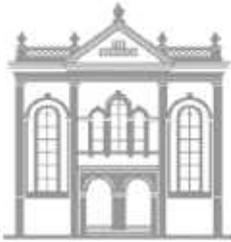


**Capel y Boro Service
Sunday 12 September
2021 at 11am**

**O! Tyn y gorchudd yn y
mynydd hyn**

**A service inspired by
one of Wales's
greatest hymns**

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/85941786751?pwd=azNFU3BuLzliRzJCVmZCYnBWZ0FuUT09>



Opening music:
Morfydd Llywn Owen
Gweddi y Pechadur
Helen Watts (contralto);
London Symphony
Orchestra/Mansel Thomas (1959)

Intrada

Introduction

**Praise to the Lord, the Almighty,
the King of Creation**
(Joachim Neander trans. Catherine
Wentworth, *Lobe den Herren*)

2 Corinthians 3

O Iesu, haul cyfiawnder glân
(Azariah Shadrach, tune H S
Oakeley, *Abends*)

Isaiah 25: 1-10a

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

Salm 63

Translation by Gwynn ap Gwilym

Prayers

Gweddi'r Arglwydd

Dof fel yr wyf, 'does gennyf fi
(Charlotte Elliott cyf. Eliza Evans,
tune William Blow, *Agnus Dei*)

**A talk by John Jones on
Scythia:**

**Gwynn ap Gwilym
Excerpt, Scythia**

Angharad Price
Excerpt, O! Tyn y gorchudd
**(Hunangofiant Rebecca Jones/
The Life of Rebecca Jones)**
Read by Professor Angharad Price

**O! Tyn y gorchudd yn y mynydd
hyn**
(Hugh Jones, tune Morfydd Llywn
Owen, *William*)

Blessing

Closing music:
Dyma gariad fel y moroedd
(William Rees, *Gwilym Hiraethog*,
tune Morfydd Llywn Owen)
London Welsh Festival of Male
Choirs, Royal Albert Hall, 13
October 2018

Opening music:
Morfydd Llywn Owen
Gweddi y Pechadur
(Words by Thomas Williams
Bethesda, *Morgannwg*)

Helen Watts (contralto);
London Symphony
Orchestra/Mansel Thomas (1959)

O'th flaen o Dduw rwy'n dyfod
Gan sefyll o hir bell,
Pechadur yw fy enw -
Ni feddaf enw gwell.

Trugaredd wyf yn geisio,
A cheisio eto wnaif,
Trugaredd imi dyro,
Rwy'n marw oni chaf.

Pechadur wyf, mi welaf,
O Dduw nad allaf ddim;
Rwy'n dlawd, rwy'n frwnt, rwy'n
euog,
O bydd drugarog im.

Rwy'n addef nad oes gennyf
Trwy 'mywyd hyd fy medd
O hyd on gweiddi 'pechais,
Nid wyf yn haeddu heddi!

Mi glywais gynt fod Iesu,
A'i fod e felly nawr
Yn maddau publicanod
A phechaduriaid mawr.

O derbyn, Arglwydd, derbyn fi
Hefyd gyda hwy,
A maddau'm holl anwiredd
Heb gofio'm camwedd mwy.

*One of the greatest of all Welsh art
songs "Gweddi y Pechadur" or
"Prayer of the Sinner" asks the Lord
God to forgive our sins and to be
merciful. Jesus is ultimately
recognised as a forgiving figure.*

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Vz9a0P_2BkA

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.*

Good morning and welcome

to Capel y Boro for our first service after our summer break and we will be here with you every Sunday so I do hope you will join us for a wonderful autumn season of services. Today our service is based around a beautiful Welsh hymn that is a part of John Jones' talk this week. The hymn - *Oh! Lift the veil from this mountain*”:

“Oh! Lift the veil from this mountain”

Let the bright sun of righteousness shine from the top of the hill where the dear Lamb suffered under the nails of steel From pure love to me in agony.

