

CHORAL EUCHARIST

on All Saints' Sunday

Sunday 2nd November 2025 | 11.00am

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



Setting Missa Sancti Johannes *Haydn*

Psalm 149

Gospel



Motet Let all mortal flesh keep silence
and stand with fear and trembling,
and lift itself above all earthly thought.

For the King of kings and Lord of lords, Christ our God,
cometh forth to be our oblation,
and to be given for Food to the faithful.

Before Him come the choirs of angels
with every principality and power;
the Cherubim with many eyes, and wingèd Seraphim,
who veil their faces as they shout exultingly the hymn:
Alleluia!

Words: from the Liturgy of St James

Music: Edward Cuthbert Bairstow (1874-1946)



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The Opening Hymn



1. The Church's one foundation
is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is his new creation
by water and the word:
From heaven he came and sought her
to be his holy Bride;
With his own blood he bought her
and for her life he died.

2. Elect from every nation,
yet one o'er all the earth,
her charter of salvation
one Lord, one faith, one birth;
one holy name she blesses,
partakes one holy food,
and to one hope she presses
with every grace endued.

3. Though with a scornful wonder
we see her sore opprest,
by schisms rent asunder,
by heresies distrest,
yet saints their watch are keeping,
their cry goes up, 'How long?'
and soon the night of weeping
shall be the morn of song.

4. Mid toil and tribulation,
and tumult of her war,
she waits the consummation
of peace for evermore;
till with the vision glorious
her longing eyes are blest,
and the great Church victorious
shall be the Church at rest.

5. Yet she on earth hath union
with God the three in One,
and mystic sweet communion
with those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy!
Lord give us grace that we,
like them the meek and lowly,
on high may dwell with thee.

Words: Samuel John Stone (1839-1900)

Music: AURELIA
Samuel Sebastian Wesley (1810-76)

The Offertory Hymn



For all the saints who from their labours rest,
Who thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be for ever blest:

Alleluia, alleluia!

Thou wast their rock, their fortress and their might;
Thou, Lord, their captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou in the darkness still their one true light:

Alleluia, alleluia!

O may thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold.
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold!

Alleluia, alleluia!

O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine:

Alleluia, alleluia!

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong:

Alleluia, alleluia!

The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes their rest;
Sweet is the calm of paradise the blest:

Alleluia, alleluia!

But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day:
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passes on his way!

Alleluia, alleluia!

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son and Holy Ghost:

Alleluia, alleluia!

The Closing Hymn



1. Jerusalem the golden,
with milk and honey blest,
beneath thy contemplation
sink heart and voice opprest.
I know not, O I know not
what social joys are there,
what radiancy of glory,
what light beyond compare.

2. They stand, those halls of Sion,
conjubilant with song,
and bright with many an angel
and all the martyr throng;
the Prince is ever with them,
the daylight is serene,
the pastures of the blessed
are decked in glorious sheen.

Words: *Urbs Sion aurea*
vv. 1 – 3. Bernard of Cluny c.1140
translated John Mason Neale (1818-66)
v. 4. Hymns Ancient and Modern 1861

3. There is the throne of David;
and there, from care released,
the song of them that triumph,
the shout of them that feast;
and they, who with their Leader
have conquered in the fight,
for ever and for ever
are clad in robes of white.

4. O sweet and blessed country,
shall I ever see thy face?
O sweet and blessed country,
shall I ever win thy grace?
Exult, O dust and ashes!
the Lord shall be thy part:
his only, his for ever,
thou shalt be, and thou art!

Music: EWING
From *St Bede's*, a tune by Alexander Ewing 1853
Present form from *Hymns Ancient and Modern* 1861