DOWN SINGING CENTURIES

FOLK LITERATURE OF THE UKRAINE

TRANSLATED BY

FLORENCE RANDAL LIVESAY

COMPILED AND *EDITED* BY *LOUISA LOEB*

with the generous assistance of Dorothy Livesay

ILLUSTRATED BY STEFAN CZERNECKI

DOWN SINGING CENTURIES

FOLK LITERATURE OF THE UKRAINE

TRANSLATED BY

FLORENCE RANDAL LIVESAY

compiled and edited by

LOUISA LOEB

with the generous assistance of

DOROTHY LIVESAY

ILLUSTRATED

BY

STEFAN CZERNECKI

HYPERION PRESS LIMITED

1981

Materials used in this book were made available
through the
Livesay Collection
Canadian Centre for Folk Culture Studies
National Museum of Man
National Museums of Canada

Publication of this book was sponsored in part by grants
from the Ukrainian Canadian Foundation of Taras Shevchenko and
The Multiculturalism Program, Government of Canada.

ISBN 0-920534-14-7

Design by Arlene Osen
Illustrations by Stefan Czernecki
Photo documentation by Ernest Mayer
Color separations by GB Graphics Ltd.
Printed and bound by D. W. Friesen & Sons Ltd.

PRINTED IN CANADA

I have gathered a posie of other men's flowers
and only the thread that binds them is mine own. MONTAIGNE

Contents

FOREWORD

I am pleased to write some words of commendation for this work co-edited by Dr. Louisa Loeb. At the same time I offer some encouragement to the reader because this book serves a dual purpose. It acquaints the reader with the setting in which the first two generations of Ukrainian Canadians lived and worked; the context in which some sought to give expression to their creative and cultural backgrounds.

The reader thus encounters names and examples of earlier twentieth-century cultural expression and effort in Canada of a kind that was influenced by the intellectual ferment and the cultural and religious values that were current in the Ukraine at the turn of the century.

So there is Canadian history of a specific kind in these pages. There is also a titilating insight into Ukrainian hearth, home, and family by way of the historical ballads, songs, and epic poems that Dr. Loeb has compiled from the translations.

This is enjoyable reading but it is also relevant for those who wish to know more about the classics and the history of this Slavic part of the Canadian mosaic. Forty years ago when my predecessor Lord Tweedsmuir wrote a preface to the translation of *Marusia* he said in effect that Ukrainian Canadians could contribute out of their own folk culture to Canada's intellectual life and that *Marusia* was "a happy augury" in that direction. The passage of forty years has proven this to be so. This book is part of that augury unfolding.

GOVERNOR GENERAL OF CANADA

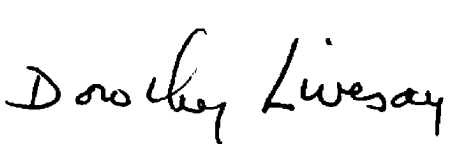
PREFACE

Language is the natural instrument of the poet. Just as the most gifted composers developed their creativity very early due to the musical environment provided by their parents, so writers tend to flourish in their childhood and adolescence, especially if they have been encouraged to read and to listen to books read aloud. My own environment was just such a happy one. My father, J. F. B. Livesay, began his children's education by making up fairy tales, extemporizing every evening before supper; and he was always buying us books. My mother, F. R. Livesay, encouraged my interest in poetry by singing nursery rhymes and folk songs at the piano. Her interest in music and song was further stimulated when she received into her Winnipeg home as "mother's help" immigrant girls from the Ukraine — "Galicians" we called them, or "Ruthenians." She was so charmed with the folk songs they sang whilst they did their ironing or tidying up that in the course of teaching them English words she sought to ascertain the meaning of the Ukrainian words in the ballads. When searching for Ukrainian sheet music, probably in stores along Sargent Avenue, she was referred to the Reverend Paul Crath, a Ukrainian emigré and Baptist minister who was himself a writer and linguist. I remember that when he brought her an oddly shaped little book of Ukrainian songs she went delightedly to the piano to try them out. Soon I began to expect the weekly visits of this bald-headed man speaking his stumbling English. Alongside, my mother stumbled with the Cyrillic alphabet. She persevered, soon learning to read Ukrainian, although she never spoke it. She accepted Crath's guidance in interpreting the essential meaning of the Ukrainian ballads.

