

# Þímmínní

TIL

Stepháns G. Stephánssonar

FRÁ

Þorsteini Þ. Þorsteinssyni.

## I.

Fear not the tyrants will rule forever.  
 Or the priests of the evil faith:  
 They stand on the brink of that raging river  
 Whose waves they have tainted with death.  
 It is fed from the depth of a thousand dells.  
 Around them it foams and rages and swells:  
 And their swords and their sceptres I floating see.  
 Like wrecks, on the surge of eternity.

— To a blighting faith and a cause of crime  
 They have bound them slaves in youthful time,  
 And they will curse my name and thee  
 Because we fearless are and free.

— SHELLEY.

MONTGOMERY! true, the common lot  
 Of mortals lies in Lethe's wave:  
 Yet some shall never be forgot—  
 Some shall exist beyond the grave.

— Then do not say the common lot  
 Of all lies deep in Lethe's wave:  
 Some few who ne'er will be forgot.  
 Shall burst the bondage of the grave.

— BYRON.

**S**TEFÁN minn góður! línd vort í ljóði—

ljósið í vestri meir en þrjátígu ár!

Mannvitsins námi Íslendingis í óði,

orðgnóttu og nýrra mynda djúpur sjárl

Frumblómin þín á frumbýlinga árum

festu sér rót í margri nýtri sál,

þau þurfa ei döggr frá vanans vælu-tárum,

vaxa þau bezt við tundrað andans bál.