

MAYFLOWER CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
A SERVICE OF MORNING WORSHIP
Sunday, November 29, 2020, 10:30 a.m.
First Sunday of Advent

Welcome and Greeting

Prelude: "O Come, O Come, Emmanuel" (13th Century Plainsong, arr. Cindy Berry)

Opening Sentences

Hymn 88: "Canticle of the Turning"

Lighting of the Advent Candle: The Candle of Hope

Opening Prayer

Special Music: "In the Bleak Midwinter" (Christina Rossetti and Gustav Holst)

Pastoral Prayer and The Lord's Prayer

Old Testament Reading: Isaiah 64:1-9

O that you would tear open the heavens and come down, so that the mountains would quake at your presence—as when fire kindles brushwood and the fire causes water to boil—to make your name known to your adversaries, so that the nations might tremble at your presence! When you did awesome deeds that we did not expect, you came down, the mountains quaked at your presence. From ages past no one has heard, no ear has perceived, no eye has seen any God besides you, who works for those who wait for him. You meet those who gladly do right, those who remember you in your ways. But you were angry, and we sinned; because you hid yourself we transgressed. We have all become like one who is unclean, and all our righteous deeds are like a filthy cloth. We all fade like a leaf, and our iniquities, like the wind, take us away. There is no one who calls on your name, or attempts to take hold of you; for you have hidden your face from us, and have delivered us into the hand of our iniquity. Yet, O Lord, you are our Father; we are the clay, and you are our potter; we are all the work of your hand. Do not be exceedingly angry, O Lord, and do not remember iniquity for ever. Now consider, we are all your people.

Sermon: "LAMENT"

Hymn 366: "Have Thine Own Way, Lord"

Benediction

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

Participants: Pastor Mark & DeeAnn McCormick, Pastor Jacob Richards, Rev. Linda & Bill Farmer-Lewis, Barb Fuller

THE TRIUNE GOD

88

Canticle of the Turning

Luke 1:46-58

Rory Cooney, 1952-

Irish Traditional

Arr. by Rory Cooney, 1952-

Verses Unison

Em C D

1. My soul cries out with a joy - ful shout that the
 2. Though I am small, my God, my all, You
 3. From the halls of pow'r to the for - tress tow'r, not a
 4. Though the na - tions rage from age to age, we re -

Em C D Em

God of my heart is great, And my spir - it sings of the
 work great things in me, And Your mer - cy will last from the
 stone will be left on stone. Let the king be - ware for Your
 mem - ber who holds us fast: God's mer - cy must de -

G D Em C Em

won - drous things that You bring to the ones who wait. You
 depths of the past to the end of the age to be. Your
 jus - tice tears ev - 'ry ty - rant from his throne. The
 liv - er us from the con - quer - or's crush - ing grasp. This

G D

fixed Your sight on your ser - vant's plight, and my
 ver - y name puts the proud to shame, and to
 hun - gry poor shall weep no more, for the
 sav - ing word that our fore - bears heard is the

THE TRIUNE GOD

Em C D Em

weak-ness You did not spurn, So from east to west shall my
those who would for You yearn, You will show Your might, put the
food they can nev - er earn; There are ta - bles spread, ev - 'ry
prom - ise which holds us bound, 'Til the spear and rod can be

G D Em C Em

name be blest. Could the world be a - bout to turn?
strong to flight, for the world is a - bout to turn.
mouth be fed, for the world is a - bout to turn.
crushed by God, who is turn - ing the world a - round.

Refrain G D

My heart shall sing of the day You bring. Let the

Em C D Em

fires of Your jus - tice burn. Wipe a - way all tears, for the

C D Em C Em

dawn draws near, and the world is a - bout to turn!

Have Thine Own Way, Lord

Jeremiah 18:6

George C. Stebbins, 1846-1945

Adelaide A. Pollard, 1862-1934

1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!
 2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!
 3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!
 4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!

Thou art the pot - ter, I am the clay!
 Search me and try me, Sav - ior, to - day!
 Wound - ed and wea - ry, Help me, I pray!
 Hold o'er my be - ing Ab - so - lute sway!

Mold me and make me Af - ter Thy will,
 Wash me just now, Lord, Wash me just now,
 Pow - er, all pow - er, Sure - ly is Thine!
 Fill with Thy Spir - it 'Til all shall see

While I am wait - ing, Yield - ed and still.
 As in Thy pres - ence Hum - bly I bow.
 Touch me and heal me, Sav - ior di - vine!
 Christ on - ly, al - ways, Liv - ing in me!