

Capel y Boro Replay
Sun 19 April 2020 at 11am

Low Sunday /
St George's Day Service

Complete hymns, readings,
translations & links to music



Intrada and welcome

O Worship the King all glorious
above (Robert Grant)

Revelation 21

Talk followed by Jerusalem
(Parry William Blake)

William Shakespeare
from *Henry V*

Pan oedd Iesu dan yr hoelion
(Coedmor E Cefni Jones)

R S Thomas *The Kingdom*

Piano solo – J S Bach
Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring

Saunders Lewis
from *Mair Fadlen (Mary Magdalene)*

Dyma gariad fel y moroedd
(Gwilym Hiraethog)

John 21: 1-14

Message - Low Sunday (Jesus
after the Resurrection)

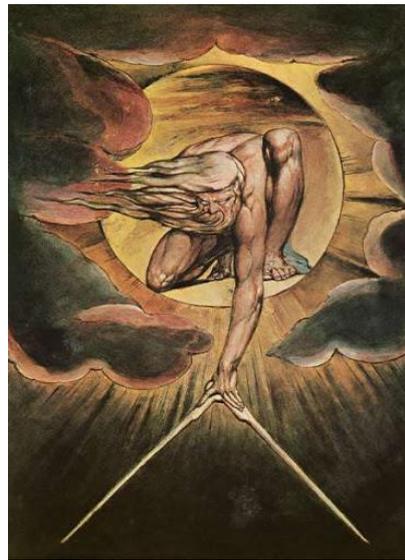
Bendigidig fyddo'r Iesu
(Mawlgan, J H Roberts, diwyg.
Spinther)

Blessing and closing music

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.*



O worship the King, all
glorious above

O gratefully sing his power and his
love;
our Shield and Defender, the
Ancient of Days,
pavilioned in splendour and girded
with praise.

O tell of his might, O sing of his
grace,
whose robe is the light, whose
canopy, space;
his chariots of wrath the deep
thunderclouds form,
and dark is his path on the wings of
the storm.

The earth, with its store of
wonders untold,
Almighty, thy power has founded
of old;

hath 'stablished it fast by a
changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a
mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care what tongue
can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in
the light;
it streams from the hills, it
descends to the plain,
and sweetly distils in the dew and
the rain.
Frail children of dust, and feeble as
frail,
in thee do we trust, nor find you
to fail;
thy mercies how tender, how firm
to the end,
our Maker, Defender, Redeemer,
and Friend.

O measureless Might, ineffable
Love!
while angels delight to hymn thee
above,
thy ransomed creation, though
feeble their lays,
with true adoration shall sing to
thy praise.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Dv2BqFgm6_M

Revelation 21



Then I saw a new heaven and a
new earth; for the first heaven and
the first earth had passed away,
and the sea was no more. And I
saw the holy city, the new
Jerusalem, coming down out of
heaven from God, prepared as a
bride adorned for her husband.
And I heard a loud voice from the
throne saying, 'See, the home of

God is among mortals. He will dwell with them; they will be his peoples and God himself will be with them; he will wipe every tear from their eyes. Death will be no more; mourning and crying and pain will be no more, for the first things have passed away.'

And the one who was seated on the throne said, 'See, I am making all things new.' Also he said, 'Write this, for these words are trustworthy and true.' Then he said to me, 'It is done! I am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end. To the thirsty I will give water as a gift from the spring of the water of life. Those who conquer will inherit these things, and I will be their God and they will be my children. But as for the cowardly, the faithless, the polluted, the murderers, the fornicators, the sorcerers, the idolaters, and all liars, their place will be in the lake that burns with fire and sulphur, which is the second death.'

