

Capel y Boro Service
Sun 14 June 2020 at 11am

Panis Angelicus –
Corpus Christi Sunday

A celebration of
Holy Communion



Opening music:
Ola Gjeilo Tundra
Côr Dinas

Opening music:
Mozart Ave verum corpus
Choir, King's College, Cambridge

Intrada

Talk on the hymn Capel y
Ddol/Gwalchmai by John Jones

King of Glory, King of Peace
(George Herbert, *Gwalchmai*)

Capel y Ddol/Gwalchmai talk 2

A modern version of the hymn
Capel y Ddol

Capel y Ddol/Gwalchmai talk 3

Salm 65

Ti yr hwn sy'n gwrando gweddi
(Meigant, *Capel y Ddol*)

George Herbert Love III
("Love bade me welcome")

Derek Walcott
Love after Love

Franck Panis Angelicus
Joshua Owen Mills (tenor)

Gwenallt Swper yr Arglwydd

T E Nicholas
Trans. Joseph P Clancy
To a Sparrow

Dylan Thomas
This bread I break

Britten Corpus Christi Carol
(Dame Janet Baker mezzo soprano,
Gerald Moore piano)

Reflections on Communion
from John Donne, St. John
Crysostom, C S Lewis, G K
Chesterton and J R Tolkien

Prayers and Notices

Giorgio Vasari Leonardo da
Vinci and the Last Supper from
"Lives of the Great Artists"

Dewch ffyddlon rai, nesewch
mewn hedd (Philip Pugh)

The Table – A Message by
Parch Peter Dewi Richards

Mae d'eisiau di bob awr
(I need Thee every hour)
(Annie S Hawks, cyf. Ieuan Gwyllt)

Communion followed by
Lord's Prayer

Os gwelir fi, bechadur (Casgliad
Harri Siôn, Dafydd Morris, Hannah
Joshua, *Clawdd Madog*)

Blessing

Closing music:
Gabriel Faure
Requiem – 'In paradisum'
Choir, King's College, Cambridge

Opening music:
Ola Gjeilo Tundra

*Wide, worn and weathered,
Sacred expanse
Of green and white and granite
grey;
Snowy patches strewn,
Anchored to the craggy earth,
Unmoving;
While clouds dance
Across the vast, eternal sky.*

*Majestic scenes from Ola Gjeilo's
native Norway inspired his piece
conveying the intense beauty of the
landscape, and performed by Côr
Dinas at the Llangollen international
eisteddfod.*

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?
v=yU7dFlrQ20g](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yU7dFlrQ20g)

Mozart Ave verum corpus

*Ave verum corpus,
Natum de Maria virgine;
Vere passum immolatum
In crucis pro homine.
Cuius latus perforatum
Unda fluxit et sanguine.
Esto nobis praegustatum
In mortis examine.*

*Hail, true body,
Born of the virgin Mary;
Who has truly suffered, slaughtered
On the Cross for humanity.
Whose side was pierced,
Pouring out water and blood.
Be a foretaste for us
During our ordeal of death.*

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?
v=HXjn6srhAIY](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HXjn6srhAIY)

Intrada

*Ysbryd y tragwyddol Dduw,
disgyn arnom ni; Ysbryd y
tragwyddol Dduw, disgyn arnom*

ni: plyg ni, trin ni, golch ni, cod ni:
Ysbryd y tragwyddol Dduw,
disgyn arnom ni.

*Spirit of the eternal God, descend
upon us; Spirit of the eternal God,
descend upon us:*

*fold us, treat us, wash us, raise us:
Spirit of the eternal God, descend
upon us.*

Talk on the hymn *Capel y Ddol/Gwalchmai* by John Jones



Joseph David Jones (pictured above) was a notable musician from Montgomeryshire, born in 1827 in the parish of Llanfair Caereinion, the son of a weaver who was also a Wesleyan preacher. When he was 14 he began to attend singing classes held at Dolannog, about two miles from his home and was given a cello which he learned to play well. JD Jones began to compose hymn-tunes, and before he was 20 he published *Y Perganiedydd*, containing hymn-tunes including the well known *Gwalchmai* (*King of Glory, King of Peace*); and the venture proved a great financial success.

After the death of his mother he went to Towyn in Meirionnyddshire, to look after a fellow-pupil who was in ill-health

where he opened a school. He also taught music and conducted evening classes in Towyn, Llanegryn, and Aberdovey.

Interestingly, the words most associated with the tune *Gwalchmai* is another Montgomeryshire man, the metaphysical poet, George Herbert, born in Montgomery Castle in 1593.

King of glory, King of peace,
I will love thee;
and that love may never cease,
I will move thee.
Thou hast granted my request,
thou hast heard me;
thou didst note my working
breast,
thou hast spared me.

Wherefore with my utmost art
I will sing thee,
and the cream of all my heart
I will bring thee.
Though my sins against me cried,
thou didst clear me;
and alone, when they replied,
thou didst hear me.

Seven whole days, not one in
seven,
I will praise thee;
in my heart, though not in
heaven,
I can raise thee.
Small it is, in this poor sort
to enroll thee:
e'en eternity's too short
to extol thee.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TKVXTMEXbaw>

After a six months' course at the Borough Road training college, just down the road from Borough chapel, he was appointed in 1851 master of the

British School in Towyn. In 1865 he gave up that post and opened a private grammar school at Clwyd Bank in Ruthin.

