**The Queue**

From East and West and up and down

We travelled into London Town

A never-ending pilgrim stream

Come to mourn a well-loved queen.

We walked by day and night’s long hours

And wept and grieved and laid down flowers.

Around the streets and parks we queued

In a bulldog-spirit attitude.

For miles and miles and hours on end

Some met as strangers, left as friends

Then, finally, at the front of queue,

We stood for just a second or two,

And gave a curtsy, salute or bow.

It seemed too small a thing, somehow,

For seventy years, a lifetime spent

A promise kept, a life unbent.

From service to a family wide -

Stately, gracious, dignified

Though cold and tired, I’m glad I came

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Thank you, ma’am, till we meet again.

John Yates