“Gloomy Sunday” (Hungarian Suicide Song): A lyrics analysis

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ABSTRACT

Music is a fine art that is socially general and presents in all human social orders across the world. The aim of the analysis the “gloomy Sunday” song lyrics. The original version of song has two verses. Here are discussing about First two original verse of the lyrics of “Gloomy Sunday” also known as the "Hungarian Suicide Song", is a popular song composed by Hungarian pianist and composer Rezső Seress and published in 1933. It is important that here is a recurring urban legend which claims that many people have committed suicide while listening to this song, particularly Hungarians. The composer actually took his own life by jumping out of a window shortly after his, 69th birthday. Obviously, writer's demise simply added to the melody's as of now melancholy standing. No studies have established a clear link between the song and suicide.

Key words: Gloomy Sunday, Music, Lyrics, Death, Suicide

1 INTRODUCTION

Self destruction or suicide is passing brought about by harming oneself with the purpose to kill them self. A suicide attempt is when a person harms themselves with the intention of ending their life, but the person does not die as a result of their actions. Suicide rates increased approximately 36% between 2000–2021. Suicide was responsible for 48,183 deaths in 2021, which is about one death every 11 minutes. The number of people who think about or attempt suicide is even higher. In 2021, suicide was among the top 9 leading causes of death for people ages 10-64. Suicide was the second leading cause of death for people ages 10-14 and 20-34. Suicide and suicide attempts cause serious emotional, physical, and economic impacts. (Centre
for disease control and prevention, 2023) Numerous factors can either make a person more likely to commit suicide or make them less likely to do so. Normally we find the cause for suicide in physical, psychological, emotional, and economical but very rarely we search the reason in art. From artists to actors, from poets to politicians, from singers to saints; there is a huge list of famous personalities who committed suicide [1]. Diane Arbus, Kurt Cobain, and Sylvia Plath, Ernest Hemingway, Vincent Van Gogh, Virginia Woolf, Chester Charles Bennington are some of the prominent artists get suicide [2].

One area of the human experience that seems not to have parallels out in nature is the arts. The most significant factor in human progress is the concept of all-encompassing art. Craftsmanship is a different scope of human exercises and the results of those exercises. Craftsmanship is a different field and remembers imaginative engravings for some structures which might remember the making of pictures or items for fields including painting, mold, printmaking, photography, and other visual media. To understand the true meaning of art we have to begin from the historic period from where the concept of real art started, though in the modern century art has taken a commercial turn still never the less there are those who still respect art in its original form. Art in any form is an expression or application of human creativity, skill, and imagination. Many of the arts are experienced visually but can also be audible or enjoyed through sensory touch. Arts were traditionally appreciated primarily for their beauty or emotional power but are now often used for political expression or social commentary. Music is an art form that can greatly improve our mood and bring a great deal of joy to our lives. Music on occasion can have a relieving impact that might be useful to fail to remember every one of our pressures and stresses. Music has the potential to assist individuals in setting the tone for what they are about to do, particularly in the workplace. In the event that have something hard or challenging to chip away at or are feeling drained, a vigorous tune will probably awaken you and add energy to the circumstance.

Music is the art of arranging audible sounds and vibrations to produce a musical composition using the elements of melody, harmony, rhythm, and timbre. Music can use the human voice, instruments, or both. Music is a fine art that is socially general and present in all human social orders across the world. Music likewise has solid relationship with religion and is a standard piece of numerous strict practices. At the point when sounds created by vocal lines and different instruments are joined, they can communicate the excellence of feeling. Music is more challenging to date than the visual expressions, yet it's accepted that vocal sounds assumed a fundamental part in humanity's initial correspondence before discourse advancement. There is evidence that our ancestors used natural materials like wood, bones, stones, and other things to make musical instruments [3]. Lyrics have a high degree of importance in music. However, despite the words being processed second, we take more time to understand their meaning. Lyrics in music are important for both the artist and the listener as they project emotion and experience through the medium of a melody and a sense of poetry. The words create the narrative and an additional level of interest which can’t be found in only instrumental music [4].
Here are discussing about the lyrics of “Gloomy Sunday” also known as the "Hungarian Suicide Song", is a popular song composed by Hungarian pianist and composer Rezső Seress and published in 1933. It is important that here is a recurring urban legend which claims that many people have committed suicide while listening to this song, particularly Hungarians.

