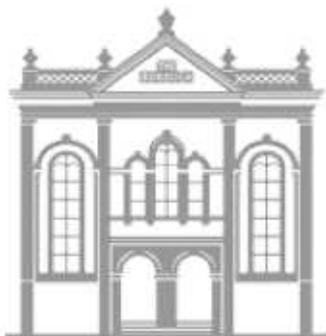


Capel y Boro Service
Sun 11 Oct 2020 at 11am

The cloths of heaven:
**"I being poor have only
my dreams"**

**Words, hymns & music for
Challenge Poverty Week**



Opening music

Intrada and welcome

O God, our help in ages past,
(Isaac Watts)

William Blake
Holy Thursday
(*'Is this a holy thing to see?'*)
from 'Songs of Experience'

Anna Lætitia Barbauld
To the Poor

Thomas Traherne
Poverty

Dilys Elwyn-Edwards
The cloths of heaven
(W B Yeats)
Sir Bryn Terfel (bass-baritone)
Malcolm Martineau (piano)

W H Davies
Leisure

Dewi Emrys
Y gorwel

Dewi Emrys
Pwllderi

Translated Elin ap Hywel (excerpt)

O tyred i'n gwaredu, Iesu da,
(John Roberts, Bro Aber)

**A talk by John Jones on
Gwilym R Tilsley ('Tilsli')**

**Short news film on the 1952
National Eisteddfod**

Gwilym R Tilsley ('Tilsli')
From *Awdl foliant I'r glöwr*

Dyma'r dydd i gyd-foliannu
(Gwilym R Tilsley, *Calfari*)

Exodus 32: 1-14

Philipiad 4:1-9

And can it be that I should gain
(Charles Wesley)

Prayers and Message

**Gweddi arglwydd/Lord's
Prayer (sung)**

Calon lân yn llawn daioni
(Gwyrosydd)

Blessing

Closing Music:
John Lennon
Imagine (UNICEF version)
Sonu Nigam, Katy Perry, Priyanka
Chopra, will.i.am



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.*

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy
blast,
And our eternal home:

Beneath the shadow of thy
throne,
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the
night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guide while troubles
last,
And our eternal home!

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

William Blake

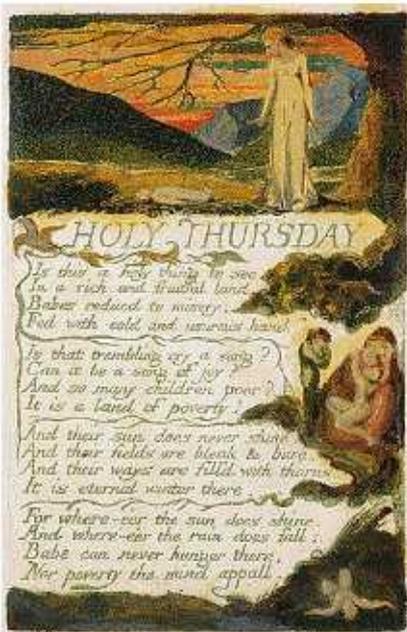
Holy Thursday (Is this a holy thing to see?)

Is this a holy thing to see,
In a rich and fruitful land,
Babes reduced to misery,
Fed with cold and usurous hand?

Is that trembling cry a song?
Can it be a song of joy?
And so many children poor?
It is a land of poverty!

And their sun does never shine,
And their fields are bleak & bare,
And their ways are fill'd with
thorns.
It is eternal winter there.

For where-e'er the sun does
shine,
And where-e'er the rain does fall:
Babe can never hunger there,
Nor poverty the mind appall.



William Blake's original *Holy Thursday* from "Songs of Experience"

On Ascension Day a service was held in St. Paul's Cathedral for the poor children of London's charity schools. In 1794 William Blake published this poem 'Holy Thursday' as part of his 'Songs of Experience' in which he contrasted the beauty of

the singing in the Cathedral with the sheer abject poverty of the children.

