



St. Matthew's Lodge, No. 539.



Installation of

Brother + E. + S. + Hildick,

Thursday, April 2, 1885.



ST. MATTHEW'S LODGE, No. 539.



INSTALLATION

OF

BRO. E. S. HILDICK,

AS W.M.,

THURSDAY, APRIL 2nd, 1883.

PROGRAMME OF TOASTS AND MUSIC.

"We wear a face of joy,
Because we have been glad of yore."

Wordsworth.

"Yes, Sir, dinner, Sir ;
I begin to feel an appetite."

She Stoops to Conquer.

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.

"A good digestion to you all : and, once more,
I shower a welcome on you—Welcome all."

Henry VIII.

" Her own shall bless her :
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow."

Henry VIII.



The Quern and the Craft.



" Salute our rightful Sovereign.."

2nd Henry VI.

"She shall be to the happiness of England,
An aged princess."

Henry VIII.

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

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.

Try 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 !

"Broad based upon her people's will,
And compassed by the inviolate sea."

Tennyson.

"May he live
 Longer than I have time to tell his years!
 Ever beloved and loving may his rule be!
 And! when old time shall lead him to his end,
 Goodness and he fill up one monument."

Henry VIII.



H.R.H. the Prince of Wales,

Most Worshipful Grand Master;

H.R.H. the Princess of Wales,

And the rest of the Royal Family.



"Her peerless features, joined with her birth,
 Approves her fit for none, but for a king."

Henry VI.

"Know you the musicians? Wholly, Sir!"

Troilus and Cressida.

GLEE..... "Come gentle Zephyr"*Horsley.*

Come gentle Zephyr, lend thy aid,
 Forsake yon guiding spring,
 To seek my lovely weeping maid,
 Oh! wave thy softest wing,
 And when you find the blooming fair,
 Can't tell her what I feel,—
 In plaintive murmurs to her ear
 My sighs, my vows reveal.

"But soft; enough,—too much I fear;
 Lest that my mistress hear my song,
 She'll not stick to rounk me i' the ear,
 To teach my tongue to be so long."

Passionate Pilgrim.

"And his colours were gleaming with purple and gold."

Byron.



The Right Honourable
The Earl of Carrarboron,
Most Worshipful Pro. Grand Master;
The Right Honourable
Earl Aylmer,
Right Worshipful Deputy Grand Master;
and the
Grand Lodge of England.



"Alle clothed in livres
Of a Solempne and grete fraternite."

Chaucer.

"Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing."

Sonnet VIII.

PART SONG "Warriors' Song" *Lucan.*

Aid us, thou god of war,
Hear us, tho' from afar,
Be thou our guiding star,
Light us the way!
May dauntless courage prove
We are worthy of thy love,
Hear us, now from above,
Turn not away!
Here, in the stormy night,
Here, on this giddy height,
Swear we to win the fight;
This be our lay!

May peaceful thoughts the time beguile,
Of those most dear we leave with pain,
May our children's happy smile,
Be on upon us once again.

Mars! now to thee we fly,
All danger we defy;
We never will turn and fly,
Death do we dare!
Now do we fight, we go,
When we shall meet the foe,
When we will lay him low;—
Be that our care!
Bright star of liberty!
Home of the brave and free!
Our lives we give for thee!
Vengeance we swear!

"Will sing the savageness out of a bear."

Othello.

"A man of good repute,
Carriage, bearing, and estimation."

Love's Labour Lost.



The Right Worshipful Bro.
Lieut.-Col. Geo. Singleton Tudor,
Prob. Grand Master for Staffordshire.



"He is a gentleman on whom we build
an absolute trust."

Macbeth.

"As sweet and musical as bright Apollo's lute."

Love's Labour Lost.

SONG..... "Sally"..... *Clover.*

Sally, Sally, shilly shally,
Sally, why not name the day?
Harry, Harry, I will tarry
Longer in love's flow'ry way.
Sally, why not make your mind up?
Why embitter thus my cup?
Harry, I've so great a mind,
It takes a long time making up.

Harry, Harry, I'll not marry
Till I see your eyes don't stray
At Kate Riley, you so shy,
Stole a wink the other day.
Sure, Kate Riley, she's my cousin!
Harry, I have cousins too,
If you like such close relations,
I'll have cousins close as you.

Sally, Sally, do not rally,
Do not mock my tender woe;
Play me not thus, shilly shally,
Sally do not tease me so;
While you're smiling, hearts beguiling,
Doing all a woman can,
Think, tho' you're almost an angel,
I am but a mortal man.

"To be a well-favoured man, is the gift of fortune."

Much Ado About Nothing.

"And those that paint them truest, praise them most."

Addison.



The Worshipful Bro.

Lieut.-Col. Foster Gough,

Deputy Prob. Grand Master; and the Provincial

Grand Lodge of Staffordshire.



"We do desire thy worthy company."

Shakespeare.

"We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

Tempest.

GLEE..... "Joy is fled" *Seely.*

Joy is fled! say shall we seek her?
Doth she dwell in golden bowers?
Is she clad in silken silver,
Deck'd with jewels, crown'd with flowers?

Joy is fled, yet all may find her,
Happy in contentment's bowers,
Modesty as veil she weareth,
Truth adorns her brow with flowers.

Beauty seeks her hiding vainly,
Monarchs for her charms are sighing,
Restless envy seeks her blindly,
Yet afar true joy is hieing,
Joy is fled, &c.

"Sweet music issues thence."

Troilus and Cressida.

"For you must know we have with special soul
elected him."

Measure for Measure.



