

CAN NEWYDD,

Yn rhoddi hanes yr amgylchiad hynod a gymerodd
le yn ddiweddar yn Llantrisant, pryd y darfu i'r
enwog DDr. PRICE wneyd ymdrech i *gremato* neu
gorff losgi gweddillion ei blentyn, yn lle eu claddu.
Darfu i'r fflamiau dynu sylw ei gymmydogion, a
daeth nifer ohonynt i'r lle yn fuan, a rhwystrasant
y Dr. i gario allan ei amcanion.

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Holl drigolion siroedd Cymru,
Dewch, gwrandewch ar newydd ganu
Am ryw drwstan dro cynddeiriog
A wnaeth Doctor o Forganwg.

CYDGAN.—Doctor Price garia'r dydd,
Doctor Price garia'r dydd,
Er bod llawer yn ei erbyn
Y mae'r Doctor eto'n rhydd.

Drydydd dydd ar ddeg o Ionawr,
Cafwyd rhyw olygfa ddirfawr,
Llosgi corff ei blentyn tyner—
O'r fath weithred drist ysgeler !

Mae ei greddo yn rhagori—
Beirdd a derwydd yw ei gwmpeini ;
Careg siglo yw ei bwlpudd,
Ac ni chreda ef mewn ail-fydd.

Chwaith mewn cyfraith tir na nefoedd,
Mewn priodas nac mewn angladd,
Ond cyd-orwedd mewn anlladrwydd,
Dyna fwynhad Price y derwydd !

Ffiodd i Ffrainc ar ol y *Chartists*,
Ac fe luniai 'i dad ei ewyllys ;
I'w frawd i'engaf row'd y moddion—
Dr. Price nid oedd yn foddlon.

Torodd pen ei dad ei hunan—
 Aeth â'r penglog hwn i Lundain,
 A chytunodd y meddygon
 Fod y 'wyllys yn annghyfreithlon.

Yn Llantrisant mae ei drigfa,
 Yn llawn cyfoeth, maeth, a moethau,
 Ac yn cysgu gyda'r forwyn,
 Enw hon yw Gwen Llewellyn.

Ganwyd iddynt blentyn gwrryw,
 Gwrthododd ef gofrestru hwnw,
 Gan ddweyd mai ar y gareg siglo
 Byddai'r Derwydd yn bedyddio.

Ac mai ei enw, os cai lwyddiant,
 Iesu Grist o dref Llantrisant ;
 Ond y plentyn a fu farw,
 A'i fwriad oedd ei losgi'n lludw.

Casglu wnaeth i ben y mynydd
 Tar ac olew, a phob tanwydd ;
 Yn y fflamiau 'roedd y baban,
 Idd ei losgi mewn hen gasgen.

Miloedd lawer gasglant yno—
 Pawb mewn bwriad idd ei rwystro ;
 Ac er fod ganddo arfau saethu,
 Awd â'r Doctor i'r gagendŷ.

Duw a'n cadwo rhag fath grefydd,
 Ac rhag llosgi cyrff ein gilydd ;
 Ond ein claddu yn y ddaear,
 Fel cawn godi mewn cyfiawnder.

HUGH ROBERTS
 (PERERIN MÔN).

A NEW SONG,

Giving an account of the strange occurrence on Llantrisant Mountain a few weeks ago, when DR. PRICE endeavoured to cremate the remains of his infant child in a cask containing *paraffin oil*. The flames attracted the attention of the neighbours, who ascended the mountain in thousands, and prevented the Dr. carrying out his intentions, although the body had been slightly touched by the fire. He was taken into custody, and committed for trial by the magistrates. The case was heard at the late Assizes at Cardiff, where the Dr. most ably conducted his own defence, and came off victorious.

Attention give, and listen all
To my new song—come great and small—
Strange adventures, if you'll listen,
Of a Doctor in Glamorgan.

CHORUS.—Doctor Price is the man,
Doctor Price is the man,
He has licked them all at Cardiff—
Catch the Doctor if you can !

Thirteenth day of January
Did he try to burn the baby,
But the sight of flaming fires
Drew the notice of the neighbours.

His belief is very funny—
He's a Druid, dresses rummy ;
While the Rocking Stone's his pulpit—
Says he hasn't soul or spirit.

Laws of heaven, he won't believe in—
Laws of earth are only treason ;
Doesn't like a proper funeral—
Likes to live with a young damsel.

Once he joined the Chartist party,
 But ran off to France quite handy ;
 His father's will left him a shilling—
 To this, of course, he was not willing.

So to gain back all his fortune
 His father's skull he took to London ;
 With the doctors in his favour,
 He won the money from his brother.

Near Llantrisant he is staying,
 Rich and wealthy is his living ;
 With a servant he is dwelling,
 And her name is Gwen Llewellyn.

Then was born the little baby—
 To register he thought a pity ;
 On the Rocking Stone his fancy
 Thought it fit to name the baby.

And this name he called the infant :
 " Jesus Christ, born at Llantrisant ;"
 He died the 10th of January—
 The Doctor tried to burn the body.

On the mountain he did gather
 Tar and pitch, and also timber ;
 In a cask he put the body
 To be burned—Oh ! what a pity !

Hundreds hurried up the mountain
 Just in time to stop the rash man ;
 Although he had the ammunition,
 They took the Doctor to the station.

May we never have cremation
 In the style I know did mention ;
 When we die, be buried safely
 With a hope to rise to glory.