The Borough Road Training College has an interesting history. Established at the end of the 18th century to train teachers by a Quaker called Joseph Lancaster, but was set up to be completely non-denominational and the training courses were quite short. Joseph Lancaster was a controversial figure who pioneered an innovative system of learning whereby older, abler students were used as teaching assistants, known as the Lancastrian system. His supporters included influential non conformists, liberals and social radicals. Interestingly, when its new premises were built, it received a donation of \$1000 from Robert Owen, the pioneering industrialist and social reformer from Newtown, Montgomeryshire.

Having been ousted from his school in Borough Road, Lancaster later moved to the United States where his teaching system was adopted by over a thousand schools and also briefly to Venezuela. Simon Bolivar, the south American politician, is reported to have visited the school in Borough Road in 1810 to study Lancaster's teaching methods. Joseph David Jones won a prize at the Bethesda Eisteddfod in 1853, for his anthem, *Ymddyrycha, O Dduw* and continued to write numerous songs, anthems, and hymn-tunes. He published *Y Cerub* (a collection of anthems and hymn-tunes), *Cydymaith y Cerddor, Y Delyn Gymreig*,

Caniadau Bethlehem, and Alawon y Bryniau that had the effect in weaning Wales away from 18th century ballads and prepared for it to appreciate the songs composed by Joseph Parry and R S Hughes. With Edward Stephen (Tanymarian) he edited *Llyfr Tonau ac Emytau*, Jones being responsible for the greater part of the work of collecting, selecting, and harmonizing the hymn-tunes.

He arranged and edited a collection of hymn-tunes for the use of the Welsh Wesleyans, dying in 1870 at the early age of 43 and is buried in the Baptists' burial ground in Ruthin. Here is a modern version of his hymn, *Capel y ddol*:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=G8wrrdHhzo0>

The words are by Robert Meigant Jones, known by his middle name, based on Psalm 65, first published in a Baptist hymn book in 1890. Meigant was brought up in Llanfair Talhaearn in Denbighshire, south of Abergele, but spent much of his short life in Caernarfon where he became a tailor and later a postman. He was a poet who won many eisteddfod prizes for his *englynion* including the chair at the national eisteddfod. First we'll hear a reading of Psalm 65, after which, we'll sing the hymn.

Salm 65

Safwn yn dawel, a dy addoli yn
Seion, O Dduw;
a chyflawni'n haddewidion i ti.
Ti sy'n gwrando gweddïau,

boed i bob person byw ddod atat
ti!
Pan mae'n holl bechodau yn ein
llethu ni,
rwy'ti'n maddau'r gwrthryfel i
gyd.
Y fath fendith sydd i'r rhai rwy'ti'n eu dewis,
a'u gwahodd i dreulio amser yn
iard dy deml.
Llenwa ni â bendithion dy dŷ,
sef dy deml sanctaidd!

Ti'n gwneud pethau syfrdanol i
wneud pethau'n iawn,
a'n hateb O Dduw, ein hachubwr.
Mae pobl drwy'r byd i gyd,
ac ymhell dros y môr, yn dibynnu
arnat ti.
Ti, yn dy nerth, roddodd y
mynyddoedd yn eu lle;
Rwy'ti mor gryf!
Ti sy'n tawelu'r môr stormus,
a'i donnau gwyllt,
a'r holl bobloedd sy'n codi
terfysg.
Mae pobl ym mhen draw'r byd
wedi eu syfrdanu gan dy
weithredoedd.
O'r dwyrain i'r gorllewin
maen nhw'n gweiddi'n llawen.

Ti'n gofalu am y ddaear, yn ei
dyfrio
a'i gwneud yn hynod ffrwythlon.
Mae'r sianel ddwyfol yn gorlifo o
ddŵr!
Ti'n rhoi ŷd i bobl
drwy baratoi'r tir fel yma.
Ti'n socian y cwysi
ac mae dŵr yn llifo i'r rhychau.
Ti'n mwydo'r tir â chawodydd,
ac yn bendithio'r cnwd sy'n tyfu.
Dy ddaioni di sy'n coroni'r
flwyddyn!
Mae dy lwybrau'n diferu
digonedd!
Mae hyd yn oed porfa'r anialwch
yn diferu.
a'r bryniau wedi eu gwisgo â
llawenydd!

Mae'r caeau wedi eu gorchuddio
gyda defaid a geifr,
a'r dyffrynnoedd yn gwisgo
mantell o ŷd.
Maen nhw'n gweiddi ac yn canu'n
llawen.

*Praise is due to you,
O God, in Zion;
and to you shall vows be performed,
O you who answer prayer!
To you all flesh shall come.
When deeds of iniquity overwhelm
us,
you forgive our transgressions.
Happy are those whom you choose
and bring near
to live in your courts.
We shall be satisfied with the
goodness of your house,
your holy temple.*

*By awesome deeds you answer us
with deliverance,
O God of our salvation;
you are the hope of all the ends of
the earth
and of the farthest seas.
By your strength you established the
mountains;
you are girded with might.
You silence the roaring of the seas,
the roaring of their waves,
the tumult of the peoples.
Those who live at earth's farthest
bounds are awed by your signs;
you make the gateways of the
morning and the evening shout for
joy.*

*You visit the earth and water it,
you greatly enrich it;
the river of God is full of water;
you provide the people with grain,
for so you have prepared it.
You water its furrows abundantly,
settling its ridges,
softening it with showers,
and blessing its growth.
You crown the year with your
bounty; your wagon tracks overflow
with richness.*

*The pastures of the wilderness
overflow,
the hills gird themselves with joy,
the meadows clothe themselves with
flocks,
the valleys deck themselves with
grain,
they shout and sing together for joy.*

Ti yr hwn sy'n gwranddo gweddi,

atat ti y daw pob cnawd;
Llef yr isel ni ddirmygi,
clywi ocheneidiau'r tlawd:
Dy drugaredd
sy'n coffleidio'r ddaear faith.

