

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE
**UKRAINIAN-CANADIAN
IMMIGRANT FOLKSONG CYCLE**

By Robert B. Klymasz



THE
NATIONAL
MUSEUMS
OF CANADA



National Museums of Canada
Bulletin No. 234
Folklore Series No. 8

Issued under the authority of
The National Museums of Canada

Publication supported by
The Margaret Hess Canadian Studies Fund
of the National Museum of Man

Ouvrage subventionné par
Le Fonds Margaret Hess d'Etudes canadiennes
du Musée national de l'Homme

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Texts prepared and recorded by the author
Musical transcriptions by Walter P. Klymkiw

Ottawa, 1970

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Price \$4.25 Catalogue No. NM-93-234

Price subject to change without notice
Queen's Printer for Canada
Ottawa, Canada
1970

Foreword

Different aspects of Canada's immigrant groups have been examined in a variety of sociological studies, statistical reports, and historical accounts. Most of these investigations have been devoted to the formulation of supposedly objective conclusions regarding a given facet of a specific immigrant group or the immigrant community at large. In the course of these endeavours the value of folkloristic materials has been given increasing recognition since it is here that the researcher finds an unsolicited expression and unabashed evaluation of the new Canadian experience in the subjective terms of the immigrant himself.

Mr. Klymasz's work on the Ukrainian-Canadian immigrant folksong cycle marks a new contribution to this particular aspect of Canadian folklore studies. The process of immigration, as the author shows, gives rise to the emergence of new folkloristic materials which are special to and remain locked within the immigrant community in Canada. At the same time, the traditional body of 'old country' folklore is subject to modification as a result of its contact with the new Canadian environment. In brief, Mr. Klymasz focuses his attention on the Canadian experience as reflected in the Ukrainian folksong tradition in Canada. The image of the immigrant and of the minority ethnic group in the folklore of Canada's dominant English- and French-speaking cultures, as well as other related inter-ethnic folkloristic phenomena, awaits future investigation. The present work, however, provides a start in this direction.

The Folklore Division wishes to acknowledge the collaboration of Prof. Jaroslav B. Rudnyc'kyj, Head of the Department of Slavic Studies at the University of Manitoba in Winnipeg, and himself a pioneer in the field of Ukrainian folklore in Canada. His careful reading of the manuscript and his suggestions and constructive comments have been greatly appreciated.

CARMEN ROY
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Résumé

Les immigrants ukrainiens ont commencé à affluer au Canada vers la fin du dix-neuvième siècle par suite des efforts du gouvernement visant à coloniser les vastes terres vierges de l'Ouest du Canada. Les Ukrainiens ont apporté avec eux leur folklore distinctif. La transplantation elle-même a donné naissance à de nouveaux traits de folklore qui expriment les divers aspects et étapes de toute cette aventure qu'ont vécue les immigrants. En même temps, le répertoire traditionnel de la mère patrie a déjà connu des transformations au contact du nouveau milieu canadien.

M. Klymasz, au cours de ses recherches dans les colonies ukrainiennes des Prairies, de 1963 à 1965, a pu enregistrer de nombreuses informations directement rattachées à ces événements. La présente compilation comprend vingt-huit chants folkloriques que M. Klymasz a choisis dans son imposante collection de chants et récits du folklore ukrainien; ils sont classés, dans l'introduction, en six genres différents: chants de l'émigration, chants de l'épreuve et de la déception, chants de louange, chants macaroniques, chants rituels et divers chants non rituels. Tous les textes des chants sont reproduits dans la langue originale et dans une traduction, ligne par ligne, vers l'anglais. Les mélodies, transcrites par M. Walter P. Klymkiw, de Winnipeg, correspondent au premier couplet de la langue originale.

The families " . . . were all so happy on the night of the 24th instant, that around a large camp-fire on the prairie they sang their national songs; they were delighted with the surroundings, and gave every tangible evidence that they were more than pleased with their location. I selected for the camp a spot looking down upon a beautiful lake, well wooded, and the prairie all that could be desired. . . ."

May 30, 1898: Report of
C. W. Speers, Dominion
Colonization Agent



PART I:
INTRODUCTION



On April 1, 1895, Canada's Department of the Interior received a letter from a "Prof. Dr. Josef Oleskow" of the city of Lemberg in the Province of Galicia, Austria. The writer of the letter requested information about Canada and intimated the possibility of directing a mass migration of Ukrainian (Ruthenian) farmers to Canada:

A great number of Galician agriculturalists of Ruthenian (Slavic) nationality desire to quit their native country, due to overpopulation, subdivision of land holdings, heavy taxation, and unfavourable political conditions.

The question therefore arises to find a country with ample good, free land for settlement, willing to accept thousands of farmers—who although possessed of modest means, are diligent and thrifty—and to offer them the opportunity to attain a decent subsistence.¹

The subsequent exodus of peasants from Western Ukraine into Canada is not, of course, a unique phenomenon in the history of this continent. But for Canada, the Ukrainian immigrant has played the all-important role of opening up and settling the Canadian Northwest Territories which, before his arrival, was still something of a no-man's land, populated by Indians, Mounties, and a few English- and French-speaking settlements. Today, the Ukrainians in Canada number well over half a million souls, and, for the most part, they have been successfully integrated into all spheres of Canada's political, social, and cultural activity.

The purpose of this report is to provide an introduction to the investigation of the Ukrainian-Canadian folksong corpus. Although there has been some attention paid to the problem of immigrant folksong cycles on this continent, most of the work has been either fragmentary, mediocre, or too one-sided. Often the field-worker has been too anxious to collect those items which are within the tradition of the 'old country' folksong corpus at the expense of those items which appear to show signs of 'deterioration.' On the other hand, others have emphasized those features in the content which are of socio-historical significance and reflect the process of emigration and immigration without, however, examining the materials from other levels of observation. Both kinds of approach—in so far as immigrant folksong scholarship is concerned—have been overly exclusive and have stopped short of the desired goal.

The discussion in this report is exploratory in nature and attempts to bridge this gap by treating content, *and* style, *and* function in terms of the acculturative process. In general, it seeks to provide a partial answer to the question—what happens to a rich folksong tradition when it is transplanted to a new and somewhat different environment?

Twenty-eight Ukrainian-Canadian folksong texts serve as the major source of reference. These form only a small segment of almost two thousand folksong items I recorded in Western Canada in the summers of 1963, 1964, and 1965. The selection of texts is based on either one of two criteria: (1) the song is an original item composed in Canada; or (2) it is a

¹As quoted by Vladimir J. Kaye in his *Early Ukrainian Settlements in Canada, 1895-1900*, Toronto, University of Toronto Press, 1964, p. 3.

traditional item with obvious signs of 'Canadianization' through contact with the new Canadian environment.

The texts, selected on the basis of such criteria, fall into two broad categories according to function: casual or non-ritual folksongs, and non-casual or ritual folksongs. The ritual texts are fewer in number for the reason that the ritual folksong corpus no longer exists as a productive folksong tradition but rather survives in a vacuum, so to speak, as an extremely conservative group of folksongs, divorced from the old calendric rituals and various ceremonies with which they were genetically associated. In other words, it is the casual, impromptu-like situation which, for the singer, provides an outlet for fresh comment and which, for the folklorist, brings into relief those processes currently active in shaping and conditioning the immigrant folksong corpus.

It is, then, the non-ritual folksong texts that are in the majority because of their ability to change and adapt themselves to new and different situations. The twenty-eight texts have been divided into the following types or categories: (A) the emigration songs, which describe the departure from the immigrant's native village in the 'old country,' his journey to the New World, and his arrival in Canada; (B) and (C), songs which are in the nature of firsthand reports and general commentaries on the new immigrant experience, with the negative and positive aspects of this experience divided into (B) and (C) song-types, respectively; (D) macaronic songs, which treat of everyday life in Canada; (E) miscellaneous non-ritual songs. These five groups, as outlined above, provide a more or less diachronic perspective into the materials with each group or song-type offering an insight into a different stage of the acculturative process. The ritual folksongs, as implied earlier, are in the minority and have been placed under the single letter heading, category (F).

SONGS OF THE EMIGRATION

The first group of texts, the emigration songs (type A), marks that initial starting point in the immigrant experience which serves as the spring for the formation of an entirely new folksong cycle. It acts as a kind of bridge between the 'old country' and the New World. And in addition to their sociohistorical significance, these songs are important in that they embody those stylistic processes which were productive at the time of emigration to Canada.

The emigration songs deal with a limited number of motifs: the reasons for emigrating, the preparations for the journey, the departure scene, the voyage or journey itself, and finally the arrival in the new world. Similar thematic material is found in a number of texts which have been grouped under other headings. The distinguishing feature in this case is the personal, diary-like presentation of these motifs:

"Don't go to Canada, my husband,
Don't go there to suffer,
Without you here it's hard for me
To feed the children."

I didn't listen to my children
Or to my wife.
I went to the village head
And took out a passport.

(Text A.1)

Among the reasons for emigrating, the greatest emphasis is placed by the songs on two factors: the economic and the political suppression of the peasants in the 'old country.' Canada is pictured as a kind of Eldorado where the prospective emigrant hopes to earn better wages and, in general, carve out for himself a future that is free from want and oppression:

Let me go to Canada,
For I live here in bondage!
For here the Lords fight over elections
And they purchase votes,
And us poor unfortunate ones
They work to death.

(Text A.2)

Armed with his passport, his ticket, and money for the road, he bids a tearful farewell to his friends and relatives, reluctantly boards a train, and eventually reaches Hamburg or some other seaport. It is the sea and the experience of being transported over the ocean which makes an indelible impression on the emigrant whose life revolved around strictly agrarian pursuits and who seldom, if ever, had seen any body of water other than the river, stream, or creek which flowed through his native village area. The following is a vivid account of twenty-one days at sea in 1897, as described by one of the emigrants in his memoirs:

After a short wait in Hamburg, one and a half thousand Ukrainian emigrants were loaded into a very old and not very large ship, the *Arcadia* . . . Probably no Ukrainian emigrant ever experienced such a dreadful ocean crossing as we did . . . the weather was beautiful for the first few days . . . When about half-way across the Atlantic, the weather suddenly changed one evening, and a storm broke out, a real hurricane accompanied by a deluge of rain. In no time the sea was transformed into high mountains with white tops. One moment we were on top of these foaming mountains, and the next we were thrown into what seemed a bottomless abyss . . . People were holding on tightly to their bedsteads, and many began to pray. Many became seasick. The seamen apparently anticipated the storm, because they herded us all below deck and closed the hatches . . .

The storm lasted three days without a break, and somehow we all survived it without great losses. Only two persons died, an old man and a child . . .

[A few days later] the boat was imprisoned by ice and could not move. The captain ordered all passengers on deck . . . We were ordered, when the whistle blew, to run from one side of the boat to the other as fast as we could, and back again. We repeated this manoeuvre many times. The boat began to sway, broke the ice . . . and began to move forward slowly. Our baggage, which was stored below, became soaking wet during the storm, and we suffered great losses.

We wrestled with the ice floes for three days, and only on the fourth day we reached the open sea, which was calm and as smooth as a mirror.

After another two and a half days of sailing against the wind on the St. Lawrence, we finally reached Quebec and Canada. We had been at sea twenty-one days . . .¹

As far as the songs of emigration are concerned, they telescope such crucial events and experiences into a miniature episodic form, which is no longer than one or two stanzas. In one of the songs the voyage is depicted as follows:

We got on board ship
And began to depart,
Whoever ate or drank something
Had to bring it up.

(Text A.1)

Another text underlines the ocean voyage in different terms:

On Thursday morning
When the ship began to rock,
We began to call on the Lord God
And the Virgin Mary:

“Help us, O Jesus Christ
And Saint Nicholas!
Help us to cross over
To our new land!”

(Text A.2)

Arrival at one of Canada's eastern seaports—usually Halifax or Quebec City—marked only the beginning of still another series of trials and hardships for the Ukrainian immigrant: he had yet to submit to an overland journey—by train and then by wagon—which would take him through half the continent, suffering crowded and unhealthy conditions en route. “They are sleeping everywhere, baggage and people,” reported one of the immigration officials. “In addition to this,” reported another, “there was the hardship of their children sleeping on the ground without very much covering. In fact . . . the white frost was so thick you could gather it up in your hand like snow; so it is not much wonder the people become somewhat dissatisfied.”² These observations serve to corroborate the dissatisfaction verbalized in one of the songs of the emigration as follows:

We arrived in Selkirk
At four o'clock,
Genik told us to get off
In a forest by a valley.

The poor people climbed out
Like a bunch of gypsies,
They made a fire and warmed themselves,
And bedded down.

¹As quoted by V. J. Kaye in his *Early Ukrainian Settlements*, p. 192-3.

²*Ibid.*, p. 307-308.

When the poor people got up
They began to weep profusely:
"Alas! We are doomed in this Canada
To perish forever!"

(Text A.1)

SONGS OF HARDSHIP AND DISILLUSIONMENT

The ordeal of settling the colonizers was sometimes beset by tragic outbreaks of disease followed by prejudice against the new immigrants on the part of those with whom they came in contact. And, of course, there was the ever-present language barrier, which separated the immigrants from the government officials whose efforts on their behalf were often frustrated by the immigrants' seeming ingratitude for the land assigned to them for homesteading:

You cannot imagine the difficulty there is to get these people to go to a new place; it either has to be done by force or deception.

. . . some change has got to be made in the way of handling these people. They cannot be allowed to come here and select for themselves where they are going; there must be some means of compelling them to go where the Government agents select. . .¹

It is, then, against this kind of backdrop that the next group of songs (B-group) is to be placed. In them are reflected the hardships, the disenchantment, and the homesickness that accompanied the initial stages of settlement. In general, the texts in this group are characterized by a negative, despondent attitude towards the new experience and, stylistically, they are presented in the nature of personal reports of general commentaries. Ties with the 'old country' are still strong as letters are sent and eagerly awaited from loved ones left behind²; everywhere there is the comparison between the Old World and the new environment, the 'before' and 'now'—with sentiments still very much in favour of the former; and underlying the entire group of texts is the gnawing homesickness which, in many cases, overwhelmed the immigrant to such a degree that he prepared to make the return journey to his native village:

O save us, Mother of God,
And all you heavenly powers above!
So that we can earn another
Hundred dollars for our pockets;
So that we can sail back to our families
Over that frightful ocean;
It is there that our hearts will be lighter
And the black days will be forgotten.

(Text B.5)

¹*Ibid.*, p. 303.

²There is some indication, according to the statements of some of my informants that letters were written in song-verse form. The references to the writing of letters in text nos. B. 1, B. 3, B. 4, and B. 8 are, then, very likely reflections of this custom. In this connection, see, for example, William I. Thomas and Florian Znaniecki, *The Polish Peasant in Europe and America* (New York, 1918-20), p. 303-315 and F. K. Weber's "Volks poesie in Briefen kroatischer Bauern," *Festschrift fuer Max Vasmer* (Berlin, 1956), p. 552-559.

