

# Last Poems

A. E. Housman

The Project Gutenberg EBook of Last Poems, by A. E. Housman  
#3 in our series by A. E. Housman

Copyright laws are changing all over the world. Be sure to check the copyright laws for your country before downloading or redistributing this or any other Project Gutenberg eBook.

This header should be the first thing seen when viewing this Project Gutenberg file. Please do not remove it. Do not change or edit the header without written permission.

Please read the "legal small print," and other information about the eBook and Project Gutenberg at the bottom of this file. Included is important information about your specific rights and restrictions in how the file may be used. You can also find out about how to make a donation to Project Gutenberg, and how to get involved.

\*\*Welcome To The World of Free Plain Vanilla Electronic Texts\*\*

\*\*eBooks Readable By Both Humans and By Computers, Since 1971\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*These eBooks Were Prepared By Thousands of Volunteers!\*\*\*\*\*

Title: Last Poems

Author: A. E. Housman

Release Date: April, 2005 [EBook #7848]  
[Yes, we are more than one year ahead of schedule]  
[This file was first posted on May 22, 2003]

Edition: 10

Language: English

Character set encoding: ASCII

\*\*\* START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK LAST POEMS \*\*\*

Produced by A. P. Saulters

LAST POEMS

# **Livros Grátis**

<http://www.livrosgratis.com.br>

Milhares de livros grátis para download.

By A. E. Housman

I publish these poems, few though they are, because it is not likely that I shall ever be impelled to write much more. I can no longer expect to be revisited by the continuous excitement under which in the early months of 1895 I wrote the greater part of my first book, nor indeed could I well sustain it if it came; and it is best that what I have written should be printed while I am here to see it through the press and control its spelling and punctuation. About a quarter of this matter belongs to the April of the present year, but most of it to dates between 1895 and 1910.

September 1922

/We'll to the weeds no more,  
The laurels are all cut,  
The bowers are bare of bay  
That once the Muses wore;  
The year draws in the day  
And soon will evening shut:  
The laurels all are cut,  
We'll to the woods no more.  
Oh we'll no more, no more  
To the leafy woods away,  
To the high wild woods of laurel  
And the bowers of bay no more./

I

## THE WEST

Beyond the moor and the mountain crest  
--Comrade, look not on the west--  
The sun is down and drinks away  
From air and land the lees of day.

The long cloud and the single pine  
Sentinel the ending line,  
And out beyond it, clear and wan,  
Reach the gulfs of evening on.

The son of woman turns his brow  
West from forty countries now,  
And, as the edge of heaven he eyes,  
Thinks eternal thoughts, and sighs.

Oh wide's the world, to rest or roam,  
With change abroad and cheer at home,  
Fights and furloughs, talk and tale,

Company and beef and ale.

But if I front the evening sky  
Silent on the west look I,  
And my comrade, stride for stride,  
Paces silent at my side,

Comrade, look not on the west:  
'Twill have the heart out of your breast;  
'Twill take your thoughts and sink them far,  
Leagues beyond the sunset bar.

Oh lad, I fear that yon's the sea  
Where they fished for you and me,  
And there, from whence we both were ta'en,  
You and I shall drown again.

Send not on your soul before  
To dive from that beguiling shore,  
And let not yet the swimmer leave  
His clothes upon the sands of eve.

Too fast to yonder strand forlorn  
We journey, to the sunken bourn,  
To flush the fading tinges eyed  
By other lads at eventide.

Wide is the world, to rest or roam,  
And early 'tis for turning home:  
Plant your heel on earth and stand,  
And let's forget our native land.

When you and I are split on air  
Long we shall be strangers there;  
Friends of flesh and bone are best;  
Comrade, look not on the west.

II

As I gird on for fighting  
My sword upon my thigh,  
I think on old ill fortunes  
Of better men than I.

Think I, the round world over,  
What golden lads are low  
With hurts not mine to mourn for  
And shames I shall not know.

What evil luck soever  
For me remains in store,  
'Tis sure much finer fellows  
Have fared much worse before.

So here are things to think on  
That ought to make me brave,  
As I strap on for fighting  
My sword that will not save.

### III

Her strong enchantments failing,  
Her towers of fear in wreck,  
Her limbecks dried of poisons  
And the knife at her neck,

The Queen of air and darkness  
Begins to shrill and cry,  
'O young man, O my slayer,  
To-morrow you shall die.'

O Queen of air and darkness,  
I think 'tis truth you say,  
And I shall die to-morrow;  
But you will die to-day.

### IV

#### ILLIC JACET

Oh hard is the bed they have made him,  
And common the blanket and cheap;  
But there he will lie as they laid him:  
Where else could you trust him to sleep?

To sleep when the bugle is crying  
And cravens have heard and are brave,  
When mothers and sweethearts are sighing  
And lads are in love with the grave.

Oh dark is the chamber and lonely,  
And lights and companions depart;  
But lief will he lose them and only  
Behold the desire of his heart.

And low is the roof, but it covers  
A sleeper content to repose;  
And far from his friends and his lovers  
He lies with the sweetheart he chose.

### V

#### GRENADIER

The Queen she sent to look for me,  
The sergeant he did say,  
'Young man, a soldier will you be  
For thirteen pence a day?'

For thirteen pence a day did I  
Take off the things I wore,  
And I have marched to where I lie,  
And I shall march no more.

