

**Capel y Boro Service  
Sun 3 May 2020 at 11am**

**The Good Shepherd**

**Replay – The complete  
readings, hymns,  
translations and guide**



**Intrada and welcome**

***The king of love my shepherd is*  
(Henry Baker)**

**William Wordsworth  
from *Michael*, Part I**

**Talk – Rousseau in Wales, I**

**Diolch iti, Dad yr oesoedd,  
(Dathlu, Eirwyn George)**

**Talk – Rousseau in Wales, 2  
Salm 121 / Psalm 121**

**Talk – Rousseau in Wales, 3**

***Disgwyliaf o'r mynyddoedd draw*  
(Edmund Prys)**

**Lee Magness  
*Encountering the Prodigal Son  
in Psalm 23 Stanza 1***

**William Wordsworth from  
*Michael*, Part 2**

**Lee Magness  
*Encountering the Prodigal Son  
in Psalm 23 Stanza 2***

***Arglwydd, gad im dawl orffwys*  
(Emrys)**

**Jean-Jacques Rousseau from  
*The Social Contract*, 1 & 2**

**William Shakespeare  
*Henry VI, Part 3* excerpt from  
Act II. Sc. 5, *A Shepherd's Life***

**Hedd Wyn *Y Blotyn Du / The  
Black Spot***

**Musical interlude: John  
Tavener *The Lamb***

**Philip Larkin *First Sight***

**Dannie Abse *A Wall***

***In Heavenly Love Abiding*  
(Anna L Waring)**

**John 10: 1-18**

**John 10: 19-42**

**Prayers and Gweddi'r  
*Arglwydd / Lord's Prayer***

***Mor fawr wyt ti*  
(C Boberg trans. A Humphreys)**

**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.*



**The King of love my shepherd  
is,  
Whose goodness faileth never;  
I nothing lack if I am his  
And he is mine for ever.**

Where streams of living water  
flow  
My ransomed soul he leadeth,  
And where the verdant pastures  
grow  
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,  
But yet in love he sought me,  
And on his shoulder gently laid,  
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill  
With thee, dear Lord, beside me;  
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,  
Thy cross before to guide me.

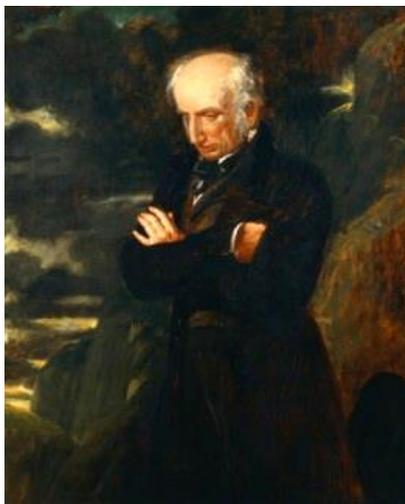
Thou spread'st a table in my sight;  
Thy unction, grace bestoweth:  
And O what transport of delight  
From thy pure chalice floweth!

And so through all the length of  
days  
Thy goodness faileth never;  
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy  
praise  
Within thy house for ever.

<https://www.bbc.co.uk/programmes/p07cdvgn>

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### William Wordsworth from *Michael*, Part I



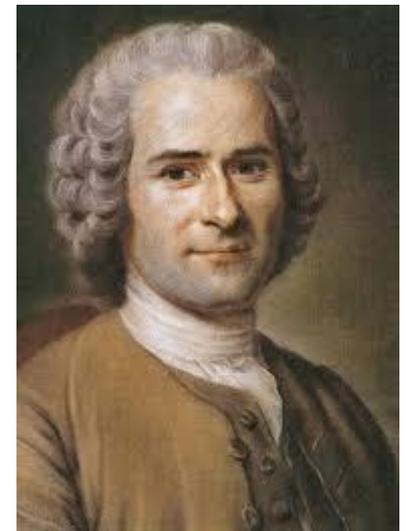
Upon the forest-side in Grasmere  
Vale  
There dwelt a Shepherd, Michael  
was his name;  
An old man, stout of heart, and  
strong of limb.  
His bodily frame had been from  
youth to age  
Of an unusual strength: his mind  
was keen,  
Intense, and frugal, apt for all  
affairs,  
And in his shepherd's calling he  
was prompt  
And watchful more than ordinary  
men.  
Hence had he learned the meaning  
of all winds,  
Of blasts of every tone; and,  
oftentimes,

When others heeded not, he  
heard the South  
Make subterraneous music, like the  
noise  
Of bagpipers on distant Highland  
hills.  
The Shepherd, at such warning, of  
his flock  
Bethought him, and he to himself  
would say,  
'The winds are now devising work  
for me!'  
And, truly, at all times, the storm,  
that drives  
The traveller to a shelter,  
summoned him  
Up to the mountains: he had been  
alone  
Amid the heart of many thousand  
mists,  
That came to him, and left him, on  
the heights.  
So lived he till his eightieth year  
was past.  
And grossly that man errs, who  
should suppose  
That the green valleys, and the  
streams and rocks,  
Were things indifferent to the  
Shepherd's thoughts.  
Fields, where with cheerful spirits  
he had breathed  
The common air; hills, which with  
vigorous step  
He had so often climbed; which  
had impressed  
So many incidents upon his mind  
Of hardship, skill or courage, joy  
or fear;  
Which, like a book, preserved the  
memory  
Of the dumb animals, whom he  
had saved,  
Had fed or sheltered, linking to  
such acts  
The certainty of honourable gain;  
Those fields, those hills—what  
could they less had laid  
Strong hold on his affections, were  
to him  
A pleasurable feeling of blind love,  
The pleasure which there is in life  
itself.

*"Michael" is a pastoral poem, written by William Wordsworth (1770 – 1850) in 1800 and first published in the 1800 edition of 'Lyrical Ballads'. Set close to his home in the English Lake District the poem is one of Wordsworth's best known and the subject of much critical literature. It tells the story of an ageing shepherd, Michael, his wife, and his only child Luke. The story of "Michael" may derive in part from the famous Parable of the Prodigal Son in the Bible. 2020 is the 250<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the poet's birth.*

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### Talk – Rousseau in Wales I A talk by John Jones



I came across a hymn tune in *Caneuon Ffydd* called Rousseau which was actually composed by the Swiss philosopher whose radical ideas greatly influenced the Age of Enlightenment throughout Europe and the French Revolution in the 18th century. When I saw this, I was reminded of a story I read a few years ago about Rousseau's connection with Wales.

Although a great figure in political thought, less is known of Rousseau the composer. He wrote seven operas in fact as well as some motets and, clearly, hymn tunes. He was of the same generation as Gluck, CPE Bach and Rameau,

though overlapped with both Handel and JS Bach.

His ideas ranged from theories about human nature, politics, education and religion that influenced many writers such as Goethe and Schiller.

