

Capel y Boro Service
Sun 7 June 2020 at 11am

**Service for Trinity and
Creation Sunday**

**A celebration of the
poems and hymns of Ann
Griffiths**



Opening music:
John Stainer
God so loved the World
from 'The Crucifixion'
St Paul's Cathedral Choir, London

Intrada and welcome

**All Creatures of our God and
King**
(St Francis of Assisi, William
Draper)

Genesis 1:1-19

Genesis 1: 20-31, 2: 1:3

Haydn

Y Greadigaeth (The Creation) –
“Ar Ben Mae'r Gogoneddus
Waith”
("Achieved is the Glorious Work")
Côr y Boro

Salm 8

Eternal Father strong to save
(Cecil Milner / John Bacchus
Dykes)

Samuel Taylor Coleridge,
from The Rime of the Ancient
Mariner, Part IV

R Williams Parry
Y Llwynog

Ted Hughes
Full moon and little Frieda

William Rees
Dyma Gariad
The Virtual choir of SSiW (Say
Something in Welsh)

Prayers for Trinity Sunday

Arglwydd Iesu arwain f'enaid
(In Memoriam, Morswyn)

Ann Griffiths
trans. Rowan Williams
I Saw Him Standing
(Yr Arglwydd Iesu)

Rhyfedd, rhyfedd gan angylion
(Ann Griffiths)

A talk on Wele'n sefyll rhwng y
myrtwydd by John Jones: 1

Song of Solomon 2: 1-17

A talk on Wele'n sefyll rhwng y
myrtwydd by John Jones: 2

Wele'n sefyll rhwng y myrtwydd
(Ann Griffiths - modern
arrangement)

A talk on Wele'n sefyll rhwng y
myrtwydd by John Jones: 3

Zecharia 1:8-17

A talk on Wele'n sefyll rhwng y
myrtwydd by John Jones: 4

Isaiah 11: 1-5

A talk on Wele'n sefyll rhwng y
myrtwydd by John Jones: 5

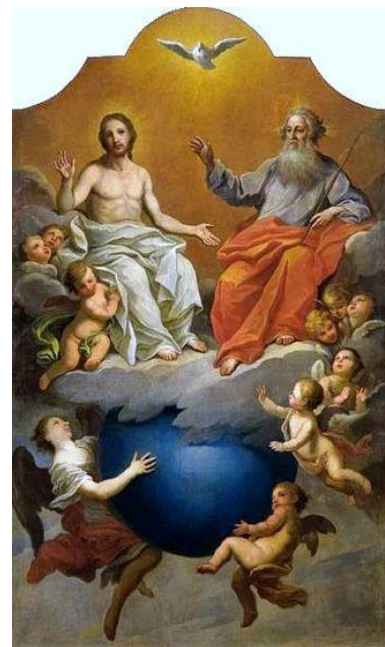
Wele'n sefyll rhwng y
myrtwydd
(Ann Griffiths)

Blessing

Closing music:
Nant y mynydd
(John Ceiriog Hughes)
Cor Meibion Gwalia

Opening music:

John Stainer
God so loved the World from
'The Crucifixion'



God so loved the world,
that he gave his only begotten
Son,
that whoso believeth in him
should not perish,
but have everlasting life.

For God sent not his Son into
the world
to condemn the world;
but that the world through him
might be saved.
John 3 vv. 16, 17

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=X5Akz6J8Rw0>

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.*

All Creatures of our God and King



Lift up your voice and with us
sing
O praise Him, Alleluia.
Thou burning sun with golden
beam
Thou silver moon with softer
gleam
O praise Him, O praise Him
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

Thou flowing water, pure and
clear,
make music for thy Lord to hear,

alleluia, alleluia!
Thou fire so masterful and bright,
that givest man both warmth and
light,
O praise him, O praise him,
alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!

Let all things their Creator bless
And worship Him in humbleness
O praise Him, Alleluia
Praise, praise the Father, praise
the Son
And praise the Spirit, three in
one
O praise Him, O praise Him
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WtT3SRnnG0I>
(about 1:00 into the recording)

Genesis 1:1-19



In the beginning when God
created the heavens and the
earth, the earth was a formless
void and darkness covered the
face of the deep, while a wind
from God swept over the face of
the waters. Then God said, 'Let
there be light'; and there was
light. And God saw that the light
was good; and God separated the
light from the darkness. God
called the light Day, and the
darkness he called Night. And
there was evening and there was
morning, the first day.

And God said, 'Let there be a
dome in the midst of the waters,
and let it separate the waters
from the waters.' So God made
the dome and separated the

waters that were under the
dome from the waters that were
above the dome. And it was so.
God called the dome Sky. And
there was evening and there was
morning, the second day.

And God said, 'Let the waters
under the sky be gathered
together into one place, and let
the dry land appear.' And it was
so. God called the dry land Earth,
and the waters that were
gathered together he called Seas.
And God saw that it was good.

Then God said, 'Let the earth put
forth vegetation: plants yielding
seed, and fruit trees of every kind
on earth that bear fruit with the
seed in it.' And it was so. The
earth brought forth vegetation:
plants yielding seed of every kind,
and trees of every kind bearing
fruit with the seed in it. And God
saw that it was good. And there
was evening and there was
morning, the third day.

And God said, 'Let there be lights
in the dome of the sky to
separate the day from the night;
and let them be for signs and for
seasons and for days and years,
and let them be lights in the
dome of the sky to give light
upon the earth.' And it was so.

God made the two great lights—
the greater light to rule the day
and the lesser light to rule the
night—and the stars. God set
them in the dome of the sky to
give light upon the earth, to rule
over the day and over the night,
and to separate the light from the
darkness. And God saw that it
was good.

