

Kossuth and his mission

Anon.

Phila, Pa: Pennsylvanian,
Dec. 24-1851

Reprint: Wash DC Union Dec. 28-1851 3/3

Thy words are weapons demerit and rage!
 Brighter and keener far than flashing steel,
 And banded tyrants, in their pallid rage,
 Confess thy power as thy bold blows they feel.
 Swifter than iron messengers of death,
 The lightning wings thy words to all mankind,
 And as they whet from thy glowing breath,
 In each free heart an answering throbbing fire,
 A glorious mission! welcome light and life
 To all the nations by oppression crushed —
 Soon may it open the impending strife,
 And let it rage till in the deep grave hushed,
 Are all the bleated pride and pomp, and power,
 By which, through centuries of blood and wrong,
 The cunning bespot ruled his little hour,
 And the weak few o'eruled the many strong.
 God gave his children arms, but not to fold,
 While the wild wolf howls about their door;
 He gave them rights, but not to have them sold
 To the first tyrant who can lord them o'er.
 Oh! dark, oh! fatal, oh! atrocious fraud
 That scourges millions far beyond
 the sea

Is a sweet Spring in thine eyes, Oh! God
 And not appalling sin and sorrow unto thee.
 To know the bloody page on which is told
 Their hearts' sufferings through uncounted years,
 And a new volume to the world unfold
 No record that of trials and of tears.

Be this thy errand, K, mighty man,
 Who from the East, with inspiration glowing,
 A God-sent champion in the people's van,
 The bursting seeds of Freedom's truth is sowing.
 What, if at last, Old Europe reels with revolution,
 And despots fall before the popular wrath?
 That purges earth of impious pollution,
 And opens wide Equality's broad path;
 Far better Kings should die than Freedom languish,
 Far better Power should fall, than Right be thrown,
 Better the few give way than millions anguish
 Should shackle angels round Jehovah's throne.
 It is the philosophy of crowned knaves