He was born into a protestant family in Geneva in 1712, which had been the centre of Calvinism since the 16th century. He converted to Catholicism in Italy before returning to Calvinism on his return to Geneva. Unlike many philosophers of his time, Rousseau affirmed the necessity of religion but argued for religious tolerance rather than strict dogma. He saw the presence of God in the creation as good, separate from the harmful influence of society. He also saw the work of God in the beauty of nature and argued for freedom of discussion on religious matters rather than imposing belief by force. A highly complex figure, he remained controversial throughout his life.

Rousseau was brought to London in 1766 by David Hume, the Scottish philosopher, but Rousseau's wanted to escape to the country, in search of peace and solitude. Initially, Hume had a favourable opinion of him, describing him as "gentle, modest, affectionate and of extreme sensitivity". But that, as you'll see, didn't last.

The person who introduced Rousseau to Wales was Chase Price, the member of parliament for Radnorshire, who owned a property called Monaughty, a corruption of the Welsh *mynachdy* (monastery), near Bleddfa which had once belonged to nearby Abbey Cwm Hir. Rousseau accepted his invitation, his heart set on spending the remainder of his days in Wales. "Oh! To die

there in peace" he wrote. Unfortunately, the exasperated Hume didn't share Rousseau's enthusiasm for Wales and mounted a concerted campaign against the plan.

But Wales held a special appeal for Rousseau. "Wales" he said "is exactly like Switzerland, except for the inhabitants". He was even undaunted by the Welsh language,

"I have decided that whatever the risk, I shall throw myself into the depths of the province of Wales, where not even English is to be heard, but where the good and hospitable inhabitants will draw from their hearts the intelligence that their ears lack."

However, the plan fell through, and Rousseau went, against Hume's advice, to a country house in Staffordshire, where a place was ready for him but with one eye on a possible future visit to Wales. The two never met again and Rousseau never went to Wales.

His books however did make it to Wales as can be seen in the private collections of some of the noble estates. It was quite daring to own books by the controversialist, as they would have been burned on the continent, but we know that the Ladies of Llangollen shared an enthusiasm for his writing at Plas Newydd.

Imagine, Jean-Jacques Rousseau, the great European thinker, living and dying in Wales! And now we hear the hymn set to his music:

**Diolch iti, Dad yr oesoedd,**  
Am y ffyd a droes yn fflam  
yng nghalonau'r saint fu'n d'arddel  
yma ar anturus gam;  
diolch am y rhai fu'n casglu  
ffrwthau'r cynaefau ir  
am fod ias yr atgoyfodiad  
eto'n gyffro yn y tir.

Diolch iti, Dad y cread,  
am sylfeini'r demel hon;  
am y rhai fu'n eiriol drosom  
â thangnefedd dan eu bron;  
diolch am yr hiraeth sanctaidd  
fu'n eu dwyn i wrando'r gair  
ac yn eilio eu Hosanna  
yn genhadaeth dros Fab Mair.

Diolch iti, Dad y bywyd,  
Am y ffydd na fyn lesgáu  
yng ngweddiau'r saint sy'n ymbil  
am Sabothau l'n bywhau;  
dyro iddynt sêl dy fenith,  
tywys hwy o oes l oes  
i wrteithio tir y winllan  
yng nghwmpeni Crist y groes.

*Thank you, Father of the ages,  
For the flutter that turned into a  
flame  
in the hearts of the saints who have  
vowed  
here on an adventurous stage;  
thank you for those who collected  
the fruits of the harvests  
for the scion of the resurrection  
yet excitement in the land.*

*Thank you, Father of creation,  
about the foundations of this demon;  
about those who advocated for us  
have peace under them;  
thank you for the holy longing  
who brought them to hear the Word  
and seconded their Hosanna  
is a mission for the Son of Mary.*

*Thank you, Father of life,  
For the faith that I will not fear  
in the prayers of the saints who beg  
for Sabbaths enlivening;  
give them the seal of your tongue,  
guide them from age to age  
to fertilize the vineyard land  
in the compass of Christ the cross.*

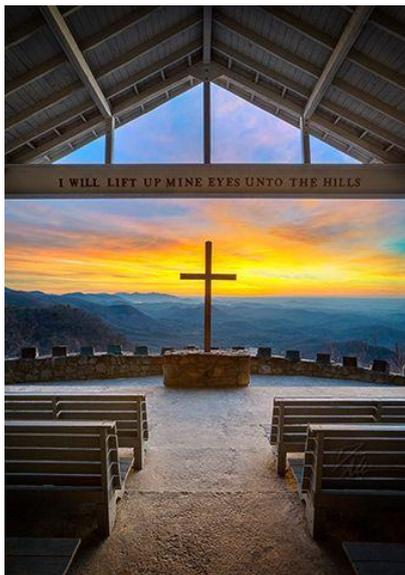
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## Talk – Rousseau in Wales 2

The Calvinists of Geneva placed a special emphasis on the congregational singing of psalms as being the hymns of God.

The next hymn is a metrical setting of Psalm 121 by Edmwnd Prys, said to be the finest writer of metrical psalms in Welsh. His *Salmau Can*, published in 1621 was the hymnbook of Wales until the 18th century, the first book in Welsh to include music as well as words. Before we have the hymn we hear the psalm in Welsh and English.

## Salm 121 / Psalm 121



Yr Arglwydd sy'n gofalu amdanat  
Cân yr orymdaith.  
Dw i'n edrych i fyny i'r  
mynyddoedd.  
ble daw help i mi?  
Daw help oddi wrth yr Arglwydd,  
yr Un wnaeth greu y nefoedd a'r  
ddaear.

Fydd e ddim yn gadael i dy droed  
lithro;  
dydy'r Un sy'n gofalu amdanat  
ddim yn cysgu.  
Wrth gwrs! Dydy'r un sy'n gofalu  
am Israel  
ddim yn gorffwys na chysgu!  
Yr Arglwydd sy'n gofalu amdanat ti;  
mae'r Arglwydd wrth dy ochr di  
yn dy amddiffyn di.

Fydd yr haul ddim yn dy lethu di  
ganol dydd,  
na'r lleuad yn effeithio arnat ti yn y  
nos.

Bydd yr Arglwydd yn dy amddiffyn  
rhag pob perygl;  
bydd yn dy gadw di'n fyw.  
Bydd yr Arglwydd yn dy gadw di'n  
saff  
ble bynnag ei di,  
o hyn allan ac am byth.

I lift up my eyes to the hills—  
from where will my help come?  
My help comes from the Lord,  
who made heaven and earth.  
He will not let your foot be  
moved;  
he who keeps you will not  
slumber.

He who keeps Israel  
will neither slumber nor sleep.  
The Lord is your keeper;  
the Lord is your shade at your  
right hand.  
The sun shall not strike you by day,  
nor the moon by night.