My mouth is dry, my shirt is wet,  
My blood runs all away,  
So now I shall not die in debt  
For thirteen pence a day.

To-morrow after new young men  
The sergeant he must see,  
For things will all be over then  
Between the Queen and me.

And I shall have to bate my price,  
For in the grave, they say,  
Is neither knowledge nor device  
Nor thirteen pence a day.

VI

LANCER

I 'listed at home for a lancer,  
/Oh who would not sleep with the brave?/  
I 'listed at home for a lancer  
To ride on a horse to my grave.

And over the seas we were bidden  
A country to take and to keep;  
And far with the brave I have ridden,  
And now with the brave I shall sleep.

For round me the men will be lying  
That learned me the way to behave.  
And showed me my business of dying:  
/Oh who would not sleep with the brave?/

They ask and there is not an answer;  
Says I, I will 'list for a lancer,  
/Oh who would not sleep with the brave?/

And I with the brave shall be sleeping  
At ease on my mattress of loam,  
When back from their taking and keeping  
The squadron is riding home.

The wind with the plumes will be playing,  
The girls will stand watching them wave,  
And eyeing my comrades and saying  
/Oh who would not sleep with the brave?/

They ask and there is not an answer;  
Says you, I will 'list for a lancer,

/Oh who would not sleep with the brave?/

VII

In valleys green and still  
Where lovers wander maying  
They hear from over hill  
A music playing.

Behind the drum and fife,  
Past hawthornwood and hollow,  
Through earth and out of life  
The soldiers follow.

The soldier's is the trade:  
In any wind or weather  
He steals the heart of maid  
And man together.

The lover and his lass  
Beneath the hawthorn lying  
Have heard the soldiers pass,  
And both are sighing.

And down the distance they  
With dying note and swelling  
Walk the resounding way  
To the still dwelling.

VIII

Soldier from the wars returning,  
Spoiler of the taken town,  
Here is ease that asks not earning;  
Turn you in and sit you down.

Peace is come and wars are over,  
Welcome you and welcome all,  
While the charger crops the clover  
And his bridle hangs in stall.

Now no more of winters biting,  
Filth in trench from fall to spring,  
Summers full of sweat and fighting  
For the Kesar or the King.

Rest you, charger, rust you, bridle;  
Kings and kesars, keep your pay;  
Soldier, sit you down and idle  
At the inn of night for aye.

IX

The chestnut casts his flambeaux, and the flowers  
Stream from the hawthorn on the wind away,  
The doors clap to, the pane is blind with showers.  
Pass me the can, lad; there's an end of May.

There's one spoilt spring to scant our mortal lot,  
One season ruined of our little store.  
May will be fine next year as like as not:  
Oh ay, but then we shall be twenty-four.

We for a certainty are not the first  
Have sat in taverns while the tempest hurled  
Their hopeful plans to emptiness, and cursed  
Whatever brute and blackguard made the world.

It is in truth iniquity on high  
To cheat our sentenced souls of aught they crave,  
And mar the merriment as you and I  
Fare on our long fool's-errand to the grave.

Iniquity it is; but pass the can.  
My lad, no pair of kings our mothers bore;  
Our only portion is the estate of man:  
We want the moon, but we shall get no more.

If here to-day the cloud of thunder lours  
To-morrow it will hie on far behests;  
The flesh will grieve on other bones than ours  
Soon, and the soul will mourn in other breasts.

The troubles of our proud and angry dust  
Are from eternity, and shall not fail.  
Bear them we can, and if we can we must.  
Shoulder the sky, my lad, and drink your ale.

X

Could man be drunk for ever  
With liquor, love, or fights,  
Lief should I rouse at morning  
And lief lie down of nights.

But men at whiles are sober  
And think by fits and starts,  
And if they think, they fasten  
Their hands upon their hearts.

XI

Yonder see the morning blink:



The sun is up, and up must I,  
To wash and dress and eat and drink  
And look at things and talk and think  
And work, and God knows why.

Oh often have I washed and dressed  
And what's to show for all my pain?  
Let me lie abed and rest:  
Ten thousand times I've done my best  
And all's to do again.

## XII

The laws of God, the laws of man,  
He may keep that will and can;  
Now I: let God and man decree  
Laws for themselves and not for me;  
And if my ways are not as theirs  
Let them mind their own affairs.  
Their deeds I judge and much condemn,  
Yet when did I make laws for them?  
Please yourselves, say I, and they  
Need only look the other way.  
But no, they will not; they must still  
Wrest their neighbour to their will,  
And make me dance as they desire  
With jail and gallows and hell-fire.  
And how am I to face the odds  
Of man's bedevilment and God's?  
I, a stranger and afraid  
In a world I never made.  
They will be master, right or wrong;  
Though both are foolish, both are strong,  
And since, my soul, we cannot fly  
To Saturn or Mercury,  
Keep we must, if keep we can,  
These foreign laws of God and man.

## XIII

### THE DESERTER

"What sound awakened me, I wonder,  
For now 'tis dumb."  
"Wheels on the road most like, or thunder:  
Lie down; 'twas not the drum.:"

"Toil at sea and two in haven  
And trouble far:  
Fly, crow, away, and follow, raven,  
And all that croaks for war."

"Hark, I heard the bugle crying,

And where am I?  
My friends are up and dressed and dying,  
And I will dress and die."

