Vol.

To his Friend
M. de MUNKÁCSY.

Hungarian Melodies.

Text from the Originals done into English

by

J. S. of DALE and F. KORBAY.

The Music Transcribed

by

FRANCIS KORBAY.

In 2 Volumes, each Price 4/net in paper.
" " 6/net in cloth.
Edition de Luxe Complete Price 12/net in cloth.
(Frontispiece by Munkácsy)

SCHOTT & Co.,
157 & 159, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

BOSTON, H. B. STEVENS COMPANY.

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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 out-come of the Choriambus, (– ∪ ∪ –) ( ), the Antispastus, (∪ – – ∪) ( ), and the Amphibrachys, (∪ – ∪) ( ); 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 verve, 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, Tinody, 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 untiring 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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K84H
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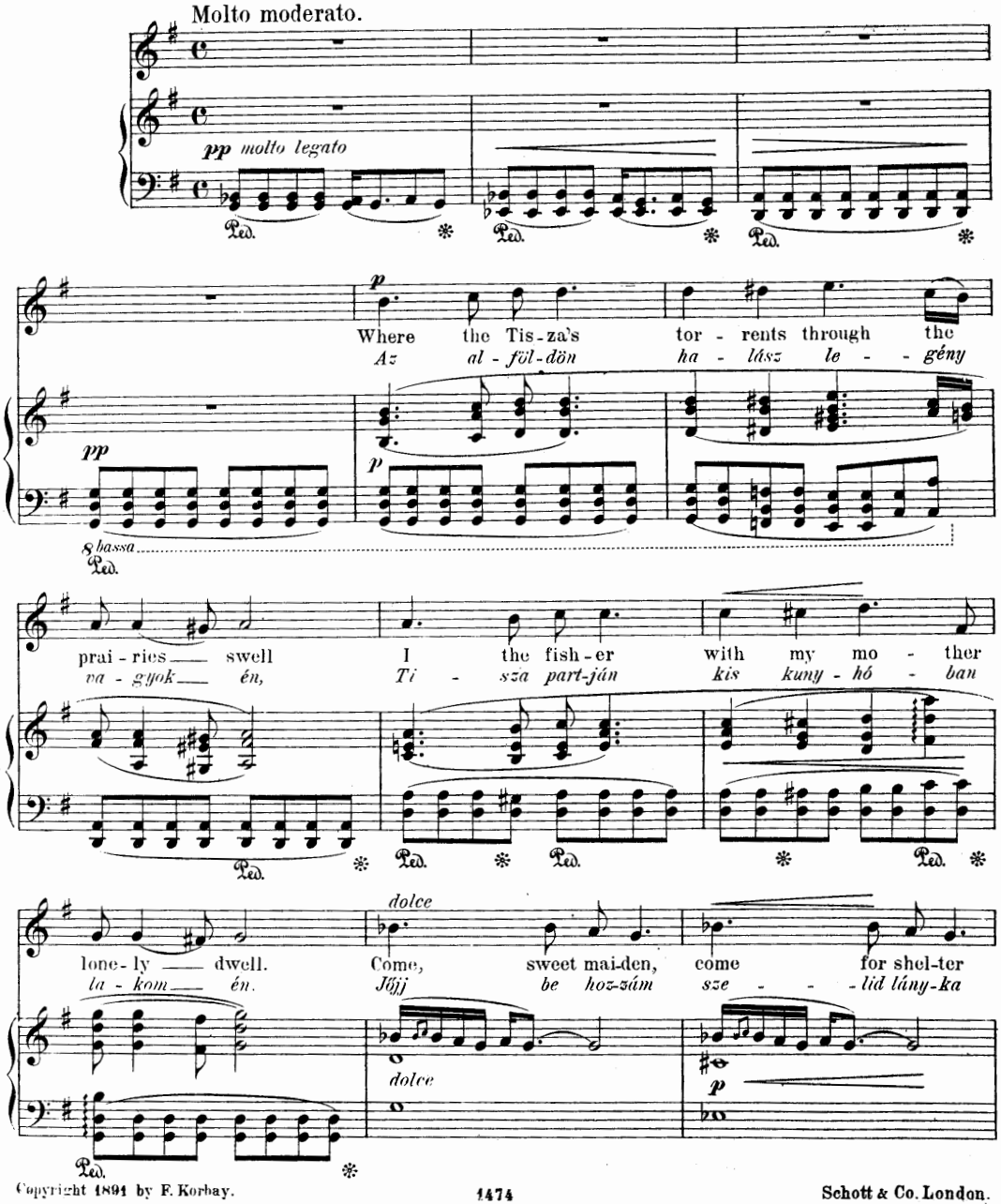
Where the Tisza's torrents through the prairies swell...

Nº 1. Az alföldön halász legény vagyok én...

Theme & Words by G. Bernáth. 1810-1851.†. F. Korbay.



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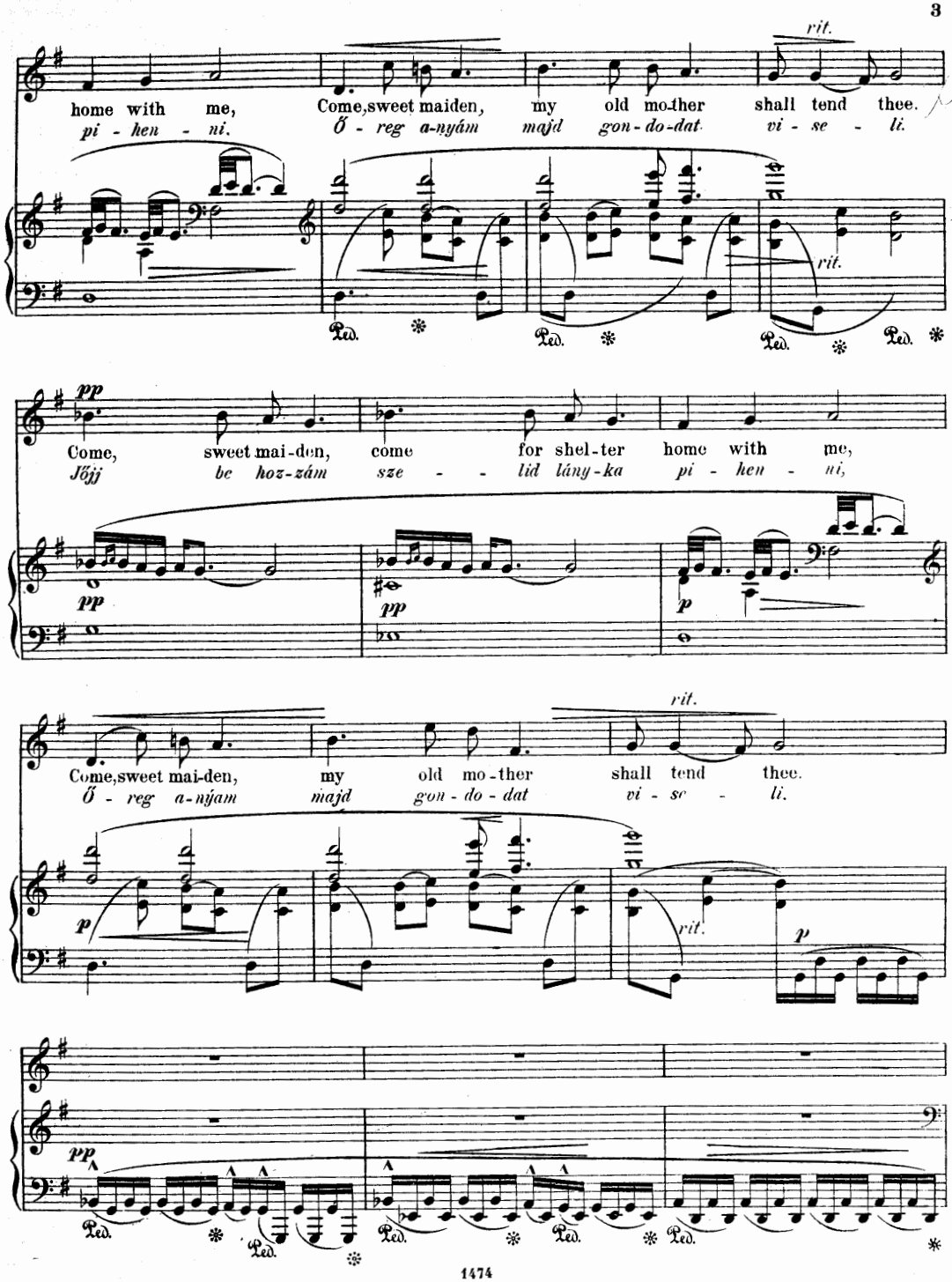
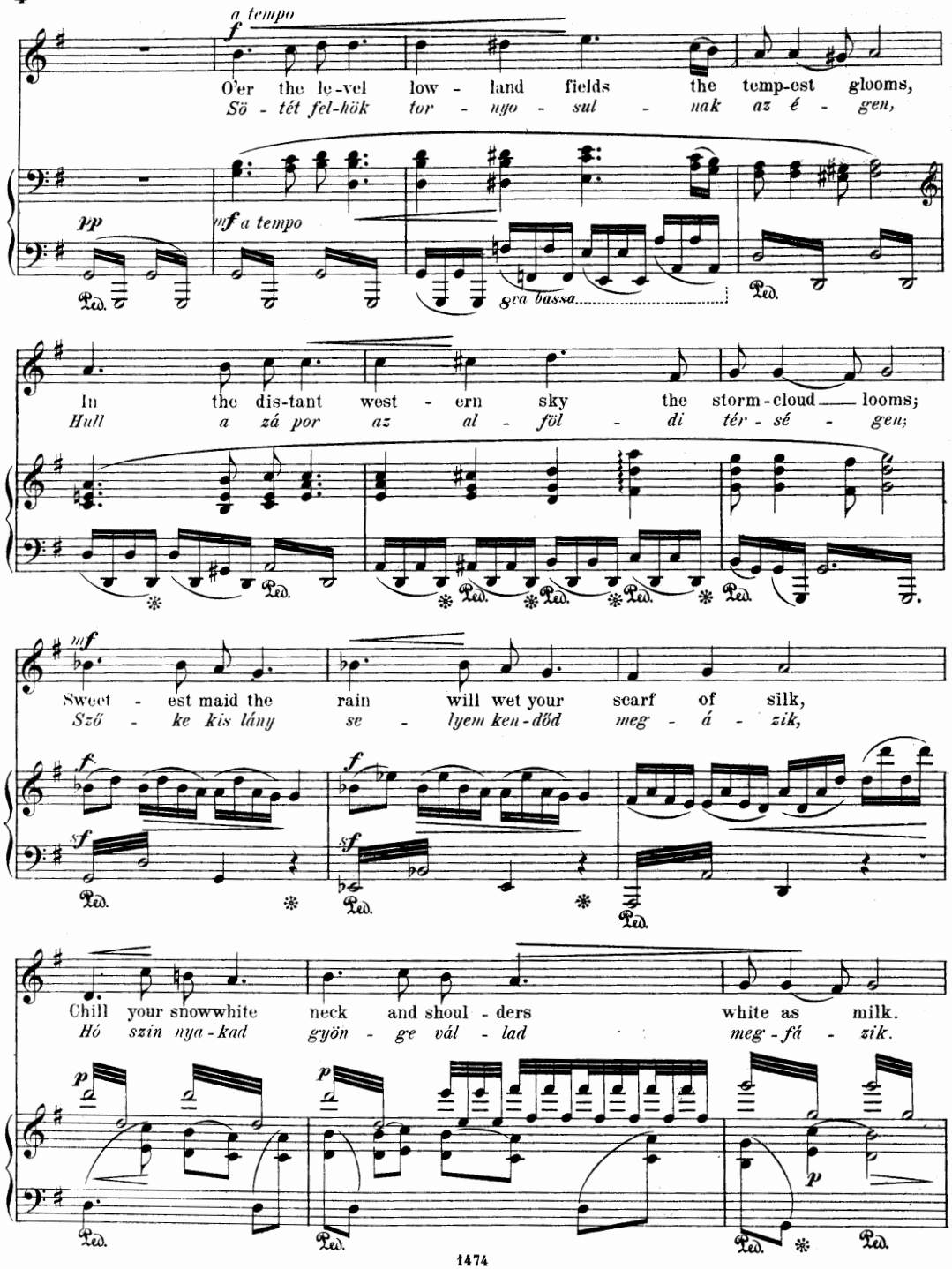
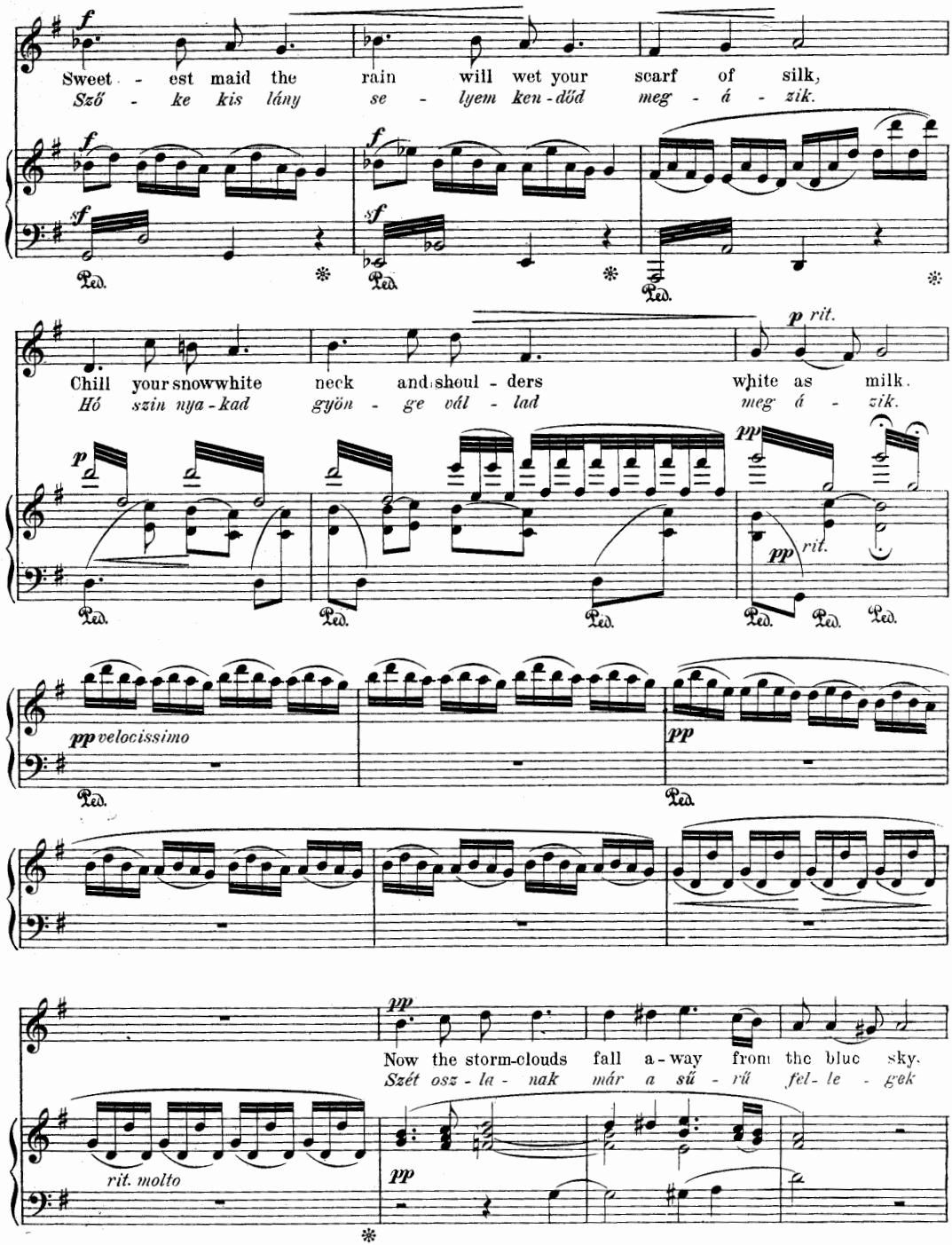
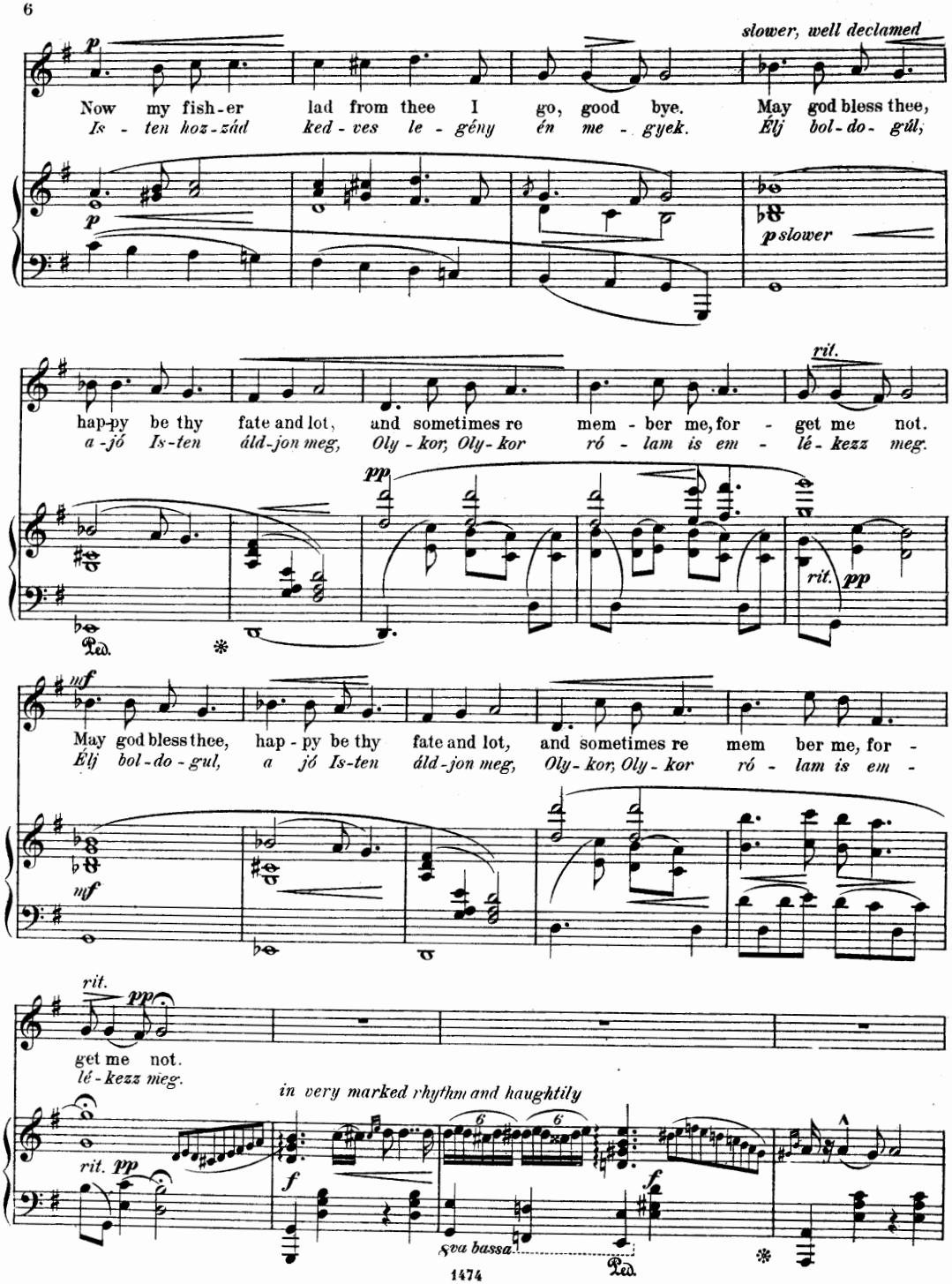
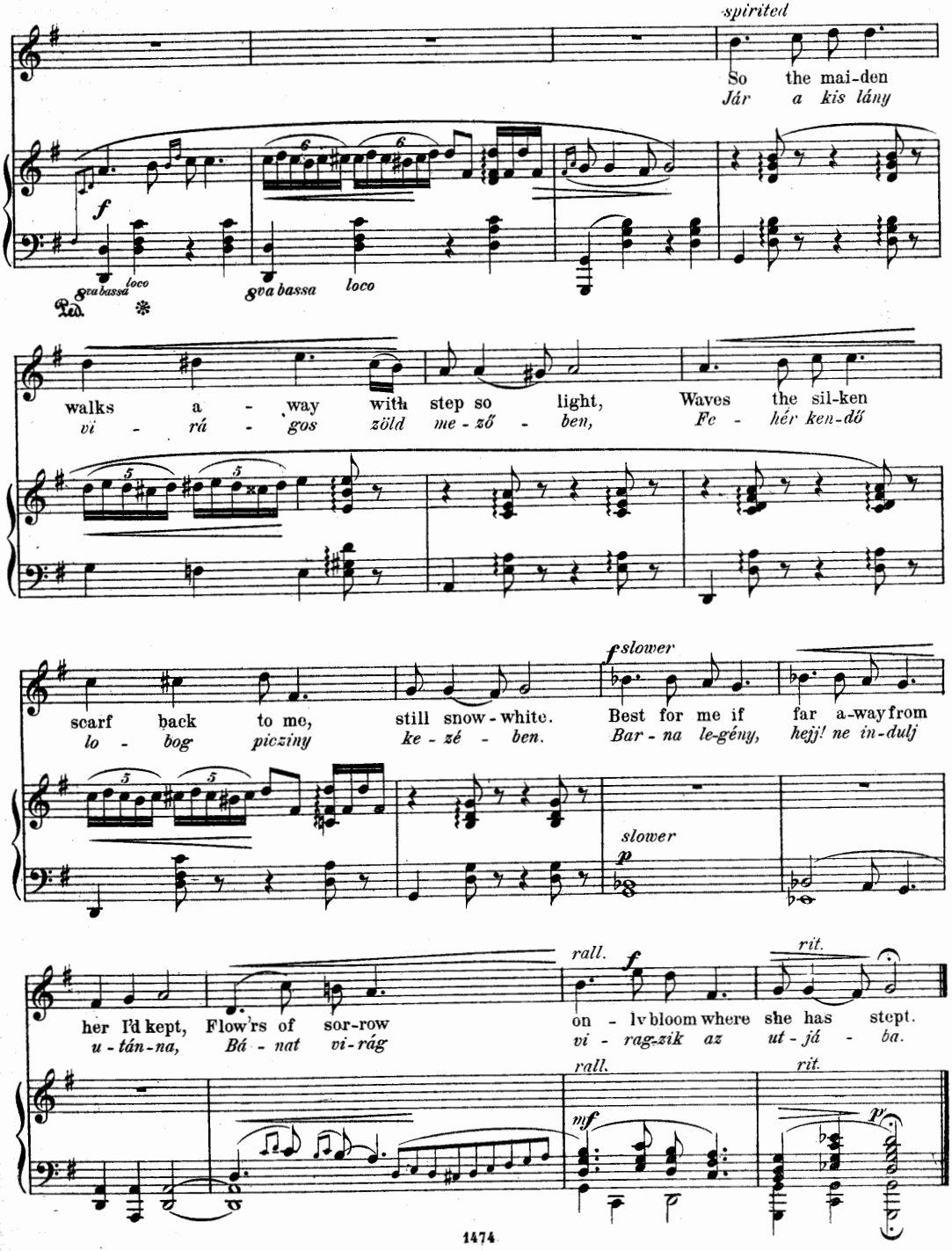

rit.
home with me, Come, sweet maiden, my old mother shall tend thee.
pi - hen - ni. Ő - reg a-nyám majd gon-do-dat vi - se - li.
rit.
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
pp
Come, sweet mai-den, come for shel-ter home with me,
Jőjj be hoz-zám sze - - lid lány-ka pi - hen - ni,
pp pp p
rit.
Come, sweet mai-den, my old mo-ther shall tend thee.
Ő - reg a-nyam majd gon - do - dat vi - se - li.
p rit. p
pp
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.


a tempo
O'er the le-vel low - land fields the temp-est glooms,
Sö - tét fel-hök tor - nyo - sul - nak az é - gen,
pp
mf a tempo
8va bassa
In the dis-tant west - ern sky the storm-cloud looms;
Hull a zá por az al - föl - di tér - sé - gen;
mf
Sweet - est maid the rain will wet your scarf of silk,
Szö - ke kis lány se - lyem ken-dőd meg - á - zik,
Chill your snowwhite neck and shoul - ders white as milk.
Hó szin nya-kad gyön - ge vál - lad meg - fá - zik.
Ped.


f
Sweet - est maid the rain will wet your scarf of silk,
Sző - ke kis lány se - lyem ken - dőd meg - á - zik.
sf
Ped.
p rit.
Chill your snowwhite neck and shoul - ders white as milk.
Hó szin nya - kad gyön - ge vál - lad meg á - zik.
pp
pp rit.
pp velocissimo
rit. molto

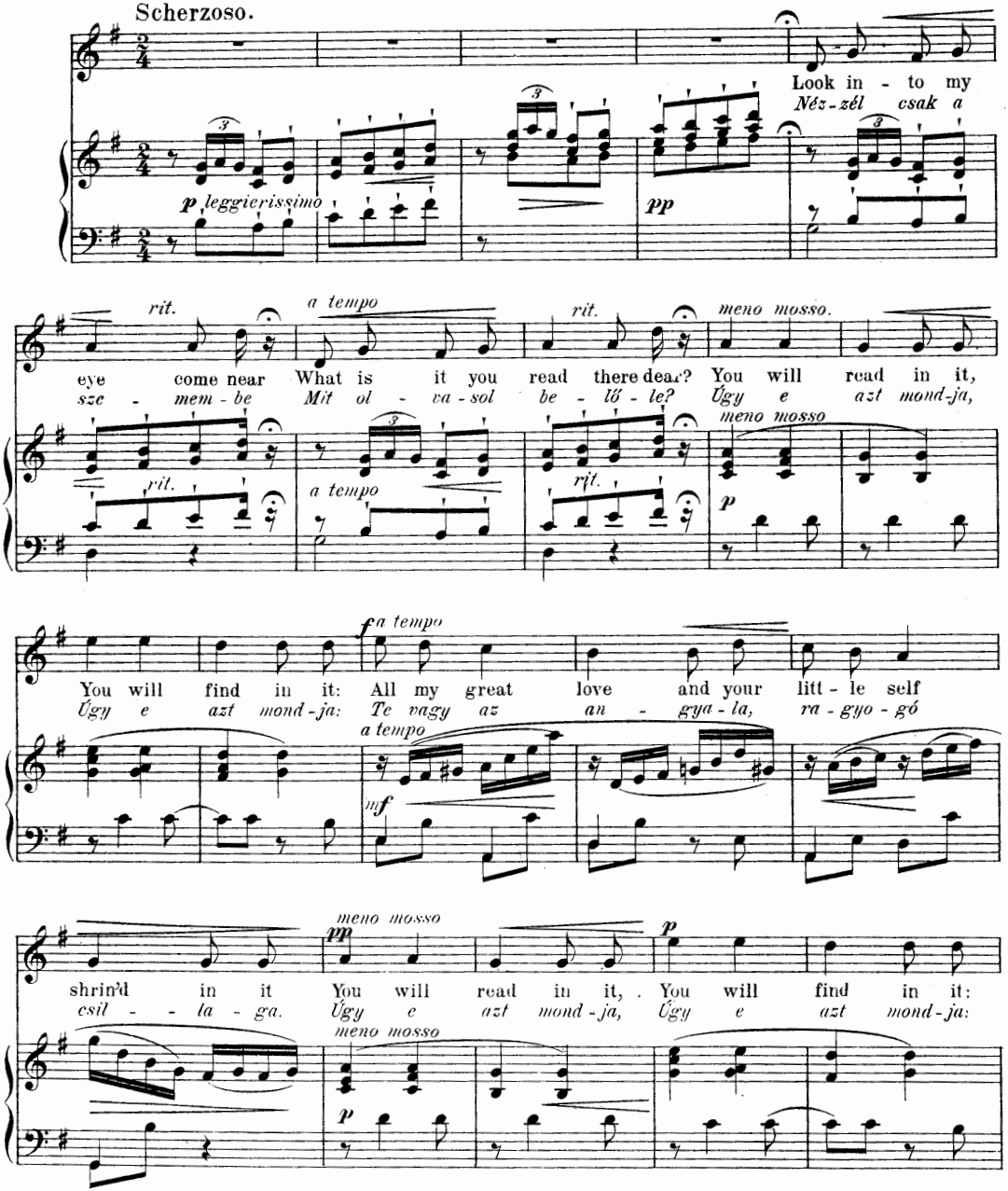

slower, well declamed
p
Now my fish-er lad from thee I go, good bye. May god bless thee,
Is - ten hoz-zád ked - ves le - gény én me - gyek. Élj bol - do - gúl,
p slower
rit.
hap-py be thy fate and lot, and sometimes re mem - ber me, for - get me not.
a - jó Is-ten áld-jon meg, Oly - kor, Oly - kor ró - lam is em - lé - kezz meg.
pp
rit. pp
mf
May god bless thee, hap - py be thy fate and lot, and sometimes re mem ber me, for -
Élj bol - do - gul, a jó Is-ten áld-jon meg, Oly - kor, Oly - kor ró - lam is em -
mf
rit. pp
get me not.
lé - kezz meg.
in very marked rhythm and haughtily
rit. pp
f
6
6
f
8va bassa
Ped.

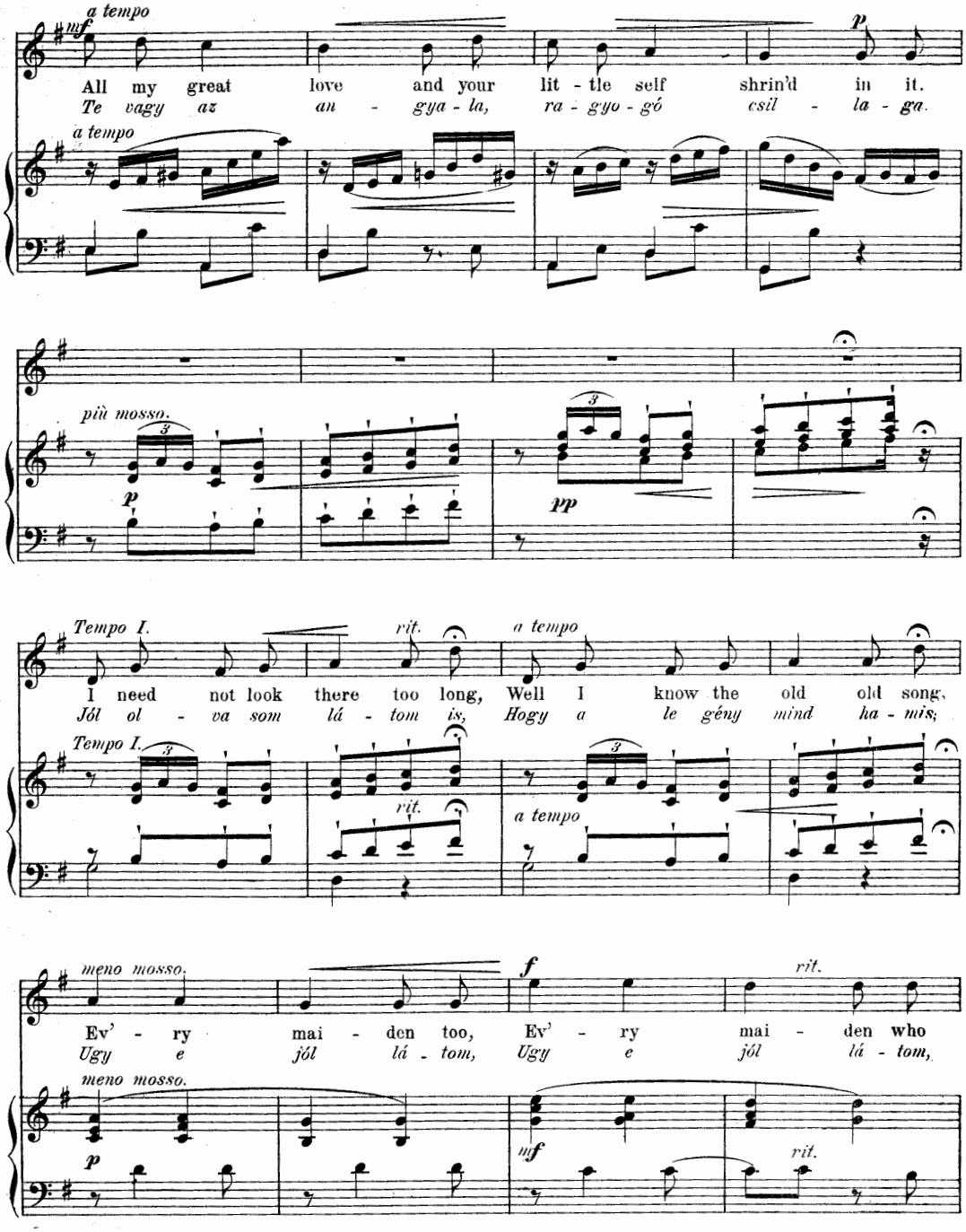

spirited
So the mai-den
Jár a kis lány
f
8va bassa loco
8va bassa loco
Ped.
walks a - way with step so light, Waves the sil-ken
vi - rá - gos zöld me - ző - ben, Fe - hér ken-dő
scarf back to me, still snow-white. Best for me if far a-way from
lo - bog piczíny ke - zé - ben. Bar - na le-gény, hejj! ne in-dulj
f slower
slower
p
her I'd kept, Flow'rs of sor-row on - ly bloom where she has stept.
u - tán-na, Bá - nat vi-rág vi - rag-zik az ut - já - ba.
rall.
f
rit.
rall.
rit.
mf
p

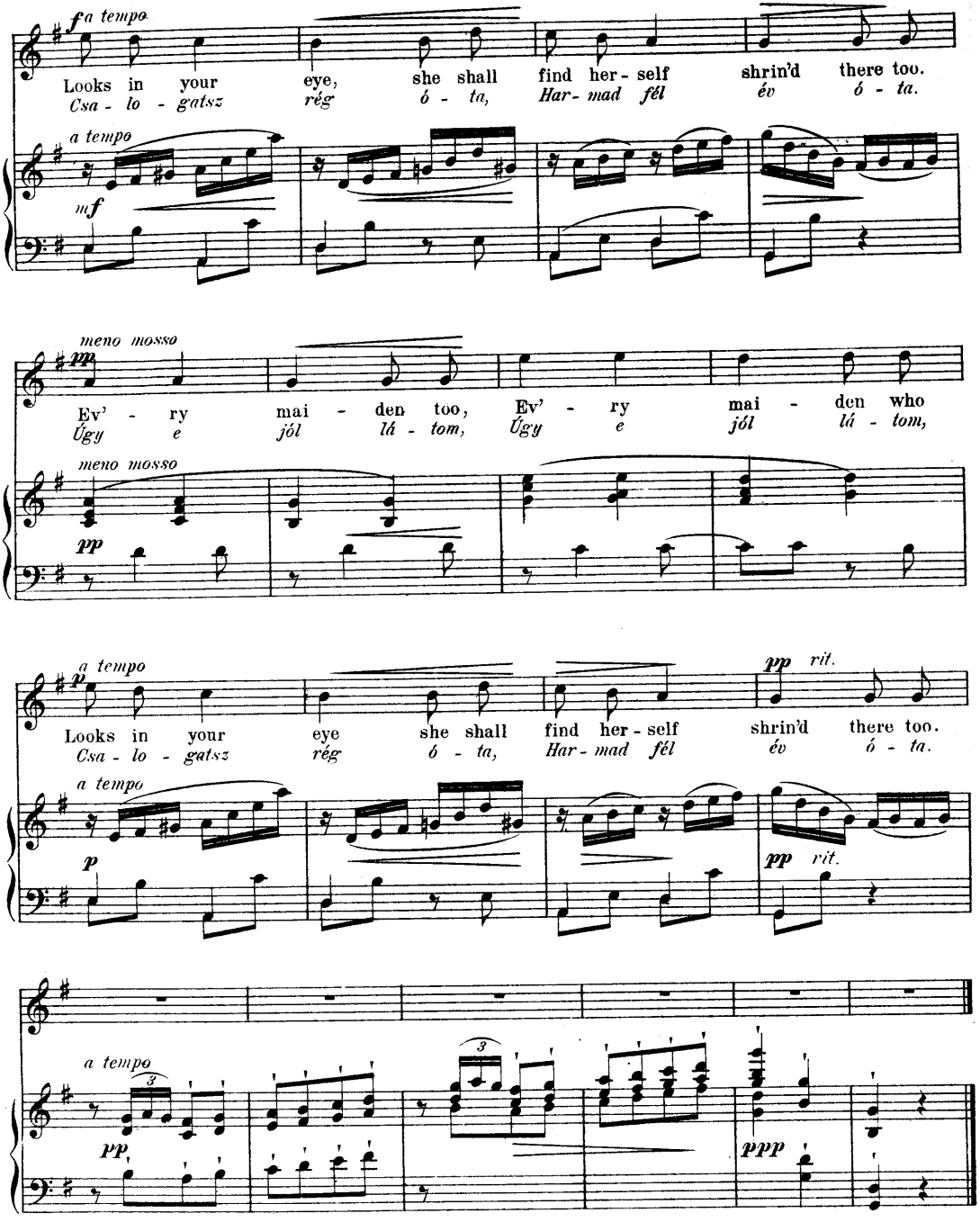
Look into my eye, come near!

Nº 2. Nézzél csak a szemembe.

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




a tempo
mf
All my great love and your lit - tle self shrin'd in it.
Te vagy az an - gya - la, ra - gyo - gó csil - la - ga.
p
a tempo
più mosso.
p
pp
Tempo I.
rit.
a tempo
I need not look there too long, Well I know the old old song,
Jól ol - va som lá - tom is, Hogy a le gény mind ha - mis;
Tempo I.
rit.
a tempo
meno mosso.
f
rit.
Ev' - ry mai - den too, Ev' - ry mai - den who
Ugy e jól lá - tom, Ugy e jól lá - tom,
meno mosso.
p
mf
rit.

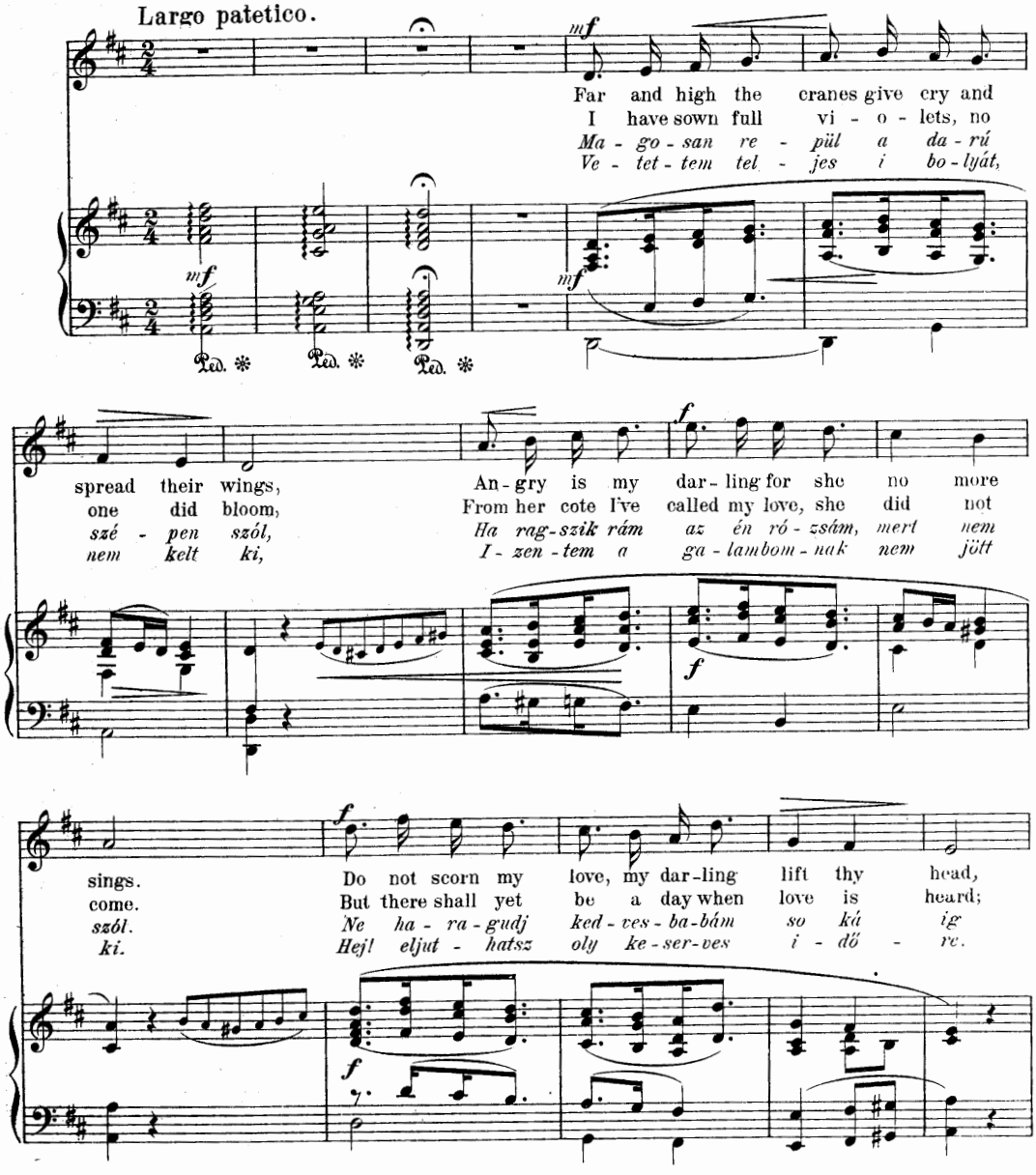

f a tempo
Looks in your eye, she shall find her - self shrin'd there too.
Csa - lo - gatsz rég ó - ta, Har - mad fél év ó - ta.
a tempo
mf
meno mosso
pp
Ev' - ry mai - den too, Ev' - ry mai - den who
Úgy e jól lá - tom, Úgy e jól lá - tom,
meno mosso
pp
a tempo
p
Looks in your eye she shall find her - self shrin'd there too.
Csa - lo - gatsz rég ó - ta, Har - mad fél év ó - ta.
pp rit.
a tempo
p
pp rit.
a tempo
pp
3
ppp

Far and high the cranes give cry...

№ 3. Magosan repűl a darú szépen szól...

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

F. Korbay.



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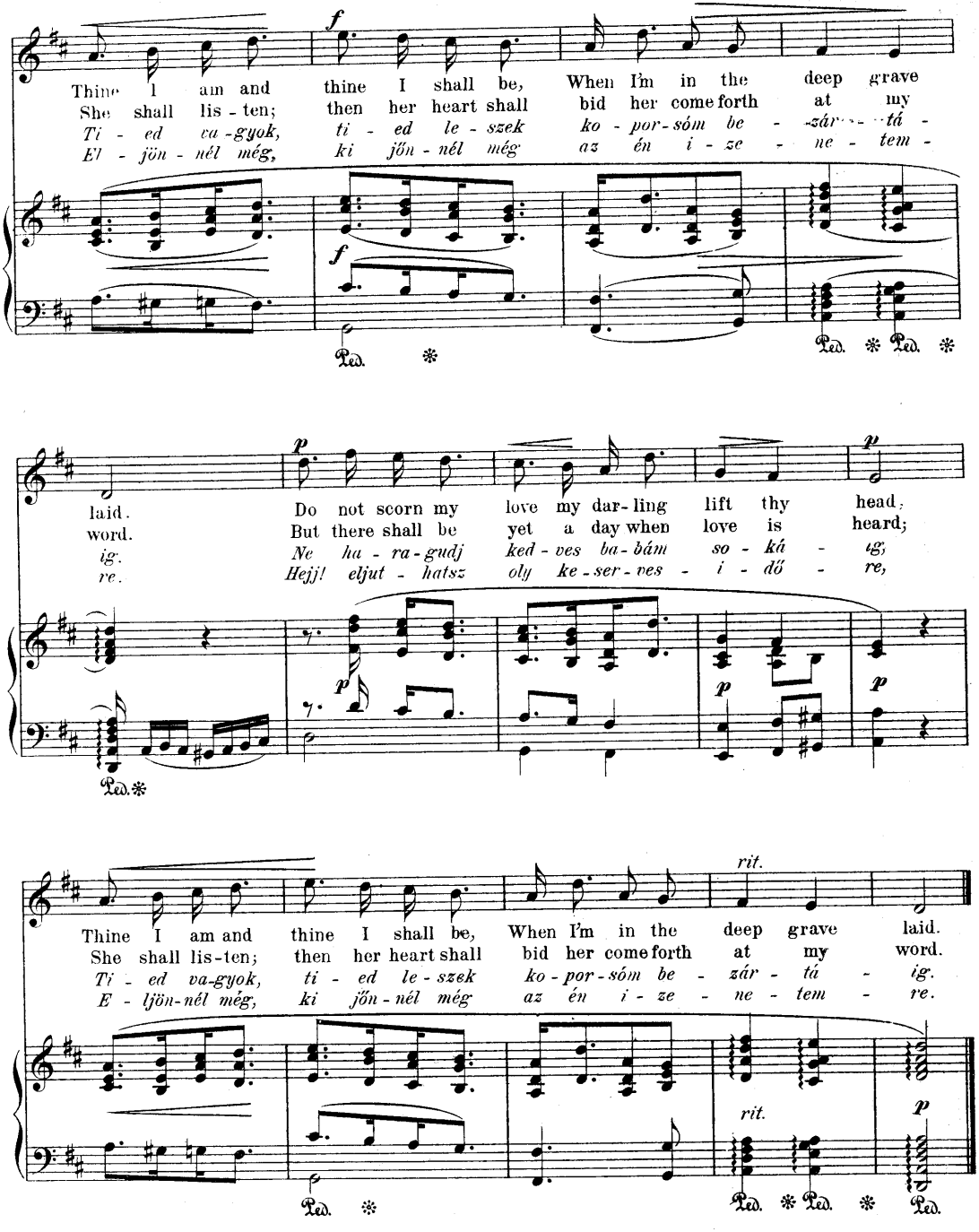

Thine I am and thine I shall be, When I'm in the deep grave
She shall lis-ten; then her heart shall bid her come forth at my
Ti - ed va-gyok, ti - ed le - szek ko - por-sóm be - zár - tá -
El - jön - nél még, ki jön - nél még az én i - ze - ne - tem -
laid. Do not scorn my love my dar-ling lift thy head;
word. But there shall be yet a day when love is heard;
ig; Ne ha - ra - gudj ked - ves ba - bám so - ká - ig;
re. Hejj! eljut - hatsz oly ke - ser - ves - i - dő - re,
Thine I am and thine I shall be, When I'm in the deep grave laid.
She shall lis-ten; then her heart shall bid her come forth at my word.
Ti - ed va-gyok, ti - ed le - szek ko - por - sóm be - zár - tá - ig.
E - ljön-nél még, ki jön - nél még az én i - ze - ne - tem - re.
rit.
rit.

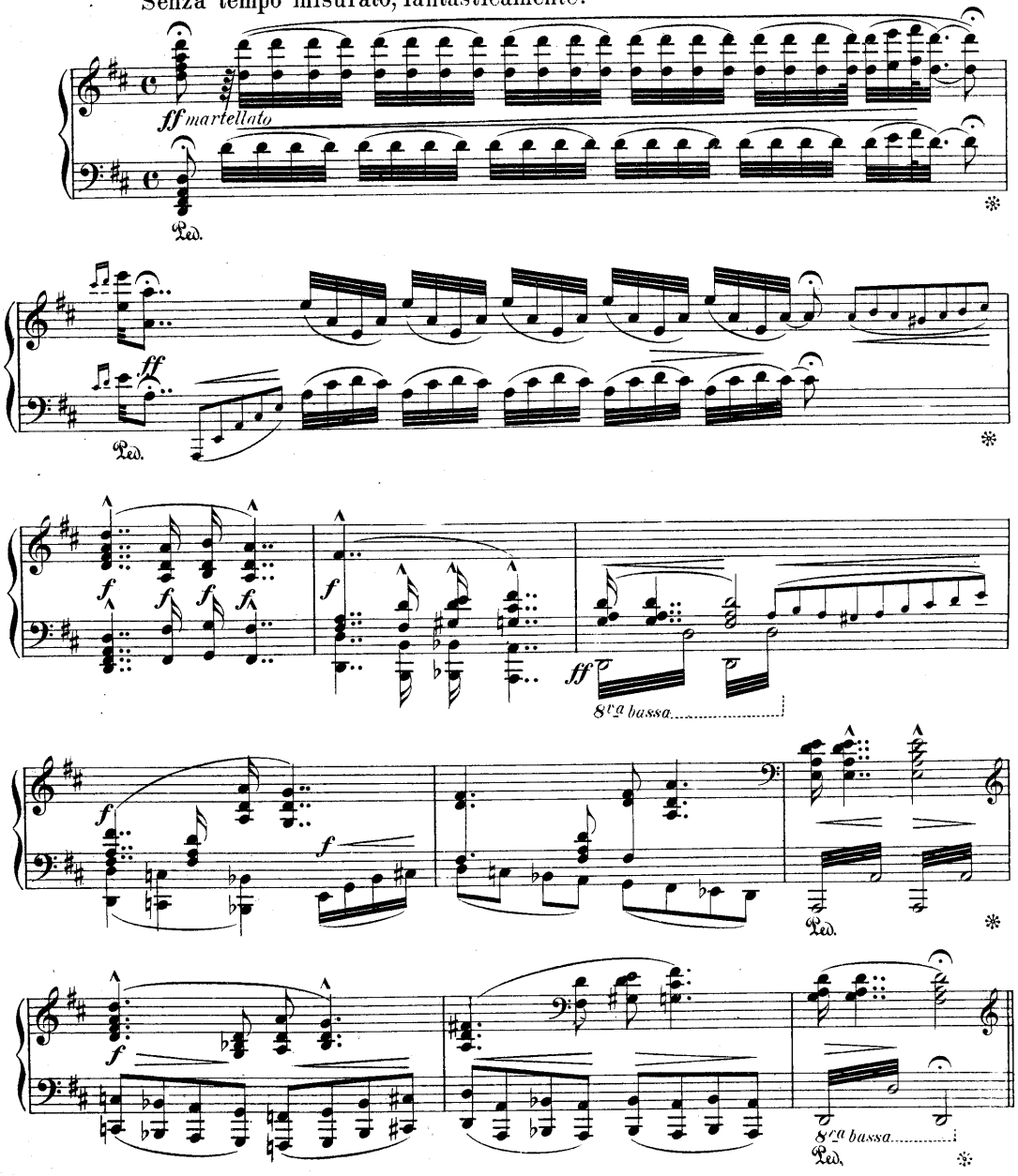
No 4.

Had a horse, a finer no one ever saw.
Volt nekem egy darú szőrű paripám.

Old Folk Song.

F. Korbay.

Senza tempo misurato, fantasticamente.



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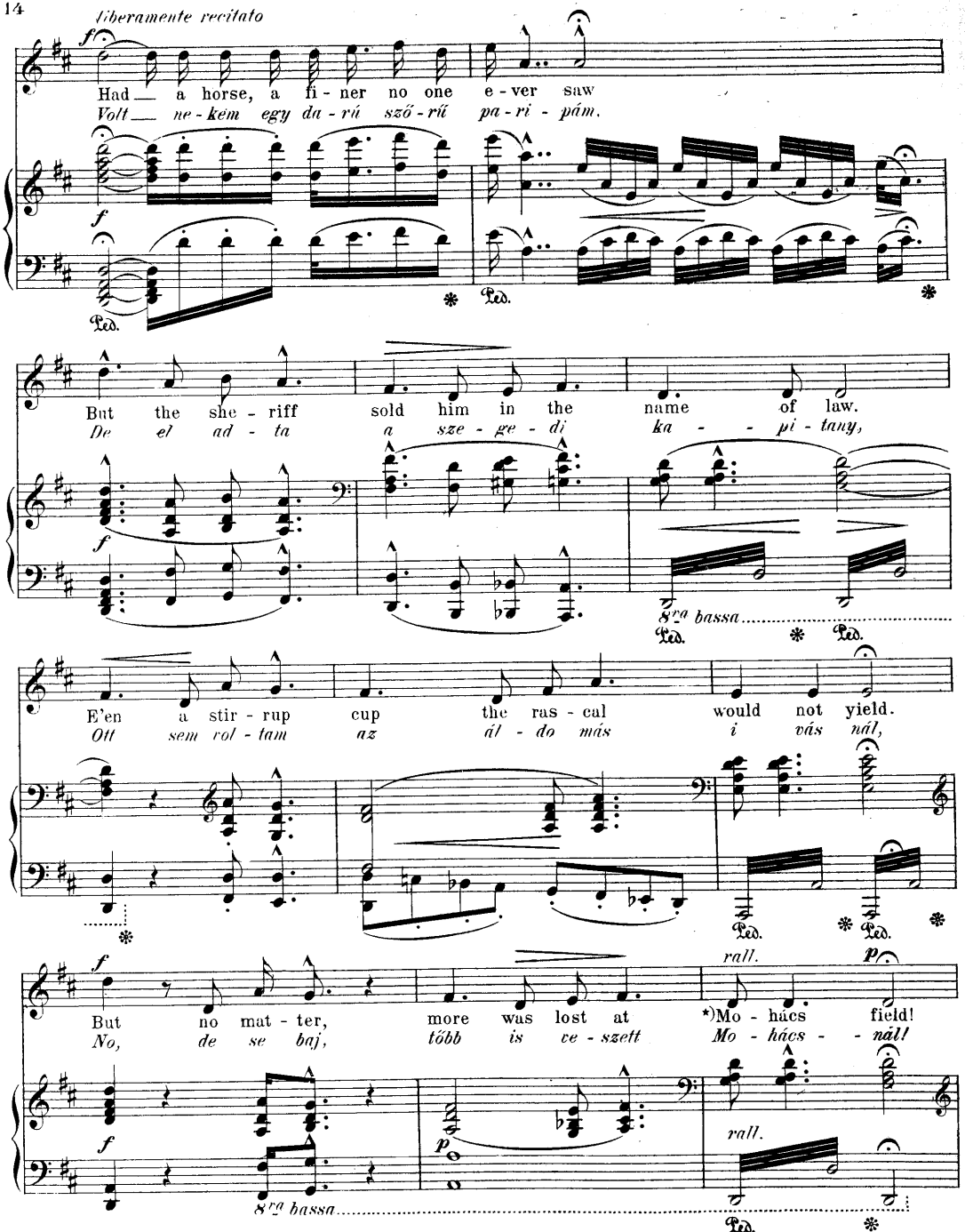
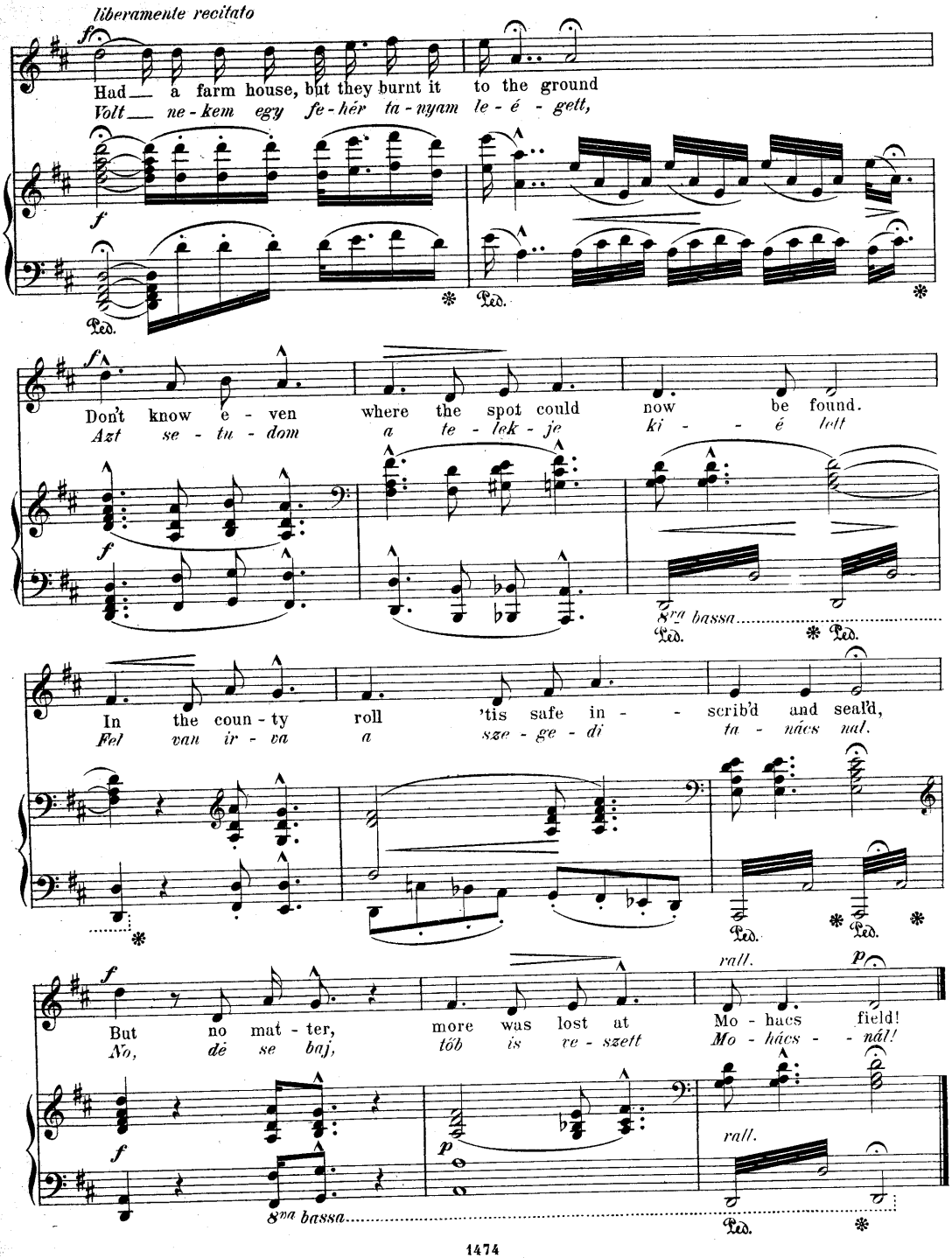
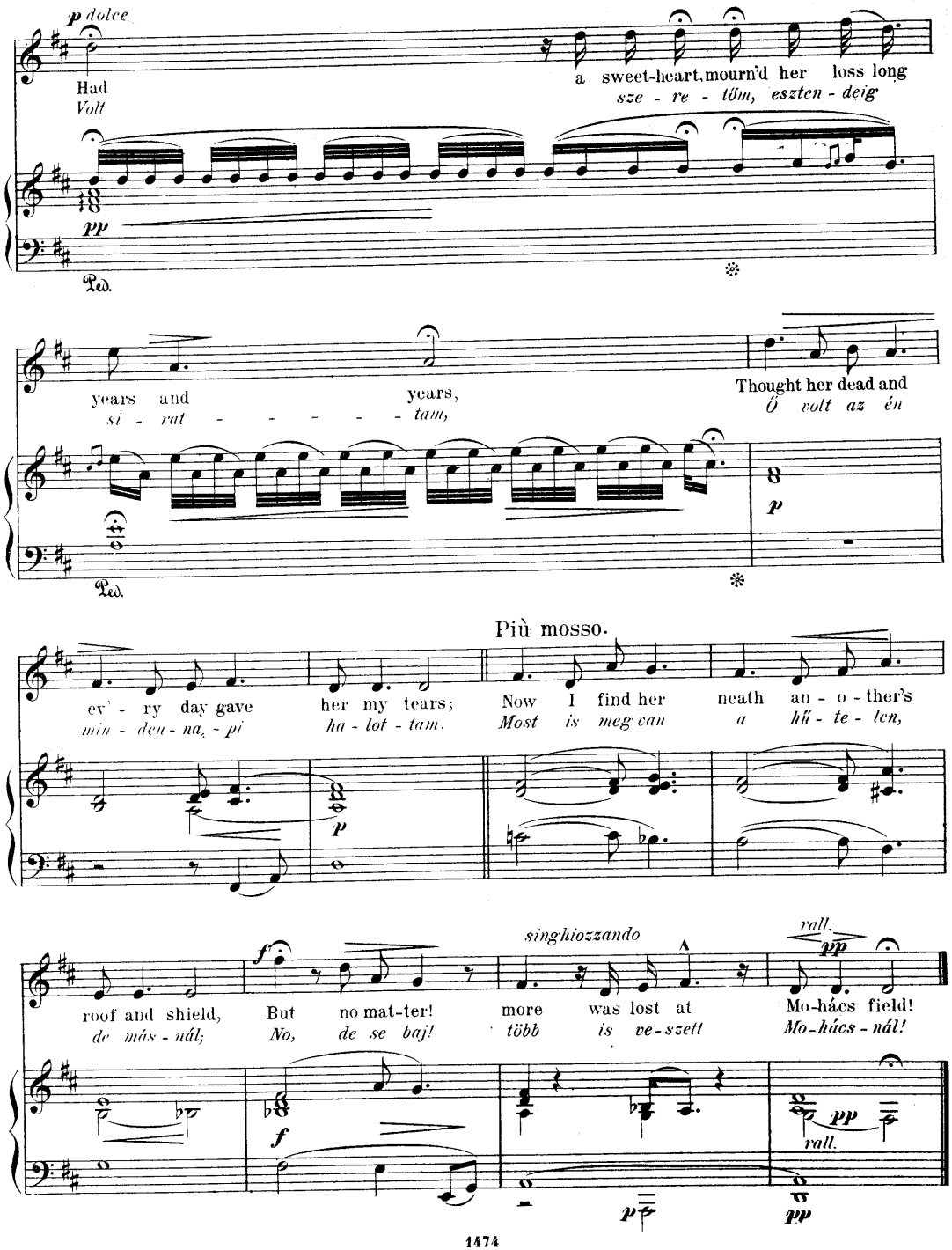


*) Pronounce Mohátch.

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.


liberamente recitato
Had a farm house, but they burnt it to the ground
Volt ne-kem egy fe-hér ta-nyam le-é-gett,
Don't know e-ven where the spot could now be found.
Azt se-tu-dom a te-lek-je ki-é lett
8va bassa
In the coun-ty roll 'tis safe in-scrib'd and seal'd,
Fel van ir-va a sze-ge-di ta-nács nal.
But no mat-ter, more was lost at Mo-hacs field!
No, dé se baj, több is ve-szett Mo-hács-nál!
rall.
8va bassa


p dolce
Had
Volt
a sweet-heart, mourn'd her loss long
sze - re - tőm, eszten - deig
pp
Ped.
years and years,
si - rat - - - - - tam,
Thought her dead and
Ő volt az én
p
Più mosso.
ev' - ry day gave her my tears;
min - den - na, - pi ha - lot - tam.
Now I find her neath an - o - ther's
Most is meg van a hű - te - len,
singhiozzando
rall.
roof and shield, But no mat-ter! more was lost at
de más - nál; No, de se baj! több is ve-szett
Mo-hács field!
Mo-hács - nál!
f
pp
rall.

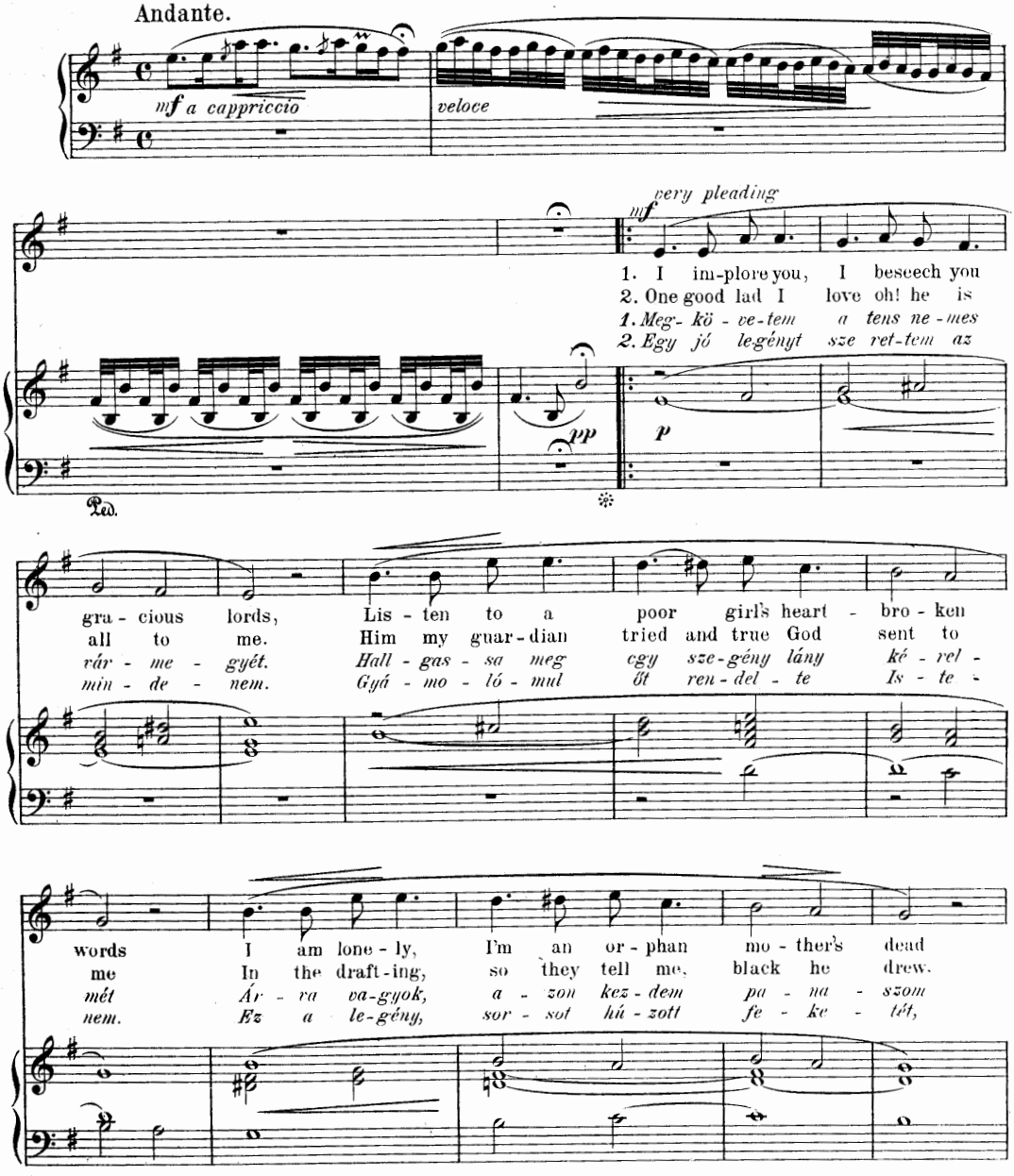
I implore you, I beseech you.

Meg-követem a tens nemes.

№ 5.

Old Folk Song.

F. Korbay.



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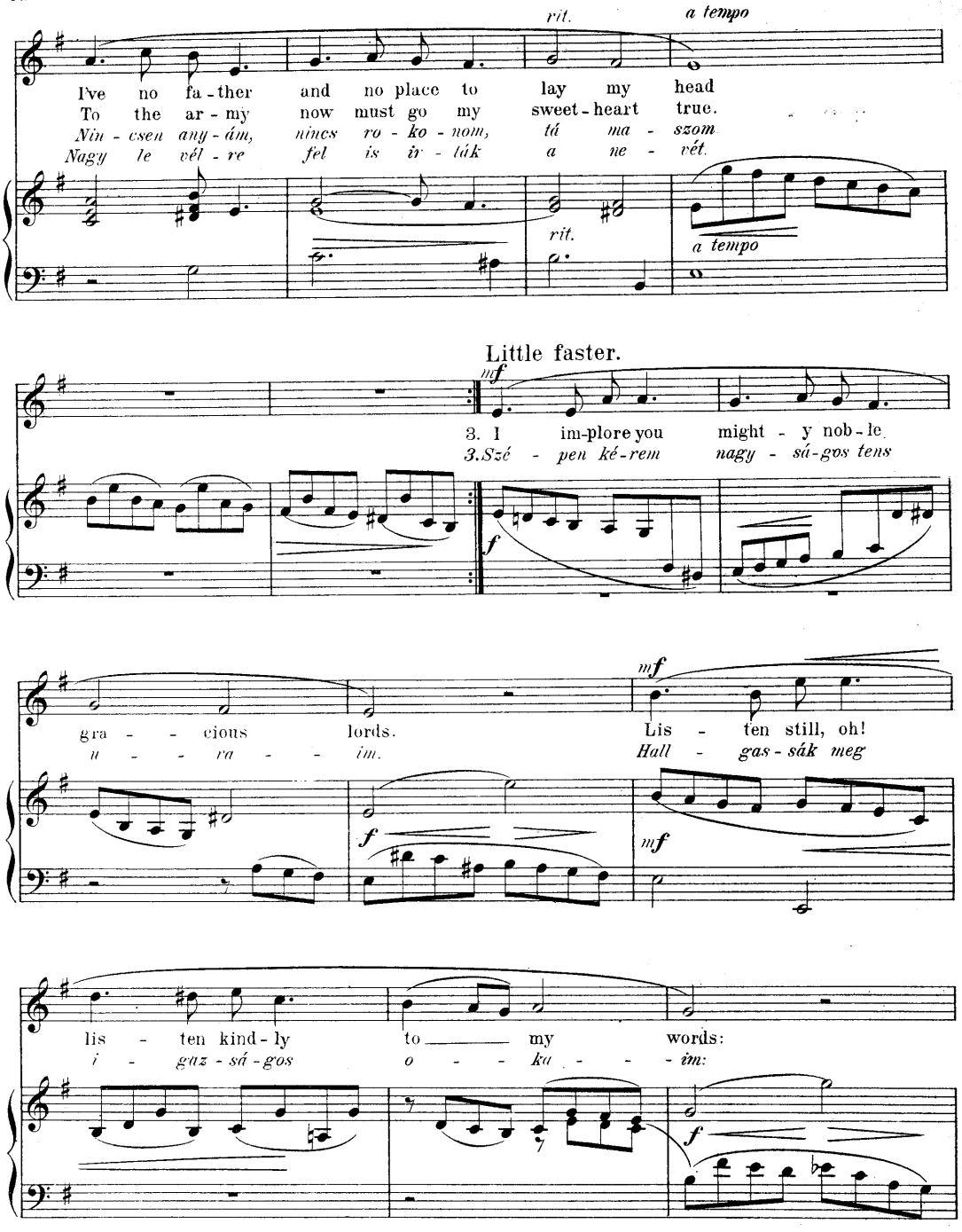
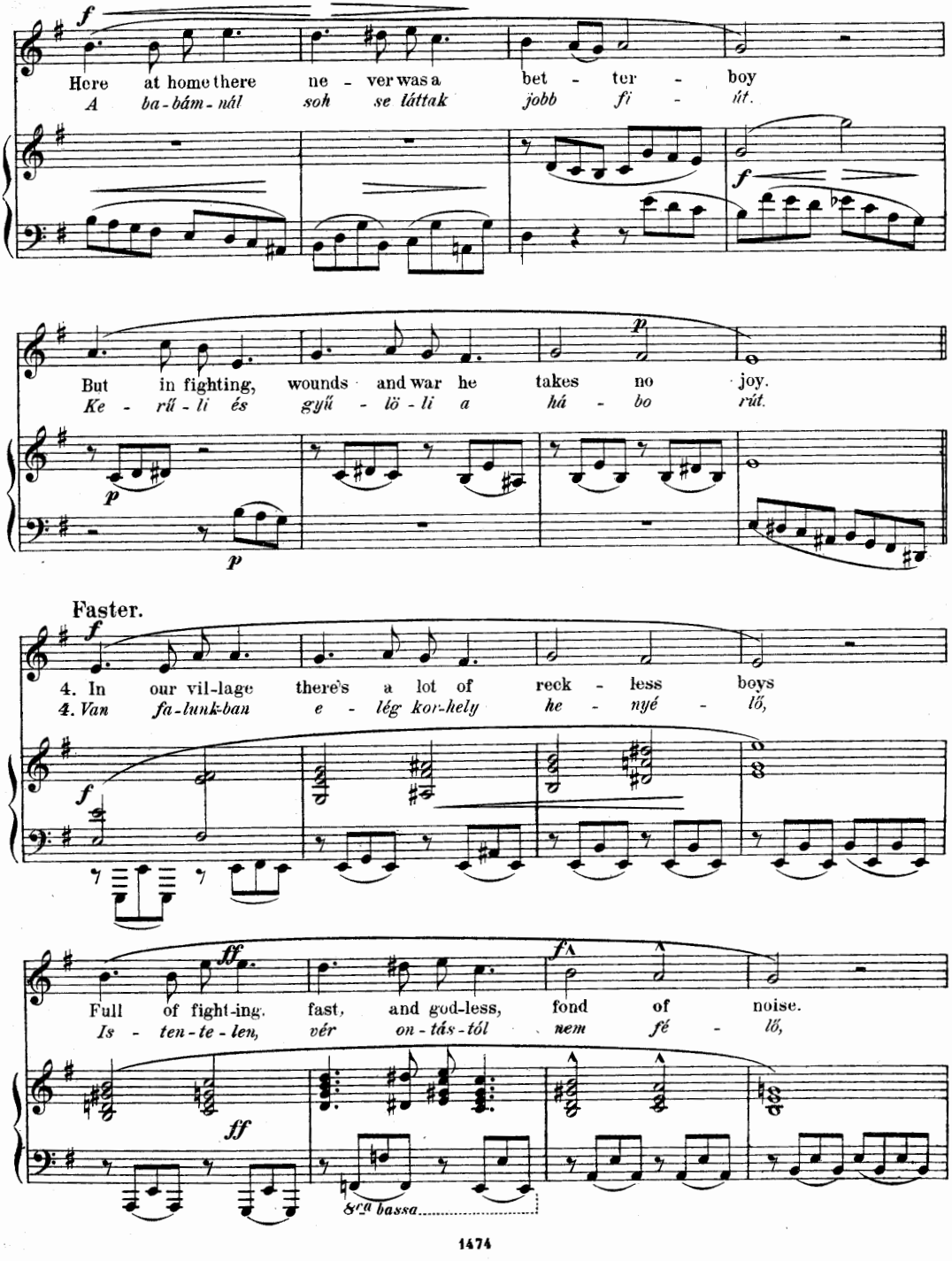
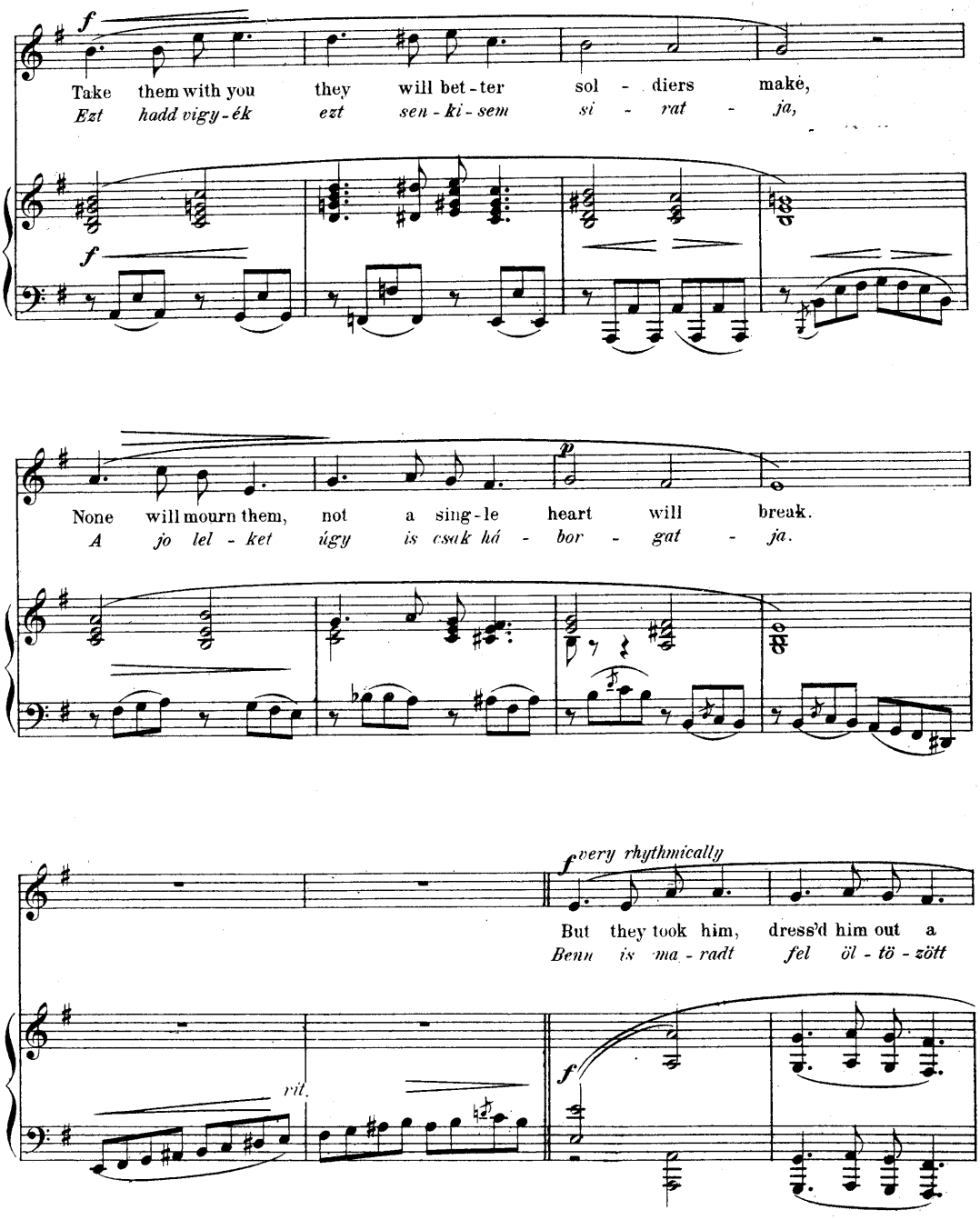
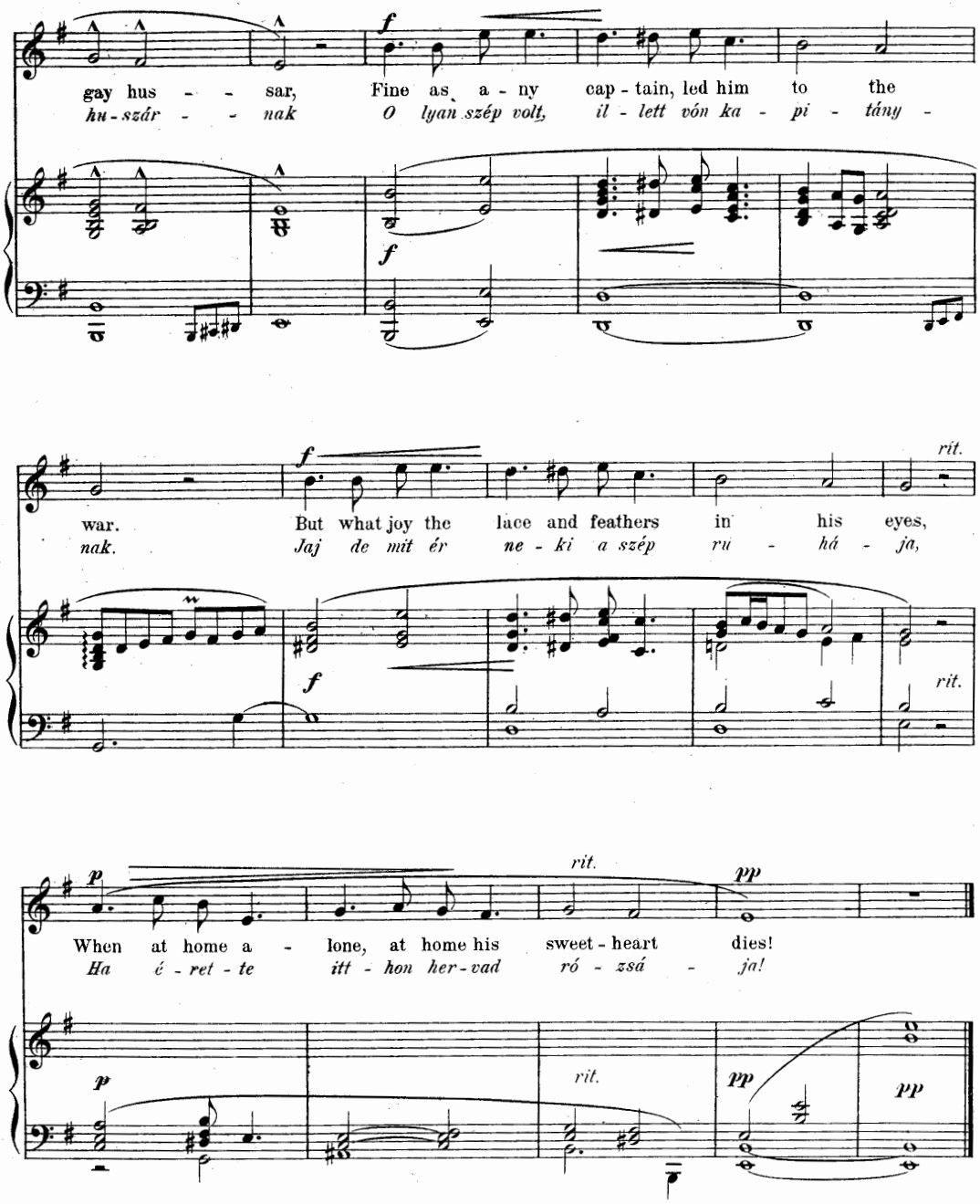

rit.
a tempo
I've no fa - ther and no place to lay my head
To the ar - my now must go my sweet - heart true.
Nin - csen any - ám, nincs ro - ko - nom, tá ma - szom
Nagy le vél - re fel is ír - ták a ne - vét.
rit.
a tempo
Little faster.
mf
3. I im-plore you might - y nob - le
3. Szé - pen ké - rem nagy - sá - gos tens
f
gra - - cious lords.
u - - ra - - im.
mf
Lis - ten still, oh!
Hall - gas - sák meg
f
mf
lis - ten kind - ly to my words:
i - gaz - sá - gos o - - ka - - im:
f


Here at home there ne - ver was a bet - ter - boy
A ba-bám-nál soh se láttak jobb fi - út.
But in fighting, wounds and war he takes no joy.
Ke - rű - li és gyű - lö - li a há - bo rút.
Faster.
4. In our vil-lage there's a lot of reck - less boys
4. Van fa-lunk-ban e - lég kor-hely he - nyé - lő,
Full of fight-ing, fast, and god-less, fond of noise.
Is - ten-te-len, vér on-tás-tól nem fé - lő,
8va bassa


f
Take them with you they will bet-ter sol - diers make,
Ezt hadd vigy-ék ezt sen-ki-sem si - rat - ja,
f
p
None will mourn them, not a sing-le heart will break.
A jo lel - ket úgy is csak há - bor - gat - ja.
f very rhythmically
But they took him, dress'd him out a
Benn is ma-radt fel öl - tö - zött
rit.
f

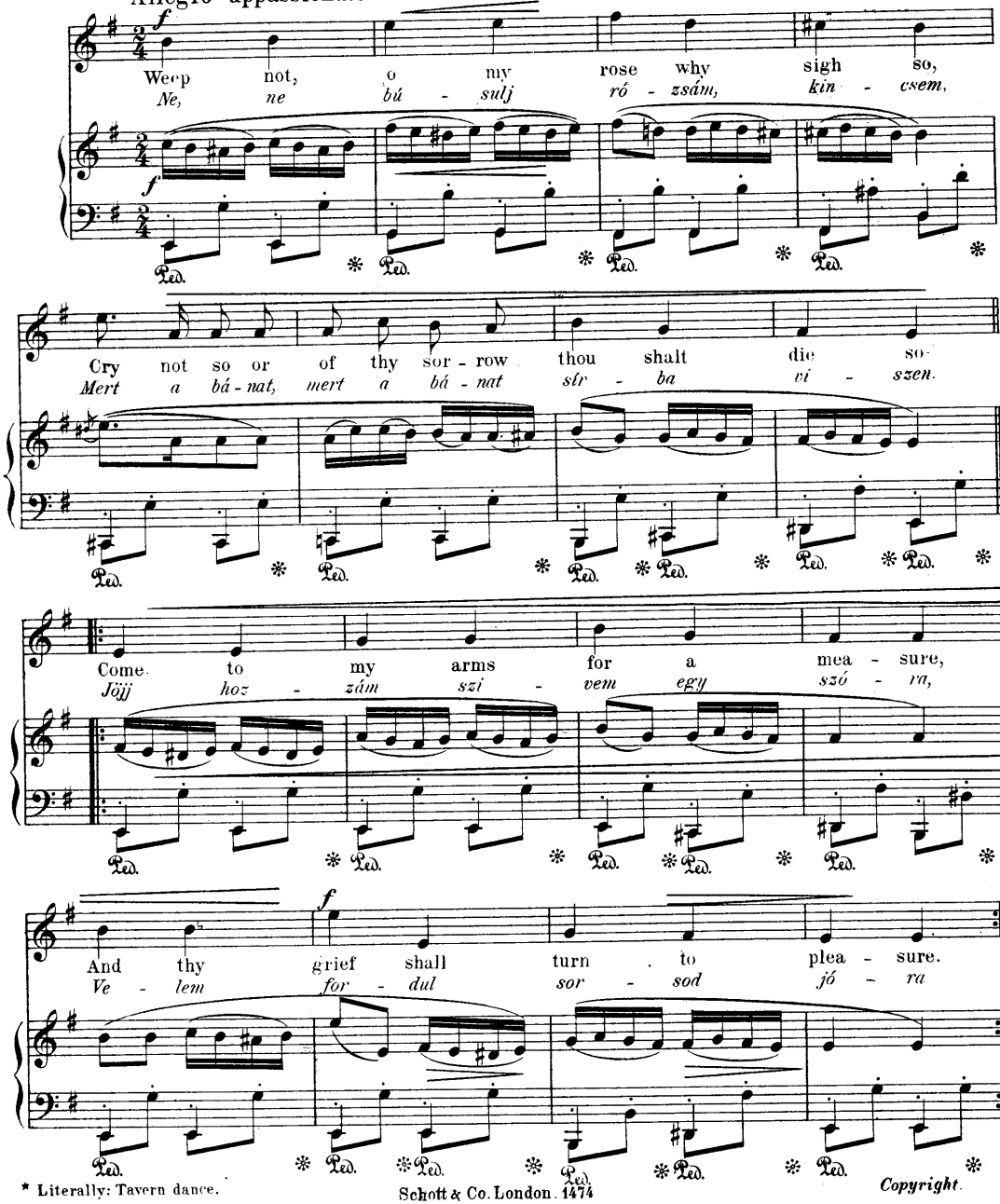

gay hus - - sar, Fine as a - ny cap - tain, led him to the
hu - szár - - nak O lyan szép volt, il - lett vón ka - pi - tány -
war. But what joy the lace and feathers in his eyes,
nak. Jaj de mit ér ne - ki a szép ru - há - ja,
When at home a - lone, at home his sweet - heart dies!
Ha é - ret - te itt - hon her - vad ró - zsá - ja!
rit.
pp

№ 6.

