell,
Hope withering fled, and Mercy sigh'd farewell!
878
BYRON: *Corsair,* Canto i., St. 9.

He who surpasses or subdues mankind
Must look down on the hate of those below.
879
BYRON: *Ch. Harold,* Canto iii., St. 45.

Hawthorn.

And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
880
MILTON: *L'Allegro,* Line 67.

Head.

Oh good gray head which all men knew!
881
TENNYSON: *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington,* St. 4.

The tall, the wise, the reverend head
Must lie as low as ours.
882
WATTS: *Hymns and Spiritual Songs,* Bk. ii., Hymn 63.

Health.

Nor love, nor honor, wealth, nor power,
Can give the heart a cheerful hour
When health is lost. Be timely wise;
With health all taste of pleasure flies.
883
GAY: *Fables,* Pt. i., Fable 31.

Better to hunt in fields for health unbought
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
884
DRYDEN: *Epis. to John Dryden of Chesterton,* Line 92.

Heart.

A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.
885
SHAKS.: *Wint. Tale,* Act iv., Sc. 2.

With every pleasing, every prudent part,
Say, what can Chloe want? She wants a heart.
886
POPE: *Moral Essays,* Epis. ii., Line 159.

Or from Browning some "Pomegranate," which if cut deep down the middle,
Shows a heart within blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity.
887
MRS. BROWNING: *Lady Geraldine's Courtship,* xli.

The heart bowed down by weight of woe
To weakest hope will cling.
888
ALFRED BUNN: *Song.*

Here the heart
May give a useful lesson to the head.
And Learning wiser grow without his books.
889
COWPER: *Task,* Bk. vi., Line 85.

But on and up, where Nature's heart
Beats strong amid the hills.
890
RICHARD M. MILNES: *Tragedy of the Lac de Gaube,*
St. 2.

Heaven.

Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge
That no king can corrupt.
891
SHAKS.: *Henry VIII.,* Act iii., Sc. 1.

Heaven
Is as the Book of God before thee set,
Wherein to read his wondrous works.
892
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. viii., Line 66.

Some feelings are to mortals given
With less of earth in them than heaven.
893
SCOTT: *Lady of the Lake,* Canto ii., St. 22.

Hell.

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world.
894
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act iii., Sc. 2.

A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,

As one great furnace flamed; yet from those flames
No light; but rather darkness visible
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all, but torture without end.
895
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. i., Line 61.

Hell
Grew darker at their frown.
896
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. ii., Line 719.

To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,
Who never mentions hell to ears polite.
897
POPE: *Moral Essays,* Epis. iv., Line 149.

In hope to merit heaven by making earth a hell.
898
BYRON: *Ch. Harold,* Canto i., St. 20.

Hell is a city much like London—
A populous and a smoky city;
There are all sorts of people undone,
And there is little or no fun done;
Small justice shown, and still less pity.
899
SHELLEY: *Peter Bell the Third,* Pt. iii.

Heritage.

I, the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time.

900
TENNYSON: *Loksley Hall,* Line 178.

Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!
901
GOLDSMITH: *Traveller,* Line 50.

Heroes.

Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede.
902
POPE: *Essay on Man,* Epis. iv., Line 219.

Whoe'er excels in what we prize,
Appears a hero in our eyes.
903
SWIFT: *Cadenus and Vanessa,* Line 729.

To the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free
Death's voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be!
904
HALLECK: *Marco Bozzaris.*

Heroes as great have died, and yet shall fall.
905
POPE: *Iliad,* Bk. xv., Line 157.

Hills.

The hills,

Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun.
906
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT: *Thanatopsis.*

I have looked on the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung his tassels forth.
907
HEMANS: *The Voice of Spring.*

History.

History, with all her volumes vast,
Hath but one page.
908
BYRON: *Ch. Harold,* Canto iv.; St. 108.

Holiday.

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wished-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
909
SHAKS.: *1 Henry IV.,* Act i., Sc. 2.

There were his young barbarians all at play;
There was their Dacian mother: he, their sire,
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday!
910
BYRON: *Ch. Harold,* Canto iv., St. 141.

Holiness.

Whoso lives the holiest life
Is fittest far to die.
911
MARGARET J. PRESTON: *Ready.*

Homage.

When I am dead, no pageant train
Shall waste their sorrows at my bier,
Nor worthless pomp of homage vain
Stain it with hypocritic tear.
912
EDWARD EVERETT: *Alaric the Visigoth*

Home.

Home is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
Supporting and supported, polish'd friends
And dear relations mingle into bliss.
913
THOMSON: *Seasons, Autumn,* Line 65.

This fond attachment to the well-known place
Whence first we started into life's long race,
Maintains its hold with such unfailing sway,
We feel it e'en in age, and at our latest day.
914
COWPER: *Tirocinium,* Line 314.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

915
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: *Requiem.*

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there 's no place like home.
916
J. HOWARD PAYNE: *Home, Sweet Home.*

Type of the wise who soar but never roam,
True to the kindred points of heaven and home.
917
WORDSWORTH: *To a Skylark.*

Homer.

Read Homer once, and you can read no more,
For all books else appear so mean, so poor;
Verse may seem prose; but still persist to read,
And Homer will be all the books you need.
918
SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE: *Essay on Poetry*

Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne,
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold.
919
KEATS: *On first looking into Chapman's Homer.*

Seven cities warred for Homer being dead;
Who living had no roofe to shrowd his head.
920
THOMAS HEYWOOD: *Hierarchie of the Blessed Angells.*

Honesty.

An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.
921
SHAKS.: *Othello,* Act v., Sc. 2.

A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honest man's the noblest work of God.
922
POPE: *Essay on Man,* Epis. iv., Line 247.

Honor.

Too much honor:
O, 'tis a burthen, ... 'tis a burthen,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.
923
SHAKS.: *Henry VIII.,* Act iii., Sc. 2.

Honor travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path.
924
SHAKS.: *Troil, and Cress.,* Act iii., Sc. 3.

Honor's a fine imaginary notion,
That draws in raw and unexperienced men
To real mischiefs, while they hunt a shadow.
925
ADDISON: *Cato,* Act ii., Sc. 5.

Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.

926
POPE: *Essay on Man,* Epis. iv., Line 193.

His honor rooted in dishonor stood,
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.
927
TENNYSON: *Idyls, Elaine,* Line 884.

There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay.
928
WILLIAM COLLINS: *Ode in 1746.*

Hood.

A page of Hood may do a fellow good
After a scolding from Carlyle or Ruskin.
929
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES: *How Not to Settle It.*

Hope.

True hope is swift, and flies with swallows' wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.
930
SHAKS.: *Richard III.,* Act v., Sc. 2.

So farewell hope, and, with hope, farewell fear,
Farewell remorse! All good to me is lost.
931
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. iv., Line 108.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never is, but always to be blest.

932
POPE: *Essay on Man,* Epis. i., Line 95.

Auspicious hope! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe.
933
CAMPBELL: *Pl. of Hope,* Pt. i., Line 45.

Thus heavenly hope is all serene,
But earthly hope, how bright soe'er,
Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene,
As false and fleeting as 'tis fair.
934
HEBER: *On Heavenly Hope and Earthly Hope.*

Where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all.
935
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. i., Line 65.

"All hope abandon, ye who enter in!"
These words in sombre color I beheld
Written upon the summit of a gate.
936
DANTE: *Inferno, Longfellow's Trans.,* Canto iii., Line 9.

Horn.

Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.
937
WORDSWORTH: *Miscellaneous Sonnets,* Pt. i., xxxiii.

Horror.

My fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise louse and stir
As life were in 't: I have supp'd full with horrors.
938
SHAKS.: *Macbeth,* Act v., Sc. 5.

On horror's head horrors accumulate.
939
SHAKS.: *Othello,* Act iii., Sc. 3.

Horse.

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!
940
SHAKS.: *Richard III.,* Act v., Sc. 4.

Hospitality.

My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality.
941
SHAKS.: *As You Like It,* Act ii., Sc. 4.

Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted.
942
LONGFELLOW: *Evangeline,* Pt. I., iv., Line 15.

Host.

The leader, mingling with the vulgar host,
Is in the common mass of matter lost.
943
POPE: *Odyssey,* Bk. iv., Line 397.

Hour.

Too busy with the crowded hour to fear to live or die.
944
EMERSON: *Quatrains, Nature.*

Catch, then, oh catch the transient hour;
Improve each moment as it flies!
Life's a short summer, man a flower;
He dies—alas! how soon he dies!
945
DR. JOHNSON: *Winter, An Ode.*

House.

For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a';
There 's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman 's awa'.
946
WILLIAM J. MICKLE: *Manner's Wife.*

Humanity.

But hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity.
947

WORDSWORTH: *Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey.*

O suffering, sad humanity!
O ye afflicted ones, who lie
Steeped to the lips in misery,
Longing, yet afraid to die,
Patient, though sorely tried!
948
LONGFELLOW: *Goblet of Life.*

Humility.

Give me the lowest place: or if for me
That lowest place too high, make one more low
Where I may sit and see
My God and love Thee so.
949
CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI: *The Lowest Place.*

Hunger.

The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jurymen may dine.
950
POPE: *R. of the Lock,* Canto iii., Line 21.

Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave.
951
THOMSON: *Seasons, Winter,* Line 393.

Hunting.

The healthy huntsman, with a cheerful horn,
Summons the dogs and greets the dappled Morn.
The jocund thunder wakes the enliven'd hounds,
They rouse from sleep, and answer sounds for
sounds.
952
GAY: *Rural Sports,* Canto ii., Line 96.

Husband.

As the husband is, the wife is; thou art mated with a
clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have weight to
drag thee down.
953
TENNYSON: *Locksley Hall,* St. 24.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet
To think how monie counsels sweet,
How monie lengthened sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises.
954
BURNS: *Tam O'Shanter.*

Hypocrisy.

This outward-sainted deputy,—
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth emmew
As falcon doth the fowl,—is yet a devil.
955
SHAKS.: *M. for M.,* Act iii., Sc. 1.

Neither man nor angel can discern

Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By His permissive will, through Heaven and Earth.
956
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. iii., Line 682.

The hypocrite had left his mask, and stood
In naked ugliness. He was a man
Who stole the livery of the court of heaven
To serve the devil in.
957
POLLOK: *Course of Time,* Pt. viii., Line 615.

I.

Ice.

Yon foaming flood seems motionless as ice;
Its dizzy turbulence eludes the eye,
Frozen by distance.
958
WORDSWORTH: *Address to Kilchurn Castle.*

Idea.

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,

To teach the young idea how to shoot.
959
THOMSON: *Seasons, Spring,* Line 1149.

Idleness.

Absence of occupation is not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a mind distress'd.
960
COWPER: *Retirement,* Line 623.

Ignorance.

Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.
961
SHAKS.: *2 Henry VI.,* Act iv., Sc. 7.

From ignorance our comfort flows,
The only wretched are the wise.
962
PRIOR: *To Hon. C. Montague.*

Where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise.
963
GRAY: *Ode on Eton College.*

Ills.

Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.
964

BURNS: *Tam O'Shanter.*

There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,—
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.
965
DR. JOHNSON: *Van. of Human Wishes,* Line 159.

Imagination.

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact.
966
SHAKS.: *Mid. N. Dream,* Act v., Sc. 1.

Imagination is the air of mind.
967
BAILEY: *Festus,* Sc. *Another and a Better World.*

But thou that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation.
968
WORDSWORTH: *Yarrow Visited.*

Immortality.

It must be so, Plato, thou reasonest well!—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
969
ADDISON: *Cato,* Act v., Sc. 1.

Where music dwells

Lingering and wandering on as loth to die,
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality.
970
WORDSWORTH: *Ecclesiastical Sonnets,* Pt. iii., xliii.

Impossibility.

And what's impossible can't be,
And never, never comes to pass.
971
COLMAN, JR.: *Maid of the Moor.*

Impudence.

For he that has but impudence,
To all things has a fair pretence;
And, put among his wants but shame,
To all the world may lay his claim.
972
BUTLER: *Misc. Thoughts,* Line 17.

Inconstancy.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more;
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never.
973
SHAKS.: *Much Ado,* Act ii., Sc. 3, *Song.*

There are three things a wise man will not trust—
The wind, the sunshine of an April day,

And woman's plighted faith.
974
SOUTHEY: *Madoc,* Pt. ii., *Caradoc and Senena,* Line 51.

Independence.

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share;
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.
975
SMOLLETT: *Ode to Independence.*

Let independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies!
976
JOSEPH HOPKINSON: *Hail, Columbia!*

Indifference.

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba.
977
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act ii., Sc. 2.

Let ev'ry man enjoy his whim;
What's he to me, or I to him?
978
CHURCHILL: *Ghost,* Bk. iv., Line 215.

Infancy.

Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care;
The opening bud to heav'n convey'd,
And bade it blossom there.
979
COLERIDGE: *Epitaph on an Infant.*

Infidelity.

If man loses all, when life is lost,
He lives a coward, or a fool expires.
A daring infidel (and such there are,
From pride, example, lucre, rage, revenge,
Or pure heroical defect of thought,)
Of all earth's madmen, most deserves a chain.
980
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts,* Night vii., Line 199.

Influence.

No life
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife,
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.
981
OWEN MEREDITH: *Lucile,* Pt. ii., Canto vi., St. 40.

Ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize.
982
MILTON: *L'Allegro,* Line 121.

Ingratitude.

I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.
983
SHAKS.: *Tw. Night,* Act iii., Sc. 4.

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster!
984
SHAKS.: *King Lear,* Act i., Sc. 4.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child.
985
SHAKS.: *King Lear,* Act i., Sc. 4.

Inhumanity.

Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.
986
BURNS: *Man was Made to Mourn.*

Inn.

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found,
The warmest welcome at an inn.
987
SHENSTONE: *Lines on Window of Inn at Henley.*

Innocence.

The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.
988
SHAKS.: *Wint. Tale,* Act ii., Sc. 3.

An age that melts in unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modest innocence away.
989
DR. JOHNSON: *Van. of Human Wishes,* Line 293.

Instinct.

Then vainly the philosopher avers
That reason guides our deeds, and instinct theirs.
How can we justly different causes frame,
When the effects entirely are the same?
Instinct and reason how can we divide?
'Tis the fool's ignorance, and the pedant's pride.
990
PRIOR: *Solomon on the V. of the World,* Bk. i., Line 231.

Invention.

Th' invention all admir'd, and each how he
To be th' inventor miss'd; so easy it seem'd,
Once found, which yet unfound most would have thought
Impossible!
991

MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. vi., Line 498.

Iron.

Ay me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron!
992
BUTLER: *Hudibras,* Canto iii., Line 1.

Isle, Isles.

Some unsuspected isle in far-off seas.
993
ROBERT BROWNING: *Pippa Passes,* Pt. ii.

The sprinkled isles,
Lily on lily, that o'erlace the sea.
994
ROBERT BROWNING: *Cleon.*

Italy.

Italia! O Italia! thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty, which became
A funeral dower of present woes and past,
On thy sweet brow is sorrow plough'd by shame,
And annals graved in characters of flame.
995
BYRON: *Ch. Harold,* Canto iv., St. 4.

Italy, my Italy!
Queen Mary's saying serves for me
(When fortune's malice

Lost her Calais):
"Open my heart, and you will see
Graved inside of it 'Italy.'"
996
ROBERT BROWNING: *De Gustibus,* ii.

Ivy.

Oh, a dainty plant is the ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.
997
DICKENS: *Pickwick Papers,* Ch. 6.

J.

January.

Then came old January, wrappèd well
In many weeds to keep the cold away;
Yet did he quake and quiver like to quell,
And blow his nails to warm them if he may.
998

SPENSER: *Faerie Queene,* Bk. vii., Canto vii., St. 42.

Jealousy.

O beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on.
999
SHAKS.: *Othello,* Act iii., Sc. 3.

No true love there can be without
Its dread penalty—jealousy.
1000
OWEN MEREDITH: *Lucile,* Pt. ii., Canto i., St. 24

Nor jealousy
Was understood, the injur'd lover's hell.
1001
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. v., Line 449.

Jest.

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it.
1002
SHAKS.: *Love's L. Lost,* Act v., Sc. 2.

Of all the griefs that harass the distrest,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest.
1003
DR. JOHNSON: *London,* Line 166.

Jewel.

It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear.
1004
SHAKS.: *Rom. and Jul.,* Act i., Sc. 5.

Joke.

A college joke to cure the dumps.
1005
SWIFT: *Cassinus and Peter.*

Joy.

Capacity for joy
Admits temptation.
1006
MRS. BROWNING: *Aurora Leigh,* Bk. i., Line 703.

Joy is the mainspring in the whole
Of endless Nature's calm rotation.
Joy moves the dazzling wheels that roll
In the great Time-piece of Creation.
1007
SCHILLER: *Hymn to Joy*

Joys too exquisite to last,
And yet *more* exquisite when past.
1008
JAMES MONTGOMERY: *The Little Cloud.*

Judgment.

A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
1009
SHAKS.: *M. of Venice,* Act iv., Sc. 1.

O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason.
1010
SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar,* Act iii., Sc. 2.

July.

Then came hot July, boiling like to fire,
That all his garments he had cast away.
1011
SPENSER: *Faerie Queene,* Bk. vii., Canto vii., St. 36.

June.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays.
1012
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL: *Vision of Sir Launfal.*

Juries.

The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try.
1013
SHAKS.: *M. for M.,* Act ii., Sc. 1.

Do not your juries give their verdict
As if they felt the cause, not heard it?
And as they please make matter of fact
Run all on one side as they're packt.
1014
BUTLER: *Hudibras,* Pt. ii., Canto ii., Line 365.

Justice.

And then, the justice;
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Fall of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part.
1015
SHAKS.: *As You Like It,* Act ii., Sc. 7.

The gods
Grow angry with your patience: 't is their care,
And must be yours, that guilty men escape not:
As crimes do grow, justice should rouse itself.
1016
BEN JONSON: *Catiline,* Act iii., Sc. 4.

Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally justice
Triumphs.
1017
LONGFELLOW: *Evangeline,* Pt. I., iii., Line 34.

K.

Keys.

Two massy keys he bore, of metals twain
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain).
1018
MILTON: *Lycidas,* Line 109.

Kin.

A little more than kin, and less than kind.
1019
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act i., Sc. 2.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.
1020
SHAKS.: *Troil. and Cress.,* Act iii., Sc. 3.

Kindness.

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love.
1021
SHAKS.: *Tam. of the S.,* Act iv., Sc. 2.

That best portion of a good man's life,—
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.
1022
WORDSWORTH: *Lines composed a few miles above*

Tintern Abbey.

Kings.

What have kings that privates have not too,
Save ceremony?
1023
SHAKS.: *Henry V.,* Act iv., Sc. 1.

Kings are like stars,—they rise and set, they have
The worship of the world, but no repose.
1024
SHELLEY: *Hellas,* Line 195.

Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold.
1025
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. ii., Line 1.

Kissing.

Then kiss me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips.
1026
SHAKS.: *Othello,* Act iii., Sc. 3.

Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
1027
SHAKS.: *Richard III.,* Act i., Sc. 2.

When my lips meet thine
Thy very soul is wedded unto mine.

1028
H.H. BOYESEN: *Thy Gracious Face I Greet with Glad Surprise.*

Her mouth's culled sweetness by thy kisses shed
On cheeks and neck and eyelids, and so led
Back to her mouth which answers there for all.
1029
DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI: *Love-Sweetness,* Sonnet xiii.

I rest content, I kiss your eyes,
I kiss your hair, in my delight:
I kiss my hand, and say, Good night.
1030
JOAQUIN MILLER: *Isles of the Amazons,* Pt. v.

One kiss—and then another—and another—
Till 't is too late to go—and so return.
1031
CHARLES KINGSLEY: *Saint's Tragedy,* Act ii., Sc. 10.

Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others.
1032
TENNYSON: *The Princess,* Pt. iv., Line 36.

Knavery.

There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark
But he's an arrant knave.
1033
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act i., Sc. 5.

Whip me such honest knaves.
1034
SHAKS.: *Othello,* Act i., Sc. 1.

Knell.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung.
1035
WILLIAM COLLINS: *Lines in 1746.*

Ne'er sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
Or smil'd when a Sabbath appear'd.
1036
COWPER: *Verses supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk.*

Knowledge.

Knowledge is as food, and needs no less
Her temp'rance over appetite, to know
In measure what the mind may well contain;
Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns
Wisdom to folly.
1037
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. vii., Line 126.

All our knowledge is, ourselves to know.
1038
POPE: *Essay on Man,* Epis. iv., Line 397.

I know—is all the mourner saith,
Knowledge by suffering entereth;
And Life is perfected by Death!

1039
MRS. BROWNING: *Vision of Poets,* St. 330.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers.
1040
TENNYSON: *Locksley Hall,* Line 141.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll.
1041
GRAY: *Elegy,* St. 13.

Oh, be wiser thou!
Instructed that true knowledge leads to love.
1042
WORDSWORTH: *Lines left upon a Seat in a Yew-tree.*

L.

Labor.

I have seen a swan
With bootless labor swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.
1043
SHAKS.: *3 Henry VI.,* Act i., Sc. 4.

Labor, you know, is Prayer.
1044
BAYARD TAYLOR: *Improvisations,* St. 11.

Taste the joy
That springs from labor.
1045
LONGFELLOW: *Masque of Pandora,* Pt. vi.

To fall'n humanity our Father said,
That food and bliss should not be found unsought;
That man should labor for his daily bread;
But not that man should toil and sweat for nought.
1046
EBENEZER ELLIOTT: *Corn Law Hymns.*

To labor is the lot of man below;
And when Jove gave us life, he gave us woe.
1047
POPE: *Iliad,* Bk. x., Line 78.

Ladies.

Ladies, like variegated tulips, show
'T is to their changes half their charms we owe.
1048
POPE: *Moral Essays,* Epis. ii., Line 41.

Lake.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,
And round his breast the ripples break
As down he bears before the gale.

1049
JAMES G. PERCIVAL: *To Seneca Lake.*

Land.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said
This is my own, my native land!
1050
SCOTT: *Lay of the Last Minstrel,* Canto vi., St. 1.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood;
Land of the mountain and the flood!
1051
SCOTT: *Lay of the Last Minstrel,* Canto vi., St. 2.

Landscape.

The low'ring element
Scowls o'er the darken'd landscape
1052
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. ii., Line 490.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view?
1053
JOHN DYER: *Grongar Hill,* Line 102.

Language.

Fit language there is none

For the heart's deepest things.
1054
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL: *Legend of Brittany,* Pt. i., St. 28.

Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.
1055
LONGFELLOW: *Flowers.*

Lark.

Now hear the lark,
The herald of the morn; ... whose notes do beat
The vaulty heavens, so high above our heads, ...
Some say the lark makes sweet division.
1056
SHAKS.: *Rom. and Jul.,* Act iii., Sc. 5.

And now the herald lark
Left his ground-nest, high tow'ring to descry
The morn's approach, and greet her with his song.
1057
MILTON: *Par. Regained,* Bk. ii., Line 279

Lass.

A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.
1058
LADY NAIRNE: *The Laird o' Cockpen.*

Latin.

That soft bastard Latin,
Which melts like kisses from a female mouth.
1059
BYRON: *Beppo,* St. 44.

Laughter.

Laughter, holding both his sides.
1060
MILTON: *L'Allegro,* Line 32.

Vulcan with awkward grace his office plies,
And unextinguish'd laughter shakes the skies.
1061
POPE: *Iliad,* Bk. i., Line 770.

Law.

In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being seasoned with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil?
1062
SHAKS.: *M. of Venice,* Act iii., Sc. 2.

Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law.
1063
GOLDSMITH: *Traveller,* Line 386.

And sovereign law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate,
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.
1064

SIR WILLIAM JONES: *Ode in Im. of Alcoeus.*

Leaf—Leaves.

My way of life
Is fall'n into the sere, the yellow leaf.
1065
SHAKS.: *Macbeth,* Act v., Sc. 3.

Call for the robin-redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
1066
JOHN WEBSTER: *The White Devil,* Act v., Sc. 2.

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,—
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground.
1067
POPE: *Iliad,* Bk. vi., Line 181.

Learning.

"The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary,"—
That is some satire, keen and critical.
1068
SHAKS.: *Mid. N. Dream,* Act v., Sc. 1.

Learning unrefin'd,
That oft enlightens to corrupt the mind.
1069
FALCONER: *Shipwreck,* Canto i., Line 166.

Some for renown, on scraps of learning dote,
And think they grow immortal as they quote.
1070
YOUNG: *Love of Fame,* Satire i., Line 89.

Lending.

Loan oft loses both itself and friend.
1071
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act i., Sc. 3.

If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; (for when did friendship take
A breed of barren metal of his friend?)
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who, if he break, thou mayst with better face
Exact the penalties.
1072
SHAKS.: *M. of Venice,* Act i., Sc. 3.

Letters.

My letters! all dead paper, mute and white!
And yet they seem alive, and quivering
Against my tremulous hands which loose the string
And let them drop down on my knee to-night.
1073
MRS. BROWNING: *Sonnets fr. Portuguese,* Sonnet xxviii.

Kind messages, that pass from land to land;
Kind letters, that betray the heart's deep history,
In which we feel the pressure of a hand,—
One touch of fire,—and all the rest is mystery!

1074
LONGFELLOW: *Dedication to Seaside and Fireside,* St. 5.

You have the letters Cadmus gave,—
Think ye he meant them for a slave?.
1075
BYRON: *Don Juan,* Canto iii., St. 86. 10.

Liberty.

I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please.
1076
SHAKS.: *As You Like It,* Act ii., Sc. 7.

In liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side;
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask,
Content, though blind—had I no better guide.
1077
MILTON: Sonnet xxii., *To Cyriack Skinner.*

When liberty is gone,
Life grows insipid and has lost its relish.
1078
ADDISON: *Cato,* Act ii., Sc. 3.

Liberty, like day,
Breaks on the soul, and by a flash from Heaven
Fires all the faculties with glorious joy.
1079
COWPER: *Task,* Bk. v., Line 882.

Liberty 's in every blow!
Let us do or die.
1080
BURNS: *Bannockburn.*

The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty.
1081
MILTON: *L'Allegro,* Line 36.

Lies.

You told a lie; an odious, damned lie:
Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie.
1082
SHAKS.: *Othello,* Act v., Sc. 2.

Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie;
A fault which needs it most, grows two thereby.
1083
HERBERT: *Temple, Church Porch,* St. 13.

Life.

Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.
1084
SHAKS.: *Macbeth,* Act v., Sc. 5.

Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou livest,
Live well; how long or short, permit to Heav'n.

1085
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. xi., Line 553.

Must we count
Life a curse and not a blessing, summed-up in its whole amount,
Help and hindrance, joy and sorrow?
1086
ROBERT BROWNING: *La Saisiaz,* Line 206.

Between two worlds, life hovers like a star
'Twixt night and morn, upon the horizon's verge.
1087
BYRON: *Don Juan,* Canto xv., St. 99.

Our life is scarce the twinkle of a star
In God's eternal day.
1088
BAYARD TAYLOR: *Autumnal Vespers.*

Life is the gift of God, and is divine.
1089
LONGFELLOW: *T. of a Wayside Inn,* Emma and Eginhard.

What is life? A thawing iceboard
On a sea with sunny shore:
Gay we sail; it melts beneath us;
We are sunk and seen no more.
1090
CARLYLE: *Cui Bono.*

Life's a vast sea
That does its mighty errand without fail,
Panting in unchanged strength though waves are changing.

1091
GEORGE ELIOT: *Spanish Gypsy,* Bk. iii.

Life is not to be bought with heaps of gold:
Not all Apollo's Pythian treasures hold,
Or Troy once held, in peace and pride of sway,
Can bribe the poor possession of a day.
1092
POPE: *Iliad,* Bk. ix., Line 524.

So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life.
1093
TENNYSON: *In Memoriam,* lv., St. 2.

Light.

Hail, holy Light! offspring of Heaven first-born!
Or of the Eternal coeternal beam,
May I express thee unblam'd? since God is light,
And never but in unapproachèd light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate!
1094
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. iii., Line 1.

But yet the light that led astray
Was light from heaven.
1095
BURNS: *The Vision.*

The light that never was, on sea or land;
The consecration, and the Poet's dream.
1096
WORDSWORTH: *Suggested by a Picture of Peele Castle*

in a Storm, St. 4.

