

Coronation Day

I look out my window, tables lining the streets,
Cakes, buns and sandwiches, oh what a treat.
Music is booming, flags flowing in the breeze,
Pink delicate petals dance from apple blossom trees.

I rush to the television, excitement in my eyes,
People packed on the Mall from long before sunrise.
Journalists, Royals and policemen all patiently stand,
In the background rhythmically plays the military band.

At Westminster Abbey the choir boys sing,
Triumphant trumpets proclaim the arrival of the King.
The chariot door opens and out he strides,
An enormous cheer the joyful crowd provides.

Up the aisle the King gracefully proceeds,
The Archbishop of Canterbury, the service he leads.
Orb, Sceptre and Crown are placed into his care,
And the King takes his seat in the Coronation Chair.

The Royal procession to Buckingham starts,
The King and Queen smile with the fullest of hearts.
Throughout many countries the national anthem does ring,
The people proclaiming, "God Save the King!"

