

# Tavern

Edna St Vincent Millay

I'll keep a little tavern  
Below the high hill's crest,  
Wherein all grey-eyed people  
May set them down and rest.

There shall be plates a-plenty,  
And mugs to melt the chill  
Of all the grey-eyed people  
Who happen up the hill.

There sound will sleep the traveller,  
And dream his journey's end,  
But I will rouse at midnight  
The falling fire to tend.

Aye, 'tis a curious fancy --  
But all the good I know  
Was taught me out of two grey eyes  
A long time ago.