Hungarian Melodies text from the originals done into English by J. S. of Dale and F. Korbay. The music transcribed by F. Korbay.
TO MY FRIEND

MICHAEL DE MUNKÁCZY.
INTRODUCTION.

Most of the Hungarian Folksongs grow like wild flowers, in the country, among the peasantry. Every year brings a new crop. The air is laden with its perfume. When some of them have reached the heart of the nation, everybody sings them, and it is only then that the new songs are written down — usually by unsympathetic or incompetent musicians — and presented to the world in print. No wonder, therefore, if by such contacts they lose some of their fine petals, and most of their glowing colors; and are apt to become monotonous, and commonplace. Even those gifted amateurs Bernáth, Szerdahelyi, Egressi, Füredy, Simonffy, and the exceptionally prolific and inspired Szentirmay Elemér, have had to endure seeing their melodies forced into that worn-out, uniform straight-jacket in which most of our songs are arrayed. The popularity which, nevertheless, some of them have achieved abroad, and the successful instrumental and orchestral arrangements and transcriptions of them, by such masters as Liszt, Brahms and Joachim, sufficiently vouch for their inherent worth to justify an attempt to rescue them from the helpless accompaniments to which, as songs, they are usually mated. My aim has been to infuse into the introduction, accompaniment and intermezzi of each of these songs its individual spirit; to illustrate its playful, tender, pathetic or heroic mood. The task of preserving the Hungarian character throughout, of excluding the more conventionally acceptable harmony and treatment wherever the Hungarian spirit would not admit them, has been far from easy. The translations, where adherence to the original text and prosody exact an unusual handling of verse and rhyme, have presented even greater difficulties. The prevailing Hungarian rhythm is the outcome of the Chorionamus, (– o – o) (C C C C), the Antispastus, (– o – o) (C C C C), and the Amphibrachys, (– o – o) (C C C C); and it seems as if no other language could cling to it with natural ease and grace. No national music is as directly created by its language, and as dependent upon it, as is the Hungarian; and it is, therefore, astonishing that the hypothesis, that Hungarian music is of Gypsy origin, should ever have become the subject of any serious discussion. The Gypsies play our songs and dances at dinners, balls, or weddings, with a dash and fire, and with that instinctive rhythmical verse, which is imperatively demanded by our music. As composers, they have no more claim to it than a German street band has to “Norma”, or “Trovatore”, to “Home, sweet Home”, or “Robin Adair”. It is, in fact, singular that, although almost every race has its national melodies, I have not been able to hear of a single song, in any language, of undoubted Gypsy origin; though I have seen some of the most beautiful of purely Hungarian melodies, without a trace of Gypsy origin or influence, labelled “Zigeuner-Weisen”. The Gypsies came to Hungary in the 15th Century. We had our own minstrels — called Lantosok — from time immemorial. The last of them, Tihody, died in the 16th Century. They sang, at public festivals, and at the banquets of the chiefs and nobles, the history of the people, and the prowess of its heroes. Thus, and thus only, were recorded the traditions which our nation preserved of the period preceding its invasion of Europe in the 9th Century. Our ancient Church music contains chants of unsurpassed beauty. Our people continue creating and singing their own songs with unting family fervour. Great musicians take notice of them, and even deign to appropriate them. Some of the songs in this collection have already found favour with the English speaking public, in various foreign disguises. The time has, therefore, perhaps, come to present them, as far as it is possible, in a native dress, in their original song-form, and under the names of the composers to whom such honour as they deserve is due. I have already asked indulgence for their often ill-fitting foreign garb. In expressing my gratitude to Mr. J. S. of Dale, my collaborator in the translations I must especially acknowledge the patience with which he has, in numerous instances, consented to sacrifice grace and correctness of the English phrase to that fidelity to the original, which has been our first object. If the sacrifice is sometimes greater than the result appears to justify, the responsibility for it is mine alone.

New York, November 1890.

F. Korbay.
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*) Note: The transcriptions of the group of Nine Songs by Elemér Szentirmay, perhaps the most remarkable of modern Hungarian melodies, have been approved by him, and are included in this collection with his sanction.

F. K.
The Frontispiece, illustrating the song "Play on Gipsy," was drawn for this collection by M. Michael de Munkacsy. The "Remarque" portrait of Francis Korbay was etched by M. R. Piguet from a drawing by Mr. John S. Sargent.
HUNGARIAN MELODIES.
Where the Tisza's torrents through the prairies swell...

