SONGS FOR UKRAINE
Friday, April 8, 2022
6 p.m., Paul Davenport Theatre
James Westman’s Studio and Friends
Olena Bratishko, collaborative pianist and coach

Anthem of Ukraine
Mykhailo Verbytskyi
(1815-1870)

The Dnieper River Rages
Mykola Lysenko
(1842-1912)
Christopher Pitre-McBride, baritone

To the Sea
Yakiv Stepovyi
(1883-1921)
Ocean Yin, baritone

The Valleys Slumber
Sidney Hiemstra, baritone

The Sky Embraced the Sea
Kyrylo Stetsenko
(1882-1922)
Carter Keane, baritone

The Cloud
Yakiv Stepovyi
Nohl Egan, baritone

The Sun is Setting
Mykola Lysenko
Felix Stueckmann, baritone

O, Mother Earth
Yakiv Stepovyi
Scatter in the Wind
Renato Araujo, baritone

I Stood and Listened to the Spring
Kyrylo Stetsenko
Arianna Jacyk, mezzo-soprano

The Sun of Warmth and Kindness
Yakiv Stepovyi
Albert Xia, tenor

Float, Dear Swan
Kyrylo Stetsenko
Laura Nielsen, soprano

My Captive Thought
Yakiv Stepovyi
Nicholas Gryniewski, baritone

A Boat Drifts On
Mykola Lysenko
Nicholas Gryniewski and James Smith, tenor

-Intermission-

Indifference
James Westman, baritone

Willow
Testament
Myktya Duvalko, tenor

The Crane
Valeriia Honchar, soprano

To Become a Song
Forget Me

I Gaze at the Sky
Christopher Pitre-McBride, baritone

Ukraine
Christine Kyllikki Kuitinen, Myktya Duvalko, Valeriia Honchar

Prayer for Ukraine

Joining all the singers above are Kelsey Lenti, Rebecca Crane, Claire Collins, Antonia Sidiropoulos, Joshua Sutherland, Chong Tan, and Gabrielle de Grandmont.

WAYS TO DONATE

1) London Ukrainian Centre - donations will be used to help with humanitarian relief in Ukraine and Poland (NO TAX RECEIPTS issued). Please, e-transfer to: info@londonukrainiancentre.ca

2) Ukraine Newcomer Fund - donations will be used to help newcomers in London and surrounding areas who have been affected by the war in Ukraine. (TAX RECEIPTS issued).

Please, scan this QR code to donate or visit giving.lcclc.org
TRANSLATIONS

The Anthem of Ukraine  
Text by Pavlo Chubynsky  
Translation by Sian Moore

The glory and freedom of Ukraine has not yet perished.  
Luck will still smile on us brother-Ukrainians.  
Our enemies will die, as the dew does in the sunshine,  
and we, too, brothers, we’ll live happily in our land.  
We’ll not spare either our souls or bodies to get freedom  
and we’ll prove that we brothers are of Kozak kin.

The Mighty Dnieper  
Text by Taras Shevchenko  
Translated by John Weir

The mighty Dnieper roars and bellows,  
The wind in anger howls and raves,  
Down to the ground it bends the willows,  
And mountain-high lifts up the waves.

The Valleys Slumber  
Text by Oleksander Oles  
Translated by Uliana Pasicznyk and Maxim Tarnawsky

The valleys slumber, while on the hills  
I stand alone the whole night through,  
Searching the good stars in the heavens  
For my unfortunate star.  
I seek it in order to return  
To it the favours it has bestowed,  
To weep here on the hills  
Until all my tears are gone.

The Sky Embraced the Sea  
Text by Oleksander Oles  
Translated by Uliana Pasicznyk and Maxim Tarnawsky

The sky and the sea embrace, the sea pours itself into the sky.  
They’ve forgotten the whole world and have lost themselves in the mist.  
I dreamed of being with you, of joining our two souls together.  
But you were blue, like the sky, and in your thoughts, you were flying elsewhere.

