Vecome to Mag

COME all you gallant Britons bold Of high and low degree, Welcome to Britannia's shores That friend of liberty, That noble Louis Kossuth Who so manfully did fight, Against the Austrian tyrants to Obtain his country's right,

> Welcome noble Kossuth, Thou friend of liberty, Thrice welcome to Britannia's shore, From every tyrant fres.

Oh! Kossuth if you had been here When Haynau crossed the main, To peep into a brewery To smell the English grains Where Barclay and Perkins's draymen Put Hagnau to the rout, And shoved his ugly carcass In a butt of British stout.

The brewer's chaps broke Haynau's back, And played him such a rig, Old women shouted there he goes The treacherous pig. They cracked his nose and tore his clothes, And smothered him in beer, And sent him to Vienna

The people of Southampton Did Kossuth high respect, All corners of that ancient town with Laurels they did deck. And the great Lord Mayor of London Invitation sent we see,

With a flea stuck in his ear.

To that brave Hungarian general,

That friend of liberty.

It was for independence Kossuth did nobly fight, It was to crush a tyrant And obtain his country's right. But treachery conquered Kossuth, Where freedom was denied, And many a noble general For honour bled and died.

Many an innocent female was Flogged and slain beside, No sympathy wac to them shown When they for mercy cried. Kossuth with his life escaped, By miracle we see. But now he is on Britain's isle Crowned with liberty.

From a dismal dungeon Kossuth Now has stemmed the briny wave, To Brita'n's isle, where he can smile, And all protection have, Free from his cursed tyrants grasp-He strove for to defeat. For his Hungarian brethren his Noble heart does beat.

Britannia's sons your voices raise. And shout with three times three, Kossuth and independence, Freedom and liberty. So manfully his country's rights He struggled to obtain, While his old enemy Haynau Was soused in brewer's grains.

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