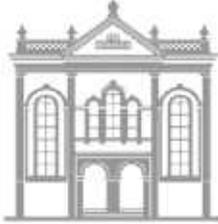


**Capel y Boro**  
**Sun 17 Jan 2021, 11am**

**Gan brynu'r amser**  
**A service on the**  
**redeeming of time**



**Opening:**

**Osian Ellis (1928-2021)**

Ellis and Britten, a film (BBC)

**Benjamin Britten**  
**Harp Suite, Introduction**  
Osian Ellis (harp)

**About Schmidt, opening**  
(Film by Alexander Payne, 2002)

**T S Eliot**  
**Four Quartets**  
**"Burnt Norton" I / II / IV**

**Introduction**

**Ti sy'n llywio rhod yr amser**  
(W Rhys Nicholas, *Lux eoi*)

**Iorwerth Peate**  
**Y Gegin Gynt yn yr Amgueddfa**  
**Genedlaethol**

**Sylvia Plath Morning song**

**Traditional**  
Arr. Edward Elwyn Jones  
**Suo Gân**  
Harvard University Choir/Edward  
Elwyn Jones (Carol Concert 2018)

**Ecclesiastes 3: 1-8**

**T S Eliot**  
**Four Quartets**  
**"East Coker" I / V**

**The day thou gavest Lord is**  
**ended**  
(John Ellerton)

**Dylan Thomas**  
**Fern Hill**

**T S Eliot**  
**Four Quartets**  
**"The Dry Salvages"**  
**I (excerpt) / IV**

**New Year Prayer / Gweddiau**  
**i'r Flwyddyn Newydd**

**Mae d'eisiau di bob awr**  
(Annie S Hawks cyf. Ieuan Gwyllt)

**J M Edwards**  
**Yr einioes, IV**

**T S Eliot**  
**Four Quartets**  
**"Little Gidding" V (excerpt)**

**A talk by John Jones on**  
**Alun Davies:**

**Yr Arglwydd a feddwl amdanaf**  
(Elfed, *Eirinwg*)

**Athro da, ar ddechrau'r dydd**  
(Ifor Rees, *Orinda*)

**Salm 46**

**Amser – A message by Parch**  
**Peter Dewi Richards followed**  
**by Gweddi'r Arglwydd**

**'Rwy'n gweld o bell y dydd yn**  
**dod**  
(Wacyn Wyn)

**Blessing**

**Closing music: Traditional**  
**Lisa Lân**  
Osian Ellis (tenor), (harp)

**Opening:**

**Osian Ellis (1928-2021)**

Ellis on the music Britten wrote  
for him, with Catrin Finch (BBC)



Osian Ellis in a portrait by David Griffiths

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sxRUecPEOAw> (0:00 to 1:39)

**Benjamin Britten**  
**Harp Suite, Introduction**  
Osian Ellis (harp)



Osian Ellis; composer Benjamin Britten

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KcxVFDH5PjQ> (0:00 to 2:36)

**About Schmidt, opening scene**  
(Film by Alexander Payne, 2002)



Jack Nicholson as Schmidt stares at the clock on his last day at the office

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YJue0PgNbRA>

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**T S Eliot**  
**Four Quartets**  
**“Burnt Norton” I / II / IV**



I

Time present and time past  
Are both perhaps present in time  
future,  
And time future contained in  
time past.  
If all time is eternally present  
All time is unredeemable.  
What might have been is an  
abstraction  
Remaining a perpetual possibility  
Only in a world of speculation.  
What might have been and what  
has been  
Point to one end, which is always  
present.

II

Time past and time future  
Allow but a little consciousness.  
To be conscious is not to be in  
time  
But only in time can the moment  
in the rose-garden,  
The moment in the arbour  
where the rain beat,  
The moment in the draughty  
church at smokefall  
Be remembered; involved with  
past and future.

Only through time time is  
conquered.

IV

Time and the bell have buried the  
day,  
The black cloud carries the sun  
away.  
Will the sunflower turn to us,  
will the clematis  
Stray down, bend to us; tendrils  
and spray  
Clutch and cling?

Chill  
Fingers of yew be curled  
Down on us? After the  
kingfisher's wing  
Has answered light to light, and is  
silent, the light is still  
At the still point of the turning  
world.

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**Lines from “Burnt Norton”**  
the opening of T S Eliot's cycle of poems, the *Four Quartets*. Before that we saw Jack Nicholson's character ponder the clock on the wall at 5pm on his last day of work before retiring in the 2002 film *About Schmidt*. And we opened with a tribute to the great harpist Osian Ellis whose death was announced on Friday. We heard him play the introduction from Benjamin Britten's *Harp Suite* (1969) which was written for him - 'Very rich, and quite often ecstatic' is how Ellis described it - and we will hear more of his playing later.

“The light is still at the still point of the turning world,” Josh read just now. Something quite reassuring about that in these challenging times. The line from

T S Eliot's cycle of four long poems called *Four Quartets* were written during the chaos and uncertainty of the Second World War. These poems are many things but, among them, they are probably one of the greatest most philosophical and spiritual meditations on the nature of time and history and place – and our place in time – ever written.



T S Eliot and friend Emily Hale, with whom he visited Burnt Norton, Chipping Campden in the Cotswolds in 1934

Each poetic meditation is titled by a place that has an association for the Anglo-American poet (three of the places are in England and one in the USA). It is the memory of a *place* that triggers Eliot's musings on subjects such as time. And time is the theme of today's service and through poems, hymns and scriptures we will look at how people think about time. My first visit to Capel y Boro was to a service taken by a long-standing family friend, the late, much missed Rev Town Jones.