No. 1.

Az alföldön halász legény vagyok én...

Theme & Words by G. Bernáth. 1810-1851 t.

F. Korbay.

Molto moderato.

Copyright 1891 by F. Korbay.

P. 8 H. 700. 701
Come, sweet maiden, come for shelter home with me.

Come, sweet maiden, my old mother shall tend thee.
a tempo

O'er the level lowland fields the tempest glooms.

In the distant western sky the storm-cloud glooms:

Sweetest maid the rain will wet your scarf of silk,

Chill your snowwhite neck and shoulders white as milk.

Sző ke kis lógy se lymen ken-dűl meg á zik.

Hő szün nyu-kud gyöngyé vál-tad meg-fű-zik.

P. S. H. 700. 701
Sweetest maid the rain will wet your scarf of silk.

Chill your snowwhite neck and shoulders white as milk.

Now the storm-clouds fall away from the blue sky,
Now, my fisher-lad from thee I go, good bye. May god bless thee.


Happy be thy fate and lot, and sometimes remember me, forget me not.

A-jó Is-tén did-jon meg, Oly-kor, Oly-kor ró-lam is em-le-kezz meg.

May god bless thee, happy be thy fate and lot, and sometimes remember me, forget me not.

Elij bol-do-gil, a jó Is-tén did-jon meg, Oly-kor, Oly-kor ró-lam is em-le-kezz meg.

Get me not.


in very marked rhythm and haughtily

P. S. H. 700. 704
So the maiden
Jár a kis láng
walks away with step so light.
Waves the silken scarf back to me, still snow-white.
Best for me if far away from her I'd kept, Flow'rs of sorrow
only bloom where she has stept.

Faster

Lo fog piaczyg kezében. Bar- na le-gény. hej- ne in-duj

Slovenely

P. & H. 300 701
Look into my eye, come near!

Nézzél csak a szemembe.

Scherzoso.

Words and Melody an Old Folk Song. F. Korbay.

Scherzoso.

Look into my eye: What is it you read there dear? You will read in it, you will find in it: All my great love and your little self.

Shrin'd in it. You will read in it, you will find in it:
All my great love and your little self shrin'd in it.

I need not look there too long. Well I know the old old song.

Every maiden too, Every maiden who
Looks in your eye, she shall find herself shrined there too.

Ev'ry maiden too, Ev'ry maiden who

P. & H. 700. 702
Far and high the cranes give cry...
Magosan repül a darú szépen szól...

According to some by: Béni Egressy
According to others by: Joseph Szerdahelyi 1804-1851.

Largo patetico.

Far and high the cranes give cry and
I have sown full vi-o-lets, no
Ma-go-san ve-pül a da-rú
Vet-tet-tem tel-je i bo-li-gát.

spread their wings.  Angry is my dar-ling for she no more
one did bloom.  From her cote I've called my love, she did not
szé-pen szól.  Ha rág-szik rám az őn ró-zsá-ny, mert nem
nem kelt ki.  I-zen-tem a ga-lambo-nok nem júlt.

sings.  Do not scorn my love, my dar-ling lift thy head,
come.  But there shall yet be a day when love is heard;
Né ha-ra-gadj ked-ves-za-bám so kis
Hej! eljut-hatsz oly ke-ser-vees i-dő re.
Thine I am and thine I shall be. When I'm in the deep grave,
She shall listen: then her heart shall bid her come forth at my

Ti - ed ra-gyök, ti - ed le-szek ko - por-sám be - zár - tó -
El - jön - nél még, ki jön - nél még az én i - ze - ne - tem -

laid. Do not scorn my love my dar-ling lift thy head.
word. But there shall be yet a day when love is heard:

íg. Ne ha - ra - gudj ked - res ba - bón so - ká - íg.

Thine I am and thine I shall be. When I'm in the deep grave - laid.
She shall listen: then her heart shall bid her come forth at my word.

El - jön - nél még, ki jön - nél még az én i - ze - ne - tem - re.

P. & H. 700. 704
Had a horse, a finer no one ever saw.

Volt nekem egy darú szőrű paripám.

Old Folk Song.

Senza tempo misurato, fantasticamente.

