

THE HOLY EUCHARIST

on the Second Sunday before Lent

Sunday 23rd February 2025 | 9.00am | Hymns

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



The Opening Hymn



1 Morning has broken
like the first morning,
blackbird has spoken
like the first bird.
Praise for the singing!
Praise for the morning!
Praise for them, springing
fresh from the Word!

2 Sweet the rain's new fall
sunlit from heaven,
like the first dewfall
on the first grass.
Praise for the sweetness
of the wet garden,
sprung in completeness
where God's feet pass.

3 Mine is the sunlight!
Mine is the morning
born of the one light
Eden saw play!
Praise with elation,
praise every morning,
God's recreation
of the new day!

Words: Eleanor Farjeon (1881-1956)

Music: BUNESSAN
Old Gaelic Melody
Harmony by Christopher Dearnley (1930-2000)



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§ *The service continues with the Greeting in the Order of Service.*

The Psalm

Praise is due to you, O God, in Zion;
to you that answer prayer shall vows be paid.

All **To you shall all flesh come to confess their sins;
when our misdeeds prevail against us, you will purge them away.**

Happy are they whom you choose and draw to your courts to dwell there.
We shall be satisfied with the blessings of your house, even of your holy temple.

All **With wonders you will answer us in your righteousness,
O God of our salvation,
O hope of all the ends of the earth and of the farthest seas.**

In your strength you set fast the mountains
and are girded about with might.

All **You still the raging of the seas,
the roaring of their waves and the clamour of the peoples.**

Those who dwell at the ends of the earth tremble at your marvels;
the gates of the morning and evening sing your praise.

All **You visit the earth and water it;
you make it very plenteous.**

The river of God is full of water;
you prepare grain for your people, for so you provide for the earth.

All **You drench the furrows and smooth out the ridges;
you soften the ground with showers and bless its increase.**

You crown the year with your goodness,
and your paths overflow with plenty.

All **May the pastures of the wilderness flow with goodness
and the hills be girded with joy.**

May the meadows be clothed with flocks of sheep
and the valleys stand so thick with corn that they shall laugh and sing.

Psalm 65

§ *The service continues with the Gospel, which can be found in the readings and notices sheet.*

The Offertory Hymn



A collection is taken during the Offertory Hymn. 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:



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Eternal Father, strong to save,
whose arm doth bind the restless wave,
who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
its own appointed limits keep;
O hear us when we cry to thee
for those in peril on the sea.

O Saviour whose almighty word
the winds and waves submissive heard,
who walkedst on the foaming deep,
and calm amid its rage didst sleep:
O hear us when we cry to thee
for those in peril on the sea.

O sacred Spirit, who didst brood
upon the chaos dark and rude,
who bad'st its angry tumult cease,
and gavest light and life and peace:
O hear us when we cry to thee
for those in peril on the sea.

O Trinity of love and power,
our brethren shield in danger's hour;
from rock and tempest, fire and foe,
protect them whereso'er they go:
and ever let there rise to thee
glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

Words: William Whiting (1825-78)

Music: MELITA
John Bacchus Dykes (1823-76)

The Closing Hymn



You shall go out with joy and be led forth with peace,
and the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you.
There'll be shouts of joy and the trees of the field
shall clap, shall clap their hands,

and the trees of the field shall clap their hands,
and the trees of the field shall clap their hands,
and the trees of the field shall clap their hands,
and you'll go out with joy.

Words: Stuart Dauermann (b.1944)
Based on Isaiah 55.12

Music: Arranged by Anthony Carver (b.1947)
and Anne Harrison (b.1954)