Parch J Towyn Jones

I had been reading Eliot's *Four Quartets* as it happened before walking into that chapel door for the first time for that service. When Towyn got up to speak his sermon was, by coincidence, all about time. And I have never forgotten the experience he recounted of his being invited to preach at Capel Gideon, Dinas Cross, (pictured below) on the north Pembrokeshire coast.



He said that he had stood up in the beautifully simple almost austere chapel to start his sermon when he noticed the typical clock so often in Welsh chapels on the gallery wall straight ahead of the preaching minister (no doubt reminding them to not preach for too long.)



But above the clock was something very unusual. An inscription that reads **Gan brynu'r amser** and it stopped him in his tracks. Exhorting chapel members to make good use of their time, buying the time, Towyn translated this as 'time is redeemable.' Whereas Eliot, in the excerpt from the poem Josh has just read, says "If all time is

eternally present all time is unredeemable."



In Ephesians 5:15–16 it says: "See then that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, redeeming the time, because the days are evil." The phrase 'redeeming the time' is also found in Colossians 4:5: "Walk in wisdom toward them that are without, redeeming the time." In both passages, redeeming the time is related to wisdom in how we "walk," that is, how we live.

To redeem something means to buy it back, to regain possession of it. Time is a gift from God, and none of us know how much of it we are allotted. Only God knows how much time each of us has on this earth to make decisions that will impact eternity (Psalm 139:16). When God says we should be "redeeming the time," He wants us to live in constant awareness of that ticking clock and make the most of the time we have. In fact, some translation of Ephesians 5:16 uses the phrase 'making the most of every opportunity' instead of 'redeeming the time'. Rather than waste our days on frivolous pursuits that leave no lasting imprint, scripture instructs us to be diligent about doing good. But that clock inscription has stayed with me and this idea of redeeming time and what that means in philosophy, religion or art and poetry such as Eliot.

What I hadn't realised until researching for this service for a photograph and more history on this chapel and its clock inscription was that David Charles Jones, Capel y Boro's famous minister of 46 years until his death in 1937, is buried at the churchyard close to Gideon Chapel and he used to worship and preach there under that clock during his summer holidays.



The grave of D C Jones at Dinas Cross

I wonder if he, like Towyn, had been inspired by the words above the clock.



David Charles Jones, Boro minister for 46 years, holidayed in Dinas Cross

---

**Ti sy'n llywio rhod yr amser**  
ac yn creu pob newydd ddydd,  
gwrando, lôr, ein deisyfiadau  
a chryfha yn awr ein ffydd:  
ynot y cawn oll fodolaeth,  
ti yw grym ein bywyd ni,  
'rwy't Greawdwr a Chynhaliwr,  
ystyr amser ydwy't ti.

Maddau inni oll am gredu  
mai nyni sy'n cynnal byd  
a bod gwaith ein dawn a'n  
clyfrwch  
dan dy fendith di o hyd:  
gwelwn ffrwyth ein byw rhyfygus  
wrth in heddiw syllu'n ôl;  
argyhoedda ni o'n pechod,  
tyn ni'n rhydd o'n balchder ffôl.

Ein gorwelion sydd mor agos  
fel na wyddom beth sydd draw;  
roddwr graslon y blynyddoedd,  
rhown ein hunain yn dy law:  
pura'n llwyr ein dymuniadau  
a'n cymhellion ni bob un  
nes y byddo'n dyddiau'n gyfan  
yn rhoi clod i ti dy hun.

*You are the ruler of the time  
and the creation of every day,  
listen, Lord, our supplications  
and now strengthen our faith: in  
you we all have existence,  
you are the power of our life,  
you Creator and Carer.*

*Forgive us all for believing  
that we are the sustainers of the  
world  
and that the work of our talent and  
cleverness  
is always to your blessing:  
we see the fruits of our wondrous  
living  
as we look back today;  
convince us of our sin,  
free us from our foolish pride.*

*Our horizons are so close  
that we do not know what is over;  
the gracious giver of years,  
let us give in your hand:  
purely purify our own desires  
and motives  
until our whole days  
give praise to yourself.*

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ijlk-q0DyMc>

### **Iorwerth Peate** **Y Gegin Gynt yn yr Amgueddfa** **Genedlaethol**

Araf y tipia'r cloc yr oriau  
meithion,  
distaw yw'r dröell wedi'r nyddu  
nawr,  
tawel yw'r baban dan ei gwrlid  
weithion,  
nid oes a blygo tros y Beibil  
mawr.  
Mae'r dresal loyw yn llawn o  
lestri gleision,  
a'r tsieini yn y cwpwrdd bach i  
gyd,  
ffiolau ar ford yn disgwyl cwmni'r  
gweision,  
a'r tecell bach, er hynny, yn hollol  
fud.  
A ddowch chi i mewn, hen bobl,  
eto i'ch cegin,  
o'r fford a'r beudy llawn, o drin y  
cnwd?  
(Brysia, fy morwyn fach i, dwg y  
gegin  
i ennyn fflamau yn y fawnen  
frwd).  
Nid oes a'm hetyb ond tipiadau'r  
cloc,  
ai oddi cartref pawb? Dic doc, dic  
doc.



*Museum Piece*  
*(The kitchen, National Museum)*

*Slowly the clock is ticking the long  
hours,  
silent is the wheel, its spinning done,  
quiet the baby beneath its coverlet,  
no one bends over the Great Bible  
now.  
The gleaming dresser full of bright  
blue dishes,*

*and all the china in the little  
cupboard,  
bowls on the board await the  
servants' company,  
the kettle, nonetheless, completely  
mute.  
Will you come again, old people, to  
your kitchen  
from fold and cowshed, from  
tending to the crops?  
(Hurry up, my girl, and fetch the  
bellows  
to kindle flames within the glowing  
peat.)  
My only answer is the ticking of the  
clock,  
are they all away from home?...tick  
tock, tick tock.*

*Translated Joseph P Clancy*

---

### **Sylvia Plath** **Morning song**



*Sylvia Plath with daughter Frieda, 1961*

*Love set you going like a fat gold  
watch.  
The midwife slapped your  
footsles, and your bald cry  
Took its place among the  
elements.*

*Our voices echo, magnifying your  
arrival. New statue.  
In a drafty museum, your  
nakedness  
Shadows our safety. We stand  
round blankly as walls.*

I'm no more your mother  
Than the cloud that distills a  
mirror to reflect its own slow  
Effacement at the wind's hand.

