

64 M 175

Magyar?

The Fall of Zolnok

incomplete

2 pp

16

O mighty was Golnok and beauteous Arrow;
On one side the Tisza its current did show,
On the other Zagiva did murmuring flow,
Uniting together the city below.

On the side of the North was a trench deep and wide,
Three bastions stood up at three corners in pride,
Huge ramparts the place of high walls well supplied,
The house tops behind them could scarce be descried.

Now Wornet the Pasha so stern and so dread
Before Golnok down his appearance has made,
Upon the green plain he his army has stay'd,
His camp he has pitch'd and his banner display'd.

What tumult and noise from that campment arise:
Bells ring, cymbals clang amid thousand wild cries;
Fifes squeak, the drums speak, trumpets strike to the skies;
Of the great host the ends can't be scanned by the eyes.

The sight and the sounds to the townsmen recall
Loront's destruction and Temesvár's fall;
There's whispering and murmuring amongst great and small;
The power of the Sultan their minds doth appal.

At length they resolve from the city to fly,
They thought if they stay'd by the Turks they should die;
On the fourth of September when midnight was nigh
They depart without bidding their leader good bye.

Full quickly Nyari Laurentius knew
That Golnok was left by his soldiers untrue;
All alone he remain'd; what alone can he do?
They clos'd not the gate when from Golnok they flew.

Long doubtful he stood in unpeakable woe,
Should he follow the fugitive traitors? ah no!
Far better be slain by the hands of the foe
Than to live a disgrace and become a vile show.

Note

Wright's notes on
the 2 versions of the
Fade of Zolnok are
misleading.

Both versions are in
Borrow's hand of the early
1850s. This one (4 pp.
on paper dated 1851)
contains a number of
revisions. The other
of 2 pp (earlier in this
bundle) is a fair copy
of the latter part of the
poem, & came after
the present draft.

Andram

29.iii.86

"The Fall of Holm"

This is a later MS. than
the former one. It must
date about 1854.

Unpublished,

Is complete. The early
draft is complete also
Watermark of this MS.
is 1851

THE FALL OF ZOLNOK.

Bernald who the rural affairs was plac'd o'er
Aldanai Bernald a warrior of power
On hearing of Jemesvar's downfall so sore
Has Lippa abandon'd and Solymos tower.

Great Akmet the Pasha could scarce understand
How places like these could fall into his hand
With viviers provided and cannons so grand
And plenty of florins from King Ferdinand.

Thou Ali of Buda and great Akmet are
Encourag'd and say We will push on our war
To Zolnok and Eger, less trouble by far
They'll cost us to take them than did Vemesvar

So (great) Akmet the Pasha to Zolnok has ta'en
His way, him with troops twenty thousand amain
Ali Pasha precedes and with cannon a train
The city was batter'd a week but in vain:

Bold Lorentz Nyari was Governor there
With seven hundred soldiers all proper men fair
But alas they of different languages were
So that all was dissension and trouble and care.

Of cannons and mortars there were twenty four
In Zolnok, of sakers a thousand and more
Fifteen hundred muskets from Biscay's (far shore) brought
o'er
Nine hundred pood weight of good powder in store;

There were fire arms in plenty, much iron and tin
And thousands of florins which lately had been
In the royal (King's) chest, captured (from) the city (all
which were lost) Zolnok within
Yet how could a foeman hope Zolnok to win?
The gold which had late in the royal chest been
But alack all was captured the city within.

Borrow (George). ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT POEM. UNPUBLISHED. ENTITLED
THE FALL OF ZOLNOK. 4 pages 4to., consisting of 15 stanzas.

60.00

This original and unpublished manuscript probably dates about 1854. The watermark is 1851. It is a beautiful clear and clean specimen and came direct from the Borrow estate at the death of Borrow.

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B.B. 95

The Fall of Zolnok

Bernald who the rural affairs was plac'd o'er
Aldanai Bernald a warrior of power
On hearing of Temesvar's downfall so sore
Was Lippa abandon'd and Solymos tower

Great Mehmet the Pasha could scarce understand
How places like these could fall into his hand
With riviers provided and cannons so grand
And plenty of florins ~~by~~ King Ferdinand.

Then Ali of Buda and great Mehmet are
Incourag'd and say We will push on our war
To Zolnok and Eger, less trouble by far
They'll cost us to take them than did Temesvar.

to great Memet Pasha to Zolnok has taken
with you him with troops twenty thousand remain
Ali Pasha proceeds and with cannon a train
The city was battered a week but in vain.

Wald Larenty Myari was Governor there
With seven thousand soldiers all proper men fair
But alas they of different languages were
So that all was confusion and trouble and care.

of cannon and mortar there were twenty four
in Zolnok, of calivers a thousand and more
Fifteen hundred muskets from Russia's ~~army~~
Some hundred good weight of good powder in store,

There were five army in plenty, much men and tin
And thousands of firing which lately had been
In the ~~army~~ ^{royal} chest, ~~all which were lost~~ ^{captured from the city} Zolnok within
Yet how could a person hope Zolnok to win?

A ship which had been in the royal chest been
Now stark all was captured the city within

The sight and the sounds to the townsman recall
Larenty's destruction and Tamesvan's fall
There's whispering and murmuring amongst great and small
The power of the Sultan their minds doth appal.

At length they resolve from the city to fly
They thought if they stay'd, by the Turks they should die
On the fourth of September when midnight was nigh
They depart without bidding their leader good bye.

But surely Myari Larenty knows
That Zolnok was left by his soldiers untrue
All alone he ~~is there~~ ^{remains} ~~that alone can~~ ^{not} ~~get what he do~~
~~the gate of~~ ^{the gate of} ~~the gate of~~ ^{the gate of} Zolnok they flew.

Long doubtful he stood in unspeakable woe
Should he follow the fugitive traitors: ah no!
Fear better be slain by the hands of the foe
Than to live a disgrace and be pointed out.

A mighty wall of stone and bastions I know
On one side the Tuzza its current did show
On the other Gajzra did swimming flow
Uniting together the city below.

By the side of the North was a trench deep and wide
~~Three bastions stood by three corners in pride~~
Three corners stood by three in their pride
The place of high walls well supplied
The horse tops behind them could scarce be descried.

Now Momet the Pasha so stern and so dread
Before Goluck town his appearance has made
Upon the green plain he his army has staid
His camp he has pitched and his banner display'd.

What tumult and noise from that campment arise
Hells rary ~~drums~~ drums, and amidst them wild cries
Sifts squeak, ~~the~~ drums speak, trumpets strike to the skies
Of the great host the ends can't be counted by the eyes.