

Classic Poetry Series

# Gerard Manley Hopkins

## - poems -

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# Gerard Manley Hopkins(28 July 1844 – 8 June 1889)

Gerard Manley Hopkins, S.J. was an English poet, Roman Catholic convert, and Jesuit priest, whose posthumous fame established him among the leading Victorian poets. His experimental explorations in prosody and his use of imagery established him as a daring innovator in a period of largely traditional verse.

<b>Life</b>

<b>Early life and family</b>

Gerard Manley Hopkins was born in Stratford, Essex, as the first of nine children to Manley and Catherine (Smith) Hopkins. His father founded a marine insurance firm and, at one time, was the British consul general in Hawaii. He was also, for a time, the church warden at St John-at-Hampstead and a published writer whose works included *A Philosopher's Stone and Other Poems* (1843), *Pietas Metrica* (1849), and *Spicelegium Poeticum, A Gathering of Verses by Manley Hopkins* (1892). He reviewed poetry for *The Times* and wrote one novel. Catherine (Smith) Hopkins was the daughter of a London physician, particularly fond of music and of reading, especially German philosophy, literature and the novels of Dickens. Both parents were deeply religious High Church Anglicans. Catherine's sister, Maria Smith Giberne, taught her nephew Gerard to sketch. The interest was supported by his uncle, Edward Smith, his great-uncle, the professional artist Richard James Lane and many other family members. Hopkins's first ambitions were to be a painter, and he would continue to sketch throughout his life, inspired, as an adult, by the work of John Ruskin and the Pre-Raphaelites. Hopkins became a skilled draughtsman and found that his early training in visual art supported his later work as a poet. His siblings were greatly inspired by language, religion and the creative arts. Milicent (1849–1946) joined an Anglican sisterhood in 1878. Kate (1856–1933) would go on to help Hopkins publish the first edition of his poetry. Hopkins's youngest sister Grace (1857–1945) set many of his poems to music. Lionel (1854–1952) became a world-famous expert on archaic and colloquial Chinese. Arthur (1847–1930) and Everard (1860–1928) were both highly successful artists. Cyril (1846–1932) would join his father's insurance firm.

Manley Hopkins moved his family to Hampstead in 1852, near to where <a href="http://www.poemhunter.com/john-keats/">John Keats</a> had lived thirty years before and close to the wide green spaces of Hampstead Heath. At ten years old Gerard Manley Hopkins was sent to board at Highgate School (1854–1863) and, while studying Keats's poetry, composed "The Escorial"

(1860), his earliest poem extant. Here he practised early attempts at asceticism. He once argued that most people drank more liquids than they really needed and bet that he could go without drinking for a week. He persisted until his tongue was black and he collapsed at drill. On another occasion, he abstained from salt for a week.

### <b>Oxford and the priesthood</b>

At Balliol College, Oxford (1863–67) he studied classics. Hopkins was an unusually sensitive student and poet, as witnessed by his class-notes and early poetic pieces. It was at Oxford that he forged a lifelong friendship with <a href="http://www.poemhunter.com/robert-seymour-bridges/">Robert Bridges</a> (eventual Poet Laureate of the United Kingdom) which would be of importance in his development as a poet, and his posthumous ns was deeply impressed with the work of Christina Rossetti and she became one of his greatest contemporary influences, meeting him in 1864. During this time he studied with the prestigious writer and critic Walter Pater, who tutored him in 1866 and who remained a friend till September 1879 when Hopkins left Oxford. Hopkins began his time in Oxford as a keen socialite and prolific poet, but he seemed to have alarmed himself with the changes in his behaviour that resulted, and he became more studious and began recording his "sins" in his diary. As an undergraduate he engaged in friendships that may be viewed as romantic, though they tended to be idealised and spiritualised. In particular, he found it hard to accept his sexual attraction to other men, including a deep infatuation for Digby Mackworth Dolben. There is nothing to suggest, however, any physical consummation and indeed he seems to have remained celibate throughout his life. He exercised a strict self-control in regard to his homosexual desire, especially after he became a follower of Henry Parry Liddon and of Edward Pusey, the last member of the original Oxford Movement. It was during this time of intense scrupulosity that Hopkins seems to have especially begun confronting his strong homoerotic impulses and began to consider choosing the cloister.

On 18 January 1866 Hopkins composed his most ascetic poem, The Habit of Perfection. On 23 January he included poetry in the list of things to be given up for Lent. In July he decided to become a Catholic, and he traveled to Birmingham in September to consult the leader of the Oxford converts, John Henry Newman. Newman received him into the Church on 21 October 1866. On 5 May 1868 Hopkins firmly "resolved to be a religious." Less than a week later, he made a bonfire of his poems and gave up poetry almost entirely for seven years. The decision to convert estranged him from both his family and a number of his acquaintances. After his graduation in 1867 Hopkins was provided a teaching post at the Oratory in Birmingham by Newman. While there he was inspired to

begin teaching himself the violin. He also felt the call to enter the ministry and decided to become a Jesuit, pausing only to visit Switzerland, which officially forbade Jesuits to enter.

Hopkins began his novitiate in the Society of Jesus at Manresa House, Roehampton, in September 1868 and moved to St. Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst, for his philosophical studies in 1870, taking vows of poverty, chastity and obedience on 8 September 1870. Writing would remain something of a concern for him as he felt that his interest in poetry prevented him from wholly devoting himself to his religion. However, after reading Duns Scotus in 1872, he saw that the two did not necessarily conflict. He continued to write a detailed prose journal between 1868 and 1875. Unable to suppress his desire to describe the natural world, he also wrote music, sketched, and for church occasions he wrote some "verses," as he called them. He would later write sermons and other religious pieces.

In 1874 he returned to Manresa House to teach classics. While he was studying in the Jesuit house of theological studies, St Beuno's, near St Asaph in North Wales, he was asked by his religious superior to write a poem to commemorate the foundering of a German ship in a storm. So in 1875 he was moved to take up poetry once more and write a lengthy poem, *The Wreck of the Deutschland*. This work was inspired by the *Deutschland* incident, a maritime disaster in which 157 people died including five Franciscan nuns who had been leaving Germany due to harsh anti-Catholic laws (see *Kulturkampf*). The work displays both the religious concerns and some of the unusual meter and rhythms of his subsequent poetry not present in his few remaining early works. It not only depicts the dramatic events and heroic deeds but also tells of the poet's reconciling the terrible events with God's higher purpose. The poem was accepted but not printed by a Jesuit publication, and this rejection fuelled his ambivalence about his poetry. Most of his poetry remained unpublished until after his death.

Hopkins chose the austere and restrictive life of a Jesuit and was at times gloomy. The brilliant student who had left Oxford with a first class honours degree failed his final theology exam. This failure almost certainly meant that, though ordained in 1877, Hopkins would not progress in the order. In 1877 he wrote *God's Grandeur*, an array of sonnets including *The Starlight Night* and finished *The Windhover* only a few months before his ordination. Though rigorous, isolated and sometimes unpleasant, his life during Jesuit training had at least some stability; the uncertain and varied work after ordination was even harder on his sensibilities. In October 1877, not long after he completed "*The Sea and the Skylark*" and only a month after he had been ordained as a priest, Hopkins took up his duties as subminister and teacher at Mount St. Mary's College, Chesterfield. In July 1878 he became curate at the Jesuit church in

Mount Street, London. In December he became curate at St. Aloysius's Church, Oxford, then moving to Manchester, Liverpool and Glasgow. Whilst ministering in Oxford he became a founding member of Oxford University Newman Society, a society established in 1878 for the Catholic members of Oxford University. He taught Greek and Latin at Mount St Mary's College, Sheffield, and Stonyhurst College, Lancashire.

In 1884 he became professor of Greek and Latin at University College Dublin. His English roots and his disagreement with the Irish politics of the time, as well as his own small stature (5'2"), unprepossessing nature and personal oddities meant that he was not a particularly effective teacher. This as well as his isolation in Ireland deepened his gloom and his poems of the time, such as *I Wake and Feel the Fell of Dark*, reflected this. They came to be known as the "terrible sonnets," not because of their quality but because according to Hopkins's friend Canon Dixon, they reached the "terrible crystal," meaning that they crystallized the melancholy dejection which plagued the later part of Hopkins' life.

#### <b>Final years</b>

Several problems conspired to depress Hopkins's spirits and restrict his poetic inspiration during the last five years of his life. His work load was extremely heavy. He disliked living in Dublin, away from England and friends. His general health deteriorated as his eyesight began to fail. He felt confined and dejected. As a devout Jesuit, he found himself in an artistic dilemma. To subdue any egotism which would violate the humility required by his religious position, he decided never to publish his poems. But Hopkins realized that any true poet requires an audience for criticism and encouragement. This conflict between his religious obligations and his poetic talent caused him to feel that he had failed them both.

After suffering ill health for several years and bouts of diarrhoea, Hopkins died of typhoid fever in 1889 and was buried in Glasnevin Cemetery, following his funeral in Saint Francis Xavier Church on Gardiner Street, located in Georgian Dublin. He is thought to have suffered throughout his life from what today might be diagnosed as either bipolar disorder or chronic unipolar depression, and battled a deep sense of melancholic anguish. However, on his death bed, his last words were, "I am so happy, I am so happy. I loved my life."

#### <b>Poetry</b>

#### <b>Sprung rhythm</b>

<i>"Pied Beauty"

Glory be to God for dappled things—  
For skies of couple-colour as a brinded cow;  
For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that swim;  
Fresh-firecoal chestnut-falls; finches' wings;  
Landscape plotted and pieced—fold, fallow, and plough;  
And áll trádes, their gear and tackle and trim.

All things counter, original, spare, strange;  
Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)  
With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim;  
He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change:  
Praise him.</i>

“”

"

Much of Hopkins's historical importance has to do with the changes he brought to the form of poetry, which ran contrary to conventional ideas of metre. Prior to Hopkins, most Middle English and Modern English poetry was based on a rhythmic structure inherited from the Norman side of English literary heritage. This structure is based on repeating groups of two or three syllables, with the stressed syllable falling in the same place on each repetition. Hopkins called this structure "running rhythm", and though he wrote some of his early verse in running rhythm he became fascinated with the older rhythmic structure of the Anglo-Saxon tradition, of which Beowulf is the most famous example. Hopkins called his own rhythmic structure sprung rhythm. Sprung rhythm is structured around feet with a variable number of syllables, generally between one and four syllables per foot, with the stress always falling on the first syllable in a foot. It is similar to the "rolling stresses" of Robinson Jeffers, another poet who rejected conventional metre. Hopkins saw sprung rhythm as a way to escape the constraints of running rhythm, which he said inevitably pushed poetry written in it to become "same and tame." In this way, Hopkins can be seen as anticipating much of free verse. His work has no great affinity with either of the contemporary Pre-Raphaelite and neo-romanticism schools, although he does share their descriptive love of nature and he is often seen as a precursor to modernist poetry or as a bridge between the two poetic eras.

<b>Use of language</b>

The language of Hopkins's poems is often striking. His imagery can be simple, as in Heaven-Haven, where the comparison is between a nun entering a convent

and a ship entering a harbour out of a storm. It can be splendidly metaphysical and intricate, as it is in *As Kingfishers Catch Fire*, where he leaps from one image to another to show how each thing expresses its own uniqueness, and how divinity reflects itself through all of them.

He uses many archaic and dialect words, but also coins new words. One example of this is *twindles*, which seems from its context in *Inversnaid* to mean a combination of *twines* and *dwindles*. He often creates compound adjectives, sometimes with a hyphen (such as *dapple-dawn-drawn falcon*) but often without, as in *rolling level underneath him steady air*. This concentrates his images, communicating the instress of the poet's perceptions of an inscape to his reader.

Hopkins was a supporter of linguistic purism in English. In an 1882 letter to Robert Bridges, Hopkins writes: "It makes one weep to think what English might have been; for in spite of all that Shakespeare and Milton have done [...] no beauty in a language can make up for want of purity". He took time to learn Old English, which became a major influence on his writing. In the same letter to Bridges he calls Old English "a vastly superior thing to what we have now".

Added richness comes from Hopkins's extensive use of alliteration, assonance, onomatopoeia and rhyme, both at the end of lines and internally as in:

As kingfishers catch fire, dragonflies draw flame;  
As tumbled over rim in roundy wells  
Stones ring; like each tucked string tells, each hung bell's  
Bow swung finds tongue to fling out broad its name;

Hopkins was influenced by the Welsh language that he acquired while studying theology at St Beuno's College near St Asaph. The poetic forms of Welsh literature and particularly *cynghanedd* with its emphasis on repeating sounds accorded with his own style and became a prominent feature of his work. This reliance on similar sounding words with close or differing senses mean that his poems are best understood if read aloud. An important element in his work is Hopkins's own concept of "inscape" which was derived, in part, from the medieval theologian Duns Scotus. The exact detail of "inscape" is uncertain and probably known to Hopkins alone but it has to do with the individual essence and uniqueness of every physical thing. This is communicated from an object by its "instress" and ensures the transmission of the item's importance in the wider creation. His poems would then try to present this "inscape" so that a poem like *The Windhover* aims to depict not the bird in general but instead one instance and its relation to the breeze. This is just one interpretation of Hopkins's most famous poem, one which he felt was his best.

*I CAUGHT this morning morning's minion, king-  
dom of daylight's dauphin, dapple-dawn-drawn Falcon, in his riding  
Of the rolling level underneath him steady air, and striding  
High there, how he rung upon the rein of a wimpling wing  
In his ecstasy! then off, off forth on swing,  
As a skate's heel sweeps smooth on a bow-bend: the hurl and gliding  
Rebuffed the big wind. My heart in hiding  
Stirred for a bird,—the achieve of, the mastery of the thing!*

The first stanza of "The Windhover"  
written 30 May 1877, published 1918.

During his lifetime, Hopkins published few poems. It was only through the efforts of Robert Bridges that his works were seen. Despite Hopkins burning all his poems on entering the Jesuit novitiate, he had already sent some to Bridges who, with a few other friends, was one of the few people to see many of them for some years. After Hopkins's death they were distributed to a wider audience, mostly fellow poets, and in 1918 Bridges, by then poet laureate, published a collected edition; an expanded edition, prepared by Charles Williams, appeared in 1930, and a greatly expanded edition by William Henry Gardner appeared in 1948 (eventually reaching a fourth edition, 1967, with N. H. Mackenzie).

Notable collections of Hopkins's manuscripts and publications are in Campion Hall, Oxford; the Bodleian Library, Oxford; and the Foley Library at Gonzaga University in Spokane, Washington.

