

**Capel y Boro Service  
Sun 17 May 2020 at 11am**

**Service for Mental Health  
Awareness Week**

**Complete texts, readings,  
hymns with links, and  
translations**



**Opening music:**

Karl Jenkins *And God shall wipe away all tears* from 'The Armed Man: A Mass for Peace'; Côr Caerdydd

**Intrada and Welcome**

**Who would true valour see**  
(John Bunyan)

**A talk by John Jones on the  
hymn *Newyddion braf***

***Newyddion braf a ddaeth i'n bro***  
(John Dafydd, cytgan Elfed Lewys)

**Gwenallt**

**from *Dartmoor and Plasau'r Brenin***

**O llefara, addfwyn Iesu**  
(William Williams)

**Ephesians 4: 1-16 / 17-32**

**Verdi *Chorus of Hebrew Slaves,*  
from 'Nabucco'**

Morrison Orpheus Choir

**Salm 57**

**Mandela and Shakespeare's  
*Julius Caesar***

**Song - Wyn Davies  
*Count on Me* Wyn Davies**

**from John Milton *Paradise Lost***

**John Clare  
*Written in Northampton County  
Asylum***

**Arr Brian Hughes *Hiraeth*  
Côr Dlnas**

**from *Diary of Anne Frank***

**Message, from Prison letters  
of Dietrich Bonhoeffer**

***Be Still My Soul*  
(Finlandia David T. Clydesdale, Jean Sibelius, Katharina Von Schlegel)**

**Prayers  
including *Prayer of Dame  
Julian of Norwich***

***Glân gerwbiaid a seraffiaid*  
(*Sanctaidd Iôr*)  
(Richard Mant cyf. Alafon)**

**Blessing**

**Closing music:  
Paul Simon  
*Bridge over Troubled Water*  
(sung by NHS staff Llandudno,  
May 2020)**



**Opening music:**

**Karl Jenkins *And God shall wipe away all tears* from 'The Armed Man: A Mass for Peace'**

God shall wipe away all tears and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain. Praise the Lord. (Revelation 21:4)

View here:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WWhXEHGKj8U4>



**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.*

**Who would true valour see,**  
let him come hither;  
one here will constant be,  
come wind, come weather;  
there's no discouragement  
shall make him once relent  
his first avowed intent  
to be a pilgrim.

Whoso beset him round  
with dismal stories

do but themselves confound;  
his strength the more is.  
No lion can him fright;  
he'll with a giant fight,  
but he will have a right  
to be a pilgrim.

Hobgoblin nor foul fiend  
can daunt his spirit;  
he knows he at the end  
shall life inherit.

Then fancies fly away,  
he'll fear not what men say;  
he'll labour night and day  
to be a pilgrim.



John Bunyan window at Southwark Cathedral, the venue for the recording of this hymn on the link below and close to Capel y Boro. Bunyan had a connection with Southwark. Horace Monroe writes: "John Bunyan, the tinker of Bedford, is connected with Southwark as the preacher who drew crowds to hear

his sermons at the Zoar Chapel in Southwark Street"

View here:

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BVIM4\\_gan4E](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BVIM4_gan4E)

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### A talk by John Jones on the hymn *Newyddion braf*

The next hymn was written by a shoemaker from the village of Cao, in the hills between Lampeter and Llandovery. His name was John Dafydd, and it's rumoured that he made William Williams Pantycelyn's shoes! John Dafydd was a Methodist who was greatly influenced by the religious ideas of John Bunyan, especially his Pilgrim's Progress, which was popular reading in Wales in the 18th century with its Puritan overtones.

This uplifting hymn first appeared in Pantycelyn's first collection of Welsh hymns, *Aleluia*, in 1747 and was described as a meditation on eternal life. The chorus, however, was added in the 20th century by the minister of King's Cross chapel in London, Howell Elvet Lewis, originally for a different hymn by John Dafydd Cao. Elfed's words were united with John Dafydd's in its current form in the *Detholiad* for the 1994 *gymanfa* programme.



Elfed, as he was commonly known, was also from Carmarthenshire, from Blaenycloed, between Carmarthen and Newcastle Emlyn, who came to London in 1898, initially to Harecourt Chapel, a famous place of worship in Islington, before being invited to lead the Tabernacle, King's Cross in 1904 where he remained for almost forty years.

Elfed started preaching at an early age and was known locally as the "Boy Preacher". While he was at Newcastle Emlyn grammar school he was introduced to poetry and the strict meters and began to compete at eisteddfodau. He later attended Carmarthen Presbyterian College where he won every prize during his four years there. The National Eisteddfod in Wrexham in 1888 was called Elfed's Eisteddfod as he won three of the literature prizes and it was during this time that he wrote some of his most popular hymns.

After a period in England, Elfed returned to Wales, as minister of Park Chapel in Llanelli. While there, he won the chair at the National Eisteddfod in 1894 and was editor of the Congregational hymn book, *Y Caniedydd Cynulleidfaol*.

