

# 1 Cywydd y Gal

*Dafydd ap Gwilym*

*Dafydd ap Gwilym oedd meistr y canu serch yn yr Oesoedd Canol, ac roedd ei gywyddau ysgafn a maswedddus yn eithriadol o boblogaidd. Mae rhywfaint o ansicrwydd ynglŷn â'i ddyddiadau o hyd, ond yn ôl pob tebyg perthyn y gerdd hon i'r cyfnod 1330-50. Hon felly yw'r gynharaf o'r cerddi anllad y gellir rhoi dyddiad arnynt. Mae cwyno wrth y gal afreolus yn ffordd gyfrwys o frolio campau rhywiol y bardd.*

4 Rho Duw gal, rhaid yw gwyliaw  
arnad â llygad a llaw  
am hyn o hawl, pawl pensyth,  
yn amgenach bellach byth;  
8 rhwyd adain cont, rhaid ydiw  
rhag cwyn rhoi ffrwyn yn dy ffrw  
i'th atal fal na'th dditier  
eilwaith, clyw anobaith clêr.

12 Casaf rholbren wyd gennyf,  
corn cod, na chyfod na chwyf;  
calennig gwragedd-da Cred,  
cylorffon ceuol arffed,  
16 ystum llindag, ceiliagwydd  
yn cysgu yn ei blu bliwydd,  
paeledwlyb wddw paladflith,  
pen darn imp, paid â'th chwimp chwith;  
pyles gam, pawl ysgymun,  
20 piler bôn dau hanner bun,  
pen morlysywen den doll,  
pwl argae fal pawl irgoll.  
Hwy wyd na morddwyd mawrddyn,  
hirnos herwa, gannos gŷn;  
24 taradr fal paladr y post,  
benlledr a elwir bonllost.  
Trosol wyd a bair traserch,  
clohigin clawr moeldin merch.

# 1 The Penis

*Dafydd ap Gwilym*

*The foremost love poet of medieval Wales, Dafydd ap Gwilym popularized the use of the cywydd metre for light and salacious verse. His dates are still a matter of some debate, but this poem probably belongs to the period 1330-50, and is the earliest dateable item in this collection. Although cast in the form of a complaint addressed to the unruly penis, it is in fact an elaborate means of boasting the poet's sexual prowess.*

By God penis, you must be guarded  
with eye and hand  
because of this lawsuit, straight-headed pole,  
more carefully for evermore;  
net-quill of the cunt, because of  
complaint a bridle must be put on your snout  
to keep you in check so that you are not indicted  
again, take heed you despair of minstrels.

I consider you the vilest of rolling-pins,  
horn of the scrotum, do not rise up or wave about;  
gift of the noble ladies of Christendom,  
nut-pole of the lap's cavity,  
snare shape, gander  
sleeping in its yearling plumage,  
neck with a wet head and milk-giving shaft,  
tip of a growing shoot, stop your awkward jerking;  
crooked blunt one, accursed pole,  
the centre pillar of the two halves of a girl,  
head of a stiff conger with a hole in it,  
blunt barrier like a fresh hazel-pole.  
You are longer than a big man's thigh,  
a long night's roaming, chisel of a hundred nights;  
auger like the shaft of the post,  
leather-headed one who is called 'tail'.  
You are a sceptre which causes lust,  
the bolt of the lid of a girl's bare arse.

## 5 Cywydd y Cedor

### *Gwerful Mechain*

*Mae hwn hefyd yn adwaith i gerddi gan ddynton, y tro hwn y disgrifiadau manwl o bryd a gwedd merched sy'n atwybyddu rhan bwysicaf eu cyrff. Ar un wedd mae hwn yn gymar naturiol i 'Cywydd y Gal', ond yn wahanol i gywydd Dafydd ap Gwilym nid oes elfen o froliant personol ynddo.*

4 Pob rhyw brydydd, dydd dioed,  
mul frwysg, wladaidd rwysg erioed,  
noethi moliant, nis gwrantwyf,  
anfeidrol reiwl yr wyf,  
am gerdd merched y gwledydd  
a wnaethant heb ffyniant ffydd  
8 yn anghwbl iawn, ddawn ddiwad,  
ar hyd y dydd, rho Duw Dad:  
moli gwallt, cwnsallt ceinserch,  
a phob cyfryw sy fyw o ferch,  
ac obry moli heb wg  
12 yr aelïau uwchlaw'r olwg;  
moli hefyd, hyfryd dwf,  
foelder dwyfron feddaldwf,  
a breichïau gwen, len loywlun,  
16 dylai barch, a dwylaw bun.  
Yno o'i brif ddewiniaeth  
cyn y nos canu a wnaeth,  
Duw er ei radd a'i addef,  
20 diffirwyth wawd o'i dafawd ef:  
gadu'r canol heb foliant  
a'r plas lle'r enillir plant,  
a'r cedor clyd, rhagor claer,  
24 tynerdew, cylch twn eurdaer,  
lle carwn i, cywrain iach,  
y cedor dan y cadach.

