BOWDOIN COLLEGE

Baccalaureate Exercises

Friday, May 24, 2002
First Parish Church
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Baccalaureate
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BARRY MILLS
President of the College, Presiding

PRELUDE
Allegro
C.P.E. Bach (1714–1788)
ROBERT K. GREENLEE
Associate Professor of Music, organ

WELCOME

PRESIDENT BARRY MILLS

* AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL
ROBERT K. GREENLEE, organ

READING
Readings from Bowdoin’s Past
CRAIG W. BRADLEY
Dean of Student Affairs

INTERLUDE
Shenandoah
American Folk Song
JONATHAN ROBERT MOORE ’02, harmonica
TREVOR SCOTT PETERSON ’02, fiddle
ROBERT K. GREENLEE, piano
STUDENT ADDRESS

Confessions of a Polar Bear:
Reinterpreting the Bowdoin Bubble
PHILLIP JOHN PREST ’02
DeAlva Stanwood Alexander First Prize Winner

BACCAULAUREATE ADDRESS

A Scientist’s View of Education
in a Chaotic World
DR. KENNETH PAIGEN
Director, The Jackson Laboratory

* RAISE SONGS TO BOWDOIN
ROBERT K. GREENLEE organ

POSTLUDE

Great Day
Spiritual
ROBERT K. GREENLEE organ

Chairs and a video screen have been set up in the church annex for overflow seating.
Please ask an usher to direct you.

*Please stand and join in singing.
AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

O beautiful for spacious skies, for amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties, above the fruited plain!
America, America, God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood,
From sea to shining sea.

O beautiful for pilgrim feet, whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat, across the wilderness!
America, America, God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self control,
Thy liberty in law.

RAISE SONGS TO BOWDOIN

Words by K.C.M. Sills, Class of 1901
Music by C.T. Burnett
New lyrics by Anthony Antolini ’63
Arr. by Thornton W. Allen

Raise songs to Bowdoin, praise her fame,
And sound abroad her glorious name;
To Bowdoin, Bowdoin lift your song,
And may the music echo long
O’er whispering pines and campus fair
With sturdy might filling the air.
Bowdoin, from birth, our nurturer and friend
To thee we pledge our love again, again.

While now amid thy halls we stay
And breathe thy spirit day by day,
Oh may we thus full worthy be
To march in that proud company
Of poets, leaders and each one
Who brings thee fame by deeds well done.
Bowdoin, from birth, our nurturer and friend
To thee we pledge our love again, again.