

THANKSGIVING



HYMNS, PSALMS,
READINGS

Praise to God

1 We gath - er to - geth - er to ask the Lord's bless - ing;
 2 Be - side us to guide us, our God with us join - ing,
 3 We all do ex - tol thee, thou lead - er tri - um - phant,

God chas - tens and has - tens God's will to make known;
 or - dain - ing, main - tain - ing God's king - dom di - vine;
 and pray that thou still our de - fend - er wilt be.

the wick - ed op - press - ing now cease from dis - tress - ing:
 so from the be - gin - ning the fight we were win - ning:
 Let thy con - gre - ga - tion es - cape trib - u - la - tion:

sing prais - es to God's Name; God for - gets not God's own.
 thou, Lord, wast at our side: all — glo - ry be thine!
 thy Name be ev - er praised! O — Lord, make us free!

Words: Anon. 1625; tr. Theodore Baker (1851-1934)

Music: *Kremser*, from *Nederlandsch Gedenccklank*, 1626; arr. Eduard Kremser (1838-1914)

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FIRE DREAMS

(Written to be read aloud, if so be, Thanksgiving Day)

I REMEMBER here by the fire,
In the flickering reds and saffrons,
They came in a ramshackle tub,
Pilgrims in tall hats,
Pilgrims of iron jaws,
Drifting by weeks on beaten seas,
And the random chapters say
They were glad and sang to God.

And so
Since the iron-jawed men sat down
And said, "Thanks, O God,"
For life and soup and a little less
Than a hobo handout today,
Since gray winds blew gray patterns of sleet on Plymouth Rock,
Since the iron-jawed men sang "Thanks, O God,"
You and I, O Child of the West,
Remember more than ever
November and the hunter's moon,
November and the yellow-spotted hills.

And so
In the name of the iron-jawed men
I will stand up and say yes till the finish is come and gone.
God of all broken hearts, empty hands, sleeping soldiers,
God of all star-flung beaches of night sky,
I and my love-child stand up together today and sing: "Thanks, O
God."

BABY FACE

WHITE MOON comes in on a baby face.
The shafts across her bed are flimmering.

Out on the land White Moon shines,
Shines and glimmers against gnarled shadows,
All silver to slow twisted shadows
Falling across the long road that runs from the house.

Keep a little of your beauty
And some of your flimmering silver
For her by the window tonight
Where you come in, White Moon.

CHILD MOON

THE child's wonder
At the old moon
Comes back nightly.
She points her finger
To the far silent yellow thing
Shining through the branches
Filtering on the leaves a golden sand,
Crying with her little tongue, "See the moon!"
And in her bed fading to sleep
With babblings of the moon on her little mouth.

---Carl Sandburg

PRAYER

We return thanks to our mother, the earth, which sustains us. We return thanks to the rivers and streams, which supply us with water. We return thanks to all herbs, which furnish medicines for the cure of our diseases. We return thanks to the corn, and to her sisters, the beans and squashes, which give us life. We return thanks to the bushes and trees, which provide us with fruit. We return thanks to the wind, which, moving the air, has banished diseases. We return thanks to the moon and stars, which have given to us their light when the sun was gone. We return thanks to our grandfather *Hé-no*, that he has protected his grandchildren from witches and reptiles, and has given to us his rain. We return thanks to the sun, that he has looked upon the earth with a beneficent eye. Lastly, we return thanks to the Great Spirit, in whom is embodied all goodness, and who directs all things for the good of his children.

Iroquois



Naomi

Hoi Sun, Moon, Stars, all that move in the heavens,
I bid you hear me!

All

Into your midst has come a new life! Consent ye, I implore!
Make smooth its path that it may reach the brow of the first hill!

Clarke

Hoi Winds, Clouds, Rain, Mist, all ye that move in the air,
I bid you hear me!

All

Into your midst has come a new life! Consent ye, I implore!
Make smooth its path that it may reach the brow of the second hill!

Tamar

Hoi Hills, Valleys, Rivers, Lakes, Trees, Grasses, all ye of the earth,
I bid you hear me!

