

CANTICLE OF THE TURNING

My Soul Cries Out with a Joyful Shout

arr. Anne Krentz Organ



SATB, piano, flute, oboe, cello, opt. assembly



AUGSBURG CHORAL LIBRARY

Canticle of the Turning

My Soul Cries Out with a Joyful Shout

for SATB voices with piano with flute, oboe, cello*, opt. assembly

Rory Cooney, b. 1952
based on the Magnificat

STAR OF COUNTY DOWN
Irish Traditional
arr. Anne Krentz Organ

Sturdily ($\text{♩} = 69-72$)

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/2 time. It begins with a piano introduction marked *mp* (mezzo-piano) and *mf* (mezzo-forte). The piano part features a steady bass line and chords in the right hand. The vocal parts enter at measure 8. The Soprano and Alto parts are marked *unis. mf* (unison, mezzo-forte). The lyrics are: "soul cries out with a joy - ful shout that the God of my heart is". The score includes a measure number 12 in a box. The piano accompaniment continues throughout the vocal lines.

* Full score and instrument parts available for download at www.augsburgfortress.org.

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15

great, and my spir - it sings of the won - drous things that you

18

bring to the ones who wait. You fixed your sight on your

21

ser - vant's plight, and my weak - ness you did not spurn, so from

24

east to west shall my name be__ blest. Could the world be a-bout to__

Refrain

+ Assembly **f** 28

27 Soprano
Alto
Tenor
Bass

turn? My heart shall sing of the day you bring. Let the

f

30

fires of your jus - tice burn. Wipe a - way all tears, for the

unis.

33

dawn draws near, and the world is a - bout to turn.

36 Soprano
Alto

2 Though I am small, my God, my all, you

39

work great things in me, and your mercy shall last from the

42

depths of the past to the end of the age to be. Your ver - y name puts the

46

proud to shame, and to those who would for you yearn, you will

49

show your might, put the strong to flight, for the world is a-bout to

Refrain
+ Assembly

52

f 53

turn. My heart shall sing of the day you bring. Let the

Tenor

Bass

f

55

unis.

fires of your justice burn. Wipe away all tears, for the