

Presentation of two new publications of the Bartók Archives

Tuesday, 24 June 2025, 4 p.m.

Mini-concert

Folk Song Arrangements for voice and piano

Selections from Vol. 10 of the Bartók Complete Edition
(mainly first publications)

Program:

Four Hungarian Folk Songs (1906) – Concert version compiled from BB 42 and 43

Voice: *Barbara Noémi Nemes*

Four Slovak Folk Songs (BB 46, 1907?)

Voice: *Virág Mórocz*

Eight Hungarian Folk Songs (BB 47, 1907–1917), nos. 6–8

Voice: *Viktor Papp*

Nine Romanian Folk Songs (BB 65, 1912?), nos. 5 and 8

Voice: *Barbara Noémi Nemes*

The Husband's Grief (BB 125, 1945)

Voice: *Viktor Papp*

At the piano: *Ferenc János Szabó*

Four Hungarian Folk Songs

1. On this side of the Tisza, beyond the Tisza,
Beyond the Danube there is a horseman with his herd.
His little chestnut horse is tied up
With a felt rope, without a blanket, with his master.

On this side of the Tisza, beyond the Tisza,
Beyond the Danube there is a herdboy with his flock.
He is grazing his herd,
Waiting for his sweetheart on a bed of grass.

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.

3. I set off from my beautiful country,
The famous little Hungary.
I looked back when I reached halfway,
Tears rolled from my eyes.

4. Below the gardens of Gyula
A dark-haired lad is harvesting rosemary.
I am the one who bundles up the rosemary,
I am the dark-haired lad's true lover.

Below the gardens of Gyula,
My silk scarf was left there.
On its four corners is my name, hey-ho,
In its middle is love, love.

Below the gardens of Benedek
My copper spurs were left.
Go, my sweetheart, find them, hey, find them.
If you find them, rattle them, rattle them.

(Translated by Péter Bartók and Vera Lampert)

Four Slovak Folk Songs (BB 46)

1. In the gate of Bystrica
Three little roses are standing, hoya hoy!
I am still far away,
But I feel the scent of one of them, oh my God!

Smell sweet for me, smell sweet,
You fragrant little rose, hoya hoy!
If only you would keep it for me
At least for three more years, oh my God!
2. Under the linden tree, above the linden tree, she had two red roses,
She gave one of them to me.
She would have given me the other one, but then she would have none,
She won't give me more because she would get in trouble.

3. Deep down in the valley, He lies under the black earth,
Hey, a black raven is flying. Hey, there he rests.
My dear father already He will never ask me,
Lies, hey, under the black earth. Hey, how are you, my servant?

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 "Weep for me, my little dove,
To bring you news from your friend They cut my white body,
Who sends word about his fate." They cut me, they mowed me down."

(Translated by László Vikárius and Vera Lampert)

Eight Hungarian Folk Songs (BB 47)

6. They are building the road of the great forest,
They are taking the Székely soldiers;
Taking them, taking the poor ones,
The poor Székely lads.

They are taking them to that place
Where the road is stained with blood.
One is hit by a bullet, or a spear,
Or hacked by a sharp sword.

7. Until now my work was springtime plowing,
Mowing the grass in the gardens and meadows;
Now in place of my oxen I have my saddled horse;
Instead of my leather whip I hold the reins in my hand.

The day has arrived when one must start off,
To depart from my house and country with heavy heart,
To say goodbye, weeping, to my dear parents,
And to have to leave my dear wife alone.

8. The snow is melting, my beloved, spring is ready to burst forth.
I would like to be a rosebud in your little garden.
I cannot be a rose, Franz Joseph keeps me withering
In the three-story-high barracks of Vienna.

(Translated by Vera Lampert)

Nine Romanian Folk Songs (BB 65)

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. :|

8. |: So many worries grow on me, :| |: So many worries weigh on me, :|
As flowers in summer in the hay. As flowers in summer at the wayside.

(Translated by E. C. Teodorescu)

The Husband's Grief (BB 125)

I bought barley at the market,
My wife says: it's oats!
Ah, yes, yes, my dear wife,
As you wish,
Let the barley be oats!

I bought a hen at the market,
My wife says: it's a goose!
Ah, yes, yes, my dear wife, my ruler,
As you wish,
Let the hen be a goose!

I bought a goat at the market,
My wife says: it's a ewe!
Ah, yes, yes, my dear wife,
As you wish,
Let the goat be a ewe!

Yet the hen is a hen!
(Translated by Vera Lampert)