

# PATRIOTIC SONGS OF THE WARRING NATIONS

## "Garibaldi's Hymn" Expresses the True Voice of Italian Patriotism and Longing War Song of the Alpine Huntsmen Was Written at Request of Great Leader as a Battle Cry for His Volunteers in 1858.



happy Queen's son, Louis Napoleon, became Emperor of the French in 1853, and which some Italian sentimentalists paraphrased at a time when it was hoped that France would help Italy to realize her dream of freedom. The three periods of Italy's national struggle marked by the years 1821, 1848 and 1859 all produced political songs, some of which have survived in the memories of the people, but only one of them fills their hearts, and that one was inspired in a twofold sense by the man whose romantic career in an earlier age would have insured him the kind of immortality enjoyed by the heroes of myths and legends. Even now it is easy to imagine that the names of Mazzini, Cavour and Victor Emmanuel will be forgotten by the learned when that of Giuseppe Garibaldi will live on in the story and song of the illiterate. "Garibaldi's claim on the memory of man," says Trevelyan on the concluding page of his "Garibaldi and the Making of Italy," "rests on more than his actual achievements. It rests on that which was one part of his professional equipment as a soldier of revolution, but which surpasses and transcends it—his appeal to the imagination. He was a poet in all save literary power. He was guided in political, and somewhat even in military, situations by a poet's instincts and motives. He is perhaps the only case, except Byron for a few weeks in Greece, of the poet as a man of action. For most poets if they take part in action cease to be poetical. While he was alive this quality was both his strength and his weakness—Samson's locks and Achilles' heel. But now that he is dead the poetry in his character and career is all gain in his race for immortal laurels. The history of events is ephemeral and for the scholar; the poetry of events is eternal and for the multitude. It is the acted poem that lives in the hearts of millions to whom words of history and the written words of poetry are alike an unopened book. So Garibaldi becomes the symbol of Italia to her children in all ages to come on either side of the Atlantic. As the centuries slip by, carrying into oblivion almost all that once was noble and renowned, Mazzini's soul and Cavour's wisdom will be forgotten by the Italian who tends the vine or sweats beneath the furnace sooner than the old gray cloak and the red shirt and that face of simple faith and love. And to us of other lands, and, most of all, to us Englishmen, Garibaldi will live as the incarnate symbol of two passions not likely soon to die out of the world—the love of country and the love of freedom, kept pure by the one thing that can tame and yet not weaken them, the tenderest humanity for all mankind."

*Liberty non tradisce i volenti*  
—G. Garibaldi—  
"LIBERTY DOES NOT FAIL THOSE WHO ARE DETERMINED TO HAVE IT."

By H. E. KREHBIEL.  
The honor of being the national air of Italy belongs to a feeble piece of music called the "National March and Fanfare," composed by a mediocre named Gabetti; but the true voice of Italian patriotism is found in "Garibaldi's Hymn," otherwise known as the "War Song of the Alpine Huntsmen" ("Inno di guerra dei Cacciatori delle Alpi.") The instrumental march is no doubt played whenever the King shows himself in public and on all occasions and at all functions when national feelings receive official utterance; but when the people clamored for a few months ago for war against Austria they sang Garibaldi's song—song it because their thoughts and feelings had reverted to those which had inspired their fathers and grandfathers, who had played a part in the epic poem which became flesh in Giuseppe Garibaldi. It was natural that this should have been so. Italian minds are again filled with thought of a *risorgimento*, a new and larger resurrection of their land, and to realize new ambitions Garibaldi's huntsmen are again ranging the

Alps and "Va fuera d'Italia" is again the cry. It has, indeed, been the cry of the lovers of Italian liberty and country for nearly a century. It was intoned in an Italian paraphrase of Queen Hortense's "Partant pour la Syrie," which sprang up in the period of the uprising of 1821. Who it was that wrote "Addio mia Bella" and who set it to the music to find out it is now sung I have not been able to find out; but in the Florentine "Volunteer's Farewell" the purpose of the soldier to drive the stranger out of Italy already found expression:  
"Non e fraterna guerra,  
La guerra ch'io faro;  
Dall' Italiana terra  
L'estrange scaccero."  
The song does not deal the sledgehammer blows which strike out the rhythms of "Garibaldi's Hymn"; its model forbade that. "Partant pour la Syrie" is only a sentimental ditty which the Count de Laborde wrote so that Hortense might set it to music, which became the national air of France, when the un-