Minnau blygaf yn grynedig
wrth dy orsedd rasol di
Gyda hyder gostyngedig
yn haeddiannau Calfari:
Dyma sylfaen
holl obeithion euog fyd.

Hysbys wyt o'm holl anghenion
cyn eu traethu ger dy fron;
Gwyddost gudd feddyliau
'nghalon
a chrwydriadau mynych hon:
O tosturia,
ymgeledda fi â'th ras.

Nid oes ond dy ras yn unig
a ddiwalla feisiau mawr;
O rho'r profiad bendigedig
o'i effeithiau imi nawr:
Arglwydd, gwranddo
mewn trugaredd ar fy llef.

*Thou art the one who dost listen to
prayer,
To thee comes all flesh;
The humble cry thou wilt not
despise,
Thou hearest the groans of the
poor:
It is thy mercy
Which enfolds the extensive earth.*

*I will bend bowing
At thy gracious throne*

*With submissive confidence
In the merits of Calvary:
Here is the foundation
Of all the hopes of a guilty world.*

*Thou art familiar with all my needs
Before they are expressed before
you;
Thou knowest the hidden thoughts
of my heart
And such frequent wanderings:
O have mercy,
Succour me with thy grace.
It is nothing but thy grace alone
That satisfies my great needs;
From giving the blessed experience
From its effects to be now;
Lord, to listen
In mercy to my cry.*

George Herbert Love III



Love bade me welcome: yet my
soul drew back,
Guilty of dust and sin.
But quick-eyed Love, observing
me grow slack
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly
questioning
If I lacked anything.
"A guest," I answered, "worthy to
be here":
Love said, "You shall be he."
"I, the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my
dear,
I cannot look on thee."

Love took my hand, and smiling
did reply,
"Who made the eyes but I?"
"Truth, Lord; but I have marred
them; let my shame
Go where it doth deserve."
"And know you not," says Love,
"who bore the blame?"
"My dear, then I will serve."
"You must sit down," says Love,
"and taste my meat."
So I did sit and eat.

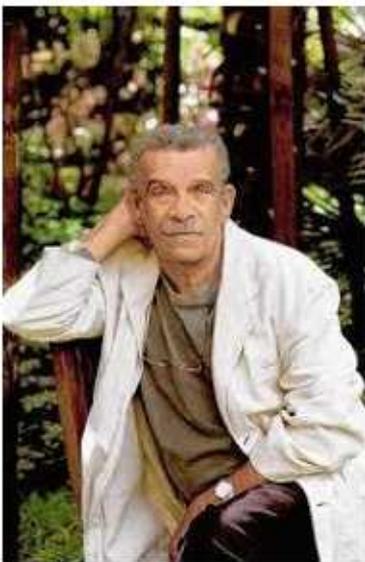
George Herbert, was a Welsh-born poet, orator, and priest of the Church of England. His poetry is associated with the writings of the metaphysical poets, like John Donne and Henry Vaughan, and he is recognised as "one of the foremost British devotional lyricists." His poem Love (III) is part of *The Church*, the central section of *The Temple*. *The Church* collects devotional lyrics that portray religious experiences and the attempt of achieving a faithful life. But, Love is a central problem in George Herbert's *The Church*, as he analyses and dramatizes different forms of it. Love (III) is part of a sequence of three poems, which meditate on the nature of love. Love (I) and Love (II) focus on earthly love and how it tends to attract more attention than holy love. Particularly, Love (I) looks into the relationship between mortal and immortal love, and Love (II) explores the connection between divine love and human lust. However, Love (III) concentrates on sacred love by personifying love in a dialogue between a worshiper and God. Here, God is seen as an inviting lover that explains the worthiness of Love.

Derek Walcott Love after Love

The time will come
when, with elation
you will greet yourself arriving
at your own door, in your own
mirror
and each will smile at the other's
welcome,

and say, sit here. Eat.
You will love again the stranger
who was yourself.
Give wine. Give bread. Give back
your heart
to itself, to the stranger who has
loved you

all your life, whom you ignored
for another, who knows you by
heart.
Take down the love letters from
the bookshelf,
the photographs, the desperate
notes,
peel your own image from the
mirror.
Sit. Feast on your life.



'Love After Love' by the Caribbean Nobel Prize winning writer Derek Walcott (1930 – 2017) is an unusual love poem which concentrates on loving the self, the inner self, following the break-down of a relationship. The main theme is that of becoming whole again through self-recognition. It was

inspired by George Herbert's *Love III*, is a poem also about accepting love.



