

St. Matthew's Lodge, No. 539.



Installation of

Wor & Bro. & James & Rowley,

Friday, April 6, 1883.

ST. MATTHEW'S LODGE, No. 539.



INSTALLATION

OF

Wor. Bro. James Rowley P.M.,

AS W.M.

FRIDAY, APRIL 6, 1883.

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PROGRAMME OF TOASTS AND MUSIC

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"The yearly course that brings this day about,  
Shall never see it but a holiday."

*King John.*

"I will not be absent at the grace."

*Merry Wives of Windsor.*



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.



"Cloy the hungry edge of appetite."

*King Richard II.*

"Be large in mirth :  
Anon we'll drink a measure the table round."

*Ibid.*



## The Queen and the Craft.



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

*King Henry VIII.*

"May many years of happy days befall  
My gracious sovereign."

*King Richard II.*



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!



"From enemies heaven keep your majesty;  
And, when they stand against you, may they fall."

*King Henry IV.*

"The immediate heir of England."

*King Henry IV.*



**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,



"The hope and expectation of our time."

*King Henry IV.*

"They are welcome all,  
Let them have kind admittance:  
Music make their welcome."

*Timon of Athens.*



GLEE..... "THE DANCE" .....*Otto.*

Pretty maiden, when I clasp thee with my arm—Tra la la.  
I must press thee to my heart so full and warm—Tra la la  
And I know not if to laugh or weep,  
When into thy hazel eyes I fondly peep;  
In my bosom then my heart is leaping so,  
While my cheeks with love and pleasure highly glow—Tra la la.

Tell me, maiden, by what magic can it be—Tra la la.  
So completely you have made a slave of me—Tra la la.  
Nay! indeed, I cannot let you go.  
No, I first will perish, dearest, no, oh, no,  
Thou, most lovely, has you loined this heart of mine,  
'Twill be fair if in return thou givest me thine—Tra la la.

Rich I am not,  
Comely am not,  
Clever am not,  
That I will own.

Still, I love thee well,  
More than words can tell;  
Herein I excel;  
Take me, then, now.

Here, we know, levels all,  
Love mingles great and small;  
So if thou lovest me dear,  
Beautiful shall I appear;  
Only let us quickly married be,  
Clever I shall grow, that you will see.

Then, sweet maiden, whom alone my heart can prize—Tra la la.  
Who has witch'd me with thy sparkling hazel eyes—Tra la la.  
Strike a bargain, there's no time like this,  
And, to seal it, only give a little kiss—Tra la la.  
When we're married, Oh! how happy we shall be;  
Such a couple sure the world shall never see—Tra la la.



"I am beholden to you for your sweet music."

*Pericles.*

"The choice and master spirits of our time."

*Julius Caesar.*



The Right Honourable  
**The Earl of Carriacarbon,**  
 Most Worshipful Bro. Grand Master;  
 The Right Honourable  
**Earl Athol,**  
 Right Worshipful Deputy Grand Master;  
 and the  
**Grand Lodge of England.**



"Very noble and approved good master .

*Othello.*



"He sings several tunes faster than you'll tell money;  
he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears  
grow to his tunes."

*Winter's Tale.*

SONG ..... "THE HARBOUR LIGHTS AT SEA" ..... *Pine-st.*

Our Union Jack at masthead flew,  
When the harbour lights were nigh,  
They gleam'd along the winding shore,  
As stars gleam in the sky;  
There's many a light 'twixt heaven and earth,  
To guide us when we roam;  
But never a light to cheer and bless,  
Like the harbour lights at home.  
I'll sup to-night our skipper cried,  
With my wife and children three,  
And hurra, hurra for the harbour lights  
That shines upon our lee.

The cabin boy in his hammock swung  
Wearily to and fro;  
He heard the skipper's cheery voice,  
And it set his heart aglow.  
"I love the music wild," quoth he,  
Of the rustling shrouds and spars;  
The heaving of the deep-sea lead,  
And the clink of the capstan bars.  
There's never a prayer like a mother's prayer,  
For her orphan boy at sea;  
And to-night, I know, my mother's prayer  
Goes up to heaven for me.

