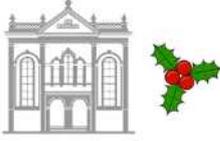


Capel y Boro
Sun 13 Dec 2020 11am

Christmas Service

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/85405456428?pwd=NctKeUVYTEwzclBJTGJIcWhhWmcxdz09>

[cWhhWmcxdz09](#)



Opening music

Draw yn ninas Dafydd Frenin
(C F Alexander efel. H W Jones)

Luke 2: 1-14

I orwedd mewn preseb rhoed Crëwr y byd, (Anad. efel. E Cefni Jones)

Isaiah 9: 2-7 / Mathew 2: 1-9

We Three Kings
(John Henry Hopkins Jr.)

Mererid Hopwood
Gwaith y Nadolig

In The Bleak Midwinter
(Christina Rossetti, Holst, Cranham)

Dylan Thomas
A Child's Christmas in Wales,
(excerpt)
Orion Children's Books
© The Dylan Thomas Trust

O Little Town of Bethlehem
(Phillips Brooks, Forest Green)

Prayers

Fantasy on Shepherds
John Kelly Quintet

Luke 2: 15-20

A message from Parch Peter Dewi Richards followed by Gweddi'r Arglwydd / Lord's Prayer

Ioan 1: 1-14

Clywch lu'r nef yn seinio'n un
(Charles Wesley cyf. 1: Pedr Fardd
2: Anad 3: Elis Wyn O Wyrfa)

Blessing and closing music

Draw yn ninas Dafydd Frenin,
yn y beudy isel, gwael,
dodai mam un bach mewn preseb,
nid oedd llety gwell i'w gael;
Mair fendigaidd oedd y fam,
lesu'r plentyn bach di-nam.

Rhodio daear lawr a fynnai,
yntau'n Dduw ac Arglwydd nef;
dim ond llety'r ych yn gysgod,
gwely gwair a gafodd ef;
daeth i lawr o fynwes Duw
heddiw'n Frawd i ddynol-ryw.

Drwy'i ryfeddol rawd yn blentyn
ufudd fu i'w dad a'i fam,
carai'r hon a'i gwyliai'n dirion
a'i amddiffyn rhag pob cam;
dylai plant pob gwlad a thref
fod yn ufudd fel bu ef.

Nid ym mhreseb yr anifail
y ceir eto'i weled ef,
ond yn eistedd mewn awdurdod
ar ei orsedd yn y nef;
cyd-ddyrchafwn ninnau gân
o fawr glod i'w enw glân.

*Once in Royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her Baby
In a manger for His bed:
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little Child.*

*He came down to earth from heaven,
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.*

*And through all His wondrous
childhood He would honour and obey,
Love and watch the lowly maiden,
In whose gentle arms He lay:
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.*

*Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
Where like stars His children crowned
All in white shall wait around.*

**I orwedd mewn preseb rhoed
Crëwr y byd,**

nid oedd ar ei gyfer na gwely na
chrud;
y sêr oedd yn syllu ar dlws faban
Mair
yn cysgu yn dawel ar wely o wair.

A'r gwartheg yn breffu, y baban
ddeffroes,
nid ofnodd, cans gwyddai na
phroffai un loes.
'Rwyf, lesu, 'n dy garu, O edrych i
lawr
a saf wrth fy ngwely nes dyfod y
wawr.

Tyrd, lesu, i'm hymyl, ac aros o
hyd
i'm caru a'm gwyllo tra bwyf yn y
byd;
bendithia blant bychain pob gwlad a
phob iaith,
a dwg ni i'th gwmni ar derfyn ein
taith.

*Away in a manger, no crib for his bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down his
sweet head; The stars in the heavens
looked down where he lay,
The little Lord Jesus, asleep on the
hay.*

*The cattle are lowing; the poor baby
wakes, But little Lord Jesus, no crying
he makes.
I love thee, Lord Jesus; look down
from the sky and stay by my cradle till
morning is nigh.*

*Be near me, Lord Jesus; I ask thee to
stay close by me forever, and love me,
I pray. Bless all the dear children in
thy tender care, and fit us for heaven
to live with thee there.*

We three kings of Orient are
Bearing gifts we traverse afar
Field and fountain, moor and
mountain, following yonder star

Chorus:
Oh, star of wonder, star of night

*Star with royal beauty bright
Westward leading, still proceeding
Guide us to thy perfect light.*

Born a king on Bethlehem's plain
Gold I bring to crown Him again
King forever, ceasing never
Over us all to reign

Frankincense to offer have I;
incense owns a Deity nigh;
prayer and praising, voices raising,
worshiping God on high.

Myrrh is mine; its bitter perfume
breathes a life of gathering gloom;
sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

Glorious now behold him arise;
King and God and sacrifice:
Alleluia, Alleluia, sounds through
the earth and skies.

In the bleak midwinter

Frosty wind made moan,
Earth stood hard as iron,
Water like a stone;
Snow had fallen,
Snow on snow,
In the bleak midwinter,
Long ago.

Our God, heaven cannot hold him,
Nor earth sustain;
Heaven and earth shall flee away
When he comes to reign;
In the bleak midwinter
A stable place sufficed
The Lord God incarnate,
Jesus Christ.

Angels and archangels
May have gathered there,
Cherubim and seraphim
Thronged the air;
But only his mother
In her maiden bliss,
Worshipped the Beloved
With a kiss.

What can I give him,
Poor as I am?

If I were a shepherd
I would bring a lamb,
If I were a wise man
I would do my part,
Yet what I can I give Him —
Give my heart.

O little town of Bethlehem,

How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless
sleep
The silent stars go by,
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the
years
Are met in thee to-night.

O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.
For Christ is born of Mary
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep the Angels
keep
Their watch of wondering love.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given;
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His Heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive
Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray!
Cast out our sin and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels,
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

Clywch lu'r nef yn seinio'n un,

henffych eni Ceidwad dyn:
heddwch sydd rhwng nef a llawr,
Duw a dyn sy'n un yn awr.
Dewch, bob cenedl is y rhod,

unwch â'r angylaidd glod,
bloeddïwch oll â llawen drem,
ganwyd Crist ym Methlehem:

Cytgan: Clywch lu'r nef yn seinio'n
un, henffych eni Ceidwad dyn!

Crist, Tad tragwyddoldeb yw,
a disgleirdeb wŷneb Duw:
cadarn lŵr a ddaeth ei hun,
gwnaeth ei babell gyda dyn:
wele Dduwdod yn y cnawd,
dwyfol Fab i ddyn yn Frawd;
Duw yn ddyn, fy enaid, gwêl
lesu, ein Emaniwel!

Henffych, T'wysog heddwch yw;
henffych, Haul Cyfiawnder gwiw:
bywyd ddwg, a golau ddydd,
iechyd yn ei esgyll sydd.
Rhoes i lawr ogoniant nef;
fel na threngom ganwyd ef;
ganwyd ef, O ryfedd drefn,
fel y genid ni drachefn!

*Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the newborn King:
peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!"
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
join the triumph of the skies;
with th'angelic hosts proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"*

*Chorus: Hark! the herald angels
sing, "Glory to the newborn King"*

*Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
late in time behold him come,
offspring of the Virgin's womb:
veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
hail th'incarnate Deity,
pleased with us in flesh to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel.*

*Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
risen with healing in his wings.
Mild he lays his glory by,
born that we no more may die,
born to raise us from the earth,
born to give us second birth.*