And there was evening and there
was morning, the fourth day.

Genesis 1: 20-31, 2: 1:3



And God said, 'Let the waters bring forth swarms of living creatures, and let birds fly above the earth across the dome of the sky.' So God created the great sea monsters and every living creature that moves, of every kind, with which the waters swarm, and every winged bird of every kind. And God saw that it was good. God blessed them, saying, 'Be fruitful and multiply and fill the waters in the seas, and let birds multiply on the earth.' And there was evening and there was morning, the fifth day.

And God said, 'Let the earth bring forth living creatures of every kind: cattle and creeping things and wild animals of the earth of every kind.' And it was so. God made the wild animals of the earth of every kind, and the cattle of every kind, and everything that creeps upon the ground of every kind. And God saw that it was good.

Then God said, 'Let us make humankind in our image, according to our likeness; and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the birds of the air, and over the cattle, and

over all the wild animals of the earth, and over every creeping thing that creeps upon the earth.'

So God created humankind in his image, in the image of God he created them; male and female he created them.

God blessed them, and God said to them, 'Be fruitful and multiply, and fill the earth and subdue it; and have dominion over the fish of the sea and over the birds of the air and over every living thing that moves upon the earth.' God said, 'See, I have given you every plant yielding seed that is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree with seed in its fruit; you shall have them for food.

And to every beast of the earth, and to every bird of the air, and to everything that creeps on the earth, everything that has the breath of life, I have given every green plant for food.' And it was so. God saw everything that he had made, and indeed, it was very good. And there was evening and there was morning, the sixth day.

Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all their multitude. And on the seventh day God finished the work that he had done, and he rested on the seventh day from all the work that he had done. So God blessed the seventh day and hallowed it, because on it God rested from all the work that he had done in creation.

Haydn Y Greadigaeth

(The Creation) –

“Ar Ben Mae'r Gogoneddus Waith” ("Achieved is the Glorious Work")

*Achieved is the glorious work;
the Lord beholds it and is pleas'd.
In lofty strains let us rejoice!
Our song let be the praise of God.
the praise of God.
In lofty strains let us rejoice!
Our song let be the praise of God.
In lofty strains let us rejoice!
Our song let be the praise of God.
the praise of God.*

Performed by Côr y Boro at the
2018 National Eisteddfod in
Cardiff Bay.

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

Salm 8

O Arglwydd, ein brenin,
mae dy enw di mor fawr drwy'r
byd i gyd!
Mae dy ysblander yn gorchuddio'r
nefoedd yn gyfan!
Gyda lleisiau plant bach a babanod
rwyf yn dangos dy nerth, yn wyneb
dy elynion,
i roi diwedd ar y gelyn sy'n hoffi
dial.

Wrth edrych allan i'r gofod, a
gweld gwaith dy fyseidd,
y lleuad a'r sêr a osodaist yn eu lle,
Beth ydy pobl i ti boeni amdanyn
nhw?
Pam cymryd sylw o un person
dynol?
Rwyf wedi ei wneud ond ychydig is
na'r bodau nefol,
ac wedi ei goroni ag ysblander a
mawredd!

Rwyf wedi ei wneud yn feistr ar
waith dy ddwylo,
a gosod popeth dan ei awdurdod

—
defaid ac ychen o bob math,
a hyd yn oed yr anifeiliaid
gwylltion;
yr adar sy'n hedfan, y pysgod sy'n y
môr,

a phopeth arall sy'n teithio ar
gerrynt y moroedd.

O Arglwydd, ein brenin,
mae dy enw di mor fawr drwy'r
byd i gyd!

O Lord, our Sovereign,
how majestic is your name in all the
earth!
You have set your glory above the
heavens.

Out of the mouths of babes and
infants
you have founded a bulwark because
of your foes,
to silence the enemy and the avenger.

When I look at your heavens, the
work of your fingers,
the moon and the stars that you have
established;

what are human beings that you are
mindful of them,
mortals that you care for them?

Yet you have made them a little lower
than God, and crowned them with
glory and honour.

You have given them dominion over
the works of your hands;
you have put all things under their
feet,

all sheep and oxen, and also the
beasts of the field, the birds of the air,
and the fish of the sea, whatever
passes along the paths of the seas.

O Lord, our Sovereign, how majestic is
your name in all the earth!

Eternal Father strong to save,

Whose arm does bind the
restless wave,
Who bids the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Saviour, whose almighty word
The winds and waves submissive
heard,
Who walked upon the foaming
deep,
And calm amid the rage did sleep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Holy Spirit, who did brood
Upon the waters dark and rude,
And bid their angry tumult cease,
And give for wild confusion
peace;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Trinity of love and pow'r,
Your children shield in danger's
hour;
From rock and tempest, fire, and
foe,
Protect them where-so-e'er they
go;
Thus, evermore shall rise to
Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land
and sea.

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?
v=BjcSpCSUjdk](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BjcSpCSUjdk)
(starts about 00:05)

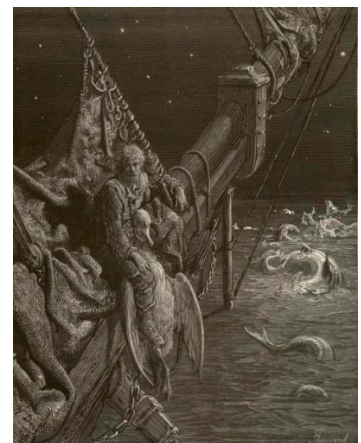
Samuel Taylor Coleridge, from *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, Part IV



And now we stay with the sea and
Coleridge's great romantic poem 'The
Rime of the Ancient Mariner' and you
will remember that he mariner's tale
begins with his ship departing on its

journey. Despite initial good fortune,
the ship is driven south by a storm
and eventually reaches the icy waters
of the Antarctic. An albatross appears
and leads the ship out of the ice jam
where it is stuck, but even as the
albatross is fed and praised by the
ship's crew, the mariner shoots the
bird. The crew is angry with the
mariner and eventually force him to
wear the dead albatross about his
neck, perhaps to illustrate the burden
he must suffer from killing it, or
perhaps as a sign of regret.

