

Spring and Fall Poem

Writer: Gerard Manley Hopkins | Generated: Jan 26, 2026

Spring and Fall

Play Audio By Gerard Manley Hopkins to a young child

Márgarét, áre you gríeving Over Goldengrove unleaving? Leáves like the things of man, you
With your fresh thoughts care for, can you? Ah! ás the heart grows older It will come to such
sights colder By and by, nor spare a sigh Though worlds of wanwood leafmeal lie; And yet you
wíll weep and know why. Now no matter, child, the name: Sórrów's spríngs áre the same. Nor
mouth had, no nor mind, expressed What heart heard of, ghost guessed: It ís the blight man
was born for, It is Margaret you mourn for.