

Capel y Boro Service
Sun 27 Sept 2020 at 11am

**A service of favourite
hymns with readings and
paintings**



Opening music:
Gwahoddiad

Chorus of Welsh National Opera

Intrada

I God the Father:

Gwenallt Pantycelyn

Anweledig, 'r wy'n Dy garu
(William Williams, *Hyfrydol*)

William Holman Hunt
The Light of the World
St Paul's Cathedral, London

**Tyrd atom ni, O Grewr pob
goleuni**
(W Rhys Nicholas, *Berwyn*)

**A talk by John Jones on Wyn
Morris, composer of the hymn
tune Garthowen**

Dyma gariad, pwy a'i traetha?
(Mary Owen, *Garthowen*)

2 *The Holy Spirit & heavenly breeze:*

Salm 147

1 Kings 19: 9-18
The Lord appears to Elijah

Arglwydd gad im dawel orffwys
(Emrys, *Arwelfa*)

3 *The Cross, Resurrection &
Ascension:*

T S Eliot Four Quartets
"East Coker," Part IV

O Grist, Ffisigwr mawr y byd
(D R Griffiths, *Deep harmony*)

Matthias Grünewald
The Crucifixion
(Colmar, France)

Pan oedd Iesu dan yr hoelion
(E Cefni Jones, *Coedmor*)

Musical interlude
Dame Myra Hess plays Mozart at
the National Gallery in 1942

Titian (Tiziano Vecelli)
Noli me tangere
The National Gallery, London

**Gwawr wedi hirnos, cân wedi
loes**
(Frances R Havergal, J D Vernon
Lewis *Theodora*)

Luke 24: 36-53
The Ascension

4 *The Eternal life and Jesus as king:*

Arglwydd Iesu, arwain f'enaid
(Morswyn, *In memoriam*)

Jacob Epstein
Christ in Majesty
Llandaff Cathedral, Cardiff

Love Divine, all loves excelling
(Charles Wesley, *Blaenwern*)

Prayers / Gweddi'r Arglwydd

Wele'n sefyll rhwng y myrtwydd
(Ann Griffiths, *Cwm Rhondda*)

Blessing

Closing music:
J S Bach arr Myra Hess
Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring
Dame Myra Hess (piano)

Opening music:

Gwahoddiad

Chorus of Welsh National Opera

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=22zdte7xLZQ>

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.*

I God the Father:

Gwenallt Pantycelyn



Aet ar dy gwrs drwy'r wlad,
glerwr y Nef,
Ac yn dy waled radd yr Tsbryd
Glân,
Ti oeddit bencerdd Ei Eisteddfod
Ef
Ac athro gwarant yr holl glerwyr
mân;
Gwelit dy Frenin ar Ei farch, a'l
gledd

Yn medi cadau'r cnawd a'r byd
 a'r diawl,
 Ac yn Ei Blas Ei win, Ei seidra'l
 fedd
 A yfit, a gwau iddo glod a mawl.
 I wladwyr, a gadwynid wrth y
 pridd,
 Fel ychen wrth y dres, drwy
 gydol oes,
 Cenaist, yn eu tafodiaith, gân y
 ffydd
 A glywit ar ddigangen bren y
 Groes,
 A'u codi fry uwch cors a charaig
 a rhiw
 A'u rhoi wrth fyrddau crwn
 danteithion Duw.

*You took your course through the
 land, minstrel of heaven,
 And in your pack the Holy Ghost's
 credentials,
 You were the chief bard of His
 Eisteddfod
 And the certified teacher of
 minstrels:
 You saw your King on his horse, and
 his sword
 Reaping the armies of the world,
 flesh and devil,
 And in His Palace His Wine, His
 cider, His mead.
 You drank, and wove patterns of
 praise and thanks.
 To the peasants, yoked to their lot
 for life,
 You sang, in their patois, the song of
 faith
 That you heard from the
 unbranched tree of the Cross,
 And lifted them high above bog and
 rock and hill
 And placed them at round tables
 laden with God's gifts.*

Translated R Gerallt Jones

*The Rev William Williams,
 Pantycelyn, pictured above, and one
 of the major figures of the Welsh
 Methodist Revival of the eighteenth
 century, wrote vast numbers of*

*hymns which succeeded in
 combining the simple language of
 the day with religious imagery of
 great power and intensity. Here is
 one of them 'Anweledig, 'r wy'n dy
 garu' sung to Hyfrydol.*

Anweledig! 'rwy'n dy garu,
 rhyfedd ydyw nerth dy ras:
 tynnu f'enaid i mor hyfryd
 o'i bleserau penna' i maes;
 gwnaethost fwy mewn un
 munudyn
 nag a wnaethai'r byd o'r bron
 ennill it eisteddfa dawel
 yn y galon garreg hon.

'Chlywodd clust, ni welodd
 llygad,
 ac ni ddaeth i galon dyn
 mo ddychmygu, chwaethach deall
 natur d'hanfod di dy hun;
 eto 'rydwyf yn dy garu'n
 fwy na dim sydd is y rhod,
 a thu hwnt i ddim a glywais
 neu a welais eto erioed.