### **Erotic influences**

Some contemporary critics believe that Hopkins's suppressed erotic impulses played an important role in the tone, quality and even content of his works. These impulses seem to have taken on a degree of specificity after he met Robert Bridges's distant cousin, friend, and fellow Etonian Digby Mackworth Dolben, "a Christian Uranian". The Hopkins biographer Robert Bernard Martin asserts that when Hopkins first met Dolben, on Dolben's 17th birthday, in Oxford in February 1865, it "was, quite simply, the most momentous emotional event of [his] undergraduate years, probably of his entire life."

Hopkins was completely taken with Dolben, who was nearly four years his junior, and his private journal for confessions the following year proves how absorbed he was in imperfectly suppressed erotic thoughts of him.



Hopkins kept up a correspondence with Dolben, wrote about him in his diary and composed two poems about him, "Where art thou friend" and "The Beginning of the End." Robert Bridges, who edited the first edition of Dolben's poems as well as Hopkins's, cautioned that the second poem "must never be printed," though Bridges himself included it in the first edition (1918). Another indication of the nature of his feelings for Dolben is that Hopkins's High Anglican confessor seems to have forbidden him to have any contact with Dolben except by letter. Their relationship was abruptly ended by Dolben's drowning in June 1867, an event which greatly affected Hopkins, although his feeling for Dolben seems to have cooled a good deal by that time. "Ironically, fate may have bestowed more through Dolben's death than it could ever have bestowed through longer life ... [for] many of Hopkins's best poems — impregnated with an elegiac longing for Dolben, his lost beloved and his muse — were the result."

Some of his poems, such as *The Bugler's First Communion* and *Epithalamion*, arguably embody homoerotic themes, although this second poem was arranged by Robert Bridges from extant fragments. One contemporary literary critic, M.M. Kaylor, has argued for Hopkins's inclusion with the Uranian poets, a group whose writings derived, in many ways, from the prose works of Walter Pater, Hopkins's academic coach for his Greats exams, and later his lifelong friend.

Some critics have argued that homoerotic readings are either highly tendentious, or, that they can be classified under the broader category of "homosociality," over the gender, sexual-specific "homosexual" term. Hopkins's journal writings, they argue, offer a clear admiration for feminized beauty. In his book *Hopkins Reconstructed* (2000) Justus George Lawler critiques Robert Martin's controversial biography *Gerard Manley Hopkins: A Very Private Life* (1991) by suggesting that Martin "cannot see the heterosexual beam... for the homosexual biographical mote in his own eye... it amounts to a slanted eisegesis". The poems that elicit homoerotic readings can be read not merely as exercises in sublimation but as powerful renditions of religious conviction, a conviction that caused strain in his family and even led him to burn some of his poems that he felt were unnecessarily self-centered. Julia Saville's book *A Queer Chivalry* views the religious imagery in the poems as Hopkins's way of expressing the tension with homosexual identity and desire. The male figure of Christ allows him to safely express such feelings, which mitigates the political implications.

### <b>Cultural Influences</b>

One example of Hopkins's influence can be heard in the song "Bright Wings" by the industrial-metal-hyper-soul band Mortal on their 1993 CD release *Fathom*. The song is an abbreviated version of Hopkins's poem "God's Grandeur".

# A Vision of the Mermaids

Rowing, I reach'd a rock - the sea was low -  
Which the tides cover in their overflow,  
Marking the spot, when they have gurgled o'er,  
With a thin floating veil of water hoar.  
A mile astern lay the blue shores away;  
And it was at the setting of the day.  
Plum-purple was the west; but spikes of light  
Spear'd open lustrous gashes, crimson-white;  
(Where the eye fix'd, fled the encrimsoning spot,  
And, gathering, floated where the gaze was not;)  
And through their parting lids there came and went  
Keen glimpses of the inner firmament:  
Fair beds they seem'd of water-lily flakes  
Clustering entrancingly in beryl lakes:  
Anon, across their swimming splendour strook,  
An intense line of throbbing blood-light shook  
A quivering pennon; then, for eye too keen,  
Ebb'd back beneath its snowy lids, unseen.  
Now all things rosy turn'd: the west had grown  
To an orb'd rose, which, by hot pantings blown  
Apart, betwixt ten thousand petal'd lips  
By interchange gasp'd splendour and eclipse.  
The zenith melted to a rose of air;  
The waves were rosy-lipp'd; the crimson glare  
Shower'd the cliffs and every fret and spire  
With garnet wreathes and blooms of rosy-budded fire.  
Then, looking on the waters, I was ware  
Of something drifting through delighted air,  
- An isle of roses, - and another near; -  
And more, on each hand, thicken, and appear  
In shoals of bloom; as in unpeopled skies,  
Save by two stars, more crowding lights arise,  
And planets bud where'er we turn our mazèd eyes.  
I gazed unhinder'd: Mermaids six or seven,  
Ris'n from the deeps to gaze on sun and heaven,  
Cluster'd in troops and halo'd by the light,  
Those Cyclads made that thicken'd on my sight.  
This was their manner: one translucent crest  
Of tremulous film, more subtle than the vest

Of dewy gorse blurr'd with the gossamer fine,  
From crown to tail-fin floating, fringed the spine,  
Droop'd o'er the brows like Hector's casque, and sway'd  
In silken undulations, spurr'd and ray'd  
With spikèd quills all of intensest hue;  
And was as tho' some sapphire molten-blue  
Were vein'd and streak'd with dusk-deep lazuli,  
Or tender pinks with bloody Tyrian dye.  
From their white waists a silver skirt was spread  
To mantle o'er the tail, such as is shed  
Around the Water-Nymphs in fretted falls,  
At red Pompeii on medallion'd walls.  
A tinted fin on either shoulder hung:  
Their pansy-dark or bronzen locks were strung  
With coral, shells, thick-pearlèd cords, whate'er  
The abysmal Ocean hoards of strange and rare.  
Some trail'd the Nautilus: or on the swell  
Tugg'd the boss'd, smooth-lipp'd, giant Strombus-shell.  
Some carried the sea-fan; some round the head  
With lace of rosy weed were chapleted;  
One bound o'er dripping gold a turquoise-gemm'd  
Circle of astral flowerets - diadem'd  
Like an Assyrian prince, with buds unsheath'd  
From flesh-flowers of the rock; but more were wreath'd  
With the dainty-delicate fretted fringe of fingers  
Of that jacinthine thing, that, where it lingers  
Broiders the nets with fans of amethyst  
And silver films, beneath with pearly mist,  
The Glaucus cleped; others small braids encluster'd  
Of glassy-clear Aeolis, metal-lustred  
With growths of myriad feelers, crystalline  
To show the crimson streams that inward shine,  
Which, lightening o'er the body rosy-pale,  
Like shiver'd rubies' dance or sheen of sapphire frail.  
Then saw I sudden from the waters break  
Far off a Nereid company, and shake  
From wings swan-fledged a wheel of watery light  
Flickering with sunny spokes, and left and right  
Plunge orb'd in rainbow arcs, and trample and tread  
The satin-purpled smooth to foam, and spread  
Slim-pointed sea-gull plumes, and droop behind  
One scarlet feather trailing to the wind;

Then, like a flock of sea-fowl mounting higher,  
Thro' crimson-golden floods pass swallow'd into fire.  
Soon - as when Summer of his sister Spring  
Crushes and tears the rare enjewelling,  
And boasting &quot;I have fairer things than these&quot;;  
Plashes amidst the billowy apple-trees  
His lusty hands, in gusts of scented wind  
Swirling out bloom till all the air is blind  
With rosy foam and pelting blossom and mists  
Of driving vermeil-rain; and, as he lists,  
The dainty onyx-coronals deflowers,  
A glorious wanton; - all the wrecks in showers  
Crowd down upon a stream, and, jostling thick  
With bubbles bugle-eyed, struggle and stick  
On tangled shoals that bar the brook - a crowd  
Of filmy globes and rosy floating cloud:  
So those Mermaidens crowded to my rock,  
And thicken'd, like that drifted bloom, the flock  
Sun-flush'd, until it seem'd their father Sea  
Had gotten him a wreath of sweet Spring-broidery.  
Careless of me they sported: some would plash  
The languent smooth with dimpling drops, and flash  
Their filmy tails adown whose length there show'd  
An azure ridge; or clouds of violet glow'd  
On prankèd scale; or threads of carmine, shot  
Thro' with silver, gloom'd to a blood-vivid clot.  
Some, diving merrily, downward drove, and gleam'd  
With arm and fin; the argent bubbles stream'd  
Airwards, disturb'd; and the scarce troubled sea  
Gurgled, where they had sunk, melodiously.  
Others with fingers white would comb among  
The drenchèd hair of slabby weeds that swung  
Swimming, and languish'd green upon the deep  
Down that dank rock o'er which their lush long tresses weep.  
But most in a half-circle watch'd the sun;  
And a sweet sadness dwelt on everyone;  
I knew not why, - but know that sadness dwells  
On Mermaids - whether that they ring the knells  
Of seamen whelm'd in chasms of the mid-main,  
As poets sing; or that it is a pain  
To know the dusk depths of the ponderous sea,  
The miles profound of solid green, and be

With loath'd cold fishes, far from man - or what; -  
I know the sadness but the cause know not.  
Then they, thus ranged, 'gan make full plaintively  
A piteous Siren sweetness on the sea,  
Withouten instrument, or conch, or bell,  
Or stretch'd cords tunable on turtle's shell;  
Only with utterance of sweet breath they sung  
An antique chaunt and in an unknown tongue.  
Now melting upward through the sloping scale  
Swell'd the sweet strain to a melodious wail;  
Now ringing clarion-clear to whence it rose  
Slumber'd at last in one sweet, deep, heart-breaking close.  
But when the sun had lapsed to Ocean, lo  
A stealthy wind crept round seeking to blow,  
Linger'd, then raised the washing waves and drench'd  
The floating blooms and with tide flowing quench'd  
The rosy isles: so that I stole away  
And gain'd thro' growing dusk the stirless bay;  
White loom'd my rock, the water gurgling o'er,  
Whence oft I watch but see those Mermaids now no more.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# Andromeda

Now Time's Andromeda on this rock rude,  
With not her either beauty's equal or  
Her injury's, looks off by both horns of shore,  
Her flower, her piece of being, doomed dragon's food.  
Time past she has been attempted and pursued  
By many blows and banes; but now hears roar  
A wilder beast from West than all were, more  
Rife in her wrongs, more lawless, and more lewd.

Her Perseus linger and leave her to her extremes?—  
Pillowy air he treads a time and hangs  
His thoughts on her, forsaken that she seems,  
All while her patience, morselled into pangs,  
Mounts; then to alight disarming, no one dreams,  
With Gorgon's gear and barebill, thongs and fangs.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# As Kingfishers Catch Fire

As king fishers catch fire, dragonflies draw flame;  
As tumbled over rim in roundy wells  
Stones ring; like each tucked string tells, each hung bell's  
Bow swung finds tongue to fling out broad its name;  
Each mortal thing does one thing and the same:  
Deals out that being indoors each one dwells;  
Selves -- goes itself; myself it speaks and spells,  
Crying What I do is me: for that I came.

I say more: the just man justices;  
Keeps grace: that keeps all his goings graces;  
Acts in God's eye what in God's eye he is --  
Christ. For Christ plays in ten thousand places,  
Lovely in limbs, and lovely in eyes not his  
To the Father through the features of men's faces.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# Ash-Boughs

*a.*

Not of all my eyes see, wandering on the world,  
Is anything a milk to the mind so, so sighs deep  
Poetry to it, as a tree whose boughs break in the sky.  
Say it is ashboughs: whether on a December day and furred  
Fast ór they in clammyish lashtender combs creep  
Apart wide and new-nestle at heaven most high.  
They touch heaven, tabour on it; how their talons sweep  
The smouldering enormous winter welkin! May  
Mells blue and snowwhite through them, a fringe and fray  
Of greenery: it is old earth's groping towards the steep  
Heaven whom she child us by.

*(Variant from line 7.) b.*

They touch, they tabour on it, hover on it[; here, there hurled],  
With talons sweep  
The smouldering enormous winter welkin. [Eye,  
But more cheer is when] May  
Mells blue with snowwhite through their fringe and fray  
Of greenery and old earth gropes for, grasps at steep  
Heaven with it whom she child things by.

Gerard Manley Hopkins



# At The Wedding-March

God with honour hang your head,  
Groom, and grace you, bride, your bed  
With lissome scions, sweet scions,  
Out of hallowed bodies bred.

Each be other's comfort kind:  
Déep, déeper than divined,  
Divine charity, dear charity,  
Fast you ever, fast bind.

Then let the March tread our ears:  
I to him turn with tears  
Who to wedlock, his wonder wedlock,  
Déals tríumph and immortal years.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# Barnfloor And Winepress

And he said, If the Lord do not help thee, whence shall I help thee? out of the barnfloor, or out of the winepress?

2 Kings VI: 27

Thou that on sin's wages starvest,  
Behold we have the joy in harvest:  
For us was gather'd the first fruits,  
For us was lifted from the roots,  
Sheaved in cruel bands, bruised sore,  
Scourged upon the threshing-floor;  
Where the upper mill-stone roof'd His head,  
At morn we found the heavenly Bread,  
And, on a thousand altars laid,  
Christ our Sacrifice is made!

Thou whose dry plot for moisture gapes,  
We shout with them that tread the grapes:  
For us the Vine was fenced with thorn,  
Five ways the precious branches torn;  
Terrible fruit was on the tree  
In the acre of Gethsemane;  
For us by Calvary's distress  
The wine was racked from the press;  
Now in our altar-vessels stored  
Is the sweet Vintage of our Lord.

In Joseph's garden they threw by  
The riv'n Vine, leafless, lifeless, dry:  
On Easter morn the Tree was forth,  
In forty days reach'd heaven from earth;  
Soon the whole world is overspread;  
Ye weary, come into the shade.

The field where He has planted us  
Shall shake her fruit as Libanus,  
When He has sheaved us in His sheaf,  
When He has made us bear his leaf. -  
We scarcely call that banquet food,  
But even our Saviour's and our blood,

We are so grafted on His wood.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# Binsey Poplars

My aspens dear, whose airy cages quelled,  
Quelled or quenched in leaves the leaping sun,  
All felled, felled, are all felled;  
    Of a fresh and following folded rank  
        Not spared, not one  
        That dandled a sandalled  
        Shadow that swam or sank  
On meadow & river & wind-wandering weed-winding bank.

