

## UKRAINIAN SONGS

Wednesday 25 October 2023 | 1pm  
Holywell Music Room

**Andrei Kymach** baritone  
**Llŷr Williams** piano

Generously supported by **Adrian & Sarah Dixon**

### PROGRAMME

<b>Mykola Vitaliyovych Lysenko</b> (1842 - 1912)	Reve ta stogne Dnibr shuroky, 'The Dnieper River Rages'	Taras Hryhorovych Shevchenko (1814 - 1861)
<b>Mykhailo Zherbin</b> (1911 - 2004)	Pluve moya dyscha, 'My Soul is like an Enchanted Boat'	Percy Shelley (1792 - 1822)
<b>Ostap Bobykevych</b> (1889 - 1970)	Dumy moyi, 'Thoughts of mine'	Taras Hryhorovych Shevchenko
<b>Mykola Vitaliyovych Lysenko</b>	Mynayut dni, 'The Fleeting Moments of Youth'	Taras Hryhorovych Shevchenko
<b>Traditional</b>	Divka v sinniah stoyala, 'The Bashful Lover'	Anon.
<b>Mykola Vitaliyovych Lysenko</b>	Meni odnakovo, 'Indifference'	Taras Hryhorovych Shevchenko
<b>Anatoliy Kos-Anatolsky</b> (1909 - 1983)	Bilya richku Cheromoscha, 'Near the River Cheremoscha'	Ravi M Bakaya (1900 - 1973)
<b>Mykola Vitaliyovych Lysenko</b>	Song Without Words, Op. 10 no. 2 (piano solo)	
<b>Traditional</b>	Dumka pro kozaka Supruna, 'Duma About the Cossack Suprun'	Anon.
<b>Mykola Vitaliyovych Lysenko,</b> <b>arr. Volodymyr Yorush</b> (1899-1945)	'Pisnia Petra', Song of Peter	Anon.
<b>Kyrylo Hryhorovych Stetsenko</b> (1882 - 1922)	Kriache voron, 'The Raven caws'	Evgen Maksimovich Krotevich (1884 - 1968)
<b>Konstantyn Dankevych</b> (1905 - 1984)	The Ballad of Hnat	Anon.

## TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

### REVE TA STOGNE DNIPR SHYROKY

Lysenko / Schevchenko

Reve ta stohne Dnibr shyrokyi,  
Serdytyi viter zavyva,  
Dodolu verby hne vysoki,  
Horamy chyvlyu pidiyma.

I blidy misyac' na tu poru  
Iz chmary de-de vyhlyadav,  
Nenache choven v synim mori,  
To vyrynav, to potopav.

Shche tretii pivni ne spivaly,  
Nichto nide ne homoniv,  
Sychi v hayu pereklykalys',  
Ta yasen raz u raz skrypiv.

### PLUVE MOYA DYSCHA

Translation © C H Andrusyshen

Mov choven zolotii plive moia dusha  
V nich zavorozhenu tvoïm charivnim spivom  
V tumannu dalechin-pid shelest komisha  
Na povnikh parusakh  
Letit-vona shchasлива  
Za golosom tvoïm u dal.

### DUMY MOYI

Bobykevych / Schevchenko

Dumi moï, dumi moï,  
Vi moï edini,  
Ne kidaite khoch vi mene  
Pri likhii godini.  
Prilïtaite, sizokrili  
Moï golub'iata,  
Iz-za Dnipra shirokogo  
U step poguliati  
Z kirgizami ubogimi.  
Voni vzhe ubogi,  
Uzhe goli... Ta na voli  
Shche moliat-sia Bogu.  
Prilïtaite zh, moï liubi,  
Tikhimi rechami  
Privïtaiu vas, iak dïtok,  
I zaplachu z vami.

### THE DNIEPER RIVER RAGES

English Translation © C H Andrusyshen

The mighty Dniper roars and groans,  
The angry tempest, howling, bends,  
Tall poplars to the very stones  
And down the stream sends great billows.

