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49 Asmodeus : K's address to his
Countrymen
Pop's Gaz - Jan 23 - '52 P. 4.
from the Cincinnati Gazette

Down-trodden men of Hungary,
Awake! and rend your chains;
To arms! to arms! 'tis K. calls -
Wipe out ignoble stains,
Your fatherland; your liberty,
Shall be your battle cry;
Arouse ye then, and shout again
We'll conquer or we'll die!

Sclavonians, Croats, Moravians,
Wallachians, brothers, all -
Our tyrant the despot's threats are vain,
He tatters to his fall,
Bondsmen, I come to set you free,
Your tyrant to defy!
Arouse ye then etc.

Let haughty Russia dare advance,
We've freemen on our side;
Though Austria league with frolic France
We'll meet her in her pride.
Brothers, I've roamed o'er lands that's free
Your master I defy,

Uprouse etc.

Though governments refuse us aid
We rindet a people's hearts
Whose will is power - must be heard

If we but play our part.
Shout Fatherland! Shout Liberty!

And let our tyrants know
That there are men who would be free,
Who dare to strike the blow!