F. Korbay.

Copyright 1891 by F. Korbay.
Had a horse, a finer no one ever saw

But the sheriff sold him in the name of law.

E'en a stirrup cup the rascal would not yield.

But no matter, more was lust at Mohács field!

*) Pronounce Mohács.
Note. The defeat of the Hungarian army of 25,000 men, by 200,000 Turks, at Mohács, on the 29th August 1526, was one of the greatest disasters in the history of the nation. The proverb, the refrain of this song, is still in constant use among the people.

F. & H. 700. 704
liberamente recitato

Had a farm house, but they burnt it to the ground.

Volt ne-kem egy fe-her ta-nyam le-é-gett,

Don't know even where the spot could now be found.

Az! se-to-dom a le-bok -je ki -é lett

In the country roll its safe inscribed and sealed,

Fed van ir - en a sze - ge-di ta - nies nai

But no matter, more was lost at Mohacs field!

No, dé se baj, loh is re - szett! Mohacs - na!

P. & H. 700. 704
p dolce

Rad
Volt

a sweet-heart Nonetheless her loss long
sze - re - tam, eszen - deig

years and
si - rat - - tums,

Thought her dead and

Ô volt az én

Più mosso.

ev - ry day gave her my tears;
min - den - na - pi ha - ló - tam.

Now I find her neath an - o - ther's
Most is meg van a hű - le - len,

roof and shield. But no mat - ter!
de más - nált. No, de se baj!

more was lost at Mo - hács field!
több is re - szelt Mo - hács - nál!
I implore you, I beseech you.

Meg-követem a tens nemes.

Andante.

1. I implore you, I beseech you
2. One good lad I love oh! he is

1. Meg-követem a tens nemes
2. Egy jó legény sze ret-tem az

gracious lords, Listen to a poor girl's heart broken
all to me. Him my guardian tried and true God sent to
vár-me-gyél. Hall gas-sa meg egy sze-gény bán kirél
min-de-nem. Ggí-mo-tó-mul ölt ren-del-te jö-te

words I am lonely. I'm an orphan mother's dead
me In the drafting, so they tell me black he drew.
mél Ár-va ra-gyok, a-zon kezdém pa-ma szom
nem. Ez a le-gény, so-só sot kíszetett fe-ké-tet,

P. S. H. 700. 705
I've no father and no place to lay my head.
To the army now must go my sweetheart true.

Nincsen anyám, nincs rokonom, támaszom.
Nagy le véle fel is ír-ták a nevél.

Little faster.

3. Implore you my lord.
3. Szépen kérem nagy-ságos tens

gracious lords.
Hail gas-sák meg

listen kindly to my words:

P. S H. 700. 705
Here at home there never was a better boy.

But in fighting, wounds and war he takes no joy.

Faster.

In our village there's a lot of reckless boys.

Full of fighting, fast, and god-less, fond of noise.

P. & H. 700. 705
Take them with you they will better soldiers make,

None will mourn them, not a single heart will break.

But they took him, dress'd him out a
gay hus - sar.  Fine as a - ny cap - tain, led him to the
hu - szár - nak  O lyan szép volt. il - lett vón ka - pi - tány -

war.  But what joy the lace and feathers in his eyes.


When at home a - lone, at home his sweet - heart dies!

Ha é - ret - te itt - hon her - rad rő - zsá - ja!
No. 6. Csárdás.

Composer unknown.

Allegro appassionato.

F. Korbay.

Weep not, o my rose why sigh so.

Cry not so of thy sorrow thou shalt die so.

Come to my arms for a measure.

And thy grief shall turn to pleasure.

* Literally: Tavern dance.
Come, get up, boys, come, get up, boys for dancing! for dancing! Lift her up, boys,

No-szán lé-gény, no-szán lé-gény a tánc-ba, a tánc-ba, Itt a leány

lift her up, boys, for dancing! for dancing! Here is the girl, my boy!

Itt a leány, szeddőrész-ba, szeddőrész-ba. Ge-rasd, for-gasd

so spin her! and spin her, give her a kiss, my boy! and win her!

Mint az sól, mint az sól, Köszöntsdl add fa a kor-sol

and win her!

Kor-sol

P.S. H. 700, 706
Come in my rose, my rose come in...

Gyere be rózsám, gyere be...

Old Folk Song.

