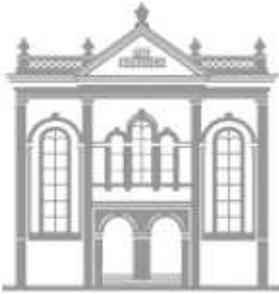


Capel y Boro
Sun 25 Oct 2020 at 11am

A celebration of Salem

Words and music inspired
by God's home and
Sydney Curnow Vosper's
1908 painting



Opening music:
Endaf Emlyn
'Salem' - *Siân Owen Ty'n y Fawnog*

Intrada and welcome

Pwy sy'n dod i Salem dref?
(Elfed, Caradog Roberts, *Marian*)

Salm 76
Mae ei babell wedi ei gosod yn Salem

Film, Capel Salem today,
organist Catrin Richards (2020)

T Rowland Hughes
translated Sally Roberts Lewis
Salem

R S Thomas
The Welsh Hill Country

A talk by John Jones on the
hymn *Am ddeffro'r gwanwyn yn ei bryd* by Gwyn Erfyl:

Film, Gwyn Erfyl interviews
Rev Ifan Rowlands at Capel
Salem (1964)

Am ddeffro'r gwanwyn yn ei bryd
(Gwyn Erfyl, *Saffron Waldon*)

T Rowland Hughes
Crib Goch

T Rowland Hughes
Y Di Waith

Tydi, a roddaist liw i'r wawr
(T Rowland Hughes, Arwel
Hughes)

Psalm 84
How lovely are thy dwellings

Wel dyma hyfryd fan
(Frances J van Alstyne efel. Watcyn
Wyn, *Clorach*)

Prayer from
Parch Rob Nicholls

Hebrews 13: 1-21

Message from Parch Rob Nicholls - "I will never leave you nor forsake you."

O love that wilt not let me go
(George Matheson)

Blessing

Closing music:
Bob Marley
Three Little Birds
Arranged for choir

Ceol le Cheile, Donegal, Ireland
(2020)

Opening music:
Endaf Emlyn
'Salem' - *Siân Owen Ty'n y Fawnog*



Siân Owen Ty'n y Fawnog
ofynnodd fenthyg siôl,
Ei siôl ei hun oedd frau rôl llawer Sul.

Mi glywais sôn a siarad fod diafol yn y siôl
Ma rhai sy'n ei gydnabod ymhobman.
Rhai sy'n gweld y Diafol ymhobman.

Wrth chwilio am ei wyneb, fe anwybyddant hwy
Y sêl ym muriau Salem, a thawel nerth y ffydd.
Fe ffynnodd ym Meirionydd, fel grug ar graig y mynydd
Y gred fod 'Hedd na wŷr y by amdano'.

O eiddil ddynol ryw,
Rhagluniaeth nel mor rhyfedd yw
Yn rhoi'r nerth i ddyn ddioddol poen y byd,
A phan ddaw Dydd y Farn,
Daw i bob un ei ran,
A 'stafell i Siân Owen yn ei dŷ
A 'stafell i Siân Owen yn ei dŷ.

Siân Owen Ty'n y Fawnog - fe nadwyd hon o'r Graig
Gan ddyddiau tlawd a charpiog,
Prin geiniog am ei gwaith;
Ond pan fydd llanw'r bywyd
Ar drai hyd lan y bedd,
Caiff brofi'r Hedd sy'n llifo fel yr arfon,

Caiff brofi'r Hedd sy'n llifo fel yr arfon,
A dyna gân Siân Owen Ty'n y Fawnog.



Siân Owen Ty'n y Fawnog asked to borrow a shawl,
His own role was to break the role of many Sundays.
I heard mention and talk that a devil is in the shawl
There are those who recognize him everywhere.
Those who see the Devil everywhere.

In search of his face, they ignored him
The seal in the walls of Salem, and the quiet of the strength of faith.
It flourished in Meirionnydd, like heather on the rock of the mountain
The belief that 'Peace is not known to him'.

Of human frailty,
It's such a strange premise
Gives man the power to endure the pain of the world,
And when the Day of Judgment comes,
It comes to each one,
And Siân Owen's room in his house
And Siân Owen's room in his house.

Siân Owen Ty'n y Fawnog - this was born from Graig
By poor and ragged days,
Hardly a penny for her work;
But when the tide of life
At low tide to the grave,
He can experience the Peace that flows like the Arfon,
He can experience the Peace that flows like the Arfon,

And that's Siân Owen's song in the Fawnog.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MxC_8zE8eN4

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.



Welcome to our Capel y Boro service this morning which celebrates what must be Wales's most iconic painting. Iconic is a bit of an overused word by this picture of a typical Welsh chapel and its congregation from 1908 is Wales's answer to Constable's 'Haywain' or Turner's 'Fighting Temeraire'. It shares with those a strong evocation of place, symbols of national identity and a premonition of times about to change and what might be lost.

'Salem' by the English painter Sydney Curnow Vosper, depicts a scene within Capel Salem, a Baptist Chapel in Pentre Gwynfryn, near Harlech, north Wales. It shows Welsh piety, the traditional Welsh national costume, and for a

contentious belief that the devil is depicted within it. Mass reproductions throughout the early and mid 20th century ensured the image became famous throughout Britain. It's to Wales what Andy Warhol was saying in his pictures of multiple mass produced Campbell soup tins. And as we have heard, the picture inspired a pop concept album in the early 1970s with songs for several of the sitters in the picture by Endaf Emlyn.