We steer'd between the harbour lights,  
Ere the dark had left the sky,  
While hope and joy each bosom thrilled,  
And flashed in every eye.  
A cheer rang out from stem to stern,  
Rang out on the echoing shore,  
When the mother clasp'd her orphan boy  
In her loving arms once more.  
Ah, gallant hearts o'er every sea,  
Who bravely proudly roam;  
Still shine for you to guide and bless,  
The harbour lights at home.

"By my troth, a good song,"

*Much Ado about Nothing.*

"He is noble, wise, judicious."

*Macbeth.*



The Right Worshipful Bro.

**Major George Singleton Tudor,**

Prob. Grand Master for Staffordshire.



"Sincere and holy in his thoughts."

*King Henry IV.*

ALONSO—"What harmony is this? My good friends, hark!"

GONZALO—"Marvellous sweet music!"

*Tempest.*



GLEE..... "BY CELIA'S ARBOUR"..... *Norsley.*

By Celia's arbour all the night,  
Hang humid wreath the lover's brow,  
And haply at the morning light,  
My love shall twine thee round her brow.

Then if upon her bosom bright,  
Some drops of dew should fall from thee,  
Tell her they are not drops of night,  
But tears of sorrow shed by me.



"My ears,  
I do protest, were never better fed  
With such delightful pleasing harmony."

*Pericles.*

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

*Antony and Cleopatra.*



The Worshipful Bro.  
**Colonel Foster Gough,**  
Deputy Prob. Grand Master; and the Provincial  
Grand Lodge of Staffordshire.



"So are they all, all honourable men."

*Julius Cæsar.*

"He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all sizes."

*Winter's Tale.*



SONG..... "THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS" .....

There is a reaper whose name is Death,  
And with his sickle keen,  
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath.  
And the flow'rs that grow between.

"Shall I have nought that is fair?" saith he,  
"Have nought but the bearded grain?  
Though the breath of these flow'rs is sweet to me,  
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flow'rs with tearful eyes,  
He kissed their drooping leaves,  
It was for the Lord of Paradise.  
He bound them in his sheaves.

"The Lord hath need of these nowrets gay,"  
The reaper said, and smiled,  
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,  
Where he was once a child.

They shall all bloom in fields of light,  
Transplanted by my care,  
And saints, upon their garments white,  
Those sacred blossoms wear.

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,  
The flow'rs she most did love,  
She knew she could have them all again,  
In the fields of light above.

And not in cruelty, not in wrath  
The reaper came that day,  
Twas an angel visited the green earth  
And took the flow'rs away.



"A wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it."

*Cymbeline.*

"Appointed Master of this fair design."

*Midsummer Night's Dream.*



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



"Thus have I begun my reign, and hope to end successfully."

*Taming of the Shrew.*

"Preposterous ass! that never read so far  
 To know the cause why music was ordain'd;  
 Was it not to refresh the mind of man,  
 After his studies, or his usual pain?"

*Turning of the Screw.*



QUINTET....."COME BOUNTIFUL MAY,".....*Spofforth.*

Come bounteous May, in fineness of thy might;  
 Lead briskly on the mirth-inspiring hours;

All recent from the bosom of delight,

With new-minted and involv'd in flowers.

By Spring's sweet flush, by nature's teeming womb;

By Hæbe's dimple smile, by Flora's bloom,

By Venus' cell, for Venus' self demands thee come.



"If music be the food of love, play on,  
 Give me excess of it."

*Twelfth Night.*

"Pray you, bid  
These unknown friends to us welcome: for it is  
A way to make us better friends, more known."

*Winter's Tale.*



## **The Visitors.**



"At first and last a hearty welcome."

*Macbeth.*



"Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?  
A love-song, a love-song."

*Twelfth Night.*



SONG....."OH, WILT THOU BE MY BRIDE.".....*Romer.*

Oh, wilt thou be my bride, Kathleen,  
Tho' lowly I may be ;  
My only wealth is this poor heart,  
Which beats alone for thee ;  
The gems that others bring, Kathleen,  
Upon thy brow to shine,  
Oh, do they speak of love and truth,  
Like this poor gift of mine.  
Then wilt thou be my bride, &c.