O if we but knew what we do  
    When we delve or hew —  
    Hack and rack the growing green!  
    Since country is so tender  
    To touch, her being só slender,  
    That, like this sleek and seeing ball  
    But a prick will make no eye at all,  
    Where we, even where we mean  
        To mend her we end her,  
    When we hew or delve:  
After-comers cannot guess the beauty been.  
Ten or twelve, only ten or twelve  
    Strokes of havoc unselve  
        The sweet especial scene,  
    Rural scene, a rural scene,  
    Sweet especial rural scene.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# Brothers

How lovely the elder brother's  
Life all laced in the other's,  
Lóve-laced!—what once I well  
Witnessed; so fortune fell.  
When Shrovetide, two years gone,  
Our boys' plays brought on  
Part was picked for John,  
Young Jóhn: then fear, then joy  
Ran revel in the elder boy.  
Their night was come now; all  
Our company thronged the hall;  
Henry, by the wall,  
Beckoned me beside him:  
I came where called, and eyed him  
By meanwhiles; making my play  
Turn most on tender byplay.  
For, wrung all on love's rack,  
My lad, and lost in Jack,  
Smiled, blushed, and bit his lip;  
Or drove, with a diver's dip,  
Clutched hands down through clasped knees—  
Truth's tokens tricks like these,  
Old telltales, with what stress  
He hung on the imp's success.  
Now the other was bráss-bóld:  
Hé had no work to hold  
His heart up at the strain;  
Nay, roguish ran the vein.  
Two tedious acts were past;  
Jack's call and cue at last;  
When Henry, heart-forsook,  
Dropped eyes and dared not look.  
Eh, how áll rúng!  
Young dog, he did give tongue!  
But Harry—in his hands he has flung  
His tear-tricked cheeks of flame  
For fond love and for shame.  
Ah Nature, framed in fault,  
There 's comfort then, there 's salt;

Nature, bad, base, and blind,  
Dearly thou canst be kind;  
There dearly thén, deárlý,  
I'll cry thou canst be kind.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# Carrion Comfort

Not, I'll not, carrion comfort, Despair, not feast on thee;  
Not untwist -- slack they may be -- these last strands of man  
In me }r, most weary, cry I can no more. I can;  
Can something, hope, wish day come, not choose not to be.  
But ah, but O thou terrible, why wouldst thou rude on me  
Thy wring-world right foot rock? lay a lionlimb against me? scan  
With darksome devouring eyes my bruis`e}d bones? and fan,  
O in turns of tempest, me heaped there; me frantic to avo{i}d thee and  
flee?

Why? That my chaff might fly; my grain lie, sheer and clear.  
Nay in all that toil, that coil, since (seems) I kissed the rod,  
Hand rather, my heart lo! lapped strength, stole joy, would laugh,  
cheer.  
Cheer wh{o}m though? The h{e}ro whose h{e}aven-handling fl{u}ng  
me, f{o}ot tr{o}d  
Me? or m{e} that f{o}ught him? O wh{i}ch one? is it e{a}ch one? That  
n{i}ght, that y{e}ar  
Of now done darkness I wretch lay wrestling with (my God!) my God.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# Cheery Beggar

Beyond Mágdalen and by the Bridge, on a place called there the Plain,  
In Summer, in a burst of summertime  
Following falls and falls of rain,  
When the air was sweet-and-sour of the flown fineflower of  
Those goldnails and their gaylinks that hang along a lime;

.....

The motion of that man's heart is fine  
Whom want could not make píné, píné  
That struggling should not sear him, a gift should cheer him  
Like that poor pocket of pence, poor pence of mine.

.....

Gerard Manley Hopkins



# Duns Scotus's Oxford

Towery city |&| branchy between towers;

Cuckoo-echoing, bell-swarm{`e}d, lark charm{`e}d, rook racked,  
river-rounded;

The dapple-eared lily below thee; that country |&| town did

Once encounter in, here coped |&| pois{`e}d powers;

Thou hast a base |&| brickish skirt there, sours

That neighbour-nature thy grey beauty is grounded

Best in; graceless growth, thou hast confounded

Rural, rural keeping -- folk, flocks, |&| flowers.

Yet ah! this air I gather |&| I release

He lived on: these weeds |&| waters, these walls are what

He haunted who of all men most sways my spirits to peace;

Of realty the rarest-vein{`e}d unraveller; a not

Rivalled insight, be rival Italy or Greece;

Who f{'i}red Fr{'a}nce for M{'a}ry with{'o}ut sp{'o}t.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# Easter Communion

Pure fasted faces draw unto this feast:  
God comes all sweetness to your Lenten lips.  
You striped in secret with breath-taking whips,  
Those crooked rough-scored chequers may be pieced  
To crosses meant for Jesu's; you whom the East  
With draught of thin and pursuant cold so nips  
Breathe Easter now; you serged fellowships,  
You vigil-keepers with low flames decreased,

God shall o'er-brim the measures you have spent  
With oil of gladness, for sackcloth and frieze  
And the ever-fretting shirt of punishment  
Give myrrhy-threaded golden folds of ease.  
Your scarce-sheathed bones are weary of being bent:  
Lo, God shall strengthen all the feeble knees.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# Epithalamion

Hark, hearer, hear what I do; lend a thought now, make believe  
We are leafwhelmed somewhere with the hood  
Of some branchy bunchy bushybowered wood,  
Southern dene or Lancashire clough or Devon cleave,  
That leans along the loins of hills, where a candycoloured, where a gluegold-  
brown  
Marbled river, boisterously beautiful, between  
Roots and rocks is danced and dandled, all in froth and waterblowballs, down.  
We are there, when we hear a shout  
That the hanging honeysuck, the dogeared hazels in the cover  
Makes dither, makes hover  
And the riot of a rout  
Of, it must be, boys from the town  
Bathing: it is summer's sovereign good.

By there comes a listless stranger: beckoned by the noise  
He drops towards the river: unseen  
Sees the bevy of them, how the boys  
With dare and with downdolphinry and bellbright bodies huddling out,  
Are earthworld, airworld, waterworld thorough hurled, all by turn and turn about.

This garland of their gambols flashes in his breast  
Into such a sudden zest  
Of summertime joys  
That he hies to a pool neighbouring; sees it is the best  
There; sweetest, freshest, shadowiest;  
Fairyland; silk-beech, scrolled ash, packed sycamore, wild wychelm, hornbeam  
fretty overstood  
By. Rafts and rafts of flake-leaves light, dealt so, painted on the air,  
Hang as still as hawk or hawkmoth, as the stars or as the angels there,  
Like the thing that never knew the earth, never off roots  
Rose. Here he feasts: lovely all is! No more: off with—down he dings  
His bleached both and woolwoven wear:  
Careless these in coloured wisp  
All lie tumbled-to; then with loop-locks  
Forward falling, forehead frowning, lips crisp  
Over finger-teasing task, his twiny boots  
Fast he opens, last he offwings

Till walk the world he can with bare his feet  
And come where lies a coffer, burly all of blocks  
Built of chancequarrièd, selfquainèd rocks  
And the water warbles over into, filleted with glassy grassy quicksilvery shivès  
and shoots  
And with heavenfallen freshness down from moorland still brims,  
Dark or daylight on and on. Here he will then, here he will the fleet  
Flinty kindcold element let break across his limbs  
Long. Where we leave him, froliclavish while he looks about him, laughs, swims.  
Enough now; since the sacred matter that I mean  
I should be wronging longer leaving it to float  
Upon this only gambolling and echoing-of-earth note—  
What is ... the delightful dene?  
Wedlock. What the water? Spousal love.

.....

.....

Father, mother, brothers, sisters, friends  
Into fairy trees, wild flowers, wood ferns  
Rankèd round the bower

.....

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# Felix Randal

Felix Randal the ferryman, O is he dead then? my duty all  
ended,

Who have watched his mould of man, bigboned and hardy-handsome

Pining, pining, till time when reason rambled in it, and some

Fatal four disorders, fleshed there, all contended?

Sickness broke him. Impatient, he cursed at first, but mended

Being anointed all; tho' a heavenlier heart began some

Months earlier, since I had our swet reprive all

ransom

Tendered to him. Ah well, God rest him all road ever he  
offended!

This seeing the sick endears them to us, us to it  
endears.

My tongue had taught thee comfort, touch had quenched thy tears,

Thy tears that touched my heart, child, Felix, poor Felix Randal;

How far from then forethought of, all thy more boisterous years,

When thou at the random grim forge, powerful amidst peers

Didst fettle for the great grey drayhorse his bright all battering  
sandal!

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# For A Picture Of St. Dorothea

I bear a basket lined with grass;  
I am so light, I am so fair,  
That men must wonder as I pass  
And at the basket that I bear,  
Where in a newly-drawn green litter  
Sweet flowers I carry,—sweets for bitter.

Lilies I shew you, lilies none,  
None in Caesar's gardens blow,—  
And a quince in hand,—not one  
Is set upon your boughs below;  
Not set, because their buds not spring;  
Spring not, 'cause world is wintering.

But these were found in the East and South  
Where Winter is the clime forgot.—  
The dewdrop on the larkspur's mouth  
O should it then be quenched not?  
In starry water-meads they drew  
These drops: which be they? stars or dew?

Had she a quince in hand? Yet gaze:  
Rather it is the sizing moon.  
Lo, linkèd heavens with milky ways!  
That was her larkspur row.—So soon?  
Sphered so fast, sweet soul?—We see  
Nor fruit, nor flowers, nor Dorothy.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# God's Grandeur

The world is charged with the grandeur of God.

It will flame out, like shining from shook foil;

It gathers to a greatness, like the ooze of oil

Crushed. Why do men then now not reckon his rod?

Generations have trod, have trod, have trod;

And all is seared with trade; bleared, smeared with toil;

And wears man's smudge and shares man's smell: the soil

Is bare now, nor can foot feel, being shod.

And for all this, nature is never spent;

There lives the dearest freshness deep down things;

And though the last lights off the black West went

Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastward, springs --

Because the Holy Ghost over the bent

World broods with warm breast and with ah! bright wings.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# Heaven-Haven

I have desired to go  
Where springs not fail,  
To fields where flies no sharp and sided hail,  
And a few lilies blow.

And I have asked to be  
Where no storms come,  
Where the green swell is in the havens dumb,  
And out of the swing of the sea.

Gerard Manley Hopkins



# Henry Purcell

*The poet wishes well to the divine genius of Purcell and praises him that, whereas other musicians have given utterance to the moods of man's mind, he has, beyond that, uttered in notes the very make and species of man as created both in him and in all men generally.*

Have, fair fallen, O fair, fair have fallen, so dear  
To me, so arch-especial a spirit as heaves in Henry Purcell,  
An age is now since passed, since parted; with the reversal  
Of the outward sentence low lays him, listed to a heresy, here.

Not mood in him nor meaning, proud fire or sacred fear,  
Or love or pity or all that sweet notes not his might nurse:  
It is the forged feature finds me; it is the rehearsal  
Of own, of abrupt self there so thrusts on, so throngs the ear.

Let him Oh! with his air of angels then lift me, lay me! only I'll  
Have an eye to the sakes of him, quaint moonmarks, to his pelted plumage  
under  
Wings: so some great stormfowl, whenever he has walked his while

The thunder-purple seabeach plumèd purple-of-thunder,  
If a wuthering of his palmy snow-pinions scatter a colossal smile  
Off him, but meaning motion fans fresh our wits with wonder.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# Hope Holds To Christ

.....  
Hope holds to Christ the mind's own mirror out  
To take His lovely likeness more and more.  
It will not well, so she would bring about  
An ever brighter burnish than before  
And turns to wash it from her welling eyes  
And breathes the blots off all with sighs on sighs.  
Her glass is blest but she as good as blind  
Holds till hand aches and wonders what is there;  
Her glass drinks light, she darkles down behind,  
All of her glorious gainings unaware.

.....  
I told you that she turned her mirror dim  
Betweenwhiles, but she sees herself not Him.

.....

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# I Wake And Feel The Fell Of Dark

I wake and feel the fell of dark, not day,  
What hours, O what black hours we have spent  
This night! what sights you, heart, saw; ways you went!  
And more must, in yet longer light's delay.  
With witness I speak this. But where I say  
Hours I mean years, mean life. And my lament  
Is cries countless, cries like dead letters sent  
To dearest him that lives alas! away.

I am gall, I am heartburn. God's most deep decree  
Bitter would have me taste: my taste was me;  
Bones built in me, flesh filled, blood brimmed the curse.  
Selfyeast of spirit a dull dough sours. I see  
The lost are like this, and their scourge to be  
As I am mine, their sweating selves; but worse.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# In Honour Of St. Alphonsus Rodriguez

Laybrother of the Society of Jesus

Honour is flashed off exploit, so we say;  
And those strokes once that gashed flesh or galled shield  
Should tongue that time now, trumpet now that field,  
And, on the fighter, forge his glorious day.  
On Christ they do and on the martyr may;  
But be the war within, the brand we wield  
Unseen, the heroic breast not outward-steeled,  
Earth hears no hurtle then from fiercest fray.

Yet God (that hews mountain and continent,  
Earth, all, out; who, with trickling increment,  
Veins violets and tall trees makes more and more)  
Could crowd career with conquest while there went  
Those years and years by of world without event  
That in Majorca Alfonso watched the door.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

## In The Valley Of The Elwy

I remember a house where all were good  
To me, God knows, deserving no such thing:  
Comforting smell breathed at very entering,  
Fetched fresh, as I suppose, off some sweet wood.  
That cordial air made those kind people a hood  
All over, as a bevy of eggs the mothering wing  
Will, or mild nights the new morsels of spring:  
Why, it seemed of course; seemed of right it should.

Lovely the woods, waters, meadows, combes, vales,  
All the air things wear that build this world of Wales;  
Only the inmate does not correspond:  
God, lover of souls, swaying considerate scales,  
Complete thy creature dear O where it fails,  
Being mighty a master, being a father and fond.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# Inversnaid

This darksome burn, horseback brown,  
His rollrock highroad roaring down,  
In coop and in comb the fleece of his foam  
Flutes and low to the lake falls home.

A windpuff-bonnet of fawn-froth  
Turns and twindles over the broth  
Of a pool so pitchblack, fell-frowning,  
It rounds and rounds Despair to drowning.

Degged with dew, dappled with dew,  
Are the groins of the braes that the brook treads through,  
Wiry heathpacks, fitches of fern,  
And the beadbonny ash that sits over the burn.