The artist Sydney Curnow Vosper had found success as a watercolour painter before coming to Wales; he had exhibited widely and was noted for his portraits particularly of the people of Brittany. Vosper's Welsh paintings began with his marriage to Constance James of Merthyr Tydfil in 1902, and ended after her death in 1910. Vosper first saw the Capel y Salem in 1906, not long after the Welsh religious Revival. He had already painted many famous images of prayer and piety in Brittany, and it would seem the chapel and its congregation inspired him in much the same way.

If we look at the picture again only one of the figures was actually a member of the chapel, Robert Williams of Caer Meddyg, a carpenter, farmer and deacon at Capel Salem, he can be seen on the far left beneath the clock. Next to him, and slightly obscured is Laura Williams of Ty'n-y-Buarth, Llanfair. Left of her, with his back against the wall is Owen Jones (commonly called Owen Siôn) of Carleg Coch. The small boy is Evan Edward Lloyd who was given quaker oats to eat to stop him from getting bored, and by his side is Mary Rowland. On the extreme right with his head bowed, is William Jones (William Siôn), brother of Owen.

The main figure is Siân Owen (born in Maesygarneidd in 1837), at the time of painting she was 71 and lived in Ty'n y Fawnog on the backroads from Llanbedr. She was a widow having lost her husband George in the 1880s. They had one son (William) and Siân raised both William's sons in her tiny cottage, both her grandsons were killed in the First World War.

The eighth figure (second right of Siân Owen, wearing a Welsh hat) was actually a borrowed tailor's dummy which Vosper named "Leusa Jones". The chapel elders, uncomfortable with the dummy in a place of worship, insisted the dummy was to be removed each Saturday night before the "seiat" (weekly church meeting) the following morning.

Why Vosper chose Siân as the main figure is unclear, though there is a Welsh cultural image of a strong maternal figure considered iconic to 19th century Welsh family life (Mam Cymru) Siân Owen would have had to stand for days wearing the shawl so that Vosper could paint its intricate detail and folds, Vosper later complained that she twitched and moved so much that it became very difficult to accurately reproduce the pattern and colour of the shawl and he eventually gave up, pinning the shawl to the dummy for the final stages. Despite this difficulty, he would again work with Siân Owen in 'Market Day in Old Wales' (1910.), pictured below.



For a picture that has come to reflect changing times in Wales given the shake-up of society following the first world war which was just a few years in the future when this picture was painted there is a lot in Salem that was old fashioned even for 1908. The Welsh hat was a fashion which was current in the 1830s and 1840s. By the time of painting the hats were no longer worn by women in Wales, and the wearing of hats inside a chapel would have been considered a faux pas, especially for women. Vosper, however, wanted the women to wear traditional tall stove pipe hats but could find only one remaining hat in the area. Vosper had the hat shared amongst the models, painting the same hat into the composition four times. Siân Owen's ostentatious shawl was likewise uncommon and was borrowed from the wife of the vicar of Harlech. Pictured below is the second version of the picture just recently acquired by the National Library of Wales, Aberystwyth:



The first version is in the collection of the Lady Lever Gallery, Port Sunlight, Liverpool.

This morning we are going to hear from Rev Ifan Rowlands from Dolgellau and his memories of being there at the time of the painting from a documentary made in 1964

and before that from one of the today's chapel goers at Capel Salem.

But we start our service this morning with a hymn and psalm celebrating the original Salem, that has given its name to so many Welsh chapels, God's home in Biblical times, now a part of modern-day Jerusalem. So we sing this hymn by Elfed 'Pwy sy'n dod i Salem dref':

Pwy sy'n dod i Salem dref?

lesu'n llywydd:
taenwn ar ei lwybrau ef
gangau'r palmwydd;
rhoddwn iddo barch a chlod
mewn Hosanna;
atom ni mae heddiw'n dod
Haleliwia!

Pwy sy'n dod drwy byrth y bedd
yn orchfygwr?
lesu Grist, Tywysog hedd,
ein Gwarddwr:
mae ei fryd ar wella'r byd
o'i ddoluriau;
rhoddwn iddo oll ynghyd
ein calonnau.

Er i holl delynau'r nef
ei glodfori,
hyfryd iddo ef yw llef
plant yn moli:
dewch â'r palmwydd, dewch â'r
gân
byth i'r lesu,
unwn gyda'r dyrfa lân
i'w foliannu.

Who comes to Salem town?

Jesus
our President: let us spread in his
ways the gangs of the palm;
we give him respect and praise
in Hosanna;
to us today comes
Hallelujah!

Who comes through the gates of
the grave
as a conqueror?
Jesus Christ, Prince of peace,
our Saviour:
he intends to heal the world
from his sorrows; we
give it all together
our hearts.

Though all the harps of heaven
praise him, the voice of
children praises is wonderful to him
:
bring the palm, bring the song
for ever to Jesus,
unite us with the clean multitude
to praise him.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=y3lBiqhuya4>

Salm 76

Mae ei babell wedi ei gosod yn Salem

I'r Cyfarwyddwr: ar offerynnau
llinynnol. Salm. I Asaff. Cân.
Y mae Duw'n adnabyddus yn
Jwda,
a'i enw'n fawr yn Israel;
y mae ei babell wedi ei gosod yn
Salem,
a'i gartref yn Seion.
Yno fe faluriodd y saethau
tanllyd,
y darian, y cleddyf a'r arfau rhyfel.