Anna Lætitia Barbauld

To the Poor

Child of distress, who meet'st
the bitter scorn
Of fellow-men to happier
prospects born,
Doomed Art and Nature's
various stores to see
Flow in full cups of joy—and not
for thee;

Who seest the rich, to heaven
and fate resigned,
Bear thy afflictions with a patient
mind;
Whose bursting heart disdains
unjust control,
Who feel'st oppression's iron in
thy soul,
Who dragg'st the load of faint
and feeble years,

Whose bread is anguish, and
whose water tears;
Bear, bear thy wrongs—fulfill thy
destined hour,
Bend thy meek neck beneath the
foot of Power;
But when thou feel'st the great
deliverer nigh,

And thy freed spirit mounting
seeks the sky,
Let no vain fears thy parting hour
molest,
No whispered terrors shake thy
quiet breast:

Think not their threats can work
thy future woe,
Nor deem the Lord above like
lords below;—
Safe in the bosom of that love
repose
By whom the sun gives light, the
ocean flows;
Prepare to meet a Father
undismayed,
Nor fear the God whom priests
and kings have made.



Anna Laetitia Barbauld, cameo

Anna Laetitia Barbauld who lived from 1743 to 1825 was a prominent English poet, essayist, literary critic, editor, and author of children's literature. Anticipating the focus on poverty and the lives of the poor found in later poetry by the Romantics, this poem by Barbauld parrots some of the lines the well-off often tell the poor to keep them poor and happy: it's part of God's grand plan, and he has decreed that they should remain in poverty. But Barbauld urges the poor to take comfort in the fact that they will be the rich ones in Heaven.

Thomas Traherne

Poverty

As in the house I sate,
Alone and desolate,
No creature but the fire and I,
The chimney and the stool, I lift
mine eye
Up to the wall,
And in the silent hall,
Saw nothing mine
But some few cups and dishes
shine,
The table and the wooden stools
Where people used to dine;
A painted cloth there was,
Wherein some ancient story
wrought

A little entertained my thought,
Which light discovered through
the glass.

I wondered much to see
That all my wealth should be
Confined in such a little room,
Yet hope for more I scarcely
durst presume.
It grieved me sore
That such a scanty store
Should be my all;
For I forgot my ease and health,
Nor did I think of hands or eyes,
Nor soul nor body prize;
I neither thought the sun,
Nor moon, nor stars, nor people
mine,
Though they did round about me
shine;
And therefore was I quite
undone.

Some greater things, I thought,
Must needs for me be wrought,
Which till my craving mind could
see
I ever should lament my poverty;
I fain would have
Whatever bounty gave,
Nor could there be
Without or love or deity;
For should not he be infinite
Whose hand created me?
Ten thousand absent things
Did vex my poor and wanting
mind,
Which, till I be no longer blind,
Let me not see the King of kings.

His love must surely be
Rich, infinite, and free;
Nor can he be thought a God
Of grace and power, that fills not
his abode,
His holy court,
In kind and liberal sort;
Joys and pleasures,
Plenty of jewels, goods, and
treasures,
To enrich the poor, cheer the
forlorn,

His palace must adorn,
And given all to me;
For till his works my wealth
became,
No love or peace did me inflame:
But now I have a Deity.



Thomas Traherne in the Traherne windows
at Hereford Cathedral

Thomas Traherne sits and wonders there 'That all my Wealth should be / Confin'd in such a little Room', telling us that 'It griev'd me sore / That such a scanty Store / Should be my All.' Yet when he starts to think about the bigger, spiritual picture, Traherne modifies his view. Although he died in 1674 when Charles II was on the English throne, it was not until the reign of Edward VII – over two centuries later – that the work of the Herefordshire poet Thomas Traherne began to be published and admired. In the twentieth century his poems were favoured by lots of composers who set them to music. The earliest setting from 1911 of 'Invocation' was composed for baritone and piano by a descendant of the poet named Bryceson Traherne who was organist at Capel y Boro before enjoying a flourishing musical career in the States.

Dilys Elwyn-Edwards
The cloths of heaven
(W B Yeats)



W B Yeats

Had I the heavens' embroidered
cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver
light,
The blue and the dim and the
dark cloths
Of night and light and the half-
light,
I would spread the cloths under
your feet:
But I, being poor, have only my
dreams;
I have spread my dreams under
your feet;
Tread softly because you tread
on my dreams.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=x9eeCLJuwvw>

