



Cymun Bendigaid ar Gân a
Bendithiad y Sagrafen Fendigaid
Yr Wythnos Fawr

25-27 Mawrth 2024 am 6.00pm

Choral Holy Eucharist &

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament

Holy Week

25-27 March 2024 at 6.00pm



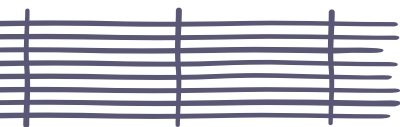
Cadeirlan
Deiniol Sant
ym Mangor

Saint Deiniol's
Cathedral
in Bangor



*Croeso i
Gadeirlan
Deiniol Sant
ym Mangor.*

*Welcome to
Saint
Deiniol's
Cathedral in
Bangor.*



Rydych chi'n sefyll rwan
lle safodd Deiniol bron i
fileniwm a hanner yn ôl.

Yma, yn y flwyddyn
525, bu iddo gynnull o'i
gwmpas gymuned lawn
ffydd, gobaith a chariad,
gan godi o'i chwmpas
ffens gyll—y **bangor**
gwreiddiol—iddi'n gysgod
ac yn noddfa.

Ein gweddi yw y cewch
chwithau, hefyd, eich
cofleidio yma gan yr un
ffydd, gobaith a chariad
a gyhoeddir gennym
heddiw ac sy'n ein
cyfareddu o hyd.

You stand now where
Deiniol stood almost a
millennium and a half ago.

Here, in the year 525, he
gathered around him a
community of faith, hope
and love, and raised
around it a hazel fence—
the original **bangor**—for
shelter and sanctuary.

Our prayer is that you,
too, will be embraced
here by the same faith,
hope and love that we
proclaim and live by
today.

Heno...

Yn y Cymun hwn byddwn yn cwrdd â Christ mewn bara a gwin, ei Gorff a'i Waed ef gyda ni.

Wedi'r Cymun, ceir defod Bendithiad y Sagrafen Fendigaid.

Defod yw Bendithiad y Sagrafen Fendigaid pan yr addolir Iesu Grist yn Afrlladen Sagrafenol â'i ddatgelir ar fwrdd yr allor, a phan y bydd y gweinidog yn ein bendithio â'r Afrlladen Sagrafenol.

Mae Bendithiad y Sagrafen Fendigaid yn dechrau gydag Arddangosiad y Sagrafen Fendigaid mewn ysblenyddiwr a osodir ar yr allor. Byddwn yn canu'r emynau Lladin hynafol a ysgrifennwyd gan Sant Tomos o Acwin, *O Salutaris Hostia* a *Tantum Ergo*. Yna mae'r gweinidog yn dal y ysblenyddiwr gan wisgo llen y gwar yn gorchuddio eu hysgwyddau, breichiau a dwylo, ac yna'n ein bendithio â'r Sagrafen Fendigaid trwy olrhain arwydd y Groes gyda'r ysblenyddiwr a ddelir yn gyson unionsyth o'u blaenau. Mae'r litwrgi yn cloi gyda Salm 117, *Laudate Dominum*.

Tonight...

At this Eucharist we will meet Christ in bread and wine, which become for us his Body and his Blood.

After the Eucharist, we observe the rite of the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is the service in which Jesus Christ is adored in the Sacramental Host exposed on the altar-table, and in which the minister blesses us with the the Sacramental Host.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament begins with the Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament in a monstrance set upon the altar. Our liturgy includes singing the ancient Latin hymns written by Saint Thomas Aquinas, *O Salutaris Hostia* and *Tantum Ergo*. The minister then holds the monstrance wearing a humeral veil covering their shoulders, arms and hands, and then blesses us with the Blessed Sacrament by tracing the sign of the Cross with the monstrance held steadily upright before them. The liturgy concludes with Psalm 117, *Laudate Dominum*.

Addoli gyda ni heddiw

Mae'r llyfryn hwn yn cynnwys popeth a ddywedir ac a genir yn ystod ein haddoliad heddiw. Fe'ch gwahoddir i fynd â'r llyfryn adref gyda chi, i fyfyrto yn eich amser eich hun ar y geiriau sanctaidd sydd ynddo. Fodd bynnag, nid darllen neu arsylwi ydi addoli – ond gweithgaredd, a ninnau'n cymryd rhan, ochr yn ochr â'r rhai sy'n cynnull gyda ni ac, y tu hwnt i hynny, ochr yn ochr â llu'r nef i gyd. Dyrchefwch, felly, eich llygaid; sylwch ar liw, golau, sain, symudiad a harddwch; codwch eich llais; cyfranogwch yn yr hyn a fydd yn eich gweddnewid, o roi iddo'r cyfle.

Yn ystod ein haddoliad, rydyn ni'n dweud ac yn canu gyda'n gilydd y testun **mewn teip trwm**. Darperir cyfieithiadau o ieithoedd tramor. Mae croeso ichi wneud arwydd o'r Groes pan fydd y geiriau wedi'u marcio ag ✠. Cynigir cyfarwyddiadau eraill (rhuddellau) **mewn teip coch**; os ydych chi'n ei chael hi'n fwy cyfforddus, eisteddwch yn hytrach na sefyll neu benlinio.

Hygyrchedd

Mae dolen glyw ar waith – gosodwch gymhorthion clyw i'r lleoliad T.

Mae copïau print bras o'r llyfryn hwn ar gael gan y stiwardiaid.

Mae tai bach ym mhen dwyreiniol y Gadeirlan, trwy'r drws i'r chwith o'r sgrin y Cwîr o Gorff yr Eglwys.

Os bydd angen i ni adael y Gadeirlan mewn argyfwng, arhoswch ar eich heistedd a dilynwch gyfarwyddiadau'r stiwardiaid.

Worshipping with us today

This booklet contains everything said and sung during our worship today. You are invited to take the booklet away with you, to reflect in your own time on the holy words it contains. However, worship is not primarily something that we read or observe – it is an activity, in which we all participate, alongside those who are gathered with us and, we believe, alongside the whole company of heaven. Be sure, therefore, to look up; to notice colour, light, sound, movement and beauty; to raise up your voice; to take your full part; to be formed and transformed.

During our worship, we say and sing together the text **in bold type**. Translations into English are provided from Welsh and other languages. We may make a sign of the Cross at times when the words are marked with ✠. Other directions (rubrics) are offered **in red type**; if you find it more comfortable to sit rather than stand or kneel, please do so.

Accessibility

A hearing loop is in use – please set hearing aids to the T setting.

Large print copies of this booklet are available from the stewards.

Lavatories are located at the east end of the Cathedral, through the door to the left of the Quire screen from the Nave.

If we need to evacuate the Cathedral in an emergency, please remain seated and follow the directions of the stewards.

O'r Ddarllenfa a Buchedd Bangor

Pob wythnos, anfonir ebost **O'r Ddarllenfa** at danysgrifwyr gyda hysbysiadau ynghyd â delweddau wythnosol o fywyd y Gadeirlan a'r Ardal Weinidogaeth. Os nad ydych chi eisoes yn danysgrifiwr, dilynwch y cod QR, neu ewch i **cadeirlan.eglwsyngnghymru.org.uk/Darllenfa/**

Buchedd Bangor yw ein cylchgrawn newydd, gan gynnig cymysgedd o ddefnydd ysbrydol a gwybodaeth ymarferol am ein bywyd ar y cyd. Mynnwch gopi heddiw, neu ddilynwch y cod QR i ddarllen arlein.

Cefnogaeth

Caiff y fangre sanctaidd hon llawn ffydd, gobaith a chariad, a phopeth sy'n digwydd yma, ei chynnal gan eich haelioni chi.

