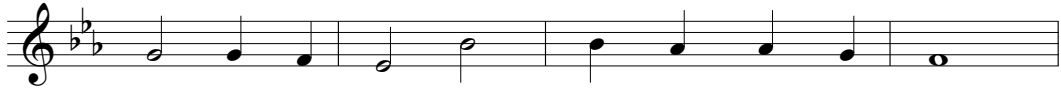




1. My soul pro - claims the great - ness of the Lord.
2. Through me great deeds will God make man - i - fest,
3. God's might - y arm, pro - tec - tor of the just,
4. Soon will the poor and hun - gry of the earth



1. My spir - it sings to God, my sav - ing God,
2. And all the earth will come to call me blest.
3. Will guard the weak and raise them from the dust.
4. Be rich - ly blest, be giv - en great - er worth.



1. Who tru - ly on this day did fa - vor me
2. Un - bound - ed love and mer - cy I pro - claim
3. But might - y kings will fall from thrones cor - rupt.
4. And Is - ra - el, as sworn to A - bra - ham,



1. And raised me up, a light for all to see.
2. For all who know and praise God's ho - ly name.
3. The strong brought low, the low - ly lift - ed up.
4. Will live in peace through - out the prom - ised land.

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Music: EVENTIDE, 10 10 10 10; William Henry Monk, 1823-1889; *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1861.

CANTICLE OF MARY



1. My soul pro - claims the great - ness of the Lord.
2. Through me great deeds will God make man - i - fest,
3. God's might - y arm, pro - tec - tor of the just,
4. Soon will the poor and hun - gry of the earth



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Music: SURSUM CORDA, 10 10 10 10; Alfred M. Smith, 1879-1971, © Mrs. Alfred M. Smith. All rights reserved.



1. My soul gives glo - ry to my God who reach - es
 2. God's mer - cy com - forts all who fear, em - brac - ing
 3. God's jus - tice sends the rich a - way but feeds the

down with lov - ing grace to lift me from my
 with a stead - fast arm that casts the might - y
 poor with lav - ish things. Each hun - gry soul now

low es - tate and set me in the high - est place.
 from their thrones, but keeps the hum - ble safe from harm.
 fills with joy and joins the song that Mar - y sings:

Ma - gni - fi - cat, ma - gni - fi - cat! With all my heart, I
 Ma - gni - fi - cat, ma - gni - fi - cat! The weak find strength; the
 Ma - gni - fi - cat, ma - gni - fi - cat! To God, Cre - a - tor,

an - swer Yes when God an - nounc - es won - drous
 wea - ry, rest. God's prom - ise sounds from age to
 Christ, the Son; and Ho - ly Spir - it— Tri - une

news. And ev - 'ry age shall call me blest.
 age: the need - y of the world are blest.
 God: all prais - es to the Three - in - One.

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Music: MAGNIFICAT, LMD; Michael Jonas, B. 1951, © 1979, 1988, GIA Publications, Inc. All rights reserved.

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CANTICLE OF MARY



1. My soul pro - claims the Lord my God. My
2. All na - tions now will share my joy, For
3. For those who fear the Ho - ly One, God's
4. God fills the hun - gry with good things, And



1. spir - it sings God's praise, Who looks on me and
2. gifts God has out - poured. This low - ly one has
3. mer - cy will not die, Whose strong right arm puts
4. sends the rich a - way. The prom - ise made to



1. lifts me up, That glad - ness fill my days.
2. been made great. I mag - ni - fy the Lord.
3. down the proud, And lifts the low - ly high.
4. A - bra - ham, Is filled to end - less day.

Text: Anne Carter, RSCJ, © 1988, Religious of the Sacred Heart, United States Province, St. Louis, MO 63108. All rights reserved.

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Music: AZMÓN, CM; Carl Gotthilf Gläser, 1784-1829.

REFRAIN

Pro - claim the great-ness of God; re - joice in God, my
Sav - ior! Re - joice in God, my Sav - ior!

