



*What means th' expectant throng? The loud fanfare?
Th' acclaim which swells on the November air?
A bride, whom Time may call to queenly part,
Has won a consort's (and a nation's) heart.
Thus, in the blaze of Britain's old-time glory
Is played the ever-new, the age-old story
Of courage, faith, young love; and sounding cheers
Raise myriad souls from carking doubts and fears
To pray for them, from year to happy year
Till their lives end, the buoyant call "All clear".*

J.C.M.