

The Windhover Poem

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

The Windhover

By Gerard Manley Hopkins To Christ our Lord

Toggle annotations I caught this morning morning's minion, king-
dom of daylight's dauphin,
dapple-dawn-drawn Falcon, in his riding Of the rolling level underneath him steady air, and
striding High there, how he rung upon the rein of a wimpling wing In his ecstasy! then off, off
forth on swing, As a skate's heel sweeps smooth on a bow-bend: the hurl and gliding Rebuffed
the big wind. My heart in hiding Stirred for a bird, – the achieve of, the mastery of the thing!

Brute beauty and valour and act, oh, air, pride, plume, here Buckle! AND the fire that breaks
from thee then, a billion Times told lovelier, more dangerous, O my chevalier!

No wonder of it: shéer plód makes plough down sillion Shine, and blue-bleak embers, ah my
dear, Fall, gall themselves, and gash gold-vermilion.

Source: Gerard Manley Hopkins: Poems and Prose (Penguin Classics, 1985)