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Occasional Research Reports

# Ukrainian Folksongs from the Prairies

Compiled under the direction of the collector  
with the participation of Andrij Hornjatkevyč,  
Bohdan Medwidsky, and Paula Prociuk

Collected by

ROBERT B. KLYMASZ



Research Report No. 52

Canadian Institute of Ukrainian Studies Press  
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Edmonton 1992

*“It seems to me that Ukrainian folk music, like every kind of folklore, has produced a pure miracle. For what truly binds us to the Ukrainians is not so much their history, their hectic past, their dissensions, their penchant for politics, but the poetical expression of their joys and sorrows — their history translated into poetry and passionate music.”*

Gabrielle Roy\*

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\* Gabrielle Roy, *The Fragile Lights of Earth: Articles and Memories 1942-1970*. Tr. Alan Brown (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1982): 222.



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## FOREWORD

About a quarter of a century ago, as an aspiring student of Slavic folklore, I had the thought that it was important to collect and record as many Ukrainian folksongs as possible. Political considerations made it impossible to undertake field investigations in Ukraine itself, and it seemed prudent to focus instead on the prairies in Western Canada, where sizeable Ukrainian communities reportedly preserved many old country traditions. Prolonged study trips to each of the three prairie provinces were made in the early 1960s and approximately two thousand songs were recorded as a result.<sup>1</sup> The original field tapes probably constitute the largest collection of its kind outside Ukraine and are now housed by the Canadian Centre for Folk Culture Studies, a division of the Canadian Museum of Civilisation in Ottawa-Hull.<sup>2</sup> In time, a number of selected items from the collection were published,<sup>3</sup> and, of course, drew attention to the collection and its untapped wealth of primary materials. These earlier publications, now out of print, did not reflect the wide spectrum of song material contained in the collection, and it is hoped that this situation has been improved here.

All sixty-one songs included in the present corpus are being published for the first time and represent a cross-section of the Ukrainian folk-song tradition as it survived in Western Canada for approximately half a century since the first Ukrainian pioneer settlements took root on the prairies at the turn of the century. The songs are divided into two large categories to underline the existence of two distinct but related kinds of song material: items reflecting the carry-over and retention of the old country singing tradition, and songs that show the impact of the Canadian experience. Items for the first part have been selected by Professor Andrij Hornjatkevych of the University of Alberta's Department of Slavic and East European Studies in Edmonton. His colleague at the same department, Professor Bohdan Medwidsky, selected songs for the second part and in addition provided an introductory essay which discusses the various ways in which the Ukrainian folksong tradition has been influenced by emigration to Canada and how, on the prairies, the tradition did not stagnate or avoid foreign influences but enriched itself by the absorption of such influences. Each song in the present collection has been transcribed from copies of the original sound recordings. The texts are exactly as recorded and have not been altered in editing except for minor emendations; the conventional Ukrainian spelling has been followed except for a few instances that called for phonetic accuracy. As for the division of the text into stanzas, aside from a few exceptions, there is no purely textual feature on which such a division could be based, only musical features and the repetitions which show up in the actual performance of the song.

In addition to an original language text, each song in the collection appears also with an English translation. These translations have been provided by Professors Hornjatkevych and Medwidsky and

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<sup>1</sup> The fieldwork was originally funded by supportive grants and/or contracts awarded by the Canada Council, the National Museums of Canada, and the University of Manitoba. Brief reports on the findings were published in *Abstracts of Folk Studies* III (1965): 56; *Bulletin of the International Folk Music Council* XXV (1964): 11; XXVII (1965): 7-8; XXVIII (1966): 49; and *Ethnomusicology* IX (1965): 87-8 and X (1966): 324-5.

<sup>2</sup> A copy of most of the collection is also on deposit with the Archives of Traditional Music at Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana, U.S.A. A duplicate copy of Indiana's materials were acquired for research purposes by the Department of Slavic and East European Studies at the University of Alberta in Edmonton.

<sup>3</sup> These included the following publications: *An Introduction to the Ukrainian-Canadian Immigrant Folksong Cycle* (Ottawa: National Museums of Canada, 1970); "Traditional Ukrainian Balladry in Canada" (with James Porter of the University of California in Los Angeles) in *Western Folklore* XXXIII (1974): 89-132, and *The Ukrainian Winter Folksong Cycle in Canada* (Ottawa: National Museums of Canada, 1970).

are not intended to be polished literary productions. It is hoped that they do, however, present the meaning of each line of text in idiomatic English. It was our desire to make the translations at once literal and readable. Occasional notes to the translations are intended to clarify, wherever possible, obscure portions of the texts.

The essence of folksong lies in the musical transformation of verbal material and the coupling of word and melody. Important insights into this aspect of the Ukrainian Canadian folk music tradition are provided by Ms. Paula Prociuk's musical transcriptions. Her training in the intricacies of ethnomusicology at the Université de Montréal is used here to help characterize the legacy of song from a specialized but fundamentally significant perspective.<sup>4</sup> It is generally recognized, of course, that no musical notation can supplant for the reader the actual auditory experience, and many small details of delivery vary in a truly alive folk tradition from performance to performance, even by the same singer. As such, then, these and other findings presented here are of interest primarily to the specialist. But the compilation is of more general interest as well in that it is the first comprehensive collection of Ukrainian Canadian folksong tunes to appear in published form. The general reader will be rewarded by the interesting melodies and poetic texts.

Indexes at the end of the collection provide contextual material for each song-item. The photographic illustrations, products of my fieldwork on the prairies, originate with the document collections of the Canadian Centre for Folk Culture Studies, mentioned earlier.

In addition to a general effort to prevent cultural riches such as the Ukrainian folksong tradition in Canada from being wasted and forgotten, other aims of this compilation are to suggest some of the beauty and vitality of this form of expressive behaviour. In keeping with the tradition's agrarian roots, the content matter shows a marked leaning towards a countryish way of life with its preoccupation with such universally crucial moments in the human life cycle as love, marriage, and death. With this in mind, the question arises as to what degree the selections found here can have a claim to being representative of the entire Ukrainian folksong tradition on the prairies. In this regard, it is appropriate to look upon these songs as products of the Ukrainian Canadian community's spiritual legacy — a heritage of music-making that, like language, aesthetic feelings, ethical principles and other intangible aspects of community life, is transmitted by individuals but governed by the unwritten laws of group behaviour and expression. No community's soul or psyche is bereft of artistic qualities or concerns; and there is no doubt that for the thirty-seven singers whose talents are represented here the folksong provided an outlet of expression that offered primarily aesthetic pleasure and a vehicle for the satisfaction of spiritual needs at a time in their lives when such pleasures were otherwise minimal or totally lacking. To appreciate these songs today requires that we understand why they emerged in the first place: to compensate for the great vacuum of loneliness and isolation that faced the early Ukrainian settlers on the prairies. To a great extent, then, many of the songs included here constitute, in one way or another, eloquent and often beautiful expressions of times gone by; as such, they provide the ever ready portholes on a rich world of imagination that once served to inspire, educate, and entertain. For the most part, these same qualities persist today.

The songs published here have been classified according to thirteen categories. All were recorded without instrumental accompaniment; the majority were performed by women as solo items a capella. The texts of most songs are composed of *kolomyjka* quatrains or couplets, although other, more archaic patterns occur (see, for example, the common Slavic ten-syllable line as it obtains in item nos.

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<sup>4</sup> Prior to joining this project, Ms. Prociuk had already researched a certain aspect of the Klymasz field materials. In this regard, see her work on "The Deep Structure of Ukrainian Hardship Songs," in the *1981 Yearbook for Traditional Music* (published by the International Council for Traditional Music): 82-96.

13, 18, 25 and 42, and the asymmetrical format of no. 11). As to their subject matter, the bulk are lyrical or balladic in nature in keeping with the dominant themes listed earlier.

The selection offered in this compilation represents a rather limited number of items. They would give a somewhat narrow view of the Ukrainian folksong tradition if published without any reference to other Ukrainian sources. Therefore, it is necessary to include the following bibliographic data as background. In this connection, Filjaret Kolessa's *Ukrajins'ka usna slovesnist'* [Ukrainian oral literature], originally published in 1938 and again in 1983 by the Canadian Institute of Ukrainian Studies at the University of Alberta in Edmonton, remains the most authoritative handbook on all genres of Ukrainian verbal lore in its classical, old country dimension. Perhaps the most important Ukrainian compilation in recent years is V. Gošovskij's *Ukrainskie pesni Zakarpat'ja* [Ukrainian songs from Transcarpathia] published in Moscow in 1968.

Collections relating to other old country folksong traditions in the new world offer comparative data and include such works as Margaret MacDonell's *The Emigrant Experience: Songs of Highland Emigrants in North America* (University of Toronto Press, 1982), Mark Slobin's *Tenement Songs: The Popular Music of the Jewish Immigrants* (University of Illinois Press, 1982) and Robert L. Wright's various compilations, such as his *Swedish Emigrant Ballads* (University of Nebraska Press, 1965).

\*\*\*\*\*

The work of directing and correlating the input of my three colleagues began in 1980 with the support of a grant from the Multiculturalism Directorate (Canadian Ethnic Studies Programme) of the Secretary of State in Ottawa. Subsequent peregrinations and intermittent disasters (for instance, Ms. Prociuk's original musical notations were destroyed by water damage in a sudden basement flood) slowed the tempo as originally formulated, and soaring production costs forced us to pare down the publication to a skeletal representation of earlier visions. In addition to my project colleagues, I am indebted to Manoly R. Lupul, the pioneering director of the University of Alberta's Canadian Institute of Ukrainian Studies, for his support of the project at its very beginnings, to Professor Tom Priestly of the same university for providing administrative support in his capacity as Head of the Department of Slavic and East European Studies, and to Dr. Paul Carpentier, the Chief of the Canadian Centre for Folk Culture Studies at the Canadian Museum of Civilisation, who understood my need to fulfill commitments such as this. To my wife Shirley (she was beside me when most if not all the songs were originally recorded in the field) I am indebted for endless perseverance and tolerance.

Our combined indebtedness is due in the greatest measure, however, to all the informants who contributed the products of their folksong repertoires, of which the texts and scores in this publication represent a sample. Placing it before the reader seems a fitting, albeit modest memorial to them.

Robert B. Klymasz  
Ottawa, Ontario  
December 1986



# PART ONE

## OLD COUNTRY SONGS

by

ANDRIJ HORNJATKEVYČ

Of all folkloric genres the folksong belongs to the most portable ones. It requires no special tools, storage area, or even skills. It can be practised by almost anyone, at any time, and in virtually any place. The song, furthermore, is remarkably versatile. It can be chosen to fit any mood, any occasion; it can convey any emotion. It can be individual or collective. It may express a feeling of community, or, when sung solo, identify the singer with the community.

It is no surprise, then, that of all the folkloric arts that the Ukrainian pioneers brought with them to Canada or, for that matter, to any new area of settlement, one of the most enduring was the folksong. Its durability is limited only by the degree of preservation of the Ukrainian language in the new environment. Thus it is an ever living link to the old country, with its traditions, and, at the same time, it was a source of solace during the difficult period of adaptation to the difficult conditions of pioneering life in the new land.

Ukrainian folksongs have been grouped in various ways. According to subject matter they may be organized as follows:

### Ritual

#### Calendar

Spring: *Vesnjanky, rusal' ni*

Summer: *Petrivčans' ki, kupal' s' ki*

Autumn: *Obžynkovi*

Winter: *Koljady, ščedrivky*

#### Customary

Wedding

Laments

#### *Pobutovi* (lifestyle)

Love

Family life

Drinking

Women's hard fate

Work (professions)

Artisans

Shepherds

*Cumaky* (travelling traders)

*Burlaky* (migrant workers)

Hirelings and labourers

Social and age class

Lullabies

Children

Humorous and satirical songs

Historical

Tatar and Turkish invasions

Cossacks

*Hajdamaky*

Songs from the struggle for independence

Epic

*Dumy*

Ballads

Chronicle songs (*spivanky-xroniky*)

Religious

Chants (*kanty, psal' my*)

Strophic hymns

Dancing songs

*Kolomyjky**Častivky*

Calendar songs are generally ritual songs reflecting the natural seasonal cycle and the temporal activities of the family or community. The rebirth of nature in spring and the return of birds from migration is celebrated in songs called *vesnjanky*, literally spring songs. Some of them, the *hahilky* or *xorovody*, always sung by young girls, are accompanied by very simple dance movements. Springtime was also the time when the deceased members of the family were commemorated in various pre-Christian rituals called *rusalji*, at which *rusal' ni* songs were sung.

The approach of the summer solstice is also reflected in song. In the Eastern Orthodox church the feast of the Apostles Peter and Paul is preceded by a period of fasting, but this does not deter the people from singing *petrivčans'ki* songs. The solstice itself is celebrated on the feast of (Ivan) Kupalo (which coincides with the feast of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist). This is a festival for young people when girls try to determine by various divinations who their eventual husband will be. These festivities are accompanied by games and *kupal' s'ki* songs.

Summer is a time of hard work in the fields, which leaves little time for merrymaking. When the harvest has been gathered, special rituals harking back to feudal times are celebrated with *obžynkovi* songs. This is also a time of the year when there is sufficient time and resources to celebrate weddings.

Finally, the passing of the autumnal equinox is the beginning of the winter cycle of songs which culminates in the winter solstice. Although many of the songs connected with the winter song cycle harken back to prehistoric times, many of them have been displaced later by Christian Nativity carols. Indeed, in some instances the new religious form was superimposed on earlier winter ritual songs. The winter (Nativity) cycle culminates on *Svjatyj večir* and *Ščedryj večir* at which *koljady* and *ščedrivky* are sung.

Weddings in Ukraine, and also later in Canada, were elaborate festivities lasting several days, and were accompanied by appropriate ritual songs. They were sung during the braiding of the bride's wreath, the making of the *korovaj* (wedding bread), and other preparations. On the wedding day itself each part of the ritual was accompanied by songs appropriate to the moment.

Funerals were accompanied by ritual laments. These were non-strophic, probably improvised on the moment from a repertoire of set phrases. Because of the character of these

dirges they are poorly represented in traditional collections of Ukrainian folk songs, and thus the item in this collection is a rare sample.

For entertainment epic songs are sung. These are considerably longer than other songs, because they take their time to tell a sometimes elaborate story. *Dumy* were improvised free-form epics invariably performed solo by professional bards. Ballads, however, are strophic songs which are sung by anyone in the community, either solo or in ensemble.

Ukrainian history is reflected in songs from various periods. The mediæval period (Princely Period) is best preserved in various ritual songs (wedding, *koljady*, *ščedrivyky*). The period of Tatar and Turkish invasions, the Cossacks' struggle with these and other foreign invaders is well documented in song. A very colourful folklore of songs was created by the socio-political uprisings of the hajdamaky in the eighteenth century. Some Cossack traditions are preserved in the musical folklore of certain professions and social classes, such as the *čumaky* (travelling traders) and *burlaky* (seasonal workers). Unlike the songs of other professions, these have a definite historical character.

Everyday life also finds expression in song. Here are, first of all, songs of love and family life. The lot of women was frequently a very hard one, and this found reflection in numerous songs. Although it may not always have been the hardest aspect of women's work, indeed, on occasion it may have been most pleasurable, an extremely important function is raising children. Lullabies are striking examples of this facet of women's work. Other everyday labours, no matter what their character, also find expression in song. Humorous and satirical songs serve to relieve the tensions of life.

Most Ukrainian dances are performed to instrumental music, but even here the dancers can sing to each other. In Western Ukraine (particularly in the Carpathian Mountains) *kolomyjky* are popular, while *častivky* are sung in Eastern Ukraine.

The repertoire of many professional bards often included religious chants. Their *kanty* and *psal'my* were also often of epic proportions, but had a fixed melody and strophic structure. Many religious hymns are of literary provenance, but they captured the people's imagination and soon passed into folklore.

The above scheme can accommodate folksongs from all Ukrainian territories, classes, social groups, etc. Yet the overwhelming majority of Ukrainian pioneers in Canada were from Western Ukraine, particularly the old Austro-Hungarian crown lands of Galicia (Halyčyna) and Bukovyna. As a result, many of the folksongs that flourished in Central and Eastern Ukraine, or in segments of society that were underrepresented or even absent in the Prairies, are missing. Thus the corpus of folksongs collected in Western Canada contains no *dumy*, *čumak* or *hajdamak* songs. Most of the folksong genres of Western Ukraine are well represented, as well as some material from adjoining territories.

The orthography of the song texts in this edition has been brought into conformity with existing rules within reasonable limits. For example, some performers did not always distinguish between the phonemes /e/ [e] and /y/ [ɨ], but they have been rendered according to correct etymology.

Although the reflexive suffix *-sja* is attested in various forms (*-sja*, *-sy*, *sje*), the standard form was used, except in those instances where such normalization would violate the rhyme scheme. In standard Ukrainian this suffix is "bound," i.e., it is attached to the verb in postposition; in SW Ukrainian dialects it is "free," and can occur after almost any word in the sentence. This peculiarity was maintained where normalization would have destroyed the rhythms of the song.

Another dialectal peculiarity that has been preserved is personal suffixes in the past tense. These are particularly well represented in the first person of feminine verbs, e.g., дала-м.

Where a dialectal word could be replaced (within reasonable limits) by one from the standard lexicon, this has been done in rare instances, e.g., скрипкаль has been changed to скрипаль

Some of the songs did not lend themselves to a strict rhythmic interpretation, and this required that the score be divided into periods of a variable number of beats rather than regular measures. Unfortunately, the computer programme used for writing the scores was not sufficiently flexible in this respect, and as a result a small number of songs show measure bars that are not present in the original notation. We ask the readers' indulgence here.

The selection of folksongs recorded in Canada is but a sample of the richness of the musical culture of the Ukrainian pioneers. Yet even from this limited selection one can get an insight into the richness and variety of the oral poetic and musical tradition that was their heritage.

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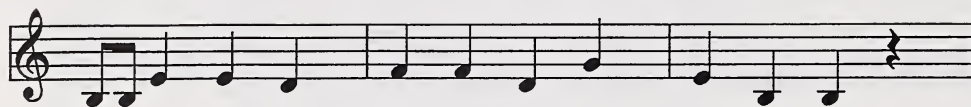
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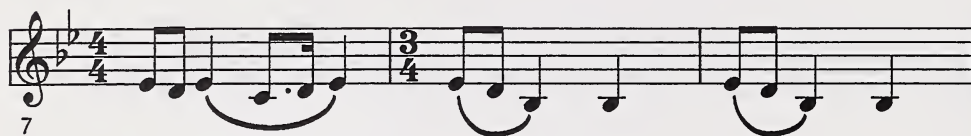


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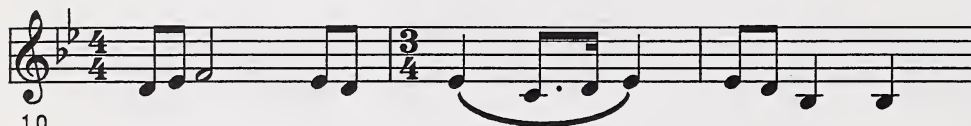
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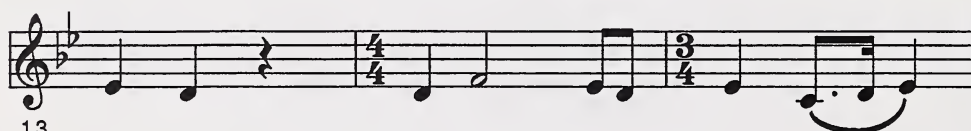
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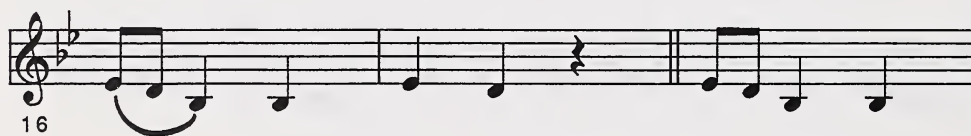


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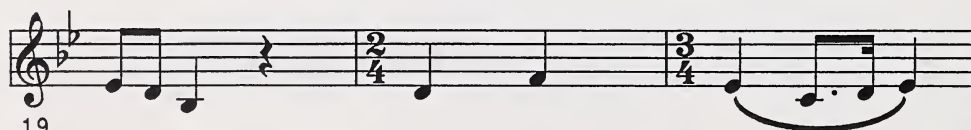


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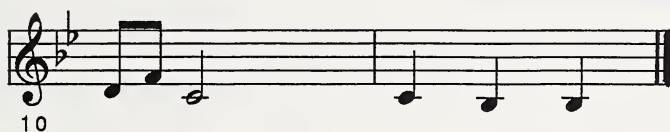
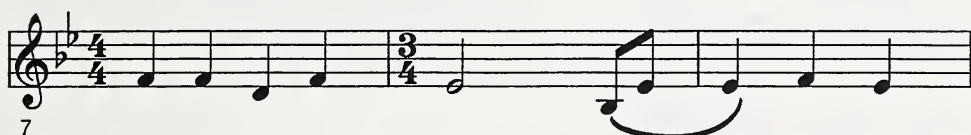
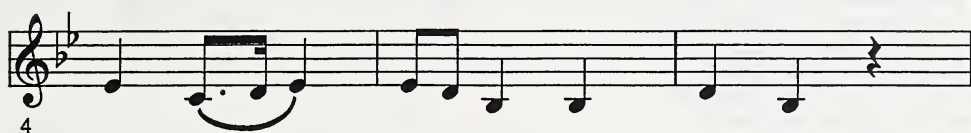
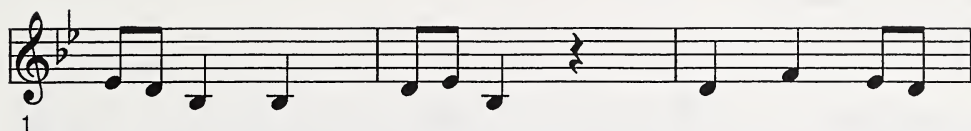
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16



19



1.  
 Зайчику, зайчику  
 Та сивесенький голубе, голубе,  
 Та небесенький соколе, соколе,  
 Ані куди, зайчику, ані вискочити,  
 Ані куди, зайчику, ні перескочити!  
 Ой про хлопці, про турецькії,  
 Про дівчата, про німецькії!  
 Ой так зайчик, як долоня  
 Перевернешся гребінчиком,  
 Розчеши си росу-косу  
 Тай візьмися поміж лядочки,  
 Шукай собі челядочки.

2.  
 Зайчику, зайчику, ти мій братчику,  
 Не ходи, не топчи по городчику.  
 Не ходи, не топчи рутки-м'ятки,  
 Бо моя рутка, то баламутка,  
 Бо моя м'ятка, як паніматка.

3.  
 Зайчикок, зайчикок прибігає,  
 Ножечку, ручечку прибиває.  
 Як биту, чи бити,  
 Ножечку прибиту.  
 З калинового луку  
 Вибирай собі другу!

*Mr. and Mrs. Steve Kendzierski*  
*Rorketon, Manitoba*  
*21 July 1964*

1.

O rabbit, little rabbit,  
O you grey dove,  
O you young falcon —  
There's no place you can jump out of,  
There's no place you can jump over!  
For the boys who are like Turks,  
For the girls who are like Germans —  
Like the palm of the hand, rabbit,  
Turn over, with your comb  
Comb out the tresses,  
Place your hands under your arm-pits,  
Look for company for yourself.

2.

O rabbit, little rabbit, my little brother,  
Don't go and trample the garden,  
Don't go and trample the sweet-smelling rue and mint,  
For I use the rue in potions,  
And my mint is as sweet as my mother.

3.

The little rabbit runs up  
And beats the ground with his little feet and hands,  
Like beaten, [or] whether beaten,  
With the beaten down foot —  
From out of the guelder rose grove  
Choose yourself another mate!



2

mm ♩ = 54

1

3

Теплий вітер повіває  
Та й сонечко гріє. (2)

Яка весна веселенька,  
Все ся зеленіє. (2)

Яка весна веселенька,  
Як пташок співає, (2)

Всіляка ся деревина  
В гаю розвила, (2)

Всіляка ся деревина  
Ся в гаю розвила, (2)

Як зазультя закувала,  
Весь гай прикрасила. (2)

Як зозультя закувала,  
Соловій заспівав. (2)

Ой як же то гарно було,  
Весь ся мир дивував. (2)

Та й не того дивувався,  
Що ми ся любили, (2)

Але того дивувався,  
Що ми ся лишили. (2)

*Paranja Kuzyk, Marija Moysiuk, and Docja Thomas  
Vegreville, Alberta  
26 July 1965*

A warm wind blows  
And the sun sent forth heat— (2)

How happy is the spring—  
Everything is turning green! (2)

How happy is the spring—  
How the bird does sing! (2)

Every kind of tree  
Is burgeoning in the woods! (2)

Every kind of tree  
Has burgeoned in the woods! (2)

As soon as the cuckoo began to coo,  
The woods became beautiful. (2)

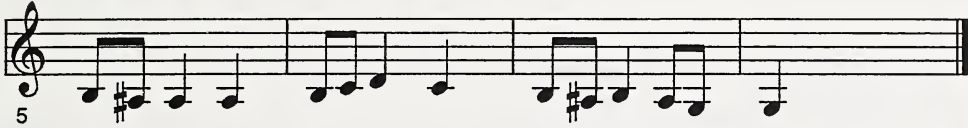
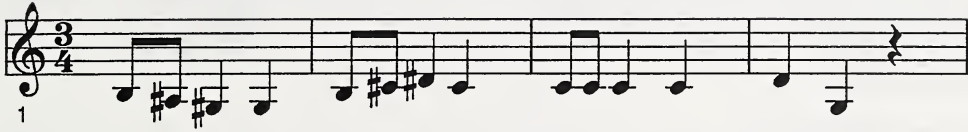
When the cuckoo began to coo  
The nightingale began to sing. (2)

O, how lovely it all was,  
The whole world marvelled! (2)

It was not amazed at the fact  
That we were in love: (2)

But it was amazed at the fact  
That we parted. (2)

3

mm  $\text{♩} = 80$ 

Били Христа, катували,  
Кров з боку точили;  
А терновий вінок вили,  
На хрест розіпняли.

Злетілася вся пташина  
Та взялись плакати:  
«Хто ж нас буде на цім світі  
Тепер годувати?»

А Пречиста Діва Мати  
Під хрестом стояла,  
Свого Сина влюбленого  
На хресті пізнала.

«Ой Сину ж мій, ой влюблений,  
Та що ж ти ділаєш,  
Що ти за мир християнський  
Свой кров проливаєш?»

Всі ангели, архангели  
Богу ся молили,  
Взяли з хреста плащеницю  
Та в гріб положили.

Більше у тім ніхто не знав,  
Лишень в воді камінь,  
А Христова віра буде  
На вік віків, амінь.

(Останні два рядки кожної стрічки співають двічі.)

Vasylyna Kopchuk  
Wynyard, Saskatchewan  
26 July 1964

They beat and tortured Christ  
And let the blood flow from his side,  
And they wove a crown of thorns for him  
And crucified him on the cross.

All the birds flew together  
And began to weep:  
“Who in this world  
Will feed us now?”

The blessed Virgin Mother  
Was standing at the foot of the cross,  
And she recognised her beloved son  
On the cross.

“O my son, my beloved,  
What are you doing,  
That for the Christian world  
You are shedding your blood?”

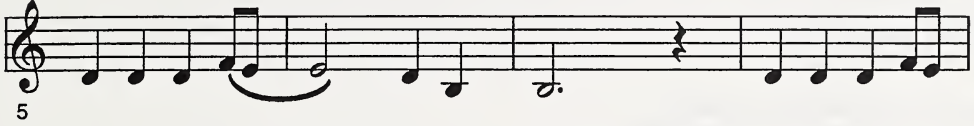
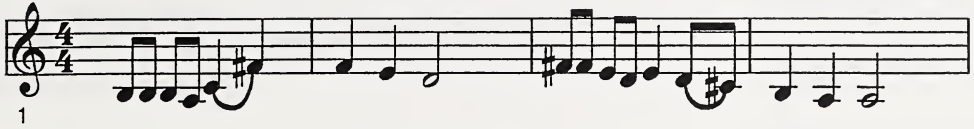
All the angels and archangels  
Were praying to God  
When they took down the shroud from the cross  
And laid it in the tomb.

No one else knew about this,  
Only God and the stone,  
But Christ's faith will remain  
Forever and ever, Amen.

(The last two lines of each verse are repeated.)

