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CHILDREN'S HARVEST SERVICE

FOR THE
FEAST *of* TABERNACLES (SUKKOTH)

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The Harvest Service

The pulpit and platform are decorated with fruits, vegetables and flowers appropriate to the season. A small sukkah, erected on the platform, is similarly decorated. After the regular Sukkoth service all the children of the school enter the temple singing a processional hymn and carrying fruits, flowers and vegetables. Each child bears an offering; thus the children of one class carry apples, of another, pears, of another, grapes, of another, corn, of another, wheat, etc. The procession is headed by two boys, the one bearing the Sefer Torah and the other the American flag. Then come four other boys, who carry the traditional Sukkoth plants, ethrog, lulab, myrtle and willow. They are followed by four girls carrying cornucopias filled with fruits and vegetables of various kinds. These ten are then followed by the classes of the school, beginning with the youngest, each child carrying the fruit assigned to its class. When the children are seated, the boys bearing the Sukkoth plants, ascend the platform and speak the following lines:

Here in the Sukkah, frail tent, we stand,
Emblem of God's Providence in desert land.
In trouble sore, in darkest strait,
Our God watched o'er us with mercy great.

With thankful hearts these fruits we bring
To Him whose praise our lips do sing.
For beauteous plants from earliest time
Our fathers have offered in every clime.

The ethrog sweet, of perfume rare,
The palm branch too, so tall and fair,
The myrtle fine with flow'ret lovely,
The willow meek, its branches lowly.

On this our happy feast of joy,
God's goodness praise without alloy.
To Him aspire with grateful heart
Who all these mercies for us has wrought.

*Then they deposit the four plants on the pulpit.
While the organ plays softly the children of the first
class bearing apples ascend the platform. A selected
number recite these lines:*

Summer is gone and Autumn is here
Now is the harvest for all the year.
Father in Heaven, we thank Thee for all,
Winter and Springtime and Summer and Fall.
All Thine own gifts to Thee we bring,
We begin with the apple, Oh Heavenly King.

The whole class then joins in chorus:

For all these gifts, O God of Love
We would our thanks express.
For Thou hast sent from Heaven above
These things our lives to bless.

*As the class leaves the platform, the children lay the
apples in baskets and return to their places, the organ
playing softly. Class by class now does similarly.
The verses spoken by the classes are as follows:*

Class bearing pears. A selected number speak:

Wet by the rain and the sparkling dew,
From the sun kissed orchard where it grew,
We bring you a fruit both ripe and rare,
The mellow and golden and glossy pear.

Followed by whole class in chorus:

Our praise and thanks, O God above,
We give to Thee for Thy great love.
Thou feedest and protectest all,
Both old and young, both great and small.

O keep us safe throughout the year,
Where'er we be, our prayer hear,
Our parents bless, our fathers true,
Our mothers dear, all good men too.

Next class bearing grapes. A selected number speak:

Ripened by the sun's bright rays
Throughout the length of summer days
The grape in bunches rich and rare
Is seen in beauty everywhere.

From earliest days to latest time
Poets have sung in tuneful rhyme
The glories of the fruitful vine
Which here we bring in clusters fine.

Hereupon the whole class speaks the chorus:

Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days,
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ.

For the blessing of the field
For the stores the gardens yield
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich, o'erflowing stores.

The following class carries peaches. A selected number of the children speak:

In Persian gardens far away
Where mighty monarchs once held sway
First grew a fruit so sweet and fair
The peach, of beauty beyond compare.
This too we lay on our altar here
Before God, the Giver, whom we revere.

Then the whole class speaks in chorus:

All that Spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er our smiling land,
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich o'er-flowing stores,
These, great God, we owe to Thee,
Source whence all our blessings flow
And for these, our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

The next class carries plums. A few of the children recite:

Golden as beams of the radiant sun,
Red as the west when the day is done,

Purple as skies in the moon's pale glow
From orchards fresh where soft winds blow
These beautiful plums, the fruit of our land
We bring as a token of God's gracious hand.

Then the whole class recites:

Our praise and thanks, O God above
We give to Thee for Thy great love.
Thou feedest and protectest all,
Both old and young, both great and small.
O keep us safe throughout the year,
Where'er we be, our prayer hear.
Our parents bless, our fathers true,
Our mothers dear, all good men too.

Next class bearing wheat. A selected number speak:

O'er all this dear and glorious land
From ocean strand to ocean strand
The golden grain has sprouted forth
In East and West, in South and North.
Blessed, blessed, has been the year
Whose bounties on every hand appear.
Thanks be to God for the golden grain
Fairest product of the spreading plain.

