



St. Matthew's Lodge, No. 539.

INSTALLATION

OF

BRO. J. H. ROWBOTHAM,

THURSDAY, APRIL 6TH, 1882.



ST. MATTHEW'S LODGE, NO. 539.



GRACE BEFORE

W. Byrd.

Non nobis Domine, sed nomini tuo la gloria.

INSTALLATION

OF

Bro. J. H. Rowbotham,

THURSDAY, APRIL 6, 1882.

PROGRAMME OF TOASTS AND MUSIC.

Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

As You Like It, II., 7.

Welcome to our table.  
 Women will be praised a woman  
 More worth than any man: *As You Like It, II. 7.*  
 The rarest of all women.  
*Winter's Tale, V. 1.*



GRACE BEFORE MEAT ..... *W. Byrd.*

Non nobis Domine, sed nomine tuo la gloria.

*The Queen and the Craft.*

GRACE AFTER MEAT ..... *Young.*

For thee 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.



She shall be lov'd, and her own shall bless her  
 Her foes shall shake like a field of beaten corn.

God shall be truly known; and those about her  
 From her shall read the perfect ways of honour.  
 And by *To say you are welcome, were superfluous.*

*Pericles, II. 3.*

Women will love her that she is a woman  
 More worth than any man; men, that she is  
 The rarest of all women.

*Winter's Tale, V. 1.*



NAT. 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,  
 Home and abroad,  
 God save the Queen!

## The Queen and the Craft.

God save the Queen!

SOLO AND CHORUS

Guard from the season's stain,  
 Then, Lord, shall shield from harm  
 Ever last been;

Angels watch the way  
 Watch—while night and day,  
 Men in the world pray,  
 God save the Queen!

God save the Queen!

She shall be lov'd, and fear'd: Her own shall bless her:  
 Her foes shall shake like a field of beaten corn.

God shall be truly known; and those about her  
 From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,  
 And by those claim their greatness—not by blood.

*Henry VIII., V. 4.*

Now good angels  
Fly o'er thy royal head.

*Henry VIII., V. 1.*



NAT. 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.

Saved from the assassin's arm,  
Thou, Lord, shalt shield from harm  
Ever hast been;  
Angels around her way  
Watch—while by night and day,  
Masses in thousands pray,  
God save the Queen!



Fair be to you The God of Heaven this fair company! fair  
desires, in all fair Both now and ever bless her.

*Henry VIII., V. 1.*

You have deserv'd  
High commendation, true applause, and love.

*As You Like It, I. 2.*



**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.**



Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair  
desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them!

*Troilus and Cressida, III. 1.*



Here is good broken music.

*Troilus and Cressida, III. 1.*

*Much Ado About Nothing, III. 2.*



GLEE....."SPRING'S DELIGHTS".....Müller.

Bros. FELLOWS, PEARCE, BELL, and MYERS.

Spring's delights are all reviving,  
Verdant leaflets clothe each spray,  
Hawthorn buds give joyful tidings,  
Welcome news! 'tis o'ly the May day.

Rural pastimes, grateful offering,  
Hail the promise for the year;  
Village swans their paws disclosing,  
Maids' and more willing ear.

These delights but last a season,  
Fading quickly with the year,  
Still these hours, if spent with reason,  
Surely bring us Autumn cheer.

Come then, dearest, hear my pleading,  
Turn not from my suit away,  
But my honest heart receiving,  
Make me bless this bright May-day.



What music is this?

I do but partly know, sir; it is music in parts.

*Troilus and Cressida, III. 1*

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

*Much Ado About Nothing, III. 3.*



SONG. "SUNG OF THE SUMMER NIGHT" *W. H. Bell.*

*Rev. W. H. Bell.*

The Right Honourable

**The Earl of Carnarvon,**

Most Worshipful, Pro. Grand Master;

The Right Honourable

**Earl Lathom,**

Right Worshipful, Deputy Grand Master;

and the

**Grand Lodge of England.**



Come, love and health to all.

*Ibid.*



Nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,  
But music for the time doth change his nature.

