

CHORAL EUCHARIST

on the Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity

Sunday 6 October 2024 | 11.00am

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



Setting Communion Service for ATB *Sumsion*

Psalm 126

Gospel



Motet

My eyes for beauty pine,
My soul for Goddes grace :
No other care nor hope is mine,
To heaven I turn my face.

One splendour thence is shed
From all the stars above :
'Tis named when God's name is said,
'Tis Love, 'tis heavenly Love.

And every gentle heart,
That burns with true desire,
Is lit from eyes that mirror part
Of that celestial fire.

Words: Robert Seymour Bridges (1844 - 1930)

Music: Herbert Howells (1892-1983)

Voluntary *Allegro (Tempo Giusto) from Concerto in A minor BWV 593 J. S. Bach*



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:



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

You can also donate by scanning the QR code:



The Opening Hymn



Come, ye thankful people, come,
raise the song of harvest home;
all is safely gathered in,
ere the winter storms begin.
God our Maker doth provide
for our wants to be supplied;
come to God's own temple, come,
raise the song of harvest home.

All the world is God's own field,
fruit as praise to God we yield;
wheat and tares together sown
are to joy or sorrow grown;
first the blade and then the ear,
then the full corn shall appear;
Lord of harvest, grant that we
wholesome grain and pure may be.

For the Lord our God shall come,
and shall take the harvest home;
from the field shall in that day
all offenses purge away,
giving angels charge at last
in the fire the tares to cast;
but the fruitful ears to store
in the garner evermore.

Even so, Lord, quickly come,
bring thy final harvest home;
gather thou thy people in,
free from sorrow, free from sin,
there, forever purified,
in thy presence to abide;
come, with all thine angels, come,
raise the glorious harvest home.

The Offertory Hymn



1. Love is his word, love is his way,
Feasting with all, fasting alone,
Living and dying, rising again;
Love, only love, is his way.
*Richer than gold is the love of my Lord,
Better than splendour and wealth.*

2. Love is his way, love is his mark,
Sharing the last Passover feast,
Christ at the table, host to the twelve;
Love, only love, is his mark.
Refrain

3. Love is his mark, love is his sign,
Bread for our strength, wine for our joy,
'This is my body, this is my blood.'
Love, only love, is his sign.
Refrain

4. Love is his sign, love is his news,
'Do this,' he said, 'lest you forget—
all my deep sorrow, all my dear blood.'
Love, only love, is his news.
Refrain

5. Love is his news, love is his name,
We are his own, chosen and called,
Sisters and brothers, parents and kin.
Love, only love, is his name.
Refrain

6. Love is his name, love is his law,
Hear his command, all who are his:
'Love one another; I have loved you.'
Love, only love, is his law.
Refrain

7. Love is his law, love is his word:
Love of the Lord, Father and Word,
Love of the Spirit, God ever one;
Love, only love, is his mark.
Refrain

Words: Luke Connaughton (1917-79)

Music: CRESSWELL
Anthony Milner (1925-2002)

The Closing Hymn



Fill your hearts with joy and gladness,
sing and praise your God and mine!
Great the Lord in love and wisdom,
might and majesty divine!
He who framed the starry heavens
knows and names them as they shine!

Praise the Lord, his people, praise him!
Wounded souls his comfort know;
those who fear him find his mercies,
peace for pain and joy for woe;
humble hearts are high exalted,
human pride and power laid low.

Praise the Lord for times and seasons,
cloud and sunshine, wind and rain;
spring to melt the snows of winter
till the waters flow again;
grass upon the mountain pastures,
golden valleys thick with grain.

Fill your hearts with joy and gladness,
peace and plenty crown your days;
love his laws, declare his judgments,
walk in all his words and ways;
he the Lord and we his children:
praise the Lord, all people, praise!

Words: Timothy Dudley-Smith (b.1926)
Based on Psalm 147

Music: RHUDDLAN
Welsh traditional melody in
Musical Relics of Welsh Bards (1800)
hamonised by the compilers of the English Hymnal (1906)



Please take this booklet with you or recycle it.



Copyright Acknowledgements
Hymns are reproduced under CCLI licence number 829936. © The Dean and Chapter, Llandaf Cathedral 2024