1 I roi rhodd ar-lein ar eich ffôn heddiw, sganwch y cod QR isod.

2 Defnyddiwch ein peiriant rhoi digyswllt yng nghefn Corff yr Eglwys i dapio'ch cerdyn neu'ch ffôn.

3 Rhowch rodd arian parod yn un o'r basgedi i gasglu rhoddion yng nghefn Corff yr Eglwys heddiw.

4 I sefydlu rhodd Debyd Uniongyrchol misol, gyda'r opsiwn i ychwanegu Cymorth Rhodd, chwiliwch ar-lein am "Eglwys yng Nghymru Rhoi yn Syth" a dewis "Bro Deiniol" o dan "Buddiolwr".

Trwy roi rhodd, byddwch yn ein helpu i barhau â'n gwaith hanfodol.

**Buchedd
Bangor**



**O'r Ddarllenfa
From the Lectern**



From the Lectern & Buchedd Bangor

Each week, a **From the Lectern** email is sent to subscribers with weekly notices and images from the life of the Cathedral and Ministry Area. If you're not already a subscriber, follow the QR code, or visit **cadeirlan.churchinwales.org.uk/Darllenfa/**

Buchedd Bangor is our new magazine, offering a mixture of devotional material and practical knowledge about our life together. Pick up a copy of today, or follow the QR code to read online.

Support

This holy place of faith, hope and love, and all that takes place here, is sustained by your generosity.

1 To make an online donation on your phone today, scan the QR code below.

2 Use our contactless donation point at the back of the Nave to tap your card or phone.

3 Cash donations can be placed in one of the baskets set out at the back of the Nave.

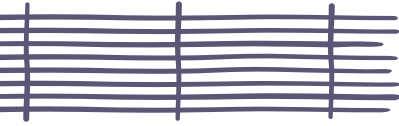
4 To set up a monthly Direct Debit donation, with the option to add Gift Aid, search online for "Church in Wales Gift Direct" and select "Bro Deiniol" under "Beneficiary".

By making a donation, you'll be helping us to continue our essential work.

**Cefnogaeth
Support**



Trefn Order



Wedi'r hysbysiadau, codwn ar ein traed ar ganiad y gloch

After the notices, we stand as the bell is rung



Cynnull Gathering

Introit

In nomine Domini omne genu flectatur, caelestium, terrestrium et infernorum: quia Dominus factus oboediens usque ad mortem, mortem autem crucis: ideo Dominus Iesus Christus in gloria est Dei Patris. Domine exaudi orationem meam et clamor meus ad te veniat.

Cyfieithiad

Wrth enw Iesu y plygai pob glin yn y nef ac ar y ddaear a than y ddaear: oherwydd iddo fod yn ufudd hyd angau, ie, angau ar groes: am hynny Iesu Grist yn Arglwydd er gogoniant Duw Dad. Sanctaidd Un, clyw fy ngweddi, a doed fy nghri atat.

Translation

At the name of Jesus, every knee should bend, in heaven and on earth and under the earth: because he became obdient to the point of death – even death on a cross: therefore Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father. Hear my prayer, O Holy One; let my cry come to you.

Philippiaid | Philippians 2:10, 8, 11; Salm | Psalm 102:1

Parhawn ar ein traed tan ddiwedd y Weddi Gasgl

We remain standing until the end of the Collect



Cyfarchiad Greeting

✠ Yn enw'r Tad, a'r Mab, a'r Ysbryd Glân.

Amen.

Gras a thangnefedd a fo gyda chwi.

A'th gadw di yng nghariad Crist.

Translation

✠ *In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. Amen. ☩ Grace and peace be with you. And keep you in the love of Christ.*

“You love righteousness, O God, and hate iniquity.”

Kyrie eleison

Kyrie eleison. Christe eleison. Kyrie eleison.

Cyfieithiad

Arglwydd trugarha. Crist trugarha. Arglwydd trugarha.

Translation

Lord have mercy. Christ have mercy. Lord have mercy.

Cerddoriaeth | Music | ar nos Lun | on Monday

Gwasanaeth Cymun yn A leiaf | Communion Service in A minor,
Harold Darke (1888-1976)

Cerddoriaeth | Music | ar nos Fawrth | on Tuesday

Messe Basse, Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Cerddoriaeth | Music | ar nos Fercher | on Wednesday

Offeren i Dri Llais | Mass for Three Voices,

William Byrd (c.1540-1623)

Parhawn ar ein traed

We remain standing

Gweddi Gasgl Collect

Let us pray.

O God, who for our redemption gave your only-begotten Son to the death of the Cross, and by his glorious Resurrection delivered us from the power of our enemy: Grant us so to die daily to sin, that we may evermore live with him in the joy of his Resurrection; through the same Jesus Christ our Saviour.

Amen.

Eisteddwn

We sit

Ar nos Fawrth, trown i'r dudalen 15. Ar nos Fercher, trown i'r tudalen 20.

On Tuesday, we turn to page 15. On Wednesday, we turn to page 20.

Gair | ar nos Lun Word | on Monday

Darlleniad Reading

A reading from the First Book of the Maccabees.

In those days: Judas and his brothers said, "See, our enemies are crushed; let us go up to cleanse the sanctuary and dedicate it." So all the army assembled and went up to Mount Zion. There they saw the sanctuary desolate, the altar profaned, and the gates burned. In the courts they saw bushes sprung up as in a thicket, or as on one of the mountains. They saw also the chambers of the priests in ruins. Then they tore their clothes and mourned with great lamentation; they sprinkled themselves with ashes and fell face down on the ground. And when the signal was given with the trumpets, they cried out to Heaven. Then Judas detailed men to fight against those in the citadel until he had cleansed the sanctuary. He chose blameless priests devoted to the law, and they cleansed the sanctuary and removed the defiled stones to an unclean place. They deliberated what to do about the altar of burnt-offering, which had been profaned. And they thought it best to tear it down, so that it would not be a lasting shame to them that the Gentiles had defiled it. So they tore down the altar, and

stored the stones in a convenient place on the temple hill until a prophet should come to tell what to do with them. Then they took unhewn stones, as the law directs, and built a new altar like the former one. They also rebuilt the sanctuary and the interior of the temple, and consecrated the courts. They made new holy vessels, and brought the lampstand, the altar of incense, and the table into the temple. Then they offered incense on the altar and lit the lamps on the lampstand, and these gave light in the temple. They placed the bread on the table and hung up the curtains. Thus they finished all the work they had undertaken. Early in the morning on the twenty-fifth day of the ninth month, which is the month of Chislev, in the one hundred and forty-eighth year, they rose and offered sacrifice, as the law directs, on the new altar of burnt-offering that they had built. At the very season and on the very day that the Gentiles had profaned it, it was dedicated with songs and harps and lutes and cymbals. All the people fell on their faces and worshipped and blessed Heaven, who had prospered them. So they celebrated the dedication of the altar for eight days, and joyfully offered burnt-offerings; they offered a sacrifice of well-being and a thanksgiving-offering. They decorated the front of the temple with golden crowns and small shields; they restored the gates and the chambers for the priests, and fitted them with doors. There was very great joy among the people, and the disgrace brought by the Gentiles was removed. Then Judas and his brothers and all the assembly of Israel determined that every year at that season the days of dedication of the altar should be observed with joy and gladness for eight days, beginning with the twenty-fifth day of the month of Chislev.

Clywch air bywyd i'n byd.

Diolch a fo i Dduw.

1 Macabeaid | Maccabees 4:36-59

Codwn ar ein traed

We stand



Ŷ Mawl i ti O Grist, Brenin gogoniant bythol. **Ũ** **Mawl i ti O Grist, Brenin gogoniant bythol.** **Ŷ** Onid yw'n ysgrifenedig: "Gelwir fy nhŷ i yn dŷ gweddi i'r holl genhedloedd"? Ond yr ydych chi wedi ei wneud yn ogof lladron. **Ũ** **Mawl i ti O Grist, Brenin gogoniant bythol.**

Gras a thangnefedd a fo gyda chi.
A'th gadw di yng nghariad Crist.

