Music is twin-sister to poetry. (Horder, OED)
Sleep is the brother of death.
I am the little woodlark.
The skylark is my cousin and he
Is known to men more than me. (Hopkins)
Sith thou hast lernyd by the sentence of Plato that nedes the
worldis moor be cosynes to the thinges of whiche thei spoken
(Chaucer)

Appendix 2D: Group
The two renowned and most hopefull Sisters, Virginia and
the Summer-Islands (OED)
Mt. Olivet overtopping its sister, Mt. Moriah, three hundred
feet (OED)
Inspiration decidedly the sister of daily labor (OED)
You did not desert me, my brothers in arms. (Dire Straits)

Appendix 2E: Inheritance
The public child of earth and sky (Emerson)
Of Nature’s child the common fate (Emerson)
Those were the Graces, daughters of delight. (Spenser)
Born a poor young country boy / Mother Nature’s son (The
Beatles)
Come to me . . . not as . . . a sweet and winsome child of
innocence. (Lawrence)
O thou poor human form
O thou poor child of woe (Blake)
Why weeppest thou, Tharmas, child of tears in the bright
house of joy (Blake)
And wooed the artless daughter of the hills (Wordsworth)
Paulus Maximus . . . Child of a hundred Arts (Jonson)
Tis contemplation, daughter of the grey morning. (Blake)
Like to like shall joyful prove
He shall be happy whilst he wooes,
Muse-born, a daughter of the muse. (Emerson)
O darling Katie Willows, his one child!
A maiden of our century, yet most meek;
A daughter of our meadows, yet not coarse (Tennyson)
Among the shepherd-grooms no mate
Hath he, a child of strength and state. (Wordsworth)
Sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy’s Child (Milton, OED)
And pray that never child of song
May know that Poet’s sorrows more. (Wordsworth)
Thou Child of Joy (Wordsworth)
The meek, the lowly, patient: child of toil (Wordsworth)
Now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution.
(Shakespeare)
This child of fancy that Armado hight (Shakespeare)
This same child of honour and renown, This gallant Hotspur
(Shakespeare)
Horrid night, the child of hell (Shakespeare)
Light (God’s eldest daughter) is a principal beauty in build-
ing. (Thomas Fuller)
Midonz, daughter of the sun, shaft of the tree, silver of the
leaf, light of the yellow of the amber (Pound)
That great child of Honor, Cardinal Wolsey (Shakespeare)
The daughter of debate, that eke discord doth sow [said of
Mary Queen of Scots] (Queen Elizabeth I)
We love not this French God, the child of Hell,
Wild War, who breaks the converse of the wise. (Tennyson)
O Chatterton! . . . Dear child of sorrow—son of misery!
(Keats)
The child of genius sits forlorn. (Emerson)
But, for that moping Son of Idleness (Wordsworth)
the sonnes of darknes and of ignorance (Spenser)
The fierce Croatia, and the wild Hussar
And all the sons of rage croud the war (Jonson)
Forther ower, it makyth bryn that whilom was a son of Ire to
be a son of Grace (Chaucer, OED)
That bronzechod speur this child of Power [Athena] can use
/ to break in wrath long battleines of fighters. (Odyssey