VERSES

1. — For you have fa - vored your low - ly one, and
2. — You fa - vor those who fear your name in
3. You have cast the might - y from their thrones and
4. You have helped your ser - vant Is - ra - el, re -

1. all shall call me bless - ed, — for you have done great
2. ev - 'ry gen - er - a - tion. You have shown the might and
3. lift - ed up the low - ly. You have filled the hun - gry with
4. mem - ber - ing your mer - cy. — You prom - ised your mer - cy to

To Refrain

1. things for me, and ho - ly is your name.
2. strength of your arm and scat - tered the proud of heart.
3. all good gifts and sent the rich a - way.
4. A - bra - ham and his chil - dren for - ev - er - more.

CANTICLE OF MARY



1. My heart ex - tols you, Lord, my God, de - lights in
2. Your name the Ho - ly, great your love through count - less
3. You fill the hun - gry, and the poor you feed and



you, my Sav - ior. You look up - on your
gen - er - a - tions. Your mer - cy is from
bless with plen - ty. But rich and greed - y



hum - ble maid, with love and gen - tle fa - vor.
age to age on all God - fear - ing na - tions.
ones are doomed, for these you ex - ile emp - ty.



Now all the earth from this great day will
With might - y arm you show your pow'r, you
Your mer - cy comes to Is - ra - el and



call me hap - py daugh - ter: For you, O God, your
strike the proud they crum - ble. The rul - ers of the
A - bra - ham's great na - tion From prom - ise made in



ser - vant found, and won - drous grac - es brought her.
land de - posed, you then en - throne the hum - ble.
an - cient days, to end - less gen - er - a - tions.

CANTICLE OF MARY

207



1. My soul pro - claims with won - der the great - ness
2. God's mer - cy shields the faith - ful and saves them
3. To A - bra - ham's de - scend - ants the Lord will



of the Lord; re - joic - ing in God's good - ness my
from de - feat with strength that turns to scat - ter the
stead - fast prove; for God has made with Is - rael a



spir - it is re - stored. To me has God shown
proud in their con - ceit. The might - y have been
cov - e - nant of love. My soul pro - claims with



fa - vor, to one the world thought frail, and ev - 'ry
van - quished, the low - ly lift - ed up. The hun - gry
won - der the great - ness of the Lord; re - joic - ing



age will ech - o the an - gel's first "All hail."
find a - bun - dance; the rich, an emp - ty cup.
in God's good - ness my spir - it is re - stored.

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Music: WIE LIEBLICH IST DER MAIEN, 76 76 D; Johann Steuerlein, 1546-1613.

VERSES



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 power to the for - tress tower, not a
4. Though the na - tions rage from age to age, we re -



1. God of my heart is great, and my spir - it sings of the
2. work great things in me, and your mer - cy will last from the
3. stone will be left on stone. Let the king be - ware for your
4. mem - ber who holds us fast: God's mer - cy must de -



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



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



1. weak - ness you did not spurn, so from east to west shall my
2. those who would for you yearn, you will show your might, put the
3. food they can nev - er earn: There are ta - bles spread, ev - 'ry
4. prom - ise which holds us bound, 'til the spear and rod can be ⇒

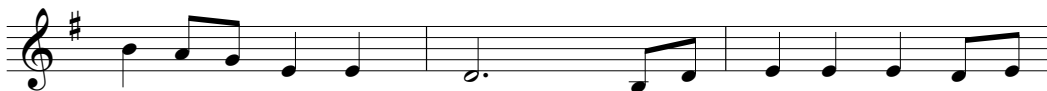


1. name be blessed. Could the world be a - bout to turn?
2. strong to flight, for the world is a - bout to turn.
3. mouth be fed, for the world is a - bout to turn.
4. crushed by God, who is turn - ing the world a - round.

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: Luke 1:46-58; Rory Cooney, b. 1952, © 1990, GIA Publications, Inc. All rights reserved.

Music: STAR OF THE COUNTY DOWN; Irish traditional; arr. by Rory Cooney, b. 1952, © 1990, GIA Publications, Inc. All rights reserved.

