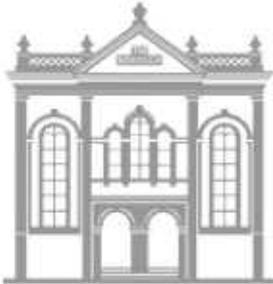


Capel y Boro
Sun 15 Nov 2020 11am

A celebration of
the Welsh Revivals

Mary Jones, Thomas
Charles and David Charles



Opening music:

Dyma gariad fel y moroedd
(Gwilym Hiraethog, *Pennant*)
Dunvant Male Choir

Intrada

Tydi sydd deilwng oll o'm cân
(David Charles, son, 1803-80,
Godre'r Coed)

Euros Bowen
Llysywen

Dylan Thomas
from *Under Milk Wood*
"Dear Gwalia!" spoken by the
character of Rev Eli Jenkins

Diolch i ti, yr hollalluog Dduw
(Y Salmydd Cymraeg, *priodolir*.
David Charles, 1762-1834)

Salm 133

Titus 2: 11-15

David Charles
Excerpt, *Sermon on Titus 2:14*

David Charles
Excerpt, *Diary*
(Diary entry written following the
failure of his family's farm)

*Mae ffrydiau 'ngorfoledd yn
tardu ("O fryniau Caersalem")*
(David Charles, 1762-1834,
Crug y bar)

Emily Barroso
Big Men's Boots - The Way
A reading from her novel
by Emily Barroso

**A talk by John Jones on
*Llef ("O leus mawr") I***

Mae d'eisiau di bob awr
(Annie S Hawks, cyf. John Roberts,
leuan Gwyllt)

A talk by John Jones on *Llef II*

O Iesu mawr, rho d'anian bur
(David Charles, 1762-1834, *Llef*)

**From Wales to the World –
A short Bible Society film on
the Welsh Bible and Mary
Jones and Thomas Charles**

**A short film on Mary Jones's
Bible returning to Bala in 2016**

2 Timothy 3: 14-1
Psalms 119, 105-112
Readings from the Bible Society's
Nerys Siddall, manager of *Mary
Jones World* visitor centre, Bala

Message
Thomas Charles (1838)
Excerpt, *Spiritual Counsels*
"The tares and the wheat"

Duw mawr y rhyfeddodau maith
(Samuel Davies cyf] R Jones,
Rhyd-y-Groes)

Blessing

Closing music:
Arr. for choir by Jeffrey Howard
Rhagluniaeth fawr y nef
(David Charles, 1762-1834, *Builth*)
Cor y 'Steddfod, Maldwyn, 2015;
Chamber Orchestra of Wales/
Jeffrey Howard



Opening music:

Dyma gariad fel y moroedd,
Tosturiaethau fel y lli:
Twysog Bywyd pur yn marw -
Marw i brynu'n bywyd ni.
Pwy all beidio â chofio amdano?
Pwy all beidio â thraethu'i glod?
Dyma gariad nad â'n angof
Tra fo nefoedd wen yn bod.

Ar Galfaria yr ymrwygodd
Holl ffynhonnau'r dyfnder mawr;
Torrodd holl argaeau'r nefoedd
Oedd yn gyfain hyd yn awr:
Gras â chariad megis dilyw
Yn ymdywaltt ymâ 'nghyd,
A chyfiawnder pur â heddwach
Yn cusanu euog fyd.

*Here is love like the seas,
Tender mercies like the flood:
The Prince of Life dying -
Dying to purchase our life for us.
Who can help remembering him?
Who can help declaring his praise?
Here is love not to be forgotten
While glorious heavens shall be.*

*On Calvary tore
The fountains of the great deep;
All the floodgates of the heavens
broke
Which were secure until then:
Grace and love like a deluge
Pouring down together,
And pure justice with peace
Kissing a guilty world.*

Dunvant Male Choir

<https://www.facebook.com/dunvantchoir/posts/2406997176033869>

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 service this morning which celebrates the faith, devotion and passion of the Welsh religious revivals. We will focus this morning on the influence that the Methodist revival that revitalised Christianity in Wales during the 18th century had on the brothers Thomas and David Charles and Mary Jones of Bala. And we will also look at the 1904/5 revival in Wales.

Back in the 18th century Methodist preachers such as Daniel Rowland, William Williams and Howell Harris were heavily influential and the revival led eventually to the establishment of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists as a denomination. David and Thomas Charles who lived in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries were to carry the torch of these pioneers both brothers becoming great preachers, and Thomas Charles laying the foundations for schools in Wales

and championing the translations and circulations of Welsh Bibles. David Charles became one of the great Welsh language hymn writers. While his son, also named David Charles, was perhaps not such a great hymn writer as his father, we start our service this morning with one of his that is considered a classic, set to the tune *God're Coed*.

Tydi sy deilwng oll o'm cân,
fy Nghrëwr mawr a'm Duw;
dy ddoniau di o'm hamgylch
maent
bob awr yr wyf yn byw.

Mi glywa'r haul a'r lloer a'r sêr
yn datgan dwyfol glod;
tywynnu'n ddisglair yr wyt ti
drwy bopeth sydd yn bod.

O na foed tafod dan y rhod
yn ddistaw am dy waith;
minnau fynegaf hyd fy medd
dy holl ddaioni maith.

Diolchaf am dy gariad cu
yn estyn hyd fy oes;
diolchaf fwy am Un a fu
yn gwaedu ar y groes.

