1. My soul cries out with a joyful shout that the God of my heart is
great, And my spirit sings of the wondrous things that you
bring to the ones who wait. You fixed your sight on your servant's plight, and my
weakness you did not spurn, So from east to west shall my

2. Though I am small, my God, my all, you work great things in
me, And your mercy will last from the depths of the past to the
eyend of the age to be. Your very name puts the proud to shame, and to

3. From the halls of power to the fortress tower, not a stone will be left on
stone. Let the king beware for your justice tears every
conqueror's crushing grasp. This saving word that our forebears heard is the

4. Though the nations rage from age to age, we remember who holds us
fast: God's mercy must deliver us from the

5. Though God's

6. Though God's

7. Though God's

8. Though God's

9. Though God's

10. Though God's

11. Though God's

12. Though God's
name be blest. Could the world be about to turn?
strong to flight, for the world is about to turn.
mouth be fed, for the world is about to turn.
crushed by God, who is turning the world around.

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!