

KRIENS

EDWARD

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KOSSUTH

Part I

Hail, Kossuth, hail! brave champion of our age,
Whom failure cannot daunt, nor folly's rage,
Who' midst an angry storm of passions wild
Still towers high, tho' dread misfortune's child.
In deepest darkness wrapped, in gloom of night,
Which spread their sable wings where'er the light
Of youthful liberty a moment shone,
The eyes of millions fix on thee alone.
To them thou art still nature's darling son,
By fame and glory crowned, so nobly won,
Which hostile voices' clamour cannot reach,
Tho' numberless as pebbles on the beach.
They still have faith and confidence in thee,
In whom their last and only hope all see,
Who now beneath the weight of fetters groan,
By despots forged to prop a despot's throne.
Tho' silently the iron chains are borne,
Great Freedom's cause seems hopeless and forlorn,
A day of retribution is in store,
Which tyrants will have to deplore;
And all, who swayed by blind expediency,
Gave aid and strength to their dark policy.
Tho' crime, successful now, may proudly stride,
And 'neath imperial robes its horrors hide,
The triumph of the wicked lasts not long,
It wants the sap of justice to grow strong,
The worm of death its root is gnawing fast,
It blossom, withers, and the glory's past.
No structure reared on violence and blood,
And tho' its architect had understood
The noble craft, and with profoundest skill
Succeeded in embodying his will;
Had lavished treasures vast to decorate
The offspring of corruption's vilest state;
With marble pillars graced its lofty halls,
And richest tapestry adorned the walls,
With trophies of a former glorious time
The chambers filled to hide his dastard crime:—
Can hostile Fate's avenging breath withstand,
The base is tott'ring, for 'tis built on sand.
The fabric proud in grand array today
A despot's might and fortune may display,
And furnish fertile themes to servile scribes,
To sycophants and sophistry's base tribes,
Who in brave emulation laud his rise,
Extol the hero's virtues to the skies,
But on the morrow—lo! what magic might
Transformed within the narrow space of night
The wondrous scene, that dazzled mortal eyes,

2
1

Yet was a cank'ring fruit, bought at the price
Of bloodshed, countless tears, and bitter sighs?
Where is the builder, where his pomp and pride,
Who yesterday still dared the world to guide,
And firmly seated on his throne usurped,
By calls from warning voices undisturbed,
In soft repose reclined on purple cloth,
Secure from retribution's shafts of wrath?
Wher is the palace of e'erlasting fame,
Built to eclipse his sire's illustrious name,
Reared to perpetuate, that fearless might
Soars with impunity o'er law and right?
All, all have vanished, melted into air,
No vestige, but remembrance now is there;
The cup of guilt, filled to the brim run o'er,
And triumph, crime and man exist no more.
It was the finger's touch of Nemesis,
That scattere'd to the winds his transient bliss,
His paste-board temple levelled to the ground,
And liberty enslaved once more unbound.
That soon or late, aye, sooner perhaps than now,
Great stastemen of all shades would like t'avow,
Who in benighted blindness humbly bow,
And hold the passing phantom in great awe;
A mighty kingdom's fate — where is their wit?
To dictates of his haughty will submit;
His will, that timid counsels laughs to scorn,
'Tis not of human growth, but heav'nly born;
Inevitably such a dread event
Will bring his brief career to sudden end,
Is logic truth, confirmed by ev'ry age,
And written clearly on th' historic page.
Or else, eternal justice must be dead,
And right and freedom from the world have fled;
The hallowed names of fatherland and home,
Mere empty sounds and hollow words become;
Truth, sacred truth, descended from her throne,
Her mangled corpse to hide in deserts lone,
And falsehood left in undisputed sway,
Her votaries to persecute and slay;
Goodness and gentleness must henceforth be
The savage tiger's boast and quality;
Virtue and empty dream, of folly born,
Dress'ing ridicule, contempt, and scorn;
Greatness a mockery, a word of shame,
Edittled to disgrace, but not to fame,
And nobleness a stigma foul and crime,
A felon's due reward to meet in time.