4

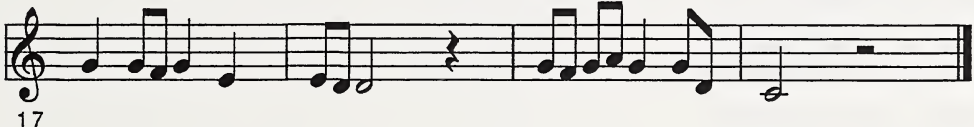
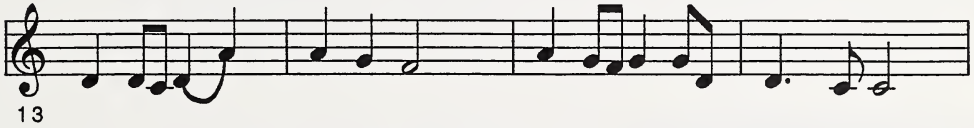
A mm ♩ = 66



Variation of measures 3 and 4



B



A

«Вийди, нене, проти мене,  
Чи пізнаєш тепер мене,

Межи стома дівочками,  
Межи двома дружечками?»

«Пізнаю тя, мій синочку,  
У зеленім барвіночку.»

«Гой-гоя, мамко, гоя,  
Бо я тепер вже не твоя,

Але того пана,  
Що я йому присягала.

Гой вийди, мати, з хати  
Протів свого дитяти.»

Б

Ой втвори, мамко, лізку,  
Везем ти невістку,

Що корови ти не здоїть,  
Бо вона ся хвоста боїть.

Хліба тобі та й не спече,  
Бо їй смарок з носа тече.

Вона така, як могила,  
Така гнила, як кобила.

Подивися, наша мамко, в віконце,  
Привезли-м ти невісточку, як сонце.

(Кожен рядок співається двічі.)

*Vasylyna Baranesky, Marija Stjaha, and Vasylyna Kuprowsky  
Sheho, Saskatchewan  
12 July 1964*

А

“Come out to greet me, o my mother,  
Will you now recognize me now

Among these hundred maidens,  
Between these two bridesmaids?”

“I recognize you, my son [sic],  
In your green periwinkle.”

“O mother, mother,  
I am no longer yours,

But I belong to that man  
To whom I swore fidelity.”

O mother, come out of the house  
To greet your child!

В

Open the gate, mother,  
We bring you a daughter-in-law,

Who will not milk your cows  
For she's afraid of the tail.

She won't bake bread for you  
For snot runs from her nose.

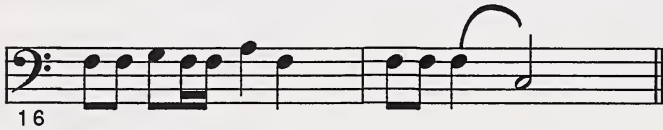
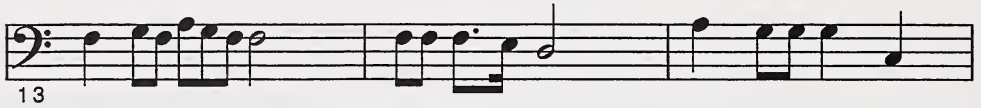
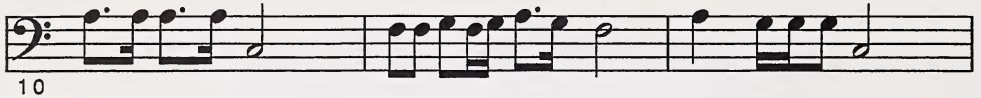
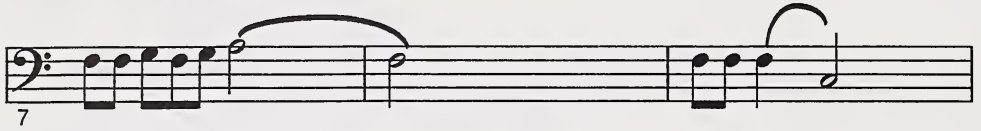
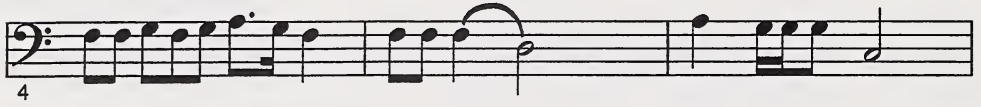
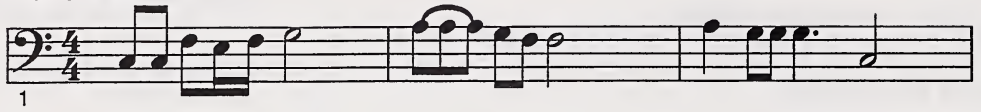
She's like a mound  
And rotten like an old mare.

Look, mother, through the window,  
We have brought you a daughter as radiant as the sun.

(Each line is sung twice.)

5

mm ♩ = 66



[Як молодий іде до шлюбу:]

Ой лежав барвін, барвінком віє ...

Гей, в'язала мати свого сина, гей, рано-рано.

Гей, в'язала та й наказувала, гей, рано-рано.

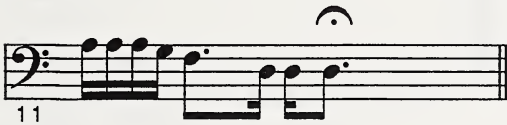
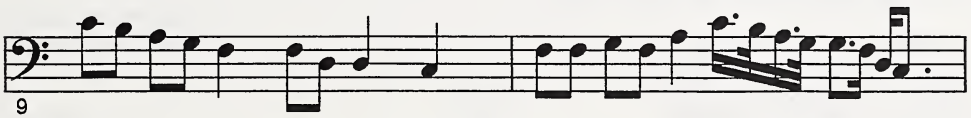
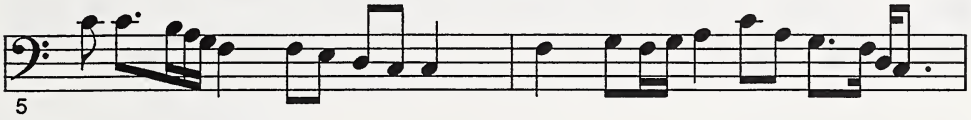
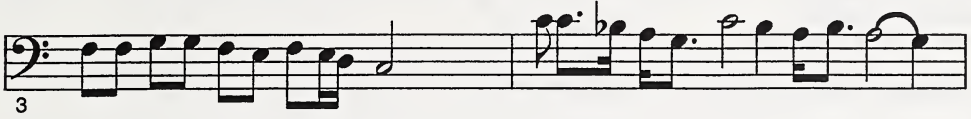
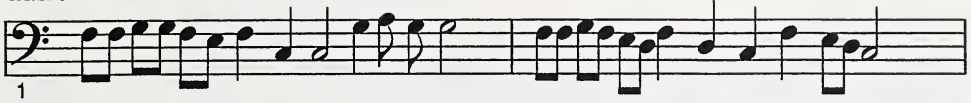
Гей, в'язала та й наказувала:

«Гей, не пий, синку, першу чарку, гей, рано-рано.

Гей, висип, синку, коникові в гривку, гей, рано-рано.»



mm ♩ = 84



[На дорозі:]

Ой зацвіли два явори, зацвіли, (2)  
 А всі гори та долини покрили. (2)  
 Лишень одну та й стежечку лишили. (2)  
 Та в стежечков молоденькі проходжають. (2)  
 А за ними ненько й мамка заглядають. (2)  
 Ой не гляди, мій ненечку, за мною. (2)

[Як ідуть з церкви:]

Ой ми в церкві були,  
 А й що ж ми там виділи?  
 Два віночки на престоли,  
 Молоденьким на головах.  
 Ой нема попа дома,  
 Пішов піп до Львова,  
 Турбаники купувати,  
 Молоденьким шлюбок дати.

(Кожен рядок співають двічі.)

*Alex Hlady*  
*Vegreville, Alberta*  
*5 July 1965*

[On the way to the wedding:]

The periwinkle was spreading...  
 The mother was tying her son, oh, early-early.  
 She tied him and ordered him, oh, early, early.  
 She tied him and ordered him:  
 Son, don't drink the first glass, oh, early, early,  
 Pour it onto the horse's mane, oh, early, early.

[On the road:]

Two maples have flowered, flowered,	
They spread over all the mountains,	(2)
But they left but one path.	(2)
The young couple is walking on that path.	(2)
Their father and mother are looking after them.	(2)
Oh, father, don't look after me.	(2)

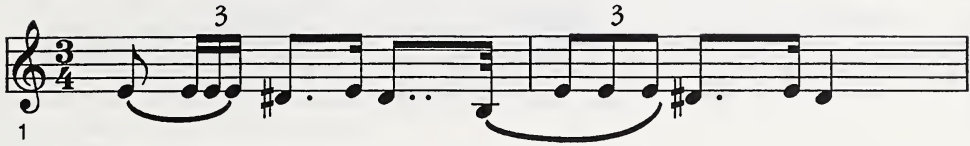
[When coming from church:]

Oh, we were in church,  
 What did we see there?  
 Two wreaths on the altar  
 To put on the couple's heads.  
 The priest isn't home,  
 The priest went to L'viv  
 To buy little turbans  
 To marry the couple.

(Each line is sung twice.)

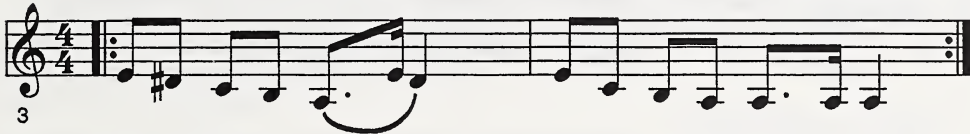
6

mm ♩ = 76 declamatory style



strophic

Each eighth note is sung in a detached style



Наш молодий хороший,  
Післав дружбів без грошей.

Приспів (двічі)

Мало, дружбочки, мало,  
Нам би ся більше здало.

Потряси, дружбо, кишеньку,  
Витягни грошей жменю.

Ми по селу ходили,  
Підківки погубили.

*Alex Hlady*  
*Vegreville, Alberta*  
*5 July 1965.*

Our good groom  
Has sent his men [to us] without any money.

Refrain (twice)

Too little, o groom's men, too little,  
We need more than that.

Shake your pockets, o groom's man,  
And take out a handful of money!

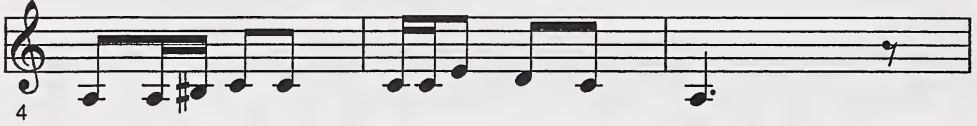
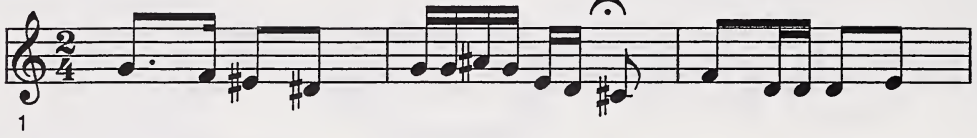
We've been walking all over the village  
And we've lost our heel taps.

*Data:* According to the informant, this item is sung by the bridesmaids to their escorts, the groom's men, who attempt to "buy off" the bridesmaids to dance with them. The girls, as shown by the above text, are stubborn and complain that the amount of money that the men offer is too little because they have to replace the shoes that they had worn out while inviting guests to the wedding. All this is but one of the many activities and ritual components of the wedding feast.

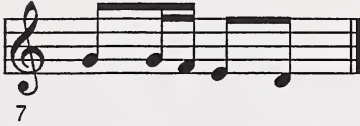
7

mm ♩ = 66

slides between tones



Refrain: same as above



Хміль лугами, пшеничка ланами;  
Гречний молодий, поважна молода,  
Повечеряйте з нами.

Хміль зіпнеться, пшеничка зіжнеться;  
Гречний молодий, поважна молода,  
Та вечеря минеться.

Хміль лугами, пшеничка ланами;  
Гречний батечку, поважна матінко,  
Повечеряйте з нами.

Хміль зіпнеться, пшеничка зіжнеться;  
Гречні батеньки, поважні матоньки,  
Та вечеря минеться.

Хміль лугами, пшеничка ланами;  
Гречні дружбочки, поважні дружечки,  
Бо вечеря минеться.

Хміль лугами, пшеничка ланами;  
Гречні матечки, поважні батечки,  
Повечеряйте з нами.

Хміль зіпнеться, пшеничка зіжнеться;  
Гречні матоньки, поважні батеньки,  
Бо вечеря минеться.

*Maria Zaporozan*  
*Vegreville, Alberta*  
*8 July 1965*

The fields are covered with hopvines and the plains with wheat,  
O handsome groom and respected bride,  
Sup with us.

The hopvines will climb and the wheat will be harvested;  
O handsome groom and respected bride,  
The feast will soon be over.

The fields are covered with hopvines and the plains with wheat,  
O kind father and dignified mother,  
Sup with us.

The hopvines will climb and the wheat will be harvested.  
O kind fathers and respected mothers,  
The feast will soon be over.

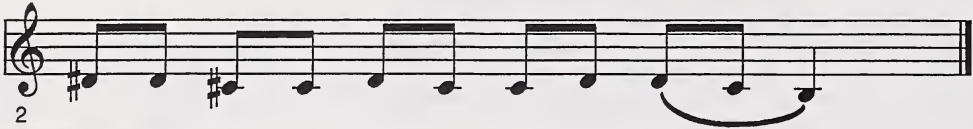
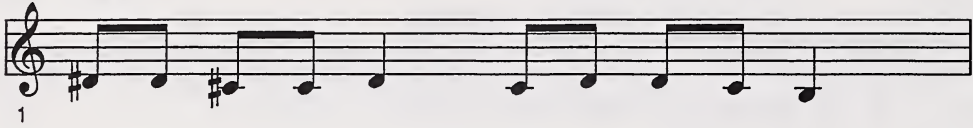
The fields are covered with hopvines and the plains with wheat,  
O fine groom's men and respected bridesmaids,  
The feast will soon be over.

The fields are covered with hopvines and the plains with wheat,  
O fine ladies and respected men,  
Sup with us.

The hopvines will climb and the wheat will be harvested,  
O fine ladies and respected men,  
The feast will soon be over.

*Data:* According to the informant, this item is sung to invite the various members of the wedding party as well as various guests to partake in the wedding feast that was about to begin.

mm ♩ = 92



(Дівчата співають:)

Ой на горі далеко, далеко,  
 Горить село широко, широко.  
 Пішли хлопці гасити, гасити,  
 Люльков воду носити, носити.  
 Скільки в люльці водиці, водиці —  
 Стільки в хлопців правдиці, правдиці.

(Хлопці відповідають дівчатам:)

Ой на горі далеко, далеко,  
 Горить село широко, широко.  
 Пішли дівки гасити, гасити,  
 Ситом воду носити, носити.  
 Скільки в ситі водиці, водиці —  
 Стільки в дівчат правдиці, правдиці.

*Marija Smycnjuk*  
*Ituna, Saskatchewan*  
*11 July 1964*

(The girls sing to the boys:)

Up on the hill far away, far away,  
 A village is burning down, burning down.  
 The boys went to put it out, put it out,  
 With their [smoking] pipes they carried water, carried water.  
 Just as much water as there is in a pipe,  
 That much truthfulness is there in boys.

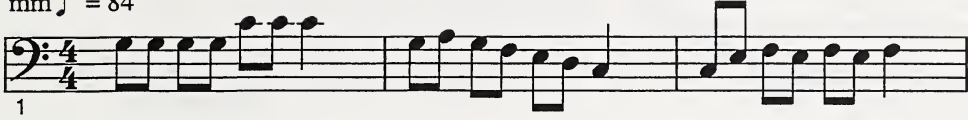
(The boys sing to the girls:)

Up on the hill far away, far away,  
 A village is burning down, burning down.  
 The girls went to put it out, put it out,  
 With their sieves they carried water, carried water.  
 Just as much water as there is in a sieve,  
 That much truthfulness is there in girls.

*Note:* The traditional Ukrainian wedding was always a joyous celebration that allowed for ample interaction for youth of both sexes. In this item, the bridesmaids and groom's men tease one another in song.

9

mm ♩ = 84



Та дай, Боже, в добрий час,  
 Як у людей, так у нас.  
 Як в щасливу годину  
 Розвеселім родину.

Як щаслива родина,  
 Все весілля зробила.  
 Ай ну-ну, ай ну-ну,  
 Все весілля зробила.

Як би не ти та не я,  
 Не було би весілля.  
 Ай ну-ну, ай ну-ну,  
 Розвеселю родину.

А й упала зірка з неба  
 Та й розсипалася.  
 Молоденька позбирала  
 Та й обтикалася.

А коби я така красна,  
 Як ця зірка ясна,  
 Світила би-м на все поле,  
 Ніколи б не пасла.

Світила би-м на все поле,  
 Аж на шипенецьке,  
 Таки ж ми ся та вподобав  
 Хлопець молодецький.

(Останні два рядки кожної стрічки співають двічі.)

*Alex Hlady*  
*Vegreville, Alberta*  
*5 July 1965*

God, grant good fortune  
 To the people and to us.  
 How in the hour of happiness  
 We shall make the family happy.

How the hour of happiness  
Has made all of the wedding,  
Aj nu-nu, aj nu-nu,  
Has made all of the wedding [happy].

If it weren't for you and me  
There would be no wedding,  
Aj nu-nu, aj nu-nu,  
Let's make the family happy.

A star has fallen from the sky  
And it scattered.  
The bride gathered it  
And bedecked herself with it.

If I were as beautiful  
As that bright star,  
I would shine over the whole field  
And never go out.

I would shine over the whole field  
All the way to Šypenci.  
I have really taken a liking  
To the young lad.

(The last two lines of each verse are sung twice.)



10

mm ♩ = 56 Free declamatory style, rhythmic liberty

The musical score consists of three staves of music in bass clef, 4/4 time. The first staff begins with a measure number '1' and contains a series of eighth and quarter notes. The second staff begins with a measure number '4' and contains a series of eighth and quarter notes, with a measure number '5' under a specific group of notes. The third staff begins with a measure number '7' and contains a series of eighth and quarter notes, ending with a double bar line.

(Перед гулянням)

Ой лежав барвін, барвінком віє...  
 На горі овес рясний,  
 На горі овес рясний.  
 Наш ватажала й красний,  
 Виведи нас з хати  
 На двір погуляти,  
 На двір погуляти,  
 Бо ми молоденькі,  
 Гуляти раденькі.

*Alex Hlady*  
*Vegreville, Alberta*  
*5 July 1965*

(Before the dancing)

Oh, the periwinkle lay and spread...  
 There are abundant oats on the hill,  
 There are abundant oats on the hill.  
 Our beautiful leader,  
 Lead us out of the house  
 To dance in the yard,  
 To dance in the yard,  
 Because we are young  
 And we love to dance.

Musical staff 1, starting at measure 1. It features a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The melody begins with a quarter note, followed by a dotted quarter note, and continues with eighth and quarter notes.

Musical staff 2, starting at measure 4. It continues the melody from the previous staff with eighth and quarter notes.

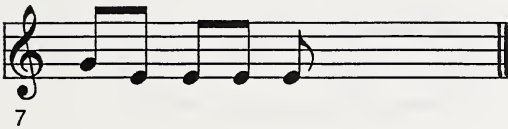
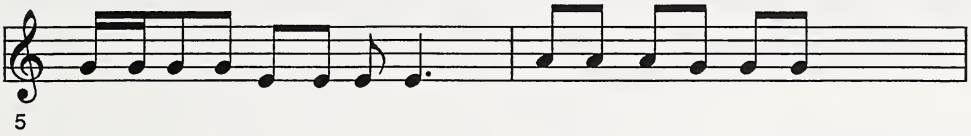
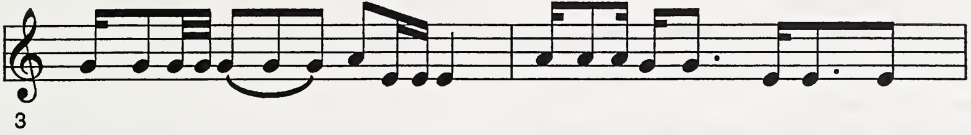
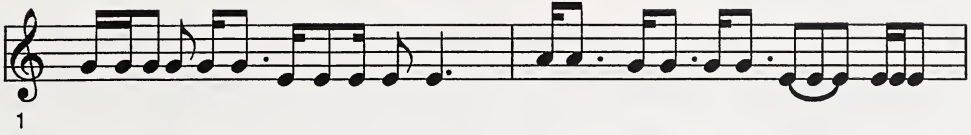
Musical staff 3, starting at measure 7. It includes two triplet markings (indicated by a '3' above the notes) over eighth notes.

Musical staff 4, starting at measure 10. It continues the melody with eighth and quarter notes.

Musical staff 5, starting at measure 13. It continues the melody with eighth and quarter notes.

Musical staff 6, starting at measure 16. It continues the melody with eighth and quarter notes.

Musical staff 7, starting at measure 19. It continues the melody with eighth and quarter notes.



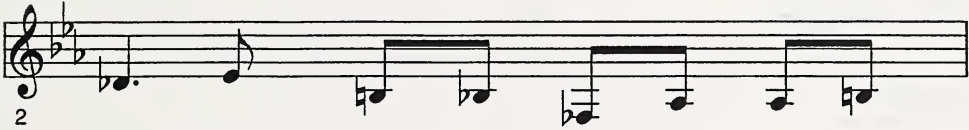
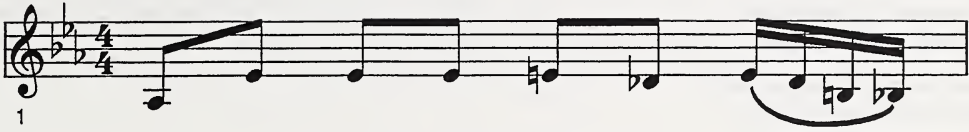
Бабусю мої дорогенькі,  
 На кого ви нас лишаєте?  
 Пташко мої сивенькі,  
 Відкіль вас маємо визирати?  
 Скажіть, бабусю, хто мені вже буде казки казати,  
 Хто мене вже буде розуму навчати так, як ви мене навчали?  
 Бабусенько мої дорогенькі,  
 Я ніколи вас не забуду,  
 Візьміть мене, бабцю, з собою!  
 Пташко наші старенькі,  
 Як ми будемо без вас тутка жити?  
 Та ви були так, як зозулька нам,  
 Щодня нас унук пригортали.  
 Бабцю мої дорогенькі,  
 Подивіться, як дідусь сивенькі плачуть.  
 На кого ви їх старенького лишаєте?  
 Та вони будуть за вами щодня сумувати.  
 Йой! Бабцю мої миленькі!  
 Поховайте мене з моєю бабцьов!  
 Я не хочу без них ніколи вже жити!

*Kateryna Obuck*  
*Yorkton, Saskatchewan*  
*9 July 1964*

O my dear grandmother,  
To whom are you leaving us?  
O my little grey bird,  
Where shall we go to see you?  
Tell me, grandmother, who will tell me stories now,  
Who will teach me wisdom as you did?  
My dear little grandmother,  
I shall never forget you.  
Take me, grandmother, with you.  
O dear little elderly bird,  
How shall we manage to live without you?  
You were like a cuckoo bird to us,  
Every day you used to cuddle us grandchildren.  
My dear grandmother,  
Look how our grey-haired grandfather is crying.  
To whom are you leaving him in his old age?  
He will pine after you every day.  
O my dear grandmother!  
Bury me with my grandmother!  
I don't want to live any longer without her!

12

mm ♩ = 88



Ой попід гай зеленький (2)  
Ходить Довбуш молоденький.

На ніжечку налягає, (2)  
На топір ся підпирає.

«Бігом, хлопці, бігом, бігом, (2)  
Западає стежка снігом.

Та коби ми бай до Дзвінки, (2)  
До Штефанової жінки.»

«На день добрий, Штефанова, (2)  
Ой чи є твій Штефан дома?»

«Ой нема Штефана вдома, (2)  
Ще вечеря не готова.»

«Ой чи вийдеш відтворяти, (2)  
Чи скажеш ся добувати?»

«Ой не вийду я втворяти, (2)  
Не скажу ся добувати.

В мене двері тисовії, (2)  
В мене замки сталєвовії.»

«Як підложу праве плече,  
Не допоможуть замки твої,  
Не допоможуть двері твої.»

Як підложив праве плече, (2)  
Його куля в саме серце.

«Ой ви хлопці, бай молодці, (2)  
Візьміть мене на топорці.

Занесіть м'я в Буковину, (2)  
Де-м ся вродив, най там згину. (2)

Було ходити та й буяти, (2)  
Суці правди не сказати.» (2)

*Nastja Masiowsky*  
*Fork River, Manitoba*  
*20 July 1964*

By the small green grove (2)  
Goes the young Dovbuš.

He limps on [one] foot (2)  
He rests on his axe as on a cane.

“Quickly, men, quickly, quickly, (2)  
Soon snow will fall and cover our path.

“Let's make our way to Dzvinka, (2)  
To the wife of Štefan.

“Greetings, o wife of Štefan, (2)  
Is Štefan, your husband, home?”

“Štefan is not home yet, (2)  
The supper is not ready.”

“Will you open up willingly, (2)  
Or am I to force my way in?”

“I shall not open up, (2)  
Nor will I let you force yourself in.

“I have doors made of yew, (2)  
I have locks made of steel.”

“When I brace my right shoulder against the door,  
Your locks will not help,  
Your doors will not help.”

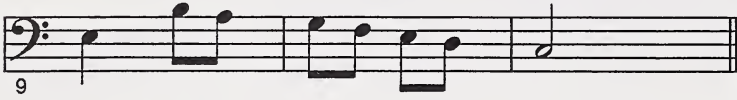
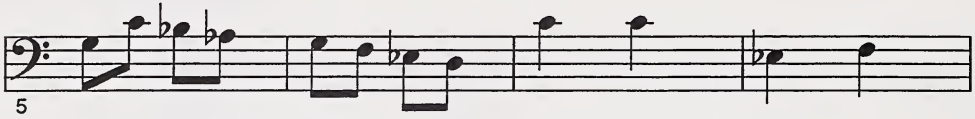
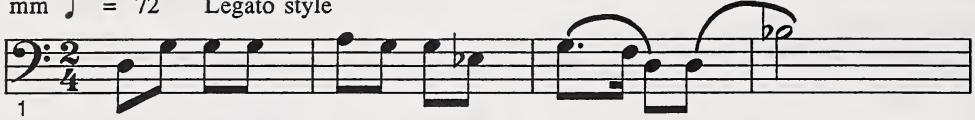
When he braced his shoulder to the door, (2)  
A bullet hit him straight in the heart.

“O my men, you young stalwarts, (2)  
Take me up on on your axe[handles],

And take me to Bukovyna, (2)  
Let me die where I was born. (2)

I should have gone roaming (2)  
Instead of telling that bitch the truth." (2)

mm ♩ = 72 Legato style



Ой жаль мені, ой так ні на кого, та гей,  
Ой жаль мені, ой так ні на кого,  
Як на свого батенька рідного.

Не віддав мене за ремісниченька, та гей ...  
Віддав мене за розбійниченька.

Ремісничок ходить по полі з плугом, та гей ...  
Розбійничок п'є в корчмі, гуляє.

Розбійничок п'є в корчмі, гуляє, та гей, [без повторення]  
Із вечора коника сідлає,  
А впівночі в розбій виїжджає.

А в півночі в розбій виїжджає, та гей ...  
Над світання в воротичках стоїть.

«Вийди, Ганю, отвори ворота, та гей ...  
Навіз тобі сріблечка і злота.»

А ще Ганя з постільки не встала, та гей ...  
А вже ж вона сріблечко пізнала.

«Срібло й золото — то мого батенька, та гей ...  
Кінь вороний — то мого братійка.

Подушки з пуху, то мо[є]ї матінки, та гей ...  
Хустки з шовку, то мо[є]ї сестроньки.»

«Сідай, Ганю, в мальовані сані, та гей ...  
Поїдемо аж до тво[є]ї мами.»

Завіз Ганю в глибоку долину, та гей ...  
«Тут я тебе, Ганочко, покину.»

І взяв Ганю під білі боки, та гей ...  
Кинув Ганю у Дунай глибокий.



«Пливи, Ганю, понад берегами, та гей ...  
Та й запливеш аж до тво[є]ї мами.

Пливи, Ганю, від броду до броду, та гей ...  
Та й запливеш аж до твого роду.

Пливи Ганю, від кладки до кладки, та гей ...  
А то тобі батенькові спадки.»

\* Першу фразу дальших стрічок повторюється так, як у першій.

