

**Capel y Boro Service
Sun 28 June 2020 at 11am**

**A Celebration of
Capel y Boro**



Opening music:

Hefin Elis, Clive Harpwood
Ysbryd Y Nos
Côr Dinas

J S Bach
Cello Suite No. 1 in G major,
Prélude
Kate Price

Mewn anialwch 'rwyf yn trigo
(William Williams, *Hyfrydol*)
Introduced by Alwyn Humphreys

Intrada and welcome

Geoffrey Chaucer
in a version by Neville Coghill
from *The Canterbury Tales* –
Prologue

William Shakespeare
from *A Midsummer Night's*
***Dream* – 'I know a bank where**
the wild thyme blows' and 'That
very time I saw, but thou
couldst not,' Oberon (Act 2 Sc. 1)

Charles Dickens
from ***Night Walks***

Ivo Antognini *Canwn a Molwn*
("Canticum Novum")
Côr y Boro

Y Gwladgarwr, 8 March 1873
Report of the opening of Capel
y Boro by Henry Richard MP
and Samuel Morley Esq

Stephen Adams
arranged Bryceson Treharne

The Holy City
Covenant Christian High School
Choirs

Richard Wagner
Wesendonck lieder –
'Der Engel'

Dame Anne Evans (soprano);
BBC National Orchestra of
Wales/Tadaaki Otaka

O Grist, Ffisigwyr mawr y byd
(D R Griffiths, *Deep Harmony*)

Octavia Hill
Selected writings

Pa fodd y traethwn ei ogoniant ef
(W Rhys Nicholas, *Pantymfedwen*)

Jones the Borough
E B Byron Jones talks to
Margaret Howard (excerpt)
BBC Radio 4, 23 March 1987
Producer: John Jones

Beti Gwenfron Evans
from *Memoirs*

Mae ffyddiau 'ngorfoledd yn
tarddu (David Charles, *Crug y Bar*)

A talk by John Jones on the
hymn writer Howell Harris

Awake my soul and with the sun
(Thomas Ken, *Tallis*)

I Dad y Trugareddau I gyd
(Thomas Ken, *cyf. Howell Harris*)

Matthew 10: 40-42

Salm 13

Meditation by Parch Peter Dewi
Richards and Lord's Prayer

Wele'n sefyll rhwng y myrtwydd
(Ann Griffiths, *Cwm Rhondda*)

Blessing

Closing music:
Richard Rodgers *Carousel* –
'You'll never walk alone'
Eschoir



Mewn anialwch 'rwyf yn
trigo,

temtasiynau ar bob llaw,
heddiw, tanllyd saethau yma,
'fory, tanllyd saethau draw;
minnau'n gorfod aros yno,
yn y canol, rhwng y tân;
tyrd, fy Nuw, a gwêl f'amgylchiad,
yn dy allu tyrd ymlaen.

Marchog, Iesu, yn llwyddiannus,
gwisg dy gleddau 'ngwasg dy glun;
ni all daear dy wrth'nebu,
chwaith nac uffern fawr ei hun:
mae dy enw mor ardderchog,
pob rhyw elyn gilia draw;
mae dy arswyd drwy'r
greadigaeth;
tyrd am hynny maes o law.

Tyn fy enaid o'i gaethiwed,
gwawried bellach fore ddydd,
rhwyga'n chwilfriw ddorau Babel,
tyn y barrau heyrn yn rhydd;
gwthied caethion yn finteioedd
allan, megis tonnau llif,
torf a thorf, dan orfoleddu,
heb na diwedd fyth na rhif.

In a desert I am dwelling
temptations on every hand,
today, fiery arrows here,
tomorrow, fiery arrows there;
I too await victory there,
in the centre, amidst the fire,
come, my God, and behold my
state!
With thy might come along!

Ride, Jesus, successfully!
Wear thy sword against thy thigh;
Earth cannot face up to thee,

*nor yet can great hell itself:
Thy name is so superior,
every kind of enemy retreats far
away;
dread of thee is throughout creation;
coming to it imminently.*

*Draw my soul from its captivity,
let the morn of the day dawn soon,
smash to pieces the doors of Babel,
Release the iron bars;
may captives be pushed in droves,
Out, like waves of a flood,
multitude upon multitude, rejoicing,
without either an end ever or
number.*

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.*

Geoffrey Chaucer

in a version by Neville Coghill
**from *The Canterbury Tales –
Prologue***



When in April the sweet
showers fall
And pierce the drought of March
to the root, and all
The veins are bathed in liquor of
such power
As brings about the engendering
of the flower,
When also Zephyrus with his
sweet breath
Exhales an air in every grove and
heath
Upon the tender shoots, and the
young sun
His half-course in the sign of the
Ram has run,
And the small fowl are making
melody
That sleep away the night with
open eye
(So nature pricks them and their
heart engages)
Then people long to go on
pilgrimages
And palmers long to seek the
stranger strands
Of far-off saints, hallowed in
sundry lands,
And specially, from every shire's
end
Of England, down to Canterbury
they wend
To seek the holy blissful martyr,
quick
To give his help to them when
they were sick.
It happened in that season that
one day
In Southwark, at The Tabard, as I
lay
Ready to go on pilgrimage and
start
For Canterbury, most devout at
heart,
At night there came into that
hostelry
Some nine and twenty in a
company
Of sundry folk happening then to
fall
In fellowship, and they were
pilgrims all

That towards Canterbury meant
to ride.
The rooms and stables of the inn
were wide:
They made us easy, all was of the
best.
And, briefly, when the sun had
gone to rest,
I'd spoken to them all upon the
trip
And was soon one with them in
fellowship,
Pledged to rise early and to take
the way
To Canterbury, as you heard me
say.