Another characteristic feature of this group of texts is the expression of bewilderment and wonder at the awesome, almost never ending expanse of the Canadian Northwest. Usually this is expressed in a very compact, formulaic manner: "As I walk through Canada, I count the miles, / Wherever nightfall finds me, there I bed down" (Text B.1). In one of the songs the immigrant walks for three days without bread and water (Text B.6). A somewhat more eloquent statement of the same feeling of astonishment was expressed by a Dominion Government Agent, an easterner, who in 1900 travelled west on a mission to inspect the Galicians and their settlements:

I must say that although I had read a good deal about the agricultural resources of the North West Territories, I found the vastness of the country was far beyond anything that I had previously conceived, as I travelled for miles and miles through what seemed to be an illimitable ocean of the finest agricultural lands, in a natural state, inviting the hand of the husbandman.¹

An interesting feature, in so far as the verbal aspect of the texts is concerned, is the occasional attempt to poetize 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:

O Canada, Canada, how deceitful you are,
You have separated many a husband from his wife.

(Text B.1)

'She' also partakes in a dialogue with a dissatisfied immigrant who addresses her as follows:

O Canada, Canada.
You foreign motherland,
Why is life so sad in you
And not happy like in the old country?
"I'm a sad place
Because I was a wilderness;
But now I'm happy
Because there are many people."

(Text B.6)

SONGS OF PRAISE

In spite of the hardships the Ukrainian immigrant encountered, he stayed on.² In most cases it took him only a few short years to clear the land, build a house, and provide an adequate if not comfortable livelihood—by old country standards at least—for himself and his family. In 1903, the Superintendent of Immigration in Ottawa received the following glowing report from one of its agents on a colony of Ukrainian settlers, which had

¹*Ibid.*, p. 367.

²Some, of course, did return to the 'old country.' However, I have not discovered any statistics on how many actually did go back.

been established only four years earlier in the Riding Mountain District of Manitoba:

The district is well filled with these homesteaders, and they have made great progress. It would be a conservative estimate to place their horned stock at 4,000 head, and their horses at 1,000 head. They have improved their houses and outbuildings, and have adopted Canadian customs in methods of living and dress. They have bought a great deal of Canadian Pacific and other lands. They are very progressive; and although they commenced life a few years ago poor, they are now very comfortable, and soon will be well fixed. This is seemingly characteristic of the Galician settlers, who are among our most progressive.¹

As the immigrant cleared his land, he, quite naturally, became attached to it. In time, he became aware of the opportunities that lay before him, and acceptance and even enthusiastic praise of his new homeland replaced his initial alienation. The positive aspects of settlement in Canada are emphasized in one of the texts in the following manner:

Go to Canada, don't put it off!
Although you'll suffer for a year or two,
Later, you and your children
Will all be living the life of a lord.

Here everyone is equal,
At home or in the lawcourt, everyone is a 'sir';
And 160 acres of land is owned
By every Harry, Pan'ko or Ivan.

Work where you want, mow where you can,
Cut the forest where you please;
Work for yourself, not for parasites,
And pay only five dollars tax.

Here everyone pays five dollars,
Be he a Ruthenian, Pole, or Englishman;
After you've put in your two days on public works,
They leave you alone for the rest of the whole year.

(Text C.1)

Another song shows that Canada was indeed the hoped-for Eldorado, in search of which the Ukrainian immigrant had crossed over to the New World:

O Canada, Canada, you beautiful country,
We live in you like in some paradise.
O Canada, Canada, it is good to live in you,
We have enough to eat, we have enough to drink.
We have beautiful, fertile fields,
Thanks to which we get a lot of money.

(Text C.3)

¹As quoted by V. J. Kaye in his *Early Ukrainian Settlements . . .*, p. 276.

In contrast to the B-type songs of disenchantment, outlined earlier, such songs of open praise and enthusiasm are very few. The next group of songs are more crucial in that they reflect the Ukrainian immigrant's marginal position and his attempts to accept and adjust to the new Canadian environment.

MACARONIC SONGS

As the immigrant community came into more direct contact with the culture of the New World, the customs and traditions of the homeland clashed with those cultural and social patterns that had already been established as the norm in Canada. It is this clash between two sets of institutionalized behaviour that served as a source for the creation of those texts which constitute the next group of songs, the D-group.

The effects of the transition from the Old World culture to the new were nowhere more evident than in the children of the immigrants. Having inspected one of the Ukrainian colonies in 1900, a Government agent remarked on the "wonderful transformation" that had been going on in the younger people:

In a great many instances they speak English fluently and have discarded the sheepskins, falling in with the customs of the country with regard to wearing apparel. I was informed that they were anxious to have legislation passed, so that they could substitute their unpronounceable Russian names [*sic*], as they recognize the difficulty Canadians have in doing business with them, under present circumstances . . . Every evidence goes to show that in an exceedingly short space of time they will drop into the customs and manners of the Country. . .¹

In the process of "dropping into the customs and manners of the Country," the children of the immigrants frequently expressed contempt for the old ways and traditions, resulting in the breakdown of the old, traditional parental authority in the home. One of the songs of 'disillusionment and hardship' includes the following two stanzas which reflect the estrangement of father and son in the Ukrainian-Canadian immigrant community:

Many people had a good life
While they lived in Galicia;
And here they came to Canada
To suffer in their old age.

Their sons sit idly in the city
And shoot pool,
But about their elderly parents
They have not a single thought.

(*Text B.6*)

¹*Ibid.*, p. 367-8.

The sportful immigrant's son is frequently satirized as a sort of gadabout, as in the following scene between a mother and her son:

In Canada the young fellows strut about and show off,
But whenever they go out to a dance, they have to ask
their mothers for a quarter.

"O mother, you can't do anything with a single quarter,
For I have to buy a ticket for my girl too;

"And not only a ticket, I also have to buy lunch,
And not only for one girl but for a whole bunch!"

"O my young son, my wretched son,
I see that even a five dollar bill won't be enough for you!"

(Text D.4)

Still another form of social disorganization within the Ukrainian immigrant family-unit was the wife's rebellion against the traditional dominance of the husband in the home. In the 'old country' he was quite within his rights in beating his wife, and she took it as a matter of course. But within the framework of Canadian social and cultural patterns the husband who took advantage of such traditional privilege became a common wifebeater. And not infrequently the wife preferred court charges against her husband in such matters:¹

Right away we called a policeman
And they arrested my man.
And now he's sitting in jail
While I'm having a good time right up to my neck!

(Text D.6)

A major feature in the style of all the song texts that belong to this stage in the acculturative process is the interpolation of English words into an otherwise all-Ukrainian language text. This kind of bilingualism is, of course, a sign of both culture and language contact. The Ukrainian immigrant's personal vocabulary was limited in that, although it was suited to the peasant culture of the 'old country,' it was not extensive enough to accommodate those items which he felt were strictly New World products, expressions, and ideas. In everyday speech, the immigrant uses these borrowed English words freely and 'naturally' (e.g., gas, car, quarter, and so on). In song, however, he is able to transform these borrowings into a consciously formulated comical, poetic device, which, in effect, reflects the tension between the old and the new cultures by expressing it in terms of language contact. In the following example, English words and expressions that are incorporated into the original Ukrainian text are italicized:

¹Charles H. Young, *The Ukrainian Canadians. A Study in Assimilation*, Toronto, Thos. Nelson & Sons Ltd. 1931, p. 156, 279.

“You *bum* around *poolrooms*,
 You play cards—you robber, you *bum*!”
 “You lie, wife!—I play *craps*!—
 What is it you wish, *what do you want*?”

(Text D.3)

Maximum effect is achieved by placing the English word at the end of the melodic phrase and having it rhyme with another English word in a similar, terminal, parallel position:

Ta koby to lyšen' tykyt, to še treba *lonča* [= lunch],
 Ta koby to dlja jednoji, ale to dlja *bonča* [= bunch].

(Text D.4)

It is, then, the macaronic text that best expresses the onset of acculturation and assimilation—not only through its content but also through the macaronic features themselves, which provide a vivid and concrete-like index of the acculturative process.¹ 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. A striking example of the macaronic folksong’s ingroup function is the following stanza:

The neighbour’s house is white-washed,
 My wife ate up the *candies*,
 I didn’t *like* that,
 So I took off my *coat* and began to *fight*.

(Text D.7)

What appears trivial and nonsensical to the English-speaking reader is hilarious to the Ukrainian-Canadian. For example, the melody and the first line of the above text are both popular, traditional features, which appear to introduce a well-known folksong. It is the sudden and unexpected substitution of the remaining three lines of the quatrain with completely foreign elements that acts as the spring for hilarity caused by frustrated anticipation. Here again, the tension between the old and the new is reflected by the wholesale interpolation of alien and macaronic features into the text and by their transformation into an effective, comic device.

As far as the immigrant folksong tradition is concerned, the acculturative process is observable not only in terms of content and style, but also

¹See appendix, “English Words and Expressions Found in Texts.”

in terms of the melody. Text E.2, for example, has for its melody the popular "Mademoiselle from Armentières," and only the two phrases, "hinky-dinky" and "parlez-vous," are retained in the Ukrainian reworking of the original text. A similar instance of melody-borrowing is the following text:

O my darling, O my darling,
O my darling Clementine,
I bought a Ford for five dollars
And went off for a ride.

The car stopped—no more fire,
And on top of this—a flat tire,
O my darling, O my darling,
O my darling Clementine.

(Text D.2)

Occasionally, the borrowed tune is so popular that the singer is unaware that he is singing his text to a 'foreign' melody. One of my informants, for instance, sang a traditional text to "You Are My Sunshine" and declared that she had learned both the text *and the melody* in the 'old country.'

RITUAL FOLKSONGS

Of the various rituals and ceremonies which the early Ukrainian settlers brought to Canada, it is the popular, so-called 'Ukrainian wedding' that has survived the longest as a living tradition and that, in certain areas at least, has brought notoriety to the Ukrainian immigrant community:

"A Galician wedding has come to mean a calamity", said one of the most eminent judges of the west while presiding over an assize court. "These weddings too often mean a carouse ending in a fight and frequently murder" . . . Home-brew literally flows at the weddings, as much as two and three hundred dollars being spent on the event, and the demand has stimulated an increasing supply.¹

The weddings frequently provided (and continue to provide) the male segment of the immigrant population with an outlet for pent-up physical and emotional energies. It is hardly surprising, then, that the Ukrainian-Canadian wedding song, as a productive genre, belongs almost exclusively to the repertoires of male singers. This type of wedding song is generally referred to as a *vivat*, which is sung in honour of the bridal couple. After the wedding feast, friends and relatives line up to greet the young couple formally, to present a wedding gift, and to extend their best wishes. Custom allows for the *vivat* to be sung at this time.

The Ukrainian-Canadian *vivat*, when compared with standard, traditional wedding cycle materials, constitutes a significant change: the texts appear to depart from and, at times, to completely ignore the wedding situation. They are very contemporary, and basically they are comic songs;

¹C. H. Young, *The Ukrainian Canadians* . . . , p. 267.

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. The first two stanzas of one of the wedding songs serve to reflect this trend:

Just think, all you people,
And figure this one out—
The person who works for a farmer
Never has any money.
He works a whole week
And earns some money;
But when Saturday comes
He loses it at billiards.

(Text F.3)

Another *vivat* describes an immigrant's experience with his Ford (Text F.4), and a third presents a humorous account of a Ukrainian-Canadian immigrant's Anglo-Saxon wife and her attempt to make cabbage rolls, a favourite dish (Text F.5). The only clue to the fact that these are indeed wedding songs is usually contained in the final stanza, which either makes direct mention of its being a *vivat* or which serves as a toast to the bridal couple:

My glass is from Fork River
And the beer's from Trembovlja—
And to you, the young bride,
May God grant you health!

(Text F.3)

An important part of the traditional ritual repertoire is formed by those songs which constitute the winter cycle. These survive in the current folksong tradition in the form of religious and, occasionally, non-religious Christmas carols. They are no longer a productive, folksong genre but form a highly conservative and popular corpus in the folksong tradition. As a result, signs of Canadianization are almost non-existent. Occasionally, however, a singer may attempt to 'improve' upon some traditional archaic image in the text, which he finds incomprehensible or inaccurate, to his way of thinking at least. One such image is that of 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* (*buksočka*):

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. . .

Like the winter cycle song, the funeral lament (or wail) is no longer a productive genre. Rarely is it ever performed at funerals or over the graves nowadays. "For some reason, people simply don't cry anymore at funerals," said one of my informants, "everything and everyone is quiet." If, then, the folksong is to continue to serve as an outlet for the kind of emotion that is characteristic of the traditional Ukrainian funeral lament, it is performed in a non-traditional setting and in a non-traditional manner. Text F.1, for example, retains the traditionally stichic and recitative features, which were characteristic of the old funeral laments; however, it functions as a commemorative piece, which the informant sang in memory of her husband who had passed away a number of years earlier. A more radical departure is alteration in style and form to the degree that the song fits in with those folksong processes that are currently productive (as in Text F.6): that is, sentimental and lyrical in style with a stanzaic versified structure.

In general, then, the Ukrainian-Canadian immigrant folksong cycle is non-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 stages in the acculturative process, but also such formal 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 ritual 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. However, as discussed earlier, the loss of the *traditional* ritual folksongs may be countered, if necessary, by (1) the utilization of non-ritual folksong materials in a ritual-like situation (e.g., the Ukrainian-Canadian *vivat* or wedding song), or, (2) by a drastic change in the style and function (e.g., funeral *laments* replaced by commemorative songs).

Bloomington, Indiana,
November 30, 1965

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PART II:
THE SONGS

NOTE ABOUT THE SONGS

The twenty-eight songs that follow have been divided into six groups as follows:

Group A (2 items): songs of the emigration;

Group B (8 items): negative features of early Ukrainian colonization;

Group C (3 items): positive features of immigrant life in Canada; the good life, freedom from want and oppression;

Group D (7 items): personal experiences as an immigrant; everyday life; acculturation. Many macaronic elements (macaronic features are italicized in the original Ukrainian texts);

Group E (2 items): miscellaneous non-ritual songs;

Group F (6 items): ritual songs with some sign of Canadianization. Included are four wedding songs (F.2 to F.5), one funeral-style lament (F.1), and one lyrical commemorative lament. (F.6)

The Ukrainian texts have been transcribed from the original field tape-recordings, and a special effort has been made throughout to reflect those phonological features that are ordinarily missing in everyday Ukrainian speech.

A. 1

*Sung by Mr. Pavlo Lozinsky,
Winnipegosis, Manitoba, 1964.*

♩ : 92

- Жінко мо - я мо - ло - день - ка Що бу -

дем ро - би - ти? Що бу - дем ро - би --- ти?

Хо - чу і - ти до Ка - на - ди А ти -

бе ли - ши --- ти.

1. — Жінко моя молоденька ,
Що будем робити? (2)
Хочу іти до Канади } (2)
А тебе лишити.
2. Тибє лишу в старім краю,
Сам піду в Канаду, (2)
Тай зароблю троха грошей, } (2)
Альбо сам пропаду.
3. — Не йди мужу до Канади,
Не йди бідувати, (2)
Мені гірко ту биз тебе } (2)
Діти гудувати.
4. Не слухав я дітей своїх
Ані свої жінки, (2)
Пішов же я до старости, } (2)
Взяв пас до вандрівки.

5. Виїхав я кінець села,
Низенько вклонивсь, (2)
— Будь здорові сусідоньки, } (2)
Може й з ким сваривсь,
6. Будь здорові сусідоньки,
Церков, Божа Мати, (2)
Ой Бог знає чи поверну } (2)
До тебе вмирати.
7. Посідали ми до трена,¹
Взяли від'їжджати, (2)
А хто щось з'їв альбо випив } (2)
То мусів вертати.
8. Приїхали ми до Целькрик
В четвертій годині, (2)
Казав генік позлазити } (2)
В лісі при долині.
9. Позлазили бідні люди
Мов які цигани, (2)
Клали вогонь тай се й гріли, } (2)
Тай так полєгали.
10. Повставали бідні люди,
Ревни заплакали: (2)
— Ой ми вже в тій Канадоньці } (2)
Навіки пропали!