Gwrandewch yr Efengyl Sanctaidd yn ôl ✠ Sant Marc.
Gogoniant i ti, O Grist.

B ryd hynny: Daeth Iesu a'i ddisgyblion i Gaersalem. Aeth i mewn i'r deml a dechreuodd fwrw allan y rhai oedd yn gwerthu a'r rhai oedd yn prynu yn y deml; taflodd i lawr fyrddau'r cyfnewidwyr arian a chadeiriau'r rhai oedd yn gwerthu colomennod, ac ni adawai i neb gludo dim trwy'r deml. A dechreuodd eu dysgu a dweud wrthynt, "Onid yw'n ysgrifenedig: 'Gelwir fy nhŷ i yn dŷ gweddi i'r holl genhedloedd'? Ond yr ydych chi wedi ei wneud yn ogof lladron." Clywodd y prif offeiriaid a'r ysgrifenyddion am hyn, a dechreusant geisio ffordd i'w ladd ef, achos yr oedd arnynt ei ofn, gan fod yr holl dyrfa wedi ei syfrdanu gan ei ddysgeidiaeth. A phan aeth hi'n hwyr aethant allan o'r ddinas.

Dyma Efengyl ein Gwardwr.
Moliant i ti, O Grist.

Translation

℣ Praise to you, O Christ, King of eternal glory.

℟ Praise to you, O Christ, King of eternal glory.

℣ Is it not written, "My house shall be called a house of prayer for all the nations"? But you have made it a den of robbers. ℟ Praise to you, O Christ, King of eternal glory. ☩ Grace and peace be with you. And keep you in the love of Christ. Listen to the Holy Gospel according to ☩ Saint Mark. Glory to you, O Christ. ☩ At that time: Jesus and his disciples came to Jerusalem. And he entered the temple and began to drive out those who were selling and those who were buying in the temple, and he overturned the tables of the money-changers and the seats of those who sold doves; and he would not allow anyone to carry anything through the temple. He was teaching and saying, "Is it not written, 'My house shall be called a house of prayer for all the nations'? But you have made it a den of robbers." And when the chief priests and the scribes heard it, they kept looking for a way to kill him; for they were afraid of him, because the whole crowd was spellbound by his teaching. And when evening came, Jesus and his disciples went out of the city. ☩ This is the Gospel of our Saviour. Praise to you, O Christ.

Marc | Mark 11:15-19

Eisteddwn

We sit

Salmyddiaeth Psalmody

Out of the depths have I called to you; O God, hear my voice;
let your ears consider well the voice of my supplication.

If you were to note what is done amiss, O God, who could
stand?

For there is forgiveness with you, therefore you shall be feared.

I wait for you, O God; my soul waits for you; in your word is my
hope.

My soul waits for you, more than sentries for the morning, more
than sentries for the morning.

O Israel, wait upon God, for with God there is mercy.

With God there is plenteous redemption; God shall redeem
Israel from all their sins.

Salm | Psalm 130

Cerddoriaeth | Music

Tôn I, wythfed terfyniad | Tone I, eighth ending

Cerdd Poem

The Moon in Lleyn

R. S. Thomas (1913-2000)

The last quarter of the moon
of Jesus gives way
to the dark; the serpent
digests the egg. Here
on my knees in this stone
church, that is full only
of the silent congregation
of shadows and the sea's
sound, it is easy to believe
Yeats was right. Just as though
choirs had not sung, shells
have swallowed them; the tide laps
at the Bible; the bell fetches
no people to the brittle miracle
of the bread. The sand is waiting
for the running back of the grains
in the wall into its blond
glass. Religion is over, and
what will emerge from the body
of the new moon, no one
can say.

But a voice sounds
in my ear: Why so fast,
mortal? These very seas
are baptised. The parish
has a saint's name time cannot
unfrock. In cities that
have outgrown their promise
people are becoming pilgrims
again, if not to this place,
then to the recreation of it
in their own spirits. You must remain
kneeling. Even as this moon
making its way through the earth's
cumbersome shadow, prayer, too,
has its phases.

Collected Poems: 1945-1990 (J. M. Dent, 1993)

Codwn ar ein traed i ganu'r emyn

We stand to sing the hymn

Emyn Hymn



Mawl a fo i'r Iesu,
fu mewn dirfawr loes;
rhoddodd Waed ei galon
drosom ar y Groes.

Grace and life eternal
in that Blood I find;
blest be his compassion,
infinitely kind.

Bendith yn dragwyddol
ddaeth trwy Iesu glân;
cadwodd ni rhag myned
oll i uffern dân.

Lift ye then your voices;
swell the mighty flood;
louder still and louder
praise the precious Blood!

Translation

*Glory be to Jesus, who, in bitter pains, poured
for me the life-blood from his sacred veins.*

*☩ Blest through endless ages be the precious
stream, which from endless torment doth the
world redeem.*

Geiriau | Words

Alphonsus Liguori (1696-1787)

Cyfiethiad | Translation

o | from "Hymnau Hen a Newydd" (1868)

Edward Caswall (1814-1878)

Cerddoriaeth | Music | "Caswall"

Friedrich Filitz (1804-1876)

Trown i dudalen 26

We turn to page 26

Gair | ar nos Fawrth Word | on Tuesday

Darllenid Reading

A reading from the Book of Jeremiah.

In those days: The Holy One showed me two baskets of figs placed before the temple of the Holy One. This was after King Nebuchadrezzar of Babylon had taken into exile from Jerusalem King Jeconiah son of Jehoiakim of Judah, together with the officials of Judah, the artisans, and the smiths, and had brought them to Babylon. One basket had very good figs, like first-ripe figs, but the other basket had very bad figs, so bad that they could not be eaten. And the Holy One said to me, "What do you see, Jeremiah?" I said, "Figs, the good figs very good, and the bad figs very bad, so bad that they cannot be eaten." Then the word of the Holy One came to me: Thus says the Holy One, the God of Israel: Like these good figs, so I will regard as good the exiles from Judah, whom I have sent away from this place to the land of the Chaldeans. I will set my eyes upon them for good, and I will bring them back to this land. I will build them up, and not tear them down; I will plant them, and not pluck them up. I will give them a heart to know that I am the Holy One; and they shall be my people and I will be their God, for they shall return to me with their whole heart. But thus says the Holy One: Like the bad figs that are so bad they cannot be eaten, so will I treat King Zedekiah of Judah, his officials, the remnant of Jerusalem who remain in this land, and those who live in the land of Egypt. I will make them a horror, an evil thing, to all the kingdoms of the earth – a disgrace, a byword, a taunt, and a curse in all the places where I shall drive them. And I will send sword, famine, and pestilence upon them, until they are utterly destroyed from the land that I gave to them and their ancestors."

Hear the word of life to the world.

Thanks be to God.

Jeremiah 24

Codwn ar ein traed

We stand



Y Mawl i ti O Grist, Brenin gogoniant bythol. **R** **Mawl i ti O Grist, Brenin gogoniant bythol.** **Y** Beth bynnag oll y gofynnwch amdano mewn gweddi, os ydych yn credu, fe'i cewch. **R** **Mawl i ti O Grist, Brenin gogoniant bythol.**

Gras a thangnefedd a fo gyda chwi.
A'th gadw di yng nghariad Crist.

Gwrandewch yr Efengyl Sanctaidd yn ôl ✠ Sant Matthew.
Gogoniant i ti, O Grist.

