

# Salute to Ukraine and its President

(With apologies to Lord Macaulay)



*Then up spake brave Zelenskyy  
Guardian of Ukraine's fate  
To all men and women,  
Death commeth soon or late  
And how can one die better  
Than facing fearful odds,  
For the ashes of their fathers  
And the temples of their Gods  
And for the gentle mothers  
Who cradled them to rest  
And for the young wives  
With their babies at the breast  
And for the poor and sick and widows  
For the wounded and the lame  
To save them all from Putin  
Who wrought those deeds of shame*