

SONG TO
ALBAN GWYNNE, ESQ., MONACHY,

On his coming of Age, February 11th, 1873.

1 This day the Heir of Monach's state
Attains his One and Twentieth Year;
Our ALBAN GWYNNE, high man and wealthy,
A thorough gentleman, pure and rare,
Sad children wept, and widows groaned,
When GWYNNE, his tender father'd
And mourning deep took low and high,
And ALBAN's heart was sore afflicted,
But now, he is His Minor
Resounds from West to East,
On Aeron's banks, sweet Diver fair,
Where GWYNNE does give us feast.

2 The merry hearts of all his tenants,
With laughing joy he's welcomed in,
And shouting clear, in full contentment,
Long life and light for ALBAN GWYNNE,
Deep longing for his predecessor,
That young tender Capt. Gwynne,
Does give their hearts sore pain within,
Though pleased well in his successor,
His son with crown of fame,
High Justice of the Peace,
Her ALBAN GWYNNE, his father's some,
Is filling all his place.

3 Young children, lads, and maidens merry,
Do swell the song with music sweet,
Old men and women, though heads heavy,
Are shouting joys with life and fleet,
And all do pray that disapprobation
Will never blast his rosy hind,
As landlord tender, young, and kind,
But wish it all to be incessant,
And God, the King of Hosts,
His shield in every place,
Religion's truth both his delight,
His end in Heaven through grace.