"Oh love is rare and trouble plenty  
And carrion cheap,  
And daylight dear at four-and-twenty:  
Lie down again and sleep."

"Reach me my belt and leave your prattle:  
Your hour is gone;  
But my day is the day of battle,  
And that comes dawning on.

"They mow the field of man in season:  
Farewell, my fair,  
And, call it truth or call it treason,  
Farewell the vows that were."

"Ay, false heart, forsake me lightly:  
'Tis like the brave.  
They find no bed to joy in rightly  
Before they find the grave.

"Their love is for their own undoing.  
And east and west  
They scour about the world a-wooing  
The bullet in their breast.

"Sail away the ocean over,  
Oh sail away,  
And lie there with your leaden lover  
For ever and a day."

#### XIV

##### THE CULPRIT

The night my father got me  
His mind was not on me;  
He did not plague his fancy  
To muse if I should be  
The son you see.

The day my mother bore me  
She was a fool and glad,  
For all the pain I cost her,  
That she had borne the lad  
That borne she had.

My mother and my father  
Out of the light they lie;  
The warrant would not find them,  
And here 'tis only I  
Shall hang so high.

Oh let not man remember  
The soul that God forgot,  
But fetch the county kerchief  
And noose me in the knot,  
And I will rot.

For so the game is ended  
That should not have begun.  
My father and my mother  
They had a likely son,  
And I have none.

XV

EIGHT O'CLOCK

He stood, and heard the steeple  
Sprinkle the quarters on the morning town.  
One, two, three, four, to market-place and people  
It tossed them down.

Strapped, noosed, nighing his hour,  
He stood and counted them and cursed his luck;  
And then the clock collected in the tower  
Its strength, and struck.

XVI

SPRING MORNING

Star and coronal and bell  
April underfoot renews,  
And the hope of man as well  
Flowers among the morning dews.

Now the old come out to look,  
Winter past and winter's pains.  
How the sky in pool and brook  
Glitters on the grassy plains.

Easily the gentle air  
Wafts the turning season on;  
Things to comfort them are there,  
Though 'tis true the best are gone.

Now the scorned unlucky lad  
Rousing from his pillow gnawn  
Mans his heart and deep and glad  
Drinks the valiant air of dawn.

Half the night he longed to die,  
Now are sown on hill and plain  
Pleasures worth his while to try

Ere he longs to die again.

Blue the sky from east to west  
Arches, and the world is wide,  
Though the girl he loves the best  
Rouses from another's side.

XVII

ASTRONOMY

The Wain upon the northern steep  
Descends and lifts away.  
Oh I will sit me down and weep  
For bones in Africa.

For pay and medals, name and rank,  
Things that he has not found,  
He hove the Cross to heaven and sank  
The pole-star underground.

And now he does not even see  
Signs of the nadir roll  
At night over the ground where he  
Is buried with the pole.

XVIII

The rain, it streams on stone and hillock,  
The boot clings to the clay.  
Since all is done that's due and right  
Let's home; and now, my lad, good-night,  
For I must turn away.

Good-night, my lad, for nought's eternal;  
No league of ours, for sure.  
Tomorrow I shall miss you less,  
And ache of heart and heaviness  
Are things that time should cure.

Over the hill the highway marches  
And what's beyond is wide:  
Oh soon enough will pine to nought  
Remembrance and the faithful thought  
That sits the grave beside.

The skies, they are not always raining  
Nor grey the twelvemonth through;  
And I shall meet good days and mirth,  
And range the lovely lands of earth  
With friends no worse than you.

But oh, my man, the house is fallen

That none can build again;  
My man, how full of joy and woe  
Your mother bore you years ago  
To-night to lie in the rain.

XIX

In midnights of November,  
When Dead Man's Fair is nigh,  
And danger in the valley,  
And anger in the sky,

Around the huddling homesteads  
The leafless timber roars,  
And the dead call the dying  
And finger at the doors.

Oh, yonder faltering fingers  
Are hands I used to hold;  
Their false companion drowns  
And leaves them in the cold.

Oh, to the bed of ocean,  
To Africk and to Ind,  
I will arise and follow  
Along the rainy wind.

The night goes out and under  
With all its train forlorn;  
Hues in the east assemble  
And cocks crow up the morn.

The living are the living  
And dead the dead will stay,  
And I will sort with comrades  
That face the beam of day.

XX

The night is freezing fast,  
To-morrow comes December;  
And winterfalls of old  
Are with me from the past;  
And chiefly I remember  
How Dick would hate the cold.

Fall, winter, fall; for he,  
Prompt hand and headpiece clever,  
Has woven a winter robe,  
And made of earth and sea  
His overcoat for ever,  
And wears the turning globe.

XXI

The fairies break their dances  
And leave the printed lawn,  
And up from India glances  
The silver sail of dawn.

The candles burn their sockets,  
The blinds let through the day,  
The young man feels his pockets  
And wonders what's to pay.

XXII

The sloe was lost in flower,  
The April elm was dim;  
That was the lover's hour,  
The hour for lies and him.

If thorns are all the bower,  
If north winds freeze the fir,  
Why, 'tis another's hour,  
The hour for truth and her.

XXIII

In the morning, in the morning,  
In the happy field of hay,  
Oh they looked at one another  
By the light of day.

In the blue and silver morning  
On the haycock as they lay,  
Oh they looked at one another  
And they looked away.

