

Capel y Boro
Sun 10 Oct 2021 at 11am
in Chapel and on Zoom

Gŵyl y Cynhaeaf Harvest Festival Service



Opening music:

We plough the fields, and scatter

(Matthias Claudius trans. J M Campbell, tune Johann A P Schulz, *Wir pflügen*)

Intrada

Salm 67

Hymn for Wales: 6

Tyred Iesu i'r anialwch

(William Williams, tune W Penfro Rowlands, *Blaenwern*)

John Keats ***Ode to Autumn***

Hymn for Wales: 7

Dyma gariad fel y moroedd

(William Rees, *Gwylm Hiraethog*, tune T Osborne Roberts, *Pennant*)

A talk by John Jones on Samuel Roberts:

Daeth gwardwr gwiw i ddyinion
(Richard Davies, *Mynyddog*, tune J Ambrose Lloyd, *Wynnstey*)

Prayers

Gweddi'r Arglwydd

Hymn for Wales: 8

Tydi sy'n deilwng oll o'm cân
(David Charles, tune Matthew W Davies, *Godre'r Coed*)

In Chapel only:

Come, ye thankful people, come
(Henry Alford, *St. George's, Windsor*)
Côr y Boro

On Zoom only:

Arr. Brian Hughes
Hiraeth
Côr Dinas

Hymn for Wales: 9

Un fendith dyro im

(Eliseus Williams, *Eifion Wyn*, tune Joseph Parry, *Sirioldeb*)

Matthew 9: 35-38

Y mae' cynhaeaf yn fawr a'r gweithwyr yn brin /
The harvest is plentiful but the workers are few -
Message from Parch Peter Dewi Richards

Hymn for Wales: 10

Mi glywaf dyner lais

(Lewis Hartsough cyf. John Roberts, *Ieuan Gwyllt*, tune Lewis Hartsough, *Gwahoddiad/ Welcome Voice*)

Blessing

Closing music:

On Zoom only:

Joseph Haydn
Y Greadigaeth
(The Creation) –
“Ar Ben Mae'r Gogoneddus Waith”
 (“Achieved are His glorious works”)
Côr y Boro

In Chapel only:

Organ music



Opening music:

We plough the fields, and scatter

(Matthias Claudius trans. J M Campbell, tune Johann A P Schulz, *Wir pflügen*)
London Fox Choir

We plough the fields, and scatter
the good seed on the land,
but it is fed and watered
by God's almighty hand;
he sends the snow in winter,
the warmth to swell the grain,
the breezes and the sunshine
and soft refreshing rain:

Chorus: All good gifts around us
are sent from heaven above,
then thank the Lord,
O thank the Lord
for all his love.

He only is the maker
of all things near and far;
he paints the wayside flower,
he lights the evening star;
the wind and waves obey him,
by him the birds are fed;
much more to us his children,
he gives our daily bread:

We thank you, then, O Father,
for all things bright and good,
the seed-time and the harvest,
our life, our health, our food:
accept the gifts we offer
for all your love imparts;
and that which you most
welcome,
our humble, thankful hearts:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ccVEjKfKAV4>

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 our Harvest Service here at
Capel y Boro and we are thrilled
to have you with us either in
person in chapel or here on
Zoom. We opened our service
with a popular Harvest hymn *We
plough the fields, and scatter*,
performed in that recording by
the London Fox Choir. It is in
fact a German hymn by the poet
Matthias Claudius who in 1777,
had become ill and returned to
Christianity after leaving it in his
20s. During his illness he wrote a
number of poems. In 1782, a
friend invited him over for dinner
and asked him to bring one of
the Christian poems he had
written. Claudius wrote *Wir
pflügen und wir streuen* based on
Psalm 144 for this occasion with
17 verses. The poem was then
published as a peasant's song.
From there, it was published
across Germany in number of
hymnbooks. In 1862 in England,
Jane Montgomery Campbell, who
was proficient in the German
language, started to translate a

number of German hymns into
English. She translated *Wir pflügen
und wir streuen* into English as *We
Plough the Fields, and Scatter*;
however, she did not make a
strict translation from the
original German but ensured
retention of the hymn's original
focus of giving thanks to God for
the harvest. She taught the hymn
to the children at the Church of
England parish school in London
where her father was the rector.
The hymn was later published in
Charles Bere's *Garland of Songs*
and *Children's Chorale Book*. The
hymn is predominantly used as a
hymn to give thanks to God for
the harvest and it has also been
used in the United States as a
hymn for Thanksgiving.