Then one of the seven angels who had the seven bowls full of the seven last plagues came and said to me, 'Come, I will show you the bride, the wife of the Lamb.' And in the spirit he carried me away to a great, high mountain and showed me the holy city Jerusalem coming down out of heaven from God. It has the glory of God and a radiance like a very rare jewel, like jasper, clear as crystal. It has a great, high wall with twelve gates, and at the gates twelve angels, and on the gates are inscribed the names of the twelve tribes of the Israelites; on the east three gates, on the north three gates, on the south three gates, and on the west three gates. And the wall of the city has twelve foundations, and on them are the twelve names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb. The angel who talked to me had a measuring rod of gold to measure

the city and its gates and walls. The city lies foursquare, its length the same as its width; and he measured the city with his rod, 1500 miles; its length and width and height are equal. He also measured its wall, one hundred and forty-four cubits by human measurement, which the angel was using. The wall is built of jasper, while the city is pure gold, clear as glass. The foundations of the wall of the city are adorned with every jewel; the first was jasper, the second sapphire, the third agate, the fourth emerald, the fifth onyx, the sixth cornelian, the seventh chrysolite, the eighth beryl, the ninth topaz, the tenth chrysoptase, the eleventh jacinth, the twelfth amethyst. And the twelve gates are twelve pearls, each of the gates is a single pearl, and the street of the city is pure gold, transparent as glass.

I saw no temple in the city, for its temple is the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb. And the city has no need of sun or moon to shine on it, for the glory of God is its light, and its lamp is the Lamb. The nations will walk by its light, and the kings of the earth will bring their glory into it. Its gates will never be shut by day; and there will be no night there. People will bring into it the glory and honour of the nations. Nothing unclean will enter it, nor anyone who practises abomination or falsehood, but only those who are written in the Lamb's book of life.



An introduction to *Jerusalem* by John Jones

As it will be the feast day of St. George, the patron saint of England, on Thursday, I would like

to tell you about the hymn known as *Jerusalem*. It's a hymn that has always puzzled me. It's almost like a second national anthem, isn't it? – cathedrals and churches regularly use it as a recessional hymn on Saint George's Day. But what does it actually refer to?

The words are by William Blake, from a collection known as *Prophetic Books* dating from 1806 and the tune is by Sir Charles Hubert Parry, written over a hundred years later during the First World War.

Blake was a London-based poet, painter and printmaker. He kept a shop in Soho but lived for a while in Hercules Road in Lambeth. We know that he was certainly familiar with Blackfriars Road and Borough High Street. There's a famous painting by him of the Tabard Inn and the Canterbury pilgrims which has been on show at Tate Britain (pictured above).

Blake's poem was inspired by the apocryphal story that a young Jesus, accompanied by Joseph of Arimathea, Jesus's secret disciple, travelled to England and visited Glastonbury during his unknown years. The apocrypha were biblical manuscripts of unknown or doubtful origin whose stories, while not included in the Bible, often crept into old folk songs and carols.

The poem's theme is linked to the Book of Revelation (3:12 and 21:2) describing the Second Coming, where Jesus establishes a New Jerusalem. Churches in general, and the Church of England in particular, have long used Jerusalem as a metaphor for Heaven. In the most common interpretation of the poem, Blake implies that a visit by Jesus would briefly create heaven in England. It asks four questions rather than asserting the historical truth of

Christ's visit. Maybe what he is asking here is this: If there had been such a visit, where is the evidence in the bleak, rapidly changing industrial landscape of London? It would, after all, have been noisy, dirty, dangerous and smelly.

There's an interesting local connection here too. The phrase 'Dark Satanic Mills' which entered the English language, is often interpreted as referring to the early Industrial Revolution and its destruction of nature – "England's clean and pleasant land". We think here of the mills of Northern England perhaps. But it is in fact a reference to the Albion Flour Mills in Southwark, the first major factory built in London on the south-eastern side of Blackfriars Bridge.