CANTICLE OF MARY



1. My heart sings out with joy - ful praise to God who
 2. The arm of God is strong and just to scat - ter
 3. The prom - ise made in a - ges past at last has

rais - es me, who came to me when I was low and
 all the proud. The ty - rants tum - ble from their thrones and
 come to be, for God has come in pow'r to save, to

changed my des - ti - ny. The Ho - ly One, the Liv - ing
 van - ish like a cloud. The hun - gry all are sat - is -
 set all peo - ple free. Re - mem - b'ring those who wait to

God, is al - ways full of grace to those who
 fied; the rich are sent a - way. The poor of
 see sal - va - tion's dawn - ing day, our Sav - ior

seek their Mak - er's will in ev - 'ry time and place.
 earth who suf - fer long will wel - come God's new day.
 comes to all who weep to wipe their tears a - way.

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CANTICLE OF MARY

210



1. My heart re - joic - es in my God who
2. All gen - er - a - tions yet to come will
3. My soul ac - claims the Ho - ly One who
4. My spir - it o - ver - flows with joy for
5. I will pro - claim the Ho - ly One who



1. does great things for me, who loves me in my
2. praise God might - i - ly, who just - ly rules the
3. knows my pov - er - ty, who fills the hun - gry
4. grace and mer - cy free, for God who hears the
5. does great things for me, whose word en - dures from



1. low - li - ness, who hon - ors me.
2. u - ni - verse in maj - es - ty.
3. with good things, who cares for me.
4. pow - er - less, who an - swers me.
5. age to age, from sea to sea.

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Music: REJOICING HEART, 86 86; Randall Sensmeier, b. 1948, © 2003, GIA Publications, Inc. All rights reserved.

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CANTICLE OF MARY



1. Sing with glad - ness o - ver - flow - ing; all my be - ing,
2. Gra - cious is our God all - ho - ly, ev - er mind - ful
3. Gath - 'ring ev - 'ry ser - vant hum - ble, scat - t'ring all the
4. Faith - ful is our God for - ev - er, as the proph - ets



1. bless God's name! Mar - vels yet be - yond our know - ing
2. of our need, who, with mer - cy for the low - ly,
3. proud of heart, lift - ing up the frail who stum - ble,
4. long fore - told, prom - is - es for - sak - ing nev - er,



1. fu - ture a - ges will pro - claim. Sing your prais - es
2. would the faint - ing hun - gry feed. Fa - vor - ing my
3. let - ting might - y ones de - part, grant - ing weak - ness
4. wit - nessed by the saints of old. Keep - ing trust e -



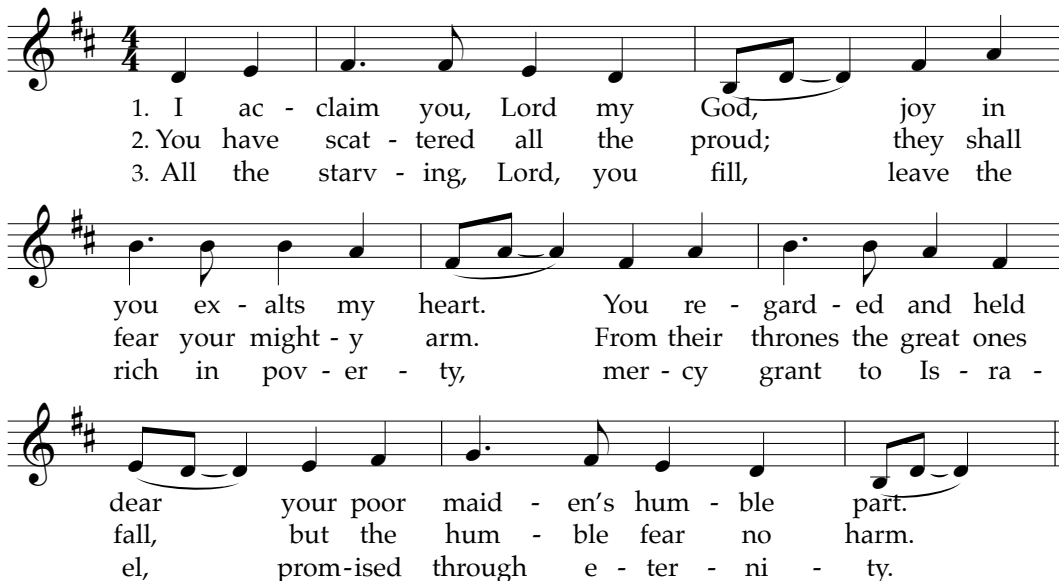
1. might - i - ly! God has done great things for me!
2. pov - er - ty, God has done great things for me!
3. vic - to - ry, God has done great things for me!
4. ter - nal - ly, God has done great things for me!