Where, where do I make my refuge under heaven but in His divine gash? The strong pike which went under his breast opened a spring to cleanse me - I am rejoicing that this is where.

Yes, there is - There is virtue and strength in the blood of the cross to completely cleanse all the sins of my age: His divine anguish and his persistent cry in prayer for me to the Father Is my freedom and my right to heaven.”

As John says in his talk this glorious hymn has these themes running through it - the Sun of Justice, the Lamb of God, the

suffering of the Crucifixion, and the importance of prayer. Each of our other hymns today are devoted to one of those themes. And the language of the veil from the mountain and other references comes from Isaiah chapter 25 and 2nd Corinthians Chapter 3 and we will also hear those passages in the service.

The composer of *O! Tyn y gorchudd* (*Oh! Lift the veil from this mountain*) is by the great Welsh composer who died tragically young Morfydd Llwyn Owen and as a tribute to her today not only do we song together her beautiful hymn but we have just heard in our opening music the great contralto from Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire, Helen Watts sing Morfydd Llwyn Owen's masterpiece Gweddi'r Pechadur in a 1959 recording with the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Mansel Thomas.

And our closing music will be Morfydd Llwyn Owen's setting of *Dyma gariad* performed at the London Welsh Festival of Male Choirs at the Royal Albert Hall in 2018. John has two books at the heart of his talk today, one by Gwynn ap Gwilym, who is also the Welsh translator of Psalm 63 which we will hear later; and the other is the writer of *O! Tyn y Gorchudd* – a fictional autobiography of Rebecca Jones (sister of the writer of the hymn *O! Tyn y Gorchudd* Hugh Jones) by Angharad Price, and we are delighted that Angharad has recorded especially for us an excerpt from her highly acclaimed 2002 National Eisteddfod prose-medal winning novel.

Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of Creation!

O my soul, praise him, for he is your health and salvation!
Come, all who hear; now to his temple draw near,
join me in glad adoration.

Praise to the Lord, above all things so wondrously reigning;
sheltering you under his wings,
and so gently sustaining!
Have you not seen all that is needful has been
sent by his gracious ordaining?

Praise to the Lord, who will prosper your work and defend you;
surely his goodness and mercy shall daily attend you.
Ponder anew what the Almighty can do,
if with his love he befriends you.

Praise to the Lord! O let all that is in me adore him!
All that has life and breath, come now with praises before him.
Let the Amen sound from his people again;
gladly forever adore him.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rCnQNwQG5GI>

2 Corinthians 3

Are we beginning to commend ourselves again? Surely we do not need, as some do, letters of recommendation to you or from you, do we? You yourselves are our letter, written on our hearts, to be known and read by all; and you show that you are a letter of Christ, prepared by us, written not with ink but with the Spirit of the living God, not on

tablets of stone but on tablets of human hearts.

Such is the confidence that we have through Christ towards God. Not that we are competent of ourselves to claim anything as coming from us; our competence is from God, who has made us competent to be ministers of a new covenant, not of letter but of spirit; for the letter kills, but the Spirit gives life.

Now if the ministry of death, chiselled in letters on stone tablets, came in glory so that the people of Israel could not gaze at Moses' face because of the glory of his face, a glory now set aside, how much more will the ministry of the Spirit come in glory? For if there was glory in the ministry of condemnation, much more does the ministry of justification abound in glory! Indeed, what once had glory has lost its glory because of the greater glory; for if what was set aside came through glory, much more has the permanent come in glory! Since, then, we have such a hope, we act with great boldness, not like Moses, who put a veil over his face to keep the people of Israel from gazing at the end of the glory that was being set aside. But their minds were hardened. Indeed, to this very day, when they hear the reading of the old covenant, that same veil is still there, since only in Christ is it set aside. Indeed, to this very day whenever Moses is read, a veil lies over their minds; but when one turns to the Lord, the veil is removed. Now the Lord is the Spirit, and where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is freedom. And all of us, with unveiled faces, seeing the glory of the Lord as though reflected in a mirror, are being transformed into the same image from one degree of glory to

another; for this comes from the Lord, the Spirit.