*Thou art worthy of my song, my
great Creator and my God;
your talents are
all around me every hour I live.*

*He hears the sun and the moon
and the stars
proclaiming divine praise;
you are shining brightly
through everything that is.*

*Let no tongue under the walk
be silent for thy work;
I will declare unto my grave
all thy goodness.*

*I thank you for your dear love
extending all my life;*

*I thank more for One who
was bleeding on the cross.*

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BqCBDoiXq7Q>

The religious figures we are celebrating today are associated with south and mid Wales. Brothers Thomas and David Charles were born in a farm near St Clears in Carmarthenshire. David Charles's career was mostly based in Carmarthen, whereas Thomas Charles settled in Bala, mid Wales where he married Sarah Jones, the orphan of a flourishing shopkeeper there. So to reflect the landscapes that they occupied we will now hear two poems from each region:

Euros Bowen Llysywen

Lle unig ei ewyn
yn Llangywair,
a phery yn nwr a'l bannwl gyffro
yn rhubanu'n
sglein nwyfus glir,

las hirgwysog Sargaso,
hwrdd o obry
ym mwd
moroedd Bermwda,
herwr lwerydd,
yn rhydio lleitrwm foryd a llwtra,
a chario ei wefr
I gilfachau'r afon
a'r lle unig ei ewyn
yn nwr Llangywair,

Fflach o raff lathr
yn rhydd,
cyn l reddf
ganlyn yn dynn wrth dor,
ac erlid
i'r bridio
yn erw gyson Saragaso,
a'r marw ymhell
ym mroydd obry,
ym mwd

a moroedd Bermwda,
 Hualau'r farwolaeth
 yn rhwygo'n wreichion,
 rhychiad
 rhyndod trwy waed,
 cryndod trydan
 mewn lle unig ei ewyn
 yma yn Llangywair,
 llun gwaniad,
 erbillen y geni.

Eel

*A place where the foam is solitary
 in Llangywair,
 and in the water and its dingle there
 persists
 an excitement
 ribboning
 a gleam, vital and clear,*

*A shiver of long-furrowed Sargasso,
 A thrust from below
 in the mud
 of the seas of Bermuda,
 Atlantic prowler,
 fording the inlet, heavy with mud,
 and the silt,
 and carrying its thrill
 into the river's backwaters
 and that place where the foam is
 solitary
 in the water of Llangywair.*

*A flash of bright rope
 free,
 before instinct
 follows close to belly,
 and harries it
 to the breeding-ground
 in Sargasso's constant acre,
 and to its death far away
 in those underneath places
 in the mud
 and seas of Bermuda*

*The shackles of death
 tearing in sparks,
 a drilling
 of chill through the blood,
 the trembling of electricity*

*in a place where the foam is solitary
 here in Llangywair,
 a shape of a stabbing blow,
 the gimlet of birth.*

Translated by R Gerallt Jones



Llyn Tegid dominates the mid Wales town of Bala. 'Llysywen' is local writer and priest Euros Bowen's poem about the eels that populated the south shore of the lake close to his home in Llangywair (Llangywair). The eels are known for their speed and for travelling to the UK from vast distances such as Sargasso and Bermuda.



Euros Bowen (1904 – 1988) was a Welsh language poet and priest. Born in Treorchy, and a brother of the poet Geraint Bowen, he was educated at the Presbyterian College, Carmarthen, and later at the University of Wales (initially at University College, Aberystwyth before transferring to University College, Swansea), Mansfield College, Oxford and St Catherine's

College, Oxford. Although initially he intended to become a Nonconformist minister, he converted to Anglicanism as a student, and was ordained as a priest of the Church in Wales, serving 1934-38 as curate of Wrexham, then as rector of Llanuwchllyn with Llangywair, on the shore of Lake Bala in Merionethshire, from which parishes he retired in 1973. He spent the remainder of his life in Wrexham.

Bowen was responsible for bringing into Welsh poetry influences from mainland Europe which effectively revolutionised the medium - in this he is in many ways to Welsh literature what T S Eliot and Ezra Pound were to English. Although there are some skeins in his work which are reminiscent of Symbolism (he translated a selection of French Symbolist poets into Welsh) and of a kind of Imagism, Bowen always thought of himself as a Sacramentalist and believed the images in his poems communicated as signs. Comparable in stature with his fellow priest-poet R. S. Thomas, Bowen is considerably more celebratory in tone, and the transformations in nature, as he sees them, often appear as communicating a personal revelation.

Dylan Thomas from Under Milk Wood

"Dear Gwalia!" spoken by the character of Rev Eli Jenkins

*Dear Gwalia! I know there are
 Towns lovelier than ours,
 And fairer hills and loftier far,
 And groves more full of flowers,*

*And boskier woods more blithe
 with spring
 And bright with birds' adorning,
 And sweeter bards than I to sing*

Their praise this beautiful morning.

By Cader Idris, tempest-torn,
Or Moel y Wyddfa's glory,
Carnedd Llewelyn beauty born,
Plinlimmon old in story,

By mountains where King Arthur
dreams,
By Penmaen Mawr defiant,
Llareggub Hill a molehill seems,
A pygmy to a giant.

By Sawdde, Senny, Dovey, Dee,
Edw, Eden, Aled, all,
Taff and Towy broad and free,
Llyfnant with its waterfall,

Claerwen, Cleddau, Dulais, Daw,
Ely, Gwili, Ogwr, Nedd,
Small is our River Dewi, Lord,
A baby on a rushy bed.