The Worshipful Master
of the
St. Matthew's Lodge.



"Your own knight
That serveth you with will and herte,
And ever hath done sin ye first him knew,
That ye shall of your grace upon him rewe."

Chaucer.

"Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell;
'Tis virtue makes the bliss, where'er we dwell."

Collins's Eclogue I.

SONG..... "The Sailor's Heart" *Like.*

O when I was a sailor boy
I sailed the Spanish sea,
And a maid I met with eyes of jet
Who fell in love with me.
I said, "My heart is true,
I love no maid but you,
Never again, sweet heart, (in Spain) !
Shall I love a maid like you"
For a sailor's heart is true,
Whatever he may do,
He has a lass in ev'ry port,
But his heart, his heart is true
So we sailed away next morning, boys,
To the coast of Afrikee,
Where I met a little daisy girl
Who was just the girl for me.
I said, "My heart is true,
I love no maid but you,
There never can be (in Afrikee) !
A maid I'll love like you !"
But when we came to Bristol, boys,
And I stept upon the quay,
There was Nancy with a soldier boy,
As married as could be.
I said, "I loved but you,
But as you've proved untrue,
You may go and write on a tombstone white
That I died for love of you."

"Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever ;
One foot on sea and one on shore ;
To one thing constant never."

Much Ado About Nothing.

"True friendship's laws are by this rule exprest,
Welcome the coming—speed the parting guest."

Pope.



The Visitors.



"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

Troilus and Cressida.

"It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard."

Byron.

GLEE.. "In a Cell or Cavern Deep" *Parry.*

In a cell or cavern deep,
Sorrow loves unseen to weep,
Not where busy crowds intrude,
But in sacred solitude
When the eye of scorn is closed,
And the tear flows unexpressed,
When the moon's gay sportive beams
Coily kiss the pearly streams;
When the night-bird charms the grove,
How sweet done to rove,
List'ning to her lay of love.

"Soft is the music that would charm for ever."

Wordsworth.

"Thanks to the gods, my brother has done his duty."

Addison.



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



"And thus 'twill be—nor long the day
Ere we like him shall pass away;
Yon sun that now our bosom warms,
Shall shine—but shine on other forms."

Ingoldsby Legends.

"And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns."

Moore.

SONG..... "The Thorn"Shiel.

From the white blossom'd sloe my dear Chloe requested
A sprig, her fair breast to adorn ;

"No ! by Heavens," I exclaim'd, " may I perish,
If ever I plant in that bosom a thorn."

When I shew'd her the ring, and implor'd her to marry,
She blush'd like the dawning of morn ;

"Yes, I'll consent," she replied, "if you'll promise
That no jealous rival shall laugh me to scorn."

"No ! by Heavens," &c.

"Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind."

Midsummer Night's Dream.

"In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is Charity."

Pope.



The Masonic Charities.



"Their cause I plead,—plead it in heart and mind ;
A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind."

Garrick.

"She doth welcome day-light with her ditty,
And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night!"

Passionate Pilgrim.

GLEE..... "Morning" *Blanchard.*

The night hath pass'd, and now young morning bright behold
Forth from her eastern bed, she comes array'd in gold,
She comes, she comes with rosy wreaths entwined,
A young and fair, a rosy blushing bride;
While forth from home gay shepherd's roam,
And with glad strain they tread the plains,
While echoing woods their notes prolong
They chaunt a mairn song to welcome lovely morn.

With la, i, la, la, i, la, la, la, la.

"None but the lark so shrill and clear!
Now at Heaven's gate she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings."

Alexander and Campaspe.

"Men wol us brothers calle,
Both the wardein's and eek our
Felawes alle."

Chaucer.



**The Past Masters
of
St. Matthew's Lodge.**



"As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather."

Julius Caesar.

"Through thick and thin, both over bank and bush
In hopes her to attain by hook or crook."

Faerie Queene.

SONG..... "I am Waiting" *Finch.*

I am waiting 'neath thy casement
While the sky is bright with stars above me,
I am waiting just to tell thee,
Just to tell thee, dearest, how I love thee.
Canst thou hear me in thy slumber,
And almost believe that thou art waking?
Wilt thou tell me on the morrow,
That my poor fond heart is worth the taking?
I am waiting 'neath thy casement,
While the sky is bright with stars above me,
I am waiting just to tell thee,
Just to tell thee, dearest, how I love thee.

I have waited, I am weary,
And the stars that were so bright are paling,
I am lonely in the dawning,
And my heart, my poor fond heart is failing.
Wouldst thou whisper words of comfort
If thy heart could guess how mine is aching?
Wilt thou tell me ere the sunset,
That the love of years is worth the taking?
I have waited 'neath thy casement,
Till the stars are all gone out above me,
I have waited till the dawning,
Just to tell thee, dearest, how I love thee.

"Come live with me and be my love
And we will all the pleasures prove."

Passionate Shepherd.

"I do perceive here a divided duty."

Othello.



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



"This happy breed of men."

Richard II.

"They know their duties."

Henry IV.

"And home they go anon the nexte waye,
This is the effect, ther is no more to saye."

Chaucer.

PART SONG..... "Parting"..... *Blanchard.*

Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I could say "Good-night" until 'twere morrow,
And when morrow comes e'en then,
Fondly I could linger, till 'twere night again.
Oh! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I could say "Good-night" until 'twere morrow.

"For since kind heaven with wealth our realm hath blest,
Give it to heaven by aiding the distressed."

Pope.

The Tyler's Toast.

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

"Then let us take a ceremonious leave
And loving farewell of our several friends."

Richard II.