In this moment of epiphany from Part
Four of the poem the mariner begins
to appreciate Creation and perhaps
the need for greater equality between
man and his fellow creatures at sea.



The moving Moon went up the
sky,
And no where did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemoaned the sultry
main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow
lay,
The charmed water burnt away
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining
white,
And when they reared, the elfish
light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet
black,
They coiled and swam; and every
track
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my
heart,
And I blessed them unaware:
Sure my kind saint took pity on
me,
And I blessed them unaware.

The self-same moment I could
pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772 – 1834) was an English poet, literary critic, philosopher and theologian who, with his friend William Wordsworth, was a founder of the Romantic Movement in England and a member of the Lake Poets. He also shared volumes and collaborated with Charles Lamb, Robert Southey, and Charles Lloyd. He wrote the poems 'The Rime of the Ancient Mariner' and 'Kubla Khan,' as well as the major prose work 'Biographia Literaria'.

His critical work, especially on William Shakespeare, was highly influential, and he helped introduce German idealist philosophy to English-speaking culture. Coleridge coined many familiar words and phrases, including suspension of disbelief. Throughout his adult life Coleridge had crippling bouts of anxiety and depression; it has been speculated that he had bipolar disorder, which had not been defined during his lifetime. He was physically unhealthy, which may have stemmed from a bout of rheumatic fever and other childhood illnesses. He was treated for these conditions with laudanum,

which fostered a lifelong opium addiction.

R Williams Parry Y Llwynog



Ganllath o gopa'r mynydd, pan
oedd clych
Eglwysi'r llethrau'n gwahodd tua'r
llan,
Ac annrheuliedig haul Gorffennaf
gwyh
Yn gwahodd tua'r mynydd, – yn y
fan,
Ar ddjarwybod droed a distaw
duth,
Llwybreiddiodd ei ryfeddod prin
o'n blaen
Ninnau heb ysgog ac heb ynom
chwyth
Barlwsyd ennyd; megis trindod
faen
Y safem, pan ar ganol diofal gam
Syfrdan y safodd yntau, ac uwchlaw
Ei untroed oediog dwy sefydlog
fflam
Ei lygaid arnom. Yna heb frys na
braw
Llithrodd ei flewyn cringoch dros y
grib;
Digwyddodd, darfu, megis seren
wib.

*The summit yards away, as church
bells sent
Along the slopes a summons to the
parish,
And the splendid sun of July, unspent,
A summons to the mountain – in a
flash,
With unsuspecting foot and soundless
trot
Before us this rare miracle came on,
And we, not stirring, each with breath
held taut,
Were paralysed; like a trinity in stone
Were standing, when he too stood, in
a daze,*

*Stopped in unfrighted mid-step, and
across
His single poised paw the fixed
double blaze
Of his eyes on us. Then with no fear,
no fuss,
Across the hillcrest slipped his russet
fur;
He flared, he faded, like a shooting
star.*



Robert Williams Parry (1884 – 1956) was one of Wales's most notable 20th-century poets writing in Welsh. Born in Talysarn, in Dyffryn Nantlle, R Williams Parry studied at UCW Aberystwyth for two years (1902–4) and completed his graduate degree qualifications at UCNW Bangor (1907–8).

He first taught in a primary school, then, after his graduation, as a secondary-school teacher in both English and Welsh. He was in the army from 1916 to 1918. In 1922 he was appointed a lecturer in the Welsh and Extra-Mural Studies Departments at University College Bangor, where he remained until his retirement in 1944.

He earned widespread recognition as an established poet when he won the chair at the 1910 National Eisteddfod for his poem 'Yr Haf' ('The Summer'), which has been described as "the best known and admired of all the eisteddfod awdlau of the 20th century". He published two collections

of poetry; 'Yr Haf a cherddi eraill' (1924) and 'Cerddi'r Gaeaf' (1952). Some of his greatest works include 'Y Llwynog' ('The Fox'), 'Eifionydd' and 'Englynion coffa Hedd Wyn'.

Ted Hughes

Full moon and little Frieda



A cool small evening shrunk to a
dog bark and the clank of a bucket

-

And you listening.

A spider's web, tense for the dew's
touch.

A pail lifted, still and brimming -
mirror

To tempt a first star to a tremor.

Cows are going home in the lane
there, looping the hedges
with their warm wreaths of breath

-

A dark river of blood, many
boulders,
Balancing unspilled milk.

'Moon!' you cry suddenly, 'Moon!
Moon!'

The moon has stepped back like an
artist gazing amazed at a work

That points at him amazed.



Edward James ('Ted') Hughes OM OBE FRSL (1930 -98) was an English poet, translator, and children's writer. Critics frequently rank him as one of the best poets of his generation, and one of the twentieth century's greatest writers. He served as Poet Laureate from 1984 until his death. Hughes was married to American poet Sylvia Plath from 1956 until her death by suicide in 1963 at the age of 30. His last poetic work, 'Birthday Letters' (1998), explored their relationship. 'Full Moon and little Frieda' describes their young daughter's encounter with nature, which turns out to be one of mutual admiration of Creation. Frieda is pictured in the photograph above with her father and brother Nicholas.