All

Into your midst has come a new life! Consent ye, I implore!
Make smooth its path that it may reach the brow of the third hill!

Zolton

Hoi Birds great and small that fly in the air,
Hoi Animals great and small that dwell in the forest,
Hoi Insects that creep among the grasses and burrow in the ground—
I bid you hear me!

All

Into your midst has come a new life! Consent ye, I implore!
Make its path smooth that it may reach the brow of the fourth hill!

All

Hoi All ye of the heavens, all ye of the air, all ye of the earth:
I bid you all to hear me!

Into your midst has come a new life! Consent ye, consent ye all, I implore!
Make its path smooth—then shall it travel beyond the four hills!

ONAHIA TRIBE PRAYER



שְׁמַרְתָּ הָאָרֶץ וְהַשְׁקַקְתָּ רַבֹּת מַעֲשֵׂרָהּ
 פָּלַג אֱלֹהִים מְלֵא מָגִים
 חֲבִין וְנָגַם כִּי־בֵן חֲבִינָה:
 חֲלָמִיָּה רַחַם נַחַת גְּדוּרֶיהָ
 בְּרִבְבֵי־בָיִם חֲמַנְנָה אֲמַחָה חֲבָרָה:
 אֲמַרְתָּ שְׁנַת מוֹבְחָה
 וּמַעֲגִלָּה יִרְעַפּוּ הָשֶׁן:
 יִרְעַפּוּ נְאוֹת מִדְּבָר
 וְגִיל גְּבָעוֹת תַּחֲגַרְנָה:
 לְבָשׁוּ כָרִים וְהִצְאֵן וְעַמְקִים וְעַמְפּוֹרֵי־כָר
 יִתְרוֹעַעוּ אַחֲי־יִשְׂרָאֵל:

You visit the earth and water it,
 you load it with riches;
 God's rivers brim with water
 to provide their grain.

This is how you provide it:
 by drenching its furrows, by leveling its ridges,
 by softening it with showers, by blessing the first fruits.
 You crown the year with your bounty,
 abundance flows wherever you pass;
 the desert pastures overflow,
 the hillsides are wrapped in joy,
 the meadows are dressed in flocks,
 the valleys are clothed in wheat,
 what shouts of joy, what singing!

Thy eie from heav'n this land beholdeth,
 Such fruitfull dewes down on it rayning,
 That, storehowse-like her lap enfoldeth
 Assured hope of plowmans gayning.
 Thy flowing streames her drought doe temper so,
 That buried seed through yelding grave doth grow.

Drunk is each ridg of thy cup drincking,
 Each clodd relenteth at thy dressing:
 Thy cloud-born waters inly sincking,
 Faire spring sproutes foorth blest with thy blessing.
 The fertile yeare is with thy bounty crown'd:
 And where thou go'st, thy goings fatt the ground.

Plenty bedewes the desert places:
 A hedg of mirth the hills encloseth:
 The fieldes with flockes have hid their faces:
 A robe of corn the vallies clotheth.
 Desertes, and hills, and feilds, and valleys all,
 Rejoyce, shout, sing, and on thy name doe call.

אֲשֶׁר בְּנֵינוּ | כְּנֹשְׂעִים
 מִגְּדִלִים כְּנֹשְׂעֵי־יָתֵם
 בְּנֹתֵינוּ כְּנֹזְרוֹת
 מְחֻשְׁבוֹת תְּבֻנֵת הַיָּקָל:
 מְנוּיֵנוּ מִלְּאִים
 מְפִיקִים מִזֶּן אֱלֹהִים
 צִאֲנוּנוּ מֵאֲלִיפוֹת
 מְרֻבְּבוֹת כְּהוֹצֵאוֹתֵינוּ:
 אֲלוֹפֵינוּ מִסְּבָלִים
 אִין־פֶּרֶץ וְאִין יוֹצֵאת
 וְאִין צֹרֵחַ בְּרַחֲבֹתֵינוּ:
 אֲשֶׁר־י הָעַם שֶׁכְּבָה לָו
 אֲשֶׁר־י הָעַם שֶׁהוֹה אֱלֹהֵינוּ:

May our sons be like plants
 growing strong from their earliest days,
 our daughters like corner statues,^a
 carvings fit for a palace;
 may our barns overflow
 with every possible crop,
 may the sheep in our fields be counted
 in their thousands and tens of thousands,

may our cattle be stout and strong;
 and may there be an end of raids and exile,
 and of panic in our streets.

