United Lodge of Prudence,

No. 83.

* * *

Bro. H. HICKS.

Worshipful Master.

* * *

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. MARPUR KEARTON.

BIO. PENTRAM MILLS,

W. bro. W. H. BRERETON.



Doct List.

CXKO

"The King and the Craft."

+228+

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

+5383+

"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."

+338+

"The Morshipul Master."

+332+

"Tre Visitors."

+23:56+

"The Treasurer and Trustees of the Benevolent Fund."

+33:45+

"The Past Masters."

+33:56+

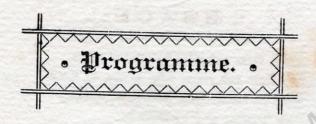
"The Treasurer and Secretary."

+33:50+

"The Officers of the Lodge."

+33:53+

"The Tyler's Toast."



GRACE "For these and all Thy mercies" ("Laudi Spirituali," 1545. NATIONAL ANTHEM "God save the King," Dr. J. Puil. Solo-BRO. BERTRAM MILLS. GLEE .. "Haste, ye soft gales," THE WESTMINSTER SINGERS. .. "The lass that leves a saile," SONG Dibdin W. BRO. HARPER TEARTON. IRISH AIR .. . Arranged by Harper Kearton. "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms," THE WESTMINSTER SINGERS. SONG "Oh! he ar the wild wind blow," Tito Mattei. W. BRO. W. H. BRERETON. GLER "By Celia's arbour," ... W. Horsley. THE WESTMINSTER SINGERS. "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 given,

We bless and praise Thy Hame, O Lord!

Hlay we receive them with thanksgiving,

Ever trusting in Thy word!

To Thee alone be honour, glory,

How, and henceforth, for evermore.——Imen.

The Actional Anthem.

Dr. John Bull.

Solo- BRO. 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 SINGUES.

ASTE, ye soft gales, to my relief,

Learn ev'ry righ, each pain, each grief;

Then went 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.



Dibdin. SONG

"THE LASS THAT LOVES A SAILOR."

W. BRO. HARPER KEARTON.

HE moon on the ocean was dimm'd by a ripple, Affording a chequer'd delight;

The gay jolly tars passed the word for the tipple And the toast, for 'twas Saturday night.

Some sweetheart or wife, he loved as lis life, Each drank and wish'd he could hail her;

But the standing toast that pleased in most, Was-"The wind that blows

The ship that goes,

And the lass that loves a sallor."

Some drank—"The Queen"—Some "her brave ships,"

And some-"The Constitution "

Some-" May our fors and all such rips

Yield to English resolution.

That fate might Liess some Poll or Bess, And that they soon might hail her.

But the sonding 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 giorious 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 ENDEAR NO YOUNG CHARMS."

THE WESTMINSTER SINCE. S.

ELIEVE me if all those chacaring 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 tade as it will;

And around the near ruin each wish of my heart,

Would entwine itself reclantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And the cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the rervour and faith of a soul can be known,
"o which the will but make thee more dear!
To, 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 rea,

And my brave barque is flying before the
fierce gale;

Her heart seems to throb at the waves on he lee.

And scorns the wild gusts that are rending each said.
Oh, oh! hear the wild wind blow,
Oh, oh! swifter she will go.
Santa Maria, on bended knee
Lowly I kneel, have mercy on ma;
Quell the fierce wind, and cannot the will sea.

Hear it blow!

On, on, my barque: dash woo' the foam, Laugh at the wind, we're nearly home: Oh! those 'my, the 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 which 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."
Ch, oh! should the wild wind blow,
Oh, ch! should the tempest grow,
Santa Maria, on bended knee
Hunbly 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'!! dare. GLEE

W. Horsley.

"BY CELIA'S ARBOUR."

THE WESTMINSTER SINGERS.

Hang, humid wreath, the lover's vow;
And haply, at the morning light,
My love sha'l owing the 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 corrow shed by me.



Song

Blumenthal.

"THY FOE."

BRO. BERTRAM MILLS.

AM thy foe, for I have steel?

My heart against thy wiles,
I will not bend in fetters low,
And cringe beneath thy smiles;
O'er my life thou has no power,
I would scorn to hend to thee,
Ah! I am no pury, weal!y sorf,
In fetters bound to be.

The beauties that are thine,
The beauties that are thine,
The perfect fore, the wond'rous eyes,
That like twan stars do shine;
And yet, I will not brook thy rule,
What? Thou would'st bend to me?
Ab I 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'ry flow's is hund'd to rest;

When auturn leaves treathe not a sound;

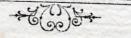
And ev'ry bird lies to its nest:

When accordrops has 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. GEORCE MAY,

57, Ady: Khad,

East Dulwich,

S.E.



Officers.

Bro.	H. Hicks -	13				W.M.
"	Н. Ј. Ніснам					I.P.M.
"	D. E. HIGHAM					S.W.
"	E. S. Montefiore					J. W.
"	Е. А. Ѕмітн -					Treasurer.
,,	I. C. STRONG -		0	2		Secretary.
,,	A. W. Ashton	Ċ,			5	S.D.
,,	A. R. RICARDO		-			J.D.
"	A. J. WAE	6				I.G.
,,	GOLDARD					Tyler.

Trotees to the Benevolent Bund.

Bro. A. J. SCRUTTON.

" H. J. BAKER.

,, W. Towne.

" E. A. SMITH, Treasurer.