

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 faldstools, 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, envelops 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 blazing Cross, and the Sceptre with the Dove, into the Sovereign's hands with the admonition:

"Receive the Royal Sceptre, the ensign of Kingly power and justice.

"Receive the Rod of Equity and Mercy.

"Be so merciful that you be not too remiss.

"So execute justice that you forget not mercy."

#### THE PUTTING ON OF THE CROWN.

At last the hour of Coronation has come. Bare-headed the King is still seated in the Chair of Destiny, and awaits with the silent congregation the blessing of the Imperial Crown. At the altar stands the Archbishop; he lifts therefrom the Crown, and prays aloud:

"Bless, we beseech Thee, and sanctify this Thy servant George our King, and as Thou dost this day set a Crown of pure gold upon his head so enrich his Royal heart with Thine abundant grace, and crown him with all princely virtues."

The Choir gives forth a mighty "Amen." Then the Primate stands before the King, the jewelled diadem is upraised, it is placed upon his head.

The King is Crowned.

Anointed and crowned, with all the insignia of earthly power about him, the King is solemnly blessed. For a moment we gaze on him. A deep sigh of feeling passes through the multitude, the heart quickens, and then comes rushing the sound of human triumph—an outburst of harmony, heart cries of love and thankfulness, the beating of drums and singing of silver trumpets, and from afar the booming of guns.

Majestically the Monarch ascends his Throne, and his loyal lieges make their Homage. First the boy Prince of Wales kneels bare-headed before his Sovereign and repeats those valiant words:—

"I, Edward, Prince of Wales, do become your liegeman of life and limb, and of earthly worship; and faith and truth I will bear unto you to live and die, against all manner of folks—so help me God."

The Prince rises and ascends the steps of the Throne, he kisses his father on the left cheek, and backwards would descend, but the King detains him, and placing a hand of benediction on the fair young head, leans forward, kisses him in turn, and clasps his hand—a very human touch, and well done.

And Regina Maria! Still uncrowned in her Chair of Estate she sits, her eyes turned to the Throne.

What an immortal moment for the Royal wife and mother!

The Peers in their degree then make the oath of fealty on their knees; arise, touch the Crown, and kiss their Sovereign on the cheek.

The Homage ended, with one accord outcry once more the People, the drums throb, the trumpets sound.

God save King George!

Long live King George!

May the King live for ever!

#### THE QUEEN'S CORONATION.

Less august, yet more entrancing, is the crowning of the Queen.

From her Chair, Queen Mary passes to the altar steps. She sinks on her knees, and listens to the prayer of the Primate:

"Multiply Thy blessings upon this Thy servant Mary, whom in Thy name, with all humble devotion, we consecrate our Queen, defend her evermore from all

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