

ARION.

(HEROD. I. 24).

ARION, whose melodic soul
 Taught the dithyramb to roll
 Like forest fires, and sing
 Olympian suffering,

Had carried his diviner lore
 From Corinth to the sister shore
 Where Greece could largelier be
 Branching o'er Italy.

Then weighted with his glorious name
 And bags of gold, aboard he came
 'Mid harsh seafaring men
 To Corinth bound again.

The sailors eyed the bags and thought
 "The gold is good, the man is nought—
 And who shall track the wave
 That opens for his grave?"