*Rev. Ivan Kowalchuk  
Shandro, Alberta  
24 July 1865*

There is no one who has grieved me, ta hej,\*  
There is no one who has grieved me  
As much as my own dear father.

Instead of marrying me off to a craftsman, ta hej ...  
He married me off to a brigand.

A craftsman walks in the field with a plough, ta hej ...  
But a brigand drinks in the tavern and leads a dissolute life.

The brigand drinks in the tavern and leads a dissolute life, ta hej, [no repeat]  
One evening he saddled his horse,  
And at midnight he rode away to plunder.

At midnight he rode away to plunder, ta hej ...  
And at dawn he arrived back at the gates.

“Come out, Hanja, open up the gates, ta hej ...  
I have brought you silver and gold.”

Although Hanja had not yet got out of bed, ta hej ...  
She already recognized the silver:

“The silver and the gold is that of my father, ta hej ...  
The raven-black horse is that of my brother,

“The down-filled pillows are those of my mother, ta hej ...  
The silken kerchiefs are those of my sister.”

“Hanja, get into the gaily painted sleigh, ta hej ...  
We shall go and visit your mother.”

He drove Hanja down into a deep valley, ta hej ...  
“Here, my dear Hanja, I shall abandon you.”

And he picked up Hanja by her white sides, ta hej ...  
And threw her into the deep Danube.

“Float, Hanja, along the river banks, ta hej ...  
And you will get to your mother's place;

“Float, Hanja, from ford to ford, ta hej ...  
And you will get to your family's place;

Float, Hanja, from foot bridge to foot bridge, ta hej ...  
Such is your inheritance from your father.”

\* The first phrase of each subsequent verse is repeated as in the first.

14

mm ♩ = 58

1

2

В Городенці на ярмарку  
 Мій Василь напився.  
 Та й сів собі в новий човен,  
 Щоби не втопився.

Звіялася шуря-буря  
 Та й мала ті хвили.  
 Та вдарила в новий човен,  
 Василя втопила.

Пливе Василь, пливе Василь  
 Догори руками.  
 За ним, за ним дівчинонька  
 З чорними бровами.

— Було ж тобі, Василечку,  
 Та й не напиватись.  
 Та й у такій зимній воді  
 Зранку не купатись.

(Другий і четвертий рядки кожної стрічки співають двічі.)

*Vera Luciak*  
*Vegreville, Alberta*  
*6 July 1965*

In Horodenka at the fair  
 My Vasyl' got drunk.  
 He got into a new boat,  
 I hope he doesn't drown.

A storm swelled up,  
 It made waves.  
 They struck the new boat,  
 And drowned Vasyl'

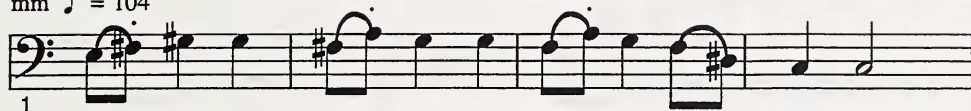
Vasyl' is floating, Vasyl' is floating  
With his hands up.  
A girl is running after him  
With black eyebrows.

“Vasyl', you shouldn't have  
Got drunk,  
You wouldn't have to bathe  
in such cold water in the morning.”

(The second and fourth lines of each verse are sung twice.)

15

mm ♩ = 104



Кажуть люди, що я лиха, а я Василюха.  
Я си в полі наробила, йду додому стиха.

Я си в полі наробила новими серпами,  
Як мій милий Василечок пив в корчмі з кумками.

«Годі, годі, Василечку, а з кумками пити,  
Ходи, ходи додомочку сніпки повозити.»

«А я сніпки та й не в'язав, не буду й возити,  
А як прийду додомочку, все тя буду бити.»

«Ой не будеш, Василечку, не будеш ня бити,  
Ще принесеш горілочки та й будемо пити.»

Ой напився Василечок, напився, напився,  
Ой сів собі в новий човен, коби не втопився.

Поплив, поплив Василечок рівно з берегами;  
«Заверніть ми Василечка з чорними бровами.»

(Другий рякок кожної стрічки співають двічі.)

*Marta Boychuk*  
*Yorkton, Saskatchewan*  
*23 June 1964*

People say I'm wicked, but I'm Vasylyxa,  
I have worked in the fields and now I'm going home quietly.

I have worked in the field with new sickles,  
While my dear Vasyly' was drinking in the tavern with friends.

“Vasyly', stop drinking with your friends,  
Come and help me cart the sheaves home.”

"I didn't tie the sheaves, I won't cart them,  
And when I come home I'll beat you up."

"Oh you won't, Vasyl', you won't beat me,  
You'll bring some whiskey, and we'll drink."

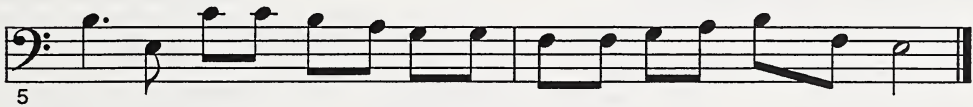
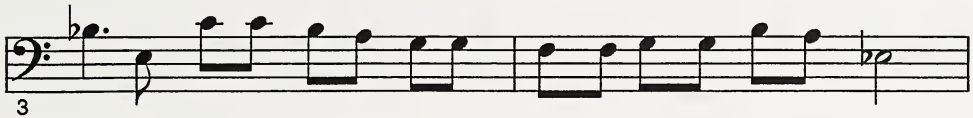
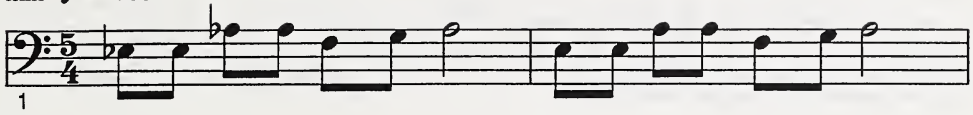
Oh did Vasyl' ever drink, did he drink,  
He got into a new boat, I hope he won't drown.

Vasyl' floated down along the banks,  
"Oh bring back my Vasyl' with his black eyebrows."

(The second line of each verse is sung twice.)

16

mm ♩ = 100



Ой дівчата, ви мої, заспівайте, ви, мені,  
Хорошая пісня ваша, сподобалася мені.

Ой відтіть є гора, а відтіть є друга,  
Межи тими горочками, там є ясна зоря.

А то не є зоря, а то не є зоря,  
А то моя красна любка та й по воду пішла.

А я за нею, а я ж за зорею,  
Сивим конем, чистим полем я [і]ї вздоганяю.

А як навздогонив та до неї завгорив:  
«Як то ж тебе, моя любко, а так рано збудив?»

«Ніхто мене не збудив, а я сама встала.  
Ой як зоря зазоряла, я вже ся вмивала.

Ой як я ся вмивала та ще й тебе згадала,  
Нема мого миленького, кого-м вірно кохала.»

«Ой дівчино моя, сідай зо мнов на коня  
Та й поїдем чистим полем, аж до мого двора.

А у моім дворі, там є штири покої,  
А п'ятая світличенька, то вже для нас обоїх.»

Ой як пішли в поле, кінь ся їм розіграв,  
Та й з крутого бережечка там головку зломав.

«Ой дівчино моя, тримай же ся коня,  
Бо я уже потопаю, бувай, мила, здорова.»

«Потопаєш ти, потопаю і я,  
Відна ж моя головочко та й чужая сторона.

Та й чужая сторона, та й чужії люди,  
Як я не вдам заспівати, сором мені буде.»

(Другий рядок кожної стрічки співають двічі.)

*Alex Hlady  
Vegreville, Alberta  
5 July 1965*

O my girls, sing to me,  
Your song is beautiful, I like it.

Here is a mountain, yonder is another,  
Between these mountains there is a bright star.

That is no bright star, that is no bright star,  
That is my beautiful beloved, and she has gone to fetch water.

I'll go after her, I'll go after that star,  
On a grey horse through the open field I'm chasing her.

When I caught up I said to her:  
"Who has woken you up so early, my dear?"

"No one has awakened me, I got up myself,  
At the break of dawn I was washing myself.

When I was washing myself I thought of you.  
The one I love faithfully, he is not here."

"My girl, mount my horse,  
And we shall ride through the open fields to my home.

In my home there are four rooms,  
And the fifth is the parlour, that's for the two of us."

When they rode through the field the horse reared up,  
And broke its head on the steep bank.

"O my girl, hold on to the horse,  
Because I'm drowning. Fare well."

"You are drowning, so am I,  
O my poor head, I am in a strange land.

I'm in a strange land amid strange people,  
If I can't sing, I'll be ashamed."

(The last line of each verse is sung twice.)

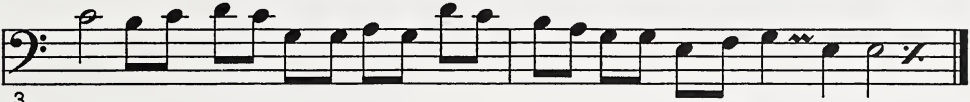


17

mm ♩ = 100



1



3

«Ой місяцю, перекраю,  
Зайди, зайди за горою.  
Вийди, дівчино, з чорними очима,  
Най я з тобов поговорю.»

«Ой рада-м я виходити,  
І з тобою говорити.  
Заснув нелюба на правій рученці  
Та боюся [й]ого збудити.»

«Ой ти мила, моя люба,  
Та й відсунься від нелюба,  
Знайду я здуга з дуба зеленого,  
Вб'ю я нелюба молодого.»

«Ой не треба убивати,  
Серцю жалю наробляти.  
Сідай же коня та виїжджай з двора,  
Ти не мій, я не твоя.»

Козак коня усідляє  
І до коня промовляє:  
«Коню ж, мій коню, ти сивий вороню,  
Занеси м'я до Дунаю.»

Ой прийшов я до Дунаю,  
Станув, глянув та думаю:  
Чи з коня вб'ється, чи в Дунаю втопиться,  
Чи додому вернуться?

Як додому я вернуся,  
То до кого притулюся?  
Жінки не маю, дівчат не кохаю,  
Марне світа пропадаю.

(Останні два рядки кожної стрічки співають двічі.)

*Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Kohut  
Calder, Saskatchewan  
17 July 1964*

“O crescent moon,  
Set beyond the mountain.  
Come out, dark-eyed girl,  
Let me talk to you.”

“I would come out gladly  
And talk with you.  
But my unloved is sleeping on my right hand  
And I'm afraid to wake him.”

“My dear, my beloved,  
Slide away from the unloved,  
I will find a cane from the green oak  
And kill the young unloved.”

“There's no need to kill him  
And make grief for the heart.  
Saddle your horse, ride out of the yard,  
You're not mine, I'm not yours.”

The cossack is saddling his horse  
And says to it:  
“My horse, my grey one,  
Carry me to the Danube.”

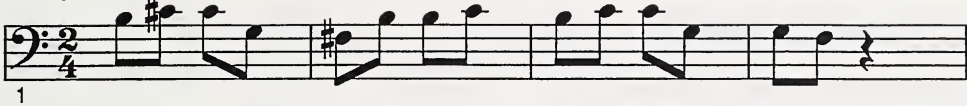
I came to the Danube,  
I stopped, looked, and thought:  
Should I fall off my horse, or drown in the Danube,  
Or should I return home?

If I return home,  
To whom shall I snuggle up?  
I have no wife, I don't love girls,  
I perish in vain.

(The last two lines of each verse are sung twice.)

18

mm ♩ = 84



"I shall feed you buckwheat chaff,  
And I'll drive you along the emperor's road."

The buckwheat chaff is bitter, bitter,  
And the emperor's road is most hard to march on.

The buckwheat chaff is bitter, not sweet,  
And the emperor's road is long, and not short.

O emperor, emperor, in your golden breeches,  
Young wives cry against you, o emperor,

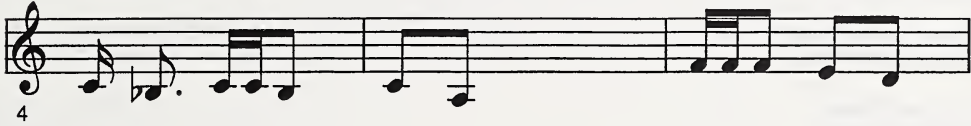
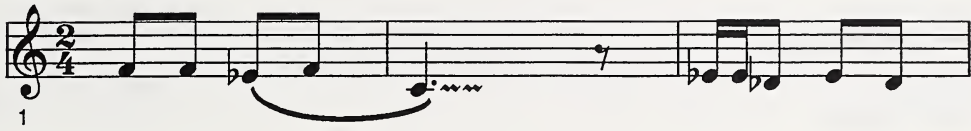
Mothers weep for their sons, wives for their husbands,  
And the maidens, the wretched ones, weep for their suitors.

It is not so much the mother who cries, although she gave him birth,  
But the maiden who loved him faithfully. (2)

*DATA:* According to the informant, this song was sung while working in the fields. It is directed against the emperor of the Austrian-Hungarian Empire, which once included a large portion of Western Ukraine.

19

mm ♩ = 56 - 60



Ой дума ж моя,  
Велика немала,

Що ж я бідна  
Полубила-м гультя.

Гультяй не робит,  
Лиш іде в корчму та й п'є,

Прийде додому,  
Молоденьку мене б'є.

Вибив м'я в хаті  
І всі горшки та й миски

Та й порозгонив  
По сусідах діточки.

А я бідная  
Черепочки збираю

Та й слізеньками  
Усю хату скропляю.

Ой Боже, Боже,  
Який красний цей світ,  
  
Який гіркенький  
Молоденький мені вік.

Іду дорогою  
Тай думку думаю,

Та й сама не знаю,  
Що робити маю.

Прийшла ж я до річки  
Та й стала, дивуюся:

Бистра річка грає,  
А я на ню дивлюся,

Таку гадку маю —  
Скочу, утоплюся.

(Кожну стрічку співають двічі.)

*John Sokoloski  
Vegreville, Alberta  
12 July 1965*

O thought of mine,  
So weighty, not small,

That I, poor one,  
Fell in love with a rogue.

A rogue doesn't work,  
He only goes to the tavern and drinks.

He comes home  
And beats me, a young one.

And in the house he broke  
All the cups and plates,

And he chased out  
The children to the neighbours;

While I, poor one,  
Pick up the pieces,

And with my tears  
I sprinkle the whole house.

O God, my God,  
How lovely is this world,

But how bitter  
Is this young life of mine.

I walk along the road  
And think;

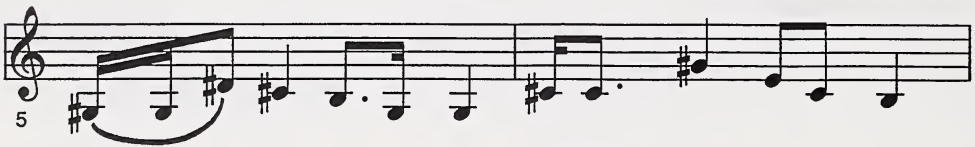
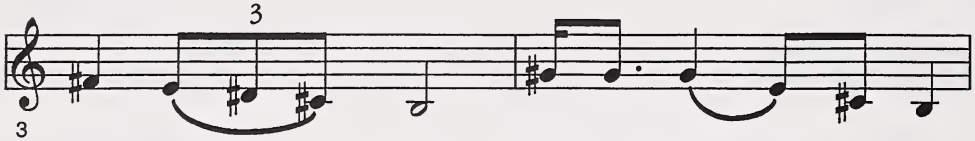
And I don't know  
What I should do.

I came to a river,  
I stopped, I wonder;

The swift river swirls along,  
And I just stare at it;

I have an idea —  
I'll jump and drown myself.

(Each verse is sung twice.)

mm  $\text{♩} = 69$ 

А мій, а мій тато житній цвіт  
Зав'язав мені світ.  
Моя мати зоря,  
Молоду м'я віддала.

Молоду м'я віддала  
У чужу сторону,  
А в чужій стороні  
Тяжко жити мені.

Вечеряти сідають,  
Мене по воду шлють.

Я по воду пішла  
Та й заплакалася,  
Як з водою прийшла  
Та й підслухалася.

Каже мати до сина:  
«Як ти, синку, живеш,  
Що горілку не п'єш?»

Що горілку не п'єш,  
Чому жінку не б'єш?»



«Як горілку пити,  
Як горілка гірка?  
Як то жінку бити,  
Коли красна, молода?»

А як він мене брав  
То гай ми ся розвивав.  
З'їли-сте м'я, зсушили-сте,  
Що рід мене не пізнав.

(Останні два рядки кожної стічки, без огляду на її довжину, повторюють.)

*Andrijana Andrejčiv*  
*Arran, Saskatchewan*  
*26 June 1964*

My father is like the field of blooming rye,  
But he ruined my life;  
My mother is like the shining star,  
But she married me off when I was still young.

She married me off when I was still young  
And sent me off to a foreign land.  
And in the foreign land  
It's hard for me to live.

There, when they sit down to supper,  
They send me to fetch water.

When I went to fetch the water  
I burst into tears.  
When I returned with the water  
I heard them talking.

My mother-in-law said to her son:  
"What sort of life do you lead,  
That you don't drink whiskey,

That you don't drink whiskey,  
And you don't beat your wife?"

"Why should I drink whiskey  
When it tastes bitter;  
Why should I beat my wife  
When she is young and beautiful?"

When he took me for a wife  
My whole world seemed to burst into bloom.  
But you've devoured me, you've ruined me,  
So that my own family didn't recognize me.

(The last two lines of each verse, regardless of its length, are sung twice.)

mm ♩ = 100



У неділю, неділю, неділеньку  
Збиралася дівчина на біленько.

Сіла собі дівчина край віконця,  
Визирала дівчина чорноморця.

Чорноморець, моя мамко, чорноморець,  
Вивів мене босую на морозець.

Вивів мене босую та й питає:  
«Чи є мороз, дівчино, чи звільняє?»

Ой є мороз, моя мамко, та й не дуже,  
Бо я чорноморчика люблю дуже.

На жупані, моя мамко, на жупані,  
Я гадала, що я за ним буду пані.

Я гадала, що я буду панувати,  
Рукавичок з білих ручок не скидати.

Рукавиці з білих ручок не скидала,  
На чужій нивочці жито жала.

На чужій нивочці, та й не тужу,  
Бо я свого чорноморця люблю дуже.

(Останній рядок кожної стрічки співають двічі.)

*Vera Luciak*  
*Vegreville, Alberta*  
*6 July 1965*

On Sunday, Sunday, one fine Sunday,  
A maiden put on her fine white clothes.

The maiden sat down by the window  
And watched for her beloved\*.

My beloved, o mother, my beloved,  
He took me out barefooted into the cold.

He took me out barefooted, and he asked,  
"Is is frosty, my girl, or is it warming up?"

There was frost, o my mother, but it wasn't too bad,  
For I love my beloved very much.

He wore a handsome coat, o my mother, a handsome coat,  
I thought that as his wife I'd be quite a lady.

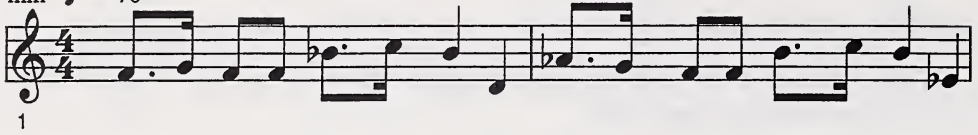
I thought that I would lead the life of a noblewoman,  
And always be wearing gloves on my white hands.

I did not take off the gloves from my little white hands,  
I had to work in others' fields harvesting the rye.

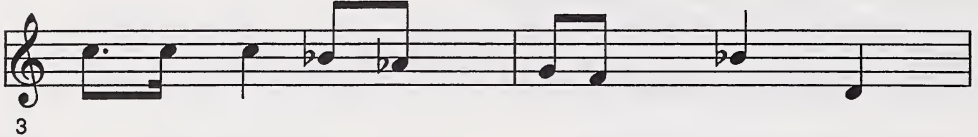
I have to work for others, but I don't grieve,  
For I love my beloved very much.

(The last line of each verse is sung twice.)

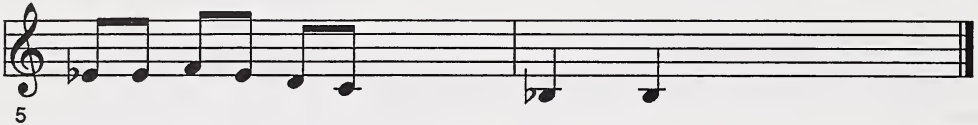
\* The 'beloved' is identified throughout the text of the original as "one from the Black Sea" (= *čornomorec'*).

mm  $\text{♩} = 76$ 

1



3



5

«Де ж ти, милий, побуваєш,  
Що ти в мене не побуваєш?»  
«Побуваю край Дунаю,  
Тебе, мила, не видаю.

Коби човен та весельце,  
Ночував би-м в тебе, серце.  
Ані човна, ні порома,  
Ночувати мушу дома.

Твоя мати чарівниця,  
То велика розлучниця.  
Розлучила рибку з водов,  
Ще й розлучить мене з тобов.»

(Останні два рядки кожної стрічки співають двічі.)

*Vera Luciak*  
*Vegreville, Alberta*  
*6 July 1965*

“My dear, where do you tarry  
That you don't visit me?”  
“I tarry near the Danube,  
I don't get to see you, my dear.

If I had a boat and an oar,  
I'd spend the night with you, my sweetheart.  
I've neither boat nor ferry,  
I must spend the night at my home.

Your mother is a sorceress,  
She brings about separations.  
She separated the fish from the water,  
She'll yet separate you from me."

(The last two lines of each verse are sung twice.)

mm  $\text{♩} = 76$

1

3

6

8

Ой у лузі калиночка,  
 Та й на пліт ся похилила.  
 «Чого сидиш, дівчиночко,  
 Чорні очі заливаєш?

Чи ти доля загинула,  
 Чи не маєш матусеньки?  
 Чи краса ти з личка спала,  
 Чи говорять воріженьки?»

«Ні ми доля загинула,  
 Та й я маю матусеньку,  
 Ні краса ми з личка спала  
 За тобою, мій миленький.»

«Коби човен та й весельце,  
 Побував би-м в тебе, серце.  
 Ані човна, ні порома,  
 Пробувати мушу дома.»

(Останні два рядки кожної стрічки співають двічі.)

Antonija Rewakowsky  
 Canora, Saskatchewan  
 3 August 1964

In the meadow grows a guelder rose  
Which bends over the fence.  
“Why are you sitting so, o maiden,  
And why do your dark eyes weep so?

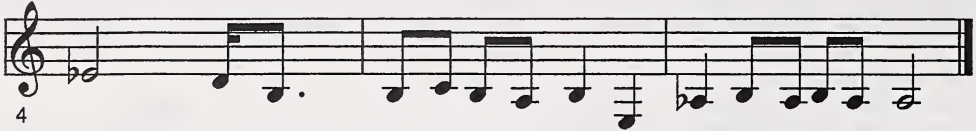
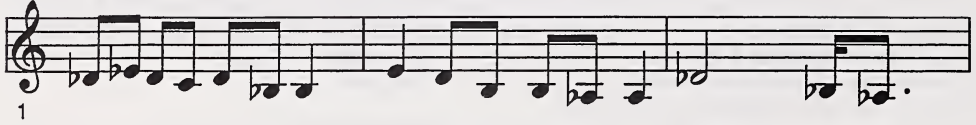
Have you no good fortune?  
Are you an orphan without a mother?  
Has the beauty faded from your face?  
Or are [your] enemies gossiping about you?”

“I have not lost my good fortune,  
My mother is still alive,  
Nor has my beauty faded —  
It is because of you, my dear, that I weep.”

“If I had a boat and an oar,  
I would visit with you, sweetheart;  
But I have neither boat nor ferry,  
I must, then, stay home.”

(The last two lines of each verse are sung twice.)

mm ♩ = 100



Червона калина похилилася,  
Приспів: Гей, гей!

Молода дівчина налякалася,  
І в новім покою заховалася,  
І в нове длюстро все дивилася,  
Сама свої коси налякалася.  
«Косо ж, моя красо, де ж ся поділа?  
Я тя ні пропила, ні прогуляла,  
З молодим козаком в карти програла.»

*Kate Marunchak*  
*Dauphin, Manitoba*  
*11 July 1963*

The red guelder rose has bent down,  
Refrain: Hej, hej!

The young girl was frightened,  
And she hid in a new room,  
And she kept looking into a new mirror,  
She was frightened by her own braid.  
“My braid, where have you gone?  
I didn't spend you on drink or carousing,  
I lost you at cards with a young Cossack.”



25

mm ♩ = 52

1

3

2

3

6

7

Горіше, горіше, горіхове листє.  
 Приспів:  
 Любив я дівчину, а дівчина мене.

Пан-Біг знає, чи є щастя.  
 Горіше, горіше, горіхове сидельце,  
 Болить мене за нев серце.

*Vera Luciak*  
*Vegreville, Alberta*  
*6 July 1965*

O nut tree, nut leaves.  
 Refrain:  
 I loved a girl, and the girl loved me.

God only knows whether there is happiness.  
 O nut tree, a saddle made from nut wood,  
 My heart aches for her.

26

mm  $\text{♩} = 80$

1

3

last line

5

Ой згоріла стирта сіна на току,  
 Як хто ж мене пожалує молоду?  
 Гой, піду я до сусіди по воду,  
 Там мій милий сидить собі за столом.  
 П'є горівку кришталевим штоканом,  
 Закусовує петльованим колачем,  
 Та й на мене покивує байдичем.  
 «Чи ти, мила, хліба-соли не маєш,  
 Що ж ти мене по сусідах шукаєш?»  
 Ой маю я хліба-соли букату,  
 Коли ж бо я та й не маю гаразду.  
 Ой маю я хліба досить букату,  
 Коли ж бо я й оббігаю навкруг хату.

(Усі рядки, за винятком восьмого й дев'ятого /«Чи ж ти,... шукаєш?»/, співають двічі.)

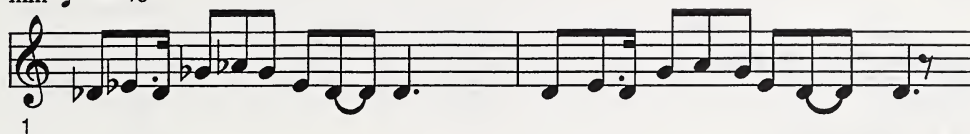
*Alex Hlady*  
*Vegreville, Alberta*  
*5 July 1965*

A stack of hay was burning on the threshing floor,  
 Who will pity young me?  
 I will go to the neighbour to fetch water,  
 There my beloved sits at table.  
 He drinks whiskey from a crystal goblet,  
 He eats a cake of finest wheat.  
 He winks at me idly:  
 "Dear, don't you have bread and salt,  
 That you search me out at the neighbours?"  
 O, I have a slice of bread and salt,  
 But I am unlucky.  
 O, I have enough slices of bread,  
 But I have to run around the house.

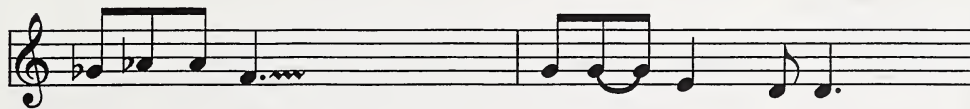
(Each line, except for the eighth and ninth /"Dear ... neighbours?"/, is sung twice.)

27

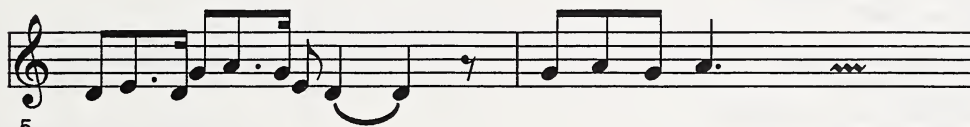
mm ♩ = 46



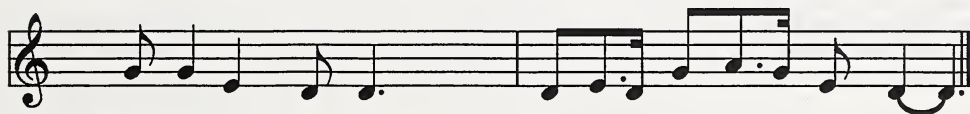
1



3



5



7

Ой на горі дуб, дуб,  
Тече вода з дуба.  
Бідна ж моя головонько,  
Пішла-м за нелюба.

Нелюб, мамко, нелюб  
Не хоче робити,  
Лишень іде до корчмоньки  
Горілочку пити.

Горілочку п'є, п'є,  
Медом доливає,  
А як прийде додомоньку,  
Пальчиком махає.