Followed by whole class in chorus as before; page 6.

"Praise to God, immortal praise," etc.

Next class bearing corn stalks. A selected number speak:

America, from thy broad breast
Corn sprang, beneficent and bright,
Of all the gifts from heaven, the best
For the world's succor and delight.

Then do it honor, give it praise,
A noble emblem should be ours.
Upon thy fair shield set thy maize,
More glorious than a myriad flowers.

And let the states their garlands bring,
Each its own lovely blossom sign,
But leading all, let maize be king,
Holding its place by right divine.

Followed by whole class in chorus as before; page 6.

"All that spring with bounteous hand," etc.

A number of girls carrying clusters of autumn leaves now come to the pulpit and speak the lines:

AUTUMN LEAVES

O golden and rare red treasures
Just plucked by the frost king's hand
We gather your heaped up measures
Strewn lavishly o'er the land.

You brighten today our temple
We thank you for every one,
Grown brilliant in summer's service,
Or yellow to match the sun.

A handful of autumn leaflets,
No two are alike, dear friends;
In one is a glint of golden,
Where the glory of redness ends.

While some are browned and wrinkled,
These, too, have their use, you know;
When others have fallen, they linger
To welcome the first white snow.

A song by the whole school is followed by the Sukkoth prayer read by a member of the confirmation class. The Sukkoth prayer is as follows:

Everywhere, O God, we see evidences of Thy loving kindness toward us. On this, our feast of thanksgiving and of joy, we feel how much there is for which we should be grateful. The beauties of nature, the refreshing rains, the care which Thy bounty has provided for the needs of every living thing, emphasize our duty to let our words flow forth in heartfelt appreciation of all Thy goodness. Thy protection watches over all; the bird has its nest, the beast its lair, man his home. Thy providence guarded our forefathers in the wilderness from all the dangers which surrounded them. They came safely to the promised land. And when, in the fullness of time they went forth from this land and were scattered to the four corners of the earth, Thy providence still continued to watch over them and protect them amid all the terrors of persecution, worse, far worse than the terrors of wilderness. In all the evil times of oppression, when troubles, seemingly greater than could be borne, overwhelmed them, our fathers were not swept from the face of the earth, for Thou wast with them. Ever, on this feast of thanksgiving, joyous words of loving gratitude poured from their hearts unto Thee. And now that better days have come and the skies have grown brighter for us, we remember the miseries of the past and are grateful for the blessings of the present. We have so much for which to be thankful. Every misery that we escape is a new mercy, and therefore we are grateful. We thank Thee for our country, for our homes, for all our opportunities and all our blessings. There lies cause for joy on every hand. We have been placed on earth to live our lives among our fellows in gladness and cheer. Thou

hast commanded us this "time of joy" that we may be conscious of the bliss which may be ours if we will but seek and grasp it. May we perform our duties in life with that cheerfulness of spirit that spreads its beneficent influence over all and everything. May all men gradually recognize the fact of Thy universal Fatherhood so that, at peace with each other and before Thee, they may observe an all-including feast of gladness and of joy, of thanksgiving and of gratitude. Amen.

A song by the school is followed with the reading of a thanksgiving psalm, (Psalm 67, 107, 118 or the like). Four or more girls bearing bouquets of autumn flowers ascend the platform and speak in unison these lines:

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous.
God hath written in the stars above,
But not less in flowerlets beneath us,
Stands the revelation of His love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation
Written over this great world of ours,
Making evident our own creation
In these stars of earth, these golden flowers.

In all places, yea, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us by most persuasive reasons
How akin they are to human things.

With child-like credulous devotion
We behold their tender buds expand,
And at this, our beauteous harvest season
Offer forth these treasures of the land.

After another hymn by the school, the girls (four in number) carrying the cornucopias come to the pulpit and speak the thanksgiving verses:

"Have you cut the wheat in the blowing fields,
The barley, the oats and the rye,
The golden corn and the pearly rice,
For the winter days are nigh?"

"We have reaped them all from shore to shore
And the grain is safe on the threshing floor."

"Have you gathered the berries from the vines,
And the fruit from the orchard trees?
The dew and the scent from the rose and the
thyme

In the hives of the honey bees?"

"The peach and the plum and the apple are ours,
And the honeycomb from the scented flowers."

