

Weidenthal

Kossuth

Rest in peace, the exile's ended.
Done the toil and done the strife
In thy path once were blended.
Thou hast passed from death to life.

High above poor mortal failing
Float a spirit and a name
Where no pygmy souls' assailing
Can deface their earthly fame.

Let no dirge or requiem sadly
Mingle with the thought of thee.
Let thy name be uttered gladly
'Mid the strains of Rákóczy.

Rest in peace, the haven's sighted,
Done the toil and done the strife,
Brightly gleams the torch thou'st lighted.
Thou hast passed from death to life.

Leo Weidenthal