*Merchant of Venice, V. 1.*



SONG.... "STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT".... *F. H. Bell.*

**BRO. F. H. BELL.**

Stars of the summer night!  
Far in yon azure deeps,  
Hide, hide your golden light!  
She sleeps! my lady sleeps!

Morn of the summer night!  
Far down yon 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 slumber light,  
She sleeps! my lady sleeps!



Most heavenly music;  
It nips me into listening.

*Pericles, V. 1.*

This is a loyal, just, and upright gentleman.

*Richard II., I. 3.*



The Right Worshipful Bro.

**Major George Singleton Tudor,**

Prob. Grand Master for Staffordshire.



Laud we the gods,  
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils  
From our bless'd altars!

*Cymbeline, V. 5.*

This is a more exquisite song than the other.

and you an officer fit for the place.

*Othello, II. 3.*

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, I. 2.*



GLEE..... "HASTE, YE SOFT GALES"...... *Martin.*

Bros. FELLOWS, PEAFCE, LELL, and BILERS.

Haste, ye soft gales, to my relief,  
Learn every sigh, each pang, each grief.  
Then waft them to my fair one's ear,  
Tell how I languish in despair;  
And in soft pity she deny,  
Tell her for her alone I die.



The air  
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself  
Unto our gentle senses.

*Macbeth, I. 6.*

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

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, I. 2.*



DUET....."FLOW GENTLY, DEAR FOUNTAIN."

Reps. PRABOS and YERB

Flow gently, Dear FOUNTAIN,  
On thy mossy banks the brilliant day sleeps,

And when he wakes he wakes to peace  
And when he wakes he wakes to peace

**Colonel Foster Gough,**

Deputy Prob. Grand Master; and the Provincial

And Grand Lodge of Staffordshire.

Then shall the birds  
In sad notes ring our knell,  
Or chant in happy strains  
The song of joy.



Welcome him then according to his worth.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, II. 4.*

Thou sing'st sweet music.

*Richard III., V. 2.*

Such as it is, being tender, raw, and green,  
Which older days shall ripen, and command  
To more approved service and desert.

*Richard II., II. 4.*



DUET....."FLOW GENTLY, DEVA"..... *Parry.*

Bros. PEARCE and YELLS.

Flow gently, Deva,  
On thy mossy banks the valiant Tudor sleeps,  
Sweet be his dreams!  
And when he wakes, O! may he wake to peace.

Ah! no; I hear the clashing sound of arms,  
Rouse the gallant warrior;  
Rise, Tudor, rise!  
And lead us on to death or victory!

Then shall the bards  
In sad notes ring our knell,  
Or chant in happy strains  
The song of joy.



Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;  
Take each man's censures, but reserve thy judgment.

This above all—To thine own self be true,  
And that shall make thyself free,  
Here with a cup that's stored unto the brim  
We drink this health to you.

*Pericles, II. 3.*



I tender you my service  
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young;  
Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm  
To more approved service and desert.

*Richard II., II. 3.*

SONG.....

"MADOLINE".....

Deys.

Bro. W. H. TAYLOR



I dream of thee, O Madoline,  
So beautiful and bright,  
My memory weaves each hour of thine  
With every thought of light.  
Thou art the music of my heart  
That echoes through each day.

## The Worshipful Master

of the

## St. Matthew's Lodge.

When the world may cast its care,  
When sorrow and I see,  
I fear no shame, for in my grief,  
Thou art again to thee.



BROTHER H. H. FORTÉ

BROS. BOND AND TAYLOR

Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;  
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

This above all—To thine own self be true,  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

*Hamlet, I. 3.*



Those girls——take heed of them!

*All's Well, II. 1.*



SONG..... "MADOLINE"..... *Balfe.*

BRO. W. H. FELLOWS.

I dream of thee, sweet Madoline,  
So beautiful and bright,  
My memory weaves each look of thine,  
With every thought of light.  
Thou art the music of my heart  
That whispers through each day,  
That speaks thy name in every breeze,  
When far from thee away.

I dream of thee, dear Madoline,  
Through life's sad waste of years,  
Like spring's sweet breath to flowers that droop,  
Thy beaming smiles appears.  
Whene'er the world may cast its care,  
When sorrow near I see,  
I fear no shade, for in my grief,  
I turn again to thee.