Csárdás.*

Composer unknown. F. Korbay.

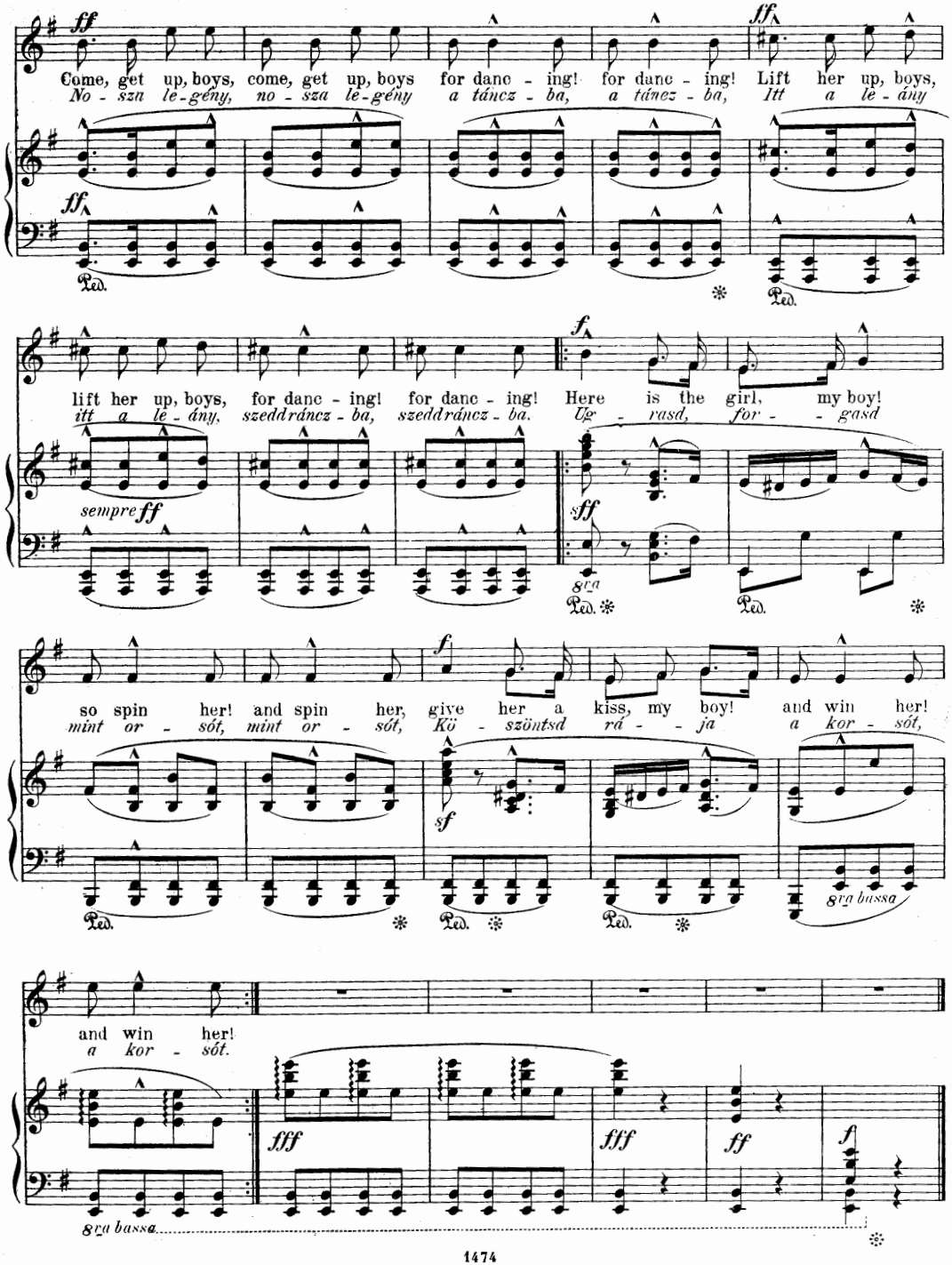
Allegro appassionato.



* Literally: Tavern dance.

Schott & Co. London. 1474

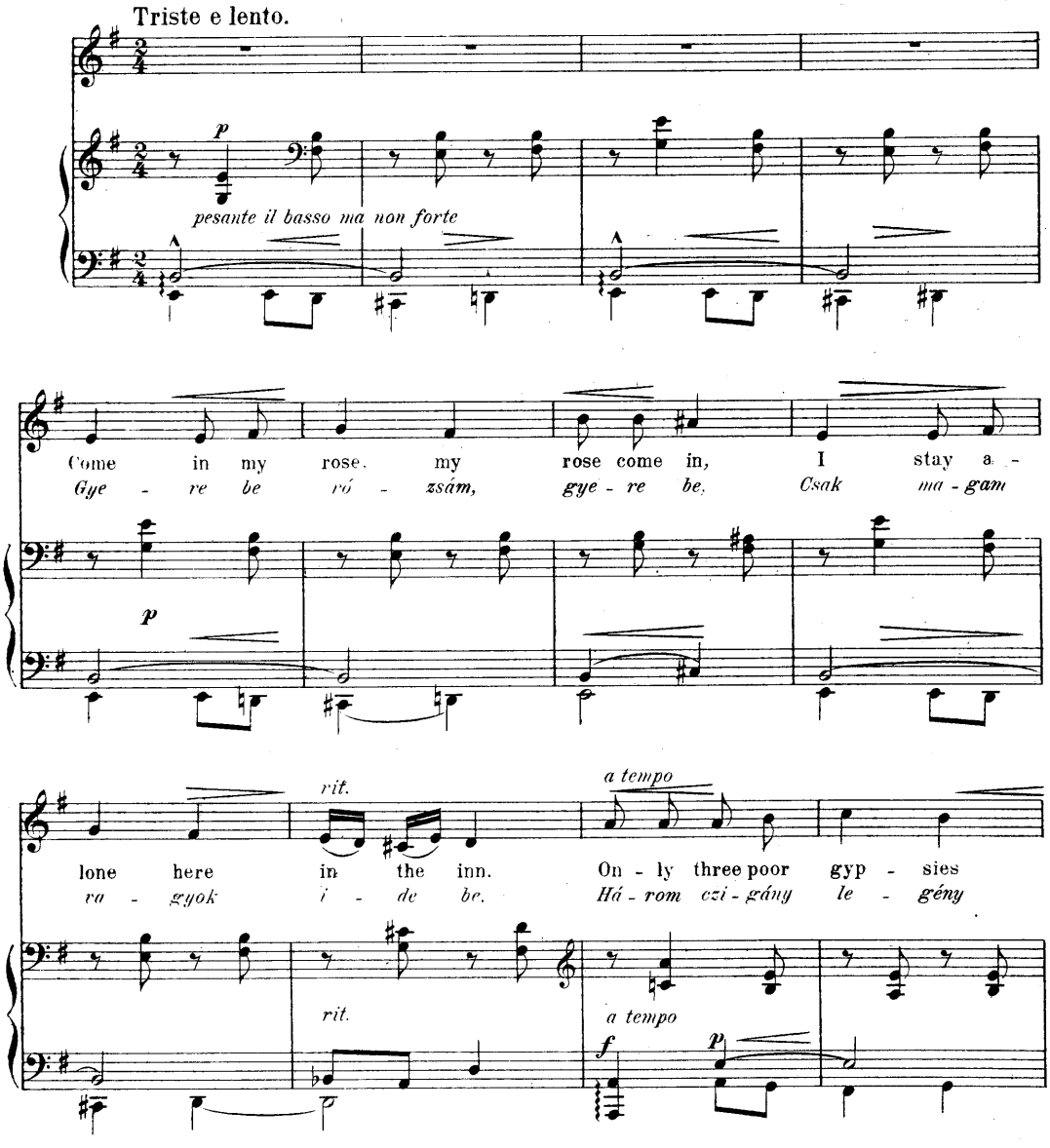
Copyright.


ff
Come, get up, boys, come, get up, boys for danc - ing! for danc - ing! Lift her up, boys,
No - szn le-gény, no - sza le-gény a táncz - ba, a tánez - ba, Itt a le - ány
sff
Ped.
lift her up, boys, for danc - ing! for danc - ing! Here is the girl, my boy!
itt a le - ány, szeddráncz - ba, szeddráncz - ba. Ug - rasd, for - - gasd
sempre ff
sff
8va
so spin her! and spin her, give her a kiss, my boy! and win her!
mint or - sót, mint or - sót, Kö - szöntsd rá - - ja a kor - sót,
sf
8va bassa
and win her!
a kor - sót.
fff
fff
ff
f
8va bassa

Come in my rose, my rose come in...

№ 7. Gyere be rózsám, gyere be...

Old Folk Song. F. Korbay.



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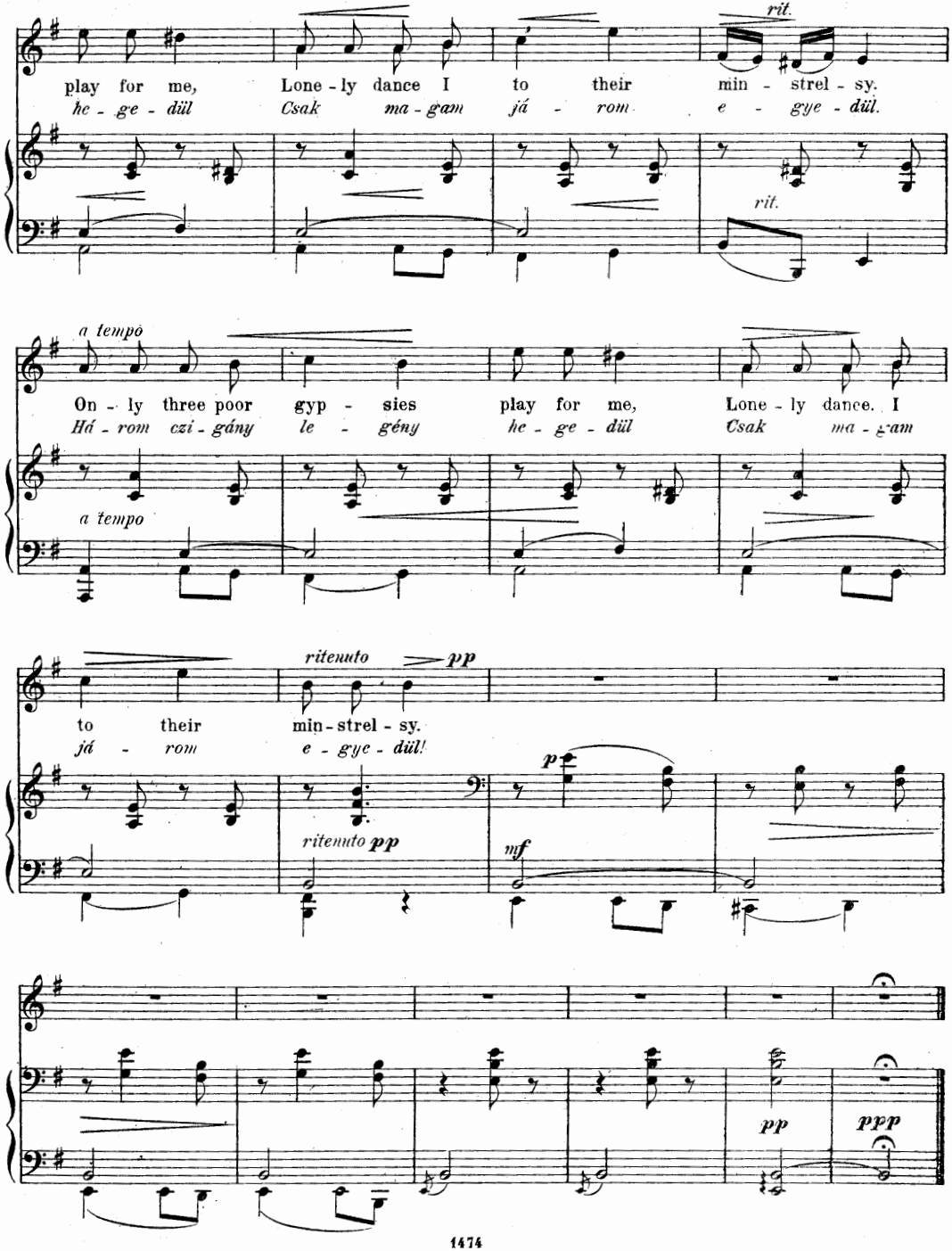
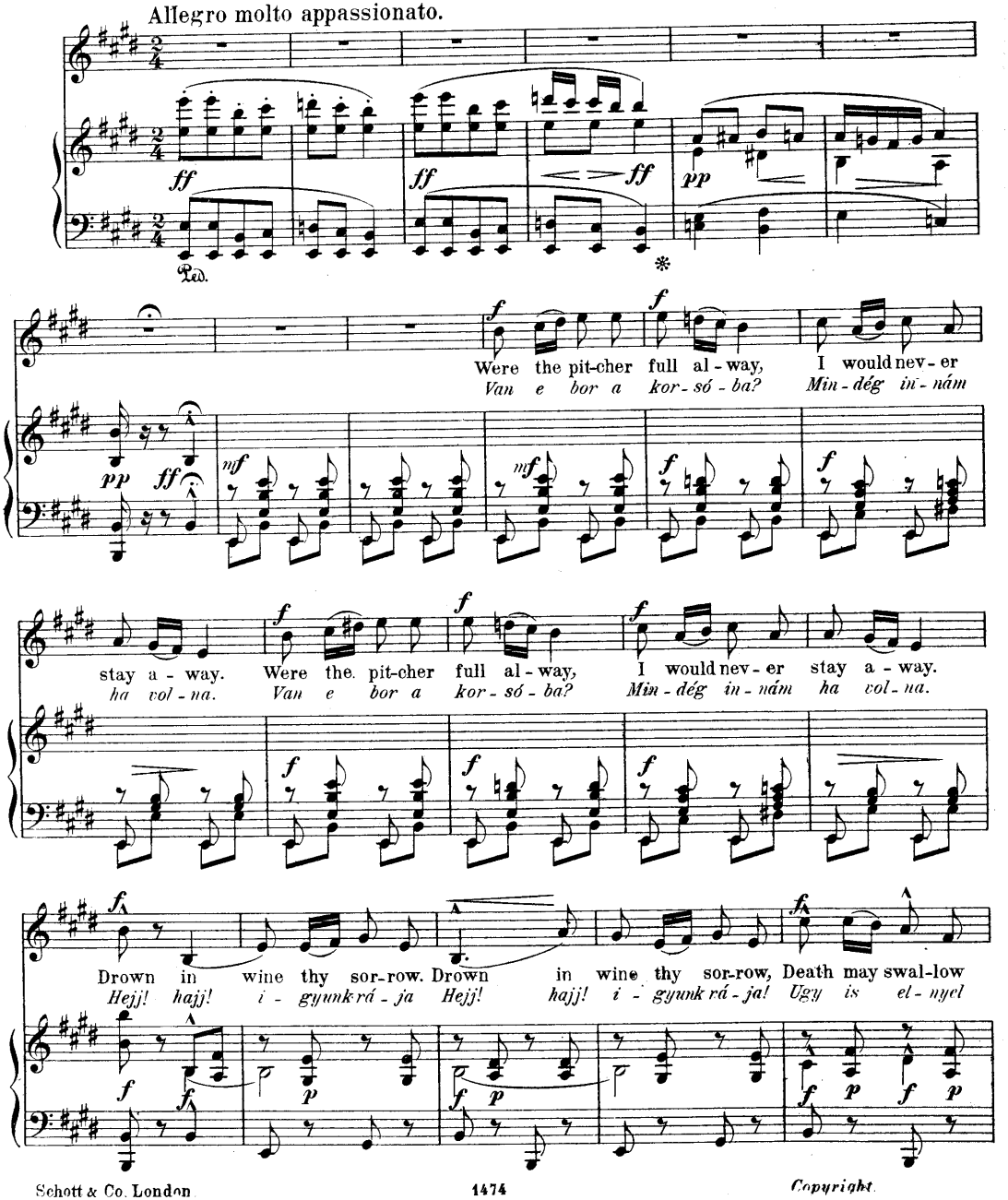

rit.
play for me, Lone - ly dance I to their min - strel - sy.
he - ge - dül Csak ma - gam já - rom e - gye - dül.
rit.
a tempo
On - ly three poor gyp - sies play for me, Lone - ly dance. I
Há - rom czi - gány le - gény he - ge - dül Csak ma - gam
a tempo
ritenuto pp
to their min - strel - sy.
já - rom e - gye - dül!
p
ritenuto pp
mf
pp
ppp

Were the pitcher full alway...

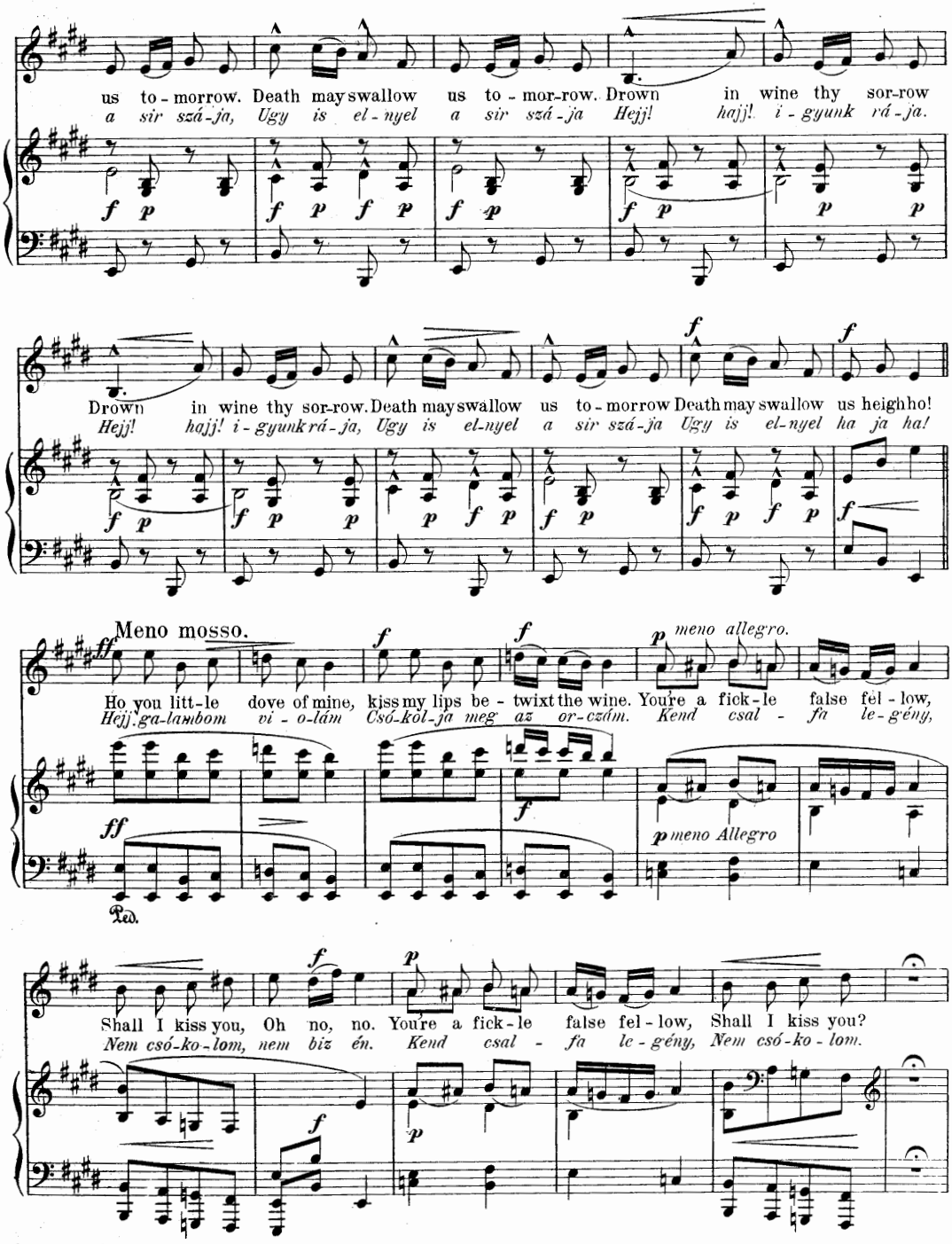
Nº 8. Van e bor a korsóba?

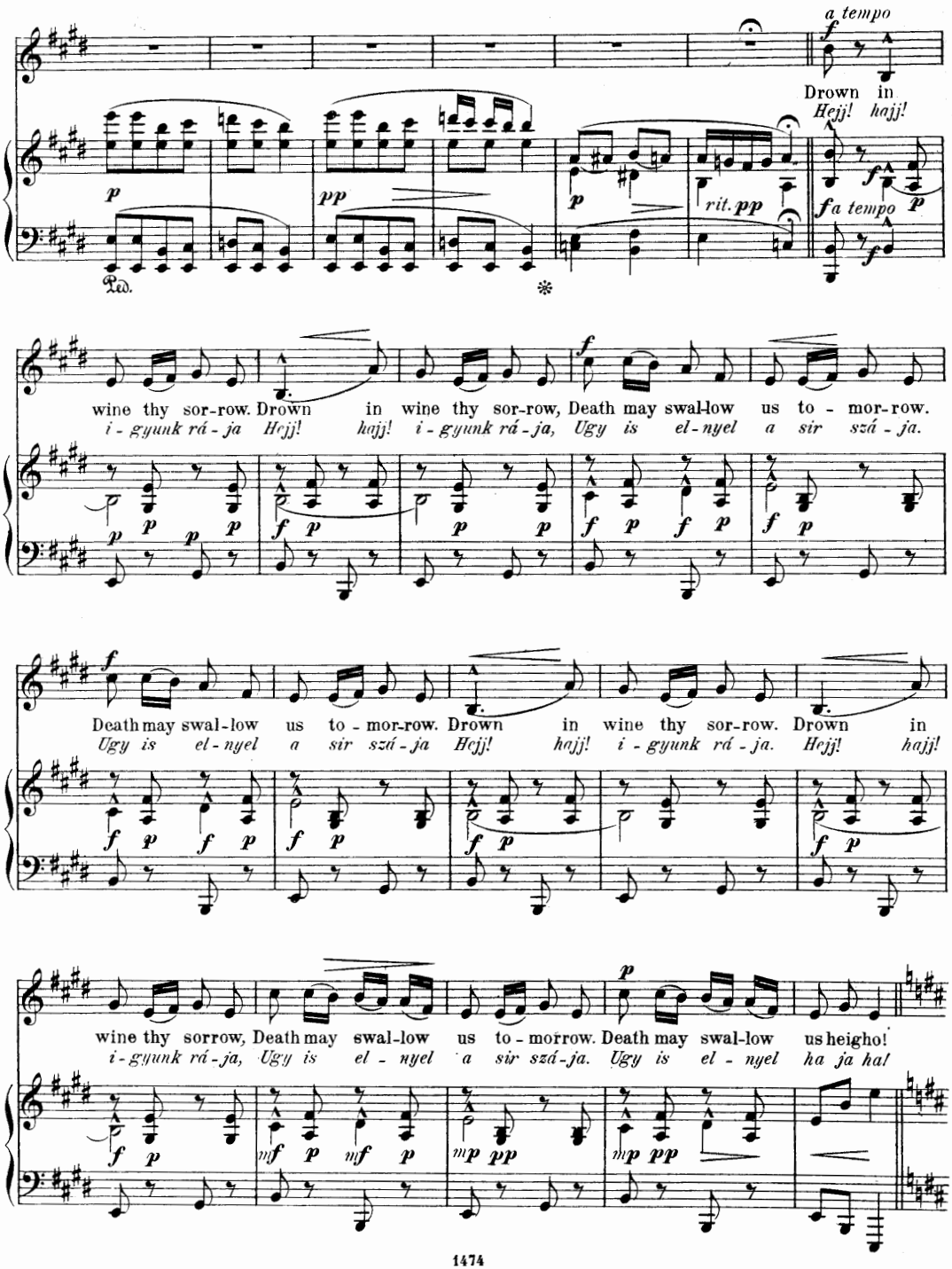
Composer unknown. Very old. F Korbay.

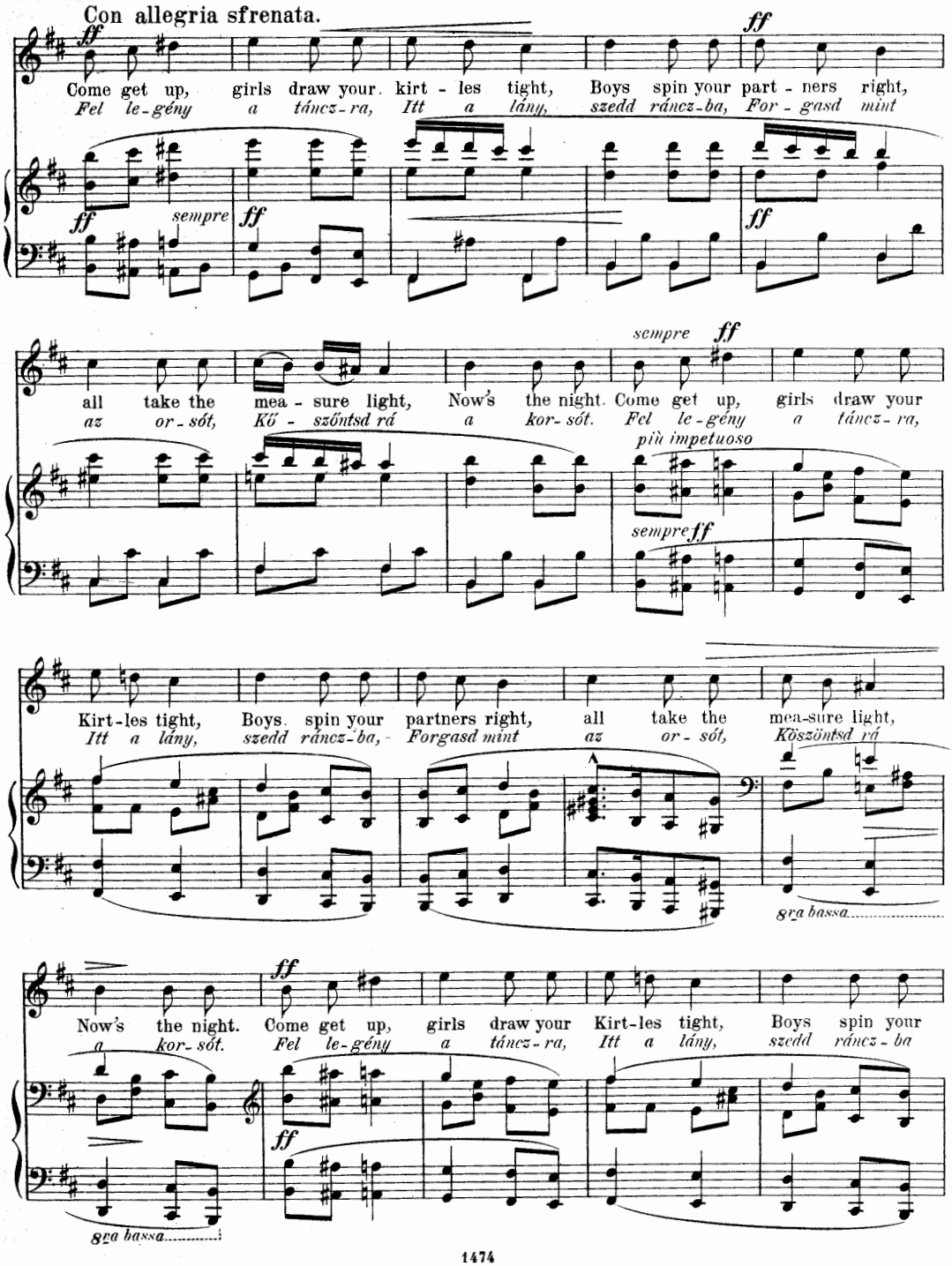
Allegro molto appassionato.

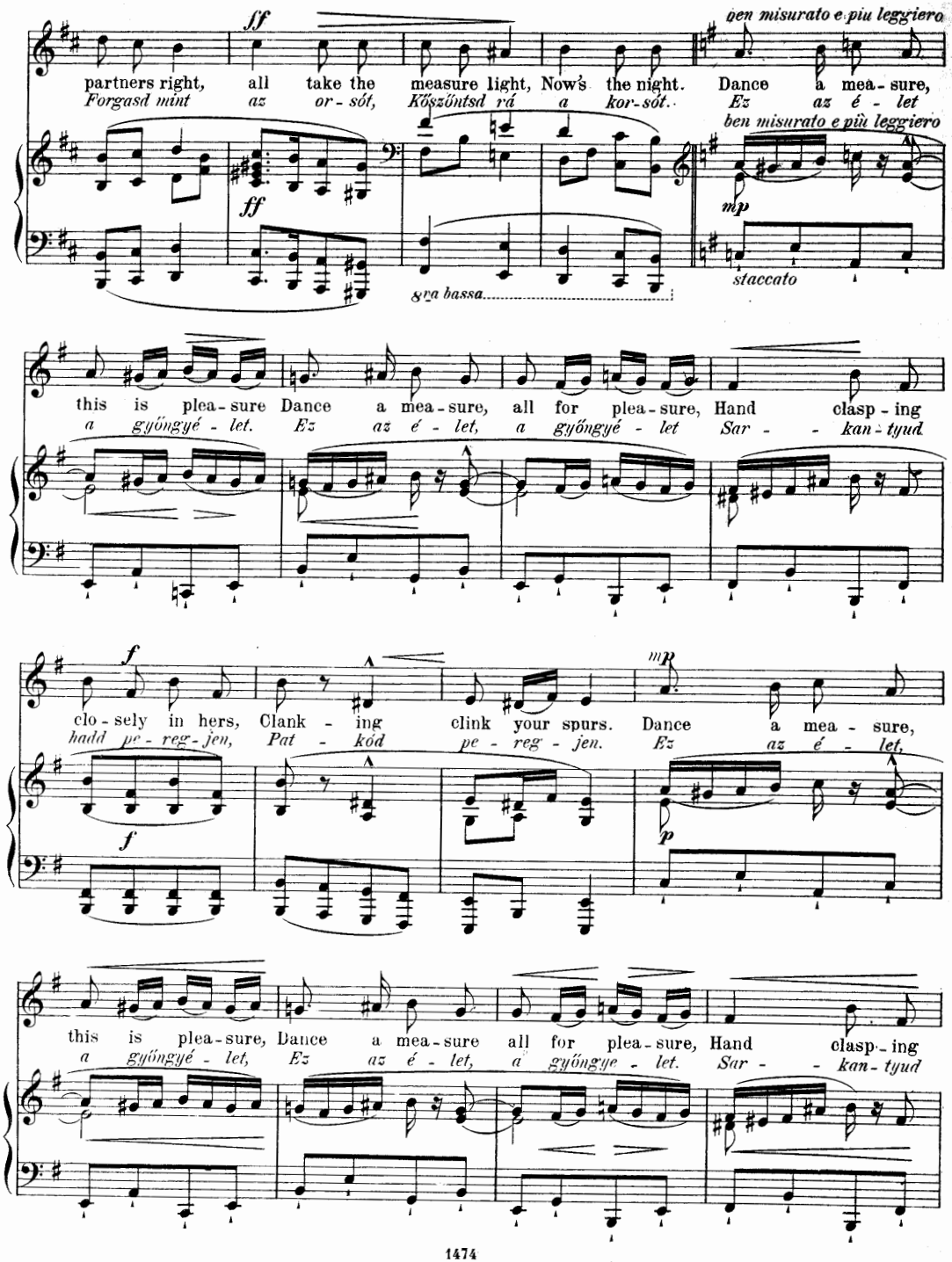


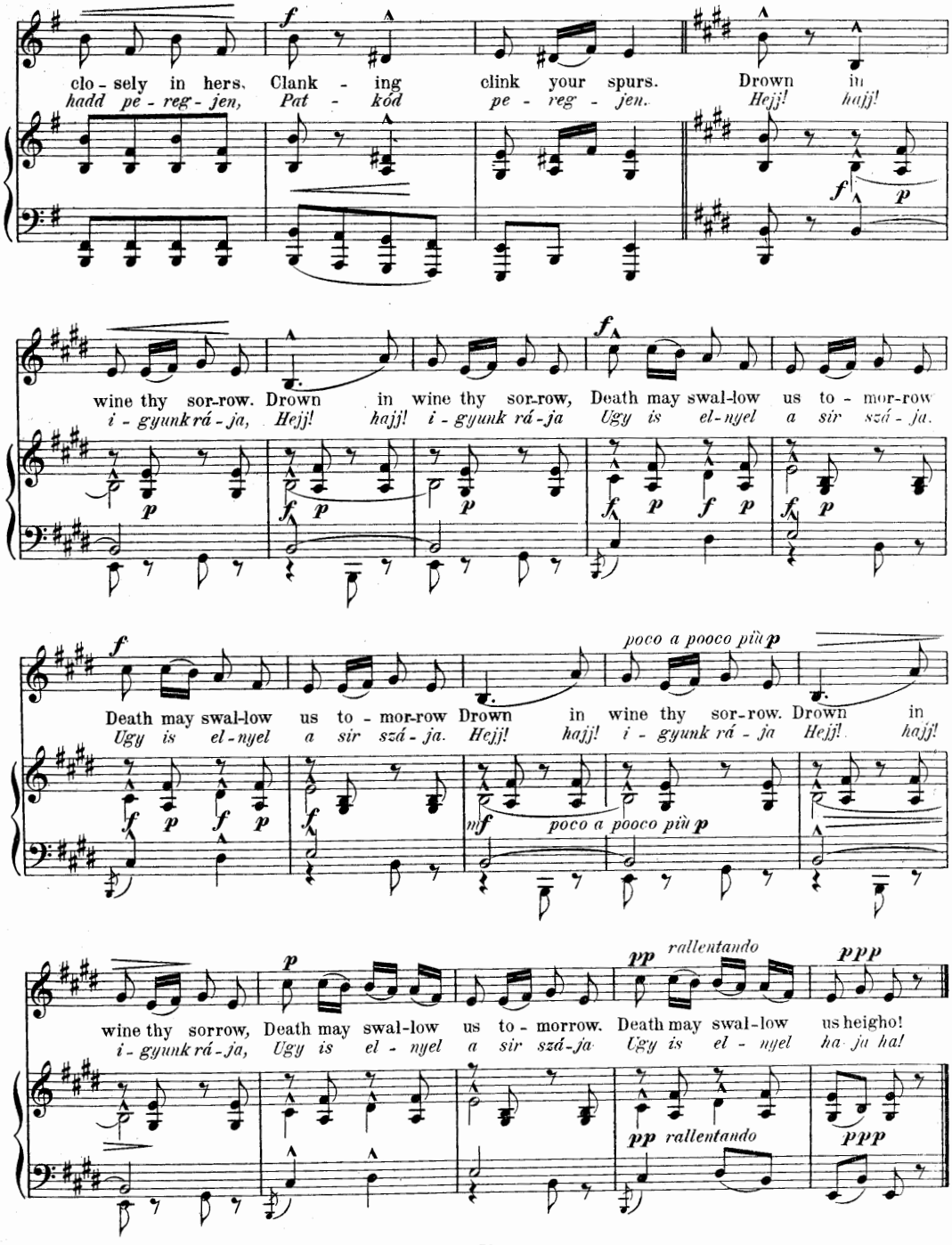
 Copyright


us to - morrow. Death may swallow us to - mor-row. Drown in wine thy sor-row
a sir szá-ja, Ugy is el - nyel a sir szá-ja Hejj! hajj! i - gyunk rá-ja.
Drown in wine thy sor-row. Death may swallow us to - morrow Death may swallow us heigh ho!
Hejj! hajj! i - gyunk rá-ja, Ugy is el-nyel a sir szá-ja Ugy is el-nyel ha ja ha!
Meno mosso.
meno allegro.
Ho you litt-le dove of mine, kiss my lips be - twixt the wine. You're a fick-le false fel - low,
Hejj ga-lambom vi - o-lám Csó-kol-ja meg az or-czám. Kend csal - fa le-gény,
meno Allegro
Shall I kiss you, Oh no, no. You're a fick-le false fel - low, Shall I kiss you?
Nem csó-ko-lom, nem biz én. Kend csal - fa le - gény, Nem csó-ko - lom.


a tempo
Drown in
Hejj! hajj!
rit. pp
a tempo
wine thy sor-row. Drown in wine thy sor-row, Death may swal-low us to - mor-row.
i - gyunk rá - ja Hejj! hajj! i - gyunk rá - ja, Ugy is el-nyel a sir szá - ja.
Death may swal-low us to - mor-row. Drown in wine thy sor-row. Drown in
Ugy is el - nyel a sir szá - ja Hejj! hajj! i - gyunk rá - ja. Hejj! hajj!
wine thy sorrow, Death may swal-low us to - morrow. Death may swal-low us heigho!
i - gyunk rá - ja, Ugy is el - nyel a sir szá - ja. Ugy is el - nyel ha ja ha!


Con allegria sfrenata.
ff
Come get up, girls draw your kirt - les tight, Boys spin your part - ners right,
Fel le-gény a táncz-ra, Itt a lány, szedd ráncz-ba, For - gasd mint
sempre
all take the mea - sure light, Now's the night. Come get up, girls draw your
az or - sót, Kő - szöntsd rá a kor - sót. Fel le-gény a táncz-ra,
più impetuoso
Kirt-les tight, Boys spin your partners right, all take the mea-sure light,
Itt a lány, szedd ráncz-ba, Forgasd mint az or - sót, Köszöntsd rá
8va bassa
Now's the night. Come get up, girls draw your Kirt-les tight, Boys spin your
a kor-sót. Fel le-gény a táncz-ra, Itt a lány, szedd ráncz-ba
8va bassa


ben misurato e più leggiero
partners right, all take the measure light, Now's the night. Dance a mea - sure,
Forgasd mint az or - sót, Kőszőntsd rá a kor - sót. Ez az é - let
ben misurato e più leggiero
staccato
this is plea - sure Dance a mea - sure, all for plea - sure, Hand clasp - ing
a gyöngyé - let. Ez az é - let, a gyöngyé - let Sar - - kan - tyud
clo - sely in hers, Clank - ing clink your spurs. Dance a mea - sure,
hadd pe - reg - jen, Pat - kód pe - reg - jen. Ez az é - let,
this is plea - sure, Dance a mea - sure all for plea - sure, Hand clasp - ing
a gyöngyé - let, Ez az é - let, a gyöngye - let. Sar - - kan - tyud


clo - sely in hers. Clank - ing clink your spurs. Drown in
hadd pe - reg - jen, Pat - kód pe - reg - jen. Hejj! hajj!
wine thy sor-row. Drown in wine thy sor-row, Death may swal-low us to - mor-row
i - gyunk rá - ja, Hejj! hajj! i - gyunk rá - ja Ugy is el-nyel a sir szá - ja.
Death may swal-low us to - mor-row Drown in wine thy sor-row. Drown in
Ugy is el-nyel a sir szá - ja. Hejj! hajj! i - gyunk rá - ja Hejj! hajj!
poco a pooco più p
poco a pooco più p
wine thy sorrow, Death may swal-low us to - morrow. Death may swal-low us heigho!
i - gyunk rá - ja, Ugy is el - nyel a sir szá-ja Ugy is el - nyel ha ja ha!
rallentando
rallentando

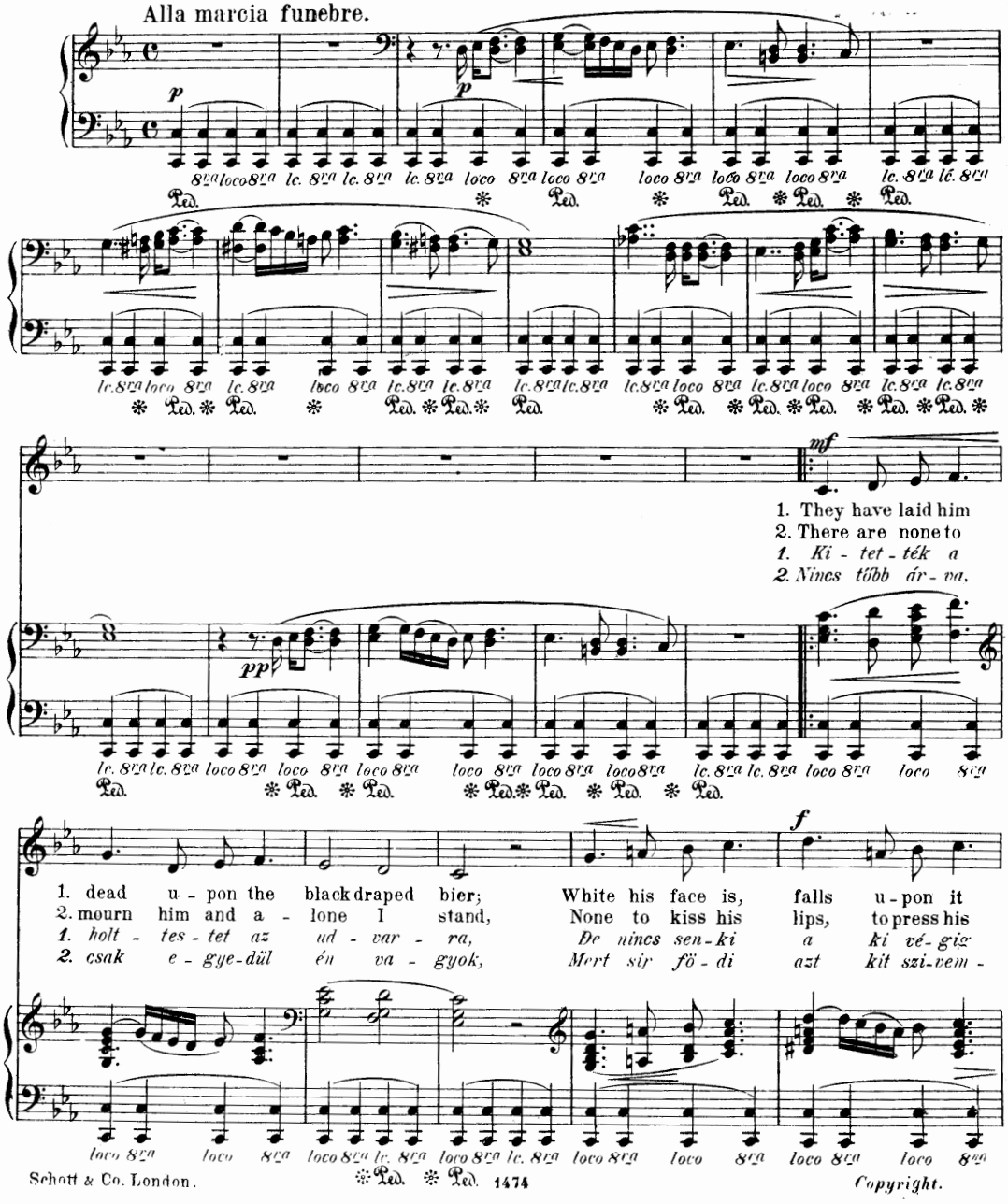
568380

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

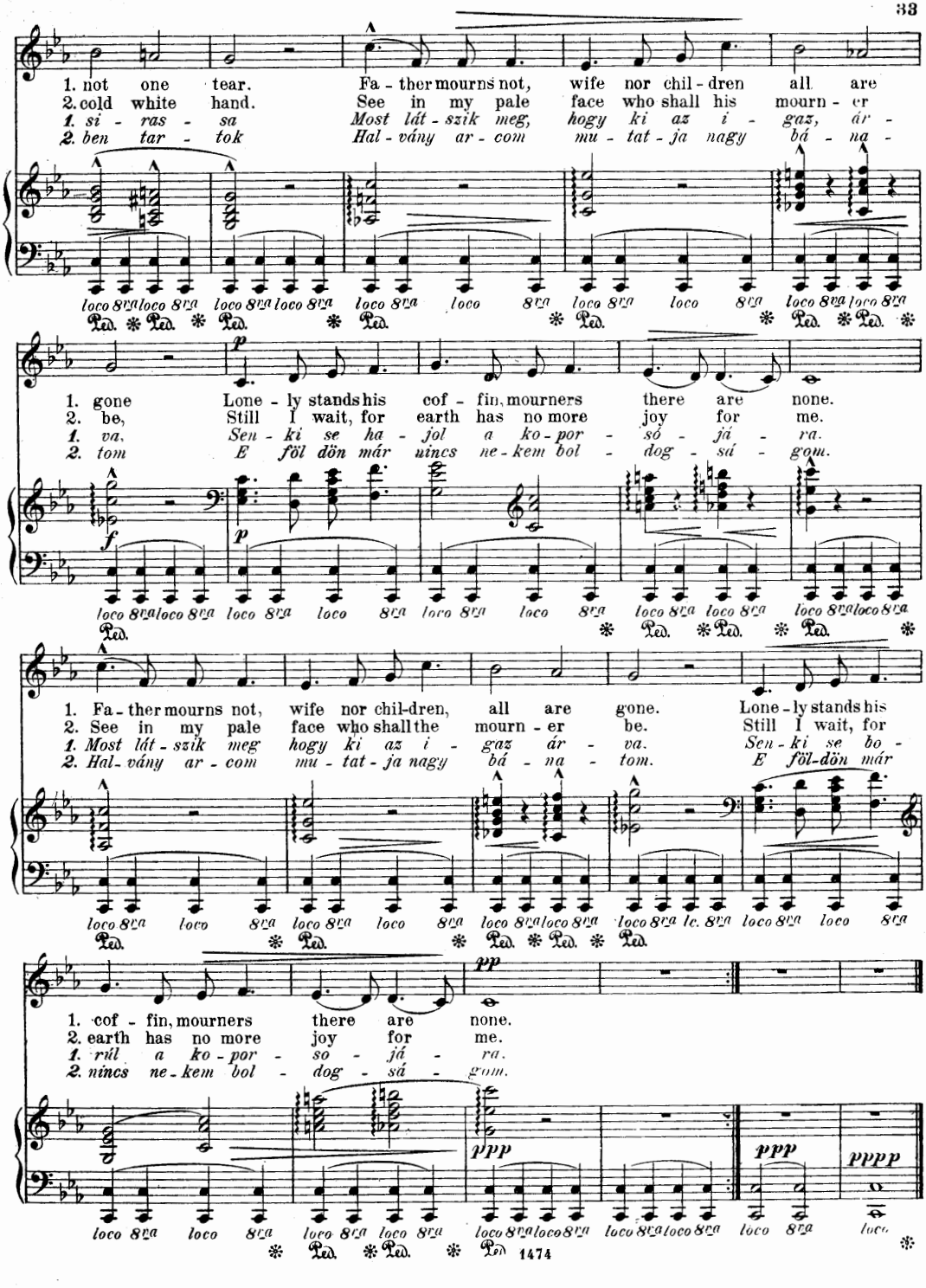
No. 9.

Kitették a holttestet az udvarra...

Folk Song dating from 1848. F. Korbay.



Schott & Co. London. 1474 Copyright.


1. not one tear. Fa - ther mourns not, wife nor chil - dren 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, ár -
2. ben tar - tok Hal - vány ar - com mu - tat - ja nagy bá - 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. va, Sen - ki se ha - jol a ko - por - só - já - ra.
2. tom E föl dön már uincs ne - kem bol - dog - sá - gom.
1. Fa - ther mourns not, wife nor chil-dren, 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 - va. Sen - ki se bo -
2. Hal - vány ar - com mu - tat - ja nagy bá - na - tom. E föl-dön már
1. cof - fin, mourners there are none.
2. earth has no more joy for me.
1. rúl a ko - por - so - já - ra.
2. nincs ne - kem bol - dog - sá - gom.
loco 8va
Ped.

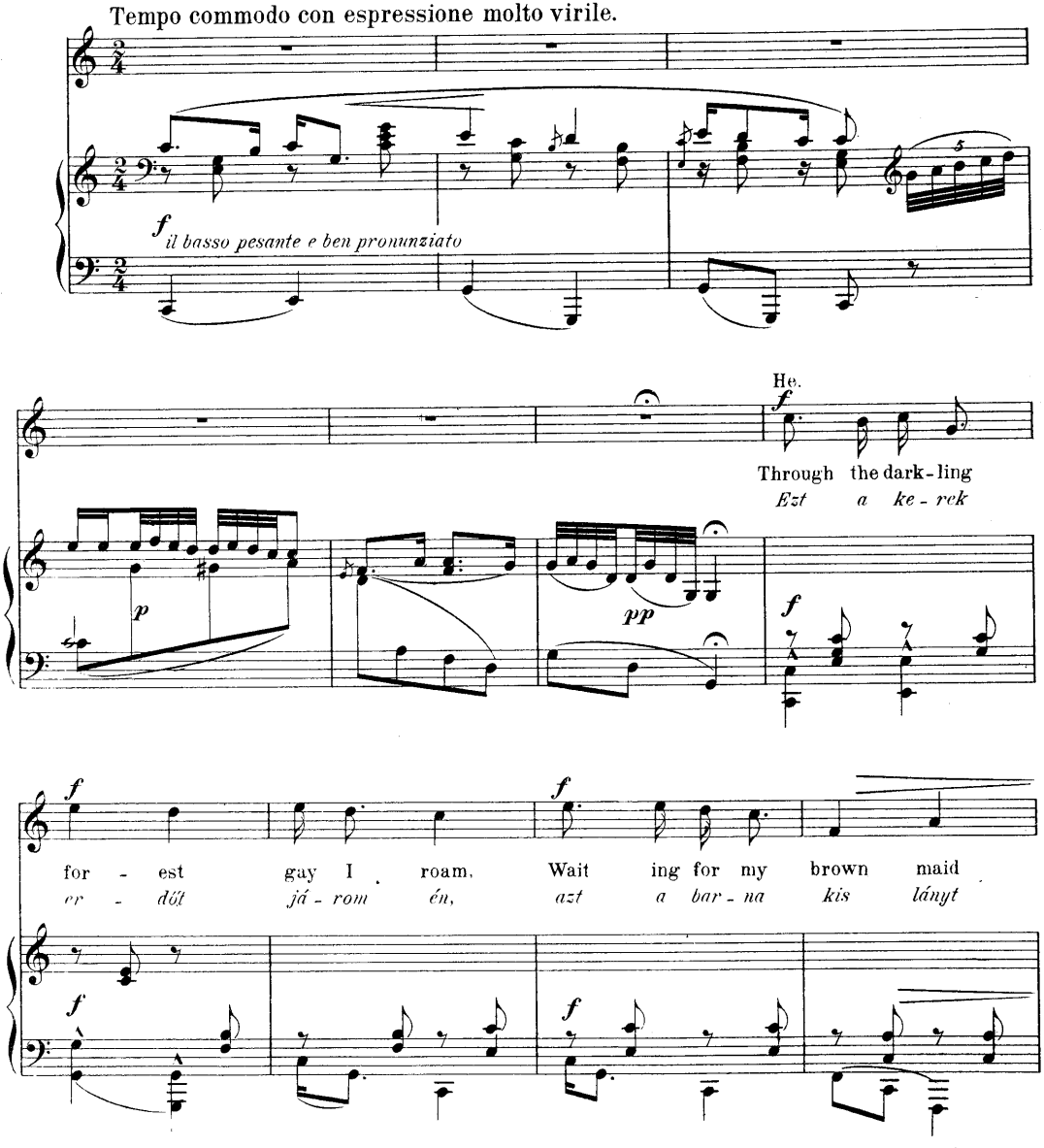
Through the darkling forest gay I roam...

N° 10.

Ezt a kerek erdőt járom én...

Melody by Joseph Szerdahely. 1804-1851.†

F. Korbay.



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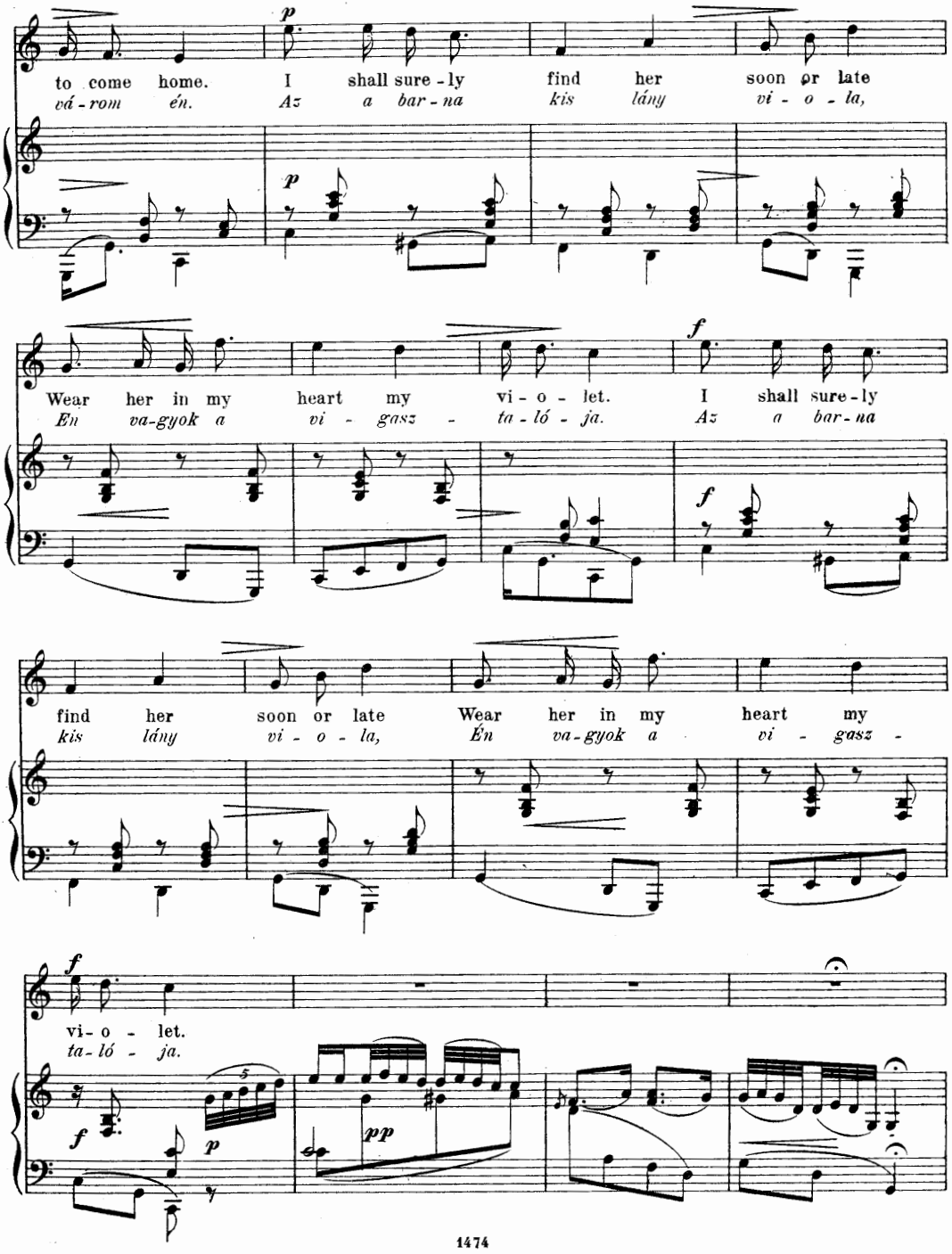
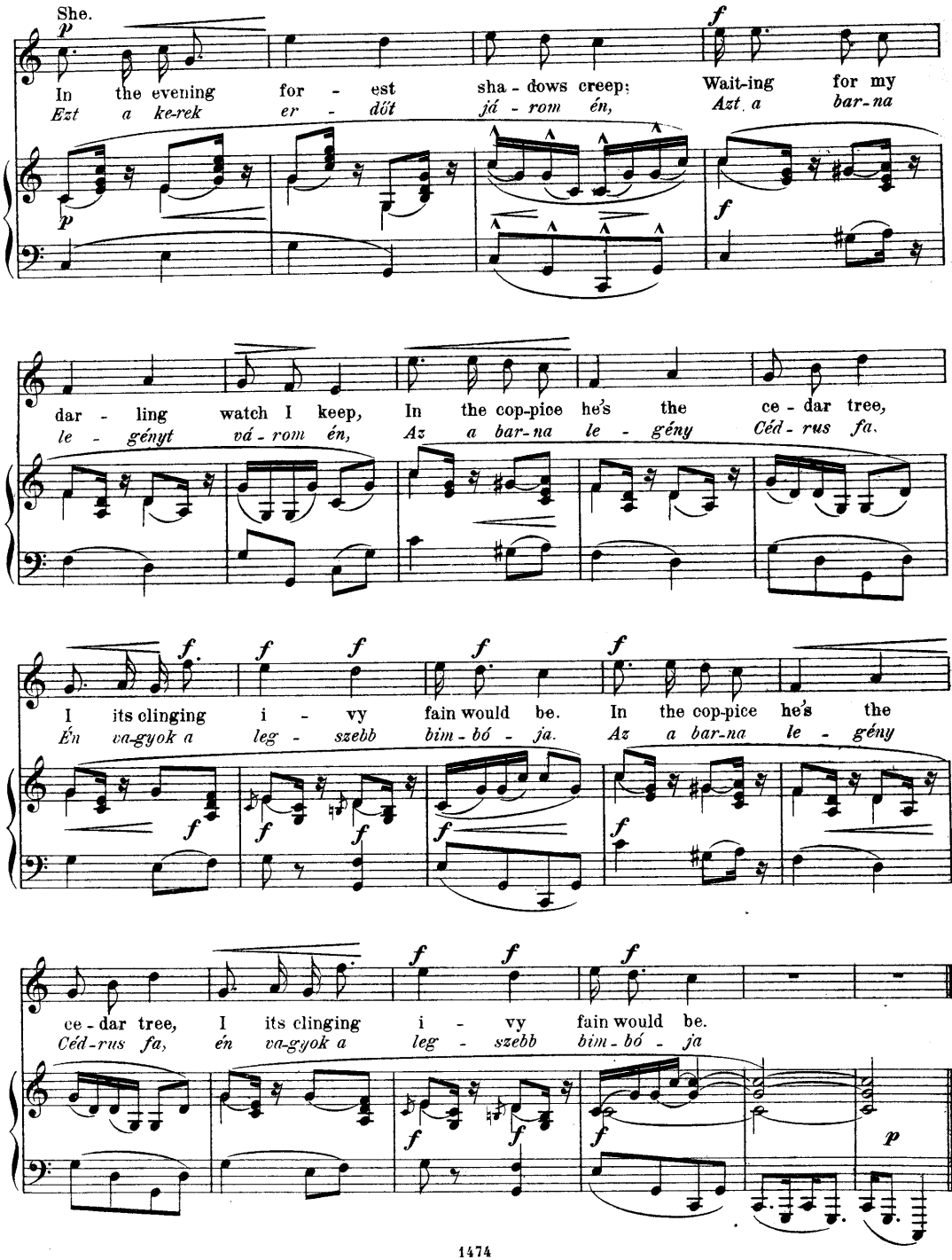

to come home. I shall sure-ly find her soon or late
vá-rom én. Az a bar-na kis lány vi-o-la,
Wear her in my heart my vi-o-let. I shall sure-ly
En va-gyok a vi-gasz-ta-ló-ja. Az a bar-na
find her soon or late Wear her in my heart my
kis lány vi-o-la, En va-gyok a vi-gasz-
vi-o-let.
ta-ló-ja.

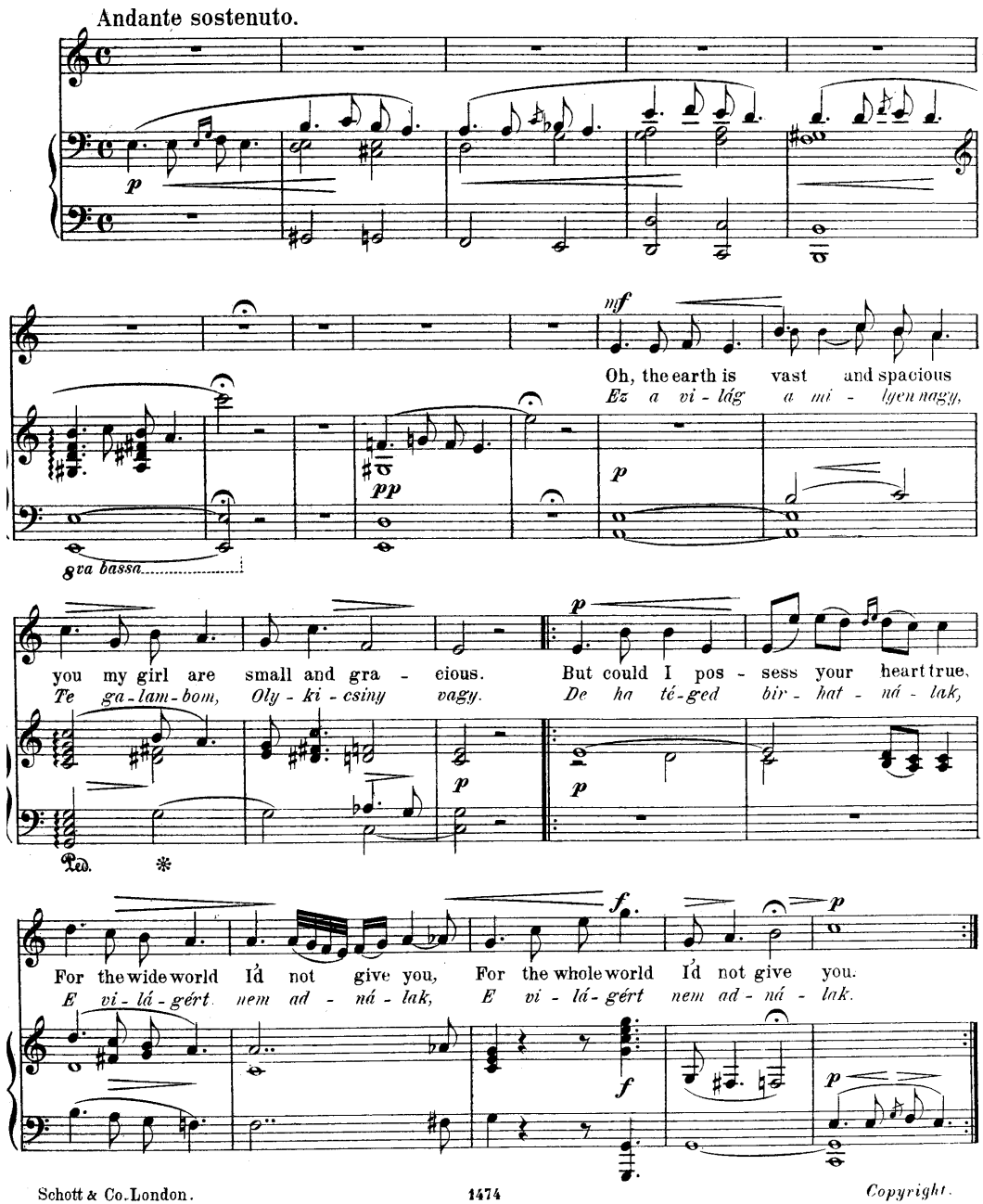

She.
In the evening for - est sha - dows creep; Wait-ing for my
Ezt a ke-rek er - dőt já - rom én, Azt a bar-na
dar - ling watch I keep, In the cop-pice he's the ce - dar tree,
le - gényt vá - rom én, Az a bar-na le - gény Céd - rus fa.
I its clinging i - vy fain would be. In the cop-pice he's the
Én va-gyok a leg - szebb bim - bó - ja. Az a bar-na le - gény
ce - dar tree, I its clinging i - vy fain would be.
Céd - rus fa, én va-gyok a leg - szebb bim - bó - ja

Oh! the earth is vast and spacious...

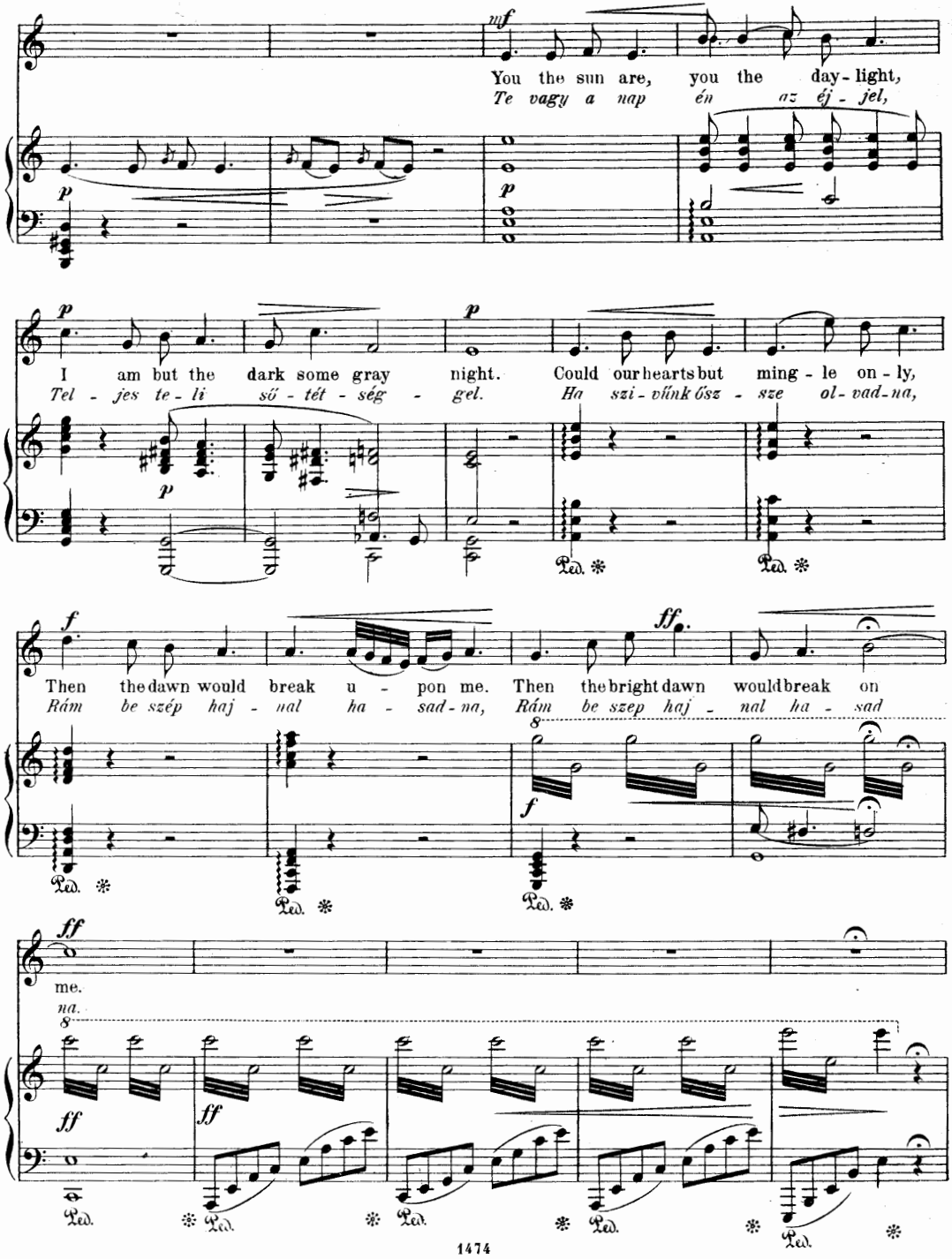
Ez a világ a milyen nagy...

