

Kossuth's greeting to America

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From lands beyond the sea I come,  
Where liberty once made her home,  
And up to heaven's blue arching dome  
Rang out her anthems free.  
But rayless gloom, and darkness now,  
Have fall'n upon that country's brow,  
To sceptred tyranny must blow  
My bleeding Hungary.

America, thy towering hills  
And boundless plains of flashing rills  
Are sweet to me; my spirit thrills  
To freedom's melody;  
But ever, through their tears, my eyes  
Are gazing on the hills that rise  
Beneath the blue and sunny skies  
Of down-trod Hungary.

I joy, that here the beacon light  
Of freedom's star is burning bright,  
And flashes far into the night  
Of crushing tyranny.  
But oh! the light which gleamed about  
My own loved country, has gone out  
In blood- and sadness reigns throughout  
My native Hungary.

Thy greeting shout is in my ear,  
Thy joyous welcoming I hear,  
And, oh! I thank thee for the tear  
Of holy sympathy;  
But, far above that welcome shout,  
A sad'ning moan rings ever out  
From ruined homes and hearts throughout  
My own loved Hungary.

Beneath your floating flag I stand,  
And mark it, waving o'er a land  
By freedom joined in one great band  
Of beauteous unity;  
But, stained by blood and tears and toil,  
The banner of my native soil  
Is trailing in the dust; the spoil  
Of conquered Hungary.

Beneath that flag a patriot few,  
A remnant of the tried and true,  
Struck hands together, and anew  
Pledged life to liberty;  
How well they fought - how freely fell,  
Each foot of bloody ground shall tell,  
And plain and hill and dell of crimsoned Hungary <sup>2.</sup>

Conquered, but ever trusting on -  
A brighter, holier day shall dawn,  
And Hungary again put on  
Her native Majesty.  
From vale to answering hill shall fly  
Her unforgotten battle-cry,  
And freedom 's flag float proud and high  
O'er risen Hungary.

Then shall her sad and tearful moan  
Swell out into the anthem-tone  
Of freedom, on the crumbling throne  
Of fallen tyranny-  
While, in her sky of cloudless blue,  
Hope's star, with ever-bright'ning hue,  
Shall pour its beamings, ever true,  
On happy Hungary.

Louisville, Ky., Feb. 24, 1852

J.W.H.

/For the Louisville, Ky. Journal, March 5, 1852./