William Rees

Dyma Gariad fel y moroedd

This is the Virtual choir of the Welsh learners group SSiW (Say Something in Welsh), singing Dyma Gariad fel y moroedd by William Rees, and recorded in their homes between April and May 2020, mostly on phones.



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 ymgydwallt ymâ 'nghyd,
A chyfiawnder pur â heddwch
Yn cusanu euog fyd.

[O ddyfnderoedd o ddoethineb!
O ddyfnderoedd maith o ras!
O ddirgelion anchwiliadwy,
Bythol uwch eu chwilio i maes!
Mae seraffiaid nef yn edrych
Gyda syndod bob yr un
Ar ddyfnderoedd cariad dwyfol
Duw yn marw dros y dyn!]

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?
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.

[O depths of wisdom!
O vast depths of grace!
O unsearchable secret,
Forever above their finding out!
The seraphs of heaven are looking
With wonder every one
On the depths of divine love
God dying for man!]

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KBSD5956S9g&feature=youtu.be>

Prayers for Trinity Sunday

Let us pray. And we start as we often
do in these services by reflecting on
those we have lost in the last week or
are grieving, including those affected
by Covid 19 with a minute's silence.

A prayer for Creation:

God, there has been no time when You have not been creating; no space where You have not been imagining. Before our earliest ancestors existed, You were dreaming and designing what people could be. We were born into the flow of Your creativity and breathe our every breath in Your company.

Come close to us, come alive in us, stir us to be open to You. Give us an expansive vision of what our world is and can be, and let us move to the music of Your resounding call.

The ingenuity of Your mind is unfathomable! How perfectly You set up all the ecosystems of earth, the balances of climate and vegetation and interdependent species.

How deep Your trust in us, to implant in us the wisdom to care for the land and the sea, to be Your co-workers in ensuring the flourishing of all.

Thank you for the expertise of people who work most closely with the environment – ecologists and botanists, zoologists and conservationists. Thank you for the successes of the work they do and for their persistent efforts to educate and inform so that all of us know the habits we must get out of and get into for the protection, survival and wellbeing of the whole world.



A prayer for the Holy Trinity:

Holy Trinity, sacred sharing of reciprocal love; free flowing relationship of grace: Give to us, Your friends, that deep regard for interdependence which You manifest, so that our practice may be collaboration, drawing strength from each other, and that, freed from isolation and operating like the lone wolf, we may reflect Your nature which is community; through Jesus Christ, at one with You, Creator and Sustaining Spirit. Amen

Prayers for George Floyd and for equality:



And we hope for peace, calm and justice after the death of George Floyd and as we think of his family, friends and loved ones and the shock his death has generated throughout the world, let us pray in the words of a civil rights leader and theologian who we are reminded of at this time, Dr Martin Luther King:

“Eternal God, out of whose mind this great cosmic universe, we bless you. Help us to seek that which is high, noble and good. “Help us in the moment of difficult decision. Help us to work with renewed vigour for a warless world, a better distribution of wealth, and a brother/sisterhood that transcends race or colour.

“God, grant that we wage the struggle with dignity and discipline. May all who suffer oppression in this world reject the self-defeating

method of retaliatory violence and choose the method that seeks to redeem.

“God, we thank you for the inspiration of Jesus. Grant that we will love you with all our hearts, souls, and minds, and love our neighbours as we love ourselves. And we ask you, God, in these days of emotional tension, when the problems of the world are gigantic in extent and chaotic in detail, to be with us in our going out and our coming in, in our rising up and in our lying down, in our moments of joy and in our moments of sorrow, until the day when there shall be no sunset and no dawn.

“We thank you for your church, founded upon your Word, that challenges us to do more than sing and pray, but go out and work as though the very answer to our prayers depended on us and not upon you. Help us to realize that humanity was created to shine like the stars and live on through all eternity.

“Keep us, we pray, in perfect peace. Help us to walk together, pray together, sing together, and live together until that day when all God's children -- Black, White, Red, Brown and Yellow -- will rejoice in one common band of humanity in the reign of our Lord and of our God, we pray. Amen.”

Ein Tad yn y nefoedd, sancteiddier dy enw; deled dy deyrnas; gwneler dy ewyllys, ar y ddaear fel yn y nef. Dyro inni heddiw ein bara beunyddiol, a maddau inni ein troseddau, fel yr ym ni wedi maddau i'r rhai a droseddodd yn ein herbyn; a phaid â'n dwyn i brawf, ond gwared ni rhag yr Un drwg. Oherwydd eiddot ti yw'r deyrnas a'r gallu a'r gogoniant am byth. Amen.

Our Father, who 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 us our trespasses,
as we forgive those who trespass
against us.
And lead us not into temptation;
but deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom,
the power and the glory,
for ever and ever. Amen.

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

Arglwydd Iesu, arwain f'enaid

at y graig sydd uwch na mi,
craig safadwy mewn
tymhestloedd,
craig a ddeil yng ngrym y lli;
llechu wnaif yng Nghraig yr
oesoedd,
deued dilyw, deued tân,
a phan chwalo'r greadigaeth
craig yr oesoedd fydd fy nghân.

Pan fo creigiau'r byd yn rhwygo
yn rhyferthwy'r farn a ddaw,
stormydd creulon arna' i'n curo,
cedyrn fyrdd o'm cylch mewn
braw;
craig yr oesoedd ddeil pryd
hynny,
yn y dyfroedd, yn y tân:
draw ar gefnfor tragwyddoldeb
craig yr oesoedd fydd fy nghân.