All night your moth-breath  
Flickers among the flat pink  
roses. I wake to listen:  
A far sea moves in my ear.

One cry, and I stumble from bed,  
cow-heavy and floral  
In my Victorian nightgown.  
Your mouth opens clean as a  
cat's. The window square

Whitens and swallows its dull  
stars. And now you try  
Your handful of notes;  
The clear vowels rise like  
balloons.

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and Faber

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### Traditional

Arr. Edward Elwyn Jones

### Suo Gân

Harvard University  
Choir/Edward Elwyn Jones  
(Carol Concert 2018)

Huna blentyn ar fy mynwes,  
Clyd a chynnes ydyw hon;  
Breichiau mam sy'n dynn  
amdanat,  
Cariad mam sy dan fy mron;  
Ni chaiff dim amharu'th gyntun,  
Ni wna undyn â thi gam;  
Huna'n dawel, annwyl blentyn,  
Huna'n fwyn ar fron dy fam.

Huna'n dawel, heno, huna,  
Huna'n fwyn, y tlws ei lun;  
Pam yr wyt yn awr yn gwenu,  
Gwenu'n dirion yn dy hun?  
Ai angylion fry sy'n gwenu,  
Arnat ti yn gwenu'n llon,  
Tithau'n gwenu'n ôl dan huno,  
Huno'n dawel ar fy mron?

Paid ag ofni, dim ond deilen  
Gura, gura ar y ddôr;  
Paid ag ofni, ton fach unig  
Sua, sua ar lan y môr;  
Huna blentyn, nid oes yma  
Ddim i roddi iti fraw;  
Gwena'n dawel yn fy mynwes.  
Ar yr engyl gwynion draw

*Sleep my darling, on my bosom,  
Harm will never come to you;  
Mother's arms enfold you safely,  
Mother's heart is ever true.  
As you sleep there's naught to scare  
you,  
Naught to wake you from your rest;  
Close those eyelids, little angel,  
Sleep upon your mother's breast.*

*Sleep, my darling, night is falling  
Rest in slumber sound and deep;  
I would know why you are smiling,  
Smiling sweetly as you sleep!  
Do you see the angels smiling  
As they see your rosy rest,  
So that you must smile an answer  
As you slumber on my breast?*

*Don't be frightened, it's a leaflet  
Tapping, tapping on the door;  
Don't be frightened, 'twas a wavelet  
Sighing, sighing on the shore.  
Slumber, slumber, naught can hurt  
you,  
Nothing bring you harm or fright;  
Slumber, darling, smiling sweetly  
At those angels robed in white.*

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=i2j8MUypBfQ>



Harvard Memorial Church, near Boston

*We follow Iorwerth Peate's  
evocation of a quiet baby beneath*

*the coverlet in a kitchen as the clock  
ticks and Sylvia Plath's celebration  
of the sound of a new life set going  
by love to the rhythm of a ticking  
watch with a Welsh lullaby. Mike  
found this beautiful 2018  
performance of "Suo Gân" from the  
Harvard University Choir,  
Cambridge, near Boston, in the  
United States, in an arrangement by  
their director Edward Elwyn Jones,  
(pictured below) who is from Cardiff  
and studied at the Cathedral School  
in Llandaff and Cambridge  
University.*



*It is great to have Edward and the  
choir included in our service today  
not least because Borough and  
Southwark have strong links with  
the founder of the famous Boston  
university. Sir John Harvard was  
born in Southwark, he was baptised  
in the cathedral there in 1607 and  
given that we are hearing parts of  
his "Four Quartets" today it is worth  
mentioning that Harvard is also  
where T S Eliot studied. And Boston  
was also the home and birthplace of  
Sylvia Plath.*

---

### Ecclesiastes 3: 1-8

To every thing there is a season,  
and a time to every purpose  
under the heaven:

A time to be born, and a time to die;  
a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted;

A time to kill, and a time to heal;  
a time to break down, and a time to build up;

A time to weep, and a time to laugh;  
a time to mourn, and a time to dance;

A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together;  
a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;

A time to get, and a time to lose;  
a time to keep, and a time to cast away;

A time to rend, and a time to sew;  
a time to keep silence, and a time to speak;

A time to love, and a time to hate;  
a time of war, and a time of peace.

---

**T S Eliot**  
**Four Quartets**  
**"East Coker" I / V**



I

In my beginning is my end. In succession  
Houses rise and fall, crumble, are extended,  
Are removed, destroyed, restored, or in their place  
Is an open field, or a factory, or a by-pass.

Old stone to new building, old timber to new fires,  
Old fires to ashes, and ashes to the earth  
Which is already flesh, fur and faeces,  
Bone of man and beast, cornstalk and leaf.  
Houses live and die: there is a time for building  
And a time for living and for generation  
And a time for the wind to break the loosened pane  
And to shake the wainscot where the field-mouse trots  
And to shake the tattered arras woven with a silent motto.

Dawn points, and another day  
Prepares for heat and silence.  
Out at sea the dawn wind  
Wrinkles and slides. I am here  
Or there, or elsewhere. In my beginning.