KRIENS
EDWARDS
(1888)

28

Thus must the world's sustaining systems change,
And hydra-headed wrong the whole derange;
Or else his eagle's wings Fate soon will clip,
And crown and sceptre from the despot slip.
Yet, spite of such convincing evidence,
Laid bare, as if revealed by Providence,
The rulers of the people and the press,
(Tho' with exceptions I'll with joy confess,
Who bravely dare to break the mighty spell

By craft and cunning conjured, and t' expel
The clouds of mist by sophist's subtle hand
Designed to shroud in darkness deep the land,
With loathsome adulation's impious ray
Adorn th' imperial pageant of today,
Flung 'midst applause, scorned by the worst of times
A mantle of excuse o'er hideous crimes,
And shower down with strange fatality,
Mean insults, undeserved ignominy,
On nationalities, who tho' oppressed,
Are like the world with life e'erlasting blessed.
Her sails a meteor thru the clouded sky,
And fascinates at once the credulous eye,
Which sees the airy nothing from afar,
And wonder-struck exclaims, behold a star!
There rests on solid base, firm as the rock,
Which since creation's dawn withstood the shock
Of raging elements and hostile clime,
Uninjured e'en by all-devouring time,
A giant of majestic form and size,
When lo! 'tis but a shadow, faction cries:
Bribed echo quick repeats the ominous sound,
And eager millions stand, as if spell-bound,
Where is the key to solve this problem strange,
A phantom for reality t' exchange,
The valorous aid, enthusiastic rise
Of brave and gen'rous nations to despise,
And humbly supplicate a despot's might,
For justice, right, and liberty to fight?
Unlock the chambers of diplomacy,
There's hid the key t' explain this mystery:
Burst ope' the sacred precincts that encase
The priests of statescraft in bewild'ring maze,
And tear the efforts, worthy of the free,
The cobwebs of delusive sophistry.

4
O' glorious Freedom! when will faction's lease
Thy gallant children's fame to spatter cease;
The blood they in thy hallow'd cause have spilt
To brand with that disgraceful name of guilt?
Shall, then, no son of thine their wiles o'erthrow,
Expose their fraudulent intrigues, and show
Thine injured realms free from reproach and blame,
And cover thy perverters all with shame?
Yes, to this onerous task thy sacred flame
Inspired thy noblest son, Kossuth his name,
Who, free from folly's lie and fraud's pretence,
Dares speak the simple truth and sober sense;
Whose eagle-eye and comprehensive soul
Pierced secrets dark and deep, and grasped the whole;
Whose warning voice, prophetic as of old,
The coming sad events in vain foretold,
Whose pen guides wisdom, and fills every page,
And whose just fame will last from age to age.



Part II

Hail, then to Kossuth, freedom's peerless knight!
Thy unflinching advocate of right 'gainst might;
Whose name confuses despots high on thrones,
Erected on their victims' shrieks and groans;
Strikes tyrants' hearts to tremble and recoil,
Tho' but a fugitive on foreign soil!
For all well know the mission grave and great —
The noblest that e'er fell to mortal's lot —
Entrusted to his care remains a threat,
While yet he lingers on the tiniest spot;
That all their might and splendour of to-day
May, by to-morrow's eve, have passed away.
Hence their relentless hate and furious rage
To see the eagle, from his dreary cage
Delivered, soar in narrowing circles o'er
Their guilty heads, steep'd deep in human gore.
To clip thy wings, and check thy lofty course,
What means are left untouched. The whole resource
Of slander, falsehood, envy, hate, revenge,
And jealousy, is called in aid, t'avenge
The tyrants' hopeless cause and tattered gear,
By thy convincing word exposed, and tear
The cloak of glory off thy spotless name,
And to bespatter thy unsullied fame.



