

The Hungarian's despair

Oh! God, didst thou not hear the cry
That rent the Heavens with its despair?
Doth the "thick darkness" that surrounds Thee
Shut out the wailings of the people's woe,
And hide the blood that tyrants cause to flow?
Is Kossuth's faith in vain? - his hope
In God's deliverance but an airy
Phantom, - mocking his heart's wrong?
Dost Thou, unheeding of the right,
Still aid the strong?
Our sun has set in blood, - the night
Of suffering for our country comes -
Did ere "paternal" Austria forgive
Her traitor sons?
Alone, we met the allied hosts
Of Czar and Emperor; and ere
Old England's lion had roused her
For the conflict, - or Columbia's eagle
Soared for the friendly flight,
Oppression's prey was seized,
And swift the story of our misery
Is borne on every breeze.
Spirit of Liberty! We had hoped
To shrine thee in our homes,
And in our hearts thou dwellest,
But rest thou can'st not find, nor we, -
God of our fathers, can we still hope in THEE?

Anonymous

From: Newburyport, Mass., Herald,
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