Ofnadwy wyt ti, a chryfach
na'r mynyddoedd tragwyddol.
Ysbeiliwyd y rhai cryf o galon,
y maent wedi suddo i gwsig,
a phallodd nerth yr holl ryfelwyr.
Gan dy gerydd di, O Dduw Jacob,
syfrdanwyd y marchog a'r march.

Ofnadwy wyt ti. Pwy a all sefyll
o'th flaen
pan fyddi'n ddig?
Yr wyt wedi cyhoeddi dedfryd o'r
nefoedd;

ofnodd y ddaear a distewi
pan gododd Duw i farnu,
ac i waredu holl drueiniaid y
ddaear.

Bydd EDOM, er ei ddig, yn dy
foliannu,
a gweddill Hamath yn cadw gŵyl i
ti.
Gwnewch eich addunedau i'r
Arglwydd eich Duw, a'u talu;
bydded i bawb o'i amgylch ddod â
rhoddion i'r un ofnadwy.
Y mae'n dryllio ysbryd
tywysogion,
ac yn arswyd i frenhinoedd y
ddaear.

In Judah God is known,
his name is great in Israel.
His abode has been established in
Salem,
his dwelling-place in Zion.
There he broke the flashing arrows,
the shield, the sword, and the
weapons of war. Selah
Glorious are you, more majestic
than the everlasting mountains.

The stout-hearted were stripped of
their spoil;
they sank into sleep;
none of the troops
was able to lift a hand.
At your rebuke, O God of Jacob,
both rider and horse lay stunned.
But you indeed are awesome!
Who can stand before you
when once your anger is roused?
From the heavens you uttered
judgement;
the earth feared and was still
when God rose up to establish
judgement,
to save all the oppressed of the
earth.

Human wrath serves only to praise
you,
when you bind the last bit of your
wrath around you.

Make vows to the Lord your God,
and perform them;
let all who are around him bring
gifts
to the one who is awesome,
who cuts off the spirit of princes,
who inspires fear in the kings of
the earth.

Film, Capel Salem's organist and chapelgoer Catrin Richards

interviewed by Derek Brockway
at Capel Salem (2020)



<https://www.bbc.co.uk/programmes/p086l8f4>

Catrin Richards said in that film that Vosper's son wasn't having any of the 'devil in the shawl' business. But the artist did accept that there is a ghostly face in the window. And if you look closely you can definitely make it out. Perhaps, combined with the prominence of the clock, the artist imagined us the viewers as the figure looking in at this scene, the artist encouraging us to confront our past as time ticks on. Now for two contrasting poems inspired by the painting. First from the 1940s is T Rowland Hughes's 'Salem.'

T Rowland Hughes

translated Sally Roberts Lewis
Salem

Siân Owen Ty'n y Fawnog's the
old wife
Who wears, with borrowed
dignity, that shawl,

Old woman, plain and strong in
all he life
As Cefnymerau's rock above
their hall,
Those country worshippers
beyond our sense -
Siân Owen, William Siôn and
Owen Siôn,
And Robert Williams from Cae'r
Meddyg once,
And Laura Ty'n-y-Buarth – sweet
her tune.

I meet so many worldly, knowing
men,
Important, busy, driving boldly
out,
Horses in front, their harness
bells a din
That's not for one second
hushed, a regal shout.
And afterwards, how fresh your
silent tone,
Siân Owen, Ty'n y Fawnog,
William Siôn!

R S Thomas
The Welsh Hill Country

Too far for you to see
The fluke and the foot-rot and
the fat maggot
Gnawing the skin from the small
bones,
The sheep are grazing at Bwlch-
y-Fedwen,
Arranged romantically in the
usual manner
On a bleak background of bald
stone.

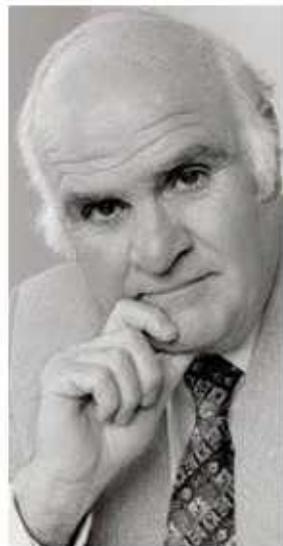
Too far for you to see
The moss and the mould on the
cold chimneys,
The nettles growing through the
cracked doors,
The houses stand empty at Nant-
yr-Eira,
There are holes in the roofs that
are thatched with sunlight,

And the fields are reverting to
the bare moor.

Too far, too far to see
The set of his eyes and the slow
ptosis
Wasting his frame under the
ripped coat,
There's a man still farming at
Ty'n-y-Fawnog,
Contributing grimly to the
accepted pattern,
The embryo music dead in his
throat.

R S Thomas would have been acutely aware of this poem when he turned his thought to Salem in this poem 'The Welsh Hill Country' in 1952. Thomas doesn't evoke the picture but following the recent popularity of Rowland Hughes's idyllic view of the picture we have just heard he refers to an old farmer still working at Ty'n y Fawnog, which of course was Sian Owen's home. But in doing this Thomas is painting a bleaker picture of livelihoods in the area and saying that the Wales of Sian Owen has long gone.