Війшов він до хати  
Та став ся питати:  
«Чи стелена біла постіль,  
Бо я хочу спати?»

Ой стелена, та й стелена,  
Що мні мамка дала,  
Бо я тобою, нелюбоньку,  
Ще-м не простирала.

(Останні два рядки кожної стрічки сівають двічі.)

*Vera Luciak*  
*Vegreville, Alberta*  
*6 July 1965*

There is an oak on the mountain,  
Water flows from the oak.  
O my poor head,  
I married an unloved man.

The unloved, o mother,  
Doesn't want to work,  
He only goes to the tavern  
To drink whiskey.

He drinks whiskey,  
Downs it with mead,  
And when he comes home  
He wags his finger.

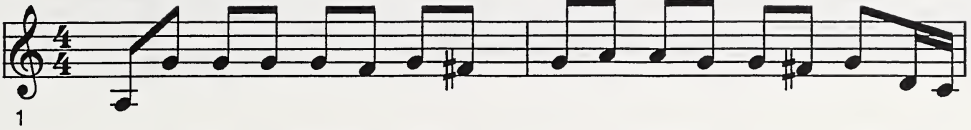
He came into the house  
And began to ask:  
"Are the white linens spread out,  
For I want to sleep."

O they are spread out indeed,  
The ones from my mother,  
Because with you, unloved,  
I haven't spread them out yet.

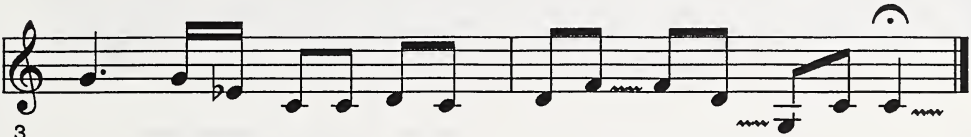
(The last two lines of each verse are sung twice.)

28

mm ♩ = 66



1



3

Гей, цілую попід дулю,  
 Дуля буде цвісти, цвісти,  
 А Олеся буде рости.

Дуля буде та й родити,  
 А Олеся ме ходити.

Дуля буде опадати,  
 А Олеся ме збирати.

Гей цілую, колишу тя,  
 А як уснеш — то лишу тя.

Покладу тя під лавицю,  
 Сама піду на вулицю.

(За винятком другого й третього рядка першої стрічки /Дуля буде ... рости./, кожен рядок співають двічі.)

*Marija Moysiuk*  
*Vegreville, Alberta*  
*26 July 1965*

I kiss under the pear tree,  
 The pear tree will leaf and bloom,  
 And Olesja will grow.

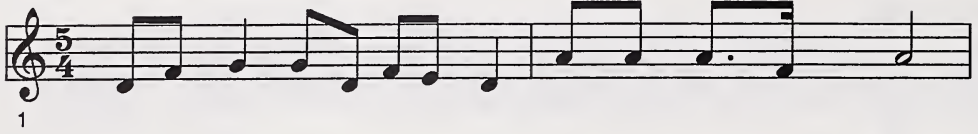
The pear tree will bring forth fruit,  
 And Olesja will begin to walk.

The pears will fall off,  
 And Olesja will gather them.

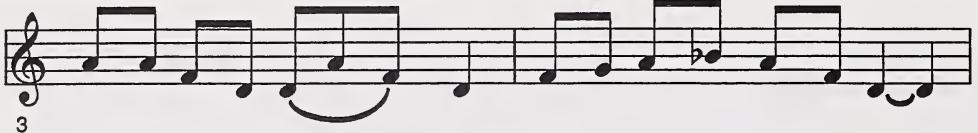
I kiss as I rock you,  
 When you fall asleep I shall leave you.

I shall place you under the bench,  
 And I will go out into the street.

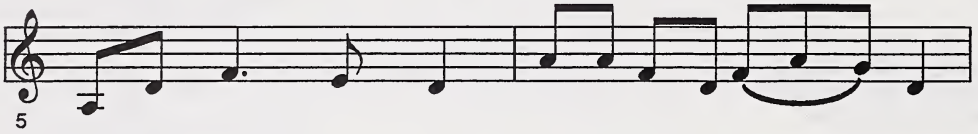
(Except for the second and third lines of the first verse, each line is sung twice.)

mm ♩ = 56 *ralentando* effect

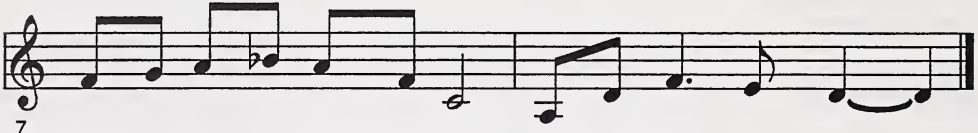
1



3



5



7

Колисала мати діти,  
Рада їх приспати.  
Колисала і плакала,  
Хоч під серцем горе мала,  
«Любі діти, спіть».

Засніть, діти, на хвилинку,  
Засніть на годинку.  
В сні приснитесь, приманитесь,  
Яка доля вам свідчиться,  
Любі діти, вам.»

(Останні два рядки кожної стрічки співають двічі.)

*Anastazija Washezko*  
*Fonehill, Saskatchewan*  
*23 July 1964*

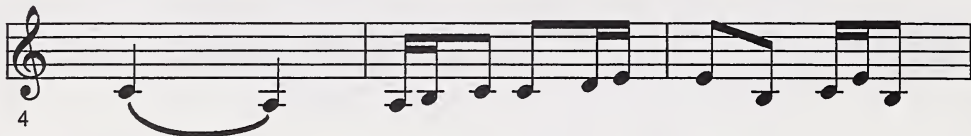
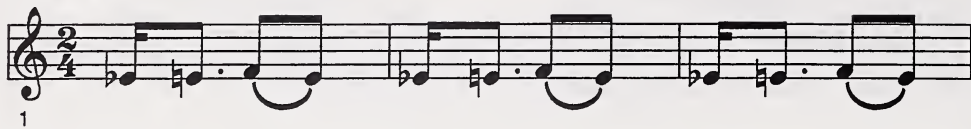
Mother was rocking her children,  
She wanted them to sleep.  
She wept as she was rocking,  
For in her heart was grief.  
“Sleep, beloved children.

Go to sleep, children, for a moment,  
Go to sleep for an hour.  
In your dreams you will see and learn  
What kind of fate is in store  
For you, beloved children.

(The last two lines of each verse are repeated.)

30

mm ♩ = 66



Ой летіла зозуленька  
Через садовину  
Та й бевкнула у віконце,  
Збудила дитину.

Бодай тобі, зозуленько,  
Пір'ячко опалось.  
Збудила-сь ми дитиночку,  
Ще би було спало.

Повішу я колисочку  
В саду на сливочку,  
Буде Господь колисати  
Мою дитиночку.

Буде Господь колисати,  
Янголи співати,  
Буде моя дитиночка  
До вечора спати.

*Marija Smycnjuk*  
*Ituna, Saskatchewan*  
*11 July 1964*

A cuckoo bird was flying  
Through the orchard,  
And it bumped into the window,  
And woke up my child.

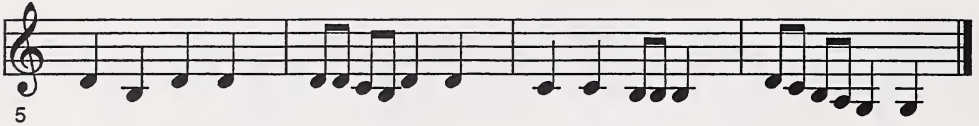
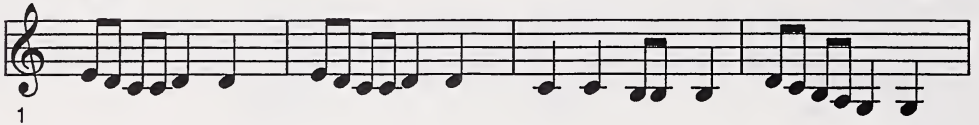
May your feathers fall off,  
You cuckoo bird.  
You made my child wake up,  
It could have slept some more.



I shall hang up a cradle  
On a plum tree in the orchard,  
The Lord will rock  
My little child.

The Lord will rock the child,  
The angels will sing.  
And my child will sleep  
Until evening.

31

mm  $\text{♩} = 80$ 

Хтіла мене мати за першого дати,  
Гей, гей, ухаха, за першого дати.  
А той перший — малий, недоверший.  
Гей, гей, ухаха, малий недоверший.

Хтіла мене мати за другого/третього дати,  
Гей, гей, ухаха, за другого/третього дати.  
А той третій, він робить верети,  
Гей, гей, ухаха, він робить верети.\*

Хтіла мене мати четвертому дати,  
А той четвертий — до горілки впертий.

Хтіла мене мати за п'ятого дати,  
А той п'ятий — ні поля, ні хати.

Хтіла мене мати за шестого дати,  
А той шестий, він не має чести.

Хтіла мене мати за смого дати,  
А той семий, сумний, невеселий.

Хтіла мене мати за восьмого дати,  
А той восьмий, малий недорослий.

Хтіла мене мати дев'ятому дати,  
А той дев'ятий, чорний, вусатий.

Хтіла мене мати десятому дати,  
А той десятенький, то вже мій миленький.

\* 3 такими самими повтореннями співають усі дальші стрічки.

*Maria Halas, Paran'ka Skrypnyk, and Barbara Tymchyshyn*  
Mundare, Alberta  
16 July 1965

Mother wanted to marry me off to the first fellow,  
Hej, hej, uxaxa, the first fellow.  
But the first one is short and small,  
Hej, hej, uxaxa, short and small.

Mother wanted to marry me off to the second/third fellow,  
Hej, hej, uxaxa, the second/third fellow.  
But the third one is a carpet maker,  
Hej, hej, uxaxa, carpet maker.\*

Mother wanted to marry me off to the fourth fellow,  
But the fourth one is addicted to drink.

Mother wanted to marry me off to the fifth fellow,  
But the fifth one has no land nor dwelling.

Mother wanted to marry me off to the sixth fellow,  
But the sixth one has no honour.

Mother wanted to marry me off to the seventh fellow,  
But the seventh one is dull and sad.

Mother wanted to marry me off to the eighth fellow,  
But the eighth one is small and immature.

Mother wanted to marry me off to the ninth fellow,  
But the ninth one is swarthy and has a moustache.

Mother wanted to marry me off to the tenth fellow,  
And the tenth one, that's my sweetheart.

\*All subsequent verses are sung with the same repetitions.

32

1 mm ♩ = 100

В понеділок раненько  
Збудив милий миленьку:  
«Вставай, мила, чорнобрива,  
Підемо до жита.»

«Я до жита не піду,  
Бо є в житі стебла,  
А я бідна, немічненька  
Та й болять ми ребра.»

А в вівторок ... Підем до пшениці.

«До пшениці не піду,  
Бо в пшениці стебла,  
А я бідна, немічненька  
Та й болять ми ребра.»

А в середу ... Підем до вівса.

«Я до вівса не піду,  
Бо в вівсі є востинець,  
А я бідна, немічненька  
Та й болить ми животець.»

А в четвер ... Підем до ячменю.

«До ячменю не піду,  
Бо в ячмені восте,  
А я бідна, немічненька  
Та й болять ми кості.»

А в п'ятницю ... Підем до гороху.

«До гороху не піду,  
Бо в горосі стручки,  
А я бідна, немічененька  
Та й болять ми ручки.»

А в суботу ... Підемо до гречки.

«Я до гречки не піду,  
Бо в гречці є грудка,  
А я бідна, немічененька  
Та й болить ми всюда.»

А в неділю ... Підем в корчму пити.

«А як же ж то, мій миленький,  
З тобов добре жити.  
І сам ідеш, мене кличеш  
До корчмоньки пити.»

*Marta Boychuk*

*Yorkton, Saskatchewan*

*23 June 1964*

Early Monday morning

The husband woke up his wife:

"Get up, my dear, dark-eyed one,  
Let's go and work in the rye field."

"I'll not go to the rye  
For there are stalks in the rye.  
I, poor one, am weak,  
And my ribs pain me."

Early Tuesday ... work in the wheat field.

"I'll not go to the wheat field  
For there are stalks in the wheat.  
I, poor one, am weak,  
And my ribs pain me."

Early Wednesday ... work in the oats.

"I'll not go to the oats  
For there are weeds in the oats.  
I, poor one, am weak,  
And my stomach pains me."

Early Thursday ... work in the barley.

"I'll not go to the barley  
For there are prickly thorns there.  
I, poor one, am weak,  
And my bones ache."

Early Friday ... pick peas.

"I'll not go to the peas  
For peas have pods.  
I, poor one, am weak,  
And my hands are aching."

Early Saturday ... work in the buckwheat.

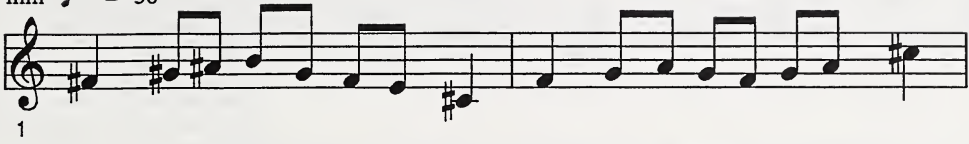
"I'll not go to the buckwheat  
For the soil is rock-like there.  
I, poor one, am weak,  
And I'm aching all over."

Early Sunday ... drink in the tavern.

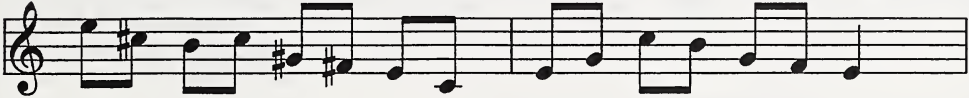
"O my sweetheart,  
How good it is to live with you.  
You don't go alone but you invite me  
To come along to the tavern to drink."

33

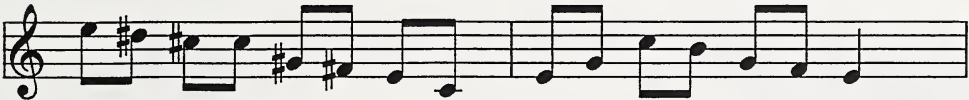
mm ♩ = 50



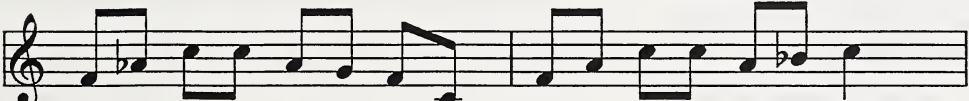
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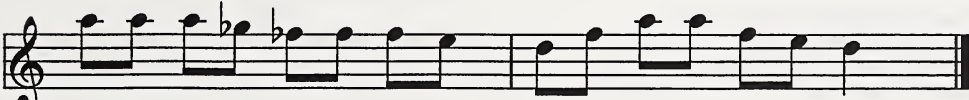
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5

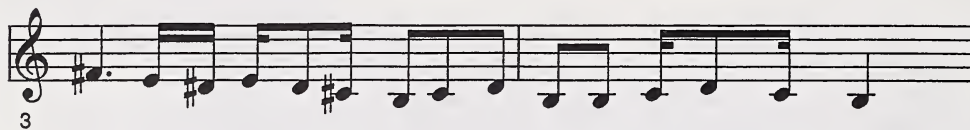
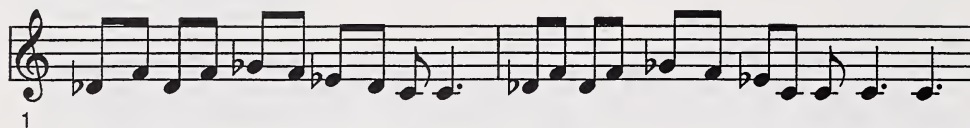


7



9

mm ♩ = 72



«Де ж ти ідеш, де ж ти ідеш,  
 Ти, мій милий, де ти ідеш?  
 Та вже кращу понад мене  
 Ніде в світі не знайдеш.

Де ж ти бував, де ж ти бував,  
 Ти, мій милий Петрусю?»  
 «Грав я в карти, грав я в карти,  
 Моя мила Ганнусю.»

«Що ж ти виграв, що ж ти виграв,  
 Ти, мій милий Петрусю?»  
 «Виграв, виграв сто червоних,  
 Моя мила Ганнусю.»

Де ж ти роздав, де ж ти роздав,  
 Ти, мій милий Петрусю?»  
 «Роздав дівкам, молодицям,  
 Моя мила Ганнусю.

Ганнусенько-серденько,  
 Скажи мені правдоньку,  
 Як хто в тебе та й ночував  
 В моім домі без мене?»

«Один скрипаль з Львова,  
 Кучер Мацько з Кракова,  
 А Михайло-Надрімайло,  
 Серцю мому сподобайло,  
 Таки з нашого села.»

«Ганнусенько-серденько,  
 Скажи мені правдоньку,  
 Що в[о]ни в тебе вечеряли  
 В моім домі без мене?»



«Ой їв скрипаль курочки,  
Кучер Мацько пиріжки,  
А Михайло-Надрімайло,  
Серцю мому сподобайло,  
Їв печені курочки.»

«Ганнусенько-серденько,  
Скажи мені правдоньку,  
Де в[о]ни в тебе усі спали  
В моім домі без мене?»

«Ой спав скрипаль на дошках,  
Кучер Мацько на трісках,  
А Михайло-Надрімайло,  
Серцю мому сподобайло,  
Та спав зо мною в подушках.»

«Ганнусенько-серденько,  
Скажи мені правдоньку,  
Як же вони відходили  
З мого дому без мене?»

«Ішов скрипаль граючи,  
Кучер Мацько скачучи,  
А Михайло-Надрімайло,  
Серцю мому сподобайло,  
Ішов від мене плачучи.»

(Останні два рядки кожної стрічки повторюють.)

*Vera Luciak*  
*Vegreville, Alberta*  
*6 July 1965*

“Where are you going, where are you going,  
My dear, where are you going?  
You won't find anyone more beautiful than I  
Anywhere in the world.

Where have you been, where have you been,  
My dear Petrus?”

“I won one hundred červinci,  
My dear Hannusja.”

“Where did you spend them, where did you spend them,  
My dear Petrus?”

“I gave them to girls and young wives,  
My dear Hannusja.

Hannusja, my sweetheart,  
Tell me the truth:  
Who spent the night with you  
In my house when I was out?”

“A violinist from L'viv,  
The teamster Mac'ko from Cracow,  
And dreamy Myxajlo,  
The one my heart loves,  
From our village.”

“Hannusja, my sweetheart,  
Tell me the truth:  
What did they eat  
In my house when I was out?”

“The violinist had chickens,  
Teamster Mac'ko had pies,  
And dreamy Myxajlo,  
The one my heart loves,  
Ate roasted chickens.”

“Hannusja, my sweetheart,  
Tell me the truth:  
Where did they all sleep  
In my house when I was out?”

“The violinist slept on the boards,  
Teamster Mac'ko on splinters,  
And dreamy Myxajlo,  
The one my heart loves,  
Slept with me on the pillows.”

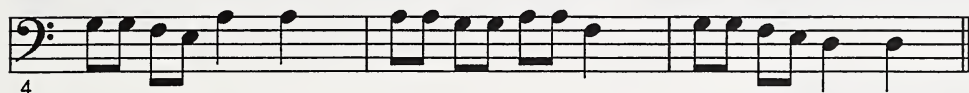
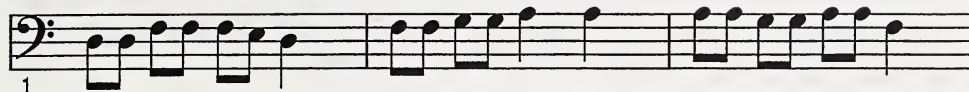
“Hannusja, my sweetheart,  
Tell me the truth:  
How did they leave  
My house when I was out?”

“The violinist left playing,  
Teamster Mac'ko — jumping,  
And dreamy Myxajlo,  
The one my heart loves,  
Went away in tears.”

(The last two lines of each verse are repeated.)

## 34 «ПОПАДЯ»

mm ♩ = 92



Зажурилась попадя,  
Що має робити:  
Гей, що піп з бородов,  
Не мож го любити.

Надумалась попадя  
На діло велике,  
Запрягає коні в бричку,  
Їде до владики.

Приїхала до владики,  
Стала на порозі,  
Обілляли попадю  
Дрібненькії сльози.

«Гей, отчику, владику,  
Буду вас просити,  
Позволити всім попам  
Бороди голити.

Бо як гляну на отця,  
Стає серцю нудно:  
Гей, що піп з боробов,  
Любити го трудно.»

Засміявся владика  
На таку билицю,  
Бере її за рученьку,  
Веде у світлицю.

«Подивися, невісто,  
В мене за столами:  
Скільки в мене попів є,  
То всі з бородами.

Яка в мене борода,  
Чесна та велика.  
Як би не ця борода,  
Не був би владика.»

(Останні два рядки кожної стрічки співають двічі.)

*George Shewchuk  
Vegreville, Alberta  
18 July 1965*

A priest's wife became worried  
As to what she should do,  
Because her priest[-husband] has a beard  
She can't love him.

The priest's wife decided  
To do something serious:  
She hitched the horses to the carriage,  
And rode off to see the bishop.

She arrived at the bishop's,  
And stood at the threshold.  
The priest's wife began to shed  
Little tears.

"O reverend bishop,  
I must beg you  
To allow all priests  
To shave their beards.

For when I glance at my husband  
My heart is saddened,  
For he has a beard  
And it's hard for me to love him."

The bishop began to laugh  
At such a story.  
He took her by the hand,  
And led her to the parlour.

"Look, o woman,  
Sitting here at the tables:  
See how many priests I have here,  
And all of them have beards!

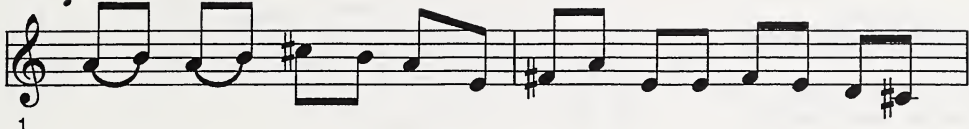
What a grand beard I have myself,  
It's both honourable and long.  
If it weren't for this beard  
I wouldn't be a bishop!"

(The last two lines of each verse are sung twice.)

*DATA:* This humorous song is, in effect, a subtle criticism of the Ukrainian Orthodox Church hierarchy, which forbids its bishops from being married, whereas the ordinary priest can be married. In this song, the bishop intimates that his beard was instrumental in his getting his high position because it dissuaded love affairs and discouraged marriage.

According to the informant, the song is of literary origin: Juri Fed'kovyč, a well-known writer and literary figure in 19th century Western Ukraine, supposedly sang it in 1866. The informant stated that he had been unable to locate the text in those writings of Fed'kovyč which he consulted.

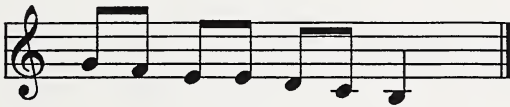
35

mm  $\text{♩} = 104$ 

1



3



5

А я собі, іду собі  
Та й коника веду собі.  
Приспів: Та-ра-ла-ла-ла-ла.

Та й коника, та й кобилу,  
Та й дівчину чорнобриву.

Я ся на ню задивив,  
Візок ми ся поломив.

Не жаль мені того воза,  
Коби дівка була гожа.

А то руда та й погана,  
Візок мені поломала.

А й сам рудий, руду взяв,  
Та й з рудою вік прожив.

Та й руді музики грали,  
Руді гості танцювали.

Народилося маленьке,  
Та й то трошечки руденьке.

*Vera Luciak*  
*Vegreville, Alberta*  
*6 July 1965*

I'm going along  
And guiding my horse.  
Refrain: Ta-ra-la-la-la-la.

A horse and a mare,  
And a dark-browed damsel.

When I stared at her  
My cart broke apart.

I wouldn't mind the cart  
If the damsel were beautiful.

But she is ruddy and homely,  
She broke up my cart.

But I'm ruddy myself, and married one,  
And spent my life with a ruddy wife.

Ruddy musicians played [at the wedding],  
And ruddy guests danced.

A little one was born,  
And it too is a little ruddy.

## 36 «П'ЯНИЦЯ»

free-style

1

3

5

Last line repeated

7

Ой ми браття враз конаймо,  
Забудем за Божий світ.  
Аж там у зеленім гаю  
Тіло моє покладіть.

Як умру, то поховайте  
В гаю там, де я любив.  
І скажіть паламареві,  
Щоби в дзвони не дзвонив.

Бо вже доста на цім світі  
Надзвонили-сьмо в склянки.  
Бо вже доста через мене  
Наплакалися жінки.

Коло мої головочки  
Свічки мені не паліть,  
Лиш за мою грішну душу  
Тільки цигари паліть.

Як будете до гробу нести,  
Коло корчми покладіть  
І щонайліпшов горілков  
Тіло моє покропіть.

Попи, дяки, щоб не співали,  
Лишень сильно хтось трубів,  
А з вас хай ніхто не плаче,  
Щоби я ся не збудив.

Ох ви, браття мої милі,  
 Поховайте без попа,  
 Лишень з дому аж до гробу  
 Хай заграє музика.

(Останні два рядки кожної стрічки співають двічі.)

*Andrijana Andrejiv*  
*Arran, Saskatchewan*  
*26 June 1964*

“THE DRUNKARD”

O brethren, let's meet death together,  
 And let's forget about this world.  
 Over there by the green grove  
 Lay my body to rest.

When I die, be sure to bury me  
 In the grove that I loved so,  
 And tell the sexton  
 Not to toll the bells.

For in this world we've had enough  
 Ringing of glasses,  
 For in this world because of me  
 Enough women have wept.

By my head  
 Do not burn candles for me;  
 Instead, for the repose of my sinful soul  
 Light up cigars.

When you carry me to my grave,  
 Put me down beside the tavern,  
 And with the very best whiskey  
 Sprinkle my body.

Do not have priests and cantors sing,  
 Only have someone blare out with a trumpet,  
 And don't anyone of you weep,  
 For I don't want to be awakened.

O my dear brethren,  
 Bury me without a priest,  
 But from my home to the grave  
 Let music ring out!

(The last two lines of each verse are repeated.)



37

mm ♩ = 104



Горілочки пий си  
 Й мене файно припроси,  
 Ай-ай-ай,  
 Мене файно припроси,  
 Ай-ай-ай.\*

Коріннячком притруси  
 Й мене файно припроси.

Мій чоловік Григорій  
 Лишив скрипку в коморі.

А я пішла муки брати  
 Та й зачала скрипка грати.

А я топір та в долоні,  
 Пішла мука по коморі.

Мій чоловік не такий,  
 Дав до попа знати.

Прийшов піп, сповідає,  
 Жінка сидить та співає.

«Ще-м такого не здибав,  
 Щоби х[в]орий заспівав.»

«Подивіться, панотченьку  
 На біленьке тіло,

Не пізнати, пізнавати,  
 Що ми ся хотіло.

Подивіться, панотченьку,  
 На чорненькі очі,

Не пізнати, пізнавати,  
 Чого ми ся хоче.»

\* У кожній стрічці так само повторюють останній рядок.

Alex Hlady  
 Vegreville, Alberta  
 5 July 1965

Drink some whiskey,  
And ask me nicely,  
Aj-aj-aj  
Ask me nicely  
Aj-aj-aj.\*

Sprinkle it with herbs,  
And ask me nicely.

My husband Hryhorij  
Left his fiddle in the pantry.

I went to get some flour,  
When the fiddle began to play.

I seized an axe with my hands,  
And flour started flying all over the pantry.

My husband is of a different sort,  
He sent for a priest.

The priest came, began to hear my confession;  
The wife sits and sings.

"I've never seen  
A sick person sing."

"Look, Father,  
At my white body,

You can't tell  
What I wanted.

Look, Father,  
At my dark eyes,

You can't tell  
What I want."

\*The last line of each verse is repeated in the same manner.

## PART TWO

# SONGS FROM THE NEW WORLD

by

BOHDAN MEDWIDSKY

The texts presented below form an expansion of Klymasz's first major publication, *An Introduction to the Ukrainian-Canadian Immigrant Folksong Cycle*, by twenty-four texts. In the above publication Klymasz classified his songs of the New World according to the following six categories: A. songs of emigration, B. songs of hardship, C. songs of praise, D. macaronic songs, E. other non-ritual songs, and F. ritual songs. The present collection suggests a seventh category — O. songs of homesickness.

Two criteria were used in selecting the present texts: one was a direct reference to Canada or Canadian lexical items, and the other was the use of the Ukrainian word *čuzyna* (and its cognates), which refers to foreign lands or parts and which in the text also implies strange surroundings and, very often, homesickness.

