

ONE WITHOUT THE OTHER

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(The study of the Kovács family home in Ohio in the mid-2000s. It is fast approaching midnight. The space is small, but cozy rather than cramped; the walls are parchment-colored and the lighting is warm and inviting. The overall impression is of a cluttered, lived-in space that has been very hastily tidied up and made decent. Bookshelves are a commanding presence, filled with old and well-loved books. In the upstage right corner is a roll-top desk with the top closed; along the top are pictures of the extended Kovács family in black and white. Among them is a small color photograph of a grinning sister and brother in the vaguely traditional clothing used by folk dance groups. Above it hangs Hungarian paraphernalia, which must include the Nemzeti dal¹ and a map of the pre-WWI Kingdom of Hungary; it should probably also include the Szózat and the lineage of Szent István. At upstage left is a door which leads to a hallway off of the kitchen. Center are two sofas, one parallel to the audience and the other set perpendicular on stage left, with a cheap, dark wood coffee table between them. All three pieces of furniture sport white linen back and armrest covers edged with the red embroidery characteristic of Hungarian folk art. On the stage right side of the parallel sofa is a neat pile of bedding; on the other is a makeshift bed of sheets, blanket, and pillow. On the table is an embroidered table runner, a mid-sized vase of white lilies, several unopened condolence cards, and an electric/portable keyboard.

*NORA KOVÁCS, nineteen and determined, sits on the sofa parallel to the audience, plinking at the keyboard and squinting at a lyrics sheet. PETER KOVÁCS, twenty-three and petulant, is trying to ignore her by pointedly reading a copy of *The Fountainhead*. When Nora sings, she should be trying hard, but still sound as awkward and American as possible; she has a pleasant, if inexperienced/untrained singing voice.)*

NORA
A CSITÁRI HEGYEK ALATT
RÉGEN LEESETT A HÓ
AZT HALLOTTAM KISANGYALOM
VÉLED ESETT EL A LÓ
KITÖRTED--

PETER
Would you give it a rest?

NORA
I just have like a verse and a half to go, then I'll be quiet, I promise.

PETER
The melody just repeats.

NORA
I just want to make sure I've got it before I put it away for the night, that's all.

PETER
Okay, fine.

(Peter is obviously not fine.)

NORA
Just two more minutes.

¹ Please see the end of the script for a glossary, translations, pronunciation guide, and sheet music.

PETER

If it's really that important--

NORA

It was his favorite song, Peti--

PETER

Don't call me Peti.

(He buries himself in his book again. Nora stares.)

NORA

Since when?

PETER

Since, like, I don't know, just don't. Okay?

NORA

Okay, *Peter*.

PETER

Don't say it like *that*.

NORA *(playful)*

Like what?

PETER

Like it's a dirge. It's just a name.

NORA

And Peti is...?

PETER *(snaps)*

Would you just stop?

NORA *(more exasperated than actually angry)*

I told you, only two more minutes, okay? I would just rather not make a fool out of myself in front of everyone, if that's all right with you.

PETER

I meant with the-- never mind.

(Pause.)

You're not going to make a fool out of yourself.

NORA

I should have started days ago.

PETER

You didn't know days ago.

NORA
Right. But still.

PETER
Look, you've got plenty of time. The whole thing doesn't even start until eleven. Go to bed now, sleep a good eight hours, practice the damn thing in the morning.

NORA
Would you not? At least I'm trying.

PETER
Are you saying I'm not? I'm *here*.

NORA
Yeah.

(Pause.)

I'm glad you finally decided to come.

PETER *(uncomfortable)*
Yeah, well.

NORA
Dad didn't think you were going to.

PETER *(this hits closer to home than he wants to admit)*
I know.

NORA
Mom was on your side, for the record.

PETER
What do you mean, my side?

NORA
You know, did that thing she does where she figures out how to agree with everybody without being a pushover. "Just let him do his thing, he'll come around." Sticking up for you. As usual.

(Pause.)

PETER
What did you think?

NORA
You really want to know?

PETER
Yeah, I really want to know.

