

Level A, Basic Text

Level B, Simplified

Level C, 1864 Text

<p><i>Jac y Lantern.</i> (Llên Gwerin.)</p>	<p><i>Jac y Lantern.</i> (O Lên Gwerin)</p>	<p><i>Jac y Lantern.</i> (Oddiar Lafar Gwlad.)</p>
<p>Dw i'n mynd i ysgrifennu rhywbeth. Roedd hen ŵr, Siôn Dafydd, yn byw ar fynyddoedd Arfon. Mae e'n byw yn agos i Lanbedr. Dyma hanes yr hen ŵr. Roedd Siôn Dafydd yn ffrindiau gyda diafol. Roedd e'n mynd i Lanfair Fechan. Mae e wedi cwrdd a'i ffrind o uffern. Maen nhw wedi dechrau sgwrsio ac wedyn ffraeo. Roedd Siôn yn defnyddio'r ffust, ac mae'r ddau wedi ffoi.</p> <p>Mae Siôn yn llawen; doedd dim diafol nawr. Maen nhw wedi cwrdd â'u gilydd unwaith eto. Roedd Siôn yn mynd i hela. Mae'r diafol wedi gofyn am ei wn: "Mae'n bibell." "Ga'i smocio?" "Cei"; mae'r gwn yn ngheg y diafol; dyna ergyd! "Ach—tŵ—tŵ! mae'n ddrwg"; ac i ffrwdd ag ef.</p> <p>Ond mae e wedi cwrdd ag ef fel gŵr boneddig, ac mae Siôn wedi deall pwy oedd; ac eto mae e wedi</p>	<p>Byddaf i'n ysgrifennu'r beth a glywais. Ers amser hir, roedd hen ŵr yn byw ar fynyddoedd Arfon o'r enw Siôn Dafydd. Mae'r Bwlch hwnnw yn agos i Lanbedr. Ond awn ni at hanes yr hen ŵr. Roedd Siôn Dafydd yn cadw cwmni â diafol, ag yn cwrdd ag e yn aml. Un bore, roedd Siôn ar ei daith i Lanfair Fechan, a ffust ar ei ysgwydd, achos roedd ganddo gae yno. Mae e wedi cwrdd â'i hen gyfaill o uffern, a chŵd ar ei gefn. Maen nhw wedi dechrau sgwrsio gyda'u gilydd am y peth hyn a'r peth arall, ond maen nhw wedi ffraeo. Roedd Siôn yn defnyddio'r ffust, ac mae'r ddau wedi dianc i Rywgyfylchi, a dyna pam mae'r lle hwnnw yn ofnadwy.</p> <p>Yna mae Siôn wedi mynd ymlaen yn llawen; doedd e ddim yn cwrdd â'r diafol am amser hir. Ond maen nhw wedi cwrdd â'u gilydd, ac roedden nhw'n anhapus. Y tro hwn, roedd Siôn yn mynd i hela gyda gwn. Mae'r diafol wedi gofyn amdano, ac mae Siôn wedi dweud "Mae'n bibell." "Ga'i smocio?" "Cei," oedd ateb Siôn; mae e wedi rhoi'r gwn i mewn i geg y diafol, a thynnu'r <i>trigger</i>; dyna ergyd! "Ach—tŵ—tŵ! mae rhywbeth drwg ynddo"; ac ymaith ag ef, mae Siôn wedi meddwl, am byth.</p> <p>Ond, ymhen amser,</p>	<p>Y peth a glywais ganwaith, a ysgrifenaf unwaith. Er's llawer dydd, yr oedd hen ŵr yn byw ar fynyddoedd Arfon a adwaenid wrth yr enw <i>Sion Dafydd</i>, Bwlch y Ddaufaen. Mae y Bwlch hwnnw agos i haner y ffordd rhwng Llanbedr ac Abergwyngregin. Ond at yr hen ŵr a'i hanes. Yr oedd Sion Dafydd yn cyfeillachu llawer byd âg un o blant y pwll diwaelod, nes y byddent yn cyfarfod a'u gilydd yn rhyw fan y naill ddydd ar ol y llall. Pa fodd bynag, yr oedd Sion ryw fore ar ei daith i Lanfair Fechan, a ffust ar ei ysgwydd, gan fod ganddo dir llafur yno. Ond beth a'i cyrffarfyddodd ond ei hen gyfaill o'r pwll diwaelod, a chŵd ar ei gefn, a dau o'r tylwyth bach ynddo o'r un rhywogaeth ag ef ei hun. Dechreuasant ymddiddan a'u gilydd am y peth hyn a'r peth arall, ond cwymasant allan a'u gilydd, ac o fygwth aed i daro, a tharo a wnaethant na fu erioed fath ymladdfa. ☼ Yr oedd Sion yn dyrnu yn ddigydwylbod â'r ffust, a dyrnu a wnaeth nes aeth y cŵd yn yfflon mân ar gefn ei wrthwynebydd; a diangodd y ddau oedd yn y cŵd nerth eu traed, neu eu hadenydd, i Rywgyfylchi, a dyna'r amser y gwnaed y lle hwnnw yn waeth nag un lle arall trwy i blant y tywyllwch fod yno yn trigo.</p> <p>Yna aeth Sion i'w daith yn llawen; a bu yspaid maith o amser cyn iddo gyfarfod â'i elyn drachefn. Ond cyfarfod a wnaethant, ac ar y cyntaf edrychai'r ddau yn lled ddigofus ar eu gilydd. Y tro hwn, yr oedd Sion yn myned i hela â dryll (gwn) ar ei fraich. Ond, er y cyfan, gofynodd y diafol beth oedd ganddo ar ei fraich, ac atebodd Sion mai pibell oedd, ac mai'r bai mwyaf arni oedd ei bod yn drom iawn. "A ga'i fygyn o honi?" ebai'r Hen Fachgen. "Cei," ebai Sion; a chyda'r gair rhoddi ffroen y gwn yn ngheg y diafol, a thynnu'r <i>trigger</i> a wnaeth Sion; a dyna'r ergyd fwyaf ei thrwst a glywwyd ar wyneb daear erioed. "Ach—tŵ—tŵ!" meddai'r ysmociwr, "mae rhyw frycha melltgedig ynddo; ac ymaith ag ef fel mellten na wyddai neb i b'le; a meddyliodd Sion y cawsai waredigaeth oddiwrtho am byth wedi ei saethu fel hyn.</p> <p>Ond, ym mhen yspaid maith o amser, cyfarfyddodd ag ef wed'yn ar ddull gŵr boneddig; ond deallodd Sion mai y Twyllwr ydoedd; ac eto</p>