The English Civil War Cavalier poet, Robert Herrick urges us in his poem on poverty to be happy with a little rather than wanting more and more in the vain hope that acquisition will bring happiness. His two-line poem is: "Who with a little cannot be content, Endures an everlasting punishment." The gist of W B Yeats poem, one of his most popular, is straightforward: if I were a rich man, I'd give you the world and all its treasures. If I were a god, I could take the heavenly sky and make a blanket out of it for you. But I'm

only a poor man, and obviously the idea of making the sky into a blanket is silly and out of the question, so all I have of any worth are my dreams. And dreams are delicate and vulnerable – hence 'Tread softly'. This is Dilys Elwyn Edwards's 1950s setting of the poem which she dedicated to her husband Elwyn Edwards, a Methodist minister and theological scholar. Bryn Terfel has brought the song back into the repertoire, having sung it for his Kathleen Ferrier Prize winning recital.



Dilys Elwyn-Edwards

W H Davies *Leisure*

What is this life if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.

No time to stand beneath the boughs
And stare as long as sheep or cows.

No time to see, when woods we pass,
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass.

No time to see, in broad daylight,
Streams full of stars, like skies at night.

No time to turn at Beauty's glance,
And watch her feet, how they can dance.

No time to wait till her mouth can
Enrich that smile her eyes began.

A poor life this is if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.



W H Davies by Harold Knight

William Henry Davies (1871-1940) was a Welsh poet and writer born in Newport, Monmouthshire. He spent a significant part of his life as a tramp or hobo, in the United Kingdom and United States, but became one of the most popular poets of his time. The principal themes in his work are observations about life's hardships, the ways in which the human condition is reflected in nature, his own tramping adventures and the various characters he met. 'Leisure' is probably his best known poem.

Dewi Emrys *Y gorwel*

Wele rith fel ymyl rhod-o'n cwmpas,
Campwaith dewin hynod;
Hen linell bell nad yw'n bod,
Hen derfyn nad yw'n darfod.

The Horizon

Behold an image like the edge of an orb-around us,

*A masterpiece by a remarkable wizard;
An old far line that doesn't exist,
An old extremity that doesn't end.*

Translated by Marian Evans

Dewi Emrys *Pwlllderri*

Translated Elin ap Hywel (excerpt)



Dewi Emrys memorial, Pwlllderri, Pembrokeshire

And lord above, what a commotion!
Like howling dogs or hell in motion
Crying and whistling, a thousand ravings
Reverberating through all those caverns;
I'll never forget that night of dread-
The sailor on the rock, half-dead
Calling, calling: not a soul nearby
And only seagulls to hear his cry,
While those hawks, like devils in disguise,
Waited for light to leave his eyes.
Its things like these that come to mind
Above Pwlllderri, in summertime.

There's only one house around these parts
An old barn of a place, but what a heart!
Tucked into Garn Fawr, Dolgar by name,
A fine spot for a welcome and a cup well-famed,
Or a bowlful of cawl, you can't beat that,
Full of leaks and potatoes and starred with fat,

The pot on tis tripod boiling full
force,
Fuelled by faggots of blazing gorse,
A ladle brim-full, and twice, and
thrice,
Finer by far than any lobscouse,
And a wooden spoon to scrape
our bowl
And a hunk of cheese from a huge
great wheel.

You can park yourself on an oaken
settle
And listen to the shepherd's tale,
He won't talk much of the knock
he got
Rescuing a lamb from a perilous
spot;
Far less admit it took rope and
chain
To pull him safe to the top again;
But with a catch in his voice, he
might touch on
What sent him down through
rocks and thorns:
Not the animal's price in market
sum
But its cry as it bleated for
someone to come;
And he'll talk a while of another
Man
Who gave his life to save his lambs;
And those are the things that
come to mind
Above Pwllderi in the
summertime.



Dewi Emrys

Dewi Emrys was the pen-name of the west Wales poet David Emrys James (1881-1952.) Born in New Quay, Cardiganshire his family moved to Fishguard, where Dewi Emrys went to the local county school. He became apprenticed to a local newspaper, the County Echo, and was able to continue his training at The Carmarthen Journal when his family

moved there in 1896; he soon became editor of its Welsh-language content. In 1903, he moved on to study at the Presbyterian College in Carmarthen, and duly followed his father into the ministry.