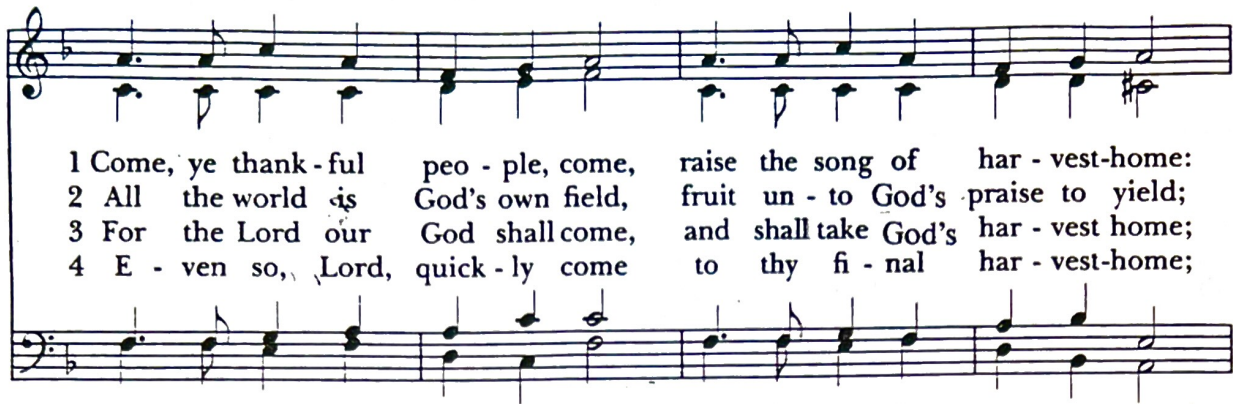
Happy the nation of whom this is true,
 happy the nation whose God is Yahweh!

Soe then our sonnes shall grow
 As plants of timely spring:
 Whom soone to fairest show
 Their happy growth doth bring.
 As pillers both doe beare
 And garnish kingly hall:
 Our daughters straight and faire,
 Each howse embellish shall.

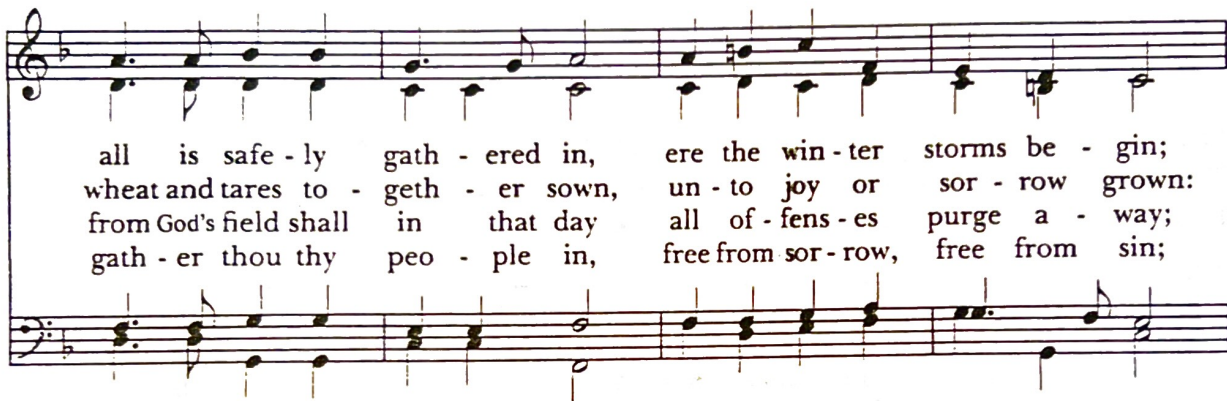
Our store shall ay bee full,
 Yea shall such fullness finde
 Though all from thence wee pull,
 Yet more shall rest behind.

