Emily Linane

Spring

Poem by Gerard Manley Hopkins

SATB

2:45 Minutes

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. – Have, get, before it cloy,

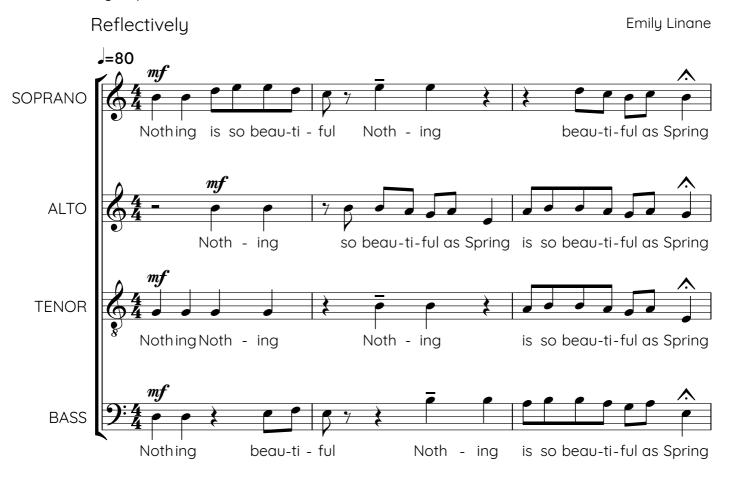
Before it cloud, Christ, lord, and sour with sinning,

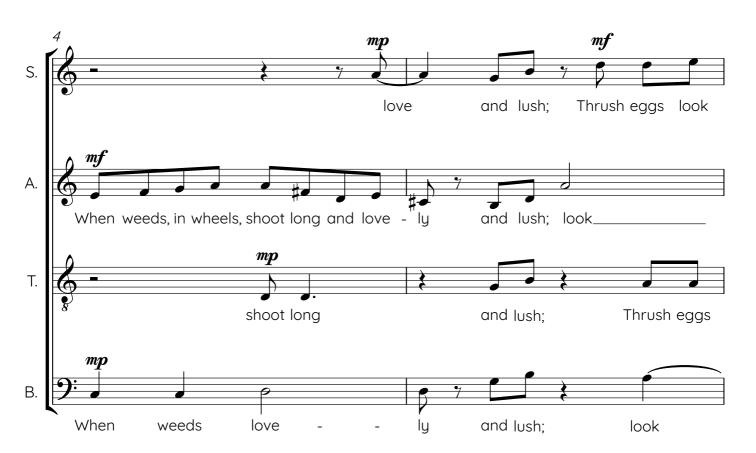
Innocent mind and Mayday in girl and boy,

Most, O maid's child, thy choice and worthy the winning.

