

# CHORAL EUCHARIST

on The Feast of the Holy Cross

Sunday 14<sup>th</sup> September 2025 | 11.00am

C A D E I R L A N  
**LLANDAF**  
C A T H E D R A L



Setting Missa Brevis Neil Cox

Psalm 22. 23-28

Gospel



Motet

O salutaris hostia  
quae caeli pandis ostium,  
bella premunt hostilia:  
da robur, fer auxilium

O saving victim  
who opens the gate of heaven,  
hostile wars press on us:  
give strength, bring aid.

Uni trinoque Domino  
sit sempiterna gloria,  
qui vitam sine termino  
nobis donet in patria.

To the Lord, three in one,  
be everlasting glory,  
for life without end  
he gives us in (his) Kingdom.

Words: *Verbum supernum prodiens*

Music: James Davy (b. 1982)

Organ

Prelude on the Plainsong 'Vexilla Regis' Bairstow



Scan here for the weekly E-News Letter.



A collection is taken during this service. 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:



To donate £5 text LLANDAFF to 70970  
To donate £10 text LLANDAFF to 70191  
Texts will be charged at your usual network rate.  
For all Terms and Conditions, please visit  
[platform.nationalfundingscheme.org/terms-and-conditions](https://platform.nationalfundingscheme.org/terms-and-conditions)

You can also donate by scanning the QR code:



## The Opening Hymn

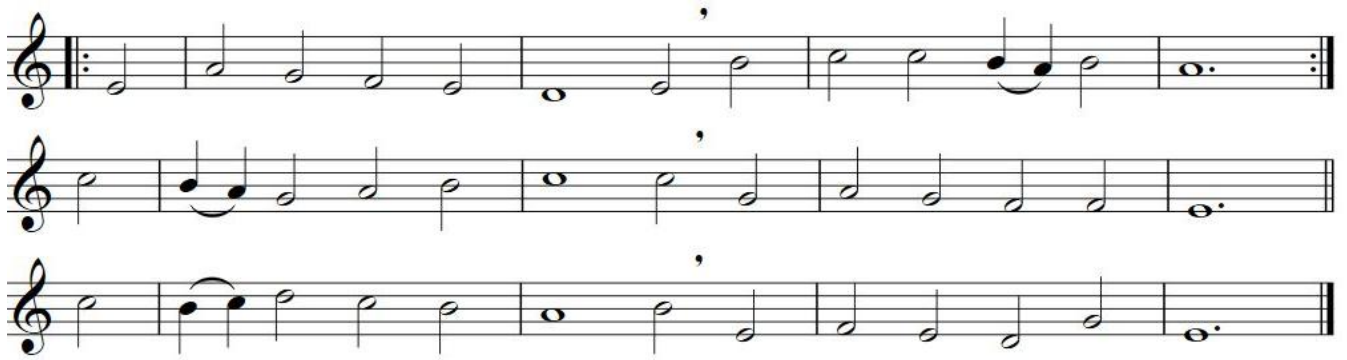


1. When I survey the wondrous Cross,  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.
2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast  
Save in the death of Christ my God;  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood.
3. See from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
4. His dying crimson like a robe,  
Spreads o'er his body on the Tree;  
Then I am dead to all the globe,  
And all the globe is dead to me.
5. Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Words: Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Music: ROCKINGHAM  
Harmony chiefly from Webbe's *Collection of Psalm-Tunes*  
adapted by Edward Miller (1731-1807)

## The Offertory Hymn



1. O sacred head, sore wounded,  
Defiled and put to scorn;  
O kingly head, surrounded  
With mocking crown of thorn:  
What sorrow mars thy grandeur?  
Can death thy bloom deflower?  
O countenance whose splendour  
The hosts of heaven adore.

2. Thy beauty, long-desirèd,  
Hath vanished from our sight;  
Thy power is all expirèd,  
And quenched the light of light.  
Ah me! for whom thou diest,  
Hide not so far thy grace:  
Show me, O Love most highest,  
The brightness of thy face.

3. I pray thee, Jesus, own me,  
Me, Shepherd good, for thine;  
Who to thy fold hast won me,  
And fed with truth divine.  
Me guilty, me refuse not,  
Incline thy face to me,  
This comfort that I lose not,  
On earth to comfort thee.

4. In thy most bitter passion  
My heart to share doth cry,  
With thee for my salvation  
Upon the Cross to die.  
Ah, keep my heart thus moved  
To stand thy Cross beneath,  
To mourn thee, well-belovèd,  
Yet thank thee for thy death.

5 My days are few, O fail not,  
With thine immortal power,  
To hold me that I quail not  
In death's most fearful hour:  
That I may fight befriended,  
And see in my last strife  
To me thine arms extended  
Upon the Cross of life.

Words: 14<sup>th</sup> Century Latin Hymn  
translated by Paul Gerhardt (1607-76)  
and then Robert Bridges (1844-1930)

Music: PASSION CHORALE  
Harmonised by Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)  
in *Johannes-Passion* BWV 245

## The Closing Hymn



Father of heaven, whose love profound  
a ransom for our souls hath found,  
before thy throne we sinners bend,  
to us thy pardoning love extend.

Almighty Son, incarnate Word,  
our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,  
before thy throne we sinners bend,  
to us thy saving grace extend.

Eternal Spirit, by whose breath  
the soul is raised from sin and death,  
before thy throne we sinners bend,  
to us thy quickening power extend.

Thrice Holy! Father, Spirit, Son;  
mysterious Godhead, Three in One,  
before thy throne we sinners bend,  
grace, pardon, life to us extend.

Words: Edward Cooper (1770-1833)

Music: RIEVAULX  
John Bacchus Dykes (1823-76)



Copyright Acknowledgements

Hymns are reproduced under CCLI licence number 829936. © The Dean and Chapter, Llandaff Cathedral 2025

