

# APPENDIX

## (NOTES, DOCUMENTATION, SELECTED TEXTS IN ENGLISH TRANSLATION)

### THE UNSUNG SAGA

1. From: "Selected Hungarian Legends" F. B. Kovacs ed., transl. by E. Wass de Czege, Danubian Press, Astor Park, 1971.

#### CHAPTER 1

1. Prof. Gy. Laszlo: "A Kettos Honfoglalasrol" ("The two Conquests"), "Archeologiai Ertesito", 97, pp.161-190; Prof. P. Liptak: "Origin and development of the Hungarian People", "Homo" XXI (4), pp. 197-210.

#### CHAPTER 4

1. Recent historical research throws a different light upon this covenant. It seems that the Hungarian tribal federation was led, in the IXth century, by a (nominal) head of state, the "kende", who shared his rule with the military commander, the "gyula" (or "horka"). At the time of the Settlement the "kende" was Kurszan (Kusid or Kursan), and the "gyula" was Almos, then his son, Arpad, who planned and conducted the military operations of the conquest. "Kende" Kurszan was killed during a raid in 904 and "gyula" Arpad became the sole ruler of the new nation. After having secured the succession for his son (Solt or Zoltan'), he conferred the office of the "gyula" on another tribal chief. (Cf. the "Gyula" mentioned in chapters 4, 5 and 14). The "Blood Treaty" may have been fully or partly invented by the medieval chroniclers in order to justify the succession of the Arpad dynasty.

#### CHAPTER 6

1. Yonder lies a round, black (l) sward. An enchanted stag grazes on it. His marvelous head carries a thousand antlers. On the thousand antlers a thousand mass-candles burn without being lit — and they go out by themselves.

My hiding place is the old law,  
hola, I hide in songs!

(Recorded in Zala county, Transdanubia).

Get up father, get up mother, the Ancient Ones have come.

My hiding place is the old law, I hide in songs!

(Recorded in Udvarhely county, Transylvania).

Stork, stork, turtle-dove,  
Why are your feet bleeding?  
Turkish children cut them,  
Magyar children heal them,  
With pipes, drums, and reed violins .

Tall is the 'ruta" tree — leaning over the great sea.  
Fair Ilona Magyar wears — a crown of pearls  
In her golden-silky hair .  
(Recorded in Nyitra county, Northern Hungary).

## CHAPTER 7

Sandor Petofi: (In Hungarian:)

Szeptember végén  
Még nyílnak a völgyben a kerti virágok,  
Meg zöldel a nyírfa az ablak alatt,  
De látod amottan a téli világot?  
Már hó el takará a bérci tetôt.  
Meg ifju szivemben a lángsugaru nyár  
S meg benne virít az egész kikelet,  
De íme, sötét hajam ôszbe vegyül már,  
A tel dere már megüté fejemet.  
Elhull a virág, eliramlik az élet...  
Ülj, hitvesem, ülj az ölembe ide!  
Ki most fejedet keblemre tevéd le,  
Holnap nem omolsz-e slrom fölibe?  
Oh mondd: ha elöbb halok el, tetemimre  
Könnyezve borítasz-e szemfödelet?  
S rábírhatsz-e majdan egy ifjú szerelme,  
Hogy elhagyod érte az én nevemet?  
Ha eldobod egykor az özvegyi fátyolt,  
Fejfámra sötét lobogóul akaszod,  
En felfövök érte a síri világból  
Az éj kösepén oda leviszem azt,

Letörleri vele könnyüimet érted,  
Ki könnyedén elfeleded hívedet,  
S e szív sebeit bekötözni, ki téged  
Meg akkor is, ott is, örökre szeret!

(In English:) At the End of September

Garden flowers still bloom in the valley;  
The poplar is still verdant at the window;  
But can you see the winter world over there?  
Already the peaks are covered with snow.  
My young heart is still filled with summer rays  
And within it the whole springtime in blossom.  
But lo, my dark hair is flecked with grey  
And my head has been struck with winter's frost.  
The flower drops and past life races...  
Sit, my wife, sit here on my lap now!  
Will you, who on my breast her head places,  
Not bend over my grave tomorrow?  
O, tell me, if I die before you,  
Will you cover my body with a shroud - weeping?  
And will love of a youth sometime cause you  
To abandon my name for his keeping?  
If one time you cast off your widow's veil,  
Let it hang from my headstone, a banner!  
I will come up from the world of the grave  
In the dead of the night and take it with me  
To wipe from my face the tears shed for you,  
Who has lightly forgotten her devotee,  
And to bind the wound in the heart of one,  
Who still then in that place, loves you forever.

(Transl. by Paul Desney).

Endre Ady:(In Hungarian): A föl-földobott kô”

Föl-földobott kô, földedre hullva,  
Kicsi országom újra meg újra  
Hazajön fiad.

Messze tornyokat látogat sorba,  
Szédül,elbúsong s le hull a porba,  
Amelyből vétetett.  
Mindig elvágynak s nem menekülhet,  
Magyar vágyakkal, melyek elülnek  
S fölhorgadnak megint.  
Tied vagyok én nagy haragomban,  
Nagy hűtlenségben, szerelmes gondban  
Szomorúan magyar.  
Föl-földobott kô, bús akaratlan,  
Kisci országom, példás alakban  
Te orcádra ütök.  
És, jaj, hiába mindenha szándék;  
Százszor földobnál, én visszaszálnék  
Százszor is, végül is.

(In English): The Outcast Stone

The stone cast up into the air comes down to earth;  
Again and again your son will return,  
To you, my little land.  
He visits distant towers one by one and then  
Reels crestfallen and drops into the dust again,  
From which you toss him up.  
Always breaking loose, he cannot get away,  
With his Magyar cravings which die down?  
Only to take hold of him again.  
I am yours in great anger and defection,  
In unfaithfulness, unfortunately Magyar  
Weighed down by thoughts of love.  
A stone driven upwards unwittingly,  
By way of example, my small country,  
I fall back onto you.  
And whatever the intention, it's all in vain  
For though I am tossed away a hundred times,  
I will alight until the last.

(Transl. by Paul Desney).

Attila József:(In Hungarian):

Születésnapomra  
Harminckét éves lettem én -  
meglepetés e költemény  
csecse  
becse:  
ajándék mellyel meglepem  
e kávéházi szegleten  
magam  
magam.  
Harminckét évem elszelelt  
s még havi kétszáz sose telt  
Az ám,  
Hazám!  
Lehettem volna oktató,  
nem ily töltőtoll-koptató  
szegény  
legény  
De nem lettem, mert Szegeden  
eltanácsolt az egyetem  
fura  
ura.  
Intelme gyorsan, nyersen ért  
a "Nincsen apám" versemért,  
a hont  
kivont  
szabályával óvta ellenem  
Ideidézi szellemem  
hevét  
s nevet:  
"Ön, amíg szóból értek én,

nem lesz tanár e földtekén" -

gagyog

s ragyog.

Ha örül Horger Antal úr,

hogy költônk nem nyelvtant tanul

sekély

e kéj -

Én egésznépemet fogom

nem középiskolás fokon

tani-

tani!

(In English): For my Birthday

I am thirty-two, how nice:

this poem is a fine surprise,

a bric -

a brac.

A gift to surprise now in jingle

in this lonely cafe ingle

my self

myself.

My thirty-two years went away

without earning a decent pay.

How grand,

Homeland!

I could have been a teacher then

not one who lives by fountain-pen

as I,

poor guy.

But so happened at Szeged town

the Varsity boss sent me down,

funny

man he!

His warning roughly, rudely came,

for my "I have no God" poem

his hand

the land

defended boldly and with rage.  
I quote herewith for future age his theme and name:  
"As long as I have here:  
a say you won't be a teacher" — turned away  
muttered,  
stuttered.  
Should Mr. Horger gloat with glee  
that grammatics is not for me,  
his bliss  
dismiss.  
For my words the entire nation  
beyond high school education -  
will reach  
to teach.

(Transl. by Egon Kunz).

#### CHAPTER 12

Though they stoke the fire,  
Still it dies away;  
There is not that love  
Which does not pass away.  
Love, oh love, oh love,  
Accursed misery,  
Why do you not flower  
On the leaves of every tree?

(Northern Hungary. Transl. by Paul Desney)

Soft spring winds are waters wooing,  
My flower, my darling.  
Birds are choosing, mates  
My flower, my darling.  
Whom shall I choose then  
My flower, my darling.  
You choose me and I choose you, Dear,  
My flower, my darling.

(Moldavia, a Csango-Szekely song. Transl. by J. C. Toth)

Gazing round the battlefield of Doberdo,

I admire the starry heaven's wonder bow;  
Starry heavens, lead me to my Magyar country,  
Show me where my darling mother weeps for me!  
Dearest mother, wonder where my end shall be?  
Where my crimson blood shall flow away from me?  
In the heart of Poland you will find me buried;  
Dearest mother, never, never weep for me!  
(Bekes county, Southern Hungary, Transl. by J. C. Toth).

The bird is free to fly  
From branch to branch,  
But I am not allowed  
To visit my beloved.  
God bless, oh bless my Lord  
The house of my beloved,  
But strike God, strike  
Those who live in it.  
Not even all of those,  
But only her mother;  
Why has she not given  
Me her only daughter?  
if she is her daughter,  
My lover is she too;  
if she is dear to her,  
Dearer is she to me.

(Transylvania. Transl. by Paul Desney).

I have left my lovely homeland!  
Left a famous little old land;  
Sadly I turned once more to see  
Through my falling tears its beauty.  
Bitter food and bitter my days!  
On and on their bitter tang stays;  
Tearfully I gaze at the sky,  
Numbering the stars as they die.

(Bekes county, Southern Hungary. Transl. by J. C. Toth).

Rain is falling, softly gently falling,  
Spring will soon be coming; How I wish I were a rose bud,  
In your garden blooming!  
Rose, my Dear, I cannot be,  
Franz Joseph is with'ring me  
in his famous great Vienna barracks  
Boasting of three stories!

(Bekes county, Southern Hungary. Transl. by J. C. Toth).

I shall plow the king's court with my sighs;  
Sow it with my country's bitter cries;  
Let him see and know, the great emp'ror!  
What grows in the heart of his Magyar.  
Sorrow grows in it from sorrow's seeds;  
Wounded is the Magyar heart, it bleeds;  
Take, O Lord, the king and emperor!  
Let him not oppress his poor Magyar!

(Gomor county, Northern Hungary. Transl. by J. C. Toth).

Jolly hussar, jolly hussar, jolly when he's dancing;  
Jingling saber jingling saber, jingling as he's prancing;  
Jingling, jingling, go on jingling, click your, click your spurs too!  
Louis Kossuth's listing crew is making music rouse you.

(Veszprem county, Western Hungary. An 1848 song. Transl. by J.C Toth).

There where I am passing, even trees are weeping.  
From their tender branches golden leaves are falling.  
Weeps the road before me, grieves the path forlornly;  
Even they are saying: Farewell, God be with thee.

(Csik county, Szekely district. Transl. by J. C. Toth).