Encased in brightest armour—right and truth,
Foul slander tries in vain to fix its tooth,
With poison charged, on some uncover'd spot,
The mem'ry of thy glorious to blot;
Or to inflict the deadly wound, to save
Its masters from the vengeance of the brave.
The freedom of thy far-famed fatherland,
A holy, righteous cause, placed in thy hand:
To stop thy progress and insult thy pen,
Fierce Falsehood rushes from her loathsome den.
Rage in her voice, and clamour in her style,
She dares insult thy sacred cause awhile;
With coarse reproofs the multitude beguile,
Thine aspirations scoffingly revile;
Rebellion's dread attempt proclaim thy plan,
Concieved to benefit the race of man,
And call thee traitor to thy country fair,
And rebel 'gainst its king and lawful heir.
To strengthen slander's tongue and falsehood's hand,
Envenomed envy joins the servile band;
With pride inflated grasps the daring thought
Of staining thy renown, so dearly bought,
And pours her phial's dire contents on thee,
To brand the hero of the brave and free.
With fiery savage eye and bristling hair,
Hate dashes on the stage to claim his share,
And to perform his part due in the game:
Thy hopes to frustrate, and thy noble aim.
Revenge and jealousy to form the rear,
In patriotic raiments too, appear;
A quiver filled with poison'd shaft each bears,

And, deaf to sorrows, dumb to bitter cares,
Discharge the arrows with malignant joy,
At length their wearied victim to destroy.
But vain are these attempts, of no avail,
And to produce th' effect desired must fail;
For, of the source polluted whence they spring,
The evidence is written on their wing;
And of that hostile spirit whence they flow
The clearest proofs and marks they bear and show.
Nay, e'en the piercing bolts from Printing Square,
Forged by the mighty gods, who thunder there,
Who in obscurity securely dwell,
And rancour, gall, and wormwood cheaply sell;
Who with proud arrogance assume to sway
By means of brilliant rhetoric's display,
Or subtle sophists' artful word-array,

6

The fate of nations, led to freedom's day—
Fly harmlessly around thy guiltless brow,
As if afraid to strike, or kept in awe
By principles, so cherished by man's heart,
Whose noblest representative thou art.
Ye tools of tyranny! your fawning guile
Pollutes the fame and records of this isle,
Where liberty's bright, glorious flag unfurled
To freedom's children, exiled o'er the world,
By despots' hate pursued on ev'ry road,
A harbour promised, and a safe abode.
Your verdicts, tho' embellished by all arts
That sophistry or rhetoric imparts,
Clad in the treach'rous garb of public weal,
The base polemic's craft best to conceal;
In language couched to dazzle and to sway
The unreflecting crowd for just a day;
By dictates of hate's bitterness adorned,
Will by truth-loving hearts, be spurned and scorned:
They bear the stamp, 'tis proved on ev'ry page,
Of ruthless persecution's angry rage.
Your efforts, worthy of a nobler aim
Than that of playing wily tyrants' game,
With murd'rous falsehood's weapons to assault
The wand'rer, homeless 'neath wide heaven's vault,
Proclaim to all the world your heart's disease,
To sacrifice all, if you can but please,
But catch a passing phantom's thanks and smiles,
And banish freedom from the British isles.
Consign such tasks, which slavish minds require,
To spirits glowing with despotic ire,
Who, to succeed in tyranny's defence,
May use detraction and perverted sense;
But let such means no longer stain and shame
The freeman's land, the freeman's boast and fame.
Yet, such pestiferous mists which rise from soil
'Neath which revenge and hate and envy boil,
Can tarnish not thy burnished shield, made bright
By righteous deeds, that shed a flood of light,
And peerless virtues, which all time defy,
And will be prized by all posterity:



So long as there remains among mankind
A single feeling breast, a musing mind,
That can with joy sincere the Just and Great,
The Noble and Heroic contemplate.
The rays amitted by this sparkling shield,
Like sunbeams chase the haze, that veils the field,
The flow'ry garden, meadow, cot, and mill,
The silv'ry rivulet and bushy hill,
Dispel the vapours foul which dare to rise
And spot its surface, bright as purest skies,
Clear as the limpid wave from crystal spring,
And dazzling like the glare on lightning's wing.
These misty clouds may for awhile succeed
Th' unstable multitude astray to lead,
By shrouding in detraction's robe of night
Thy cause and aim, to hide them from their sight;
But in the end will only serve to show
How both in lustre's brightest colours glow.
Pure, pure thy life, great noble man, must be,
When, to reproach, accuse and slander thee,
To hostile voices' disappointed rage
No course is left to fill its gaudy page:
But charges of forbearance on thy part,
When might was thine, but did not sway thy heart;
Grave imputations of thy gentleness
In th' all exciting moment of success,
When victory had on thy lofty brow
Her crown of glory placed with graceful bow;
When gates to regal power, thrown widely ope',
Invited thee to grasp ambition's hope;
Or, to revile thy generosity,
Displayed to thy most cruel enemy,
When 'neath the blows of Hungary's sons he lay
Prostrate and worthless, like a lump of clay;
When in the hollow of thy hand was placed
The destiny of Hapsburg's house disgraced...
The most abhorrent race that e'er has hurled
In deeds of horror terror on the world
But to perdition doomed, or soon or late,
By just decrees of all-avenging fate.
But O! how sweet to suffer insult, shame,
A mountain load of fell abuse and blame,
For such a cause, which rivals glory's name,
And acts, deserving of immortal fame.

8.
The taunting voice sings lofty hymns of praise,
Thy deed on grandeur's pinnacle to raise;
The mocker's calumnies lose thorns and stings,
And on thine altar incense sweet he flings.
Such mock, such taunts, such blame and censure stern
A challenge to aspire the like to earn
For brave and gen'rous hearts must e'er remain,
And can the purest, brightest gem not stain,
Among thy many glorious deeds of right,
That grace thy brief career as freedom's knight,
Thy country's liberator from the doom
Of Hapsburg's tyranny, and thralldom's gloom!



Part III

On then, brave patriot, be not dismayed,
Tho' clamorous foes, in hateful bands arrayed,
Surround thee on all sides, who strain their wits,
And with strange zeal display their furious fits,
Who use their talents, energy, and might,
To sully thy fame and glory bright,
(Which luminous as stars on heav'n high dome,
Glare beacon-like thro' desolation's gloom,
And like their golden prototypes divine
Will to the end of time remain and shine;)
Who, full of rancour's virulence and spite,
Despotic might support 'gainst law and right,
By their attempts, which cause brave men to blush,
Thy sacred cause and nobile aim to crush.
O, fatal folly! where then wilt thou end,
How long with falsehood's weapon's wrong defend,
On thine own heart inflinct the deadly blow,
At freedom's children aimed, or high or low?
If once success thy dread attempt has crowned,
And 'neath tyrannic chariots' wheels is found
Bleeding to death and maimed fair freedom's cause,
What power on earth can seal the source of woes,
The fountain-head, whence various poisons glide,
And stem the bounding surge of mis'ry's tide?
A laugh of scorn, contempt, and mockery's smile,
The due reward for cunning, craft, and guile,
Thy labour's fruit will be and recompence,
Earned and deserved in tyranny's defence.
Check, then, thy progress, while there is yet time,
And cease to prosecute the foes of crime,
But 'gainst its authors hurl thy shafts of wrath,
And rent asunder tyrants' plighted troth!



