



# FOLK MUSIC OF HUNGARY

Recorded in Hungary under the supervision of Bela Bartok

Notations and transcriptions: Bela Bartok Introduction: Henry Cowell Folkways Records FM 4000

M  
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1961

MUSIC LP

Come On Girls, to the Spinning House  
On the Sandy Bank of the Creek  
Beautiful is the Spring  
I Live on the Bank of Theiss River  
The Cemetery's Gate  
Clouds are Gathering  
I Pray To God  
Everlasting Love  
They Are Playing the Bagpipe  
He Who Wants to Become a Piper  
Baranyim  
Sajaju  
Vasvari  
O Love, O Love  
I Am a Prisoner  
Where Have You Been?  
My Dog, Rajna  
On the Border of Baranya County  
On the Hoof of the Horse of Francis Joe

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COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

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# FOLK MUSIC OF HUNGARY

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

# HUNGARIAN FOLK SONGS

Recorded in Hungary  
under the supervision of

BELA BARTOK

Commentary by Peter Bartók

Béla Bartók together with Zoltán Kodály, was instrumental in planning, and bringing about, from 1903 to 1939, the great collection of Hungarian peasant songs from which the records in this album have been chosen. The performers, singers and instrumentalists, are Hungarian peasants from villages in Hungary. This collection was housed in the Ethnological section of the National Museum in Budapest. During the last war many were lost or destroyed. Since the beginning of the century Bartók had recorded folk songs of the Magyars, Slovaks, Rumanians, Transylvanians, Arabs and Turks. He had traveled throughout the countries with a portable cylinder recording machine for the purpose of gathering the authentic songs in their natural environment. His last project was a 'reverse' expedition. The recordings in this album were made under his supervision in the studios of the Hungarian Broadcasting Company. The performers were brought to Budapest. It was a great event for these people who had never before seen the city. At the end of his performance each person would announce his name, age, where he came from and occupation. A whistle at the end of a side was used at times in order to check the speed of the record.

Introduction and notes on the recordings by HENRY COWELL

"Béla Bartók and Music Of The Hungarian People."

Béla Bartók is one of four great figures in twentieth century composition, composers who created the world of modern musical materials. Charles Ives was the first; he always remained faithful to the musical life of the small Connecticut town in which he was raised. His music is deliberately formless from the classical standpoint. Arnold Schoenberg writes with the most perfected form and technique of the four; his music has deep personal expression, but has never had any influence from folk music. Igor Stravinsky's early music was fantastic, but had roots firmly grounded in Russian folk soil. It romanticized the form. His later music turns away from folk elements, and strives toward early cultivated forms. Of all these composers, Bartók was the one who best combined elements of folk music with new forms of his own creation. Bartók spent much time as a young man collecting folk music in many parts of Hungary and Rumania on records; his collection is one of the famous ones of the world. He spent years of work writing down the music



Bela Bartok in Bucharest in 1936.

from listening to the recordings. His highly evolved musical style is based on the folk practices of Hungarian music. Dissonance is used to punctuate the exciting, often frenetic rhythms. New sorts of melodies are built of scales derived from combinations of the oriental and occidental forms, uniting musical feelings of the Eastern and Western world.

New chords and lines of counterpoint came from listening to the actual performance of folk players, and Bartók thus developed a whole new palate of musical resources direct from Balkan practice. Instead of leaving these resources in some disorder, however, he organized them into an exquisitely formed cultivated music.

It was characteristic of Bartók that he should work heartily for the benefit of other composers in whom he interested himself. I do not think it is out of place for me to mention my own gratitude for his aid to me. In 1923, when I badly needed European contacts, and knew a small number of important people, Bartók happened to hear me in London, and of his own accord arranged a party in Paris for me to meet many of the most famous composers of the day (Stravinsky, Falla, Roussel, Ravel and many others), and later arranged a concert in Budapest. While there I spent an entire day listening with earphones to the old-fashioned cylinder records which he had collected, and which literally lined his studio from floor to ceiling.

