FRANCIS KORBAY

TWELVE

MAGYAR SONGS

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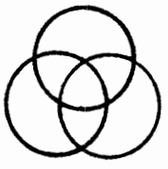

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To

H. PLUNKET GREENE

TWELVE MAGYAR SONGS

WORDS BY

F. KORBAY AND PAUL ENGLAND

THE MUSIC

ARRANGED FROM FOLK SONGS

BY

FRANCIS KORBAY

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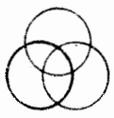

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TWELVE MAGYAR SONGS

N.1.

THE OUTCAST

Magyar Folk Song

FRANCIS KORBAY

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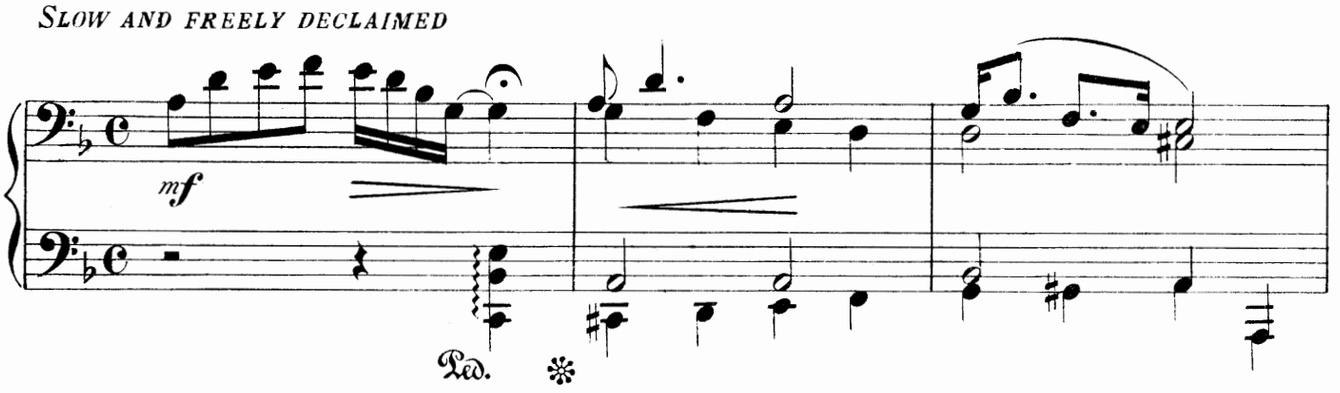
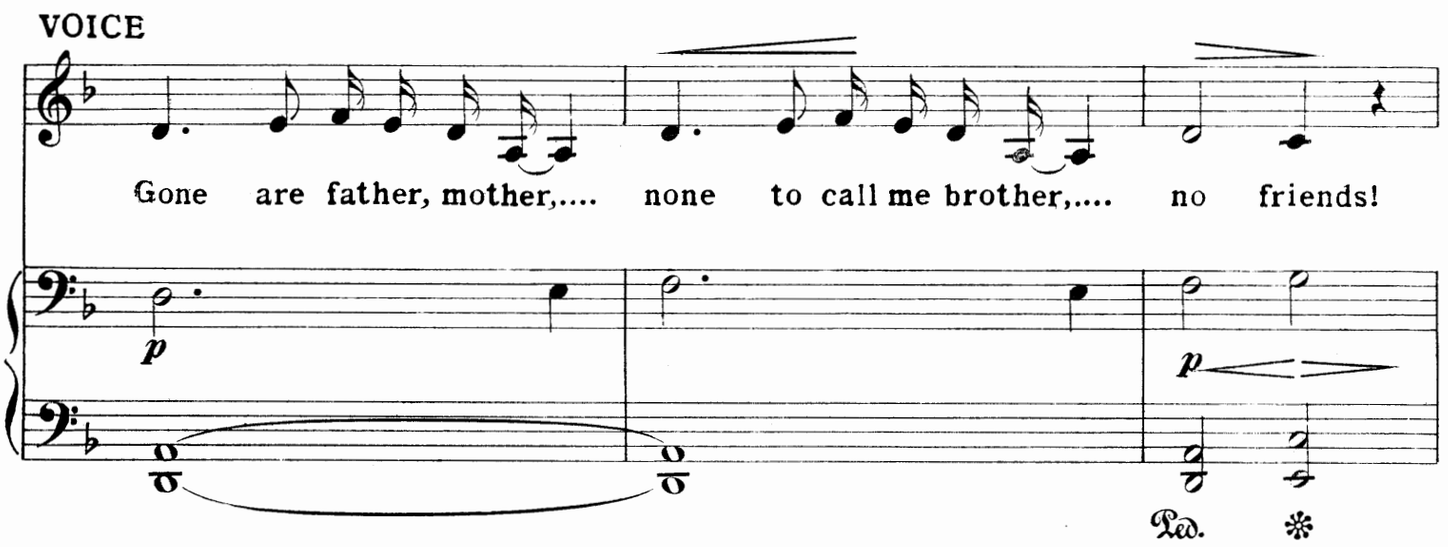
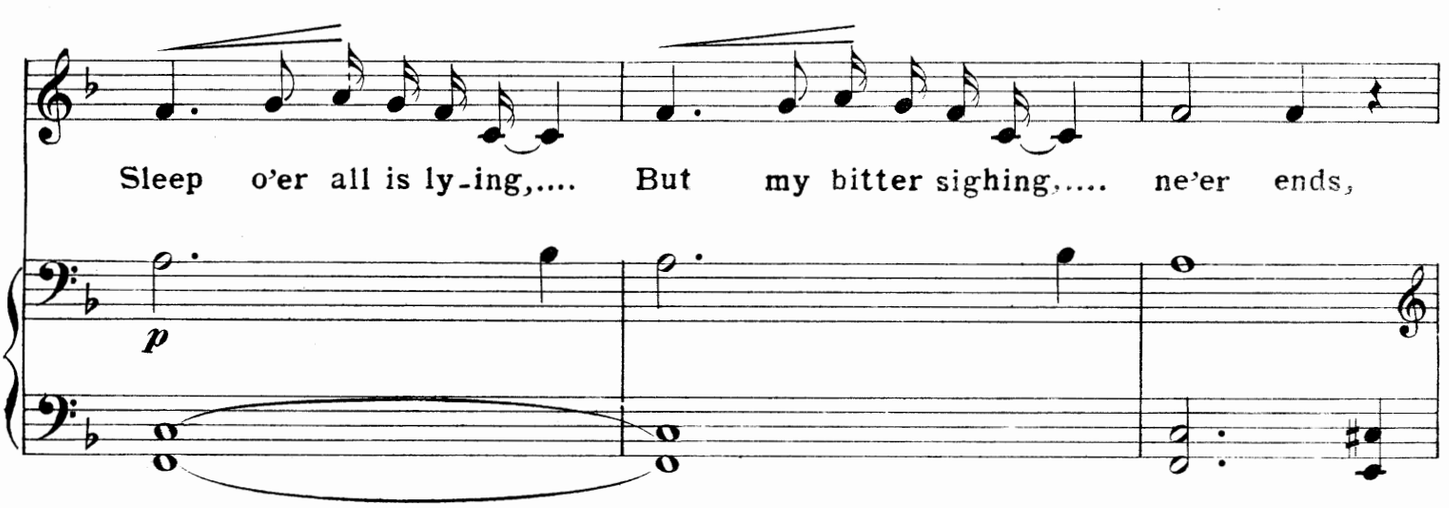


VOICE





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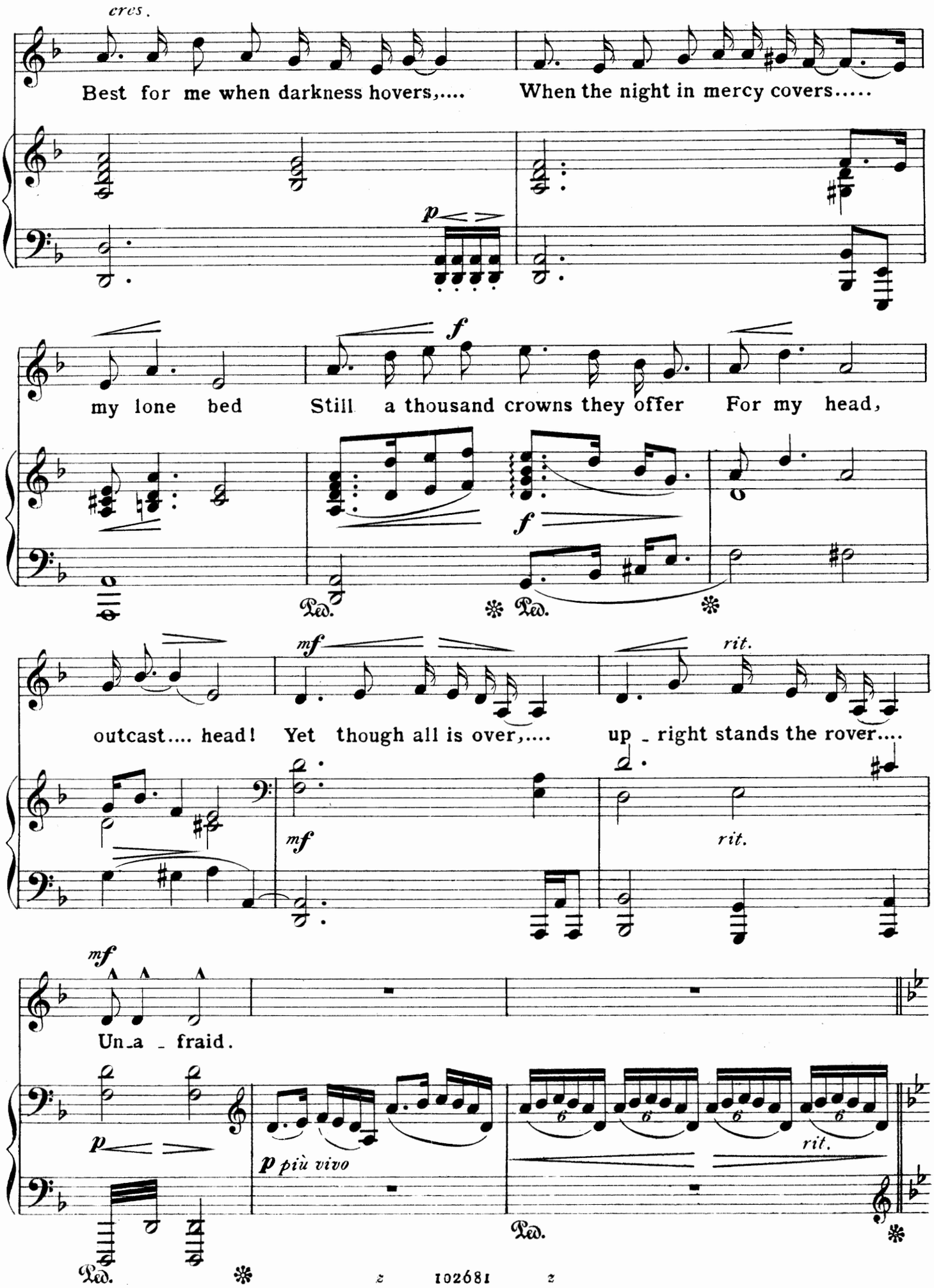
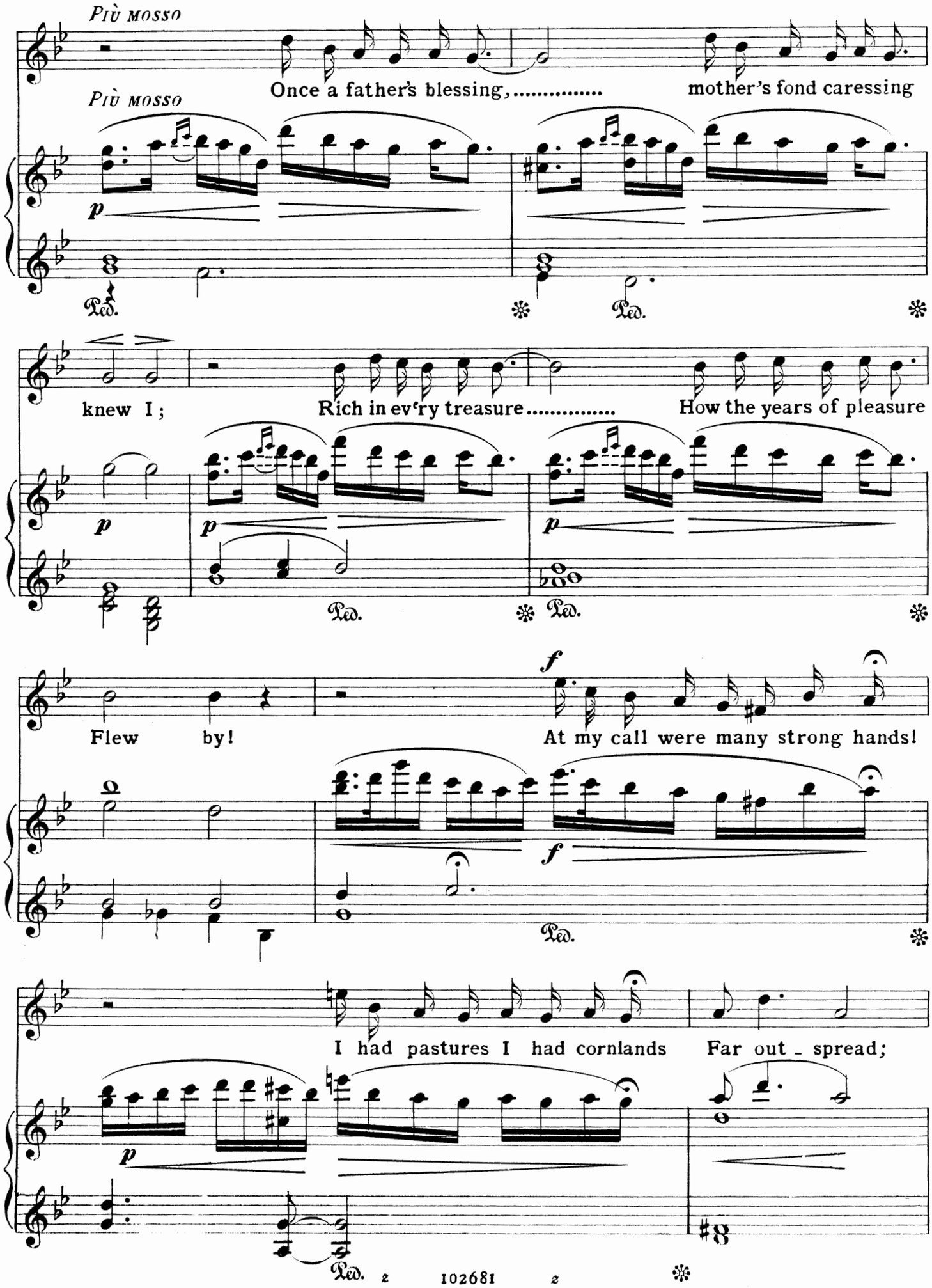
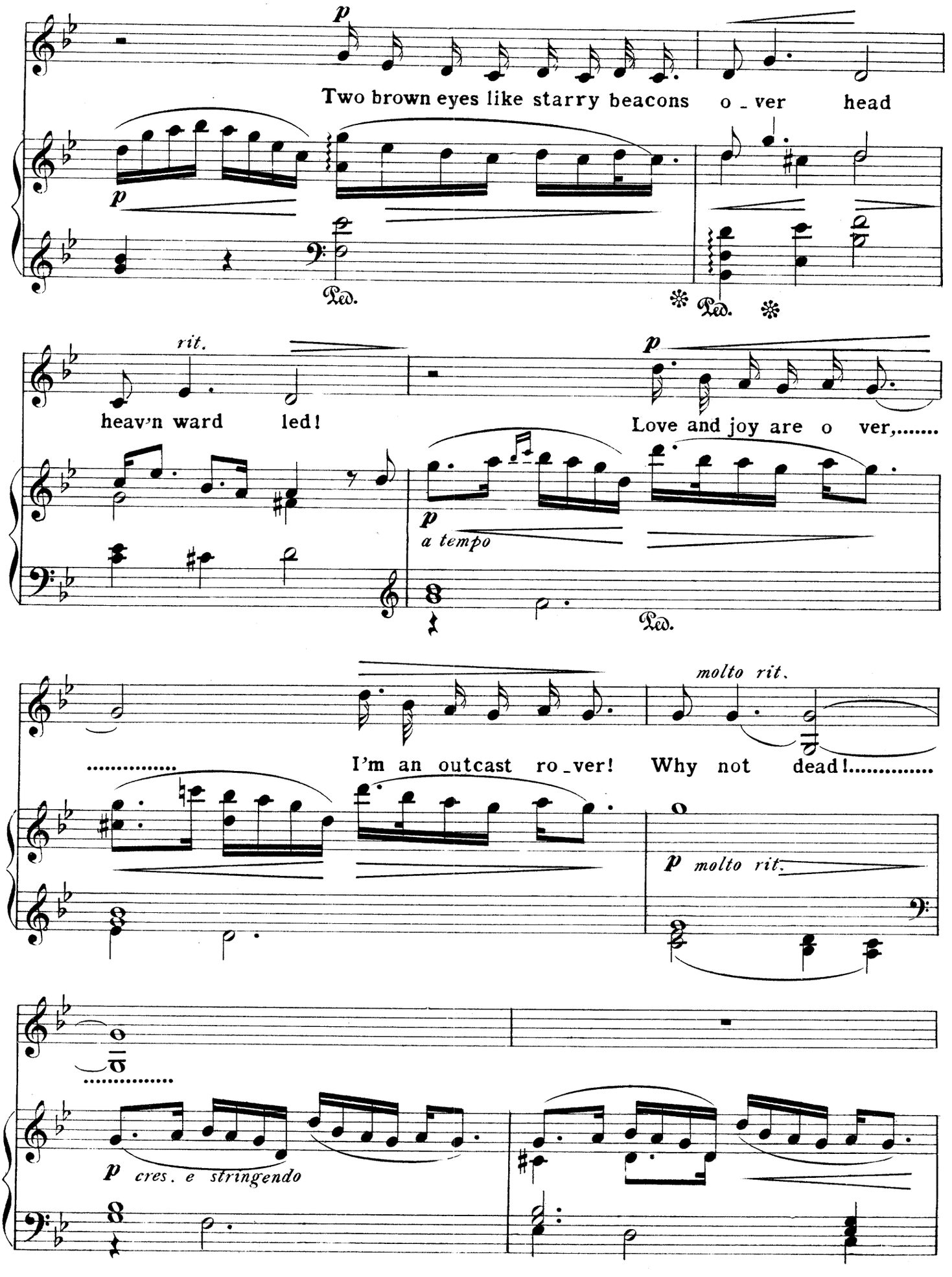
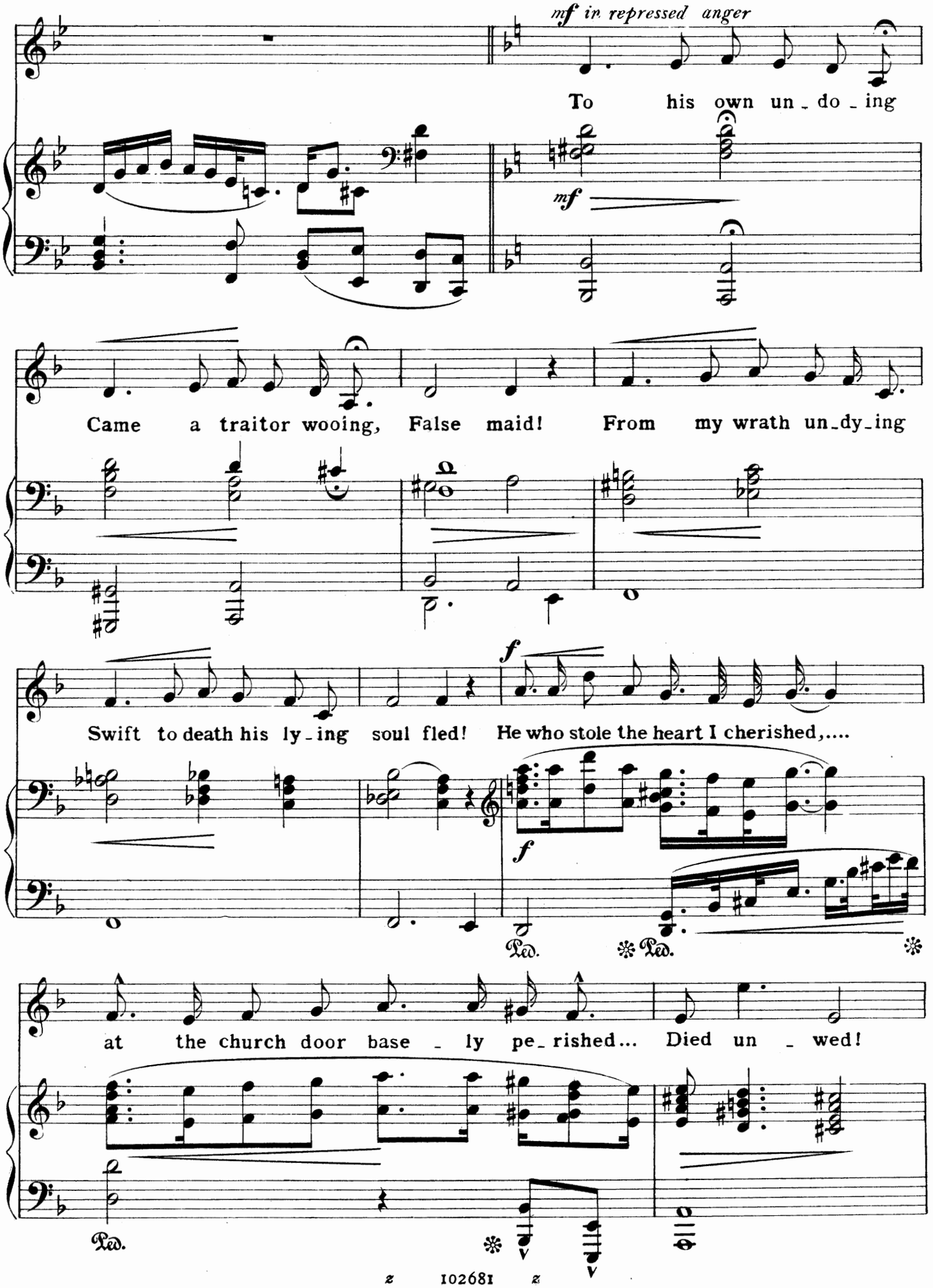
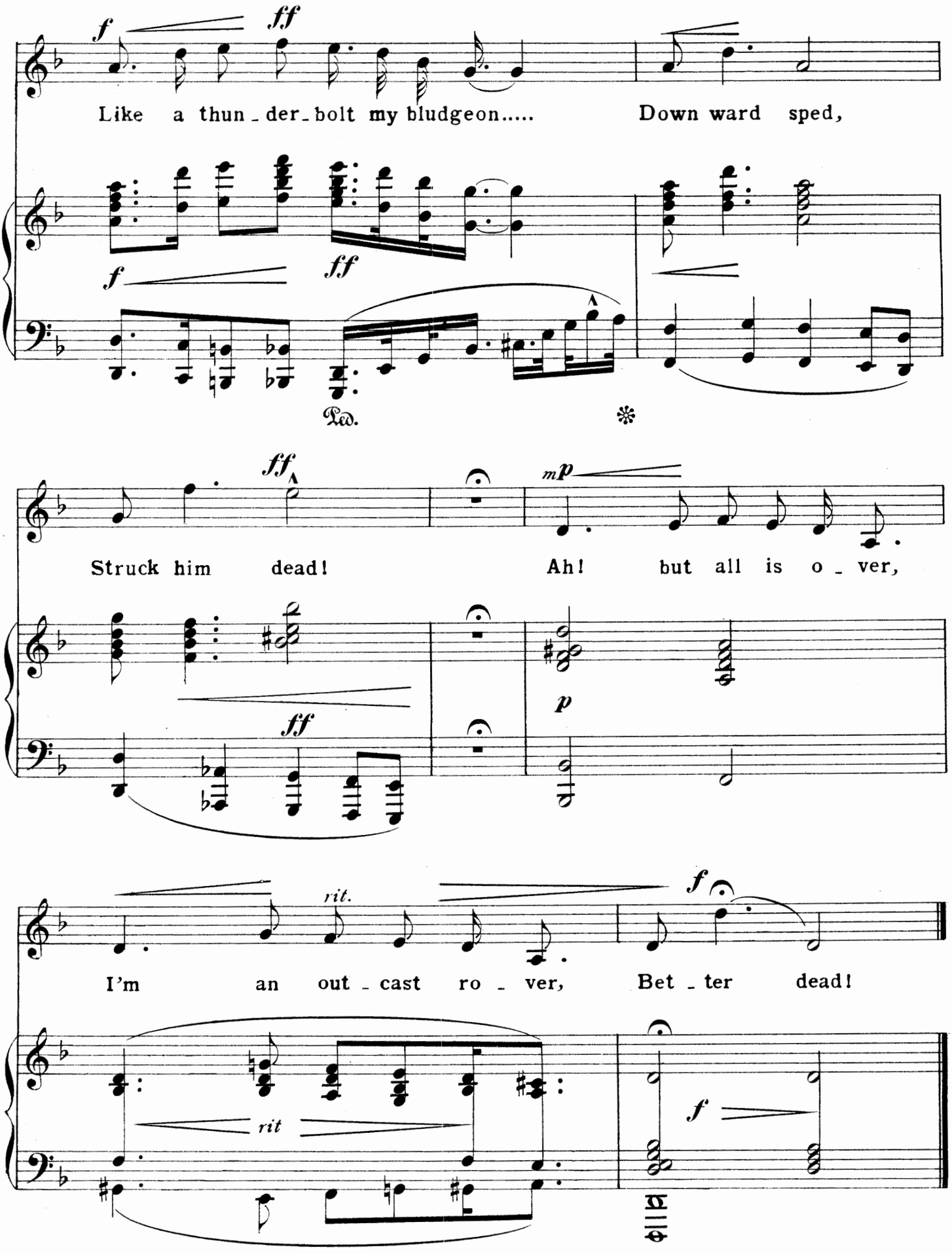

cres.
Best for me when darkness hovers,.... When the night in mercy covers.....
p
my lone bed Still a thousand crowns they offer For my head,
f
f
Ped.
Ped.
outcast.... head! Yet though all is over,.... up - right stands the rover....
mf
mf
rit.
rit.
mf
Un - a - fraid.
p
p più vivo
rit.
Ped.
Ped.


Più mosso
Più mosso
Once a father's blessing,..... mother's fond caressing
knew I; Rich in ev'ry treasure..... How the years of pleasure
Flew by! At my call were many strong hands!
I had pastures I had cornlands Far out - spread;


p
Two brown eyes like starry beacons o - ver head
Ped.
Ped.
rit.
heav'n ward led!
p
Love and joy are o ver,.....
p
a tempo
Ped.
molto rit.
.....
I'm an outcast ro - ver! Why not dead!.....
p molto rit.
p cres. e stringendo


mf in repressed anger
To his own un_do_ing
mf
Came a traitor wooing, False maid! From my wrath un_dy_ing
f
Swift to death his ly_ing soul fled! He who stole the heart I cherished,....
f
Ped.
Ped.
at the church door base_ly pe_rished... Died un_wed!
Ped.


f
ff
Like a thun - der - bolt my bludgeon.....
Down ward sped,
f
ff
Ped.
ff
Struck him dead!
mp
Ah! but all is o - ver,
ff
p
rit.
f
I'm an out - cast ro - ver,
Bet - ter dead!
rit
f

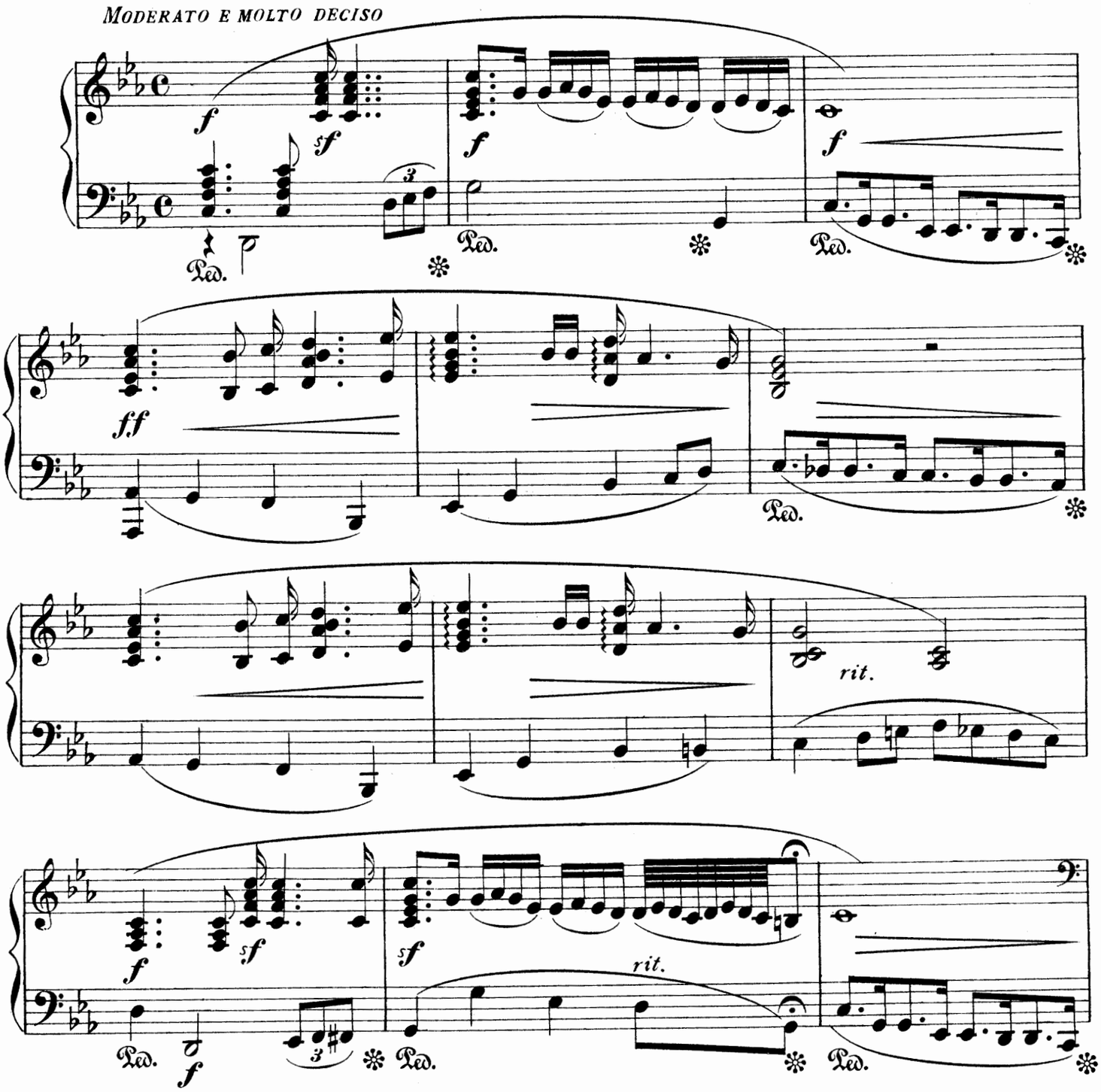
TWELVE MAGYAR SONGS

N.2.

