

V A L E**KING GEORGE VI**

Bleak was the winter's wind, and cold,
Upon that February morn.
Even bleaker were the Tidings,
Chilling, grim, oppressive Tidings ;
Striking grief into our souls.

Death so starkly shorn of pity
Silently, and unannounced,
In the hushed, quiet hours of darkness,
Gloomy—all-enfolding darkness,
Stole into our King's abode.

Sweetly sleeping as in boyhood
Peacefully and unafraid
Lay the King. Deepest lines of silent suffering
Painful and heart-rendering suffering
Now were gently smoothed away.

Ere He took his last long journey
Into His Eternal Rest,
He bequeathed to us his Treasure
His most cherished, priceless Treasure,
His beloved ELIZABETH.

May He rest from all his labours.
In Angelic company.
May perpetual Light surround Him
God's sustaining Love surround Him
Throughout all Eternity.

GLADYS M. HARDY.

February 6th, 1952.

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