

University of Oregon

Baccalaureate Service

Sunday, June 16, 1901, at Eleven O'clock

Prelude Largo Handel

Doxology (Entire audience standing)

Invocation The Rev. J. T. Merrill

Hymn "Onward Christian Soldiers"

Reading of Scripture The Rev. W. B. Hollingshead

Contralto Solo "O Rest in the Lord" Mendelssohn

Chorus "He That Shall Endure to the End" (Elijah)

Prayer The Rev. Herbert S. Johnson, '87

Hymn (Audience standing) "The King of Love My Shepherd Is"

Baccalaureate Sermon The Rev. Mac H. Wallace

Chorus "He Watching Over Israel" Mendelssohn

Benediction The Rev. D. E. Loveridge

Postlude "War March of the Priests" Mendelssohn

1061

Onward, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the cross of Jesus
 Going on before;
 Christ the Royal Master
 Leads against the foe;
 Forward into battle,
 See, His banners go.
 Onward, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the cross of Jesus
 Going on before.

At the sign of triumph
 Satan's host doth flee;
 On then, Christian soldiers,
 On to victory;
 Hell's foundations quiver
 At the shout of praise;
 Brothers, lift your voices,
 Loud your anthems raise.
 Onward, etc.

Like a mighty army
 Moves the Church of God;
 Brothers, we are treading
 Where the saints have trod;

We are not divided,
 All one body we,
 One in hope and doctrine,
 One in charity.
 Onward, etc.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
 Kingdoms rise and wane,
 But the Church of Jesus
 Constant will remain;
 Gates of hell can never
 'Gainst that Church prevail;
 We have Christ's own promise,
 And that cannot fail.
 Onward, etc.

Onward, then, ye people,
 Join our happy throng,
 Blend with ours your voices
 In the triumph-song;
 Glory, laud, and honor
 Unto Christ the King;
 This through countless ages
 Men and angels sing.
 Onward, etc. AMEN.

The King of love my Shepherd is,
 Whose goodness faileth never;
 I nothing lack if I am His
 And He is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow
 My ransomed soul He leadeth,
 And, where the verdant pastures grow,
 With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
 But yet in love he sought me,
 And on his shoulder gently laid,
 And home, rejoicing, brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
 With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
 Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
 Thy cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
 Thy unction grace bestoweth;
 And O what transport of delight
 From Thy pure chalice floweth.

And so through all the length of days
 Thy goodness faileth never;
 Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
 Within Thy house for ever. AMEN.