I'm a goin', goin', far away a goin',  
From the dust of roamin', I've a mantle formin'!  
All my grief and sorrow, sadly twine around it,  
While my falling tears drop buttons shining on it.  
(Csik county, Szekely district. Transl. by J. C. Toth).

Leaves and branches make a forest;  
Grief and sorrow mould the heart best;  
Grief and sorrow, like a light breeze,  
Where I go they follow with ease.

Gleaming sun is on the meadow  
Shines on ev'ry maiden's window;  
Tell me, O Lord: why not on mine?  
Why does mine not see the sunshine?

(Bukovina, a Csango-Szekely song. Transl. by I. C. Toth).

How I wish I were a morning star-beam!  
I would shine on you, my dear, when you dream;  
I would shine on you early, right early;  
One last kiss, I'd ask you then to give me.

(Great Plain. Transl. by J. C. Toth).

Fragrant are the woods when they are green!  
Lovely when the wild dove's nest is seen!

Like a dove a maiden longs to be  
Close beside her lover constantly!

I am not to blame for being sad!  
Only Mother is, for if she had  
Given me to my own chosen love,  
I would be as happy as a dove!

(Nyitra county, Northern Hungary. Transl. by J. C. Toth)

Leaving with the waning of the morning star,  
My dear love is walking to her home afar.  
Shining boots are gleaming on her pretty feet;  
Glowing starlight beams up on my little sweet.

This I wish for you my dearest, ev'ry day:  
Lush green meadow, turn to roses on your way.  
Fresh green grass too, rosy apples for you grow;  
And your heart will never forget I love you so!

(Bekes county, Great Plain. Transl. by J. C. Toth).

Lovely leaves and branches make a citron tree!  
Dearest heart, how can they part us, you and me?

Like the star when parted from its shining beams,  
So shall I be parted from my sweetest dreams.  
(Bukovina, a Szekely-Csango song. Transl. by J.C. Toth).

Cricket lad is marrying Lord Mosquito's daughter,  
Slipping, slopping is the louse, best man should be smarter;  
Jerking, jumping up the flea, best man, too; pretending;  
Ev'ry kind of ugly bug wants to be attending.  
(Tolna county, Transdanubia: humour. Transl. by J. C. Toth).

Rugged rock a-looming, roses on it blooming:  
Love is such a splendid thing!  
Love is but a dream though, if you've never known its glow;  
O how sad if it is so!  
(Nyitra county, Northern Hungary. Transl. by J. C. Toth).

#### CHAPTER 14

Cf. Vopiscus: "Vita Aureliani" 39:(Aurelianus)"... provinciam Daciam a Traiano constitutam sublato exercitu et provincialibus reliquit. . . " Also: Eutropias IX. ". . . abductosque Romanos ex urbibus et agris Daciae. . ." These and other contemporary Roman and Greek historians state that emperor Aurelianus evacuated the entire Roman population both from the towns and rural areas of Dacia.

According to F. J. Suizer (*Geschichte Daciens*, Vienna, (1781) and E. R. Rosler (*Rumanusche Studien*; Leipzig, 1871), the original home of the Vlach (Wallachian, Rumanian) people was in the south of the Balkan peninsula (between Albania, Greece and Bulgaria). After the IXth century these nomadic herdsmen moved to the north and north—east. One branch crossed the lower Danube and moved into the Wallachian Plain (between the Carpathians and the lower Danube). A Byzantine source (Anna Comnena) mentions them here first in the XIth century. From here some of them crossed the Transylvanian mountains into Hungary. A Hungarian document from 1224 mentions first the presence of some Viach shepherds in the Fogaras district (south-western Transylvania). (Cf. Zathureczky: *Transylvania*. Anderson Research Center, University of Florida, 1963).

According to the Rumanian linguist Cihac, the vocabulary of the Rumanian language contains 45.7% words of Slavonic origin and only 31.5% of Latin origin.

That's how the Hungarians sow  
Their oats. very slowly!  
That's how the Hungarians reap  
Their oats very slowly!

That's how the wife  
Steals the oats, steals the oats!  
That's how the wife  
Drinks its price, drinks its price!  
It is time to go And to get married.  
The question is only Whom should I marry?  
If I marry a town girl,  
She can't spin, weave,  
I'll have to buy my  
Pantaloon myself.  
If I marry an old one  
She'll be always sullen,  
And whenever she'll speak,  
it'll be like thunder.  
Only one hope I have  
To keep me going,  
I'll remain a bachelor,  
Forever, perhaps . .

(Extracts)

## CHAPTER 15

I shall die indeed,  
Mother, my dear mother,  
For Helen Gorog,  
For her slender waist,  
For her full lips,  
For her rosy cheeks  
For blue-eyed Helen Gorog.  
Do die, my son, do,  
Ladislav Bertelaki,  
They'll come here to see  
The marvellous dead  
Virgins and fair maidens.  
Your love will come too,  
Your fair Helen Gorog.  
- Arise, my son, arise,  
Ladislav Bertelaki,  
She for whom you have died

is standing at your feet...  
(Extracts. Transl. in Leader: Hungarian Ballads)

(The concluding verses:)

Her little son set out crying,

He set out crying to the tall castle of Deva.

Three times he shouted at the tall castle of Deva:

“Mother, sweet mother, speak but one word to me!”

“I cannot speak my son, for the stone wall presses me,  
I am immured between high stones here.”

Her heart broke, so did the ground under her. Her little son fell in and died.

(Extract from N. Leader: Hungarian Ballads).

(The concluding lines: after the boy's suicide)

His mother sent

River-divers,

They took them out dead,

The girl in his arms;

One of them was buried

In front of the altar,

The other was buried

Behind the altar.

Two chapel-flowers

Sprang up out of the two,

Thev intertwined

On top of the altar.

(Extract from N. Leader: Hungarian Ballads).

(The first and last lines:)

“Aye! Come home, mother, Father is ill”

“Wait, my daughter, a little,

Let me dance a little,

I'll go at once,

I just spin and dance a little,

I'll be at home soon

“Aye! Come home, mother,

We have buried lather.”

“Oh, aye, my bedlinen,  
I may get a new husband,  
But I can’t make bedlinen,  
Because I cannot spin or weave  
(Extracts from N. Leader: Hungarian Ballads).

Once upon a time out went fair maid Julia To pluck comflowers in the cornfield, To pluck  
comflowers, to bind them into a wreath, To bind them into a wreath, to enjoy herself.

Up, up she gazed into the high heaven,  
Behold! a fine pathway came down from it,  
And on it descended a curly white lamb.  
It carried the sun and the moon between its horns,  
it carried the sparkling star on its brow,  
On its two horns were ay! two fine gold bracelets,  
Ay! at its two sides were two fine burning candles,  
As many as its hairs, so many the stars upon it.

Up and spoke to her the curly white lamb:  
‘Do not take fright at me, fair maid, Julia,  
For now the host of virgins has fallen short by one.  
If you were to come with me, I would take you there,

To the heavenly choir, to the holy virgins, as to complete their pious host;  
I would give the key of Heaven into your hands.  
At the first cockcrow I would come and see you,  
At the second cockcrow I would propose to you,  
At the third cockcrow I would take you away.

Fair maid Julia turns to her mother,  
And up and speaks to her: “Mother, my sweet mother,  
(...she tells her mother what happened and continues:)

Lament for me, mother, lament. Let me hear while I still live,  
How you will lament when I am dead.”

“My daughter, my daughter, in my flower garden,  
You the wee honeycomb of my first bee-swarm,  
You the golden wax of this wee honeycomb,  
The earth-spreading smoke of this golden wax,  
The earth spreading smoke, its heaven-breaking flame!  
The heavenly bell, untolled it toiled,  
The heavenly gate, unopened it opened,

Alas! my daughter, she was led in there!”

(Complete text except for repetition in verse 4 — from N. Leader: Hungarian Ballads).

(Extracts)

Once a prince of old  
Thought he could find a sweetheart.  
He decided right there  
Dressed up as a coachman.

(He went to the rich judge’s daughter, asked her hand in marriage but she said:)

I would never wed, no,  
A poor coachman fellow!  
Ask my poorest neighbour!  
Basket-weaver’s daughter.

(He did and the basket-weavers daughter said):

Yes, I will, I like you! I’ll be waiting for you!

(Dressed as a prince he went back to the judge’s daughter, who said she would be delighted to marry him, but the prince told her that he was marrying the poor girl. The prince then went to the basket-weaver’s daughter who could not recognise him and refused:)

I refuse to do so!  
Handsome prince, I say no!  
I have promised my hand

To a handsome coachman!

(The prince removed his royal disguise and said):

I am he, no other!  
Let us kiss each other! (They did).

(Transl. by J. C. Toth).

(Passage from the Tale of a King, a Prince and a Horse):

We are passing through the glittering Glass Mountain of Fairyland” — said the “taltos” horse.  
“You see, those who want to carry off a “Tunder” (fairy) girl for a wife must cut their way through the Glass Mountain. But there is no other horse except me that could do it. You know now why I have asked for the diamond shoes. Without them we would not be able to cross the Glass Mountain . . . Bind up your eyes and let us go ahead.”

(So they did. The Prince bound up his eyes and the horse set forth at a great speed). “Now, dear master, you can untie your eyes,” the “taltos” horse said. The boy looked around and saw around him a beautiful meadow undulating with the ripple of pure silk and with every blade of grass in it as bright as a pin. Right in the middle of that meadow there lay a man. As the man lay there his sword went round and

round him. "He is the old comrade your father is yearning to see" said the taltos horse . . . (When the old man woke up) the boy greeted him:

"May God bless you with a happy day, uncle." "God bless you too, my son. What brought you here, beyond the beyond, far even for the birds to come?" . . . "I am a Prince, the youngest son of the King who weeps with one eye and laughs with the other. It was his wish that I come here to lead you to him, because you are his dear old comrade, and just like him, you weep with one eye and laugh with the other. But he feels sure that if he could see you again, both his eyes would weep first and then laugh for joy."

(The Prince brought the old man back to his father then went back and married the princess of Fairyland ("Tunderorszag"), and they had a big wedding feast . . . and if they are not dead, they are still alive to this day.

(From "Folktales of Hungary", ed. L. Degh transl. by J. Juhasz, Uni. of Chicago Press, 1965).

(The conclusion of the legend "Blood Treaty")

Chieftain Almos turned toward the people and spoke:

The time has come when we shall retake the land, which is our rightful legacy, the land of Atilla. According to the customs, the people of the Magyars must select a ruler who shall lead them in war and in peace. . . The tribes must unite into a nation again, and have one leader and one mind, as it was in the days of Atilla. . . The chiefs have chosen my oldest son, Arpad, to be your ruler for life."

The seven chiefs held a shield in front of Arpad. As Arpad stepped on it, they raised him high above their heads. He stood straight on the uplifted shield and in his hand sparkled the Sword of God (Atilla's sword).

The people around him broke out in cheers and the Taltos stepped forward with Atilla's wooden cup in his hand.