V

Home is where one starts from.  
As we grow older  
The world becomes stranger, the pattern more complicated  
Of dead and living. Not the intense moment  
Isolated, with no before and after,  
But a lifetime burning in every moment  
And not the lifetime of one man only  
But of old stones that cannot be deciphered.  
There is a time for the evening under starlight,  
A time for the evening under lamplight  
(The evening with the photograph album).  
Love is most nearly itself  
When here and now cease to matter.  
Old men ought to be explorers

Here or there does not matter  
We must be still and still moving  
Into another intensity  
For a further union, a deeper communion  
Through the dark cold and the empty desolation,  
The wave cry, the wind cry, the vast waters  
Of the petrel and the porpoise.  
In my end is my beginning.

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**The day Thou gavest, Lord,  
is ended,**

The darkness falls at Thy behest;  
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,  
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank Thee that Thy church,  
unsleeping,  
While earth rolls onward into light,  
Through all the world her watch is keeping,  
And rests not now by day or night.

As over each continent and island  
The dawn leads on another day,  
The voice of prayer is never silent,  
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking  
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,  
And hour by hour fresh lips are making  
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.  
So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never  
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;

Thy kingdom stands, and grows  
forever,  
Till all Thy creatures own Thy  
sway.

<https://www.bbc.co.uk/programmes/p0403zw3>

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**Dylan Thomas**  
**Fern Hill**



Now as I was young and easy  
under the apple boughs  
About the lilting house and happy  
as the grass was green,  
The night above the dingle starry,  
Time let me hail and climb  
Golden in the heydays of his  
eyes,  
And honoured among wagons I  
was prince of the apple towns  
And once below a time I lordly  
had the trees and leaves  
Trail with daisies and barley  
Down the rivers of the windfall  
light.

And as I was green and carefree,  
famous among the barns  
About the happy yard and singing  
as the farm was home,  
In the sun that is young once  
only,  
Time let me play and be  
Golden in the mercy of his  
means,  
And green and golden I was  
hunter and herdsman, the  
calves  
Sang to my horn, the foxes on  
the hills barked clear and cold,  
And the sabbath rang slowly  
In the pebbles of the holy  
streams.

All the sun long it was running, it  
was lovely, the hay  
Fields high as the house, the  
tunes from the chimneys, it was  
air  
And playing, lovely and watery  
And fire green as grass.  
And nightly under the simple  
stars  
As I rode to sleep the owls were  
bearing the farm away,  
All the moon long I heard,  
blessed among stables, the  
nightjars  
Flying with the ricks, and the  
horses  
Flashing into the dark.

And then to awake, and the farm,  
like a wanderer white  
With the dew, come back, the  
cock on his shoulder: it was all  
Shining, it was Adam and maiden,  
The sky gathered again  
And the sun grew round that  
very day.  
So it must have been after the  
birth of the simple light  
In the first, spinning place, the  
spellbound horses walking warm  
Out of the whinnying green  
stable  
On to the fields of praise.

And honoured among foxes and  
pheasants by the gay house  
Under the new made clouds and  
happy as the heart was long,  
In the sun born over and over,  
I ran my heedless ways,  
My wishes raced through the  
house high hay  
And nothing I cared, at my sky  
blue trades, that time allows  
In all his tuneful turning so few  
and such morning songs  
Before the children green and  
golden  
Follow him out of grace.

Nothing I cared, in the lamb  
white days, that time would take  
me  
Up to the swallow thronged loft  
by the shadow of my hand,  
In the moon that is always rising,  
Nor that riding to sleep  
I should hear him fly with the  
high fields  
And wake to the farm forever  
fled from the childless land.  
Oh as I was young and easy in  
the mercy of his means,  
Time held me green and dying  
Though I sang in my chains like  
the sea.

© Dylan Thomas, "Fern Hill" from *The Poems of Dylan Thomas*. Copyright 1939, 1946 by New Directions Publishing Corporation

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**T S Eliot**  
**Four Quartets**  
**"The Dry Salvages"**  
**I (excerpt) / IV**



I  
The salt is on the briar rose,  
The fog is in the fir trees.  
  
The  
sea howl  
And the sea yelp, are different  
voices  
Often together heard: the whine  
in the rigging,  
The menace and caress of wave  
that breaks on water,  
The distant rote in the granite  
teeth,  
And the wailing warning from the  
approaching headland  
Are all sea voices, and the  
heaving groaner

Rounded homewards, and the  
seagull:  
And under the oppression of the  
silent fog  
The tolling bell  
Measures time not our time, rung  
by the unhurried  
Ground swell, a time  
Older than the time of  
chronometers, older  
Than time counted by anxious  
worried women  
Lying awake, calculating the  
future,  
Trying to unweave, unwind,  
unravel  
And piece together the past and  
the future,  
Between midnight and dawn,  
when the past is all deception,  
The future futureless, before the  
morning watch  
When time stops and time is  
never ending;  
And the ground swell, that is and  
was from the beginning,  
Clangs  
The bell.

IV

Lady, whose shrine stands on the  
promontory,  
Pray for all those who are in  
ships, those  
Whose business has to do with  
fish, and  
Those concerned with every  
lawful traffic  
And those who conduct them.

Repeat a prayer also on behalf of  
Women who have seen their  
sons or husbands  
Setting forth, and not returning:  
Figlia del tuo figlio,  
Queen of Heaven.

Also pray for those who were in  
ships, and  
Ended their voyage on the sand,  
in the sea's lips

Or in the dark throat which will  
not reject them  
Or wherever cannot reach them  
the sound of the sea bell's  
Perpetual angelus.

