

drum is custom that it appears quite natural to see all these wonderful human birds of Paradise, winging their way through the grey cloisters and doorways of the sombre old Abbey. Once within—and we were there for eight short hours—the magical vision is revealed. The whole interior is presented in a tone of tender grey. Closer inspection proves that the walls, arches, and seats are uniformly covered with brocade of blue and silver, a sympathetic setting to the brilliant raiment of the guests; on the carpets of dim blue the crimson Chairs of Estate and waiting Thrones stand out in bold relief, and the Chair of Destiny with the immemorial stone—fateful and sombre—contrasts with the glittering golden vessels on the Altar.

As time passes, and the congregation flows silently in and fills every available space, all becomes glorious without—nothing on earth can exceed the splendour thereof. The pomp and gorgeous vestments of the bishops, the noble splendour of the peers, the resplendent grandeur of the peeresses, the grace and beauty of the invited guests; and then, with the first strains of seraphic music, the heart throbs begin. As in a dream pass Bishops and Regalia, great Officers of State, the Royal Children, and the Princes and Princesses to their appointed places.

Vivat! Vivat! Regina Maria! The wild musical cry of the Westminster scholars crashes through the arches, resounds to the roof, and heralds the coming of the Queen.

Pale, beautiful Queen!

In spite of her wonderful robe of purple, all encrusted with gold, and lined with Royal ermine, she strikes a note of simplicity; her bearing is stately and restrained, her fair head unadorned is slightly bowed, her dress of white and gold is severely cut. She wears no Orders or ribbons; her neck, her hands and arms are bare, a few rare gems flash about her throat; she presents a truly regal figure. Following the Queen, three on either side, are the six train-bearers—beautiful maidens in simple white satin gowns adorned with pearls, and Her Grace the Duchess of Devonshire, the Mistress of the Robes, very resplendent, carries the end of the robe.

The Queen passes to her Chair of Estate, and standing, awaits the coming of the King.

He comes.

Again breaking through the harmonies of the music resounds the welcome of the Westminster scholars.

Vivat Rex Georgius! Vivat! Vivat! Vivat!

A tempestuous and thrilling cry, primitive, vibrant.

With very becoming dignity the King passes. He bows to the Queen and then, kneeling on their fald-stools, they make their humble adoration.

When they arise the fateful ceremonial begins.

First, the Recognition.

The Presentation of the King to the People is made by the Archbishop of Canterbury in the following words:

“Sirs, I here present unto you King George, the undoubted King of this Realm; Wherefore all you who are come this day to do your homage and service, Are you willing to do the same?”

The People signify their loyalty, crying out with one voice their joyous acclamations—

“God Save King George.”

Then is heard the heart-piercing jubilation of sweet-toned silver trumpets.

The Litany, Prayers, and Sermon follow.

The Primate then administers the Coronation Oath, which the King, standing before the Altar, and laying his right hand upon the Holy Gospel in the Great Bible, solemnly promises to keep, “So help me, God.”

After the exquisite “Veni Creator Spiritus” has been sung, the Sovereign, relieved of his Robe and Cap of Estate, comes to the Chair of Destiny for his Sacring and Crowning, wearing a simple tunic of crimson silk, and walking under the Royal Canopy of cloth of gold, the silver shafts of which are sustained by four Knights of the Garter in lustrous blue robes. Then follows the solemnity of the Anointing, the Presenting of the Spurs and Sword, and the Girding and Oblation of the said Sword. The Investing with the Armill and Royal Robe, and the Delivery of the Orb.

For the Investiture first is brought the under tunic of fine white linen—the Colobrium Sindonis—over which is immediately placed the Supertunica, a most marvellous close pall of pure cloth of gold, and the girdle. The King stands a shimmering and resplendent figure. His heels are then touched with the Golden Spurs, and he is girded and belted with the hallowed sword. The Armill or stole is placed about his neck, and finally the Royal Robe, a garment of indescribable splendour, golden and embossed, woven with heraldic devices and the national flowers, envelopes the King. The great Orb is placed in his hand, the Ring, the ensign “of his Kingly dignity, and of defence of the Catholic Faith,” is put upon the fourth finger of his right hand, thus symbolising his marriage with the Empire. The Glove having been put upon the right hand, the Primate places the golden Sceptre with the

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