Spring

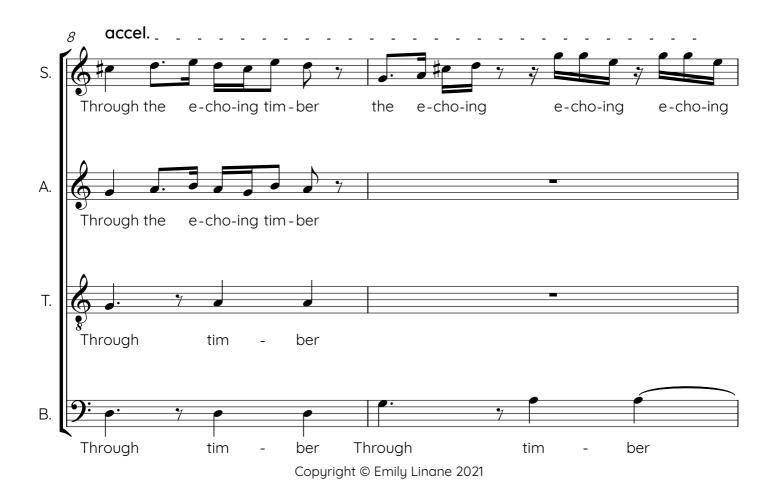
Gerard Manley Hopkins

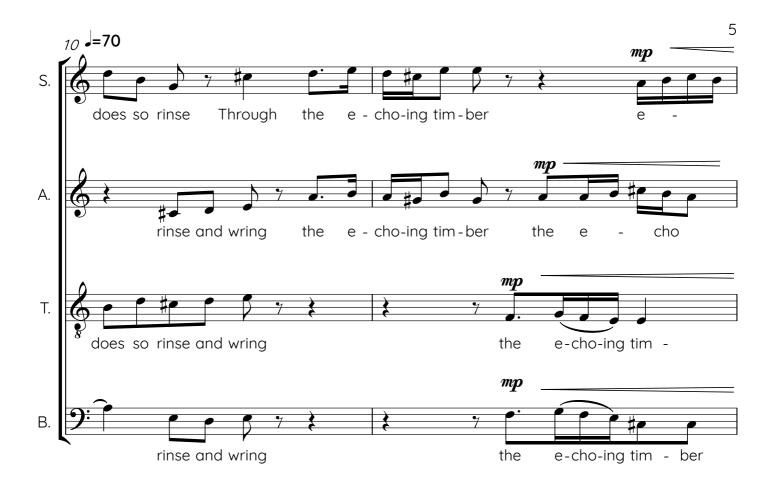


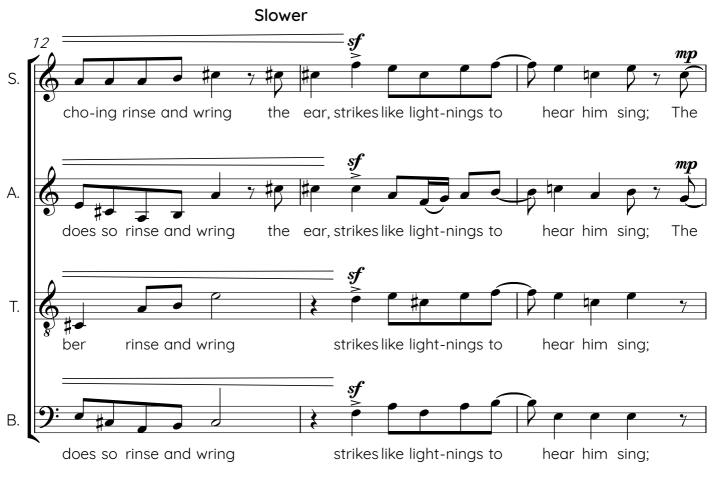


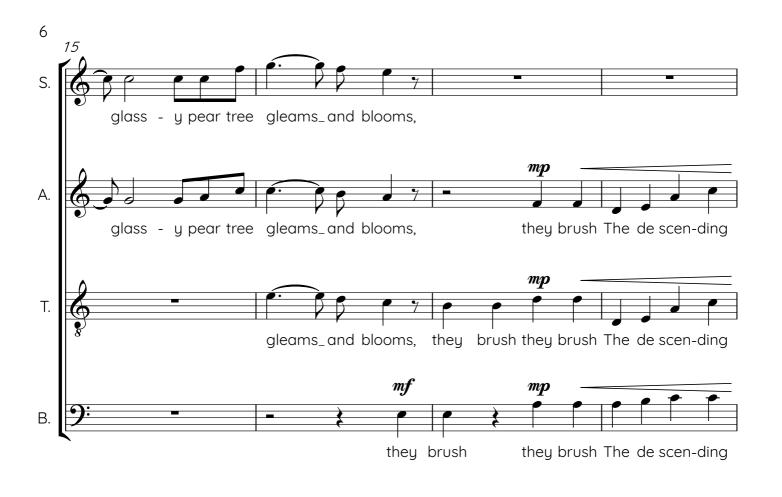
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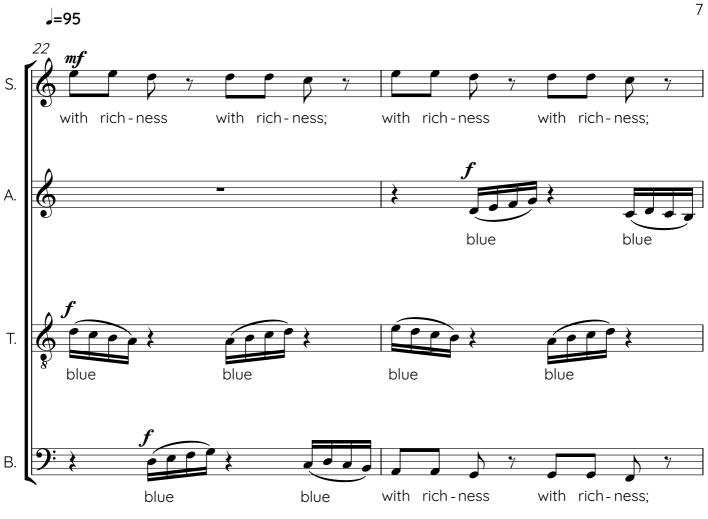