The Lord will keep you from all  
evil;  
he will keep your life.  
The Lord will keep  
your going out and your coming  
in  
from this time on and for  
evermore.

## Talk – Rousseau in Wales 3



Edmwnd Prys was a clergyman  
from Llanrwst. He was a

contemporary of William Morgan,  
the bishop who translated the  
bible into Welsh, at St. John's  
College, Cambridge and became  
archdeacon of Meirionnydd and  
later a canon of St. Asaph  
cathedral. Like many clergymen of  
his age, he played an active part in  
the literary life of Wales, but his  
reputation rests on his translations  
of psalms into free verse, suitable  
for congregational singing which  
have been used by many  
denominations for centuries. We  
will now sing one based on the  
psalm we have just heard:

## Disgwyliaf o'r mynyddoedd draw:

ble daw im help 'wyllysgar?  
Yr Arglwydd, rhydd im gymorth  
gref,  
hwn a wnaeth nef a daear.

Dy droed i lithro, ef nis gad,  
a'th Geidwad fydd heb huno;  
wele dy Geidwad, Israel lân,  
heb hun na hepiant arno.

Ar dy law ddehau mae dy Dduw,  
yr Arglwydd yw dy Geidwad;  
dy lygru ni chaiff haul y dydd,  
a'r nos nid rhydd i'r lleuad.

Yr lôn a'th geidw rhag pob drwg  
a rhag pob cilwg anfad;  
cei fynd a dyfod byth yn rhwydd:  
yr Arglwydd fydd dy Geidwad.

*I watch expectantly from the  
distant mountains:  
whence comes my willing help?  
The Lord, he will bestow  
on me strong support,  
He who made heaven and earth.*

*Thy foot to slip, he will not let,  
and thy keeper will not sleep;  
See thy keeper, holy Israel,  
without any sleep or dozing.*

*At thy right hand is thy God,  
the Lord is thy Keeper;  
the sun will not get to corrupt thee by  
day,*

and at night he will not allow the moon.

It is the Lord who keeps you from every evil  
and from every threatening ill;  
You may go and come forever freely:  
the Lord will be thy Keeper.

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### Lee Magness Encountering the Prodigal Son in Psalm 23 Stanza 1



*Psalmist:* The Lord is my shepherd.  
*Narrator:* What man of you, having a hundred sheep, if he has lost one of them...

Or what woman, having ten silver coins, if she loses one coin...  
There was a man who had two sons.

*Psalmist:* The Lord is my shepherd. I shall not want.

*Narrator:* And the younger of them said to his father,  
“Father, give me the share of property that is coming to me.”  
And he divided his property between them. Not many days later, the younger son...

...gathered all he had and took a journey into a far country, and there he squandered his property in reckless living. And when he had spent everything, a severe famine arose in that country,

and he began to be in want.

*Psalmist:* The Lord is my shepherd. I shall not want.

*Narrator:* So he went and hired himself out to one of the citizens of that country, who sent him into his fields to feed pigs.

And he was longing to be fed with the pods that the pigs ate,

and no one gave him anything.

*Psalmist:* The Lord is my shepherd. I shall not want. He makes me lie down in green pastures. He leads me beside still waters. He restores my soul.

*Narrator:* But when he came to himself, he said,  
“How many of my father's hired servants have more than enough bread,”

*Psalmist:* He makes me lie down in green pastures.

*Narrator:* “More than enough bread,”

*Psalmist:* He leads me beside still waters.

*Narrator:* “More than enough bread, but I perish here with hunger!”

*Psalmist:* I shall not want.

*Narrator:* “I will arise and go to my father, and I will say to him, ‘Father, I have sinned against heaven and before you.

I am no longer worthy to be called your son. Treat me as one of your hired servants.”

*Psalmist:* He makes me lie down in green pastures. He leads me beside still waters.

He restores my soul. He leads me in paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

*Narrator:* And he arose and came to his father. But while he was still a long way off, his father saw him and felt compassion, and ran and embraced him and kissed him.

*Psalmist:* Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,

*Narrator:* but I perish here with hunger!

He was dead!

*Psalmist:* I will fear no evil, for you are with me; your rod and your staff, they comfort me.

*Narrator:* And the son said to him, “Father, I have sinned against heaven and before you. I am no longer worthy to be called your son.”

But the father said to his servants, ‘...let us eat and celebrate. For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found.’”

*Psalmist:* You prepare a table before me in the presence of my enemies;  
you anoint my head with oil; my cup overflows.

*Narrator:* But the father said to his servants, “Bring quickly the best robe, and put it on him, and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet.

And bring the fattened calf and kill it, and let us eat and celebrate.

*Psalmist:* Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life,

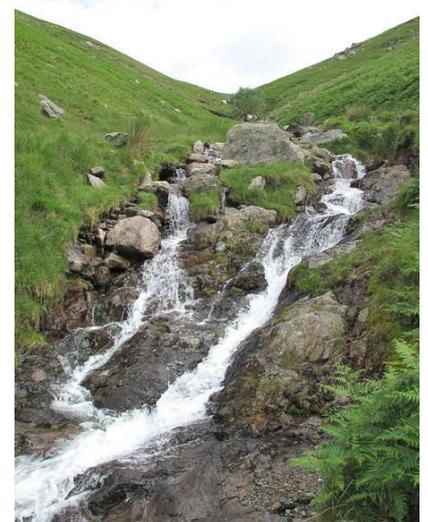
*Narrator:* But while he was still a long way off, his father saw him and felt compassion,

*Psalmist:* and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

*Narrator:* For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found.’

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### William Wordsworth from *Michael*, Part 2



The shepherd Michael lost half his land when he used it as a surety for a nephew who had met with financial misfortune. When his only son Luke reaches the age of 18, Michael sends him to stay in London with a

*merchant that he might learn a trade and acquire sufficient wealth to regain the land that Michael has lost. It breaks Michael's heart to send Luke away and he makes his son lay the first stone of a sheepfold as a covenant between them that he will return.*

Heaven forgive me, Luke,  
If I judge ill for thee, but it seems good  
That thou shouldst go.'  
At this the old Man paused; Then, pointing to the stones near which they stood,  
Thus, after a short silence, he resumed:  
'This was a work for us; and now, my Son,  
It is a work for me. But, lay one stone—  
Here, lay it for me, Luke, with thine own hands.  
Nay, Boy, be of good hope;—we both may live  
To see a better day. At eighty-four I still am strong and hale;—do thou thy part;  
I will do mine.—I will begin again  
With many tasks that were resigned to thee:  
Up to the heights, and in among the storms,  
Will I without thee go again, and do  
All works which I was wont to do alone,  
Before I knew thy face.—Heaven bless thee, Boy!  
Thy heart these two weeks has been beating fast  
With many hopes; it should be so—yes—yes—  
I knew that thou couldst never have a wish  
To leave me, Luke: thou hast been bound to me  
Only by links of love: when thou art gone,  
What will be left to us!—But, I forget  
My purposes: Lay now the corner-stone,