F. R. L. was neither a scholarly linguist nor an historian of comparative literature (women did not get a university education in those pre-war days!). However, she had a great curiosity and interest in the past, along with her reporter's instinct for "nosing out" the news. Thus, though not a scholar and likely to make mistakes, F. R. L. approached Ukrainian oral literature with a poet's delight. These folk songs fired her enthusiasm. Why, she would be asking, should such a beautiful literature be unknown in Canada? By this time she was a subscriber to several American poetry journals, such as *Poetry Chicago*, *The Outlook*, *The Dial*. She was aware of the new trends in imagist poetry, of Amy Lowell's renditions from the Chinese, of Ezra Pound's research, of Arthur Waley — books I found on her shelves. Consequently when she began doing her renderings from the Ruthenian she knew her market and was published there. But her important achievement, the reward of all her work, was the fact that J. M. Dent and Sons agreed to publish her anthology, *Songs of Ukraina*.

As I grew older, at school in Toronto, I began to read poetry avidly, with my mother's literary work flowing along as a counterpoint to my own experiments in writing. Because I had heard Ukrainian folk music played since early childhood this gave me, I suspect, an ear for folk tune and folk ballad which affected my own poetry when I began to write it, aged eleven and twelve. I remember that I had a music teacher in Toronto who encouraged me to write "tunes" for the piano; and how she commented, somewhat astonished, at the Russian-sounding melodies that I turned out. I was developing an ear for melody and rhythm, but I never learned how to read music without a piano. Instead, I improvised. My response was kinetic. As I strummed at the piano tunes took shape; and sometimes I wrote accompanying words.

Naturally my mother encouraged me in this direction and put songs and poetry magazines into my hands. When she discovered my early verses in my bureau drawer I was upset at this incursion into my teenage privacy. But F. R. L. persevered blithely, typed my poems out and sent them to Canadian outlets such as the *Vancouver Province* and *Chatelaine*. To my surprise some were published — and even paid for, with two dollar cheques! Even today, as I write, some of those early verses from *Signpost* (1932) are beside me, set to music by Violet Archer and by Chester Duncan. Thus, in a very real sense Florence Randal Livesay made me a poet. And she who had no great ambition for herself was eventually somewhat perplexed that I wanted, not mediocrity, but complete achievement as a poet. She was indeed modest, as far as her own verse-writing went; but her success with the Ukrainian translations must have assured her that she had real powers of intuition. In addition she possessed a lively interest in people, a devotion to this country that was bringing so many strands from Europe to create a new tapestry, and a strong empathy for the rejected. These elements are all to be found in her own book of verse, "Shepherd's Purse;" and especially in her choice of themes from the Ukrainian people's literature of struggle. It was through her interest that I came to read and admire Shevchenko and Lesia Ukrainka. Considerably later I was drawn to the poetry of the experimental early twentieth-century Russian poets; and then to the French symbolists. All of these were a part of my Canadian heritage. To Florence Randal Livesay who spoke French fluently and had a reading knowledge of Ukrainian, who ran a children's column in the *Winnipeg Free Press* to which native Indian children were encouraged to contribute, I owe this debt of sympathy which has made Canada for me a living, breathing reality.



DOROTHY LIVESAY

INTRODUCTION

In his bibliographical survey, *The Literatures of the World in English Translation* (New York, 1967), Richard C. Lewanski lists two first anthologies of Ukrainian literature which appeared by coincidence in the same year — Robert Nisbet Bain's *Cossack Fairy Tales and Folk Tales* (Harrap, London, 1916) and Florence Randal Livesay's *Songs of Ukraina with Ruthenia Poems* (Dent, London and Dutton, New York, 1916). While the former was an explicitly European (British) venture dealing with an "exotic" oral literature of a very little known Slavic nation in Eastern Europe, Livesay's book was more down-to-earth: it offered a translation of songs and poems as they had been transplanted and preserved by the Ukrainian people in Canada and as such formed an integral part of the Canadian cultural mosaic. Thus, the book and its author were pioneering phenomena on the American continent, in particular in Canada, where the Ukrainians marked at the beginning of the twentieth century not only their physical existence but also their spiritual contribution to the general stream of Canadian cultural life (the first Ukrainian newspaper started in 1903, the first Ukrainian book was published in 1904).