Panis angelicus

Fit panis hominum
Dat panis coelicus
Figuris terminum
O res mirabilis
Manducat dominum
Pauper, pauper
Servus et humilis

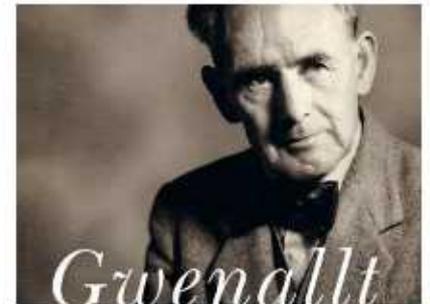
*May the Bread of Angels
Become bread for mankind;
The Bread of Heaven puts
All foreshadowings to an end;
Oh, thing miraculous!
The body of the Lord will nourish
the poor, the poor,
the servile, and the humble.*



The words to 'Panis Angelicus' set to music by Cesar Franck (1822 –90, pictured above at the organ) are

part of the *Corpus Christi* liturgy by St Thomas Aquinas, also pictured above, (1225 –74) the Italian Dominican friar, philosopher, Catholic priest, and Doctor of the Church. An immensely influential philosopher, theologian, and jurist in the tradition of scholasticism, he was the foremost classical proponent of natural theology and the father of Thomism; of which he argued that reason is found in God. His influence on Western thought is considerable, and much of modern philosophy developed or opposed his ideas, particularly in the areas of ethics, natural law, metaphysics, and political theory. A great theologian, he is also acclaimed for his eucharistic hymns, which form a part of the Church's liturgy.

D Gwenallt Jones Swper yr Arglwydd



'Roedd haint yn yr awyr a golwg
go sâl ar bethau,
A holl liwiau natur ag ymyl o
includ ystaen,
A bugail a ochr bryn yn crynhoi'i
ddefaid a'u cyfri,
Cyfri defaid twp o bechodau
pryfedig a braen.

'Roedd hi'n dawel yn yr Eglwys,
ac yn y tawelwch ddyrchryn,
Dyrchryn rhag yr allor a'r Groes
a'r dwyrain yn y gwydr,
A'r gangell mor ddieithr o bell a'r
nen uwch ei phen mor uchel,
A ni yn y pant yn penlinio fel
tyweirch tywyll a budr.

Daeth Bethlem i lawr o'r nef i
ganol gwasanaeth y Cymun,
Gyda'i hangylion a'l bugeiliaid a'i
hanifeiliaid anfodlon fud,
A Mair yn clymu'n dwt
anfeidroldeb Duw yn ei gewyn,
Ac yn siglo tragwyddoldeb i gysgu
yn ei grud.

Ni luchiodd ein tipyn cnawd fel
cerpyn ar domennydd Gehenna,
Na thaflu yno ein gwaed fel potel
o foddion gwyw,
Ond eu codi o afael tridiau
digyffelyb y pryfed
Yn gorff ysbrydol dryloyw
perffeithrwydd dyn a Duw.

'Roedd sŵn disgyn dŵr yn y
gangell fel ar sgwâr dinas yn yr
Eidal,
Gofer ar hyd gwely defod a
defosiwn o ffynhonnau'r nef
A phelydryn yn chwarae o
amgylch y groes gan bylu'r ddwy
gannwyll,
Pelydryn o goelceth Ei
ddynoliaeth ddwyfol Ef.

A thu allan troes dŵwch marwol
yr yw yn Llanbadarn
Yn wanwyn o wyrdd a hwnnw yn
orlawn o gân,
A'r môr yn carlamu i gofleidio
Rheidol ac Ystwyth
Â'i ewyn yn fflam a'i donnau i gyd
ar dân.



The Lord's Supper

*There was disease in the air and
things had an ill appearance,
All nature's colours were edged with
an inky stain,
A shepherd on a hillside gathered
his sheep and counted them,
Counted the sheep stupid with
wormeaten rotten sins.*

*It was quiet in the Church, and in
the quietness fright,
Horror of the altar and the Cross
and the east in the glass,
And the chancel so far unfamiliar
and the roof over its head so high,
And us down on the low ground
kneeling like dark and dirty clods.*

*Bethlehem came down from heaven
into the middle of the communion
service,
With its angels and shepherds and
its mute, discontented animals,
And Mary tidily folding up God's
immortality in her sinews,
And rocking eternity in his cradle to
sleep.*

*He did not fling our bit of flesh like
a rag on the rubbish-dumps of
Gehenna,
Or throw our blood there like a
bottle of worn-out medicine,
But raised them from the grip of the
worms' incomparable three days
A transparent spiritual body, the
perfection of man and God.*

*There was a sound of trickling water
in the chancel like in the square of
an Italian city,
A streamlet along the bed of ritual
and worship from the wells of
heaven,
And a sunbeam playing around the
cross obliterating the light of two
candles,
A spark from the bonfire of His
divine humanity.*

*And outside, the deadly darkness of
the yew tree in Llanbadarn
Became a green spring bursting all
over with song,
And the sea galloped in to embrace
Rheidol and Ystwyth,
And its foam was aflame and all
waves were on fire.*



*The Lord's Supper as imagined by
the twentieth century Welsh poet
Gwenallt as he worshipped in the
ancient church at Llanbadarn Fawr,
near Aberystwyth (exterior pictured
above, and above this the chancel.)*

T E Nicholas

Trans. Joseph P Clancy
To a Sparrow

Swansea Prison, 1940

Look, here's another bread-
crumb for your piping,
And a piece of apple as a
sweetener.
It gladdens me to hear your
steady pecking;
It's good to see your cloak of
grey once more.
You've travelled here, perhaps,
from Pembroke's reaches,
From the gorse and heather on Y
Frenni's height,
And maybe on grey wing you've
trilled your measures
Above fair Ceredigion at dawn's
first light.
Accept the bread: had I a drop of
wine
Pressed from a distant country's
sweet grape-cluster,

We could take, amid war's
turbulence,
Communion, though the cell
lacks cross and altar.
The bread's as holy as it needs to
be,
Offering of a heart not under
lock and key.



