



On the Passing of a Queen

*A nation mourns their passing queen,
And ponders what these tidings mean.
You wore the crown, you wore it well,
So your renown your good deeds tell.*

*A minister we didn't choose,
A monarch that we're sad to lose.
One Lizzy comes, another goes,
An era ends, amidst fresh woes.*

*Few kings have reigned as long as you,
Or served as nobly, wise and true,
And now your realm you've left behind,
Too short your days, your death ill-timed.*

*Another realm you've entered now,
Where queens and subjects both must bow,
But you already serve this king,
Your life and works acknowledge him.*

*We're grateful for your service paid,
Your legend lives and will not fade,
So may your memory be our guide
And fill us with a sense of pride.*

Marcus Lander, September 2022