

ABSTRACT

Title of Document: IM VOLKSTON: THE CENTRAL-EASTERN EUROPEAN
FOLK INFLUENCE ON VOCAL ART MUSIC BY SELECT
AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN COMPOSERS

Joy Marya Stevans, Doctor of Musical Arts, 2014

Directed By: Prof. Delores Ziegler, Chair, Voice Department, School of Music

This recital series showcases the elements of cultural diversity and blending present in art music stemming from the dual monarchy of Austro-Hungary. Works by these Austro-Hungarian composers and others are well-established as part of the traditionally taught classical canon of Western art music. Most instrumentalists study their works in conservatory and perform them frequently in concert. However, due to the perceived difficulty of the original languages and lack of resources for style and diction, much of their vocal repertoire is infrequently studied or performed in the US. This project addresses this omission by introducing some of this beautiful and little-known vocal repertoire to the artistic community in the original languages, and with attention to the style and cultural background of these unique pieces.

Within the series of three, the first recital program consists of Bartók and Kodály's settings of Hungarian folksongs in the original Hungarian. The second program is comprised of vocal music influenced by the folk style of the "Gypsy"/Roma community present in many areas of Austro-Hungary, and originally composed in German for the concert hall format. The third program consists of Dvořák, Janáček and Smetana's art music influenced by Czech folk-song, poetry and culture and presented in the original Czech dialects. This series of recitals provides an enlightening musical, historical and linguistic journey through the synthesis of Central Eastern-European folk elements and Western art music.

IM VOLKSTON: THE CENTRAL-EASTERN EUROPEAN FOLK INFLUENCE ON VOCAL
ART MUSIC BY SELECT AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN COMPOSERS

By

Joy Marya Stevans

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Advisory Committee:
Professor Delores Ziegler, Chair
Professor Martha Randall
Professor Gran Wilson
Dr. Edward Maclary
Dr. Peter Beicken

This dissertation is dedicated to my parental great-grandparents, Andrew and Irma Oravszky (later Norman), and Andrew and Anna Stefanik (later Stevans), who each emigrated to the United States from Austro-Hungary (current-day Hungary and Slovakia) around the year 1900. This project is a dedication in memory of the homelands they left, and the culture, languages and music they loved.



The Oravszky Family



The Stefanik Family

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“Im Volkston: Hungarian Folksong settings by Bartók and Kodály”

This recital is the first in a series of three on the topic “*Im Volkston: The Central-Eastern-European folk influence on vocal art music from select Austro-Hungarian composers.*” This series will be a musical, historical and linguistic journey through the synthesis of Central-Eastern-European folk elements and Western art music by some of the most well-known Austro-Hungarian composers. The songs presented will include rarely performed vocal works by established composers including Bartók, Kodály, Brahms, Dvořák and Janáček, set in the three most widely spoken languages in Austro-Hungary: German, Hungarian and Czech. This first recital will showcase Bartók and Kodály’s artistic settings of Hungarian folksongs in the native Hungarian tongue, and illustrate their increasingly complex development of these folksong settings for performance in the concert hall.

The dual monarchy of Austro-Hungary, which existed from 1867-1918, was a melting pot of cultural diversity and blending present in art music. The realm comprised modern-day Austria, Hungary, Bosnia and Herzegovina, Croatia, the Czech Republic, Slovakia, Slovenia, large sections of Serbia and Romania and small parts of Italy, Montenegro, Poland and Ukraine. This presence of many unique cultures and languages within one empire, led to a flourishing of new art song and opera. This music displayed the needs of various cultural groups attempting to find their own clear voices within a Germanized cultural sphere. According to Grout’s *History of Western Music*,

“The search for an independent, native voice - one important aspect of nationalism – was keenest in England, France the US, Russia, and the countries of eastern Europe, where the dominance of German music was felt as a threat to home-grown musical creativity.

By employing native folksongs and dances or imitating their musical character, composers could develop a style that had ethnic identity, although individual composers in these countries differed in their interest in a nationalistic agenda...”¹

This movement was especially influential among Central-eastern-European composers , including Bartók and Kodály, in Austro-Hungary. Since the creation of the dual monarchy, the Germanized Magyar aristocracy had maintained dominance within Hungary and surrounding regions, and tension surrounding this situation manifested in the region’s music as well as in politics. As Antokoletz says in his *Béla Bartók: A Guide to Research*,

“ Non-Germanic composers began to react against the ultra-chromaticism of the Wagner-Strauss period as they turned away from the long tradition of German musical hegemony toward the new spheres of influence in France and Eastern Europe. These conditions served as the social and musical framework from which Bartók’s art was to emerge.”²

In 1905 Bartók met Kodály, one year his junior, in Budapest while they were both student musicians. The meeting began a life-long musical and personal collaborative relationship. They began to take field-trips, near and far, to many areas within the Austro-Hungarian Empire to collect, notate, and record the folk tunes they encountered there. This

¹ Donald Jay Grout and Claude V. Palisca, *A History of Western Music*, 5th ed. (New York and London: W.W. Norton & Company.) 1996. 665.

² Elliott Antokoletz, *Béla Bartók: A Guide to Research*, 2nd ed. (New York and London: Garland Publishing, Inc.) 1997. xxiii.

furthered a goal Bartok had elucidated in a letter to his sister in 1904: "Now I have a new plan: to collect the finest Hungarian folksongs and to raise them, adding the best possible piano accompaniments, to the level of art-song." Kodály seconded this ideal, stating "We Hungarians have no Schubert. But we have a great number of splendid melodies, not inferior to those of Schubert...If enough pieces are collected, we will have a Hungarian Schubert-like song literature, something which fulfills a somehow similar function in the process of our development as Schubert in German music history."³

These ideals would propel these two composers' research over the next several decades, eventually culminating in many song settings of increasingly complexity, including those presented this evening. The body of their several decades of research was eventually published in the mammoth treatise on the subject, *A magyar népzene* (Hungarian folk music) in 1951. The ten-volume edition had been conceived of by both composers in 1913, and included folksongs that numbered over 100,000. Due to the lifetime commitment to and love of the music of their homeland, generations of world musicians have benefitted from their life's work, both from their extensive and well-codified research, and their creation of a truly Hungarian form of art song.

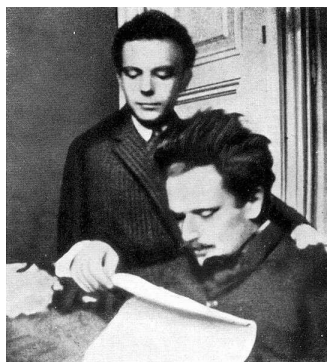


Fig. 1.1 The lifelong collaboration of Béla Bartók and Zoltán Kodály

³ *Kodály Complete Edition: Folksongs for voice and piano*. Various performers. Hungaraton Classic HCD32557-59. 2009. Recording Notes



Fig. 1.2 The young Béla Bartók and Zoltán Kodály

Magyar népdalok (Hungarian folk songs for voice and piano), published in 1906, were Bartók and Kodály's first settings of folk songs for distribution among the general public. The group of twenty songs was a joint venture between the two composers, with Bartók setting the first ten melodies (1-10) and Kodály the second set of ten (11-20.) The accompaniments are the simplest of all of either composers' settings of folk music, and the vocal line is doubled in the piano part of each song. The purpose of this was to encourage amateur musicians to purchase, play and sing these melodies at home. The composers wrote in their preface to this volume:

“Because of the conditions under which these will be performed in the home, the melody has been included in the accompaniment...After all, we are making available material to be sung, not only to be played on the piano!”⁴

Unfortunately, these song settings did not achieve the widespread popularity the composers had hoped for. More than twenty years after the initial publication, only 1500 copies had been sold. However, these early song settings are important historically, as they show the growing intent of both composers to introduce the Hungarian public to these native melodies of their culture, and to eventually place them, in proper settings, on a par with some of the great

⁴Béla Bartók and Zoltán Kodály, *20 Magyar Népdal (Twenty Hungarian Folksongs,.)* (London: Boosey & Hawkes Ltd.) 1939. Preface.

Germanic art songs by Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, etc. In the same postscript of *Magyar népdalok*, they wrote,

“We hope that these often primordial expressions of our culture would find at least half the love they deserve. It will take a long time for them to reach their due place in our musical life both with the public and in the home...The Hungarian folk song in the concert hall! How strange this may sound now.”⁵

But eventually, the dream of the widespread performance of these songs in the concert hall would be realized and become a large segment of their life’s work. Five of these early song settings, three by Bartók and two by Kodály are included on this evening’s program, with translations below.

From Bartók/Kodály’s *Magyar népdalok*

Elindultam szép hazámbul

Elindultam szép hazámbul
Híres kis Magyarországbul.
Visszanéztem félutambul,
Szemembül a könny kicsordult.

Én Istenem, rendelj szállást
Mert meguntam a bujdosást.
Idegen földön a lakást
Éjjel-nappal a sok sírást.

Által mennék én a Tiszán ladikon

Által mennék én a Tiszán ladikon
Ladikon, de ladikon.
Ott lakik a galambom,

I left behind my country

I left behind my beautiful country,
Famous little Hungary.
I looked back from my journey
And tears flowed from my eyes.

My God, find me a resting place
For I’ve grown tired of the journey,
Of dwelling in a foreign land,
Day and night, there is much crying.

I go by the Tisza

I’d by the Tisza, rowing
Rowing, rowing.
He lives, my sweetheart,

⁵ Béla Bartók and Zoltán Kodály, *20 Magyar Népdal (Twenty Hungarian Folksong..)* (London: Boosey & Hawkes Ltd.) 1939. Preface.

Ott lakik a városban.
A hamardik utcában.
Piros rózsáék kék nefelejts ibolya
Virít az ablakában.

Által mennék én a Tiszán nem merek,
nem merek de nem merek
Attól felélek, hogy a Tiszába esek,
hogy a Tiszába esek.
Lovam hátán, sejhaj, félrefordul a nyereg
A Tiszának habjai közt elveszek.
A babámé nem leszek.

Ha felülök, csuhaj

Ha felülök, csuhaj, ha felülök
Kis pej lovam hátára,
Beugratok, csuhaj, beugratok
Kocsmáros udvarába:
Kocsmárosné szép csárdásné
Fekete kávét adjon!
Nem aludtam tizenhárom éjjel
Ma éjjel se aluszom.

Ha felülök, csuhaj, ha felülök
Gőzkocsi tetejére,
Isten tudja, csuhaj, isten tudja
Hol szállok, ki belőle:
Írok benne a rózsáknak
Oly szomorú levelet,
Tizenhárom éjjel
Mindig sirat engemet.

Magos a rutafa

Magos a rutafa
Ága elágazik
Selyem sár haja,
Magyar Ilona.
Haján fölű gyöngy,
koszorúja, gyöngy.

Még a tengeren is
Átal hajladozik,
Selyem, etc.

He lives there in the city.
On the third street.
Red roses, blue forget-me-nots and daisies
Bloom in the window.

I'd like to cross the Tisza,
But dare not, but dare not.
I fear that I may sink in the Tisza,
sink in the Tisza.
On horseback, hey, the saddles might twist
I'll be lost in the waves of the Tisza.
My sweetheart will never see me again.

Here we go, hey

If I get up, hey, if I get up
On my little chestnut horse's back,
We'll bounce, hey, we'll bounce
Right into the inn-yard.
Hey, nice innkeeper lady,
Brew me some black coffee!
I haven't slept in thirteen days
And I won't sleep tonight!