There is something else and something nobler than selfish political interest, something more felt than talked about, in the bond which unites the Briton and Italian in the present war. It is the fruit of that helpful spirit which Garibaldi's devoted heroism aroused in Gladstone and Palmerston and the people whom they guided and the gratitude which liberated and united Italy feels for those who helped it in its time of need. For the rising generation of to-day the recovery of the Trentino will reilluminate the figure which shone before the eyes of the youth of all lands fifty years ago. No American who was conscious of the astounding events which were enacting in Italy in 1860 will ever forget the thrill with which he greeted the red-shirted brigades in the street demonstrations in our cities. I can recall those thrills, but among the most impressive of my memories is one of a Sunday afternoon, in June, 1882, which I spent in an upper room over an Italian restaurant listening to stories of Garibaldi from one who had been a fellow laborer with him in the candle factory on Staten Island. I think it was Meucci himself—old and

withered, but the centre for hours of a group that looked with affectionate admiration on him who had been friend to Garibaldi. It was a memorial meeting and we had gathered both to bury Garibaldi and to praise him—on Buchagnani's invitation—the tenor Ravelli and others—at least to give him a funeral by proxy. In Irving Hall we had looked upon an empty coffin under the burning candles; but amongst us sat the man who had seen the hero in the flesh and helped him to live between revolutions. It was like closing the covers of Homer or Virgil.  
The Italian people owe their hymn directly to Garibaldi, for it was he who prompted its writing; but it is a conceit which I have persuaded myself without difficulty to believe that memories of Theodor Körner, evoked by the name of the soldiers which Garibaldi commanded in 1859, inspired him to give the poet his commission. Lutzow's regiment of volunteers, in which Körner served, was called the "Black Huntsmen"; Garibaldi's volunteers were the "Alpine Huntsmen." These *Cacciatori delle Alpi* were a corps formed in pursuance of Cavour's plans made to carry out the pact which he and Napoleon III signed at Plombieres, in July, 1858. Under this arrangement the Austrians were to be driven out of Milanese Lombardy and the Venetian Quadrilateral and Italy be made into a federation of states under the presidency of the Pope of Rome and the protection of Napoleon. The scheme was but a step in the enterprise on which Cavour had embarked. After the Austrians had been expelled with French help he hoped to find a way to outwit the French Emperor and unite all Italy under Victor Emmanuel. To this end he summoned patriots of all political complexions to enlist in the Piedmontese army. Thousands an-

a stranger hear of it from afar, from the lips of others; who, when he tells the tale to his children on a time, must say, sighing, "I was not there!" who shall not have hailed on that day of days our holy, conquering banner."  
In December, 1858, Garibaldi, on his rocky farm *di Caprera*, learned that Cavour wanted to consult with him about his plans, and that he was to have command of the *Cacciatori*. He started at once for Turin, reaching Genoa on December 19. There he met his fellow patriots, among them Luigi Mercantini, a poet and professor at the university in Palermo. To him he said: "Write me a hymn for my volunteers." Mercantini took ten days for the task. Who set his lines to music seems to be in doubt; probably a musician named Olivieri. Thus originated the stirring song destined, as Trevelyan says, "in the coming years to resound on the battlefields of Italy, from the Alps to the Sicilian mountains, and to become in effect the national anthem." I have attempted a translation which preserves the original verse-form:  
"Si scopron le tombe, si levano i morti,  
I martiri nostri son tutti risorti!  
Le spade nel pugno, gli allori alle chiome,  
La fiamma ed il nome d'Italia sul core!  
Corriamo! Corriamo! su, o giovane sciere!  
Su al vento per tutto le nostre bandiere!  
Su tutto col ferro, su tutto col fuoco.  
Su tutti col fuoco d'Italia nel cor.  
Va fuera d'Italia, va fuera, ch'è l'ora,  
Va fuera d'Italia, va fuera, o stranier!"  
"La terra dei fiori, del suora e dei carmi  
Ritorni qual era la terra dell'armi!  
Di cento catene ci avvinsi la mano,  
Ma ancor di Legnano sa i ferri brandir.  
Bastone tedesco l'Italia non doma,  
Non crescon al giogo le stirpi di Roma;