Bryd hynny: Yn y bore, wrth Iesu ddychwelyd i'r ddinas, daeth chwant bwyd arno. A phan welodd ffigysbren ar fin y ffordd aeth ato, ond ni chafodd ddim arno ond dail yn unig. Dywedodd wrtho, "Na fydded ffrwyth arnat ti byth mwy." Ac ar unwaith crinodd y ffigysbren. Pan welodd y disgyblion hyn, fe ryfeddasant a dweud, "Sut y crinodd y ffigysbren ar unwaith?" Atebodd Iesu hwy, "Yn wir, 'rwy'n dweud wrthyich, os bydd gennych ffydd, heb amau dim, nid yn unig fe wnewch yr hyn a wnaed i'r ffigysbren, ond hyd yn oed os dywedwch wrth y mynydd hwn, 'Coder di a bwrier di i'r môr', hynny a fydd. A beth bynnag oll y gofynnwch amdano mewn gweddi, os ydych yn credu, fe'i cewch."

Dyma Efengyl ein Gwardwr.
Moliant i ti, O Grist.

Translation

Y Praise to you, O Christ, King of eternal glory.
R Praise to you, O Christ, King of eternal glory.
Y Whatever you ask for in prayer with faith, you will receive. **R** Praise to you, O Christ, King of eternal glory. ☩ Grace and peace be with you. And keep you in the love of Christ. Listen to the Holy Gospel according to ✠ Saint Matthew. Glory to you, O Christ. ☩ At that time: In the morning, when Jesus returned to the city, he was hungry. And seeing a fig tree by the side of the road, he went to it and found nothing at all on it but leaves. Then he said to it, "May no fruit ever

come from you again!" And the fig tree withered at once. When the disciples saw it, they were amazed, saying, "How did the fig tree wither at once?" Jesus answered them, "Truly I tell you, if you have faith and do not doubt, not only will you do what has been done to the fig tree, but even if you say to this mountain, 'Be lifted up and thrown into the sea', it will be done. Whatever you ask for in prayer with faith, you will receive." ¶ This is the Gospel of our Saviour. Praise to you, O Christ.

Mathew | Matthew 21:18-22

Eisteddwn

We sit

Salmyddiaeth Psalmody

O God, do not rebuke me in your anger; do not punish me in your wrath.

Have pity on me, O God, for I am weak; heal me, for my bones are racked.

My spirit shakes with terror; how long, O God, how long?

Turn, O God, and deliver me; save me for your mercy's sake.

For in death no one remembers you, and who will give you thanks in the grave?

I grow weary because of my groaning; every night I drench my bed and flood my couch with tears.

My eyes are wasted with grief and worn away because of all my enemies.

Depart from me, all evildoers, for God has heard the sound of my weeping.

God has heard my supplication; God accepts my prayer.

All my enemies shall be confounded and quake with fear; they shall turn back and suddenly be put to shame.

Salm | Psalm 6

Cerddoriaeth | Music

Tôn II, terfyniad cyntaf | Tone II, first ending

Cerdd Poem

The Moor

R. S. Thomas (1913-2000)

It was like a church to me.
I entered it on soft foot,
Breath held like a cap in the hand.
It was quiet.

What God was there made himself felt,
Not listened to, in clean colours
That brought a moistening of the eye,
In movement of the wind over grass.

There were no prayers said. But stillness
Of the heart's passions – that was praise
Enough; and the mind's cession
Of its kingdom. I walked on,
Simple and poor, while the air crumbled
And broke on me generously as bread.

Collected Poems: 1945-1990 (J. M. Dent, 1993)

Codwn ar ein traed i ganu'r emyn

We stand to sing the hymn

Emyn Hymn



When I survey the wondrous Cross,
on which the Prince of glory died,
my richest gain I count but loss,
and pour contempt on all my pride.

O'i ben, o'i ddwylaw, ac o'i draed
dylifai ei rinweddol waed:
p'le bu'r fath serch a chur ynghyd,
neu ddrain a wnai'r fath goron ddrud!

Ei waed, wrth farw ar y pren,
oedd dros ei gorff fel porffor len;
am hyn rwy'n marw i'r holl fyd,
ac yntau'n marw i minau' gyd.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
that were a present far too small;
love so amazing, so divine,
demands my soul, my life, my all.

Translation

See, from his head, his hands, his feet, sorrow and love flow mingled down. Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, or thorns compose so rich a crown? ¶ His dying crimson, like a robe, spreads o'er his body on the tree: then am I dead to all the globe, and all the globe is dead to me.

Geiriau | Words

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Cyfiethiad | Translation

Dafydd Jones (1711-1777)

Cerddoriaeth | Music | "Rockingham"

priodoli i | attributed to Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach (1714-1788)

Trown i dudalen 26

We turn to page 26

Gair / ar nos Fercher Word / on Wednesday

Darlleniad Reading

A reading from the Book of Job.

Happy is the one whom God reproves:: Job said to his friends: "How long will you torment me, and break me in pieces with words? These ten times you have cast reproach upon me; are you not ashamed to wrong me? And even if it is true that I have erred, my error remains with me. If indeed you magnify yourselves against me, and make my humiliation an argument against me, know then that God has put me in the wrong, and closed his net around me. Even when I cry out, 'Violence!' I am not answered; I call aloud, but there is no justice. He has walled up my way so that I cannot pass, and he has set darkness upon my paths. He has stripped my glory from me, and taken the crown from my head. He breaks me down on every side, and I am gone, he has uprooted my hope like a tree. He has kindled his wrath against me, and counts me as his adversary. His troops come on together; they have thrown up siege-works against me, and encamp around my tent. He has put my family far from me, and my acquaintances are wholly estranged from me. My relatives and my close friends have failed me; the guests in my house have forgotten me; my serving-girls count me as a stranger; I have become an alien in their eyes. I call to my servant, but he gives me no answer; I must myself plead with him. My breath is repulsive to my wife; I am loathsome to my own family. Even young children despise me; when I rise, they talk against me. All my intimate friends abhor me, and those whom I loved have turned against me. My bones cling to my skin and to my flesh, and I have escaped by the skin of my teeth. Have pity on me, have pity on me, O you my friends, for the hand of God has touched me! Why do you, like God, pursue me, never satisfied with my flesh? O that my words were written down! O that they were inscribed in a book! O that with an iron pen and with lead they were engraved on a rock for ever! For I know that my Redeemer lives, and that at the last he will stand upon the earth; and after my skin has been thus destroyed, then in my flesh I shall see God, whom I shall see on my side, and my eyes shall behold, and not another. My heart faints within me! If you say, 'How we will persecute him!' and, 'The root of the matter is found in him'; be afraid of the sword, for wrath brings the punishment of the sword, so that you may know there is a judgement."

Hear the word of life to the world.

Thanks be to God.

Job 19

Codwn ar ein traed

We stand

Efengyl Gospel



Y Mawl i ti O Grist, Brenin gogoniant bythol. **R** **Mawl i ti O Grist, Brenin gogoniant bythol.** **Y** Y mae'r tlodion gyda chwi bob amser, ond ni fyddaf fi gyda chwi bob amser. **R** **Mawl i ti O Grist, Brenin gogoniant bythol.**

Gras a thangnefedd a fo gyda chwi.

A'th gadw di yng nghariad Crist.

Gwrandewch yr Efengyl Sanctaidd yn ôl ✠ Sant Mathew.

Gogoniant i ti, O Grist.