By Carreg Cennen, King of time,
Our Heron Head is only
A bit of stone with seaweed
spread
Where gulls come to be lonely.

A tiny dingle is Milk Wood
By Golden Grove 'neath
Grongar,
But let me choose and oh! I
should
Love all my life and longer

To stroll among our trees and
stray
In Goosegog Lane, on Donkey
Down,
And hear the Dewi sing all day,
And never, never leave the town.

Carmarthenshire's poetic history around the time of the first religious revival in the eighteenth century was dominated by the grand visions of pastoral romantic poets – John Bethell was buried at Llangynnor Church, just outside Carmarthen, as was David Charles. Bethell's On

Llangynnor Hill is like John Dyer's Grongar Hill – they are called loco-descriptive poems and they are more like maps than poems so vividly detailed as they are in their topography.



Dylan Thomas gently parodies this tradition in a wonderful poem in Under Milk Wood called 'Dear Gwalia!' But this is more than a florid and affectionate evocation of place, it asks us to consider that that the grass is not necessarily greener in other more grand places,

Actor Desmond Barritt said recently of this poem: "Each morning Rev Eli Jenkins opens his front door, looks up at the hills and delivers this wonderful poem about contentment and optimism, something we all need at this time. For me it conjures up hills covered in a million shades of green, working coal pits churning relentlessly, and male voice choirs filling every village hall with song. What this poem says to me is that it isn't important to be the greatest in the world. Wherever we are, whatever we are doing, as long as we are optimistic then we are happy."

**Diolch i ti, yr hollalluog
Dduw,**
am yr Efyngyl sanctaidd.
Haleliwia! Amen.

Pan oeddem ni mewn carchar
tywyll, du
rhoist in oleuni nefol.
Haleliwia! Amen.

O aed, O aed yr hyfryd wawr ar
led,
goleued ddaear lydan!
Haleliwia! Amen.

Thank you, almighty God,
for the holy Gospel.
Hallelujah! Amen.

When we were in a dark, black
prison
you put in heavenly light.
Hallelujah! Amen.

Oh yes, O beautiful sunrise, wide
earth will be lit!
Hallelujah! Amen.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_FbQrF8SliU

Salm 133

**Wele fod brodyr yn byw
'nghyd,**
mor dda, mor hyfryd ydoedd:
Tebyg i olew o fawr werth,
mor brydferth ar y gwisgoedd.
Fel pe discynnai draw o'r nen,
rhyd barf a phen offeiriad.
Sef barf Aron a'i wisg i gyd,
yn hyfryd ei aroglad.

Fel pe discynnai gwllith Hermon
yn do dros Seion fynydd,
Lle rhwymodd Duw fywyd, a
gwllith
ei fendith, yn dragywydd.

Psalm 133

How very good and pleasant it is
when kindred live together in unity!

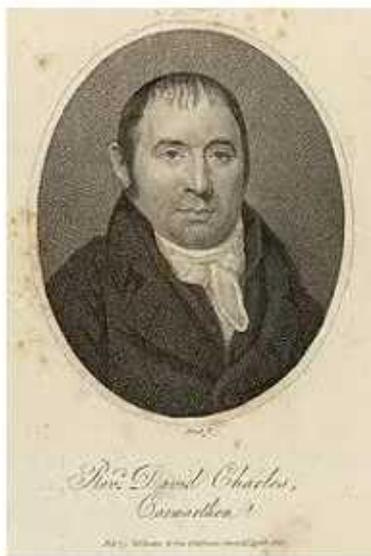
It is like the precious oil on the
head,

running down upon the beard,
on the beard of Aaron,
running down over the collar of his
robes.

It is like the dew of Hermon,
which falls on the mountains of
Zion.

For there the Lord ordained his
blessing,
life for evermore.

A tribute to David Charles



Next we are going to hear two passages from the writings of David Charles. David Charles was born at Llanfihangel Abercywyn, near St Clears in Carmarthenshire, the son of Rees and Jael Charles, and the younger brother, as mentioned, of the Methodist leader Thomas Charles, later of Bala.

David was apprenticed to a flax-dresser and rope-maker at Carmarthen and afterwards spent three years at Bristol. He returned to Carmarthen when he married Sarah, the daughter of Samuel Levi Phillips, a Haverfordwest banker, and set himself up as a tradesman. Long connected with the Calvinistic Methodists, he joined the congregation at Water Street Chapel and became an elder.

Charles began to preach at the age of forty-six, and was one of the first lay-preachers ordained ministers in South Wales in 1811. He helped to establish the "Home Mission", but was forced to retire in 1828 after suffering a stroke. He died in 1834. We are going to hear an excerpt from one of his sermons and it is based on a line from the Book of Titus:

Titus 2: 11-15

The grace of God has appeared, bringing salvation to all, training us to renounce impiety and worldly passions, and in the present age to live lives that are self-controlled, upright, and godly, while we wait for the blessed hope and the manifestation of the glory of our great God and Saviour, Jesus Christ. He it is who gave himself for us that he might redeem us from all iniquity and purify for himself a people of his own who are zealous for good deeds.

Declare these things; exhort and reprove with all authority. Let no one look down on you.

