

## **The Road Ahead or The Road Behind**

I think the fates must grin  
as we denounce them and insist,  
The only reason we can't win  
is the fates themselves have missed.

Yet, there lives on the ancient claim-  
We win or lose within ourselves,  
The shining trophies on our shelves can  
Never win tomorrow's game.

So you and I know deeper down  
There is a chance to win the crown,  
But when we fail to give our best,  
We simply haven't met the test

Of giving all and saving none  
Until the game is really won.

Of showing what is meant by grit,  
Of playing through not letting up,  
It's bearing down that wins the cup.

Of taking it and taking more  
Until we gain the winning score

Of dreaming there's a goal ahead,  
Of hoping when our dreams are dead,  
Of praying when our hopes have fled.

Yet, losing, not afraid to fall,  
If bravely we have given all,  
For who can ask more of a man  
Than giving all within his span.

That giving all, it seems to me,  
Is not so far from VICTORY.

And so the fates are seldom wrong,  
No matter how they twist and wind;  
It's you and I who make our fates,  
We open up or close the gates

On the ROAD AHEAD or the ROAD BEHIND

**George Joseph Moriarty (1884 –1964)**