If I get up, he, if I get up
Onto the steam car,
God knows, I'll get on,
but who knows where I'll get off.
I will send a letter to my sweetheart,
A letter so sad,
For thirteen days
She will miss me and cry for me.

The rue has grown tall

The rue has grown tall
Boughs spreading
Brown silk hair
Helen of Hungary
Hair with shining pearls
Wreathed with pearls

Even as at sea
the boughs are swaying
Brown silk hair, etc.

Egyik ága hajlik
Barna legény udvarába,
Selyem, etc.

One branch bends
Into the garden of the brown-haired lad.
Brown silk hair, etc.

Másik ága hajlik
Szőke leány udvarába,
Selyem, etc.

Another branch bends
into the garden of the blonde girl.
Brown silk hair, etc.

A gyulai kert alatt, kert alatt

A gyulai kert alatt, kert alatt,
Barna legény rozmaringot arat.
Én vagyok a rozmaring kévekötője,
Barna legény igaz szeretője.

In the Gyula gardens, gardens

In the Gyula gardens, gardens,
A brown-haired lad harvests rosemary,
I bind up the rosemary,
The brown-haired lad's true lover.

Benedeki kert alatt, kert alatt,
Rézsárkantyúm ott maradt, ott maradt
Eredj babám keresd meg,
Sejhaj, keresd meg,
Ha megleled pengesd meg, pengesd meg.

In the Benedek gardens,
My copper spurs were left behind.
Go, my darling, find them,
Hey, go find them,
If you find then, make them ring out.



Fig. 1.3 Béla Bartók in 1902.

Magyar népdalok (Second set.) In 1906, around the same time as the publication of the first joint *Magyar népdalok* compilation of Bartók and Kodály, Bartók had also prepared a second set of Hungarian folksongs for publication. However, due to the poor reception and sales of the first volume, these songs were not published during his lifetime. These settings, while more spare and simply written than his later work, show a budding concert style. The melodies are no longer doubled in the accompaniment, and the accompaniment show elements of the pianistic virtuosity that will become such a notable part of his later folksong settings. This increasing demand on the pianist's skills is evident in the first setting of this group, 'Tiszán innen, Tiszán

túl,” in the majestic rolling chords which introduce each verse, and the heavily percussive, two-handed choral structures in the seventh setting, “Ez a kislány gyöngyöt fűz.” Also, this group, unlike Bartók and Kodály’s first 1906 publication, was conceived as a song cycle, also moving it away from domestic use and closer to performance in the concert hall. ⁶

From Bartók’s Magyar népdalok (Second Set)

Tizán innen, tizán túl

Tizán innen, Tizán túl
Túl a Dunán van egy csikós nyájastul.
Kis pej lova ki van kötvel
Szürkötélllel, pokróc nélkül gazdástul.
Tizán innen, tizán túl
Túl a Dunán van egy gulyás
Nyájastul.
Legelteti a gulyáját
Odavárja, a babáját
Gyepágyra.

Erdők, völgyek, szűk ligetek

Erdők, völgyek, szűk ligetek,
Sokat bujdosam bennetek;
Bujdosam én az vadakkal,
Sírtam a kis madarakkal.
Esik eső az egekbül,
Rózsa nyílik az völgyekbül.
Hát én csak magam egyedül
Hogy éljek meg nálad nélkül?

Olvad a hó

Olvad a hó,
csárdás kisangyalom,
tavasz akar lenni,
De szeretnék kiskertedben
rózsabimbó lenni!
Nem lehetek én rózsza,
elhervaszt Ferenc Jóska

On this side of the Tisza, beyond the Tisza

On this side of the Tisza, beyond the Tisza
Beyond the Danube is a horseman with his herd.
His small chestnut horse is tied up with
A rope, without a blanket, with his master.
On this side of the Tisza, beyond the Tisza
Beyond the Danube is a herdsman
with his flock.
He lets his flock graze.
He waits for his darling
on a bed of grass.

Forests, valley, groves

Forests, valley, groves
Long I was hiding within you
Hiding with the wild game
Crying with the little birds
Rain falls from the skies
Roses bloom in the valleys
I myself am just alone
How can I live without you?

The snow is melting

The snow is melting,
My fiery little angel.
Spring is coming.
I would like to be a little rose
In your garden!
But I cannot be a rose.
Francis Joseph is sure to wilt me

⁶ Béla Bartók, *Tíz Magyar dal énekhangra és zongorára (Ten Hungarian Songs for voice and piano.)* (Budapest, Hungary: Editio Musica Budapest.) 2004, Preface.

A nagy bécsi háromemeletes
magos kaszárnyába.

Ha bemegyek a csárdába

Ha bemegyek a csárdába,
kimulatom magam,
Van még egy rongyos forintom,
a cigánynak adom.
Feleségem kettő,
csárdás mind a kettő,
Remélem, hogy a jövő ősszel
reng a cifra bőcső.

Ha bemegyek a csárdába,
kimulatom magam.
Van még egy rongyos forintom,
a cigánynak adom.
Feleségem sincsen,
becsületem sincsen,
Belenyúlok a zsebembe:
egy krajcárom sincsen.

Fehér László lovat lopott

Fehér László lovat lopott
A fekete halom alatt: Hej!
Fehér Lászlót ott megfogták,
Tömlöc fenekére zárták.

Megittam a piros bort a pohárbul

Megittam a piros bort a pohárbul,
Kár volna még kimulnom a világbul,
Kár volna még meghalni,
ilyen korán hervadni,
A szelei, kisselei
temetőbe hervadni.
Kár volna még meghalni,
ilyen hamar hervadni,
A szelei, kisselei
temetőbe hervadni.

In the large three-story
barracks of Vienna.

When I go to the tavern

When I go to the tavern,
I have a good time.
I have one lousy forint
I give it to the gypsy.
I have two wives
saucy, both of them.
I hope, by next autumn
The fine cradle will rock.

When I go to the tavern,
I have a good time.
I have one lousy forint
I give it to the gypsy.
I have no wife
nor have I honor.
I reach into my pocket
And find not a penny.

László Fehér stole a horse

László Fehér stole a horse
Below the black hills: Hey!
László Fehér was caught there
And thrown into the bottom of the dungeon.

I drank a glass of red wine

I drank a glass of crimson wine
It would be a pity to leave the world now.
It would be a pity to die now,
To fade so early
To fade in the cemetery
of Szele, Kissele.
It would be a pity to die now
To fade so soon
To fade in the cemetery
of Szele, Kissele.

Ez a kislány gyöngyöt fűz

Ez a kislány gyöngyöt fűz,
Ég a szeme, mint a tűz,
Haj az enyém úgy égne,
Csuahaha, barna legény szeretne.
De mivel hogy nem úgy ég,
Csuahaha, barna legény rám se néz.

A haraszi határon
Csősz leszek én a nyáron.
Aki nékem csókot ad,
Csuahaha, nem hajtom be a lovát.
Sem a lovát, sem magát,
Csuahaha, sem a kedves galambját.

Sej, mikor engem katonának visznek

Sej, mikor engem katonának visznek,
Mind lehullnak a nyárfalevelek.
Sírhattok már, benedeki lányok,
Sej, három évig nem járok hozzátok.

Sej mikor engem katonának visznek,
Az árokban még a víz is reszket,
Az árokban a víz hadd reszkessen,
Sej, csak a babám igazán szeressen.

Még azt mondják

Még azt mondják, sej haj
iciny piciny az én babám.
Ha táncolok véle,
nem is illik ő énhozzám.
Tyuhaj, nem is bánom,
Akár milyen iciny, piciny vagy,
Nagy az én szerelmem,
így is, úgy is az enyém vagy.

Kis kece lányom, fehérbe vagyon

Kis kece lányom, fehérbe vagyon
Féherbe rózsám, fehérbe vagyon
Mondom-mondom, fordulj hozzám
Mátkám-asszony.

This little girl is stringing pearls

This little girl is stringing pearls
Her eyes sparkle, like fire
If mine sparkled like that,
Hey ho, the brown haired boy would love me.
But since they do not sparkle like that,
Hey-ho, he doesn't even look at me.

On the border of Harazst
I will guard the crops this summer.
Whoever gives me a kiss
I won't take his horse
Not his horse, not himself
Not even his dear sweetheart.

Hey, when they brought me to the army,

Hey, when they make me a soldier
The poplars will shed all their leaves.
Mourn me, girls of Benedek.
I will not see you for three years.

Hey, when they take me into the army.
Even the water in the trenches trembles
Let the water tremble in the trenches.
Hey, as long as my baby loves me.

People say, hey

People say, hey
My sweetheart is teeny-tiny.
When I dance with her,
we don't match.
Hey, I don't care
how teeny-tiny you are
Great is my love for you,
You are mine, all the same.

Little girl, dressed in white

Little girl, dressed in white
My lwhite rose, dressed in white
I say, turn towards me, turn towards me,
My bride.

Bartók's *Nyolc magyar népdal* (Eight Hungarian Songs) (1907-1917) show a growing complexity in the composer's style. The accompaniments are lush and evocative, and while less dissonant than his later settings, show his divergence from reliance on traditional major-minor tonality and towards the pentatonic and whole-tone scales found in the folk music itself. While originally published as a set of eight in 1918, the songs within this set were actually the product of several folk music collecting tours. The first five of these songs were collected at the same time in 1907, during a trip to Csik County, Transylvania, and the songs display the use of the pentatonic scale common in the song of this region. The second "group within a group" (songs 6, 7, and 8) was a result of an additional trip and consist of "soldier's songs," as the texts indicate. The two groups were combined into one volume in 1918 and were finally published by Universal Editions in 1922.⁷

From Bartók's *Nyolc magyar népdal*

Fekete föld, fehér az én zsebkendőm

Fekete föld, fehér az én zsebkendőm,
Elhagyott a legkedvesebb szeretőm.
Úgy elhagyott, hogy még meg sem siratott,
Érzi szívem, nemsokára meghalok.

Istenem, istenem, áraszd meg a vizet

Istenem, istenem, áraszd meg a vizet,
Had' vigyen el engem apám kapujára;
Apám kapujáról anyám asztalára,
Had' tudják meg immán, kinek adtak férhez.

Cifra katonának, nagy hegyi tolvajnak,
Ki most és oda van keresztútállani;
Keresztútállani, embert legyilkolni,
Egy pénzér, kettőér nem szán vért ontani.

Black earth, my handkerchief is white

Black earth, my handkerchief is white
My sweetest lover has forsaken me.
He has left me without even shedding a tear.
I feel in my heart, I soon will die.

God, oh, God, send the water flooding

God, oh, God, send the water flooding
May it take me to the gate of my father
From my father's gate to my mother's table
They should know to whom they gave me.

The magnificent soldier, the highway robber
Who even now lies in wait at the crossroads.
Waiting to murder people. He does not shy
from shedding blood for one or two pennies.

⁷ *Osszkiadás* (Complete edition,) Various performers, Hungaroton: 18260394. 1968. Recording Notes

Asszonyok, asszonyok, had' legyek társatok

Asszonyok, asszonyok, had' legyek társatok,
Gyermekruhát mosni mivel én is tudok.
Sohse láttam leánybőrt hogy árultak vóna,
S a timárok kordovánnak készítettek vóna!
Anyámtól a kontyot sokszor kértem vóna,
Ha keze botjától nem irtóztam vóna;
Ebek ugatásán gyakran örvendeztem,
A legények jönnek, magamban azt véltem.
Asszonyok, asszonyok, had' legyek társatok,
Gyermekruhát mosni mivel én is tudok.
Sohse láttam leánybőrt hogy árultak vóna,
S a timárok kordovánnak készítettek vóna.