Salm 67

Duw a drugarhao wrthym, ac a'n
bendithio; a thywynned ei wyneb
arnom: Sela: Fel yr adwaener dy
ffordd ar y ddaear, a'th
iachawdwriaeth ymhlith yr holl
genhedloedd. Molianned y bobl
di, O Dduw; molianned yr holl
bobl dydi. Llawenhaed y
cenedloedd, a byddant hyfryd:
cansys ti a ferni y bobl yn uniawn,
ac a lywodraethi y cenedloedd
ar y ddaear. Sela. Molianned y
bobl di, O Dduw; molianned yr
holl bobl dydi. Yna y ddaear a
rydd ei ffrwyth; a Duw, sef ein
Duw ni, a'n bendithia. Duw a'n
bendithia; a holl derfynau y
ddaear a'i hofnant ef.

*May God be gracious to us and
bless us
and make his face shine on us—
so that your ways may be known on
earth,
your salvation among all nations.*

May the peoples praise you, God;

*may all the peoples praise you.
May the nations be glad and sing
for joy,
for you rule the peoples with equity
and guide the nations of the earth.
May the peoples praise you, God;
may all the peoples praise you.*

*The land yields its harvest;
God, our God, blesses us.
May God bless us still,
so that all the ends of the earth will
fear him.*

A Hymn for Wales – which is your favourite?



Today we sing five more of the
top 20 best Welsh hymns as
shortlisted by *Dechrau canu*,
Dechrau canmol for a viewers'
poll for the programme's 60th
anniversary. We sang the first
five in our Zoom service last
Sunday when the theme of our
service was the very first
broadcasts of *Dechrau canu*,
Dechrau canmol and its sister
programme *Songs of Praise* in
Swansea and Cardiff in 1961. So
today and over the next two
services we will sing the rest of
the shortlist before the viewers'
favourite is announced by S4C on
Sunday 31 October. Ahead of
that we will be asking for yours
and it can be one on the shortlist
or one that the shortlisting panel
have overlooked in their 20.
Do let us now, we would love to
hear from you on this. So now
to hymns six to ten in the
shortlist and they are in no

particular order of preference by the judges.

The judges of the shortlist

are: Dr Rhidian Griffiths, Huw Tregelles Williams, Delyth Morgans Phillips, Rhiannon Lewis, Trystan Lewis, Reverend Rob Nicholls, Rhodri Darcy, Reverend John Gwilym Jones, Catrin Angharad Jones, Mererid Hopwood, John S Davies and Karen Owen.

Hymn for Wales: 6

Tyred, Iesu, i'r anialwch,

at bechadur gwael ei lun,
ganwaith ddrysodd mewn rhyw
rwydau –
rhwydau weithiodd ef ei hun;
llosg fieri sydd o'm cwmpas,
dod fi i sefyll ar fy nhraed,
moes dy law, ac arwain drosodd
f'enaid gwan i dir ei wlad.

Manna nefol sy arna'i eisiau,
dŵr rhedegog, gloyw, byw
sydd yn tarddu o dan riniog
temel sanctaidd, bur fy Nuw;
golchi'r aflan, cannu'r duaf,
gwneud yr euog brwnt yn lân;
ti gei'r clod ryw fyrdd o oesoedd
wedi i'r ddaear fynd yn dân.

Ar dy allu 'rwy'n ymddiried:
mi anturiaf, doed a ddêl,
dreiddio drwy'r afonydd dyfnion,
mae dy eiriau oll dan sêl;
fyth ni fetha a gredo ynot,
ni bu un erioed yn ôl;
mi â 'm laen, a doed a ddelo,
grag a thyle, ar dy ôl.

