

CHORAL EUCHARIST

on the Fourth Sunday in Lent | Mothering Sunday

Sunday 30th March 2025 | 11.00am

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



Setting Missa L'Hora Passa [K,S,B,A] Viadana

Psalm 127. 1-4

Gospel



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.*

Words: Pope Innocent VI (d. 1362)

Music: William Byrd (c.1543-1623)

Organ Prelude & Fugue in G minor BuxWV 149 Buxtehude



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The Opening Hymn



A - men.

1. All people that on earth do dwell,
sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
come ye before him, and rejoice.

2. The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
without our aid he did us make;
we are his folk, he doth us feed,
and for his sheep he doth us take.

3. O enter then his gates with praise,
approach with joy his courts unto;
praise, laud, and bless his name always,
for it is seemly so to do.

4. For why? the Lord our God is good;
his mercy is for ever sure;
his truth at all times firmly stood,
and shall from age to age endure.

5. To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
the God whom heaven and earth adore,
from men and from the angel-host
be praise and glory evermore.

Words: William Kethe (1559?-94)

Music: OLD HUNDREDTH
Genevan Psalter (1551)

The Offertory Hymn



All hail the power of Jesu's name;
let angels prostrate fall;
bring forth the royal diadem
to crown him, crown him, crown him,
crown him Lord of all.

Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this floating ball;
Now hail the Strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.

Crown him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from his altar call;
Praise him whose way of pain ye trod,
And crown him Lord of all.

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
ye ransomed of the fall,
hail him who saves you by his grace,
and crown him, crown him, crown him,
crown him Lord of all.

Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call;
The God incarnate, Man divine,
and crown him, crown him, crown him,
crown him Lord of all.

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
the wormwood and the gall,
go spread your trophies at his feet,
and crown him, crown him, crown him,
crown him Lord of all.

Let every tribe and every tongue
to him their hearts enthrall,
lift high the universal song
and crown him, crown him, crown him,
crown him Lord of all.

The Closing Hymn



Guide me, O thou great Redeemer,
pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
hold me with thy powerful hand:
bread of heaven,
feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain
whence the healing stream doth flow;
let the fire and cloudy pillar
lead me all my journey through:
strong deliverer,
be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan
bid my anxious fears subside;
death of death, and hell's destruction,
land me safe on Canaan's side:
songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

Words: William Williams (1717-1791)
Translated by Peter Williams (1727-1796)
and others

Music: CWM RHONDDA
John Hughes 1873-1932



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