## 5 The Female Genitals

### *Gwerful Mechain*

*This too is a reaction to poems by men, in this case the detailed descriptions of girls' physical appearance which ignore the most important part of their bodies. In a sense it is a natural partner to 'Cywydd y Gal', but it differs from Dafydd ap Gwilym's poem in that it contains no element of personal boasting.*

Every foolish drunken poet,  
boorish vanity without ceasing,  
(never may I warrant it,  
I of great noble stock,  
has always declaimed fruitless praise  
in song of the girls of the lands  
all day long, certain gift,  
most incompletely, by God the Father:  
praising the hair, gown of fine love,  
and every such living girl,  
and lower down praising merrily  
the brows above the eyes;  
praising also, lovely shape,  
the smoothness of the soft breasts,  
and the beauty's arms, bright drape,  
she deserved honour, and the girl's hands.  
Then with his finest wizardry  
before night he did sing,  
he pays homage to God's greatness,  
fruitless eulogy with his tongue:  
leaving the middle without praise  
and the place where children are conceived,  
and the warm quim, clear excellence,  
tender and fat, bright fervent broken circle,  
where I loved, in perfect health,  
the quim below the smock.



28 Corff wyd diball ei allu,  
cwrw difreg o'r blonog blu.  
Llyma 'ynghred, teg y cedawr,  
cylch gweflau ymylau mawr,  
32 pant yw hwy na llwy na llaw,  
clawdd i ddal cal ddwy ddwylaw;  
cont yno wrth din finffloch,  
dabl y gerdd â'i dwbl o goch.  
36 Ac nid arbed, freisged frig,  
y gloywsaint, gwŷr eglwysig  
mewn cyfle iawn, ddawn ddifreg,  
myn Beuno, ei deimlo'n deg.  
40 Am hyn o chwaen, gaen gerydd,  
y prydyddion sythion sydd,  
gadewch heb ffael er cael ced  
gerddau cedor i gerdded.  
44 Sawden awdl, sidan ydiw,  
sêm fach, len ar gont wen wiw,  
lleiniau mewn man ymannerch,  
y llwyn sur, llawn yw o serch,  
fforest falch iawn, ddawn ddifreg,  
48 ffris ffrail, ffwrwr dwygaill deg,  
breisglwyn merch, drud annerch dro,  
berth addwyn, Duw'n borth iddo.

You are a body of boundless strength,  
a faultless court of fat's plumage.  
I declare, the quim is fair,  
circle of broad-edged lips,  
it is a valley longer than a spoon or a hand,  
a ditch to hold a penis two hands long;  
cunt there by the swelling arse,  
song's table with its double in red.  
And the bright saints, men of the church,  
when they get the chance, perfect gift,  
don't fail, highest blessing,  
by Beuno, to give it a good feel.  
For this reason, thorough rebuke,  
all you proud poets,  
let songs to the quim circulate  
without fail to gain reward.  
Sultan of an ode, it is silk,  
little seam, curtain on a fine bright cunt,  
flaps in a place of greeting,  
the sour grove, it is full of love,  
very proud forest, faultless gift,  
tender frieze, fur of a fine pair of testicles,  
a girl's thick grove, circle of precious greeting,  
lovely bush, God save it.