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Faber

*The Dry Salvages is a group of  
rocks off the coast of Cape Ann,  
Massachusetts, where Eliot spent  
time as a child.*

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### Prayers

Let us pray for everyone who is  
anxious or suffering or frightened  
at this difficult time and give us  
strength to keep going and to  
help us to support each other.  
Let us pray for those who have  
died, as we also pray for their  
families, friends and loved ones.  
We pray for Simon Hughes's  
brother David in Kilgetty,  
Pembrokeshire, who sadly passed  
away peacefully yesterday. Our  
thoughts are with Simon and  
David's son Jonathan and all the  
family. Give them strength and  
courage to face the days ahead at  
this difficult time of loss. Amen.  
We will now play a beautiful  
New Year prayer from the Union  
of Welsh Independent chapels.

---

### New Year Prayer / Gweddiau i'r Flwyddyn Newydd

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?  
v=hXkUubDMIxE](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hXkUubDMIxE)

---

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

*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.*

*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=tzIAa2YcnOM](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tzIAa2YcnOM)

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**J M Edwards**  
**Yr einioes, IV**

Pwy wŷr nad oeddwn innau gynt  
yn rhan  
O'r heuliau pell neu dywod llwyd  
y lli;  
Yn ronyn eiddil o'r blodeuyn  
gwan  
A blyg yn isel wrth fy llwybrau i?  
Hwyrach yn un o'r myrdd  
diferion hyn  
Sydd yn y môr neu'r gawod fwyn  
o law;  
Neu'n un â'r meltt a thrydan  
gwreichion gwyn  
A yrr drwy'r gwagle pell eu hysol  
fraw.  
Un peth sy sicr. Mae sail fy  
hanfod gwael  
Â'r nerthol symud sydd yng  
nghraidd pob dim  
Yn cydymdeithio, a'r cyfanfyd  
hael  
Yn rhannu rhin ei gydymdeimlad  
im;  
Cyfyd pob bywyd hardd o'i  
haenau trwch,  
Deunydd anfarwol Amser ydyw  
llwch.



J M Edwards

*Who knows whether I too was once  
a part  
Of those far-off suns or the grey  
sand of the sea;  
A weak atom in the delicate flower  
That bends low beside my path?  
Perhaps one of these innumerable  
drops  
Of the sea or the gentle rain;  
Or one with the lightning and the  
white sparks of electricity  
That send their fear through space.*

*One thing is certain. The basis of  
my poor being  
And the moving power at the root of  
all things  
Walk together, and generous  
creation  
Shares its fellow-feeling power;  
Every glorious life rises from its deep  
layers;  
The immortal stuff of Time is  
merely dust.*

*Translation R Gerallt Jones*

*J M Edwards (1903-78) was born in  
in Llanrhystud, Ceredigion. He  
followed a teacher training course in  
Trinity College, Carmarthen, and  
then spent the rest of his life as a  
teacher in Barry, Glamorgan. He  
won the National Eisteddfod crown  
three times - in 1937, 1941 and  
1944. Many of his poems are based  
on reminiscences of his early years  
in mid Wales.*

**T S Eliot**  
**Four Quartets**  
**"Little Gidding" V (excerpt)**



V

*What we call the beginning is  
often the end  
And to make an end is to make a  
beginning.  
The end is where we start from.  
Every phrase and every sentence  
is an end and a beginning.  
Every poem an epitaph. And any  
action*

*Is a step to the block, to the fire,  
down the sea's throat  
Or to an illegible stone: and that  
is where we start.  
We die with the dying:  
See, they depart, and we go with  
them.  
We are born with the dead:  
See, they return, and bring us  
with them.  
The moment of the rose and the  
moment of the yew-tree  
Are of equal duration. A people  
without history  
Is not redeemed from time, for  
history is a pattern  
Of timeless moments.*

© Estate of T S Eliot, published by Faber and Faber

**A talk by John Jones on  
Alun Davies (1924–1988)**

Many of you may have known Alun Davies (pictured below) when he conducted the London Welsh Association Youth Choir between 1963 and 1976, taking over from Kenneth Thomas.



Born in Llandybie, between Ammanford and Llandeilo in Carmarthenshire, Alun's family moved to London when he was three years old; they came to run a milk business in Tooting and attended Radnor Walk chapel where Alun's interest in music was nurtured. His father died

when he was twelve and he was unable to pursue his further education. Instead, he worked in the family milk business in Tooting before joining the Civil Service, moving to Cardiff in 1976 to work at the Welsh Office. He had served in the Royal Air Force during the Second World War and was largely a self-taught musician. But he followed a course of study at Trinity College, Carmarthen, gaining a B Mus from the University of London in 1962 plus several diplomas, specialising in conducting. He very much wanted to present an MA thesis on his hero, the Welsh composer D Emlyn Evans, but it was a project that he never got to realise, sadly. Such was his admiration for the composer that he named his house in Cardiff *Eirinwg*, after one of D Emlyn Evans's hymn tunes.

D Emlyn Evans was a prolific composer from Newcastle Emlyn, in south west Wales, who received occasional lessons from Ieuan Gwynllt and wrote songs and anthems that became popular eisteddfodic pieces. He also took a great interest in hymns, and we'll sing his hymn tune, *Eirinwg*, now:

### **Yr Arglwydd a feddwl amdanaf,**

a dyna fy nefoedd am byth;  
yng nghysgod yr orsedd gadarnaf  
mae'n ddigon i'r gwannaf gael  
nyth;  
cyn duo o'r cwmwl tymhestlog  
ei adain sy'n cuddio fy mhen;  
caf noddfa'n ei fynwes drugarog  
pan siglo colofnau y nen.