Annyi bánat a szívemen

Annyi bánat a szívemen
Kétrét hajlott az egeken.
Ha még egyet hajlott volna:
Szívem ketté hasadt volna.
Én elmegyek közületek,
Isten maradjon veletek.
Tőlem több panaszt nem hallasz,
Kit hallottál, avval maradsz.

Ha kimegyek arr' a magos tetőre

Ha kimegyek arr' a magos tetőre,
Talállok én szeretőre kettőre.
Ej, baj, baj, baj, de nagy baj,
Hogy a babám szíve olyan, mint a vaj!
Nem kell nekem sem a kettő, sem az egy,
Azt szeretem, aki eddig szeretett,
Ej, baj, baj, baj, de nagy baj,
Hogy a babám szíve olyan, mint a vaj!

Töltik a nagy erdő útját

Töltik a nagy erdő útját,
Viszik a székely katonát;
Viszik, viszik szegényeket,
Szegény székely legényeket.
Úgy elviszik arr'a helyre
Hol az út is vérrel festve,

Women, women, let me join you

Women, women, let me join you
As I can also wash children's clothes
I have never seen soft horsehide being sold
For the tanner to then work into leather!
Mother I'd have asked many times to marry.
If I had not feared the stick in her hand!
The dogs' barking has given me pleasure
The boys are coming, I would think.
Women, women, let me join you.
As I can also wash children's clothes.
I have never seen girls' skin being sold
For the tanner to then work into leather!

So much sadness is in my heart.

So much sadness is in my heart.
That heaven has split in two
And if it had split a second time
My heart would have broken in two
I am leaving all of you
May God keep each of you
You will hear no more complaints from me
What you have heard, you will remember.

When I go to the high hilltop

When I go to the high hilltop,
I find there two lovers.
Oh, oh, trouble, trouble,
That my darling's heart is like butter!
I don't need both and I don't need one
I love the one who has loved me until now.
Oh, oh, trouble, trouble,
That my darling's heart is like butter!

The great forest road is filling up

The great forest road is filling up.
Székely soldiers are being led away
Led away, led away, the poor men
The poor Székely boys.
They are being taken to a place,
Where even the road is painted with blood

Kit a golyó, kit a lándzsa,
Kit éles kard összevágta.

One is killed by a bullet, the other by a spear
The third by a sharp sword.

Eddig való dolgom a tavaszi szántás

Eddig való dolgom a tavaszi szántás,
Kertekbe, rétekbe füvet lekaszálás;
Immár ökröm hejjin lovam a nyeregbe,
Szíjostorom hejjin kantárszár kezembe.
Eljött már az a nap, melyben kell indulni,
Házamtól, hazámtól bús szívvel távozni.
Kedves szüleimtől sírva elbúcsúzni,
Kedves hitestársam árván itt kell hagyni.

Olvad a hó

Olvad a hó,
csárdás kisangyalom,
tavasz akar lenni,
De szeretnék kiskertedben
rózsabimbó lenni!
Nem lehetek én rózsza,
elhervaszt Ferenc Jóska
A nagy bécsi háromemeletes
magos kaszárnyába.

“Til now it has been my job to till the spring field

‘Til now it has been my job to till the spring field
To mow the grass in the gardens and meadows
But now my ox is in the stable, my horse saddled
My leather whip hung up, the reins in my hands
The day has come on which I must go
From my home, leave my home full of sorrow.
Take leave of my dear parents with tears
Leave my dear wife orphaned behind.

The snow is melting

The snow is melting,
Fiery little angel.
Spring is coming.
I would like to be a little rose
In your garden!
But I cannot be a rose.
Francis Joseph is sure to wilt me
In the large three-story
barracks of Vienna.

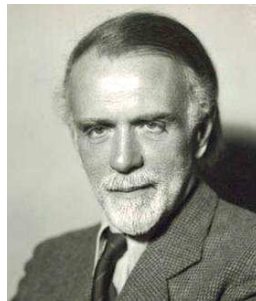


Fig. 1.4 The mature Zoltán Kodály

Kodály's Magyar népzene (Hungarian Folksong Settings) and Style

Kodály set ten volumes of his Hungarian Folk Music which were mainly published over a single decade between 1924 and 1932 (the final volume was published in 1964.) The six songs chosen today are from his first four volumes and include settings based on tunes he collected

from Transylvania, the Northwest and Eastern-most part of Hungary (today part of Slovakia and Rumania.) Later volumes focused on soldier's songs, historical songs from the 17th and 18th centuries, a group of "Wine Songs" from various regions, and others.⁸

Although their passion for the folk music of the Hungarian people was the same, Bartók and Kodály's compositional treatment of the folk tunes they collected was quite individual. Kodály is more conservative and less dissonant in his harmonies. Many of his songs retain a clear strophic structure, with one verse or A section repeating multiple times, (perhaps with some variation) within a setting. The melodic lines are dominant, underpinned by relatively traditional harmonies and choral structures with the accompaniments much less percussive and chromatic than Bartók's. The uniquely Hungarian flavor and style is achieved through respectful attention to the natural accents of the language, use of the pentatonic scale and of Magyar rhythms taken from the original folk tunes themselves. According to Grout's *History of Western Music*, "The music of Zoltan Kodaly, more narrowly national, is less thoroughgoing than Bartóks in integrating folk and art styles....while rich in allusions to plainchant, Renaissance and Baroque polyphony and ethnic Hungarian music."⁹

Kodály placed a primacy on the human voice in his folksong settings. As Carol Kimball writes, "Kodály is primarily a composer of vocal music. His songs are gratefully written for the voice and are not musically complex, although they are rich in melodic elements."¹⁰ He believed singing to be the foundation of all music, and also had a deep respect for the folk tunes as they stood, stating "...the single song, or flower, of this folk culture is often an authentic masterpiece...It is no primitive product, but an art mature and refined by thousand of years of

⁸ *Kodály Complete Edition: Folksongs for voice and piano*, Various performers. Hungaraton Classic HCD32557-59. 2009. Notes.

⁹ Donald Jay Grout and Claude V. Palisca, *A History of Western Music*, 5th ed. (New York and London: W.W. Norton & Company.) 1996. 665.

¹⁰ Carol Kimball, *Song: A Guide to Style & Literature*, (Redmond, Washington: Pst. Inc.) 1996. 236.

evolution.”¹¹ This respect and attention to melodic line are evident in each of the songs presented.

From Kodaly's Magyar népzene I-IV

Kitrákotty mese

Én elmentem a vásárra félpénzzel,
Tyúkot vettem a vásárba félpénzzel.
Tyúkom mondja: Kitrákotty! Kári-kittyom,
Édös tyúkom, mégis van egy félpénzzem.

Én elmentem a vásárra félpénzzel,
Csirkét vettem a vásárba félpénzzel.
Csirkém mondja: csip, csip, csip,
Tyúkom mondja: Kitrákotty! Kári-kittyom,
Édös tyúkom, mégis van egy félpénzzem.

Én elmentem a vásárra félpénzzel,
Pulykát vettem a vásárba félpénzzel,
Pulykám mondja: dandalú,
Csirkém mondja: csip, csip, csip,
Tyúkom mondja: Kitrákotty! Kári-kittyom,
Édös tyúkom, mégis van egy félpénzzem.

Én elmentem a vásárra félpénzzel,
Bárányt vettem a vásárba félpénzzel.
Bárány mondja: be-he-he-e,
Pulykám mondja: dandalú,
Csirkém mondja: csip, csip, csip,
Tyúkom mondja: Kitrákotty! Kári-kittyom,
Édös tyúkom, mégis van egy félpénzzem.

Én elmentem a vásárra félpénzzel,
Disznót vettem a vásárba félpénzzel.
Disznóm mondja: röff, röff, röff,
Bárány mondja: be-he-he-e,
Pulykám mondja: dandalú,
Csirkém mondja: csip, csip, csip,
Tyúkom mondja: Kitrákotty! Kári-kittyom,
édös tyúkom, Elfogyott a félpénzzem!

Cock-a-doodle-doo song

I went to the market with money to spend
I bought a rooster with my money
The rooster says “Cock-a-doodle-doo”
What a rooster! I still have one coin left.

I went to the market with money to spend
I bought a chicken with my money
The chicken says “Cheep-cheep-cheep”
The rooster says “Cock-a-doodle-doo”
What a rooster! I still have one coin left.

I went to the market with money to spend
I bought a turkey with my money
The turkey says “Gobble-gobble”
The chicken says “Cheep-cheep-cheep”
The rooster says “Cock-a-doodle-doo”
What a rooster! I still have one coin left.

I went to the market with money to spend
I bought a lamb with my money
The lamb says “Baaaa”
The turkey says “Gobble, gobble”
The chicken says “Cheep-cheep-cheep”
The rooster says “Cock-a-doodle-doo.”
What a rooster! I still have one coin left.

I went to the market with money to spend
I bought a pig with my money
The pig says “Oink-oink-oink”
The lamb says “Baaaa”
The turkey says “Gobble, gobble”
The chicken says “Cheep, cheep, cheep.”
The rooster says “Cock-a-doodle-doo.”
What a rooster! Now all my money is spent!

¹¹ Kodály Complete Edition: Folksongs for voice and piano, Various performers. Hungaroton Classic HCD32557-59. 2009. Notes.

Meghalok, meghalok

Meghalok, meghalok,
Még beteg sem vagyok,
Kolonyi, temetőn nyugodni akarok
Érted vagyok érted, ilyen beteg
Te érted léel rúzsám
Mindennapi hideg

A rossz feleség

“Jöjjön haza édesanyám!
Mert beteg az édesapám!”
“Vár’, lányom, egy kicsit,
Hadd táncójak egy kicsit,
Minnyár én is menyek,
Egyet kettőt fordulok,
Minnyár otthon leszek.”

“Jöjjön haza édesanyám,
Gyóntassuk meg édesapám!”
“Vár’, lányom, egy kicsit,
Hadd táncójak egy kicsit,
Minnyár én is menyek,
Egyet kettőt fordulok,
S minnyár otthon leszek.”

“Jöjjön haza édesanyám,
Meghót már az édesapám!”
“Vár, lányom, egy kicsit,
Hadd táncójak egy kicsit,
Minnyár én is menyek,
Egyet kettőt fordulok,
Minnyár otthon leszek.”

“Jöjjön haza édesanyám!
Eltemették édesapám!”
“Jaj! jaj! lepedőm,
Szép fehér lepedőm!
Mer'én urat még kapok,
De lepedőt nem szabok;
Mer én fonni nem tudok,
Lepedőt sem csinállok!”

I die, I die

I die, I die
I'm not even sick
In the cemeteries I want to rest
I understand, you know, these sick ones
Do you understand?
Everyday is cold.

The bad wife

Come home quickly, mother
My father is sick
Wait, my daughter, just a little,
Let me dance a little
I'll be coming soon
Just a couple more turns
Then I will be home

Come home quickly, mother
The priest has come to my father
Wait, my daughter, just a little
Let me dance a little
I'll be coming soon
Just a couple more turns
Then I will be home soon

Come home quickly, mother
My father is burning with fever
Wait, my daughter, just a little
Let me dance a little
I'll be coming soon
Just a couple more turns
Then I will be home soon

Come home quickly, mother
They have buried my father! ``
Oh, no, my sheets!
My nice white sheets!
Another husband one can find
but sheets not so easily
These I cannot spin!
The loss of sheets I deeply grieve!