32 íw chweirio'n faith, a'i charu a fyn,  
 a gwayw ym mhen 'nyn wendlos,  
 a'i gwyno a wnâi gyn y nos,  
 ac yno'n wir, 'nyn irwen,  
 36 i gysgu ír gwely'r âi gwen.  
 Digio wna'r feinir arab  
 a galw "How, ír gwely, hab".  
 Myned a wnawn yn llawen  
 40 dan lechu tua gwely gwen;  
 troi tro ymysg a chysgu  
 yn dwym, mi a'm dyn hy;  
 yno'í gwelid yn llidiaw,  
 44 a choes ar dro droso' draw,  
 a gofyn i mí'n ddiwyd,  
 "Ai cysgu, er Iesu, 'r wyd?"  
 Gorfod rhoi cysgod ír cŷn  
 48 a'í tharo dan ei thoryn.  
 Dig i mi, rhwng deg a naw,  
 frathu hon wrth ddihunaw,  
 a hanner nos, 'nyn dloswen,  
 52 rhaid yw trawod gwaelod gwen.  
 Y plygain, y fun feinael,  
 gwen a fynnai ei gael.  
 Bore, lliw'r ôd, wrth godi,  
 56 cael cnych a chwennych hi.  
 Cnych fynnai, o châi'í chyngor,  
 cyn cinio, a tharo'í thor.  
 Fo gâr rhain, ael feinrhydd,  
 60 bib ír din bob awr o'r dydd.  
 Rhaid ír fun gael anerchion  
 cyn swper, a bêr yn ei bôn.  
 Gwedi darffo swperu,  
 64 a rhodio tro 'r hyd y tŷ,  
 o châi gnych yn ddiduchan  
 ni wrthyd hi, wrth y tân.  
 Ped faid ganwaith, weniethferch,  
 68 gan yr un, eirianfun ferch,  
 ni wnâi wylder na therey;  
 parod yw ei harfod hi.  
 Na chnych di yn rhy ddiriaid  
 72 er hyn ond a fyddo rhaid.

to doll herself up, and she wants to make love,  
 and my pretty creature has a headache,  
 and she complains of it before night,  
 and then indeed, my fresh bright girl,  
 she went to bed to sleep.  
 The playful beauty gets cross  
 and calls out "Hey, to bed, you ape".  
 I did go gladly  
 creeping towards her bed;  
 we had a roll intertwined, and went to sleep  
 warm, me and my bold one;  
 then she was seen to get angry,  
 and swung her leg over me,  
 and asked me urgently,  
 "Are you asleep, for Christ's sake?"  
 I had to give shelter to the chisel  
 and strike her under her robe.  
 It was grievous for me, between ten and nine,  
 to pierce her as I woke up,  
 and at midnight, my pretty bright girl,  
 I have to handle her bottom.  
 At dawn, the fine-browed maid,  
 she insisted on having it.  
 In the morning, colour of snow, as we got up,  
 she wants to have a fuck.  
 She wanted a fuck, if she had her way,  
 before dinner, and have her belly struck.  
 The maid likes, fine noble brow,  
 a pipe to her arse every hour of the day.  
 The girl must have greetings  
 before supper, and a shaft in her rump.  
 After supper is over,  
 and a walk about the house,  
 if she could have a fuck without grumbling  
 she won't refuse, by the fire.  
 Had she had it a hundred times, blandishing girl,  
 with the same man, dazzling girl,  
 modesty would not stop her thrusting;  
 her stroke is always ready.  
 Because of this don't you fuck  
 too wantonly, but only what is necessary.

## 23 Y Clerigwr a'r Forwyn

### Syr Dafydd Llwyd Ysgolhaig

*Bardd amatur tua chanol yr 16eg ganrif oedd Dafydd Llwyd Ysgolhaig. Offeiriad heb radd fyddai'n dwyn y teitl 'Syr'.*

4 Bwriais i brofedigeth  
a'm bryd ar rodio'r byd beth:  
dechrau yng ngheudod brodir  
a thrwy daleithiau'r deau dir;  
ymofyn, o dremyn dro,  
darogan am le i drigo;  
8 ysbïais blas urddaswych  
a gwidw o wraig weddw wych,  
a gwylan wen, gwelwn i,  
fawrwych oedd, o ferch iddi.

12 Da gwyddwn i, a dinam,  
gadw'i merch oedd gyda'i mam;  
ei mam yn arfer o drefi,  
gado'i merch oedd gyda mi.  
16 Tyfu'n gynnar gydnabod  
â gwenlloer wen, unlliw'r ôd;  
addef dan gellwair iddi,  
yng nghiliau f'ais, fy nghlwyf i.  
Ni fedrai hi odineb,  
20 meddai, nis gwnâi er neb.  
O'i bodd ni chaid bun lednais,  
mwy no'r dryw ni wnawn i drais.  
Eto, er hyn, hi gytunodd  
24 gaffel ei barel o'i bodd:  
neidio o'm gwen, fynwes iesin,  
i'r gwely a thalu â'i thin.

28 Pan glywes 'mun gŷn bondew  
a chlywed blas chwilio'i blew,  
ni thynnai gwen gymen gu  
ei golwg oddi ar y gwely.  
Heb ohir daw'n brynhawny

## 23 The Cleric and the Virgin

### 'Sir' Dafydd Llwyd the Scholar

*Dafydd Llwyd was an amateur poet of the mid-sixteenth century. The Welsh title 'Syr' was given to priests without a degree.*

I brought tribulation upon myself,  
intending to see a bit of the world:  
starting in the middle of my native region  
I travelled through the provinces of south Wales;  
I enquired on my travels  
of news about somewhere to stay;  
I saw a magnificent mansion  
and a fine unmarried widow woman,  
with a white seagull of a daughter,  
I did see that she was splendid.

