

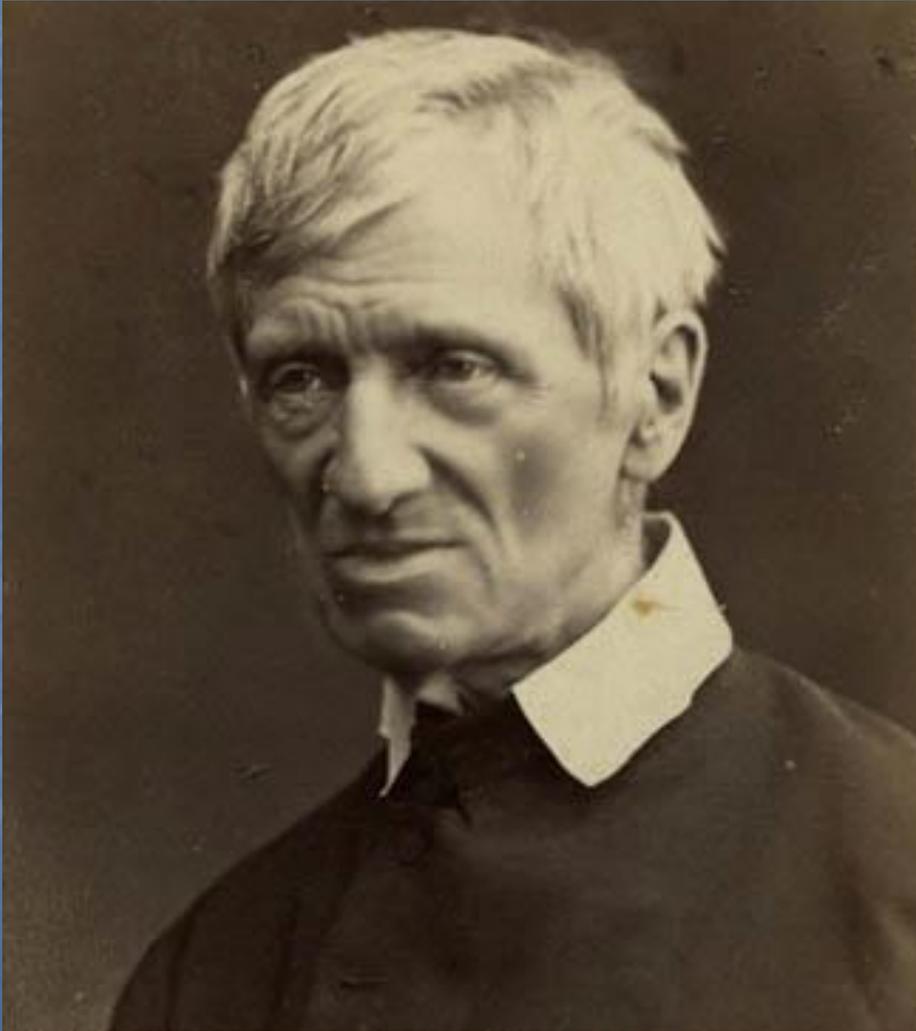
GERARD
MANLEY
HOPKINS



■ Background

- Born at Stratford, Essex, England, on July 28, 1844.
- Gerard Manley Hopkins is regarded as one the Victorian era's greatest poets.
- He was raised in a prosperous and artistic family.
 - Father was a poet
- Won a scholarship to Oxford for his poem "The Escorial."
- He attended college in Oxford in 1863, and studied Classics.

