

G5569

# Icelandic Millenary Festival 1874.

## Hymn of Welcome,

composed by Matthias Jochumsson,

in honor of

CHRISTIAN IX, KING OF DENMARK,

and sung on the occasion of his visit to Thingvellir —  
the ancient place of assembly of the Icelandic Parlia-  
ment, or Althing — August 6th 1874.

English version, by George Browning.

Lag: Kong Christian lægger ned sit Sværd.

Stíg heilum fæti á helgan völlum,  
Vor hjartaprúði Snælands sjóli,  
Sem komst frá þínum konungs stóli  
Að sjá vor kærur föstur-fjöll!  
Með frelsis-skrá í föðurhendi  
Þig fyrstan konung Guð oss sendi:  
:|: Kom heill! kom heill að hjarta Fróns! :|:

Landsfaðir! Stíg vort Lögberg á,  
Og lít svo yfir Drottins verkin:  
Hvar sástú fegri frelsismerkinn —  
Eldsteyptu virkin, vötnin blá!  
Hér gjörðust vorar hetju sögur.  
Hjer viknar sjerhver Íslands mögur:  
:|: Altari þetta gjörði Guð! :|:

Hjer óma þúsund ára vje  
Söm orð og fyrir tíu öldum,  
Er geirþjóð stóð með gullnum skjöldum  
Og varði lögum lif og fje:  
Í sömu tungu, sama landi  
Hinn sami lifir frelsis andi  
:|: Og fagnar dýrsti fylkir þjer! :|:

Nú eru þrotin þúsund ár,  
Sem þetta fólkíð hefir lifað  
Í bók vors Guðs er skráð og skrifað  
Allt þjóðarstríð vort, þraut og fár, —  
En gæfu vonin glatt nú brenni  
Frá giptu-fríðu konungs enni:  
:|: Nú hefst upp fögur heilla tíð! :|:

Vort land skal, jöfur, þakka þjer,  
Um þúsund ár skal nafn þitt hljóma,  
Og Lögberg verk þitt endur-óma,  
Á meðan hjer finnast hraun og hver:  
Alvaldan föður börn þín biðja  
Að blessa þig, þitt hús og niðja  
:|: Til líknar þjóðum þúsund ár! :|:



## Translation.

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**P**lant thy firm foot on Iceland's holy plain ;  
We welcome thee, most noble-hearted King,  
First of all Denmark's monarchs dost thou deign  
To visit our wild mountains, and to bring  
The light of Liberty to our dear land:  
We welcome thee, O King, with heart and hand.

O Iceland's father, go to yonder hill,  
The Lögberg, and thence gaze on all around :  
The fire-wrought ramparts, waters blue and still  
In the deep chasms, listen to the sound  
Of leaping torrents, in the nation's ear  
They whisper «Freedom hath her Altar here».

Ye hoary clefts of Iceland's hallowed shrine!  
Ye mountains! and ye valleys, as of yore  
Re-echo thro' the land the voice divine  
Of Freedom, and' twill sound from shore to shore.  
For, to our nation still this spirit elings,  
And welcomes thee, beloved, best of kings.

And, tho' a thousand years are passed since we  
First found a dwelling in this Northern clime,  
Our nation, ever struggling to be free,  
Hath battled bravely 'gainst the roll of Time;  
And in thy coming, King, we hail the dawn  
For Iceland, of a brighter happier morn.

May yet, O King, thy name a thousand years  
Live with the good conferred on us to-day!  
So long as Hecla his proud summit rears,  
And Geysir growls and scatters boiling spray,  
May the Almighty Father shower down  
His blessings on *thee* and on Denmark's crown.

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Translation.

May the firm foot on Iceland's holy plain  
We welcome thee, most noble-hearted King,  
First of all Denmark's monarchs dost thou deign  
To visit our wild mountains, and to bring  
The light of liberty to our dear land:  
We welcome thee, O King, with heart and hand.

O Iceland's father, go to yonder hill,  
The Idæberg, and thence gaze on all around;  
The low-voiced eagles, where they stand and fill  
In the deep crannies listen to the sound  
Of leaping torrents in the nation's ear  
They whisper, "Freedom's half her altar here."  
Ye hoary cliffs of Iceland's hallowed shrine!  
Ye mountains! and ye valleys, as of yore,  
Echo thro' the land the voice divine  
Of Freedom, and will sound from shore to shore  
For to our nation still this spirit clings,  
And welcomes thee beloved, best of Kings.

And, tho' a thousand years are passed since we  
First found a dwelling in this Northern clime,  
Our nation, ever struggling to be free,  
Hath battled bravely 'gainst the roll of Time;  
And in thy coming, King, we hail the dawn  
For Iceland, of a brighter happier morn.

May yet, O King, thy name a thousand years  
Live with the good conformed on us to-day!  
So long as Hecla the proud summit rears,  
And Geysir grows and scatters boiling spray,  
May the Almighty Father shower down  
His blessings on thee and on Denmark's crown.