T E (Thomas Evan) Nicholas, was a Welsh language poet, preacher, radical, and champion of the disadvantaged, with the bardic name of "Niclas y Glais." He was a conscientious objector during the Second World War. Whilst he was held in Swansea Prison in 1940 he wrote a collection of prison sonnets, many written on toilet paper. This one relates a conversation amounting to a Communion with a sparrow who arrives at his cell window.

Dylan Thomas

This bread I break



This bread I break was once the
oat,
This wine upon a foreign tree
Plunged in its fruit;
Man in the day or wine at night
Laid the crops low, broke the
grape's joy.

Once in this time wine the
summer blood
Knocked in the flesh that decked
the vine,
Once in this bread
The oat was merry in the wind;
Man broke the sun, pulled the
wind down.

This flesh you break, this blood
you let
Make desolation in the vein,
Were oat and grape
Born of the sensual root and sap;
My wine you drink, my bread you
snap.

Benjamin Britten

Corpus Christi Carol

He bare him up, he bare him
down,
He bare him into an orchard
brown.
Lully, lully, lully, lully

The falcon hath born my make
away.
In that orchard there was an hall,
That was hanged with purple and
pall.
And in that hall there was a bed,
It was hanged with gold so red.
Lully, lully, lully, lully

The falcon hath born my make
away.
In that bed there lieth a knight,
His woundes bleeding day and
night.
By that bedside kneeleth a may,
And she weepeth both night and
day.

Lully, lully, lully, lully

The falcon hath born my make
away.
And by that bedside there
standeth a stone,
Corpus Christi written thereon.



The haunting and ethereal "Corpus Christi Carol" is a Middle or Early Modern English hymn (or carol), first found by in a manuscript written around 1504. One historian writes that "there can be no question whatever" that the carol's "strange cluster of images" are derived "directly from the cult of the Easter sepulchre, with its Crucifix, Host, and embroidered hangings, and the watchers kneeling around it day and night." One theory about its meaning is that it is concerned with the legend of the Holy Grail. In Arthurian traditions of the Grail story, the Fisher King is the knight who is the Grail's protector, and whose legs are perpetually wounded. When he is wounded his kingdom suffers and becomes a wasteland. This would explain the reference to "an orchard brown" in the carol which was revived by Benjamin Britten (pictured above) who wrote both solo and choral settings for it. It was very influential and singer-songwriter Jeff Buckley included his interpretation of Britten's work on

his debut 1994 album, *Grace*. Buckley said, "The 'Carol' is a fairy-tale about a falcon who takes the beloved of the singer to an orchard. The singer goes looking for her and arrives at a chamber where his beloved lies next to a bleeding knight and a tomb with Christ's body in it."

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pCETr4mO_fc

Reflections on Communion from John Donne, St. John Chrysostom, C S Lewis, G K Chesterton and J R Tolkien

G K Chesterton wrote:



"If I am to answer the question, 'How would Christ solve modern problems if He were on earth today', I must answer it plainly; and for those of my faith there is only one answer. Christ is on earth today; alive on a thousand altars; and He does solve people's problems exactly as He did when He was on earth in the more ordinary sense. That is, He solves the problems of the people who choose of their own free will to listen to Him."

J R R Tolkien once wrote to his son:



"Out of the darkness of my life, so much frustrated, I put before you the one great thing to love on earth: the Blessed Sacrament... There you will find romance, glory, honour, fidelity, and the true way of all your loves on earth..."

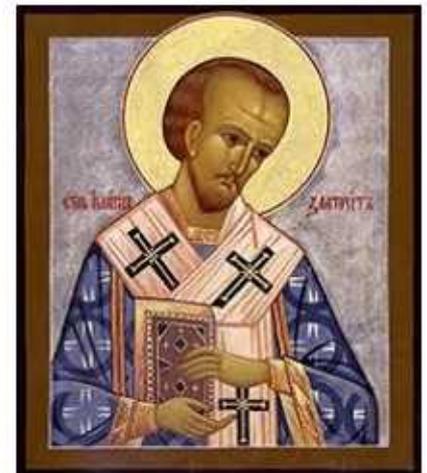
"The only cure for sagging or fainting faith is Communion. Though always Itself, perfect and complete and inviolate, the Blessed Sacrament does not operate completely and once for all in any of us. Like the act of Faith it must be continuous and grow by exercise."

C.S Lewis said:



"Next to the Blessed Sacrament itself, your neighbour is the holiest object present to your senses."

St John Chrysostom drove this point home in the early Church when he wrote:



"You come to attend church services dressed in the finest silks which your wardrobe contains; and it is right that you should honour Christ in this way. But on your way, do you pass naked beggars in the streets? It is no good coming to the Lord's table in fine silks, unless you also give clothes to the naked beggar – because the body of that beggar is also the body of Christ."

And this is John Donne's short poem "On the Sacrament":



He was the Word that spake it;
He took the bread and brake it;
And what that Word did make it
I do believe and take it.

Giorgio Vasari
Leonardo da Vinci and the Last Supper from "Lives of the Great Artists"



Leonardo painted in Milan for the friars of Santa Domenic, at Santa Maria delle Grazie, a Last Supper, a thing most beautiful and marvellous. He gave to the heads of the apostles great majesty and beauty, but left that of Christ imperfect, not thinking it possible to give that celestial divinity which is required for the representation of Christ.

