Come On Girls, to the Spinning House
On the Sandy Bank of the Creek
Beautiful is the Spring
I Live on the Bank of Theiss River
The Cemetery's Gate
Clouds are Gathering
I Pray To God
Everlasting Love
They Are Playing the Bagpipe
He Who Wants to Become a Piper
Baranyim
Sajaju
Vasvari
O Love, O Love
I Am a Prisoner
Where Have You Been?
My Dog, Rajna
On the Border of Baranya County
On the Hoof of the Horse of Francis Joe
Sometimes the ornaments were fantastic, but had roots firmly grounded in their natural environment. His last project was a 'reverse' expedition. The recordings in this album were made under his supervision in the Ethnological section of the National Museum in Budapest. During the last war many were lost or destroyed. While Bartók's collection has been heard of everywhere for many years, very few people have had access to it, and the richly-varied Magyar folk music (not to be confused with the better-known Hungarian Gypsy music) is only now being made accessible to the public. The present collection gives Bartók's written transcriptions of some of the songs and bagpipe tunes. His style of transcription is complete with ornaments -- sometimes the ornaments seem almost imagined -- but he does not try to notate pitches which are higher or lower than in conventional tuning systems, giving instead the nearest equivalent. The same system is followed in rhythm, except that grace notes are often used for rhythms impossible to notate properly, due to the limitations of our method of writing down music.

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

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

Record 01502A (2) : Tisza Partján -- 'The Tisza's River' -- The same type of song as cut 1, but in Aeolian mode form based on B flat; answered by full cadences on G. Since this is not in accord with modern practice in major and minor scales, the effect may at first be misleading. It sounds to the average listener as though the song changes constantly from B flat major to G minor.

Record 01501A (1) : A Temetőkapu -- 'The Cemetery's Gate' --

Record 01501A (2) : Arrul Alfál 'Clouds are Gathering' --

Record 01501B (1) : Arra Kérem Az En Jó istenemet -- 'I Pray To God' --

Record 01501B (2) : Holtig Bánom, Amit csélekettem -- 'Everlasting Love' -- See Bartók text for musical analysis; (woman's voice).

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

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

Hungarian village scene.

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

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

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

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

ON THE SANDY BANK OF THE CREEK

On the sandy bank of the creek, (2)
Come on girls, to the spinning-house

COME ON GIRLS, TO THE SPINNING-HOUSE

Hejtok Lyányok Guzsalyasba
Hejtok lyányok guzsalyasba, (2)
Ideküttek a legények, (2)
Leselkednek mint a kutyá, (2)
Omnat fordul az ajtóra, (2)
Ugy kőrmőcsül mint a macska, (2)
Omnat fordul az ablakra, (2)
Ott kukcsül mint a róka, (2)
Odafagyott az ajaka, (2)
Hozd ki kislány, azt a gyertyát, (2)
Engesszük le af ajakát, (2)

He fulfilled the wishes Of my envious enemies Dried up lily flower, Its leaves are rattling.

...(2)

K. akar száradni, (2)
K. akar száradni, (2)
Ki kell onnat venni, Új helybe kell tenni.
I LIVE ON THE BANK OF THEISS RIVER

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

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

CLOUDS ARE GATHERING

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

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

I PRAY TO GOD

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

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

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

EVERLASTING LOVE

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

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

THEY ARE PLAYING THE BAGPIPE

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

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

THE CEMETERY'S GATE

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

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

Pluck them off, girls,
Pluck them off from my grave.
One rose only, that brown one,
Don't you tear that one off!
Mud wall "windbreaker" and cabin of shepherds, cowhands and horsehands.

Ruthenian peasants - photo by Bela Bartok.
Fishermen on the Danube.

Dressed up for the photographer.
HE WHO WANTS TO BECOME A PIPER

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

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

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN SISKIN, THIS NIGHT?

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

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN SISKIN, THIS NIGHT?

Where did you sleep, titmouse, last night?
"Sleeping by your window, my dear violet."
Ha barna is, de nem cigány.
Szeret az engem igazán.

Nincsen apám, nincsen anyám,
Az Isten is haragszik rám,
Bős nőstény fényéért a madár
Bój is néhem minden őrám.

Azt gondolni, hogy szeretlek,
Hogy egy kicsit megőröllek,
Négyszázszor is megőröllek,
Mégsem igazán szeretlek.

ON THE BORDER OF BARANYA COUNTY

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

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

Arra alá, a Baranya szélében

Arra alá, a Baranya szélében
Kinyíltott a tulipán a barázdasszélőben.
Egy, két szál, három szál,
Csalfa voltál, rösszám, megésaltál.

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

English translations by Ernest Lorsy

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