O Iesu, Haul Cyfiawnder glân,

llanw mron â'th nefol dân;
disgleiria ar fy enaid gwan
nes dod o'r anial fyd i'r lan.

Enynna 'nghalon, Iesu cu,
yn dân o gariad atat ti,
a gwna fi'n wresog yn dy waith
tra byddaf yma ar fy nhaith.

A gwna fy nghalon dywyll i
yn olau drwy d'oleuni di;
gwasgara'r holl gymylau i gyd
sy'n cuddio gwedd dy wŷneb-
pryd.

*O Jesus, holy Sun of Righteousness,
Flood my breast with thy heavenly
fire;
Shine on my weak soul
Until I come from the
desert world to the goal.*

*Kindle my heart, dear Jesus,
Into a fire of love towards thee,
And make me warm in thy work
While I am here on my journey.*

*And make my dark heart
A light through thy light;
Scatter all the clouds altogether
Which are hiding the image
of thy countenance.*

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=W77LabEvqCo> (up to 1:44)

Isaiah 25: 1-10a

O Lord, you are my God;
I will exalt you, I will praise your
name;
for you have done wonderful
things,
plans formed of old, faithful and
sure.

For you have made the city a
heap,
the fortified city a ruin;
the palace of aliens is a city no
more,
it will never be rebuilt.

Therefore strong peoples will
glorify you;
cities of ruthless nations will fear
you.
For you have been a refuge to
the poor,
a refuge to the needy in their
distress,
a shelter from the rainstorm and
a shade from the heat.
When the blast of the ruthless
was like a winter rainstorm,
the noise of aliens like heat in a
dry place,
you subdued the heat with the
shade of clouds;
the song of the ruthless was
stilled.

On this mountain the Lord of
hosts will make for all peoples
a feast of rich food, a feast of
well-matured wines,
of rich food filled with marrow,
of well-matured wines strained
clear.
And he will destroy on this
mountain
the shroud that is cast over all
peoples,
the sheet that is spread over all
nations;
he will swallow up death for
ever.
Then the Lord God will wipe
away the tears from all faces,
and the disgrace of his people he
will take away from all the earth,
for the Lord has spoken.
It will be said on that day,
Lo, this is our God; we have
waited for him, so that he might
save us.
This is the Lord for whom we
have waited;

let us be glad and rejoice in his salvation.
For the hand of the Lord will rest on this mountain.

Pan oedd Iesu dan yr hoelion

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Salm 63

Translation by Gwynn ap Gwilym

Dduw, ti yw fy Nuw; amdanat ti,
Fel sychdir cras am ddŵr,
sychedaf fi,
Dihoenaf am gael gweld
d'ogoniant mawr,
A welais yn y cysegr lawer awr.

Gwell yw na bywyd dy
ffyddlondeb di.
Am hynny, fe'th foliannaf. Codaf fi
Fy nwylo byth mewn gweddi i'th
enw pêr.
Caf fy nigoni ar fraster ac ar fêr.

Pan, ar fy ngwely y nos, dy gofio a
wnaf –
Fel y cysgodais dan d'adenydd
braf –
Fy enaid fydd yn glynu wrthyt ti;
Bydd dy ddeheulaw yn fy
nghynnal i.

Ond am y rhai a wnâi im drais a
chlwyl,
Ysglyfaeth i lwynogod fyddant
hwy;
A bydd y brenin byth yn
llawenhau
Yn Nuw, cans tewir pob
celwyddgi gau.