hordes.  
Away from Italia! Begone, hated stranger!  
Too long hast thou tarried, thou curse of our land!  
The dwellings of Italy house her sons and her daughters,  
Your hats you have reared by the Danube's swift waters;  
You have ravaged our fields, our bread you have stolen,  
But our children are ours, and ours shall remain!  
The Alps and two seas are our natural warders,  
Our chariots shall crush Apenninian borders;  
No signs of old frontiers we'll leave to confront us,  
Over all shall our banners wave proudly again.  
Away from Italia! Begone, hated stranger!  
Too long hast thou tarried, thou curse of our land!  
Now, silent all voices—ev'ry arm remain ready,  
Ev'ry face to the foe, ev'ry rank strong and steady!  
Soon the stranger we'll hurl in mad rout o'er the mountains  
If we are united in purpose and aim.  
Not content may we be with rich treasures retained,  
Our doors by the robbers ne'er again must be shaken.  
Throughout our lov'd Italy but one are our people,  
And one are our cities though a hundred in name.  
Away from Italia! Begone, hated stranger!  
Too long hast thou tarried, thou curse of our land!  
On November 7, 1860, Victor Emmanuel, the first King of Italy, entered his southern capital with Garibaldi seated in the carriage beside him. Then Mercantini added two stanzas to his hymn. The inspiration of triumph seems to have been less potent than the call to arms less than two years before, and the new verses are less stirring than the old; but they deserve to be preserved if for no other reason than because they embody the name of the great liberator in the hymn which had helped him to victory:  
Se ancora dell'Alpi tentasser gli spaldi,  
serve to indicate how the poetic heart-strings of Garibaldi vibrated to martial music. Cavour's preparations to carry out his scheme, of which the poet signed at Plombieres was a part, meant war; and diplomatic Europe took alarm. England hated and distrusted France, the Catholic and propertied classes of Napoleon deserted him, his liberal and republican subjects contemplated with uneasiness the triumph of an imperial army. Napoleon lost courage; and joined England in asking Victor Emmanuel to reduce his army to a peace footing on the understanding of Austria to do likewise. Cavour found himself confronted by the alternative of using the patriotic sentiment which he had aroused in a struggle with Austria single-handed or abandoning his life's ambition, and, as he thought for a time, his life as well. He accepted the proposition of England and France in the hope that Austria would refuse to disarm. It was a desperate hope, but he was not disappointed; Austria invaded Piedmont, and Cavour's master stroke of diplomacy was accomplished. France's enthusiasm returned. England at first looked on in silent sullenness, then sent Palmerston back to power and threw her influence into the balance in favor of Italy. "Italy," says Trevelyan, "rejoicing in her opportunity thus snatched from the claws of fate, confident in such a group of leaders as few nations have ever had at the crises of their history, remembering her past failures only as lessons, and thinking of her dead as arising from their graves to watch, entered upon two years of war and revolution which secured for her the right to be."  
Garibaldi and his *Cacciatori* entered upon their triumphant invasion of Lombardy in May, 1859. Solferino was fought on June 24, and the occupation of Lombardy by the Austrians was over. Garibaldi was disappointed at not having been permitted to share in the battle and the victory, and disgusted with the peace signed at Villafranca. Cavour resigned his office, but after five months of retirement was called to the helm again in January, 1860. In April occurred the revolt in Sicily, and Garibaldi, who had retired to Caprera like Achilles to his tent, swallowing his chagrin at the cessation of Nice and Savoy to France, took the field again at the head of the *epical Thousand*, among whom were hundreds of the *Cacciatori* who, against their wish and that of their general, had been disbanded and sent to their homes. On May 5 the *Thousand* sailed for Sicily from Quarto;

### Garibaldi's Hymn

Inno di Guerra dei Cacciatori delle Alpi

Alla marcia

The tombs ope their portals, the dead are a-wak-ing, Our mar-tyr-troop  
di scop-ron le tom-be se le va-no mor-ti, I mar-ti-ri-ri

forth-suggish sleep from them shak-ing, With swords in their hands and their  
no str-son tut-ti ri sor-ti, Le spa-de nel pu-gno, gli al-lori

brows wreathed with lau-rel, And I ta-ly's name blaz-ing bright in their hearts! Come  
lo-ral le chio-me La fiam-ma ed il nome d'I-ta-lia sul cor! Cor-

hast-en, Up, at them! Press on youth-ful war-riors, Your flags to the winds! O-ver-ers  
rio-mo, Cor-rio-mo! Sup-er-gio-ron a schi-erel! Sui-ven-to-per-tut-to le

through their vain bar-riers! Your flags to the breeze, an-furi your bright banners! With  
nos-tre ban-die-ree! Su-tut-ti col fer-ro, su-tut-ti col fuo-co sul-

fire and with sword let us drive them a-far! A way from I-ta-lia! Be-  
lut-ti col fuo-co, d'I-ta-lia nel cor. Va fuo-ra d'I-ta-lia, va fuo-ra

