



Harvest Home Concert

Saturday, November 19, 2022 - 7 PM
 Lutheran Church of the Redeemer
 Atlanta, Georgia

THE REDEEMER CHOIR

David Hansen, Conductor
 Sarah Hawbecker, Accompanist
 Kira Garvie, Organ Scholar

THE CARILLON RINGERS

Sarah Hawbecker, Director

SOLOISTS

Pam Amy-Cupp
 Khadijah Davis
 Michael Devine
 Jason Hamlet
 Sally Pearson
 Jonathan Pilkington
 Joel Rose
 Lydia Sharp

INSTRUMENTALISTS

Alan Boda, Violin
 Kelly Bryant, Flute
 John Clanton, Piano
 Christine Drescher-Jones, Harp
 Kira Garvie, Organ and Piano
 Sarah Hawbecker, Organ
 John Warren, Clarinet

AMERICAN SIGN LANGUAGE INTERPRETATION

William Bolick

Please join us for dessert in the Sims Atrium following the concert. The concert will last approximately 60 minutes without intermission. **Tonight's reception is sponsored by Cathy and Steve Vogel**

If you parked in the parking deck, please pick up a validation sticker from security at the reception desk as you leave tonight.

The Harvest Home Concert is part of the Redeemer Concert Series, sponsored by the Friends of Music. Your contributions tonight will help support the entire Concert Series. For more information about upcoming events in the 2022-2023, please visit the Friends of Music table in the atrium.

The video of tonight's concert can be streamed at www.LiveStream.com. Go to LiveStream in your web browser and search for "Redeemer Live" where our concerts and services are listed chronologically.

The members of the Redeemer Choir, Canticum Novum, and Carillon Ringers generously support the worship services and musical programs of the Lutheran Church of the Redeemer as volunteers. For information about Redeemer's adult and children's choral and instrumental groups, please contact Sarah Hawbecker or David Hansen through our website at www.Redeemer.org

LET ALL THINGS NOW LIVING

Cathy Moklebust
The Carillon Ringers

COME, YE THANKFUL PEOPLE, COME

Words by Henry Alford
Music by George J. Elvey
Arrangement by John Ferguson

Please remain seated and join in singing

**Come, ye thankful people, come;
raise the song of harvest home.
All be safely gathered 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 the world is God's own field,
fruit unto his praise to yield;
wheat and tares together sown,
unto joy or sorrow grown.
First the blade, and then the ear,
then the full corn shall appear.
Lord of harvest, grant that we
wholesome grain and pure may be.**

**Even so, Lord, quickly come
to thy final harvest home.
Gather then thy people in,
free from sorrow, free from sin,
there, forever purified,
in thy garner to abide.
Come, with all thine angels, come,
raise the glorious harvest home!**

A SONG OF PRAISE

Words by Isaac Watts
Adapted by Gwyneth Walker
Music by Gwyneth Walker

I sing the beauty of the Lord
That makes the mountains rise;
That spreads the flowing seas abroad,
And builds the lofty skies.
I sing the wisdom that has led
The sun to rule the day;

The moon shines full at thy command
And all the stars obey. Amen.

I sing the goodness of the Lord
That filled the earth with food;
That formed the creatures with a word,
And then pronounced them good.
Oh, how thy wonders are displayed
Where'er I turn my eye;
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky. Amen.

There's not a plant or flow'r below
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise and winds may blow,
By thy great pow'r alone;
While all that take their life from thee
Are ever in thy care,
Wherever humankind may be
The Lord is present there. Amen.

The mountains rise, the flowing seas abroad,
The lofty skies, the sun to fuel the day,
The plants and flow'rs, the clouds and winds,
The moon shines full at thy command,
And all the little stars obey.
While all that take their life from thee
Are ever in thy care,
Wherever humankind may be
The Lord is present there. Amen.

STOMP YOUR FOOT from *The Tender Land*

Words by Horace Everett,
a pseudonym for Erik John
Music by Aaron Copland

Stomp your foot upon the floor.
Throw the windows open.
Take a breath of fresh June air,
and dance around the room.
The air is free, the night is warm,
the music's here and here's my home.

Men must labor to be happy,
ploughing fields and planting rows.
But ladies love a life that's easy,
churning butter, milking cows.
Churning butter, milking cows.
Gathering eggs...

...feeding sows.
Mending, cooking, cleaning, ironing.
Raising families, families.

Ladies love their fine amusement,
 putting patches in a quilt,
but men prefer to bend their shoulder
 to something that will stand when built.
Dancing ladies, making matches, playing games...
...singing snatches.
Romping, frisking, winking, whistling.
Raising families.