Fig. 1.5 The mature Béla Bartók

Hús magyar népdal (20 Hungarian Folksongs) In these latest folksong settings, completed in 1929, Bartók's most mature style is fully evident. The group of twenty is divided into four series: 1) Sorrowful Songs, 2) Dance Songs, 3) Mixed Songs and 4) New Songs.¹² While written during the same decade as Kodály's *Magyar népzene*, the comparison illustrates the composers' divergent approach to the same goal of creating a truly Hungarian music for the concert hall. The melodies chosen by Bartók tend to contain more unusual intervals and phrases, and are less legato or traditionally melodic. Extremely demanding for the pianist, they continue the use of non-traditional scalar structures (pentatonic, whole-tone, modal, etc.) while surrounding these harmonies with strong, unexpected accents, irregular meters and motoric rhythmic motives. As László Somfai says in his notes on the *Complete Works of Bartók*,

“Kodály's piano accompaniment...was illustrative, variegated and multicolored. Bartók usually chose a more uniform and at the same time more far-flung solution. He grasped the basic atmosphere of the song in a single element (e.g. a motive or type of chord) and developed this into a characteristic accompaniment figure which he pursued through the whole movement.”¹³

¹² Béla Bartók, *20 Magyar Népdal (Twenty Hungarian Folksongs.)* (London: Boosey & Hawkes Ltd.) 1939.

¹³ . *Osszkiadás (Béla Bartók - Complete edition.)* Various performers. Hungaroton: 18260394. 1968. Notes.

This development of each song around a unique rhythmic or melodic motive is evident in the songs presented below. The first of the songs from the second volume of “Dance Songs”, “Székely "Lassú,” is built around a highly repetitive ‘crying’ motive of a major second. In the third song “Párosító,” (these last two are taken from the third volume of “Mixed Songs.”) the composer uses sparkling repeated sixths and rolled chords to evoke the horse’s bells mentioned in the text.

From Bartók’s *Húsz magyar népdal*

Székely "Lassú"

Azt akartam én megtudni,
Szabad-e másét szeretni, jaj, jaj, jajajaj;
Tudakoztam, de nem szabad,
Így a szívem gyászban marad, jaj, jaj, jajajaj.

Jaj Istenem, add megérnem,
Kit szeretek, avval élnem, jaj, jaj, jajajaj;
Ha azt meg nem adod érnem,
Én Istenem, végy el engem, jaj, jaj, jajajaj.

Pár-ének

Ne hagyj el angyalom, megöregszem,
Lábaim nem bírnak, megbetegszem,
Támadékom te legyél,
nálad nélkül ne legyél,
Panaszimnak higgyél.

Nem hagylak, angyalom, nem hagylak el,
Lábaim nem bírnak, megöregszel..
Támadékod én leszek,
nálam nélkül nem leszekl,
Panaszidnak hiszek.
Rózsám, nem hagylak el!

Párosító

Sárga csikó, csengő rajta,

Székely "Slow Dance"

I wanted to find out
If it was alright to love another’s sweetheart.
I asked, but it is not allowed,
And so my heart remains in grief, oh, woe.

Oh God, let me stay,
Until I can live with the one I love, oh, woe.
If you don’t give me this,
Then God, take me away, oh, oh, woe.

Pair of voices

Don’t leave me, my angel: I grow old,
My legs no longer carry me, I am ill.
Be my support,
Don’t go far from me,
Believe my complaints.

I will not leave you, my angel:
Your legs no longer carry you,
You grow old, I will be your support,
I will not be without you,
I believe your complaints.
My rose, I won’t leave you!

Pairing-off

Yellow pony, decked with bells

Vajon hová megyünk rajta?
Huzsedáré, huzsedom.

Majd elmegyünk valahova,
Kocsis Róza udvarára,
Huzsedáré, huzsedom.

Betekintünk az ablakon,
Ki kártyázik az asztalon?
Huzsedáré, huzsedom.

Kovács Jani ott kártyázik,
Kocsis Róza fésülködik,
Huzsedáré huzsedom.

Ugye Jani, szép is vagyok,
Éppen neked való vagyok,
Huzsedáré huzsedom.

From Kodaly's Magyar népzene I-IV

Zöld erdőben

Zöld erdőben, zöld mezőben
Lakik egy madár.
Kék a lába, zöld a szárnya,
Jaj, be gyönyögn jár.
Várj, madár, várj,
Te csak addig várj,
Még az Isten megengedi,
tiéd leszek már.

Kocsi, szekér, kocsi, szán

Kocsi, szekér, kocsi, szán,
Még a télen,
Libilibi limlom,
Lomzati bombom,
Leszek lány.

Jövő télen, ha élek,
Férhez megyek,
Libilibi limlom,
Lomzati bombom,
Ha vesznek.

I wonder where we are going?
Ding-a-ding, ding-dong

Soon we'll go somewhere:
To Rose Kocsis's courtyard.
Ding-a-ding, ding-dong

Look through the window,
Who is playing cards?
Ding-a-ding, ding-dong

John Kovács is playing cards there.
Rose Kocsis combs her hair.
Ding-a-ding, ding-dong

“John, aren't I pretty?
I'm just perfect for you.”
Ding-a-ding, ding-dong.

In the green forests

In the green forests, green fields,
Lives a bird.
The legs are blue, the wings are green.
Oh, how nicely it moves.
Wait, bird, wait,
Just wait until
If God allows it,
I will be yours soon.

Wagon, carriage, wagon, sleigh

Wagon, carriage, wagon, sleigh,
Later this winter,
Fa-la-la-la-la,
Tra-la-la-la-la,
I'll become a woman.

Next winter if I still live,
I'll get married,
Fa-la-la-la-la,
Tra-la-la-la-la,
If someone will have me.

Ha nem vesznek, maradok,
Otthon is el,
Libilibi limlom,
Lomzati bombom,
Lakhatok.

Akkor szép az erdő

Akkor szép az erdő mikor zöld,
Mikor a vadgalamb benne költ,
A vadgalamb olyan, mint a lány,
Fáj a szíve a legény után.
Nem vagyok én oka semminek,
Édesanyám oka mindennek,
Mért nem adott engem olyannak,
Akit választottam magamnak?
Megvert az úristen, de nem fáj,
Fügefafa levele lehullt már.
Fügefafa levele, gyógyíts meg,
Régi volt szeretőm, csókolj meg!

If no one will have me,
I'll stay at home,
Fa-la-la-la-la,
Tra-la-la-la-la,
I can live.

The green forest is so lovely

The forest is so lovely when it is green,
When the wild dove seeks a mate.
The dove is like a girl,
Her heart longs after a boy.
Nothing that has happened is my fault.
My mother is the cause.
Why didn't she give me to
The man I have chosen for myself?
Beaten by Fate, it does not hurt.
The fig tree leaves were falling.
Fig tree leaf, bring me comfort.
My long beloved one, kiss me.

***Im Volkston: The Gypsy/Roma influence on vocal art music
from select Austro-Hungarian composers***

This recital is the second in a series of three on the topic “*Im Volkston: The Central-Eastern-European folk influence on vocal art music from select Austro-Hungarian composers.*” This series is a musical, historical and linguistic journey through the synthesis of Eastern-European folk elements and Western art music by some of the most well-known Austro-Hungarian composers. The songs presented include rarely performed vocal works by established composers including Bartók, Kodály, Brahms, Dvořák and Janáček, set in the three most widely spoken languages in Austro-Hungary: German, Hungarian and Czech.

The dual monarchy of Austro-Hungary, which existed from 1867-1918, was a melting pot of cultural diversity and blending present in art song and opera. The realm comprised modern-day Austria, Hungary, Bosnia and Herzegovina, Croatia, the Czech Republic, Slovakia, Slovenia, large sections of Serbia and Romania and small parts of Italy, Montenegro, Poland and Ukraine. This presence of many unique cultures, sub-groups, and languages within one empire, led to a flourishing of new art music. This music displayed the needs of various cultural groups attempting to find their own clear voices within a Germanized cultural sphere. According to Grout’s *History of Western Music*,

“The search for an independent, native voice ...was keenest in...the countries of eastern Europe, where the dominance of German music was felt as a threat to home-grown musical creativity. By employing native folksongs and dances or imitating their musical character, composers could develop a style that had ethnic identity”¹⁴

¹⁴ Donald Jay Grout and Claude V. Palisca, *A History of Western Music*, 5th ed. (New York and London: W.W. Norton & Company.) 1996. 665.

In the first recital of this series, an exploration of the work of two Austro-Hungarian composers, Bartók and Kodály, was presented, with a focus on arrangements of their own native Hungarian folk melodies in creating the unique "ethnic identity" mentioned by Grout. This second recital presents examples of the influence of a culture both widespread and diffuse within the Austro-Hungarian Empire – the "gypsy" subculture, and more particularly Hungarian gypsy subculture. While the composers discussed – Brahms, Dvořák, Kálmán, and Strauss – were not of gypsy background or blood – they all used elements of Hungarian gypsy music in their compositions, providing a hint of exotic or ethnic flavor to distinguish their pieces from the traditional Austro-German style or Western side of the Empire. This practice became so widespread during the time period in which these composers lived, that it became commonly known as the *style hongrois* or the French for "Hungarian style." This program showcases songs and arias inspired by this style and thus influenced by gypsy musical and linguistic traditions. The musical characteristics used to create the unique Central-East European flavor of the *style hongrois* includes use of the *csárdás* and other similar dance forms, pianistic references to traditional gypsy instrumentation (particularly the cimbalom, violin and other stringed instruments), and texts filled with references to gypsy life and experience. Virtuoso runs and extremely fast passages are common, as are dotted rhythms, gypsy scale patterns and musical references to the natural rhythms of the Hungarian language.

Because it is used so frequently within the *style hongrois*, and appears several times on this program, the term *csárdás* deserves a bit of special explanation. This dance surfaced in the mid-19th century and originally took shape as a variation on a traditional Hungarian army recruitment dance called the *verbunkos*. In the *verbunkos*, members of the Hungarian light

cavalry would recruit villagers by performing an elaborate, dignified, and gradually more energetic and frenetic dance including lots of jumping and clicking of spurs.

These recruiting dances were typically accompanied by gypsy musicians, and were associated with violin playing, virtuosic trills and runs and a form alternating slow (*lassú* or *lassan*) and fast (*friss* or *friska*) sections. According to John Bellman in his article for Oxford Music Online,

“Like the *verbunkos*, the *csárdás* had slow sections (*lassan* and *lassú*) and fast ones (*friska* or *friss*) – the first in a heavy 4/4 metre that suggested dignity, pride and often grief, while the latter could achieve extremely fast tempos and was danced with abandon.”¹⁵

Bellman also writes of one *csárdás* by Liszt (which also could be applied to others of the genre):

“The first section has a heavy, proud and theatrical pathos, while the second begins with twittering cimbalom effects and builds to a furious *prestissimo*.”