Uchder nefoedd yw dy drigfan,
 llawer uwch na meddwl dyn,
 minnau mewn iselder daear,
 bechadurus, waelaf un;
 eto, nes wyt ti i'm henaid,
 a'th gyfeillach bur sydd fwy
 a chan' gwell, pan fyddi bellaf,
 na'u cyfeillach bennaf hwy.

*Invisible! 'I love you
 Invisible! I love you, the
 strength of your grace is
 wonderful : draw my soul to such
 delight
 from its pure pleasures;
 you have done more in one minute
 than the world has ever
 won him a quiet seat
 in this stone heart.*

*No ear heard, no eye saw,
 and no man came into the heart of
 one's imagination;
 yet I love you*

*more than anything below the road,
 and above all I have
 never heard or seen again.*

*The height of heaven is thy
 habitation,
 far above the mind of man,
 I in a
 sinful, sinful depression , one's
 sickest;
 yet, till thou art my soul,
 and thy pure companionship is
 greater
 and better, when thou art
 furthest , than their chief
 companionship.*

William Holman Hunt
The Light of the World
 St Paul's Cathedral, London



*"I am the Light of the World; he
 who follows Me will not walk in
 darkness, but will have the Light
 of life". St John's Gospel records
 Christ's proclamation which
 inspired Holman Hunt to paint
 this world-famous image. This is
 the third version of the allegory
 painted by the artist. The first, of
 1853, resides in Keeble College
 Oxford and the second, painted
 shortly afterwards, can be seen in
 the Manchester Art Gallery. The*

St Paul's canvas was painted over fifty years later, with the assistance of Edward Robert Hughes, and it is thought to be the culmination of Holman-Hunt's vision.

This "sermon in a frame" became the most travelled work of art in history. On completion in 1904 it toured the globe visiting most of the major towns and cities in: Canada, South Africa, New Zealand and Australia. It has been seen by millions and is one of the best-known works of its period. Purchased from Holman-Hunt by the industrialist Charles Booth it was donated to St Paul's and dedicated at a service in 1908. The choir sang psalm 119 which includes the verse: "Thy word is a lantern unto my feet and a light unto my path". Today the picture forms an altarpiece in the Cathedral's Middlesex Chapel, where it serves as an object of devotion and contemplation conveying the message: The saviour of the world is alive and will dwell in the hearts of those who admit him.



There are two lights shown in the picture. The lantern is the light of conscience and the light around the head of Christ is the light of salvation. The door represents the human soul, which cannot be opened from the outside. There is no handle on the door, and the rusty nails and hinges overgrown with ivy denote that the door has never been opened and that the figure of Christ is asking permission to enter. The morning star appears near Christ, the dawn of a new day, and the autumn weeds and fallen fruit represent the autumn of life. The writing beneath the picture, is taken from Revelation 3: 'Behold I stand at the door and knock. If any man hear my voice and open the door I will come in to him and will sup with him and he with me.'

The orchard of apple trees evokes several biblical references. The tree of knowledge in the garden of Eden was, according to legend, an apple tree and in some Christian traditions the wood of that tree was miraculously saved to construct the cross on which Christ was crucified. The fallen apples could symbolise the fall of man, original sin, and sometimes in Italian art can refer to redemption. Neil MacGregor, formerly director of both the British Museum and National Gallery, has noted that in the painting Christ not only knocks at the door; he is himself the door.

If Jesus is the light of the world it is God who lights the way for Christ - God the creator, God the father - and here is the next hymn on that theme 'Tyrd atom ni', (by W Rhys

Nicholas to the tune Berwyn) 'Come to us O creator of all light...:'

Tyrd atom ni, O Grëwr pob goleuni,

tro di ein nos yn ddydd;
pâr inni weld holl lwybrau'r daith
yn gloywi
dan lewyrch gras a ffydd.

Tyrd atom ni, O Luniwr pob rhyw harddwch,
rho inni'r doniau glân;
tyn ni yn ôl i afael dy hyfrydwch
lle mae'r dragwyddol gân.

Tyrd atom ni, Arweinydd pererinion,
dwg ni i ffordd llesâd;
tydi dy hun sy'n tywys drwy'r treialon,
O derbyn ein mawrhad.

Tyrd atom ni, O Dad ein Harglwydd
lesu, i'n harwain ato ef;
canmolwn fyth yr hwn sydd yn gwaredu,
bendigaid Fab y nef.

*Come to us, O Creator of all light,
turn your night into day;
let us see all the paths of the
journey glittering
under the glow of grace and faith.*

*Come to us, O Maker of all beauty,
give us the clean gifts;
bring us back to your delight
where the eternal song is.*

*Come to us, Leader of pilgrims,
bring us to the way of salvation;
it is you who leads you through the
trials,
O receive our increase.*

*Come to us, O Father of our Lord
Jesus, to lead us to him;
we praise ever the one who
redeems,*

bless the Son of heaven.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=AoJ6dSGT9kl>

A talk by John Jones on Wyn Morris, composer of the hymn tune *Garthowen*



You may remember my mentioning the Welsh conductor Wyn Morris, pictured above, in my talk about the Delyse record label, for whom he made pioneering recordings of the works of Mahler.