His long tenure at King's Cross covered the 1904 revival, the 1st World War and the Depression in the 20s. He helped a great many who had come to London in search of work during this time, received many honorary doctorates and became Archdruid of the Gorsedd between 1924 and 1928. Retiring from King's Cross in 1940, Elfed retired to Penarth and, despite failing eyesight, he continued to travel to preach and lecture until his death in 1953.

## **Newyddion braf a ddaeth i'n bro,**

hwy haeddent gael eu dwyn ar go',  
mae'r lesu wedi cario'r dydd,  
caiff carcharorion fynd yn rhydd.

*Cytgan:*

O llawenhawn, cydlawenhawn  
am ddyfod lesu Grist i'n byd;  
efe yw'r Gair, Duw cariad yw,  
efe yw'r gobaith inni i gyd:  
Halelwia! Llawenhawn,  
cydlawenhawn,  
am ddyfod lesu Grist i'n byd.

Mae lesu Grist o'n hochor ni,  
fe gollodd ef ei waed yn lli;  
trwy rinwedd hwn fe'n dwg yn iach  
i'r ochor draw 'mhen gronyn bach.

Wel, f'enaid, bellach cod dy ben,  
mae'r ffordd yn rhydd i'r nefoedd wen;  
mae'n holl elynion ni yn awr  
mewn cadwyn gan y Brenin mawr.

*Good news has come to our region,  
it is worthy to be brought to mind  
Jesus has carried the day,  
prisoners may go free.*

*Chorus:*

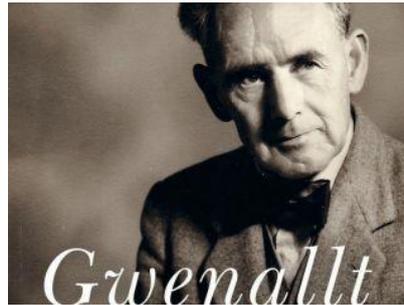
*O rejoice, rejoice  
for Jesus Christ came into our world;  
he is the Word, God is love,  
he is the hope to us all:  
Hallelujah! We rejoice,  
rejoice,  
for Jesus Christ came into our world.*

*Jesus Christ is of our side,  
He shed his blood as a stream;  
through his merit he will lead us  
while  
to the far side after a little while.*

*See, my soul, now raise thy head,  
the way is free to the blessed  
heavens;  
all our enemies are now  
in chains by the great King.*

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## **David 'Gwenallt' Jones from Plasau'r Brenin**



*Written in 1934, the novel's hero Myrddin Tomos echoes the writer's own experience of imprisonment as a conscientious objector during World War One.*

Nid oedd yr un darlun ar y muriau. Cerdyn rheolau'r carchar yn unig a hongiai ar un ohonynt. Darllenodd Myrddin Tomos y rheolau drwyddynt yn fanwl, ac o ddiffyg llenyddiaeth amgenach i'w darllen, darllenodd hwynt lawer gwaith ar ôl hynny, hyd oni wyddai hwy ar gof. Rheolau: 1. Rhaid i garcharorion gadw distawrwydd [...].

*There wasn't a single picture on the walls. Only a card with the prison rules hung on one of them. Myrddin Tomos read through the rules in detail, and because of the lack of alternative reading material, he read them many times after that, until he knew them off by heart. The rules: 1. The prisoners must maintain silence [...]*

### **from Dartmoor**

*Poem written in 1941, also describing the writer's imprisonment c1918*

*A'r nos dôi cri ellyllon yn ddi-dor  
O'u seiat oerllyd yn y corsydd garw,  
Ysgrech ysbrydion o ryw bant neu dor,*

*Euogrwydd oesoedd sydd  
yn methlu marw:  
A Thywi las fel llinyn  
yr hen wynfydau  
Yn dirwyn rhwng  
hwsmonaeth y gwaith a'r ydau.*

*You heard them. The congregation  
of the damned  
Ascended and in session with their  
dogs.*

*Their screech owls, and their endless  
cries  
of pain and guilt. Shapes writhing in  
the fog; But in your cell you gripped  
your necklace of goodness, your  
lucky charm,  
The blue river Tywi winding through  
fields of hay and corn.*

*Gwenallt (the bardic name of David James Jones, 1899 –1968) was one of the most important figures of 20th-century Welsh-language literature. The poet created his bardic name by transposing Alltwen, the name of the village across the river from his birthplace.*

*Gwenallt was born in Pontardawe, Glamorganshire, and was conscripted into the Army in 1917 during World War I. He declared himself a conscientious objector and was imprisoned at Wormwood Scrubs before being transferred to Princetown Work Centre in the former Dartmoor Prison to until April 1919, an experience he wrote about in his 1941 poem 'Dartmoor' and his 1934 novel 'Plasau'r Brenin'. These are regarded as the first specifically Welsh examples of prison literature.*

*In 'Dartmoor' Gwenallt looked to visions of rural Carmarthenshire to help get him through his prison life and it is also said it was during this period that he fell in love with the hymns of William Williams 'Pantycelyn', whose work was to inspire so much of his later religious*

poetry. Our next hymn 'O Ilefara, addfwyn Iesu' by William Williams was a Gwennol favourite.