Lord Jesus, lead my soul
to the rock that is higher than I,
firm rock in the storms,
Rock which keeps in the
might of the flood
I will hide in the rock of ages
come deluge, come fire,
and when the creation disintegrates
the rock of the ages shall be my
song.

When the rocks of earth are tearing

in the storm of judgment to come
bloody storms battering me
unshakable myriads around me in
terror;
the rock of the ages keeps at such a
time,
in the waters, in the fire:
there on the flood of eternity
the rock of the ages shall be my
song.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cBglyGpuOg4>

Ann Griffiths

trans. Rowan Williams

I Saw Him Standing

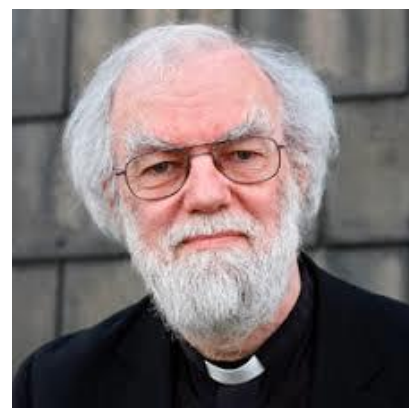
(Yr Arglwydd Iesu)



Under the dark trees, there he
stands,
there he stands; shall he not
draw my eyes?
I thought I knew a little
how he compels, beyond all
things, but now
he stands there in the shadows. It
will be
Oh, such a daybreak, such bright
morning,
when I shall wake to see him
as he is.
He is called Rose of Sharon, for
his skin
is clear, his skin is flushed with
blood,
his body lovely and exact; how he
compels
beyond ten thousand rivals.
There he stands,
my friend, the friend of guilt and
helplessness,

to steer my hollow body
over the sea.

The earth is full of masks and
fetishes,
what is there here for me? are
these like him?
Keep company with him and you
will know:
no kin, no likeness to those
empty eyes.
He is a stranger to them all, great
Jesus.
What is there here for me? I
know
what I have longed for. Him to
hold
me always.



Dr Rowan Douglas Williams, Baron
Williams of Oystermouth, PC, FBA,
FRSL, FLSW (born 1950) is a
Welsh Anglican bishop, theologian
and poet. He was the 104th
Archbishop of Canterbury, a position
he held from December 2002 to
December 2012. Previously the
Bishop of Monmouth and
Archbishop of Wales, Williams was
the first Archbishop of Canterbury in
modern times not to be appointed
from within the Church of England.
He is now Master of Magdalene
College, Cambridge and Chancellor
of the University of South Wales in
2014. As a poet and critic he has
written to great acclaim on writers
ranging from Waldo Williams to
Dostoevsky, and as well as his own
poems, is a noted translator. This
translation of Ann Griffiths's poem

was set to music at Dr Williams's
enthronement ceremony as
Archbishop of Canterbury.

Rhyfedd, rhyfedd gan angylion,

rhyfeddod fawr yng ngolwg ffydd,
gweld rhoddwr bod, cynhaliwr
helaeth
a rheolwr popeth sydd
yn y preseb mewn cadachau
A heb le i roi'i ben i lawr,
eto disglair lu'r gogoniant
yn ei addoli'n Arglwydd mawr.

Pan bo Seina i gyd yn mygu
a sw'n yr utgorn ucha'i radd,
caf fynd i wledda tros y terfyn
yng Nghrist y Gair heb gael fy
lladd.

mae yno'n trigo bob cyflawnder,
llond gwagle colledigaeth dyn;
ar yr adwy rhwng y ddwyblaidd
gwnaeth gymod trwy ei offrymu
ei hun.

Efe yw'r iawn fu rhwng y lladron,
efe ddioddefodd angau loes,
efe a nerthodd freichiau ei
ddienyddwyr
i'w hoelio yno ar y groes;
wrth dalu dyled pentewynion
ac anrhydeddu deddf ei Dad,
cyfiawnder, mae'n disgleirio'n
danbaid
wrth faddau yn nhrefn y cymod
rhad.

O f'enaidd, gwêl y fan gorweddodd
pen brenhinoedd, awdur heddi;
y greadigaeth ynddo'n symud,
yntau'n farw yn y bedd;
cân a bywyd colledigion,
rhyfeddod fwy' angylion nef;
gweld Duw mewn cnawd a'i
gydaddoli
mae'r côr dan weiddi 'Iddo Eff'
Diolch byth, a chanmil diolch,
diolch tra bo ynw'i chwyth,
am fod gwrthrych i'w addoli
a thestun cân a bery byth;
yn fy natur wedi ei demtio
fel y gwaela' o ddynol ryw,
yn ddyn bach, yn wan, yn
ddinerth,
yn anfeidrol wir a bywiol Dduw.

Yn lle cario corff o lygredd,
cyd-dreddio â'r côr yn danllyd fry

iddiderfyn ryfeddodau
lechydwriaeth Calfari;
byw i weld yr Anweledig
'fu farw ac sy'n awr yn fyw,
tragwyddol anwahanol undeb
a chymundeb â fy Nuw.

Yno caf ddyrchafu'r Enw
a osododd Duw yn lawn,
heb ddychymyg, llen, na
gorchudd,
a'm henaidd ar ei ddelw'n llawn;
yng nghymdeithas y dirgelwch
datguddiedig yn ei glwy,
cusanu'r Mab i dragwyddoldeb
heb im gefnu arno mwy.

