

**MARY
MAGDALENE,
A POEM**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649355303

Mary Magdalene, a poem by Mrs. Richard Greenough

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

MRS. RICHARD GREENOUGH

**MARY
MAGDALENE,
A POEM**

MARY MAGDALENE

A POEM

BY

MRS. RICHARD GREENOUGH

MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY OF THE ARCADIA, AND OF THE ROYAL
ACADEMY OF SAINT CECILIA, OF ROME



LONDON

C. KEGAN PAUL & CO., 1 PATERNOSTER SQUARE

1880

280 . i . 323 .

TO MY HUSBAND
I AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBE THIS POEM,
SUGGESTED BY HIS STATUE OF
MARY MAGDALENE
AT THE TOMB.

PALAZZO DELLA CONGREGAZIONE,
367 VIA NAZIONALE, ROME.

NOTE.

AMONG the ancient Greeks and Romans, when the celestial divinities were invoked, the suppliant stood with uplifted arms ; in addressing the terrestrial deities, the arms were extended forward ; and in imploring the infernal powers, the arms were directed downward.



Part first.

I.

TWAS night : upon Jerusalem the moon
Poured her still splendours down ; the purple sky,
Embossed with silver stars, majestic spread
Its quivering canopy to meet the dim
And distant circle of th' horizon's bound
In shadowy hills, and gleaming, half-seen plains,
The plains that wait, the hills that watch around
The rock-clasped pomp of great Jerusalem.
Fair rose the city from its mighty belt
Of dark and rough-hewn walls : its palaces

Crowded in sculptured pride, its synagogues,
Its storied colonnades, its myriad roofs,
Its terraced gardens fringed with ancient trees,
Shone glittering in the rain of lucent rays ;
And in the midst the marvel of the land,
The giant Golden Temple, upward soared,
Far flashing through the stillness of the night.

II.

Silent the city slept, but on the verge
Of the sheer precipice, stood glimmering white,
'Mid slender cypresses and towering palms,
A stately marble pile, whose pillared porch
And wide-oped windows, all ablaze with light,
Proclaimed the revelry that reigned within.
It was the home of Mary Magdalene,
The beautiful and the unholy one,
The Magdalene, that sinful city's boast,
The Magdalene, that sacred city's shame.