

LONG LIVE THE QUEEN!

Long Live the Queen. The rulers of our land meet to welcome the new Queen. There too, the Duke of Gloucester - her uncle - and the Lord Chancellor. The Premier and Mr. Attlee, leader of the Opposition, are agreed in this great moment of our history. Her tour of the Commonwealth cancelled, the Princess we knew as a girl and watched in the even growth of her stature, comes back to meet her Ministers as Queen over the great lands that for 15 years acknowledged her father as head. Now the Princess Elizabeth we knew and loved returns amongst us as our Queen. Before her plans, her Government and leaders of the other parties receive her greeting. No Queen had ever such counsellors so pre-determined to give of their best, no Queen had ever such a people so devoted. Through the long years she had grown among us, one of us. The little girl we knew has become Queen Elizabeth, the love we gave has become allegiance. We knew her and we found her good, perhaps beyond our deserts. Then as Queen, she remembered those who had brought her swiftly and safely on her sad journey ... she and her husband.

Through Marble Arch, guns of the Field Artillery pass to salute the new Queen ... the same guns that salute the monarch on his birthday, and toll his passing when the king becomes but mortal clay. In Hyde Park they salute the new Queen - Elizabeth - the name that once before spelled glory for Britain.

Before the age-old Tower, the guns speak - Elizabeth is Queen.

In King's Lynn - from a building that stood when the first Elizabeth was Queen, the word is proclaimed - Elizabeth is Queen ... and there is no-one to gainsay her ... by the voice of the people, Elizabeth is Queen. At the Mercat Cross in Edinburgh, the same message tells the world, Scotland welcomes the daughter of a Scottish Queen Mother. The archers march towards the cross, and then the dignitaries. Scotland, too, acclaim Elizabeth Queen.

With all the old time ceremony, in Auld Reekie, even as they mourn the passing of a King (to whom Scotland was a second home) the proclamation is read ... and perhaps never since the Act of Union has any accession received such heartfelt good wishes as when the Lord Lyon King at Arms reads the proclamation.

And now the Palace of St. James - the centre of the Commonwealth - London! The heralds come out ... the court officials of Great Britain. Watching is the man who has shaped so much of our destiny. Here (with

the Earl Marshal of England, the Duke of Norfolk, watching) the ancient formula is carried out - the Sovereign to be is proclaimed by Garter King at Arms.

① "Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to call to his mercy our late Sovereign Lord, King George VI, of blessed and glorious memory, by whose decease the crown is solely and rightfully come to the high and mighty Princess, Elizabeth Alexandra Mary. We, therefore, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal of this realm, being here assisted with those of his late Majesty's Privy Council and representatives of other members of the Commonwealth, with other principal gentlemen of quality, with the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and citizens of London, do now hereby with one voice and consent of tongue and heart publish and proclaim that the high and mighty Princess Elizabeth Alexandra Mary is now, by the death of our late Sovereign of happy memory, become Queen Elizabeth II."

And at the Royal Exchange the glad tidings are announced, in the City that was so long an independent and powerful part of the Realm. Here by right of succession, the Princess Elizabeth has agreed to accept the crown and rule as Queen.

"....beseeching God, by whom Kings and Queens do reign, to bless the Royal Princess Elizabeth II with long and happy years to reign over us."

The Royal Standard flies over Clarence House ... present home of the new Queen. The Guards parade to do her honour. The King dies but England lives on and a new hand takes the wheel of state. The Queen of England passes by and her subjects salute. Britain lives on, safe in her young and gracious keeping ... there is no need of the pomp and ceremony of proclamation - the good King raised his daughter to take the sceptre when his hand should weaken, and we approve his judgment.

It was with her marriage to the Duke of Edinburgh that perhaps we first realised the personality of our Queen to be. Here were royalty - but they were as us ... except that even here we could penetrate into their privacy. All her life, Elizabeth had been among us. For royalty, childhood is but the preparation for service. In the war, the Princess Elizabeth was a second Subaltern in the A.T.S. By her example perhaps more than her service she served her country. The King's daughter asked favour of none.

Wales welcomed her into the fellowship of the Bards.

It was in South Africa that our Princess came of age. We had watched her through childhood into wisdom. We rejoiced in her marriage, and with the birth of her son and heir happiness was complete. The Prince who won her hand has proved himself a ready and willing support in her manifold duties. With a Queen to rule, Britain has always known greatness. For our new Queen we pray that the joy she has known may be but a foretaste and that the fruitful years may add to her happiness. Long live - the Queen.