*Come, Jesus, to the desert,
To a sinner in a wretched condition,
A hundred times entangled in some
nets - nets he himself worked;
Burning brambles are around me,
Grant me to stand on my feet,
Give thy hand, and lead across*

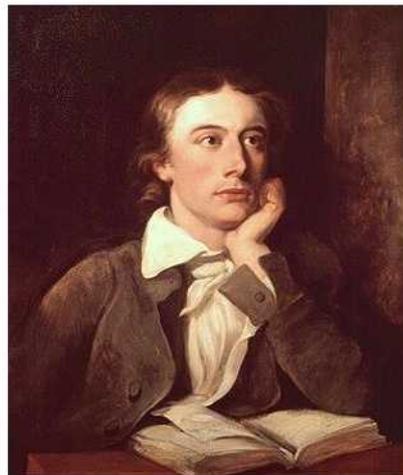
*My weak soul to the land of its
country.*

*Heavenly Manna I have need of,
Running water, clear, living,
Which is issuing from under the
threshold of the pure, holy Temple
of my God;
Wash the unclean, bleach the
blackest, make the guilty, dirty one
clean; Thou shalt get the praise
of some myriad of ages
After the earth catches fire.*

*In thy power I am trusting:
I will venture, come what may,
To enter through the deep rivers,
All thy words are under a seal;
Never shall fail one who trusts in
thee,
Not one has ever been before;
I will go forwards, and come what
may, rock and hill, after thee.*

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1lvLTgu_P4Q

John Keats Ode to Autumn



John Keats by William Hilton, based on a work by Joseph Severn, 1822

Season of mists and mellow
fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the
maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load
and bless

With fruit the vines that round
the thatch-eves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd
cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to
the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump
the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set
budding more,
And still more, later flowers for
the bees,
Until they think warm days will
never cease,
For summer has o'er-brimm'd
their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid
thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks
abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary
floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the
winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound
asleep,
Drows'd with the fume of
poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its
twined flowers:
And sometimes like a gleaner
thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a
brook;
Or by a cyder-press, with patient
look,
Thou watchest the last oozings
hours by hours.

Where are the songs of spring?
Ay, Where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy
music too,—
While barred clouds bloom the
soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with
rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small
gnats mourn
Among the river shallows, borne
aloft

Or sinking as the light wind lives
or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat
from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now
with treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a
garden-croft;
And gathering swallows twitter in
the skies.

Hymn for Wales: 7

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

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

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

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

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KV4BaTPZUyc>

A talk by John Jones on Samuel Roberts



Samuel Roberts

Samuel Roberts was an independent minister and radical reformer, born in Llanbryn-mair between Machynlleth and my birthplace and childhood home, Caersws, in Montgomeryshire in 1800, generally known as S.R.

He received his early education at a local school run by his father and then in Shrewsbury. In 1819 he entered the Academy in Llanfyllin, soon to remove to Newtown where I went to school, to train for the ministry, and was ordained as a co pastor with his father in Yr Hen Gapel, The Old Chapel in Llanbryn-mair, one of the oldest and most famous Independent chapels in Wales, the cause going back as far as the 17th century.



Yr Hen Gapel, Llanbryn-mair,
Montgoeryshire (Powys), mid Wales

S.R. soon became a prominent preacher and keen competitor at eisteddfodau. He published a small volume of poems that included expressions of his views on slavery but, after his failure at the Beaumaris Eisteddfod in 1832 with an essay on agriculture in which he advocated free trade, he concentrated his literary gifts in supporting social reform. He took a particular interest in agriculture, his family having been tenants of the Wynnstay estate at Diosg Farm since 1806, landlords who constantly demanded rent rises and mandatory expenditure on the buildings. He held progressive views concerning scientific agriculture and rural sanitation and was an ardent supporter of the Anti corn law League, a political movement that aimed to abolish the legislation that protected landowners interests by levying a tax on imported wheat. He pleaded for the construction of a railway through Montgomeryshire which was eventually completed by the industrialist and entrepreneur David Davies of Llandinam in 1861, the man who built the docks in Barry.