Light, light, and light! to break and melt in sunder
All clouds and chains that in one bondage bind
Eyes, hands, and spirits, forged by fear and wonder
And sleek fierce fraud with hidden knife behind.
1097
SWINBURNE: *Eve of Revolution,* St. 10.

Lightning.

Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night.
1098
SHAKS.: *Mid. N. Dream,* Act i., Sc. 1.

Lilies.

Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head and perish.
1099
SHAKS.: *Henry VIII,* Act iii., Sc. 1.

In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair.
1100
MILTON: *Comus,* Line 859.

Lincoln, Abraham.

This man, whose homely face you look upon,
Was one of Nature's masterful, great men;

Born with strong arms, that unfought battles won
Direct of speech, and cunning with the pen.
Chosen for large designs, he had the art
Of winning with his humor, and he went
Straight to his mark, which was the human heart;
Wise, too, for what he could not break he bent.
Upon his back a more than Atlas-load,—
The burden of the Commonwealth,—was laid;
He stooped, and rose up to it, though the road
Shot suddenly downwards, not a whit dismayed.
Hold, warriors, councillors, kings! All now give place
To this dear benefactor of the Race.
1101
R.H. STODDARD: *Abraham Lincoln.*

Line.

Marlowe's mighty line.
1102
BEN JONSON: *To the Memory of Shakespeare.*

Profan'd the God-given strength, and marr'd the lofty line.
1103
SCOTT: *Marmion, Introduction to Canto i.*

Lion.

The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpowered.
1104
SHAKS.: *Richard II.,* Act v., Sc. 1.

Lips.

Her lips are roses over-washed with dew,
Or like the purple of Narcissus' flower;
No frost their fair, no wind doth waste their power,
But by her breath her beauties do renew.
1105
ROBERT GREENE: *From Menaphon. Menaphon's Ecl.*

Little.

Contented wi' little, and cantie wi' mair.
1106
BURNS: *Contented wi' Little.*

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.
1107
GOLDSMITH: *The Hermit,* Ch. viii., St. 8.

Locks.

Thou canst not say I did it; never shake
Thy gory locks at me.
1108
SHAKS.: *Macbeth,* Act iii., Sc. 4.

John Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonny brow was brent.
1109
BURNS: *John Anderson.*

Logic.

He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skill'd in analytic;
He could distinguish and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side.
1110
BUTLER: *Hudibras,* Pt. i., Canto i., Line 65.

London.

London! the needy villain's general home,
The common-sewer of Paris and of Rome!
With eager thirst, by folly or by fate,
Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state.
1111
DR. JOHNSON: *London,* Line 83.

Longings.

I have
Immortal longings in me.
1112
SHAKS.: *Ant. and Cleo.,* Act v., Sc. 2.

Looks.

My only books
Were woman's looks,—
And folly 's all they've taught me.
1113

MOORE: *The Time I've Lost in Wooing.*

Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
1114
GOLDSMITH: *Des. Village,* Line 223.

Lord.

Lord of himself,—that heritage of woe!
1115
BYRON: *Lara,* Canto i., St. 2.

Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.
1116
WOTTON: *Character of a Happy Life.*

Loss.

That loss is common would not make
My own less bitter—rather more;
Too common! Never morning wore
To evening but some heart did break.
1117
TENNYSON: *In Memoriam,* Pt. vi., St. 2.

Love.

O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away.

1118
SHAKS.: *Two Gent. of V.,* Act i., Sc. 3.

Love is a spirit all compact of fire;
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.
1119
SHAKS.: *Venus and A.,* Line 149.

Such is the power of that sweet passion,
That it all sordid baseness doth expel,
And the refined mind doth newly fashion
Unto a fairer form, which now doth dwell
In his high thought, that would itself excel;
Which he, beholding still with constant sight,
Admires the mirror of so heavenly light.
1120
SPENSER: *Hymn in Honor of Love.*

How could I tell I should love thee to-day,
Whom that day I held not dear?
How could I know I should love thee away
When I did not love thee anear?
1121
JEAN INGELOW: *Supper at the Mill. Song.*

Instruct me now what love will do;
'T will make a tongueless man to woo.
Inform me next what love will do;
'T will strangely make a one of two.
Teach me besides what love will do;
'T will quickly mar and make ye too.
Tell me, now last, what love will do;
'T will hurt and heal a heart pierc'd through.
1122
SIR JOHN SUCKLING: *Aph. of Love.*

Love is the only good in the world.
Henceforth be loved as heart can love,
Or brain devise, or hand approve.
1123
ROBERT BROWNING: *Flight of the Duchess,* Pt. xv.

Mutual love brings mutual delight—
Brings beauty, life; for love is life, hate, death.
1124
R.H. DANA: *The Dying Raven.*

Let those love now, who never loved before,
Let those who always loved, now love the more.
1125
PARNELL: *Trans. of Pervigilium Veneris.*

Love, well thou know'st, no partnership allows:
Cupid averse rejects divided vows.
1126
PRIOR: *Henry and Emma,* Line 590.

And love, life's fine centre, includes heart and mind.
1127
OWEN MEREDITH: *Lucile,* Pt. ii., Canto i., St. 17.

I hold it true, whate'er befall,
I feel it when I sorrow most;
'T is better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.
1128
TENNYSON: *In Memoriam,* Pt. xxvii., St. 4.

Had we never loved so kindly,
Had we never loved so blindly,
Never met, or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

1129
BURNS: *Song, Ae Fond Kiss.*

Love in a hut, with water and a crust,
Is—Love, forgive us! cinders, ashes, dust.
1130
KEATS: *Lamia,* Pt. ii., Line 1.

Why did she love him? Curious fool! be still;
Is human love the growth of human will?
1131
BYRON: *Lara,* Canto ii., St. 22.

There is no pleasure like the pain
Of being loved, and loving.
1132
PRAED: *Legend of the Haunted Tree.*

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'T is woman's whole existence.
1133
BYRON: *Don Juan,* Canto i., St. 194.

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets, dances on the green;
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven and heaven is love.
1134
SCOTT: *Lay of the Last Minstrel,* Canto iii., St. 2.

True love is at home on a carpet,
And mightily likes his ease,—
And true love has an eye for a dinner,

And starves beneath shady trees.
His wing is the fan of a lady,
His foot's an invisible thing,
And his arrow is tipp'd with a jewel,
And shot from a silver string.
1135
WILLIS: *Love in a Cottage.*

What is love? 't is nature's treasure,
'T is the storehouse of her joys;
'T is the highest heaven of pleasure,
'T is a bliss which never cloys.
1136
THOMAS CHATTERTON: *The Revenge,* Act i., Sc. 2.

Luxury.

O Luxury! thou curs'd by heaven's decree,
How ill-exchang'd are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
1137
GOLDSMITH: *Des. Village,* Line 395.

Blest hour! it was a luxury—to be!
1138
COLERIDGE: *Reflections on Having Left a Place of Retirement.*

M.

Madness.

I am not mad;—I would to heaven I were!
For then, 't is like I should forget myself;
O, if I could,—what grief should I forget!
1139
SHAKS.: *King John,* Act iii., Sc. 4.

Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.
1140
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act iii., Sc. 1.

And moody madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.
1141
GRAY: *On a Distant Prospect of Eton College.*

Man.

O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
1142
SHAKS.: *M. for M.,* Act iii., Sc. 2.

He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.
1143
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act i., Sc. 2.

His life was gentle; and the elements

So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"
1144
SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar,* Act v., Sc. 5.

Man is one world, and hath.
Another to attend him.
1145
HERBERT: *The Temple. Man.*

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,
The proper study of mankind is Man.
1146
POPE: *Essay on Man,* Epis. ii., Line 1.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin gray, and a' that?
Gie fools their silks and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that!
1147
BURNS: *For a' That and a' That.*

Man is a summer's day; whose youth and fire
Cool to a glorious evening, and expire.
1148
HENRY VAUGHAN: *Rules and Lessons.*

Beyond the poet's sweet dream lives
The eternal epic of the man.
1149
WHITTIER: *The Grave by the Lake,* St. 34.

What is man? A foolish baby;
Vainly strives, and fights, and frets:
Demanding all, deserving nothing,
One small grave is all he gets.

1150
CARLYLE: *Cui Bono.*

Manners.

Fit for the mountains and the barb'rous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd.
1151
SHAKS.: *Tw. Night,* Act iv., Sc. 1.

Manners with fortunes, humors turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.
1152
POPE: *Moral Essays,* Epis. i., Line 172.

Marble.

And sleep in dull cold marble.
1153
SHAKS.: *Henry VIII.,* Act iii., Sc. 2.

All your better deeds
Shall be in water writ, but this in marble.
1154
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *Philaster,* Act v., Sc. 3.

March.

The stormy March is come at last,
With wind, and clouds, and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast,
That through the snowy valleys flies.
1155

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT: *March.*

Ah, March! we know thou art
Kind-hearted, spite of ugly looks and threats,
And, out of sight, art nursing April's violets!
1156
HELEN HUNT: *March.*

Marriage.

The ancient saying is no heresy;—
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.
1157
SHAKS.: *M. of Venice,* Act ii, Sc. 9.

Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship.
1158
SHAKS.: *1 Henry VI.,* Act v., Sc. 5.

The joys of marriage are the heaven on earth,
Life's paradise, great princess, the soul's quiet,
Sinews of concord, earthly immortality,
Eternity of pleasures.
1159
FORD: *Broken Heart,* Act ii., Sc. 2.

Hail, wedded love! mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring.
1160
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. iv., Line 750.

Marriage is the life-long miracle,
The self-begetting wonder, daily fresh.
1161

CHARLES KINGSLEY: *Saint's Tragedy,* Act ii., Sc. 9.

Martyrs.

Life has its martyrs, as brave, as strong, and as faithful,
E'en as the martyrs of death.
1162
H.H. BOYESEN: *Calpurnia,* Pt. iv.

A pale martyr in his shirt of fire.
1163
ALEXANDER SMITH: *A Life Drama,* Sc. 2.

Masters.

We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly followed.
1164
SHAKS.: *Othello,* Act i., Sc. 1.

Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
1165
SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar,* Act i., Sc. 2.

Matter.

When Bishop Berkeley said "there was no matter,"
And proved it,—'t was no matter what he said.
1166
BYRON: *Don Juan,* Canto xi., St. 1.

May.

The voice of one who goes before, to make
The paths of June more beautiful, is thine,
Sweet May!
1167
HELEN HUNT: *May.*

The new-born May,
As cradled yet in April's lap she lay.
Born in yon blaze of orient sky,
Sweet May! thy radiant form unfold,
Unclose thy blue voluptuous eye,
And wave thy shadowy locks of gold.
1168
ERASMUS DARWIN: *L. of the Plants,* Canto ii., Line 307.

Now the bright morning-star, Day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who, from her green lap, throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
1169
MILTON: *Song on May Morning.*

Meeting.

It gives me wonder, great as my content,
To see you here before me.
1170
SHAKS.: *Othello,* Act ii., Sc. 1.

Each hour until we meet is as a bird

That wings from far his gradual way along
The rustling covert of my soul,—his song
Still loudlier trilled through leaves more deeply stirr'd:
But at the hour of meeting, a clear word
Is every note he sings, in Love's own tongue.
1171
DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI: *Winged Hours,* Sonnet xv.

Melancholy.

There 's such a charm in melancholy.
1172
ROGERS: *To* ——.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give;
And I with thee will choose to live.
1173
MILTON: *Il Penseroso,* Line 175.

Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.
1174
GRAY: *Elegy, The Epitaph.*

Melodies.

And feeling hearts, touch them but rightly, pour
A thousand melodies unheard before!
1175
ROGERS: *Human Life.*

Memory.

Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I 'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there.
1176
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act i., Sc. 5

The eyes of memory will not sleep,
Its ears are open still,
And vigils with the past they keep
Against my feeble will.
1177
WHITTIER: *Knight of St. John.*

Tho' lost to sight, to mem'ry dear
Thou ever wilt remain.
1178
GEORGE LINLEY: *Song.*

Men.

Men are but children of a larger growth.
1179
DRYDEN: *All for Love,* Act iv., Sc. 1.

Mercy.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:

'T is mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.
1180
SHAKS.: *M. of Venice,* Act iv., Sc. 1.

Who will not mercie unto others show,
How can he mercy ever hope to have?
1181
SPENSER: *Faerie Queene,* Bk. v., Canto ii., St. 42.

Merit.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend;
His praise is lost, who stays till all commend.
1182
POPE: *E. on Criticism,* Pt. ii., Line 274.

Midnight.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:—
Lovers to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.
1183
SHAKS.: *Mid. N. Dream,* Act v., Sc. 1.

Midnight brought on the dusky hour
Friendliest to sleep and silence.
1184
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. v., Line 667.

'T is midnight now. The bent and broken moon,
Batter'd and black, as from a thousand battles,
Hangs silent on the purple walls of heaven.
1185
JOAQUIN MILLER: *Ina,* Sc. 2.

Milton.

That mighty orb of song,
The divine Milton.
1186
WORDSWORTH: *Excursion,* Bk. i.

Mind.

The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n.
1187
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. i., Line 254.

Measure your mind's height by the shade it casts.
1188
ROBERT BROWNING: *Paracelsus,* Sc. 3.

Though man a thinking being is defined,
Few use the grand prerogative of mind.
1189
JANE TAYLOR: *Essays in Rhyme,* Essay i., St. 45.

My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such present joys therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss
That earth affords or grows by kind.
1190
EDWARD DYER: *Ms. Rawl.,* 85, p. 17.

Mirth.

More merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.
1191
SHAKS.: *Mid. N. Dream,* Act v., Sc. 1.

Come, thou Goddess fair and free,
In heav'n yclept Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth.
1192
MILTON: *L'Allegro,* Line 11.

As Tammie glow'red, amazed and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious.
1193
BURNS: *Tam o' Shanter.*

Mischief.

O, mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
1194
SHAKS.: *Rom. and Jul.,* Act v., Sc. 1.

When to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
1195
POPE: *R. of the Lock,* Canto iii., St. 125.

Misery.

Sharp misery had worn him to the bones.
1196
SHAKS.: *Rom. and Jul.,* Act v., Sc. 1.

Heaven hears and pities hapless men like me,
For sacred ev'n to gods is misery.
1197
POPE: *Odyssey,* Bk. v., Line 572.

Misfortune.

One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow.
1198
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act iv., Sc. 7.

As if Misfortune made the throne her seat,
And none could be unhappy but the great.
1199
NICHOLAS ROWE: *Fair Penitent. Prologue.*

Mobs.

You have many enemies that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do.
1200
SHAKS.: *Henry VIII.,* Act ii., Sc. 4.

The rabble all alive,
From tippling benches, cellars, stalls, and sties,
Swarm in the streets.
1201
COWPER: *Task,* Bk. vi., Line 704.

Mockery.

Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence!
1202
SHAKS.: *Macbeth,* Act iii., Sc. 4.

Modesty.

Her looks do argue her replete with modesty.
1203
SHAKS.: *3 Henry VI.,* Act iii., Sc. 2.

Such an act
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty.
1204
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act iii., Sc. 4.

Monarchs.

A morsel for a monarch.
1205
SHAKS.: *Ant. and Cleo.,* Act i., Sc. 5.

A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate
Of mighty monarchs.
1206
THOMSON: *Seasons, Summer,* Line 1285.

Money.

This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,

With senators on the bench.
1207
SHAKS.: *Timon of A.,* Act iv., Sc. 3.

He had rolled in money like pigs in mud.
1208
Hood: *Miss Kilmansegg.*

'T is true we've money, th' only power
That all mankind falls down before.
1209
BUTLER: *Hudibras,* Pt. iii., Canto ii., Line 1327.

Get money; still get money, boy,
No matter by what means.
1210
BEN JONSON: *Every Man in His Humour,* Act ii., Sc. 3.

Months.

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November,
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting February alone:
Which hath but twenty-eight, in fine,
Till leap year gives it twenty-nine.
1211
Common in the New England States.

Monuments.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme.

1212
SHAKS.: *Sonnet 55.*

Mood.

Anon they move
In perfect phalanx, to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders.
1213
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. i. Line 549.

Fantastic as a woman's mood,
And fierce as Frenzy's fever'd blood.
1214
SCOTT: *Lady of the Lake,* Canto v., St. 30.

Moon.

Now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the Moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.
1215
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. iv., Line 604.

How like a queen comes forth the lonely Moon
From the slow opening curtains of the clouds;
Walking in beauty to her midnight throne!
1216
GEORGE CROLY: *Diana.*

The moon had climb'd the highest hill

Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
Her silver light on tower and tree.
1217
JOHN LOWE: *Mary's Dream.*

Morality.

Religion blushing, veils her sacred fires,
And unawares Morality expires.
1218
POPE: *Dunciad,* Bk. iv., Line 649.

Morning.

See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a younker, prancing to his love.
1219
SHAKS.: *3 Henry VI.,* Act ii., Sc. 1.

Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds.
1220
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. iv., Line 641.

Night wanes—the vapors round the mountains curl'd
Melt into morn, and light awakes the world.
1221
BYRON: *Lara,* Canto ii., St. 1.

The moon is carried off in purple fire:
Day breaks at last.

1222
ROBERT BROWNING: *Return of the Druses,* Act i.

Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high.
1223
WATTS: *Psalm* v.

Mortality.

All, that in this world is great or gay,
Doth, as a vapor, vanish and decay.
1224
SPENSER: *Ruins of Time,* Line 55.

We cannot hold mortality's strong hand.
1225
SHAKS.: *King John,* Act iv., Sc. 2.

Mother.

A woman's love
Is mighty, but a mother's heart is weak,
And by its weakness overcomes.
1226
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL: *Legend of Brittany,* Pt. ii., St. 43.

A mother is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive.
1227
COLERIDGE: *The Three Graves.*

Mountains.

I know a mount, the gracious Sun perceives
First when he visits, last, too, when he leaves
The world; and, vainly favored, it repays
The day-long glory of his steadfast gaze
By no change of its large calm front of snow.
1228
ROBERT BROWNING: *Rudel To The Lady of Tripoli.*

And to me
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
Of human cities torture.
1229
BYRON: *Ch. Harold,* Canto iii., St. 72.

Mounting.

I mount and mount toward the sky,
The eagle's heart is mine,
I ride to put the clouds a-by
Where silver lakelets shine.
The roaring streams wax white with snow,
The eagle's nest draws near,
The blue sky widens, hid peaks glow,
The air is frosty clear.
And so from cliff to cliff I rise,
The eagle's heart is mine;
Above me ever broadning skies,
Below the rivers shine.
1230
HAMLIN GARLAND: *Mounting.*

Mourning.

We must all die!
All leave ourselves, it matters not where, when,
Nor how, so we die well: and can that man that does so
Need lamentation for him?
1231
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *Valentinian,* Act iv., Sc. 4.

Ah, surely nothing dies but something mourns.
1232
BYRON: *Don Juan,* Canto iii., St. 108.

Murder.

Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.
1233
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act i., Sc. 5.

Murder may pass unpunish'd for a time,
But tardy justice will o'ertake the crime.
1234
DRYDEN: *Cock and Fox,* Line 285.

Music.

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.

1235
SHAKS.: *M. of Venice,* Act v., Sc. 1.

Music's golden tongue
Flatter'd to tears this aged man and poor.
1236
KEATS: *Eve of St. Agnes,* St. 3.

Music has charms to soothe the savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend the knotted oak;
I've read that things inanimate have mov'd,
And, as with living souls, have been inform'd,
By magic numbers and persuasive sound.
1237
CONGREVE: *Mourning Bride,* Act i., Sc. 1.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm.
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please;
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.
1238
POPE: *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day,* St. 7.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possest beyond the Muse's painting.
1239
COLLINS: *The Passions,* Line 1.

The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till wak'd and kindled by the master's spell,

And feeling hearts—touch them but rightly—pour
A thousand melodies unheard before.
1240
ROGERS: *Human Life,* Line 362.

A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy Fame is proud to win them;
Alas for those that never sing,
But die with all their music in them!
1241
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES: *The Voiceless.*

N.

Name.

What's in a name? That which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet.
1242
SHAKS.: *Rom. and Jul.,* Act ii., Sc. 2.

Who hath not owned, with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name?
1243
CAMPBELL: *Pl. of Hope,* Pt. ii., Line 5.

Nature.

Nature ever yields reward
To him who seeks, and loves her best.
1 244
BARRY CORNWALL: *Above and Below.*

O Nature, how fair is thy face,
And how light is thy heart, and how friendless thy grace!
1245
OWEN MEREDITH: *Lucile,* Pt. i., Canto v., St. 28.

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware.
1246
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT: *Thanatopsis.*

News—Newspapers.

The first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.
1247
SHAKS.: *2 Henry IV.,* Act i., Sc. 1.

Evil news rides post, while good news baits.
1248

MILTON: *Samson Agonistes,* Line 1538.

Turn to the press—its teeming sheets survey,
Big with the wonders of each passing day;
Births, deaths, and weddings, forgeries, fires, and wrecks,
Harangues and hailstones, brawls and broken necks.
1249
SPRAGUE: *Curiosity.*

Newton.

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night:
God said, "Let Newton be!" and all was light.
1250
POPE: *Epitaph intended for Sir Isaac Newton.*

Newton (that proverb of the mind), alas!
Declared, with all his grand discoveries recent,
That he himself felt only "like a youth
Picking up shells by the great ocean—Truth."
1251
BYRON: *Don Juan,* Canto vii., St. 5.

New Year.

The wave is breaking on the shore,—
The echo fading from the chime—
Again the shadow moveth o'er
The dial-plate of time!
1252
WHITTIER: *The New Year.*

Niagara.

Flow on for ever in thy glorious robe
Of terror and of beauty; ... God hath set
His rainbow on thy forehead; and the cloud
Mantles around thy feet.
1253
MRS. SIGOURNEY: *Niagara.*

Night.

Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes.
1254
SHAKS.: *Mid. N. Dream,* Act iii., Sc. 2.

Now began
Night with her sullen wing to double-shade
The desert; fowls in their clay nests were couch'd,
And now wild beasts came forth, the woods to roam.
1255
MILTON: *Par. Regained,* Bk. i., Line 409.

Awful Night!
Ancestral mystery of mysteries.
1256
GEORGE ELIOT: *Spanish Gypsy,* Bk. iv.

Night, night it is, night upon the palms.
Night, night it is, the land wind has blown.
Starry, starry night, over deep and height;
Love, love in the valley, love all alone.
1257
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: *The Feast of Famine.*

Night is the time to weep,
To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory where sleep
The joys of other years.
1258
JAMES MONTGOMERY: *The Issues of Life and Death.*

Nightingale.

The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection!
1259
SHAKS.: *M. of Venice,* Act v., Sc. 1.

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill.
1260
MILTON: *Sonnet 1.*

Nobility.

Noble by birth, yet nobler by great deeds.
1261
LONGFELLOW: *Tales of a Wayside Inn. Emma and Eginhard.*

For he who is honest is noble,
Whatever his fortunes or birth.
1262
ALICE CARY: *Nobility.*

North.

Ask where's the north? at York, 't is on the Tweed;
In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
1263
POPE: *Essay on Man,* Epis. ii., Line 222.

November.

Next was November; he full gross and fat
As fed with lard, and that right well might seem;
For he had been a-fatting hogs of late,
That yet his brows with sweat did reek and steam.
1264
SPENSER: *Faerie Queene,* Bk. vii., Canto vii., St. 40.

In rattling showers dark November's rain,
From every stormy cloud, descends amain.
1265
RUSKIN: *The Months.*

Numbers.

As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.
1266
POPE: *Prologue to the Satires,* Line 127.

O.

Oak.

Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir.
1267
KEATS: *Hyperion,* Bk. i.

A song to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who hath ruled in the greenwood long!
1268
HENRY F. CHORLEY: *The Brave Old Oak.*

Oars.

The oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes.
1269
SHAKS.: *Ant. and Cleo.,* Act ii., Sc. 2.

Oaths.

'T is not the many oaths that make the truth;
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.
1270
SHAKS.: *All 's Well,* Act iv., Sc. 2.

Oaths were not purpos'd, more than law,
To keep the good and just in awe,
But to confine the bad and sinful,
Like moral cattle, in a pinfold.
1271
BUTLER: *Hudibras,* Pt. ii., Canto ii., Line 197.

Obedience.

Let them obey that know not how to rule.
1272
SHAKS.: *2 Henry VI.,* Act v., Sc. 1.

Obedience is the Christian's crown.
1273
SCHILLER: *Fight with the Dragon,* St. 24.

Observation.

For he is but a bastard to the time
That doth not smack of observation.
1274
SHAKS.: *King John,* Act i., Sc. 1.

Ocean.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,

He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.
1275
BYRON: *Ch. Harold,* Canto iv., St. 179.

One height
Showed him the ocean, stretched in liquid light,
And he could hear its multitudinous roar,
Its plunge and hiss upon the pebbled shore.
1276
GEORGE ELIOT: *Legend of Jubal,* Line 506.

October.

The sweet calm sunshine of October, now
Warms the low spot; upon its grassy mould
The purple oak-leaf falls; the birchen bough
Drops its bright spoil like arrow-heads of gold.
1277
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT: *October, 1866.*

October's foliage yellows with his cold.
1278
RUSKIN: *The Months.*

Offence.

In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.
1279
SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar,* Act iv., Sc. 3.

And love the offender, yet detest the offence.
1280

POPE: *Eloisa to A.,* Line 192.

Old Age.

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility:
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly.
1281
SHAKS.: *As You Like It,* Act ii., Sc. 3.

When he is forsaken,
Withered and shaken,
What can an old man do but die?
1282
HOOD: *Ballad.*

Opinion.

Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.
1283
SHAKS.: *Pericles,* Act ii., Sc. 2.

He that complies against his will
Is of his own opinion still.
1284
BUTLER: *Hudibras,* Pt. iii., Canto iii., Line 547.

Opportunity.

O Opportunity! thy guilt is great:
'T is thou that execut'st the traitor's treason;
Thou sett'st the wolf where he the lamb may get;
Whoever plots the sin, thou point'st the season;
'T is thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason.
1285
SHAKS.: *R. of Lucrece,* Line 876.

Oracle.

I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!
1286
SHAKS.: *M. of Venice,* Act i., Sc. 1.

Oratory.

Thence to the famous orators repair,
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democracy,
Shook the Arsenal, and fulmined over Greece,
To Macedon, and Artaxerxes' throne.
1287
MILTON: *Par. Regained,* Bk. iv., Line 267.

Order.

Order is heav'n's first law; and this confest,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
1288

POPE: *Essay on Man,* Epis. iv., Line 49.

Ornament.

Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea.
1289
SHAKS.: *M. of Venice,* Act iii., Sc. 2.

Owl.

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night.
1290
SHAKS.: *Macbeth,* Act ii., Sc. 2.

P.

Pain.

Pain pays the income of each precious thing.
1291
SHAKS.: *R. of Lucrece,* Line 334.

Pain is no longer pain when it is past.

1292
MARGARET J. PRESTON: *Sonnet. Nature's Lesson.*

The sad mechanic exercise
Like dull narcotics numbing pain.
1293
TENNYSON: *In Memoriam, Prologue,* v., St. 2.

Painter.

With hue like that when some great painter dips
His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse.
1294
SHELLEY: *Revolt of Islam,* Canto v., St. 23.

Palm.

No hammers fell, no ponderous axes rung;
Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung.
1295
HEBER: *Palestine.*

Pan.

And they heard the words it said,—
"Pan is dead! great Pan is dead!
Pan, Pan is dead!"
1296
MRS. BROWNING: *The Dead Pan.*

Pang.

And even the pang preceding death
Bids expectation rise.
1297
GOLDSMITH: *The Captivity,* Act ii.

Paradise.

'T is sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows in Paradise our store.
1298
KEBLE: *Burial of the Dead.*

Pardon.

Forgiveness to the injured does belong;
But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong.
1299
DRYDEN: *Conquest of Granada,* Pt. ii., Act i., Sc. 2.

Parents.

Great families of yesterday we show,
And lords, whose parents were the Lord knows who.
1300
DEFOE: *True-Born Englishman,* Pt. i., Line 1.

Parting.

What! gone without a word?
Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it.

1301
SHAKS.: *Two Gent. of V.,* Act ii., Sc. 2.

They who go
Feel not the pain of parting; it is they
Who stay behind that suffer.
1302
LONGFELLOW: *Michael Angelo,* Pt. I., i.

