

JEREMIAH, Chapter 12

JUSTUS QUIDEM TU ES, DOMINE, SI DISPUTEM TECUM;
VERUMTAMEN JUSTA LOQUAR AD TE: QUARE VIA IMPIORUM
PROSPERATUR? &c ...

Thou art indeed just, Lord, if I contend
With thee; but, sir, so what I plead is just.
Why do sinners' ways prosper, and why must
Disappointment all I endeavor end?
Wert thou my enemy, O thou my friend,
How wouldst thou worse, I wonder, than thou dost
Defeat, thwart me? Oh, the sots and thralls of lust
Do in spare hours more thrive than I that spend,
Sir, life upon thy cause. See, banks and braes
Now, leaved how thick! laced they are again
With fretty chervil, look, and fresh wind shakes
Them; birds build - but not I build; no, but strain,
Time's eunuch, and not breed one work that wakes,
Mine, O thou lord of life, send my roots rain.

Gerard Manley Hopkins
EARLY POEMS 1876-1889