As Ol'ha Woycenko in her monograph *The Ukrainians in Canada* (Winnipeg/Ottawa, 1968) rightly states, translations into Ukrainian and from Ukrainian were the beginning of widening spiritual horizons of two western Canadian "solitudes:"

> While the pioneer editors took on the task of translating works from other languages into Ukrainian, later literary translators worked in reverse, rendering texts from Ukrainian into English. Pioneers in this field were non-Ukrainians for example, Florence Randal Livesay (Ukrainian folk-songs); A. J. Hunter (excerpts from Shevchenko's Kobzar); Percival Cundy (works by Ivan Franko and Lesia Ukrainka).

Florence Randal Livesay was the first English Canadian to offer English-speaking fellow Canadians the treasures of Ukrainian folklore and literature in general. With the help of some Ukrainian intellectuals (for example the Reverend Paul Crath) she mastered the language and rendered into English not only poetical works, as in the book quoted above, but also prose writings like the popular novel *Marusia* by Hryhory Kvitka-Osnovianenko.

As a devoted friend of the Ukrainian people in Canada and elsewhere she had a close affinity and first-hand knowledge of their life and aspirations thus developing a unique insight into the Ukrainian soul as it was demonstrated by their cultural manifestations, primarily in the field of folklore and literature.

I met Florence Randal Livesay during my pioneering years in the field of Slavic Studies at the University of Manitoba in Winnipeg. There was need of an English

translation of some texts used in class and Livesay's book *Songs of Ukraina* was the ideal teaching aid. In particular the translation of the *duma* about Marusia Bohuslavka was of great use in my classes. By coincidence I had brought with me from Europe a unique recitation of this *duma* by Pavlo Zaitsev on a record disc. No wonder that on the first occasion of meeting Mrs. Livesay in Winnipeg (summer of 1951?) I invited her to my home and spent the whole evening listening to the recitation and discussing work on her eventual translation of further *dumy*. This memorable evening ended with a plan to translate the full *corpus* of the Ukrainian *dumy* into English, all the more urgently because a similar project was underway in Paris: Maria Scherrer was preparing a French translation of this genre of Cossack folklore.

The plan was only partly realized. The untimely (in the world of spiritual creativity in particular) death of Florence Randal Livesay in 1953 did not allow us to see the completed English version of *dumy* — a great loss to both the Ukrainian- and the English-speaking worlds. In my eulogy to her I stated:

> She belonged to the group of mediators between two worlds and her loyalty never faltered even when no funds were provided for publication of her translations. Her courteous and loving manner was always present when she met a Ukrainian, for in him she sensed the elements of the Ukrainian spirit. In her efforts to produce her Ukrainian renderings of literary output she had no equal.

When Louisa Loeb completed her M.A. in Slavic Studies here and was looking for a topic for her Ph.D. dissertation the old idea of "first English-Canadian interpreters of the Slavic world" emerged in my mind. I suggested the elaboration and analysis of Florence Randal Livesay's Ukrainian translations and interests which Louisa Loeb eagerly accepted. After two years of hard work the dissertation was completed and defended with *summa cum laude* in Europe in 1976.

As a mature scholar, keenly interested in humanities, particularly in folk art, oral literature, and literary history, Louisa Loeb continued her research on the life and work of Florence Randal Livesay. What she has put together here is a real *monumentum aere perennius*, to quote Horace, not only for Mrs. Livesay but also for the researcher herself. The work satisfies high scholarly requirements and offers for the first time a long overdue synthesis of biographical and creative data concerning Florence Randal Livesay in her most devoted, idealistically motivated service for the cause of Ukrainian culture in Canada.

Dr. Loeb was fortunate and privileged indeed to have the interest and help from Dr. Dorothy Livesay, the older daughter of Florence and herself a distinguished poet and the recipient of many honorary awards and medals. Dorothy Livesay aided Louisa in her research, supplying sometimes inaccessible materials, old editions, archival data, etc. Her preface to this volume gives a brilliant picture of the mother's and daughter's spiritual interests and broadening intellectual horizons. Indeed, it is itself a fascinating autobiography.