THE PROMISE OF LIVING from The Tender Land

Words by Horace Everett,
 a pseudonym for Erik John
Music by Aaron Copland

The Promise of Living with hope and thanksgiving
Is born of our loving our friends and our labor.
The promise of growing with faith and with
 knowing
Is born of our sharing our love with our neighbor.
The promise of loving, the promise of growing
Is born of our singing in joy and thanksgiving.

For many a year we've know these fields
And known all the work that makes them yield.
Are you ready to lend a hand?
We're ready to work, we're ready to lend a hand.
By working together we'll bring in the harvest,
the blessings of harvest.
We plant each row with seeds of grain,
And Providence sends us the sun and the rain.
By lending an arm, bring out from the farm
Bring out the blessings of harvest.

Give thanks there was sunshine,
Give thanks there was rain,
Give thanks we have hands
To deliver the grain.

O let us be joyful,
O let us be grateful,
Come join us in thanking the Lord
for his blessing.

O let us sing our song and let our song be heard.
Let's sing with our hearts,

And find a promise in that song.

The promise of ending in right understanding
Is peace in our own hearts and peace with our
neighbor.

The promise of living, the promise of growing
The promise of ending is labor and sharing and
loving.

LONG TIME AGO from Old American Songs

Traditional words and melody
Arranged by Aaron Copland
Khadijah Davis, soloist

On the lake where droop'd the willow
Long time ago,
Where the rock threw back the billow
Brighter than snow.

Dwelt a maid beloved and cherish'd
By high and low,
But with autumn leaf she perished
Long time ago.

Rock and tree and flowing water
Long time ago,
Bird and bee and blossom taught her
Love's spell to know.

While to my fond words she listen'd
Murmuring low,
Tenderly her blue eyes glisten'd
Long time ago.

AT THE RIVER from Old American Songs

Words and Music by Robert Lowry
Arranged by Aaron Copland
Pam Amy-Cupp, soloist

Shall we gather by the river,
Where bright angel's feet have trod,
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

Yes, we'll gather by the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints by the river
That flows by the throne of God.

Ere we reach the shining river
Lay we every burden down,
Praise our spirits will deliver
And provide our robe and crown.

Yes, we'll gather at the river...

Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease,
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

Yes, we'll gather by the river...

SIMPLE GIFTS from Old American Songs

Words and melody by Elder Joseph Brackett,
Arranged by Aaron Copland
Jason Hamlet, soloist

'Tis the gift to be simple, 'tis the gift to be free
'tis the gift to come down where you ought to be
And when we find ourselves in the place just right
'Twill be in the valley of love and delight.

When true simplicity is gained
To bow and to bend we shan't be ashamed
To turn, turn will be our delight
'Till by turning, turning we come round right.

WELCOME TABLE from Family Reunion

Traditional words and melody
Arranged by Alice Parker
Khadijah Davis, soloist

You've got a place at the welcome table some of
these days.
We're goin' to feast on milk and honey...
We'll give thanks at the welcome table...
We'll come home to the welcome table...

MY SHEPHERD WILL SUPPLY MY NEED

Words from Psalm 23
Paraphrased by Isaac Watts
Music by Calvin Hampton
Jonathan Pilkington, soloist
Michael Devine, soloist

My shepherd will supply my need:
Jehovah is his name;

In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.
He brings my wand'ring spirit back
When I forsake his ways,
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
in paths of truth and grace.

When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
One word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.
Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thy oil anoints my head.

The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
O may thy house be my abode,
And all my work be praise.
There would I find a settled rest,
While others go and come;
No more a stranger, nor a guest,
But like, but like a child at home.

THE OLD CHURCH from Prairie Songs

Words by Della B. Vik
Music by Stephen Paulus

The old church leans nearby a well-worn road
Upon a hill that has no grass or tree,
The winds form off the prairie now unload
The dust they bring around it fitfully.

The path that leads up to the open door
Is worn and grayed by many toiling feet
Of us who listen to the Bible lore
And once again the old-time hymns repeat.

And ev'ry Sabbath morning we are still
Returning to the altar waiting there.
A hush, a pray'r, a pause, and voices fill
The Master's House with a triumphant air.

The old church leans awry and looks quite odd,
But it is beautiful to us and God.