What would the world be, once bereft  
Of wet and wildness? Let them be left,  
O let them be left, wildness and wet;  
Long live the weeds and the wilderness yet.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# It Was A Hard Thing To Undo This Knot

It was a hard thing to undo this knot.  
The rainbow shines, but only in the thought  
Of him that looks. Yet not in that alone,  
For who makes rainbows by invention?  
And many standing round a waterfall  
See one bow each, yet not the same to all,  
But each a hand's breadth further than the next.  
The sun on falling waters writes the text  
Which yet is in the eye or in the thought.  
It was a hard thing to undo this knot.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# Let Me Be To Thee As The Circling Bird

Let me be to Thee as the circling bird,  
Or bat with tender and air-crisping wings  
That shapes in half-light his departing rings,  
From both of whom a changeless note is heard.  
I have found my music in a common word,  
Trying each pleasurable throat that sings  
And every praised sequence of sweet strings,  
And know infallibly which I preferred.

The authentic cadence was discovered late  
Which ends those only strains that I approve,  
And other science all gone out of date  
And minor sweetness scarce made mention of:  
I have found the dominant of my range and state -  
Love, O my God, to call Thee Love and Love.

Gerard Manley Hopkins



## Love Preparing To Fly

He play'd his wings as tho' for flight;  
They webb'd the sky with glassy light.  
His body sway'd upon tiptoes,  
Like a wind-perplexed rose;  
In eddies of the wind he went  
At last up the blue element.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# May Magnificat

May is Mary's month, and I  
Muse at that and wonder why:  
Her feasts follow reason,  
Dated due to season&mdash;

Candlemas, Lady Day;  
But the Lady Month, May,  
Why fasten that upon her,  
With a feasting in her honour?

Is it only its being brighter  
Than the most are must delight her?  
Is it opportunist  
And flowers finds soonest?

Ask of her, the mighty mother:  
Her reply puts this other  
Question: What is Spring?&mdash;  
Growth in every thing&mdash;

Flesh and fleece, fur and feather,  
Grass and greenworld all together;  
Star-eyed strawberry-breasted  
Throstle above her nested

Cluster of bugle blue eggs thin  
Forms and warms the life within;  
And bird and blossom swell  
In sod or sheath or shell.

All things rising, all things sizing  
Mary sees, sympathising  
With that world of good,  
Nature's motherhood.

Their magnifying of each its kind  
With delight calls to mind  
How she did in her stored  
Magnify the Lord.

Well but there was more than this:  
Spring's universal bliss  
Much, had much to say  
To offering Mary May.

When drop-of-blood-and-foam-dapple  
Bloom lights the orchard-apple  
And thicket and thorp are merry  
With silver-surfed cherry

And azuring-over greybell makes  
Wood banks and brakes wash wet like lakes  
And magic cuckoocall  
Caps, clears, and clinches all&mdash;

This ecstasy all through mothering earth  
Tells Mary her mirth till Christ's birth  
To remember and exultation  
In God who was her salvation.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# Moonless Darkness Stands Between

Moonless darkness stands between.  
Past, the Past, no more be seen!  
But the Bethlehem-star may lead me  
To the sight of Him Who freed me  
From the self that I have been.  
Make me pure, Lord: Thou art holy;  
Make me meek, Lord: Thou wert lowly;  
Now beginning, and alway:  
Now begin, on Christmas day.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# Moonrise

I awoke in the Midsummer not to call night, in the white and the walk of the morning:

The moon, dwindled and thinned to the fringe of a finger-nail held to the candle,  
Or paring of paradisaical fruit, lovely in waning but lustreless,  
Stepped from the stool, drew back from the barrow, of dark Maenefa the mountain;

A cusp still clasped him, a fluke yet fanged him, entangled him, not quite utterly.  
This was the prized, the desirable sight, unsought, presented so easily,  
Parted me leaf and leaf, divided me, eyelid and eyelid of slumber.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# My Own Heart Let Me Have More Have Pity On; Let

My own heart let me have more have pity on; let  
Me live to my sad self hereafter kind,  
Charitable; not live this tormented mind  
With this tormented mind tormenting yet.

I cast for comfort I can no more get  
By groping round my comfortless, than blind  
Eyes in their dark can day or thirst can find  
Thirst 's all-in-all in all a world of wet.

Soul, self; come, poor Jackself, I do advise  
You, jaded, let be; call off thoughts awhile  
Elsewhere; leave comfort root-room; let joy size  
At God knows when to God knows what; whose smile  
's not wrung, see you; unforeseen times rather&mdash;as skies  
Betweenpie mountains&mdash;lights a lovely mile.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

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Gerard Manley Hopkins

# No Worst, There Is None

No worst, there is none. Pitched past pitch of grief,  
More pangs will, schooled at forepangs, wilder wring.  
Comforter, where, where is your comforting?  
Mary, mother of us, where is your relief?  
My cries heave, herds-long; huddle in a main, a chief-\-  
Woe, w{ 'o }rld-sorrow; on an { 'a }ge-old { 'a }nvil w{ 'i }nce and s{ 'i }ng --

Then lull, then leave off. Fury had shrieked "No ling-  
Ering! Let me be fell: force I must be brief."

O the mind, mind has mountains; cliffs of fall  
Frightful, sheer, no-man-fathomed. Hold them cheap  
May who ne'er hung there. Nor does long our small  
Durance deal with that steep or deep. Here! creep,  
Wretch, under a comfort serves in a whirlwind: all  
Life death does end and each day dies with sleep.

Gerard Manley Hopkins



# On The Portrait Of Two Beautiful Young People

*A Brother and Sister*

O I admire and sorrow! The heart's eye grieves  
Discovering you, dark trampers, tyrant years.  
A juice rides rich through bluebells, in vine leaves,  
And beauty's dearest veriest vein is tears.

Happy the father, mother of these! Too fast:  
Not that, but thus far, all with frailty, blest  
In one fair fall; but, for time's aftercast,  
Creatures all heft, hope, hazard, interest.

And are they thus? The fine, the fingering beams  
Their young delightful hour do feature down  
That fledged else like day-dissolvèd dreams  
Or ringlet-race on burling Barrow brown.

She leans on him with such contentment fond  
As well the sister sits, would well the wife;  
His looks, the soul's own letters, see beyond,  
Gaze on, and fall directly forth on life.

But ah, bright forelock, cluster that you are  
Of favoured make and mind and health and youth,  
Where lies your landmark, seamark, or soul's star?  
There's none but truth can stead you. Christ is truth.

There 's none but good can bé good, both for you  
And what sways with you, maybe this sweet maid;  
None good but God—a warning wavèd to  
One once that was found wanting when Good weighed.

Man lives that list, that leaning in the will  
No wisdom can forecast by gauge or guess,  
The selfless self of self, most strange, most still,  
Fast furred and all foredrawn to No or Yes.

Your feast of; that most in you earnest eye

May but call on your banes to more carouse.  
Worst will the best. What worm was here, we cry,  
To have havoc-pocked so, see, the hung-heavenward boughs?

Enough: corruption was the world's first woe.  
What need I strain my heart beyond my ken?  
O but I bear my burning witness though  
Against the wild and wanton work of men.

. . . . .

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# Patience, Hard Thing! The Hard Thing But To Pray

Patience, hard thing! the hard thing but to pray,  
But bid for, Patience is! Patience who asks  
Wants war, wants wounds; weary his times, his tasks;  
To do without, take tosses, and obey.

Rare patience roots in these, and, these away,  
Nowhere. Natural heart's ivy, Patience masks  
Our ruins of wrecked past purpose. There she basks  
Purple eyes and seas of liquid leaves all day.

We hear our hearts grate on themselves: it kills  
To bruise them dearer. Yet the rebellious wills  
Of us we do bid God bend to him even so.

And where is he who more and more distils  
Delicious kindness?—He is patient. Patience fills  
His crisp combs, and that comes those ways we know.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# Peace

When will you ever, Peace, wild wooddove, shy wings shut,  
Your round me roaming end, and under be my boughs?  
When, when, Peace, will you, Peace? I'll not play hypocrite  
To own my heart: I yield you do come sometimes; but  
That piecemeal peace is poor peace. What pure peace allows  
Alarms of wars, the daunting wars, the death of it?

O surely, reaving Peace, my Lord should leave in lieu  
Some good! And so he does leave Patience exquisite,  
That plumes to Peace thereafter. And when Peace here does house  
He comes with work to do, he does not come to coo,  
He comes to brood and sit.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# Penmaen Pool

<i>For the Visitors' Book at the Inn</i>

Who long for rest, who look for pleasure  
Away from counter, court, or school  
O where live well your lease of leisure  
But here at, here at Penmaen Pool?

You'll dare the Alp? you'll dart the skiff?—  
Each sport has here its tackle and tool:  
Come, plant the staff by Cadair cliff;  
Come, swing the sculls on Penmaen Pool.

What's yonder?—Grizzled Dyphwys dim:  
The triple-hummocked Giant's stool,  
Hoar messmate, hobs and nobs with him  
To halve the bowl of Penmaen Pool.

And all the landscape under survey,  
At tranquil turns, by nature's rule,  
Rides repeated topsyturvy  
In frank, in fairy Penmaen Pool.

And Charles's Wain, the wondrous seven,  
And sheep-flock clouds like worlds of wool,  
For all they shine so, high in heaven,  
Shew brighter shaken in Penmaen Pool.

The Mawddach, how she trips! though throttled  
If floodtide teeming thrills her full,  
And mazy sands all water-wattled  
Waylay her at ebb, past Penmaen Pool.

But what's to see in stormy weather,  
When grey showers gather and gusts are cool?—  
Why, raindrop-roundels looped together  
That lace the face of Penmaen Pool.

Then even in weariest wintry hour

Of New Year's month or surly Yule  
Furred snows, charged tuft above tuft, tower  
From darksome darksome Penmaen Pool.

And ever, if bound here hardest home,  
You've parlour-pastime left and (who'll  
Not honour it?) ale like goldy foam  
That frocks an oar in Penmaen Pool.

Then come who pine for peace or pleasure  
Away from counter, court, or school,  
Spend here your measure of time and treasure  
And taste the treats of Penmaen Pool.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# Pied Beauty

Glory be to God for dappled things --

For skies of couple-colour as a brindled cow;

For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that swim;

Fresh-firecoal chestnut-falls; finches' wings;

Landscape plotted |&| pieced -- fold, fallow, |&| plough;

And {'a}ll trades, their gear |&| tackle |&| trim.

All things counter, original, sp{'a}re, strange;

Whatever is fickle, freckl{'`e}d, (who knows how?)

With sw{'i}ft, sl{'o}w; sweet, s{'o}ur; ad{'a}zzle, d{'i}m;

He fathers-forth whose beauty is p{'a}st change:

Pr{'a}ise h{'i}m.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# Repeat That, Repeat

Repeat that, repeat,  
Cuckoo, bird, and open ear wells, heart-springs, delightfully sweet,  
With a ballad, with a ballad, a rebound  
Off trundled timber and scoops of the hillside ground, hollow hollow hollow  
ground:  
The whole landscape flushes on a sudden at a sound.

Gerard Manley Hopkins



# Ribblesdale

Earth, sweet Earth, sweet landscape, with leavés throng  
And louchéd low grass, heaven that dost appeal  
To, with no tongue to plead, no heart to feel;  
That canst but only be, but dost that long—

Thou canst but be, but that thou well dost; strong  
Thy plea with him who dealt, nay does now deal,  
Thy lovely dale down thus and thus bids reel  
Thy river, and o'er gives all to rack or wrong.

And what is Earth's eye, tongue, or heart else, where  
Else, but in dear and dogged man?—Ah, the heir  
To his own selfbent so bound, so tied to his turn,  
To thriftless reave both our rich round world bare  
And none reck of world after, this bids wear  
Earth brows of such care, care and dear concern.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

## Spelt From Sibyl's Leaves

Earnest, earthless, equal, attuneable, ' vaulty, voluminous, ... stupendous  
Evening strains to be tíme's vást, ' womb-of-all, home-of-all, hearse-of-all night.  
Her fond yellow hornlight wound to the west, ' her wild hollow hoarlight hung to  
the height

Waste; her earliest stars, earl-stars, ' stárs principal, overbend us,  
Fíre-féaturing heaven. For earth ' her being has unbound, her dapple is at an  
end, as-

tray or aswarm, all throughther, in throngs; ' self ín self steedèd and  
páshed—quíte

Disremembering, dísmémbering ' áll now. Heart, you round me right  
With: Óur évening is over us; óur night ' whélms, whélms, ánd will end us.  
Only the beak-leaved boughs dragonish ' damask the tool-smooth bleak light;  
black,

Ever so black on it. Óur tale, O óur oracle! ' Lét life, wáned, ah lét life wind  
Off hér once skéined stained véined variety ' upon, áll on twó spools; párt, pen,  
páck

Now her áll in twó flocks, twó folds—black, white; ' right, wrong; reckon but, reck  
but, mind

But thése two; wáre of a wórl'd where bút these ' twó tell, each off the óther; of a  
rack

Where, selfwring, selfstrung, sheathe- and shelterless, ' thóughts against  
thoughts ín groans grínd.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# Spring

Nothing is so beautiful as spring --  
When weeds, in wheels, shoot long and lovely and lush;  
Thrush's eggs look little low heavens, and thrush  
Through the echoing timber does so rinse and wring  
The ear, it strikes like lightnings to hear him sing;  
The glassy peartree leaves and blooms, they brush  
The descending blue; that blue is all in a rush  
With richness; the racing lambs too have fair their fling.

What is all this juice and all this joy?  
A strain of the earth's sweet being in the beginning  
In Eden garden. -- Have, get, before it cloy,  
Before it cloud, Christ, lord, and sour with sinning,  
Innocent mind and Mayday in girl and boy,  
Most, O maid's child, thy choice and worthy the winning.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# Spring And Fall: To A Young Child

Margaret, are you grieving  
Over Goldengrove unleaving?  
Leaves, like the things of man, you  
With your fresh thoughts care for, can you?  
Ah! as the heart grows older  
It will come to such sights colder  
By and by, nor spare a sigh  
Though worlds of wanwood leafmeal lie;  
And yet you will weep and know why.  
Now no matter, child, the name:  
Sorrow's springs are the same.  
Nor mouth had, no nor mind, expressed  
What heart heard of, ghost guessed:  
It is the blight man was born for,  
It is Margaret you mourn for.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# St. Alphonsus Rodriguez

*Laybrother of the Society of Jesus*

Honour is flashed off exploit, so we say;  
And those strokes once that gashed flesh or galled shield  
Should tongue that time now, trumpet now that field,  
And, on the fighter, forge his glorious day.  
On Christ they do and on the martyr may;  
But be the war within, the brand we wield  
Unseen, the heroic breast not outward-steeled,  
Earth hears no hurtle then from fiercest fray.