*O God, you are my God, I seek you,
my soul thirsts for you;
my flesh faints for you,
as in a dry and weary land where
there is no water.
So I have looked upon you in the
sanctuary,
beholding your power and glory.
Because your steadfast love is better
than life,
my lips will praise you.
So I will bless you as long as I live;
I will lift up my hands and call on
your name.*

*My soul is satisfied as with a rich
feast,
and my mouth praises you with
joyful lips
when I think of you on my bed,
and meditate on you in the watches
of the night;
for you have been my help,
and in the shadow of your wings I
sing for joy.
My soul clings to you;
your right hand upholds me.
But those who seek to destroy my
life
shall go down into the depths of the
earth;
they shall be given over to the
power of the sword,
they shall be prey for jackals.
But the king shall rejoice in God;
all who swear by him shall exult,
for the mouths of liars will be
stopped.*

Prayers

Let us pray as we remember the twentieth anniversary this weekend of the 9/11 attacks on the United States. We pay tribute to the extraordinary courage and resolve of those in New York and the Pentagon and other affected areas of the attacks to build back their communities and refuse to be cowed or defeated by acts of terrorism. We pray for all those who lost their lives from many nations including Britain and for their families and friends and we pray for the survivors still suffering that they may find peace and support and God's unfailing everlasting love. We think of those moving services including one at the national memorial, that remarkable site of the twin towers of the former World Trade Centre now two vast pools of everflowing waterfalls

surrounded by walls with memorials to every single victim beautifully maintained with a rose placed on the birthday of every person.



After a day of poignant remembrance yesterday in the *Last Night of the Proms* a new choral arrangement of American composer Samuel Barber's *Adagio for Strings* seemed so apposite. As people came together including worldwide TV audiences to enjoy music in a great concert hall only now getting accustomed once again to full houses following the pandemic we were reminded of the power of music to heal and unite, and later last night we witnessed an astonishing teenage girl Emma Raducanu from Bromley who was sitting her A levels in July and now was winning the US Open Women's Tennis final receiving her cup from no less a figure than Billie Jean King.



She and her teenage Canadian opponent Leylah Fernandez were, you could tell from their speeches afterwards, great examples not just of formidable sporting achievement but of dignity, determination and professionalism. They are a huge

inspiration and symbol of hope as we remember 9/11 and we have a wonderful new generation that can spearhead a better future and we pray for them and for everyone in our search for an end of division and as we reach out for unity and harmony, tolerance and understanding. And as in the hymn we celebrate today, let us pray that in removing the veil from the mountain the bright sun of righteousness will shine from the top of the hill. And in Christ's suffering let us come to recognise that through that— and he suffered for us and prayed for us – we can be cleansed and free. Amen.

Gweddi'r Arglwydd

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

Dof fel yr wyf, 'does gennyf fi

Ond dadlau rhin dy aberth di,
A'th fod yn galw: clyw fy nghri,
'Rwy'n dod, Oen Duw, 'rwy'n dod.

Dof fel yr wyf, ni thâl parhau
I geisio cuddio unrhyw fai;
Ond gwaed y groes all fy nglanhau:
'Rwy'n dod, Oen Duw, 'rwy'n dod.

Dof fel yr wyf, er ofnau lu,
A gallu y tywyllwch du
Yn curo arnaf o bob tu;
'Rwy'n dod, Oen Duw, 'rwy'n dod.

Dof fel yr wyf, syrthiodd i'r llawr
Bob cadwyn gref, 'rwyf finnau nawr
Yn eiddio i'r Gwardwr mawr;

'Rwy'n dod, Oen Duw, 'rwy'n dod.

Dof fel yr wyf, caf brofi'n llawn
Dy gariad -
O anhraethol ddawn! -
A chanaf mwyach am yr lawn;
'Rwy'n dod, Oen Duw, 'rwy'n dod.