David Charles Sermon on Titus 2:14 (excerpt)

This is David Charles preaching on this line from Titus 2:14, "He it is who gave himself for us that he might redeem us from all iniquity and purify for himself a people of his own who are zealous for good deeds." David Charles traces the majesty of that text:

"Who gave himself for us. He gave not his authority to reign over us, and his power to act for us; nor his influence to plead for us; but HIMSELF a sacrifice for

us; a Surety to stand in our law-place, not to obey alone but also to suffer. In all places, and situations, and circumstances, wherein he appeared upon earth, he was there 'for us'. He was in the manger for us; in the wilderness for us; and in the presence, and under a degree of the power of the devil for us; he was weary and without a place to lay his head, despised and rejected of men, smitten of God and afflicted, for us, and in our stead. He was in the garden, and on the cross for us. The chastisement of our peace was upon him."

David Charles Diary

(An entry written following the failure of his family's farm)

David Charles was a man who lived his theology. Despite the hardness of his early life, the disappointments he suffered in business, and the collapse of his health at a period when the churches seemed to need him more than ever, David Charles' manner was one of cheerful acceptance of his Father's will. The failure of the family farm had taught David Charles not to look on the things which are seen, but on things unseen. This is what he had to say:

"If Christ is in all, then the way to encounter all, and pass through all without harm, is to go to him. Joseph was all in Egypt once, and the first point was to gain his favour; and so it is with us; the great question is, how do matters stand between us and Christ? The answer to this is an answer to all inferior inquiries. What is there in providence that affects us? Nothing but what he who loves you has appointed – seek

to discern him in all things; seek faith, and he will be seen as he is in all. "

We have several hymns by Thomas Charles in today's service and this "O fryniau Caersalem" is one of his best loved:

Mae ffrydiau 'ngorfoledd yn tarddu

o ddisglair orseddfainc y ne',
ac yno'r esgynnodd fy lesu
ac yno yr eiriol efe:
y gwaed a fodlonodd gyfiawnder,
daenellwyd ar orsedd ein Duw,
sydd yno yn beraidd yn erfyn
i ni, y troseddwyr, gael byw.

Cawn esgyn o'r dyrys anialwch
i'r beraidd baradwys i fyw,
ein henaid lluddedig gaiff orffwys
yn dawel ar fynwes ein Duw:
dihangfa dragwyddol geir yno
ar bechod, cystuddiau a phoen,
a gwledda i oesoedd diderfyn
ar gariad anhraethol yr Oen.

O fryniau Caersalem ceir gweled
holl daith yr anialwch i gyd,
pryd hyn y daw troeon yr yrfa
yn felys i lanw ein bryd;
cawn edrych ar stormydd ac
ofnau
ac angau dychrynlyd a'r bedd,
a ninnau'n ddihangol o'u cyrraedd
yn nofio mewn cariad a heddd.

*The streams of rejoicing derive
from the brilliance of the south
throne,
and there my Jesus ascended
and there he rebuked:
the blood that satisfied
righteousness,
sprinkled on the throne of our God,
who is there begging
for us, the criminals, to live.*

*We will ascend from the desert
wilderness*

*to the sweet paradise to live,
our weary soul who may rest
peacefully on the bosom of our God:
there is eternal escape
from sin, affliction, and pain,
and feasting for
endless ages on the eternal love of
the Lamb.*

*From the hills of Jerusalem one can
see the
whole journey of the wilderness,
when the turns of the drive
become sweet to fill our desires;
we look at terrible storms and fears
and death and the grave, as
we escape them
in the swim of love and peace.*

<https://soundcloud.com/huw-edwards-93553914/crug-y-barls63>

Emily Barroso Big Men's Boots – Book One: The Way

A reading from her novel
by Emily Barroso

*We will return to David and his
brother Thomas Charles later but
first we are going to plunge
ourselves that other great Welsh
revival, that of the turn of the
twentieth century, when the hymn
texts of the likes of David Charles
were given a new lease of life and
perhaps accompanied by different
tunes that have helped them
become today's archetypal Welsh
hymns.*

*One such hymn by David Charles to
the tune 'Llef' became very closely
associated with this revival and
midway through Emily Barroso's
acclaimed 2013 novel 'Big Men's
Boots: Book One - The Way', the
main character Owen Evans is
listening to a male voice choir
singing 'O lesu mawr':*

From Chapter 17:

From the back of the chapel, Owen watched the quarrymen's choir. The men stood on a slightly raised dais facing the pews. Owen could sit down but only by pushing his rear out and arching his back, which he was not keen to do on a pew. Owen marvelled that such a sound could come from men, O Jesus, let Thy spirit bless, this frail one in the wilderness, to guide him through the snares of life, on Canaan's way to Thee on high... the sound the men made seemed to sweep the whole world up into its suspension; the music caused him to recall being in Penrhyn Bay the year of the storms when the waves broke free of the buttresses and curved over the road causing the horses to fall over and the carts to slide on their sides. He and Huw and their grandparents, Anwen's mother and father, had watched from the hill as the waves came over the road and gave the doors and windows of the houses a good cleaning. The scene was repeated in Rhos, where some of the boats that were pulled up on the beach found themselves floating unexpectedly out to sea again. It seemed to Owen that the sound of the men's voices were a thing apart from them, like the waves that he had seen rising over the roads and crashing against the houses, and that they too were capable of knocking over anything in their path, causing the spirits of all to merge themselves with the power and the purity of the sound: *All grace that through Thy Church doth flow, in heaven above and here below, all shall I have, all shall be mine, If I but have Thy grace divine...* the men sang. Owen became aware

