

Fame thro' the nation
Bespeaks him ovation—
Loudly his merits and movements declares,
To do him honor, then,
Shout, all my countrymen,
Hail to the gallant defender of Kars!

Here's no impostor of artful intention,
Striving our homage undue to provoke,
Blowing large bubbles of elapty pretension,
Bursting in air but to vanish like smoke;
History names him,
England proclaims him
Worthy of honor—return'd from the wars—
To do him homage, then,
Shout, all ye Islandmen,
Hail to the gallant defender of Kars!

First of the brave, he, by heroes surrounded,
Strong as a lion—undauntedly bold,
Held a position where perils abounded—
Menac'd by famine and threaten'd by cold.

Frankly his enemy
Honor'd his bravery:
Writing despatches to him of the Czars,
What says the Russian Chief,
General Mouravieff?
"Brave is the gallant defender of Kars!"

Rouse thee, my muse! and with praises reward him,
Loudly in pæans his welcome prepare;