XXIV

EPITHALAMIUM

He is here, Urania's son,  
Hymen come from Helicon;  
God that glads the lover's heart,  
He is here to join and part.  
So the groomsman quits your side  
And the bridegroom seeks the bride:  
Friend and comrade yield you o'er

To her that hardly loves you more.

Now the sun his skyward beam  
Has tilted from the Ocean stream.  
Light the Indies, laggard sun:  
Happy bridegroom, day is done,  
And the star from Ota's steep  
Calls to bed but not to sleep.

Happy bridegroom, Hesper brings  
All desired and timely things.  
All whom morning sends to roam,  
Hesper loves to lead them home.  
Home return who him behold,  
Child to mother, sheep to fold,  
Bird to nest from wandering wide:  
Happy bridegroom, seek your bride.

Pour it out, the golden cup  
Given and guarded, brimming up,  
Safe through jostling markets borne  
And the thicket of the thorn;  
Folly spurned and danger past,  
Pour it to the god at last.

Now, to smother noise and light,  
Is stolen abroad the wildering night,  
And the blotting shades confuse  
Path and meadow full of dews;  
And the high heavens, that all control,  
Turn in silence round the pole.  
Catch the starry beams they shed  
Prospering the marriage bed,  
And breed the land that reared your prime  
Sons to stay the rot of time.  
All is quiet, no alarms;

Nothing fear of nightly harms.  
Safe you sleep on guarded ground,  
And in silent circle round  
The thoughts of friends keep watch and ward,  
Harnessed angels, hand on sword.

XXV

## THE ORACLES

'Tis mute, the word they went to hear on high Dodona mountain  
When winds were in the oakenshaws and all the cauldrons tolled,  
And mute's the midland navel-stone beside the singing fountain,  
And echoes list to silence now where gods told lies of old.

I took my question to the shrine that has not ceased from speaking,  
The heart within, that tells the truth and tells it twice as plain;  
And from the cave of oracles I heard the priestess shrieking  
That she and I should surely die and never live again.

Oh priestess, what you cry is clear, and sound good sense I think it;  
But let the screaming echoes rest, and froth your mouth no more.  
'Tis true there's better boose than brine, but he that drowns must drink it;  
And oh, my lass, the news is news that men have heard before.

/The King with half the East at heel is marched from lands of morning;  
Their fighters drink the rivers up, their shafts benight the air.  
And he that stands will die for nought, and home there's no returning./  
The Spartans on the sea-wet rock sat down and combed their hair.

## XXVI

The half-moon westers low, my love,  
And the wind brings up the rain;  
And wide apart lie we, my love,  
And seas between the twain.

I know not if it rains, my love,  
In the land where you do lie;  
And oh, so sound you sleep, my love,  
You know no more than I.

## XXVII

The sigh that heaves the grasses  
Whence thou wilt never rise  
Is of the air that passes  
And knows not if it sighs.

The diamond tears adorning  
Thy low mound on the lea,  
Those are the tears of morning,  
That weeps, but not for thee.

## XXVIII

Now dreary dawns the eastern light,  
And fall of eve is drear,  
And cold the poor man lies at night,  
And so goes out the year.

Little is the luck I've had,  
And oh, 'tis comfort small  
To think that many another lad  
Has had no luck at all.



XXIX

Wake not for the world-heard thunder  
Nor the chime that earthquakes toll.  
Star may plot in heaven with planet,  
Lightning rive the rock of granite,  
Tempest tread the oakwood under:  
Fear not you for flesh nor soul.  
Marching, fighting, victory past,  
Stretch your limbs in peace at last.

Stir not for the soldiers drilling  
Nor the fever nothing cures:  
Throb of drum and timbal's rattle  
Call but man alive to battle,  
And the fife with death-notes filling  
Screams for blood but not for yours.  
Times enough you bled your best;  
Sleep on now, and take your rest.

Sleep, my lad; the French are landed,  
London's burning, Windsor's down;  
Clasp your cloak of earth about you,  
We must man the ditch without you,  
March unled and fight short-handed,  
Charge to fall and swim to drown.  
Duty, friendship, bravery o'er,  
Sleep away, lad; wake no more.

XXX

SINNER'S RUE

I walked alone and thinking,  
And faint the nightwind blew  
And stirred on mounds at crossways  
The flower of sinner's rue.

Where the roads part they bury  
Him that his own hand slays,  
And so the weed of sorrow  
Springs at the four cross ways.

By night I plucked it hueless,  
When morning broke 'twas blue:  
Blue at my breast I fastened  
The flower of sinner's rue.

It seemed a herb of healing,  
A balsam and a sign,  
Flower of a heart whose trouble  
Must have been worse than mine.

Dead clay that did me kindness,  
I can do none to you,  
But only wear for breastknot

The flower of sinner's rue.

XXXI

### HELL'S GATE

Onward led the road again  
Through the sad uncoloured plain  
Under twilight brooding dim,  
And along the utmost rim  
Wall and rampart risen to sight  
Cast a shadow not of night,  
And beyond them seemed to glow  
Bonfires lighted long ago.  
And my dark conductor broke  
Silence at my side and spoke,  
Saying, "You conjecture well:  
Yonder is the gate of hell."

Ill as yet the eye could see  
The eternal masonry,  
But beneath it on the dark  
To and fro there stirred a spark.  
And again the sombre guide  
Knew my question, and replied:  
"At hell gate the damned in turn  
Pace for sentinel and burn."