NORA

I thought you hadn't so much as texted me in like a month. Which means you hadn't called Mom and Dad in like--

PETER

I know, okay?

NORA

Okay.

(Pause.)

Uncle Zsolti's really happy you're here too. He couldn't stop talking about how happy he was to have the whole family back together.

PETER *(an attempt at levity)*

I know, he told me too. Like six times.

NORA

Can you blame him?

PETER

Look, I just want to get through this and get home. Okay?

NORA *(reproach)*

Peti.

PETER

Don't call me that!

NORA

Sorry, habit. Peter. *(she laughs at the sound)* Feels weird. *(Pause.)* Seriously though, when did that happen?

PETER

When did what happen?

NORA

When did this become a thing for you? You know, "Peter."

PETER *(avoiding)*

I don't know, it's whatever.

NORA

It's whatever? Like you avoiding everyone is whatever?

PETER

I haven't *been* avoiding everyone.

NORA

I'm pretty sure what you've been doing is exactly the definition of avoiding everyone, but it's whatever.

PETER
Oh my God, if you--

NORA
If I what?

(Peter considers, switches direction.)

PETER
If your name was Peti and you had people spell it P-E-T-T-Y your whole life, maybe you'd get it.

NORA
That does kind of suck.

PETER
Yeah, okay?

(Pause.)

NORA
I've actually been thinking I should start going by Norika again.

PETER
Why? Norika's a baby name.

NORA
No, it's not. It's pretty. Unexpected. And it's way better than Nora.

PETER
It is exactly the *same* as Nora.

NORA
Not to most people. Nora, ugh, everyone sees Nora and it's just so *obvious*. Like, you look at it and you know exactly what it is.

PETER
If you want more *authentic*--

NORA
That's not what I-- *(that's exactly what she means)*

PETER
--just change your name to Enikő or something and confuse the hell out of everybody.

NORA
Maybe I will.

PETER
You know all that would change is that every online form ever would fuck up the double umlaut.

NORA

I don't know, it's not *that* weird.

PETER

Americans can't even handle Kovács, you think they'd be able to handle anything with an ő in it?

NORA

If *I* can say it, then there's hope. It would take like two seconds to explain. And then they will have *asked*, and I wouldn't be boring Nora, I'd be *Enikő*, and that's... exciting.

PETER

What? That's worse than dying your hair and expecting everything to change. You're still going to be "boring Nora" no matter what other people call you.

NORA

Says "Peter."

PETER

Why is this such a big deal for you? God, get us together in this house and it's like... just stop worrying about me, okay? Learn your stupid song--

NORA

It's not a stupid song, and it's not mine.

PETER

It's a stupid song, Nora.

NORA

It's not a stupid song! It's beautiful.

PETER

Do you even know what you're singing?

NORA

Yes!

(Peter raises an eyebrow. This next line is a painful admission..)

Well, kind of.

(Peter goes to her and snatches the paper she's been poring over.)

PETER

Well, it's stupid. There's lovers, and they can't be together, and then there's the requisite bird imagery, then they die, and then they put 'em in the ground. Ta-da.

NORA

That's romantic! And besides, it doesn't matter if you think it's stupid, all that matters is what Papi thought of it. And he thought it was beautiful.

PETER (*half to himself*)
All that matters is...

(*to Nora, very intentional*)

What do *you* think?

NORA
What do you mean?

PETER
You're the one singing it. What do you think?

NORA
I think it's *his* memorial. Peter, I'm just saying he should get to have something he loved, something he thought was beautiful.

PETER
He's not going to be there.

NORA
That's not the point, Peter.

PETER
So you just have no opinion.

NORA
I don't need to! Mom asked me to sing the song that our grandfather loved the most for the people that our grandfather loved the most, and so I'm going to do that! It's a no-brainer.

PETER
Mom asked you?

NORA (*defiant, proving herself worthy of being asked*)
Yeah.

PETER
I thought you volunteered.