Gradually this two-part form and style that began as the *verbunkos* became increasingly popular among the aristocratic classes, and was renamed the *csárdás* (Hungarian for “country inn.”) The *csárdás* became known as the national dance of Hungary in the latter half of the 19th century, but with the turn of the 20th century and the eventual disintegration of the Empire, this folk-like form began a gradual decline in popularity. Similarly, as a larger phenomenon, the *style hongrois* gradually dissipated in use over the first two decades of the twentieth century, and

¹⁵ Jonathan Bellman, *Csárdás*, Oxford Music Online. Oxford: Oxford University Press. 2007-2013. Article url: <http://www.oxfordmusiconline.com80/subscriber/article/grove/music/06918>

has rarely been heard in compositions since that time. In these pieces, the style captures the distinctive flavor of a specific time period in European history, and the unique blend of Germanic song and aria form with the flavor, style and color of an individual Austro-Hungarian subculture.



Fig. 2.1 Emmerich Kálmán

“Höre ich Zigeunergeigen”- from *Gräfin Mariza* - Emmerich Kálmán

Emmerich Kálmán was one of the twentieth century’s most successful producers of the Viennese operetta, a genre also made popular by Johann Strauss (whose *Die Fledermaus* aria “Csárdás” is featured later in the program.) Like many Viennese operetta composers, Kálmán’s style drew heavily from the *style hongrois* in its inclusion of “exotic” elements of and references to Hungarian gypsy music throughout his work. Kálmán himself was Hungarian, and was a fellow student of Bartók and Kodály at the Budapest Academy of Music during the early years of the twentieth century. All of his operettas are set in Hungary, and he included many coloristic instruments in his orchestration to provide Hungarian “gypsy” flavor to his pieces, including glockenspiel, harp, celesta, tam-tam and of course, the ubiquitous gypsy fiddles.¹⁶ The aria “Höre ich Zigeunergeigen,” an ode to the Gypsy violin and its incitement of wild passion and exuberant living, is drawn from Kálmán’s operetta *Gräfin Mariza* or *Countess Mariza*. The rhythms of this piece loosely follow the form of the *csárdás*, with a stately opening theme followed by a progressively wilder second section with a gradual but consistent *accelerando*.

The plot line follows a wealthy and sought-after Hungarian Countess, who has named and promoted an imaginary fiancé in efforts to fend off unwanted suitors. It is quite a surprise when she throws a party and the imaginary man she has named shows up! After assorted

¹⁶ Andrew Lamb, Emmerich Kálmán, Oxford Music Online, Oxford: Oxford University Press. 2007-2013. Article url: <http://oxfordmusiconline.com80/subscriber//article/grove/music/O007404>.

explanations, machinations, and assurances of appropriate social standing, the Countess Mariza and her mystery man agree to marry after all, and all ends well. The operetta was debuted in Vienna in 1924, and was one of the composer's most popular and well-known works.¹⁷

Höre ich Zigeunergeigen

Höre ich Zigeunergeigen,
Bei des Cymbals wildem Lauf.
Wird es mir um's Herz so eigen
Wachen alle Wünsche auf.
Klingt ein heisser Csárdástraum
Sinnbetörend durch den Raum.
Klingt ein toller, sehnsuchtsvoller,
Heisser, wilder Csárdás Traum!
Winkt im Glase der Tokajer
Rot wie Blut und heiss wie Feuer
Komm' und mach' die Seele freier
Spiel, dazu, Zigeuner!
Willst du woll der Freude leben?
Soll dass Herz vor Lust erbeben,
Jauchzend sich zum Himmel heben!
Spiel, dazu, Zigeuner!
Willst du wild die Nacht durchzechen?
Wollen wir von Liebe sprechen?
Will das armes Herz auchbrechen?
Spiel, dazu, Zigeuner!
Spiel! Spiel! Spiel!
Spiele mit Gefühl!
Alles kannst du mit uns machen,
Weinen müssen wir und lachen,
Wie es deine Geige will!
Wo wohnt die Liebe?
Wer kann's mir sagen?
Wo wohnt die Liebe?
Wenn soll ich fragen?
Einmal das Herz in toller Lust verschenken,
Küssen, küssen und nicht denken!
Einmal, nur glücklich sein!
Wo wohnt die Liebe?
Wer kann's ergrunden?
Wo wohnt die Liebe?
Wer kann sie finden?

Hear the Gypsy fiddle

Hear the Gypsy fiddle,
Running with the wild Cymbals
Around my heart, it so strangely
Awakens all wishes.
Sound the hot Csárdás dream
through the room.
Sound the great, full of longing,
Hot wild Csárdás dream!
It beckons in the glass of Tokay,
Red like blood and hot like fire,
Come and make the soul free,
Play, Gypsy, Play!
Do you wish for the joy of living?
Should the heart tremble with desire,
Exulting to the heavens above!
Play, Gypsy, Play!
Would you like to go carousing in the night?
Would we speak of Love?
Will your poor heart also break?
Play, gypsy,
Play! Play! Play!
Play with feeling!
Everything you do with us,
We must cry and laugh,
As your tune wills it!
Where dwells Love?
Who can tell me?
Where dwells Love?
When should I ask?
Once the heart in great desire gives itself,
Kiss, kiss and think not!
Once only, to be happy!
Where dwells Love?
Who can say?
Where dwells Love?
Where can one find it?

¹⁷ Andrew Lamb, Emmerich Kálmán, Oxford Music Online. Oxford: Oxford University Press. 2007-2013. Article url: <http://www.oxfordmusiconline.com80/subscriber/grov/music/O007404>.

Nur einmal, küssen bis der Liebe Flammen
Schlagen über mir zusammen!
Einmal, nur glücklich sein!

Only once, to kiss until love flames
Flicker all around me!
One chance, only to be happy!

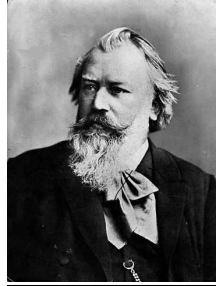


Fig. 2.2 Johannes Brahms

Zigeunerlieder – Johannes Brahms

Brahms took the texts for these songs from Hugo Conrat's German translations of twenty-five Hungarian folksongs, and he reflects the Hungarian gypsy scenes depicted with a variety of musical techniques. In the Hungarian language, words are almost always accented on the first syllable. Brahms maintains this linguistic characteristic in these pieces, which although written in German, each begin directly on the downbeat of each song, giving the effect of a reference to the language of the Magyars.¹⁸ The “stamping triads” characteristic of Gypsy music are present in the first piece, and in the second half of the piece the melody echoes the whining, crying quality in the Gypsy violins colorfully illustrated in the text.¹⁹ In song 3, of this set, he draws from the tradition of the slow-fast *csárdás* form, creating a miniature dance sequence. Each stanza begins with a slow, more tender expression of love by the young man and his maiden, following by an accelerated rhapsodic expression of passion by each lover. In song 5, Brahms indulges in a bit of musical word-painting, echoing the coins thrown on the cymbals “to

¹⁸ Carol Kimball, *Song: A Guide to Style & Literature*, (Redmond, Washington: Pst. Inc.) 1996, 116.

¹⁹ Matthew Head, *Style Hongrois*, Oxford Music Online. Oxford: Oxford University Press. 2007-2013.
Article url: <http://www.oxfordmusiconline.co:80/subscriber/article/grove/music/44652>.

make them ring” (another Hungarian gypsy tradition) through a high-pitched arpeggiated chord in the right hand.

1.

He, Zigeuner, greife in die Saiten ein!
Spiel das Lied von ungetreuen Mägdelein.
Lass’ die Saiten, weinen, klagen, traurig, bange,
Bis die heisse Träne netzet diese Wange.

Hey, Gypsy, strike the strings!
Play the song of the untrue maiden.
Let the strings cry, mournfully, anxiously,
Until the hot tears roll down these cheeks.

2.

Hochgetürmte Rimaflut , wie bist du so trüb.
An dem ufer klag’ ich laut noch dir mein Lieb.
Wellen, fliehen, wellen, strömen,
Rauschen an den Strand heran zu mir.
An dem Rimaufer, nach mich ewig.
Weinen nach ihr.

High, churning Rima waves, you are murky.
On the banks I lament still for you, my love.
Waves, flee, waves, flow,
Sweeping onto the beach close to me.
On the Rima’s banks, I will cry
after her always.

3.

Wisst ihr, wann mein Kindchen,
Am allerschönsten ist?
Wenn ihr süßes Mündchen,
Scherzt und lacht und küsst.
Mägdelein, du bist mein,
Inniglich, kuss ich dich.
Dich erschuf der Liebe Himmel
Einzig nur für mich.

Do you know, when my darling,
Is her most beautiful?
When her sweet mouth
Plays and laughs and kisses.
Maiden, you are mine,
fervently, I kiss you.
God in Heaven made you just for me alone
just for me alone.

Wisst ihr, wann mein Liebster
Am besten mir gefällt?
Wenn in seinen Armen
Er mich umschlungen hält.
Schätzelein, du bist mein,
Inniglich, küss ich dich.
Dich erschuf der Liebe Himmel
einzig nur für mich!

Do you know when my sweetheart
pleases me the most?
When in his arms
he holds me closely.
Sweetheart, you are mine,
Fervently I kiss you.
God in heaven made you
just for me alone!

4.

Lieber Gott, du weisst,
wie oft bereut ich hab
Dass ich meine Liebchen
einst ein Küsschen gab.
Herz gebot, dass ich ihn küssen muss
Denk so lang ich leb’ an diesen ersten Kuss.

Dear God, you know
how often I have rued
That to my dear beloved
I once gave a kiss.
My heart told me, that I must kiss him.
My whole life, I will think of that first kiss.

Lieber Gott du weisst
Wie oft in stiller Nacht
Ich in Lust und Leid
An meinem Schatz gedacht.
Lieb ist süß, wenn bitter auch die Reu.
Armes Herze bleibt in ewig, ewig Treu.

5.

Brauner Bursche, führt zum tanzen
Sein blauäugig schönes Kind.
Schlägt die Sporen keck zusammen,
Csárdás Melodie beginnt!
Küsst und Herz
Sein süßes Täubchen.
Dreht sie, fuhr sie,
Jauchzt und springt.
Wirft drei blanke silbergulden
Auf das Cymbal das es klingt!

6.

Röslein dreie in der Reihe blühen so Rot,
Dass der Bursch zum Mädels geht ist kein Verbot!
Lieber Gott, wenn das verboten wär,
Ständt die schöne weite Welt so langst nicht mehr!
Ledig bleibe Sünde wär!
Schönstes Städtchen in Alföld ist Ketschkemet.
Dort gibt es gar viele Mädchen schmuck und nett.
Freunde, sucht euch dort ein Bräutchen aus.
Freit um ihre Hand und gründet euer Haus,
Freundebecher leeret aus!

7.

Kommt dir manchmal in den Sinn,
Mein süßes Lieb,
Was du einst mit heil'gem Eide mir gelobt?
Täusch mich nicht, verlass' mich nicht.
Du weiss nicht, wie Lieb ich dich hab.
Lieb du mich, wie ich dich,
Dann strömt Gottes huld auf dich herab.

8.

Rote Abendwolken
ziehn am Firmament,
Sehnsuchts' voll nach dir mein Lieb,
Das Herze brennt.
Himmel strahlt in glühn der Pracht,
Und ich träum bei Tag und Nacht,

Dear God, you know
how often in the still night
I in joy and sorrow,
Thought on my dear sweetheart.
Love is sweet, when bitter also is remorse.
My poor heart remains ever, ever true.

