

....THIRD....

Annual Commencement,

(Under the Boxwell Law),

of the

Sharon Township Schools,

Worthington, Ohio,

School Hall,

Friday, May 29th, 1896,

10:00 O'clock A. M.

Class of 1896.

ICA PARKER.

HAL MCRILL.

BERTHA CARRIER.

HERBERT WATSON.

HARRY BAKER.

MINNIE ROBERTS.

FRANK BARKER.

DAISY SNYDER.

PURLEY GUESS.

FRANK WHIPP.

DEMA ASHER.

Board of Education.

MRS. DELIA POTTER, *President.*

W. F. GRISWOLD, *Treasurer.*

S. R. HOLT, *Clerk.*

WM. WILSON.

C. L. WEBSTER.

FRANK WALCUTT.

FRANK MOODY.

JOSEPH POTTER.

OSCAR AULT.

BRICE GUESS.

PROGRAM.

Song by the School—"America."

Invocation, Dr. H. P. McADAM

MUSIC.

Recitation—"The Unknown Speaker," . . . ICA PARKER

Recitation—"Washington," HAL McRILL

Recitation, "The Influence of Knowledge,"
BERTHA CARRIER.

Recitation—"The Heritage," HERBERT WATSON

MUSIC.

Recitation—"Popular Elections," . . . HARRY BAKER

Recitation—"The Genius of Washington," . FRANK BARKER

Recitation—"Men of Genius," DAISY SNYDER

Recitation—"Character," PURLEY GUESS

Essay—"Coral Islands," FRANK WHIPP

MUSIC.

Recitation—"Music in Camp," DEMA ASHER

Recitation—"Beauty of Heroic Deeds," . MINNIE ROBERTS

SUPERINTENDENT'S REPORT.

PRESENTATION OF CERTIFICATES.

Song by the Schools, "Star Spangled Banner."

BENEDICTION.

C. J. P.

AMERICA.

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

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.

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.

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.

AMEN

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Oh say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming,
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof, through the night, that our flag was still there;
Oh say, does the star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
Was it that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses;
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream!—
'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner! oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

Oh thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and foul war's desolation;
Bless'd with vict'ry and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation;
Then conquer we must, when our Cause is so just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our Trust;"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!