Yet God (that hews mountain and continent,  
Earth, all, out; who, with trickling increment,  
Veins violets and tall trees makes more and more)  
Could crowd career with conquest while there went  
Those years and years by of world without event  
That in Majorca Alfonso watched the door.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# St. Winefred's Well

ACT I. SC. I

*Enter Teryth from riding, Winefred following.*

T. WHAT is it, Gwen, my girl? why do you hover and haunt me?

W. You came by Caerwys, sir?

T. I came by Caerwys.

W. There

Some messenger there might have met you from my uncle.

T. Your uncle met the messenger—met me; and this the message:  
Lord Beuno comes to-night.

W. To-night, sir!

T. Soon, now: therefore  
Have all things ready in his room.

W. There needs but little doing.

T. Let what there needs be done. Stay! with him one companion,  
His deacon, Dirvan Warm: twice over must the welcome be,  
But both will share one cell.—This was good news, Gwenvrewi.

W. Ah yes!

T. Why, get thee gone then; tell thy mother I want her.

*Exit Winefred.*

No man has such a daughter. The fathers of the world  
Call no such maiden 'mine'. The deeper grows her dearness  
And more and more times laces round and round my heart,  
The more some monstrous hand gropes with clammy fingers there,  
Tampering with those sweet bines, draws them out, strains them, strains them;  
Meantime some tongue cries 'What, Teryth! what, thou poor fond father!  
How when this bloom, this honeysuckle, that rides the air so rich about thee,  
Is all, all sheared away, thus!' Then I sweat for fear.  
Or else a funeral, and yet 'tis not a funeral,  
Some pageant which takes tears and I must foot with feeling that  
Alive or dead my girl is carried in it, endlessly  
Goes marching thro' my mind. What sense is this? It has none.  
This is too much the father; nay the mother. Fanciful!  
I here forbid my thoughts to fool themselves with fears.

<i>Enter Gwenlo.</i>

.....

ACT II.—<i>Scene, a wood ending in a steep bank over a dry dene, Winefred having been murdered within. Re-enter Caradoc with a bloody sword.</i>

C. My heart, where have we been? What have we seen, my mind?  
What stroke has Caradoc's right arm dealt? what done? Head of a rebel  
Struck off it has; written upon lovely limbs,  
In bloody letters, lessons of earnest, of revenge;  
Monuments of my earnest, records of my revenge,  
On one that went against me whéreas I had warned her—  
Warned her! well she knew. I warned her of this work.  
What work? what harm 's done? There is no harm done, none yet;  
Perhaps we struck no blow, Gwenvrewi lives perhaps;  
To makebelieve my mood was—mock. O I might think so  
But here, here is a workman from his day's task sweats.  
Wiped I am sure this was; it seems not well; for still,  
Still the scarlet swings and dances on the blade.  
So be it. Thou steel, thou butcher,  
I cán scour thee, fresh burnish thee, sheathe thee in thy dark lair; these drops  
Never, never, never in their blue banks again.  
The woeful, Cradock, O the woeful word! Then what,  
What have we seen? Her head, sheared from her shoulders, fall,  
And lapped in shining hair, roll to the bank's edge; then  
Down the beetling banks, like water in waterfalls,  
It stooped and flashed and fell and ran like water away.  
Her eyes, oh and her eyes!  
In all her beauty, and sunlight to it is a pit, den, darkness,  
Foam-falling is not fresh to it, rainbow by it not beaming,  
In all her body, I say, no place was like her eyes,  
No piece matched those eyes kept most part much cast down  
But, being lifted, immortal, of immortal brightness.  
Several times I saw them, thrice or four times turning;  
Round and round they came and flashed towards heaven: O there,  
There they did appeal. Therefore airy vengeances  
Are afoot; heaven-vault fast purpling portends, and what first lightning  
Any instant falls means me. And I do not repent;  
I do not and I will not repent, not repent.  
The blame bear who aroused me. What I have done violent  
I have like a lion done, lionlike done,  
Honouring an uncontrolled royal wrathful nature,

Mantling passion in a grandeur, crimson grandeur.  
 Now be my pride then perfect, all one piece. Henceforth  
 In a wide world of defiance Caradoc lives alone,  
 Loyal to his own soul, laying his own law down, no law nor  
 Lord now curb him for ever. O daring! O deep insight!  
 What is virtue? Valour; only the heart valiant.  
 And right? Only resolution; will, his will unwavering  
 Who, like me, knowing his nature to the heart home, nature's business,  
 Despatches with no flinching. But will flesh, O can flesh  
 Second this fiery strain? Not always; O no no!  
 We cannot live this life out; sometimes we must weary  
 And in this darksome world what comfort can I find?  
 Down this darksome world cómfort whére can I find  
 When 'ts light I quenched; its rose, time's one rich rose, my hand,  
 By her bloom, fast by her fresh, her fleecèd bloom,  
 Hideous dashed down, leaving earth a winter withering  
 With no now, no Gwenvrewi. I must miss her most  
 That might have spared her were it but for passion-sake. Yes,  
 To hunger and not have, yét hope ón for, to storm and strive and  
 Be at every assault fresh foiled, worse flung, deeper disappointed,  
 The turmoil and the torment, it has, I swear, a sweetness,  
 Keeps a kind of joy in it, a zest, an edge, an ecstasy,  
 Next after sweet success. I am not left even this;  
 I all my being have hacked in half with her neck: one part,  
 Reason, selfdisposal, choice of better or worse way,  
 Is corpse now, cannot change; my other self, this soul,  
 Life's quick, this kínd, this kéen self-feeling,  
 With dreadful distillation of thoughts sour as blood,  
 Must all day long taste murder. What do nów then? Do? Nay,  
 Deed-bound I am; one deed treads all down here cramps all doing. What do? Not  
 yield,  
 Not hope, not pray; despair; ay, that: brazen despair out,  
 Brave all, and take what comes—as here this rabble is come,  
 Whose bloods I reckon no more of, no more rank with hers  
 Than sewers with sacred oils. Mankind, that mobs, comes. Come!

<i>Enter a crowd, among them Teryth, Gwenlo, Beuno.</i>

.....

<i>After Winefred's raising from the dead and the breaking out of the fountain.</i>



BEUNO. O now while skies are blue, now while seas are salt,  
 While rushy rains shall fall or brooks shall fleet from fountains,  
 While sick men shall cast sighs, of sweet health all despairing,  
 While blind men's eyes shall thirst after daylight, draughts of daylight,  
 Or deaf ears shall desire that lipmusic that 's lost upon them,  
 While cripples are, while lepers, dancers in dismal limb-dance,  
 Fallers in dreadful frothpits, waterfearers wild,  
 Stone, palsy, cancer, cough, lung wasting, womb not bearing,  
 Rupture, running sores, what more? in brief; in burden,  
 As long as men are mortal and God merciful,  
 So long to this sweet spot, this leafy lean-over,  
 This Dry Dene, now no longer dry nor dumb, but moist and musical  
 With the uproll and the downcarol of day and night delivering  
 Water, which keeps thy name, (for not in róck wríten,  
 But in pale water, frail water, wild rash and reeling water,  
 That will not wear a print, that will not stain a pen,  
 Thy venerable record, virgin, is recorded).  
 Here to this holy well shall pilgrimages be,  
 And not from purple Wales only nor from elmy England,  
 But from beyond seas, Erin, France and Flanders, everywhere,  
 Pilgrims, still pilgrims, móre pílrims, still more poor pilgrims.  
 . . . . .  
 What sights shall be when some that swung, wretches, on crutches  
 Their crutches shall cast from them, on heels of air departing,  
 Or they go rich as roseleaves hence that loathsome cáme hither!  
 Not now to náme even  
 Those dearer, more divine boons whose haven the heart is.  
 . . . . .  
 As sure as what is most sure, sure as that spring primroses  
 Shall new-dapple next year, sure as to-morrow morning,  
 Amongst come-back-again things, thínks with a revival, things with a recovery,  
 Thy name...  
 . . . . .

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# Strike, Churl

Strike, churl; hurl, cheerless wind, then; heltering hail  
May's beauty massacre and wispèd wild clouds grow  
Out on the giant air; tell Summer No,  
Bid joy back, have at the harvest, keep Hope pale.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# Summa

The best ideal is the true  
And other truth is none.  
All glory be ascribed to  
The holy Three in One.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# The Alchemist In The City

My window shews the travelling clouds,  
Leaves spent, new seasons, alter'd sky,  
The making and the melting crowds:  
The whole world passes; I stand by.

They do not waste their meted hours,  
But men and masters plan and build:  
I see the crowning of their towers,  
And happy promises fulfill'd.

And I - perhaps if my intent  
Could count on prediluvian age,  
The labours I should then have spent  
Might so attain their heritage,

But now before the pot can glow  
With not to be discover'd gold,  
At length the bellows shall not blow,  
The furnace shall at last be cold.

Yet it is now too late to heal  
The incapable and cumbrous shame  
Which makes me when with men I deal  
More powerless than the blind or lame.

No, I should love the city less  
Even than this my thankless lore;  
But I desire the wilderness  
Or weeded landslips of the shore.

I walk my breezy belvedere  
To watch the low or levant sun,  
I see the city pigeons veer,  
I mark the tower swallows run

Between the tower-top and the ground  
Below me in the bearing air;  
Then find in the horizon-round  
One spot and hunger to be there.

And then I hate the most that lore  
That holds no promise of success;  
Then sweetest seems the houseless shore,  
Then free and kind the wilderness,

Or ancient mounds that cover bones,  
Or rocks where rockdoves do repair  
And trees of terebinth and stones  
And silence and a gulf of air.

There on a long and squared height  
After the sunset I would lie,  
And pierce the yellow waxen light  
With free long looking, ere I die.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# The Blessed Virgin Compared To The Air We Breathe

Wild air, world-mothering air,  
Nestling me everywhere,  
That each eyelash or hair  
Girdles; goes home betwixt  
The fleeci-est, frailest-flixed  
Snowflake; that 's fairly mixed  
With, riddles, and is rife  
In every least thing's life;  
This needful, never spent,  
And nursing element;  
My more than meat and drink,  
My meal at every wink;  
This air, which, by life's law,  
My lung must draw and draw  
Now but to breathe its praise,  
Minds me in many ways  
Of her who not only  
Gave God's infinity  
Dwindled to infancy  
Welcome in womb and breast,  
Birth, milk, and all the rest  
But mothers each new grace  
That does now reach our race—  
Mary Immaculate,  
Merely a woman, yet  
Whose presence, power is  
Great as no goddess's  
Was deemèd, dreamèd; who  
This one work has to do—  
Let all God's glory through,  
God's glory which would go  
Through her and from her flow  
Off, and no way but so.

I say that we are wound  
With mercy round and round  
As if with air: the same  
Is Mary, more by name.  
She, wild web, wondrous robe,

Mantles the guilty globe,  
Since God has let dispense  
Her prayers his providence:  
Nay, more than almoner,  
The sweet alms' self is her  
And men are meant to share  
Her life as life does air.  
If I have understood,  
She holds high motherhood  
Towards all our ghostly good  
And plays in grace her part  
About man's beating heart,  
Laying, like air's fine flood,  
The deathdance in his blood;  
Yet no part but what will  
Be Christ our Saviour still.  
Of her flesh he took flesh:  
He does take fresh and fresh,  
Though much the mystery how,  
Not flesh but spirit now  
And makes, O marvellous!  
New Nazareths in us,  
Where she shall yet conceive  
Him, morning, noon, and eve;  
New Bethlems, and he born  
There, evening, noon, and morn—  
Bethlem or Nazareth,  
Men here may draw like breath  
More Christ and baffle death;  
Who, born so, comes to be  
New self and nobler me  
In each one and each one  
More makes, when all is done,  
Both God's and Mary's Son.  
Again, look overhead  
How air is azurèd;  
O how! nay do but stand  
Where you can lift your hand  
Skywards: rich, rich it laps  
Round the four fingergaps.  
Yet such a sapphire-shot,  
Charged, steepèd sky will not

Stain light. Yea, mark you this:  
It does no prejudice.  
The glass-blue days are those  
When every colour glows,  
Each shape and shadow shows.  
Blue be it: this blue heaven  
The seven or seven times seven  
Hued sunbeam will transmit  
Perfect, not alter it.  
Or if there does some soft,  
On things aloof, aloft,  
Bloom breathe, that one breath more  
Earth is the fairer for.  
Whereas did air not make  
This bath of blue and slake  
His fire, the sun would shake,  
A blear and blinding ball  
With blackness bound, and all  
The thick stars round him roll  
Flashing like flecks of coal,  
Quartz-fret, or sparks of salt,  
In grimy vasty vault.  
So God was god of old:  
A mother came to mould  
Those limbs like ours which are  
What must make our daystar  
Much dearer to mankind;  
Whose glory bare would blind  
Or less would win man's mind.  
Through her we may see him  
Made sweeter, not made dim,  
And her hand leaves his light  
Sifted to suit our sight.  
Be thou then, O thou dear  
Mother, my atmosphere;  
My happier world, wherein  
To wend and meet no sin;  
Above me, round me lie  
Fronting my froward eye  
With sweet and scarless sky;  
Stir in my ears, speak there  
Of God's love, O live air,



Of patience, penance, prayer:  
World-mothering air, air wild,  
Wound with thee, in thee isled,  
Fold home, fast fold thy child.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# The Bugler's First Communion

A buglar boy from barrack (it is over the hill  
There)—boy bugler, born, he tells me, of Irish  
Mother to an English sire (he  
Shares their best gifts surely, fall how things will),

This very very day came down to us after a boon he on  
My late being there begged of me, overflowing  
Boon in my bestowing,  
Came, I say, this day to it—to a First Communion.

Here he knelt then in regimental red.  
Forth Christ from cupboard fetched, how fain I of feet  
To his youngster take his treat!  
Low-latched in leaf-light housel his too huge godhead.

There! and your sweetest sendings, ah divine,  
By it, heavens, befall him! as a heart Christ's darling, dauntless;  
Tongue true, vaunt- and tauntless;  
Breathing bloom of a chastity in mansex fine.

Frowning and forefending angel-warder  
Squander the hell-rook ranks sally to molest him;  
March, kind comrade, abreast him;  
Dress his days to a dexterous and starlight order.

How it does my heart good, visiting at that bleak hill,  
When limber liquid youth, that to all I teach  
Yields tender as a pushed peach,  
Hies headstrong to its wellbeing of a self-wise self-will!

Then though I should tread tufts of consolation  
Dáys áfter, só I in a sort deserve to  
And do serve God to serve to  
Just such slips of soldiery Christ's royal ration.

