



Grosvenor Lodge,

No. 938.

INSTALLATION
OF
Bro. Edwin Handley, W.M.

JANUARY 15TH. 1879.

Coasts and Programme of Music.

Accompanist & General Director:

BRO. A. R. GAUL, P.M.

Musical Steward:

BRO. A. N. CRESWELL.





— — — — —
Virtue. Honour. Mercy.
— — — — —





A pattern to all Princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed.

King Henry VIII. Act V., Scene 1.

The Queen and the Craft.

The mother of a hopeful Prince.

Winter's Tale.—Act III., Scene 2.



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She shall be lov'd and fear'd : her own shall
bless her.

King Henry VIII., Act V., Scene 4.

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 !

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 !

So shall she leave her blessedness to one
(When heaven shall call her from this cloud
of darkness,
Who from the sacred ashes of her honour
Shall, star-like rise, as great in fame as
she was,
And so stand fixed.

*King Henry VIII.
Act V., Scene 4.*





Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,

Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be and make new nations.

King Henry VIII.—Act V., Scene 4.

H. H. the Prince of Wales, Most Wor-
shipful Grand Master; The Right Honourable
the Earl of Carnarvon, Most Worshipful Pro-
Grand Master; The Right Honourable Lord
Shelmersdale, Right Worshipful Deputy Grand
Master; and the Grand Lodge of England.

A Prince of power.

Tempest.—Act I., Scene 2.





Come, sing, and you that will not, hold
your tongues.

As you like it.—Act II., Scene 5.

CHORUS.. "Vintager's Song" ..Mendelssohn.

On stave and hoop the long year through
We worked with will and pleasure ;
And when the cask was firm and true,
We pressed the vineyard's treasure.
Now blest be thou, on fresh'ning wine,
Thou heart consolest from the Rhine,
Thou'lt cheer us without measure.

Thou mak'st our blood so pure and strong,
Pur sparkling like a river ;
Upon his tongue, thou pour'st the song,
Who silent bless the giver.
Thou art the king of wines, so true ;
Well may'st thou speed for ever.

More, I pr'y thee, more. I can suck
melancholy out of a song as a
weasel sucks eggs.

*As you like it.—
Act II., Scene 5.*





He is noble, wise, judicious.
Macbeth,—Act IV., Scene 2.

The Right Honourable Lord Leigh,
Right Worshipful Provincial
Grand Master.

Sincere and holy in his thoughts.
King Henry IV.—Act I., Scene 1.





We'll hear you sing, certainly.
Troilus and Cressida,—
Act III., Scene 1.

Song "FAREWELL" . . . F. C. Bache.

Bro. W. B. MARSHALL.

Fare thee well, fare thee well, dear heart,
I from thee must sever,
But one look, but one kiss impart
Since I go for ever.

One fair bud bestow,
From that tree we planted,
For no fruit, ah, woe,
Will to me be granted.

Fare thee well, fare thee well, dear heart,
I from thee must sever,
But one look, but one kiss impart
Since I go for ever.

In his motion like an angel sings.
Merchant of Venice,—
Act V., Scene 1.





To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot.

Antony and Cleopatra,—Act II., Scene 2.

The Worshipful Bro. Col. Maclenn,
Deputy Provincial Grand Master,
and the Provincial Grand Lodge of
Warwickshire.

Then we bring forth weeds.

*Antony and Cleopatra,—
Act II., Scene 2.*





JAKES.—Have you no song, forester, for
this purpose?

2nd LORD.—Yes, sir,
JAKES.—Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in
tune, so it make noise enough.

As you like it,—Act IV., Scene 2.

GLEE . . . "The cloud cap't Towers," . . . Stevens.

The cloud cap't towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inhabit, shall dissolve;
And like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind.

TOUCHSTONE.—Truly, young gentlemen, though
there was no great matter in the ditty, yet
the note was very untuneable.

1st FADE.—You are deceived, sir, we kept our
time, we lost not our time.

TOUCHSTONE.—By my troth I count it but
time lost to hear such a foolish song.
Heaven be with you, and heaven
mend your voices.

*As you like it.—
Act III., Scene 4.*





Suffer not dishonour to approach
The imperial seat to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence and nobility;
But let desert in pure election shine.

Titus Andronicus,—Act I., Scene 1.

The Worshipful Master of the
Grosvenor Lodge.

O, this life
is nobler than attending for a check
Kicker than doing nothing.

Cymbelint,—Act III., Scene 3.





The Gunner and his mate.
Tempest,—Act II., Scene 2.

"THE TWO GUNNERS."

FREDK. WEATHERLY. A. R. GAUL, Mus. Bal.
Bro. CUMBERLAND, P.M.

They sail'd away, two Gunners say,
All in the summer weather,
They ne'er had known one day alone
Since they were boys together.
And now they go to fight the foe,
Across the stormy ocean,
With life in hand for Queen and land,
In faithful glad devotion.

Good bye to the mountains and heather,
Good bye dear home, good bye,
We'll serve our guns together,
Or at our guns we'll die.