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VERSES

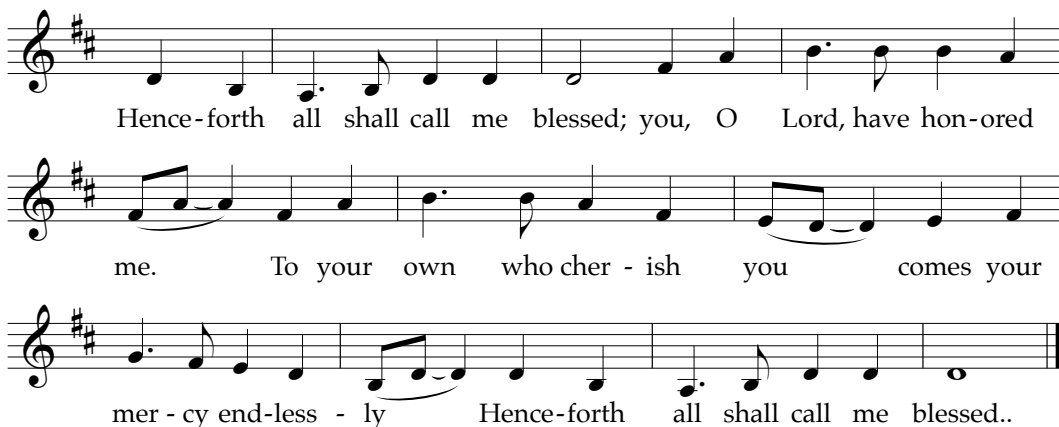


1. I ac - claim you, Lord my God, joy in
 2. You have scat - tered all the proud; they shall
 3. All the starv - ing, Lord, you fill, leave the

you ex - alts my heart. You re - gard - ed and held
 fear your might - y arm. From their thrones the great ones
 rich in pov - er - ty, mer - cy grant to Is - ra -

dear your poor maid - en's hum - ble part.
 fall, but the hum - ble fear no harm.
 el, prom-ised through e - ter - ni - ty.

REFRAIN



Hence-forth all shall call me blessed; you, O Lord, have hon-ored
 me. To your own who cher - ish you comes your
 mer - cy end-less - ly Hence-forth all shall call me blessed..

Text: Bernard C. Mischke, osc. © 1967, Crosier Fathers and Brothers. All rights reserved.
 Music: WILD MOUNTAIN THYME; Scottish traditional.

CANTICLE OF MARY

1, 3. My soul pro-claims your great-ness, O God, and my
 2. You have cast the might - y down from their thrones, and up -

spir - it re - joic - es in you, You have looked with love on your
 lift - ed the hum - ble of heart, You have filled the hun - gry with

ser - vant here, and blessed me all my life through. *Fine last time*
 won - drous things, and left the wealth - y no part.

Great and might - y are you, O Ho - ly One, strong is your
 Great and might - y are you, O Faith - ful One, strong is your

kind - ness ev - er more. How you fa - vor the
 jus - tice, strong your love, As you prom - ised to

weak and low - ly one, hum - bling the proud of heart.
 Sar - ah and A - bra - ham, kind - ness for - ev - er - more.