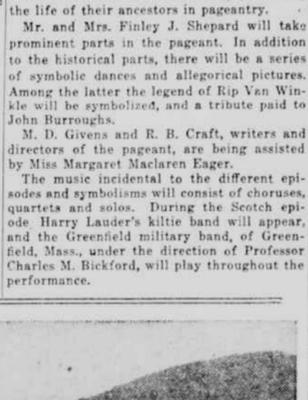
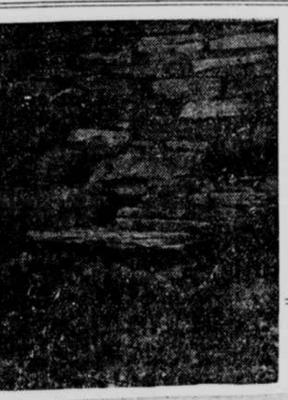
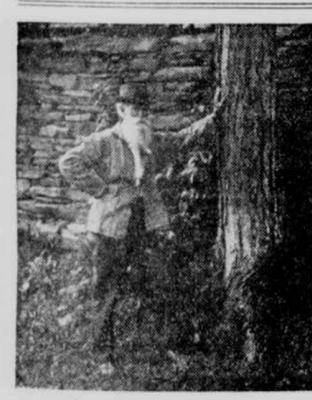
gone hat-ed stranger! Too long hast thou tar-ried, thou curse of our land!  
fu-o-ri che l'ora, Va fuo-ri d'I-ta-lia, va fuo-ri d'I-ta-lia, va fuo-ri d'I-ta-lia!

## ROXBURY TO HOLD PAGEANT

Up in the Catskills, near the head waters of the Delaware, is situated the picturesque village of Roxbury, long known to nature lovers as the birthplace and summer home of John Burroughs, and perhaps equally well known as the birthplace of Jay Gould. Here on the estate of Mrs. Finley J. Shepard, formerly Helen Gould, on the afternoon of September 2, 1915, will be given an historical pageant commemorating the settlement of the town and portraying the life of John and Betty More, the first pioneer settlers.

laws and attractive residences evidence a prosperous and up-to-date population. It boasts a church erected by the children of Jay Gould, in memory of their father. Around this church and extending over the flat land and way up the mountain side is Kirkside Park, with its lawns and pathways bordered with a great variety of flowers and shrubbery. Beyond the park and still further up the mountain is Woodchuck Lodge, the birthplace and summer home of John Burroughs, where many people of world-wide fame, including Thomas Edison, have been entertained by the naturalist. One hundred and forty-two years ago John

and Betty More, with their two children, left Scotland, landed in New York City, sailed up the Hudson River to the old Dutch village of Catskill, and from there made their way through the trackless forests to a point near the present site of Roxbury. Here in the wilderness, inhabited only by redmen, in spite of untold hardships, they made and maintained a home for themselves. To-day their descendants number over two thousand. Some twenty-five years ago they organized and began holding family reunions at Roxbury, N. Y. These reunions have grown in magnitude and importance with each recurrence, until at this their quarter centenary it has been decided to celebrate by portraying the life of their ancestors in pageantry.



The upper picture shows John Burroughs, poet and naturalist, at his birth place in Roxbury. The lower reveals Kirkside and the church built in his memory by children of Jay Gould. The pageant is to be held on the estate of Mrs. Finley J. Shepard, who was Miss Helen Gould.

