

THE ROAD TO HEADLEY.

When I go back to Headley  
That lies below the moor,  
I'll go the way I love best  
If I be rich or poor.

For rich or poor I'll go back,  
God keep me for that day,  
I'll walk again to Headley  
And none shall say me nay.

And this shall be my going,  
When men go home to rest  
I'll take the road at Grayshott  
My face towards the west.

I'll walk into the sunset  
That dyes all heaven red,  
And watch the shadows lengthen  
Until the sun is dead.

The hills will change their colour  
From blue to sombre gray,  
The hardy gorse and heather  
Will hide their lights away.

The warm dusk will caress me  
And every perfume bring,  
While in the rustling silence  
A thousand leaves will sing.

And in the stealthy darkness  
The Headley road will gleam  
All fair and white before me  
As any silver stream.

So I'll go back to Headley,  
If I be rich or poor,  
And this shall be my going  
Across the evening moor.

EDWIN ESSEX, O.P.