

A. E. Housman (1859-1936)

7 *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 5  
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, 10  
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 15  
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. 20

1922

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