¹ „Має бути до шіфи.”

Translation:

1. “O my dear wife,
What are we going to do? (2)
I want to go to Canada } (2)
And leave you behind. (2)”
2. “I shall leave you in the old country
And go alone to Canada, (2)
I'll either make some money } (2)
Or alone I shall perish.”
3. “Don't go to Canada, my husband,
Don't go there to suffer, (2)
Without you here it's hard for me } (2)
To feed the children.”

4. I didn't listen to my children
Or to my wife, (2)
I went to the village chief } (2)
And took out a passport.
5. When I got to the edge of the village,
I bowed low, (2)
"Farewell, friends and neighbours, } (2)
Forgive me if I quarrelled with anyone;
6. "Farewell neighbours,
Church and Mother of God, (2)
Only God knows whether I'll return } (2)
To you to die."
7. We got on board ship¹
And began to depart, (2)
Whoever ate or drank something } (2)
Had to bring it up.
8. We arrived in Selkirk²
At four o'clock, (2)
Genik told us to get off } (2)
In a forest by a valley.
9. The poor people climbed out
Like a bunch of gypsies, (2)
They made a fire and warmed themselves. } (2)
And bedded down.
10. When the poor people got up
They began to weep profusely: (2)
"Alas! We are doomed in this Canada } (2)
To perish forever!"

¹The informant actually sang "train" instead of "ship." He corrected this later.

²Selkirk in Manitoba.

³Genik here probably refers to one of the Ukrainian-speaking government agents who accompanied many of the settlers on their journey to the Prairies.



Many of the white-washed cottages originally built by Canada's Ukrainian pioneer settlers remain in evidence on the prairies today. Some are still used as dwellings but, as shown in these recent photographs, the thatched roofs have disappeared altogether.



A. 2

Sung by Mrs. Joe Chicilo
Rama, Saskatchewan, 1964.



За - га - дав я за Ка - на - ду, Взяв я
роз-миш - ля - ти, Ой ко - би - то від ста -
рос - ти Паш - пор - - - - та діс - та - - ти.

1. Загадав я за Канаду,
Взяв я розмишляти,
Ой коби-то від старости } (2)
Пашпорта дістати.
2. Ой ходив я за пашпортом
На тиждень три рази,
А він мене ся питає: } (2)
— Де йдеш сину вражи?
3. А я єму відповівши:
— Дай свядоство моє,
Най я їду до Канади, } (2)
Бо я тут в неволі.
4. Бо ту пани за вибори б'ються,
Голоси купують,
А нас бідних нещасливих } (2)
На всім нас мордують.
5. Ой прийшло то на від'їзді,
Взяв я від'їжджати,
І зішлася вся родина } (2)
Зо мною прощати.

6. Ой вийшов я на подвіри,
На ковані вози,
Вобілєли всю родину } (2)
Дрібненькії сльози.
7. Приїхав я коло церкви
На вбиту дорогу,
Скинув шапку, поклонивсь, } (2)
— Бувайте здорови!
8. Бувай здоров рідне село,
Тай ти церкво-мати,
Господь знає чи сє верну } (2)
До тебе вмерати.
9. Приїхав я до колєї,
А родина дрєся,
А кондуктор нас за плечі, } (2)
Запер за нами дверці.
10. Приїхали до Гамбургу,
Сідаю на шіфу,
І сідаю, промовляю, } (2)
Яке життя маю.
11. Ой сіли ми вже на шіфу,
Тай собі гадаю,
Дєсь родина ріднєнькая } (2)
Сльози проливає.
12. Ой як взєла четвер рано
Шіфа колисати,
Ой взяли ми Пана Бога, } (2)
Марію взивати:
13. — Допоможи Суси Христи,
Светий Николаю,
Допоможи нам заплисти } (2)
До нового краю!

Translation:

1. I began to think about Canada,
I started to ponder,
If only somehow I could get the village head } (2)
To give me a passport.
2. I went for a passport
Three times in one week;
And he asked me, } (2)
“Where are you going, you rascal?”
3. And I answered him,
“Give me my documents,
Let me go to Canada, } (2)
For I live here in bondage.”
4. “For here the lords fight over elections
And they purchase votes,
And us poor unfortunate ones } (2)
They work to death.”
5. The time had come to depart,
And when I began to leave,
My whole family gathered } (2)
To bid me farewell.
6. I went out into the yard,
[And I got] on a wagon-train; the wheels were rimmed in iron.
My whole family was showered down { (2)
With fine tears.
7. I drove up beside the church
On the gravel road;
I doffed my hat and bowed, } (2)
“Farewell!”
8. “Farewell, my native village,
And you, my Mother Church;
The Lord knows whether I’ll return } (2)
To you to die.”
9. I came to the railway station
And my family pushed in around;
The conductor took us by the shoulders } (2)
And closed the doors behind us.
10. When we got to Hamburg
I boarded a ship;
And as I got on, I said to myself, } (2)
“What a hard life I lead!”

11. We were already on board ship
And I began to think—
Somewhere my dear family } (2)
Is shedding tears.
12. On Thursday morning
When the ship began to rock,
We began to call on the Lord God } (2)
And the Virgin Mary:
13. "Help us, O Jesus Christ
And Saint Nicholas!
Help us to cross over } (2)
To our new land!"



B. 1

*Sung by a trio of women in Sheho,
Saskatchewan, 1964 (Mrs. M. Baranesky,
Mrs. G. Kuprowsky, Mrs. S. Stjahaar).*



1 76

Хо - джу по Ка- на- ді тай ми - лі ра - ху - ю,

Хо - джу по Ка - на - ді тай ми - лі ра - ху - ю,

Де ня ніч за - хо - пит, там пе - ре - но - чу - ю,

Гей-я - гей, там пе - ре - но - чу - - - ю.

1. Ходжу по Канаді тай милі рахую, (2)
Де ня ніч захопит, там переночую,
Гей-я-гей, там переночую.
2. Ночував я в гаю, гаю зелененькім, (2)
Там плаче за мною жінка молоденька,
Гей-я-гей, жінка молоденька.
3. Жінка молоденька, тай дрібненькі діти, (2)
Прийшов до Канади за щастям глядіти,
Гей-я-гей, за щастям глядіти.
4. Ходжу по Канаді, тай милі рахую, (2)
Де ня ніч захопит, там переночую,
Гей-я-гей, там переночую.
5. По високій горі трава ся колише, (2)
Десь моя миленька до мене лист пише,
Гей-я-гей, дрібненький лист пише.

6. Пиши вона пише дрібними буквами, (2)
Коли я почитав, умився сльозами,
Гей-я-гей, я вмився сльозами.
7. Чикав я на листа місяць тай годину, (2)
Не видів я листа ні свої родини,
Гей-я-гей, ні свої родини.
8. Канадо, Канадо, яка ж ти зрадлива, (2)
Не одного мужа з жінок розлучила,
Гей-я-гей, з жінок розлучила.

Translation:

1. As I walk through Canada, I count the miles, (2)
Wherever nightfall finds me, there I bed down,
Hej-ja-hej, there I bed down.
2. I spent the night in a wood, in a green wood, (2)
Over there my young wife is crying for me,
Hej-ja-hej, my young wife.
3. My young wife and my little children,—(2)
I came to Canada in search of happiness,
Hej-ja-hej, in search of happiness.
4. As I walk through Canada, I count the miles, (2)
Wherever nightfall finds me, there I bed down,
Hej-ja-hej, there I bed down.
5. On the high hill the grass does sway, (2)
Somewhere my beloved is writing a letter to me,
Hej-ja-hej, is writing a letter.
6. She writes it in a fine, delicate script, (2)
When I read it, I washed myself with tears,
Hej-ja-hej, washed myself with tears.
7. I waited for a letter for a month and an hour, (2)
I never received the letter from my family,
Hej-ja-hej, my family.
8. O Canada, Canada, how deceitful you are, (2)
You have separated many a husband from his wife,
Hej-ja-hej, from his wife.

В. 2

*Sung by Mrs. M. Kowalishen and Mrs. S. Pobihushchy, sisters.
Kamsack, Saskatchewan, 1964.*

В Він - ні - пе - гу до- ро- жень - ка Дов - бенъ -
ка - ми вби - та, Тай мав жи я Ве - ли -
ко - дні Пер - - ші смут-ні Свє - - - та.

1. В Вінніпегу дороженька
Довбеньками вбита,
Тай мав жи я Великодні } (2)
Перші смутні свєта.
2. В старім краю, в старім краю,
Дзвони задзвонили,
Заспівали „Христос Воскрес,” } (2)
Церкву обходили.
3. А я тутка обзираю,
Що паски не маю,
Тутка єнче паску печут, } (2)
Як у старім краю.
4. Ой не можна розріжнити
Ту паску від хліба,
Бо ту люди гірше ходят, } (2)
Як у краю діда.
5. Ту Канада край багатий,
Так сє називає,
Тут чи бідний чи багатий, } (2)
Біленький хліб має.

6. Ой я в краю мав худобу,
 Жінка мала гуси,
 А ту тичка поза комняр — } (2)
 Хіба маю вуши.

Translation:

1. In Winnipeg there is a road
 Which they pound with mallets,¹
 My first Easter here } (2)
 Was quite sad for me.
2. In the old country, in the old country,
 They would ring the church bells,
 They would sing "Christ is Risen!" } (2)
 And have a procession around the church.
3. But here I see
 That I can't even get a proper Easter loaf.
 Here they bake Easter loaves differently } (2)
 Than in the old country.
4. One cannot distinguish
 The Easter loaf from ordinary bread,
 For here the people are worse off } (2)
 Than any beggar in the old country.
5. Canada is a wealthy country,—
 That's what they say;
 Here, both the poor and the rich } (2)
 Have white bread.
6. In the old country I owned some cattle,
 And my wife kept geese,
 But here I itch under my collar— } (2)
 Perhaps I have lice.

¹The first two lines in stanza one reflect the immigrant's reaction to roads that were other than simply dirt roads to which he had been accustomed in the old country.

В. 3

*Sung by Mrs. A. Mararash,
Roblin, Manitoba, 1963.*

Музична нотація для двох рядків пісні. Перший рядок: мелодія на нотному стані з підписом "Пи - шу лис-та пи - шу дріб-ни- ми сло-ва - ми,". Другий рядок: мелодія на нотному стані з підписом "Дар - мо віс - ти жду я бід- на з ді - точ - ка - ми.".

„Лист з Канади”

1. Пишу листа пишу дрібними словами,
Дармо вісти жду я бідна з діточками.
2. Вже минає рочок як ти нас покинув,
Заробити хліба в чужий край полинув.
3. Був кавальчик поля і біла й корова,
Всьо то нам поїла та твоя й дорога.
4. Було міні тяжко, як ти шов в чужину,
Шом позбула легко не якусь худобину.
5. Ти мене все тішив, шо меш листа слати,
Шо буду до скрині сардачки складати.
6. Вже минає рочок — ні тебе ні грошей,
Де ж ти нам подівси, мужу мій хороший?
7. Чи ти й у Канаді другу жінку маєш,
Шо за свою рідну навіть не згадаєш?
8. Чи там у Канаді самі рожі цвіти,
Шо тобі не милі твої рідні діти?
9. Та я вже занесла в застав сардачину,
Присли нам хоть слово, бо з дітьми загину.
10. Тай нема шо їсти, ні за шо купити,
В хаті діти мерзнут, нема чим палити.

11. Білими руками я лист заліпила,
Тай сама на пошту я його й носила.
12. Далам лист сумнений поштареві в руки,
Зазнавало[?] серце тяжко свої люті муки.
13. Чи не минув місяць з неділю з раня,
Прийшов лист з Канади — певни від Івана.
14. — Та й не пишть більше листів і не нарікайте,
За душу Івана пан отцevi дайте;
15. Ваш Іван у гробі, забила го глина,
Забила го глина в Клінто Манітобі.
16. Заплакала жінка, заплакали діти,
Йа впали на землю як скошені квіти.

Translation:

“The Letter From Canada”

1. I am sitting down to write a letter,
For it is in vain that I, poor one, and my children wait for news.
2. A year has passed by since you left us
And went off to a strange land to make a living.
3. We had a bit of land and a white cow—
Your costly journey took it all away.
4. It was hard for me when you went abroad—
I had to sell one of the animals for almost next to nothing.
5. You used to cheer me by promising you'd write
And that I'd be putting away fine clothes in the chest.
6. But a year has gone by—no news of you and no money.
Where have you disappeared to, my fine husband?
7. Do you have another woman in Canada
That you never have time to even think about your own wife?
8. Is Canada full of blooming roses,
That your own children are no longer dear to you?
9. I have had to pawn my coat already—
Send us at least one word, for I shall perish along with the children.

10. There is nothing to eat and no money;
The children shiver from cold in the house; there's nothing to burn.
11. I sealed the letter with my white hands
And took it to the post office.
12. I handed over the letter to the postman,
And my heart grieved [?] over my cruel hardships.
13. Early one Sunday, about a month later,
A letter came from Canada, "It must be from Ivan!"
14. "Do not write any more letters and do not complain,
Instead, have the priest pray for Ivan's soul.
15. "Your Ivan is in the grave. He was killed by an earth-slide,
An earth-slide killed him in *Klinto*,¹ Manitoba.
16. The wife began to weep, the children began to cry,
And they fell onto the ground like cut flowers.

¹Klinto is perhaps the Ukrainianized version of Caliento.



Mrs. Sam Zaporzan
Vegreville, Alta.
1965

These ladies from Sheho, Saskatchewan were especially helpful in providing the collector with traditional Ukrainian folksongs in the summer of 1964.



В. 4

*Sung by Mrs. Joe Chicilo,
Rama, Saskatchewan, 1964.*

Пер - ші та - кі ро - ки бу - ли:

Жа - та ся ро - ди - ли, Ой брат бра - та

мав за бра- та, Сес-три ся лю - би - ли.

1. Перші такі роки були:
Жата ся родили,
Ой брат брата мав за брата,
Сестри ся любили.
2. А тепер вже такі роки:
Жита ся не родят,
Ой брат брата забуває,
Сестри ся не сходять.
3. Вже брат брата забуває,
Сестри ся не люблять,
А як вийдуть на вулицю,
Єдна другу судит.
4. Ой маю я в старім краю
Рідненького брата,
Тільки міні жаль великий,
Що вже нема тата. } (2)

5. Ой мамуньцю ви рідненькі,
Голубко сивенькі,
Напишіть міні листочок, } (2)
Чи ви здоровенькі.
6. Ходєт діти, виглядають,
За листом питають,
Тай до мене примовляють,
Що роду не мають.
7. Не жалуйте мамо centa
Паперу купити,
Я си можу за листочок
В Канаді заплатити.
8. Бо як листок не плачений,
То ходит, блукає, —
А як листок заплачений,
То за мнов шукає.

Translation:

1. The early years were such
That the harvests were good;
Brothers respected one another
And sisters loved one another.
2. But now the years are such
That the harvests don't come up;
Brothers ignore one another
And sisters never get together.
3. Nowadays brothers ignore one another
And sisters don't love one another;
Whenever they go out among people,
One sister slanders the other.
4. In the old country I have
A dear brother;
I am only terribly sorry that } (2)
My father is no longer alive.
5. O my dear mother,
My dear, grey-haired dove,
Write me a little letter, } (2)
Just so I know you're still well.