*I come as I am, I have nothing
But to argue the virtue of thy
sacrifice,
And that thou art calling: hear my
cry,
I am coming, Lamb of God, I am
coming.*

*I come as I am, it is not worth
continuing
To try to cover any fault;
But the blood of the cross can
cleans me:
I am coming, Lamb of God, I am
coming.*

*I come as I am, despite a host of
fears,
And the power of the black
darkness
Beating against me from every side;
I am coming, Lamb of God, I am
coming.*

*I come as I am, fallen down has
Every strong chain, I myself now
Belong to the great Deliverer;
I am coming, Lamb of God, I am
coming.*

*I come as I am, I may experience
fully
Thy love -
Oh inexpressible gift! -
And I will sing evermore of the
Ransom;
I am coming, Lamb of God, I am
coming.*

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=D1ymgtqfWUM>

A talk by John Jones on *Scythia*

Scythia is a Welsh language novel by Gwynn ap Gwilym, published in 2017, which brings to life the remarkable story of John Davies, the Rector of Mallwyd, some ten miles north of Machynlleth in Montgomeryshire, where the author Gwynn ap Gwilym himself was raised. This is the area of the infamous Gwylliaid Cochion Mawddwy, the Red Bandits of Mawddwy, highwaymen who were known for their violence and home to others who practiced witchcraft. It was a remote and lawless area in the 16th century with its head clearly facing backwards towards the late Middle Ages. The title *Scythia* is a reference to an ancient Greek area of lawless nomadic tribes, corresponding to modern day Iran that the author references towards the end of the novel.



John Davies was one of the leading scholars of the 17th century who wrote a book of Welsh grammar and a dictionary. He was also a translator and editor, who graduated from Jesus College, Oxford as a Doctor of Theology and ordained as a Church of England clergyman. He was the editor of the 1620 edition of his friend Bishop William Morgan's Welsh translation of the Bible and also translator of the Book of Common Prayer who, it's believed, spent almost a year in

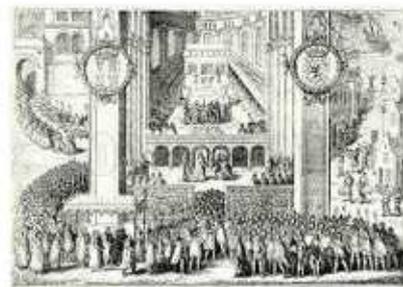
London while his dictionary was in the press.



Mallwyd parish church dates from the 6th century, dedicated to St. Tydecho, the present building dating from the 14th century and, despite its remote location within the diocese of St. Asaph, was regarded as an important living.



Gwynn ap Gwilym himself, who happened to be a contemporary of mine at Oxford, was appointed Rector of Mallwyd for some years until his untimely death in 2016. He was an academic and prizewinning poet who won the crown at National Eisteddfod in Fishguard in 1986. What has fascinated me most about this multilayered novel is its relevance to us at the Borough.



I'll read now a section from the novel, where John Davies finds

himself in London, for the coronation of King James I at Westminster Abbey, at the invitation of the Bishop of St. Asaph. This is the coronation, you'll remember for which the Gun Powder Plot was planned, to restore a Catholic monarchy from the relatively new Church of England. This was a turbulent time:

Gwynn ap Gwilym Excerpt, *Scythia*

Translated for the Welsh by John Jones



"The George Tavern, Borough High St., Saturday 2nd November 1605.

"No sign of it" said Thomas Salisbury, while sipping on his pewter tankard of beer and stared anxiously on the overdrumatic picture on the wall of a handsome St. George slaying an over painted red dragon.



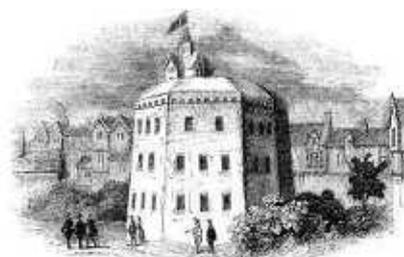
"Probably somebody stole it during the confusion of the Plague."

