Choral Eucharist

on All Saints' Day
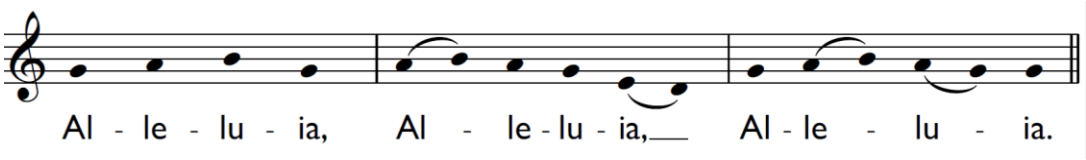
Sunday 1st November 2026 | 11.00am

CADEIRLAN LLANDAF CATHEDRAL

Setting Communion Service in F [K, G] Harold Darke (1888-1976)
Missa Capella Regis [S, B, A] Anthony Caesar (1924-2018)

Psalm 34. 1-10

Gospel



Motet

O quam gloriosum est regnum,
in quo cum Christo gaudent omnes Sancti!
Amicti stolis albis,
sequuntur Agnum, quocumque ierit

O how glorious is the kingdom
in which all the saints rejoice with Christ,
clad in robes of white
they follow the Lamb wherever he goes.

Words: Magnificat Antiphon for All Saints

Music: Tomás Luis de Victoria (c.1548-1611)

Organ Placare Christe servulis Marcel Dupré (1886-1971)

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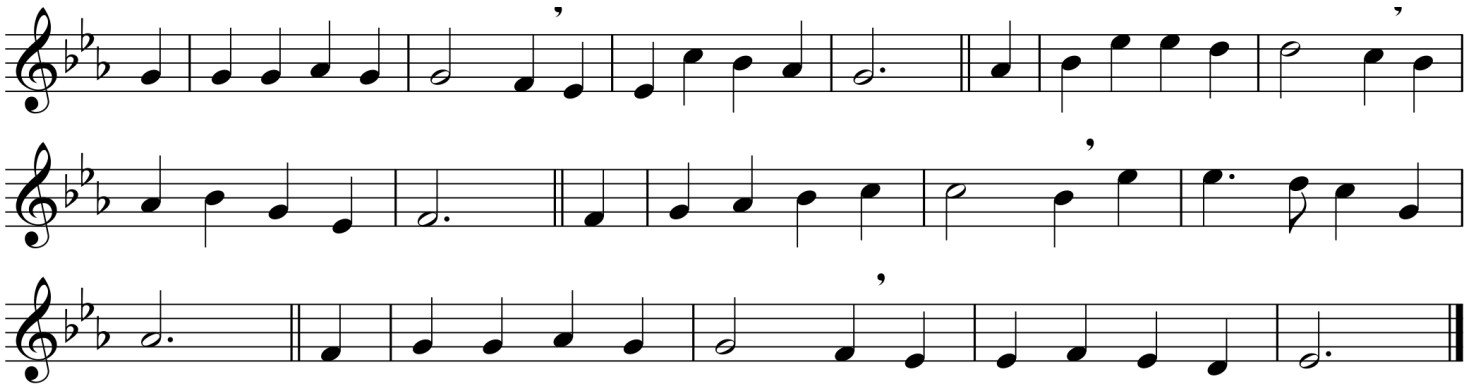
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The Opening Hymn



