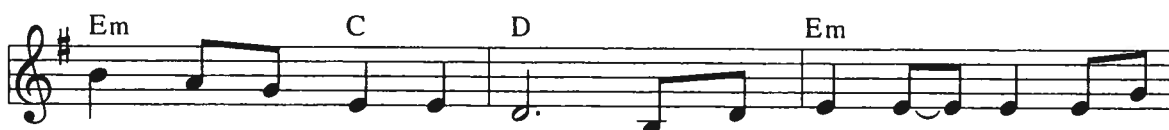


Canticle of the turning



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 power to the for - tress tower, 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. You
 depths of the past to the end of the age to be. Your
 jus - tice tears ev - 'ry ty - rant . . . from his throne. The
 liv - er us from the con - quer - or's crush - ing grasp. This



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

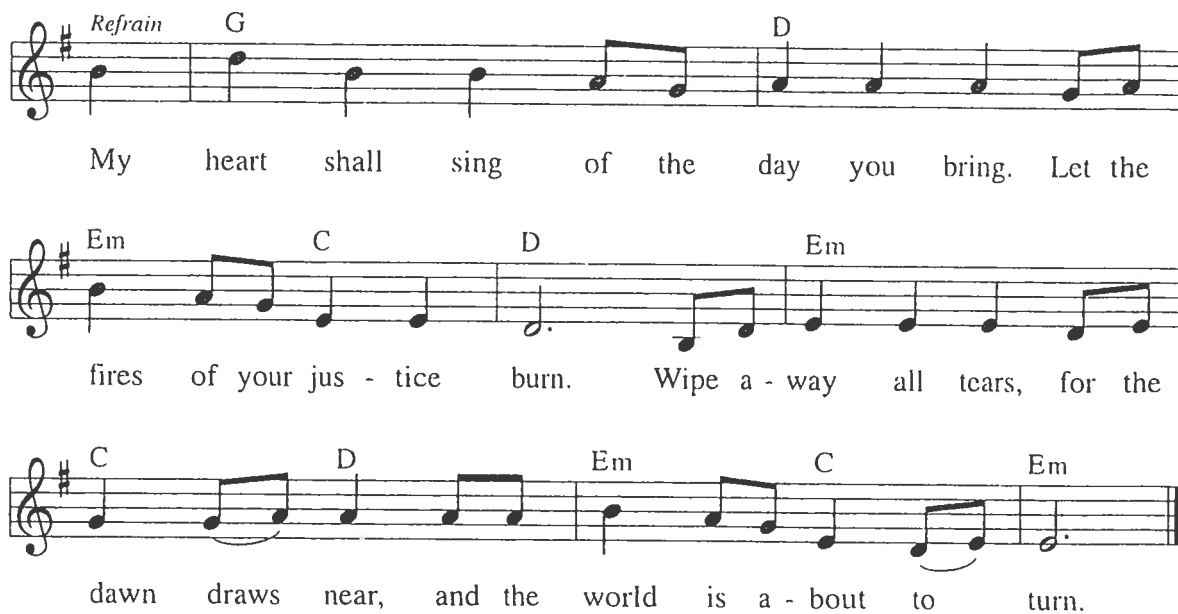


weak - ness you did not spurn, so from east to west shall my
 those who would for you yearn, you will show your might, put the
 food they can nev - er earn; there are ta - bles spread, ev - 'ry
 prom - ise which holds us bound, 'til the spear and rod can be



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

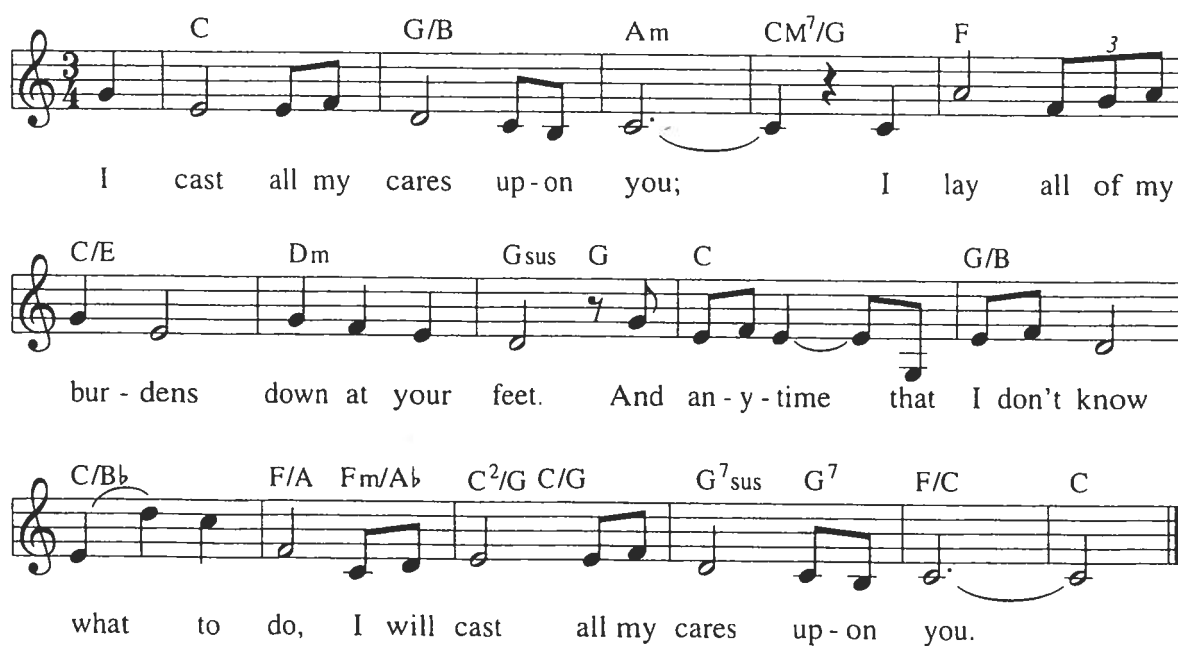


My heart shall sing of the day you bring. Let the
fires of your jus - tice burn. Wipe a - way all tears, for the
dawn draws near, and the world is a - bout to turn.

Text: Rory Cooney, based on the Magnificat, Luke 1:46-55
Music: Irish traditional, adapt. Rory Cooney
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Cares chorus

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I cast all my cares up-on you; I lay all of my
bur - dens down at your feet. And an - y - time that I don't know
what to do, I will cast all my cares up - on you.