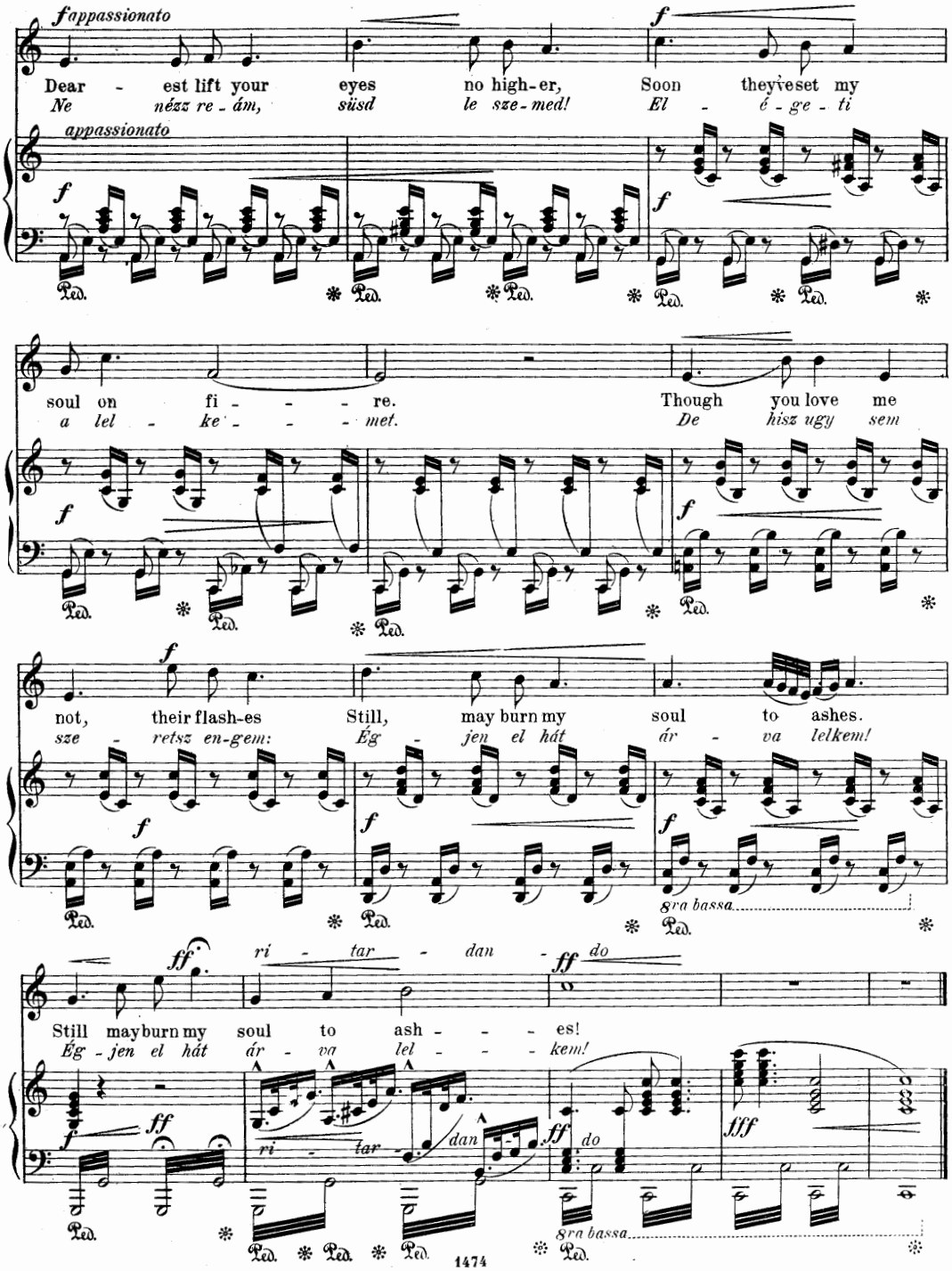
№ 11.

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



 Copyright.


mf
You the sun are, you the day-light,
Te vagy a nap én az éj-jel,
p
I am but the dark some gray night. Could our hearts but ming-le on-ly,
Tel-jes te-li sö-tét-ség-gel. Ha szi-vünk ösz-sze ol-vad-na,
Ped.
f
ff
Then the dawn would break u-pon me. Then the bright dawn would break on
Rám be szép haj-nal ha-sad-na, Rám be szep haj-nal ha-sad
8
me.
na.
ff


f appassionato
Dear - est lift your eyes no high-er, Soon they've set my
Ne nézz re-ám, süsd le sze-med! El - é-ge-ti
appassionato
soul on fi - - - re. Though you love me
a lel - ke - - - met. De hisz ugy sem
not, their flash-es Still, may burn my soul to ashes.
sze - retsz en-gem: Ég - jen el hát ár - va lelkem!
8va bassa
ri - tar - dan
Still may burn my soul to ash - - - es!
Ég - jen el hát ár - va lel - - - kem!
ri - tar - dan
8va bassa
1474

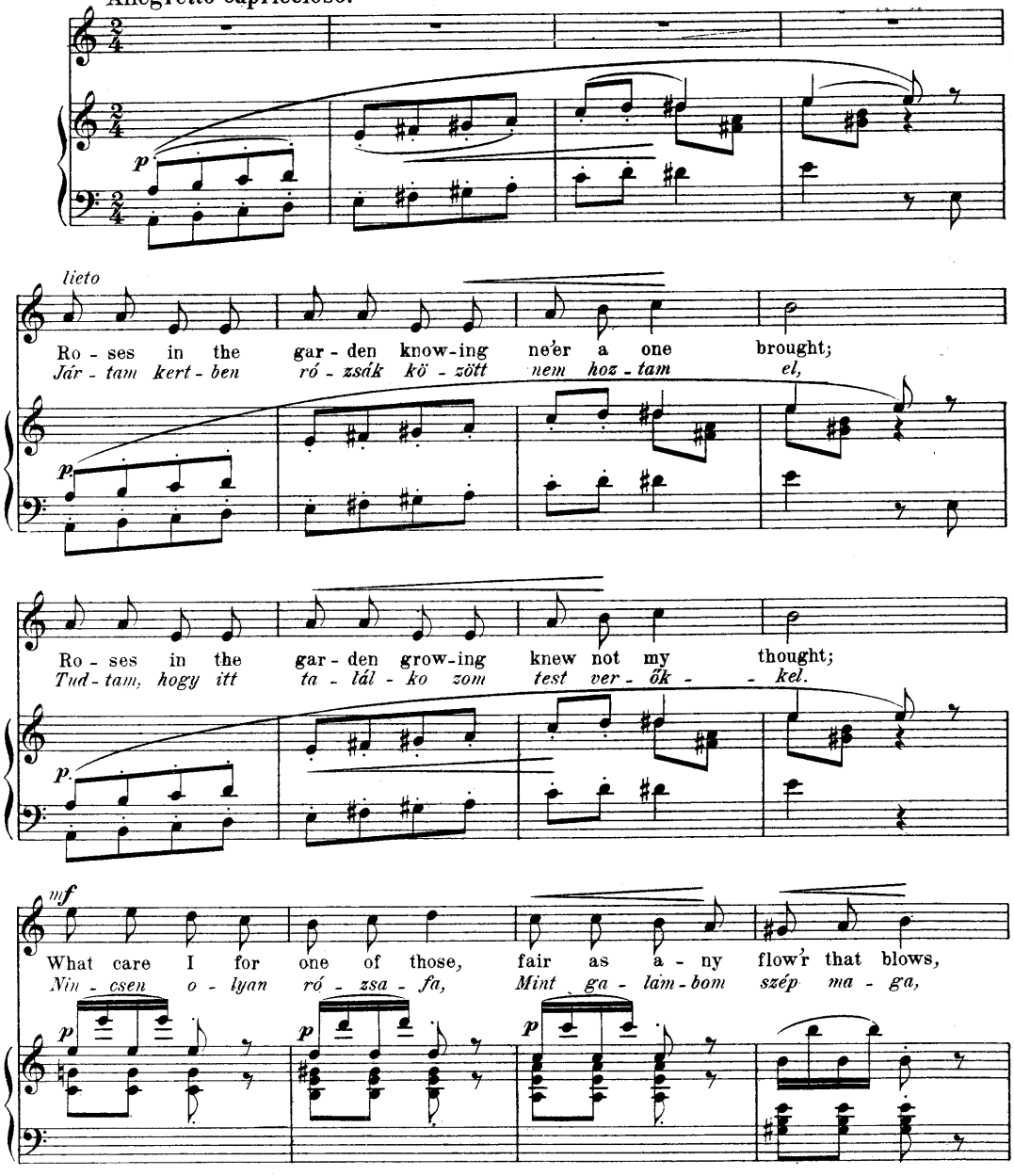
Roses in the garden knowing...

Járam kertben rozsák között...

N° 12.

Composer unknown. F. Korbay.

Allegretto capriccioso.



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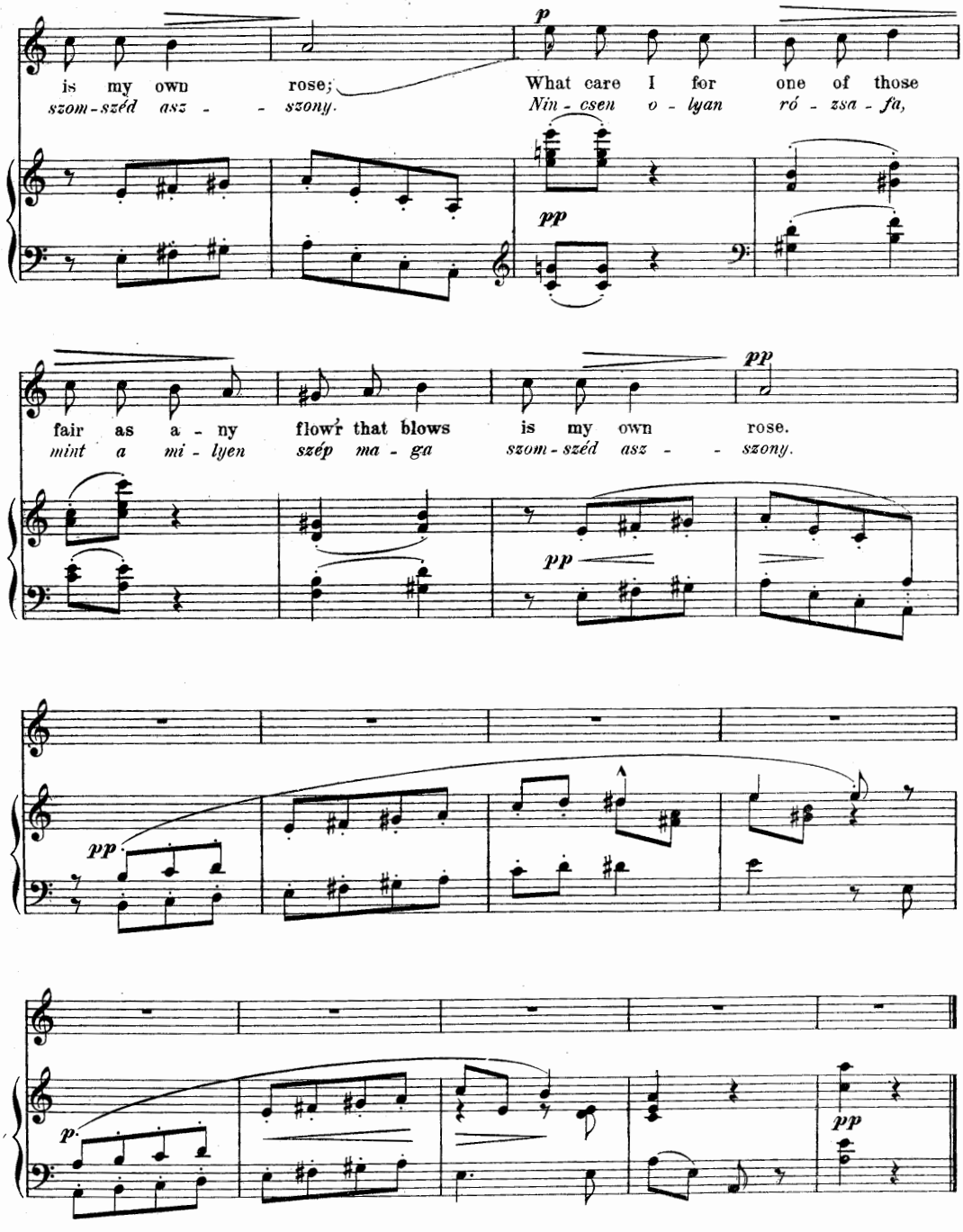

p
is my own rose;
szom-széd asz - szony.
What care I for one of those
Nin-csen o-lyan ró-zsa-fa,
pp
pp
fair as a-ny flowr that blows is my own rose.
mint a mi-lyen szép ma-ga szom-széd asz - szony.
pp
pp
p
pp

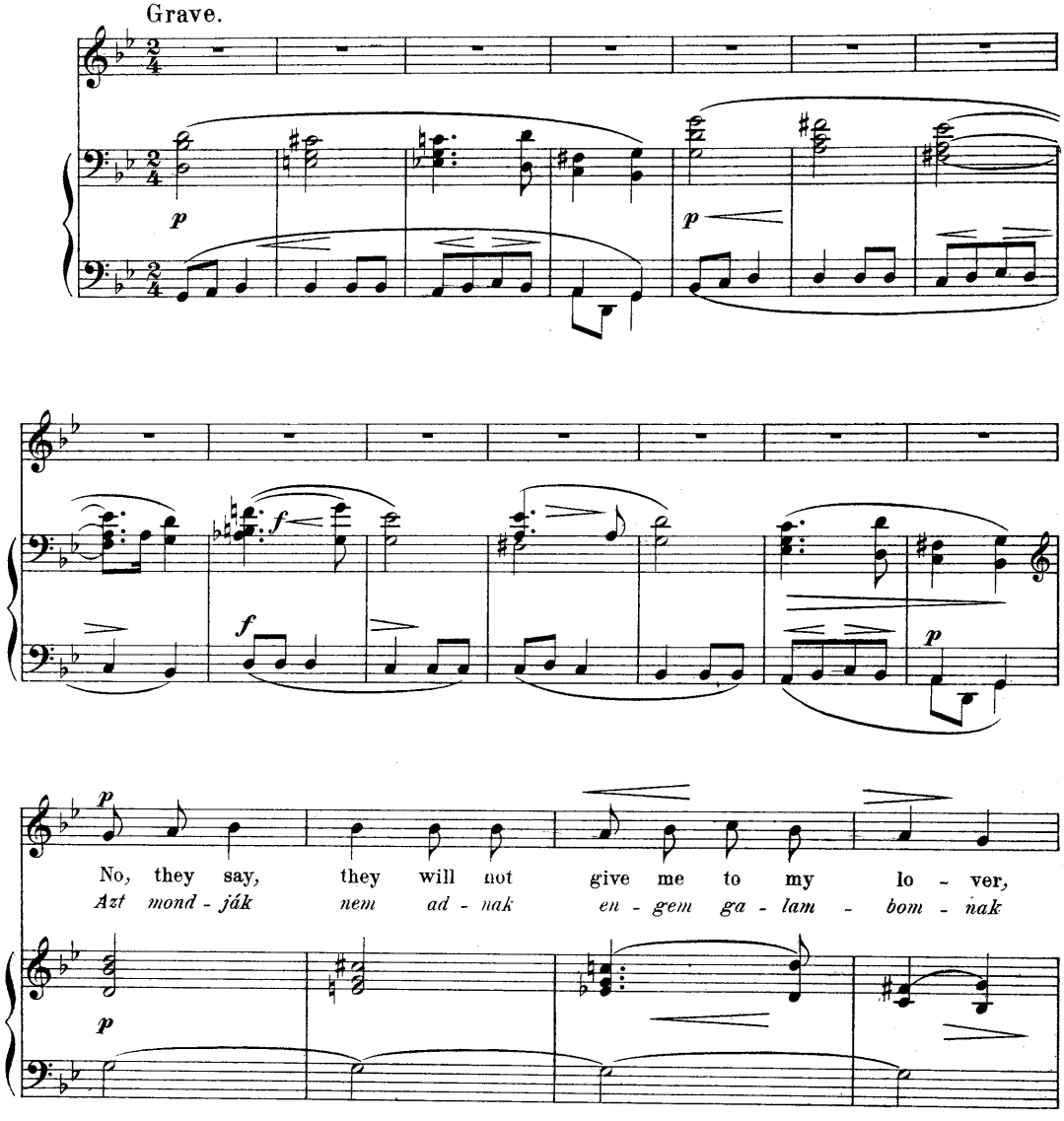
No. 13.

No, they say.
Azt mondják nem adnak.

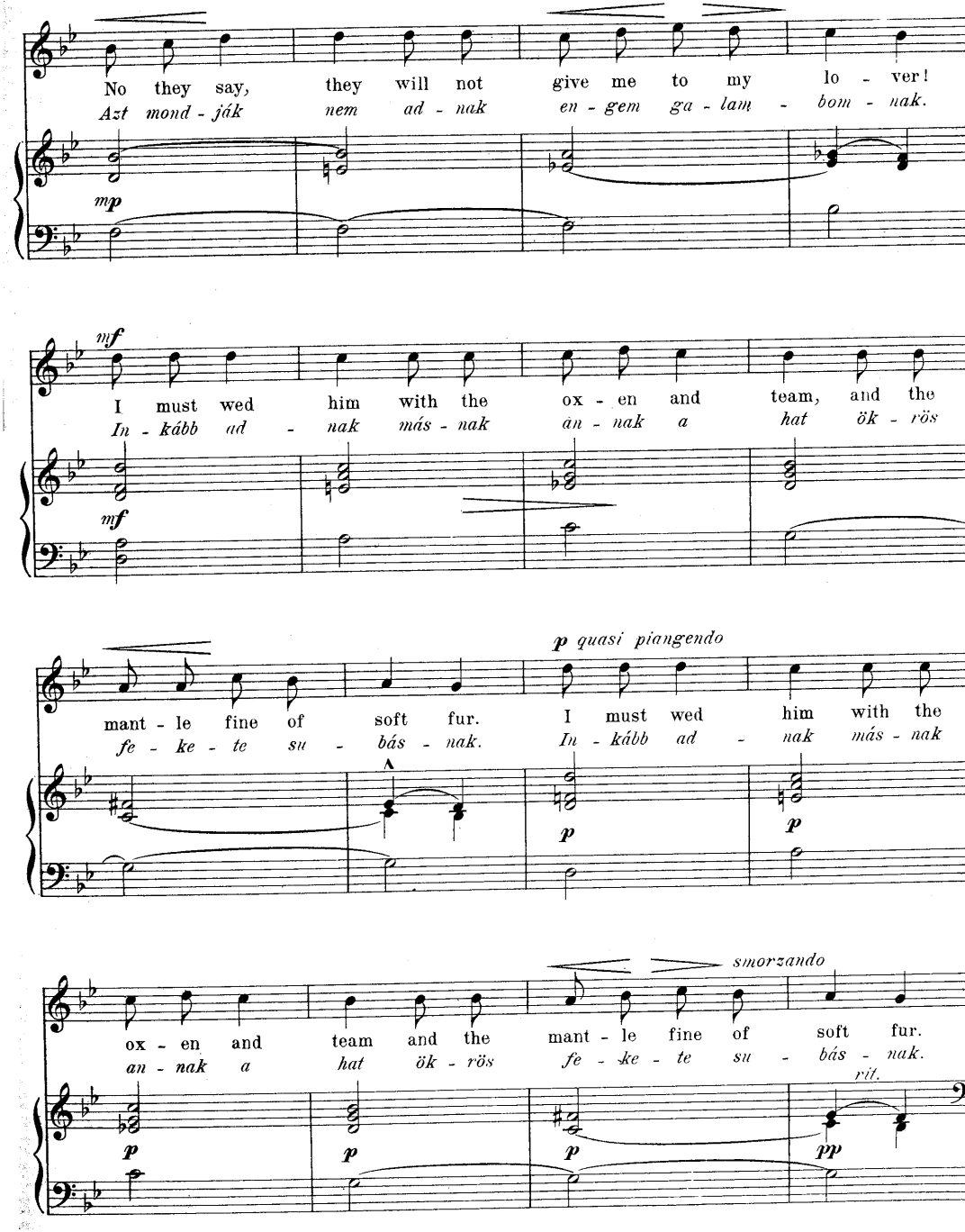
Melody and words a very old Folk Song.

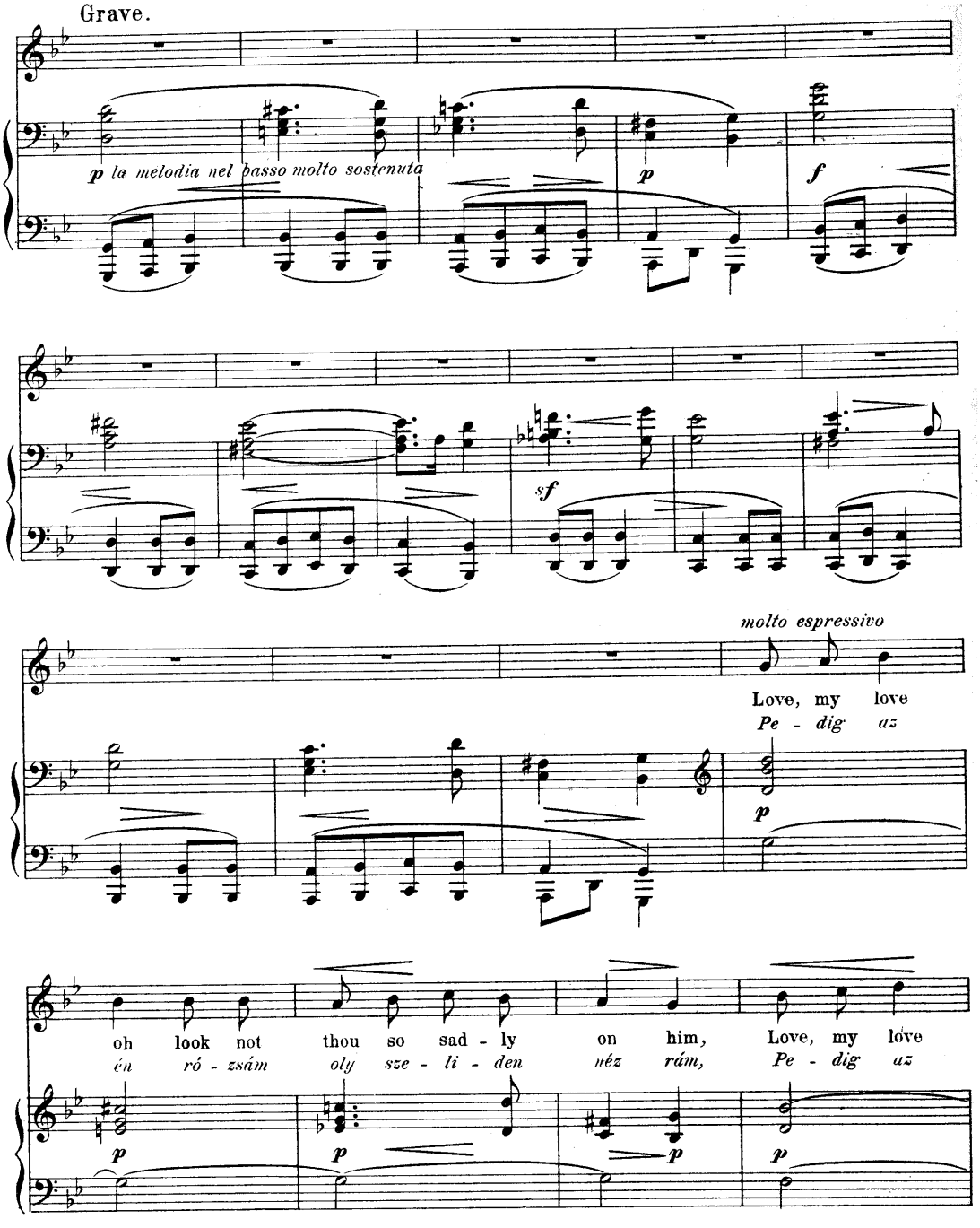
F. Korbay.

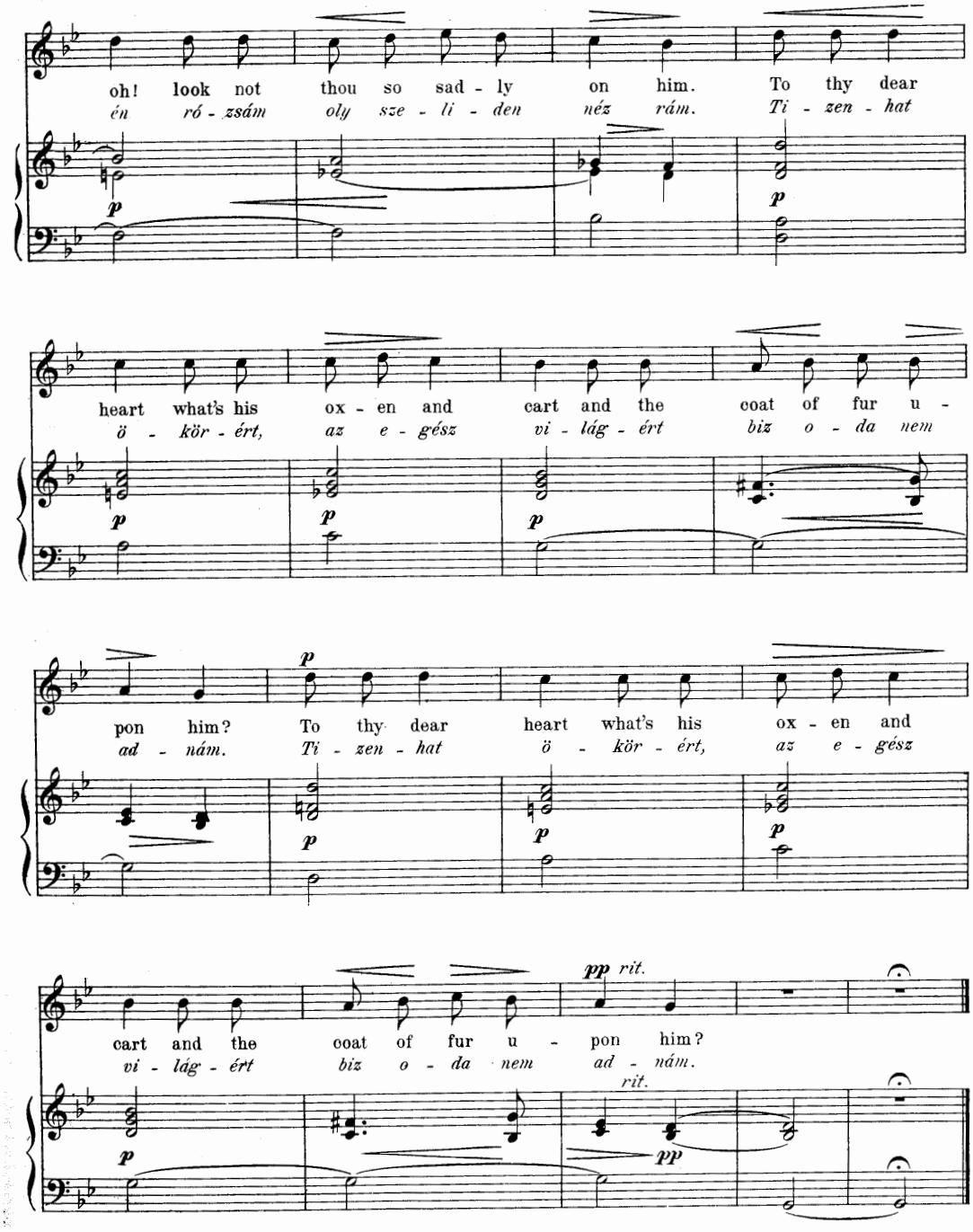
Grave.



 Copyright.


No they say, they will not give me to my lo - ver!
Azt mond - ják nem ad - nak en - gem ga - lam - bom - nak.
mp
mf
I must wed him with the ox - en and team, and the
In - kább ad - nak más - nak an - nak a hat ök - rös
mf
p quasi piangendo
mant - le fine of soft fur. I must wed him with the
fe - ke - te su - bás - nak. In - kább ad - nak más - nak
p
p
smorzando
ox - en and team and the mant - le fine of soft fur.
an - nak a hat ök - rös fe - ke - te su - bás - nak.
rit.
p
p
p
pp


Grave.
p la melodia nel basso molto sostenuta
p
f
sf
molto espressivo
Love, my love
Pe - dig az
p
oh look not thou so sad - ly on him, Love, my love
én ró - zsám oly sze - li - den néz rám, Pe - dig az
p
p
p
p

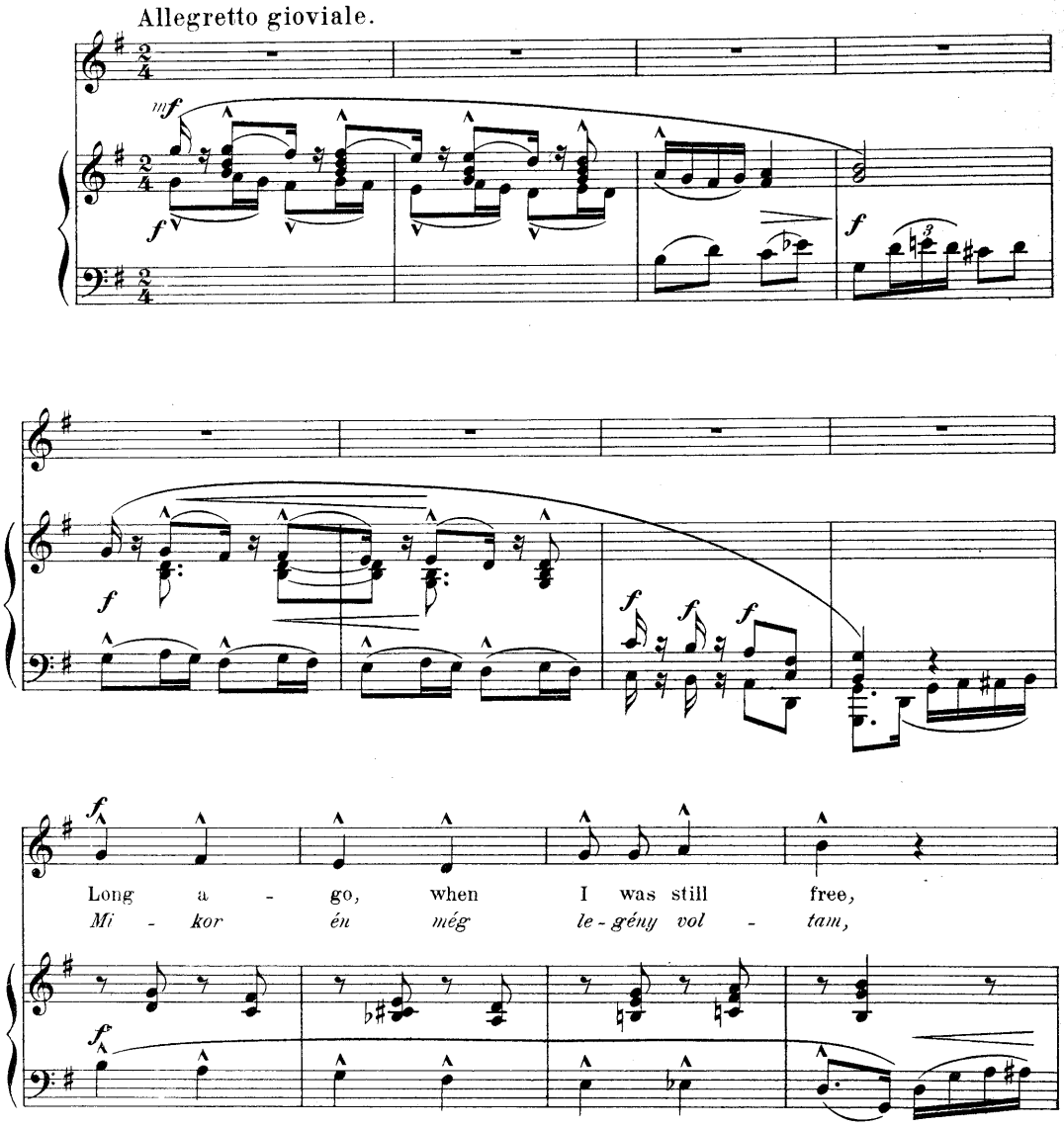

oh! look not thou so sad - ly on him. To thy dear
én ró - zsám oly sze - li - den néz rám. Ti - zen - hat
heart what's his ox - en and cart and the coat of fur u -
ö - kör - ért, az e - gész vi - lág - ért biz o - da nem
pon him? To thy dear heart what's his ox - en and
ad - nám. Ti - zen - hat ö - kör - ért, az e - gész
cart and the coat of fur u - pon him?
vi - lág - ért biz o - da nem ad - nám.
pp rit.
rit.
pp

Nº 14

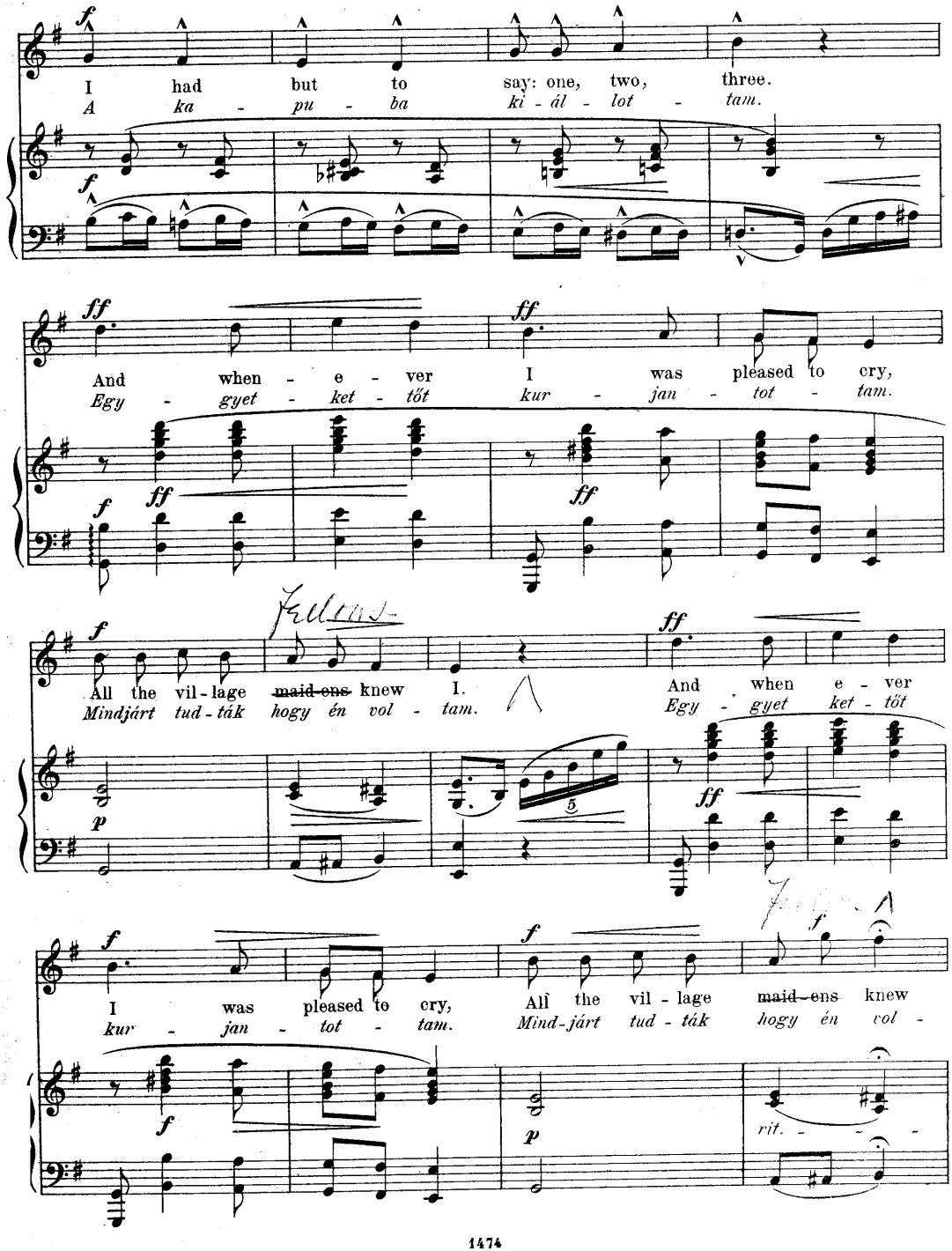
Long ago, when I was still free.
Mikor én még legény voltam.

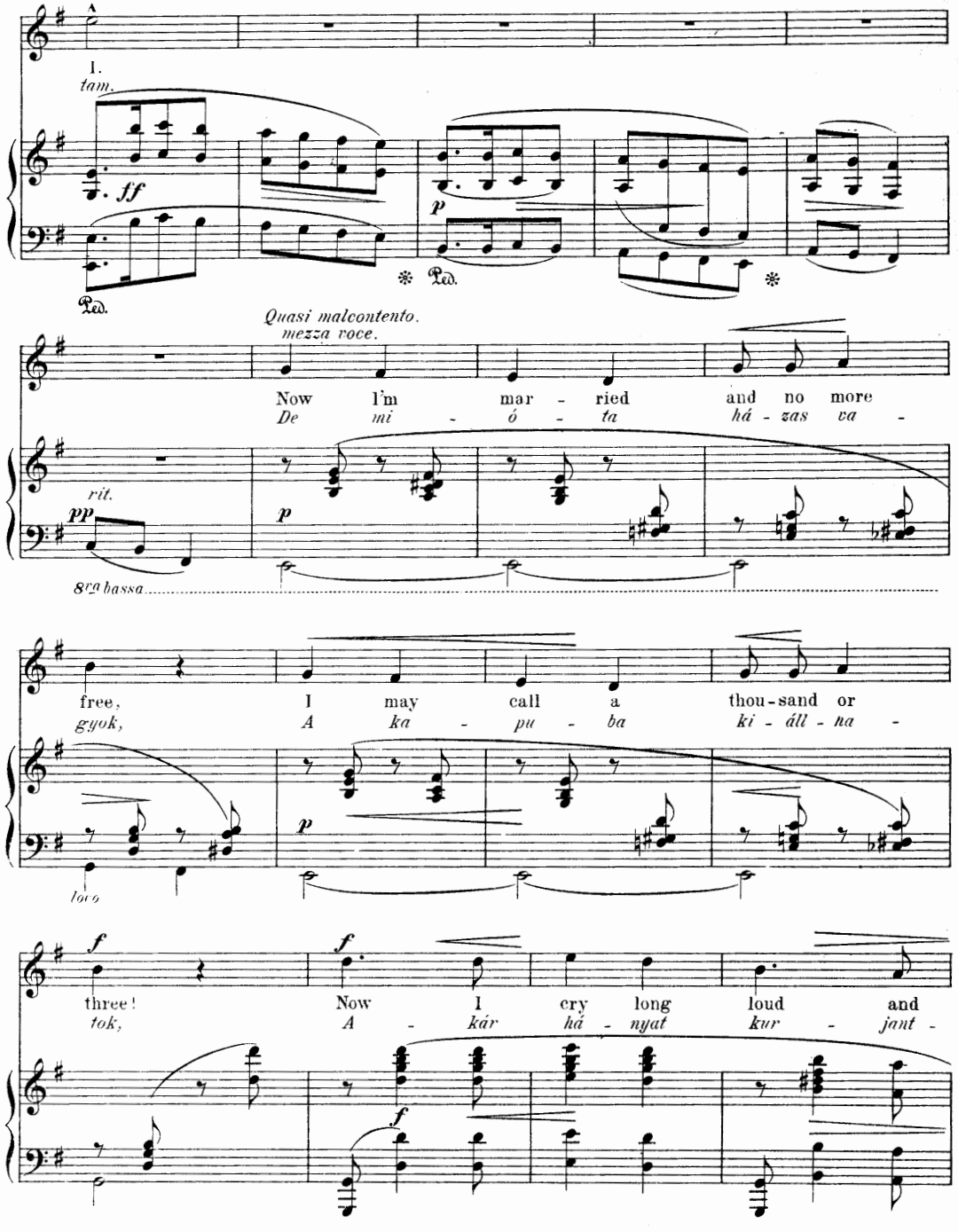
Melody and text by Joseph Szerdahelyi. 1804 - 1851. †

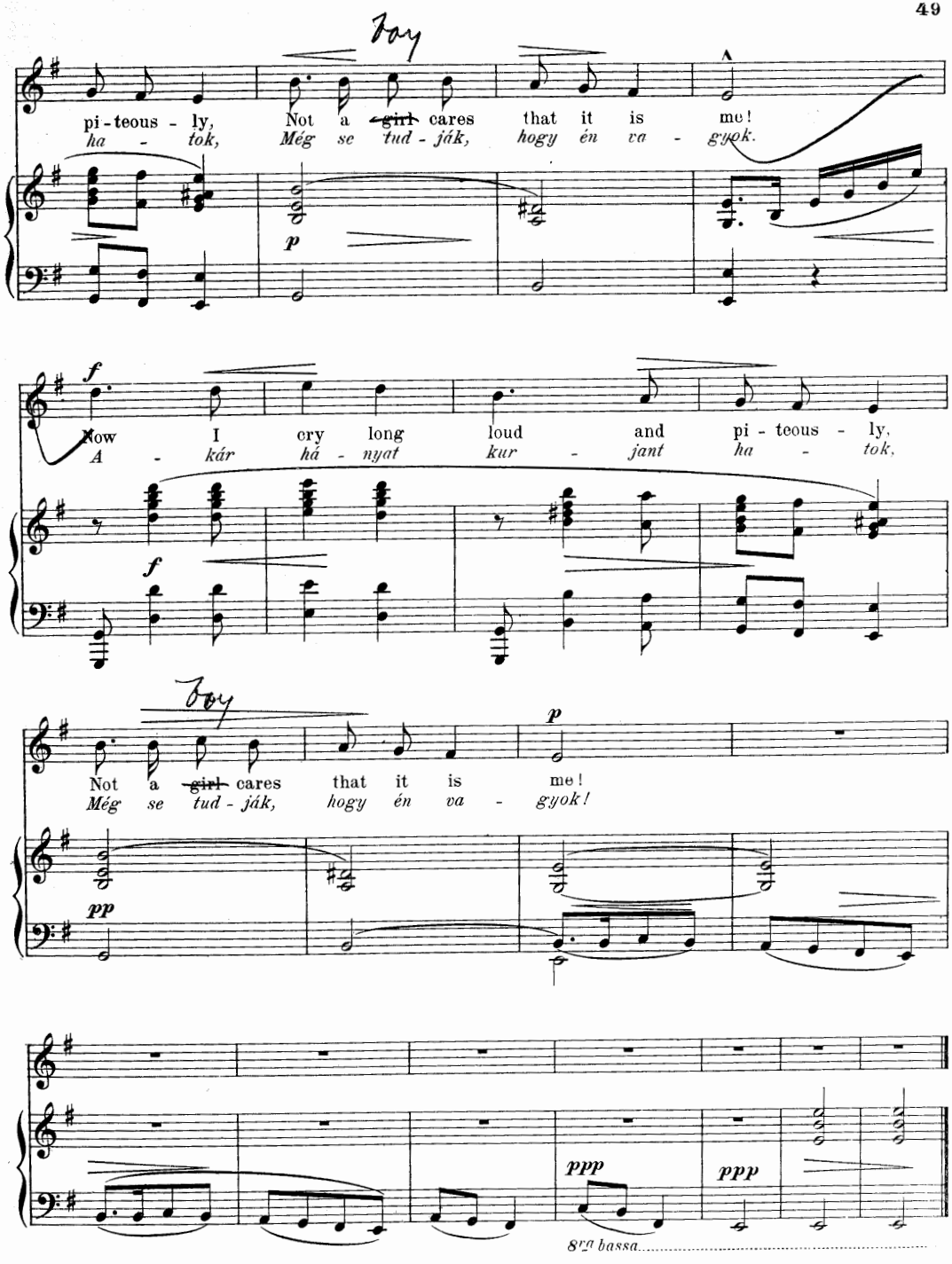
F. Korbay.



 Copyright.


I had but to say: one, two, three.
A ka - pu - ba ki - ál - lot - tam.
And when - e - ver I was pleased to cry,
Egy - gyet - ket - tőt kur - jan - tot - tam.
All the vil-lage maid-ens knew I.
Mindjárt tud-ták hogy én vol - tam.
And when e - ver
Egy - gyet ket - tőt
I was pleased to cry,
kur - jan - tot - tam.
All the vil - lage maid-ens knew
Mind-járt tud - ták hogy én vol -
rit.

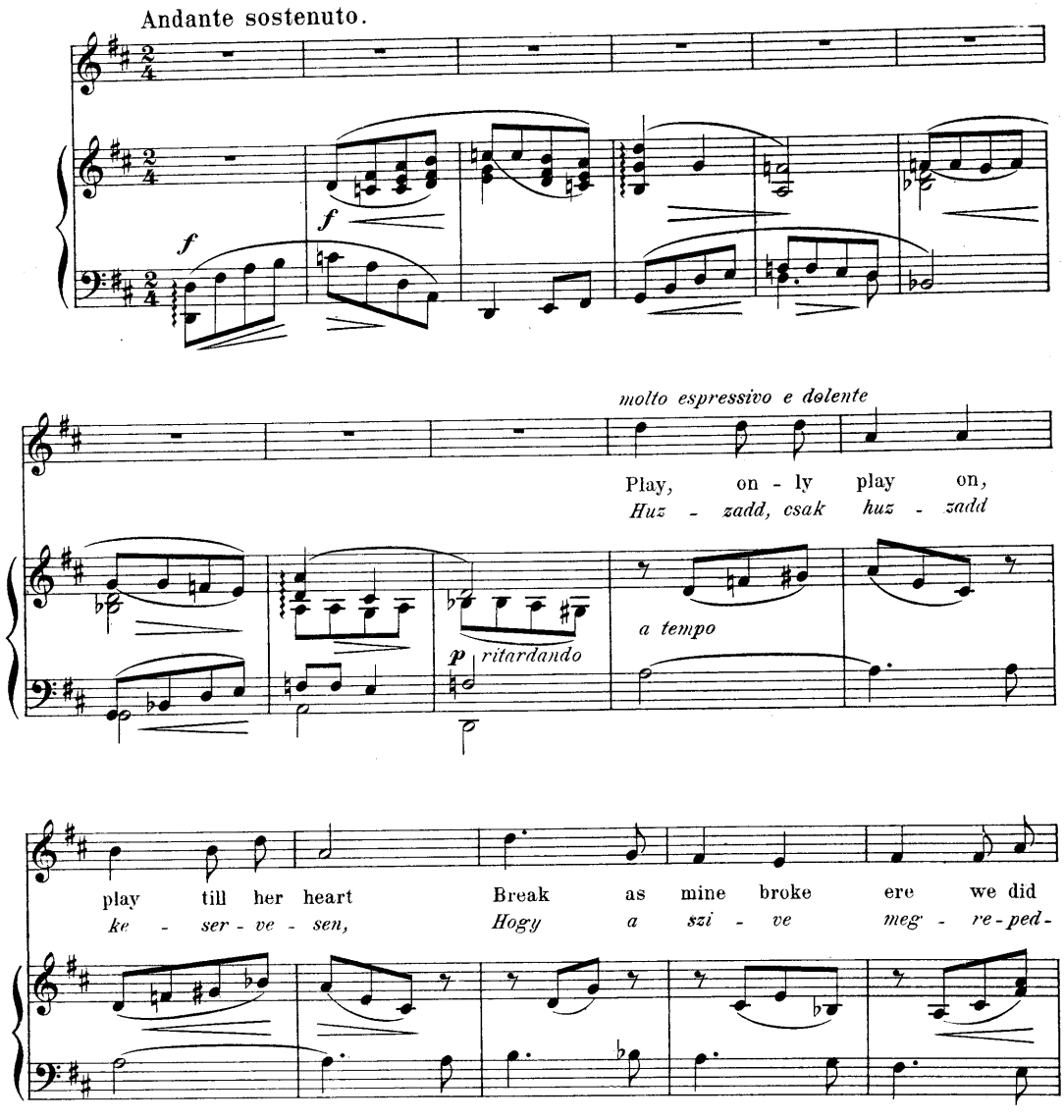

1.
tam.
ff
p
Ped.
Ped.
Quasi malcontento.
mezza voce.
Now I'm mar - ried and no more
De mi - ó - ta há - zas va -
rit.
pp
p
8va bassa
free, I may call a thou-sand or
gyok, A ka - pu - ba ki - áll - na -
loco
f
f
three! Now I cry long loud and
tok, A - kár há - nyat kur - jant -
f


Boy
pi - teous - ly,
Not a ~~girl~~ cares that it is me!
ha - tok, Még se tud - ják, hogy én va - gyok.
p
f
Now I cry long loud and pi - teous - ly,
A - kár há - nyat kur - jant ha - tok,
f
Boy
Not a ~~girl~~ cares that it is me!
Még se tud - ják, hogy én va - gyok!
p
pp
ppp
ppp
8va bassa

Play only, play on,

Nº 15. Huzzadd, csak huzzadd..

Folk Song. F. Korbay.



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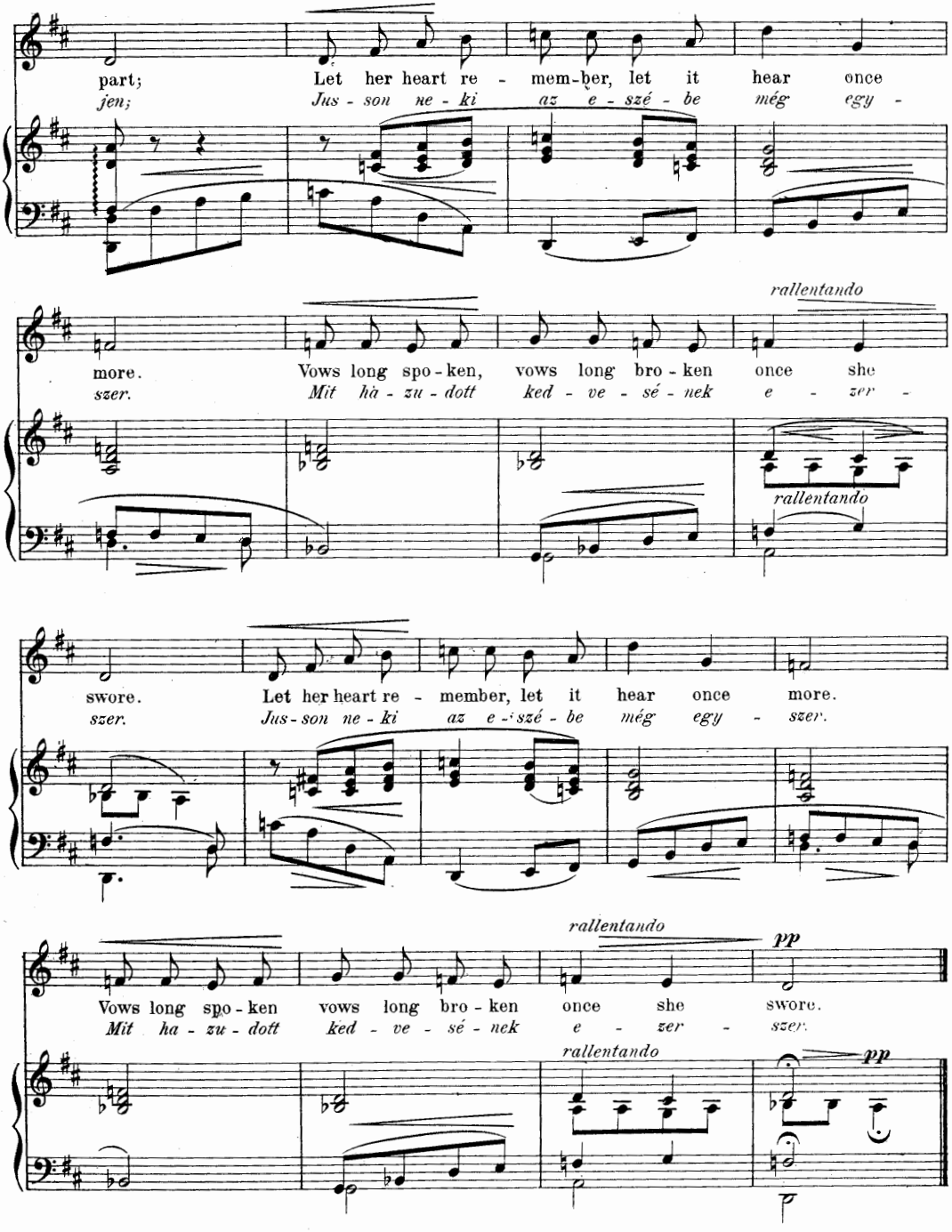

part;
Let her heart re - mem-ber, let it hear once
jen;
Jus - son ne - ki az e - szé - be még egy -
rallentando
more.
Vows long spo - ken, vows long bro - ken once she
szer.
Mit hà - zu - dott ked - ve - sé - nek e - zer -
rallentando
swore.
Let her heart re - member, let it hear once more.
szer.
Jus - son ne - ki az e - szé - be még egy - szer.
rallentando
pp
Vows long spo - ken vows long bro - ken once she swore.
Mit ha - zu - dott ked - ve - sé - nek e - zer - szer.
rallentando
pp

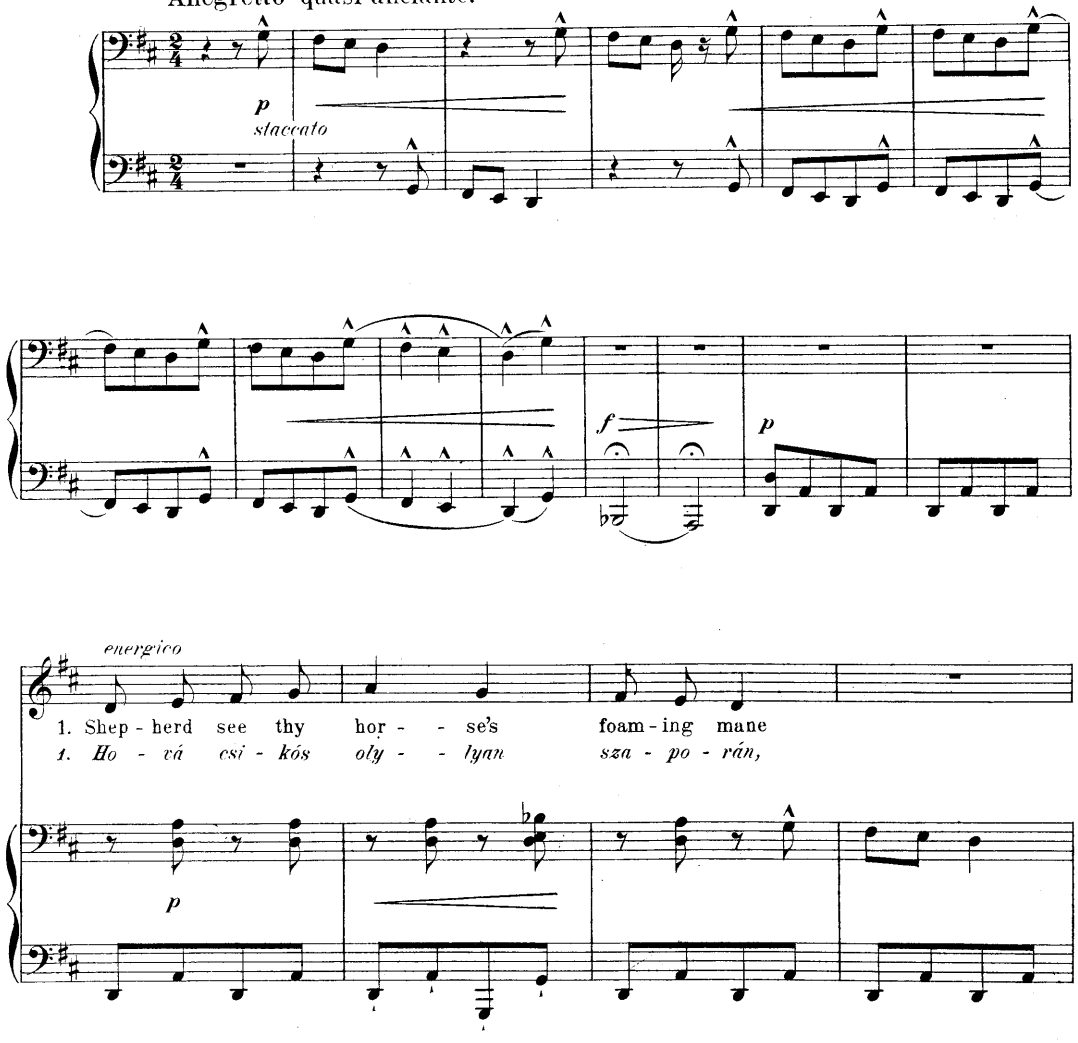
Shepherd, see thy horse's foaming mane.

N° 16.

Hová csikós olyan szaporán.

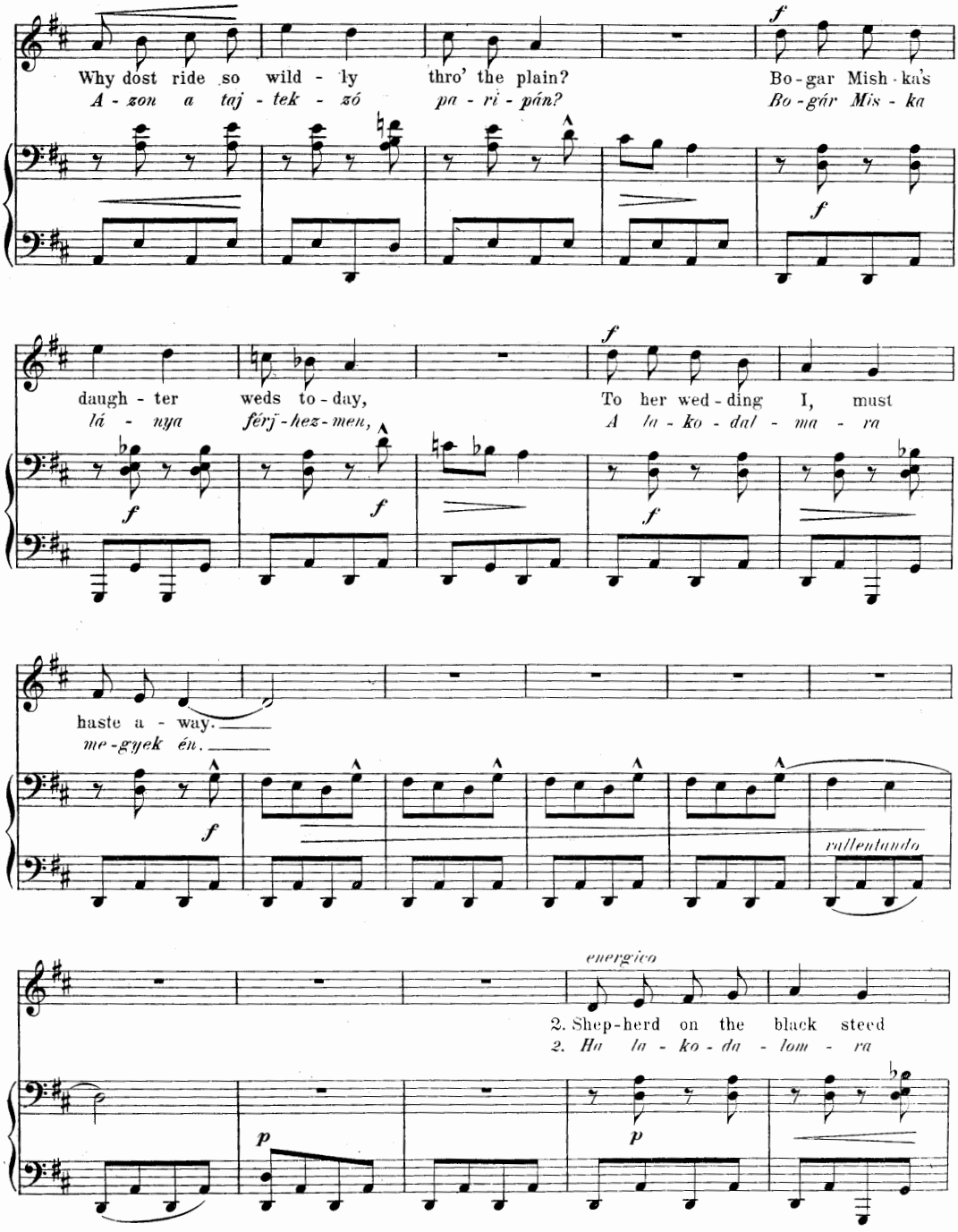
Old Folk Song. F. Korbay.

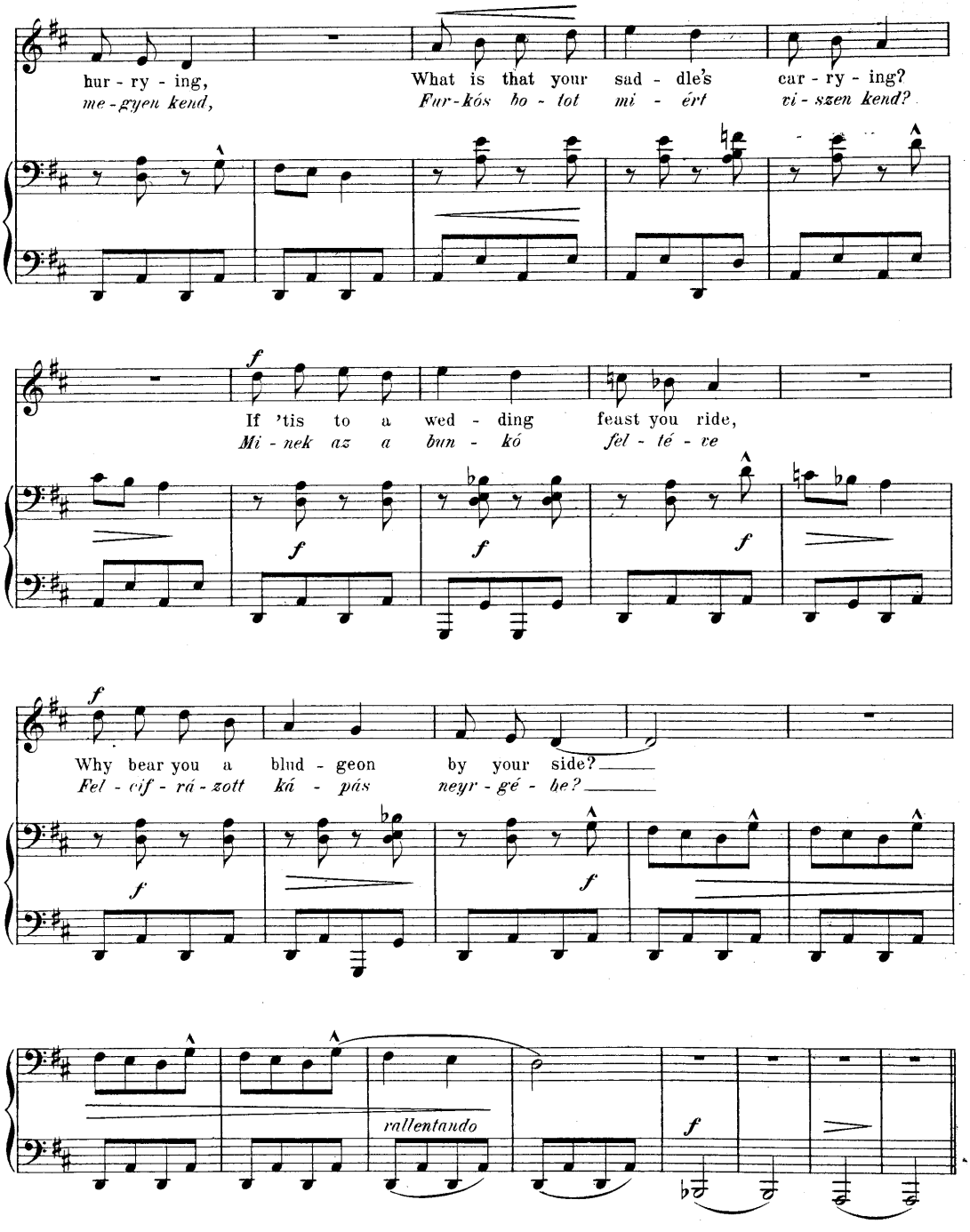
Allegretto quasi anelante.

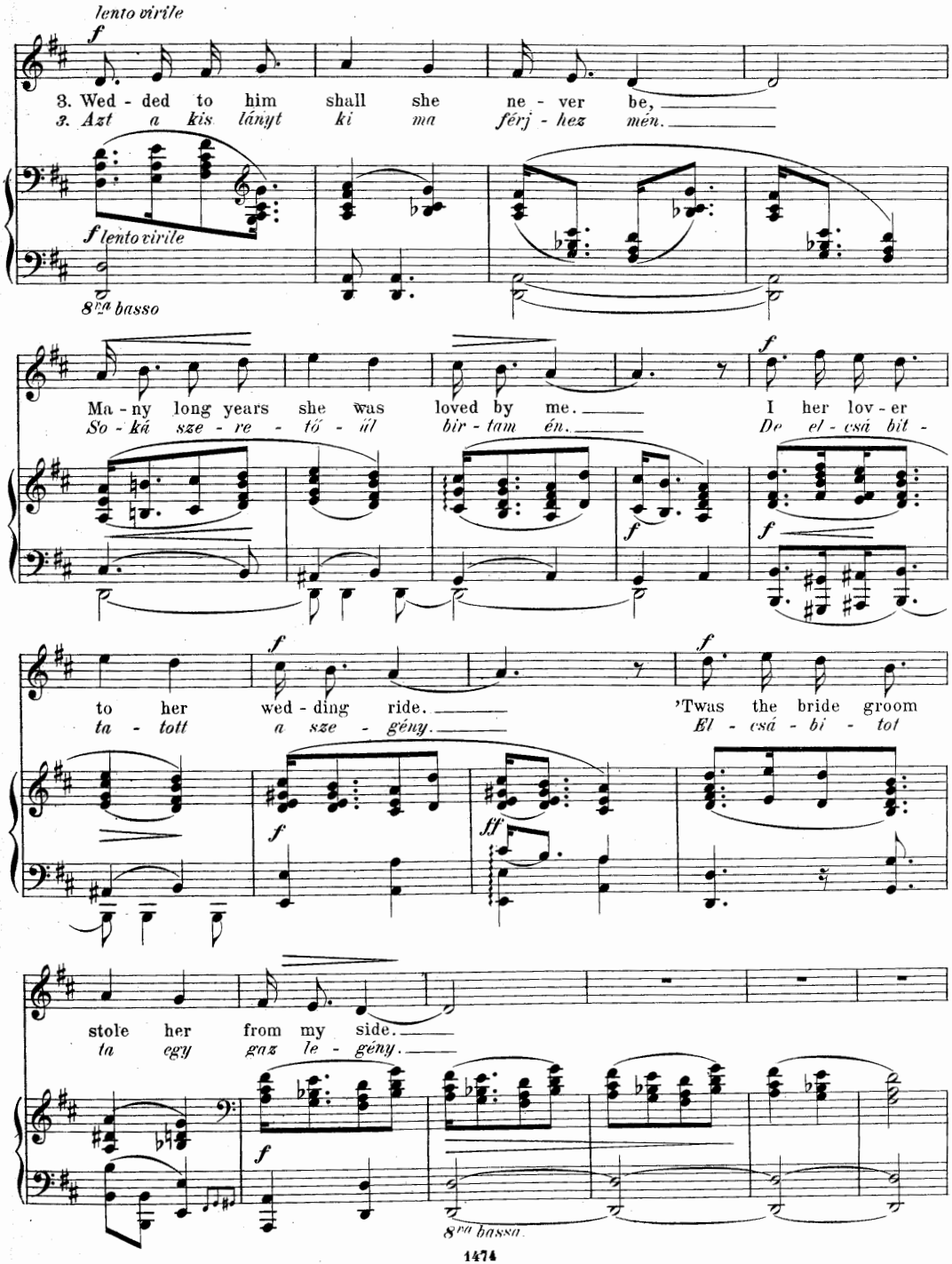


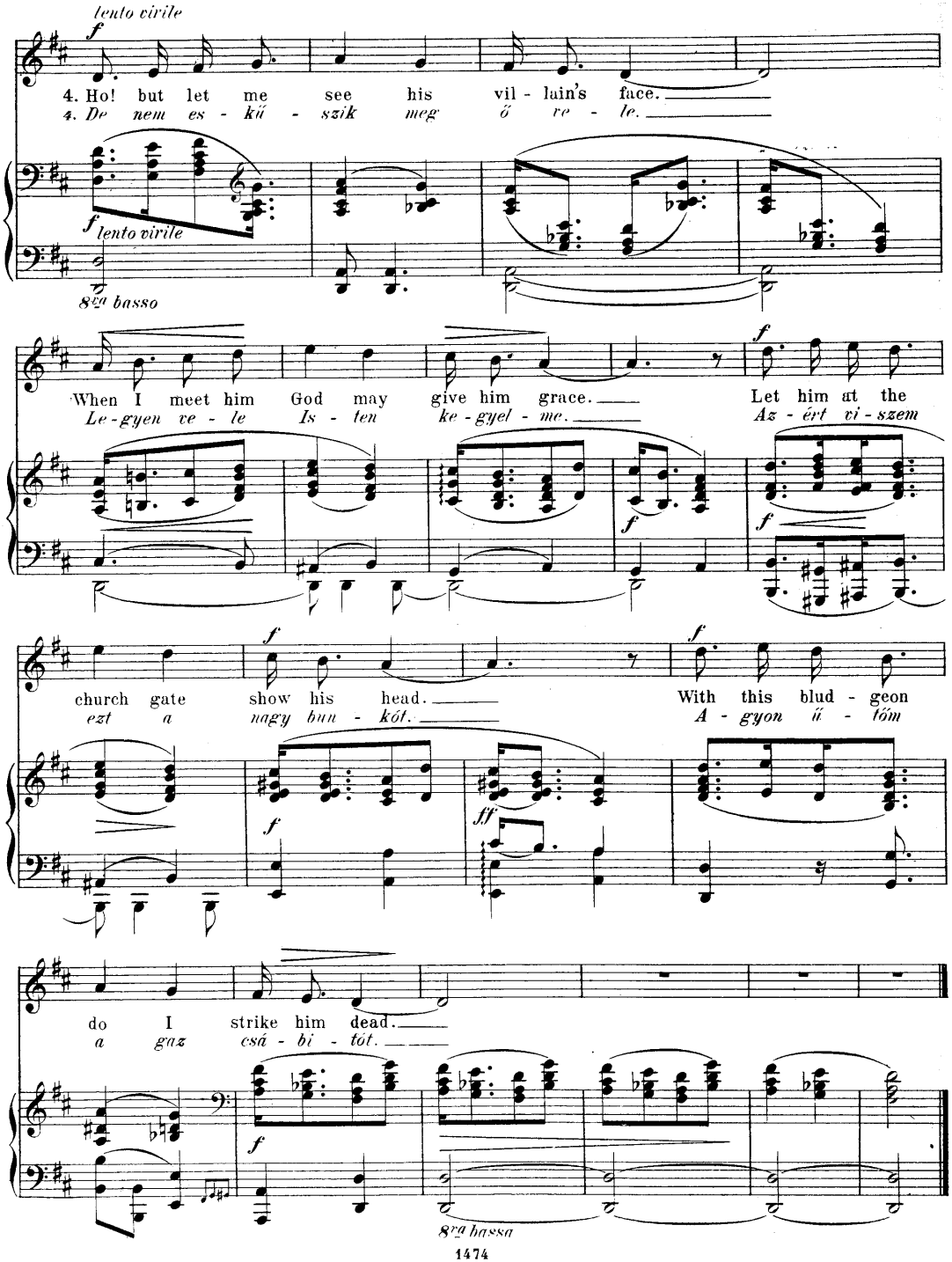
Copyright 1891 by F. Korbay.

Schott & Co. London.


Why dost ride so wild - ly thro' the plain?
A - zon a taj - tek - zó pa - ri - pán?
Bo - gar Mish - ka's
Bo - gár Mis - ka
daugh - ter weds to - day,
lá - nya férj - hez - men,
To her wed - ding I, must
A la - ko - dal - ma - ra
haste a - way.
me - gyek én.
rallentando
energico
2. Shep - herd on the black steed
2. Ha la - ko - da - lom - ra


hur - ry - ing,
me - gyen kend,
What is that your sad - dle's car - ry - ing?
Fur-kós ho - tot mi - ért vi - szen kend?
If 'tis to a wed - ding feast you ride,
Mi - nek az a bun - kó fél - té - ve
Why bear you a blud - geon by your side?
Fel - cif - rá - zott ká - pás neyr - gé - be?
rallentando


lento virile
f
3. Wed - ded to him shall she ne - ver be,
3. Azt a kis lányt ki ma férj - hez mén.
f lento virile
8va basso
Ma - ny long years she was loved by me.
So - ká sze - re - tő - ül bir - tam én.
I her lov - er
De el - csá bit -
to her wed - ding ride.
ta - tott a sze - gény.
'Twas the bride groom
El - csá - bi - tot
ff
stole her from my side.
ta egy gaz le - gény.
8va bassa.

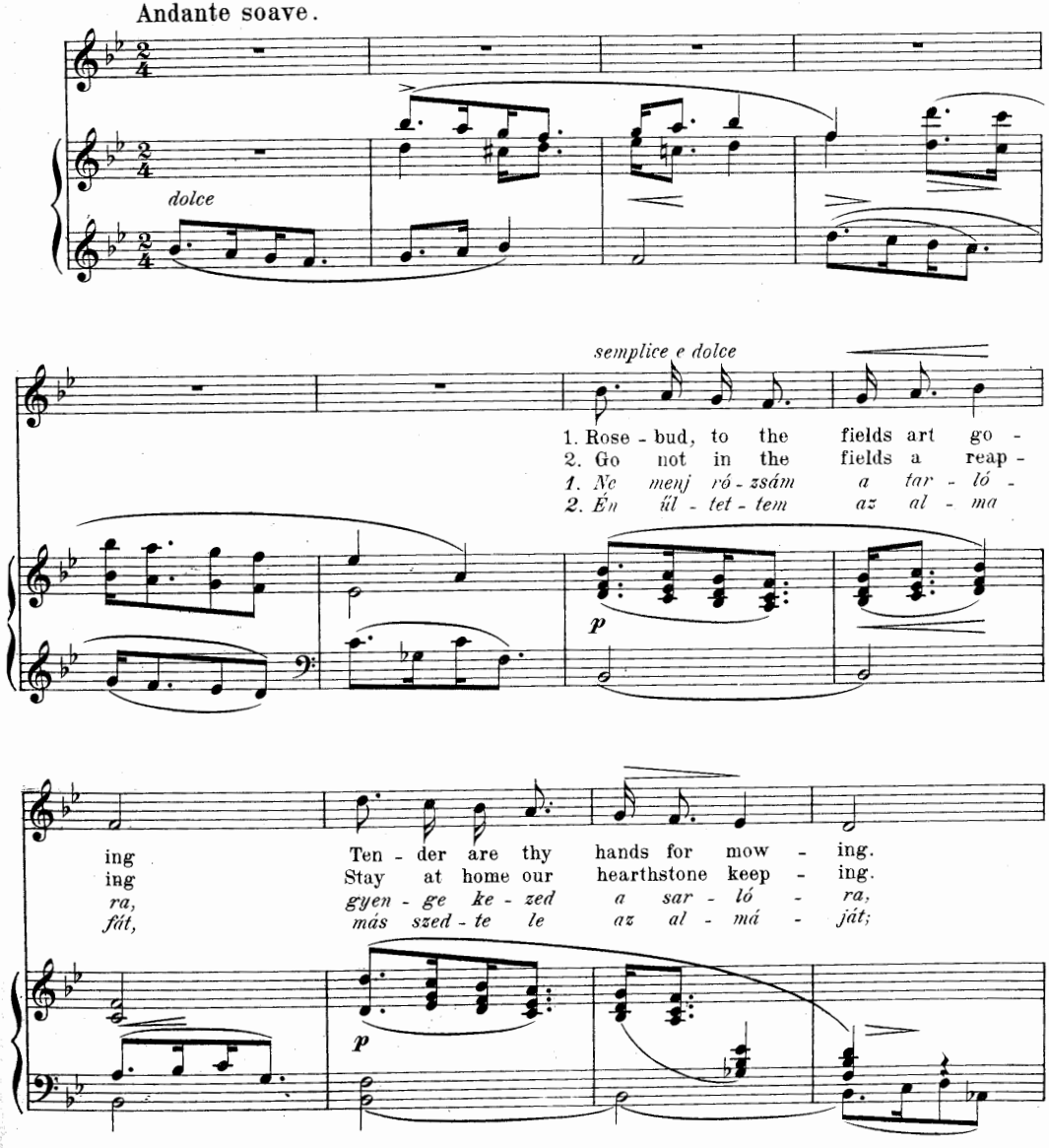

lento virile
4. Ho! but let me see his vil - lain's face.
4. De nem es - kü - szik meg ő re - le.
lento virile
8va basso
When I meet him God may give him grace.
Le - gyen ve - le Is - ten ke - gyel - me.
Let him at the
Az - ért vi - szem
church gate show his head.
ezt a nagy bun - kót.
With this blud - geon
A - gyon ü - tóm
do I strike him dead.
a gaz csá - bi - tót.
8va bassa

Rosebud, to the fields art going?

Ne menj rózsám a tarlóra.

№ 17.

Melody by Beni Egressy. F. Korbay.