While Bartók's collection has been heard of everywhere for many years, very few people have had access to it, and the richly-varied Magyar folk music (not to be confused with the better-known Hungarian Gypsy music) is only now being made

accessible to the public. The present collection gives Bartók's written transcriptions of some of the songs and bagpipe tunes. His style of transcription is complete with ornaments -- sometimes the ornaments seem almost imagined -- but he does not try to notate pitches which are higher or lower than in conventional tuning systems, giving instead the nearest equivalent. The same system is followed in rhythm, except that grace notes are often used for rhythms impossible to notate properly, due to the limitations of our method of writing down music.

Record 01500A (1): Hejtök Lyányok Guzsalyasba -- "Come on Girls, to the Spinning-house" -- A hearty-voiced woman sings in a style which reminds one forcibly of Gaelic-speaking singers of Ireland and Scotland. This style is an old traditional one, in Dorian mode form on B flat.

Record 01500A (2): Porondos Víz Partján -- "On The Sandy Bank of the Creek" -- Another song in the same style and mode, but with E natural sometimes used instead of E flat, making an augmented second with the D flat, and introducing a more oriental feeling.

Record 01500B (1): Szép A Tavasz -- "Beautiful is The Spring" -- A woman sings in Dorian mode based on G but with no low A. Sometimes the characteristic Dorian note of E veers toward E flat, but not often. Many phrases end on B flat, which thus becomes the main secondary point of the mode, rather than the dominant.

Record 01500B (2): Tisza Partján Lakom -- "I Live on the Bank of Theiss River" -- The same type of song as cut 1, but in Aeolian mode form based on B flat; answered by full cadences on G. Since this is not in accord with modern practice in major and minor scales, the effect may at first be misleading. It sounds to the average listener as though the song changes constantly from B flat major to G minor.

Record 01501A (1): A Temetőkapu -- "The Cemetery's Gate" --  
Record 01501A (2): Arrul Alól "Clouds are Gathering" --  
Record 01501B (1): Arra Kérem Az Én Jó Istenemet -- "I Pray To God" --  
Record 01501B (2): Holtig Bănóm, Amit cselekettem -- "Everlasting Love" -- See Bartók text for musical analysis; (woman's voice).

Record 01502A (1): Dudaszó Hallatszük -- "They Are Playing The Bagpipe" -- (See Bartók text for musical analysis). A man sings the song as transcribed by Bartók, then a flute plays highly decorated warbles in variation of the tune.

Record 01502A (2): Aki Dudás Akar Lenni -- "He Who Wants To Become A Piper" -- This is also a man's song, followed by a native bagpipe. Bartók in his transcription had moved the music down a whole step to G as a base.



Bela Bartok recording peasants in far eastern Hungary in 1911.  
(Married women wear headdresses, Mayor's office in background)



B. Bartok in nomad tent in Anatolie, Turkey.



Hungarian village scene.

Record 01502B (1): B $\acute{a}$ r $\acute{a}$ nyim --  
(2) Sajaju (3) Vasv $\acute{a}$ ri --  
Three cuts of bagpipe music. Bart $\acute{o}$ k has again transposed the music down a whole step. In its original mode based on A, the scale is very similar to the Scotch and Irish warpipes mode, which is also based on A with a lowered seventh degree. The style of the music, however, is quite different in the Hungarian pipes, in which the grace-notes (pipers call them "cuts") enhance oriental qualities, and on which two melodies, one on the general level of the drone, may be played together. On the Gaelic war pipes, there is only one melody above the three drones.

Record 01503A (1): Szerelem, Szerelem -- "O Love, O Love" -- A long, primitive flute produces a winding tune, against which the flute-player vocalises, giving a strange, breathy tone sometimes an octave below, sometimes a twelfth below the flute tone, and sometimes an indeterminate pitch. Later the singer, a man, sings the tune in a rather uncertain, primitive-sounding voice.

Record 01503A (2): Rab Vagyok, Rab Vagyok -- "I Am A Prisoner" -- The same man sings another song of the same type. Both cuts are in mixolydian modal form, with E as a base. At the end, Bart $\acute{o}$ k's pitchpipe sounds A, as a point of reference from which one may determine the pitches used in the music. The third degree of the scale is often rather flat.