Bryd hynny: Pan oedd Iesu ym Methania yn nhŷ Simon y gwahanglwyfus, daeth gwraig ato a chanddi ffiol alabastr o ennaint gwerthfawr, a thywalltodd yr ennaint ar ei ben tra oedd ef wrth bryd bwyd. Pan welodd y disgyblion hyn, aethant yn ddig a dweud, "I ba beth y bu'r gwastraff hwn? Oherwydd gallesid gwerthu'r ennaint hwn am lawer o arian a'i roi i'r tlodion." Sylwodd Iesu ar hyn a dywedodd wrthynt, "Pam yr ydych yn poeni'r wraig? Oherwydd gweithred brydferth a wnaeth hi i mi. Y mae'r tlodion gyda chwi bob amser, ond ni fyddaf fi gyda chwi bob amser. Wrth dywallt yr ennaint hwn ar fy nghorff, fy mharatoi yr oedd hi ar gyfer fy ngladdu. Yn wir, 'rwy'n dweud wrthynt, pa le bynnag y pregethir yr Efengyl yma yn yr holl fyd, adroddir hefyd yr hyn a wnaeth hon, er cof amdani." Yna aeth un o'r Deuddeg, hwnnw a elwid Jwdas Iscariot, at y prif offeiriaid a dweud, "Beth a rowch imi os bradychaf ef i chwi?" Talasant iddo ddeg ar hugain o ddarnau arian; ac o'r pryd hwnnw dechreuodd geisio cyfle i'w fradychu ef.

Dyma Efengyl ein Gwaredwr.

Moliant i ti, O Grist.

Translation over the page

Translation

Y Praise to you, O Christ, King of eternal glory.

R Praise to you, O Christ, King of eternal glory.

Y You always have the poor with you, but you will not always have me. **R** Praise to you, O Christ, King of eternal glory. **C** Grace and peace be with you. And keep you in the love of Christ. Listen to the Holy Gospel according to **x** Saint Matthew. Glory to you, O Christ. **C** At that time: While Jesus was at Bethany in the house of Simon the leper, a woman came to him with an alabaster jar of very costly ointment, and she poured it on his head as he sat at the table. But when the disciples saw it, they were angry and said, "Why this waste? For this ointment could have been sold for a large sum, and the money given to the poor." But Jesus, aware of this, said to them, "Why do you trouble the woman? She has performed a good service for me. For you always have the poor with you, but you will not always have me. By pouring this ointment on my body she has prepared me for burial. Truly I tell you, wherever this good news is proclaimed in the whole world, what she has done will be told in remembrance of her." Then one of the twelve, who was called Judas Iscariot, went to the chief priests and said, "What will you give me if I betray him to you?" They paid him thirty pieces of silver. And from that moment he began to look for an opportunity to betray him **C** This is the Gospel of our Saviour. Praise to you, O Christ.

Mathew | Matthew 26:6-16

Eisteddwn

We sit

Salmyddiaeth Psalmody

How long, O God? Will you forget me for ever; how long will you hide your face from me?

How long shall I have perplexity in my mind, and grief in my heart, day after day; how long shall my enemy triumph over me?

Look upon me and answer me, O God, my God; give light to my eyes, lest I sleep in death;

Lest my enemies say they have prevailed over me, and my foes rejoice that I have fallen.

But I put my trust in your mercy; my heart is joyful because of your saving help.

I will sing to the Holy One, who has dealt with me richly; I will praise the Name of God Most High.

Salm | Psalm 13

Cerddoriaeth | Music

Tôn III, pedwaredd terfyniad | Tone III, fourth ending

Cerdd Poem

In Church

R. S. Thomas (1913-2000)

Often I try
To analyse the quality
Of its silences. Is this where God hides
From my searching? I have stopped to listen,
After the few people have gone,
To the air recomposing itself
For vigil. It has waited like this
Since the stones grouped themselves about it.
These are the hard ribs
Of a body that our prayers have failed
To animate. Shadows advance
From their corners to take possession
Of places the light held
For an hour. The bats resume
Their business. The uneasiness of the pews
Ceases. There is no other sound
In the darkness but the sound of a man
Breathing, testing his faith
On emptiness, nailing his questions
One by one to an untenanted cross.

Collected Poems: 1945-1990 (J. M. Dent, 1993)

Codwn ar ein traed i ganu'r emyn

We stand to sing the hymn



O ddwyfol ben yn gwaedu,
dan ddirmyg, gwawd a llid!
O freiniol ben rhwymedig
â drain gwatwarus fyd!
O fwyndeg ben urddasol,
fu'n urddrych parch a bri,
yn awr dan warth sy'n crymu –
f'addoliad rof i ti.

In thy most bitter passion
my heart to share doth cry,
with thee for my salvation
upon the Cross to die.
Ah, keep my heart thus movèd
to stand thy Cross beneath,
to mourn thee, well-belovèd,
yet thank thee for thy death.

Yn awr fy ymadawiad
paid di â'm gadael i,
pan deimlwyf boenau angau
yn agos iawn bydd di;
pan fyddo 'nghalon egwan
yn llawn o bob rhyw loes,
ymwared dyro imi
yn rhinwedd Gwaed dy Groes.

Translation

O sacred head, sore wounded, defiled and put to scorn; O kingly head, surrounded with mocking crown of thorn: what sorrow mars thy grandeur? Can death thy bloom deflower? O countenance whose splendour the hosts of heaven adore.

☩ *My days are few, O fail not, with thine immortal power, to hold me that I quail not in death's most fearful hour: that I may fight befriended, and see in my last strife to me thine arms extended upon the Cross of life.*

Geiriau | Words

Paul Gerhardt (1607-1676)

Cyfiethiad | Translation

Jack Edwards (1853-1942), Robert Bridges (1844-1930)

Cerddoriaeth | Music | "Corâl y Dioddefaint | Passion Chorale"

Hans Leo Hassler (1564-1612)

Cymun Sacrament

Parhawn ar ein traed tan y rhannwn y Tangnefedd

We remain standing until we share the Peace

Offrwm Offertory

Deuwn i'r fangre hon â'r bara sy'n gynhaliaeth.

Fe ddaw inni'n fara'r bywyd.

Deuwn i'r fangre hon â'r gwin sy'n mwyneddio.

Fe ddaw inni'n waed einioes y byd.

Translation

We bring to this place the bread that sustains us. It will become for us the bread of life. ☩ We bring to this place the wine that mellows us. It will become for us the lifeblood of the world.

Gweddi Ewcharistaidd Eucharistic Prayer

Grace and peace be with you.

And keep you in the love of Christ.

Lift up your hearts.

We lift them to the Lord.

Let us give thanks to the Lord our God.

It is right to give our thanks and praise.

lawn yn wir, ein dyletswydd a'n llawenydd bob amser ac ym mhob lle, yw diolch i ti, Dad Sanctaidd, hollalluog a bythfywiol Dduw, trwy Iesu Grist ein Harglwydd.

A'i darostyngodd ei hun ar wedd y ddynoliaeth, gan fod yn ufudd hyd angau, ie, angau ar Groes. Fe'i dyrchafwyd oddi ar y ddaear fel y tynnai bawb ato ef ei hun.

Felly, gyda llu'r angylion a holl gwmpeini'r nef, cyhoeddwn ogoniant dy enw ac ymuno â hwy yn eu hemyn diderfyn o fawl:

Translation

It is indeed right, it is our duty and our joy at all times and in all places to give you thanks, holy Father, all-powerful and everliving God, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Who, bearing the human likeness, humbled himself and in obedience

accepted death, even death on a Cross. He was lifted up from the earth that he might draw all people to himself. And so with the hosts of angels and all the company of heaven we proclaim the glory of your name and join in their unending hymn of praise:

Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus Dominus Deus Sabaoth. Pleni sunt caeli et terra gloria tua. Hosanna in excelsis.

✠ Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini. Hosanna in excelsis.

Cyfieithiad

Sanctaidd, sanctaidd, sanctaidd Arglwydd, Duw gallu a nerth, nef a daear sy'n llawn o'th ogoniant. Hosanna yn y goruchaf. ✠ Bendigedig yw'r hwn sy'n dyfod yn enw'r Arglwydd. Hosanna yn y goruchaf.

Translation

Holy, holy, holy Lord, God of power and might, heaven and earth are full of your glory. Hosanna in the highest. ✠ Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest.