"I can't imagine why anybody would want to steal a manuscript of a Welsh translation of the New Testament" John replied. "You can never tell" added Jasper Gruffydd. "A thief sees an advantage in all kinds of things. And there's always unreasonable plundering during times of riot". The three of them sat around a small round table in one of the tavern's private nooks. The journey from Wales had been long and tiring, the days short, the weather dreadful, roads difficult, and accommodation poor. John was pleased to see that Jasper was the other member of St. Asaph diocese in Richard Parry's retinue. There were also two armed servants who would be sleeping in the stables with the horses, their beer and whatever women were available. In Oswestry, the Bishop of Bangor, Henry Rowlands' retinue joined them, the Bishop of St. Asaph himself, Edmund Gruffydd, the rector of Llanbedrog and two other armed servants. On the last day of October, after escorting the Bishops to Lambeth Palace, where they stayed for a week as guests of Archbishop Bancroft, and after Edmund Gruffydd disappeared to lodge with a relative in the City, John and Jasper went to their lodgings at the George, a mile or so from Lambeth. Three days later, a messenger sent Thomas Salisbury, vicar of Bowls church, a mile or so from the Thames within the City, a note to invite him too. Thomas arrived at the George around midday and, with a rabbit pie and some beer, he asked John about the fate of the

manuscript, lost about two years earlier. Thomas was full of distress and remorse and eager to make amends. "What are your plans, gentlemen? He enquired. "How are you going to spend your time here in London?" "The Bishop is expecting us to go to the opening of Parliament on Tuesday afternoon" John replied. "He obviously sees Bishop material in both of you. Preparing you for greater things to come". "I doubt it. But he says there are some places for the public". "And he's asked John Wynn from Gwydir, no less, to come with us", Jasper added. "The Bishop wants us to meet him on Monday afternoon".



"John Wynn," said Thomas, lighting his pipe. "a cunning rascal, if ever there was one. But he's a former Member of Parliament, and understands the system. Where are you meeting?" "Oh, close enough. I was going to ask, have you ever been to the Globe?"



"I've heard of it. Answered John. " The new theatre ... " "It's been there for six years by now". "And that playwright, what's his name?" "William Shakespeare" Jasper replied. "Yes, that's the one. There was a lot of talk about him when I was at Oxford, some undergraduates had been to see some of his plays. I remember some of them going crazy about one, a story about Romeo and Juliet, if I remember rightly". "He's got a new play" said Thomas " about an old king called Lear. There have only been a couple of performances but it has had great praise. I am happy to come with you to see it on Monday night, if you want. In the meantime, I've got a present for you."

The hymn I have chosen, according to the historian, educator and writer O.M. Edwards, is the best hymn written in the Welsh language, "O! Tyn y gorchydd yn y mynydd hwn", Oh, lift the veil from this mountain. Its author, Hugh Jones, was from a farm called Maesglasau between Dinas Mawddwy and Dolgellau, not far from Mallwyd.

Born in 1749, a century or so after John Davies, Hugh Jones came to London to work as a teacher. Fourteen years later, he returned to Wales and became one of the founders of the Calvinistic Methodist cause in Mallwyd, finishing up as an employee of Thomas Gee's famous publishing house in Denbigh where he's buried.

In 2002, Angharad Price, a descendant of Hugh Jones, won the prose medal at the National Eisteddfod in St. David's for her novel entitled *O! Tyn y Gorchudd* – a fictional autobiography by Hugh Jones' sister Rebecca Jones, Maesglasau. And here is Angharad Price to read a passage from it....

