**We sometimes just open a packet**

*A HARVEST SONG tune: my bonnie lies over the ocean*

We sometimes just open a packet

or zap with a swift microwave,

leave others to get in the shopping,

let them cook the food that we crave.

**Thank God, oh, thank God, yes,**

**thanks for the food**

**that we eat each day.**

**Thank God, oh, thank God, yes,**

**thanks for your feeding each day!**

Now, some may prefer spicy chicken

with chips or with hot rice and peas,

whilst others go crazy for choc’late

and eat it and eat it with ease.

Still others eat nuts, beans and carrots

and claim it is doing them good,

whilst some would not think of a diet –

their lives are committed to food.

Yet elsewhere the poor may go hungry

and, foodless, they may even die,

unless we can share from our plenty,

with justice restore their supply.

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*Music: The Beatles 1964*

**With care and skill you tend and train** *John 15:1-11 tune: Martyrdom*

With care and skill you tend and train

each branch upon the vine,

that each may bear the sweetest grapes

to make the finest wine.

The wine of hope and justice done,

of promise now fulfilled;

the wine of love poured out for all,

he new wine that you willed.

Yet claiming freedom, right and choice,

we seek to grow alone,

so bear but wizened, bitter grapes

or, fruitless, carry none.

Alone, we turn to lifeless twigs

just fit to fuel a fire;

we need your sap of fellowship

that we may grow entire.

O Christ, who gave up all you had

to be, for us, our vine,

let each be grafted to your stock,

share fruitfulness and wine!

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*Music: Hugh Wilson 1824*

**Some wandering Arameans**

*A HARVEST COMMUNION HYMN tune: Aurelia*

Some wand’ring Arameans,

encamped by sacred trees

shared supper with three strangers

played host, and sought to please;

and in that meal of meeting

God came and shared and blessed

with covenant and promise:

the host became the guest.

The people of that promise,

from Egypt now released,

each harvest brought their first fruits

to celebrate the feast.

They shared with priests and strangers,

acknowledging God’s care;

their gifts but showed God’s gifting,

God’s goodness let them share.

Once, in the old remembrance,

the feast was all renewed,

the first fruits, freely offered,

with God’s own self endued.

The Christ, the Son, the Saviour,

himself became the gift,

the bread and wine, his body,

for all, both cure and feast.

Here’s more than harvest gath’ring,

here’s more than annual feast;

here God proclaims us welcome

regardless of the cost.

Here we are guests invited,

here grace will challenge all

to live for God and justice,

responding to God’s call.

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*Music: Samuel Sebastian Wesley 1864*

**Sower, sowing**

*Mark 4:3-20 tune: Frere Jacques*

Sower sowing, sower sowing,

where there’s need, fling the seed –

thistley, soft, or hard ‘n bare,

handfuls scatter ev’rywhere –

do this deed; sow with speed.

Sower sowing, sower sowing,

some must grow, fast or slow:

though your boss might be appalled,

do not mind the waste involved,

what can grow soon will show.

Sower sowing, sower sowing,

don’t despair, anywhere;

never doubt this seed is good –

God supplies it as he should,

shows his care – trust him there!

Sower sowing, sower sowing,

you can’t see what must be –

one day fields of ripened wheat

tons of grain that’s great to eat,

bringing glee, wild and free!

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*Music: Jean-Philippe Rameau 1764*

**All across the world there’s harvests** *tune: Sussex*

All across the world there’s harvests

gath’ring food we’re glad eat;

though we’ll never meet the farmers,

keep us thankful for their feat.

Foodstuffs gathered, packed & processed,

shipped and trucked and sold and bought -

for all people who supply us,

may we show the thanks we ought.

Where rewards divide unjustly,

workers struggle to survive,

may we act to make trade fairer

play our part, keep hope alive.

God who cares for all who harvest,

God who cares for all who eat,

keep us thankful, keep us acting

till your justice is complete.

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*Music: Ralph Vaughan Williams 1906*

**Rainbow Promises**

*Genesis 9:8-17 tune: Down Ampney, 6.6.11 D*

A rainbow in the sky,

its colours arching high,

brings promise

of our great Creator’s caring;

tells that sustaining care,

will ceaselessly be there,

to keep our planet fruitful and life-bearing.

When summer droughts descend,

threat’ning to know no end,

our faith remains

that somehow rains will follow.

Each time new crops are sown

we trust that we’ll be shown

God’s promise of a harvest is not hollow.

Yet rainbows in the sky,

their colours arching high,

are also for us all a call to caring.

Our fragile planet needs

urgent, effective deeds,

lest we’d destroy

and leave our God despairing.

Now we must show we care,

working on world-repair,

united, to avoid self-wrought disaster;

tirelessly, shift by shift,

strive to restore God’s gift,

and for our children’s sakes

start working faster.

Each rainbow in the sky,

its colours arching high,

invites us all to celebrate God’s sharing,

but also re-commit,

actively do our bit,

in grateful, vital, planetary caring.

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*Music: Ralph Vaughan Williams 1906*