6. The children go and watch for it,
They keep asking for your letter;
And they keep complaining to me
That they have no real family.
7. Mother, do not begrudge a few pennies
To buy some paper;
As for me, I am able to pay for letters
Here in Canada.
8. If your letter to me is not paid for,
It wanders about aimlessly;
But if your letter is paid for,
Then it goes searching after me.





В. 5

*Sung by Mr. Sylvester Sava,
Calder, Saskatchewan, 1964.*

Не ди - вуй - си крас - ний сві - те,

Шо я в то - бі так жи --- ю,

Хоч ви - се --- лий я зда - ю - си,

Їа на сер - ци все ту - га.

1. Не дивуйси красний світе,
Шо я в тобі так жию,
Хоч виселий я здаюси,
Їа на серци все туга.
2. Бо з дитинства я бідую,
Щастя мого дес нема,
Ой бідив я малим дома,
В школі різками сікли.
3. Усюди мене проганяли,
Ішли мої марне дни,
Родина моя с відцурала,
Рідної матери я не знав.
4. Шо найліпши утратив я,
Що в нещастя ся я став.

5. Ту за щастєм я загнавси,
У так далекі сторони,
І немало настраждавси,
Зношу всі невигоди.
6. Однак щастє тут рідкоє,
Мало єго хто знайде,
Більше в майнах погибають,
Іа ні слиху не буде.
7. Другим руки й обтинає —
Машинове гуружи,
Треті з голоду вмирають,
Бо не знають бесіди.
8. О ратуй нас Божа Мати,
Всякі сили з небеси,
Щоб ми могли ще придбати
Сто долярів в пояси,
9. До родини переплисти
Чирез океян страшний,
Там жи лекше серце буде,
Забудут си чорні дни.

Translation:

1. O beautiful world, be not baffled
At the manner in which I live in you;
Although I appear to be happy—
I am always sad in my heart.
2. For since my childhood I've been suffering,
My happiness is nowhere to be found.
As a child I used to suffer at home,
And at school they beat me with sticks.
3. I was chased out of here and out of there,
My days passed by wastefully;
My family shunned me,
And I never even knew my own mother.
4. I have lost anything I had that was good,
And here I am, still in misery.
5. In search of fortune I rushed over here.
To such a far and distant land.
I've suffered much
And I still endure all kinds of hardships.

6. But good fortune is a rare thing here.
And few will ever find it;
More people perish in the mines than anywhere else,
And no one will ever hear them again.
7. Others have their hands cut off—
Victims of machines,
While still others die of hunger
Because they can't speak the language [i.e., English].
8. O save us, Mother of God,
And all you heavenly powers above!
So that we can earn another
Hundred dollars for our pockets;
9. So that we can sail back to our families
Over that frightful ocean;
It is there that our hearts will be lighter
And the black days will be forgotten.

DATA: The informant revealed that he learned this song from a migrant immigrant worker who boarded at his farm for some time. The young boarder apparently succeeded in returning to the old country but died soon afterwards.

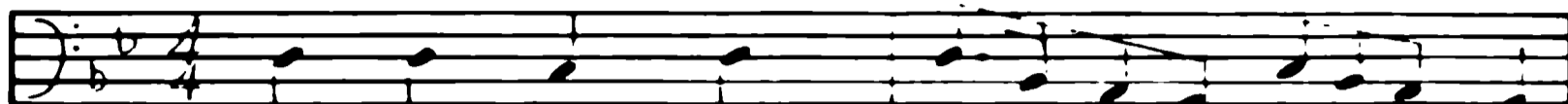


The old outdoor ovens of yesteryear still hold the secret of delicious, homebaked bread. These two specimens are in use today on Ukrainian farmsteads near Ethelbert, Manitoba.

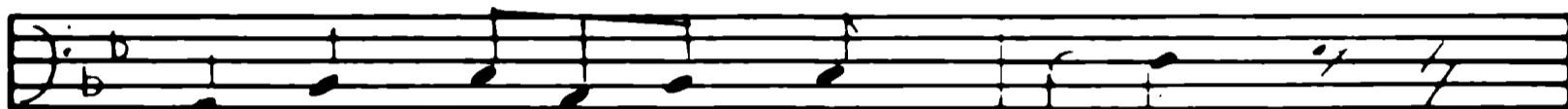
В. 6

*Sung by Mr. N. Semotiuk
Vegreville, Alberta, 1965.*

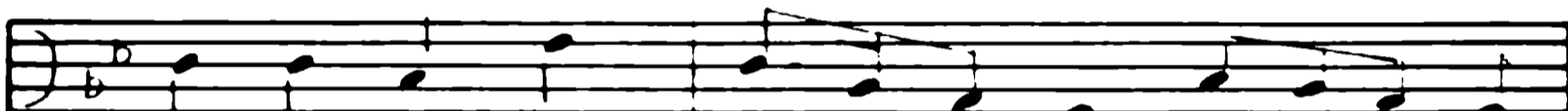
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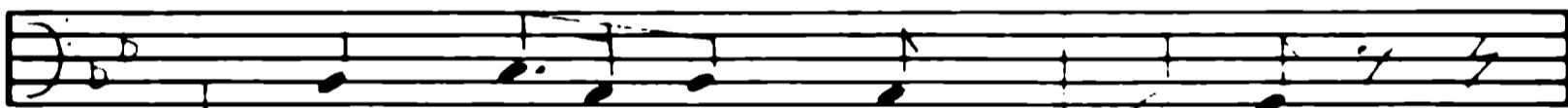
Ой Ка - на - до й Ка - - - на - доч - - - ко,



Ти не - рі - - - - - дна ма - ти,



Ни дай жи нам бід - - - - - ним лю - - - - - дям



В то - бі за - - - - - ги - - - - - ба - ти.

1. Ой Канадо й Канадочко,
Ти нерідна мати,
Ни дай жи нам бідним людям
В тобі загинати.
2. — Не бійтись добрі люди,
Тільки прибудуйти,
А у мене всего много,
То ви лиш пануйти.
3. Ой як жи ми й Канадочко
Будем панувати,
Як будемо й по дорогах
На хліб заробляти?
4. Ой Канадо й Канадочко,
Яка ти зрадлива,
Не одного с господаря
З майном розлучила.

5. Типер ходит йа в пустини,
Тай думку думає,
Торба боки йобиває,
Комар марши грає.
6. Пиристаньти й комарики
Мині марши грати,
Бо я бідний нещасливий
Не маю заплати.
7. Три дни ходу я вже маю
Без хліба тай води,
Ой ни й оден дурень пише,
Що в Канаді добри.
8. Зайшов жи я й мижи степи
Нічку начувати,
Скинув торбу й наклав вогонь,
Взяв думку думати:
9. Добре було й не йодному
В Галичині жити,
Йа він прийшов до Канади
На старість бідити.
10. А сини їх сидят в місті
Тай у кулі грают,
А за своїх старих батьків
Ні гадки не мають.
11. Ой Канадо й Канадочко,
Ти нерідна ненько,
Чиму в тебе й нивисело
Як у нас раненько?
12. Ой я тому й нивисела,
Бо я в пуци була,
А типер я вже висела,
Бо є много люда.

Translation:

1. O Canada, Canada,
You are like a stepmother.
Do not allow us poor people
To perish in you.
2. "Do not fear, good people,
Just stick to it;
I have much of everything—
All you have to do is lord over it all."
3. O Canada, how are we
To become such masters
If we have to work on the railroad tracks
In order to earn a living?
4. O Canada, Canada,
How deceitful you are:
You have caused many a landowner [in the old country]
To part with his wealth.
5. Now such a person walks through the wilderness
And thinks a thought;
His pack on his back bounces from side to side,
And the mosquito plays a march for him.
6. O you mosquitoes, stop
Playing marches for me;
For I, a poor unfortunate one,
Can't afford to pay the fare.
7. I've been walking now for three days
Without bread and water;
Many a fool writes to me
That it must be good to live in Canada.
8. I arrived at the steppes
And prepared to spend the night;
I took off the pack and lit a fire,
And I began to think:
9. Many people had a good life
While they lived in Galicia;
And here they came to Canada
To suffer in their old age.
10. Their sons sit idly in the city
And shoot pool,
But about their elderly parents
They have not a single thought.

11. O Canada, Canada,
You foreign motherland [literally: you not-native mother],
Why is life so sad in you
And not happy like in the old country?
12. "I'm a sad place
Because I was a wilderness;
But now I'm happy
Because there are many people."

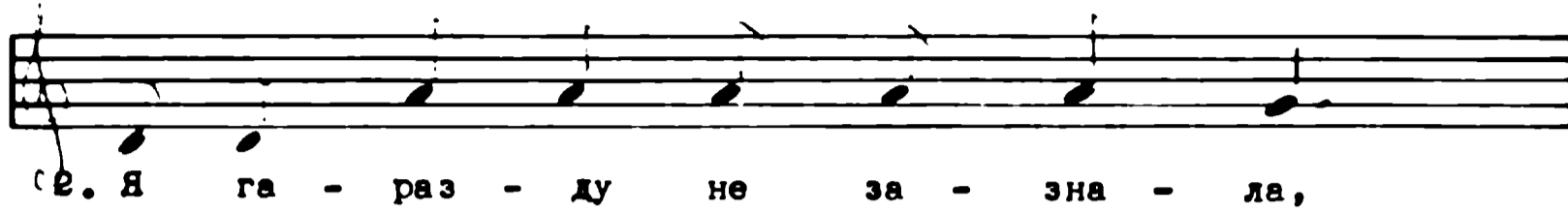
DATA: The informant indicated that he sang this song in 1900 while working on the CPR track near Lethbridge, Alberta.



В. 7

*Sung by Mrs. W. Luciak,
Vegreville, Alberta, 1965.*

— 1. 96



1. Ой попід горів високою
Голуби літають,
Я гаразду не зазнала, } (2)
Вже літа минають.
2. Я гаразду не зазнала,
Вже й не буду знати,
По чім жи я свої літа } (2)
Буду пізнавати?
3. Чи я їла, чи я пила,
Чи красно ходила —
По тім буду пізнавати, } (2)
Щом си наробила.
4. Запрежу я штири коні ,
Штири воронії,
Тай піду я здоганяти } (2)
Літа молодії.

5. Здогонила літа свої
На кидрові мості —
Тай верніться літа мої, } (2)
Хоць до мене в гості!
6. — Тай що ж тобі з того буде,
Що ми си вернемо,
Жалю тобі наробимо, } (2)
Тай собі підемо.
7. Не вернимси, не вернимси,
Бо нима до кого,
Тай було нас шанувати } (2)
Тай здоровля свого.
8. Було пізно не легати,
Рано не вставати,
Було тяжко й не робити } (2)
Тай ни гарувати.
9. Коли було лиш ходити,
Красно си вбирати,
А я пішла до Канади } (2)
Грошей заробляти.
10. А Канада чужий край,
Тай чужії люди,
Нима правди ні від кого, } (2)
Тай вже і ни буди.
11. Тай коби я мамку мала,
Я би полетіла,
Я би своїй рідній мамці
Всю правду вповіла.

Translation:

1. O by a high hill
There are doves flying.
I've never had any good luck. } (2)
And the years are passing by.
2. I've never had any good luck
And I shall not have any in the future.
How am I to recall those years } (2)
Which passed by?
3. Did I eat or drink a lot?
Or did I lead a gay, happy life?
I shall recall those years } (2)
By bringing to mind the things I had done.

4. I'll harness four horses,
Four raven-black ones,
I shall go in pursuit
Of those years of my youth. } (2)
5. I caught up with those years of mine
On a bridge made of cedar wood:
"O come back to me, years of mine,
If only for a visit!" } (2)
6. "What good will it do you,
If we should return?
We'll only bring you grief
And leave again. } (2)
7. "We shall not return, we shall not return,
For there's no one to return to.
You should have had respect for us
And for your health; } (2)
8. "You should not have gone to bed so late
And you shouldn't have got up so early;
You should not have worked so hard
Nor laboured as you did." } (2)
9. If only it were a case of simply going around
And dressing up nicely—
Instead, I went to Canada
In order to make some money. } (2)
10. And Canada is a foreign country
And the people are not one's own;
There is no truth to be had from anyone
And there won't be any in the future. } (2)
11. If only my mother were still alive,
I would fly to her like a bird;
I would tell my dear mother
The whole truth. { (2)

DATA: This item shows how easily a traditional folksong can be adjusted to blend with more contemporary materials. "The years which are never to return" is a fairly popular motif in the contemporary, traditional Ukrainian casual and lyrical folksong. The creativity of the singer shows up especially in the last three stanzas with the reference to the Canadian experience in subjective personal terms.



Most Ukrainian churches in western Canada have bell towers standing nearby. An important aspect of Ukrainian folk architecture, these bell towers in Manitoba and Saskatchewan have their roots in medieval fortifications and ramparts.



B. 8

*Sung by Mrs. S. Zaporzan,
Vegreville, Alberta, 1965.*

Сум--но ж ме--ні сум - но Як ве - чер так ра - но,
Сум - но ж ме--ні сум - но Як ве - чер так ра - - но,
На мо - їм сир - день-ку ви - се - ло - сти ма - - ло.
Гей--я - - - гей, ви - се - ло - сти ма - - ло.

1. Сумно ж мені сумно } (2)
Як вечер так рано,
На моїм сирденьку
Виселости мало.
Гей-я-гей, виселости мало.
2. Виселість, виселість, } (2)
Деж ти ся поділа?
Вже моя виселість
Зацвила на біло.
Гей-я-гей, зацвила на біло.
3. Іду дорогою } (2)
Тай думку думаю,
Що мавим миленьку,
А тепер не маю.
Гей-я-гей, а тепер не маю.

4. Писав би я листи, } (2)
Та я папір маю,
Поніс бим на пошту —
Дороги не знаю.
Гей-я-гей, дороги не знаю.
5. Листи ж мої листи, } (2)
Гіркі ж мої мисли,
Як си погадаю,
Куда ви пирейшли.
Гей-я-гей, куда ви перейшли.
6. Пирейшлисти ріки, } (2)
Ту велику воду,
Гори ж мині гори
В Канаді без роду.
Гей-я-гей, в Канаді без роду.
7. Канадо, Канадо, } (2)
В тобі поля много,
Звела ж ти з розуму
Газду не й одного.
Гей-я-гей, газду не йодного.
8. Та не того звела, } (2)
Що робит, гарує,
Але ж того звела,
Що морги купує,
Гей-я-гей, що морги купує,
9. Що морги купує, } (2)
Банки насичає,
Прийде до Канади
Тай плаче, ридає.
Гей-я-гей, тай плаче, ридає.
10. Ще й ми Бог поможе } (2)
Грошей заробити,
Вернуся до краю,
Тай там будем жити.
Гей-я-гей, тай там будем жити.

