

THE HOLY EUCHARIST

on Remembrance Sunday

Sunday 9th November 2025 | 9.00am | Hymns

C A D E I R L A N
LLANDAF
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 17

All

Show me your loving-kindness.

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.*



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:



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The Opening Hymn



King of Glory, King of Peace,
I will love thee;
And that love may never cease
I will move thee.
Thou hast granted my request,
Thou hast heard me;
Thou didst note my working breast,
Thou hast spared me.

Wherefore with my utmost art
I will sing thee,
And the cream of all my heart
I will bring thee.
Though my sins against me cried,
Thou didst clear me;
And alone, when they replied,
Thou didst hear me.

Seven whole days, not one in seven,
I will praise thee;
In my heart, though not in heaven,
I can raise thee.
Small it is, in this poor sort
To enrol thee:
E'en eternity's too short
To extol thee.

Words: George Herbert (1593-1633)

Music: GWALCHMAI
John David Jones (1827-70)

AN ACT OF REMEMBRANCE

God is our refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble.

Here in the presence of God, let us commit ourselves to work in penitence and faith for reconciliation between the nations, that all people may, together, live in freedom, justice and peace. We pray for all who in bereavement, disability and pain continue to suffer the consequences of fighting and terror. We remember with thanksgiving and sorrow those whose lives, in world wars and conflicts past and present, have been given and taken away.

They shall grow not old as we that are left grow old;
age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.

At the going down of the sun and in the morning,
we will remember them.

We will remember them.

A period of silence is kept.

Ever-living God, we remember those whom you have gathered from the storm of war into the peace of your presence; may that same peace calm our fears, bring justice to all peoples and establish harmony among the nations, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Amen.

The Offertory Hymn



O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home;

Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

Words: Isaac Watts (1674–1748)

Music: ST ANNE
*Melody and bass from A Supplement to the New Version 1708,
probably supplied by William Croft (1678-1727)*

The Closing Hymn



Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us
o'er the world's tempestuous sea;
guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us
for we have no help but thee;
yet possessing every blessing,
if our God our Father be.

Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
all our weakness thou dost know;
thou didst tread this earth before us,
thou didst feel its keenest woe;
lone and dreary, faint and weary,
through the desert thou didst go.

Spirit of our God, descending,
fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
love with every passion blending,
pleasure that can never cloy:
thus provided, pardoned, guided,
nothing can our peace destroy.

Words: James Edmeston (1791-1867)

Music: MANNHEIM
Friedrich Filitz (1804-76)