The work has always been held by the Milanese in the greatest veneration, and by strangers also, because Leonardo imagined, and has succeeded in expressing, the desire that has entered the minds of the apostles to know who is betraying their Master. So in the face of each one may be seen love, fear, indignation, or grief at not being able to understand the meaning of Christ; and this excites no less astonishment than the obstinate hatred and treachery to be seen in Judas. Besides this, every lesser part of the work shows an incredible diligence; even in the tablecloth the weaver's work is imitated in a way that could not be better in the thing itself.

It is said that the prior of the place was very importunate in

urging Leonardo to finish the work, it seeming strange to him to see Leonardo standing half a day lost in thought; and he would have liked him never to have put down his pencil, as if it were a work like digging the garden. And this not being enough, he complained to the duke, and was so hot about it that he was constrained to send for Leonardo and urge him to the work.

Leonardo, knowing the duke to be acute and intelligent, was ready to discuss the matter with him, which he would not do with the prior. He reasoned about art, and showed him that men of genius may be working when they seem to be doing the least, working out inventions in their minds, and forming those perfect ideas which afterwards they express with their hands. He added that he still had two heads to do; that of Christ, which he would not seek for in the world, and which he could not hope that his imagination would be able to conceive of such beauty and celestial grace as was fit for the incarnate divinity.

Besides this, that of Judas was wanting, which he was considering, not thinking himself capable of imagining a form to express the face of him who after receiving so many benefits had a soul so evil that he was resolved to betray his Lord and the creator of the world; but this second he was looking for, and if he could find no better there was always the head of this importunate and foolish prior. This moved the duke marvellously to laughter, and he said he was a thousand times right. So the poor prior, quite

confused, left off urging him and left him alone, and Leonardo finished Judas's head, which is a true portrait of treachery and cruelty. But that of Christ, as we have said, he left imperfect.



Giorgio Vasari (1511–74) was an Italian painter, architect, writer, and historian, best known for his 'Lives of the Most Excellent Painters, Sculptors, and Architects', - containing this excerpt from the section devoted to Leonardo da Vinci - which is considered to be the ideological foundation of art-historical writing. He was also the first to use the term "Renaissance" in print. The painting above is Vasari's self-portrait, and the drawing above this is of Leonardo da Vinci by his pupil Francesco Melzi (c1491 -c. 1570) in the collection of the Queen Elizabeth II.

Dewch ffyddlon rai, nesechwch mewn hedd,

Mae yma wledd arbennig
O basgedigion wedi eu trin,
A gloyw win puredig.

Amgylchwch heddiw'r sanctgaidd fwrdd,
Cewch gwrdd â'ch Prynwr Iesu;
A llawnder o gysuron da
Sydd yma i'ch croesawu.

Fe selir
i chwi heddiw 'nghyd
Y golud anchwiliadwy;
Y dygir chwi ar fyr yn llon
I Seion i'w meddiannu.

Come, ye faithful ones, draw near in peace!

*There is here a special feast
Of treated fatlings,
And clear, purified wine.*

*Surround ye today the holy table,
Get to meet with your Redeemer
Jesus;
With fullness of good comforts
Who is here to welcome you!*

*To be established
here for you all together today is
The unsearchable wealth;
Ye are to be led shortly, cheerfully
To Zion to possess it.*

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5qqdTISEWw4&list=OLAK5uy_k_QTjflWHoQQt1QtpQ63cmxDdwte-r4pA&index=7&t=0s

Y Bwrdd / The Table **A Message by Parch Peter** **Dewi Richards**

Luc: Pennod 22.



When Leonardo da Vinci had completed his painting of *The Last Supper* he showed it to one of his friends. The reaction wasn't what Leonardo expected. "What is wrong with the painting" he asked? "It's that silver goblet you have placed in the centre of the

table" was the reply. It overshadows the humanity of Jesus. We all know that Leonardo painted out the silver goblet and replaced it with the wooden cup. A wooden cup on a wooden table and on that simple table Jesus and his disciples shared supper together.

The Church has given many different names to this meal. Some call it 'a sacramental meal' but as non-conformists we call it Supper - a simple simile for sharing of a meal together. But in many ways it wasn't simple, as it reminds us of the significance of Jesus's death on the cross.

What does it remind us of today? It helps us to look in three different directions.

i Y In ol i farwolaeth yr Iesu.

It reminds us of the death of our Lord.

Nid damain a hap oedd marwolaeth yr Iesu a gwyddom fod holl weindogaeth yr Iesu wedi ei chaneli at y croeshoeliad ar Galfaria.

Jesus's whole ministry was a preparation for sacrificial death on Calvary. And during these last few hours he tried to open the disciples' minds to what would happen very soon. Again they failed to grasp the significance of the supper and the events leading to it.

ii. It reminds us that He lives within us. Ei bersonoldeb ynom ni.
The Holy Spirit is the power that Jesus lives within us; enabling us to be witnesses of this living faith. Cofiwn y geiriau hynny. 'Yr wyf fi

gyda chi bob amser' ' I am with you always'

iii' Ymlaen at y Swper perffraith yn y Nef. Forward to the Heavenly Supper in Heaven.

The New Testament has many references about the celebrations in heaven. Mae Llyfr y Datguddiad fel un engrafft yn unig yn cyfeirio at swpera yn y nefoedd.

Felly y mae y tri gwahanol gyfeiriad sydd i'r swper yn tanlinelli y gwirioneddau hyn. Cofio Cysegru Cyhoeddi. These three directions remind us of these central truths Remembrance, Consecration and Proclamation.

Wrth i ni gymryd y bara a'r gwin byddwn yn cofio am yr Iesu. Ymgysegru ein hunain i fod yn well dilynwyr Iddo ac yn cyhoeddi gydag angerdd mai Ef yw'r gwaredwr.