Triste e lento.
play for me. Lonely dance I to their min-strel-sy.

On-ly three poor gyp-sies play for me. Lonely dance. I

to their min-strel-sy.
Were the pitcher full alway...

Van e bor a korsóba?

Composer unknown. Very old.

F. Korbay.

Allegro molto appassionato.

Were the pit-cher full al-way, I would nev-er
Van e bor a kor-só-ba? Min-dég in-ním

stay a-way. Were the pit-cher full al-way, I would nev-er stay a-way.

Drown in wine thy sor-row. Drown Hej! hajj! i-gyunk ri-ja Hej! hajj! i-gyunk ri-ja! Ugy is ci-ngel

P. & R. 700. 708
us to-morrow. Death may swallow us to-morrow. Drown in wine thy sorrow
a siv szá-ja, Zogy is el-nyel a siv szá-ja Hej;j! kaj;j! i-nyunk rá-ja.

Drown in wine thy sorrow. Death may swallow us to-morrow. Death may swallow us heighho!
Hej;j! kaj;j! i-nyunk rá-ja. Zogy is el-nyel a siv szá-ja Zogy is el-nyel ha ja ha!

Meno mosso.

He you little dove of mine, kiss my lips betwixt the wine. You're a fick-le false fellow;

P. 8 H. 700. 708

Shall I kiss you. Oh no, no. You're a fick-le false fellow. Shall I kiss you?
Drunk in wine, drunk in wine,
Drunk in wine, drunk in wine,
Drunk in wine, drunk in wine,
Drunk in wine, drunk in wine.

Gyűl a sivája, Gyűl a sivája,
Gyűl a sivája, Gyűl a sivája,
Gyűl a sivája, Gyűl a sivája.

P.S.H. 709-708
Con allegria sfrenata.

Come get up, girls draw your kirt-les tight. Boys spin your part-ners right.

Fel le-gény a tánz-va. Itt a láng, szedd várz-ba, For-gasd mint

semper ff

all take the meaSure light. Now's the night. Come get up, girls draw your

az or-sót. Kö-szöndsd ré a kor-sót. Fel le-gény a tánz-va, piu impetuoso

semper ff

Kirt-les tight, Boys spin your partners right, all take the measure light.

Itt a láng, szedd várz-ba, Forgasd mint az or-sót, Köszöndsd ré

sega bassa...

Now's the night. Come get up, girls draw your Kirt-les tight. Boys spin your

a kor-sót. Fel le-gény a tánz-va. Itt a láng, szedd várz-ba

sega bassa...
They have laid him dead upon the black draped bier...

No. 9.

Kitették a holltestet az udvarra...

F. Korbay

Folk Song dating from 1849.

Alla marcia funebre.

1. They have laid him
2. There are none to
1. Ki - tet - ték a
2. Nincs tihh - dru - ra,

1. dead u - pon the black draped bier:
2. mourn him and a - lone I stand.  
1. holl - tes - tet az ud - var - ra.
2. csak e - zye-dül én ra - gyok,  

White his face is, falls u - pon it
None to kiss his

De uines sen - ki a
Mert sir fő - di azt

P. S. H. 700. 709
1. not one tear. Fa - ther mourns not, wife nor children all are
2. cold white hand. See in my pale face who shall his mourn - er

1. si - ras - sa Most lát - szik meg, hogy ki az i - gaz. 
2. hev tar - tok Hal - vény ar - com mu - tal - ja nagy be - na -

1. gone Lone - ly stands his cof - fin, mourners there are none.
2. be Still I wait, for earth has no more joy for me.

1. ca. Sen - ki se be - jol a ko - por so - mu - ra.
2. tom E' fől dö - n már nines ne - kem bol - dog so - gom.

1. Fa - ther mourns not, wife nor children all are gone. Lone - ly stands his
2. See in my pale face who shall the mourn - er be. Still I wait, for

1. Most lát - szik meg hogy ki az i - gaz ár - ra.

1. cof - fin, mourners there are none.
2. earth has no more joy for me.

1. vil a ko - por so - fa - ra.
2. nines ne - kem bol - dog sa - gom.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
Through the darkling forest gay I roam...

Ezt a kerek erdőt járom én...

Melody by Joseph Szerdahelyi 1804-1851.

F. Korbay.

Tempo commodo con espressione molto virile.

Through the darkling forest gay I roam.

