



Welcome Louis Kossuth

Arise! arise! Britannia's sons,
And greet the man who laurels won,
To Freedom's standard boldly run,
And welcome noble Kossuth.

Welcome Kossuth, three times three,
Thou gallant friend of liberty,
Britannia's sons shall smile on thee,
And welcome Louis Kossuth.

Hungarian's children thee adore,
Tho' thou wert driven from their shore
The Austrian tyrants will deplore,
While Britons welcome Kossuth!

Brave and noble was thy mind,
In eighteen hundred and forty-nine,
In England, friendship thou wilt find,
Welcome noble Kossuth!

Thy heart did high for freedom heave,
The Austrian treacherous thee deceiv'd
But Britons kindly will receive,
And welcome noble Kossuth!

Kossuth strove with all his might,
For independence he did fight,
He fought for freedom day and night,
Then Britons welcome Kossuth!

In England shall respected be,
That gallant friend of liberty,
The ex Governor of Hungary,
Noble Louis Kossuth!

Noble generals by thy side,
In Freedom's cause so nobly died,
Justice was to thee denied,
Thou noble Louis Kossuth!

No pen thy sufferings can relate,
How sad and dreadful was thy fate,
Driven to a foreign State,
Britannia, welcome Kossuth!

Austria justice thee denied,
Thy feelings no one can describe,
But now it is Britannia's pride,
To welcome noble Kossuth.

Louis Napoleon was we see
An exile in this country,
And he denied sweet liberty
To noble Louis Kossuth.

The same caused noble Kossuth pain,
When sailing on the briny main,
An exile he might be again,
Perhaps, said noble Kossuth.

Kossuth wish'd to cross the French-
men's land,
And shake a kind and friendly hand,
For he was no rebellious man,
But independent Kossuth.

The drums shall beat, the band shall play
And all Britannia's daughters gay,
Shall hasten like the flowers of May,
To welcome noble Kossuth.

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