

MAYFLOWER CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
A SERVICE OF MORNING WORSHIP

Sunday, May 31, 2020, 10:30 a.m.
Pentecost Sunday

Welcome and Greeting

Prelude: "Come, Thou Almighty King" (Felice de Giardini, arr. Cindy Berry)

Opening Sentence

Hymn 39: "I Sing the Mighty Power of God"

Opening Prayer

Special Music: "Spirit of God, Abide With Me" (arr. Philip Kern)

Pastoral Prayer and The Lord's Prayer

Scripture Reading: Psalm 104:24-34

O LORD, how manifold are your works! In wisdom you have made them all; the earth is full of your creatures. Yonder is the sea, great and wide, creeping things innumerable are there, living things both small and great. There go the ships, and Leviathan that you formed to sport in it. These all look to you to give them their food in due season; when you give to them, they gather it up; when you open your hand, they are filled with good things. When you hide your face, they are dismayed; when you take away their breath, they die and return to their dust. When you send forth your spirit, they are created; and you renew the face of the ground. May the glory of the LORD endure for ever; may the LORD rejoice in his works—who looks on the earth and it trembles, who touches the mountains and they smoke. I will sing to the LORD as long as I live; I will sing praise to my God while I have being. May my meditation be pleasing to him, for I rejoice in the LORD.

Sermon: "THE SPIRIT"

Hymn 239: "Spirit, Spirit of Gentleness"

Benediction

Benediction Response 580 (v. 1): "God Be With You 'Til We Meet Again"

THE TRIUNE GOD

39

I Sing the Mighty Power of God

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748, alt.

Gesangbuch der Herzogl, Wirtemberg, 1784

1. I sing the might - y pow'r of God That made the
 2. I sing the good-ness of the Lord That filled the
 3. There's not a plant or flow'r be - low But makes Thy

moun-tains rise, That spread the flow - ing seas a - broad, And
 earth with food; He formed the crea - tures with His word, And
 glo - ries known; And clouds a - rise, and tem - pests blow, By

built the loft - y skies. I sing the wis - dom
 then pro-nounced them good. Lord, how Thy won - ders
 or - der from Thy throne; While all that bor - rows

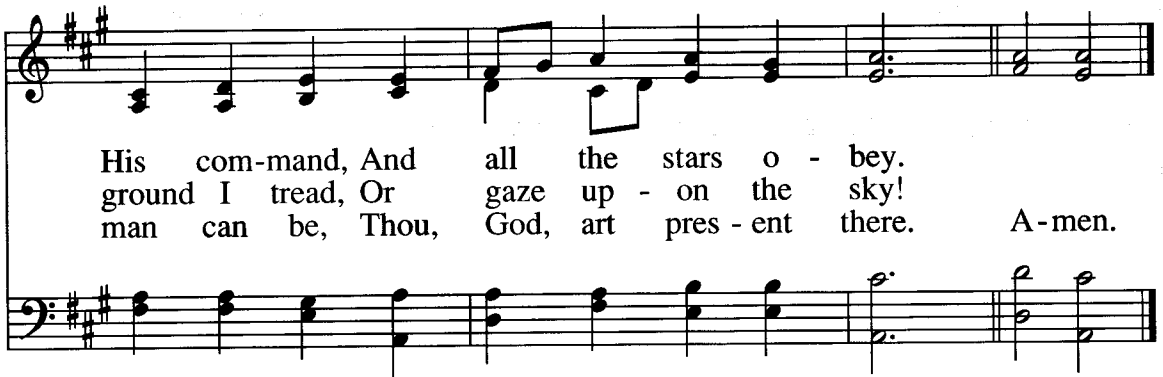
that or - dained The sun to rule the day; The moon shines full at
 are dis - played Wher-e'er I turn my eye: If I sur - vey the
 life from Thee Is ev - er in Thy care, And ev - 'ry - where that

ELLACOMBE
 CMD

"He," "Him," or "His" may be replaced by "God(s)" or "You(r)."

Third verse: "And everywhere that we can be"

THE TRIUNE GOD



His com-mand, And all the stars o - bey.
ground I tread, Or gaze up - on the sky!
man can be, Thou, God, art pres - ent there. A - men.

Creator God, we praise Your holy name. We consider Your works—Your creation—and praise You for all that You have done. We thank You for the flowers of spring; the taste of an early peach, fresh from the tree; the laughter of a child; and the rebirth of the earth after a long winter.

We thank You for Your goodness—for time spent with family and friends, for the gifts of laughter, song, and dance. We thank You for those who laugh with us, dance with us, cry with us. For all who celebrate life with us, we praise You.

We thank You for those who disagree with us—who make us think and examine our beliefs. We thank You for good days and for bad, for clouds and sunshine, tears and laughter. For all things which make us stronger and more compassionate, we praise You.

Help us, O Lord, to praise You with voice and action, song, and dance. Free our spirits so that our lives will be one endless act of praise to You. Amen.

Rev. Joyce Acree

Spirit, Spirit of Gentleness

James K. Manley, 1940-

James K. Manley, 1940-

Refrain

D G A D

Spir - it, Spir - it of gen - tle-ness, blow through the

Bm E A D

wil - der-ness call - ing and free; Spir -

G A D Bm

it, Spir - it of rest - less-ness, stir me from plac - id-ness,

G A7 D G D

wind, wind on the sea.

Verses

D G A G D

1. You moved on the wa - ters, You called to the deep,
 2. You swept through the des - ert, You stung with the sand
 3. You sang in a sta - ble, You cried from a hill,
 4. You call from to - mor - row, You break an - cient schemes.

