

## Hurrahing in Harvest Gerard Manley Hopkins

Summer ends now; now, barbarous in beauty, the stooks rise  
Around; up above, what wind-walks! what lovely behaviour  
Of silk-sack clouds! has wilder, wilful-wavier  
Meal-drift moulded ever and melted across skies?

I walk, I lift up, I lift up heart, eyes,  
Down all that glory in the heavens to glean our Saviour;  
And, éyes, héart, what looks, what lips yet gave you a  
Rapturous love's greeting of realer, of rounder replies?

And the azurous hung hills are his world-wielding shoulder  
Majestic—as a stallion stalwart, very-violet-sweet!—  
These things, these things were here and but the beholder  
Wanting; which two when they once meet,  
The heart rears wings bold and bolder  
And hurls for him, O half hurls earth for him off under his feet.