

To Louis Kossuth
 by Augustine Duganne
 for the Washington, D.C.
 * Union, Oct 25 - 1852 (3/3)

I

K, despair not yet!
 Behold! when first before my vision whirled
 The exulting pageantry of nations freed—
 When from their crumbling thrones in terror hurled,
 Monarchs with white lips read the People's creed,
 While rose that People in their blood and sweat,
 Moved by the might of Freedom's new
 revealing,
 And thou, upon Hungaria's Gilboa kneeling,
 Lifted thine arms in agony to Heaven —
 Then, by the breath of Hope within me driven,
 K, I named thee, "Moses of the world!"

What though alone
 Thou battledst for the common rights of man! —
 What though no kindred hand upheld thine own,
 (No nation followed in thy daring track,
 When for the world thy genius led the van!
 Though Slavish Gaul held back;
 Though Albion faltered and though —
 Shame of shames! —
 Columbia solemnly looked upon thy fate,
 Yet, by the memory of our father's
 names!

K, despair not yet!

By German Heuben, and De Kalb, despair not!
 By Erin's plain Montgomery, despair not!
 By Poland's gift, Pulaski, still despair not!
 By Lafayette and Washington, despair not!

Europe was bondage! - where, in steps of sundren,
 Labored sad Israel, by Esparachs crush'd.
 Subadred her limbs - her spirit weak and shrunken;
 Dumb was her voice - her harp,
 despairing, crush'd!

Europe was eviled! from shame emerging,
 Lo! slow the slave became at once the man!
 While o'er his tyrants freedom's ocean, surging
 High as man's hopes, in billowy
 glory ran!

Europe is Sinai! and her dread confusions
 are but the working of the Eternal's
 Lo! from the burning bush of Revolution's
 Cometh the Decalogue of
 Human Right!



III

K. behold
Thy people's journey through the desert
Still! —

Even though the desert (is)
While round them press the tyrants,
as of old,
Yet, through the Lord Jehovah's
power and will,
The promised land we yet shall
enter —

And though, like Moses, thou mayst
glad thine eyes
with but a glimpse of Freedom's
heritage,
Yet shall the nations rise —

The enfranchised millions of a
future age —
And bless their Moses who, on
Gilead's height,
Prayed to the Lord through
Freedom's darkest night!