

## Bright Wings

Mortal

The world is charged with the  
Grandeur of God  
The world is charged with beauty  
It will flame out, like shining from  
Shook foil;  
It gathers to a greatness, like the  
Ooze of oil  
Crushed  
Because the Holy Ghost over the bend  
World  
Broods with warm breast and with  
Ah!  
Bright Wings  
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 east-  
Ward, springs -  
Because the Holy Ghost over the bend  
World  
Broods with warm breast and with  
Ah!  
Bright Wings  
(adapted from "God's Grandeur" by  
Gerard Manley Hopkins)