Cerddoriaeth | Music | ar nos Lun | on Monday

Gwasanaeth Cymun yn A leiaf | Communion Service in A minor,
Harold Darke (1888-1976)

Cerddoriaeth | Music | ar nos Fawrth | on Tuesday

Messe Basse, Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Cerddoriaeth | Music | ar nos Fercher | on Wednesday

Offeren i Dri Llais | Mass for Three Voices,
William Byrd (c.1540-1623)

Parhawn ar ein traed

We remain standing

Pob moliant a diolch i ti, y gwir a'r bywiol Dduw, Crëwr pob peth, Rhoddwr bywyd. Lluniaist ni ar dy ddelw dy hun, ond yr ydym ni wedi difwyno'r ddelw honno a syrthio'n brin o'th ogoniant. Rhoddwn ddiolch i ti am anfon dy Fab i rannu ein bywyd ni; fe'i hildiaist i farwolaeth fel y câi'r byd ei achub, a'i atgyfodi oddi wrth y meirw fel y bo i ni fyw ynddo ef, ac yntau ynom ninnau.

Translation

All praise and thanks to you, true and living God, Creator of all things, Giver of life. You formed us in your own image; but we have marred that

image and fall short of your glory. We give you thanks that you sent your Son to share our life; you gave him up to death that the world might be saved, and you raised him from the dead that we might live in him and he in us.

Sanctify with your Spirit this bread and wine, your gifts to us, that they may be for us the body and blood of our Saviour Jesus Christ.

On the night he was betrayed, he took bread, and when he had given thanks he broke it and gave it to his disciples, saying, Take, eat; this is my body which is given for you: do this in remembrance of me. ✠

In the same way after supper he took the cup, and when he had given thanks he gave it to them, saying, Drink from this, all of you, for this is my blood of the new covenant which is shed for you and for many for the forgiveness of sins: do this as often as you drink it in remembrance of me. ✠

Let us proclaim the mystery of faith:

Christ has died.

Christ is risen.

Christ will come in glory.

Fel y gorchmynnodd ef inni, O Dad, yr ydym yn cofio Iesu Grist, dy Fab. Gan gyhoeddi ei farwolaeth fuddugoliaethus, a chan ymlawenhau yn ei atgyfodiad, a disgwyl iddo ddod mewn gogoniant, deawn â'r bara hwn a'r cwpan hwn i ti. Derbyn ein haberth o ddiolch a moliant.

Translation

As he has commanded us, Father, we remember Jesus Christ, your Son. Proclaiming his victorious death, rejoicing in his resurrection and waiting for him to come in glory we bring to you this bread, this cup. Accept our sacrifice of thanks and praise.

Restore and revive your people, renew us and all for whom we pray with your grace and heavenly ✠ blessing, and at the last receive us with all your saints into that unending joy promised by your Son, Jesus Christ our Lord.

Through him, with him, in him, in the unity of the Holy Spirit all honour and glory are yours, almighty Father, for ever and ever.

✠ **Amen.**

Parhawn ar ein traed

We remain standing

Gweddi'r Arglwydd Lord's Prayer

Fel y dysgodd ein Hiachawdwr ni, gweddiwn yn hyderus. As our Saviour taught us, each in our own language, we boldly pray:

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 gallu, 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.

Tangnefedd Peace

Your broken body, earth of our earth and flesh of our flesh, marked by your fierce love, is made whole for us in peace.

The Peace of the Living God be always with you.

And keep you in the love of Christ.

We share a sign of Peace.

Rhannwn arwydd o Dangnefedd; yna penliniwn neu eisteddwn

We share a sign of Peace; then we sit or kneel

Torri Breaking

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi: miserere nobis. Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi: miserere nobis. Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi: dona nobis pacem.

Cyfieithiad

Oen Duw, sy'n dwyn ymaith bechodau'r byd: trugarha wrthym. Oen Duw, sy'n dwyn ymaith bechodau'r byd: trugarha wrthym. Oen Duw, sy'n dwyn ymaith bechodau'r byd: dyro inni dangnefedd.

Translation

Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world: have mercy on us. Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world: have mercy on us. Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world: grant us peace.

Cerddoriaeth | Music | ar nos Lun | on Monday

Gwasanaeth Cymun yn A leiaf | Communion Service in A minor,
Harold Darke (1888-1976)

Cerddoriaeth | Music | ar nos Fawrth | on Tuesday

Messe Basse, Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Cerddoriaeth | Music | ar nos Fercher | on Wednesday

Offeren i Dri Llais | Mass for Three Voices,
William Byrd (c.1540-1623)

Cymuno Communion

✠ Jesus is the Lamb of God
who takes away the sins of the world.
Happy are those who are called to his supper.

**Saviour, I am not worthy to receive you,
but only say the word and I shall be healed.**

Deuwn i Gymuno wrth Reilen y Cymun wedi'r Côr, o'r Afrlladen Sagrafennol ac, os y dymunwn, o'r Gwerthfawr Waed

We make our Communion at the Communion Rail after the Choir, receiving the Sacramental Host and, if we wish, the Precious Blood

Motét | ar nos Lun Motet | on Monday

In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum. Redemisti me Domine, Deus veritatis.

Cyfieithiad

Cyflwynaf fy ysbryd i'th law di; gwaredaist fi, O Dduw, y Duw ffyddlon.

Translation

Into your hand I commit my spirit; you have redeemed me, O God, faithful God.

Geiriau | Words

Salm | Psalm 31:5

Cerddoriaeth | Music

Thomas Tallis (c.1505-1585)

Motét | ar nos Fawrth Motet | on Tuesday

It is a thing most wonderful,
almost too wonderful to be,
that God's own Son should come from heaven,
and die to save a child like me.

And yet I know that it is true:
he chose a poor and humble lot,
and wept, and toiled, and mourned, and died,
for love of those who loved him not.

I sometimes think about the Cross,
and shut my eyes, and try to see
the cruel nails and crown of thorns,
and Jesus crucified for me.

But even could I see him die,
I should but see a little part
of that great love, which like a fire,
is always burning in his heart.

And yet I want to love thee, Lord;
O light the flame within my heart,
and I will love thee more and more,
until I see thee as thou art.

Geiriau | Words

William Walsham How (1823-1897)

Cerddoriaeth | Music

John Ireland (1879-1962)

Motét | ar nos Fercher Motet | on Wednesday

Ierusalem, Ierusalem, convertere ad Dominum Deum tuum.

Cyfieithiad

Caersalem, Caersalem, tro at yr Arglwydd dy Dduw.

Translation

Jerusalem, Jerusalem, turn to the Lord your God.

Geiriau | Words

Diwedd glo traddodiadol i ddarlleniadau o Alarnad Jeremeia yn Tenebrae | Traditional ending to readings from the Lamentations of Jeremiah at Tenebrae

Cerddoriaeth | Music

Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (1525-1594)



Pregeth Sermon

Eisteddwn ar gychwyn y bregeth

We sit at the start of the sermon

ar nos Lun | on Monday

Siôn Aled

Canon Brifardd; awdur *Meirioli a Rhwng Pla a Phla*
Canon Bard; author of *Meirioli and Rhwng Pla a Phla*

ar nos Fawrth | on Tuesday

Jay Hulme

Bardd; awdur *The Backwater Sermons* a *The Vanishing Song*
Poet; author of *The Backwater Sermons* and *The Vanishing Song*

ar nos Fercher | on Wednesday

Yr Athro | Prof. Helen Wilcox

Canon Lyfrgellydd; cyd-olygydd *The Oxford of Early Modern English Literature* a *The Cambridge Companion to Devotional Poetry* (i ddod)
Canon Librarian; co-editor of *The Oxford of Early Modern English Literature* and *The Cambridge Companion to Devotional Poetry* (forthcoming)

Bendithiad y Sagrafen Fendigaid *Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament*

Parhawn ar ein heistedd i ganu, a phenliniwn ar ganiad y gloch

We remain seated to sing, and kneel as the bell is rung

Eryn | ar nos Lun Hymn | on Monday



Ti, Groes Crist, Groes Dioddefaint,
arnat waedodd einioes byd,
perffaith Dduw fu ar dy freichiau,
perffaith ddyn yn aberth drud.