Insofar as the vocabulary of the texts is concerned, the frequency of anglicisms in them ranges from 0% to approximately 80%. The upper limit, however, is found only in one item of the collection, the well-known "O My Darling Clementine" (published in the collection cited above) which has been Ukrainized rather than *vice-versa* and, as far as the tune is concerned, it is the original that is kept.

Klymasz (1970: 15) characterizes the Ukrainian Canadian immigrant folksong complex as:

... not ritual, or casual, in essence. The main factors that have influenced its development are the historical and sociological aspects of the acculturative process. It is, however, not only the content that reflects the different features as macaronic elements in the texts and borrowings in terms of tune and melody. It is, in effect, these hybrid-like folksongs that constitute the Ukrainian *immigrant* folksong par excellence since they are special to the Ukrainian immigrant community alone.

The traditional folksongs have not been conducive to Canadianization and have made almost no contribution to the Ukrainian-Canadian immigrant folksong cycle; they continue to be sung in 'frozen' form as survivals from the past and are in the process of disappearing from the Ukrainian-Canadian folksong corpus.

The structure of this corpus consists of stanzaic verse. The only exception in this collection is the funeral wail (or lament), where the stichic structure is used. It is obvious from its rare occurrence that this genre is no longer productive, but whether this is due to Canadianization alone or to the cultural processes of modernization has not been established.

### *Songs of Homesickness*

Emigrating from one's native land and the concomitant immigration to the New World would be a radical change for anybody. It could be especially traumatic for someone whose roots were steeped in agriculture. It is only natural that such an event would be reflected in Ukrainian folksongs. This

experience, however, was not a totally new feature of Ukrainian folklore and folklife. Ukrainians have been uprooted and forced to move from their native villages almost since time immemorial. The Ukrainian steppes formed the route of many a nomadic invasion from Asia into Central Europe. During the last millennium the Turks, and especially their allies, the Crimean Tatars, contributed a great deal to involuntary resettlements of Ukrainians (the most common form of displacement being the new life of a captured slave). The above experiences are reflected in a great number of historical songs. (See, for example, *Istoričeskie pesni malorussskogo naroda s ob"jasnenijami* VI. Antonoviča i M. Dragomanova. Vol. 1, 1874, vol. 2, 1875; *Ukrajins'ki narodni dumy ta istoryčni pisni*. 1955; *Istoryčni pisni*, 1961; and *Ukrainian Dumy*, 1979)

Another form of uprooting took place with marriage. It was, perhaps, not generally as drastic as the one described above, yet for some individuals it may have been just as unpleasant. Many a wedding song at least symbolically depicts the parting from one's kith and kin as a sad occasion.

A third manner of uprooting took place with the death of one or both parents. This type of experience is described in many a song of social context about stepparents and about the life of orphans. Orphan songs describing the life of these waifs leaving their homes, looking for food and for work, and especially those expressing a strong feeling of nostalgia share a number of common motifs with turn of the twentieth century emigrant/immigrant folksongs.

Finally, two other categories of Ukrainian folksongs which deal with life away from home must be mentioned. These are the songs of the *čumaky* or salt carters, of hired hands and migrant workers (*Čumački pisni*, 1976, and *Najmyts'ki ta zarobitčans'ki pisni*, 1974). The weariness and discomforts of travel and the various social tensions arising from life away from home are some of the main motifs of the former category, whereas the the songs of the hired hands and of migrant workers can be considered prototypes of the Ukrainian Canadian emigrant/immigrant corpus.

The songs of homesickness identified earlier, although not strictly speaking folklore of the New World, are, in a wider sense, part of the emigration/immigration complex. These texts have not only a number of common traits with the songs of emigration (type A), but they are especially closely related to the songs of hardship (type B). There are three common factors binding the three types (O, A and B) together. These are the mood of loneliness, the nostalgia for the migrant's family and the common symbols of communicating with the exiles and loved ones.

This mood is created by a great number of single words and phrases, such as: *čužyna* "foreign land," *čužyj kraj* "foreign country," *čuži ljudy* "foreign people," *daleka storona* "far away place," *lyxa dolja* "evil fate," *neščastja* "misfortune," *čorni dni* "black days," *bida* "poverty," *hore* "woe," *propasty* "to perish," *marne* "fruitless," *plakaty* "to weep," *sljozy* "tears," *syrotyna* "orphan," *sam* "alone," *rozluka* "separation," *sumno* "sad," *neveselo* "unhappy," *žal* "sorrow," *sumni svjeta* "sad holidays," etc.

The longing for family and friends is expressed by the reflection of terms denoting relatives: *rodyna* and *rid* "family," *bat'ky* "parents," *mama*, *mamka*, *maty*, *mamuncja* "mother," *tato*, *otec* "father," *dity*, *ditočky* "children," *syny* "sons," *donja* "daughter," *brat* "brother," *brattja* "brethren," *sestra* "sister," *žinka*, *žona* "wife," *muž* "husband," *druhy* "friends," *susidon'ky* "neighbours."

The following symbols representing messengers and other means of communicating between the lonely exiles and their loved ones appear in the texts. The most frequent of these are birds: *sokil* "hawk," *holubočok* "pigeon," *horobčyk* "sparrow," *synyčka* "titmouse." Others are *roži kvity* "rose flowers," *lyst*, *lystočok* "a letter," *pysaty* "to write," *visty*, *vistka* "news," *perekazaty* "to relate, pass along a message," *poletity* "to fly," *šifa* "ship," *trena* "train." The last two items are germanisms and anglicisms respectively. The above lists are, of course, not exhaustive.

Not only is there a close relationship between the songs of homesickness (type O) and the other folksongs of the New World when a comparison of the common motifs is made, but it is not unlikely that new variants of Old World songs of homesickness, i.e., the texts without obvious references to the emigration/immigration process, were created by the immigrants in their first years in Canada. Thus

traditional creativity in New World surroundings is affirmed by the comments made by Mrs. Andriana Wolf, the informant who provided the text "My Dear Bukovyna" (no. 41 in this collection) when she discussed the song with R.B. Klymasz:

"Have you made it up yourself or did you learn it from others?"

"Well, from others a bit, and a bit I added out of sorrow, you know, as I was in a foreign country, and that's how I always made things up."

The songs of homesickness form an almost homogeneous group. Most of them project this mood completely. Sometimes they maintain the atmosphere of nostalgia only in part. In one case (no. 42) the text may be divided into two sections, the first describing the longing of a wife for her husband who has gone on a trip, and the second part being a lullaby. In the other text a variant resolution changes the type into a humorous song (no. 43).

One of the texts (no. 38) lists the difficulties of life in a foreign country. The expression *čužyna* "foreign country" is repeated seven times in this text. The prevailing atmosphere is one of sadness and unavoidable despair.

It is sad and cloudy in the valley,  
It is difficult to live in a foreign land  
Because a foreign land is not your family's [place],  
The heart weeps like a child.

Life in a foreign land is compared to lifting a stone; however, whereas one can rest after such work is completed, there seems to be no getting away from a foreign country:

It is difficult to live in a foreign land,  
Just like lifting that stone,  
After I'm perishing needlessly in a foreign land.

Another text (no. 39) deals mainly with reminiscences of the good old days when grain grew abundantly and brothers visited each other and were very close. Not only have things changed for the worse, but the lyrical heroine blames her own stupidity for ending up in a foreign land. In longing for her parents the heroine breaks off a rose flower and lets it float along the water to her folks. Her mother goes to fetch some water, sees the rose, and realizes that bad times have befallen her daughter. In a conversation between the mother and the rose, which symbolizes the daughter's message as well as her messenger, the daughter blames the mother for her miserable fate.

"O daughter, have you been ill for a year,  
Or were you ailing for two,  
That your rose flower  
Has withered so in the water?"

"I have not been ill for a year,  
Nor was I ailing for two,  
But you have given me away to an evil fate,  
I am lost forever."

Another messenger for the daughter to her family is a grey pigeon:

O, I'll tie my head  
With a white kerchief.  
I'll give a message to my family  
By a grey pigeon.

The nostalgia of a person far away from home is expressed in another text (no.40):

I am perishing in foreign land,  
Life moves on fruitlessly.  
I am looking for my family,  
Where could it be going?

O, my merciful God,  
Lead me homewards;  
Let me hear once more  
The pleasant words of my family.

In a mood close to despair the singer-narrator asks the nightingale a number of questions: What are my mother and father doing? Are my brothers and the rest of the family healthy? Is the house still in the same place? Is the green maple still standing in front of the gates? Is the orchard as it used to be? Finally, as in a vision of her childhood the singer-narrator categorically states:

Near the little pond on the small hill  
There is my little house.  
And in that house are father and mother,  
My whole family.

One of the texts in this group (no. 41) names the region in Ukraine from which the immigrant has arrived. As in the previous texts, this text is also permeated with a feeling of loneliness brought about by spending one's life in a foreign country. This feeling of loneliness, however, is stressed by the lyrical hero or narrator of the song, describing himself or herself as an orphan:

My dear Bukovyna,  
My sweet country,  
I, an orphan,  
Am looking furtively at you.

Unlike in the preceding song, where the singer-narrator asks the nightingale to provide him with information about his home and family, in the present text the narrator indulges in some daydreaming during which he sees himself flying like a falcon to his native Bukovyna to a pleasant life and a pleasant end to life.

If I, poor orphan,  
Had the wings of a falcon,  
I would fly  
To our green Bukovyna,  
Where the Prut and the Čeremoš [rivers]  
And the Carpathian mountains are.  
In Bukovyna it is pleasant to live,  
It is also pleasant to die.

One of the folksongs in this group (no.42) consists of a lullaby. The first section of the text, which is similar to the songs of longing and pining, is presented from a different perspective than that in the first four texts. The singer-narrator weeps for her departed husband. Although the period of separation is not likely to be very long (the husband left on a grey mare), the separation is taken so tragically by the young mother that one wonders what she would do if the husband passed away:

O you've departed and abandoned me,  
And I, poor thing, am crying.

I cried out my eyes day and night  
So that I don't see the world anymore.

This section of the song takes the form of a dialogue:

“O you've departed, o you've departed  
On a grey mare,  
And you've left me me so young  
With a little child.”

“I've left you, I've left you  
A cow and a calf,  
So you wouldn't go, so you wouldn't go  
Around the neighbours with a cup.”

The second section of this traditional lullaby has variants which can be found in other publications of this genre. (See, for example, *Dytjačyj fol'klor* 1984: 155-6 and Klymasz 1968: 178.) The following motifs are found in the text: as a child is being rocked, the thin string holding the cradle breaks, causing the baby to be hurt. The mother's worrying about not being able to feed her young child:

I do not regret, I am not sorry  
About the thin string,  
But I do regret and I am worried  
About the little child.

Because the cradle and the string  
I can fix in a day or two,  
But the little child of mine  
I won't be able to feed in seven years.

This worry about the baby may be interpreted as a camouflaged threat to the child (Klymasz 1968: 178). The young mother's frustrations could have been caused by her having to take on additional responsibilities in her husband's absence and possibly not being able to cope.

The remaining text (no.43) in the songs of homesickness group is performed by two informants singing different tunes. The five stanza text varies only insofar as the last two are concerned. The singer complains that her sweetheart is in the Old Country and she invites him over for a visit. In her longing for her sweetheart she develops a headache; she wants to inform him of this and decides to send him a message by a grey falcon:

My head is aching —  
There is nothing to cover it with;  
And there's nobody to pass  
A message to my sweetheart.  
O, I'll cover my head  
With a silk kerchief;  
I'll send a message to my sweetheart  
By a grey falcon.

In the second variant, the nostalgic mood is replaced by a humorous resolution, i.e., the singer decides that the best way to cure her headache is by looking for a doctor with dark eyes whose profession takes second place to his ability to kiss:

My head is aching  
And I've got a pain between the shoulders.

I need a doctor  
 With dark eyes.  
 O, not that kind of doctor  
 Who goes around doctoring;  
 But the kind of doctor  
 Who kisses your face.

This note of humour indicates that even in the most abject situation the exile, emigrant, immigrant or whatever you want to call him displayed a certain dose of optimism.

Songs of emigration (type A) depict the initial point of the emigrating/immigrating process in a much more concrete fashion than do the songs of homesickness. They provide the causes that influenced people in their decision to leave their homes, the goals they attempted to attain and the frustrations that presented themselves during the migratory experience. Unlike in many of the songs of homesickness, where it is sometimes difficult to grasp whether the hero is male or female, in these texts the emigrant or would be emigrant becomes a specific person, i.e., a husband, a young man, or a brother.

The causes for the move are also quite clear. They are either economic or a combination of political and economic oppression. The official emigration procedures are also well documented.

New lexical items like *šif-karta* (ship ticket/card), *šifa* (ship) from the German, and *tren* (train) from the English become part of an ever growing number of borrowings introduced into Ukrainian folksong texts of the New World. Further examples of these are discussed later in connection with other folksong types.

### *Songs of Hardship*

Although hope rises eternally, the ever-present hardships could not be avoided by the early settlers. Disillusionment fostered a very negative attitude towards the new life. This mood is prevalent throughout type B, the most numerous of the new world Ukrainian folksongs in the Klymasz collection.

Two of the most productive themes within this group are the "itinerant migrant" and the "deceitful Canada" types. (See, for example, nos. 47 to 53.) These texts portray the distress and hardships borne by the early colonizers and illustrate the "new world" side of the emigration/immigration coin. As was mentioned earlier, they have very much in common thematically with the songs of homesickness. The main common motifs are the expression of loneliness and nostalgia, the attempts at keeping the channels of communication open, and finally the thought of reunification of family members, be it for a short visit or to bring them over to settle permanently. On the other hand, their main difference in relation to type O is again that type B songs are much more specific and down to earth.

The migrant theme texts contain the same motifs of sorrow caused by the physical separation of family members as found in the songs of homesickness, and the concomitant longing for news. The traditional animals (usually birds, sometimes fish) acting as messengers is another motif common to the songs of hardship and type O songs.

The messenger motif also appears in texts about "deceitful Canada." Here a fish is expected to bring a letter from home (no. 51):

I will sit on a bridge,  
 I will be watching  
 Whether a letter  
 From Ukraine will come floating by.



Many a fish  
Swam by in the water,  
But I didn't see a single one  
That carried a letter.

Motifs of nostalgia, sorrow, longing, and of tears are also found in the majority of the texts of this group, as well as the motifs of attempting to communicate with family members. The more closely one compares the songs of homesickness with those of hardship, the more evident it becomes that the productivity of the former type in Canada led to the creation of those variants which formed the new world analogue.

As was mentioned before, one of the most productive themes in the latter group (type B) is that of the itinerant immigrant. Usually the texts start off with the line "As I walk through Canada..." Often they continue as follows: "... I count the miles, Wherever nightfall finds me, There I bed down." Also, the recurring reference to a deceitful Canada obtains: "O Canada, Canada, How deceitful you are, Many a husband You have separated from his wife." Sometimes the text continues in the same vein, providing a more complete picture of the separation and stressing the privations encountered in Canada: "Many a husband, And many children. How woeful it is is To remain in Canada." This same tale of woe is sometimes stressed: "O mother, if you knew, How poverty-stricken I am..."

The most productive theme in the songs of hardship group is that of "deceitful Canada." Seven of its variants can be found in the Klymasz archives. This theme has also been observed within the "itinerant immigrant" complex as well. Canada is, thus, personified and has accordingly been incorporated into the fabric of Ukrainian folksongs. This feature was noted by Klymasz when he wrote:

An interesting feature, insofar as the verbal aspect of the text is concerned, is the occasional attempt to poeticize the place-name, Canada, and to incorporate it into the traditional patterns of folksong poetics. Quite naturally, 'Canada' took on a feminine gender in the Ukrainian language by virtue of its *-a* ending. The next step was simply anthropomorphosis. 'She' became responsible for the separation of loved ones. (Klymasz 1970: 8)

The most essential feature of this anthropomorphized personality are contained in the following excerpt:

O Canada, Canada,  
How deceitful you are,  
Many a husband  
You have separated from his wife.  
  
You have separated the husband,  
You have separated the children,  
Would that you, Canada,  
Disappear forever.

These are recurring motifs in nos. 47 and 48, as well as in nos. 50 to 53, inclusive, in which they form the incipit.

A quotation by Kaye indicates that in some instances the immigrants may have had good reason for calling Canada deceitful. A frustrated government official is quoted as reporting: "You cannot imagine the difficulty there is to get these people to go to a place; it either has to be done by force or deception."

While Canada could be accused of many misdeeds, preventing people from returning to their places of origin was not one of them. In the songs of hardship group there are texts in which the thought of returning home is mentioned.

In some texts, instead of going back or thinking of going home, the immigrant plans to bring his family to the New World, or at least for a visit. In no. 46 a poverty-stricken sister who has sorely

missed her brothers tries to entice them over the distant ocean by promising to have the table laden with spirits and bread every feast day and Sunday:

“Sister of ours, sister of ours,  
Our very own sister,  
How can we come to you  
When you are so poor?”

“O my brothers, o my brothers,  
Don't pay any attention to that,  
And on every feast day and every Sunday  
Do come as guests.

I'm going to borrow some *horilka*  
And I'm going to get some bread,  
And, thus, my brothers,  
I'm going to entertain you as guests.”

### Macaronic Songs

If the present folksong collection is viewed chronologically, then the macaronic songs can be seen as a transition from Ukrainian folksongs about Canada to Ukrainian Canadian folksongs. With this transition Canada is no longer a strange, unfamiliar and foreign country. The questions are no longer whether to come to Canada or whether to stay. Canada is now home; it is, so to say, the norm and not the exception. The immigrant has now become a settler in his own right and the texts in the present collection indicate this new attitude.

Another factor closely connected with the settlers taking root in Canada is the interpolation of English words as new situations developed or new technical inventions made their appearance. The steady infusion of English borrowings very often also reflected the tension between old and new world cultures to which the settlers were assimilating. A new sort of macaronic language resulted, reflecting a typical Ukrainian Canadian characteristic in oral literature. A concise description of this language has been provided by Klymasz in the preface to his *Introduction to the Ukrainian-Canadian Immigrant Folksong Cycle*:

As far as the traditional folksong corpus is concerned, the macaronic immigrant folksong cannot be absorbed into and disseminated within the framework of the “all-Ukrainian” folksong corpus because its hybrid nature makes it “foreign” to the traditional corpus. Similarly, the English speaking culture that surrounds the immigrant community is unable to adopt the macaronic folksong because of its Ukrainian language features. The Ukrainian immigrant macaronic folksong is, then, *the* immigrant folksong *par excellence* created by and for the immigrant community which alone understands and appreciates it.... What appears trivial and nonsensical to the English speaking reader is hilarious to the Ukrainian Canadian. (Klymasz 1970: 12).

The macaronic folksongs are, thus, on the humorous side, although the humour is at times somewhat abrasive. They address themselves the several aspects of social customs. For example, what makes girls eligible for marriage (no. 54):

O the girl would have gotten married  
During this next season  
If she had not been stealing  
Cigars from the Chinaman.  
  
One of them stole cigarettes,  
And another bananas;

A third one was on the lookout from the side  
Whether the Chinamen were coming.

Helen, Stella, and Theresa  
Kept up with the fashion,  
And each had sewn dresses  
Twenty-four stories high.

When she wears the dress  
And "colours" her snout  
She plays the role  
Of a great lady.

The moral of the song is that none of these new fads will help the girls to be considered attractive marriage partners:

"Stop, you girl, putting on make-up  
Because people will laugh at you,  
Because these powders and lipsticks  
Will not make [you] a good housewife!"

Married life with its ups and downs is the theme of several texts. One perspective of family quarrels is that of a child (no. 55):

O dad had three goats  
And he sold them at the market: ...

When mom found out about it  
She squandered seven dollars: ...

When dad found out about it  
He beat mom black and blue: ...

Dad was standing near the house,  
Mom let him have it with a shovel. ...

The song continues in the style of slapstick, the third line of each stanza consisting of onomatopoeic word forms, *to sjak*, *to tak*, *to sju*, *to tu*, with the second line being repeated as line four.

Some folksong texts are of a short anecdotal character, such as one depicting an incident in the kitchen — an excellent example of how a potential calamity can be turned into a success or how seriously womenfolk take bachelors (no. 56):

...  
My melon burned so much  
That even a pig wouldn't eat it.  
And how I began to worry,  
What am I going to do now?  
But I can praise it nicely,  
Some bachelor is going to eat it.

The gullibility of men is also depicted in another text. In addition, they seem to be poor judges of character and impulsive in their interaction with women (no.57):

I did not get to know her and immediately fell in love,  
"Don't laugh, I say, don't poke fun!  
You're my kitten, my puppy, my little darling,

You're mine, [just] kiss me."

For some reason she declined, for some reason she grumbled,  
But I vanquished her:  
I latched on to her as if I had lost my senses,  
I kissed her to my heart's desire.

It wasn't till later that I found out how I was mistaken,  
And what kind of lady this was: ...

In text no. 58 37.5% of its vocabulary, that is, fifteen out of forty words, are English:

The violin and hammer dulcimer are playing;  
*Mike* and *Mary* had *ice cream*,  
And they danced all kinds of waltzes,  
Till *Mike* stepped on *Mary's* toe.

"*Sorry, Mary*, I didn't intend it,  
I was dancing so intensely that I'm in a sweat."

"I *don't like* such *dances*."

"Come on, *Mary*, for a *ride*."

The fifteen English lexical items consist of *Mary* (used four times), *Mike* (used twice), *ice cream* (written as one word in Ukrainian), *sorry*, *dances*, *don't like*, *for a*, and *ride*. Although the macaronic songs are still very popular among Ukrainian Canadians, especially on radio programs and at weddings in Western Canada, some negative reaction to them has been noticed in cases where the texts were created by outsiders, such as Nestor Pistor of CBC fame.

### Ritual Songs

Death, whether it occurs in the trenches from an enemy bullet or a cardiac arrest in bed, leaves a strong impression on the family of the deceased. Traditionally Ukrainian women bewailed their dead and continued to do this in Canada. One example of a lament, a genre which is no longer productive, has been included here as no. 11.

Insofar as ritual folksongs are concerned, the Ukrainian wedding songs seem to be the only productive genre in this class. The most productive wedding song among Ukrainian Canadians is the *vivat*, which is sung in honour of the bridal couple. The *vivat* has probably evolved from the traditional *posad* (wedding seat of honour) songs. In Ukraine the groom and the bride were led to a wedding seat in the corner of honour.

The Ukrainian *posad* song (no. 59) included here is one that has many motifs of the songs of homesickness describing the distance separating family members and the obstacles that make visiting an almost superhuman task:

The cuckoo was flying  
And perched on a branch.  
You, my sister,  
Have invited me for a visit.

How gladly, o sister,  
I would come for a visit,  
But the way is a long one;  
I'm unable to make it.

The way is a long one  
And the ocean is wide.  
When I think about it —

“O my God, o my God!”

According to Klymasz, commemorative songs have now replaced the funeral lament both in style and in function. Instead of the stichic structure of the lament, that of the commemorative songs is of stanzaic versification, the function of both types being the same.

I am walking through the forest,  
I am roaming through the forest,  
I am looking for the way  
To my sister's.

I am looking for the way,  
A dry roadway.  
Maybe I could make my way  
To my family.

The prevailing sadness of the above stanzas of the wedding song is reinforced in the remaining one, in which it is revealed that the bride is orphaned. This is significant, because in traditional Ukrainian weddings the mother has always played an important role. Unlike in Anglo-Saxon society, it was not the father but the mother who gave away the daughter.

Sister, o sister,  
You're seated on the wedding seat,  
You're seated on the wedding seat.  
You look sad,  
And that is, o sister,  
Because you have no mother.

There is another text in the Klymasz archive which has an intermediate position between traditional wedding seat songs and the Ukrainian Canadian *vivat*. Klymasz defines their function as wedding presentation songs:

After the wedding feast, it is often the custom for family, relatives and guests to line up before the head table to present the couple with a gift or simply to wish them good luck. The good wishes may be in the form of a song ... [which]...may be a humorous narrative...or it may be of a personal nature... (Klymasz 1970: 86).

In the following text there is a mood of foreboding present throughout, with one exception—the stanza containing the presentation of the gold coin symbolic of wealth and, by implication, good fortune (no. 60):

Dear sister,  
I feel sorry for you,  
Not so much for you  
As for your beauty.  
Because your beauty  
Is like dew in the field:  
It will fall, it will fall  
Like the grain from the ear.

And when the grain falls off  
The ear will turn black.  
Thus my sister  
Will pine away.

I'm presenting you, o brother-in-law,  
This gold dollar.

Respect my sister  
And you'll be a landowner.

Because my sister  
Is as white as a card.  
If you won't respect her  
Then you're not worthy of her.

The content of the Ukrainian Canadian *vivat* genre is again broadly described by Klymasz as texts that

...appear to depart from, and at times, to completely ignore the wedding situation. They are very contemporary, and basically they are comic songs; both of these features are underscored by the interpolation of macaronic elements. In fact, on other grounds, most of them could be grouped together with the non-ritual; macaronic immigrant songs (D-type) with their everyday, casual thematic material. (Klymasz 1970: 13-14)

The common denominator of the Ukrainian Canadian *vivat* is the toast to the newlyweds. This invocation is explicit in some texts, implicit in others or totally absent.

The shortest of the *vivat* texts in the Klymasz archives is devoted almost exclusively to the toast (no. 61):

Musicians, musicians!  
I'm going to ask you:  
Strike up a *vivat* for me,  
I'm going to drink cider.  
  
I'm going to drink cider  
From a new glass,  
To the health of the guests,  
And to the bridegroom!

The following twenty-four songs demonstrate the productivity of certain types of the Ukrainian Canadian folksong. This class (songs of the New World) indicates both in the wider and stricter sense of the word that the ritual songs have been viable only insofar as the wedding songs are concerned. This is not entirely so. The songs of the Christmas season are no doubt very popular in Canada (as witnessed by the Klymasz archives). An example of Canadianization in a text of the winter cycle was pointed out by Klymasz when he described:

...a young maiden who collects flowers and assorted greens for her wedding wreath; she places these in the long flowing sleeve of her garment. In the following Canadianized fragment, the singer has replaced the sleeve with a small box in an effort to bring the image up to date. Moreover, the small box is in itself expressed by means of a hybridization of the English word "box," plus the diminutive Ukrainian suffix —*očka* (*baksočka*):

A beautiful maiden was walking o'er the hill ...  
As she walked she gathered garlic leaves ...  
As she gathered garlic leaves, she placed them in a small *box* ...  
As she gathered the leaves, she plaited a wreath ... (Klymasz 1970: 14)

The Ukrainian Canadian collection gathered by Klymasz ends in 1969. More than two decades have passed since the last text was taped. Many of the informants are probably no longer with us. It remains for future folklorists to retrace Klymasz's steps so that one can ascertain whether the general picture of the complex is still the same and, if not, what changes have taken place.

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38

mm ♩ = 60 avec ralentando

1

4

7

10



1

4

7

10

1

4

7

10 rit

13

16

Сумно, хмарно по долині,  
Тяжко жити на чужині,  
Бо чужина не родина,  
Плаче серце як дитина.

На чужині тяжко жити,  
Як той камінь підоймити.  
Камінь здойму, відпочину,  
А на чужині марне згину.

Хто чужини та й не знає,  
Най мене ся запитає,  
Бо я чужину добре знаю,  
Бо я в чужині пробуваю.

(Останні два рядки кожної стрічки співають двічі.)