(*Long pause; Nora is uncomfortable and Peter is uncomfortable because of that. Peter picks up his book again. Then Nora begins plinking out the melody on the portable piano and singing quietly.*)

NORA
A CSITÁRI HEGYEK ALATT--

PETER
Oh. My god.

NORA
--RÉGEN LEESETT A HÓ
AZT HALLOTTAM KISANGYA--

(She has trouble with the rhythm and has to go over these beginning lines several halting times.)

PETER

Will you just go to sleep?

(Nora sings a little louder and more determinedly. When she gets to "hegyek," Peter speaks over her:)

PETER (over-pronouncing "gy")

Gy. Hegyek.

(Nora snaps.)

NORA

Okay, you sing it.

PETER

What?

NORA

I know Mom asked you before she asked me, I know you know the song, obviously you can pronounce it better than I can, you do it.

PETER

I wasn't trying to--

NORA

If you're going to be an ass about it, you do it. Papi probably would have approved of you singing it anyway, you two were always closer.

(Peter stiffens, lashes out.)

PETER

Oh, is that what this is all about? Now is the time to prove yourself?

NORA

No, I'm honoring someone I *loved* and I'm doing it the way he would have wanted.

PETER

You don't know what he wanted.

NORA

I know enough! I know he wanted this song sung at his memorial!

PETER

Yeah, but what else do you know? You can't just turn your brain off and think, "The only thing that matters is that we do what Papi wanted!" That's bullshit.

NORA

It's a *memorial*, Peter. The point is that you do what the person asked to have done. You *memorialize them*. You remember them in the way they wanted you to remember them.

PETER

We should be able to remember what we want.

NORA

Who is stopping you?!

PETER

You are!

NORA

How is that even-- (*throwing her hands metaphorically up in frustration*) This is absurd.

PETER

Well, you can't say they happen for the person who's... you can't say they happen for the person, and then say they happen for their families, those are two different things!

(*Pause, no more than a breath.*)

I wish we were just done already.

NORA

What do you mean, done?

PETER

Nothing. I don't know, just... done. With all of this.

NORA

Think whatever you want, Peter. All I'm saying is that tomorrow belongs to Papi and so tomorrow, I'm going to do like he asked and sing the song that I am going to know backwards and forwards by eleven tomorrow morning, and then we can go from there. Okay?

PETER (*bitter*)

And where does that lead?

NORA (*frustrated*)

Where does *what* lead?

PETER

Nothing.

NORA (*more analytically*)

No, where does what lead?

PETER

You sing a song he liked. You like singing it. Great. Then what? You keep singing that song. You pass it on to, I don't know, your kids.

(*Nora snorts. Peter is unruffled.*)

Shut up, you know what I mean. They pass it on. And the whole time, it's because we just decided it didn't matter what we thought. I just don't think--

NORA
It's just a song.

(She attempts to continue practicing. Peter interrupts.)

PETER
No, it's not. Don't you see how this works? You think it's just a song, and then it's suddenly pride, and a whole different history, and a flag and an anthem and a people, and then it's borders, and then it's suddenly completely beyond our control, it's anger that's been sitting around, building for centuries, and I won't be a part of that, Nora. I won't do it.

(Nora is stunned.)

NORA
What are you talking about?

(A long pause. Peter weighs the decision to tell her. He opts for softening the news.)

PETER
Ok, come on, look. Let's start with the Nemzeti Dal.

NORA
The Nemzeti Dal.

PETER
The national // song, from 1848, the revolution.

NORA
I know what it is.

(He goes to the wall, takes down the paper with the Nemzeti Dal on it.)

PETER
Okay, well, take the first stanza. "*Talpra magyar, hí a haza/ Itt az idő, most vagy soha!*"

(Peter is speaking like she should just get it; Nora is made very uncomfortable by the fact she doesn't understand.)

NORA
I don't....

PETER *(covering his mistake of expecting her to understand)*
Uh, something like, well, "you, uh, Hungarian, home is calling! Now is the time, now or never!" and then it goes on to be like, *(muttering quickly to himself)* "*Rabok legyünk vagy szabadok?*" *(normal speed)* "Will we be slaves or will we be free?" and then--

NORA
What's your point.

