

The Snow Lay on the Ground 116



1 The snow lay on the ground; the stars shone bright,
 2 'Twas gen - tle Mar - y maid, so young and strong,
 3 Saint Jo - seph too was by to tend the child,
 4 And thus that man - ger poor be - came a throne;



when Christ our Lord was born on Christ - mas night.
 who wel - comed here the Christ - child with a song.
 to guard him, and pro - tect his moth - er mild.
 for he whom Mar - y bore was God the Son.



Ve - ni - te a - do - re - mus Do - mi - num.
 She laid him in a stall at Beth - le - hem;
 The an - gels hov - ered round and sang this song:
 O come, then, let us join the heaven - ly host

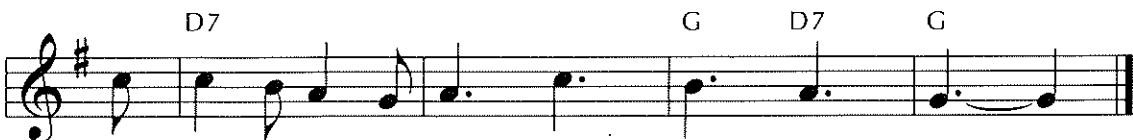


Ve - ni - te a - do - re - mus Do - mi - num.
 the ass and ox - en shared the roof with them.
 Ve - ni - te a - do - re - mus Do - mi - num.
 to praise the Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

Refrain



Ve - ni - te a - do - re - mus Do - mi - num.



Ve - ni - te a - do - re - mus Do - mi - num.

Guitar chords do not correspond with keyboard harmony.

This is one of the few instances where we can see how one Christmas carol has been built upon another. The refrain here quotes the original Latin refrain of "O Come, All Ye Faithful" (see no. 133), which means this text was created later than the first half of the 18th century.

100 My Soul Cries Out with a Joyful Shout

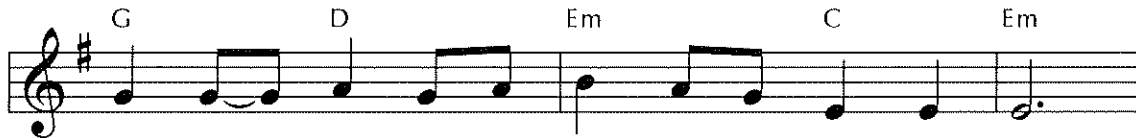
Canticle of the Turning



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 power to the for - tress tower, 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 - ery ty - rant from his throne.
 liv - er us from the con - quer - or's crush - ing grasp.

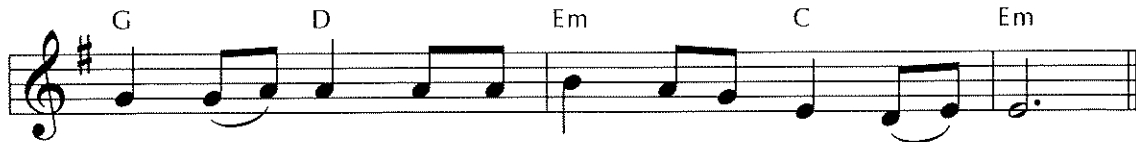


You fixed your sight on your ser - vant's plight, and my
 Your ver - y name puts the proud to shame, and to
 The hun - gry poor shall weep no more, for the
 This sav - ing word that our fore - bears heard is the



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

By employing an energetic Irish folk song for its melody, this ballad-like paraphrase of the *Magnificat*, Mary's song at her meeting with her relative Elizabeth (Luke 1:46-55), recaptures both the wonder and the faith of the young woman who first recognized what God was doing.



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.

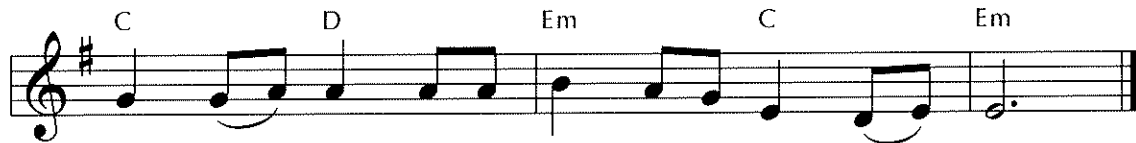
Refrain



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.