The brown-haired lad leads to the dance
His blue-eyed pretty girl.
Clinking his spurs together,
The Csárdás melody begins!
He kisses and caresses
his sweet dove.
Whirls her, leads her,
shouts and springs about.
Throw three shiny silver coins
O the cymbal so it rings!

Little roses, three in a row bloom so red,
That the lad visits his girl, is not forbidden!
Dear Lord, if that was forbidden,
This beautiful world would no longer exist!
To stay single would be a sin!
The prettiest town in Alföld is Ketschkemet.
There are so many girls, pretty and nice.
Friends, go there to choose a little bride.
Ask for her hand and establish your home,
Then empty cups of joy!

Do you sometimes remember in your soul,
My sweet love,
What you once with holy oath to me vowed?
Replace me not, leave me not.
You know not, how much I love you.
Love me as I love you,
Then God's grace will descend on you.

Red evening clouds move
Across the firmament,
Full of longing after you, my love,
The heart burns.
The heavens shine in glowing splendor,
And I dream, day and night,

Nur allein von den süßen Liebchen mein.

Only of my sweet love.



Fig. 2. 3 Johann Strauss

“Klänge der Heimat” from *Die Fledermaus* – Johann Strauss

As previously mentioned, famed composer Johann Strauss wrote a number of successful Viennese operettas, of which *Die Fledermaus* or “The Bat” is one of the most enduring. Unlike Kálmán’s works which uniformly take place in the composer’s native Hungary, Strauss sets this operetta in his home city of Vienna, and populates it with characters drawn from the Viennese aristocracy of the time. However, like Kálmán, in this particular aria, “Klänge der Heimat” (alternately entitled “Csárdás”), Strauss pulls heavily from the *style hongrois*, adding a moment of Hungarian gypsy flair to the otherwise more Germanic scene and style. The aria begins with a sinuous line in the piano, outlining elements of a “gypsy scale” common in Hungarian music (with a transposed pattern of c-d-eb-f#-g-a-b-c.) and small motives taken from this scale are echoed through the first half of the piece. Like Kálmán’s aria from *Gräfin Mariza*, the form of the piece also follows the Hungarian *csárdás* dance form outlined earlier, with a slower beginning section, leading to a frenzied *accelerando* at the end of the piece.

In this aria, the Viennese Rosalinde has gone in disguise as a Hungarian countess to a ball held by Russian Prince Orlofsky. Rosalinde knows her husband has gone to the party secretly without her, and she is looking to expose him in his unfaithful ways. She sings this aria “in character” as Hungarian nobility, allowing the audience in on her “tongue-in-cheek”, highly impassioned devotion to her supposed homeland. Her husband is predictably enchanted by the

strange woman's allure and his wandering ways are revealed. He promptly repents, she forgives, and again, all's well that ends well, at least in operetta. Strauss's work debuted in 1874, and it has since remained a favorite among both producers of operetta and opera alike.²⁰

Klänge der Heimat

Klänge der Heimat,
Ihr weckt mir dass Sehnen,
Rufet die Tränen, ins Auge mir!
Wenn ich euch höre, ihr heimlichen Lieder,
Zieht mich's wieder – mein Ungarland, zu dir!
you!
O Heimat, so wunderbar,
Wie strahlt dort die Sonne so klar!
Wie grün deiner Wälder,
Wie lachend die Felder,
O Land, wo so glücklich ich war! !
Ja, dein geliebtes Bild
Meine Seele so ganze erfüllt.
Und bin ich auch von dir weit,
Ach, weit, Ah!
Dir bleibt in Ewigkeit doch,
Mein Sinn immer dar,
Ganze allein geweiht!
Feuer, Lebenslust,
schwellt echt Ungarbrust.
Hei! zum Tanze schnell,
Csárdás tönt so hell!
Braunes Mägdelein;
Musst meine Tänz'rin sein,,
Reicht dem Arm geschwind,
Dunkeläugig Kind!
Durst'ge Zecher ,
Greift zum Becher,
Lasst ihn Kreise,
Schnell von Hand zu Hand!
Schlürft das Feuer
Im Tokajer!
Bringt ein Hoch aus dem Vaterland!

Sounds of my homeland

Sounds of my homeland,
you awaken my longing,
Bringing tears to my eyes!
When I hear you, native songs,
You draw me back, my Hungary, to
you!
O homeland, so wonderful,
How shines still the sun so bright!
How green are your forests,
how cheerful your fields,
O country, where I was so happy!
Yes, your beloved image
Completely fills my soul.
And I also am far from you,
Oh, so far!
To you I still offer in Eternity,
My soul forever,
Wholly devoted to you!
Fire, love of life,
Swells the real Hungarian breast.
Hey – quickly to the dance,
The Csárdás rings so clearly!
Brunette maiden,
You must be my dance partner,
Give me your arm quickly,
Dark eyed girl!
Thirsty drinker,
Seize the glass,
Around the circle,
Pass it quickly from hand to hand!
Taste the fire
in the Tokay!
Raise a toast high to the fatherland!

²⁰ Andrew Lamb. Die Fledermaus. Oxford Music Online. Oxford: Oxford University Press. 2007-2013.
Article url: <http://www.oxfordmusiconline.com80/subscriber/article/grove/music/O901956>.



Fig. 2.4 Antonín Dvořák

Zigeunermelodien – Antonín Dvořák – 1880

Widely considered among Dvořák's finest songs, the composer's *Zigeunermelodien* are rich in dramatic contrast, textural effects and references to the freedom and joys of the nomadic character of gypsy life. The texts are chosen from a book of poetry published by Adolf Heyduk in Czech in 1859. However, Dvořák wrote them with a specific tenor in mind (one Gustav Walter) whom Dvořák had met in Vienna and who only spoke German. Due to his singer's linguistic skills and the Viennese audience for which these songs were debuted, Heyduk and Dvořák translated the poems into German for performance, while also maintaining the rhythms and possibility of performance of the original Czech.²¹ This is one good example of the frequent necessity of Germanization within the Austro-Hungarian milieu, but also of one composer's striving to infuse national and ethnic character into his song repertoire. Dvořák draws on Hungarian gypsy dance rhythms in Songs #2, 5 and 6, expansive melodic lines to evoke the far-wandering nature of the Gypsy, and pianistic references to the cimbalom (or Hungarian hammered dulcimer) in song #5 as well.²²

1.

Mein Lied ertönt ein Liebespsalm,
Beginnt der Tag zu sinken,
Und wenn das Moos der welke Halm
Tauperlen heimlich trinken,
Mein Lied ertönt, voll Wanderlust,

My songs sounds a love-psalm,
The day begins to sink,
When from moss, the wilted grass,
Dew-drop pearls secretly drink,
My song sounds, full of wanderlust,

²¹ David Adams, *The Song and Duet Texts of Antonín Dvořák*, (New York: Leyerle Publications.) 2003, 158.

²² Carol Kimball, *Song: A Guide to Style & Literature*, (Redmond, Washington: Pst. Inc.) 1996, 236.

In grünen Waldeshallen,
Und auf der Pussta weitem Plan,
Lass frohen Sang ich schallen!
Mein Lied ertönt, voll Liebe auch,
Wenn Haide stürme toben,
Wenn sich zu letzten Lebenshauch,
Des Bruders Brust gehoben.

2.

Ei! Ei, wie mein Triangel
wunderherrlich lautet!
Leicht bei solchen Klängen,
In den Tod man schreitet!
In den Tod man schreitet
beim Triangelschallen.
Lieder, Reigen, Liebe,
Lebewohl dem Allen

3.

Rings is der Wald so stumm und still,
Das Herz schlägt mir so bange.
anxiously.
Der schwarze Rausch sinkt tiefer stets
Und trocknet meine Wange.
Ei meine Tränen trocknen nicht,
Müsst andre Wangen suchen!
Wer nur den Schmerz besingen kann,
wird nicht dem Tode fluchen.

4.

Als die Alte Mutter,
Mich noch lehrte singen,
Tränen in den Wimpern,
Gar so oft ihr hingen.
Jetzt wo ich die kleinen
Selber ub in Sängen,
Riesel't's in den Bart oft
Riesel't's oft von den brauen Wangen.

5.

Reingestimmt die Saiten,
Bursche, tanz ihm Kreise!
Heute, froh und morgen,
Trüb nach alter Weise.
Nächste Tag am Nile,
Am dem Väter Tische,

In green forest halls
And on the wide Pussta plain,
I let the joyful song sound!
My song sounds, also full of Love,
When heather storms rage,
When in the last life's breath,
a brother's breast is lifted!

Oh! Oh, how my triangle
Wonderfully sounds!
Easily by the same sounds,
One could march through death!
One could march through death
By the triangle's sounds.
Songs, dances, love,
Farewell to everything!

The forest sounds so mute and silent,
The heart beats within me so

The dark smoke sinks always deeper
And dries my cheeks.
Oh, my tears should not dry,
They must be felt by other cheeks!
Who can simply sing, in pain,
Will not curse death.

Like my old Mother,
Who taught me to sing,
Tears in her eyes,
So often would catch there.
Now when I sing
To the children myself,
Tears trickle down the beard often,
Trickle down the brown cheeks.

Tune the strings,
Lad, dance in the circle!
Today, happily and tomorrow
Mournful, after the old wisdom.
The next day by the Nile,
As at our father's table,

Reingestimmt die Saiten,
In den Tanz dich mische!

6.

In dem weitem, breitem,
Luft'gen Leinenkleide,
Freier der Zigeuner
Als ihn's Gold und Seide.
Jaj, der gold'ne Dolman
Schnürt die Brust so enge
Hemmt des freien Liedes,
Wanderfrohen Klänge,
An der Lieder Schallen.
Lässt das Gold, das schnöde
In die Hölle fallen!

7.

Darf des Falkens Schwinge
Tatrahöhn umrauschen
Wird des Felsennest er mit
Den Käfig tauschen?
Kann das wilde Föhlen,
Jagen durch die Haide,
Wird ans Zaum und Zügel finden
Seine Freude?
Hat, Natur, Zigeuner, etwas
dir gegeben?
Jaj, zur Freiheit schuf sie mir
Dass ganze, dass ganze Leben!

Tune the strings,
Mingle together in the dance!

In the wide, ample
airy linen dress,
Freer is the Gypsy
than in gold and silk.
Yes, the gold Dolman
binds the chest so tightly,
Hemming in the free songs,
Happily wandering sounds.
In songs resounding.
Let the Gold, with contempt,
Fall into Hell!!!

Can the winged falcon
Rustling through the High Tatras
Its cliffside nest
Exchange with a cage?
Can the wild foal,
Chasing through the heather,
find in the bridle and rein
His joy?
Has Nature, Gypsy,
given something to you?
Yes, for freedom, she created
My whole life!

“Im Volkston: The Czech folk influence on works by Dvořák, Janáček, Smetana

This recital is the third in a series of three on the topic “*Im Volkston: The Central-Eastern-European folk influence on vocal art music from select Austro-Hungarian composers.*” This series is a musical, historical and linguistic journey through the synthesis of Central-Eastern-European folk elements and Western art music by some of the most well-known Austro-Hungarian composers. The songs presented will include rarely performed vocal works by established composers including Bartók, Kodály, Brahms, Dvořák and Janáček, set in the three most widely spoken languages in Austro-Hungary: German, Hungarian and Czech (with one cycle including both Czech and Moravian Slovak songs.) This third recital will showcase works by three native Czech composers: Antonín Dvořák, Leoš Janáček, and Bedřich Smetana, and illustrate the influence of Czech folk song, folk poetry, and culture on their musical style.

