

Opening Hymn (#723 vs. 1,2,4)

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 - ble spread, ev 'ry~~
 prom - ise which holds us bound, till the spear and rod can be

continued



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.



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.

Text: Rory Cooney, b. 1952, based on the Magnificat

Music: STAR OF COUNTY DOWN, Irish traditional

Text © 1990 GIA Publications, Inc., 7404 S. Mason Ave., Chicago, IL 60638. www.giamusic.com. 800.442.3358.

All rights reserved. Used by permission.

Duplication in any form prohibited without permission or valid license from copyright administrator.

Gospel Acclamation (#253 v. 1)

He Came Down

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 7/8 time. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a vocal line and a bass line. The vocal line begins with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note G4, and then a series of eighth notes: A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. There are two triplet markings over the eighth notes: one over B4, C5, B4 and another over C5, B4, A4. The bass line starts with a quarter note G2, followed by a series of eighth notes: A2, B2, C3, B2, A2, G2, F2, E2, D2, C2. There are two triplet markings over the eighth notes: one over B2, C3, B2 and another over C3, B2, A2. The second system also has a vocal line and a bass line. The vocal line begins with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note G4, and then a series of eighth notes: A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. There are two triplet markings over the eighth notes: one over B4, C5, B4 and another over C5, B4, A4. The bass line starts with a quarter note G2, followed by a series of eighth notes: A2, B2, C3, B2, A2, G2, F2, E2, D2, C2. There are two triplet markings over the eighth notes: one over B2, C3, B2 and another over C3, B2, A2.

1 He came down that we may have love; he came down that we may have love;

he came down that we may have love;

hal - le - lu - jah for - ev - er - more.

Text: Cameroon traditional

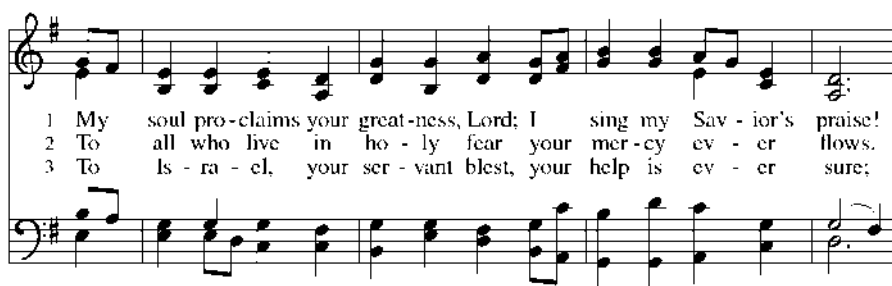
Music: HE CAME DOWN, Cameroon traditional; arr. John L. Bell, b. 1949

Arr. © 1986 Iona Community, GIA Publications, Inc., agent, 7404 S. Mason Ave., Chicago, IL 60638. www.giamusic.com. 800.442.3358.

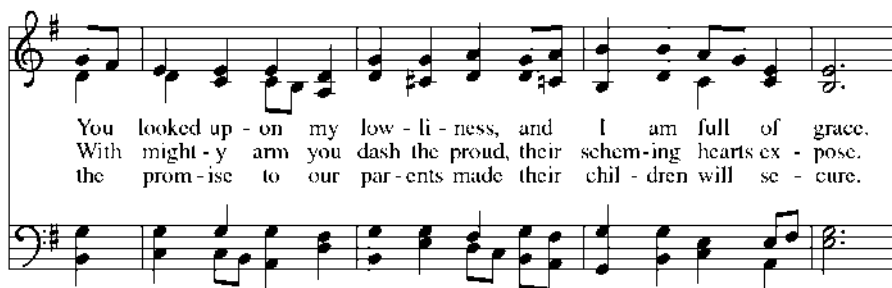
All rights reserved. Used by permission.

Duplication in any form prohibited without permission or valid license from copyright administrator.

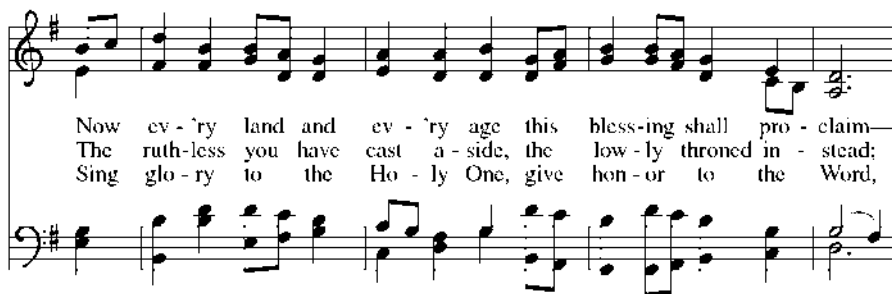
Sending Hymn (#251) My Soul Proclaims Your Greatness



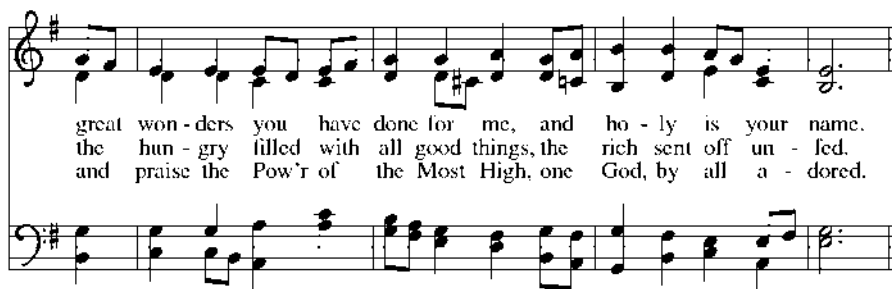
1 My soul pro-claims your great-ness, Lord; I sing my Sav - ior's praise!
2 To all who live in ho - ly fear your mer - cy ev - er flows.
3 To Is - ra - el, your ser - vant blest, your help is ev - er sure;



You looked up - on my low - li - ness, and I am full of grace.
With might - y arm you dash the proud, their schem - ing hearts ex - pose.
the prom - ise to our par - ents made their chil - dren will se - cure.



Now ev - 'ry land and ev - 'ry age this bless - ing shall pro - claim—
The ruth - less you have cast a - side, the low - ly throned in - stead;
Sing glo - ry to the Ho - ly One, give hon - or to the Word,



great won - ders you have done for me, and ho - ly is your name.
the hun - gry filled with all good things, the rich sent off un - fed.
and praise the Pow'r of the Most High, one God, by all a - dored.