*Wondrous sight for men and angels!
Wonders, wonders without end!
He who made, preserves, sustains
us,*

*He our Ruler and our Friend,
Here lies cradled in the manger,
Finds no resting-place on earth,
Yet the shining hosts of glory
Throng to worship at his birth.*

*When thick cloud lies over Sinai,
And the trumpet's note rings high,
In Christ the Word I'll pass the
barrier,
Climb, and feast, nor fear to die;
For in him all fullness dwelleth,
Fullness to restore our loss;
He stood forth and made
atonement
Through his offering on the cross.*

*He between a pair of robbers
Hung, our Making-good to be;
He gave power to nerve and muscle
When they nailed him to the tree;
He, his Father's law exalting,
Paid our debt and quenched our
flame;
Righteousness, in fiery splendour,
Freely pardons in his name.*

*See, my soul, where our Peace-
maker,
King of kings, was lowly laid,
He, creation's life and movement,
Of the grave a tenant made,
Yet on souls fresh life bestowing;
Angels view it with amaze;
God in flesh with us adoring;
Heaven's full chorus shouts his
praise.*

*Thanks for ever, thanks ten
thousand,
While I've breath, all thanks and
praise
To the God who all his wonders
For my worship here displays,
In my nature tried and tempted
Like the meanest of our race,
Man – a weak and helpless infant,
God – of matchless power and
grace.*

*Gone this body of corruption,
'Mid the fiery hosts on high,
Gazing deep into the wonders
Wrought of old on Calvary,
God, the Invisible, beholding,
Him who lives, yet once was slain,
Clasped in close eternal union
And communion I'll remain.*

*There, new-fashioned in his likeness,
Veils and fancies done away,
To the Name by God exalted
Highest homage I shall pay.
There, communing in the secret
Seen in those deep wounds he bore,
I shall kiss the Son for ever,
Turning from him nevermore.*

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=W4_Jg2VT4fw (from c09:20)

A talk on Wele'n sefyll rhwng y myrtwydd by John Jones



*Wele'n sefyll rhwng y Myrtwydd
must be the most famous of
Welsh hymns, better known
perhaps in English as Guide me,
Oh thou Great Jehova, on the tune
Cwm Rhondda.*

The welsh words were written
by Ann Griffiths, a farmer's
daughter of Dolwar Fach
(pictured above), in the middle of

the hills of Mid Wales; the English words are a translation of Williams Williams Pantycelyn's words *Arglwydd arwain trwy'r anialwch*.

Ann was raised, like Pantycelyn, as an Anglican but became drawn to non-conformity and, after hearing a sermon by John Parry of Chester at her home in 1802, which was a regular centre for such services, she converted to the Calvinist Methodists. His subject that evening was the Song of Solomon, chapter 2.

Cân Solomon 2: 1-5



Yr wyf fel rhosyn Sharon, fel lili'r dyffrynnoedd.

Ie, lili ymhlith drain yw f'anwylyd ymysg merched.

Fel pren afalau ymhlith prennau'r goedwig yw fy nghariad ymysg y bechgyn. Yr oeddwn wrth fy modd yn eistedd yn ei gysgod, ac yr oedd ei ffrwyth yn felys i'm genau.

Cymerodd fi i'r gwindy, gyda baner ei gariad drosof.

Rhoddodd imi rawnwin i'w bwyta, a'm hadfywio ag afalau, oherwydd yr oeddwn yn glaf o gariad.

*I am a rose of Sharon,
a lily of the valleys.*

*As a lily among brambles,
so is my love among maidens.*

*As an apple tree among the trees of the wood,
so is my beloved among young men.
With great delight I sat in his shadow,
and his fruit was sweet to my taste.*

*He brought me to the banqueting house,
and his intention towards me was love.*

*Sustain me with raisins,
refresh me with apples;
for I am faint with love.*

Song of Solomon 2: 8-17

*The voice of my beloved!
Look, he comes,
leaping upon the mountains,
bounding over the hills.*

*My beloved is like a gazelle
or a young stag.
Look, there he stands
behind our wall,
gazing in at the windows,
looking through the lattice.*

*My beloved speaks and says to me:
'Arise, my love, my fair one,
and come away;*

*for now the winter is past,
the rain is over and gone.*

*The flowers appear on the earth;
the time of singing has come,
and the voice of the turtle-dove
is heard in our land.*

*The fig tree puts forth its figs,
and the vines are in blossom;
they give forth fragrance.
Arise, my love, my fair one,
and come away.*

*O my dove, in the clefts of the rock,
in the covert of the cliff,
let me see your face,
let me hear your voice;
for your voice is sweet,
and your face is lovely.*

*Catch us the foxes,
the little foxes,
that ruin the vineyards—
for our vineyards are in blossom.'*

*My beloved is mine and I am his;
he pastures his flock among the lilies.*

And here is a modern version of, *Wele'n sefyll rhwng y myrtwydd* from Cwmni Theatr Maldwyn's production of their musical, *Ann*, first performed at the National Eisteddfod in Meifod in 2003:

Wele'n sefyll rhwng y myrtwydd (Ann Griffiths - modern arrangement)



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=17CgzAqW170>

Ann Griffiths married a farmer from the neighbouring village of Meifod who was an elder of the Calvinistic Methodist chapel. However, she died giving birth to their first child in 1805 at the age of 29. She was buried in Llanfihangel yng Ngwynfa and had, by the end of the 19th century become a national icon.

