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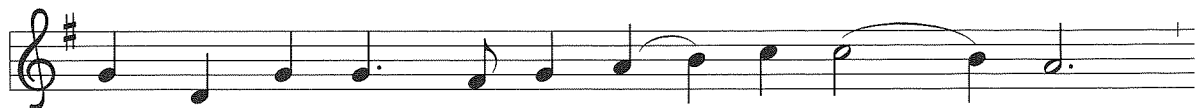
Praise the Almighty!



1 Praise the Al - might - y! Lord, I a - dore you!
 2 Trust not in ru - lers; they are but mor - tal;
 3 Lord, you give jus - tice in all op - pres - sion,
 4 Praise, all you peo - ple, the name so ho - ly,



Yes, I will laud you un - til death;
 earth - born they are and soon de - cay.
 main - tain the right, set pris - 'ners free.
 the Lord who does such won - drous things!



with songs and an - thems I come be - fore you
 Vain are their coun - sels at life's last por - tal,
 You feed the hun - gry in your com - pas - sion;
 All that has be - ing, to praise God sole - ly,



as long as you al - low me breath. From you my life
 when the cold grave en - gulfs its prey. Since mor - tals can
 heal - ing and life flow from your tree. Hap - py are all
 with hap - py heart its a - men sings! Chil - dren of God,

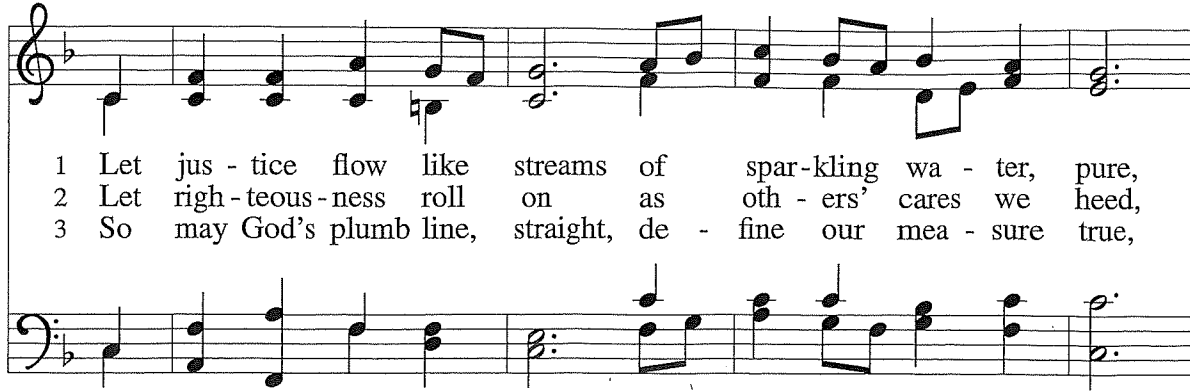


and all things came; all the day long I bless your name.
 no help af - ford, place all your trust in Christ, our Lord.
 who hope in God, whose grace is rich and deep and broad!
 with saints at rest, praise Fa - ther, Son, and Spir - it blest!

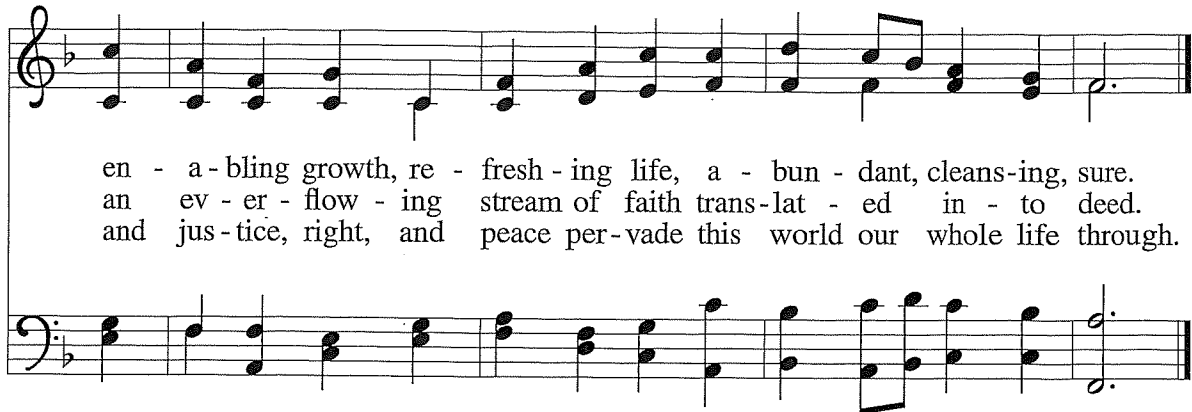


Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

Let Justice Flow like Streams



1 Let jus - tice flow like streams of spar - kling wa - ter, pure,
 2 Let righ - teous - ness roll on as oth - ers' cares we heed,
 3 So may God's plumb line, straight, de - fine our mea - sure true,



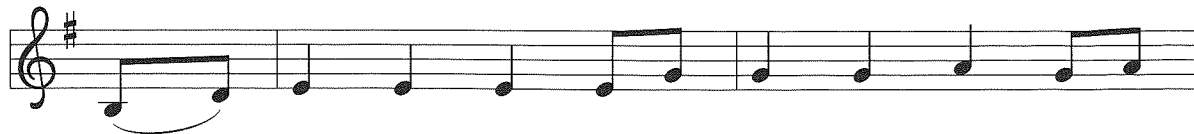
en - a - bling growth, re - fresh - ing life, a - bun - dant, cleans - ing, sure.
 an ev - er - flow - ing stream of faith trans - lat - ed in - to deed.
 and jus - tice, right, and peace per - vade this world our whole life through.

Text: Jane Parker Huber, b. 1926
 Music: Aaron Williams, 1731-1776
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ST. THOMAS
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Canticle of the Turning



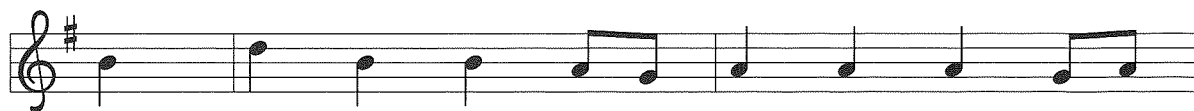
1 My soul cries out with a joy - ful shout that the
 2 Though I am small, my . . . God, my all, you . . .
 3 From the halls of pow'r to the for - tress tow'r, not a
 4 Though the na - tions rage from . . age to age, we re -



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 -



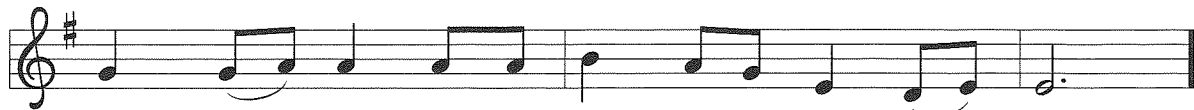
won - drous things that you bring to the ones who wait.
 depths of the past to the end of the age to be.
 jus - tice tears ev - 'ry ty - rant . . . from his throne.
 liv - er us from the con - quer - or's crush - ing grasp.



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.