



November 22, 2020
Thanksgiving Sunday



Plymouth

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

Scattered Yet Gathered

COME, YE THANKFUL PEOPLE, COME

Henry Alford, 1810-1871, alt.
"Psalms and Hymns," 1844

ST. GEORGE'S WINDSOR 7.7.7.7.D.
George Job Elvey, 1816-1893
"A Selection of Psalms and Hymn Tunes," 1858



1 Come, ye thank - ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest home!
2 All the world is God's own field, Fruit un - to God's praise to yield;
3 For the Lord our God shall come, And shall bring the har - vest home;
4 Then O Church tri - um - phant, come, To thy fi - nal har - vest home;



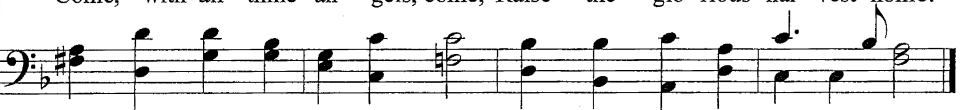
All be safe - ly gath - ered in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin;
Wheat and tares to - geth - er sown, Here for joy or sor - row grown;
From this field shall in that day All of - fens - es purge a - way,
All be safe - ly gath - ered in, Free from sor - row, free from sin;



God, our Mak - er, doth pro - vide For our wants to be sup - plied;
First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap - pear;
Give the an - gels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast,
There for - ev - er pu - ri - fied, Ev - er thank - ful to a - bide;



Come to God's own tem - ple, come; Raise the song of har - vest home!
God of har - vest, grant that we Whole - some grain and pure may be.
But the fruit - ful ears to store In God's care for - ev - er - more.
Come, with all thine an - gels, come, Raise the glo - rious har - vest home.



ANTHEM

SING A SONG OF THANKS

Susan Naylor Callaway

Chapel Singers

Mary Laymon, *director*

For all the simple things, I sing a simple song of thanks.
For all the joy they bring, I sing a simple song of thanks.
The sun up in the sky, the sweet green grass that grows,
The morning birds that fly, the evening star that glows.
(Now thank we all our God with heart and hands and voices.)

For God's great gift of grace, I sing a simple song of thanks.
A melody of praise, I sing a simple song of thanks.
For summer days of blue, and snowy winter nights,
For autumn's changing hue, and springtime's colors bright.
For all the simple things and all the joy they bring,
I sing a simple song of thanks.

—Text by John A. Ray

PASTORAL PRAYER

Beth Hoffman Faeth

ANTHEM

GAELIC BLESSING

Gwyneth Walker

James Bohn, *baritone*

Deep peace of the running waves to you.
Deep peace of the flowing air to you.
Deep peace of the quiet earth to you.
Deep peace of the shining stars to you.

Deep peace of the early Spring to you.
Deep peace of the budding flower to you.
Deep peace of the warming sun to you.
Deep peace of the life to come to you.
Deep peace of the Autumn rain.
Deep peace of the harvest grain.
Deep peace of the Winter night.
Deep peace of the fading light.
Deep peace when my life is done.
Deep peace to you.

—Traditional Gaelic poem

With added lines by Gwyneth Walker

BLESSING

CLOSING HYMN

WE PLOW THE FIELDS
(verses 1 & 3; see next pages)

“Wir pflügen”

POSTLUDE

LET US WITH A GLADSOME MIND
Plymouth Jazz Trio

Moravian melody



CHANCEL FLOWERS are given in loving memory of her husband, Paul,
and her grandson Dr. Daniel Cooper by Dorothy Noreen.

ANNOUNCEMENTS are [available on the church website](#).

PHOTO by [Robert Wiedemann](#) on [Unsplash](#).

WORSHIP STAFF

Paula Northwood, *Acting Senior Minister*
Beth Hoffman Faeth, *Minister for Congregational Care & Worship*
Seth Patterson, *Minister for Spiritual Formation & Theater*
Philip Brunelle, *Organist and Choirmaster*
Laura Caviani, *First Service Music Director*

SOLOIST: James Bohn

CHERUB CHOIR: Marie Scholtz, *director*

CHAPEL SINGERS: Mary Laymon, *director*

HANDBELL CHOIR: Timothy O’Grady, *director*

JAZZ TRIO: Laura Caviani, *piano*; Chris Bates, *bass*; Dave Schmalenberger, *drums*

WE PLOW THE FIELDS

Mathias Claudias, 1740-1815

Tr. Jane M. Campbell, 1817-1878, alt.

WIR PFLÜGEN 7.6.7.6.D. with Refrain

Johann A. P. Schultz, 1747-1800

1 We plow the fields and scat - ter The good seed on the land,
2 God on - ly is the mak - er Of all things near and far;
3 We thank thee, then, Cre - a - tor, For all things bright and good;

But it is fed and wa - tered By God's al - might - y hand.
God paints the way - side flow - er, And lights the eve - ning star.
The seed - time and the har - vest, Our life, our health, our food.

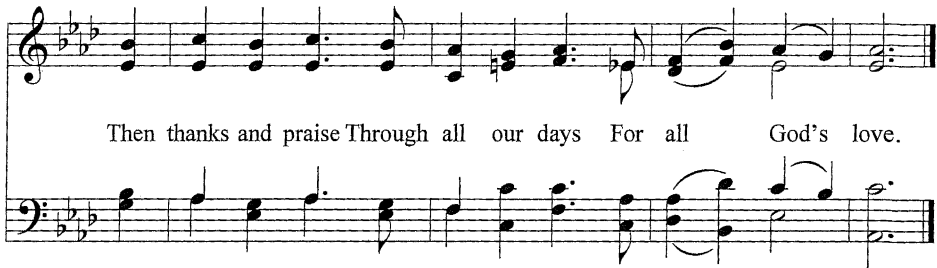
God sends the snow in win - ter, The warmth to swell the grain.
All na - ture's pow'r sub - dued and Earth's crea - tures rich - ly fed;
Ac - cept the gifts we of - fer, For all thy love im - parts,

The breez - es and the sun - shine, And soft, re - fresh - ing rain.
Much more, to us God's chil - dren, Is giv - en dai - ly bread.
And, what thou most de - sir - est, Our hum - ble, thank - ful hearts.

Refrain



All good gifts a - round us Are sent from heav'n a - bove;



Then thanks and praise Through all our days For all God's love.



Plymouth

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

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