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### **O Ilefara, addfwyn Iesu,**

mae dy eiriau fel y gwin,  
oll yn dwyn i mewn dangnefedd  
ag sydd o anfeidrol rin;  
mae holl leisiau'r greadigaeth,  
holl ddeniadau cnawd a byd,  
wrth dy lais hyfrytaf, tawel  
yn distewi a mynd yn fud.

Ni all holl hyfrydwch natur,  
a'i melystra penna' i maes,  
fyth gymharu â Ileferydd  
hyfryd, pur, maddeuol ras;  
gad im glywed sôn dy eiriau,  
awdurdodol eiriau'r nef,  
oddi mewn yn creu hyfrydwch  
nad oes mo'i gyffelyb ef.

Dwed dy fod yn eiddo imi,  
mewn llythrennau eglur, clir;  
tor amheuaeth sych, digysur,  
tywyll, dyrys, cyn bo hir;  
'rwy'n hiraethu am gael clywed  
un o eiriau pur y ne',  
nes bod ofon du a thristwch  
yn tragwyddol golli eu lle.

*O speak, gentle Jesus,  
thy words are like the wine,  
all leading into peace  
and are of immeasurable virtue;  
all the voices of the creation,  
all attractions of flesh and world,*

*by thy most delightful voice, are  
silent  
holding their peace and going mute.*

*Not all the delights of nature,  
nor its chief sweetness of all,  
will ever compare with the speech  
(pleasant, pure, forgiving) of grace;  
let me hear the sound of thy words,  
the authoritative words of heaven,  
from within creating delight  
there is nothing similar to it.*

*Say thou art as possessor to me,  
in plain, clear letters;  
break dry, dreary doubt,  
dark and obstructive, before long;  
I am longing to be able to hear  
one of the pure words of heaven,  
until black fear and sadness  
eternally lose their place.*

View here:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TNDH2bICtp8>

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### **Ephesians 4**

I therefore, the prisoner in the Lord, beg you to lead a life worthy of the calling to which you have been called, with all humility and gentleness, with patience, bearing with one another in love, making every effort to maintain the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. There is one body and one Spirit, just as you were called to the one hope of your calling, one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all and through all and in all. But each of us was given grace according to the measure of Christ's gift. Therefore it is said, 'When he ascended on high he made captivity itself a captive; he gave gifts to his people.' (When it says, 'He ascended', what does it mean but that he had also descended into the lower parts of the earth?

He who descended is the same one who ascended far above all the heavens, so that he might fill all things.) The gifts he gave were that some would be apostles, some prophets, some evangelists, some pastors and teachers, to equip the saints for the work of ministry, for building up the body of Christ, until all of us come to the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God, to maturity, to the measure of the full stature of Christ. We must no longer be children, tossed to and fro and blown about by every wind of doctrine, by people's trickery, by their craftiness in deceitful scheming. But speaking the truth in love, we must grow up in every way into him who is the head, into Christ, from whom the whole body, joined and knitted together by every ligament with which it is equipped, as each part is working properly, promotes the body's growth in building itself up in love.

Now this I affirm and insist on in the Lord: you must no longer live as the Gentiles live, in the futility of their minds. They are darkened in their understanding, alienated from the life of God because of their ignorance and hardness of heart. They have lost all sensitivity and have abandoned themselves to licentiousness, greedy to practise every kind of impurity. That is not the way you learned Christ! For surely you have heard about him and were taught in him, as truth is in Jesus. You were taught to put away your former way of life, your old self, corrupt and deluded by its lusts, and to be renewed in the spirit of your minds, and to clothe yourselves with the new self, created according to the

likeness of God in true righteousness and holiness.

So then, putting away falsehood, let all of us speak the truth to our neighbours, for we are members of one another. Be angry but do not sin; do not let the sun go down on your anger, and do not make room for the devil. Thieves must give up stealing; rather let them labour and work honestly with their own hands, so as to have something to share with the needy. Let no evil talk come out of your mouths, but only what is useful for building up, as there is need, so that your words may give grace to those who hear. And do not grieve the Holy Spirit of God, with which you were marked with a seal for the day of redemption. Put away from you all bitterness and wrath and anger and wrangling and slander, together with all malice, and be kind to one another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, as God in Christ has forgiven you.

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**Verdi Chorus of Hebrew Slaves, from 'Nabucco'**



Speed your journey, my thoughts and my longings.  
Speed your journey through mountains and valleys  
Where the sweet scented air breathes a fragrance

O'er the homes that we knew long ago.

