

FIRST PARISH CHURCH OF STOW & ACTON

Unitarian Universalist

Sunday, May 23, 2021

10:00 AM

Music Booklet

Prelude

Selected from one of the following options:

Koreanische Liebeslied (piano)

G. Winston

We Gather Together (piano)

A. Valerius

Invention No. 1 (organ)

J.S. Bach

Kiss the Rain (piano)

Yiruma

Opening Hymn

Selected from one of the following options:

#188 – Come, Come Whoever You Are

L. Ungar

Come, come, whoever you are, wanderer, worshiper, lover of leaving.
Ours is no caravan of despair. Come, yet again come.

#361 – Enter, Rejoice, and Come In

L. Ruspini

Enter, rejoice, and come in.
Enter, rejoice, and come in.
Today will be a joyful day;
enter, rejoice, and come in.

Open your ears to the song...

Open your hearts ev'ryone...

Don't be afraid of some change...

Enter, rejoice, and come in...

#389 – Gathered Here

P. Porter

Gathered here in the mystery of the hour.
Gathered here in one strong body.
Gathered here in the struggle and the power.
Spirit, draw near.

#1003 – Where Do We Come From?

B. Tate

Where do we come from? What are we? Where are we going?
Where do we come from?
Mystery. Mystery. Life is a riddle and a mystery.
Where do we come from? Where are we going?

Affirmation

From all that dwell below the skies
let words of love and peace arise.
Let joyful songs of praise be sung,
through every land, by every tongue.

Middle Hymn

Selected from one of the following options:

#108 – My Life Flows On In Endless Song Early Quaker Song and American Gospel Tune

My life flows on in endless song above earth's lamentation.
I hear the real though far-off hymn that hails a new creation.
Through all the tumult and the strife I hear the music ringing.
It sounds an echo in my soul. How can I keep from singing!

What though the tempest 'round me roars, I know the truth, it liveth.
What though the darkness 'round me close, songs in the night it giveth.
No storm can shake my inmost calm while to that rock I'm clinging.
Since love prevails in heav'n and earth, how can I keep from singing!

When tyrants tremble as they hear the bells of freedom ringing,
when friends rejoice both far and near, how can I keep from singing!
To prison cell and dungeon vile our thoughts to them are winging;
when friends by shame are undefiled, how can I keep from singing!

#123 – Spirit of Life

C. McDade

Spirit of Life, come unto me. Sing in my heart all the stirrings of compassion.
Blow in the wind, rise in the sea; move in the hand, giving life the shape of justice.
Roots hold me close; wings set me free; Spirit of Life, come to me, come to me.

#391 – Voice Still and Small

J. Corrado

Voice still and small, deep inside all, I hear you call, singing.
In storm and rain, sorrow and pain, still we'll remain singing.
Calming my fears, quenching my tears, through all the years, singing.

#1009 – Meditation on Breathing

S.D. Jones

When I breathe in, I breathe in peace.
When I breathe out, I breathe out love.

Exploring

Sharing Our Gifts

Selected from the following options:

“Let the River Run,” FPC Adult Choir with Opera on Tap Boston

C. Simon

Let the river run, let all the dreamers wake the nation. Come, the New Jerusalem.
Silver cities rise, the morning lights the streets that meet them, and sirens call them on
with a song.

It's asking for the taking. Trembling, shaking. Oh, my heart is aching.
We're coming to the edge, running on the water, coming through the fog, your sons
and daughters

Let the river run, let all the dreamers wake the nation. Come, the New Jerusalem.
Silver cities rise, the morning lights the streets that meet them, and sirens call them on
with a song.

“The Road Home,” FPC Adult Choir with Opera on Tap Boston and Caitlin Felsman S. Paulus

Tell me, where is the road I can call my own, that I left, that I lost so long ago?
All these years I have wandered, oh when will I know there's a way, there's a road that
will lead me home?

After wind, after rain, when the dark is done, as I wake from a dream in the gold of day,
Through the air there's a calling from far away, there's a voice I can hear that will
lead me home.

Rise up, follow me, come away, is the call, with the love in your heart as the only song;
There is no such beauty as where you belong; rise up, follow me, I will lead you home.

“Yonder Come Day,” FPC Adult Choir and friends arr. C. Hardin

Yonder come day, day is a breakin'. Yonder come day, oh my soul.
Yonder come day, day is a breakin'. Sun is a risin' in my soul.

Day is breakin' all around, I'm singin' sun is risin' in my soul.

Yonder come day, day is a breakin'. Yonder come day, oh my soul.
Yonder come day, day is a breakin'. Sun is a risin' in my soul.

“The Door,” FPC Adult Choir with Opera on Tap Boston C. Cooman

A note waterfalls steadily through us, just below hearing.
Or this early light streaming through dusty glass: what enters, enters like that,
unstoppable gift.

