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A shropshire lad by A. E. Housman

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# **A** SHROPSHIRE LAD

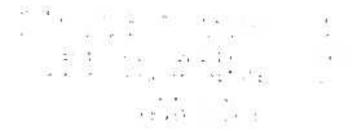
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## A

## SHROPSHIRE LAD

BY

## A. E. HOUSMAN



## JOHN LANE COMPANY THE BODLEY HEAD, NEW YORK MCMXVII

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#### 1887

FROM Clee to heaven the beacon burns, The shires have seen it plain, From north and south the sign returns And beacons burn again.

Look left, look right, the hills are bright, The dales are light between, Because 't is fifty years to-night That God has saved the Queen.

Now, when the flame they watch not towers About the soil they trod, Lads, we'll remember friends of ours Who shared the work with God.

#### A SHROPSHIRE LAD

To skies that knit their heartstrings right, To fields that bred them brave, The saviours come not home to-night : Themselves they could not save.

It dawns in Asia, tombstones show And Shropshire names are read; And the Nile spills his overflow Beside the Severn's dead.

We pledge in peace by farm and town The Queen they served in war, And fire the beacons up and down The land they perished for.

<sup>4</sup> God save the Queen ' we living sing, From height to height 't is heard ; And with the rest your voices ring, Lads of the Fifty-third.

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