All in all, the present publication enriches *Canadiana*, in particular *Canadiana Occidentalia*, and presents fascinating reading in every respect. It is to be hoped that it will be accepted by the reading public with no less interest than the pioneering book of Livesay of 1916.

JAROSLAV B. RUDNYCKYJ
Montreal, 1980

The Translations Of Florence Randal Livesay

THE DUMY

PRESENTED HERE IN CHRONOLOGICAL SEQUENCE.

Though in the Ukraine several schools of kobzars *existed and many fine* dumy *undoubtedly were sung, by the time that any attempt to record the songs was made, a little over a century ago, the greatest epics had perished. Now, according to Kolessa, who has written a treatise on the* dumy, *and who is often quoted, there are only twenty-nine genuine* dumy *in existence; twenty of these belong to the period of the Tartar and Turkish invasions — sixteenth and first part of seventeenth centuries — and the other nine pertain to the period of Hetman Khmelnitsky and succeeding years.*

The dumy *may be differentiated from songs by their poetical construction, irregular rhythm, and metre. They were improvizations, recitatives. The* kobzar *at will shortened or lengthened his lines to follow the stress of his "period;" he would sing you a duma and in half an hour if he repeated it you would find it a different thing, the meaning only retained.*

"For," he would say, if you protested, "the duma *is not a song; it is the expression of thought — something to make you think, that's what the word itself means. Something to think about and remember."*

The Ukrainian kobzar *probably flourished until the Tartar invasion at the beginning of the thirteenth century. When Ukraine was then almost destroyed there was nothing to sing about, either good or bad.*

When life continued to flow the thousands of Ukrainians who were yearly taken into captivity began to create songs on the ancient traditions.

Later, when Ukraine produced a Cossack class, she began to oppose this yearly hunt for slaves and heroic struggles took place. The empty spaces between Ukraine and Crimea became the "grazing ground" for the Cossacks who as avengers started to spoil the Turks and Tartars, bringing much booty to their own land. The kobzars *sang once more of splendid fighting and Cossack glory.*

The kobza *itself was known before the thirteenth century and it was commonly in use by the sixteenth century. It resembles a large mandolin. An Italian fourteen-stringed instrument was later brought into the Ukraine — the* pandora — *which became the* bandoura. *These names are often interchangeable. The* kobza *had five main strings and fifteen or eighteen side-strings.*

In the "songs" or dumy *played on the kobza, scansion and rhythm play a more important part than rhyme; often the same rhyme occurs four times in verses immediately following; sometimes a line remains unrhymed. The metre, too, is extremely varied, but this adds beauty to the song, bringing to the ear the sound of a mountainous stream which, falling over rocks, gives us here a cascade, here a swift current, and there a still reach or a gently flowing brook.*

As an instance of this take the beginning of the duma, *"Storm on the Black Sea."*

Hail! look there on the Black Sea!
See, perched on rock of white there
Falcon, falcon, bright-eyed falcon!
Plaintive cries it ever as it watches
Shrieking as the sea it scans and watches, watches:
From the Black Sea evil comes,

Something evil's surely coming!
O wave on wave opposing.
Waves tossing, surging!
The vessels of the gallant Cossacks
Are broken — dashed into three parts.

The rhymes are usually as follows, but vary in translation: lines first and sixth; second and third; fourth, fifth, seventh, ninth, and eleventh; eighth and tenth unrhymed.

A peculiarity of the duma *is in its method of being sung; it is always accompanied by the* kobza, bandoura, reya, *or* lyra, *couplet linked to couplet by music. It is given the name of* "thought" *because it is mainly intended to evoke in the mind of the hearer both thought and feeling.*

It is not without reason that the Ukrainian duma *is compared to the Greek rhapsode. From ancient days there was in the Ukraine a class of singers, like the Greek rhapsodists, or the troubadours and minnesingers of Western Europe. In the courts of the Ukrainian dukes before the Tartar invasion, we find such singers. Of one of these, the famous Boyan, we have a written testimony. The beautiful ballad of "The Expedition of Ihor's Regiment" against Polovtzi is the prototype of the Ukrainian* duma.

