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Away! would you own the dread rapture of war,
Seek the host-rolling plain of the mighty Magyar;
Where the giants of yore from their mansions come down,
O'er the ocean-wide floor play the game of renown.

Hark! hark! how the earth 'neath their arched rears,
In the hurricane charge—in the thunder of wheels;
How the hearts of the forests rebound as they pass,
In their mantles of smoke, through the quaking morass!

In the tent of Dembinski the taper is dim,
But no need for the dusk light of tapers for him:
In the mind of the chief—in his intellect's ray—
All the war stands revealed with the splendour of day.

God! the battle is joined! Lord of Battles, rejoice!
Freedom thunders her hymn to the battery's voice—
In the soaring hurrah, in the half-stifled moan—
Sends the voice of her praise to the foot of thy throne.

Oh hear, God of Freedom, thy people's appeal;
Let the edges of slaughter be sharp on their steel,
And the weight of destruction and swiftness of fear
Speed death to his mark in their bullets' career!

Holy Nature, arise! from thy bosom in wrath
Shake the pestilence forth on the enemy's path,
That the tyrant invaders may march by the road
Of Semmering, invading the city of God!

As the stars in their courses 'gainst Sisera strove,
Fight, mists of the fens, in the sick air above;
As Semender his carcasses flung on the foe,
Fight, floods of the Theiss, in your torrents below!

As the snail of the Psalmist consuming away,
Let the moon-melted masses in silence decay;
Till the track of corruption alone in the air
Shall tell sickened Europe the Russ has been there!

Stay! stay!—in thy fervour of sympathy pause,
Nor become inhumane in humanity's cause;
If the poor Russian slave have to wrong been abused,
Are the ties of Christ's brotherhood all to be loosed?

The mothers of Moscow who offer the breast
To their orphans, have hearts, as the mothers of Pest;
Nor are love's aspirations more tenderly drawn
From the bosoms of youth by the Theiss than the Don.

God of Russian and Magyar, who ne'er hast designed
Save one shedding of blood for the sins of mankind,
No demon of battle and bloodshed art thou,
To the war-wearied nations be pitiful now!

Turn the hearts of the kings—let the Magyar again
Reap the harvests of peace on his bountiful plain;
And if not with renown, with affections and lives,
Send the poor Russians home to their children and wives!—

But you fill all my bosom with tumult once more—
What! Görgey surrendered! What! Bem's battles o'er!
What! the horrible Haynau victorious!—Oh God,
Give us patience to bow to thy terrible rod!

Weep, Freedom! in all thy last citadels, weep,
From the Adrian mole to the Adrian deep;
And England, seducer, deserter! prepare
On the heights of the Koosh for the hug of the Bear!