

# The Debt

This is the debt I pay  
Just for one riotous day,  
Years of regret and grief,  
Sorrow without relief.

Pay it I will to the end —  
Until the grave, my friend,  
Gives me a true release —  
Gives me the clasp of peace.

Slight was the thing I bought,  
Small was the debt I thought,  
Poor was the loan at best —  
God! but the interest!