2 AIM

Analysis the “gloomy Sunday” song lyrics.

3 METHOD

For the study original song “Gloomy Sunday” used. Further data identified using Google Scholar, MEDLINE, Embase, PsycINFO, CINAHL, Applied Social Sciences Index and Sociological Abstracts Eligible studies will include original, empirical, peer-reviewed qualitative evidence, published in English. Data will be analyzed using the ‘best fit’ framework synthesis approach, drawing the topic.

4 DISCUSSION

"Gloomy Sunday" (Hungarian: Szomorú vasárnap), also known as the "Hungarian Suicide Song", is a popular song composed by Hungarian pianist and composer Rezső Seress and published in 1933.

The original lyrics were titled "Vége a világnak" (The world is ending) and were about despair caused by war, ending in a quiet prayer about people's sins. Poet László Jávor wrote his own lyrics to the song, titled Szomorú vasárnap (Sad Sunday), in which the protagonist wants to commit suicide following his lover's death. The latter lyrics ended up becoming more popular while the former were essentially forgotten.

The song was first recorded in Hungarian by pop singer Pál Kalmár in 1935.

Here's the original Hungarian text translation by Rezső Seress:

It is autumn and the leaves are falling
All love has died on earth
The wind is weeping with sorrowful tears
My heart will never hope for a new spring again
My tears and my sorrows are all in vain
People are heartless, greedy and wicked...

Love has died!

The world has come to its end, hope has ceased to have a meaning
Cities are being wiped out, shrapnel is making music
Meadows are colored red with human blood
There are dead people on the streets everywhere
I will say another quiet prayer;
People are sinners, Lord, they make mistakes...

The world has ended!
It is evident that neither the Communist nor Western Democratic regimes of the time could accept such a depressing and political message. Soon after Seress began performing the song, he agreed to substitute László Jávor's lyrics for his own, which were more melancholy, decadent, and mournful, but also more fun and less political:

Gloomy Sunday with a hundred white flowers  
I was waiting for you my dearest with a prayer  
A Sunday morning, chasing after my dreams  
The carriage of my sorrow returned to me without you  
It is since then that my Sundays have been forever sad  
Tears my only drink, the sorrow my bread...

Gloomy Sunday

This last Sunday, my darling please come to me  
There'll be a priest, a coffin, a catafalque and a winding-sheet  
There'll be flowers for you, flowers and a coffin  
Under the blossoming trees it will be my last journey  
My eyes will be open, so that I could see you for a last time  
Don't be afraid of my eyes, I'm blessing you even in my death...

The last Sunday

Here discussing only, the first original part, not the verse 3 and 4.

"Gloomy Sunday" was first recorded in English by Hal Kemp in 1936, with lyrics by Sam M. Lewis, and was recorded the same year by Paul Robeson, with lyrics by Desmond Carter. When the melody turned out to be exceptionally famous both in Europe and US, it gave no joy or fulfillment to Seress. It became well known throughout much of the English-speaking world after the release of a version by jazz and swing music singer Billie Holiday in 1941. Lewis's lyrics referred to suicide, and the record label described it as the "Hungarian Suicide Song". There is a recurring urban legend which claims that many people (more than 100) have committed suicide while listening to this song, particularly Hungarians.