For a time he was minister at the Welsh Free Church, Liverpool, then moved to take over churches in Dowlais, Buckley, and Pontypridd. In July 1908 he married Cissie Jenkins, and they subsequently had two sons. In 1915 he became minister of Finsbury Park church in London, but in 1917, during the First World War, he enlisted in the armed forces. He won the crown at the National Eisteddfod of Wales in 1926. In 1929 he won the chair at the National, the first of an unequalled four wins, and he continued to win chairs in local eisteddfodau. Having abandoned the ministry, he lived a peripatetic life; one of his bardic chairs was left at the Eagle pub in Llanfihangel-ar-Arth, where he is said to have left it as payment for his bill. In 1936, he returned to journalism, writing for 'Y Cymro.'

In later life, he was associated with two female Welsh-language poets, Dilys Cadwaladr and Eluned Phillips; the latter wrote his biography. In 1930, Dilys had a daughter, Dwynwen ("Nina"), by Dewi. In the early 1940s he went to live with his daughter, in Talgarreg, Cardiganshire, joined the local Congregational church and began preaching again, although he did not return to the ministry. A memorial to him can be seen near Pwllderi in Pembrokeshire, a village that was the inspiration for one of his best-known poems.

O tyred i'n gwaredu, Iesu da,
fel cynt y daethost ar dy newydd
wedd,
a'r drysau 'nghau, at rai dan ofnus
bla,

a'u cadarnhau â nerthol air dy
hedd:
llefara dy dangnefedd yma nawr
a dangos inni greithiau d'aberth
mawr.

Yn d'aberth di mae'n gobaith ni o
hyd,
ni ddaw o'r ddaear ond
llonyddwch brau;
o hen gaethiwed barn rhyfeloedd
byd
hiraethwn am y cymod sy'n
rhyddhau:
tydi, Gyfryngwr byw rhwng Duw
a dyn,
rho yn ein calon ras i fyw'n gytûn.

Cyd-fyw'n gytûn fel brodyr
fyddo'n rhan,
a'th gariad yn ein cynnal drwy ein
hoes;
na foed i'r arfog cry' orthrymu'r
gwan,
ac na bo grym i ni ond grym y
groes:
rhag gwae y dilyw tân, O
trugarha
a thyred i'n gwaredu, Iesu da.

*O come to deliver us, good Jesus,
as before you came in your new
look,
with the doors shut, to the fearful of
plague,
and confirm them with the mighty
word of your peace:
speak your peace here now
and show us scars of great sacrifice.*

*In your sacrifice our hope is still,
it will not come from the earth but
pure stillness;
from the old bondage of world war
views
we long for the liberating
reconciliation:
you, living Mediator between God
and man,
give in our heart grace to live in
harmony.*

*To live together in harmony as your
brothers, and your love sustaining us
throughout our lives;
let not the armed cry to oppress the
weak,
and let us have nothing but the
power of the cross:
lest the flood of fire come, O have
mercy
and come deliver us, good Jesus.*

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

A talk by John Jones on Gwilym R Tilsley ('Tilsli')

The author of the next hymn was born and brought up a stone's throw from my grandparents' farm near the Clywedog Dam in Montgomeryshire.

Gwilym Tilsli, was a poet and preacher who served as Archdruid of Wales twice between 1969 and 1972. He is best known for his chair winning odes to the coal miner and slate quarrymen, which may have been influenced by the fact that he moved around from North to South, during his career.

He was born in Ty Llwyd, a small holding near Llanidloes. When my parents were first married, they lived in the nearest house to Ty Llwyd, Ael y Bryn, where my sister was born. His brother, Dewi, used to attend our chapel too, which was Calvinistic Methodist, despite the fact that he was a Wesleyan by upbringing. He always made us laugh as his loud tenor voice always ended the hymns a few seconds after everybody else!

Tilsli's literary talent was nurtured from an early age by a local

shopkeeper, David Jones, known by his bardic name *Alaw Tuen*. After studying at University College, Aberystwyth, Tilsli attended Welsey House in Cambridge before entering the ministry, living an itinerant life, between Aberdare, Colwyn Bay, Rhyl and Wrexham before retiring to Prestatyn.

My sister recently came across a first birthday card to me from one Glenys Tilsli, who we assumed was Gwilym Tilsli's wife. But then, I remembered. He had a sister who also used to come to our chapel, wearing a large hat I seem to recall, before she married a Wesleyan minister and moved away.