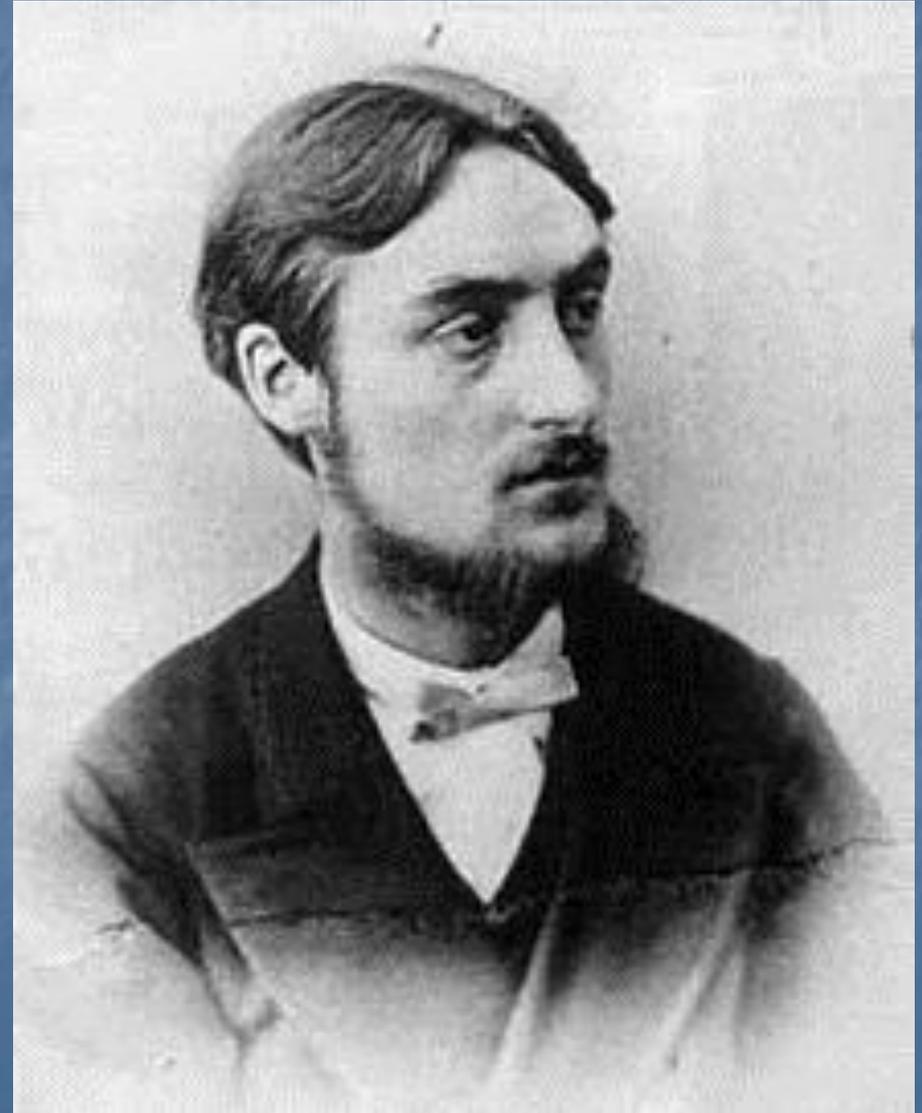
John Henry Newman



- Hopkins' Theology professor.
- Newman also converted from Anglicanism to Catholicism.

Entering the Priesthood

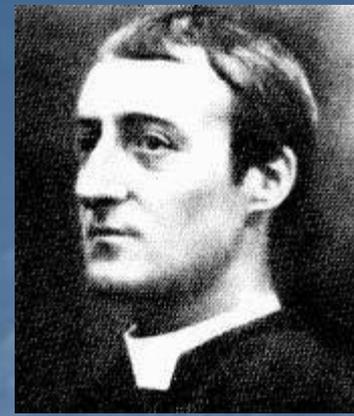
- 1868 entered The Society of Jesus (Jesuits)
- Burned all of his early work.
(Burning of his innocence)
- Did not write for 6 years.



Duns Scotus (1265-1308)



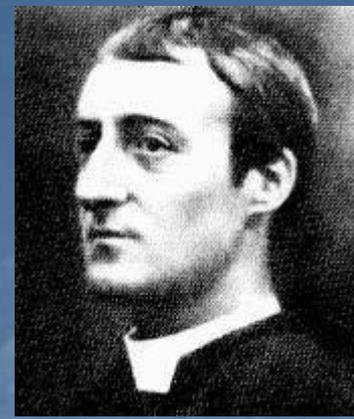
- Medieval Catholic thinker
- Felt the only way to know God was through God's creations (haecceitas)
- Hopkins felt he could write if he celebrated God's creations



Inscape

- Came up with the idea of **inscape**- each being in the universe enacts its identity
 - Each thing on earth has an "thisness" that makes it what it is
- Recognizing the *inscape* in others leads one to God, because the inscape is a divine creation.