Angharad Price
Excerpt, *O! Tyn y gorchudd*
(Hunangofiant Rebecca Jones/ The Life of Rebecca Jones)
 Read by Professor Angharad Price

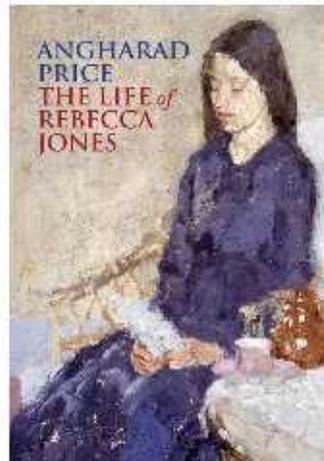


I'r hyn yr atebodd, fod llyfr ym mha y byddai ef arferol a darllen yn wastadol yn cynnwys ynddo dair dalen: Nefoedd, Daear a dwfr: a'r creaduriaid ynddynt megis llythrennau, yn nodi pethau anweledig.

Pwy a grodd dawelwch? Pwy a luniodd yr hyn nas clywir, nas gwelir, nas cyffyrddir; nas blasir, nas arogleuir?
 Rhyw dynnu-ymaith o greu ydoedd. Perffeithio diffyg.
 Mae tawelwch ynghlwm wrth le, ac eto'n fyd-eang. Mae ynghlwm wrth ennyd awr, ac eto'n oesol. Cynhwysa'r neilltuol a'r cyffredinol. Cydia'r mewdol wrth yr allanol.
 Ceidwad y cyferbyniol oedd creadwr tawelwch.

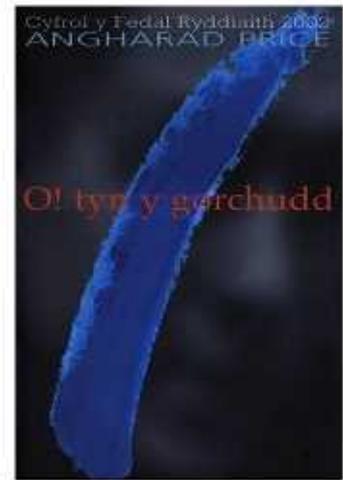
Bûm innau'n chwilio tawelwch am lawer o'm hoes. Fe'i canfûm droeon. Teimlais y tryloywedd rhyngof a'r byd. Dim ond i'w gollu eto. Ond hyderaf fy mod yn nesáu o hyd at dawelwch mwy parhaol ac y dof iddo cyn marw. Erbyn hyn mae fy ngolwg yn pylu a'm clyw yn pallu. Beth arall sydd i'w ddisgwyl yn fy oedran i? Ond nid oes dallineb na byddardod all berffeithio'r tawelwch sydd ar ddoed i'r cwm hwn.
 Codais deml i dawelwch ymhlith adfeilion cwm Maesglasau, y cwm lle mae ffin rhwng carreg feddal a charreg galed. Fe'i delweddais yn nant y cwm: yn siffrwd ei llifo heibio, ac yn ei diflaniad ar yr ystum dan y cae mawr.

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*Who created silence? Who created what is not heard, not seen, not touched; tastier, more odorless? It was some take away from creation. Perfect defect. Silence is attached to a place, yet global. It is attached to an hour, and is eternal. Includes the particular and the general. The inner is attached to the external. The keeper of the contrast was the creator of silence
 I have been searching for silence for much of my life. I found roofs. I felt the transparency between me and the world. Just to lose it again. But I*

*trust that I am getting closer to a more permanent silence and that I will come to it before dying. My eyesight is fading and my hearing is fading. What else is in store for me at my age? But there is no blindness or deafness that can perfect the coming silence of this valley.
 I built a chapel to silence the ruins of the valley of Maesglasau, the valley where there is a boundary between soft stone and hard stone. I imagined it in the valley stream: the rustle of her passing, and her disappearance on the posture under the big field.*



This was first published in Welsh in 2002, under the title "O! Tyn Y Gorchudd," meaning "O! Pull aside the veil". The author, Angharad Price, a lecturer in Welsh at Bangor University, used her family history to tell the haunting story of farming people in the Maesglasau valley, and how 20th-century changes eat away at their language and way of life. Rebecca Jones, whose family have worked the land for a thousand years, is born at the start of the century. Two of her brothers are blind, giving them the chance of education while Rebecca and her remaining brother are left to run the family farm.

