

The Gleaners

O'er the golden harvest-plain,
The Angelus is ringing.
The gleaners in the autumn glow,
In meekness sweet, with heads bent low,
Their fervent praise are bringing,
And their scanty-garnered sheaves
Are touched with loftier meaning,
As their patient lips repeat.
"I thank Thee, Lord, for gleaning."

O'er the brown-reaped plains of life,
The sunset bells are ringing.
An earnest soul in autumn glow,
That gleans but little joy below,
To God his praise is bringing,
And his scanty-garnered sheaves
Are transformed with golden meaning,
As he speaks, not tearfully,
"I thank Thee, Lord, for gleaning."
—Alma Payton, '12.