

UUFB Hymns

September 20, 2026



Hymn #1067: "Mother Earth, Beloved Garden" (verses 1-4)

Words & music: Amanda Udis-Kessler

Mother Earth, beloved garden, living treasure under foot,
All our days you ground our being: sage and thistle, grass and root.
Herbs to heal us, plants to feed us, land to till and tend and plow.
With the pendant, deep as midnight, North we ask you: be here now.

Father Air, your inspiration holds together all that lives.
As we breathe, our minds see clearly, leading us to love and give.
Raging whirlwind, whispered breezes, violent gale and gentle cloud.
With the blade as sharp as morning, East we ask you: be here now.

Brother Fire, great transformer, share the passion of the sun.
In our hearths, your warmth revives us, cooks our food and heats our homes.
Flaming candle, blood within us, blazing desert, will to grow.
With the wand, directing power, South we ask you: be here now.

Sister Water, ever flowing, ocean, river, pond and rain.
Drink we now and quench our thirsting, cleanse us, we begin again.
Mist and ice, a host of changes, all that courage will allow.
With the cup, the holy chalice, West we ask you, be here now.



Hymn #1002: "Comfort Me" by Mimi Bornstein-Doble

Comfort me, comfort me, comfort me, oh my soul (2x)
Sing with me, sing with me, sing with me, oh my soul (2x)



Hymn #52: "In Sweet Fields of Autumn"

Words: Elizabeth Madison, Music: William James Kirkpatrick, Harmony: Ralph Vaughan Williams

In sweet fields of autumn the gold grain is falling, the white clouds drift lonely, the wild swan is calling.
Alas forth the daisies, the tall fern and grasses, when wind-sweep and rainfall fill lowlands and passes.

The snows of December shall fill windy hollow; the bleak rain trails after, the March wind shall follow.
The deer through the valleys leave print of their going; and diamonds of sleet mark the ridges of snowing.

The stillness of death shall stoop over the water, the plover sweep low where the pale streamlets falter; but
deep in the earth clod the black seed is living; when spring sounds her bugles for rousing and giving



Hymn #402: "From You I Receive" by Joseph & Nathan Segal

From you I receive, to you I give, together we share, and from this we live. (2x)