

1904

Commencement, 1904

Marshall University

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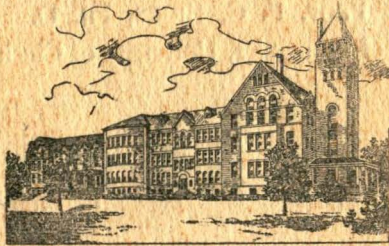
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Sixty-Sixth

Annual Commencement



Marshall College

Monday, June 6, 1904

8:30 p. m.

Program

INVOCATION—REV. JOHN MCCARTHY.

*~~First~~—"The Lorelei," - - - - MRS. C. E. HAWORTH.

Commencement Address,
PROF. F. C. HICKS, PH. D.
Chair of Economics, University of Cincinnati.

~~Leslie Stuart~~—(by desire) "The Bandolero," - MR. ERNEST GAMBLE.

Presentation of Diplomas
by
STATE SUPERINTENDENT THOS. C. MILLER.

~~First~~—Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2 - - MISS RHODA CRUMRINE.

~~Wsgood~~— (a) "My Little Woman,"
Old English Ballad, (b) "The Pretty Creature," - MR. ERNEST GAMBLE.

* See words to songs on page 4.

Graduates

P. E. Archer

Paul Bennett

Susie Biggs

McVea Buckner

Anice Burns

Harriet Campbell

O. C. Chambers

Camilla Craig

Edith Creel

**Francis Crooks*

Chloe Doolittle

Anna Gibson

A. D. Givens

Beulah Hagan

**Rolla Hamilton*

Bertie Harper

Nannie Hawkins

C. E. Hedrick

C. H. Hogsett

H. G. Humphries

Albert Jordan

C. W. Lively

Jennie Mahan

Erskine McClane

Blanche Miller

F. E. Morris

Laura Moyle

M. L. Painter

Lene Rece

Charles Reitz

Caldwell Riggs

Mattie Rowan

Herma Shriver

Alma Simms

Katherine Staats

Clarence Taylor

Marie Tufts

W. C. Washington

Virginia Wright

***Ruth Wysor*

* Miss Crooks and Mr. Hamilton complete both the Normal and Academic courses.

** Miss Wysor, in addition to completing the Normal course, has completed the course required in the Department of Oratory. She is the first to complete this course.

Liszt,

"THE LORELEI."

I know not whence comes the feeling,
That I to sadness am inclined;
A legend of days departed
I cannot chase from my mind.

The breeze comes soft, the day is fading,
And peaceful flows the Rhine;
The hilltops all brightly gleaming,
In evening sunlight shine.

And yonder sits a maiden
Of wondrous beauty rare;
With gold and jewels sparkling,
She combs her golden hair.

With comb of bright gold she combs it,
And sings with mournful sigh,
A song of enchanting power
A magic melody.

A boatman in frail bark gliding
Bewildered by love's pain,
He sees not the rocky ledges,
His eyes on the height remain.

The billows surrounding engulf him,
Both bark and boatman are gone.
The sorrow by her charmed singing
The Lorelei hath done.

Leslie Stuart,

"THE BANDOLERO."

NOTE.—The *Bandolero* is a gallant outlaw in the Mountains of Spain holding up a coach.

RECIT.

Gallant Signors, Sweet Signoras, Pray forgive this bold intrusion;
But my rule would not permit me to acquaint you I was near.
When the ransom you have paid me, on your journey safe continue.
Don't resist me! Don't refuse me! Who am I? Hold then and hear!

AIR :

I am the Bandolero, the gallant Bandolero!
I rule the mountains and I claim
As contraband what comes this way.
I am the Bandolero, King with the sword for plow!
I am an outlaw, but have a kingdom beneath my sway.

I make my castle of my tent,
My court I hold in lonely spot,
My army is my gallant band,
My law enforced by carbine shot!
I am the Bandolero.

I am waiting and watching for ransom or out-post;
A welcome for captive, a carbine for spy!
Roaming the mountains, an outlaw defiant,
Brave and gallant Bandolero will capture or die.

Signoras, no danger from me need you fear,
For my heart beats for a maid, fair as you, to me dear.
She prays for the pardon I soon may obtain,
That I shall be free to be with her again.

I thank you for these precious gifts,
These trinkets will my band delight!
Your way is clear, no more molesting.
I now salute you, friends, "Good Night."
Signoras, farewell! Signors, adieu!

Osgood,

"MY LITTLE WOMAN."

Would the diamond seem such a peerless gem,
If it were measured one foot round?
Would the rose-leaf yield such a sweet perfume,
If it covered yards of ground?
Would the dew-drops seem so clear and pure,
If dew like rain should fall?
Or the little woman be half so great,
If she were six feet tall?

'Tis the hand as soft as the nestling bird
That grips with the grip of steel;
'Tis the voice as sweet as the summer wind,
That rules without appeal.
And the warrior, the scholar, the saint and sage,
May fight and plan and pray;
The world will wag to the end of time
In the little woman's way.

Old English Ballad,

"THE PRETTY CREATURE."

Oh, the pretty, pretty creature,
When I next do meet her,
No more like a clown
Will I face her frown
But gallantly I'll treat her,
Oh, the pretty, pretty creature.

But then her wicked charming eyes,
When she looks up shows kind surprise;
I, like an awkward foolish clown
When see looks up, must needs look down,
Oh, the pretty, pretty creature.

Despair gives courage off to men
And if she smile, why then, why then—
Oh, the pretty, pretty creature.