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✓
SONG OF THE HUNGARIAN EXILE

Written by

"THE BARD OF BALTIMORE"

Music Composed

FOR THE

PIANO FORTE

by

J. H. Hewitt.

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W. T. MAYO, New Orleans.

THE HUNGARIAN EXILE.

Andante affetuoso.

PIANO

cres. p

My fa-ther-land! dear fa-ther-land, I'm thinking of thee now; The

stacatto.

ho--ly light of o--ther days Is brightning on my brow. I'm

1680

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roam-ing thro' thy for-ests old, Where monarch ea-gles scream, And

dol:
now my barque goes bounding o'er The Danube's troubled stream. But,

ah! 'tis all a drea-my spell, From which I wake to weep, And

find myself an or-phan child, Far o'er the chain-less deep! My

1680

5

fa--ther-land! my fa-ther-land! The joys of life are o'er, My

Rall:

fa--ther-land! my fa--ther-land! I see thy hills no more!

mf Rall:

2

My father-land! the tyrant's chain
 Hath bound thy bleeding form;
 Thy fearless sons are swept away
 Amid the battle's storm.
 There's blood upon thy sunny plains,
 There's wailing in the air;
 And dark foes lie in wait for thee
 As tiger in his lair.
 Yet, father-land! one struggle more,
 One more— my father-land!
 A God of justice reigns above
 And cheers thy struggling band.
 My father-land! my father-land!
 The day will come for thee;
 My father-land! my father-land!
 Thy sons shall yet be free!

1680

Webb.