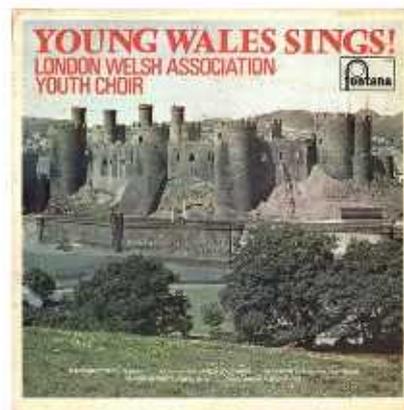
Fy Arglwydd sy'n gwisgo y lili,  
mae'n cofio aderyn y to;

cyn pallo'i anfeidrol dosturi  
rhaid gollwng Calfaria dros go'.  
Os Duw sydd ar f'enaid ei eisiau,  
mae eisiau fy enaid ar Dduw:  
O gariad heb ddiwedd na  
dechrau,  
ar gariad mor rhyfedd 'rwy'n  
byw.  
Arglwydd Iesu, arwain f'enaid.

*The Lord thinks of me,  
and that is my heaven for ever;  
in the shadow of the strongest  
throne  
it is enough for the weakest to have  
a nest;  
before blackening from the cloudy  
cloud of  
his wing that blew my head;  
I will take refuge in his humble  
bosom  
when rocking the columns of the  
sky.*

*My Lord who wears the lily,  
he remembers the sparrow;  
before his infinite compassion can  
be dropped Calvary is lost .  
If God  
wants my soul, God wants my soul:  
O love with no end or beginning,  
love that is so strange I live.*

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CqBIWe9Mtf4>



Alun Davies was Treasurer of the Welsh Hymn Society and attended Minny Street chapel in

Cardiff. He was also a prominent member of the Welsh Folk Society, where I came across him at their annual weekends in Gregynog. A number of his Welsh folk song arrangements have been published as well as several of his hymn tunes. He acted as chief editor of *Caniedydd yr Ifanc* in 1980 and, at the time of his death, was the music critic of the *Western Mail*. He conducted many a *gymanfa ganu* throughout his life as well as writing and arranging hymn tunes, one of which we'll sing now, *Orinda*, with words by Ifor Rees, *Athro da, ar ddechrau'r dydd*. The name *Orinda* may ring a bell with some of you. Alun Davies was apparently conducting a *gymanfa* in Heol Awst chapel in Carmarthen when he was writing this hymn tune, staying with the late Rev. Towyn Jones, our great friend at the Boro, and named his new tune after Towyn's daughter:

**Athro da, ar ddechrau'r dydd**  
dysg ni oll yng ngwersi'r ffydd,  
boed ein meddwl iti'n rhodd  
a'n hewyllys wrth dy fodd.  
Athro da, disgybla ni  
yn dy gariad dwyfol di  
fel y gallwn ninnau fod  
yn ein bywyd iti'n glod.

Athro da, O arwain ni  
yn ddiogel gyda thi;  
wrth dy ddilyn, gam a cham,  
ni ddaw inni unrhyw nam.

*Good teacher, at the beginning of  
the day  
teach us all in the lessons of the  
faith,  
whether our mind be your gift  
and your will.*

*Good teacher, discipline us*

in your divine love  
so that we may be  
in our lives for your praise.  
Good teacher, O guide us  
safely with thee;  
in following you, step by step,  
we will find no fault.

<https://mymidi.audio/downloads/song-by-alun-davies-orinda-basic-piano-organ-c/>

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### Salm 46

Y mae Duw yn noddfa ac yn  
nerth i ni,  
yn gymorth parod mewn  
cyfyngder.  
Felly, nid ofnwn er i'r ddaear  
symud  
ac i'r mynyddoedd ddisgyn i ganol  
y môr,  
er i'r dyfroedd ruo a therfysgu  
ac i'r mynyddoedd ysgwyd gan eu  
hymchwyl.

Y mae afon a'i ffrydiau'n  
llawenhau dinas Duw,  
preswylfa sanctaidd y Goruchaf.  
Y mae Duw yn ei chanol, nid  
ysgogir hi;  
cynorthwya Duw hi ar doriad  
dydd.  
Y mae'r cenhedloedd yn terfysgu  
a'r teyrnasoedd yn gwegian;  
pan gwyd ef ei lais, todda'r  
ddaear.  
Y mae Arglwydd y Lluoedd gyda  
ni,  
Duw Jacob yn gaer i ni.

Dewch i weld gweithredoedd yr  
Arglwydd,  
fel y dygodd ddifrod ar y ddaear;  
gwna i ryfeloedd beidio trwy'r  
holl ddaear,  
dryllia'r bwa, tyr y waywffon,  
a llosgi'r darian â thân.  
Ymlonyddwch, a deallwch mai  
myfi sydd Dduw.

yn ddyrchafedig ymysg y  
cenhedloedd,  
yn ddyrchafedig ar y ddaear.  
Y mae Arglwydd y Lluoedd gyda  
ni,  
Duw Jacob yn gaer i ni.

*God is our refuge and strength,  
a very present help in trouble.  
Therefore we will not fear, though  
the earth should change,  
though the mountains shake in the  
heart of the sea;  
though its waters roar and foam,  
though the mountains tremble with  
its tumult.*

*There is a river whose streams  
make glad the city of God,  
the holy habitation of the most  
High.  
God is in the midst of the city; it  
shall not be moved;  
God will help it when the morning  
dawns.  
The nations are in an uproar, the  
kingdoms totter;  
he utters his voice, the earth melts.  
The Lord of hosts is with us;  
the God of Jacob is our refuge.*

*Come, behold the works of the Lord;  
see what desolations he has brought  
on the earth.  
He makes wars cease to the end of  
the earth;  
he breaks the bow, and shatters the  
spear;  
he burns the shields with fire.  
'Be still, and know that I am God!  
I am exalted among the nations,  
I am exalted in the earth.'  
The Lord of hosts is with us;  
the God of Jacob is our refuge.*

### Amser – A message by Parch Peter Dewi Richards



Salm 46: 10:

'Ymlonyddwch, a dysgwch mai  
myfi sydd Dduw.'