This steam-powered mill produced 6,000 bushels of flour per week which could have driven independent traditional millers out of business, but it was destroyed in 1791 by fire, perhaps deliberately. London's independent millers celebrated with placards reading, 'Success to the mills of Albion but no Albion Mills'; – Albion being an old name for England, of course. Opponents referred to the factory as satanic, and accused its owners of adulterating flour and using cheap imports at the expense of British producers. A contemporary illustration of the fire shows a devil squatting on the building. And these mills were only a short distance from Blake's home, let's not forget.

Parry was initially reluctant to set Blake's words, as he had doubts about the ultra-patriotism of the Fight for Right movement, founded in 1915 to boost the morale of the troops and increase support for the war. Both Hubert Parry and Edward Elgar were members,

though Parry later became rather disaffected. The hymn was to be conducted by Parry's former student Walford Davies, an Oswestry-born musician who was organist of Temple Church in London and later Professor of Music at Aberystwyth. Not wanting to disappoint Davies, Parry agreed, writing it on 10 March 1916, and handing the manuscript to Davies with the comment, 'a tune for you, old chap. Do what you like with it.' Walford Davies later recalled, "We looked at [the manuscript] together in his room at the Royal College of Music, and I recall vividly his unwonted happiness over it ... He ceased to speak, and put his finger on the note D in the second verse where the words 'O clouds unfold.' I don't think any word passed about it, yet he made it perfectly clear that this was the one note and one moment of the song which he treasured ... "

Davies arranged for the vocal score to be published by Curwen in time for a Fight for Right rally at the Queen's Hall later in March and began rehearsing it. It proved to be a great success and was taken up generally, no doubt for its perceived patriotism during the First World War and has never ceased to be a national favourite ever since.

Parry died in the autumn of 1918 after contracting the Spanish flu, a global pandemic that affected a quarter of the world's population after the war. At his funeral in St Paul's Cathedral, a few of his friends presented a number of melodies in his honour which were woven together and played. Walford Davies later compiled them into *The Little Organ Book*, published in 1924 with proceeds from the sale given to the memorial Parry Room at the Royal College of Music.

Jerusalem

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountain
green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures
seen?
And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among those dark satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds,
unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my
hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant
land.

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

William Shakespeare

from *Henry V*



Act IV Scene iii, excerpt:

"...This story shall the good man
teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go
by,
From this day to the ending of the
world,
But we in it shall be remembered-
We few, we happy few, we band of
brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood
with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so
vile,

This day shall gentle his condition;
And gentlemen in England now-a-
bed
Shall think themselves accurs'd
they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap
whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint
Crispin's day."

Act III, Scene I, excerpt:

"Once more unto the breach, dear
friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our
English dead.
In peace there's nothing so
becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in
our ears,
Then imitate the action of the
tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the
blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-
favour'd rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible
aspect;
Let pry through the portage of the
head
Like the brass cannon; let the
brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded
base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful
ocean.
Now set the teeth and stretch the
nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath and bend up
every spirit
To his full height. On, on, you
noblest English.
Whose blood is fet from fathers of
war-proof!
Fathers that, like so many
Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till
even fought
And sheathed their swords for lack
of argument:
Dishonour not your mothers; now
attest

That those whom you call'd fathers
did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser
blood,
And teach them how to war. And
you, good yeoman,
Whose limbs were made in
England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us
swear
That you are worth your breeding;
which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean
and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your
eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in
the slips,
Straining upon the start. The
game's afoot:
Follow your spirit, and upon this
charge
Cry 'God for Harry, England, and
Saint George!'"

*This reading is to celebrate both St
George's Day and Shakespeare's
birthday which falls on 23 April.*

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
teithiai'r gwragedd at y bedd,
clywid ing yn sw'n eu camre,
gwelid tristwch yn eu gwedd;
cododd Iesu!
Ocheneidiau droes yn gân.

