

Nine Romanian Folk Songs (BB 65, 1912?)

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| 4. Green silken tassels,
<i>Unto the Lord God,</i>
Green silken tassels. | |
| 5. : Turn me, Lord, turn me, :
 : Turn me into a vine-stock, : | : By the gentlemen in the chancellery, :
 : To see what the gentlemen write on. : |
| 6. While I still lived with my mother,
Neither I wove, nor set the cloth,
Only through a leaf made song. | Once I left home
I both wove and set the cloth,
And left the leaf to the devil. |
| 7. Green leaf, fragile leaf,
How far off you are, dear sweetheart;
We are separated by two hills,
Two hills and a forest. | If only the forest would wither,
If only the hills would crumble to dust,
So one could see from village to village,
And I too could see what I've left behind. |
| 8. : So many worries grow on me, :
As flowers in summer in the hay. | : So many worries weigh on me, :
As flowers in summer at the wayside. |
| 9. He who has no luck, has none,
 : From his birth until his death. : | Just as I myself had none
 : Ever since my mother made me. :
<i>(Translated by E. C. Teodorescu)</i> |

Five Hungarian Folk Songs (BB 97, 1928)

- 1–2. see *Hungarian Folk Songs* [Volume I], no. 1
4. Kis-Margitta is not far from here,
The river Hortobágy flows around it.
There is a shabby inn in its center,
A highwayman drinks there in his sorrow.
“Good evening, good evening, beautiful barmaid,
Whose is this beautiful chestnut horse?

Send out the master of the chestnut horse,
I will ask him if he surrenders.”
|: “Neither will I go out, nor will I surrender,
If someone wants to, he can take away my horse.” :|

Twenty Hungarian Folk Songs (BB 98, 1929)

3. see *Hungarian Folk Songs, Volume II*, no. 2

Hungarian Folk Songs, Volume II (BB 43, 1906–1907), no. 10 see on p. 2

Concepts and Criteria of “Éditions authentiques” in Music

Short concert

Recently published folk song arrangements
for voice and piano
from Vol. 10 of the Bartók Complete Edition

JUDIT RAJK (alto)

FERENC JÁNOS SZABÓ (piano)

Program:

- Székely Folk Song* (BB 34, 1904)
Hungarian Folk Songs [Volume I] (BB 42, 1906), nos. 1 and 2
Two Hungarian Folk Songs (BB 44, 1907), no. 1
Hungarian Folk Songs, Volume II (BB 43, 1906–1907), no. 2
Four Slovak Folk Songs (BB 46, 1907?), no. 4
Slovak Folk Song (BB 73, 1916)
Eight Hungarian Folk Songs (BB 47, 1907–1917), early version, nos. 4 and 5
Nine Romanian Folk Songs (BB 65, 1912?), nos. 4–9
Five Hungarian Folk Songs (BB 97, 1928), nos. 1, 2, and 4
Twenty Hungarian Folk Songs (BB 98, 1929), no. 3
Hungarian Folk Songs, Volume II (BB 43, 1906–1907), no. 10

15 November 2025

Bartók Hall, ELTE RCH Institute for Musicology

Székely Folk Song (BB 34, 1904)

A red apple fell in the mud, Whoever picks it up won't regret it, Whoever picks it up won't regret it.	I pick it up and wash it from the mud, I part from my old sweetheart, I part from my old sweetheart. <i>(Translated by Vera Lampert)</i>
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Hungarian Folk Songs [Volume I] (BB 42, 1906)

1. I set off from my beautiful country,
The famous little Hungary.
I looked back when I reached halfway,
Tears rolled from my eyes.
2. I would cross the Tisza on a boat, on a boat.
My sweetheart lives there, my sweetheart lives there.
She lives there in the town, in the third street;
Red roses, blue forget-me-nots, and violets bloom in her window.
(Translated by Vera Lampert)

Two Hungarian Folk Songs (BB 44, 1907)

1. You are beyond, my sweetheart, you are beyond
|: the forest of Málnás, :|
But I am crying from here
|: on the field of sorrow. :|

Do you want to know,
my sweetheart, when I will
come back to you?
When I see on your hearth
a bouquet of roses,
a bouquet of roses.
Don't believe it, my sweetheart, don't believe it,
because that will never happen,
because that will never happen,
And your deceitful heart
will never be mine,
will never be mine,
(Translated by Vera Lampert)

Hungarian Folk Songs, Volume II (BB 43, 1906–1907)

2. Forests, valleys, and narrow groves,
I have often wandered among you,
I have wandered with the wild beasts,
I have wept with the little birds.
Rain pours from the skies.
Roses are blooming in the valleys,
And I, by myself, all alone,
How shall I live without you?
10. My little graceful girl is dressed in white,
My sweetheart is dressed in white, in white.
I say, I say: turn to me, my betrothed,
I say, I say: turn to me, my betrothed.
(last piece on the program)

(Translated by Péter Bartók)

Four Slovak Folk Songs (BB 46, 1907?)

4. The bird flew onto my sweetheart's window.
He knocked to her: "Are you sleeping dear, do you hear me?
Why don't you open the door for me?

I am coming from a distant land
To bring you news from your friend
Who sends word about his fate."
"Weep for me, my little dove,
They cut my white body,
They cut me, they mowed me down."
(Translated by László Vikárius and Vera Lampert)

Slovak Folk Song (BB 73, 1916)

Tono whirls the spindle, <i>mtarija</i> , the spindle, <i>mtarija</i> , the spindle.	That you'll be Hront's young wife, <i>mtarija</i> , young wife, <i>mtarija</i> , young wife.
He whirls it in the brook, To the forester's daughter, <i>mtarija</i> , forester's daughter.	Tono will rub down blind horses, And you will sell rotten potatoes, <i>mtarija</i> , you will sell.
Never think, forester's daughter, <i>mtarija</i> , forester's daughter, <i>mtarija</i> , forester's daughter,	<i>(Translated by László Vikárius)</i>

Eight Hungarian Folk Songs (BB 47, 1907–1917), early version

4. My God, my God, let the water swell,
Let it take me to my father's gate;
From my father's gate to my mother's table,
So that they learn to whom they wedded me.

To a gaudy soldier, to a burly mountain thief
Who is waiting at the crossroads even now;
Who is at the crossroads to kill people,
Willing to shed blood for a buck or two.

5. Women, women, let me be your companion,
As I can wash children's clothes myself.
I have never seen maiden's skin sold,
And prepared as cordovan by tanners.

I often would have asked my mother to put my hair up in a bun,
Had I not shuddered at the stick in her hand.
I was often glad to hear the barking of dogs,
I thought to myself that the lads are coming.

(Translated by Vera Lampert)