"Come before me, ye seven Chiefs," said the Taltos in a loud voice, "and you Kabars, who are joining us, do the same. Pledge your oath to your leader, Arpad, and his descendants.

One by one, the Chiefs slit the flesh of their forearms and let their blood flow into Atilla's cup. . - The Taltos mixed wine with the blood, poured a small amount on the ground, and sprayed a few drops into the wind, in four directions. Then he gave them the cup, and one by one, they drank from it.

(Extracts from "Selected Hungarian Legends" ed. A. Wass, Danubian Press, 1971. Transl. by F. Wass de Czege).

(The last episode from "Matthias and his Barons")

Once the king and his barons were walking past a reedy swamp. A hot day it was. "A bit of rain would be just in time for these reeds," said the king though the reeds stood in water. The barons caught each other's eye and began to laugh. 'What need was there of rain when the reeds stood in water?' The king made no reply. When they got home, he gave orders to serve them the finest dishes generously

salted and without any drink to wash the meal down. And at his orders big bowls were placed under the table, at the feet of each baron. The bowls were filled with water, and the barons had to put their feet into the bowl. When they had finished supping, the barons desired some drink as the good dishes made them thirsty. They asked the king to let them have some water as they were nearly dying with thirst.

Said the king: "What for? Your feet are in water. You were laughing at me when I said the reeds wanted a good rain. You said, 'Why should they want rain as they stood in water?' Well, why should you want water when your feet are in it? You will get none.

(From "Folktales of Hungary", ed. by L. Degh, transl. by J. Juhasz, Uni. of Chicago Press, 1965).

In the far-off days when Jesus and Peter were still going about in the world, they were making for the Hungarian "puszta" (Plain) when they came to a village inn. Peter, Who was tired said "Let us go in." The Lord said then, "All right, let us take a little rest in there." Inside the inn, some "betyars" (outlaws) were making merry, shaking their legs in a lively dance.

The two wanderers lay down by the wall to rest for a while. But Peter, who was lying nearest the dance floor, received so many kicks in his side as the dancers went dancing past him that before long he felt anything but pleased at their manners. So he thought that it would be quite a good idea to change places with the Lord.

"Let us change places, Lord," he said, "and let me lie next to the wall for a while."

"All right, Peter, let's change places."

But now the dancers thought that for a change they should give a few kicks to the man lying next to the wall, and it was Peter again who got all the kicks.

(From "Folktales of Hungary").

## **CHAPTER 17**

(The first verse of the "Siege of Eger":)

You, Hungarians worship God now,  
And indeed give thanks to Him,  
Of valiant soldiers in Eger speak highly,

I tell you a chronicle, give me hearing ...

(Extracts from "Of the many Drunkards":)

You many drunkards, hear about your morals,  
A bout the sins committed in your drunkenness against God,  
For many a time you forget your God...

...

In thirst this was composed by one called Sebestyen,  
In Nyirbator in 1548,  
The stewards did not give me wine, be cursed...

(Extracts)

Soldiers, what men could be  
More blessed on earth than we,  
Here in the frontier command?  
For in the pleasant spring  
Merrily songbirds sing,  
Gaily on every branch!  
Sweet is the meadow rose,  
Sweet dew the sky bestows;  
What men know life like our band!

(Transl. by Paul Desney)

(In a similar vein he grieves, in Christian humility for the sins of his youth);

Unhappy is my lot;  
My pangs are great, God wot;  
My youth is turned to sighing.  
For toil is hard to bear,  
My yoke is harsh to wear  
In spite of all my trying.  
The good old times have flown  
By winds of evil blown,  
And left me to my crying.

("Farewell" — first verse. From Kunz: Hungarian Poetry. Transl. by W. Kirkconell)

When autumn dews are done,  
Across the waning sun  
November winds come blowing.  
They snatch the falling leaves,  
Across the bitter eves  
Their yellow fragments strowing  
Soon where I walk today  
A long the greenwood way  
Strides winter with its snowing.

("Farewell": as above)

(From: "Greeting on finding Julia")

I do not even want the world without you, my sweet love, who now stands whole beside me, my sweet soul.

The joy of my sad heart, sweet longing of my soul, you are the happiness of all; the pledge of God be with you.

My precious palace, fine scented red rose, beautiful queen-stock, long life, fair Juha!

(Extract. Transl. by Paul Desney).

(Extract from Peter Pazmany's "The Guide to the right Faith):

Men build slowly, but they are quick to destroy their beautiful buildings. Not so Almighty God. For he builds quickly. In six days He created Heaven and Earth in all their fairness and splendor, but he took seven days to lay siege to a single city, Jericho. He decided to bring Niniveh to dust and ashes and yet He tarried forty days.

Nor will He hasten to bring this world to dust and ashes. He waits with great patience, as He does now. When the time will approach, He will give terrifying signs. Do you know, O Christians, why God has willed that there be great and manifold horrors before the Last Judgement? Because our God is infinitely good and full of mercy. He threatens us, so that we may know there is still time to come to Him.

(From: B. Menczer: A Commentary. . . Amerikal Magyar Kiado, 1956).

The concluding strophes of Zrinyi's "Peril of Sziget" express the poet's pride in his achievements both in poetry and in warfare. Whilst his somewhat exaggerated claim to poetic immortality is in keeping with the typical baroque style of his age, he realizes that his true destiny is to "fight the Ottoman moon":

My work is done, a monument whose grace  
No spiteful stream of time can wash away,  
No fire's rage can harm, nor steel deface,  
Nor gnawing envy cause its slow decay.

I seek my fame not only with my pen,  
But also with my sword so feared by men;  
And all my life I'll fight the Ottoman moon,  
And gladly for my country die, be it late or soon.

(Transl. by W. Kirkconnell. From: "Hungarian Poetry")

(The folk-song variation of "Rakoczi's Farewell" — as recorded in an eastern-Hungarian village in Szatmar county):

Listen to my speech,  
My dear. Hungarian people,  
Advise me, my brave soldiers,  
What should I do?  
The Germans are coming,  
Destroying everything,  
By sword and fire.

(The "Rakoczi-song" — the work of a skilled poet):

Alas, Rakoczi, Bercsenyi,  
Leaders of brave Magyars,  
Bezeredi!  
Where are you now,  
Living idols of  
Our Magyar people!  
Alas, you great, old  
Magyar people,  
How the enemy is  
Ravaging you!  
Once a beautiful,  
Ornate picture!

## CHAPTER 18

(As the bride leaves her parents' house for the church she says):

The hour has come to start out on my road,  
To reach the goal with my beloved mate,  
That we may be linked with the chain of love  
In the house of God, that we may have another.  
My dear parents, your tears spring from  
The painful feeling in the parental heart.  
Although I was a flower blooming in your garden,  
I desired an even greater happiness than that.

Let me go on my road. now,

I leave you in the protection of the Lord, I greet you with all my heart.

(As she enters the house of her mother-in-law:)

My dear mother, I wish you good evening,  
I stand at the door of your house with fear.  
As the migrating bird leaves her nest,  
So I left . that of my dear parents.

So does a single bird fly about alone

Until it finds its mate at last.

But your dear son is no longer alone,  
Having found his loving mate already.

I have become a companion to your dear son today,  
Receive me as your daughter now.

(From: Fel - Hofer: Proper Peasants, Corvina; Budapest, 1969).

(Good-wish song — usually sung by the children of the family):

Arise, brave people,  
Dawn is smiling,  
Approaching, like an angel  
On wings of golden feathers.  
Green blades of grass,  
Dress up prettily,  
They wash and dry themselves  
With lilies and roses.  
As the number of grasses  
In the flowery meadows,  
As the number of drops in the great ocean  
So many blessings  
For our dear...

## CHAPTER 20

(Extracts from D. Berzsenyi: 'My portion'):

Peace is my portion. I have moored my boat;  
No fairy dream shall, lure me to cast loose;  
Place of retirement, to thy breast receive  
Th' aspiring youth.  
Wherever fate shall cast my lot in life,  
I am free from penury and care,  
Always and everywhere it: calm content  
To heaven I look.

(Transl. by W.N. Loew. From: "Hungarian Poetry" ed. E. F. Kunz, Pannonia Publ. Co. Sydney, 1955).

(From: M. Csokonal-Vitez: "To the Rose-bud"):

Open, Rose-bud, sweetly smiling,  
Open up at last;  
Open to the vagrant breeze  
Whose kisses are awaiting you.  
Oh, how this weedy garden  
Will take pride in you!  
Oh, how dare they take  
This precious garment from you.  
Let me pick you, elegant stalk;

Already you are beautiful.  
How many pert, coquettish,  
Cheeky girls await you!  
No, no! let no one of these  
Undo her clasps at your sight;  
Dear Julia, who planted you  
Will grant you a new garden.  
There you may parade your purple  
Among more precious robes;  
There you may parade your perfume  
Among her dearer scents.

(Transl. by Paul Desney.)

(Extract from the song "To Hope" by M. Csokonai-Vitez):

Why do you flatter me with your honied lips?  
Why are you smiling at me?  
Why do you still raise in my bosom a dubious heart?  
Keep to your own devices, you encouraged me once,  
I had believed your pretty words, yet you have deceived me.

(Two stanzas from S. Kisfaludy's "Lamenting Love"):

(No.75)      0 thou stream, that springing  
                 from the cold hill's side  
                 tears down sadly ringing  
                 where dark pine trees bide  
                 with hesitant windings  
                 between rock and tree,  
                 till, loosing your bindings,  
                 you reach the sea, art the image of my life,  
                 which sobs its tortured way  
                 snared by endless strife  
                 towards its final bay.

(No. 126) Days come, days go back,  
                 but sorrow does not range;  
                 the hours fly and pass,  
                 but my destiny does not change.  
                 Volcanoes tire;

Rivers, lakes run dry:  
but not my fire  
or tears from my eye;  
forests, meadows, come alive;  
star-clusters turn and swill;  
fortune revolves and thrives;  
only my misery stands still.

(Transl. by Paul Desney).

(First verse of "National Anthem" by F. Kolcsey):

God, bless the Hungarian  
With abundance; gladness,  
Graciously protect him when  
Faced with foes or sadness.  
Bring for people torn by fate  
Happy years and plenty:  
Sins of future, sins of late,  
Both are paid for amply.

(Transl. by E. F. Kunz. From: "Hungarian Poetry", ed. by E.F. Kunz).

("The Sorrowing Husband" by Ch. Kisfaludy):

At Szatmar village is an inn,  
Fair Mistress Therese lives within.  
Her eyes are lustrous, black her hair,  
Her form all grace, beyond compare,  
She is the fairest of the fair.  
But woe! — the truth, — it must be told, —  
Though beautiful, she was a scold.  
Just now a quarrel she began;  
To chide, to brawl, to rail — it ran  
As but an angry woman can.  
This time it was the husband who  
Upon himself her anger drew.  
He meekly sat behind the stove  
From whence she with a broomstick drove,  
When sudden, in the noisy hum,  
A cry is heard: "The Tartars come!"