To the waters of Jordan bear greeting  
To the downfallen temples of Zion  
Oh, my country so fair and so wretched  
Oh, remembrance of joy and of woe!

Golden harps of the prophets,  
Oh tell me,  
Why so silent ye hang from the willows?  
Once again sing the songs of our homeland  
Sing again of the days that are past.

We have drunk from the cup of affliction  
And have shed bitter tears of repentance.  
Oh, inspire us, Jehovah with courage  
So that we may endure to the last.

*Va, pensiero, sull'ali dorate;  
va, ti posa sui clivi, sui colli,  
ove olezzano tepide e molli  
l'aure dolci del suolo natal!*

*Del Giordano le rive saluta,  
di Sionne le torri atterrate.  
O, mia patria, sì bella e perduta!  
O, membranza, sì cara e fatal!*

*Arpa d'or dei fatidici vati,  
perché muta dal salice pendi?  
Le memorie nel petto raccendi,  
ci favella del tempo che fu!*

*O simile di Sòlima ai fati  
traggi un suono di crudo lamento,  
o t'ispiri il Signore un concerto  
che ne infonda al patire virtù!*

*One of the most uplifting and  
resolute piece of vocal music ever*

written, Giuseppe Verdi's 'Chorus of the Hebrew Slaves', is from his 1842 opera 'Nabucco'. It recollects the period of Babylonian captivity after the loss of the First Temple in Jerusalem in 586 BCE. Much yearning for homeland and past memories, it is performed here in English translation as 'Speed your journey', by the Morriston Orpheus Choir.

View here:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RpIE-lfTGUC>

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**Salm 57**

Dangos drugaredd ata i, O Dduw,  
dangos drugaredd ata i!  
Dw i'n troi atat ti am loches.  
Dw i am guddio dan dy adenydd id nes bydd y storm yma wedi mynd heibio.  
Dw i'n galw ar Dduw, y Goruchaf; ar y Duw sydd mor dda tuag ata i.  
Bydd yn anfon help o'r nefoedd i'm hachub.  
Bydd yn herio y rhai sy'n fy erlid.

Bydd yn dangos ei ofal ffyddlon amdana i!

Mae llewod ffyrnig o'm cwmpas i ym mhobman,  
rhai sy'n bwyta pobl —  
Mae eu dannedd fel picellau neu saethau,  
a'u tafodau fel cleddyfau miniog.  
Dangos dy hun yn uwch na'r nefoedd, O Dduw,  
i dy ysblander gael ei weld drwy'r byd i gyd!  
Maen nhw wedi gosod rhwyd i geisio fy nal —  
a minnau'n isel fy ysbyrd.  
Maen nhw wedi cloddio twll ar fy nghyfer i,  
ond nhw fydd yn syrthio i mewn iddo!  
Dw i'n benderfynol, O Dduw;  
dw i'n hollol benderfynol!

Dw i'n mynd i ganu mawl i ti!  
 Deffro, fy enaid!  
 Deffro, nabl a thelyn!  
 Dw i'n mynd i ddeffro'r wawr  
 gyda'm cân.  
 Dw i'n mynd i ddiolch i ti,  
 O Arglwydd, o flaen pawb!  
 Dw i'n mynd i ganu mawl i ti o  
 flaen pobl o bob cenedl!  
 Mae dy gariad di mor uchel â'r  
 nefoedd,  
 a dy ffyddlondeb di yn uwch na'r  
 cymylau.  
 Dangos dy hun yn uwch na'r  
 nefoedd, O Dduw,  
 i dy ysblander gael ei weld drwy'r  
 byd i gyd!

*Be merciful to me, O God, be merciful  
 to me,  
 for in you my soul takes refuge;  
 in the shadow of your wings I will take  
 refuge, until the destroying storms  
 pass by.  
 I cry to God Most High,  
 to God who fulfils his purpose for me.  
 He will send from heaven and save  
 me, he will put to shame those who  
 trample on me.*

*God will send forth his steadfast love  
 and his faithfulness.  
 I lie down among lions that greedily  
 devour human prey;  
 their teeth are spears and arrows,  
 their tongues sharp swords.  
 Be exalted, O God, above the  
 heavens.  
 Let your glory be over all the earth.  
 They set a net for my steps;  
 my soul was bowed down.  
 They dug a pit in my path,  
 but they have fallen into it themselves.*

*My heart is steadfast, O God,  
 my heart is steadfast.  
 I will sing and make melody.  
 Awake, my soul!  
 Awake, O harp and lyre!  
 I will awake the dawn.  
 I will give thanks to you, O Lord,  
 among the peoples;  
 I will sing praises to you among the  
 nations.*

*For your steadfast love is as high as  
 the heavens; your faithfulness extends  
 to the clouds.  
 Be exalted, O God, above the  
 heavens.  
 Let your glory be over all the earth.*

### **Mandela and Shakespeare's Julius Caesar**



This is the story of a meeting which took place behind the bars of a prison, through the expressive force of literature: the meeting between William Shakespeare and Nelson Mandela.