As I requested; and hereafter,  
Luke,  
When thou art gone away, should evil men  
Be thy companions, think of me, my Son,  
And of this moment; hither turn thy thoughts,  
And God will strengthen thee: amid all fear  
And all temptations, Luke, I pray that thou  
May'st bear in mind the life thy Fathers lived,  
Who, being innocent, did for that cause  
Bestir them in good deeds. Now, fare thee well—  
When thou return'st, thou in this place wilt see  
A work which is not here: a covenant  
'Twill be between us; but, whatever fate  
Befall thee, I shall love thee to the last,  
And bear thy memory with me to the grave.'  
The Shepherd ended here; and Luke stooped down,  
And, as his Father had requested, laid  
The first stone of the Sheepfold. At the sight  
The old Man's grief broke from him; to his heart  
He pressed his Son, he kissed him and wept;  
And to the house together they returned.  
—Hushed was that House in peace, or seeming peace,  
Ere the Night fell:—with morrow's dawn the Boy  
Began his journey, and when he had reached  
The public way, he put on a bold face;  
And all the neighbours, as he passed their doors,  
Came forth with wishes and with farewell prayers,  
That followed him till he was out of sight.

A good report did from their kinsman come,  
Of Luke and his well-doing: and the Boy  
Wrote loving letters, full of wondrous news,  
Which, as the Housewife phrased it, were throughout  
'The prettiest letters that were ever seen.'  
Both parents read them with rejoicing hearts.  
So, many months passed on: and once again  
The Shepherd went about his daily work  
With confident and cheerful thoughts; and now  
Sometimes when he could find a leisure hour  
He to that valley took his way, and there  
Wrought at the Sheepfold.  
Meantime Luke began  
To slacken in his duty; and, at length,  
He in the dissolute city gave himself  
To evil courses: ignominy and shame  
Fell on him, so that he was driven at last  
To seek a hiding-place beyond the seas.  
There is a comfort in the strength of love;  
'Twill make a thing endurable, which else  
Would upset the brain, or break the heart:  
I have conversed with more than one who well  
Remember the old Man, and what he was  
Years after he had heard this heavy news.  
His bodily frame had been from youth to age  
Of an unusual strength. Among the rocks  
He went, and still looked up to sun and cloud,  
And listened to the wind; and, as before,

Performed all kinds of labour for  
 his sheep,  
 And for the land, his small  
 inheritance.  
 And to that hollow dell from time  
 to time  
 Did he repair, to build the Fold of  
 which  
 His flock had need. 'Tis not  
 forgotten yet  
 The pity which was then in every  
 heart  
 For the old Man—and 'tis believed  
 by all  
 That many and many a day he  
 thither went,  
 And never lifted up a single stone.  
 There, by the Sheepfold,  
 sometimes was he seen  
 Sitting alone, or with his faithful  
 Dog,  
 Then old, beside him, lying at his  
 feet.  
 The length of full seven years, from  
 time to time,  
 He at the building of this Sheepfold  
 wrought,  
 And left the work unfinished when  
 he died.  
 Three years, or little more, did  
 Isabel  
 Survive her Husband: at her death  
 the estate  
 Was sold, and went into a  
 stranger's hand.  
 The Cottage which was named *The  
 Evening Star*  
 Is gone—the ploughshare has been  
 through the ground  
 On which it stood; great changes  
 have been wrought  
 In all the neighbourhood:—yet the  
 oak is left  
 That grew beside their door; and  
 the remains  
 Of the unfinished Sheepfold may  
 be seen  
 Beside the boisterous brook of  
 Greenhead Ghyll.



*Psalmist:* The Lord is my shepherd.  
 I shall not want.  
*Narrator:* Now his older son was in  
 the field, and as he came and drew  
 near to the house,  
 he heard music and dancing.  
 And he called one of the servants  
 and asked what these things meant.  
*Psalmist:* He makes me lie down in  
 green pastures. He leads me  
 beside still waters.  
 He restores my soul. He leads me  
 in paths of righteousness for his  
 name's sake.  
*Narrator:* And he said to him,  
 “Your brother has come, and your  
 father has killed the fattened calf,  
 because he has received him back  
 safe and sound.”  
*Psalmist:* Even though I walk  
 through the valley of the shadow  
 of death...  
*Narrator:* But he was angry and  
 refused to go in.  
*Psalmist:* ...I will fear no evil, for  
 you are with me; your rod and  
 your staff, they comfort me.  
*Narrator:* His father came out and  
 comforted him,  
*Psalmist:* You prepare a table  
 before me in the presence of my  
 enemies;  
 you anoint my head with oil; my  
 cup overflows.  
*Narrator:* but he answered his  
 father,  
 “Look, these many years I have  
 served you, and I never disobeyed  
 your command,

yet you never gave me a young  
 goat, that I might celebrate with  
 my friends.

*Psalmist:* ...in the presence of my  
 enemies...

*Narrator:* But when this son of  
 yours came, who has devoured  
 your property with prostitutes,  
 you killed the fattened calf for  
 him!”

*Psalmist:* Surely goodness and  
 mercy shall follow me all the days  
 of my life,

*Narrator:* And he said to him, “Son,  
 you are always with me, and all  
 that is mine is yours.”

*Psalmist:* and I shall dwell in the  
 house of the Lord forever.

*Narrator:* “You must celebrate and  
 be glad, for this your brother was  
 dead, and is alive; he was lost, and  
 is found.”

*Lee Magness, the author of this  
 adaptation combining two texts, says  
 “the most obvious connection  
 between Psalm 23 and Luke 15 is the  
 common reference to shepherds. But  
 since the three ‘lost’ parables of Luke  
 15 are parallel in meaning, we will  
 not be surprised to find similarities  
 between the parable of the Prodigal  
 Son and the Psalm. What is  
 surprising is the number and  
 significance of the similarities.”  
 This reading interweaves one of  
 David’s best known and most loved  
 psalms, Psalm 23, with one of Jesus’s  
 best known and most loved parables,  
 the Prodigal Son. The psalmist is  
 joined here by a narrator who serves  
 mainly as the teller of the parable.  
 But he also voices the words or  
 experience of the two lost sons. “At its  
 heart,” says Magness, “the parable of  
 the Prodigal Son has a profoundly  
 missional message: God longs for the  
 lost, the broken, the marginalised;  
 God is extravagantly compassionate  
 at their return; and God lovingly  
 restores all the lost, the self-reliant  
 and the self-righteous.” Dr Lee  
 Magness is professor emeritus of  
 Bible at Milligan College, a private  
 Christian liberal arts college in the*

Tennessee, where he taught Greek and New Testament for thirty years.

