

CHORAL EUCHARIST

on the Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity

Sunday 4th October 2026 | 11.00am

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



Setting Missa brevis Sancti Joannis de Deo Franz Joseph Haydn (1732-1809)

Psalm 80. 7-15



Motet Ave verum Corpus, Natum ex Maria Virgine, Vere passum, immolatum In cruce pro homine, Cujus latus perforatum Unda fluxit sanguine: Esto nobis praegustatum In mortis examine.	Jesu, Word of God Incarnate, Of the Virgin Mary born; On the Cross Thy sacred Body, For us with nails was torn. Cleanse us by the Blood and Water Streaming from Thy pierced side. Feed us with Thy body broken, Now and in death's agony.
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Words: Pope Innocent VI (d. 1362)

Music: Colin Mawby (1936-2019)

Organ Allegro Maestoso (Symphonie III) Louis Vierne (1870-1937)

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The Opening Hymn



1 Blessèd City, heavenly Salem,
Vision dear of peace and love,
Who, of living stones upbuilt,
Art the joy of heaven above,
And, with angel cohorts circled,
As a bride to earth dost move!

2 From celestial realms descending,
Bridal glory round her shed,
To his presence, decked with jewels,
By her Lord shall she be led:
All her streets, and all her bulwarks,
Of pure gold are fashionèd.

3 Bright with pearls her portals glitter,
They are open evermore;
And, by virtue of his merits,
Thither faithful souls may soar,
Who for Christ's dear name in this world
Pain and tribulation bore.

4 Many a blow and biting sculpture
Polished well those stones elect,
In their places now compacted
By the heavenly Architect,
Who therewith hath willed for ever
That his palace should be decked.

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. Amen.



A - men.

Words: *Urbs beata Jerusalem*
Translated by J. M. Neale (1818-66)

Music: WESTMINSTER ABBEY
Adapted from Henry Purcell's
O God, Thou art my God

The Offertory Hymn



1. My song is love unknown,
my Saviour's love to me,
love to the loveless shown,
that they might lovely be.
O who am I,
that for my sake
my Lord should take
frail flesh, and die?

2. He came from his blest throne,
salvation to bestow;
but sin made blind, and none
the longed-for Christ would know.
But O, my Friend,
my Friend indeed,
who at my need
his life did spend.

3. Sometimes they strew his way,
and his sweet praises sing;
resounding all the day
hosannas to their King.
Then 'Crucify!'
is all their breath,
and for his death
they thirst and cry.

4. They rise, and needs will have
my dear Lord made away;
a murderer they save,
the Prince of Life they slay.
Yet cheerful he
to suffering goes,
that he his foes
from thence might free.

5. Here might I stay and sing:
no story so divine;
never was love, dear King,
never was grief like thine!
This is my Friend,
in whose sweet praise
I all my days
could gladly spend.

Words: Samuel Crossman (1624-83)

Music: LOVE UNKNOWN
John Ireland (1879-1962)

The Closing Hymn



1. All for Jesus! all for Jesus!

This our song shall ever be;

for we have no hope nor Saviour,

if we have not hope in thee.

2. All for Jesus! thou wilt give us

strength to serve thee hour by hour;

none can move us from thy presence

while we trust thy grace and power.

3. All for Jesus! at thine altar

thou dost give us sweet content;

there, dear Lord, we shall receive thee

in thy holy sacrament.

4. All for Jesus! thou hast loved us,

all for Jesus! thou hast died,

all for Jesus! thou art with us,

all for Jesus, glorified!

5. All for Jesus, all for Jesus!

This the Church's song shall be,

till at last we all are gathered,

one in love, and one in thee.

Words: W. J. Sparrow-Simpson (1859-1952)

Music: ALL FOR JESUS

John Stainer (1840-98)