

DRESSER

KOSSUTH TO HIS SWORD.

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BY HORACE DRESSER, ESQ., NEW YORK.

[I swear here before you (raising the sword to Heaven) that this American sword in my hand shall be always faithful in the cause of Freedom—that it shall be ever foremost in the fight, and that it shall never be polluted by ambition or cowardice.—M. KOSSUTH, at Castle Charick.]

HENCEFORTH with me thou art, bright blade of steel!
And now, the while, may'st rest and sleep;
But, by the bye, to make the tyrants feel,
Forth from thy resting-place shalt leap!
Before High Heaven, do I thee consecrate
To Freedom's holy, sacred cause—
I swear, O sword! I'll smite the potentate,
Now trampling down Hungarian laws!

I seem to hear beside old Danube's wave,
Sad voices saying, "O how long!
How long shall despots rule the hour! O save,—
Great God, avert our country's wrong.
The haughty Hapsburg and the Muscovite
Upon our necks have placed their feet,
Forgetful of long-plighted faith and right,—
Behold, just Powers! the fate we meet."

Bright burnished blade! no blood hath stained thee yet,
Nor hast thou sought the springs of life;
But time will come when with the foeman met,
Thou shalt be foremost in the strife!
With arm uplifted high in my right hand,
Thy flash and gleam and mortal blow,
Shall cheer the battling hosts of fatherland,
And mark where bloodiest torrents flow.

Damascus blades the olden Magyar drew,
With trenchant arm—and battles won;
He kept his nation's name long centuries through,
And ever stood the unconquered Hun!
Once more shall clash of arms and noise of war,
Resound along my native hills—
Let tyrant princes know the time's not far
Its omen now all Europe fills.

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Thou thing of death! a freeman gave thee form—
His forge and fires have set thine edge;
With thee I'll breast and brave the battle storm,
No coward grasps, my faith I pledge!
Crowned heads and hierarchs shall bow
Before the Majesty of right;
O sword! help me record this sacred vow
My country's foes shall feel my might!

Let flow of soul and feast of banquet hall,
In this the land of Washington,
Teach regent knaves and kings I need but call,
And thousand swords are girted on.
My sword! proud gift of plumed and patriot band,
I take thee for a talisman;
With thee some day will seek my native land,
And strike, at length, the Austrian!