**ELW 723 *Canticle of the Turning***

 1 My soul cries out with a joyful shout

that the God of my heart is great,

and my spirit sings of the wondrous things

that you bring to the ones who wait.

You fixed your sight on your servant's plight,

and my weakness you did not spurn,

so from east to west shall my name be blest.

Could the world be about to turn?

*Refrain:* My heart shall sing of the day you bring.

Let the fires of your justice burn.

Wipe away all tears, for the dawn draws near,

and the world is about to turn.

2 Though I am small, my God, my all,

you work great things in me,

and your mercy will last from the depths of the past

to the end of the age to be.

Your very name puts the proud to shame,

and to those who would for you yearn,

you will show your might, put the strong to flight,

for the world is about to turn. *Refrain*

3 From the halls of pow'r to the fortress tow'r,

not a stone will be left on stone.

Let the king beware for your justice tears

ev'ry tyrant from his throne.

The hungry poor shall weep no more,

for the food they can never earn;

there are tables spread, ev'ry mouth be fed,

for the world is about to turn. *Refrain*

4 Though the nations rage from age to age,

we remember who holds us fast:

God's mercy must deliver us

from the conqueror's crushing grasp.

This saving word that our forebears heard

is the promise which holds us bound,

till the spear and rod can be crushed by God,

who is turning the world around. *Refrain*

Text: Rory Cooney, b. 1952, based on the Magnificat

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### **ELW 698 *How Long, O God***

1 "How long, O God?" the psalmist cries,

a cry we make our own,

for we are lost, alone, afraid,

and far away from home.

2 The evil lurks within, without,

it threatens to destroy

the fragile cords that make us one,

that bind our hearts in joy.

3 Your grace, O God, seems far away;

will healing ever come?

Our broken lives lie broken still;

will night give way to dawn?

4 How can we hope? How can we sing?

O God, set free our voice

to name the sorrows, name the pain,

that we might yet rejoice.

5 "How long, O God?" the psalmist cries,

a cry we make our own.

Though we are lost, alone, afraid,

our God will lead us home.

Text: Ralph F. Smith, 1950-1994

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