

"Hungary"

(Albany NY Eve Journal - 1852 - ^{Amson:} ~~May 20.~~ ^{May 20.}) p. 3

"Freedom's battle once begun
Though baffled oft, is always won."

Alas for Hungary! prostrate and chained
beneath the feet of despots but she lies —

She who flung wide her banners to the skies,
By our guest gilded and by valor stained.

What! Shall her cause no longer be maintained?
Must she, deserted, grovel in the dust.

Without one boon from generous Freedom gained?
Forbid it, Heaven! Forbid it, faith and trust

In virtue, courage, constancy, and all
That most emboldens men resolved to win

^{most} glorious victory, or, fighting, fall
In the red midst of battle's wildest din!

'Tis not in hearts so brave to quail or yield
While the broad flag holds one unconquered field.

No! step by step shall she again achieve
The mighty independence that belongs

To men impatient to oppression's wrongs,
And resolved to triumph more than grieve

Over dark misfortune. She shall nobly leave
The burden from her breast, and stand

bravely amid the nations famed of yore,
And a bright memory to the future leave.

Survives — his hero soul still beats
Invincible, and patriot armies send

Bold, martial strains from their unscaled retreats,
Yawning to fight or die to the end,
Where glowed such hopes, where burn such high
No cloud, nor stream can quench ^{desires} their
Freedom's fires!

