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 difrïol arall, a fyddai'n gwneud cam ag anrhydedd neu enw da'r awdur.

Teitl y darn: **I Ateb Ieuan Dyfi am Gywydd Anni Goch**

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/Cyfrol/Blwyddyn (os yw'n berthnasol):
Cyhoeddwr: **Honno Classics**

Tudalennau a sganiwyd: **14 - 19**

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: 06.03.17.

Moodle/~~Powerpoint~~

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 gwych 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 rapscallions.
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 dôi 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 dôi 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, gordderchwr,
Diras ei gwaith, dreisio gŵr,
Dig aflan, o dôi 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 ffŵl 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.