

My Soul Cries Out with a Joyful Shout

LUKE 1:46-55

1 My _____ soul cries out with a joy - ful shout that the God of my
 2 Though _____ I am small, my _____ God, my all, you _____ work great _____
 3 From the halls of power to the for - tress tower, not a stone will be
 4 Though the na - tions rage from age to age, we re - mem - ber who

heart is great, and my spir - it _____ sings of the won - drous _____
 things in me, and your mer - cy will last from the depths of the
 left on stone. Let the king be - ware for your jus - tice _____
 holds us fast: God's _____ mer - cy _____ must de - liv - er _____

things that you bring to the ones who wait. You fixed your
 past to the end of the age to be. Your ver - y
 tears ev - ery ty - rant _____ from his throne. The hun - gry
 us from the con - quer - or's crush - ing grasp. This sav - ing

sight on your ser - vant's plight, and my weak - ness you
 name puts the proud to shame, and to those who would
 poor shall _____ weep no more for the food they can
 word that our fore - bears heard is the prom - ise which

Words: Rory Cooney (b. 1952), based on the *Magnificat*, © 1990 GIA Publications, Inc.

Music (STAR OF COUNTY DOWN 8.6.8.6 D refrain 9.8.10.8): Irish traditional; arr. Rory Cooney © 1990 GIA Publications, Inc.

C D Em

did not spurn, so from east to west shall my
 for you yearn, you will show your might, put the
 nev - er earn; there are ta - bles spread, ev - ery
 holds us bound, till 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.

Refrain G D

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

Em C D Em

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

C D Em C Em

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