The millions of encrease
 Shall breake the wonted fold:
 Yea such the sheepy presse,
 The streetes shall scantly hold.

Our heards shall brave the best:
 Abroad no foes alarme:
 At home to breake our rest,
 No cry, the voice of harme.
 If blessed tearme I may
 On whom such blessings fall:
 Then blessed blessed they
 Their God Jehovah call.

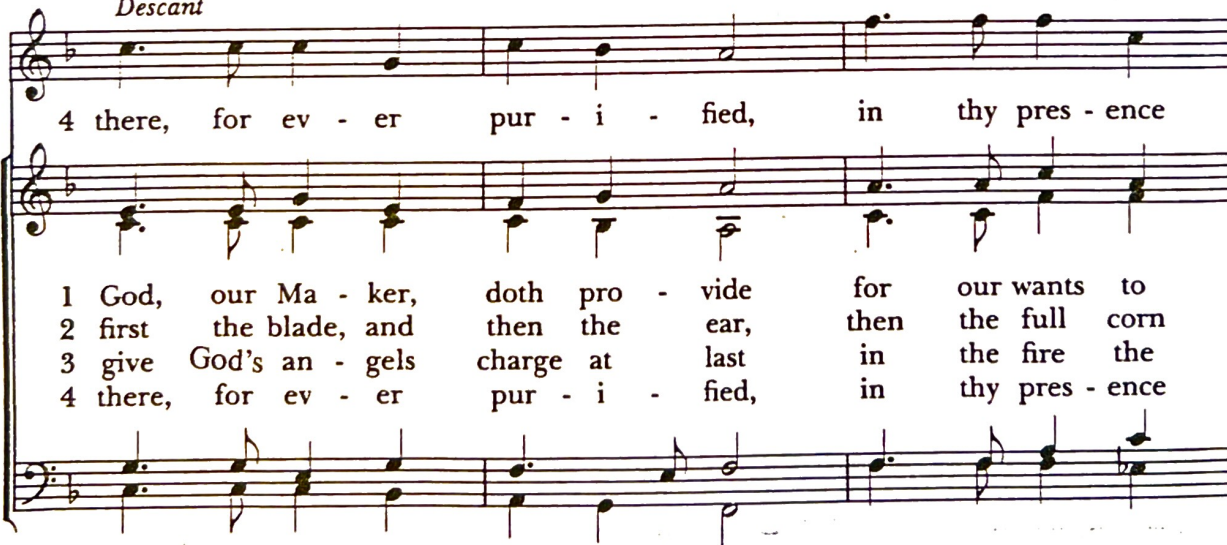


1 Come, ye thank - ful peo - ple, come, raise the song of har - vest-home:
 2 All the world is God's own field, fruit un - to God's praise to yield;
 3 For the Lord our God shall come, and shall take God's har - vest home;
 4 E - ven so, Lord, quick - ly come to thy fi - nal har - vest-home;



all is safe - ly gath - ered in, ere the win - ter storms be - gin;
 wheat and tares to - geth - er sown, un - to joy or sor - row grown:
 from God's field shall in that day all of - fens - es purge a - way;
 gath - er thou thy peo - ple in, free from sor - row, free from sin;

Descant



4 there, for ev - er pur - i - fied, in thy pres - ence

1 God, our Ma - ker, doth pro - vide for our wants to
 2 first the blade, and then the ear, then the full corn
 3 give God's an - gels charge at last in the fire the
 4 there, for ev - er pur - i - fied, in thy pres - ence

Tha
 Wor
 Mus

IS

to a - bide; come, with all thine an - gels
 be sup - plied; come to God's own tem - ple,
 shall ap - pear: grant, O har - vest Lord, that
 tares to cast, but the fruit - ful ears to
 to a - bide; come, with all thine an - gels



1:

come, raise the glo - rious har - vest - home.
 come, raise the song of har - vest - home.
 we whole - some grain and pure may be.
 store in God's gar - ner ev - er - more.
 come, raise the glo - rious har - vest - home.



Thanksgiving Day.