The dual monarchy of Austro-Hungary, which existed from 1867-1918, was a melting pot of cultural diversity and blending present in art song and opera. The realm comprised modern-day Austria, Hungary, Bosnia and Herzegovina, Croatia, the Czech Republic, Slovakia, Slovenia, large sections of Serbia and Romania and small parts of Italy, Montenegro, Poland and Ukraine. This presence of many unique cultures and languages within one empire, led to a flourishing of new art music. This music displayed the needs of various cultural groups attempting to find their own clear voices within a Germanized cultural sphere. According to Grout’s *History of Western Music*,

“The search for an independent, native voice - one important aspect of nationalism – was keenest in England, France the US, Russia, and the countries of eastern Europe, where the dominance of German music was felt as a threat to home-grown musical creativity.

By employing native folksongs and dances or imitating their musical character, composers could develop a style that had ethnic identity, although individual composers in these countries differed in their interest in a nationalistic agenda...”

In the first recital of the series, an exploration of the work of two Austro-Hungarian composers, Bartók and Kodály, was presented, with a focus on arrangements of their own native Hungarian folk melodies in creating the unique ”ethnic identity” mentioned by Grout. The second recital presented examples of the musical influence of the “gypsy” or Roma subculture, and more particularly Hungarian gypsy subculture within the traditional genres of German lied and operetta. This style was so frequently represented in Austro-Hungarian composer’s work it became known as the *style hongrois* or French for “Hungarian style. In this third recital, the influence of Czech folk poetry, folksong, and culture on art song and aria is explored in works by Dvořák, Janáček, and Smetana, as is the desire of these Czech composers to create their own “native voice.”in art music.

Leoš Janáček’s
Folksongs from Leoš Janáček’s *Moravská lidová poesie v písních*
(Moravian folk poetry in song)

The beginning set of this evening’s program is taken from Leoš Janáček’s volume of 53 Moravian folksongs, *Moravská lidová poesie v písních* or *Moravian folk poetry in song*, set for voice and piano, and first published in 1908. Over the course of his career, Leoš Janáček set more than 150 Moravian, Silesian and Slovakian folk songs with his own piano accompaniments. As Bartók and Kodály did in their native Hungarian lands, Janáček spent a significant portion of his career collecting folksongs from his native Czech area near the

Moravian border, as well as studying those folksongs already collected and published by Erben, Sušil and Bartoš. According in Bohumír Štědroň in his preface to the Barenreiter edition of these songs:

“Folk song was for [Janáček] the complete embodiment of man, body, soul and environment. In his view, folk song had a unifying spirit, in which unadulterated man was revealed in his original culture, not in an adopted one...”²³

All of Janáček’s songs are settings of actual folk melodies, retaining both the original folk poetry and the tunes that he and others had collected from their native lands. While Dvořák (whose compositions will be heard later in the program) was a mentor and inspiration to Janáček, the two composers differ in this regard. As David Adams mentions these differences in regards to the works from each composer included on this program:

“Folk-song as art-song comes about in one of two ways; either the composer takes a folk-poem with no specific musical associations and sets it to music, or a composer takes a folk-poem along with a traditional melody associated with it and arranges it harmonically and with newly composed features of accompaniment. Dvořák’s *V narodním tonu*, and *Moravian Duets* are examples of the former, all of the many folk song settings of Dvořák’s close friend Janáček are of the latter.”²⁴

²³ Leoš Janáček, *Moravská lidová poesie v písních (Moravian Folk Poetry in Song.)* (Kassel, London: Barenreiter) 1976, Preface.

²⁴ David Adams, *The Song and Duet Texts of Antonín Dvořák*, (New York. Leyerle Publications.) 2003.

Janáček also retains more minute and subtle folk elements such as the notation of small accents or grace notes, called “sčasovka.” which connect the songs further to their original style. He imitates native instrumentation at various points as well, for example, quick accents and runs in the song “Muzikanti” which reference the cymbals and strings mentioned in the text.²⁵

Tužba

Ej, Janku, Janíčku,
voňavý hřebíčku,
Jak's ty mně zavoňel
V tom čirém polečku.

To moje srdenko
Tak ve mně buchoce
Jako ta ryběnka
V hlubokém potoce.

Lavečka

Ta naša lavečka
Aj, už sa polámala
Co sem ze synečkem
Aj, na ní sedávala

Byla to lavečka
Aj z dřeva olšového
Býl ten můj syneček
Srdenka falešného.

Ta naša lavečka
Na dvě sa rozdělila
Že naše srdenka
Obě dvě rozlúčila

Ty naša lavečko
Aj, zruštni sa mi ešče
Starodávny galán
Aj navrat' sa mi ešče!

Muzikanti

Desire

Hey, John, Johnny
Like sweet cloves
to me
you are scented.

To my heart
Your love
Is as the silverfish
In the deep creek

The benches
Oh, already they are broken
where the lad
Oh. rested on it.

It was the benches
Behold the wood
Where I gave my lad
My heart.

The benches
were split in twain
where our hearts
were together.

The benches
oh, come back to me, still
Old lover
Oh, return to me still!

²⁵ Leoš Janáček, *Moravská lidová poesie v písních (Moravian Folk Poetry in Song., (Kassel, London: Barenreiter) 1976, Preface.*

Muzikanti, co děláte
Aj, máte husle a nehrajete.

Zahrávejte mně na cimbále
At' moja milá veselá je.

Zahrávejte mně na husličky
A rozveselte ty drůžičky.

Zahrávejte mně na tó basu,
A rozveselte všecku chasu.

Zahrávejte mně všeci spolu,
A vyprovod' te mně až domu.

Stálost

Zelené sem sela,
Červené mí schodí
Pověz mi synečku
Kdo tebe rozvodí.

Rozvodí, rozvodí
Celá má rodina
Že si ty chudobnej
Maměnky děvčina.

Nedaj, Bože, nedaj
Fialence rozkvést
Nedaj sa, synečku
Od cérečky rozvést.

Šak já nedám, nedám
Ani nerozvedú
Dokud' já, cérečko,
Dokud' já živ budu.

Musicians, what will we do
If you don't play the violin!

Play for me the cymbals,
That make my dear one cheerful!

Play for me those trumpets
To cheer up those maidens!

Play for me this bass
And cheer up the whole party!

Play me all the instruments together
And escort me to the house!

Constancy

I have sown green
The red stairs
Tell me, lad
Who you divide

Divide, divide
All the family
And the poor
Girls mother

It cannot be, God, it cannot
Red blooming.
I won't allow it, lad
Red blooms.

I won't give
Not a divorce
While I live,
While I live.



Fig. 3.1 Antonín Dvořák

V národním tónu (In Folk Tone) by Antonín Dvořák

The four songs of Dvořák's *V národním tónu*, like the *Moravian Duets* also included on the program, are settings of native folk-poetry texts from Moravia and neighboring areas, the eastern-most part of the Czech lands. This particular cycle uses texts from the border between Moravia and Slovakia. Thus, three of songs in the cycle ("Dobru noc", "Žalo dievča, žalo trávu" and "Ej, mám já koňa faku") are in a dialect that is closer to Slovak than Czech. (The Slovak and Czech languages are very closely related – speakers of one can usually understand the other - although only a few of the diction differences manifest themselves in these particular songs.) The third of the four songs, "Ach, není tu" is in standard Czech. These songs, dating from 1886 are interesting in that they are some of Dvořák's first settings of folk poetry (after the *Moravian Duets*) and thus set a precedent not only for his later work, but for many Czech composers following him, including Leoš Janáček, Vítězslav Novák, Bohuslav Martinů, and Petr Eben.²⁶

1. Dobru noc

Good night

Folk poem from the Slovácko region (Moravian Slovakia) (in Slovak)

Dobru noc, má milá, dobru noc,
Nech ti je Pán Boh sám, na pomoc.
Dobru noc, dobre spi,
Nech sa ti , snívajú, milé sny.
Snívaj sa, ti sničok, ach snívaj,
Ked' staneš, sničoku veru daj,
Že t'a já milujem,
Srdečko svoje ti darujem.

Good night, my dear, good night,
May the Lord God help you.
Good night, good sleep,
May you dream pleasant dreams.
Dream a little dream, ah dream,
When you rise, believe the dream,
That you I love,
That to you, I give my heart.

2. Žalo dievča, žalo trávu

A maiden reaped grass

Folk poem from the Slovácko region (Moravian Slovakia) (in Slovak)

²⁶ David Adams, *The Song and Duet Texts of Antonín Dvořák*. (New York. Leyerle Publications.) 2010, 123.

Žalo dievča, žalo trávu
Ned' aleko Temešváru
Ked' našalo, poviazalo,
Na šuhajka zavolalo:
"Šuhaj, šuhaj, z druhej strany,
Pod' mi dvíhat' batoh trávy!"
"Nech ti dvíha, otec, máti,
Nechce-li t' a za mňa dáti.
Ešte t' a len kolimbali,
Už t' a ža mňa sľubovali:
Ešte si len húsky pásala,
Už si v mojom srdci riasla."

A maiden reaped grass
not far from Temesvar.
When the grass was reaped and bound
to a lad she called,
"Lad, lad, on the other side,
Come and lift the sack of grass for me!"
"Let your father or mother lift it,
since they don't wish to give you to me.
Even as they rocked you in the cradle,
Already they promised you to me..
Even as you tended the geese,
You already grew in my heart."

3. Ach, není tu

Oh, there is nothing here

Folk poem from Bohemia (in Czech)

Ach, není, není tu co by mně těšilo;
Ach! není tu, není co mě těší.
Co mě těšovalo, vodou uplynulo.
Ach, není tu, není co mě těší.
Vždycky mně dávají co se mně nelíbí.
Vždycky mně dávají co já nechci.
Dávají mně vdovce ten má jen půl srdce.

Oh, there is nothing here that would please me.
Oh, there is nothing here that pleases me.
What pleased me has floated away with water.
Ah, there is nothing here that pleases me.
Always they give to me what does not appeal
Always they give me what I don't want.
They give me a widower with only half a heart.

4. Ej, mám já koňa faku

Hey, I have a strong horse

Folk poem from the Slovácko region (Moravian Slovakia) (in Slovak)

Ej, mám já koňa faku co ma dobre nosí,
Po horach, po dolach, po studenej rosi.
Ej, mal som síkorenku zlámala si nošku,
Podaj mi má milá čerstvej vody trošku.
Ej! Mal som frajerečku ako iskerečku;
Ale ma sklamala strela v jej srdiečku!

Hey, I have a strong horse who carries me well.
Over mountains, valleys, over the cold dew.
Hey, I had a little mouse that broke its leg.
My dear, bring me some fresh water!
Hey, I had a girl like a little spark,
But the arrow failed me in her heart!

