

CANTICLE OF THE TURNING

Rory Cooney
Based on Luke 1:46-58

Irish Traditional
STAR OF THE COUNTY DOWN
Arr. Rory Cooney

$\text{♩} = 76$
Guitar tacet, or play melody
(Kybd.)

1. My -

6 Em C D Em C D

(1.) soul cries out with a joy - ful shout that the God of my heart is great, and my
(2.) I am small, my God, my all, you work great things in me, and your
(3.) halls of power to the for - tress tower, not a stone will be left on stone. Let the
(4.) na - tions rage from age to age, we re - mem - ber who holds us fast: God's

10 Em G D Em C Em

spir - it sings of the won - drous things that you bring to the ones who wait. You
mer - cy will last from the depths of the past to the end of the age to be. Your
king be - ware for your jus - tice tears ev - 'ry ty - rant from his throne. The
mer - cy must de - liv - er us from the con - quer - or's crush - ing grasp. This

14 G D Em C D

fixed your sight on your ser - vant's plight, and my weak - ness you did not spurn, so from
ver - y name puts the proud to shame, and to those who would for you yearn, you will
hun - gry poor shall weep no more, for the food they can nev - er earn: There are
sav - ing word that our fore - bears heard is the prom - ise which holds us bound, 'til the

18 Em G D Em C Em

east to west shall my name be blessed. Could the world be a - bout to turn? } My
show your might, put the strong to flight, for the world is a - bout to turn. }
ta - bles spread, ev - 'ry mouth be fed, for the world is a - bout to turn. }
spear and rod can be crushed by God, who is turn - ing the world a - round. }

22 G D Em C D

heart shall sing of the day you bring. Let the fires of your jus - tice burn. Wipe a -

heart shall sing of the day you bring. Let the fires of your jus - tice burn. Wipe a -

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To Coda ♪

26 Em C D Em C Em

way all tears, for the dawn draws near, and the world is a - bout to turn!

way all tears, for the dawn draws near, and the world is a - bout to turn!

30 G D Em C Em

1.2.3. 3° To Coda ♪

2. Through
3. From the
4. Though the

Coda

35 Em G D Em C *unis.*

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

bout to turn! My hear shall sing of the day you bring. Let the fires of your

39 D Em C D *a tempo* Em C

burn. Wipe a - way all tears, for the dawn draws near, and the world is a - bout to

jus - tice burn. Wipe a - way all tears, for the dawn draws near, and the world is a -

43 Em G D Em C Em

turn.

bout to turn!