The racial segregation of Apartheid established by South Africa's white population remained active until 1991 and Mandela, together with other countless activists, was one of the protagonists of its end. The period he spent in prison lasted 27 years, the first 18 of which took place in Robben Island, an island in front of Cape Town.

How would it be possible to read Shakespeare's works in a prison where newspapers and even letters were banned? With a Shakespearean deception...

A book, containing a complete collection of Shakespeare's works and known today as the *Robben Island Bible*, was introduced clandestinely by Sonny Venkatrathnam, a political prisoner like Mandela. He cleverly deceived the prison guards, masking the volume with a representation of Diwali, the "Festival of Lights" which represents the important Indian holiday: a celebration that

represents the victory of good over evil. Thanks to this trick, Venkatrathnam convinced his jailers that he was introducing a Bible: a trick that led to the birth of a universal leadership philosophy that spans two centuries, conceived by Shakespeare and implemented by Mandela.



Between 1975 and 1978, the Robben Island bible passed from hand to hand among the political prisoners, who had in the meantime developed a common tradition: to annotate with date and signature the most important passages identified in the text, about topics that were still relevant after centuries: political injustice and desire for revenge. These phrases, originally written to entertain the spectators of London theatres, have become, after being borrowed and assimilated, the words of an entire generation.

One prisoner Billy Nair highlighted the phrase "This island is mine" which – if we read it retrospectively – communicates a repressed frustration shared with the character who pronounced it: Caliban, the slave in *The Tempest*, who desired to possess the island on which he was imprisoned. Shakespeare's language proves to be timeless and universal.

The language of the playwright looks even more universal if we read the sentence highlighted by Mandela on December 16, 1977, extracted from *Julius Caesar*, a work that fitted well into the fight

against the regime carried out by political prisoners.

"Cowards die many times before their deaths.

The valiant never taste of death but once.

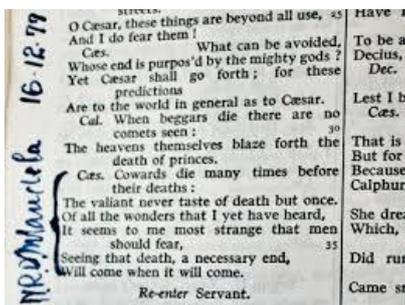
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,

It seems to me most strange that men should fear,

Seeing that death, a necessary end, Will come when it will come."



These words not only reveal the similarities between Mandela and Caesar's determination, but they are connected with a personal experience, when the South African leader escaped from execution in 1960s. In his autobiography, we read similar words pronounced even before he's read *Julius Caesar*: "I was prepared to die. One cannot be prepared for something while secretly believing it will not happen."



The date when Mandela signed this passage of Shakespeare has also become symbolic: nowadays, on December 16, South Africa celebrates the Day of Reconciliation, a festival dedicated to the national unity of all ethnicities. It is incredible how Shakespeare has influenced one of

the most important personalities of our time, who found in his works the affinity about good and bad leadership, about what's right and what's wrong, about plots and conspiracies. It can be seen as proof that Shakespeare's words are universal and don't belong to a specific time: *Julius Caesar* was set in Ancient Rome, written in the seventeenth century and became the backbone of the South African National Revolution. That collection represents, in its own way, a kind of Bible. A source of secular inspiration for South African heroes.

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### Song - Wyn Davies Count on Me



Call my name  
Let my voice see you through the darkness  
When you're feeling down or in distress  
When everything seems wrong and you need help to carry on  
Count on me, just count on me.

It's hurt you bad  
It doesn't paint a pretty picture  
It's let you down and so unsure  
Dry your eyes and cry those tears  
Together we can face your fears  
Count on me just count on me.

Don't delay, you've gotta break away  
Your ship is near the rocks in a stormy sea  
If you need a hand just call on me.

Everyone should have someone they can depend on  
Everybody needs a special friend  
You were there when we needed you  
I'll be there to help you through  
count on me.  
Just count on me.

Call my name let my voice lead you through the darkness when you're feeling down or in distress

When everything seems wrong and you need help to carry on  
count on me, just count on me.  
You can count on me, just count on me.

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### From Book One: John Milton *Paradise Lost*



Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste  
Brought death into the World, and all our woe,  
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man  
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,  
Sing, Heavenly Muse, that, on the secret top  
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire  
That shepherd who first taught the chosen seed

In the beginning how the heavens  
and earth  
Rose out of Chaos: or, if Sion hill  
Delight thee more, and Siloa's  
brook that flowed  
Fast by the oracle of God, I  
thence  
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous  
song,  
That with no middle flight intends  
to soar  
Above th' Aonian mount, while it  
pursues  
Things unattempted yet in prose  
or rhyme.  
And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that  
dost prefer  
Before all temples th' upright  
heart and pure,  
Instruct me, for thou know'st;  
thou from the first  
Wast present, and, with mighty  
wings outspread,  
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the  
vast Abyss,  
And mad'st it pregnant: what in  
me is dark  
Illumine, what is low raise and  
support;  
That, to the height of this great  
argument,  
I may assert Eternal Providence,  
And justify the ways of God to  
men.