Such partings break the heart they fondly hope to heal.
1303
BYRON: *Ch. Harold,* Canto i., St. 10.

Passion.

Fountain heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves.
1304
JOHN FLETCHER: *The Nice Valour,* Act iii., Sc. 3.

Passions are likened best to floods and streams:
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb.
1305
SIR WALTER RALEIGH: *Silent Lover.*

Past, The.

Over the trackless past, somewhere,
Lie the lost days of our tropic youth,
Only regained by faith and prayer,
Only recalled by prayer and plaint:
Each lost day has its patron saint.
1306

BRET HARTE: *The Lost Galleon,* Last St.

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
1307
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES: *Chambered Nautilus.*

Patience.

How poor are they, that have not patience!
What wound did ever heal, but by degrees?
1308
SHAKS.: *Othello,* Act ii., Sc. 3.

Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubim.
1309
SHAKS.: *Othello,* Act iv., Sc. 2.

Patience is more oft the exercise
Of saints, the trial of their fortitude,
Making them each his own deliverer,
And victor over all
That tyranny or fortune can inflict.
1310
MILTON: *Samson Agonistes,* Line 1287.

Patience is a plant
That grows not in all gardens.
1311
LONGFELLOW: *Michael Angelo,* Pt. ii., 4.

There are times when patience proves at fault.
1312
ROBERT BROWNING: *Paracelsus,* Sc. 3.

Patriotism.

Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires;
God, and your native land!
1313
FITZ-GREENE HALLECK: *Marco Bozzaris.*

One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,
One Nation evermore!
1314
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES: *Voyage of the Good Ship Union.*

My country, 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,—
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.
1315
SAMUEL F. SMITH: *National Hymn.*

Sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
1316
LONGFELLOW: *Building of the Ship.*

Peace.

A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.
1317
SHAKS.: *2 Henry IV.,* Act iv., Sc. 2.

I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to see my shadow in the sun.
1318
SHAKS.: *Richard III.,* Act i., Sc. 1.

Why prate of peace? when, warriors all,
We clank in harness into hall,
And ever bare upon the board
Lies the necessary sword.
1319
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: *The Woodman.*

Peace hath her victories,
No less renowned than war.
1320
MILTON: Sonnet xvi.

Peace was on the earth and in the air.
1321
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT: *The Ages,* St. 30.

Pearls.

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung.
1322

SIR WILLIAM JONES: *A Persian Song of Hafiz.*

Pen.

Beneath the rule of men entirely great,
The pen is mightier than the sword.
1323
BULWER-LYTTON: *Richelieu,* Act ii., Sc. 2.

This dull product of a scoffer's pen.
1324
WORDSWORTH: *Excursion,* Bk. ii.

People.

And what the people but a herd confus'd,
A miscellaneous rabble, who extol
Things vulgar, and, well weigh'd, scarce worth the praise?
1325
MILTON: *Par. Regained,* Bk. iii., Line 49.

Perfection.

One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.
1326
SHAKS.: *Rom. and Jul.,* Act i., Sc. 2.

Perjury.

At lovers' perjuries,

They say, Jove laughs.
1327
SHAKS.: *Rom. and Jul.,* Act ii., Sc. 2.

Perseverance.

Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honor bright. To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery.
1328
SHAKS.: *Troil. and Cress.,* Act iii., Sc. 3.

Persuasion.

He from whose lips divine persuasion flows.
1329
POPE: *Iliad,* Bk. vii., Line 143.

Petitions.

Petition me no petitions, sir, to-day;
Let other hours be set apart for business.
1330
FIELDING: *Tom Thumb the Great,* Act i., Sc. 2.

Philosophy.

How charming is divine Philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,

Where no crude surfeit reigns.
1331
MILTON: *Comus,* Line 476.

Physic.

Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.
1332
SHAKS.: *Macbeth,* Act v., Sc. 3.

Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel.
1333
SHAKS.: *King Lear,* Act iii., Sc. 4.

Piety.

Why should not piety be made,
As well as equity, a trade,
And men get money by devotion,
As well as making of a motion?
1334
BUTLER: *Misc. Thoughts,* Line 295.

Pilot.

Oh pilot, 'tis a fearful night!
There's danger on the deep.
1335
THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY: *The Pilot.*

Pines.

Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines.
1336
COLERIDGE: *Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni.*

Pipe.

Divine in hookas, glorious in a pipe
When tipp'd with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe.
1337
BYRON: *The Island,* Canto ii., St. 19.

Pity.

Pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
1338
SHAKS.: *Timon of A.,* Act iii., Sc. 5.

Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
1339
GOLDSMITH: *Des. Village,* Line 161.

Place.

The fittest place where man can die
Is where he dies for man!
1340
MICHAEL J. BARRY: *The Dublin Nation, Sept. 28, 1844.*

Play.

The play 's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.
1341
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act ii., Sc. 2.

Pleasure.

Pleasure, and revenge,
Have ears more deaf than adders, to the voice
Of any true decision.
1342
SHAKS.: *Troil. and Cress.,* Act ii., Sc. 2.

But not e'en pleasure to excess is good:
What most elates, then sinks the soul as low.
1343
THOMSON: *Castle of Indolence,* Canto i., St. 63.

Pleasure must succeed to pleasure, else past pleasure
turns to pain.
1344
ROBERT BROWNING: *La Saisiaz,* Line 170.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed.
1345
BURNS: *Tam o' Shanter.*

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
1346
DRYDEN: *Alex. Feast,* Line 97.

Poetry—Poets.

It is not poetry that makes men poor;
For few do write that were not so before.
1347
BUTLER: *Misc. Thoughts,* Line 441.

A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice.
1348
HERBERT: *Temple, Church Porch,* St. 1.

Poets are all who love, who feel great truths,
And tell them; and the truth of truths is love.
1349
BAILEY: *Festus,* Sc. *Another and a Better World.*

The poor poet
Worships without reward, nor hopes to find
A heaven save in his worship.
1350
GEORGE ELIOT: *Spanish Gypsy,* Bk. i.

God is the PERFECT POET,
Who in creation acts his own conceptions.
1351
ROBERT BROWNING: *Paracelsus,* Sc. 2.

Sweet are the pleasures that to verse belong,
And doubly sweet a brotherhood in song.
1352
KEATS: *Epis. to George Felton Mathews.*

Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares.—

The poets who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight, by heavenly lays.
1353
WORDSWORTH: *Personal Talk.*

Pole.

True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun.
1354
BARTON BOOTH: *Song.*

Pomp.

Give lettered pomp to teeth of Time,
So "Bonnie Doon" but tarry;
Blot out the epic's stately rhyme,
But spare his "Highland Mary"!
1355
WHITTIER: *Lines on Burns*

Poppies.

As full-blown poppies, overcharg'd with rain,
Decline the head, and drooping kiss the plain,—
So sinks the youth.
1356
POPE: *Iliad,* Bk. viii., Line 371.

Popularity.

O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:

And that, which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.
1357
SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar,* Act i., Sc. 3.

Bareheaded, popularly low he bow'd,
And paid the salutations of the crowd.
1358
DRYDEN: *Palamon and Arcite,* Bk. iii., Line 689.

Possession.

What we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lacked and lost,
Why then we rack the value, then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours.
1359
SHAKS.: *Much Ado,* Act iv., Sc. 1.

Possession means to sit astride of the world,
Instead of having it astride of you.
1360
CHARLES KINGSLEY: *Saint's Tragedy,* Act i., Sc. 2.

Poverty.

My poverty, but not my will, consents.
1361
SHAKS.: *Rom. and Jul.,* Act v., Sc. 1.

If we from wealth to poverty descend,
Want gives to know the flatterer from the friend.

1362
DRYDEN: *Wife of Bath,* Line 485.

Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong.
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.
1363
SHELLEY: *Julian and Maddalo.*

In ev'ry sorrowing soul I pour'd delight,
And poverty stood smiling in my sight.
1364
POPE: *Odyssey,* Bk. xvii., Line 505.

Power.

What can power give more than food and drink,
To live at ease, and not be bound to think?
1365
DRYDEN: *Medal,* Line 235.

The good old rule
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.
1366
WORDSWORTH: *Rob Roy's Grave.*

Prairie.

Far in the East like low-hung clouds
The waving woodlands lie;
Far in the West the glowing plain
Melts warmly in the sky.

No accent wounds the reverent air,—
No footprint dints the sod,—
Low in the light the prairie lies
Rapt in a dream of God.
1367
JOHN HAY: *The Prairie.*

Praise.

Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance dear.
1368
SHAKS.: *All 's Well,* Act v., Sc. 3.

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering teach the rest to sneer.
1369
POPE: *Prologue to the Satires,* Line 201.

Prayer.

Let never day nor night unhallowed pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.
1370
SHAKS.: *2 Henry VI.,* Act ii., Sc. 1.

If by prayer
Incessant I could hope to change the will
Of him who all things can, I would not cease
To weary him with my assiduous cries;
But prayer against his absolute decree
No more avails than breath against the wind
Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth:
Therefore to his great bidding I submit.

1371
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. xi., Line 307.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.
1372
COLERIDGE: *Ancient Mariner,* Pt. vii.

God answers sharp and sudden on some prayers,
And thrusts the thing we have prayed for in our face,
A gauntlet with a gift in 't.
1373
MRS. BROWNING: *Aurora Leigh,* Bk. ii.

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of.
1374
TENNYSON: *Morte d'Arthur,* Line 247.

Preaching.

I preached as never sure to preach again,
And as a dying man to dying men.
1375
RICHARD BAXTER: *Love Breathing Thanks and Praise.*

Present.

The Present, the Present is all thou hast
For thy sure possessing;
Like the patriarch's angel hold it fast
Till it gives its blessing.

1376
WHITTIER: *My Soul and I,* St. 34.

Press.

Here shall the Press the People's right maintain,
Unaw'd by influence and unbrib'd by gain.
1377
JOSEPH STORY: *Motto of the "Salem Register."*

Pride.

Pride hath no other glass
To show itself, but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.
1378
SHAKS.: *Troil. and Cress.,* Act iii., Sc. 3.

And the Devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is pride that apes humility.
1379
COLERIDGE: *The Devil's Thoughts.*

Priest.

No nightly trance or breathèd spell
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.
1380
MILTON: *Hymn on Christ's Nativity,* Line 173.

Primrose.

A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.
1381
WORDSWORTH: *Peter Bell,* Pt. i., St. 12.

Printing.

Blest be the gracious Power, who taught mankind
To stamp a lasting image of the mind!
1382
CRABBE: *The Library,* Line 69.

Some said, "John, print it"; others said, "Not so."
Some said, "It might do good"; others said, "No."
1383
BUNYAN: *Pilgrim's Progress, Apology for his Book.*

Prison.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet, take
That for an hermitage.
1384
LOVELACE: *To Althea, from Prison,* iv.

Procrastination.

Procrastination is the thief of time:
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.

1385
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts,* Night i., Line 393.

Prodigies.

When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say
"These are their reasons,—They are natural;"
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.
1386
SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar,* Act i., Sc. 3.

Progress.

Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns.
1387
TENNYSON: *Locksley Hall,* St. 69.

Promise.

And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense:
That keep the word of promise to our ear
And break it to our hope.
1388
SHAKS.: *Macbeth,* Act v., Sc. 8.

Proof.

Give me the ocular proof;

Make me to see 't; or, at the least, so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on.
1389
SHAKS.: *Othello,* Act iii., Sc. 3.

Prophecy.

Coming events cast their shadows before.
1390
CAMPBELL: *Lochiel's Warning.*

Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life,
The evening beam that smiles the cloud away,
And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray!
1391
BYRON: *Bride of Ab.,* Canto ii., St. 20.

Prose.

And he whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad.
1392
POPE: *Prol. to Satires,* Line 186.

And Sidney, warbler of poetic prose.
1393
COWPER: *Task,* Bk. iv., Line 514.

Proselytes.

The greatest saints and sinners have been made
Of proselytes of one another's trade.
1394
BUTLER: *Misc. Thoughts,* Line 315.

Prospects.

As distant prospects please us, but when near
We find but desert rocks and fleeting air.
1395
SAMUEL GARTH: *Dispensatory,* Canto iii., Line 27.

Prosperity.

Prosperity's the very bond of love;
Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart together
Affliction alters.
1396
SHAKS.: *Wint. Tale,* Act iv., Sc. 3.

Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assured us.
1397
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. ii., Line 39.

Providence.

There's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow.
1398

SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act v., Sc. 2.

What in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support;
That, to the height of this great argument,
I may assert Eternal Providence
And justify the ways of God to men.
1399
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. i., Line 22.

Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?
1400
POPE: *Essay on Man,* Epis. i., Line 205.

'T is Providence alone secures
In every change both mine and yours.
1401
COWPER: *A Fable. Moral.*

Prudence.

Henceforth His might we know, and know our own,
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war, provoked.
1402
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. i., Line 643.

Where passion leads or prudence points the way.
1403
ROBERT LOWTH: *Choice of Hercules,* i.

Prudery.

Yon ancient prude, whose wither'd features show
She might be young some forty years ago,
Her elbows pinion'd close upon her hips,
Her head erect, her fan upon her lips,
Her eyebrows arch'd, her eyes both gone astray
To watch yon amorous couple in their play,
With bony and unkerchief'd neck defies
The rude inclemency of wintry skies,
And sails, with lappet-head and mincing airs,
Duly at chink of bell to morning prayers.
1404
COWPER: *Truth,* Line 13.

Pulpit.

And pulpit, drum ecclesiastick,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick.
1405
BUTLER: *Hudibras,* Pt. i, Canto i., Line 11.

Punishment.

Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed, add wings.
1406
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. ii., Line 699.

Purity.

'Tis said the lion will turn and flee
From a maid in the pride of her purity.
1407
BYRON: *Siege of Corinth,* St. 21.

Purpose.

Make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose.
1408
SHAKS.: *Macbeth,* Act i., Sc. 5.

Purse.

Who steals my purse steals trash; 't is something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands.
1409
SHAKS.: *Othello,* Act iii., Sc. 3.

Pygmies.

Pygmies are pygmies still, though percht on Alps;
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
1410
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts,* Night vi., Line 309.

Q.

Quacks.

Out, you impostors!
Quack-salving cheating mountebanks!—your skill
Is to make sound men sick, and sick men kill.
1411
MASSINGER: *Virgin-Martyr,* Act iv., Sc. 1.

Void of all honor, avaricious, rash,
The daring tribe compound their boasted trash—
Tincture of syrup, lotion, drop, or pill:
All tempt the sick to trust the lying bill.
1412
CRABBE: *Borough,* Letter vii., Line 75.

Quakers.

Upright Quakers please both man and God.
1413
POPE: *Dunciad,* Bk. iv., Line 208.

The Quaker loves an ample brim,
A hat that bows to no salaam;
And dear the beaver is to him
As if it never made a dam.
1414
HOOD: *All Round my Hat.*

Quarrels.

Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel: but, being in,
Bear 't that the opposed may beware of thee:
1415
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act i., Sc. 3.

They who in quarrels interpose,
Must often wipe a bloody nose.
1416
GAY: *Fables,* Pt. i., Fable 34.

Queen.

She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen.
1417
POPE: *Iliad,* Bk. iii., Line 208.

Quickness.

With too much quickness ever to be taught;
With too much thinking to have common thought.
1418
POPE: *Moral Essays,* Epis. ii., Line 97.

Quiet.

Quiet to quick bosoms is a hell.
1419
BYRON: *Ch. Harold,* Canto iii., St. 42.

Safe in the hallowed quiets of the past.
1420
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL: *The Cathedral.*

Quips.

Quips and Cranks and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks and wreathed Smiles.
1421
MILTON: *L'Allegro,* Line 25.

Quotation.

The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.
1422
SHAKS.: *M. of Venice,* Act i., Sc. 3.

Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations
By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.
1423
POPE: *E. on Criticism,* Pt. iii., Line 103.

R.

Race.

He lives to build, not boast, a generous race;
No tenth transmitter of a foolish face.
1424
RICHARD SAVAGE: *The Bastard,* Line 7.

Rage.

Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire
1425
DRYDEN: *Alex. Feast,* Line 160.

Rain.

For the rain it raineth every day.
1426
SHAKS.: *Tw. Night,* Act v., Sc. 1.

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!
1427
LONGFELLOW: *Rain in Summer,* Sts. 1 and 2.

The rain comes when the wind calls.
1428
EMERSON: *Woodnotes,* Pt. ii., Line 271.

In winter, when the dismal rain
Came down in slanting lines.
1429

ALEXANDER SMITH: *A Life Drama,* Sc. 2.

Rainbow.

Hail, many-colored messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres, and my unshrubb'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth.
1430
SHAKS.: *Tempest,* Act iv., Sc. 1.

That gracious thing made up of tears and light.
1431
COLERIDGE: *Two Founts,* St. 5.

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose.
1432
WORDSWORTH: *Intimations of Immortality,* St. 2.

There was an awful rainbow once in heaven:
We know her woof, her texture; she is given
In the dull catalogue of common things.
Philosophy will clip an angel's wings.
1433
KEATS: *Lamia,* Pt. ii.

Rank.

Superior worth your rank requires:
For that, mankind reveres your sires;

If you degenerate from your race,
Their merits heighten your disgrace.
1434
GAY: *Fables,* Pt. ii, Fable 11.

The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.
1435
BURNS: *For a' That and a' That.*

Raptures.

If such there breathe, go, mark him well!
For him no minstrel raptures swell.
1436
SCOTT: *Lay of the Last Minstrel,* Canto vi., St. 1.

Rashness.

Where men of judgment creep and feel their way,
The positive pronounce without dismay.
1437
COWPER: *Conversation,* Line 145.

One more unfortunate
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death.
1438
HOOD: *The Bridge of Sighs.*

Reading.

Many books,
Wise men have said, are wearisome; who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
Uncertain and unsettled still remains—
Deep versed in books, and shallow in himself.
1439
MILTON: *Par. Regained,* Bk. iv., Line 321.

When the last reader reads no more.
1440
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES: *The Last Reader.*

Stuff the head
With all such reading as was never read:
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it.
1441
POPE: *Dunciad,* Bk. iv., Line 249.

Realms.

These are our realms, no limit to their sway,—
Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey.
1442
BYRON: *Corsair,* Canto i., St. 1.

Reason.

I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.
1443
SHAKS.: *Two Gent. of V.,* Act i., Sc. 2.

Reason raise o'er instinct as you can,

In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis man.
1444
POPE: *Essay on Man,* Epis. iii., Line 97.

I would make
Reason my guide.
1445
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT: *Conjunction of Jupiter and Venus.*

The confidence of reason give,
And in the light of truth thy bondman let me live!
1446
WORDSWORTH: *Ode to Duty.*

Indu'd
With sanctity of reason.
1447
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. vii., Line 507.

Rebellion.

Their weapons only
Seem'd on our side, but, for their spirits and souls,
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond.
1448
SHAKS.: *2 Henry IV.,* Act i., Sc. 1.

Rebellion now began, for lack
Of zeal and plunder, to grow slack.
1449
BUTLER: *Hudibras,* Pt. iii., Canto ii., Line 31.

Rebuff.

Then welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand, but go!
1450
ROBERT BROWNING: *Rabbi Ben Ezra.*

Rebuke.

Forbear sharp speeches to her; She's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.
1451
SHAKS.: *Cymbeline,* Act iii., Sc. 5.

Reckoning.

So comes a reck'ning when the banquet's o'er,
The dreadful reck'ning, and men smile no more.
1452
GAY: *What D' ye Call It,* Act ii., Sc. 9.

Recollection.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view.
1453
WORDSWORTH: *The Old Oaken Bucket.*

Reconciliation.

Never can true reconcilement grow,
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep.
1454
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. iv., Line 98.

Records.

In records that defy the tooth of time.
1455
YOUNG: *The Statesman's Creed.*

Recreation.

Sweet recreation barred, what doth ensue
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,
And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?
1456
SHAKS.: *Com. of Errors,* Act v., Sc. 1.

Of recreation there is none
So free as Fishing is alone;
All other pastimes do no less
Than mind and body both possess:
My hand alone my work can do,
So I can fish and study too.
1457
IZAAK WALTON: *The Complete Angler. The Angler's Song.*

Redress.

What need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress.
1458
SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar,* Act ii., Sc. 1.

Reflection.

Remembrance and reflection how allied!
What thin partitions sense from thought divide!
1459
POPE: *Essay on Man,* Epis. i., Line 225.

Reformation.

'Tis the talent of our English nation,
Still to be plotting some new Reformation.
1460
DRYDEN: *Sophonisba,* Prologue.

Regret.

O last regret, regret can die!
1461
TENNYSON: *In Memoriam,* lxxviii., St. 5.

Deep as first love, and wild with all regret.
Oh death in life, the days that are no more!
1462
TENNYSON: *The Princess,* Pt. iv., Line 36.

Religion.

In Religion
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament.
1463
SHAKS.: *M. of Venice,* Act iii., Sc. 2.

Religion is a spring,
That from some secret, golden mine
Derives her birth, and thence doth bring
Cordials in every drop, and wine.
1464
HENRY VAUGHAN: *Religion.*

Religion crowns the statesman and the man,
Sole source of public and of private peace.
1465
YOUNG: *Public Situation of the Kingdom,* Line 500.

Pity Religion has so seldom found
A skilful guide into poetic ground!
1466
COWPER: *Table Talk,* Line 17.

Religion stands on tiptoe in our land,
Ready to pass to the American strand.
1467
HERBERT: *The Church Militant.*

Remedies.

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to Heaven; the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull

Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
1468
SHAKS.: *All 's Well,* Act i., Sc. 1.

Remembrance.

The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance more than things long past.
1469
SHAKS.: *Richard II.,* Act ii., Sc. 1.

Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance dear.
1470
SHAKS.: *All 's Well,* Act v., Sc. 3.

I've been so long remembered, I'm forgot.
1471
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts,* Night iv., Line 57.

I remember, I remember,
The fir trees dark and high:
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.
1472
HOOD: *I Remember, I Remember.*

Remorse.

Remorse is as the heart in which it grows,
If that be gentle, it drops balmy dews
Of true repentance; but if proud and gloomy,
It is the poison tree that, pierced to the inmost,
Weeps only tears of poison.
1473
COLERIDGE: *Remorse,* Act i., Sc. 1.

Renown.

Short is my date, but deathless my renown.
1474
POPE: *Iliad,* Bk. ix., Line 535.

Repartee.

A man renown'd for repartee
Will seldom scruple to make free
With friendship's finest feeling,
Will thrust a dagger at your breast,
And say he wounded you in jest,
By way of balm for healing.
1475
COWPER: *Friendship,* Line 16.

Repentance.

Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is nor of heaven nor earth; for these are pleased;
By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeased.
1476
SHAKS.: *Two Gent. of V.,* Act v., Sc. 4.

Illusion is brief, but Repentance is long!
1477
SCHILLER: *Lay of the Bell,* St. 4.

Repentance is the weight
Of indigested meals eat yesterday.
1478
GEORGE ELIOT: *Spanish Gypsy,* Bk. ii.

Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears
Her snaky crest.
1479
THOMSON: *Seasons, Spring,* Line 996.

Repose.

The best of men have ever loved repose:
They hate to mingle in the filthy fray,
Where the soul sours, and gradual rancor grows,
Imbitter'd more from peevish day to day.
1480
THOMSON: *Castle of Indolence,* Canto i., St. 17.

Her suffering ended with the day,
Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away,
In statue-like repose.
1481
JAMES ALDRICH: *A Death-Bed.*

Reproof.

Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;
Those best can bear reproof who merit praise.

1482
POPE: *E. on Criticism,* Pt. iii., Line 23.

Reproof on her lips, but a smile in her eye.
1483
LOVER: *Rory O'More.*

Reputation.

The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
1484
SHAKS.: *Richard II.,* Act i., Sc. 1.

At every word a reputation dies.
1485
POPE: *R. of the Lock,* Canto iii., Line 16.

Resignation.

But Heaven hath a hand in these events;
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
1486
SHAKS.: *Richard II.* Act v., Sc. 2.

While Resignation gently slopes away,
And all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.
1487
GOLDSMITH: *Des. Village,* Line 110.

Resolution.

The native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.
1488
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act iii., Sc. 1.

Respect.

You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it, that do buy it with much care.
1489
SHAKS.: *M. of Venice,* Act i., Sc. 1.

Rest.

Who with a body filled and vacant mind
Gets him to rest, crammed with distressful bread.
1490
SHAKS.: *Henry V.,* Act iv., Sc. 1.

Rest is sweet after strife.
1491
OWEN MEREDITH: *Lucile,* Pt. i., Canto vi., St. 25.

For too much rest itself becomes a pain.
1492
POPE: *Odyssey,* Bk. xv., Line 429.

Results.

Who soweth good seed shall surely reap;
The year grows rich as it groweth old;
And life's latest sands are its sands of gold.
1493
JULIA C.R. DORR: *To the Bouquet Club.*

Retirement.

Retiring from the popular noise, I seek
This unfrequented place to find some ease.
1494
MILTON: *Samson Agonistes,* Line 16.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care that never must be mine,
How happy he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labor, with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 't is hard to combat, learns to fly.
1495
GOLDSMITH: *Des. Village,* Line 97.

Retreat.

In all the trade of war, no feat
Is nobler than a brave retreat;
For those that run away, and fly,
Take place at least of the enemy.
1496
BUTLER: *Hudibras,* Pt. i., Canto iii., Line 607.

Revelry.

Midnight shout and revelry,
Tipsy dance and jollity.
1497
MILTON: *Comus,* Line 103.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.
1498
BYRON: *Ch. Harold,* Canto iii., St. 21.

Revenge.

And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry "Havock," and let slip the dogs of war.
1499
SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar,* Act iii., Sc. 1.

Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long, back on itself recoils.
1500
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. ix., Line 171.

Vengeance to God alone belongs;
But, when I think of all my wrongs,
My blood is liquid flame.
1501
SCOTT: *Marmion,* Canto vi., St. 7.

Reverence.

Let the air strike our tune,
Whilst we show reverence to yond peeping moon.
1502
MIDDLETON: *The Witch,* Act v., Sc. 2.

Revolution.

There is great talk of revolution,
And a great chance of despotism,
German soldiers, camps, confusion,
Tumults, lotteries, rage, delusion,
Gin, suicide, and Methodism.
1503
SHELLEY: *Peter Bell the Third, Hell,* St. 6.

Rhetoric.

For Rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope.
1504
BUTLER: *Hudibras,* Pt. i., Canto i., Line 8.

Enjoy your dear wit and gay rhetoric,
That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence.
1505
MILTON: *Comus,* Line 790.

Rhine.

The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine.
1506
BYRON: *Ch. Harold,* Canto iii., St. 55.

The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash your city of Cologne;
But tell me, nymphs! what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?
1507
COLERIDGE: *Cologne.*

Rhyme.

Still may syllables jar with time,
Still may reason war with rhyme.
1508
BEN JONSON: *Fit of Rhyme against Rhyme.*

He knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
1509
MILTON: *Lycidas,* Line 10.

For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their courses.
1510
BUTLER: *Hudibras,* Pt. i., Canto i., Line 463.

Riches.

Infinite riches in a little room.
1511
MARLOWE: *The Jew of Malta,* Act i.

Extol not riches then, the toil of fools,
The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare; more apt
To slacken virtue, and abate her edge,

Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.
1512
MILTON: *Par. Regained,* Bk ii., Line 453.

Ridicule.

Ridicule is a weak weapon, when levelled at a strong mind;
But common men are cowards, and dread an empty laugh.
1513
TUPPER: *Proverbial Phil., Of Ridicule.*

Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burden of some merry song.
1514
POPE: Satire i., Bk. ii., Line 76.

Right.

But 't was a maxim he had often tried,
That right was right, and there he would abide.
1515
CRABBE: *Tales:* Tale xv., *The Squire and the Priest.*

For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.
1516
FREDERICK W. FABER: *The Right Must Win.*

And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right.

1517
POPE: *Essay on Man,* Epis. i., Line 289.

Rivers.

By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.
1518
MARLOWE: *The Passionate Shepherd to His Love.*

See the rivers, how they run,
Changeless to the changeless sea.
1519
CHARLES KINGSLEY: *Saint's Tragedy,* Act ii., Sc. 2.

The river glideth at his own sweet will.
1520
WORDSWORTH: *Earth has not anything to show more fair.*

Robbery.