Ezt a kerek erdőt járom én.

Waiting for my brown maid.

azt a bar-ná kis lányt
to come home. I shall surely find her soon or late

Wear her in my heart my violet. I shall surely

find her soon or late. Wear her in my heart my

violet.

P. & H. 700. 710
In the evening forest shadows creep; Waiting for my darling watch I keep,
In the cop-pice he's the cedar tree,
In its clinging ivy fain would be. In the cop-pice he's the cedar tree,
I its clinging ivy fain would be. In the cop-pice he's the cedar tree,

P.* H. 760.76
Oh! the earth is vast and spacious...
Ez a világ a milyen nagy...

Melody by Beni Egressy. Text by Alexander Petőfi. F. Korbay

Andante sostenuto.

you my girl are small and gracious. But could I possess your heart true.

For the whole world I'd not give you. For the whole world I'd not give you.
You the sun are, you the day-light.

I am but the dark some gray night. Could our hearts but mingle, only,

Then the dawn would break upon me. Then the bright dawn would break on,

P.S. H. 700. 711
appassionato

Dear - est lift your eyes no higher, Soon they vest set my
Ne nezz re - dom, sasd le sze - med! El e - ge - ti

soul on fire. Though you love me
a let ke - wet. De hisz ugy sem

not, their flash-es Still, may burn my soul to ashes.
sze retz en - gom: Eg jen el hid ar - ra lel kem!

Still may burn my soul to ashes!
Eg - jen el hid ar - ra lel - kem!
Roses in the garden knowing...

Jártam kertben rozsák között...

Allegretto capriccioso.

Roses in the garden knowing ne'er a one brought;
Jártam kertben rózskák közzét nem hoztam el.

Roses in the garden growing knew not my thought;
Tudtam hogy itt találkozom test erkölkel.

What care I for one of those, fair as any flow'r that blows,
Nincsen olyan rózsafe, Minigalam-bom szép maga.
Is my own rose;

What care I for one of those

fair as any flower that blows

is my own rose.

Nincsen olyan rózsa-fa,

Mint a mi-lyen szép maga

szom-széd azs-azsong.
No, they say.
Azt mondják nem adnak.

Melody and words a very old Folk Song.

F. Korbay.

No, they say, they will not give me to my lover,
Azt mondják nem adnak en-gem go-lum bom-nak.
No they say, they will not give me to my lover!

Azt mond-ják nem ad-nak en-gem ga-lum-bom-nak.

I must wed him with the ox-en and team, and the

In-kább ad-nak más-nak an-nak a hat ök-röss

mantle fine of soft fur. I must wed him with the

fe-ke-te su-bás-nak.

In-kább ad-nak más-nak

ox-en and team and the mantle fine of soft fur.

an-nak a hat ök-röss fe-ke-te su-bás-nak.
Grave.

La melodia nel basso molto sostenuta

moltò espressivo

Love, my love

Oh look not thou so sadly on him,

Én rózám oly sze-li-den néz rám,

Love, my love

P. & H. 700. 713
Oh! look not thou so sadly on him.

To thy dear heart what's his oxen and cart and the coat of fur upon him?

*p*
Long ago, when I was still free.

Mikor én még legény voltam.

Melody and text by Joseph Szerdahelyi, 1804–1851.+

F. Korbay.

Allegretto giovalie.
I had but to say: one, two, three.

And when ever I was pleased to cry,

All the village maid-ens knew I.

And when ever

I was pleased to cry, All the village maid-ens knew

P & H. 700. 714
Quasi malcontento.
mezza voce.

Now I'm married and no more

free, gyuk.

A may call a thousand or

three! tok.

Now I cry long loud and
pi-teeus-ly, Not a girl cares that it is me!

Now I cry long loud and pi-teeus-ly,

Not a girl cares that it is me!

P. & H. 700, 714
Play only, play on,
Huzzadd, csak huzzadd.

Folk Song.

Andante sostenuto.

F. Korbay.
Let her heart re-member, let it hear once more.
Vows long spo-ken, vows long bro-ken once she swore.

Let her heart re-member, let it hear once more.
Vows long spo-ken, vows long bro-ken once she swore.
Shepherd, see thy horse's foaming mane.

Hová csikós olyan szaporán.

Old Folk Song.

Allegretto quasi anelante.