"Ach, jaký zal - Ten lásky sen" From *Prodaná Nevěsta* (The Bartered Bride) by Bedřich Smetana

The opera *Prodaná Nevěsta* (The Bartered Bride) was one of those written by Smetana in
his quest to create a uniquely Czech version of the art form. Written in 1866, its premiere was

conducted by Smetana himself at the Czech provisional theatre in Prague, which would later become the Prague National Theatre. The theatre itself stands as a sign of the pride of the Czech people, as its construction was funded almost completely by private donations to create an opera house that would rival those in Vienna and other Austro-German locales.²⁷

This aria is taken from the third act of the opera. In this scene, the character of Mařenka, the ingénue of the opera, believes she has been deserted by Jeník, the man she truly loves, who appears to have “sold” his contract to marry her for a significant sum of money. (This later turns out in fact not to be the case – but does provide the title for the opera “The Bartered Bride.”) A simple and somewhat immature young man, Vašek, seem to be the next in line for her hand. Mařenka’s and Vašek’s parents along with Kecal, the scheming marriage broker, strongly encourage her to think wisely about her future. After they leave, she sings this plaintive aria, mourning the believed loss of her true love.²⁸

“Ach, jaký žal - Ten lásky sen”

Ach, jaký žal! jaký to žal,
Když srdce oklamáno!
Však přece ještě nevěřím
Ač stojí tam napsáno,
Nevěřím, až s ním promluví.
Snad ani o tom neví!
Ó kým se mi v nesnázi te skutečná
Pravda zjevív!

Ten lásky sen, jak krásný byl
Jak nadějně rozkvítal
A nad ubohým srdcem mým
Co tichá hvězda svítal
Jak blahý život s milencem
V snu tomto sem si přadla!

“Oh, what woe! The dream of love”

Oh, what woe! What woe!
When a heart is deceived!
Though I still don’t believe it,
Although it stands there in writing.
I won’t believe it until I speak with him.
Perhaps he doesn’t even know of it!
Oh, in my distress let the real,
Real truth be shown to me!

The dream of love, how beautiful it was
How hopefully it bloomed!
And over my distraught heart
It was shining like silent star.
How in this dream an blissful life
With my love I saw!

²⁷ Timothy Cheek, *The Bartered Bride – Prodaná Nevěsta: A Performance Guide with Translations and Pronunciation*, (Lanham, Maryland: Scarecrow Press.) 2010, 3.

²⁸ Ibid, 3.

Tu osud přivál vichřici
a růže lásky svadla.
Ne, není možný taký klam, ne,
Není, možný taký klam!
Tent' smutnou by byl ranou,
A rozplakala by se zem
Nad laskou pochovano.

Now destiny rushed like a storm,
And love's rose has withered.
No, such betrayal is not possible,
No, such betrayal is not possible, no.
It would be a bitter pain,
And the earth would burst in tears
Over the entombed love.

Selections from *Moravské dvojzpěvy* (Moravian Duets) - Antonín Dvořák

The duets presented next are chosen from 23 duets written by Dvořák between 1875 and 1877 (The five chosen are from the ten set specifically for soprano and mezzo-soprano/contralto.) Dvořák was acquainted with a well-off businessman in Prague named Jan Neff (he gave piano lessons to Neff's children), who requested that the composer arrange some folksongs from a collection by František Sušil. In the end, Dvořák chose to create his own melodies for the two singers in these pieces, while retaining the Moravian texts of the original folksongs from the Sušil collection. Like the folksong settings of Janáček from the beginning of the program, the texts for these duets are in a Moravian dialect, which still considered Czech, differs slightly from standard Czech in grammar, spelling and pronunciation.²⁹ These duets are charming, melodically appealing, and easily accessible to most listeners. Like the set of Moravian Slovak and Czech folk texts presented in *V národním tónu*, the images and stories depicted present a timeless portrait of rural life in the Moravian lands, mirroring the common relationships between man and nature, farmsman and noble, bridegroom and bride. As most of the folk poetry and songs published by Dvořák and other Czech composers, they were originally published with German as well as Czech texts, as the common perception was that the German language was the more dominant and marketable idiom for art song. However, Dvořák clearly wrote these songs to be performed in Czech for a Czech speaking audience.

²⁹ David Adams, *The Song and Duet Texts of Antonín Dvořák*. (New York. Leyerle Publications.) 2003, 56.

1. Prsten

Hraj, muziko, hraj

Hraj, muziko, hraj
Z cicha na Dunaj,
Budem sa ubírat na milého kraj.
A vy, formané širujte koně,
A vy družbové,
Sedajte na ně!
Ztratila jsem vínek,
Můj zlatý prstýnek
U mamičky mej.
U mej matery v truhle zamčený
Červným jabúčkem s milého
Srdečkem zapečacený.

A já ti uplynu

A já ti uplynu
Preč po Dunajičku!
A já chovám doma takovou udičku,
Co na ní ulovím kdejakú rybičku.
A já se udělám divokým holubem,
A já budu lítat pod vysokým nebem.
A já chovám doma takové havrany,
Co mně vychytají kdejaké holuby!
A já se udělám tú velikú vranú,
A já ti uletím na uherskú stranu.
A já chovám doma takovútu kusu,
Co ona vystřelí všechněm vranám dušu.
A já se udělám hvezdičku na nebi,
A já budu lidem svítiti na zemi.
A sú u nás doma takoví hvezdáři,
Co vypočítajú hvezdičky na nebi.
A ty přec budeš ma
Lebo mi tě Pán Buh da!

Dyby byla kosa nabróšená

Dyby byla kosa nabróšená
Dyby byla votava
Co by vona drobnó jetelinku
Co by vona šupala!
A šupaj, šupaj, drobná jetelinko
Co je mně po tobě

The Ring

Play, musicians, play

Play, band, play,
from the quiet on the Danube,
We will go towards the country of my dear.
And you, drivers, saddle the horses,
And you groomsman,
mount them!
I have lost my garland,
And my golden ring
At my mother's house.
At my mother's, locked in the chest
With the red apple
Sealed with the heart of my dear one.

From you I will float away

From you I will drift away
on the Danube!
I have at home a fishing rod,
With which I will catch all kinds of fish.
And I will turn myself into a wild dove,
And I will fly beneath the high sky,
And I have at home such ravens,
They will catch all kinds of doves for me.
And I will turn myself into a great crow,
And I will fly to you on the Hungarian side.
At home I have a crossbow,
Which will shoot the souls of all the crows.
I will become a little star in the sky,
And I will shine on the people of the earth.
And among us at home are such astronomers
Who count stars in the sky.
And you will be mine yet
Because the Lord God will give you to me.

If the scythe were sharp

If the scythe were sharpened
If there was a second growth of grass,
How it would cut into the small clover!
How it would cut into it,
And cut, cut the small clover!
What are you to me, my golden maid,

Má zlatá panenko,
Co je mně po tobě dys ty se mně provdala!

Zajáta

Žalo děvče, žalo trávu
Nedaleko vinohradu.
Pán se na ňu z okna diva,
On si na ňu rukú kývá.
Širuj koči širuj koně ,
Pojedeme v čire pole,
Čiré pole projíždžali,
Až sa k děvčati dostali.
Daj nám, děvče, daj nám záloh,
Žes na panském trávu žalo!
Dávala jim svú plachtičku,
Pán ju pojal za rucičku.
Už si děvče už si mojě,
Líbí sa mně líčko tvoje.
Tobě moje a mně tvoje,
Líbija sa nám oboje.

Neveta

Hájíčku zelený, kdo t' a hájit bude?
Myslivca zabili, hajného nebude.
Hájíčku zelený, už sem t' a dohájil
Galanečko moja, už sem kvám dochodil
Hajicku zeleny kdo t' a hajit bude?
Galanecko moja, kdo kvam chodit bude?
Ešče su hájící co mia hájivali.
Ešče sú pacholci, co knám chodívali.
Ešče su hájící co mia hajit budú,
Ešče sú pacholci, co knám chodit budu.

What are you to me,
Now that you married someone else!

Captive

A maiden mowed grass
Near the vineyard.
Her lord looks at her from the window,
And waves his hand at her.
“Saddle the horses, coachman,
we will ride to the wide field.”
They rode through the wide field,
Until they reached the maiden.
Give us payment, maid,
for the lord's grass you mowed.
She gave him her scarf,
The lord took her by the hand.
“You are mine already,
Your blushing cheek pleases me.”
“Mine pleases you and yours mine.
We are both to each other's liking.”

Comfort

Green forests, who will guard you?
The hunter is killed, there's no gamekeeper
Green forests, already I have guarded you,
My lass, already I have come to you
Green forests, who will guard you?
My lass, who will go to you?
There are still guards that guard me;
There are still lads who have come to me.
There are still guards that will guard me
There are still lads who will come to me.

“Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém” (“Song to the Moon”) from *Rusalka*– Antonín Dvořák

The famed “Song to the Moon” aria, which closes the program this evening, is taken from Dvořák's opera *Rusalka*, which was debuted at the Prague National Theatre in 1901 and tells the tale of the tragic love story of a water nymph and a human prince. This tale has taken many forms in various cultures, and Americans will no doubt recognize elements of the story

from either Hans Christian Andersen's version or its most recent incarnation as "The Little Mermaid" of Disney fame. However, in *Rusalka*, Dvořák and his librettist Jaroslav Kvapil drew their version of the timeless tale from uniquely Czech sources, particularly the Czech collection of folk tales compiled by Karel Jaromír Erben, entitled *Kytice z pov* or "A Garland of national tales/fales/legends/myths." The librettist Kvapil himself wrote,

"I began...to design an opera text with the tone of Erben. I think that the libretto of *Rusalka* is very Czech and that its happy fate surely lay in deciding on the spirit of Erben, of which Antonín Dvořák had so much instinctive understanding."³⁰

The aria takes place in Act I, as the opera opens in a moon-lit glade by the side of a lake, surrounded by trees. Wood sprites and water sprites play back and forth between forest and waves, unobserved by human eyes. Vodník, an elder male water sprite, notices his daughter, Rusalka (the Czech word for "water nymph"), lingering in a melancholy mood by the edge of the water. Upon questioning her, she reveals that she has fallen in love with a human, a Prince, and wishes to leave their watery kingdom for the land of the "golden sun." Vodník is dismayed and tells her she must seek help from Ježibaba, a witch. Before going to see the witch, Rusalka turns to the moon and urges it to tell the man she loves that she waits for him. Rippling motives in the accompaniment evoke both the water of the lake and the movements of clouds obscuring and clearing the sight of the moon overhead, gracefully framing Rusalka's memorable and beautiful melody line in this aria.³¹

³⁰ Timothy Cheek, *The Bartered Bride – Prodaná Nevěsta: A Performance Guide with Translations and Pronunciation*, (Lanham, Maryland: Scarecrow Press.) 2010. 8.

³¹ Ibid. 3.

Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém

Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém
Světlo tvé daleko vidí
Po světě bloudíš širokém
Díváš se v příbytky lidí

Měsíčku postůj, chvíli
Řekni mi, kde je můj milý

Řekni mu, stříbrný měsíčku
Mé že jej objíma rámě
Aby si alespoň chvíličku
Vzpomenul ve snění na mne.

Zasvět mu do daleka, zasvět mu,
řekni mu, řekni, kdo tu naň čeká

O mně-li duše lidská sní,
At' se tou vzpomínkou vzbudí!
Měsíčku, nezhasni.

Moon in the broad sky,

Moon in the broad sky,
your beams see far away,
Around the entire world you roam,
You see into the homes of people.

Moon, wait for a moment, answer me,
Where is my love?

Tell him, oh pale moon,
That my arms embrace him,
So that he, for at least a moment,
May see me in his dreams.

Give him your far away beams,
Tell him, that I wait for him here!

Oh, if his human heart dreams of me,
Let this vision awake!
Moon, remain with me!

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