S.R. also took an active part in the work of the missionary society, the Foreign Bible society and the temperance movement. He was busy in chapel politics too, arguing for independent congregations as opposed to a centralized authority and the dominance of the established Anglican church. He remained throughout his life an ardent Independent and viewed with some alarm the projected Union of Welsh Independents. In that respect, he also opposed the rise of the trade unions in industry.

He was, after all, surrounded by the lead mines of Dylife, so knew something about employment circumstances at that time.

He strongly opposed the 1847 report of the commission on education in Wales, notoriously known as Brad y Llyfrau Gleision or the Treason of the Blue Books that were scathing about the standards and morals of the Welsh, to say nothing about the Welsh language. With his monthly Welsh language periodical, Y Cronicl, which he claimed sold more than a million copies in twelve years, he became a prominent champion of radicalism in Wales. He was also an early advocate of votes for women. A man clearly before his time.

The parish of Llanbryn-mair played a prominent part in both the Nonconformist Revolution of the late 18th century and the emigration to America. Indeed it was reputed to have been the source of the most emigrants per capita to America of any in Wales, particularly to Ohio. In 1857 S.R. decided to emigrate, to join his brother in Tennessee in founding a Welsh colony there. But it didn't quite work out as planned. They had been victims of unscrupulous land agents and the outbreak of the Civil War didn't help. So he returned to Wales three years later where he settled in Conwy. His last years were clouded by disputes, largely against his radical ideas.

Another member of yr Hen Gapel was the poet, singer and eisteddfod conductor *Mynyddog*, Richard Davies, who frequently visited London to listen to the principal singers of the day and

introduced instrumental music to the Old Chapel in Llanbryn-mair.



Mynyddog, Richard Davies,

So we'll sing his hymn now, *Daeth Gwaredwr gwiw I Ddynion* on the tune *Wynnstay* that first appeared in the Independents' *Caniedydd* in 1895. Given that the author was from Montgomeryshire, it's not surprising that there are distinct hints of the influence of old *Plygain* carol tradition here. Notice the words of the third verse "Yn y ffynon ar Galfaria" which Eos Ial's famous carol "I ti agorwyd ffynon/a ylch y glwyfau duon". And don't forget that the London *Plygain* service is going to be held in the Boro, on the 9th of January at 3 o'clock. Not in the morning as the old tradition would have been but in the afternoon!

Daeth gwaredwr gwiw i ddynion

O newydd da;
Sych dy ddagrau, gaethferch
Seion,
O, newydd da;
Chwyth yr utgorn ar dy furiau,
Gwisga wên a sych dy ddagrau,
Gorfoledda yn ei angau,
O, newydd da.

Daeth o uchder gwlad goleuni,
O gariad mawr,

I ddyfnderoedd o drueni,
O gariad mawr,
Rhodiodd drwy anialwch trallod,
Ac o'i fodd fe yfai'r wermod
Rododd dyn yng nghwpan
pechod,
O gariad mawr.

Trefnodd ffordd i gadw'r euog,
O ryfedd ras;
trefnodd fara i'r anghenog,
O ryfedd ras;
Yn y ffynon ar Galfaria
Gylch yr aflan, ac fe'i gwisga
Â chyfiawnder fel yr eira,
O ryfedd ras.

*A worthy Deliverer has come to men
O good news;
Dry thy tears, bondmaid of Zion,
O good news;
Blow the trumpet on thy walls,
Wear a smile and dry thy tears,
Rejoice in his death,
O good news.*

*He came from the height of the land of light,
O great love,
To the depths of shame,
O great love,
He walked through the desert of tribulation,
And willingly he drink the wormwood
Which man had put in the cup of sin,
O great love.
He prepared a way to save the guilty,
O amazing grace;
He prepared bread for the needy,
O amazing grace;
In the well on Calvary
He washes the foul, and clothes him
With righteousness like the snow,
O amazing grace.*

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2av0Jlw5rXw>

Prayers

Creator God, forgive our moments of ingratitude, the spiritual blindness that prevents us from appreciating the wonder that is this world, the endless cycle of nature, of life and death and rebirth. Forgive us for taking without giving reaping without sowing. Open our eyes to see our lips to praise our hands to share May our feet tread lightly on the path we tread and our footsteps be worthy of following for they lead to you.

