

THE OXFORD AUTHORS

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HOPKINS

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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 séemed of coürse; séemed of ríght it shóuld.

Lovely the woods, waters, meadows, combes, vales,
 All the air things wear that build this world of Wales; 10
 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.

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 rólling level únderneath him steady áir, and stríding
 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!°

Brute beauty and valour and act, oh, air, pride, plume, here°
 Buckle! AND the fire that breaks from thee then, a billion° 10
 Times told lovelier, more dangerous, O my chevalier!°

No wónder of it: shéer plód makes plóugh down síllion°
 Shine, and blue-bleak embers, ah my dear,
 Fall, gáll themséives, and gásh góld-vermíflion.°

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 trades, their gear and tackle and trim.

All things counter, original, spáre, strange;°
 Whatever is fickle, frecklèd (who knows how?)°
 With swift, slów; sweet, sóur; adázzele, díim;
 He fathers-forth whose beauty is pást change:° 10
 Práise híim.

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 his free fells;°
 This in drudgery, day-labouring-out life's age.

Though aloft on turf or perch or poor low stage°
 Both sing sometimes the sweetest, sweetest spells,
 Yet both droop deadly sómetimes 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 and drop down to his nest,° 10
 But his own nest, wild nest, no prison.

Man's spirit will be flesh-bound, when found at best,
 But úncúmbereð: meadow-dówn is nótr dístréssed
 For a ráinbow fóoting it nor hé for his bónes rísen.

'To him who ever thought'

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.°