

**A  
SHROPSHIRE LAD**

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A shropshire lad by A. E. Housman

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**A. E. HOUSMAN**

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BY  
A. E. HOUSMAN



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I

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.

' 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.