As a part of nature's wondrous cycle
Of new birth, growth, fruitfulness and death
We rejoice in the creation of new life,
For parenthood, the passing on of knowledge,
For understanding and the wisdom of years.
We are grateful for those who have gone before
Passing on to us our spiritual heritage.
May our lives blossom as the apple tree in Spring
May we become fruitful in thought and deed
And may the seed of love that falls to the ground
Linger beyond our time on this earth.

Gweddi'r Arglwydd

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

Hymn for Wales: 8

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

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

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

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

*Thou who art worthy of all my song,
My great creator and my God;
Thy gifts around me are,
Every hour I am living.*

*I hear the sun, and the moon, and
the stars,
Declaring divine praise;
Shining brightly thou art,
Through everything which exists.*

*Let not a tongue under the sky be
Silent about thy work;
I will declare as far as my grave
Thy whole wide goodness.*

*I will give thanks for thy dear love
Reaching as far as my age;
I will give thanks more for One who
was bleeding on the cross.*

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

In Chapel only:

**Come, ye thankful people,
come**
(Henry Alford, *St. George's Windsor*)
Côr y Boro

Come, ye thankful people, come,
raise the song of harvest home;
all is safely gathered in,
ere the winter storms begin.
God our Maker doth provide
for our wants to be supplied;
come to God's own temple,
come,
raise the song of harvest home.

All the world is God's own field,
fruit as praise to God we yield;
wheat and tares together sown
are to joy or sorrow grown;
first the blade and then the ear,
then the full corn shall appear;
Lord of harvest, grant that we
wholesome grain and pure may be.

For the Lord our God shall
come,
and shall take the harvest home;
from the field shall in that day
all offenses purge away,
giving angels charge at last
in the fire the tares to cast;
but the fruitful ears to store
in the garner evermore.

Even so, Lord, quickly come,
bring thy final harvest home;
gather thou thy people in,
free from sorrow, free from sin,
there, forever purified,
in thy presence to abide;
come, with all thine angels, come,
raise the glorious harvest home.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=t3n7IUCdqAM>

On Zoom only:

Arr. Brian Hughes

Hiraeth

Côr Dinas

Dwedwch, fawrion o wybodaeth
O ba beth y gwaethpwyd hiraeth;
A pha ddefnydd a roed ynddo
Na ddarfyddo wrth ei wisgo.

Derfydd aur a derfydd arian
Derfydd melfed, derfydd sidan;
Derfydd pob di elldyn helaeth
Eto er hyn ni dderfydd hiraeth.

Hiraeth, mawr a hiraeth creulon
Hiraeth sydd yn torri 'nghalon,
Pan fwy' dyrma' 'r nos yn cysgu
Fe ddaw hiraeth ac a'm deffry.

Hiraeth, Hiraeth, cilia, cilia
Paid â phwysgo mor drwm arna',
Nesa tipyn at yr erchwyn
Gad i mi gael cysgu gronyn.

*Tell me, masters of Wisdom from
what thing is longing made;
And what is put in it that it never
fades through wearing it.*

*Gold fades, silver fades, velvet fades.
Silk fades,
Everything fades - but longing never
fades.*

*Great and cruel longing breaks my
heart,
When I am sleeping at my heaviest
at night.
Longing comes and wakes me.*

*Go away longing and don't weigh so
heavily upon me,
Let me have a moment of sleep.*

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4HFP_ZNbBmY (from 0:05)

Hymn for Wales: 9

Un fendith dyro im,
ni cheisiaf ddim ond hynny:
Cael gras i'th garu di tra bwy',
cael mwy o ras i'th garu.

Ond im dy garu'n iawn,
caf waith a dawn sancteiddiach,
A'th ganlyn wnaif bob dydd yn
well,
ac nid o hirbell mwyach.

