

## PRAYER

### DECLARATIONS

**READING:** Rhys Williams - 1 Corinthiaid 13:4-8

Y mae cariad yn hirymarhous; y mae cariad yn gymynasgar; nid yw cariad yn cenfigennu, nid yw'n ymffrostio, nid yw'n ymchwyddo. Nid yw'n gwneud dim sy'n anweddus, nid yw'n ceisio ei ddibenion ei hun, nid yw'n gwylltio, nid yw'n cadw cyfrif o gam, nid yw'n cael llawenydd mewn anghyfiawnder, ond y mae'n goddef i'r eithaf, yn credu i'r eithaf, yn gobeithio i'r eithaf, yn dal ati i'r eithaf.

Nid yw cariad yn darfod byth.

Mewn gair, y mae ffydd, gobaith, cariad, y tri hyn, yn aros.

A'r mwyaf o'r rhai hyn yw cariad.

*Love is patient; love is kind; love is not envious or boastful or arrogant or rude. It does not insist on its own way; it is not irritable or resentful; it does not rejoice in wrongdoing, but rejoices in the truth. It bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things. Love never ends.*

*And now faith, hope, and love abide, these three; and the greatest of these is love.*

**READING:** Jonny Wood

**Meet Me in the Green Glen**

*Love, meet me in the green glen,  
Beside the tall elm-tree,  
Where the sweetbriar smells so sweet agen;  
There come with me.  
Meet me in the green glen.*

*Meet me at the sunset  
Down in the green glen,  
Where we've often met  
By hawthorn-tree and foxes' den,  
Meet me in the green glen.*

*Meet me in the green glen,  
By sweetbriar bushes there;  
Meet me by your own sen,  
Where the wild thyme blossoms fair.  
Meet me in the green glen.*

*Meet me by the sweetbriar,  
By the mole-hill swelling there;  
When the west glows like a fire  
God's crimson bed is there.  
Meet me in the green glen.*

*John Clare 1793-1864*

**SERMON**

### **Hymn - Calon lân**

Nid wy'n gofyn bywyd moethus  
Aur y byd na'i berlau mân  
Gofyn wyf am galon hapus  
Calon onest, calon lân

**Cytgan:** Calon lân yn llawn daioni

Tecach yw na'r lili dlos  
Dim ond calon lân all ganu  
Canu'r dydd a chanu'r nos

Pe dymunwn olud bydol  
Chwim adenydd iddo sydd  
Golud calon lân, rinweddol  
Yn dwyn bythol elw fydd

### **Cytgan**

Hwyr a bore fy nymuniad  
Esgyn ar adenydd cân  
Ar i Dduw, er mwyn fy Ngheidwad  
Roddi i mi galon lân

### **Cytgan**

### **Phonetic version of Calon Lân (if you want to give it a go)**

Need ooh-in go-vin buh-wid mo-i-this,  
Ah-ir uh bead nai behr-lai marn,  
Go-vin oo-iv am ga-lon ha-pis,  
Ca-lon o-nest, ca-lon larn.

**Chorus:** Cal-on larn, uhn lla-oon die-o-nee,

Te-cach i-oooh nar lee-lee dlors,  
Dim ond ca-lon larn all ga-ni,  
Ca-nir dirth a cha-nir nors.

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Pear da-min-oon ol-id buh-dol,  
He-din bee-an gan-though sihth;  
Go-lid ca-lon larn, reen-weth-ol,  
Uhn doo-in buh-thol e-loo vith.

### **Chorus**

Hoo-ir ah boh-re vuh num-in-iad,  
Goo-id eer nerv ahr a-dine carn,  
Ahr ee thiw, er moo-in vuhng hay-id-wad,  
Roh-thi ee-mee ga-lon larn.

### **Chorus**

### **English translation of Calon Lân:**

I do not ask for a luxurious life,  
The world's gold or its fine pearls,  
I ask for a happy heart,  
A truthful heart, a pure heart.

Chorus: A Pure Heart, that's full of goodness,  
Fairer than the delicate Lily:  
Only a pure heart can sing,  
Sing the day and sing the night

If I desired worldly riches,  
It would swiftly go to seed:  
The riches of a virtuous, pure heart,  
Will reap eternal profit.

Late and morning my wish,  
Rising to heaven on the wing of song,  
So to my God for the sake of my Saviour,  
Give to me a pure heart.