Dully at the leaden sky  
Staring, and with idle eye  
Measuring the listless plain,  
I began to think again.  
Many things I thought of then,  
Battle, and the loves of men,  
Cities entered, oceans crossed,  
Knowledge gained and virtue lost,  
Cureless folly done and said,  
And the lovely way that led  
To the slime-pit and the mire  
And the everlasting fire.  
And against a smoulder dun  
And a dawn without a sun  
Did the nearing bastion loom,  
And across the gate of gloom  
Still one saw the sentry go,  
Trim and burning, to and fro,  
One for women to admire  
In his finery of fire.  
Something, as I watched him pace,  
Minded me of time and place,  
Soldiers of another corps  
And a sentry known before.

Ever darker hell on high  
Reared its strength upon the sky,  
And our football on the track

Fetch'd the daunting echo back.  
But the soldier pacing still  
The insuperable sill,  
Nursing his tormented pride,  
Turn'd his head to neither side,  
Sunk into himself apart  
And the hell-fire of his heart.  
But against our entering in  
From the drawbridge Death and Sin  
Rose to render key and sword  
To their father and their lord.  
And the portress foul to see  
Lifted up her eyes on me  
Smiling, and I made reply:  
"Met again, my lass," said I.  
Then the sentry turned his head,  
Looked, and knew me, and was Ned.

Once he looked, and halted straight,  
Set his back against the gate,  
Caught his musket to his chin,  
While the hive of hell within  
Sent abroad a seething hum  
As of towns whose king is come  
Leading conquest home from far  
And the captives of his war,  
And the car of triumph waits,  
And they open wide the gates.  
But across the entry barred  
Straddled the revolted guard,  
Weaponed and accoutred well  
From the arsenals of hell;  
And beside him, sick and white,  
Sin to left and Death to right  
Turn'd a countenance of fear  
On the flaming mutineer.  
Over us the darkness bowed,  
And the anger in the cloud  
Clenched the lightning for the stroke;  
But the traitor musket spoke.

And the hollowness of hell  
Sounded as its master fell,  
And the mourning echo rolled  
Ruin through his kingdom old.  
Tyranny and terror flown  
Left a pair of friends alone,  
And beneath the nether sky  
All that stirred was he and I.

Silent, nothing found to say,  
We began the backward way;  
And the ebbing luster died  
From the soldier at my side,  
As in all his spruce attire  
Failed the everlasting fire.  
Midmost of the homeward track  
Once we listened and looked back;  
But the city, dusk and mute,

Slept, and there was no pursuit.

XXXII

When I would muse in boyhood  
The wild green woods among,  
And nurse resolves and fancies  
Because the world was young,  
It was not foes to conquer,  
Nor sweethearts to be kind,  
But it was friends to die for  
That I would seek and find.

I sought them far and found them,  
The sure, the straight, the brave,  
The hearts I lost my own to,  
The souls I could not save.  
They braced their belts about them,  
They crossed in ships the sea,  
They sought and found six feet of ground,  
And there they died for me.

XXXIII

When the eye of day is shut,  
And the stars deny their beams,  
And about the forest hut  
Blows the roaring wood of dreams,

From deep clay, from desert rock,  
From the sunk sands of the main,  
Come not at my door to knock,  
Hearts that loved me not again.

Sleep, be still, turn to your rest  
In the lands where you are laid;  
In far lodgings east and west  
Lie down on the beds you made.

In gross marl, in blowing dust,  
In the drowned ooze of the sea,  
Where you would not, lie you must,  
Lie you must, and not with me.

XXXIV

THE FIRST OF MAY

The orchards half the way  
From home to Ludlow fair

Flowered on the first of May  
In Mays when I was there;  
And seen from stile or turning  
The plume of smoke would show  
Where fires were burning  
That went out long ago.

The plum broke forth in green,  
The pear stood high and snowed,  
My friends and I between  
Would take the Ludlow road;  
Dressed to the nines and drinking  
And light in heart and limb,  
And each chap thinking  
The fair was held for him.

Between the trees in flower  
New friends at fairtime tread  
The way where Ludlow tower  
Stands planted on the dead.  
Our thoughts, a long while after,  
They think, our words they say;  
Theirs now's the laughter,  
The fair, the first of May.

Ay, yonder lads are yet  
The fools that we were then;  
For oh, the sons we get  
Are still the sons of men.  
The sumless tale of sorrow  
Is all unrolled in vain:  
May comes to-morrow  
And Ludlow fair again.

XXXV

When first my way to fair I took  
Few pence in purse had I,  
And long I used to stand and look  
At things I could not buy.

Now times are altered: if I care  
To buy a thing, I can;  
The pence are here and here's the fair,  
But where's the lost young man?

--To think that two and two are four  
And neither five nor three  
The heart of man has long been sore  
And long 'tis like to be.

XXXVI

## REVOLUTION

West and away the wheels of darkness roll,  
Day's beamy banner up the east is borne,  
Spectres and fears, the nightmare and her foal,  
Drown in the golden deluge of the morn.

But over sea and continent from sight  
Safe to the Indies has the earth conveyed  
The vast and moon-eclipsing cone of night,  
Her towering foolscap of eternal shade.

