

A welcome to Kossuth
By: Sylvania

Poph Gazette 1851 - Jan 24 - 1/2 (for the gaz)

Welcome, K., to our shore

To our hearts and to our homes,
Whether we are rich or poor,

Welcome to our friendly doors.

Thou hast borne the burthen of war,
Still contending for the right;
Sure thou art your nation's star,
In their galaxy of light.

Thou hast suffered for the truth,

Shared a prisoner's awful fate,
Though preparing in thy youth
For a more exalted state.

Thou dost well define the path

That the nations all may take,
Which will turn aside the wrath,
And the tyrant's fetter break.

Say to Russia's sons: Be still!

Let the pure oppressed go free,

Sure 'tis our Maker's will,

This shall cruel despots see;

For our God sustains our cause,

We will bow to his behest

He will give us equal laws,

Bless us, and we shall be blest.

62
Let the stars and stripes appear
Flourishing in the western sky,
Beating on from year to year
Freedom's emblems raised on high
May H. too arise!
Blunt the vile oppressor's chain,
Sound an anthem to the skies
Freedom in her peaceful reign.

Freedom! what a blissful sound,
Echo it through earth and heaven,
Let it's hallowed strains abound,
Let it to the world be given.
As a blessed blood bought boon
Purchased by our dying Lord,
When he did our cause assume,
Life and liberty restored.

Could this feeble hand ⁱⁿ describe
Burning words to thrill the heart,
Kossuth ~~should~~ himself decide
That I acted well my part:
For I'd move each manly form
With a patriotic glow
Yes I'd sound a dread alarm,
Shake each despot and each foe.



Sylvania ---- 2
63

Poor Hungary should find rest
From those haughty sons of pride,
And our noble, valiant guest
In her councils should preside.
What can feeble females do?
We can wish the cause success,
Smile on honest men and good,
Meekly ask our God to bless.

And when evening clouds descend
On their ebony-colored car,
Then we may our wishes send
To the world that roll afar,
May the Sovereign of the Skies
Look with a propitious smile,
Ere you a nation rise
Crown your labors and your toil.

Princess, please accept these lines,
Unpretending though they are,
Yet the humble Muse designs
To express a welcome here,
She is one shut out from fame,
One whose broom melts with woe,
Feels for thee an ardent flame
Hopes in brighter world's to know
One so blest, so loved below.