Though each one trembles, runs, hides, weeps;  
Still, our good Mistress Therese keeps  
Her courage, goes into the street  
For boldly any man to meet,  
A splendid weapon is her tongue.  
As said before, she's fair and young,  
Her face all rosy from the flare  
She had been in; her neck, arms are bare,  
Her heaving breast, her fiery eye  
Her usual good looks amplify.  
The Tartar comes. His eyes are fire,  
And burning with brute desire  
When Mistress Therese he espies  
He realises what a prize  
She would be. So with no ado  
Up comes to her the Tartar foe  
And taking hold around her waist,  
With one strong pull he had her placed  
Beside himself, and then with haste  
He into the far distance raced.  
No woman more his saddle graced  
Than now he, drunk with joy, embraced.  
The spouse, whose wife had just been stolen,  
Feels, that his eyes with tears are swollen;  
Looks up the road on which they fled  
"Poor Tartar!" is all that he said.

(Transl. by W. N. Loew. From: "Hungarian Poetry", ed. by E.F. Kunz).

(A prose rendering of the concluding lines of "Fair Helen" by M. Vorosmarty)

. . Pale as a snow-white statue stands fair Ilonka, speechless, numb.

"Shall we indeed go to the huntsman at the court of Matyas, dear child? It is better for us in the wilds of Vertes; our little home there will give us peace". The grandfather spoke with understanding grief, and the sad pair went on their way, their steps stricken with care.

If you have seen a fair flower in bloom drop through inner sickness — so did fair Ilonka, fearing the light, droop beneath her secret sorrow. Her companions were feelings aflame, painful memories, dead hopes. Her life, brief yet an agony, passed away, fair Ilonka languished to the grave;

her languishing was the fall of lilies: her face of innocence and grief. The King comes and stands in the deserted house; they rest in their eternal home.

(From: "Five Hungarian Writers", D. M. Jones).

(From "To the Daydreamer" by M. Vorosmarty):

Into what place does the world of your eyes now lapse?  
What do you look for in the doubtful distance there?  
Can it be past time's dark flower perhaps  
Upon which, trembling, clings your wondrous tear?  
Clad perhaps in the future's veil you see  
Nightmarish apparitions which come your way.  
He who wants a flower does not bear a bush;  
He who would have vision gazes not into the sun;  
He who would seek after pleasure loses out.  
Only the humble are not brought pain through desire.  
. . . Don't look, don't look into the distance of desire  
The entire world is not our land to hold;  
Only that which the heart alone can encompass,  
That only can we hold as our own.

(Transl. by Paul Desney).

(From "Thoughts in the Library" by M. Vorosmarty):

What can we do here? struggle — each one  
according to his strength — for the noble aim.  
Before us a nation's destiny lies.  
When we have raised that from its sunken state  
and placed it as high as possible by  
the clear rays of spiritual struggle,  
we can say, turning to our ancestors'  
ashes: Thanks be, Life! To your health!  
we've had a good time — we've done a man's work!

(Transl. by Paul Desney).

(From "Appeal" by M. Vorosmarty)

Be true to the land of thy birth,  
Son of the Magyar race;  
It gave thee life and soon its earth

Will be thy resting place.  
Although the world is very wide,  
This is thy home for aye;  
Come weal or woe on fortune's tide  
Here you must live and die.  
This is the dear, hallowed soil  
On which our fathers bled;  
This, where a thousand years of toil  
Has bound the mighty dead.  
(Transl. by W. Jaffray. From: "Hungarian Poetry").

(From 'The Old Gypsy' by M. Vorosmarty:)  
Gypsy, strike up! You've gulp'd your wine for pay.  
Strike up! Who knows how soon the day will come  
When fiddle-bow is bent and music dumb?  
Griefs in your heart, but wine is in your glass:  
Play, gypsy, play, and let your troubles pass!  
Your boiling blood should eddy like the tide,  
The marrow of your brain be stirr'd and warm.,  
Your eyes should glitter like a meteor,  
Your sounding string be like a thunderstorm.  
Strike up? But no! In silence leave the strings  
Until that day when earth shall join in feast,  
Till all the storm and darkness shall be past,  
And war's abhorrent discords shall have ceas'd  
When that day comes, play on with new-found cheer  
Until the very gods rejoice to hear!  
(Transl. by W. Kirkconnell. From: "Hungarian Poetry").

## **CHAPTER 21**

(Prose rendering of the first verse of "Shepherds' Dance")  
I wish I had woken up sooner. I have just heard the angels' voice telling us that Jesus was born in a humble stable. Now I want to go there, hoping to see Little Jesus. Come, dear friend, let us go our old shepherd friend will play the flute. We shall entertain Jesus and Mary while you catch a lamb.

(Recorded in Pest county, Central Hungary).

(Extracts — in prose — from "Gloria . .")

Gloria in excelsis — wake up, shepherds, wake up!  
Today your Lord was born in Bethlehem.  
You find Him in a humble stable there. . .  
(Recorded in Northern Hungary).

(Variant of the carol "Herdsmen. .")  
Herdsmen, when in Bethlehem, they were  
Tending herds in the night on the fields,  
God's angels appeared before them.  
With great fear their hearts grew heavy.  
I bring you good news, don't be afraid,  
For today was born your Lord and Saviour.  
(Recorded in the Jasz district, Great Plain).

(Variant of the carol "Kirje. .")  
Kyrie, Kyrie, Little Baby,  
Little Prince of Bethlehem,  
You became our Saviour,  
You have saved us from damnation.  
There is no cover on Jesus' bed  
The poor Dear must be cold!  
He has no warm wintercoat,  
He has lost His little lamb.  
Little Jesus, golden apple,  
The Holy Virgin's His mother.  
She swaddles Him with her own hands  
Rocks His cradle with her own feet.  
(Recorded in a Great Plain village).

(Variant of "Shepherd ..")  
Shepherds, wake up,  
Let's go at once  
To the town of Bethlehem  
To the humble, little stable!  
Let's go, let's not tarry,  
Let's get there tonight,  
To pay our respects to our Lord.

(Recorded in Zala county, Transdanubia).

(From: "A Beautiful Rose"):

She could find no shelter in the town,  
They will have to stay in the desert,  
Oxen and the ass stand around the manger,  
They look down on Little Jesus.

if I were your cradle I would rock you gently,

I would not let you catch cold,  
I would cover you and look after you,  
I would serve you, my Master.

(Recorded in a Great Plain village).

(Another carol with the same theme):

O, if you had been born  
In our town, Bicske,  
In Hungary you would have found  
A warmer home and better people  
(Recorded in Komarom county, Transdanubia).

(Extracts from a "Bethlehem play"):

(All): Bethlehem, Bethlehem,

In your vicinity  
Mary arrived and went  
Into a humble stable.

There she was sitting  
Like a forsaken turtle — dove,  
Making ready for the blessed birth.

(The Angels): God's Lamb is crying,

There she is who takes pity on Him.

The Holy Mother is rocking Him:

Aye, aye, aye, Jesus, sleep!

(Mary): Don't cry, my sweet,

Thou art my ornament!  
Beautiful lullaby they sing,

The heavenly host, aye, aye, aye, sunshine of my soul.

(Joseph): Alas, this manger is very hard,

My dear Son, alas, Thou art cold.  
There is no shelter here against cold  
Except Saint Joseph's cloak.  
Aye, aye, aye, Jesus, sleep!

(Recorded in Sopron county, Transdanubia).

Our Gracious Lady,  
Great Patron of our nation,  
Being in great, dire need,  
We address you thus:  
Do not forget in her peril  
Hungary, our beloved country,  
And us, poor Hungarians!

## **CHAPTER 22**

(Extracts from the address given by Louis Kossuth in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania in 1852. He looks back on the achievements of Hungary's freedom struggle in 1848-1849 then appeals for American moral and political support for Hungary's continued struggle to regain her independence)

"...In Hungary (before 1848) the people of every race were equally excluded from all political right — from any share of constitutional life. The endeavours of myself and my friends for internal improvement — for emancipation of the peasantry — for the people's restoration to its natural rights in civil, political, social and religious respects — were cramped by the Habsburg policy. But the odium of this cramping was thrown by Austria upon our conservative party: and thus our national force was divided into antagonistic elements.

Besides, the idea of Pan Slavism and of national rivalries, raised by Russia and fostered by Austria, diverted the excitement of the public mind from the development of common political freedom. And Hungary had no national army. Its regiments were filled with foreign elements and scattered over foreign countries, while our own country was guarded with well disciplined foreign troops. And what was far worse than all this, Hungary, by long illegalities, corrupted in its own character, deprived of its ancient heroic stamp, Germanized in its salons, sapped in its cottages and huts, impressed with the avoidable fatality of Austrian sovereignty and the knowledge of Austrian power, secluded from the attention of the world, which was scarcely aware of its existence, —Hungary had no hope in its national future, because it had no consciousness of its strength, and was highly monarchial in its inclinations and generous in its allegiance to the King..."

(This logical, unemotional analysis of the deeper causes of Hungary's defeat in 1848-49 from an address given in English to an American audience compares interestingly with a highly emotional speech given to the Hungarian Parliament in July 1848. On this occasion Kossuth, the Finance Minister of the first Hungarian government, asked for an appropriation to enable the government to set

up a national defence force of 200,000 soldiers (Cf. Chapter 19). The following are the introductory and concluding sentences of the speech):

"Gentlemen, in ascending the Tribune to call upon you to save the country, I am oppressed with the greatness of the moment; I feel as if God had placed in my hands the trumpet to arouse the dead, that if sinners and weak, they may relapse into death, but that if the vigour of life is still within them, they may waken to eternity. The fate of the nation at this moment is in your hands; with your decision on the motion which I shall bring forward, God has placed the decision on the life or death of Hungary..."

. . (After having explained the need for a strong defence force, he concluded:) ". . . I here solemnly and deliberately demand of this House, a grant of 200,000 soldiers and the necessary pecuniary assistance.

(When Kossuth reached this part of his speech, Paul Nyary, the leader of the opposition, stood up, and raising his right hand, as if in the act of taking an oath, exclaimed: "We grant it . . ." As one man the deputies repeated the words of Nyary. Kossuth continued with a voice trembling with emotion):

"(Gentlemen). . . you have all risen to a man, and I bow before the generosity of the nation, while I add one more request: let your energy equal your patriotism, and I venture to affirm that even the gates of hell shall not prevail against Hungary..."

(Hollister, W.C. "Landmarks..." J. Wiley and Sons New York, 1967; Headley: Life of Kossuth, quoted in "Hungary and its Revolutions" by E. O. S., London, G. Bell, 1896).

## CHAPTER 23

(From: S. Petofi: "National Song):

Magyars, up! your country calls you!

Break the chain which now enthalls you.

Freemen be, or slaves for ever.

Choose ye, Magyars, now or never.

For by the Magyar's God above

We truly swear

We truly swear the tyrant's yoke

No more to bear!

(Tranl. by W. N. Loew, From: "Hungarian Poetry").

"The bush is trembling. . .

The bush is trembling for

A bird alighted upon it,.

