

A Toast to Lord Tredegar.

Here's a health to Lord Tredegar !
Of noble race is he,
Whose name, in Cambria's annals,
Shall ever famous be ;—
From Ivor Hael descended,
Whose golden arms he bears,
His grand ancestral glory,
Magnificent he wears.

Here's a health to Lord Tredegar !
The Champion of the Poor,
Who, with his bounteous Lady,
For them keep open door :
'Tis not on Feast-days only,
Hospitality is found
In the Mansion of Tredegar,
But all the long year round.

Here's a health to Lord Tredegar !
Who, Prince-like, lives to-day,
His fountful heart o'erflowing
With love in life's decay ;
Adown the way descending,
Shall peace attend him now,
While wreaths of joy triumphant,
Are twined around his brow.

DECEMBER 17TH, 1873.