

A. E. Housman (1859-1936)

4 *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. 5

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. 10

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. 15

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. 20

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. 25

1922

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