Rejoice, Rejoice, Believers

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Canticle of the Turning



- My soul cries that the 1 with a joy ful shout out 2 Though Ţ am small, God, you . . . my . . . my all,
- the halls From pow'r to the for -3 of tress tow'r, not a
- Though the na tions rage from . . age to age, we re -



God of my heart is great, work great. . things in me, stone will be left stone. on mem-ber who holds us fast:

and my spir - it sings of and your mer - cy will last from the Let the king be ware for your de God's mer - cy must



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



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



weak-ness you did not spurn, those who would for you yearn, nev - er food they can earn; prom - ise which holds bound,

so from east to west shall my you will show your might, put the there are ta - bles spread, ev - 'ry till the spear and rod can be



blest. Could the world a - bout be be turn? name to flight, for the world a - bout turn. strong to is to mouth be fed, for the world is a - bout to turn. crushed by God, who is turn ing the world round. a

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What Feast of Love



