

**First Church in Boston  
ORDER OF SERVICE**

**First Church Boston  
66 Marlborough Street  
Boston, MA  
Sunday, August 15, 2021**

*Broadcast 11:00 am to noon on WERS, 88.9FM, Vivian Borek, announcer  
Streamed on Facebook @firstchurchboston, Craig Hildreth, audio and video engineer  
Masha Stepanova, video editor*

*Guest Preacher Rev. Daniel Lawlor  
Guest Musicians Robert Winkley, service musician; Ethan Bremner, tenor;  
William Thorpe, bass*

**Prelude** *Mouvements perpétuels, nos. 1 & 2 Francis Poulenc (1899 - 1963)*

**Opening Words** Rev. Daniel Lawlor

**Hymn # 179** Words That We Hold Tight EKO A BA KO

**Chalice Lighting and Tolling of the Bell** Rev. Aisha Ansano

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.

**Meditation for all Ages** "Listening for the Water" Rev.  
Lawlor

**Hymn # 21** For the Beauty of the Earth vv. 1,2,4 DIX  
*William Thorpe, bass*

**Reading** "How Good it Is to Center Down" by Howard Thurman  
Rev. Lawlor

**Musical Meditation** Three Songs from *Le Bestiaire (ou Le cortège d'Orfée)*  
Francis Poulenc  
*William Thorpe, bass  
Robert Winkley, piano*

**Reading** Sources of the Living Tradition Carol Reiman

**Announcements** Rev. Ansano

**Affirmation # 391** Voice Still and Small

**Prayer and Contemplation** Rev. Ansano

**Sermon** "Tapestry of Faith" Rev. Lawlor



(Chorus)

When love is doubtful, choice is not clear,  
we turn to worship to cast out fear.  
Teach us forgiveness, make love our end.  
Show us, O spirit, how to befriend.

(Chorus)

## Hymn # 21

For the Beauty of the Earth vv. 1,2,4

DIX

For the beauty of the earth, for the splendor of the skies,  
for the love which from our birth over and around us lies:  
Source of all, to thee we raise this, our hymn of grateful praise.

For the joy of ear and eye, for the heart and mind's delight,  
for the mystic harmony linking sense to sound and sight:  
Source of all, to thee we raise this, our hymn of grateful praise.

For the joy of human care, sister, brother, parent, child,  
for the kinship we all share, for all gentle thoughts and mild:  
Source of all, to thee we raise this, our hymn of grateful praise.

## Musical Meditation Three Songs from *Le Bestiaire (ou Le cortège d'Orphée)* Francis Poulenc Poems by Guillaume Apollinaire (1880 - 1918)

### 1. Le Dromadaire

Avec ses quatre dromadaires  
Don Pedro d'Alfaroubeira  
Courut le monde et l'admira.  
Il fit ce que je voudrais faire  
Si j'avais quatre dromadaires.

### 2. La Chèvre du Thibet

Les poils de cette chèvre et même  
Ceux d'or pour qui prit tant de peine  
Jason, ne valent rien au prix  
Des cheveux dont je suis épris.

### 3. Le Dauphin

Dauphins, vous jouez dans la mer,  
Mais le flot est toujours amer.  
Parfois, ma joie éclate-t-elle?  
La vie est encore cruelle.

## Translation:

### 1. The Dromedary

With his four dromedaries  
Don Pedro of Alfaroubeira  
Roamed the world and admired it.  
He did what I would do  
If I had four dromedaries.

### 2. The Tibetan Goat

The fleece of this goat and even  
The golden hair which cost such pain  
For Jason, is worthless compared to  
The tresses with which I am smitten.

### 3. The Dolphin

Dolphin, you play in the sea,  
But the tide is always bitter.  
Does my joy sometimes erupt?  
Life is still cruel.

## Affirmation # 391

Voice Still and Small

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.

## Offertory

*Die Forelle, D. 550 (The Trout)*

Franz Schubert (1797 - 1828)

Poetry by Christian Schubart (1739-1791)

In einem Bächlein helle,  
Da schoß in froher Eil  
Die launische Forelle  
Vorüber wie ein Pfeil.  
Ich stand an dem Gestade  
Und sah in süßer Ruh  
Des muntern Fischleins Bade  
Im klaren Bächlein zu.

Ein Fischer mit der Rute  
Wohl an dem Ufer stand,  
Und sah's mit kaltem Blute,  
Wie sich das Fischlein wand.  
So lang dem Wasser Helle,  
So dacht ich, nicht gebricht,  
So fängt er die Forelle  
Mit seiner Angel nicht.

Doch endlich ward dem Diebe  
Die Zeit zu lang. Er macht  
Das Bächlein tückisch trübe,  
Und eh ich es gedacht,  
So zuckte seine Rute,  
Das Fischlein zappelt dran,  
Und ich mit regem Blute  
Sah die Betrogene an.

**Translation:**

In a bright little brook  
there shot in merry haste  
a capricious trout:  
past it shot like an arrow.  
I stood upon the bank  
and watched in sweet peace  
the cheery fish's bath  
in the clear little brook.

A fisherman with his rod  
stood at the water-side,  
and watched with cold blood  
as the fish swam about.  
So long as the clearness of the water  
remained intact, I thought,  
he would not be able to catch the trout  
with his fishing rod.

But finally the thief grew weary  
of waiting. He stirred up  
the brook and made it muddy,  
and before I knew it,  
his fishing rod was twitching:

the fish was squirming there,  
and with raging blood I  
gazed at the betrayed fish.

**Hymn # 1028**

The Fire of Commitment

From the light of days remembered burns a beacon bright and clear  
Guiding hands and hearts and spirits Into faith set free from fear.

Chorus:

When the fire of commitment sets our mind and soul a blaze  
When our hunger and our passion meet to call us on our way  
When we live with deep assurance of the flame that burns within,  
Then our promise finds fulfillment and our future can begin.

From the stories of our living rings a song both brave and free,  
Calling pilgrims still to witness to the life of liberty.

Chorus

From the dreams of youthful vision comes a new, prophetic voice,  
Which demands a deeper justice built by our courageous choice

Chorus