

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

BACCALAUREATE SERVICE

Sunday, June 12, 1898, at Eleven O'clock

Doxology.	Entire audience standing.
Invocation,	Dean Sanderson.
Hymn—"Eternal Father Strong to Save."	
Anthem—"Lord have Mercy"	(Stabat Mater)—Rossini.
Reading of Scripture,	Rev. R. M. Leslie.
Hymn—"Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand."	
Prayer,	Rev. Morton L. Rose.
Quintette—"Oh, Triumph All Ye Mortals"	Beethoven.
Baccalaureate Sermon,	Rev. Arthur W. Ackerman.
Hymn—"Pleasant are Thy Courts Above."	
Benediction,	Rev. J. T. Abbett.

FIRST HYMN.

Eternal Father! strong to save,
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,
Who bid'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep:

Oh hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

Oh Savior whose almighty word
The winds and waves submissive heard
Who walked'st on the foaming deep
And calm amid its rage did'st sleep:

Oh hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

Oh Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
And ever let there rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

SECOND HYMN.

Ten thousand times ten thousand
In sparkling raiment bright
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light:
T'is finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin:
Fling open wide the golden gates
And let the victors in.

What rush of hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph night!
Oh, day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
Oh joy, for all its former woes
A thousand fold repaid!

Bring near the great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain
Fill up the roll of thine elect,
Then take thy power and reign;
Appear, Desire of nations—
Thine exiles long for home—
Show in the heaven thy promised sign.
Thou Prince and Savior come!

THIRD HYMN.

Pleasant are thy courts above
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are thy courts below
In this land of sin and woe.
Oh, my spirit longs and fains
For the converse of thy saints,
For the brightness of thy face
King of glory, God of grace.

Happy souls, their praises flow,
Ever in this land of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength
Till they reach thy throne at length,
At thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

Lord be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through this of world sin;
Keep me by thy saving grace,
Give me at thy side a place;
Sun and shield alike thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from thee,
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.