

624 Canticle of the Turning

Verses



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 -



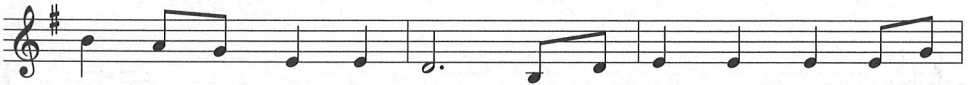
God of my heart is great, And my spir - it sings of the
 work great things in me, And your mer - cy will last from the
 stone will be left on stone. Let the king be - ware for your
 mem - ber who holds us fast: God's mer - cy must de -



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.