I'll example you with thievery:
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea; the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun;
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears; the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement: each thing's a thief.
1521
SHAKS.: *Timon of A.,* Act iv., Sc. 3.

Rock.

Better to sink beneath the shock
Than moulder piecemeal on the rock.
1522
BYRON: *Giaour,* Line 969.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.
1523
TOPLADY: *Salvation through Christ.*

Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.
1524
SCOTT: *Lady of the Lake,* Canto v., St. 10.

Rod.

His rod revers'd,
And backward mutters of dissevering power.
1525
MILTON: *Comus,* Line 816.

A light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove.
1526
WORDSWORTH: *Ode to Duty.*

Roman.

I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
1527

SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar,* Act iv., Sc. 3.

This was the noblest Roman of them all.
1528
SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar,* Act v., Sc. 5.

Romance.

Romances paint at full length people's wooings,
But only give a bust of marriages.
1529
BYRON: *Don Juan,* Canto iii., St. 8.

Lady of the Mere,
Sole-sitting by the shores of old romance.
1530
WORDSWORTH: *A Narrow Girdle of Rough Stones and Crags.*

Rome.

To the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome.
1531
EDGAR A. POE: *To Helen.*

Rose.

At Christmas I no more desire a rose
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled mirth;
But like of each thing that in season grows.
1532
SHAKS.: *Love's L. Lost,* Act i., Sc. 1.

The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem,
For that sweet odor which doth in it live.
1533
SHAKS.: Sonnet liv.

You love the roses—so do I. I wish
The sky would rain down roses, as they rain
From off the shaken bush.
1534
GEORGE ELIOT: *Spanish Gypsy,* Bk. iii.

As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.
1535
KEATS: *Eve of St. Agnes,* St. 27.

The rose saith in the dewy morn,
I am most fair;
Yet all my loveliness is born
Upon a thorn.
1536
CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI: *Consider the Lilies of the Field.*

Strew on her roses, roses,
And never a spray of yew!
In quiet she reposes;
Ah, would that I did too.
1537
MATTHEW ARNOLD: *Requiescat.*

Rousseau.

The self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau,
The apostle of affliction—he, who threw

Enchantment over passion, and from woe
Wrung overwhelming eloquence.
1538
BYRON: *Ch. Harold,* Canto iii., St. 77.

Royalty.

O wretched state of Kings! O doleful fate!
Greatness misnamed, in misery only great!
Could men but know the endless woe it brings,
The wise would die before they would be Kings.
Think what a King must do!
1539
R.H. STODDARD: *The King's Bell.*

Ruin.

Where my high steeples whilom used to stand,
On which the lordly falcon wont to tower,
There now is but an heap of lime and sand,
For the screech-owl to build her baleful bower.
1540
SPENSER: *Ruins of Time,* Line 127.

On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below.
1541
CAMPBELL: *Pl. of Hope,* Pt. i., Line 385.

The day shall come, that great avenging day
Which Troy's proud glories in the dust shall lay,
When Priam's powers and Priam's self shall fall,
And one prodigious ruin swallow all.
1542

POPE: *Iliad,* Bk. iv., Line 196.

Ruling Passions.

In men, we various Ruling Passions find;
In women, two almost divide the kind;
Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,
The love of pleasure and the love of sway.
1543
POPE: *Moral Essays,* Epis. ii., Line 207.

Rumor.

Rumor is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
And of so easy and so plain a stop
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it.
1544
SHAKS.: *Henry IV.,* Pt. ii., Induction.

Rural Life.

Of men
The happiest he, who far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retired,
Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life.
1545
THOMSON: *Seasons, Autumn,* Line 1132.

S.

Sabbath.

The Sabbath bell,
That over wood, and wild, and mountain dell
Wanders so far, chasing all thoughts unholy
With sounds most musical, most melancholy.
1546
ROGERS: *Human Life,* Line 515.

Yes, child of suffering, thou mayst well be sure
He who ordained the Sabbath loves the poor!
1547
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES: *A Rhymed Lesson. Urania.*

E'en Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me.
1548
POPE: *Epis. to Arbuthnot,* Line 12.

Nor can his blessed soul look down from heaven,
Or break the eternal sabbath of his rest.
1549
DRYDEN: *Spanish Friar,* Act v., Sc. 2.

The Sabbath brings its kind release,
And Care lies slumbering on the lap of Peace.
1550

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES: *A Rhymed Lesson,* Line 229.

Take the Sunday with you through the week,
And sweeten with it all the other days.
1551
LONGFELLOW: *Michael Angelo,* Pt. i., 5.

Sailors.

Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready with every nod to tumble down.
1552
SHAKS.: *Richard III.,* Act iii., Sc. 4.

O Thou, who in thy hand dost hold
The winds and waves that wake or sleep,
Thy tender arms of mercy fold
Around the seamen on the deep.
1553
HANNAH F. GOULD: *Changes on the Deep.*

Messmates, hear a brother sailor
Sing the dangers of the sea.
1554
GEORGE A. STEVENS: *The Storm.*

Sails.

Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them.
1555
SHAKS.: *Ant. and Cleo.,* Act ii., Sc. 2.

He that has sail'd upon the dark blue sea
Has view'd at times, I ween, a full fair sight;
When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze may be,
The white sails set, the gallant frigate tight;
Masts, spires, and strand retiring to the right,
The glorious main expanding o'er the bow,
The convoy spread like wild swans in their flight,
The dullest sailer wearing bravely now,
So gayly curl the waves before each dashing prow.
1556
BYRON: *Ch. Harold,* Canto ii., St. 17.

Saints.

And now the saints began their reign,
For which they'd yearn'd so long in vain,
And felt such bowel-hankerings,
To see an empire, all of kings.
1557
BUTLER: *Hudibras,* Pt. iii., Canto ii., Line 237.

For virtue's self may too much zeal be had;
The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.
1558
POPE: Satire iv., Line 26.

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign.
1559
WATTS: *Hymns and Spiritual Songs.*

Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;
And saints who taught and led the way to heaven.
1560
TICKELL: *On the Death of Mr. Addison,* Line 41.

That saints will aid if men will call;
For the blue sky bends over all.
1561
COLERIDGE: *Christabel,* Conclusion to Pt. i.

Salt.

Alas! you know the cause too well;
The salt is spilt, to me it fell.
1562
GAY: *Fables,* Pt. i., Fable 37.

Why dost thou shun the salt? that sacred pledge,
Which once partaken blunts the sabre's edge,
Makes even contending tribes in peace unite,
And hated hosts seem brethren to the sight.
1563
BYRON: *Corsair,* Canto ii, St. 4.

Who ne'er knew salt, or heard the billows roar.
1564
POPE: *Odyssey,* Bk. xi., Line 153.

Salvation.

About some act
That has no relish of salvation in 't.
1565
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act iii., Sc. 3.

Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of justice none of us

Should see salvation.
1566
SHAKS.: *M. of Venice,* Act iv., Sc. 1.

Sands.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands;
Courtesied when you have, and kiss'd
The wild waves whist.
1567
SHAKS.: *Tempest,* Act i., Sc. 2

Here are sand, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruined sides of kings.
1568
BEAUMONT: *On the Tombs of Westminster Abbey.*

Satan.

To whom the arch-enemy,
And thence in heaven call'd Satan,—with bold words
Breaking the horrid silence, thus began.
1569
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. i., Line 81.

For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.
1570
WATTS: *Divine Songs,* Song 20.

And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
1571

COWPER: *Exhortation to Prayer.*

Satiety.

They surfeited with honey; and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
1572
SHAKS.: *1 Henry IV.,* Act iii., Sc. 2.

With pleasure drugg'd he almost long'd for woe,
And e'en for change of scene would seek the shades below.
1573
BYRON: *Ch. Harold,* Canto i., St. 6.

Satire.

Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run a-muck, and tilt at all I meet;
I only wear it in a land of Hectors,
Thieves, supercargoes, sharpers, and directors.
1574
POPE: Satire i., Line 69.

Prepare for rhyme—I'll publish, right or wrong;
Fools are my theme, let satire be my song.
1575
BYRON: *Eng. Bards,* Line 5.

In general satire, every man perceives
A slight attack, yet neither fears nor grieves.
1576
CRABBE: *Advice,* Line 244.

Savage.

I am as free as Nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of servitude began,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.
1577
DRYDEN: *Conquest of Granada,* Pt. i., Act i., Sc. 1.

Scandal.

For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
1578
SHAKS.: *Lucrece,* Line 1006.

You know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them.
1579
SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar,* Act i., Sc. 2.

The whole court melted into one wide whisper,
And all lips were applied unto all ears!
The elder ladies' wrinkles curled much crisper
As they beheld; the younger cast some leers
On one another, and each lovely lisper
Smiled as she talked the matter o'er: but tears
Of rivalship rose in each clouded eye
Of all the standing army that stood by.
1580
BYRON: *Don Juan,* Canto ix., St. 78

Scars.

He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.
1581
SHAKS.: *Rom. and Jul.,* Act ii., Sc. 2.

Gashed with honorable scars,
Low in Glory's lap they lie.
1582
JAMES MONTGOMERY: *Battle of Alexandria.*

Scenes.

For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise.
1583
ADDISON: *A Letter from Italy.*

Scepticism.

Oh! lives there, heaven! beneath thy dread expanse,
One hopeless, dark idolater of chance,
Content to feed with pleasures unrefin'd,
The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind;
Who mouldering earthward, 'reft of every trust,
In joyless union wedded to the dust,
Could all his parting energy dismiss,
And call this barren world sufficient bliss?
1584
CAMPBELL: *Pl. of Hope,* Pt. ii., Line 295.

Whatever sceptic could inquire for,
For every why he had a wherefore.
1585
BUTLER: *Hudibras,* Pt. i., Canto i., Line 131.

Sceptre.

His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings.
1586
SHAKS.: *M. of Venice,* Act iv., Sc. 1.

Scholar.

He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading;
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not,
But to those men that sought him sweet as summer.
1587
SHAKS.: *Henry VIII.,* Act iv., Sc. 2.

His locked, lettered, braw brass collar
Showed him the gentleman and scholar.
1588
BURNS: *The Twa Dogs*

The land of scholars and the nurse of arms.
1589
GOLDSMITH: *Traveller,* Line 356.

School.

And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school.
1590

SHAKS.: *As You Like It,* Act ii., Sc. 7.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view,—
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face.
1591
GOLDSMITH: *Des. Village,* Line 193.

Science.

Trace science then, with modesty thy guide;
First strip off all her equipage of pride;
Deduct what is but vanity, or dress,
Or learning's luxury, or idleness;
Or tricks to show the stretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;
Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts
Of all our vices have created arts;
Then see how little the remaining sum
Which serv'd the past, and must the times to come.
1592
POPE: *Essay on Man,* Epis. ii., Line 43.

O star-eyed Science! hast thou wander'd there,
To waft us home the message of despair?
1593
CAMPBELL: *Pl. of Hope,* Pt. ii., Line 325.

Scorn.

Scorn at first, makes after-love the more.
1594
SHAKS.: *Two Gent. of V.,* Act iii., Sc. 1.

Alas! to make me
The fixed figure of the time, for scorn
To point his slow and moving finger at.
1595
SHAKS.: *Othello,* Act iv., Sc. 2.

So let him stand, through ages yet unborn,
Fix'd statue on the pedestal of scorn!
1596
BYRON: *Curse of Minerva,* Line 207.

He hears,
On all sides, from innumerable tongues,
A dismal universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn.
1597
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. x., Line 506.

Scotland.

Stands Scotland where it did?
1598
SHAKS.: *Macbeth,* Act iv., Sc. 3.

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content.
1599
BURNS: *Cotter's Saturday Night,* St. 20.

It was a' for our rightfu' King
We left fair Scotland's strand.
1600
BURNS: *A' for our Rightfu' King.*

Scribblers.

Laugh when I laugh, I seek no other fame,
The cry is up, and scribblers are my game.
1601
BYRON: *English Bards,* Line 43.

Scripture.

'T is elder Scripture, writ by God's own hand,—
Scripture authentic! uncorrupt by man.
1602
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts,* Night ix., Line 644.

Sculpture.

Sculpture is more divine, and more like Nature,
That fashions all her works in high relief,
And that is Sculpture.
1603
LONGFELLOW: *Michael Angelo,* Pt. i., 5.

A sculptor wields
The chisel, and the stricken marble grows
To beauty.
1604
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT: *Flood of Years.*

Sea.

The rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
To hear the sea-maid's music.
1605
SHAKS.: *Mid. N. Dream,* Act ii., Sc. 1.

The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide region round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.
1606
BARRY CORNWALL: *The Sea.*

Broad based upon her people's will,
And compassed by the inviolate sea.
1607
TENNYSON: *To the Queen.*

'T was when the sea was roaring,
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd.
1608
JOHN GAY: *What D' ye Call It,* Act ii., Sc. 8.

Sea-weed.

A weary weed, toss'd to and fro,
Drearily drench'd in the ocean brine,

Soaring high and sinking low,
Lashed along without will of mine,—
Sport of the spoom of the surging sea,
Flung on the foam afar and anear,
Mark my manifold mystery,—
Growth and grace in their place appear.
1609
CORNELIUS G. FENNER: *Gulf-Weed.*

Seasons.

Perceiv'st thou not the process of the year,
How the four seasons in four forms appear,
Resembling human life in ev'ry shape they wear?
Spring first, like infancy, shoots out her head,
With milky juice requiring to be fed: ...
Proceeding onward whence the year began,
The *Summer* grows adult, and ripens into man....
Autumn succeeds, a sober, tepid age,
Not froze with fear, nor boiling into rage; ...
Last, *Winter* creeps along with tardy pace,
Sour is his front, and furrowed is his face.
1610
DRYDEN: *Of Pythagorean Phil. From, 15th Book Ovid's Metamorphoses,*
Line 206.

With thee conversing I forget all time,
All seasons, and their change,—all please alike.
1611
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. iv., Line 639.

Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,

Or sight of vernal bloom or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine.
1612
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. iii., Line 40.

Seat.

Oh for a seat in some poetic nook,
Just hid with trees and sparkling with a brook!
1613
LEIGH HUNT: *Politics and Poetics.*

Secrecy.

Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed.
1614
SHAKS.: *Macbeth,* Act iii., Sc. 2.

I will believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee.
1615
SHAKS.: *1 Henry IV.,* Act ii., Sc. 3.

A secret in his mouth,
Is like a wild bird put into a cage,
Whose door no sooner opens, but 't is out.
1616
BEN JONSON: *Case is Altered,* Act iii., Sc. 3

Sects.

His liberal soul with every sect agreed,
Unheard their reasons, he received their creed.
1617
CRABBE: *Tales, Convert,* Line 45.

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through Nature up to Nature's God.
1618
POPE: *Essay on Man,* Epis. iv., Line 331.

Security.

You all know, security
Is mortal's chiefest enemy.
1619
SHAKS.: *Macbeth,* Act iii., Sc. 5.

Seed.

The thorns which I have reap'd are of the tree
I planted; they have torn me, and I bleed.
I should have known what fruit would spring from such a seed.
1620
BYRON: *Ch. Harold,* Canto iv., St. 10.

Self.

None are so desolate but something dear,
Dearer than self, possesses or possess'd
A thought, and claims the homage of a tear.
1621
BYRON: *Ch. Harold,* Canto ii., St. 24.

Selfishness.

Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.
1622
SCOTT: *Lay of the Last Minstrel,* Canto vi., St. 1.

Self-Conceit.

To observations which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for th' observer's sake.
1623
POPE: *Moral Essays,* Epis. i., Line 2.

Self-Control.

May I govern my passions with absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as my strength wears
away,
... by a gentle decay.
1624
DR. WALTER POPE: *The Old Man's Wish,* Chorus.

Self-Defence.

Self-defence is a virtue,
Sole bulwark of all right.

1625
BYRON: *Sardanapalus,* Act ii., Sc. 1.

Self-Denial.

Brave conquerors! for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires.
1626
SHAKS.: *Love's L. Lost,* Act i., Sc. 1.

Self-Dispraise.

There is a luxury in self-dispraise;
And inward self-disparagement affords
To meditative spleen a grateful feast.
1627
WORDSWORTH: *The Excursion,* Bk. iv.

Self-Esteem.

Oft times nothing profits more
Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right
Well manag'd.
1628
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. viii., Line 571.

Self-Knowledge.

To know *thyself*—in others self-concern;
Would'st thou know others? read thyself—and learn!
1629

SCHILLER: *Votive Tablets, The Key.*

Self-Love.

Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.
1630
SHAKS.: *Henry V.,* Act ii., Sc. 4.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
1631
POPE: *Essay on Man,* Epis. ii., Line 59.

Self-Reproach.

Men who can hear the Decalogue, and feel
No self-reproach.
1632
WORDSWORTH: *The Old Cumberland Beggar.*

Self-Respect.

He that respects himself is safe from others;
He wears a coat of mail that none can pierce.
1633
LONGFELLOW: *Michael Angelo,* Pt. ii.

Self-Sacrifice.

Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice.

1634
WORDSWORTH: *Ode to Duty.*

Sense.

A man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense.
1635
SHAKS.: *M. for M.,* Act i., Sc. 4.

Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,
And though no science, fairly worth the seven.
1636
POPE: *Moral Essays,* Epis. iv., Line 43

Sensibility.

Our sensibilities are so acute,
The fear of being silent makes us mute.
1637
COWPER: *Conversation,* Line 351.

Sweet sensibility! thou keen delight!
Unprompted moral! sudden sense of right!
1638
HANNAH MORE: *Sensibility,* Line 227.

Separation.

Thy soul ...
Is as far from my grasp, is as free,
As the stars from the mountain-tops be,

As the pearl in the depths of the sea,
From the portionless king that would wear it.
1639
E.C. STEDMAN: *Stanzas for Music,* St. 3.

September.

September waves his golden-rod
Along the lanes and hollows,
And saunters round the sunny fields
A-playing with the swallows.
1640
ELLEN MACKAY HUTCHINSON: *The Prince.*

Sermons.

Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.
1641
SHAKS.: *As You Like It,* Act ii., Sc. 1.

Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.
1642
BURNS: *Epistle to a Young Friend.*

Serpent.

What! would'st thou have a serpent sting thee twice?
1643
SHAKS.: *M. of Venice,* Act iv., Sc. 1.

Where's my serpent of old Nile?

1644
SHAKS.: *Ant. and Cleo.,* Act i., Sc. 5.

And hence one master-passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.
1645
POPE: *Essay on Man,* Epis. ii., Line 131.

Some flow'rets of Eden ye still inherit,
But the trail of the Serpent is over them all.
1646
MOORE: *Paradise and the Peri.*

Service.

Ful wel she sange the service devine,
Entuned in hire nose ful swetely.
1647
CHAUCER: *Canterbury Tales, Prologue,* Line 122.

And ye shall succor men;
'T is nobleness to serve;
Help them who cannot help again:
Beware from right to swerve.
1648
EMERSON: *Boston Hymn,* St. 13.

Sex.

Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?
1649
SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar,* Act ii., Sc. 1.

Spirits when they please,
Can either sex assume, or both.
1650
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. i., Line 423.

Sexton.

See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
The sexton, hoary-headed chronicle!
Of hard, unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
A gentle tear; with mattock in his hand,
Digs thro' whole rows of kindred and acquaintance
By far his juniors! Scarce a skull's cast up
But well he knew its owner, and can tell
Some passage of his life.
1651
BLAIR: *The Grave,* Line 452.

His death, which happened in his berth,
At forty-odd befell:
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton tolled the bell.
1652
HOOD: *Faithless Sally Brown.*

Shadow.

Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass.
1653
SHAKS.: *Richard III.,* Act i., Sc. 2.

Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,
Meroe, Nilotic isle.

1654
MILTON: *Par. Regained,* Bk. iv., Line 70.

Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.
1655
JOHN FLETCHER: *Upon an "Honest Man's Fortune."*

Shaft.

In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the selfsame flight
The selfsame way, with more advised watch,
To find the other forth; and by adventuring both
I oft found both.
1656
SHAKS.: *M. of Venice,* Act i., Sc. 1.

That eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which on the shaft that made him die
Espied a feather of his own,
Wherewith he wont to soar so high.
1657
WALLER: *To a Lady Singing a Song of his Composing.*

Shakespeare.

Soul of the age!
Th' applause! delight! the wonder of our stage!
My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee room;
Thou art a monument, without a tomb,
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,

And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
1658
BEN JONSON: *Underwoods, To the Mem. of Shakespeare.*

There, Shakespeare, on whose forehead climb
The crowns o' the world. Oh, eyes sublime,
With tears and laughters for all time!
1659
MRS. BROWNING: *Vision of Poets,* St. 101.

Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
1660
MILTON: *L'Allegro,* Line 129.

What needs my Shakespeare for his honor'd bones,—
The labor of an age in piled stones?
Or that his hallow'd relics should be hid
Under a star-y-pointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
1661
MILTON: *On Shakespeare.*

Shame.

O, shame! where is thy blush?
1662
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act iii., Sc. 4.

But 'neath yon crimson tree
Lover to listening maid might breathe his flame,
Nor mark, within its roseate canopy,
Her blush of maiden shame.

1663
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT: *Autumn Woods.*

Shape.

Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble.
1664
SHAKS.: *Macbeth,* Act iii., Sc. 4.

The other shape,
If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb.
1665
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. ii., Line 681.

Shell.

I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell,
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely.
1666
WORDSWORTH: *The Excursion,* Bk. iv.

Shelley.

Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,
And did he stop and speak to you,
And did you speak to him again?
How strange it seems, and new!

1667
ROBERT BROWNING: *Memorabilia,* i.

Sheridan.

Long shall we seek his likeness—long in vain,
And turn to all of him which may remain,
Sighing that nature form'd but one such man,
And broke the die—in moulding Sheridan.
1668
BYRON: *Monody on the Death of Sheridan.*

Shield.

When Prussia hurried to the field,
And snatch'd the spear, but left the shield.
1669
SCOTT: *Marmion,* Introduction to Canto iii.

Ships.

Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?
1670
MARLOWE: *Faustus.*

Like sister sails that drift at night
Together on the deep,
Seen only where they cross the light
That pathless waves must pathlike keep
From fisher's signal fire, or pharos steep.
1671
RUSKIN: *The Broken Chain,* Pt. v., St. 25.

She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife.
1672
BYRON: *Corsair,* Canto i., St. 3.

As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.
1673
COLERIDGE: *The Ancient Mariner,* Pt. ii.

Shipwreck.

O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had no doubt some noble creature in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! poor souls! they perish'd.
1674
SHAKS.: *Tempest,* Act i., Sc. 2.

Again she plunges! hark! a second shock
Bilges the splitting Vessel on the Rock—
Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries
The fated victims shuddering cast their eyes,
In wild despair; while yet another stroke,
With strong convulsion rends the solid oak:
Ah Heaven!—behold her crashing ribs divide!
She loosens, parts, and spreads in ruin o'er the Tide.
1675
FALCONER: *Shipwreck,* Canto iii., Line 642.

Shoes.

I saw them go: one horse was blind,
The tails of both hung down behind,
Their shoes were on their feet.
1676
JAMES SMITH: *Rejected Addresses, The Baby's Début.*

Let firm, well-hammer'd soles protect thy feet,
Thro' freezing snows, and rain, and soaking sleet.
1677
GAY: *Trivia,* Bk. i., Line 33.

Shore.

But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar.
1678
EMERSON: *Each and All.*

There is a rapture on the lonely shore;
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.
1679
BYRON: *Ch. Harold,* Canto iv., St. 178.

A strong nor'wester 's blowing, Bill!
Hark! don't ye hear it roar now?
Lord help 'em, how I pities them
Unhappy folks on shore now!
1680
WILLIAM PITT: *The Sailor's Consolation.*

Show.

Live to be the show and gaze o' the time.
1681
SHAKS.: *Macbeth,* Act v., Sc. 8.

With books and money plac'd for show
Like nest-eggs to make clients lay,
And for his false opinion pay.
1682
BUTLER: *Hudibras,* Pt. iii., Canto iii., Line 624.

Shrine.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine,
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine.
1683
HEMANS: *Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.*

Sickness.

This sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise.
1684
SHAKS.: *1 Henry IV.,* Act iv., Sc. 1.

Sighs.

My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs.
1685
SHAKS.: *Othello,* Act i., Sc. 3.

He sighed;—the next resource is the full moon,
Where all sighs are deposited; and now
It happen'd luckily, the chaste orb shone.
1686
BYRON: *Don Juan,* Canto xvi., St. 13.

Sight.

Visions of glory, spare my aching sight
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
1687
GRAY: *The Bard,* Pt. iii., St. 1.

O Christ! it is a goodly sight to see
What Heaven hath done for this delicious land.
1688
BYRON: *Ch. Harold,* Canto i., St. 15.

Signs.

Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish:
A vapor, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.
1689
SHAKS.: *Ant. and Cleo.,* Act iv., Sc. 12.

Silence.

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy:
I were but little happy, if I could say how much.
1690
SHAKS.: *Much Ado,* Act ii., Sc. 1.

Silence in love bewrays more woe
Than words, tho' ne'er so witty;
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.
1691
SIR WALTER RALEIGH: *Silent Lover,* St. 6.

Silence more musical than any song.
1692
CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI: *Rest.*

Silence accompany'd; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleas'd.
1693
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. iv., Line 598.

There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.
1694
CAMPBELL: *Battle of the Baltic.*

There is a silence where hath been no sound,
There is a silence where no sound may be,—
In the cold grave, under the deep, deep sea,
Or in the wide desert where no life is found.
1695
HOOD: *Sonnet, Silence.*

Silver.

Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops.
1696
SHAKS.: *Rom. and Jul.,* Act ii., Sc. 2.

Similarity.

Like will to like: each creature loves his kind,
Chaste words proceed still from a bashful mind.
1697
HERRICK: *Aph. Like Loves His Like.*

Simplicity.

And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captive ill.
1698
SHAKS.: Sonnet lxvi.

Rich in saving common-sense,
And, as the greatest only are.
In his simplicity sublime.
1699
TENNYSON: *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington,* St. 4.

Sin.

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,

Unhousell'd, disappointed, unaneled.
1700
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act i., Sc. 5.

One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoke.
1701
SHAKS.: *Pericles,* Act i., Sc. 1.

In lashing sin, of every stroke beware,
For sinners feel, and sinners you must spare.
1702
CRABBE: *Tales, Advice,* Line 242.

But sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in.
1703
CAMPBELL: *Pl. of Hope,* Pt. ii., Line 357.

I waive the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard of concealing;
But, och! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling!
1704
BURNS: *Epistle to a Young Friend.*

Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to.
1705
BUTLER: *Hudibras,* Pt. i., Canto i., Line 215.

Sincerity.

I never tempted her with word too large,
But, as a brother to his sister, show'd

Bashful sincerity and comely love.
1706
SHAKS.: *Much Ado,* Act iv., Sc. 1.

His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for 's power to thunder. His heart's his mouth:
What his breast forges that his tongue must vent.
1707
SHAKS.: *Coriolanus,* Act iii., Sc. 1.

Singing.

But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims.
1708
SHAKS.: *M. of Venice,* Act v., Sc. 1.

Sing, seraph with the glory! heaven is high.
Sing, poet with the sorrow! earth is low.
The universe's inward voices cry
"Amen" to either song of joy and woe.
Sing, seraph, poet! sing on equally!
1709
MRS. BROWNING: *Sonnets, Seraph and Poet.*

I send my heart up to thee, all my heart
In this my singing!
For the stars help me, and the sea bears part.
1710
ROBERT BROWNING: *In a Gondola.*

I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing.

1711
TENNYSON: *In Memoriam,* Pt. xxi., St. 6.

Song forbids victorious deeds to die.
1712
SCHILLER: *Artists,* St. 11.

Singularity.

No two on earth in all things can agree;
All have some darling singularity.
1713
CHURCHILL: *Apology,* Line 402.

Sister.

Oh, never say hereafter
But I am truest speaker. You call'd me brother
When I was but your sister.
1714
SHAKS.: *Cymbeline,* Act v., Sc. 5.

Skill.

How happy is he born or taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!
1715
WOTTON: *Character of a Happy Life.*

Skull.

Look on its broken arch, its ruined wall,
Its chambers desolate, its portals foul;
Yes, this was once ambition's airy hall,
The dome of thought, the palace of the soul.
1716
BYRON: *Ch. Harold,* Canto ii., St. 6.