*The Tabard Inn in Borough High
Street is where those who made the
pilgrimage to the Shrine of Thomas
Becket in Canterbury Cathedral in
the 1380s, first met. Geoffrey
Chaucer wrote all about them in
'The Canterbury Tales' introducing
them here in this passage from its
Prologue.*

William Shakespeare
**from *A Midsummer Night's
Dream – 'I know a bank
where the wild thyme blows'
and 'That very time I saw,
but thou couldst not,' Oberon***
(Act 2 Sc. 1)

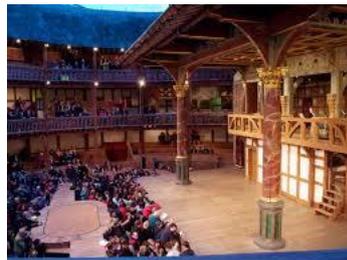


That very time I saw, but thou
couldst not,

Flying between the cold moon
and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he
took
At a fair vestal throned by the
west,
And loosed his love-shaft smartly
from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred
thousand hearts;
But I might see young Cupid's
fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of
the watery moon,
And the imperial votaress passed
on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of
Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western
flower,
Before milk-white, now purple
with love's wound,
And maidens call it love-in-
idleness.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I
shew'd thee once:
The juice of it on sleeping eye-
lids laid
Will make or man or woman
madly dote
Upon the next live creature that
it sees.
Fetch me this herb; and be thou
here again
Ere the leviathan can swim a
league.

I know a bank where the wild
thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding
violet grows,
Quite over-canopied with
luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with
eglantine:
There sleeps Titania sometime of
the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with
dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her
enamell'd skin,

Weed wide enough to wrap a
fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll
streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful
fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek
through this grove:
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint
his eyes;
But do it when the next thing he
espies
May be the lady: thou shalt know
the man
By the Athenian garments he
hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he
may prove
More fond on her than she upon
her love:
And look thou meet me ere the
first cock crow.



William Shakespeare's Globe Theatre is just down the road from Capel y Boro and the dramatist has many associations with the area. These are two of Oberon's most beguiling speeches from 'A Midsummer Night's Dream.'

Charles Dickens from *Night Walks*



Some years ago, a temporary
inability to sleep, referable to a
distressing impression, caused me
to walk about the streets all
night, for a series of several
nights.

In the course of those nights, I
finished my education in a fair
amateur experience of
houselessness. My principal
object being to get through the
night, the pursuit of it brought
me into sympathetic relations
with people who have no other
object every night in the year.

Walking the streets under the
pattering rain, Houselessness
would walk and walk and walk,
seeing nothing but the
interminable tangle of streets,
save at a corner, here and there,
two policemen in conversation,
or the sergeant or inspector
looking after his men. Drip, drip,
drip, from ledge and coping,
splash from pipes and water-
spouts, and by-and-by the
houseless shadow would fall
upon the stones that pave the
way to Waterloo-bridge; it being
in the houseless mind to have a
halfpenny worth of excuse for
saying 'Good-night' to the toll-
keeper, and catching a glimpse of
his fire.

There was need of
encouragement on the threshold
of the bridge, for the bridge was
dreary. The river had an awful
look, the buildings on the banks
were muffled in black shrouds,
and the reflected lights seemed
to originate deep in the water, as
if the spectres of suicides were
holding them to show where
they went down. The wild moon
and clouds were as restless as an
evil conscience in a tumbled bed,
and the very shadow of the

immensity of London seemed to lie oppressively upon the river.

Suddenly, a thing that in a moment more I should have trodden upon without seeing, rose up at my feet with a cry of loneliness and houselessness, the like of which I never heard. We then stood face to face looking at one another, frightened by one another. The creature was like a beetle-browed hair-lipped youth of twenty, and it had a loose bundle of rags on, which it held together with one of its hands. It shivered from head to foot, and its teeth chattered, and as it stared at me - persecutor, devil, ghost, whatever it thought me - it made with its whining mouth as if it were snapping at me, like a worried dog. Intending to give this ugly object money, I put out my hand to stay it for it recoiled as it whined and snapped and laid my hand upon its shoulder. Instantly, it twisted out of its garment ... and left me standing alone with its rags in my hands.

If you walk anywhere from the Borough Chapel it won't be long before you see a Dickens connection, you will see his or his characters' names on schools, shops, street names. He would have been well aware of the Borough Chapel in 1860 when he would have passed it on his famous night walks around the capital. At the back of Capel y Boro we have St Mungo's shelter for the homeless which we support by providing toiletries. Homelessness was an issue of which Charles Dickens wanted to raise awareness. In 1860 he no doubt would have passed the Chapel on one of his famous night walks where he experienced the issue at first hand.