I mentioned once before in a talk about the religious imagery and irony that Protestantism did away with symbolism, imagery that the population would have understood. And yet, there are some startling examples in Ann Griffiths' hymn. "*Wele'n sefyll rhwng y myrtwydd, gwrthrych teilwng o'm holl fyd*" – "Behold, standing among the myrtle, a worthy object of my whole world". What does it mean? Ann Griffiths would never have seen a myrtle tree and it appears such a meaningless sentence, doesn't it, until you realize that the myrtle

is one of the sacred plants of Jewish liturgy, an evergreen shrub common in Israel and Lebanon, symbolizing sweetness, justice, divine generosity, peace and God's promise of prosperity. The Psalms and several books in the Bible make reference to it in fact. In the Roman period, the myrtle was grown for medical and ritualistic purposes, such as weddings, and dedicated to Venus, the Roman goddess of love and the leaves often depicted in military crowns of victory. The reference here comes from the book of Zecharia 1: 8-17:

Zecharia 1: 8-17

In the night I saw a man riding on a red horse! He was standing among the myrtle trees in the glen; and behind him were red, sorrel, and white horses. Then I said, 'What are these, my lord?' The angel who talked with me said to me, 'I will show you what they are.' So the man who was standing among the myrtle trees answered, 'They are those whom the Lord has sent to patrol the earth.'

Then they spoke to the angel of the Lord who was standing among the myrtle trees, 'We have patrolled the earth, and lo, the whole earth remains at peace.' Then the angel of the Lord said, 'O Lord of hosts, how long will you withhold mercy from Jerusalem and the cities of Judah, with which you have been angry these seventy years?' Then the Lord replied with gracious and comforting words to the angel who talked with me. So the angel who talked with me said to me, Proclaim this message: Thus says the Lord of hosts; I am very jealous for Jerusalem and for Zion. And I am extremely angry with the nations that are at ease; for while I was only a little angry, they made the disaster worse.

Therefore, thus says the Lord, I have returned to Jerusalem with compassion; my house shall be built in it, says the Lord of hosts, and the measuring line shall be stretched out over Jerusalem. Proclaim further: Thus says the Lord of hosts: My cities shall again overflow with prosperity; the Lord will again comfort Zion and again choose Jerusalem.

Then again – “Rhosyn Saron yw Ei enw” – His name is Rose of Sharon”. Not something that grew in Wales, that's for sure. It came from a bulb of uncertain origin that was highly valued in the Middle East. Biblical scholars generally regard it as the sand daffodil or crocus which grew just above the high-tide mark around the Mediterranean and was emblematic of Christ because it grows in dry, unfavourable conditions, symbolizing Jesus coming from the root of Jesse, a prophecy of the coming of Jesus and his provenance. Here's the Biblical reference to Jesse from Isaiah chapter 11.

Isaiah 11: 1-5

A shoot shall come out from the stock of Jesse, and a branch shall grow out of his roots.

The spirit of the Lord shall rest on him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and the fear of the Lord.

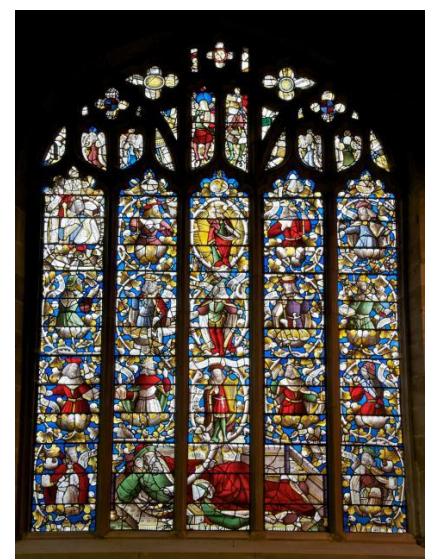
His delight shall be in the fear of the Lord. He shall not judge by what his eyes see, or decide by what his ears hear;

but with righteousness he shall judge the poor, and decide with equity for the meek of the earth;

he shall strike the earth with the rod of his mouth, and with the breath of his lips he shall kill the wicked.

Righteousness shall be the belt around his waist, and faithfulness the belt around his loins.

From the 11th century, the Tree of Jesse has been portrayed in religious manuscripts, wall paintings and wood carvings, where Jesse is portrayed with a tree rising from his body, the ancestors of Jesus in its branches with the Prophets and Christ at the summit. One of the best examples I've ever seen is the centre piece sculpture of a side altar in the church of St. Francis in Porto, Portugal, though I recently came across a magnificent example in the parish church of St. Dyfnog, Llanrhaeadr in Denbighshire, between Denbigh and Ruthin, dating from 1533. It's been described as “the finest glass window in all Wales, (pictured below) exceeded by few in England” that was removed during the English Civil War to protect it from destruction. St. David is featured, of course, along with King David, Solomon and the prophets of the Old Testament.



There's also a holy well near the church where St. Dyfnog, a 6th century saint, was believed to

have done his penance and the ill and infirm received remarkable healing powers from the water.

Wele'n sefyll is a kind of lovesong to God, full of emotion and passion, very personal and positively evangelical in its sentiment. It's usually sung to the tune *Cwm Rhondda*, written in 1905 for a *gymanfa ganu* in Pontypridd at the height of the religious revival of that time. But this begs the question, what tune was used before then? Some have mentioned *Blaenplwyf*, except it was written in 1860. Others have suggested *Capelyddol*, *Caersalem*, written by Joseph Parry in and Llan Baglan. The point is, Ann Griffiths wrote her lyrics with no intention of their becoming congregational hymns. So it's difficult to know for sure.

