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I ateb Ieuan Dyfi am Gywydd Anni Goch

Gwae'r undyn heb gywreindeb,
 Gwae'r un wen a garo neb;
 Ni cheir gan hon ei charu
 Yn dda, er ei bod yn ddu.
 Lliw yr un nid gwell o rod
 Y nos pan elo'n isod.
 Gwen fonheddig a ddigia,
 Naws dydd, oni bydd was da.
 Nid felly y gwna'r ddu ddoeth:
 Ei drinio a wna drannoeth.
 O dyfod Ieuan Dyfi
 Rhai drwg yn amlwg i ni,
 Rhai o'r gwynion fydd gwenwyn,
 A rhai da a urdda dyn.
 Merch a helethe Eneas,
 Ddu rudd, ac oedd dda o ras.
 Gwenddolen a ddialodd
 Ei bai am na wnaid ei bodd.
 Gwraig Ddyfnwal yn gofalu
 A wnâi les rhwng y ddau lu.
 Marsia ffel, gwraig Guhelyn,
 A ddaeth â'r gyfraith dda ynn;
 A gwraig Werydd, ddedwydd dda,
 Heddychodd, hyn oedd iacha',
 Rhwng dau lu, mawr allu maeth,
 Mor felys rhag marfolaeth.
 Mam Suddas, oedd ddiraswr,
 Cywir a gwyh carai'i gŵr,
 A gwraig Beiled, pei credid,
 Y gwir a ddywad i gyd.
 Elen merch Goel a welynt,
 Gwraig Gonstans, a gafas gynt

In Reply to Ieuan Dyfi for his cywydd on Red Annie

Woe betide the man without honesty,
 And the girl who retains her chastity;
 This man won't have a tête-à-tête
 With her because she's a brunette.
 But a pretty girl's colour's not worth a jot
 Under cover of darkness, when she gets hot.
 A well bred white girl will go all coy
 By day, if at night she gets no joy;
 But the wise dark girl will have her say:
 She'll give him what for next day.
 Oh Ieuan Dovey, do come along,
 When you say all girls are bad, you're just plain wrong,
 For some of the white ones really are poison
 While some of us dark ones have virtue and reason.
 It was a woman who made Aeneas rich
 Dido was of high birth and dark as pitch.
 Gwenddolen was one who got her own back
 When her will wasn't done, she had the knack.
 Tonwen, she who was Dyfnwal's wife,
 When she reigned, kept the land free from strife.
 Intelligent Marcia, Cuhelyn's consort,
 Sorted our Laws and cleaned up the court.
 Genuissa, she who was Gwerydd's wife,
 She too brought peace and long life,
 She stood between two raging battalions
 Bringing sweetness, not death to the rascallions.
 Tiborea, the mother of Judas the traitor,
 She was a proper, loving wife, don't hate her,
 And Pontius Pilate's wife as well
 Was the soul of truthfulness, so they tell.
 Ellen, the daughter of Coel,

Yn gywir hardd, ai gwir hyn?
 Ni allodd merch, gordderchwr,
 Diras ei gwaith, dreisio gŵr,
 Dig aflan, o ddi gyfle,
 Ymdynnu a wnâi, nid am ne'.
 Gad yn wib, godinebwr,
 Galw dyn hardd gledren hŵr.
 Efô fu'n pechu bob pen,
 Ac o'i gallon pe gwelen'.
 Y Groes lle y lladdwyd Iesu,
 A'r gras, ac nis llas mo'i llu.
 Wrth Gwlan, fu un waneg,
 A ddoeth yr un fil ar ddeg
 O'r gweryddon i'r gradde
 Am odde a wnaeth, i Dduw Ne'.
 Gwraig Edgar, bu ddihareb,
 A wnaeth yr hyn ni wnaeth neb:
 Cerdded yr haearn tanllyd
 Yn droednoeth, goesnoeth i gyd,
 A'r tân ni wnaeth eniwed
 I'w chroen, mor dda oedd ei chred.
 Eleias a ddanfonasyd
 At wraig dda i gael bara a byd.
 Gwraig a wnaeth pan oedd gaetha'
 Newyn ar lawer dyn da,
 O'r ddinas death at gasddyn
 Dig i ddywedyd i'r dyn;
 Troesai ei boen tros y byd,
 Disymwth y ddi symud.
 Susanna yn sôn synnwyr,
 Syn a gwael oedd sôn y gwŷr.
 Mwy no rhai o'r rhianedd,
 Gwell no gwŷr eu gallu a'u gwedd.
 Brenhines, daeres dwyrain,