<p>gwneud bargen: cyn marw, os oedd e'n gallu cyffwrdd peth, rhaid i'r diafol fynd i ffwrdd. Mae'r diafol yn mynd. Roedd Siôn yn garddu. Mae'r diafol wedi ffeindio Siôn, ond mae Siôn wedi gofyn am afal i fwyta yn uffern. Pan mae Siôn wedi cyffwrdd yr afal, mae'r diafol wedi mynd.☀ Doedd y diafol ddim yn gallu cymryd Siôn; roedd e'n rhy ddrwg i fynd i'r nef; felly, fe ydy Jac y Lantern; y mae yn hen ŵr iachus eto.</p> <p><i>Oddiwrth ŵr o Lanbedr y Cenin.</i> Isaac Foulkes, <i>Cymru Fu, Traddodiadau a Chwedlau Cymreig.</i> (Wrexham: Hughes and Son, Hope Street (1862–4)), 355–7</p>	<p>cwrddodd ag ef wedyn fel gŵr boneddig; ond dealodd Siôn pwy oedd; ac eto mae e wedi gwneud bargen ag ef, gwerthu ei hun iddo am arian; ond ar ei farwolaeth, os oedd e'n gallu gafael mewn unrhyw beth, rhaid i'r diafol fynd i ffwrdd. Fel 'na mae e wedi cael gwared o'r diafol. Ond unwaith, roedd Siôn yn garddu. Mae'r diafol wedi ffeindio Siôn, ond meddyliodd am ofyn cael afal i'w fwyta yn uffern. Pan maen nhw wedi dod at y coed afalau, roedd rhaid i'r diafol ei ollwng yn rhydd unwaith eto. ☀ Ac wedyn methodd a'i gymryd; gan ei fod yn rhy ddrwg i fynd i'r nef, a'r diafol wedi methu ei gymryd i uffern, y fe ydy Jac y Lantern; ac os gwir y chwedl, mae'n hen, y mae yn hen ŵr iachus eto.</p> <p><i>Oddiwrth hen ŵr o Lanbedr y Cenin.</i> Isaac Foulkes, <i>Cymru Fu, yn Cynwys Hanesion, Traddodiadau, a Chwedlau Cymreig.</i> (Wrexham: Gan Hughes and Son, Hope Street (1862–4)), 355–7</p>	<p>gwnaeth fargen ag ef y pryd hwnw y bu yn edifar ganddo o'r herwydd tra fu byw ar y ddaear, sef gwerthu ei hun iddo am ryw swm mawr o arian, a'r rhai hyny ar ei law; ond ar yr amod hefyd, os gallai gael gafael mewn unrhyw beth, y byddai'n rhaid i'r diafol ei ollwng yn rhydd drachefn. A thrwy yr amod hwn gwaredwyd ef lawer tro. Ond unwaith daeth ar warthaf Sion yn ddisymwth, pan oedd ef yn nghylch ei orchwyl yn garddu. Cipiodd ef i fyny rhwng nef a llawr; ac yr oedd Sion wedi rhoddi pob gobaith o'r neilldu bron, pan feddyliodd am ofyn cenad i droi yn ol er mwyn cael afal i'w sipian yn ngwlad yr haner nos; ac i hyny cytunwyd, ac yn ol â hwy. Pan ddaethant at y coed afalau dyna Sion yn lygio'n ffast yn un o'r prenau; a bu raid i Dywysog Llywodraeth yr Awyr ei ollwng yn rhydd drachefn. ☀ Ac er ceisio lawer gwaith wed'yn methodd a'i gymeryd oddiar y ddaear hon; a chan ei fod yn rhy ddrwg i fyned i wlad y gwynfyd, a'i wrthwynebydd wedi methu ei gymeryd trwy fodd nac anfodd i wlad y poenau, y fo ydyw Jac y Lantern; ac os gwir y chwedl, mi a'i gwelais lawer gwaith—er ei fod yn hen, y mae yn hen ŵr sionc eto.</p> <p><i>Oddiwrth hen frawd o Lanbedr y Cenin.</i> Isaac Foulkes, <i>Cymru Fu, yn Cynwys Hanesion, Traddodiadau, yn nghyda Chwedlau a Dammegion Cymreig.</i> (Oddiar Lafar Gwlad a Gweithiau y Prif Awduron). (Wrexham: Cyhoeddiedig Gan Hughes and Son, Hope Street (1862–4)), 355–7</p>
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Key:

<i>Jack-o'-Lantern.</i> (Folklore)	<i>Jack-o'-Lantern.</i> (from Folklore)	<i>Jack-o'-Lantern.</i> (From Oral Tradition.)
<p>I am going to write something. There was an old man, John David, living in the mountains of Arfon [Gwynedd]. He lives near Llanbedr[-y-Cennin]. Here is</p>	<p>I will write what I heard. For a long time, there was an old man living in the mountains of Arfon [Gwynedd] by the name of John David. This gap is near Llanbedr[-y-Cennin]. But let's go to the old man's story. John David kept company with a devil, and met</p>	<p>What I have heard a hundred times, I will write once. For a long time, there was an old man living in the mountains of Arfon [Gwynedd] who was known by the name of <i>Siôn Dafydd</i>, Bwlch y Ddaufaen. This pass is close to halfway between Llanbedr[-y-Cennin] and Abergwyn-gregin. But to the old man and his story. Siôn Dafydd kept company a great deal with one of the children of the Bottomless Pit, to the point</p>

the old man's story. John David was friends with a devil. He was going to Llanfair Fechan. He met his friend from hell. They began to chat and afterwards to quarrel. Siôn used the flail, and the two fled.

Siôn is happy; there was no devil now. They met each other once again. Siôn was going hunting. The devil asked about his gun: "It's a pipe." "Can I smoke?" "Yes"; the gun is in the devil's mouth; what a bang! "Ah-ah-choo! It's bad"; and away he went.

