

FOR AN ONLY SON.

An Elegiac Idyll For One Who Fell In Battle in the Strength
and Beauty of Early Manhood.

Go thy way, thy son liveth.—St. John, 4:50.

A DARK road runneth to Avalon,
The happy valley of Avalon;
And spectral heroes foregather where
The dark road endeth in Avalon:
In the ghostly light they foregather there;
And oft they scan with expectant eyes
The way that windeth to Paradise:
They scan the way for the young and fair
Who fell in battle; and they greet them, "Hail!
And Welcome, Comrades! to the mystic vale,
The hallowed valley of Avalon."
For Avalon's vale is the Warrior's Land,
And Avalon's Halls are the Hero's Home;
And God smiles down on the happy band
Of his young true Knights the while they roam
The lilled lawns of fair Avalon.

A river floweth through Avalon,
The happy valley of Avalon;
The spectral Knights and Captains and Kings
Kneel by the river in Avalon,
And drink deep draughts from the crystal springs.
The waters give them a sweet increase
Of endless youth and pervasive peace;
And the valley rings with their chorusings:—
"Hail, Love that died—and Death, all hail!
Death brought New Life in the lilled vale,
The hallowed valley of Avalon."
For Avalon's vale is the mystic Land
Of the Ever-Young; in that paradise
God's smile shines down on his Warrior-hand,
And the young Knights' laughter cleaveth the skies
In the happy valley of Avalon.

The knightly train by the waters wan
That lave the valley of Avalon,
Spied late, in his manhood's first estate,
A new Knight speeding to Avalon.
Fair was his form, and his step elate;
With eyes a-front and a soldier's mien
He wended his way to the blissful scene.