Record 01503B (1): Hol H $\acute{a}$ lt $\acute{a}$ l Az,  $\acute{E}$ jjel, C $\acute{o}$ n $\acute{o}$ gemad $\acute{a}$ r? -- "Where Have You Been, Titmouse, This Night? -- (2) Ugat A Kuty $\acute{a}$ m, A Rajna -- "... My Dog, Rajna" -- (3) Arra Al $\acute{a}$  A Baranyasz $\acute{e}$ lben -- "On The Border of Baranya County" -- (4) Els $\acute{o}$  Ferencz Josk $\acute{a}$ nak A Lov $\acute{a}$  L $\acute{a}$ b $\acute{a}$ n -- "On The Hoof of the Horse of Francis Joe" -- In cut 1, a woman sings an F major song, with alternative E flat. In the following three cuts, a man sings a group of songs of which the first is in mixolydian mode

based on F, with sometimes an E natural. The second song is also based on F, but usually with A flat and E flat, giving a Dorian mode impression. The last song uses the Aeolian mode form based on F, with sometimes a high G flat. In all of these cuts, the style of singing is occidental and little decorated, while the modal forms are among those used in the orient.

(01500)

COME ON GIRLS, TO THE SPINNING-HOUSE

Hejtok Ly $\acute{a}$ nyok Guzsalyasba

Hejtok ly $\acute{a}$ nyok guzsalyasba, (2)

Idej $\acute{o}$ ttek a leg $\acute{e}$ nyek, (2)

Leselkednek mint a kutya (2)

Onnat fordul az ajt $\acute{o}$ ra. (2)

Ugy k $\acute{o}$ r $\acute{m}$ ocs $\acute{o}$ l mint a macska (2)

Onnat fordul az ablakra,

Ott kukucs $\acute{a}$ l mint a r $\acute{o}$ ka.

Odafagyott az ajaka, (2)

Hozd ki kisl $\acute{a}$ ny, azt a gyerty $\acute{a}$ t,

Engessz $\acute{u}$ k le af ajak $\acute{a}$ t

Come on girls, to the spinning-house (2)

The boys have come here. (2)

They lie in ambush for you, like dogs (2)

From there he turns his steps toward the door. (2)

He purrs like a cat (2)

From there he turns his steps toward the window,

There he peeps like a fox.

His lips froze fast to it, (2)

Hop, girl! Bring out that candle

Let us melt down his lips.

ON THE SANDY BANK OF THE CREEK

On the sandy bank of the creek, (2)

Full grown lily flower (2)

It's going to wither (2)

One should take it out from there,

One should plant it on a new spot.

One should plant it on a new spot,

Maybe it will shoot forth there

To give me happiness

And to give sadness to someone else.

Envious ones, envious ones,

My enemies

Why don't you leave alone

My poor head?

My poor head,

My wretched life?

God did leave alone

My wretched life.

He fulfilled the wishes

Of my envious enemies

Dried up lily flower,

Its leaves are rattling.

Porondos v $\acute{i}$ z martj $\acute{a}$ n,

Porondos v $\acute{i}$ z martjan,

Feln $\acute{o}$ t liliomsz $\acute{a}$ l,

Feln $\acute{o}$ t liliomsz $\acute{a}$ l.

Ki akar sz $\acute{a}$ radni,

Ki akar sz $\acute{a}$ radni.

Ki kell onnat venni,

Új helybe kell tenni. (2)

Új helybe kell tenni,  
Ha ha megfogannék  
Az én szerencsémre  
S másnak búsujára.

Irigyek, irigyek,  
Gonoszakaróim,  
Mér' nem hagytok békét  
Én árva fejemnek?

Én árva fejemnek,  
Szegény életemnek?  
Békét hagyta Isten  
Az én életemnek.

Kedvét bétöltötte  
Az én sok irigyemnek,  
Zörgő - lilomszal  
Zörög a levele.