LIFE'S A NIGHTMARE

Magyar Folk Song

FRANCIS KORBAY



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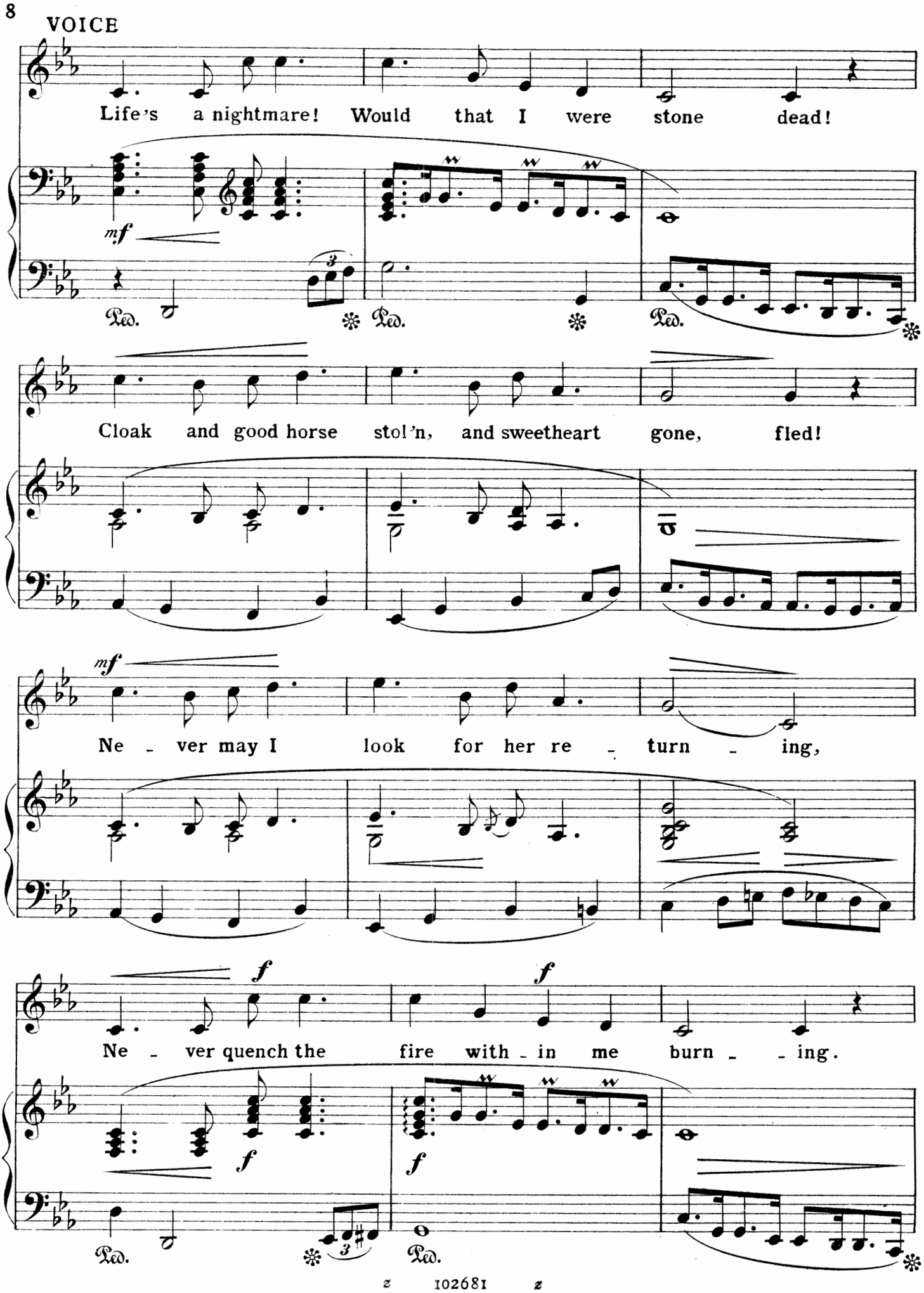
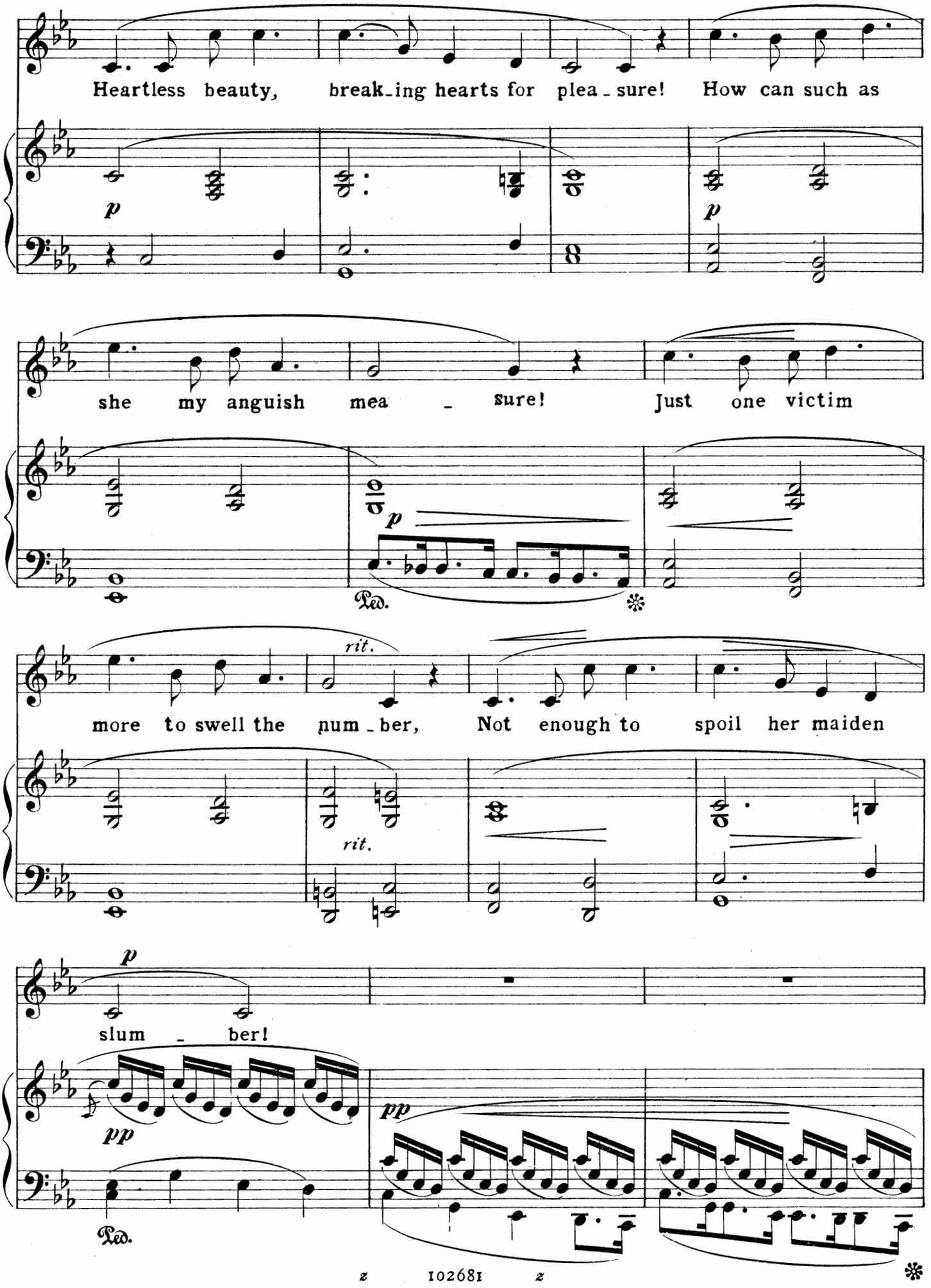
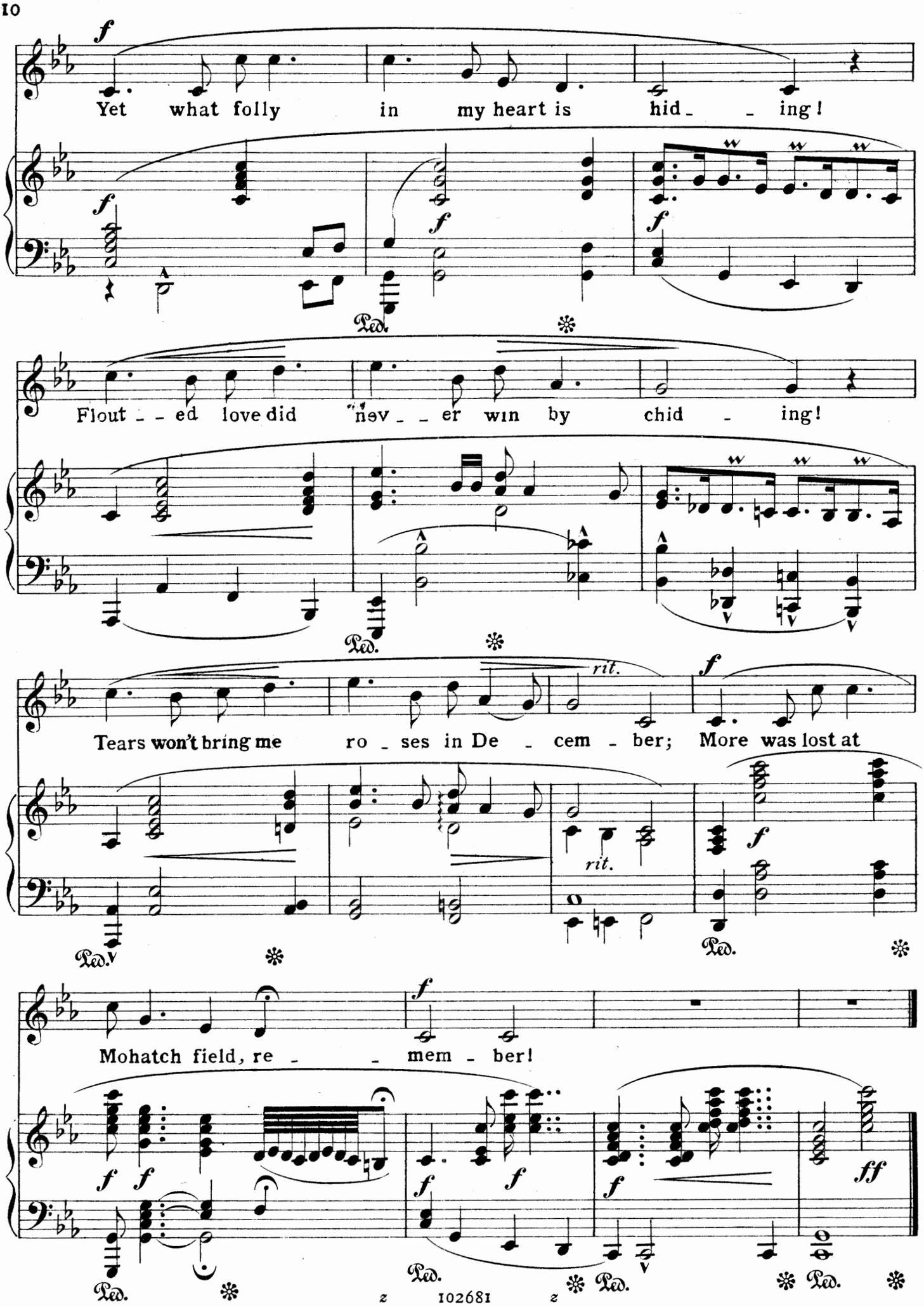

VOICE
Life's a nightmare! Would that I were stone dead!
mf
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Cloak and good horse stol'n, and sweetheart gone, fled!
mf
Ne - ver may I look for her re - turn - ing,
f
f
Ne - ver quench the fire with - in me burn - - ing.
f
f
Ped.
Ped.


Heartless beauty, break-ing hearts for plea-sure! How can such as
p
p
she my anguish mea - sure! Just one victim
p
Ped.
*
more to swell the num-ber, Not enough to spoil her maiden
rit.
rit.
p
slum - ber!
pp
pp
Ped.
*

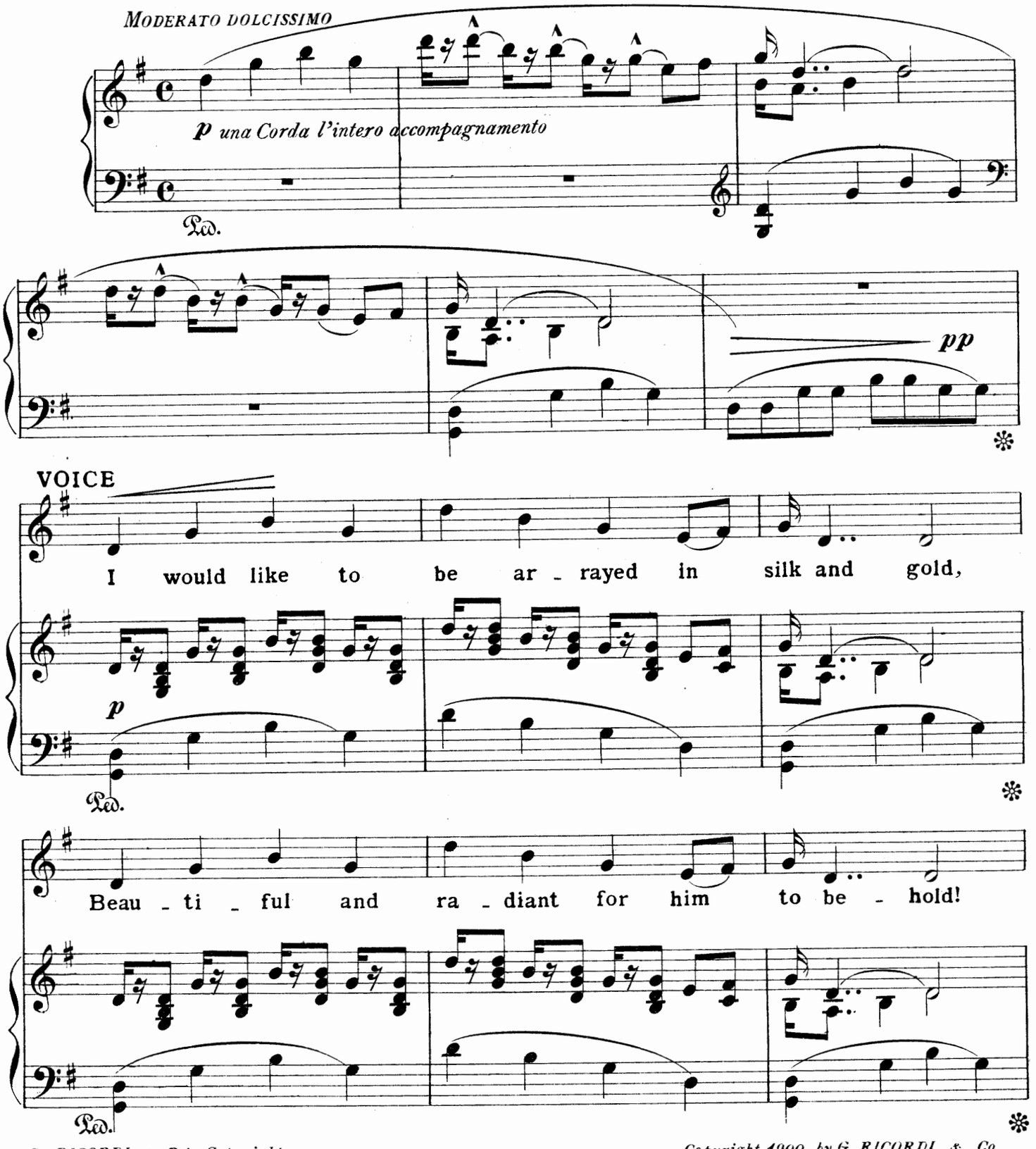

Yet what folly in my heart is hid_ _ ing!
Flout_ _ ed love did nev_ _ er win by chid_ ing!
Tears won't bring me ro_ses in De_ cem_ ber; More was lost at
Mohatch field, re_ _ mem_ ber!
Ped.
rit.
ff

TWELVE MAGYAR SONGS

N.3.

WHO LOVES BEST ?

Magyar Folk Song — FRANCIS KORBAY



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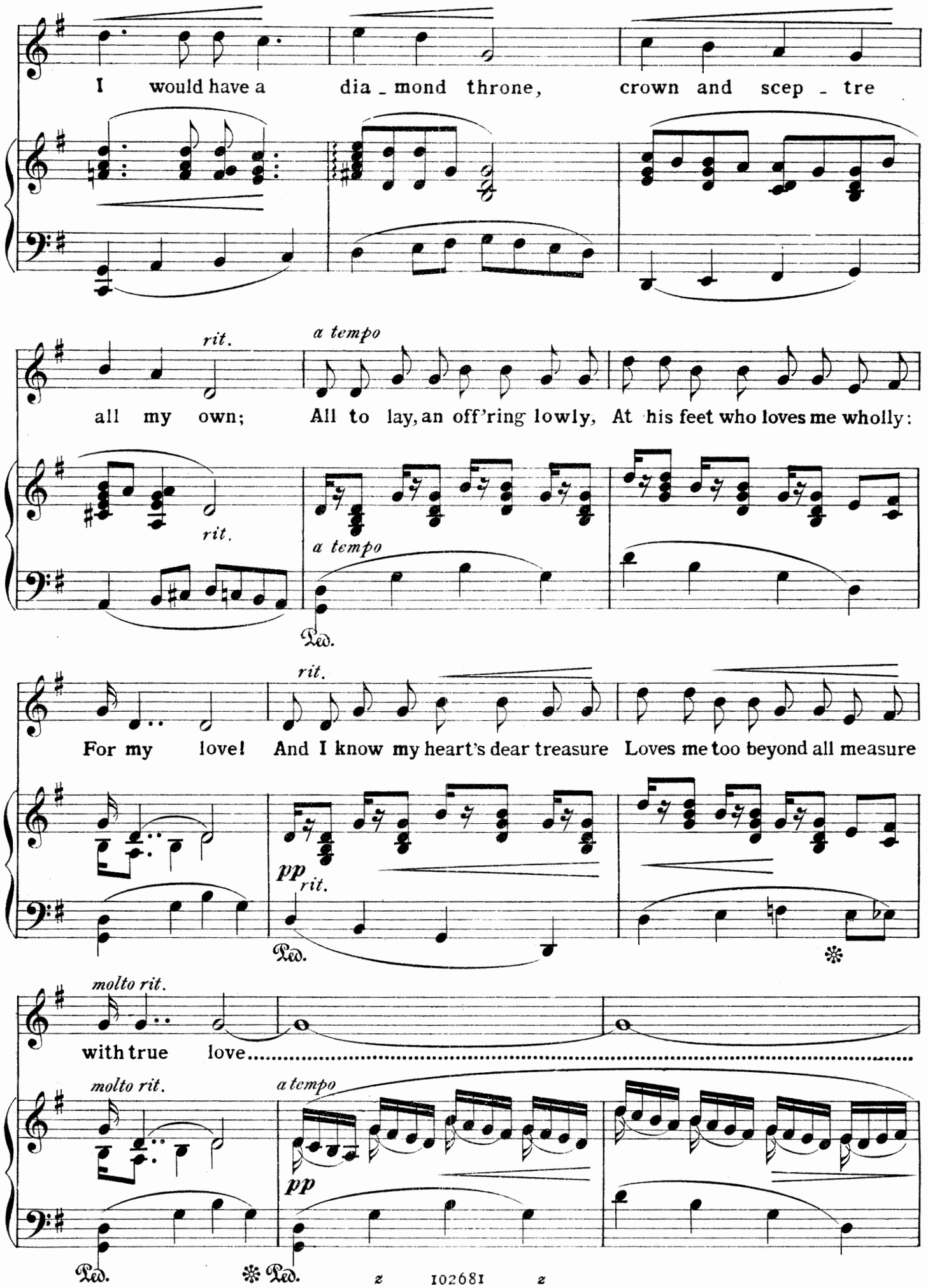
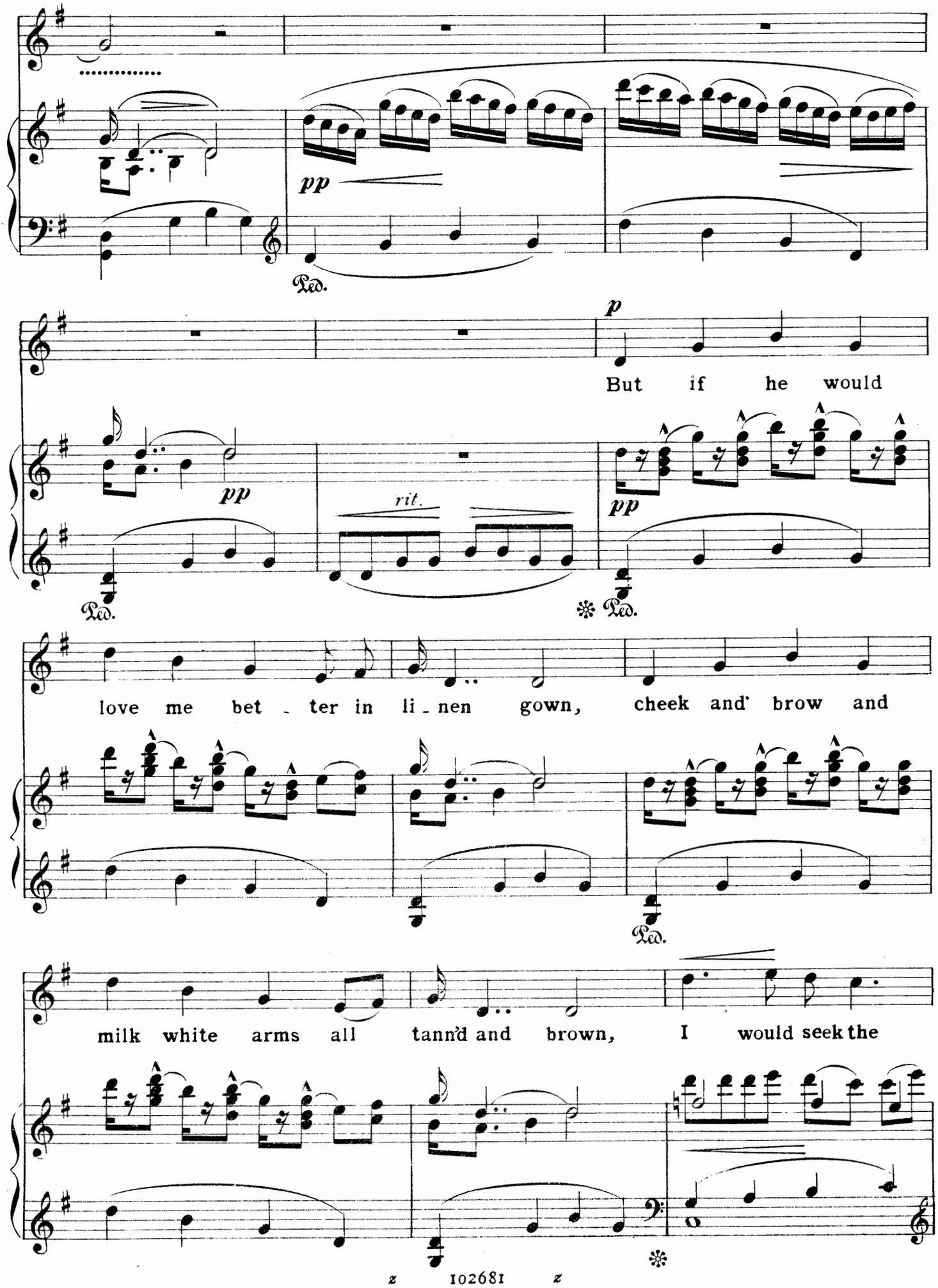
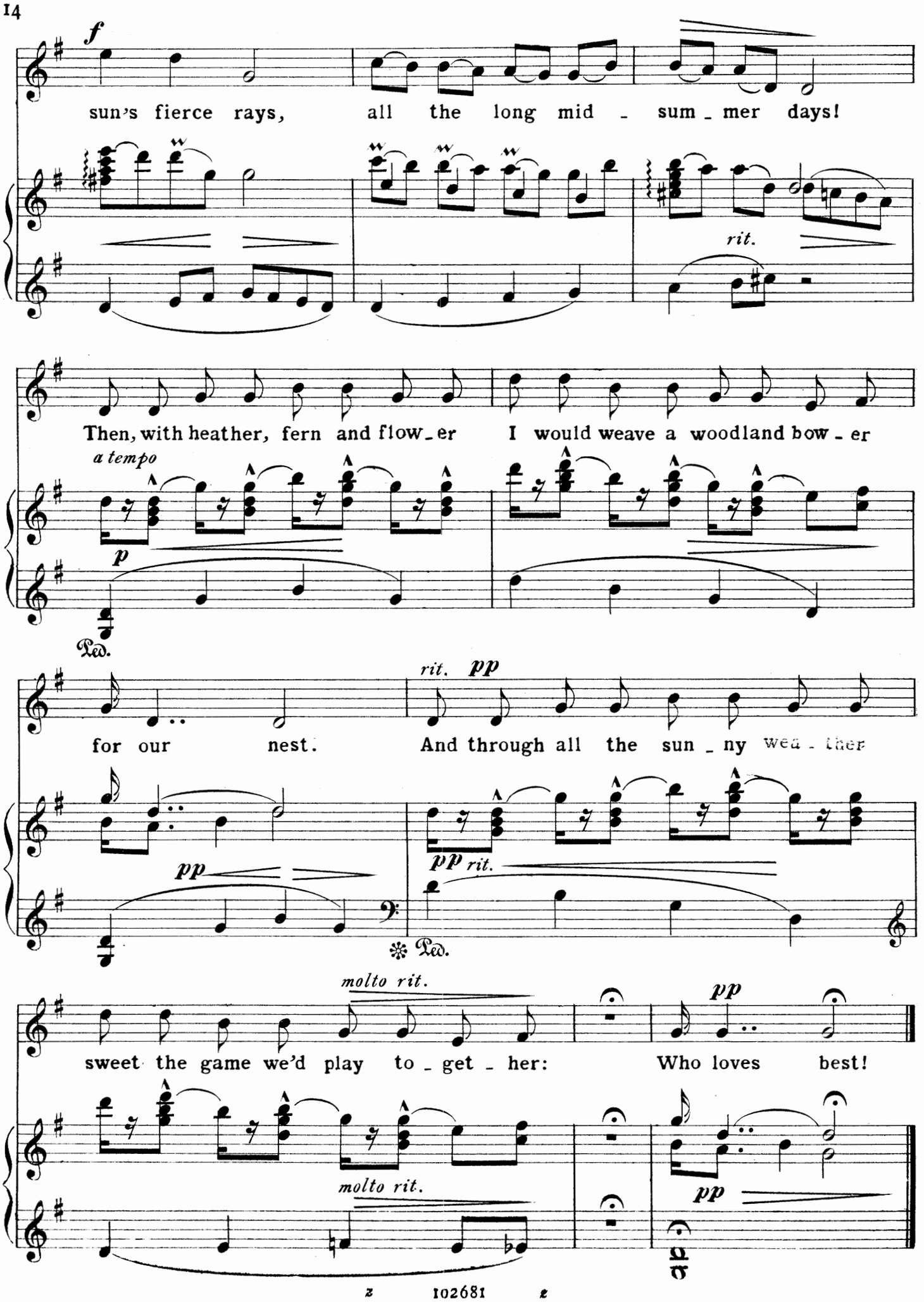

I would have a dia_mond throne, crown and scep_tre
rit.
a tempo
all my own; All to lay, an off'ring lowly, At his feet who loves me wholly:
rit.
a tempo
Ped.
rit.
For my love! And I know my heart's dear treasure Loves me too beyond all measure
pp
rit.
Ped.
molto rit.
with true love.....
molto rit.
a tempo
pp
Ped.
Ped.


pp
Ped.
p
But if he would
pp
rit.
pp
Ped.
love me bet - ter in li - nen gown, cheek and brow and
Ped.
milk white arms all tann'd and brown, I would seek the


f
sun's fierce rays, all the long mid - sum - mer days!
rit.
Then, with heather, fern and flow - er I would weave a woodland bow - er
a tempo
p
Ped.
rit. pp
for our nest. And through all the sun - ny wea - ther
pp
pp rit.
Ped.
molto rit.
pp
sweet the game we'd play to - get - her: Who loves best!
molto rit.
pp

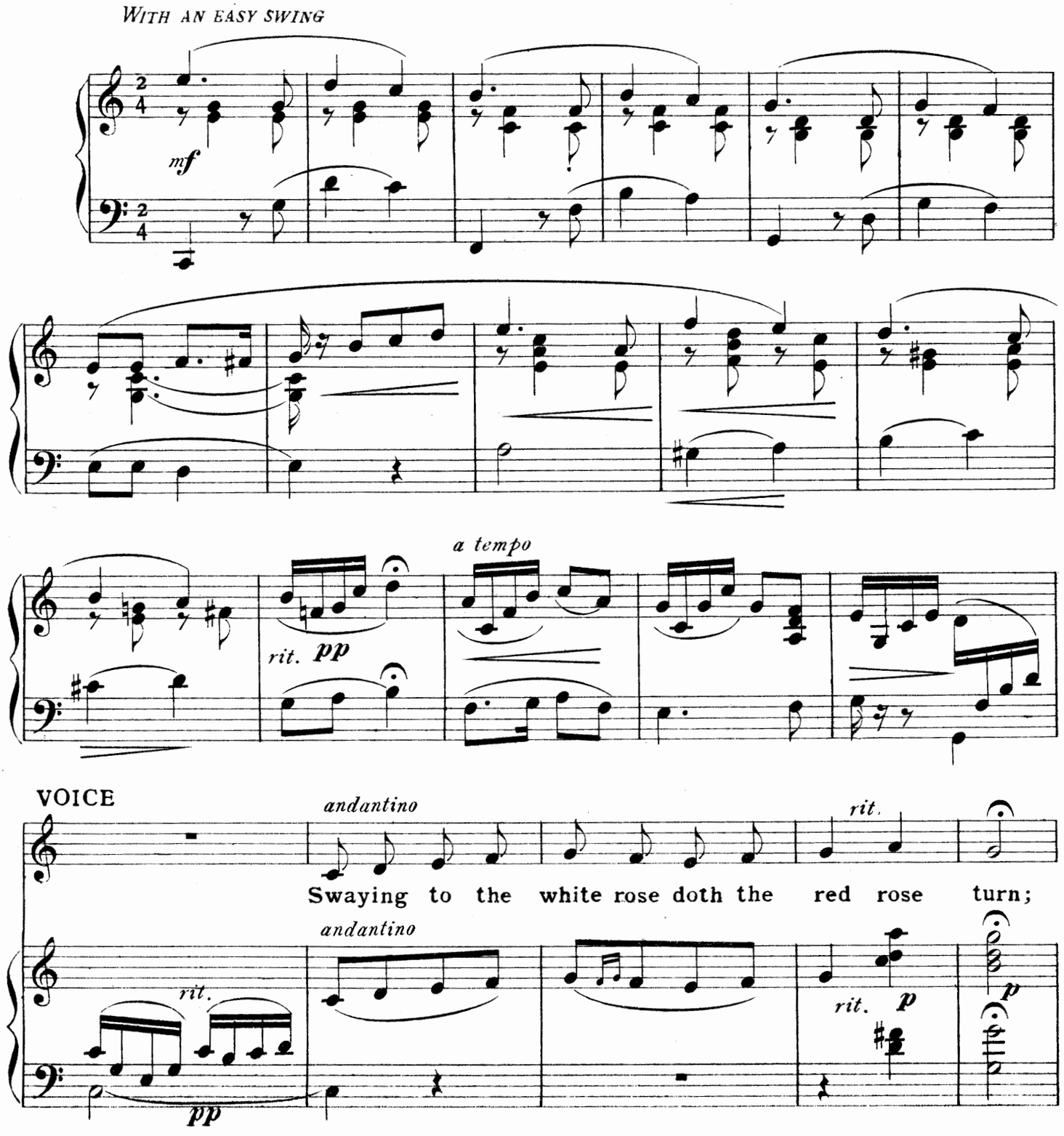
TWELVE MAGYAR SONGS

N.o 4.