But he met with him as a gentleman, but Siôn understood who he was; and again he made a bargain: before dying, if he could touch a thing, the devil had to go away. The devil goes. Siôn was gardening. The devil found Siôn, but Siôn asked for an apple to eat in hell. When Siôn touched the apple, the devil went.

with him often. One morning, John was on his trip to Llanfair Fechan, with a flail on his shoulder, because he had a field there. He met his old friend from hell, with a sack on his back. They began to chat with each other about this thing and the other, but they quarrelled. Siôn used the flail, and the two disappeared to Rwygyfylchi, and that's why that place is terrible.

Then Siôn went merrily on; he didn't meet the devil for a long time. But they met each other, and they were unhappy. This time, Siôn was going hunting with a gun. The devil asked about it, and Siôn said, "It's a pipe." "Can I smoke?" "Yes," was Siôn's answer; he put the gun into the devil's mouth, and pulled the trigger: what a bang! "Ah-ah-choo! There's something bad in it"; and away he went, Siôn thought, forever.

But, after a time, he met with him as a gentleman; but Siôn understood who he was; and again, he made a bargain with him, to sell himself to him for money; but upon his death, if he could grasp anything, the devil had to go away. And so he got rid of the devil. But one time, Siôn was gardening. The devil found Siôn, but he thought to ask to have an apple to eat in hell. When they came to the apple orchard, the devil had to let him go free once again.

that they would meet up with each other day after day. Anyway, one morning Siôn was on his trip to Llanfair Fechan, with a flail on his shoulder, since he had arable land there. But what met him but his old friend from the Bottomless Pit, with a sack on his back and two of the little folk in it, of the same sex as he himself. They began to converse with each other about this thing and the other thing, but they fell out with each other, and from a threat went to blows, and there has never been such a battle as they fought. Siôn thrashed mercilessly with the flail, and he thrashed him until the sack on his opponent's back shredded into small pieces; and the two who were in the sack vanished as fast as they could go, as if they had wings [literally 'at the strength of their feet, or their wings'], to Rhygyfylchi [error for Dywgyfylchi?], and that's when that place became worse than anywhere else, through the children of darkness that dwelt there.

Then Siôn went merrily on with his journey; and it was a long while before he met with his enemy again. But meet they did, and at first the two looked at each other irritably. This time, Siôn was going to hunt with a rifle (gun) on his arm. But, despite everything, the devil asked what he had on his arm, and Siôn answered that it was a pipe, and that its greatest fault was that it was very heavy. "Can I have a smoke from it?" said the Old Boy. "Yes," said Siôn; and with the word he put the gun's muzzle in the devil's mouth, and Siôn pulled the trigger; and that was the loudest bang ever heard on the surface of the earth. ☼ "Ah-ah-choo!" said the smoker, "there's some execrable spots in there"; and away he went like lightning to no-one-knew-where; and Siôn thought that he had got rid of him forever, having shot him like that.

But, after a good space of time, he met with him afterwards in the form of a nobleman; but Siôn understood that he was the Deceiver; and again, he made a bargain with him that time—and on that account he regretted while he lived on the earth—which was to sell himself to him for a great sum of money, and in cash; but also on the condition that, if he could get a grip on anything, that the devil would have to let him go free again. And he was got rid of through that condition many a time. But once he came upon Siôn unexpectedly, when he was in the middle of his gardening. He caught him between heaven

		<p>and earth; and Siôn had privately given up almost every hope, when he thought about asking for permission to return to get an apple to snack on in the midnight country; and that was agreed to, and back they went. When they came to the orchard, Siôn caught fast to one of the trees; the Prince of the Power of the Air had to let him go again. Ac er ceisio lawer gwaith wed'yn methodd a'i gymeryd oddiar y ddaear hon; a chan ei fod yn rhy ddrwg i fyned i wlad y gwynfyd, a'i wrthwynebydd wedi methu ei gymeryd trwy fodd nac anfodd i wlad y poenau, y fo ydyw Jac y Lantern; ac os gwir y chwedl, mi a'i gwelais lawer gwaith—er ei fod yn hen, y mae yn hen ŵr sionc eto.</p> <p><i>Oddiwrth henfrawd o Lanbedr y Cenin.</i> Isaac Foulkes, <i>Cymru Fu, yn Cynwys Hanesion, Traddodiadau, yn nghyda Chwedlau a Dammegion Cymreig. (Oddiar Lafar Gwlad a Gweithiau y Prif Awduron).</i> (Wrexham: Cyhoeddedig Gan Hughes and Son, Hope Street (1862–4)), 355–7</p>
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