Mae gan John Wesley gyfeithiad  
da o'r adnod hon - 'Give time to  
be Holy - Rhoi amser I fod yn  
sanctaidd.'

Mae tyndra bob amser rhwng  
pobl ac amser. Gormod o amser;  
dim digon o amser; beth I wneud  
a'n hamser; sut mae llenwi amser.  
Mae awdur Llyfr y Pregethwr yn  
son am amser fel caethiwed ble  
mae person yn byw a bod o fewn  
ei hun. Mae perygl I ni gael ein  
caethyo gan amser.

As we face another lockdown we  
are so concerned about our  
wellbeing and that of our families.  
When will it end? Time seems to  
drag when we are unable to  
move on with life. And it effects  
many spheres of life.

Mae amser yn gallu mynd yn  
gyflym neu yn araf, yn dibynnu ar  
ein hamgylchiadau. Iorwerth  
Peate yn ei gerdd ar ' Sant Ffagan  
s'yn canu mai 'araf y ticiau'r cloc.

Pan I ni ar wyliau mae'r amser yn  
diflannu ond wrth ddod wyneb  
yn wyneb a phrifiadau trist mae  
amser yn cerdded yn araf araf.

Time can have such a controlling  
effect on our lives. When  
relaxing time seems to fly and yet  
when we are facing difficult

situations time seems to be standing still. Wanting to move forward but time seems to strangle every move we try to make both physical and emotional.

Mae'n anodd I ni amgyffred y faith sefyllfa. Y profiadau a wynebwn sydd yn gallu cyflymu neu arafu amser.

Ble fyddem ni heb wybod pa amser o'r dydd yw hi. Roedd ein cyd-deidiau yn rheoli amser yn ol y golau. Codi gyda'r wawr a chysgu gyda'r hwyr.

Time. The Greeks in order to find the right time would fill buckets with holes and then would fill the buckets with water to see how long it took to disperse from the bucket. Today we have watches and clocks that never stop.

Rhaid I mi gyfaddef dwi ddim yn hoffi mynd I gapel ble mae'r cloc tu ol l'r pregethwr. Os yw'r bregeth yn ddiflas I chi yn gallu gweld yn eu llygaid yn syllu ar y cloc ac yn gobeithio bod e far orffen.

Looking back over the centuries people have always found ways to know the time because they knew the importance of time. Amser. Beth yw'r nodweddion hynny ynghlyn ag amser? Time: what are the essentials of time?

Mae amser ar gerdded. Time does not stand still.

Nid yw amser byth yn aros yn yr unfan ac felly y mae'n ofynnol I ni brynu'r amser a roddwyd I ni. Pan wyddom mai ond hyn a hyn o amser sydd gyda ni I gyflawni

rhywbeth pwysig y mae yn rhoi perspectif wahanol I ni o amser.

We must live the time God has given to us

It is said of Sir Winston Churchill was given a special watch during the Second World War. By looking at his watch he could tell what time it was not only in London but also in other major world cities. Crucial in the time of war when important decisions had to be made. You can't dither with time. An opportunity lost. Time will move on if we like it or not. That is why today is so important.

Time is an opportunity not to be lost.

Take commitment - not something you can put off to another day. Either we are committed or we are not. Either you believe or you don't believe. Commitment means 'ownership'; is involved. A New Year; a new opportunity to be committed – to this Church for example.

Fedrwch chi ddim newid amser You cannot change time.

Gellir troi y cloc yn ol neu ymlaen ond fedrwch chi byth newid amser.

Faint ohonoch chi sydd yn cofio darllen am gampau Wil Bryant yn y nofel *Rhys Lewis* (gan Daniel Owen). Yntau yn mynd ati I newid yr amser ar gloc y capel er mwyn l'r pregethwr orffen yn gynt. Fedrwch chi ddim gwneud hynny ag amser.

We can change the clock but we cannot change time and that is why it is so precious.

We must move on with time, not in a fateful way by being carried

through time by one of these virtual reality games; but to move on in a creative sense, accepting the strengths of the past and the hopes of the future.

When I visited Universal Studios in the United States some years ago I went on a ride called 'back to the future.' NEVER AGAIN. I closed my eyes most of the time and held on tightly to the person next to me. When I came off and my senses of reality returned I thought to myself: how can we go back to the future? We cannot change time - but we can trust a God who is timeless.

Gallwn rannu amser. We can share time

Mae amser wedi ei rannu yn naturiol I eiliadau, munudau, oriau, misoedd a blynnyddoedd. Mewn gair y mae trefn I amser

Sharing time and not being afraid of time. Pascal thought that many of our problems stem from the fact that so many are afraid to be alone with themselves. Of course there can be an emptiness in people's lives. One way to avoid this is by filling this emptiness by doing good.

Mae rhannu amser yn golygu gwneud rhywbeth ag amser. Dysgu byw yn ol y dydd. Nerth yn ol y dydd a gynigir I ni gan Dduw.

Giving time. Rhoi amser. I chi yn cofio cyfiethiad John Wesley 'Rhowch amser I fod yn sanctaidd' John Wesley said: 'Give time to be holy.'

Rhoi amser I gael ein sancteiddio medd un cyfeithydd. Giving time to be sanctified. Allowing God to

enter our lives with a meaningful purpose.

How can we give time to be holy? Or put it another way: what kind of time do we want to give to God?

Pan fath o amser I ni yn barod I roi I Dduw. Y munudau hynny sydd gyda ni ar ol ar derfyn diwrnod neu pan nad oes gennym ddim arall I wneud.

