

THE CORONATION OF HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH

London - the morning of Tuesday, June the second - the morning of Coronation Day.

A new day dawns - slowly the first rays of chill light creep across the face of the royal city, lighting upon thousands huddled along the route. A cold, damp morning, but in their hearts there is a warmth beyond description. From the farthest corners of the world they have come to see the first lady of our nation journey in rich majesty to her crowning.

The throb of excitement grows, for within the Palace the Queen prepares to ride to Westminster - and now to herald her the trumpets ring out:

SOUND

Her husband is by her side, and from a window their children look with wonder upon this proud scene. The golden coach of state begins its triumphal journey through the streets of the Queen's capital - slowly it moves into the forecourt of her Palace - a day of history has begun.

Away into the Mall turns Her Majesty's Procession, a fitting escort to so noble a sovereign.

Into Trafalgar Square ride men of the Household Cavalry, by tradition the guardians of Her Majesty throughout her reign. Through Admiralty Arch comes the coach, to a roar of welcome from the waiting thousands.

The Duke of Edinburgh wears the full dress uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet as he rides with his wife and Queen.

Meanwhile to the Abbey, a mother comes to see her daughter crowned. Beside this gracious lady sits Princess Margaret.

The coach of State turns from the Embankment towards Parliament Square; the Queen's procession to her crowning is almost done.

To the richly ornamented annexe of the Abbey comes Sir Winston Churchill, Her Majesty's first Minister. Now the Queen Mother enters to join the loyal congregation gathered within.

Upon the annex steps the Earl Marshal waits. The coach, which through the centuries has borne six monarchs to their coronations, has never carried one more fitted for the tasks of sovereignty than she who now is to be crowned.

The congregation rises as Her Majesty walks in stately procession through the body of the church towards the Coronation Theatre.

The Queen moves to her Chair of Estate, assisted by her six maids of honour.

The Queen walks with great calm and dignity to King Edward's Chair. Here she stands facing in turn the four sides of the Abbey, and the Archbishop of Canterbury presents her to her people for acceptance as their Queen:

SOUND

The full ceremony of recognition ended, the Queen returns to her chair of Estate to take the solemn oath of dedication to her subjects:

SOUND

Now Her Majesty receives a copy of the Holy Bible from the hands of the Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, "as the most valuable thing that this world affords."

Divested of her rich robes of state, and jewels, the Queen is clothed in a simple white robe. For now begins the anointing ceremony by which she is consecrated to be God's anointed servant. Her Majesty moves to King Edward's chair, over which a splendid canopy of silk and gold, borne by four Knights of the Garter, will be placed.

With holy oil from the golden ampulla, the Archbishop of Canterbury is to anoint Her Majesty with the sign of the cross. From the Royal Gallery, her son, Prince Charles watches the sacred consecration. Following her anointing, the Queen is now able to receive the emblems of Majesty. About her is placed the Colobium Sindensis, a shimmering gown of pure gold, together with the girdle.

The Queen returns to King Edward's Chair, there to receive her royal regalia.

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A special significance is attached to each piece of regalia. The jewelled Sword of State is presented to the Queen by the Archbishop who bids her use it for the punishment of evil-doers and for the protection of the law-abiding.

Her Majesty moves to the altar to offer the Sword, signifying that the Crown places it at the disposal of the Church.

Upon the Queen's wrists are placed the armills, bracelets which symbolise the bond which unites her with her people.

Now the robe royal is put upon the Queen with the words: "The Lord clothe you with the robe of righteousness and with the garments of salvation."

The Orb of gold, signifying the dominion of the Cross over the world.

Viscount Woolton, as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, offers the glove, symbolising gentleness in levying taxes.

Now the Royal Sceptre, the ensign of kingly power and justice.

The Rod with the Dove, signifying that equity and mercy are never to be forgotten.

Now follows the supreme climax of the ancient ritual. With St. Edward's crown, the Crown of England, the Archbishop performs the simple, yet the most significant, ceremony of the Queen's Coronation.

Thus elevated by the combined power of Church and State, the Queen moves to the throne to receive the homage of her princes and peers.

The Duke of Edinburgh comes to vow lifelong allegiance to his Queen.

The homage draws to a close, and (following the celebration of Holy Communion, which forms the framework of the service) the Queen moves for a short recess to St. Edward's Chapel.

Within the chapel, the Queen's Robe Royal is changed for a robe of purple velvet, and her Crown replaced with the Imperial State Crown. When she appears to join her procession, the service of Coronation has ended.

The nine processions which accompanied the guests to the Abbey join into one enormous column to advance before Her Majesty on the journey back to the Palace. Queen Salote of Tonga waves a warm greeting.

Up Whitehall heads the procession. Marching in perfect precision are the Royal Marines.

Through Trafalgar Square moves the coach - on towards Piccadilly the first stage of the extended route through the capital. Already the head of the procession is passing up East Carriage Drive and through Marble Arch. Men from nearly fifty lands over which the Queen holds sway are united in the mammoth parade that is the Empire's tribute to their sovereign lady.

Riding in the great procession are four Field Marshals: Montgomery, Iremonger, Alexander and Auchinleck.

Again the golden coach moves into the Mall - and those who cheered Her Majesty's procession to the Abbey acclaim her again - Elizabeth, the crowned Queen of Great Britain and the Commonwealth.

In triumph the Queen returns to her Palace which she left more than five hours before.

As the coach moves away from sight, the crowd surges forward in a spontaneous gesture of affection.

Now to delight the thousands below, the Queen and her family step onto the balcony.

And with what pride shall those who watch recall in after years "I saw the Queen on Coronation Day."

The royal party glances up as squadrons of R.A.F. jet fighters sweep past in tribute.

Elizabeth - so proud a name she bears, one that spelled greatness for our country in another age. Elizabeth - crowned the head of a great family of nations. Long may she reign.