The pale moon at that hour of night  
Kept peering from a cloudy bank  
And like a ship on waters bright  
In misty waves it rose and sank.

No cock's crow strove with the darkness  
Or hailed a sky with dawning streaked:  
The owls were hooting in the grove,  
The ash-tree without ceasing creaked.

### MY SOUL IS LIKE AN ENCHANTED BOAT

Zherbin / Shelley

My soul is like an enchanted boat,  
Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float  
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing.  
Meanwhile thy spirit lifts its pinions  
In music's most serene dominions;  
Catching the winds that fan that happy heaven.

### THOUGHTS OF MINE

English Translation © Andrew Gregorovich

Thoughts of mine, thoughts of mine,  
My one and only stay,  
You at least do not abandon  
Me these bitter days.  
From the broad and distant Dnieper  
Fly to me, my homing  
Pigeons, on your blue-grey pinions,  
Through the steppes go roaming  
With the poor forsaken Kirghiz  
Long have they been naked,  
Long been paupers... yet still free  
to Worship God as sacred.  
Come then, dearest thoughts of mine,  
I shall greet you evermore  
As will my children, with soft words,  
and we shall weep together.

## MYNAYUT DNI

Lysenko / Schevchenko

Mynajut' dni, mynajut' nochi,  
Mynaje lito; shelestyt'  
Pozhovkle lystja; hasnut' ochi,  
Zasnuly dumy, sertse spyt'.

I vse zasnulo... I ne znaju,  
Chy ja zhyvu, chy dozhyvaju,  
Chy tak po svitu volochus',  
Bo vzhe ne plachu j ne smijus'...

Dole, de ty? Dole, de ty?  
Nema nijakoji!  
Koly dobroji zhal', Bozhe,  
To daj zloji, zloji!

Ne daj spaty khodjachomu,  
Sertsem zamyraty  
I hnyloju kolodoju  
Po svitu valjatys'.

A daj zhyty, sertsem zhyy  
I ljudej ljubyty,  
A koly ni... To proklynat'  
I svit zapalyty!

Strashno vpasty u kajdany,  
Umyrat' v nevoli,  
A shche hirshe – spaty,  
I spaty na voli,  
I zasnuty na vikviki.

I slidu ne kynut'  
Nijajoho odnakovo –  
Chy zhyv, chy zahynuv!

Dole, de ty? Dole, de ty?  
Nema nijakoji!  
Koly dobroji zhal', Bozhe,  
To daj zloji, zloji!

## THE FLEETING MOMENTS OF YOUTH

English Translation © C H Andrusyshen

The days pass by, nights flit away,  
The summer's gone, pale leaves a-heap  
Are rustling; my eyelids sway in dreams;  
My thoughts and heart are both asleep.

All things around me sleep – I know not  
Whether I live or drowse the while.  
By any play, my hours flow not,  
No longer do I weep or smile...

Where art thou, Destiny, ah where?  
My soul is stirred by none!  
If Thou begrudges me fair fate,  
Lord, send a ruthless one!

Let me not sleep when I should wake,  
Do not permit my heart to lie  
A rotten log that men forsake  
And leave in fetid infamy;

But on me let fierce fervour fall  
To love all people all my days,  
Or let me cast a curse on all...  
And set the torpid world ablaze!

Dreadful it is to lie in chains  
And die in slavery at last,  
Yet worse it is when sleep retains  
The free man's spirit overcast,  
For all eternity to slumber

And leave behind no sign or trace,  
As if his days had borne no number –  
And there was nothing to efface!

Where art thou, Destiny, ah where?  
My soul is stirred by none!  
If Thou begrudges me fair fate,  
Lord, send a ruthless one!

## **DIVKA V SINIAKH STOYALA**

Traditional / Anon.

Divka v siniakh stoiala,  
Na kozaka morgala:  
"Ti, kozache, khodi,  
Mene virno liubi,  
Sertse moe!"

