

1958

Baccalaureate Exercises, June 08, 1958

Eastern Michigan College

EASTERN MICHIGAN COLLEGE

Ypsilanti, Michigan

BACCALAUREATE EXERCISES

Sunday, June 8, 1958

3:00 P.M., Pease Auditorium

Processional	March from "Aida" College-Civic Orchestra William D. Fitch, Conductor (Audience remains seated)	Verdi
Invocation		Reverend William J. Daniel
Motet	Lead, Kindly Light Robert Waterstripe, Baritone Choral Union Haydn Morgan, Conductor Carolyn Wiseman, Accompanist	Cyril Jenkins
Cantata	God, Thou Art Great Kathleen Van Den Brink, Soprano John Elwell, Tenor Robert Waterstripe, Baritone Choral Union (No applause, please)	Louis Spohr
Benediction		Reverend William J. Daniel
Recessional	The Proud from "The Temperaments"	Dittersdorf

(Audience please remain seated until graduates retire)

ARCHIVES
E M U LIBRARY
YPSILANTI

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom, lead Thou me on.
The night is dark, and I am far from home; lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see the distant scene, one step
enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path, but now lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears, pride ruled my will;
remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till the night is gone.
And with the morn those angel faces smile which I have loved
long since, and lost awhile.

John H. Newman

GOD, THOU ART GREAT

God, Thou art great!
The Heavens are declaring — the sun in his brightness,
The stars in their wandering — Thou art the Mighty One!
The earth sounds Thy praises in deep roaring billows,
in bright beaming meadows, in all living creatures:
Thou art the Mighty One.
Worlds in boundless orbits rolling,
Great is He who formed you first;
All ye hosts of heavenly bodies,
Shout your Maker, sound His glory,
Great is He who formed you first.

Thou earth, waft sweet incense o'er thy plains,
Be an altar, pouring thanks.
Sound His praise, ye rocky mountains;
Breathe His glory, whispering breezes:
He will be, and is, and was.
God, Thou art great!

The seraph hail Thee, the worm and dust!
Thou art our Maker, Thou art the loving one!
God, Thou art great!
Thy love is given to men
Who strive to obey their Maker
And seek their Father.

Be dumb, ye sinners, the world is God's, and
He is loved.

Children, pray this love to cherish;
Ye whom God has made His like.
Ye gentle spirits, the world is all your own—
The beams of morning, the rays of evening, the day, the night,
they both to you bring peace and bliss.
Mortals, rejoice! the curse is past,
Ye now are blessed, and Heaven itself e'en now draws near.
Mortals, rejoice! Earth, be thou now a land with love o'erflowing,
So Heaven remains ever with thee.

Walk ye, walk ye, hundred thousands,
On the face of earth now dwelling;
Walk ye on in love and truth.
Great is God, and vast his goodness,
But on loving spirits only will His shadow rest.

God, Thou art great! so say the Heavens;
The earth proclaims it;
So sing bright seraphim, and souls of all men,
God, Thou art great!
Thou art the Mighty One!
The loving one for evermore. Amen.

ARCHIVES
E M U LIBRARY
YPSILANTI