Translation:

1. It saddens me when }
The sun sets so early. } (2)
For in my heart
There is little happiness.
Heja-hej, little happiness.
2. O happiness, my happiness, {
What's happened to you? { (2)
By now my happiness
Has bloomed white with age.
Heja-hej, white with age.
3. As I go along the road {
I think a thought: { (2)
I once had a girl,
But no longer,
Heja-hej, but no longer.
4. I would write her letters, }
For I have paper; } (2)
I would take it to the post office,
But I don't know how to get there,
Heja-hej, how to get there.
5. O letters of mine! }
O my bitter thoughts! } (2)
O when I but think
Of the journey which you have made.
Heja-hej, the journey you've made.
6. You have crossed rivers }
And that great body of water— } (2)
Miserable am I
In Canada without any family.
Heja-hej, without any family.
7. O Canada, Canada, }
There is much land in you— } (2)
You have caused madness
In many a young master,
Heja-hej, many a young master.
8. You have not driven mad }
Him who works and toils. } (2)
But you have driven to madness
Him who buys up land.
Heja-hej, him who buys up land.

9. Him who buys up land
And fills the banks with his money. } (2)
For when such a one comes to Canada
He only weeps and laments,
Heja-hej, weeps and laments.

10. God will help me yet } (2)
To make enough money }
So that I may return to the old country—
And there we shall live,
Heja-hej, there we shall live.



*Sung by Mr. Oleksa Michaluk,
Dauphin, Manitoba, 1963.*

Спі-вай-мо братт-я і в тій Ка - - на-ді,
За - - -будь-мо до - лю вже ли - - - - - ху,
Як си на-га-да - - - - - ю за ту Га-лі-ци - ю,
То ми ще при-хо - дит до стра - ху.

1. Співаймо браття і в тій Канаді,
Забудьмо долю вже лиху,
Як си нагадаю за ту Галіцію, } (2)
То ми ще приходить до страху.
2. Ніби ми страшно, ніби ми смішно,
Який там браття негаразд,
Чи сиджу ци роблю, чи куда ходжу, } (2)
То ми все на гадці раз-на-раз.
3. Як там працюють всі хлібороби
Панам запівдармо день і ніч,
І не поліпшіє, чим раз то гіршіє, } (2)
Там добра не буде певна річ.
4. Покиньте, браття, ту Галіцею,
Хоть то мила рідна вітчина,
Я там находився, всюда надивився, } (2)
І одробинки правди там нема.

5. Був я в єджайлі, був і в шталєренті,
І надивив я сьї і в суді,
На кого надія, щоб був рихтельний, } (2)
То теперка ходит во блуді.
6. І надивив я ся і при виборах,
Як продають хруні голоси,
Продав би душу і маму свою, } (2)
Як занюхає й ковбасу.
7. Ідіть до Канади, не відкладайте,
Хоть будете рік-два бідити,
Іа потому сами і діти ваші } (2)
Всі/все по паньски будети жити.
8. Тут кождий рівний,
Вдома чи в суді кождий пан,
Сто шістдиссть акрів свого ґрунту має, } (2)
Гринько, Панько чи Іван.
9. Роби, де хочеш, коси, де можеш,
Ліса, де хочеш, там рубай,
Роби сам на себе, не на дармоїди, } (2)
І но п'єть долярів дачки дай.
10. Тут кождий платит по п'єть долярів,
Русин ці поляк чи анґлік,
Іа шо як відробиш два дни шельварку, } (2)
То маєш спокій цілий рік.
11. Будьте здорові всі приятелі,
І дай вам Боже й прожити,
І в щасливих літах всіх діти своїх —
Всїх до послідку й дружити!

Translation:

1. Let us sing, brethren, in this Canada too,
And let's forget about our bad lot of old—
When I but think about that Galicia, } (2)
It still today drives me to fright.
2. It's somehow both terrible and comical
How bad things are over there, my brothers;
And no matter whether I'm sitting, working or walking, } (2)
It still comes to mind once every so often.

3. How hard all the peasants labour over there
For their masters, day and night;
Instead of getting better, things get worse— } (2)
It'll never be any good there, that's certain.
4. Abandon that Galicia, brothers,
Even though that's our own native land,
I've been around over there, I saw much, } (2)
And there's not a speck of justice over there.
5. I've been in jail and in the tax office,
And I've looked around in the lawcourts;
He who thought he could get a fair deal there } (2)
Now knows how mistaken he was.
6. I've also seen their elections
And how some pigs sell their votes;
They'd sell their souls and their mothers too } (2)
As soon as they smell garlic sausage.
7. Go to Canada, don't put it off!
Although you'll suffer for a year or two,
Later, you and your children } (2)
Will all be living the life of a lord.
8. Here everyone is equal,
At home or in the lawcourt, everyone is a 'sir';
And 160 acres of land is owned } (2)
By every Harry, Pan'ko or Ivan.
9. Work where you want, mow where you can,
Cut the forest where you please;
Work for yourself, not for parasites, } (2)
And pay only five dollars tax.
10. Here everyone pays five dollars,
Be he a Ruthenian, Pole, or Englishman;
After you've put in your two days on public works, } (2)
They leave you alone for the rest of the whole year.
11. Good health, unto you, all my friends,
And may God grant you a long life;
And in your years of good fortune
May you marry off all of your children, to the very last one!

С. 2

*Sung by Mrs. Steve Shordee,
Yorkton, Saskatchewan, 1964.*

За - спі - вай - мо ми в Ка - на - ді,
Хоть ро - бо - та нам не в ла - ді,
Вже ля - хів тут - - - ка не ма - - - см,
Бо си піс - ню за - спі - - ва - - см.

1. Заспіваймо ми в Канаді,
Хоть робота нам не в ладі,
Вже ляхів тутка не маєм,
Бо си пісню заспіваєм.
2. Тут пшениця росте fajно,
Ячмінь, овес як звичайно,
Бараболі тут великі,
Грушки, вишні ростуть дикі.
3. Де восика, де терпета,
Там капуста як решета,
Лиш не требась лєнувати, —
Треба добре корчувати.
4. Є пожички, є оріхи,
Мають діти досить втіхи,
Є тут ягід подостаток,
Щей підпеньок на додаток.

5. Кукурудза не доходить,
А огирки мало родят,
За гарбузи тре забути ,
Бо мороз їм не дасть бути.

Translation:

1. Let us sing in Canada,
Even though everything isn't running smoothly for us;
At least there aren't any Poles¹ here
And we can sing anything we wish.
2. Here the grain ripens nicely—
Barley, oats—the usual;
The potatoes here are quite large
And pears and cherries grow wild.
3. Wherever there's a poplar or aspen-tree,
There you can grow cabbage as big as a sieve.
Only you can't be lazy—
You have to work hard at clearing the land.
4. There are currants, there are nuts,
And the children are quite pleased—
There's more than enough berries
And even mushrooms to top it all off.
5. But the corn doesn't ripen
And cucumbers rarely grow;
And one might as well as forget about pumpkins
Because the frost doesn't allow them to be.

¹ In many sections of Western Ukraine the Poles are looked down upon as the traditional enemies of Ukrainians because of suppressive Polish domination in the Pre-Soviet era.

C. 3

*Sung by Mrs. H. Rewakowsky,
Canora, Saskatchewan, 1964.*

Andante



Ка - на - до, Ка-на - до, ти пре - красний кра - ю, Ми
в то- бі жи - с - мо, як би в я - кім ра - ю, Ми
в то- бі жи - с - - мо, як би в я - кім ра - ю.

1. Канадо, Канадо, ти прекрасний краю,
Ми в тобі живемо, як би в якому раю. (2)
2. Канадо, Канадо, добре в тобі жити,
Маємо що їсти, маємо що пити. (2)
3. Маємо ми поля прекрасні, хороші,
За котрі дістаєм ми багато грошей. (2)

Translation:

1. O Canada, Canada, you beautiful country,
We live in you like in some paradise. (2)
2. O Canada, Canada, it is good to live in you,
We have enough to eat, we have enough to drink. (2)
3. We have beautiful, fertile fields,
Thanks to which we get a lot of money. (2)

D. 1

Sung by Mr. John Mistal,
Tartykiw (Gilbert Plains), Manitoba, 1963.

- Па - не док - тор ке - ро - прак - тер, Чи сер-ті-фі-кейт

Май - те, Та що ви мнє так без - печ- но

За лит- ки счі - - пай - - те?

1. — Пане доктор *керопрактер*,
Чи *сертіфікейт* майте,
Та що ви мнє так безпечно
За литки счіпайте?
2. — *Сертіфіката* я не маю
Тай єго не хочу,
Чого *мисис* то зашкодить
Як я заскобочу?
3. — Та такого же лікаря
Свого вдома маю,
Як мені що забракує,
З ним ся попіграю.

Translation:

1. "Mister doctor chiropractor,
Do you have your certificate?
And why do you so carefully
Pinch me on the legs?"

2. "I don't have a certificate
And I don't want one.
What harm will it do, Missus,
If I tickle you a bit?"
3. "I have a doctor like you—
My very own at home:
Whenever something ails me
I play around with him."



One of the most important and respected personages in the Ukrainian rural community is the local folk healer. Her traditional techniques of diagnosis and divination include the pouring of molten wax into water in order to study and interpret the resultant formations. The most common ailments are nausea and illness caused by being struck by the "evil eye" (*uroky*). The healer shown here is Mrs. John Ruska of Gilbert Plains, Manitoba.

D. 2

Sung by Rev. P. Lisowsky,
Preeceville, Saskatchewan, 1964.

"О май дар - лінг, О май дар - лінг, О май дар - лінг

Клемен - тайн, Ку - пив Фор - да за файв до - лярз

Тай по - ї - хав фор а райд.

1. „О май дарлінг, О май дарлінг,
О май дарлінг Клементайн”,
Купив Форда за файв долярз
Тай поїхав фор а райд. } (2)

2. Гара стала — нов мор фаєр,
Щей до того і флет таєр,
„О май дарлінг, О май дарлінг,
О май дарлінг Клементайн”.

Translation:

1. O my darling, O my darling,
O my darling Clementine,
I bought a Ford for five dollars
And went off for a ride. } (2)
2. The car stopped—no more fire,
And on top of this—a flat tire,
O my darling, O my darling,
O my darling Clementine.



Festivals and weddings have set the scene for merriment and music-making in the Ukrainian-Canadian community ever since the early years of settlement. The flat instrument held by one of the musicians on his lap is the ever-popular old country dulcimer or *cymbaly*.



D. 3

Sung by Mrs. Tony Obuck,
Yorkton, Saskatchewan, 1964.

- Ти по пул-ру - - мах бу - му - сш, Гра - сш кар - ти,
зло - дія бом! - Бре-еш жін - ко, гра - н греп - си,
Чох ти хо - чиш, вoт в вoнт?

1. — Ти по пулрумах бумуєш,
Граєш карти, злодій бом!
— Бреєш жінко, граю грепси, } (2)
Чож ти хочиш, вoт ю вoнт?

2. — Ти наїшся і нап'єшся,
Спаціруєш як той бик,
А я бідна в однім дресі, } (2)
Тай і не маю чиривик.

3. — Я за тебе вийшла заміж,
Щоби мати майн гом.
— Нащо с мене зачіпала, } (2)
Як ти знала, що я бом.

4. — Чоловіче спамятайся,
Бо повішуся колись!
— Лучши газом задушися, } (2)
Тай від мене відчипись!

5. — Я кліную чужі гавзи,
І даю тобі гуд борт!
— Як ти жінко не лайкуєш, } (2)
То бири мене на корт!

Translation:

1. "You bum around pool rooms,
You play cards—you robber, you bum!"
"You lie, wife!—I play craps—
What is it you wish, what do you want?" } (2)
2. "You eat and drink all you want,
Then you strut about like a bull,
While I, poor one, have only one dress
And I don't have any shoes. } (2)
3. "I married you
So that I could have my own home."
"Why did you hook on to me
When you knew I was a bum?!" } (2)
4. "O husband, come to your senses,
Or I'll hang myself one of these days!"
"Better you should suffocate yourself with gas
And get off my back." } (2)
5. "I go out to clean houses
And I give you good board."
"If, wife, you don't like things as they are,
Take me to a lawcourt!" } (2)

D. 4

Sung by Mrs. Nick Stadnyk,
Gilbert Plains, Manitoba, 1963.

А в Ка-на - ді па - ру - боч-ки ви- со - ко ся

нос - - ят, А як ї - - дуть на му - зи - ків,

в ма - ми кво - дра про - сят.

1. А в Канаді парубочки високо ся носят,
А як їдуть на музиків, в мамі *кводра* просят.
2. — Тай то мамо з єдним *кводром* нема що робити,
Бо шей треба для дівчини *тикита* купити.
3. Та коби то лишень *тиkit*, то ше треба *лонга*,
Та коби то для єдної, але то для *бонга*.
4. — Ой сину ж мій молоденький, сину ж мій небожий,
Як я виджу то і п'ятка тобі не pomoже.

Translation:

1. In Canada the young fellows strut about and show off,
But whenever they go out to a dance, they have to ask their
mothers for a quarter.
2. "O mother, you can't do anything with a single quarter,
For I have to buy a ticket for my girl too;
3. "And not only a ticket, I also have to buy lunch,
And not only for one girl but for a whole bunch!"
4. "O my young son, my wretched son,
I see that even a five dollar bill won't be enough for you!"

D. 5

*Sung by Mr. William Yakimchuk,
Gilbert Plains, Manitoba, 1963.*

! ...



Чо - тир- най - дцет літ но мав я, До Ка- на- ди



при- ї- хав я, Мав я рос - кіш, мав я бі - ду,



На - тир - пив - ся я го - лод. / /

1. Чотирнайцет літ но мав я,
До Канади приїхав я,
Мав я розкіш, мав я біду,
Натирпився я голод.
2. По роботах став ходити,
Тай не вмів я говорити,
Ой мамуню, моя рідна,
Яка доля моя бід[на].
3. Ой знайшов я ту роботу,
Й учився який плоту,
Поробив я якусь днину,
Спогледаюсь на дівчин[у].
4. Хоч єнгельська, то дівчина,
Така файна як калина,
Чось говоре, чось співає,
А я з того ніц не зна[ю].
5. Клину себе, проклинаю,
Чому мови я не знаю,
Так учився і мучився,
По-єнгельски научивсь.

6. Став з дівчинов говорити,
Своє серце й веселити,
Біда мині ніц не вдіє,
Говорити я вже вмі[ю].
7. Мати дівку як спізнала,
Взяла мене тай нагнала,
Відтам гоню, як та мара,
Став нюхати по *басгар[ах]*.
8. *Басгарами* то піхотов,
Став шукати за роботов,
Як той *кают* то гоняю,
Взєв бим *гофра* й голод ма[ю].
9. Ой ішов я й до фабрики,
Як подер я чиривики,
Спокотовав ріки файно,
Упинився в другий *майн[і]*.
10. Ой весною я хоч маю,
З дівчинов ся я здибаю,
— Гой, *гуд морнінг!* взиваюся,
Дає руку й витаєс[я].
11. Дає руку й витаєся,
— Маєш фарму? питаєся.
— Йа ж дві фармі, кажу, в мени,
Є ще гроші, є в кишен[и].
12. — Та я, каже, заробила,
А дві літі тут служила,
Маю гроші, маю сукні,
Самій жити якось скуч[но].
13. Я весело засміявся,
Тай до неї обізвався,
— Не журися, якось буди,
Ми так зробим як всі люд[и].
14. — *Бардон*, кажу, припрошаю,
Шось сказати тобі маю:
Чи не маєш дрібних грошей?
Шось купити я жада[ю].
15. Дівча взяло до кишені,
Пхає гроші в мої жмені,
— Щоб не сказав, милий пташе,
Шо ти віддав мені серц[е].