"Iak do tebe khoditi,  
Tebe virno liubiti?  
V tebe bat-ko likhii,  
Sertse moe!"

"Bat-ka doma nemaie,  
U shinochku guliae,  
A ti, sertse, khodi,  
Mene virno liubi,  
Sertse moe!"

"Iak do tebe khoditi,  
Tebe virno liubiti?  
V tebe mati likha,  
Sertse moe!"

"Materi doma nemaie,  
Na khrestinakh guliae,  
A ti, sertse, khodi,  
Mene virno liubi,  
Sertse moe!"

"Iak do tebe khoditi,  
Tebe virno liubiti?  
V tebe mishi likhi,  
Sertse moe!"

"Koli zh mishei boïshsia,  
Na vorotiakh povissia,  
Izgin -, propadi,  
A do mene ne khodi,  
Tsur tobi, pek!"

## **THE BASHFUL LOVER**

English Translation © A Kymach

The girl blinked  
at the Cossack  
"Cossack, go  
to love me faithfully  
You are my heart!"

Cossack: "How to approach you,  
how to love you,  
Your father is evil,  
You are my heart!"

Girl: My father is not at home,  
she is having fun in a tavern,  
but you, my heart,  
go and love me faithfully,  
You are my heart!"

Cossack: "How to approach you,  
how to love you,  
Your mother is evil,  
You are my heart!"

Girl: My mother is not at home,  
he is having fun after christening,  
but you, my heart,  
go and love me faithfully,  
You are my heart!"

Cossack: "How to approach you,  
how to love you,  
mice are evil in your house,  
You are my heart!"

Girl: If you are afraid of mice,  
hang yourself at the gate.  
And disappeared from my eyes  
and don't come to me,  
You are my heart!"

## **MENI ODNAKOVO**

Lysenko / Schevchenko

Meni odnakovo, chy budu  
Ja zhyt v Ukraini, chy ni.  
Chy khto zhadaje, chy zabude  
Mene v snihu na chuzhyni  
Odnakovisin'ko meni.

V nevoli vyris mizh chuzhymy,  
I, ne oplakanyj svojimy,  
V nevoli, plachuchy, umru,  
I vse z soboju zaberu,  
Maloho slidu ne pokynu  
Na nashij slavnij Ukraini,  
Na nashik - ne svojij zemli.

I ne pomjane bat'ko z synom,  
Ne skazhe synovi: "Molys'.  
Molysja, synu:  
za Vkrajinu  
Joho zamuchyly kolys."

Meni odnakovo, chy bude,  
Toj syn molytysja, chy ni...  
Ta ne odnakovo meni,  
Jak Ukrajinu zliji ljudi  
Pryspljat', lukavi, I v ohni  
Jiji, okradenuju, zbudjat'...  
Okh! Okh, ne odnakovo meni.

## **BILYA RICHKU CHEROMOSCHA**

Kos-Anatolsky / Bakaya

Bilia richki cheremosha  
Zhive divchina khorosha.  
Z Cheremosha vodu brala  
Ta i mene zacharuvala.

Mov ne svii khodzhu-blukaiu,  
De znaiti ii - ne znaiu  
Pokazhit - meni stezhinu,  
Nai znaidu krasu-divchinu!

Khodzhu-brodzhu vechorami  
Ponad richku beregami,  
Ta i pitaiu Cheremosha:  
De zhive moia khorosha?

## **INDIFFERENCE**

English Translation © C H Andrusyshen

It is one and all to me indeed,  
If I live in Ukraine or live there not at all,  
Whether or not men let my memory die;  
Here in an alien land, snows piled high,  
It will not matter that such things befall.

In serfdom, among strangers was I reared,  
And unlamented wholly by my own  
In exile I shall die, in grief unsheared  
And to my nameless grave shall pass alone  
No trace of me, alas, will then remain  
To see in all our glorious Ukraine,  
In all that land of ours that is not ours.