Giving to God just in our spare time when we have nothing else to do or think about. The Spare time God.

Giving time to be holy. Giving of our best time to God. In other words: Put God First.

Rho Duw yn gyntaf. Derbyn fod angen yr Arglwydd arnom a'l fod hefyd angen ni arno Ef er mwyn bod yn ddwylo ac yn draed Iddo i gynorthywo, i helpu eraill. Gweithio gyda'n gilydd yng nghwmni Duw.

Look at the tremendous blessings that come when we share together in worship. It helps us to be more sanctified in our lives. There is an energy that flows, helping us to encourage each other, to inspire each other, to interact with each other, here on zoom.

Mae hyd yn oed addoli ar zoom yn helpu ein hunain ac eraill I gael ein perffeithio I waith yr Arglwydd. Falle gwybod am rhywun sydd yn isel eu hysbryd ac sydd angen eu hysbrydoli o'r newydd; neu os ydym ni yn teimlo yn isel fod eraill yn ein plith yn barod I'n codi ar ein traed. Siarad a'n gilydd creu brwdfrydwedd yn ein gilydd.

We share with one another in worship and when we walk away there is a feeling of a new beginning, a new life, a new spirit a new dynamism. What a way to start a new year in God's presence-holiness - a chyfle I droi lesu hanes yn Grist profiad sy'n gydymaith a ni mewn bywyd.

The Greek for holy in the New Testament describes that quality /person that can be brought nearer into the presence of God.

I chi a fi wedi ein galw gan Dduw I bwrpas. Am reswm er weithiasu ni sylweddolwn hynny. I ni yma fel esiampl I eraill. Frelly beth sydd yn gwneud yr eglwys yn sanctaidd? Ymateb yn bositif I Dduw. Being reseptive to God.

Faith is central to worship and holiness. It has an important role in the sharing of time. It reminds us of the Eternal. Yr Alfa a'r omega. Y Duw sydd yn bresennol cyn amser ac ar ol Amser.

Faith opens our hearts to renew our experience of the God who has promised to be with us at all times to the end of time.

Yn dy law y mae amserau  
Ti sy'n trefnu nyddiau gyd.

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### **Gweddi'r Arglwydd / Lord's Prayer**

Ein Tad, yr hwn wyt yn y nefoedd,  
sancteiddier dy enw.  
Deled dy deyrnas.  
Gwneler dy ewyllys,  
megis yn y nef, felly ar y ddaear hefyd.

Dyro i ni heddiw ein bara beunyddiol.  
A maddau i ni ein dyledion,

fel y maddeuwn ninnau i'n dyledwyr.

Ac nac arwain ni i brofedigaeth, eithr gwared ni rhag drwg. Canys eiddot ti yw'r deyrnas, a'r nerth, a'r gogoniant yn oes oesoedd. Amen

Our Father which art in heaven,  
Hallowed be Thy name  
Thy kingdom come  
Thy will be done  
On earth  
As it is in heaven  
Give us this day our daily bread,  
And forgive our debts  
As we forgive our debtors  
Lead us not into temptation  
And deliver us from evil.  
For Thine is the kingdom  
And the power  
And the glory forever.  
For Thine is the kingdom  
And the power  
And the glory forever. Amen

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### **'Rwy'n gweld o bell y dydd yn dod**

bydd pob cyfandir is y rhod  
yn eiddo lesu mawr;  
a holl ynysoedd maith y môr  
yn cyd-ddyrchafu mawl yr lôr  
dros wÿneb daear lawr.

Mae teg oleuni blaen y wawr  
o wlad i wlad yn dweud yn awr  
fod bore ddydd gerllaw;  
mae pen y bryniau'n llawenhau  
wrth weld yr haul yn agosáu  
a'r nos yn cilio draw.

*I see from afar the day coming  
Every continent under the sky shall  
Belong to great Jesus;  
And all the vast islands of the sea  
Raise together praise to the Lord  
Across the face of the earth below.*

*The fair initial light of the dawn is  
From land to land saying now  
That the morning is at hand;*

The heads of the hills are rejoicing  
At seeing the sun approaching  
And the night retreating yonder.

<https://www.facebook.com/AvantiMediaLTD/videos/rwyn-gweld-o-bell-y-dydd-yn-dod/2001199743496592/>

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**Closing music:**

**Traditional**

**Lisa Lân**

Osian Ellis (tenor), (harp)



<https://kzclip.com/video/jeHpRIFo8Ek/welsh-folk-music-for-voice-harp-and-cello.html> (from 16:37 to 17.56)

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Readers:

**T S Eliot**

**Four Quartets**

**"Burnt Norton" I / II / IV**

Joshua Games

**Iorwerth Peate**

**Y Gegin Gynt yn yr Amgueddfa**

**Genedlaethol**

Catrin Treharne

**Sylvia Plath**

**Morning song**

Lowri Fflur Davies

**Ecclesiastes 3: 1-8**

Rowenna Hughes

**T S Eliot**

**Four Quartets**

**"East Coker" I / V**

Mark Walter

**Dylan Thomas**

**Fern Hill**

Mark Salmon

**T S Eliot**

**Four Quartets**

**"The Dry Salvages"**

**I (excerpt) / IV**

Neil Evans

**J M Edwards**

**Yr einioes IV**

Glyn Pritchard

**T S Eliot**

**Four Quartets**

**"Little Gidding" V (excerpt)**

Neil Evans

**A talk by John Jones on**

**Alun Davies**

John Jones

**Salm 46**

Megan Evans

**Amser – A message by Parch Peter**

**Dewi Richards, Blessing and**

**Gweddi'r Arglwydd / Lord's Prayer**

Peter Dewi Richards

**Producer** Mike Williams

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