16. Походили ми днів пару,
Доки дівча гроші мало,
Подивився, що не файно,
Й упинився в другий *майн*[і].
17. Вона мені лист марує,
— Нехай тебе мати мордує!
А я єї так відмазав,
— Складай гроші! так наказ[ав].

Translation:

1. I was only fourteen
When I came to Canada.
I had good times, I had bad times—
I've even suffered from starvation.
2. I began to look for a job
But I wasn't able to speak English.
O my dear mother!
What a miserable fate was mine!
3. I finally found a job
Helping to build a fence;
I worked for a couple of days—
Then I began seeing a certain girl.
4. Although she was English, none the less she was a girl
As nice as a cranberry tree.
She would say something or sing something
While I wasn't able to understand anything at all.
5. I cursed and maligned myself—
“Why don't I know the language?”
And so, I studied and tortured myself
Until I learned English.
6. And so, I began to speak with the girl
And to make my heart merry.
I am immune to bad luck,
For I now can speak the language.
7. When my mother met the girl
She chased me out of the house;
So I fled from home as fast as the devil
And I began to haunt the freight cars.

8. By freight car and by foot,
I began to look for a job.
I ran about like a coyote
And I was hungry enough to eat a gopher.
9. Once I was going to my job at the factory
And I tore my shoes!
I began to make up for lost time
And I started to work in a mine.
10. In the spring I caught spring fever
And I met up with a girl.
“Hey, good morning!” I said;
She gave me her hand and greeted me.
11. She gave me her hand and greeted me,
“Do you own a farm?” she asked.
“I’ve got two farms,” I said,
“And pocket money to boot!”
12. “I’ve made some money too,” she said,
“I’ve been working here for a couple of years,
I’ve got money, I’ve got dresses—
But it’s a bit lonely living alone.”
13. I began to laugh gaily
And I answered her:
“Don’t worry, it’ll be alright;
We’ll do as all people do.
14. “But pardon me,” I said, “excuse me,
I have a favour to ask of you:
Do you have some small change?
I wish to buy something.”
15. The girl reached into her pocket
And thrust the money into my fist:
“Don’t tell anyone, my dove,
That you have given me your heart!”
16. We went around for a couple of days—
As long as the girl had money.
Then I realized that this wasn’t very nice,
So I got a job in another mine.
17. Then she wrote me a poison-pen letter,
“May your mother cause you to perish!”
I wrote back to her in fitting style:
“Save up your money!”—that’s what I said.

D. 6

Sung by Mrs. Tony Obuck,
Yorkton, Saskatchewan, 1964.

Зав' - я - за - лам со - бі о - чі,

Те - пер по мні газ - бенд доп - чи,

По - ло - мав ня в ру--мах меб- лі, Но - ва дни - на

но - ві тро--блі, По- ло - мав ня в ру - - мах меб - лі,

с Но - ва дни - - - на но - ві тро - блі.

1. Зав'язалам собі очі,
Тепер по мні газбенд допчи,
Поломав ня в *румах* меблі,
Нова днина — нові троблі. } (2)
2. Він на мене гадемує,
І свариться і гелує,
А я йому рипитую:
— Я такого не лайкую! } (2)
3. Він береться файтувати,
А я дала футам знати.
Вибігаю боса з руму,
І здибаю місис куму. } (2)

4. Свої *троблів* повідаю,
 Які *гели* в хаті я маю.
 Кума тоє добре знає,
 Добрий *лекшин* ми́ні дає. } (2)
5. Сейчас кличим *полісмена*,
 Арештують мого *мена*.
 Типер мій *мен* сидит в *джейлю* — } (2)
 Гуд *тайм* маю я по шию!

Translation:

1. I must have been blindfolded when I married him,
 For now my husband tramples over me;
 He broke all the furniture in my rooms,
 And each new day brings new troubles. } (2)
2. He says "God damn!" at me,
 He quarrels and makes hell;
 And I keep telling him
 That I don't like that kind of thing. } (2)
3. He started to fight once,
 And I made my feet run me out of there.
 I ran out of the room barefooted } (2)
 And met Mrs. N., a good friend.
4. I told her all my troubles
 And about the hell that I've got in the house;
 She knew all about it
 And she gave me a lecture on what I should do. } (2)
5. Right away we called a policeman
 And they arrested my man.
 And now he's sitting in jail
 While I'm having a good time right up to my neck! } (2)

D. 7

Sung by Rev. P. Lisowsky,
Preeceville, Saskatchewan, 1964.

У су - сі - да ха - та бі - ла, Мо - я жін - ка

кін - ди зї - ла, А я то - го не лай - ку - р,

Ски - нув ков - та та фай - ту - р. та фай - ту - р.

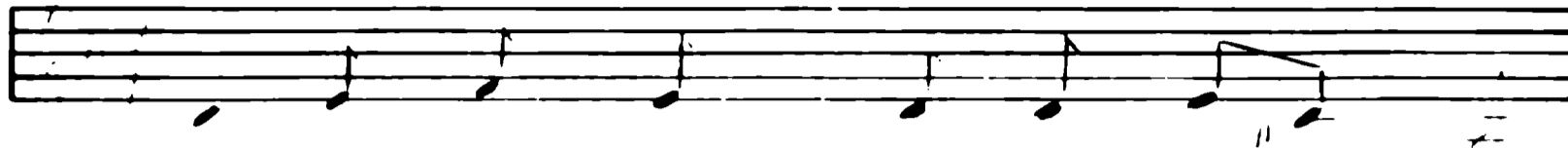
1. У сусіда хата біла,
Моя жінка кинди зїла,
Скинув ковта та файтую. } (2)
А я того не лайкую,
2. Вона того не лайкує,
Через поле тай катує,
Через поли тай фармами, } (2)
Закликала поліцмани.
3. А типер сиджу у джейлю, } (2)
Маю гуд тайм аж по шию!

Translation:

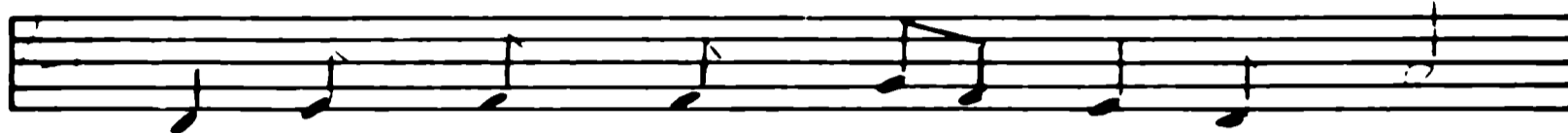
1. The neighbour's house is white-washed,
My wife ate up the candies;
I didn't like that, } (2)
So I took off my coat and began to fight.
2. She didn't like that,
So she cut through the field,
Through the fields and farms } (2)
And summoned the police.
3. And now I'm sitting in jail, } (2)
And I'm having a good time right up to my neck!

Е. 1

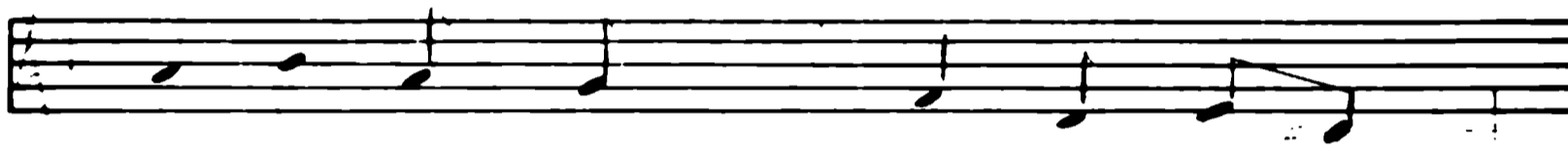
*Sung by Mrs. Joe Chicilo,
Rama, Saskatchewan, 1964.*



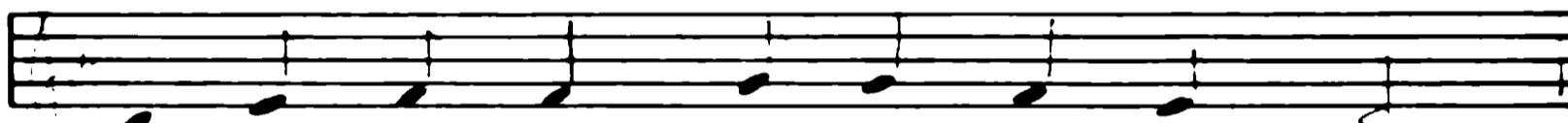
Ой си - год - ня від - їж - дя - - - - ю,



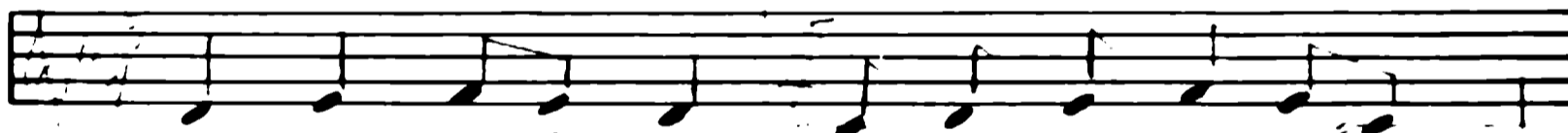
По - - ки - - да - - - ю рід - - - нень-кий край,



Мо - же сь вер - - ну, мо - - же зги - - - - ну,



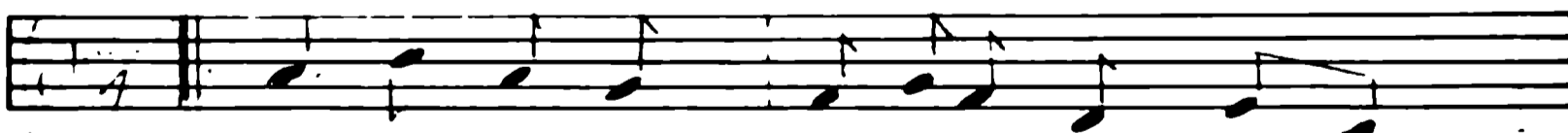
Ти дів - - чи - -но, про ме - - не зга - - дай.



І зга - дай ті ша - сли - ві го - ди - - - ни,



Де ко - ха - - - ли - - - - - ся ми,



Бі - ле лич-ко, ру-же-ві квіт - оч - - - - ки,



Чор-ні во - - чи ча - ру - - вть ме - не .

1. Ой сьогодні від'їжджаю,
Покидаю рідненький край,
Може сь верну, може згину,
Ти дівчино, про мене згадай.
2. І згадай ті щасливі години,
Де кохалися ми,
Біле личко, ружеві квіточки,
Чорні/карі вочи чарують мене. } (2)
3. А в віконци сидить старенька матуся,
Свого сина з війни визи́ра,
Може сь верни зу східного фронту } (2)
І полекшить матусі життя.
4. Не журися старенька матусю,
Твого сина на світі нема,
Він загинув на східному фронті, } (2)
Залишилась мугила сумна.
5. На могилі дзелена й травичка,
По могилі хрест стоїть,
Жовнєр бідний положив своє здоровлє
За край свого Канади.
Положив своє здоровлє
За край Канади.

Translation:

1. Today I must depart
And leave my native land behind;
Perhaps I'll return, perhaps I'll perish—
You, O girl of mine, think about me once in a while.
2. Think about those wonderful hours
We spent making love;
Your fair face, the pink flowers in bloom, } (2)
Your dark eyes—all this enchants me.
3. By the window there sits an elderly mother,
Looking for her son returning from the war:
"Perhaps he'll return from the eastern front } (2)
And bring happiness to his mother's life."
4. O elderly mother, do not worry anymore,
For your son is no longer in this world;
He died at the eastern front; } (2)
All that is left is his sad grave.

5. On the grave grows green grass,
And above this stands a cross:
A poor soldier gave up his life
For his country, Canada,
Gave up his life
For Canada.

DATA: According to the informant, this item was sung during World War II.



Е. 2

*Sung by Mr. A. Zaporzan,
Gilbert Plains, Manitoba, 1963.*



Як я бу - - ла ше ма - ленька, "пар - лей - ву",

Як я бу - ла ше ма - лень-ка, "пар - лей - ву",

Як я бу - ла - ше ма - лень-ка ко - ли - са - ла

ме - не нень-ка, "Гінкі - дінкі пар - лей - - ву".

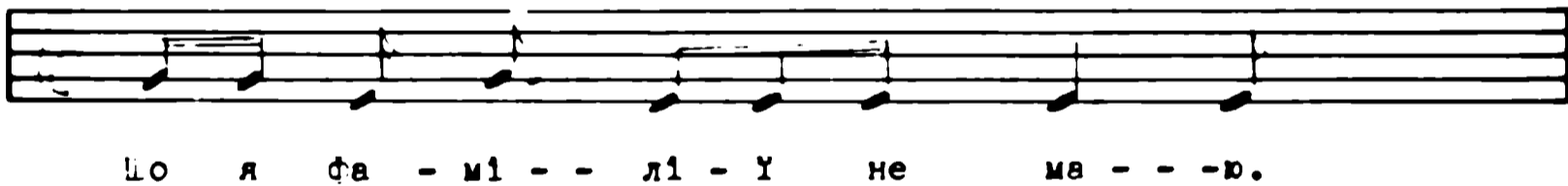
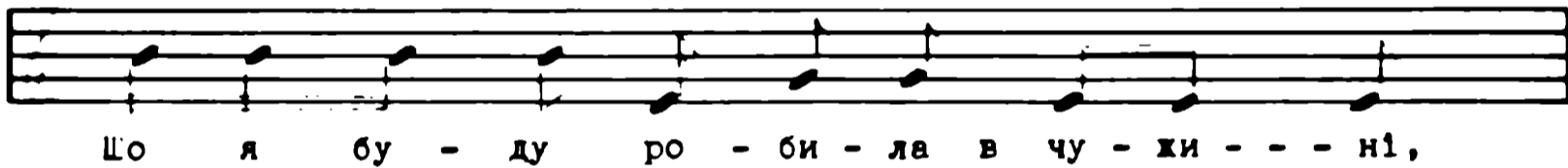
1. Як я була ще маленька, „парлей-ву”, (2)
Як я була ще маленька
Колисала мене ненька,
„Гінкі-дінкі парлей-ву”.
2. То ногами, то руками, „парлей-ву”, (2)
То ногами, то руками,
А нарешти кулаками,
„Гінкі-дінкі парлей-ву”.

Translation:

1. When I was still a little girl, *parlez-vous*. (2)
When I was still a little girl
My mother used to rock me,
Hinky-dinky, *parlez-vous*.
2. With the feet and with the hands, *parlez-vous*. (2)
With her feet and with her hands,
And finally with her fists,
Hinky-dinky, *parlez-vous*.

F. 1

*Sung by Mrs. N. Mychajlik,
Dauphin, Manitoba, 1963.*



- 1 Чоловіче мій миленький,
Чоловіче мій дороженький,
Шож ти мене лишив саму в Канаді,
Що я буду робила в чужині,
- 5 Що я фамілії не маю.
А ти пішов вже такі літа великі,
Тай до мене не звідасш,
Ані листа не припишиш,
Ані самий не прийдеш,
- 10 А що я буду робила сама,
Мене сь то ся діти відцурали
Від коли тебе нема.
Що я буду робила,
Де я ся подію?