No father will commend me to his son,  
That prayers for me to God he might confide:  
"Pray then, my boy!  
For us his course was run.  
For our Ukraine he suffered, and he died."

It is all one to me indeed, I say,  
Whether or not that son for me should pray...  
But while I live I cannot bear to see  
A wicked people come with crafty threat,  
To lull Ukraine, yet strip her ruthlessly  
And waked her, amid the flames they set...  
By God, these wrongs are not all and one to me!

## **NEAR THE RIVER CHEREMOSCHA**

English Translation © A Kymach

Near the river Cheremoscha,  
A beautiful girl lives  
She took water from Cheremosh  
And enchanted me.

I don't feel like myself,  
I walk and wander  
I don't know where to find her  
Show me the path to find a beautiful girl!

I walk and wander in the evening  
Above the riverbanks,  
I ask Cheremosh:  
Where lives my beautiful girl?

## DUMKA PRO KOZAKA SUPRUNA

Traditional / Anon.

Oi ne znava kozak,  
Oi ne znava Suprun,  
A yak slava-ki zazhiti,  
Gei, zibrav viis-ko slava zaporiz-ke  
Ta i pishov vin ordu biti.

Oi u nediliu, rano-poranen-ku,  
Suprun iz ordoiu stiavsia,  
A v ponedilok, v obidniu godinu,  
Sam v nevolen-ku popavsia.

"Okh i ti, kozache, kozache Suprune,  
A de zh tvoï peregromki rushnitsi?"  
"Gei, moï rushnitsi v khana u svitlitsi,  
Sam ia, molodii, u temnitsi".

"Okh i ti, kozache, kozache Suprune,  
A de zh tvoï voronii koni?"  
"Gei, moï koni v khana na priponi,  
Sam ia, molodii, u nevoli.

Okh i vivedite, mene vivedite  
Na Savur-mogilu,  
Gei, nekhai stanu, glianu-podivliusia  
Ia na moiu Ukraïnu!

A z toi mogili  
vidno vsi kraini,  
Siv orel litae,  
Gei, stoit-viis-ko slava zaporiz-ke  
Ta yak mak protsvitae!"

## PISNIA PETRA

Lysenko / Anon.

Sontse nizen-ko, vechir blizen-ko  
Spishu do tebe, lechu do tebe,  
moe serden-ko!

Ti obitsialas-mene vik liubiti,  
Ni z kim ne znat-sia i vsikh tsurat-sia,  
a dlia mene zhiti.

Oi, yak ia priidu, tebe ne zastanu,  
Zgornu ruchen-ki, zgornu bilen-ki,  
ta i nezhiv ia stanu.

## DUMA ABOUT THE COSSACK SUPRUN

English Translation © A Kymach

Oh, the Cossack didn't know,  
Oh, Suprun didn't know,  
And how how to become famous,  
Hey, the glorious Zaporozhian army has gathered  
And he went to beat the horde.

Oh, on Sunday, early, early,  
Suprun fought with the masses,  
And on Monday, at lunchtime,  
He himself became a slave, captured.

"Oh, and you, Cossack, Cossack Suprun,  
And where are your loud guns?"  
"Hey, my guns are in the Khan's house,  
I myself, a young man, am in prison."

"Oh, and you, Cossack, Cossack Suprun,  
And where are your crow horses?"  
"Hey, my horses are in the Khan's stable,  
I myself, young, in captivity.

Oh, take me out, take me out  
On the Savur grave,  
Hey, let me stand, I'll take a look  
I'm on my Ukraine!

And from that grave  
you can see all the countries,  
Gray eagle flies  
Hey, the glorious Zaporozhian army is standing  
But how the poppy flourishes!"

## SONG OF PETER

English Translation © A Kymach

The sun is low, the evening's near now  
I rush to you now,  
oh my dear heart.

You promised to love me forever,  
not to be with anyone, and avoid everyone,  
but to live for me.

