

2-PS1001

54/88

THE QUEEN PAYS HOMAGE:

This day is theirs.

The sorrow and the tears are ours.

In cloudless avenues of peace they dwell,
far from the battle-fields whereon they fell,
careless of the fleeting hours,

In trump that sounds, the bowed head -

Thus we salute the men who made us free.

But in our hearts a pain shall ever be
for part of us is dead.

This day is theirs.

To them the funeral symphony
is but a song of comradeship that they
alone can sing; and on this day
it is a song of victory.