*Milton's Cottage is a timber-framed 16th-century building in the Buckinghamshire village of Chalfont St Giles. It was the former home of writer John Milton, and is normally open to the public as a writer's house museum. Except now of course it is closed like everywhere*

*else due to Covid 19. This is ironic because in 1665 Milton and his wife moved into the cottage to escape the Plague in London, the last epidemic of bubonic plague in England. It killed around 100,000 people – a quarter of London's population. No wonder Milton fled the city with his family. They were to be in Chalfont St Giles for a year, and whilst at this still chocolate-box-pretty cottage, and in quarantine, Milton completed his best-known work, 'Paradise Lost.'*

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**John Clare**  
**Written in Northampton County Asylum**



I AM! yet what I am who cares, or  
knows?  
My friends forsake me like a  
memory lost.  
I am the self-consumer of my  
woes;  
They rise and vanish, an oblivious  
host,  
Shadows of life, whose very soul is  
lost.  
And yet I am—I live—though I am  
toss'd

Into the nothingness of scorn and  
noise,  
Into the living sea of waking dream,  
Where there is neither sense of  
life, nor joys,

But the huge shipwreck of my own  
esteem  
And all that 's dear. Even those I  
loved the best  
Are strange—nay, they are  
stranger than the rest.

I long for scenes where man has  
never trod—  
For scenes where woman never  
smiled or wept—  
There to abide with my Creator,  
God,  
And sleep as I in childhood sweetly  
slept,  
Full of high thoughts, unborn. So  
let me lie,—  
The grass below; above, the  
vaulted sky.



*John Clare (1793 –1864) was an English poet. The son of a farm labourer, he became known for his celebrations of the English countryside and sorrows at its disruption.*

*His biographer Jonathan Bate called Clare "the greatest labouring-class poet that England has ever produced. No one has ever written more powerfully of nature, of a rural childhood, and of the alienated and unstable self".*

*Between Christmas and New Year in 1841, Clare was committed to the Northampton General Lunatic Asylum (now St Andrew's Hospital, pictured above) after years of suffering from mental health issues. He remained there for the rest of his life (over 20 years) under the humane regime of Dr Thomas Octavius Prichard, who encouraged and helped him to write.*

## Arr Brian Hughes Hiraeth

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.*

View Cor Dinas's performance:  
[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4HFP\\_ZNbBmY](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4HFP_ZNbBmY)

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**from Diary of Anne Frank**

**SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1942**



I was born on June 12, 1929. I lived in Frankfurt until I was four. Because we're Jewish, my father immigrated to Holland in 1933. Our lives were not without anxiety, since our relatives in Germany were suffering under Hitler's anti-Jewish laws. After the pogroms in 1938 my two uncles (my mother's brothers) fled Germany, finding safe refuge in North America. My elderly grandmother came to live with us. She was seventy-three years old at the time.

After May 1940 the good times were few and far between: first there was the war, then the capitulation and then the arrival of the Germans, which is when the trouble started for the Jews. Our freedom was severely restricted by a series of anti-Jewish decrees: Jews were required to wear a yellow star...;

You couldn't do this and you couldn't do that, but life went on. My friend Jacque always said to me, "I don't dare do anything anymore, 'cause I'm afraid it's not allowed." In the summer of 1941 Grandma got sick and had to have an operation, so my birthday passed with little celebration. In the summer of 1940 we didn't do much for my birthday either, since the fighting had just ended in Holland. Grandma died in January 1942. No one knows how often I think of her and still love her.

This birthday celebration in 1942 was intended to make up for the others, and Grandma's candle was lit along with the rest. The four of us are still doing well, and that brings me to the present date of June 20, 1942, and the solemn dedication of my diary.

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## Message, from Prison letters of Dietrich Bonhoeffer



Is there any concern in the Old Testament about saving one's soul at all? Is not righteousness and the kingdom of God on earth the focus of everything, and is not Romans 3:14 too, the culmination of the view that in

God alone is righteousness, and not in an individualistic doctrine of salvation? It is not with the next world that we are concerned, but with this world as created and preserved and set subject to laws and atoned for and made new. . .

Barth was the first theologian to begin the criticism of religion. . . but he set in place the positivist doctrine of revelation which says, in effect, "Take it or leave it": Virgin Birth, Trinity, or anything else, everything which is an equally significant and necessary part of the whole, which latter has to be swallowed as a whole or not at all. That is not in accordance with the Bible. . . It is a long way back to the land of childhood.

