

Princeton Magazine

1850, Vol. I. p. 185

A battle song for Hungary

Our Fatherland's in danger,

Arouse from hill and vale,
From rocky steep, and forest
shade,

With helm, and plume, and mail:

The tyrant's heel is on our soil,

His hordes are on our plain;

Oh! drive these thirsty blood-hounds
back

Into their homes again.

The shouts of gathering legions

The whispering breezes bear,

And splintering lance, and bugle horn,
Break on the startled air;

But we will hush the battle drum

A while, and bend the knee,

And ask that He will make us strong,

And set our country free!

Our cause is just and holy -
We strike for home and hearth;
Around us lie the sacred graves
Of those who gave us birth.
And shall the Cossack clown and slave
With rude and reckless tread,
Insult the living in their homes,
And trample on the dead?

The time for night and power
To bind the despot's chains
Is gone! and Freedom's altar fires
Are blazing on our plains;
and by their pure and dazzling glare
We'll arm us for the fray;
While crown and sceptre, throne and sting
Forever pass away.

To arms. Then proudly gather
From mountain, stream and crag,
And, like a rainbow in the sky,
Unfurl our stainless flag.
The foe is up! but we'll not fear
The tyrant's cursed hand,
For we will pray to God Above,
To save our Father-land.

W. H. W.