Nothing else is like it, no, not all so strains  
Us: fresh youth fretted in a bloomfall all portending  
That sweet's sweeter ending;  
Realm both Christ is heir to and thére réigns.

O now well work that sealing sacred ointment!  
O for now charms, arms, what bans off bad  
And locks love ever in a lad!  
Let mé though see no more of him, and not disappointment

Those sweet hopes quell whose least me quickenings lift,  
In scarlet or somewhere of some day seeing  
That brow and bead of being,  
An our day's God's own Galahad. Though this child's drift

Seems by a divíne doom chánnelled, nor do I cry  
Disaster there; but may he not rankle and roam  
In backwheels though bound home?—  
That left to the Lord of the Eucharist, I here lie by;

Recorded only, I have put my lips on pleas  
Would brandle adamantine heaven with ride and jar, did  
Prayer go disregarded:  
Forward-like, but however, and like favourable heaven heard these.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# The Caged Skylark

As a dare-gale skylark scanted in a dull cage,  
Man's mounting spirit in his bone-house, mean house, dwells --  
That bird beyond the remembering h{i}s free fells;  
This in drudgery, day-labouring-out life's age.  
Though aloft on turf or perch or poor low stage  
Both sing somet{i}mes the sweetest, sweetest spells,  
Yet both droop deadly s{o}metimes in their cells  
Or wring their barriers in bursts of fear or rage.

Not that the sweet-fowl, song-fowl, needs no rest --  
Why, hear him, hear him babble |&| drop down to his nest,  
But his own nest, wild nest, no prison.  
Man's spirit will be flesh-bound, when found at best,  
But {u}nc{u}mber{`e}d: meadow-d{o}wn is n{o}t distr{e}ssed  
For a r{a}inbow f{o}oting it nor h{e} for his b{o}nes r{i}sen.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# The Candle Indoors

Some candle clear burns somewhere I come by.  
I muse at how its being puts blissful back  
With yellowy moisture mild night's blear-all black,  
Or to-fro tender trambeams truckle at the eye.  
By that window what task what fingers ply,  
I plod wondering, a-wanting, just for lack  
Of answer the eagerer a-wanting Jessy or Jack  
There God to aggrandise, God to glorify.—

Come you indoors, come home; your fading fire  
Mend first and vital candle in close heart's vault:  
You there are master, do your own desire;  
What hinders? Are you beam-blind, yet to a fault  
In a neighbour deft-handed? Are you that liar  
And, cast by conscience out, spendsavour salt?

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# The Furl Of Fresh-Leaved Dogrose Down

The furl of fresh-leaved dogrose down  
His cheeks the forth-and-flaunting sun  
Had swarthed about with lion-brown  
Before the Spring was done.

His locks like all a ravel-rope's-end,  
With hempen strands in spray—  
Fallow, foam-fallow, hanks—fall'n off their ranks,  
Swung down at a disarray.

Or like a juicy and jostling shock  
Of bluebells sheaved in May  
Or wind-long fleeces on the flock  
A day off shearing day.

Then over his turnèd temples—here—  
Was a rose, or, failing that,  
Rough-Robin or five-lipped campion clear  
For a beauty-bow to his hat,  
And the sunlight sidled, like dewdrops, like dandled diamonds  
Through the sieve of the straw of the plait.

. . . . .

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# The Habit Of Perfection

Elected Silence, sing to me  
And beat upon my whorlèd ear,  
Pipe me to pastures still and be  
The music that I care to hear.

Shape nothing, lips; be lovely-dumb:  
It is the shut, the curfew sent  
From there where all surrenders come  
Which only makes you eloquent.

Be shellèd, eyes, with double dark  
And find the uncreated light:  
This ruck and reel which you remark  
Coils, keeps, and teases simple sight.

Palate, the hutch of tasty lust,  
Desire not to be rinsed with wine:  
The can must be so sweet, the crust  
So fresh that come in fasts divine!

Nostrils, your careless breath that spend  
Upon the stir and keep of pride,  
What relish shall the censers send  
Along the sanctuary side!

O feel-of-primrose hands, O feet  
That want the yield of plushy sward,  
But you shall walk the golden street  
And you unhouse and house the Lord.

And, Poverty, be thou the bride  
And now the marriage feast begun,  
And lily-coloured clothes provide  
Your spouse not laboured-at nor spun.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# The Half-Way House

Love I was shewn upon the mountain-side  
And bid to catch Him ere the dropp of day.  
See, Love, I creep and Thou on wings dost ride:  
Love it is evening now and Thou away;  
Love, it grows darker here and Thou art above;  
Love, come down to me if Thy name be Love.

My national old Egyptian reed gave way;  
I took of vine a cross-barred rod or rood.  
Then next I hungered: Love when here, they say,  
Or once or never took love's proper food;  
But I must yield the chase, or rest and eat. -  
Peace and food cheered me where four rough ways meet.

Hear yet my paradox: Love, when all is given,  
To see Thee I must [see] Thee, to love, love;  
I must o'ertake Thee at once and under heaven  
If I shall overtake Thee at last above.  
You have your wish; enter these walls, one said:  
He is with you in the breaking of the bread.

Gerard Manley Hopkins



# The Handsome Heart

*at a Gracious Answer*

'But tell me, child, your choice; what shall I buy  
You?'—'Father, what you buy me I like best.'  
With the sweetest air that said, still plied and pressed,  
He swung to his first poised purport of reply.

What the heart is! which, like carriers let fly—  
Doff darkness, homing nature knows the rest—  
To its own fine function, wild and self-instressed,  
Falls light as ten years long taught how to and why.

Mannerly-hearted! more than handsome face—  
Beauty's bearing or muse of mounting vein,  
All, in this case, bathed in high hallowing grace...

Of heaven what boon to buy you, boy, or gain  
Not granted?—Only ... O on that path you pace  
Run all your race, O brace sterner that strain!

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# The Lantern Out Of Doors

Sometimes a lantern moves along the night,  
That interests our eyes. And who goes there?  
I think; where from and bound, I wonder, where,  
With, all down darkness wide, his wading light?

Men go by me whom either beauty bright  
In mould or mind or what not else makes rare:  
They rain against our much-thick and marsh air  
Rich beams, till death or distance buys them quite.

Death or distance soon consumes them: wind  
What most I may eye after, be in at the end  
I cannot, and out of sight is out of mind.

Christ minds: Christ's interest, what to avow or amend  
There, éyes them, heart wánts, care haúnts, foot fóllows kínd,  
Their ránsom, théir rescue, ánd first, fást, last friénd.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# The Leaden Echo And The Golden Echo

*(Maidens' song from St. Winefred's Well)*

## THE LEADEN ECHO

How to k ep—is there  ny any, is there none such, nowhere known some, bow or brooch or braid or brace, l ce, latch or catch or key to keep  
Back beauty, keep it, beauty, beauty, beauty, ... from vanishing away?  
  is there no frowning of these wrinkles, rank d wrinkles deep,  
D wn? no waving off of these most mournful messengers, still messengers, sad and stealing messengers of grey?  
No there 's none, there 's none, O no there 's none,  
Nor can you long be, what you now are, called fair,  
Do what you may do, what, do what you may,  
And wisdom is early to despair:  
Be beginning; since, no, nothing can be done  
To keep at bay  
Age and age's evils, hoar hair,  
Ruck and wrinkle, drooping, dying, death's worst, winding sheets, tombs and worms and tumbling to decay;  
So be beginning, be beginning to despair.  
O there 's none; no no no there 's none:  
Be beginning to despair, to despair,  
Despair, despair, despair, despair.

## THE GOLDEN ECHO

Spare!  
There  s one, yes I have one (Hush there!);  
Only not within seeing of the sun,  
Not within the singeing of the strong sun,  
Tall sun's tingeing, or treacherous the tainting of the earth's air,  
Somewhere elsewhere there is ah well where! one,  
On . Yes I can tell such a key, I do know such a place,  
Where whatever's prized and passes of us, everything that 's fresh and fast flying of us, seems to us sweet of us and swiftly away with, done away with, undone, Undone, done with, soon done with, and yet dearly and dangerously sweet  
Of us, the wimpled-water-dimpled, not-by-morning-match d face,

The flower of beauty, fleece of beauty, too too apt to, ah! to fleet,  
 Never fleets móre, fastened with the tenderest truth  
 To its own best being and its loveliness of youth: it is an everlastingness of, O it  
 is an all youth!  
 Come then, your ways and airs and looks, locks, maiden gear, gallantry and  
 gaiety and grace,  
 Winning ways, airs innocent, maiden manners, sweet looks, loose locks, long  
 locks, lovelocks, gaygear, going gallant, girlgrace—  
 Resign them, sign them, seal them, send them, motion them with breath,  
 And with sighs soaring, soaring síghs deliver  
 Them; beauty-in-the-ghost, deliver it, early now, long before death  
 Give beauty back, beauty, beauty, beauty, back to God, beauty's self and  
 beauty's giver.  
 See; not a hair is, not an eyelash, not the least lash lost; every hair  
 Is, hair of the head, numbered.  
 Nay, what we had lighthanded left in surly the mere mould  
 Will have waked and have waxed and have walked with the wind what while we  
 slept,  
 This side, that side hurling a heavyheaded hundredfold  
 What while we, while we slumbered.  
 O then, weary then why  
 When the thing we freely fórfeit is kept with fonder a care,  
 Fonder a care kept than we could have kept it, kept  
 Far with fonder a care (and we, we should have lost it) finer, fonder  
 A care kept.—Where kept? Do but tell us where kept, where.—  
 Yonder.—What high as that! We follow, now we follow.—Yonder, yes yonder,  
 yonder,  
 Yonder.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# The Loss Of The Eurydice

1

The Eurydice—it concerned thee, O Lord:  
Three hundred souls, O alas! on board,  
Some asleep unawakened, all un-  
warned, eleven fathoms fallen

2

Where she foundered! One stroke  
Felled and furred them, the hearts of oak!  
And flockbells off the aerial  
Downs' forefalls beat to the burial.

3

For did she pride her, freighted fully, on  
Bounden bales or a hoard of bullion? —  
Precious passing measure,  
Lads and men her lade and treasure.

4

She had come from a cruise, training seamen—  
Men, boldboys soon to be men:  
Must it, worst weather,  
Blast bole and bloom together?

5

No Atlantic squall overwrought her  
Or rearing billow of the Biscay water:  
Home was hard at hand  
And the blow bore from land.

6

And you were a liar, O blue March day.  
Bright sun lanced fire in the heavenly bay;

But what black Boreas wrecked her? he  
Came equipped, deadly-electric,

7

A beetling baldbright cloud thorough England  
Riding: there did stores not mingle? and  
Hailropes hustle and grind their  
Heavengravel? wolfsnow, worlds of it, wind there?

8

Now Carisbrook keep goes under in gloom;  
Now it overvaults Appledurcombe;  
Now near by Ventnor town  
It hurls, hurls off Boniface Down.

9

Too proud, too proud, what a press she bore!  
Royal, and all her royals wore.  
Sharp with her, shorten sail!  
Too late; lost; gone with the gale.

10

This was that fell capsize,  
As half she had righted and hoped to rise  
Death teeming in by her portholes  
Raced down decks, round messes of mortals.

11

Then a lurch forward, frigate and men;  
'All hands for themselves' the cry ran then;  
But she who had housed them thither  
Was around them, bound them or wound them with her.

12

Marcus Hare, high her captain,  
Kept to her—care-drowned and wrapped in

Cheer's death, would follow  
His charge through the champ-white water-in-a-wallow,

13

All under Channel to bury in a beach her  
Cheeks: Right, rude of feature,  
He thought he heard say  
'Her commander! and thou too, and thou this way.'

14

It is even seen, time's something server,  
In mankind's medley a duty-swerver,  
At downright 'No or yes? '  
Doffs all, drives full for righteousness.

15

Sydney Fletcher, Bristol-bred,  
(Low lie his mates now on watery bed)  
Takes to the seas and snows  
As sheer down the ship goes.

16

Now her afterdraught gullies him too down;  
Now he wrings for breath with the deathgush brown;  
Till a lifebelt and God's will  
Lend him a lift from the sea-swill.

17

Now he shoots short up to the round air;  
Now he gasps, now he gazes everywhere;  
But his eye no cliff, no coast or  
Mark makes in the rivelling snowstorm.

18

Him, after an hour of wintry waves,  
A schooner sights, with another, and saves,

And he boards her in Oh! such joy  
He has lost count what came next, poor boy.—

19

They say who saw one sea-corpse cold  
He was all of lovely manly mould,  
Every inch a tar,  
Of the best we boast our sailors are.

20

Look, foot to forelock, how all things suit! he  
Is strung by duty, is strained to beauty,  
And brown-as-dawning-skinned  
With brine and shine and whirling wind.

21

O his nimble finger, his gnarled grip!  
Leagues, leagues of seamanship  
Slumber in these forsaken  
Bones, this sinew, and will not waken.

22

He was but one like thousands more,  
Day and night I deplore  
My people and born own nation,  
Fast foundering own generation.

23

I might let bygones be—our curse  
Of ruinous shrine no hand or, worse,  
Robbery's hand is busy to  
Dress, hoar-hallowèd shrines unvisited;

24

Only the breathing temple and fleet  
Life, this wildworth blown so sweet,



These dared deaths, ay this crew, in  
Unchrist, all rolled in ruin—

25

Deeply surely I need to deplore it,  
Wondering why my master bore it,  
The riving off that race  
So at home, time was, to his truth and grace

26

That a starlight-wender of ours would say  
The marvellous Milk was Walsingham Way  
And one—but let be, let be:  
More, more than was will yet be.—

27

O well wept, mother have lost son;  
Wept, wife; wept, sweetheart would be one:  
Though grief yield them no good  
Yet shed what tears sad truelove should.

28

But to Christ lord of thunder  
Crouch; lay knee by earth low under:  
'Holiest, loveliest, bravest,  
Save my hero, O Hero savest.

29

And the prayer thou hearst me making  
Have, at the awful overtaking,  
Heard; have heard and granted  
Grace that day grace was wanted.'

30

Not that hell knows redeeming,  
But for souls sunk in seeming

Fresh, till doomfire burn all,  
Prayer shall fetch pity eternal.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# The May Magnificat

May is Mary's month, and I  
Muse at that and wonder why:  
Her feasts follow reason,  
Dated due to season-

Candlemas, Lady Day;  
But the Lady Month, May,  
Why fasten that upon her,  
With a feasting in her honour?

Is it only its being brighter  
Than the most are must delight her?  
Is it opportunist  
And flowers finds soonest?