Copyright 1891 by F. Korbay.

P. & H. 700. 718
Why dost ride so wildly thro' the plain?
A- zon o lag- tek-zo pu- ri- pan?
Bo- gar Misch- ka's
Bo- gar Mis- ka

daughter weds today,
La- nga ferj-hez-men.
To her wedding I, must
La- ko- dal- ma- ra

haste away.
Mr- gyek ev.

energico

2. Shepherd on the black steed
2. Ha la- ko- da- lam- ra

P. & H. 700. 716
bur-ry-ing,  
me-gyen kezd,
What is that your sad-dle's  
cur-ry-ing?

If 'tis to a wed-ding  
Mi-nek az a  
feast you ride,
bun-kó  
fel-té-re

Why hear you a  
Fel-rif-vizott  
blud-geon  
ká-pás  
by your side?  
negr-gé-he?

P. & H. 700. 716
3. Wed ded to him shall she ne - ver be.
3. Azt a kis lányt ki mut ferj-hez men.

Ma - ny long years she was loved by me.
So-ká sze-re-tő-ül bir-tom én.

I her lov-er
Dr. el-csá bit -

To her wed-ding ride.
In-tott a sze-gegy.

'Twas the bride groom
El-csá bi-tol

Stole her from my side.
In egy gaz le-gegy.

Nő basso

P. & H. 700. 716
4. Ho! but let me see his villain's face.

s. De nem es kézik meg o re le.

f. Lento vivace

Nc basso

When I meet him God may give him grace.

Le-gyen re-le Is-ten ke-gyel me.

Let him at the

Az ért ci-azem

curch gate show his head.

ezl a nagy ban kol.

With this bludgeon

Agyon u loim

f. Lento vivace

f. Lento vivace

f. Lento vivace

church gate show his head.

ezl a nagy ban kol.

With this bludgeon

Agyon u loim

f. Lento vivace

P. & H. 700.716
Rosebud, to the fields art going?
Ne menj rózsám a tarlóra.

Melody by Beni Egressy.
F. Korbay.

Andante soave.

1. Rosebud, to the fields art going.
2. Go not in the fields a reap.
1. Ne menj rózsám a tarló.
2. Én üllettem az alma.

Tender are thy hands for mowing.
Stay at home our hearthstone keeping.

P & H 760. 217
1. If the white flour they no more knead, Love will no more
2. There at night fall meet me so blithe Soft are thy hands
   Ha meg-vá-god a ke-ze det Ki süt ne-kem
4. Ha meg-vá-god a ke-ze det Mi süt ne-kem
2. En sze-ret-tem meg a szép lányt Mis é-li re-

sweeten my bread! for the rough scythe!
lágy ke-nye-ret. le vi-la-gát.

If the white flour they no more knead, There at night fall meet me so blithe
Ha meg-vá-god a ke-ze det En sze-ret-tem meg a szép lányt.

Love will no more sweeten my bread! Soft are thy hands for the rough scythe!
Ki süt ne-kem lágy ke-nye-ret! Mis é-li-re le vi-la-gát!
Father was a thrifty man.

Nagy gazda volt az apám.

No. 18.

Folk Song.

Tempo moderato ed energico.

F. Korbay.

1. Father was a thrifty man, Left me what few others can,
   Nagy gazda volt az a-pám, Re so-kat is hagy-ott rám,

2. And my father taught me too, Till my back was black and blue,
   Jótl is ne-tell ö ker-me, Ha-ta-mat meg dón-get-te.

Halters for the ox he sold And a pitch-fork handle old What a father!
Sent me once a year to school, There I learned he was a fool, Good-bye, father!
Hat ö-kör-nek kö-te-től Meg egy egs vil-la nye-től e szem ad-ta!
Is-kó-lá-ta já-ra-tott, Mú-don én-ben egy na-pot, e szem ad-ta!
O'er the forest rainclouds lower.
Ereszkedik le a felhő..

Melody by Beni Egressy.
Text by Alexandre Petőfi.

Larghetto fantastico.

O'er the forest rainclouds lower,
Ereszkedik le a felhő.