I met Tilsli once, at a literary weekend in Gregynog. I did find him a rather remote figure, I must say, but he undoubtedly made a great contribution to the literary life of Wales and was a prolific hymn writer.

Before we sing the hymn, here is a fascinating bit of archive. It doesn't feature Tilsli, sadly, but interesting nevertheless, as you will see.

Short news film on the 1952 National Eisteddfod:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6dnXANZM6kk>

We'll sing *Dyma'r dydd I gyd foliannu*, first published in 1985, on the tune *Calfari*. But before that, Sioned Bowen reads a couple of verses of his *Ode of praise to the coal miner*:

Gwilym R Tilsley ('Tilsli')
From Awdl foliant I'r glöwr

Rhoir ei lun ar furiau'r wlad
Yn ŵr dewr, clir ei doriad,
Gŵr mentrus, heintus ei wên,
A galluog a llawen.

Ni roir ei gur ar furiau,
Na'i boen ar bosteri'r bau;
Dianaf ydyw yno,
Ystwyth dan ei lwyth o lo.

*From "Ode in praise of the
Coalminer"*

*His picture is placed on the walls of
the country
A brave, clear cut man,
An enterprising, infectious man with
a smile,
And capable and joyful.*

*It is not beaten on walls,
No pain in the posters;
It's unharmed there,
Agile under his load of coal.*



Josef Herman *Coalminer*

Dyma'r dydd i gyd-foliannu

lesu, Prynwr mawr y byd,
dyma'r dydd i gyd-ddynesu
mewn rhyfeddod at ei grud;
wele'r Ceidwad
yma heddiw'n faban bach.

Daeth angylion gynt i Fethlem
i groesawu Brenin nef,
daeth y doethion a'r bugeiliaid
yno at ei breseb ef;
deuwn ninnau
heddiw'n wylaidd at ei grud.

Deued dwyrain a gorllewin
i glodfori'r Mab a gaed,
dyged gogledd a deheudir

eu trysorau at ei draed;
mawl i'r lesu
fo'n atseinio drwy'r holl fyd.

*This is the day of praising
Jesus, the great Buyer of the world,
this is the day to draw
near in wonder to his cradle;
behold the Keeper
here today is a baby.*

*Former angels came to Bethlehem
to welcome the King of heaven,
the wise men and the shepherds
came
there to preach;
we come
today humbly to his cradle.*

*Come east and west
to praise the Son that was received,
bring north and bring
their treasures to his feet;
praise to Jesus that
resonates throughout the world.*

Exodus 32: 1-14 **The Golden Calf**



Nicolas Poussin *The Adoration of the Golden Calf*, c1634

When the people saw that Moses delayed to come down from the mountain, the people gathered around Aaron and said to him, 'Come, make gods for us, who shall go before us; as for this Moses, the man who brought us up out of the land of Egypt, we do not know what has become of him.' Aaron said to them, 'Take off the gold rings that are on the ears of your wives, your sons,

and your daughters, and bring them to me.' So all the people took off the gold rings from their ears, and brought them to Aaron. He took the gold from them, formed it in a mould, and cast an image of a calf; and they said, 'These are your gods, O Israel, who brought you up out of the land of Egypt!' When Aaron saw this, he built an altar before it; and Aaron made proclamation and said, 'Tomorrow shall be a festival to the Lord.' They rose early the next day, and offered burnt-offerings and brought sacrifices of well-being; and the people sat down to eat and drink, and rose up to revel.

The Lord said to Moses, 'Go down at once! Your people, whom you brought up out of the land of Egypt, have acted perversely; they have been quick to turn aside from the way that I commanded them; they have cast for themselves an image of a calf, and have worshipped it and sacrificed to it, and said, "These are your gods, O Israel, who brought you up out of the land of Egypt!"' The Lord said to Moses, 'I have seen this people, how stiff-necked they are. Now let me alone, so that my wrath may burn hot against them and I may consume them; and of you I will make a great nation.'

But Moses implored the Lord his God, and said, 'O Lord, why does your wrath burn hot against your people, whom you brought out of the land of Egypt with great power and with a mighty hand? Why should the Egyptians say, "It was with evil intent that he brought them out to kill them in the mountains, and to consume them from the face of the earth"? Turn from your fierce wrath;

change your mind and do not bring disaster on your people. Remember Abraham, Isaac, and Israel, your servants, how you swore to them by your own self, saying to them, "I will multiply your descendants like the stars of heaven, and all this land that I have promised I will give to your descendants, and they shall inherit it for ever.'" And the Lord changed his mind about the disaster that he planned to bring on his people.