DUET PIANOFORTE .....

BROS. BOND and TAYLOR.



Those dancing chips  
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,  
Making dead wood more blessed than living lips.

*Sonnet cxxviii.*

I count myself in nothing else so happy, about hawking,  
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends; are the only  
And as my fortune ripens with thy love,  
It shall be still thy true love's recompense; *Like II, V. 3.*  
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

*Richard II., II. 3.*



QUARTETTE..... "THE SONG"..... *Hutton.*

Brook, FELLOWES, MATEES, DRILL, and MATEES



Our ship now goes with a pleasant gale,

Give it to her, boys, now give it her,

For she's the craft to carry sail,

Give it to her, boys, now give it her,

See, the wind who's our quarters sail,

Make all tight and snug, boys,

Swiftly she'll cut through the water,

Then **The Visitors.**

Hark, the breeze begins to blow,

So, hear your voices and join in our heave ho!

Cheerily, my men, heave ho!

Through the night how fast she's sped now,

Keep her course nor' west, boys,

Forry England's right a-head now,

Soon we'll make the land, boys,

Oh, the breeze, an



Be sure of this,  
What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss.

*All's Well, I. 3.*

We shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking,  
or spitting, or saying we are hoarse; which are the only  
prologues to a bad voice?

*As You Like It, V. 3.*



QUARTETTE..... "TAR'S SONG"..... *Hatton.*

Bros. FELLOWS, PEARCE, BEYLL and MYER.

Our ship now goes with a pleasant gale,  
Give it to her, boys, now give it her,  
For she's the craft to carry sail,  
Give it to her, boys, now give it her,  
See, the wind is on our quarter,  
Make all taut and snug, boys,  
Swiftly shall we through the water,  
Then we'll serve the gale, boys.  
Hark, the breeze begins to blow,  
So clear your pipes, and join in our heave ho!  
Cheerily, my men, heave ho!

Through the night how fast she's sped now,  
Keep her course nor' west, boys,  
Merry England's right a-head now,  
Soon we'll make the land, boys.  
Hark, the breeze, &c.



We kept time, we lost not our time.

*As You Like It, V. 3*

We have been guided by thee hitherto,  
And of thy cunning had no diffidence.

We'll set thy statue in some holy place,  
And have thee reverence'd like a blessed saint.

Henry VI., III. 4.



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



Inferior eyes  
That borrow their behaviours from the great,  
Grow great by your example, and put on  
The dauntless spirit of resolution.

King John, V. 1.

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.

*Mer. of Venice, V. 1.*



SONG... "THE MERRY LITTLE FAT GREY MAN" ... *Biewitt.*

Bro. J. PEARCE.

There is a little man dressed all in grey,  
He lives in the city and he's always gay ;  
He's round as an apple, plump as a pear,  
He has not a shilling nor has he a care.  
Yet he laughs and he sings,  
And he sings and he laughs, ha! ha! ha!  
Oh! what a merry little grey fat man.

He drinks without counting the number of glasses,  
He sings merry songs and flirts with the lasses ;  
He has debts, he has done, when the bailiffs draw near,  
He shuts up his door, and he shuts up his ear.  
Yet he laughs and he sings, &c.

In the rain through the roof his garret floor wets,  
In his bed snoring snugly, the rain he forgets :  
In bleak cold December, it hails and it snows,  
If the fire goes out his fingers he blows.  
Yet he laughs and he sings, &c.



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

*Winter's Tale, IV. 3.*



The stars above us govern our conditions.

And doleful dumps the mind oppress,  
Then music, with her silver sound,  
With speedy help doth lend redress.

*Lear, IV. 3.*

*Romeo and Juliet, VI. 3.*



GLEE..... "SOLDIER'S LOVE"..... *Shakespeare.*

BROTHERS FELLOWS, FRANCES FELL, AND MOTHER.

Before the morning sun is beaming,

And soldier of the sun is beaming,

The drum and fife are sounding,

Dearest maid, now fare thee well.