But no, with trumpet sound loud to proclaim
Their sympathy, and cleanse the blood-stained fame
Of him, the despot young on Austria's throne,
Whose ancient splendour now fore'er is gone,
An empty phantom but of former might,
The deepest curse and blot in freedom's sight.
Such are the proudest efforts of thy foes,
In this congenial field their spirit glows;
Or to extol, and lift up to the skies
In admiration's terms and great surprise
His act of mercy, shown the other day
To Hungary once free and great and gay,
Thy dearly loved and noble fatherland,
Now held in shackles forged by tyrants' hand;
Where, but a while ago, beneath the tree
Of law and justice, right and liberty,
A loyal nation dwelled; in tranquil bliss
Enjoyed the fruits of peace and happiness;
Among the precious stones the brightest gem,
That form the glory of his diadem;
His house's firm support and bulwark strong,
Thro' centuries of hardships' suffer'd wrong,
Inflicted by misrule's envenomed hand,

But written on quick-moving shoals of sand.
For more than once, with patriotic joy,
Forgetting hate and former feud's alloy,
With noble-mindedness and courage great,
(Well worthy to have met a better fate)
Unmatched since time began to this our age
By any records on th' historic page:
The gallant brethren, freedom's bravest son,
Like water spilled their precious blood, and won
In stout defence of Hapsburg's awful race
On battlefield immortal glory's grace;
Their country's wealth and treasures 'midst abuse
Lavished and sacrificed with hand profuse,
The tottering dynasty to prop, and save
Their trembling kingdoms hovering o'er the grave.
Such deeds, tho' towering high in marvel's shape,
With ease from facitious memories escape,
Which wrapped in prejudice, to merit blind,
Can grandeur neither see in them nor find;
But will applaud with rapturous delight,
A deed of dread, dark as the blackest night,
Which blotted from the map of Europe fair
A noble kingdom, freedom's oldest heir,
Committed by a perjured tyrant's pen,
Conceived and hatched in demon's hellish den.

10
In vain a glance on past events I cast,
On history, embracing ages vast,
In superstition's thralldom doomed to cower,
Or blind barbarity's debasing power,
Abounding in atrocious deeds and crime,
To match this act, the monster of our time:
Vile offspring of a viler mother still,
The measure of iniquity to fill,
Thine only feature, that redeems the blast
Thine authors o'er a happy region cast;
Where valour's monument still proudly stands,
Disfigured tho' by hordes from savage lands;
Lent by a trembling despot's secret fear,
The shouts of freedom's gallant sons to hear
Resounding o'er his bounderies, and see
The glorious flame of youthful liberty,
Which Phoenix-like from deepest darkness rose,
And threatened thralldom's dreadful reign to close;
Which shone once more a beacon thro' the night,
And shed on tyrants' deeds its glaring light,
Spreading across his frontiers in its blaze,
And put an end to his despotic days:—
Lent by the Russian Autocrat to efface
A hubled brother despot's deep disgrace;
The firm support of tyranny to save,
Prevent its falling into th' open grave;
From which he augured his would follow soon,
To Austria, who had humbly sought this boon,
When struck by Hungry's gallant sons she lay
At freedom's feet, a helpless shatter'd prey.
The bargain struck, the price in blood was paid,
And Austria saved by his untimely aid:

Saved, in appearance, yes, but not in fact,
For she is doomed by her inglorious act
To Russia's vassalage, to whom she sold
The remnant of her might and strength of old;
Who holds her now in adamant chains,
And at whose pleasures she exists and reigns.
An awful bargain, terrible and fell!
A monstrous deed, born in the depths of hell;
Whose consummation must have shed a beam
Of penetrating light, where rules supreme
Dread darkness undisturbed in gloom of night;
And caused tumultuous joy and fierce delight
E'en 'mongst the dwellers of yon region dire,
Who suffer 'midst eternal flame and fire.



