



St. Matthew's Lodge, No. 539.



Installation of

Brother + James + Williams,

Friday, April 4, 1884.



ST. MATTHEW'S LODGE, No. 539.



INSTALLATION

OF

BROTHER JAMES WILLIAMS,

AS W.M.,

FRIDAY, APRIL 4th, 1884.

PROGRAMME OF TOASTS AND MUSIC.

"You are welcome, masters all; I am glad to see thee well :
welcome, good friends."

Hamlet.

"Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table."

As You Like It.



GRACE BEFORE MEAT..... *Young.*

For these and all Thy mercies given,
 We bless and praise Thy name, O Lord;
 May we receive them with thanksgiving,
 Ever trusting in Thy Word
 To Thee alone be honour, glory,
 Now and henceforth, for evermore.—Amen.

GRACE AFTER MEAT..... *Novello.*

For what we have received,
 The Lord make us truly thankful.—Amen.



"To say you are welcome, were superfluous."

Pericles.

"Thou art alone,—
The queen of earthly queens."

Henry VIII.



The Queen and the Craft.



"Never graced before with such a paragon to their queen."

Tempest.

"Thanks to God for such a royal lady."

Henry VIII.



NATIONAL ANTHEM... "God save the Queen"... *Bull.*

SOLO AND CHORUS.

God save our gracious Queen,
 Long live our noble Queen,
 God save the Queen!
 Send her victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us,
 God save the Queen!

TRIO AND CHORUS.

Thy choicest gifts in store,
 On her be pleased to pour,
 Long may she reign!
 May she defend our laws,
 And ever give us cause
 To sing with heart and voice,
 God save the Queen!



"The mother to a hopeful Prince."

Winter's Tale.

"I am the Prince of Wales."

Henry IV.



H.R.H. the Prince of Wales,
 Most Excellent Grand Master;
H.R.H. the Princess of Wales,
 and the rest of the Royal Family.



"He is, simply, the most active gentleman."

Henry V.

"The music of the spheres."

Pericles.



GLEE... "Hark how the Renovating Spring"... *Radcliffe.*

Hark ! how the renovating Spring
 Invites the feathered choir to sing ;
 Spontaneous birth and rapture glow
 On every tree, on every bough.
 Their little airs a lesson give :
 They teach us mortals how to live ;
 And well advise us, whilst we can,
 To spend in joy the vital span.



"Feast your ears with the music."

Timon of Athens.

"The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried, grapple them
to thy soul with hooks of steel."

Hamlet.



The Right Honourable
The Earl of Carnarvon,
 Most Worshipful The Grand Master ;
 The Right Honourable
Earl Lathom,
 Right Worshipful Deputy Grand Master ;
 and the
Grand Lodge of England.



"Are you good men and true?
Yea, or else it were pity."

Much Ado About Nothing.

"Some must watch, while some must sleep;
Thus runs the world away."

Hamlet.



LULLABY..... "Sweet and Low".....*P. P. P.*

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea,
Over the rolling waves go,
Come from the dining room and blow,
Blow him again to me,
While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon.
Rest on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon.
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west,
Under the silver moon,
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.



"The choir with all the choicest music of the kingdom."

Henry VIII.

"A loyal, just, and upright gentleman."

Richard II.



The Right Worshipful Bro.

Major George Singleton Tudor,

Prob. Grand Master of Staffordshire.



"Tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place."

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

" Music oft hath such a charm, to make bad good."

Measure for Measure.



GLEE..... "Shades of the Heroes"..... *Coccolle*

The clouds of night come rolling down : darkness rests on the steeps of Cromla. The stars of the north arise o'er the drowsy waves ; they show their heads of fire through the flying mists of heaven. A distant wind roars : silent and dark is the plain of death. Still through the gloom I hear the voice of Cavalry ; he sings of the friends of our youth, the glory of former years, when on the banks of Jago we sent round the joys of the shell. The ghosts of those who sing come in their rustling shrouds, they bend towards the sound of their praise ; they come from the far off snow-topt mountains, and sailing o'er the deep blue sea, they gather around beneath the moonbeam, and require the song of the olden days. Hush ! hush ! and hear ! Strike, strike, the harp, and raise the song ; and round the cup of mirth, for the thunder of war is past, and the fields are glad in peace. Raise, ye hundred bards, the voice of joy ! For the night shall pass in song, till the gold of the morning appears on the hills.



" What music is this ? It is music in parts !"

Troilus and Cressida.

"Welcome him then according to his worth."

Two Gentlemen of Verona.



The Worshipful Bro.