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swered the call, many of them helped across the frontier by secret agents working for the National Society. Large numbers were enrolled in the regular forces of the army, and in March and April, 1859, 3,000 were enlisted as a special command for Garibaldi. They were the *Cacciatori*. Among them were many Austrian subjects who had evaded conscription. Garibaldi was permitted to choose his own officers, and he called to his side some of his old fighting men, notably Medici, who had stood by his side on the pampas in South America; Nino Bixio, Cosenz and Ardoino. In the ranks were "the very pick of the first families of Milan. They were, for the most part, filled by Lombard students, artisans, landlords, professional men and runaway schoolboys." Thus Trevelyan, who adds: "They had been selected from among their fellows by the devotion with which they had risked and the energy with which they had saved their lives among the Austrian watchers on the frontier, for each one had stolen into Piedmont, crossing the mountains and wading the rivers on St. Francis's horse (viz., on foot). They were mostly men of education and of ideals. Their solid English comrade (Pearl) was astonished and touched to hear them ruder and long recitations of Tasso, each other with long recitations of Tasso, Ariosto and Alfieri. No youths ever went to battle with a stronger motive to conquer. They were fighting their way back as liberators to the homes from which they had lately fled like hunted criminals. They did not find the words of Garibaldi's hymn too high-flown for the occasion. They were to make their country and to avenge at last the long catalogue of her martyrs."  
The name of Körner was of wide and good repute among the patriots of Italy in the middle of the last century. In 1848 Manzoni had published an ode entitled "Marzo, 1821," which bore the dedication "To the illustrious memory of Theodor Körner, poet and soldier of German independence, killed at Leipzig, 1813. A name dear to all the peoples who fight to recover a fatherland." Manzoni's history was a trifle faulty, for Körner was not killed at Leipzig, but in a skirmish in Mecklenburg two months before the Battle of the Nations was fought; but his ode was much in the popular mouth during the days of agitation, especially the stanza with which Trevelyan heads the second chapter of his book:  
Oh giorno del nostro riscatto!  
Oh dolente per sempre colui  
Che da lungo, dal labro d'altrui,  
Come un uomo straniero le udra!  
Che a' suoi figli narrandole un giorno,  
Dovra idr sospirando; io non c'era;  
Che la santa vittorie bandiera  
Salutata quel di non c'era.  
"Oh, days of our country's ransoming!  
Unhappy forever shall be he who shall like

Piu Italia non vuole stranieri e tiranni,  
Già troppi son gli anni che dura il servir.  
Va fuera d'Italia, va fuera, ch'è l'ora,  
Va fuera d'Italia, va fuera, o stranier!"  
"Le case d'Italia son fatte per noi,  
E la sul Danubio la casa de' tuoi;  
Tu i campi ei guasti, tu il pane c'involti,  
I nostri figliuoli, per noi vogliamo.  
Son l'Alpi e i due mari d'Italia i confini,  
Col carro di fuocorompan gli Appennini,  
Distruito ogni segno di vecchia frontiera,  
La nostra bandiera per tutto instanziam.  
Va fuera d'Italia, va fuera, ch'è l'ora,  
Va fuera d'Italia, va fuera, o stranier!"  
"Sien mute le lingue, sien pronte le braccia,  
Sol tanto al nemico volgiamo la faccia.  
E tosto oltre i monti n'andra lo straniero  
E tutta un pensiero—l'Italia sara.  
Non basta il trionfo di barbare spoglie,  
Si chiudan ai ladri d'Italia le soglie;  
Le genti d'Italia son tutte una sola,  
Non tutta una sola—le cento citta.  
Va fuera d'Italia, va fuera, ch'è l'ora,  
Va fuori d'Italia, va fuera, o stranier!"  
I have attempted a translation which preserves the original verse form:  
The tombs ope their portals, the dead are awaking,  
Our martyrs troop forth sluggish sleep from them shaking;  
With swords in their hands and their brows wreathed with laurel,  
And Italy's name blazing bright in their hearts.  
Come, haften! Up, at them! Press on, youthful warriors!  
Your flags to the winds! Throw down all their vain barriers!  
Your flags to the winds! Unfurl your bright banners!  
With fire and with sword let us drive them afar!  
Away from Italia! Begone, hated stranger!  
Too long hast thou tarried, thou curse of our land!  
The land of sweet flowers, of music and singing,  
Again with the dread sound of arms must be ringing;  
Though long they have wasted in tyranny's fetters  
Our hands still can brandish Legnano's keen swords!  
Ta, Teutonic blueblood, the club of the stranger,  
To Rome's valiant offspring bring no threatnings of danger,  
Too long has Italia's servitude lasted,  
Too long has she harbored the Austrian

