

## ORDER OF SERVICE

**First Church Boston**  
**66 Marlborough Street**  
**Boston, MA**  
**Sunday, June 14, 2020**

*This service is broadcast live from 11:00 am to noon on WERS, 88.9FM.*

*Vivian Borek, WERS announcer.*

*Also streamed live on First Church Boston's Facebook page, Michael Sullivan, video.*

**Prelude** "Fancy on Psalm 80 from the Scottish Psalter" from *Three Short Pieces for Organ*, Op. 34 Karl Henning

**Opening Words** Daniel Lawlor

**Hymn # 34** Though I May Speak with Bravest Fire

**Chalice Lighting and Invocation** Daniel Lawlor

Love is the spirit of this church, and Service its law. This is our great covenant, to dwell together in peace, to seek the truth in love, and to help one another.

**Tolling of the Bell** Daniel Lawlor

**Time for All Ages**

**Go Now in Peace**

**Unison Reading # 463** "My heart is moved," by Adrienne Rich Daniel Lawlor

**Musical Meditation** "Trockne Blumen" from *Die schöne Müllerin*, D795  
*Ethan Bremner, Soloist* Franz Schubert

**Announcements** Daniel Lawlor

**Prayer and Meditation**

**Affirmation # 123** "Spirit of Life"

**Sermon** "How to Be Happy (And Why It's OK)" Rev. Stephen Kendrick

**Offertory**

“Die Stille Lotusblume” from *Sechs Lieder*, op. 13  
*Ethan Bremner, Soloist*

Clara Schumann

**Text Messaging Donation**

You can use text messaging on your smartphone to send a contribution to the First Church offertory. Text a number representing your dollar amount (5, 10, 20, etc) to (617) 917-5610. The first time you do that, it will ask you to fill in credit card information that can be reused for subsequent contributions. You will receive an emailed receipt. Thank you!

**Hymn # 1064**

Blue Boat Home

**Benediction**

**Postlude**

Postlude from *Liturgical Suite for Organ*, Op. 69

Larry Thomas Bell

---

**Hymn texts and readings**

**Hymn # 34**

“Though I May Speak with Bravest Fire”

Though I may speak with bravest fire, and have the gift to all inspire,  
and have not love, my words are vain as sounding brass and hopeless gain.

Though I may give all I possess, and striving so my love profess,  
but not be given by love within, the profit soon turns strangely thin.

Come, Spirit, come, our hearts control, our spirits long to be made whole.  
Let inward love guide every deed; by this we worship, and are freed.

**Unison Reading # 463** by Adrienne Rich

My heart is moved by all I cannot save:  
So much has been destroyed  
I have to cast my lot with those who, age after age,  
perversely, with no extraordinary power, reconstitute the world.

### **Musical Affirmation # 123** "Spirit of Life"

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.

### **Hymn # 1064** "Blue Boat Home"

Though below me, I feel no motion standing on these mountains and plains.  
Far away from the rolling ocean still my dry land heart can say:  
I've been sailing all my life now, never harbor or port have I known.  
The wide universe is the ocean I travel and the earth is my blue boat home.

Sun my sail and moon my rudder as I ply the starry sea,  
leaning over the edge in wonder, casting questions into the deep.  
Drifting here with my ship's companions, all we kindred pilgrim souls,  
making our way by the lights of the heavens in our beautiful blue boat home.

I give thanks to the waves up holding me, hail the great winds urging me on,  
greet the infinite sea before me, sing the sky my sailor's song:  
I was born up on the fathoms, never harbor or port have I known.  
The wide universe is the ocean I travel, and the earth is my blue boat home.

### **Music Notes and Texts**

Sunday's music highlights Flower Communion with two flower-based Lieder, featuring Franz Schubert and Clara Schumann. The prelude and postlude features organ music by two living Boston composers; Karl Henning and Larry Thomas Bell.

#### **Trockne Blumen**

**Text: Wilhelm Müller**

Ihr Blümlein alle,  
Die sie mir gab,  
Euch soll man legen  
Mit mir ins Grab.

Wie seht ihr alle  
Mich an so weh,  
Als ob ihr wüsstet,  
Wie mir gescheh'?

Ihr Blümlein alle,  
Wie welk, wie blass?  
Ihr Blümlein alle  
Wovon so nass?

Ach, Tränen machen  
Nicht maiengrün,  
Machen tote Liebe  
Nicht wieder blühen.

Und Lenz wird kommen  
Und Winter wird gehen,  
Und Blümlein werden  
Im Grase stehn.

Und Blümlein liegen  
In meinem Grab,  
Die Blümlein alle,  
Die sie mir gab.

Und wenn sie wandelt  
Am Hügel vorbei,  
Und denkt im Herzen:  
„Der meint' es treu!“

Dann Blümlein alle,  
Heraus, heraus!  
Der Mai ist kommen,  
Der Winter ist aus.

### **Translation**

All you flowers  
that she gave to me,  
you shall be laid  
with me in the grave.

How sorrowfully  
you all look at me,  
as though you knew  
what was happening to me!

All you flowers,  
how faded and pale you are!  
All you flowers,  
why are you so moist?

Alas, tears will not create  
the green of May,  
nor make dead love  
bloom anew.

Spring will come,  
and winter will pass,  
and flowers  
will grow in the grass.

And flowers will lie  
on my grave –  
all the flowers  
that she gave me.

And when she walks  
past that mound  
and ponders in her heart,  
'His love was true.'

Then, all you flowers,  
come forth, come forth!  
May is here,  
winter is over!

### **Die Stille Lotusblume**

**Text: Emanuel Geibel**

Die stille Lotosblume  
Steigt aus dem blauen See,  
Die Blätter flimmern und blitzen,  
Der Kelch ist weiß wie Schnee.

Da gießt der Mond vom Himmel  
All seinen gold'nen Schein,  
Gießt alle seine Strahlen  
In ihren Schoß hinein.

Im Wasser um die Blume  
Kreiset ein weißer Schwan,  
Er singt so süß, so leise  
Und schaut die Blume an.

Er singt so süß, so leise  
Und will im Singen vergehn.  
O Blume, weiße Blume,  
Kannst du das Lied verstehn?

### **Translation**

The silent lotus flower  
Rises out of the blue lake,  
Its leaves glitter and glow,  
Its cup is as white as snow.

The moon then pours from heaven  
All its golden light,  
Pours all its rays

Into the lotus flower's bosom.

In the water, round the flower,  
A white swan circles,  
It sings so sweetly, so quietly,  
And gazes on the flower.

It sings so sweetly, so quietly,  
And wishes to die as it sings.  
O flower, white flower,  
Can you fathom the song?