Ask of her, the mighty mother:  
Her reply puts this other  
Question: What is Spring?-  
Growth in every thing-

Flesh and fleece, fur and feather,  
Grass and greenworld all together;  
Star-eyed strawberry-breasted  
Throstle above her nested

Cluster of bugle blue eggs thin  
Forms and warms the life within;  
And bird and blossom swell  
In sod or sheath or shell.

All things rising, all things sizing  
Mary sees, sympathising  
With that world of good,  
Nature's motherhood.

Their magnifying of each its kind  
With delight calls to mind  
How she did in her stored  
Magnify the Lord.

Well but there was more than this:  
Spring's universal bliss  
Much, had much to say  
To offering Mary May.

When drop-of-blood-and-foam-dapple  
Bloom lights the orchard-apple  
And thicket and thorp are merry  
With silver-surfed cherry

And azuring-over greybell makes  
Wood banks and brakes wash wet like lakes  
And magic cuckoocall  
Caps, clears, and clinches all-

This ecstasy all through mothering earth  
Tells Mary her mirth till Christ's birth  
To remember and exultation  
In God who was her salvation.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# The Sea And The Skylark

On ear and ear two noises too old to end  
Trench—right, the tide that ramps against the shore;  
With a flood or a fall, low lull-off or all roar,  
Frequenting there while moon shall wear and wend.

Left hand, off land, I hear the lark ascend,  
His rash-fresh re-winded new-skeinèd score  
In crisps of curl off wild winch whirl, and pour  
And pelt music, till none 's to spill nor spend.

How these two shame this shallow and frail town!  
How ring right out our sordid turbid time,  
Being pure! We, life's pride and cared-for crown,

Have lost that cheer and charm of earth's past prime:  
Our make and making break, are breaking, down  
To man's last dust, drain fast towards man's first slime.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# The Sea Took Pity

The sea took pity: it interposed with doom:  
'I have tall daughters dear that heed my hand:  
Let Winter wed one, sow them in her womb,  
And she shall child them on the New-world strand.'

.....

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# The Shepherd's Brow, Fronting Forked Lightning, Owns

The shepherd's brow, fronting forked lightning, owns  
The horror and the havoc and the glory  
Of it. Angels fall, they are towers, from heaven—a story  
Of just, majestic, and giant groans.  
But man—we, scaffold of score brittle bones;  
Who breathe, from groundlong babyhood to hoary  
Age gasp; whose breath is our *memento mori*—  
What bass is our viol for tragic tones?  
He! Hand to mouth he lives, and voids with shame;  
And, blazoned in however bold the name,  
Man Jack the man is, just; his mate a hussy.  
And I that die these deaths, that feed this flame,  
That ... in smooth spoons spy life's masque mirrored: tame  
My tempests there, my fire and fever fussy.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# The Silver Jubilee

*To James First Bishop of Shrewsbury on the 25th Year of his Episcopate July 28. 1876*

1

Though no high-hung bells or din  
Of braggart bugles cry it in—  
What is sound? Nature's round  
Makes the Silver Jubilee.

2

Five and twenty years have run  
Since sacred fountains to the sun  
Sprang, that but now were shut,  
Showering Silver Jubilee.

3

Feasts, when we shall fall asleep,  
Shrewsbury may see others keep;  
None but you this her true,  
This her Silver Jubilee.

4

Not today we need lament  
Your wealth of life is some way spent:  
Toil has shed round your head  
Silver but for Jubilee.

5

Then for her whose velvet vales  
Should have pealed with welcome, Wales,  
Let the chime of a rhyme  
Utter Silver Jubilee.





# The Soldier

Yes. Why do we áll, seeing of a soldier, bless him? bless  
Our redcoats, our tars? Both these being, the greater part,  
But frail clay, nay but foul clay. Here it is: the heart,  
Since, proud, it calls the calling manly, gives a guess  
That, hopes that, makesbelieve, the men must be no less;  
It fancies, feigns, deems, dears the artist after his art;  
And fain will find as sterling all as all is smart,  
And scarlet wear the spirit of wár thére express.

Mark Christ our King. He knows war, served this soldiering through;  
He of all can handle a rope best. There he bides in bliss  
Now, and séeing somewhére some mán do all that man can do,  
For love he leans forth, needs his neck must fall on, kiss,  
And cry `O Christ-done deed! So God-made-flesh does too:  
Were I come o'er again' cries Christ `it should be this'.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# The Starlight Night

Look at the stars! look, look up at the skies!

O look at all the fire-folk sitting in the air!

The bright boroughs, the circle-citadels there!

Down in dim woods the diamond delves! the elves'-eyes!

The grey lawns cold where gold, where quickgold lies!

Wind-beat whitebeam! airy abeles set on a flare!

Flake-doves sent floating forth at a farmyard scare! --

Ah well! it is all a purchase, all is a prize.

Buy then! bid then! -- What? -- Prayer, patience, alms, vows.

Look, look: a May-mess, like on orchard boughs!

Look! March-bloom, like on mealed-with-yellow shallows!

These are indeed the barn; withindoors house

The shocks. This piece-bright paling shuts the spouse  
Christ home, Christ and his mother and all his hallows.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# The Times Are Nightfall

The times are nightfall, look, their light grows less;  
The times are winter, watch, a world undone:  
They waste, they wither worse; they as they run  
Or bring more or more blazon man's distress.  
And I not help. Nor word now of success:  
All is from wreck, here, there, to rescue one—  
Work which to see scarce so much as begun  
Makes welcome death, does dear forgetfulness.

Or what is else? There is your world within.  
There rid the dragons, root out there the sin.  
Your will is law in that small commonweal...

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# The Windhover

To Christ our Lord

I CAUGHT this morning morning's minion, king-  
dom of daylight's dauphin, dapple-dawn-drawn Falcon, in his riding  
Of the rolling level underneath him steady air, and striding  
High there, how he rung upon the rein of a wimpling wing  
In his ecstasy! then off, off forth on swing, 5  
As a skate's heel sweeps smooth on a bow-bend: the hurl and gliding  
Rebuffed the big wind. My heart in hiding  
Stirred for a bird, —the achieve of; the mastery of the thing!

Brute beauty and valour and act, oh, air, pride, plume, here  
Buckle! AND the fire that breaks from thee then, a billion  
Times told lovelier, more dangerous, O my chevalier!

No wonder of it: shéer plód makes plough down sillion  
Shine, and blue-bleak embers, ah my dear,  
Fall, gall themselves, and gash gold-vermillion.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# The Woodlark

*Teevo cheevo cheevio chee:*  
O where, what can thát be?  
*Weedio-weedio:* there again!  
So tiny a trickle of sǒng-strain;  
And all round not to be found  
For brier, bough, furrow, or gréen ground  
Before or behind or far or at hand  
Either left either right  
Anywhere in the súnlight.  
Well, after all! Ah but hark—  
'I am the little wóodlark.

.....  
To-day the sky is two and two  
With white strokes and strains of the blue

.....  
Round a ring, around a ring  
And while I sail (must listen) I sing

.....  
The skylark is my cousin and he  
Is known to men more than me

.....  
...when the cry within  
Says Go on then I go on  
Till the longing is less and the good gone

But down drop, if it says Stop,  
To the all-a-leaf of the tréetop  
And after that off the bough

.....  
I ám so véry, O soó very glad  
That I dó thínk there is not to be had...

.....  
The blue wheat-acre is underneath  
And the braided ear breaks out of the sheath,  
The ear in milk, lush the sash,  
And crush-silk poppies aflash,  
The blood-gush blade-gash  
Flame-rash rudred  
Bud shelling or broad-shed

Tatter-tassel-tangled and dingle-a-dangled  
Dandy-hung dainty head.

.....

And down ... the furrow dry  
Sunspurge and oxeye  
And laced-leaved lovely  
Foam-tuft fumitory

.....

Through the velvety wind V-winged  
To the nest's nook I balance and buoy  
With a sweet joy of a sweet joy,  
Sweet, of a sweet, of a sweet joy  
Of a sweet—a sweet—sweet—joy.'

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# The Wreck Of The Deutschland

[[A-text]]

to the happy memory of five Franciscan nuns, exiles by the Falck Laws,  
drowned between midnight |&| morning of December 7 [[1875]].

## PART THE FIRST

Thou mastering me

God! giver of breath and bread;  
World's strand, sway of the sea;  
Lord of living |&| dead;

Thou hast bound bones |&| veins in me, fastened me flesh,  
And after it {'a}lmost {'u}nmade, what with dread,  
Thy doing: |&| dost thou touch me afresh?  
Over again I feel thy finger |&| find the{'e}.

I did say yes

O at lightning |&| lashed rod;  
Thou heardst me truer than tongue confess  
Thy terror, O Christ, O God;  
Thou knowest the walls, altar |&| hour |&| night:  
The swoon of a heart that the sweep |&| the hurl of thee trod  
Hard down with a horror of height:  
And the midriff astrain with leaning of, laced with fire of stress.

The frown of his face

Before me, the hurtle of hell  
Behind, where, where was a, where was a place?  
I whirled out wings that spell  
And fled with a fling of the heart to the heart of the Host.  
My heart, but you were dovewinged, I can tell,  
Carrier-witted, I am bold to boast,  
To flash from the flame to the flame then, tower from the grace to the  
grace



I am soft sift

In an hourglass -- at the wall  
Fast, but mined with a motion, a drift,  
And it crowds |&| it combs to the fall;  
I steady as a water in a well, to a poise, to a pane,  
But roped with, always, all the way down from the tall  
Fells or flanks of the voel, a vein  
Of the gospel proffer, a pressure, a principle, Christ's gift.

I kiss my hand

To the stars, lovely-asunder  
Starlight, wafting him out of it; and  
Glow, glory in thunder;  
Kiss my hand to the dappled-with-damson west:  
Since, tho' he is under the world's splendour |&| wonder,  
His mystery must be instressed, stressed;  
For I greet him the days I meet him, |&| bless when I understand.

Not out of his bliss

Springs the stress felt  
Nor first from heaven (and few know this)  
Swings the stroke dealt --  
Stroke |&| a stress that stars |&| storms deliver,  
That guilt is hushed by, hearts are flushed by |&| melt --  
But it rides time like riding a river  
(And here the faithful waver, the faithless fable |&| miss).

It dates from day

Of his going in Galilee;  
Warm-laid grave of a womb-life grey;  
Manger, maiden's knee;  
The dense |&| the driven Passion, |&| frightful sweat:  
Thence the discharge of it, there its swelling to be,

Tho' felt before, though in high flood yet --  
What none would have known of it, only the heart, being hard at bay,

Is out with it! Oh,  
We lash with the best or worst  
Word last! How a lush-kept plush-capped sloe  
Will, mouthed to flesh-burst,  
Gush! -- flush the man, the being with it, sour or sweet,  
Brim, in a flash, full! -- Hither then, last or first,  
To hero of Calvary, Christ,'s feet --  
Never ask if meaning it, wanting it, warned of it -- men go.

Be adored among men,  
God, three-number{'e}d form;  
Wring thy rebel, dogged in den,  
Man's malice, with wrecking |&| storm.  
Beyond saying sweet, past telling of tongue,  
Thou art lightning |&| love, I found it, a winter |&| warm;  
Father |&| fondler of heart thou hast wrung:  
Hast thy dark descending |&| most art merciful then.

With an anvil-ding  
And with fire in him forge thy will  
Or rather, rather then, stealing as Spring  
Through him, melt him but master him still:  
Whether {'a}t {'o}nce, as once at a crash Paul,  
Or as Austin, a lingering-out sweet skill,  
Make mercy in all of us, out of us all  
Mastery, but be adored, but be adored king.

Part the second

---

"Some find me a sword; some  
The flange |&| the rail; flame,  
Fang, or flood" goes Death on drum,  
And storms bugle his fame.  
But w{e} dr{e}am we are rooted in earth -- Dust!  
Flesh falls within sight of us, we, though our flower the same,  
Wave with the meadow, forget that there must  
The sour scythe cringe, |&| the blear share come.

On Saturday sailed from Bremen,  
American-outward-bound,  
Take settler |&| seamen, tell men with women,  
Two hundred souls in the round --  
O Father, not under thy feathers nor ever as guessing  
The goal was a shoal, of a fourth the doom to be drowned;  
Yet d{i}d the dark side of the bay of thy blessing  
Not vault them, the million of rounds of thy mercy not reeve even them  
in?

Into the snows she sweeps,  
Hurling the haven behind,  
The Deutschland, on Sunday; |&| so the sky keeps,  
For the infinite air is unkind,  
And the sea flint-flake, black-backed in the regular blow,  
Sitting Eastnortheast, in cursed quarter, the wind;  
Wiry |&| white-fiery |&| wh{i}rlwind-swivell{`e}d snow  
Spins to the widow-making unchilding unfathering deeps.

She drove in the dark to leeward,  
She struck -- not a reef or a rock  
But the combs of a smother of sand: night drew her  
Dead to the Kentish Knock;  
And she beat the bank down with her bows |&| the ride of her keel:  
The breakers rolled on her beam with ruinous shock?  
And canvass |&| compass, the whorl |&| the wheel  
Idle for ever to waft her or wind her with, these she end{~u}red.

Hope had grown grey hairs,  
Hope had mourning on,  
Trenched with tears, carved with cares,  
Hope was twelve hours gone;  
And frightful a nightfall folded rueful a day  
Nor rescue, only rocket |&| light ship, shone,  
And lives at last were washing away:  
To the shrouds they took, -- they shook in the hurling |&| horrible airs.

One stirred from the rigging to save  
The wild woman-kind below,  
With a rope's end round the man, handy |&| brave --  
He was pitched to his death at a blow,  
For all his dreadnought breast |&| braids of thew:  
They could tell him for hours, dandled the to |&| fro  
Through the cobbled foam-fleece. What could he do  
With the burl of the fountains of air, buck |&| the flood of the wave?

They fought with God's cold --  
And they could not |&| fell to the deck  
(Crushed them) or water (and drowned them) or rolled  
With the sea-romp over the wreck.  
Night roared, with the heart-break hearing a heart-broke rabble,  
The woman's wailing, the crying of child without check --  
Till a lioness arose breasting the babble,  
A prophetess towered in the tumult, a virginal tongue told.

Ah, touched in your bower of bone  
Are you! turned for an exquisite smart,  
Have you! make words break from me here all alone,  
Do you! -- mother of being in me, heart.  
O unteachably after evil, but uttering truth,  
Why, tears! is it? tears; such a melting, a madrigal start!

Never-eldering revel |&| river of youth,  
What can it be, this glee? the good you have there of your own?