Wyla Seion mewn anobaith
a'r gelynyon 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 depths of distress,
a tomb was broken to hopes*

*his dear ones at the cross:
Jesus rose! The night of their misery
became day.*

*With holy morning dawn,
the women travelled to the grave;
distress was heard in the sound of
their steps,
sadness in their appearance:
Jesus rose! Sorrows turned into song.*

*Lay Zion in despair,
and the enemies strengthen;
myriads are seen retreating
to the altars of gods closed:
Jesus rose! to the truth of a throne
will be.*

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

R S Thomas *The Kingdom*



It's a long way off but inside it
There are quite different things
going on:
Festivals at which the poor man
Is king and the consumptive is
Healed; mirrors in which the blind
look
At themselves and love looks at
them
Back; and industry is for mending
The bent bones and the minds
fractured
By life. It's a long way off, but to
get
There takes no time and admission
Is free, if you purge yourself
Of desire, and present yourself
with
Your need only and the simple
offering
Of your faith, green as a leaf.

The Kingdom tells us how simple it is to find the kingdom of God. And that when we find the Kingdom of God it has much to offer. Here R S Thomas holds over the conclusion of each sentence deliberately disrupting the reading of each line. The effect is to underline the paradox of the Christian life: we await the coming of the Kingdom, dreaming of it, but not yet seeing it fully. But if we only dare, it is easy, he says to get there.

Ronald Stuart Thomas (1913-2000), published as R. S. Thomas, was a Welsh poet and Anglican priest who was noted for his nationalism, spirituality and dislike of the anglicisation of Wales. John Betjeman, in his 1955 introduction to 'Song at the Year's Turning', the first collection of Thomas's poetry to be produced by a major publisher, predicted that Thomas would be remembered long after he himself was forgotten. Scholar M. Wynn Thomas said: "He was the Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn of Wales because he was such a troubler of the Welsh conscience. He was one of the major English language and European poets of the 20th century."

J S Bach *Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring*

Saunders Lewis

from *Mair Fadlen (Mary Magdalene)*



Gwelwch hi, Niobe'r Crist, yn
tynnu tua'r fron
Graig ei phoen i'w chanlyn o'r Pasg
plwm
Drwy'r plygain du, drwy'r gwllith
oer, drwy'r llwch trwm,
l'r man y mae maen trymach na'i
chalon don;
Afrwydd ymlwybra'r traed afrosgo
dros ddraen
A thrafferth dagrau'n dyblu'r niwl
o'i blaen,
A'i dwylo'n ymestyn tuag ato
mewn hiraeth llwm.

Un moeth sy'n aros iddi dan y nef,
Un anwes ffarwel, mwynder
atgofus, un
Cnawdolrwydd olaf, trist-
ddiddanus, cun,
Cael wylo eto dros ei esgeiriau Ef,
Eneinio'r traed a golchi'r briwiau
hallt,
Cusanu'r fferau a'u sychu eto â'i
gwllt,
Cael cyffwrdd â Thi, Rabboni, O
Fab y Dyn.

Tosturiwn wrthi. Ni thosturiodd
Ef.
Goruwch tosturi yw'r cariad eirias,
pur,
Sy'n haearneiddio'r sant drwy gur
ar gur,
Sy'n erlid y cnawd i'w gaer yn yr
enaid, a'i dref
Yn yr ysbryd nefol, a'i ffau yn y
santeiddiolaf,
Sy'n llosgi a llad a llad a llarpio hyd
y sgarmes olaf,
Nes noethi a chofleidio'i sglyfaeth
â'i grafanc ddur.

Bychan a wyddai hi, chwe dydd cyn
y Pasg,
Wrth dywallt y nard gwlyb
gwerthfawr arno'n bwn,
Mai'n wir 'i'm claddedigaeth y
cadwodd hi hwn';
Ni thybiodd hi fawr, a chued ei
glod i'w thasg,
Na chyffyrddai hi eto fyth, fyth â'i
draed na'i ddwylo;
Câ'i Thomas roi llaw yn ei ystlys;
ond hi, er ei hwylo,

Mwyach dan drueni'r Bara y dôl
iddi'r cnawd twn.

