

ELW 573 My Soul Now Magnifies the Lord



1 My soul now mag - ni - fies the Lord; my spir - it
 2 For you a - lone, O God of might, have done a -
 3 Your arm is strong; your strength is great. You scat - ter
 4 You feed the hun - gry as your own; the wealth - y
 5 Sing glo - ry to the Ho - ly One, give hon - or



leaps, by joy pos - sessed. You keep me in your kind re -
 maz - ing things for me. Your mer - cy flows; your name like
 those of proud in - tent and cast them down from high es -
 leave with emp - ty hands. You give your help to Is - ra -
 to the in - car - nate Word, and praise the Pow'r of God most



gard; all gen - er - a - tions call me blessed.
 light re - mains in time per - pet - ual - ly.
 tate; then give the low your nour - ish - ment.
 el; your gra - cious prom - ise al - ways stands.
 high, from age to age by all a - dored.

Text: Stephanie K. Frey, b. 1952, alt., based on the Magnificat
 Music: ICH HEB MEIN AUGEN SEHNLICH AUF, Heinrich Schütz, 1585-1672
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ELW 258 Unexpected and Mysterious



1 Un - ex - pect - ed and mys - te - rious is the gen - tle
 2 In a mo - men - tar - y meet - ing of e - ter - ni -
 3 We are called to pon - der mys - t'ry and a - wait the



word of grace. Ev - er - lov - ing and sus - tain -
 ty and time, Mar - y learned that she would car -
 com - ing Christ, to em - bod - y God's com - pas -



ing is the peace of God's em - brace. If we fal - ter
 ry both the mor - tal and di - vine. Then she learned of
 sion for each frag - ile hu - man life. God is with us



in our cour - age and we doubt what we have known, God is
 God's com - pas - sion, of E - liz - a - beth's great joy, and she
 in our long - ing to bring heal - ing to the earth, while we



faith - ful to con - sole us as a moth - er tends her own.
 ran to greet the wom - an who would rec - og - nize her boy.
 watch with joy and won - der for the prom - ised Sav - ior's birth.

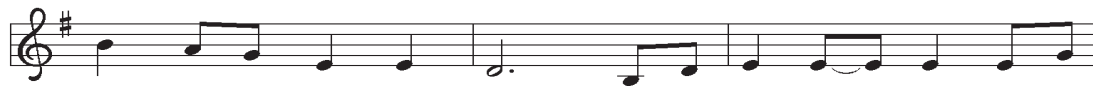
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ELW 723 Canticle of the Turning



1 My soul cries out with a joy - ful shout that the
 2 Though I am small, my . . . God, my all, you . . .
 3 From the halls of pow'r to the for - tress tow'r, not a
 4 Though the na - tions rage from . . age to age, we re -



God of my heart is great, and my spir - it sings of the
 work great . . things in me, and your mer - cy will last from the
 stone will be left on stone. Let the king be - ware for your
 mem - ber who holds us fast: God's mer - cy must de -



won - drous things that you bring to the ones who wait.
 depths of the past to the end of the age to be.
 jus - tice tears ev - 'ry ty - rant . . . from his throne.
 liv - er us from the con - quer - or's crush - ing grasp.



You fixed your sight on your ser - vant's plight, and my
 Your ver - y name puts the proud to shame, and to
 The hun - gry poor shall . . weep no more, for the
 This sav - ing word that our fore - bears heard is the



weak - ness you did not spurn, so from east to west shall my
 those who would for you yearn, you will show your might, put the
 food they can nev - er earn; there are ta - bles spread, ev - 'ry
 prom - ise which holds us bound, till the spear and rod can be



name be blest. Could the world be a - bout to turn?
 strong to flight, for the world is a - bout to turn.
 mouth be fed, for the world is a - bout to turn.
 crushed by God, who is turn - ing the world a - round.



Refrain
 My heart shall sing of the day you bring. Let the fires of your jus - tice burn.



Wipe a - way all tears, for the dawn draws near, and the world is a - bout to turn.

Text: Rory Cooney, b. 1952, based on the Magnificat
 Music: STAR OF COUNTY DOWN, Irish traditional
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