

Ukrainian Song on a Starlit Night

Kateryna Khartova, soprano
Sofia Mycyk, piano

Present by Saskatoon Opera

1. My Evening Star

Arrangement: V. Umants'

Text: Taras Shevchenko

2. The Pitiless

Composer: Myroslav Volyns'kyj

Text: Oleksandr Oles'

3. Rubies

Composer: Jakiv Stepovyj

Text: Mykola Voronyj

4. Thought Follows Thought

Composer: Yakiv Stepovyj

Text: Taras Shevchenko

5. Not All Sorrows Have Died

Composer: Myroslav Volyns'kyj

Text: Oleksandr Oles'

6. Little Rain

Arrangement: Mykola Lysenko

Ukrainian Folk Song

7. I Do So Love You

Composer: Myroslav Volyns'kyj

Text: Anna Volyns'ka

8. Swim, Swan, Swim!

Composer: Kyrylo Stetsenko

Text: Taras Shevchenko

9. Ukrainian Melody

Composer: Mykola Lysenko

Text: Jevhen Hrebinka

10. Is There Another Beauty Like This?

Composer: Dionysus Bonkovsky

Ukrainian Folk Song

11. Dark Eyes

Arrangement: Fedir Nadenenko

Ukrainian Folk Song

12. Recapturing Youth

Composer: Jaroslav Lopatyns'kyj

Text: Serhij Ljubomyr

13. It Is Well to Have Friends Everywhere

Composer: Jakiv Stepovyj

Text: Stepan Rudans'kyj

14. Evening Song

Composer: Kyrylo Stetsenko

Text: Volodymyr Samiilenko

Translations

1. My Evening Star

My evening star, Arise high, now above the mountain,

We shall talk here, quietly, In captivity together.

Tell me how beyond the hill, the sun does set there,

How from the Dneiper the rainbow, does borrow it's water.

How the wide black poplar has spread out it's branches,

And upon the very waters The willow has bent down low;

Unto the waters it has sent down It's green branches ,

And upon it's branches swing Unbaptised children...

How in the field upon the grave, the werewolf spends the night.

And how the owl in the woods and, in the eves foretells misfortune.

How the Pasqueflower in the valley there in the night it does bloom...

And about the people...so let them be. I know them well.

Translation credit:

<https://lyricstranslate.com>

2. The Pitiless

A blind man selling violets:

“Take one, for the sake of bread”

My broken heart

Is also full of violets.

They did not hear the please,

They did not throw him a piece of bread.

O my blossoming heart, just wither –

No one needs any violets.

Translation: Uliana Pasicznyk and Maxim Tarnawsky

3. Rubies

Wounds open,

Old wounds, irritated again by weariness.

And red blood, hot as fire,

Is no longer held back by the herbs of deception.

Wounds open –

Wounds, the rubies of the heart.

You are the only gift, the beggar's treasure,

Mercifully granted by the beloved's hand

At parting, in the final minutes.

Wounds, rubies of the heart! Oh, my red rubies!
Who gave you the color and shine of fire?
My pride, my injured pride.
That held my anger in check.
Oh, my red rubies!

Translation: Uliana Pasicznyk and Maxim Tarnawsky

4. Thought Follows Thought

Thought follows thought, off in a swarm
each flits;
One mauls the soul, one tears it all to bits,
Yet another silently sobs.
Perhaps to God Himself it's not revealed.
To whom shall I unfold it?
By whom will it be heard—
This speech of mine, who will divine
The import of my Word?
All deaf and all indifferent,
In chains our people bend!..
You laugh full deep while I must weep,
My great and mighty friend!
What harvest yields my weeping?
Weeds it perchance may be!
Still fiercely laugh and weep.

Translation: Watson Kirkconnell

5. Not All Sorrows Have Died

Not all sorrows have died,
Not all songs have been sung,
Not all horizons have clouded over –
My blood still boils, roiling in rage,
And my heart still beats like a bell.
My entire soul is in flames.
To you and to life I will not succumb,
I shall not douse the fire with tears,
I shall spread myself out as the steppe,
I shall spill out a sea of songs,
And into each song I shall pour
All my passion, all my blood.

Translation: Uliana Pasicznyk and Maxim Tarnawsky

6. Little Rain

Little rain, little rain,
Falling delicately...
I was thinking, I was thinking-
About a young Zaporozhian kozak,
Mother!
If I knew, if I knew,
Which way to look,
Then I would hire someone,
To sweep the path.

And he's coming, and he's coming,
Stepping lightly,-
It's my dear, it's my sweetheart,
Look, Mother!

Light rain,
Falling from the eaves...
My sweetheart was angered,
To the point of stamping his feet.

He became angered
And wouldn't speak to me,
But when he glances - hearts melt,
In him, and in me.

Translation: Sofia Mycyk

7. I Do Love You So

Do you hear? I love you! Do you hear?
The stars got tangled in the leaves.
The moon is following behind us.
He's jealous, and turning pale, for we are
two.
The evening, saturated with flowers,
Is whispering about madness.
I will embrace your shoulders.
Do you want me to? Just say.
My open lips are trembling.