See, in mid heaven the sun is mounted; hark,  
The belfries tingle to the noonday chime.  
'Tis silent, and the subterranean dark  
Has crossed the nadir, and begins to climb.

## XXXVII

### EPITAPH ON AN ARMY OF MERCENARIES

These, in the day when heaven was falling,  
The hour when earth's foundations fled,  
Followed their mercenary calling  
And took their wages and are dead.

Their shoulders held the sky suspended;  
They stood, and earth's foundations stay;  
What God abandoned, these defended,  
And saved the sum of things for pay.

## XXXVIII

Oh stay at home, my lad, and plough  
The land and not the sea,  
And leave the soldiers at their drill,  
And all about the idle hill  
Shepherd your sheep with me.

Oh stay with company and mirth  
And daylight and the air;  
Too full already is the grave  
Of fellows that were good and brave  
And died because they were.

## XXXIX

When summer's end is nighing  
And skies at evening cloud,  
I muse on change and fortune

And all the feats I vowed  
When I was young and proud.

The weathercock at sunset  
Would lose the slanted ray,  
And I would climb the beacon  
That looked to Wales away  
And saw the last of day.

From hill and cloud and heaven  
The hues of evening died;  
Night welled through lane and hollow  
And hushed the countryside,  
But I had youth and pride.

And I with earth and nightfall  
In converse high would stand,  
Late, till the west was ashen  
And darkness hard at hand,  
And the eye lost the land.

The year might age, and cloudy  
The lessening day might close,  
But air of other summers  
Breathed from beyond the snows,  
And I had hope of those.

They came and were and are not  
And come no more anew;  
And all the years and seasons  
That ever can ensue  
Must now be worse and few.

So here's an end of roaming  
On eves when autumn nighs:  
The ear too fondly listens  
For summer's parting sighs,  
And then the heart replies.

XL

Tell me not here, it needs not saying,  
What tune the enchantress plays  
In aftermaths of soft September  
Or under blanching mays,  
For she and I were long acquainted  
And I knew all her ways.

On russet floors, by waters idle,  
The pine lets fall its cone;  
The cuckoo shouts all day at nothing  
In leafy dells alone;  
And traveler's joy beguiles in autumn  
Hearts that have lost their own.

On acres of the seeded grasses

The changing burnish heaves;  
Or marshalled under moons of harvest  
Stand still all night the sheaves;  
Or beeches strip in storms for winter  
And stain the wind with leaves.

Possess, as I possessed a season,  
The countries I resign,  
Where over elmy plains the highway  
Would mount the hills and shine,  
And full of shade the pillared forest  
Would murmur and be mine.

For nature, heartless, witless nature,  
Will neither care nor know  
What stranger's feet may find the meadow  
And trespass there and go,  
Nor ask amid the dews of morning  
If they are mine or no.

XLI

#### FANCY'S KNELL

When lads were home from labour  
At Abdon under Clee,  
A man would call his neighbor  
And both would send for me.  
And where the light in lances  
Across the mead was laid,  
There to the dances  
I fetched my flute and played.

Ours were idle pleasures,  
Yet oh, content we were,  
The young to wind the measures,  
The old to heed the air;  
And I to lift with playing  
From tree and tower and steep  
The light delaying,  
And flute the sun to sleep.

The youth toward his fancy  
Would turn his brow of tan,  
And Tom would pair with Nancy  
And Dick step off with Fan;  
The girl would lift her glances  
To his, and both be mute:  
Well went the dances  
At evening to the flute.

Wenlock Edge was umbered,  
And bright was Abdon Burf,  
And warm between them slumbered  
The smooth green miles of turf;  
Until from grass and clover



The upshot beam would fade,  
And England over  
Advanced the lofty shade.

The lofty shade advances,  
I fetch my flute and play:  
Come, lads, and learn the dances  
And praise the tune to-day.  
To-morrow, more's the pity,  
Away we both must hie,  
To air the ditty,

End of the Project Gutenberg EBook of Last Poems, by A. E. Housman

\*\*\* END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK LAST POEMS \*\*\*

This file should be named 7lspm10.txt or 7lspm10.zip  
Corrected EDITIONS of our eBooks get a new NUMBER, 7lspm11.txt  
VERSIONS based on separate sources get new LETTER, 7lspm10a.txt

Produced by A. P. Saulters

Project Gutenberg eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as Public Domain in the US unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we usually do not keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

We are now trying to release all our eBooks one year in advance of the official release dates, leaving time for better editing. Please be encouraged to tell us about any error or corrections, even years after the official publication date.

Please note neither this listing nor its contents are final til midnight of the last day of the month of any such announcement. The official release date of all Project Gutenberg eBooks is at Midnight, Central Time, of the last day of the stated month. A preliminary version may often be posted for suggestion, comment and editing by those who wish to do so.

Most people start at our Web sites at:  
<http://gutenberg.net> or  
<http://promo.net/pg>

These Web sites include award-winning information about Project Gutenberg, including how to donate, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter (free!).

Those of you who want to download any eBook before announcement can get to them as follows, and just download by date. This is also a good way to get them instantly upon announcement, as the indexes our cataloguers produce obviously take a while after an announcement goes out in the Project Gutenberg Newsletter.

<http://www.ibiblio.org/gutenberg/etext03> or

<ftp://ftp.ibiblio.org/pub/docs/books/gutenberg/etext03>

Or /etext02, 01, 00, 99, 98, 97, 96, 95, 94, 93, 92, 91 or 90

Just search by the first five letters of the filename you want, as it appears in our Newsletters.