A phan ddêl dyddiau dwys,
caf orffwys ar dy ddwyfron,
Ac yno brofi gwin dy hedd
a gwledd dy addewidion.

Dy garu, digon yw
wrth fyw i'th wasanaethu,
Ac yn oes oesoedd ger dy fron
fy nigon fydd dy garu.

*One blessing give me,
I will seek nothing but this:
To have grace to love thee while I
live, to have more of grace to love
thee.*

*Only for me to love thee well,
Will I have work and a gift more
holy;
And I will follow thee better every
day, and not from a distance any
more.*

*And when intense days come,
I be able to rest on thy breasts,
And there taste the wine of thy
peace and the feast of thy promises.*

*Thy love, it is sufficient
For life in thy service,
And forever and ever before thee
Sufficient for me shall be thy love.*

<https://www.facebook.com/watch/?v=1951050921800971> (click
onto the sound icon at the
bottom right of the picture)

Matthew 9: 35-38

Jesus went through all the towns
and villages, teaching in their
synagogues, proclaiming the good
news of the kingdom and healing
every disease and sickness.
When he saw the crowds, he had
compassion on them, because
they were harassed and helpless,
like sheep without a shepherd.
Then he said to his disciples,
"The harvest is plentiful but the
workers are few. Ask the Lord of
the harvest, therefore, to send
out workers into his harvest
field."

***Y mae' cynhaef yn fawr a'r
gweithwyr yn brin /
The harvest is plentiful but the
workers are few -
Message from Parch Peter
Dewi Richards***



Mae'r cofid 19 wedi trawstnewid
bywyd ac er fod canllawiau y
llywydraeth wedi eu llacio y
mae'n rheidrydd arnom I
gerdded ymlaen yn ofalus. Er y
trawstnewid y maeyn braf bellach
ein bod yn gallu dod I oedfa I
addoli.

This period of transition has
touched us all in one way or
another. When will it all end?

In preparing this message I was
also aware of my own
responsibilities and what can I do
to transform my own life to meet
the challenges that we face in
society and the world.

Preparing this message challenges me because I am aware the harvest has failed in many countries especially in Africa and we so often take the food we eat for granted.

Diolch am gyfle I helpu y sawl sydd mewn angen trwy waith Cymorth Cristnogal, *Tear Fund* a *World Vision* in enwi rhai elusennau sydd ar flaen y gad yn y Gwaith hwn.

Wrth I me ddarllen yr adnodau sydd yn y bennod hon fe sylwais ar rhai egwyddorion nad oeddwn wedi rhoi cymaint o bwys arnynt. Y teitl 'Arglwydd y Cynhaef' It reminds us of what is central in this passage 'Lord of the Harvest.'

Roedd y gwasanaethau I ddiolch am y cyhaef yn brofiad byw I aelodau eglwysi Cwm gwaun ac mewn eglwysi tebyg. Cofiaf un flwydd bu o fewn bythefnos yn pregethu mewn 8 o eglwysi o fewn pythefnos. Anodd feidio rhywbeth Newydd I ddweud.

Here in London and other urban areas it is important to remind ourselves that the harvest touches us all.

The meaning of 'harvest suggests two important messages. *God's Blessing for us* and *God's Blessing for others*.

I ni fel rheol mae ein dathiad o'r cynhaef yn digwydd ar ryw Sul penodedig ond roedd yr Iddewon yn dathlu'r cynhaef am saith diwrnod. Ond nid mewn dyddiau mae diolch am y cynhaef.

While we celebrate Harvest once a year we can experience the Spirit of Harvest all the time, every day, every month, every

year. As the chorus says: *Count your blessings day by day.* Each time we receive our salaries, our pensions it is a harvest because it helps to put food on our tables.

Each time we receive love and care from family and friends we experience harvest and the closeness of God in our lives. Nid profiad unwaith ar y Sul yw'r cynhaef ond y mae bendithion yno ar gael o ddydd I ddydd ac yn cyffwrdd ni mewn amrywiol ffyrdd.

