

United Lodge of Prudence,

No. 83.

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—❧ Bro. H. HICKS. ❧—

Worshipful Master.

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INSTALLATION BANQUET

AT THE

“Albion” Tavern,

ALDERSGATE STREET, E.C.,

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 3rd, 1902.



Selection of Vocal Music.

BY

The Westminster Singers:

Bro. GEORGE MAY,

W. Bro. HARPER KEARTON,

Bro. REPTRAM MILLS,

W. Bro. W. H. BRERETON.



Coast List.



“The King and the Craft.”



“The Most Worshipful Grand Master, H.R.H. the
Duke of Connaught.”



“The M.W. Pro. Grand Master the Earl Amherst;
the R.W. Deputy Grand Master the Earl of Warwick, and the
rest of the Grand Officers, Present and Past.”



“The Worshipful Master.”



“The Visitors.”



“The Treasurer and Trustees of the Benevolent Fund.”



“The Past Masters.”



“The Treasurer and Secretary.”



“The Officers of the Lodge.”



“The Tyler’s Toast.”

Programme.

- GRACE "For these and all Thy mercies" (*"Laudi Spirituali,"* 1545.)
- NATIONAL ANTHEM "God save the King." .. *Dr. J. Paul.*
Solo—BRO. BERTRAM MILLS.
- GLEE "Haste, ye soft gales," *Martin.*
THE WESTMINSTER SINGERS.
- SONG "The lass that loves a sailor," *Dibdin*
W. BRO. HARPER KEARTON.
- IRISH AIR *Arranged by Harper Kearton.*
"Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,"
THE WESTMINSTER SINGERS.
- SONG "Oh! hear the wild wind blow," .. *Tito Mattei.*
W. BRO. W. H. BRERETON.
- GLEE "By Celia's arbour," *W. Horsley.*
THE WESTMINSTER SINGERS.
- SONG "Thy foe," *Blumenthal.*
BRO. BERTRAM MILLS.
- PART SONG "When evening's twilight," .. *J. L. Hatton.*
THE WESTMINSTER SINGERS.

GRACE.

From the "Laudi Spirituali, A.D. 1545."

FOR these and all Thy mercies giben,
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.

The National Anthem.

Dr. John Bull.

Solo—TRO. BERTRAM MILLS.



OD save our lord the King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King!

GLEE *Martin.*

“HASTE, YE SOFT GALES.”

THE WESTMINSTER SINGERS.



HASTE, ye soft gales, to my relief,
 Learn ev'ry sigh, each pain, each grief ;
 Then wait them to my fair one's ear,
 Tell how I languish in despair,
 And if soft pity she deny
 Tell her, for her alone I die.



SONG *Dublin.*

"THE LASS THAT LOVES A SAILOR."

W. BRO. HARPER KEARTON.

THE moon on the ocean was dimm'd by a ripple,
 Affording a chequer'd delight;
 The gay jolly tars passed the word for the tippie
 And the toast, for 'twas Saturday night.
 Some sweetheart or wife, he loved as his life,
 Each drank and wish'd he could hail her;
 But the standing toast that pleased the most,
 Was—"The wind that blows,
 The ship that goes,
 And the lass that loves a sailor."

Some drank—"The Queen"—Some "her brave ships,"
 And some—"The Constitution;"
 Some—"May our foes and all such rips
 Yield to English resolution."
 That fate might bless some Poll or Bess,
 And that they soon might hail her.
 But the standing toast that pleased the most,
 Was—"The wind that blows,
 The ship that goes,
 And the lass that loves a sailor."

Some drank—"The Prince"—and some "Our land,"
 This glorious land of freedom;
 Some—"That our tars may never stand
 For heroes bold to lead 'em;
 That she who's in distress may find
 Such friends as ne'er may fail her."
 But the standing toast, that pleased the most,
 Was—"The wind that blows,
 The ship that goes,
 And the lass that loves a sailor."

IRISH AIR

...