Dacw hi yn yr ardd ar glais y wawr;
Gwthia'i golygon tua'r ogof: rhed,
Rhed at ei gweddill gwynfyd. Och,
a gred,
A gred hi i'w llygaid? Fod y maen ar
lawr,
A'r bedd yn wag, y bedd yn fud a
moel;
Yr hedydd cynta'n codi dros y foel
A nyth ei chalon hithau'n wag a
siêd.

Mor unsain â cholomen yw ei
chŵyn,
Fel Orphews am Ewridicê'n galaru
Saif rhwng y rhos a chrio heb alaru
'Maent wedi dwyn fy Arglwydd,
wedi ei ddwyn,'
Wrth ddisgybl ac wrth angel yr un
llef
'Ac ni wn i ple y dodasant ef,'
Ac wrth y garddwr yr un ymlefaru.

Hurtiwyd hi. Drylliwyd hi.
Ymsuddodd yn ei gwae.
Mae'r deall yn chwil a'r rheswm ar
chwâl, oni
Ddelo a'i cipia hi allan o'r cnawd
i'w choroni -
Yn sydyn fel eryr o'r Alpau'n disgyn
tua'i brae -
Â'r cariad sy'n symud y sêr, y grym
sy'n Air
I gyfodi a bywhau: 'a dywedodd Ef
wrthi, Mair,
Hithau a droes a dywedodd wrtho,
Rabboni.'



See her, Christ's Niobe, drawing
towards the hill
the rock of her pain behind her from
the leaden Easter
through the black dawn, through the
cold dew, through the heavy dust
to the place where there is heavier
stone than her heart; with difficulty
the clumsy feet make their way over
thorns
and nuisance of tears doubling the
mist in front of her, and her hands
stretching out towards him in sombre
longing.

One luxury remains to her under
heaven,
one Farewell caress, nostalgic
gentleness, one
final sensuality, bitter-sweet, sublime,
to weep again above His thighs,
anoint the feet and wash the searing
wounds,
kiss the ankles and dry them again
with her hair,
to be able to touch you, Rabboni, O
Son of Man.

Let us pity her. He did not show pity.
The pure white-hot love is above pity,
hardens the saint into iron with pain
on pain,
hunts down the flesh into its fortress
in the soul, and its city
in the heavenly spirit, and its den in
the holy of holies,
which burns and kills and ravages
until the last struggle
until it denudes and embraces its prey
with its steel claw.

Little did she know, six days before
Easter,
as she pouted the precious, wet
ointment, a burden upon him,
it was true that 'to my burial has she
kept this;
she little supposed, and so dear was
His praise for her task,
that she would never more touch,
never, his feet or his hands; Thomas
could place his hand in His side; but
she, in spite of her weeping, from now
on only in the wretchedness of the

Bread would the broken flesh come to
her.

There she is in the garden at
daybreak;
she peers towards the cave;
will she believe her eyes? That the
stone is down,
and the tomb empty, the tomb dumb
and bare;
the first lark rising over the brow of
the hill
and the nest of her heart empty and
forfeit?

Her complaint is as monotone as a
dove's
like Orpheus for Euridice grieving
she stands among the roses crying
without grieving, 'They
have stolen my Lord, have stolen him,'
to the disciple and the angel the same
cry,
'And I know not where they have laid
Him'
and to the gardener the same speech.

She was stunned. She was destroyed.
She sank down in her grief.
Understanding is dizzy and reason
scatters, unless
that comes which will snatch her out
of the flesh to crown her –
suddenly like an eagle from the Alps
falling towards its prey –
with the love which moves the stars,
the strength which is a Word
that will raise and quicken:
'and He said to her, Mary,
and she turned and said to Him,
Rabboni.'