**A talk by John Jones on the
hymn Am ddeffro'r Gwanwyn
yn ei bryd by Gwyn Erfyl**



Gwyn Erfyl was a prominent Welsh broadcaster when I was growing up. Whenever he appeared on television, my grandfather would whisper, "we're related to him" though we were never quite sure what the relationship was though there is a legitimate family connection, I understand.

Gwyn Erfyl was brought up on a farm in Llanerfyl in deepest Montgomeryshire. He was intent on becoming a preacher but, after studying Philosophy at Aberystwyth, his faith was rather shaken and he became a lecturer at Coleg Harlech, the adult education college. But the call of the pulpit never truly vanished and he eventually accepted an invitation to become a minister in Trawsfynydd. After a stint as a minister in Glanamman and then Cardiff, he became an executive with HTV Wales, presenting and producing current affairs and cultural documentaries but he was also a prolific writer and poet, contributing regularly the weekly magazine Barn.

Here is a clip of him doing what he did best, interviewing.

**Film, Gwyn Erfyl interviews
Rev Ifan Rowlands at Capel
Salem (1964)**



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ztl0SxXSOWo>

Though brought up as a Calvinistic Methodist, he turned towards the Independents in his later life. He once said in an interview: "Faith and belief don't come easily to me. I don't think anyone should enter the pulpit without believing what they say". Nevertheless, he continued to preach until he died in 2007.

His hymn *Am ddeffro'r Gwanwyn* was written for the children of his congregation in Cardiff, a hymn that gives thanks for living a full life. His friend and church member, Gerallt Evans, who was then Principal of the Welsh College of Music and Drama was asked to provide the original tune, though it is coupled here with *Saffron Walden*. I knew both of them slightly. Gerallt's three daughters sang with me in the Cardiff Polyphonic Choir and are still good friends of mine. I met Gwyn Eryl a few times at various events, when he would greet me with the words "teulu, teulu!".

Am ddeffro'r gwanwyn yn ei byrd

a gwrth y geni ymhob crud,
a gweld rhyfeddol liwiau'r byd,
i ti y rhodddwn fawl.

Am roi dy nodau ar bob tant,
dy felys swyn ar wefus plant
ac asbri hen yn nawns y nant,
i ti y rhodddwn gân.

Am gael ein dysgu, gam a cham,
am ofal tyner tad a mam
a chysgod aelwyd rhag pob nam,
i ti y byddo'r clod.

Ac am fod gennym Gymru'n
wlad,
a'th Eglwys di i ni'n dref-tad,
a'th ofal drosom, dirion Dad,
fe rown ein hoes i ti.

Rho d'olau glân i'n llwybrau i gyd,
dy gariad at ddoluriau'r byd,
a nerth i'n cynnal ni o hyd
yn enw Iesu Grist.

*To awaken the spring in time
and the miracle of birth in every
cradle, and to see the marvellous
colours of the world,
to whom we give praise.*

*For putting your goals on each
chord, your sweet charm on the lip
of children and the vibrancy of old in
the dance of the stream,
to which we give a song.
To be taught, step by step,
about the tender care of father and
mother and shelter from all
faults, that praise may be to you.
And because we have Wales as a
country, and your Church is our
fatherland, and your care for us,
dear Father, we give you our life.*

*Give clean light to all our paths,
your love for the sorrows of the
world, and strength to sustain us
in the name of Jesus Christ.*

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Jb6p85fKlcc&authuser=0>

Tribute to T Rowland Hughes:



And now we are going to have a tribute to the writer of the poem Salem we heard earlier, T Rowland Hughes, who lived from 1903 to 1949. The Welsh broadcaster, novelist, dramatist and poet was the son of a quarryman from Llanberis, Caernarvonshire in north Wales. He is primarily renowned for his novels about characters living and working in the slate quarries of north Wales, but in his day he was just as well known as a poet and broadcaster. William Jones is his most famous novel. He was a teacher at the county school for boys in Aberdare from 1926 to 1928. He was lecturer in English and Welsh at Coleg Harlech, 1930-33. In the summer of 1934 he was appointed Principal of the Mary Ward Settlement, London. From 1935 to 1945, Hughes was a producer of feature programmes for the BBC in Cardiff where he produced and/or wrote some 300 radio programmes on the BBC working with writers, such as Jack Jones, Dr Kate Roberts, Saunders Lewis, Richard Llewellyn and Emyl Williams. Hughes won the Chair at the National Eisteddfod twice and not long after having married Eirene Williams in 1933 he was diagnosed with multiple sclerosis, and it was at this time that he began to write his most well-known works. One of our readers today Catrin Treharne says T Rowland Hughes lived on the same street as her parents in Cardiff and his wife remained there and Catrin interviewed her as part of a primary school project on the history of the area. She thinks she would have been in her nineties by then. She lived to 2003. She says she remembers her saying that T Rowland Hughes had chosen the house because of the view it would give them of Roath Park lake (it's at the top of a lane). So here is Catrin now to read T Rowland Hughes's

atmospheric poem describing the sharp ridge topping one of the most exposed rock faces in Snowdonia.