It's claimed that the hymn O tyn y gorchudd is inspired by his memory of the mist lifting from

the mountain near his home and of the waterfalls in the Mawddwy valley. And if you've ever been to that area, you'll know how steep and dramatic the valleys are. This is what I mean:



O! Tyn y gorchydd yn y mynydd hyn" "Oh! Lift the veil from this mountain" – and it goes on to reference Haul Cyfiawnder, the Sun of Justice, the Lamb of God, the suffering of the Crucifixion, and the importance of prayer. The biblical references come from Isaiah chapter 25 and 2nd Corinthians Chapter 3 and contains subtle internal rhymes and echoes of Cynghanedd.



The hymn tune is by Morfydd Llwyn Owen, the composer from Treforest with family roots in Llanbryn-mair, again not far from Mallwyd. She studied at University College, Cardiff with Dr. David Evans, who, for a time, had been organist and choirmaster at Jewin, incidentally. Morfydd Llwyn Owen came to

London in 1912 to study at the Royal Academy of Music and immediately threw herself into London Welsh life at Charing Cross Road chapel. In 1916 she married the psychoanalyst Ernest Jones, a follower of Sigmund Freud, but died tragically young two years later under somewhat mysterious circumstances following an emergency operation for appendicitis, at the tender age of 26. The hymn tune is called *William*, after Morfydd's father, and was written in 1915 while she was in London and first published in the volume called *Can a Moliant* a year later.

O tyn y gorchudd yn y mynydd hyn;

llewyrched Haul Cyfiawnder
gwyn
o ben y bryn bu'r addfwyn Oen
yn dioddef dan yr hoelion dur,
o gariad pur i mi mewn poen.

Ble, ble
y gwnaf fy noddfa dan y ne',
ond yn ei glwyfau dyfnion e'?
Y bicell gre' aeth dan ei fron
agorodd ffynnon i'm glanhau:
'rwy'n llawenhau fod lle yn hon.

Oes, oes,
mae rhin a grym yng ngwaed y
groes
i lwyr lanhau holl feiau f'oes;
ei ddwyfol loes a'i ddyfal lef
mewn gweddi dros of at y Tad
yw fy rhyddhad a'm hawl i'r nef.

*O remove
The veil in this mountain!
Let the bright sun of righteousness
shine
From the top of the hill
where the Dear Lamb
Suffered under the nails of steel
From pure love to me in agony.*

*Where, where
Do I make my refuge under heaven
But in His divine gash?
The strong pike which
went under his breast
Opened a spring to cleanse me -
I am rejoicing that this is where.*

*Yes, there is -
There is virtue and strength
in the blood of the cross
To completely cleanse
all the sins of my age:
His divine anguish and his persistent
cry
In prayer for me to the Father
Is my freedom and my right to
heaven.*

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=I71H8Q_9Pbs

Blessing

As we reflect on the closing words of that hymn Christ's suffering and his persistent cry in prayer for us to the Father Is our freedom. May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit be with us all, now and evermore. Amen.

Closing music:

Dyma gariad fel y moroedd
(William Rees, Gwilym Hiraethog, tune Morfydd Llwyn Owen)

London Welsh Festival of Male Choirs, Royal Albert Hall, 13 October 2018

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=A_vdO0yVe-E

Readers:

2 Corinthians 3

David Evans

Isaiah 25: 1-10a

Neil Evans

Salm 63

Catrin Treharne

Prayers and blessing

Neil Evans

A talk by John Jones on Scythia:

John Jones

Gwynn ap Gwilym

Excerpt, Scythia

John Jones

Angharad Price

Excerpt, O! Tyn y gorchudd

(Hunangofiant Rebecca Jones/

The Life of Rebecca Jones)

Angharad Price

Producer Mike Williams
