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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

Ode to an Aeolus's Harp. Sent to Miss Shepheard. By the Same.

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ODE to an ÆOLUS's * Harp.

Sent to Miss SHEPHEARD.

By the Same.

YES, magic lyre! now all compleat
 Thy slender frame responsive rings,
 While kindred notes with undulation sweet
 Accordant wake from all thy vocal strings.
 Go then to her, whose soft request
 Bade my blest hands thy form prepare;
 Ah go, and sweetly sooth her tender breast
 With many a warble wild, and artless air.
 For know, full oft, while o'er the mead
 Bright June extends her fragrant reign,
 The Fair shall place thee near her slumb'ring head
 To court the gales that cool the sultry plain;
 Then shall the Sylphs, and Sylphids bright,
 Mild Genii all, to whose high care
 Her virgin charms are giv'n, in circling flight
 Skim sportive round thee in the fields of air.
 Some, flutt'ring 'mid thy trembling strings,
 Shall catch the rich melodious spoil,
 And lightly brush thee with their purple wings
 To aid the Zephyrs in their tuneful toil;

* *This instrument appears to have been invented by KIRCHER: who has given a very accurate description of it in his MUSURGIA. After having been neglected above an hundred years, it was again accidentally discovered by Mr. OSWALD. See Vol. III. p. 4. of this Miscellany.*

