

## Binsey Poplars

by Gerard Manley Hopkins

*felled 1879*

My aspens dear, whose airy cages quelled,  
Quelled or quenched in leaves the leaping sun,  
*All felled, felled, are all felled;*  
Of a fresh and following folded rank  
*Not spared, not one*  
That dandled a sandalled  
Shadow that swam or sank  
On meadow & river & wind-wandering weed-  
winding bank.

**O if we but knew what we do**  
**When we delve or hew —**  
**Hack and rack the growing green!**  
Since country is so tender  
To touch, her being só slender,  
*That, like this sleek and seeing ball*  
*But a prick will make no eye at all,*  
**Where we, even where we mean**  
**To mend her we end her,**  
**When we hew or delve:**

After-comers cannot guess the beauty been.  
*Ten or twelve, only ten or twelve*  
*Strokes of havoc unselve*  
*The sweet especial scene,*  
**Rural scene, a rural scene,**  
*Sweet especial rural scene.*

Choral Speaking Key:

Regular font = Group 1

*Italic font* = Group 2

**Bold font** = Group 3