

The world is charged with the grandeur of God.
It will flame out, like shining from shook foil;
It gathers to a greatness, like the ooze of oil
Crushed. Why do men then not reck his rod?
Generations have trod, have trod, have trod;
And all is seared with trade; bleared, smeared with toil;
And wears man's smudge and shares man's smell: the soil
Is bare now, nor can foot feel, being shod.

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 eastward, springs -
Because the Holy Ghost over the bent
 World broods with warm breast and with ah! bright wings.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

God's Grandeur

Laurence
Armstrong
Hughes
2000**Con moto** $\text{♪} = \text{c.172}$

f

The world is charged with the gran - deur of God.

f

The world is charged with the gran - deur of God.

f

The world is charged with the gran - deur of God.

f

The world is charged with the gran - deur of God.

$\text{♪} = \text{c.172}$

mp

f

mp

f



8

mf

It will flame out, like shin-ing from shook foil;

mf

It will flame out, like shin-ing from shook foil;

mf

It will flame out, like shin-ing from shook foil;

mf

It will flame out, like shin-ing from shook foil;

leggiiero

mf

12

It ga - thers to a great - ness, like the ooze of oil

It ga - thers to a great - ness, like the ooze of oil

It ga - thers to a great - ness, like the ooze of oil

It ga - thers to a great - ness, like the ooze of oil, the ooze of oil



16

crushed. men now not reck his rod?

crushed. Why do men now not reck his rod?

crushed. Why do men then... now not reck his rod?

crushed. Why do men then... now not reck his rod? Ge-ne-ra-tions have

20

bleared, smeared with toil;
bleared, smeared with toil;
have trod, have trod, seared with trade; bleared, smeared with toil;
trod, have trod, have trod, havetrod, And all is seared with toil, and wears man's

mf



25

the soil is bare now, nor can foot feel, be-ing shod.

and shares man's smell, man's smell: nor can foot feel, be-ing shod.

smudge and shares man's smell, man's smell: nor can foot feel, be-ing shod.

mp Solo reed

mf

30

rit.

Piu lento

$\text{♩} = \text{c.72}$ Solo *mf*

35 And for all this, Na - ture is ne - ver spent; There

There lives the *p*

There lives the

Solo *mf*

And for all this, Na - ture is ne - ver spent; *p*

There lives the

Piu lento

40

Piu mosso

lives the dear - est fresh - ness deep down things;

dear - est fresh - ness deep down things; And though the last lights

dear - est fresh - ness deep down things;

There lives the dear - est fresh - ness deep down things;

dear - est fresh - ness deep down things; off the

Piu mosso



45

mf

off the black West went, Oh, morn - ing, at the brown brink east - ward,

off the black West went, Oh, morn - ing, at the brown brink east - ward

though the last lights went, Oh, morn - ing, at the brown brink east - ward

black West went, went, Oh, morn - ing, at the brown brink east - ward

mf

Allegro subito

50

7

Allegro subito
Poco rit.

56

Poco rit.

8 Allegro

61 ***ff***

wings.

wings.

wings.

wings.

wings.

Allegro

3 3 6 3

fff

wings.