

18th Sunday Ordinary Time

August 2, 2026



For the Beauty of the Earth

DIX

1. For the beauty of the earth,
For the glory of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies:
Lord of all, to you we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

2. For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flow'r,
Sun and moon, and stars of light:
Lord of all, to you we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

3. For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth and friends above;
For all gentle thoughts and mild:
Lord of all, to you we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

4. For your Church, that evermore
Lifts its holy hands above,
Off'ring up on ev'ry shore
A pure sacrifice of love:
Lord of all, to you we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

5. For Yourself, O Gift Divine
To our world so freely giv'n,
For that love from which will shine,
Peace on earth and joy in heav'n:
Lord of all, to you we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

Text: 77 77 77; *Lyra Eucharistica*, 1864; Folliott S. Pierpoint, 1835–1917, alt. Music: Conrad Kocher, 1786–1872; adapt. by William H. Monk, 1823–1899.

Be Thou My Vision

SLANE

1. Be Thou my vision, O Lord of my heart;
Naught be all else to me, save that Thou art:
Thou my best thought, by day or by night,
Waking or sleeping, Thy presence my light.
2. Be Thou my wisdom, and Thou my true word;
I ever with Thee and Thou with me, Lord:
Thou my great Father, I Thy true son,
Thou in me dwelling, and I with Thee one.
3. Riches I heed not, or man's empty praise,
Thou mine inheritance, now and always:
Thou and Thou only, first in my heart,
High King of heaven, my treasure Thou art.
4. High King of heaven, my victory won,
May I reach heaven's joys, O bright heav'n's Sun!
Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,
Still be my vision, O Ruler of all.

Text: 10 10 10 10; Ancient Irish; tr. by Mary E. Byrne, 1905; fr. Eleanor Hull's Poem Book of the Gael, 1912, alt. Music: Trad. Irish melody; adapt. fr. The Church Hymnary, 1927.

Praise the Lord, Ye Heavens

(HYMN TO JOY)

1. Praise the Lord! ye heav'ns adore him;
Praise him angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light.
Praise the Lord! for he has spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never shall be broken
For their guidance he has made.

2. Praise the Lord! for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God has made his saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation!
Hosts on high his pow'r proclaim;
Heav'n, and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify his name.

3. Worship, honor, glory, blessing,
Lord, we offer unto thee;
Young and old, thy praise expressing,
In glad homage bend the knee.
All the saints in heav'n adore thee,
We would bow before thy throne;
As thine angels serve before thee,
So on earth thy will be done.

Text: 87 87 D; based on Psalm 148; verses 1, 2, Psalms, Hymns, and Anthems of the Foundling Hospital, 1796;

verse 3, Edward Osler, 1798–1863. Music: Ludwig van Beethoven, 1770–1827; adapt. by Edward Hodges, 1796–1867.

St. Francis de Sales Church

Sherman Oaks, California

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