Translated by R Gerallt Jones

This powerfully sensitive, even erotic,
poem of longing and grief is by the
writer, critic, politician and founder of
Plaid [Genedlaethol] Cymru, Saunders
Lewis. Born John Saunders Lewis, into
a Welsh-speaking family in Wallasey
in 1893, he grew up among the
Welsh community in Merseyside.
Lewis's literary output was
considerably varied. Whilst a lecturer
at Swansea University he published

literary criticism such as 'A School of
Welsh Augustans', 'Williams
Pantycelyn', and 'Braslun o Hanes
Llenyddiaeth Gymraeg' ('An Outline
History of Welsh Literature').

Lewis also wrote two novels: 'Monica'
(1930) and 'Merch Gwern Hywel'
(The daughter of Gwern Hywel) in
1964. His plays include 'The Eve of St
John' (1924), 'Blodeuwedd' (The
Woman of Flowers) (1923-25,
revised 1948), 'Siwan' (1956), 'Brad'
(Treachery) (1958), and 'Cymru
Fydd' (Tomorrow's Wales) (1967). In
1970, Lewis was nominated for the
Nobel Prize for Literature.

In 1962 Lewis gave a lecture on BBC
radio entitled 'Tynged Yr Iaith' (The
Fate of the Language). In this speech
Lewis predicted the extinction of the
Welsh language and declared that
the language would die unless
revolutionary methods were used to
defend it. A result of the lecture led to
the foundation of Cymdeithas yr Iaith
Gymraeg (the Welsh Language
Society). Saunders Lewis died in
September 1985 at the age of 91.

Dyma gariad fel y moroedd,
tosturiaethau fel y lli:
T'wysog 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 bo nefoedd wen yn bod.

Ar Galfaria yr ymrwygodd
holl ffynhonnau'r dyfnder mawr;
torrodd holl argaeau'r nefoedd
oedd yn gyfan hyd yn awr:
gras a chariad megis dilyw
yn ymdywallt yma 'nghyd,
a chyfiawnder pur a 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>

John 21: 1-14



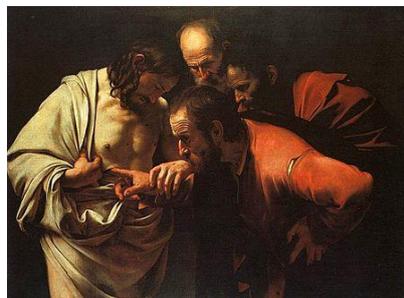
After these things Jesus showed himself again to the disciples by the Sea of Tiberias; and he showed himself in this way. Gathered there together were Simon Peter, Thomas called the Twin, Nathanael of Cana in Galilee, the sons of Zebedee, and two others of his disciples. Simon Peter said to them, 'I am going fishing.' They said to him, 'We will go with you.' They went out and got into the boat, but that night they caught nothing.

Just after daybreak, Jesus stood on the beach; but the disciples did not know that it was Jesus. Jesus said to them, 'Children, you have no fish, have you?' They answered him, 'No.' He said to them, 'Cast the net to the right side of the boat, and you will find some.' So they cast it, and now they were not able to haul it in because there

were so many fish. That disciple whom Jesus loved said to Peter, 'It is the Lord!' When Simon Peter heard that it was the Lord, he put on some clothes, for he was naked, and jumped into the lake. But the other disciples came in the boat, dragging the net full of fish, for they were not far from the land, only about a hundred yards off.

When they had gone ashore, they saw a charcoal fire there, with fish on it, and bread. Jesus said to them, 'Bring some of the fish that you have just caught.' So Simon Peter went aboard and hauled the net ashore, full of large fish, a hundred and fifty-three of them; and though there were so many, the net was not torn. Jesus said to them, 'Come and have breakfast.' Now none of the disciples dared to ask him, 'Who are you?' because they knew it was the Lord. Jesus came and took the bread and gave it to them, and did the same with the fish. This was now the third time that Jesus appeared to the disciples after he was raised from the dead.

