

THE GARLAND OF GRATITUDE

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The garland of gratitude by Joseph Dare

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JOSEPH DARE

**THE GARLAND
OF GRATITUDE**



The
GARLAND
OF
GRATITUDE.

BY JOSEPH DARE.

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JOHN CHAPMAN, 142, STRAND;
J. AYER, LEICESTER;
AND ALL COUNTRY BOOKSELLERS.

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AT LOS ANGELES

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MY FATHER—MOTHER!—for as one to me
Your names, entwined, beloved must ever be;
Linked to my being from Life's earliest day,
Nor severed more throughout Eternity:
Though realms now stretch and seas between us roar,
And I on earth shall clasp your forms no more,
Round your gray brows I twine these wildling flowers,
Emblems of Hope and Love forever ours!
If aught of grace or feeling fill the line—
Hate of oppression—or of Faith divine,—
To *both* I owe the power who gave my youth
Example pure, and loftiest sense of truth:
So may this offering soothe *your* late decline—
Would it were worthier such dear love, and mine!

MANY of the following Pieces have appeared in the *Leicester Chronicle, Mercury*, and other Local and Metropolitan Publications. They are now first printed as a whole, to redeem a promise long since made by the Writer to his Friends.

The Critic may discover defects in the structure and composition of the poems; and in these days it will, perhaps, scarcely be admitted as a valid excuse for such defects, that this volume is the production of one who may truly call himself a Working Man. While, however, he is quite ready to submit to impartial criticism, he may state that his chief anxiety, in everything he has written, has been less to achieve a reputation as a Poet, than to aid, in his humble sphere, in promoting the mental and moral elevation of those whom he is proud to term his brethren. If those by whose kind aid he is enabled to appear before the world as an Author, think he has, to some extent, been successful in accomplishing this object, his utmost expectation and desire will be fulfilled.

Leicester, December, 1848.

SONNETS.

WREATH THE FIRST.

SONNETS.



SONNETS.

Sonnets.

I.

HARD is his task who would instruct mankind,
Or raise his fellows to a higher mood;
Curses shall meet his blessings—ill his good—
His actions traced by every meaner mind
To basest motives; till, forlorn, he find
His labour fruitless, and his pearls of thought
Swine-trampled on—his much-loved truth as
naught—
His hope a rainbow, scattered by the wind.
Yet will we toil for good! that we may leave
A beauty on our path, like suns at eve;
That we may tread His steps, who meekly smiled
On raging malice, and in mercy toiled
To bless the fiends who laughed his good to scorn,
And bound his brows at last with bloody thorn.

SONNETS.

II.

My baby Boy of some few sunny hours !
I take thee forth, and first into the air,
Beneath the tender skies, and mid the flowers
Of gentle June, breathing all odours rare ;
And while sweet tones from out the blossomy bowers
Come from the bird and honey-seeking bee,
And Beauty's spirit sheds its heavenliest powers,
To love and bless all that we feel and see,—
In Nature's name I now baptize thee, Boy,
Shaking her sparkling dew-drops on thy brow :
So may her woods, waves, hills, and valleys low,
Give inspiration of superior joy ;
So lift thy mind to that exalted state,
That, pitying custom's slaves, smiles at the vulgar
great.

III.

On seeing a Portrait of Hazlitt.

HAZLITT ! not thus I deemed thy spirit looked ;
Yet, looking thus, I deem thee more divine :
What deepened thoughts are marked on every line
Of those sweet features, as but ill they brooked
The sneers of pride, whilst thou didst feel a sense
Of inward greatness, scorning time and death.