

Capel y Boro
Sun 22 Nov 2020 11am

The woman of Samaria
Water, wells and lakes

A celebration of
Caradog Prichard

Join us from 10.30am



Opening music:
Charles Gounod
St Cecilia Mass, Sanctus
Dresden Frauenkirche, 2019

Intrada

God is love:
let heaven adore him
(Timothy Rees, *Hyfrydol*)

Caradog Prichard
Sgwrs â'r Esgob
(Timothy Rees, *Llandâf*)
Gwasg Gomer, 1974

Caradog Prichard
Sgwrs â'r Esgob
A Conversation with the Bishop
(For Timothy Rees, *Llandaff*)
Translated R Gerallt Jones
Gwasg Gomer, 1974

Caradog Prichard
Excerpt, Terfysgoedd Daear
Casgliad Cyflawn, Gwasg Christopher
Davies, 1979

Caradog Prichard
Excerpt, Terfysgoedd Daear
Earthly Turmoils
Translated by Martin Davis
© Martin Davis, Bloodaxe (2003)

Cyfuned y nefolaidd gôr
(Gomer, *Diadem*)

Caradog Prichard
The Gymanfa ganu
(Sleeve note text for *A Nation Sings:*
Five Thousand Voices at The Royal
Albert Hall, 1963, Delyse Records)

Caradog Prichard
English translation of
Mi wn fod Mhrynwr yn fyw
I know my Redeemer doth live
(from sleeve for *A Nation Sings*)

Mi wn fod Mhrynwr yn fyw
(Thomas Jones, *Trewen*)



Caradog Prichard after he had arrived in
London in early 1934

A talk on Caradog Prichard
by John Jones:

Endaf Emlyn
Un Nos Ola Leuad
Endaf Emlyn (singer)

Caradog Prichard
Excerpt, Un Nos Ola Leuad
One Moonlit Night
English translation of the novel by
Philip Mitchell and read by Glyn
Pritchard (actor in *Full Moon*,
Theatr Clwyd, 1993, an English
staging of *Un Nos Ola Leuad*)
© Philip Mitchell, 1995,
Canongate, Edinburgh

Caradog Prichard
Excerpt, Un Nos Ola Leuad
An adaptation for Sain Records
John Ogwen and Maureen Rhys
Y Lolfa, Talybont, 1961

Meirion Williams
Y Llyn

Words by Caradog Prichard
Sir Bryn Terfel (bass-baritone)
Annette Bryn Parri (piano)

Lisa Jên Brown a 9Bach
"Llyn Du" from Anian

A talk by Mari Prichard
about her parents and their
London community

All works by Caradog Prichard unless
specified: © Estate of Caradog Prichard

Yn y dyfroedd mawr a'r tonau
(Dafydd William)

John 4:1-29

Prayer and Message from
Parch Rob Nicholls:
The Woman of Samaria at
Jacob's Well

Mi glywaf dyner lais
(Lewis Hartsough cyf. Iuean
Gwyllt, *Gwahoddiad*)

Blessing

Closing music



Moonlight by Tina Holley

Opening music – Charles Gounod St Cecilia Mass, Sanctus

Julian Prégardien (tenor);
Kammerchor de Frauenkirche;
Staatsopern chor Dresden;
Sächsische Staatskapelle
Dresden/Alondra de la Parra,
recorded Dresden Frauenkirche,
Advent 2019

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-xON2cqEjxc>

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

which has a running theme of water, lakes, well and baptism and you will see this reflected in both our literary and Bible readings and music and hymns, in Rob Nicholls's message on the woman of Samaria and Jacob's Well and in our celebration today of the works of the great twentieth century Welsh writer Caradog Prichard.

Today is St Cecilia's Day, the patron saint of music. And our opening music was the Sanctus from Charles Gounod's St Cecilia Mass. It was filmed last Advent at the magnificent Frauenkirche in Dresden, Germany, which like

Coventry Cathedral was bombed during the Second World War and like Coventry was rebuilt to the glory of God.

As in our Remembrance Day service we remember the people of Dresden, and also the people of Wales during wartime as Llandaff Cathedral was the most bombed in the UK after Coventry (pictured below.) And we are going there now as we sing a hymn written in 1922 by the bishop of Llandaff Timothy Rees.



God is Love: let heav'n adore him;

God is Love: let earth rejoice;
let creation sing before him,
and exalt him with one voice.
He who laid the earth's
foundation,
he who spread the heav'ns above,
he who breathes through all
creation,
he is Love, eternal Love.

God is Love: and he enfoldeth
all the world in one embrace;
with unflinching grasp he holdeth
every child of every race.
And when human hearts are
breaking
under sorrow's iron rod,
then they find that selfsame
aching
deep within the heart of God.
God is Love: and though with
blindness

sin afflicts the souls of all,
God's eternal loving-kindness
holds and guides us when we fall.
Sin and death and hell shall never
o'er us final triumph gain;
God is Love, so Love for ever
o'er the universe must reign.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=SqqBu1VVHqM>

**Caradog Prichard
Sgwrs â'r Esgob
(Timothy Rees, Llandâf)**



A brass memorial to Timothy Rees n Llandaff Cathedral

Glywsoch chi, ffrind, y newydd
trist
Am ddifrod cad ar Eglwys Crist?
Glywsoch chi gri eich crefydd glaf
Dan ddelw murddun llwyd
Llandâf?

*Fy marwol gyfaill, nid oes cad
A draidd gynteddoedd Tŷ fy Nhad.
Ni ddaw anrheithwyr temlau hedd
Un cam tu hwnt i bant y bedd.*

Welsoch chi orffwysfannau'r saint

Fel du bydewau tref dan haint,
A meini chwâl y beddau rhwth
Fel gweddill gloddest meddwon
glwth?