#### BEAUTIFUL IS THE SPRING

Beautiful is the spring, more  
beautiful the summer,  
How beautiful to go with one's pair,  
How beautiful to form a couple,  
If one has hit on the right one.

The spring wind dries the road,  
All birds are choosing a mate,  
My God, whom should I choose,  
So that I don't remain alone?

My mind roams about like a cloud,  
My heart is decaying like the years;  
People tell me, I am not sad  
Because I don't cry on the streets.

My mind roams about like a cloud,  
My tears are falling like rain,  
They washed a ditch on my cheek,  
Like the rain on the road.

Oh, my God, please punish him,  
On account of whom I wear mourning clothes

Szép a tavasz, de szebb a nyár,  
De szép, aki párjával jár.  
Jaj de szép a párosulás,  
Aki eltalálja egymást.

Tavaszi szél utat száraszt,  
Minden madár társat választ.  
Jaj Istenem, kit válasszak,  
Hogy egyedül ne maradjak?

Elmém bojob mint a felleg,  
Szívem romlik mint az évek.  
Mind azt mondják, nem busulok,  
Hogy az utcákon nem sírok.

Elmém bojog mint a felhő,  
Hull a könnyem mint az eső,  
Árkot mosott az orcámra,  
Mint a zápor az uccára.

Jaj Istenem kérlek verd meg  
Aki miatt, gyászt viselek.

#### I LIVE ON THE BANK OF THEISS RIVER

I live on the bank of Theiss river,  
Please look me up there, my beloved!  
My smooth-flowing river,  
I hear only its murmur.

If I were a river,  
I would not know sadness,  
Buzzing, I would go by  
Mountains and valleys.



Hungarian farmer.

Two roads stretch before me,  
On which one should I start?  
I have two fair sweethearts  
Of which one should I take leave?

Take I leave of the first,  
The second becomes angry;  
And thus my heart  
Will never be set at ease.

My courtyard, my courtyard,  
My beautiful, round courtyard,  
Never more, never more  
My tender arm will sweep you.

Tisza partján lakom,  
Keress feangyalom!  
Csendes folyóvíznek,  
Csak zúgását hallom.

Ha folyóvíz volnék,  
Bánatot nem tudnék  
Hegyek, völgyek között  
Zúggedezve járnék.

Két út van előttem,  
Melyiken induljak?  
Két szép szeretőm van,  
Melyiktől búcsúzzak?

Ha egytől búcsuzom,  
A más megharagszik,  
Igy hát az én szívem  
Soha meg nem nyugszik.

Udvarom, udvarom,  
Szép kerek udvarom,  
Többé nem söpör ki  
Az én gyenge karom.

(01501)

#### THE CEMETERY'S GATE

The cemetery's gate  
At last it is opened.  
Through it they carry me  
Into that black grave.

Both sides of my grave  
Are lined with roses.  
The famous girls of Köröső  
Did plant them there, crying.

Pluck them off, girls,  
Pluck them off from my grave.  
One rose only, that brown one,  
Don't you tear that one off!

#### CLOUDS ARE GATHERING

Down there clouds are gathering in  
the blue sky,  
Now, my beloved is writing her sad  
letter.  
Write me, darling, write me all that  
happened to you,  
So I may know what I'll have to do.

It was all the fault of my mother,  
Why didn't she marry me to my beloved?  
Had she only given me to him,  
Whom my heart had chosen for itself...

#### I PRAY TO GOD

I pray to my good God,  
That he may heal my lonely heart, (2)  
My weak heart, it will soon break.

I feel sore at heart, ineffably sore,  
And he for whom I pine can no longer  
be cured.  
My coffin's board, that board will  
cure me,  
When rustling, the clods of earth  
will drop on it.

I wish I were a star in the sky,  
So I could shine faintly on the  
horizon.  
About midnight I'd go around the  
horizon,  
So I would learn whom my beloved is  
loving then.

#### EVERLASTING LOVE

Until I die, I will regret what I did,  
That I fell in love with you.  
I did not really, only in words,  
I am sorry, I can't do otherwise.

