

CAN ALARUS

AM Y

TRYCHINEB

A gymerodd le yn Casnewydd, nos
Sadwrn, Mai 29ain, 1886,

Pryd yr hyrddwyd gwraig o'r enw ELEN FLAVIN
arall fyd gan ei gwr, drwy ei chicio yn ddirugaredd
am ei meddwod a'i hesgeulusdod o'i thy a'i phlant
bychain.

Trwm yw'r newydd sy'n adseinio
Drwy hen dre Casnewydd 'nawr, —
Un yn rhagor drwy law llofrudd
Aeth i'r tragwyddolfyd mawr ;
Hwyr y nawfed-ddydd-ar-hugain
Yn mis Mai, bu dynod flin,
Thomas Flavin mewn modd enbyd
Ddygodd fywyd wraig ei hun.

Tost yw tynged y dyn hwnw,
I'r diodydd sydd yn gaeth,
Ond mae gwraig, yr hon gadwynwyd
Felly, lawer iawn yn waeth ;
Elen Flavin, drwy y cwpan,
A ddibrisiodd—hyn sydd flin—
Holl gysuron plant a phriod,
Ac yn fwy—ei hoes ei hun.

Hi adawai ei rhai bychain
 Yn ei thy heb dan na bwyd,
 Nes oedd newyn yn eu difa,
 Ac yn gwneyd eu gwedd yn llwyd;
 Rhedai'n union syth i'r dafarn,
 Bywyd afiach fynai'r wraig,
 Gwystlai'r cyfan oll, a meddwai—
 'Roedd ei chalon fel y graig!

Pan o'i waith y gwr ddychwelai,
 Canfi ddrych ei blant dinam,
 A chynhyrfodd ei holl enaid!
 Er ymddial ar eu mam!
 Buan iawn cadd afael ynddi,
 Mewn drygioni yn ddifoes
 A gollyngodd ffrwyn ei nwydau,
 Nes rhoi terfyn ar ei hoes.

O! olygfa druenusol,
 O! lofruddiaeth erchyll wnaed—
 wraig Tom Flavin, mam y plantos,
 Nawr yn gorwedd yn ei gwaed;
 Dewi wngedd gwnewch ochelyd,
 T holl ddeiaidau cwpan brad
 Dewi a'u ddau, byddwch ddynion,
 Esgwmwch ef o'n gwlad.

A Mournful Song

OF THE

AWFUL MURDER

Which took place at Newport, on
Saturday, May 29th, 1886,

When Ellen Flavin was launched into another world
by her husband, through his illtreatment, by kicking
her most unmercifully, for her drunkenness and for
the neglect of her house and children.

Sad the tidings that resounded
Through the town of Newport Mon —
One more victim of a murder,
To eternity had gone!

'Twas on Saturday, the evening
Of the twenty-ninth of May,
Thomas Flavin roused with anger,
Took the life of his wife away.

Far from pleasant to all mankind
Is a man that's prone to beer,
But far worse to see a woman,
Who's a victim to its leer;
Ellen Flavin, she was drinking
To excess from out the cup,
And this habit caused the evil,
That her soul was given up.

She neglected all her children,
 Left the little ones in dread,
 Want of food and want fire,
 Left them almost as if dead ;
 She her footsteps to the tavern,
 There to squander all she had,
 Then the clothes took to the pawnshop,
 Drink had almost sent her mad.

From his work the husband wended,
 Careful for his family,
 But the plight he saw his children,
 Roused him to his misery ;
 Thus enraged, his wife, he sought her,
 And a quarrel then took place,
 Then with blows and kicks he hurled her,
 To stand before her Judge's face.

What a sight of great sensation
 Met the gaze of all around—
 Flavin's wife, the children's mother,
 In her blood upon the ground ;
 Oh ! ye mothers do take warning,
 The betraying cup avoid,
 And ye fathers, be thou manly,
 Let your names be unalloyed.