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| A. E. Housman (1859–1936).  A Shropshire Lad.  1896. |
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| **XXXII. From far, from eve and morning** |
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| |  | | --- | |  | | 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; |  | | How shall I help you, say; | *10* | | Ere to the wind’s twelve quarters |  | | I take my endless way. |  | |