Colonel Foster Gough,

Deputy Prob. Grand Master, and the Provincial
Grand Lodge of Staffordshire.



"O thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That would to cinbers burn."

Othello.

"We'll hear you sing, certainly."

Troilus and Cressida.



SONG... "Norah, darling"..... *Baije.*

Norah, darling! don't believe them,
 Never heed their flatt'ring wiles;
 Trust a heart that loves thee dearly,
 Lives but in thy sunny smiles.
 I must leave thee, Norah, darling!
 But I leave my heart with thee;
 Keep it, for 'tis true and faithful,
 As a loving heart can be.

When the stars are round me gazing,
 And the moon shines bright above,
 Perhaps, my Norah, thou'lt be listening
 To another tale of love.
 Perhaps they'll tell thee I'll forget thee,
 Teach thy gentle heart to fear;
 Oh! my Norah, never doubt me,
 Don't believe them, Norah, dear.

They must love thee, Norah, darling,
 When they look into those eyes,
 Oh! thou'lt never let them rob me
 Of the heart I dearly prize;
 Thou wilt not forget me, Norah,
 When their tales of love thou hearest,
 Never heed the treacherous whisper,
 Don't believe them, Norah, dearest.



"I am advised to give her music o' mornings;
 They say it will penetrate."

Cymbeline.

"He is a worthy gentleman!"

Henry IV.



**The Wors'tiful Master
of the
St. Matthew's Lodge.**



"How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter,
rather than story him in his own hearing."

Cymbeline.

"A very excellent good-conceited thing;
 A wonderful sweet air."

Cymbeline



GLEE....."When the Wind Blows":.....*Horsley.*

When the wind blows in the sweet rose tree,
 And the cow lows on the fragrant lea,
 And the stream flows all bright and free,
 'Tis not for thee, 'tis not for me,
 'Tis not for anyone here I trow,—
 The gentle wind bloweth,
 The happy cow loweth,
 The merry stream floweth for all below;
 Oh! the Spring, the bountiful Spring,
 She shineth and smileth on ev'ry thing.

Where cometh the sheep? to the rich man's moor,
 Where cometh sleep? to the bed that's poor;
 Peasants must weep and kings endure,
 That's a fate that none can cure:
 Yet Spring doeth all she can I trow,—
 She brings the bright hours,
 She waters the sweet flowers,
 She dresses her bowers for all below:
 Oh! the Spring, the bountiful Spring,
 She shineth and smileth on ev'ry thing.



"Thou singest sweet music!"

Richard III.

"Give them friendly welcome, every one."

Taming of the Shrew.



The Visitors.



"Welcome, indeed."

Troilus and Cressida.

"He was a man, take him for all in all, I shall not look upon his like again."

Hamlet.

SONG....."Warwickshire Will".....*Coombe.*

Come, fill to the bard of our British Isle,
The chief of our minstrel band,
Whose name shall live in our memories,
While a heart still beats in the land.
As the light of morn first seen on the hills
Soon breaks into glorious day,
So the fame of our bard—the Will of all Wills
Has moved on its wondrous way.
Then here's to our Will, great Warwickshire Will,
He liv'd long ago, yet we honour him still,
Long as Britain may last to lead states on her train,
We shall ne'er see the like of our Shakespere again.

Auld Scotia rings with the songs of Burns,
The laureate bard of the North,
And proudly the exile of Scotia learns
The lays of melodious Moore;
But the Swan of Avon who tuned his song
To the wide world's hopes and fears,
Wringing from the myriad minded throng,
Alternate smiles and tears.
Then here's to our Will, &c.

All hail to the sweet, sweet April day
That gave our Shakespere birth,
And the shrine which held his sacred clay,
Ere the world knew half his worth.
They are dear to us, and the pilgrim band,
Who brave tempestuous deeps,
To plant but a foot on the favour'd land,
Where our country's genius sleeps.
Then here's to our Will, &c.

"Death makes no conquest of this conqueror:
For now he lives in fame, though not in life."

Antony and Cleopatra.

"Thou art a gentleman well accomplished."

Two Gentlemen of Verona.



**The Installing Master,
Worshipful Bro. Frank James,
Past Deputy Pr. Grand Master.**



"This hath been
Your faithful servant; I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so."

Cymbeline.

"Now divine air! now is my soul ravished."

Much Ado about Nothing.

GLEE....."Is it the Roar".....*Dr. Clarke.*

Is it the roar of Teviot's tide,
That chafes against the scaur's
red side;

Is it the wind that swings the oak?
Is it the echo from the rock?
What may it be, the heavy sound,
That moans old Branksome's turrets
round?