Philippian 4:1-9



Rembrandt, *Paul in Prison*, 1627. Staatsgalerie Stuttgart, Germany.

Frodyr a chwirydd annwyl, dw i'n eich caru chi gymaint ac yn hiraethu amdanoch chi. Dych chi'n fy ngwneud i mor hapus, a dw i mor falch ohonoch chi. Felly daliwch ati – arhoswch yn ffyddlon i'r Arglwydd. Anogaethau

Dw i'n apelio ar Euodia a Syntyche i ddod ymlaen â'i gilydd am eu bod yn perthyn i'r Arglwydd. A dw i'n gofyn i ti, fy mhartner ffyddlon i, eu helpu nhw. Mae'r ddwy yn wragedd sydd wedi brwydro gyda mi o blaid y newyddion da, gyda Clement a phob un arall o'm cydweithwyr. Mae eu henwau i gyd yn Llyfr y Bywyd.

Byddwch yn llawen bob amser am eich bod yn perthyn i'r Arglwydd. Dw i'n dweud eto:

Byddwch yn llawen! Gadewch i bawb weld eich bod yn bobl garedig. Mae'r Arglwydd yn dod yn fuan. Peidiwch gadael i ddim byd eich poeni chi. Gweddïwch, a gofyn i Dduw am bopeth sydd arnoch ei angen, a byddwch yn ddiolchgar bob amser. Byddwch chi'n profi'r heddwch perffaith mae Duw'n ei roi – y daioni sydd tu hwnt i bob dychymyg – yn gwarchod eich calonau a'ch meddyliau wrth i chi ddilyn y Meseia Iesu.

Ac un peth arall i gloi, ffrindiau: meddylwch bob amser am beth sy'n wir ac i'w edmygu – am beth sy'n iawn i'w wneud, yn bur, yn garedig ac yn anrhydeddus – hynny ydy, popeth da ac unrhyw beth sy'n haeddu ei ganmol. Gwnewch y pethau hynny dych chi wedi'u dysgu a'u gweld a'u clywed gen i. A bydd y Duw sy'n rhoi ei heddwch gyda chi.

Therefore, my brothers and sisters, whom I love and long for, my joy and crown, stand firm in the Lord in this way, my beloved.

Exhortations

I urge Euodia and I urge Syntyche to be of the same mind in the Lord.

Yes, and I ask you also, my loyal companion, help these women, for they have struggled beside me in the work of the gospel, together with Clement and the rest of my co-workers, whose names are in the book of life.

Rejoice in the Lord always; again I will say, Rejoice. Let your gentleness be known to everyone.

The Lord is near. Do not worry about anything, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known to God. And the peace of God, which surpasses all understanding, will guard your

hearts and your minds in Christ Jesus.

Finally, beloved, whatever is true, whatever is honourable, whatever is just, whatever is pure, whatever is pleasing, whatever is commendable, if there is any excellence and if there is anything worthy of praise, think about these things. Keep on doing the things that you have learned and received and heard and seen in me, and the God of peace will be with you.

And can it be that I should gain

An interest in the Saviour's blood?

Died He for me, who caused His pain—

For me, who Him to death pursued?

Amazing love! How can it be,
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

'Tis mystery all: th'Immortal dies:
Who can explore His strange design?

In vain the firstborn seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine.

'Tis mercy all! Let earth adore,
Let angel minds inquire no more.

He left His Father's throne above
So free, so infinite His grace—
Emptied Himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race:

'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For O my God, it found out me!

Long my imprisoned spirit lay,
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;

Thine eye diffused a quickening ray—

I woke, the dungeon flamed with light;

My chains fell off, my heart was free,

I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.

Still the small inward voice I hear,
That whispers all my sins forgiven;

Still the atoning blood is near,
That quenched the wrath of hostile Heaven.

I feel the life His wounds impart;
I feel the Saviour in my heart.

