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(anonymous) (21)

Away! Would you own the wild
rapture of war

Seek the host-rolling plain of the

mighty Magyar;

Where the giants of yore from the mansions
came down

O'er the ocean wide floor play the game
of renown.

Hark! hark! how the earth 'neath their

armanent reels,

In the hurricane charge - in the

thunder of wheels;

How the hearts of the forest rebound as they

In their convulsions of smoke, through
the quaking morass.

In the tent of Dembinshi the taper is dim,

But no need for the dusk light
of tapers for him!

In the mind of the chief - in his
intellect's ray -

all the war stands revelled with the
splendor of day.

God! the batt' is joined! Lord of Battles
rejoice!

Freedom thunders her hymn in the
batt'ry's rejoice!

In the swaring hurrah - in the
half-stifled huzzah -
ends the voice of her praise
to the foot of thy throne.

Oh hear, God of Freedom, thy people's
appeal;

Let the edges of slaughter be sharp
on their steel,

And the weight of destruction and
swiftness of fear
Speed death to his mark in their
bullet's career!

Holy Nature, arise! from thy bosom in
wrath

Shake the pestilence forth on the enemy's
path,

That the tyrant's invaders may
march by the road
of Sennacherib invading the city
of God!



As the stars in their courses
 'gainst Cicero strove,
 Fight, amidst of the fens, in the
 sick air above;

As Scamander his carcasses flung
 on the foe,
 Fight, floods of the Theiss, in your
 torrents below!

As the snail of the Palmyra consuming
 away,

Let the moon-melted masses in
 silence delay;

Till the track of corruption shone
 in the air

shall tell sickened Europe the
 Russ has been there!

Stay! Stay! - In thy fervor of sympathy
 pause,

nor become inhuman in
 humanity's cause;

If the poor Russian slave have to
 wrong been abused,
 let the Lies of Christ's
 brotherhood all to be loosed!

The mothers of Moscow who offer the
 breast
 To their orphans, have hearts, as the
 mothers of Pest.
 Nor are love's aspirations
 more tenderly drawn
 From the bosoms of youth by the
 thirst than the dove.

God of Armenia and Magad, who ne'er
 has designed
 Save one shedding of blood for the
 fins of mankind,
 No demon of battle and blood -
 shed art thou,
 To the war-wearied nations
 be pitiful now!

Turn the harvest of the Kings - let the
 m. again
 Reap the harvest of peace on his
 bountiful plain;
 And if not with sorrow, with
 afflictions and lives,
 Send the poor Russian home
 to their children and wives!



But you fill my bosom with
 tumult once more
 What! Gorgez, fureinlered! What!
 Bern's battles o'er!
 What! The horrid Hayman victorious! -
 - oh God,
 Give us patience to bear
 thy terrible wrath.

Weep, Freedom! in all thy last
 citadels, weep,
 From the Adrian ~~circle~~ to the
 Adrian deep;
 And England, seducer, closer!
 prepare
 On the heights of the Koosh
 for the hug of the Bear!

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