

The Octave of "The Windhover"

by Gerard Manley Hopkins, S. J.

Windhover [*falco tinnunculus*]

Kestrel - used by persons of inferior rank for hawking; a term of opprobrium

"morning's minion"

Celtic - (min) small

Old High German (minna) love

Old French (mignot) darling

1. one specially favoured or beloved; a dearest friend, child or servant;
2. a favourite of a sovereign prince;
3. one who owes all to his patron's favour
4. a gallant;
5. in the contemporary context a term of contemptuousness; a servile follower, a dependent; "minion of fortune"

"daylight's dauphin"

the heir apparent the eldest son of a king of France

The Beloved of the Morning
The Royal Favourite
The Crown Prince of Daylight

"the thing"
(neuter gender)

The figure of the bird is relieved of any **ASSUMPTION OF FAMILIARITY** in the last line of the octave before the transition to the present tense in the sestet.

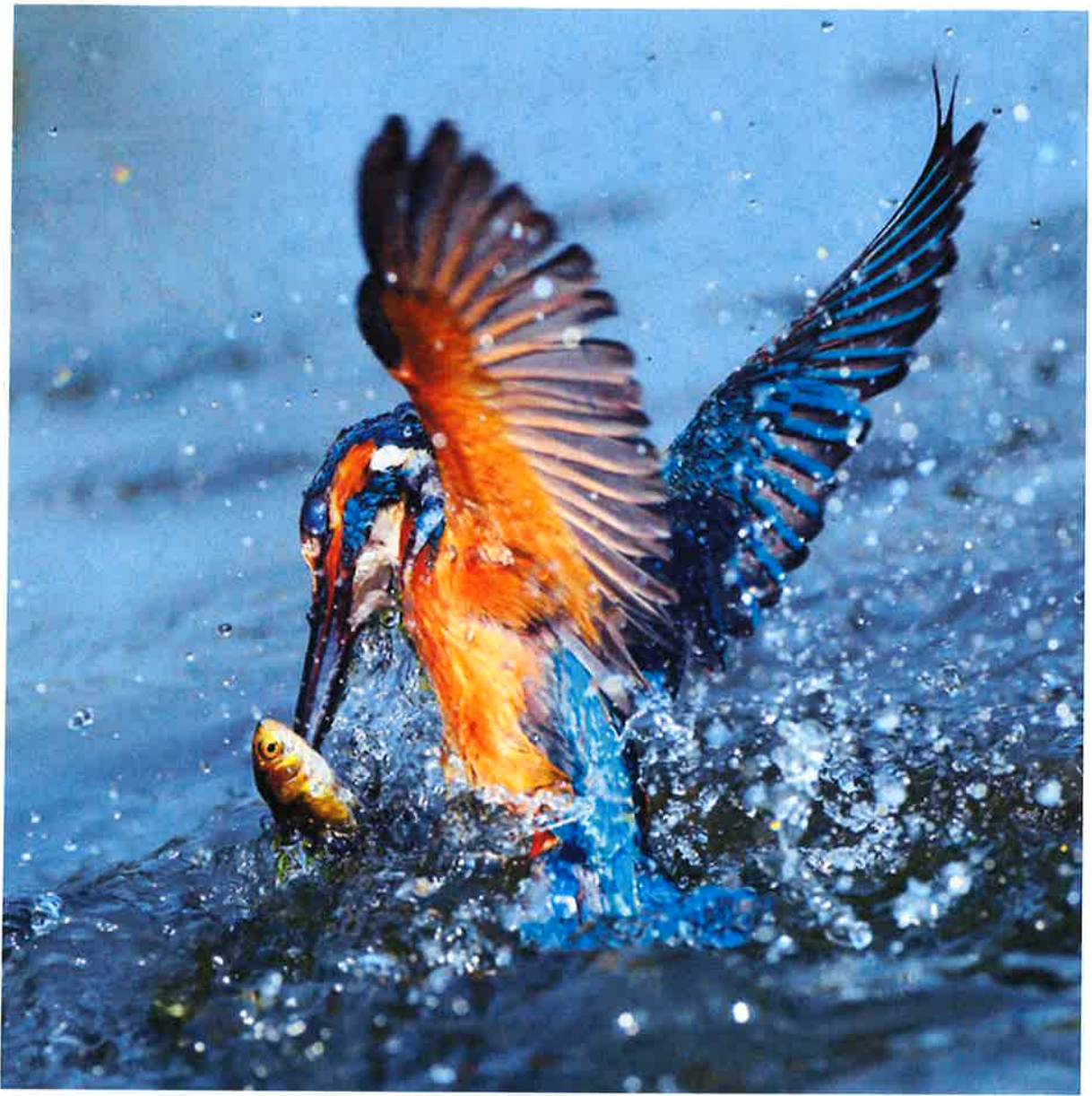
“As Kingfishers Catch Fire”

As kingfishers catch fire, dragonflies draw flame;
As tumbled over rim in roundy wells
Stones ring; like each tucked string tells, each hung bell's
Bow swung finds tongue to fling out broad its name;
Each mortal thing does one thing and the same:
Deals out that being indoors each one dwells;
Selves – goes itself; *myself* it speaks and spells,
Crying *Whát I dó is me: for that I came.*

I say móre: the just man justices;
Keeps grace: thát keeps all his goings graces;
Acts in God's eye what in God's eye he is –
Chríst – for Christ plays in ten thousand places,
Lovely in limbs, and lovely in eyes not his
To the Father through the features of men's faces.

~ Gerard Manley Hopkins, S.J.





“Hurrahing in Harvest”

SUMMER ends now; now, barbarous in beauty, the stooks rise
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, héart, 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, S.J.