He was the son of the noted Welsh composer, Haydn Morris, born in Trellech, Monmouthshire in 1929 who spoke only Welsh until he was seven years old. After the Royal Academy of Music, Wyn Morris studied conducting in Salzburg under Igor Markevich, then in the USA, where he won the Koussevitzky Prize, awarded by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at its summer base in Tanglewood. After further study with George Szell, Wyn Morris became conductor of the Cleveland Chamber Orchestra for a time before returning to Britain. He was once described as “The Celtic Furtwangler” on account

of his mercurial performances and fiery personality but had a reputation for being difficult to handle. His Big Break came in November 1963 when he conducted the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra in Mahler’s Ninth Symphony at the Royal Festival Hall. He conducted the massive score from memory, which garnered ecstatic response and glowing reviews. It was especially memorable as Mahler’s symphonies were not then a part of the standard repertoire. Following Mahler’s death in Vienna in 1911, his music had fallen into a state of relative neglect, for various complex reasons.

His father, Haydn Morris, was born in Llanarthne in Carmarthenshire, the son of a coal miner and the youngest of seven children but lost both his parents when he was young. He went to work in the New Cross Hands coalmine when he was 12 and stayed there until deciding to devote himself entirely to music in 1916. He took an interest in music very early and studied first with local teachers, then under D. Vaughan Thomas, the composer and father of the broadcaster Wynford Vaughan Thomas, in Swansea. After gaining his ARCM diploma in 1918, a concert was arranged to help him to further his education. He came to the Royal Academy of Music in London later that year where he studied until 1922, gaining a prize for composition and the special commendation of Sir Edward Elgar. He graduated as a Mus.Bac. in 1923 and received a doctorate from the University of New York in 1943. He declined posts at the Royal Academy and in Canada and

spent his career as an organist and choirmaster in three churches in Wales, in Carmarthen, Merthyr Tydfil and Llanelli. He was also active as a teacher, conductor and composer. He published more than 450 works, including operas, part songs, solos and pieces for brass band, piano and orchestra.

There are some who have questioned the authenticity of this hymn tune. There is something for me that doesn’t ring true. Why would Wyn Morris, the noted Mahler conductor, write a hymn tune? It doesn’t seem right, somehow, and the style of the tune is rather old fashioned. It has long been thought that the tune is probably by his father, the composer, but Wyn Morris, being executor of his estate, put his own name to it. Having met Wyn Morris once and aware of his wayward personality, I wouldn’t be a bit surprised.

Dyma gariad, pwy a'i traetha?

Anchwiliadwy ydyw ef;
Dyma gariad, i'w ddyfnderoedd
Byth ni threiddia nef y nef;
Dyma gariad gwyd fy enaid
Uwch holl bethau gwael y llawr;
Dyma gariad wna im ganu
Yn y bythol wynfyd mawr.

Ymlochesaf yn ei glwyfau,
Ymgysgodaf dan ei groes,
Ymddigrifaf yn ei gariad,
Cariad mwy na hwn nid oes;
cariad lletach yw na'r moroedd,
Uwch na'r nefoedd hefyd yw:
Ymddiriedaf yn dragwyddol
Yn anfeidrol gariad Duw.

*Here is love, who will declaim it?
Unsearchable it is;
Here is love, to its depths*

Never the heaven of heaven could
penetrate;
Here is love which lifts my soul
Above all things wretched below,
Here is love which makes me sing
In the great everlasting blessedness.
I will hide in his wounds,
I will shelter under his cross,
I will delight in his love,
Love greater than which there is
not;
Love is broader than the seas,
Higher than the heavens also it is:
I will trust eternally
The immeasurable love of God.

2 The Holy Spirit & heavenly breeze:

Salm 147

Mae mor dda canu mawl i Dduw!
Mae'n beth hyfryd rhoi iddo'r
mawl mae'n ei haeddu.
Mae'r Arglwydd yn ailadeiladu
Jerwsalem,
ac yn casglu pobl Israel sydd wedi
bod yn alltudion.
Mae e'n iacháu y rhai sydd wedi
torri eu calonnau,
ac yn rhwymo eu briwiau.

Mae e wedi cyfri'r sêr i gyd,
rhoi enw i bob un ohonyn nhw.
Mae'n Meistr ni mor fawr, ac mor
gryf!
Mae ei ddeall yn ddi-ben-draw!
Mae'r Arglwydd yn rhoi hyder i'r
rhai sy'n cael eu gorthrymu,
ond yn bwrw'r rhai drwg i'r llawr.

Canwch gân o fawl i'r Arglwydd,
a chreu alaw i Dduw ar y delyn
fach.
Mae'n gorchuddio'r awyr gyda
chymylau,
ac yn rhoi glaw i'r ddaear.
Mae'n gwneud i laswellt dyfu ar y
mynyddoedd,
yn rhoi bwyd i bob anifail gwyllt,
ac i gywion y gigfran pan maen
nhw'n galw.

Dydy cryfder ceffyl ddim yn creu
argraff arno,
a dydy cyflymder rhedwr ddim yn
ei ryfeddu.
Y bobl sy'n ei barchu sy'n plesio'r
Arglwydd ;
y rhai hynny sy'n rhoi eu gobaith
yn ei gariad ffyddlon.

