

## 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.