



CANTICLE OF THE TURNING

Rory Cooney

Star of County Down
arr. Sandra Peter (ASCAP)

$\text{♩} = 60$

Treble Instrument & Guitar

[4] Em G D Em C Em

[9] All - Unison C D Em C D Em

1. My_ soul cries out with a joy-ful shout that the God of my heart is great, and my spi-rit sings of the

15 G D Em C Em G D

won-drous things that you bring to the ones who wait. You fixed your sight on your ser-vant's plight and my

20 Em C D Em G D Em C

weak-ness you did not spurn, so from east to west shall my name be_blest. Could the world be a-bout to_

25 Em

S [u]

A turn? [u]

T B turn?

2. Though_

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29

S A

C D Em C D

[u] [u]

T B

I am small, my_ God, my all, you_ work great_ things in me and your

33

S A

Em G D Em C Em

[u] [u]

T B

mer - cy will last from the depths of the past to the end of the age to be. Your

37

S A

G D Em D

[u] [u]

T B

ve - ry name puts the proud to shame, and to those who would for you yearn, you will

41

S A

Em G D Em C Em

[u] [u] My

T B

show your might, put the strong to_ flight, for the world is a - bout to_ turn.

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Treble Instrument: 1st time -- play melody
2nd time -- ornament/improvise, as inspired

45 G D Em C D

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

A [a] [o] [a] [u]

T B

49 Em C D Em C Em

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

A [a] [a] [o] [u]

T B

[53] 1. Solo* Em C D Em C D

3. From the halls of pow'r to the for - tress tow'r, not a stone will be left on stone. Let the

58 Em G D Em C Em

S king be - ware for your jus - tice tears ev - 'ry ty - rant from his throne. The

62 G D Em C D

S hun - gry poor shall weep no more for the food they can ne - ver earn. There are

66 Em G D Em C Em (Tutti Sops.)

S ta - bles spread; Ev - 'ry mouth be fed, for the world is a - bout to turn. My

*Guitar - more minimal groove during solo verse - same tempo; Treble Instrument tacet.

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2.
[70] Tutti, opt. Add Assembly
Treble Instrument - continue to improvise

4. Though the na - tions rage from__ age to age, we re - mem - ber who holds us

74 fast: God's__ mer - cy must de - li - ver us from the con - quer'r's__ crush - ing

78 grasp. This sav - ing word that our fore - bear's heard is the pro - mise which holds us

82 bound, 'til the spear and rod can be crushed by__ God, who is turn - ing the world a -

86 ST (in octaves) Treble Instr. tacet until m. 95
round. [a]

AB (in octaves)
round. My heart shall sing of the day you bring. Let the fires of your jus - tice

90 burn. Wipe a - way all tears, for the dawn draws__ near, and the world is a - bout to__

94 +Treble Instr. play ST line from m. 87-94 Sing 3x - rit. last time Balance as you wish.
turn. [u] Em7