O Jerwsalem, canmol yr
Arglwydd !
O Seion, mola dy Dduw!
Mae e wedi gwneud barrau dy
giatiau yn gryf,
ac wedi bendithio dy blant o dy
fewn.
Mae'n gwneud dy dir yn ddiogel,
ac yn rhoi digonedd o'r yd gorau
i ti.

Mae'n anfon ei orchymyn drwy'r
ddaear,
ac mae'n cael ei wneud ar
unwaith.
Mae'n anfon eira fel gwllân,
yn gwasgaru barrug fel lludw,
ac yn taflu cenllysg fel briwsion.
Pwy sy'n gallu goddef yr oerni
mae'n ei anfon?
Wedyn mae'n gorchymyn i'r cwbl
feirioli —
mae'n anadlu arno ac mae'r dŵr
yn llifo.

Mae wedi rhoi ei neges i Jacob,
ei ddeddfau a'i ganllawiau i bobl
Israel.
Wnaeth e ddim hynny i unrhyw
wlad arall;
dŷn nhw'n gwybod dim am ei
reolau.

Praise the Lord!
How good it is to sing praises to our
God;
for he is gracious, and a song of
praise is fitting.
The Lord builds up Jerusalem;
he gathers the outcasts of Israel.
He heals the broken-hearted,
and binds up their wounds.

He determines the number of the
stars;
he gives to all of them their names.
Great is our Lord, and abundant in
power;
his understanding is beyond
measure.
The Lord lifts up the downtrodden;
he casts the wicked to the ground.
Sing to the Lord with thanksgiving;
make melody to our God on the
lyre.

He covers the heavens with clouds,
prepares rain for the earth,
makes grass grow on the hills.
He gives to the animals their food,
and to the young ravens when they
cry.
His delight is not in the strength of
the horse,
nor his pleasure in the speed of a
runner;
but the Lord takes pleasure in those
who fear him,
in those who hope in his steadfast
love.

Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem!
Praise your God, O Zion!
For he strengthens the bars of your
gates;
he blesses your children within you.
He grants peace within your
borders;
he fills you with the finest of wheat.
He sends out his command to the
earth;
his word runs swiftly.

He gives snow like wool;
he scatters frost like ashes.
He hurls down hail like crumbs—
who can stand before his cold?
He sends out his word, and melts
them;
he makes his wind blow, and the
waters flow.
He declares his word to Jacob,
his statutes and ordinances to Israel.
He has not dealt thus with any
other nation;

they do not know his ordinances.
Praise the Lord!

I Kings 19: 9-18
The Lord appears to Elijah

While Elijah was on Mount Sinai, the Lord asked, "Elijah, why are you here?"

He answered, "Lord God All-Powerful, I've always done my best to obey you. But your people have broken their solemn promise to you. They have torn down your altars and killed all your prophets, except me. And now they are even trying to kill me!"

"Go out and stand on the mountain," the Lord replied. "I want you to see me when I pass by."

All at once, a strong wind shook the mountain and shattered the rocks. But the Lord was not in the wind. Next, there was an earthquake, but the Lord was not in the earthquake. Then there was a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire.

Finally, there was a gentle breeze, and when Elijah heard it, he covered his face with his coat. He went out and stood at the entrance to the cave.

The Lord asked, "Elijah, why are you here?"

Arglwydd, gad im dawel orffwys

Dan gysgodau'r palmwydd clyd
Lle yr eistedd pererinion
Ar eu ffordd i'r nefol fyd,
Lle'r adroddant dy ffyddlondeb
Iddynt yn yr anial cras
Nes anghofio'u cyfyngderau
Wrth foliannu nerth dy ras.

O mor hoff yw cwmni'r brodry
Sydd â'u hwyneb tua'r wlad

heb un tafod yn gwenieithio,
Heb un fron yn meithrin brad;
Gwlith y nefoedd ar eu profiad,
Atsain hyder yn eu hiaith;
Teimlant hiraeth am eu cartref,
Carant sôn am ben eu taith.

Arglwydd, dal ni nes mynd adref,
Nid yw'r llwybyr eto'n faith;
Gwened heulwen ar ein henaid
Wrth nesáu at ben y daith;
Doed y nefol awel dyner
I'n cyfarfod yn y glyn
Nes in deimlo'n traed yn sengi
Ar uchelder Seion fryn.

*Lord, give me quiet rest
Under the shade of cosy palms,
Where sit pilgrims
On their way to the heavenly world,
Where they report thy faithfulness
To them in the rough desert,
Until they forget their distresses
while praising the power of thy
grace.*

*O how pleased is the company of
the brothers
Who with their face towards the
land
Without one tongue flattering,
Without one breast cultivating
treachery;
The dew of heaven on their
experience,
An echo of confidence in their
language;
They feel longing for their home,
They love to speak
of the end of their journey.*

*Lord, keep us until we go home,
No longer is the path lengthy;
May the sun shine on our soul;
As we draw near to the end of our
journey;
May the gentle heavenly breeze
come
To meet us in the vale
Until we feel our feet tread
On the height of mount Zion.*

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Qg07xIAAnSO4>

**3 The Cross, Resurrection &
Ascension:**

T S Eliot
Four Quartets
"East Coker," Part IV

The wounded surgeon plies the steel
That questions the distempered part;
Beneath the bleeding hands we feel
The sharp compassion of the healer's art
Resolving the enigma of the fever chart.

