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The Hungarian Bell

*In this our stormy age
In the night
The enslaved Carpathians:
Soul rebelled,
And lifted to earth the oaken idols
In his agonizing pain
The stormy wind
Rushes through the dusky night
And through the forest
Rearing and rumbling.
On the peaks of the haughty cliffs
Hell is foaming,
And above, the slender pinetrees
Scream like gulls
Above the ocean,
When abruptly, the strife
Ceased suddenly
And from the wounded, bleeding
Valley, cliffs
Clang the sonorous, warm,
Virgin-pure sounds
Wherein this great primeval forest
Hides the secrecy of the interred
Hungarian Bell.*

*Its sound creates devotion
Even as at church
Holy emotion,
And causes hearts to flame.*

Golden bell, dear bell
 Embracing words mingle
 With the exhausted worn-out night.
 Thy tones shine, and kindle a night lamp,
 And shake us inwardly
 Heigho! manfully!

Though, silent now, right and left,
 Above and below, the cliff's bell,
 Or is it the voice of millions of hearts?
 That sounds with dignity:
 Thou mutilated Earth,
 Torn, and clawed into four parts
 Oh! bleed not to death, bleed not to death
 It is not the last, it is not an endless night.
 By Christ's five wounds
 I say this,
 I say this!

And while thus his voice speaks
 Over flowing, softly dissolving
 Over the pale struck mountains
 Like a dear ermine-cloak:
 And hearts on child-like knees
 When taking the first communion.

Yet, with closed eyes
 The dawn glows,
 But in their silence
 Talkative lips
 Herald it,
 That on the enslaved mountains
 In the wild storm
 Deep and wonderful,
 Belief is once again
 Born.

STEPHEN HAVAS.

Eörsi Julia: Hungarian Heroes
 of Liberty, (1929.)