PETER
My point is, listen to it! It's patriotic and nationalist and--

NORA

It's supposed to be, it's propaganda from a war that's been over for a hundred years!

PETER

Yet still hanging on his wall.

NORA

Okay, and? Every family like ours that I know has that somewhere in the house. Same with that map over there. Who doesn't have a map of what used to be? Every one of their war stories always ends with Trianon, everybody frustrated with the borders that got decided before they were born. It's nothing new.

PETER

It's still questionable--

NORA

It's nothing new!

PETER

That doesn't mean it's right!

NORA

It doesn't mean it's wrong! You would probably go all America-crazy if you were forced to leave your country by a dictatorship that didn't want you!

PETER

America-crazy.

NORA

Well, okay, maybe *you specifically* are so high and mighty that you wouldn't dare feel *anything* for *anything*. But I'm not talking about just you! I don't think it's out of the question. I don't think *I'm* above that.

PETER

It's still--

NORA

What it is, is normal. Okay, so you don't like it, I'm sorry. That sucks. And maybe... maybe it's not... the best? But don't just come back in here, all up in arms about something that's really not as bad as you think it is. Don't get mad at him for *this*. It's normal for our family, it's normal for us. A little pride in where we came from never hurt anyone.

(Peter stops and considers.)

PETER

Okay, so that's where I...that's what I told myself at first, too.

NORA

What do you mean?

PETER

Patriotism here... patriotism is setting off fireworks on the 4th of July. Or, like, singing the national anthem. It's easy. And simple. Our past is so far behind us. For Papi... for Hungary....

NORA

Peter....

(Peter doesn't look at her.)

NORA

What's going on?

PETER

This summer, I was here, you know, helping out. Right when... when we knew that... things weren't going to... that he wasn't going to get better. I would come by the shop a couple days a week and help him with the numbers, just like back in high school. He was still running it all on his own, even with... with everything. He likes being in it all with the shop, even though he--

(Pause; Peter struggles with referring to Papi in the past tense)

Well. Anyway, I was helping him with his finances, and there were some weird things on there I didn't understand, so I asked him. He said they were donations. Gifts was the word he used.

NORA *(unimpressed)*

Okay.

PETER

It's more complicated than that. *(Pause.)* He was sending money to this group, this nationalist group--

NORA

A political party? Lots of people support political parties.

PETER

This wasn't Jobbik. That would have been a problem on its own, but at least they're legitimate. I mean, really wrong, like really really really wrong, but legitimate. This was--

NORA

What, Peter.

PETER

This was this group... okay, so the Tea Party? Right wing, kind of out there... this is like the Hungarian Tea Party. But... really different, because... because... history. No, no, stay with me. Nationalism, racism, homophobia, they all run together with them, and--

NORA *(making excuses; clearly uncomfortable)*

So Papi had some outdated ideas. He was old... I don't understand why it's such a big--

PETER

And they're not a political party, they're a militia. A militia the government has *outlawed*.

(Long pause as Nora processes.)

PETER

With a ban on re-forming. Because they exist outside international *law*. Nora, Papi was sending money to racist bigots with guns.

NORA

There must be some other reason why--

PETER

There isn't.

NORA

There has to be!

PETER

No, Nora, I know what I saw.

NORA

What did you say?

PETER

What?

NORA

When you found out. You must've said something. What did he say?

PETER

I couldn't.

(Nora looks at him reproachfully.)

He wasn't well!

NORA

Have you maybe thought... maybe that was why.

PETER

What, he knew he was dying and tried to bolster the neo-Nazi cause in his last year? *That's* a proportionate response to--

NORA

You don't know that that's what they are!

PETER

Yes I do! It doesn't show up in our newspapers, but it sure as hell shows up in theirs. What, you think I didn't look into this? That I didn't take the time? You know what, look at it yourself if you don't believe me!

(Peter runs to the roll-top desk. When he opens it, an avalanche of crammed-in paper falls out. He rifles through everything, pulls out an old-fashioned leather ledger and newspaper clippings.)

