

Everyone Is Welcomed Freely

1 Ev - 'ry - one is wel - comed free - ly; ev - 'ry - one can
 2 Christ, you turned the ta - bles o - ver when the lea - ders
 3 Ev - 'ry - one is now in - vi - ted; turn - ing from them

come and pray. There is room for all God's peo - ple in the
 strived for gain, When they crowd - ed out out - si - ders, seek - ing
 is a sin. Re - fu - gees, you are our bro - thers! Woun - ded

house of God to - day. We con - fess with pain and sor - row
 wealth and caus - ing pain. When we tol - e - rate di - vi - sions -
 sis - ters, come on in! All you rich who bow in serv - ing:

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times we've closed the door to grace, Now we stand here
 walls we build by greed or pride — God, re - mind us
 Greet and wel - come in the poor! No one waits who

as a wit - ness: All are wel - come in this place!
 that your mer - cy wel - comes ev - 'ry - one in - side.
 longs for wel - come; In God's house, there's room and more.

Canticle of the Turning



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 pow'r to the for - tress tow'r, not a
4 Though the na - tions rage from . . age to age, we re -



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



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



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



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 - 'ry
prom - ise which holds us bound, till the spear and rod can be



name be blest. Could the world be a - bout to turn?
strong to flight, for the world is a - bout to turn.
mouth be fed, for the world is a - bout to turn.
crushed by God, who is turn - ing the world a - round.



My heart shall sing of the day you bring. Let the fires of your jus - tice burn.



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

Text: Rory Cooney, b. 1952, based on the Magnificat

Music: STAR OF COUNTY DOWN, Irish traditional

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Be Thou My Vision



1 Be thou my vi - sion, O Lord of my heart;
2 Be thou my wis - dom, and thou my true word;
3 Rich - es I heed not, nor vain, emp - ty praise,
4 Light of my soul, af - ter vic - to - ry won,



naught be all else to me, save that thou art:
I ev - er with thee and thou with me, Lord.
thou mine in - her - i - tance, now and al - ways:
may I reach heav - en's joys, O heav - en's Sun!



thou my best thought both by day and by night,
Thou my soul's shel - ter, and thou my high tow'r,
thou and thou on - ly, the first in my heart,
Heart of my own heart, what - ev - er be - fall,



wak - ing or sleep - ing, thy pres - ence my light.
raise thou me heav'n - ward, O Pow'r of my pow'r.
great God of heav - en, my trea - sure thou art.
still be my vi - sion, O Rul - er of all.