Nor could the author of infernal craft
Have e'er discharged a more envenomed shaft
Than that, which pierced the rights and liberty
Of chivalrous and gen'rous Hungary;
Have e'er designed more fiendish, foul a plot,
The beauteous face of righteous heav'n to blot,
Than that, by which a nation free and brave,
In just and lawful war engaged, to save
Their constitution, freedom, right, and laws,
By oaths confirmed, and thus a sacred cause,
Anoble, holy war of self-defence,
'Gainst Hapsburg's cunning, craft, and violence,
Were handed o'er with vows of gratitude,
With humble bow and mock solicitude,
To Romanoff's despotic son and heir,
To prosper in his fond paternal care.
Where is the heart, that can its fury quell,
Contemplating so dread a deed of hell?
Where is the heart, that can its anger stay,
Restrain its passion, not to curse the day,
Which could the fearful perpetration view,
And calmly its accustomed road pursue?
Where is the man, that can retain the gush
Of deepest indignation's crimson blush,
When slow remembrance brings before his mind
The deed, that casts a stain on all mankind?
Where is the man, who with a brazen face
Could dare to veil the deed of horror's race;
With justice-mocking insolence attempt
Its authors from stern vengeance to exempt,
By branding with rebellion's blighting name,
And heaping insults on fair Hung'ry's fame,
The noblest cause for which men e'er have bled,
Since for the sake of freedom blood was shed?
Where is the man so dead to truth and right,
As to attempt t' exuse that deed of night,
Which e'en the greatest of all living crimes,
(This time's disgrace, and that of coming times,
Until the wrong inflicted is repaired,
Its perpetrators all the doom have shared
Inexorable justice has prepared,)
By which an ancient kingdom, rich in fame,
For valour famous, tho' not free from blame,

12

Was from the map of Europe's realms erased,
And her bright face and glorious form defaced, —
Throws in the shade, makes blush for very shame,
And robs it of its dire unrivalled fame?
'Twas not enough, O Europe, to behold
One cank'ring sore, the source of woes untold,
One mark of infamy upon thy brow,
To thy defamers humbly see thee bow,
A second blot of deeper hue and die,
Which terror's utmost could not magnify,
The worshippers of blind expediency,
Afraid to strike a blow at tyranny,
Have fixed on thy repute: It was a shaft
Of Austro-Russian diplomatic craft.
This blot heaps new disgrace now on thy name;
Another nation shares brave Poland's shame;
But Providence may grant it is the last,
Whose fortune wrecked amidst so dire a blast,
Who to expediency a victim fell,
And was in shambles slain by priests of hell!
This sacrifice by Fate was still required,
The system to expose, so much admired,
Which, founded on expediency, to-day
Outlaws the robber, who but yesterday
In proud contempt of justice, law, and right,
Dared with impunity in day's broad light
An act commit, which Europe's glory stained,
More fell than that for which he's now arraigned;
But which eternal justice has decreed.
In streams of blood should be atoned with speed.



Part IV

On, then, brave patriot, do not despair,
Thou (Fortune) for thine enemies declare;
A more capricious dame ne'er ruled on earth:
Her favour she'll at length bestow on worth.
Thy cause is just — a juster cause ne'er was, —
And rests on firmer base than brittle glass,
Which neither Fortune's passing frown can shake,
Nor tyrants' crafty satellites will break.



13

Thy cause is good; a better ne'er was known,
Since on the blood-stained fields of Marathon
Brave freedom's children chastised despots' pride,
And raised a wall against the Persian tide.
Thy cause is great; no greater cause e'er fired
The hopes of man, or nobler zeal inspired;
And will, in spite of sland'rous tongues' attempt,
A sacred aim remain, from guilt exempt.
Thy cause is noble, and no nobler cause
E'er armed in stout defence of home and laws;
Exited e'er the love and sympathy
Of longing hearts, which strove for liberty.
A just and good, and great and noble cause
Has ne'er succumbed spite all oppressors' woes,
But always borne the palm of victory,
And vindicated right 'gainst tyranny.
Thus, then, thine own must yet in triumph end,