*Andrijana Andrejčiv*  
*Arran, Saskatchewan*  
*26 June 1964*

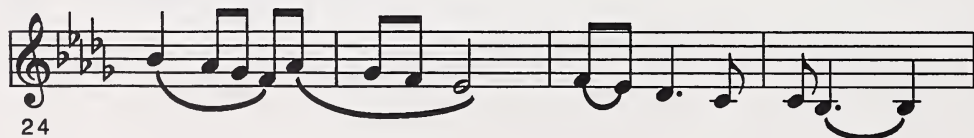
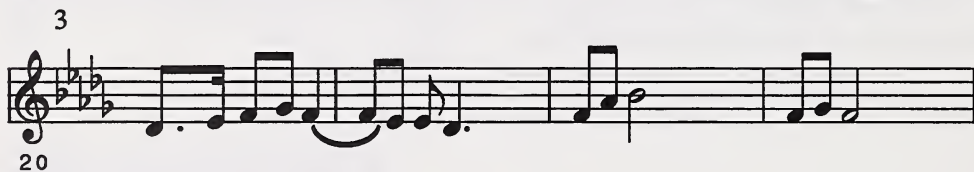
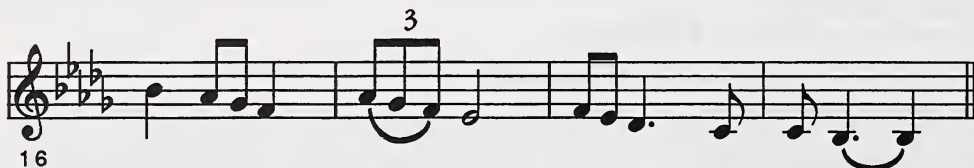
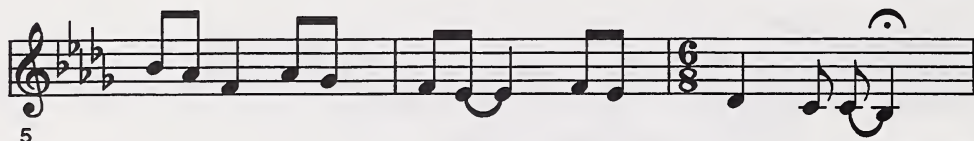
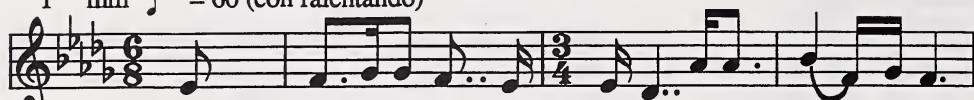
It is sad and cloudy in the valley,  
It is difficult to live in a foreign land  
Because a foreign land is not your family's [place],  
The heart weeps like a child.

It is difficult to live in a foreign land,  
Just like lifting a stone.  
After lifting a stone I rest,  
But I'm perishing needlessly in a foreign land.

Who does not know [the meaning of] a foreign land,  
Let him find out from me  
Because I know the foreign land well,  
Because I live in a foreign land.

(The last two lines of each verse are sung twice.)

39

1 mm  $\text{♩} = 60$  (con ralentando)

3

1

4

5

9

5

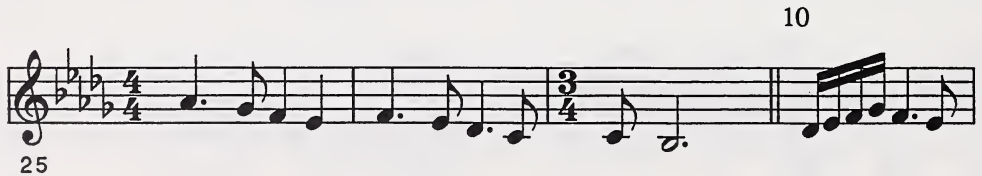
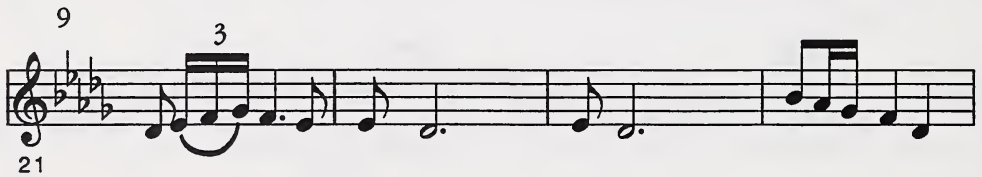
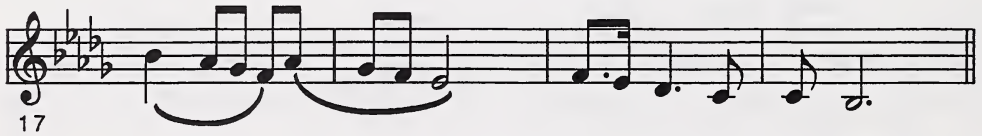
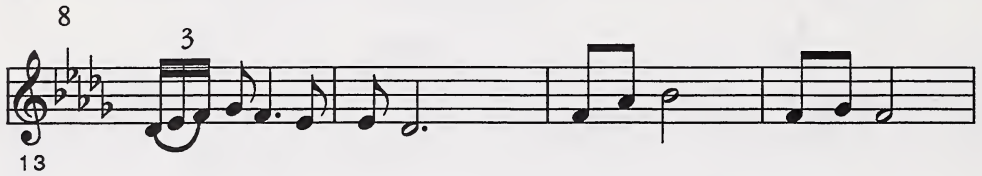
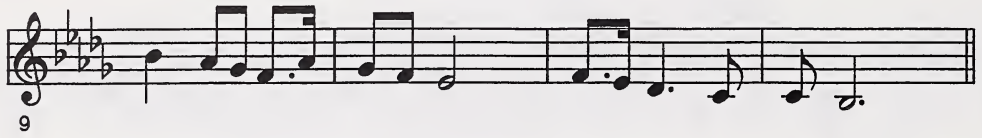
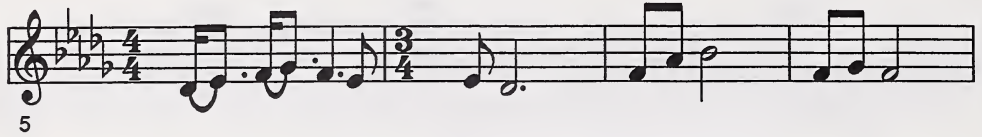
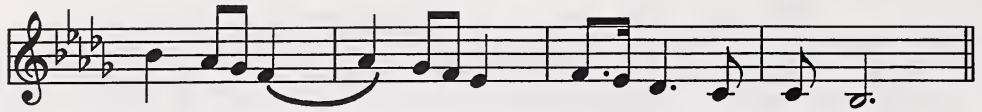
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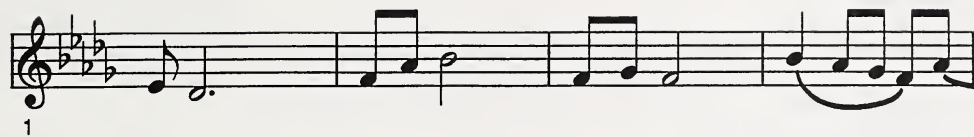
17

6

21

25





1

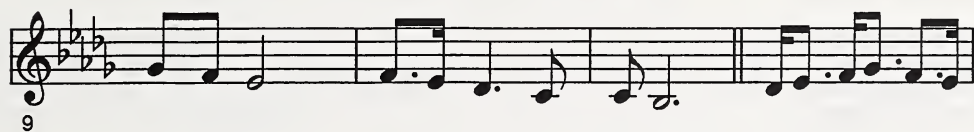
Musical staff 1: Treble clef, key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), 2/4 time signature. The staff contains four measures of music. The first measure starts with a quarter rest followed by a quarter note. The second measure has a quarter note followed by a half note. The third measure has a quarter note followed by a half note. The fourth measure has a quarter note followed by a half note, with a slur over the last two notes.



5

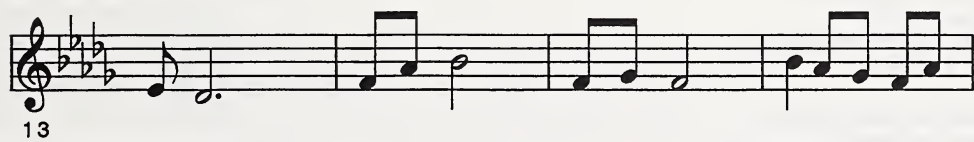
Musical staff 5: Treble clef, key signature of three flats, 2/4 time signature. The staff contains four measures of music. The first measure has a quarter note followed by a quarter note. The second measure has a quarter note followed by a quarter note. The third measure has a quarter note followed by a quarter note. The fourth measure has a quarter note followed by a quarter note, with a slur over the last two notes.

11



9

Musical staff 9: Treble clef, key signature of three flats, 2/4 time signature. The staff contains four measures of music. The first measure has a quarter note followed by a quarter note. The second measure has a quarter note followed by a quarter note. The third measure has a quarter note followed by a quarter note. The fourth measure has a quarter note followed by a quarter note.



13

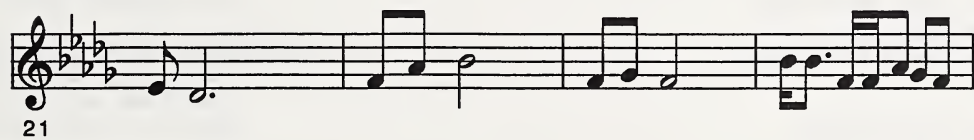
Musical staff 13: Treble clef, key signature of three flats, 2/4 time signature. The staff contains four measures of music. The first measure starts with a quarter rest followed by a quarter note. The second measure has a quarter note followed by a half note. The third measure has a quarter note followed by a half note. The fourth measure has a quarter note followed by a half note, with a slur over the last two notes.

12



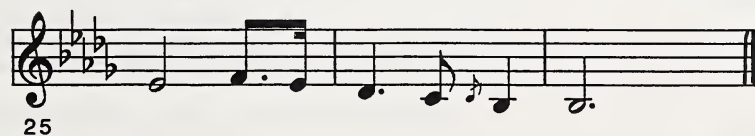
17

Musical staff 17: Treble clef, key signature of three flats, 2/4 time signature. The staff contains four measures of music. The first measure has a quarter note followed by a quarter note. The second measure has a quarter note followed by a quarter note. The third measure has a quarter note followed by a quarter note. The fourth measure has a quarter note followed by a quarter note, with a slur over the last two notes and a '3' above the staff indicating a triplet.



21

Musical staff 21: Treble clef, key signature of three flats, 2/4 time signature. The staff contains four measures of music. The first measure starts with a quarter rest followed by a quarter note. The second measure has a quarter note followed by a half note. The third measure has a quarter note followed by a half note. The fourth measure has a quarter note followed by a half note, with a slur over the last two notes.



25

Musical staff 25: Treble clef, key signature of three flats, 2/4 time signature. The staff contains four measures of music. The first measure has a quarter note followed by a quarter note. The second measure has a quarter note followed by a quarter note. The third measure has a quarter note followed by a quarter note. The fourth measure has a quarter note followed by a quarter note.

А як собі розгадаю  
 Свої давні літа,  
 Сльози мене обливають,  
 Що й не вижу світа. (Останні два рядки співають двічі.)

Давні літа добрі були:  
 Хліба ся родили,  
 Брат до брата зчаста ходив,  
 Сестри ся любили.

Вже й минули давні літа,  
 Хліба ся не родят,  
 Брат до брата не приходит,  
 Сестри ся не й сходять.  
 Брат до брата не говорить,  
 Сестри ся й не сходять.

Ой піду я в той садочок  
 Та налом'ю лому.  
 Заніс мене дурний розум  
 Й а в чужу сторону.

А в чужії стороночці  
 Ні отця, ні мати,  
 Лишень сади—виногради,  
 Соловій щибече.

Ой урву я з рожі квітку,  
 Кину йо на воду.  
 «Пливи, пливи, з рожі квітка,  
 Аж до мого роду!» (Останні два рядки співають двічі.)

Пливе, пливе з рожі квітка  
 Та й на шумі стала.  
 Вийшла мати воду брати  
 Та й квітку пізнала.

«Чи ти, доню, рік боліла,  
 Чи два хорувала,  
 Що так твоя з рожі квітка  
 На воді зів'яла?»

«Ані я рік не боліла,  
 Ні два хорувала,  
 Лиш дала-с ня за лиху долю,  
 На віки-м пропала.»

Лиху долю ні продати,  
 Ані проміняти,  
 Лиш мусю я з лихов долев  
 Вік свій коротати.  
 Лиш мусю я з лихов долев  
 Свій вік коротати.

Болит мене головочка,  
 Нічим зав'язати.  
 Та й далеко до родини,  
 Ніким переказати.



Ой зав'яжу головочку  
Біленьким платочком.  
Перекажу до родини  
Сивим голубочком.

*Andrijana Andrejčiv*  
*Arran, Saskatchewan*  
*26 June 1964*

When I recall  
My past years  
Tears drench me  
So that I can't see the world. (The last two lines are sung twice.)

Past years were good,  
Grains grew aplenty,  
Brothers would visit one another frequently,  
Sisters would love each other.

Past years are gone already,  
Grains no longer grow,  
Brothers don't visit each other,  
Sisters don't get together.  
Brothers don't speak to one another,  
Sisters don't get together.

Oh, I'll go into the orchard  
And I'll break off some wind fallen branches.  
My foolish thinking  
Has brought me to a foreign country.

And in the foreign country  
There is neither father nor mother.  
Only vineyards  
And the nightingale sings.

Oh, I'll break off a rose flower,  
I'll throw it on the water.  
Float, float, rose flower  
All the way to my family.

The rose flower floats and floats,  
And stopped in the foam.  
Mother came to draw water  
And recognized the flower.

"Oh, daughter, have you been ill for a year,  
Or were you ailing for two,  
That your rose flower  
Has withered so in the water?"

"I have not been ill for a year,  
Nor was I ailing for two.  
But you have given me away to an evil fate,  
I am lost forever."

One cannot sell an evil fate,  
Nor can one exchange it.  
But I am forced to spend my life  
With an evil fate.        (The last two lines are sung twice.)

Oh, my head is aching,  
But there's nothing to bind it with.  
And it's far to my family  
But there's nobody to take a message.

Oh, I'll tie my head  
With a white kerchief.  
I'll pass a message to my family  
By a grey pigeon.

40

1 mm ♩ = 72

Musical staff 1: Treble clef, key signature of two flats, 4/4 time signature. Measures 1-4. Measure 1 is marked with a '1' below it.

Musical staff 2: Treble clef, key signature of two flats, 4/4 time signature. Measures 5-8. Measure 5 is marked with a '4' below it.

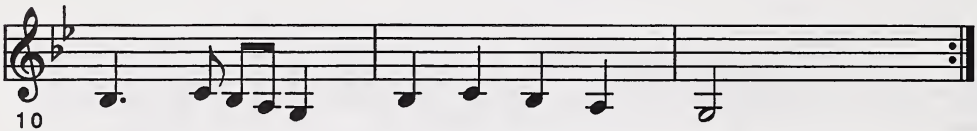
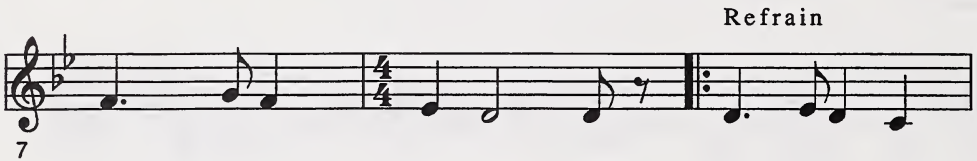
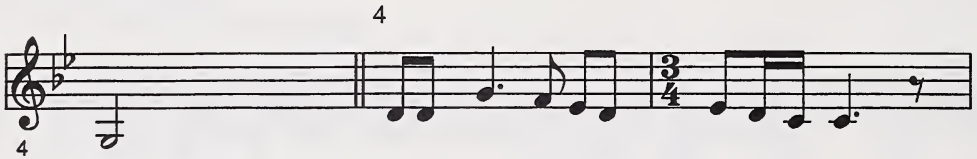
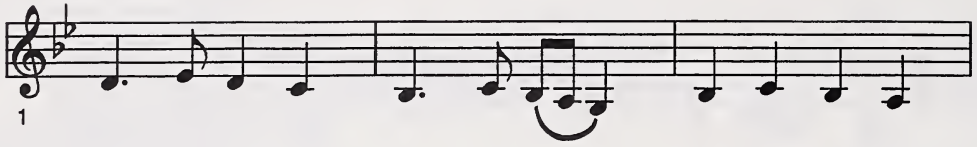
Musical staff 3: Treble clef, key signature of two flats, 4/4 time signature. Measures 9-12. Measure 9 is marked with a '7' below it. Measure 11 is marked with a '2' above it.

Musical staff 4: Treble clef, key signature of two flats, 4/4 time signature. Measures 13-16. Measure 13 is marked with a '10' below it. Measure 15 has a 3/4 time signature change.

Musical staff 5: Treble clef, key signature of two flats, 4/4 time signature. Measures 17-20. Measure 17 is marked with a '13' below it.

Musical staff 6: Treble clef, key signature of two flats, 4/4 time signature. Measures 21-24. Measure 21 is marked with a '16' below it. Measure 23 is marked with a '3' above it.

Musical staff 7: Treble clef, key signature of two flats, 3/4 time signature. Measures 25-28. Measure 25 is marked with a '19' below it. Measure 27 has a 4/4 time signature change.



На чужині загибаю,  
Марне життя йде.  
За родиню споглядаю,  
А де ж вона йде?

Ой Боже ж мій милостивий,  
Веди мене в домів,  
Най я вчую ще раз мило  
Від родини слів.

Соловію, соловію,  
Вітаєш світами,  
Скажи мені яку вістку  
Від тата й від мами.

Чи здорові, як ся мають,  
Браття, вся родина?  
Чи така, як давно була,  
Рідная хатина?

Чи стоїть там пред воротях  
Явір зелененький?  
Чи такий, як давно було,  
Мій сад молоденький?

При ставочку на горбочку,  
Там моя хатина,  
А в тій хаті й тато, й мати,  
Вся моя родина.

(За винятком першої стрічки, останні два рядки співають двічі.)

*Anna Chicilo*  
*Rama, Saskatchewan*  
*27 July 1964*

I'm perishing in a foreign land,  
Life moves on fruitlessly.  
I'm looking for my family,  
Where could it be going?

O, my merciful God,  
Lead me homewards,  
Let me hear once again  
My family's pleasant words.

Nightingale, o nightingale,  
You soar all over the world,  
Bring me some news  
From father and mother.

Are they healthy, and how are my brothers,  
How's the whole family doing?  
And is the family house  
Still as it used to be?

Is the green maple  
Still standing before the gate?  
Is the young orchard  
Still as it used to be long ago?

Near the little pond on the small hill  
There is my little house,  
And in that house are my father and mother,  
My whole family.

(Except for the first verse, the last two lines are repeated.)

41

1 mm ♩ = 63

1 2

5

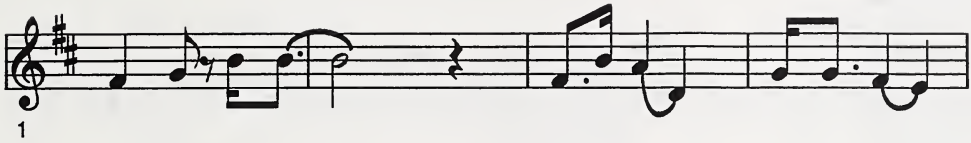
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13 3

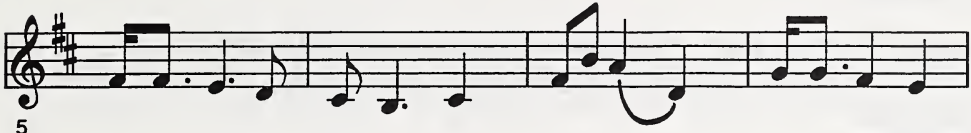
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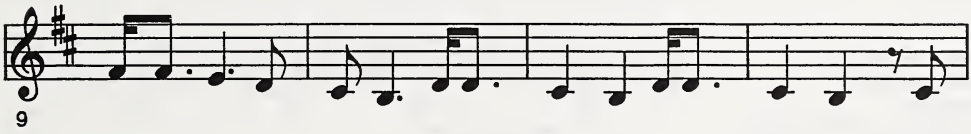


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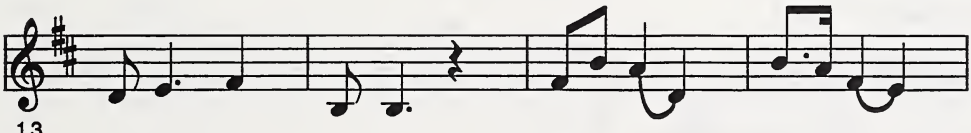


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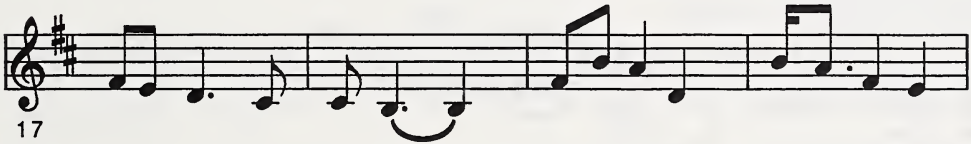
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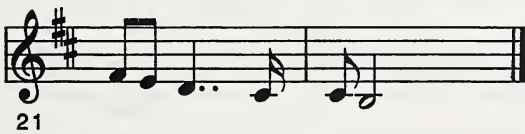
9



13



17



21

Буковина, моя мила,  
Мій солодкий краю!  
Я на тебе, сиротина,  
Нишком поглядаю.

Як заплачу жалібненько  
На чужій сторонці,  
Я тут в'яну і всихаю,  
Як листок на сонцю.

Тут ні друзи, ні родини,  
Ні рідної хати.  
Тяжко мені на чужині  
Свій вік вікувати.

Як би крила соколові  
 Мав я сиротина,  
 Полетів би-м, де зелена  
 Наша Буковина.

Де Прут, Чермуш  
 І гори Карпати.  
 В Буковині мило жити,  
 Мило і вмирати.

(За винятком першої стрічки, останні два рядки кожної співають двічі.)

*Andrijana Andrejčiv*  
*Arran, Saskatchewan*  
*26 June 1964*

My dear Bukovyna,  
 My sweet country,  
 I, an orphan,  
 Am looking furtively at you.

When I cry out in sorrow  
 In a foreign land,  
 I'm wilting and drying up,  
 Like a leaf in the sun.

Here are neither friends, nor family,  
 Nor your native house.  
 It's difficult to spend my whole life  
 In a foreign country.

If I, poor orphan,  
 Had the wings of a falcon,  
 I would fly to  
 Our green Bukovyna.

Where the Prut and Čeremoš [rivers]  
 And the Carpathian mountains are.  
 In Bukovyna it is pleasant to live,  
 It is also pleasant to die.

(Except for the first, the last two lines of each verse are repeated.)



42

mm = 69 Strophic form

1

5

1. 2.

8

1 3 3

5

1. 2.

8

«Ой ти поїхав, мене понихав,  
А я бідненька плачу.  
Сплакала-м очи, як вдень, так вночі,  
Що вже й світа не бачу.

Ой ти поїхав, ой ти поїхав,  
Сивою кобилою,  
А мене-с лишив, молоденькую,  
З маленьков дитиною.»

«Я тобі лишив, я тобі лишив  
Коровицю з телетком,  
Щоби ти не йшла, щоби ти не йшла  
По сусідах з горнетком.

Я тобі лишив, я тобі лишив  
Два колосочки в стозі,  
Щоби ти їла тото удома,  
Що я буду в дорозі.»

Колисаласі, колисаласі,  
Колисочка новенька.  
Та й урваласі, та й урваласі  
Ворозочка тоненька.

Та й урваласі, урваласі  
Ворозочка тоненька.  
Та й вдариласі, розплакаласі  
Дитиночка маленька.

Ой не жаль мені, не шкода мені  
Ворозки тоненької.  
Лиш ми дуже жаль, та й шкода мені  
Дитини маленької.

Бо колисочку та й ворозочку  
За день, за два зготую,  
А дитиночку мою маленьку  
До сім літ не згодую.

Бо колисочка та й ворозочка  
З крутого деревенька,  
А дитиночка моя маленька  
З-під самого серденька.

(Останні два рядки перших двох і останніх двох стрічок співають двічі.)

*Kateryna Obuck*  
*Yorkton, Saskatchewan*  
*9 July 1964*

“O you've departed and abandoned me,  
And I, poor thing, am crying.  
I cried out my eyes day and night,  
So that I don't see the world anymore.

O you've departed, o you've departed  
On a gray mare,  
And you've left me, young woman,  
With a little child."

"I've left you, I've left you  
A cow and a calf,  
So you wouldn't go, so you wouldn't go  
Around the neighbours with a cup."

I've left you, I've left you  
Two ears of grain in the stook,  
So you could eat this at home  
When I'll be on the road."

It was being rocked, it was being rocked,  
The new cradle [was being rocked];  
But it tore, but it tore,  
The thin string [tore].

But it tore, but it tore,  
The thin string [tore].  
And the little child  
Hurt itself and burst into tears.

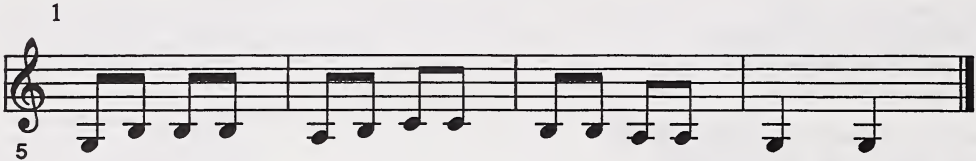
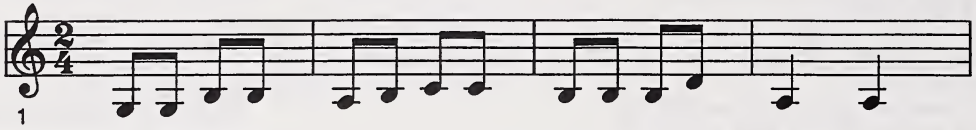
I do not regret, I am not sorry  
About the thin string,  
But I do regret and I'm worried  
About the little child.

Because the cradle and the string  
I can fix in a day or two,  
But my little child  
I won't be able to feed until it is seven.

Because the cradle and the string  
Are made from crooked wood,  
But my little child  
Is from my very heart.

(The last two lines of the first two and last two verses are repeated.)

43

mm  $\text{♩} = 116$ 

[Ой] кувала зазуленька  
 Й кувала й зазулька.  
 Ой десь милий в старім краю,  
 А я бідна тутка.

Та й кувала й зазуленька  
 Й на широкім мості:  
 «Приїдь, приїдь, мій миленький,  
 Хоч до мене в гості!»

Болит мене головочка,  
 Аж вочима жмуру.  
 Ніхто мнє ся не спитає,  
 Чого я ся журу.

А

Болит мене головочка,  
 Нема чим зв'язати;  
 Та й нема ким передати  
 Миленькому знати.

Ой зв'яжу я головочку  
 Шовковим платочком;  
 Перекажу до милого  
 Сивим соколочком.

Б

Болит мене головочка  
 Й межі плечима.  
 Мені треба дохторонька  
 З чорними вочима.

Ой не того й дохторонька,  
 Що він дохторує,  
 Але того дохторонька,  
 Що личко цілує.

*Maria Halas, Paran'ka Skrypyk, and Barbara Tymchyslyn*  
*Mundare, Alberta*  
*16 July 1965*

[O] the cuckoo cooed,  
The cuckoo cooed.  
O my sweetheart is in the old country,  
And I, poor one, am here.

And the cuckoo cooed  
On the wide bridge.  
"Do come, do come, my sweetheart,  
At least visit me."

My head is aching so much  
That I'm squinting my eyes.  
There's no one to ask me  
Why I'm worried.

A

My head is aching,  
There's nothing to cover it with.  
There's no one to pass  
A message to my sweetheart.

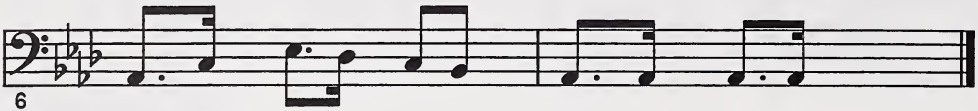
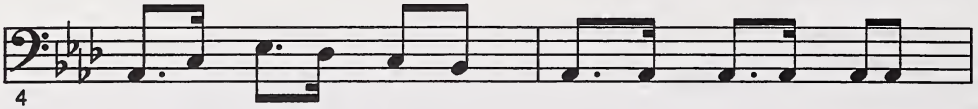
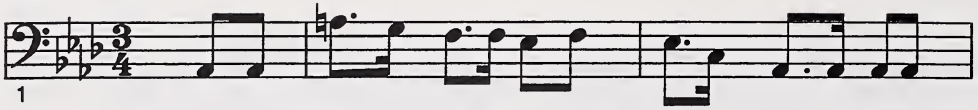
O I'll cover my head  
With a silk kerchief;  
I'll send a message to my sweetheart  
By a grey falcon.

B

My head is aching,  
And I've got a pain between the shoulders.  
I need a doctor  
With dark eyes.

O not the kind of doctor  
Who goes about doctoring,  
But the kind of doctor  
Who kisses your face.

44

mm  $\text{♩} = 80$ 

Пише мій брат з краю,  
Що дуже бідує.  
Град пшеницю вибив,  
А він голодує.

«Сестро ж моя, сестро,  
Не дай нам бідити.  
Пришли ми шіфкарту,  
Буду тя любити.

