

A decorative border with a repeating floral and scrollwork pattern surrounds the text.

Graduating Exercises

OF

THE SENIOR CLASS,

OF THE

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,

AT

FRAMINGHAM,

TUESDAY, P. M., JULY 10, 1855.

C. C. P. MOODY, Printer, 52 Washington St., Boston.

PROGRAMME.

I. HYMN:

BY A MEMBER OF THE SENIOR CLASS.

Father of Love, to thee
Let songs of praise arise!
And each full heart now turn to thee,
Who every want supplies.
All nature echoes music
Upon the silent air;
Let us our notes more loudly swell
And hymn the fervent prayer.

To thee we trusting come,
And on thy strength rely;
Thy loving hand will guide us home
To brighter worlds on high.
Thy voice will cheer us on,
When earthly hopes no more
Around our daily pathway throng
To lighten every care.

O, may we watch and wait,
Father, thy will to know;—
Be this the purpose of our hearts,
To serve thee here below;—
Then when our days are o'er,
And thou dost bid us come,
We'll gladly bid adieu to earth
To dwell in thine own home.

II. SEMI-ANNUAL REPORT:

BY THE PRINCIPAL.

III. SONG:

BY A MEMBER OF THE SENIOR CLASS.

List! voices are calling
In tones sweet and clear,—
Come forth to your labor,
And faint not nor fear.
The field's white before you,
The future is bright,
While Heaven is o'er you,
And God guards the right.

Then stay not nor falter;
Though dreary and sad
Are thoughts of your parting,
You yet should be glad,—
Since to you it is given
The harvest to sow,
Whose reapers are angels,
Whose fruits—none can know.

'Tis gone—the rich cadence
Has swiftly passed by,
But nerved is each heart-string,
And clear every eye.
We'll stay not nor falter,
The full past is ours,
The future shall bless us
With sun-shine and showers.

IV. POEM:

By Miss FRANCES MERRITT, of Boston.

V. VALEDICTORY ADDRESS:

By Miss MALVINA PROCTOR, of Townsend.

VI. PARTING HYMN:

BY A MEMBER OF THE SENIOR CLASS.

Music composed for the occasion, by GEORGE J. WEBB, Esq.

There's a wailing sound in the summer breeze,
Like a whisper of coming ill,
As it bends the tops of the leafy trees
And sweeps o'er the verdant hill.

There's a shade of gloom, a look of regret,
On each well-known face to-day,
As we think of happy days since we met,
The days which have passed away.

For the parting hour with its hopes and fears,
Has come to our little band,
And never again in the weary years
May we stand thus hand in hand.

We think of the past, where roses of joy
And thorns of sorrow are strown—
We look to the future—fear cannot destroy
The peace we *may* call our own.

VII. PRESENTATION OF CERTIFICATES.

VIII. HYMN:

BY A MEMBER OF THE SENIOR CLASS.

O Holy God, our Heavenly Father,
Bless us, we pray thee, as we now must part;
Let the soft sun-light of thy great affection,
Shine on our way and strengthen every heart.

We're going forth to deeds of holy duty,
In all the freshness of our bright young hours,
When the blue sky above us bends in beauty;
And the broad earth lies clothed in golden flowers.

Out on our life's great mission we are going,—
Our little life together now must close;
We go with trusting heart to meet the future,
Whose untried paths the Father only knows.

Over our spirits steals a mystic sadness,
But 'tis a sadness in whose depths is light;
As through the cloud-rifts on a summer's even,
God's heavenly blue looks down in beauty bright.

And now, O Father, let thy spirit guide us,
And when our little work below is done,
Take us, with golden sheaves of beauty laden,
Unto the glory of thy heavenly home.

IX. ADDRESSES:

BY THE BOARD OF EDUCATION.

X. DOXOLOGY.

Singing under the direction of Mr. E. R. Blanchard, of Boston.