

A word for Kossuth

by L. G. Whittier

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1/2 - 1 stanza)

Not to the swift, nor to the strong,
The battles of the right belong,
For he who strikes for freedom wears
The armor of the captive's prayers,
And nature proffers to his cause
The strength of the eternal laws;
While he, whose arm essays to bind
And herd with common brutes his kind,
Shrines ever more at fearful odds
With Nature and the jealous gods,
~~and~~ dares the dread revil which late
Or soon, their right shall vindicate.