And yet there is also the other, the breath-space held between any call and its answer—

In the querying first scuff of footstep, the wood owls' repeating, the two-counting heart:
A little sabbath, minnow whose brightness silvers past time.

The rest-note, unwritten, hinged between worlds, that precedes change and allows it.

Returning

Closing Hymn

Selected from one of the following options:

#305 – Des Colores

Trad. Spanish Folk Song

All the colors, yes, the colors we see in the springtime with all of its flowers.
All the colors, when the sunlight shines out through a rift in the cloud and it showers.
All the colors, as a rainbow appears when a storm cloud is touched by the sun.
All the colors abound for the whole world around and for ev'ryone under the sun.

All the colors, yes, the colors of people parading on by with their banners.
All the colors, yes, the colors of pennants and streamers and plumes and bandannas.

(continued)

All the colors, yes, the colors of people now taking their place in the sun.
All the colors abound for the whole world around and for ev'ryone under the sun.

All the colors, yes, the black and the white and the red and the brown and the yellow.
All the colors, all the colors of people who smile and shake hands and say "Hello!"
All the colors, yes, the colors of people who know that their freedom is won.
All the colors abound for the whole world around and for ev'ryone under the sun.

*De colores, de colores se visten los campos en la primavera.
De colores, de colores son los pajaritos que vienen de a fuera.
De colores, de colores es al arco iris que vemos lucir.
Y por eso los grandes amores de muchos colores me gustan a mi.*

#311 – Let it Be a Dance

R. Masten

Chorus:

Let it be a dance we do. May I have this dance with you?
Through the good times and the bad times, too, let it be a dance.

Let a dancing song be heard. Play the music, say the words,
and fill the sky with sailing birds. Let it be a dance. Let it be a dance. Let it be a dance.

Learn to follow, learn to lead, feel the rhythm, fill the need
to reap the harvest, plant the seed. Let it be a dance.

(Chorus)

Everybody turn and spin, let your body learn to bend,
and, like a willow with the wind, let it be a dance. Let it be a dance. Let it be a dance.

A child is born, the old must die; a time for joy, a time to cry.
Take it as it passes by. Let it be a dance.

(Chorus)

Morning star comes out at night, without the dark there is no light.
If nothing's wrong, then nothing's right. Let it be a dance. Let it be a dance.
Let it be a dance.

Let the sun shine, let it rain; share the laughter, bear the pain,
and round and round we go again. Let it be a dance.

#354 – We Laugh, We Cry

S.J. Denham

We laugh, we cry, we live, we die; we dance, we sing our song. We need to feel there's
something here to which we can belong. We need to feel the freedom just to have some
time alone. But most of all we need close friends we can call our very own.

And we believe in life, and in the strength of love; and we have found a need to be
together. We have our hearts to give, we have our thoughts to receive; and we believe
that sharing is an answer.

A child is born among us and we feel a special glow. We see time's endless journey as
we watch the baby grow. We thrill to hear imagination freely running wild. We dedicate
our minds and heart to the spirit of this child.

(continued)

And we believe in life, and in the strength of love; and we have found a time to be together. And with the grace of age, we share the wonder of youth, and we believe that growing is an answer.

Our lives are full of wonder and our time is very brief. The death of one among us fills us all with pain and grief. But as we live, so shall we die, and when our lives are done the memories we shared with friends, they will linger on and on.

And we believe in life, and in the strength of love; and we have found a place to be together. We have the right to grow, we have the gift to believe that peace within our living is an answer.

We seek elusive answers to the questions of this life. We seek to put an end to all the waste of human strife. We search for truth, equality, and blessed peace of mind. And then, we come together here, to make sense of what we find.

And we believe in life, and in the strength of love, and we have found a joy being together. And in our search for peace, maybe we'll finally see: even to question, truly is an answer.

#1014 – Answering the Call of Love

J. Shelton

The promise of the Spirit: faith, hope and love abide.
And so ev'ry soul is blessed and made whole; the truth in our hearts is our guide.

Chorus:

We are answering the call of love: hands joined together as hearts beat as one.
Emboldened by faith, we dare to proclaim we are answering the call of love.

Sometimes we build a barrier to keep love tightly bound.
Corrupted by fear, unwilling to hear, denying the beauty we've found.

(Chorus)

A bright new day is dawning when love will not divide.
Reflections of grace in ev'ry embrace, fulfilling the vision divine.

(Chorus)

Sung Benediction

Peace be with you 'til we meet again!
As life lays its task before you,
keep love's banner floating o'er you.
Peace be with you 'till we meet again.

Postlude

Selected from one of the following options:

Voluntary in D (organ)	W. Selby
Roundeau (organ)	J. Mouret
Sweet, Sweet Spirit (piano)	D. Akers
Give Thanks with a Grateful Heart (piano)	H. Smith