Sky.

Man is the nobler growth our realms supply,
And souls are ripened in our northern sky.
1717
MRS. BARBAULD: *The Invitation.*

The sky is changed,—and such a change. O night
And storm and darkness! ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman!
1718
BYRON: *Ch. Harold,* Canto iii., St. 92.

Slander.

Slanderous reproaches, and foul infamies,
Leasings, backbitings, and vainglorious crakes,
Bad counsels, praises, and false flatteries;
All those against that fort did bend their batteries.
1719
SPENSER: *Faerie Queene,* Bk. ii., Canto xi., St. 10.

'T is slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword: whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath

Bides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world,—kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons,—nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.
1720
SHAKS.: *Cymbeline,* Act iii., Sc. 4.

'T was slander filled her mouth with lying words,—
Slander, the foulest whelp of sin.
1721
POLLOK: *Course of Time,* Bk. viii., Line 715.

Slave—Slavery.

Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favor never clasp'd: but bred a dog.
1722
SHAKS.: *Timon of A.,* Act iv., Sc. 3.

He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not color'd like his own, and having pow'r
T' enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
1723
COWPER: *Task,* Bk. ii., Line 12.

Corrupted freemen are the worst of slaves.
1724
DAVID GARRICK: *Prologue to the Gamesters.*

Whatever day
Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away.
1725
POPE: *Odyssey,* Bk. xvii., Line 392.

Sleep.

We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.
1726
SHAKS.: *Tempest,* Act iv., Sc. 1.

Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.
1727
SHAKS.: *Macbeth,* Act ii., Sc. 2.

Come, sleep, O sleep! the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe;
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The impartial judge between the high and low.
1728
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY: *Astrophel and Stella,* St. 39.

Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles—the wretched he forsakes.
1729
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts,* Night i., Line 1.

O magic sleep! O comfortable bird
That broodest o'er the troubled sea of the mind
Till it is hush'd and smooth!
1730
KEATS: *Endymion,* Line 456.

Sleep hath its own world,

A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence: Sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality.
1731
BYRON: *Dream,* Line 1.

Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.
1732
SCOTT: *Lady of the Lake,* Canto i., St. 31.

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward into souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this—
"He giveth His beloved sleep"?
1733
MRS. BROWNING: *Sleep.*

Be thy sleep
Silent as night is, and as deep.
1734
LONGFELLOW: *Christus, Golden Legend,* Pt. ii.

Sleep will bring thee dreams in starry number—
Let him come to thee and be thy guest.
1735
AYTOUN: *Hermotimus.*

Sloth.

Sloth views the towers of Fame with envious eyes,
Desirous still, but impotent to rise.
1736

SHENSTONE: *Moral Pieces.*

Sluggard.

'T is the voice of the sluggard; I heard him complain,
"You have waked me too soon, I must slumber
again."
1737
WATTS: *The Sluggard.*

Smiles.

One may smile, and smile, and be a villain.
1738
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act i., Sc. 5.

With the smile that was childlike and bland.
1739
BRET HARTE: *Plain Language from Truthful James.*

Death
Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear
His famine should be filled.
1740
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. ii., Line 815.

Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh what were man?—a world without a sun.
1741
CAMPBELL: *Pl. of Hope,* Pt. ii., Line 21.

Even children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
1742

GOLDSMITH: *Des. Village,* Line 183.

Smoke.

I knew, by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near.
1743
MOORE: *Ballad Stanzas.*

Snail.

The snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there, all smother'd up in shade, doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again.
1744
SHAKS.: *Venus and A.,* Line 1033.

Snake.

We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it;
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
1745
SHAKS.: *Macbeth,* Act iii., Sc. 2.

Snow.

Or wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
1746
SHAKS.: *Richard II.,* Act i., Sc. 3

A cheer for the snow—the drifting snow;
Smoother and purer than Beauty's brow;
The creature of thought scarce likes to tread
On the delicate carpet so richly spread.
1747
ELIZA COOK: *Snow.*

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven.
1748
EMERSON: *The Snow-Storm.*

Snow-Drop.

The snow-drop, who, in habit white and plain,
Comes on, the herald of fair Flora's train.
1749
CHURCHILL: *Gotham,* Bk. i., Line 245.

Snuff.

When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet and only took snuff.
1750
GOLDSMITH: *Retaliation,* Line 145.

Lady, accept the gift a hero wore
In spite of all this elegiac stuff;
Let not seven stanzas written by a bore
Prevent your ladyship from taking snuff.

1751
BYRON: *Lines to Lady Holland.*

Society.

Man in society is like a flower
Blown in its native bed; 't is there alone
His faculties expanded in full bloom
Shine out; there only reach their proper use.
1752
COWPER: *Task,* Bk. iv., Line 659.

Society became my glittering bride,
And airy hopes my children.
1753
WORDSWORTH: *Excursion,* Bk. iii.

Soldier.

A soldier;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth.
1754
SHAKS.: *As You Like It,* Act ii., Sc. 7.

And but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
1755
SHAKS.: *1 Henry IV.,* Act i., Sc. 3.

The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;

Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were
won.
1756
GOLDSMITH: *Des. Village,* Line 155.

How shall we rank thee upon glory's page,
Thou more than soldier, and just less than sage?
1757
MOORE: *To Thomas Hume.*

Solitude.

Solitude sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return.
1758
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. ix., Line 249.

O solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.
1759
COWPER: *Verses supposed to be written by Alex. Selkirk,* St. 1.

Man dwells apart, though not alone,
He walks among his peers unread;
The best of thoughts which he hath known,
For lack of listeners are not said.
1760
JEAN INGELOW: *Afternoon at a Parsonage, Afterthought.*

It was a wild and lonely ride.

Save the hid loon's mocking cry,
Or marmot on the mountain side,
The earth was silent as the sky.
1761
HAMLIN GARLAND: *The Long Trail.*

Son.

Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding.
1762
SHAKS.: *Macbeth,* Act iii., Sc. 1.

The booby father craves a booby son,
And by Heaven's blessing thinks himself undone.
1763
YOUNG: *Love of Fame,* Satire ii., Line 165.

Song.

And heaven had wanted one immortal song.
1764
DRYDEN: *Absalom and Achitophel,* Pt. i., Line 197.

That not in fancy's maze he wander'd long,
But stoop'd to truth, and moraliz'd his song.
1765
POPE: *Prologue to the Satires,* Line 340.

For dear to gods and men is sacred song.
Self-taught I sing; by Heaven, and Heaven alone,
The genuine seeds of poesy are sown.
1766
POPE: *Odyssey,* Bk. xxii., Line 382.

Sonnet.

Scorn not the sonnet. Critic, you have frowned,
Mindless of its just honors; with this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart.
1767
WORDSWORTH: *Scorn not the Sonnet.*

Sorrow.

Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.
1768
SHAKS.: *Macbeth,* Act iv., Sc. 3.

One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor.
1769
SHAKS.: *Pericles,* Act i., Sc. 4.

Nothing comes to us too soon but sorrow.
1770
BAILEY: *Festus,* Sc. *Home.*

This is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering
happier things.
1771
TENNYSON: *Locksley Hall,* St. 38.

Soul.

But whither went his soul, let such relate
Who search the secrets of the future state.
1772
DRYDEN: *Palamon and Arcite,* Bk. iii., Line 2120.

It is the Soul's prerogative, its fate
To shape the outward to its own estate.
1773
R.H. DANA: *Thoughts on the Soul.*

The gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul.
1774
WORDSWORTH: *Laodamia.*

Sound.

'T is not enough no harshness gives offence,—
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
1775
POPE: *E. on Criticism,* Pt. ii., Line 162.

Spain.

Fair land! of chivalry the old domain,
Land of the vine and olive, lovely Spain!
1776
MRS. HEMANS: *Abencerrage,* Canto ii., Line 1.

Spear.

His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast

Of some great ammiral were but a wand.
1777
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. i., Line 292.

Speech.

Rude am I in my speech
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace.
1778
SHAKS.: *Othello,* Act i., Sc. 3.

Speech is but broken light upon the depth
Of the unspoken; even your loved words
Float in the larger meaning of your voice
As something dimmer.
1779
GEORGE ELIOT: *Spanish Gypsy,* Bk. 1.

Spenser.

Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
The gentle Spenser, fancy's pleasing son;
Who, like a copious river, poured his song
O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground.
1780
THOMSON: *Seasons, Summer,* Line 1574.

Spires.

Ye swelling hills and spacious plains!
Besprent from shore to shore with steeple towers,
And spires whose "silent finger points to heaven."
1781

WORDSWORTH: *Excursion,* Bk. vi., Line 17.

Spirits.

I can call spirits from the vasty deep.
Why, so can I; or so can any man:
But will they come, when you do call for them?
1782
SHAKS.: *1 Henry IV.,* Act iii., Sc. 1.

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.
1783
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. iv., Line 677.

Splendor.

Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower.
1784
WORDSWORTH: *Intimations of Immortality,* St. 10.

Sport.

Thick around
Thunders the sport of those, who with the gun
And dog, impatient bounding at the shot,
Worse than the season desolate the fields.
1785
THOMSON: *Seasons, Winter,* Line 788.

Spring.

In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd dove;
In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.
1786
TENNYSON: *Locksley Hall,* Line 19.

Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come;
And from the bosom of your dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veiled in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.
1787
THOMSON: *Seasons, Spring,* Line 1.

"Come, gentle Spring! ethereal mildness, come!"—
Oh! Thomson, void of rhyme as well as reason,
How could'st thou thus poor human nature hum?
There 's no such season.
1788
HOOD: *Spring.*

Stage.

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players,
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages.
1789
SHAKS.: *As You Like It,* Act ii., Sc. 7.

Stars.

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere.
1790
SHAKS.: *1 Henry IV.,* Act v., Sc. 4.

The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear without number!
1791
HERRICK: *Aph. Night Piece, To Julia.*

Ye stars! which are the poetry of Heaven,
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires,—'t is to be forgiven,
That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you.
1792
BYRON: *Ch. Harold,* Canto iii., St. 88.

Now only here and there a little star
Looks forth alone.
1793
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT: *The Constellations.*

State.

A thousand years scarce serve to form a state:
An hour may lay it in the dust.
1794
BYRON: *Ch. Harold,* Canto ii., St. 84.

Statesman.

An honest statesman to a prince,

Is like a cedar planted by a spring;
The spring bathes the tree's root, the grateful tree
Rewards it with his shadow.
1795
WEBSTER: *Duchess of Malfi,* Act iii., Sc. 2.

Steed.

Hurrah, hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah, hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,—
The American soldier's Temple of Fame,—
There with the glorious General's name
Be it said in letters both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester,—twenty miles away!"
1796
THOMAS BUCHANAN READ: *Sheridan's Ride.*

Stones.

Put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.
1797
SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar,* Act iii., Sc. 2.

Storms.

We often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,

The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death.
1798
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act ii., Sc. 2.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm.
1799
COWPER: *Light Shining out of Darkness.*

Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!
1800
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES: *Old Ironsides.*

Story.

Her father loved me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortune,
That I have passed.
1801
SHAKS.: *Othello,* Act i., Sc. 3.

She thank'd me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her.
1802
SHAKS.: *Othello,* Act i., Sc. 3.

Strangers.

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honored, and by strangers mourn'd.
1803
POPE: *To the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady,* Line 51.

Streets.

The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.
1804
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act i., Sc. 1.

Strength.

O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.
1805
SHAKS.: *M. for M.,* Act ii., Sc. 2.

To be strong
Is to be happy!
1806
LONGFELLOW: *Christus, Golden Legend,* Pt. ii.

Strife.

No fears to beat away, no strife to heal,—

The past unsighed for, and the future sure.
1807
WORDSWORTH: *Laodamia.*

Striving.

How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.
1808
SHAKS.: *King Lear,* Act i., Sc. 4.

Study.

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.
1809
SHAKS.: *Love's L. Lost,* Act i., Sc. 1.

If not to some peculiar end design'd
Study 's the specious trifling of the mind,
Or is at best a secondary aim,
A chase for sport alone, and not for game.
1810
YOUNG: *Love of Fame,* Satire ii., Line 67.

Style.

The lives of trees lie only in the barks,
And in their styles the wit of greatest clerks.
1811
BUTLER: *Sat. on Abuse of Human Learning,* Line 211.

Success.

Didst thou never hear
That things ill got had ever bad success?
1812
SHAKS.: *3 Henry VI.,* Act ii., Sc. 2.

Life lives only in success.
1813
BAYARD TAYLOR: *Amran's Wooing,* St. 5.

'Tis not in mortals to command success;
But we'll do more, Sempronius—we'll deserve it.
1814
ADDISON: *Cato,* Act i., Sc. 2.

Suffering.

Yet tears to human suffering are due;
And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown
Are mourned by man, and not by man alone.
1815
WORDSWORTH: *Laodamia.*

Suicide.

Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.
1816
SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar,* Act iii., Sc. 1.

—He

That kills himself to avoid misery, fears it;
And at the best shows but a bastard valor.
1817
MASSINGER: *Maid of Honor,* Act iv., Sc. 3.

Summer.

Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all except their sun is set.
1818
Byron: *Don Juan,* Canto iii., St. 86. 1.

It is a sultry day; the sun has drunk
The dew that lay upon the morning grass;
There is no rustling in the lofty elm
That canopies my dwelling, and its shade
Scarce cools me. All is silent, save the faint
And interrupted murmur of the bee,
Settling on the sick flowers, and then again
Instantly on the wing.
1819
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT: *Summer Wind.*

Sun.

The glorious sun,
Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist;
Turning, with splendor of his precious eye,
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold.
1820
SHAKS.: *King John,* Act iii., Sc. 1.

Busy old fool, unruly sun,
Why dost thou thus,

Through windows and through curtains call on us?
1821
JOHN DONNE: *The Sun-Rising.*

My own hope is, a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched.
1822
ROBERT BROWNING: *Apparent Failure,* vii.

Sunflower.

Light enchanted sunflower, thou
Who gazest ever true and tender
On the sun's revolving splendor!

Restless sunflowers, cease to move.
1823
SHELLEY: *Tr. of "Magico Prodigioso" of Calderon,* Sc. 3.

The heart that has truly lov'd never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns on her god when he sets
The same look which she turn'd when he rose.
1824
MOORE: *Believe Me, If all Those Endearing Young Charms.*

Miles and miles of gold and green
Where the sunflowers blow
In a solid glow.
1825

ROBERT BROWNING: *Lovers' Quarrel,* St. 6.

Unloved, the sunflower, shining fair,
Ray round with flames her disk of seed.
1826
TENNYSON: *In Memoriam,* Pt. ci., St. 2.

Sunrise.

When from the opening chambers of the east
The morning springs in thousand liveries drest,
The early larks their morning tribute pay,
And, in shrill notes, salute the blooming day.
1827
THOMSON: *The Morning in the Country.*

'Tis morn. Behold the kingly Day now leaps
The eastern wall of earth with sword in hand,
Clad in a flowing robe of mellow light.
Like to a king that has regain'd his throne,
He warms his drooping subjects into joy,
That rise rejoiced to do him fealty,
And rules with pomp the universal world.
1828
JOAQUIN MILLER: *Ina,* Sc. 2.

Sunset.

The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.
1829
SHAKS.: *Richard III.,* Act v., Sc. 3.

O the wondrous golden sunset of the blest October
day.
1830
JULIA C.R. DORR: *Margery Grey,* St. 24.

The descending sun
Seems to caress the city that he loves,
And crowns it with the aureole of a saint.
1831
LONGFELLOW: *Michael Angelo,* Pt. i., 2.

The sun is going down,
And I must see the glory from the hill.
1832
GEORGE ELIOT: *Agatha.*

Sunshine.

See the gold sunshine patching,
And streaming and streaking across
The gray-green oaks; and catching,
By its soft brown beard, the moss.
1833
BAILEY: *Festus,* Sc. *The Surface.*

As sunshine broken in the rill,
Though turned astray, is sunshine still.
1834
MOORE: *The Fire-Worshippers.*

Surfeit.

As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope, by the immoderate use,

Turns to restraint.
1835
SHAKS.: *M. for M.,* Act i., Sc. 3.

Surprise.

The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes
And gaping mouth, that testified surprise.
1836
DRYDEN: *Cymon and Iphigenia,* Line 41.

Suspense.

For thee the fates, severely kind, ordain
A cool suspense, from pleasure and from pain.
1837
POPE: *Eloisa to A.,* Line 249.

Suspicion.

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.
1838
SHAKS.: *3 Henry VI.,* Act v., Sc. 6.

Swallow.

When Autumn scatters his departing gleams,
Warned of approaching Winter, gathered, play
The swallow-people; and tossed wide around
O'er the calm sky, in convolution swift,
The feathered eddy floats; rejoicing once,

Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire.
1839
THOMSON: *Seasons, Autumn,* Line 836.

Swans.

The swan, with arched neck
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
Her state with oary feet.
1840
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. vii., Line 438.

Swearing.

And being thus frighted swears a prayer or two
And sleeps again.
1841
SHAKS.: *Rom. and Jul.,* Act i., Sc. 4.

Take not His name, who made thy mouth, in vain;
It gets thee nothing, and hath no excuse.
1842
HERBERT: *Temple, Church Porch,* St. 10.

Sweetness.

Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.
1843
SHAKS.: *Richard II.,* Act i., Sc. 3.

Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout

Of linked sweetness long drawn out.
1844
MILTON: *L'Allegro,* Line 135.

Swiftness.

I go, I go; look how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.
1845
SHAKS.: *Mid. N. Dream,* Act iii., Sc. 2.

His golden locks time hath to silver turned;
O time too swift! O swiftness never ceasing!
1846
GEORGE PEELE: *Sonnet, Polyhymnia.*

Swimming.

How many a time have I
Cloven with arm still lustier, breast more daring,
The wave all roughen'd; with a swimmer's stroke
Flinging the billows back from my drench'd hair,
And laughing from my lip the audacious brine,
Which kiss'd it like a wine-cup, rising o'er
The waves as they arose, and prouder still
The loftier they uplifted me.
1847
BYRON: *Two Foscari,* Act i., Sc. 1.

Sword.

Full bravely hast thou fleshed
Thy maiden sword.

1848
SHAKS.: *1 Henry IV.,* Act v., Sc. 4.

Chase brave employment with a naked sword
Throughout the world.
1849
HERBERT: *The Church Porch.*

Sympathy.

Thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.
1850
SHAKS.: *2 Henry VI.,* Act i., Sc. 1.

There's nought in this bad world like sympathy:
'Tis so becoming to the soul and face—
Sets to soft music the harmonious sigh,
And robes sweet friendship in a Brussels lace.
1851
BYRON: *Don Juan,* Canto xiv., St. 47.

Synods.

Synods are mystical bear-gardens,
Where elders, deputies, church-wardens,
And other members of the court,
Manage the Babylonish sport.
1852
BUTLER: *Hudibras,* Pt. i., Canto iii., Line 1095.

T.

Tale.

Who so shall telle a tale after a man,
He moste reherse, as neighe as ever he can,
Everich word, if it be in his charge,
All speke he never so rudely and so large.
1853
CHAUCER: *Canterbury Tales, Prologue,* Line 733.

But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul.
1854
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act i., Sc. 5.

I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love.
1855
SHAKS.: *Othello,* Act i., Sc. 3.

Meet me by moonlight alone,
And then I will tell you a tale
Must be told by the moonlight alone,
In the grove at the end of the vale!
1856
J.A. WADE: *Meet Me by Moonlight.*

Talk.

We will not stand to prate;
Talkers are no good doers; be assured
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.
1857
SHAKS.: *Richard III.,* Act i., Sc. 3.

But still his tongue ran on, the less
Of weight it bore, with greater ease
And with its everlasting clack,
Set all men's ears upon the rack.
1858
BUTLER: *Hudibras,* Pt. iii., Canto ii., Line 443.

They always talk who never think.
1859
PRIOR: *Upon this Passage in the Scaligeriana.*

Where Nature's end of language is declin'd,
And men talk only to conceal the mind.
1860
YOUNG: *Love of Fame,* Satire ii., Line 207.

It would talk,—
Lord! how it talked!
1861
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *Scornful Lady,* Act v., Sc. 1.

Tasso.

Tasso is their glory and their shame.

Hark to his strain! and then survey his cell!
And see how dearly earn'd Torquato's fame,
And where Alfonso bade his poet dwell.
1862
BYRON: *Ch. Harold,* Canto iv., St. 36.

Taste.

Talk what you will of taste, my friend, you'll find
Two of a face as soon as of a mind.
1863
POPE: Satire vi., Line 268.

Good native Taste, tho' rude, is seldom wrong,
Be it in music, painting, or in song:
But this, as well as other faculties,
Improves with age and ripens by degrees.
1864
ARMSTRONG: *Taste,* Line 26

Such and so various are the tastes of men.
1865
AKENSIDE: *Pl. of the Imagination,* Bk. iii., Line 567.

Taxation.

By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection.
1866
SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar,* Act iv., Sc. 3.

Who nothing has to lose, the war bewails;

And he who nothing pays, at taxes rails.
1867
CONGREVE: *Epis. to Sir Richard Temple. Of Pleasing,*
Line 17.

Tea.

For her own breakfast she'll project a scheme,
Nor take her tea without a stratagem.
1868
YOUNG: *Love of Fame,* Satire vi., Line 190.

Teaching.

I have labored,
And with no little study, that my teaching
And the strong course of my authority
Might go one way.
1869
SHAKS.: *Henry VIII.,* Act v., Sc. 2.

Tears.

The big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase.
1870
SHAKS.: *As You Like It,* Act ii., Sc. 1.

']Then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.
1871

SHAKS.: *Titus And.,* Act iii., Sc. 1.

Our present tears here, not our present laughter,
Are but the handsells of our joys hereafter.
1872
HERRICK: *Noble Numbers, Tears.*

Thrice he assay'd, and thrice in spite of scorn,
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth.
1873
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. i., Line 619.

A child will weep a bramble's smart,
A maid to see her sparrow part,
A stripling for a woman's heart:
But woe awaits a country, when
She sees the tears of bearded men.
1874
SCOTT: *Marmion,* Canto v., St. 16.

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.
1875
WORDSWORTH: *Intimations of Immortality.*

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.
1876
TENNYSON: *The Princess,* Pt. iv., Line 21.

Beauty's tears are lovelier than her smile.
1877
CAMPBELL: *Pl. of Hope,* Pt. i., Line 180.

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.
1878
FRANCIS M. FINCH: *The Blue and the Gray.*

Temper.

Ye gods, it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world
And bear the palm alone.
1879
SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar,* Act i., Sc. 2.

Temperance.

Temp'rate in every place,—abroad, at home.
Thence will applause, and hence will profit come;
And health from either—he in time prepares
For sickness, age, and their attendant cares.
1880
CRABBE: *The Borough,* Letter xvii., Line 198.

Tempests.

The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.
1881

SHAKS.: *1 Henry IV.,* Act v., Sc. 1.

Suddeine they see from midst of all the maine
The surging waters like a mountaine rise,
And the great sea puft up with proud disdaine,
To swell above the measure of his guise,
As threatning to devoure all that his powre despise.
1882
SPENSER: *Faerie Queene,* Bk. ii., Canto xii., St. 21.

From cloud to cloud the rending lightnings rage;
Till, in the furious elemental war
Dissolv'd, the whole precipitated mass,
Unbroken floods and solid torrents pours.
1883
THOMSON: *Seasons, Summer,* Line 799.

The sky
Is overcast, and musters muttering thunder,
In clouds that seem approaching fast, and show
In forked flashes a commanding tempest.
1884
BYRON: *Sardanapalus,* Act ii., Sc. 1.

Temptation.

Oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.
1885
SHAKS.: *Macbeth,* Act i., Sc. 3.

'Tis the temptation of the devil
That makes all human actions evil;

For saints may do the same things by
The spirit, in sincerity,
Which other men are tempted to,
And at the devil's instance do:
And yet the actions be contrary,
Just as the saints and wicked vary.
1886
BUTLER: *Hudibras,* Pt. ii., Canto ii., Line 233.

Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives whom we call dead.
1887
LONGFELLOW: *Resignation*

Tenderness.

Higher than the perfect song
For which love longeth,
Is the tender fear of wrong,
That never wrongeth.
1888
BAYARD TAYLOR: *Improvisations,* Pt. v.

Tents.

Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.
1889
LONGFELLOW: *The Day is Done.*

Terror.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats.

1890
SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar,* Act iv., Sc. 3.

Test.

Bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word.
1891
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act iii., Sc. 4.

Text.

And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.
1892
GRAY: *Elegy,* St. 21.

Thankfulness.

The poorest service is repaid with thanks.
1893
SHAKS.: *Tam. of the S.,* Act iv., Sc. 3.

Thanks to men
Of noble minds, is honorable meed.
1894
SHAKS.: *Titus And.,* Act i., Sc. 2.

Theatre.

As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,

Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious.
1895
SHAKS.: *Richard II.,* Act v., Sc. 5.

Thief.

The robb'd that smiles, steals something from the thief.
1896
SHAKS.: *Othello,* Act i., Sc. 3.

Thirst.

That panting thirst, which scorches in the breath
Of those that die the soldier's fiery death,
In vain impels the burning mouth to crave
One drop—the last—to cool it for the grave.
1897
BYRON: *Lara,* Canto ii., St. 16.

Thorn.

Why are we fond of toil and care?
Why choose the rankling thorn to wear?
1898
J.M. USTERI: *Life let us Cherish.*

Thought.

Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.
1899

SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act iii., Sc. 2.

Thought alone is eternal.
1900
OWEN MEREDITH: *Lucile,* Pt. ii., Canto v., St. 16.

No thought which ever stirred
A human breast should be untold.
1901
ROBERT BROWNING: *Paracelsus,* Sc. 2.

Thought leapt out to wed with Thought
Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech.
1902
TENNYSON: *In Memoriam,* Pt. xxiii., St. 4.

Thought is deeper than all speech,
Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught.
1903
CHRISTOPHER P. CRANCH: *Stanzas.*

Thread.

Sewing at once a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.
1904
HOOD: *Song of the Shirt.*

Threats.

If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till

Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.
1905
SHAKS.: *Tempest,* Act i., Sc. 2.

Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy ling'ring.
1906
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. ii., Line 699.

Thrift.

Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
1907
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act i., Sc. 2.

Throne.

High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind.
1908
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. ii., Line 1.

Thunder.

And threat'ning France, plac'd like a painted Jove,
Kept idle thunder in his lifted hand.
1909
DRYDEN: *Annus Mirabilis,* St. 39.

Far along,

From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder.
1910
BYRON: *Ch. Harold,* Canto iii., St. 92.

Tide.

Even at the turning o' the tide.
1911
SHAKS.: *Henry V.,* Act ii., Sc. 3.

There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.
1912
SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar,* Act iv., Sc. 3.

Time.

I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.
1913
SHAKS.: *Richard II.,* Act v., Sc. 5.

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.
1914
HERRICK: *To Virgins to Make Much of Time.*

Threefold the stride of Time, from first to last!
Loitering slow, the FUTURE creepeth—
Arrow-swift, the PRESENT sweepeth—
And motionless forever stands the PAST.
1915

SCHILLER: *Sentences of Confucius, Time.*

Tithes.

This priest he merry is and blithe
Three quarters of a year,
But oh! it cuts him like a scythe,
When tithing-time draws near.
1916
COWPER: *Yearly Distress,* St. 2.

Titles.

We all are soldiers, and all venture lives;
And where there is no difference in men's worth,
Titles are jests.
1917
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *King or No King,* Act i., Sc. 1.

Titles are marks of honest men and wise;
The fool or knave that wears a title, lies.
1918
YOUNG: *Love of Fame,* Satire i., Line 137.

Toad.

Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve.
1919
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. iv., Line 800.

Tobacco.

Sublime tobacco! which from east to west
Cheers the tar's labor or the Turkman's rest.
1920
BYRON: *The Island,* Canto ii., St. 19.

To-day.

Happy the man and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own.
1921
DRYDEN: *Im. of Horace,* Bk. iii., Ode 29, Line 65.

Our cares are all To-day, our joys are all To-day;
And in one little word, our life, what is it but—To-day?
1922
TUPPER: *Proverbial Phil. of To-day*

Toil.