- 15 Ти прийди хоч на годинку,
І скажи мені, як я жити маю,
Що до мене діти не приходять,
Тай не хоче ся звідати до мене.
Коли ж ти до мене в гості прийдеш,
20 Коли ж ти до мене лист напишеш?
Щож я робити буду сама?
Вже штири роки як тебе нема,
Мені ж то вочи не висихають,
Рано й вечер плачу тай ся Богу молю,
25 Коли ж ти прийдеш за мнов,
Коли ж ти прийдеш,
Коли ж ти відвідаєш,
Чось ти ся нагнівав на мене?
Я ж то п'ятдесят літ з тобов жила,
30 Тай ти ся ніколи не гнівав,
Тай ти ніколи не був злосний на мене.
Коли ж ти до мене в гості прийдеш,
Чи на Івана з вишеньками,
Чи на Спаса з яблучками,
35 Чи на Великдень з писанками?
Який же тобі подарунок дати,
Чи пасочки м'ягенькі,
Чи писанки чорненькі?
Коли ж ти прийдеш,
40 Коли ж ти до мене листа пришлеш?
Щож я робити буду сама?
Отож м'я лишив в Давфині лишив....

Translation:

- 1 O my sweet husband,
O my dear husband,
Why have you left me alone in Canada?
What am I to do in this foreign land
5 Without any family?
You have been gone for such long years
And you haven't even let me hear from you;
You haven't written any letters
Nor have you come in person.
10 And what am I to do all alone?
The children have ignored me
Since you've been gone.
What am I to do?
What am I to do with myself?
15 Come to me at least for an hour,
And tell me how I am to live,

Since my children don't come to visit me
 And don't even care to look me up.
 When will you come to visit me?
 20 When will you write a letter to me?
 What am I to do all alone?
 It's four years now since you went away;
 My eyes never have a chance to become dry,
 For day and night I weep and pray to God.
 25 When will you come for me?
 When will you come?
 When will you come to visit?
 Why are you angry at me?
 For fifty years I lived with you
 30 And during that time you were never angry at me,
 Nor were you put off with me.
 When will you come to visit me?—
 Will it be on the Feast of St. John when the cherries come out,
 Or on the Feast of the Transfiguration when the apples come out,
 35 Or on Easter Day when they give Easter eggs?
 What sort of gift shall I give you?—
 Fresh Easter-bread loaves,
 Or dark Easter eggs?
 When will you come?
 40 When will you send me a letter?
 What am I to do all alone?
 Now that you've left me here in Dauphin

DATA: This is a somewhat rare example of traditional Ukrainian lament style with its stichic formation and its lines of uneven length (*See Ukrainian text*). The informant sang this lament shortly after she had come home from a special mass in her husband's memory.



F. 2

*Sung by Mr. Walter Pasternak,
Fork River, Manitoba, 1964.*



По - ду - май то - вари - шу, Як ми ся лю - би - ли,
До єд - но - ї ха - ти Во - бид - ва хо - ди - ли.

1. Подумай товаришу,
Як ми ся любили,
До єдної хати
Вобидва ходили.
2. До єдної хати,
До йдної дівчини,
Додому вертали
Вже по білі днини.
3. Коли ми вертали,
Про се люди знали,
Пальцєма показували—
Бдут з них господари!
4. А ти вже ся жениш,
Я но щей гадаю,
Тільки міні зле,
Що хати ни маю.
5. Я хати ни маю,
Ні рідного дому,
Ходжу тай блукаю
По чужім краю.
6. Думаю товаришу,
Треба вже кінчати —
Заграйти ми віват —
Буду сайдир пити!

Translation:

1. Recall, O my comrade,
What great pals we were.
The both of us used to go
To the same house,
2. To the same house
And to the same girl,
And we'd never go home
Until daybreak.
3. When we got home
The neighbours would know everything;
They would point to us with their fingers and say,
"They'll never get anywhere!"
4. And now you are getting married
While I'm just thinking about doing so.
I only feel sad
That I don't have a house.
5. I have no house
Nor my own home;
All I do now is wander aimlessly
Through strange places.
6. I think, O comrade,
I should now bring this to an end—
So [musicians] strike up a *vivat*—
And with this cider, I drink a toast unto you!

DATA: This item and items F.3, F.4, and F.5 are wedding presentation songs [=vivat]. 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 expressed in the form of a song such as this. The song may be a humorous narrative (as in item F.5), or it may be of a personal nature as reflected in this item.

F. 3

Sung by Mr. Walter Pasternak,
Fork River, Manitoba, 1964.



1. Подумайте люди,
Нехай з вас гадає,
Хто в *фармара* робит,
Той гроші не має.
2. Цалий тиждень робит,
Гроші заробляє,
Як прийде субота,
То в кулі приграє.
3. Він кулі приграє,
Напєся горівки,
Ще *гару* наймає,
Та їде до дівки.
4. По музиках возит,
І з ними гуляє,
А як прийде восінь
На тютюн не має.
5. А як прийде восінь
Не має з ким грати,
Тоди йде додому
Патики рубати.
6. Тоди йде додому
Патики рубати,
Щоби на *гуд таєм*
Доляра дістати.

7. Канадські хлопці
Високо се носять,
Як прийде субота
В мамі *кводра* просять.
8. Канадські хлопці
Високо літають,
Як прийде неділя
То *сут пенц* латають.
9. Штири роки тому,
Як ми гроші мали,
Де музиків чули,
То *гари* наймали.
10. Трийцятий рік минув,
Ми *поброкували*,
Бо за легких років
То *гуд таєм* мали.
11. Шклєнка Форк-Ривецка
А пиво з Трембовлє,
А тобі, молода,
Дай Боже здоровлє!

Translation:

1. Just think, all you people,
And figure this one out—
The person who works for a farmer
Never has any money.
2. He works a whole week
And earns some money;
But when Saturday comes
He loses it at billiards.
3. He loses at billiards,
Has his fill of whiskey,
Then he gets hold of a car
And goes off to see his girl.
4. He makes the rounds of the dance halls
And dances with his girls.
But when fall arrives
He doesn't have enough money for tobacco.

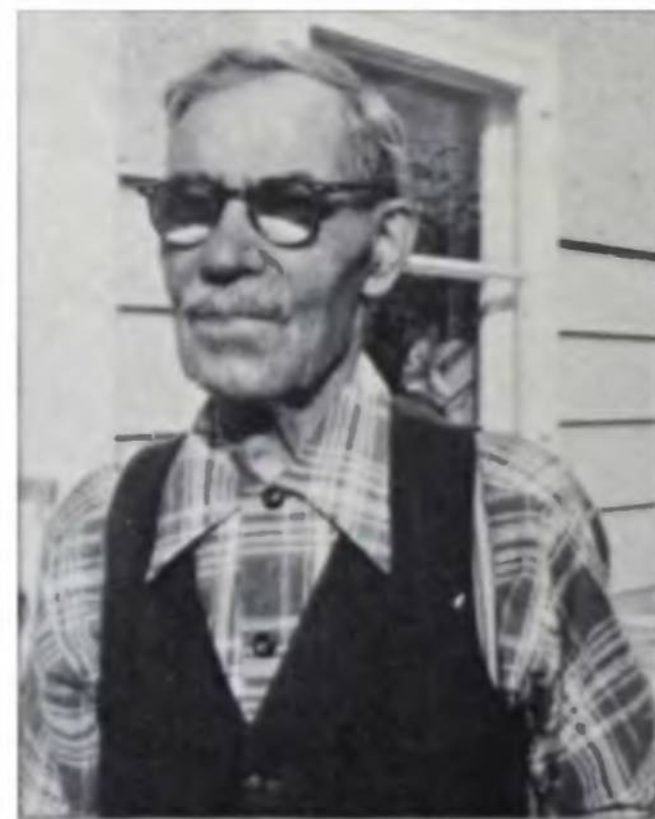
5. And when fall comes
He has no one to play billiards with,
So he goes home
To chop wood.
6. So he goes home
To chop wood
In order to make some cash
To pay for his good times.
7. Canadian boys
Strut around proudly in high style;
But when Saturday comes
They have to ask their mothers for a quarter.
8. Canadian boys
Like to fly high;
But when Sunday comes
They have to patch up their suit-pants.
9. Four years ago
When we were in the money,
Wherever there was a dance—
We'd get hold of a car to get there.
10. When the year 1930 came
We went broke,
Because during the good years
We wasted our money on good times.
11. My glass is from Fork River
And the beer's from Trembovlja—
And to you, the young bride,
May God grant you health!



Mrs. Nick Stadnyle



Mrs. W. Luciak



Mr. N. Semotiuk



Mrs. Nellie Mychajlik



Mr. J. Mistal

F. 4

Sung by Mr. Walter Pasternak,
Fork River, Manitoba, 1964.

А вам та - ту жу-ри-ти-ся, Сі-я - ти, во -

ра - ти - Ми - ні та - ту жу - ри - ти-сь,

Коб то Фор - да ма - ти.

1. А вам тату журитися,
Сіяти, ворати —
Мині тату журитисє,
Коб то Форда мати.
2. Буду я *стірувати*,
За *світгарт* трубіти,
Тато біжук за мнов взаду —
Хочук мене бити.
3. Приїхав я додому
На другов годину,
Мині тато не забув —
Мене за чуприну!
4. Злапав мене за чуприну
Тай на мене сіли,
А я кажу, — Тату, станьте,
Купіть *газоліни*.
5. Встав я в неділю рано ,
Зібрав ся на *шпорта*,
Тай пішов я до *греджу*
Кренкувати Форда.

6. *Накренькував того Форда*
Тай пустив на гає,
Якім заїхав в фенс
Тай збостував таєр!
7. *Лайти ми ся попсували,*
Не видів дороги,
Якім вдарив в телефон полс
Тай покрутив ноги.
8. Приїхав я додому,
Покручені ноги,
Тато каже, — Продай Форда
Тай дай на доктори!
9. — Шкода Форда продавати,
Бо Форд добре роби,
А я в ногу шпайку зіб'ю,
Тай най далі ходи.
10. Мусів Форда я продати,
Дати на доктори —
Заграйти ми музиченко, —
Конец віватови!

Translation:

1. O my father, all you worry about
Is sowing and ploughing:
As for me, father, my main worry
Is getting myself a Ford.
2. I shall steer all over with it
And honk for my sweetheart to come out.
Here comes father after me—
He wants to beat me.
3. Once I came home
At two o'clock in the morning.
But father never forgot about me—
He seized me by the hair.
4. He grabbed me by the hair
And scolded me.
I said, "Stop, father!
Buy some gasoline for the car!"

5. Early one Sunday morning I got up
And dressed up like a real sport;
I went to the garage
To crank up the Ford.
6. I cranked up that Ford
And put it into high gear,
When suddenly I rode into a fence
And bust the tire.
7. The lights were ruined
And I couldn't see the road;
I hit into a telephone pole
And broke my legs.
8. I came home—
My legs were broken;
Father said, "Sell your Ford
To pay for the doctors!"
9. "It would be a pity to sell the Ford,
For the Ford works well.
As for my leg, I'll hammer a spike into it
And it'll keep walking alright."
10. But I had to sell the Ford
In order to pay the doctors—
Strike up a tune, O musician,—
This is the end of this *vivat*!



F. 5

Sung by Mr. Philip Sydor,
Winnipegosis, Manitoba, 1964.



О - хе - нив-ся І - ван Бул- ка, Взяв си ан - глі -

чан - ку, Во - на бу - ла бю - ті - фул.

Він мав гро-ші в бан - ку.

(„Канадейский віват — як оженився
українець з англічків...”)

1. Оженився Іван Булка,
Взяв си англічанку,
Вона була *бютіфул*,
Він мав гроші в банку.
2. Як же разом розмовляли
Та як говорили?
Вони собі якусь нову
Мову уложили.
3. Що варити і печи —
Се цікаво знати.
Але раз кум запросив
До себе на свята.
4. А на свята, як звичайно,
Всячина буває,
Були голубці гричани —
Хто про них не знає?
5. Як вернулися з гостини
Жіночка питає:
— Що то теє, що з кашою
У вас називає?

6. Іван каже, — То голубці,
Правда знамениті!
Було б добре як би ти так
Вміла наробити.
7. — Я умію! Шо то штука
Такого зварити!
Зачинаю таки й зараз
Голубці робити.
8. Розпали ну милий в кухні,
Берись до роботи,
Крупи маю і капусти,
Не брак і охоти.
9. Взяла головку капусти,
Листя обтинає,
Та зо сорови в листок крупів
Гречки насипає.
10. Крупи крутить на всі боки,
Листок не тримає,
А Іван дивиться з боку,
Тільки підсміхає.
11. Але жінка не дурненька,
На все раду має,
До Івана милесенько
От так промовляє:
12. — Коли хочеш Джан мій *дарлінк*
Їсти ті присмаки,
Біжи, купиш — але скоро! —
Шпильочок дві пачки!
13. Треба буде ті листочки
Добре пошивати.
Я покажу всім як то треба
Голубці робити!

Translation:

(“A Canadian *vivat* about a Ukrainian who married an English girl!”)

1. Ivan Bulka got married
And he took to wife an English girl;
She was beautiful
And he had money in the bank.

2. How did they converse?
How did they talk?
They put together some kind
Of new language for their own use.
3. What was she to cook and bake?—
Now there's an interesting question.
But once a good friend of Ivan's
Invited them over for a festive dinner.
4. As is the custom,
There were all sorts of things to eat:
There were *holubci* [=cabbage rolls], with buckwheat fillings—
Everyone knows about them!
5. When they had returned home
Ivan's wife asked him,
"What's that dish with buckwheat—
What's it called?"
6. Ivan said, "Those are *holubci*,
They are delicious!
It would be a fine thing if you
Could make them."
7. "I can make them! There's nothing to
Making such a dish!
I shall start immediately
To make some *holubci*."
8. "Start the fire in the stove, my dear,
And help me out here.
I have buckwheat and cabbage—
And I've the will to make them."
9. She took the head of cabbage
And peeled off the leaves,
And the uncooked buckwheat she poured
Into one of the leaves.
10. She jostled the buckwheat every which way—
But the leaf wouldn't contain it;
Meanwhile Ivan watched her from the side
And only chuckled.
11. But his wife wasn't stupid:
She had a remedy for everything.
She turned lovingly to Ivan
And said, as follows:

12. "John, my darling, if you want
To eat these delicious things,
Run quickly and buy
Two packages of pins;

13. "I have to pin together
These cabbage leaves.
I'll show everyone how
Holubci should be made!"

DATA: Unfortunately, Ivan's wife did not know that she should cook the cabbage and the buckwheat before starting to make her cabbage rolls.



On presenting the bridal couple with a gift (often in the form of money), the guest at a Ukrainian wedding often takes the opportunity to sing a *vivat* or presentation song that is especially calculated to please the couple as well as entertain the other guests.

F. 6

*Sung by Mrs. Nick Myk,
Gilbert Plains, Manitoba, 1963.*

Бо - лит ме - не го - ло - - вонь - - - ка,
Ко - - - ло сер - це нут - ко,
Дай - - - те зна - ти до ро - - - ди - - - ни,
Най при - - - хо - - - дит прут - - - ко.

1. — Болит мене головонька,
Коло серце нутко,
Дайте знати до родини, } (2)
Най приходить прутко.
2. Як найборши дати знати
До рідної мати,
Щоби вона приїхала } (2)
Сина відвідати.
3. Приїхала рідна мати
Сина відвідати:
— Ой сину ж мій дороженький, } (2)
Будеш ти вмирати,
4. Ой будеш ти мій синочку
Будеш ти вмирати,
Тай скажи ж ми мій синочку, } (2)
Де тя й поховати.

