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**A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands**

**Dodsley, Robert**

**London, 1758**

Arion, an Ode. By the Same.

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## ARION, an ODE. By the Same.

## I.

QUEEN of each sacred sound, sweet child of air,  
 Who sitting thron'd upon the vaulted sky,  
 Dost catch the notes which undulating fly,  
 Oft wafted up to thy exalted sphere,  
 On the soft bosom of each rolling cloud,  
     Charming thy list'ning ear  
 With strains that bid the panting lover die ;  
 Or laughing mirth, or tender grief inspire,  
     Or with full chorus loud

Which lift our holy hope, or fan the hero's fire :  
 Enchanting Harmony, 'tis thine to cheer  
     The soul by woe which sinks oppress,  
     From sorrow's eye to wipe the tear,  
 And on the bleeding wound to pour the balmy rest.

## II.

'Twas when the winds were roaring loud,  
 And Ocean swell'd his billows high,  
 By savage hands condemned to die,  
 Rais'd on the stem the trembling Lesbian stood  
 All pale he heard the tempest blow,  
 As on the watry grave below  
     He fix'd his weeping eye.  
 Ah! hateful lust of impious gold,  
 What can thy mighty rage with-hold,  
 Deaf to the melting powers of Harmony !

But ere the bard unpitied dies,  
 Again his soothing art he tries,  
 Again he sweeps the strings,  
 Slowly sad the notes arise,  
 While thus in plaintive sounds the sweet musician sings.

## III.

From beneath the coral cave  
 Circled with the silver wave,  
 Where with wreaths of emerald crown'd  
 Ye lead the festive dance around,  
 Daughters of Venus, hear, and save.  
 Ye Tritons, hear, whose blast can swell  
 With mighty sounds the twisted shell;  
 And you, ye sister Syrens, hear,  
 Ever beauteous, ever sweet,  
 Who lull the list'ning pilot's ear  
 With magic song, and softly breath'd deceit.  
 By all the Gods who subject roll  
 From gushing urns their tribute to the main,  
 By him who bids the winds to roar,  
 By him whose trident shakes the shoar,  
 If e'er for you I raise the sacred strain  
 When pious mariners your power adore,  
 Daughters of Nereus, here and save.

## IV,

He sung, and from the coral cave,  
 Circled with the silver wave,  
 With pitying ear  
 The Nereids hear.

Gently