

KOSSUTH IN PRISON,
AFTER HIS LAST BATTLE.

"Freedom's battle once begun,
Requ coasted by bleeding sire to son,
Tho' baffled oit, is ever won!"—BRON.

I.

Martyrs of freedom, your sympathies blending,
Whom here I invoke from the lone Danube's shore,
Tho' vanquished the cause of my country defending,
My spirit, unconquered, soars free as before!

II.

Up! up and arouse ye from lethargy's slumbers,
For tyrants are rivetting stronger our chains;
Up! up in your prowess, shrink not from their numbers,
Enough of Hungarian valor remains.

III.

Lo! where the despot lies foiled in his lair,
Who trampled on Freedom, usurping our right;
Tho' baffled, our hearts ne'er shall crouch to despair,
Our cause is not lost, nor our star set in night!

IV.

By our heroes who've fallen! by our home's desolation!
By their deeds which inspired a nobler doom!
By the glory of Freedom—by the hopes of a nation!
By the mourners who weep o'er the patriot's tomb!

V.

By these, and the prayers which we offer to Heaven—
By the links which unite us in one holy tie,
By our spirits immortal, our chains shall be given,
We'll conquer our birth-right, or as martyrs we'll die.

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