SUMMERTIME

Motivs by Szentirmay Elemér

FRANCIS KORBAY



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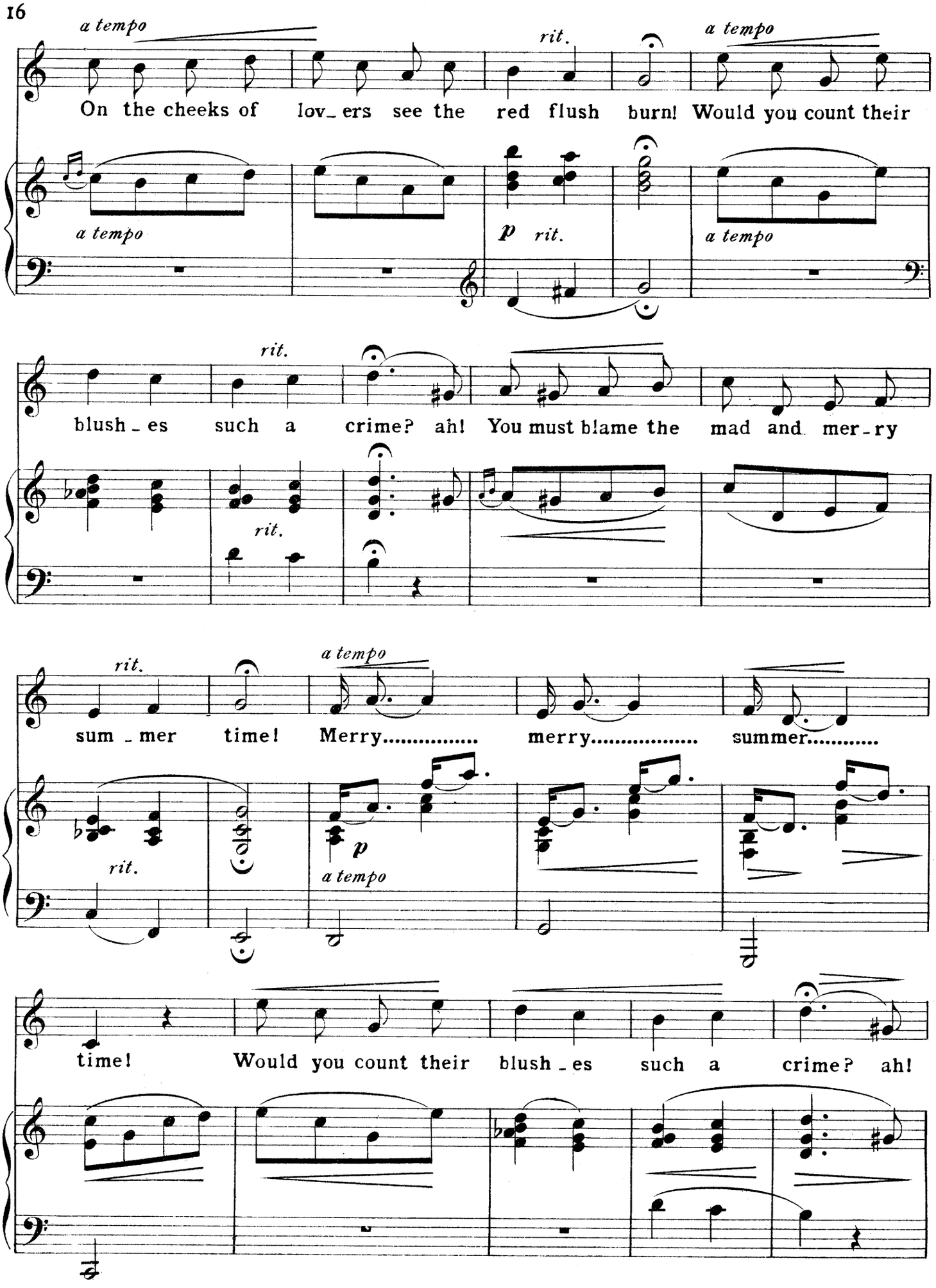
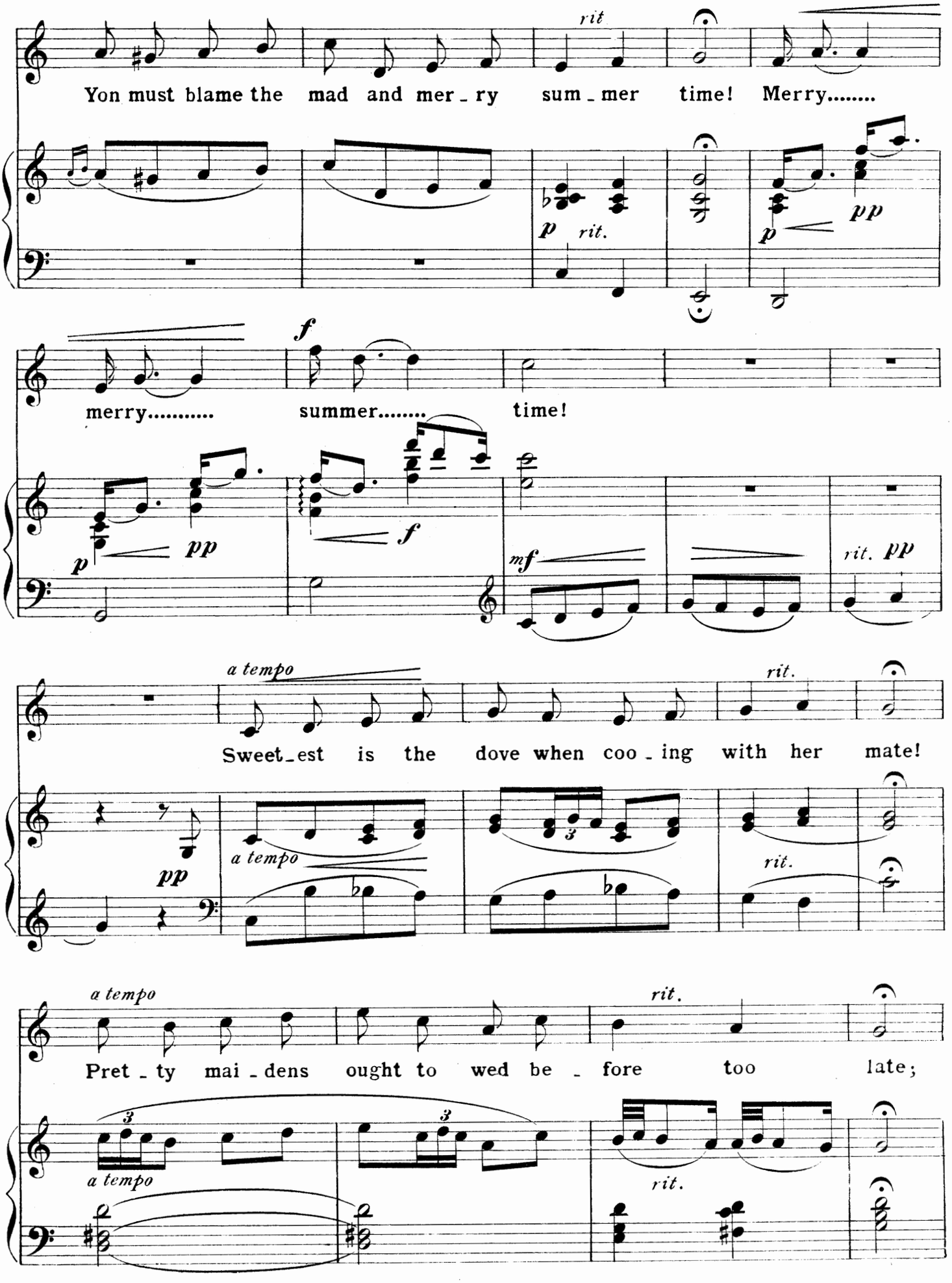
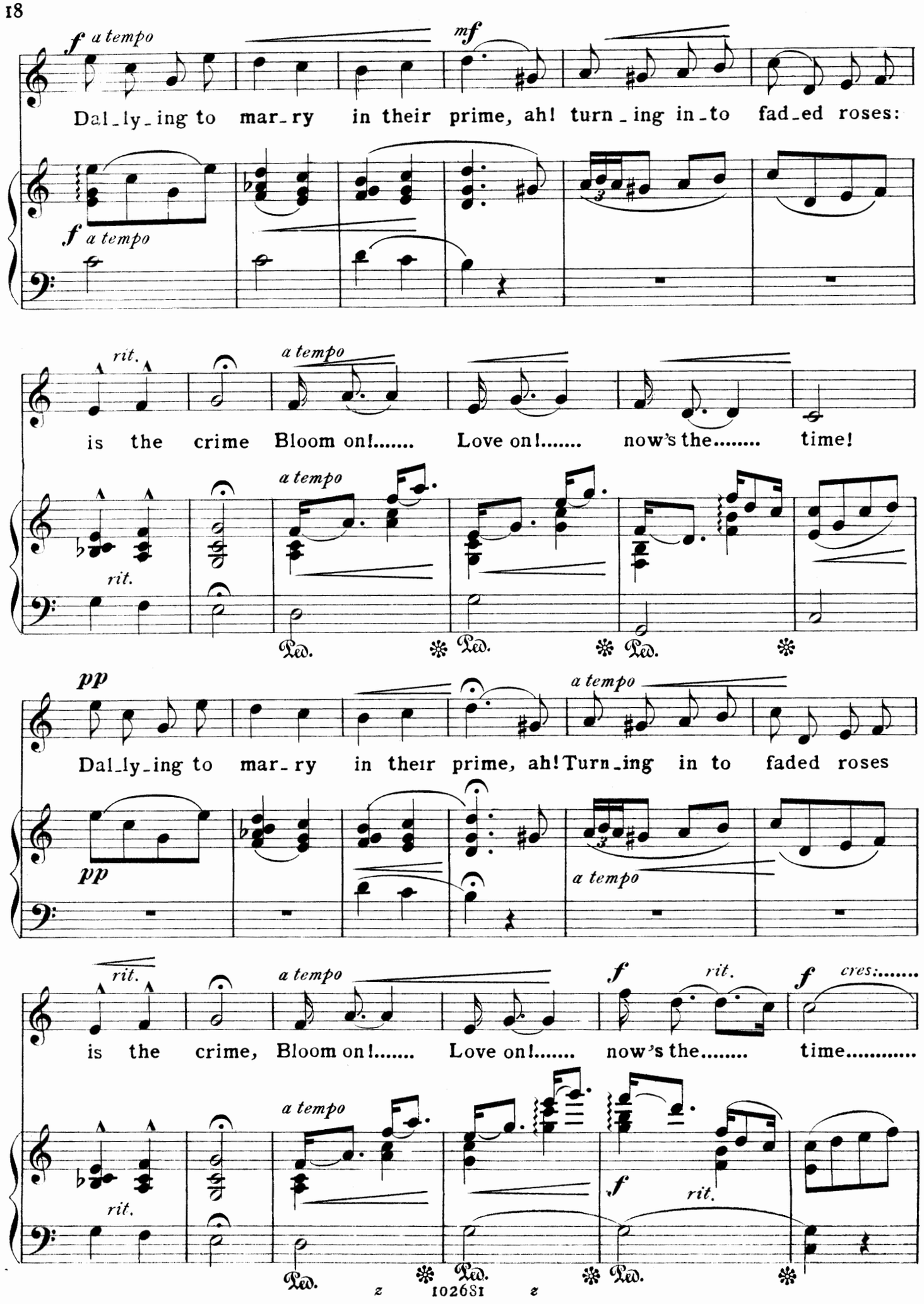
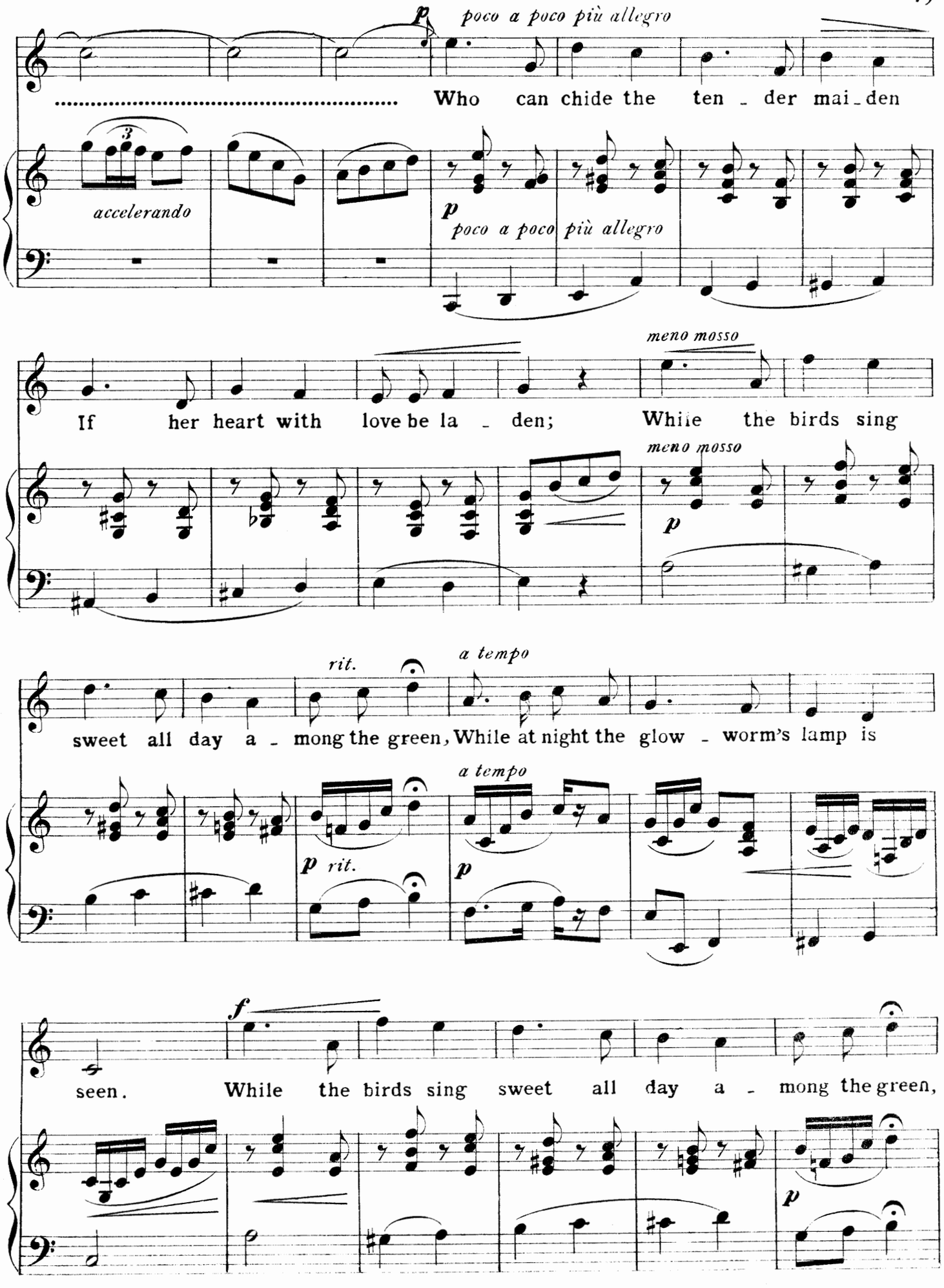
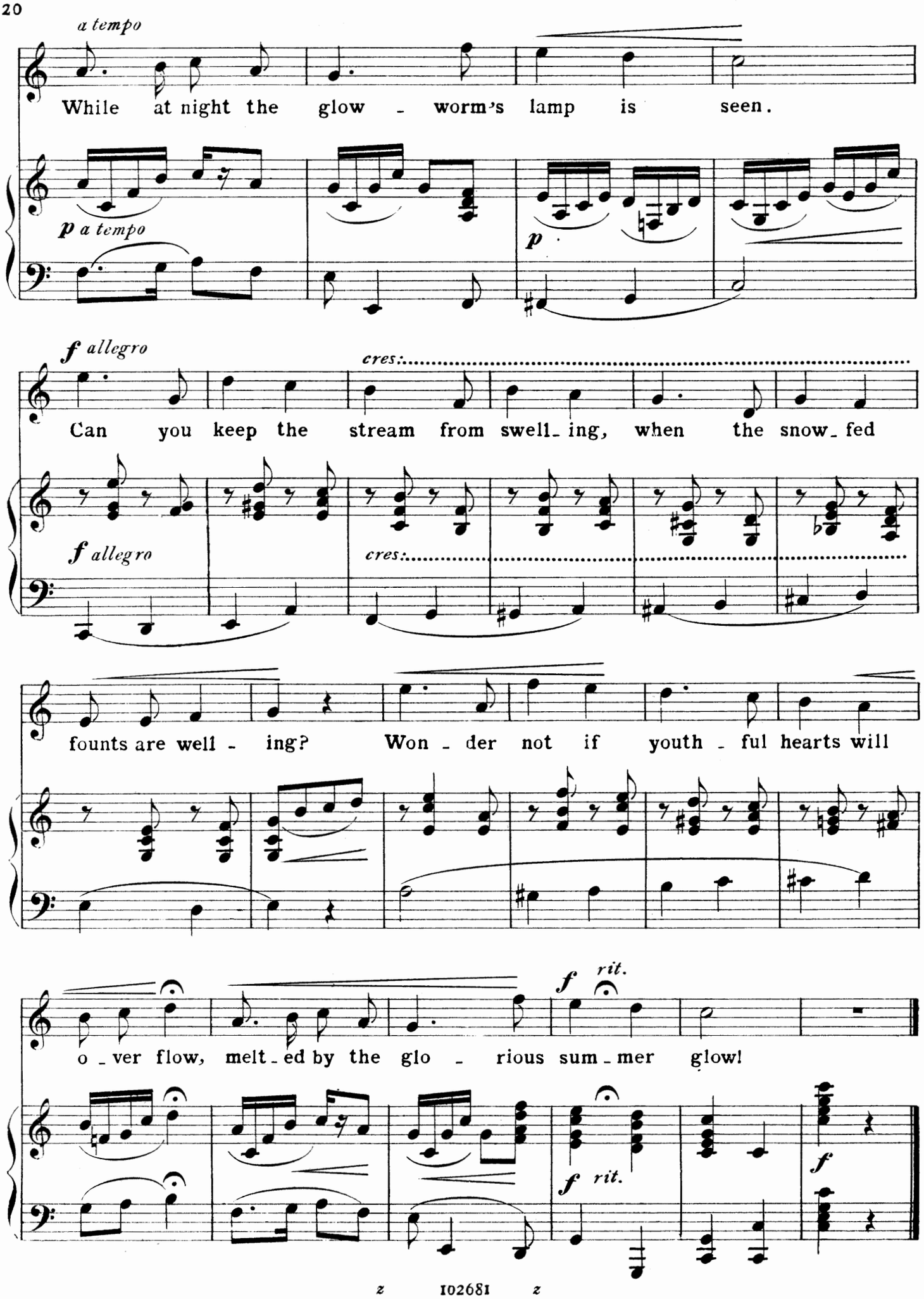

a tempo
On the cheeks of lov_ers see the red flush burn! Would you count their
rit.
a tempo
a tempo
p rit.
a tempo
blush_es such a crime? ah! You must blame the mad and mer_ry
rit.
rit.
sum_mer time! Merry..... merry..... summer.....
rit.
a tempo
p
a tempo
time! Would you count their blush_es such a crime? ah!


rit
Yon must blame the mad and mer - ry sum - mer time! Merry.....
p rit.
pp
merry..... summer..... time!
f
p
pp
f
mf
rit. pp
a tempo
Sweet - est is the dove when coo - ing with her mate!
rit.
pp
a tempo
rit.
a tempo
Pret - ty mai - dens ought to wed be - fore too late;
rit.
a tempo
rit.


f a tempo
mf
Dal_ly_ing to mar_ry in their prime, ah! turn_ing in_to fad_ed roses:
f a tempo
rit.
a tempo
is the crime Bloom on!..... Love on!..... now's the..... time!
a tempo
rit.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
pp
a tempo
Dal_ly_ing to mar_ry in their prime, ah! Turn_ing in to faded roses
pp
a tempo
rit.
a tempo
f rit.
f cres:.....
is the crime, Bloom on!..... Love on!..... now's the..... time.....
a tempo
f rit.
rit.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *


p
poco a poco più allegro
Who can chide the ten - der mai - den
accelerando
p
poco a poco più allegro
meno mosso
If her heart with love be la - den; While the birds sing
meno mosso
p
rit.
a tempo
sweet all day a - mong the green, While at night the glow - worm's lamp is
a tempo
p rit.
p
f
seen. While the birds sing sweet all day a - mong the green,
p


a tempo
While at night the glow - worm's lamp is seen.
p a tempo
p
f allegro
cres:
Can you keep the stream from swell_ing, when the snow_fed
f allegro
cres:
founts are well - ing? Won - der not if youth - ful hearts will
o_ver flow, melt_ed by the glo - rious sum_mer glow!
f rit.
f rit.
f

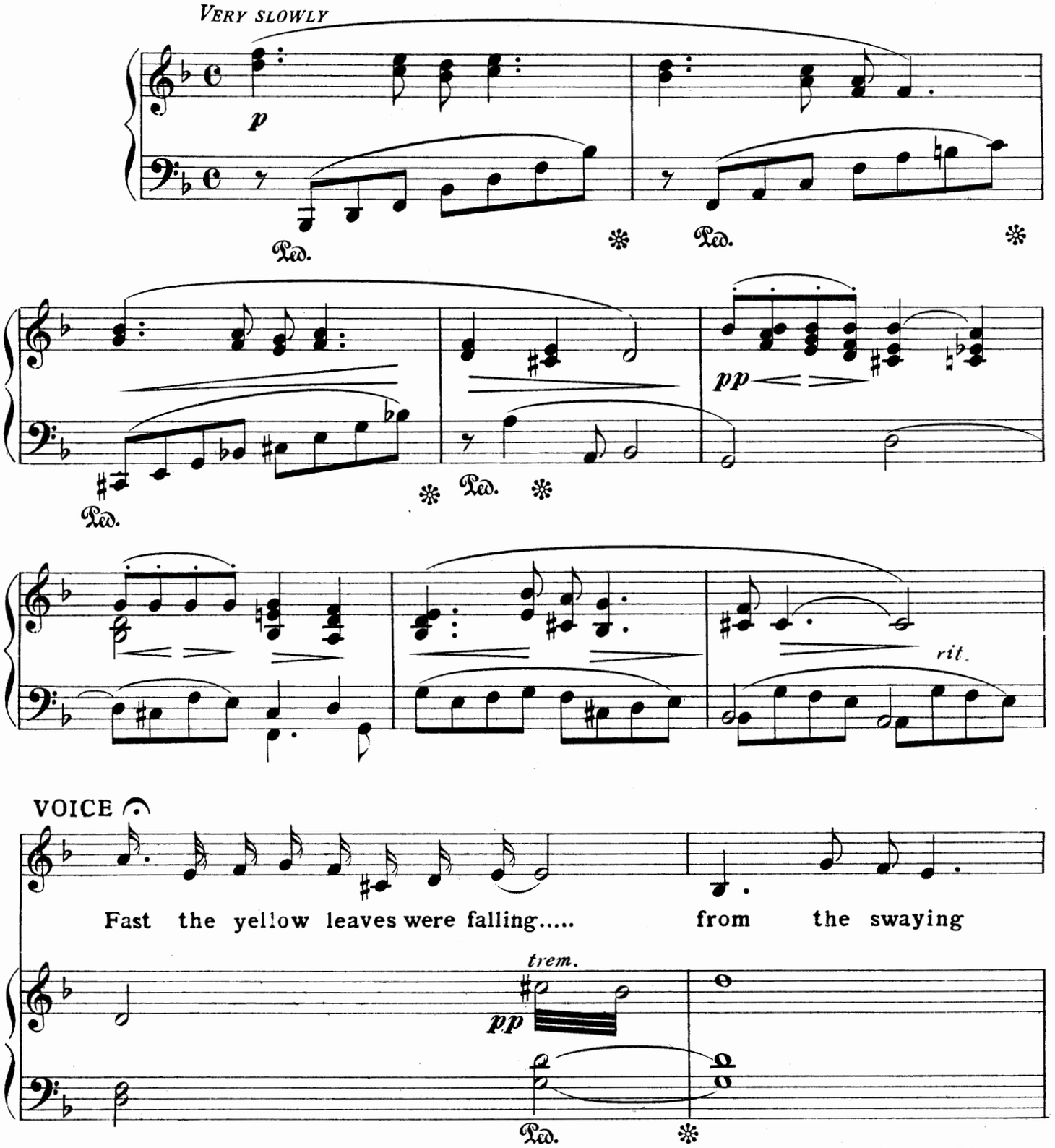
TWELVE MAGYAR SONGS

N.°5.

FAST THE YELLOW LEAVES ARE FALLING

Magyar Folk Song

FRANCIS KORBAY



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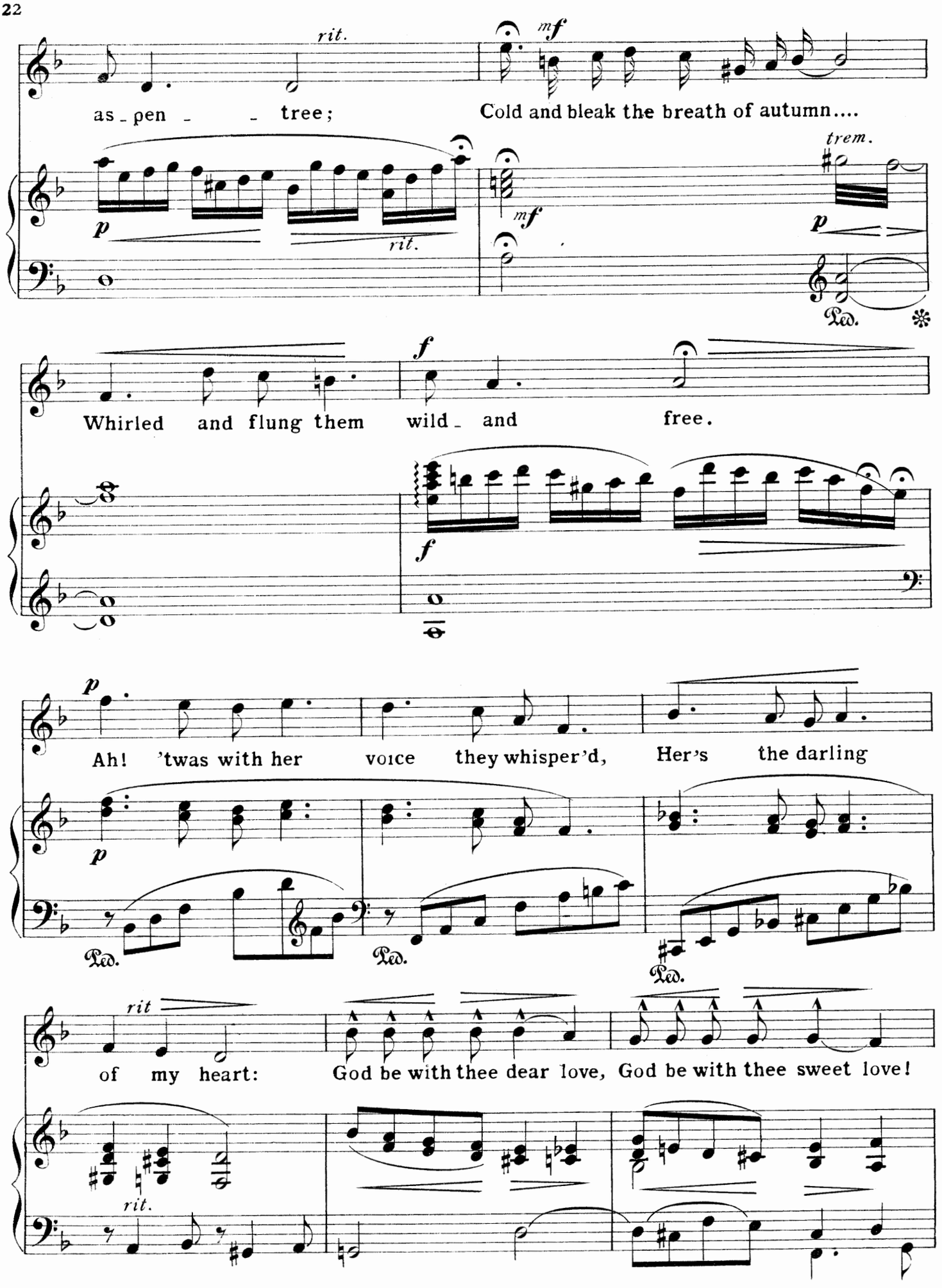
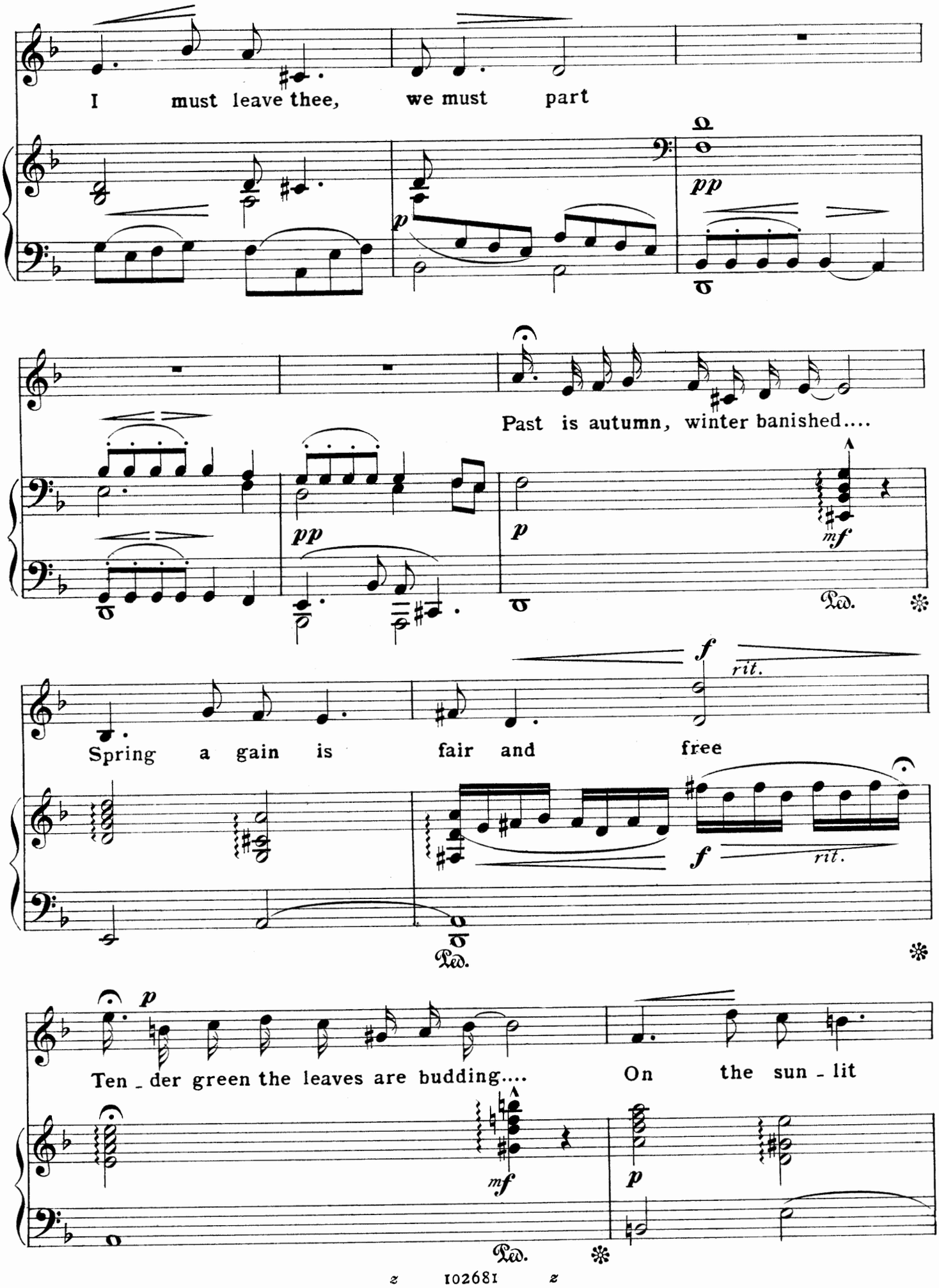
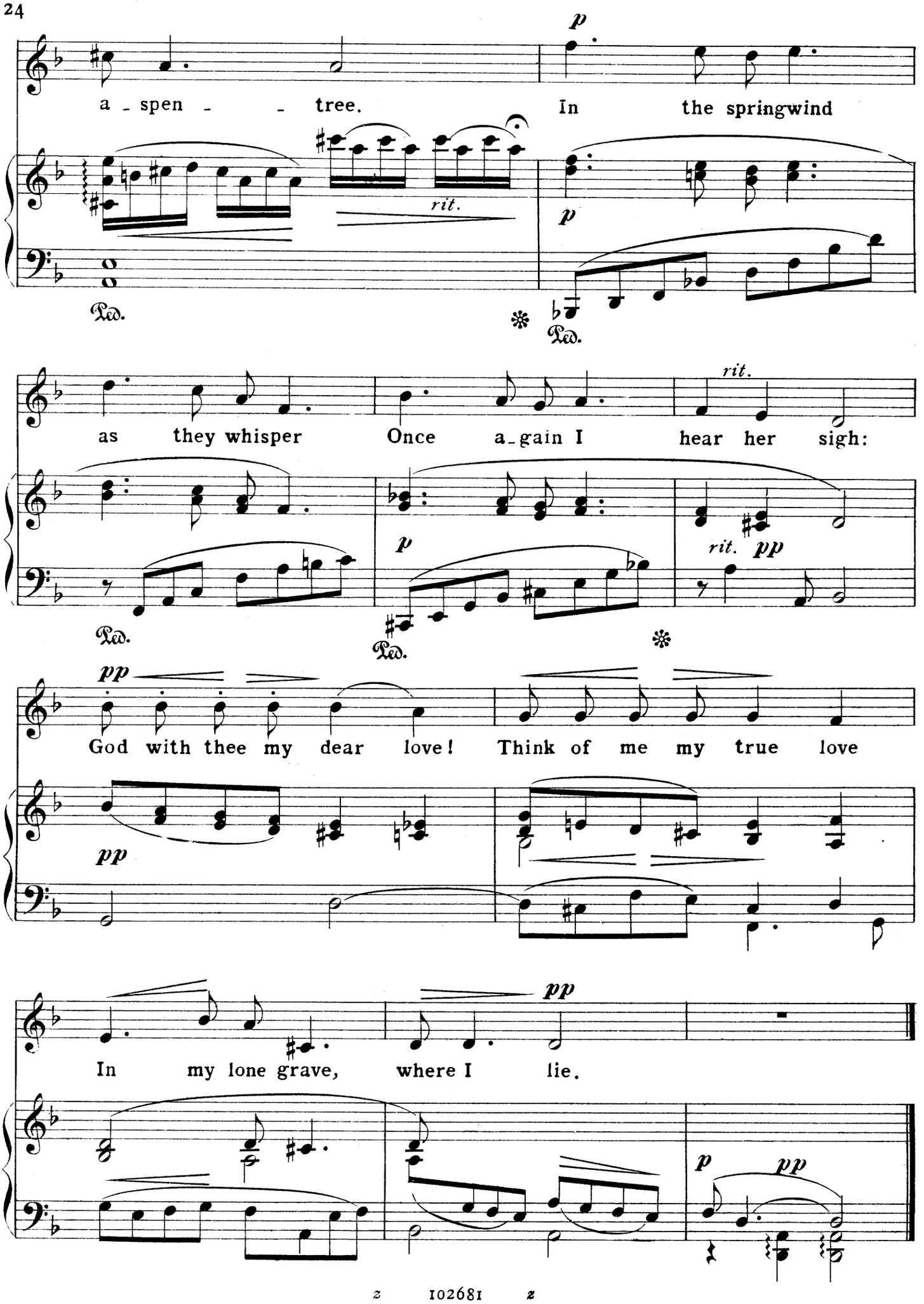

rit.
mf
as - pen - - tree;
Cold and bleak the breath of autumn....
trem.
p
rit.
mf
p
Ped.
Whirled and flung them wild - and free.
f
f
p
Ah! 'twas with her voice they whisper'd, Her's the darling
p
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
rit
of my heart:
God be with thee dear love, God be with thee sweet love!
rit.