of the words, where a moment before he was only aware of them as part of the Sound that the men were making. Anwen said that true singing came from the spirit, though it relied on the mechanics of a man's body to issue forth, and that spiritual men and women were the ones that truly knew how to sing. These men sang with the full force of their being, as if they were involved in an act of creation. A swell of emotion rose in Owen. He was proud to be there and he was proud to be Welsh. He had nothing with which to compare his Welshness, but he felt he knew that there was something sacred about the land of Wales, and he could feel it flowing in the song of the men; he felt that the spirit of Wales was present in the notes that were exhaled by their breath and that the breath of God was in their song and he saw that their song was creative, in that the song was creating images in his mind and feelings in his spirit that he could not explain, though he was aware of tiny changes going on in his heart like the minute mechanics of a clock. *To Thy most holy feet I'll cling, the virtues of Thy blood I'll sing, the cross I'll bear, the wave I'll ride, If Thou but with me now abide...* as the men sang, Owen had a vivid picture in his mind of the raw and bloody Christ on the cross. As the tide of the song began to diminish, the picture shifted and he saw the tomb where Jesus had been laid; the resurrected Jesus materialised through the rock that sealed the tomb as these words from the gospel of Matthew came to him: *He has risen from the dead and is going ahead of you.* Owen wondered for a moment why he did not see the rock rolled away

but rather Jesus materialising through the rock, similarly, he did not hear 'into Galilee,' but only 'ahead of you.' He understood it was significant but did not have time to contemplate the picture in his mind any further. Jacob stood and gave Huw a signal to alert him that it was time for him to give his testimony, and his son leapt to his feet and ran up to the podium, holding up the newspaper that he had carried from home in his back pocket.

'Men! There is revival in the south and it has begun sweeping up to the north and there is more to come if we will have it!'

The men stirred. 'But will it feed us? Will it make our families warm this winter?'

'Revival warms the hearts of men! Revival warms hearts of stone!'



Emily Barroso, who is from Zimbabwe, now lives in Conwy, north Wales. She says she had heard about the Welsh Revival and began researching it with a desire to write about it. Until 2015 when she moved to Wales, she was living in Camden and spent many months at the British Library. At the time, her father in law, a retired vicar, was living in Penrhyn Bay, not far from where she now lives, and became

very attached to the landscape and history of North Wales as she conducted her research there. Having studied the lives of some of the Celtic Saints, Emily was particularly interested in the mystical aspect of the revival and some of the unusual experiences and phenomena that people reported. As a believer herself, she is also interested in how some people come to faith and others don't, and she wanted to explore the ups and downs of the faith journey through the life of her character Owen Evans. She says as someone who is interested in social and political history, as well as spirituality, it all came together for this book.

'Big Men's Boots: Book One - The Way,' is available at a discount on Emily's website for £7.99 (reduced from £12.99) at www.emilybarroso.co.uk

A talk by John Jones on Llef ('O Iesu mawr')



leuan Gwyllt (above) was the bardic name of one of the most influential figures in the history of Welsh hymns. John Roberts from Tanrhiwfelen, just outside Aberystwyth, was a commanding

figure in the religious, musical and literary life of Wales during the mid 19th century, passionate about the improvement of cultural and moral standards in Wales through non-conformity, temperance and the *gymanfa ganu*.

He worked at various times as a teacher, chemist and journalist, before enrolling at the Borough Road Training College where he stayed for nine months.

You'll remember that the Borough Road Training College was established at the end of the 18th century to train teachers but was set up to be completely non-denominational and the training courses were quite short and had a particular appeal to nonconformists, liberals and social radicals.

Ieuan Gwyllt preached his first sermon in 1858 and moved to Aberdare to edit another newspaper, *Y Gwladgarwr*. He was ordained at the Newcastle Emlyn Association and served as a minister in Merthyr Tydfil.

He composed from an early age too and produced *Llyfr Tonau Cynulleidfaol*, a Welsh hymnbook, in 1859. He translated an American gospel hymn, *I need thee every hour*, into *Mae d'eisiau di bob awr*.

Mae d'eisiau di bob awr,
fy Arglwydd Dduw,
daw hedd o'th dyner lais
o nefol ryw.

Cytgain:

Mae d'eisiau, O mae d'eisiau,
bob awr mae arnaf d'eisiau,
bendithia fi, fy Ngheidwad,
bendithia nawr.

Mae d'eisiau di bob awr,
trig gyda mi,
cyll temtasiynau'u grym,
yn d'ymyl di.

Mae d'eisiau di bob awr,
rho d'olau clir,
rho imi nerth, a blas
dy eiriau gwir.

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

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

Chorus:

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

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

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

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

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bNgC16vdkBA&t=2058s>
(33'.02" into the track)

Ieuan Gwyllt also founded several music festivals throughout Wales and travelled widely lecturing on congregational music. But, by all accounts he was an impatient and bad-tempered Presbyterian for

whom enjoyment was suspect and singing was definitely not entertainment. He also had an infinite admiration for the composer JS Bach but seemingly had none of Bach's sense of humour. And he wasn't always warmly received wherever he went. On one occasion in Merthyr, he was severe in his condemnation of a chapel eisteddfod that had offered a prize for baking a loaf, with "the winning product the property of the committee". I can't imagine his objection went down very well.

Surprisingly, in 1865, Ieuan Gwyllt moved to Snowdonia where he became minister of Capel Coch Calvinistic Methodist chapel in Llanberis where he remained until his retirement to Caernarfon. In 1874 he issued *Swn y Jiwibili*, a Welsh version of the Sankey and Moody hymns that had sold over half a million copies by the early 20th century.



