

HOMAGE TO HOPKINS

Hopkins, noteless, yet sings by letter,
Under his rolling word now, how shakes
The human heart, how racing makes
The mind new thought, breaking the fetter
Of weary ways and crying, Come! Haste!
Haste my soul to him that ever makes
The life-blood flow and flow, and rakes
The ashy coals into the windy morn. No waste
Of kindling here; the fire will anew, now
Blaze! And brim with warm the wide and wide
New morn. Come my soul, the night long had
Its hold, but's gone now; day's upon thy brow.
Find the long footstep, the impetuous stride
Follow, fellow, — free, and fully glad.