Whate'er thy false accusers may pretend;
Vain their attempts, and tho' in loftier strain,
They shower'd praises on doomed Austria's reign,
Proclaimed the truth and justice of the strong,
To prove the Hapsburg's right and Hung'ry's wrong!
No acts of mercy can revive the slain
By Haynau murdered, nor wipe off the stain
Inflicted by the human-tiger's hand
On thine oppressed and suffering fatherland;
No acts of mercy can from minds expel
The mem'ry of the foulest deed of hell,
By which the bravest heroes of our time,
The noblest patriots, whose only crime
Was true devotion to their native land,
Were doomed to die by felons' hangman's hands;
Whose cruel injuries and dreadful woes
Have shed immortal glory on their cause,
But branded with the deepest stain the day
That saw the wrong, and had no word to say;
That knew their agonies in dungeons pent,
Their foeman's wrath and thirst for blood unbent,
Yet made no efforts tyrants' rage to check,
But left the martyrs in the storm to wreck.
No, no, the precious blood at Arad shed,
Where Hung'ry's truest sons for Hung'ry bled,
Has closed the long account with Hapsburg's race,
And found a verdict which will end their case:
The ties are sever'd and must so remain,
E'en Mercy cannot make them whole again!—
Hail, then, to Kossuth, freedom's cherished son!

14

Who will regain the prize he once had won;
 Whose glory from oblivion's clouds secure,
 Will last while time and history endure;
 Whom nature moulded from her finest clay
 With skillful fingers, that she might display
 To coming ages of her fondest care
 A monument in him as bright as rare,
 And 'gainst the heavy charge a strong protest,
 That in the hour of need she was at rest,
 Neglected to send forth the master-mind,
 (No fault of hers, if man to genius blind,
 Refused to recognize sound reason's lord,
 And with contemptuous smile flung him o'erboard)
 Required the gravest duties to perform,
 And steer the vessel safely thro' the storm.
 Within whose hold was stowed a freight sublime:
 The welfare of mankind in future time;
 On whom she did bestow with great delight
 Her choicest gifts: the love of truth and right,
 Of freedom, justice, magnanimity,
 And hate intense of wrong and tyranny;
 Of greater value and more solid worth,
 Than pomp and splendour, wealth and pride, on earth
 The false, but glitt'ring phantoms, which enshroud
 The potentates in magic's dazzling cloud.
 Continue, then, O Kossuth, thus arrayed,

To vindicate, by tyrants undismayed,
 By folly's censure undisturbed the right
 Of nations 'gainst oppressive despots' might.
 The duties fate allotted to thy share,
 A heavy load, thou cheerfully wilt bear:
 The consciousness to fight for truth and right,
 Would make a heavier burden feather-light.
 The mission great entrusted to thy care,
 Will be achieved, thy foes are well aware;
 The goal is distant, but the longest night
 Must yield at last to morning's dawning light!—
 My task is o'er; my humble muse is mute,
 Called from her cradle eager to refute
 With truthful weapons charges false and mean,
 Brought forward 'gainst the noblest cause, to clean
 The Hapsburg's blood-stained hands; to justify
 His treach'rous deed, which fetter'd Hungary,
 And in the basest, vilest terms t' entreat
 A tyrant's aid a despot to defeat,
 Whose cause is his, whose fall predicts his own,
 And whom t' offend great Austria dare not frown.



Accept, O Kossuth, then, with kind excuse,
This feeble effort of my infant muse,
Who dares assert, that from an upright heart
Her utt'rings flowed, if unadorned by art:
Who boldly dared to speak a foreign tongue,
But hopes forgiveness for her faulty song;
Who did not blindly hasten to defend
Thy sacred cause, and 'gainst thy foes contend
But driven by convictions firm and strong,
That right is thine, and that thy foes are wrong:
Who far from wishing but to add a mite
To thy just fame, which fills thy foes with spite,
Obeyed the ardent impulse on some day,
A tribute small of grateful love to pay,
In due acknowledgement of thy desert,
Obtained in liberty's defence expert,
And by thy brave attempts to save from shame,
The freemen's land, the freemen's boast and fame!

January, 1855

Edward Kriens, Professor
Modern Languages and
Literature, London, 1856

