

Lady
Hand-in-Glove

**The 95th birthday of Her Majesty the Queen
Mother, August 4, 1995**

QUEEN MUM! The very words reflect,
Through partnership that's hand-in-glove,
A nation's wonder, awe, respect. . .
But most of all, a nation's love.

Hand-in-glove! A simple phrase
Paints pictures for the inner eye,
Of shouting crowds on sun-kissed days
And special lady passing by.

That special lady's special smile,
With regal wave on royal route,
Can always artlessly beguile
All those who hail her famed salute.

The steely strength in fragile frame
Sustains that smile each passing year.
Bowes-Lyon-hearted is her name
And hallmark which we hold so dear.

Unforced and patient is her charm:
It's no surprise that she's become,
Despite formalities like *Ma'am*,
The lady with the label, *Mum*.

The palindromic paradox
That comes twin-pronged – and hand-in-glove! –
Is just that nothing ever rocks,
Nor can reverse, our tide of love.