Our only health is the disease
If we obey the dying nurse
Whose constant care is not to please
But to remind of our, and Adam's
curse,
And that, to be restored, our
sickness must grow worse.

The whole earth is our hospital
Endowed by the ruined millionaire,
Wherein, if we do well, we shall
Die of the absolute paternal care
That will not leave us, but prevents
us everywhere.

The chill ascends from feet to
knees,
The fever sings in mental wires.
If to be warmed, then I must
freeze
And quake in frigid purgatorial fires
Of which the flame is roses, and
the smoke is briars.

The dripping blood our only drink,
The bloody flesh our only food:
In spite of which we like to think
That we are sound, substantial
flesh and blood—
Again, in spite of that, we call this
Friday good.



The poet T S Eliot, above, wrote the 'Four Quartets' during the Second World War. The cycle of four long poems were immediate bestsellers and this incantatory meditation on time, place, faith, spirituality and history brought great comfort to readers amid the uncertainty of war.

O Grist, Ffisigwr mawr y byd,

down atat â'n doluriau i gyd;
nid oes na haint na chlwy' na chur
na chilia dan dy ddwylo pur.

Down yn hyderus atat ti,
ti wyddost am ein gwendid ni;
gwellhad a geir ar glwyfau oes
dan law y Gŵr fu ar y groes.

Anadla arnom ni o'r nef
falm dy drugaredd dawel, gref;
pob calon ysig, boed yn dyst
fod hedd yn enw Iesu Grist.

Aeth y trallodus ar eu hynt
yn gwbl iach o'th wyddfod gynt;
Ffisigwr mawr, O rho dy hun
i'n gwneuthur ninnau'n iach bob un.

*Christ, the great Physician of the world,
we come to you with all our sorrows;
there is neither infection nor
disease, nor sickness,
or ciliary under your pure hands.*

We come with confidence to you,

*you know our weakness;
a cure for life-long wounds
under the hand of the man who
was on the cross.*

*Breathe upon us from heaven the
wall of your strong, quiet mercy;
every heart of spirit, be it witness of
peace in the name of Jesus Christ.*

*The affliction proceeded on their
way
wholly from your former heart;
Great physician, Give yourself
to make us all healthy.*

Matthias Grünewald The Crucifixion (Colmar, France)



This is *The Crucifixion* from the Isenheim Altarpiece, 1512-16 by Matthias Grünewald and it is in Colmar in the Alsace region of France.

It is Grünewald's largest work, and is regarded as his masterpiece. It was painted for the Monastery of St. Anthony in Isenheim near Colmar, which specialised in hospital work. The Antonine monks of the monastery were noted for their care of plague sufferers as well as their treatment of skin diseases. The image of the crucified Christ is pitted with plague-type sores, showing patients that Jesus understood and shared their afflictions. The veracity of the

work's depictions of medical conditions was unusual in the history of European art. Grünewald's *Crucifixion* stands as one of the most poignant representations of this scene in Western art due to the artist's masterful depiction of horrific agony, with Christ's emaciated body writhing under the pain of the nails driven through his hands and feet.

This body covered with sores and riddled with thorns must have terrified the sick, but also left no doubt about Christ's suffering, thus comforting them in their communion with the Saviour, whose pain they shared. Grünewald depicts Jesus's body ravaged by crucifixion yet evokes pointedly the Christian message of Jesus's horrible suffering; originally intended for a hospital, the altar painting may have been designed to provide comfort and solace to the sick. Mary, the mother of Jesus, is shown at Christ's right, collapsing in anguish in the arms of John, the beloved disciple of Christ, and shrouded in a large piece of white cloth.

At Christ's left, John the Baptist is accompanied by a lamb, symbolising the sacrifice of Jesus. An unflinching masterpiece hugely influential on later artists especially modern ones.

When Jesus was under the nails in the bitter, gloomy depths, starts our next hymn, a tomb was broken for the hopes of his beloved ones at the cross; Jesus rose! The night of their misery became day. This is *Pan oedd Iesu dan yr hoelion* by E Cefni Jones, to the tune Coedmor.

Pan oedd Iesu dan yr hoelion

yn nyfnderoedd chwerw loes
torrwyd beddrod i obeithion
ei rai annwyl wrth y groes;
cododd Iesu!
Nos eu trallod aeth yn ddydd.

Gyda sanctaidd wawr y bore
teithiai'r gwragedd at y bedd,
clywid ing yn sŵn eu camre,
gwelid tristwch yn eu gwedd;
cododd Iesu!
Ocheneidiau droes yn gân.

Wyla Seion mewn anobaith
a'r gelynion yn cryfhau,
gwelir myrdd yn cilio ymaith
at allorau duwiau gau;
cododd Iesu!
I wirionedd gorsedd fydd.

