God's Grandeur

By Gerard Manley Hopkins

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 reck 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 o 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.

n/a

Source: Gerard Manley Hopkins: Poems and Prose (Penguin Classics, 1985)