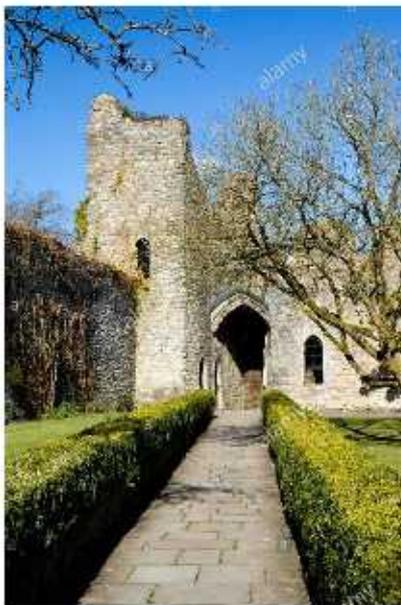
*Dyfnach yw gorffwys meibion Duw
Na beddau'r meirwon dan yr yw;
Ni chenfydd llid tafodau tân
Dawel orweddfa'r Ysbryd Glân.*

Oni ddaw deigrin bach i'ch grudd
Dros Abertawe a Chaerdydd,
A chwml dros eich wyneb clær
Pan glywoch weddi Cymru daer?

*Nid yw eich Caer na'ch Aber mwy
Na llefain eu harchollion hwy
Ond nodau nad adnebydd clyw
Yng nghytgan galar dynol ryw.*

A gwnaeth yr Esgob arwydd
croes
Ar fynwes ddisglair. Yna rhoes
Ddwy law o'i ôl a chamu'n fras,
Fel pan gydgerddem ardd y Plas.

© Estate of Caradog Prichard;
Gwasg Gomer, 1974



Caradog Prichard
Sgwrs â'r Esgob
A Conversation with the
Bishop
(For Timothy Rees, Llandaff)
Translated R Gerallt Jones

Did you hear, friend, the sad
news
Of war's devastation on the
Church of Christ?
Did you hear the cry of your sick
faith
From the grey wounded ruin of
Llandaff?

*My mortal friend, there is no war
That penetrates the courtyards of
my Father's House,
The violators of the temples of
peace cannot come
One step beyond the grave.*

Did you see the saints' resting
places
Like the black pits of a plague-
ridden city,
And the shattered stones of the
gaping graves
Like the aftermath of a drunken
orgy?

*Deeper is the rest of the sons of
God
Than the graves of the dead
beneath yew trees;
The anger of fiery tongues cannot
search out
The quiet resting-place of the Holy
Spirit.*

Does not some small tear touch
your cheek
For Swansea and Cardiff,
Or a cloud cross your face
When you hear the fervent
prayer of Wales?

*Neither your Caer nor your Aber
Nor the weeping of their wounds
Are now any more than
indistinguishable notes
In the chorus of human grief.*

And the Bishop made the sign of
the cross
On his shining breast. Then he
placed

His two hands behind him and
marched off,
As when we would walk together
in his palace garden.

© Translation R Gerallt Jones;
Gwasg Gomer, 1974



*Bishop Timothy Rees who wrote
that hymn died in post as Bishop of
Llandaff in 1939 aged 64 (his grave
at Llandaff is pictured above.) A
Cardiganshire man, he became
bishop at the most acute stage of
the industrial depression; he was
instantly faced with the problems
caused by widespread
unemployment in the mining
communities. Although a prominent
member of the Welsh
establishment, he was definitely on
the side of the working man. As
president of the South Wales and
Monmouthshire Council of Social
Service, he took a leading role in the
promotion of occupational clubs and
other activities for the jobless. In
1935 he led a deputation to
Whitehall to ask for government
help in the rejuvenation of South
Wales. He did not live to see the
devastation of his cathedral in the
second world war.*

*This poem by Caradog Prichard,
published in 1957, imagines a post-
war conversation with the spirit of
the Bishop. The Bishop's Palace*

Garden with the remains of the old ruined palace at Llandaff mentioned in the poem is pictured above.

The greatest novel in the Welsh language on stage

Full Moon: Theatr Clwyd's 1993 staging of Caradog Prichard's *Un Nos Ola Leuad* (*One Moonlit Night*)

The great Welsh historian and travel writer Jan Morris, who died this Friday 20 January 2020, wrote an afterword to the English translation by Philip Mitchell of Caradog Prichard's great novel *Un Nos Ola Leuad* (*One Moonlit Night*) in which she wrote: "Death and madness are themes of the book, and as we peer through the moonlight we gradually realise that we are witnessing a slow descent into insanity."

The book has been voted the greatest novel in the Welsh language and as part of John's talk we will hear two excerpts from it in Welsh and in that English translation by Philip Mitchell for which Jan Morris wrote the afterword. This translation will be read by Glyn Pritchard who appeared in a very successful Theatr Clwyd staging of the novel in English called *Full Moon* in 1993. As well as touring Wales, and a visit to a festival in Poland, the production transferred to the Young Vic in London where Mari Prichard, the writer's daughter came to see the show.

It was during this tour that Glyn met his future partner, Sophie Jump, who was the stage designer

for the show. Here are some of Sophie's designs for *Full Moon*:



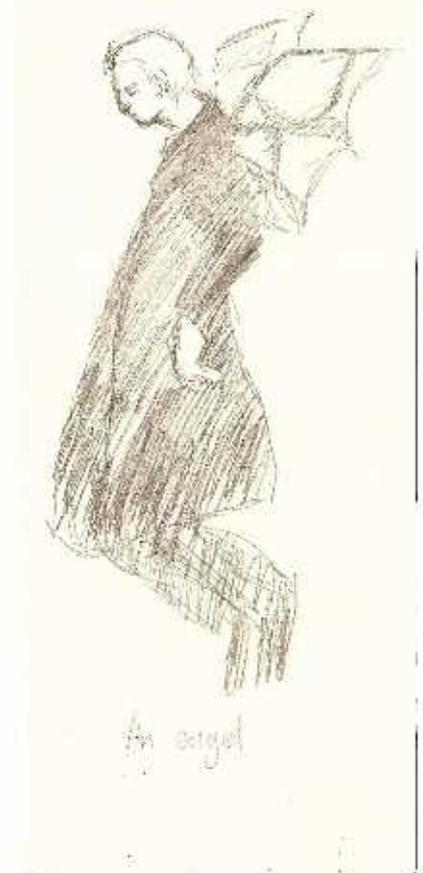
"The scene is Bethesda, and above the slate quarry, angels are ascending and descending. A young boy spitting blood into a chamber pot rises from his death-bed to climb upwards until his snowy nightshirt is enfolded in an angel's massive wings. Like Jacob, the hero wrestles all night with an angel. But he is not blessed

"...Glyn Pritchard animates several roles from the boxer to the invalid boy with memorable force."