The song was formed by Rezső Seress while living in Paris, trying to become laid out as a musician in late 1932. The first melodic piece was a piano song in C minor, with the verses being sung over it. Seress composed the melody at the hour of the Economic crisis of the early 20s and expanding extremist impact in the essayist's local Hungary, in spite of the fact that sources vary regarding how much his tune was roused by private despairing as opposed to worries about the eventual fate of the world. The premise of Seress' verses is a rebuke to the treacheries of man, with a request to God to show kindness toward the cutting-edge world and individuals who execute evil.
The tune was distributed as printed music in late 1933 with verses by writer László Jávor, who was motivated by a new separation with his fiancée. As per most sources, Jávor reworked the verses after the melody's most memorable distribution, in spite of the fact that he is in some cases depicted as the first essayist of its words. His verses contained no political feelings, yet rather were regret for the passing of a dearest and a promise to meet with the sweetheart again in the afterlife. This variant of the tune turned into the most popular, and most later rewritings are based around lost love.

Jesus rose from the dead on a Sunday. It is also the day of the rising sun. The day will be exciting. But where for the poet it is a gloomy and insensible gray day with a melancholy tinge. The first day of the week is Sunday. If the first day starts off gloomy, it is more likely that it will continue on all subsequent days. In short, the poet is indirectly saying that his days are full of depression. After five or six days of stressful days, Sunday is the day we look forward to.

It was an autumn season. A period with no definite beginning and end. Autumn is a time of prosperity but symbolizes decay and death. It marks the end. In nature, Trees sometimes symbolizes mankind and his period of life time. To say that, a tree is bare and shed all its leaves shows him the way to destruction. Without leaves how can a tree breath? When each leaf falls, the man is suffocating to death. From the soul which is part of the tree, that is man, sadness falls like leaves like tears. He may become so depressed. He is naked, trembling in mind and body, then he may face death.

Love is the purest and most positive virtue. Words are not enough to describe love. The very existence of the earth and the human race is from love. The mutual love between beings is the basis of everything. In a way, it is from love that man is born on earth. True love is a unique and passionate relationship that means selflessness. It is the foundation of a healthy and loving relationship. True love is authentic and real. There are psychological, emotional and social benefits of receiving love and affection. Trust, confidence, kindness, compassion, empathy, sympathy and many other factors exist on the basis of love. All these are lost in the absence of love. Eternal love is what the world needs. A love that never ends. It is a love so strong that nothing in the world can stop the intense feelings. It must exist between man and man, man and world. Some people call it love, some people think it is eternal love and it lasts even after death. It seems like an illusion but it is considered real. In the absence of love, nothing can exist on earth. Even a flag of grass. A mind without love is like a barren land. Nothing on the earth will sprout and grow and blossom and bear fruit without giving it the water that is love. The human mind and the world will become a desert. Where there is no love, it is not worthy to live. Where there is no love, there is no other existence. Only love is equal to love.

Wind is considered a powerful force. It can make a culture indelible. It can cause climate changes. It can give life to the changing expressions of the human mind and take them away in its hands. Like weather changes in the atmosphere, there are natural changes in the human mind. Sometimes it is the "wind of change" of changes in society, culture, and human mind. Wind has the power to change things, as can be
understood from its effects on climate—both within and without humans. Like human tears and smiles, the wind makes rain fall or disperses the clouds and lets the sun shine. The wind that can have such an impact is riding on sad tears. Wind is associated with bringing changes, including new opportunities. A wind that has lost hope cannot find new opportunities. It is constantly in motion and may become sluggish or dead. Wind can also symbolize calmness. A cold and gentle breeze is always a comfort to a tired and pain-eating man. It comforts us like a human presence. The forest that can slowly bring us out of depression is the last fourth of hope that we lose when we cry. The wind can be interpreted as a sign or a divine message. But what message do we get from a crying ear? The last hope of a human being will not be dissolved there. The wind is not able to destroy the human race at the same time and comfort the human being with human care. It had been plunged into such depths of sorrow.

