

Tappan

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ODE TO KOSSUTH.

I.

Kossuth! thine is the cause of truth and right,—
 Thou canst hope fervently and fear not:
 Oppressed nations keep thee in their sight,
 And angels stand about thee in their might.
 Kings on their ancient thrones shall rot;
 But thy good cause still onward, gathering
 strength,
 Shall bear thee to thy triumph, till at length
 Thy country's freedom and mankind's shall be
 United in one common destiny.

II.

The nations claim a hero in their need,
 Whose voice can, trumpet-like, proclaim
 The coming jubilee, and bravely plead
 The rights of human brotherhood to feed
 In human hearts one sacred flame.
 Armies, for spoil and vain ambition's dreams,
 Have passed o'er Alpine heights and ocean
 streams;
 When struggling nations call to us afar,
 What barriers then should stay the glorious
 war?

III.

Kossuth! speak out thy heart, and we must
 hear,
 For thou the right hast dearly won;
 The Hero and the Martyr—thou dost bear
 Thy strong credentials from a higher sphere—
 It were a crime the plea to skip.
 Great representative of human right!
 Uttering thy thoughts of power in words of
 light,
 Thine is th' authority which freemen own,
 They scorn the tyrant, but yield truth the
 throne.

IV.

Thou canst not here an imbecile exile,
 To seek a home among the free,
 Or rest thy "warped virtues" here awhile
 Under releasing someone's soothing smile:—
 Thy soul still fills of Hungary,
 They are her kegs of sail; nor can the storm
 Which shattered thee destroy thy gallant form:
 With us our friendly haven thou'lt repair
 Thy damage,—then once more the battle dare.

V.

But when thou dost once more the battle dare,
 Obedient to thy country's call,
 And matchest Hungary to Austria there,—
 Must then the Russian leave his northern lair,
 And on the weaker fiercely fall?
 May not a nation struggling for its life
 Demand, at least, an equal field of strife?
 Despot backs despot—woe to the people, woe!
 Who, free themselves, no fellow-feeling show.

VI.

Kossuth! thy honest voice hath stern applied
 To nations as to men the law
 Which we as men received, as States denied.
 The despot and the priest, by thee defied,
 In thy bold speech would seek a flaw;
 But Christian freemen here will simply read
 What the Great Teacher taught by word and
 deed—
 Th' immortal law of charity defined
 As love to God, and love to all mankind.

VII.

Kossuth! thy cause is precious in our eyes,
 For thou art Freedom's youngest son:
 Thee, the Deliverer! we recognise,
 And on thy shoulders, fallen from the skies,
 The mantle of our Washington.
 Thy cause and Hungary's is also ours;
 The tyrant's frown on thee that darkly lowers,
 First blighting thee and thine, would reach our
 shore,
 And quench the light of freedom evermore.

VIII.

And we accept thy mission as divine,
 And with full hearts thy welcome shout—
 Come, man of Providence—hero benign!
 Make the old forms of truth before us shine,
 Oh! long obscured by fear and doubt;
 And we will show the tyrants of the world
 Our stars and stripes of freedom wide unfurled;
 And be, what God and heroes meant us erst to
 be—
 The light and hope of all who battle to be free.

HENRY P. TAPPAN.

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