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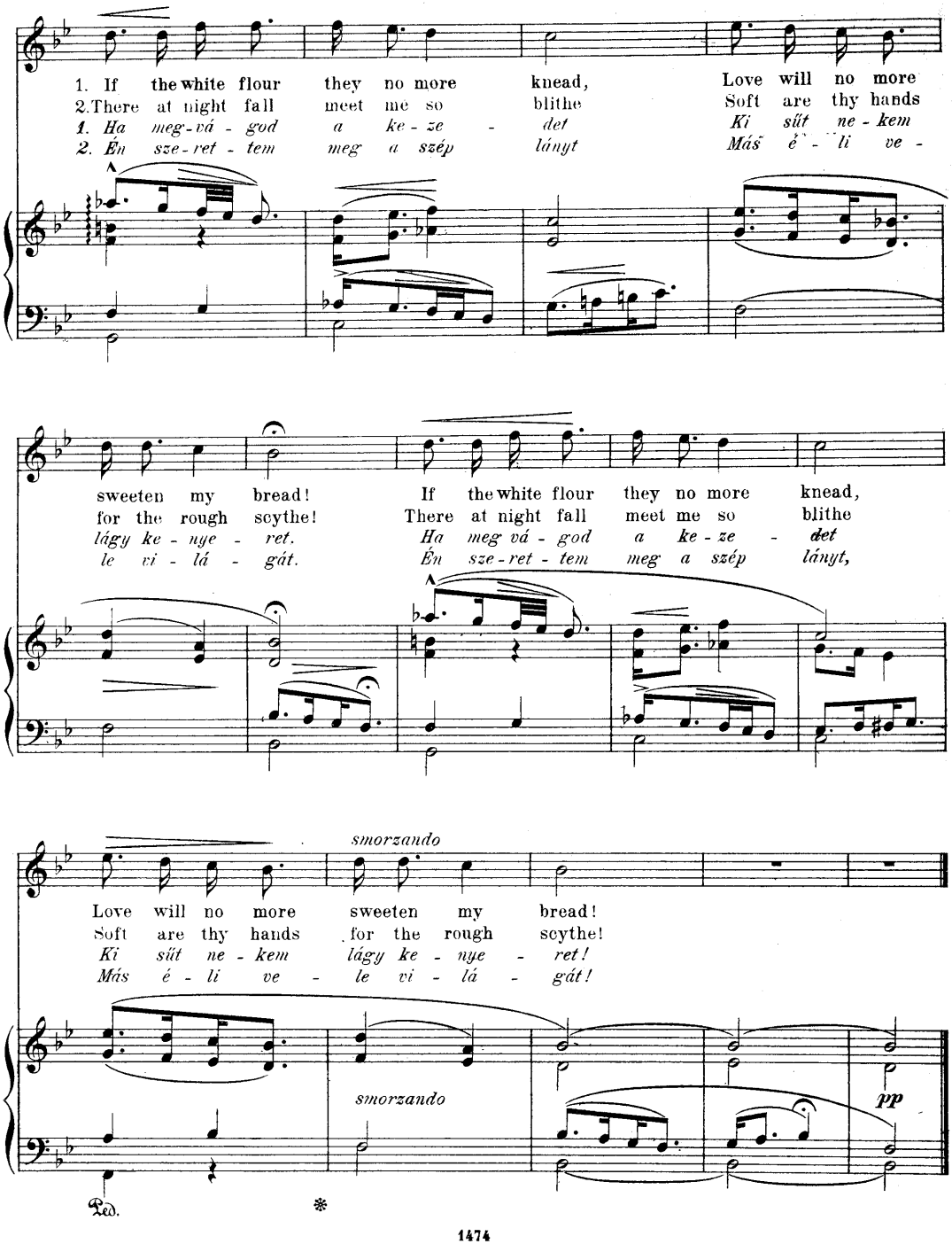

1. If the white flour they no more knead, Love will no more
2. There at night fall meet me so blithe Soft are thy hands
1. Ha meg-vá - god a ke - ze - det Ki sűt ne - kem
2. Én sze - ret - tem meg a szép lányt Más é - li ve -
sweeten my bread! If the white flour they no more knead,
for the rough scythe! There at night fall meet me so blithe
lágy ke - nye - ret. Ha meg vá - god a ke - ze - det
le vi - lá - gát. Én sze - ret - tem meg a szép lányt,
smorzando
Love will no more sweeten my bread!
Soft are thy hands for the rough scythe!
Ki sűt ne - kem lágy ke - nye - ret!
Más é - li ve - le vi - lá - gát!
smorzando
pp
Ped.
*

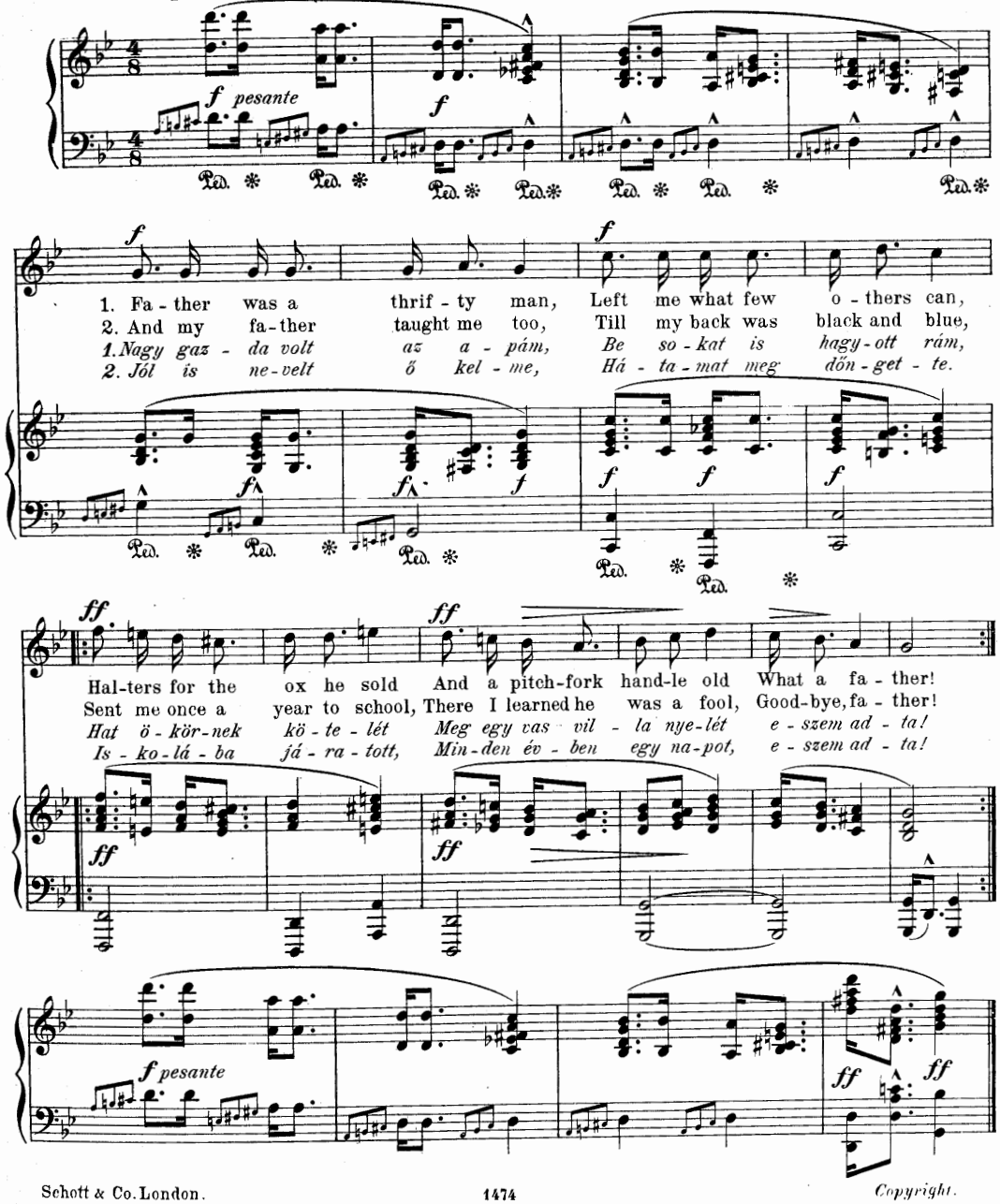
Father was a thrifty man.

Nagy gazda volt az apám.

No 18.

Folk Song.

Tempo moderato ed energico. F. Korbay.



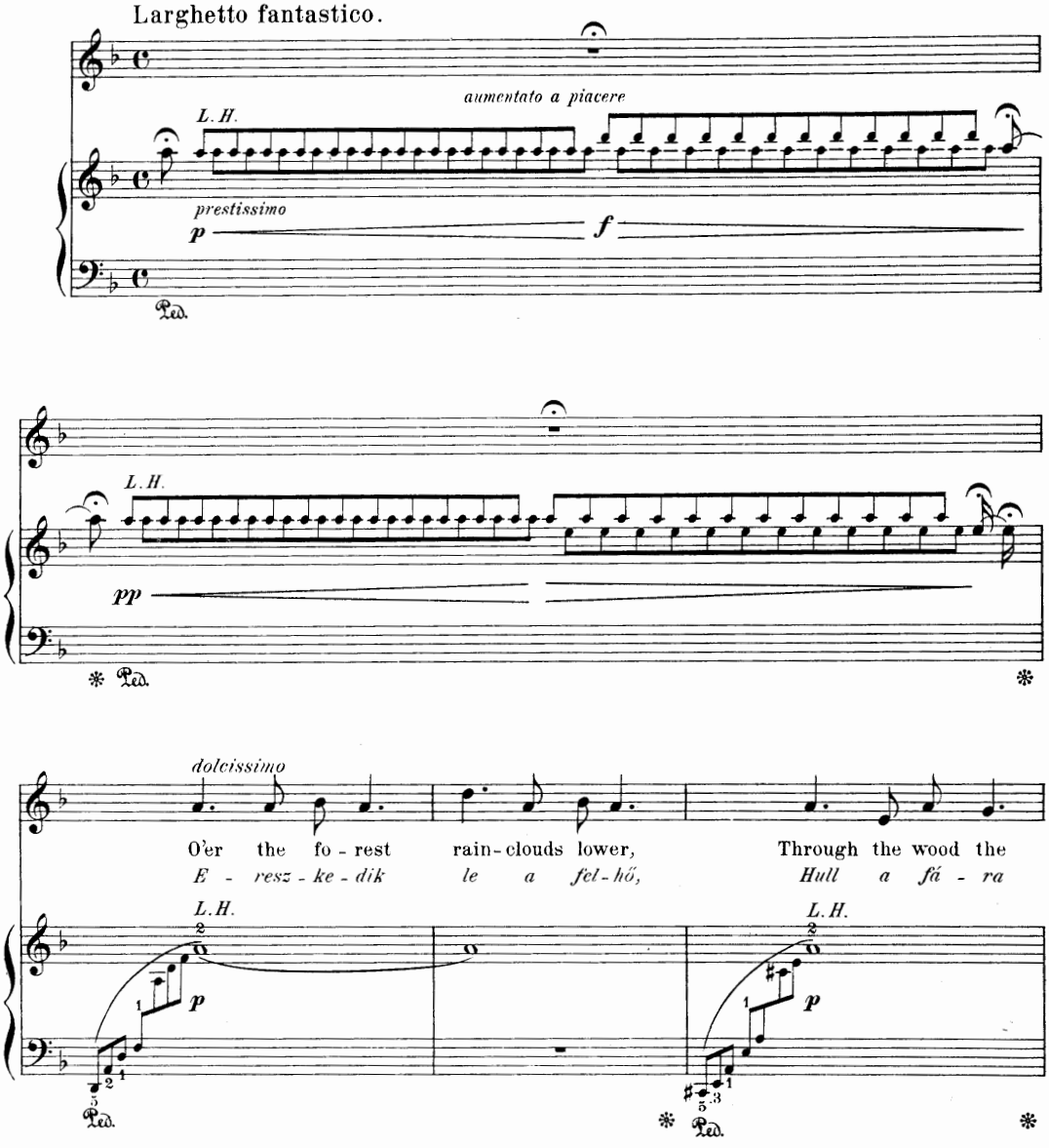
 Copyright.

№ 19.

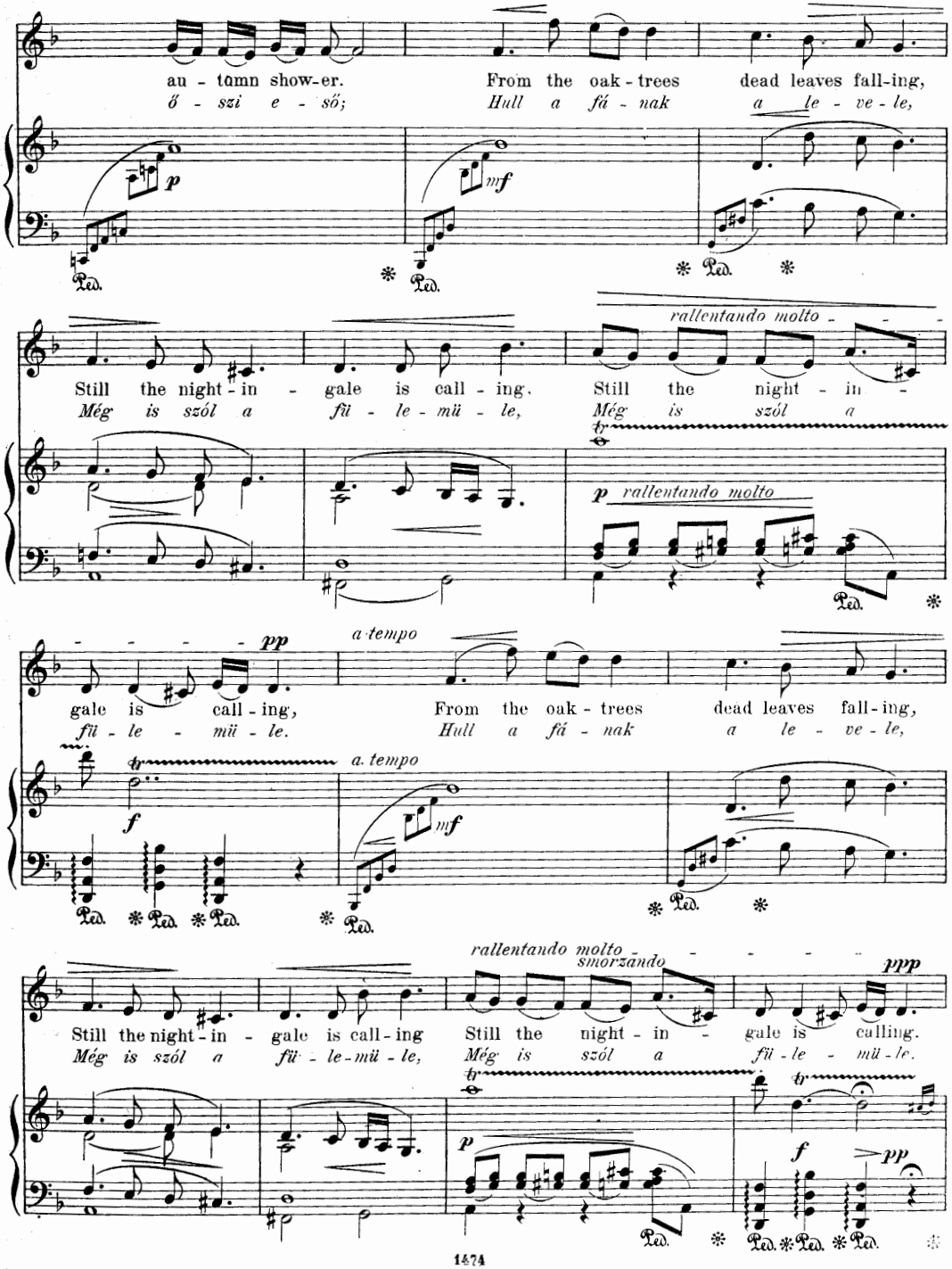
O'er the forest rainclouds lower..
Ereszkedik le a felhő..

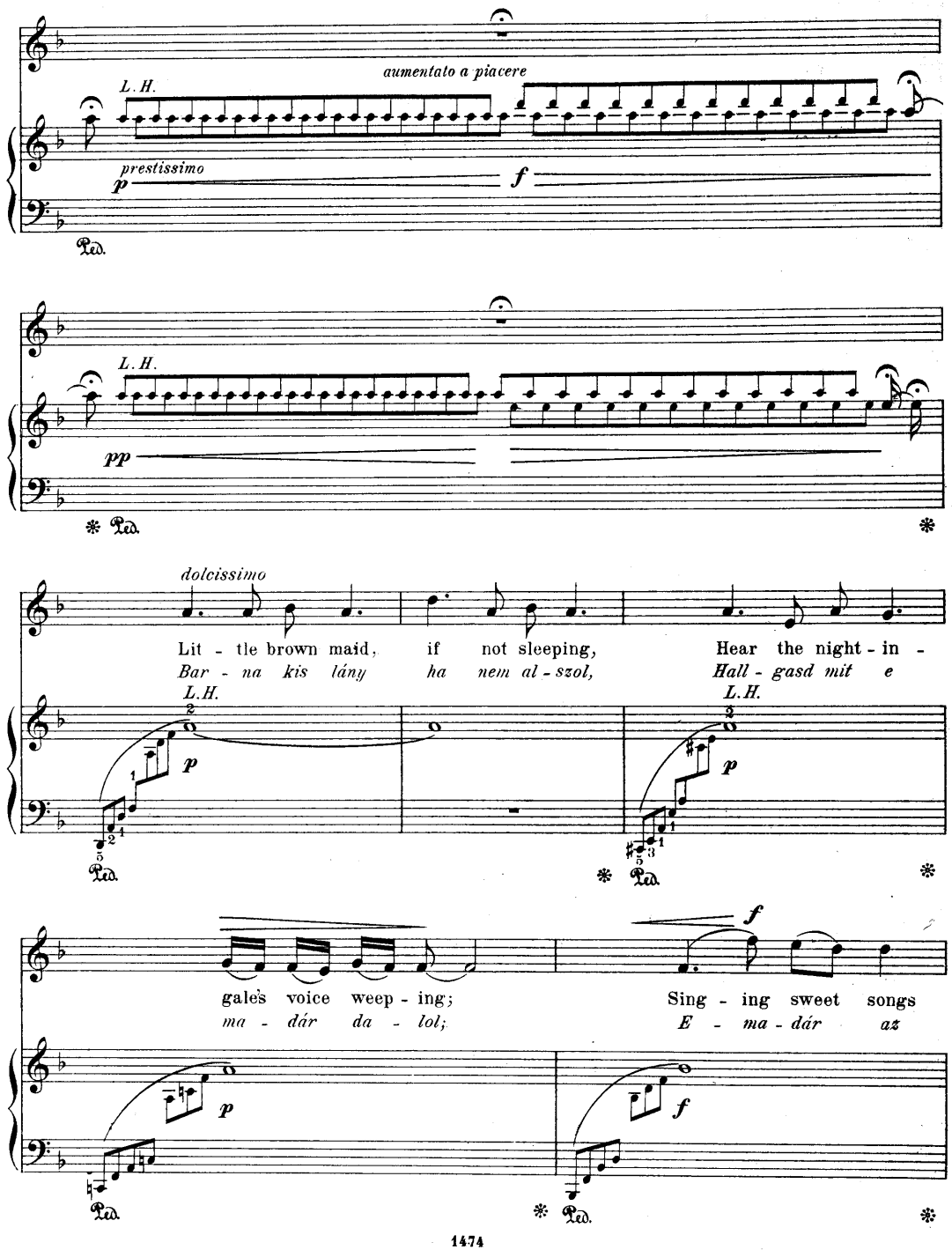
Melody by Beni Egressy.
Text by Alexandre Petöfi.

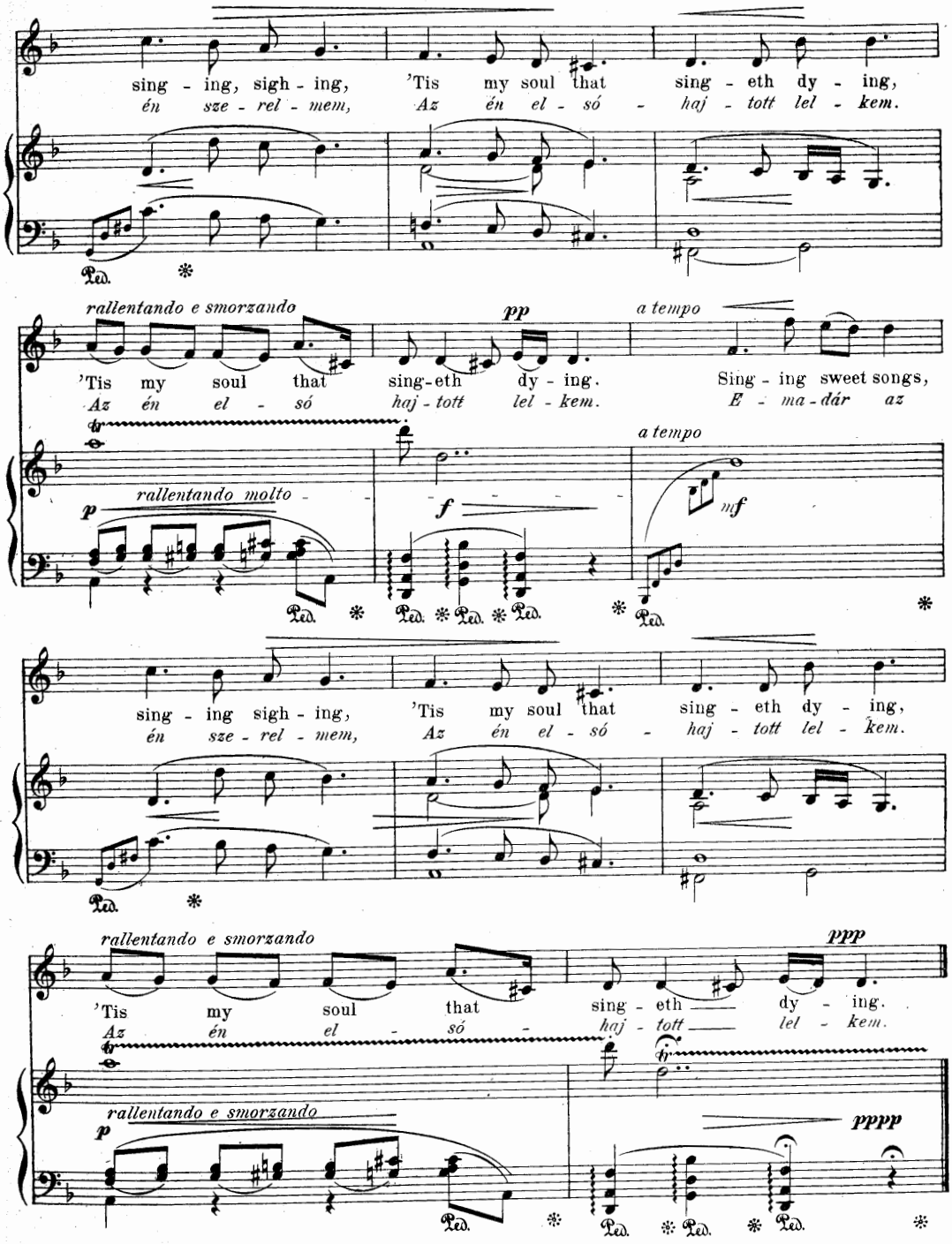
F. Korbay.



 Copyright.


au - tumn show-er.
ő - szi e -ső;
From the oak - trees
Hull a fá - nak
dead leaves fall-ing,
a le - ve - le,
Still the night - in - gale is call - ing.
Még is szól a fü - le - mü - le,
rallentando molto
Still the night - in -
Még is szól a
gale is call - ing,
fü - le - mü - le.
a tempo
From the oak - trees
Hull a fá - nak
dead leaves fall - ing,
a le - ve - le,
Still the night - in - gale is call - ing
Még is szól a fü - le - mü - le,
smorzando
Still the night - in - gale is calling.
fü - le - mü - le.


L.H.
aumentato a piacere
prestissimo
p
f
Ped.
L.H.
pp
Ped.
dolcissimo
Lit - tle brown maid, if not sleeping, Hear the night - in -
Bar - na kis lány ha nem al - szol, Hall - gasd mit e
L.H.
p
Ped.
L.H.
p
Ped.
f
gale's voice weep - ing;
ma - dár da - lol;
Sing - ing sweet songs
E - ma - dár az
p
Ped.
f
Ped.


sing - ing, sigh - ing, 'Tis my soul that sing - eth dy - ing,
én sze - rel - mem, Az én el - só - haj - tott lel - kem.
rallentando e smorzando
pp
a tempo
'Tis my soul that sing-eth dy - ing. Sing - ing sweet songs,
Az én el - só haj - tott lel - kem. E - ma - dár az
rallentando molto
f
mf
sing - ing sigh - ing, 'Tis my soul that sing - eth dy - ing,
én sze - rel - mem, Az én el - só - haj - tott lel - kem.
rallentando e smorzando
ppp
'Tis my soul that sing - eth dy - ing.
Az én el - só - haj - tott lel - kem.
rallentando e smorzando
p
pppp

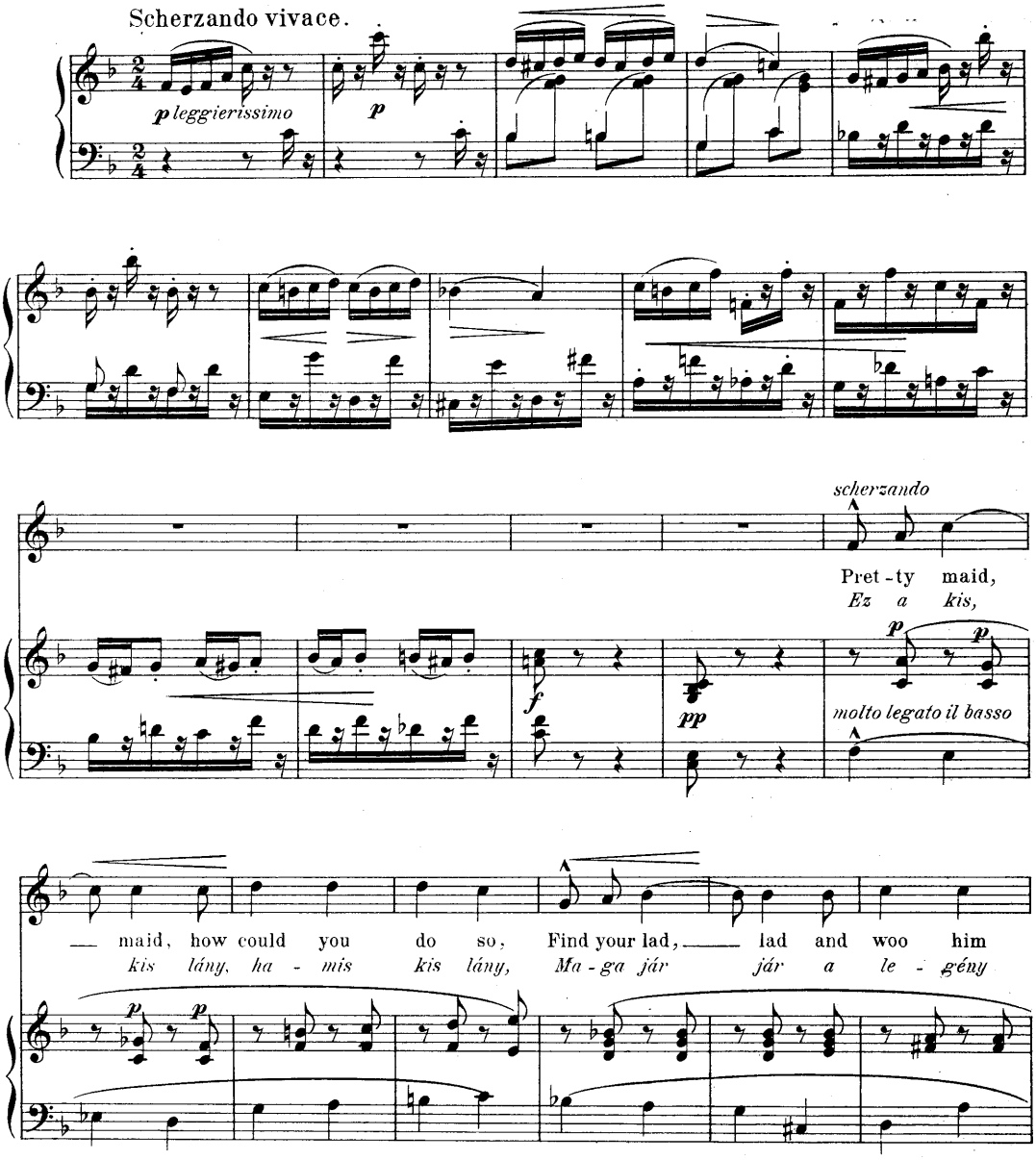
Nº 20.

Pretty maid, how could you do so.+)

Ez a kis lány hamis kis lány.

Melody and words by Joseph Szerdahelyi. 1804 - 1851. †

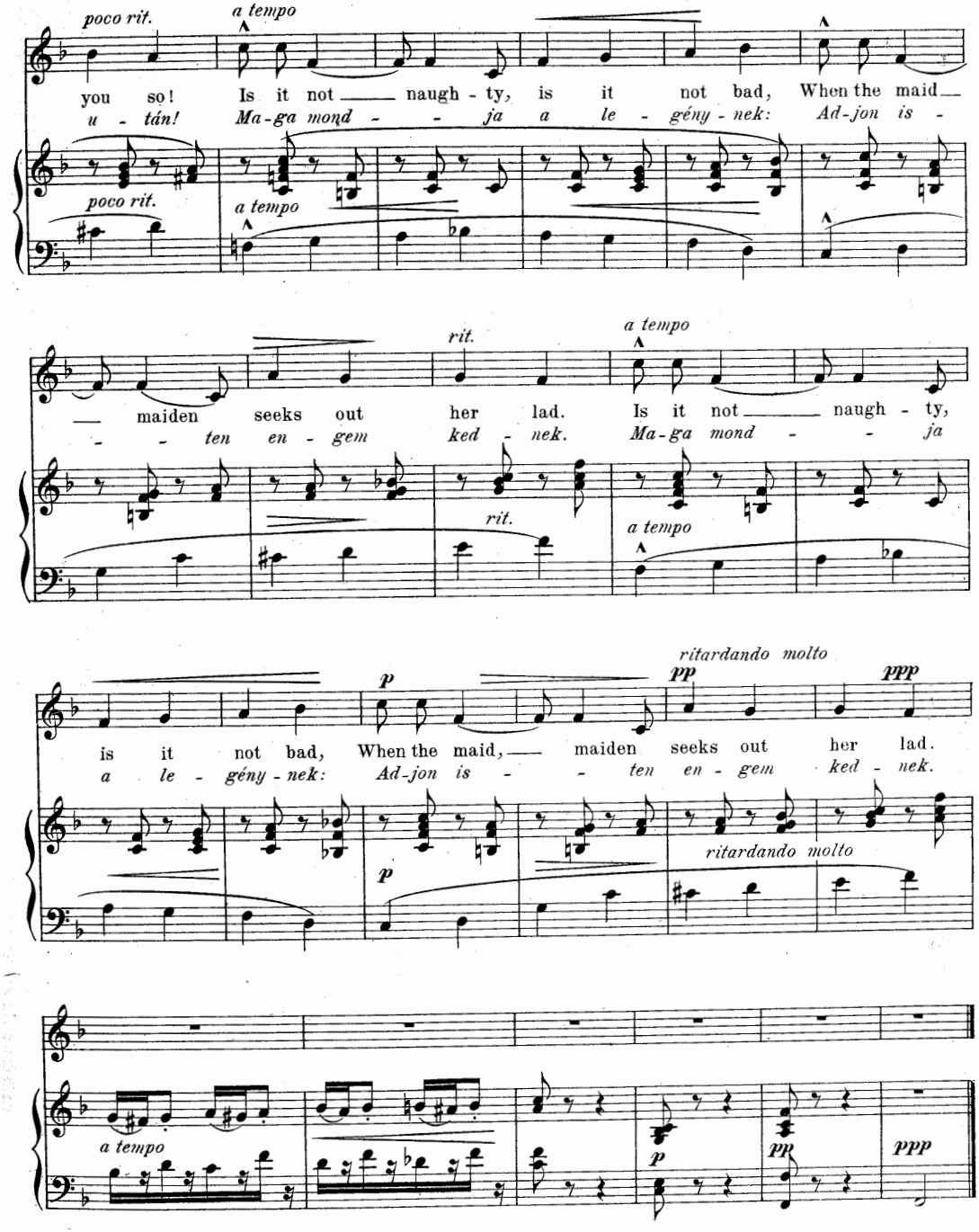
F. Korbay.



+) The original version of this song is in tripodies, thus; etc.

Schott & Co. London.

Copyright.


poco rit.
a tempo
you so! Is it not naugh - ty, is it not bad, When the maid
u - tán! Ma-ga mond - - ja a le - gény - nek: Ad-jon is -
poco rit.
a tempo
rit.
a tempo
maiden seeks out her lad. Is it not naugh - ty,
- - ten en - gem ked - nek. Ma-ga mond - - ja
rit.
a tempo
ritardando molto
p
pp
ppp
is it not bad, When the maid, maiden seeks out her lad.
a le - gény - nek: Ad-jon is - - ten en - gem ked - nek.
p
ritardando molto
a tempo
p
pp
ppp

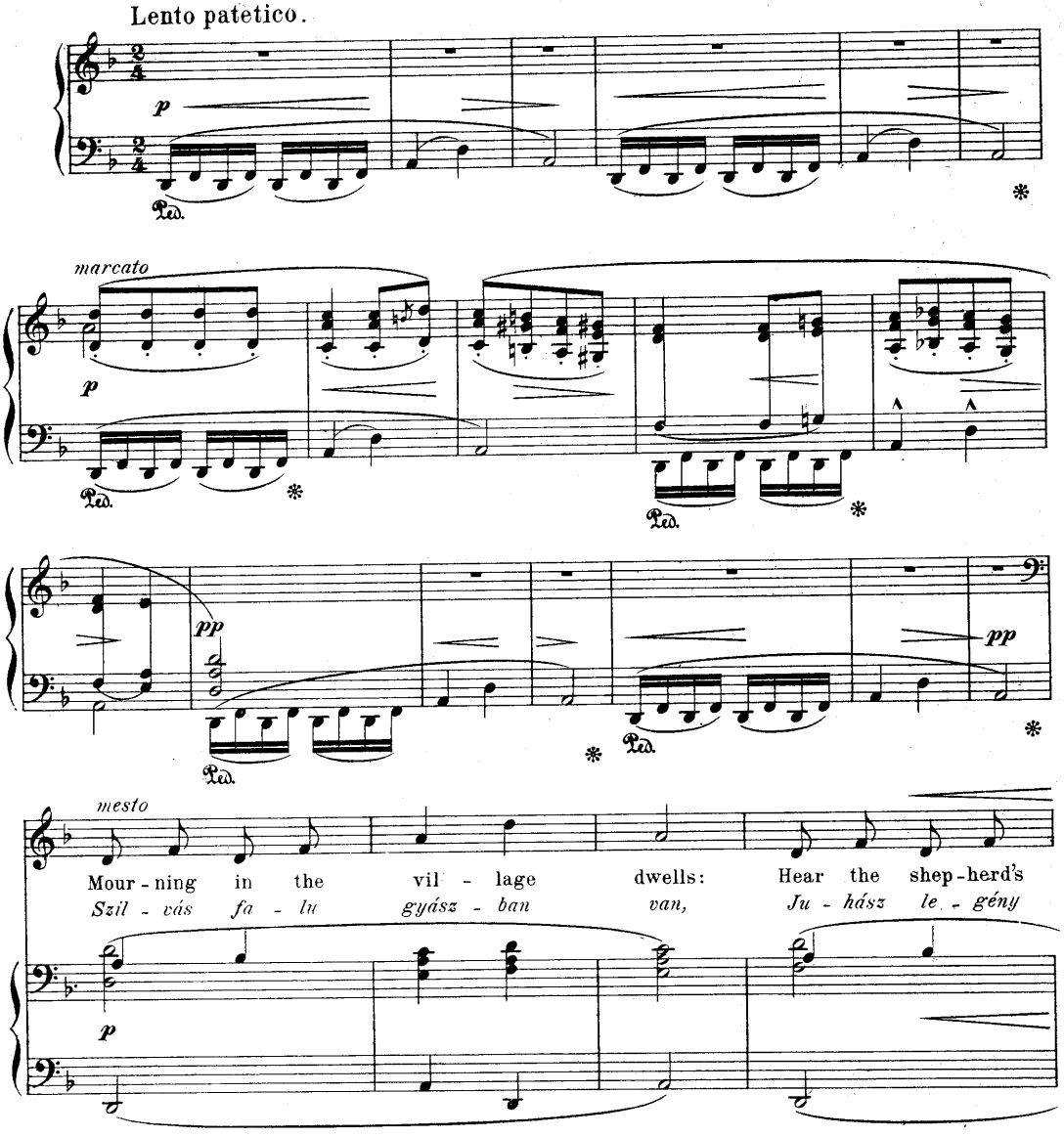
Mourning in the village dwells..

Nº 21.

Szilvás falu gyászban van..

Theme an Old Folk Song.

F. Korbay.



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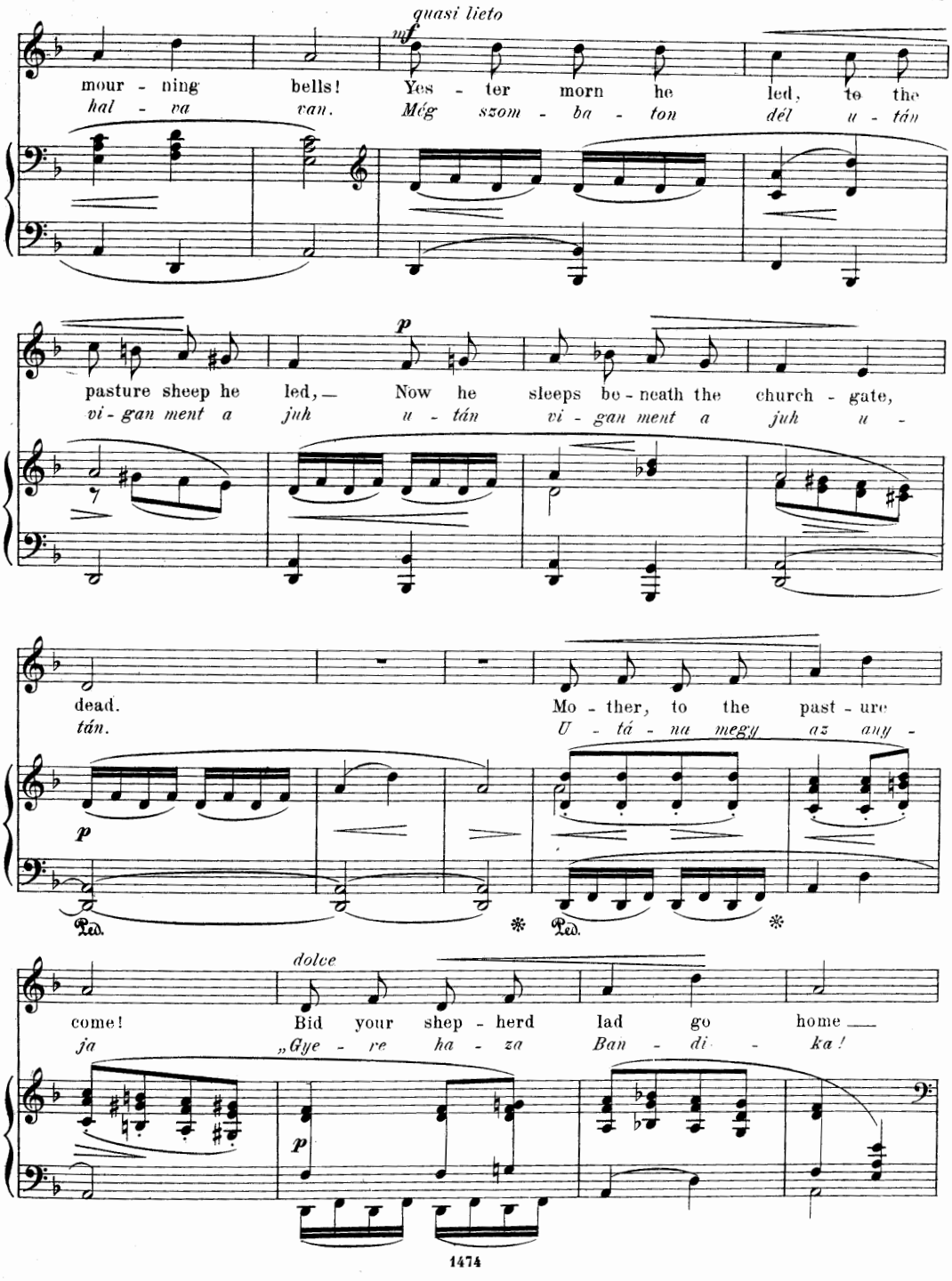
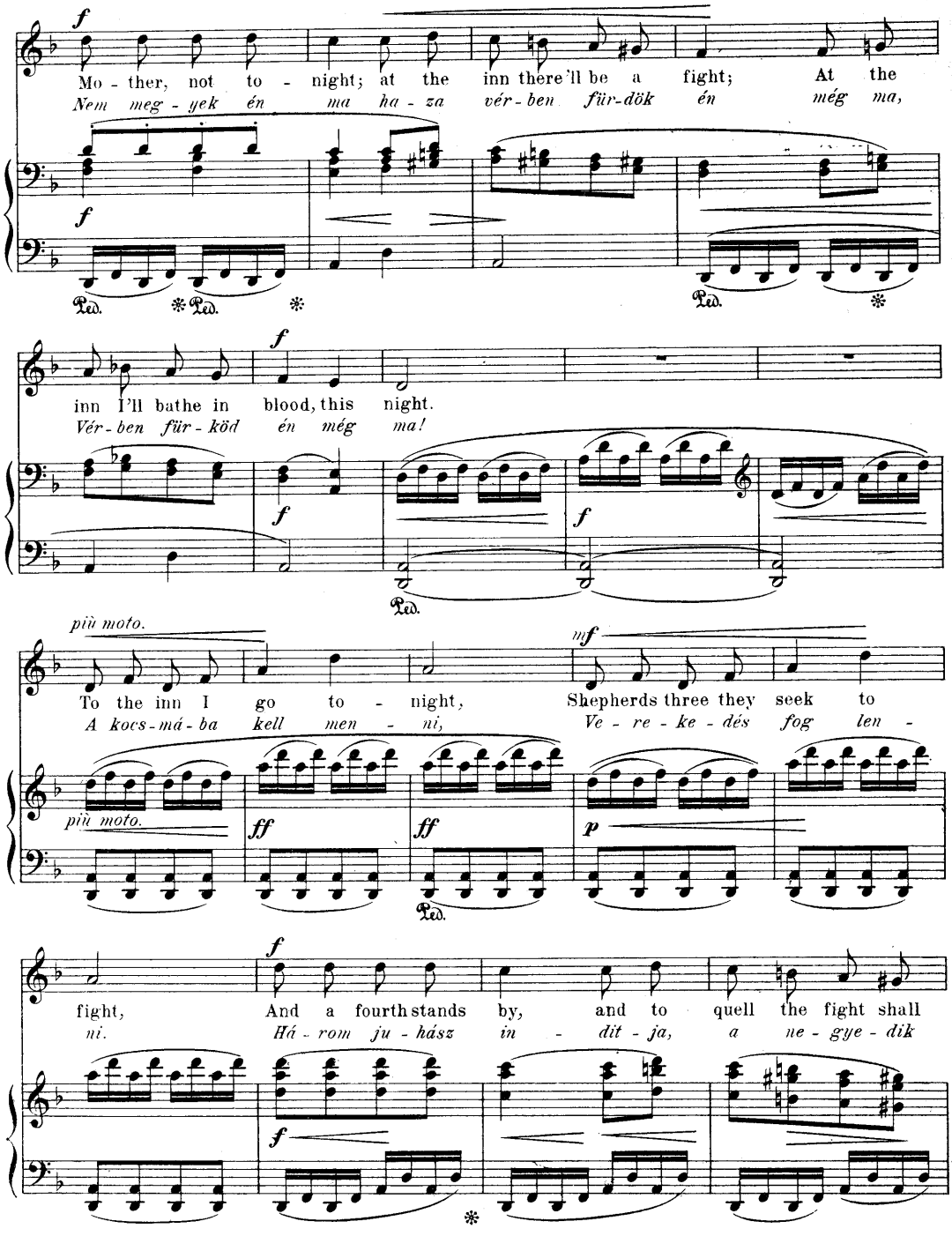
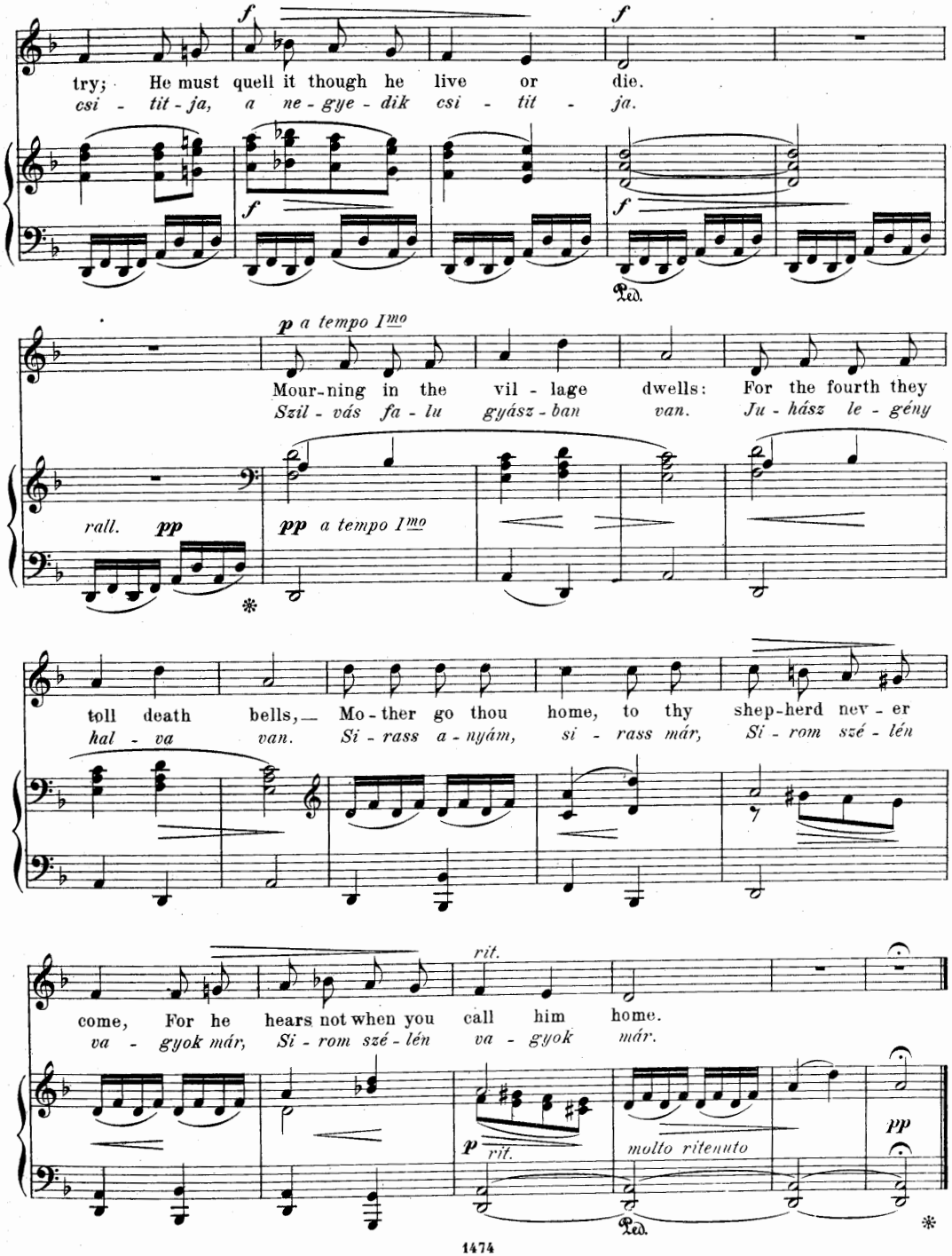

quasi lieto
mf
mour - ning bells! Yes - ter morn he led, to the
hal - va van. Még szom - ba - ton dél u - tán
p
pasture sheep he led, — Now he sleeps be - neath the church - gate,
vi - gan ment a juh u - tán vi - gan ment a juh u -
dead.
tán.
Mo - ther, to the past - ure
U - tá - na megy az any -
p
Ped.
Ped.
dolce
come!
ja
Bid your shep - herd lad go home —
„Gye - re ha - za Ban - di - ka!
p


f
Mo - ther, not to - night; at the inn there'll be a fight; At the
Nem meg - yek én ma ha - za vér - ben für - dök én még ma,
Ped. * Ped. *
Ped.
inn I'll bathe in blood, this night.
Vér - ben für - köd én még ma!
più moto.
To the inn I go to - night,
A kocs - má - ba kell men - ni,
mf
Shepherds three they seek to
Ve - re - ke - dés fog len -
ff
ff
p
fight,
ni.
And a fourth stands by, and to quell the fight shall
Há - rom ju - hász in - dit - ja, a ne - gye - dik


try; He must quell it though he live or die.
csi - tit - ja, a ne - gye - dik csi - tit - ja.
Ped.
p a tempo Imo
Mour-ning in the vil - lage dwells: For the fourth they
Szil - vás fa - lu gyász - ban van. Ju - hász le - gény
rall. pp
pp a tempo Imo
toll death bells, — Mo - ther go thou home, to thy shep-herd nev - er
hal - va van. Si - rass a - nyám, si - rass már, Si - rom szé - lén
rit.
come, For he hears not when you call him home.
va - gyok már, Si - rom szé - lén va - gyok már.
p rit.
molto ritenuto
pp
Ped.

See the little pretty maiden.
Here tyu, tyu, tyu!

№ 22.

Old Folk Song.

Allegretto scherzando.

F. Korbay.

una corda

leggierissimo

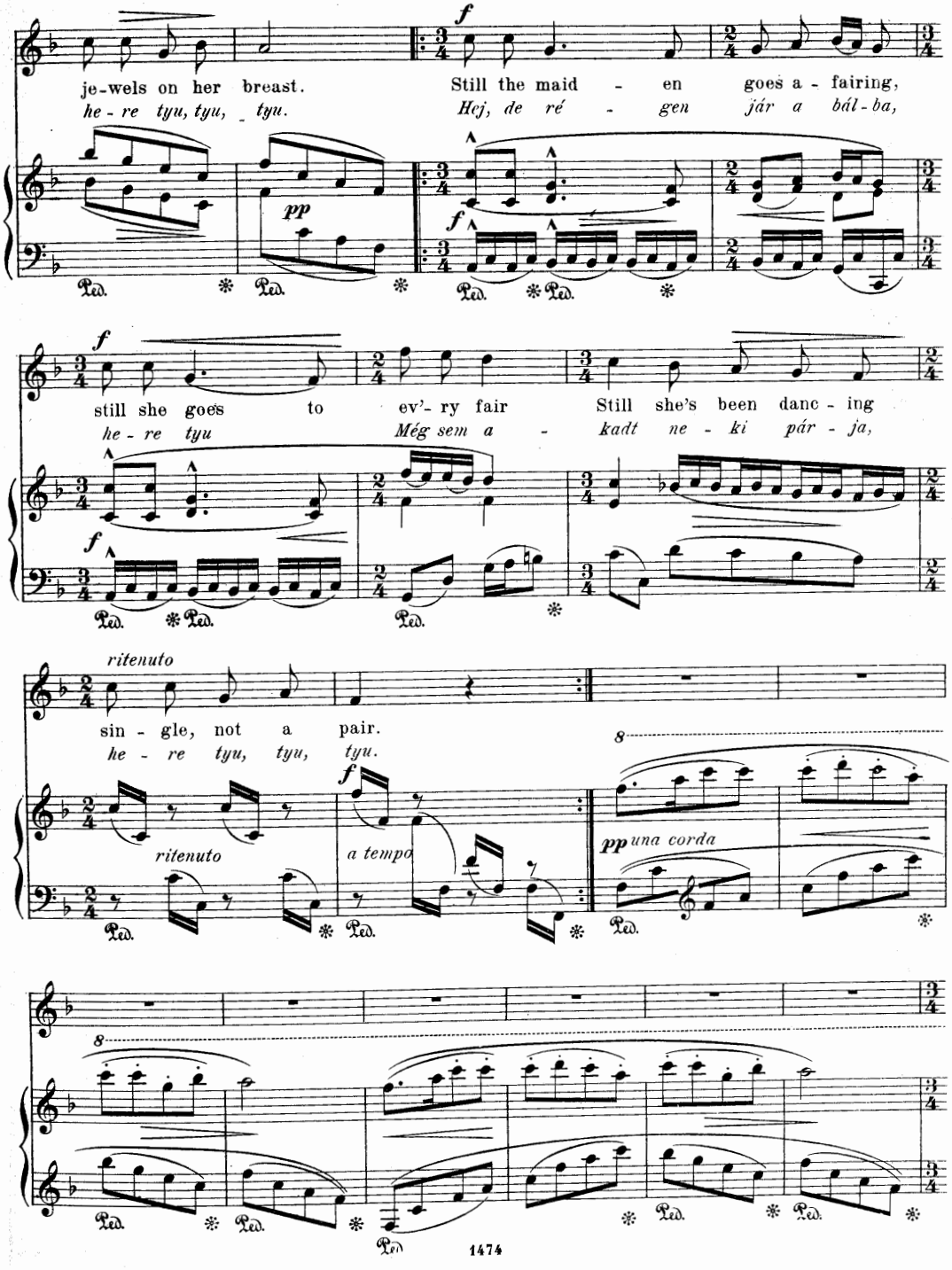
scherzando

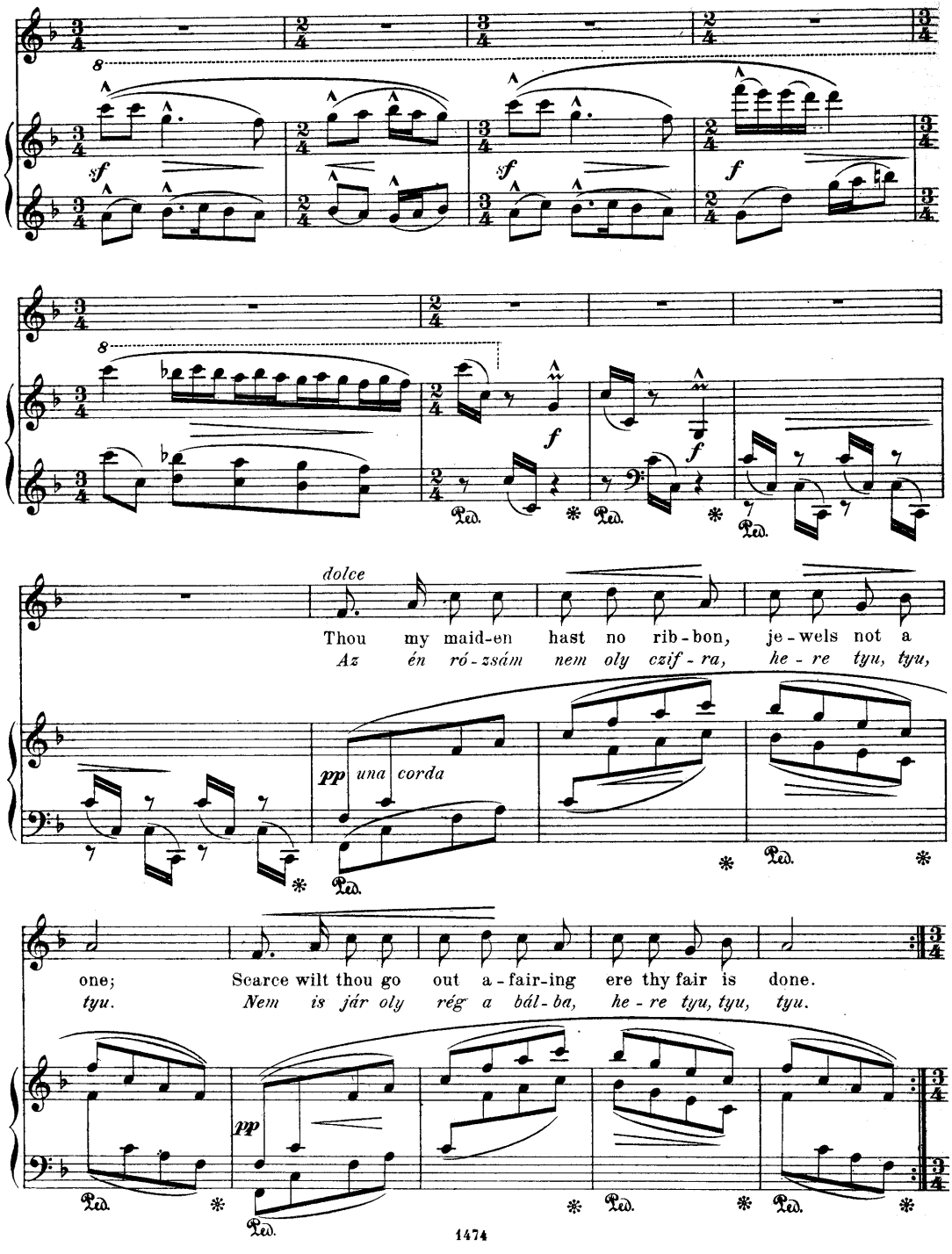
See the lit - tle pret - ty maid-en,
Ez a kis lány jaj be czif - ra,

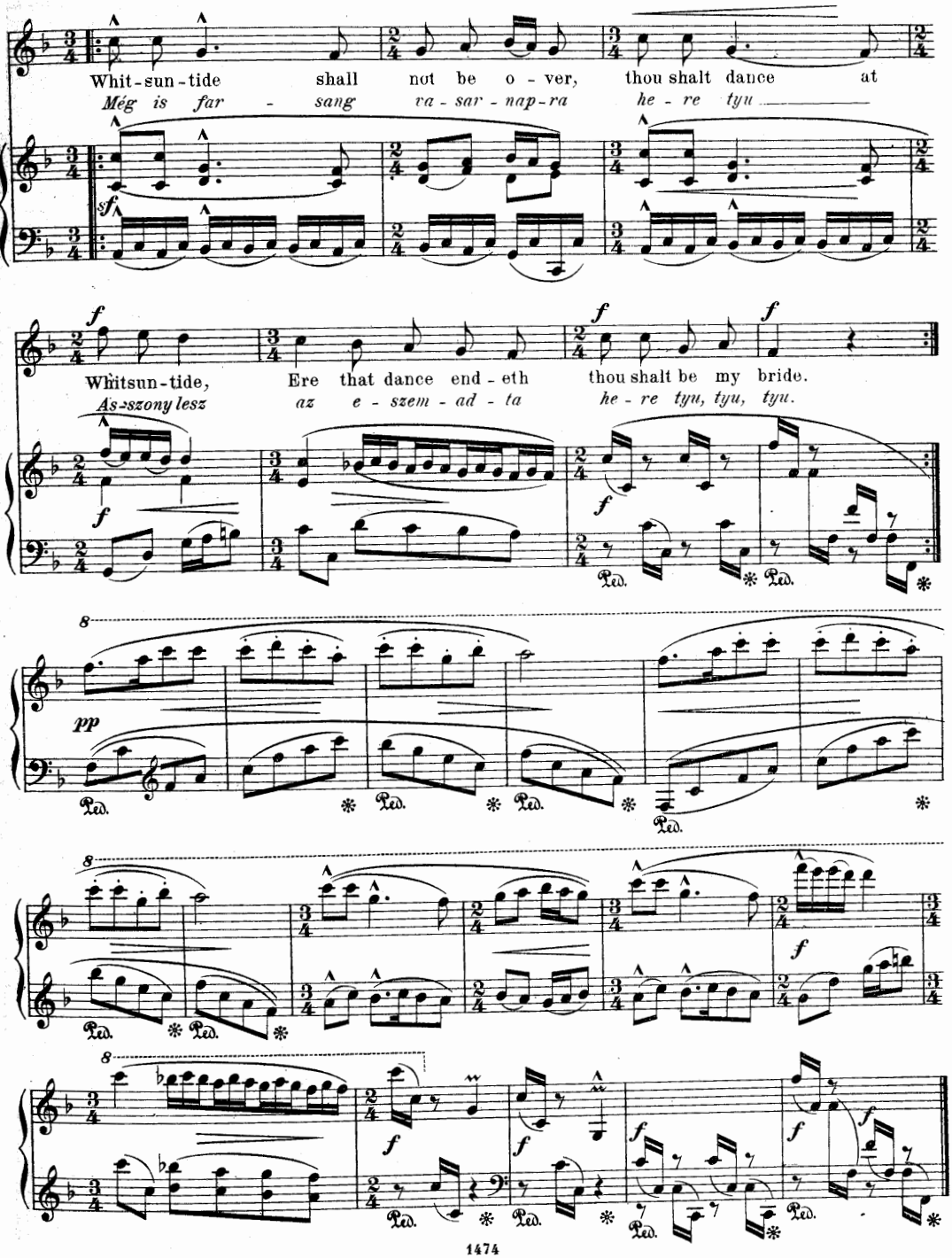
how her - self she's drest
he - re, tyu, tyu, tyu,

Rib - bons on her neck and ring' lets,
Csak ugy csil - log rajt' a ru - ha,

Copyright.


je-wels on her breast.
he - re tyu, tyu, tyu.
Still the maid - en goes a - fairing,
Hej, de ré - gen jár a bál - ba,
still she goes to ev'- ry fair
he - re tyu
Még sem a - kadt ne - ki pár - ja,
Still she's been danc - ing
sin - gle, not a pair.
he - re tyu, tyu, tyu.
ritenuto
a tempo
una corda


dolce
Thou my maid-en hast no rib-bon, je-wels not a
Az én ró-zsám nem oly czif-ra, he-re tyu, tyu,
pp una corda
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.
pp


Whit-sun-tide shall not be o-ver, thou shalt dance at
Még is far - sang va-sar-nap-ra he-re tyu
Whitsun-tide, Ere that dance end-eth thou shalt be my bride.
Ás-szony lesz az e-szem-ad-ta he-re tyu, tyu, tyu.

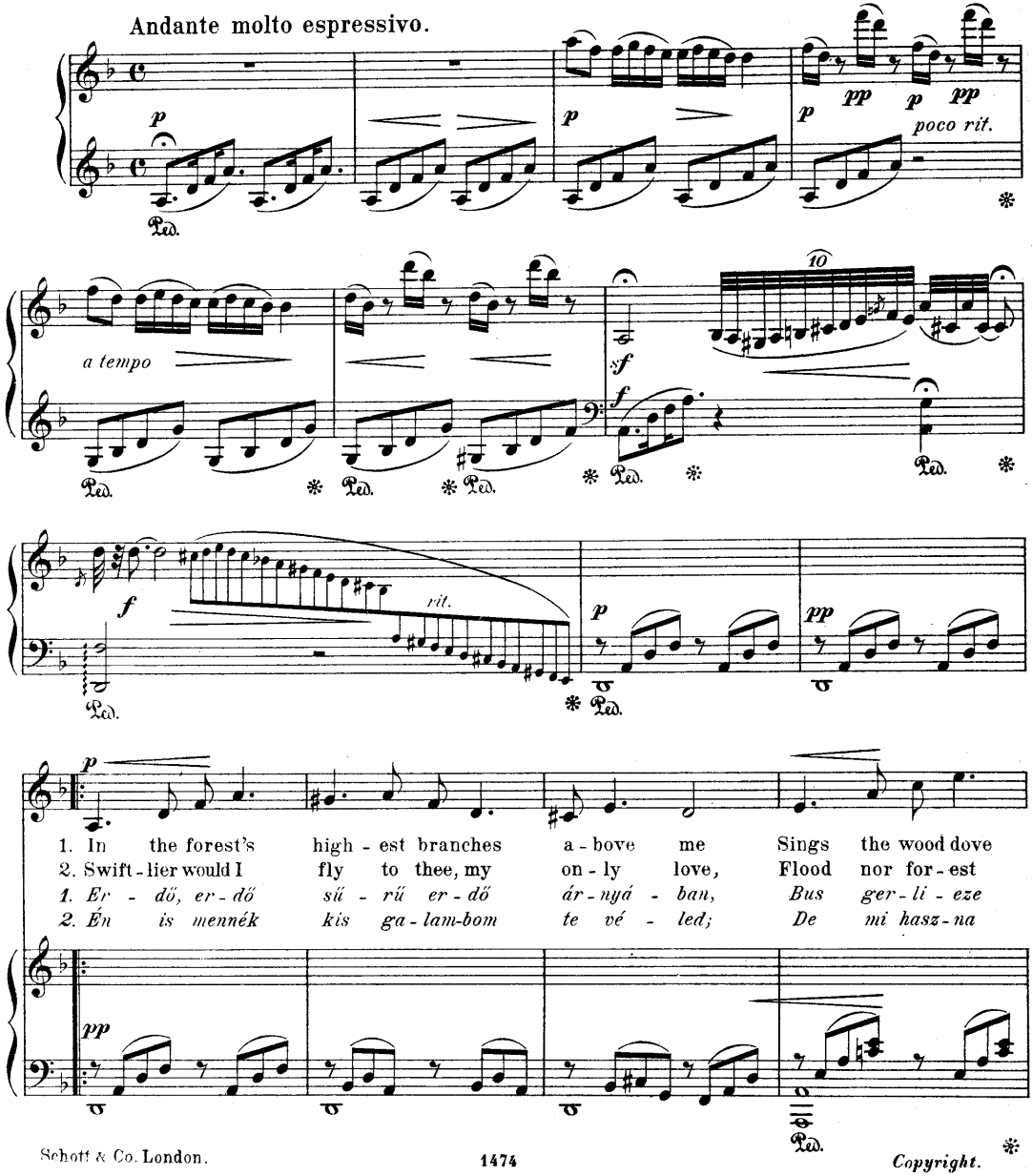
In the forest's highest branches..

Nº 23.

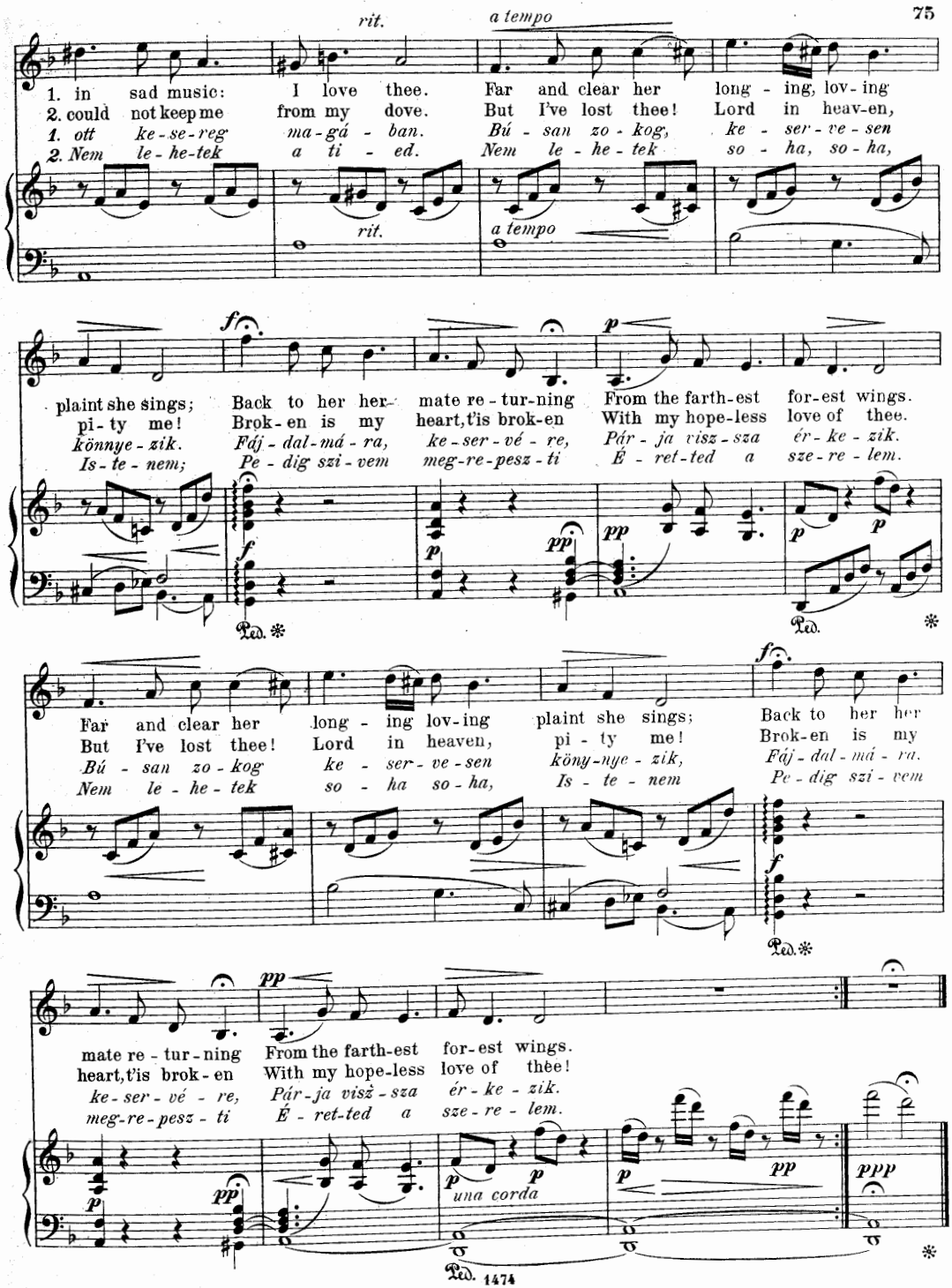
Erdő, erdő, sűrű erdő árnyában..

Theme and words by unknown Composer.

F. Korbay.



Copyright.

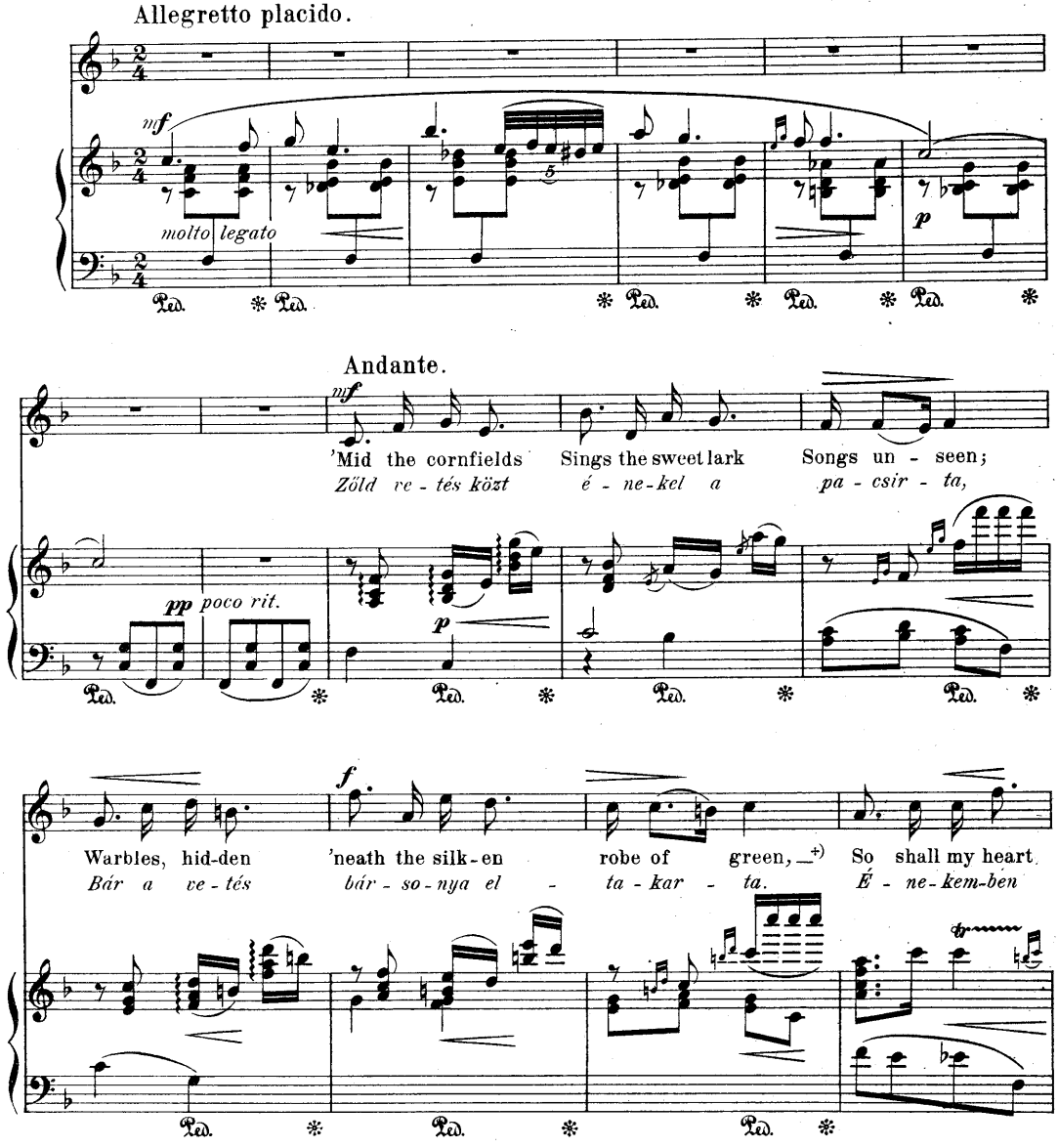

rit.
a tempo
1. in sad music: I love thee. Far and clear her long - ing, lov-ing
2. could not keep me from my dove. But I've lost thee! Lord in heav-en,
1. ott ke-se-reg ma-gá - ban. Bú - san zo - kog, ke - ser - ve - sen
2. Nem le - he-tek a ti - ed. Nem le - he - tek so - ha, so - ha,
plaint she sings; Back to her her- mate re - tur-ning From the farth-est for-est wings.
pi-ty me! Brok-en is my heart,t'is brok-en With my hope-less love of thee.
könnye - zik. Fáj - dal-má - ra, ke - ser - vé - re, Pár - ja visz - sza ér - ke - zik.
Is - te - nem; Pe - dig szi - vem meg-re-pesz - ti É - ret-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
Bú - san zo - kog ke - ser - ve - sen köny-nye - zik, Fáj - dal - má - ra.
Nem le - he - tek so - ha so - ha, Is - te - nem Pe - dig szi - vem
mate re - tur - ning From the farth-est for-est wings.
heart,t'is brok - en With my hope-less love of thee!
ke - ser - vé - re, Pár - ja visz - sza ér - ke - zik.
meg-re-pesz - ti É - ret-ted a sze - re - lem.
una corda
Ped.

'Mid the cornfields sings the sweet lark.

№ 24. Zőld vetés közt énekel a pacsirta.

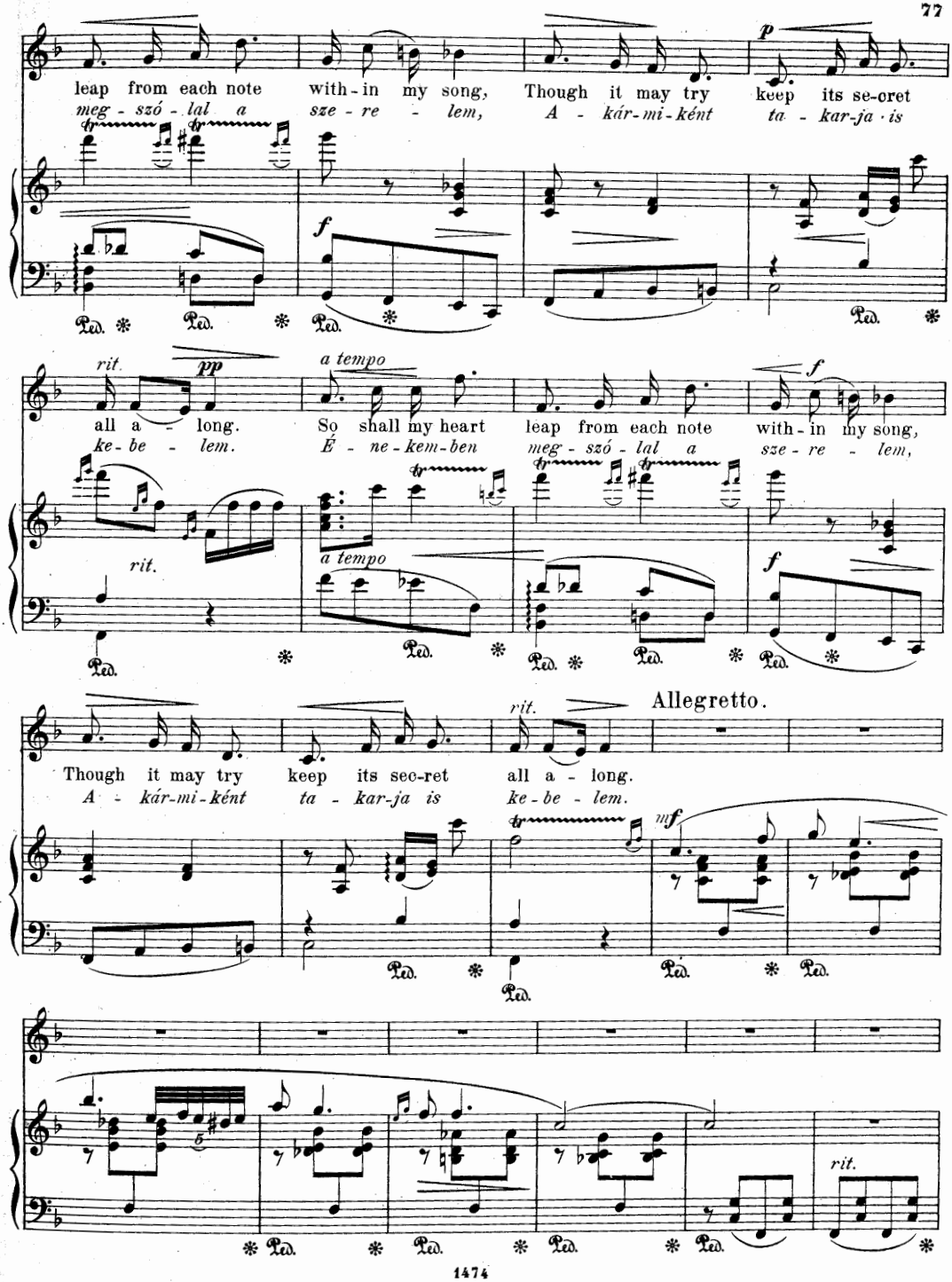
Melody by Kálmán de Simonffy.