And wife of Constance, got by toil
 The cross on which Jesus died,
 And its grace, and her legions cried.
 Gwlan was another wise woman
 Who endured enormous pain
 But she received her reward in Heaven.
 Edgar's wife was proverbial among men
 She did what no other soul
 Dared: walked barefoot on hot coal,
 And the fire did her no harm
 Since her faith just kept her warm.
 Elias the prophet sent out a message
 To bake bread, the world's famine to assuage;
 This good woman did as she was asked,
 As many starved, she balked not at the task.
 Meanwhile in the city a man in bad humour
 Decided to give out false rumour;
 He spread pain through the world
 But he suddenly had to eat his words.
 Susanna was good and full of good sense;
 The men's rumours of her were to give offence.
 Girls are the mildest of creatures,
 They're better than men, in ability and features.
 Queen and heiress of the Orient
 Was the Sibyl, most excellent,
 She was the very first to say
 That 'fore God there'd be a judgement day;
 For her wisdom all revered her
 She was named truth-teller of the future.
 Tell me, Ifan, I'm asking you,
 Tell me now, isn't all this true?
 And when all is said and done
 No woman could rape a mother's son,
 Whatever the traitor had gone and done.

Sy' abl fodd, Sibli fain,
 Yn gynta' 'rioed a ddoede
 Y down oll gerbron Duw Ne';
 Hithau a farn ar yr anwir
 Am eu gwaith, arddoedyd gwir.
 Dywed Ifan, 'rwy'n d'ofyn,
 Yn gywir hardd, ai gwir hyn?
 Ni allodd merch, gordderchwyr,
 Diras ei gwaith, dreisio gŵr,
 Dig aflan, o ddi gyfle,
 Ymdynnu a wnâi, nid am ne'.
 Gad yn wib, godinebwr,
 Galw dyn hardd gledren hŵr.
 Efô fu'n pechu bob pen,
 Ac o'i galon pe gwelen'.
 Dywed Ifan, ar dafawd,
 Rhodiog ŵr, cyn rhydu gwawd,
 Ai da i ferch golli'i pherchen,
 A'i phrynt a'i helynt yn hen?
 Yr un ffwl a neidio wrth ffon
 Neu neidio wrth lw anudon,
 Aed ffeilsion ddynion yn ddig,
 Duw a fyddo dy feddyg.

Gweles eich lodes lwydwen (i'w thad) (?)

Gweles eich lodes lwydwen – eiddilaidd,
 Hi ddylai gael amgen;
 Hi yn ei gwres, gynheswen,
 Chwithau 'nhad aethoch yn hen.

Stop your hypocrisy, you pervert,
 You, who call a lovely girl a tart.
 You who sin from morn to night
 Even in your heart, if I could see aright.
 Tell me, Ifan, do you think it's just
 For a wife to be chucked when her husband's lust
 Decides she's too old for his whim?
 An old fool leaps a stick to keep in trim,
 Or to the magistrate's call gives a leap and a hop,
 For false men like you just get in a strop;
 I can't mend your pretended pain:
 Let God heal your precious bane.

To her father

I saw your grey-white lass – she's feeble
 But deserves a bit of class;
 Her warm youth attracts your lust so bold,
 But father, face it, you – you're just too old.