Буду твої руки,  
Ноги цілувати,  
Буду в Америци  
Грошей заробляти.»

(Останні два рядки кожної стрічки співають двічі.)

*Walter Danylyshen*  
*Rama, Saskatchewan*  
*16 August 1964*

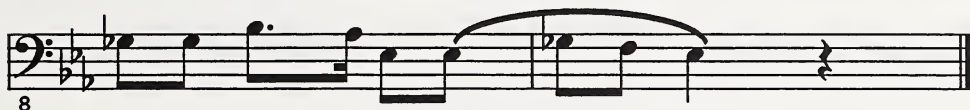
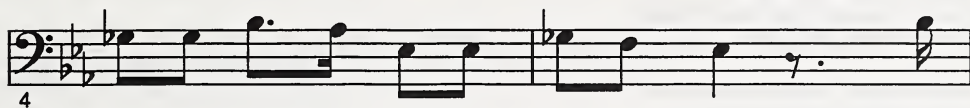
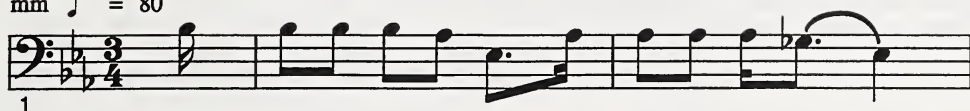
My brother is writing from the [old] country  
That hard times have hit him.  
Hail has killed the wheat,  
And he is going hungry.

“Sister of mine, sister,  
Don't leave us in dire straits.  
Send me a ship ticket,  
I'm going to cherish you.

I will kiss  
Your hands and feet.  
I will be earning  
Money in America.”

(The last two lines of each verse are sung twice.)

45

mm  $\text{♩} = 80$ 

Вийшов же я на треку, взяв я вандрувати.

Гей-я, гей, взяв я вандрувати.

Де я буду, бідний, зиму зимувати?

Гей-я, гей, зиму зимувати.

Піду я до брата зиму зимувати.

Гей-я, гей, зиму зимувати.

Сів я кінець стола, взяв думки думати.

Гей-я, гей, взяв думки думати.

Брат ми ся й питає: «Чо сидиш, думаєш?»

Гей-я, гей, чо сидиш, думаєш?

Робив-ис без літо й тепер гроші маєш.

Гей-я, гей, тепер гроші маєш.

Не треба сидіти й не тра се журити.

Гей-я, гей, не тра се журити,

Но піти до штору, муки си купити.

Гей-я, гей, муки си купити.

Муки си купити, ше діжчину сира.

Гей-я, гей, ше діжчину сира.

Буде моя жінка пироги варила.

Гей-я, гей, пироги варила.»

Зимую я в брата та ше братової.

Гей-я, гей, та ше братової.

Не такі пироги, та як жінки мої.

Гей-я, гей, та як жінки мої.

Жінка, як дасть їсти, та ше мня й припросит.  
 Гей-я, гей, та ше мня припросит.  
 А братова, як даст, та ше й ся наворсит.  
 Гей-я, гей, та ше й ся наворсит.

А

А як ся наворсит, та се й загнуває,  
 Гей-я, гей, та й се загнуває.  
 По дві й по три добі ся не вобзиває.  
 Гей-я, гей, ся не вобзиває.

А як леже спати, зачне се сварити:  
 Гей-я, гей, зачне се сварити:  
 «За шо я ти маю брата вобходити?  
 Гей-я, гей, брата вобходити.»

Писав бо я листи до старого краю.  
 Гей-я, гей, до старого краю.  
 Як я свою жінку спровадити маю?  
 Гей-я, гей, спровадити маю.

На пошту не понесу, дороги не знаю.  
 Гей-я, гей, дороги не знаю.

Б

А як ся наворсит, та се й загнуває.  
 Гей-я, гей, та се й загнуває.  
 Се й загнуває, зачне ся й сварити.  
 Гей-я, гей, зачне ся сварити:  
 «За шо я ти маю брата вобходити?  
 Гей-я, гей, брата вобходити?»

Сів я конец стола, взяв думки думати.  
 Гей-я, гей, взяв думки думати.  
 Тай думки думаю...  
 Як я свою жінку спровадити маю?  
 Гей-я, гей, спровадити маю.

Писав би я листи до старого краю.  
 Гей-я, гей, до старого краю.  
 На пошту би нести, дороги не знаю.  
 Гей-я, гей, дороги не знаю.

*Philip Sydor*  
*Winnipegosis, Manitoba*  
*20 July 1964*

I hit the track and began to wander  
 Hej-ja, hej, and began to wander.  
 Where am I, poor fellow, going to spend the winter.  
 Hej-ja, hej, to spend the winter.

I'll go to my brother's to spend the winter.  
 Hej-ja, hej, to spend the winter.  
 I sat at the end of the table and began to ponder.  
 Hej-ja, hej, and began to ponder.



My brother asks me: "Why do you sit and ponder?  
Hej-ja, hej, why do you sit and ponder?  
You've worked through the summer, and now you've got money.  
Hej-ja, hej, and now you've got money.

There's no need to sit here and no need to worry,  
Hej-ja, hej, and no need to worry.  
Just go to the store, and purchase some flour.  
Hej-ja, hej, and purchase some flour.

[Go,] purchase some flour and a cask of cheese,  
Hej-ja, hej, and a cask of cheese.  
My wife is going to cook some *pyrohy*.  
Hej-ja, hej, to cook some *pyrohy*."

I spent the winter at my brother's and his wife's.  
Hej-ja, hej, and his wife's.  
The *pyrohy* aren't the same as my wife's.  
Hej-ja, hej, the same as my wife's.

When my wife brings out the meal she also entertains me.  
Hej-ja, hej, she also entertains me.  
When my sister-in-law brings them out, she becomes arrogant.  
Hej-ja, hej, she becomes arrogant.

A

And when she becomes arrogant, she also gets angry.  
Hej-ja, hej, she also gets angry.  
For two or three days she won't answer you.  
Hej-ja, hej, she won't answer you.

And when she goes to bed, she starts to argue.  
Hej-ja, hej, she starts to argue.  
"Why do I have to look after your brother?  
Hej-ja, hej, too look after your brother."

I would write letters to the old country.  
Hej-ja, hej, to the old country.  
How to get my wife over.  
Hej-ja, hej, how to get [her] over.

I won't carry it to the post office, I don't know the way.  
Hej-ja, hej, I don't know the way.

B

When she becomes arrogant and also gets angry.  
Hej-ja, hej, and also gets angry.  
She also gets angry and begins to argue.  
Hej-ja, hej, and begins to argue.  
"Why do I have to look after your brother?  
Hej-ja, hej, to look after your brother."

I sat at the end of the table and began to ponder.  
Hej-ja, hej, and began to ponder.  
And began to ponder how to get my wife over.  
Hej-ja, hej, how to get [her] over.

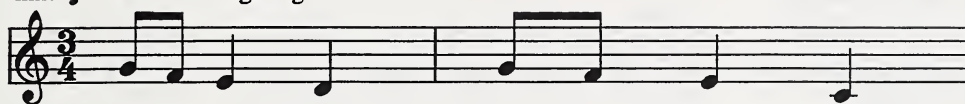
I would write letter to the old country.

Hej-ja, hej, to the old country.

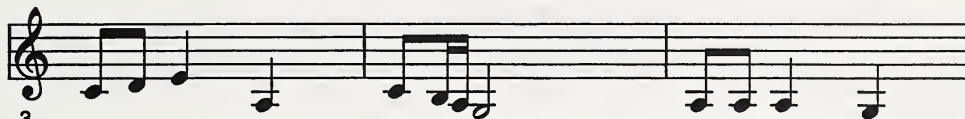
I should carry it to the post office but I don't know the way.

Hej-ja, hej, but I don't know the way.

46

mm  $\text{♩} = 76$  Linging

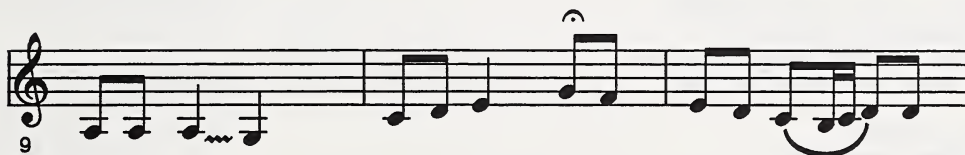
1



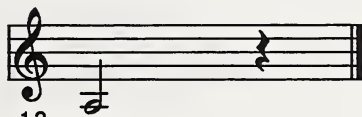
3



6



9



12

Пийте ж, лоди, горівочку,  
 А ви, гуси, воду.  
 Тяжко жити є в Канаду  
 Без рідного роду.

В когось вотець, в кого й мати,  
 Є з ким розмовляти.  
 В кого браття, в кого сестри,  
 Є з ким погуляти.

Браття ж мої, браття мої,  
 Браття, соколята,  
 Та й приходіт ви до мене  
 На врочисті свята.

«Сестро ж наша, сестро ж наша,  
 Сестро ж наша рідна,  
 Як до тебе приходити,  
 Коли-с дуже бідна?»

Браття ж мої, браття ж мої,  
 На то не зважайте,  
 Тай що свята, щонеділі  
 В гості приїжджайте.

Я горівки наборгую,  
 Хліба роздобуду.  
 Так і я вас, мої браття,  
 Та й за гості прийму.

(Останні два рядки кожної стрічки співають двічі.)

*Vasylyna Kuprovsky*  
*Sheho, Saskatchewan*  
*12 July 1964*

People, drink whisky,  
 And you, geese, [drink] water.  
 It's hard to live in Canada  
 Without one's kith and kin.

Some have a father, some a mother,  
 There's someone to talk with.  
 Some have brothers, some have sisters,  
 There's someone to have fun with.

My dear brothers,  
 My brothers, you falcons,  
 Come to me  
 For the solemn holidays.

"Our sister,  
 Our own sister,  
 How can we come to you  
 When you are very poor?"

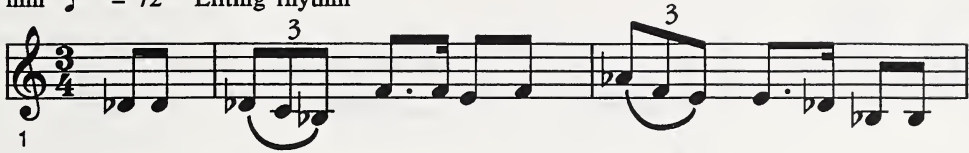
My brothers,  
 Don't mind that,  
 Every feast, every Sunday  
 Come as guests.

I'll borrow some whisky  
 I'll get some bread.  
 And thus, my brothers,  
 I'll receive you as guests.

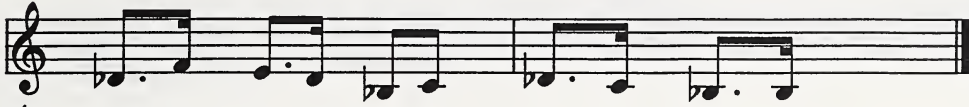
(The last two lines of each verse are repeated.)

47

mm ♩ = 72 Liltng rhythm



1



4

Ходжу по Канаді  
Та й милі рахую,  
Де ні ніч нападе,  
Там переночую.

Канадо, Канадо,  
Яка ти зрадлива —  
Не єдно[го] чоловіка  
З жінок розлучила.

Не єдного чоловіка  
Та й не єдні діти.  
Ой, горе ж там, горе,  
В Канаді сидіти.

I walk about Canada,  
And I count the miles.  
Where night overtakes me  
That's where I sleep.

Canada, Canada,  
How treacherous you are.  
You have separated many a man  
From his wife.

Many a man  
And many a child.  
Oh, it is so hard  
To live in Canada.

48

1 mm ♩ = 58

1

2

5

3

9

4

13

17

20

По Канаді ходжу,  
Роботи шукаю,  
А додому пишу —  
Штири фарми маю.

Ой Канадо, Канадонько,  
Яка ти зрадлива —  
Не єдного чоловіка  
З жінком розлучила.

Ой Канадо, Канадонько,  
Ти люба Канора,  
Комарі ми счистили,  
Як бурак червоний.

Комарі ми счистили,  
Аж мі шия спухла.  
Але за те від долярів  
Аж кишени пухла.

*John Szpylczak*  
*Ituna, Saskatchewan*  
*11 July 1964*

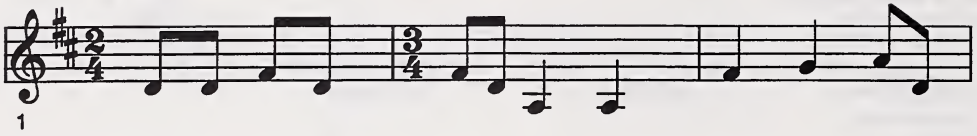
I walk through Canada,  
I'm looking for work.  
And I write home [that]  
I have four farms.

O Canada, Canada,  
How deceitful you are.  
Many a husband  
You have separated from his wife.

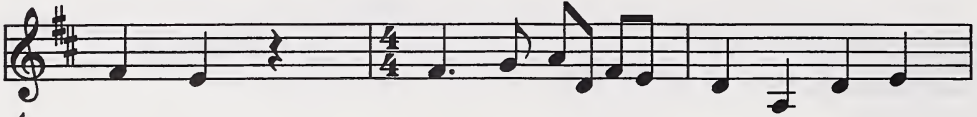
O Canada, Canada,  
And you, dear Canora.  
The mosquitoes have cleaned me out  
Like a red beet.

The mosquitoes have cleaned me out  
So that my neck is swollen.  
But for that my pocket  
Is swollen with dollars.

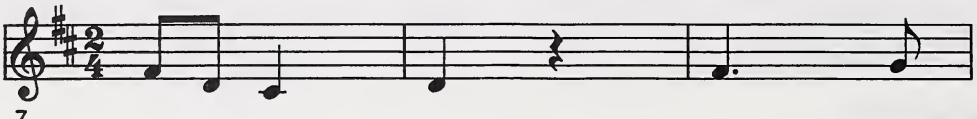
49

mm  $\text{♩} = 88$ 

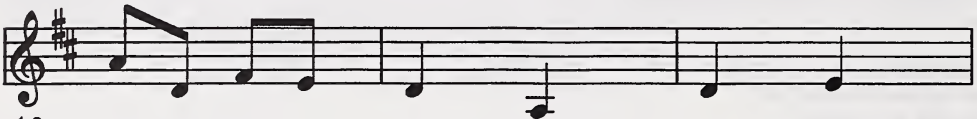
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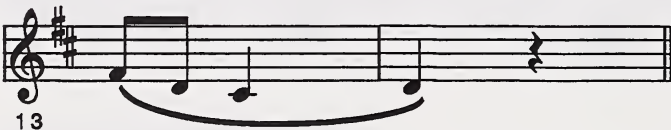
4



7



10



13

По Канаді ходжу, ходжу  
 Та й милі рахую.  
 Та й де мене ніч захопит,  
 Там переночую.

О якби ти, мамко, знала,  
 Яка мені біда,  
 Ти би мені присилала  
 Горобчиком хліба.

Горобчиком хліба, хліба,  
 А синичков соли.  
 Не зазнала, моя мамцю,  
 Гаразду ніколи.

Аж тоди я, моя мамцю,  
 Тоди гаразд знала,  
 Як єс мене ще маленьку  
 На руках тримала.

(Останні два рядки першої й останньої стрічки співають двічі.)



*Magdalena Ovcharyk*  
*Canora, Saskatchewan*  
*31 July 1964*

I walk, walk through Canada,  
And I count the miles.  
Where nightfall finds me,  
There I spend the night.

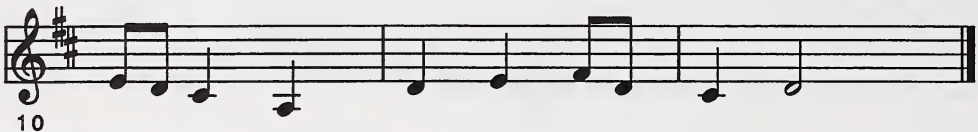
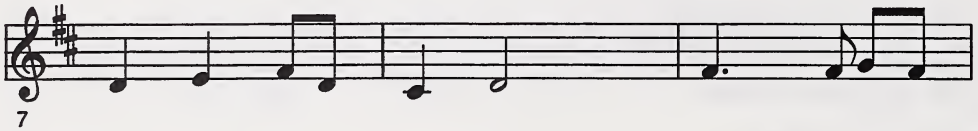
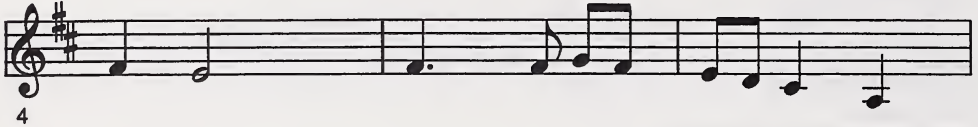
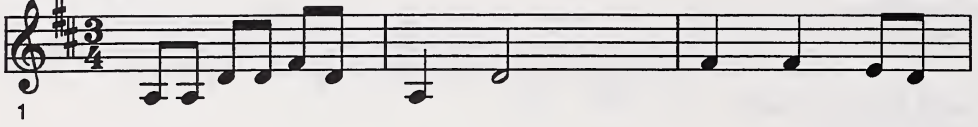
O my mother, if you knew  
How poverty-stricken I am,  
You would send me  
Some bread by means of a sparrow.

Some bread by means of a sparrow,  
And some salt by means of a titmouse.  
I, my dear mother,  
Have never known good fortune.

The only time, dear mother,  
That I knew good fortune,  
Was when you held me  
As a baby in your arms.

(The last two lines of the first and last verse are sung twice.)

50

mm  $\text{♩} = 82$ 

Ой Канадо, Канадочко,  
 Яка ти зрадлива.  
 Не єдного-с чоловіка  
 З жінком розлучила.

Розлучила чоловіка,  
 Розлучила діти.  
 Бодай жи ти, Канадочко,  
 Пропала навіки.

(Останні два рядки кожної стрічки співають двічі.)

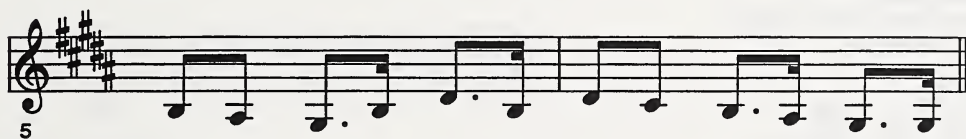
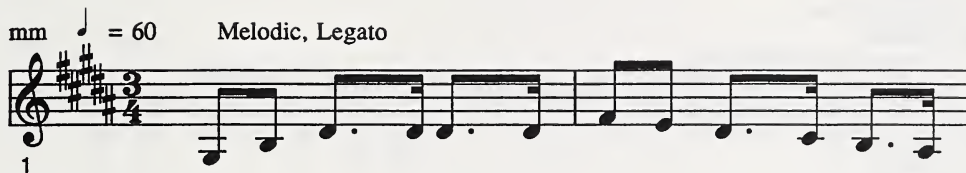
*Anna Kowalishen and Josie Pobihushchy*  
*Kamsack, Saskatchewan*  
*2 July 1964*

O Canada, Canada,  
 How deceitful you are.  
 Many a husband  
 You have separated from his wife.

You have separated the husband,  
 You have separated the children.  
 Would that you, Canada,  
 Disappear forever.

(The last two lines of each verse are sung twice.)

51

mm  $\text{♩} = 60$  Melodic, Legato

Канадо, Канадо,  
Яка ти зрадлива.  
Не одного-с мужа  
З жонов розлучила.

Розлучила-с жону  
І дрібненькі діти.  
Гірко ж мині, гірко,  
В Канаді сидіти.

Напишу листочок  
До рідного краю.  
Як моя родина  
Вся тамка ся має?  
Як моя родина  
Вся там ся має.

Седу я над мостом,  
Буду ся дивити,  
Чи не буде листок  
З України плисти.

Не єдна рибонька  
Біз воду перейшла.  
Жадної-м не видів,  
Щоби листок несла.

(Останні два рядки кожної стрічки, крім третьої, співають двічі.)

*Anna Chicilo*  
*Rama, Saskatchewan*  
*27 July 1964*

Canada, Canada,  
How deceitful you are.  
Many a husband  
You have separated from his wife.

You've separated [him] from his wife,  
And his little children,  
It is bitter, bitter  
To be in Canada.

I'll write a letter  
To my native land.  
How is my family  
Doing there?

I'll sit on a bridge,  
I'll be watching  
Whether a letter from Ukraine  
Will be floating by.

Many a fish  
Swam by in the water,  
But I didn't see a single one  
That carried a letter.

(The last two lines of each verse are repeated.)

52

mm ♩ = 104

1

3

5

Канадо, Канадо,  
 Яка ти зрадлива.  
 Не єдного-с мужа  
 З женов розлучила.

Розлучила-с мужа,  
 Ще дрібненькі діти.  
 А я молоденька,  
 Пропала навіки.

А в вас на Великдень  
 Всі дзвоньки дзвонят.  
 Канадників бідних  
 До роботи гонят.

А в вас на Великдень  
 Зазульки кувають.  
 Канадники бідні  
 Сльозами ж вмивають.

В Вінніпегу дорожечка  
 Ковбечками вбита.  
 Ой мав же я сумні,  
 Невеселі сьвета.

Ходжу по Канаді  
 Та й милі рахую.  
 Де ня ніч захопит,  
 Там переночую.

(Останні два рядки другої й передостанньої стрічки співають двічі.)

*Mr. and Mrs. Steve Kendzerski*  
*Rorketon, Manitoba*  
*21 July 1964*

Canada, Canada,  
How deceitful you are.  
Many a husband  
You have separated from his wife.

You've separated the husband,  
And the small children.  
And I, young [as I am],  
Am lost forever.

Back home, at Easter  
All the bells are ringing.  
The poor Canadians  
Are forced to work.

Back at home on Easter  
The cuckoo birds are calling.  
The poor Canadians  
Are awash with tears.

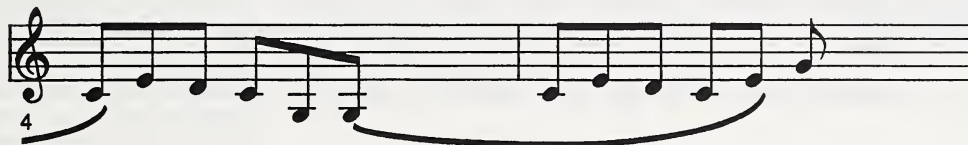
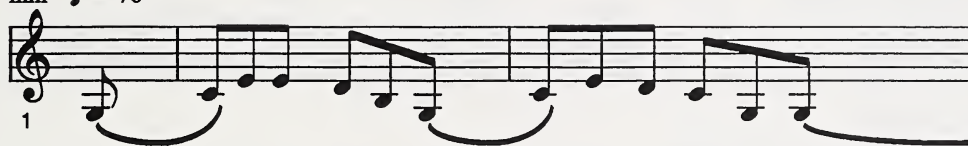
In Winnipeg there's a road  
Pounded with mallets.  
Oh, did I ever have sad  
And sorrowful holidays.

I walk through Canada  
And count the miles.  
Wherever nightfall finds me,  
There I spend the night.

(The last two line of the second and second-last verse are repeated.)

53

mm ♩ = 76



## Refrain



Канадо, Канадо,  
 Яка ти зрадлива.  
 Не єдного-с мужа  
 З жінок розлучила.  
 Том-том, Канадо,  
 Том-том, Канадо.

По Канаді ходжу,  
 Роботи шукаю.  
 Пишу лист до жінки —  
 Штири фарми маю.  
 Том-том, Канадо,  
 Том-том, Канадо.

По Канаді ходжу  
 Та й вуши рахую.  
 Де ні ніч захопит,  
 Там переночую.  
 Том-том, Канадо,  
 Том-том, Канадо.

*Kateryna Obuck*  
*Yorkton, Saskatchewan*  
*9 July 1964*

Canada, Canada,  
 How deceitful you are.  
 Many a husband  
 You've separated from his wife.  
 Tom-tom, Canada,  
 Tom-tom, Canada.

I walk in Canada,  
I search for work.  
I write a letter to my wife  
That I have four farms.  
Tom-tom, Canada,  
Tom-tom, Canada.

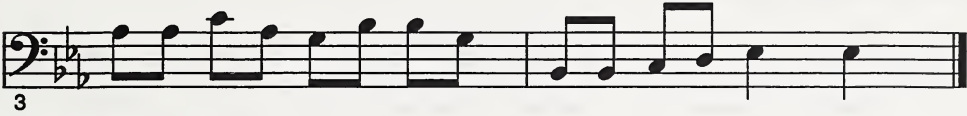
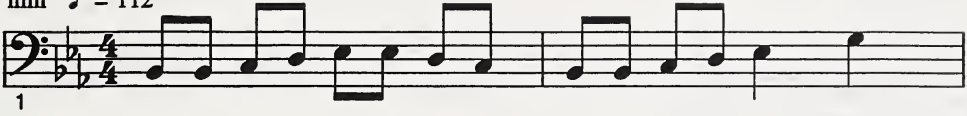
I walk in Canada,  
I count the lice.  
Wherever nightfall overtakes me,  
There I spend the night.  
Tom-tom, Canada,  
Tom-tom, Canada.

NOTE: As suggested by the refrain (Tom-tom, Canada) this song was sometimes sung as a tune for dancing.



54

mm ♩ = 112



Ой то би се дівчинонька  
В сих м'ясниць віддала,  
Якби вона в чайнамена  
Сигарів не крала.

Єдна крала сигарети,  
А друга бинени,  
Трета з боку заглядала,  
Чи йдуть чайнамени.

Гелен, Стелла і Тереса  
Моди се тримали  
Та й по двадцять п'ять поверхів  
Дреси вишивали.

Як се вбере тую дресу,  
Намалює пику,  
Вона сибе прикладає  
За паню велику.

Покинь, дівче, малювати,  
Бо висміють люди,  
Бо з тих павдрів і з липстиків  
Газдині не буде.

Walter Pasternak  
Fork River, Manitoba  
20 July 1964

Oh, the girl would have got married  
During this meat season,  
If she hadn't been stealing  
Cigars from the Chinaman.

One of them stole cigarettes  
And another bananas,  
And a third one was on the lookout from the side  
Whether Chinamen were coming.

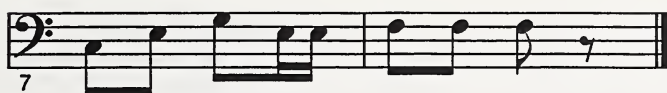
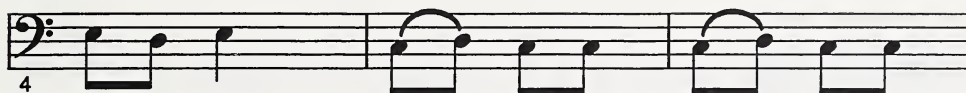
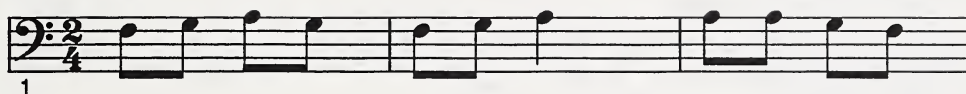
Helen, Stella and Theresa  
Kept up with fashion,  
And each had sewn dresses  
Twenty-five stories high.

When she wears this dress  
And "colours" her snout,  
She plays the role  
Of a great lady.

Stop, girl, putting on make-up  
Because people will laugh at you,  
Because those powders and lipsticks  
Will never make a good housewife.

55

mm ♩ = 108



Ой мав тато три козі,  
Продавав їх на торзі.  
То с'як, то так, ту сю, ту ту,  
Продавав їх на торзі.

Як ся мама довідала,  
Сім долярів прогуляла.  
То с'як, то так, ту сю, ту ту,  
Сім долярів прогуляла.

Як ся тато довідав,  
Мамі боки воблатав.  
То с'як, то так, ту сю, ту ту,  
Мамі боки воблатав.

Став си тато під хатою,  
Мама тата лопатою.  
То с'як, то так, ту сю, ту ту,  
Мама тата лопатою.

Пішов тато топитися,  
Пішла мама дивитися.  
То с'як, то так, ту сю, ту ту,  
Пішла мама дивитися.

Скочив тато у полонку,  
Мама тата за головку.  
То с'як, то так, ту сю, ту ту,  
Мама тата за голов[у].

«Що ти робиш, старий псе?  
То не буде того все.»  
То с'як, то так, ту сю, ту ту,  
То не буде того все.

Walter Danylyshen  
Rama, Saskatchewan  
16 August 1964

Oh, dad had three goats,  
And was selling them on the market.  
To sjak, to tak, tu sju, tu tu,  
And was selling them on the market.