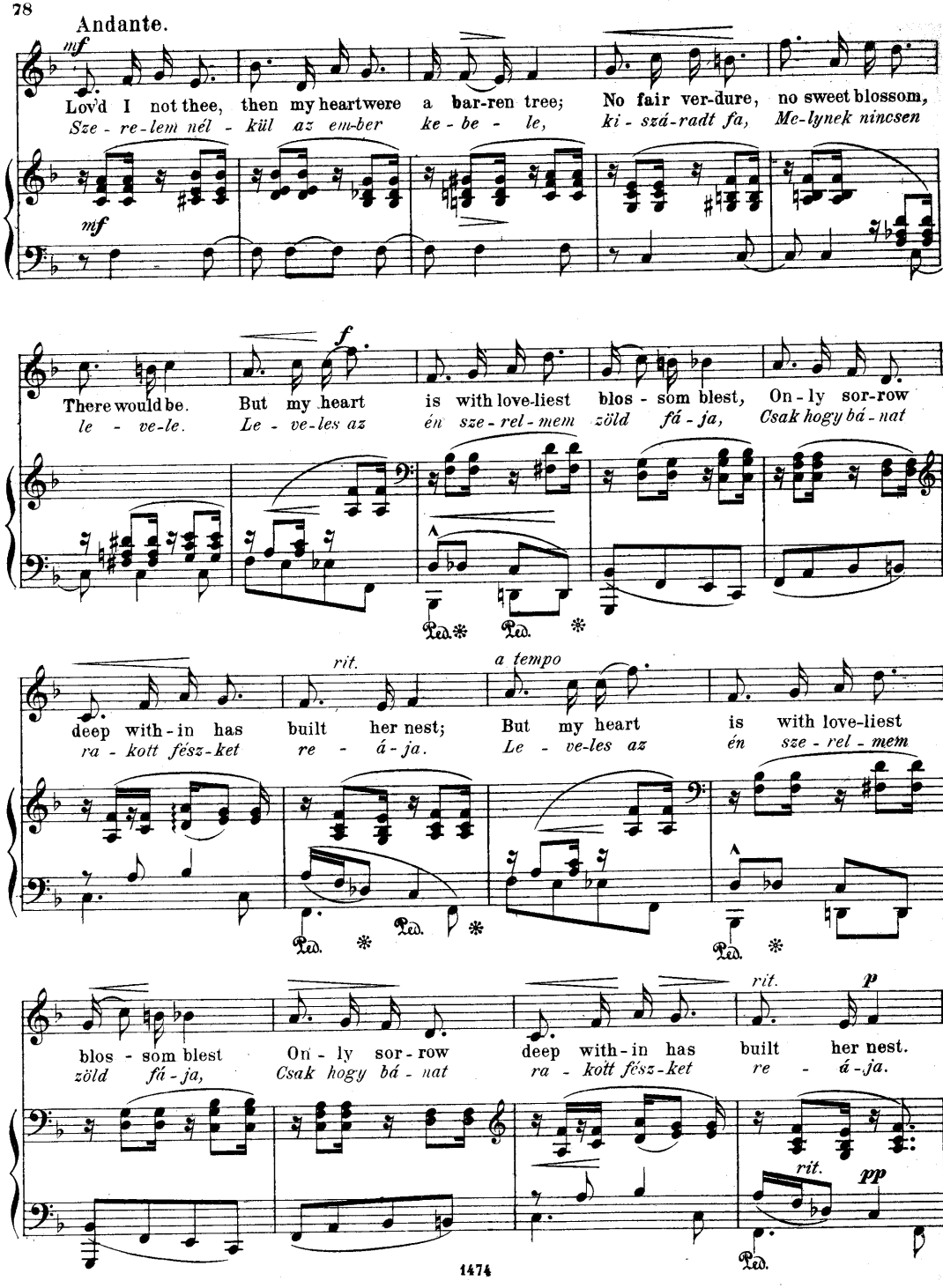
F. Korbay.



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

 Copyright.


leap from each note with-in my song, Though it may try keep its se-cret
meg - szó - lal a sze - re - lem, A - kár-mi-ként ta - kar-ja · is
rit. pp a tempo f
all a - long. So shall my heart leap from each note with-in my song,
ke-be - lem. É - ne-kem-ben meg - szó - lal a sze - re - lem,
rit. a tempo f
Though it may try keep its sec-ret all a - long.
A - kár-mi-ként ta - kar-ja is ke-be - lem.
rit. Allegretto.
mf
rit.


Andante.
mf
Lov'd I not thee, then my heart were a bar-ren tree; No fair ver-dure, no sweet blossom,
Sze - re-lem nél - kül az em-ber ke - be - le, ki - szá-radt fa, Me-lynek nincsen
mf
f
There would be. But my heart is with love-liest blos - som blest, On - ly sor-row
le - ve-le. Le - ve-les az én sze - rel - mem zöld fá - ja, Csak hogy bá - nat
Ped. * Ped. *
rit.
a tempo
deep with - in has built her nest; But my heart is with love-liest
ra - kott fész-ket re - á - ja. Le - ve-les az én sze - rel - mem
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
rit.
p
blos - som blest On - ly sor - row deep with - in has built her nest.
zöld fá - ja, Csak hogy bá - nat ra - kott fész-ket re - á - ja.
rit.
pp
Ped.

No 25.

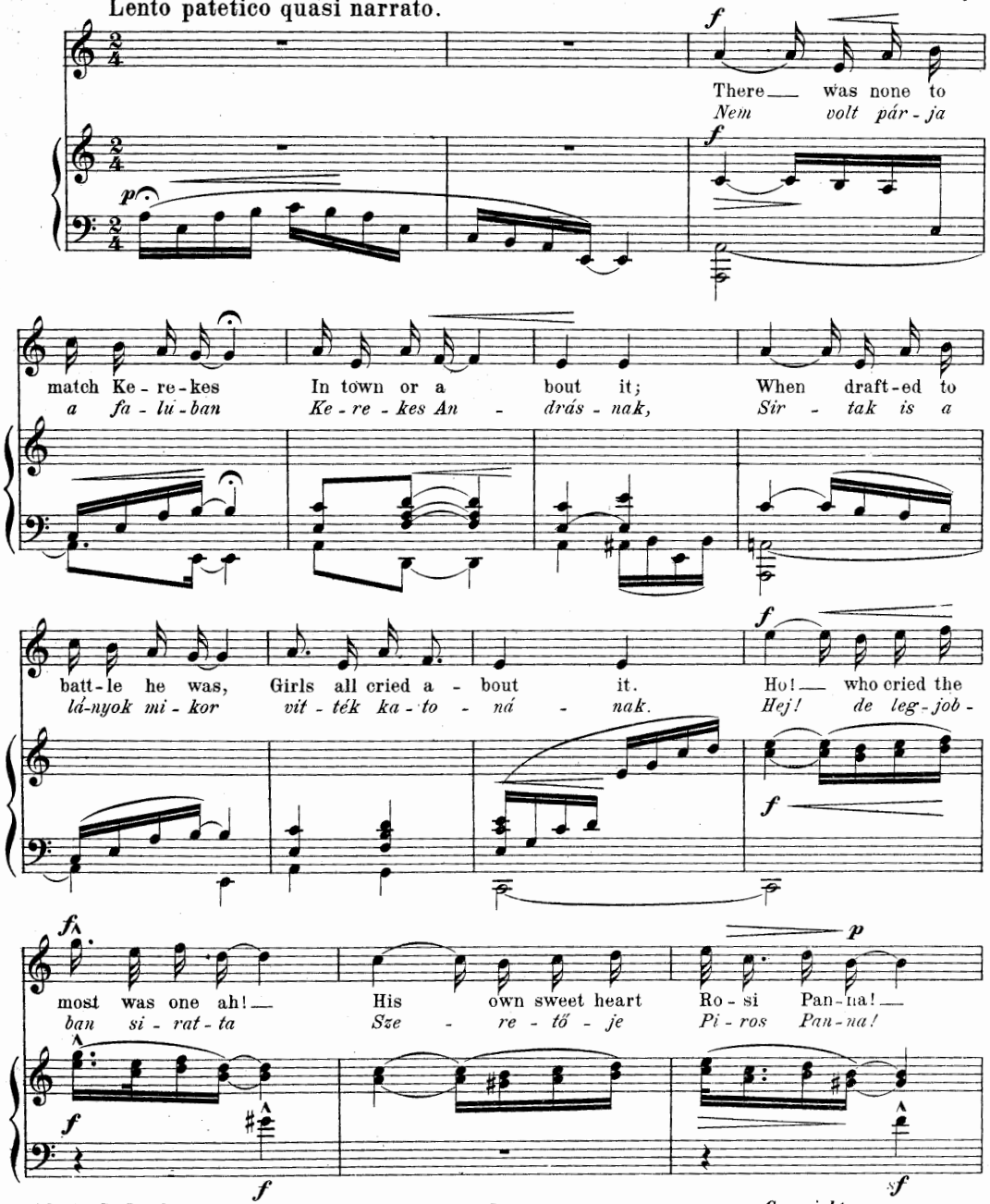
There was none to match Kerekes.

Nem volt párja a faluban.

Words and Melody a Hungarian Folk Song.

F. Korbay.

Lento patetico quasi narrato.



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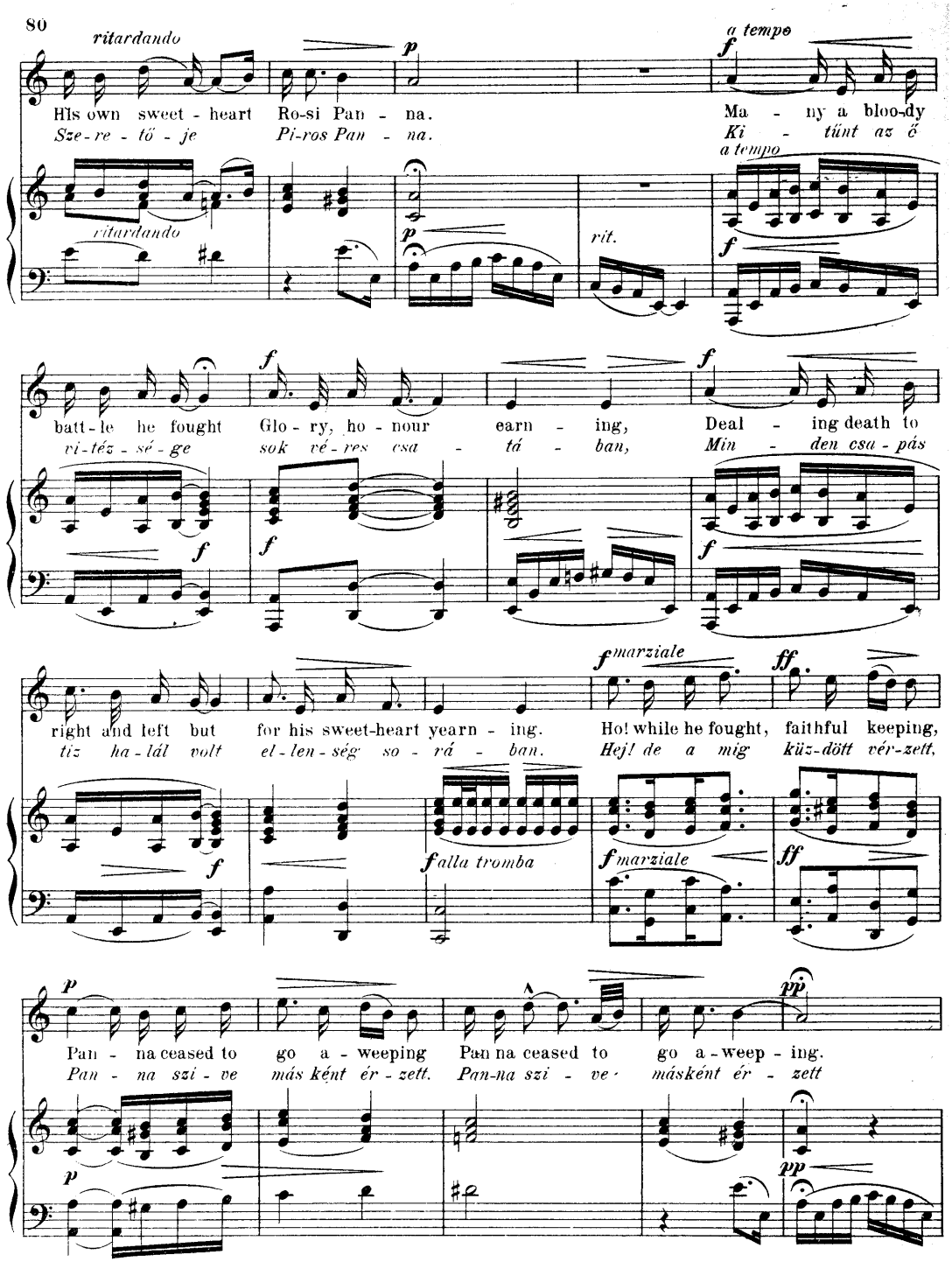
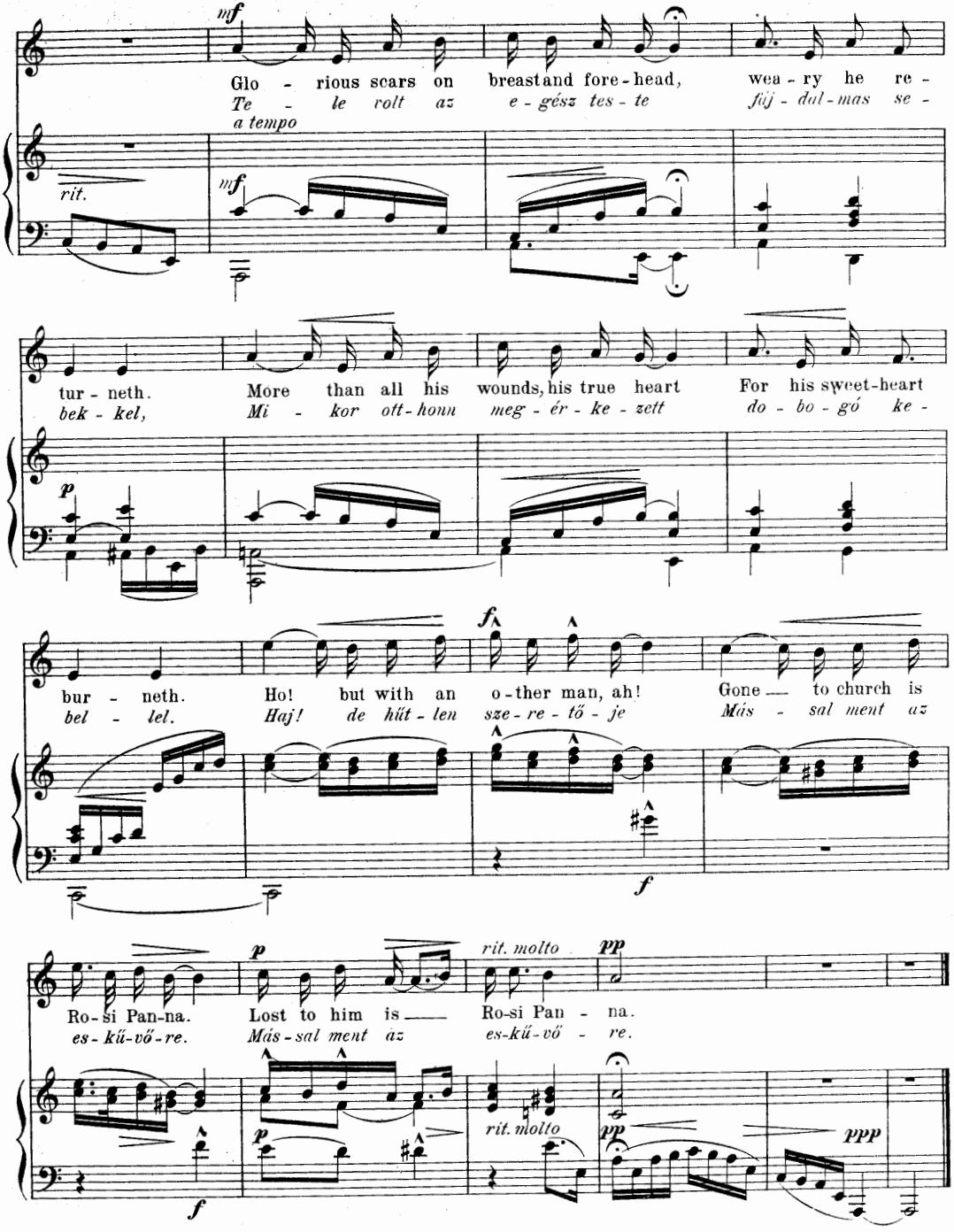

ritardando
a tempo
His own sweet - heart Ro-si Pan - na.
Ma - ny a bloo-dy
Sze-re - tő - je Pi-ros Pan - na.
Ki - tűnt az ő
ritardando
rit.
a tempo
batt-le he fought Glo - ry, ho - nour earn - ing, Deal - ing death to
vi-téz - sé - ge sok vé-res csa - tá - ban, Min - den csa-pás
marziale
right and left but for his sweet-heart yearn - ing. Ho! while he fought, faithful keeping,
tiz ha-lál volt el-len-ség so - rá - ban. Hej! de a míg küz-dött vér-zett,
alla tromba
marziale
Pan - na ceased to go a - weeping Pan na ceased to go a - weep - ing.
Pan - na szi - ve más ként ér - zett. Pan-na szi - ve másként ér - zett


mf
Glo - rious scars on breast and fore-head, wea - ry he re -
Te - le rolt az e - gész tes - te fáj - dal-mas se -
a tempo
rit.
mf
tur - neth. More than all his wounds, his true heart For his sweet-heart
bek - kel, Mi - kor ott-honn meg - ér - ke - zett do - bo - gó ke -
p
bur - neth. Ho! but with an o-ther man, ah! Gone — to church is
bel - lel. Haj! de hűt - len sze - re - tő - je Más - sal ment az
f
f
Ro-si Pan-na. Lost to him is — Ro-si Pan - na.
es-kű-vő-re. Más-sal ment az es-kű-vő - re.
p
rit. molto
pp
f
p
rit. molto
pp
ppp

FRANCIS KORBAY

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4. *O lieb, so lang du lieben kannst* (O love, o love).	
5. *Gebet* (Prayer).	
6. *Drüben geht die Sonne scheiden* (There the golden Sun descending).	
7. *Trübe wird's, die Wolken jagen* (Clouds across the sky are driven.)	
8. *Auf geheimem Waldespfade* (When through lonely woodpaths straying).	
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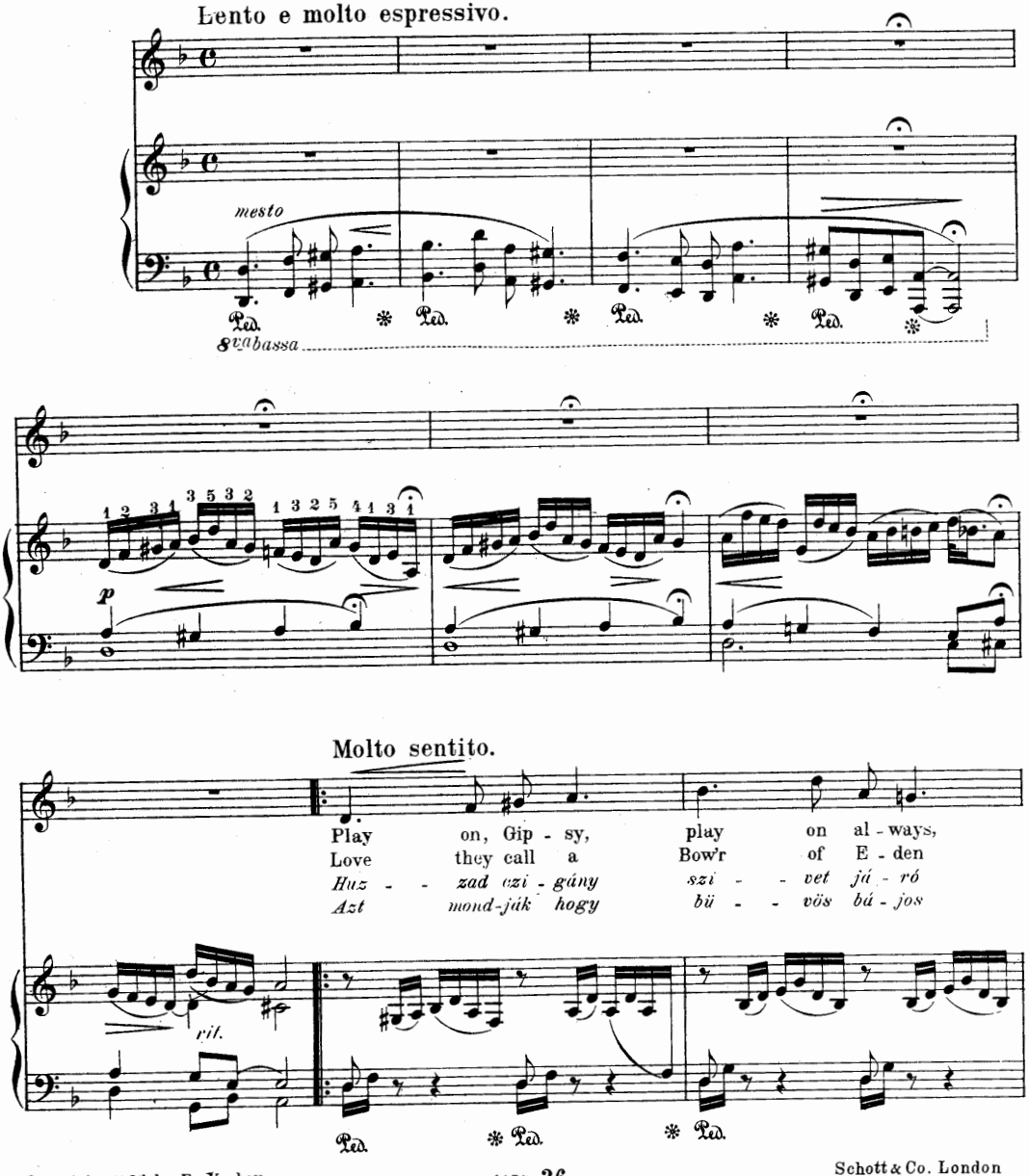
*) Note. The transcriptions of the group of Nine Songs by Elemér Szentirmay, perhaps the most remarkable of modern Hungarian melodies, have been approved by him, and are included in this collection with his sanction.

F. K.

№ 26.

Play on, Gipsy...
Huzzad czigány...

Text and Melody by Elemér Szentirmay. F. Korbay.



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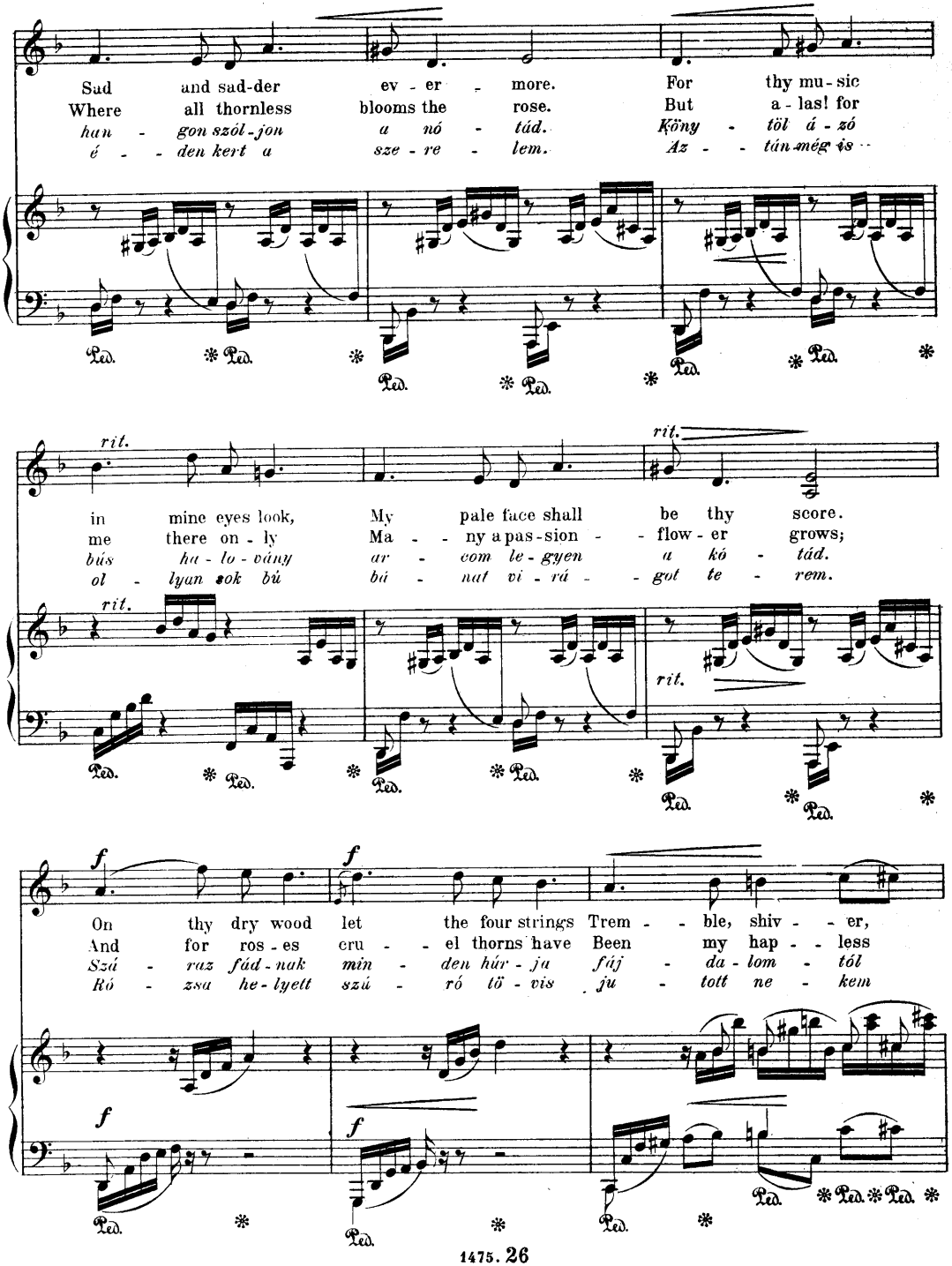
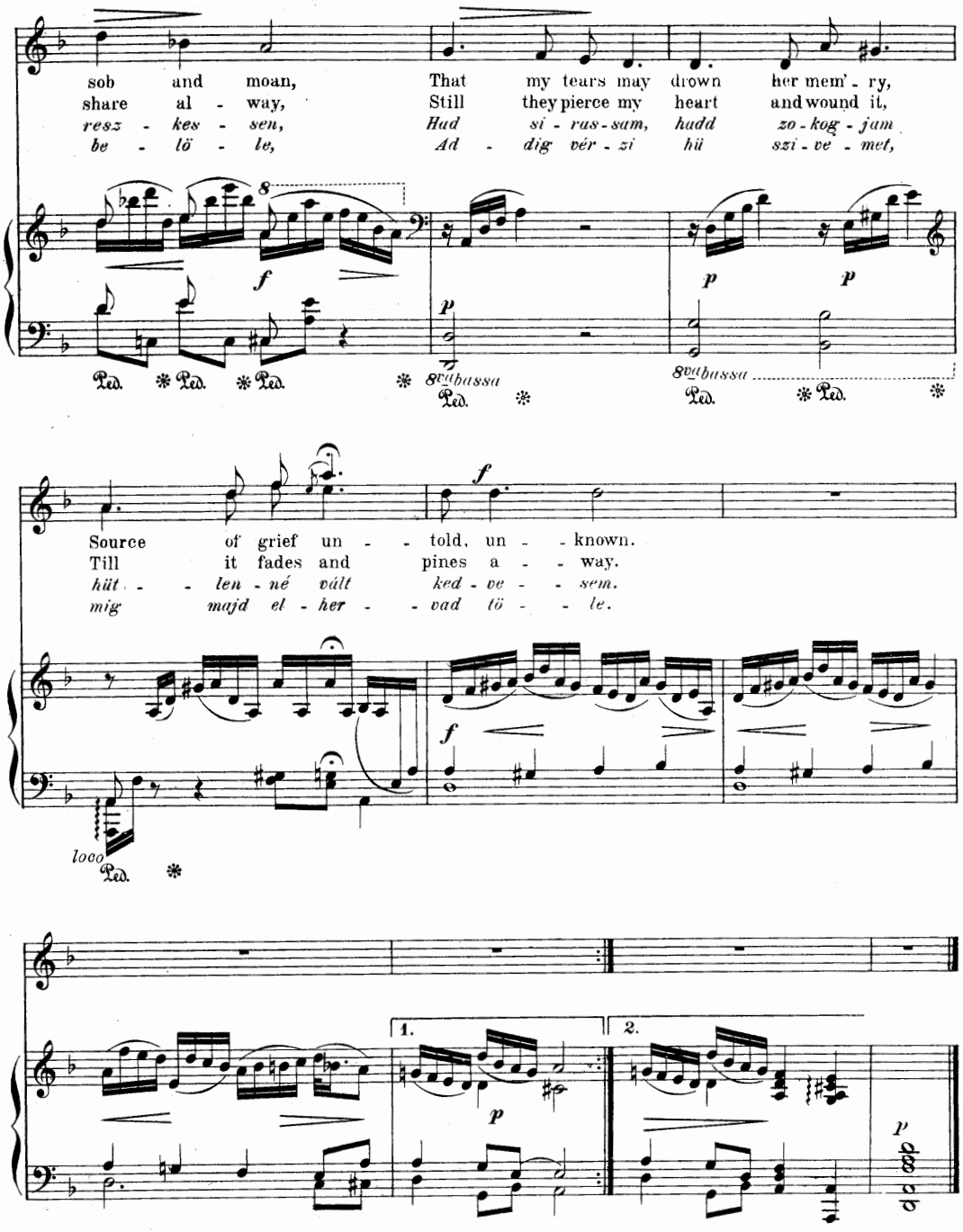

Sad and sad-der ev - er - more. For thy mu - sic
Where all thornless blooms the rose. But a - las! for
han - gon szól - jon a nó - tád. Köny - töl á - zó
é - - den kert a sze - re - lem. Az - - tán még is
rit.
in mine eyes look, My pale face shall be thy score.
me there on - ly Ma - - ny a pas - sion - - flow - er grows;
bús ha - lo - vány ar - - com le - gyen a kó - tád.
ol - lyan sok bú bá - nat vi - rá - - got te - rem.
rit.
rit.
rit.
f
f
On thy dry wood let the four strings Trem - - ble, shiv - - er,
And for ros - es cru - - el thorns have Been my hap - - less
Szá - raz fád - nak min - den húr - ju fáj - da - lom - tól
Ró - zsa he - lyett szú - ró tö - vis ju - tott ne - kem
f
f
Ped.
1475. 26


sob and moan, That my tears may drown her mem'ry,
share al - way, Still they pierce my heart and wound it,
resz - kes - sen, Had si - ras - sam, hadd zo - kog - jam
be - lö - le, Ad - dig vér - zi hü szi - ve - met,
f
p
p
p
8va bassa
8va bassa
Source of grief un - told, un - known.
Till it fades and pines a - way.
hüt - len - né vált ked - ve - sem.
mig majd el - her - vad tö - le.
f
f
loco
1.
2.
p
p

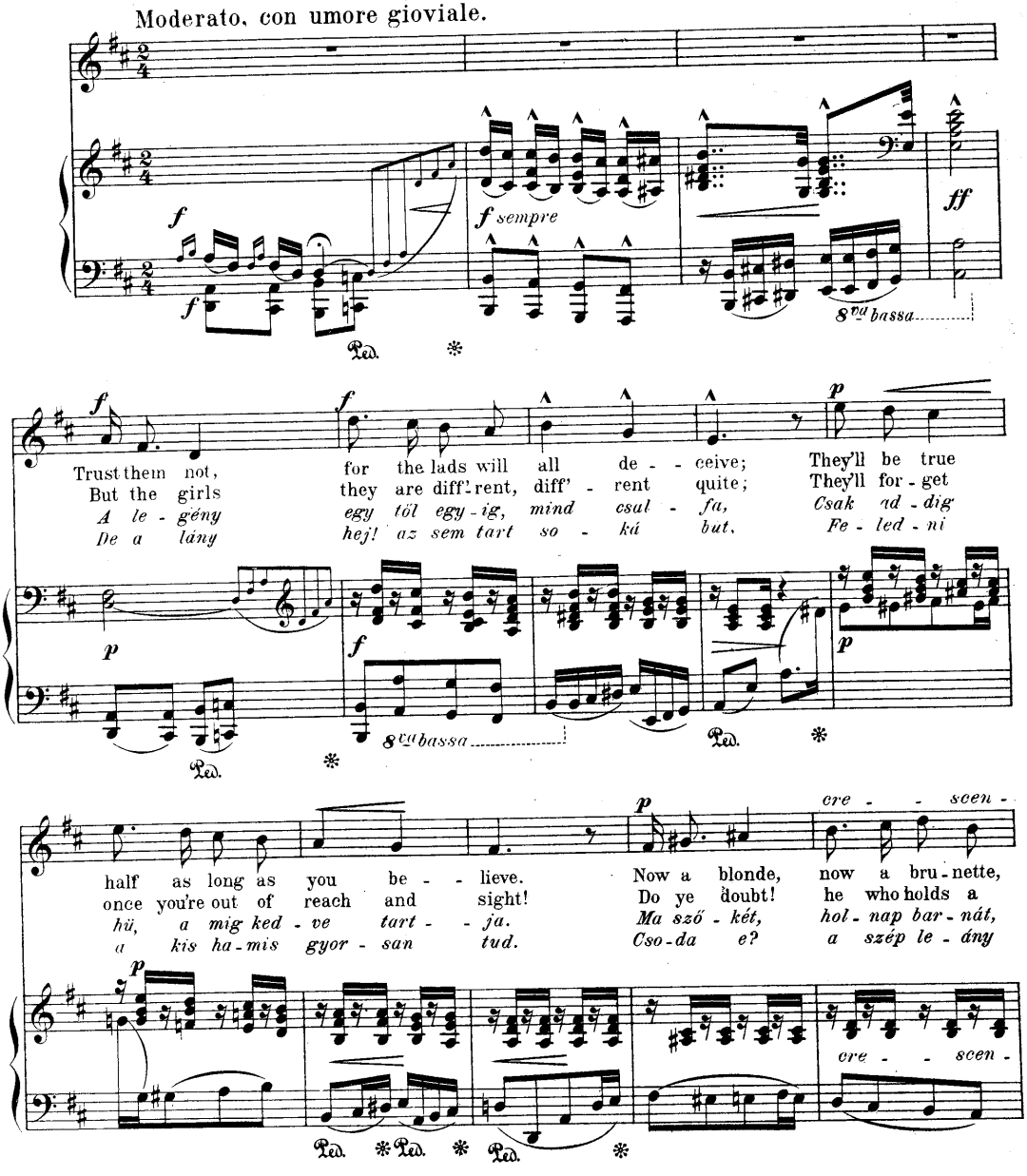
№ 27.

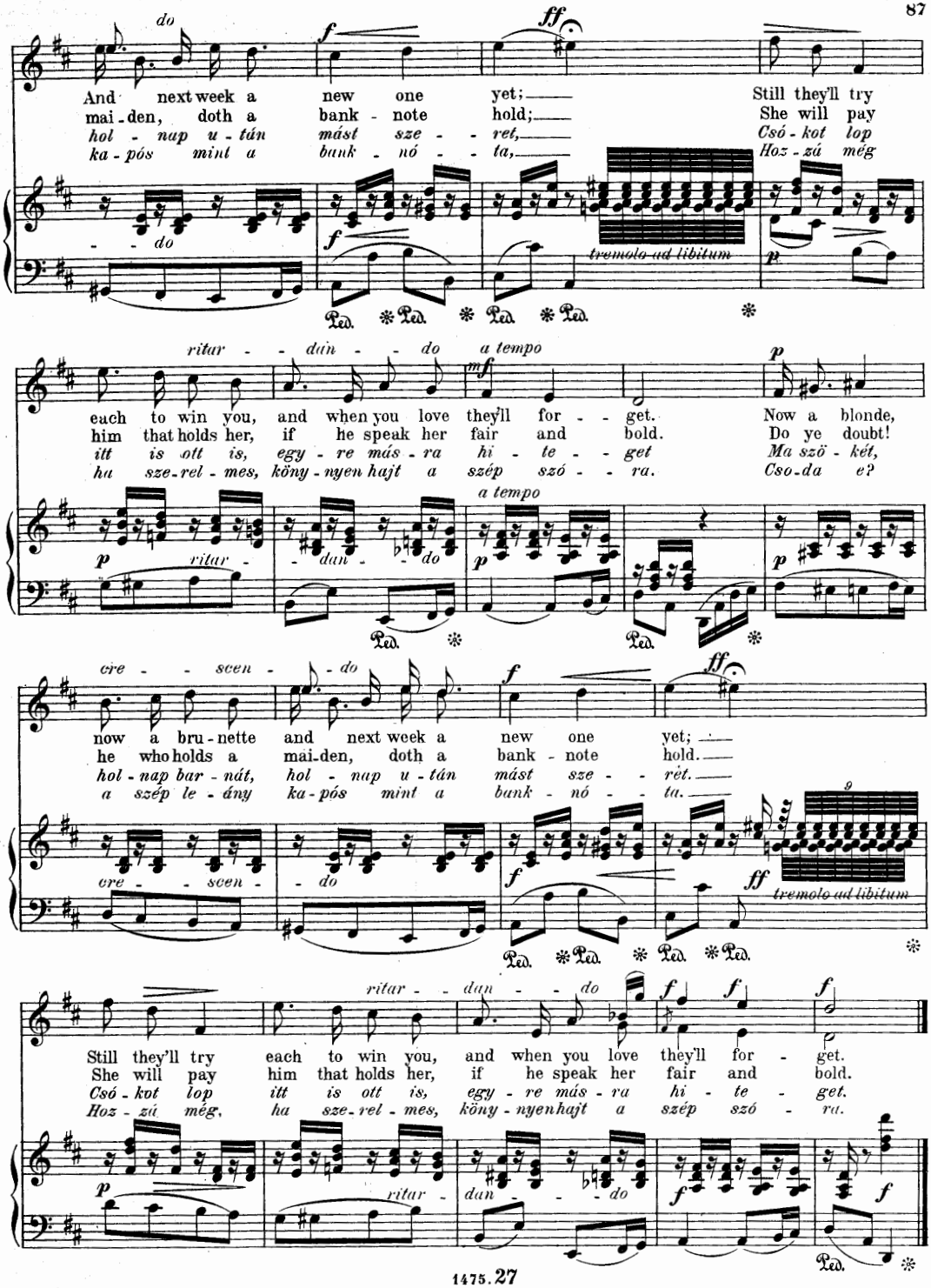
Trust them not!

A legény egytöl egyig...

Text and Melody by Elemér Szentirmay. F. Korbay.

Moderato, con umore gioviale.



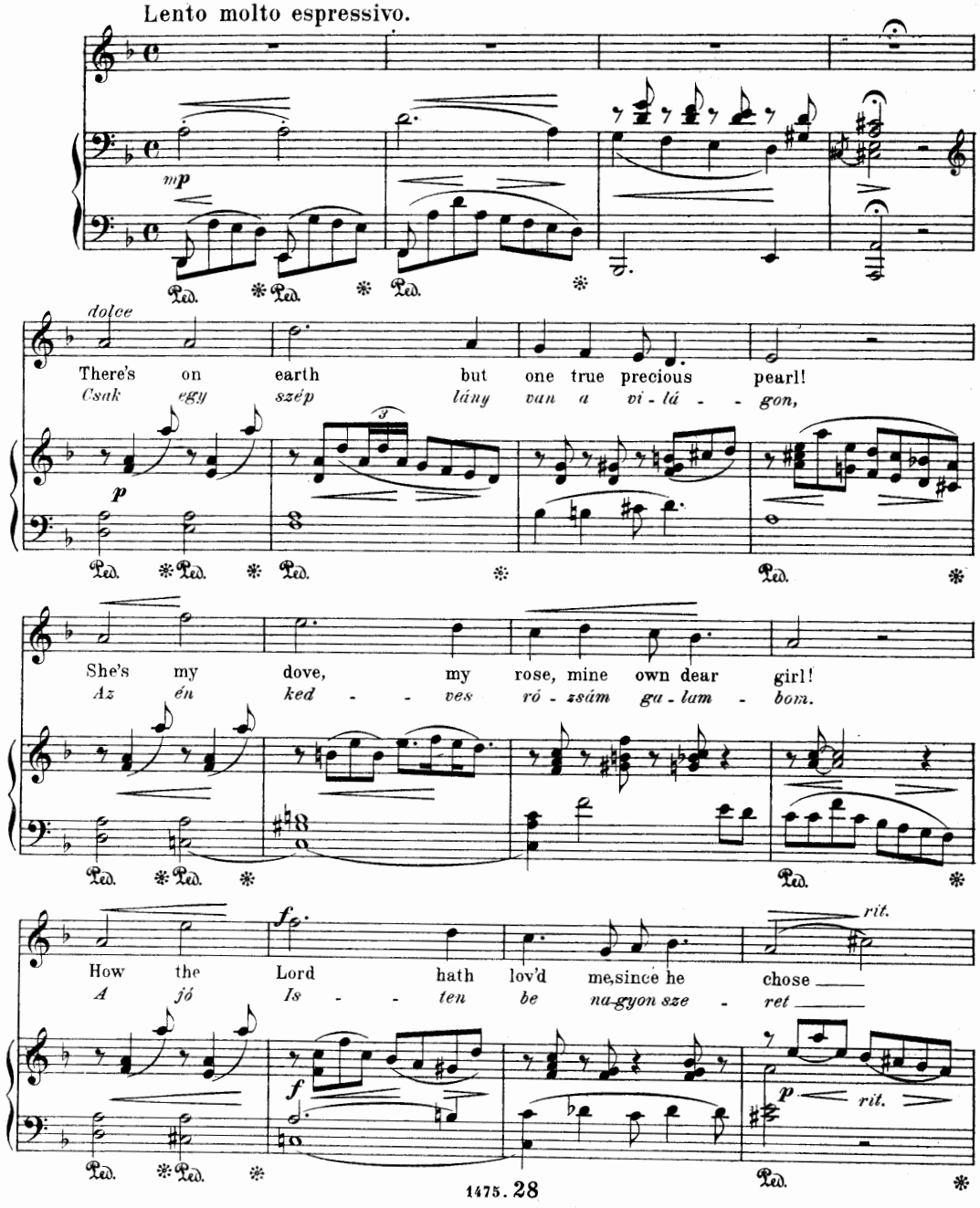

do
And next week a new one yet;
mai-den, doth a bank-note hold;
hol-nap u-tán mást sze-ret,
ka-pós mint a bank-nó-ta,
Still they'll try
She will pay
Csó-kot lop
Hoz-zá még
do
tremolo ad libitum
ritar-dan-do
a tempo
each to win you, and when you love they'll for-get.
him that holds her, if he speak her fair and bold.
itt is ott is, egy-re más-ra hi-te-get
ha sze-rel-mes, köny-nyen hajt a szép szó-ra.
Now a blonde,
Do ye doubt!
Ma szö-két,
Cso-da e?
ritar-
dan-do
a tempo
cre-scen-do
now a bru-nette and next week a new one yet;
he who holds a mai-den, doth a bank-note hold.
hol-nap bar-nát, hol-nap u-tán mást sze-rét.
a szép le-ány ka-pós mint a bank-nó-ta.
cre-scen-do
tremolo ad libitum
ritar-dan-do
Still they'll try each to win you, and when you love they'll for-get.
She will pay him that holds her, if he speak her fair and bold.
Csó-kot lop itt is ott is, egy-re más-ra hi-te-get.
Hoz-zá még, ha sze-rel-mes, köny-nyen hajt a szép szó-ra.
ritar-
dan-do

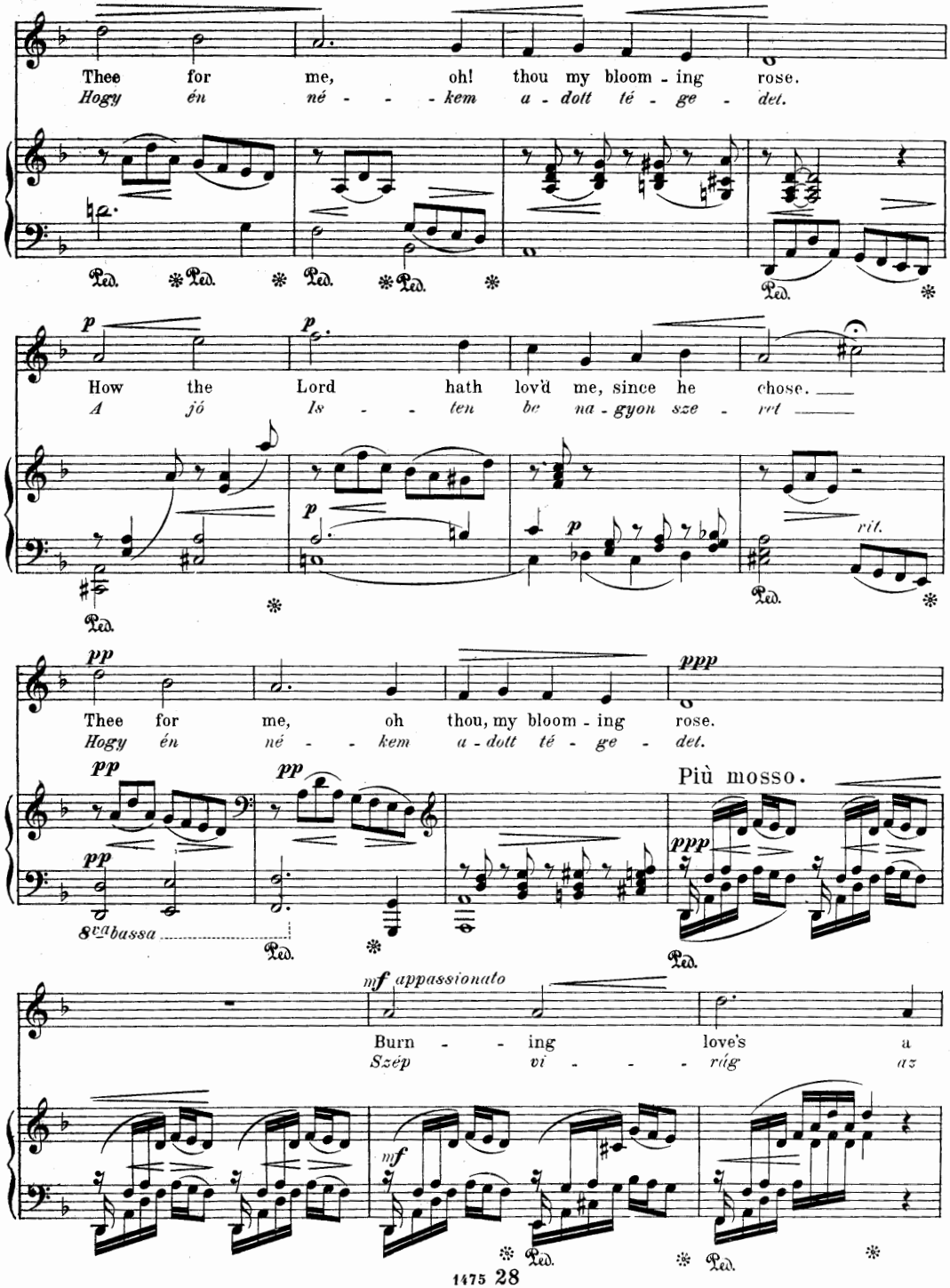
No. 28.

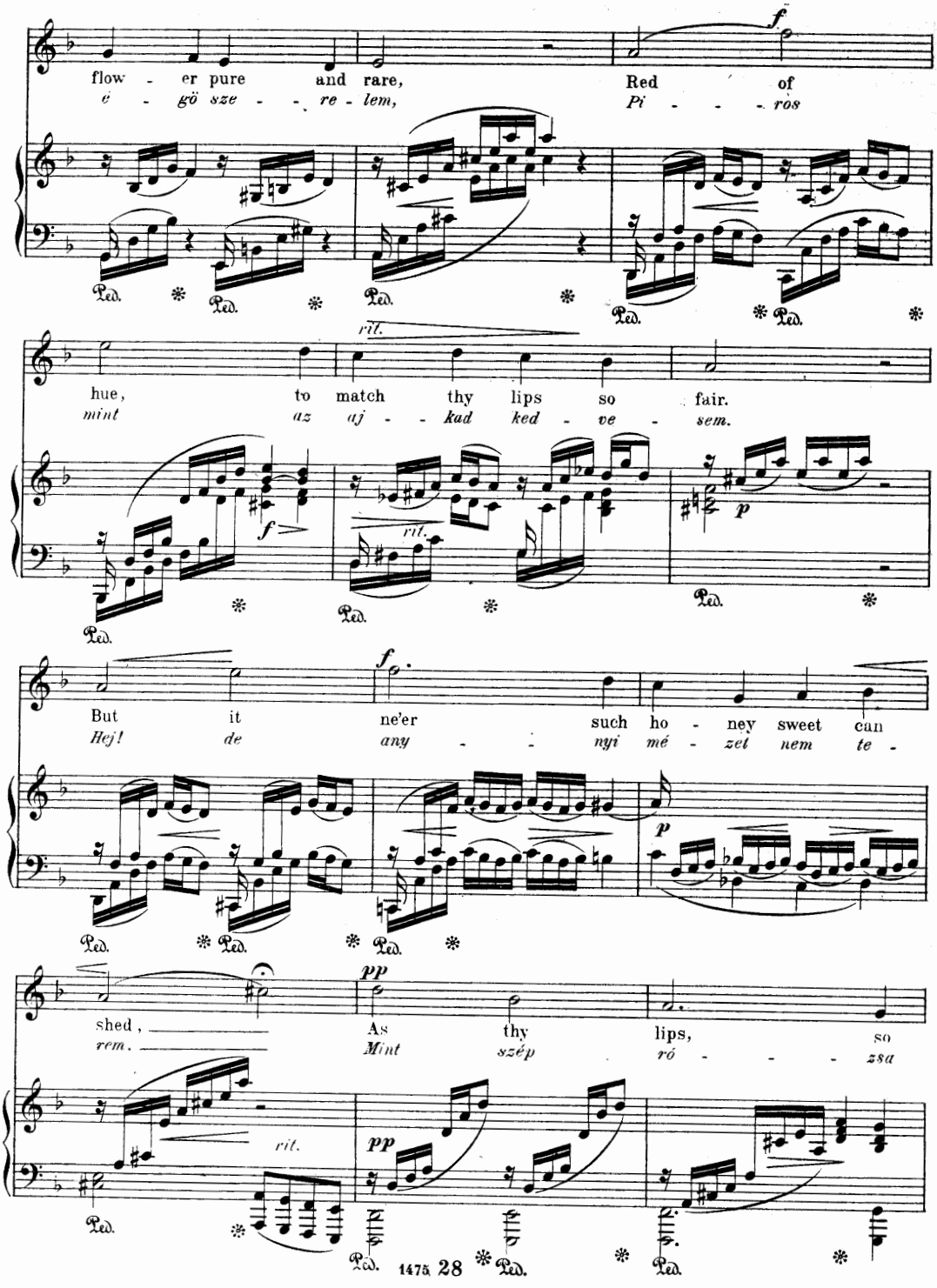
There's on earth but one true precious pearl!
Csak egy szép lány van a világon!

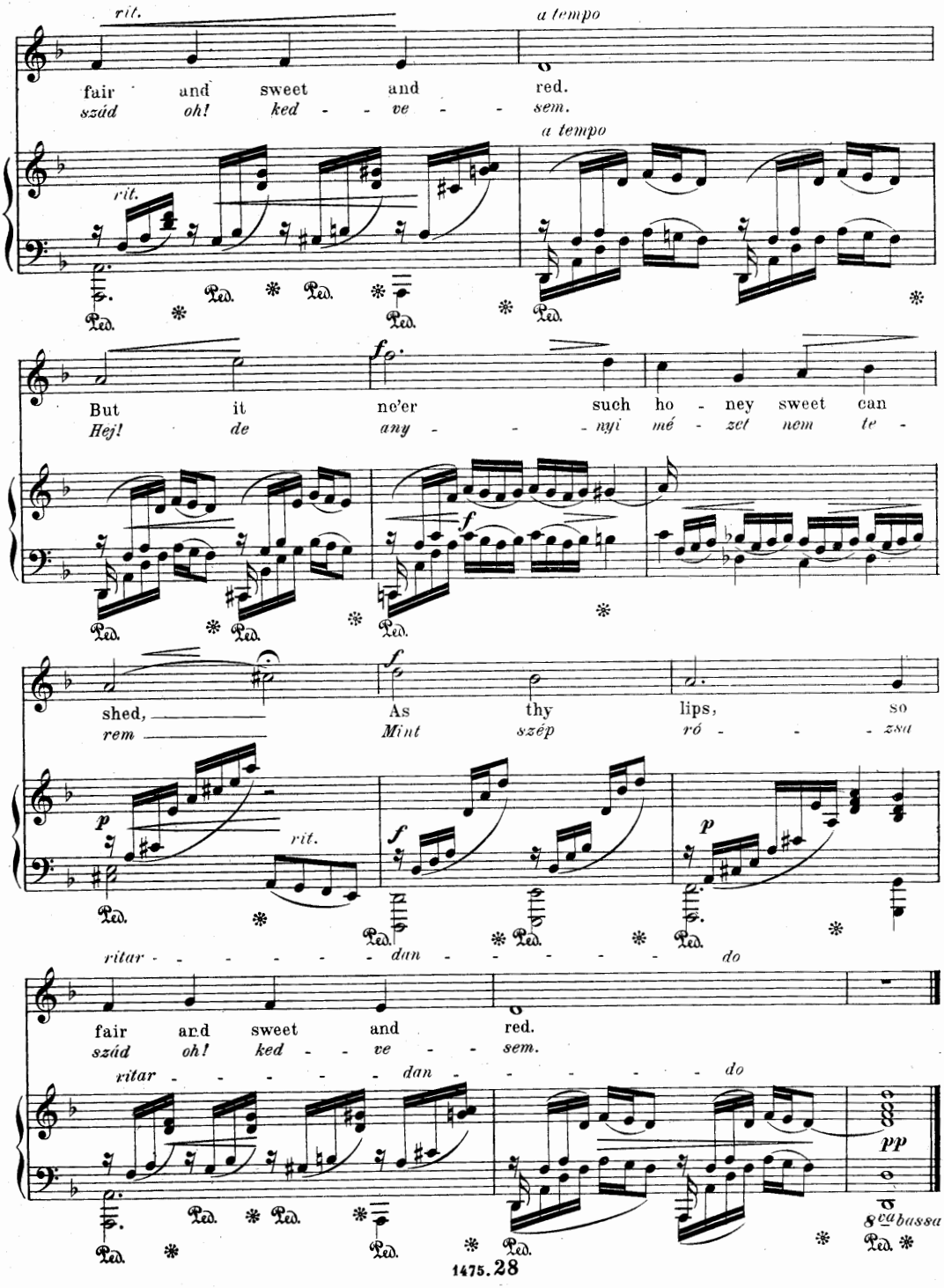
Text and Melody by Elemér Szentirmay. F. Korbay.

Lento molto espressivo.




Thee for me, oh! thou my bloom - ing rose.
Hogy én né - - - kem a - dott té - ge - det.
How the Lord hath lov'd me, since he chose.
A jó Is - - ten be na - gyon sze - rt
rit.
Thee for me, oh thou, my bloom - ing rose.
Hogy én né - - kem a - dott té - ge - det.
Più mosso.
8va bassa
mf appassionato
Burn - - ing love's a
Szép vi - - - rág az
Ped.


flow - er pure and rare,
Red of
ö - gö sze - re - lem,
Pi - - - ros
hue, to match thy lips so fair.
mint az aj - kad ked - ve - sem.
But it ne'er such ho - ney sweet can
Hej! de any - nyi mé - zet nem te -
shed,
As thy lips, so
rem. Mint szép ró - - - zsa
rit.
pp
1475 28


rit.
a tempo
fair and sweet and red.
szád oh! ked - - ve - - sem.
a tempo
rit.
But it ne'er such ho - ney sweet can
Hej! de any - - - nyi mé - zet nem te -
shed,
As thy lips, so
rem
Mint szép ró - - - zsa
rit.
ritar - - - - - dan - - - - - do
fair and sweet and red.
szád oh! ked - - ve - - sem.
ritar - - - - - dan - - - - - do
8va bassa

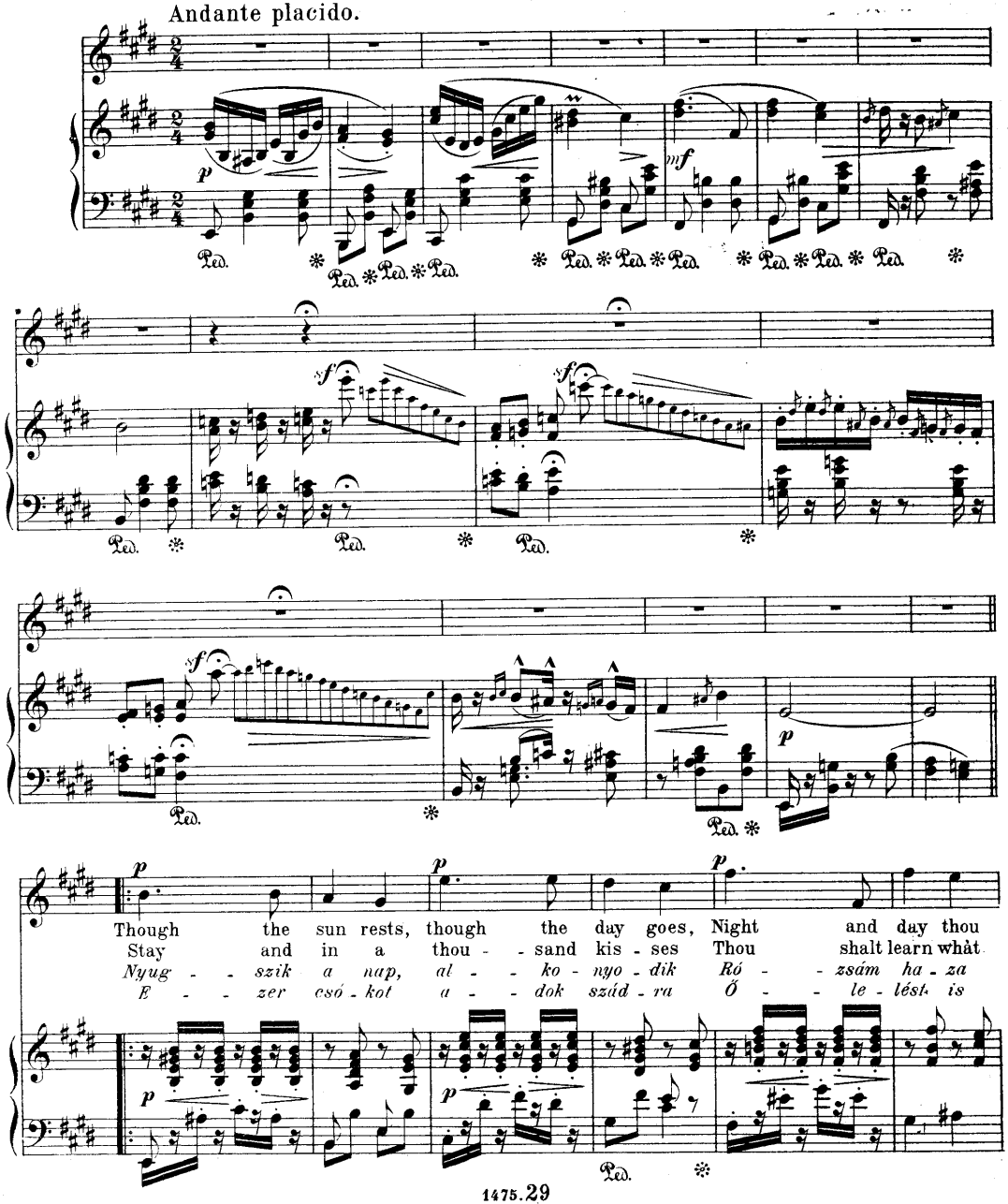
№ 29.

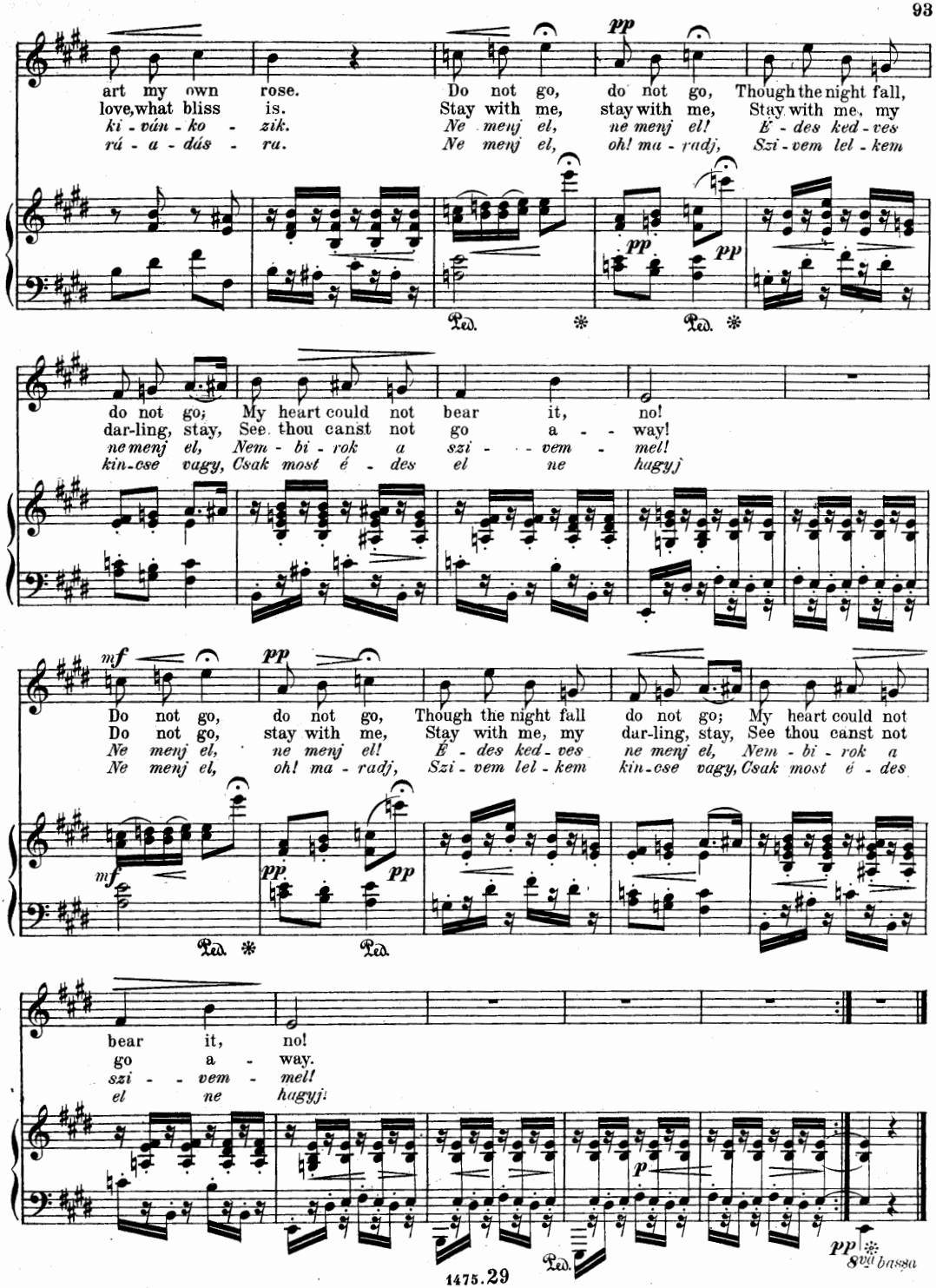
"Do not go."

„Ne menj el."

Text and Melody by Elemér Szentirmay. F. Korbay.

Andante placido.




art my own rose.
love, what bliss is.
ki - ván - ko - zik.
rá - a - dás - ra.
Do not go, do not go, Though the night fall,
Stay with me, stay with me, Stay with me, my
Ne menj el, ne menj el! É - des ked - ves
Ne menj el, oh! ma - radj, Szi - vem lel - kem
pp
Ped.
do not go; My heart could not bear it, no!
dar-ling, stay, See thou canst not go a - way!
ne menj el, Nem - bi - rok a szi - vem - mel!
kin-cse vagy, Csak most é - des el ne hagyj
mf
Do not go, do not go, Though the night fall do not go; My heart could not
Do not go, stay with me, Stay with me, my dar-ling, stay, See thou canst not
Ne menj el, ne menj el! É - des ked - ves ne menj el, Nem - bi - rok a
Ne menj el, oh! ma - radj, Szi - vem lel - kem kin-cse vagy, Csak most é - des
bear it, no!
go a - way.
szi - vem - mel!
el ne hagyj!
8va bassa

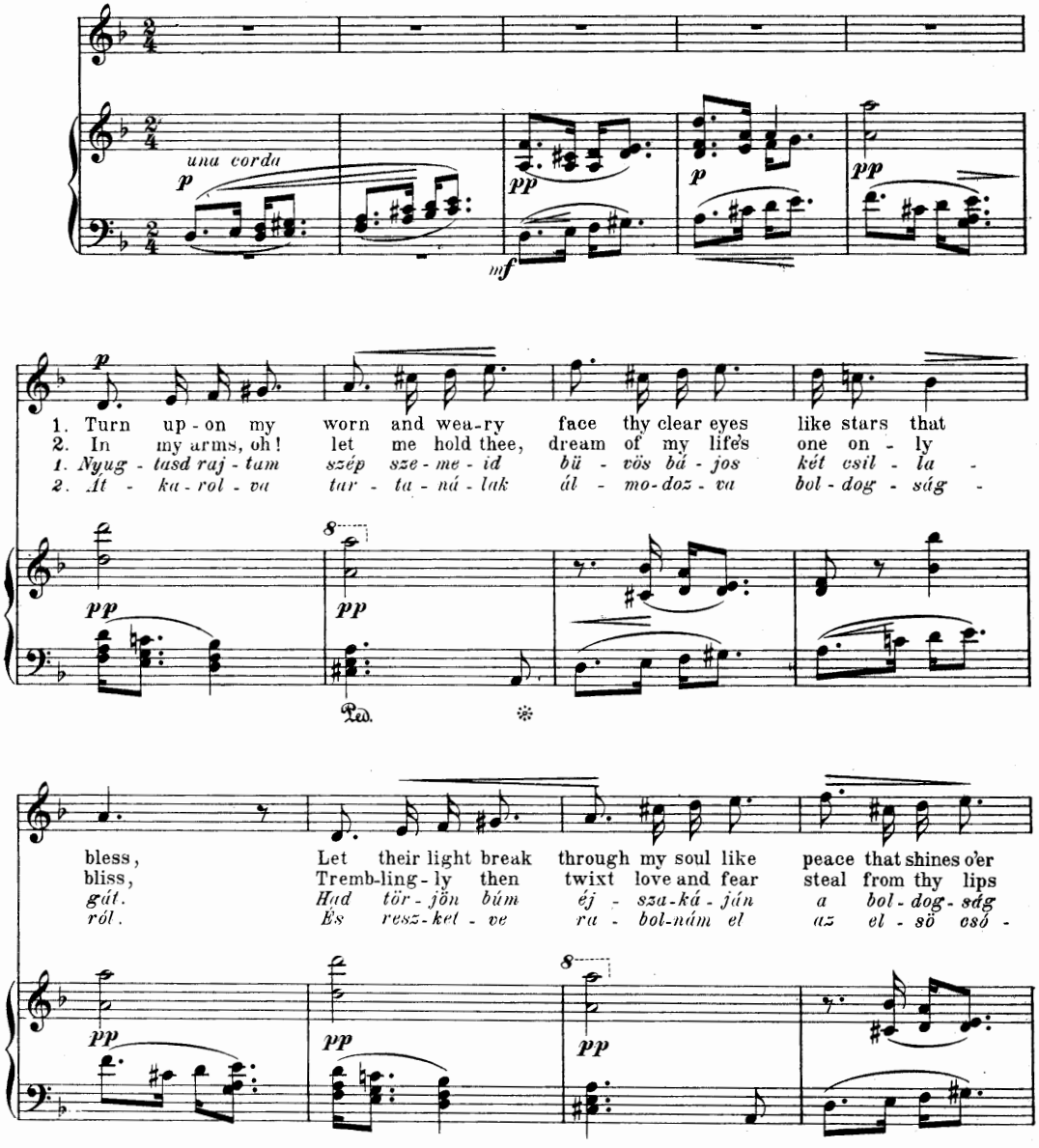
№ 30.

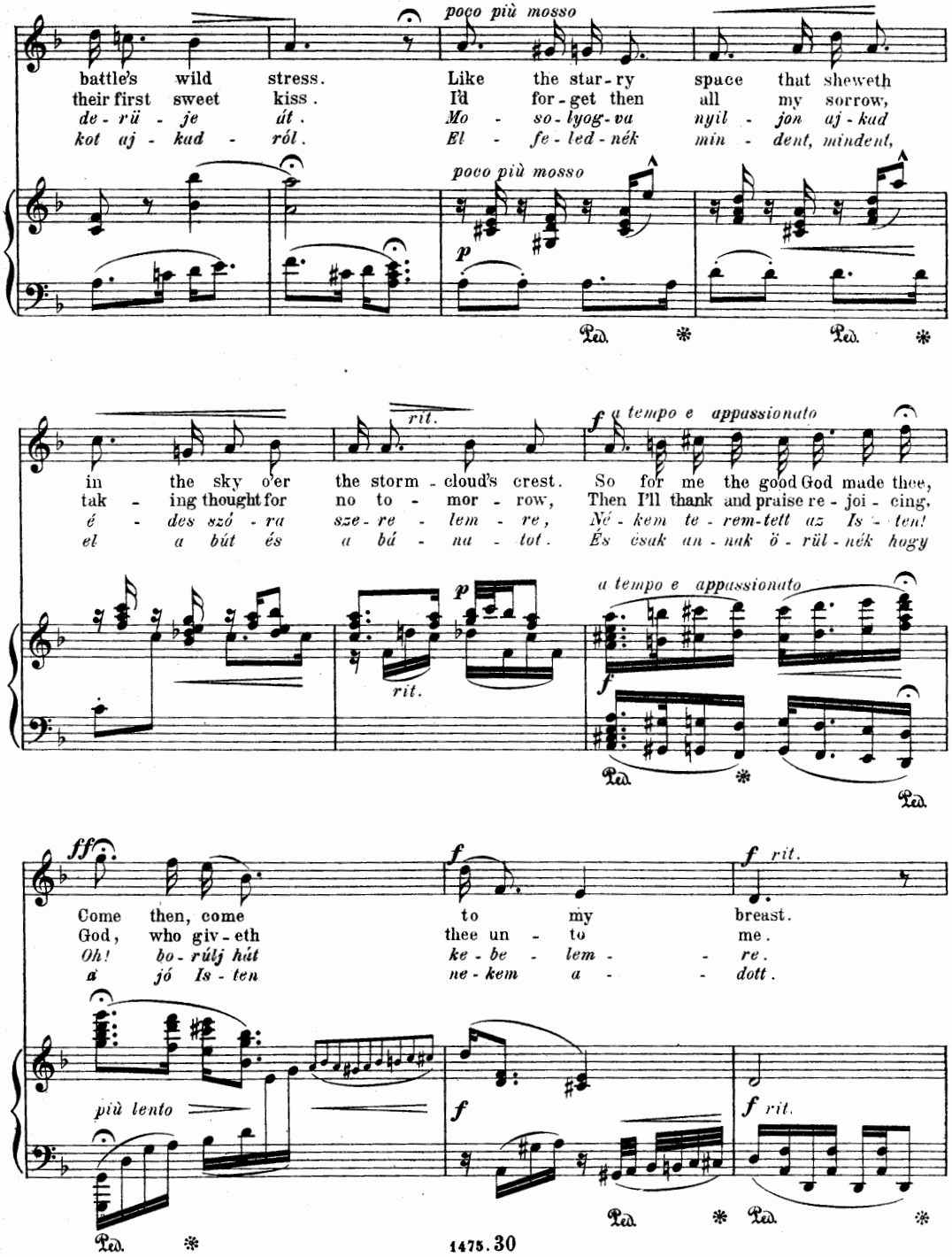
Turn upon my worn and weary face!
Nyugtasd rajtam.

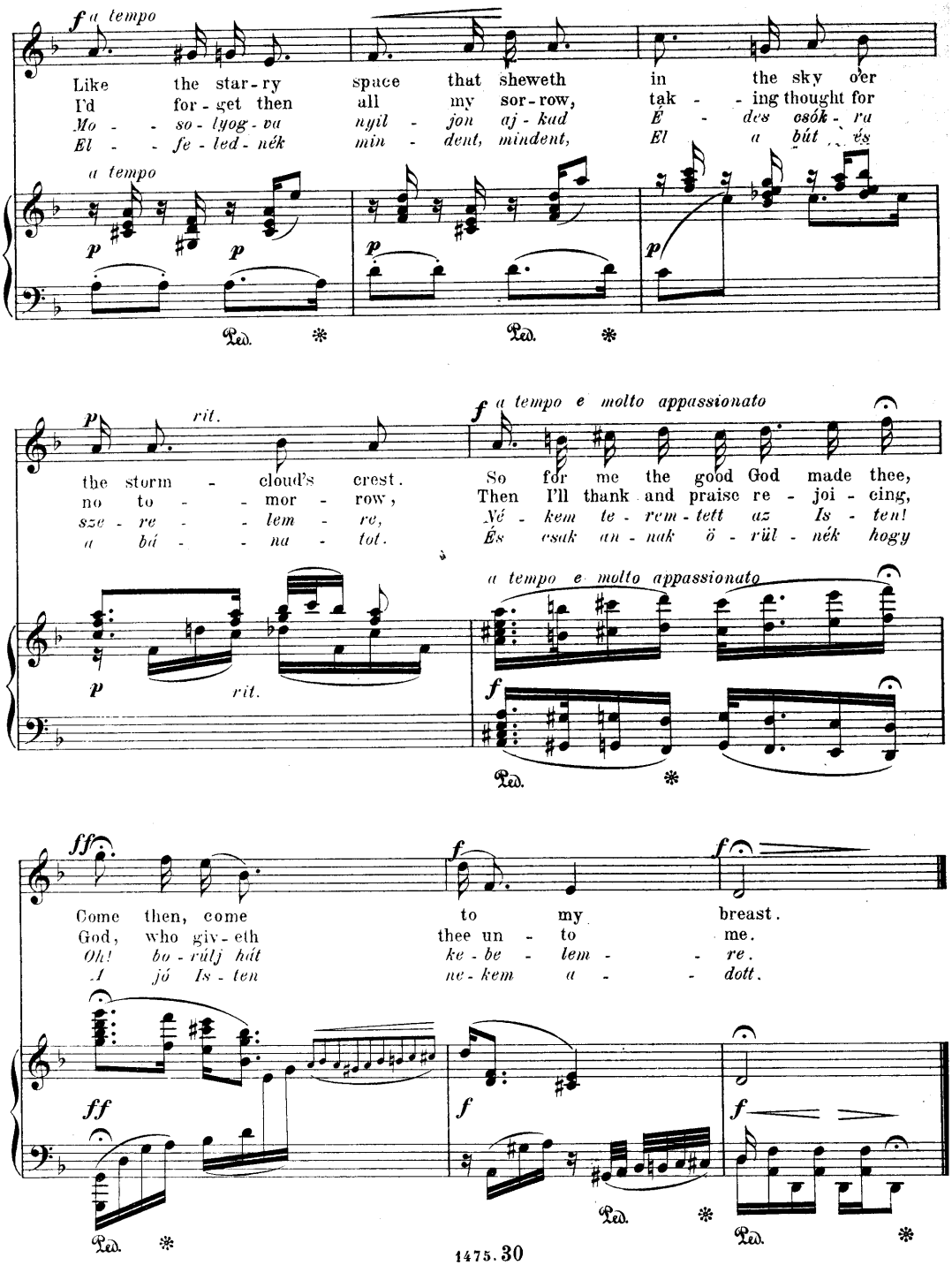
Text and Melody by Elemér Szentirmay.

Lento amoroso.