As it was in the days of dukes and Cossacks, so at the present time the singers or kobzars *are mostly invalids or old men. A Cossack blinded in battle, or crippled, was forced by circumstances to take a* kobza *and go from place to place and sing to the people historical events or songs full of wisdom and moral teaching.*

Youths composed the songs of love; the Cossack songs were the creation of rough, hardy, boisterous warriors. The duma *is the outflow in music of a mature people. From the age of the hetmans when these lays first appeared, up to the present, they have always been varied — historical, political, social, moral, religious — and occasionally humorous. In the age of the hetmans,* dumy *of religious and moral character were probably sung, and when the historical period ended,* dumy *of this kind greatly flourished. Such are the "Duma of Rich and Poor Lazar," and the "Duma of Pochayiv Holy Virgin." "The Duma of Truth and Iniquity" has a social character:*

Nema v sviti pravdy	There is no truth
Ravai ne ziskaty —	Truth cannot be found
Pochala ne pravda	Iniquity has become
V sviti panouvaty.	The ruler of the world.

Among the humorous dumy *may be mentioned "The Duma of the Priest" where a village priest wishing to rob Kirilo, a rich peasant, killed a goat and clothed himself in its skin. But God punished him by changing him into the animal he represented. In "The Duma of Chechitochka" the mother-in-law is the butt of the rhymester, as in every age and country. She goes to visit in turn each of her three daughters, but the sons-in-law will not allow her to enter. "She, as a cat, gazed into the window." In "The Duma of Potatoes" a humorous account is given of the misfortunes which followed the ill treatment of the potato by the women of Galicia*

when it deserted the country in revenge. A prayer for its return is included.

Ukraine suffered terribly from the Tartar invasions, when thousands of Ukrainians were taken as captives and became slaves. Dumy from this period are "The Escape of the Three Brothers from Azov," "Marusia Bohuslavka," "The Escape of Hetman Samilo Keeshka," and so on.

The Cossacks invaded Turkey to revenge the destruction of Turk and Tartar in Ukraine and to free the captives, and again the kobzars sang — this time, perhaps, the duma of the "Storm of the Black Sea," quoted above.

Morozenko of glorious memory fell on the steppes in battle with the Tartars and his death was wept at the hearing of his name. The Hetman Savrewha was crucified in Roumania and with that news, the strings of the kobzars reverberated across Ukraine, calling for revenge. In a word, all great deeds of hetmans and national heroes were recorded by kobzars in the duma which was composed, but never written down, each generation carrying on the tradition.

When there were no newspapers in Ukraine, the kobzars became itinerant news carriers and they took a very important part in the political life of the country. When Bohdan Khmelnitzky began the Revolution of 1648, he sent to the Ukraine from the Zaporogie, a large squad of kobzars; these were distributed throughout the country and stirred up the people, urging them to join the hetman in revolt. The age of Khmelnitchina gave us many political dumy — "Khmelnitzky," and "Barabash;" "The Battle of the Yellow Waters," "The Battle of Bereteschko," "Death of Khmelnitzky," and others.

The kobzars were not only the emissaries of the hetmans; they were independent critics of the latter as well. For instance in the duma of "Ukraina after the Beala-Tzerkva Treaty" they sang

> Is it right, is it good
> What our Hetman Khmelnitzky has done,
> When he made the peace treaty
> With the Poles, powerful nobles in Beala-Tzerkva?

The chief importance of the historical songs and dumy is that they give a correct description of the period of the struggle of the people, in which Cossacks fought during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Such knightly figures as Baida and Keeshka with his Zaporogian followers are not imaginary persons but real types of the Cossacks of these times. The Turkish Christian slaves, Marusia Bohuslavka and Laikh Boturlat, are living types who could be found in numbers in Turkish captivity.

These songs in the majority of cases were composed by the Cossack knights, and they themselves took part in the exciting battles and sea voyages. They also knew what Turkish captivity meant, for when they were ransomed or escaped by their own efforts they were returned to Ukraine as invalids or cripples. Among the Cossacks there were many who always carried a bandoura or kobza, and these became known as the "traveling kobzars."