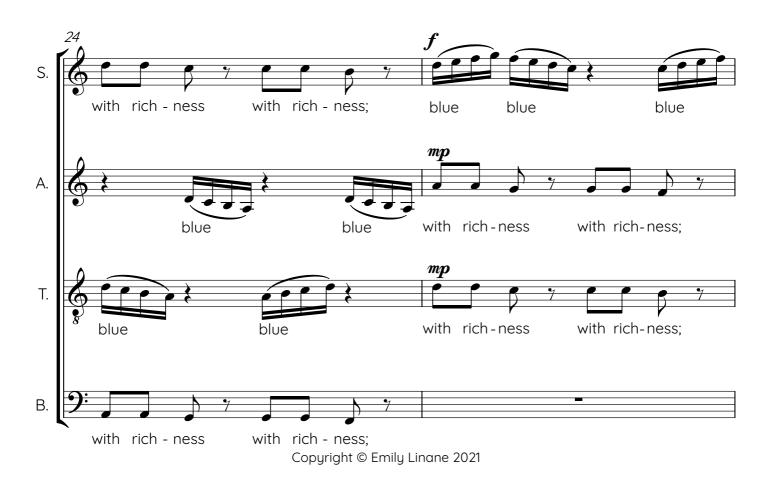


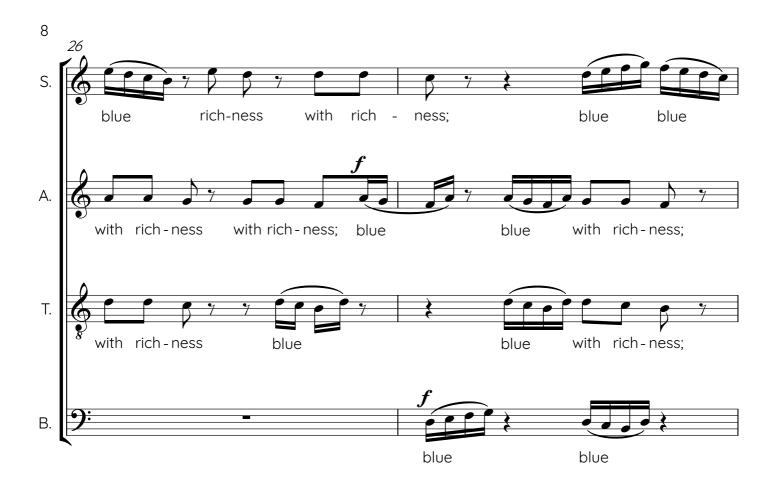


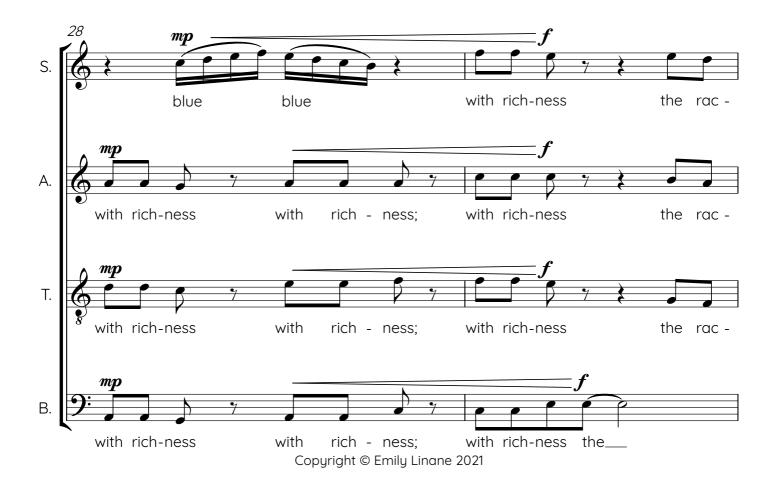