I'm planting roses on the path,  
Only God knows how much I love you.  
I deny my father, my mother,  
I still don't abandon my only beloved.

(01502)

#### THEY ARE PLAYING THE BAGPIPE

They are playing the bagpipe  
Down there, beyond the gardens;  
The shepherd boy is playing it,  
In his heart's sorrow.

It sounds so sad  
Down there, beyond the gardens,  
Not even the bird does fly  
In his heart's sorrow.



Dancing a csardas at a wedding in  
Mezokovesd.

35/b, a)

1. Ar - ra hi - rom a - an - jo - do - ty - ni - met, Hn -  
 gy - gyit sa - mig a - en ar - ve - ri - ve - met, Hn gy - gyit sa - mig a - en ar - ve -  
 ni - ve - met! Hn gy - gyit sa - mig a - an - jo - do - ty - ni - met, Hn -  
 2. Hn gy - gyit sa - mig a - an - jo - do - ty - ni - met, Hn -  
 ta - ri - rom le - hat. M - Majd még gy - gyit a - ho - por - som -  
 de - há - ja, Hn Mi - kor a föld - su - horg - vajom, lé - ké - je.  
 3. Hn De - ne - ret nék - a - é - gon - cil - lag - len - ni, I - a - a - ig - al - ján - ho - má -  
 jo - san - re - gy - gyi - ni, E - fel - ké - rül - ke - nil - get - nem -  
 ar - e - gal, Ha - mi - gy - gyit sa - mig a - an - jo - do - ty - ni - met, Hn -

35/b, b)

1. Hn -  
 re - lem - be - jes - tem, kom - es - tem - re - lem - be - jes - tem,  
 no - ban, ha - ná - lom, de - nem - té - ke - le - ké - ro - l - la.  
 2. Hn Ha - mi - gy - gyit sa - mig a - an - jo - do - ty - ni - met, Hn -  
 a - an - jo - do - ty - ni - met, Hn -  
 mat, M - még - sem - ha - gyom a - ked - ves - ba - ba - mat.  
 \* a - an - jo - do - ty - ni - met, Hn -

In didaktum. Imbrius Lindorini Marton Kata korosfői harmadikéves among.



Mud wall "windbreaker" and cabin of shepherds, cowhands and horsehands.

Ruthenian peasants - photo by Bela Bartok



HE WHO WANTS TO BECOME A PIPER

He who wants to become a piper,  
He must descend to hell;  
There are living those pretty big dogs  
The pretty big bagpipes are made from.

My chequered goose fell,  
My husband became a roving man.  
I don't worry because of my husband,  
I regret only my goose.

O LOVE, O LOVE

O love, O love,  
O cursed pain,  
O love, O love,  
O cursed pain.

Why do not they blossom  
The leaves of all trees?  
The leaves of all trees,  
The top of the cedar?

Ah, a rose is not  
What flowers in the garden,  
A rose is indeed  
Those loving each other.

Szerelem, szerelem,  
Átkozott gyötrellem,  
Szerelem, szerelem,  
Átkozott gyötrellem.

Mért nem virágoztál  
Minden fa levele,  
Minden fa levele,  
Cidrusfa teteje?

Hej, de nem az a rózsza,  
Ki kiskertben nyílik,

Hanem az a rózsza,  
Ki egymást szereti.

I AM A PRISONER

I am a prisoner,  
Waiting for my release.  
God only knows  
When I shall be released.

I saw those gentlemen,  
Thirteen were sitting there,  
And all the thirteen of them  
Sat in judgment on me.

They present to us,  
The black book.  
From that they count out,  
My prisoner's life.

Rab vagyok, rab vagyok,  
Szabadulást várok.  
Tudja az Isten  
Mikor szabadulok.

Láttam az urakat,  
Tizenhárman voltak,  
Mind a tizenhárman  
Rólam törvényt szabtak.

Mielibékn terjesztik  
A fekete könyvet  
Abból kiszámlálják  
A rabéletemet.

