

Texts of the Hungarian Folk Songs in
Selections from For Children, Volume One

1. Children at Play

Let's bake something, I tell you what,
It should be round made of flour with very sweet filling,
Twisted, rolled, filled with cottage cheese,
Snail-shaped strudel, round and sweet.

3. (Andante, quasi adagio)

I lost my young companion,
My pretty marriageable daughter,
Come home, my daughter,
My daughter called Lidi.

4. Pillow Dance

I lost my handkerchief,
My mother will spank me.
I shall kiss him
Who gives it back.

5. Games

Kitty, Kitty, have you a pretty girl?
I have, I have, but what is she good for?
Give her to me, I'll take her,
Sieve, sieve Friday, love Thursday, drum Wednesday.
The lads' regiment is very showy,
Panka Sándor is twirling in it—how pretty she is!
Hey, Ho, how bedecked her waist is, little dove.
If it's bedecked, it becomes her,
There is a dark lad to love her,
Little dove, like a little bone.

6. Study for the Left Hand

Hey, tulip, tulip,
Carnation, delphinium,
The kerchief is full of sage
And full of flames of love.

8. Children's Game

Hey, *görbénye*, what are you doing in the village?
Give, give to poor little *görbénye*,
That he might go, might go, in the town's cellar!
I am a priest, I am a craftsman, you are permitted to
say one or two words,
That one who will laugh, must put up something as a
pledge. Cock-a-doodle-doo!

10. Children's Dance

The Walachians, the Walachians, wear wooden shoes,
Those have a good time who walk by twos.
See, I, poor farmhand, walk by myself,
Where ever I reach, I find but walls.

11. (Molto sostenuto)

I lost my young companion,
My pretty marriageable daughter,
Give me my young companion,
My pretty marriageable companion.

15. (Allegro moderato)

Teeny-weenie is the street of Istvánd,
Something is still there that lures my heart;
Coming and going I pass there always,
But my little one is still far away.

17. Circle Dance

My little graceful girl is dressed in white.
My darling is dressed in white, in white.
I say, I say, turn to me, you married bride,
I say, I say, turn to me, you married bride.

21. (Allegro robusto)

Parsley in one bed, celery in the other,
The innkeeper's maid was laid by the winegrower.
lhani, tsigari, it is good for smoking a pipe,
Haya dari, madari, it is good for smoking a pipe.

26. (Andante)

Go round, sweetheart, go round,
Go around my garden,
And go in such a way round
As not to be grief stricken.
Shoo, peacock, shoo, peacock,
Empress's peacock,
If I were a peacock,
I would get up earlier in the morning.

27. Jest

Our gander is black,
He did the thing,
In knee-high snow,
Mounted the goose.

28. (Parlando)

László Fehér stole a horse
At the foot of black hill.
Hey, his whip made such a noise
That the town of Gönc could hear it.

32. Jeering Song

The Sun shines into the church, hurrah!
The priest makes the bell ring for the first time, hurrah!

37. (Poco vivace)

The peacock is beautiful because its feather is golden.
But the water of the Maros is more beautiful because it
is frothy.
The peacock's feather will yet get muddied,
I and my sweetheart will yet get married.

42. Swineherds' dance

No text.