

Em C D  
My\_ soul cries out with a joy - ful shout that the

Em C D Em  
God of my heart is great. And my spir - it - sings of the

G D Em C Em  
won-drous things that you bring to the ones who wait. You

G D Em  
fixed your sight on your serv-ant's plight, and my weak-ness you

C D Em  
did not spurn. So from east to west shall my

G D Em C Em  
name be\_ blest. Could the world be a - bout to\_ turn?

Ref. G D  
My heart shall sing of the day you bring. Let the

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

[Rite]



dawn draws near, and the world is a-bout to\_ turn!