I must leave thee, we must part
pp
p
Past is autumn, winter banished....
pp
p
mf
Ped.
Spring a gain is fair and free
f
rit.
f
rit.
Ped.
p
Ten - der green the leaves are budding....
On the sun - lit
mf
p
Ped.


a - spen - - tree. In the springwind

as they whisper Once a-gain I hear her sigh:

God with thee my dear love! Think of me my true love
In my lone grave, where I lie.

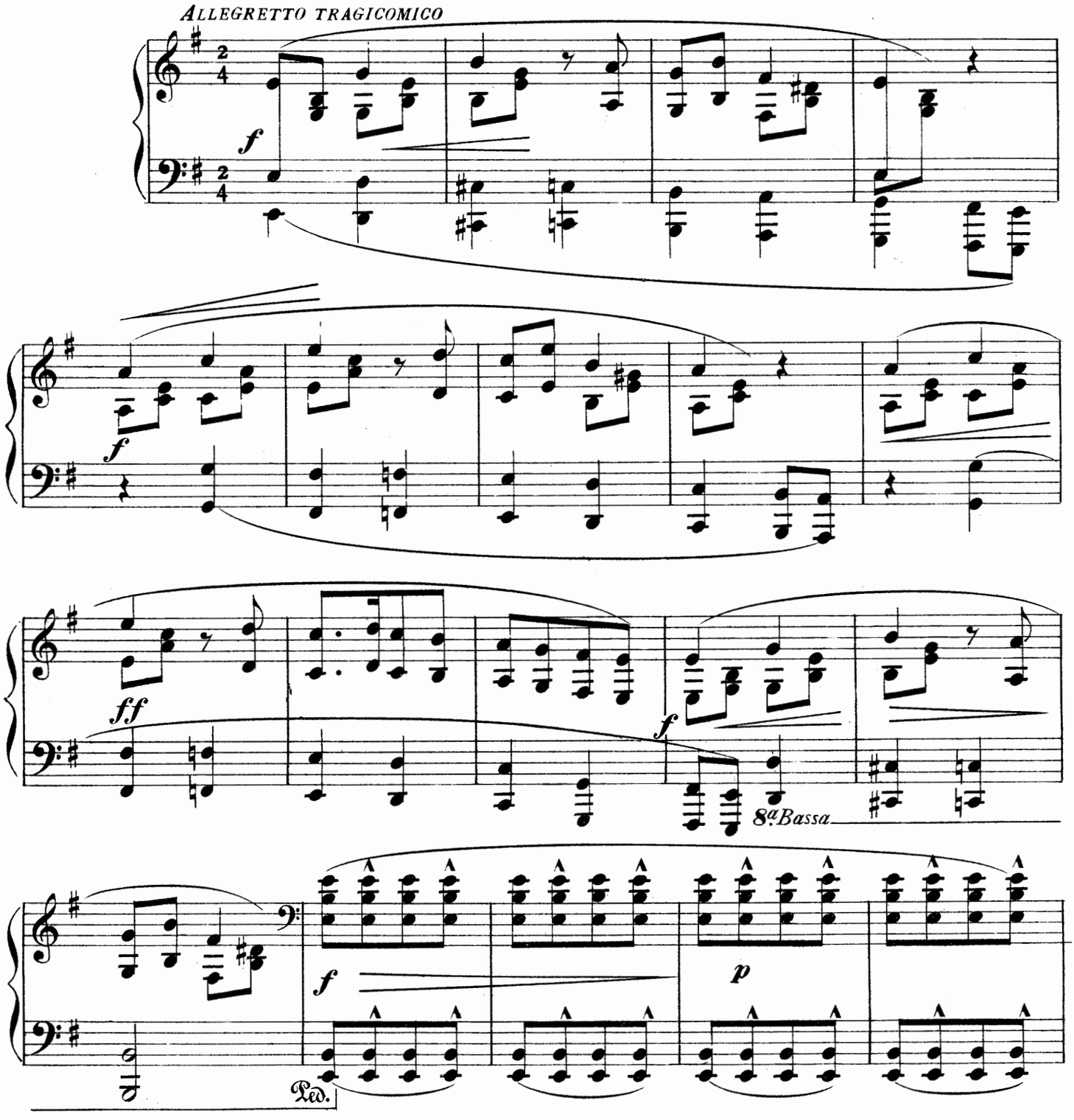
TWELVE MAGYAR SONGS

N.o 6.

MY HEART AND I!

Magyar Folk Song motivs.

FRANCIS KORBAY



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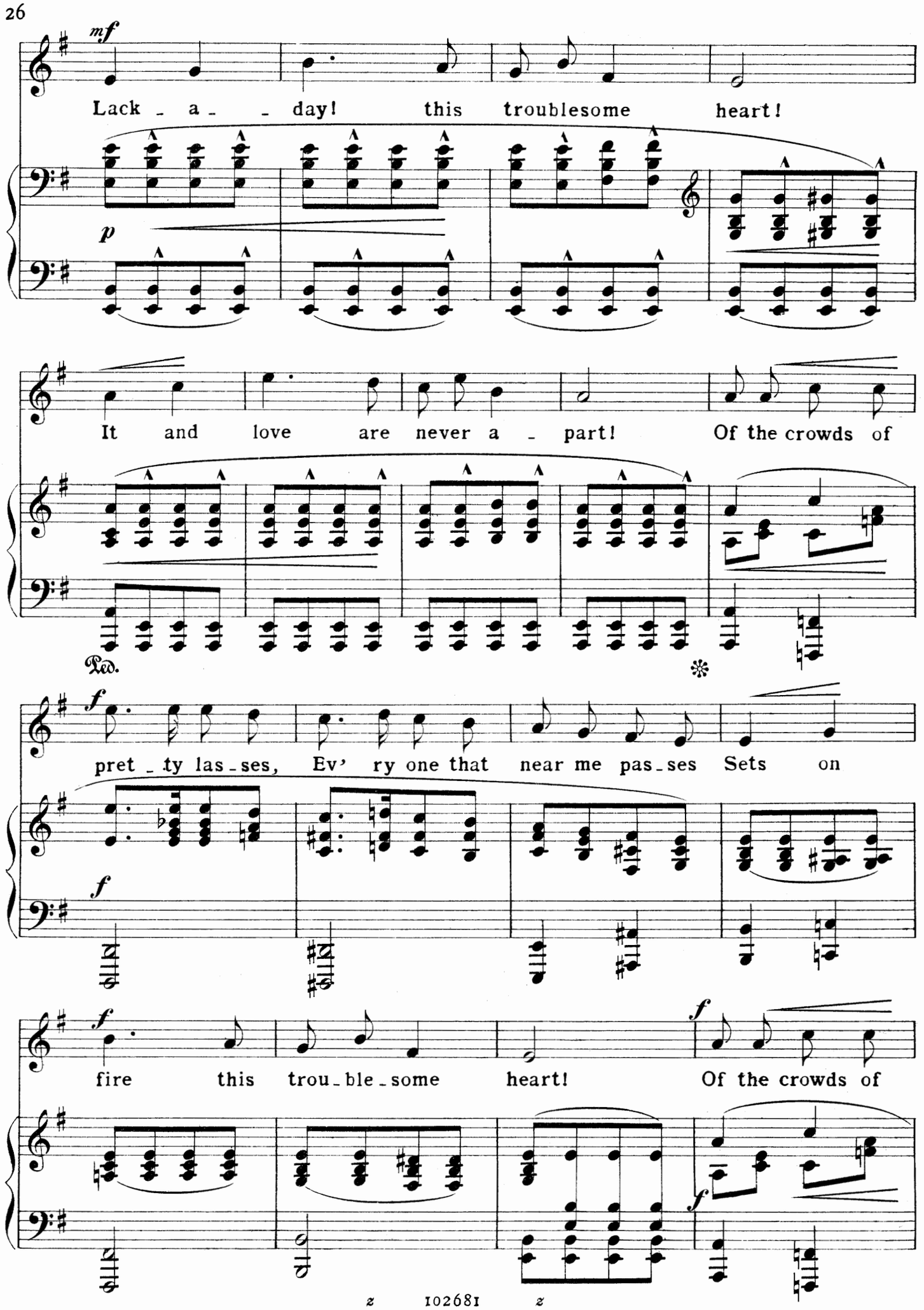
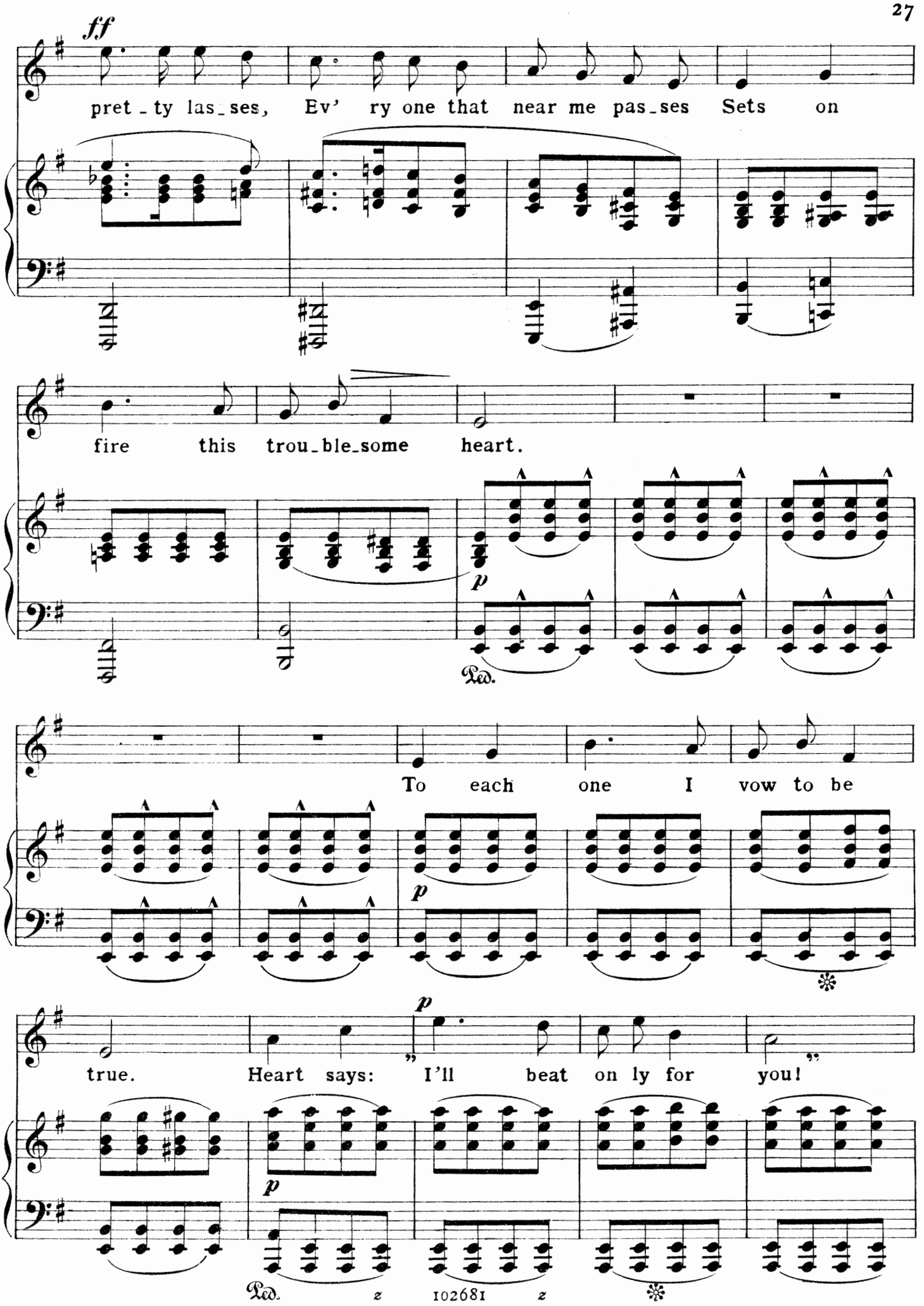
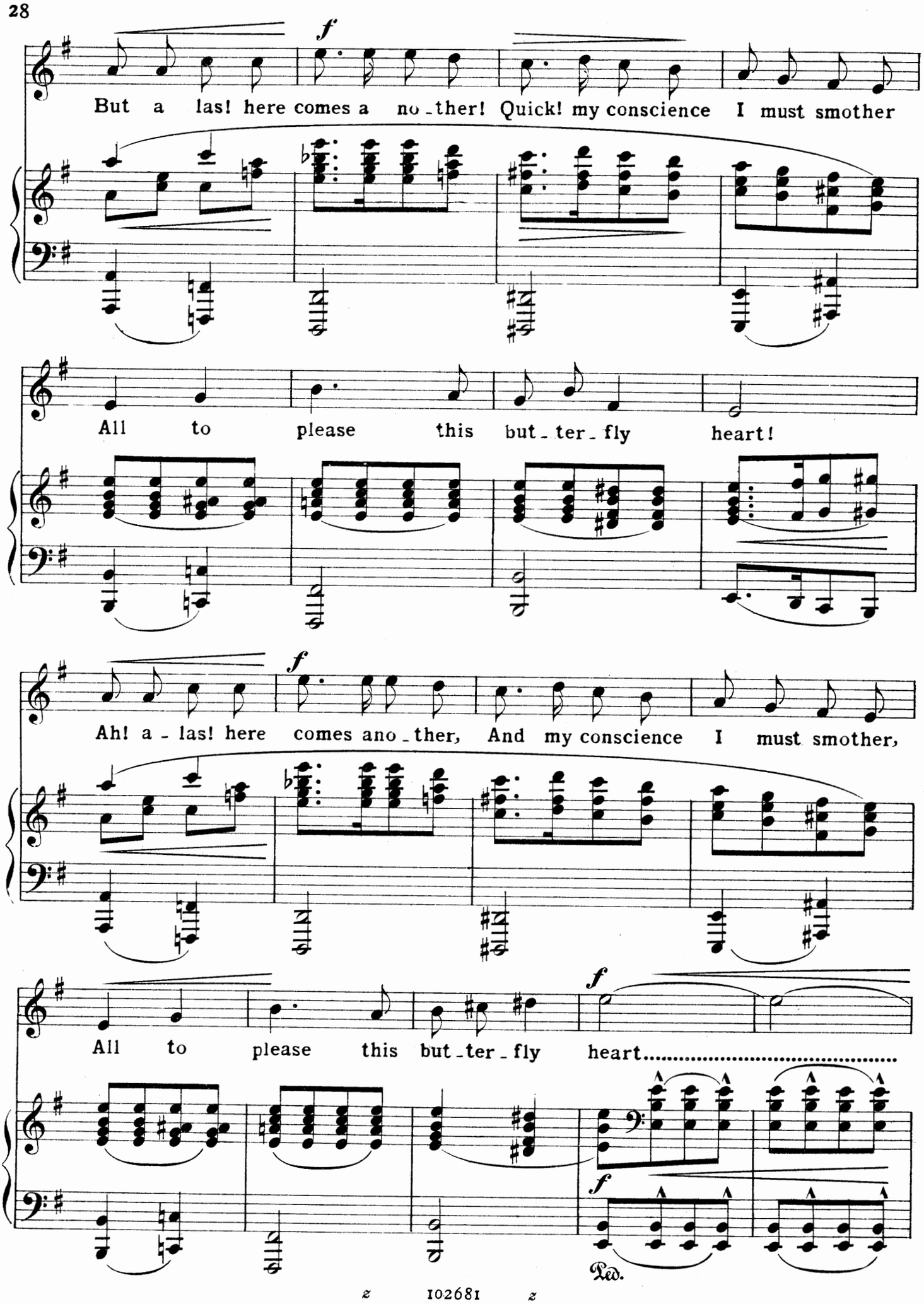
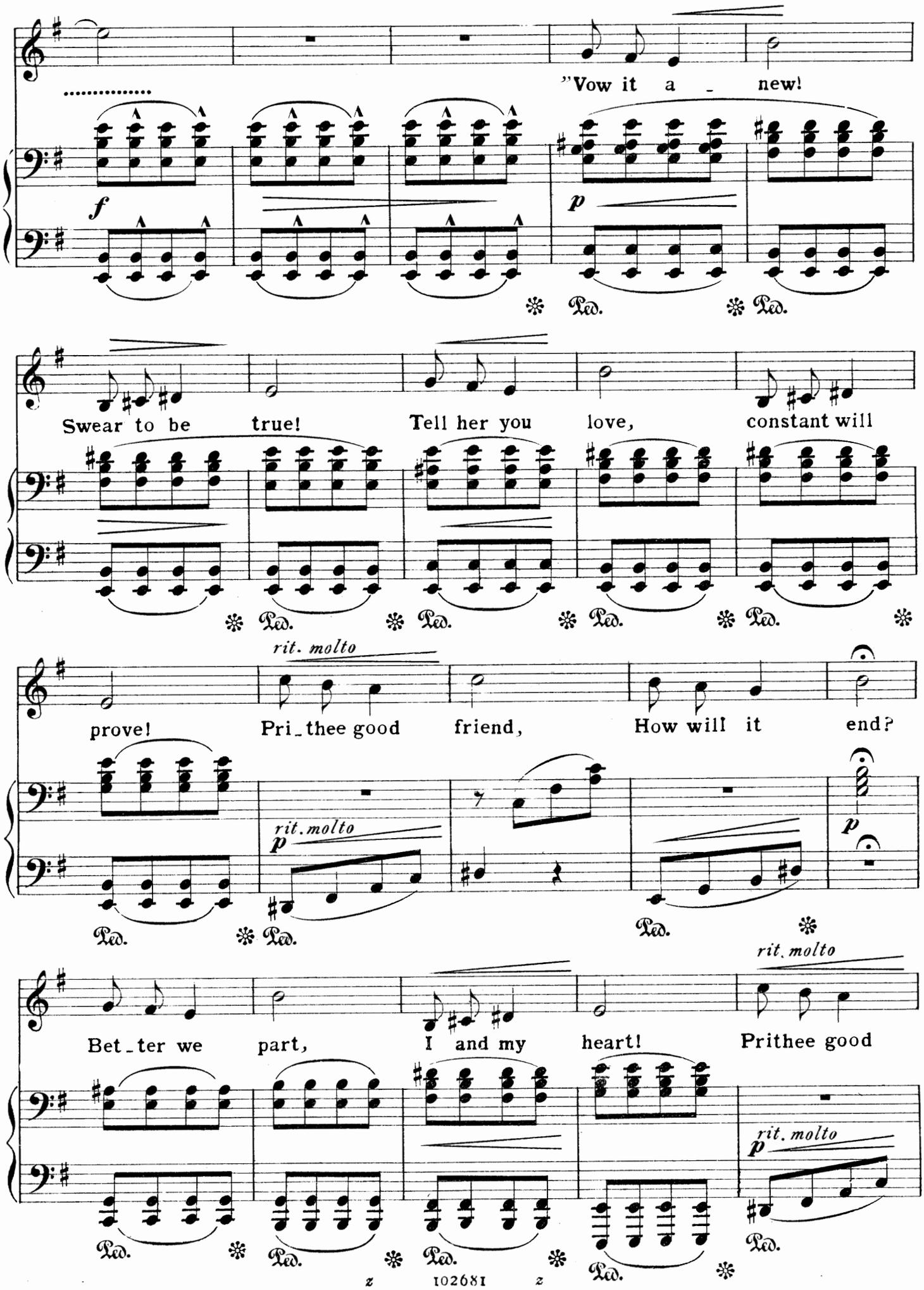
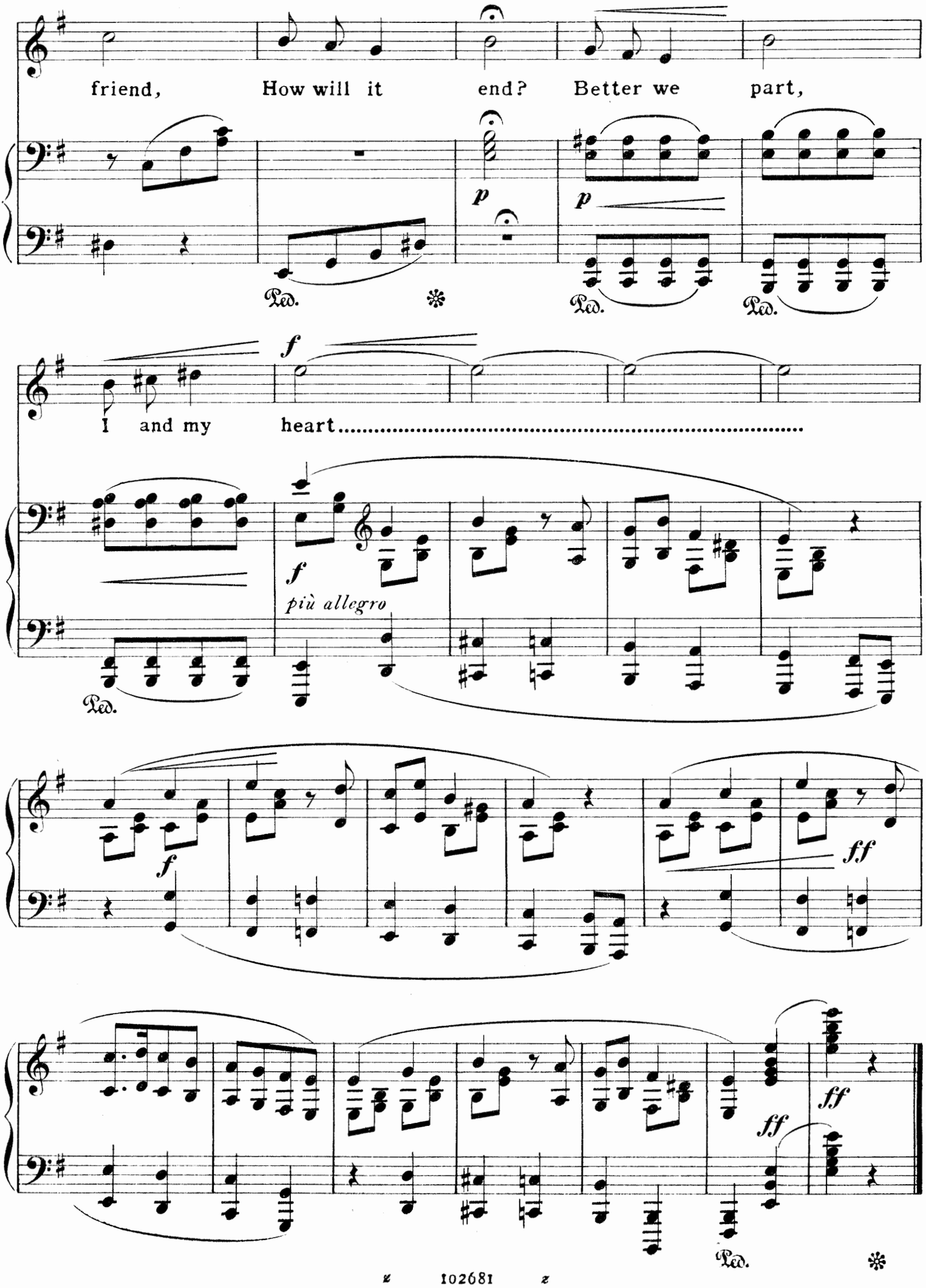

mf
Lack - a - - day! this troublesome heart!
p
It and love are never a - part! Of the crowds of
Ped.
*
f
pret - ty las - ses, Ev' ry one that near me pas - ses Sets on
f
f
fire this trou - ble - some heart! Of the crowds of
f


ff
pret - ty las - ses, Ev' ry one that near me pas - ses Sets on
fire this trou - ble - some heart.
p
Ped.
To each one I vow to be
p
true. Heart says: I'll beat on ly for you!
p
Ped.
102681


f
But a las! here comes a no-ther! Quick! my conscience I must smother
All to please this but-ter-fly heart!
f
Ah! a-las! here comes ano-ther, And my conscience I must smother,
All to please this but-ter-fly heart.....
f
f
Ped.


"Vow it a - new!
Swear to be true! Tell her you love, constant will
prove! Pri-thee good friend, How will it end?
Bet-ter we part, I and my heart! Prithee good
rit. molto
Ped.

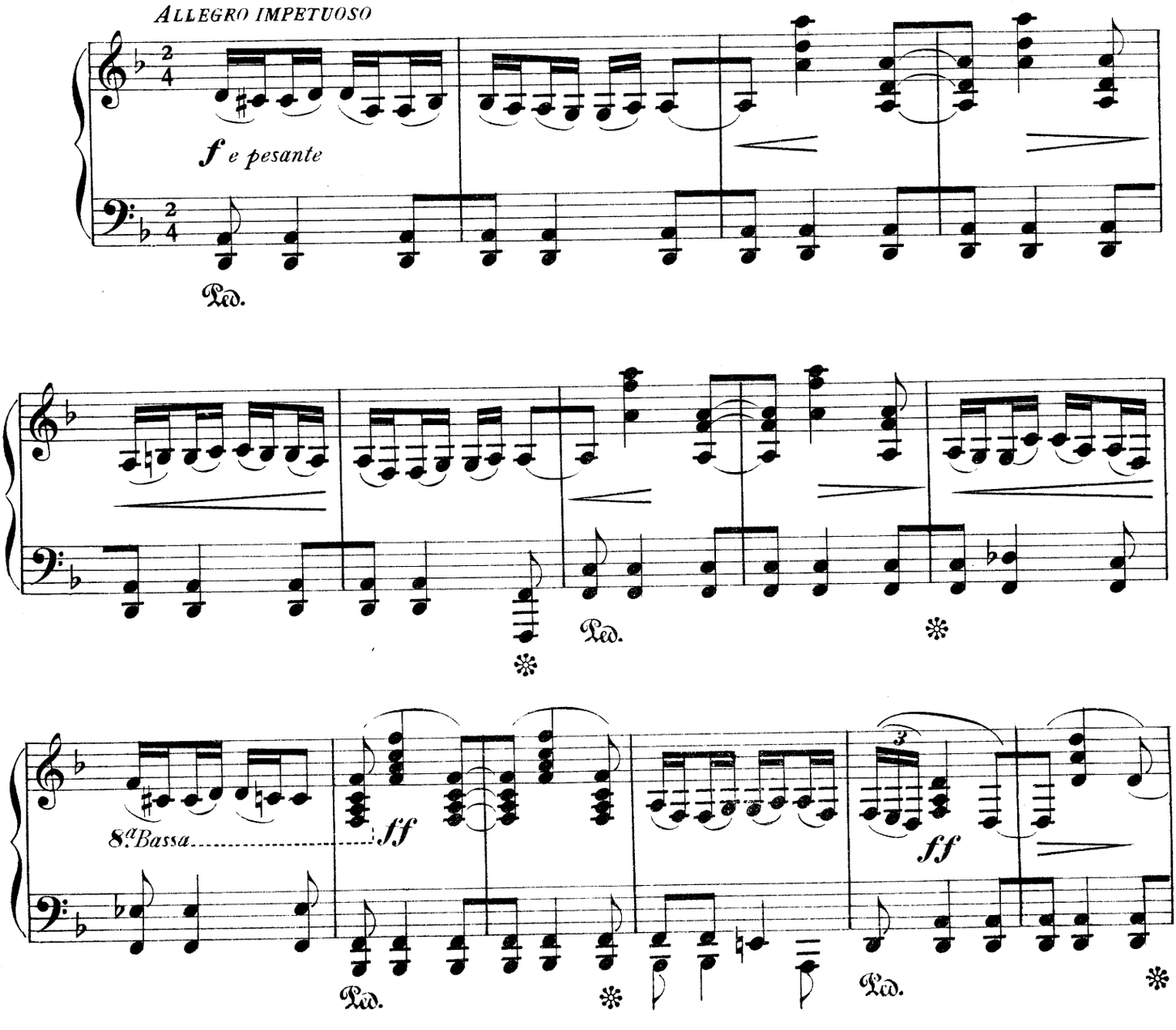

friend, How will it end? Better we part,
p
p
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
f
I and my heart.....
f
più allegro
Ped.
f
ff
ff
ff
Ped.

