**Regina Septuaginta**

**A Noble Achievement**

***She that hath not served knoweth not how to command.***

(Old English Proverb, adapted)

The Noble Metal Platinum

A scarce one, we are told;

It does not tarnish in the Sun

More precious is than Gold

She, whose task is to command,

Must first a servant be:

Those who loyalty demand

Must serve in each capacity.

Our Sovereign over seventy years

A Noble course has led;

Her duty, we have had no fears,

Was plain from ‘a’ to ‘z’.

The Nation will, forsooth, celebrate in style;

Bells, Trumpet, Organ, Choir Boys down the Aisle

Cannon, Horse-guards, Soldiers by the mile;

 Pundits with their honeyed words, crafted to beguile.

But take a trip into the leafy countryside.

And here a different picture can be seen;

Smaller groups in hundreds, nationwide,

A simpler, heart-felt Tribute to our Queen.

In the shadow of Old England

Where flows the Village Stream,

The Village High Street’s fully manned,

Hard by the Village Green.

Bunting, Flags and Serviettes. that is all it takes,

A Sandwich neatly cut in bite-sized quarters,

Pies, Veggie Quiche, Brownies, Tarts and Creamy Cakes,

Lovingly created by the Village Daughters.

When everyone a drink is found,

The cry goes out: “Please on your feet”

The young and old, the slim and round,

All stand, happy, to release their seat.

Some, chair-bound, loth to yield defeat,

Slowly rise, proudly, to achieve this feat.

Hush, this is a Platinum moment, sweet;

Noble, timeless, no-one can repeat:

Ladies and Gentlemen, and those in-between;

The toast is: This Glorious Weekend Theme:

GOD SAVE OUR NOBLE PLATINUM and GRACIOUS QUEEN.

Three Cheers are called – and now; let Merriment begin.

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*Sutton-on-Trent*

*June 2022.*