

# What Shall I Cry?

1. What shall I cry, O God, un - to your peo - ple? \_\_\_\_\_  
2. Pre - pare the way. Sing com - fort to my peo - ple: \_\_\_\_\_  
3. Cry out to all, to weak - ness and to pow - er: \_\_\_\_\_  
4. With ma - ny voi - ces we cry out to - geth - er, \_\_\_\_\_

The first system of music features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The melody is primarily composed of chords and dotted rhythms. The lyrics are aligned with the notes, with some words spanning across bar lines.

What word of truth, what bless - ing shall I speak? \_\_\_\_\_  
Your God has come, Sal - va - tion has drawn near. \_\_\_\_\_  
The bread of jus - tice breaks for eve - ry one. \_\_\_\_\_  
in all the pla - ces we are called to stand, \_\_\_\_\_

The second system continues the musical notation. It includes a fermata over the final chord of the system. The lyrics continue to be aligned with the musical notes.

Shall I shout harsh - ly, call - ing out in - jus - tice, \_\_\_\_\_  
Your war - fare done, there is no need of fight - ing; \_\_\_\_\_  
The wine is poured and blessed, and off - ered free - ly. \_\_\_\_\_  
with trum - pet blasts, with sooth - ing whisp - ered voi - ces, \_\_\_\_\_

The third system concludes the piece with a final cadence. The lyrics are completed in this system.

Text: Adam Michael Wood, b. 1982

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Tune: FINLANDIA, Jean Sibelius 1865-1957

Or gent - ly sing of com - fort to the weak? \_\_\_\_\_  
 put down your swords, put down your life of fear. \_\_\_\_\_  
 The gifts of God, the ban - quet of the Son, \_\_\_\_\_  
 with eyes set firm - ly on your prom - ised land, \_\_\_\_\_

What voice is yours, O Mo - ther of the Hea - vens, \_\_\_\_\_  
 Your brok - en hearts shall be for - ev - er mend - ed, \_\_\_\_\_  
 pre - pared for all, and for all peo - ple giv - en, \_\_\_\_\_  
 through all our lives, in sor - row and re - joic - ing: \_\_\_\_\_

a sound - ing trum - pet or a whis - per meek? \_\_\_\_\_  
 your Lord and Sav - ior be for - ev - er here. \_\_\_\_\_  
 sus - tains the work so long a - go be - gun. \_\_\_\_\_  
 your reign of peace, the realm of God at hand. \_\_\_\_\_