TWELVE MAGYAR SONGS

N.° 7.

WEDDING-MUSIC SWELLING!

Magyar Folk Song. FRANCIS KORBAY



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VOICE *meno mosso*

f

Hark! the wedding mu - sic swelling! Ah!.....

meno mosso

f

Ped.

f

Now the bride has left her dwelling! Ah!.....

mf

Oh! may ev'ry joy forsake her! Ah!.....

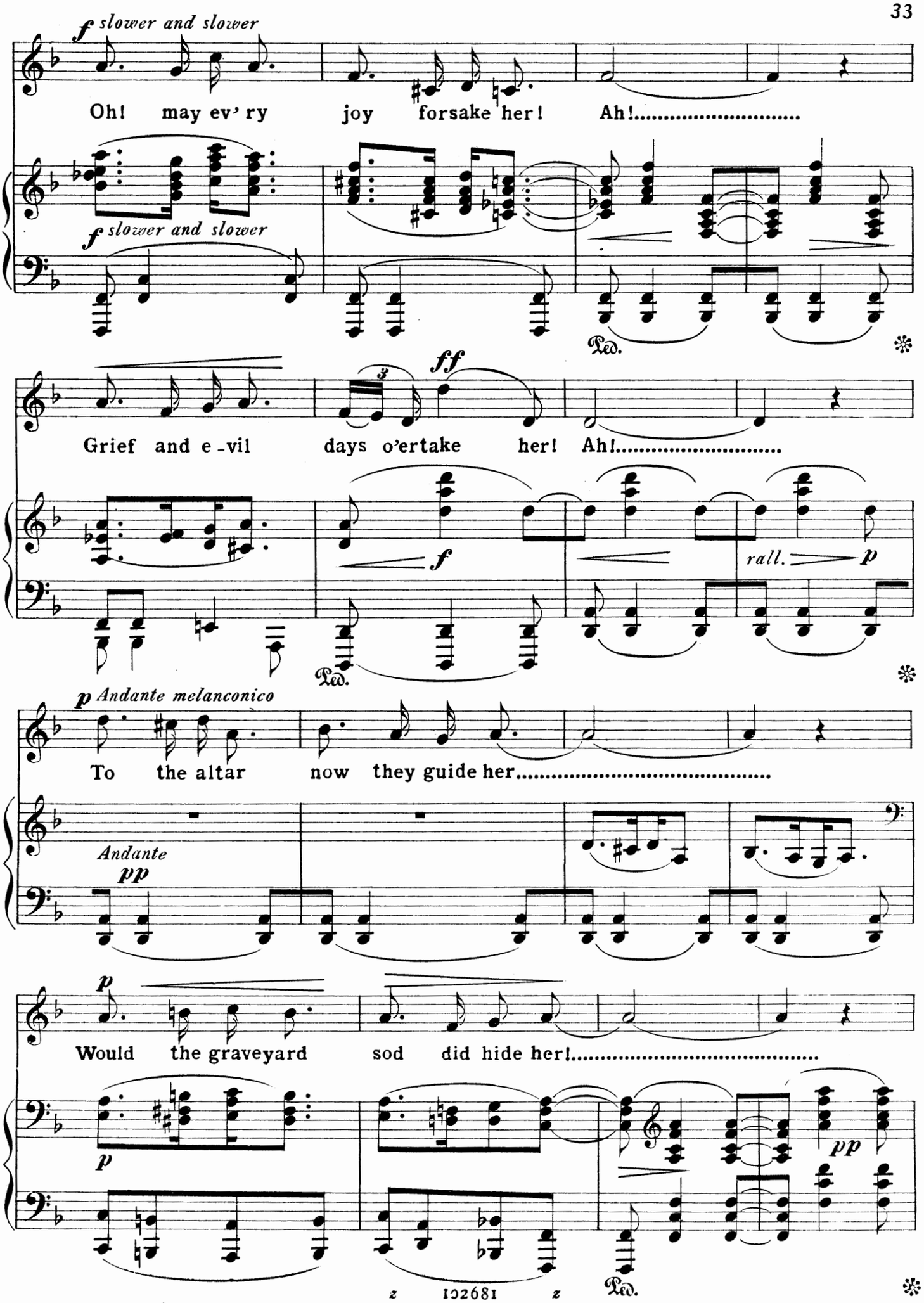
Ped.

f

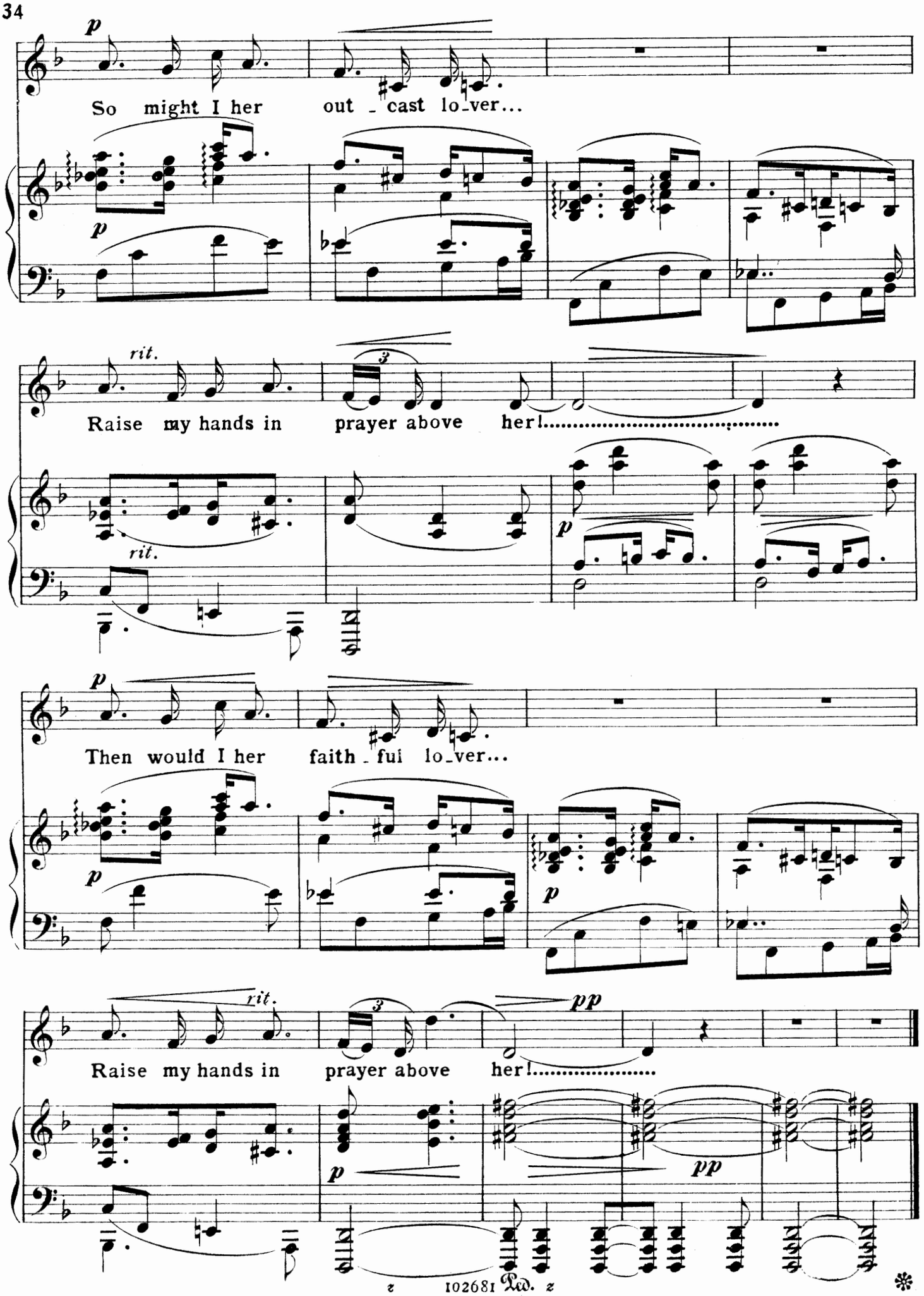
Grief and ev_il days o'er_take her! Ah!.....

p

Ped.


f slower and slower
Oh! may ev' ry joy forsake her! Ah!.....
f slower and slower
Ped.
ff
Grief and e-vil days o'ertake her! Ah!.....
f
rall.
p
Ped.
p Andante melanconico
To the altar now they guide her.....
Andante
pp
p
Would the graveyard sod did hide her!.....
p
pp
Ped.

z 102681 z


p
So might I her out - cast lo-ver...
rit.
Raise my hands in prayer above her!.....
p
Then would I her faith - ful lo-ver...
rit.
pp
Raise my hands in prayer above her!.....
pp
102681 Pd.

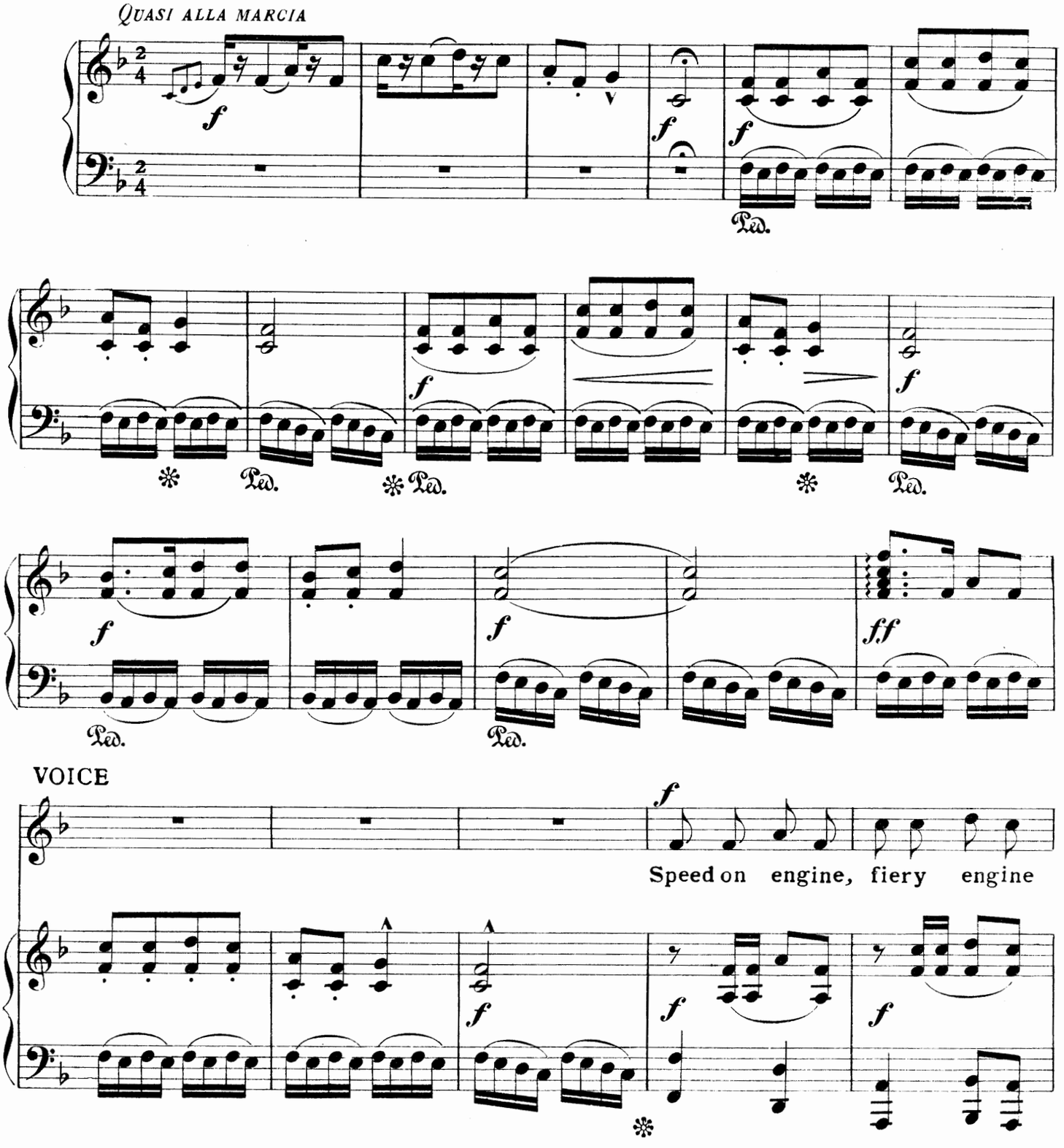
TWELVE MAGYAR SONGS

N.º 8.

OFF TO THE FRONT!

Magyar Folk Song motiv

FRANCIS KORBAY



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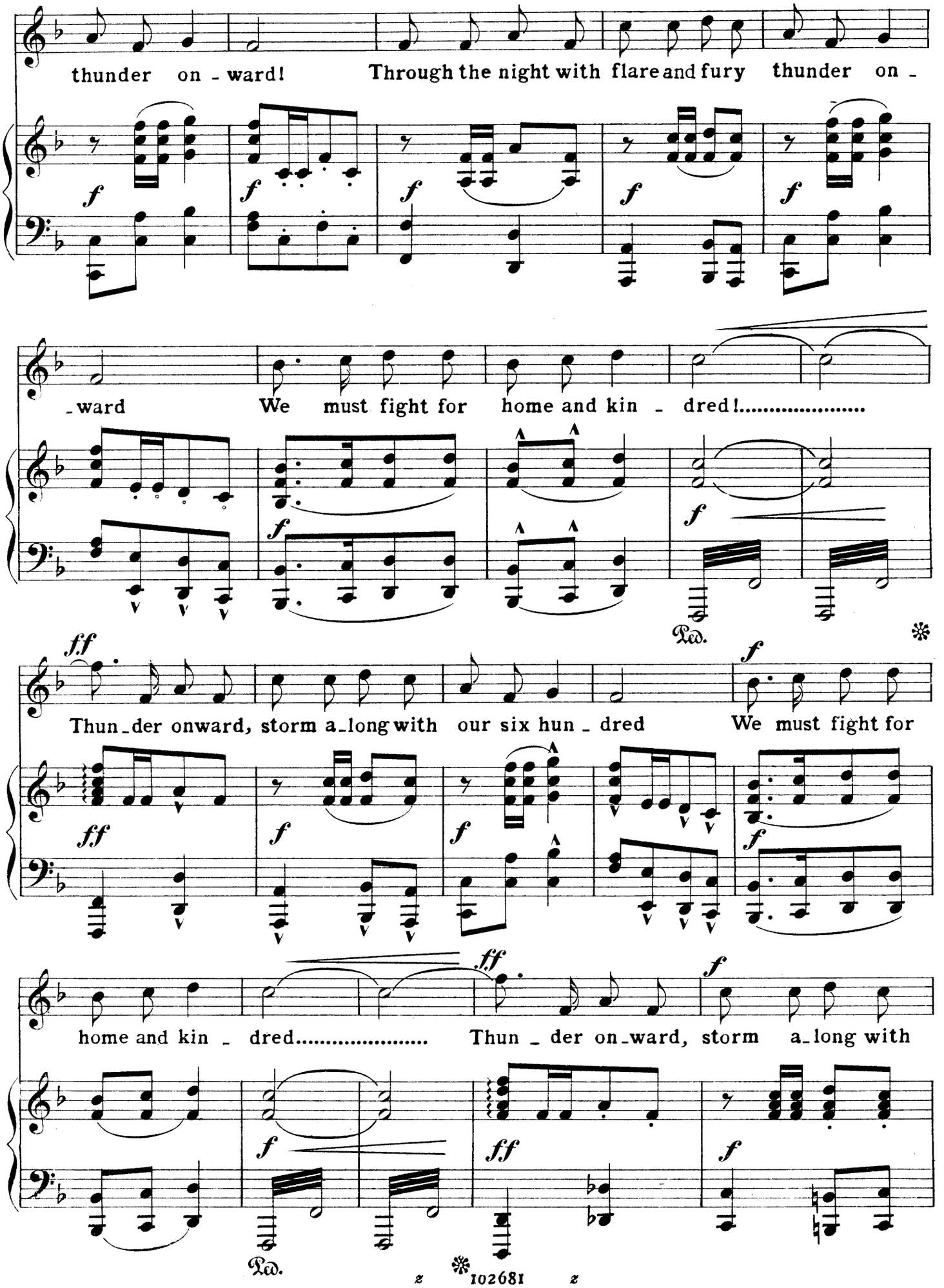
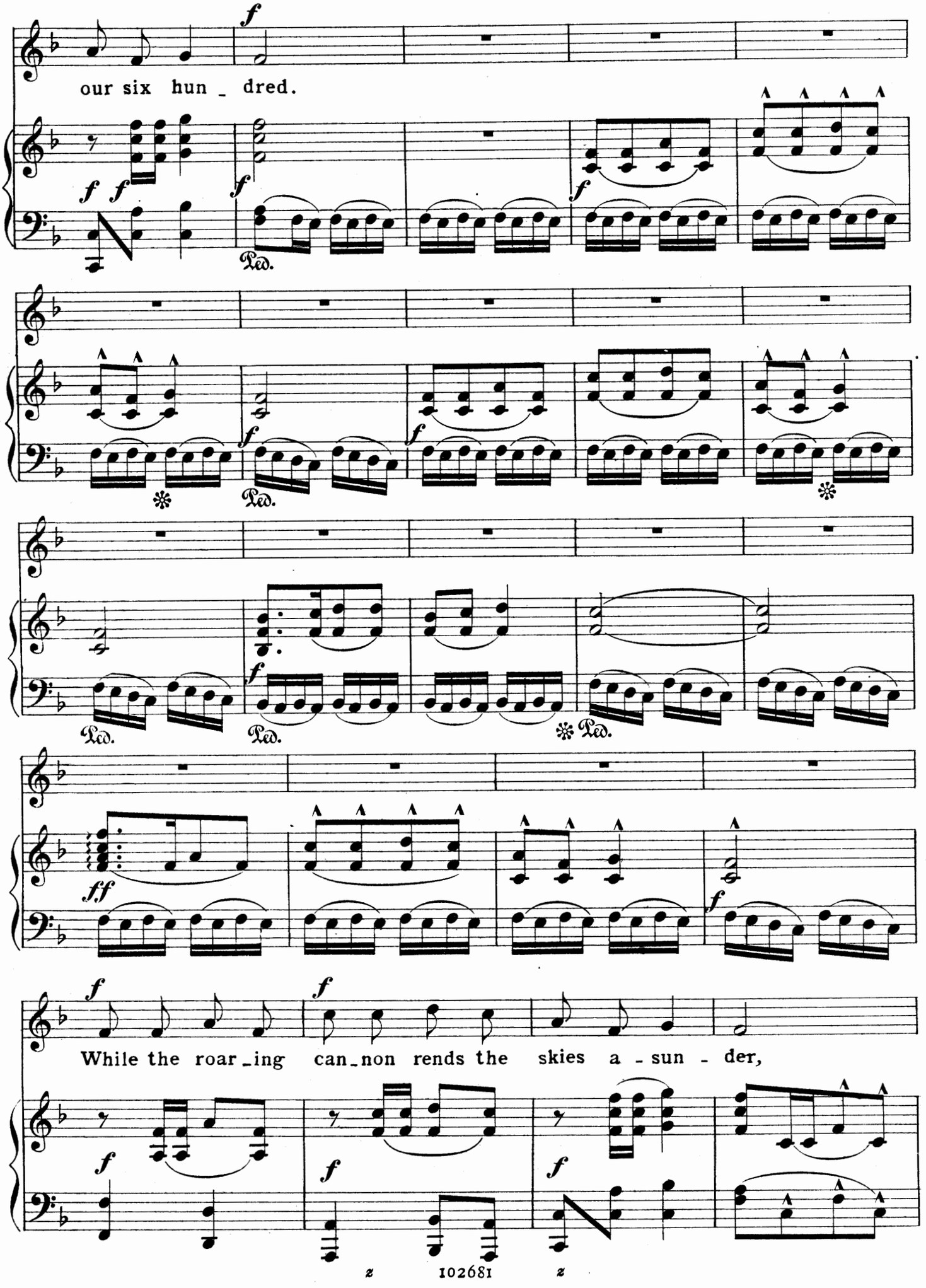
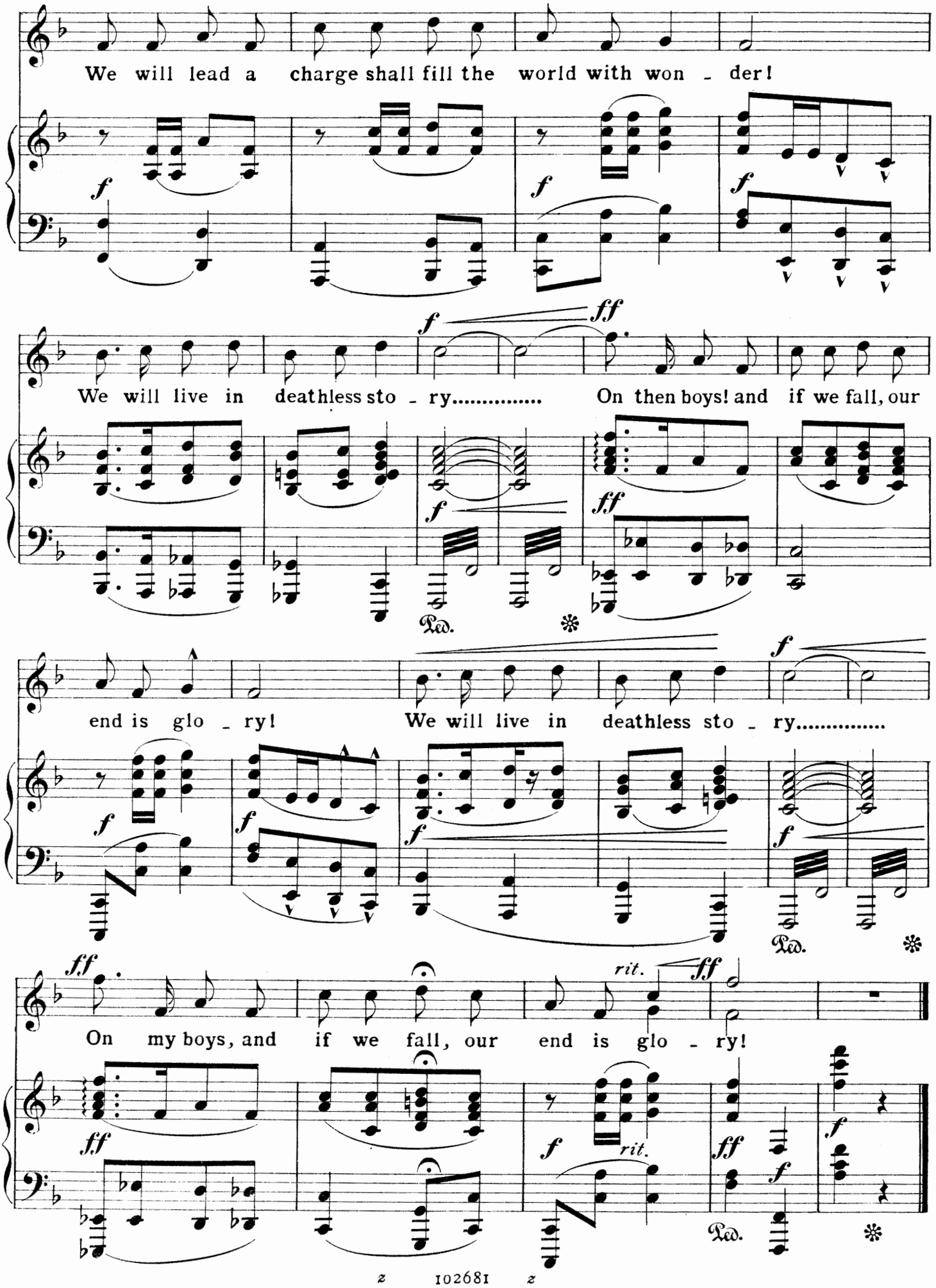

thunder on - ward! Through the night with flare and fury thunder on -
- ward We must fight for home and kin - dred!.....
Thun - der onward, storm a - long with our six hun - dred We must fight for
home and kin - dred..... Thun - der on - ward, storm a - long with
Ped.
Ped.


our six hun _ dred.
While the roar _ing can _non rends the skies a _ sun _ der,


We will lead a charge shall fill the world with won - der!
We will live in deathless sto - ry..... On then boys! and if we fall, our
end is glo - ry! We will live in deathless sto - ry.....
On my boys, and if we fall, our end is glo - ry!
rit.
Ped.

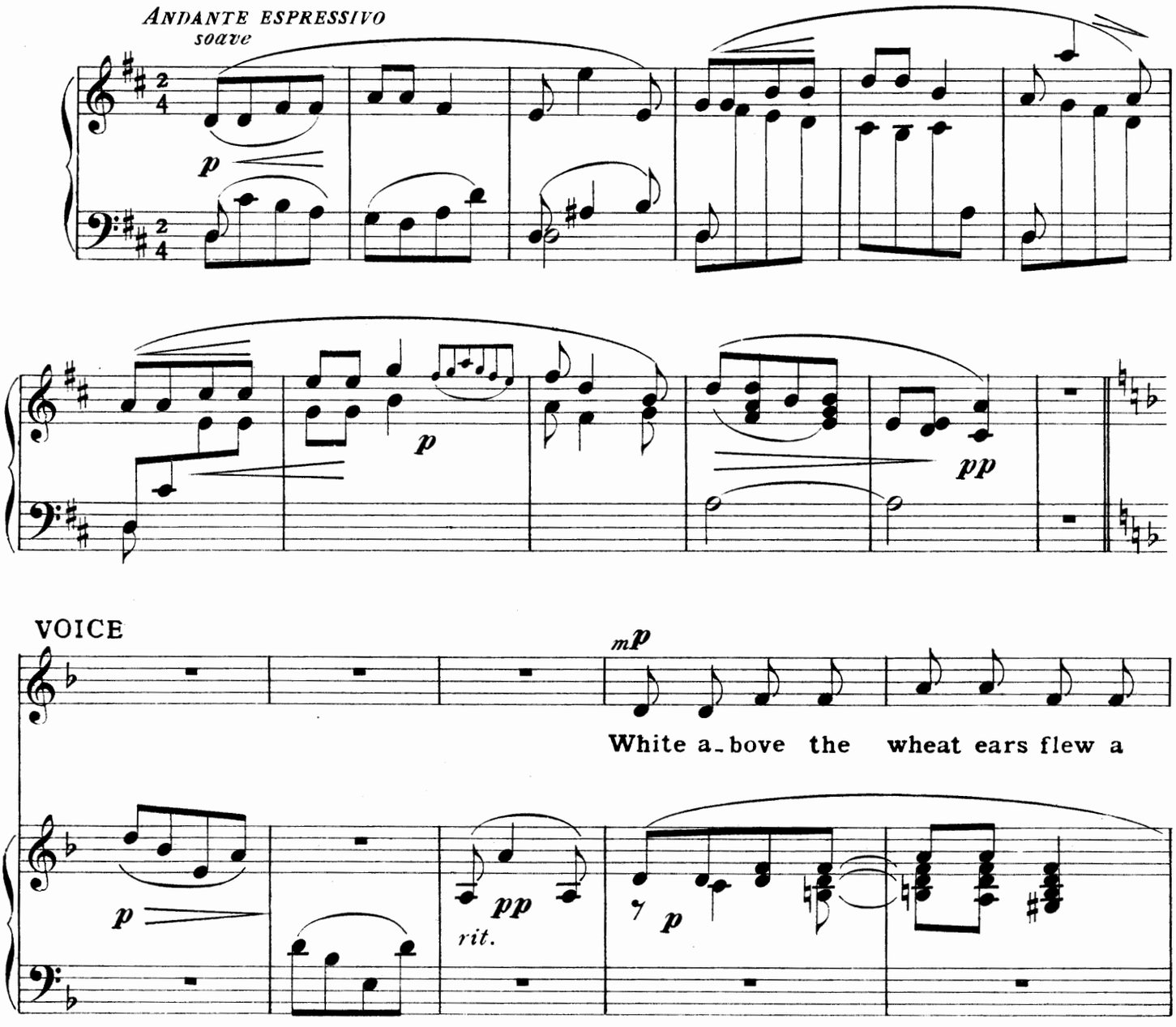
TWELVE MAGYAR SONGS

N.9.

