

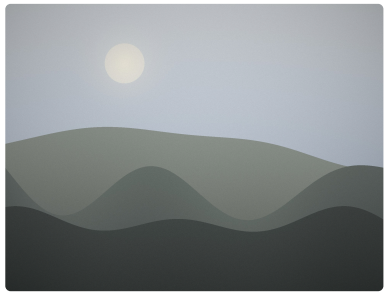
Llanfair, 1950s



With Elfed, 1961



The garden



Capel Moriah

Idris, Mererid and all the family thank everyone for their kindness, their cards and their company today. You are welcome to join us afterwards in the church hall.

Donations in Dilys's memory, if desired, to the Capel Moriah restoration fund, through the collection at the door.

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Calon Lân: English translation by Quire.
A sample booklet made with Quire. All names are invented.

ARRANGEMENTS BY EMRYS PRYCE & DAUGHTERS

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Er cof annwyl am



Dilys Morfydd Bowen

4 March 1938 – 21 October 2026

St Mary's Church, Welshpool
Thursday 12 November 2026 at 11 o'clock
followed by committal at Emstrey Crematorium

MUSIC AS WE GATHER

Nimrod, from the Enigma Variations

Edward Elgar

WELCOME

The Revd Heledd Prosser

HYMN

The Lord's my shepherd

Tune: Crimond

1 The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want;
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

2 My soul he doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for his own name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;
For thou art with me; and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4 I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

COMMENDATION AND FAREWELL

BLESSING

MUSIC AS WE LEAVE

Myfanwy

Joseph Parry, sung by a male voice choir

PRAYERS

The Lord's Prayer

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.

HYMN

Abide with me

Tune: Eventide

1 Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou who changest not, abide with me.

3 I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

4 My table thou hast furnishèd
In presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

READING

Ecclesiastes 3:1–8

Read by Idris Bowen, her son

To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven: a time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted; a time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to break down, and a time to build up; a time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance; a time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together; a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing; a time to get, and a time to lose; a time to keep, and a time to cast away; a time to rend, and a time to sew; a time to keep silence, and a time to speak; a time to love, and a time to hate; a time of war, and a time of peace.

POEM

Crossing the Bar

Alfred, Lord Tennyson · read by Mererid Bowen

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

TRIBUTE

Mererid Bowen, her granddaughter

Nain was born in Llanfair Caereinion in the spring of 1938, the youngest of four, and she never lived more than ten miles from the farm where she grew up. She trained as a teacher in Bangor and

taught at the village school for thirty-one years, where generations of children learnt their letters, their hymns and their manners from her, usually in that order.

She married Taid, Elfed, in 1961, and they had fifty-two years together. After he died she kept his garden exactly as he left it, and every sweet pea that came out of it was given away.

She played the organ at Capel Moriah for as long as anyone can remember, and she could not hear a hymn sung slowly without quietly speeding it up from the front row.

To us she was patience itself: a warm kitchen, a tin of Welsh cakes that was never empty, and a voice on the phone every Sunday evening asking whether we had eaten properly. We will miss her more than we can say.

HYMN

Calon Lân

Tune: Calon Lân

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

I do not ask for a life of luxury,
The world's gold or its fine pearls:
I ask for a happy heart,
An honest heart, a pure heart.

Calon lân yn llawn daioni,
Tecach yw na'r lili dlos:
Dim ond calon lân all ganu,
Canu'r dydd a chanu'r nos.

A pure heart full of goodness
Is fairer than the lovely lily:
Only a pure heart can sing,
Sing by day and sing by night.