Spring

By Gerard Manley Hopkins

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.

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