

Slow & expressive Old Hungarian folksong

Air.  
Dorothy  
Freed

**P** Ah . . . . . **P** Ah . . . . . **1.** **mp** Thus sent her mother Her little daughter  
Ah . . . . . Ah . . . . . **mp** Thus sent her mother Her little daughter

"Follow thy husband,  
into a distant land. Sternly she bid her, "Follow thy husband,  
into a distant land . . . . Sternly she bid her, "Follow thy husband,  
Never re - turn to me . . . . "Lo, I shall change me Into a  
Never re - turn to me . . . . "Lo, I shall change me Into a  
Never re - turn, Never re - turn to me. "Lo, I shall change me Into a

2. **mp** "Lo, I shall change me Into a  
Never re - turn to me . . . . "Lo, I shall change me Into a  
Never re - turn to me . . . . "Lo, I shall change me Into a  
Never re - turn, Never re - turn to me. "Lo, I shall change me Into a

blackbird, Shall fly to mother's home . . . . There I'll be waiting  
black bird, Shall fly to mother's home, Ah . . . . There I'll be waiting  
black - bird, Shall fly to mother's hom, Ah . . . . Ah . . . .