MARY MAGDALENE, A POEM

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Mary Magdalene, a poem by Mrs. Richard Greenough

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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



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1880

280 i. 323.

TO MY HUSBAND

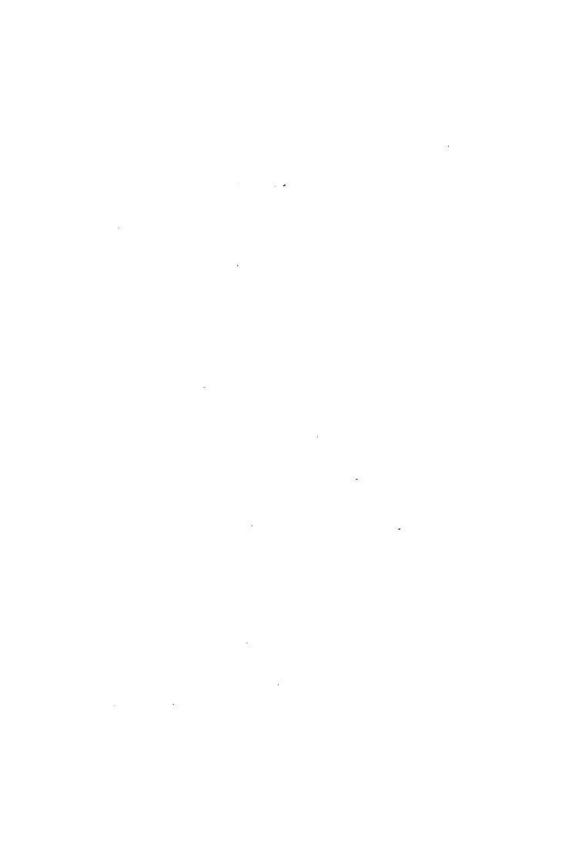
I AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBE THIS POEM,

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 spiendours 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.