T Rowland Hughes
Crib Goch

Gwaedda –
ni chynhyrfi braidd y llethrau hyn,
rhaedr y defaid maen,
y panig di-frys, di-fref,
y rhuthr pendramwnwgl, stond:
a fugeiliodd mynyddoedd iâ,
a wlanodd rhew ac eira a niwl,
a gneifiodd corwynt a storm
yng nglas y byd –
ni ddychryni'r rhain.

Gwaedda – tafl dy raff
(oni chipia'r gwynt dy edau o lais)
fil o doedfeddi crog
am gyrn y tarw-wyll sy a'i aruthr
dwlc
rhyngot a'r dydd.

Gwaedda –
Ni thâl geiriau yma:
onid doe y ganwyd hwy,
y baban-glebrwyd hwy
mewn ogof fan draw?



Crib Goch

Shout –
you will not disturb the flock on
these slopes,
the waterfall of stone sheep,
the unhurried, unbleating panic,
the headlong, motionless rush:
that mountains of ice have
shepherded,
that ice and snow and mist have
clothed,
that wind and storm have sheared
in the green youth of the world, -
you cannot frighten these.

Shout – throw your rope
(unless the wind snatches your
thread-thin voice)
a thousand hanging feet
about the horns of the bull-dusk
whose terrible butting
stands between you and daylight.

Shout –
words are not current here:
were they not born yesterday,
were they not baby-mouthed
In a cave over there?

Translated by R Gerallt Jones

T Rowland Hughes
Y Di Waith

Oni thry gwael o'l aelwyd
I ŵydd lleng y gruddiau llwyd?
Yn ddi-waith, ni wêl weithian
Ond mwg llin chwerthin a chân.

Dringo'r allt megis alltud
Llwyr y mae, is cellwair mud
Twr y syfrdan beiriannau.
Oeda'n brudd wrth goedyn brau
Dôr y Gwaith, oedi a'r gwynt
Yn gyrru ei oer gerrynt
I'w esgryn...

Clyw gyrn y Gwaith
Yn ei alw yntau eilwaith,
A sŵn traed yn atsain trwy
Gydol pob hewl ac adwy.
Daw lleisiau o'r drysau, dro –
"Hylô, Dai!" "Pa hwyl, Deio?" –
A gwawr arian uwch anial
Ysgwyddau y tipiau tal...

Gerllaw'r olwynion tawel
Breuddwyd gwyw ydyw a wêl.
Hyd eira'i groen dua'r graith,
Oni wybydd anobaith,
Yn ei lwydwedd ond gweddi
A garw awch ei ofer gri –
"O Dduw, rho, dyro i'n dydd
Ynni taer yr hwterydd,
Ennyd wyllt i'w nwyd alltud
A'r gân mwy l'r genau mud."



The jobless

Will not the poor one turn from his
fireside
to meet the pale-faced multitude?
Out of work, he sees nothing
but mirages of laughter and song.

He climbs the hill like a total
stranger,
beneath the dumb mocking
of the piled-up stunned machines.
He lingers sadly by the rotting wood
of the quarry gates, lingers while the
wind
drives its cold currents
Into his bones...

He heard the works'
hooters
calling him once more,
and the sound of feet echoing along
each road and through each gate.
Voices come from doorways,
"Hallo, Dai!" "Watcher Daio!" –
and a silver dawn above the bare
shoulders of the tall tips...

Beside the silent wheels
it is a dead dream that he sees.
On his snowy skin so much the
blacker is the scar,
until he knows despair.
In his greyness comes a bitter
prayer,
"Oh God, give back to our day,
the earnest energies of the hooters,
a moment of wildness to their
departed life
and a song again through dumb
lips."

Translated by R Gerallt Jones

And now we close our tribute to T Rowland Hughes with one of his most famous texts his hymn that was set to music in 1938 by Hughes's BBC colleague Arwel Hughes, apparently in Shrewsbury Railway Station, where he was connecting trains from Bangor to Cardiff. You can find a plaque there unveiled in 2004 by the composer's son Owain Arwel Hughes. And we will now sing it, 'Tydi a roddaist':

Tydi, a roddaist liw i'r wawr

A hud i'r machlud mwyn,
Tydi, a luniaist
gerdd a sawr
Y gwanwyn yn y llwyn,
O cadw ni rhag colli'r hud
Sydd heddiw'n crwydro
drwy'r holl fyd.

Tydi, a luniaist gân i'r nant,
A'i su i'r goedwig werdd,
Tydi, a roist i'r awel dant
Ac i'r ehedydd gerdd,
O cadw ni rhag dyfod dydd
Na yrr ein calon gân yn rhydd.

Tydi, a glywaist lithriad traed
Ar ffordd Calfaria gynt,
Tydi, a welaist ddafnau gwaed
Y Gwr ar ddieithr hynt,
O cadw ni rhag dyfod oes
Heb goron ddrain
na chur na chroes.
Amen, Amen, Amen, Amen.

