

Bright Wings

Mortal

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)