My soul is trembling for

You have come into my mind,

My lovely little girl,  
Of this world you are  
The brightest diamond.  
(Transl. by Paul Desney).

(From: "I'll be a tree...")  
I'll be a tree if you are its flower,  
Or a flower, if you are the dew;  
I'll be the dew, if you are the sunbeam,  
Only to be united with you.  
(Transl. by E. F. Kunz).

(From: "Autumn is here, here again. . .":)  
Darling, sit down by my side,  
Sit and make no sound,  
While my song departs over the lake  
Like a whispering wind.  
Slowly place your lips to mine,  
If kiss me you would deem?  
So as not to awaken Nature  
And so disturb its dream.  
(Transl. by Paul Desney).

("The cottage door. .")  
The cottage door stood open wide,  
To light my pipe I stepped inside,  
But, oh! behold, my pipe was lit,  
There was indeed a glow in it.  
But since my pipe was all aglow  
With other thoughts inside I go,  
A gentle winning maiden fair  
That I perchance saw sitting there,  
Upon her wonted task intent  
To stir the fire aflame, she bent;  
But, oh! dear heart, her eyes so bright  
Were shining with more brilliant light.  
She looked at me as in I passed

Some spell she must have on me cast.  
My burning pipe went out, but oh!  
My sleeping heart was all aglow.  
(Transl. by C. H. Wright. From 'Hungarian Poetry').

(From: "The Hungarian Plain":)  
What, O ye wild Carpathians, to me  
Are your romantic eyries, bold with pine?  
Ye win my admiration, not my love,  
Your lofty valleys lure no dream of mine.  
Down where the prairies billow like a sea,  
Here is my world, my home, my heart's trite fane,  
My eagle spirit soars, from chains released,  
When I behold the unhorizoned plain.  
Upwards I mount in ecstasies of thought  
Above the earth, to cloud-heights still more near,  
And see, beneath, the image of the plain,  
From Danube on to Tisza smiling clear.  
Stampeding herds of horses, as they run,  
Thunder across the wind with trampling hoof,  
As lusty herdsman's whoops resound again  
And noisy whips crack out in sharp reproof.  
Far, far away, where heaven touches earth,  
Blue tree-tops of dim orchards tower higher,  
Like some pale fog-bank, and beyond them still  
A village church projects a simple spire.  
Fair art thou, Alfold, fair at least to me!  
Here I was born, and in my cradle lay.  
God grant I may be buried 'neath its sod,  
And mix my mouldering cerements with its clay!  
(Transl. by W. Kirkconnell. From: "Hungarian Poetry").

(From: "One Thought torments me. . .")  
One thought torments me: that I lie  
Upon a featherbed to die!  
Slowly wither, slowly waste away,  
Flowerlike, the furtive earthworm's prey,

Like a candle slowly to be spent

In an empty, lonely tenement.

My life, let me yield

On the battlefield!

'Tis there that the blood of youth shall flow from my heart,

And when, from my lips, last paeans of joy but start,

Let them be drowned in the clatter of steel,

In the roar of the guns, in the trumpet's peal,

And through my still corpse

Shall horse after horse

Full gallop ahead to the victory won,

And there shall I lie to be trampled upon.

(Transl. by E. B. Pierce and E. Delmar).

(From: "Bor the Hero" by J. Arany:).

Shadows of the dying day

On the quiet valley fell, Bor, the Hero rode away —

"Sweet and fair one, fare thee well,"

Wind-swept branches stir and strain,

Lo! a lark is singing near,

Bor, the Hero rides amain,

Silent falls the maiden's tear,

Whither wends that soaring flight

Darkness mingles earth and sky

"Daughter, haste, thy troth to plight!"

There is none to make reply.

Darkness mingles earth and sky,

Ghostly shapes the forest fill,

There is none to make reply,

"Come!" 'Tis Bor that whispers still,

Spirit lips a chant intone,

Ghostly whispers stir her mood,

"My dear spouse, O! mine alone,

Take me wheresoe'er you would,"

Near the fane of hoary stone

Gleams a light transcending day,

Spirit lips a chant intone,

Festal robes the priest array.  
With a light transcending day,  
Ruined aisle and altar shine,  
Festal robes the priest array,  
“Now, Beloved, thou art mine.”  
Darkness mingles earth and sky  
Hark! frightened owlet cried!  
Cold in death, the altar nigh,  
Lay the young and lovely bride.

(Transl. by C. H. Wright. From: “Hungarian Poetry”).

(From: “The Bards of Wales”):

Edward the king, the English king,  
Bestrides his tawny steed,  
“For I will see if Wales” said he,  
“Accepts my rule indeed.”  
“In truth this Wales, Sire, is a gem,  
The fairest in thy crown:  
The stream and field rich harvest yield,  
And fair are dale and down.”  
“And all the wretched people there  
Are calm as man could crave;  
Their hovels stand throughout the land  
As silent as the grave.”  
Edward the king, the English king,  
Bestrides his tawny steed;  
A silence deep his subjects keep  
And Wales is mute indeed.  
The castle named Montgomery  
Ends the day’s journeying;  
The castle’s lord, Montgomery,  
Must entertain the king.  
“Ye lords, ye lords, will none consent  
His glass with mine to ring?  
What! Each one fails, ye dogs of Wales,  
To toast the English king?”  
All voices cease in soundless peace,

All breathe in silent pain;  
Then at the door a harper hoar  
Comes in with grave disdain:  
“Harsh weapons clash and hauberks crash,  
And sunset sees us bleed,  
The crow and wolf our dead engulf —  
This, Edward, is thy deed!”  
“Now let him perish! I must have”  
(The monarch’s voice is hard)  
“Your softest songs, and not your wrongs!” —  
In steps a boyish bard:  
“The breeze is soft at eve, that oft  
From Milford Haven moans;  
It whispers maidens’ stifled cries,  
It breathes of widows’ groans.  
Ye maidens bear no captive babes!  
    Ye mothers rear them not!”  
The fierce king nods. The lad is seiz’d  
And hurried from the spot.  
“No more! Enough!” cries out the king.  
In rage his orders break:  
“Seek though these vales all bards of Wales  
And burn them at the stake!”  
in martyrship, with song on lip,  
Five hundred Welsh bards died;  
Not one was mov’d to say he lov’d  
The tyrant in his pride.  
“Ods blood! What songs this night resound  
Upon our London streets?  
The mayor should feel my irate heel  
If aught that sound repeats!”  
Each voice is hush’d; through silent lanes  
To silent homes they creep.  
“Now dies the hound that makes a sound,  
The sick king cannot sleep.”  
“Ha! Bring me fife, drum and horn,  
And let the trumpet blare!

In ceaseless hum their curses come  
I see their dead eyes glare.  
But high above all drum and fife  
And trumpets' shrill debate,  
Five hundred martyr'd voices chant  
Their hymn of deathless hate.

(Transl. by W. Kirkconnell. From: "Hungarian Poetry").

(From: "The Death of Buda", Canto Six: 'The Legend of the Wonder Hind").

The bird flies on from bough to bough;  
The song is pass'd from lip to lip;  
Green grass grows o'er old heroes now,  
But song revives their fellowship.  
Across the waste now faintly come  
The sounds of distant fife and drum;  
In darksome loneliness they seem  
Like heavenly music in a dream.  
Here mystic state the fairies keep,  
Along the wilderness they dance,  
Or 'neath the cloudy vapour sleep,  
And revel in the vast expanse.  
No man is near, but there are seen  
Earth's maids of fair and noble mien;  
The daughters of Belar and Dul,  
Apt students in the fairy school.  
A test severe they must endure,  
Must hold enslav'd in amorous chains,  
To hapless fate nine youths allure;  
While fancy-free each maid remains.  
'Tis thus they learn the fairy art,  
To yield false hope's heart-piercing dart;  
Each eve recount the feats of day,  
Then dance the darksome hours away.

(Transl. by F. D. Butler. From: "Hungarian Poetry").

(From: "I lay the lute down..." )

O my orphaned song, what thing art thou? —

Perhaps the spectre of departed lays  
That issues from the tomb with pallid brow  
    To whisper down the graveyard's grassy ways?  
    Art thou a coffin garlanded with flowers?  
    A cry of anguish in a wilderness?  
    Youth of my soul, bereft of golden hours,  
    Ah, whither hast thou stray'd in thy distress! —  
    I lay the poet's lute down. Dull as lead,  
    It irks the hand. And who still asks for song?  
Who can rejoice in flowers that are dead?  
    Who seeks their mouldering fragrance to prolong?  
    If men destroy the tree, the bloom it bore  
    In shrivelling beauty perishes anon.  
    Youth of my soul, returning nevermore,  
    Ah, whither, tell me, whither hast thou gone!  
(Transl. by W. Kirkconnell. From: "Hungarian Poetry").

(Extracts from I. Madach: "The Tragedy of Man").

(Scene One:)

Lucifer (to God):

    A corner is all I need,  
    Enough to afford a foothold for Negation,  
    Whereon to raise what will destroy

Thy World

(Scene Three:) (Adam and Eve have just been expelled from Paradise)

Eve (to Adam): I am making such an arbour  
    As we had before, and so can conjure up  
    The Eden we have lost...

(Scene Eleven: Eve looks at a grave:)

    Eve: Why dost thou yawn before my feet, grim Death?

Dost thou believe I fear thine awful gloom?

    The dust of Earth is thine. But not the breath  
    Of radiant life. I'll shine beyond the tomb!  
    While Love and Poetry and Youth endure,  
    Upon my homeward way I still will go.  
    My smile alone the ills of Earth can cure...

(Scene Thirteen: Adam, though disgusted with the frustrations of mankind, realises that he has a task to perform:)

Adam: Though Science may redeem the Earth, in time  
It too will pass away, like everything  
Which has fulfilled its end. But the Idea  
Which gave it life, again will rise triumphant.

(Scene Fifteen: Adam, having seen in his dream the tragedies and frustrations of human history, decides to prevent it all by committing suicide:)

Adam: Before me is that cliff — below the gulf.  
One jump, the last act, the curtain comes down,  
And I say: the comedy has ended

Eve; . . . I am a mother, Adam

(Adam falls upon his knees and turns to the Lord again, but he still fears for the future:)

Adam: . . . My heart on high I'll set!  
But, ah, the end! If that I could forget

The Lord: Man, I have spoken! Strive and unfalteringly, trust!

(Transl. by C. P. Sanger. From: Madach: "The Tragedy of Man", Ed. Pannonia, Sydney, 1953)

("In Twenty Years", by Janos Vajda).

Like the ice that caps the peak of Montblanc,  
That neither sun nor wind can warm, My quiet heart does no longer burn  
No new suffering can do it harm.

Around me the stars in their millions  
Winking lead me on as they revolve  
Scattering over my head their shine;  
Even so, still I will not dissolve.  
But sometimes on a quiet, quiet evening  
As I slide alone into my dreams  
Upon the enchanted lake of youth  
Your swan-like form appears.  
And when the rising sun arrives  
Then my heart is again alight  
Like Montblanc's eternal snows

After a long winter's night.