No man is born into the world whose work
Is not born with him. There is always work,
And tools to work withal, for those who will;
And blessed are the horny hands of toil.
1923
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL: *A Glance Behind the Curtain.*

Tomb.

E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

1924
GRAY: *Elegy,* St. 23.

To-morrow.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death.
1925
SHAKS.: *Macbeth,* Act v., Sc. 5.

Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,
To-morrow's sun on thee may never rise.
1926
CONGREVE: *Letter to Cobham.*

To-morrow comes and we are where?
Then let us live to-day.
1927
SCHILLER: *The Victory Feast,* St. 13.

Where art thou, beloved To-morrow?
Whom young and old, and strong and weak,
Rich and poor, through joy and sorrow,
Thy sweet smiles we ever seek—
In thy place—ah! well-a-day!
We find the thing we fled—To-day.
1928
SHELLEY: *To-morrow.*

Tongue.

While thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.
1929
SHAKS.: *Tempest,* Act iii., Sc. 2.

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning.
1930
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act iii., Sc. 2.

Sacred interpreter of human thought,
How few respect or use thee as they ought!
But all shall give account of every wrong,
Who dare dishonor or defile the tongue.
1931
COWPER: *Conversation,* Line 23.

Tools.

For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.
1932
BUTLER: *Hudibras,* Pt. i., Canto i., Line 89.

Toothache.

There was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently.
1933
SHAKS.: *Much Ado,* Act v., Sc. 1.

Torrent.

So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar
But bind him to his native mountains more.
1934
GOLDSMITH: *Traveller,* Line 217.

Torture.

The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,
And boil in endless torture.
1935
BYRON: *Ch. Harold,* Canto iv., St. 69.

Towers.

Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees.
1936
MILTON: *L'Allegro,* Line 75.

Town.

God made the country, and man made the town.
1937
COWPER: *Task,* Bk i., Line 749.

Toys.

Seeks painted trifles and fantastic toys,
And eagerly pursues imaginary joys.
1938
AKENSIDE: *Virtuoso,* St. 10.

Trade.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose.
1939
GOLDSMITH: *Des. Village,* Line 63.

Trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay.
1940
DR. JOHNSON: *Line added to Goldsmith's Des. Village.*

Tranquillity.

Like ships that have gone down at sea
When heaven was all tranquillity.
1941
MOORE: *Lalla Rookh, The Light of the Harem.*

Traveller—Travelling.

Now spurs the lated traveller apace
To gain the timely inn.
1942
SHAKS.: *Macbeth,* Act iii., Sc. 3.

When I was at home, I was in a better place;
But travellers must be content.
1943
SHAKS.: *As You Like It,* Act ii., Sc. 4.

In travelling

I shape myself betimes to idleness
And take fools' pleasures....
1944
GEORGE ELIOT: *Spanish Gypsy,* Bk. i.

Treason.

Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
1945
SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar,* Act iii., Sc. 2.

So Judas kiss'd his master,
And cried—All hail! when as he meant—all harm.
1946
SHAKS.: *3 Henry VI.,* Act v., Sc. 7.

Treason doth never prosper: what's the reason?
Why, if it prosper, none dare call it treason.
1947
SIR JOHN HARRINGTON: *Epigrams,* Bk. iv., Epigram 5.

Treason is not own'd when 'tis descried;
Successful crimes alone are justified.
1948
DRYDEN: *Medals,* Line 207.

Treasure.

The unsunn'd heaps
Of miser's treasure.
1949
MILTON: *Comus,* Line 398.

Trees.

Trees can smile in light at the sinking sun
Just as the storm comes, as a girl would look
On a departing lover—most serene.
1950
ROBERT BROWNING: *Pauline,* Line 726.

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them.
1951
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT: *Forest Hymn.*

Sure thou didst flourish once! and many springs,
Many bright mornings, much dew, many showers,
Passed o'er thy head; many light hearts and wings,
Which now are dead, lodg'd in thy living bowers.
1952
HENRY VAUGHAN: *The Timber.*

A brotherhood of venerable trees.
1953
WORDSWORTH: *Sonnet composed at —— Castle.*

Trial.

We learn through trial.
1954
MARGARET J. PRESTON: *Attainment,* St. 7.

Trifles.

Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs.
1955
HANNAH MORE: *Sensibility.*

Think nought a trifle, though it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year;
And trifles life.
1956
YOUNG: *Love of Fame,* Satire vi., Line 193.

Triumph.

Why comes temptation, but for man to meet
And master, and make crouch beneath his foot,
And so be pedestaled in triumph?
1957
ROBERT BROWNING: *The Ring and the Book,* Line 1185.

Trouble.

Double, double toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
1958
SHAKS.: *Macbeth,* Act iv., Sc. 1.

To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them.
1959

SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act iii., Sc. 1.

Truth.

Truth is the highest thing that man may keep.
1960
CHAUCER: *The Frankeleines Tale,* Line 11789.

O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.
1961
SHAKS.: *1 Henry IV.,* Act iii., Sc. 1.

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again:
The eternal years of God are hers.
1962
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT: *The Battle-field.*

Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie;
A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby.
1963
HERBERT: *Temple, Church Porch,* St. 13.

Truth has such a face and such a mien,
As to be lov'd, needs only to be seen.
1964
DRYDEN: *Hind and Panther,* Pt. i., Line 33.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside.
1965
COWPER: *Task,* Bk. v., Line 133.

Truth is one;
And, in all lands beneath the sun,
Whoso hath eyes to see may see

The tokens of its unity.
1966
WHITTIER: *Miriam.*

Truth is truth howe'er it strike.
1967
ROBERT BROWNING: *La Saisiaz,* Line 198.

I love truth: truth's no cleaner thing than love.
1968
MRS. BROWNING: *Aurora Leigh,* Bk. iii., Line 735.

Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.
1969
KEATS: *Ode on a Grecian Urn.*

Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne.
1970
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL: *Present Crisis,* St. 8.

Tulips.

Then comes the tulip race, where beauty plays
Her idle freaks; from family diffused
To family, as flies the father-dust,
The varied colors run; and while they break
On the charmed eye, the exulting florist marks,
With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.
1971
THOMSON: *Seasons, Spring,* Line 539.

Tune.

Strange that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long!
1972
WATTS: *Hymns and Spiritual Songs,* Bk. ii., Hymn 19.

Turf.

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
1973
FITZ-GREENE HALLECK: *On Joseph Rodman Drake.*

Turk.

Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne.
1974
POPE: *Prologue to the Satires,* Line 197.

Twilight.

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad.
1975
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. iv., Line 598.

Peacefully
The quiet stars came out, one after one;
The holy twilight fell upon the sea,
The summer day was done.
1976
CELIA THAXTER: *A Summer Day,* St. 15

Tyranny.

'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.
1977
SHAKS.: *Pericles,* Act i., Sc. 2.

'Twixt kings and tyrants there's this difference known
—
Kings seek their subjects' good, tyrants their own.
1978
HERRICK: *Aph. Kings and Tyrants.*

Think'st thou there is no tyranny but that
Of blood and chains?
1979
BYRON: *Sardanapalus,* Act i., Sc. 2.

U.

Uncertainty.

Oh, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day!
1980
SHAKS.: *Two Gent. of V.,* Act i., Sc. 3.

Unity.

Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one.
1981
MARIA WHITE LOWELL: *Ingomar the Barbarian,* Act ii.

Unkindness.

This was the most unkindest cut of all.
1982
SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar,* Act iii., Sc. 2.

Use.

These things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.
1983
SHAKS.: *Jul. Cæsar,* Act ii., Sc. 2.

V.

Vacuity.

He trudged along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went, for want of thought.
1984
DRYDEN: *Cym. and Iph.,* Line 84.

Valentine.

Oft have I heard both youths and virgins say,
Birds choose their mates, and couple too, this day;
But by their flight I never can divine
When I shall couple with my Valentine.
1985
HERRICK: *Aph. To His Valentine.*

Valor.

Fear to do base unworthy things is valor;
If they be done to us, to suffer them,
Is valor too.
1986
BEN JONSON: *New Inn,* Act iv., Sc. 3.

Vanity.

Light vanity, insatiate cormorant
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
1987
SHAKS.: *Richard II.,* Act ii., Sc. 1.

What dotage will not Vanity maintain?
What web too weak to catch a modern brain?

1988
COWPER: *Expostulation,* Line 630.

Vapor.

A wing vapor melting in a tear.
1989
POPE: *Odyssey,* Bk. xix., Line 143.

Variety.

Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.
1990
COWPER: *Task,* Bk. ii., Line 606.

Vault.

Heaven's ebon vault
Studded with stars unutterably bright.
1991
SHELLEY: *Queen Mab.*

Vengeance.

In high vengeance there is noble scorn.
1992
GEORGE ELIOT: *Spanish Gypsy,* Bk. iv.

Venice.

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand.
1993
BYRON: *Ch. Harold,* Canto iv., St. 1.

In Venice, Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier.
1994
BYRON: *Ch. Harold,* Canto iv., St. 3.

Venus.

Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies,
And Venus sets ere Mercury can rise.
1995
POPE: *Wife of Bath, Her Prologue,* Line 369.

Verse.

Whoe'er offends at some unlucky time
Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme.
1996
POPE: Satire i., Bk. ii., Line 76.

Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound;
She feels no biting pang the while she sings.
1997
RICHARD GIFFORD: *Contemplation.*

Vice.

There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.

1998
SHAKS.: *M. of Venice,* Act iii., Sc. 2.

I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
1999
MILTON: *Comus,* Line 760.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
2000
POPE: *Essay on Man,* Epis. ii., Line 217.

Victory.

Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
2001
SHAKS.: *3 Henry VI.,* Act v., Sc. 3.

"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he;
"But 'twas a famous victory."
2002
ROBERT SOUTHEY: *Battle of Blenheim.*

Village.

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain.
2003
GOLDSMITH: *Des. Village.*

Suburban villas, highway-side retreats,
That dread th' encroachment of our growing streets,
Tight boxes neatly sash'd, and in a blaze
With all a July sun's collected rays,
Delight the citizen, who gasping there,
Breathes clouds of dust, and calls it country air.
2004
COWPER: *Retirement,* Line 481.

Villain.

Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes;
That when I note another man like him
I may avoid him.
2005
SHAKS.: *Much Ado,* Act v., Sc. 1.

Vine.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne!
2006
SHAKS.: *Ant. and Cleo.,* Act ii., Sc. 7.

Violet.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye;
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.
2007
WORDSWORTH: *She Dwelt among the Untrodden*

Ways.

Odors, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.
2008
SHELLEY: *Music, When Soft Voices Die.*

What thought is folded in thy leaves!
What tender thought, what speechless pain!
I hold thy faded lips to mine,
Thou darling of the April rain!
2009
THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH: *The Faded Violet.*

Virtue.

Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do;
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not.
2010
SHAKS.: *M. for M.,* Act i., Sc. 1.

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water.
2011
SHAKS.: *Henry III.,* Act iv., Sc. 2.

Assume a virtue if you have it not.
2012
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act iii., Sc. 4.

Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt;
Surpris'd by unjust force, but not enthrall'd;
Yea, even that which mischief meant most harm,

Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.
2013
MILTON: *Comus,* Line 589.

Sometimes virtue starves while vice is fed,
What then? Is the reward of virtue bread?
2014
POPE: *Essay on Man,* Epis. iv., Line 149.

Vision.

And in clear dream and solemn vision
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear.
2015
MILTON: *Comus,* Line 453.

Voice.

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman.
2016
SHAKS.: *King Lear,* Act v., Sc. 3.

Vows.

Unheedful vows may needfully be broken.
2017
SHAKS.: *Two Gent. of V.,* Act ii., Sc. 6.

It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whisper'd word.
2018
BYRON: *Parisina,* St. 1.

W.

Wagers.

Quoth she, I've heard old cunning stagers
Say fools for arguments use wagers.
2019
BUTLER: *Hudibras,* Pt. ii., Canto i., Line 297.

Walks.

A pillar'd shade
High overarch'd, and echoing walks between.
2020
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. ix., Line 1106.

Whene'er I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see!
2021
WATTS: *Divine Songs,* Song iv.

War.

O war, thou son of hell,

Whom angry heav'ns do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance!—Let no soldier fly;
He that is truly delicate to war
Hath no self-love: nor he that loves himself.
2022
SHAKS.: *2 Henry VI.,* Act v., Sc. 2.

Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front.
2023
SHAKS.: *Richard III.,* Act i., Sc. 1.

War's a game, which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at.
2024
COWPER: *Task,* Bk. v., Line 186.

War, war is still the cry, "War even to the knife!"
2025
BYRON: *Ch. Harold,* Canto i., St. 86.

War is a terrible trade; but in the cause that is
righteous,
Sweet is the smell of powder.
2026
LONGFELLOW: *Courtship of Miles Standish,* Pt. iv.,
Line 135.

Warning.

Men that stumble at the threshold,
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.
2027
SHAKS.: *3 Henry VI.,* Act iv., Sc. 7.

Warrior.

But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.
2028
CHARLES WOLFE: *Burial of Sir John Moore.*

Washington.

Washington's a watchword such as ne'er
Shall sink while there's an echo left to air.
2029
BYRON: *Age of Bronze,* St. 5.

Water.

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.
2030
SHAKS.: *2 Henry VI.,* Act iii., Sc. 1.

Till taught by pain,
Men really know not what good water's worth:
If you had been in Turkey or in Spain,
Or with a famish'd boat's crew had your berth,
Or in the desert heard the camel's bell,
You'd wish yourself where truth is—in a well.
2031
BYRON: *Don Juan,* Canto ii., St. 84.

Wave.

So gently shuts the eye of day;

So dies a wave along the shore.
2032
MRS. BARBAULD: *Death of the Virtuous.*

A life on the ocean wave!
A home on the rolling deep,
Where the scattered waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep!
2033
EPES SARGENT: *Life On the Ocean Wave.*

Way.

Like one that had been led astray
Through the heav'n's wide, pathless way.
2034
MILTON: *Il Penseroso,* Line 65.

Weakness.

If weakness may excuse,
What murderer, what traitor, parricide,
Incestuous, sacrilegious, but may plead it?
All wickedness is weakness; that plea, therefore,
With God or man will gain thee no remission.
2035
MILTON: *Sam. Agonistes,* Line 831.

Wealth.

If thou art rich, thou art poor;
For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bearest thy heavy riches but a journey,

And death unloads thee.
2036
SHAKS.: *M. for M.,* Act iii., Sc. 1.

To purchase heaven, has gold the power?
Can gold remove the mortal hour?
In life, can love be bought with gold?
Are friendship's pleasures to be sold?
2037
DR. JOHNSON: *To a Friend.*

Weeds.

Have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the stern god of sea.
2038
MILTON: *Tr. of Horace,* Bk. i., Ode 5.

Welcome.

So, you are very welcome to our house.
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore, I scant this breathing courtesy.
2039
SHAKS.: *M. of Venice,* Act v., Sc. 1.

A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,
And I could laugh; I am light and heavy: Welcome.
2040
SHAKS.: *Coriolanus,* Act ii., Sc. 1.

Wheel.

I wandered by the brookside,
I wandered by the mill;
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still.
2041
RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES: *The Brookside.*

Wickedness.

There is a method in man's wickedness,—
It grows up by degrees.
2042
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *A King and No King,*
Act v., Sc. 4.

Widows.

May widows wed as often as they can,
And ever for the better change their man;
And some devouring plague pursue their lives,
Who will not well be govern'd by their wives.
2043
DRYDEN: *Wife of Bath,* Line 543.

Wife.

She is mine own:
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sands were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
2044
SHAKS.: *Two Gent. of V.,* Act ii., Sc. 4.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too.
2045
SHAKS.: *Mer. W. of W.,* Act iv., Sc. 2.

The wife, where danger or dishonor lurks,
Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,
Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.
2046
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. ix., Line 267.

She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.
2047
BURNS: *My Wife's a Winsome Wee Thing.*

The world well tried—the sweetest thing in life
Is the unclouded welcome of a wife.
2048
N.P. WILLIS: *Lady Jane,* Canto ii., St. 11.

Wilderness.

Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade.
2049
COWPER: *Task,* Bk. ii., Line 1.

Will.

A weapon that comes down as still
As snowflakes fall upon the sod;
But executes a freeman's will,

As lightning does the will of God.
2050
JOHN PIERPONT: *A Word from a Petitioner.*

Willow.

A poore soule sat sighing under a sycamore tree;
Oh, willow, willow, willow!
With his hand on his bosom, his head on his knee,
Oh, willow, willow, willow!
2051
THOMAS PERCY: *Willow, Willow, Willow.*

Wind.

What wind blew you hither, Pistol?
Not the ill wind which blows none to good.
2052
SHAKS.: *2 Henry IV.,* Act v., Sc. 3.

The wind is rising; it seizes and shakes
The doors and window-blinds and makes
Mysterious moanings in the halls;
The convent-chimneys seem almost
The trumpets of some heavenly host,
Setting its watch upon our walls!
2053
LONGFELLOW: *Christus, Abbot Joachim.*

A gentle wind of western birth,
From some far summer sea,
Wakes daisies in the wintry earth.
2054
GEORGE MACDONALD: *Songs of the Spring Days.*

A melancholy sound is in the air,
A deep sigh in the distance, a shrill wail
Around my dwelling. 'Tis the Wind of night.
2055
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT: *A Rain Dream.*

Windows.

Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing.
2056
GRAY: *A Long Story.*

Wine.

Wine makes Love forget its care,
And mirth exalts a feast.
2057
PARNELL: *Anacreontic, "Gay Bacchus, etc.",* St. 2.

And wine can of their wits the wise beguile,
Make the sage frolic, and the serious smile.
2058
POPE: *Odyssey,* Bk. xiv., Line 520.

Wing.

This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction.
2059
BYRON: *Ch. Harold,* Canto iii., St. 85.

How at heaven's gates she claps her wings,
The morne not waking til she sings.
2060
JOHN LYLY: *Cupid and Campaspe,* Act v., Sc. 1

Winter.

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York.
2061
SHAKS.: *Richard III.,* Act i., Sc. 1.

See, Winter comes to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train,
Vapors, and clouds, and storms.
2062
THOMSON: *Seasons, Winter,* Line 1.

But Winter has yet brighter scenes—he boasts
Splendors beyond what gorgeous Summer knows;
Or Autumn with his many fruits, and woods
All flushed with many hues.
2063
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT: *A Winter Piece.*

No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May.
2064
GOLDSMITH: *Traveller,* Line 171.

In rigorous hours, when down the iron lane
The redbreast looks in vain
For hips and haws,
Lo, shining flowers upon my window-pane
The silver pencil of the winter draws.

2065
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: *Winter.*

Wisdom.

Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it.
2066
SHAKS.: *Ant. and Cleo.,* Act iii., Sc. 11.

What is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To see all others' faults, and feel your own.
2067
POPE: *Essay on Man,* Epis. iv., Line 260.

The stream from Wisdom's well,
Which God supplies, is inexhaustible.
2068
BAYARD TAYLOR: *Wisdom of All.*

And Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude.
2069
MILTON: *Comus,* Line 373.

Wishes.

Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought.
2070
SHAKS.: *2 Henry IV.,* Act iv., Sc. 4.

Our wishes lengthen, as our sun declines.

2071
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts,* Night v., Line 662.

Wit—Wits.

I hold a mouses wit not worth a leke,
That hath but one hole for to sterten to.
2072
CHAUCER: *Canterbury Tales, The Wif of Bathes Prologue,* Line 6154.

Wit's an unruly engine, wildly striking
Sometimes a friend, sometimes the engineer.
2073
HERBERT: *Temple, Church Porch,* St. 41.

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.
2074
DRYDEN: *Absalom and Achitophel,* Pt. i., Line 163.

Men famed for wit, of dangerous talents vain,
Treat those of common parts with proud disdain.
2075
CRABBE: *Patron,* Line 229.

Though I am young, I scorn to flit
On the wings of borrowed wit.
2076
GEORGE WITHER: *The Shepherd's Hunting.*

Witches.

Midnight hags,

By force of potent spells, of bloody characters,
And conjurations, horrible to hear,
Call fiends and spectres from the yawning deep,
And set the ministers of hell at work.
2077
ROWE: *Jane Shore,* Act iv., Sc. 1.

Woe.

But I have that within which passeth show;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.
2078
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act i., Sc. 1.

Woes cluster; rare are solitary woes;
They love a train, they tread each other's heel.
2079
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts,* Night iii., Line 63.

Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.
2080
BURNS: *Sweet Sensibility.*

Wolf.

He's the symbol of hunger the whole earth through,
His spectre sits at the door or cave,
And the homeless hear with a thrill of fear
The sound of his wind-swept voice on the air.
2081
HAMLIN GARLAND: *The Gaunt Gray Wolf.*

Woman.

Women are as roses; whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.
2082
SHAKS.: *Tw. Night,* Act ii., Sc. 4.

Honor to women! to them it is given
To garden the earth with the roses of Heaven.
2083
SCHILLER: *Honor to Women.*

Nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote.
2084
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. ix., Line 232.

O woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without you.
2085
OTWAY: *Venice Preserved,* Act i., Sc. 1.

Where is the man who has the power and skill
To stem the torrent of a woman's will?
For if she will, she will, you may depend on 't;
And if she won't, she won't; so there's an end on 't.
2086
Copied from the pillar erected on the mount in the Dane John Field, Canterbury. [*Examiner*: May 31, 1829.]

And yet believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a contradiction still.
Heaven, when it strives to polish all it can
Its last best work, but forms a softer man.

2087
POPE: *Moral Essays,* Epis. ii., Line 269.

Earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected.
2088
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL: *Irene.*

And whether coldness, pride, or virtue, dignify
A woman; so she's good, what does it signify?
2089
BYRON: *Don Juan,* Canto xiv., St. 57.

Oh, woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!
2090
SCOTT: *Marmion,* Canto vi., St. 30.

The woman that deliberates is lost.
2091
ADDISON: *Cato,* Act iv., Sc. 1.

A woman mixed of such fine elements
That were all virtue and religion dead
She'd make them newly, being what she was.
2092
GEORGE ELIOT: *The Spanish Gypsy,* Bk. ii.

Till we are built like angels, with hammer, and chisel, and pen,
We will work for ourselves and a woman, for ever and ever, Amen.
2093

RUDYARD KIPLING: *An Imperial Rescript.*

Wonder.

A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour!
2094
BYRON: *Ch. Harold,* Canto ii., St. 2.

Woodland.

Yon woodland, like a human mind,
Has many a phase of dark and light;
Now dim with shadows wandering blind,
Now radiant with fair shapes of light.
2095
PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE: *The Woodland.*

Woodman.

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
2096
GEORGE P. MORRIS: *Woodman, Spare that Tree.*

Woods.

Fresh gales and gentle airs
Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
Flung rose, flung odors from the spicy shrub.
2097

MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. viii., Line 508.

Words.

'Tis well said again,
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well:
And yet words are no deeds.
2098
SHAKS.: *Henry VIII.,* Act iii., Sc. 2.

My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words without thoughts, never to heaven go.
2099
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act iii., Sc. 3.

Apt words have power to 'suage
The tumors of a troubled mind;
And are as balm to fester'd wounds.
2100
MILTON: *Samson Agonistes,* Line 184.

Our words have wings, but fly not where we would.
2101
GEORGE ELIOT: *Spanish Gypsy,* Bk. iii.

Words, however, are things.
2102
OWEN MEREDITH: *Lucile,* Pt. i., Canto ii., St. 6.

Wordsworth.

Time may restore us in his course
Goethe's sage mind and Byron's force;
But where will Europe's latter hour

Again find Wordsworth's healing power?
2103
MATTHEW ARNOLD: *Memorial Verses.*

Work.

Free men freely work:
Whoever fears God, fears to sit at ease.
2104
MRS. BROWNING: *Aurora Leigh,* Bk. viii., Line 752.

Men must work, and women must weep.
2105
CHARLES KINGSLEY: *The Three Fishers.*

World.

Why, then, the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open.
2106
SHAKS.: *Mer. W. of W.,* Act ii., Sc. 2.

You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care.
2107
SHAKS.: *M. of Venice,* Act i., Sc. 1.

Fast by hanging in a golden chain,
This pendent world, in bigness as a star.
2108
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. ii., Line 1051.

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;

The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There 's nothing true but Heaven.
2109
MOORE: *This World is all a Fleeting Show.*

I have not loved the world, nor the world me.
2110
BYRON: *Ch. Harold,* Canto iii., St. 113.

Worm.

The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on.
2111
SHAKS.: *3 Henry VI.,* Act ii., Sc. 2.

Worship.

There may be worship without words.
2112
LONGFELLOW: *My Cathedral.*

Worth.

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather or prunella.
2113
POPE: *Essay on Man,* Epis. iv., Line 203.

Wounds.

Give me another horse: bind up my wounds.

2114
SHAKS.: *Richard III.,* Act v., Sc. 3.

Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike.
2115
POPE: *Prol. to the Satires,* Line 201.

Wrath.

Come not within the measure of my wrath.
2116
SHAKS.: *Two Gent. of V.,* Act v., Sc. 4.

Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumber'd, heavenly goddess, sing!
2117
POPE: *Iliad,* Bk. i., Line 1.

Wreaths.

Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments.
2118
SHAKS.: *Richard III.,* Act i., Sc. 1.

Wrecks.

Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks,
Ten thousand men that fishes gnawed upon.
2119
SHAKS.: *Richard III.,* Act i., Sc. 4.

Wretch.

A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man.
2120
SHAKS.: *Com. of Errors,* Act v., Sc. 1.

Writing.

You write with ease to show your breeding,
But easy writing's curs'd hard reading.
2121
SHERIDAN: *Clio's Prot.*

Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well.
2122
SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE: *Essay on Poetry.*

Wrong.

Behold on wrong
Swift vengeance waits; and art subdues the strong!
2123
POPE: *Odyssey,* Bk. viii., Line 367.

Wrongs unredressed, or insults unavenged.
2124
WORDSWORTH: *Excursion,* Bk. iii.

X.

Xerxes.

Xerxes did die,
And so must I.
2125
From the New England Primer.

Y.

Years.

Jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hourglass.
2126
SHAKS.: *Henry V.,* Act i., Chorus.

Years following years, steal something every day;
At last they steal us from ourselves away.

2127
POPE: Satire vi., Line 72.

I sigh not over vanished years,
But watch the years that hasten by.
Look, how they come,—a mingled crowd
Of bright and dark, but rapid days.
2128
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT: *Lapse of Time.*

None would live past years again,
Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain.
2129
DRYDEN: *Aurengzebe,* Act iv., Sc. 1.

Yesterday.

Oh, call back yesterday, bid time return!
2130
SHAKS.: *Richard II.,* Act iii., Sc. 2.

Yew-Tree.

Old yew, which graspest at the stones
That name the underlying dead,
Thy fibres net the dreamless head,
Thy roots are wrapt about the bones.
2131
TENNYSON: *In Memoriam,* Pt. ii., St. 1.

Youth.

For youth no less becomes

The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled age his sables, and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness.
2132
SHAKS.: *Hamlet,* Act iv., Sc. 7.

Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.
2133
SHAKS.: *Two Gent. of V.,* Act i., Sc. 1.

Youth! youth! how buoyant are thy hopes! they turn,
Like marigolds, toward the sunny side.
2134
JEAN INGELOW: *Four Bridges,* St. 56.

How beautiful is youth! how bright it gleams
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!
2135
LONGFELLOW: *Morituri Salutamus.*

In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm.
2136
GRAY: *Bard,* Pt. ii., St. 2, Line 9.

Z.

Zeal.

Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.
2137
SHAKS.: *Henry VIII.,* Act iii., Sc. 2.

His zeal
None seconded, as out of season judg'd,
Or singular and rash.
2138
MILTON: *Par. Lost,* Bk. v., Line 849.

INDEX TO AUTHORS.

The references which follow the Chronological Data are the *numbers* of the Quotations in consecutive order from the respective Authors under which they are placed.

Addison, Joseph.
b. Milston, Wiltshire, Eng., 1672; d. London, Eng., 1719.
—50, 393, 556, 629, 700, 713, 749, 766, 925, 969, 1078, 1583, 1814, 2091.

Akenside, Mark.
b. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1721; d. London, Eng., 1770.
—1865, 1938.

Aldrich, James.
b. New York, 1810; d 1856.
—1481.

Aldrich, Thomas Bailey.
b. Portsmouth, N.H., 1836; d. 1907.
—238, 407, 771, 2009.

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—313.