The composer of the hymn tune, *Llef*, was one of Ieuan Gwyllt's most talented pupils in Llanberis, Griffith Hugh Jones, (pictured above) known as Gutyn Arfon. His father had been the choir master of Capel Coch chapel

there for over 60 years and, when Griffith was 14 he was appointed his father's assistant. Gutyn became a teacher in Dolbadarn then Betws y Coed, where he established music classes of his own, conducting a choir and a brass band there and arranging operettas for children. He was also a busy adjudicator and *cymanfa ganu* conductor and wrote this great hymn tune in memory of his brother, Dewi Arfon, who had also been a composer:

O Iesu mawr, rho d'anian bur

i eiddil gwan mew'n anial dir,
i'w nerthu drwy'r holl rwystrau sy
ar ddyrys daith i'r Ganaan fry.

Pob gras sydd yn yr Eglwys fawr,
fry yn y nef neu ar y llawr,
caf feddu'r oll, eu meddu'n un,
wrth feddu d'anian di dy hun.

Mi lyna'n dawel wrth dy draed,
mi ganaf am rinweddau'r gwaed,
mi garia'r groes mi nofia'r don,
ond cael dy anian dan mron.

*O great Jesus, give pure breath
to weak frailty in a wilderness of
land,
to strengthen him through all the
obstacles that
make a journey to Canaan above.*

*Every grace that is in the great
Church,
above in heaven or on the floor,
may
I possess all, possess one,
while possessing your own desire.*

*I will lie quietly at your feet,
I will sing of the merits of the blood,
I will carry the cross I will swim the
wave,
but have your spirit underneath.*

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YtKTAGQzNEE>
(from 28:43 into the film)

And now we go back to Bala and the extraordinary meeting of a poor 15-year-old woman who walked 26 miles barefoot cross country to buy a Bible from Thomas Charles, the educationalist and Bible distributor we met earlier in our service. The story of Mary Jones and her Bible inspired the founding of the British and Foreign Bible Society. Rev. Thomas Charles then used her story in proposing to the Religious Tract Society that it set up a new organisation to supply Wales with Bibles. Together with the Welsh hymnwriter Ann Griffiths, Mary Jones (who was born in 1784 and died in 1864), had become a national icon by the end of the nineteenth century, and was a significant figure in Welsh nonconformism.

Here is a short film about the Bible Society, which Mary Jones and Thomas Charles (whose statue in Bala is pictured below) helped to create, and the Society's establishment of a visitor centre for their memory in Bala.



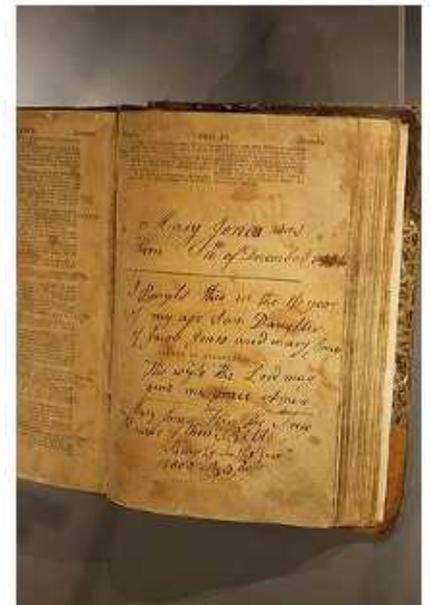
From Wales to the World – A short Bible Society film on the Welsh Bible and Mary Jones and Thomas Charles

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NKCbmWDDr7E>

The Bible Society library is based in Cambridge and one of Mary Jones's own Bibles (she had three) hadn't been seen back in Bala for 200 years, until 2016 when it was brought home to Mary Jones World in Bala for people to hold. Have a look at this Bible in the film and how people reacted when seeing it:

A short film on one of Mary Jones's Bibles returning to Bala in 2016

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BDdCp_7Kz3Y



*And now we are delighted that **Nerys Siddall**, the manager of Mary Jones World visitor centre, in Bala, is - fittingly enough as a representative of the Bible Society - going to read from the Bible:*

2 Timotheus 3: 14-17

Eithr aros di yn y pethau a ddysgaist, ac a ymddiriedwyd i ti

amdanynt, gan wybod gan bwy y dysgaist; Ac i ti er yn fachgen wybod yr ysgrythur lân, yr hon sydd abl i'th wneuthur di yn ddoeth i iachawdwriaeth trwy'r ffydd sydd yng Nghrist Iesu.

Yr holl ysgrythur sydd wedi ei rhoddi gan ysbrydoliaeth Duw, ac sydd fuddiol i athrawiaethu, i argyhoeddi, i geryddu, i hyfforddi mewn cyfiawnder: Fel y byddo dyn Duw yn berffaith, wedi ei berffeithio i bob gweithred dda.

Psalm 119: 105-112

Your word is a lamp to my feet and a light to my path.
I have sworn an oath and confirmed it,
to observe your righteous ordinances.
I am severely afflicted;
give me life, O Lord, according to your word.

Accept my offerings of praise, O Lord,
and teach me your ordinances.
I hold my life in my hand continually,
but I do not forget your law.
The wicked have laid a snare for me,
but I do not stray from your precepts.

Your decrees are my heritage for ever;
they are the joy of my heart.
I incline my heart to perform your statutes
for ever, to the end.



And now we will stay with Thomas Charles. As a seventeen-year-old Carmarthen schoolboy Thomas heard Daniel Rowland preach and his 'mind was overwhelmed and overpowered with amazement' at the truth. He would say: 'The change a blind man who receives his sight experiences doth not exceed the change I at that time experienced'. He went on to preach, revolutionise education through the Sunday and other schools and of course spearhead the global Bible translation and distribution project.