*When Jesus was under the nails
in the bitter, gloomy depths,
a tomb was broken for the hopes of
his beloved ones at the cross;
Jesus rose!
The night of their misery became
day.*

*With the holy dawn of the morning
the
women travelled to the grave, they
were
heard in the noise of their steps,
sorrow was seen in their
appearance;
Jesus rose!
Sorrows turned into song.*

*Zion wept in despair
and the enemies strengthened,
many are seen retreating
to the altars of the gods of closure;
Jesus rose!
To the truth of a throne will be.*

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FK69qWNWHU8>

Musical interlude

Dame Myra Hess plays Mozart at
the National Gallery in 1942



<https://www.gettyimages.co.uk/detail/video/london-wartime-concert-stock-video-footage/459912898>

Titian (Tiziano Vecelli)

Noli me tangere

The National Gallery, London

Dame Myra Hess in that film clip was playing Mozart with the Orchestra of the Royal Air Force in the National Gallery during wartime. While you can see in that film that there was an exhibition of contemporary art by commissioned war artists the Gallery's collection had been moved for safe keeping to Penrhyn Castle and to the slate mines of north Wales, pictured below.



Once the Gallery's pictures were established underground, the empty building itself stood surplus. In its position at the centre of Trafalgar Square, it was expected to be appropriated by a wartime Ministry. But while the frames gaped in the halls, the public's spirits were marshalled within it by music. Myra Hess, whose 1926 setting of *Jesu Joy of Man's Desiring* was already a standard at British weddings and funerals, offered the Gallery's director Sir Kenneth

Clark – who you could see sitting next to the Queen mother in that film – a series of lunchtime concerts in the Gallery. The doors would be thrown open again. These concerts quickly became a fixture, and Hess herself would emerge from the war linked irrevocably with Bach's cantata and with what quickly became known as "Blitz spirit." Draped in dark furs and an air of grim endurance, Hess was viewed as a solid figure of constancy. When another part of the Gallery took a direct hit, she rose to a crescendo.

However much Hess may have evoked the marvelling of Bach or the blind faith of the hopeful, the bereft public still wanted their paintings. "Because London's face is scarred and bruised these days," ran a letter in *The Times*, "we need more than ever to see beautiful things. Would the trustees of the National Gallery consider whether it were not wise and well to risk one picture for exhibition each week?"

The proposal found favour in the denuded offices of the National Gallery, but which of their two thousand-odd pictures did the public want to see first? Kenneth Clark was reportedly surprised by the public's answer. They wanted a small early painting by the Venetian renaissance master Titian's called *Noli me tangere*, or 'Do not touch.'



Pictured above, here it is: the Gallery's first Picture of the Week *in situ*. On the first day of the week, as John 20 has it, Mary Magdalene came to the tomb and

saw that the stone had been rolled away. John is not unique in the Gospels in giving this discovery to a woman, but his is the only account that has Mary coming alone. When she finds the body gone, she panics and casts about for passers-by. She lights on a gardener. Where had “they” taken the body? The gardener replied, addressing Mary by name, and she immediately recognized Christ himself, risen again as foretold. “Rabboni” (Master), she replied, but her master pulled away. “Touch me not,” he said, “for I am not yet ascended to my father.”



This is the moment the teenage Titian chose for the painting dated 1514 that Londoners requested in the middle of the Second World War. Mary Magdalene, a supposed former prostitute who has thereby known the touch of many, appears loose-haired in accordance with long-established iconographic tradition—a trope that has been linked variously to her erstwhile profession and to her subsequent period of repentance in the desert. Titian drapes her in the kind of sumptuous scarlet he might have seen passing his studio window in prosperous sixteenth-century Venice, but she kneels in the dust, careless of fashion and clutching the ointment she brought to anoint her master’s body. That body appears miraculously re-animated, still in its white winding

sheet, and Christ tramples on the green vegetation that appears to have sprung spontaneously from the earth, as he has. Mary reaches forward a tentative hand. The Rabboni, bearing his gardener’s hoe like a staff of office, leans towards her in answering reassurance, even as he pulls away the very hem of his garment and speaks the words that give the painting its name. The practical space between the figures is small and, from a distance, indistinct.

Titian holds his figures together within a compositional triangle that seems to speak of the love that flows between them and, in some vaguer sense, unites them. There is also a cross or X shape that fuses the figures in their landscape so if you follow the red dress of Mary Magdalene it forms a line going up to the tree and on the other side if you follow the line of Christ’s body it crosses over to leads up to the castle on the hill forming an ‘X’ of diagonals.

With its evocation of prohibition and longing, *Noli me tangere* must have resonated with Blitzed Londoners, as, presumably, with many before them. Titian’s youthful pastoral, complete with a man walking his dog, combines the everyday with the miraculous. Yet the central miracle is witnessed only by us, and by a single woman—a prostitute at that—whose testimony would have been automatically suspect to her male Christian colleagues. And though there is a subtle magic hanging over the scene, there is no obvious sign of what, exactly, has happened. The dark tomb from which Christ has risen, and the stone that was rolled away, are nowhere to be seen. Instead, rolling hills fade to blue below a sleepy hilltop town, where sheep safely graze, the colours only subtly intensifying in the areas

surrounding the man who rose from the dead.

Those who climbed the steps of the National Gallery to see the painting on lonely display might perhaps have thought of those they could not touch: family and friends at the front, ricket-riddled children evacuated to far-off country idylls; or perhaps those whose touch might heal: doctor, peacemaker, lover. With Myra Hess’s playing of *Jesu Joy of Man’s Desiring* echoing through the halls, they may well also have thought of the desire to hold and cling.