But if we only knew the way! There isn't any such way, at any rate not at the cost of deliberately abandoning our intellectual maturity. . . God is teaching us that we must live as humans who can get along very well without God. The God who is with us is the God who forsakes us. The God who makes us live in this world without using God as a working hypothesis is the god before whom we are standing. Before God and with God we live without God. God allows Himself to be edged out of the world and on to the cross. God is weak and powerless in the world, and that is exactly the way, the only way, in which God can be with us and help us. Matthew 8:17 (he took up our infirmities, and bore the burden of our sins) makes it crystal clear that it is not by his omnipotence that Christ helps us, but by his weakness and suffering. This is the decisive difference between Christianity and all

religions. Man's religiosity makes him look in his distress to the power of God in the world; he uses God as a *deus ex machina*. The Bible, however, directs us to the powerlessness and suffering of God; only a suffering God can help. To this extent we may say that the process we have described by which the world came of age was an abandonment of the false conception of God, and a clearing of the decks for the God of the Bible, who conquers power and space in the world by his weakness. . . Humans are challenged to participate in the sufferings of God at the hands of a godless world. One must therefore plunge oneself into the life of a godless world, without attempting to gloss over its ungodliness with a veneer of religion or trying to transform it.

. . . To be a Christian does not mean to be religious in a particular way, to cultivate some particular form of asceticism. . . but to be a human being. It is not some religious act which makes a Christian what he is, but participation in the suffering of God in the life of the world. . . During the last year, I have come to appreciate the "worldliness" of Christianity as never before. . . I don't mean the shallow this-worldliness of the enlightened, of the busy, the comfortable or the lascivious. It's something much more profound than that, something in which the knowledge of death and resurrection is ever present. . . One must abandon every attempt to make something of oneself, whether it be a saint, a converted sinner, a churchman . . . This is what I mean by worldliness-taking life in stride,

with all its duties and problems, its successes and failures, its experiences and helplessness. It is in such a life that we throw ourselves utterly in the arms of God and participate in his sufferings in the world and watch with Christ in Gethsemane. That is faith, and that is what makes a human and a Christian.

*Dietrich Bonhoeffer (1906 -1945) was a German evangelical pastor, theologian, anti-Nazi dissident, and key founding member of the Confessing Church. His writings on Christianity's role in the secular world have become widely influential, and his book 'The Cost of Discipleship' has been described as a modern classic.*

*Apart from his theological writings, Bonhoeffer was known for his staunch resistance to Nazi dictatorship, including vocal opposition to Hitler's euthanasia program and genocidal persecution of the Jews. Like Anne Frank in this period, his life was in danger. He was arrested in April 1943 by the Gestapo and imprisoned at Tegel prison for one and a half years. Later, he was transferred to Flossenbürg concentration camp. After being accused of being associated with the July 20 plot to assassinate Adolf Hitler, he was quickly tried, along with other accused plotters, and then hanged on 9 April 1945 as the Nazi regime was collapsing, 21 days before Adolf Hitler committed suicide.*

*Our Message today is one of Bonhoeffer's letters from prison. It is a wonderful example of his faith and for his fortitude, which is all the more remarkable given the circumstances in which it was written.*

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## Be Still My Soul

the Lord is on thy side

Bear patiently the cross of grief  
or pain

Leave to thy God to order and  
provide

In every change He faithful will  
remain

Be still my soul thy best, thy  
heavenly friend

Through thorny ways leads to a  
joyful end.

Be still my soul when dearest  
friends depart

And all is darkened in the vale of  
tears

Then shalt thou better know His  
love His heart

Who comes to soothe thy  
sorrow and thy fears

Be still my soul the waves and  
winds shall know

His voice who ruled them while  
He dwelt below.

Be still my soul the hour is  
hastening on

When we shall be forever with  
the Lord

When disappointment grief and  
fear are gone

Sorrow forgot love's purest joys  
restored

Be still my soul when change and  
tears are past

All safe and blessed we shall  
meet at last.

View here:

<https://www.bbc.co.uk/programmes/p04fys76>

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## Prayer of Dame Julian of Norwich

As Mental Health Awareness Week starts, how are you finding lockdown? And how is it affecting you mentally? I suppose everyone finds their own way of dealing with

it. But what about those people who self isolate out of choice rather than necessity, and many of those who do so, have a spiritual calling.



Dame Julian of Norwich (1343 – after 1416) was an English anchoress of the Middle Ages. She wrote the earliest surviving book in the English language written by a woman, *Revelations of Divine Love*. She lived practically her whole life in the English city of Norwich. During her lifetime, the city suffered the devastating effects of the Black Death of 1348–50 and the Peasants' Revolt, which affected large parts of England in 1381. In 1373, aged thirty and so seriously ill she thought she was on her deathbed, Julian received a series of visions or "shewings" of the Passion of Christ. She recovered from her illness and wrote two versions of her experiences. For much of her life, Julian lived in permanent seclusion as an anchoress in her cell, which was attached to St Julian's Church, Norwich. To close I would like to read her most famous prayer. Let us pray:

In you, Father all-mighty, we have our preservation and our bliss. In you, Christ, we have our restoring and our saving. You are our mother, brother, and Saviour. In you, our Lord the Holy

Spirit, is marvellous and plenteous grace.