Il grido d'all'armi dara Garibaldi;  
E s'arma allo squillo, che vien da Caprera,  
Dei mille da schiera che l'Etna assalta.  
E dietro alla rossa vanguardia dei bravi  
Si muovan d'Italia le tende le navi;  
Già ratto sull'orma dei fido guerriero  
L'ardente destriero Vittorio spronò.  
Va fuera d'Italia, va fuera ch'è l'ora,  
Va fuera d'Italia, va fuera o stranier!"  
Per sempre è caduto degli empj l'orgoglio,  
A dir viva Italia—va il Re in Campidoglio,  
La Sena e il Tamigi saluta ed onora  
L'antica signora che torna a regnar.  
Contenta del regno fra l'Isola e i monti  
Soltanto ai tiranni minaccia le fronti;  
Dovunque le genti percuota un tiranno  
Suoi figli usciranno per terra e per mar.  
Va fuera d'Italia, va fuera ch'è l'ora,  
Va fuera d'Italia, va fuera o stranier!"  
Should the Alps e'er again feel the foot of the stranger,  
We'll hear Garibaldi's voice warning of danger.  
Again will the Thousand who storm'd lofty Etna,  
Give heed to the call from Caprera: "To arms!"  
The vanguard in red will rush forth to deal slaughter,  
And, spurring his steed by the side of his warriors,  
In triumph and pride valiant Victor will ride.  
Away from Italia! Begone, hated stranger!  
Too long hast thou tarried, thou curse of our land!  
The pride of the wicked forever is humbled,  
The King cries: "Live Italy!"—their pow'r quickly crumbled.  
The Seine and the Thames are united in greeting  
Old Roma, the Queen, come to empire again.  
Base tyrants alone 'neath her glances need tremble;  
Should they rear their heads her brave sons will assemble,  
The people to shield from all wrong and oppression,  
All willing their hearts, ever ready their arms.  
Away from Italia! Begone, hated stranger!  
Too long hast thou tarried, thou curse of our land!  
The incidents which followed the organization of the *Cacciatori* belong to political history, and are outside of my province; only a few of them need be rehearsed because of their bearing on a couple of anecdotes which

on May 10 they landed at Marsala, and on June 6 the Neapolitan signed the capitulation of Palermo.  
Garibaldi wanted a new song for the new expedition. At Talomone, in the cabin of his ship, while the work of organizing his forces was proceeding, he put spectacles on nose and wrote a patriotic poem and asked Bandi, his aide-de-camp, to see that it was set to music so that it might be sung by the soldiers while marching to battle in Sicily. Bandi tells the story in his "St. Mille." He collected the literary and musical cognoscenti around him on deck and read the General's song, which was received with merri-ment and good-natured ridicule. The musical contingent tried to get melodies to it and tried them amidst suppressed laughter. Suddenly Garibaldi's head appeared at his cabin window.  
"What music is that? Have you composed it?"  
"No, General; not I."  
"Oh, the devil!" and the head was withdrawn. Trevelyan repeats the story and another from the same source. On the morning of the day of Calatafimi officers had been dispatched to start the array on its march. Bandi was alone with Garibaldi—Garibaldi who suddenly broke into song. "The battered warrior of fifty-three, about to attack an enemy of vastly superior numbers, in a contest in which defeat meant death, sang like a lover going to meet his mistress, because he was about to have his heart's desire. "When the affairs of the fatherland go well," he explained in Bandi, "one must needs be happy." Next moment the bugle sounded the reveille through the sleeping town, with musical variations that held Garibaldi listening spellbound. "I like that reveille," he said to Bandi; "it fills me with a kind of melancholy, or gladness, I don't know which. I remember I have heard it before, the morning of the day we conquered at Casero. But attach the bugle here!" The bugler, the only one in the *Thousand*, was soon in his presence and explained that he had learnt it in last year's campaign in the Alps and that it was, indeed, the reveille of Casero. "Good," said Garibaldi. "Always sound that one. Do you understand? Do not forget! And when the Neapolitan trumpeters sounded the advance Garibaldi bade his bugler blow the reveille of Casero. The unexpected music rang through the soundly stillness like a summons to the soul of Italy."  
A few months later Garibaldi was Dictator of Naples, where he accepted, because he could not help himself, the only royal distinction that ever came to him. Whenever he showed himself in the streets, if a band caught sight of him, it drew the *Inno di Guerra dei Cacciatori delle Alpi* in his ears,