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN SISKIN, THIS NIGHT?

Where did you sleep, titmouse, last night?  
"Sleeping by your window, my dear violet."

Titmouse, why didn't you come in?  
"I was afraid of your husband my dear violet."

My husband is not at home, titmouse,  
He's clearing the Loska forest.  
"But he has good horses; soon he will be here,  
Woe to you, my rose, if he surprises me with  
you!"

Hol háltál az éjjel cönögemadár?

Hol háltál az éjjel cönögemadár?  
Ablakodban háltam, kedves violám.  
Mér be nem gyüttél, cönögemadár?  
Féltem az uradtól, kedves violám.

Nincs itthon az uram, cönögemadár,  
Loskai erdőben ritka rendet vág.  
Jó lovai vannak, hamar hazaér,  
Jaj lesz neked, rózsám, hogyha nálam ér.

MY DOG, RAJNA

Barks my dog rajna,  
There comes my sweetheart, the dark one.  
Brunette she is, and yet not a gypsy.  
She does love me faithfully too.

I have no father and no mother,  
Even God is angry at me.  
The bird is whistling a sad song,  
All my hours have become sad ones.

Maybe you think I love you,  
Because I do just a bit hug you.  
Though I hug you four hundred times,  
I still do not truly love you.

Ugat a kutyám a Rajna,  
Gyün a szeretőm, a barna.

The image shows a musical score for two songs. The left page contains the first two songs, and the right page contains the third. The score is written in Hungarian and includes vocal lines with lyrics and piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked as quarter note = 125. The key signature is one flat (B-flat major/D minor). The score is numbered 35/a, a) and 35/a, b). The lyrics are in Hungarian and English. The score is published by Ambros Lándorné Márton Káta, Hárminchét éves kővárosi asszony.



Ha barna is, de nem cigány,  
Szeret az engem igazán.

Nincsen apám, nincsen anyám,  
Az Isten is haragszik rám,  
Bús nótát füttyöl a madár  
Bű is nékem minden óram.

Azt gondolod, hogy szeretlek,  
Hogy egy kicsit megöllek,  
Négyszázszor is megöllek,  
Mégsem igazán szeretlek.

#### ON THE BORDER OF BARANYA COUNTY

Down there, on the border of Baranya county,  
The tulip bloomed on the edge of the furrows.  
One flower, two flowers, three flowers;  
You were false to me, my rose, you deceived  
me.

This girl outsteps the mark,  
When her mother is not at home,  
she bakes little cakes,  
(And) From evening till morning,  
She waits for her sweetheart till dawn.

Arra alá, a Baranyaszélben

Arra alá, a Baranyaszélben  
Kinyílt a tulipány a barázdaszélben.  
Egy, két szál, három szál,  
Csalfa voltál, rózsám, megcsaltál.

Ez a kislány úgy éli világát,  
Ha az anyja nincs itthon, süti a pogácsát  
Estétől reggelig  
Várja a babáját, hajnalig.

No János kezdve táncosó ritmus.  
2/8, c)

**VASVARI**

\* Készült táncosó ritmusú utójalek  
későbbiek mint a) (c) b) végén.

Béla Bartók's records and notes  
from Peter Bartók  
Photos by G.D. Hackett  
Consultant - Harold Courlander  
Production Director - Moses Asch

#### ON THE HOOF OF THE HORSE OF JOE FRANCIS

On the hoof of the horse of Joe Francis  
the first,  
The horseshoe's nail is so brilliant;  
The daughter of innkeeper Madarasz  
is so fair a maid.  
I wish I had her curly hair near mine,  
But, better still, the owner of it near  
myself.

Első Ferencz Jóskának a lova lábán

Első Ferencz Jóskának a lova lábán  
a patkószög de fényes, de fényes!  
A Madarászne csárdas lánya de kényes!  
De szeretném göndör haját hajamnál,  
De még jobban a gazdáját magamnál!

English translations by Ernest Lorsy

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#### BARANYI M

01502B

#### SAJAJU

8/6, a)

No János kezdve táncosó ritmus.