Oh, when I come, I will not find you,  
I will fold my little hands,  
I will fold my little ones, I will not be alive.

## KRJACHE VORON

Stetsenko / Krotevich

Krjache voron chornyj, krjache,  
Na mohyli savyvaje.  
Ukrajina stohne, plache,  
Sliz'my dribnymy rydaje.

Hej! Vy myli kozachn'ky!  
Slavy dobroji shukaly,  
Ne dovelos' pohuljaty  
U nevil'nyky popaly...

Vashi biliji ruchen'ky  
U kajdany zakuvaly,  
Sylu j slavu vashu dobru  
Zliji turkei zapsuvaly.

Ne dostalo, brattja, voli  
Voroham svojim pomstytys'...  
Dovelosja u kadjanakh  
Vik hirkyj, tjazhkyj prozhyty.

Stohnut', tuzhat' kozachen'ky  
Nen'ku ridnu spomynajut  
Spomynajut' brativ mylykh  
Shcho u Sichi tam huljajut'.

Krjache voron chornyj, krjache,  
Puhach syvyj zavyvaje.  
Ukrajina stohne, plache,  
Sliz'my dribnymy rydaje.

## THE RAVEN CAWS

English Translation

© Uliana Pasicznyk & Maxim Tarnawsky

The black raven caws, caws,  
On the burial mound wails.  
Ukraine groans, weeps,  
With tears fine sons.

Hey! You dear Cossacks!  
Glory good sought,  
It did not transpire to make merry  
Into captivity you fell...

Your white hands  
Into fetters were hammered,  
Strength and glory your good  
But Turks spoiled.

Did not suffice, brethren, the freedom  
Enemies one's to revenge...  
You were in chains  
Your life bitter, hard to live out,

They groan, pine the Cossacks  
Mother land own they recall,  
Recall their brethren dear,  
Who at the Sichi there carouse.

The black raven caws,  
The owl strays howls.  
Ukraine groans, weeps,  
With tears, fine sobs.

## THE BALLAD OF HNAT

Dankevych

Nash Otaman Gamaliia Otaman zavzhatii  
Zibrav Viis-ka tai  
poikhav po moriu guliati  
Slavi zdobuvati  
Iz turets-koi nevoli brativ vizvoliati.

Oi priikhav Gamaliia azh u tu Skutaru  
Sidiat-brati-zaporozhtsi  
dozhidaiut-kari  
Oi iak krikne Gamaliia brati budem zhiti  
Budem zhiti vino piti ianichara biti.

Vilitali Zaporozhtsi na lan zhito zhati  
Zhito zhali v kopi klali gurtom zaspivali.

Slava zh tobi Gamalie na ves-svit velikii  
Na ves-svit velikii,  
na vsiu Ukrainu  
Shcho ne dav ti Zaporozhtsiam  
zginut-na chuzhini.

## THE BALLAD OF HNAT

English Translation © A Kymach

Our Otaman Hamaliya, Otaman is tenacious  
He gathered his troops  
and went for a walk on the sea,  
to gain fame.  
To free the brothers from Turkish captivity.

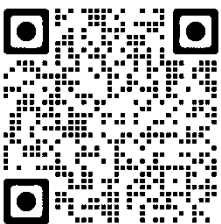
How Hamaliya came all the way to Scutaru  
The Zaporozhians brothers are sitting  
and awaiting punishment.  
Oh, how Hamaliya will shout, let's live, brothers  
Let's live, drink wine, beat the janissary.

The Zaporozhians flew out to harvest rye  
They put rye in heaps and sang in groups.

Glory to you, Hamaliya,  
is great for the whole world,  
for the whole of Ukraine,  
Because you didn't let the Zaporozhians  
perish in a foreign land.

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## ARTIST BIOGRAPHIES



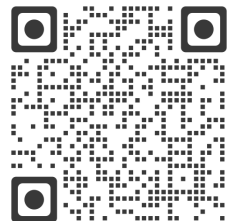
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