

“Coffawdwriaeth y Cyfiawn sydd Fendigedig.”

# MARWNAD

Er Coffawdwriaeth am y diweddar Barchedigion W. C. Williams (Caledfryn,) a fu farw Mawrth 23ain, yn 68 mlwydd oed, a D. Rees, Llanelli, a fu farw Mawrth 31ain, 1869, yn 67 mlwydd oed, —Dau o Weinidogion yr Annibynwyr.

## AN ELEGY

*In Memory of the Revds. W. C. Williams (Caledfryn,) who died March 23, in the 68th year of his age and D. Rees, Lanelli, Carmarthenshire, who died March 31, 1869, in the 67th year of age.—Two of the Independant Ministers.*

Nid rhyfedd fod galar a gruddfan,  
A chwynfan i'w ganfod y nawr;  
O fewn yr Eglwysi trwy Gymru,  
Mae'r cewri yn cwmpo i lawr:  
Rhai fu yn llafurus a gweithgar,  
Yn ngwaith ei Creawdwr is nen;  
Ond angyf hen elyn dynoliaeth,  
A gwmpodd ein Williams, Groeswen.

Mawr golled a gafodd y Cymry  
Oedd colli Caledfryn o'u mysg  
Fel Bardd a Phregethwr o'r mwyaf,  
Ac un o'r rhai blaenaf mewn dysg:  
Gwneuthur daioni bob amser,  
Mor dyner yr oedd yn ymddwyn;  
Fe wylia y praidd gyda phleser,  
Fe bortha yn barchus yr wyn.

Mis Mawrth ar y drydydd ar ugain,  
Ein gwron mae'n drist i goflau;  
Ei enaid ehedodd i'r gwynfyd,  
Mewn hawddfyd caiff yno fywnebau:  
Caiff weled D. Rees o Lanelli,  
Yn fuan yr aeth ar ei ol;  
I gwmmi yr Iesu grasusol,  
Yr hwn a'i derbyniodd i'w gol.

Dydd Mercher y diwrnod diweddaf,  
O Fawrth y bydd coffa am hyn;  
Bu farw D. Rees o Lanelli,  
Ei dywys a gafodd trwy'r glyn:  
Er bod hen borth angyf yn gyfyng,  
Fe gafodd ef nerth i fyn'd trwy;  
Trwy gymorth y gwr fu dan hoelion,  
Yn dioddef marwolaeth a'i glwy.

Fe fu y Parchedig Caledfryn,  
Yn ddiwyd hyd derfyn ei oes;  
Ac hefyd D. Rees, o Lanelli,  
Yn traethu am Aberth y Groes:  
Gan ddenu'r hil ddynol i blygu,  
O'i gwirfodd i'r Iesu mewn pryd:  
Gan ffoi am eu bywyd i'r noddfa,  
Ddarparwyd cyn seiliad y byd.

Mae'n ffin gan hoff Eglwys Groeswen,  
Ei Williams oedd fyddlon sydd nawr;  
O fewn oer priddellau y dyffryn,  
Yn sydyn y torwyd ef la wr,  
Ni chafodd ond chydig o gystudd,  
Boddlonodd i wyllys y ne;  
Tri ugain ac wyth mlwydd o'i oedran,  
Ei enaid a landiodd i dre.

Yn Llundain y bu yn llafurio,  
Yn mlith ei gydwladwyr mewn parch;  
Yn ngwaith yr Efengyl bu'n ddiwyd,  
Nes marw a'i roddi mewn arch:  
Trwy ardal Groeswen a Chaerphili,  
Ei weled byth mwyach ni chaf;  
Mor felus ac wyfus pregethai,  
Cyn yma'n ardaloedd Cwm Taf

Mae Rees o Lanelli a Williams,  
Yr awrhon yn uchel eu llef;  
Yn mlith yr hen frodyr a welwyd,  
Y ddiwyd yn ngyfraith y nef:  
Yn d'weyd am y mawr ddrwg o bechod,  
Trwy dori gorchmynion ein Duw;  
A'n cymell i droi at yr Iesu,  
Er myned i'r nefoedd i fyw.

Mae'n ffin gan yr holl annibynwyr,  
I colli pregethwyr mor fawr;  
O leisiau a doniau mor nerthol,  
Effeithiol rhinweddol ar lawr:  
Dawn siarad pregethu cynghori,  
Dawn traethu am Iesu a'i loes;  
Dawn dangos i'r clwyfus ei gyflwr,  
A'i wella yn Angen y Groes.

Ffarwelio a hwythau raid ini,  
Gobeithio cawn eto eu cwrdd;  
'Nol myned i blith y cwmpeni,  
Sy'n gwledda o gwmpas y bwrdd:  
Cawn ganfod D. Rees o Lanelli,  
A W. C. Williams Groeswen;  
A'u gwaith fydd clodfori a chanu,  
I'r Iesu'n oes oesoedd, Amen.

Christians all and friends of Jesus,  
Listen to my mournful sigh;  
There is great weeping now and woeing,  
For those that's lay'd in earthly clay:  
Servants of the Lord Almighty,  
By death's cold hands were forced to part;  
And leave their flock and loving kindred,  
With a heavy aching heart.

The great Lecturer and Preacher,  
All will deem it now a loss;  
Dead and gone is MR. WILLIAMS,  
The Reverend Williams of White Cross:  
March the twenty third remember,  
His death took place on Tuesday night;  
And his soul to heaven ascended,  
And from the body took its flight.

As a Bard and as a Preacher,  
A better one cannot be found;  
For a time there's weeping and lamenting,  
In towns and villages around:  
A faithful shepherd and true christian,  
He laboured hard through hill and dale;  
They'd miss the Reverend William Williams,  
All in the neighbourhood of Taff Vale.

He as gone with REES Lanelli,  
Now to join the heavenly throng;  
Within the holy blessed Mansion,  
Praise the Lamb will be their song:  
His years on this earth were numbered,  
He died when he was sixty eight;  
When death called he went quite willing,  
He would not tarry nor longer wait.

In the Cross of our Redeemer,  
At all times they put their trust;  
And Preached his Gospel unto sinners,  
And said they would return to dust:  
They done their duty like good Christians,  
While on earth they did remain;  
And of Jesus and his kindness,  
And of his coming once again.

Blessed are all Godly People,  
Blessed are all just and true;  
When they leave this vale of sorrow,  
And to earth do bid adieu:  
They shall join the Saints and Angels,  
From earthly toil they'll go to rest;  
They shall praise the Lord forever,  
And lean upon the Saviour's breast.

Williams, and D. Rees, Lanelli,  
At all times were true you'll find;  
They had talent great for Preaching,  
They done their best towards mankind:  
They advised ungodly sinners,  
To turn to God and sin no more;  
And said that Jesus Christ was standing,  
To receive them at the door.

He has stood and stood for ages,  
And indeed is standing yet,  
All you kind people that listening,  
Remember this and do't forget:  
Remember Mr. Rees, and Williams,  
They invited great and small;  
To come to Jesus he'll receive us,  
Upon the Cross he died for all.

Come ye that are heavy laden,  
Let us join to go with speed;  
To the land of peace and plenty,  
We'll be happy there indeed:  
We shall see God's holy people,  
And sing his praise together then;  
And see the blessed one that suffered,  
We'll praise his name, and say, Amen.

Nantyglo.

J. W. JONES