



Ode To The Queen

This Lady whom we crown was born
When buds were green upon the thorn
And earliest cowslips showed;
When still unseen by mortal eye
One cuckoo tolled his "Here am I",
And over little glints of sky,
In rain-pools whence the trickles flowed,
The small snipe clattered wing.
The swallows were upon the road,
Nought but the cherry-blossom snowed,
The promise was on all fields sowed
Of Earth's beginning Spring.

Now that we crown her as our Queen
May love keep all her pathways green,
May sunlight bless her days;
May the fair Spring of her beginning
Ripen to all things worth the winning,
The very surest of our praise
That mortal men attempt.
May this old land revive and be
Again a star set in the sea,
A Kingdom fit for such as she
With glories yet undreamt.

—JOHN MASEFIELD,
Poet Laureate