Canticle of the Turning

1. My soul cries out with a joyful shout that the
   work great things in me, and your mercy will last from the
   God of my heart is great, and my spirit sings of the
   stone will be left on stone. Let the king beware for your
   member who holds us fast: God’s mercy must de-

2. Though I am small, my... God, my all, you...
   depths of the past to the end of the age to be,
   wondrous things that you bring to the ones who wait.
   Your very name puts the proud to shame, and to
   justice tears every tyrant... from his throne.

3. From the halls of pow’r to the fortress tow’r, not a
   justic... poor shall... weep no more, for the
   hungry... shall... hear... is the
   This saving word that our forebears heard is the

4. Though the nations rage... from age to age, we re-
   liv... us from the conqueror’s crushing grasp.
   weak... you did not spurn, so from east to west... food they can never earn; there are tables spread, every
   name be blest. Could the world be about to turn?

Refrain

My heart shall sing of the day you bring. Let the fires of your justice burn.

Wipe away all tears, for the dawn draws near, and the world is about to turn.

Text: Rory Cooney, b. 1952, based on the Magnificat
Music: STAR OF COUNTY DOWN, Irish traditional
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In the Cross of Christ I Glory

1 In the cross of Christ I glory, towering o'er the wrecks of time. All the light of sacred story gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me, hopes deceive, and fears annoy, never shall the cross forsake me; lo, it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming light and love upon my way, from the cross the radiance streaming adds more luster to the day. knows no measure, joys that through all time abide.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, by the cross are sanctified; peace is there that

Text: John Bowring, 1792–1872
Music: RATHBUN, Ilhamar Conkey, 1815–1867
God of Grace and God of Glory

1. God of grace and God of glory, on your people pour your pow'r; from the fears that have bound us bring its bud to the facing of this hour,
2. Lo! The hosts of evil round us crown your ancient church's story; free our hearts to faith and praise, for the living of these days, lest we miss your kingdom's goal, for the facing of this hour.
3. Cure your children's warring madness; bend our pride to shame our wanton, selfish gladness, rich in things and poor in soul. Grant us wisdom, grant us courage, lest we miss your kingdom's goal.
4. Save us from weak resignation to the evils we deplore; let the gift of your salvation be our glory evermore. Grant us wisdom, grant us courage, serving you whom we adore.

Text: Harry E. Fosdick, 1878-1969
Music: CWM RHONDDA, John Hughes, 1873-1932