The Harvest we experience on a daily basis does not actually belong to us but belongs to God for he is the Lord of the Harvest. Our whole life belongs to God.

Mae ein holl fywyd yn perthyn I'r Arglwydd. Mae yn ein perchogi a'r emyn sydd yn gymhelliad I ni yw 'Iesu Iesu yr wyt yn ddigon. Rwyf Ti yn llawer gwell na'r byd.'

When we put God in his Rightful place we recognize that he is the one who gives life. Ef yw bara'r bywyd. Our family is his family as the world is his world and we embrace his calling on us to look after this world; his creation. He wants us to do something important; not only to thank him for our blessings but He wants use to bless others.

Wrth ddiolch am yr holl fendithion I ni yn eiddorbyn y dasg yw mind ati I rhannu y bendithion hynny I eraill.

To be a blessing for others as we are his feet, his hands and his voice. Let us leave our footprint for the good in our communities and the world.

Mae tymor y cynhaef yn cyfle I'r hyn y gallwn ni wneud in eraill a gosod ein dinasyddiaeth ar y ddaear yma yn gyfle I ni ogoneddu Duw.

The harvest season doesn't end today with our service of Thanksgiving but in our continued focus on what we can do for others in His name. Let the blessing of the harvest be seen in our thinking and doing.

Doing Christ's work is showing to the world that *Compassion* is fundamental to us doing God's work in the word. It can be a difficult task but we know that God in Christ will uphold us in his love; strengthening us at all times.

Karl Rahner wrote in his book *The Shape of the Church to Come* about connecting with society but stresses "If the Church is prepared to have the same compassion as Jesus be prepared to be kicked in the teeth." In other words serving others is sometimes difficult but it is a challenge we face as we do God's Harvest.

Hymn for Wales: 10

Mi glywaf dyner lais

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

Arglwydd, dyma fi
Ar dy alwad di,
Canna f'enaid yn y gwaed
A gaed ar Galfari.

Yr Iesu sy'n fy ngwadd
I dderbyn gyda'i saint
Ffydd, gobaith, cariad pur a hedd
A phob rhyw nefol fraint.

Yr Iesu sy'n cryfhau
O'm mew'n ei waith drwy 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 a gentle voice
Calling to me
To come and wash all my faults
In the river of Calvary.*

*Lord, here I am
At thy call,
Bleach my soul in the blood
Which flowed on Calvary.*

*It is Jesus who invites me
To receive with his saints
Faith, hope, pure love and peace
And every heavenly privilege.*

*It is Jesus who strengthens
Me in his work through grace;
He gives strength to my weak soul
To beat my hateful sins.*

*Glory ever for ordering
The reconciliation and the
expurgation;
I will receive Jesus as I am
And sing about the blood.*

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

Blessing

We bless you, God of Seed and
Harvest,
And we bless each other,
That the beauty of this world,
And the love that created it,
Might be expressed through our
lives
And be a blessing to others,
Now and always. Amen.

Closing music:
Joseph Haydn
Y Greadigaeth
(The Creation) –
“Ar Ben Mae'r Gogoneddus
Waith”

(“Achieved are His glorious
works”)
Côr y Boro

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MG9L7gtBpMc>

Readers:

Salm 67
In Chapel: *Megan Evans*
On Zoom: *Sioned Bowen*

John Keats
Ode to Autumn
In Chapel: *David Evans*
On Zoom: *Neil Evans*

A talk by John Jones on
Samuel Roberts:
John Jones

Prayers and Blessing
In Chapel: *Peter Dewi Richards*
On Zoom: *Neil Evans*

Matthew 9: 35-38
In Chapel: *Rowenna Hughes*
On Zoom: *Neil Evans*

Y mae' cynhaef yn fawr a'r
gweithwyr yn brin /
The harvest is plentiful but the
workers are few -
Message from Parch Peter Dewi
Richards
In Chapel: *Peter Dewi Richards*
On Zoom: *Read on behalf of Parch*
Peter Dewi Richards by Neil Evans

Producer Mike Williams
