

Komssuth  
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He comes! - he comes! - as Freedom's guest,  
Across old Ocean's billowy breast!  
He comes! - he comes! - a son of Mars,  
To bless our country's stripes and stars!  
He comes! - from where? Oh, shame to tell,  
Where freemen fought and Freedom fell.

He comes! - he comes! - let psalms ring  
And free-born sons hosannah's sing!  
He comes! - he comes! - let anthems rise  
And thunder through the vaulted skies!  
He comes! - who comes? - the Magyar chief,  
Encrowned with glory's living wreath.

A Hero comes! - fling to the breeze  
Our flag that floats o'er countless seas!  
A Patriot comes! - let echoes ring,  
As flaps of our eagle's mighty wing!  
A Warrior comes! - let cannons roar,  
Welcome brave KOSSUTH to our shore.

New Haven, Nov., 1851

W.L. H.

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