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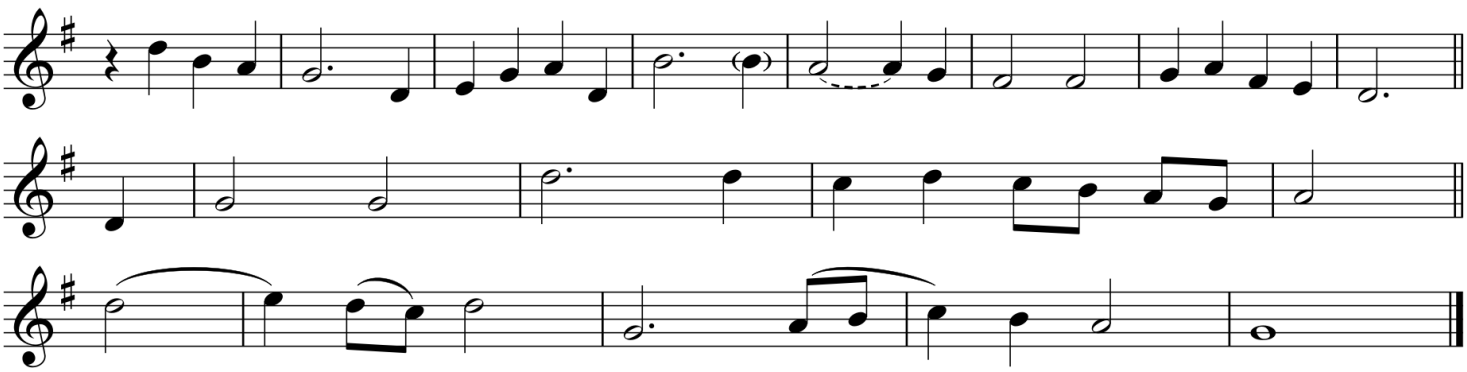
4. Mid toil and tribulation,
and tumult of her war,
she waits the consummation
of peace for evermore;
till with the vision glorious
her longing eyes are blest,
and the great Church victorious
shall be the Church at rest.

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



1. 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!

2. 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!

3. 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!

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

5. 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!

6. 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!
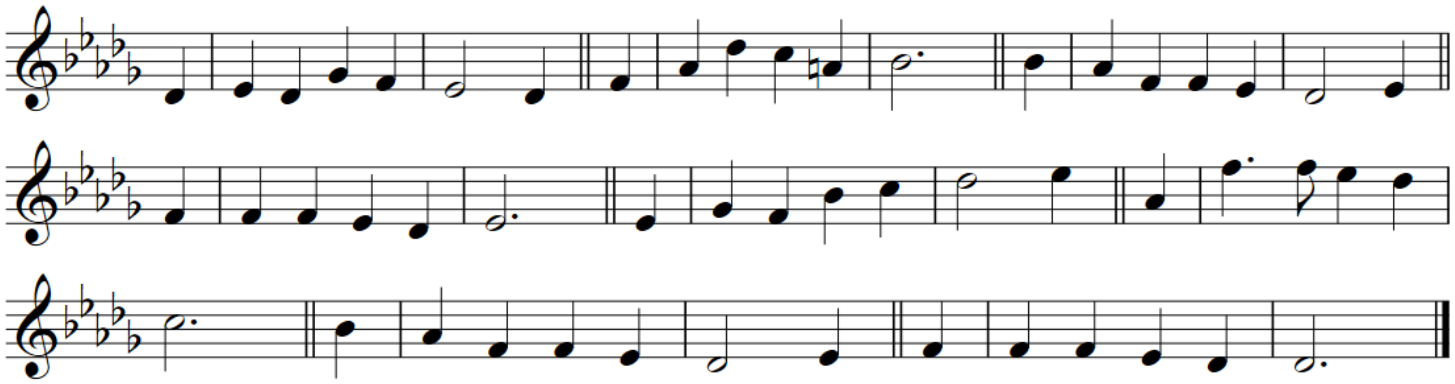
7. But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day:
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passes on his way!
Alleluia, alleluia!

8. 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!

Words: William W How (1823-1897)

Music: SINE NOMINE
Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

The Closing Hymn



1. Jerusalem the golden,
with milk and honey blest,
beneath thy contemplation
sink heart and voice oppress.
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 blessèd
are decked in glorious sheen.

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 blessèd country,
shall I ever see thy face?
O sweet and blessèd 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!

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

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