



## THE ENTHUSIAST: AN ODE.

BY WM. WHITEHEAD, ESQ.

ONCE, I remember well the day,  
 'Twas ere the blooming sweets of May  
 Had lost their freshest hues,  
 When every flower on every hill,  
 In every vale, had drank its fill  
 Of sunshine, and of dews.

In short, 'twas that sweet season's prime  
 When Spring gives up the reins of Time  
 To Summer's glowing hand,  
 And doubting mortals hardly know,  
 By whose command the breezes blow  
 Which fan the smiling land.

'Twas then, beside a green-wood shade,  
 Which cloath'd a lawn's aspiring head  
 I urg'd my devious way,  
 With loitering steps regardless where,  
 So soft, so genial was the air,  
 So wondrous bright the day.

And



And now my eyes with transport rove  
 O'er all the blue expanse above,  
     Unbroken by a cloud !  
 And now beneath delighted pass,  
 Where winding thro' the deep-green grass  
     A full-brim'd river flow'd.

I stop, I gaze ; in accents rude,  
 To thee, sereneſt Solitude,  
     Burst forth th' unbidden lay ;  
 “ Begone, vile world, the learn'd, the wiſe,  
 The great, the buſy I deſpiſe,  
     And pity e'en the gay.

Theſe, theſe are joys alone, I cry ;  
 'Tis here, divine Philoſophy,  
     Thou deign'ſt to fix thy throne !  
 Here Contemplation points the road  
 Thro' Nature's charms to Nature's God !  
     Theſe, theſe are joys alone !

Adieu, ye vain low-thoughted cares,  
 Ye human hopes, and human fears,  
     Ye pleaſures and ye pains !”  
 While thus I ſpake, o'er all my ſoul  
 A philoſophic calmneſs ſtole,  
     A ſtoic ſtillneſs reigns.



The tyrant passions all subside,  
 Fear, anger, pity, shame and pride  
     No more my bosom move ;  
 Yet still I felt, or seem'd to feel  
 A kind of visionary zeal  
     Of universal love.

When lo ! a voice, a voice I hear !  
 'Twas Reason whisper'd in my ear  
     These monitory strains :  
 What mean'st thou, man ? would'st thou unbind  
 The ties which constitute thy kind,  
     The pleasures and the pains ?

The same Almighty Power unseen,  
 Who spreads the gay or solemn scene  
     To Contemplation's eye,  
 Fix'd every movement of the soul,  
 Taught every wish its destin'd goal,  
     And quicken'd every joy.

He bids the tyrant passions rage,  
 He bids them war eternal wage,  
     And combat each his foe :  
 Till from dissensions concords rise,  
 And beauties from deformities,  
     And happiness from woe.



Art thou not man, and dar'st thou find  
A bliss which leans not to mankind?

Presumptuous thought and vain!  
Each bliss unshar'd is unenjoy'd,  
Each power is weak unless employ'd  
Some social good to gain.

Shall light and shade, and warmth and air,  
With those exalted joys compare,  
Which active Virtue feels!  
When on the drags, as lawful prize,  
Contempt, and Indolence, and Vice,  
At her triumphant wheels.

As rest to labour still succeeds  
To man, whilst Virtue's glorious deeds  
Employ his toilsome day;  
This fair variety of things,  
Are merely Life's refreshing springs,  
To sooth him on his way.

Enthusiast go, unstring thy lyre,  
In vain thou sing'st, if none admire,  
How sweet soe'er the strain.  
And is not thy o'erflowing mind,  
Unless thou mixest with thy kind,  
Benevolent in vain?

Enthusiast



Enthusiast go, try every sense,  
 If not thy bliss, thy excellence,  
 Thou yet hast learn'd to scan;  
 At least thy wants, thy weakness know,  
 And see them all uniting show,  
 That man was made for man."

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.



INDEX.