

My Soul Cries Out

(Canticle of the Turning)

1/3

Unison

♩ = 54

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

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

Em G Dsus4 D

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

MY SOUL 2/3

WORD

2

Em C D sus4 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 - 'ry
prom - ise which hold us bound, 'til the spear and rod can be

G D Em C Em

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.

Harmony
Refrain G D Em C

My heart shall sing of the day you bring. Let the fires of your jus - tice
fires of your

A paraphrase of the Magnificat, Luke 1:46-55.

Words: Rory Cooney, 1990

Music: traditional melody, Ireland; arr. Rory Cooney, 1990

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STAR OF THE COUNTY DOWN (KINGSFOLD)

Irregular

MY SOUL 3/3

WORD

D Em

burn. Wipe a - way all tears, for the
 jus - tice burn.

C D Em C Em

dawn draws near, and the world is a-bout to turn!
 world is a - bout to turn!