As we each take the bread and Wine we will be Remembering Jesus, consecrating our lives anew to Him and proclaiming that He as 'Lord of All'

2. Sylwer mai Bwrdd sydd yma ac nid Byrddau.

Notice it mentions 'table and not tables'

Ni sydd yn gyfrifol am y byrddau. It is us who are responsible for creating 'tables' rather than underlining the importance of the 'table'

It is so encouraging that during the past few Sundays we have had so many members from different chapels attending our virtual services even members from churches across the globe. We shared communion together but it was the ONE table we

used to share the bread and wine.

As Churches we can have joint conferences or hold joint committees but find it difficult to have communion together.

Cefais fy magu mwn capel ble roedd 'caeth cymuno' yn ganolog i'w thystiolaeth. OND Bedyddwyr oedd cael y gwahoddiad i rannu gyda'r capel yn y Cymun. Bellach diolchwn fod y sefyllfa wedi newid yno yn Adulam Felinfoel a chapeli eraill.

My home church only invited other Baptists to partake of the communion and if not Baptists they were passed over. To me it was such a sad situation.

In PRINCIPLE the CHURCH is ONE. One in Faith One in Hope and One in Spirit.

The work of the Church is not to create Unity but to turn the principle of Unity into a reality.

3. Sylwer eto 'FY Mwrdd. 'MY table'

In other words it is 'Jesus's table not OURS

Yr Iesu sydd biau'r bwrdd nid ni. What this suggests is that we should always remember that we are the invited and the inviting and if we forget this truth we lose sight of the Uniqueness of Christ, Arbenigedd yr Iesu. Ef sydd a'r hawl I wahodd ac nid.

When we accept that it is Jesus who invites us to come around the Table we are reminded that Jesus does not refuse any person who loves him.

4. Ffrindiau'r Iesu sydd yno o gwmpas y bwrdd. It is Jesus's friends who sat around the table in the Upper Room.

These friends/disciples were so different to one another. They, like us, were different by nature and their level of commitment and Jesus brings them closer together around this ONE TABLE. So different as we are today but through his Spirit we are coming together with our different strengths and weaknesses and becoming One in Him. We might have different views on what kind of Church we want to worship; what kind of theology is acceptable to us; what kind of churchmanship we feel comfortable with yet we come before this table as one in Christ. Why? Because we are his friends.

5. There are so many different elements to this table.

Llawer o nodweddion wahanol i'r Bwrdd hwn

i. Y mae yn blaen. It is plain and not in any way ornate because only the essentials were placed on the table. Yr hanfodion yn unig

Beth oedd yr hanfodion hyn?
What were these essentials?

Bread/ Bara

Dyma oedd bwyd bob dydd y werin bobl. The every day food of the people. I know that Jesus has said that you cannot live on bread alone' but He also said that 'He is the Bread of life'. The bread that sustains us on life's journeys. He is the Bread of our lives giving to us according to our needs. No more and no less.

ii. It is a welcoming table. Mae yn fwrdd croesawgar.

It is welcoming because He who invites us does so in his love for us; Cariad Crist sydd yn cymell. Jesus was always inviting people to follow Him. when calling the disciples he said 'Come'

Deuwch ar fy ol i ac fe'ch gwnafl yn bysgotwyr dynion'

Nid yn addo llwybr diogel di-rwystr ond llwybr a chroes yn y canol. He also gave this invitation when he spoke to the people: 'Come to all those who labour-pawb sydd yn flinderog ac yn llwythog ac mi a eswythaf arnoch. Mae yn rhoi croeso i bawb. His welcome is not narrow or just for the privileged but to 'everyone who loves the Lord.'

Pawb sydd yn dymuno derbyn y gwahoddiad. There is no 'top table' with Jesus.

Y cwestiwn yr wyf am ofyn i chi bore ma Paham dod. Why accept Christ's invitation. Mae'r yr emynydd son son ' 'Dod fel yr wyf'

Eto Dyfod Arglwydd rwyf Dyfod atat Ti '

I ni yn dod at yr Iesu am ein bod yn ymdeimlo a'h hangen amdano.

We accept that we need Him. Just like the hymn 'I need you every hour' which we will sing now.

Mae d'eisiau di bob awr,
Fy Arglwydd Dduw,
Daw heddi o'th dyner lais
O nefol ryw.

Mae d'eisiau,
O mae d'eisiau,
Bob awr mae arnaf d'eisiau,
Bendithia fi, fy Ngheidwad,
Bendithia nawr.

Mae d'eisiau di bob awr,
Trig gyda mi,
Cyll temtasiynau'u grym
Yn d'ymyl di.

Mae d'eisiau di bob awr,
Rho d'olau clir,

Rho imi nerth, a blas
Dy eiriau gwir.

Mae d'eisiau di bob awr,
Sancteidiaf Ri,
Yn lesu gwna fi'n wir
Yn eiddot ti.

*I need Thee every hour,
most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like Thine
can peace afford.*

*I need Thee,
O I need Thee;
Every hour I need Thee;
O bless me now, my Saviour,
I come to Thee.*

*I need Thee every hour,
stay Thou nearby;
Temptations lose their power
when Thou art nigh.*

*I need Thee every hour;
teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
in me fulfill.*

*I need Thee every hour,
most Holy One;
O make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son.*

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tzIAa2YcnOM>

I need you every hour. Believing that He is the only One who can sustain us in our need. The Christ who has promised to be with us and He always Keeps his promises.