There can be no one who does not like spring. This is the time when nature regains its vibrant colors and fragrances. It’s time to open all the doors and go meet the sun. A time of abundance. Everyone wants and waits for the eternal spring in life. Days and nights full of flowers everywhere. Spring comes after winter and before summer. The beauty of spring is that the cold of winter has passed before the heat of summer. A warm and warm season. Spring is the season of rebirth. Spring is when plants sprout and flowers bloom. Spring is the time when celebrations come alive. Symbolism of youth symbolizes the energetic season of spring. Spring is also about love and romance. Like the season of love, flowers bud, bloom and spread fragrance. If one is in love, spring is definitely the season that drives him crazy. The time a spring in a small flower gives to a lover is such a beautiful season that once one experiences and absorbs its magic, one never wants a spring season again. We cannot even imagine how much that man's heart must have been broken. It is impossible to imagine how depressed he has become. He who does not wish for spring has reached death. The tears will dry up and the blood will start to crumble.

The poet laments, "All my tears and sorrows are in vain, for men are heartless, greedy and wicked." It is important to listen to the background of why he thinks like that. From the nomadic traditions of the ancient times to farming in one place, when the agricultural revolution and the industrial revolution came, the king and the subjects, the capitalist and the laborer, the haves and the have-nots were separated, and the people started to become heartless, greedy and evil. A group of people was born who were willing to do anything even if it meant marginalizing others by giving importance only to their own survival. In the 1930s, as the Nazi regime strengthened itself, Hungary came under the influence of Germany. The government executed the leaders of the CPH (Communist Party of Hungary) Imre Zallai and Sander Fürst on July 29, 1932. So slowly the Hungary came under Nazi Germany. As a citizen, an author, such intrusions and subjugations can be unsettling. As time went by, man became more selfish and lied to survive, resorted to violence against each other, theft became common, people were ready to cheat each other, indulged in alcohol and drugs, people became more stressed than ever, starved and starved, insulted others and slandered others. In this situation, the poet is helpless. All hopes are lost and he is helpless. He sees the tears he has shed and his sorrows go trivially in front of everything.
The poet forgets that "love is dead forever". A world destroyed by love and romance is like a graveyard. There is not even a blade of grass. Not even a cricket can be heard. Like a flower it does not bloom. Death is a certain reality. One's mind should be gripped by the reality that the dead never come back and love once left the universe never comes back. The poet looks sad. In the absence of love, nothing has life and meaning.

The poet sings of hopelessness that the world has come to an end. The poet sees through his eyes that the world has no existence when humans have turned into animalistic natures and war, civil strife, poverty, famine, etc. have begun to take place. By the time this poem was written, the First World War was over. Hungary was on the losing side of World War I. In 1919, the post-war coalition government resigned, after announcing punitive peace terms to be imposed on Hungary (which included the loss of 66 percent of Hungary's pre-war territory). A socialist-communist alliance fell to the reins of power under communist leader Bela Kun. Kuhn began to establish a short-lived "Soviet Republic". The Kuhn regime collapsed following the Romanian invasion in June 1919. Bowing to pressure from domestic radical nationalists and fascists, Hungary fell under German influence as the Nazi regime consolidated itself in the 1930s. After World War I, Hungary was created by a storm of destruction. No one, including its inhabitants, was able to contain Hungary under Nazi Germany. It will also affect the poet. The total number of military and civilian casualties of World War I was approximately 40 million: estimated at 15 to 22 million dead and approximately 23 million wounded soldiers, making it one of the deadliest conflicts in human history. The poet comes after this period too. Naturally, there is no exaggeration when the poet says that the world is on its way to its end. Hope is what drives man forward. Life without hope is like hell. Unhappiness comes with the feeling that life is futile. The state of thinking that he is a loser. Life is desperate. Becomes forlorn, helpless, impossible, pointless, sad and tragic. It becomes a dark life for mankind.