I've not rich robes for thee, Kathleen,  
Thy beauty needs no dress ;  
The pride of queerly splendour fades  
Before thy loveliness ;  
I have no banquet hall, Kathleen,  
To grace thy bridal day ;  
But I've a heart where thou wilt live,  
Till life has pass'd away.  
Then wilt thou be my bride, &c.



"Thou art a gentleman well accomplished."

*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

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

*Troilus and Cressida.*



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



"He is complete in feature, and in mind,  
With all good grace to grace a gentleman."

*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

"The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;  
Let no such man be trusted."

*Merchant of Venice.*



GLEE..... "JOY IS FLED"..... *Selby.*

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.



"This is an art  
Which does mend nature,—change it rather; but  
The art itself is nature."

*Winter's Tale.*

"There secret is in the art of doing good."

*Old Poem.*



## **The Masonic Charities.**



"I'll pray God's blessing into thy attempt."

*All's Well.*

"I do desire you to sing."

*As You Like It.*



SONG ..... "THE IMAGE OF THE ROSE" ..... *Reinhardt.*

While thro' a peaceful valley straying,  
A rose fresh blooming met my sight,  
Such ample store of charms displaying,  
My bosom felt unknown delight.  
With fragrant moss around it swelling,  
Appeared the gem of lustre mild;  
Oh, never from a fairer dwelling  
The Angel face of virtue smiled.

Beautiful form, oh, tarry with me.

A pleasing shudd'ring sense came o'er me,  
I felt new life within me bound,  
While gazing on the low'r before me,  
On earth such rapture ne'er was found.  
That image of celestial pleasure,  
Upon my heart is deeply trac'd;  
It is my bosom's dearest treasure,  
And never can it be effaced.

Beautiful form, oh, tarry with me.

When sorrow's clouds are round me low'ring,  
At once the rose's form appears,  
A charm each anguish over-pow'ring,  
To still my sighs, to dry my tears.  
Oh flower, that 'mid the darkness springing,  
By heav'n's decree upon me shone;  
To thee my heart is fondly clinging,  
And will not cease till life is gone,  
Beautiful form, oh, tarry with me.



"Where should this music be? 't the air, or the earth?  
It sounds no more."

*Tempest.*

"He hath indeed better bettered expectations."

*Much Ado About Nothing.*



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



"Bear their blushing honours thick upon them."

*King Henry VIII.*

"Those girls—take heed of them!"

*All's Well.*



GLEE....."BANISH, O MAIDEN".....*Lorenz.*

Banish, O maiden, thy fears of to-morrow,  
Dash from thy cheek, love, the tear drop of sorrow;  
Pleasures flies swiftly and sweetly away,  
Tears for to-morrow, but kisses to-day.

Kisses, kisses, kisses to-day.

Hear me then, dearest, thy doubts gently chiding,  
Know'st thou not true love is ever confiding;  
Why snatch from cupid his bondage away,  
Love sees no morrow, then kiss me to-day.

Kiss me love, &c.

Sighs from thy bosom for ever exiling,  
On that young lip still lies happiness smiling;  
Or if a frown must that smile chase away,  
Frown then to-morrow, but kiss me to-day.

Kiss me love, &c.



"How if the kiss be denied?"

Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter."

*As You Like It.*

"Let our Officers have notice what we purpose."

*Antony and Cleopatra.*



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



"Here with a cup that's stor'd unto the brim,  
We drink this health to you."

*Pericles.*



"Let our reciprocal vows be remembered."

*Ibid.*



SERENADE....."SLEEP, GENTLE LADY".....*Bishop.*

Sleep, gentle lady, the flow'rs are closing,  
The very winds and waves reposing,  
O may our soft and soothing slumbers,  
Wrap thee in sweeter, softer slumbers:  
Peace be around thee, lady bright,  
Sleep, while we sing good night, good night.

"The end crowneth all."

*Troilus and Cressida.*

### The Tyler's Toast.

"TO ALL POOR AND DISTRESSED MASONS, WHEREVER DIS-  
PERSED 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."



"Faith, we may put up our pipes and begone."

*Romeo and Juliet.*