Jeffery Wainwright, *The Independent*,

"I have seldom seen a finer evocation of the way people are twisted, gnarled and drowned by their environment - an environment that, in Sophie Jump's design, hurls thunder clouds across the sky as birds pipe in the spring." *The Guardian*

"On Sophie Jump's sloping traverse set, remembered events have the speed and physical conviction of a dream." *Independent on Sunday*



Simon Gregor and Betsan Llwyd in *Full Moon*, Theatre Clwyd, 1993 directed by Helena Kaut Howson

<https://helenakauthowson.weebly.com/full-moon.html>





Designs for *Full Moon*, Theatr Clwyd, 1993 © Sophie Jump sophiejump.co.uk

Caradog Prichard Excerpt, *Terfysgoedd Daear*

Dyrchafal fy llygaid. Draw mae
addewid hafan
lle cyfyd yr hwyr ar y gorwel ei
choelcerth goch,
rhith caer ddihenydd o gyrraedd
gwae pob cyflafan
a'i llathraid ffenestri ynghau rhag
y lleiddiaid croch,
Rhwyf af fy nghwch tua'i phorth, a
daw dyrys ofnau
nad arwain llwybyr y môr ei
bererin i lan;
dadfeilio mae'r gaer, cryn ei
chelfydd golofnau,
a'r lli sy'n llepian dan seiliau fy
rhithlun gwan,
Daw llais, rhwng gwahodd a
gwahardd, o fynwes y tonnau
a dyfal ddilyn fy nghwch, sydd yn
dychwel i dir:
"Rhown iti dristfelys fiwsig torri
calonnau
a phêr alargerdd i'th suo i'r huno
hir";

a thraw, megis fwltur trin, wele'r
wylan, druan,
yn troi a throsi'n ddolefus uwch
gwaedlyd huan.

© Estate of Caradog Prichard;
Casgliad Cyflawn, Gwasg Christopher
Davies, 1979

Caradog Prichard Excerpt, *Terfysgoedd Daear* *Earthy Turmoils*

Translated by Martin Davis

I raise up mine eyes. Yonder is
the promised haven
its red beacon ignites the horizon
at nightfall,
an ancient dream city beyond all
baleful slaughter
its gleaming windows shut fast
against the wailing dead.
I row my boat towards its port,
now deeply fearful
that the sea lane will not lead its
pilgrim to the shore;
the city in decay, elegant columns
quaking
waves lapping at the bedrock of
my pallid mirage.
A voice, part bidding, part
forbidding, calls from the deep
and doggedly trails my boat as it
returns to land:
'We will give you sweet sad
melodies to break your heart
and a fine elegy to lull you to a
long sleep.'
Far off, like a vulture of battle,
the poor seagull
wheels and gyrates mournfully
above a sanguine sun.

© Translation Martin Davis,
Bloodaxe (2003)

*Caradog Prichard's "Terfysgoedd
Daear" ("Earthy Turmoils") written
for the Denbigh National Eisteddfod
in 1939 was partly about the
forthcoming war.*



Caradog and Mattie Prichard on the
Denbigh National Eisteddfod field in
1939, the year *Terfysgoedd Daear* was
submitted for the Chair

*This verse from this lyrical but
elegiac poem in the original Welsh
followed by a translation by Martin
Davis, was read by Mark Walter,
who is from Caradog's home town
of Bethesda north Wales. The
writer's home was across the road
from his primary school.*



The slate quarries of Bethesda, north
Wales, from which the town grew in the
1820s

Cyduned y nefolaidd gôr

a llwythau dynol-ryw
i ganu'n llon â llafar lef
mai cariad ydyw Duw.

Eglura gwirioneddau'i air,
a'i drugareddau gwiw,
ac angau Crist dros euog ddyn
mai cariad ydyw Duw.

Dwyn rhyfedd waith ei ras
ymlaen
mewn calon ddrwg ei lliw

a ddengys drwy'r eglwysi oll
mai cariad ydyw Duw.

Derbyniad euog ddy'n i'r nef,
O'r fath ryfeddod yw,
a ddengys drwy'r trigfannau fry
mai cariad ydyw Duw.

Fy enaid clwyfus, na lesgâ,
mae modd i wella'r briw;
ti gefaist achos da i ddweud
mai cariad ydyw Duw.

*The heavenly unite the choir
and tribes of mankind
to cheerfully sing with a voice
that God is love.*

*The truths of
his word, and his true mercies,
and the death of Christ explain to a
guilty man
that God is love.*

*Bringing forward the work of his
grace
in a wicked heart
that shows throughout the churches
that God is love.*

*Man's guilty reception into heaven,
Such is the wonder,
which shows through the dwellings
above
that God is love.*

*My wounded soul, let alone,
there is a way to heal the wound;
you had good cause to say
that God is love.*

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bNgCl6vdkBA&t=2058s>
(from 0:26 to 4:01)

Caradog Prichard ***The Gymanfa ganu***

(Sleeve note text for *A Nation Sings: Five Thousand Voices at The Royal Albert Hall, 1963*, Delyse Records)



Community singing in one form or another, has been a traditional pastime of the Welsh for centuries. One ancient form, going back to the monastic days of the Middle Ages, can still be heard in some of the remoter villages of Wales. This is the *Gymanfa Bwnc*, and meaning “community song,” a form of intoning by small groups.

