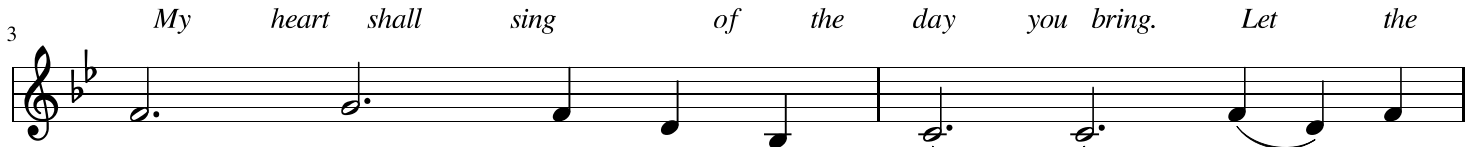


Canticle of the Turning



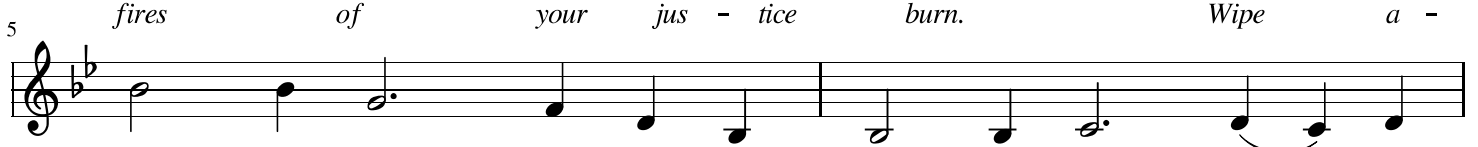
1. My soul cries out with a joy - ful shout that the
2. Though I am small, my God, my all, you
3. Your ver - y name puts the proud to shame, and to
4. The hun - gry poor shall weep no more, for the

Chorus:



My heart shall sing of the day you bring. Let the

God of my heart is great, And my
work great things in me, And your
those who would for you yearn, You will
food they nev - er can earn; There are



fires of your jus - tice burn. Wipe a -

spir - it sings of the won - drous things that you
mer - cy lasts from the depths of past to the
show might, put the strong to flight, for the
ta - bles spread, ev - 'ry mouth be fed, for the



way all tears, for the dawn draws near, and the

bring to those who wait.
end of age to be.
world is a - bout to turn.
world is a - bout to turn
world is a - bout to turn.