The foe was hot with shell and shot,
The foe had broke his tether,
And side by side the two old mates
Still served their guns together.
Right sharp all day they blazed away,
With gun to gun replying,
Till side by side they dropt and died,
Beneath their colours flying.

Good bye to the mountains, &c.

Your sweet delights,
You have the honey still, but these
the gall.

*Troilus and Cressida,—
Act II., Scene 2.*





Welcome to our table.

As you like it,—Act II., Scene 7.

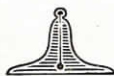
The Disinets.

I will visit thee at the Lodge.

*Love's Labour Lost,—
Act I., Scene 2.*



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Let them have kind admittance,
Music make them welcome.

Timon of Athens,—Act I., Scene 2.

GLEE "A Festal Greeting," Mendelssohn.

Welcome, welcome friends and brothers,
Welcome, on this joyful day,
All who, this our feast to honour,
Here your kindly tribute pay.
Flags are waving, eyes are sparkling,
Greetings break from every tongue,
Noise of festal mirth and gladness
Surges from the courdels throng.

See, in wide and stately circle
Stands our brotherhood around,
Ev'ry tuneful voice uniting,
Strains of thanks and praise resound,
"Long may health and wealth attend you,
Blessings rest on every home,"
Thus to all the friends that love us
Let our cheerful greeting come.

Heart with heart in love entwineth,
Link'd as if by magic chains;
Far are pain and sorrow banished,
Nought but joy and peace remains,
Pray we God his grace to give us,
So our feast of song to spend,
That this year begun in gladness,
May at least in gladness end.

For your sweet music this first night.

Pericles,—Act II., Scene 5.





My very noble and approved good masters.

Othello,—Act I., Scene 3.

**The Installing Master and Past
Masters of the Grosvenor
Lodge.**

To have done, is to hang
Things out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery.

*Troilus and Cressida,—
Act III., Scene 3.*





Ay, pr'ythee sing.

Twelfth Night,—Act II., Scene 4.

Song...—"THE GAUNTLET," H. J. Starke.
Bro. JOHNSTONE.

From east to west, with lance in rest,
Come lords of high degree,
Come knights and squires from distant shires,
To try the fray with me:
The gauntlet's down, and my renown
Rests on my skill to-day.
O shall I stand in proud command,
Or vanquish'd need obey?
The gauntlet's down! I wait the foe!
Who seeks to win the days?
It hard shall go with him I throw,
Who dares that glove to raise.
Now one by one, unhorsed and prone,
To earth my rivals fall;
With skilful thrust unto the dust
My lance has forced them all,
And now I stand in proud command,
The lists are all my own.
No foeman moves that mailed glove
In stern defiance thrown.
The gauntlet's down, &c.

Gentle mortal, sing again.

*Midsummer's Night Dream,—
Act III., Scene 7.*





The Chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men!

Coriolanus,—Act III., Scene 2.

The Officers of the Grosvenor
Lodge.

Every good servant does not all commands,
No bond, but to do just ones.

Cymbeline,—Act V., Scene 1.





The diamonds of a most praised water appear.
Pericles,—Act III., Scene 2.

Ernst Pauer

Solo Piano - "THE CASCADE," - Ernst Pauer.

FR. A. R. GAUL, P.M.

Ernst Pauer

Let there be gall enough.
Twelfth Night,—Act III., Scene 2.



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The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear.

King Lear,—Act IV., scene 1.

The Tyler's Toast

To all poor and distressed Masons, 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.

Let our reciprocal vows be remembered.

King Lear,—Act IV., Scene 6.





No longer they can sing.

Hamlet,—Act II., Scene 2.

PART SONG - "STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT," - HATTON.

Stars of the summer night !
Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light,
She sleeps ! my lady sleeps.
Moon of the summer night !
Far down yonder western steep,
Sink, sink in silver light,
She sleeps ! my lady sleeps !
Wind of the summer night !
Where yonder woodbine creeps,
Fold, fold thy pinions light,
She sleeps ! my lady sleeps !
Dreams of the summer night !
Tell her her lover keeps
Watch while in slumbers light !
She sleeps ! my lady sleeps !

You know the way home again.

Coriolanus,—Act V., Scene 2.





MENU.

SIR TOBY BELCH.—Do not our lives consist of the four elements?
 SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.—'Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.
 SIR TOBY.—Thou art a scholar; let us, therefore eat and drink.

SOUPS.

JULIENNE. HARE.

FISH

COD & OYSTER SAUCE. SALMON. SMELTS.

ENTREES.

MUTTON CULETS. TOMATA SAUCE
 CURRIED EGGS. STEWED KIDNEYS.
 CURRIEL PIGEONS.

JOINTS.

SADDLE OF MUTTON. BOILED TURKEY.
 TONGUES.

GAME.

PHEASANTS. WOODCOCKS. SNIPE.
 GOLDEN PLOVERS, &c.

ICE PUDDINGS.

CHEESE. SALAD.

DESSERT.

COFFEE, &c., &c.



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