Y Gwladgarwr, 8 March 1873 Report of the opening of Capel y Boro by Henry Richard MP and Samuel Morley Esq

AGORIAD CAPEL Y BORO',
LLUNDAIN.

Mawr y siarad, y cymhell, a'r casglu sydd wedi bod yn Llundain a Chymru tuag at gapel yr Annibynwyr Cymreig yn Boro' Road, Llundain, ond o'r diwedd, wele y capel bychan prydfferth wedi ei agor. Nos Lun, cynaliwyd cyfarfod cyhoeddus pan y cymerwyd y gadair gan S. Morley, Ysw., A.S. Cafwyd ganddo anerchiad yn y dechreu, yn ystod pa un y dywedodd y buasai yn dda gan- ddo allu siarad Gymraeg; ond os na fedrai siarad yr iaith, y medrai gydweithio gyda y genedl, ac yr oedd yn ystyried ei hun yn un o shareholders y capel hwn, ei fod yn ber- ffaith foddolawn i'r "speculation," a'i fod yn barod eto i gynorthwyo pan fyddai galwad am hyny.

Terfynodd ei araeth yn nghanol ban- llefau cymeradwyol y dorf. Wedi hyny, caf- wyd anerchiad gan Mr. Henry Richard, A.S. Buasai yn dda genym allu cofnodi llawer o'r anerchiadau gwresog a draddodwyd, ond ni chaniata gofod yn bresenol.

Yr oedd yn olygfa brydfferth dydd Sul-gweled y capel yn orlawn o Gymry twymgalon yn addoli yn hen iaith eu gwlad yn nghanol twrwr dinas fawr y Saeson, a nos Lun eto, gweled y Cymry a'r Saeson yn un a chytun yn dymuno llwyddiant i'r efengyl yn y deml brydfferth hon.

Great talk, motivation, and gathering in London and Wales towards the Welsh Congregational

chapel at Boro 'Road, London, but finally, behold, the beautiful little chapel has been opened. On Monday evening, a public meeting was held when S. Morley, Esq., A.S. He gave an address at the outset, during which he said that it would be good to be able to speak Welsh; but if he could not speak the language, he could co-operate with the nation, and he considered himself one of the shareholders of this chapel, that it was a fulfilling fact to the "speculation," and that he was ready again to assist when there is a call for that. He ended his speech in the midst of the cheering crowds of the crowd. After that, a talk was given by Mr. Henry Richard, A.S (pictured below). It would be good to be able to record many of the heated speeches delivered, but space is not allowed at present.

It was a beautiful Sunday scene - the chapel was overflowing with warm Welshmen worshipping in the old language of their country in the midst of the tumult of the great English city, and Monday night, the Welsh and English were seen as one wishing success to the gospel in this beautiful temple.



The present chapel building dates from 1870 and if you look on the outside and on a tablet inside you will see the names of the philanthropist Samuel Morley who helped raise funds for the new chapel building. He attended the official opening in 1873 with the Welsh MP Henry Richard, the 'Apostle of Peace' and Congregational minister (pictured above). Richard was an advocate of peace and international arbitration, as secretary of the Peace Society for forty years (1848–1884). His other interests included anti-slavery work.

Stephen Adams

arranged Bryceson Treharne
The Holy City

Last night I lay asleeping
There came a dream so fair
I stood in old Jerusalem
Beside the temple there
I heard the children singing
And ever as they sang
Methought the voice of Angels
From Heaven in answer rang
"Jerusalem, Jerusalem!
Lift up your gates and sing,
Hosanna in the highest.
Hosanna to your King!"

And then methought my dream
was chang'd
The streets no longer rang
Hushed were the glad Hosannas
The little children sang
The sun grew dark with mystery
The morn was cold and chill
As the shadow of a cross arose
Upon a lonely hill
"Jerusalem, Jerusalem!
Hark! How the Angels sing,
Hosanna in the highest,
Hosanna to your King!"

And once again the scene was
changed
New earth there seemed to be

I saw the Holy City
Beside the tideless sea
The light of God was on its
streets
The gates were open wide
And all who would might enter
And no one was denied
No need of moon or stars by
night
Or sun to shine by day
It was the new Jerusalem
That would not pass away
"Jerusalem! Jerusalem
Sing for the night is o'er
Hosanna in the highest
Hosanna for evermore!"



In 1894, the Boro appointed Bryceson Treharne as its organist. One newspaper reported: 'His studies at the present time are carried on under the care of Sir Walter Parrat, organist to the Queen, on the organ, and for the piano under Mr. Franklin Taylor. At a recent performance in the college his execution on the pianoforte only proved too forcibly the excellence of his training, and called forth for the following words of praise from the leading professional paper *The Era*, Mr. W. B. Treharne did himself great credit in Chopin's *Ballads in F. major, op. 35*. He possessed the refinement of taste combined with technical ability required by the exquisite music, and his talent won hearty recognition. It is not often that a youthful player has so much command of style.'

