

# Fourteenth Sunday in Ordinary Time – July 5, 2026

## Opening:

### Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven



1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en; To his  
2. Praise him for his grace and fa - vor To his  
3. Fa - ther - like he tends and spares us; Well our  
4. Frail as sum-mer's flow'r we flour - ish, Blows the  
5. An - gels, help us to a - dore him; You be -



feet your trib - ute bring. Ran - somed, healed, re - stored, for -  
peo - ple in dis - tress. Praise him, still the same as  
fee - ble frame he knows. In his hands he gent - ly  
wind and it is gone. But while mor - tals rise and  
hold him face to face. Sun and moon, bow down be -



giv - en, Ev - er - more his prais - es sing. Al - le - lu - ia!  
ev - er, Slow to chide and swift to bless. Al - le - lu - ia!  
bears us, Res - cues us from all our foes. Al - le - lu - ia!  
per - ish, God en - dures un - chang - ing on. Al - le - lu - ia!  
fore him, Dwell - ers all in time and space. Al - le - lu - ia!



Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.  
Al - le - lu - ia! Glo - rious in his faith - ful - ness.  
Al - le - lu - ia! Wide - ly yet his mer - cy flows.  
Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the high e - ter - nal one.  
Al - le - lu - ia! Praise with us the God of grace.

Text: Psalm 103; Henry F. Lyte, 1793–1847, alt.  
Tune: LAUDAANIMA, 8 7 8 7 8 7; John Goss, 1800–1880

## Psalm:



I will praise your name for ev - er,



my king and my God.

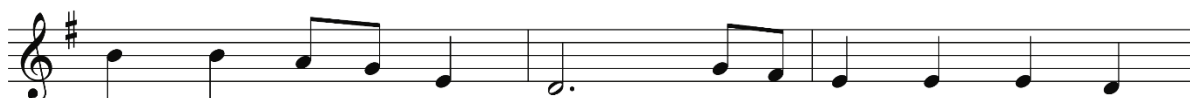
Text: *The Revised Grail Psalms*, © 2010, Conception Abbey and The Grail, admin. by GIA Publications, Inc.;  
refrain tr. © 1969, ICEL.  
Music: Michel Guimont, © 1994, GIA Publications, Inc.

# Preparation:

## I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say



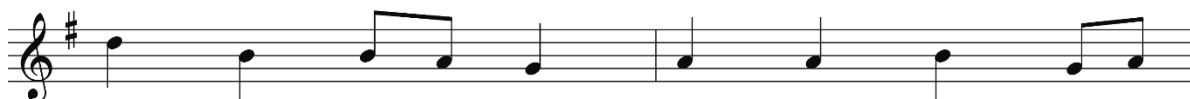
1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come  
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be -  
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I



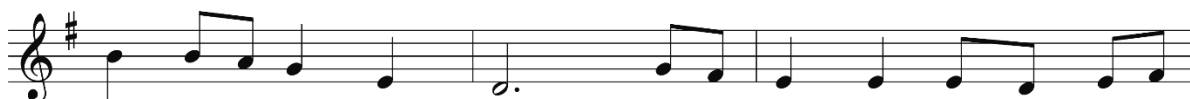
un - to me and rest; Lay down, O wea - ry  
hold, I free - ly give The liv - ing wa - ter;  
am this dark world's light; Look un - to me, your



one, lay down Your head up - on my breast." I  
thirst - y one, Stoop down and drink and live." I  
morn shall rise, And all your day be bright." I



came to Je - sus as I was, So  
came to Je - sus, and I drank Of  
looked to Je - sus, and I found In



wea - ry, worn, and sad; I found in him a  
that life - giv - ing stream; My thirst was quenched, my  
him my star, my sun; And in that light of



rest - ing place, And he has made me glad.  
soul re - vived, And now I live in him.  
life I'll walk Till trav - 'ling days are done.

# Communion:

## Come to the Water



1. O let all who thirst, let them come to the  
2. And let all who seek, let them come to the  
3. And let all who toil, let them come to the  
4. And let all the poor, let them come to the



wa - ter. And let all who have noth - ing,  
wa - ter. And let all who have noth - ing,  
wa - ter. And let all who are wea - ry,  
wa - ter. Bring the ones who are lad - en,



let them come to the Lord: With-out mon-ey,  
let them come to the Lord: With-out mon-ey,  
let them come to the Lord: All who la - bor,  
bring them all to the Lord: Bring the chil - dren



with-out price. Why should you pay the price,  
with-out strife. Why should you spend your life,  
with-out rest. How can your soul find rest,  
with-out might. Eas - y the load and light:



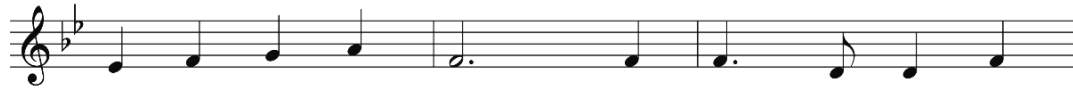
ex - cept for the Lord?  
ex - cept for the Lord?  
ex - cept for the Lord?  
? come to the Lord.

# Closing:

## America the Beautiful



1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies, For  
2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet, Whose  
3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved In  
4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That



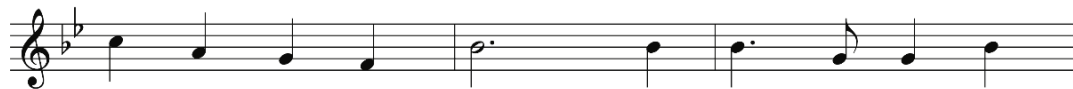
am - ber waves of grain, For pur - ple moun - tain  
stern, im - pas - sioned stress A thor - ough - fare for  
lib - er - at - ing strife, Who more than self their  
sees be - yond the years Thine al - a - bas - ter



maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain! A -  
free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness! A -  
coun - try loved, And mer - cy more than life! A -  
cit - ies gleam, Un - dimmed by hu - man tears! A -



mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God  
mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God  
mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May  
mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God



shed his grace on thee, And crown thy good with  
mend thine ev - 'ry flaw, Con - firm thy soul in  
God thy gold re - fine, Till all suc - cess be  
shed his grace on thee, And crown thy good with



broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea.  
self - con - trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law.  
no - ble - ness, And ev - 'ry gain di - vine.  
broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea.

Text: Katherine L. Bates, 1859–1929  
Tune: MATERNA, CMD; Samuel A. Ward, 1848–1903