Armstrong, John.
b. Liddesdale, Eng, 1709; d. London, Eng., 1779.
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—498.

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b. Fifeshire, 1813; d. 1865.
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Bailey, Philip James.
b. Nottingham, Eng, 1816; d. 1902.
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Baillie, Joanna.
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—198.

Barbauld, Anna Lætitia.
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—782, 1717, 2032.

Barrington, George.
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—413.

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Circa 1815.
—1340.

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b. Rowdon, Shropshire, Eng., 1615; d. 1691.
—1375.

Bayly, Thomas Haynes.
b. near Bath, Eng., 1797; d. 1839.
—218, 1335.

Beattie, James.
b. Laurencekirk Scot., 1735; d. Aberdeen, Scot., 1803.
—60, 485, 670, 837.

Beaumont and **Fletcher.**
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b. Leicestershire, Eng., 1586; d. 1615.
Fletcher, John.
b. Rye, Eng., 1576; d. London, Eng., 1625.
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Benserade, Isaac de.
b. in Upper Normandy, 1612; d. 1691.
—164.

Blair, Robert.
b. Edinburgh, Scot., 1699; d. Athelstaneford, Scot., 1747.
—85, 819, 836, 1651.

Booth, Barton.
b. Lancashire, Eng, 1681; d. 1733.
—1354.

Boyesen, Hjalmar Hjorth.
b. Fredericksvern, Norway, 1848; d. 1895.
—1028, 1162.

Bramston, James.
b. England; d. 1744.
—875.

Brown, John.
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—49, 431.

Brown, Tom.
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—562.

Browning, Elizabeth Barrett.
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—1323.

Bunn, Alfred.
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Bunyan, John.
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—664, 1383.

Burns, Robert.
b. Ayr, Scot., 1759; d. Dumfries, Scot., 1796.
—20, 208, 222, 242, 552, 588, 592, 604, 694, 773, 783, 954, 964, 986,
1080, 1095, 1106, 1109, 1129, 1147, 1193, 1345, 1435, 1588,
1599, 1600, 1642, 1704, 2047, 2080.

Butler, Samuel.
b. Worcestershire, Eng., 1612; d. London, Eng., 1680.
—39, 153, 236, 303, 305, 405, 423, 549, 566, 574, 615, 799, 972, 992, 1014, 1110, 1209, 1271, 1284, 1334, 1347, 1394, 1405, 1449, 1496, 1504, 1510, 1557, 1585, 1682, 1705, 1811, 1852, 1858, 1886, 1932, 2019.

Byron, George Gordon, Lord.
b. London, Eng., 1788; d. Missolonghi, Greece, 1824.
—31, 59, 62, 116, 133, 148, 169, 176, 209, 315, 351, 352, 354, 368, 388, 419, 451, 460, 469, 470, 486, 506, 511, 534, 537, 553, 582, 594, 612, 619, 651, 677, 734, 748, 751, 787, 813, 841, 842, 843, 850, 878, 879, 898, 908, 910, 995, 1059, 1075, 1087, 1115, 1131, 1133, 1166, 1221, 1229, 1232, 1251, 1275, 1303, 1337, 1391, 1407, 1419, 1442, 1498, 1506, 1522, 1529, 1538, 1556, 1563, 1573, 1575, 1580, 1596, 1601, 1620, 1621, 1625, 1668, 1672, 1679, 1686, 1688, 1716, 1718, 1731, 1751, 1792, 1794, 1818, 1847, 1851, 1862, 1884, 1897, 1910, 1920, 1935, 1979, 1993, 1994, 2018, 2025, 2029, 2031, 2059, 2089, 2094, 2110.

Campbell, Thomas.
b. Glasgow, Scot., 1777; d. Boulogne, France, 1844.
—142, 149, 359, 570, 715, 723, 933, 1243, 1390, 1541, 1584, 1593, 1694, 1703, 1741, 1877.

Canning, George.
b. London, Eng., 1770; d. Cheswick, Eng., 1827.
—729.

Carey, Henry.
b. 1663; d. Coldbath-Fields, Eng., 1743.
—349.

Carlyle, Thomas.
b. Ecclefechan, Scot., 1795; d. Chelsea, near London, Eng., 1881.
—1090, 1150.

Cary, Alice.
b. near Cincinnati, O., 1820; d. New York City, 1871.
—536, 1262.

Cary, Phoebe.
b. near Cincinnati, O., 1824; d. New York City, 1871.
—646.

Chapman, George.
b. Hitchin, Eng, 1557; d. London, Eng., 1634.
—658.

Chatterton, Thomas.
b. Bristol, Eng, 1752; d. London, Eng., 1770.
—1136.

Chaucer, Geoffrey.
b. London, Eng., 1328; d. 1400.
—40, 104, 1647, 1853, 1960, 2072.

Chorley, Henry Fothergill.
b. 1808; d. 1872.

—1268.

Churchill, Charles.
b. Westminster, Eng., 1731; d. Boulogne, France, 1764.
—98, 100, 135, 530, 698, 703, 874, 978, 1713, 1749.

Clemmer, Mary.
b. Utica, N.Y., 1839; d. 1884.
—676.

Coleridge, Samuel Taylor.
b. Devonshire, Eng., 1772; d. London, Eng., 1834.
—71, 143, 282, 395, 465, 484, 599, 708, 728, 979, 1138, 1227, 1336, 1372, 1379, 1431, 1473, 1507, 1561, 1673.

Collins, William.
b. Chichester, Eng., 1720; d. Chichester, Eng., 1756.
—227, 928, 1035, 1239.

Colman, George [the younger].
b. 1762; d. London, Eng., 1836.
—971.

Congreve, William.
b. Bardsey, Eng., 1670; d. London, Eng., 1729.
—185, 775, 1237, 1867, 1926.

Cook, Eliza.
b. London, Eng., 1817; d. 1889.
—1747.

"Cornwall, Barry."
See PROCTER, BRYAN WALLER.

Cowley, Abraham.
b. London, Eng., 1618, d. Chertsey, Eng., 1667.
—479, 786.

Cowper, William.
b. Great Berkhamstead, Hertfordshire, Eng., 1731; d. 1800.
—30, 102, 146, 175, 365, 403, 412, 586, 591, 656, 739, 762, 868, 889, 914, 960, 1036, 1079, 1201, 1393, 1401, 1404, 1437, 1466, 1475, 1571, 1637, 1723, 1752, 1759, 1799, 1916, 1931, 1937, 1965, 1988, 1990, 2004, 2024, 2049.

Crabbe, George.
b. Aldborough, Eng., 1754; d. Trowbridge, Eng., 1832.
—44, 205, 330, 379, 428, 1382, 1412, 1515, 1576, 1617, 1702, 1880, 2075.

Cranch, Christopher Pearse.
b. Alexandria, Va., 1813; d. 1892.
—1903.

Crashaw, Richard.
b. London, Eng., about 1616; d. Italy, about 1650.
—541, 814.

Croly, George.
b. Dublin, Ireland, 1780; d. 1860.
—1261.

Dana, Richard Henry.
b. Cambridge, Mass., 1787; d. Boston, Mass., 1878.

—1773.

Dante, Alighieri.
b. Florence, Italy, 1265; d. Ravenna, 1321.
—936.

Darwin, Erasmus.
b. Newark, Eng., 1731; d. Derby, Eng., 1802.
—1168.

Defoe, Daniel.
b. London, Eng., 1661; d. London, Eng., 1731.
—384, 1300.

De L'Isle, Joseph Rouget.
b. Lons-le Saunice, France, 1760; d. 1836.
—807.

Dickens, Charles.
b. Landport, near Portsmouth, Eng., 1812; d. Gadshill,
near Rochester, Eng., 1870.
—997.

Donne, John, D.D.
b. London, Eng., 1573; d. London, Eng., 1631.
—1821.

Dorr, Julia Caroline Ripley.
b. Charleston, S.C., 1825; ....
—1493, 1830.

Drake, Joseph Rodman.
b. New York City, 1795; d. New York City, 1820.
—714, 761.

Dryden, John.
b. Aldwinkle, Eng., 1631; d. London, Eng., 1701.
—158, 226, 252, 337, 344, 504, 680, 776, 790, 858, 860,
871, 884, 1179, 1234, 1299, 1346, 1358, 1362, 1365, 1425, 1460, 1549,
1577, 1610, 1764, 1772, 1836, 1909, 1921, 1948, 1964, 1984, 2043, 2074,
2129.

Dwight, Timothy.
b. Northampton, Mass., 1752; d. New Haven, Conn., 1817.
—357.

Dyer, Sir Edward,
b. Sharpham, near Glastonbury, *circa* 1540; d. 1607.
—331, 1190.

Dyer, John.
b. 1700; d. 1758.
—1053.

Eliot, George [Marian Evans Cross],
b. Warwickshire, Eng., 1820; d. London, Eng., 1880.
—862, 1091, 1256, 1276, 1350, 1478, 1534, 1779, 1832, 1944, 1992, 2092,
2101.

Elliott, Ebenezer.
b. Masborough, Eng., 1781; d. near Barnsley, Eng., 1849.
—1046.

Emerson, Ralph Waldo.

b. Boston, Mass., 1803; d. Concord, Mass., 1882.
—105, 161, 191, 239, 247, 249, 448, 605, 759, 765, 791, 817, 944, 1428, 1648, 1678, 1748.

Everett, Edward.
b. Dorchester, Mass., 1794; d. 1865.
—912.

Faber, Frederick William.
b. Durham, Eng., 1814; d. Brompton, Eng., 1863.
—1516.

Falconer, William.
b. Edinburgh, Scot., 1732; shipwrecked near Cape Good Hope, 1769.
—1059, 1675.

Fenner, Cornelius G.
b. 1822; d. 1847.
—1609.

Fielding, Henry.
b. Sharpham Park, Eng., 1707; d. Lisbon, Spain, 1754.
—1330.

Fields, James Thomas.
b. Portsmouth, N.H., 1817; d. 1881.
—420.

Finch, Francis M.
b. Ithaca, N.Y., 1827; ....
—1878.

Fletcher, John.

b. Northhamptonshire, Eng., 1576; d. 1625.
—1304, 1655.

Ford, John.
b. Islington, Eng., 1586; d. *circa* 1639.
—1159.

Franklin, Benjamin. ["Richard Saunders"].
b. Boston, Mass., 1706; d. Philadelphia, Penn., 1790.
—281.

Garland, Hamlin.
b. West Salem, Wis., 1860; ....
—346, 1230, 1761, 2081.

Garrick, David.
b. Lichfield, Eng, 1716; d. London, Eng., 1779.
—406, 1724.

Garth, Sir Samuel.
b. Bolam, Eng., *circa* 1670; d. London, Eng., 1718.
—1395.

Gay, John.
b. near Barnstaple Eng., 1688; d. London, Eng., 1732.
—32, 124, 620, 642, 730, 781, 883, 952, 1416,
1434, 1452,
1562, 1608, 1677.

Gifford, Richard.
b. 1725; d. North Okendon, Eng., 1807.
—1997.

Goethe, Johann Wolfgang von.
b. Frankfort-on-the-Main, Germany, 1749; d.

Weimar, Germany, 1832.
—192.

Goldsmith, Oliver.
b. Pallis, Ireland, 1728; d. London, Eng., 1774.
—35, 58, 107, 189, 340, 341, 342, 345, 364, 466, 517, 639, 695,
707, 710, 733, 788, 849, 901, 1063, 1107, 1114, 1137, 1297, 1339, 1487,
1495, 1589, 1591, 1742, 1750, 1756, 1934, 1939, 2003, 2064.

Gould, Hannah Flagg.
b. Lancaster, Vt., 1789; d. Newburyport, Mass, 1865.
—1553.

Gray, Thomas.
b. London, Eng., 1716; d. Cambridge, Eng., 1771.
—103, 193, 216, 378, 382, 385, 443, 450, 613, 624, 704, 716,
720, 789, 832, 833, 863, 963, 1041, 1141, 1174, 1687, 1892, 1924,
2056, 2136.

Green, Matthew.
b. London (?), Eng., 1696; d. 1737.
—369.

Greene, Robert.
b. Norwich (?), *circa* 1560; d. near Dowgate, Eng., 1592.
—1105.

Halleck, Fitz-Greene.
b. Guilford, Conn., 1770; d. Guilford, Conn., 1867.

—493, 904, 1313, 1973.

Halpine, Charles Grahame ["Miles O'Reilly"],
b. Oldcastle, Meath, Ireland, 1829; d. New York City, 1868.
—756.

Harrington, Sir John.
b. near Bath, Eng, *circa* 1561; d. 1612.
—1947.

Harte, Francis Bret.
b. Albany, N.Y., 1839; d. London, Eng., 1902.
—433, 1306, 1739.

Havergal, Frances Ridley.
b. Worcestershire, Eng., 1836; d. Swansea, Eng., 1879.
—326.

Hay, John.
b. Salem, Ind., 1838; d. 1905.
—1367.

Hayne, Paul Hamilton.
b. Charleston, S.C., 1831: d. 1886.
—2095.

Heber, Reginald.
b. Cheshire, Eng., 1783; d. Trichinopoly, India, 1826.
—501, 934, 1295.

Hemans, Felicia Dorothea.
b. Liverpool, Eng, 1793; d. Dublin, Ireland, 1835.
—496, 717, 907, 1683, 1776.

Herbert, George.
b. in Montgomery Castle, Wales, 1593; d. Bemerton, Wales, 1632.
—24, 199, 250, 602, 687, 784, 1083, 1145, 1348, 1467, 1842, 1849, 1963, 2073.

Herrick, Robert.
b. London, Eng., 1591; d. Dean Prior, Eng., 1674.
—11, 42, 280, 461, 699, 1697, 1791, 1872, 1914, 1978, 1985.

Heywood, Thomas.
b. Lincolnshire, Eng., 1570; d. 1649.
—28, 920.

Hogg, James.
b. Ettrick Forest, Scot., 1772; d. 1835.
—801.

Holmes, Oliver Wendell.
b. Cambridge, Mass., 1809; d. 1894.
—233, 618, 649, 929, 1241, 1307, 1314, 1440, 1547, 1550, 1800.

Home, John.
b. Ancrum, Scot., 1724; d. 1808.
—265.

Hood, Thomas.
b. London, Eng., 1798-9; d. London, Eng., 1845.
—131, 229, 298, 463, 533, 583, 867, 1208, 1282, 1414, 1438,
1472, 1652, 1695, 1788, 1904.

Hopkinson, Joseph.
b. Philadelphia, Penn., 1770; d. 1842.

—976.

Howe, Julia Ward.
b. New York, 1819; ....
—320.

Hunt, Helen [Mrs. Jackson].
b. Amherst, Mass., 1831; d. San Francisco, Cal., 1885.
—130, 1156, 1167.

Hunt, James Henry Leigh.
b. Southgate, near London, Eng., 1784; d. 1859.
—1613.

Hutchinson, Ellen Mackay.
—1640.

Ingelow, Jean.
b. Ipswich Eng., 1830; d. 1897.
—9, 180, 669, 1121, 1760, 2134.

Jefferys, Charles.
b. 1807; d. 1865.
—231, 245.

Johnson, Dr. Samuel.
b. Lichfield, Eng., 1709; d. London, Eng., 1784.
—132, 580, 590, 768, 815, 857, 945, 965, 989, 1003, 1111, 1940, 2037.

Jones, Sir William.
b. London, Eng., 1746; d. India, 1794.
—1064, 1322.

Jonson, Ben.
b. London, Eng., 1573-4; d. London, Eng., 1637.
—267, 548, 828, 1016, 1102, 1210, 1508, 1616, 1658, 1986.

Keats, John.
b. London, Eng., 1795; d. Rome, Italy, 1821.
—127, 159, 919, 1130, 1236, 1267, 1352, 1433, 1535, 1730, 1969.

Keble, John.
b. Coln-St.-Aldwynds, Eng., *circa* 1792; d. Bournemouth, Eng., 1866.
—1298.

Kemble, Frances Anne.
b. London, Eng., 1811; d. 1893.
—248.

Kingsley, Charles.
b. Devonshire, Eng., 1819; d. Eversley, Eng., 1875.
—15, 277, 290, 348, 516, 785, 823, 1031, 1161, 1360,
1519, 2105.

Kipling, Rudyard.
b. Bombay, India, 1865; ....
—744, 2093.

Lamb, Charles.
b. London, Eng., 1775; d. London, Eng., 1834.
—311.

Landor, Walter Savage.

b. Ipsley Court, Warwickshire, Eng., 1775; d. Florence, Italy, 1864.
—263, 688.

Landsdowne, Lord [George Granville].
b. Bideford, Eng., 1667; d. London, Eng., 1735.
—835.

Larcom, Lucy.
b. Beverly Farms, Mass., 1826, d. 1893.
—840.

Lee, Nathaniel.
b. England, 1655; d. London, Eng., 1692.
—844.

Linley, George.
b. London, Eng., 1798; d. France, 1865.
—7, 1178.

Lofft, Capel.
b. London, Eng., 1751, d. France, 1824.
—53.

Logan, John.
b. Soutra, Scot., 1748, d. 1788.
—366.

Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth.
b. Portland, Me., 1807, d. Cambridge, Mass., 1882.
—110, 141, 150, 177, 307, 321, 499, 632, 654, 738, 742, 780,
796, 942, 948, 1017, 1045, 1055, 1074, 1089, 1261, 1302, 1311,
1316, 1427, 1551, 1603, 1633, 1734, 1806, 1831, 1887, 1889,

2026, 2053, 2112, 2135.

Lovelace, Richard.
b. Woolwich, Eng., 1618; d. London, Eng., 1658.
—144, 1384.

Lover, Samuel.
b. Dublin, Ireland, 1797; d. 1868.
—1483.

Lowe, John.
b. 1750; d. 1798.
—1217.

Lowell, James Russell.
b. Cambridge, Mass., 1819; d. 1891.
—304, 323, 335, 391, 503, 514, 611, 635, 810,
1012, 1054,
1226, 1420, 1923, 1970, 2088.

Lowell, Maria White.
b. Watertown, Mass., 1821; d. 1853.
—1981.

Lowth, Robert.
b. Winchester, Eng., 1710; d. 1787.
—1403.

Lyly, John.
b. Kent Eng., *circa* 1553; d. *circa* 1600.
—2060.

Macaulay, Thomas Babington.
b. Rothley Temple, Eng., 1800; d. Kensington,
London, Eng., 1859.

—495.

Macdonald, George.
b. Huntley, Scot., 1824; d. 1905.
—2054.

Marlowe, Christopher.
b. Canterbury, Eng., 1565; d. Deptford, Eng., 1593.
—213, 1511, 1518, 1670.

Martial [Marcus Valerius Martialis].
b. Bilbilis, Spain, 43; d. Bilbilis, Spain, 104.
—505.

Massinger, Philip.
b. near Wilton, Eng., 1584; d. on the Bankside, 1639-40.
—1411, 1817.

Mee, William.
—675.

"**Meredith, Owen**" [Lord Edward Robert Bulwer Lytton],
b. Herts, Eng, 1831; d. 1891.
—225, 540, 645, 866, 981, 1000, 1127, 1245, 1491, 1900, 2102.

Mickle, William Julius.
b. Dumfriesshire, Scot., 1734; d. 1788.
—946.

Middleton, Thomas.
d. 1626.
—16, 134, 1502.

Miller, "Joaquin" Cincinnatus Hiner.
b. Indiana, 1840; ....
—371, 477, 647, 1030, 1185, 1828.

Milnes, Richard Monckton [Lord Houghton].
b. Yorkshire, Eng., 1809; d. 1885.
—890, 2041.

Milton, John.
b. London, Eng., 1608; d. London, Eng., 1674.
—1, 4, 18, 68, 77, 78, 80, 90, 112, 117, 120, 157, 170,
186, 187, 207, 275, 284, 288, 300, 312, 336, 356, 360, 373,
381, 383, 387, 397, 416, 429, 441, 445, 456, 468, 492, 515,
518, 520, 526, 539, 551, 563, 576, 595, 597, 600, 607, 608,
610, 628, 631, 634, 652, 667, 696, 701, 711, 712, 735, 740,
770, 797, 802, 804, 809, 847, 877, 880, 892, 895, 896, 931,
935, 956, 982, 991, 1001, 1018, 1025, 1037, 1052, 1057, 1060,
1077, 1081, 1085, 1094, 1100, 1160, 1169, 1173, 1184, 1187,
1192, 1213, 1215, 1220, 1248, 1255, 1260, 1287, 1310, 1320,
1325, 1331, 1371, 1380, 1397, 1399, 1402, 1406, 1421, 1439,
1447, 1454, 1494, 1497, 1500, 1505, 1509, 1512, 1525, 1569,
1597, 1611, 1612, 1628, 1650, 1654, 1660, 1661, 1665, 1693,
1740, 1758, 1777, 1783, 1840,
1844, 1873, 1906, 1908, 1919, 1936, 1949, 1975,

1999, 2013,
2015, 2020, 2034, 2035, 2038, 2046, 2069, 2084,
2097, 2100,
2108, 2138.

Montagu, Lady Mary Wortley.
b. London, Eng., *circa* 1690; d. London, Eng., 1762.
—585.

Montgomery, James.
b. Irvine, Scot., 1771; d. Sheffield, Eng., 1854.
—232, 1008, 1258, 1582.

Moore, Clement C.
b. New York, 1779; d. 1863.
—328.

Moore, Thomas.
b. Dublin, Ireland, 1779, d. near Devizes, Eng., 1852.
—171, 221, 314, 436, 481, 547, 554, 655, 805, 812,
872,
1113, 1646, 1743, 1757, 1824, 1834, 1941, 2109.

More, Hannah.
b. Stapleton, Eng., 1745; d. Clifton, Eng., 1833.
—660, 859, 1638, 1955.

Morris, Charles.
b. 1739; d. 1832.
—212.

Morris, George P.
b. Philadelphia, Penn., 1802; d. New York City,
1864.
—2096.

Nairne, Lady Caroline Oliphant.
b. Gask, Perthshire, Scot., 1766; d. Gask, 1845.
—1058.

Noel, Thomas.
—202.

Norris, John.
b. Wiltshire, Eng., 1657; d. 1711.
—95.

O'Hara, Theodore.
b. 1820; d. 1867.
—181.

Otway, Thomas.
b. Tottington, Eng., 1651; d. London, Eng., 1685.
—2085.

Parnell, Thomas.
b. Dublin, Ireland, 1679; d. Chester, Eng., 1717-18.
—1125, 2057.

Payne, John Howard.
b. New York City, 1792; d. Tunis, Africa, 1852.
—916.

Peele, George.
b. Devonshire, Eng., 1552-58; d. 1598.
—1846.

Percival, James Gates.
b. Berlin, Conn., 1795; d. Hazelgreen, Wis., 1856.

—727, 1049.

Percy, Bishop Thomas.
b. Bridgenorth, Eng., 1728; d. Drosnore, Eng., 1811.
—343, 2051.

Pierpont, John.
b. Litchfield, Conn., 1785; d. 1866.
—2050.

"Pindar, Peter" [Dr. John Walcot].
b. Dodbrook, Eng., 1738; d. Somers' Town, Eng., 1819.
—269.

Pitt, William.
b. Hayes, near Bromley, Eng., 1759; d. 1806.
—1680.

Poe, Edgar Allan.
b. Boston, Mass., 1809; d. Baltimore, Md., 1849.
—173, 1531.

Pollock, Robert.
b. Eaglesham, Scot., 1799; d. Shirley Common, Eng., 1827.
—957, 1721.

Pope, Alexander.
b. London, Eng., 1688; d. Twickenham, Eng., 1744.
—2, 8, 45, 64, 70, 73, 82, 83, 93, 108, 122, 123, 136, 162, 188, 219, 260, 262, 276, 285, 289, 294, 299, 308, 329, 358, 398, 402, 409, 411, 430, 432, 435, 440, 452, 464, 478, 507, 544, 589, 609, 621, 643, 663, 668, 671, 682, 683, 685,

731, 737, 745, 767,
811, 829, 831, 855, 869, 886, 897, 902, 905, 922,
926, 932, 943, 950,
1038, 1047, 1048, 1061, 1067, 1092, 1146, 1152,
1182, 1195,
1197, 1218, 1238, 1250, 1263, 1266, 1280, 1288,
1329, 1356,
1364, 1369, 1392, 1400, 1413, 1417, 1418, 1423,
1441, 1444,
1459, 1474, 1482, 1485, 1492, 1514, 1517, 1542,
1543, 1548,
1558, 1564, 1574, 1592, 1618, 1623, 1631, 1636,
1645, 1725,
1765, 1766, 1775, 1803, 1837, 1863, 1974, 1989,
1995, 1996,
2000, 2014, 2058, 2067, 2087, 2113, 2115, 2117,
2123, 2127.

Pope, Dr. Walter.
b. *circa* 1630; d. 1714.
—1624.

Porteus, Beilby.
b. York, Eng., 1731; d. 1808.
—438.

Praed, Winthrop Macworth.
b. London, Eng., 1802; d. London, Eng., 1839.
—137, 1132.

Preston, Margaret Junkin.
b. Lexington, Va., 1635; d. 1897.
—911, 1292, 1954.

Prior, Matthew.
b. near Wimborne-Minster, Eng., 1664; d. Wimpole,

Eng., 1721.
—69, 623, 962, 990, 1126, 1859.

Procter, Bryan Waller ["Barry Cornwall"].
b. London, Eng., 1787; d. 1874.
—1244, 1606.

Rabelais, Francois.
b. Chinon, France, 1488-95; d. Paris, France, 1553.
—546.

Raleigh, Sir Walter.
b. Budleigh, Eng., 1552; d. London, Eng., 1618.
—1305, 1691.

Read, Thomas Buchanan.
b. Chester, Penn., 1822; d. New York City, 1872.
—1796.

Rochester, Earl of [John Wilmot].
b. Ditchley, Eng., 1647; d. 1680.
—736.

Rogers, Samuel.
b. Stoke Newington. Eng., 1763; d. London, Eng., 1855.
—1172, 1175, 1240, 1546.

Roscommon, Earl of [Wentworth Dillon].
b. Ireland, 1633; d. London, Eng., 1684.
—512.

Rossetti, Christina Georgiana.
b. London, Eng., 1830; d. 1894.
—347, 726, 949, 1536, 1692.

Rossetti, Dante Gabriel.
b. London, Eng., 1828; d. London, Eng., 1882.
—1029, 1171.

Rowe, Nicholas.
b. Little Barford, Eng., 1673-74; d. London, Eng., 1718.
—1199, 2077.

Ruskin, John.
b. London, Eng., 1819; d. 1900.
—121, 1265, 1278, 1671.

Salis, J.G. von.
b. 1762; d. 1834.
—194.

Sargent, Epes.
b. Gloucester, Mass., 1812; d. 1881.
—2033.

Savage, Richard.
b. London, Eng., 1698; d. 1743.
—1424.

Saxe, John Godfrey.
b. Highgate, Vt., 1816; d. 1887.
—210, 861.

Schiller, Johann Christoph Friedrich von.
b. Marbach, Ger., 1759; d. Weimar, Ger., 1805.
—109, 497, 1007, 1273, 1477, 1629, 1712, 1915, 1927, 2083.

Scott, Sir Walter.
b. Edinburgh, Scot., 1771; d. Abbotsford, Scot., 1832.
—327, 509, 535, 702, 732, 826, 893, 1050, 1051, 1103, 1134, 1214, 1436, 1501, 1524, 1622, 1669, 1732, 1874, 2090.

Sedley, Charles.
b. Kent, Eng., 1639; d. 1701.
—291.

Shakespeare, William.
b. Stratford-on-Avon, Eng., 1564; d. Stratford-on-Avon, Eng., 1616.
—3, 5, 6, 12, 13, 14, 17, 21, 25, 26, 27, 29, 33, 37, 38, 41, 46, 47, 51, 52, 54, 55, 56, 66, 67, 72, 74, 75, 86, 87, 88, 89, 91, 94, 96, 97, 99, 101, 111, 113, 114, 118, 119, 126, 138, 139, 140, 145, 152, 154, 155, 156, 165, 167, 168, 182, 190, 195, 197, 200, 201, 203, 211, 214, 215, 217, 220, 223, 224, 228, 235, 237, 241, 243, 253, 254, 255, 257, 259, 261, 266, 271, 272, 273, 278, 279, 283, 286, 287, 293, 295, 297, 306, 316, 318, 332, 334, 350, 353, 355, 361, 362, 367, 370, 372, 374, 375, 376, 377, 380, 386, 389, 390, 392, 394, 396, 399, 400, 410, 414, 415, 417, 418, 422, 424, 425, 426, 437, 439, 444, 446, 447, 453, 454, 455, 457, 458, 459, 462, 471, 472, 475, 480, 482, 483, 488, 489, 490, 491, 508, 513, 521, 524, 528, 529, 542, 543, 545, 550, 557, 558,

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Sheffield, John. [Duke of Buckinghamshire].
b. 1649; d. 1720.
—918, 2122.