Thomas Charles's mission and sermons were influential for some twentieth-century theologians. What I am about to read is an excerpt from a book called 'Spiritual Counsels' (1838) which was one of the last books in the hands of Dr. Martyn Lloyd-Jones, the eminent minister of Westminster Chapel in London, before his death in 1981 and it led him to conclude that Thomas Charles in his words 'is definitely one of the most neglected of the spiritual leaders'.

Thomas Charles, (1838) Excerpt, *Spiritual Counsels* "The tares and the wheat"



"Let both grow together until the harvest. At that time I will tell the harvesters: First collect the tares and tie them in bundles to be

burned; then gather the wheat and bring it into my barn."
Matthew 13:30

We are taught by the parable of the tares and wheat, that there will always be a mixture in this world, of good and bad men, which no care or diligence can prevent. In every place, in every society there will be a mixture.

Whatever discouragements may be given to evil, and whatever care and diligence may be taken to purge and keep out the wicked—the enemy, still more vigilant, will find an opportunity to sow his tares.

And though we would often think and act otherwise—yet the Lord, for the wisest reasons, permits the tares and the wheat to grow together until the harvest. The tares and the wheat are sown in the same soil; the same rain and the same sun cause both to grow and to ripen.

It is the nature of grace to grow. Therefore it is compared to seed, to trees, to a child—things which have but small beginnings; but which, if healthy and properly taken care of, will infallibly grow.

The tares also grow. The wicked are also in a progressive state, and are continually ripening, yes, ripening for destruction. They may enjoy the same means of grace, and be partakers of the same outward privileges, with the righteous—and yet they are ripening only for destruction.

The same soil, the same sun, and the same rain, may nourish an unfruitful prickly thorn, as the most fruitful tree.

We are also taught how vigilant, how zealous, how industrious, the enemy is, to do harm. For it is not said, that he sowed the tares while men played or were careless, as if there had been any negligence laid to their charge—but "while they slept", without which they could not live. Sleep they must, nature requires it; but then it was that the enemy did the mischief. Watch him as narrowly as you will—yet still he will do his work in spite of all care and diligence. If you will but step aside, to do what must be done—to eat, to drink, or to sleep, he is ready to take his opportunity of sowing his tares.

And the ground, which will not answer the gardener's hope without toil, labour, and cost—will produce the bad seed of its own accord, and yield but too plentiful a crop.

This is an exact picture of the human heart. What toil, what labour, what care and diligence will it cost to produce anything good in it! And when it is sown there by the heavenly gardener, what watchfulness is required to prevent its being injured! Our eye must be continually upon it, and the most diligent care must be exercised.

But the tares will grow without any care—the soil exactly suits them. May this teach us to be more watchful, to prevent, if possible, the enemy from sowing his evil seed. If that is not possible, let us endeavour to distinguish between the wheat and the tares, that we may not be mistaken, and think that we have a good crop of wheat—when more than half of it is only

tares, which are unprofitable, and will in the end be burned.

The tares and the wheat, it appears, are to grow together. They are not to grow in a different field, but in the same field, and intermix together. Where there is a stalk of wheat, there you may find at least one tare, or it may be, many tares. This is doubtlessly permitted, and ordered for the wisest purposes.

We are apt to complain that the world is so sinful and so wicked, thinking, that were it otherwise, we would live more holily, and be rid of many temptations, which now give corrupt nature an advantage over us. Were there none but godly people in the world, and the field free from all tares—O what a happy thing would it be! We are apt to think, how much benefit would we then derive to our souls!

But the Lord's thoughts are not our thoughts, nor are our ways his ways. "Let both grow together," is his appointment. And no doubt, this is one of the "all things," which work together for good to those who love God. Let us then patiently bear the evil, and diligently seek from it some profit and spiritual improvement.

1. This is one great means of increasing grace in those who love God.

Living among those who are enemies to true godliness—keeps patience, forbearance, and self-denial in constant exercise. Were all humble, loving, and forbearing—then how could patience and meekness be exercised, and thereby gain

strength? We would be apt to deceive ourselves; and while we enjoyed our own wills and ways, we would be ready to think, that there is no such thing as sin within us.

But an evil world, the tares continually among us, show us what spirit we are naturally of, bring us in one way or another perpetually to the test, and prove to us what desire there is still lurking within us, of having things in our way. The obstinate stubbornness of the people of Israel was one great means, in the course of providence, of promoting meekness in Moses, of making him more watchful over his own heart, and thereby, of gaining greater victory over himself.

2. This state of things promotes faith, which alone can daily give victory over the world.

If we live a sober, righteous and godly life in this present evil world—then faith will be continually exercised and tried, and tried by all the force which worldly customs, practices, and long habits can bring against it. The fewness of real Christians leaves us often to walk, as it were, almost singly in the narrow way. The number also and prosperity of the wicked, may cause us at times to search and examine the grounds of our faith—and shaking it to its very foundation, may make it more steadfast, and render us immovable in the midst of all storms which are raised by an evil world.

We are forced continually to the most vigorous exercise of faith, and thereby it is more

strengthened and confirmed. Without being strong in faith, it is impossible to "endure as seeing him who is invisible," to esteem the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of the world, and to choose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.