Arranged by Harper Kearton.

“BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING
YOUNG CHARMS.”

THE WESTMINSTER SINGERS.

BELIEVE me if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow and fade in my arms,
Like fairy gifts melting away,—
Thou wouldst still be adored as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will;
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart,
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear!
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sunflower turns on her god when he sets
The same look which she turned when he rose.

SONG

... ..

Tito Mattei.

"OH ! HEAR THE WILD WIND BLOW."

W. BRO. W. H. BRERETON.



ARK are the clouds that now shadow the sea,
And my brave barque is flying before the
fierce gale ;

Her heart seems to throb at the waves on her lee,
And scorns the wild gusts that are rending each sail.
Oh, oh ! hear the wild wind blow,
Oh, oh ! swifter she will go.
Santa Maria, on bended knee
Lowly I kneel, have mercy on me ;
Quell the fierce wind, and calm the wild sea.

Hear it blow !

On, on, my barque ! dash thro' the foam,
Laugh at the wind, we're nearly home :
Oh ! those bright eyes awaiting me there,
On, on, my barque ! the storm-king we'll dare.

In the dark night, as I pace the lone deck,
And watch the storm rise that my brave barque may wreck,
The spirit of love seems to guard me, and say—
" In danger and storm to the Virgin you'll pray."

Oh, oh ! should the wild wind blow,
Oh, oh ! should the tempest grow,
Santa Maria, on bended knee
Humbly I pray, have mercy on me ;
Quell this fierce storm, and calm the wild sea.

Hear it blow !

On, on, my barque ! dash thro' the foam,
Fear not the wind that brings us home ;
Oh ! those bright eyes awaiting me there,
On, on ! the storm and wild wind we'll dare.

GLEE *W. Horsley.*

“BY CELIA’S ARBOUR.”

THE WESTMINSTER SINGERS.

BY Celia’s arbour, all the night
 Hang, humid wreath, the lover’s vow;
 And haply, at the morning light,
 My love shall crown 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.



SONG *Blumenthal.*

“THY FOE.”

BRO. BERTRAM MILLS.



AM thy foe, for I have steal'd
 My heart against thy wiles,
 I will not bend in fetters low,
 And cringe beneath thy smiles;
 O'er my life thou hast no power,
 I would scorn to bend to thee,
 Ah! I am no puffy, weakly serf,
 In fetters bound to be.

Thou art most fair, no words can paint
 The beauties that are thine,
 The perfect face, the wond'rous eyes,
 That like twin stars do shine;
 And yet, I will not brook thy rule,
 What? Thou would'st bend to me?
 Ah! then, indeed, I am thy slave,
 And ever such will be.

Cecil Lorraine.

PART SONG

... ..

Hatton.

"WHEN EV'NING'S TWILIGHT."

THE WESTMINSTER SINGERS.



WHEN ev'ning's twilight gathers round;

When ev'ry flower is hush'd to rest;

When autumn leaves breathe not a sound;

And ev'ry bird flies to its nest:

When dew-drops kiss the blushing rose;

When stars are glitt'ring from above;

When nature's self seeks sweet repose;

Then I think of thee, my love!





Bro. GEORGE MAY,
57, Ady's Road,
East Dulwich,
S.E.



Officers.

Bro. H. HICKS	-	-	-	-	W.M.
„ H. J. HIGHAM	-	-	-	-	I.P.M.
„ D. E. HIGHAM	-	-	-	-	S.W.
„ E. S. MONTEFIORE	-	-	-	-	J.W.
„ E. A. SMITH	-	-	-	-	<i>Treasurer.</i>
„ I. C. STRONG	-	-	-	-	<i>Secretary.</i>
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„ GONDARD	-	-	-	-	<i>Tyler.</i>

Trustees to the Benevolent Fund.

Bro. A. J. SCRUTTON.
„ H. J. BAKER.
„ W. TOWNE.
„ E. A. SMITH, <i>Treasurer.</i>