

KINGSTON SCENES.

My seat aloft encaged in Kingston Hall,
Here sits supreme on this terragenous ball
An humble bard, as he sat once before
In old Saint Paul's superb, on England's shore ;
Where whisper galleries and aloud proclaim
Those hallowed thoughts we weaved in language tame,
Which we concealed from the world's eager ear,
But oft resort to tell some cherished here.
We breathed our thoughts in timorous words and low,—
But to surprise ! they each resound below ;
React aloft to terrify the heart,
And cause it then with hallowed blushes smart.
This dome reminds our happy muse of days
When first her harp sent forth its humble lays,
And sang of love or other passions strong ;
That thrilled the breast, and burned then from my tongue.
Yea, 'mid those scenes, my soul in wondrous maze
Did cast around its wild and raptured gaze,
That brought new wonders on my timorous soul,
Where music dwells, and waves of passions roll.
Unlike the scenes of my bright childhood's hours,
These broke in awe upon my mental powers,
And touch'd the muse to kindle all her fire
That sparkled then upon her new-born lyre.

In scenes alike my wing may gently soar
O'er this sweet land, and all its lustre pour,
To honor all the wonders that arise,
And moves my breast beneath these silvery skies.
Nor deigns my muse to ask old Jove to shower
His gracious dew upon my mental power ;
His fallen throne and blasted ancient shrine
No aid can give to move this pen of mine.
I cry alone to heaven's eternal sire
My sacred song, and all my soul to inspire,