*Thou, who gavest colour to the dawn
And charm to the pleasant sunset,
Thou, who didst design
the poetry and savour
Of the Spring in the grove,
O keep us from losing the charm
Which today is wandering
throughout all the world.*

*Thou, who didst design a song for the brook,
And its whisper for the green forest,*

*Thou, who gavest to the breeze a string
And to the lark a verse,
O keep us from the coming of the day
When our heart fails to set a song free.*

*Thou, who didst hear the stumbling of feet
On Calvary's road of old,
Thou, who didst see the drops of blood
Of the Man on a strange course,
O keep us from the coming of an age
Without a crown of thorns
or wound or cross.
Amen, Amen, Amen, Amen.*

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rh1YL6k3iMo>

Psalm 84

How lovely is your dwelling place,
O Lord of hosts!
My soul longs, indeed it faints
for the courts of the Lord;
my heart and my flesh sing for joy
to the living God.
Even the sparrow finds a home,
and the swallow a nest for herself,
where she may lay her young,
at your altars, O Lord of hosts,
my King and my God.
Happy are those who live in your house,
ever singing your praise.
Happy are those whose strength is in you,
in whose heart are the highways to Zion.

As they go through the valley of Baca
they make it a place of springs;
the early rain also covers it
with pools.

They go from strength to strength;
the God of gods will be seen
in Zion.
O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer;
give ear, O God of Jacob!

Behold our shield, O God;
look on the face of your anointed.
For a day in your courts is better
than a thousand elsewhere.
I would rather be a doorkeeper
in the house of my God
than live in the tents of wickedness.

For the Lord God is a sun and shield;
he bestows favour and honour.
No good thing does the Lord withhold
from those who walk uprightly.
O Lord of hosts,
happy is everyone who trusts in you.

Wel dyma hyfryd fan

i droi at Dduw,
lle gall credadun gwan
gael nerth i fyw:
fry at dy orsedd di
'rÿm yn dyrchafu'n cri;
O edrych arnom ni,
a'n gweddi clyw!

Ddiddanydd Eglwys Dduw,
ti Ysbryd Glân,
sy'n llanw'r galon friw
â mawl a chân,
O disgyn yma nawr
yn nerth dy allu mawr;
o'r nefoedd tyrdd i lawr
mewn dwyfol dân.

lachawdwr mawr y byd,
bywha dy waith;
a galw'r saint ynghyd

drwy'r ddaear faith;
mae'n calon yn llesgáu,
O tyred i'n bywhau,
i'n harwain a'n cryfhau
ar hyd y daith.

*Well here's a wonderful place
to turn to God,
where a weak believer can
have strength to live up
to your throne
we lift up crying; looking at us,
and our hearing prayer!
Beloved Church of God,
you Holy Spirit,
who fills the broken heart
with praise and song,
O fall here now
in the strength of your great power;
from heaven come down
in divine fire.*

*Great Saviour of the world,
live your work;
and calling the saints together
through the long earth;
our heart is fainting,
O come to nourish
us, to guide and strengthen us
along the way.*

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XrYLvx_CNd0

Hebrews 13: 1-21

Let mutual love continue. Do not neglect to show hospitality to strangers, for by doing that some have entertained angels without knowing it. Remember those who are in prison, as though you were in prison with them; those who are being tortured, as though you yourselves were being tortured. Let marriage be held in honour by all, and let the marriage bed be kept undefiled; for God will judge fornicators and adulterers. Keep your lives free from the love of money, and

be content with what you have; for he has said, 'I will never leave you or forsake you.'

So we can say with confidence,
'The Lord is my helper;

I will not be afraid.
What can anyone do to me?'
Remember your leaders, those who spoke the word of God to you; consider the outcome of their way of life, and imitate their faith. Jesus Christ is the same yesterday and today and for ever. Do not be carried away by all kinds of strange teachings; for it is well for the heart to be strengthened by grace, not by regulations about food, which have not benefited those who observe them. We have an altar from which those who officiate in the tent have no right to eat. For the bodies of those animals whose blood is brought into the sanctuary by the high priest as a sacrifice for sin are burned outside the camp.

Therefore Jesus also suffered outside the city gate in order to sanctify the people by his own blood. Let us then go to him outside the camp and bear the abuse he endured. For here we have no lasting city, but we are looking for the city that is to come. Through him, then, let us continually offer a sacrifice of praise to God, that is, the fruit of lips that confess his name. Do not neglect to do good and to share what you have, for such sacrifices are pleasing to God.

Obey your leaders and submit to them, for they are keeping watch over your souls and will give an account. Let them do this with joy and not with sighing—for that would be harmful to you.

Pray for us; we are sure that we have a clear conscience, desiring to act honourably in all things. I urge you all the more to do this, so that I may be restored to you very soon.

Now may the God of peace, who brought back from the dead our Lord Jesus, the great shepherd of the sheep, by the blood of the eternal covenant, make you complete in everything good so that you may do his will, working among us that which is pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ, to whom be the glory for ever and ever. Amen.

**Message and prayer from
Parch Rob Nicholls - "I will
never leave you nor forsake
you."**



Prayer:

Arglwydd ein Duw, diolchwn dy fod gyda ni yn wastadol – yn ystod y cyfnodau drwg yn ogystal â'r cyfnodau da, yr amseroedd anodd yn ogystal â'r hawdd, yr adegau trist mewn bywyd yn ogystal â'r llawen.

Lord our God, we thank you that you are always with us – during the bad times as well as the good, the difficult as well as the easy, the sad times as well as the happy.

Arglwydd pob gobaith, clyw ein gweddi nawr yn enw Crist. Amen

Myfyrdod / Meditation:

“Ni’th adawaf fyth, ac ni chefnaf arnat ddim. / I will never leave you nor forsake you.”
Hebraid/Hebrews 13:5

There may well be a verse which would exactly fit your very need and present situation, but you may not know of it, and as a consequence miss out on its comfort and help.