HOMEWARD BOUND

Words and Music by Marta Keen

Arranged by Jay Althouse
Jason Hamlet, reader

In the quiet misty morning
When the moon has gone to bed,
When the sparrows stop their singing
And the sky is clear and red,
When the summer's ceased its gleaming
When the corn is past its prime,
When adventure's lost its meaning,
I'll be homeward bound in time.

*Bind me not to the pasture,
Chain me not to the plow.
Set me free to find my calling
And I'll return to you somehow.*

If you find it's me you're missing,
If you're hoping I'll return,
To your thoughts I'll soon be listening,
And in the road I'll stop and turn.
Then the wind will set me racing
As my journey nears its end,
And the path I'll be retracing
When I'm homeward bound again.

THE ROAD HOME

Words by Michael Dennis Browne
Tune from *Southern Harmony* (1835)
Arranged by Stephen Paulus
Sally Pearson, soloist

Tell me, where is the road
I can call my own,
That I left, that I lost,
So long ago?
All these years I have wandered,
Oh, when will I know
There's a way, there's a road
That will lead me home?

After wind, after rain,
When the dark is done,
As I wake from a dream
In the gold of day,
Through the air there's a calling
From far away,
There's a voice I can hear
That will lead me home.

Rise up, follow me,
Come away, is the call,
With the love in your heart
As the only song.
There is no such beauty
As where you belong.
Rise up, follow me,
I will lead you home.

LARGO from Symphony No. 9

Antonín Dvořák
Sarah Hawbecker, organist

THANKSGIVING SONG

Words and music by Mary Chapin Carpenter
Arranged by John Purifoy

Grateful for each hand we hold,
Gathered 'round this table.
From far and near we travel home,
Blessed that we are able.
Grateful for this sheltered place
With light in every window.
Saying, "Welcome, welcome, share this feast.
Come in, away from sorrow."

Father, mother, daughter, son,
Neighbor, friend and friendless
Altogether, everyone,
In the gift of lovingkindness.

Grateful for what's understood,
And all that is forgiven.
We try so hard to be good
To lead a life worth living.

Father, mother, daughter, son,
Neighbor, friend and friendless.
Altogether, everyone,
Let grateful days be endless.

Grateful for each hand we hold,
Gathered 'round this table.

THANKFUL

Words and music by Carole Bayer Sager, David
Foster & Richard Page
Arranged by Mark Hayes

Khadijah Davis, soloist

Somedays, we forget to look around us.
Somedays, we can't see the joy that surrounds us.
So caught up inside ourselves,
We take when we should give.

So, for tonight we pray for
What we know can be.
And on this day, we hope for
What we still can't see.
It's up to us, to be the change,
And even though we all can still do more,
There's so much to be thankful for.

Look beyond ourselves,
There's so much sorrow.
It's way too late to say, "I'll cry tomorrow."
Each of us must find the truth,
We're so long overdue.

So, for tonight we pray for
What we know can be.
And ev'ryday we hope for
What we still can't see.
It's up to us, to be the change,
And even though we all can still do more,
There's so much to be thankful for.

Even with our differences
There is a place we're all connected
Each of us can find each other's light.

So for tonight, we pray for
What we know can be.
And on this day, we hope for
What we still can't see.
It's up to us, to be the change,
And even though this world needs so much more,
There's so much to be thankful for.

THE LORD'S PRAYER

Words from Matthew 6:9-13
Music by Albert Hay Malotte
Joel Rose, soloist

Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.
And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

FOR THE FRUIT OF ALL CREATION

Words by Fred Pratt Green
18th Century Welsh Melody
Arranged by John Ferguson

Please remain seated and join in singing

**For the fruit of all creation,
thanks be to God;
for the gifts of every nation,
thanks be to God;
for the ploughing, sowing, reaping,
silent growth while we are sleeping,
future needs in earth's safe-keeping,
thanks be to God.**

**In the just reward of labour,
God's will is done;
in the help we give our neighbour,
God's will is done;
in our world-wide task of caring
for the hungry and despairing,
in the harvests we are sharing,
God's will is done.**

**For the harvests of the Spirit,
thanks be to God;
for the good we all inherit,
thanks be to God;
for the wonders that astound us,
for the truths that still confound us,
most of all that love has found us,
thanks be to God.**

*Please join us for dessert in the Sims Atrium.
The reception is sponsored by Cathy and Steve Vogel.*



The Redeemer Concert Series enriches lives through memorable musical experiences.

The Redeemer Concert Series is supported by the following donors who comprise the "Friends of Music." We appreciate their generosity and invite others to join us. Donations are accepted at any time of the year.

Simply make your check payable to
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Donations received between January 1, 2019 and November 19, 2022

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