When mom found out about it,  
She squandered seven dollars.  
To sjak, to tak, tu sju, tu tu,  
She squandered seven dollars.

When dad found out about it,  
He beat mom black and blue.  
To sjak, to tak, tu sju, tu tu,  
He beat mom black and blue.

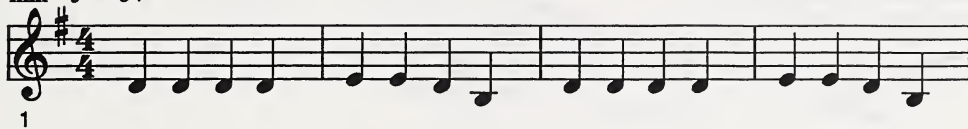
Dad was standing near the house,  
Mom gave it to him with a shovel.  
To sjak, to tak, tu sju, tu tu,  
Mom gave it to him with a shovel.

Dad went to drown himself,  
And mom went to watch [him do it].  
To sjak, to tak, tu sju, tu tu,  
And mom went to watch [him do it].

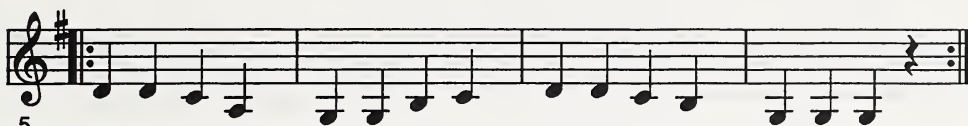
Dad jumped in the ice hole,  
Mom grabbed him by the hair.  
To sjak, to tak, tu sju, tu tu,  
Mom grabbed him by the hair.

“Old dog, what are you doing?  
That’s not the way it’s going to be.”  
To sjak, to tak, tu sju, tu tu,  
That’s not the way it’s going to be.

56

mm  $\text{♩} = 84$ 

1



5

А я собі господиня,  
В мене гарбуз, в мене диня.  
А я диню прикотила,  
На обід буду варила.

Моя диня в банячку,  
Я до неї часнику  
І цибулю закришила  
І шкварками помастила.

Чось кури ста коло хати,  
А я пішла відганяти.  
Моя диня так згоріла,  
Що б свиня їй не хотіла.

А як я сі зажурила,  
Що ж тепер буду робила?  
А я вмю приповісти,  
Якийсь бечляр буде їсти.

(Останні два рядки кожної стрічки співають двічі.)

*Kateryna Obuck*  
*Yorkton, Saskatchewan*  
*15 July 1964*

Oh what a housewife I am,  
I've got a pumpkin and a melon.  
And I rolled the melon in  
To cook it for dinner.

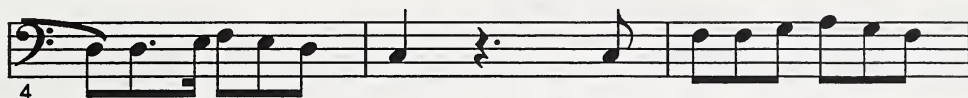
My melon is in a little pot,  
And I added some garlic to it,  
And I seasoned it with onion,  
And daubed with bits of bacon.

For some reason chickens gathered near the house  
And I went to chase them away.  
My melon burned so much  
That even a pig wouldn't eat it.

And how I began to worry,  
What am I going to do now?  
But I can praise it nicely,  
Some bachelor will eat it.

57

mm ♩ = 76 Strophic



Я нинька попався, аж піт з мене льявся,  
В таку-єм халепу попав,  
Що з розпуки і злоти тріщали всі кости  
І чорт мене мало не взяв.

Іду собі тихо, ні гадки про лихо,  
Нарешті спіткала біда.  
Но тільки не знаю, я вам присягаю,  
Чи се дівка була, чи вдова.

Така чипірненька, гарненька, фajnенька,  
Смирненька та панна була.  
Неначе сміється, крутиться, вертиться,  
Очами мов з кріса стріла.

Я з нею пізнався, в той час закохався.  
«Не смійся, — кажу, — не жартуй!  
Ти мій котик, мій песик, мій любий телесик,  
Ти моя, мене поцілуй.»

Вона чось не хтіла, чогось вуркотіла,  
Але я її побідив.  
До неї вчіпився, неначе сказився,  
Цілував її, кільки хтів.

Аж потім дізнався, як я помилився,  
Що це за панна була:  
Що шварцу на очах, а лавдру на щоках,  
Неначе в млині десь була.

Лице вже дрантине, волосся фальшиве,  
І в неї зубей не було.  
Но тільки не знаю, я вам присягаю,  
Чи це панна була, чи вдова.

*Walter Danylyshen  
Rama, Saskatchewan  
16 August 1964*

Today I got into such trouble that sweat began to pour,  
I got into such trouble,  
That from despair and anger all my bones began to crack,  
And the devil almost got hold of me.

I'm minding my business, no thought about trouble,  
And finally misfortune appeared.  
However, I swear to you, I don't know  
Whether she was a girl or a widow.

So neat, beautiful, nice  
And modest was that young lady.  
She seemed to smile, lurking hither and yon,  
And her eyes seemed to shoot like a gun.

I did get to know her, and immediately fell in love.  
"Don't laugh, — I say, — don't poke fun at me,  
Your my kitten, my puppy, my little darling,  
You're mine, kiss me."

For some reason she declined, for some reason she grumbled,  
But I vanquished her.  
I latched on to her as if I were out of my mind,  
I kissed her to my heart's desire.

It wasn't till later that I found out how I was mistaken,  
And what kind of lady this was.  
She had mascara on her eyes and powder on her cheeks  
As if she had come from the mill.

Her face was ragged, she wore a wig,  
And she didn't have any teeth.  
However, I swear to you, I don't know  
Whether she was a girl or a widow.



58

1 *mm* ♩ = 96

1

5

2

9

13

Скрипка грає і цимбали,  
 Майк з Мері айскрім мали.  
 І гуляли всякі вальци,  
 Аж Майк Мері став на пальц[и].

Сорі, Мері, я не хтів,  
 Я так гуляв, аж зіпрів.  
 Такий денчис ай донт лайк,  
 Ходи, Мері, фор а райд.

*Anna Chicilo*  
*Rama Saskatchewan*  
 27 July 1964

The violin is playing and the hammer dulcimer,  
 Mike and Mary had ice cream.  
 And they danced all kinds of waltzes,  
 Till Mike stepped on Mary's toes.

"Sorry, Mary, I didn't mean it,  
 I was dancing so hard that I'm in a sweat.  
 I don't like such dances,  
 Come on, Mary, for a ride."

59

mm  $\text{♩} = 63$

Летіла зазулька,  
Сіла на прутину.  
Ти мене, сестричко,  
Просила в гостину.

Та й рада б я, сестро,  
В гості приїхати,  
Далека дорога,  
Не мож сі дістати.

Далека дорога,  
Та й широке море.  
Як си нагадаю,  
Ой Боже ж мій, Боже!

Ходжу я по лісі,  
По лісі блукаю,  
До свої сестрички  
Дороги шукаю.

Шукаю дороги,  
Дороги сухої.  
Та й може б я зайшла  
До родини свої.

Сестричко, сестричко,  
Сидиш на посазі.  
Сидиш на посазі,  
Сумно виглядаєш,  
Та й того, сестричко,  
Що мами не маєш.

*Dokija Rozmarynovich*  
*Fork River, Manitoba*  
*10 August 1964*

The cuckoo was flying  
And perched on a branch.  
You, my sister,  
Have invited me for a visit.

How gladly, o sister,  
I would come for a visit,  
But the way is long,  
I can't make it.

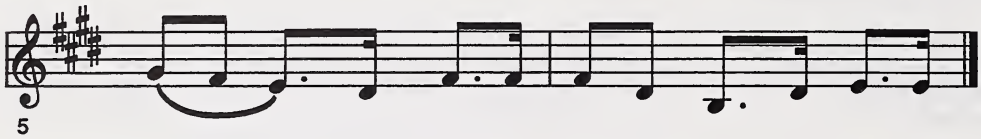
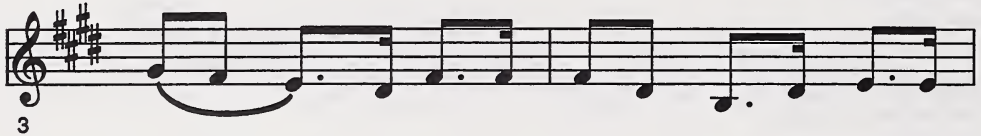
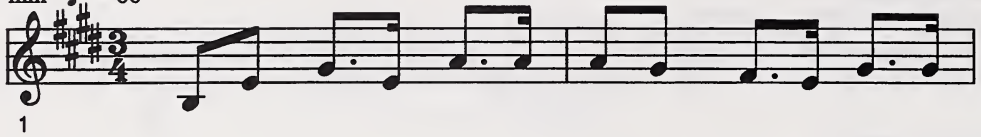
The way is long,  
And the sea is wide.  
When I think about it —  
O my God, o my God!

I'm walking through the forest  
I'm roaming through the forest.  
I'm looking for the way  
To my sister's.

I'm looking for the way,  
A dry roadway.  
Maybe I could make my way  
To my family.

Sister, o sister,  
You're seated on the trousseau.  
You're seated on the trousseau.  
You look sad,  
And that is, o sister,  
Because you have no mother.

60

mm  $\text{♩} = 88$ 

Дорога сестричко,  
Жаль ми за тобою;  
Не так за тобою,  
Як за красов твоїов.

Та й бо твоя краса —  
Як у полю роса.  
Спаде ж вона, спаде,  
Як зерно з колоса.

А як зерно спаде,  
Колос почорніє,  
Так моя сестричка  
На личку змарніє.

Дарую тя, шваг্রে,  
Сим злотим доляром.  
Шануй мою сестру,  
Будеш господаром.

Бай бо моя сестра  
Біленька, як карта.  
Не будеш шанував —  
То ти ї не варта.

(Останні два рядки кожної стрічки співають двічі.)

*Maria Zaporozan*  
*Vegreville, Alberta*  
*8 July 1965*

Dear sister,  
I feel sorry for you;  
Not so much for you  
As for your beauty.

Because your beauty  
Is like the dew in the field —  
It will fall, it will fall  
Like grain from the ear.

And when the grain falls off  
The ear will turn black.  
Thus my sister's face  
Will pale.

I'm presenting you, brother-in-law  
This gold dollar.  
Respect my sister,  
And you'll be a landowner.

Because my sister  
Is as white as a card;  
If you don't respect her,  
You're not worthy of her.

(The last two lines of each verse are repeated.)

61

mm  $\text{♩} = 88$ 

Музики, музики,  
 Буду вас просити:  
 Заграйте мі віват,  
 Буду сайдир пити.

Буду сайдир пити  
 З келішка нового,  
 На здоров'є гостям  
 Та й до молодого.

*Mr. and Mrs. Steve Kendzerski*  
*Rorketon, Manitoba*  
*21 July 1964*

Musicians, musicians,  
 I'm going to ask you,  
 Strike up a *vivat* for me,  
 I'm going to drink cider.

I'm going to drink cider  
 From a new glass  
 To the health of the guests  
 And to the bridegroom.

# ADDENDA

## Geographic distribution of songs: Provinces, places, singers, and other data

Place of recording	Singer(s)	Date	Item no(s). in this collection
<i>Alberta</i>			
Mundare	Trio (female): Maria Halas, Paran'ka Skrypnyk, and Barbara Tymchyshyn	16.07.1965	31, 43
Shandro	Rev. Ivan Kowalchuk	24.07.1965	13
Vegreville	Alex Hlady	05.07.1965	5, 6, 9, 10, 16, 26, 37
	Vera Lucjak	06.07.1965	14, 21, 22, 25, 27, 33, 35
	Marija Moysiuk (see also trio, below)	26.07.1965	28
	George Shewchuk	18.07.1965	34
	John Sokoloski	12.07.1965	19
	Anna Zacharchuk	13.07.1965	18
	Maria Zaporozan	08.07.1965	7, 60
	Trio (female): Paranja Kuzyk, Marija Moysiuk, and Docja Thomas	26.07.1965	2
<i>Manitoba</i>			
Dauphin	Kate Maranchuk	11.07.1963	24
Fork River	Nasja Masiowsky	20.07.1964	12
	Walter Pasternak	20.07.1964	54
	Dokija Rozmarinovich	10.08.1964	59
Rorketon	Mr. and Mrs. Steve Kendzerski	21.07.1964	1, 52, 61
Winnipegosis	Philip Sydor	20.07.1964	45
<i>Saskatchewan</i>			
Arran	Andrijana Andrejciv	26.07.1964	20, 36, 38, 39, 41
Calder	Mr. and Mrs. Alexander		

	Kohut	17.07.1964	17
Canora	Magdalena Ovcharyk	31.07.1964	49
	Antonija Rewakowsky	03.08.1964	23
Fonehill	Anastasija Washezko	23.07.1964	29
Ituna	Maria Smycnjuk	11.07.1964	8, 30
	John Szpylczak	11.07.1964	48
Kamsack	Duet (sisters): Anna Kowalishen and Josie Pobihushchy	02.07.1964	50
Rama	Anna Chicilo	27.07.1964	40, 51, 58
	Walter Danylyshen	16.08.1964	44, 55, 57
Sheho	Vasylyna Kuprowsky (see also trio, below)	12.07.1964	46
	Trio (female): Vasylyna Baranesky, Marija Stjaha, and Vasylyna Kuprowsky	12.07.1964	4
Wynyard	Vasylyna Kopchuk	26.07.1964	3
Yorkton	Marta Boychuk	23.07.1964	15, 32
	Kateryna Obuck	09.07.1964	11, 42, 53, 56



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## List of singers and their songs\*

- ANDREJCIV [Andrejceva], ANDRIJANA (Mrs. Vasyl', née Bordun; first husband's surname was Wolfe), 61, farmer's wife. Born in the village of Izvory, Chernivtsi district, Chernivtsi region, Ukraine. Arrived in Canada in 1950. Recorded in Arran, Saskatchewan, 26 June 1964.  
Songs no. 20, 36, 38, 39, 41
- BARANESKY [Baranec'ka], VASYLYNA (Mr. Metro, née Chokorlan), 56, farmer's wife. Born in Shtomberg, Manitoba; lives in Parkerview, Saskatchewan. Recorded in Sheho, Saskatchewan, 12 July 1964.  
Song no. 4 (trio)
- BOYCHUK [Bojčuk], MARTA (née Kuchulyma), 75, widow. Born in the village of Kovalivka, Buchach district, Ternopil' region, Ukraine. Arrived in Canada in 1906. Recorded in Yorkton, Saskatchewan, 23 June 1964.  
Songs no. 15, 32
- CHICILO [Xicilo], ANNA (Mrs. Joe, née Danylyshyn), 57, retired. Born in Winnipeg, Manitoba. Walter Danylyshyn, below, is her brother. Recorded in Rama, Saskatchewan, 27 July 1964.  
Songs no. 40, 51, 58
- DANYLYSHEN [Danylyšyn], WALTER, 51, carpenter. Born in Rama, Saskatchewan. Anna Chicilo, above, is his sister. Recorded in Rama, Saskatchewan, 16 August 1964.  
Songs no. 44, 55, 57
- HALAS [Halas], MARIA (Mrs. Tom, née Polishchuk), 75, retired. Born in the village of Bile, Chortkiv district, Ternopil' region, Ukraine. Arrived in Canada in 1912. Recorded in Mundare, Alberta, 16 July 1965.  
Songs no. 31, 43 (trios)
- HLADY [Hladij], ALEX, 80, retired farmer. Born in the village of Shelentsi, Chernivtsi region, Ukraine. Arrived in Canada in 1912. Recorded in Vegreville, Alberta, 5 July 1965.  
Songs no. 5, 6, 9, 10, 16, 26, 37
- KENDZERSKI [Kindzers'ka], NELLIE (née Hrushka), 74, retired. Born in the village of Zvukovets', Borshchiv district, Ternopil' region, Ukraine. Arrived in Canada in 1921. Recorded in Rorketon, Manitoba, 21 July 1964.  
Songs no. 1, 52, 61 (duets with her husband, Steve, below)
- KENDZERSKI [Kindzers'kyj], STEVE, 76, retired farmer. Born in the same village as his wife, Nellie, above. Arrived in Canada in 1913. Recorded in Rorketon, Manitoba, 21 July 1964.  
Songs no. 1, 52, 61 (duets with his wife, Nellie, above)
- KOHUT [Kohut], ALEXANDER, 67, retired farmer. Born in the village of Chornivka, Chernivtsi district, Chernivtsi region, Ukraine. Arrived in Canada in 1898. Recorded in Calder, Saskatchewan, 17 July 1964.  
Song no. 17 (duet with his wife, Ellen, below)

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\* The age given after the name is at the time of recording.

- KOHUT [Kohut], ELLEN [Olena], 63, retired. Born in Calder, Saskatchewan. Recorded in Calder, Saskatchewan, 17 July 1964 with her husband, Alexander, above.  
Song no. 17 (duet with her husband, Alexander, above)
- KOPCHUK [Kopčuk], VASYLYNA (also Voitsykh, née Nahuliak), 81.5, widow. Born in the village Nausivka-Kostiukova, Zalishchyky district, Ternopil' region, Ukraine. Arrived in Canada in 1913. Recorded in Wynyard, Saskatchewan, 26 July 1964.  
Song no. 3
- KOWALCHUK [Kovalčuk], Rev. IVAN, 65, priest. Born in the village of Zavydiv, Volodymyr district, Volyn' region. Arrived in Canada in 1928. Recorded in Shandro, Alberta, 24 July 1965.  
Song no. 13
- KOWALISHEN [Kovalyšyna], ANNA (Mrs. Mike/Mykhailo, née Mis'ka), 67, retired. Born in the village of Chabariivka, Husiatyn district, Ternopil' region, Ukraine. Arrived in Canada in 1902. Recorded in Kamsack, Saskatchewan, 2 July 1964.  
Song no. 50 (duet with her sister Josie Pobihushchy, below)
- KUPROWSKY [Kuprovs'ka], VASYLYNA (Mrs. George, née Zazerenchuk), 66, retired. Born in the village of Pohorelivka [Pohorylivka], Chernivtsi district, Chernivtsi region, Ukraine. Arrived in Canada in 1909. Recorded in Sheho, Saskatchewan, 12 July 1964.  
Song nos. 4 (trio), 46
- KUZYK [Kuzyk], PARANJA (Mrs. Mykolaj, née Fodchuk), 68, retired. Born in the village of Tulova, Sniatyn district, Stanyslaviv [Ivano-Frankivs'k] region, Ukraine. Arrived in Canada in 1925. Recorded in Vegreville, Alberta, 26 July 1965.  
Song no. 2 (trio)
- LUCJAK [Lucjak], VERA (Mrs. William, née Pecheniuk), about 55, housewife. Born in the village of Stetsivka/Rudolfsdorf, Sniatyn district, Stanyslaviv [Ivano-Frankivs'k] region, Ukraine. Arrived in Canada in 1928. Recorded in Vegreville, Alberta, 6 July 1965.  
Songs no. 14, 21, 22, 25, 27, 33, 35
- MARANCHUK [Marančuk], KATE (Mrs. Nick, née Stasiuk), 62, widow. Born in Sifton, Manitoba. Recorded in Dauphin, Manitoba, 11 July 1963.  
Song no. 24
- MASIOWSKY [Masjovs'ka], NASTJA (Mrs. John, née Kotliachuk), 75, widow. Born in the village of Tsyhany, Borshchiv district, Ternopil' region, Ukraine. Arrived in Canada in 1899. Recorded in Fork River, Manitoba, 20 July 1964.  
Song no. 12
- MOYSIUK [Mojsjuk], MARIJA (Mrs. Mike, née Poraiko), 58, housewife. Born in the village of Tulova, Sniatyn district, Stanyslaviv [Ivano-Frankivs'k] region, Ukraine. Arrived in Canada in 1925. Recorded in Vegreville, Alberta, 26 July 1965.  
Songs no. 2 (trio), 28
- OBUCK [Obux], KATERYNA (Mrs. Tony, née Smytsniuk), 50, housewife. Born in the village of Iamenytse, Stanyslaviv district, Stanyslaviv [Ivano-Frankivs'k] region, Ukraine. Arrived in Canada in 1929. Recorded in Yorkton, Saskatchewan, 9 July 1964.  
Songs no. 11, 42, 53, 56
- OVCHARUK [Ovčaruč], MAGDALENA (Mrs. Maksym, née Ches'nik), 71, widow. Born in the village of Burdakivtsi, Borshchiv district, Ternopil' region, Ukraine. Arrived in Canada in 1912. Recorded in Canora, Saskatchewan, 31 July 1964.  
Song no. 49

- PASTERNAK [Pasternak], Walter [Volodymyr], 50, farmer. Born in Fork River, Manitoba. Recorded in Fork River, Manitoba, 20 July 1964.  
Song no. 54
- POBIHUSHCHY [Pobihušča ], JOSIE (Mrs. Steve/Evstakhii, née Mys'ka), 62, housewife. Born in the village of Chabarivka, Husiatyn district, Ternopil' region, Ukraine. Arrived in Canada in 1902. Recorded in Kamsack, Saskatchewan, 2 July 1964.  
Song no. 50 (duet with her sister, Anna Kowalishen, above)
- REWAKOWSKY [Revakovs'ka], ANTONIJA (Mrs. Hryhorii, née Stankevych), 72, farmer's wife. Born in the village of Nahoryny, Zalishchyky district, Ternopil' region, Ukraine. Arrived in Canada in 1907. Recorded in Canora, Saskatchewan, 3 August 1964.  
Song no. 23.
- ROZMARINOVICH [Rozmarynovyč], DOKIJA (Mrs. Pavlo, née Bassarabova), 73, retired. Born in the village of Ukivtsi, Borshchiv district, Ternopil' region, Ukraine. Arrived in Canada in 1920. Recorded in Fork River, Manitoba, 10 August 1964.  
Song no. 59
- SHEWCHUK [Ševčuk], GEORGE, 79, retired. Born in the village of Borivtsi, Kitsman' district, Chernivtsi region, Ukraine. Arrived in Canada in 1903.  
Recorded in Vegreville, Alberta, 18 July 1964.  
Song no. 34
- SKRYPNYK [Skrypnyk], PARAN'KA (Mrs. Iakiv, née Paranych), 70, housewife. Born in the village of Bile, Chortkiv district, Ternopil' region, Ukraine. Arrived in Canada in 1926. Recorded in Mundare, Alberta, 16 July 1965.  
Song no. 31 (trio), 43 (trio)
- SMYCNJUK [Smycnjuk], MARIA (née Szpylczak), 45, farmer's wife. Born in the village of Iamnytse, Stanyslaviv district, Stanyslaviv [Ivano-Frankivs'k] region, Ukraine. Arrived in Canada in 1947. Recorded in Ituna, Saskatchewan, 11 July 1964.  
Songs no. 8, 30
- SOKOLOSKI [Sokolovs'kyj], John, 81, widower. Born in the village of Babynchyky, Borshchiv district, Ternopil' region, Ukraine. Arrived in Canada in 1896. Recorded in Vegreville, Alberta, 12 July 1965.  
Song no. 19
- STJAHAR [Stjaha], MARIJA (Mrs. Stefan, née Chokorlan), 59, housewife. Born in Shtomberg, Manitoba. Recorded in Sheho, Saskatchewan, 12 July 1964.  
Song no. 4 (trio)
- SYDOR [Sydor], PHILIP, 64, invalid. Born in the village of Khlopivka, Husiatyn district, Ternopil' region, Ukraine. Arrived in Canada in 1928. Recorded in Winnipegosis, Manitoba, 10 July 1964.  
Song no. 45
- SZPYLCZAK [Špylčak], JOHN, 75, retired. Born in the village of Iamnytsi, Stanyslaviv district, Stanyslaviv [Ivano-Frankivs'k] region, Ukraine. Arrived in Canada in 1948. Recorded in Ituna, Saskatchewan, 11 July 1964.  
Song no. 48
- THOMAS, DOCJA (Mrs. Ivan/John, née Kurylyk), 63, housewife. Born in the village of Orelets', Sniatyn district, Stanyslaviv [Ivano-Frankivs'k] region, Ukraine. Arrived in Canada in 1914. Recorded in Vegreville, Alberta, 26 July 1965.  
Song no. 2 (trio)

- TYMCHYSHYN** [Tymčyšynā, BARBARA (Mrs. Mike, née Varvara Magega [Magera ?]), 62, housewife. Born in the village of Bile, Chortkiv district, Ternopil' region, Ukraine. Arrived in Canada in 1923. Recorded in Mundare, Alberta, 16 July 1965. Songs no. 31 (trio), 43 (trio)
- WASHEZKO** [Vašec'ko], ANASTASIJA (Mrs. Dmytro, née Shykula), 58, farmer's wife. Born in the village of Sobiatyn, Iaroslav district, L'viv region, Ukraine. Arrived in Canada in 1937. Recorded in Fonehill, Saskatchewan, 23 July 1964. Song no. 29
- ZACHARUK** [Zaxaruk], ANNA (née Oksana Molofii), 76, widow. Born in the village of Tulova, Sniatyn district, Stanyslaviv [Ivano-Frankivs'k] region, Ukraine. Arrived in Canada in 1908. Recorded in Vegreville, Alberta, 13 July 1965. Song no. 18
- ZAPOROZAN** [Zaporožan], MARIA (Mrs. Semion/Sam, née Sokolowska), 61, housewife. Born in Stuartburn, Manitoba. Recorded in Vegreville, Alberta, 8 July 1965. Songs no. 7, 60

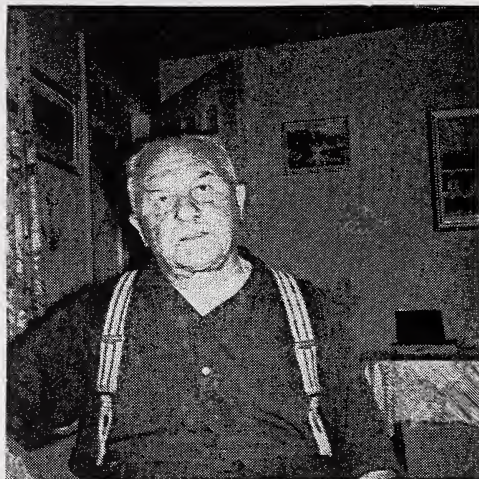


**A NOTE ON THE PHOTO ILLUSTRATIONS**

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Maria Zaporozan



Rev. Ivan Kowalchuk



M. Halas, B. Tymchyshyn, and P. Skrypnyk



Alex Hlady



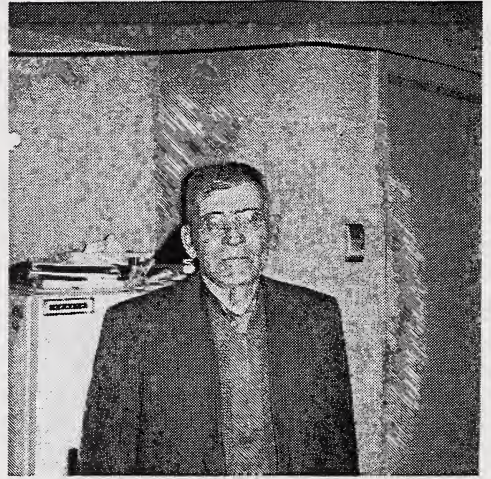
Vera Lucjak



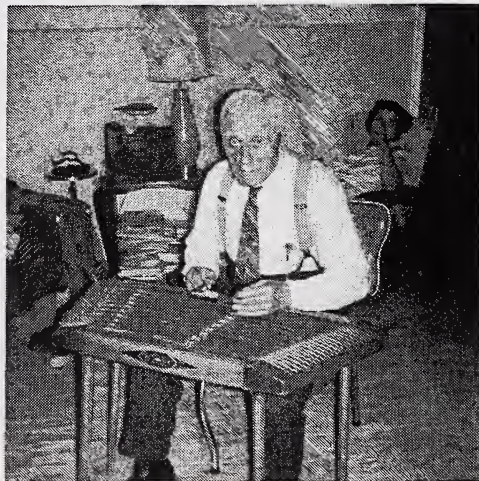
D. Thomas, M. Moysiuk, and P. Kuzyk



Anna Zacharuk



John Sokoloski



George Shewchuk



Andrijana Andrejic



Mr. and Mrs. Steve Kendzerski



Informant-singers in Sheho, Saskatchewan including M. Stjahaar (front, second from left), V. Kuprowsky (standing, extreme right), and V. Baranesky (standing, second from right)