Through the wood the
Hull a fű-ra

P. & H. 700. 719
au-tumn show-er, From the oak-trees dead leaves fall-ing,
őszi eső; Hull a fű-nak a leve-le.

Still the night-in-gale is call-ing, Still the night-in-
Még is szól a fű-le-mű-le, Még is szól a

a tempo

gale is call-ing, From the oak-trees dead leaves fall-ing,
fü-le-mű-le. Hull a fű-nak a leve-le.

rallentando molto

Still the night-in-gale is call-ing Still the night-in-gale is call-ing,
Még is szól a fű-le-mű-le. Még is szól a fű-le-mű-le.

P. & H. 700. 719
Little brown maid, if not sleeping,
Bar - na kis lány ha nem ál - szol,
Hear the night in -
L.H.

Galós voice weep - ing;
ma - dár da - ló;
Sing - ing sweet songs
E - ma - dár az
singing, sighing, 'Tis my soul that sing-eth dying,
én sze-relem, Az én el-só haj-tott lel-kem.

rallentando e smorzando pp a tempo

'Tis my soul that sing-eth dying. Singing sweet songs,
Az én el-só haj-tott lel-kem. Emadár az

rallentando molto

singing sighing, 'Tis my soul that sing-eth dying,
én sze-relem, Az én el-só haj-tott lel-kem.

rallentando e smorzando pppp

'Tis my soul that sing-eth dying. Singing sweet songs,
Az én el-só haj-tott lel-kem.
Pretty maid, how could you do so.

Melody and words by Joseph Szerdahelyi. 1804 - 1851.

Scherzando vivace.

F. Korbay.

Pretty maid,

Ez a kis lány.

Find your lad, lad and woo him.

Maga jár jár a le-gégy.

*) The original version of this song is in tripodies, thus:

P. & H. 700. 720
poco rit.  a tempo

you so! Is it not naught-y, is it not bad. When the maid

maiden seeks out her lad. Is it not naught-y,

is it not bad. When the maid. maiden seeks out her lad.

P. & H. 700. 720
Mourning in the village dwells...

No 21.

Szilvás falu gyászban van...

Theme an Old Folk Song.

Lento patetico.

F. Korbay.

Mourning in the village dwells: Hear the shepherd's
can. Ju-kász le-gény

P. & H. 700. 721
mourning bells! Yes - ter morn he led, to the
hal - ca van. Meg szom - ba - ton del u - tan

pasture sheep he led,- Now he sleeps be - neath the church - gate,
viga - ment a juh u - tan vi - ga - ment a juh u -

dead. Mo - ther, to the past - ure
tan. Utó - na meg az any -

come! Bid your shep - herd lad go home
ja ...Gye - re ha - za Ban - di - ka!
Mo-ther, not to-night; at the inn there'll be a fight.

Nem meg-yek én ma ha-za vér-ben für-dik én még ma.

To the inn I'll bathe in blood, this night.

Vér-ben für-köd én még ma!

Più moto.

Shepherds three they seek to

Ve-re-ke-de-sz fog len -

Più moto.

fight,

And a fourth stands by, and to quell the fight shall

Há rom ja kász in dit ja, a ne-gye-dik

P. S H. 700.721
try; He must quell it though he live or die.

Mourning in the village dwells: For the fourth they toll death bells;
Mother go thou home, to thy shepherd never come. For he hears not when you call him home.
See the little pretty maiden.

Here tyu, tyu, tyu!

No 22.

Old Folk Song.

Allegretto scherzando.

F. Korbay.

scherzando

See the little pretty maiden,

Ez a kis lány jag be csif-va.

how herself she's drest

here, tyu, tyu, tyu.

Ribbons on her neck and ring'lets,

Csak ugy csil-log rajt' a ru-ha.
jewels on her breast. Still the maiden goes a-fairing.
Here tyu, tyu tyu. Hej, de regen jar a bald-ba.

still she goes to ev'ry fair Still she's been dancing
Here tyu Here tyu tyu. Meg sema kadt ne-ki par-ja.

single, not a pair.
Here tyu, tyu tyu.

P. & H. 700. 722
Thou -my maid-en hast no rib-bon, je -wels not a
A: én ró-zsám nem oly ezíf-ra, he-re tyu, tyu.

one: Scarce wilt thou go out a-fair-ing ere thy fair is done.

tyu. Nem is jár oly rég a bál-ba, he-re tyu, tyu, tyu.
Whitsun-tide, shall not be over, thou shalt dance at

Meig is før sang ra-sar-nap-ra ke-re lyn

Whitsun-tide, Ere that dance endeth thou shalt be my bride.