The Sun is Setting  
Text by Taras Shevchenko  
Translated by Alexander J. Motyl

As the sun sets and hills grow dark,  
As the birdsong ends and fields fall silent,  
As the people laugh and take their rest,  
I watch.  
My heart hurries  
To the twilit gardens of Ukraine.  
And I hurry.  
O, how I hurry with my thoughts,  
As my heart yearns for rest.  
As the fields grow dark,  
As the groves grow dark,  
I see a star.  
And I weep.  
Hey, you star! Have you reached Ukraine?  
Do dark eyes scour the blue sky for you?  
Or don’t they care?  
May they sleep if they don’t.  
May they know nothing of my fate.
O Mother Earth!
Text by Ivan Franko
Translated by Watson Kirkconnell
O Earth, all-fertile mother of all might,
Grant me the force that in thy depth must live,
Only a drop to strengthen me to fight -
That favour give!
Grant me the warmth that sets the breast extending.
Makes pure the feelings and renews the blood,
And wakens for mankind a love unending
In boundless flood!

The Sun of Warmth and Kindness
Text by Oleksander Oles
Translated by Bohdan Parashchak
The sun of warmth and kindness has dimmed,
The frost has bitten the flowers,
I cannot sing now, my eyes are full of tears
And sorrow has taken over my soul.
My son, my dream has died
And I blunder in darkness,
My soul for a moment, for a moment has blossomed,
And again returned to the grave.

My Captive Thought
Text by Lesia Ukrainka
Translated by Bohdan Parashchak
My captive thought has remained silent for too long,
Like a bird in a cage, shut out from the world,
My thought has not flown for a long time,
Tamed by grief, pierced by sorrow.
It is time my song walked into the world,
To straighten my wings, to shed my grief,
Time for my song to soar, to listen,
How the wind plays upon the sea.
Flow, my song, like an unsteady wave,
She does not ask wither she flows.
Fly, my song, like a swift seagull,
She is not afraid that she will die in the sea.
Play, my song, like the wind plays!
Howl, like that roar of the swirling around the boat!
It does not matter that the wind does not reply.
The sound of the waves charms the future!

A Boat Drifts On
Folk Text
Translated by Maxim Tarnawsky and Uliana Pasiczny
The boat sails, full of water,
But it’s always rocking.
The kozak heads for his girl,
But he’s always stopping.
The boat sails, full of water,
And covered with leaves. 
Don’t boast, fair maiden, 
Of your fine necklace. 
Don’t boast, young kozak, 
Of your curly forelock. 
The boat sails, full of water, 
May it not capsize!

Indifference
*Text by Taras Shevchenko*
*Translated by Clearance A. Manning*

It makes no difference to me, 
If I shall live or not in Ukraine 
Or whether any one shall think 
Of me ’mid foreign snow and rain. 
It makes no difference to me.

In slavery I grew ’mid strangers, 
Unwept by any kin of mine; 
In slavery I now will die 
And vanish without any sign. 
I shall not leave the slightest trace 
Upon our glorious Ukraine, 
Our land, but not as ours known. 
No father will remind his son 
Or say to him, "Repeat one prayer, 
One prayer for him; for our Ukraine 
They tortured him in their foul lair."

It makes no difference to me, 
If that son says a prayer or not. 
It makes great difference to me 
That evil folk and wicked men 
Attack our Ukraine, once so free, 
And rob and plunder it at will. 
That makes great difference to me.

The Willow
*Text by Ivan Surikov*
*Translated by Uliana Pasicznyk and Maxim Tarnawsky*

The wind blows, the wild wind, it 
sweeps across the plain 
And bends the willow by the road 
down to the ground. 
The willow bends and bends, an orphan without protection, 
The plain stretches, like an ocean, 
as far as the eye can see.

The sun burns the willow with its 
rays, the rain pours down on it, 
The wild wind shakes the leaves off 
the poor, unfortunate soul. 
The willow bends and bends, an orphan without protection,

The plain stretches, like an ocean, 
covered with steppe grass.

Who planted this willow, an orphan 
in the open plain, 
By the road here to suffer injury and misfortune? 
The willow bends and bends, 
without a word of hope, 
The plain stretches, like an ocean, 
an immeasurable.