(Transl. by Paul Desney).

(From the last chapter of "The Dark Diamonds" by M. Jokai: Ivan, the owner of a coal-mine, finds the girl of his dreams — working in his coal-mine)

The girl stood still on top of the coal. . . The next moment Ivan was at her side...

"You are here! You have come back here!"

"I have been here, sir, for almost a year, and if you will keep me on, I should like to stay."

"You can stay, but only on one condition — as my wife" cried Ivan, pressing her hand to his heart.

Evila shook her head, and drew away her hand. "No, no. Let me be your servant, a maid in your house, your wife's maid. I shall be quite happy; I want nothing more . . . if you knew all, you would never forgive me."

"I know everything, and I can forgive everything."

His words proved that Ivan knew nothing. If he had known the truth, he would have known that there was nothing, nothing to forgive. As it was, he pressed his love to his heart, while she murmured:

'You may forgive me, but the world will never pardon you.'

"The world!" cried Ivan, raising his head proudly. "My world is here," laying his hand on his breast. "The World! Look around from this hill. Everything in this valley owes its life to me; every blade of grass has to thank me that it is now green. Hill and valley know that, with God's help, I have saved them from destruction! I have made a million, and I have not ruined any one.. My name is known all over the world, and yet I have hidden myself here, not to be troubled with their praises."

"Oh, sir," she whispered, "if I do not die, I shall always love you, but I feel that I shall die."

As she spoke she fell back in a faint. Her brilliant colour faded to a wax pallor, her flashing eyes closed; and her body, which a moment before was like a blooming rose, crumpled lifeless, like an autumn leaf.

Ivan held her lifeless body in his arms.

The woman whom he had loved for so long, for whom he had suffered so much, was his, just as her pulse ceased to beat, just as she said: "I shall always love you, but I feel that I shall die."

But she did not die.

A diamond is a diamond for ever.

(Transl. by F. Gerard. From: "The Dark Diamonds". Corvina Press, Budapest, 1968).

(From: K. Mikszath's novelette, "The Gentry": a Budapest journalist has been a guest at a wedding attended by Hungarian-Slovak gentry in the northern county Saros. After the wedding he asks his friend about the luxury and pomp displayed by the guests)

"And those four-in-hands," I exclaimed, "the pomp, the splendour and brilliance, the Havana cigars and everything, everything?"

"So much eyewash. The four-in-hands were borrowed from one place; the trappings here, the first pair of horses there, the second pair from another place. "

“But this is sheer deceit!”

“Poppycock,” Bagozy interrupted passionately. “Who would be deceived? Everyone knows that the other hasn’t got four horses. These good boys, myself included, simply keep up form. . . beautiful, ancient form. Why, all this is so charming. . . This is the custom with us and customs must be respected at all costs. . . But as regards the merits of the case, even if the brilliance and pomp, the splendour and liveliness, the refined and easy manners, the joviality and aristocratic airs. . . the horses, the silver cutlery don’t belong to one or the other. . . by all means they belong to somebody — to all of us. These things happen to be scattered among us and whose business is it if, on certain occasions, we artificially pool them on one spot?.

(Transl. by L. Halapy. From: “Hungarian Short Stories”, Oxford Uni. Press, London, and Corvina, Budapest, 1967).

## CHAPTER 26

". . . (Karolyi) thought that he was going to assure a better armistice for the new, pro-Allied Hungary, so he went, probably following Czech advice, to Belgrade, to receive what he thought more generous terms from General Franchet d’Esperey. . . Their humiliation, indeed, was complete. . . When a socialist member of the delegation was introduced to the French commander, the latter exclaimed, “Etes-vous tombes Si bas?” (Have you sunk to such depths?). . .” (From “History of the Hungarian Nation” S. B. Vardy, Danubian Press, Astor Park, 1969).

On March 20, 1919, Karolyi addressed the following proclamation to the people of Hungary:

“To the people of Hungary!

The government has resigned. Those who had been governing by the will of the people with the support of the Hungarian proletariat, have now realised that the compelling force of circumstances demands new directions. . . The Paris peace Conference has decided to place almost the entire territory of the country under military occupation. . . The aim of the military occupation is to use Hungary as the operational and supply area against the Russian Soviet army, which is now fighting on the Soviet-Rumanian border. The territories taken from us are to be the reward given to the Rumanian and Czech troops to be used against the Russian-Soviet army.

As the provisional President of the Hungarian People’s Republic I turn to the proletariat of the world for justice and assistance against this decision of the Conference of Paris. I resign and hand the power to the proletariat of the peoples of Hungary.

Mihaly Karolyi.”

In his “Memoirs”, published in 1956 (J. Cape, London), Karolyi asserts that he never signed this proclamation, and that in fact he was removed from office by a “coup d’etat” staged by the Social Democrats and instigated by the Entente (!). (Pp. 156-157). He fails to explain, however, why his regime was replaced by Kun’s Communists, not the Social Democrats who had — allegedly — ousted him, why he remained in Budapest during the Kun regime (in the fashionable Svabhegy district), on

very friendly terms with the “usurpers” (Communist Kun and Socialist Kunfi), and why he left Hungary in a hurry a few days before the downfall of the Kun regime (July, 1919). He also fails to explain why he had to wait until 1956 to repudiate the famous (and fatuous) proclamation.

After a counter-revolutionary uprising in Budapest, the Kun government issued a proclamation urging the Communists to “retaliate by the Red Terror of the proletariat. .

(Hungarian text quoted in “Magyarország Története Kepekben”, Gondolat publ. Budapest, 1971).

General H. H. Bandholtz, U.S.A. member of the Inter-Allied Military Mission in Budapest wired to Paris on August 16, 1919: “. . . the Rumanians were doing their utmost to delay matters in order to complete the loot of Hungary. . . (after having carted away locomotives, railroad cars, machine tools and other equipment) they proceeded also to clean the country out of private automobiles, farm implements, cattle, horses, clothing, sugar, coal, salt and, in fact, everything of value. . . dismantled telephones even in private residences.” Another member of the U.S.A. Mission reports that the “total amount of rolling stock taken by them (Rumanians) from the Hungarian State Railways was 1,302 locomotives and 34,160 railroad cars.” The Rumanian occupation caused damage, as it was officially estimated, of almost three billions of gold crowns (equivalent. to the same amount in US dollars).

In another telegram, addressed to the Supreme Allied Council in Paris (October 13), General Bandholz states that “in all towns occupied by the Rumanians we found an oppression so great as to make life unbearable. Murder is common: youths and women are flogged, imprisoned without trial, and arrested without reason. . .” (Quoted in S. B. Vardy: “History of the Hungarian Nation” pp.214-215. Ed. Danubian Press. Astor Park, 1969.) (Cf. also: H. H. Bandholtz, “An Undiplomatic Diary”, ed. by F. K. Kruger, New York, 1933).

The “White Terror” myth was born in the imagination of Karolyi and his emigre friends in Paris and London The ex-president substantiated his accusations by grossly misstating the date of Horthy’s entry into Budapest. In his “Memoirs” he writes: “On August 12th Admiral Horthy, having waited for the departure of the looting Rumanian troops, made his entry into the city (Budapest). . . and started his punitive White Terror”. (Karolyi: Memoirs, J. Cape, London, 1956, p. 174). It is a historic fact that Horthy entered Budapest on November 16th (1919), by which time the worst of the lawless acts of individual revenge against Kun’s henchmen was over. During the months of the “legal vacuum” (August-November, 1919), Horthy and his colleagues of the Counter-Revolutionary Government (Bethlen, Teleki etc.) lived under the watchful (and some-what suspicious) eyes of the Allied (French) commander in Szeged and had therefore neither the authority nor the opportunity to commit (or to stop) “atrocities.”

Thus Horthy and the Hungarian governments of two decades (and, indirectly, the entire Hungarian nation) were branded “fascists”, “white terrorists” (and worse) because of the blatant distortion of facts by a confused ex-politician trying to excuse his own blunders.

Regrettably, most foreign historians (and politicians) repeated uncritically these accusations without bothering to check their dates or to read the reports of the members of the Allied Military Mission in Budapest, who were closely observing Horthy's actions in 1919 and 1920 (while Karolyi and his friends collected their "evidence" in Paris and London). Thus the British High Commissioner P. B. Hohler, the leader of the Inter-Allied Military Mission, Brig. Gen. R. N. Gorton, and Admiral Sir E. Troubridge stated in their reports of February and March 1920: "There is nothing in the nature of terror in Hungary. . . life is as secure here as in England. . (Quoted by Karolyi in his "Memoirs", p.377). Similarly, the U.S. observer, Col. Horwitz (himself Jewish) attested:

"Horthy's forces had done everything within reason to prevent such persecutions (of the Jews and Communists). . . as to there being a real "White Terror", there was nothing of the kind. . (Quoted in Vardy: History of the Hungarian Nation, p.215).

The 10th of the "Fourteen Points" of President Wilson states that: ". . . the peoples of Austria-Hungary, whose place among the nations we wish to see safeguarded and assured, should be accorded the freest opportunity of autonomous development. . ." The Hungarians were one of the "peoples" of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy.

Historic Hungary — including Croatia — had, in 1910, an area of 325,000 sq. km. and a population of 21,800,000. An area of 232,500 sq. km. (71.4%) and a population of 13,280,000 (63.5%) were transferred to the succession states by the Trianon Treaty. Counting Hungary proper —without Croatia — the 1910 area of the country was 283,000 sq. km. with a total population of 18,300,000. The following detailed statistics refer to Hungary proper — without Croatia-.

Total losses by the Trianon Treaty:

Area: 190,000 sq. km. (67%)

Population: 10,709,000 (58%) Left to Hungary after 1920:

Area: 93,000 sq. km., population: 7,600,000

Gains by the succession states:

Rumania: area: 103,000 sq. km. population: 5,260,000

Czechoslovakia: area: 62,000 sq. km. population: 3,520,000

Yugoslavia: area: 21,000 sq. km. population: 1,510,000

Austria: area: 4,000 sq. km. population: 290,000

Poland: area: 600 sq. km. population: 25,000

Italy: area: 21 sq. km. population: 50,000.

The number of Magyars transferred to each succession state was about 1/3 of the population of each detached territory, i.e.: to Rumania 1,700,000;

to Czechoslovakia: 1,100,000;

to Yugoslavia 550,000.

Each detached area had also a large population of non-Magyar tongue who were alien to the nation to which the area was transferred (e.g. Germans) Thus the area annexed by Rumania had a

Rumanian population of 55% only, the Czechoslovak area a Slovak population of 60%, the Yugoslav area a South-Slav population of about 33%.

For comparison, here are the data of the last Hungarian census before Trianon — the census of 1910.: These data refer to Hungary proper (without Croatia):

Magyars:	9,950,000 (54%)
Rumanians:	2,950,000 (16%)
Slovaks:	1,950,000 (10.4%)
Serbs:	460,000 (2.5%)
Other South Slavs:	150,000 (1.1%)
Others: Germans, Ruthenes etc.:	2,840,000 (16%).