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### **Arglwydd, gad im dawel orffwys**

dan gysgodau'r palmwydd clyd  
lle yr eistedd pererinion  
ar eu ffordd i'r nefol fyd,  
lle'r adroddant dy ffyddlondeb  
iddynt yn yr anial cras  
nes anghofio'u cyfyngderau  
wrth foliannu nerth dy ras.

O mor hoff yw cwmni'r brodyr  
sydd â'u hwyneb tua'r wlad  
heb un tafod yn gwenieithio,  
heb un fron yn meithrin brad;  
gwllith y nefoedd ar eu profiad,  
atsain hyder yn eu hiaith;  
teimlant hiraeth am eu cartref,  
carant sôn am ben eu taith.

Arglwydd, dal ni nes mynd adref,  
nid yw'r llwybyr eto'n faith;  
gwened heulwen ar ein henaid  
wrth nesáu at ben y daith;  
doed y nefol awel dyner  
i'n cyfarfod yn y glyn  
nes in deimlo'n traed yn sengi  
ar uchelder Seion fryn.

*Lord, give me quiet rest  
under the shade of cosy palms,  
where sit pilgrims  
on their way to the heavenly world,  
where they report thy faithfulness  
to them in the rough desert,  
until they forget their distresses  
while praising the power of thy grace.*

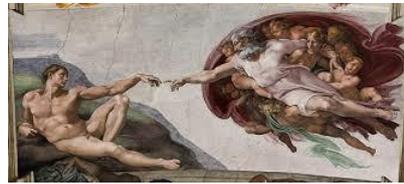
*O how pleased is the company of the  
brothers  
who with their face towards the land  
without one tongue flattering,  
without one breast cultivating  
treachery;  
the dew of heaven on their experience,  
an echo of confidence in their  
language;  
they feel longing for their home,  
they love to speak  
of the end of their journey.*

*Lord, keep us until we go home,  
no longer is the path lengthy;  
may the sun shine on our soul;  
as we draw near to the end of our  
journey;  
may the gentle heavenly breeze come  
to meet us in the vale  
until we feel our feet tread  
on the height of mount Zion.*

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Qg07xIAnSO4>

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### **Jean-Jacques Rousseau from *The Social Contract*, I & 2**



Man is born free; and everywhere he is in chains. One thinks himself the master of others, and still remains a greater slave than they. How did this change come about? I do not know. What can make it legitimate? That question I think I can answer.

If I took into account only force, and the effects derived from it, I should say: "As long as a people is compelled to obey, and obeys, it does well; as soon as it can shake off the yoke, and shakes it off, it does still better; for, regaining its liberty by the same right as took it away, either it is justified in resuming it, or there was no justification for those who took it away." But the social order is a sacred right which is the basis of all other rights. Nevertheless, this right does not come from nature, and must therefore be founded on conventions.

The family may be called the first model of political societies: the ruler corresponds to the father, and the people to the children; and

all, being born free and equal, alienate their liberty only for their own advantage. The whole difference is that, in the family, the love of the father for his children repays him for the care he takes of them, while, in the State, the pleasure of commanding takes the place of the love which the chief cannot have for the peoples under him.

Grotius denies that all human power is established in favour of the governed, and quotes slavery as an example. His usual method of reasoning is constantly to establish right by fact. It would be possible to employ a more logical method, but none could be more favourable to tyrants.

It is then, according to Grotius, doubtful whether the human race belongs to a hundred men, or that hundred men to the human race: and, throughout his book, he seems to incline to the former alternative, which is also the view of Hobbes. On this showing, the human species is divided into so many herds of cattle, each with its ruler, who keeps guard over them for the purpose of devouring them.

As a shepherd is of a nature superior to that of his flock, the shepherds of men, i.e. their rulers, are of a nature superior to that of the peoples under them. Thus, Philo tells us, the Emperor Caligula reasoned, concluding equally well, either that kings were gods, or that men were beasts.

The reasoning of Caligula agrees with that of Hobbes and Grotius. Aristotle, before any of them, had said that men are by no means equal naturally, but that some are born for slavery, and others for dominion.

Aristotle was right; but he took the effect for the cause. Nothing

can be more certain than that every man born in slavery is born for slavery. Slaves lose everything in their chains, even the desire of escaping from them.

I have said nothing of King Adam, or Emperor Noah, father of the three great monarchs who shared out the universe, like the children of Saturn, whom some scholars have recognised in them. I trust to getting due thanks for my moderation; for, being a direct descendant of one of these princes, perhaps of the eldest branch, how do I know that a verification of titles might not leave me the legitimate king of the human race? In any case, there can be no doubt that Adam was sovereign of the world, as Robinson Crusoe was of his island, as long as he was its only inhabitant; and this empire had the advantage that the monarch, safe on his throne, had no rebellions, wars, or conspirators to fear.

*Jean-Jacques Rousseau (1712 –78) was a Genevan philosopher, writer and composer. His political philosophy influenced the progress of the Enlightenment throughout Europe, as well as aspects of the French Revolution and the development of modern political, economic and educational thought.*

*His 'Discourse on Inequality' and 'The Social Contract' are cornerstones in modern political and social thought. His work was hugely influential on the Romantic movement and Wordsworth was particularly inspired by his views on education.*

*His shepherding analogy in this passage from 'The Social Contract' and his discourse on the legitimacy of the power of kings and rulers leads nicely into our Shakespeare speech in which King Henry VI ponders the life of a shepherd.*

### **William Shakespeare Henry VI, Part 3 excerpt from Act II. Sc. 5, A Shepherd's Life**



**KING HENRY:**  
Would I were dead! if God's good will were so;  
For what is in this world but grief and woe?  
—O God! methinks, it were a happy life,  
To be no better than a homely swain;  
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,  
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,  
Thereby to see the minutes how they run:  
How many make the hour full complete,  
How many hours bring about the day,  
How many days will finish up the year,  
How many years a mortal man may live.  
When this is known, then to divide the times:—  
So many hours must I tend my flock;  
So many hours must I take my rest;  
So many hours must I contemplate;  
So many hours must I sport myself;  
So many days my ewes have been with young;  
So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean;  
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:  
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,  
Passed over to the end they were created,

Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.  
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!  
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade  
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,  
Than doth a rich embroidered canopy  
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?

*Henry ponders the life of a shepherd while he sits out the Battle of Towton, away from the battlefield, in Yorkshire, England in Shakespeare's 'Henry VI: Part 3' (c1591.)*

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### **Hedd Wyn Y Blodyn Du / The Black Spot**



#### **Y Blodyn Du**

Nid oes gennym hawl ar y sêr,  
Na'r lleuad hiraethus chwaith,  
Na'r cwmwl o aur a ymylch  
Yng nghanol y glesni maith.  
Nid oes gennym hawl ar ddim byd  
Ond ar yr hen ddaear wyw;  
A honno syn anhrefn i gyd  
Yng nghanol gogoniant Duw.