And while the sun is shining,

Each maid is peeling,

Perchance the sun is shining,

Dearest maid, now fare thee well.

Farewell, dear maid, and cease thy weeping,

We all are here in Heaven's keeping,

The soldier's bride will true remain,

Dearest maid, now fare thee well.



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

*Hamlet, II. 2.*



When gripping grief the heart doth wound,  
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,  
Then music, with her silver sound,  
With speedy help doth lend redress.

*Romeo and Juliet, VI., 5.*



GLEE..... "SOLDIER'S LOVE"..... Aicken.

Bros. FELLOWS, PEARCE, DELL, and MEYERS.

Before the morning sun is beaming,  
And soldiers of their conquests are dreaming,  
The drum resounds to arms to arms,  
Dearest maid, now fare thee well.

And while the call to arms is pealing,  
Each soldier to his true love is stealing,  
Perhaps to bid the last farewell,  
Dearest maid, now fare thee well.

Farewell, dear maid, and cease thy weeping,  
We all are here in Heaven's keeping,  
The soldier's bride will true remain,  
Dearest maid, now fare thee well.



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

*Pericles, II. 5.*

I see some sparkles of a better hope,  
Which elder days may happily bring forth.

*Then she puts you to entreaty, and thus leads*

*Richard II., V. 3.*

*As You Like It, IV.*



SONG..... "I FEAR NO FOE".....

By H. MYERS

I fear no foe in shining armour,

Tho' his lance be sharp and his

But I fear and love the glanc

Do I fear the glanc

**The Officers of**

**St. Matthew's Lodge.**

Would I had a God so given!

Would I could need to stay!

That my heart in truth be true,

and I place in the fray!

I fear no foe, except the glanc

Of eyes I long to see;

I fear no foe without armour,

and I place in the fray!



The honour'd gods  
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice  
Supplied with worthy men!

*Coriolanus, III. 3.*

How if the kiss be denied?  
Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

*As You Like It, IV. 1.*



SONG..... "I FEAR NO FOE"..... *Pisanti.*

**BRO. H. MYERS.**

I fear no foe in shining armour,  
Tho' his lance be swift and keen,  
But I fear and love the glamour,  
Through thy deeping lances seen;  
Be I clad in raiment and tassels,  
Do I perfect cuirass wear,  
Love through all my armour passes  
To the heart that's hidden there!  
Would I fend a blow so given?  
Would I raise a hand to stay?  
Tho' my heart in twain be riven,  
And I perish in the fray!  
I fear no foe, except the glamour,  
Of the eyes I long to see;  
I am here, love, without armour,  
Strike, and captive make of me.



Fore Heaven, an excellent song.

*Othello, II. 3.*

*Coriolanus.*



GLEE..."To OUR NEXT MEETING" H. Phillips

From FELLOWS, PHAROS, DILL, and MYNERS

Farewell kind friends, yet not in part,  
With warm responses to each other's heart,  
And grateful words, breathing  
Fill the goblet high and bright,  
And let this toast be drunk to night,  
Here's to our next Merry Meeting.

## The Masonic Charities.

The Elder's Toast.

TO ALL GODS AND DEITIES: MARON, WHATEVER DE-  
MONS OVER THE FACE OF EARTHEN WATER; WINNING THEM A  
SWEET SLEEP FROM THEIR SORROWS, AND A HAPPY RETURN TO  
THEIR WATERS' COUNTRY SHORE. CHASE IT.



Do not upbraid us with our distress.

*Coriolanas.*

The setting sun and music at the close,  
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last  
Writ in remembrance more than things long past.

*Richard II., II. 1.*



GLEE... "TO OUR NEXT MERRY MEETING". *H. Phillips.*

Bros. FELLOWS, PEARCE, BELL and MYERS

Farewell kind friends, yet ere we part,  
With warm responses to each other's heart,  
And grateful words repeating;  
Fill the goblet high and bright,  
And let this toast be drunk to night,  
Here's to our next Merry Meeting.

A friend should bear a friend's infirmities.

*Julius Caesar, IV. 3.*

### The Tyler's Toast.

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



You know the way home again.

*Coriolanus, V. 2.*