

11
FOURTH
ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT

of the

East Carolina Teachers Training
School



Tuesday Morning, June Tenth
Nineteen hundred thirteen
at ten-thirty o'clock

UNFOLD, YE PORTALS

Unfold, unfold, unfold, ye portals everlasting,
With Welcome to receive Him ascending
on high.

Behold the King of Glory!

He mounts up through the sky,
Back to the heav'nly mansions hasting,

Unfold, unfold, unfold,

For lo, the King comes nigh.

But Who is He, the King of Glory?

He Who Death overcame, the Lord in battle
mighty.

Of hosts He is the Lord, of angels and of pow'rs

The King of Glory is the King of the Saints.

MORN-RISE

There is a light in skies afar,
Where morning lays her lifted finger
And slowly pale grows night's last star
As if it still were fain to linger,
From lea and lawn and woodland grey
The shadows one by one are going
The mellow breeze is softly blowing,
And all the world awakes with day.
One by one the flow'rs awaken
All along the glowing leas,
From their dewy slumber shaken
By the murmur of the breeze,
Birds across the coming morning
Tender hymns of gladness raise,
Sweeter, as the day is dawning
Grow their matin lays!
Long may seem the night of sorrow,
Long and dark and overcast;
But the heart shall hail the morrow,
And the morn-rise come at last!
Wait, O heart, and in the right time,
All the shadows shall take flight;
Day shall dawn and banish night-time,
And the darkness turn to light.

BRIDAL CHORUS

'Tis thy wedding morning,
Shining in the skies,
Bridal bells are ringing,
Bridal songs arise.
'Tis the last fair morning
For thy maiden eyes,
'Tis thy marriage morning,
Rise sweet maid, sweet maid arise!

AMERICA

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride!
From ev'ry mountain side
 Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
 Thy name I love.
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
 Sweet freedom's song.
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
 The Sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
 To Thee we sing!

Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
 Great God, our King.

CAROLINA

Carolina! Carolina! Heaven's blessings attend
 her!
While we live we will cherish, protect and de-
 fend her;
Though the scorner may sneer at and wittings
 defame her,
Our hearts swell with gladness whenever we
 name her.

Hurrah! hurrah! the Old North State for-
 ever!

Hurrah! hurrah! the good Old North State!

Then let all who love us, love the land that we
 live in

(As happy a region as on this side of Heaven),
Where Plenty and Freedom, Love and Peace,
 smile before us;

Raise aloud, raise together, the heart-t hrilling
 chorus!

ORDER OF EXERCISES

Prayer

Rev. J. H. Shore

Gounod—Unfold Ye Portals Chorus

Annual Address

Hon. Henry Page

Czibulka—Morn-Rise Chorus

Presentation of Diplomas and Bibles

Cowen—Bridal Chorus from "Rose Maiden" . Chorus

Presentation of Portraits

Poe and Lanier Literary Societies

"Carolina" Chorus

Announcements

"America" Chorus

Benediction

Rev. J. H. Shore

THE
SOUTH CAROLINA
TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION
SCHOOL



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