Words: Henry Alford (1810-1871), alt.

Music: *St. George's, Windsor*, George Job Elvey (1816-1893); desc. Craig Sellar Lang (1891-1971)

THE SONG OF A DREAM

Now, my friends, please hear:
it is the song of a dream:
each spring the gold young corn
gives us life;
the ripened corn gives us refreshment;
to know that the hearts of our friends
are true is to put around us
a necklace of precious stones.

Aztec

SONGS IN THE GARDEN
OF THE HOUSE GOD

· 1 ·

The sacred blue corn-seed I am planting,
In one night it will grow and flourish,
In one night the corn increases,
In the garden of the House God.

The sacred white corn-seed I am planting,
In one day it will grow and ripen,
In one day the corn increases,
In its beauty it increases.

· 2 ·

With this it grows, with this it grows,
The dark cloud, with this it grows.
The dew thereof, with this it grows,
The blue corn, with this it grows.

With this it grows, with this it grows,
The dark mist, with this it grows.
The dew thereof, with this it grows,
The white corn, with this it grows.

· 3 ·

This it eats, this it eats,
The dark cloud,
Its dew
The blue corn eats,
This it eats.

This it eats, this it eats,
The dark mist,
Its dew
The white corn eats,
This it eats.

· 4 ·

The great corn-plant is with the bean,
Its rootlets now are with the bean,
Its leaf-tips now are with the bean,
Its dewdrops now are with the bean,
Its tassel now is with the bean,
Its pollen now is with the bean,
And now its silk is with the bean,
And now its grain is with the bean.

· 5 ·

Truly in the East
The white bean
And the great corn-plant
Are tied with the white lightning.
Listen! It approaches!
The voice of the bluebird is heard.

Truly in the East
The white bean
And the great squash
Are tied with the rainbow.
Listen! It approaches!
The voice of the bluebird is heard.

· 6 ·

From the top of the great corn-plant the water gurgles, I hear it;
Around the roots the water foams, I hear it;
Around the roots of the plants it foams, I hear it;
From their tops the water foams, I hear it.

. 7 .

The corn grows up. The waters of the dark clouds drop, drop.
The rain descends. The waters from the corn leaves drop, drop.
The rain descends. The waters from the plants drop, drop.
The corn grows up. The waters of the dark mists drop, drop.

. 8 .

Since the ancient days, I have planted,
Since the time of the emergence, I have planted,
The great corn-plant, I have planted,
Its roots, I have planted,
The tips of its leaves, I have planted,
Its dew, I have planted,
Its tassel, I have planted,
Its pollen, I have planted,
Its silk, I have planted,
Its seed, I have planted.

Since the ancient days, I have planted,
Since the time of the emergence, I have planted,
The great squash-vine, I have planted,
Its seed, I have planted,
Its silk, I have planted,
Its pollen, I have planted,
Its tassel, I have planted,
Its dew, I have planted,
The tips of its leaves, I have planted,
Its roots, I have planted.

. 9 .

Shall I cull this fruit
Of the great corn-plant?
Shall you break it? Shall I break it?
Shall I break it? Shall you break it?
Shall I? Shall you?

Shall I cull this fruit
Of the great squash-vine?
Shall you pick it up? Shall I pick it up?
Shall I pick it up? Shall you pick it up?
Shall I? Shall you?

Naawajo

בְּמִלְחָמָה בְּגֵימֵנוּת מִזְמוֹר עֵשִׂיר אֱלֹהִים יִרְצֶנּוּ וְיִבְרַכֵּנוּ יְאֹר פָּנָיו אֲנֵינוּ סִלְחָה
 לְדַעַת בְּאֶרֶץ הַרְרָה בְּכָל גּוֹיִם יִשְׁוֹעַתְךָ יִדְוֶה עַמִּים אֱלֹהִים יִדְוֶה
 עַמִּים כָּלֵם יִשְׁמְרוּ וְיִרְצֶנּוּ לְאֲמוּנָם כִּי תִשְׁפֹּט עַמִּים מִיִּשְׁוֹר וְלֹאֲמוּנָם מִיִּשְׁוֹר
 תִּגְדֹּם סִלְחָה יִדְוֶה עַמִּים אֱלֹהִים יִדְוֶה עַמִּים כָּלֵם אֶרֶץ יִגְדֹּם יִבְרַכֵּנוּ
 יִבְרַכֵּנוּ אֱלֹהִים יִבְרַכֵּנוּ אֱלֹהִים יִבְרַכֵּנוּ אֱלֹהִים יִבְרַכֵּנוּ אֱלֹהִים יִבְרַכֵּנוּ אֱלֹהִים יִבְרַכֵּנוּ

