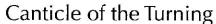
100 My Soul Cries Out with a Joyful Shout





- 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 power to the for tress tower, not a
- 4 Though the na tions rage from age to age, we re -



God of my heart and my spir - it is great, sings 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 fast: God's must de us mer - cy



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



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



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-bles spread; ev-ery prom-ise which holds us bound, till the spear and rod can be

By employing an energetic Irish folk song for its melody, this ballad-like paraphrase of the *Magnificat*, Mary's song at her meeting with her relative Elizabeth (Luke 1:46–55), recaptures both the wonder and the faith of the young woman who first recognized what God was doing.