The proportion of foreign nationalities in the newly created succession states was very similar to the Hungarian situation in 1910. Thus the Trianon Treaty created three new states with similar minority problems.

Though the Wilsonian “Fourteen Points” guaranteed “self-determination” and “autonomous development” to “the peoples of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy”, only one act of “self-determination” was allowed in connection with the Trianon Treaty: the western Hungarian town Sopron, claimed by Austria, was retained by Hungary after a plebiscite in 1921. No plebiscite and no “autonomous development” was granted to any Magyar-speaking region in the territories occupied by the victorious succession states, though large Magyar-speaking areas were contiguous to the Trianon frontier.

## CHAPTER 28

(E. Ady: “The White-Lady”):

An old, fearful castle is my soul,  
A mossy, lofty, forlorn spot.  
(Behold! how enormous are my eyes,  
Yet sparkle not, and sparkle not).  
The lone, forsaken rooms ring hollow.  
From the walls so sad, so dreary,  
Black windows look down on the valley, —  
(So weary are my eyes, so weary!)  
Eternal are here apparitions,  
The stench of vaults, the shroud of fog;  
And shadows rustle in the darkness  
And unforgiven phantoms sob.  
(But rarely at the hour of midnight  
My large eyes begin to flare —)  
The white-lady roams then the castle

And smiles, standing at the window there.

(Transl. by R. Bonnerjea. From: "Hungarian Poetry").

(From: "Up flew~the Peacock...")

New winds are shaking  
The old Magyar maples,  
Waiting we wait for  
The new Magyar miracles.  
Either we are madmen and  
All of us shall perish.  
Or what we believe in  
Shall verily flourish.  
New flames, new faiths,  
New kilns, new saints  
Exist, or anew void mist  
The future taints.  
Either the Magyar words  
Shall have new senses,  
Or Magyar life will stay sad  
Ever changeless.

(Transl. by C. W. Horne).

("Autumn came to Paris")

Yes, Autumn came to Paris yesterday,  
Gliding in silence down Rue Saint-Michel;  
Here in the dog-days, soft beneath the leaves  
She met and hail'd me well.

I had been strolling toward the slumbering Seine,  
Deep in my heart burn'd little twigs of song:  
Smoky and strange and sad and purple-hued;  
I knew for death they yearned.

The Autumn understood and whisper'd low;  
Rue Saint-Michel grew tremulous and grey;  
The jesting leaves cried out along the street  
And flutter'd in dismay.

One moment: then the Summer shone again,  
And laughing Autumn left on tripping toe;

And I alone beneath these whispering leaves,  
Beheld her come and go.  
(Transl. by W. Kirkconnell. From: "Hungarian Poetry").

(From: "The horses of Death"):

On the white road of the moonlight  
The winds, wild shepherds of the sky,  
Drive on their flocks of scudding cloud  
And towards us, towards us, without sound,  
Unshod, Death's horses onward fly.  
He before whom those horsemen rein  
Into that saddle mounts, his breath  
Catching, grown pale, and with him fast  
Along the white road of the moon  
Seeking new riders, gallops Death.

(Trans. by J.C.W. Home).

(From: "A half-kissed kiss"):

This kiss consumed we should peacefully  
Die without sorrow.  
We long for that kiss, we crave for that fire,  
But sadly we say: tomorrow, tomorrow.

(Transl. by R. Bonnerjea. From: "Hungarian Poetry").

(From: "A Kinsman of Death"):

I am akin to death, his kinsman,  
Fleeting to the love I love, swift burning;  
Her lips to kiss I love who goes  
Not returning.  
Roses I love, the sick, the languid,  
Women whose passion fears the morrow,  
Years of the past, radiant years,  
Years of sorrow.

(Transl.. by J. C. W. Home)

("Craving for Affection"):

No gay forefathers, 110 successors,

No relatives and no possessors.

I belong to nobody,

I belong to nobody.

I am what every man is, Grandeur, A North, Secret, and a Stranger Distant will  
o'the wisp, Distant will o'the wisp.

Alas, but I cannot thus remain, I must make myself to all quite plain, That seeing  
they may see me, That seeing they may see me.

Therefore all: Sell-torture, melody! I want to be loved by

And to be somebody's, And to be somebody's.

(Transl. by R. Bonnerjea. From: "Hungarian Poetry").

(From: "A familiar lad"):

A little lad came to me last night,

Who once was I, now dead, beguiling,

Gently smiling.

At my wrinkling face he stares and stares,

And sheds many a tear in surprise

Upon my eyes.

(Transl. by R. Bonnerjea).

(From: "Detestable, lovable nation"):

If thousand times I turn from thee,

'Tis but a dance, an illusion.

In Magyarland things are awry,

I shall wait till the conclusion,

My loving, beloved and loathsome nation.

(Transl. by R. Bonnerjea. From: "Hungarian Poetry").

("The Magyar Messiah"):

Our weeping is more bitter,

More piercing torments try us.

A thousandfold. Messiahs

Are Hungary's Messiahs.

A thousandfold they perish,

Unblest their crucifixion.

For vain is their affliction,

Ah, vain is their affliction.

(Transl. by W. Kirkconnell).

(From: "Gog and Magog"):

Through Verecke's immortal pass came I.  
Old Magyar. songs still clamour in my ears,  
Yet may I through Deveny break in here  
With new melodies of newer years?

(Transl.. by R. Bonnerjea).

(From: "Reminiscences of a Summer-night"):

I thought, at that time, I thought,  
that some neglected God  
would come to life and take me away;  
and right up to now here I live  
as the somebody that that night made of me  
and waiting for God I reminisce  
over that terrible night:  
it was a strange,  
strange summer's night.

(Transl.. by Paul Desney).

("In Elijah's Chariot"):

God, as with Elijah, elects those  
Whom he most loves, whom most he hurts.  
He gives them quick-beating, fiery hearts  
Which are like burning chariots.  
This Elijah-tribe flies towards heaven  
And stops where snow eternal is.  
On top the ice-capped Himalayas  
Crumble, rumble their carriages.  
'Twixt earth and heaven, sad and homeless,  
The winds of Fate them onwards chase,  
And their chariots gallop on towards  
Vile forms of beauty, cold and base.  
Their hearts burn, their brains are icicles,  
The world mocks them and rocks with fun,  
But with diamond dust their cold highway

Is sprinkled by the pitying sun.  
(Transl.. by R. Bonnerjea).

(From: "The Lord's arrival"):

When all deserted,  
When I bore my soul crumbling violently,  
The Lord took me in His embrace,  
Unforeseen. silently .

(Transl. by R. Bonnerjea).

(From: "Adam, where art thou?"):

'Tis only because God with flaming sword  
To clear my human path has marched before.  
I hear His footsteps walking in my soul  
And His sad query: "Adam, where art thou?"  
My breath replies in throbbing past control,  
I have already found Him in my heart,  
I've found Him and have clasped Him in my arms,  
In death we'll be united, ne'er to part.

(Transl. by W. Kirkconnell).

(From: 'Gypsy Song", by M. Babits):

"Here the meadow, there the wood,  
countries bad and countries good,  
although all the same to you:  
everywhere the skies are blue.  
If a Jew walks woodland way,  
without looking, thus you prey.  
If a girl goes meadow ways,  
without asking you embrace.  
That's because you sprang from branch  
born beneath a tree in trench and as fruit falls far from tree  
so your mother shall lose thee;  
fatherless, motherless, homeless, landless, countryless."

(Transl.. by E. F. Kunz. From: "Hungarian Poetry").

(From: "They sang long, long ago in Sappho's day...")

The world is selfish grown:  
Just common hunger, common fever, faint  
Confusion stammering, — and beyond that crew  
Lies loneliness and silence. Song has flown,  
And love, like doves' soft kiss, is silent too.  
In our own hearts, my dear, song's word is rife.  
They sang long, long ago in Sappho's day.  
Kiss me! For song is dead, and grieving life  
Takes refuge where two hearts own single sway.  
Once men were truly men; but now, a herd  
Of tired beasts that chew the cud of care.  
Be thou an island till the fens that gird  
Thee round grow red with sunrise! Learn to con  
Cocoons that breed bright moths! Who need despair?  
The old gods pass and go, but man lives on.  
(Transl. by W. Kirkconnell. From: "Hungarian Poetry.").

(From: "The lyric poet's epilogue"):

So I remain my own prison walls:  
the subject and the object both, alas,  
the Alpha and Omega both, am I.

(Transl. by A. Kramer)

("I have forgot" by Gy. Juhász):

I have forgot the fairness of her hair;  
But this I know, that when the flaming grain  
A cross the rippling fields makes summer fair,  
Within its gold I feel her grace again.  
I have forgot the blueness of her eyes;  
But when Septembers lay their tired haze  
In sweet farewell across the azure skies,  
I dream once more the sapphire of her gaze.  
I have forgot the softness of her voice;  
But when the spring breathes out its softest sigh,  
Then I can hear her speak the tender joys  
That bless'd the springtime of a day gone by.

(Transl. by W. Kirkconnell. From: 'Hungarian Poetry').

(From: "The pendulum", by A. Toth):

Hoarse is the husky tickling's muffled chant  
As often through the night my sad eye sees  
Eternity (it seems) sway there aslant

And whittle futile Time to atomies.

Only a myriad pendulums are awake:  
Blind, swaying splendors and mysterious miens,  
Relentless sickles, golden guillotines.

(Transl.. by W. Kirkconnell. From: "Hungarian Poetry").

(From: "Trees of Ulloi-ut" by D. Kosztolanyi):

The yellowed fields are withering, trees of Ulloi-ut  
My moods like suns of autumn sink;  
soughing and slowly blows the wind  
and kilts the past spring's root.

O where, O where does fly the youth?

You sad leaved trees, O tell the truth,

trees of Ulloi-ut

(Transl.. by E. F. Kunz. From: "Hungarian Poetry'.').

(From: "To my wife")

You came in my room telling something odd;  
so after years of years I realised  
that there you are and scarcely listening  
surprised I looked at you. I closed my eyes.

And this to myself I repeated mumbling:

"I am used to her as I am used to air.

She is giving me the breath."

(Transl.. by E. F. Kunz. From: "Hungarian Poetry").

(A. Jozsef: "Mama")

For one week I haven't stopped to think  
always of Mama, at the sink,  
bearing a creaking basket of soft  
clothes at her lap up to the loft.

I was still a plain-spoken lout —

I shouted, stamped my feet about:  
let her leave the clothes in a heap  
and take me up the stairs so steep.  
She went on dumbly hanging clothes,  
not scolding, nor even looking on  
and the clothes, shining, swishing,  
wheeled and soared up high.  
I should not wimper — it's too late —  
I now see how she was great —  
grey hair flowing on the sky,  
dissolving blue starch there up high.

(Transl.. by Paul Desney).

(From: "Ars Poetica"):

Ferment is fine to lose oneself in!  
Repose and tremors embrace  
and clever charming chit-chat  
arises from the foam.  
Other poets? of what concern are they?  
Let them all mime their intoxication  
up to their necks  
in phoney images and wine.  
I go past today's pub  
to meaning and beyond!  
A free mind will never serve  
the scurrilous modes of drivel...