Shelley, Percy Bysshe.
b. near Horsham, Eng., 1792, drowned in the Gulf of Spezia, Italy, 1822.
—442, 502, 538, 596, 633, 899, 1024, 1294, 1363, 1503,

1823, 1928, 1991, 2008.

Shenstone, William.
b. Leasowes, Eng., 1714; d. Leasowes, Eng. 1763.
—987, 1736.

Sheridan, Richard Brinsley Butler.
b. Dublin, Ireland, 1751; d. London. Eng., 1816.
—2121.

Shirley, James.
b. London, Eng, 1594; d. London, Eng., 1666.
—23.

Sidney, Sir Philip.
b. Penshurst, Eng., 1554; d. Arnheim, Holland, 1586.
—1728.

Sigourney, Lydia Huntley.
b. Norwich, Conn., 1791; d. Hartford, Conn., 1863.
—1253.

Smith, Alexander.
b. Kilmarnock, Scot., 1830; d. Wardie, Scot., 1867.
—572, 1163, 1429.

Smith, James.
b. London, Eng., 1775; d. London, Eng., 1839.
—1676.

Smith, Samuel Francis.
b. Boston, Mass., 1808; d. 1895.
—1315.

Smollett, Tobias George.
b. near Renton, Eng., 1721; d. Leghorn, Italy, 1771.

—975.

Southey, Robert.
b. Bristol, Eng., 1774; d. Cumberland, Eng., 1843.
—147, 974, 2002.

Spenser, Edmund.
b. London, Eng., 1553; d. London, Eng., 1599.
—125, 302, 421, 510, 555, 998, 1011, 1120, 1181, 1224,
1264, 1540, 1719, 1882.

Sprague, Charles.
b. Boston, Mass., 1791; d. Boston, Mass., 1875.
—1249.

Stedman, Edmund Clarence.
b. Hartford, Conn., 1833; ....
—296, 625, 1639.

Stevens, George Alexander.
b. London, Eng., 1720; d. 1784.
—1554.

Stevenson, Robert Louis Balfour.
b. Edinburgh, Scot., 1850; d. Island of Samoa, 1894.
—106, 183, 258, 915, 1257, 1319, 2065.

Stoddard, Richard Henry.
b. Hingham, Mass, 1825; d. 1903.
—84, 128, 310, 741, 1101, 1539.

Story, Joseph.
b. Marblehead, Mass., 1779; d. Cambridge, Mass., 1845.
—1377.

Suckling, Sir John.
b. Whitton, Eng., 1608-9; d. Paris, France, 1641-2.
—467, 640, 1122.

Swift, Jonathan.
b. Dublin, Ireland, 1667; d. Dublin, Ireland, 1745.
—719, 721, 903, 1005.

Swinburne, Algernon Charles.
b. Holmwood, Eng., 1837; ....
—1097.

Taylor, Bayard.
b. Kennett Sq., Penn., 1825; d. Berlin, Ger., 1878.
—476, 1044, 1088, 1813, 1888, 2068.

Taylor, Sir Henry.
b. Durham, Eng., 1800; d. 1886.
—449.

Taylor, Jane.
b. London, Eng., 1783; d. Ongar, Essexshire, 1824.
—1189.

Tennyson, Alfred.
b. Somersby, Eng., 1810; d. 1892.
—151, 166, 172, 246, 292, 319, 325, 333, 338, 584,
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661, 779, 820, 881, 900, 927, 953, 1032, 1040,
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Thaxter, Celia Leighton.
b. Portsmouth, N.H., 1835; d. 1894.
—1976.

Thomas, Frederick William.
b. Providence, R.I., 1811; d. 1866.
—10.

Thomson, James.
b. Ednam, Scot., 1700; d. Kew, Eng., 1748.
—36, 339, 522, 622, 693, 752, 913, 951, 959, 1206, 1343,
1479, 1480, 1545, 1780, 1785, 1787, 1827, 1839, 1883, 1971, 2062.

Tickell, Thomas.
b. near Carlisle, Eng., 1686; d. Bath, Eng., 1740.
—1560.

Tobin, John.
b. Salisbury, Eng., 1770; d. 1804.
—427.

Toplady, Augustus Montague.
b. Surrey, Eng., 1640; d. 1778.
—1523.

Trumbull, John.
b. Lebanon, Conn., 1750; d. New York City, 1831.
—864.

Tupper, Martin Farquhar.
b. London, Eng., 1810; d. 1889.
—1513, 1922.

Tusser, Thomas.

b. Rivenhall, Eng., 1515-23; d. London, Eng., 1580.
—324.

Usteri, Johann Martin.
b. Zurich, Switzerland, 1763; d. 1827.
—1898.

Vaughan, Henry.
b. Brecknockshire, Wales, 1621; d. 1695.
—706, 1148, 1464, 1952.

Wade, J.A.
b. 1800; d. 1875.
—1856.

Waller, Edmund.
b. Coleshill, Eng., 1605; d. Beaconsfield, Eng., 1687.
—63, 81, 230, 852, 1657.

Walton, Izaak.
b. Stafford, Eng., 1593; d. 1683.
—1457.

Warton, Thomas.
b. Basingstoke, Eng., 1728; d. 1790.
—92.

Watts, Isaac.
b. South Hampton, Eng., 1674; d. Theobalds, Eng., 1748.
—672, 882, 1223, 1559, 1570, 1737, 1972, 2021.

Webster, John.

b. *circa* 1570; d. 1638.
—1066, 1795.

White, Henry Kirke.
b. Nottingham, Eng., 1785; d. Cambridge, Eng., 1806.
—268, 401.

Whitman, Walt.
b. Long Island, N.Y., 1819; d. 1892.
—264.

Whittier, John Greenleaf.
b. Haverhill, Mass., 1807; d. 1892.
—532, 637, 760, 772, 1149, 1177, 1252, 1355, 1376, 1966.

Willis, Nathaniel Parker.
b. Portland, Me., 1807; d. Idlewild, N.Y., 1867.
—1135, 2048.

Winter, William.
b. Gloucester, Mass., 1836; ....
—76.

Wither, George.
b. Brentworth, Eng., 1588; d. London, Eng., 1667.
—270, 2076.

Wolfe, Charles.
b. Dublin, Ireland, 1791; d. Cove of Cork, 1823.
—2028.

Woodworth, Samuel.
b. Scituate, Mass., 1785; d. New York City, 1842.
—244.

Wordsworth, William.
b. Cockermouth, Eng., 1770; d. Rydal Mount, Eng., 1850.
—34, 61, 163, 174, 178, 206, 256, 274, 301, 309, 473, 487, 523, 527,
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Wotton, Sir Henry.
b. Boughton Malherbe, Eng., 1568; d. Eaton, Eng., 1639.
—1116, 1715.

Young, Edward.
b. Upham, Eng., 1684; d. Welwyn, Eng., 1765.
—48, 57, 115, 179, 184, 363, 404, 434, 494, 525, 561, 980, 1070,
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Retirement, O blest, 1495.

Retiring from the popular noise, 1494.

Retreat, a brave, 1496.

Revelry, midnight shout and, 1497.
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Revenge, back on itself recoils, 1500.

Reverence, none so poor to do him, 254.
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Revolution, there is great talk of, 1503.

Rhetoric, dear wit and gay, 1505.
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Rhetorician's, a, rules, 1932.

Rhine, the river, 1507.
the wide and winding, 1506.

Rhinoceros, the armed, 414.

Rhyme, build the lofty, 1509.
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Rich, if thou art, thou art poor, 2036.

Rich with forty pounds a year, 340.

Riches in a little room, 1511.
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Ride, a wild and lonely, 1761.

Ridicule is a weak weapon, 1513.
sacred to, 1514.

Right the day must win, 1516.
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whatever is, is, 1517.

River glideth, 1520.

Rivers, by shallow, 1518.
how they run, 1519.

Road, on a lonesome, 708.

Robin, call for the, and the wren, 1066.

Rock, moulder piecemeal on the, 1522.
of Ages, 1523.
this, shall fly, 1524.

Rod, his, reversed, 1525.
to check the erring, 593.

Roman, rather be a dog than such a, 1527.
the noblest, 1528.

Romance, shores of old, 1530.

Romances paint people's wooings, 1529.

Rome, aisles of Christian, 247.
grandeur that was, 1531.

Room, who sweeps a, 24.

Rose, a, should shut, 1535.
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Rosebuds, gather ye, 1914.

Roses, I wish the sky would rain, 1534.
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Rousseau, self-torturing sophist, wild, 1538.

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Ruin, fires of, glow, 1541.
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Rural life, pleasures of the, 1545.

Sabbath brings its release, 1550.
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Sailor, a drunken, on a mast, 1552.
messmate, hear a brother, 1554.

Sails, purple the, 1555.
that drift at night, 1671.

Saint, a, run mad, 1558.
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John mingles with my friendly bowl, 219.
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Saints began their reign, 1557.
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Salt, the, is spilt, 1562.
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why shun the, 1563.

Salutations of the crowd, 1358.

Salvation, no relish of, 1565.
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Sand, an heap of lime and, 1540.

Sands, come unto these yellow, 1567.
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Satan, arch-enemy, called, 1569.
finds some mischief still, 1570.
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trembles when he sees, 1571.
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Satire, in general, 1576.
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Savage, wild in woods, 1577.

Saws, full of wise, 1015.

Scandal them, fawn on men, and, 1579.
waits on greatest state, 1578.

Scars, gashed with honorable, 1582.
he jests at, 1581.

Scene, solitary, silent, solemn, 331.

Scenes, gay gilded, 1583.

Sceptic, whatever, could inquire for, 1585.

Sceptre, a barren, 444.
shows the force of power, 1586.

Schemes, our most romantic, 583.

Scholar, a ripe and good, 1587.
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Scholars, the land of, 1589.

School, the master taught his, 1591.

School-boy, the whining, 1590.

Schools, bewildered in the maze of, 430.

Science frowned not on his humble birth, 1174.
O star-eyed, 1593.
trace, then, with modesty thy guide, 1592.

Scorn makes after-love the more, 1594.
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Scotia, my native soil, 1599.

Scotland, stands, where it did, 1598.

Scotland's strand, fair, 1600.

Scribblers are my game, 1601.

Scripture, the devil can cite, 1422.
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Sculptor wields the chisel, 1604.

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Sea, alone on a wide, 71.
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Seas roll to waft me, 262.

Seasons, all please alike, 1611.
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Seat, a, in some poetic nook, 1613.

Secret, a, in his mouth, 1616.

Sect, slave to no, 1618.
with every, agreed, 1617.

Security is mortal's chiefest enemy, 1619.

Seed, fruit from such a, 1620.
who soweth good, 1493.

Self, smote the chord of, 319.
something dearer than, 1621.
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Self-concern, in others, 1629.

Self-defence is a virtue, 1625.

Self-dispraise, a luxury in, 1627.

Self-esteem, nothing profits more than, 1628.

Self-love is not so vile a sin, 1630.

Self-love, the spring of motion, 1631.

Self-reproach, men who feel no, 1632.

Self-sacrifice, the spirit of, 1634.

Senates, the applause of listening, 103.

Sense, good, the gift of heaven, 1636.
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Sensibilities are so acute, 1637.

Sensibility, thou keen delight, 1638.

September waves his golden-rod, 1640.

Sermon, perhaps turn out a, 1642.

Sermons in stones, 1641.

Serpent, like Aaron's, 1645.
of old Nile, 1644.
sting thee twice, 1643.
the trail of the, 1646.

Serpent's tooth, sharper than a, 985.

Serve, 't is nobleness to, 1648.

Service devine, she sange the, 1647.
poorest, is repaid, 1893.

small, is true service, 769.

Sex, no stronger than my, 1649.
spirits can either, assume, 1650.

Sexton, hoary-headed chronicle, 1651.
tolled the bell, 1652.

Shadow both ways falls, 1654.
see my, as I pass, 1653.

Shaft, when I had lost one, 1656.

Shakespeare, Fancy's child, 1660.
on whose forehead, 1659.
thou art a monument, 1658.
tongue that, spake, 757.
what needs my, 1661.

Shame, her blush of maiden, 1663.
where is thy blush, 1662.

Shape, if, it might be called, 1665.
take any, but that, 1664.

She is mine own, 2044.
walks the waters, 1672.
was a form of life, 748.

Shell, applying to his ear a, 1666.

Shelley, did you once see, 1667.

Shells, picking up, by the ocean, 1251.

Shepherd, every, tells his tale, 880.

Sheridan, hurrah for, 1796.
nature formed but one such man, 1668.

Ship, as idle as a painted, 1673.
has weathered every rack, 264.
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Ships have gone down at sea, 1941.

Shore, a rapture on the lonely, 1679.
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Shot, bounding at the, 1785.
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Show and gaze o' the time, 1681.
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Shriek, a solitary, 62.

Shrine, a faith's pure, 1683.

Sickness, this, doth infect, 1684.

Sighs, a world of, 1685.

Sight, it is a goodly, 1688.
lost to, to memory dear, 7.
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Silence bewrays more woe, 1691.
deep as death, 1694.
is the herald of joy, 1690.
more musical than song, 1692.

was pleased, 1693.
where hath been no sound, 1695.

Silver, moon that tips with, 1696

Simplicity, in his, sublime, 1699.
simple truth miscalled, 1698.

Sin, cut off in my, 1700.
I waive the quantum o' the, 1704.
in lashing, 1702.
one, another doth provoke, 1701.
the good man's, 1703.

Sincerity, showed bashful, 1706.

Sing because I must, 1711.
seraph, poet, 1709.

Singing, all my heart in my, 1710.

Singularity, all have some darling, 1713.

Sins they are inclined to, 1705.

Sister, when I was but your, 1714.

Skill, simple truth his utmost, 1715.

Skin not colored like his own, 1723.

Sky, souls are ripened in our northern, 1717.
the, is changed, 1718.
the, is overcast, 1884.

Slackness breeds worms, 250.

Slander, foulest whelp of sin, 1721.
sharper than the sword, 1720.

Slave, this yellow, 1207.
thou art a, 1722.
whatever day makes man a, 1725.

Sleep hath its own world, 1731.
he giveth his beloved, 1733.
life is rounded with a, 1727.
O magic, 1730.
silent as night, 1734.
that knits up the ravelled sleave of care, 1728.
that knows not breaking, 1732.
the poor man's wealth, 1728.
tired nature's sweet restorer, 1729.
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Slime that sticks on filthy deeds, 921.

Sloth views the towers of Fame, 1736.

Sluggard, 't is the voice of the, 1737.

Smile, and be a villain, 1738.
Death grinned a ghastly, 1740.
from partial beauty won, 1741.
that was childlike and bland, 1739.
the good man's, 1742.

Smiles, the tears, of boyhood's years, 221.

Smoke that so gracefully curled, 1748.

Snail, creeping like, 220.

shrinks backward, 1744.

Snails, her feet like, 699.

Snake, we have scotch'd the, 1745.

Snow, a cheer for the, 1747.
in December, 1746.
the, arrives, 1748.

Snow-drop, the, comes on, 1749.

Snuff, he only took, 1750.
prevent your ladyship from taking, 1751.

Society became my glittering bride, 1753.
man in, is like a flower, 1752.
one polished horde, 209.

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Soldier, full of oaths, 1754.
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Soles, let firm, protect thy feet, 1677.

Solid men of Boston, 212.

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Son, a booby, 1763.
no, of mine succeeding, 1762.

Song, dear to gods and men is sacred, 1766.
forbids deeds to die, 1712.
higher than the perfect, 1888.
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Sonnet, scorn not the, 1767.

Sons and brothers at a strife, 399.
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Sorrow comes too soon, 1770.
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Sorrow's crown of sorrow, 1771.

Sorrows, tell all thy, 379.

Sots, what can ennoble, 82.

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whither went his, 1772.

Soul's, the, prerogative, 1773.

Souls, two, with but a single thought, 1981.

Sound must seem an echo, 1775.

Source of being, hail, 522.

Spain, lovely, 1776.

Sparrow, providence in the fall of a, 1398.

Speak, know when to, 42.

Spear, to equal the tallest pine, 1777.

Speculation in those eyes, 795.

Speech is but broken light, 1779.
rude in my, 1778.

Spenser, fancy's pleasing son, 1780.

Spires, whose finger points to heaven, 1781.

Spirit, the strongest, that fought in heaven, 539.

Spirits from the vasty deep, 1782.

Splendor in the grass, 1784.

Spring, come, gentle, 1787.
first, like infancy, 1610.
in the, a livelier iris, 1786.
of love resembleth, 1980.
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Springe, she sets, a, 407.

Spur, I have no, 75.
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Stage, all the world's a, 1789.

Star, constant as the northern, 394.
looks forth alone, 1793.

Stars have lit the welkin dome, 714.
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Starving, who longest can hold out at, 615.

State, done the, some service, 96.
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Statesman to a prince, 1795.

Steed that saved the day, 1796.

Steeples, where my high, 1540.

Step, I hear that creaking, 210.

Stoics boast their virtue fixed, 93.

Stones of Rome to rise, 1797.

Storm, against some, 1798.

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Storms, give her to the god of, 1800.

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Strangers, by, honored, and by strangers mourned, 1803.

Straw, tickled with a, 308.

Streets, gibber in the Roman, 1804.

Strength, excellent to have a giant's, 1805.

Strife, no, to heal, 1807.
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Strike, for your altars and your fires, 1313.

Striving to better, oft we mar, 1808.

Strong, to be, is to be happy, 1806.

Study is like the sun, 1809.
is the trifling of the mind, 1810.

Success, life lives only in, 1813.
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Suffering ended with the day, 1481.
to, tears are due, 1815.

Sufferings, to each his, 378.

Summer, eternal, gilds them yet, 1818.
grows adult, 1610.

Sun, a, will pierce, 1822.
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Sunday shines no Sabbath-day, 1548.
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Sunflower, light enchanted, 1823.
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the, turns on her god, 1824.

Sunflowers blow in a glow, 1825.

Suns to light me rise, 262.

Sunset, the wondrous golden, 1830.

Sunshine broken in the rill, 1834.
eternal, settles on its head, 341.
is a glorious birth, 806.
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Surfeit is the father of fast, 1835.

Surprise, mouth that testified, 1836.

Suspense, a cool, 1837.

Suspicion haunts the guilty mind, 1838.

Swain, remote from cities lived a, 781.

Swallow-people, play the, 1839.

Swan, cygnet to this pale faint, 754.
spreads his snowy sail, 1050.
with arched neck, 1840.

Swears a prayer or two, 1841.

Sweet, things, to taste, 1843.

Sweetness, of linked, 1844.

Swiftness never ceasing, 1846.

Swimmer in his agony, 62.

Swimmer's, a, stroke, 1847.

Sword, a naked, 1849.
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Symbol of hunger, 2081.

Sympathy of love, 1850.
there 's naught like, 1851.

Synods are mystical bear-gardens, 1852.

Tale, a round unvarnished, 1855.
I could a, unfold, 1854.
who so shall tell a, 1853.

Talk, it would, 1861.
they, who never think, 1859.
to conceal the mind, 1860.

Talkers are no good doers, 1857.

Talking, I profess not, 5.

Tasso, their glory and their shame, 1862.

Tasso's echoes are no more, 1994.

Taste, good native, 1864.
talk what you will of, 1863.

Tastes, various are the, 1865.

Taxes, at, rails, 1867.

Tea, sometimes take, 411.
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Teaching and my authority, 1869.

Tear wiped with a little address, 30.

Tears and love for the Gray, 1878.
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idle tears, 1876.
more merry, 1191.

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stood on her cheeks, 1871.
such as angels weep, 1873.
the big round, 1870.
thoughts too deep for, 1875.

Temper, man of such a feeble, 1879.

Temperate in every place, 1880.

Tempers, strange how some men's, 566.

Tempest, foretells a, 1881.

Temptation, safe from, 1887.
why comes, 1957.

Terror, there is no, in your threats, 1890.

Test, bring me to the, 1891.

Text, many a holy, 1892.

Thane, your face, my, 653.

Thanks to men of noble minds, 1894.

Theatre, as in a, 1895.
the world 's a, 28.

Thief, steals from the, 1896.
the sun 's a, 1521.

Thieves and pillagers, 177.

Thing, evil, that walks by night, 797.
made up of tears and light, 1431.

Things a wise man will not trust, 974.

Things, all, are ready, 29.
are where things are, 681.

Thinking, with too much, 1418.

Thirst, that panting, 1897.

Thorn that scents the evening gale, 783.
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Thought is deeper than speech, 1903.
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Thread, sewing a double, 1904.

Thrift, thrift, Horatio, 1907.
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Throne of royal state, 1908.

Thunder, idle, in his hand, 1909.
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Tide in the affairs of men, 1912.
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Tiger, the Hyrcanian, 414.

Tile, in cut and die so like a, 153.

Time, away and mock the, 568.
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Tobacco, sublime, 1920.

To-day, call, his own, 1921.
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Toe, on the light, fantastic, 468.

Toil, the horny hands of, 1923.

Tomb, from the, nature cries, 1924.

Tombs, gilded, worms infold, 97.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, 1925.
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Tongue, a good, in thy head, 1929.

Tongue, his, dropt manna, 610.
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Toothache, could endure the, 1933.

Torrent, the loud, 1934.

Torture, waters boil in endless, 1935.

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Town, man made the, 1937.

Toys, seeks fantastic, 1938.

Trade's proud empire, 1940.
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Train, a melancholy, 342.

Tranquillity, heaven was all, 1941.

Trash, wring from peasants their, 1866.

Traveller, now spurs the, 1942.

Travellers must be content, 1943.

Travelling, in, I take pleasures, 1944.

Treason doth never prosper, 1947.
flourished over us, 1945.
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Treasons, stratagems, and spoils, 1235.

Treasure, heaps of miser's, 1949.

Tree, corruption is a, 408.
dark, still sad, 460.
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Trees, a brotherhood of venerable, 1953.
can smile in light, 1950.
mine ease under the, 741.
the lives of, 1811.

Trial, we learn through, 1954.

Tribe, the daring, compound their trash, 1412.

Tricks that are vain, 433.

Trifle, think nought a, 1956.

Trifles make the sum of human things, 1955.

Trouble, double toil and, 1958.

Trust thee, so far will I, 380.

Truth and loyalty, 705.
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forever on the scaffold, 1970.
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hath better deeds than words, 1301.
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Tulip, then comes the, 1971.

Turf, green be the, 1973.

Turk, like the, 1974.

Twig is bent, the tree 's inclin'd, 609.

Twilight, disastrous, sheds, 607.
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Twins from the birth, 683.

Tyranny of blood and chains, 1979.

Tyrants seem to kiss, 1977.
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Unction, flattering, to your soul, 528.

Unfortunate, one more, 1438.

Union, strong and great, 1316.

Unity, confound all, 377.

Urania govern thou my song, 120.

Urn, has filled his, 365.

Use doth breed a habit in a man, 457.
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Utter what thou dost not know, 1615.

Vale of years, declined into the, 54.

Valentine, couple with my, 1985.

Valiant never taste of death, 426.

Valor, fear to do base things is, 1986.
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Vanity, insatiate cormorant, 1987.
what will not, maintain, 1988.

Vapor, as a, all doth vanish, 1224.
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Variety, order in, 64.

Variety 's the spice of life, 1990.

Vault, heaven's ebon, 1991.

Vengeance, in, there is scorn, 1992.
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Venice, I stood in, 1993.

Ventures, lose our, 453.

Verse, a, may find him, 1348.
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Vessel, a brave, 1674.
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Vessels large may venture, 281.

Vice, a, good old-gentlemanly, 133.
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there is no, so simple, 1998.

Victory, graced with wreaths of, 2001.
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Villain, a, in all Denmark, 1033.
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Villas, suburban, 2004.

Vine, monarch of the, 2006.

Vines that round the thatch-eaves run, 127.

Violet by a mossy stone, 2007.
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Violets, when sweet, sicken, 2008.

Virginity, hath hurtful power o'er, 797.

Virtue, assume a, 2012.
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Virtues, their, we write in water, 2011.
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Vision, a faery, 356.
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Visit, annual, o'er the globe, 366.

Voice, her, was ever soft, 2016.

Vows, lovers', seem sweet, 2018.
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Vulcan his office plies, 1061.

Wagers, fools for arguments use, 2019.

Walks abroad, whene'er I take my, 2021.
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Waller was smooth, 589.

Want gives to know the friend, 1362.

War, grim-visaged, 2023.
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Wardens of your farms, 177.

Warrior, he lay like a, 2028.

Washington's a watchword, 2029.

Water, smooth runs the, 2030.
what good, is worth, 2031.

Wave, a life on the ocean, 2033.
is breaking on the shore, 1252.
so dies a, 2032.

Way, the heaven's pathless, 2034.

Ways that are dark, 433.

Weakness, all wickedness is, 2035.

Web, a tangled, we weave, 509.

Wedding, never, ever wooing, 723.

Weed, a, tossed to and fro, 1609.

Weeds, dank and dropping, 2038.

Weep, women must, 2105.

Weight, I give this heavy, 3.

Welcome to our house, 2039.

Welcomes, a hundred thousand, 2040.

Wheels of weary life stood still, 344.

Whim, let every man enjoy his, 978.

Whistled as he went, 1984.

Whole, all are parts of one, 811.

Wickedness, a method in man's, 2042.

Widows, may, wed, 2043.

Wife by her husband stays, 2046.
this sweet wee, 2047.
unclouded welcome of a, 2048.

Will, executes a freeman's, 2050.

Willow, willow, willow, 2051.

Wind is rising, 2053.
more inconstant than the, 581.
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the, of night, 2055.
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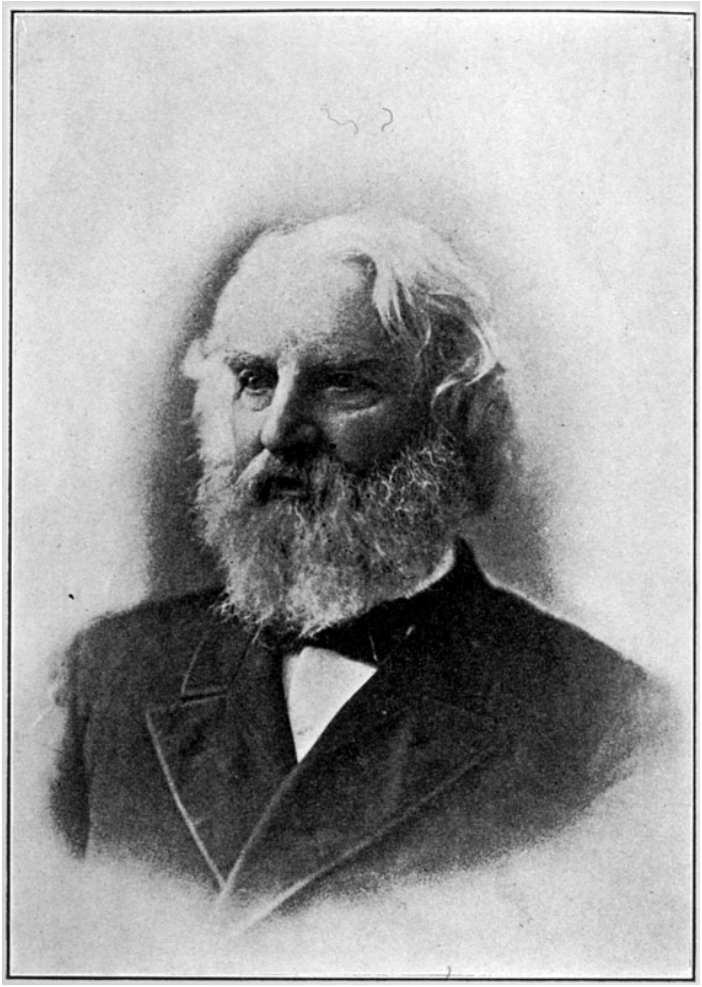

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