Information about Project Gutenberg (one page)

We produce about two million dollars for each hour we work. The time it takes us, a rather conservative estimate, is fifty hours to get any eBook selected, entered, proofread, edited, copyright searched and analyzed, the copyright letters written, etc. Our projected audience is one hundred million readers. If the value per text is nominally estimated at one dollar then we produce \$2 million dollars per hour in 2002 as we release over 100 new text files per month: 1240 more eBooks in 2001 for a total of 4000+ We are already on our way to trying for 2000 more eBooks in 2002 If they reach just 1-2% of the world's population then the total will reach over half a trillion eBooks given away by year's end.

The Goal of Project Gutenberg is to Give Away 1 Trillion eBooks! This is ten thousand titles each to one hundred million readers, which is only about 4% of the present number of computer users.

Here is the briefest record of our progress (\* means estimated):

eBooks Year Month

1	1971	July
10	1991	January
100	1994	January
1000	1997	August
1500	1998	October
2000	1999	December
2500	2000	December
3000	2001	November
4000	2001	October/November
6000	2002	December*
9000	2003	November*
10000	2004	January*

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation has been created to secure a future for Project Gutenberg into the next millennium.

We need your donations more than ever!

As of February, 2002, contributions are being solicited from people and organizations in: Alabama, Alaska, Arkansas, Connecticut, Delaware, District of Columbia, Florida, Georgia, Hawaii, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Vermont, Virginia, Washington, West Virginia, Wisconsin, and Wyoming.

We have filed in all 50 states now, but these are the only ones that have responded.

As the requirements for other states are met, additions to this list will be made and fund raising will begin in the additional states. Please feel free to ask to check the status of your state.

In answer to various questions we have received on this:

We are constantly working on finishing the paperwork to legally request donations in all 50 states. If your state is not listed and you would like to know if we have added it since the list you have, just ask.

While we cannot solicit donations from people in states where we are not yet registered, we know of no prohibition against accepting donations from donors in these states who approach us with an offer to donate.

International donations are accepted, but we don't know ANYTHING about how to make them tax-deductible, or even if they CAN be made deductible, and don't have the staff to handle it even if there are ways.

Donations by check or money order may be sent to:

Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation  
PMB 113  
1739 University Ave.  
Oxford, MS 38655-4109

Contact us if you want to arrange for a wire transfer or payment method other than by check or money order.

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation has been approved by the US Internal Revenue Service as a 501(c)(3) organization with EIN [Employee Identification Number] 64-622154. Donations are tax-deductible to the maximum extent permitted by law. As fund-raising requirements for other states are met, additions to this list will be made and fund-raising will begin in the additional states.

We need your donations more than ever!

You can get up to date donation information online at:

<http://www.gutenberg.net/donation.html>

\*\*\*

If you can't reach Project Gutenberg,  
you can always email directly to:

Michael S. Hart <hart@pobox.com>

Prof. Hart will answer or forward your message.

We would prefer to send you information by email.

## **\*\*The Legal Small Print\*\***

(Three Pages)

### **\*\*\*START\*\*THE SMALL PRINT!\*\*FOR PUBLIC DOMAIN EBOOKS\*\*START\*\*\***

Why is this "Small Print!" statement here? You know: lawyers. They tell us you might sue us if there is something wrong with your copy of this eBook, even if you got it for free from someone other than us, and even if what's wrong is not our fault. So, among other things, this "Small Print!" statement disclaims most of our liability to you. It also tells you how you may distribute copies of this eBook if you want to.

### **\*BEFORE!\* YOU USE OR READ THIS EBOOK**

By using or reading any part of this PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm eBook, you indicate that you understand, agree to and accept this "Small Print!" statement. If you do not, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for this eBook by sending a request within 30 days of receiving it to the person you got it from. If you received this eBook on a physical medium (such as a disk), you must return it with your request.

### **ABOUT PROJECT GUTENBERG-TM EBOOKS**

This PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm eBook, like most PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm eBooks, is a "public domain" work distributed by Professor Michael S. Hart through the Project Gutenberg Association (the "Project"). Among other things, this means that no one owns a United States copyright on or for this work, so the Project (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth below, apply if you wish to copy and distribute this eBook under the "PROJECT GUTENBERG" trademark.

Please do not use the "PROJECT GUTENBERG" trademark to market any commercial products without permission.

To create these eBooks, the Project expends considerable efforts to identify, transcribe and proofread public domain works. Despite these efforts, the Project's eBooks and any medium they may be on may contain "Defects". Among other things, Defects may take the form of incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other eBook medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

### **LIMITED WARRANTY; DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES**

But for the "Right of Replacement or Refund" described below, [1] Michael Hart and the Foundation (and any other party you may receive this eBook from as a PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm eBook) disclaims all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees, and [2] YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE OR UNDER STRICT LIABILITY, OR FOR BREACH OF WARRANTY OR CONTRACT, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES, EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGES.

If you discover a Defect in this eBook within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending an explanatory note within that time to the person you received it from. If you received it on a physical medium, you must return it with your note, and such person may choose to alternatively give you a replacement copy. If you received it electronically, such person may choose to alternatively give you a second opportunity to receive it electronically.