I will kiss you to death---
Almost to death.
May I?

**Translation: Uliana Pasicznyk and Maxim
Tarnawsky**

8. Swim, Swan, Swim

Grow, grow tall!
Look out o'er the blue sea.
Good luck and bad luck lie
On either side.
And there, somewhere,
My lover roams the fields.
I weep, my years pass by
Waiting for him.
Say to him, O my heart, Topolia!
That people laugh at me.
Tell him that I shall die
If he do not come soon.
Mother herself
Wishes to bury me. . . .
And who will look after her?
Who will take care of her when she is old?
Mother! Dear Mother! Dear God!
Look far, Topolia, and, if he is not,
Weep with the dew at sundown,

Though none may know—
Taller and taller grow,
Higher and higher.
Float, float, O Swan,
Upon the bluish sea.

**Translation: Florence Randal Livesay/
Kateryna Khartova**

9. Ukrainian Melody

Daughter:

No, Mother, I can't love him,
It's doom to live with one you don't love.
It's hard, it's so hard to conduct
conversation,
It's better I spend my life as a maid.

Mother:

But can you see not that I'm getting old?
I'll soon find eternal rest in a grave.
When my eyes close forever, who will
watch over you?
You'll be left, my daughter, an orphan,
alone.

Daughter:

Oh Mother, my dear, don't weep, please do
not cry!
Prepare the kerchief and embroidered
cloths.

I will lose my life with one I don't love
But you will be happy, I alone will shed
tears.

Narrator/Mother:

Away in the valley a cross stands by the
road,
Beneath it, all day, a mother sobs and wails:
"Dear God, my dear Saviour, what have I
done?
My daughter I've doomed, her life I've
forsaken."

10. Is There Another Beauty Like This?

Is there another young girl in this world
With the face as pale as Handzya?
Oh kind people tell me,
What will be with me now?

Handzya my dear, Handzya my love,
Handzya my sweet, how you are my dove.
Handzya my fish, Handzya my bird,
Handzya my knob-demoiselle.

When she looks at me sincerely -
My heart wilts, like a flower.
And when she talks
I do not know what to do..

My Handzya, my cute Handzya
What did you give me to drink
Loveage tee, your charm,
Or your sweet words?

Translation:

<https://lyricstranslate.com/en/gandzia-gandzia.html>

11. Dark Eyes

Oh Dark brows, Oh brown eyes
Dark, like the night, bright, like the day!
Oh eyes, oh eyes, those maiden eyes,
Where have you learned so to mislead
people?

You are not here, yet you are present,
You shine in my soul, like two bright stars.
Are you then filled with some kind of
potion,
Or maybe truly, you're some sorceress?

Oh Dark brows -- you lines of silk,
All but with you I am so in love,
Oh Brown eyes, those maiden eyes,
All but on you I would gaze upon!

Oh Dark brows, Oh brown eyes!
Frightening it is to gaze on you always:

You'll not be sleeping the day, nor the night,
Always we're thinking, dear eyes, but of
you.

Translation: <https://lyricstranslate.com>

12. Recapturing Youth

When I was young
The girls, like a swarm,
Always chased after me
And gave me no rest.
I always ran from them
Thinking in a sin
To gaze at a girl's pretty face,
Her pretty and eyes.
But in these thirty years
The world has greatly changed---
I can't find a single one
Who will still chase after me.
Now, if only I could
I wouldn't worry about sin,
I'd gaze into her eyes,
But not no one will let me.

**Translation: Uliana Pasichnyk and Maxim
Tarnawsky**

13. It Is Well To Have Friends Everywhere!

A grandma came to church and bought
A fair supply of candles;
To each old icon round the church
A taper's light she handles.
There still remained a pair of them...
Where should these lights be stuck?
"Perhaps," she says, " I'll find that saint,
Mykyta, with some luck!"
At last she found his icon out---
The Saint was thrashing Satan!
One light before the Saint she set,
One for Fiend did straighten...
The people saw , and scolded her
With looks that could dishevel:
"Why, granny, cant you see," they said,
"You've placed it for the Devil?"
But granny turned and said: "My friends,
Don't speak with hasty breath!
A person never can be sure
Where he will go at death—
Whether to heaven or to hell
His ghostly path he'll fare.
You see, good people, it is well
To have friends everywhere."

Translation: Watson Kirkconnell

14. Evening Song

The hush of the evening
Descends upon the earth
And the sun
Slowly sets in the grove.

O dearest bright sun,
Can it be that you are weary,
That you are angry?
Please, linger a while!

Shien on for an hour
It's too early to sleep,
Warm and indulge us
With your motherly tenderness.

But the sun does not listen,
It sets o're the mountain,
And bids us adieu
For the rest of the night.

Translation: Uliana Pasicznyk and Maxim Tarnawsky