

Recessional Hymn:

We plough the fields and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand:
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft, refreshing rain.

*All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above;
Then thank the Lord,
O thank the Lord,
For all his love.*

He only is the maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey him,
By him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, his children,
He gives our daily bread.

We thank thee then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food.
Accept the gifts we offer
For all thy love imparts,
And what thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.

*Words: Matthias Claudius, 'Wir pflügen und wir streuen' 1782 Music: Johann A. P. Schulz 1800
Translated: Jane Montgomery Campbell 1861*

NOTICES: The Teashop will be open after the service, and an area of the walled garden has been reserved for picnics. The retiring collection is in aid of The Royal Agricultural Benevolent Institution. The Abbey Church is open from 5am until 8.30pm each day.

Service of Thanksgiving for the farming community

Opening Hymn

Now thank we all our God,
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things has done,
In whom his world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath bless'd us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours today.

O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplex'd,
And free us from all ills
In this world and next.

All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With them in highest heaven,
The One Eternal God,
Whom earth and heav'n adore,
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

*Words: Martin Rinkart, 1636 Nun danket alle Gott
Translated: Catherine Winkworth 1856*

*Melody: Johann Crüger 1647
Harmony: Felix Mendelssohn 1840*

Celebrant: Our help is in the name of the Lord.
All: **Who made heaven and earth.**

Celebrant: Let us for ever praise and extol God,
who in his all-embracing providence
gives us food from the fruits of the earth.
Blessed be God now and for ever.
All: **Amen**

The celebrant welcomes the congregation.

Act of Penitence

Celebrant: Lord have mercy. **All:** Lord have mercy.
Celebrant: Christ have mercy **All:** Christ have mercy.
Celebrant: Lord have mercy **All:** Lord have mercy.

Our Father, who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name,
thy kingdom come,
thy will be done,
on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread;
and forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive those who trespass against us;
and lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil.
Amen.

Act of Thanksgiving

The Canticle of Brother Sun, *Saint Francis of Assisi* 1224

Most High, all-powerful, all-good Lord,
All praise is Yours, all glory, all honour and all blessings.
To you alone, Most High, do they belong,
and no mortal lips are worthy to pronounce Your Name.

Praised be You my Lord with all Your creatures,
especially Sir Brother Sun,
Who is the day through whom You give us light.
And he is beautiful and radiant with great splendour,
Of You Most High, he bears the likeness.

Praised be You, my Lord, through Sister Moon and the stars,
In the heavens you have made them bright, precious and fair.
Praised be You, my Lord, through Brothers Wind and Air,
And fair and stormy, all weather's moods,
by which You cherish all that You have made.

In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In thy garner evermore:

Come then, Lord of mercy, come,
Bid us sing thy Harvest-home:
Let thy saints be gather'd in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
All upon the golden floor
Praising thee for evermore:
Come, with all Thine Angels come;
Bid us sing thy Harvest-home.

*Words: Henry Alford
Psalms and Hymns 1844*

*Music: St. George's Windsor 1858
George J. Elvey*

Intercessions introduced by the celebrant

Reader: Lord in you mercy.
Response: Hear our prayer.

Celebrant:

God our Creator,
Who never cease to bestow your bounteous fruits
From the rains of the heavens and the riches of the soil'
We thank your loving majesty for this year's harvest.
Through these blessings of your generosity
You have fulfilled the hopes of your children.
Grant that together they may praise your mercy without end
And in their life amid the good things of this world
Strive also after the blessings of the world to come.
We ask this through Christ our Lord.

All: Amen

Appeal on behalf of Royal National Benevolent Institution

Grace said together

The Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the Love of God, and the Fellowship of the Holy Spirit be with us all.

Blessing of the Harvest

Stand

Celebrant:

All-powerful God, We appeal to your tender care
That even as you temper the winds and rains
To nurture the fruits of the earth
You will also send upon them
The gentle shower of your blessing.
Fill the hearts of your people with gratitude
That from the earth's fruitfulness
The hungry may be filled with good things
And the poor and needy proclaim the glory of your name,
We make our prayer through Jesus Christ our Lord.

All:

Amen

Hymn

Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home:
All is safely gather'd in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God, our maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own temple, come;
Raise the song of Harvest-home.