Message from Parch Peter Dewi Richards - Low Sunday (Jesus after the Resurrection)



In the Church calendar today is called 'Low Sunday' and is so called because of the disciples' response to the Resurrection; time and time again (such as doubting Thomas, pictured above) they had failed to understand the whole meaning of Jesus's mission. No wonder they felt despondent and sad.

They had lost Faith. Have you experienced a 'loss of faith' not only religiously but in colleagues or friends or even neighbours. It can be a very difficult experience to face. but these disciples had lost a faith.

Gall colli ffydd yn Nuw fod yn ysgytwad; nid y ffaith ein bod yn colli ein ffydd yn gyfangwbl, ond ar ryw adeg arbennig yn ein bywydau wrth ddod wyneb yn wyneb anodd.

These disciples had lost faith in one another. It was one of them that had betrayed him and they had fled when they should have stood and witnessed. Judas betrayed him and Peter had denied knowing Jesus.

They had lost faith in themselves. How could they have let Jesus down so badly and he had done so much for them and with them.

They had lost faith in Jesus. Jesus had so much power. He had everything going for him. The crowds followed and listened to him.

Roedd hefyd yn cyflawni gwyrthiau a rhyfeddodau. Onid oedd wedi gwastraffu y grym yma.

Why die?

It is no wonder that this Sunday is called Low Sunday. Have you experienced a 'low' in your life? Probably, all of us have at some time or other.

Amgylchiadau sydd yn ein llethu'n llwyr ac yn ein digalonni yn llwyr.

One of the dangers of feeling low is that we become introverted - yn fewnblyg heb weld unrhyw obaith. 'Gwawr wedi hirnos' yw brofiad yr emynydd'.

Yr enw cymraeg ar y Sul yma yw 'Sul y Pasg Bach.' In Welsh this Sunday is called 'the small or little Easter' and this suggests a new

emphasis and a new light or, in other words, a New Beginning. Cyfle i ail afael o'r newydd ym mhrofiadau'r Pasg cyntaf. Ail ddarganfod gwefr y Pasg cyntaf.

Easter has become stale for so many Christians and doesn't seem the same as it was in the past.

Dim yn teimlo'r ias y profiad o ddathlu'r Pasg. a meddwl am rhyfeddod y Pasg cyntaf.

Mae angen ail afael yn ffresni yr Atgyfodiad cyntaf.

Today is an opportunity to renew our faith and face the future with hope. Grasping the transforming power of Christ, the Living Lord. What do the verses we have just heard in John share with us?

I Bore'r Adnabod Newydd 'Yr Arglwydd yw' - Morning of a new recognition of Jesus: 'It is the Lord'

This new recognition of Jesus was founded on the disciples' previous experiences of him. It was the same Jesus that had shared with them many unique experiences in the past and here was the opportunity to build again on that relationship. This new recognition to move forward.

Yr adnabyddiaeth newydd sydd yn gymhelliad i fenro mewn Ffydd.

2 Bore'r brwdfrydedd Newydd - Morning of a New Enthusiasm

We are told that Peter in his recognition of Jesus swam towards Jesus who was standing on the sea shore believing that Jesus was alive. Enthusiasm can be catching. How often I have been sitting next to someone at a Rugby match who is so enthusiastic about the team (Wales, of course) that I cannot but have the same enthusiasm. The shouting, the clapping, the singing. It can be overwhelming.

One of the most important words in our Faith is 'Rejoice'

How can we rejoice without being enthusiastic for Christ? Our task, our calling is to share the Faith and to do so with joy.

3 Bore'r Cynhaeaf Newydd - Morning of the New Harvest

We are told that Jesus commanded the disciples to cast their nets on the other side of the boat because the disciples had cast their nets on the other side of the boat and had caught nothing, not even one single fish. They listened to Jesus and after they cast their nets they found that the nets were full of fish; one hundred and twenty different species of fish.

Doedd yr Iddew ddim yn deall llawer am y mor ond y mae yr helfa yma yn cynrychioli yr holl fathau o bysgod y credasant oedd yn y mor.