#### **The Black Spot**

We have no claim to the stars  
Nor the sad-faced moon of night

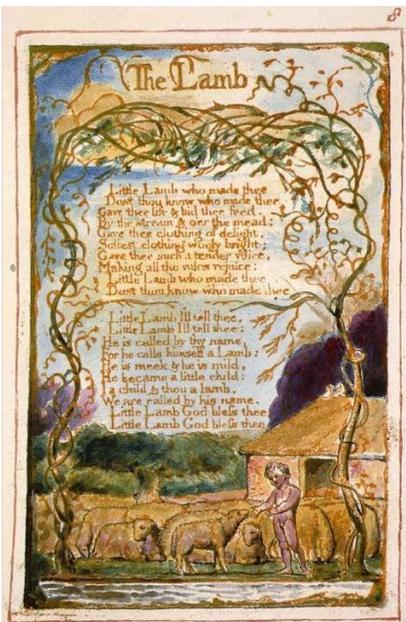
Nor the golden cloud that  
 immerses itself in celestial light.  
 We only have a right to exist  
 On earth in its vast devastation,  
 And it's only man's strife that  
 destroys  
 The glory of God's creation.

Trans. Alan Lwyd

*Hedd Wyn (born Ellis Humphrey Evans, 1887 –1917) was a Welsh-language poet who was killed on the first day of the Battle of Passchendaele during World War I. He was posthumously awarded the bard's chair at the 1917 National Eisteddfod. Evans, who had been awarded several chairs for his poetry, was inspired to take the bardic name 'Hedd Wyn,' ("blessed peace") from the way sunlight penetrated the mist in the Meirionnydd valleys.*

*Born in the village of Trawsfynydd, Wales, Evans wrote much of his poetry while working as a shepherd on his family's hill farm. His style, which was influenced by romantic poetry, was dominated by themes of nature and religion. He also wrote several war poems following the outbreak of war on the Western Front in 1914, including 'Y Blotyn Du.'*

## John Tavener *The Lamb*



## Choir of King's College, Cambridge; Stephen Cleobury

Little Lamb who made thee  
 Dost thou know who made thee  
 Gave thee life & bid thee feed.  
 By the stream & o'er the mead;  
 Gave thee clothing of delight,  
 Softest clothing woolly bright;  
 Gave thee such a tender voice,  
 Making all the vales rejoice!  
 Little Lamb who made thee  
 Dost thou know who made thee

Little Lamb I'll tell thee,  
 Little Lamb I'll tell thee!  
 He is called by thy name,  
 For he calls himself a Lamb:  
 He is meek & he is mild,  
 He became a little child:  
 I a child & thou a lamb,  
 We are called by his name.  
 Little Lamb God bless thee.  
 Little Lamb God bless thee.

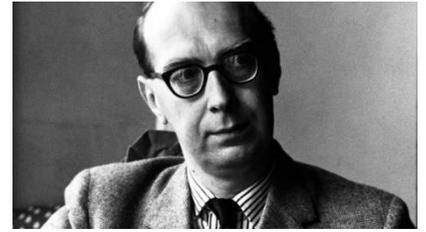
William Bake

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IYpVGBSS65o>

*'The Lamb' is a choral work by British composer Sir John Tavener composed in 1982. It is a setting to music of the William Blake poem 'The Lamb' from Blake's collection of poems 'Songs of Innocence.' It is one of Tavener's best known works. 'The Lamb' was performed shortly after its composition at the Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols by the Choir of Kings College Chapel, Cambridge on Christmas Eve 1982. We hear their performance in today's service (youtube link above.)*

*John Tavener (1944 –2013) was an English composer, known for his extensive output of religious works, such as 'The Protecting Veil' and 'Song for Athene' – sung at the funeral of Diana, Princess of Wales. Tavener first came to prominence with his cantata 'The Whale', premiered in 1968.*

## Philip Larkin *First Sight*



Lambs that learn to walk in snow  
 When their bleating clouds the air  
 Meet a vast unwelcome, know  
 Nothing but a sunless glare.  
 Newly stumbling to and fro  
 All they find, outside the fold,  
 Is a wretched width of cold.

As they wait beside the ewe,  
 Her fleeces wetly caked, there lies  
 Hidden round them, waiting too,  
 Earth's immeasurable surprise.  
 They could not grasp it if they  
 knew,  
 What so soon will wake and grow  
 Utterly unlike the snow.

*'First Sight' is a short poem written by Philip Larkin in 1956, and published in his 1964 collection 'The Whitsun Weddings.' Unusually for Larkin, it is a rather upbeat poem, a beautiful lyric about the natural world.*

*First Sight' describes lambs taking their first steps in the snow, meditating upon the fact that the animals can have no grasp of the world without snow, of the grass and flowers beneath the white wintry canopy that is awaiting them when spring comes. The poem might also, by extension, be said to be about innocence more generally, given that it fuses a number of common tropes associated with innocence: lambs, snow, the new-born.*

*Philip Larkin CH CBE (1922 –85) was an English poet, novelist, and librarian of the Brynmor Jones Library at the University of Hull for 30 years.*

## Dannie Abse A Wall



In a field in the County of Glamorgan.  
You won't find it named in any guidebook.  
It lies, plonk, in the middle of rising ground,  
forty-four paces long, high as your eyes,  
It begins for no reason, ends no place.  
No other walls are adjacent to it.  
Seemingly unremarkable, it's just there,  
Stones of different sizes, different greys.

Don't say this wall is useless, that the grass  
On the shadow side is much like the other.  
It exists for golden lichens to settle,  
For butterflies in their obstacle race  
Chasing each other to the winning post,  
For huddling sheep in a slanting rainfall,  
For you to say, "This wall is beautiful."

*Daniel Abse, CBE (1923 –2014) was a Welsh poet and physician. Abse was born in Cardiff, Wales, to a Jewish family. He was the younger brother of politician and reformer Leo Abse and the eminent psychoanalyst, Wilfred Abse. Unusually for a middle-class Jewish boy, Dannie Abse attended St Illtyd's College, a working-class Catholic school in Splott. Abse studied medicine, first at the University of Wales College of Medicine, and then at Westminster*

*Hospital Medical School and King's College London.*

*Abse was a passionate supporter of Cardiff City football club. He first went to watch them play in 1934 and many of his writings refer to his experiences watching and lifelong love of the team known as "The Bluebirds."*

*Although best known as a poet, Abse worked in the medical field, and was a physician in a chest clinic for over thirty years. He received numerous literary awards and fellowships for his writing. In 1989, he received an honorary doctorate from the University of Wales. His poem 'A Wall' offers us a similarly upbeat and transformative natural experience as Larkin's 'First Sight.'*

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### In Heavenly Love Abiding

no change my heart shall fear.  
and safe in such confiding,  
for nothing changes here:  
the storm may roar without me,  
my heart may low be laid;  
but God is round about me, and  
can I be dismayed?

