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KOSSUTH AND HUNGARY!

BY LILIAN MAY,

From o'er the mighty ocean—the roaring waste of blue—
Comes freedom's greatest champion, the firmly tried and true
He is with us—he has landed safely on our shores from far;
The despot's fear, the tyrant's hate—the noble, brave
Maygar!

O, leader of the people! O, freedom's exiled son!
O, Kosuth, great and glorious! Hungaria's Washington!
We give thee our heart's best welcome, to our firesides and
our homes—
From the oppression of the tyrants on the Austro-Russian
throne!

We welcome thee, O chieftain, from Europe's classic land!
Lo! a brighter day is dawning, when shall fall the tyrant's
hand;
When the mighty shout of Freedom shall arise from Eu-
rope's hills,
And the deep and rushing rivers breathe fervor from the
rills;

When Despotism's rule of iron shall awe no more the
world,
When haughty kings, the scepter'd, from their glittering
throne be hurled;

And the light of Freedom's banner, wherever man is found,
To nerve his soul to action and strike the tyrant down;

O, Hungary! brave Hungary! ere now thou hadst been
free,
But the base-born traitors sold thee to the beck of Ty-
ranny!

The barbaric Austro-Tyrant called the Inspecter white off,
And thy bright hopes of the future lost in the dust were
hid!

Thou'rt fallen now, but not for'er—the day is when thou
shalt
rise!

When thy people, all united, shall have the right to
know,
And the selling chains of slavery shall be severed from;
When oppression's hour of darkness shall be the golden
morn!

We watch the coming contest for the clouds grow black
around,
That settle over Europe's land, and on each fertile plain;

God be with the noble patriots who no more will bend the
knee
To a tyrant, crown'd and scepter'd, but have vowed THEY
WILL BE FREE!

Ay, welcome, chief of Freedom, to Liberty's own land!
Thrice welcome, to our Freedom's Freedom land!
We welcome thee, with but-sheathed arms, from o'er the
stormy sea,
Countless blessings on thee, brave Maygar! Friend of Truth
and Liberty!

MAY, Lilian AP2
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Sarah Amanda

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WELCOME TO KOSSUTH, BY SARAH AMANDA.

O, welcome! thrice welcome, great Hero, to thee!
With thy hand of true patriots, valiant and brave!
We welcome thee ill to the land of the free,
Where the star-spangled banner of liberty waves.

To the land where a Washington proudly has trod,
While a halo of glory encircled his path;
Where our forefathers freely their life-blood have poured,
And hallowed the spot that gave freedom its birth.

Then rest on our shore, free from tyranny's power,
Whose dark wing is shadowing thy country in gloom;
Oh! rest, until Heaven dispel the dread shadow,
Bidding Freedom awake from her long fettered tomb.

A welcome, Oh! noble Hungarian, to thee!
Our hearts with true sympathy throb for thy woes;
Accept our warm greetings from tried hearts and true,
While our prayers shall arise for thy country's repose.