

Mortal, Bright Wings

The world is charged with the Grandeur of God
The world is charged with beauty

It will flame out, like shining from Shook foil;
It gathers to a greatness, like the Ooze of oil
Crushed

Because the Holy Ghost over the bend World
Broods with warm breast and with Ah!
Bright Wings

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 east-Ward, springs

Because the Holy Ghost over the bend World
Broods with warm breast and with Ah!
Bright Wings

[adapted from "God's Grandeur" by Gerard Manley Hopkins]