You are our clothing; for love you wrap us and embrace us.

You are our maker, our lover, our keeper.

Teach us to believe that by your grace all shall be well, and all shall be well,  
and all manner of things shall be well. Amen.

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## Glân geriwbiaid a seraffiaid (Sanctaidd lôr)

Glân geriwbiaid a seraffiaid,  
fyrdd o gylch yr orsedd fry,  
mewn olynol seiniau dibaid,  
canant fawl eu Harglwydd cu:

*Cytgan:*

"Llawn yw'r nefoedd o'rh  
ogoniant,  
llawn yw'r ddaear, dir a môr;  
rhodder iti fythol foliant,  
sanctaidd, sanctaidd, sanctaidd  
lôr!"

Fyth y nef a chwydda'r moliant;  
uwch yr etyb daer fyth –  
"Sanctaidd, sanctaidd, sanctaidd!"  
meddent,  
"Dduw y lluoedd, Nêr di-lyth!"

Gyda'r seraff gôr i fyny,  
gyda'r Eglwys lân i lawr,  
uno wnawn fel hyn i ganu  
anthem clod ein Harglwydd  
mawr:

*Holy cherubim and seraphim,  
a myriad around the throne above,  
in a ceaseless train of sound,  
sing the praise of their dear Lord:*

*Chorus:*

"Full are the heavens of thy glory,  
full is the earth, land and sea;  
to be given to thee forever is praise,  
Holy, holy, holy Lord!"

Forever heaven swells the praise;  
above the answering earth forever -  
"Holy, holy, holy!" they say,  
"God of hosts, never-failing Lord!"

With the seraph choir above,  
with the holy Church below,  
we do join like this to sing  
an anthem of praise of our great  
Lord:

View here:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gQsb7OfImk8>

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### Closing music:

#### Paul Simon *Bridge over*

*Troubled Water* (sung by NHS  
Llandudno, May 2020)



When you're weary, feeling small  
When tears are in your eyes, I  
will dry them all, all  
I'm on your side, oh, when times  
get rough  
And friends just can't be found  
Like a bridge over troubled  
water  
I will lay me down  
Like a bridge over troubled  
water  
I will lay me down.  
When you're down and out  
When you're on the street  
When evening falls so hard  
I will comfort you  
I'll take your part, oh, when  
darkness comes  
And pain is all around  
Like a bridge over troubled  
water  
I will lay me down

Like a bridge over troubled  
water  
I will lay me down.

Sail on silver girl  
Sail on by  
Your time has come to shine  
All your dreams are on their way  
See how they shine  
Oh, if you need a friend  
I'm sailing right behind  
Like a bridge over troubled  
water  
I will ease your mind  
Like a bridge over troubled  
water  
I will ease your mind.

View here:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VXISBPKrf2E> (music starts at  
1:52)



Readers:

#### **A talk on the hymn *Newyddion***

**braf** John Jones

**Gwenallt from *Dartmoor and***

***Plasau'r Brenin*** Catrin Treharne

**Ephesians 4: 1-16** Nigel Davies

**Ephesians 4: 17-32** David Evans

**Salm 57** Megan Evans

**Mandela and Shakespeare's**

***Julius Caesar*** Mark Salmon

**from *John Milton Paradise Lost***

Glyn Pritchard

**John Clare Written in**

***Northampton County Asylum***

Joshua Games

**from *Diary of Anne Frank***

Elen Vogler

**Message, from *Prison letters of***

**Dietrich Bonhoeffer** Tudor Owen

**Prayer of *Dame Julian of***

**Norwich** Neil Evans

**Piano** John Jones

**Producer** Mike Williams

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Images: (from top):

Paul Simon and Art Garfunkel

A dove used for the sleeve for Karl Jenkins's  
*The Armed Man* CD

John Bunyan Window, Southwark Cathedral

Elfed Lewis by Water Stoneman, 1949 ©  
National Portrait Gallery, London

David 'Gwenallt' Jones

William Williams 'Pantycelyn'

Giuseppe Verdi

Nelson Mandela revisits Robben Island Prison

The Robben Island Bible – Shakespeare's *Julius*  
*Caesar*

A performance of William Shakespeare's *Julius*  
*Caesar*

Page from 'The Robben Island Bible'  
Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* annotated by  
Nelson Mandela

Reaching hands © John Lund

John Milton

Milton's Cottage, Chalfont St Giles,  
Buckinghamshire

John Clare

A drawing of St Andrew's Hospital  
Northampton, formerly Northampton  
County Asylum

Anne Frank

Dietrich Bonhoeffer

Dame Julian of Norwich

Stills from Llandudno NHS Hospital video of  
Paul Simon's *Bridge over Troubled Water*

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