I knew well, and faultlessly,  
how to care for her daughter who was with her mother;  
as her mother went to town  
she would leave her daughter with me.  
I soon got to know  
the bright white moon, of snow's hue;  
I confessed jokingly to her  
my malady in my crotch.  
She couldn't commit fornication,  
she said, she wouldn't do it for anyone.  
The lovely maid was not to be had of her own will,  
I wouldn't commit rape anymore than a wren.  
Still, nevertheless, she agreed  
of her own will to let me have her barrel:  
my sweetheart jumped, radiant bosom,  
into bed and paid with her arse.

When my maid felt the thick-shafted chisel  
and tasted the probing of her pubic hair,  
the sweet pretty girl couldn't keep  
her eyes off the bed.  
Without delay afternoon comes, time

## 15 Ymddiddan Rhwng Mab a Merch

*Dengys arddull lac y cywydd hwn fod y llawysgrifau'n anghywir yn ei briodoli i Ddafydd ap Gwilym. Dylid ystyried y posibilrwydd mai merch oedd ei awdur (gw. Rhagymadrodd). Bachgen ifanc dibrofiad sydd yma, ac mae'r ansoddeiriau 'cynnill' (celfydd) a 'serchglod' yn awgrymu ei fod wedi mynd at 'wraig llwyn a pherth', a defnyddio ymadrodd Cyfraith Hywel. Ni cheir enghraifft arall o'r gair allweddol 'syfal', ond mae ei ystyr gyffredinol yn weddol amlwg.*

4 'Y gynilferch ganolfain  
o reiol fodd â'r ael fain,  
gofyn cennad celadwy  
i'th garu er Iesu'r wy.  
A gaf finne, gu f'annerch,  
gennad i fod gennyd ferch?'

8 'Pa les yt fab golas fu  
ei gael oni bai'i gelu?'

12 'Myn fy nghred, ferch gain serchglod,  
y celwn byth er cael bod.  
Ni wn i ba fodd y gwnaf,  
ba sud, ba wedd y byddaf.'

16 'Cyfod fy mhais, gais heb gél,  
megis oddi tan 'mogel,  
a dod dy lin rhwng 'ngliniau -  
o deui â'r un dyro'r ddau.'

'Beth oni chair, hoywgrair hyll,  
fy nghal syfal i'w sefyll?'

20 'I ble'r aeth, mabolaeth byd,  
y geiriau oedd gymnau gennyd?  
Hwy aethon' fal haul, traul tremynt,  
neu eisin gwag gyda'r gwynt.  
I ddiawl dy wragedd heddyw,  
24 na'th ordderch na'th ferch i'th fyw,

## 15 A Conversation Between A Boy and a Girl

*The loose style of this poem shows that the manuscript attribution to Dafydd ap Gwilym is incorrect. The possibility that it is the work of a woman deserves consideration (see Introduction). The male protagonist is a young and inexperienced boy, and his descriptions of the girl suggest that he regards her as sexually experienced and available. The key word 'syfal' (= feeble?) is not otherwise attested, but its general meaning is obvious enough.*

'Dexterous girl with slender waist,  
grand of manner with fine eyebrows,  
I request your leave in secret  
for Jesus's sake to make love to you.  
May I, pleasant is my greeting,  
have leave to lie with you girl?'

'What good would it be to you, pale lad,  
to have it unless it were kept secret?'

'By my faith, fine girl famed as a lover,  
I would keep it secret for ever to get to do it.  
I don't know what to do,  
or how to go about it.'

'Lift my dress, seek openly,  
as if from under my navel,  
and put your knee between my knees -  
if you bring one put them both.'

'What if, ugly sprightly treasure,  
my feeble [?] cock won't stand up?'

'What happened, great masculinity,  
to the words you spoke just now?  
Like the sun they faded away,  
or empty husks with the wind.  
Devil take your women today,  
or your mistress or any girl in your life,

na'th ffordd rhwng fy nau forddwyd,  
na'th gymwoynas, oerwas wyd.  
Dos felly, cais gyfeillach,  
i wely chwain â'r gal fain fach.'

'Dos dithe'r ferch ddiserchryw,  
wylt ei thin, â mellith Dduw.'