Gwawr wedi hirnos, cân wedi loes,

Nerth wedi llesgedd, coron 'r ôl croes;
Chwerw dry'n felys, no fydd yn ddydd,
Cartref 'r ôl crwydro, wylo ni bydd.

Medi'r cynhaeaf, haul wedi glaw,
Treiddio'r dirgelwch, hedd wedi braw,
Wedi gofidiau, hir lawenhau'
Gorffwys 'r ôl lludded, hedd i barhau.

Heuir mewn dagrau, medir yn llon,
Cariad sy'n llywio stormydd y don;
Byr ysgafn gystudd, derfydd yn llwyr
Yn y gogoniant ddaw gyda'r hwyr.

Anniflanedig gartref ein Duw,
Ninnau nid ofnwn, ynddo cawn fyw,
Byw i gyfiawnder, popeth yn dda,
Byw yn oes oesedd, Haleliwia.

*Dawn after long night, a song after pain
Strength after weakness, a crown after affliction*

*The bitter will become sweet, the night day,
A home after wandering, weeping will be no more.*

*Reaping the harvest, sun after rain,
Penetrating the mystery, tranquillity after fright,
After sorrows/tribulations, prolonged rejoicing,
Rest after fatigue, an everlasting praise.*

*Sown in tears, reaped in joy
It is love that governs the storms of life;
A short light affliction will cease entirely
In the glory that will come in the evening.*

*In the perpetual home of our God,
We shall not fear, there shall we live,
Live unto justice, all will be well
Live for ever, Hallelujah.*

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HIF4T6VQI4I>

Luke 24: 36-53 **The Ascension**

While they were talking, Jesus himself stood among them and said to them, 'Peace be with you.' They were startled and terrified, and thought that they were seeing a ghost. He said to them, 'Why are you frightened, and why do doubts arise in your hearts? Look at my hands and my feet; see that it is I myself. Touch me and see; for a ghost does not have flesh and bones as you see that I have.' And when he had said this, he showed them his hands and his feet. While in their joy they were disbelieving and still wondering, he said to them, 'Have you anything here to eat?'

They gave him a piece of broiled fish, and he took it and ate in their presence.

Then he said to them, 'These are my words that I spoke to you while I was still with you—that everything written about me in the law of Moses, the prophets, and the psalms must be fulfilled.' Then he opened their minds to understand the scriptures, and he said to them, 'Thus it is written, that the Messiah is to suffer and to rise from the dead on the third day, and that repentance and forgiveness of sins is to be proclaimed in his name to all nations, beginning from Jerusalem. You are witnesses of these things. And see, I am sending upon you what my Father promised; so stay here in the city until you have been clothed with power from on high.'

Then he led them out as far as Bethany, and, lifting up his hands, he blessed them. While he was blessing them, he withdrew from them and was carried up into heaven. And they worshipped him, and returned to Jerusalem with great joy; and they were continually in the temple blessing God.

4 *The Eternal life and Jesus as king:*

Arglwydd Iesu, arwain f'enaid
At y Graig sydd uwch na mi,
Craig safadwy mewn tymhestloedd,
Craig a ddeil yng ngrym y lli;
Llechu wnaif yng Nghraig yr Oesoedd,
Deued dilyw, deued tân,
A phan chwalo'r greadigaeth,
Craig yr Oesoedd fydd fy nghân.

Pan fo creigiau'r byd yn rhwygo
Yn rhyferthwy'r farn a ddaw,
Stormydd creulon arna' i'n curo,
Cedyrn fyrdd o'm cylch mewn braw;
Craig yr Oesoedd ddeil pryd hynny,
Yn y dyfroedd, yn y tân:
Draw ar gefnfor tragwyddoldeb
Craig yr Oesoedd fydd fy nghân.



Porth Dafarch on Holy Island, Anglesey, north Wales, with the rock that inspired Morswyn (Samuel Jonathan Griffiths) to write the hymn 'Arglwydd Iesu, arwain f'enaid'

*Lord Jesus, lead my soul
To the Rock that is higher than I
Firm rock in the storms
Rock which keeps in the might of the flood
I will hide in the Rock of Ages
Come deluge, come fire,
And when the creation disintegrates
The rock of the ages shall be my song.*

*When the rocks of earth are tearing
In the storm of judgment to come
Bloody storms battering me
Unshakable myriads around me in terror;
The rock of the ages keeps at such a time,
In the waters, in the fire:
There on the flood of eternity
The rock of the ages shall be my song.*

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cBglyGpuOg4>

Jacob Epstein
Christ in Majesty

Llandaff Cathedral, Cardiff

Of British Cathedrals only Coventry suffered more damage during the Second World War than Llandaff. In rebuilding the Cathedral George Pace, the newly appointed Architect to the Dean and Chapter in 1950 wanted to have some form of arch in common with other great medieval Cathedrals at the West end of the choir, a pulpitum whereby from the moment of entering the Cathedral the journey to the High Altar from the Nave should be by subtly designed stages. It was agreed that some form of arch, to carry at least part of the organ and which was also to display some piece of outstanding contemporary art should be constructed but it was not to obscure the view throughout the whole length of the Cathedral at ground level. Two schemes were put forward. The first was for a canopy on four columns, with a painting of an appropriate subject such as "The Last Judgement" and the artist whom the Dean and Chapter had in mind for the painting was Stanley Spencer.