Civilization is something that is cultivated by man for years. As a result of the gathering of man, cities and villages are born. With the advent of the modern era, people started to spend the night in cities. The population and facilities increased. From Sodom and Gomorrah, destroyed by fire and brimstone in the Old Testament, to Babylon and Ctesiphon, whose empires crumbled and were swallowed up by the sand, wars in the New Age have claimed large and small cities alike Hungary was part of the Dual Monarchy of Austria-Hungary. Although there were no major battles specifically linked to the Hungarian regiments, troops suffered heavy losses throughout the war as the Empire suffered defeat after defeat. World War I destroyed four empires: German, Austro-Hungarian, Ottoman, and Romanov, and touched off colonial insurgencies in the Middle East and Vietnam. World War I saw an unprecedented scale of carnage and destruction. Under the terms of the post-war treaty, Hungary was stripped of two-thirds of its former territory and two-thirds of its inhabitants. Shrapnel is making music. Yes, war is dropping bombs. Only its deafening sounds reverberate everywhere. In the days and nights when instruments made music, today the ghastly sound of bombs being dropped lingers everywhere. Form, harmony, melody, rhythm, instead of music in cities and villages, there is the roar and roar of guns and shells. Music is an art that entertains and creates emotions in the mind with beautiful sounds. It is in that position that deafening and terrifying voices come in. Ideas are expressed with the help of voices. It is dialect. Music is the language of emotions. All human emotions,
sorrows and conflicts can be expressed in music. It brings peace and tranquility to man, but shrapnel and bombs are the source of screams, death knells and groans, and make man sleep. Lullabies has stopped everywhere. Maybe it sounds like a death song to anyone because of the constant sounds of Bobbing years.

The battle splatters human blood on the meadows. The green of tranquility is covered by the red of terror. Everywhere is full of bandages, a horrible sight. Corpses with severed limbs and decapitated heads. It is piled up and burnt without even a place to bury it. War only brings destruction. Yet nations crave each other's human blood like ghosts, and death resulting from wars is only the "tip of the iceberg". The effects of war include massive destruction of cities and long-lasting effects on a nation's economy, families are left without a master, and famine is rampant. Armed conflict has indirect negative effects on infrastructure, public health system and social order. These indirect consequences are often overlooked and underappreciated.

The poet says; I will say another quiet prayer: People are sinners, Lord, they make mistakes. It is often at the height of helplessness that man prays so earnestly. When he realizes that nothing else works, he prays quietly. Hungary is a Christian sectarian country. That's how much they believe in Jesus. The Bible teaches that we should cast our anxieties before God in prayers and supplications (Philippians 4:6-7), and God's peace will sustain and protect our troubled souls. Prayer is a sacred privilege when we become a part of what God is doing in someone else's life. Where the poet says that humans make mistakes. They are sinners. Humans can make mistakes, not gods. But realizing the mistake and repeating it again is a sin. For the man who once lived with God, Paradise is the result of a sin. Here most desperately saying the world has end. It end as left as anything left.

5 CONCLUSION

There have been several urban legends regarding the song over the years, mostly involving it being allegedly connected with various numbers of suicides, and radio networks reacting by purportedly banning the song."Gloomy Sunday" was linked to at least 100 suicides in Hungary and the United States in the 1930s, according to press reports but the majority of the alleged deaths are difficult to verify. The urban legend appears to primarily be an exaggeration of the high number of Hungarian suicides that occurred during the decade when the song was written as a result of other factors like poverty and famine. The composer of the song committed suicide on January 11, 1968, approximately 35 years after writing it. The composer actually took his own life by jumping out of a window shortly after his 69th birthday. Obviously, writer's demise simply added to the melody's as of now melancholy standing. No studies have established a clear link between the song and suicide. The BBC prohibited the broadcast of Billie Holiday's version of the song because it would be detrimental to morale during the war, but permitted performances of instrumental versions. There is little evidence of any other radio bans; the BBC's boycott was lifted by 2002.


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