From the sound of Teviot's tide,
Chafing with the mountain's side,
From the groan of the wind-swung
oak,

From the sullen echo of the rock,
From the voice of the coming storm,
The Lady knew it well;

It was the Spirit of the Flood that
spoke,
And he called on the Spirit of the
Fell.

RIVER SPIRIT.

Sleepest thou brother?

MOUNTAIN SPIRIT.

Brother, say,

On the hills the moonbeams play,
From Craig-cross to Skelt-hill pen,
By every rill, in every glen,
Kerrie-eyes, the Morris pacing,
To sciel minstrelsy,
Emerald rings on brown heath

trode,
Trip and dale and merrily;
Up, and mark their nimble feet!
Up, and list their music sweet!

SOLO.

Tears of an imprisoned maiden
Mix with my polluted stream;
Marg'ret of Branksome, sorrow
laden

Mourns beneath the moon's pale
beam.

Tell us, thou who view'st the stars,
When shall cease these feudal jars?
What shall be the maiden's fate?
Who shall be the maiden's mate?

SOLO.

Arthur's glow wane his course doth
well.

In deeper darkness round the pole:
The Northern Bear lowers black
and grim,

Orien's studded belt is dim:
Twinkling faint, and distant far,
Shimmers through mist each planet
star;

Ill may I read their high decree.
But no kind influence deign they
shower

On Teviot's tide or Branksome's
tower,
Till pride be quell'd, and love
be free.

QUARTET.

Th' unearthly voices ceased, and
the heavy sound was still;
It died on the river's breast—it
died on the side of the hill.

"Let there be no noise made my gentle friends;
Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit."

Henry IV.

"Charity,
"Which renders good for bad, blessings for
curses."

Richard III.



The Masonic Charities.



"O, what a precious comfort 'tis to have so many,
like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes."

Timon of Athens.

"Marvellous sweet music!"

Tempest.



GLEE..... "Mine be a Cot"..... *Horsley.*

Mine be a cot beside a hill,
 A beehive hum shall soothe mine ear,
 A willow brook that turns a mill,
 With many a fall shall linger near.
 The swallow oft beneath my thatch
 Shall twitter from her clay built nest;
 Oft shall the pilgrim lift the hatch,
 And share my meal a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
 Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew,
 And Lucy at her wheel shall sing
 In russet gown and apron blue.
 The village church among the trees,
 Where first our marriage vows were given,
 With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
 And point with taper spire to Heaven.



"Most heavenly music ;
 It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber :
 Hangs on mine eyelids."

Pericles.

"The stars above us govern our condition."
King Lear.



The Past Masters
of
St. Matthew's Lodge.



"You have deserved
High commendation, true applause, and love."
As You Like It.

"I pray you what is 't o'clock."

As You Like It.



GLEE..... "The Watchman" *Golden.*

Past twelve o'clock—

Good night, good night, my dearest !
 How fast the moments fly,
 'Tis time to part—thou hearest
 That hateful watchman's cry.
 Yet stay a moment longer ;
 Alas, why is it so ?
 The wish to stay grows stronger
 The more 'tis time to go.

Past one o'clock—

Now wrap thy cloak about thee,
 The hours must sure go wrong,
 For what passed without thee,
 They're oh ! ten times as long.

Past two o'clock—

Again that dreadful warning !
 Had ever time such flight ?
 And see the sky, 'tis morning,
 And now indeed, good night !

Past three o'clock—

Good night, good night.



"The iron tongue of midnight hath tol'd twelve."

Midsummer Night's Dream.

"Therein I must play the workman."

Cymbeline.



**The Officers of
St. Matthew's Lodge.**



"You have made good work, you and your apron men."

Coriolanus.

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank ;
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears."

Merchant of Venice.



SERENADE..... " Good Night " *Marshall.*

Good night, good night, beloved !
I come, I come to watch for thee,
To be near thee, to be near thee,
Alone, alone is peace for me.

Thine eyes are stars of morning,
Thy lips are crimson flowers
While I count the weary hours
Good night, good night, beloved.

" Do not upbraid us with our distress."

Coriolanus.

The Tyler's Oath.

" TO ALL POOR AND DISTRESSED MASONS, WHEREVER
DISPERSED OVER THE FACE OF EARTH AND WATER ; WISHING THEM
A SURE RELIEF FROM THEIR SUFFERINGS, AND A HAPPY RETURN
TO THEIR NATIVE COUNTRY SHOULD THEY DESIRE IT."



" For this relief, much thanks ; 'tis bitter cold, and I
am sick at heart."

Hamlet.