CANTICLE OF MARY

214



1. The Might - y One works great things in me:
 2. The arm of God is jus - tice and might: My
 3. God top - ples ev - 'ry ty - rant and crown:
 4. With won - drous things, God's ban - quet is spread:

soul re - joic - es in God. 1. All faith - ful ser - vants God's
 2. God puts the proud and the
 3. The low - ly raised and the
 4. The rich go hun - gry, the

1. mer - cy shall see:
 2. schem - ing to flight: My soul re - joic - es,
 3. might - y brought down:
 4. hun - gry are fed:

sings and re - joic - es, glad - ly re - joic - es in God.

Text and music: Marty Haugen, b. 1950, © 2001, GIA Publications, Inc. All rights reserved.
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1. Sing, my soul, sing out your prais-es; sing, for God ex -
 2. Hearts of pride our God will scat - ter, haught - y ones will

alt - ed me. Look - ing on this low - ly ser - vant, all shall
 be cast down, rais - ing those who once were low - ly, feed - ing

bless me ten - der - ly. Might - y God has shown great fa - vor,
 all who are God's own. Is - ra - el, up - held in mer - cy,

Ho - ly is that won - drous name. Mer - ci - ful to
 knows the heav'n - ly prom - ised grace giv'n to A - bra -

all earth's chil - dren, age to age, God loves the same.
 ham and Sa - rah, par - ents of our cho - sen race.

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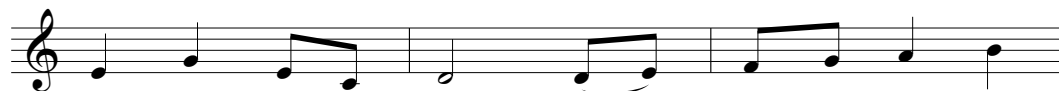
Music: PLEADING SAVIOR, 87 87 D; *Christian Lyre*, 1830.

CANTICLE OF MARY

216



1. My spir - it mag - ni - fies the Lord and
2. Here - af - ter all shall call me blest for
3. The proud you scat - ter like the wind, they
4. The hun - gry poor who seek you, Lord, are
5. And Is - ra - el, your ho - ly one, you



glad - ness fills my soul, For you, my Lord, have
 you have hon - ored me; Your mer - cy is from
 know your might - y arm; Though great ones tum - ble
 filled a - bun - dant - ly; The rich who have no
 nur - ture ten - der - ly; Your prom - ised mer - cy



glo - ri - fied a low - ly maid - en's role.
 age to age to those of pi - e - ty.
 from their thrones, the hum - ble fear no harm.
 need of you are left in pov - er - ty.
 you ful - fill through all e - ter - ni - ty!



1-5. My spir - it prais - es God the Lord, and



glad - ness fills my soul, and glad - ness fills my soul.

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CANTICLE OF MARY



1. My soul sings out your glo - ry, Lord!
2. Though close at hand your might is great;
3. So quake, you kings, the poor do rage;
4. Long, long a - go you made an oath



1. My spir - it ov - er - flows with joy.
2. all gen - er - a - tions sound your praise.
3. with pow - er you ex - pose the proud.
4. to fa - vor ser - vant Is - ra - el.



1. To my sur - prise I caught your eye;
2. I name you: He - ro, Ho - ly Lord;
3. The hun - gry come: you feed each one;
4. Now A - bra - ham and all his line



1. your bless - ings give me great de - light.
2. your mer - cy res - cues trem - bling hearts.
3. the rich you leave with emp - ty hands.
4. show won - der at your stead - fast love.

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Music: PROSPECT, LM; William Walker's *The Southern Harmony*, 1854.

1. I ac - claim you, God my Sav - ior, joy in ³

2. Lo, the proud like wind you scat - ter; they shall

you ex - alts my heart. You, O Lord my
fear your might - y arm. From their thrones the

God, re - gard - ed your poor³ maid - en's hum - ble part.
great ones tum - ble, but the hum - ble fear no harm.

