

## THE WINDHOVER (1877/1918)

by Gerard Manley Hopkins

*To Christ Our Lord*

I caught this morning's minion, king-  
dom of daylight's dauphin, dapple-dawn-drawn Falcon, in his riding  
Of the rolling level underneath him steady air, and striding  
High there, how he rung upon the rein of a wimpling wing  
In his ecstasy! then off, off forth on swing,  
As a skate's heel sweeps smooth on a bow-bend: the hurl and gliding  
Rebuffed the big wind. My heart in hiding  
Stirred for a bird, – the achieve of, the mastery of the thing.  
Brute beauty and valour and act, oh, air, pride, plume, here  
Buckle! AND the fire that breaks from thee then, a billion  
Times told lovelier, more dangerous, O my chevalier!  
No wonder of it: shéer plód makes plough down sillion  
Shine, and blue-bleak embers, ah my dear,  
Fall, gall themselves, and gash gold-vermilion.

### ABOUT THE POET

**Gerard Manley Hopkins, born England 1844 – died 1889 Ireland**

*19th century England was a time of scientific discoveries, rapid industrialisation and empire building. In response, many Victorian artists became interested in the past and celebrated a romantic vision of nature. A deeply religious man, Hopkins' poetry explored the idea that the divine could be experienced in the natural world.*