The white and the walk of the morning four poems by G.M.Hopkins

SATB chorus

duration c.8'30'

Timothy Salter

I page 3

MOONRISE June 19 1876

I awoke in the Midsummer not to call night, in the white and the walk of the morning:

The moon, dwindled and thinned to the fringe of a fingernail held to the candle,

Or paring of paradisaïcal fruit, lovely in waning but lustreless, Stepped from the stool, drew back from the barrow, of dark Maenefa the mountain:

A cusp still clasped him, a fluke yet fanged him, ¹ entangled him, not quite utterly.

This was the prized, the desirable sight, ¹ unsought, presented so easily,

Parted me leaf and leaf, divided me, eyelid and eyelid of slumber.

II page 7

[UNTITLED]

Repeat that, repeat,

Cuckoo, bird, and open ear wells, heart-springs, delightfull; sweet,

With a ballad, with a ballad, a rebound

Off trundled timber and scoops of the hillside ground, hollow hollow hollow ground:

The whole landscape flushes on a sudden at a sound.

III page 9

THE CAGED SKYLARK

As a dare-gale skylark scanted in a dull cage

Man's mounting spirit in his bone-house, mean house, dwells —

That bird beyond the remembering his free fells;

This in drudgery, day-labouring-out life's age.

Though aloft on turf or perch or poor low stage, Both sing sometimes the sweetest, sweetest spells, Yet both droop deadly sometimes in their cells Or wring their barriers in bursts of fear or rage.

Not that the sweet-fowl, song-fowl, needs no rest — Why, hear him, hear him babble and drop down to his nest,

But his own nest, wild nest, no prison.

Man's spirit will be flesh-bound when found at best, But uncumbered: meadow-down is not distressed For a rainbow footing it nor he for his bones risen. IV page 14

INVERSNAID

This darksome burn, horseback brown, His rollrock highroad roaring down, In coop and in comb the fleece of his foam Flutes and low to the lake falls home.

A windpuff-bonnet of fáwn-fróth Turns and twindles over the broth Of a pool so pitchblack, féll-frówning, It rounds and rounds Despair to drowning.

Degged with dew, dappled with dew
Are the groins of the braes that the brook treads through,
Wiry heathpacks, flitches of fern,
And the beadbonny ash that sits over the burn.

What would the world be, once bereft Of wet and of wildness? Let them be left, O let them be left, wildness and wet; Long live the weeds and the wilderness yet.

Gerard Manley Hopkins (1844 – 1889)

Notes:

- 1. Flats and sharps apply only to the note immediately following except in the case of tied notes within the bar (e.g. is an E flat of 2¹/₂ crotchets' duration).
- Where a phonetic is written, it is to be retained until anything other is indicated.