Hence - forth all shall call me bless - ed; you, O
With good things you fill the hun - gry, leave the

Lord, have hon - ored me. To your peo - ple who re -
rich in pov - er - ty, grant to Is - ra - el your

vere you comes your³ mer - cy end - less - ly.
mer - cy, prom - ised through e - ter - ni - ty.

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Music: EBENEZER, 87 87 D; Thomas J. Williams, 1869-1944.

CANTICLE OF MARY



1. My spir - it mag - ni - fies the Lord and
2. Here - af - ter all shall call me blest for
3. The proud you scat - ter like the wind, they
4. The hun - gry poor who seek you, Lord, are
5. And Is - ra - el, your ho - ly one, you



1. glad - ness fills my soul, For you, my Lord, have
2. you have hon - ored me; Your mer - cy is from
3. know your might - y arm; Though great ones tum - ble
4. filled a - bun - dant - ly; The rich who have no
5. nur - ture ten - der - ly; Your prom - ised mer - cy



1. glo - ri - fied a low - ly maid - en's role.
2. age to age to those of pi - e - ty.
3. from their thrones, the hum - ble fear no harm.
4. need of you are left in pov - er - ty.
5. you ful - fill through all e - ter - ni - ty!



- 1-5. My spir - it prais - es God the



- Lord, and glad - ness fills my soul.

CANTICLE OF MARY

220



1. To you, O God, my soul gives praise, In you, my
2. From this day all shall call me blest, For you have
3. Your mer - cy goes to all who fear, From age to
4. You cast the might - y from their thrones And raise up
5. You raised your ser - vant Is - ra - el, Re - mem-b'ring



1. Sav - ior I re - joice. My low - li - ness you did re -
2. done great things for me. Of all great names yours is the
3. age and to all parts. Your arm of strength to all is
4. those of low de - gree; You feed the hun - gry as your
5. your e - ter - nal grace, As from of old you did fore -



1. gard, Ex - alt - ing me by your own choice.
2. best, For you have changed my des - ti - ny.
3. near; You scat - ter those who have proud hearts.
4. own; The rich de - part in pov - er - ty.
5. tell To A - bra - ham and all his race.

Text: J. T. Mueller, 1885-1967, alt.
Music: O WALT WALT, LM

CANTICLE OF MARY



1. I praise you, O God, Lord of heav - en
 2. Mag - nif - i - cent things in my life you
 3. You scat - ter the proud, but you gath - er
 4. Re - call - ing your prom - ise made a - ges

1. and earth, my Sav - ior, my Mak - er, who
 2. have done, and blest is your name, O Com -
 3. the meek; you top - ple the might - y, but
 4. a - go, you vis - it your peo - ple, new

1. called me from birth! Yes, I, through all a - ges,
 2. pas - sion - ate One! From past gen - er - a - tions
 3. strength - en the weak. The rich you ig - nore, send
 4. life to be - stow. On all of your chil - dren

1. re - mem - bered shall be, for you, God of
 2. to those yet to be, your mer - ci - ful
 3. them emp - ty a - way, but fill with good
 4. you show - er your care, with mer - ci - ful

1. love, have tru - ly blessed me!
 2. love ex - tends like the sea!
 3. things the hun - gry each day.
 4. love be - yond all com - pare!

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CANTICLE OF MARY

222



1. My spir - it soars on wings of laud and
2. Your lov - ing kind - ness, sure and strong, in -
3. The proud shall come to naught, O God, and
4. You kept your oath made long a - go: "From



1. sings in joy to you, my God, for you have deigned to
2. spires my soul with grate - ful song; and ev - er shall my
3. all who wield a ty - rant's rod; for bless - ed are the
4. bar - ren ground a shoot will grow; and all, from ev - 'ry



1. smile on me, and graced for ev - er shall I be!
2. mouth pro - claim your ho - ly, heal - ing, sav - ing name.
3. poor and weak and those who hun - ger, thirst and seek!
4. time and place, shall come to know my sav - ing grace!"