"The wealth of the snowy cotton field,
And the gift of the sugar cane,
The savory herb and the nourishing root,
There has nothing been given in vain.
We have gathered the harvest from shore to shore
And the measure is full and running o'er."

"Then lift up the head with a song,
And lift up the hands with a gift,
To the ancient giver of all
The spirit in gratitude lift.
For the joy and the promise of Spring,
For the hay and clover sweet;
The barley, the rye and the oats,
The rice and the corn and the wheat,
The cotton and sugar and fruit.

The flowers and the fine honeycomb,
 The country so fair and so free,
 The blessing and glory of home,
 Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!
 Joyfully, gratefully call
 To God, the Preserver of Men,
 The bountiful Father of all."

The rabbi now preaches a short sermon appropriate to the occasion. This is followed by the singing of the national hymn, "My Country 'Tis of Thee" by school, choir and congregation. The children then leave the temple singing as a recessional hymn, the En Kelo-henu. The congregation is dismissed with the benediction.

ALTERNATE SELECTIONS

THE APPLE.

Thou hast been gracious. Thy heavenly hand
 Has ripened the harvest throughout our land,
 The sun's brilliant rays hast Thou sent from above.
 At all times Thou showest Thy children great love.
 So here on this altar, the apple we bring
 To offer to Thee, O Heavenly King.

THE PEAR.

Our Father, as now we approach Thy shrine
 We thank Thee for all fruits, of tree and of vine,
 And here with hearts grateful for all Thy care
 We offer unto Thee the rich, mellow pear.

HARVEST.

The harvest waves in the breezy morn
 And the men go forth to reap,
 The fullness comes to the tasseled corn,
 Whether we wake or sleep;
 And far on the hills by feet untrod
 There are blossoms that scent the air,
 For, oh, in this world of our Father, God,
 There is beauty everywhere.

CORN SONG.

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!
 Heap high the golden corn!
 No richer gift has autumn poured
 From out her lavish horn!

Let our lands, exulting, glean
 The apple from the pine,
 The orange from the glossy green,
 The cluster from the vine.

We better love the hardy gift
 Our rugged vales bestow,
 To cheer us when the storm shall drift
 Our harvest fields with snow.

But let the good old crop adorn
 The hills our fathers trod;
 Still let us, for his golden corn,
 Send up our thanks to God.

FLOWER OFFERING.

O painter of the fruits and flowers,
 We own Thy wise design,
 Whereby these human hands of ours

May share the works of Thine!
 Apart from Thee, we plant in vain
 The root, and sow the seed;
 Thy early and Thy latter rain,
 Thy sun and dew we need.
 Why search the wide world everywhere,
 For Eden's unknown ground?—
 That garden of the primal pair
 May never more be found.
 But, blest by Thee, our patient toil
 May right the ancient wrong,
 And give to every clime and soil
 The beauty lost so long.
 Its earliest shrines the young world sought,
 In hill-groves, and in bowers;
 The fittest offerings thither brought
 Were Thine own fruits and flowers.
 And still with reverent hands we cull
 Thy gifts, each year renewed;
 The good is always beautiful,
 The beautiful is good.

HARVEST HYMNS.

I.

Thank God for rest, where none molest,
 And none can make afraid,
 For Peace that sits as Plenty's guest
 Beneath the homestead's shade.

Build up an altar to the Lord,
 O grateful hearts of ours!
 And shape it of the greenest sward
 That ever drank the showers.

Lay all the bloom of gardens there,
 And there the orchard fruits;
 Bring golden grain from sun and air,
 From earth her goodly roots.

II.

Lord of the harvest! Thee we hail;
 Thine ancient promise doth not fail
 The varying seasons haste their round;
 With goodness all our years are crowned;

Our thanks we pay

This holy day;

Oh, let our hearts in tune be found.

If Spring doth wake the songs of mirth;
 If Summer warms the fruitful earth;
 When Winter sweeps the naked plain,
 Or Autumn yields its ripened grain,

Still do we sing

To Thee, our King.

Through all the changes Thou dost reign.

But chiefly when Thy liberal hand
 Scatters new plenty o'er the land;
 When sounds of music fill the air,
 And homeward all their treasures bear;

We too will raise

Our hymn of praise,

For we Thy common bounties share.

Lord of the harvest, all is Thine!
 The rains that fall, the suns that shine
 The seed once hidden in the ground,
 The skill that makes our fruits abound!

New, every year,

Thy gifts appear;

New praises from our lips shall sound!