(Transl.. by Paul Desney).

(From: "Lullaby"):

The sky is closing his blue eyes,  
the houses' eyes close one by one,  
the fields sleep under eiderdown —  
so go to sleep my little son.  
On the armchair sleeps the coat,  
dozes the tear, his job is done,  
he won't tear further, not to-day —  
so go to sleep, my little son.

The dream like glassball will be yours,  
you will be giant, mighty one,  
but only close your little eyes —  
and go to sleep, my little son.

(Transl.. by E.F. Kunz).

(From: "The three Kings"):

Jesus, Jesus, God greet you, God greet you!  
Three kings are we well and true.  
Flaming star stood round our place,  
so we came on foot in haste.  
Lord Saviour, God bless you, God bless you!  
Far and warm lands crossed we through.  
All our bread and cheese is gone,  
all our shining boots are worn,  
but we brought you gold a lot,  
incense in an iron pot.  
Blushes, blushes Mary red, Mary red,  
happy mother bends her head.  
Through the tears, which fill her eyes  
scarcely sees her Jesus Christ.  
All around the shepherds sing. —  
Time to feed the little thing.  
Dearest three Kings, kind and true,  
now good night, good night to you!

(Transl.. by E. F. Kunz. From: "Hungarian Poetry").

(From: "A painter in the Village" by G. Gardonyi):

"I'd like to beg you, Mr. Picture-maker, to paint my little daughter, my Ilonka..."

"Which one is your daughter?" asked the painter.

"She's dead, Sir, she's dead," the woman said with tears in her eyes.

"She was an only daughter," I explained as the other faltered, "a lovely creature, with blue eyes.

"It's a difficult business," the painter answered. "Have you got some photograph of her?"

"No, I haven't, my dear Sir, that's why I want her to be painted, because I haven't got a picture of her."

On our way home the painter suddenly asked:

"Did the little girl look like her mother?"

"She'd have grown up to be just like her, if she'd lived."

"I'm going to try something," he said merrily. "I'll paint that woman as though she were seven years old."

And the following day he began to paint the portrait of the dead child. The mother posed zealously, though she did not quite know what for . . . When the picture was ready, the artist took a large green shawl and from it improvised a frame around the painting. Then he called the woman.

No sooner had she glanced at the picture than she burst into tears.

"Do you recognise her?" I asked, deeply moved.

Of course I do, Sir," she answered, "although the poor thing has changed a lot in the other world."

(Transl. by L. Halapy. From: "Hungarian Short Stories").

## CHAPTER 29

The "First Jewish Law" decreed that, in the future, only 20% of the persons engaged in certain professions (Journalism, Medicine, Theatre, Law, Engineering) and salaried commercial employment could be Jewish.

According to the 1930 census, 5% of Hungary's population belonged to the Jewish faith. At the same time, the proportion of Jews in certain professions was the following: lawyers: 49%' journalists: 32%, doctors in private practice: 55%' salaried employees in commerce: 42% etc. (Cf. Macartney: "October the Fifteenth" and contemporary statistical publications).

". . . Horthy warned Hitler not to undertake the operation (the attack on Czechoslovakia), because in his belief it would lead to a world war, and Germany would be defeated, because she would find the British Navy against her. Britain would assemble a coalition, and although she often lost battles, she always ended by winning the war. . ." (Macartney: "October Fifteenth" vol. I. p.242, Edinburgh Uni. Press. 1957).

The Munich Agreement of Sept.29, 1938, signed by Hitler, Chamberlain, Daladier and Mussolini, stated that: ". . . the problems of the . . . Hungarian minorities in Czechoslovakia. if not settled within three months by agreement between the respective governments, shall form the subject of another meeting of the Heads of Governments of the four Powers here present.

The "Second Jewish Law" decreed that the proportion of Jewish persons in the free professions should be reduced to 6% gradually, (without dismissing those already employed) and in commerce to 12%. There were many exemptions.

". . . On the 9th (September, 1939), Ribbentrop asked Csaky (Hungarian Foreign Minister), requesting passage of German troops through Hungary against Poland. . . in return he offered Hungary . . . the oil wells of the (Polish) Sambor region. . . The next morning the meeting (of the Hungarian Cabinet) agreed unanimously to reject the request. . . Horthy added a rider that the Germans should be told that he was having the railways mined and would have them blown up if the Germans tried to use them..."

"...during the brief campaign (September 1939) Hungary had given Poland all active assistance that the laws of neutrality allowed. . . In fact a little more, for a legion (of Hungarian volunteers), some

6000 strong, had fought on the Polish side... (Both quotations from Macartney: "October Fifteenth" vol. 1. pp. 366-367).

By June 26, 1941, Italy, Finland, Rumania, Slovakia, and Croatia had followed Germany in declaring war on Soviet Russia whilst Hungary had only broken off diplomatic relations. The Germans kept urging Hungary to join the campaign, adding veiled hints to the territorial claims of Slovakia and Rumania which were already belligerents on the German side). After the attack on Kassa (26 June), Bardossy saw Horthy who demanded "reprisals" (but not a declaration of war). A cabinet meeting was inconclusive, though the majority of the ministers seemed to be in favour of a statement that "Hungary regards herself as being in a state of war with Russia". Without returning to the Regent or consulting the Parliament, Bardossy informed the German Legation and issued a press communique (June 27) that "Hungary was at war with the Soviet Union." Only then did he announce to the Lower House of the Parliament that "the Royal Hungarian Government concludes that in consequence of these attacks (the bombing of Kassa) a state of war has come into being between Hungary and the Soviet Union".

The Hungarian Constitution reserved the right of the declaration of war to the Regent — but only after Parliament had previously given its consent. There is no doubt therefore that Bardossy disregarded the Constitution. Prof. Macartney suggests a typically "Magyar" reason: Bardossy wished that if things went wrong, all responsibility should fall on himself, not on the Regent or the individual members of the Parliament. (Macartney: "October Fifteenth" vol.11. pp.28-30. Cf. also N. Horthy: "Memoirs", New York, 1957)

"... the policy adopted by all the 'democratic' and 'left-wing' leaders alike was to shelter behind the Government, support it unobtrusively, and let it play their game for them.."

The stories spread abroad of heroic resistance by these elements to the 'German Fascists' and their 'Hungarian abettors' were pure fiction. Hungarian resistance to Germany throughout the war was directed from the top: its key figures were the Regent, Kallay and Keresztes-Fischer (Minister of the Interior in several governments)." (Macartney: "October Fifteenth" I. p. 379).

Horthy's instructions to Kallay were: to defend, preserve and (if necessary) to restore the complete independence (internal and external) of Hungary, to develop toward the Germans spiritual and moral resistance and to keep the concessions to the minimum, short of provoking a German occupation. To keep the Army as intact as possible. . . To seek contact with the British and to call a halt to the anti-Semitic measures. Later Horthy authorised Kallay to initiate armistice negotiations with the western powers but insisted, as a point of honour, on giving Germany previous notice of an eventual armistice agreement. (Kallay: "Hungarian Premier", Oxford Uni. Press, 1959. Also: Macartney and Horthy op. cit.).

The "Third Jewish Law" (1941, Bardossy) prohibited marriage between Jews and non-Jews but imposed no other restrictions.

The 'Fourth Jewish Law' ('1942, Kallay) provided for expropriation, against compensation, of all Jewish-owned land. (There were very few Jewish landowners in Hungary). Another measure, introduced

later, excluded the Jews from active armed service in the Defence Forces. Instead, they served in labour formations as auxiliaries.

Prof. N. Rich (a Jewish historian) in his work "Hitler's War Aims" 1-II (London, Deutsch, 1974) praises Horthy for having preserved Hungary as a refuge (for Jews) until the Germans took over the country in 1944. Other (non-Hungarian) historians support this opinion (Macartney etc.).

After 17 days of fierce fighting the Hungarian IIIrd Army Corps was surrounded by strong Russian armoured formations. The German commander, general Siebert, ordered the Corps to "attack the Russians". The Hungarian Corps commander, general count Marcel Stomm issued the following order to his troops:

"Krasznoje Ohm, February 1, 1943. The Roy. Hungarian IIIrd Army Corps, having been separated after the Uryv breakthrough (13 January) from the Roy. Hungarian 2nd Army, was placed under the orders of the German Group Siebert. In this position, the Corps has been protecting the withdrawal of the German 2nd Army for the last 12. During this time, the Hungarian soldiers had to suffer the of the Russian winter nights outdoors, without food, without cover in the open snowfields. . . Today I received order to lead you in an attack to break through the Russian lines. . . through the Russian army which even the well equipped and armed German troops were unable to stop. . . I not pass this order to you, as it would be senseless to the half-starved, half-frozen Hungarians to go to their defeat by the thousands. . . After this I must allow everybody look after himself as well as possible. . . God be with Hungarian soldiers!"

On issuing this order, general Stomm said good-bye to staff and began to walk. . . in the direction ordered by commanding officer, toward the Russians. He could hardly walk as both his legs were frozen. He was captured later with his service revolver in his hand the only captured armed by the Russians. . . (The author's own information. The general's order was published in the Hungarian newspapers after the war).

In the middle of 1944 about 1,100,000 men were on active service in the Hungarian Defence forces (out of a total population of 14 million) — a remarkable effort after the horrendous losses at the Don in 1943. However, only one Army, the 1st (successfully defending the eastern Carpathians under generals Lakatos and Parkas) was fully equipped. The makeshift 2nd (northern Hungary) and 3rd (Transylvania) Armies consisted of troops without heavy equipment, modern transport, armour, air support or anti-tank defences. Moreover, several divisions were still on occupation duty employed by the German Command in distant sectors of the eastern front.

The suspicious Germans refused to equip the Hungarians with heavy and modern weapons even though the production of the Hungarian war industry (still working at full capacity) had been almost entirely requisitioned by the German command. Only a few new units could be provided with modern equipment, such as the elite "Szent Laszlo" division (general Z. Szugyi) —~ destined to become the last defender of Hungarian soil in 1945.

Budapest was defended by about 70,000 troops more than half of them Hungarians — against 20 Russian divisions supported by 2000 planes.

It is impossible to give an estimate of the military and civilian losses, but we know that some units suffered very high casualties. The Budapest Guard Battalion fought to the last man and the University Regiment lost 80% of its effectives. Thousands of civilians died during the house-to-house fighting and in consequence of indiscriminate shelling, bombing, lack of food, fuel and medical help. The water, gas and electricity services broke down completely at the beginning of January (during the coldest winter in living memory). The districts occupied by the Russians were subjected to a reign of unbridled violence by armed gangs of Soviet army “deserters” (a term used by Russian Marshal Voroshilov).

On the 14th of February the pale winter sun rose behind a pall of smoke and red haze over the ruins of the city once called the “Queen of the Danube”. The guns were silent at last and the screams of the wounded soldiers in the burning Buda hospital had stopped.

It was the dawn of Ash Wednesday, the first day of Lent 1945.