The world, lying in wickedness, calls forth faith, in one way or other, into perpetual exercise. While we live differently from the world, not swayed by its customs, not led by its maxims, not influenced by its favours, not awed by its frowns—we must "live by faith". "This is the victory that overcomes the world, even our faith. Who is he who overcomes the world, but he who believes that Jesus is the son of God." It is a perpetual warfare between the world of lost sinners on one side, and faith on the other—and victory must every day be gained, or we are enslaved.

The world gives faith no rest; and faith puts forth its strength, which is Christ, continually to oppose it. The world, with its glory, pomp, wealth, and care, on the one hand—and persecution and suffering, on the other—is an enemy that cannot be easily vanquished—nothing but the continual exercise of vigorous faith can make any stand against it.

3. The intermixture of tares and wheat, of the wicked and the godly, is, by the blessing of God, one great means of mortifying our love to this present evil world, and of engaging our affections to the world above.

We see how the intermixture of good and bad in this world, tends to our spiritual improvement. Corruptions are hereby weakened—and grace improved and strengthened. We have the wicked daily around us, as thorns in our eyes and scourges in our sides; and the best of people are full of daily infirmities, which call forth patience, forbearance, and forgiveness. The present state of things should not be left unnoticed, but made to minister to our edification and improvement.

Since this is the will of God—that the tares and wheat should grow together until harvest, let us never expect it to be otherwise—but let us look for something to exercise grace in everything, in every situation, and in every individual. God will have it so. What cause then for contentedness, and also for continual thanksgiving! Let us have our affections more steadily fixed on things above, and more diligently seek a better country! Amen.

Duw mawr y rhyfeddodau maith,

Rhyfeddol yw pob rhan o'th waith,
Ond dwyfol ras, mwy rhyfedd yw Na'th holl weithredoedd o bob rhyw:
Pa dduw sy'n maddau fel tydi
Yn rhad ein holl bechodau ni?

O! maddau'r holl gamweddau mawr
Ac arbed euog lwch y llawr;
Tydi yn unig fedd yr hawl
Ac ni chaiff arall
ran o'r mawl:
Pa dduw sy'n maddau fel tydi
Yn rhad ein holl bechodau ni?

O! boed i'th ras
anfeidrol, gwiw
A gwyrth dy gariad mawr, O
Dduw,
Orlenwi'r ddaear faith
â'th glod
Hyd nefoedd, tra bo'r byd yn bod:
Pa dduw sy'n maddau fel tydi
Yn rhad ein holl bechodau ni?

*Great God of wonders! All Thy ways
Are matchless, Godlike and divine;
But the fair glories of Thy grace
More Godlike and unrivalled shine.
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?*

*Crimes of such horror to forgive,
Such guilty, daring worms to spare;
This is Thy grand prerogative,
And none shall
in the honour share.
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?*

*O may this strange,
this matchless grace,
This Godlike miracle of love,
Fill the whole earth
with grateful praise,
And all th'angelic choirs above.
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?*

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

Blessing: David Charles A prayer of thanksgiving

Diolchaf am dy gariad du
Yn Estyn hyd fy oeas;
Diolchaf fwy Un a fu
Yn gwaedu ar y Groes. Amen.

Closing music:

Rhagluniaeth fawr y nef,

mor rhyfedd yw
esboniad helaeth hon
o arfaeth Duw:
mae'n gwylio llwch y llawr,
mae'n trefnu lluoedd nef,
cyflawna'r cwbul oll
o'i gyngor ef.

Llywodraeth faith y byd
sydd yn ei llaw,
mae'n tynnu yma i lawr,
yn codi draw:
trwy bob helyntoedd blin,
terfysgoedd o bob rhyw,
dyrchafu'n gyson mae
deyrnas ein Duw.

Ei th'wyllwch dudew sydd
yn olau gwir,
ei dryswch mwyaf, mae
yn drefen glir;
hi ddaw â'i throeon maith
yn fuan oll i ben,
bydd synnu wrth gofio'r rhain
tu draw i'r llen.

*The great providence of heaven,
how strange
this vast explanation
of God's purpose
is : he watches the dust of the floor,
he arranges the forces of heaven, he
fulfills all
his advice.*

*The long government of the world
is in her hand,
she pulls it down,
rising over it:
through all the troublesome
tribulations,
riots of all sexes,
the
kingdom of our God is constantly
rising.*

*His silent darkness
is true light,
his greatest confusion, he*

*is a clear jewel;
she will
soon end her long walks, and
will be amazed at these
beyond the curtain.*

*Arr. for choir by Jeffrey Howard
Cor y 'Steddfod, Maldwyn, 2015;
Chamber Orchestra of Wales/
Jeffrey Howard*

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2kEwtasY02c>

Readers:

Euros Bowen
Llysywen
Catrin Treharne

Dylan Thomas
from *Under Milk Wood*
"Dear Gwalia!" spoken by the
character of Rev Eli Jenkins
Glyn Pritchard

Salm 133
Megan Evans

Titus 2: 11-15
Rowenna Hughes

David Charles
Excerpt, *Sermon on Titus 2:14*
Sir Simon Hughes

David Charles
Excerpt, *Diary*
(an entry written following the
failure of his family's farm)
Tudor Owen

Emily Barroso
Excerpt, *Big Men's Boots – Book One: The Way*
Emily Barroso

A talk by John Jones on
Llef ('O leus mawr')
John Jones

2 Timotheus 3: 14-1
Psalm 119, 105-112
Nerys Siddall

Thomas Charles,
Excerpt, *Spiritual Counsels* (1838)
Neil Evans

Blessing:
David Charles
A prayer of thanksgiving
Neil Evans

Producer Mike Williams
