The Caged Skylark

G. M. Hopkins

As a dare-gale sky-lark scant ed in a dull cage,

man’s mount-ing spi-rit in his bone-house-mean house dwells. That

bird be-yond his re-mem-ber-ing his free

2006
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s

This in drud-gery, day

fells.

la-bor-ing out life's age.

Pno.
Though a-loft on turf or perch or poor, low stage,

both sing some-times the sweet est, sweet est spells,

yet, both droop deadly some-times in their cells, and
wring their barriers in bursts of fear or rage.

Not that the

sweet fowl, song fowl needs no rest — why, hear him