No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, and all in Him, is mine;

Alive in Him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,

Bold I approach th'eternal throne,

And claim the crown, through Christ my own.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sQelGbKqiw8>

Prayers and Message

In a moment we shall have some prayers for the poor and hungry. But first some words about the World Food Programme – announced as this year's Nobel Peace Prize recipient this week – and we have a short film about their work and it shows the importance of the idea of the supply chain. Often we don't really know what these agencies do and we are asked to donate or help but we feel powerless or helpless or we don't have an effect, what can we do in getting our support over to the people who need it most. This film shows how massive humanitarian relief efforts are also a joint venture and everyone can play their part and do play their part as part of a supply chain.



Distributing food for World Food Programme

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yXysGdul9-U>

So whether it be through action or prayer we can help reduce poverty.

Hunger is a problem that has plagued humanity for millennia, and it continues to haunt us. It is the world's leading health risk, with 1 in 3 people worldwide suffering some form of malnutrition, according to the World Food Programme. Every six seconds, a child under 5 dies of hunger-related causes, and 1 in 8 people in the developing world go to bed hungry each night. Join us in prayer for the hungry around the world and others who are working to feed them.

Just because hunger has persisted doesn't mean it has escaped God's notice: "God always keeps his word. He gives justice to the poor and food to the hungry," (Psalm 146:6-7). His expectations of His people haven't changed, either. When God gave Moses the law for His people, one was to let some crops stay in the fields so the poor could glean them for their families (Leviticus 19:9-10).

Every year we recognize the struggle against hunger with World Food Day on Oct. 16. In honour of the founding date of the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations, people around the

world affirm their commitment to eradicating hunger.

For I was hungry and you gave me something to eat.
—Matthew 25:35

What's different now from perhaps any other time in history is that the problem of hunger can be solved. The world can produce enough to feed everyone on earth, according to the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization. Yet people remain hungry because they don't have access to the food that exists.

Almighty God, it is difficult to see children suffer, especially from hunger. We pray for You to give the hungry daily bread today (Matthew 6:11) and end their persistent hunger. Provide the food they need to grow and thrive. Pour out Your grace on hungry families, especially parents straining to feed their children despite dwindling resources.

"For he ... fills the hungry with good things." —Psalm 107:9
Pray for the millions of people struggling from famine and food shortages.

In Ethiopia, Kenya, South Sudan, and Somalia alone, tens of thousands of children could starve to death as famine, starvation, and food and water shortages affect 22 million people. Humanitarian assistance is being scaled up here to meet the health, nutrition, child protection, livelihoods, shelter, education, and water and sanitation needs of the most vulnerable. Ask God to begin healing these battered areas of the world. And if you have seen

Orla Guerin on BBC or Alex Crawford on recent Sky reports from Yemen you will know about the terrible problems there.

We pray for cooperation and support for life-saving assistance to people struggling from food insecurity and hunger around the world. Send life-giving rains at just the right time, create good conditions for families to grow food for their survival, and cease conflict so Your children will no longer go to bed hungry each night.

"The crops failed, and there was no food anywhere in the land."
—Genesis 12:10

Pray for children affected by acute and chronic malnutrition.

Worldwide, 1 in 4 children younger than 5 does not get the nutrition he or she needs. Hunger affects everything from intellectual development to physical growth and the ability to fight off illness. Without proper nutrition, a child's heart literally shrinks. In cases of acute hunger, the liver, kidneys, and intestines begin breaking down. Ask God to intervene.

We don't have words to express how much this breaks our hearts. Have mercy on these children. Protect their little bodies and give them strength. Put Your healing hand on those with developmental issues, and allow them to grow up strong and healthy despite the hunger that afflicts them.

"... You haven't eaten anything. Now I urge you to take some food. You need it to survive." — Acts 27:33-34

Pray that children can learn despite hunger.

About 66 million children around the world — 23 million in Africa alone — attend school hungry. This makes concentrating on subjects difficult, and their learning suffers.

Heavenly Father, be with little ones as they seek to learn. Provide their parents with the means to send them to school well fed so the only hunger they know is an insatiable hunger to learn. Equip them with an education that prepares them to do the great things You have planned for their lives.

“Hold on to instruction, do not let it go; guard it well, for it is your life.” —Proverbs 4:13

Pray for our work to feed the hungry.

For agencies work with children, families, and communities around the world to provide nutritional relief in the short term and improved agricultural programs and training in the long term.