Born in Merthyr Tydfil in 1879
Bryceson Treharne studied at the
Royal College of Music, London ,
and held teaching posts at

Aberystwyth University College and
in the University of Adelaide,
Australia. He returned to Europe in
1911, spent some time in the
Ruhleben prisoner of war camp,
Germany, during World War I,
and, eventually (c. 1918) went to
the USA. From 1924 he taught
music in McGill University, Montreal,
Canada, but in 1928 he returned to
the States, being for many years
afterwards music editor to a Boston
publishing company. He died in
1948 in Long Island, New York.
Many of his song settings and choral
arrangements are still performed
and one of his most popular is this
arrangement for choir of Stephen
Adams's 'The Holy City.'

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=N9lgLPXsojQ>

Richard Wagner Wesendonck lieder – 'Der Engel'



Mathilde Wesendonck

In der Kindheit frühen Tagen
Hört ich oft von Engeln sagen,
Die des Himmels hehre Wonne
Tauschen mit der Erdensonne,

Daß, wo bang ein Herz in Sorgen
Schmachtet vor der Welt
verborgen,

Daß, wo still es will verbluten,
Und vergehn in Tränenfluten,

Daß, wo brünstig sein Gebet
Einzig um Erlösung fleht,
Da der Engel niederschwebt,
Und es sanft gen Himmel hebt.

Ja, es stieg auch mir ein Engel
nieder,
Und auf leuchtendem Gefieder
Führt er, ferne jedem Schmerz,
Meinen Geist nun himmelwärts!

The angel

*In the early days of childhood
I often heard tell of angels
Who exchange heaven's pure bliss
For the sun of earth,*

*So that, when a sorrowful heart
Hides its yearning from the world
And would silently bleed away
And dissolve in streams of tears,*

*And when its fervent prayer
Begs only for deliverance,
That angel will fly down
And gently raise the heart to
heaven.*

*And to me too an angel descended,
And now on shining wings
Bear my spirit, free from all pain,
Towards heaven!*

Translation © Richard Stokes



Another musician with Borough connections is the great soprano Dame Anne Evans, who joins us today. Dame Anne's mother Nellie Evans, was a stalwart of the London Welsh community and brother John

was one of the founders of the Gwalia Male Voice Choir. With a repertoire ranging from Mozart to Puccini, Dame Anne won international fame, and her performances of Wagner roles including Brunnhilde and Isolde are legendary.

Here she sings a song from a cycle of five poems Wagner set by Mathilde Wesendonck, the wife of one of his patrons, while he was working on his opera 'Tristan und Isolde' and they are closely linked in mood and harmonies. This is the first setting from 1857, 'Der Engel' ('The Angel') recorded live by Dame Anne at the BBC Proms with the BBC National Orchestra of Wales conducted by Tadaaki Otaka in 1994:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EXQG6eUm_NE

Dame Anne tells Jasper Rees about her first experience of hearing Wagner:

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

O Grist, Ffisigwr mawr y byd,

down atat â'n doluriau i gyd;
nid oes na haint na chlwy' na chur
na chilia dan dy ddwylo pur.

Down yn hyderus atat ti,
ti wyddost am ein gwendid ni;
gwellhad a geir ar glwyfau oes
dan law y Gŵr fu ar y groes.

Anadla arnom ni o'r nef
falm dy drugaredd dawel, gref;
pob calon ysig, boed yn dyst
fod hedd yn enw lesu Grist.

Aeth y trallodus ar eu hynt

yn gwbwl iach o'th wyddfod gynt;
Ffisigwr mawr, O rho dy hun
i'n gwneuthur ninnau'n iach bob
un.

*Christ, the great Physician of the world,
we come to you with all our sorrows;
there is neither infection nor
disease, nor sickness,
or ciliary under your pure hands.*

*Come confidently to you,
you know our weakness;
a cure for life wounds
under the hand of the man who
was on the cross.*

*Breathe upon us from heaven the
wall of your strong, quiet mercy;
every heart of spirit, be it witness of
peace in the name of Jesus Christ.*

*The afflicted went on their way
wholly from your former heart;
Great physician, Give yourself
to make us all healthy.*

Octavia Hill Selected writings



I would like an an open-air sitting room for the tired inhabitants of Southwark and this garden will have walks to wind about between small lawns and flower-beds set with flowering trees and shrubs. Two plane trees are planted on the larger spaces of gravel, which are to have circular seats round them. A small pond has been made in the garden, and

a jet of water forms a fountain in it. The narrowest part of the pond will be crossed by a little bridge.

What I wish to urge—and I have only introduced a practical example now vividly in my own mind as most strongly bringing home the fact—is, the immense value to the education and reformation of our poorest people of some space near their homes, or within reasonable distance of them. We all need space; unless we have it we cannot reach that sense of quiet in which whispers of better things come to us gently. Our lives in London are overcrowded, over-excited, over-strained. This is true of all classes; we all want quiet; we all want beauty for the refreshment of our souls. Sometimes we think of it as a luxury, but when God made the world, He made it very beautiful, and meant that we should live amongst its beauties, and that they should speak peace to us in our daily lives.



Octavia Hill who lived from 1838 to 1912 was an English social reformer, whose main concern was the welfare of the inhabitants of cities, especially London, in the second half of the nineteenth

century. Born into a family with a strong commitment to alleviating poverty, she herself grew up in straitened circumstances owing to the financial failure of her father's businesses. With no formal education, she worked from the age of 14 for the welfare of working people.

