

ELW 724

All Who Love and Serve Your City



1 All who love and serve your cit - y, all who
 2 In your day of loss and sor - row, in your
 3 In your day of wealth and plen - ty, wast - ed
 4 For all days are days of judg - ment, and the
 5 Ris - en Lord, shall yet the cit - y be the



bear its dai - ly stress, all who cry for peace and
 day of help - less strife, hon - or, peace, and love re -
 work and wast - ed play, call to mind the word of
 Lord is wait - ing still, draw - ing near his friends who
 cit - y of de - spair? Come to - day, our judge, our



jus - tice, all who curse and all who bless,
 treat - ing, seek the Lord, who is your life.
 Je - sus, "Work ye yet while it is day."
 spurn him, of - f'ring peace from Cal - v'ry's hill.
 glo - ry; be its name "The Lord is there!"

Text: Erik Routley, 1917-1982
 Music: BIRABUS, Peter Cutts, b. 1937

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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.



Refrain
 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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