

*MAY MAGNIFICAT*

May is Mary's month, and I  
Muse at that and wonder why:  
Her feasts follow reason,  
Dated due to season—

Candlemas, Lady Day;  
But the Lady Month, May,  
Why fasten that upon her,  
With a feasting in her honour?

Is it only its being brighter  
Than the most are must delight her?  
Is it opportunist  
And flowers finds soonest?

Ask of her, the mighty mother:  
Her reply puts this other  
Question: What is Spring?—  
Growth in every thing—

Flesh and fleece, fur and feather,  
Grass and greenworld all together;  
Star-eyed strawberry-breasted  
Throstle above her nested

Cluster of bugle blue eggs thin  
Forms and warms the life within;  
And bird and blossom swell  
In sod or sheath or shell.

All things rising, all things sizing  
Mary sees, sympathising  
With that world of good,  
Nature's motherhood.

Their magnifying of each its kind  
With delight calls to mind  
How she did in her stored  
Magnify the Lord.



Well but there was more than this:  
Spring's universal bliss  
Much, had much to say  
To offering Mary May.

When drop-of-blood-and-foam-dapple  
Bloom lights the orchard-apple  
And thicket and thorp are merry  
With silver-surfed cherry

And azuring-over greybell makes  
Wood banks and brakes wash wet like  
lakes  
And magic cuckoocall  
Caps, clears, and clinches all—

This ecstasy all through mothering earth  
Tells Mary her mirth till Christ's birth  
To remember and exultation  
In God who was her salvation.

*Gerard Manley Hopkins*

