

THE HOLY EUCHARIST

on the Eighth Sunday after Trinity

Sunday 26th July 2026 | 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 119

All **The opening of your word gives light.**

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 to maintain the work and upkeep of this beautiful Cathedral. If you would like to support us financially, there are several ways you can donate;

Cash & Contactless

Donation stations are
located by the West Door.

If you are a UK tax payer, please
consider using Gift-Aid on your
donation, as this enables us to
claim an extra 25% on each
donation.



Online

Scan the QR Code or visit the
Cathedral website and press
Donate



By Text

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



Please recycle this booklet

Copyright Acknowledgements

Hymns are reproduced under CCLI licence number 829936.
© The Dean and Chapter, Llandaff Cathedral 2026

The Opening Hymn



1. 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.

2. 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.

3. 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)

The Offertory Hymn



1. Be thou my vision, O Lord of my heart,
be all else but naught to me, save that thou art;
be thou my best thought in the day and the night,
both waking and sleeping, thy presence my light.

2. Be thou my wisdom, be thou my true word,
be thou ever with me, and I with thee, Lord;
be thou my great Father, and I thy true son;
be thou in me dwelling, and I with thee one.

3. Be thou my breastplate, my sword for the fight;
be thou my whole armour, be thou my true might;
be thou my soul's shelter, be thou my strong tower:
O raise thou me heavenward, great Power of my power.

4. Riches I heed not, nor man's empty praise:
be thou mine inheritance now and always;
be thou and thou only the first in my heart;
O Sovereign of heaven, my treasure thou art.

5. High King of heaven, thou heaven's bright sun,
O grant me its joys after vict'ry is won;
great Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,
still be thou my vision, O Ruler of all.

Words: Irish c. 8th Century
Translated by Mary Byrne (1880-1931)
Versified by Eleanor Hull (1860-1935)

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

The Closing Hymn



1. Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

2. Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of thy love;
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for thee.

3. Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from thee.

4. Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as thou shalt choose.

5. Take my will, and make it thine;
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart-it is thine own;
It shall be thy royal throne.

6. Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee.

Words: Frances R Havergal (1836-79)

Music: NOTTINGHAM
Wenzel Müller (1747-1835)