THIS EBOOK IS OTHERWISE PROVIDED TO YOU "AS-IS". NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, ARE MADE TO YOU AS TO THE EBOOK OR ANY MEDIUM IT MAY BE ON, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR A PARTICULAR PURPOSE.

Some states do not allow disclaimers of implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of consequential damages, so the above disclaimers and exclusions may not apply to you, and you may have other legal rights.

#### INDEMNITY

You will indemnify and hold Michael Hart, the Foundation, and its trustees and agents, and any volunteers associated with the production and distribution of Project Gutenberg-tm texts harmless, from all liability, cost and expense, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following that you do or cause: [1] distribution of this eBook, [2] alteration, modification, or addition to the eBook, or [3] any Defect.

#### DISTRIBUTION UNDER "PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm"

You may distribute copies of this eBook electronically, or by disk, book or any other medium if you either delete this "Small Print!" and all other references to Project Gutenberg, or:

[1] Only give exact copies of it. Among other things, this requires that you do not remove, alter or modify the eBook or this "small print!" statement. You may however, if you wish, distribute this eBook in machine readable binary, compressed, mark-up, or proprietary form, including any form resulting from conversion by word processing or hypertext software, but only so long as \*EITHER\*:

[\*] The eBook, when displayed, is clearly readable, and does \*not\* contain characters other than those intended by the author of the work, although tilde (~), asterisk (\*) and underline ( ) characters may be used to convey punctuation intended by the author, and additional characters may be used to indicate hypertext links; OR

[\*] The eBook may be readily converted by the reader at no expense into plain ASCII, EBCDIC or equivalent form by the program that displays the eBook (as is the case, for instance, with most word processors); OR

[\*] You provide, or agree to also provide on request at no additional cost, fee or expense, a copy of the eBook in its original plain ASCII form (or in EBCDIC or other equivalent proprietary form).

[2] Honor the eBook refund and replacement provisions of this "Small Print!" statement.

[3] Pay a trademark license fee to the Foundation of 20% of the gross profits you derive calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. If you don't derive profits, no royalty is due. Royalties are payable to "Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation" the 60 days following each date you prepare (or were legally required to prepare) your annual (or equivalent periodic) tax return. Please contact us beforehand to let us know your plans and to work out the details.

WHAT IF YOU \*WANT\* TO SEND MONEY EVEN IF YOU DON'T HAVE TO?

Project Gutenberg is dedicated to increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine readable form.

The Project gratefully accepts contributions of money, time, public domain materials, or royalty free copyright licenses.

Money should be paid to the:

"Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation."

If you are interested in contributing scanning equipment or software or other items, please contact Michael Hart at: [hart@pobox.com](mailto:hart@pobox.com)

[Portions of this eBook's header and trailer may be reprinted only when distributed free of all fees. Copyright (C) 2001, 2002 by Michael S. Hart. Project Gutenberg is a TradeMark and may not be used in any sales of Project Gutenberg eBooks or other materials be they hardware or software or any other related product without express permission.]

\*END THE SMALL PRINT! FOR PUBLIC DOMAIN EBOOKS\*Ver.02/11/02\*END\*

# Livros Grátis

( <http://www.livrosgratis.com.br> )

Milhares de Livros para Download:

[Baixar livros de Administração](#)

[Baixar livros de Agronomia](#)

[Baixar livros de Arquitetura](#)

[Baixar livros de Artes](#)

[Baixar livros de Astronomia](#)

[Baixar livros de Biologia Geral](#)

[Baixar livros de Ciência da Computação](#)

[Baixar livros de Ciência da Informação](#)

[Baixar livros de Ciência Política](#)

[Baixar livros de Ciências da Saúde](#)

[Baixar livros de Comunicação](#)

[Baixar livros do Conselho Nacional de Educação - CNE](#)

[Baixar livros de Defesa civil](#)

[Baixar livros de Direito](#)

[Baixar livros de Direitos humanos](#)

[Baixar livros de Economia](#)

[Baixar livros de Economia Doméstica](#)

[Baixar livros de Educação](#)

[Baixar livros de Educação - Trânsito](#)

[Baixar livros de Educação Física](#)

[Baixar livros de Engenharia Aeroespacial](#)

[Baixar livros de Farmácia](#)

[Baixar livros de Filosofia](#)

[Baixar livros de Física](#)

[Baixar livros de Geociências](#)

[Baixar livros de Geografia](#)

[Baixar livros de História](#)

[Baixar livros de Línguas](#)

[Baixar livros de Literatura](#)  
[Baixar livros de Literatura de Cordel](#)  
[Baixar livros de Literatura Infantil](#)  
[Baixar livros de Matemática](#)  
[Baixar livros de Medicina](#)  
[Baixar livros de Medicina Veterinária](#)  
[Baixar livros de Meio Ambiente](#)  
[Baixar livros de Meteorologia](#)  
[Baixar Monografias e TCC](#)  
[Baixar livros Multidisciplinar](#)  
[Baixar livros de Música](#)  
[Baixar livros de Psicologia](#)  
[Baixar livros de Química](#)  
[Baixar livros de Saúde Coletiva](#)  
[Baixar livros de Serviço Social](#)  
[Baixar livros de Sociologia](#)  
[Baixar livros de Teologia](#)  
[Baixar livros de Trabalho](#)  
[Baixar livros de Turismo](#)