

Reproducible Congregation Page

My Heart Shall Sing



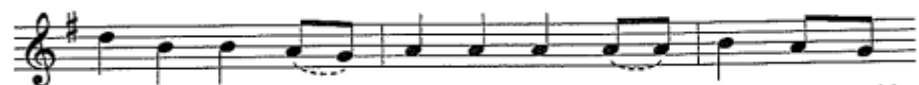
Though I am small, my God, my all, you
From the halls of pow'r to the for - tress tow'r, not a



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



depths of the past to the end of the age to be. Your
jus - tice tears ev - 'ry ty - rant from his throne. The



ver - y name puts the proud to shame, and to those who would
hun - gry poor shall weep no more, for the food they can



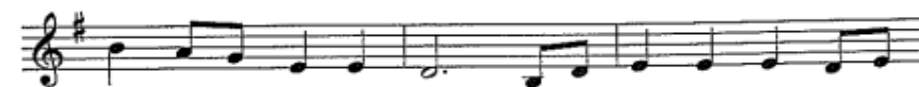
for you yearn, you will show your might, put the strong to
nev - er earn; there are ta - bles spread; ev - 'ry mouth be



flight, for the world is a - bout to turn. *to Refrain*
fed, for the world is a - bout to turn. *Interlude*



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.

from "Canticle of Turning." Text by Rory Cooney. Tune: *STAR OF THE COUNTY DOWN*, Irish melody, *adapt.* Rory Cooney.

Copyright © 1990 GIA Publications, Inc.

Used in *My Heart Shall Sing* by Karen Marroli, published by MorningStar Music Publishers, Inc.