

Or if the hollow eyes of Death
Should cast commanding gaze on me,
Bidding me yield the shibboleth
And plumb the black, unfathomed sea —
I pray that I at last may fall
In paths where Honour ever strayed,
And answer the unwished-for Call
Unquestioning and unafraid.

Au revoir
Your Boy and your Pal,

R. A. L.