

To a Comrade Fallen

He is gone the friend of my  
gone with his <sup>youth</sup> Galapad  
Into the Valley of <sup>heart</sup> Shadows  
Where I too soon must  
depart  
Into the mystic twilight  
He passed a lambent  
As the silent hills <sup>flame</sup>  
Reached with his <sup>of the</sup> <sup>worled</sup> fame  
And though the night <sup>engulfed</sup>  
Before him shone <sup>him</sup>  
Its tender rays the great  
gleamed o'er his <sup>and holy</sup> armour pale  
Afar we heard the bugles  
Pealing silver and shrill  
Till the noise of the tumult  
And all was hushed <sup>dead</sup>  
and still.

W.B.K.  
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