FORSAKEN

Magyar Folk Song

FRANCIS KORBAY



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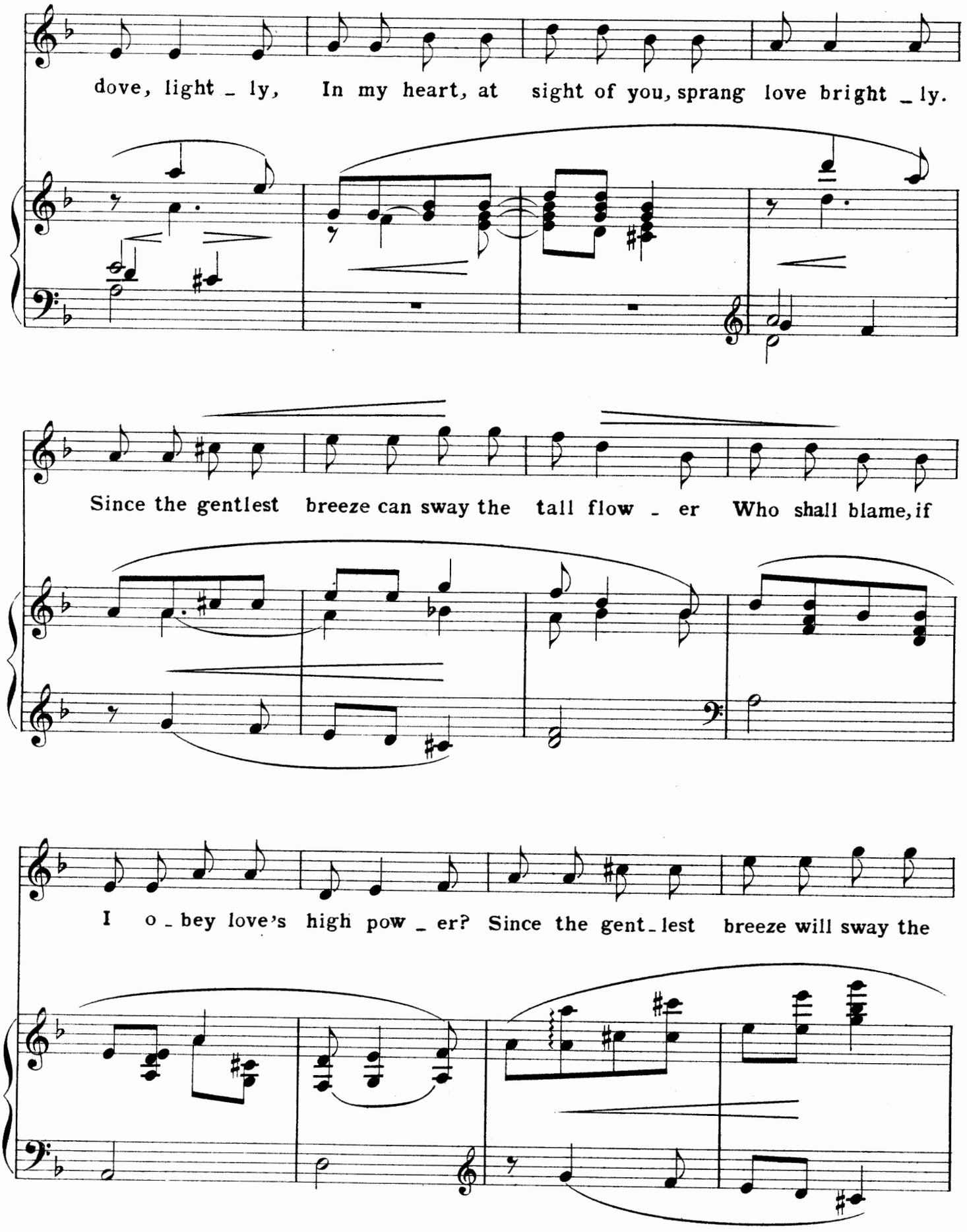
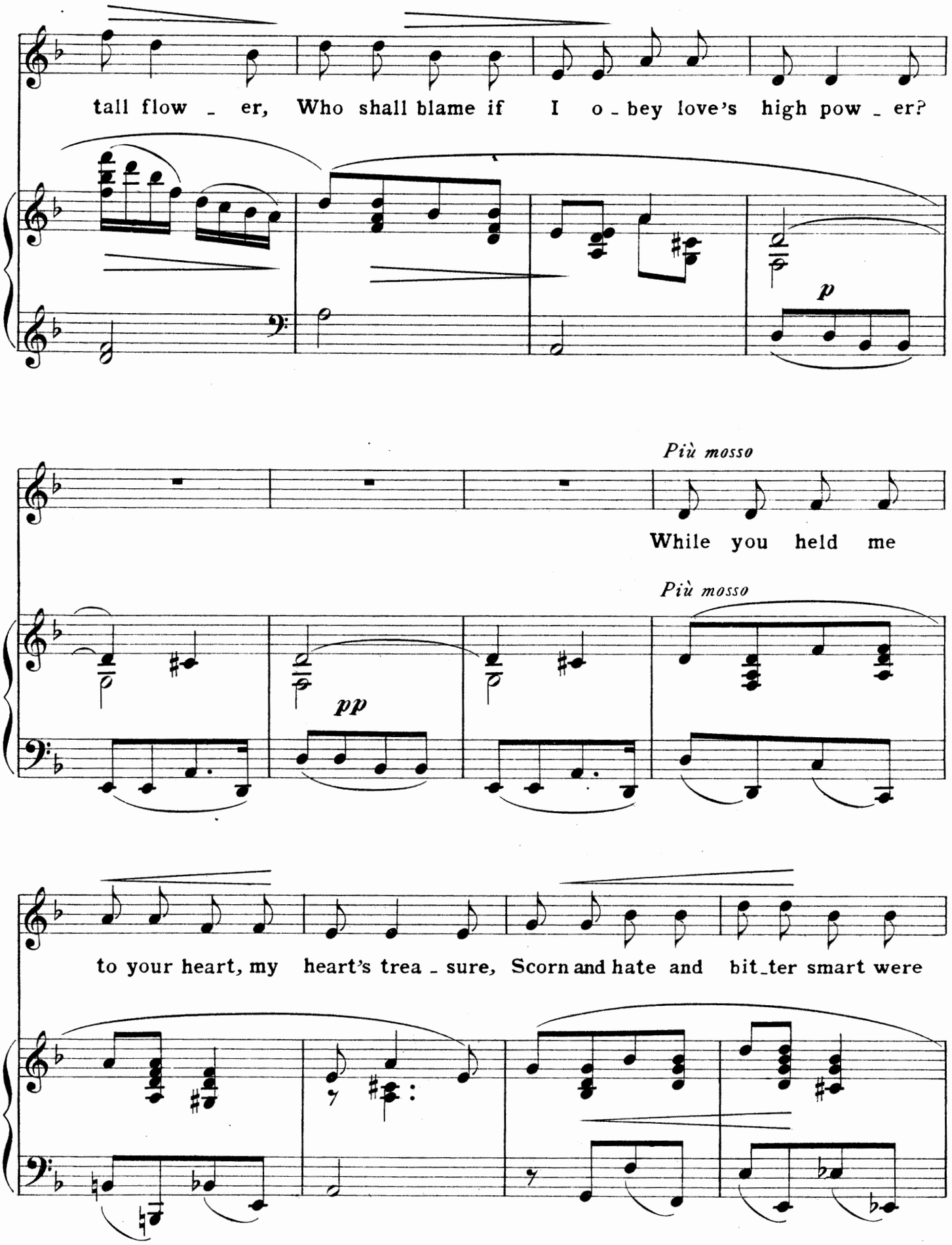
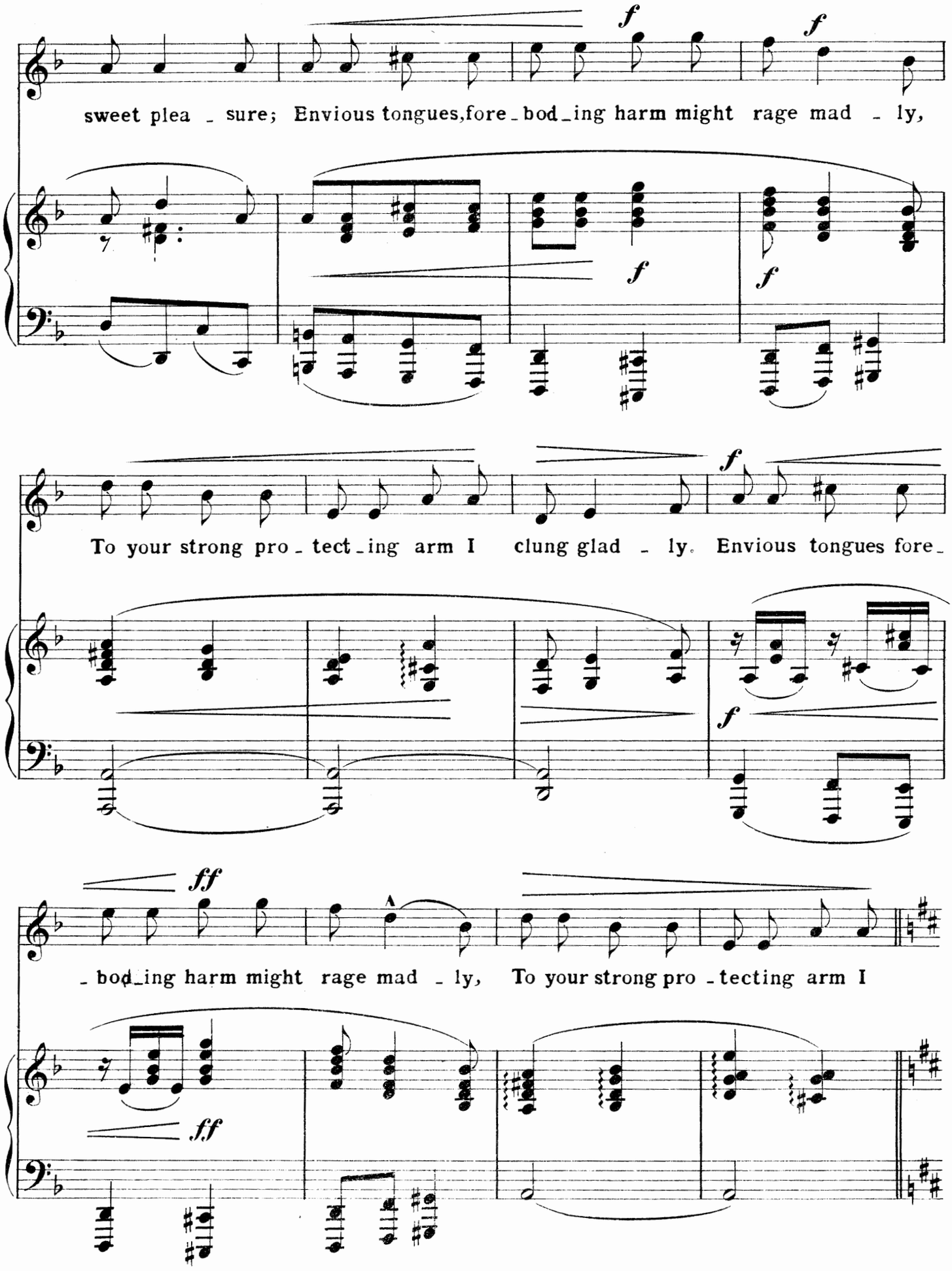
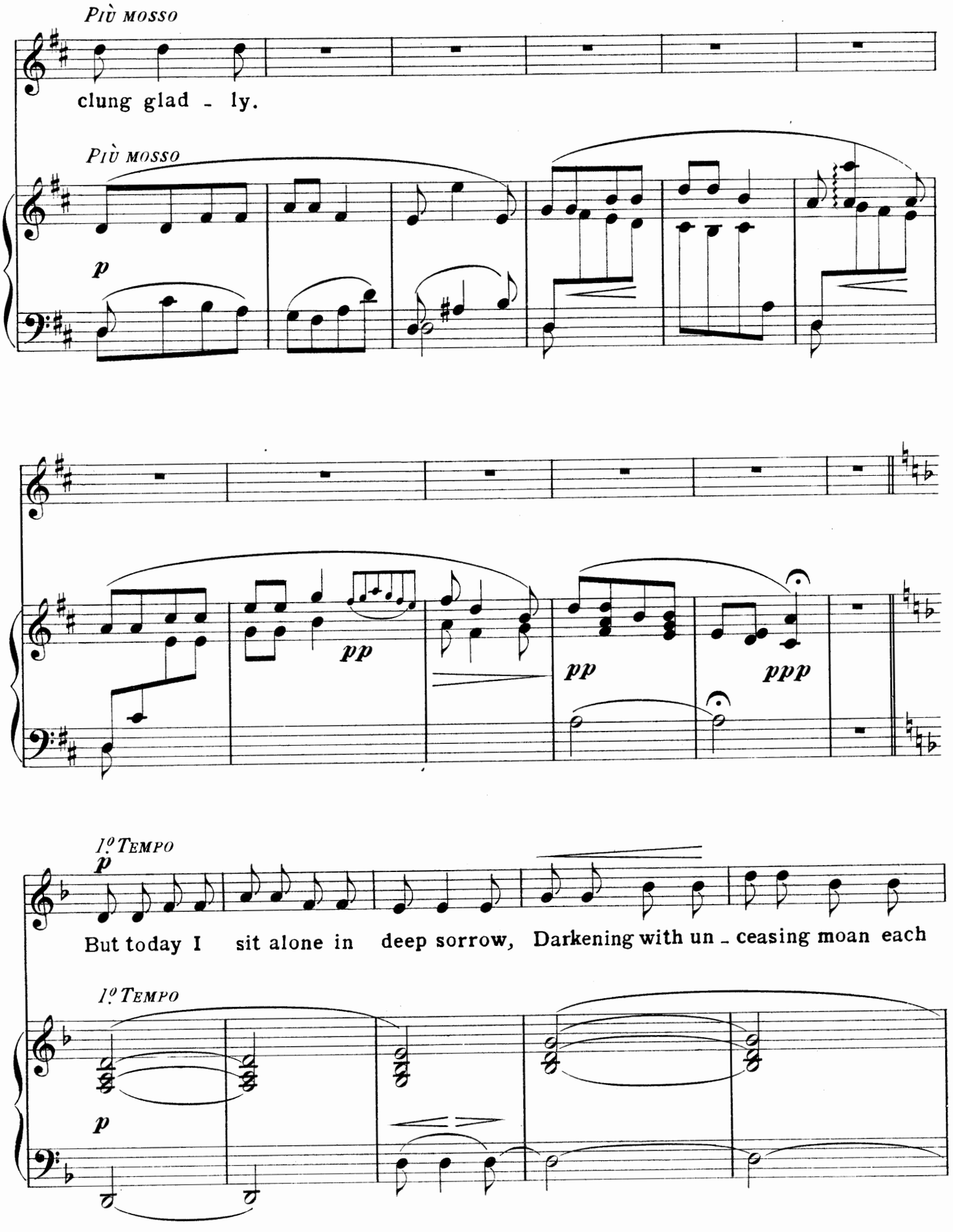
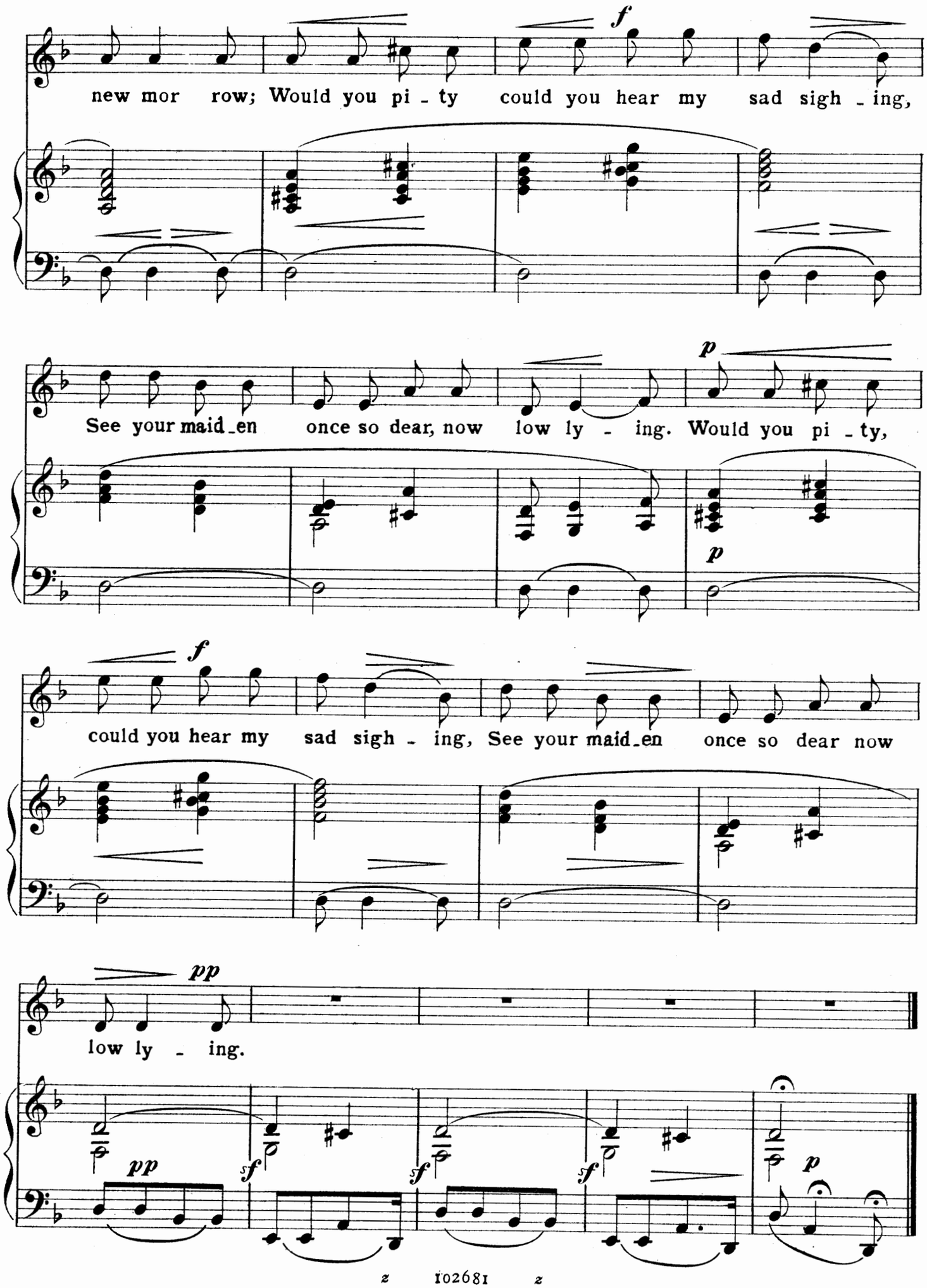

dove, light _ ly, In my heart, at sight of you, sprang love bright _ ly.
Since the gentlest breeze can sway the tall flow _ er Who shall blame, if
I o _ bey love's high pow _ er? Since the gent _ lest breeze will sway the


tall flow _ er, Who shall blame if I o _ bey love's high pow _ er?
p
Più mosso
While you held me
Più mosso
pp
to your heart, my heart's trea _ sure, Scorn and hate and bit _ ter smart were


f
f
sweet plea - sure; Envious tongues, fore - bod - ing harm might rage mad - ly,
f
f
f
To your strong pro - tect - ing arm I clung glad - ly. Envious tongues fore -
f
ff
A
- bod - ing harm might rage mad - ly, To your strong pro - tecting arm I
ff


Più mosso
clung glad - ly.
Più mosso
p
pp
pp
ppp
1º Tempo
p
But today I sit alone in deep sorrow, Darkening with un - ceasing moan each
1º Tempo
p


new mor row; Would you pi - ty could you hear my sad sigh - ing,
See your maid-en once so dear, now low ly - ing. Would you pi - ty,
could you hear my sad sigh - ing, See your maid-en once so dear now
low ly - ing.

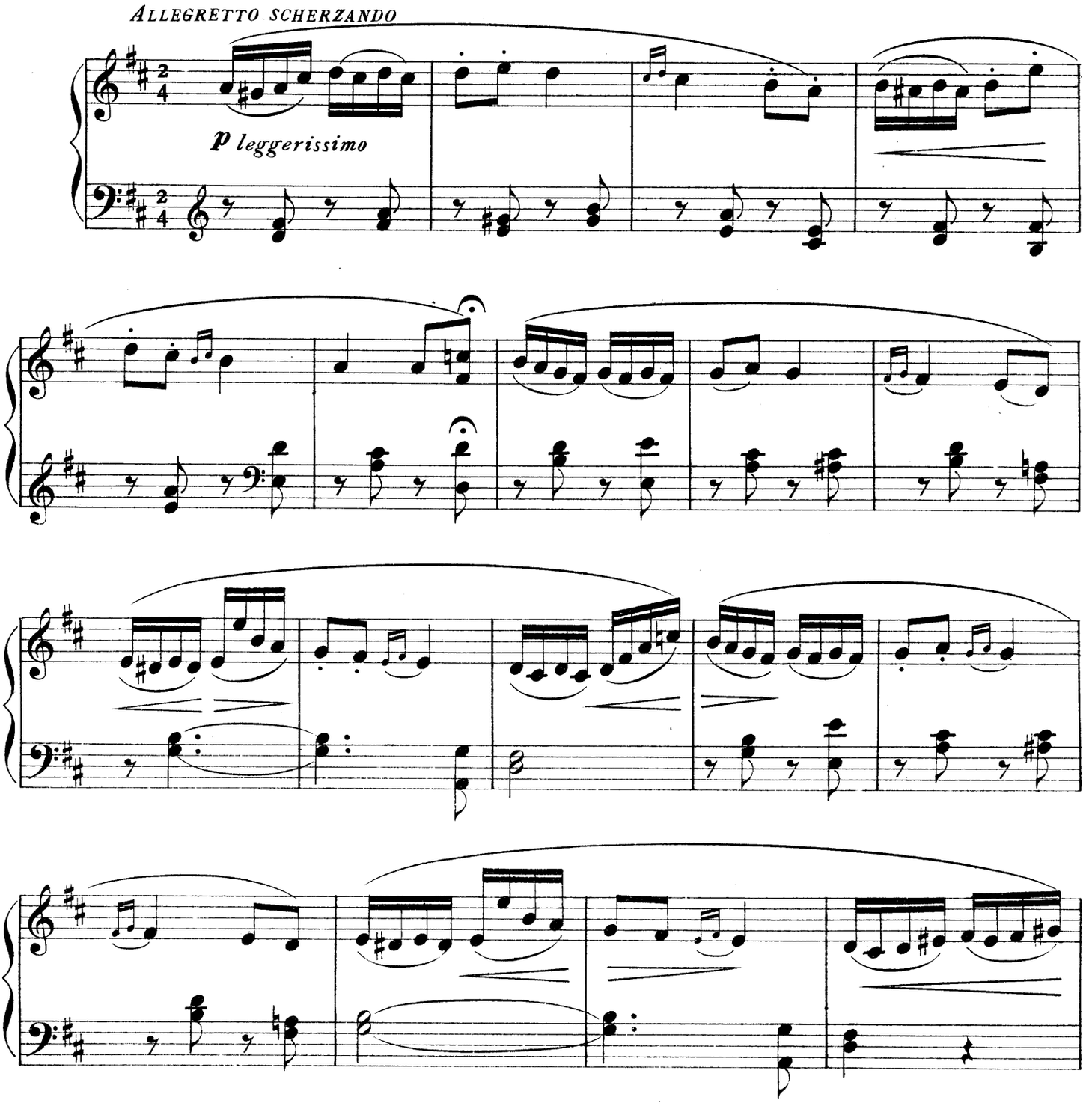
TWELVE MAGYAR SONGS

N°10.

IMPATIENCE

Magyar Folk Song.

FRANCIS KORBAY



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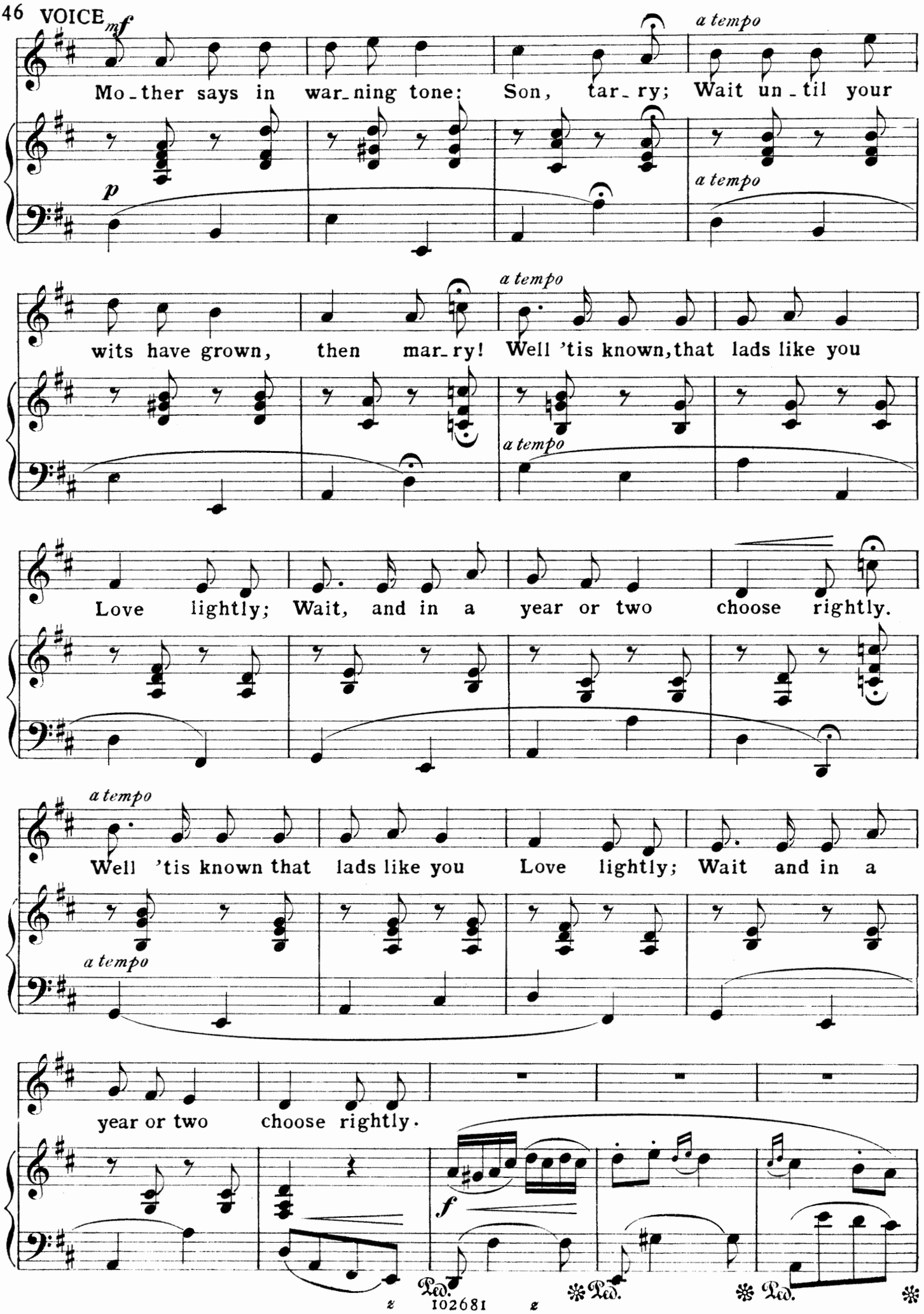
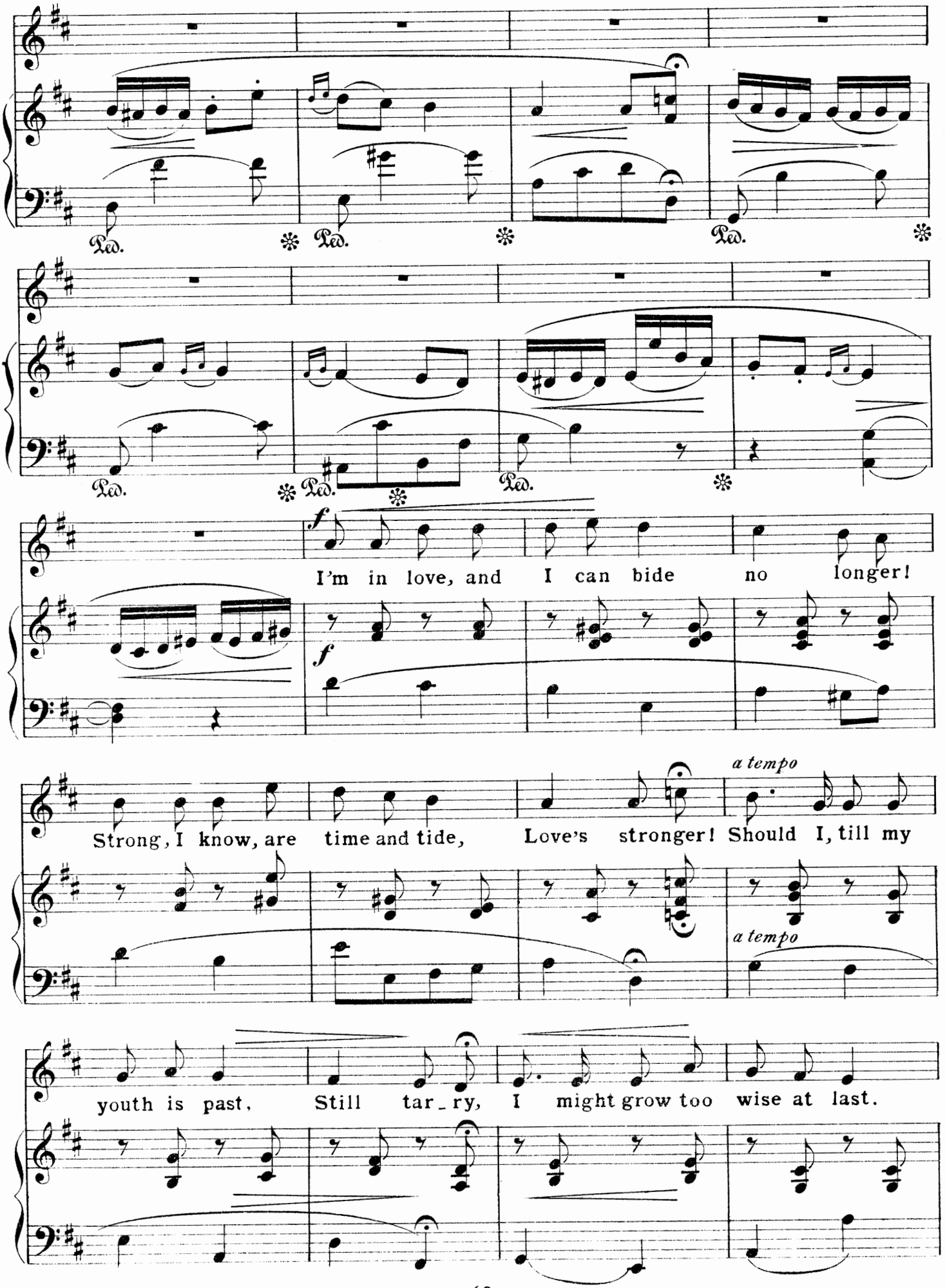
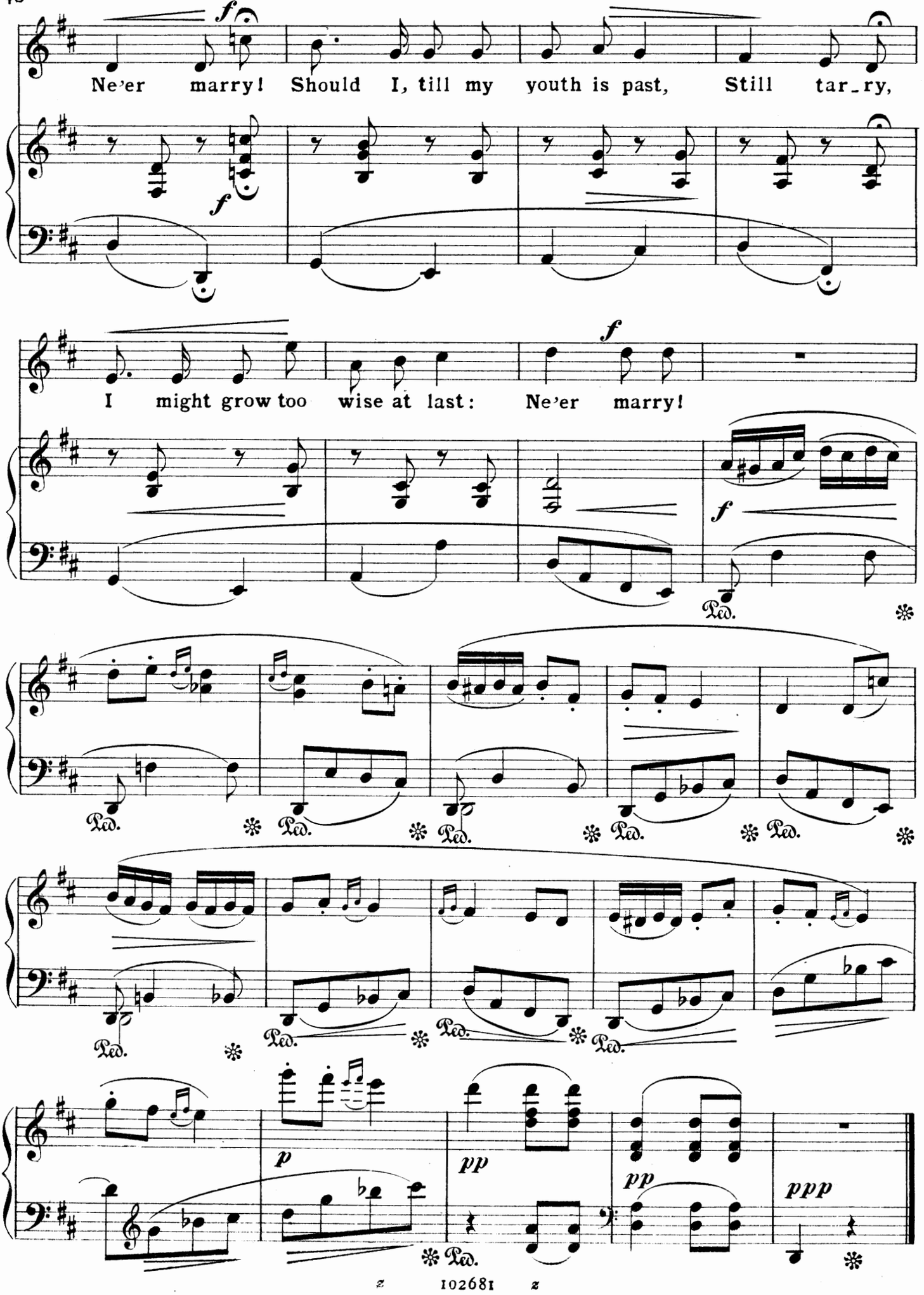

mf
a tempo
Mo_ther says in war_ning tone: Son, tar_ry; Wait un_til your
p
a tempo
wits have grown, then mar_ry! Well 'tis known, that lads like you
a tempo
a tempo
Love lightly; Wait, and in a year or two choose rightly.
a tempo
Well 'tis known that lads like you Love lightly; Wait and in a
a tempo
year or two choose rightly.
f
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.


