

THE HOLY EUCHARIST

on the Fifth Sunday after Trinity

Sunday 20th July 2025 | 9.00am | Hymns

C A D E I R L A N
LLANDAFF
C A T H E D R A L



We are delighted to welcome you to this service at your Cathedral, which has been a site of Christian worship for over 1,500 years. If you are joining us for the first time, please introduce yourself to a member of clergy, who will be happy to tell you more about worship in this place.

The Sunday School meets during this service every Sunday during term time. If you would like more information, or would like to register a child to take part, please speak to a member of the Sunday School staff (who will be wearing staff T-shirts) or email krisihillebert@llandaffcathedral.org.uk.

Response to Psalm 15:
All Honour those who fear the Lord.



Scan the QR code for today's lectionary readings.

Physical copies of the SSRA Lectionary are also available to purchase online or in the Cathedral Shop. www.ssra.uk



A collection is taken during the Offertory Hymn. If you are a UK tax payer, please consider using the Gift-Aid envelopes, as this enables us to claim an extra 25% on each donation. You can also donate by using the contactless giving devices located around the building, or via Text as follows:



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The Opening Hymn



Lord of beauty, thine the splendour
Shewn in earth and sky and sea,
Burning sun and moonlight tender,
Hill and river, flower and tree:
Lest we fail our praise to render
Touch our eyes that they may see.

Lord of wisdom, whom obeying
Mighty waters ebb and flow,
While unhasting, undelaying,
Planets on their courses go:
In thy laws thyself displaying,
Teach our minds thyself to know.

Lord of life, alone sustaining
All below and all above,
Lord of love, by whose ordaining
Sun and stars sublimely move:
In our earthly spirits reigning,
Lift our hearts that we may love.

Lord of beauty, bid us own thee,
Lord of truth, our footsteps guide,
Till as Love our hearts enthrone thee,
And, with vision purified,
Lord of all, when all have known thee,
Thou in all art glorified.

Words: Cyril A Alington (1872-1955)

Music: REGENT SQUARE
Henry Smart (1813-79)

The Offertory Hymn



Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,
Whose trust, ever child-like, no care could destroy,
Be there at our waking, and give us, we pray,
Your bliss in our hearts, Lord, at the break of the day.

Lord of all eagerness, Lord of all faith,
Whose strong hands were skilled at the plane and the lathe,
Be there at our labours, and give us, we pray,
Your strength in our hearts, Lord, at the noon of the day.

Lord of all kindliness, Lord of all grace,
Your hands swift to welcome, your arms to embrace,
Be there at our homing, and give us, we pray,
Your love in our hearts, Lord, at the eve of the day.

Lord of all gentleness, Lord of all calm,
Whose voice is contentment, whose presence is balm,
Be there at our sleeping, and give us, we pray,
Your peace in our hearts, Lord, at the end of the day.

Words: Jan Struther (1901-53)

Music: SLANE
Traditional Irish Melody
Harmonised by Erik Routley (1917-82)

The Closing Hymn



1. At the name of Jesus
every knee shall bow,
every tongue confess him
King of glory now;
'tis the Father's pleasure
we should call him Lord,
who from the beginning
was the mighty Word.

2. At his voice creation
sprang at once to sight,
all the angel faces,
all the hosts of light,
thrones and dominations,
stars upon their way,
all the heavenly orders,
in their great array.

3. Humbled for a season,
To receive a name
From the lips of sinners
Unto whom he came,
Faithfully he bore it
Spotless to the last,
Brought it back victorious
When from death he passed.

4. Bore it up triumphant
With its human light,
Through all ranks of creatures,
To the central height
To the throne of Godhead,
To the Father's breast;
Filled it with the glory
Of that perfect rest.

5. In your hearts enthrone him;
There let him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true:
He is God the Saviour,
He is Christ the Lord,
Ever to be worshipped
Trusted, and adored.

6. Surely, this Lord Jesus
shall return again
with his Father's glory,
with his angel train;
for all wreaths of empire
meet upon his brow,
and our hearts confess him
King of glory now.

Words: Caroline Maria Noel (1817-77)

Music: CAMBERWELL
John Michael Brierley (b. 1932)