

A. E. Housman (1859–1936). A Shropshire Lad. 1896.

**XXXII. From far, from eve and morning**

FROM far, from eve and morning  
And yon twelve-winded sky,  
The stuff of life to knit me  
Blew hither: here am I.

Now—for a breath I tarry 5  
Nor yet disperse apart—  
Take my hand quick and tell me,  
What have you in your heart.

Speak now, and I will answer; 10  
How shall I help you, say;  
Ere to the wind's twelve quarters  
I take my endless way.