

Spring

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.*



Spring photo, Cera Kenney

Gerard Manley Hopkins (1844-89), from "Spring", England. From: *The Bridge of Stars: 356 Prayers, Blessings, and Meditations from Around the World*, Ed. Marcus Braybrooke (London: Thorsons, 2001).