Loving Provider, Isaiah 58:10 tells us that if we give ourselves on behalf of the hungry, then our light will shine in the dark. Thank You for those who are shining lights, and please call forth others to make a difference. Be a fortress against danger for World Vision’s staff who work in Your name to feed the hungry. Continue to use relief workers to bring not only much-needed food but to also show Your love so people can be fed spiritually and physically.

“... and if you spend yourselves in behalf of the hungry and satisfy the needs of the oppressed, then your light will rise in the darkness, and your night will become like the noonday.” — Isaiah 58:10

In prayer, thank God for success against hunger.

Despite tragedies, progress is being made. The number of hungry people globally has fallen by 167 million in the last decade despite a surge in population growth.

We thank You for the precious lives that have been saved. We pray that Your love will guide our steps as we continue on the path to eradicating hunger.

“... ‘Everything is possible for one who believes.’” —Mark 9:23

Pray for people to discover the Bread of life.

Let us rejoice with the progress made toward eradicating hunger, but we “do not live by bread alone” (Matthew 4:4). Many people still live without faith and hope.

Thank You Lord for being our Bread of life — the One who satisfies our soul’s deepest desire with the joy of salvation. Open people’s eyes to recognize You as the only Bread of life for their spiritual hunger.

“Then Jesus declared, ‘I am the bread of life. Whoever comes to me will never go hungry, and whoever believes in me will never be thirsty.’” —John 6:35

Gweddi arglwydd/Lord’s Prayer

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZzF49HPfQzM>

Nid wy'n gofyn bywyd

moethus,
Aur y byd na'i berlau mân:
Gofyn wyf am galon hapus,
Calon onest, calon lân.

Cytgan:
Calon lân yn llawn daioni,
Tecach yw na'r lili dlos:
Dim ond calon lân all ganu
Canu'r dydd a chanu'r nos.

Pe dymunwn olud bydol,
Hedyn buan ganddo sydd;
Golud calon lân, rinweddol,
Yn dwyn bythol elw fydd.

Hwyr a bore fy nymuniad
Gwyd i'r nef ar edyn cân
Ar i Dduw, er mwyn fy
Ngheidwad,
Roddi i mi galon lân.

*I don't ask for a luxurious life
the world's gold or its fine pearls,
I ask for a happy heart,
an honest heart, a pure heart.*

Chorus:
A pure heart full of goodness
Is fairer than the pretty lily,
None but a pure heart can sing,
Sing in the day and sing in the night.

*If I wished for worldly wealth,
It would swiftly go to seed;
The riches of a virtuous, pure heart
Will bear eternal profit.*

*Evening and morning, my wish
Rising to heaven on the wing of
song
For God, for the sake of my Saviour,
To give me a pure heart.*

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

Blessing

Creator God,
you loved the world into life.
Forgive us when our dreams of
the future
are shaped by anything other
than glimpses of a kingdom
of justice, peace and an end to
poverty.
Incarnate God,
you taught us to speak out for
what is right.
Make us content with nothing
less than a world
that is transformed into the
shape of love,
where poverty shall be no more.
Breath of God,
let there be abundant life.
Inspire us with the vision of
poverty over,
and give us the faith, courage and
will to make it happen.

Closing Music:

John Lennon

Imagine (UNICEF version)



The 'World' version of the iconic
song 'Imagine', by John Lennon.
Featuring Sonu Nigam, Katy Perry,
Priyanka Chopra, will.i.am, and
many more

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=L7IP4UIXvG8>

Readers:

William Blake
Holy Thursday
(*'Is this a holy thing to see?'*)
from 'Songs of Experience'
Wyn Davies

Anna Lætitia Barbauld
To the Poor
Rowenna Hughes

Thomas Traherne
Poverty
Dewi Griffiths

W H Davies
Leisure
Mark Salmon

Dewi Emrys
Y gorwel
Marian Evans

Dewi Emrys
Pwllderi
Translated Elin ap Hywel (excerpt)
Neil Evans

**A talk by John Jones on Gwilym
R Tilsley ('Tilsli')**
John Jones

Gwilym R Tilsley ('Tilsli')
From *Awdl foliant I'r glöwr*
Sioned Bowen

Exodus 32: 1-14
David Evans

Philippiaid 4:1-9
Megan Evans

Prayers, Message and Blessing
Neil Evans

Organist John Jones
Producer Mike Williams