Sprung Rhythm



- Lines have a set number of stresses, but the placement is varied

Lóok at the stáars! Lóok! Look úp at the skíes!

O lóok at all the fíre- fólk sítting in the áir

The bríght bóroughs, the círcle- cítafels thére!

Dówn in the dím woods the díámond délves! The élves eyes!

The Wreck of the Deutschland

- 5 Catholic nuns exiled from Germany for being Catholic
- Ship sinks
- Catholic church asks Hopkins to write about it



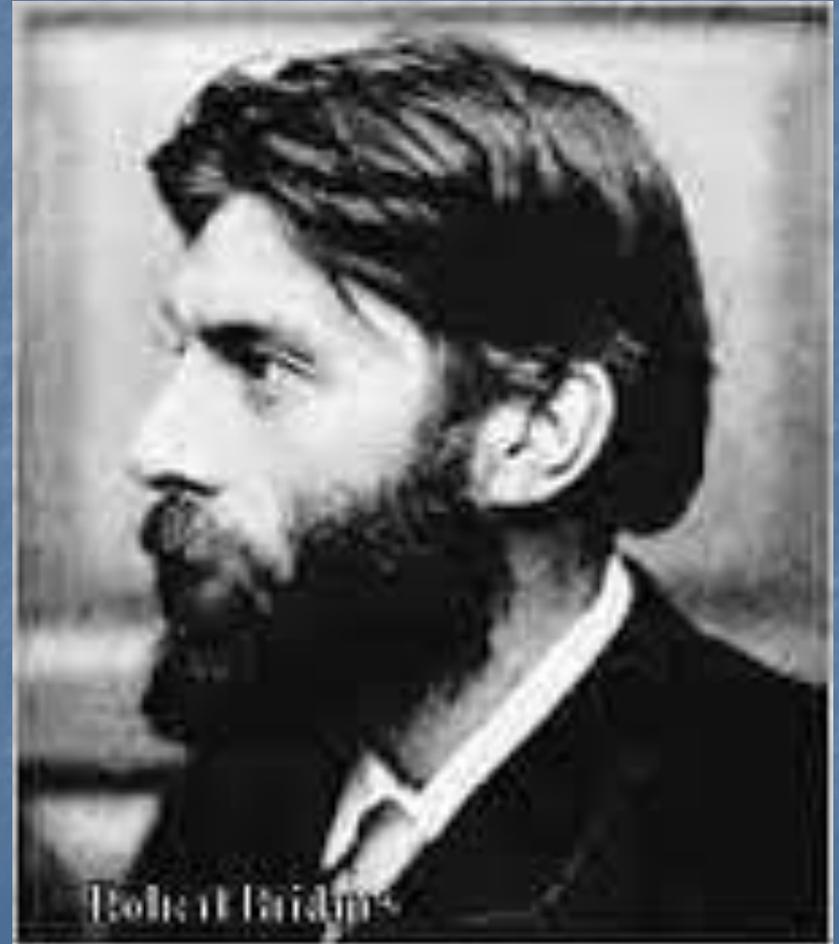
Later Years



- Appointed in 1884 to teach at the University of Dublin
- Terrible Sonnets
- Death- June 8, 1889 typhoid fever

Robert Bridges

- Hopkins' best friend.
- Met at Oxford
- Possible Lover?
- Poet Laureate
- Had all of Hopkins' work published (1918)



Hopkins' Place in History



- One of the most important Victorian Poets
- Most important writer of poetry doubting faith
- Innovative

Petrarchan Sonnet

- First 8 Lines
(Octave)
 - Introduce a problem
 - Ask a question
 - Begin a story
- Last 6 Lines
(Sestet)
 - Solve Problem
 - Answer Question
 - Finish Story

God's Grandeur

The world is charged with the grandeur of God.
It will flame out, like shining from shook foil;
It gathers to a greatness, like the ooze of oil
Crushed. Why do men then now not reck his rod?
Generations have trod, have trod, have trod;
And all is seared with trade; Bleared, smeared with toil;
And wears man's smudge and shares man's smell: the soil
Is bare now, nor can foot feel, being shod.

And for all this, nature is never spent;
There lives the dearest freshness deep down things;
And though the last lights off the black West went
Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastward, springs —
Because the Holy Ghost over the bent
World broods with warm breast and with ah! bright wings.

