

No matter who you are or where you are on life's journey, you are welcome here!

J. S. Bach

For the Feast of St. Lucy, December 13

***Doxology** *Praise God from whom all blessings flow. Praise God, all creatures here below.
Praise God above, ye heavenly host, Creator, Christ, and Holy Ghost. AMEN.*

***Prayer of Dedication**

***Hymn** My Soul Cries Out with a Joyful Shout (insert, #100)

***Benediction**

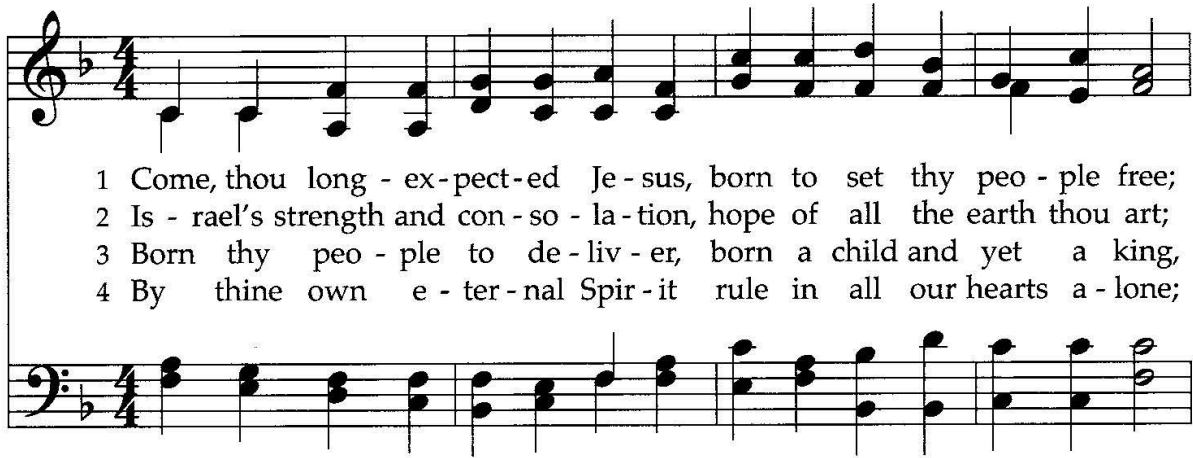
Postlude Pastorale from the *Christmas Concerto* Arcangelo Corelli, *arr. W.C.*

*** Congregation stands (*live-streamers, feel free to lift your hearts!*)**

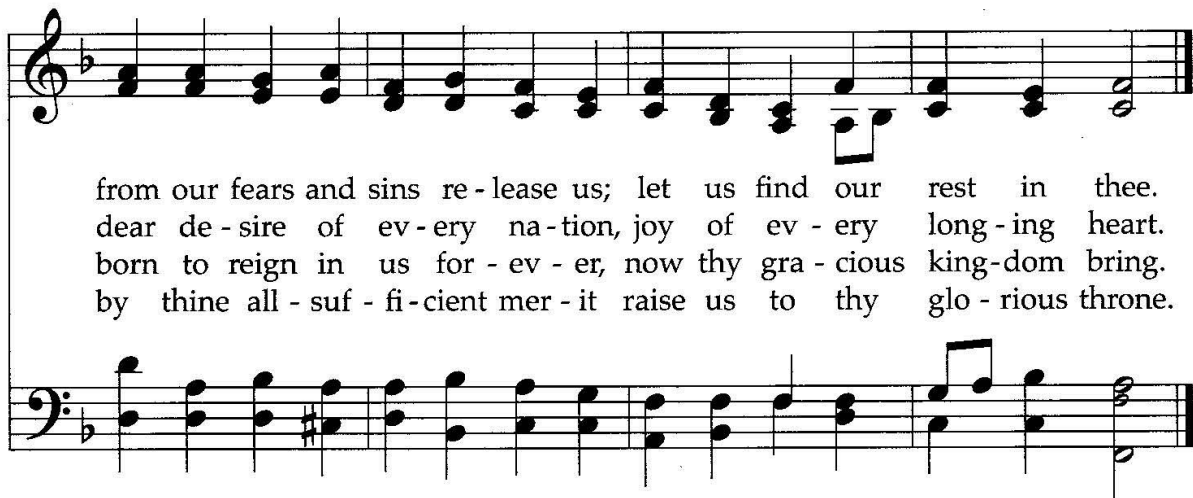
Participating Today

Rev. Dr. David A. Kaden, Senior Minister
Susan Fast, Director of Caring Ministries, sustfast@yahoo.com
Dr. William Cowdery, Director of Music
David J. Kaden, Tech Support
Patricia Baxter, soprano soloist (anthem)
Tony Pesco, baritone soloist (offertory)

83 Come, Thou Long-Expected Jesus



1 Come, thou long - ex - spect - ed Je - sus, born to set thy peo - ple free;
2 Is - rael's strength and con - so - la - tion, hope of all the earth thou art;
3 Born thy peo - ple to de - liv - er, born a child and yet a king,
4 By thine own e - ter - nal Spir - it rule in all our hearts a - lone;



from our fears and sins re - lease us; let us find our rest in thee.
dear de - sire of ev - ery na - tion, joy of ev - ery long - ing heart.
born to reign in us for - ev - er, now thy gra - cious king - dom bring.
by thine all - suf - fi - cient mer - it raise us to thy glo - rious throne.