She was a moving force behind the development of social housing and a great conservationist whose work led to the creation of the National Trust. Just five minutes walk from Capel Y Boro is Octavia Hill's Red Cross Garden part of her pioneering social housing scheme and it survives very much as she left it and still serves as a wonderful peaceful refuge from the troubles and anxieties that can accompany inner city life.

Pa fodd y traethwn ei ogoniant ef

a roes i'r ddaear olau clir y nef?
Ni all mesurau dynion ddweud pa faint
yw'r gras a'r rhin a gwerth y
nefol fraint;
mae pob cyflawnder ynddo ef ei hun,
mae'n fwy na holl feddyliau gorau dyn:
moliannwn ef, Cynhaliwr cadarn yw,
y sanctaidd lôr a'r digyfnawid Dduw.

Wrth droi ein hunain at y Duw sy'n Dad
cawn brofi'r heddwch sydd yn ddwfn fwynhad;
ef ydyw'r nerth sy'n fwy na'n gofyn ni,
yr hafan deg pan fyddo arwa'r lli;
mae cysgod inni yn ei gariad mawr
a diogelwch i holl deulu'r llawr:

moliannwn ef, Cynhaliwr cadarn yw,
y sanctaidd lôr a'r digyfnawid Dduw.

Mae ei wirionedd yn dreftadaeth dda,
yn rym cynhaliol yn y trymaf pla;
pan ddaw acenion ei leferydd ef cawn weld y ffordd yn agor tua thref;
bydd addewidion nerthol gair ein Duw
fel miwsig clychau'n torri ar ein clyw:
moliannwn ef, Cynhaliwr cadarn yw,
y sanctaidd lôr a'r digyfnawid

*How do we speak of his glory which gave the earth the clear light of heaven?
The measures of men cannot say how much
the grace and virtue and the heavenly value of privilege;
all fullness in himself,
it is more than all the best thoughts of man:
praise him, Sustainer sound is,
the holy Lord and unchanging God.*

*Turning ourselves to the Father God allows us to
experience the peace that is deeply enjoyable;
he is the strength that is greater than we ask,
the fair haven when he bears the color;
his great love
and protection for all the family of the
earth is a shadow : we praise him,
He is a mighty
supporter , the holy Lord and the unchanging God.*

*Its truth is good heritage,
a sustaining force in the heaviest plague;*

when the accents of his speech
come
we can see the road opening
towards a town;
the mighty promises of the word of
our God
as the music of bells break upon our
hearing: we
praise him, He is strong
sustainer, the holy Lord and the
unchanging God.

Beti Gwenfron Evans from *Memoirs*



“My most vivid memory of the funeral was arriving at Paddington station on Sunday night. I had a white dress, black and white checked coat and black shoes. We came out of the car to a very crowded platform. The crowd made way for us, but all I could see were black coats, and the crowd closing behind us. We reached the carriage and opened our eyes wide. Not an ordinary railway carriage but a long room with a long shiny table. There were two smaller carriages we could sit and lie in, and a place for the coffin and all the beautiful, sweet-smelling wreaths. Young as I was, I shall never forget Mother’s final farewell to London. As the train started the whole crowd erupted into singing the Welsh funeral hymn *O fryniau Caersalem*. It was very emotional. Whenever I hear the hymn I’m reminded of Mam.”

E B Byron Jones devoted a lifetime’s effort to the Borough and also served the London Welsh Centre and London Welsh Rugby Club. His period as secretary of Borough spanned five decades, and when he died in 1993, ‘Byron o’r Boro’ was widely known for his commitments to Welsh culture for which he was awarded the OBE. In 1987 John Jones, who will be giving us a talk later, made a programme for BBC Radio Four on E B Byron Jones called ‘Jones the Borough.’ It included an account of a very special London Welsh funeral tradition that went on until the 1960s in which part of the ceremony was conducted at Paddington Station where the coffin was taken on its journey to Wales to the sounds of Welsh hymn singing from a packed congregation.

Byron’s daughter was Rowenna Hughes, who has given many years services to the Boro, she was Christened and grew up here, is a trustee and a member of Cor y Boro, and also remembers vividly standing on Paddington station singing as the train left with the coffin on its final journey. Rowenna’s uncle was the Rev D C Jones who arrived as church leader at Boro from Merthyr Tydfil in 1890. During his time chapel membership soared and there was a wide range of social and cultural activity. The Borough Welsh Choir won first prize at the National Eisteddfod and at competitions in London. They were supported by Jones who believed in the power of music to transform spiritual experience. He was still at work when he died at 84 in 1936. Rowenna’s reading (above) is from an account by Beti Gwenfron Evans, of her mother’s funeral which occurred within months of D C Jones’s passing in 1936, both of

whom, would have received that Paddington Station farewell,

Mae ffrydiau 'ngorfoledd yn tarddu

*o ddisglair orseddfainc y ne',
ac yno'r esgynnodd fy lesu
ac yno yr eiriol efe:
y gwaed a fodlonodd gyfiawnder,
daenellwyd ar orsedd ein Duw,
sydd yno yn beraidd yn erfyn
i ni, y troseddwy'r, gael byw.*