PETER

Look. Entries every month. "4th of February, 75 dollars." "17th of March, 112." Every month something new. Take it!

(Peter shoves it at her; Nora is silent. She flips through the ledger and leafs through the pictures.)

Do you get it now?

NORA

It doesn't prove anything. It doesn't prove that he was.... It doesn't prove anything.

PETER

Then trust me on it.

NORA

That's a huge accusation, Peter.

PETER

I know. I wouldn't make it if I wasn't sure. Please, you've got to trust me.

(Pause; Nora is uncertain.)

When have I ever lied to you?

NORA *(laughing)*

Seriously? You're my big brother, I thought it was a contractual obligation that you lie to me.

PETER

About something serious. Like this.

(Pause.)

NORA

Have you told Mom?

PETER

Are you kidding? I couldn't do that to her, not right now with all of this going on.

NORA

Yeah, you're right.

(Short pause.)

Well... what if we just wait?

PETER

What?

NORA

Sleep on it. You know. What's the point of bringing all this up now? We're burying him tomorrow, why don't we just... give it a little bit of time.

PETER

I have given it time!

NORA

Yeah, but you're hitting *me* with this the day before we--

PETER

I don't... please don't sing tomorrow.

NORA

What, is the song some terrible neo-Nazi hymn or something? With the requisite bird imagery?

(Peter hesitates.)

PETER

No.

NORA

Then what. Is. Your. PROBLEM?!

PETER

I don't think so at least, but, I don't know! You just, I--

NORA

Peter, if you don't get your shit together, I swear....

(Peter struggles to articulate an answer, gives up. Nora gets up, taking the "Nemzeti dal" with her. She studies it a moment, then hangs it back on the wall.)

NORA

It's a beautiful poem.

PETER

Yeah.

NORA

Will we be slaves or will we be free?

PETER

Yeah.

(Pause.)

PETER

I'm sorry.

(Pause. Nora doesn't look at him.)

PETER

I get it. I know what you're thinking right now, I was thinking it a month ago. Maybe you're right, maybe I would go America-crazy. Doesn't mean that'd be okay, but....

NORA (*slowly, talking herself through it*)

What's the harm? He's gone, Peter. We don't have to have a memorial for the stranger with a ledger. We don't even have to think about him tomorrow.

PETER

You can't have one without the other.

NORA (*continuing as if he hadn't spoken*)

I mean, I don't know, maybe this is always what happens with memorials, you end up eulogizing somebody you didn't actually know. Everybody has secrets, right?

PETER

Not like this.

NORA (*as before*)

But we did know him. We did, didn't we? Some part of him, something real.

PETER (*reluctant*)

Yes.

NORA (*taking notice that Peter has joined the conversation*)

You know I never got a chance to sing for him? Last Christmas, when we all went and heard that group from that Hungarian place in Romania that sang such beautiful songs, it was so... it felt so right. Have you ever had that happen? One minute you're just sitting there, and the music is *beautiful*, and then the next there's just nothing else, and.... And I told him I was going to start learning, and now... as long as I'm not inadvertently oppressing people, then... then it's okay, right?

(*Pause. Peter says nothing.*)

It just feels... wrong to abandon him now. Even if he won't know, even if he's gone, it just doesn't... it just doesn't sit right.

PETER

I'm not saying don't go, I'm just saying don't participate.

NORA

Going *is* participating.

PETER

But if you sing, it's more, then you're a part of--

NORA

Our family?

PETER

No, more than that.

NORA

Our heritage? Because I am, you know. And you are too, we don't get to choose that.

PETER

--you're a part of saying that it's okay, that nothing is wrong and that everything was just sunshine and rainbows. I'm not saying I want to go up to the mic tomorrow and tell everyone about this, but I need to make sure I'm not the only one remembering all of him, and I don't know if I can handle that alone.

NORA

It's not about you! // *God*, how like you to choose *this moment* to make a stand.

PETER

The fuck?

