

Gerard Manley Hopkins - *Hurraing in Harvest* - Dit par John Wilkinson

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Nous remercions chaleureusement John Wilkinson de nous avoir autorisé à reproduire ici sa lecture de ce poème.

Hurraing in Harvest

SUMMER ends now ; now, barbarous in beauty, the stooks arise

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, héárt, 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.

Gerard Manley Hopkins, *Poems*, 1918.