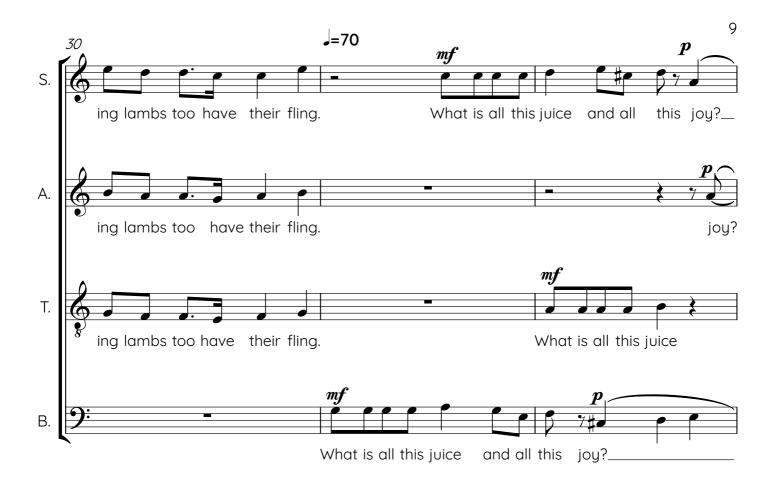


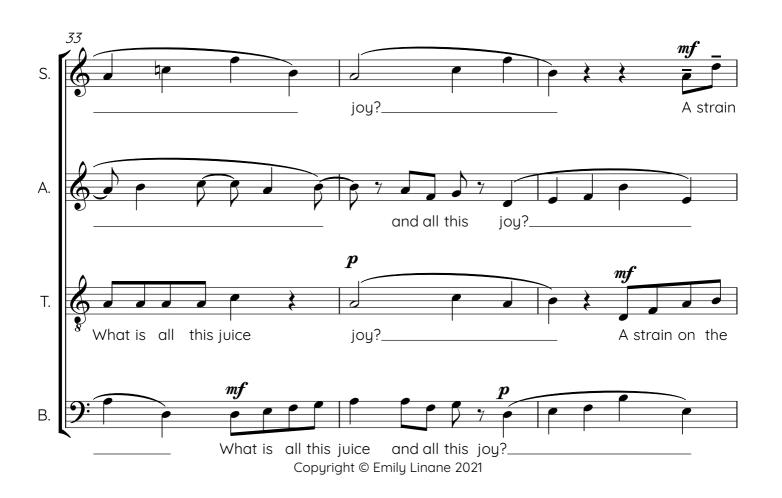


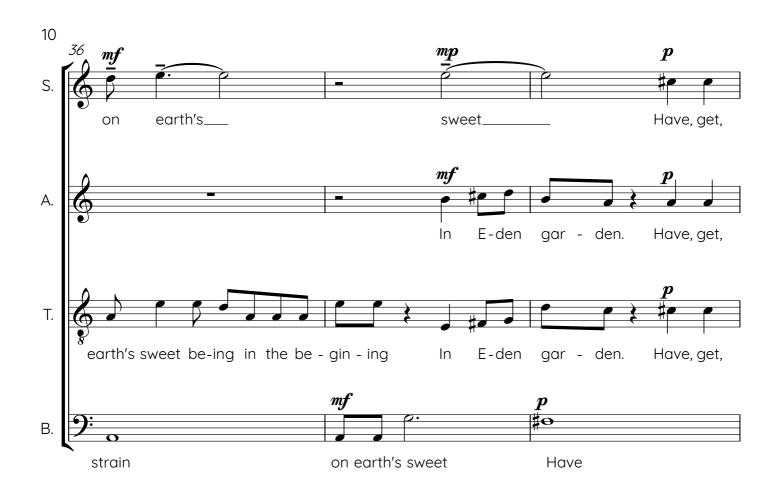


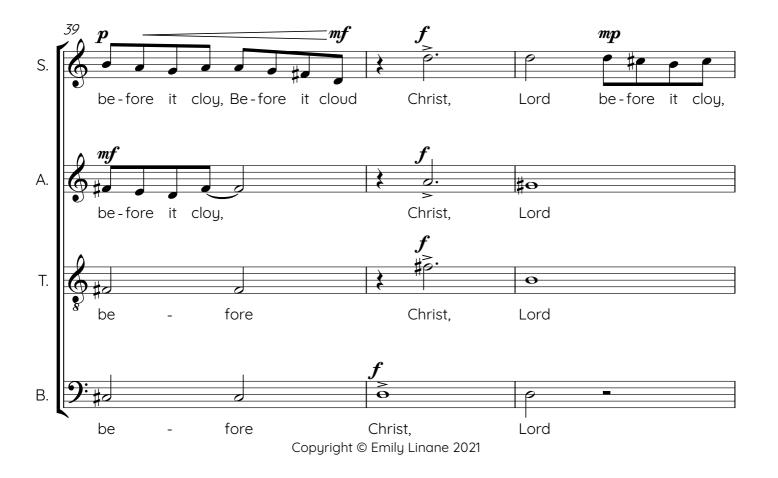