NORA

You even had your chance to say something, to his face. And you did nothing. And now that he's *dead* and *never coming back*, you're going to mess with his memorial because of your twisted sense of I don't even know what. Duty, or // honor or something.

PETER

You sing, and you become a part of this two-faced stupidity, remembering him as perfect. You're saying, "Yes, I believe in all this too."

NORA

No, I'm saying I loved my grandfather! That's not the same thing!

PETER

You sure about that?!

(Nora looks at the ledger again.)

NORA

Look, it only goes back to August of last year. So this was new. For him. And I'm not saying he was right. I'm not saying that he didn't believe awful things, okay? I do believe you. I don't want to, but I do. But I can't just-- I can't just run from it.

PETER

Like me, you mean.

NORA

Don't take it like that.

PETER *(softly, not flippant)*

Whatever.

NORA

Peter, I have to do this. I need to give the grandfather I knew the respect--

PETER

Fuck that.

NORA

Peter!

PETER

No, I mean it. Fuck that. Fuck this fucking culture! These frustrated old men holding on to pieces of history instead of opening their fucking eyes to see what's in front of them.

NORA

It's not their fault!

PETER

It's not their *fault*? For the actions they take? For the thoughts they think? For the thoughts *we* think? Somebody's to blame, Nora, when people *die* because some racist fuck decides he needs to *cleanse* the country, and that person, the one making sure that that man has a gun in his hands and men at his back is our *grandfather*.

(Peter breaks down in tears. Nora doesn't know what to do; she does not move to comfort him, though she clearly wants to. After a moment, she finds her voice and breaks the silence.)

NORA

Peter, I--

PETER

Just give me a minute, okay?

(Peter wipes at his eyes and shuffles offstage. Nora stares after him. She flips through the ledger again, getting steadily more and more discouraged before she shuts it and shoves it away from her.)

NORA

Can't. Nope, not right now.

(She gets up and goes to the roll-top desk, wedges the ledger back in and closes the top. The photographs catch her attention.)

What about you, random ancestor, what do you think?

(Pause.)

That's what I thought. Fuck.

(Peter reenters, having splashed water on his face. He stops for a moment and watches Nora at the photographs before going back to his couch. He settles in as if to go to sleep. She picks the one color photograph up and smiles at it.)

PETER

Would you mind getting the light?

NORA

Remember when we used to go over to the community center on Eldridge?

PETER

Yeah. Every Saturday.

NORA

When you still danced.

PETER

Oh my god, I thought by now I was safe from you ever bringing that up.

NORA

No, it was so great! I loved it.

(Pause.)

Papi was so happy we were there.

(Peter crumples, closes down. He turns over, his back to her, and pulls his covers up over his face. Nora takes the one color photograph off of the desk and sits down on the other couch. She looks at it a moment in silence and then smiles.)

NORA

I loved that we were there. There and happy. Nobody asked us how to say Kovács, they just knew.

PETER *(muffled by the blanket)*

Will you just give it a rest and let me go to sleep?

NORA

Just acknowledge at least that this isn't easy.

(Peter throws off his covers and sits up.)

PETER

I've tried, okay? I've tried to make it make sense and I'm done. I'm here. I came. I didn't want to and I hate this, but I'm here. Leave me alone.

NORA

He was a good person.

PETER

I don't--

NORA

He was good to us.

PETER

I can't care about that, anymore!

(Pause.)

NORA

You don't? I do. I can't help it.

PETER (*bitterly*)

Okay. But I'm not you. I can't do this. I can't sit there tomorrow and listen to you sing and then everybody talk about how wonderful he was like nothing's changed.

NORA

So don't come.

(*Pause. Everything is still.*)

I want you to stay, but if you want to go, by all means. Go.

PETER

What about Mom?

NORA

What about her?

PETER (*bluffing*)

If I leave, will you promise not to sing?

NORA

No. I told you, I want to give him the song I promised him.

PETER

After all this? You don't owe him anything.

NORA

It's just a song. It's *just a song*.