F. Korbay.




poco più mosso
battle's wild stress.
their first sweet kiss.
de - rü - je át.
kot aj - kad - ról.
Like the star - ry space that sheweth
I'd for - get then all my sorrow,
Mo - so - lyog - va nyil - jon aj - kad
El - fe - led - nék min - dent, mindent,
poco più mosso
p
Ped. * Ped. *
rit.
f a tempo e appassionato
in the sky o'er the storm - cloud's crest.
tak - ing thought for no to - mor - row,
é - des szó - ra sze - re - lem - re,
el a bút és a bá - na - tot.
So for me the good God made thee,
Then I'll thank and praise re - joi - cing,
Né - kem te - rem - tett az Is - ten!
És csak an - nak ö - rül - nék hogy
p
rit.
a tempo e appassionato
f
Ped. * Ped.
ff
Come then, come to my breast.
God, who giv - eth thee un - to me.
Oh! bo - rúlj hát ke - be - lem - re.
a jó Is - ten ne - kem a - dott.
f
f rit.
più lento
f
f rit.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

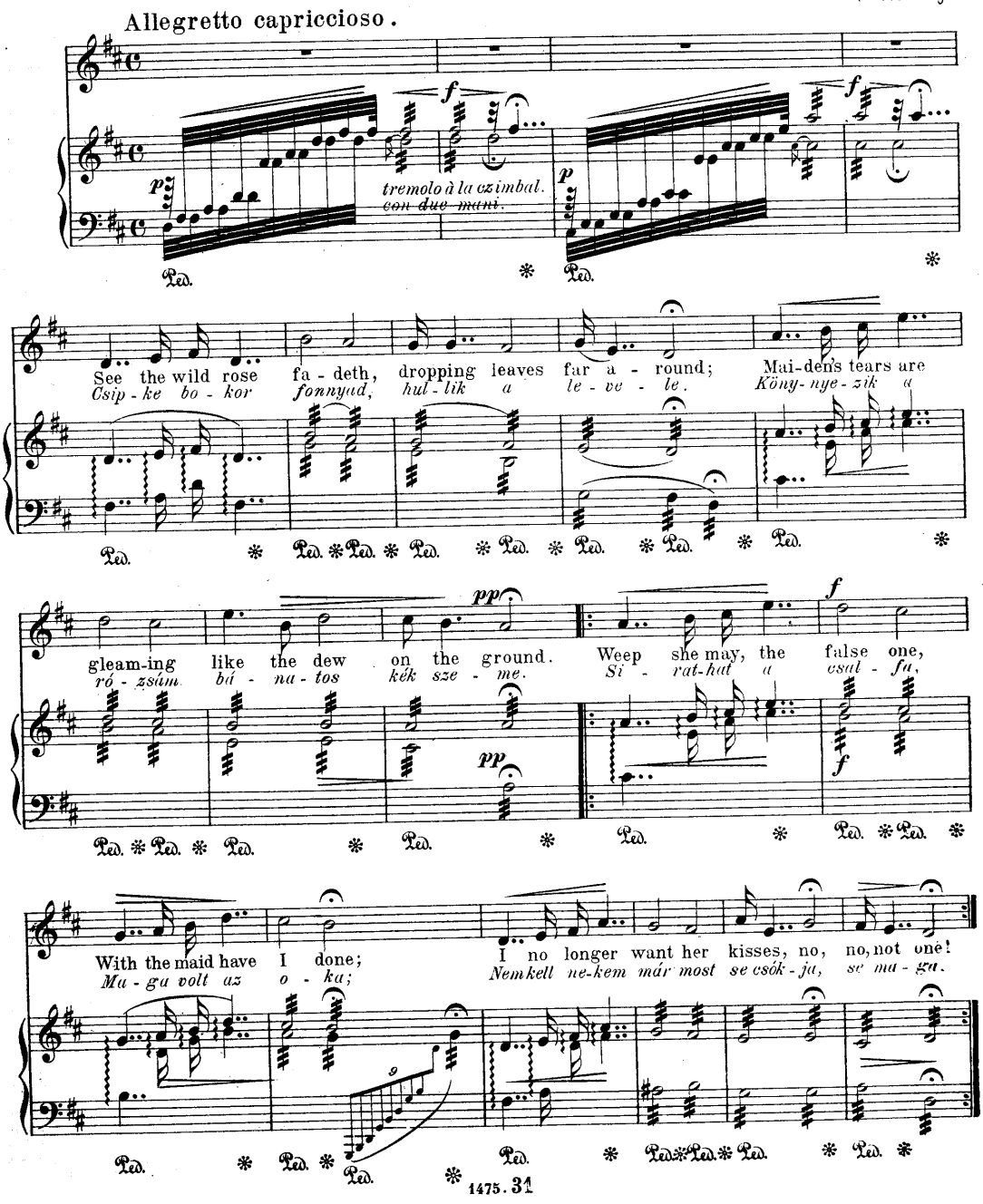

f a tempo
Like the star-ry space that sheweth in the sky o'er
I'd for-get then all my sor-row, tak - ing thought for
Mo - so-lyog-va nyil - jon aj-kad É - des csók-ra
El - fe-led-nék min - dent, mindent, El a bút-vés
a tempo
p p p p
Ped. * Ped. *
p rit.
the storm - cloud's crest.
no to - mor - row,
sze - re - lem - re,
a bá - na - tot.
f a tempo e molto appassionato
So for me the good God made thee,
Then I'll thank and praise re - joi - cing,
Vé - kem te - rem-tett az Is - ten!
És csak an-nak ö - rül-nék hogy
a tempo e molto appassionato
p rit.
f
Ped. *
ff f f
Come then, come to my breast.
God, who giv-eth thee un - to me.
Oh! bo-rúlj hát ke-be - lem - re.
A jó Is-ten ne-kem a - dott.
ff f f
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

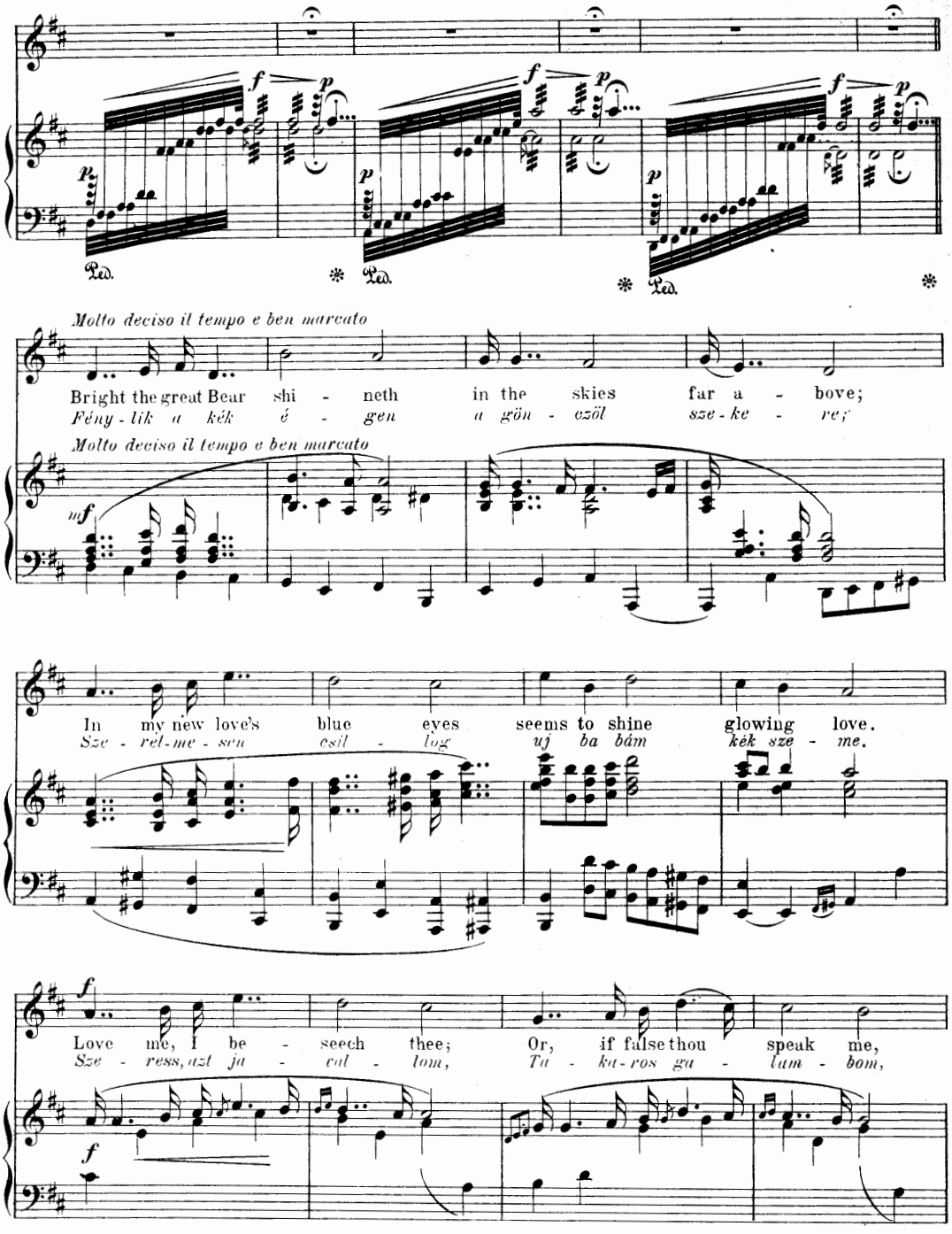
See the wild rose fadeth.
Csipke bokor.

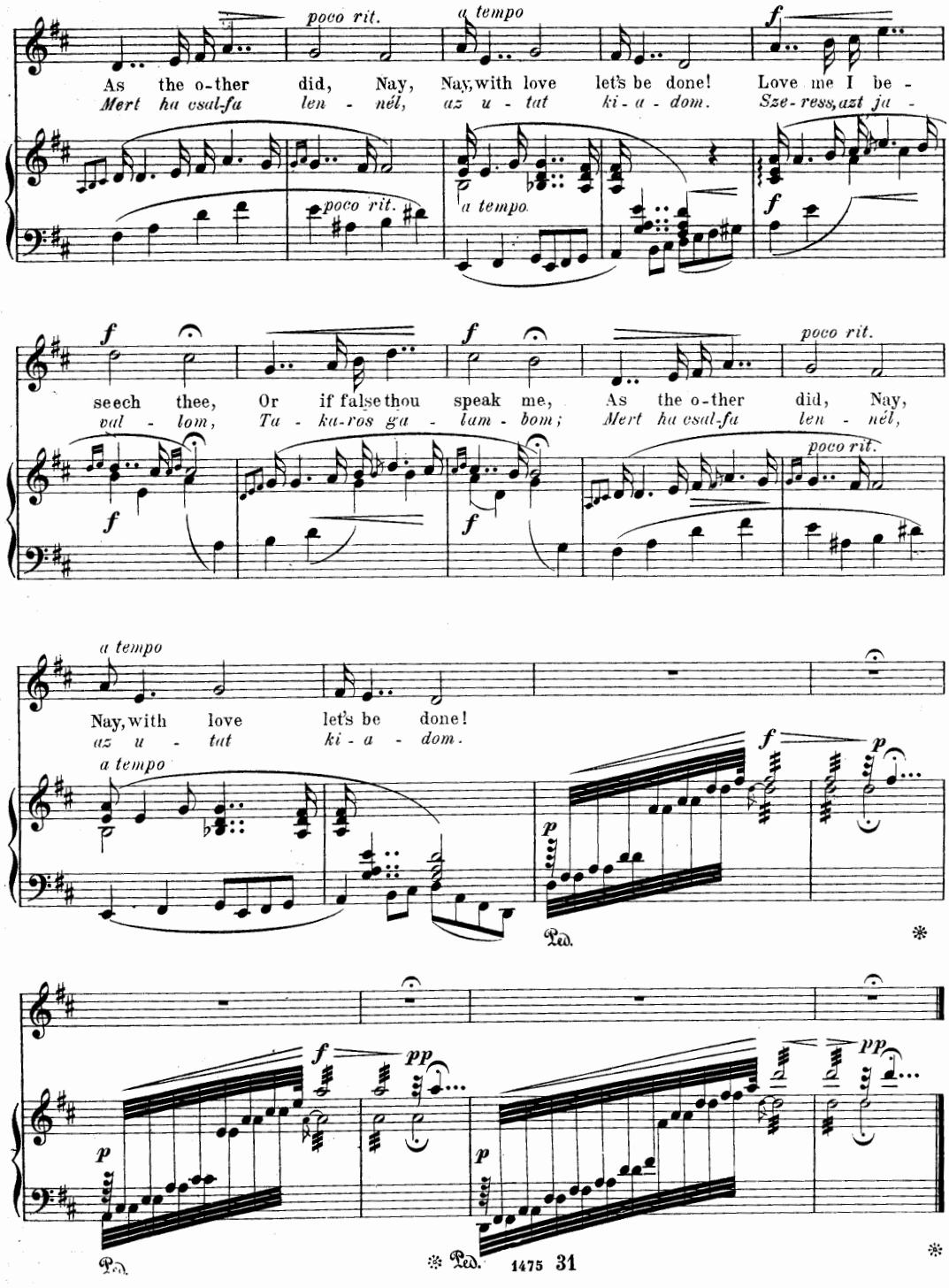
№ 31.

Text and Melody by Elemér Szentirmay.

F. Korbay.




Ped.
Molto deciso il tempo e ben marcato
Bright the great Bear shi - neth in the skies far a - bove;
Fény - lik a kék é - gen a gön - ezöl sze - ke - rey
Molto deciso il tempo e ben marcato
In my new love's blue eyes seems to shine glowing love.
Sze - rel-me - sen csil - log uj ba bám kék sze - me.
Love me, I be - seech thee; Or, if false thou speak me,
Sze - ress, azt ja - cul - lom, Ta - ku-ros ga - lam - bom,


poco rit.
a tempo
f
As the o-ther did, Nay, Nay, with love let's be done! Love me I be -
Mert ha csal-fa len - nél, az u - tat ki - a - dom. Sze-ress, azt ja -
poco rit.
a tempo
f
seech thee, Or if false thou speak me, As the o-ther did, Nay,
val - lom, Ta - ka-ros g'a - lam - bom; Mert ha csal-fa len - nél,
poco rit.
a tempo
Nay, with love let's be done!
az u - tat ki - a - dom.
a tempo
p
Ped.
pp
1475 31

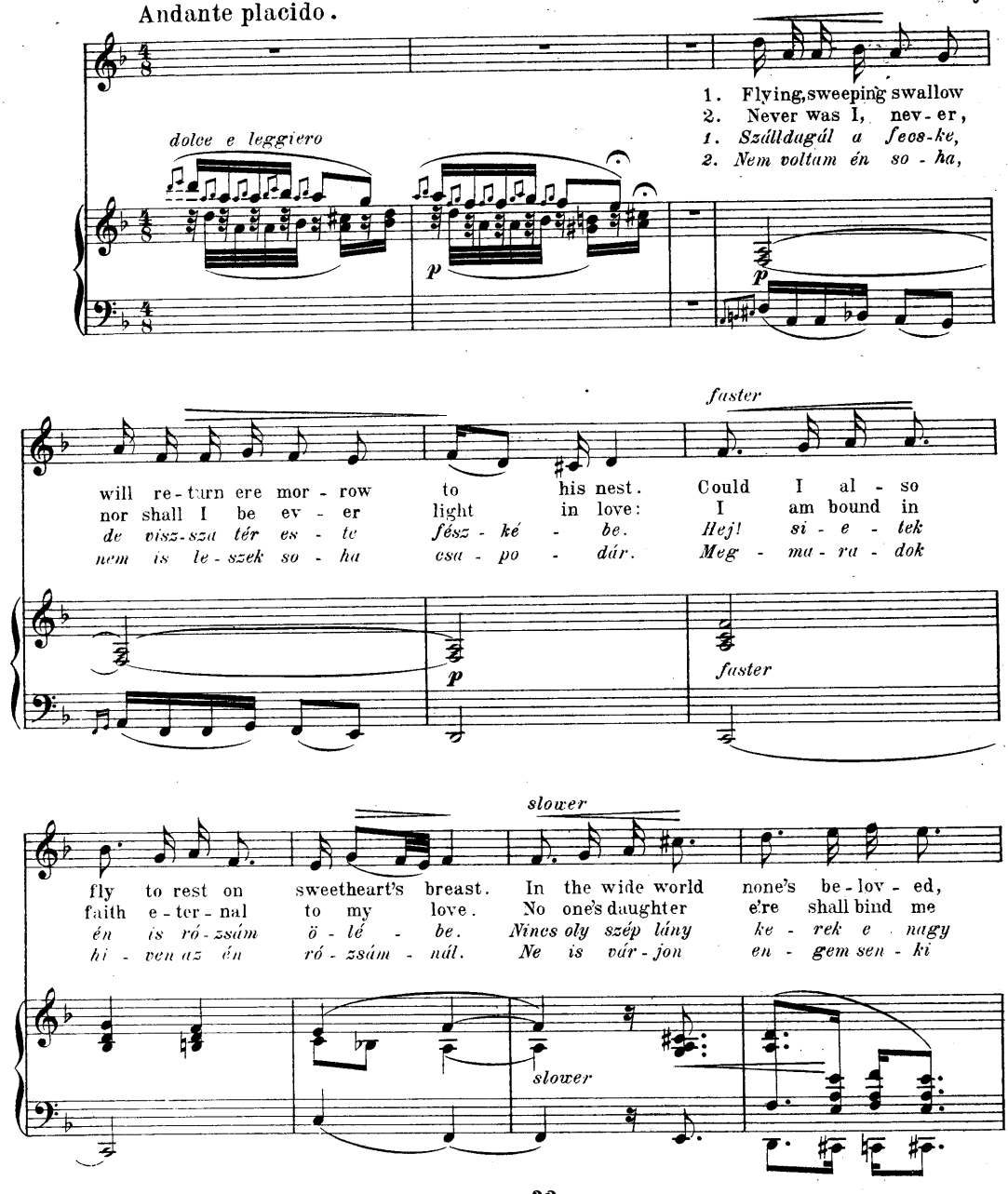
№ 32.

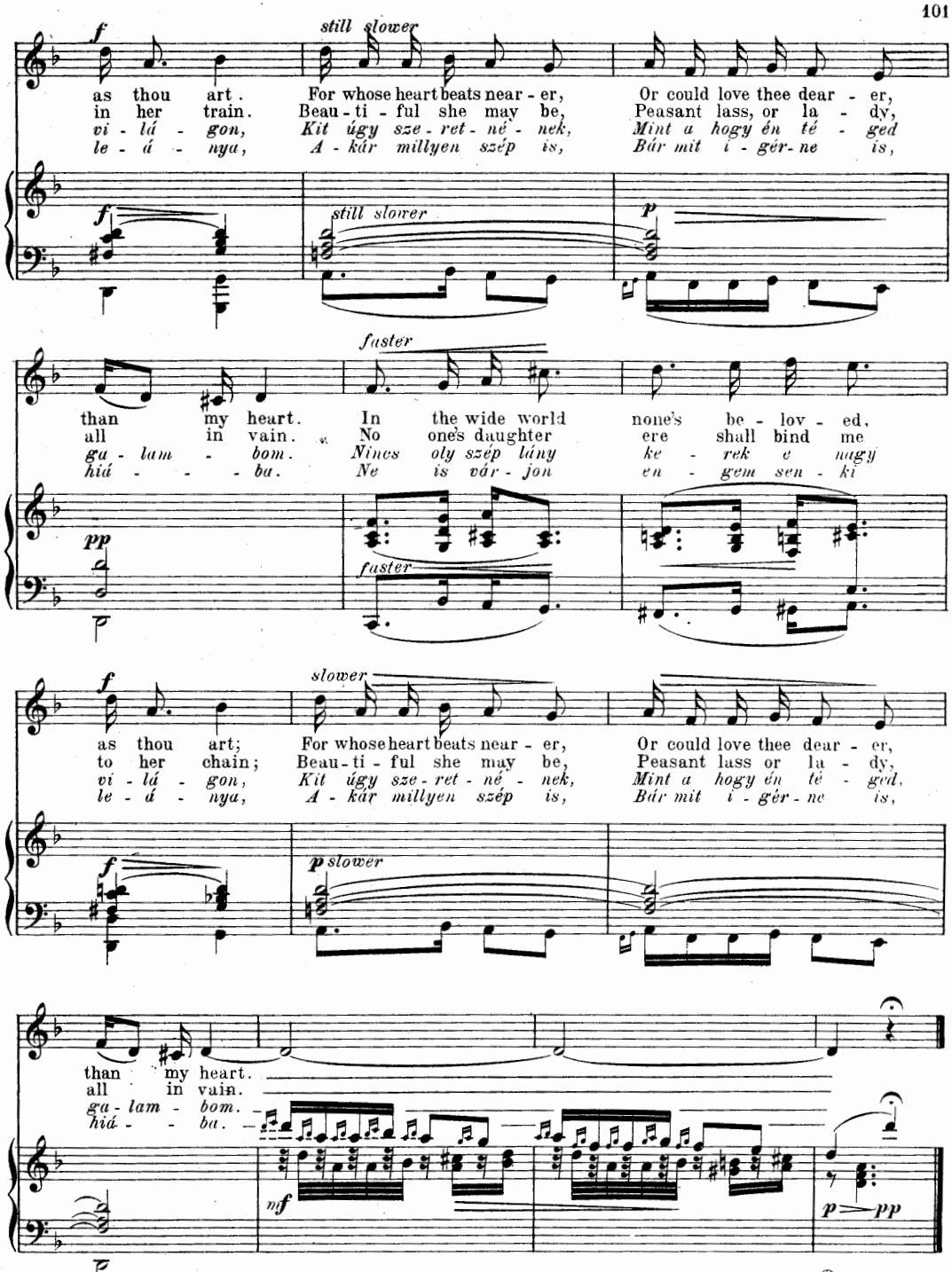
Flying, sweeping swallow.

Szálldogál a fecske.

Text and Melody by Elemér Szentirmay.

F. Korbay.



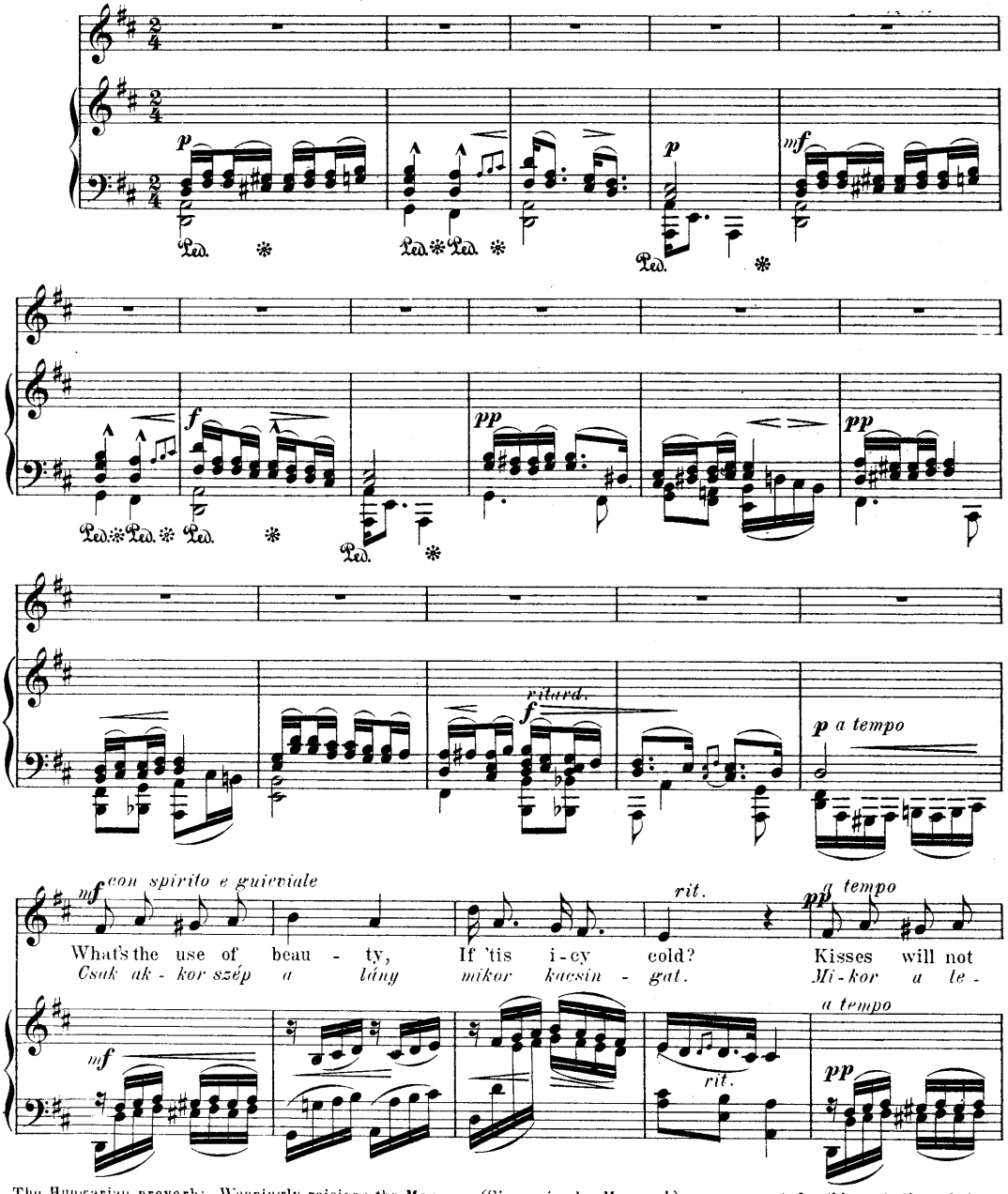

still slower
as thou art.
in her train.
vi - lá - gon,
le - á - nya,
For whose heart beats near - er,
Beau - ti - ful she may be,
Kit úgy sze - ret - né - nek,
A - kár millyen szép is,
Or could love thee dear - er,
Peasant lass, or la - dy,
Mint a hogy én té - ged
Bár mit i - gér - ne is,
still slower
faster
than my heart.
all in vain.
ga - lam - bom.
hiá - - - ba.
In the wide world
No one's daughter
Nincs oly szép lány
Ne is vár - jon
none's be - lov - ed,
ere shall bind me
ke - rek e nagy
en - gem sen - ki
faster
slower
as thou art;
to her chain;
vi - lá - gon,
le - á - nya,
For whose heart beats near - er,
Beau - ti - ful she may be,
Kit úgy sze - ret - né - nek,
A - kár millyen szép is,
Or could love thee dear - er,
Peasant lass or la - dy,
Mint a hogy én té - ged,
Bár mit i - gér - ne is,
slower
than my heart.
all in vain.
ga - lam - bom.
hiá - - - ba.
Ped.
Ped.

№ 33.

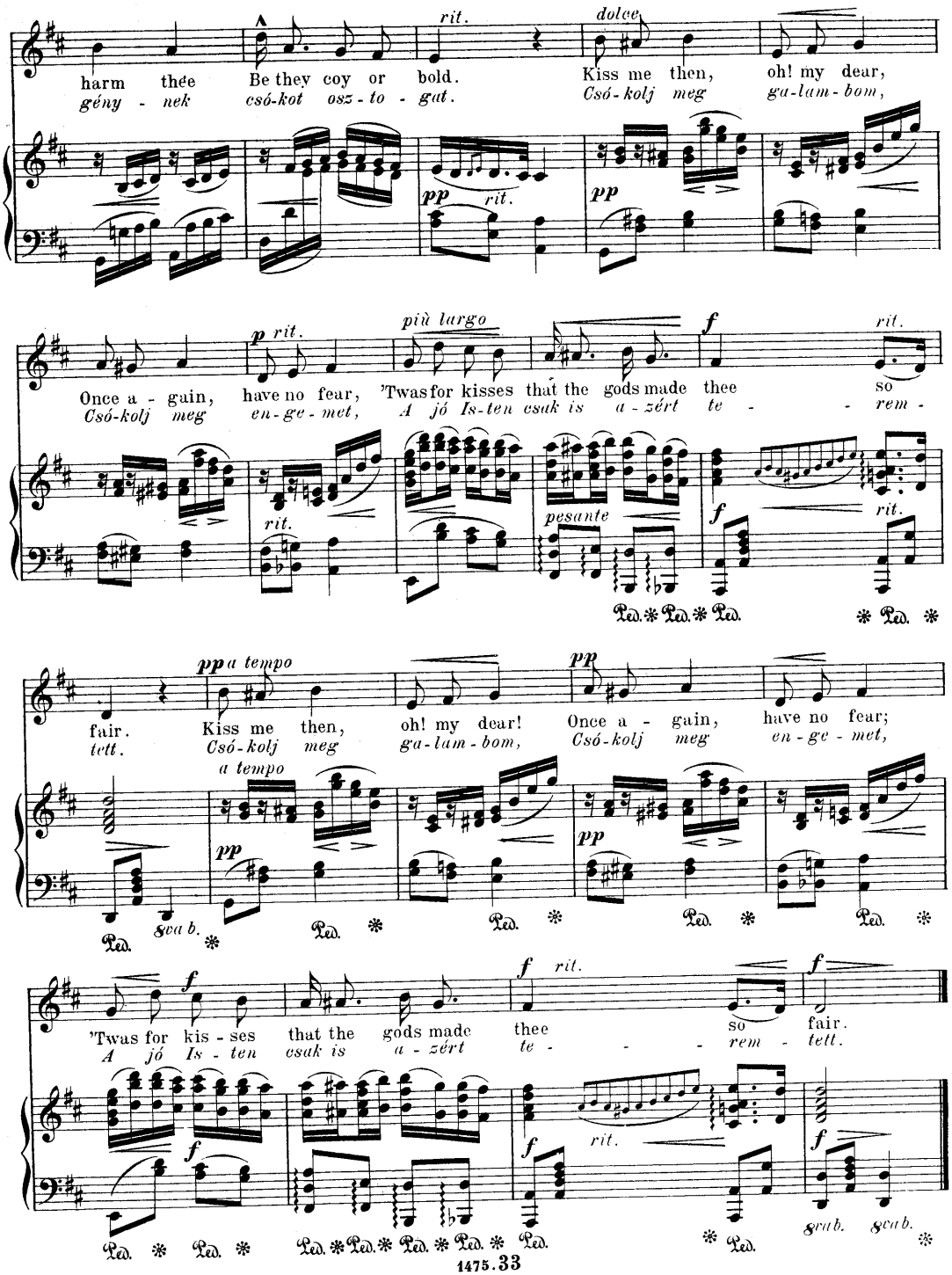
What's the use of beauty?
Csak akkor szép a lány.

Text and Melody by Elemér Szentirmay.

Andante molto espressivo. F. Korbay.



The Hungarian proverb: Weepingly rejoices the Magyar. (Sirva vigad a Magyar!) may account for this pathetic melody set to the jovial text.


harm thée
gény - nek
Be they coy or bold.
csó-kot osz - to - gat.
rit.
dolce
Kiss me then,
Csó - kolj meg
oh! my dear,
ga-lam-bom,
pp
rit.
pp
Once a - gain,
Csó-kolj meg
have no fear,
en-ge-met,
p rit.
più largo
'Twas for kisses that the gods made thee
A jó Is-ten csak is a-zért te - - - rem -
so
f
rit.
rit.
pesante
f
rit.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped.
* Ped. *
fair.
tett.
pp a tempo
Kiss me then,
Csó-kolj meg
oh! my dear!
ga-lam-bom,
pp
Once a - gain,
Csó-kolj meg
have no fear;
en-ge-met,
a tempo
pp
8va b.
Ped. *
Ped. *
pp
Ped. *
Ped. *
Ped. *
f
'Twas for kis - ses
A jó Is - ten
that the gods made
csak is a-zért
thee
te - - - rem -
f rit.
so
fair.
tett.
f
f
rit.
f
8va b.
8va b.
Ped. * Ped. *
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped.
* Ped.

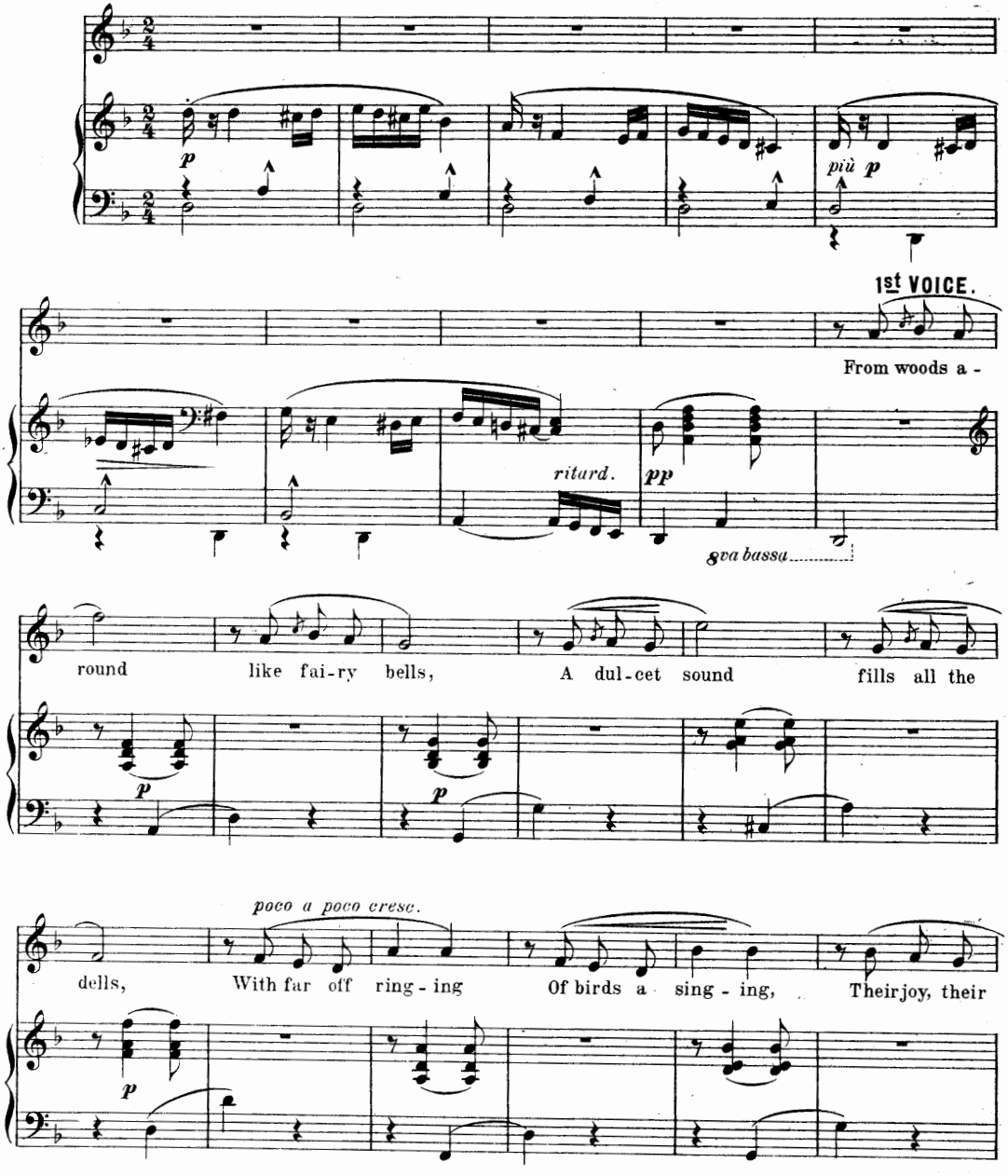
Nº 34.

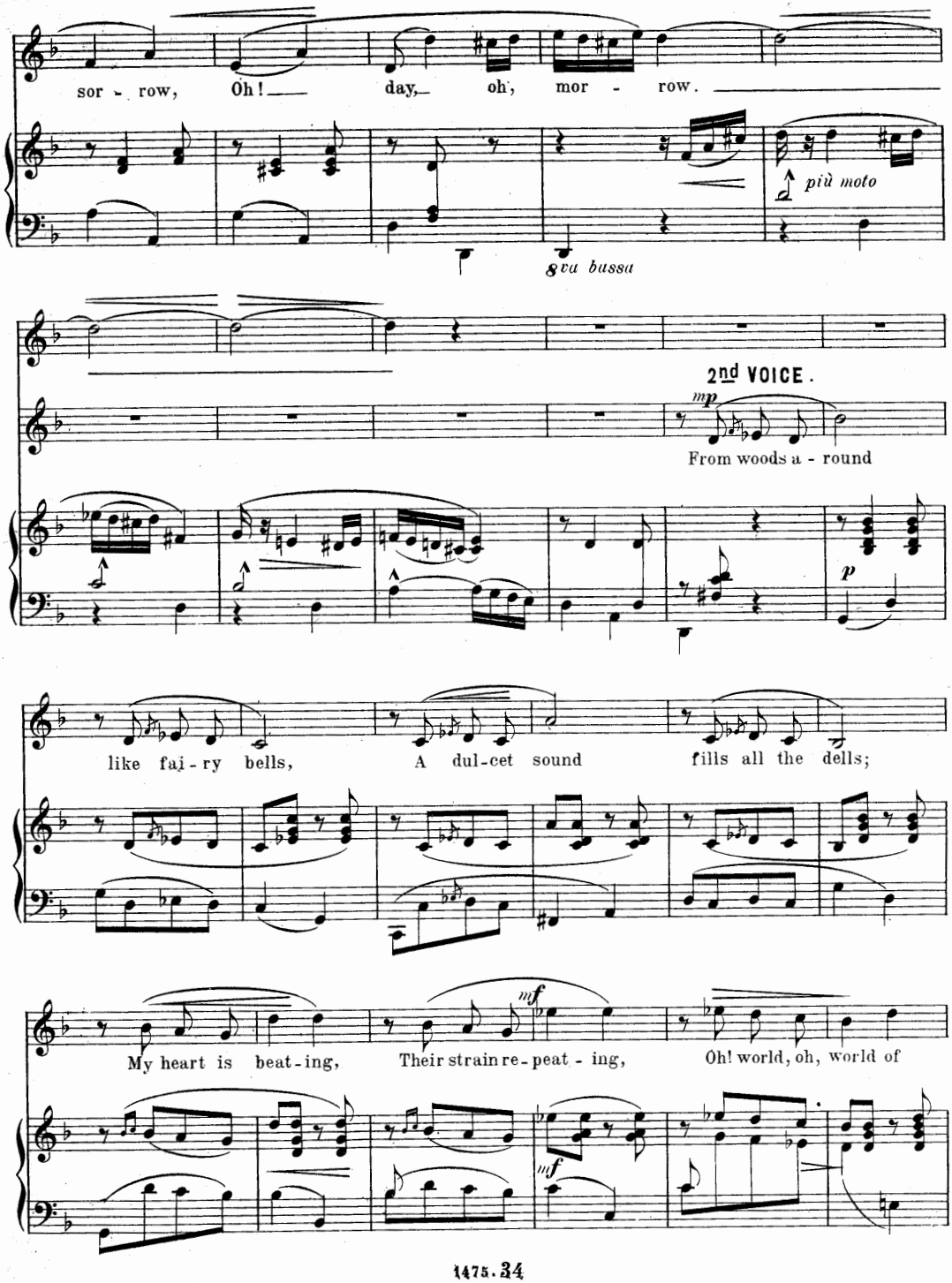
From woods around.

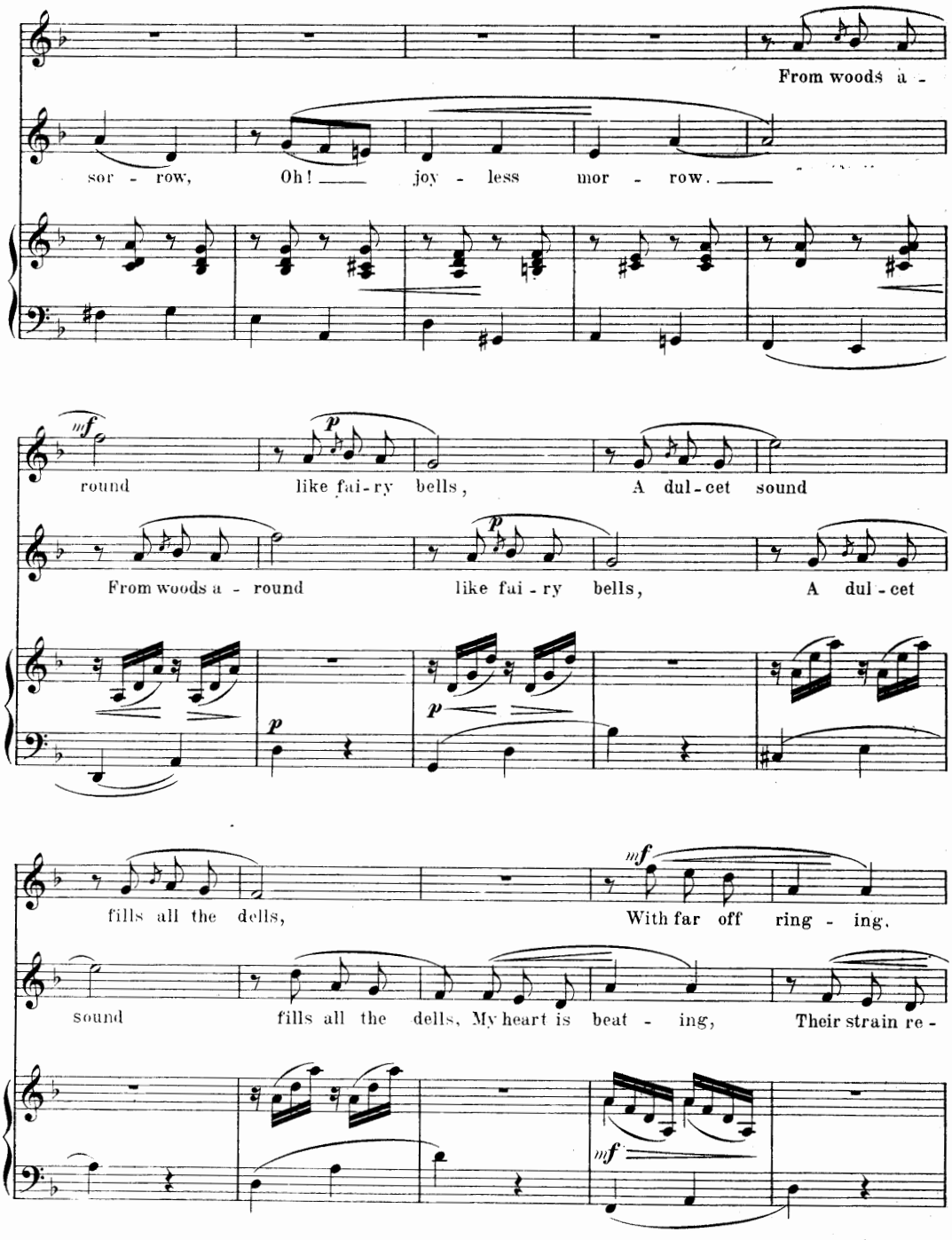
Duet.

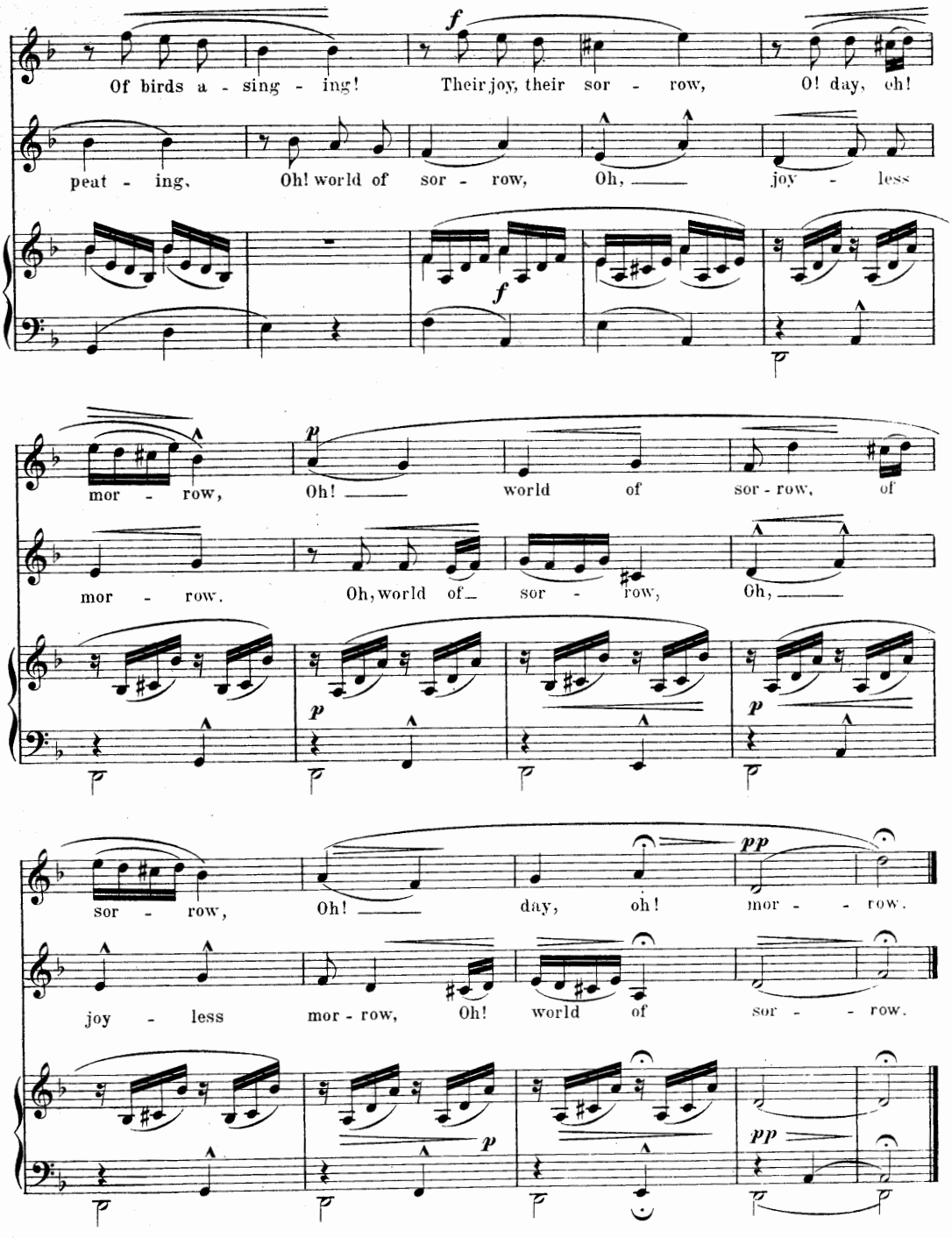
Upon a theme by Elemér Szentirmay.

Andante malinconico. F. Korbay.




sor - row, Oh! day, oh, mor - row.
più moto
8va bassa
2nd VOICE.
mp
From woods a - round
p
like fai - ry bells, A dul-cet sound fills all the dells;
mf
My heart is beat - ing, Their strain re - peat - ing, Oh! world, oh, world of
mf


From woods a -
sor - row, Oh! joy - less mor - row.
mf
round like fai-ry bells, A dul-cet sound
p
From woods a - round like fai - ry bells, A dul - cet
p
p
fills all the dells,
mf
With far off ring - ing,
sound fills all the dells, My heart is beat - ing, Their strain re -
mf

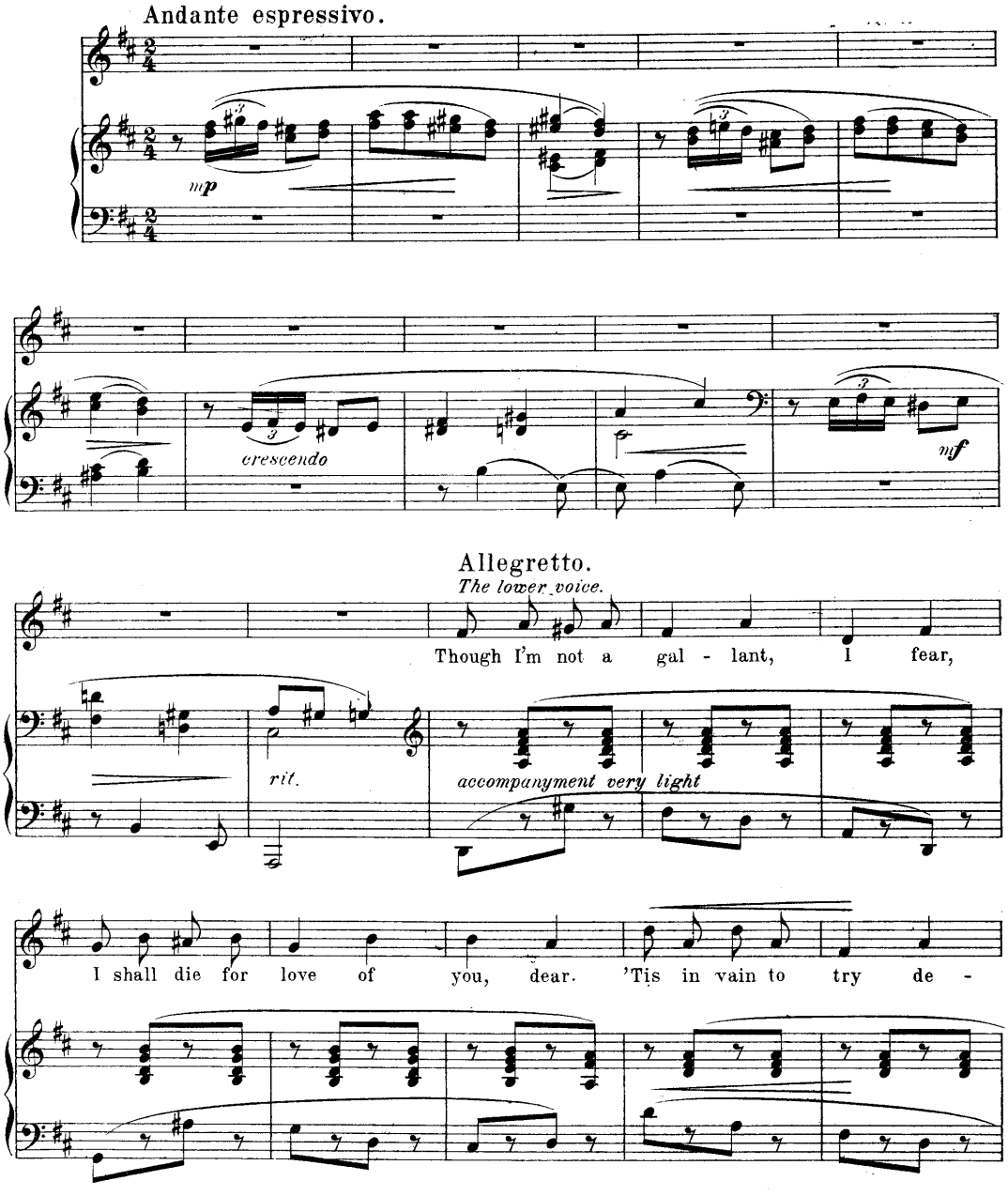

Of birds a - sing - ing!
Their joy, their sor - row,
O! day, oh!
peat - ing,
Oh! world of sor - row,
Oh, ___
joy - less
mor - row,
Oh! ___
world of
sor - row,
of
mor - row.
Oh, world of
sor - row,
Oh, ___
sor - row,
Oh! ___
day,
oh!
mor - - row.
joy - less
mor - row,
Oh!
world of
sor - - row.

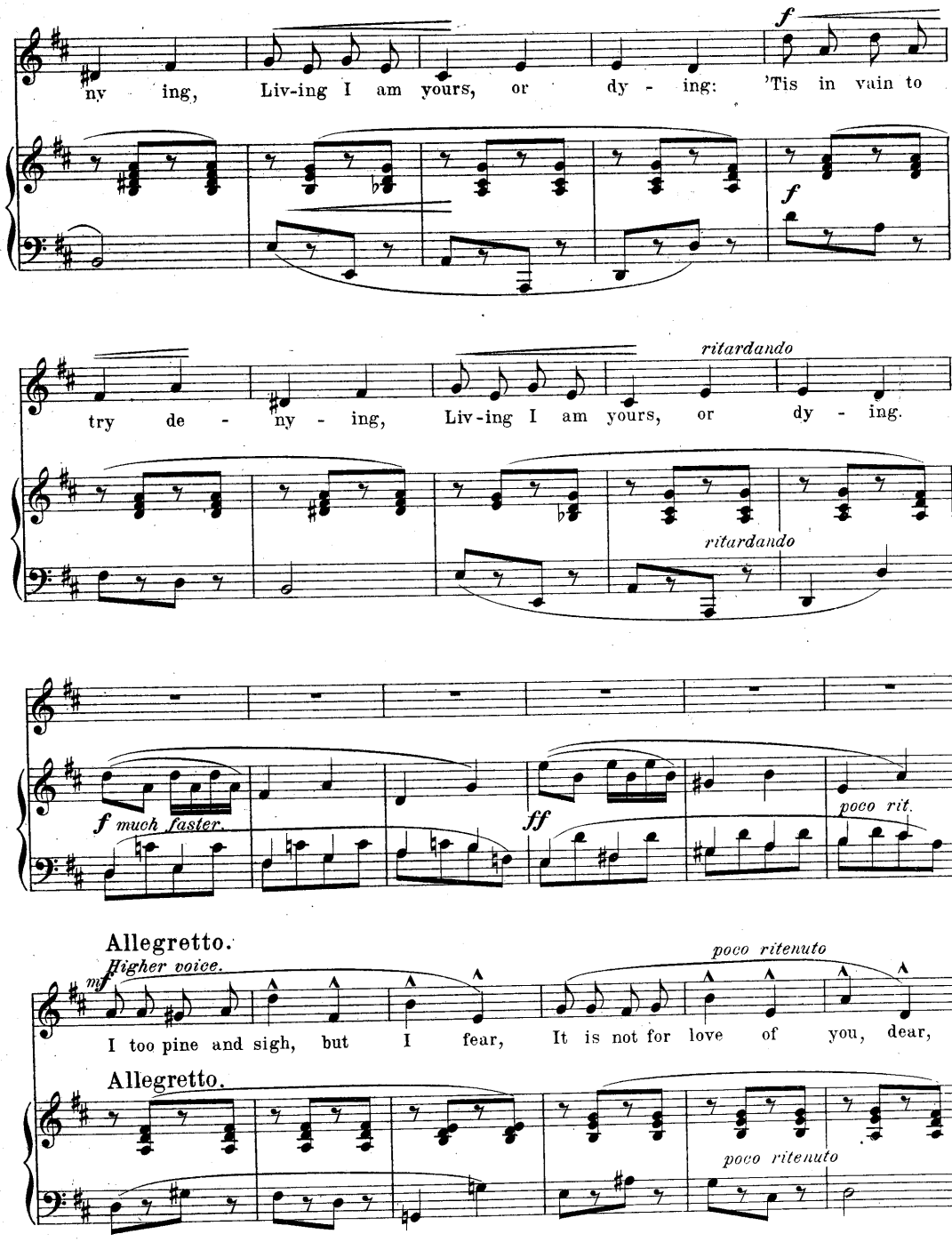
Though I'm not a gallant.

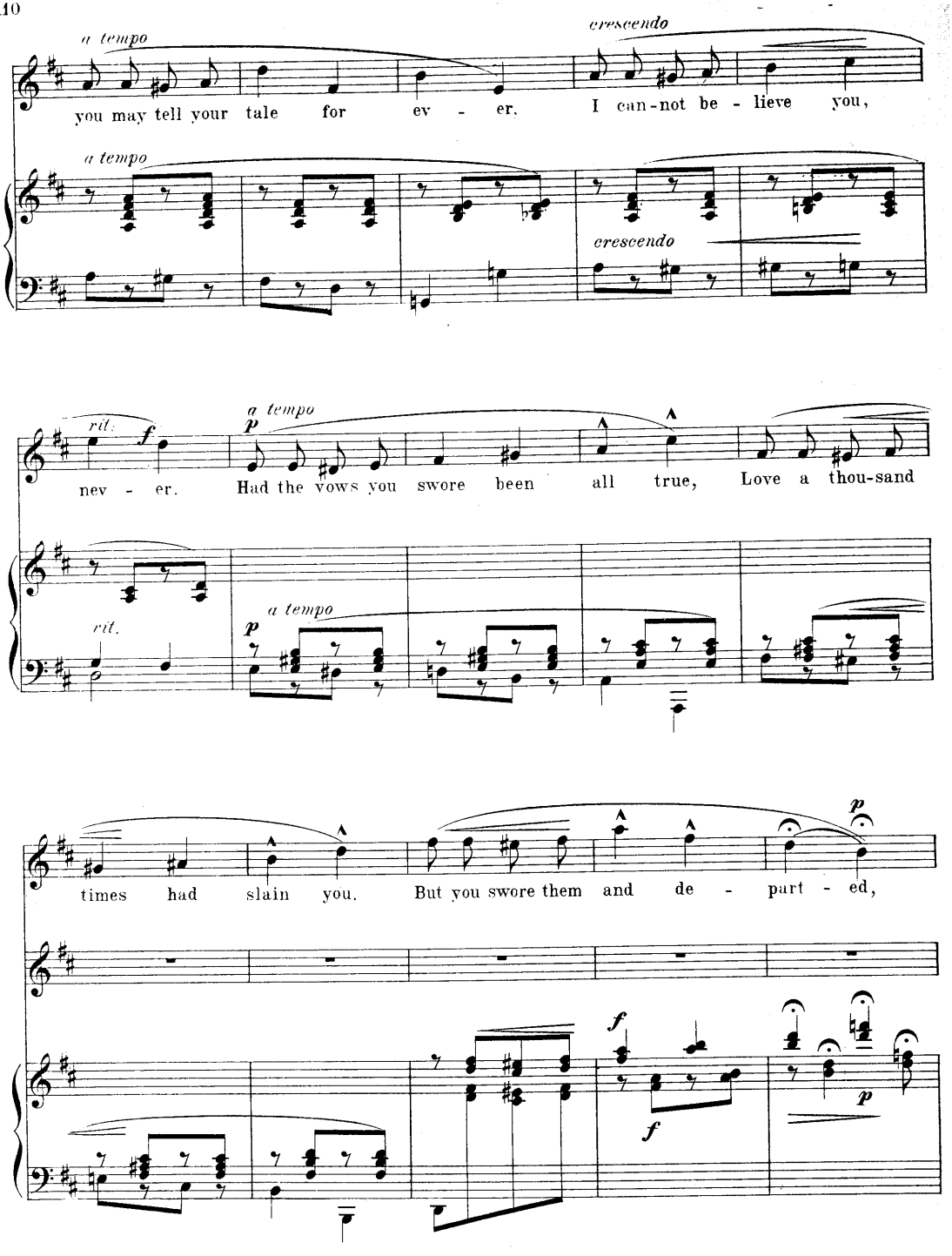
Nº 35.

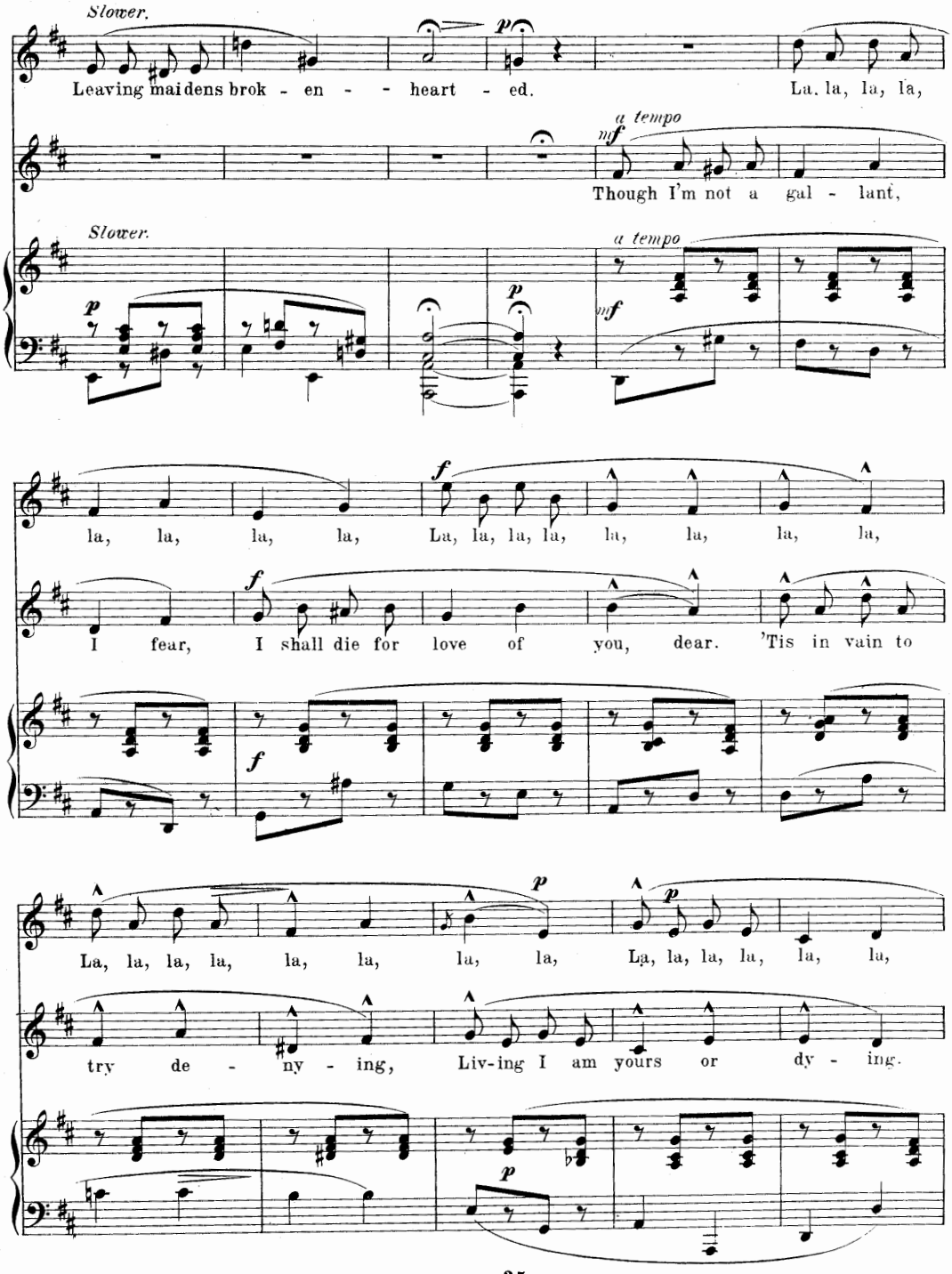
Duet.

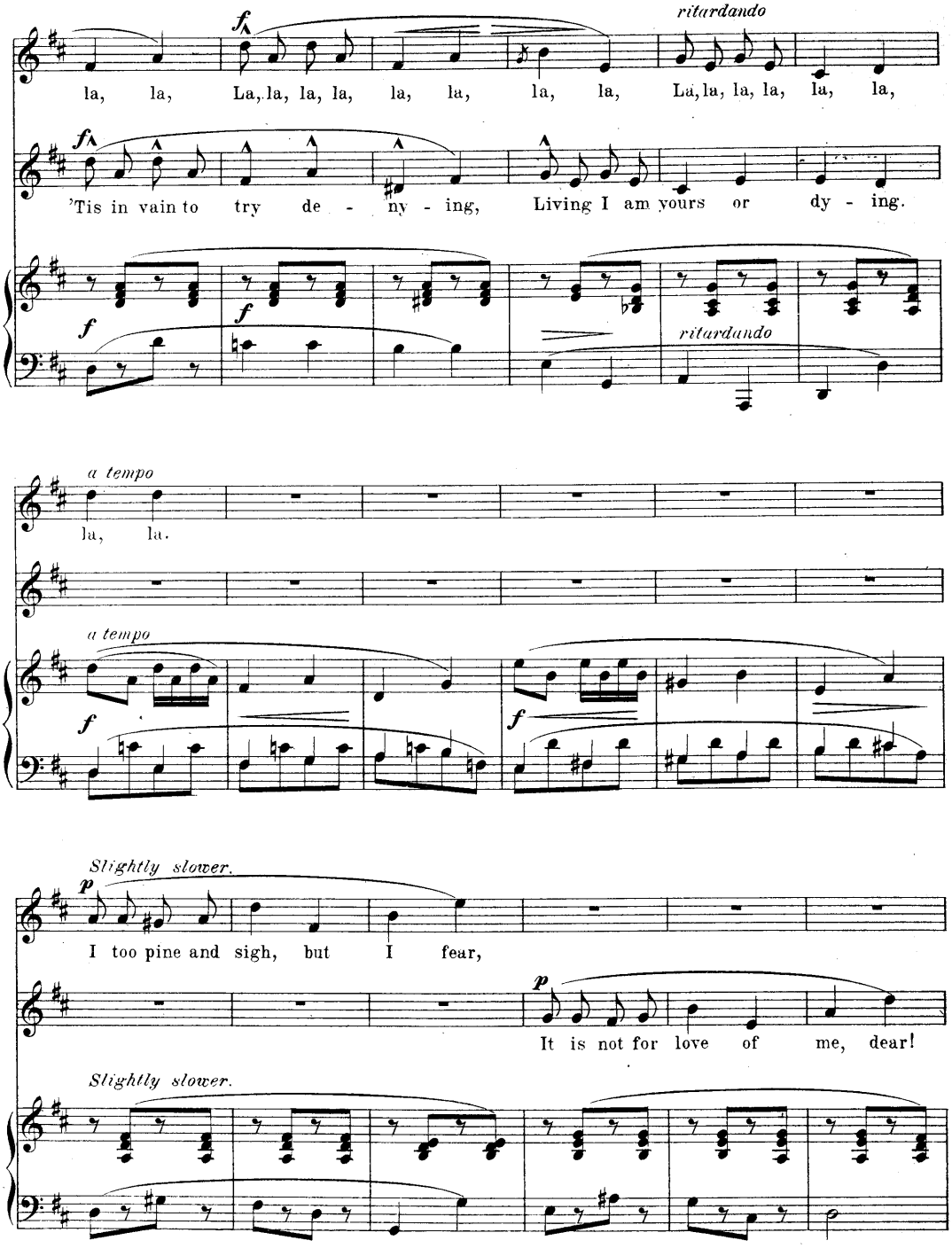
The Themes old Folk Songs. F. Korbay.

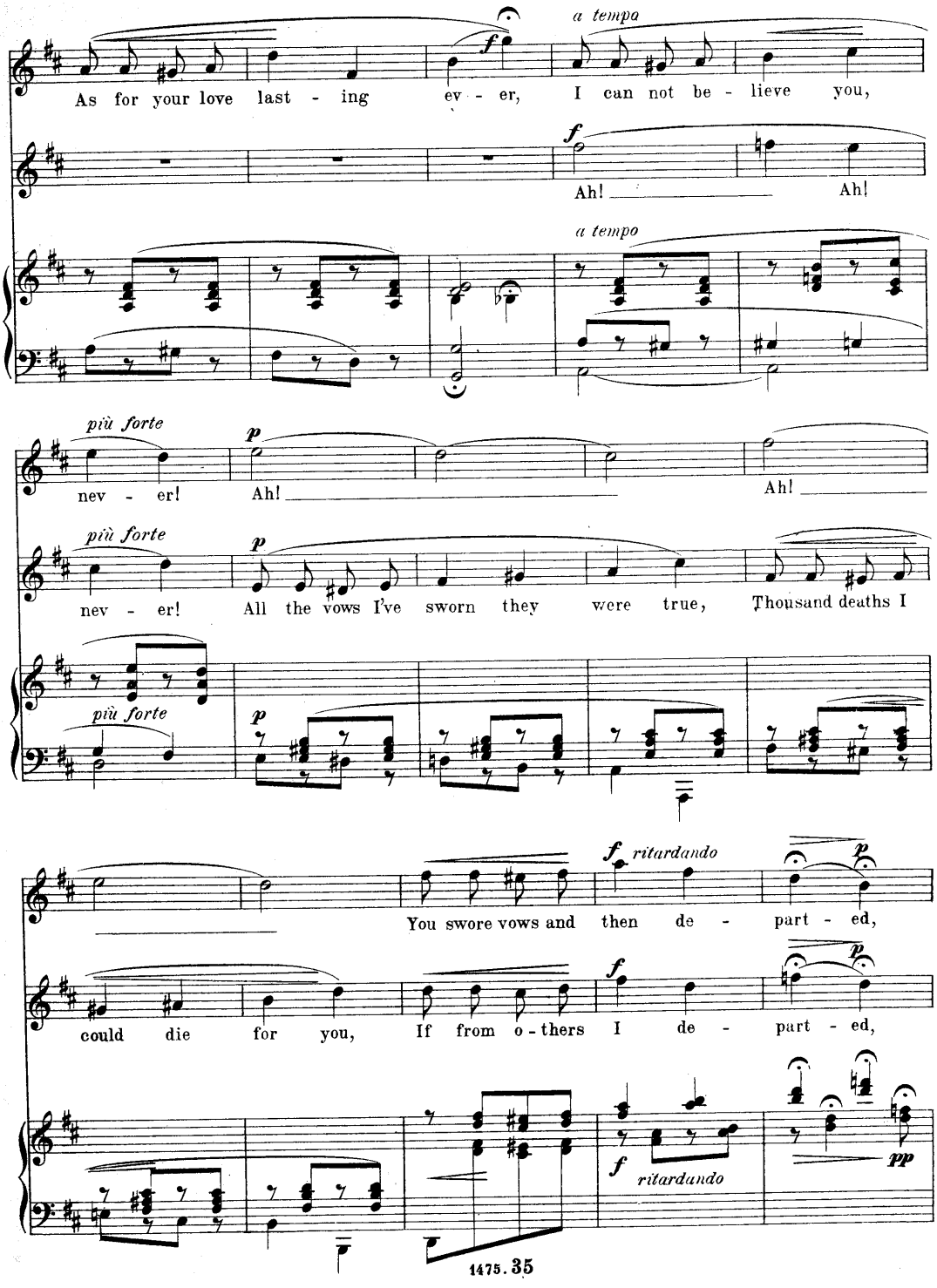


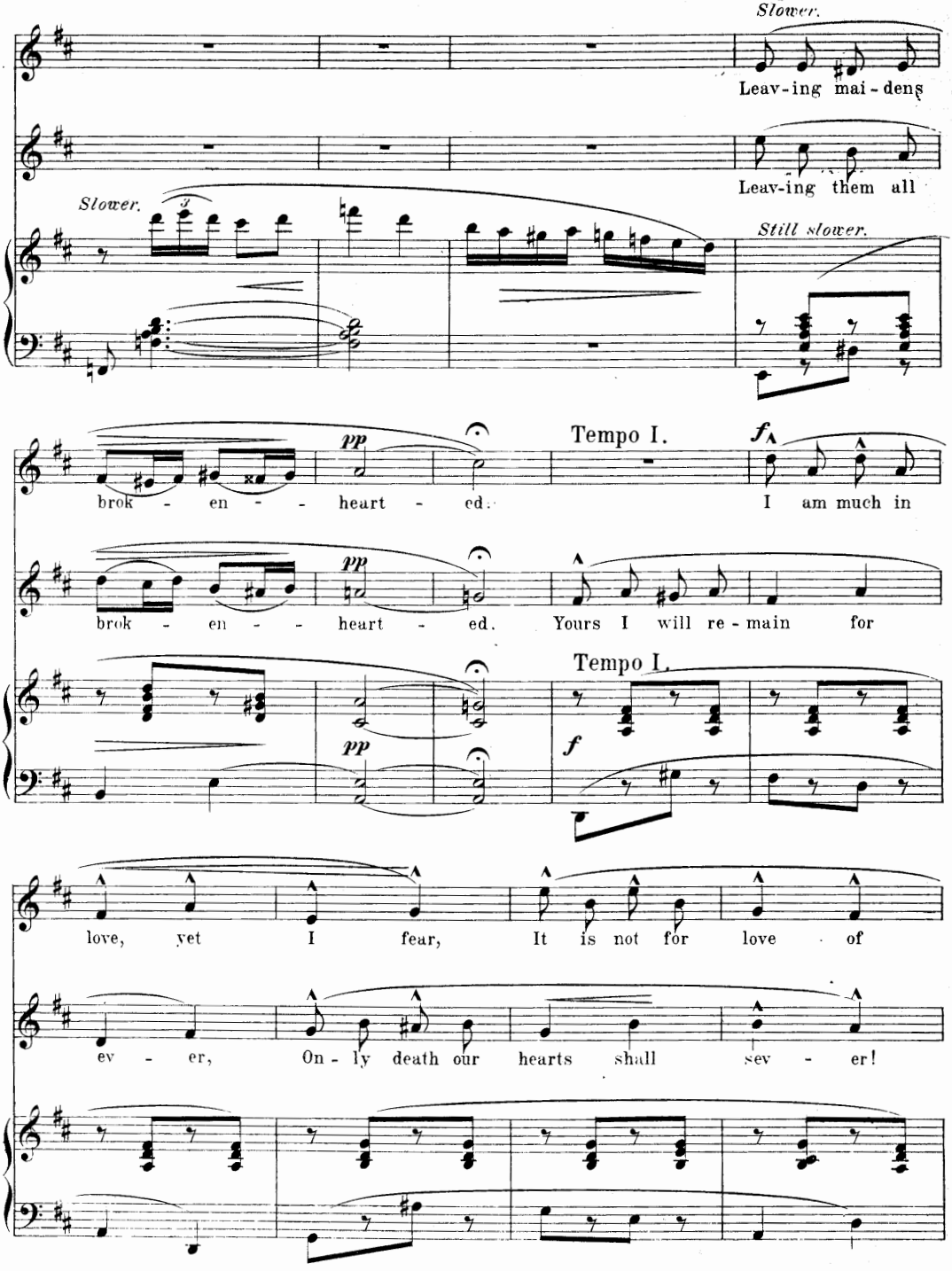

ny ing, Liv-ing I am yours, or dy - ing: 'Tis in vain to
f
f
try de - ny - ing, Liv-ing I am yours, or dy - ing.
ritardando
ritardando
f much faster.
ff
poco rit.
Allegretto.
Higher voice.
mf
poco ritenuto
I too pine and sigh, but I fear, It is not for love of you, dear,
Allegretto.
poco ritenuto

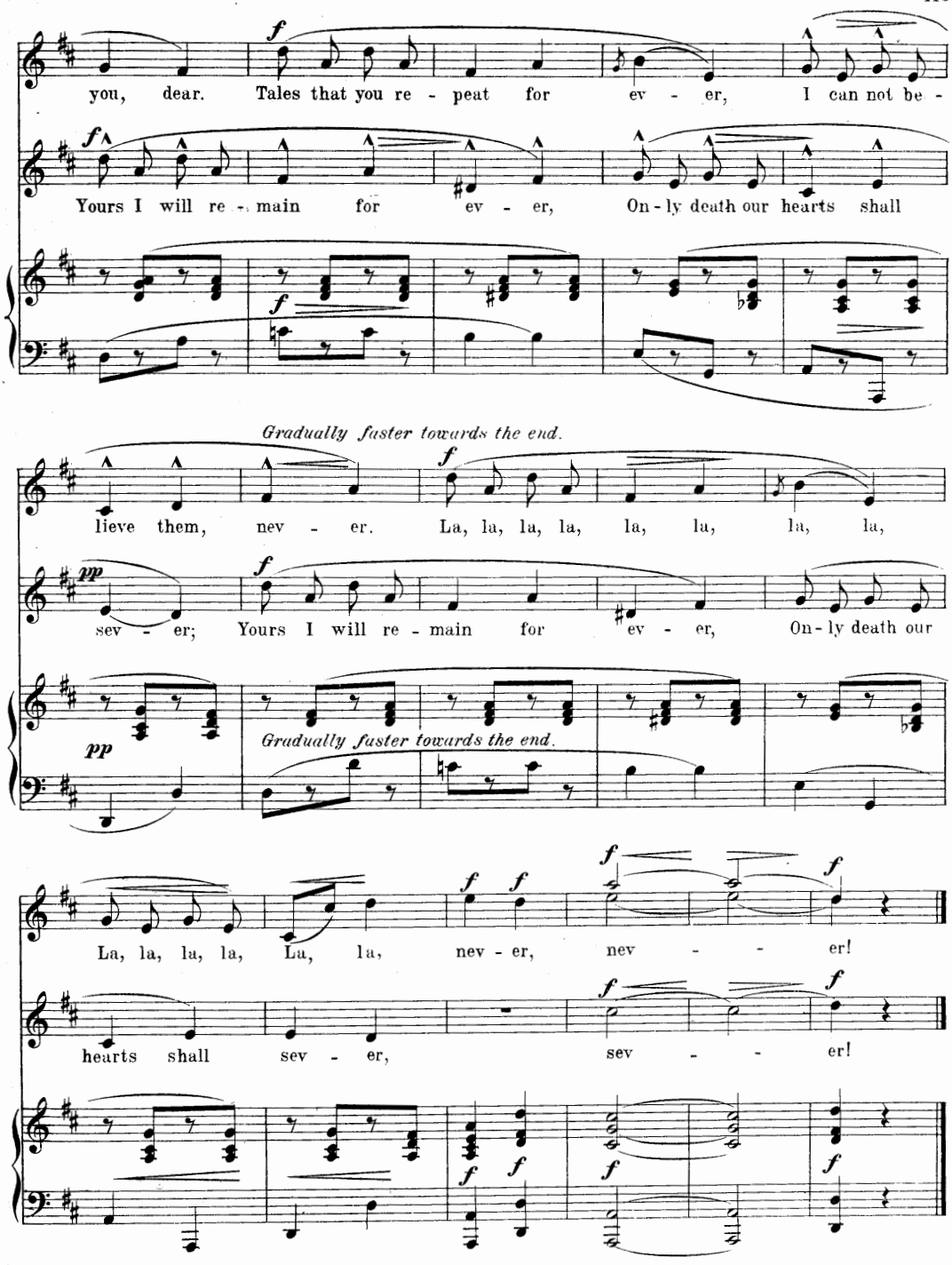

a tempo
crescendo
you may tell your tale for ev - er. I can-not be - lieve you,
a tempo
crescendo
rit.
f
a tempo
p
nev - er. Had the vows you swore been all true, Love a thou-sand
rit.
p
a tempo
times had slain you. But you swore them and de - part - ed,
p
f
f
p


Slower.
Leaving maidens brok - en - - heart - ed.
La, la, la, la,
a tempo
Though I'm not a gal - lant,
la, la, la, la, La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
I fear, I shall die for love of you, dear. 'Tis in vain to
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, La, la, la, la, la, la,
try de - ny - ing, Liv-ing I am yours or dy - ing.


ritardando
la, la, La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, La, la, la, la, la, la,
'Tis in vain to try de - ny - ing, Living I am yours or dy - ing.
ritardando
a tempo
la, la.
a tempo
Slightly slower.
I too pine and sigh, but I fear,
It is not for love of me, dear!
Slightly slower.


a tempo
As for your love last - ing ev - er, I can not be - lieve you,
Ah! Ah!
a tempo
più forte
nev - er! Ah! Ah!
più forte
nev - er! All the vows I've sworn they were true, Thousand deaths I
più forte
ritardando
You swore vows and then de - part - ed,
could die for you, If from o - thers I de - part - ed,
ritardando


Slower.
Leav-ing mai-dens
Leav-ing them all
Slower.
Still slower.
pp
Tempo I.
f
brok - en - - heart - ed.
I am much in
brok - en - - heart - ed.
Yours I will re-main for
pp
Tempo I.
f
love, yet I fear, It is not for love of
ev - er, On - ly death our hearts shall sev - er!


you, dear. Tales that you re - peat for ev - er, I can not be -
Yours I will re - main for ev - er, On - ly death our hearts shall
Gradually faster towards the end.
lieve them, nev - er. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
sev - er; Yours I will re - main for ev - er, On - ly death our
Gradually faster towards the end.
La, la, la, la, La, la, nev - er, nev - - er!
hearts shall sev - er, sev - - er!

Marishka! Marishka!

Nº 36.

Mariskám!

Text & melody Szerdahelyi. F. Korbay.