“So near and yet so far” yw’r dywediad yn Saesneg. Rwy’n cofio, (fel llawer ohonoch chi dwi’n siŵr), gorfod dysgu penodau cyfan a Salmau cyfan ar y cof ar gyfer y Cwrdd Cwarter a’r Gymanfa. Efallai braidd yn ddiflas ar y pryd, ond rwy’n ddiolchgar tu hwnt nawr!

Many are able to quote lines upon lines of familiar poetry and other prose, but shouldn’t we as Christians store up the great promises of God in our memories as well?

Yn ogystal â chwilio a dysgu’r Ysgrhythurau, dylen ni profi’r Ysgrhythurau hefyd – test the scriptures by the light of your experience. Search them, store them up in your memories, test them by your experience.

“Profwch a gwelwch” yw’r adnod a ddarllenwn yn Salm 34 – “Taste and see that the Lord is good”.

And in remembering that advice today, we turn to the wonderful words of our text, “Oherwydd y mae ef wedi dweud / for he has said, “I will never leave you nor forsake you.” What a promise, what a comfort!

Yn gyntaf, rwyf am awgrymu sefyllfa ofnadwy, sef i ddychmygu bod Duw yn ein gadael a chefnu arnom. My first heading for you today is to suggest a potentially awful situation in life – lost and forsaken by God.

Being “forsaken” in life implies a state of utter loneliness. Many people enjoy solitude, and look forward to having some quality personal time – “time out” as it’s referred to sometimes. But I don’t think many enjoy a feeling of loneliness.

Mae llawer un yn ystod y cyfnod clo ‘ma / lock down / wedi profi teimladau real ac annifyr o unigedd.

A period of quiet solitude may give pleasure, but to be alone, - totally alone, is a terrible thing! And to be alone without God is a loneliness emphasised.

Yn ogystal ag unigedd ac unigrwydd, mae elfen o fod yn ddiymadferth ac yn ddiobaith yn dod i’r amlwg – helplessness and hopelessness are other potential feelings – many a person forsaken by other people can still have an element of hope, but to be forsaken by God is a truly hopeless situation.

“Heb Dduw, Heb Ddim” oedd profiad y rhan fwyaf ers llawer dydd. Ydyn ni wedi colli gafael ar y grêd a’r sicrwydd yna yn ein bywydau cyfoes, cymhleth ni?

If God should leave us as individuals, as a church, or as a society – take note of the result and consequences. I wouldn’t like to imagine the loneliness, the emptiness, the sheer feeling of helplessness and hopelessness in

my life without the presence of God.

Tynnwch ddylanwad Iesu Grist oddi wrthyich, dylanwad y capel a chrefydd ar eich bywyd, a beth sydd gennych ar ôl? Dim llawer weden i!

When we describe being forsaken by God, isn’t it of the greatest comfort to remember the words of our text this morning, “For he has said, ‘I will never leave you nor forsake you’.”

After considering a potentially awful situation, let’s look for a moment at a gracious promise – or what’s positively guaranteed.

Wnes i sôn wythnos ddiwethaf am addewid yr Arglwydd yn darparu dŵr ar gyfer yr Israeliaid yn yr anialwch, a dyma un arall o addewidion mawr yr Arglwydd.

When we search the Scriptures, we find that they are packed full of these gracious and glorious promises. What’s guaranteed here? “Ni’th adawaf fyth, ac ni chefnaf arnat ddim.”

What better way to illustrate this promise than to “search” the Scriptures and note some examples found there?

Mae’r cyntaf i’w ganfod yn Llyfr Genesis – addewid wrth Jacob, “Ac wele fi gyda thi; ac mi a’th gadwaf pa le bynnag yr elych ... o herwydd ni’th adawaf.”

God gives His promise to Jacob that He will be with him, and keep him and never leave him. This is a man of real trials! Consider his life for a moment – major family fall outs; disputes

over inheritance and property; his father-in-law, Laban, deceives him and literally entraps him. There's no new experience that people have had to bear throughout the ages.

As Jacob proved, so can each and everyone of us prove, "mi a'th gadwaf pa le bynnag yr elych / I will keep you in all places where you go." Even in the most terrible of circumstances.

Mae enghraifft arall i'w gweld yn Deuteronomium. If the example in Genesis was concerning Jacob and his personal circumstances, the example of this same promise in Deuteronomy is made to a collective body – to the church as a whole.

Moses ddywedodd wrth bobol Judah, "Ymgryfhewch, ac ymnerthwch / Be strong and of good courage, fear not, nor be afraid; For the Lord your God goes with you. He will not fail you, nor forsake you."

Chi'n cofio "pennau" enwog William Caery yn ei bregeth fawr a roes fodolaeth i Gymdeithas Genhadol y Bedyddwyr?

"Disgwyliwch bethau mawr oddi wrth Dduw; mentrwch bethau mawr dros Dduw" / Expect great things from God; attempt great things for God!"

Have we lost something of that spirit and vision in our churches today? Let's dare to do great things for God - and He's sure to bless us! If the church would only know that God cannot leave her, she might well attempt greater things than she's ever done before – and the success of her

attempts would be certain and assured.

Ni fydd Duw yn gadael eglwys weddigar yn amddifad a heb gymorth.