*Cawn esgyn o'r dyrys anialwch
i'r beraidd baradwys i fyw,
ein henaid lluddedig gaiff orffwys
yn dawel ar fynwes ein Duw;
dihangfa dragwyddol geir yno
ar bechod, cystuddiau a phoen,
a gwledda i oesoedd diderfyn
ar gariad anhraethol yr Oen.*

*O fryniau Caersalem ceir gweled
holl daith yr anialwch i gyd,
pryd hyn y daw troeon yr yrfa
yn felys i lanw ein bryd;
cawn edrych ar stormydd ac
ofnau
ac angau dychrynlyd a'r bedd,
a ninnau'n ddihangol o'u cyrraedd
yn nofio mewn cariad a hedd.*

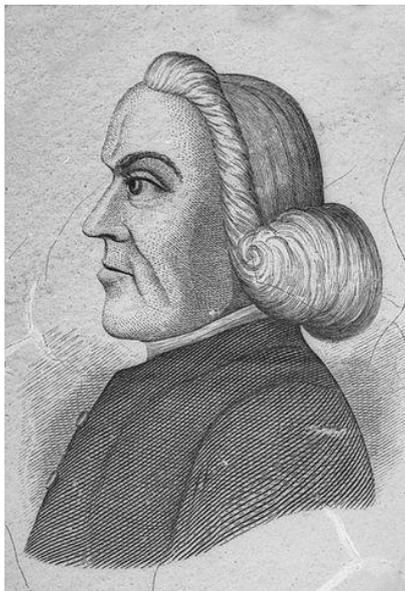
*Streams are jubilantly emanating
from the dazzling throne of heaven,
and there my Jesus ascended
and there he intercedes:
the blood which satisfied justice,
was sprinkled on our God's throne,
which is there dearly pleading
for us, the trespassers, to obtain life.*

*We may ascend from the wild
desert
to the sweet paradise to live,
our tired souls find rest
in quietness on our God's breast;
eternal escape is found there
from sin, afflictions and trials,
and feasting for unending ages
on the inexpressible love of the
Lamb.*

*From the hills of Jerusalem can be seen
the entire journey all through the desert,
this time come turns of the course
sweetly to fill our mind;
we can look at the storms and fears
and horrendous death and the grave,
and we have escaped from their reach
swimming in love and peace.*

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RLRZYdxmy9Y>

A talk by John Jones on the hymn writer Howell Harris



Howell Harris is generally known as the founder of the Calvinistic Methodist or Presbyterian denomination in Wales and was known as the Apostle of Wales who was an associate of William Williams, Pantycelyn, Daniel Rowland and the Wesleys.

Born in Trefeca in Breckonshire in 1714, Howell Harris was the son of a carpenter who had settled there from Carmarthenshire. When he was 21, he experienced a religious conversion, during a parish

service on the Sunday before Easter in 1735, and immediately began to hold meetings in his home to encourage others to convert. And it was not easy for him; he was not always in good health and was occasionally physically attacked by some who didn't agree with his views. He failed to be accepted for ordination in the Church of England because his views were thought to be too "Methodist". So he became a travelling preacher, determined to spread the gospel throughout Wales. In 1752, he was inspired by the protestant Moravian church to found a religious community in his home village, known as *Teulu Trefeca* or the Family of Trefeca with himself as the "Father". Twenty thousand people are said to have attended his funeral there in 1773.

What is less known about Howell Harris is that he spent many years in London where he made the most of his Welsh connections. He had two brothers already here, after all. His brother Joseph had secured a post at the Royal Mint in Tower Hill in 1736. A member of the *Cymmrodorion*, Joseph was a polymath who also studied astronomy, navigation and philosophy, living with his wife and children within the walls of the Tower of London. He was married at St. Benet's and is buried in the crypt of the church at the Tower of London. He shared lodgings with his younger brother Thomas, who made a name for himself as a tailor to the rich and powerful who acquired enough wealth for himself to purchase the estate of Trefeca while also serving as High Sheriff of Breckonshire.

By the 18th century, there were enough cultured Welshmen in the capital that they began to form Welsh clubs for socializing, a little drinking possibly, and, naturally, some music making. It was said that there a dozen public houses within the City where you could hear the strains of *cerdd dant* singing. The *Gwyneddigion* was founded as an offshoot in 1770, for those who found the *Cymmrodorion* rather too stuffy. Among its members, Lewis Morris, one of the literary Morris brothers from Anglesey, wrote a satirical "sermon" mocking Howell Harris' endeavours.

Among others who were in London at this time, there was Blind John Parry, domestic harper to Sir Watkin Williams Wynn at No.20 St. James Square who was a friend of Handel's.

London was, after all, one of the biggest cities in the world, five times the size of Vienna, which at that time was the largest city in the Holy Roman Empire, and ten times bigger than most of the others. And the combination of the royal court, City churches, commerce and a vigorous tavern culture around the ports made it a significant centre from the earliest times. The attraction must have been considerable given the legendary fog – which wasn't actually fog at all, but highly toxic air pollution due to the vast population and frenetic industrial activity. Combine this with a damp climate and leaden diet, not to mention the relentless din of the street traders, most visitors would have had quite a shock.

