CHORAL EUCHARIST

celebrating the 800th Anniversary of the dedication of the West Front

Sunday 16th November 2025 | 11.00am



Music: César Franck (1822-90)

Setting Missa Misericordias Domini Rheinberger

Psalm 122

Gospel

Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia.

Motet Panis angelicus

Fit panis hominum;

Dat panis coelicus

Figuris terminum: O res mirabilis!

Manducat Dominum

Pauper, servus et humilis.

The bread of the angels

becomes the bread of mortals;

the bread of heaven

puts an end to prefigurations.

O wondrous thing!

the poor, the slave and the humble

feed on their Lord.

Words: attributed to St Thomas Aquinas (1225-74)



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§ During the Opening Hymn, the Clergy process to the West Door.



- 1. Christ is made the sure foundation, and the precious corner-stone, who, the two walls underlying, bound in each, binds both in one, Holy Zion's help for ever, and her confidence alone.
- 2. All that dedicated city dearly loved by God on high, in exultant jubilation pours perpetual melody, God the One, in Threefold glory, singing everlastingly.
- § Following verse 2, the clergy pray at the West End in of the Cathedral.
- 3. To this temple, where we call thee, come, O Lord of Hosts, today; with thy wonted loving-kindness hear thy people as they pray; and thy fullest benediction shed within its walls alway.
- 4. Here vouchsafe to all thy servants gifts of grace by prayer to gain, here to have and hold for ever, those good things with prayers obtain, and hereafter, in thy glory, with thy blessèd ones to reign.
- 5. Laud and honour to the Father, laud and honour to the Son, laud and honour to the Spirit, ever Three and ever One; one in love, and one in splendour, while unending ages run.



Words: Angularis Fundamentum 7th Century Latin translated by John M Neale (1818-1866) Music: WESTMINSTER ABBEY Adapted from the Alleluyas in Henry Purcell's 'O God, Thou art my God' for BELVILLE in The Psalmist (1843)

The Offertory Hymn



God is working his purpose out as year succeeds to year,
God is working his purpose out, and the time is drawing near;
Nearer and nearer draws the time, the time that shall surely be,
When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God as the waters cover the sea.

From utmost east to utmost west where'er man's foot hath trod, By the mouth of many messengers goes forth the voice of God, 'Give ear to me, ye continents, ye isles, give ear to me, That the earth may be filled with the glory of God as the waters cover the sea.'

What can we do to work God's work, to prosper and increase
The brotherhood of all mankind, the reign of the Prince of Peace?
What can we do to hasten the time, the time that shall surely be,
When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God as the waters cover the sea?

March we forth in the strength of God with the banner of Christ unfurled, That the light of the glorious gospel of truth may shine throughout the world. Fight we the fight with sorrow and sin, to set their captives free, That the earth may be filled with the glory of God as the waters cover the sea.

All we can do is nothing worth unless God blesses the deed; Vainly we hope for the harvest-tide till God gives life to the seed; Yet nearer and nearer draws the time, the time that shall surely be, When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God as the waters cover the sea.

Words: Arthur Campbell Ainger (1841-1919)

Music: BENSON Millicent Kingham (1866-94) in Church Hymns (1903)

The Closing Hymn



Judge eternal, throned in splendour, Lord of lords, and King of kings, with thy living fire of judgement purge this realm of bitter things; solace all its wide dominion with the healing of thy wings.

Still the weary folk are pining for the hour that brings release; and the city's crowded clangour cries aloud for sin to cease: and the homesteads and the woodlands plead in silence for their peace.

Crown, O God, thine own endeavour; cleave our darkness with thy sword, feed the faithless and the hungry with the richness of thy word; cleanse the body of this nation through the glory of the Lord.

Words: Henry Scott Holland (1847-1918)

Music: RHUDDLAN Melody in Edward Jones's Musical Relicks of Welsh Bards (1800)