## 16 Y Llances Lysti

*Cerdd rydd a gopiwyd gan Richard Morris yn 1711 yw hon, gyda'r pennawd: 'Dyriau ar y mesur elwir Bloda yr Gogledd'. Mae ar yr un thema â'r gerdd flaenorol, ond ceir ynddi fframwaith naratif yn llais y bachgen, a llawer mwy o bwyslais ar drachwant rhywiol y ferch. Mae aredig y tir yn ddelwedd erotig draddodiadol a ddatblygir yn gelfydd yma. Sylwer yn arbennig ar y gair mwys 'chwant' yn ll. 37.*

4 A m'fi yn rhodio'r coed eleni,  
mi gyfarfum â llances lysti.  
Honno'n gwit a ofynne i minne,  
'Beth, heb gasedd, yw eich negese?  
Dan iraidd gange  
'A ddoi di'n ystig ata' i eiste?'

8 Minna atebais wen lliw'r bloda,  
'Nid wy' ond rhesymol am resyma.  
Mewn lle dirgel gwylder anhy  
sy yn orchfygol i'm gorchfygu,  
ac erbyn hynny  
12 nid wy' ond oferedd i'ch difyrru.'

'Gwranddo ar gwynfan llances landeg  
sydd â'i thir yn colli ei adeg,

or your way between my two thighs,  
or your favour, you're a cold lad.  
So take your thin little cock  
and seek companionship in a bed of fleas.'

'And God's curse on you girl,  
you ill-tempered wild-arsed bitch.'

## 16 The Lusty Lass

*This free-metre poem was copied by Richard Morris in 1711, with the heading 'A song to the tune known as The Flowers of the North'. Although on the same theme as the previous poem, it differs from it in having a narrative framework in the voice of the boy, and in stressing the girl's sexual lust. The traditional erotic image of ploughing the land is skilfully exploited here.*

As I was walking in the woods this year  
I met a lusty lass.  
She did ask me straightaway,  
'Tell me kindly, what is your errand?  
Under green branches  
will you come to sit close by me?'

I answered the beauty of flowers' hue,  
I'm pretty poor at conversation.  
In a secluded place bashful modesty  
quite overwhelms me,  
and with that  
I'm of no use to amuse you.'

'Listen to the complaint of a lovely lass  
whose land is missing its season,

16 *a minna sydd yn ofni glybwr,  
ac yn sicir yn ddiswcur.  
Mae'n ddrwg 'y nghyflwr  
o eisie cael at hwn lafurwr.'*

20 *Minna atebais fy mun gryno,  
'Nid wy' chwaith arfer â llafurio.  
Gwnïo 'ngwýdd ni fedra' i o'r gore,  
fy mun beredd, hwyr na bore,  
na hwylio ei hwylio  
24 i hollti'r ddwygwys fel y dyle.'*

*'Od oes ond hynny yn dy drwblio  
nid rhaid iti fyth mo'r rhusio.  
Os yw dy swch mewon chwant i'r cwysa,  
28 byth nid yngan dan y cynga,  
mae ffordd o'r gora,  
galkw di, mi ddaliaf imma.'*

32 *'Mae fy swch, os coeliwch gwengu,  
yn un glwydan eto heb g'ledu,  
a minna sydd yn llanc diweddar  
ei awch dirio at eich daear,  
i ymgemio'n gymar,  
36 rhag i chwi hogan chware'n hagar.'*

*'Ffarwel bellach, yr wy' yn pallu,  
gwae fi erioed fy ngeni a'm magu.  
40 Un o'r meibion ni wna ymward  
rhong 'y nglinie er eu glaned.  
Yn siŵr fo'm ganed  
ar anedwydd flinedd flaened.'*

*and I am afraid of wetness,  
and indeed I'm without succour.  
I'm in a bad state  
in need of a ploughman for this land.'*

*I answered my fine maid,  
'I'm not used to ploughing either.  
I can't weave my plough in and out very well,  
my sweet maid, by night or morning,  
nor guide its thrusts  
to part the two sods as it should.'*

*'If that's all that's troubling you  
there's no need at all for you to hesitate.  
If your ploughshare is inclined to the furrow,  
it'll make no sound under the burdock,  
there's a perfectly good way,  
you call [the oxen], and I'll hold [the plough].'*

*'My ploughshare, if you'll believe me sweetheart,  
is a mere flake which hasn't yet hardened,  
and I'm a backward lad  
in desire to thrust towards your earth,  
to sport with you as a mate,  
for fear that you play dirty, lass.'*

*'Farewell then, I give up,  
woe is me that I was ever born and raised.  
None of the boys will help me out  
between my knees despite their beauty.  
There's no doubt that I was born  
under an unlucky grievous star.'*