In 1739 Howell Harris accompanied George Whitefield

from Bristol to London, a journey that took three or four days, where he stayed for a few months and was introduced to other Methodists and joined the Fetter Lane Society near Fleet Street. For much of the 1740s he divided his time equally between London and Wales, acting as Whitefield's assistant. In 1740 he was helping Charles Wesley at his church in City Road and was for a time a minister at George Whitefield's Tabernacle chapel in Moorfields, while Whitefield was in America. He was admitted as a member of the Wesley society, despite their differing views on predestination, a very real battle between the Wesleyan Methodists and the Calvinistic Methodists. At the Moravian protestant church in Fetter Lane, he had his work cut out keeping unity and the peace between warring evangelical factions.

Between 1739 and 1767 Howell Harris made over thirty visits, preaching to his fellow Welsh, often for three hours at a time, in Lambeth where they worked in the timber yards and gardens, Westminster and Deptford where many Welsh people worked in the shipyards and docks. He often preached several times each day, attending communion services at St. Paul's Cathedral.

His diary on 3 May 1739 notes a visit to a "farm" in Lambeth to preach to the Welsh. Swan Yard, near Lambeth Palace, was at one time something of a Welsh colony, holding an annual "Taffy's fair" on St. David's Day in Lambeth Road. The Welsh of Lambeth had a reputation for course, drunken behaviour in the fairs that took place there. But

it's possible that Howell Harris, Daniel Rowland and others were drawn to the Lambeth fairs because they were guaranteed big crowds with lots of potential converts. Harris considered staying in London, but there were pleas from Wales, especially from Daniel Rowlands, to return to Wales where he was much needed.

Unlike many of his contemporaries, he was not a prolific hymn writer, and there is only one example in *Caneuon Ffydd*. It's actually one verse of a translation of an English hymn, *Awake, my soul*, by Thomas Ken in 1692 written for the scholars of Winchester College where the author was the Chaplain. There were originally six verses, the last of which Howell Harris translated into Welsh. The hymn was described as the Protestant *Te Deum* as the last verse was claimed to have projected the doctrine of the Trinity better than all the theological books in circulation.

Awake, my soul, and with the sun

thy daily stage of duty run;
shake off dull sloth, and early rise
to pay thy morning sacrifice.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew.
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
guard my first springs of thought
and will,
and with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest, this day,
all I design or do or say,
that all my powers, with all their
might,
in Thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all
blessings flow;
praise Him all creatures here
below;
praise Him above, ye heavenly
host;
praise Father, Son, and Holy
Ghost.

I Dad y trugareddau i gyd

rhown foliant, holl drigolion byd;
llu'r nef moliennwch, bawb ar
gân,
y Tad a'r Mab a'r Ysbryd Glân.

*To the Father of all
mercies we give praise, all the
inhabitants of the world;
the heavenly force of praise, all in
song,
the Father and the Son and the
Holy Spirit.*

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XC3QuBMqcu0>

Matthew 10: 40-42

Whoever welcomes you
welcomes me, and whoever
welcomes me welcomes the one
who sent me. Whoever
welcomes a prophet in the name
of a prophet will receive a
prophet's reward; and whoever
welcomes a righteous person in
the name of a righteous person
will receive the reward of the
righteous; and whoever gives
even a cup of cold water to one
of these little ones in the name of
a disciple—truly I tell you, none
of these will lose their reward.

Salm 13

Am faint mwy, Arglwydd?
Wyt ti'n mynd i'm diystyru i am
byth?

Am faint mwy rwy'ti'n mynd i
droi cefn arna i?
Am faint mwy mae'n rhaid i mi
boeni f'enaid,
a dal i ddioddef fel yma bob
dydd?
Am faint mwy mae'r gelyn i gael y
llaw uchaf?

Edrych arna i!
Ateb fi, O Arglwydd?, fy Nuw!
Adfywia fi,
rhag i mi suddo i gwsge
marwolaeth;
rhag i'r gelyn ddweud, "Dw i
wedi ennill!"
ac i'r rhai sy'n fy nghasáu ddathlu
wrth i mi syrthio.

Ond na, dw i'n trystio dy fod ti'n
ffyddlon!
Bydda i'n gorfoleddu am dy fod
wedi f'achub i.
Bydda i'n canu mawl i ti,
Arglwydd?,
am achub fy ngham.

Meditation by Parch Peter Dewi Richards and Lord's Prayer



Borough chapel has a very long tradition and over the years has been a place of worship where fellowship as God's people was an important factor. Most of those who attended had their roots in Wales and worshipping in Welsh was so important to them. Many a change has happened since those days but the chapel building still stands and its doors will hopefully be

open again when the Government feels it is safe to do so.

We at Borough chapel like so many other churches have had to change the way we do worship and the digital service has allowed us to reach out to those who feel the need to for Christian fellowship.

Borough chapel was the first Welsh Congregational chapel in London but it is a welcoming place for all Christians who wish to come together to praise God. Remembering today's theme let us pause and think of the following truths:

1. In giving thanks for this chapel let us remember **THE NEED FOR STRONG FOUNDATIONS**

When our forefathers built this chapel they made sure that it was built on sound foundations and did so because they believed Christ was the cornerstone and still is the cornerstone of everything we do.