In the latter years of the nineteenth century, when Welsh Non-conformity, had reached its heyday and religious fervour went hand in hand with industrial prosperity, the crowded chapels throughout the land popularised this group singing, and the *Gymanfa Ganu*, a well-rehearsed festival of massed choirs singing in harmony, became an eagerly awaited annual event. The Religious Revival at the turn of the century gave it an inspiring impetus.

Many influences contributed to the decline of the *Gymanfa* in latter day Wales, among them were the social revolutions brought about by two world wars, the economic recession of the thirties and rural depopulation. Yet, on high days and holidays – mainly around Whitsun and Christmas – the chapels in many a Welsh town echo to the swell of fervent hymn singing, bringing its

nostalgia to the hearts of homing “exiles”.

Nostalgia, that's the answer. That is why Welsh Americans, at their annual *Gymanfa Ganu* in Chicago or Cleveland, seek to recapture the old homeland harmony. And it gives the key to the extraordinary performance of the five thousand unrehearsed Welsh voices which congregated, like migrating birds, at the Royal Albert Hall, London, on that eventful night of May 3, 1963 to bring this record into being. With heart and voice, the spontaneous assembly of Greater London's Welsh “exiles” – clerks and clerics, policemen and politicians, lawyers and doctors, shop keepers and city merchants, from all walks of life – recaptured the bygone fervour of the Land of their Fathers in the greatest *Gymanfa Ganu* of all time.

© Estate of Caradog Prichard

Caradog Prichard

English translation of

Mi wn fod Mhrynwr yn fyw

I know my Redeemer doth live

(from sleeve note, *A Nation Sings*)



Mi wn fod fy Mhrynwr yn fyw,
a'm prynodd â thaliad mor ddrud;
fe saif ar y ddaear, gwir yw,
yn niwedd holl oesoedd y byd:
er ised, er gwaeled fy ngwedd,
teyrnasu mae 'Mhrynwr a'm
Brawd;
ac er fy malurio'n y bedd
ca'i weled ef allan o'm crawd.

Wel, arno bo 'ngolwg bob dydd,
a'i daliad anfeidrol o werth;
gwir awdur, perffeithydd ein
ffydd,
fe'm cynnal ar lwybrau blin serth:
fy enaid, ymestyn ymlaen,
na orffwys nes cyrraedd y tir,
y Ganaan dragwyddol ei chân,
y Saboth hyfrydol yn wir.

*I know my Redeemer doth live
Who paid such a price to redeem,
His power on this earth he will give
When ages have passed as a
dream.*

*Though low and debased be I
His sway my Redeemer shall hold,
And though in the grave I be
My spirit His face shall behold.*

*On Him let me gaze until death,
On Him and the price of my gain
True author, fulfiller of faith,
On life's weary way shall sustain.*

*Reach forward, my soul with the
throng,
Rest not till the land is in sight,
The Canaan eternal of song,
The Sabbath of joy and of light.*

© Estate of Caradog Prichard

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bNgC16vdkBA&t=2058s>
(from 4:42 to 7:54)



Endaf Emlyn
Un Nos Ola Leuad
Endaf Emlyn (singer)

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-2_MCXtL2ul

© Endaf Emlyn

A talk on Caradog Prichard by John Jones:

That was Endaf Emlyn singing his own song, *Un Nos Ola Leuad*, which is indirectly influenced by the novel of that name by Caradog Prichard. Endaf says that it was the novel that had a deep impact on him in the 1950s when he was going through a dark time while growing up in Pwllheli. The song was written in 1981 and then, ten years later, he went to see Mati Prichard in St. John's Wood to acquire the film rights for the film of the novel that he directed for S4C.

Caradog Prichard was one the best poets and novelists Wales has ever known. Born in Bethesda in 1904, his father worked at Penrhyn Quarry where he was killed in an accident when Caradog was but five months' old. This tragedy inevitably meant that he and his brothers were brought up in considerable poverty and their mother, who was a devout Anglican, subsequently suffered mental illness that is a core element in his epic novel, *Un Nos Ola Leuad, One Moonlit Night*.

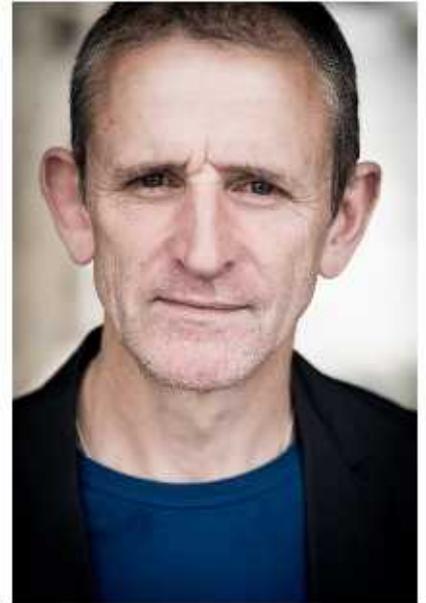
Set during and after the First World War, it was a thinly veiled account of his upbringing in Bethesda, which has been adapted many times for radio, theatre and film and translated into eleven languages. Here is Glyn Pritchard with an excerpt from the novel *Un Nos Ola Leuad*.