The second scheme, which was to win the day, was a double wishbone concrete arch surmounted by a hollow drum. The artist proposed to fashion the figure of "Christ in Glory" that would be mounted on the West face of the drum was Jacob Epstein. A portable Nave Altar was envisaged in the space between the legs of the arch. As with the commissioning of members of the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood to contribute to the restoration in the nineteenth century the idea of employing either of these contemporary and controversial artists in the twentieth raised a storm of protest.

The Dean and Chapter negotiated with the War Damage Commission that the monies allocated for the replacement of stained glass lost in the bombing could be used to fund work or works of art in other media, so that funds towards the cost of casting the "Majestas" in aluminium were at least partially available. The figure is 16 feet high, weighs 7cwt (one hundredweights) and was cast by the Morris-Singer works in Lambeth, pictured below with the artist.



On the eve of the re-hallowing of the Nave on 10th April 1957, Bob Evans, the newly appointed curate of Llandaff, found himself sitting silently in the nave alongside Epstein. At last the sculptor turned to the young priest and said "Well?" "I told him what I could see" was Bob's reply and later, with the foolishness of youth...he added "Was it difficult for you, a practicing Jew, to create a Christ for a Christian congregation?" Epstein replied "All my life I have searched for truth and beauty and, in the end, I discovered that it is in the idea of the Christ that they are to be found." Llandaff's Christ looks not at the congregation at his feet but through the clear glass of the west window of the Cathedral to the wider world beyond.



**Love divine, all loves
excelling,**

joy of heaven, to earth come
down,
fix in us thy humble dwelling,
all thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
pure, unbounded love thou art;
visit us with thy salvation,
enter every trembling heart.

Come, almighty to deliver,
let us all thy life receive;
suddenly return, and never,
never more thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always
blessing,
serve thee as thy hosts above,
pray, and praise thee without
ceasing,
glory in thy perfect love.

Finish then thy new creation;
pure and spotless let us be;
let us see thy great salvation,
perfect restored in thee:
Changed from glory into glory
till in heaven we take our place,
till we cast our crowns before
thee,
lost in wonder, love, and praise!

<https://www.bbc.co.uk/programmes/p05gxvbx>

Prayers

Let us pray

Cardinal Basil Hume said: "There is a gentle breeze if we can but catch it, which blows all the time to help us on our journey through life to our final destination. That breeze is the Holy Spirit. But the wind cannot be caught or used unless the sail is hoisted, and the hoisting is our task. We must be on the watch, ready to recognize it and play our part. God does hold us, and will lead us, if we want it; but we must want it." Dear Lord, help us to want this so we can harness the breeze of the Holy Spirit to bring us peace, faith and guidance through our journeys together especially at these difficult times.

And now we will sing the Lord's Prayer.

Gweddi'r Arglwydd

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

Wele'n sefyll rhwng y myrtwydd

Wrthrych teilwng o fy mryd;
Er mai o ran, yr wy'n adnabod
Ei fod uwchlaw gwrthrychau'r byd:
Henffych fore
Y caf ei weled fel y mae.

Rhosyn Saron yw ei enw,
Gwyn a gwridog, teg o bryd;
Ar ddeng mil y mae'n rhagori
O wrthrychau penna'r byd:
Ffrind pechadur,
Dyma ei beilat ar y môr.

Beth sy imi mwy a wnelwyf
Ag eilunod gwael y llawr?
Tystio'r wyf nad yw eu cwmni

I'w cystadlu â lesu mawr:
O! am aros
Yn ei gariad ddyddiau f'oes.

*See he stands among the myrtles
Object worthy of my heart;
Although in part, I know
He is above the objects of the world:
Hail the morning
I saw him as he is.*

*Rose of Sharon is his name,
White and rosy, fair of heart;
Than ten thousand he is better
Of objects the world prescribes:
A sinner's Friend,
Here is his pilot on the sea.*

*What is there more for me to do
With wretched idols of the earth?
I testify that there company is not
To compete with great Jesus:
O to stay
In his love the days of my life!*

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

Blessing

Oh Lord, please bless our hymns and music that we might glorify your name.

Let these hymns be a witness to your majesty and love, and remind us that you are always watching, and listening, from your throne above.

May your presence and beauty be found in every note, and may the words that are sung reach the hearts of your people so they will draw closer to you.

May your Spirit guide us through every measure so that we might be the instruments of your peace, and proclaim your glory with glad voices. Amen

Closing music:

J S Bach arr Myra Hess
Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yaCg_nC2W5s

Readers:

Gwenallt Pantycelyn

Catrin Treharne

A talk by John Jones on Wyn Morris, composer of the hymn tune Garthowen

John Jones

Salm 147

Megan Evans

I Kings 19: 9-18

David Evans

T S Eliot

Four Quartets

"East Coker," Part IV

Joshua Games

Luke 24: 36-53

Sioned Bowen

Picture commentaries, Prayers and Blessing

Neil Evans

Organist John Jones

Producer Mike Williams
