

# Sing, My Soul, of God Creator

(Canticle of the Virgin Mary)

Verse

F B $\flat$  F B $\flat$ maj7 C

Sing, my soul, of God Cre - at - or,  
Wick - ed kings and haugh - ty prin - ces  
All the poor who wept in hun - ger

3 F B $\flat$  F/C C F

In whose great - ness I re - joice!  
Have be - held our God most just.  
God has sat - is - fied with bread.

5 B $\flat$  F B $\flat$ maj7 C

All my be - ing leaps in glad - ness,  
From their thrones they have been top - pled,  
All the rich who lived in com - fort

7 F B $\flat$  F/C C F

Sing - ing out with heart and voice!  
All their power has turned to dust.  
Have been stripped of wealth and and bed.

9 B $\flat$  F C

He has gazed up on my meek - ness,  
See! The proud like - on grain are scat - tered;  
God is mind - ful of His peo - ple,

11 F B $\flat$  F C

All the earth shall call me blessed!  
They are sent aw - ay in shame!  
Whom He quick - ly comes to aid.

13 F B $\flat$  F B $\flat$  maj7 C

In my sight He works vast won - ders,  
Yet the hum - ble God has lif - ted,  
He ful - fills the an - cient pro - mise

15 F B $\flat$  F/C C F

To His Name be praise ad - dressed!  
From the mur - ky depths to or fame!  
Which shall nev - er fail or fade!