

## God's Grandeur

Paul Kelly

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 now not wreck 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 bright wings  
Bright wings  
The world is charged with the grandeur of God  
Generations have trod, have trod, have trod  
The world is charged with the grandeur of God  
(Bright wings)  
Generations have trod, have trod, have trod  
Bright wings  
Bright wings  
Bright wings