Ped. Ped. Ped.
Ped. Ped. Ped.
f
I'm in love, and I can bide no longer!
f
a tempo
Strong, I know, are time and tide, Love's stronger! Should I, till my
a tempo
youth is past, Still tar_ry, I might grow too wise at last.

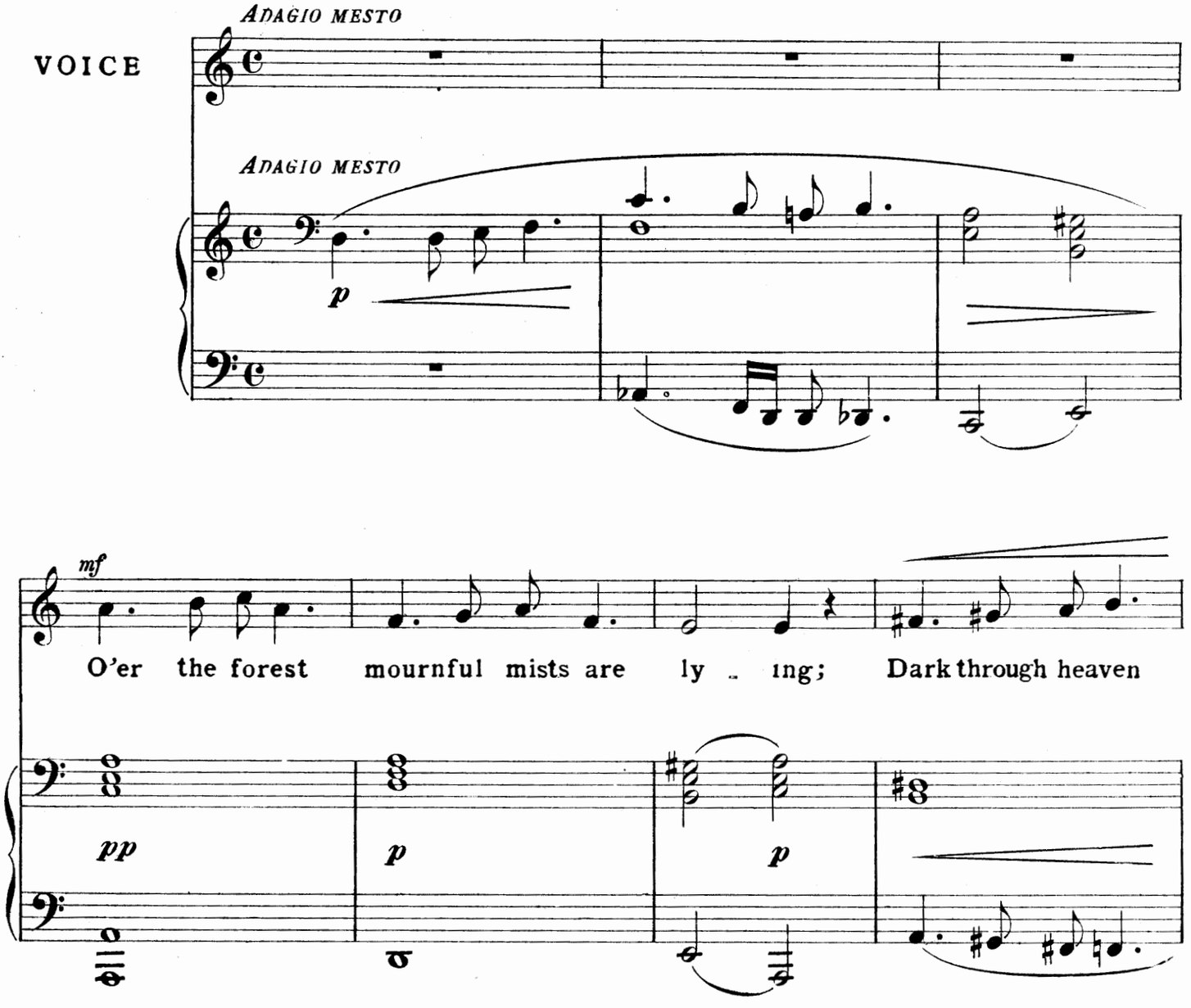

Ne'er marry! Should I, till my youth is past, Still tar_ry,
I might grow too wise at last: Ne'er marry!
Ped.

TWELVE MAGYAR SONGS

N.° 11.

INVOCATION

Magyar Folk Song. FRANCIS KORBAY



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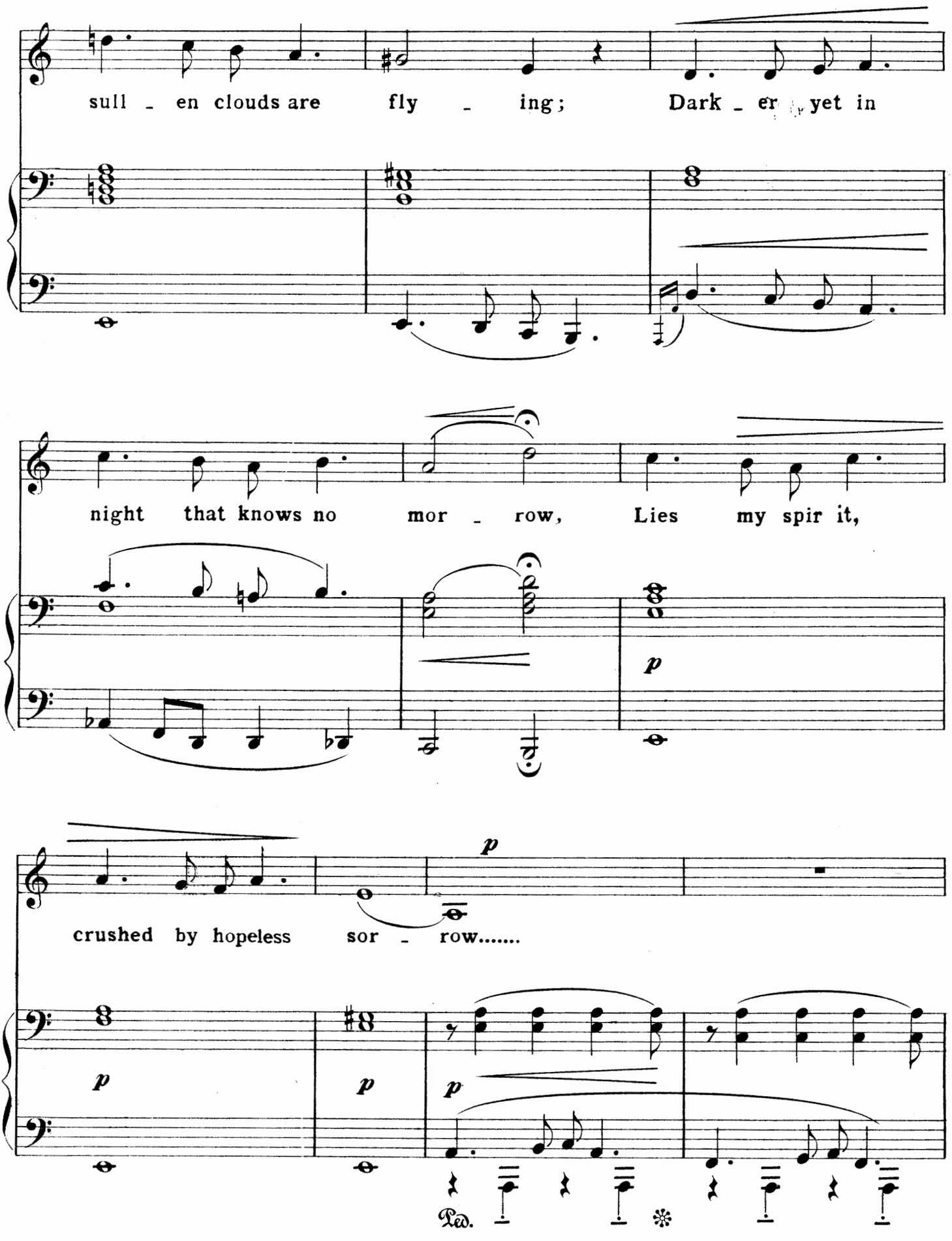
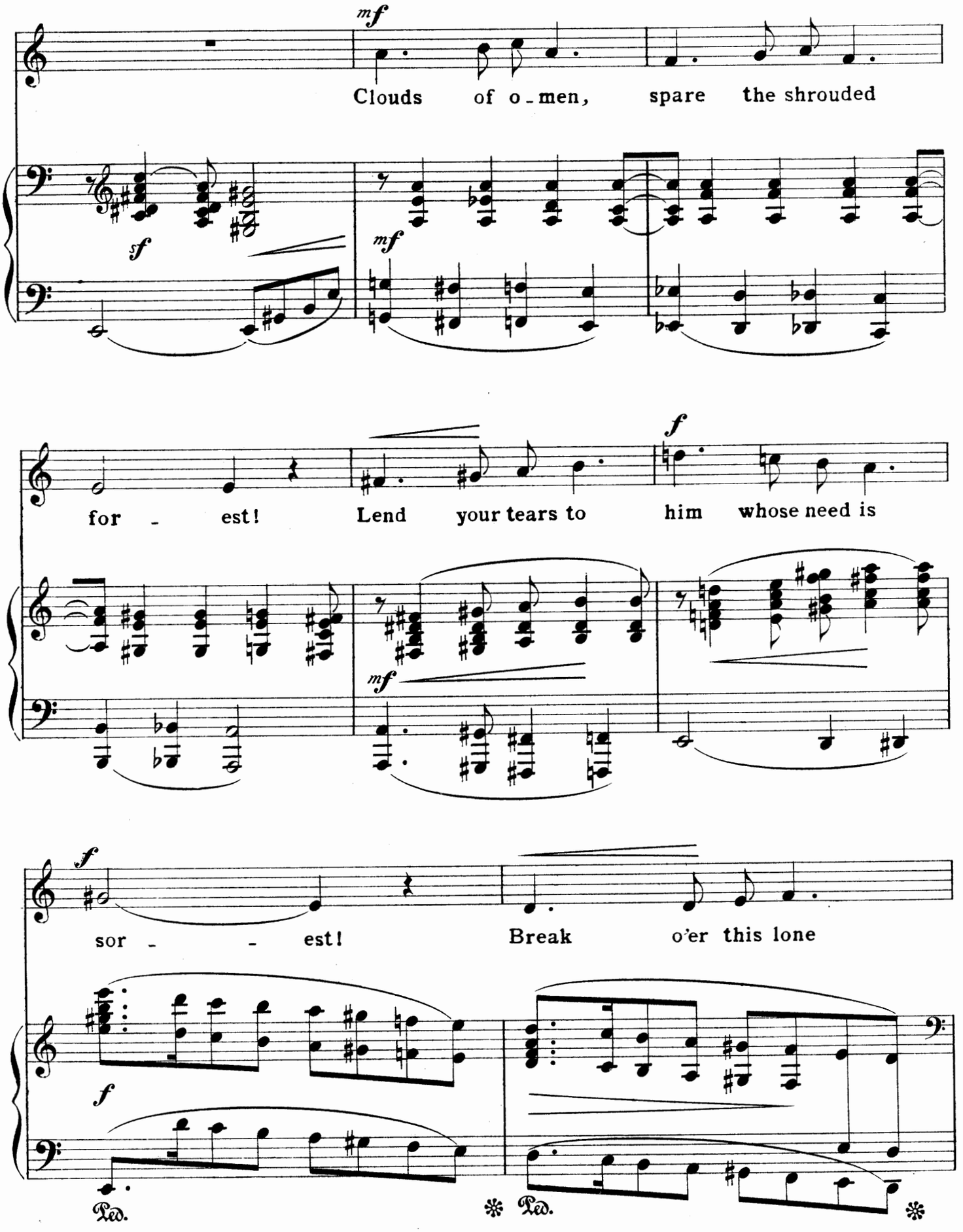
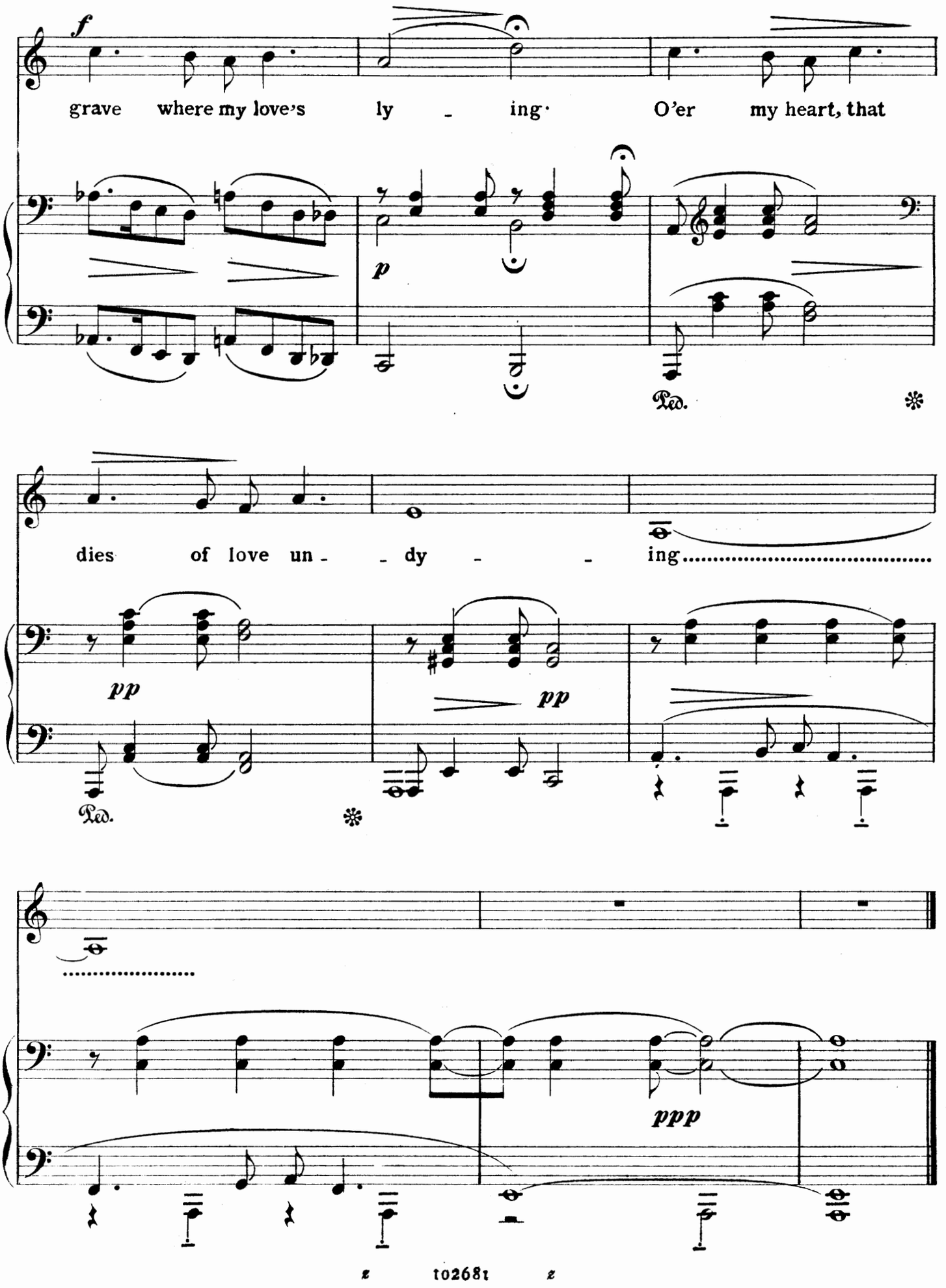

sull - en clouds are fly - ing; Dark - er yet in
night that knows no mor - row, Lies my spir it,
p
crushed by hopeless sor - row.....
p
p
p
p
Ped.


mf
Clouds of o-men, spare the shrouded
sf
mf
for - est! Lend your tears to him whose need is
f
mf
sor - - est! Break o'er this lone
f
Ped.
Ped.


f
grave where my love's ly - ing· O'er my heart, that
p
Ped.
dies of love un - - dy - - ing.....
pp
pp
Ped.
.....
ppp

TWELVE MAGYAR SONGS

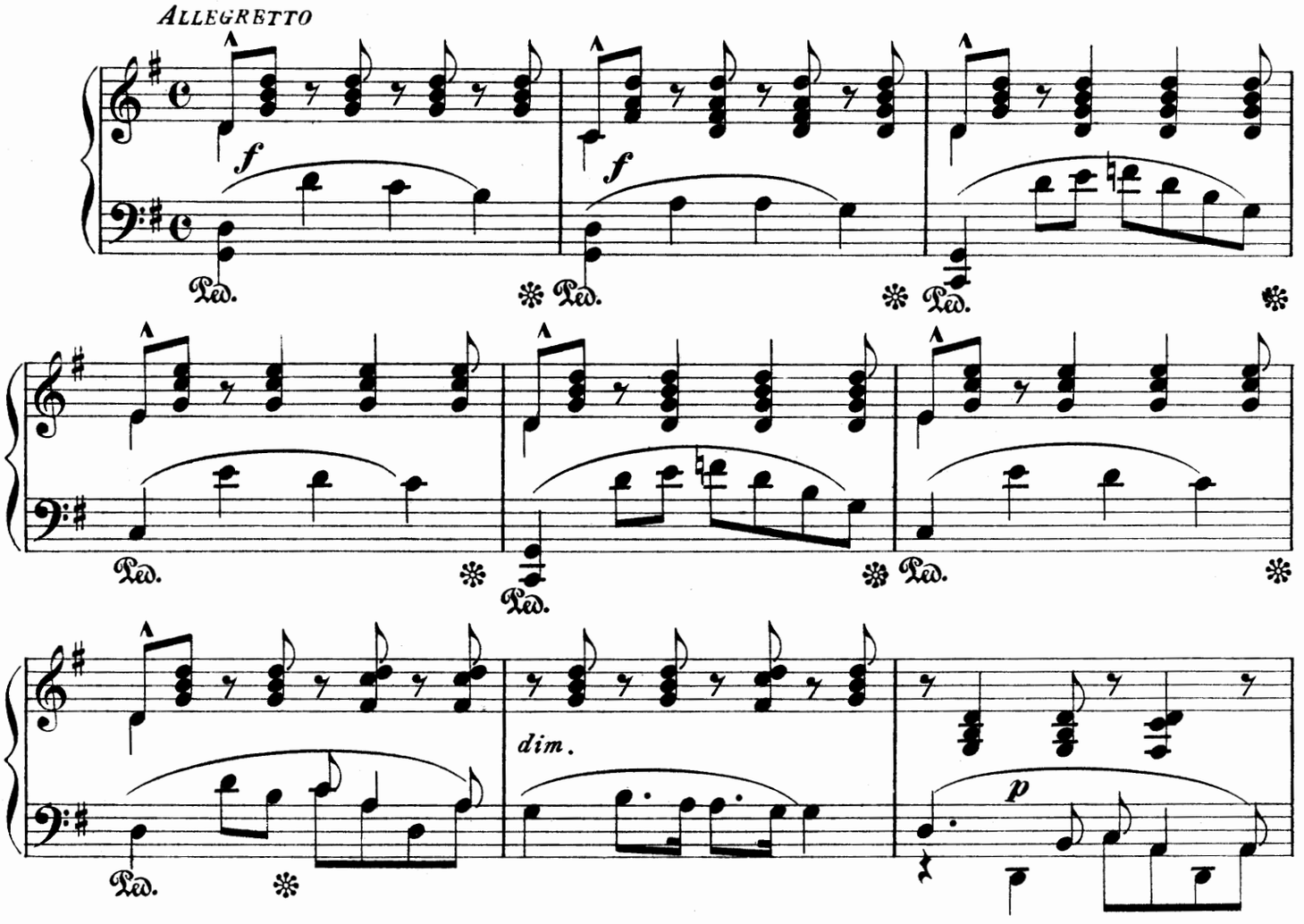
N.o 12.

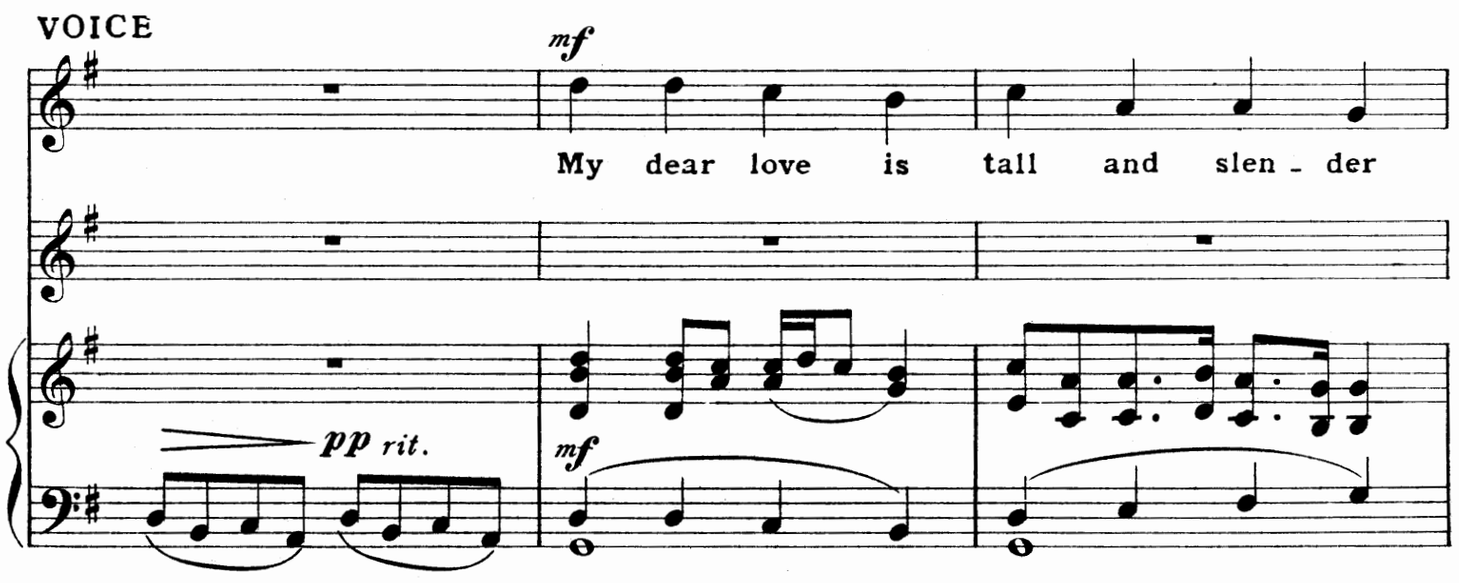
AT THE GATES OF EDEN!