What is known is that Pantycelyn's words in English translation were published in America in 1772 and republished in 1774, inevitably with certain differences, not least Jehova or Redeemer. I guess the truth is that Ann Griffith's words would fit any of those tunes, including incidentally *Nid wy'n gofyn bywyd moethus Calon lan!*

But the one that we most commonly know is *Cwm Rhondda*, which we'll sing now. It could be argued that whatever words you choose or prefer, it really is a very good hymn tune.



Wele'n sefyll rhwng myrtwydd
wrthrych teilwng o'm holl fryd,
er mai o ran yr wy'n adnabod
ei fod uwchlaw gwrthrychau'r byd:
henffych fore

y caf ei weled fel y mae.

Rhosyn Saron yw ei enw,
gwyn a gwrdog, teg o bryd;
ar ddeng mil y mae'n rhagori
o wrthrychau penna'r byd:
ffrind pechadur,
dyma ei beilat ar y môr.

Beth sy imi mwy a wnelwyf
ag eilunod gwael y llawr?
Tystio'r wyf nad yw eu cwmni
i'w cystadlu â lesu mawr:
O am aros
yn ei gariad ddyddiau f'oes.

*See he stands among the myrtles
object worthy of my heart;
although in part, I know
He is above the objects of the
world: hail the morning
I saw him as he is.*

*Rose of Sharon is his name,
white and rosy, fair of heart;
than ten thousand he is better
of objects the world prescribes:
a sinner's Friend,
here is his pilot on the sea.*

*What is there more for me to do
with wretched idols of the earth?
I testify that their company is not
to compete with great Jesus: O to
stay in his love the days of my life!*

*Hear Borough Chapel Choir sing this
from a remastered LP and their
picture is at the end of this guide:
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=llF9pb_Er_Y*

Blessing

From a letter by Ann Griffiths

Wholly counter to my nature
Is the path ordained for me;
Yet I'll tread it, yes, and calmly,
While thy precious face I see;
Count the cross a crown, and
bear it,

Cheerful live 'mid all life's woes —
This the Way which, straight
though tangled,
To the heavenly city goes. Amen.

Closing music: *Nant y Mynydd*

Nant y Mynydd groyw loyw,
Yn ymdroelli tua'r pant,
Rhwng y brwyn yn sisial ganu;
O na bawn i fel y nant!

Grug y Mynydd yn eu blodau,
Edrych arnynt hiraeth ddug
Am gael aros ar y brynau
Yn yr awel efo'r grug.

Adar man y Mynydd uchel
Godant yn yr awel iach,
O'r naill drum i'r llall yn 'hedeg;
O na bawn fel deryn bach!

Mab y Mynydd ydwyf innau
Oddi cartref yn gwneud cân,
Ond mae 'nghalon yn y mynydd
Efo'r grug a'r adar man.

*The fresh clear mountain stream,
meandering towards the hollow,
between the rushes whispering song;
Oh if only I was like the stream!*

*The mountain heather in flower,
Looking on it made me homesick
to be able to stay on the hills
In the breeze with the heather.*

*The high mountain small birds
Ascending in the fresh air, from one
ridge to another they do go; Oh if
only I was like the small bird!*

*I am a man of the Mountain
Away from home, making song,
But my heart is in the mountains
With the heather and the small
birds.*

https://www.gwaliachoir.london.org/audio_travelling (Track 4)

Readers:

Genesis 1:1-19 Anthony Weaver

Genesis 1: 20-31, 2: 1-3 Wyn Davies

Salm 8 Megan Evans

**Samuel Taylor Coleridge, from
The Rime of the Ancient Mariner,
Part IV** Mark Salmon

R Williams Parry Y Llwynog
Marian Evans

Ted Hughes Full moon and little

Frieda Dewi Griffiths

Prayers for Trinity Sunday

Neil Evans

Ann Griffiths trans. Rowan Williams

**I Saw Him Standing (Yr Arglwydd
Iesu)** Jenny Thomas

**A talk on Wele'n sefyll
rhwng y myrtwydd**

John Jones

Song of Solomon 2: 1-17

June Parry Jones

Zecharia 1:8-17 Lisa Williams

Isaiah 11: 1-5 Rowenna Hughes

Images from top:

Ann Griffiths

Holy Trinity, by Szymon Czechowicz (1756–1758)

Noah's Ark on Mount Ararat by Simon de Myle

Outer space, photographer unknown

Dr Dame Jane Goodall with a chimpanzee, a species she has studied and conserved over a lifetime of pioneering environmental work; photographer unknown

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, 1795

By Peter Vandyke © National Portrait Gallery

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner, illustration by Gustave Doré, 1877

A fox, photographer unknown

R Williams Parry, photographer unknown

Cows walk in moonlight, photographer unknown

Ted Hughes with Frieda and Nicholas Hughes, c 1970, photographer unknown
Say Something in Welsh Virtual Choir

Dr Dame Jane Goodall, zoologist and conservationist, photographer unknown

Dr Martin Luther King, Civil rights leader and theologian, photographer unknown

Artemisia Gentileschi *Mary Magdalene in Ecstasy*, 1623; private collection

Dr Rowan Williams, photographer unknown

Dolwar Farm Farm, unknown artist

Song of Solomon, illustration

Poster for Cwmni Theatr Maldwyn's production of the musical, *Ann* performed at the National Eisteddfod in Meifod in 2003

Tree of Jesse window, parish church of St. Dyfnog, Llanrhaeadr, Denbighshire, 1533
Ann Griffiths, Sculpture

Producer Mike Williams



Borough Chapel Choir with conductor D C James in 1929 after they won the choir competition at the National Eisteddfod in Liverpool. They were heard in today's service in a recording of *Wele'n sefyll rhwng y myrtwydd* (Ann Griffiths)