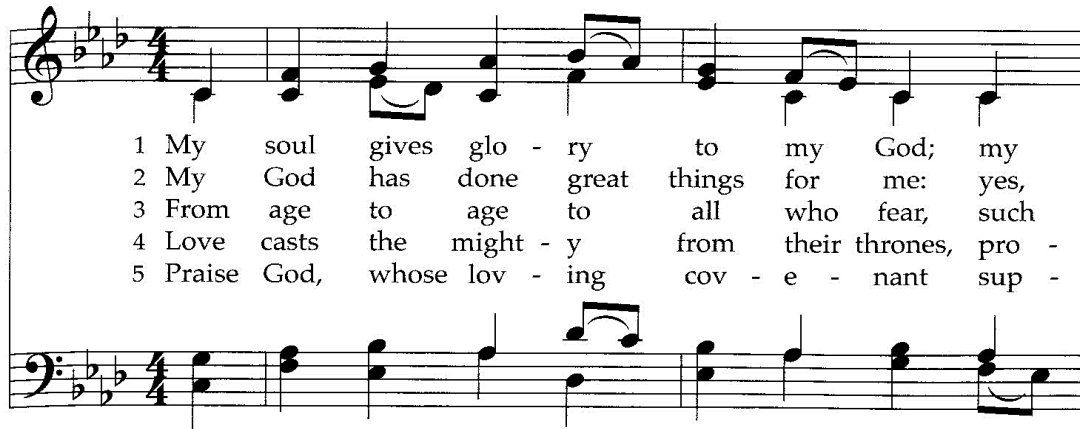
With its opening "Come," this hymn sounds the note of entreaty and invitation that characterizes the Advent season (from the Latin *adventus* = "coming"). Its blending of memory and hope helps us to give voice to our present faith as we stand between the past and the future.

TEXT: Charles Wesley, 1744
MUSIC: Witt's *Psalmodia Sacra*, 1715, alt.

STUTTGART
8.7.8.7
(alternate tune: HYFRYDOL, 82)

My Soul Gives Glory to My God 99

Song of Mary



1 My soul gives glo - ry to my God; my
 2 My God has done great things for me: yes,
 3 From age to age to all who fear, such
 4 Love casts the might - y from their thrones, pro -
 5 Praise God, whose lov - ing cov - e - nant sup -



heart pours out its praise. God lift - ed up my
 ho - ly is God's name. All peo - ple will de -
 mer - cy love im - parts, dis - pens - ing jus - tice
 motes the in - se - cure, leaves hun - gry spir - its
 ports those in dis - tress, re - mem - ber - ing past



low - li - ness in man - y mar - vel - ous ways.
 clare me blessed, and bless - ings they shall claim.
 far and near, dis - miss - ing self - ish hearts.
 sat - is - fied; the rich seem sud - den - ly poor.
 prom - is - es with pres - ent faith - ful - ness.

This 20th-century paraphrase is based on the Song of Mary (Luke 1:46–55), commonly known by its opening Latin word, *Magnificat*. This song of praise offers clear reminders that God's purposes often lead to the reversal of human values, exalting the poor and dethroning the mighty.

TEXT: Miriam Therese Winter, 1979; rev. 1987

MUSIC: Wyeth's *Repository of Sacred Music*, 1813; harm. C. Winfred Douglas, 1940

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Music Harm. © 1943, 1961, 1985 Church Pension Fund

MORNING SONG

CM

100 My Soul Cries Out with a Joyful Shout

Canticle of the Turning

Em C D



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 power to the for - tress tower, not a
 4 Though the na - tions rage from age to age, we re -

Em C D Em



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 -

G D Em C Em



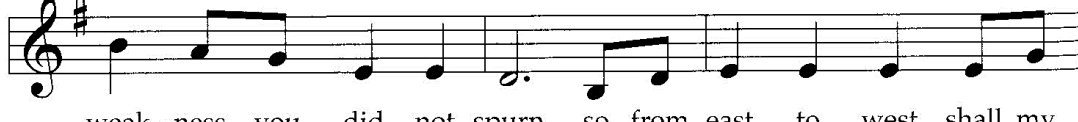
won - drous things that you bring to the ones who wait.
 depths of the past to the end of the age to be.
 jus - tice tears ev - ery ty - rant from his throne.
 liv - er us from the con - quer-or's crush - ing grasp.

G D



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

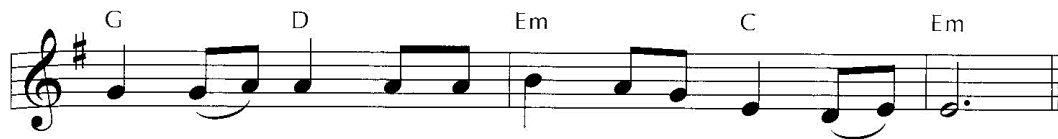
Em C D Em



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 - ery
 prom - ise which holds us bound, till the spear and rod can be

By employing an energetic Irish folk song for its melody, this ballad-like paraphrase of the *Magnificat*, Mary's song at her meeting with her relative Elizabeth (Luke 1:46-55), recaptures both the wonder and the faith of the young woman who first recognized what God was doing.

JESUS CHRIST: ADVENT



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.

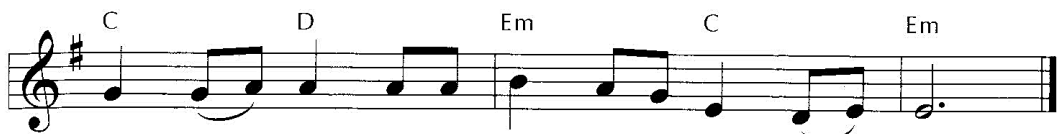
Refrain



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.