

# 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.