Sister, a sister calling

A master, her master |&| mine! --  
And the inboard seas run swirling |&| hawling?  
The rash smart slogging brine  
Blinds her; but sh{ 'e } that weather sees { 'o }ne thing, one;  
Has { 'o }ne fetch { 'i }n her: she rears herself to divine  
Ears, |&| the call of the tall nun  
To the men in the tops |&| the tackle rode over the storm's brawling.

She was first of a five |&| came

Of a coif{ ` e }d sisterhood.  
(O Deutschland, double a desperate name!  
O world wide of its good!  
But Gertrude, lily, |&| Luther, are two of a town,  
Christ's lily |&| beast of the waste wood:  
From life's dawn it is drawn down,  
Abel is Cain's brother and breasts they have sucked the same.)

Loathed for a love men knew in them,

Banned by the land of their birth,  
Rhine refused them, Thames would ruin them;  
Surf, snow, river |&| earth  
Gnashed: but thou art above, thou Orion of light;  
Thy unchancing palms were weighing the worth,  
Thou martyr-master: in th{ 'y } sight  
Storm flakes were scroll-leaved flowers, lily showers -- sweet heaven was  
astrew in them.

Five! the finding |&| sake

And cipher of suffering Christ.  
Mark, the mark is of man's make

And the word of it Sacrificed.

But he scores it in scarlet himself on his own bespoken,  
Before-time-taken, dearest priz{`e}d |&| priced --  
Stigma, signal, cinquefoil token  
For lettering of the lamb's fleece, ruddying of the rose-flake.

Joy fall to thee, father Francis,  
Drawn to the life that died;  
With the gnarls of the nails in thee, niche of the lance, his  
Lovescape crucified  
And seal of his seraph-arrival! |&| these thy daughters  
And five-liv{`e}d |&| leav{`e}d favour |&| pride,  
Are sisterly sealed in wild waters,  
To bathe in his fall-gold mercies, to breathe in his all-fire glances.

Away in the loveable west,  
On a pastoral forehead of Wales,  
I was under a roof here, I was at rest,  
And they the prey of the gales;  
She to the black-about air, to the breaker, the thickly  
Falling flakes, to the throng that catches and quails  
Was calling "O Christ, Christ, come quickly":  
The cross to her she calls Christ to her, christens her wildworst Best.

The majesty! what did she mean?  
Breathe, arch |&| original Breath.  
Is it l{o}ve in her of the b{`e}ing as her l{o}ver had b{`e}en?  
Breathe, body of lovely Death.  
They were else-minded then, altogether, the men  
W{o}ke thee with a we are p{`e}rishing in the w{`e}ather of  
Genn{`e}sar{`e}th.  
Or {`i}s it that she cried for the crown then,  
The keener to come at the comfort for feeling the combating keen?

For how to the heart's cheering  
The down-dugged ground-hugged grey  
Hovers off, the jay-blue heavens appearing  
Of pied |&| peeled May!  
Blue-beating |&| hoary-glow height; or night, still higher,  
With belled fire |&| the moth-soft Milky way,  
What by your measure is the heaven of desire,  
The treasure never eyesight got, nor was ever guessed what for the  
hearing?

N{o}, but it was n{o}t these.  
The jading |&| jar of the cart,  
Time's t{a}sking, it is fathers that asking for ease  
Of the sodden-with-its-sorrowing heart,  
Not danger, electrical horror; then further it finds  
The appealing of the Passion is tenderer in prayer apart:  
Other, I gather, in measure her mind's  
Burden, in wind's burly |&| beat of endragon{`e}d seas.

But how shall I . . . make me room there:  
Reach me a ... Fancy, come faster --  
Strike you the sight of it? look at it loom there,  
Thing that she ... There then! the Master,  
Iipse, the only one, Christ, King, Head:  
He was to cure the extremity where he had cast her;  
Do, deal, lord it with living |&| dead;  
Let him ride, her pride, in his triumph, despatch |&| have done with his  
doom there.

Ah! there was a heart right!  
There was single eye!  
Read the unshapeable shock night  
And knew the who |&| the why;  
Wording it how but by him that present |&| past,  
Heaven |&| earth are word of, worded by? --  
The Simon Peter of a soul! to the blast

T{ 'a }rp{ 'e }{ 'i }an-fast, but a blown beacon of light.

Jesu, heart's light,  
Jesu, maid's son,  
What was the feast followed the night  
Thou hadst glory of this nun? --  
F{ 'e }ast of the { 'o }ne w{ 'o }man with{ 'o }ut st{ 'a }in.  
For so conceiv{ ` e }d, so to conceive thee is done;  
But here was heart-throe, birth of a brain,  
Word, that heard |&| kept thee |&| uttered thee { 'o }utr{ 'i }ght.

Well, sh{ 'e } has th{ 'e }e for the pain, for the  
Patience: but pity of the rest of them!  
Heart, go |&| bleed at a bitterer vein for the  
Comfortless unconfessed of them --  
No not uncomforted: lovely-felicitous Providence  
F{ 'i }nger of a t{ 'e }nder of, O of a f{ 'e }athery d{ 'e }licacy, the  
br{ 'e }ast of the  
Maiden could obey so, be a bell to, ring { 'o }f it, and  
Startle the poor sheep back! is the shipwreck then a harvest, does  
tempest carry the grain for thee?

I admire thee, master of the tides,  
Of the Yore-flood, of the year's fall;  
The recurb |&| the recovery of the gulf's sides,  
The girth of it |&| the wharf of it |&| the wall;  
Staunching, quenching ocean of a motionable mind;  
Ground of being, |&| granite of it: p{ 'a }st { 'a }ll  
Gr{ 'a }sp G{ 'o }d, thr{ 'o }ned beh{ 'i }nd  
Death with a sovereignty that heeds but hides, bodes but abides;

With a mercy that outrides  
The all of water, an ark  
For the listener; for the lingerer with a love glides



Lower than death |&| the dark;  
A vein for the visiting of the past-prayer, pent in prison,  
The-last-breath penitent spirits -- the uttermost mark  
Our passion-plunged giant risen,  
The Christ of the Father compassionate, fetched in the storm of his  
strides.

Now burn, new born to the world,  
Doubled-natured name,  
The heaven-flung, heart-fleshed, maiden-furled  
Miracle-in-Mary-of-flame,  
Mid-numbered he in three of the thunder-throne!  
Not a dooms-day dazzle in his coming nor dark as he came;  
Kind, but royally reclaiming his own;  
A released shower, let flash to the shire, not a lightning of  
fire hard-hurled.

Dame, at our door  
Drowned, |&| among our shores,  
Remember us in the roads, the heaven-haven of the reward:  
Our King back, Oh, upon English shores!  
Let him easter in us, be a dayspring to the dimness of us, be a  
crimson-cresseted east,  
More brightening her, rare-dear Britain, as his reign rolls,  
Pride, rose, prince, hero of us, high-priest,  
Our hearts' charity's earth's fire, our thoughts' chivalry's  
throne's lord.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# Thee, God, I Come From

Thee, God, I come from, to thee go,  
All day long I like fountain flow  
From thy hand out, swayed about  
Mote-like in thy mighty glow.

What I know of thee I bless,  
As acknowledging thy stress  
On my being and as seeing  
Something of thy holiness.

Once I turned from thee and hid,  
Bound on what thou hadst forbid;  
Sow the wind I would; I sinned:  
I repent of what I did.

Bad I am, but yet thy child.  
Father, be thou reconciled.  
Spare thou me, since I see  
With thy might that thou art mild.

I have life before me still  
And thy purpose to fulfil;  
Yea a debt to pay thee yet:  
Help me, sir, and so I will.

But thou bidst, and just thou art,  
Me shew mercy from my heart  
Towards my brother, every other  
Man my mate and counterpart.

.....

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# Thou Art Indeed Just, Lord, If I Contend

Justus quidem tu es, Domine, si disputem tecum:  
verumtamen justa loquar ad te:  
Quare via impiorum prosperatur? &c.

Thou art indeed just, Lord, if I contend  
With thee; but, sir, so what I plead is just.  
Why do sinners' ways prosper? and why must  
Disappointment all I endeavour end?

Wert thou my enemy, O thou my friend,  
How wouldst thou worse, I wonder, than thou dost  
Defeat, thwart me? Oh, the sots and thralls of lust  
Do in spare hours more thrive than I that spend,  
Sir, life upon thy cause. See, banks and brakes  
Now leav&egrave;d how thick! lac&egrave;d they are again  
With fretty chervil, look, and fresh wind shakes  
Them; birds build -- but not I build; no, but strain,  
Time's eunuch, and not breed one work that wakes.  
Mine, O thou lord of life, send my roots rain.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# To A Young Child

Margaret, are you grieving  
Over Goldengrove unleaving?  
Leaves, like the things of man, you  
With your fresh thoughts care for, can you?  
Ah! as the heart grows older  
It will come to such sights colder  
By and by, nor spare a sigh  
Though worlds of wanwood leafmeal lie;  
And yet you will weep and know why.  
Now no matter, child, the name:  
Sorrow's springs are the same.  
Nor mouth had, no nor mind, expressed  
What heart heard of, ghost guessed:  
It is the blight man was born for,  
It is Margaret you mourn for.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# To Him Who Ever Thought With Love Of Me

To him who ever thought with love of me  
Or ever did for my sake some good deed  
I will appear, looking such charity  
And kind compassion, at his life's last need  
That he will out of hand and heartily  
Repent he sinned and all his sins be freed.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

## To His Watch

Mortal my mate, bearing my rock-a-heart  
Warm beat with cold beat company, shall I  
Earlier or you fail at our force, and lie  
The ruins of, rifled, once a world of art?  
The telling time our task is; time's some part,  
Not all, but we were framed to fail and die—  
One spell and well that one. There, ah thereby  
Is comfort's carol of all or woe's worst smart.

Field-flown, the departed day no morning brings  
Saying 'This was yours' with her, but new one, worse,  
And then that last and shortest...

Gerard Manley Hopkins

## To R.B.

The fine delight that fathers thought; the strong  
Spur, live and lancing like the blowpipe flame,  
Breathes once and, quenched faster than it came,  
Leaves yet the mind a mother of immortal song.  
Nine months she then, nay years, nine years she long  
Within her wears, bears, cares and moulds the same:  
The widow of an insight lost she lives, with aim  
Now known and hand at work now never wrong.  
Sweet fire the sire of muse, my soul needs this;  
I want the one rapture of an inspiration.  
O then if in my lagging lines you miss  
The roll, the rise, the carol, the creation,  
My winter world, that scarcely breathes that bliss  
Now, yields you, with some sighs, our explanation.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# To Seem The Stranger Lies My Lot, My Life

To seem the stranger lies my lot, my life  
Among strangers. Father and mother dear,  
Brothers and sisters are in Christ not near  
And he my peace my parting, sword and strife.  
England, whose honour O all my heart woos, wife  
To my creating thought, would neither hear  
Me, were I pleading, plead nor do I: I wear-  
y of idle a being but by where wars are rife.

I am in Ireland now; now I am at a th&iacute;rd  
Remove. Not but in all removes I can  
Kind love both give and get. Only what word  
Wisest my heart breeds dark heaven's baffling ban  
Bars or hell's spell thwarts. This to hoard unheard,  
Heard unheeded, leaves me a lonely began.

Gerard Manley Hopkins



## To What Serves Mortal Beauty?

To what serves mortal beauty '—dangerous; does set danc-  
ing blood—the O-seal-that-so ' feature, flung prouder form  
Than Purcell tune lets tread to? ' See: it does this: keeps warm  
Men's wits to the things that are; ' what good means—where a glance  
Master more may than gaze, ' gaze out of countenance.  
Those lovely lads once, wet-fresh ' windfalls of war's storm,  
How then should Gregory, a father, ' have gleanèd else from swarm-  
ed Rome? But God to a nation ' dealt that day's dear chance.  
To man, that needs would worship ' block or barren stone,  
Our law says: Love what are ' love's worthiest, were all known;  
World's loveliest—men's selves. Self ' flashes off frame and face.  
What do then? how meet beauty? ' Merely meet it; own,  
Home at heart, heaven's sweet gift; ' then leave, let that alone.  
Yea, wish that though, wish all, ' God's better beauty, grace.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# Tom's Garland

*upon the Unemployed*

Tom—garlanded with squat and surly steel  
Tom; then Tom's fallowbootfellow piles pick  
By him and rips out rockfire homeforth—sturdy Dick;  
Tom Heart-at-ease, Tom Navvy: he is all for his meal  
Sure, 's bed now. Low be it: lustily he his low lot (feel  
That ne'er need hunger, Tom; Tom seldom sick,  
Seldomer heartsore; that treads through, prickproof, thick  
Thousands of thorns, thoughts) swings though. Commonweal  
Little I reck ho! lacklevel in, if all had bread:  
What! Country is honour enough in all us—lordly head,  
With heaven's lights high hung round, or, mother-ground  
That mammoths, mighty foot. But no way sped,  
Nor mind nor mainstrength; gold go garlanded  
With, perilous, O nó; nor yet plod safe shod sound;  
Undenized, beyond bound  
Of earth's glory, earth's ease, all; no one, nowhere,  
In wide the world's weal; rare gold, bold steel, bare  
In both; care, but share care—  
This, by Despair, bred Hangdog dull; by Rage,  
Manwolf; worse; and their packs infest the age.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

## What Being In Rank-Old Nature

What being in rank-old nature should earlier have that breath been  
That hére p érsónal tells off these heart-song powerful peals?—  
A bush-browed, beetle-brówed bíllow is it?  
With a sóuth-wésterly wínd blústering, with a tide rolls reels  
Of crumbling, fore-foundering, thundering all-surfy seas in; seen  
Únderneath, their glassy barrel, of a fairy green.

. . . . .

Or a jaunting vaunting vaulting assaulting trumpet telling

Gerard Manley Hopkins

# What Shall I Do For The Land That Bred Me

What shall I do for the land that bred me,  
Her homes and fields that folded and fed me?—  
Be under her banner and live for her honour:  
Under her banner I'll live for her honour.  
CHORUS. Under her banner live for her honour.

Not the pleasure, the pay, the plunder,  
But country and flag, the flag I am under—  
There is the shilling that finds me willing  
To follow a banner and fight for honour.  
CH. We follow her banner, we fight for her honour.

Call me England's fame's fond lover,  
Her fame to keep, her fame to recover.  
Spend me or end me what God shall send me,  
But under her banner I live for her honour.  
CH. Under her banner we march for her honour.

Where is the field I must play the man on?  
O welcome there their steel or cannon.  
Immortal beauty is death with duty,  
If under her banner I fall for her honour.  
CH. Under her banner we fall for her honour.

Gerard Manley Hopkins