It is fundamental that we root our faith in Jesus, the foundation of life, and to do so we must believe that we do so with a living a Lord.

I remember reading a sermon by that well-known preacher Dr Fostick who said in his sermon that it is very difficult to build in Tokyo because it stands on a fault line in the earth's crust but in New York because it stands on solid rock. Jesus says not to build on a foundation of sand but on a Rock. **HE IS THAT ROCK.**

2. It is said that a sign of a 'living' city is the number of cranes and

scaffoldings we see around us. Travelling on a Sunday how many roads are closed and the sign **DANGER: MEN AT WORK?**

In building these new complexes that have all the right equipment and resources to allow the work to be done safely; also have people in key positions and each person knows what he or she knows what needs to be done. They have a co-ordinated approach to the work.

Perhaps this is what is lacking in the Church's approach to mission and ministry. We hear that as churches we don't have the 'expertise to do what needs to be done.'

Let us remember that Christ has never given his people a task that is impossible to undertake. Yes, the tasks may be difficult but never impossible.

Those churches that have started digital services have found they had resources beyond what they expected. New people coming forward to partake in a service be it doing a reading or a prayer or a meditation. The word I hear these days as I preach to other church members. Let's do it. Let's get going. People who are positive and want to share the **GOOD NEWS.'**

I remember visiting Kathmandu in Nepal. The church there was in the process of building a worship centre. The foundations had been laid and before the next stage more money was needed. I sat on a concrete floor. The service lasted three hours.

When the offering plate came around I saw people placing

money jewellery, even pots and pans. Then I saw this elderly woman placing some vegetables on the offering plate. She gave what she could. She had nothing else to give. That is not quite true because she had given of herself in that giving. Today the church still has its concrete foundation but built on it is a tin roof and 3000 worshippers. Commitment in serving Christ.

We are looking back today at the Borough chapel; how it began, its mission today, but with the hope that its mission will continue in the future with the same commitment that imbued those who had the vision to plant this chapel to serve the people of the Borough.

And now we say together in our Heart language the Lord's Prayer whether that be Welsh or English:

Ein Tad, yr hwn wyt yn y
nefoedd,
sancteiddier dy enw.
Deled dy deyrnas.
Gwneler dy ewyllys,
megis yn y nef, felly ar y ddaear
hefyd.
Dyro i ni heddiw ein bara
beunyddiol.
A maddau i ni ein dyledion,
fel y maddeuwn ninnau i'n
dyledwyr.
Ac nac arwain ni i brofedigaeth,
eithr gwared ni rhag drwg.
Canys eiddot ti yw'r deyrnas, a'r
nerth, a'r gogoniant yn oes
oesoedd.
Amen

Wele'n sefyll rhwng y myrtwydd

wrthrych teilwng o fy mryd;
er mai o ran, yr wy'n adnabod

ei fod uwchlaw gwrthrychau'r
byd:
henffych fore
y caf ei weled fel y mae.

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

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

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

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

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

Richard Rodgers Carousel – 'You'll never walk alone'

When you walk through a storm
Hold your head up high
And don't be afraid of the dark.
At the end of a storm
There's a golden sky
And the sweet silver song of a
lark.

Walk on through the wind
Walk on through the rain
Though your dreams be tossed
and blown
Walk on, walk on
With hope in your heart
And you'll never walk alone
You'll never walk alone
Walk on, walk on
With hope in your heart
And you'll never walk alone
You'll never walk alone.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7SF9vp4TbVQ>

Readers:

Geoffrey Chaucer
in a version by Neville Coghill
**from The Canterbury Tales –
Prologue**
Mark Salmon

William Shakespeare
**from A Midsummer Night's
Dream – 'I know a bank where
the wild thyme blows; 'That
very time I saw, but thou
couldst not,' Oberon (Act 2 Sc 1)**
Glyn Pritchard

Charles Dickens
from Night Walks
Joshua Games

Y Gwladgarwr, 8 March 1873
**Report of the opening of Capel
y Boro by Henry Richard MP
and Samuel Morley Esq**
Eiri Jones

Octavia Hill
Selected writings
Sir Simon Hughes

Beti Gwenfron Evans
from Memoirs
Rowenna Hughes

**A talk by John Jones on the
hymn writer Howell Harris**
John Jones

Matthew 10: 40-42

Lowri Lewis

Salm 13

Megan Evans

Meditation by Parch Peter Dewi Richards and Lord's Prayer And Blessing

Peter Dewi Richards

Producer Mike Williams

Pictures (from top):

Capel y Boro, exterior;

Scene from Tabard Inn, Prologue Canterbury

Tales by Chaucer (Lithograph);

A poster, A Midsummer Night's Dream;

Shakespeare's Globe Theatre;

Charles Dickens;

Henry Richard, 'Peace' a caricature for

'Vanity Fair' by Spy;

Bryceson Treharne;

Matilde Wesendonck (1850) by Karl

Ferdinand Sohn, StadtMuseum Bonn;

Dame Anne Evans;

Red Cross Garden, Southwark;

Octavia Hill by John Singer Sargent

© National Portrait Gallery, London;

Paddington Station;

Howell Harris;

Capel y Boro, Interior;