THE TRIUNE GOD

A D Bm

Then You coaxed up the moun - tains from the
 And You goad - ed Your peo - ple with a
 Then You whis - pered in si - lence when the
 From the bond - age of sor - row all the

E A D G A

val - leys of sleep; And o - ver the e - ons You
 law and a land; And when they were blind - ed with
 whole world was still; And down in the cit - y You
 cap - tives dream dreams; Our wom - en see vi - sions, our

G D Bm

called to each thing: "A - wake from your
 i - dols and lies, Then You spoke through Your
 called once a - gain, When You blew through Your
 men clear their eyes. With bold new de -

Gmaj7 Em7 A7 D D.C.

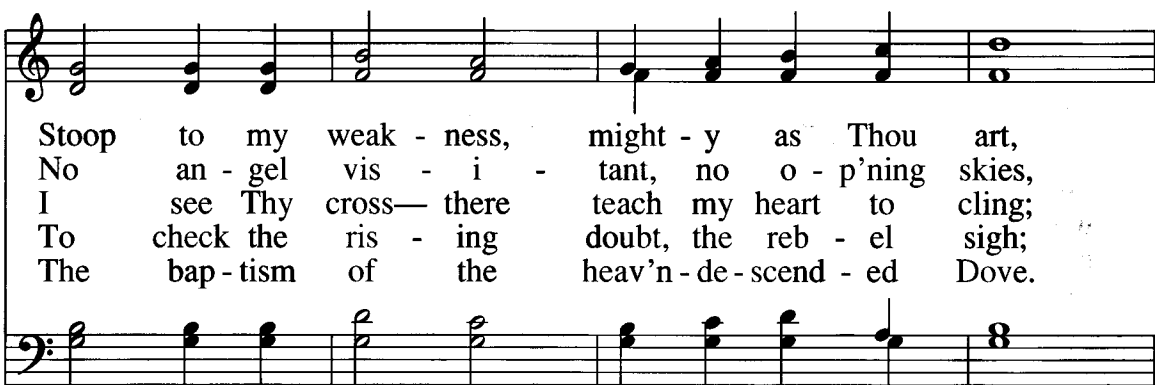
slum - bers and rise on your wings."
 proph - ets to o - pen their eyes.
 peo - ple on the rush of the wind.
 ci - sions Your peo - ple a - rise.



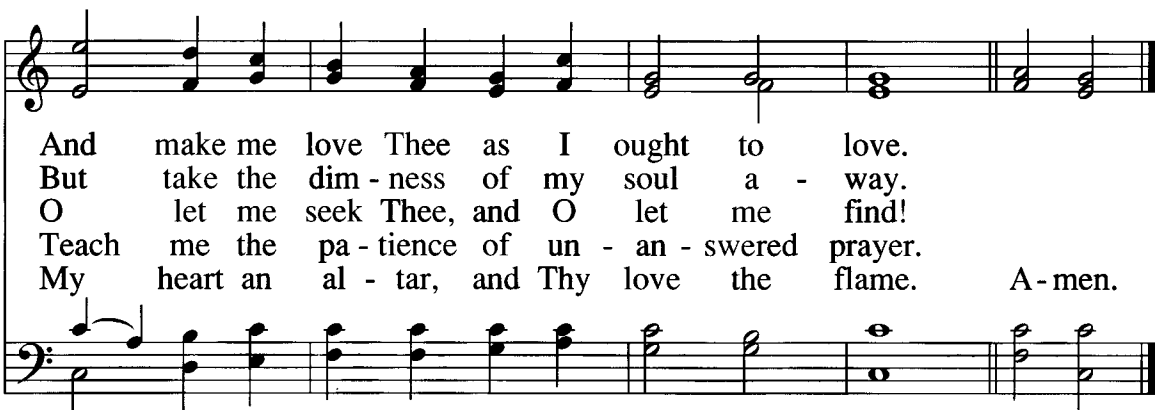
1. Spir - it of God, de - scend up - on my heart;
 2. I ask no dream, no proph - et ec - sta - sies,
 3. Hast Thou not bid us love Thee, God and King?
 4. Teach me to feel that Thou art al - ways nigh;
 5. Teach me to love Thee as Thine an - gels love,



Wean it from earth, through all its puls - es move;
 No sud - den rend - ing of the veil of clay,
 All, all Thine own: soul, heart, and strength, and mind;
 Teach me the strug - gles of the soul to bear:
 One ho - ly pas - sion fill - ing all my frame;



Stoop to my weak - ness, might - y as Thou art,
 No an - gel vis - i - tant, no o - p'ning skies,
 I see Thy cross—there teach my heart to cling;
 To check the ris - ing doubt, the reb - el sigh;
 The bap - tism of the heav'n - de - scend - ed Dove.



And make me love Thee as I ought to love.
 But take the dim - ness of my soul a - way.
 O let me seek Thee, and O let me find!
 Teach me the pa - tience of un - an - swered prayer.
 My heart an al - tar, and Thy love the flame. A - men.

Abide with Me

467

Henry F. Lyte, 1793-1847, alt.

William H. Monk, 1823-1889

1. A - bide with me; fast falls the e - ven - tide;
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour;
 4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
 5. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes;

The dark - ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide.
 Earth's joys grow dim; its glo - ries pass a - way;
 What but Thy grace can foil the tempt - er's pow'r?
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness.
 Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;

When oth - er help - ers fail and com - forts flee,
 Change and de - cay in all a - round I see;
 Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be?
 Where is death's sting? Where, grave, your vic - to - ry?
 Heav'n's morn - ing breaks, and earth's vain shad - ows flee;

Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me.
 O Thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me.
 Through cloud and sun - shine, Lord, a - bide with me.
 I tri - umph still, if Thou a - bide with me.
 In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me. A - men.