Here the King of all the ages,
throned in light ere worlds could be,
robed in mortal flesh is dying,
crucified by sin for me.

Dros wendidau gwau feidrolion
taenwn aberth Crist y Groes;
cwyd i oflaid nef ein hangen,
hedd i'n gofid, balm pob loes.

From the "Holy, Holy, Holy,
we adore thee, O most high",
down to earth's blaspheming voices
and the shout of "Crucify!"

Cross of Jesus, Cross of sorrow,
where the blood of Christ was shed
perfect man on thee was tortured,
perfect God on thee has bled.

Translation

*Cross of Jesus, cross of sorrow, where the blood
of Christ was shed, perfect man on thee did
suffer, perfect God on thee has bled! Evermore*

*for human failure by his Passion we can plead;
God has born all mortal anguish, surely he will
know our need.*

Geiriau | Words

John Sparrow-Simpson (1859-1952)

Cyfiethiad | Translation

Siôn B. E. Rhys Evans

Cerddoriaeth | Music | "Cross of Jesus"

John Stainer (1840-1901)

Emyn | ar nos Fawrth Hymn | on Tuesday



Holy Jesu, by thy passion,
by the woes which none can share,
borne in more than kingly fashion,
by thy love beyond compare:
Crucified, I turn to thee,
Son of Mary, plead for me.

Ar hyd lwybrau galar croyw,
llwyth y Groes yn loes a phoen;
ar y bererindod greulon,
ing yn ffrydio, llesg pob hoen:
Ar y Groes, O clyw fy nghri;
Fab Mair, Iesu, gwared ni.

By the spirit which could render
love for hate and good for ill,
by the mercy, sweet and tender,
poured upon thy murderers still:
Crucified, I turn to thee,
Son of Mary, plead for me.

Translation

*By the path of sorrows dreary, by the Cross,
thy dreadful load, by the pain, when, faint and
weary, thou didst sink, upon the road: Crucified, I
turn to thee, Son of Mary, plead for me.*

Geiriau | Words

John Sparrow-Simpson (1859-1952)

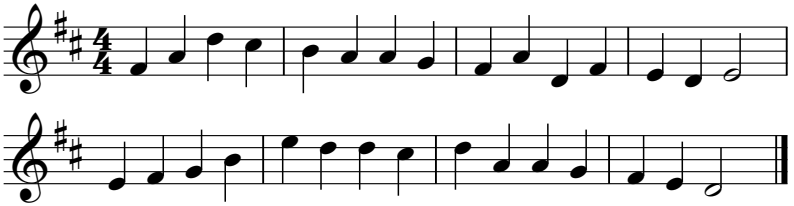
Cyfiethiad | Translation

Siôn B. E. Rhys Evans

Cerddoriaeth | Music | "Plead for Me"

John Stainer (1840-1901)

Emyn | ar nos Fercher Hymn | on Wednesday



All for Jesus, all for Jesus,
this our song shall ever be;
for we have no hope, nor Saviour,
if we have not hope in thee.

All for Jesus: thou wilt give us
strength to serve thee hour by hour;
none can move us from thy presence,
while we trust thy love and power.

O, fy lesu, bwrdd yr allor
yw dy orsedd; atat ddaw
angen byd i'w lwyr ddiwallu,
mêl i'n syched, gorhoen braw.

O, fy lesu, ti â'n carodd;
O, fy lesu, fu'n y bedd;
O, fy lesu, ti gyfodaist;
O, fy lesu, fyth ein hedd.

All for Jesus, all for Jesus,
this the Church's song must be;
till, at last, her sons are gathered
one in love and one in thee.

Translation

All for Jesus, at thine altar thou wilt give us sweet content; there, dear Lord, we shall receive thee in the solemn sacrament. ¶ All for Jesus, thou hast loved us; all for Jesus, thou hast died; all for Jesus, thou art with us; all for Jesus crucified.

Geiriau | Words

John Sparrow-Simpson (1859-1952)

Cyfiethiad | Translation

Siôn B. E. Rhys Evans

Cerddoriaeth | Music | "All for Jesus"

John Stainer (1840-1901)

Penliniwn ar ganiad y gloch

We kneel as the bell is rung

A'th fendigaf di

Ogoneddus Drindod, henffych well.

Ogoneddus Drindod, henffych well.

Ogoneddus Drindod, henffych well.

Ogoneddus Drindod, henffych well.

Yn dy fendithio boed eglwys a changell.

Yn dy fendithio boed eglwys a changell.

Yn dy fendithio boed gwastad a mynydd.

Yn dy fendithio boed gwastad a mynydd.

Yn dy fendithio boed meddwl a gweithred.

Yn dy fendithio boed meddwl a gweithred.

Yn dy fendithio boed bywyd tragwydd.

Yn dy fendithio boed bywyd tragwydd.

Ogoneddus Drindod, henffych well.

Ogoneddus Drindod, henffych well.

Ogoneddus Drindod, henffych well.

Ogoneddus Drindod, henffych well.

Translation

Hail, glorious Trinity. Church and chancel, vale and hill, thought and action, life eternal bless you.

Llyfr Du Caerfyrddin | The Black Book of Carmarthen (c.1250)

Gellir offrymu gweddïau eraill yma gan y Gweinidog o flaen y Sacrament Bendigaid

Other prayers may be offered here by the Minister before the Blessed Sacrament

Gweddi Prayer

Soul of Christ, sanctify me.
Body of Christ, save me.
Blood of Christ, inebriate me.
Water from the side of Christ, wash me.
Passion of Christ, strengthen me.
O good Jesu hear me.
Within your wounds, O Christ, hide me.

Anthem | ar nos Lun | on Monday

Tantum ergo Sacramentum
Veneremur cernui,
Et antiquum documentum
Novo cedat ritui;
Praestet fides supplementum
Sensuum defectui, sensuum defectui.

Genitori, Genitoque
Laus et iubilatio,
Salus, honor, virtus quoque
Sit et benedictio;
Procedenti ab utroque
Compar sit laudatio, compar sit laudatio.
Amen.

Cyfieithiad

Y sagrafen yma weithion parchwn gan ymgrymu i lawr; cilia o'i blaen yr hen arwyddion, defod newydd ddaeth yn awr; i'n synhwyrâu a'u diffygion rhodded ffydd ei chymorth mawr.

☞ Boed i'r Tad a'r Mab yn unwedd fawl ac orohian mwy, pob penllad a chlod a rhinwedd fyddo, a bendithiwn hwy, caffed yntau gydogonedd sydd yn hanu ohonynt hwy. Amen.

Translation

Therefore we, before him bending this great Sacrament revere; types and shadows have their ending, for the newer rite is here: faith, our outward sense befriending, makes the inward

vision clear. ¶ *Glory let us give and blessing to the Father and the Son; honour, might, and praise addressing while eternal ages run; ever too his love confessing, who, from both, with both is one. Amen.*

Geiriau | Words

Thomas Aquinas (1227-1274)

Cyfieithiad Cymraeg | Welsh-language translation

Saunders Lewis (1893-1985)

Cyfieithiad Saesneg | English-language translation

John Mason Neale (1818-1866), ac eraill | and others

Cerddoriaeth | Music

Déodat de Séverac (1872-1921)

Anthem | ar nos Fawrth | on Tuesday

Panis angelicus
Fit panis hominum;
Dat panis coelicus
Figuris terminum:
O res mirabilis!
Manducatur Dominum
Pauper, servus et humilis.

