

Is unreveal'd, and useless to enquire,  
 Tho' such conveniences are out of date.  
 Imagination now supplies their place,  
 On it the Poet soars from globe to globe,  
 And in immensity's unbounded space  
 Enjoys excursions measureless and vast.  
 Where in a thousand years suns rise but once,  
 And in another thousand set again,  
 Whilst on a scale proportionate the stars  
 And all the planets walk their ærial course  
 To music of an origin unknown.  
 And with a fascination far beyond  
 The richest notes that organ ever gave,  
 Tho' "Hagarty's" should be the master hand  
 To rapture wakes the captivating tones  
 When a *te deum* in his happiest vein  
 Peals thro' the aisles magnificently grand,  
 And makes the audience quiver with delight.

Imagination should be perfect here,  
 It is for earthly purposes, and must  
 Become annihilate, or thrust aside  
 When Time itself expires, there is no use  
 For it among the mansions of the blest,  
 When all our fondest longings and desires  
 Shall be far more than fully realized,  
 Not even one aspiration unfulfill'd.  
 Nothing to ask for or imagine then  
 Its ministry for mankind at an end.

Oh! had the element of education been  
 My heritage, how much at evening hours  
 I could the pleasing privilege enjoy  
 To sit beneath the spreading chestnut's shade,  
 (All else that bears the epithet of mine,  
 The ruthless insects labour to destroy  
 Especially where promises are made  
 Early of foliage and of fruitfulness)  
 Beyond the reach of over-anxious thought,  
 And for amusement mingle with my verse  
 Emotions that spontaneously arise,  
 And the mind's eye bewilder or delight,  
 Or the illusion vanish from the view