Wherever He may guide me,  
no want shall turn me back;  
my Shepherd is beside me,  
and nothing can I lack:  
His wisdom ever waketh,  
His sight is never dim;  
He knows the way He taketh,  
and I will walk with Him.

Green pastures are before me,  
which yet I have not seen;  
bright skies will soon be o'er me,  
where darkest clouds have been;  
my hope I cannot measure,  
my path to life is free;  
my Saviour has my treasure,  
and He will walk with me.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7SFxG0h57kk>

## John 10: 1-18



'Very truly, I tell you, anyone who does not enter the sheepfold by the gate but climbs in by another way is a thief and a bandit. The one who enters by the gate is the shepherd of the sheep. The gatekeeper opens the gate for him, and the sheep hear his voice. He calls his own sheep by name and leads them out. When he has brought out all his own, he goes ahead of them, and the sheep follow him because they know his voice. They will not follow a stranger, but they will run from him because they do not know the voice of strangers.' Jesus used this figure of speech with them, but they did not understand what he was saying to them.

So again Jesus said to them, 'Very truly, I tell you, I am the gate for the sheep. All who came before me are thieves and bandits; but the sheep did not listen to them. I am the gate. Whoever enters by me will be saved, and will come in and go out and find pasture. The thief comes only to steal and kill and destroy. I came that they may have life, and have it abundantly.

'I am the good shepherd. The good shepherd lays down his life for the sheep. The hired hand, who is not the shepherd and does not own the sheep, sees the wolf coming and leaves the sheep and runs away—and the wolf snatches them and scatters them. The hired hand runs away because a hired

hand does not care for the sheep. I am the good shepherd. I know my own and my own know me, just as the Father knows me and I know the Father. And I lay down my life for the sheep. I have other sheep that do not belong to this fold. I must bring them also, and they will listen to my voice. So there will be one flock, one shepherd. For this reason the Father loves me, because I lay down my life in order to take it up again. No one takes it from me, but I lay it down of my own accord. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it up again. I have received this command from my Father.'

### John 10: 19-42

Again the Jews were divided because of these words. Many of them were saying, 'He has a demon and is out of his mind. Why listen to him?' Others were saying, 'These are not the words of one who has a demon. Can a demon open the eyes of the blind?'

At that time the festival of the Dedication took place in Jerusalem. It was winter, and Jesus was walking in the temple, in the portico of Solomon. So the Jews gathered around him and said to him, 'How long will you keep us in suspense? If you are the Messiah, tell us plainly.' Jesus answered, 'I have told you, and you do not believe. The works that I do in my Father's name testify to me; but you do not believe, because you do not belong to my sheep. My sheep hear my voice. I know them, and they follow me. I give them eternal life, and they will never perish. No one will snatch them out of my hand. What my Father has given me is greater than all else, and no one can snatch it out of the Father's hand. The Father and I are one.'

The Jews took up stones again to stone him. Jesus replied, 'I have shown you many good works from the Father. For which of these are

you going to stone me?' The Jews answered, 'It is not for a good work that we are going to stone you, but for blasphemy, because you, though only a human being, are making yourself God.' Jesus answered, 'Is it not written in your law, "I said, you are gods"? If those to whom the word of God came were called "gods"—and the scripture cannot be annulled—can you say that the one whom the Father has sanctified and sent into the world is blaspheming because I said, "I am God's Son"? If I am not doing the works of my Father, then do not believe me. But if I do them, even though you do not believe me, believe the works, so that you may know and understand that the Father is in me and I am in the Father.' Then they tried to arrest him again, but he escaped from their hands.

He went away again across the Jordan to the place where John had been baptizing earlier, and he remained there. Many came to him, and they were saying, 'John performed no sign, but everything that John said about this man was true.' And many believed in him there.



### Prayers and Gweddi'r Arglwydd / Lord's Prayer

Psalm 23 *The Lord is my shepherd* embodies a message of hope that we are reconciled and restored to

the God who has lived and died with us – as shepherd and sheep. It speaks of trust in the days of our lives and not simply through the passage of death, and is therefore in many ways a call to discipleship safe in the knowledge that, despite the fears and challenges which surround us, we can rely on the everlasting presence and guidance of God.

There are dozens of references to shepherds throughout Scripture. In Jesus's day, shepherding was a vital occupation, although those who carried out the role were outcasts and among the lowliest of society. The task of shepherding was one fraught with danger. The shepherd would face predators, bandits and thieves, as well as having to navigate difficult and hostile terrain. Here, Jesus uses two metaphors for Himself – shepherd and gate. The function of the gate is to keep the sheep together during the night, safe from thieves and predators. During the day the gate is opened so that the sheep may follow their shepherd to find pasture. The gate and the shepherd work together for the well-being of the sheep, so that the flock thrives. Jesus is simultaneously the gate and the shepherd, guarding and protecting His sheep from danger and providing for their nourishment. This image embodies the Christian life – total freedom together with total security – and encompasses the second part of verse 10 in which Jesus speaks of eternal life. Again, we are reminded of what it means to be a disciple of Jesus. We realise that if, like sheep, we strive to remain united, we will fare better; that there is promise of nourishment and opportunity if we choose to follow, and that while hearing the voice of Jesus does not always happen easily, He will never abandon us.

A recurring theme in today's service is that of how we, as Christians, live in the light of the resurrection of Jesus. The

questions we may want to pose are what sort of model of Christian life do we seek to build within our churches and community, as well as our personal lives? What does it mean for us as followers of Jesus today, in our own context, to have both freedom and protection? What does it mean to have life in abundance? How can our lives better reflect what God has done for us and the living presence of Christ in our midst? The sheepfold of which Jesus speaks in John can also be seen as a metaphor for the Church, which might raise the question: what kind of a door do we make? Might we do things another way? Might we speak differently so that others will hear the voice of the Shepherd and wish to join us? As we continue our journey through the Easter season towards Pentecost, there is perhaps no better time to consider how we might hear the resurrection message in a fresh way, listen for the voice of the Shepherd reminding us of where He is, and where He wants us to go. We cannot completely experience eternal life until we share it. By sharing Christ's mission to bring eternal life to all of God's people, we experience that life even more fully. This means realising that eternal life is not some after-death future promise, but that it comes by engaging with those around us, to discover what is robbing them of life, and standing with them against those forces. It means realising that eternal life starts when we live into the grace that we have received, by sharing it with others.

Let us pray:

Lord God, you are our Saviour and king, our master and friend, our shepherd and guide. Wherever we go, you are with us. Wherever we stray, you seek us out. Whenever we call, you hear us.