Testament
*Text by Taras Shevchenko*
*Translated by John Weir*

When I am dead, bury me 
In my beloved Ukraine, 
My tomb upon a grave mound high 
Amid the spreading plain, 
So that the fields, the boundless steppes, 
The Dnieper’s plunging shore 
My eyes could see, my ears could hear 
The mighty river roar.

When from Ukraine the Dnieper 
bears 
Into the deep blue sea 
The blood of foes ... then will I leave 
These hills and fertile fields — 
I’ll leave them all and fly away 
To the abode of God, 
And then I’ll pray .... But till that day 
I nothing know of God.

Oh bury me, then rise ye up 
And break your heavy chains 
And water with the tyrants’ blood 
The freedom you have gained. 
And in the great new family, 
The family of the free, 
With softly spoken, kindly word 
Remember also me.

The Crane
*Text by V. Juhymovych*
*Translated by Valeria Honchar*

Why has the crane, against the ice 
Was hitting with wings? 
“Did not take me as the wife, 
In the light of day.”

Where is that love potion 
That you haven’t passed 
You haven’t called upon the wedding

Just me alone?

Maybe the moon during that time 
Went behind the clouds 
And now to my yard 
You could not find the path?

When with her, not with me 
You will be in sorrow. 
I will be a bright rainbow 
Shining for you.

To Become a Song
*Text by Lesia Ukrainka*
*Translated by Uliana Pasicznyk and Maxim Tarnawsky*

I would like to become a song in this 
glorious moment, 
To fly freely across the world, to 
have the winds carry the echo. 
To fly to the very heavens with a 
ringing sound of song, 
To fall on the clear waves, to soar 
across the raging sea. 
My dreams would then echo and my 
secret happiness too, 
Brighter than the shining night sky 
louder then the roar of the sea.

Forget Me
*Text by Petro Karmansky*
*Translated by Uliana Pasicznyk and Maxim Tarnawsky*

Forget me, and do not fret 
As I slowly wither in despair, 
And do not ask me whether 
Old wounds rankle in my heart.

Are you to blame that misfortune 
Has placed a great chasm between us? 
Whoever is separated by cruel fate 
Suffers cruel pangs of the heart.

Don’t cry! Forget that you’re unable 
To dry the tears of a miserable wretch, 
They’ll dry on their own in my grave. 
Forget! Forget me forever!

I Gaze at the Sky
*Text by Mykhalo Petrenko*
*Translation Unknown*

I gaze at the sky and it makes me wonder:
Why aren’t I a falcon? Why aren’t I flying?
God, why have you left me with no wings to fly?
I’d take off the ground and fly high above.

I’d fly over the clouds, far off the maddening crowd
To look for my fortune, heartache and grief bound.
To ask for caress from the moon and the sly,
And show off myself in their bright light.
And my own way to find...

Ukraine
Text by Taras Petryinenko
Translated by Unknown

We don’t need another road,
While the Milky Way shines its light.
I walk from you and towards you
On your golden pathways.

I can’t help but blossom.
You can’t help but blossom.
It’s only worth to live in this world,
As long as you’re alive and flourishing.

Ukraine, Ukraine!
After a distance of roads.
True heart of your son
I lay to your feet.

While we’re in love to loss of consciousness,
Our end will not come soon.
Our hearts still may
Infame another thousands of hearts.

Our candle is not burned yet,
Our youth is still with us.
And whether our cause is right -
Let that be told by people, let that be told by time.

Ukraine, Ukraine!
After a distance of roads,
True heart of your son
I lay to your feet.

Prayer for Ukraine
Text by Oleksandr Konysky
Translated by Dmytro Shostak

Lord, oh the Great and Almighty,
Protect our beloved Ukraine,
Bless her with freedom and light
Of your holy rays.

With learning and knowledge
enlighten Us, your children small,
In love pure and everlasting
Let us, oh Lord, grow.

We pray, oh Lord Almighty,
Protect our beloved Ukraine,
Grant our people and country
All your kindness and grace.

Bless us with freedom, bless us with wisdom,
Guide into kind world,
Bless us, oh Lord, with good fortune
For ever and evermore.