Cyfieithiad

Daw bara'r angylion yn fara meidrolion; y mae bara'r nef yn rhoi terfyn ar ragluniaethau. O beth rhyfeddol! Mae'r tlawd, y caethwas a'r gostyngedig yn bwydo ar eu Duw.

Translation

The bread of the angels becomes the bread of mortals; the bread of heaven puts an end to prefigurations. O wondrous thing! The poor, the slave and the humble feed on their God.

Geiriau | Words

Thomas Aquinas (1225-1274)

Cerddoriaeth | Music

César Franck (1822-1890)

Anthem | ar nos Fercher | on Wednesday

O salutaris Hostia,
quae caeli pandis ostium:
bella premunt hostilia,
da robur, fer auxilium.

Uni trinoque Domino
sit sempiterna gloria,
qui vitam sine termino
nobis donet in patria.
Amen.

Cyfieithiad

O Aberth lechydwrriaeth sydd yn llydan agor porth y nef, fe'n gwesgir gan y frwydr brudd, dwg inni gymorth â'th fraich gref. ¶ I'r Arglwydd sydd yn Un a Thri, trwy dragwyddoldeb boed mawrhad. A rhodded ef o'i ras i ni fywyd di-dranc yn ein tref-tad. Amen.

Translation

O Saving Victim! Opening wide the gate of heaven to man below. Our foes press hard on every side, thine aid supply, thy strength bestow. ¶ All praise and thanks to thee ascend for evermore, blest One in Three; O grant us life that shall not end in our true native land with thee. Amen.

Geiriau | Words

Thomas Aquinas (1227-1274)

Cyfieithiad Cymraeg | Welsh-language translation

Saunders Lewis (1893-1985)

Cyfieithiad Saesneg | English-language translation

John Mason Neale (1818-1866), ac eraill | and others

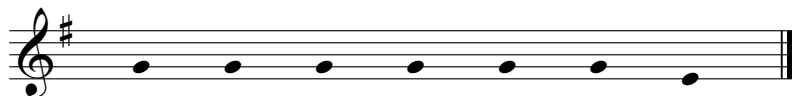
Cerddoriaeth | Music

William Byrd (c.1540-1623)

Parhawn i benlinio
We remain kneeling

Gweddi Gasgl Collect

∴ Darperaist iddynt fara o'r nef.



℞ **Yn llawn o bob melyster.**

Gweddiwn.

Fendigaid Dduw, a adewaist i ni goffadwriaeth o'th
Ddiodefaint mewn Sacrament rhyfeddol, caniatâ inni felly
barchu dirgeleddau sanctaidd dy Gorff a'th Waed, fel y
canfyddwn yn wastad ynom ein hunain ffrwyth dy brynedigaeth
di, sy'n byw ac yn teyrnasu gyda'r Tad a'r Ysbryd Glân, yn un
Duw, yn oes oesoedd.




Amen.

Translation

∴ *Thou gavest them bread from heaven. ℞*
Containing in itself all sweetness. ☩ Let us pray.
Blessed God, who in a wonderful Sacrament
has left us a memorial of your Passion: grant
us, we beseech you, so to venerate the sacred
mysteries of your Body and Blood, that we may
ever perceive within ourselves the fruit of your
redemption, who lives and reigns with the Father
and the Holy Spirit, one God, world without end.
Amen.

Parhawn i benlinio ar ganiad y gloch
We remain kneeling as the bell is rung

 **Bendithiad y Sagrafen Fendigaid**
Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament

Y brawd Fadog ap Gwallter ai cant

Mab a'n rhodded
Mab a'n rhodded,

Mab a aned
Mab a aned

Dan ei freiniau
Dan ei freiniau,

Mab gogoned
Mab gogoned,

Mab in gwared
Mab in gwared,

y Mab gorau
y Mab gorau.

Dim rhyfeddach
Dim rhyfeddach

Ni bydd bellach
Ni bydd bellach,

Ni bwyll enau
Ni bwyll enau.

Translation

Brother Madoc ap Gwallter sings (A Son is given to us, born blessed, the Son of glory, the Son to redeem us, the best Son. Never more, and never again to be told, will there be a greater mystery.

Madog ap Gwallter (fl. c.1250)

Codwn ar ein traed ar ganiad y gloch yn ystod y siant

We stand as the bell is rung during the chant

Laudate Dominum



V Adoremus in aeternum sanctissimum Sacramentum.

R **Adoremus in aeternum sanctissimum Sacramentum.**

Laudate Dominum omnes gentes: laudate eum omnes populi.

R **Adoremus in aeternum sanctissimum Sacramentum.**

Quoniam confirmata est super nos misericordiau eius: et veritas Domini manet in aeternum.

R **Adoremus in aeternum sanctissimum Sacramentum.**

Gloria Patri, et Filio: et Spiritui Sancto.

R **Adoremus in aeternum sanctissimum Sacramentum.**

Sicut erat in principio et nunc et semper: et in saecula saeculorum. Amen.

R **Adoremus in aeternum sanctissimum Sacramentum.**

Cyfieithiad

*Addolwn am byth y Sacrament sancteiddiolaf.
☩ Molwch Dduw, yr holl genhedloedd: clodforwch
Dduw, yr holl bobloedd. ☩ Oherwydd mae cariad
Dduw yn gryf tuag atom: ac y mae ffyddlondeb
y Sanctaidd Un dros byth. ☩ Gogoniant i'r Tad,
ac i'r Mab: ac i'r Ysbryd Glan. ☩ Megis yr oedd
yn y dechrau, y mae yr awr hon, ac y bydd yn
wastad: yn oes oesoedd. Amen.*

Translation

*Let us adore for ever the most holy Sacrament.
☩ O praise God, all ye heathen: praise God, all
ye nations. ☩ For God's merciful kindness is ever
more and more towards us: and the truth of the
Holy One endureth for ever. ☩ Glory be to the
Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost.
☩ As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever
shall be: world without end. Amen.*

Salm | Psalm 117

Diogelu

Mae diogelu plant ac oedolion sydd mewn perygl yn hanfodol, ac rydym wedi ymrwymo i feithrin amgylchedd lle mae pawb yn gallu addoli a chymryd rhan ym mywyd Gadeirlan Deiniol Sant yn ddiogel. Os oes gennyh unrhyw bryderon, codwch nhw ar unwaith gydag aelod o dîm y Gadeirlan.

Cynaliadwyedd a chaniatâd

Rydym yn defnyddio papur sydd wedi ei ailgylchu 100% a'i gynhyrchu â charbon deuocsid isel.

Caiff rhai o'n gwasanaethau'n eu ffrydio ar Facebook o gamera ym mhen dwyreiniol Corff yr Eglwys sy'n wynebu'r dwyrain, ac mae'r recordiad ar gael wedi hynny ar dudalen Facebook y Gadeirlan. Efallai y bydd ffotograffydd swyddogol ar ddyletswydd. Mae eich presenoldeb yn gyfystyr â'ch caniatâd i gael eich cynnwys mewn unrhyw ffilmio, tynnu lluniau, recordio sain neu ddarlledu. Os nad ydych chi'n ffotograff ohonoch chi neu blentyn yn eich gofal gael ei ddefnyddio gan y Gadeirlan, siaradwch ag aelod o dîm y Gadeirlan.

Cydnabyddiaethau

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Darlun clawr

Mae delwedd y clawr yn fanylyn o engrafiad o Lanhad y Deml gan Marcantonio Raimondi (c.1480-c.1534) ar ôl Albrecht Dürer (1471-1528).

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Acknowledgements

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Cover image

The cover image is a detail of an engraving of the Cleansing of the Temple by Marcantonio Raimondi (c.1480-c.1534) after Albrecht Dürer (1471-1528).

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