Caradog Prichard

Excerpt, *Un Nos Ola Leuad* *One Moonlit Night*

Read by Glyn Pritchard
(actor in *Full Moon*, Theatr Clwyd, 1993, a staging of *Un Nos Ola Leuad / One Moonlit Night*)

English translation of the novel by
Philip Mitchell



Glyn Pritchard

“You come with me now”, the nice lady said, taking Mam by the arm. “We’ll go and see the doctor and everything will be alright.” And I walked behind them like a pet lamb. There was a man in a white coat waiting for us at the door when we’d gone up the stone stairs, and he was nice too, and he was smiling a big, friendly smile as he welcomed us.

“Come through here and sit down while I go and fetch the nurse”, he said, and he took the nice lady and Mam and me to a place like a parlour with lots of chairs in a single row against the wall, and a table in the middle with a flower pot on it full of flowers; and a big window that

no one could see though on the left hand side, and a big cupboard on the right hand side.

And we waited there a long time. And the only thing that happened was that Mam told the nice lady that she wanted to go to the toilet. "You come with me" she said kindly, "I'll show you where it is". And out they went and left me sitting on my own.

Then this little fat man came in and went to the cupboard without taking any notice of me. And when he tried the door it was locked, and he started to look in his pocket for the key. He tried his trouser pocket and then his inside pocket. But the key mustn't have been there cos he went out again without opening the cupboard door.

When Mam and the nice lady came back and sat down, a nurse came in and gave us a big smile, and when she smiled at us her teeth were shining white. And she had lots of keys hanging on a piece of string in her hand. "Will you come with me please?" She said to Mam and the nice lady, taking no notice of me. And they went with her and I stayed where I was.

After a bit, who came in again but the little fat man, and he went straight to the cupboard the same as before without looking at me. He started looking in his pockets for the key again, only this time he found it in his waistcoat pocket. And when he'd opened the cupboard, he started taking all sorts of rubbish out of it and putting it all in a pile the floor. it was as though he was looking for something but couldn't find it. And when he'd

taken everything out of the cupboard, he put it all back really neatly and locked the door again. Then he put the key in his pocket and started to walk out of the room. But when he got to the door, he stopped and turned round to look at me. Then he walked back to me slowly and looked at me very strangely.

"Do you know who I am?" He said. No, I don't, I said. "Jesus Christ's brother-in-law," he said. Duw, I got a shock. I didn't know what to do, run out though the door or laugh in his face. Oh, really? I said in the end. But he didn't say anything else, he just turned on his heel and headed for the door again. And when he reached the door he turned round with a perfectly straight face and said: In my Father's house there are many mansions. And out he went.

At last the nice lady came back in, on her own, carrying something in her hand. "here you are she said. You'll have to take this home with you". And she put a little parcel tied with string, in my hand. What is it? I said. "Your Mam's clothes. And these too. You'll have to take these too. And she put two rings in my hand. One was Mam's wedding ring, which had worn very thin, and the other ring was the one she always wore with the wedding ring. I couldn't speak. I just looked at the little parcel in my right hand and the two rings in my left. And I tried to think how they'd got all Mam's clothes into such a small parcel.

And then I started crying. Not crying like I use to years ago whenever I fell down and hurt myself; and not crying like I use

to at some funerals either; and not crying like when Mam went home and left me in Guto's bed at Bwlch Farm ages ago. But crying just like I was being sick. Crying without caring who was looking at me. Crying as though it was the end of the world. Crying and screaming the place down, not caring who was listening. And glad to be crying, the same way some people are glad when they're singing, and others are glad when they're laughing. Dew, I'd never cried like that before, and I've never cried like that since, either. I'd love to be able to cry like that again, just once more.

© Caradog Prichard *Un Nos Ola Leuad*, Y Lolfa, Talybont, 1961;
Translation © Philip Mitchell, 1995,
Canongate, Edinburgh

Caradog became a journalist, working on *Yr Herald Gymraeg* in Caernarfon, and then on the staff of *Y Faner*. His mother, meanwhile, was admitted to Denbigh Mental Hospital, probably in December 1923, where she remained for the rest of her life.

Here is another excerpt from *Un Nos Ola Leuad*, by John Ogwen and Maureen Rhys:

Caradog Prichard
Excerpt, *Un Nos Ola Leuad*
An adaptation for Sain Records
John Ogwen and Maureen Rhys

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=d6zBiBNoI No>

© 2004 Sain (Recordiau)

By now, Caradog had started to write poetry, winning competitions in local eisteddfodau and came to prominence when he became the youngest ever to win the crown at the National Eisteddfod, in Holyhead in 1927 when he was 22, and went on to win in twice more, the only winner to be crowned in three consecutive years.

In that year, he moved to Cardiff where he worked on the *Western Mail* while also studying Welsh and English at Cardiff University College and after graduating in 1933, he married Mattie Evans, a Cardiff teacher, born in Gilfach Goch. They subsequently moved to London where he worked as a subeditor on the *News Chronicle* for seven years before being called up for military service. After the war, he crossed Fleet Street to work for the *Daily Telegraph* as Parliamentary subeditor.

After living in Golder's Green before and throughout the war, they lived in St. John's Wood where for many years, their home became a hub for the London Welsh community. While the family attended King's Cross chapel on a Sunday evening, Caradog often went to St. Benet's, where his friend, the composer Meirion Williams was organist.

Here is a setting of one of his poems by Meirion Williams:

Meirion Williams

Y Llyn

Words by Caradog Prichard
Sir Bryn Terfel (bass-baritone)
Annette Bryn Parri (piano)



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tbG95zTqix4>

© Music by Meirion Williams, words by Caradog Prichard © 1993 Sain (Recordiau)

In 1962 Caradog won the National Eisteddfod chair in Llanelli. His poem, *Llef un yn Llefain*, presents the musings of a disillusioned priest who feels he's failed in his vocation, something that Caradog himself had once considered. The adjudicators were amazed that the author was not himself a priest.



Caradog Prichard in the grounds of Kenwood House, Hampstead, London, a favourite Sunday outing, in 1965

Although he retired from the *Daily Telegraph* in 1972, he continued to write journalism and poetry, penning an autobiography, *Afal Drwg Adda*, that reflects on his life, more than half of it in London.

