

Hysbysiad Hawlfraint

Dyma atgoffa staff a myfyrwyr y Brifysgol hwn fod hawlfraint yn gymwys ar y darn hwn ac ar y gwaith y mae'n dod ohono. Gwnaed y Copi Digidol hwn yn unol â thelerau Trwydded yr Asiantaeth Trwyddedu Hawlfraint, sy'n golygu eich bod yn cael:

- Gweld a lawr lwytho copi
- Argraffu copi

Mae'r Copi Digidol hwn ac unrhyw gopi digidol neu argraffedig a roddir ichi neu a wnaed gennych yn ôl telerau'r Drwydded hon i'w ddefnyddio yng nghyd-destun y modiwl hwn neu'r cwrs astudio hwn. Cewch gadw'r copïau hyn ar ddiwedd y cwrs, ond dim ond at eich defnydd eich hun.

Rhaid i bob copi (gan gynnwys copïau electronig) gynnwys yr Hysbysiad Hawlfraint hwn a rhaid iddynt gael eu dinistrio neu eu dileu os bydd y Brifysgol yn gofyn ichi wneud hynny.

Ac eithrio'r hyn sy'n dderbyniol yn ôl darpariaethau cyfraith hawlfraint, ni cheir copïo, cadw na dosbarthu (gan gynnwys dosbarthu drwy e-bost) heb ganiatâd y sawl sy'n dal yr hawlfraint.

Mae gan yr awdur (ymadrodd sy'n cynnwys arlunydd a'r sawl sy'n creu gweithiau gweledol eraill) hawliau moesol ar y gwaith ac ni chaiff staff na myfyrwyr achosi na chaniatáu i'r gwaith gael ei anffurfio, ei lurgunio na'i addasu fel arall, na'i drin mewn unrhyw fodd difriol arall, a fyddai'n gwneud cam ag anrhydedd neu enw da'r awdur.

Teitl y darn: **Dioddefaint Crist**

Enw'r Awdur: **Mechain, G.**

Teitl/Awdur/Argraffiad y llyfr (os yw'n berthnasol): **Welsh Women's Poetry 1460 –**

2001: An Anthology. Gramich, K. a Brennan, C. (gol.)

Enw Crëwr Gwaith Gweledol neu

gydnabyddiaeth arall (os yw'n berthnasol):

Manylion cyfnodolyn -

teitl/Cyfrrol/Blwyddyn (os yw'n berthnasol):

Cyhoeddwr: **Honno Classics**

Tudalennau a sganiwyd: **22 - 25**

Cwrs Astudio (Enw a rhif y modiwl): **Hanes y Ferch yn yr Oesoedd Canol: ffynonellau o'r rhanbarthau CYCS7005C**

Enw'r sawl a awdurdododd

y sganio:

E. L. Harris

Dyddiad y rhoddwyd awdurdod: 16.03.17.

Moodle/Powerpoint

Dioddefaint Crist

Goreudduw gwiw a rodded
 Ar bren croes i brynu Cred,
 I weled, gweithred nid gau,
 O luoedd Ei weliau;
 Gwaed ar dâl gwedi'r dolur,
 A gwaed o'r corff wedi'r cur.
 Drud oedd Ei galon drwydoll
 A gïau Duw i gyd oll.
 Oer oedd i Fair, arwydd fu,
 Wrth aros Ei ferthyru,
 Yr hwn a fu'n rhoi'i einioes
 I brynu Cred ar bren croes.
 Gŵr â'i friw dan gwr ei fron,
 A'r un gŵr yw'r Oen gwirion.
 Prynodd bob gradd o Adda
 A'i fron yn don, frenin da.
 Ni cheir fyth, oni cheir Fo,
 Mab brenin mwy a'n pryno.
 Anial oedd i un o'i lu
 Fwrw dichell i'w fradychu:
 Siwdas wenieithus hydwyll,
 Fradwr Duw, a'i fryd ar dwyll,
 Prisiwr fu, peris ar fwyd,
 Ddolau praiff, ddal y Proffwyd.
 Duw Mercher wedi 'mwarchad
 Ydd oedd ei bris a'i ddydd brad.
 Trannoeth, heb fater uniawn,
 Ei gablu'n dost gwbl nid iawn,
 A dir furn cyn daear fedd
 A'i 'sgyrsio ymysg gorsedd
 Oni gad, enwog ydiw,
 Glaw gwaed o'r gwelïau gwiw.
 Duw Gwener cyn digoni
 Rhoed ar y Groes, rhydaer gri,
 A choron fawr, chwerw iawn fu,
 A roesant ar yr Iesu,
 A'r glaif drud i'w glwyfo draw

