

# ORDER OF WORSHIP

Sunday, April 12, 2020 10:30 AM

Join Online Zoom Meeting:

<https://zoom.us/j/815561317?pwd=SHRzejUyMEdYdFVGNFdBTlhEekY3QT09>

## GATHERING

Invocation Rev. Dr. Andy Burnette, Senior Minister

Chalice Lighting

*We kindle this flame, symbol of our faith, for the light of truth, the warmth of community, and the fire of love which calls us to work for justice.*

Welcome Mary Rothschild, Worship Associate

\*Hymn *Lo, the Earth Awakes Again* Katie Seiferth, Music Minister

## TIME FOR ALL AGES

Message Marci Beaudoin, Director of Faith Formation

## OFFERING

Offertory Words Rev. Andy

## CENTERING

\*Hymn *Lo, the Day of Days Is Here* Katie

Pastoral Prayer Rev. Andy

Special Music *The Beauty of the Earth* Katie

## THEME

Sermon Rev. Andy

## BLESSINGS ON OUR WAY

\*Closing Hymn *Now the Green Blade Riseth* Katie

Extinguishing the Chalice (our usual words are below, to be read in unison):

*Though we extinguish the chalice, our connection to each other and this community remains. May its light guide us this week as we walk the path of justice, speak words of love, and fill our world with compassion until we meet again.*

Benediction Rev. Andy

## SONG LYRICS

### Lo, the Earth Awakes Again

Music by Lyra Davidica,  
Words by Samuel Longfellow

Lo, the earth a-wakes a-gain-  
Al-le-lu-ia!  
From the win-ter's bond and pain.  
Al-le-lu-ia!  
Bring we leaf & flower & spray,  
Al-le-lu-ia!  
To a-dorn this hap-py day.  
Al-le-lu-ia!

Once a-gain the word comes true,  
Al-le-lu-ia!  
All the earth shall be made new.  
Al-le-lu-ia!  
Now the dark, cold days are o'er,  
Al-le-lu-ia!  
Spring and glad-ness are be-fore.  
Al-le-lu-ia!

Change, then, mourn-ing  
In-to praise,  
Al-le-lu-ia!  
And, for dirg-es, an-thems raise.  
Al-le-lu-ia!  
How our spir-its soar and sing,  
Al-le-lu-ia!  
How our hearts leap  
with the spring!  
Al-le-lu-ia!

Lo, the Day of Days Is Here  
Music by Robert Williams, Words  
by Frederick Lucian Hosmer

Lo, the day of days is here,  
Al-le-lu-ia!  
Fes-ti-val of hope and cheer!

Al-le-lu-ia!  
At the south-wind's gen-ial breath  
Al-le-lu-ia!  
Na-ture wakes from seem-ing  
death,  
Al-le-lu-ia!

Fields are smil-ing in the sun,  
Al-le-lu-ia!  
Loos-ened stream-lets sea-ward  
run,  
Al-le-lu-ia!  
Ten-der blade and leaf ap-pear;  
Al-le-lu-ia!  
'Tis the spring-tide of the year,  
Al-le-lu-ia!

Lo, the Eas-ter-tide is here,  
Al-le-lu-ia!  
Mu-sic thrills the at-mo-sphere.  
Al-le-lu-ia!  
Join, you peo-ple all, and sing  
Al-le-lu-ia!  
Love and praise and thanks-  
giv-ing,  
Al-le-lu-ia!

For the Beauty of the Earth  
Music by Conrad Kocher, Words  
by Folliott Sandford Pierpoint

For the beau-ty of the earth,  
For the splen-dor of the skies,  
For the love which from our birth  
O-ver and a-round us lies:

Source of all, to thee we raise  
This, our hymn of grate-ful praise.  
For the joy of ear and eye,  
For the heart and mind's de-light,

For the mys-tic har-mo-ny  
Link-ing sense to sound and sight:

Source of all, to thee we raise  
This, our hymn of grate-ful praise.

For the won-der of each hour,  
Of the day and of the night,  
Hill and vale and tree and flower,  
Sun and moon and stars of light:

Source of all, to thee we raise  
This, our hymn of grate-ful praise.

For the joy of hu-man care,  
Sis-ter, broth-er, par-ent child,  
For the kin-ship we all share,  
For all gen-tle thoughts and mild:

Source of all, to thee we raise  
This, our hymn of grate-ful praise.

Now the Green Blade Riseth  
Music by Medieval French carol,  
Words by John MacLeod  
Campbell Crum

Now the green blade ris-eth  
From the bur-ied grain,  
Wheat that in dark earth  
Man-y days has lain;  
Love lives a-gain,  
That with the dead has been:  
Love is come a-gain like  
Wheat that spring-eth green.

In the grave they laid him,  
Love by ha-tred slain,  
Think-ing that nev-er  
He would wake a-gain,  
Laid in the earth,  
Like grain that sleeps un-seen:

Love is come a-gain like  
Wheat that spring-eth green.

When our hearts are win-try,  
Griev-ing, or in pain,  
Love's touch can call us  
Back to life a-gain,  
Fields of our hearts  
That dead and bare have been:  
Love is come a-gain like  
Wheat that spring-eth green.