

EXPECTANS EQUITO

“**E**XPECTANS EQUITO.” Glad the tidings
Of these brave words as I spurred afield.
With hope in the waiting and joy in the riding,
What had to-morrow at heart to yield?

Bright was the shield my fathers gave me.
Light was my heart as I rode along.
With faith and hope and a dream to save me,
Waiting and riding were like a song.

Camps and courts and gilded cities;
Revel and war and the clanging chase;
God's round world, with its joys and pities;
And over my valour a bending face.

“Expectans equito.” Read it, Princess!
These brave words are my wild heart's clue.
Battles may pass and leave me broken,
But waiting and riding will win to you.