Christ's Suffering

Christ immaculate, due to our vanity,
 Was nailed to the cross to redeem humanity.
 Behold the legion of his lacerations
 The dear blood after the humiliation
 His body's blood after the passion!
 The price his pierced heart paid was high
 God's flesh itself was cut and men stood by,
 There was a sign and Mary stayed in bitterness
 Her only son's martyrdom to witness,
 He who freely made the great sacrifice
 On the cross to free mankind from vice.
 With a wound beneath his breast this man,
 This same man is the tender Lamb:
 He bought every single Adam,
 The good King, his breast a flood of blood.
 Never again will we see one so good,
 No King's son to buy us, unless he comes again.
 It was harsh that one of his own men
 Should have betrayed him at the last,
 It was the scheming flatterer Judas,
 Betrayer of God, bent on dishonesty, the cur
 Took the pieces of silver and after supper,
 With strong bonds, he snared the Prophet
 It was on Wednesday after market;
 Cheap was his price on that ashen day.
 With no justification, on the next day
 He was brutally beaten to the floor
 And scourged alike by rich and poor,
 Until, as we all know, there streamed
 Out so much blood that like rain it seemed.
 On Friday before they had their fill
 They put him on the Cross, a cry rang shrill,
 And they placed a bitter crown
 On Jesus' head as he gazed down,
 And as he did so Longinus the blind was healed
 By the blood which dropped and his eyes unsealed.

O law'r dall i'w lwyr dwyllaw.
 Trwm iawn o'r tir yn myned
 Oedd lu Crist wrth ddileu Cred
 A llawen feilch, fellŷn fu,
 Lu Sisar pan las Iesu.
 Wrth hud a chyfraith oediog
 Y bwrien' Grist mewn barn grog
 Er gweled ar Ei galon
 Gweli fraisg dan gil Ei fron.
 Ni bu yn rhwym neb un rhi,
 Ni bu aelod heb weli.
 Marw a wnaeth y mawr wiw nêr
 Yn ôl hyn yn ael hanner.
 Ar ôl blin yr haul blaned
 A dduodd, crynodd dir Cred.
 Pan dynnwyd, penyd einioes,
 Y gŵr grym o gyrrau'r groes,
 Sioseb a erchis Iesu
 I'w roi'n ei fedd, a'i ran fu.
 Pan godes, poen gyhydedd,
 Cwrs da i'r byd, Crist o'r bedd,
 Yna'r aeth, helaeth helynt,
 Lloer a'r haul o'u lliw ar hynt,
 A phan ddug wedi'r ffin ddwys
 Ei bridwerth i baradwys,
 Troi a wnaeth Duw Tri yn ôl
 I'r ffurf y bu'n gorfforol.
 Duw Naf i'r diau nefoedd
 Difiau'r aeth, diofer oedd,
 Yn gun hael, yn gynheiliad,
 Yn enw Duw, yn un â'i Dad.
 Un Duw cadarn y'th farnaf,
 Tri pherson cyfion a caf.
 Cawn drugaredd a'th weddi,
 Down i'th ras Duw Un a Thri.
 Cael ennill fo'n calennig
 Pardwn Duw rhag Purdan dig:
 Profiad llawen yw gennym
 Praffed gras y Proffwyd grym.

With heavy hearts did Christ's disciples, humbled,
 Leave that place as their world crumbled,
 But Caesar's mob were merry and elated
 Like cackling birds as they killed the man they hated.
 Old laws and ignorance of good
 Meant they nailed Christ to the rood,
 Though they saw above his heart
 A huge wound cleaving his breast apart.
 Never was such a king so abused,
 No-one there failed to see, yet no-one accused.
 And then the great lord God died
 In the middle of the day, the turning of the tide.
 After this torment the great sun took
 A hue of darkness, and Christendom shook.
 From the cross they took down his body dear
 And there approached Joseph of Arimathea,
 Who laid him in his own grave, and thus it was.
 When Christ rose up from the tomb,
 After so much pain, to save us from our doom,
 Then suddenly both sun and moon
 Were dark both at midnight and noon,
 And when he crossed like everyone who dies,
 Paying the price to enter Paradise,
 God of the Trinity turned back once more
 Returning to the form of man, the mortal shore.
 The Lord God whose Heaven is certain
 He was wholly good, and endured great pain,
 Oh generous sublime, our mainstay,
 At one with your Father, be with us every day.
 Though I can see but one great Lord,
 He is Three Persons in accord.
 Grant our prayer that we have your mercy,
 Grant that we gain the grace of the Trinity.
 Let our New Year gift be to win
 God's pardon from the Purgatory of sin:
 Our most pure and precious asset
 To gain grace of the powerful Prophet.