

Kossuth in England.



Tune—Dusty Miller.

KOSSUTH is my name, as lively as a fairy,
A soldier of great fame, the champion of Hungary,
For freedom I did fight and please my fellow creatures,
To obtain my country's right, and Kossuth was no traitor

CHORUS.

Drove from my native land, with Turks I have been mingling,
But now in freedom's land, see Kossuth in o'd England

Against my enemies I glorious led the way man
I never had a turn with Barclay and Perkin's dray-men,
I never start at grains, nor did my breeches lay low,
I felt no brewers pains, I ke that old Villain—Haynau.

An Austrian I am by birth, of noble stuff I made is,
For liberty I fought, and protection for the ladies,
unto Briton's shores I wished for to come sooner,
And now I have arrived my wife shall be a Bloomer.

To visit Old John Bull my noble heart was panting,
I glorious was received when I got to Southampton,
the bells did merrily ring, the band play'd up a good un,
On good roast beef I dined & stunning great plum pudding

I saw the English lads and bonny lasses clever,
Old men and women mad, who sang Kossuth for ever,
I am in London now so gallant and so cosey,
I am going to see the Queen, Prince Al, and uncle Nosey

I Englishmen respect, no matter what each grade is,
Because with grains they ducked the rogue who flogged
the ladies.
I'd have given all the world, and pleased would be my
mind sirs
To see old Haynau run with his shirt hung out behind sirs

In London I will dwell and freedom I will whistle
And gloriously will tell the shamrock, rose and thistle
How treacherous I was served by villains, I don't heed em
I strained up every nerve and boldly fought for freedom.

No more I will return among the Austrian Copers
I would rather s:op and dine on herrings, spraes & tators,
Along with old John Bull, he's a good old fellow by gosh,
He gave old Haynau grains until he hollowed kybosh.

May heaven bless the Turks, to treat me they did well
know
they did not Kossuth serve like Barclay's chaps served
Haynau,
they fed me on the best, leaves and pickled gerkins
Here's a health to Engl: n't's Queen and success to brewer
Perkins.

While I in England dwell I never shall be undone,
My doings I will tell to the great Lord Mayor of London
All places in the world Britannia far surpasses
I will freedom's flag unfurl among her bonny lasses.

CHORUS

Old England wel'com'd me unto her shores so
clever
Her's freedom, liberty, and Kossuth boys, f
ever:

C. Paul, Printer, 18, Great St. Andrew-street, Broad-treet,
Bloomsbury.

1849