We find another occasion when this promise was made in the Book of Joshua, when God says to Joshua, "There shall be no one able to stand before you all the days of your life, I will be with you; I will not fail you, nor forsake you."

Onid yw hynny'n galonddid i bob Cristion yn ei genhadaeth a'i dystiolaeth bersonol?

We, as Christians – we who are called to bear the brunt of the front-line witness for Christ – let's lean on this promise and on the precious consolation of these words.

Mae 'na lawer i adeg, yn enwedig yn ystod y misoedd diwethaf yma, oni bai am ffydd ac am addewidion Duw a Iesu Grist, byddwn i wedi danto'n llwyr!

One more example before moving on, and that given to David at the very end of his life. In I Chronicles, David speaks of what he himself, by experience had proved to be true, "Be strong, and of good courage; fear not, nor be dismayed; for the Lord will be with you. He will not fail you, nor forsake you, until you have finished all the work for the service of the house of the Lord."

Gweddwn ninnau yn barhaus, pob yr un ohonom, am ddigon o ras a nerth i allu dweud yn hyderus ar ddiwedd ein taith ddaearol, "Mi a ymdrechais

ymdrech deg, mi a orffennais fy ngyrfa, mi a gedwais y ffydd."

Therefore, having considered the potentially awful scenario of being forsaken by God, then the gracious promise given, what conclusions can we draw from all this?

One of the most obvious is contentment – bodlondeb. I've concentrated on the last part of the verse during the whole of this discourse, but the opening words of the verse read like this, "Keep your life free from love of money, and be content with what you have, for he has said, "I will never leave you nor forsake you."

Yna, chi wedi sylwi cymaint o weithiau defnyddiwyd y gair "dewrder" / "courage" yn yr enghreifftiau o'r Ysgrythurau yn gynharach? Dyna'n sicr un arall o ganlyniadau amlwg yr addewidion yma. Courage to face the future. Also, there's such ground and foundation for hope in these words, that we should cast off any trace of despondency and hopelessness. Although such things come to meet us on life's journey, and very nearly succeed in getting the better of us at times, these words are a rock for us in the midst of all the sinking sands of life's varying situations.

Wrth sôn am dywod, mae'r stori gyfarwydd honno, "Footprints in the Sand" yn dod i'm meddwl. I'm sure you've all heard the story of the "Footprints in the Sand" before, but it's worth hearing again:

One night a man dreamt he was walking along the beach with the Lord and many scenes from his life flashed across the sky. In each scene he noticed footprints in

the sand. Sometimes there were two sets of footprints, other times there were only one. This bothered him, because he noticed that during the low periods of his life, when he was suffering from anguish, sorrow or defeat, he could see only one set of footprints, so he said to the Lord, "You promised me Lord, that if I followed you, you would walk with me always. But I've noticed that during the most trying periods of my life there has only been one set of footprints in the sand. Why, when I needed you most, have you not been there for me?"

And the Lord replied, my precious child, I would never leave you! During your times of trial and suffering, when you see only one set of footprints, it was then that I carried you.

I grynhoi'r cyfan, does dim byd arall sydd angen arnom!

There is nothing you can need or ask for, nothing in this world or the next, nothing now, or has been or shall be – nothing during this seemingly tempestuous and troubled time we live in, that is not contained in this text, "I will never leave you; I will never forsake you / Ni'th adawaf fyth, ac ni chefnaf arnat ddim".

Awn ymlaen felly, yn hyderus yn y sicrwydd ei fod gyda ni nawr, ac am byth.

Er gogoniant i'w Enw. Amen.

O Love that will not let me go,

I rest my weary soul in thee;
I give thee back the life I owe,
That in thine ocean depths its flow

May richer, fuller be.

O light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to thee;

My heart restores its borrowed ray,

That in thy sunshine's blaze its day

May brighter, fairer be.

O Joy that seekest me through pain,

I cannot close my heart to thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,

And feel the promise is not vain,
That morn shall tearless be.

O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from thee;

I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there

blossoms red

Life that shall endless be.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nt69WDtYNLo>

Blessing

The Lord bless you and keep you;
the Lord make his face to shine upon you,
and be gracious to you;

The Lord lift up his countenance upon you,
and give you peace.

Amen

Closing music:

Bob Marley

Three Little Birds

Arranged for choir

Ceol le Cheile, Donegal, Ireland (2020)

<https://www.donegaldaily.com/2020/06/02/watch-three-little-birds-a-virtual-hit-for-donegals-ceol-le-cheile/>

Readers:

Salm 76

Mae ei babell wedi ei gosod yn

Salem

Megan Evans

T Rowland Hughes

translated Sally Roberts Lewis

Salem

Marian Evans

R S Thomas

The Welsh Hill Country

Glyn Pritchard

A talk by John Jones on the hymn Am ddeffro'r gwanwyn yn ei bryd by Gwyn Erfyl

John Jones

T Rowland Hughes

Crib Goch

Catrin Treharne

T Rowland Hughes

Y Di Waith

Mark Walter

Psalm 84

How lovely are thy dwellings

Neil Evans

Prayer by Parch Rob Nicholls

Rob Nicholls

Hebrews 13: 1-21

Rowenna Hughes

Message by Parch Rob Nicholls -

"I will never leave you nor forsake you."

Rob Nicholls

Blessing

Neil Evans

Producer Mike Williams