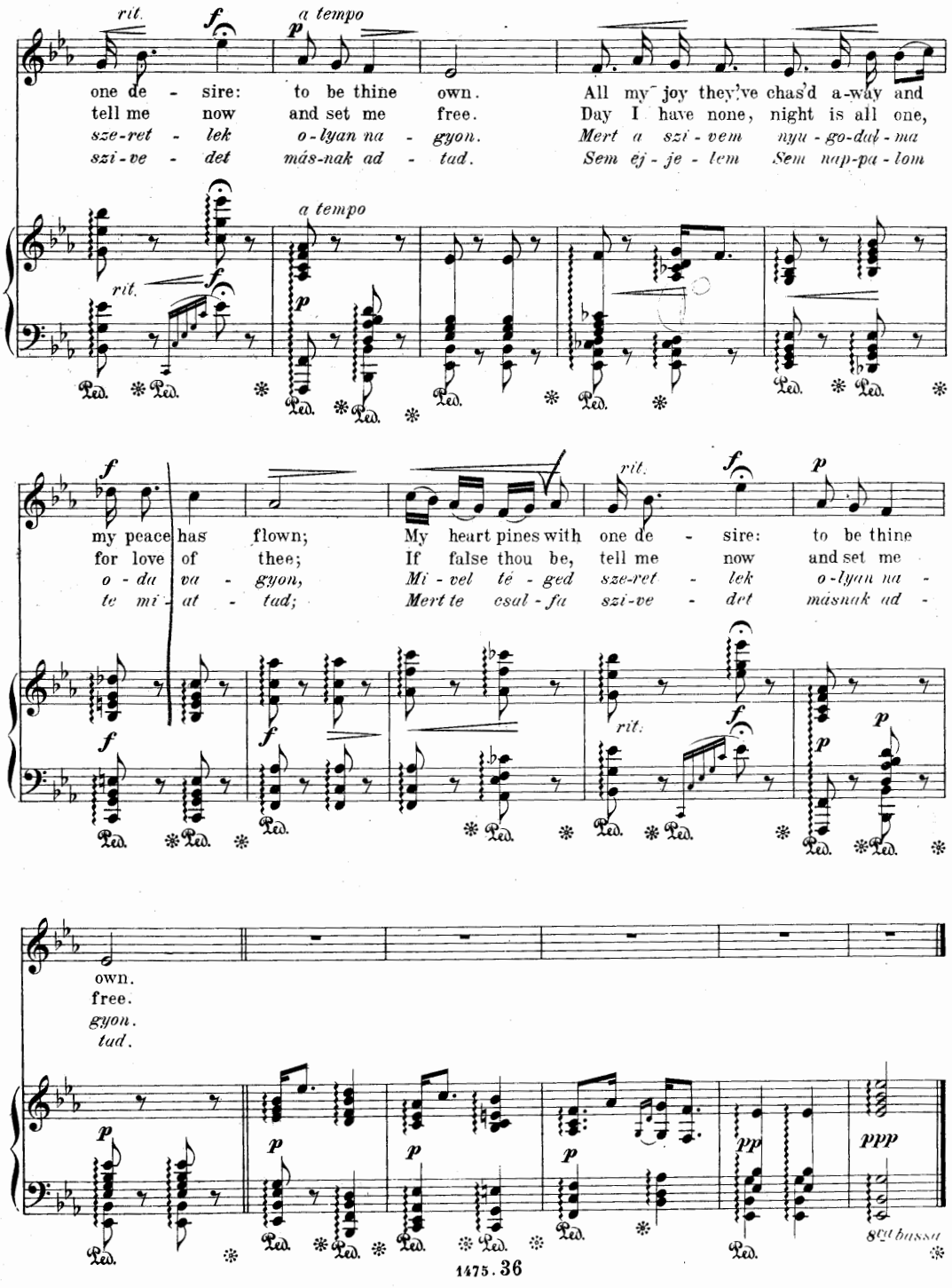
Andante cantabile e ben sentito.

quasi Arpa.

1. Marish - ka, Marish - ka, look not at me,
2. The sun-light, the moon-light, I know not in
1. Ma-ris-kám, Ma-ris-kám, e-szem a sze-
2. Éj-fel táj - ban éj - jel, a szép hold vi -

Ma - ry; Thy glan - ces are lan - ces with their darts be wa - ry.
thy sight; The day and the night are held with - in thine eyes bright.
me - det, Ne nézz rám, ne ne - vess mert meg-ölsz en - ge - met;
láng - nál, E - gyébb gon - do - la - tom nin-csen te ná - lad - nál.

All my joy they've chas'd a - way and my peace has flown; My heart pines with
Day I have none, night is all one, I have but thee; If false thou be,
Mert a szi - vem nyu - go - dal - ma o - da va - gyon, Mi - vel té - ged
Sem éj - je - lem Sem nap-pa - lom te mi - at - tad, Mertte csal - fa

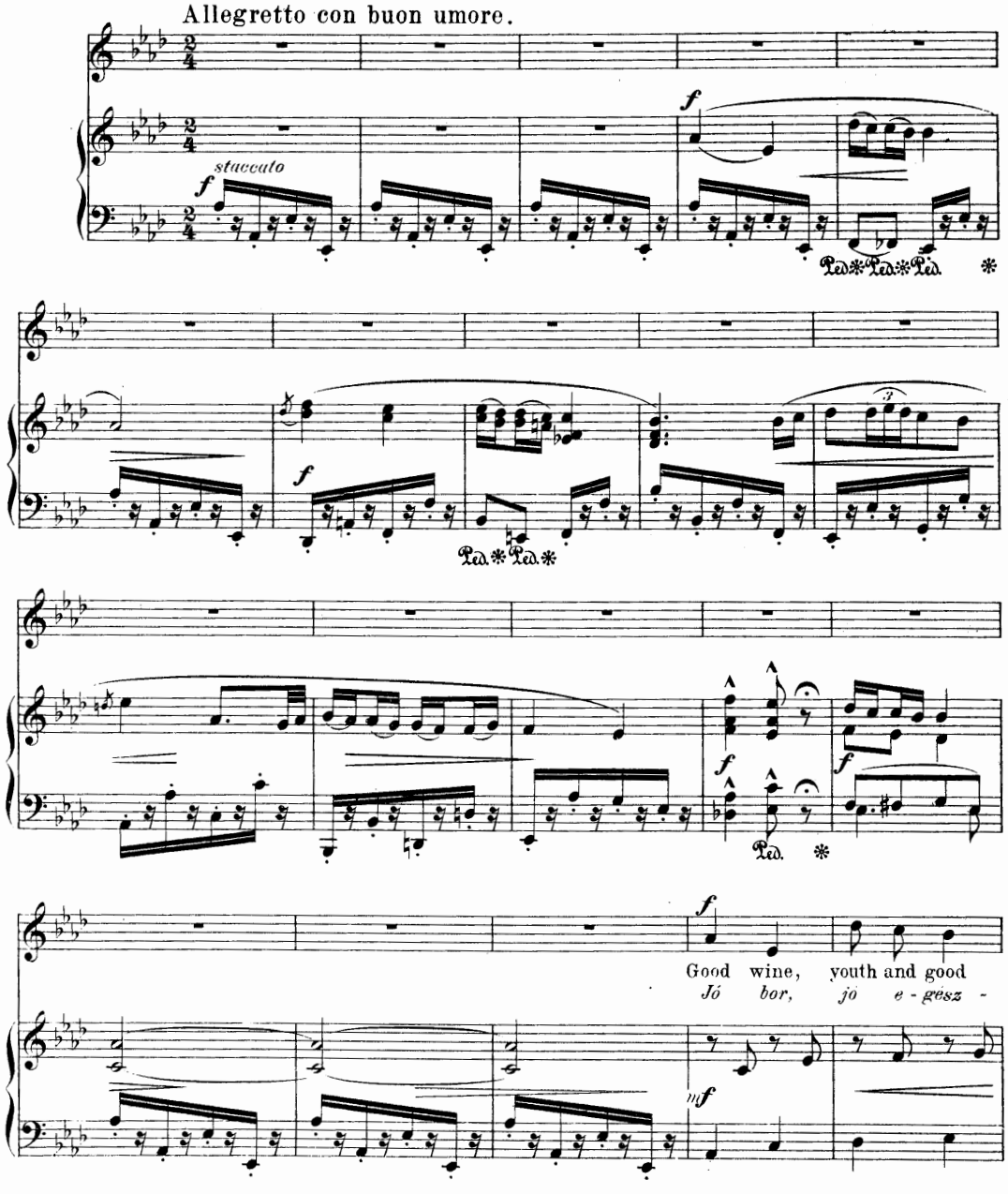

rit.
a tempo
one de - sire: to be thine own.
tell me now and set me free.
sze-ret - lek o-lyan na - gyon.
szi-ve - det más-nak ad - tad.
All my joy they've chas'd a-way and
Day I have none, night is all one,
Mert a szi-vem nyu-go-dal-ma
Sem éj-je-lem Sem nap-pa-lom
my peace has flown;
for love of thee;
o-da va-gyon,
te mi-at-tad;
My heart pines with
If false thou be,
Mi-vel té-ged
Mert te csal-fa
one de - sire:
tell me now
sze-ret - lek
szi-ve - det
to be thine
and set me
o-lyan na -
másnak ad -
own.
free.
gyon.
tad.
8va bassa

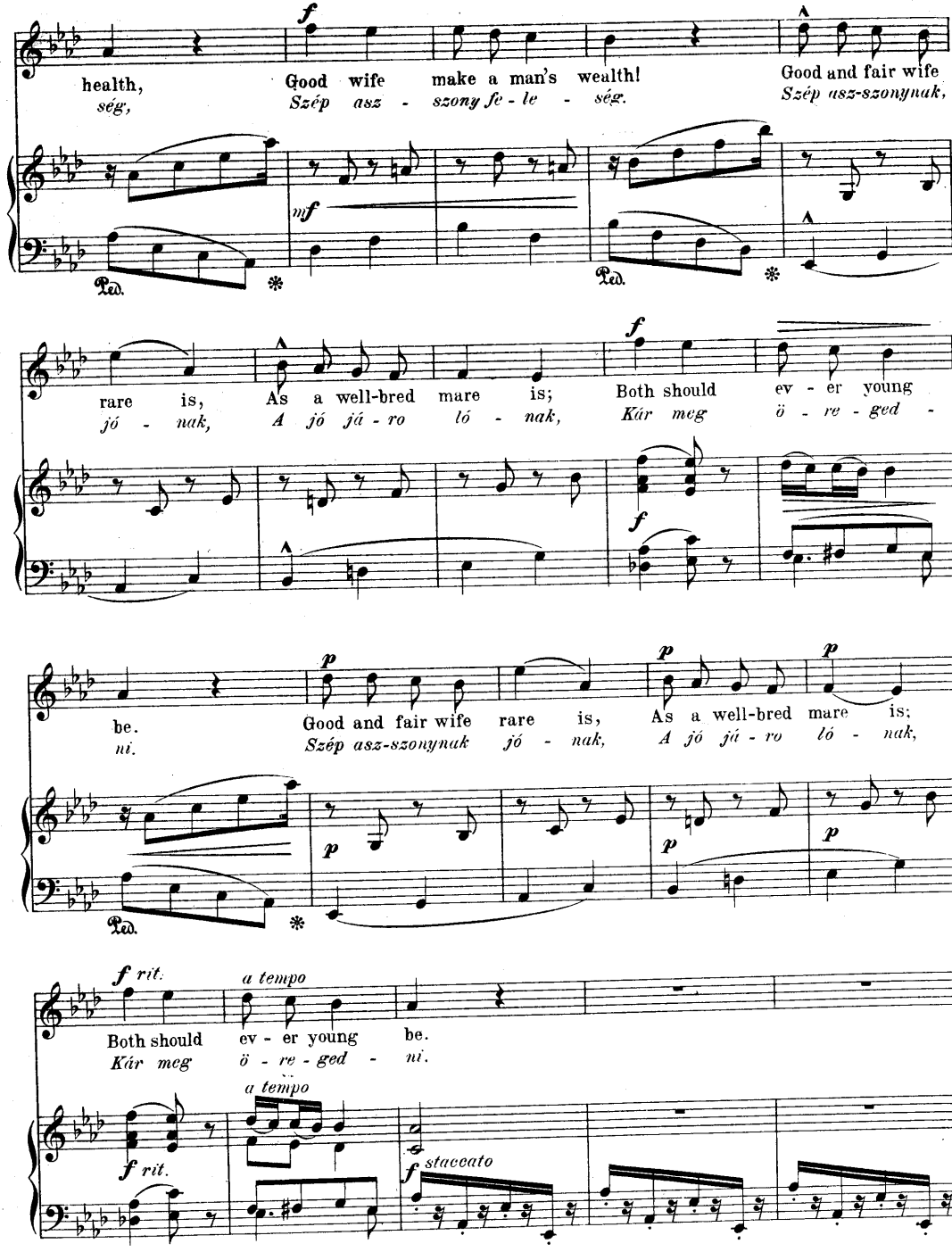
Good wine...

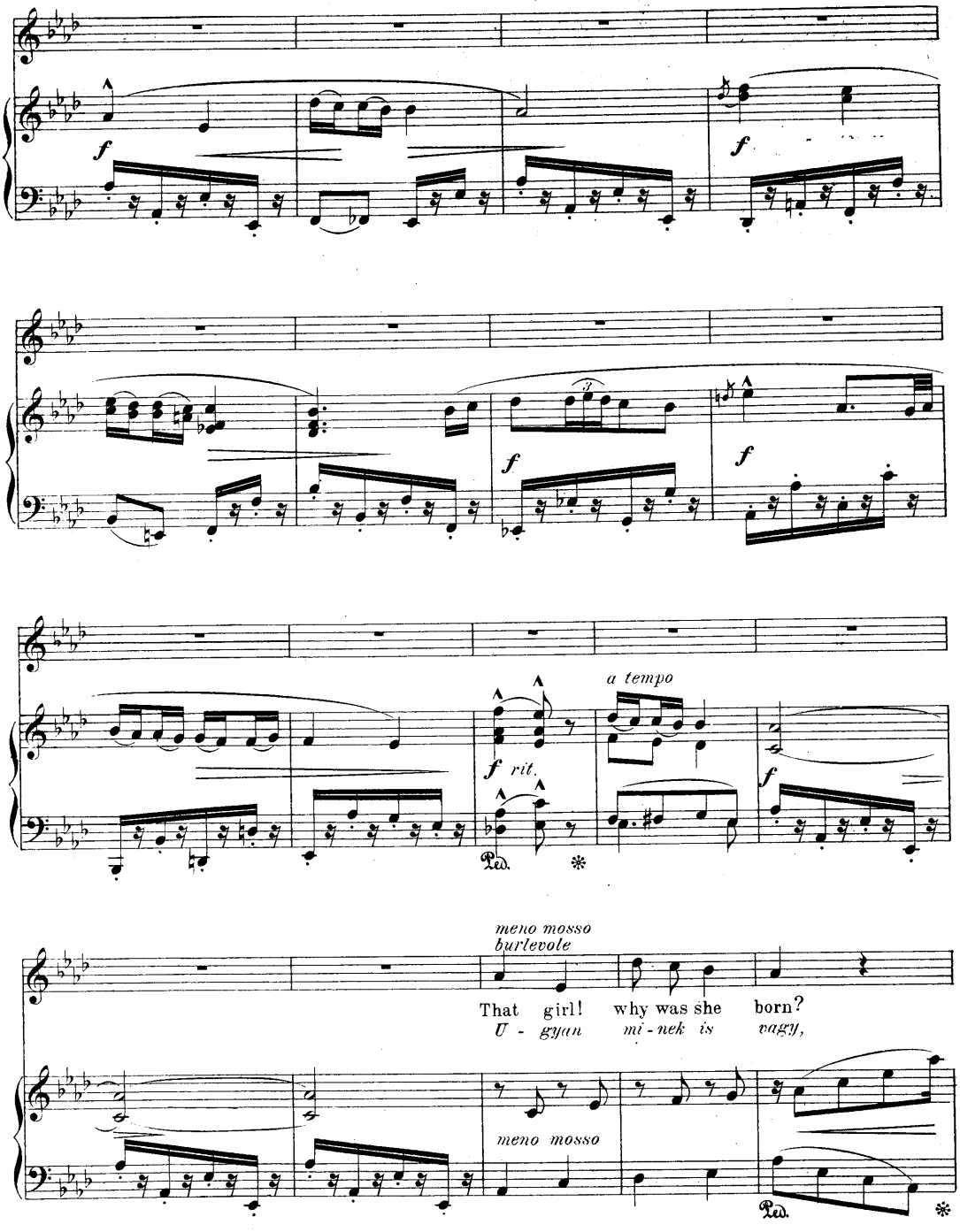
Jó bor.

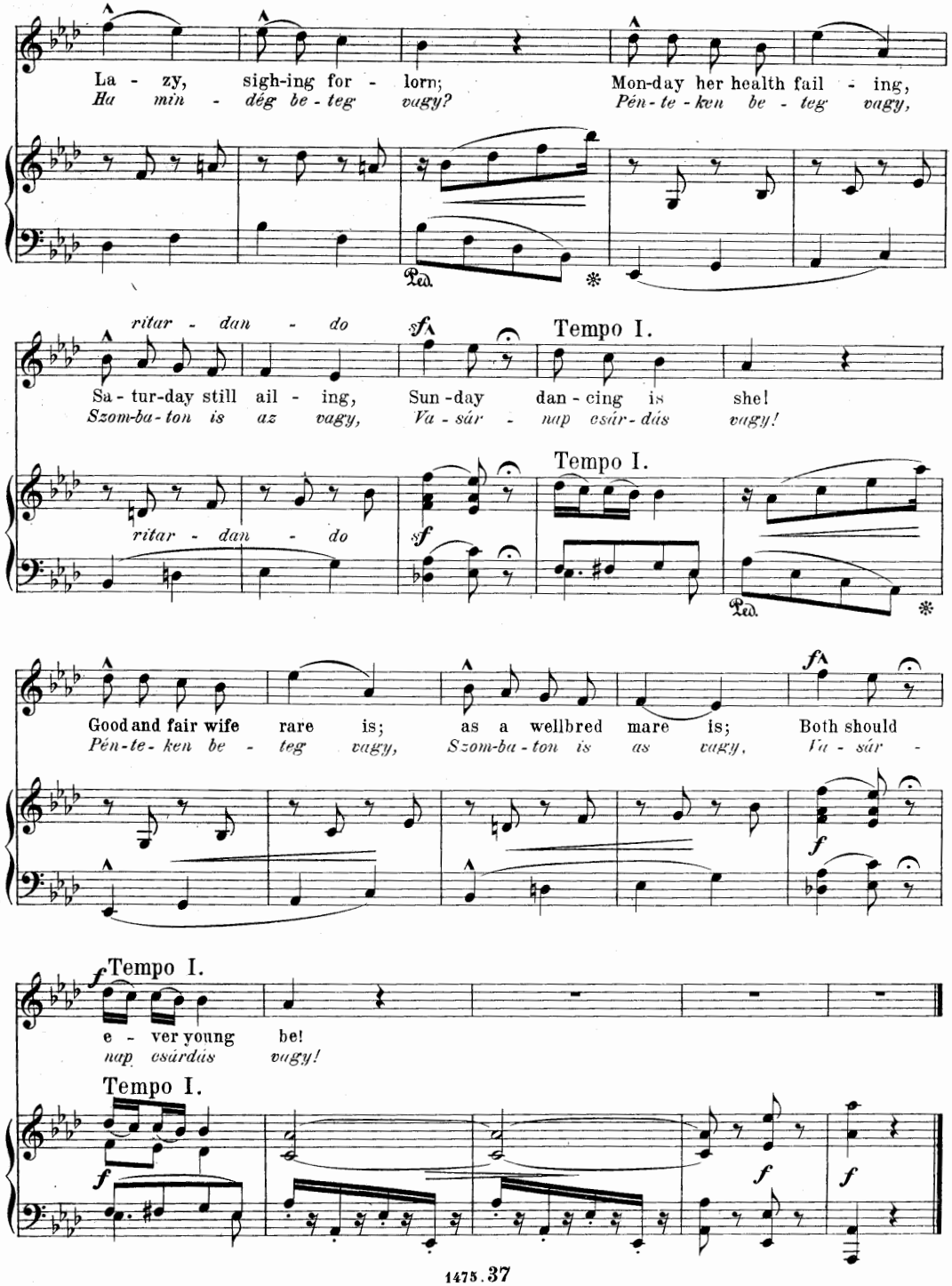
№ 37.

Old Folk Song. F Korbay.




f
health,
ség,
Good wife make a man's wealth!
Szép asz - szony fe - le - ség.
Good and fair wife
Szép asz-szonynak,
mf
Ped.
Ped.
rare is,
jó - nak,
As a well-bred mare is;
A jó já - ro ló - nak,
Both should ev - er young
Kár meg ö - re - ged -
f
f
be.
ni.
Good and fair wife rare is,
Szép asz-szonynak jó - nak,
As a well-bred mare is;
A jó já - ro ló - nak,
p
p
p
p
p
p
Ped.
f rit.
a tempo
Both should ev - er young be.
Kár meg ö - re - ged - ni.
a tempo
f rit.
f staccato


f
f
f
f
f rit.
a tempo
f
Ped.
meno mosso
burlevole
That girl! why was she born?
U - gyan mi - nek is vagy,
meno mosso
Ped.


La - zy, sigh-ing for - lorn;
Ha min - dég be - teg vagy?
Mon-day her health fail - ing,
Pén-te-ken be - teg vagy,
ritar - dan - do
Sa - tur-day still ail - ing,
Szom-ba-ton is az vagy,
Tempo I.
Sun-day dan-cing is she!
Va-sár - nap esár-dás vagy!
Tempo I.
ritar - dan - do
Good and fair wife rare is;
Pén-te-ken be - teg vagy,
as a wellbred mare is;
Szom-ba-ton is as vagy,
Both should
Va - sár -
Tempo I.
e - ver young be!
nap esárdás vagy!
Tempo I.

Shepherd laddie.

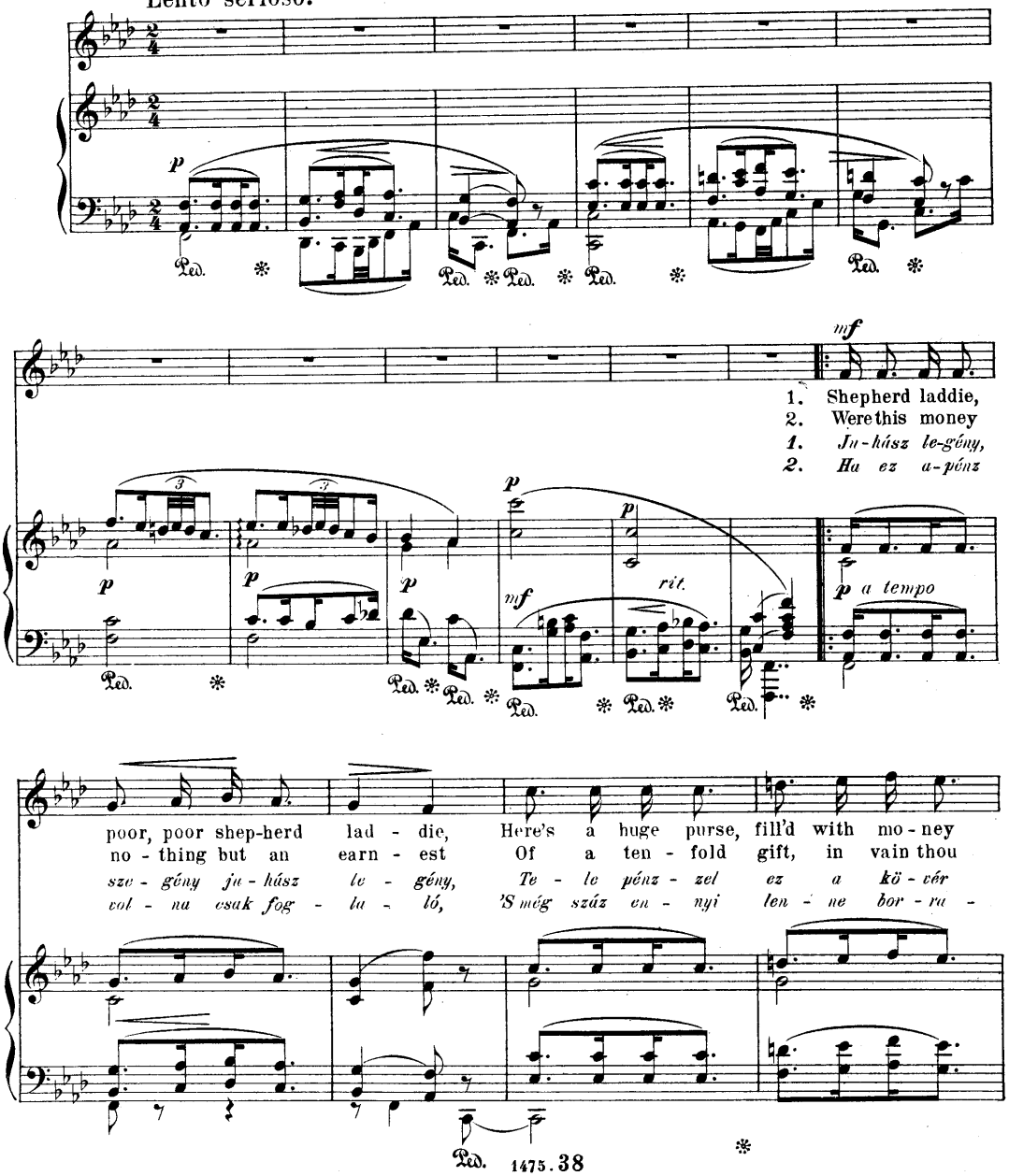
№ 38.

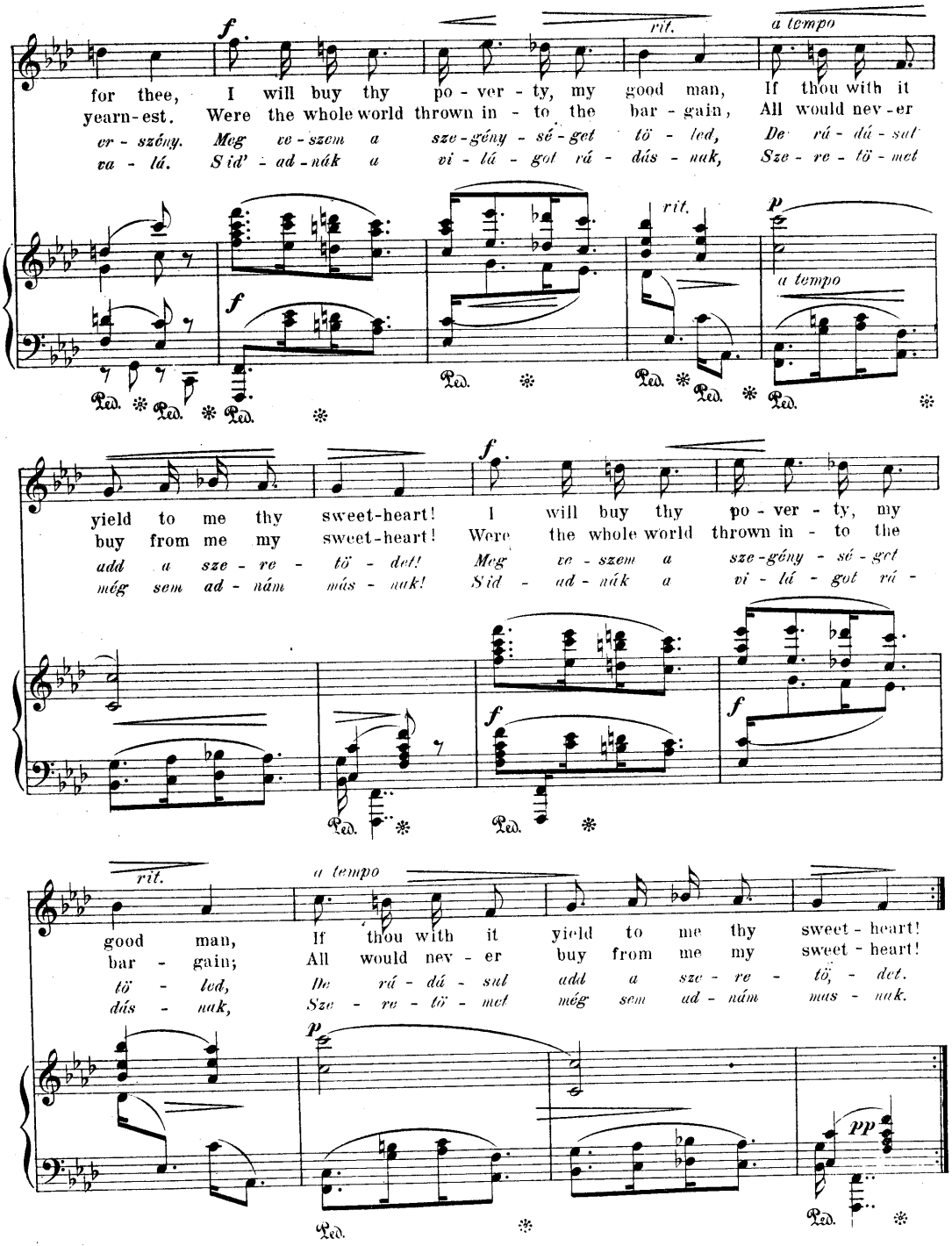
Juhász legény.

Words by Alexander Petöfi.
Melody by B. Egressi.

F. Korbay.

Lento serioso.




f
rit.
a tempo
for thee, I will buy thy po - ver - ty, my good man, If thou with it
yearn-est. Were the whole world thrown in - to the bar - gain, All would nev - er
er - szény. Meg ve - szem a sze - gény - sé - get tö - led, De rá - dá - sul
va - lá. Sid' - ad - nák a vi - lá - got rá - dás - nak, Sze - re - tö - met
rit.
p
a tempo
Ped.
yield to me thy sweet-heart! I will buy thy po - ver - ty, my
buy from me my sweet-heart! Were the whole world thrown in - to the
add a sze - re - tö - det! Meg ve - szem a sze - gény - sé - get
még sem ad - nám más - nak! Sid - ad - nák a vi - lá - got rá -
rit.
a tempo
good man, If thou with it yield to me thy sweet - heart!
bar - gain; All would nev - er buy from me my sweet - heart!
tö - led, De rá - dá - sul add a sze - re - tö, - det.
dás - nak, Sze - re - tö - met még sem ad - nám mas - nak.
p
pp

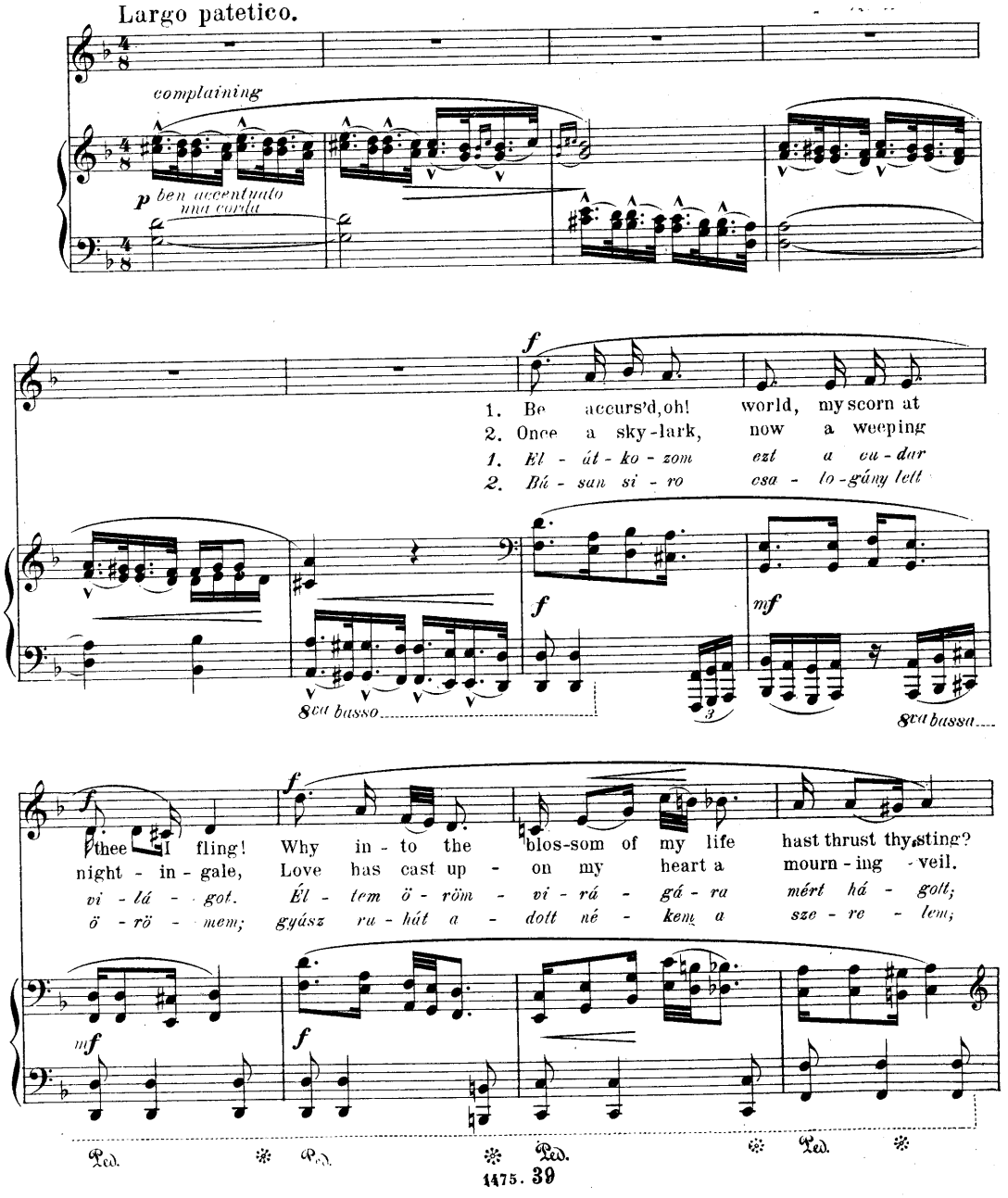
№ 39.

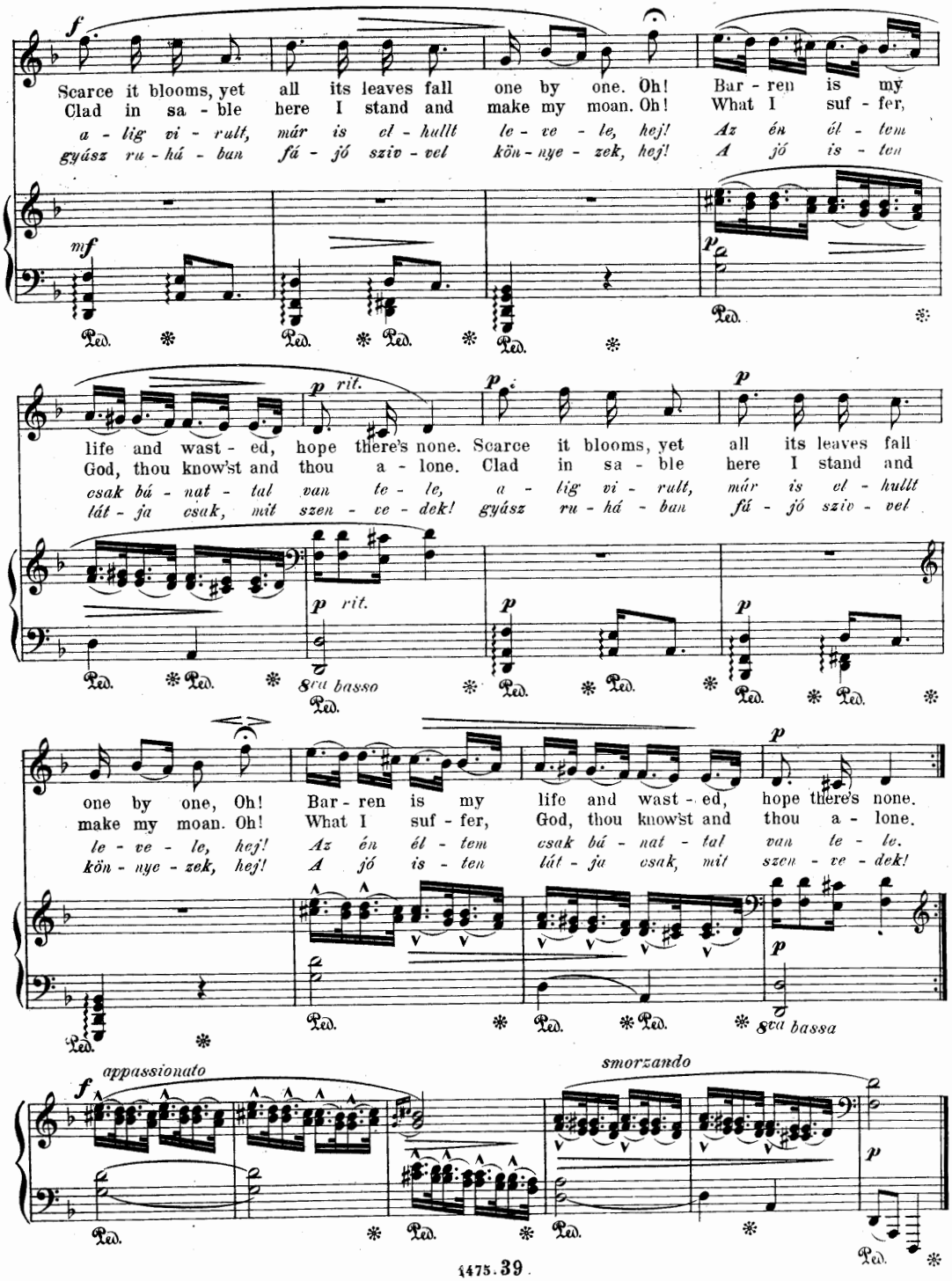
Be accurs'd, oh! world!

Elátkozom ezt a cudar világot.

Theme: a Folk song.

F. Korbay.




f
Scarce it blooms, yet all its leaves fall one by one. Oh! Bar - ren is my
Clad in sa - ble here I stand and make my moan. Oh! What I suf - fer,
a - lig vi - rult, már is el - hullt le - ve - le, hej! Az én él - tem
gyász ru - há - ban fá - jó szív - vel kön - nye - zek, hej! A jó is - ten
mf
p
life and wast - ed, hope there's none. Scarce it blooms, yet all its leaves fall
God, thou know'st and thou a - lone. Clad in sa - ble here I stand and
csak bá - nat - tal van te - le, a - lig vi - rult, már is el - hullt
lát - ja csak, mit szen - ve - dek! gyász ru - há - ban fá - jó szív - vel
p rit.
8va basso
one by one, Oh! Bar - ren is my life and wast - ed, hope there's none.
make my moan. Oh! What I suf - fer, God, thou know'st and thou a - lone.
le - ve - le, hej! Az én él - tem csak bá - nat - tal van te - le.
kön - nye - zek, hej! A jó is - ten lát - ja csak, mit szen - ve - dek!
8va bassa
appassionato
smorzando
Ped.

In full many a town.

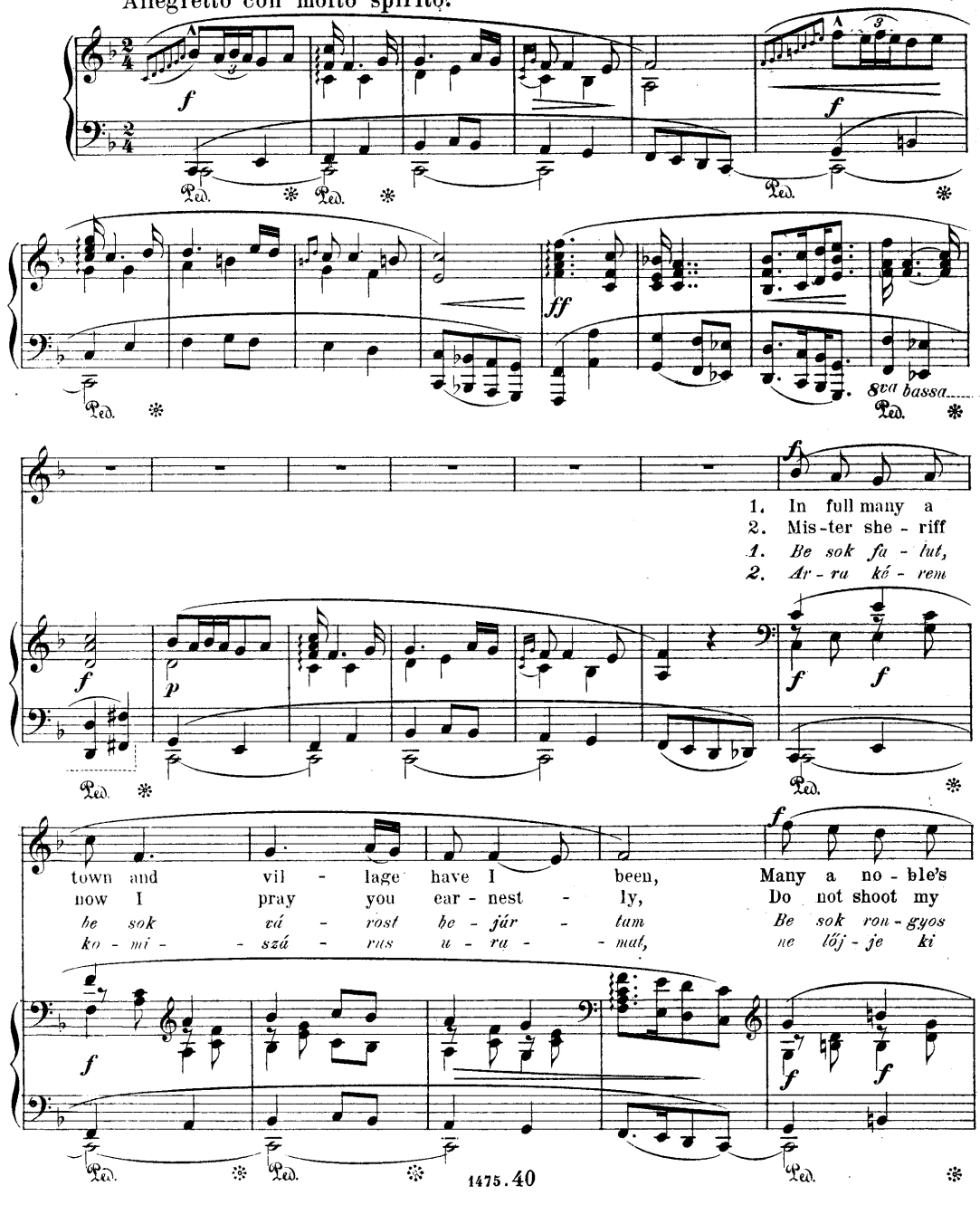
Be sok falut, be sok várost.

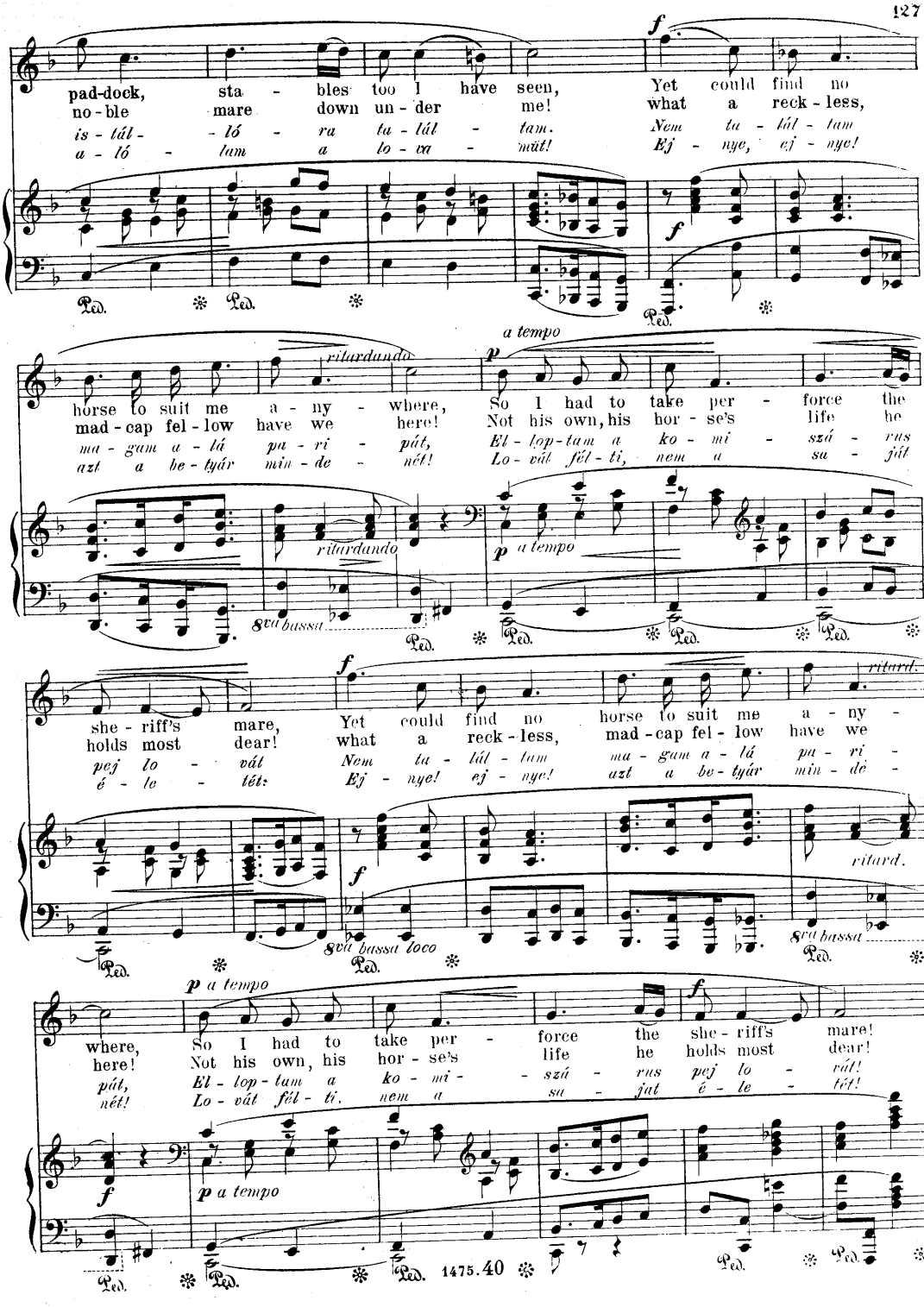
№40.

Theme an old Folk song.

Allegretto con molto spirito.

F. Korbay.




pad-dock, sta - bles too I have seen, Yet could find no
no-ble mare down un - der me! what a reck - less,
is - tál - - ló - ra ta - lál - tam. Nem ta - lál - tam
a - ló - tam a lo - va - mät! Ej - nye, ej - nye!
horse to suit me a - ny - where, So I had to take per - force the
mad - cap fel - low have we here! Not his own, his hor - se's life he
ma - gam a - lá pa - ri - pát, El - lop - tam a ko - mi - szá - rus
azt a be - tyár min - de - nét! Lo - vát fél - ti, nem a sa - ját
she - riff's mare, Yet could find no horse to suit me a - ny -
holds most dear! what a reck - less, mad - cap fel - low have we
pej lo - vát Nem ta - lál - tam ma - gam a - lá pa - ri -
é - le - tét: Ej - nye! ej - nye! azt a be - tyár min - dé -
where, So I had to take per - force the she - riff's mare!
here! Not his own, his hor - se's life he holds most dear!
pát, El - lop - tam a ko - mi - szá - rus pej lo - vát!
nét! Lo - vát fél - ti, nem a sa - ját é - le - tét!
1475.40

№ 41.

Maiden, maiden, nut-brown maiden.

Te vagy te, vagy barna kis lány.

Melody by Kálmán de Symonffy.
Text by Alexander Petöfi.

F. Korbay.

Largo doloroso.

una corda

p

mf

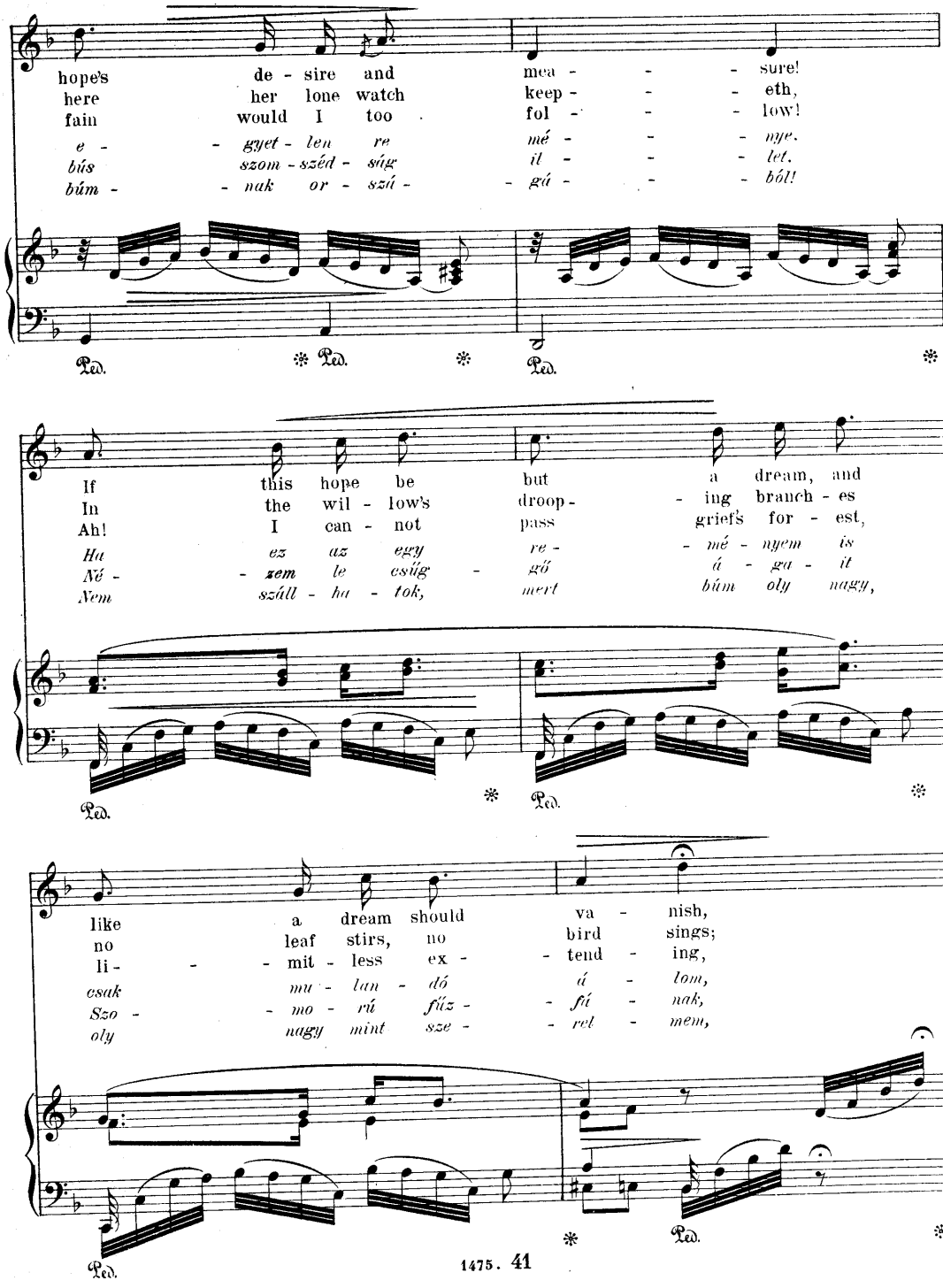
1. Mai - den, mai - den, nut - brown mai - den, thou art my heart's
2. By the wood-land lake I lin - ger, where the wil - low
3. Bleak's the au - tumn, sere the for - est; south - ward flies the

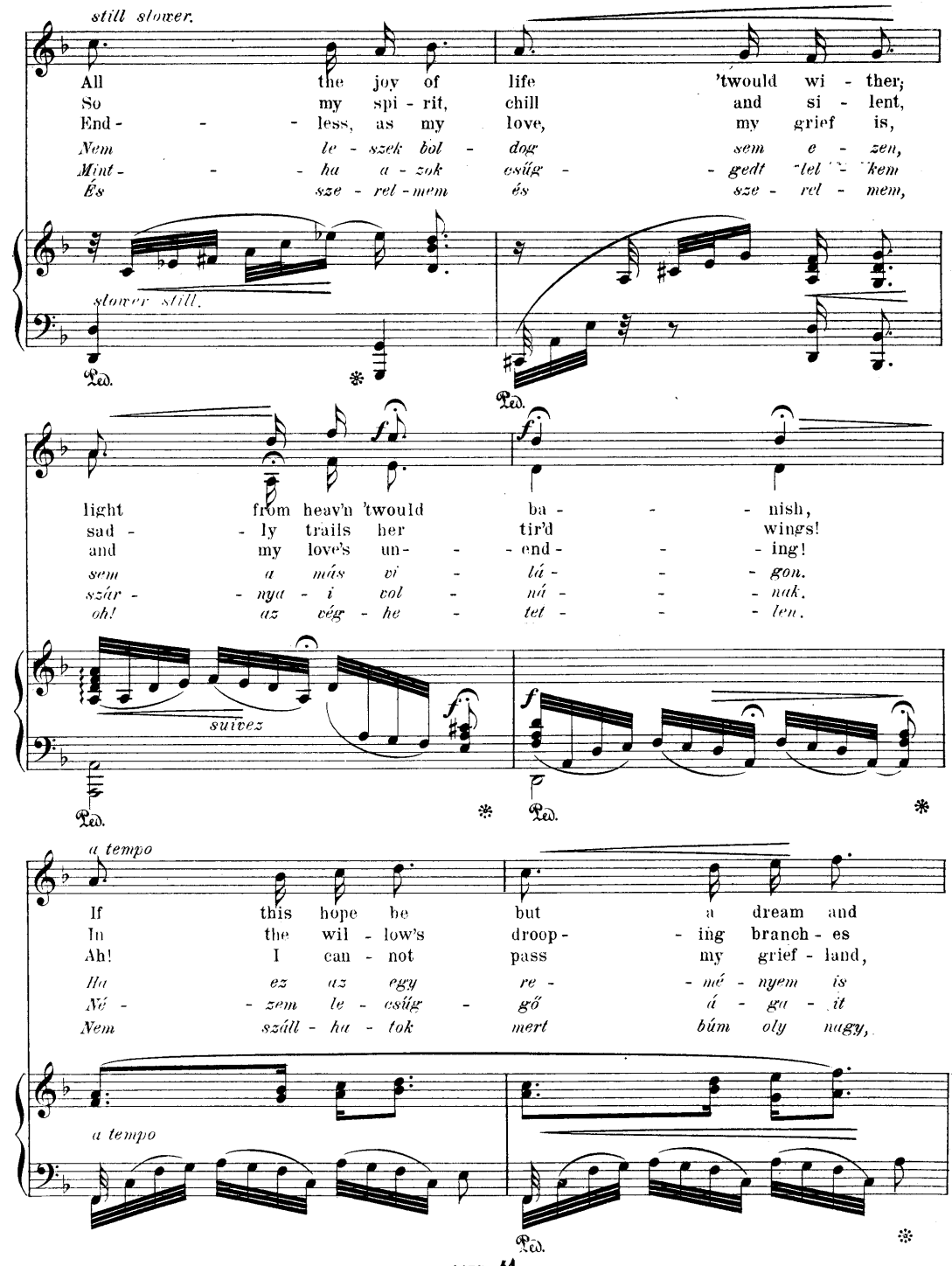
1. Te vagy, te vagy bar - na kis lány sze - mem tel - kem
2. Áll - do - gá - lok a to part - ján szo - mo rú fűz
3. El - szál - lott már a ma - dár a her - vadt ő - szi

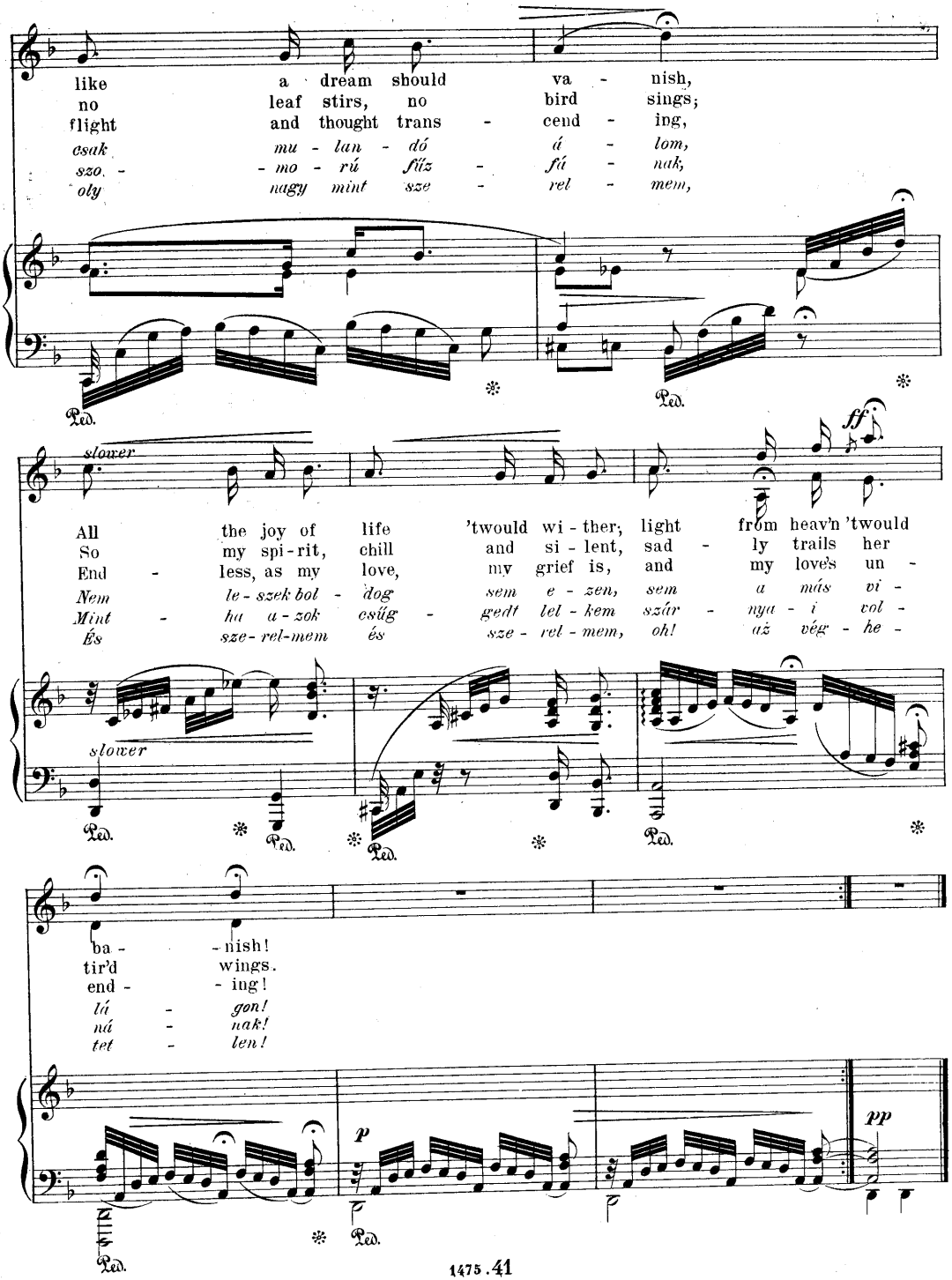
trea - sure! Thou'rt in life, in death, mine on - ly
weep - eth; O'er my dy - ing hope my spi - rit
swal - low! Sor - row's wi - ther'd wood - land flee - ing,

sé - - nye! Te vagy mind a két é - le - tem
mel - - lett! Ne - kem va - ló hely; en - gem ily
táj - - ról. Hej! ha ép is ki szúll - hat - nék,

*) With the kind permission of C. H. Ditson & Co


hope's desire and measure!
here her lone watch keep - eth,
fain would I too fol - low!
e - gyet - len re mé - nye.
bús szom - széd - ség il - let.
búm - nak or - szá - gú - ból!
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
If this hope be but a dream, and
In the wil - low's droop - ing branch - es
Ah! I can - not pass grief's for - est,
Ha ez az egy re - mé - nyem is
Né - zem le csüg - gő á - ga - it
Nem száll - ha - tok, mert búm oly nagy,
Ped. * Ped. *
like a dream should va - nish,
no leaf stirs, no bird sings;
li - mit - less ex - tend - ing,
csak mu - lan - dó á - lom,
Szo - mo - rú fűz - fá - nak,
oly nagy mint sze - rel - mem,
Ped. * Ped.

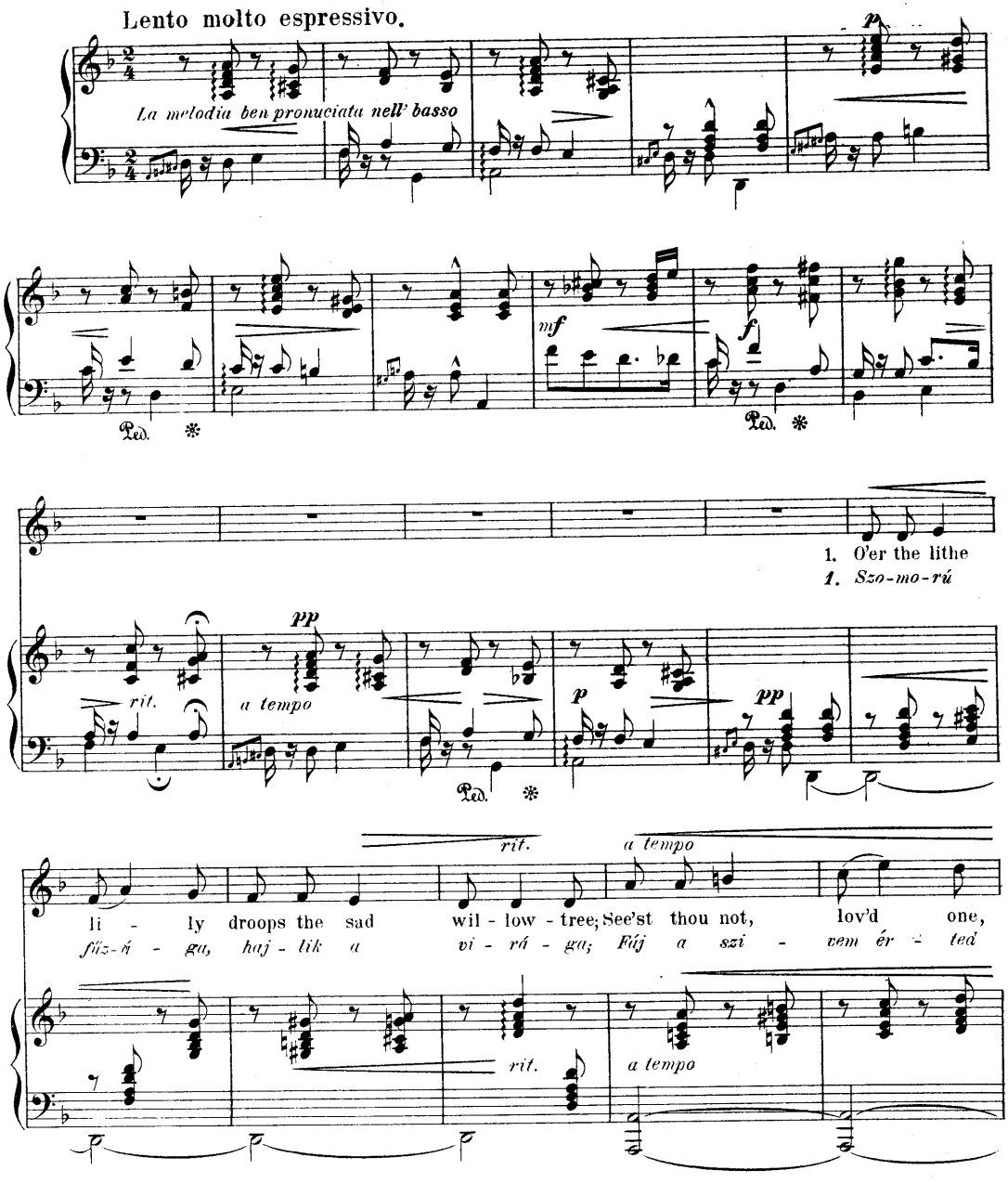

still slower.
All the joy of life 'twould wi - ther;
So my spi - rit, chill and si - lent,
End - - - less, as my love, my grief is,
Nem le - szek bol - dog sem e - zen,
Mint - - - ha a - zok esüg - - gedt tel - kem
És sze - rel - mem és sze - rel - mem,
slower still.
Ped.
light from heav'n 'twould ba - - - nish,
sad - - ly trails her tir'd wings!
and my love's un - - - end - - - ing!
sem a más vi - lá - - - gon.
szár - - nya - i vol - ná - - - nak.
oh! az vég - he - tet - - - len.
suivez
Ped.
a tempo
If this hope be but a dream and
In the wil - low's droop - - ing branch - es
Ah! I can - not pass my grief - land,
Ha ez az egy re - - mé - nyem is
Né - - zem le - esüg - gő á - gá - it
Nem száll - ha - tok mert búm oly nagy,
a tempo
Ped.


like a dream should va - nish,
no leaf stirs, no bird sings;
flight and thought trans - cend - ing,
csak mu - lan - dó á - lom,
szo. - - mo - rú fűz - fá - nak,
oly nagy mint sze - rel - mem,
Ped.
slower
ff
All the joy of life 'twould wi - ther; light from heav'n 'twould
So my spi-rit, chill and si - lent, sad - ly trails her
End - less, as my love, my grief is, and my love's un -
Nem le - szek bol - dog sem e - zen, sem a más vi -
Mint - ha a - zok csűg - gedt lel - kem szár - nya - i vol -
És sze - rel-mem és sze - rel - mem, oh! az vég - he -
slower
ba - - nish!
tir'd wings.
end - - ing!
lá - gon!
ná - nak!
tet - len!
p
pp

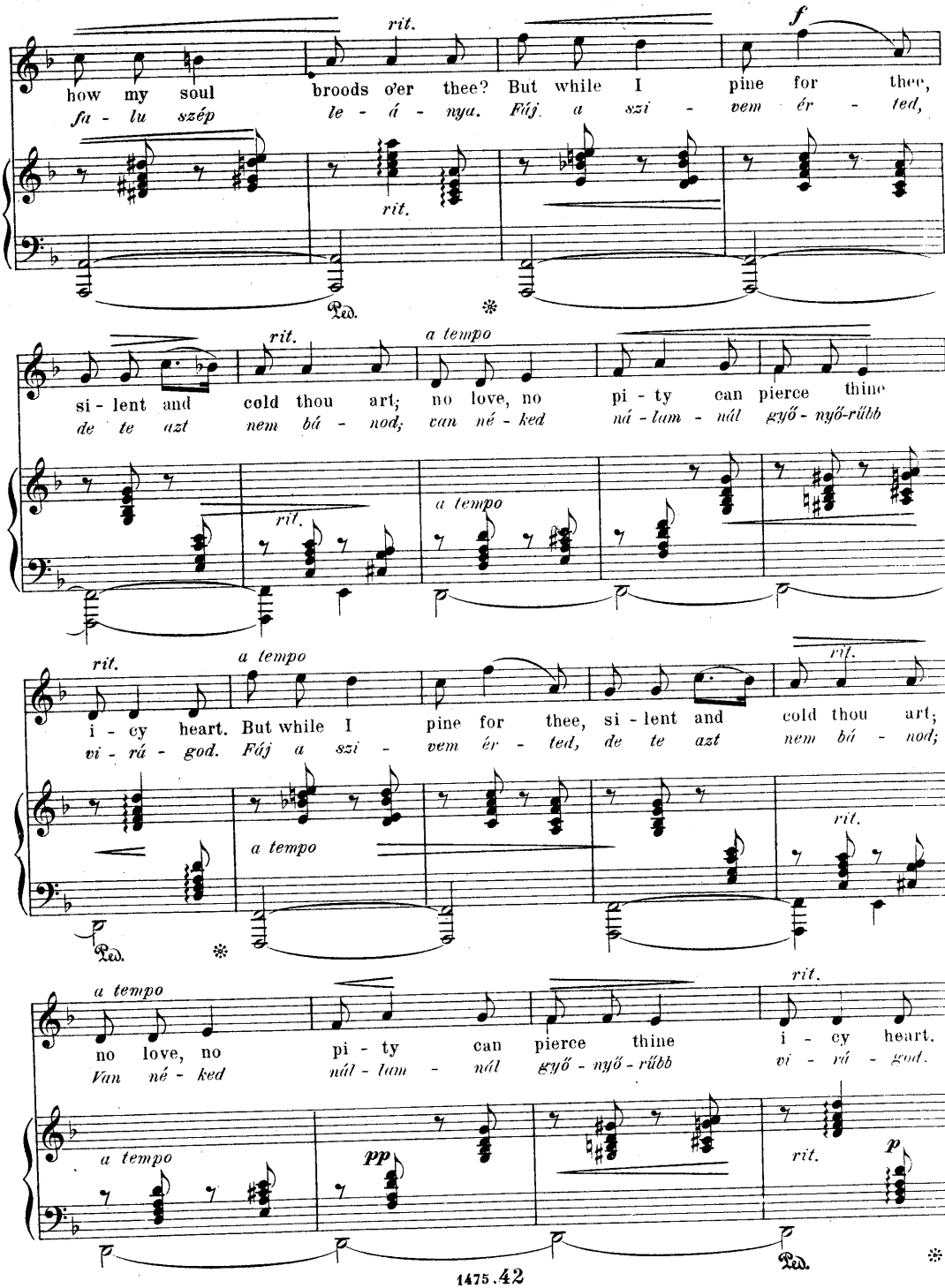
№ 42.

O'er the lithe lily.
Szomorú fűzága.

Melody by Kálmán de Simonffy. F. Korbay.



*) With the kind permission of C. H. Ditson & Co


how my soul broods o'er thee? But while I pine for thee,
fa - lu szép le - á - nya. Fáj a szi - vem ér - ted,
rit.
f
si - lent and cold thou art; no love, no pi - ty can pierce thine
de te azt nem bá - nod; van né - ked nál - lam - nál győ - nyő - rűbb
a tempo
i - cy heart. But while I pine for thee, si - lent and cold thou art;
vi - rá - god. Fáj a szi - vem ér - ted, de te azt nem bá - nod;
no love, no pi - ty can pierce thine i - cy heart.
Van né - ked nál - lam - nál győ - nyő - rűbb vi - rá - god.
pp
p
Ped.

№ 43.

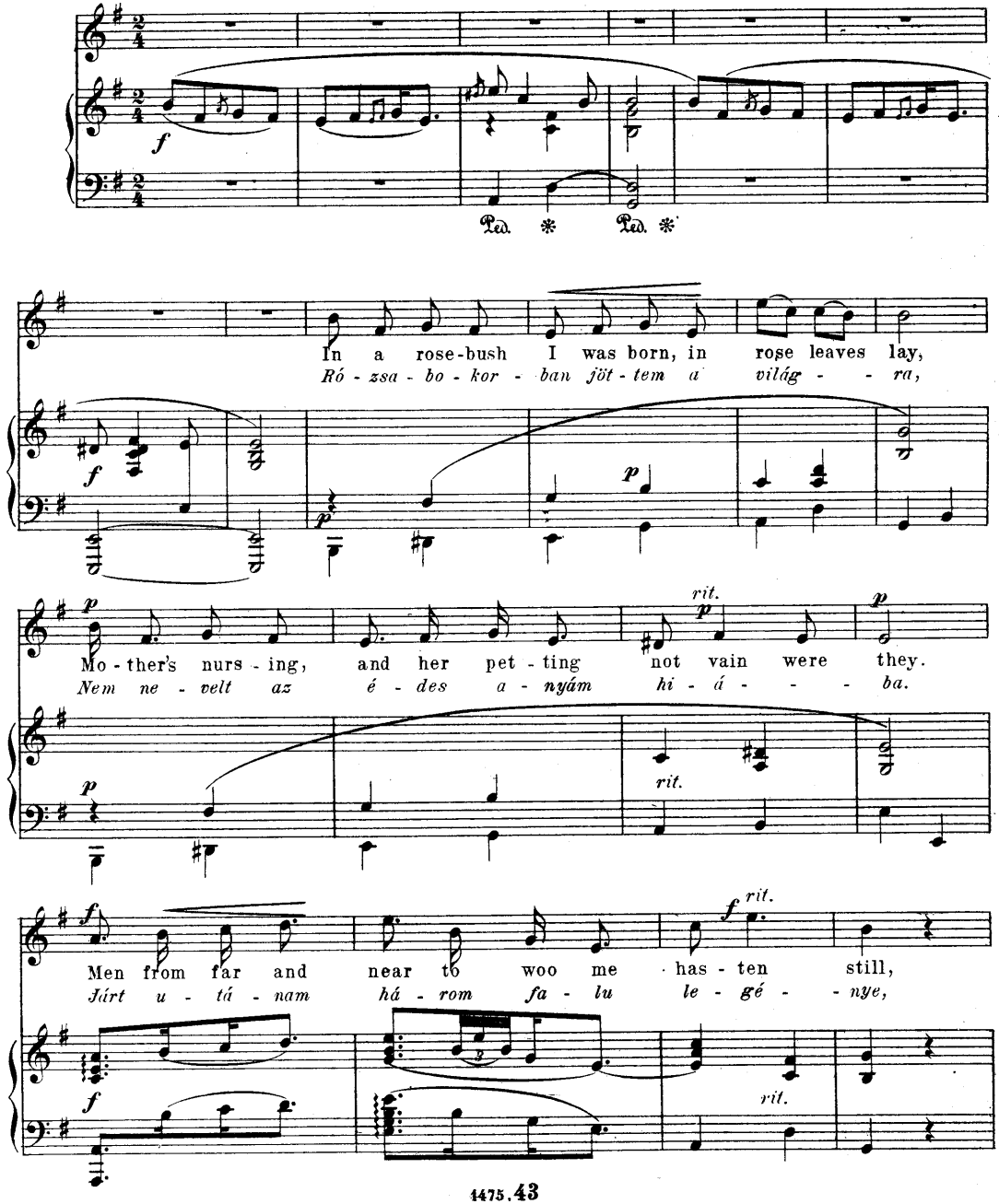
Folk Song.

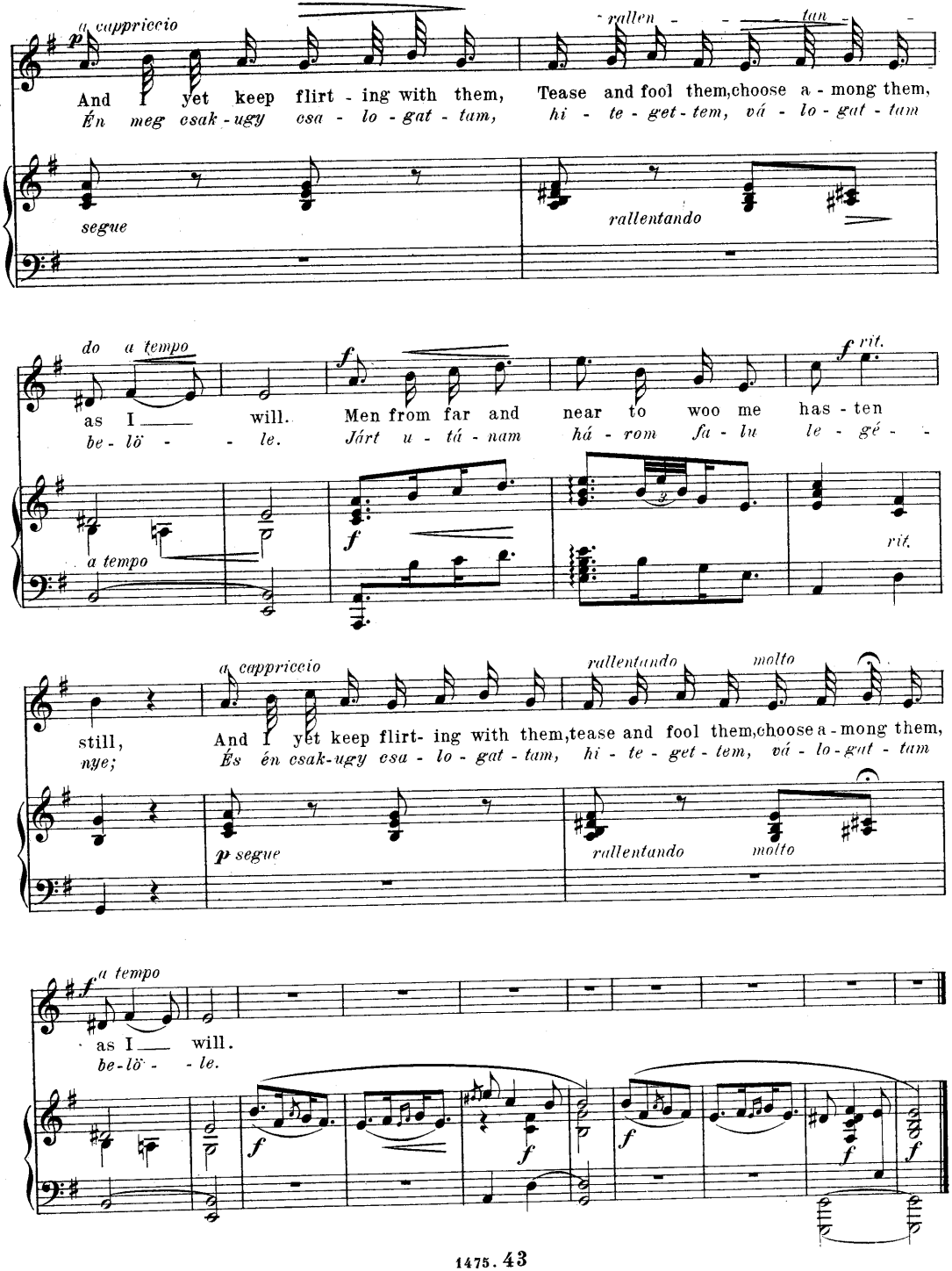
In a rosebush I was born.