His novel, and the poems in it, have been studied in Welsh schools for many years and influenced younger generations of artists and writers such as Lisa Jên Brown, the prize-winning actress and singer from his own village of Bethesda.

Lisa Jên says: "Imagine ... Ogwen Lake on a moonlit night. The novel had a great effect on me when I was young and still remains my favourite Welsh novel ever." Here is her contemporary tribute from her group 9Bach's album, *Anian*, using themes from Prichard's poems.

Lisa Jên Brown a 9Bach "Llyn Du" from Anian

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



© 9Bach / Real World Records

A talk by Mari Prichard about her parents and their London community.

A fully written-out version may be available on request. Please contact pressnevans@gmail.com and your email request for a copy will be forwarded to Mari.



Mari and Caradog Prichard, Oxford, 22nd November 1968. Caradog Prichard's Oxford-educated journalist colleagues had put him up for the Professorship of Poetry. © Photo by Terry Disney/Daily Express/Getty Images)

Yn y dyfroedd mawr a'r tonnau,

nid oes neb a ddeil fy mhen
ond fy annwyl Briod Iesu
a fu farw ar y pren:
cyfaill yw yn afon angau,
ddeil fy mhen i uwch y don;
golwg arno wna im ganu
yn yr afon ddo fon hon.

O anfeidrol rym y cariad,
anorchfygol ydyw'r gras,
digyfnawid yw'r addewid
bery byth o hyn i maes;
hon yw f'angor ar y cefnfor,
na chyfnawid meddwl Duw;
fe addawodd na chawn farw,
yng nghlwyfau'r Oen y cawn i
fyw.

*In the great waters and the waves,
There is no-one who keeps my head
But my dear Husband Jesus,
Who died on the tree:
A friend he is in the river of death,
He keeps my head above the the
wave:
Looking to him makes me sing
In this deep river.*

*O immeasurable force of the love,
Unconquerable is the grace;
Immutable is the promise,
Which endures forever from now
one;*

*This is my anchor on the high sea,
The never-changing mind of God;
He promised I would never die,
In the wounds of the Lamb I may
live.*

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Wdkv_QptY3E

John 4: 1-29

Jesus and the Woman of Samaria



Jacob's Well in Samaria today

Now when Jesus learned that the Pharisees had heard, 'Jesus is making and baptizing more disciples than John'— although it was not Jesus himself but his disciples who baptized—he left Judea and started back to Galilee. But he had to go through Samaria. So he came to a Samaritan city called Sychar, near the plot of ground that Jacob had given to his son Joseph.

Jacob's well was there, and Jesus, tired out by his journey, was sitting by the well. It was about noon. A Samaritan woman came to draw water, and Jesus said to her, 'Give me a drink'. (His disciples had gone to the city to buy food.) The Samaritan woman said to him, 'How is it that you, a Jew, ask a drink of me, a woman of Samaria?' (Jews do not share things in common with Samaritans.) Jesus answered her, 'If you knew the gift of God, and who it is that is saying to you,

'Give me a drink', you would have asked him, and he would have given you living water.'

The woman said to him, 'Sir, you have no bucket, and the well is deep. Where do you get that living water? Are you greater than our ancestor Jacob, who gave us the well, and with his sons and his flocks drank from it?' Jesus said to her, 'Everyone who drinks of this water will be thirsty again, but those who drink of the water that I will give them will never be thirsty. The water that I will give will become in them a spring of water gushing up to eternal life.'

The woman said to him, 'Sir, give me this water, so that I may never be thirsty or have to keep coming here to draw water.' Jesus said to her, 'Go, call your husband, and come back.' The woman answered him, 'I have no husband.' Jesus said to her, 'You are right in saying, "I have no husband"; for you have had five husbands, and the one you have now is not your husband. What you have said is true!' The woman said to him, 'Sir, I see that you are a prophet. Our ancestors worshipped on this mountain, but you say that the place where people must worship is in Jerusalem.'

Jesus said to her, 'Woman, believe me, the hour is coming when you will worship the Father neither on this mountain nor in Jerusalem. You worship what you do not know; we worship what we know, for salvation is from the Jews. But the hour is coming, and is now here, when the true worshippers will worship the Father in spirit and truth, for the Father seeks such as these to

worship him. God is spirit, and those who worship him must worship in spirit and truth.'

The woman said to him, 'I know that Messiah is coming' (who is called Christ). 'When he comes, he will proclaim all things to us.' Jesus said to her, 'I am he, the one who is speaking to you.'

Just then his disciples came. They were astonished that he was speaking with a woman, but no one said, 'What do you want?' or, 'Why are you speaking with her?' Then the woman left her water-jar and went back to the city. She said to the people, 'Come and see a man who told me everything I have ever done! He cannot be the Messiah, can he?'

**Prayer and Message from
Parch Rob Nicholls:
The Woman of Samaria at
Jacob's Well**



Annibale Carracci *The Samaritan Woman at the Well*, 1593-4; Pinacoteca di Brera, Milan

Ioan/John 4:1-29

"Gadawodd y wraig ei hystên ac aeth i ffwrdd i'r dref / The woman left her water jar and went away into the town."

Ioan/John 4:28

I'm sure this account of the Woman from Samaria drawing water at Jacob's Well is familiar to most of you. For the Welsh

speakers, the famous hymn, "Y Gwr wrth ffynnon Jacob" by Thomas William, Bethesda'r Fro springs to mind, gyda'r sôn am "syched arno eto am achub llawer mwy!"

The Woman of Samaria was certainly a "colourful character" to say the least – five previous husbands, and the man she was living with at present, wasn't her husband.

Without taking any kind of moral high ground and being judgmental toward her, I'm sure she was the "talk of the town" as we say, and the subject of many a conversation between the other women at the Well when they came to draw water.

