

**GLEANINGS,
PP. 1-258**

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Gleanings, pp. 1-258 by Mrs. L. H. Sigourney

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MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY

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Gleanings.

BY

MRS. E. H. SIGOURNEY.

"Gather the scattered fragments that remain,"
Thus crowns our Bounteous Lord, the feast of years;
So, go we forth, and glean the ripened grain,
And to the garner bear the winnowed ears.

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PROEM.

You've listen'd long and oft, sweet friends
 To all my varied strain,
And courteous will it be, and kind,
 To listen once again.

Still happier doth it make me, friends,
 While years fleet by, like dew,
And toward the West the sun-beam tends,
 To sing these songs to you ;

For well the melodies of earth,
 Bird, stream, and poet's lyre,
Accord with our immortal birth,
 And yon celestial choir.

GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

City of marble!—whose lone structures rise,
In pomp of sculpture beautifully rare,
On thy lone brow a mournful mystery lies;
For to thy haunts no busy feet repair,
No curling smoke ascends from roof-tree fair,
No cry of warning time the clock repeats,
Nor voice of sabbath-bell convokes to prayer,
There are no children playing in thy streets,
Nor sounds of echoing toil invade thy green retreats.

Rich vines around yon graceful columns wind,
Young buds unfold, the dewy skies to bless,
Yet no fresh wreaths thine inmates wake to bind,
Prune no wild spray, nor pleasant garden dress,

From no luxuriant flower its fragrance press,
 The golden sunsets through inwoven trees
 Tremble and flash, but they no praise express,
 No casement lift to catch the balmy breeze,
 For every change of earth, hath lost the power to please.

A ceaseless tide of immigration flows
 Through thy still gate, for thou forbiddest none
 On thy close-curtain'd couches to repose,
 Or lease thy narrow tenements of stone ;
 It matters not, where first the sunbeam shone
 Upon their cradle,—neath the foliage free
 Where dark palmettos fleck the torrid zone,
 Or 'mid the icebergs of the Arctic Sea,
 Thou dost no passport claim,—all are at home with thee.

One pledge alone they give, before their name
 Is with thy peaceful denizens enrolled,—
 The vow of silence, thou from each dost claim,
 More strict and stern than Sparta's rule of old,
 Bidding no secrets of thy realm be told,
 Nor lightest whisper from its precincts spread,
 Sealing each whitened lip with signet cold,
 To stamp the oath of fealty, 'ere they tread
 Thy never-echoing halls, Oh city of the dead !

'Mid haunts like thine, fond memories find their home,
 And sweet it was to me, in childhood's hours,
 'Neath every village church-yard's shade to roam,
 Where lowly mounds were decked with grassy flowers;
 And I have roamed where fair Mount Auburn towers,
 Where Laurel Hill a peaceful welcome gave
 To each new tenant of its hallowed bowers,
 And where, by quiet Lehigh's crystal wave,
 The meek Moravian smooths his turf-embroidered grave :

Where too, in Scotia, o'er the Bridge of Sighs,
 The Clyde's Necropolis uprears its head,
 Or that old abbey's sacred turrets rise
 Whose crypts embalm proud Albion's noblest dead,
 And where, by leafy canopy o'erspread
 The lyre of Gray its pensive descant made,
 And where, beside the dancing city's tread
 Old Père la Chaise, all gorgeously displayed
 Its meretricious robes, with chaplets overlaid :

But thou, Oh Greenwood ! sweetest art to me,
 Enriched with tints of ocean, earth and sky,
 Solemn and sweet, to meditation free,
 Even like a mother who with pleading eye