DUETT

Magyar Folk Song motivs

FRANCIS KORBAY





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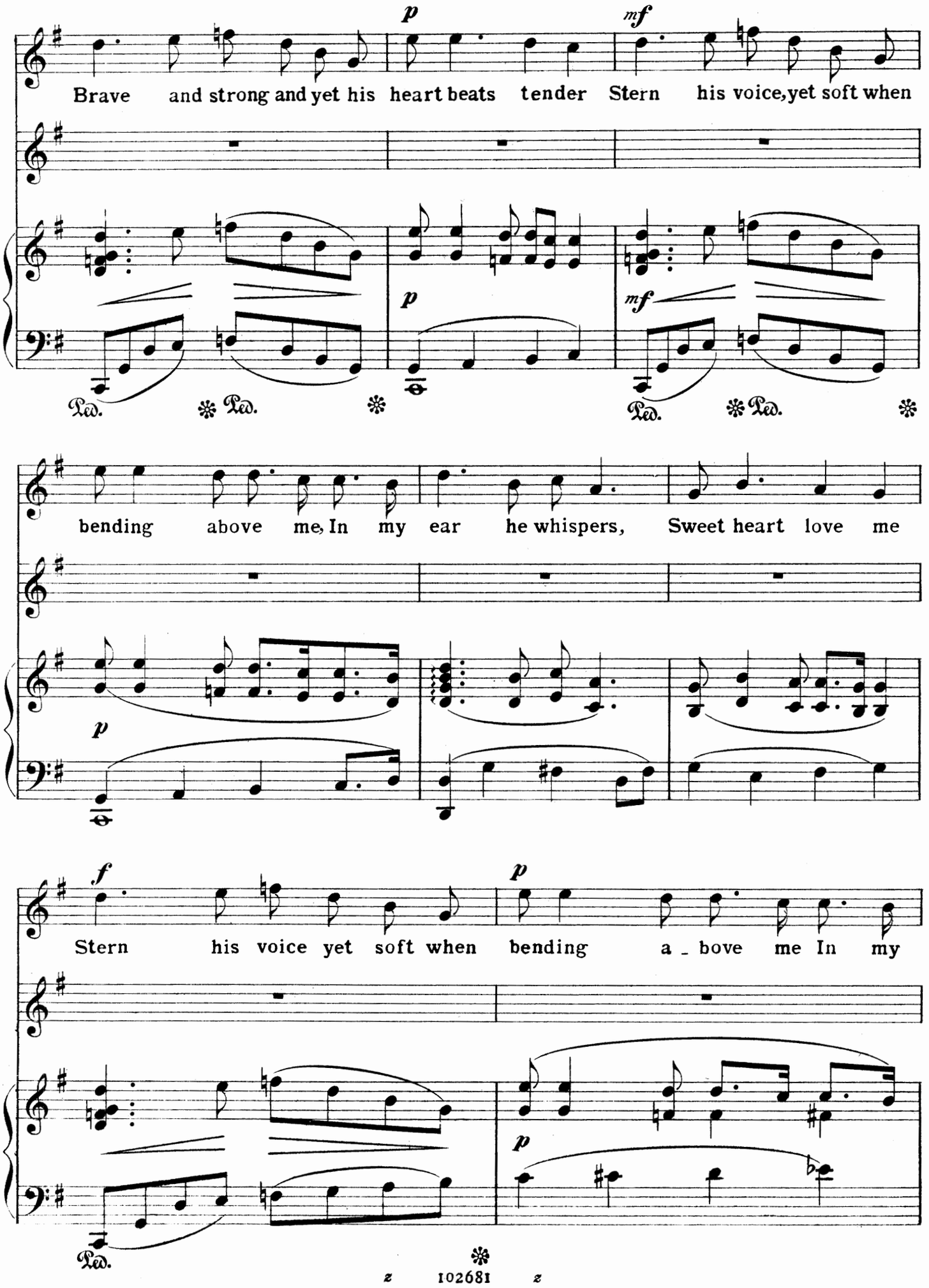
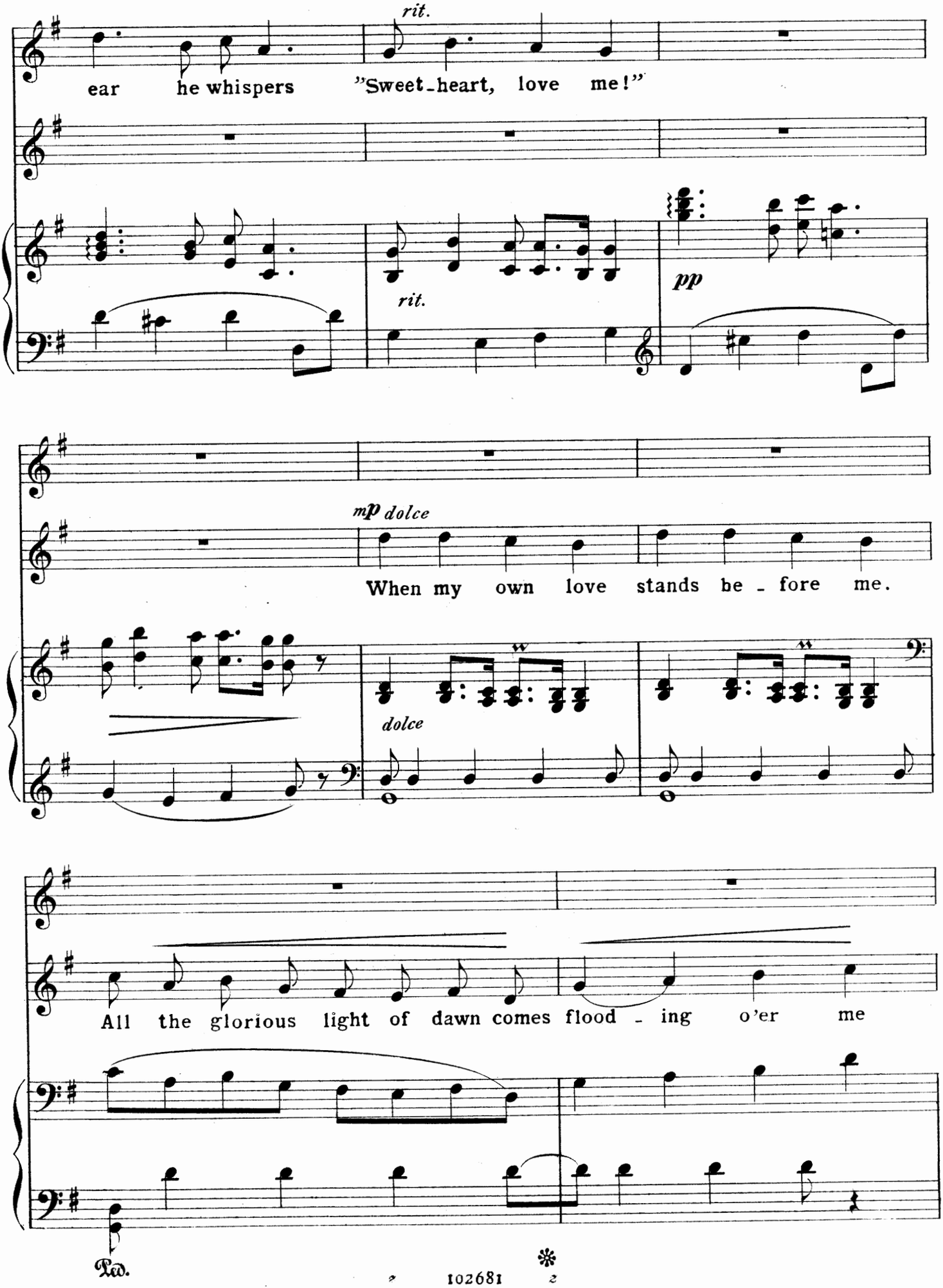
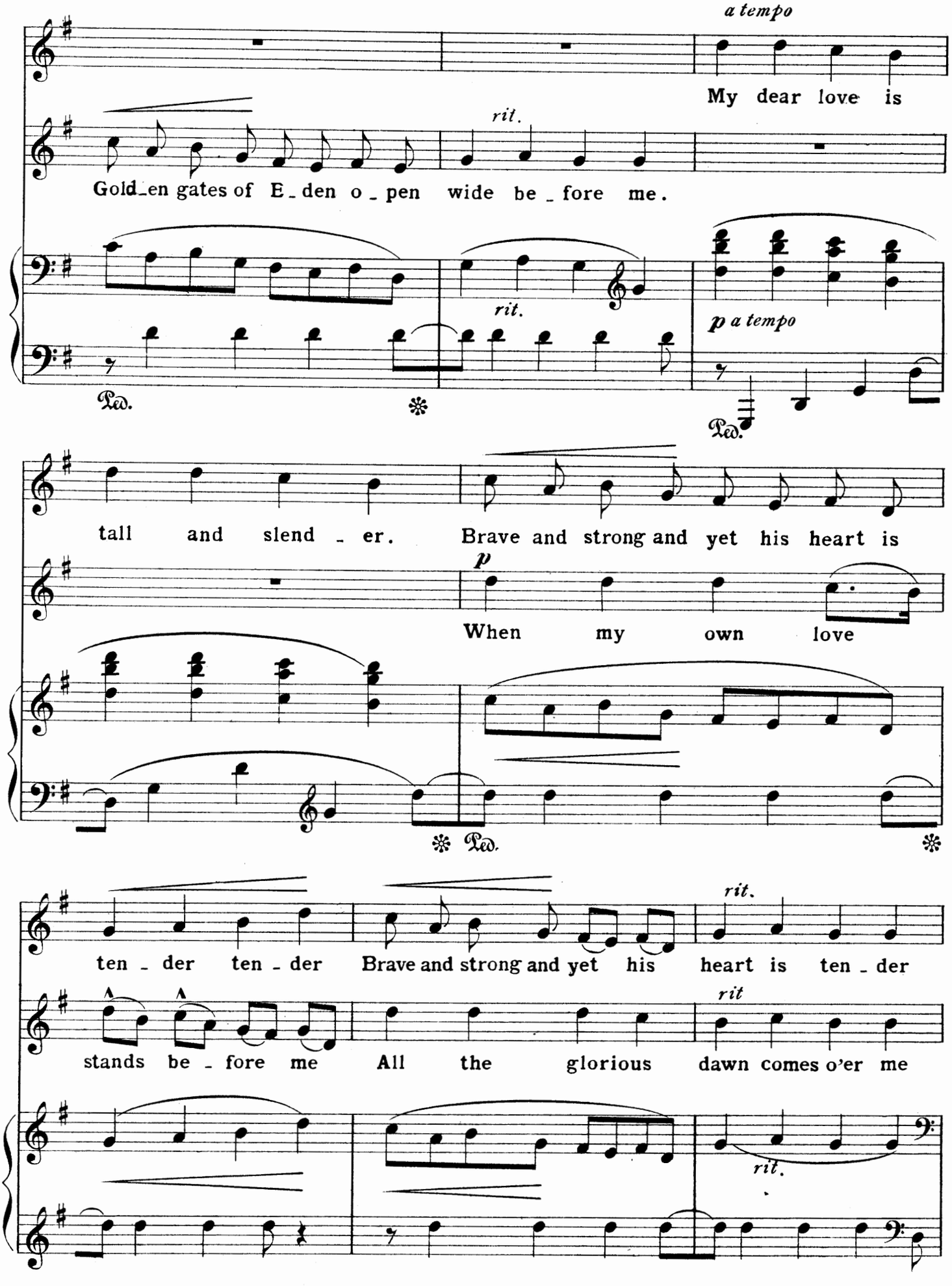
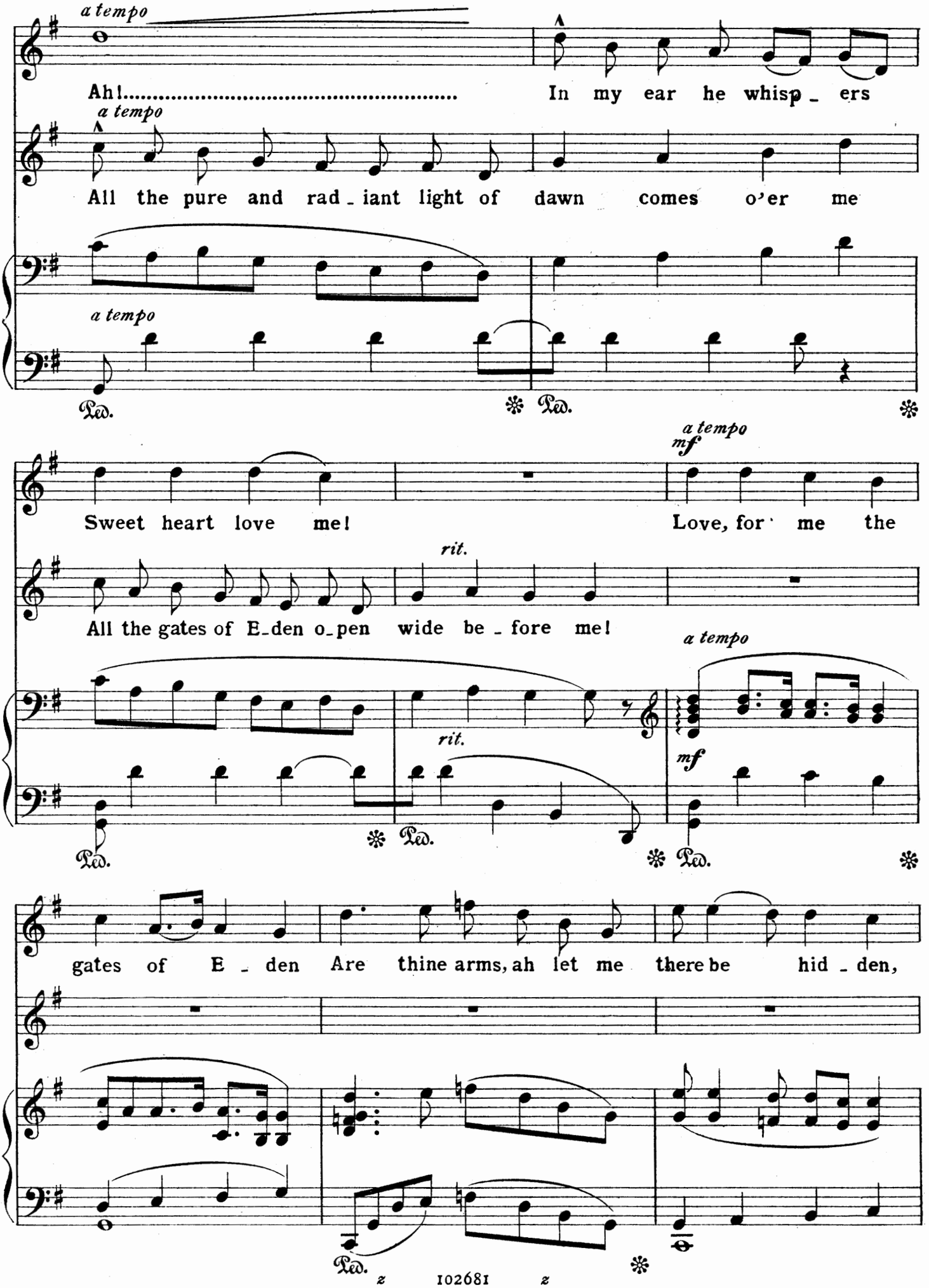
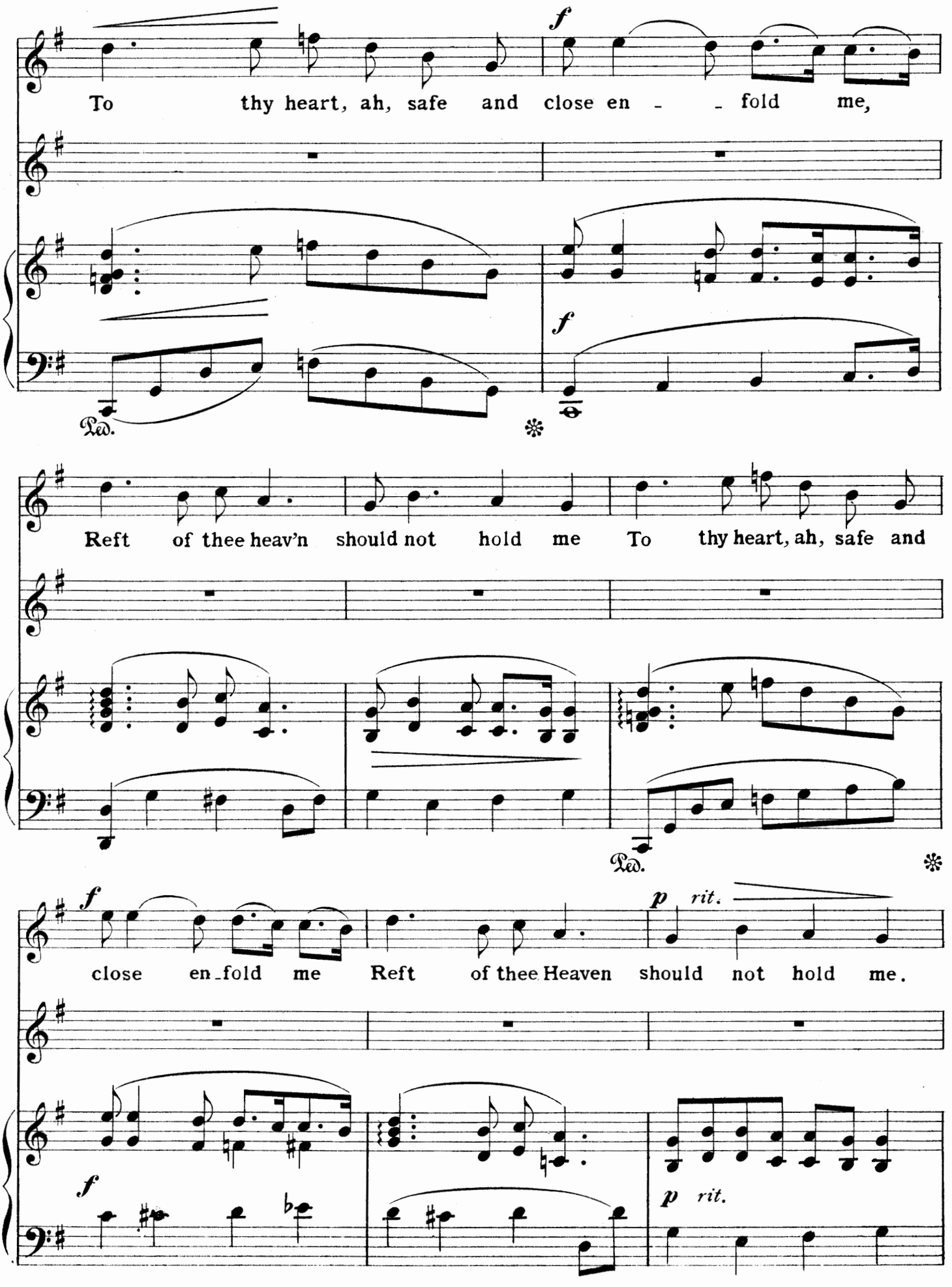
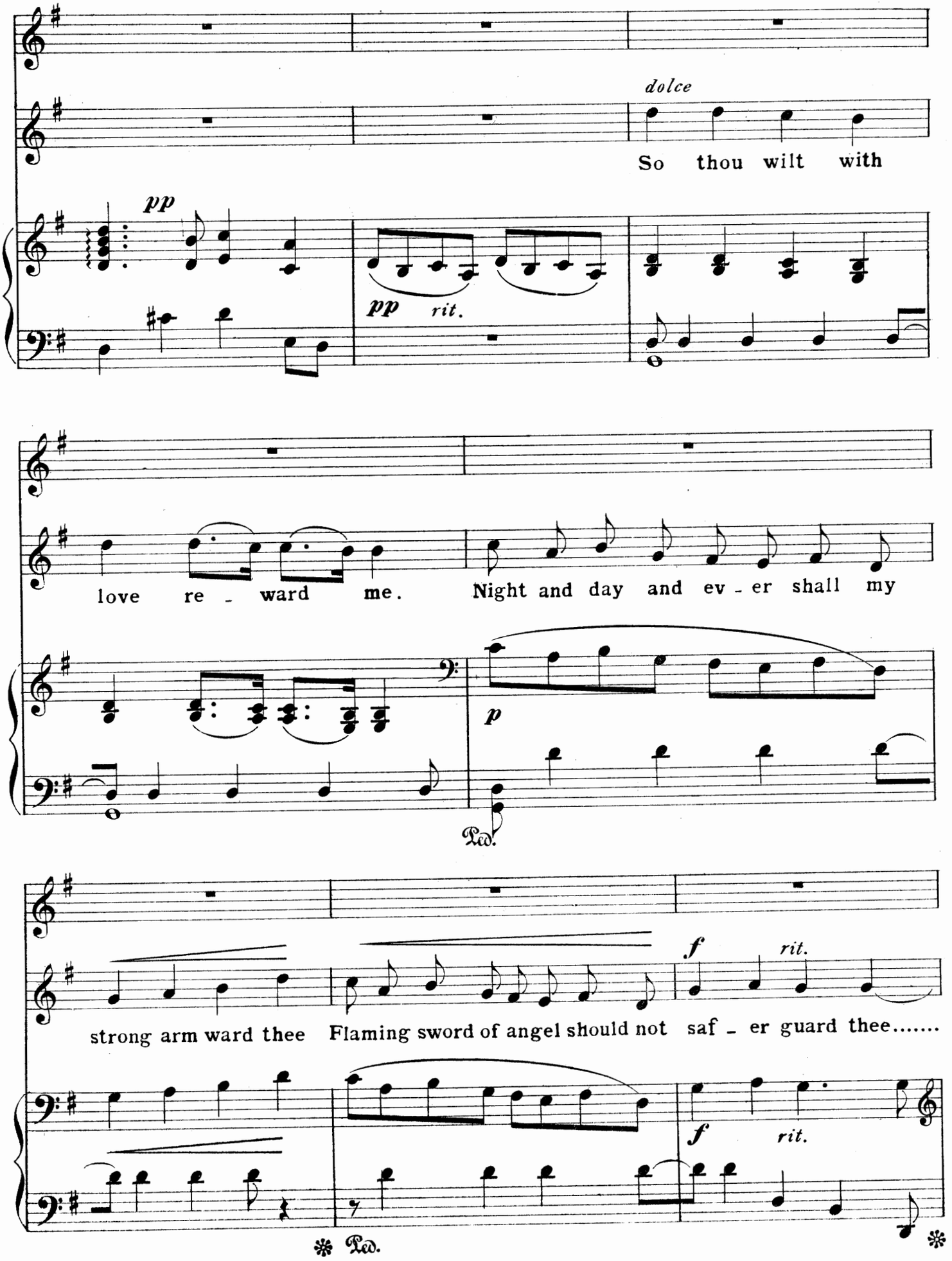

p
mf
Brave and strong and yet his heart beats tender Stern his voice, yet soft when
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
bending above me, In my ear he whispers, Sweet heart love me
f
p
Stern his voice yet soft when bending a_bove me In my
Ped. *

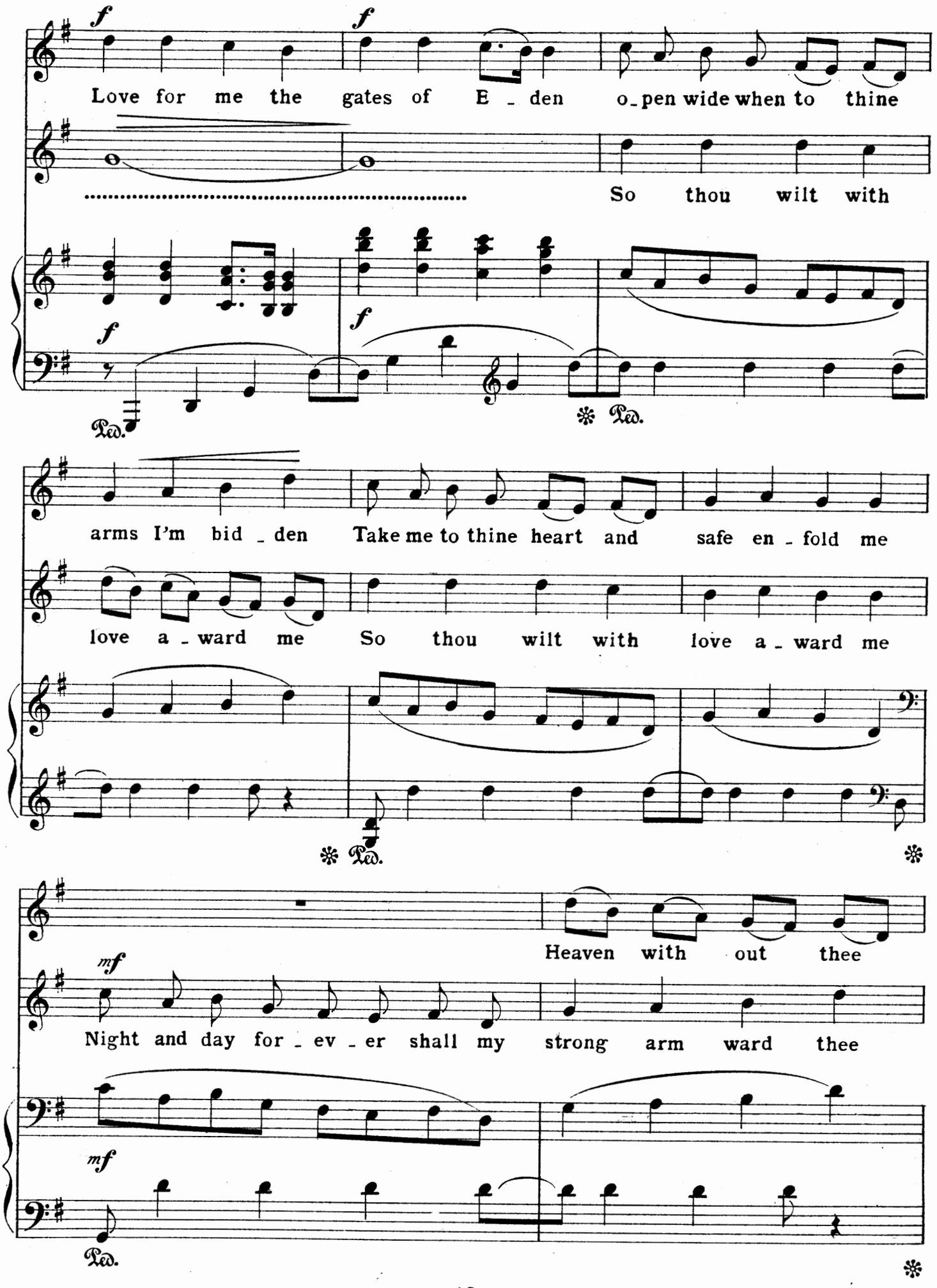

rit.
ear he whispers "Sweet-heart, love me!"
rit.
pp
mp dolce
When my own love stands be - fore me.
dolce
All the glorious light of dawn comes flood - ing o'er me
Ped.

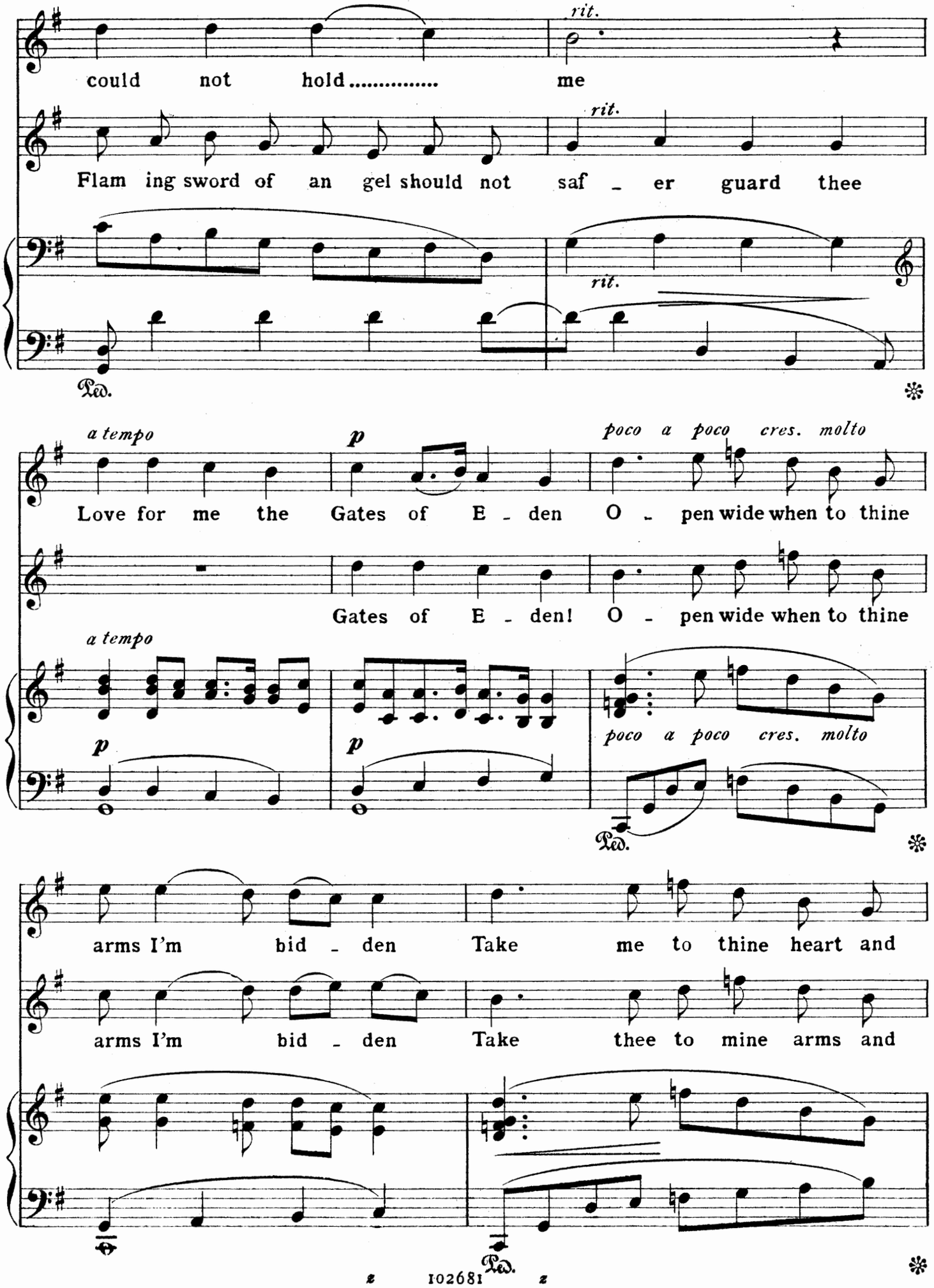

a tempo
My dear love is
rit.
Gold_en gates of E_den o_pen wide be_fore me.
rit.
p a tempo
Ped.
Ped.
tall and slend_er. Brave and strong and yet his heart is
p
When my own love
Ped.
Ped.
rit.
ten_der ten_der Brave and strong and yet his heart is ten_der
rit
stands be_fore me All the glorious dawn comes o'er me
rit.

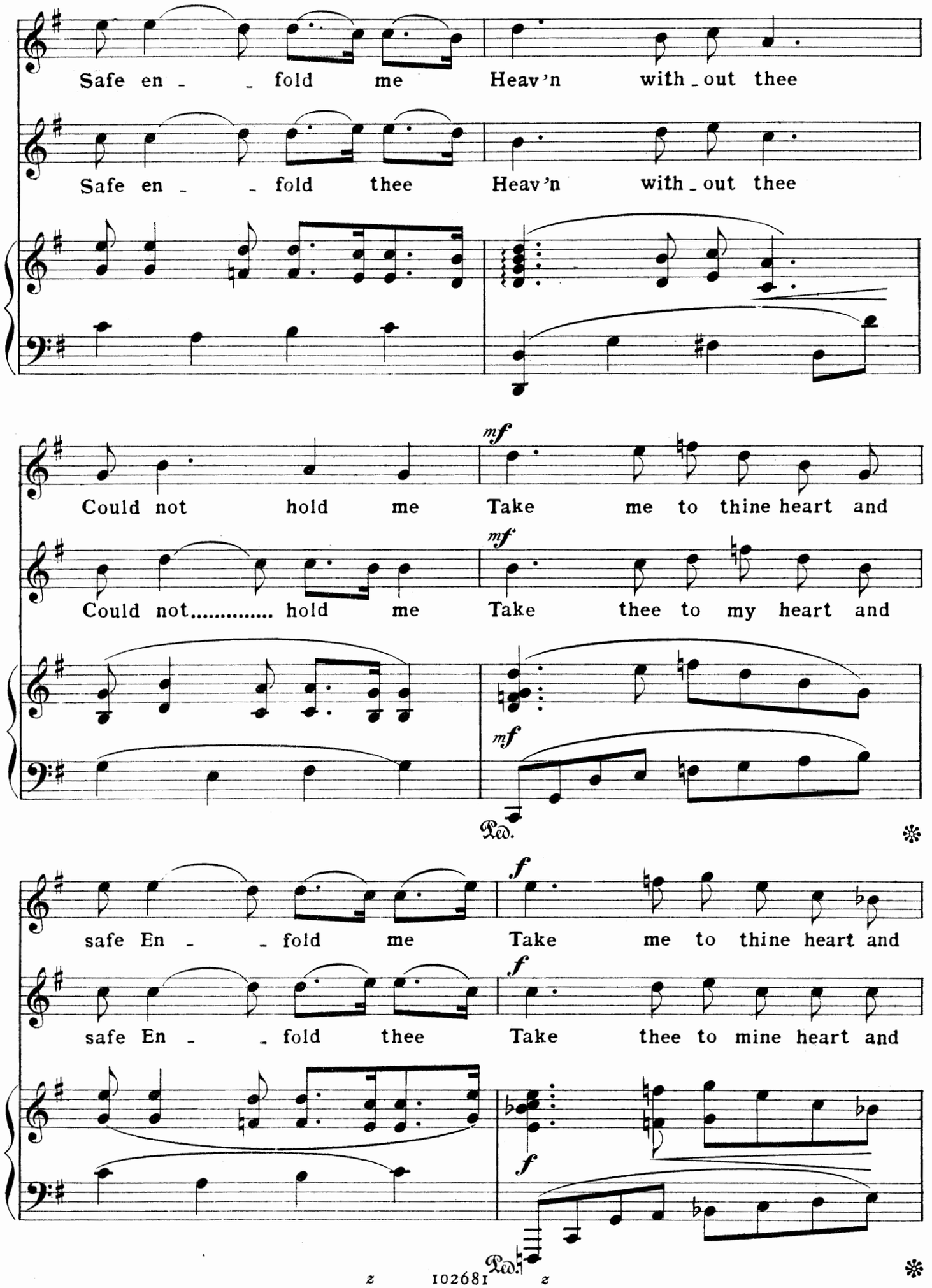

a tempo
Ah!.....
In my ear he whisp _ ers
a tempo
All the pure and rad _ iant light of dawn comes o'er me
a tempo
Ped.
Ped.
a tempo
mf
Sweet heart love me!
Love, for me the
rit.
All the gates of E _ den o _ pen wide be _ fore me!
a tempo
rit.
mf
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
gates of E _ den
Are thine arms, ah let me there be hid _ den,
Ped.

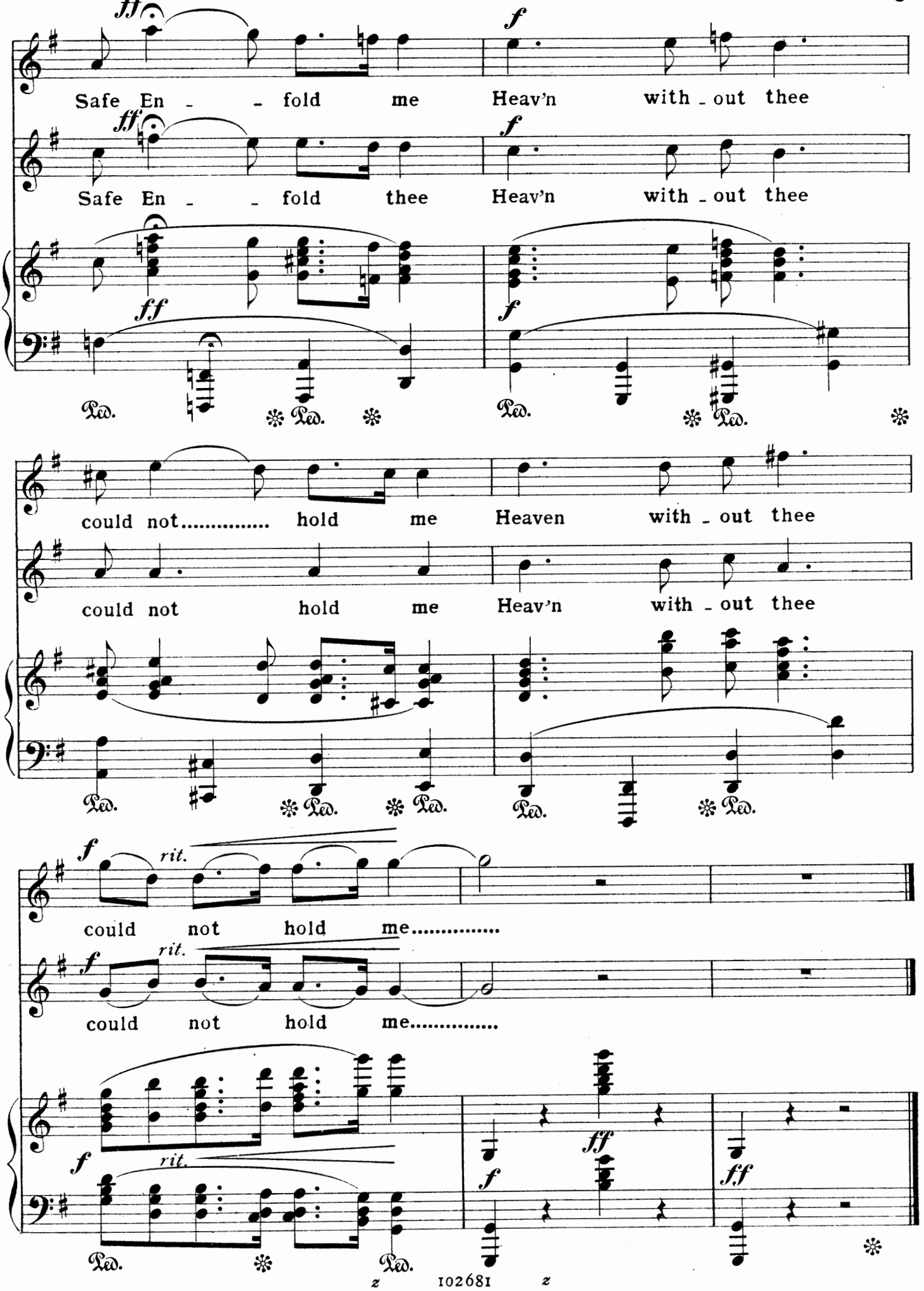

f
To thy heart, ah, safe and close en - - fold me,
Ped.
f
Reft of thee heav'n should not hold me To thy heart, ah, safe and
Ped.
f
close en-fold me Reft of thee Heaven should not hold me.
p rit.
f
p rit.


dolce
So thou wilt with
pp
pp rit.
love re - ward me. Night and day and ev - er shall my
p
Ped.
strong arm ward thee Flaming sword of angel should not saf - er guard thee.....
f rit.
f rit.
Ped.


f
Love for me the gates of E - den o-pen wide when to thine
So thou wilt with
arms I'm bid - den Take me to thine heart and safe en - fold me
love a - ward me So thou wilt with love a - ward me
Heaven with out thee
mf
Night and day for - ev - er shall my strong arm ward thee
Ped.


could not hold ..... me
rit.
Flam ing sword of an gel should not saf - er guard thee
rit.
Ped.
a tempo
p
poco a poco cres. molto
Love for me the Gates of E - den O - pen wide when to thine
Gates of E - den! O - pen wide when to thine
a tempo
p
p
poco a poco cres. molto
Ped.
arms I'm bid - den Take me to thine heart and
arms I'm bid - den Take thee to mine arms and
Ped.


Safe en - - fold me Heav'n with - out thee
Safe en - - fold thee Heav'n with - out thee
Could not hold me Take me to thine heart and
Could not..... hold me Take thee to my heart and
safe En - - fold me Take me to thine heart and
safe En - - fold thee Take thee to mine heart and
mf
f
Ped.


Safe En - - fold me Heav'n with - out thee
Safe En - - fold thee Heav'n with - out thee
could not..... hold me Heaven with - out thee
could not hold me Heav'n with - out thee
could not hold me.....
could not hold me.....
rit.
Ped.