(*Pause.*)

PETER (*honest, for once*)

I can't know that it won't just keep going, you know? It doesn't start big and scary, it starts small and too close, with things like songs you kind of like even if you don't understand them, and then it goes fast. People just fall into line, like....

NORA

That isn't us.

(*Pause.*)

PETER

You don't know that.

NORA

Yes, I do. You would never... look at yourself! Look at us! The cynic and the... the pushover. Keep each other honest?

PETER

It's still his song.

NORA
Is it though? Really?

(Pause.)

PETER *(playful)*
Well, you can't make it yours if you can't pronounce it, that's for sure.

NORA
So stay and help me.

(Pause.)

Please. Help me make sense of all of this. You don't want to go through this alone... I don't either.

(Peter stares at her for a moment, then nods. Throughout the next section they draw closer and closer to one another so that by the end they are sitting right next to one another, heads bent together.)

PETER
First line, let's not even worry about the melody, you obviously have that down. Text, okay: "csitári." Long a. Csitááári.

NORA
Csitári.

PETER
Yeah. Next is "hegyek." Hegyek.

NORA
Hegeck.

PETER
Hegyek. With a "dj" like in adulation.

NORA
Adulation. Hedjeh... Hegyek.

PETER
Yeah. That's it.

NORA
Peti? Thanks.

PETER
You're welcome.

(Fade to black.)

GLOSSARY

Nemzeti dal (lit. "National Song"): poem written for the 1848 revolution by national hero Petőfi Sándor

Szózat (lit. "Summons"): second national anthem of Hungary

Szent István (Saint Stephen): first king of Hungary, crowned in 1001; he was a member of the Árpád Dynasty, which was the first family to unite the seven Hungarian tribes into one nation

Trianon: the Treaty of Trianon, signed at the end of WWI, which drastically shrank Hungary's borders. It is still seen widely as a great injustice.

PRONUNCIATION GUIDE

Note: all Hungarian words and names have emphasis on the first syllable. Unfortunately, there are no English approximations for ü, ö, ű, or ő, though the first two are pronounced as they would be in German.

Names

Kovács: *koh vahch*

Papi (equivalent to "grandpa"): *paw pee*

Zsolti: *zhohl tee*

Norika: *noh ree kaw*

Emőke: *ehm ő keh*

Verse

A Csitári Hegyek Alatt

A csitári hegyek alatt

Régen leesett a hó

Azt hallottam kisangyalom

Véled esett el a ló

Kitörted a kezedet, mivel ölelsz engemet?

Így hát, kedves kisangyalom, nem lehetek a tied

aw chee tah ree he djek aw lawt

ray gehn leh eh shet a ho

awzt haw low tawm keesh awn djaw lowm

vay led eh shet el aw lo

kee tör ted aw keh zeh det, mee vell öl els eng em et*

eedj haht, ked vesh keesh awn dja lowm, nem le he tek aw tee ed

Nemzeti Dal (first stanza only)

Talpra magyar, hí a haza

Itt az idő, most vagy soha

Rabok legyünk, vagy szabadok?

Tawl praw maw djawr, hee aw haw zaw

eet awz eedő, mosht vadj shoh haw

raw bowk lehdj ünk, vadj saw baw dowk?

TRANSLATIONS

A Csitári Hegyek Alatt

A csitári hegyek alatt

Régen leesett a hó

Azt hallottam kisangyalom

Véled esett el a ló

Kitörted a kezedet, mivel ölelsz engemet?

Így hát, kedves kisangyalom, nem lehetek a tied

Under the Csitári Mountains

Under the Csitári Mountains

The snow fell a long time ago

I heard, my little angel

That you fell from your horse

You broke your hand, with what can you hold me?

This way, my little angel, I cannot be yours

Nemzeti Dal (first stanza only)

Talpra magyar, hí a haza

Itt az idő, most vagy soha

Rabok legyünk, vagy szabadok?

To your feet, Hungarian, home is calling

Now is the time, now or never

Will we be slaves, or freemen?

MUSIC

(sourced from: http://www.magyarnota.com/text_A_csitari_hegyek_alatt.html)

each note gets a word!