Mae'n ddiddorol nodi sut mae ei chanfyddiad hi o Iesu yn newid wrth iddyn nhw ymddiddan â'i gilydd.

To begin with, Jesus was merely an ordinary Jew in her eyes – "How is it that you, a Jew, ask for a drink from me," she says in verse 9. By verse 19, she's realised that he's more than an ordinary person, "Sir, I perceive that you are a prophet." And by the end of their conversation, she asks the telling question, "Can this be the Christ?"

Aeth yr Iddew cyffredin yn broffwyd, a'r proffwyd yn Grist – a hynny i gyd o fewn gofod un sgwrs ac un prynhawn! A pho fwyaf arhoswn ni yng nghwmni Iesu, mwyaf i gyd mae'n tyfu ac yn ddatblygu yn ein golwg ni hefyd!

And within this narrative, we have a number of underlying facts, which are worth noting in passing. Firstly, it's an example of

Jesus elevating the status of the woman in society.

Mae Iesu'n dymchwel y ffin rhwng y ddau ryw, ac yn gosod y ddau ar yr un gwastad.

He also breaks the boundaries between two nations – the Jews and the Samaritans.

Yr un yw amcan Iesu o hyd – symud y ffiniau cymdeithasol, crefyddol a chenedlaethol, a thynnu i lawr bob "canolfur o elyniaeth oedd yn ein gwahanu", fel ni'n darllen yn Effesiaid.

It's also an example of what happens after a believer comes to faith in Jesus, or what should happen at least! The convert becomes a missionary. Not necessarily a missionary to foreign lands, but listen to the words of the text again, "So the woman left her water jar, and went away into the town and said to the people, Come and see the man who told me all that I ever did. Can this be the Christ?"

Os nad yw hwnnw'n waith cenhadol, dwi ddim yn gwybod beth sydd!
Nobody comes to a true knowledge of Christ and then remains idle and fruitless. We must always remember that we'll never attract more workers, and more witnesses and more servants into the church, unless we tell others about Christ ...

"Pwy all beidio â chofio amdano, pwy all beidio â thraethu'i glod?"

And then we have this little phrase, within verse 28 "The woman left her water jar", which has a very interesting and suggestive meaning to me. On

the face of things, it might seem like a trivial, or unimportant comment, but I've always thought that it's a significant addition to the story.

Beth oedd rheswm y wraig dros adael ei hystên ar ôl, wrth iddi fynd mewn i'r dref?

Was it a deliberate or accidental action on the part of this woman to leave her water jar behind? I'd like to suggest a few possibilities for you this morning:

Yn gyntaf, wnaeth hi'n llythrennol anghofio am ei hystên. Firstly, I'd like to suggest that she literally forgot about her water jar.

There's something very simplistic and appealing in this suggestion – that the woman forgot all about something that used to be important to her at one time.

The suggestion is, that the spiritual, had now become more important than the materialistic – eternity, more of a consideration than the “here and now”, and that Jesus had become more significant than everyone and everything else in her life. Roedd cyfarfod â Christ wedi gwednewid ei golwg ar y byd a'i bethau – ac ni fyddai byth yn gweld pethau yr un fath, nac yn yr un goleuni.

I'm very fond of the way in which Harri Pritchard Jones describes the conversion of Ann Griffiths, and his reference to the “magnetic centre”. Before her conversion, Ann herself was at the Centre, with Jesus in the outer circle, revolving around her. But after her conversion, Jesus moved to the Centre, and

Ann to the outer circle, with her life revolving around Him. The things which were once so important and central to the existence of this woman have become immaterial, and the things once despised by her, have become indispensable.

Daeth y wraig hon, ac felly, pob Cristion hefyd, i edrych ar bethau o bersbectif gwahanol – o bersbectif dwyfol, yn lle persbectif dynol.

“But whatever gain I had” says Paul in his letter to the Philippians, “I counted as loss for the sake of Christ.”

Ac mae Thomas Jones, Dinbych yn grisialu'r cyfan mor effeithiol yn ei emyn: “Nid yw heirdd wrthrychau daear Oll ond dim, wrth Iesu hawddgar.”

My second suggestion to you this morning, is that this Woman of Samaria left her water jar behind, in order for her to travel more quickly – unimpaired, unhindered on her journey.

Tase hi wedi mynd â'i llestr gyda hi, buasai wedi cymryd lot mwy o amser i gyrraedd y dre, siŵr o fod! Mae'n gadael rhywbeth ar ôl, a fyddai wedi bod yn rhwystr iddi ar y daith.

And in applying this suggestion to us, can't we all say that there are certain, metaphoric “water jars” which we could leave behind, in order for us to be better Christians, and more effective followers and witnesses for Christ in the world?

We read in Hebrews, Chapter 12: “Let us also lay aside every

weight, and sin which clings so closely, and let us run with endurance the race that is set before us, looking to Jesus, the founder and perfecter of our faith.”

Mae'n rhaid inni ddiosg pob anhawster a rhwystr sy'n mynd i “ddal ni nôl”, fel pe tai.

Have you ever seen an athlete running a race wearing a heavy overcoat?!

Maen nhw'n dweud bod y nofwyr a'r beicwyr proffesiynol yn siafio'u cyrff, i gael gwared â phob blewyn o'r corff, er mwyn iddyn nhw symud yn gyflymach ac yn rhwyddach.

Following Christ, in its essence, means that we have to leave certain things behind – certain habits, certain tendencies, certain prejudices and thoughts which might impair us on life's spiritual journey.

And more than anything, we must try and leave “self” behind, and all selfish notions and actions – and that's one of the most difficult of all, of course.

Ymwadu â ni ein hunain, ac yn codi'r groes, ac yn canlyn ar ei ôl.

This is the great effort, and hopefully, the great achievement for all Christians – leaving the “self-agenda” behind, and giving voice and action to the “selfless agenda”.

