

**VOLK-SONGS, TRANSLATED
FROM THE ACTA
COMPARATIONIS
LITTERARUM UNIVERSARUM**

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Volk-songs, translated from the Acta comparationis litterarum universarum by Jr Phillips

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JR PHILLIPS

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COMPARATIONIS
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VOLK-SONGS

TRANSLATED FROM THE

ACTA COMPARATIONIS LITTERARUM
UNIVERSARUM

BY
HENRY PHILLIPS JR

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PREFATORY NOTE.

THE originals from which these translations are made were gathered by the learned Dr. Hugo von Meltzel, of Kolozsvár, Hungary, and published by him in the *Összehasonlító Irodalomtörténelmi Lapok* (*Acta Comparationis Litterarum Universalium*), a journal of great merit, of which he is the editor.

As they have never heretofore appeared in English, the translator ventures to present these studies of a popular mind.

Philadelphia,

320 S. Eleventh St.



MAGYAR VOLK-SONGS.



I.

HALCYON joys are o'er me shed !
'Round my velvet hat so red
Winds a posy you may see
That my brown maid plucked for me.

Flowers culled she from the mead,
And I kissed her for the deed ;
Gather another for me, I pray,
And I'll hundred kisses pay.

"Baby mine, ope' wide thy door,
'Tis no Slav that stands before ;
'Tis a Magyar-born, I say—
Open—wherefore this delay ?"

"Well enough I know thee now,
But I'll trust not to thy vow ;
Light of love, man is forsworn,
Turns away and laughs to scorn."

II.

I ne'er have robbed nor hurt my betters,
Yet here, conscripted, sit in fetters.

A huzzar's jacket fain I'd wear,
For now I trot on Shanks's mare.

Proud looks he from his charger's back,
When on the march, and smokes tabak.

The footman takes his weary way
Through miry morass, swamp and clay.

Loud oaths on guns and shoes resound
When in the marsh he's almost drowned.

And e'en the axe the butcher swung
Is cursed, that lamed the kid so young :

For since it means of motion lacks
The troops must bear it on their backs.

III.

Of what use is town or state
When a maid can find no mate ?
Of what good this Puszta free—?
Barna Pista * loves not me.

What avail me jewels rare
If true love is absent there ?
What the toil-full world if I
Like a flower must bloom and die ?

* Brown Stephen.