All this world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares therein are sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
Ripening with a wondrous power
Till the final harvest-hour:
Grant, O Lord of life, that we
Holy grain and pure may be.

For we know that thou wilt come,
And wilt take thy people home;
From thy field wilt purge away
All that doth offend, that day;
And thine angels charge at last

Praised be You my Lord through Sister Water,
So useful, humble, precious and pure.

Praised be You my Lord through Brother Fire,
through whom You light the night
and he is beautiful and playful and robust and strong.

Praised be You my Lord through our Sister, Mother Earth
who sustains and governs us,
producing varied fruits with coloured flowers and herbs.

Praise be You my Lord through those who grant pardon
for love of You and bear sickness and trial.
Blessed are those who endure in peace,
By You Most High, they will be crowned.

Praised be You, my Lord through Sister Death,
from whom no-one living can escape.
Woe to those who die in mortal sin!
Blessed are they She finds doing Your Will.
No second death can do them harm.

Praise and bless my Lord and give Him thanks,
And serve Him with great humility.

Collect

Almighty Father, God of goodness,
You give us the earth to provide us with food,
May the produce we harvest sustain our lives,
And may we always use it for your glory and the good of all.
As you have made our land bring forth abundantly,
We ask you also to make our hearts fruitful with your life and
love. We make our prayer through Christ our Lord,

All: Amen

Readings

Book of Leviticus, Chapter 26

If you walk in my statutes and observe my commandments and do them, then I will give you your rains in their season, and the land shall yield its increase, and the trees of the field shall yield their fruit. And your threshing shall last to the time of vintage, and the vintage shall last to the time for sowing; and you shall eat your bread to the full, and dwell in your land securely. And I will give peace in the land, and you shall lie down, and none shall make you afraid; and I will remove evil beasts from the land, and the sword shall not go through your land. Five of you shall chase a hundred, and a hundred of you shall chase ten thousand; and your enemies shall fall before you by the sword. And I will have regard for you and make you fruitful and multiply you, and will confirm my covenant with you. And you shall eat old store long kept, and you shall clear out the old to make way for the new. And I will make my abode among you, and my soul shall not abhor you. And I will walk among you, and will be your God, and you shall be my people."

Psalm 65 said antiphonally

To you our praise is due
in Sion, O God.

To you we pay our vows,
you who hear our prayer.

To you all flesh will come
with its burden of sin.

Too heavy for us, our offences,
but you wipe them away.

Blessed is he whom you choose and call
to dwell in your courts.

We are filled with the blessings of your house,
of your holy temple.

You keep your pledge with wonders,
O God our saviour,

the hope of all the earth
and of far distant isles.

The ends of the earth stand in awe
at the sight of your wonders.
The lands of sunrise and sunset
you fill with your joy.

You care for the earth, give it water,
you fill it with riches.
Your river in heaven brims over
to provide its grain.

And thus you provide for the earth;
You drench its furrows,
you level it, soften it with showers,
you bless its growth.

You crown the year with your goodness.
Abundance flows in your steps,
in the pastures of the wilderness it flows.

The hills are girded with joy,
the meadows covered with flocks,
the valleys are decked with wheat.
They shout for joy, yes, they sing.

Gospel: Matthew 6

Jesus said to the crowds: I tell you, do not be anxious about your life, what you shall eat or what you shall drink, nor about your body, what you shall put on. Is not life more than food, and the body more than clothing? Look at the birds of the air: they neither sow nor reap nor gather into barns, and yet your heavenly Father feeds them. Are you not of more value than they? And which of you by being anxious can add one cubit to his span of life? And why are you anxious about clothing? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they neither toil nor spin; Yet I tell you, even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. But if God so clothes the grass of the field, which today is alive and tomorrow is thrown into the oven, will he not much more clothe you, O men of little faith? Therefore do not be anxious, saying, 'What shall we eat?' or 'What shall we drink?' or 'What shall we wear?'

For the gentiles seek all these things; and your heavenly Father knows that you need them all. But seek first his kingdom and his righteousness, and all these things shall be yours as well. Therefore do not be anxious about tomorrow, for tomorrow will be anxious for itself. Let the day's own trouble be sufficient for the day.

Homily