You are our promise and our hope, our place of rest and peace,

our security and our sureness. Whoever we are, you accept us. Whatever we do, you love us. Whenever we fall, you lift us up.

Lord God we come to this place from different places, different lives, different situations, with different concerns and different dreams. Yet we come as one, a people of shared faith in a God who shared all.

And so we praise you, Lord God, that you have risen from the dead to fulfil Your promise to all creation; we praise you that you have gifted us your spirit as a companion and guide. We praise you that you have chosen us as your people to build your kingdom here on earth.

Gracious God our path in life does not always lead us into quiet, calm places of caring and compassion for others. Our journey often takes us off the beaten track and into the difficult terrain of selfishness and anger. Our progress is often slowed by fear and anxiety.

Yet you remain at our side, Lord, to comfort and provide, reminding us of your promise that all is forgiven for all time. And so we praise you, Lord, that you bless us anew each day with your grace and goodness. That you open doors to fresh opportunities and that you lead us by the hand to a place we can call home.

Lord, at this time of a global pandemic, help us to work and live together, supporting one another, and as we see scientists, doctors and health practitioners working together, as politicians come to work together and set aside their differences, as countries come together united in beating this terrible disease, let us understand how the sheepfold must include everyone and that shepherding and the fold can be a metaphor for inclusiveness and unity.

Lord, you are our shepherd. We thank you that you give us everything we need. That you offer us rest and refreshment through your word. That you keep us on the straight and narrow when we are prone to stray. We thank you that those times when we are afraid we can trust that you watch out for us.

Lord God, shepherd all your people on their different journeys with their different joys and struggles. Remind them that all are honoured guests at your table and that all may find a home in you. Lavish them with your goodness and love so that they might know that in you they have everything they need. In Jesus's name we pray. Amen.

Now we shall sing the Lord's Prayer.

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.  
Canys eiddot Ti yw y deyrnas, a'r  
nerth  
a'r gogoniant,  
Yn oes oesoedd. 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.*

## Mor fawr wyt ti

Fy Arglwydd Dduw,  
Daw im barchedig ofon,  
Wrth feddwl am holl  
Waith dy  
Ddwylo di.  
Yng nghân y sêr a rhu y  
Daran ddofon,  
Drwy'r cread oll, dy rym  
A welef i.

*Cyngan:* Cân f'enaid cân, fy  
Arglwydd Dduw I ti  
Mor fawr wyt ti, mor fawr wyt ti;  
Cân f'enaid cân fy Arglwydd Dduw  
i ti.  
Mor fawr wyt ti, mor fawr wyt ti

Pan ddaw i'm cof i Dduw  
Roi'i Fab heb arbed,  
Ai roi yn iawn, tu hwnt i  
ddeall dyn.  
Ar groes o'i fodd yn dwyn fy  
Maich i'm gwared,  
I faddau 'mai rhoes ef ei  
waed ei hun.

Pan ddêl y Crist a bloedd y  
Fuddugoliaeth,  
A'm dwyn I dref, mor llawen  
Fyddaf fi  
Ymgrymu yno wnaif mewn  
parchedigaeth,  
gan ddatgan byth, fy Nuw,  
mor fawr wyt ti.

*O Lord, my God, when I in awesome  
wonder  
Consider all the worlds Thy Hands  
have made.  
I see the stars, I hear the rolling  
thunder  
Thy power throughout the universe  
displayed.*

*Refrain: Then sings my soul, my  
Saviour God, to Thee  
How great Thou art, how great Thou  
art  
Then sings my soul, my Saviour God,  
to Thee  
How great Thou art, how great Thou  
art.*

*And when I think of God, His Son not  
sparing  
Sent Him to die, I scarce can take it  
in  
That on the Cross, my burden gladly  
bearing  
He bled and died to take away my  
sin.*

*When Christ shall come with shout of  
acclamation  
And lead me home, what joy shall fill  
my heart  
Then I shall bow with humble  
adoration  
And then proclaim, my God, how  
great Thou art.*

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7Va\\_MB5spCY](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7Va_MB5spCY)

## Blessing

You are sought, seek peace. You  
are loved, love justice. You are  
protected, protect the weak. You  
are safe, save the lost. You are  
chosen, choose life.

## Closing music: from Handel Meseia - Cor Eifonydd; Pat Jones

### Readers:

William Wordsworth  
from Michael, Part 1 *Mark Salmon*

Talk – Rousseau in Wales *John Jones*

Salm 121 / Psalm 121 *Megan Evans*

Lee Magness  
The Prodigal Son in Psalm 23  
*Psalmist: Jenny Thomas*  
*Narrator: Stephen Thomas*

William Wordsworth  
from Michael, Part 2 *Glyn Pritchard*

Jean-Jacques Rousseau  
from The Social Contract, I & 2  
*Sir Simon Hughes*

William Shakespeare  
Henry VI, Part 3 excerpt from Act II. Sc.  
5, A Shepherd's Life *Dewi Griffiths*

Hedd Wyn Y Blotyn Du  
/ The Black Spot *Catrin Treharne*

Philip Larkin First Sight *Joshua Games*

Dannie Abse A Wall *June Parry Jones*

John 10: 1-18 *David Evans*

John 10: 19-42 *Tudor Owen*

Prayers and Blessing *Neil Evans*

Piano *John Jones*  
Producer *Mike Williams*

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*Pictures: (from top)*

Statue of Hedd Wyn (Ellis Humphrey Evans)  
in Trawsfynydd, Gwynedd, north Wales

Sir Kyffyn Williams A Welsh Shepherd

William Wordsworth by Benjamin Robert  
Haydon, 1842 © National Portrait Gallery

Jean Jacques Rousseau by Maurice Quentin de  
La Tour, 1753

Sunrise at Symmes Chapel SC overlooking  
Blue Ridge Mountains © Dave Allen  
Photography

Statue of Edmund Prys on the Bible  
Translators Memorial at St Asaph.

Julius, aged 10, with sheep and goats in Kenya,  
Africa; photographer unknown

Great Rigg by Greenhead Ghyll, scene of  
Wordsworth's *Michael*, Lake District, England;  
photographer unknown

Rembrandt *Return of the Prodigal Son* © State  
Hermitage Gallery, St Petersburg

Michelangelo *The Creation of Adam*; Sistine  
Chapel, Vatican, Rome

Illustration, Henry VI ponders the life of a  
shepherd while he sits out the Battle of  
Towton, away from the battlefield, in  
Yorkshire in *Henry VI: Part 3* by Shakespeare

Hedd Wyn (Ellis Humphrey Evans);  
Photographer unknown

William Blake *The Lamb*, his illustrated page  
from the *Songs of Innocence and Experience*

Philip Larkin; photographer unknown

Dannie Abse; photographer unknown

Byzantine Icon *Christ as The Good Shepherd*

Sir Kyffyn Williams *Shepherd on a rocky outcrop*

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