



You to the left and I to the right,  
For the ways of men must sever  
And it well may be for a day and a night  
And it well may be forever!  
But whether we live or whether we die  
(For the end is past our knowing),  
Here's two frank hearts and the open sky,  
Be a fair or an ill wind blowing.  
Here's luck!  
In the teeth of all winds blowing.

—RICHARD HOVEY