5. — Мамо ж моя рідненькая
Не відмов ми того,
Поховай не моя/рідна мамо } (2)
Край батька рідного,
6. Поховай не моя мамо
В степу при долині,
Тай висипли ж надо мною } (2)
Високу й могилу.
7. Як висиплиш надо мною
Високу й могилу,
Тай посади у головах } (2)
Чирвону й калину.
8. Будуть пташки прилітати
Цвіт калини їсти,
Будуть міні приносити } (2)
Від синочків вісти.
9. Сини ж мої дороженькі,
Сиві соколята,
Будети ви й виростати } (2)
Биз рідного тата.
10. Тай не ховай мене мамо
Жаднов порадою,
Лиш май серци на сироти, } (2)
Над біднов вдовою.
11. Ой бо вона молоденька,
Гаразду не знала,
Бо вона вірно мня любила, } (2)
Вірно й доглядала.

Translation:

1. "O my head aches,
And my heart is ill;
Go and tell my family } (2)
To come quickly;
2. "As quickly as possible tell
My dear mother
To come and } (2)
Visit her son."

3. The mother came
To visit her son;
"O my dear son, } (2)
You are dying:
4. "O my son,
You are dying!
Tell me, my son, } (2)
Where to bury you."
5. "O my dear mother,
Do as follows:
Bury me, O my dear mother, } (2)
Next to my beloved father;
6. "Bury me, O my mother,
In the steppe overlooking a valley,
And above me, have them make } (2)
A high grave mound.
7. "And when you've thrown up above me
Such a high mound,
At the head of the grave plant } (2)
A red cranberry tree.
8. "The birds will come flying
To eat the fruit of the tree,
And they will bring me } (2)
News from my sons.
9. "O my dear sons!
You grey falcons!
You shall have to grow up } (2)
Without your own father.
10. "O my mother, do not bury me
With any pomp;
All I ask is that you be kind to the orphans } (2)
And to my poor widow;
11. "For she is still young,
She's had little happiness;
For she loved me truly } (2)
And looked after me faithfully."

DATA: The informant stated that she had composed this song while rocking her grandsons to sleep in memory of her son-in-law who had died four years earlier.

List of Singers

Item
no.

- A.1 Sung by Mr. Pavlo Lozinsky, 83. Retired migrant labourer. Born in *selo* [= village] Xlopivka, *povit* [= district] Husjatyn, Western Ukraine. Arrived in Canada in 1907. Recorded in Winnipegosis, July 20, 1964.
- A.2 Sung by Mrs. Joe Chicilo (Anna Čykajlo), 57. Housewife. Born in Winnipeg, Manitoba. Recorded in Rama, Saskatchewan, July 27, 1964.
- B.1 Sung by a trio of women: (1) Mrs. Metro (Vasylyna) Baranesky, 56. Farmer's wife. Born in Shtomberg, Manitoba. Currently a resident of Parker View, Saskatchewan; (2) Mrs. Stefan (Marija) Stjaha, 59. Housewife. Born in Shtomberg, Manitoba. Sister of Mrs. M. Baranesky, above; (3) Mrs. George (Vasylyna) Kuprowsky, 66. Housewife. Born in *selo* Porohelivka, *povit* Černivci, Western Ukraine. Arrived in Canada in 1909. Recorded in Sheho, Saskatchewan, July 12, 1964.
- B.2 Sung by two women (sisters): (1) Mrs. Mike (Anna) Kowalishen, 67. Housewife. Born in *selo* Čabarivka, *povit* Husjatyn, Western Ukraine. Arrived in Canada in 1902. (2) Mrs. Steve (Josie) Pobihushchy, 62. Housewife. Born in same place as her sister, above, and arrived in Canada the same year. Recorded in Kamsack, Saskatchewan, July 2, 1964.
- B.3 Sung by Mrs. Annie Mararash, 70. Widow. Born in *selo* Dračynci, *povit* Černivci, Western Ukraine. Arrived in Canada in 1898. Recorded in Roblin, Manitoba, August 14, 1963.
- B.4 Sung by Mrs. Joe Chicilo (*see* under Item A.2, above).
- B.5 Sung by Mr. Sylvester Sava, 75. Farmer. Brother of Mrs. A. Mararash, Item B.3, above. Born in same village and district as sister. Arrived in Canada "April 17, 1899." Recorded in Calder, Saskatchewan, July 9, 1964.
- B.6 Sung by Mr. Nykolaj Semotiuk, 82. Born in *selo* Karpov, *povit* Snjatyn, Western Ukraine. Arrived in Canada in 1900. Recorded in Vegreville, Alberta, August 6, 1965.
- B.7 Sung by Mrs. William (Vira) Luciak, about 65 [exact age withheld by informant]. Housewife. Born in *selo* Rudolfsdorf [= Stecivka].

- povit* Snjatyn, Western Ukraine. Arrived in Canada in 1928. Recorded in Vegreville, Alberta, summer, 1965.
- B.8 Sung by Mrs. Sam (Marija) Zaporzan, 61. Housewife. Born in Stuartburn, Manitoba. Recorded in Vegreville, Alberta, July 8, 1965.
- C.1 Sung by Mr. Oleksa (Alex) Michaluk, 72. Retired. Born in *selo* Guštyn, *povit* Borščiv, Western Ukraine. Arrived in Canada in 1897 [?]. Recorded in Dauphin, Manitoba, summer, 1963.
- C.2 Sung by Mrs. Steve Shordee (Anastazija Šurdij), 58. Housewife. Born in Dnieper (south of Verigin), Sask. Recorded in Yorkton, Saskatchewan, July 29, 1964.
- C.3 Sung by Mrs. Harry (Antonija) Rewakowsky, 72. Farmer's wife. Born in *selo* Nahorynax, *povit* Zališčyky, Western Ukraine. Arrived in Canada in 1907. Recorded in Canora, Saskatchewan, August 3, 1964.
- D.1 Sung by Mr. John Mistal, 53. Bachelor. Farm hand. Born in Winnipeg, Manitoba. Recorded in Tartykiw, northwest of Gilbert Plains, Manitoba, summer, 1963.
- D.2 Sung by Rev. Peter Lisowsky, 38. Ukrainian Catholic priest. Born in Berlin, Germany. Arrived in Canada in 1956. Recorded in Preeceville, Saskatchewan, July 1, 1964.
As he sings, he is joined by about five of his parishioners who were also present during the interview.
- D.3 Sung by Mrs. Tony Obuck (Kateryna Obux), 50. Housewife. Born in *selo* JAmenyce, *povit* Stanyslavs'kyj, Western Ukraine. Arrived in Canada in 1929. Recorded in Yorkton, Saskatchewan, summer, 1964.
- D.4 Sung by Mrs. Nick (Dokija) Stadnyk, 57. Housewife. Born in Fork River, Manitoba. Recorded in Gilbert Plains, Manitoba, summer 1963.
- D.5 Sung by Mr. William Yakimchuk, 71. Retired farmer. Born in *selo* Babynci, *povit* Borščiv, Western Ukraine. Arrived in Canada in 1912. Recorded in Gilbert Plains, Manitoba, summer, 1963.
- D.6 Sung by Mrs. Tony Obuck. (See under Item D.3, above.)
- D.7 Sung by Peter Lisowsky. (See under Item D.2, above.)
- E.1 Sung by Mrs. Joe Chicilo. (See under Item A.2, above.)
- E.2 Sung by Mr. Anthony Victor Zaporzan, 54. Garage owner. Born near Venlaw, Manitoba. Recorded in Gilbert Plains, Manitoba, August 25, 1963. On the original field recording Mr. Zaporzan accompanies himself on the mandolin. The second stanza, though not on the tape, was given at a later date by the informant.

- F.1 Sung by Mrs. Nellie Mychajlik, 74. Widow. Born in *selo* Krevča, *povit* Borščiv, Western Ukraine. Arrived in Canada in 1906. Recorded in Dauphin, Manitoba, summer, 1963.
- F.2 Sung by Mr. Walter Pasternak, 50. Farmer. Born in Fork River, Manitoba. Recorded in Fork River, Manitoba, July 20, 1964.
- F.3 Sung by Mr. Walter Pasternak. (*See* under Item F.2, above.)
- F.4 Sung by Mr. Walter Pasternak. (*See* under Item F.2, above.)
- F.5 Sung by Mr. Philip Sydor, 64. Invalid. Born in *selo* Xlopivka, *povit* Husjatyn, Western Ukraine. Arrived in Canada in 1928. Recorded in Winnipegosis, Manitoba, July 20, 1964. Singer of Item A.1, above, is his uncle.
- F.6 Sung by Mrs. Nick (Annie) Myk, 67. Housewife. Born in *selo* Nivra, *povit* Borščiv, Western Ukraine. Arrived in Canada in 1898. Recorded in Gilbert Plains, Manitoba, summer, 1963.

Appendix

ENGLISH WORDS AND EXPRESSIONS FOUND IN TEXTS

The list is arranged alphabetically. Each listing is composed of three items: (1) the word (or phrase) in English; (2) the full line of Ukrainian text in which the word appears in its Ukrainianized form, with the word italicized; (3) location reference number composed of two parts: the text number, followed by the stanza and the line number, which is separated from the text number by means of a slash [/]. If the given word or phrase was found in the materials more than once, location reference is given, without, however quoting the actual text-line in which it appears.

The following are not included in the list: place names (e.g. Fork River, F.3/11.1), personal names (e.g., John, F.5/12.1) and proper nouns and adjectives (e.g., Canadian, D.4/1.1).

Beautiful (adj.). Vona bula *bjutiful*. F.5/1.3
Broke, to go broke (v.). *My pobrokuvaly*. F.3/10.2
Bum (n.). Hraješ karty, zlodij *bom!* D.3/1.2; D.3/3.4
Bum, to bum (v.). Ty po pulrumax *bumuješ*. D.3/1.1
Bunch (n.). Ta koby to dlja jednoji, ale to dlja *bonča*. D.4/3.2
Bus-car [=freight car] (n.). Stav njuxaty po *basgar* (ax). D.5/7.4; D.5/8.1
Bust (v.). Taj *zbostuvav* tajer. F.4/6.4
Candy. Moja zinka *kyndy* zjila. D.7/1.2
Car. *Šče garu* najmaje. F.3/3.3; F.3/9.4; D.2/2.1
Certificate. Cy *sertifikeit* majte? D.1/1.2; D.1/2.1
Chiropractor. Pane doktor *keroprakter*. D.1/1.1
Cider. Budu *sajdyr* pyty. F.2/6.4
Clean (v.). JA *klinuju* čuži havzy. D.3/5.1
Coat. Skynuv *kovta taj* fajtaju. D.7/1.4
Court [i.e., lawcourt] (n.). To byry mene na *kort*. D.3/5.4
Coyote. JAK toj *kajut* to honjaju. D.5/8.3
Crank (v.). *Krenkuvaty* Forda. F.4/5.4; F.4/6.1
Craps [i.e., card game] (n.). Brešeš žinko, hraju *grepsy*. D.3/1.3
Cut [to run, cut through] (v.). Čerez pole taj *katuje*. D.7/2.2.
Darling (n.). Koly xočeš Dzan mij *darlink*. F.5/12.1
Dress (n.). A ja bidna v odnim *dresi*. D.3/2.3
Farmer. Xto v *farmara* robyt. F.3/1.3
Fence. JAKim zajixav v *fens*. F.4/6.3
Fight. (v.). Vin beret'sja *fajtuvaty*. D.6/3.1; D.7/1.4
Fire (n.). Gara stala - nov mor *fajer*. D.2/2.1
Five. Kupyv Forda za *fajv* doljarz. D.2/1.3
Flat (adj.). ŠČej do toho i *fljet* tajer. D.2/2.2
Foot (n.). A ja dala *futam* znaty. D.6/3.2
"Ford" [=automobile]. Kob to *Forda* maty F.4/1.4; F.4/5.4; F.4/8.3; F.4/9.1; F.4/9.2; F.4/10.1; D.2/1.3
Garage. Taj pišov ja do *gredžu*. F.4/3.3
Gas. Lučšy *gazom* zadušysja. D.3/4.4
Gasoline. Kupit' *gasoliny*. F.4/4.4
God damn, to say "God damn!" (v.). Vin na mene *gademuje*. D.6/2.1
Good board [=good food]. I daju tobi *gud hort*. D.3/5.2
Good morning. Hoj, *gud morning*, vzyvajusja. D.5/10.3
Goodtime. *Gud tajm* maju ja po šyju. D.6/5.4; F.3/6.3; F.3/10.4; D.7/3.2
Gopher. Vzjev bym *gofra* j holod maj(u). D.5/8.4

Hell, to say "hell" (v.) I svaryt'sja i *heluje*. D.6/2.2
 Hell (n.). JAKi *hely* v xati ja maju. D.6/4.2
 High [high or third gear]. Taj pustyv na *haje*. F.4/6.2
 House. (n.). JA klinuju čuži *havzy*. D.3/5.1
 Husband. Typer po mni *hazbend* dopčy. D.6/1.2
 Jail (n.). Typer mij men sydyt v *džejlju*. D.6/5.3; D.7/3.1
 Lecture (n.). Dobryj *lekšyn* myni daje. D.6/4.4
 Light (n.). *Lajty* my sja popsuvaly. F.4/7.1
 Like (v.). JAK ty žinko ne *lajkuješ*. D.3/5.3; D.6/2.4; D.7/1.3; D.7/2.1
 Lunch (n.). Ta koby to lyšen' tykyl, to še treba *lonča*. D.4/3.1
 Man. (n.). Areštujut' moho *mena*. D.6/5.2; D.6/5.3
 Mine (n.). Upynyvsia v druhyj *majn*. D.5/9.4; D.5/16.4
 "Mrs." I zdybaju *misys* kumu. D.6/3.4; D.1/2.3
 My home. ŠČoby maty *majn hom*. D.3/3.2
 Pardon. *Bardon*, kažu, pryprošaju. D.5/14.1
 Policeman. *Sejčas* klyčym *polismena*. D.6/5.1; D.7/2.4
 Poolroom [=billiard hall]. Ty po *pulrumax* bumuješ. D.3/1.1
 Quarter [=25¢]. A jak diut' na muzykiv mamy *kvedra* prosjat. D.4/1.2; D.4/2.1; F.3/7.4
 Repeat (v.). A ja jomu *rypytuju*. D.6/2.3
 Ride (n.). Taj pojixav "for a *raid*." D.2/1.4
 Room (n.). Polomav nja v *rumax* mebli. D.6/1.3; D.6/3.3
 Sport (n.). Zibrav sja na *športa*. F.4/5.2
 Steer (v.). Budu ja *stiruvaty*. F.4/2.1
 Suit-pants. To *sut pants* latajut'. F.3/8.4
 Sweetheart. Za *svithart* trubity. F.4/2.2
 Telephone pole. JAKim vdaryv v *telefon pols*. F.4/7.3
 Ticket (n.). Bo šej treba dlja divčyny *tykyta* kupyty. D.4/2.2; D.4/3.1
 Tire (n.). Taj zbostuvav *tajer*. F.4/6.4; D.2/2.2
 Train (n.). Posidaly my do *trena*. A.1/7.1
 Troubles (n.). Nova dnyina — novi *trobli*. D.6/1.4; D.6/4.1
 What do you want? Čoz ty xočyš, *vot ju vont*? D.3/1.4