The disciples had toiled all night and failed to catch any fish; but on the command of Jesus the nets were full.

Two truths stand out in this narrative:

- i That the fish caught represented all the known species of fish
- ii That the harvest of fish was only a width of a boat away

Before any harvest there must be a preparation and the Church must be willing to be servants of the Living Christ. The fish caught represent the Whole of Mankind. And our task is to reach out to others with enthusiasm and trust.

Yn naturiol i ni weithiau yn teimlo yn ddigalon wrth weld yr ymateb i'r ffyff ond dal ati yw'r nod.

With the virus that is challenging the world and it touches us all in different ways we as Christians can in different ways be involved with helping others to deal with this disease. Let us be enthusiastic in all we do to help those in need in society. It is good that the churches are using the web to

reach out with Christ's message of hope and love. Different channels but love and peace are the same message. Let us not call today the Low Sunday because it can be:

The morning of the New recognition of Jesus

The morning of a new enthusiasm in Mission

Let us do something new by casting our nets on the other side of the boat.

In the new hope for a harvest, let us now say together this morning the Lord's Prayer in the language of our hearts whether that be Welsh or English.

Ein Tad, yr hwn wyt yn y nefoedd, sancteiddier dy enw.

Deled dy deyrnas.

Gwneler dy ewyllys,

megis yn y nef, felly ar y ddaear hefyd.

Dyro i ni heddiw ein bara beunyddiol.

A maddau i ni ein dyledion, fel y maddeuwn ninnau i'n dyledwyr.

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

Amen

Bendigedig fyddo'r Iesu

yr hwn sydd yn ein caru,
ein galw o'r byd a'n prynu,
ac yn ei waed ein golchi,
yn eiddo iddo'i hun.

Halelwia, Halelwia!

Moliant iddo byth, Amen.

Halelwia, Halelwia!

Moliant iddo byth, Amen.

Bendigedig fyddo'r Iesu:
caiff pawb sydd ynddo'n credu,
drwy fedydd, ei gydgladdu
ag ef, a'i gydgyfodi
mewn bywyd byth yn un.

Bendigedig fyddo'r Iesu:
fe welir ei Ddyweddi

heb un brycheuyn arni
yn lân fel y goleuni
ar ddelw Mab y Dyn.

Blessed be Jesus
The One who loves us
calls us from the world and ransoms
us
and in his blood we are washed
belonging to Him himself.

Hallelujah, Hallelujah!
Praise to him forever, Amen.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah!
Praise to him forever, Amen.

Blessed be Jesus:
Everyone who believes in him obtains,
through baptism, his joint-burial
with him, and his joint-resurrection,
into life forever the same.

Blessed be Jesus
His Betrothed is seen
without one blemish on her
as pure as the light
in the image of the Son of Man.
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=p2yg_vjil_d8

Blessing and closing music

Sanctaidd sung by Cor y Boro at
Southwark Cathedral with James
Prideaux conducting and organist
Stephen Disley.

<https://www.facebook.com/149727908721430/videos/200911167659404/>

Pictures from the top:

William Blake: *The Ancient of Days*, 1794.
Relief etching with watercolour

John of Patmos watches the descent of New
Jerusalem from God, from 'The Apocalypse
of Angers', 1373-87 (tapestry), Bataille,
Nicolas (fl. 1363-1400) / © Musee des

*Tapisseries, Angers, France / Bridgeman
Images*

William Blake: *The Canterbury Pilgrims at
the Tabard Inn, Borough High Street ?1808*
Pen and ink and tempera on canvas
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Laurence Olivier as Henry V in the 1944
movie

R S Thomas by John Hedgecoe, 1966
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Saunders Lewis, 1962; Photographer
unknown

Titian 'Noli me tangere,' about 1514 © The
National Gallery, London

Raphael 'The Miraculous Draught of Fishes'
(tapestry), about 1515-16
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