

SUNG EUCHARIST

on the Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity

Sunday 27 September 2026 | 11.00am

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



The Opening Hymn



1. At the name of Jesus
every knee shall bow,
every tongue confess him
King of glory now;
'tis the Father's pleasure
we should call him Lord,
who from the beginning
was the mighty Word.

2. At his voice creation
sprang at once to sight,
all the angel faces,
all the hosts of light,
thrones and dominations,
stars upon their way,
all the heavenly orders,
in their great array.

3. Humbled for a season,
To receive a name
From the lips of sinners
Unto whom he came,
Faithfully he bore it
Spotless to the last,
Brought it back victorious
When from death he passed.

4. Bore it up triumphant
With its human light,
Through all ranks of creatures,
To the central height
To the throne of Godhead,
To the Father's breast;
Filled it with the glory
Of that perfect rest.

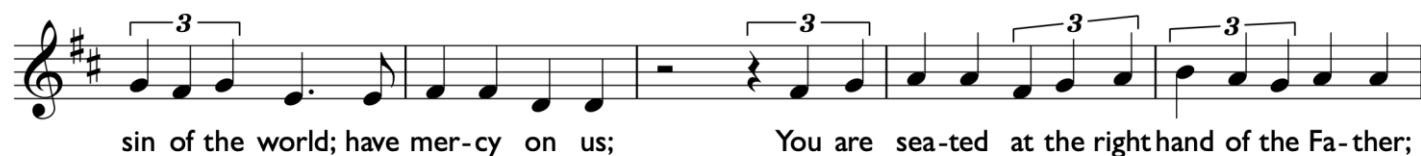
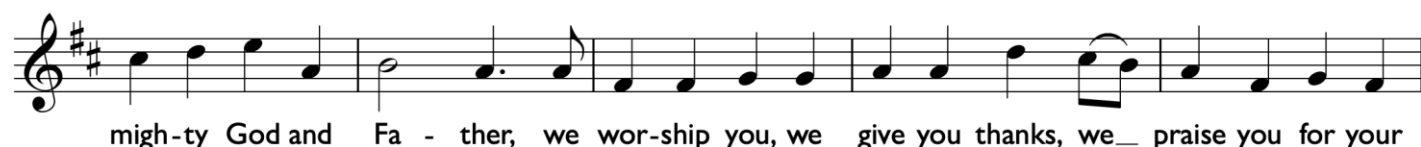
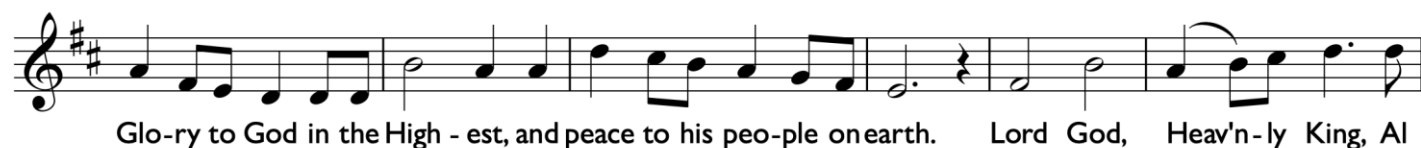
5. In your hearts enthrone him;
There let him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true:
He is God the Saviour,
He is Christ the Lord,
Ever to be worshipped
Trusted, and adored.

6. Surely, this Lord Jesus
shall return again
with his Father's glory,
with his angel train;
for all wreaths of empire
meet upon his brow,
and our hearts confess him
King of glory now

Words: Caroline Maria Noel (1817-77)

Music: EVELYNS
W. H. Monk (1823-89)

The Gloria





The Offertory Hymn



The Closing Hymn



1. The King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am his
And he is mine forever.

2. Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul he leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow
With food celestial feedeth.

3. Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love he sought me,
And on his shoulder gently laid,
And home rejoicing, brought me.

4. In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

5. Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction, grace bestoweth:
And O what transport of delight
From thy pure chalice floweth!

6. And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good shepherd, may I sing thy praise
Within thy house forever.

Words: H. W. Baker (1821-77)

Music: ST COLUMBA
Irish Melody

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