

1849

H.: The Magsars
New Orleans 1849

(In: N. W. Times Oct 18 - 1861
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Hark the drum! Hark the tramp
With an order never damp,
Marching onward with artillery and steel,
Hear the tens of thousands come,
Hear the tramp, hear the drum —
Are there any now to listen and to feel?
Is the flame at all expired —
The heroic revolutionary flame,
Which our gallant fathers fired
And the nation all inspired,
When with drum and steady tramp,
And an order naught could damp
As the Russians now, the British soldiers came?
— Not at all; you can feel it, just the same.

Yes, my countryman! you feel
From tread of Corsair heel
In the cannon and the ringing of the sword,
And you mingle in the shout,
In the battle and the rout
Where the people have arisen on their lords;
For you feel, as if your dead
From a hundred fields were now again restored

In the men by Gorgely led,
 And the blood that then was shed
 Was now shedding by the Austro-Russian hordes.

Not such destinies France's
 Shall attend the Magyar lance,
 Though I know your hearts to France have ever clung
 To her glory, not her shame
 For ignoble France became
 But a monster that had fed upon her young;
 Not her misery, nor fears
 Nor the blood of forty years
 Nor the voice of millions crying out "Advance!"
 Not oppression, pride or tears
 Have yet ever taught deliverance to France.

Just another voice was heard
 And another people stirred,
 Shaking from them all their centuries of rust;
 How they fiercely trample down
 Both the despot and the crown
 Has been told you, and you feel it - for you must;
 And can friends of France believe
 That the Magyars shall achieve
 But that mockery of freedom they deplore?
 O for Italy we grieve
 And her tyrants and oppressors we abhor.



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O, my country! how with thee
Is the trust which God confideth to the free,
How is it - hath it been?

Was thy banner flying when
Gallant Poland in her frenzy rent the air
and the nations suffered her to perish there?
Was it flying then - and where?

And when later Greece arose
On her foes,
Did'st thou answer to her agonizing throes?
Not with drums and soldiers' tramp,
but with money and murder rather damp.

And so Ireland, too, passed hence,
Looming toward you as the pillar and the cloud;
And you saw that spirit slackened
With her ageing awakened,
'Trough the very elements
Seemed to murmur as you passed her to the shroud.
And why is it, O my country! thus with thee?

It is commerce, it is trade -
'Tis our rulers who are thrummers and afraid
For our people would have risen
For the free

(over)

O, my country, 'teach our rulers to impart
 Lofty purposes of the art
 Which we nourish - it is pity, it is shame -
 And ere Hungary be rent,
 Ere her ligaments shall sever
 Urge them toward her battlement,
 That we never may - O never
 Have the sin of her despair upon our name.

Hungarian prayer for freedom
 for the Dollar Newspaper, Phila, Pa.

OCT 10 - 1849 - 4/1) anon

Hagerstown
~~Clayton~~ Md 1849

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for the Dollar newspaper, Phila,
 1849 OCT. 10 - 4/1) anon.

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