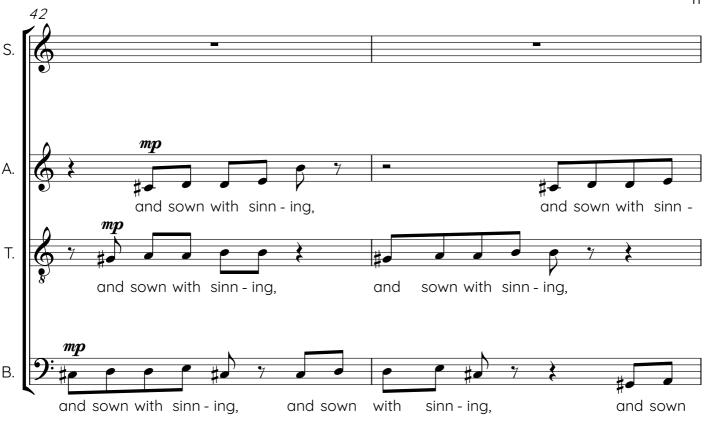


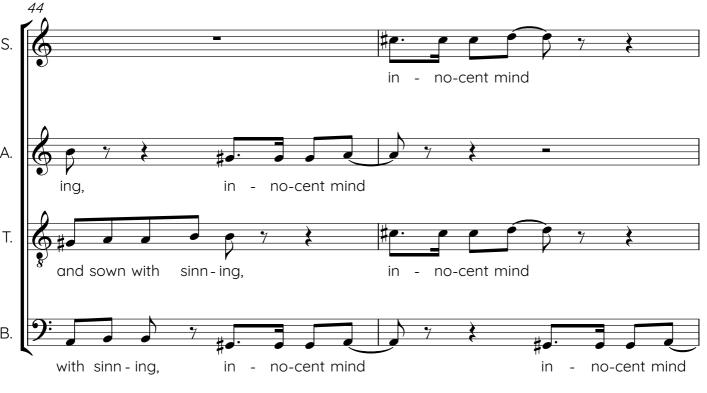












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