נְמֹן אֶרֶץ מִלְחָמָה
 אֶרֶץ מִלְחָמָה יִבְרַכֵּנוּ
 יִדְוֶה עַמִּים אֱלֹהִים יִדְוֶה עַמִּים
 יִשְׁמְרוּ וְיִרְצֶנּוּ לְאֲמוּנָם
 כִּי תִשְׁפֹּט עַמִּים מִיִּשְׁוֹר
 וְלֹאֲמוּנָם מִיִּשְׁוֹר
 תִּגְדֹּם סִלְחָה יִדְוֶה עַמִּים
 אֱלֹהִים יִבְרַכֵּנוּ אֱלֹהִים יִבְרַכֵּנוּ

PSALM 67 DEUS MISEREATUR.

God on us thy mercy show,
 Make on us thy blessings flow:
 Thy faces beams
 From heav'n upon us show'r
 In shining streames:
 That all may see
 The way of thee,
 And know thy saving pow'r.

God, the nations praise thee shall,
 Thee, shall praise the nations all:
 To mirth and joy
 All such as earth possesse
 Shall them employ:
 For thou their guide
 Go'st never wide
 From truth and righteousness.

God, the nations praise thee shall,
 Thee, shall praise the nations all:
 Then ev'ry field,
 As far as earth hath end,
 Rich fruites shall yield:
 And God our God
 With blisse shall load
 Who of his blisse depend.

God, I say with plenteous blisse
 To enrich us shall not misse:
 And from the place
 The father of the yeere
 Begins his race,
 To Zephyrs nest,
 His races rest,
 All lands his force shall feare.

PSALM 67

Harvest Song

For the choirmaster For strings Psalm Song

May God show kindness and bless us,
 and make his face smile on us!
 For then the earth will acknowledge your ways
 and all the nations will know of your power to save.

Let the nations praise you, O God,
 let all the nations praise you!

Let the nations shout and sing for joy,
 since you dispense true justice to the world;
 you dispense strict justice to the peoples,
 on earth you rule the nations.

Let the nations praise you, God,
 Let all the nations praise you!

The soil has given its harvest,
 God, our God, has blessed us.
 May God bless us, and let him be feared
 to the very ends of the earth.

What is Life?

It is the flash of a firefly in the night.
It is the breath of a buffalo in the winter time.
It is the little shadow which runs across the grass and
loses itself in the sunset.

The great sea
Has sent me adrift
It moves me
As the weed in a great river
Earth and the great weather
Move me
Have carried me away
And move my inward parts with joy.

THE MOON AND THE YEAR

The moon and the year
travel and pass away:
also the day, also the wind.
Also the flesh passes away
to the place of its quietness.

Maya

NOT FOREVER ON EARTH

Perchance do we truly live on earth?
Not forever on earth,
But briefly here!
Be it jade, it too will be broken;
Be it gold, it too will be melted,
And even the plume of the quetzal decays.
Not forever on earth,
But briefly here!

Aztec

YOU AND I SHALL GO

It is above that you and I shall go;
Along the Milky Way you and I shall go;
Along the flower trail you and I shall go;
Picking flowers on our way you and I shall go.

Wintu

AND YET THE EARTH
REMAINS UNCHANGED

Ah, flowers that we wear!
Ah, songs that we raise!
—we are on our way to the Realm of Mystery!
If only for one day,
let us be together, my friends!
We must leave our flowers behind us,
we must leave our songs:
and yet the earth remains unchanged.
My friends, enjoy! Friends! Enjoy!

Aztec