Pwy bynnag i chi a beth bynnag yw eich sefyllfa mae eddwyllo agored yno i'ch croesadw a'ch cofleudio gyda'r cariad hwnnw nad oes diwedd iddo.

Come to the table. Enjoy the fellowship and partake of the bread and wine 'Jesus, we come. Amen

And now we say together in our Heart language the Lord's Prayer. The Lord's prayer whether that be Welsh or English:

Ein Tad, yr hwn wyt yn y nefoedd,
sancteidier dy enw.
Deled dy deyrnas.
Gwneler dy ewyllys,
megis yn y nef, felly ar y ddaear hefyd.

Dyro i ni heddiw ein bara beunyddiol.
A maddau i ni ein dyledion,
fel y maddeuwn ninnau i'n dyledwyr.
Ac nac arwain ni i brofedigaeth,
eithr gwared ni rhag drwg.
Canys eiddot ti yw'r deyrnas, a'r nerth, a'r gogoniant yn oes oesoedd.
Amen

Os gwelir fi, bechadur,
Ryw ddydd ar ben fy nhaith,
Rhyfeddol fydd y canu
a newydd fydd yr iaith,
Yn seinio buddugoliaeth
Am iachawdwriaeth lawn
heb ofni colli'r frwydyr
Na bore na phrynhawn.

Fe genir ac fe genir
Yn nhragwyddoldeb maith
Os gwelir un pererir
Mor llesg ar ben ei daith,
A gurwyd mewn tymhestloedd,
A olchwyd yn y gwaed,
A gannwyd ac a gadwyd
drwy'r iachawdwriaeth rad.

Os dof fi drwy'r anialwch
Rhyfeddaf fyth dy ras,
A'm henaid i lonyddwch
'R ôl ganwaith golli'r maes;

y maglau wedi eu torri,
A'm traed yn gwbwl rydd:
Os gwelir fi fel hynny,
Tragwyddol foli a fydd.

*If I am seen, a sinner,
Some day at the end of my journey,
Marvellous will be the singing
And new will be the language
Resounding "Victory"
For full salvation
Without fear of losing the battle
In neither morning nor afternoon.*

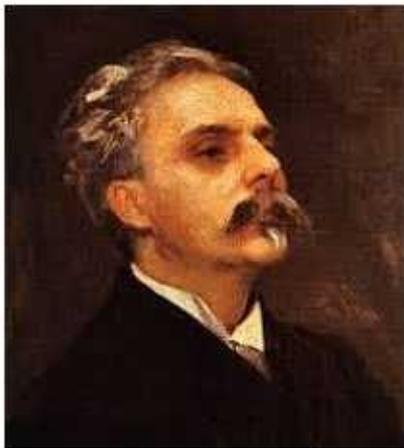
*It will be sung and it will be sung
Throughout eternity
If one pilgrim is seen
So weary at the end of his journey,
Beaten in tempests,
Washed in the blood
Born and kept
Through the salvation free of cost.*

*If I come through the desert
I will marvel forever at thy grace,
And my soul to stillness
After a hundred times losing the field;
The snares having been cut,
And my feet completely free:
If I am seen thus,
Eternal praise will be.*

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=L3C03Lpgvk>

Closing music:
Gabriel Faure
Requiem – 'In paradisum'

In paradisum deducant te Angeli;
in tuo adventu suscipiant te
martyres, et perducant te in
civitatem sanctam Jerusalem.
Chorus angelorum te suscipiat, et
cum Lazaro quondam paupere
aeternam habeas requiem.



Giorgio Vasari
Leonardo da Vinci and the Last Supper from "Lives of the Great Artists" Dewi Griffiths

The Table – A Message and Communion followed by Lord's Prayer and Blessing
Parch Peter Dewi Richards

Producer Mike Williams

Pictures (from top):

Leonardo da Vinci *The Last Supper*
Joseph David Jones
George Herbert
Derek Walcott
Cesar Franck
St Thomas Aquinas
D Gwenallt Jones (Gwenallt)
The Chancel of the Parish Church,
Llanbadarn Fawr, near Aberystwyth,
Ceredigion
Exterior of the Parish Church,
Llanbadarn Fawr, near Aberystwyth,
Ceredigion
T E Nicholas
Dylan Thomas
Benjamin Britten
G K Chesterton
J R R Tolkien
C S Lewis
St John Christostom
John Donne
Leonardo da Vinci by Francisco Melzi ©
Royal Collection
Giorgio Vasari *Self-portrait*
Leonardo da Vinci *The Last Supper*, the
painting *in situ* in the Refectory Santa
Maria delle Grazie, Milan
Gabriel Faure

May the angels lead you into paradise; may the martyrs receive you at your arrival and lead you to the holy city Jerusalem. May choirs of angels receive you and with Lazarus, once (a) poor (man), may you have eternal rest.

Readers:

Talk on the hymn *Capel y Ddolgwalchmai* John Jones

Salm 65 Megan Evans

George Herbert *Love III*
Glyn Pritchard

Derek Walcott
Love after Love Taz Ebenezer

Gwenallt
Swper yr Arglwydd
Catrin Treharne

T E Nicholas
Trans. Joseph P Clancy
To a Sparrow James Prideaux

Dylan Thomas
This bread I break
Mark Salmon

Reflections on Communion
from John Donne, St. John
Crysostom, C S Lewis, G K
Chesterton and J R Tolkien
Joshua Games

Prayers Neil Evans