Rózsabokorban jöttem...

Scherzoso.

F. Korbay.




a cappriccio
p
rallen - - - tan -
And I yet keep flirt - ing with them, Tease and fool them, choose a - mong them,
Én meg csak - ugy csa - lo - gat - tam, hi - te - get - tem, vá - lo - gat - tam
segue
rallentando
do a tempo
f
f rit.
as I will. Men from far and near to woo me has - ten
be - lö - - le. Járt u - tá - nam há - rom fa - lu le - gé - -
a tempo
f
rit.
a cappriccio
rallentando
molto
still, And I yet keep flirt- ing with them, tease and fool them, choose a - mong them,
nye; És én csak-ugy csa - lo - gat - tam, hi - te - get - tem, vá - lo - gat - tam
p segue
rallentando
molto
f a tempo
as I will.
be - lö - - le.
f
f
f
f
f

Ruined stands the ancient tavern...

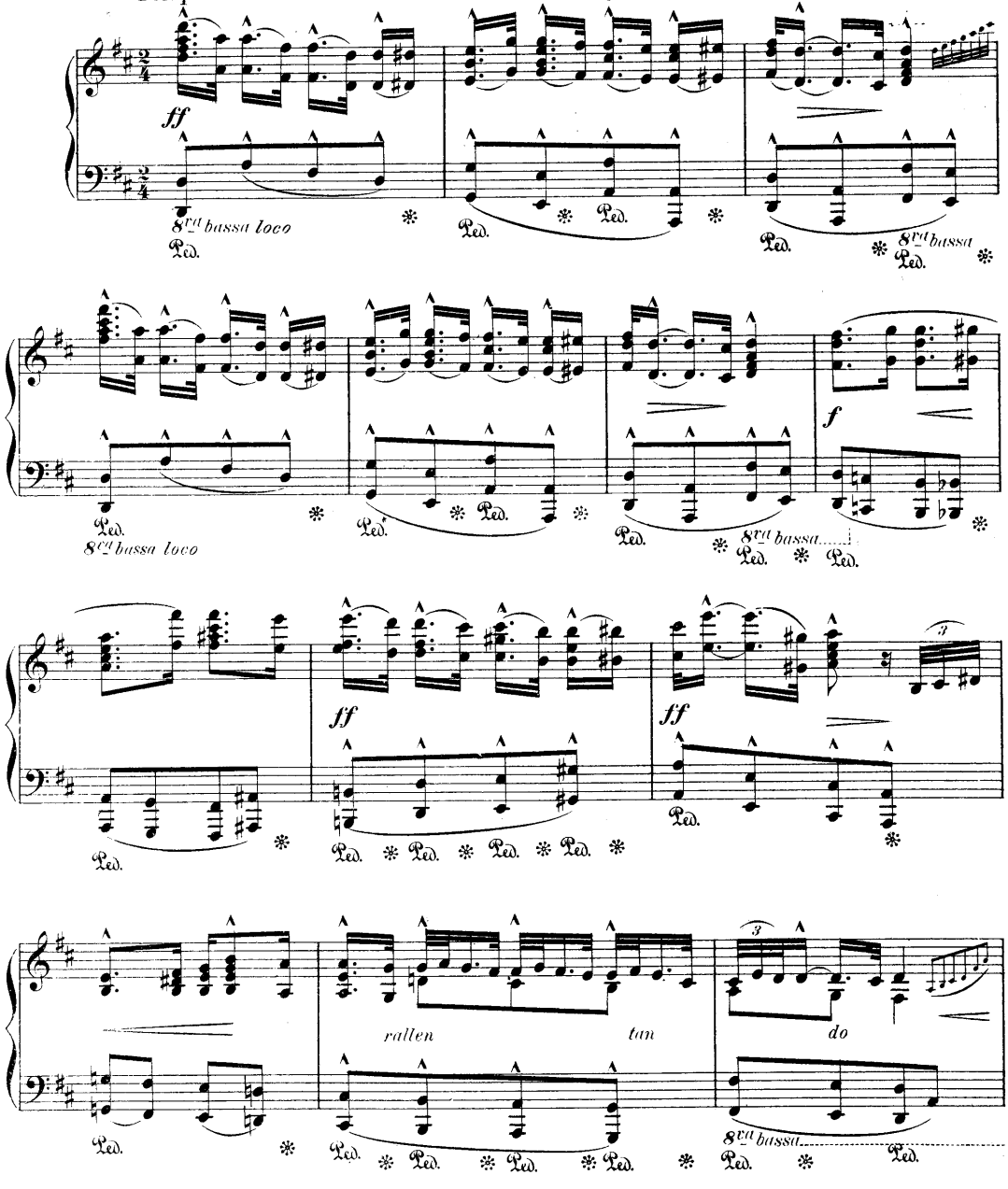
Nº 44.

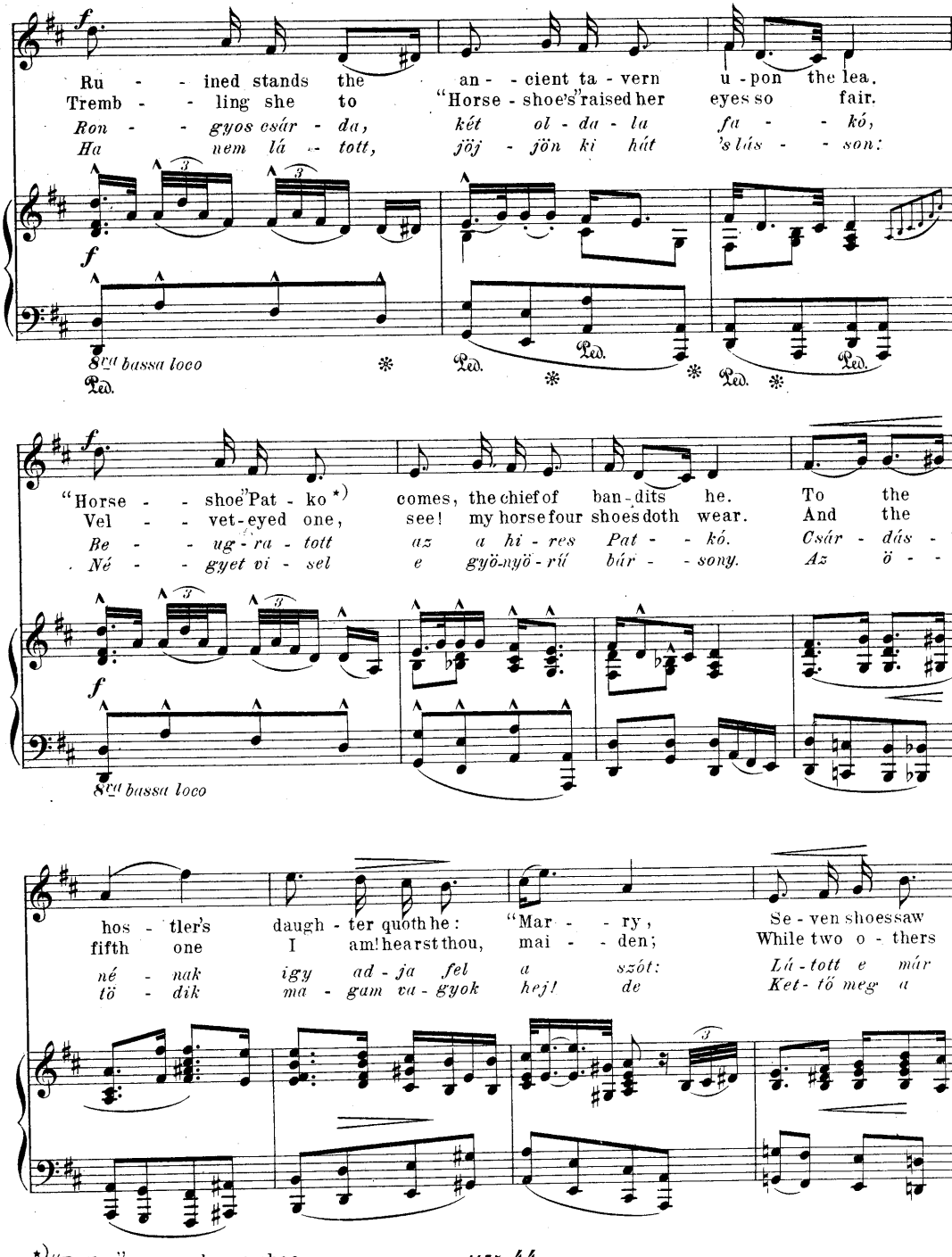
Rongyos csárda...

Folk Song.

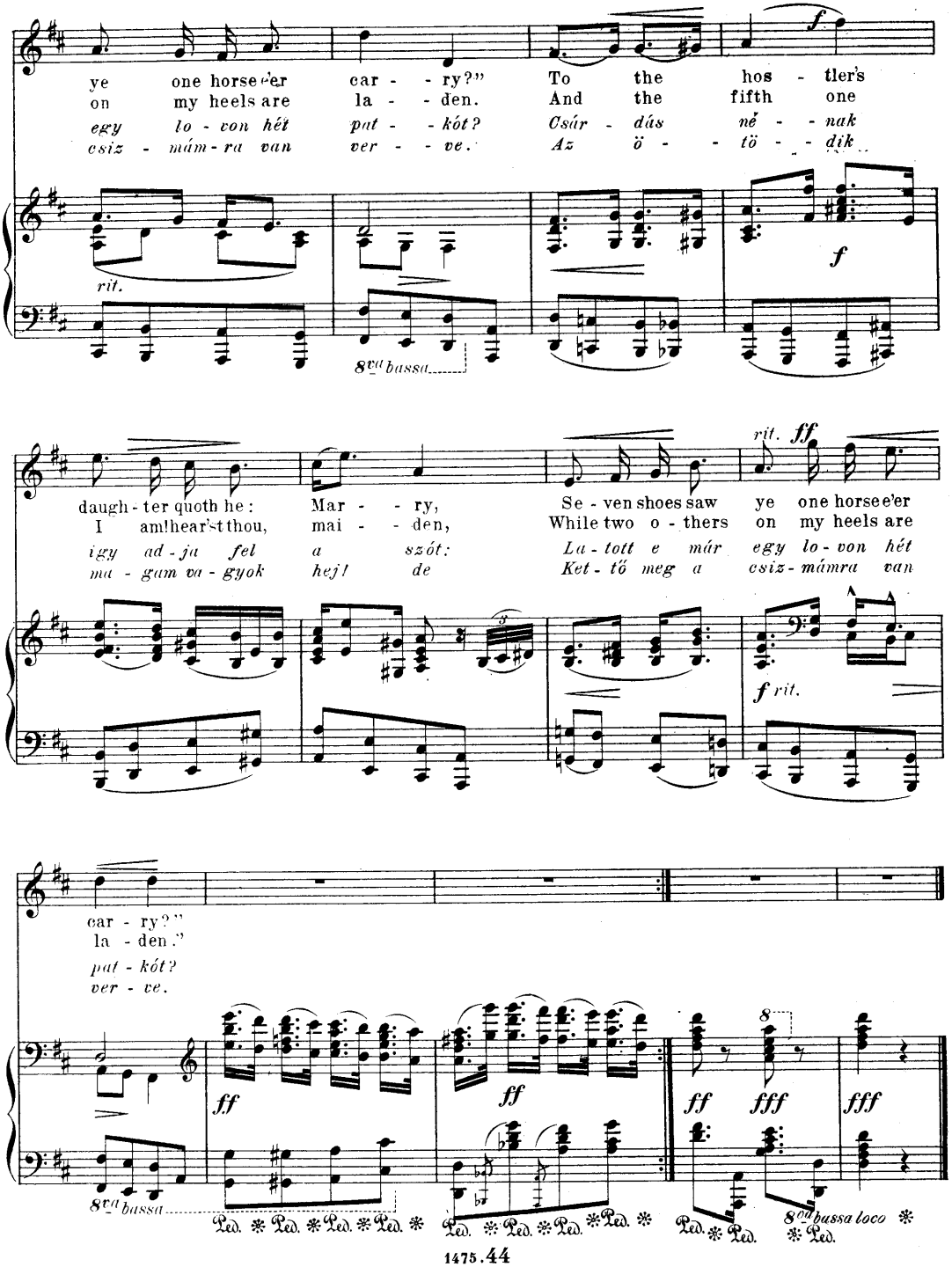
Tempo moderato ben accentuato ed energico.

F. Korbay.





*) "Patko" means: horse shoe.


ye one horse e'er car - - ry?" To the hos - tler's
on my heels are la - - den. And the fifth one
egy lo - von hét pat - - kót? Csúr - dás né - - nak
csiz - mám - ra van ver - - ve. Az ö - - tö - - dik
f
rit.
8va bassa
daugh - ter quoth he: Mar - - ry, Se - ven shoes saw ye one horse e'er
I am! hear'st thou, mai - - den, While two o - thers on my heels are
igy ad - ja fel a szót: La - tott e már egy lo - von hét
ma - gam va - gyok hej! de Ket - tő meg a csiz - mámra van
rit. ff
f rit.
car - ry?"
la - den."
pat - kót?
ver - ve.
ff
fff
8va bassa loco
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

№ 45.

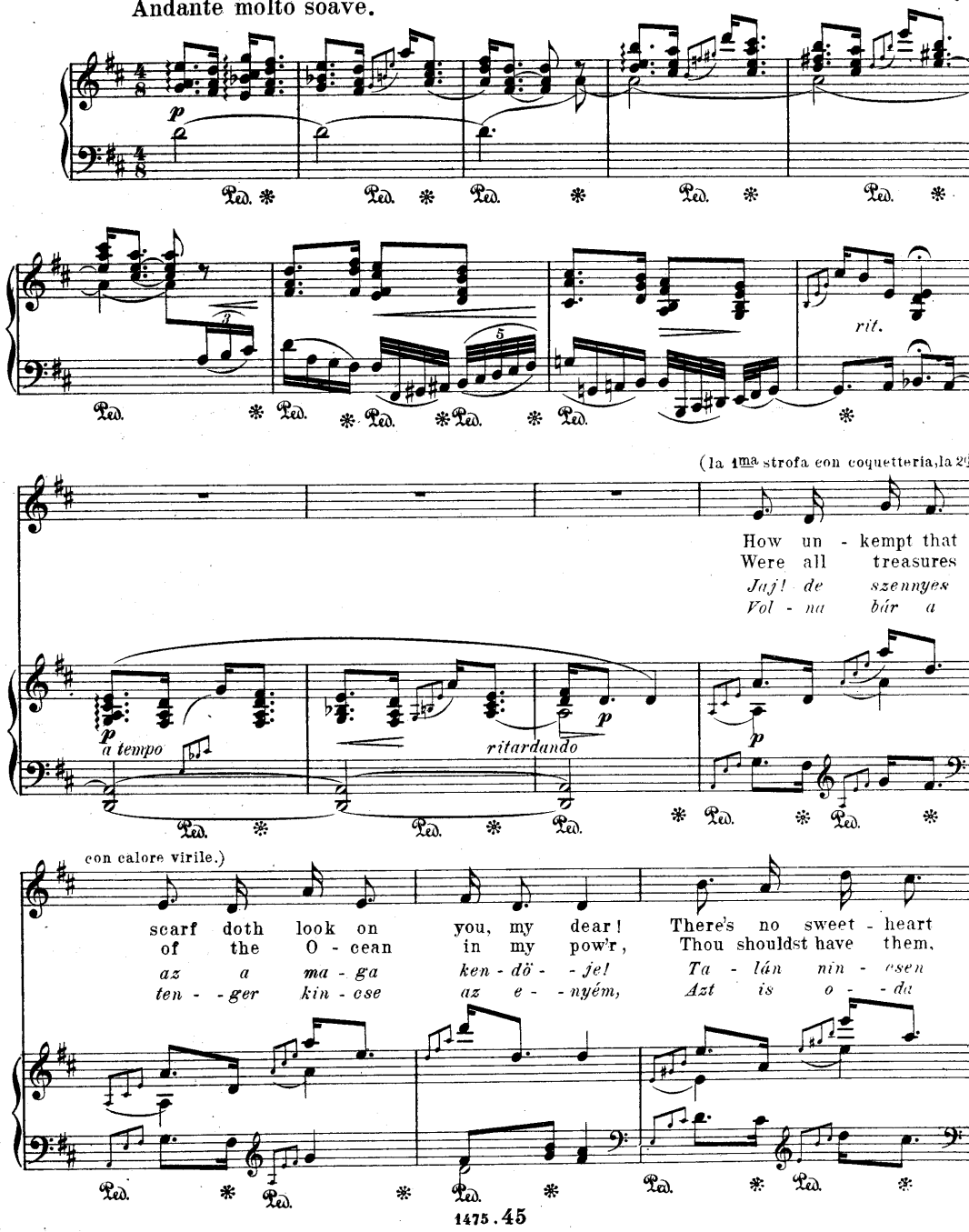
Folk Song.

How unkempt that scarf doth look on you, my dear!

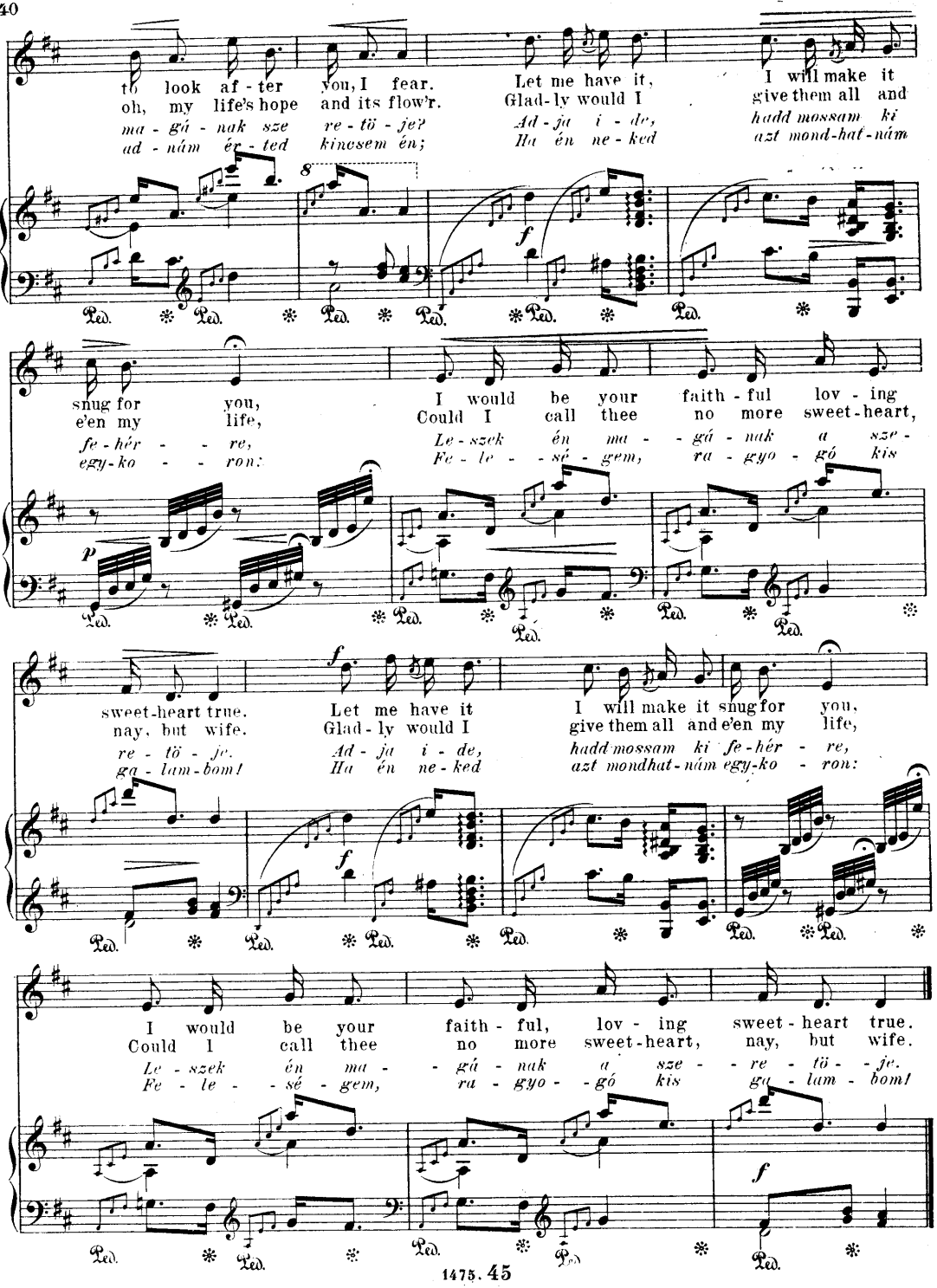
Jaj! de szennyes az a maga kendöje!

F. Korbay.

Andante molto soave.



to look af - ter you, I fear. Let me have it, I will make it
oh, my life's hope and its flow'r. Glad - ly would I give them all and
ma - gá - nak sze re - tö - je? Ad - ja i - de, hadd mossam ki
ad - nám ér - ted kincsem én; Ha én ne - ked azt mond - hat - nám



snug for you, I would be your faith - ful lov - ing
e'en my life, Could I call thee no more sweet - heart,
fe - hér - re, Le - szek én ma - gá - nak a sze -
egy - ko - ron: Fe - le - sé - gem, ra - gyo - gó kis

sweet - heart true. Let me have it I will make it snug for you,
nay, but wife. Glad - ly would I give them all and e'en my life,
re - tö - je. Ad - ja i - de, hadd mossam ki fe - hér - re,
ga - lam - bom! Ha én ne - ked azt mondhat - nám egy - ko - ron:

I would be your faith - ful, lov - ing sweet - heart true.
Could I call thee no more sweet - heart, nay, but wife.
Le - szek én ma - gá - nak a sze - re - tö - je.
Fe - le - sé - gem, ra - gyo - gó kis ga - lam - bom!

№ 46.

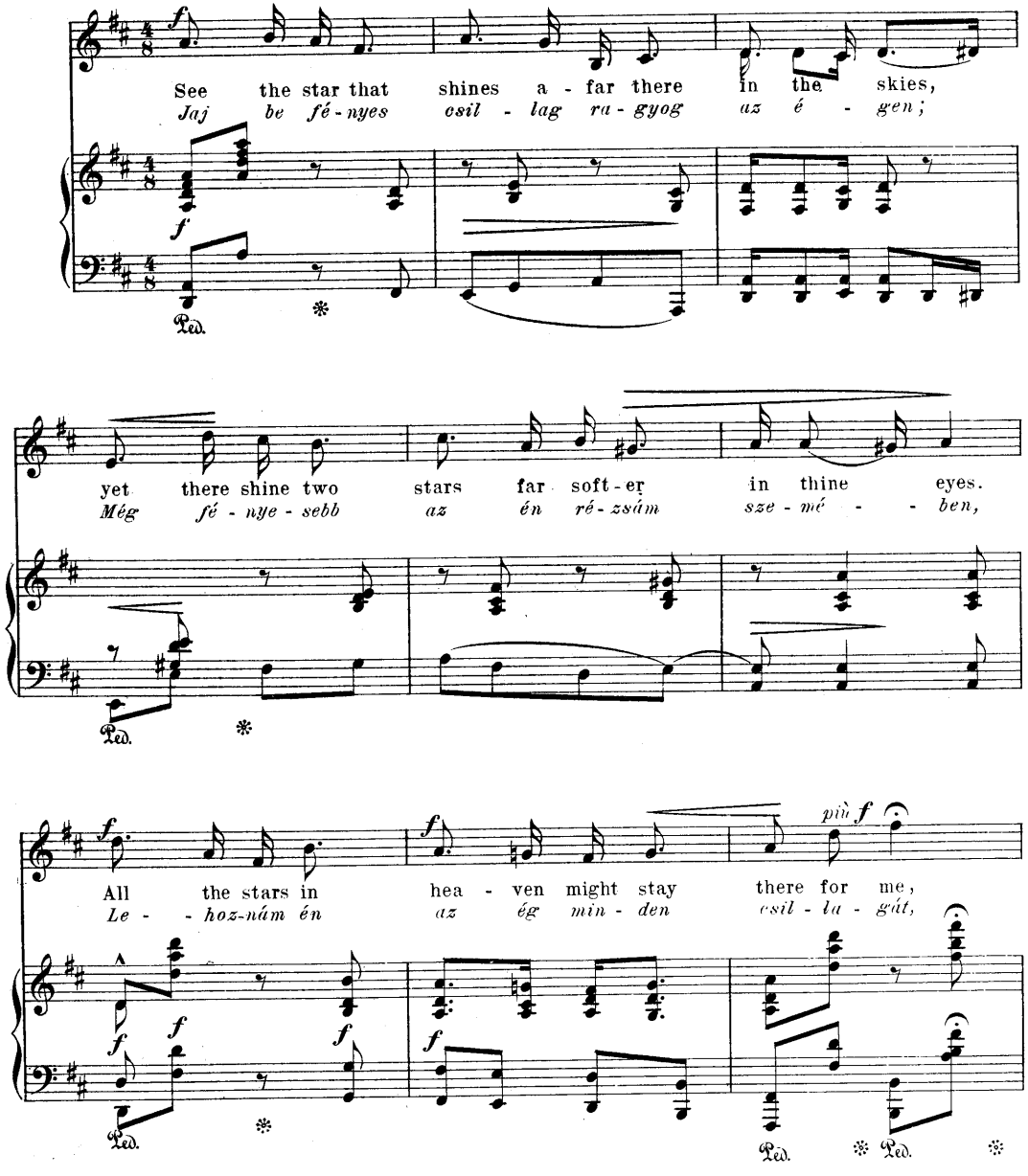
See the star that shines afar.

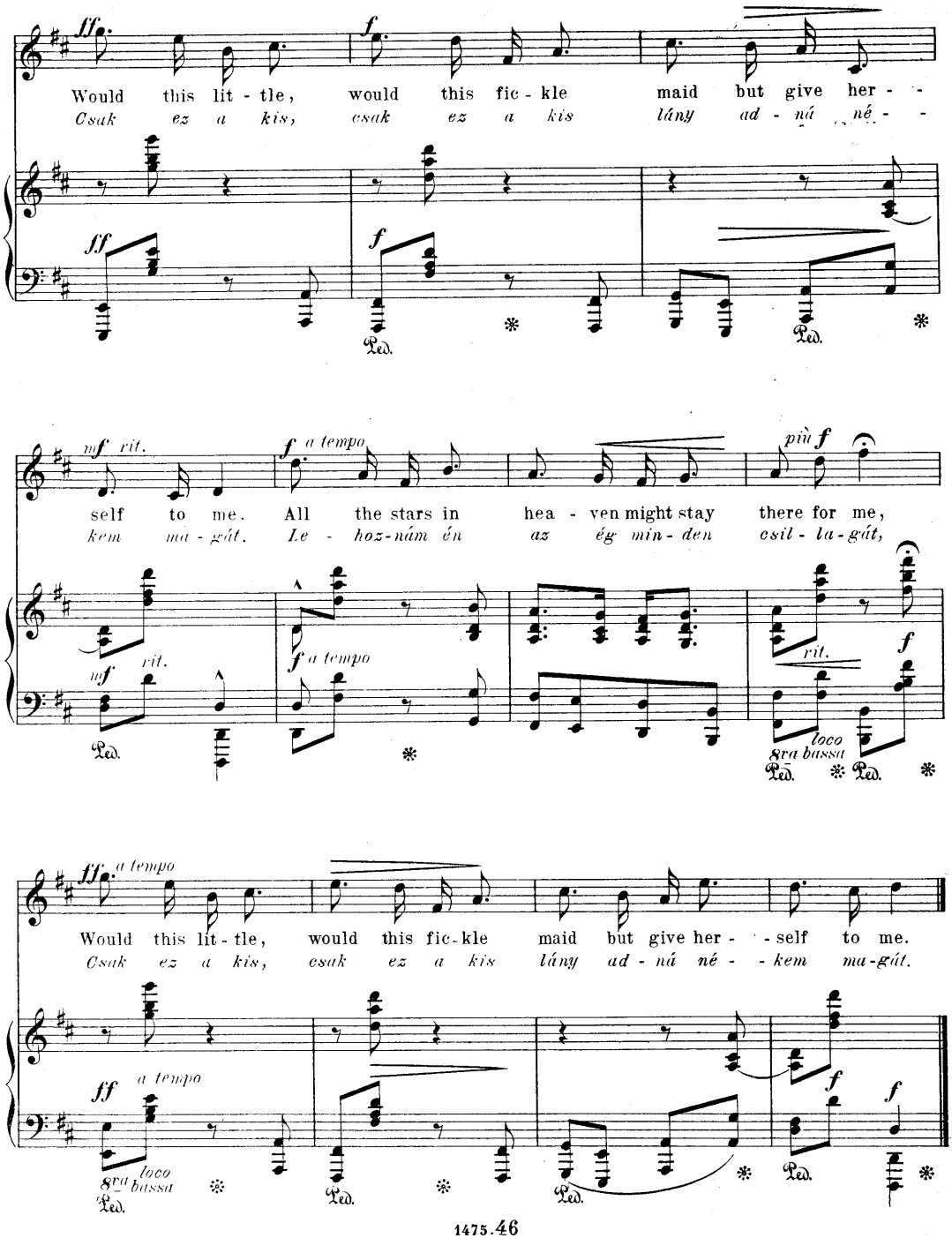
Jaj be fényes csillag ragyog az égen.

Melody by M. Füredy.

F. Korbay.

Andante risoluto.



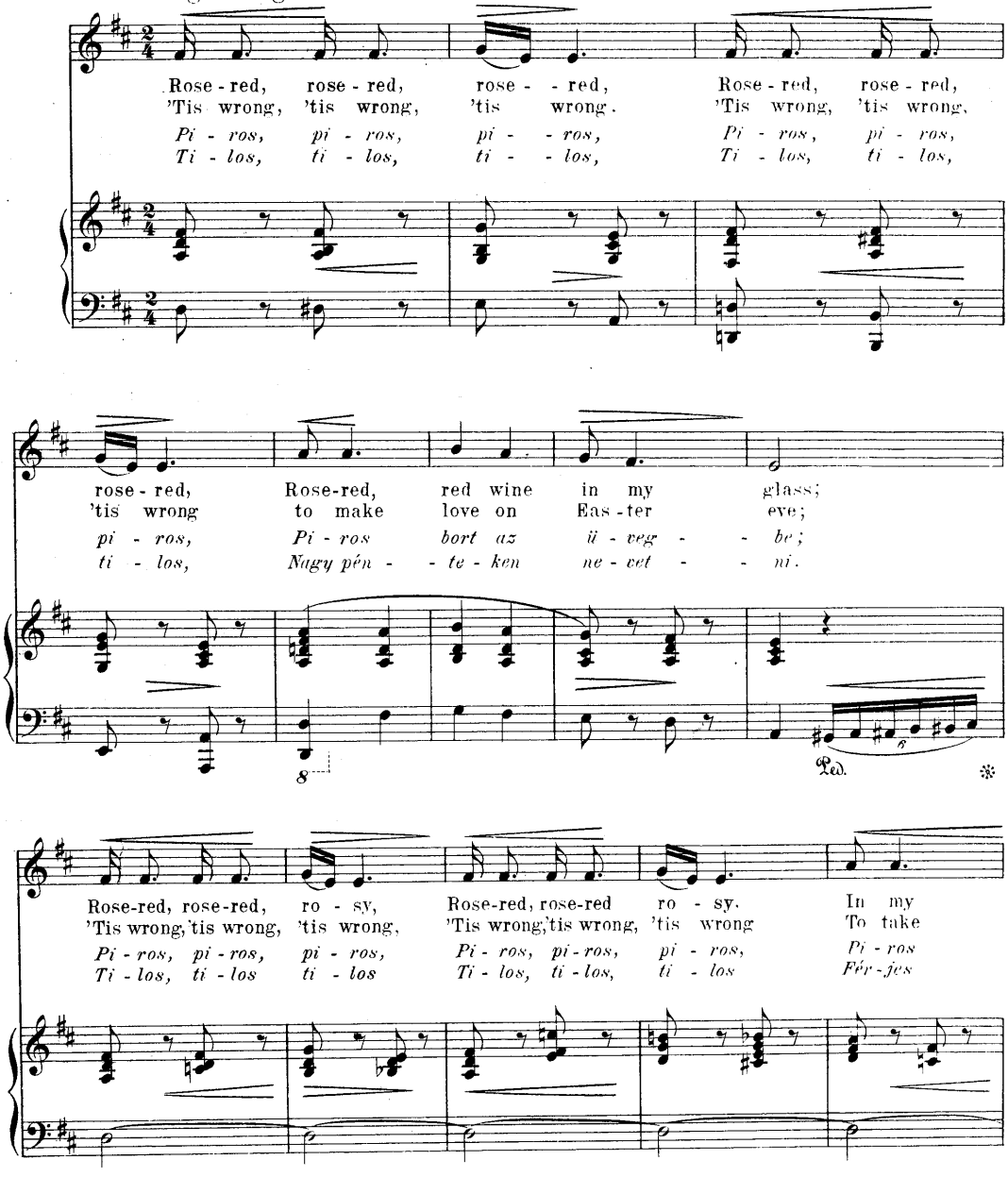

ff
Would this lit - tle,
Csak ez a kis,
f
would this fic - kle
csak ez a kis
maid but give her - -
lány ad - ná né - -
Ped.
mf rit.
self to me.
kem ma - gát.
f a tempo
All the stars in
Le - hoz-nám én
hea - ven might stay
az ég min - den
più f
there for me,
csil - la - gát,
rit.
loco
8va bassa
ff a tempo
Would this lit - tle,
Csak ez a kis,
would this fic - kle
csak ez a kis
maid but give her - - self to me.
lány ad - ná né - - kem ma - gát.

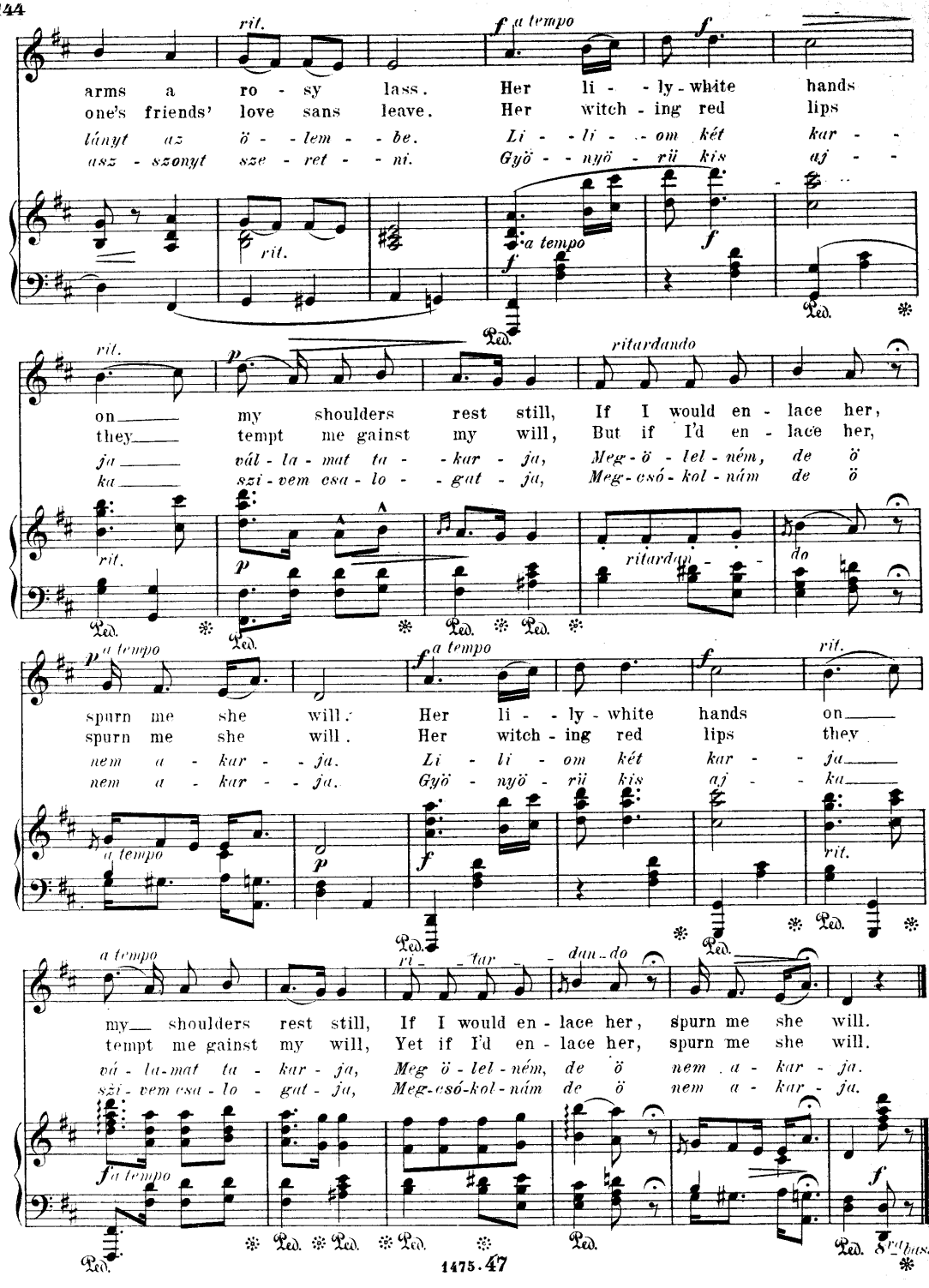
Rose-red, rose-red...
Piros, piros, piros.

№ 47.

Folk Song.

Allegretto grazioso. F. Korbay.




rit.
f a tempo
f
arms a ro - sy lass. Her li - - ly - white hands
one's friends' love sans leave. Her witch - ing red lips
lányt az ö - - lem - - be. Li - - li - - om két kar - -
asz - szonyt sze - ret - - ni. Gyö - - nyö - rü kis aj - -
a tempo
f
Ped.
rit.
p
ritardando
on my shoulders rest still, If I would en - lace her,
they tempt me gainst my will, But if I'd en - lace her,
ja vál - la - mat ta - - kar - ja, Meg - ö - lel - ném, de ö
ka szi - vem csa - lo - - gat - ja, Meg - csó - kol - nám de ö
rit.
p
ritardan - - do
a tempo
spurn me she will. Her li - - ly - white hands on
spurn me she will. Her witch - ing red lips they
nem a - kar - - ja. Li - li - om két kar - - ja
nem a - kar - - ja. Gyö - nyö - rü kis aj - - ka
a tempo
p
f
rit.
a tempo
ri - tar - dan - do
my shoulders rest still, If I would en - lace her, spurn me she will.
tempt me gainst my will, Yet if I'd en - lace her, spurn me she will.
vá - la - mat ta - kar - ja, Meg ö - lel - ném, de ö nem a - kar - ja.
szi - vem csa - lo - gat - ja, Meg - csó - kol - nám de ö nem a - kar - ja.
f a tempo
f
8va bass.

My brown boy is hiding away.

Barna legény elbujdosott.

№ 48.

Folk Song.

F. Korbay.

Tempo giusto.

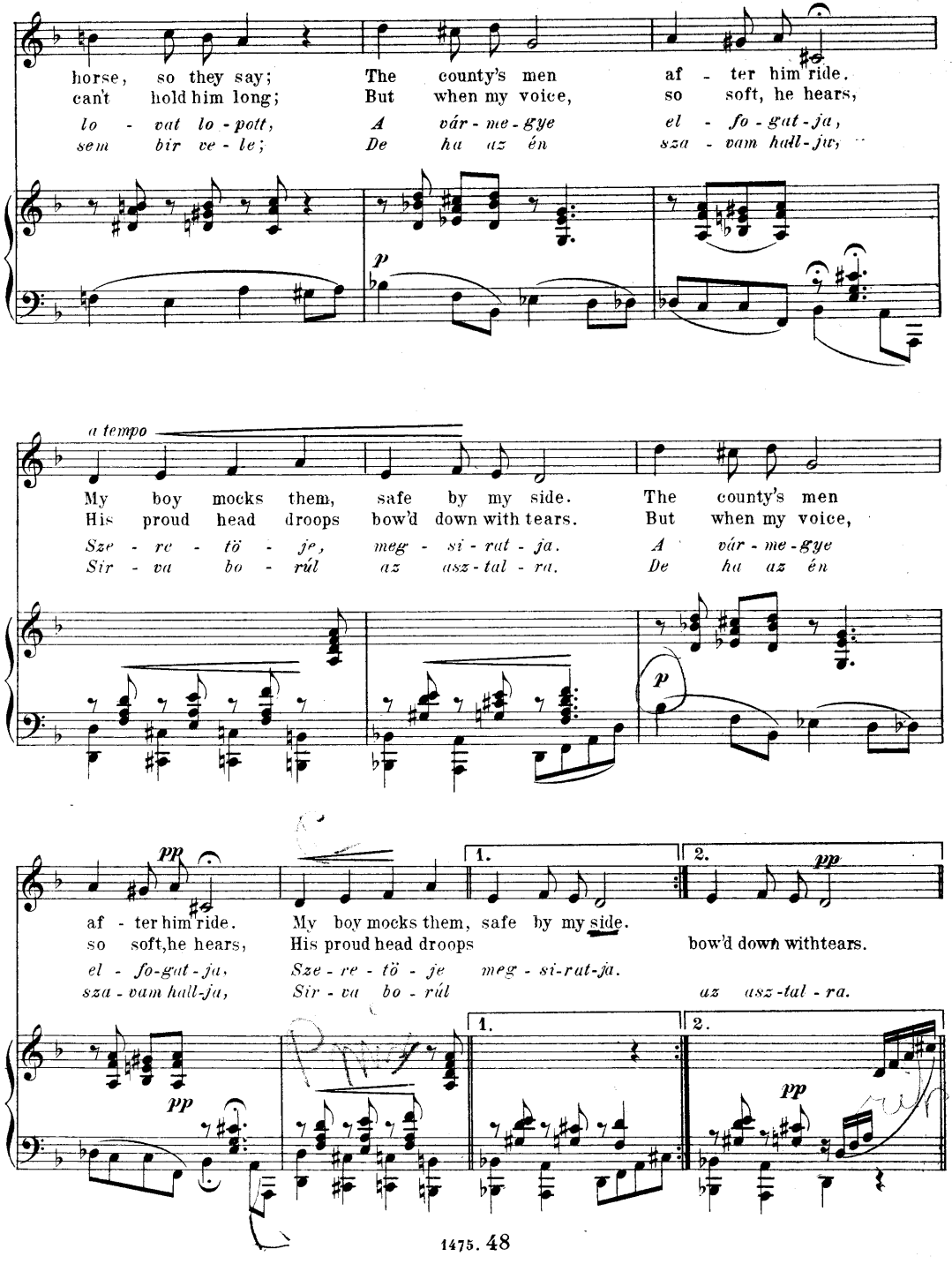
pesante

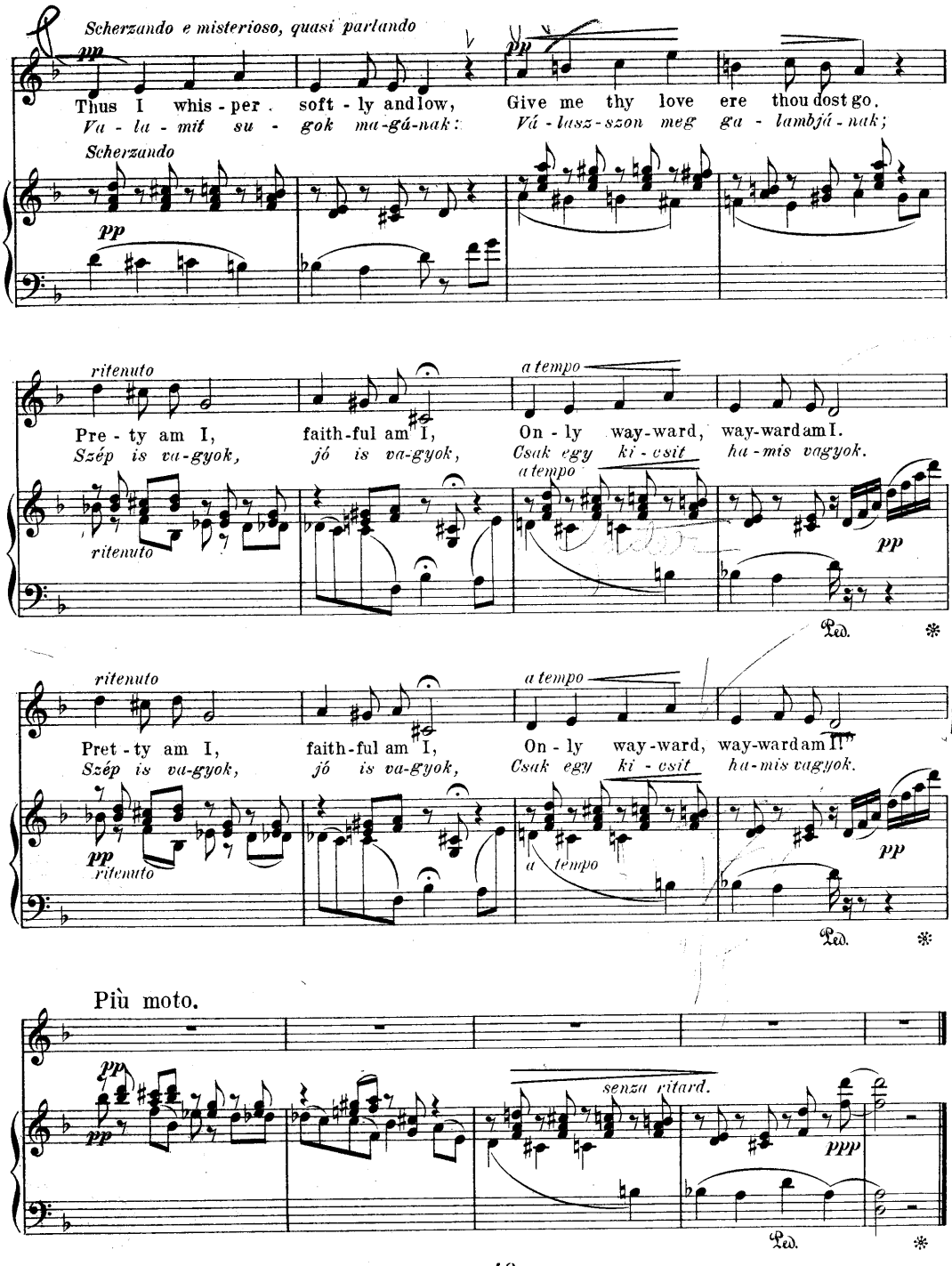
a tempo

ritardando

Andante.

My brown boy is hi - ding a - way, For he stole a
My brown boy is migh - ty and strong, Nine arm'd she - riffs
Bur - na le - gény el - buj - do - sott, Azt mond - ják hogy
Nagy az én ró - zsám e - re - je, Ki - lenez pan - dur


horse, so they say; The county's men af - ter him ride.
can't hold him long; But when my voice, so soft, he hears,
lo - vat lo - pott, A vár - me - gye el - fo - gat - ja,
sem bir ve - le; De ha az én sza - vam hall - ja,
p
a tempo
My boy mocks them, safe by my side. The county's men
His proud head droops bow'd down with tears. But when my voice,
Sze - re - tö - je, meg - si - rat - ja. A vár - me - gye
Sir - va bo - rúl az asz - tal - ra. De ha az én
p
pp
af - ter him ride. My boy mocks them, safe by my side.
so soft, he hears, His proud head droops bow'd down with tears.
el - fo - gat - ja, Sze - re - tö - je meg - si - rat - ja.
sza - vam hall - ja, Sir - va bo - rúl az asz - tal - ra.
1.
2.
pp
pp
pp


Scherzando e misterioso, quasi parlando
pp
Thus I whis - per . soft - ly and low,
Va - la - mit su - gok ma-gú-nak:
Give me thy love ere thou dost go.
Vá - lasz-szon meg ga - lambjú - nak;
Scherzando
pp
ritenuto
Pre - ty am I,
Szép is va-gyok,
faith-ful am I,
jó is va-gyok,
a tempo
On - ly way-ward, way-ward am I.
Csak egy ki - csit ha-mis vagyok.
a tempo
pp
Ped.
ritenuto
Pret - ty am I,
Szép is va-gyok,
faith-ful am I,
jó is va-gyok,
a tempo
On - ly way-ward, way-ward am I.
Csak egy ki - csit ha-mis vagyok.
pp
ritenuto
a tempo
pp
Ped.
Più moto.
pp
pp
senza ritard.
ppp
Ped.

List to me, rosebud!

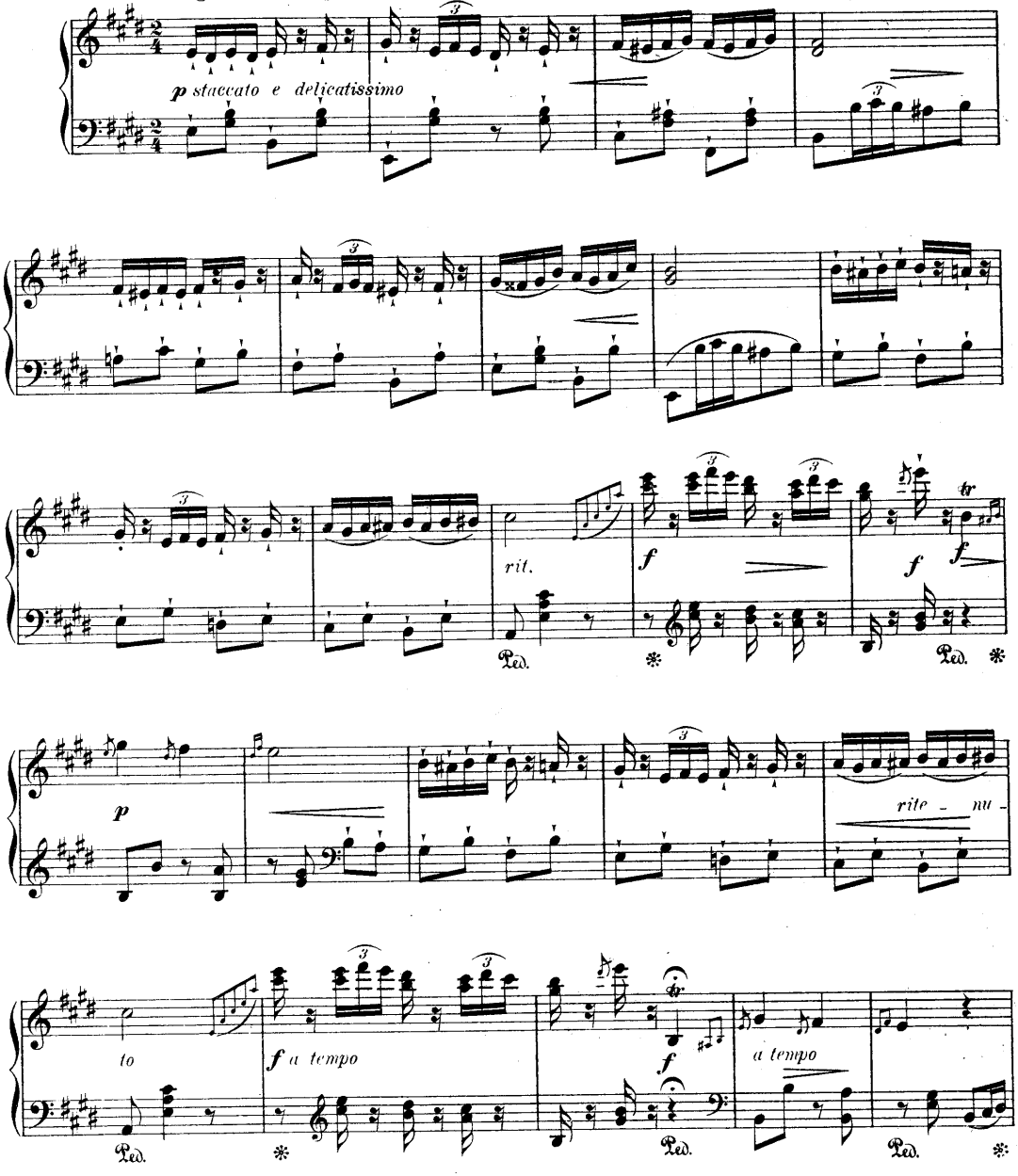
Hallod e rózsám?

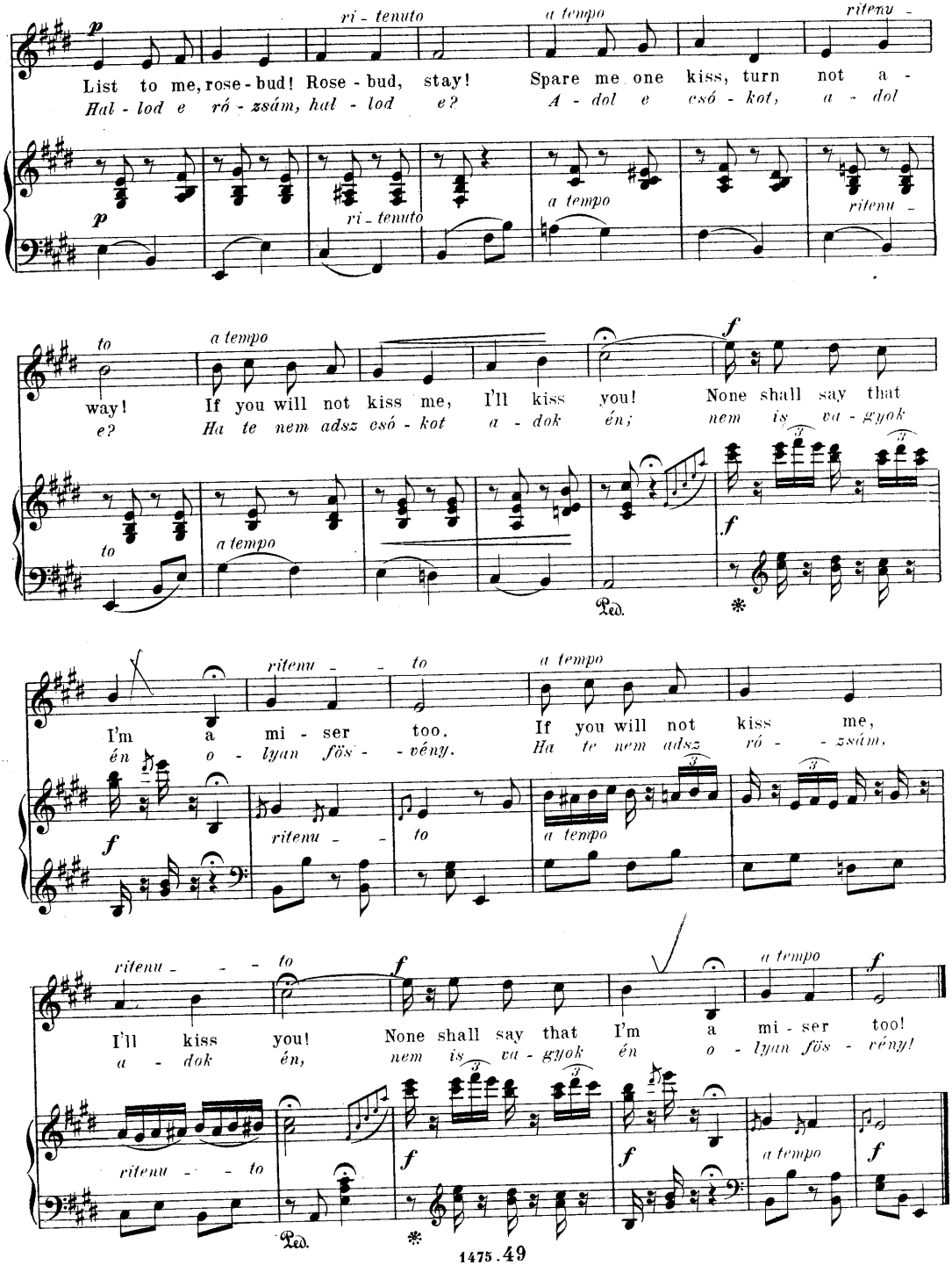
№ 49.

Old Folk Song.

F. Korbay.

Allegretto e cappriccioso.




List to me, rose-bud! Rose-bud, stay! Spare me one kiss, turn not a-
Hal-lod e ró-zsám, hal-lod e? A-dol e csó-kot, a-dol
ri-tenuto
a tempo
ritenu-
way!
e?
If you will not kiss me, I'll kiss you! None shall say that
Ha te nem adsz csó-kot a-dok én; nem is va-gyok
I'm a mi-ser too.
én o-lyan fös-vény.
If you will not kiss me,
Ha te nem adsz ró-zsám,
I'll kiss you! None shall say that I'm a mi-ser too!
a-dok én, nem is va-gyok én o-lyan fös-vény!
Ped.

№ 50.

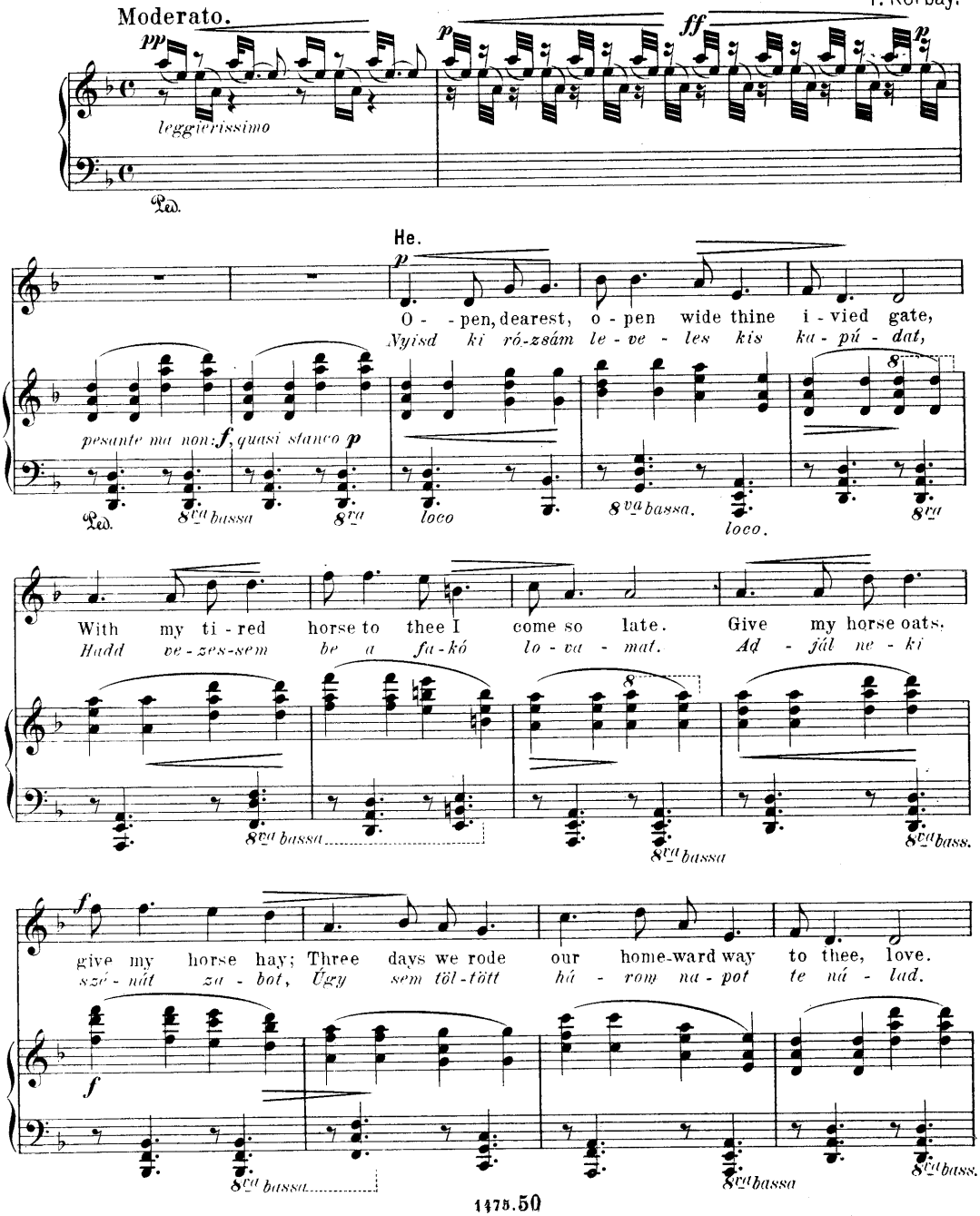
Theme an Old Folk Song

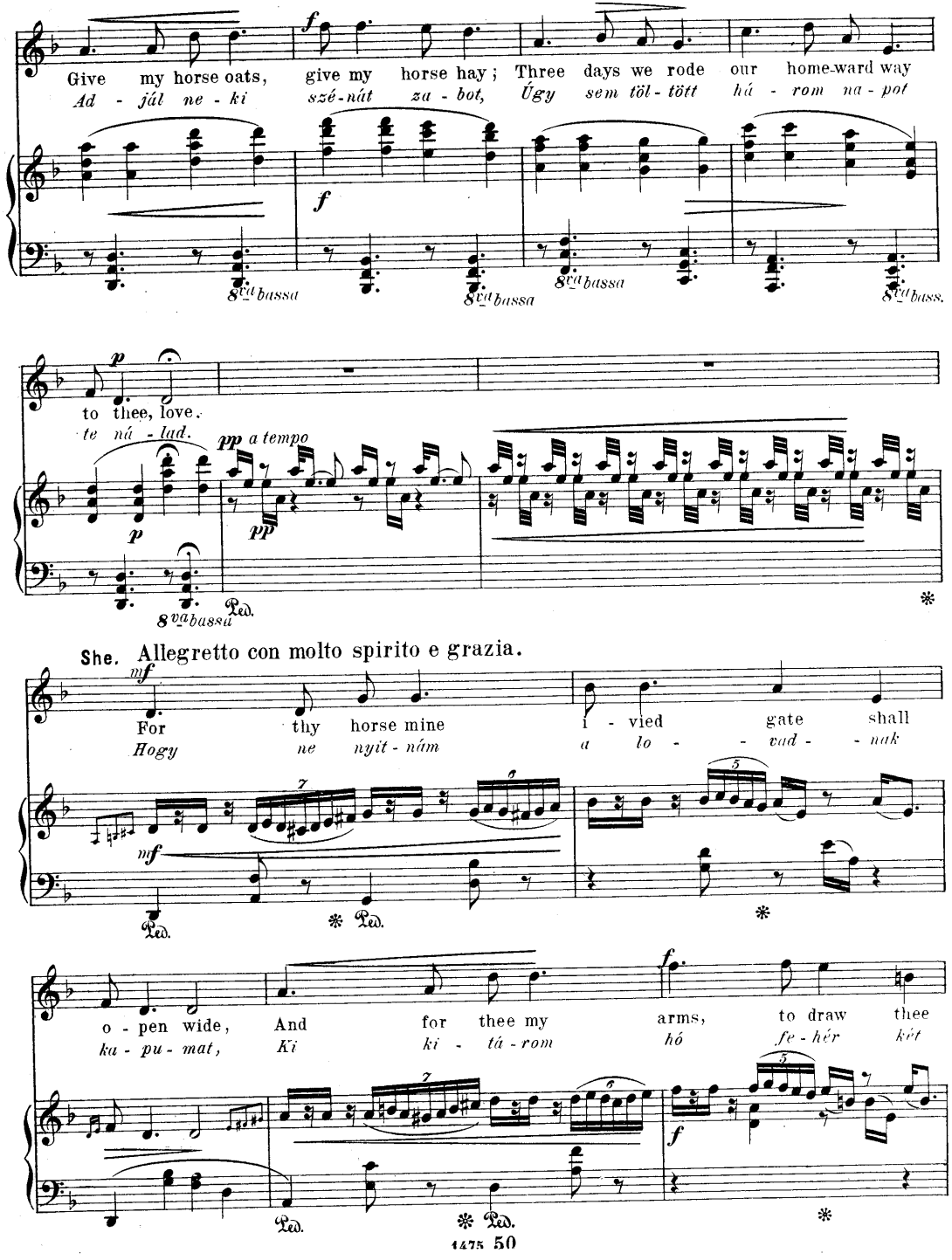
Open, dearest.

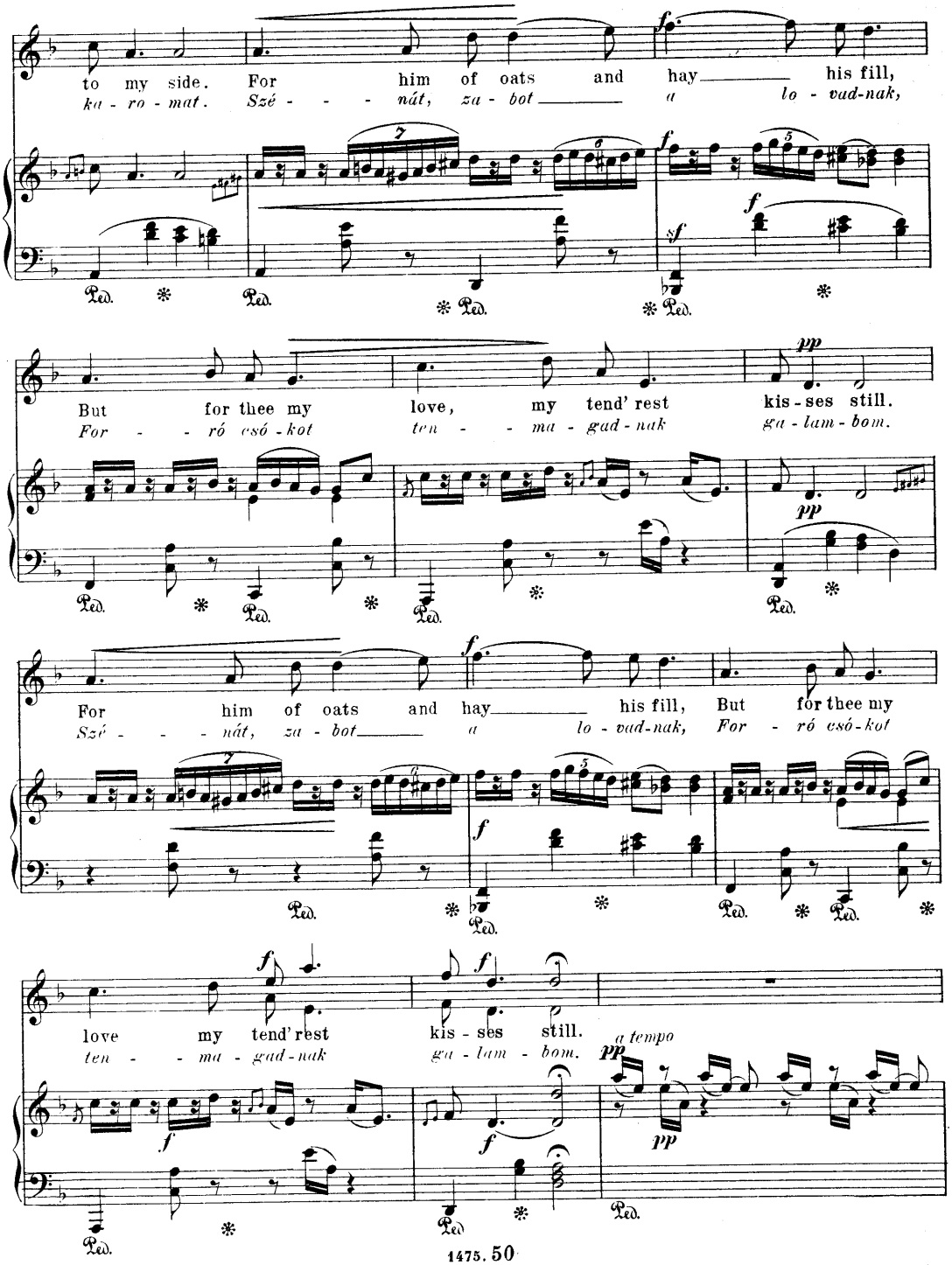
Nyisd ki rozsám...

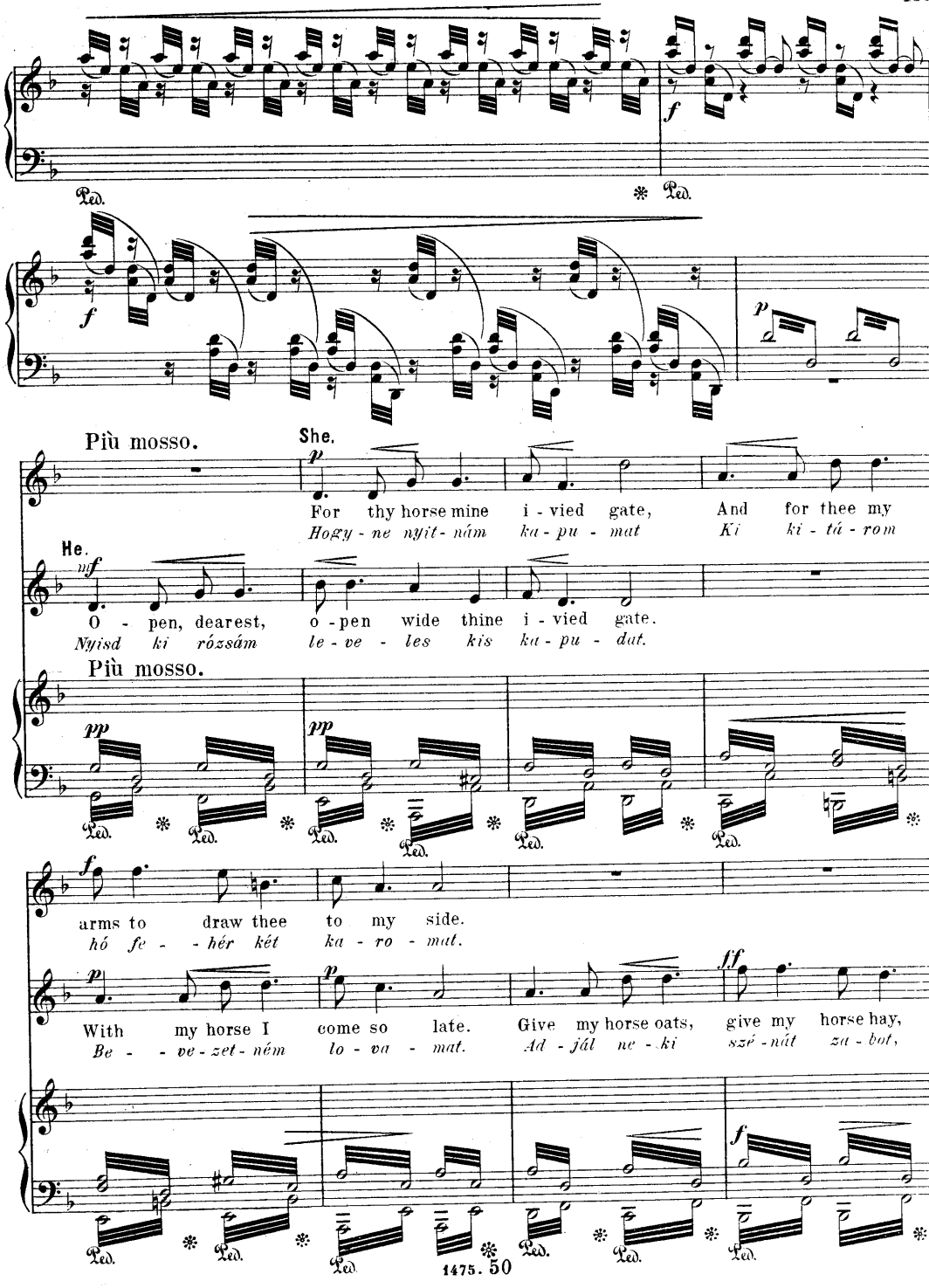
Duet.

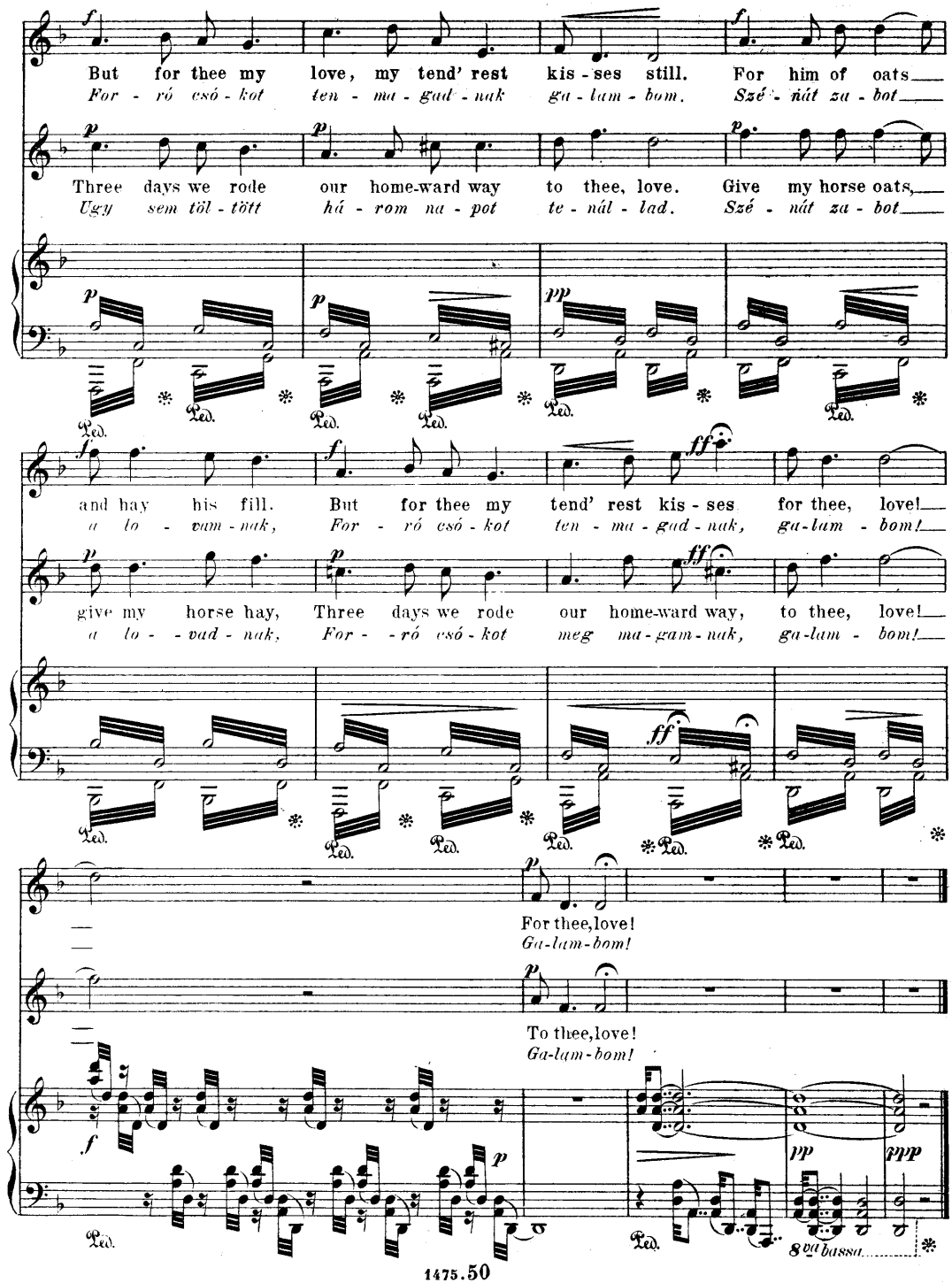
F. Korbay.




Give my horse oats, give my horse hay; Three days we rode our home-ward way
Ad - jál ne - ki szé-nát za - bot, Úgy sem töl - tött há - rom na - pot
8va bassa
to thee, love.
te ná - lad.
pp a tempo
She. Allegretto con molto spirito e grazia.
For thy horse mine I - vied gate shall
Hogy ne nyit - nám a lo - - vad - - nak
o - pen wide, And for thee my arms, to draw thee
ka - pu - mat, Ki ki - tá - rom hó fe - hér két
Ped.


to my side. For him of oats and hay his fill,
ka - ro - mat. Szé - - - nát, za - bot a lo - vad-nak,
But for thee my love, my tend' rest kis-ses still.
For - - ró csó - kot ten - - ma - gad - nak ga - lam - bom.
For him of oats and hay his fill, But for thee my
Szé - - - nát, za - bot a lo - vad-nak, For - ró csó - kot
love my tend' rest kis - ses still.
ten - - ma - gad - nak ga - lam - bom.
a tempo


Più mosso.
She.
For thy horse mine i - vied gate, And for thee my
Hogy - ne nyit - nám ka - pu - mat Ki ki - tá - rom
He.
O - pen, dearest, o - pen wide thine i - vied gate.
Nyisd ki rózsám le - ve - les kis ka - pu - dat.
Più mosso.
arms to draw thee to my side.
hó fe - - hér két ka - ro - mat.
With my horse I come so late. Give my horse oats, give my horse hay,
Be - - ve - zet - ném lo - va - mat. Ad - ját ne - ki szé - nát za - bot,


But for thee my love, my tend' rest kis - ses still. For him of oats
For - ró csó - kot ten - ma - gad - nak ga - lam - bom. Szé - nát za - bot
Three days we rode our home-ward way to thee, love. Give my horse oats,
Ugy sem töl - tött há - rom na - pot te - nál - lad. Szé - nát za - bot
and hay his fill. But for thee my tend' rest kis - ses for thee, love!
a lo - vam - nak, For - ró csó - kot ten - ma - gad - nak, ga - lam - bom!
give my horse hay, Three days we rode our home-ward way, to thee, love!
a lo - - vad - nak, For - - ró csó - kot meg ma - gam - nak, ga - lam - bom!
For thee, love!
Ga - lam - bom!
To thee, love!
Ga - lam - bom!
8va bassa

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