

*"Cowards die many times before their deaths;  
The valiant never taste of death but once."*  
– Shakespeare

## **TO THE LAST OF ALL**

Whether it's Heaven – or whether it's Hell –  
Or whether it's merely sleep;  
Or whether it's Something in Between  
Where ghosts of the half gods creep –

Since it comes but once – and it comes to all –  
On the one fixed, certain date –  
Why drink of the dregs till the cup arrives  
On the gray date set by Fate?

Is life so dear – are dreams so sure?  
Are love and strife so strong,  
That one should shrink from the fated step  
To a road that is new and long?

The soul – the grave – and the after- trail –  
The Mystic Rivers flow –  
How have the living earned their guess  
Where only the dead may know?

Grantland Rice (1880-1954)