

God's Grandeur (G.M. Hopkins)

Generation 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.

These lines are taken from the poem 'God's Grandeur' composed by G.M. Hopkins. It is a sonnet of the Victorian age. Through these lines the speaker presents the power and glory of God which is percolated in every aspect of nature. But he feels surprised and pained why people seem to have their learning towards industrialisation. He says that generations of human beings have been labouring hard for material comfort for themselves and now they have succeeded. The life on the earth now of industrial and commercial type. Labour and toil have felled our life. Pleasures of nature are almost forgotten. Now life is predominated by man's labour and bad smell coming out of it. The soil, that's the earth, is bare of nature's joy. We do not feel the presence of nature at all. Our life has been fully merchandised. He deploras this trend in life.

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