As-szong lesz az e-szem-ad-ta ke-re lyn, lyn, lyn.
In the forest's highest branches...

Erdő, erdő, sürű erdő árnyában...

Theme and words by unknown Composer.

Andante molto espressivo.

1. In the forest’s highest branches above me Sings the wood dove
2. Swiftlier would I fly to thee, my only love, Flood nor forest

1. Er - dű, er - dű sürű er - dű ár - nyá - ban. Bus ger - li - eze
2. Én is mennék kis ga - lam-bom te vé - led; De mi kisz - na
1. in sad music: I love thee. Far and clear her long-ing, lov-ing
2. could not keep me from my dove. But I've lost thee! Lord in heav-en,

1. oft ke-se-reg ma-ga-bau. Bu-san zo-kog. ke-ser-re-sen
2. Nem le-he-tek a ti-ed. Nem le-he-tek so-ha, so-ha,

plaint she sings: Back to her her mate re-tur-ning From the farthest for-est wings.
pi-ty me! Brok-en is my heart, tis brok-en With my hope-less love of thee.
Is-te-nem: Pe-dig szi-ven meg-re-pesz-ti E-re-ted a sze-re lem.

Far and clear her long-ing lov-ing plaint she sings: Back to her her
But I've lost thee! Lord in heaven, pi-ty me! Brok-en is my
Nem le-he-tek so-ha so-ha, Is-te-nem Pe-dig szi-ven

mate re-tur-ning From the farthest for-est wings.
heart, tis brok-en With my hope-less love of thee!
meg-re-pesz-ti E-re-ted a sze-re lem.
'Mid the cornfields sings the sweet lark.
Zöld vetés közt énekel a pacsirta.

Melody by Kálmán de Simonffy.

F. Korbay.

Allegretto placido.

Andante.

Warbles, hidden 'neath the silk-en robe of green, *) So shall my heart

*) Literally: "Hidden in the velvet of the green wheat-field."

P. & H. 700, 724
leap from each note within my song, Though it may try keep its secret
meg-szolal a sze-re-lém. A-kár-mi-ként ta-kar-ja is

rit. a tempo

all along. So shall my heart leap from each note within my song,
ke-belem. É-ne-kem-ben meg-szolal a sze-re-lém.

rit. a tempo

Allegretto.

Though it may try keep its secret all along.
A-kár-mi-ként ta-kar-ja is ke-belem.
Andante.

Loved I not thee, then my heart would be a barren tree; No fair verdure, no sweet blossom,

Szeretem vel külf az ember kebele, kiszáradt fá, Melynek nincsen

There would be, But my heart is with love-liest blossom blest, Only sorrow

Levelez az en szerelmem zöld fája, Csak hogy bánat

Deep within has built her nest; But my heart is with love-liest

Rakkott fészket reája. Levelez az en szerelmem

Blossom blest, Only sorrow deep within has built her nest.

Csak hogy bánat rakkott fészket reája.
There was none to match Kerekes.
Nem volt párja a faluban.

Words and Melody a Hungarian Folk Song.
Lento patetico quasi narrato.

match Ke-re-kes
In town or a-bout it:
When draft-ed to

a fa-lu-ban
Ke-re-kes drás-nak,
Siv-tak is a

but-tle he was,
Girls all cried a-bout it.
Ho! who cried the

tá-nyok mi-kor
vit-tek ku-to-ni

most was one ah!
His own sweet heart
Ro-si Pan-na!

ban si-rat-ta
Sze-re-to-je
Pi-ros Pan-na!
ritardando

His own sweet-heart  Rosi Panna.
Sze-re-tő-je  Piros Panna.
Ma-ny a bloo-dy
Ki-tűnt az ő

batt-le he fought  Glo-ry, ho-nour earn-ing,
vi-tészé-ge  sok vé-res és tában,
Deal-ing death to  Min-
den csu-pás

right and left but for his sweet-heart yearn-ing.
9iz ha-tül volt el-len-ség so-ra-
Ho! while he fought, faithful keep-ing,
Hej! de a miz küzdött vér-zett,

Pan-na ceased to go a-weep-ing.
Pan-na szí-ve más ként ér-zelt. Pan-na szí-ve másként ér-
P. & H. 700. 725