This selfless agenda was perfectly carried out one afternoon on Calvary.

“Fe achubodd eraill,” meddai ei elynion yn ddirmygus ac yn

watwarus, “ond ni all ei achub ei hun” – heb sylweddoli, wrth gwrs, bod eu sarhad yn ganmoliaeth o’r mwyaf, oherwydd “nid er ei fwyn ei hunan” fel dywed yr hen emyn, “y daeth i lawr o’r nef, ond rhoi ei hun yn aberth dros eraill wnaeth efe.”

And finally, after suggesting that this woman had simply forgotten her water jar, or perhaps, left it behind in order to travel more freely, I’d like to suggest that she left it behind, as a sign of her intention to return – fel arwydd o’i bwriad i ddychwelyd.

She rushed back to the town to tell others the exciting news that she had to share with them, but she went with the intention of returning to the Well at the first opportunity possible.

Oherwydd yno, wrth y ffynnon, roedd y gŵr, y daeth hi i’w adnabod bellach, fel Gwardwr ei bywyd, ac wedi profi o’i gwmni am ysbaid fer, roedd hi’n hiraethu am gymdeithas ddyfnach, a mwy parhaol gydag ef.

“O! na chawn i dreulio ‘nyddiau yn fywyd o ddyrchafu ei waed.” And in the midst of all the other superficial things which fill our daily lives, and even sometimes, the superficial activities within our Church life – we should always ensure that we never neglect the devotional side of our Christians lives.

Remember that Christ called his disciples, not only to go out into the world, as we’ve mentioned already, in a missionary context, but He also called them to be “with him”.

I fod gydag ef – ac mae perygl weithiau, inni orbwysleisio y wedd gyhoeddus, ar draul y wedd bersonol. Mae “mynd allan” yn enw Crist yn holl bwysig, wrth gwrs; ond mae “aros” yng nghwmni Crist yr un mor bwysig hefyd.

We should always be careful, that in our efforts to merely “keep the Cause going” / “Cynnal yr achos”, that we forget to “be with Christ”. If any church forgets that, it ceases to be a church, and it becomes a “social club” or a “cultural club” for like-minded people.

“Y mae’r hwn sydd yn aros ynof fi, a minnau ynddo ef, yn dwyn llawer o ffrwyth

“Whoever abides in me and I in him, he it is that bears much fruit, for apart from me you can do nothing.”

Let’s all learn from the Woman at Jacob’s Well this morning, and in leaving our metaphoric water jars behind - give ourselves anew to his work and Kingdom.

Er gogoniant i’w Enw.

Amen

Mi glywaf dyner lais,

Yn galw arnaf fi,
I ddod a golchi 'meiau gyd,
Yn afon Calfari.

Byrdwn:

Arglwydd, dyma fi
Ar dy alwad di,
Golch fi'n burlan yn y gwaed
A gaed ar Galfari.

Yr Iesu sy'n fy ngwadd,
I dderbyn gyda'i saint,
Ffydd, gobaith, cariad pur a heddd,

A phob rhyw nefol fraint.

Yr Iesu sy'n cryfhau,
O'm mewn Ei waith trwy ras;
Mae'n rhoddi nerth i'm henaid gwan,
I faeddu 'mhechod cas.

Gogoniant byth am drefn,
Y cymod a'r glanhad;
Derbyniad Iesu fel yr wyf,
A chanaf am y gwaed.

*I hear thy welcome voice,
That calls me, Lord, to thee;
For cleansing in thy precious blood,
That flow'd on Calvary.*

Chorus:

*I am coming, Lord!
Coming now to Thee!
Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood
That flow'd on Calvary!*

*Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Though dost my vileness fully
cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.*

*'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and
trust,
For earth and heaven above.*

*And he the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.*

*All hail! atoning blood!
All hail! redeeming grace!
All hail! the gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our strength and righteousness.*

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YtKTAGQzNEE> (from 20:00)

Closing music:
Endaf Emlyn
Un Nos Ola Leuad
Côr CFI

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oLyo6AadIV8>

Mike, John and Neil would like to thank Mari Prichard for her support, inspiration, encouragement and generosity in making this Capel y Boro service possible

Readers:

Caradog Prichard
Sgwrs â'r Esgob
Catrin Treharne

Caradog Prichard
Sgwrs â'r Esgob
A Conversation with the Bishop
Translated by R. Gerallt Jones
Neil Evans

Caradog Prichard
Excerpt, *Terfysgoedd Daear*
Mark Walter

Caradog Prichard
Excerpt, *Terfysgoedd Daear*
Earthly Turmoils
Translated by Martin Davis
Mark Walter

Caradog Prichard
The Gymanfa ganu
Sleeve note for *A Nation Sings: Five Thousand Voices at The Royal Albert Hall, 1963*, Delyse Records
Tudor Owen

Caradog Prichard
English translation of
Mi wn fod Mhrynwr yn fyw
I know my Redeemer doth live
(from sleeve for *A Nation Sings*)
Tudor Owen

A talk on Caradog Prichard
by John Jones
John Jones

Caradog Prichard
Excerpt, *Un Nos Ola Leuad*
One Moonlit Night
English translation of the novel
by Philip Mitchell
Glyn Pritchard

A talk by Mari Prichard about her parents and their London community
Mari Prichard

John 4:1-29
Rowenna Hughes

Prayer, Message and Blessing by Parch Rob Nicholls:
The Woman of Samaria at Jacob's Well
Rob Nicholls

Producer Mike Williams



Caradog Prichard being chaired in 1962, at the Llanelli National Eisteddfod for his poem *Llef un yn Llefain* © Y Cymro

The 1965 oak chair had been donated to the Eisteddfod by the London Welsh. It now stands in the London Welsh Centre, Grays Inn Road, the gift of Mari Prichard after her mother's death in 1994.

