

'HOPE HOLDS TO CHRIST'

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.

10

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 eastwards, springs—
Because the Holy Ghost over the bent°
World broods with warm breast and with ah! bright wings.

10

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.°

THE STARLIGHT NIGHT

Buy then! bid then!—What?—Prayer, patience, alms, vows.
Look, look: a May-mess, like on orchard boughs!°

10

Look! March-bloom, like on mealed-with-yellow fallows!
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.

'The dark-out Lucifer'

The dark-out Lucifer detesting this°
Self-trellises the touch-tree in live green twines°
And loops the fruity boughs with beauty-bines

'As kingfishers catch fire'

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;
Each mortal thing does one thing and the same:
Deals out that being indoors each one dwells;
Selves—goes its self; *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.

10

*Ad Reverendum Patrem Fratrem Thomam Burke O.P.
Collegium S. Beunonis invisentem*

Ignotum spatiari horto, discumbere mensis,
Et nova mirabar sacra litare virum.
Simplicibus propior quam nos candore columbis
Ille erat et qualis veste referret ovem.

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 cóurse; séemed of right 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-dáwn-drawn Falcon, in his riding **b**
 Of the rólling level únderneath him steady áir, and stríding **b**
 High there, how he rung upon the rein of a wimpling wing° **a**
 In his ecstasy! then off, off forth on swing,° **a**
 As a skate's heel sweeps smooth on a bow-bend: the hurl and gliding **b**
 Rebuffed the big wind. My heart in hiding° **b**
 Stirred for a bird,—the achieve of, the mastery of the thing!° **a**

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

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

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; adázze, 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 úncumberèd: meadow-dówn is nótt dístréssed
 For a ráinbow fóoting it nor hé for his bónes risen.

'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.°

Duns Scotus's Oxford

Towery city and branchy between towers;°
 Cuckoo-echoing, bell-swarmèd, lark-charmèd, rook-racked,
 river-rounded;
 The dapple-eared lily below thee; that country and town did°
 Once encounter in, here coped and poisèd powers;

Thou hast a base and brickish skirt there, sours°
 That neighbour-nature thy grey beauty is grounded
 Best in; graceless growth, thou hast confounded
 Rural rural keeping—folk, flocks, and flowers.°

Yet ah! this air I gather and I release
 He lived on; these weeds and waters, these walls are what° 10
 He haunted who of all men most sways my spirits to peace;°

Of realty the rarest-veinèd unraveller; a not°
 Rivalled insight, be rival Italy or Greece;
 Who fired France for Máry without spót.°

Binsey Poplars

felled 1879

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

O if we but knew what we do
 When we delve or hew— 10
 Hack and rack the growing green!
 Since country is so tender
 To tóuch, her béing só sléndèr,

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 20
 Strokes of havoc unselfe
 The sweet especial scene,
 Rural scene, a rural scene,
 Sweet especial rural scene.

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 fáir fálleñ, O fáir, fáir have fálleñ, so déar
 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 forgèd 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 10
 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.