

## THE LAST BILLET

SOME day I'll come to that still place,  
And bid the old man make my bed.  
No hurry of departure then:  
No waking when the dawn is red.

The same kind trees will sing to me,  
Day after day, night after night:  
The wind that wanders in the grass  
Will bring no tidings of the fight.

In that still hostelry of rest,  
Where time is not, and sleep is long,  
I'll clean forget the thing unwon,  
And pain of the unfinished song.

Night will not find me journeying,  
Where endless roads in dusk are set,  
On some fool's errand down the world,  
Hag-ridden by an old regret.

Some evening I shall turn aside  
To that dark hostelry of rest,  
And at the threshold loose my spurs,  
And to the wind bequeath my quest.