HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Order of Exercises
for the
Three Hundred Sixty-Seventh
Commencement

MAY 24, 2018

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS
ACADEMIC PROCESION

THE MEETING CALLED TO ORDER

ANTHEM—The Star-Spangled Banner
(Text by Francis Scott Key, 1779-1843)
(Music by John Stafford Smith, 1750-1836)

PRAYER

ANTHEM—Domine salvam fac
(Charles Gounod, 1818-1893)

LATIN SALUTATORY

SENIOR ENGLISH ADDRESS

GRADUATE ENGLISH ADDRESS

INTRODUCTION OF CONFERRING OF DEGREES

CONFERRING OF DEGREES

ANTHEM—Psalm 78 (St. Martin’s)
(William Tans’ur, 1706-1782)

CONFERRING OF DEGREES

ANTHEM—We Are...
(Ysäye Maria Barnwell, b. 1946)

CONFERRING OF DEGREES

CONFERRING OF HONORARY DEGREES

HARVARD HYMN

BENEDICTION

THE MEETING ADJOURNED

MARCH—Military Escort
(Harold Bennett, 1881-1956)

There will be ample opportunity for photographs at the diploma-awarding ceremonies held at the Undergraduate Houses and Graduate and Professional Schools following the Morning Exercises.
THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Text by Francis Scott Key, 1814
Music by John Stafford Smith, c. 1771

O, 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, thro’ 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 thro’ the night that our flag was still there.
O, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O’er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

UNCLOUDED DAY

Lyrics by J.K. Alwood, 1828–1909
Arranged by Shawn Kirchner, b. 1970

O they tell me of a home far beyond the skies,
They tell me of a home far away,
And they tell me of a home where no storm-clouds rise:
O they tell me of an unclouded day.

O the land of cloudless days,
O the land of an unclouded sky,
O they tell me of a home where no storm-clouds rise:
O they tell me of an unclouded day.

O they tell me of a home where my friends have gone,
They tell me of a land far away,
Where the tree of life in eternal bloom
Sheds its fragrance through the unclouded day.

They tell me of a King in his beauty there,
They tell me that mine eyes shall behold
Where He sits on a throne that is bright as the sun
In the city that is made of gold!
For each child that’s born a morning star rises,
And sings to the universe who we are.
We are our grandmother’s prayers.
We are our grandfather’s dreamings.
We are the breath of our ancestors.
We are the Spirit of God.

We are...
Mothers of Courage
Fathers of Time
Daughters of Dust
Sons of Great Visions.

We are...
Sisters of Mercy
Brothers of Love
Lovers of Life and
The Builders of Nations.

We are Seekers of Truth
Keepers of Faith
Makers of Peace and
The Wisdom of Ages.

We are our grandmother’s prayers.
We are our grandfather’s dreamings.
We are the breath of our ancestors.
We are the Spirit of God.
We are One.