An important difference exists between ordinary folk songs and the songs of the Cossacks, the latter being much more elaborate. There are many of the latter from the time of the wars of Khmelnitzky.

Bohdan Khmelnitzky in 1650 was dissatisfied with the course of the reigning

Roumanian duke and invaded the country, pillaging it. This, too, went on for a long time. In his wars against Poland this famous hetman summoned the Crimean khan to his help and, in the custom of the time, the latter's payment was in slaves — "anything he could pick up."

A duma of this period runs as follows:

The Cossacks appeared from behind a high mountain.
At the head Khmelnitzky on his black steed.
"Prance and curvet from side to side, my horse!
Bereteschko is not far, and the Tartar horde
follows on our heels.
Beware, O Polish King! It will be for you
As at the Battle of the Yellow Waters.
Warriors in thousands are coming against you!

But when the Battle of Bereteschko began the Tartars did not take part. The Cossacks were beaten and when Khmelnitzky rode to the khan to ask for an explanation he was taken captive by the khan to the Crimea. The horde meanwhile plundered his lands. Later on he was released and was forced to make a hard and disgraceful peace with the Poles. So the kobzars sing mournfully:

Ukraina is sad for that she has no dwelling place.
The Orda trampled the little children with their steeds
By the Orda were the old people carried away,
The rest flung they into slavery.
Who will take Ukraina under its wing in so evil an hour?
Her land is torn in two.
Her children are broken in four parts.
Her visage is darkened, she is wan
Because of the evil deeds of the Tartars.
Ah, Khmelnitzky, let the first bullet not miss thee!

In the time of Peter the Great and the Hetman Mazeppa, many political dumy were composed. Kobzars loyal to the Tsar's party called the Hetman "the Dog Mazeppa." Others wept for the lost freedom — the Ukraine having passed under Russian dominion — for they saw peril for Ukraine in the future. This is evident in the line "O woeful fate for unhappy Tchyka nest by the road left desolate," from the duma, "Tchyka."

The destruction of Seech (Sitch) in 1775 brought to an end the Cossacks' freedom and was marked in the Ukraine by many dumy and historical songs. From the time of Mazeppa more historical songs appear: they differ from the duma proper in that they are light, short, and with more elaborated music.

With the introduction of the feudal system "Ukraina slept, covered herself with weeds, grew mouldy — /In pools and swamps her heart rotted,/Serpents were admitted into the cool hollows" (Shevchenko).

Now the kobzars became poor beggars, who at the yearly yarmarkas or roadside fairs, or on the steps of monasteries and churches cried for relief, asking alms. Bandouras, light, sonorous, of many strings, almost disappeared, being replaced by poor reya or lyra.

The regeneration of historical and political songs began in 1900 with the

revolution in Ukraine. The dumy *were not sung but were given to the people by the press. Typical of these is one dealing with Duke Obelensky, when he quelled a riot of hungry villagers in 1902.*

Many of the dumy *have been collected by ethnographers and saved for posterity. If these, with the historical songs, could be put into chronological order they would give a vivid and picturesque description of Ukrainian history.*

Very little of the music of the dumy *remains, however, and no one can tell how these should be sung. In this connection it is of interest to mention the work of Knat Khotkevich, the modern Ukrainian writer and well known* kobzar *of the old style. He has been trying to resurrect the* kobzar *and his music and has gathered a few of the last of them together and has given concerts. His tour of Galicia in 1907 is remembered by many with the keenest appreciation. In the poem "The Bandourist of Today," he asks the* kobzar *to play a "song of Peedkova or Somko, of Khmel or Dorozenko and formidable Sirko." No? "Then play what thou canst or these thy songs will vanish as the fog. Play, blind lyrnik, play thou, last of the kobzars!"*

VASKO

This is an excerpt, a fairly lengthy one, from the epic or stariny *of the town of Novhorod. Is there anything in the English language to compare with the story of the playboy with a giant's strength, Vasko — nickname for Vasyl, son of Bouslay, defeated by a girl, temporarily, who was no weakling herself, especially when she had a drunken youth to deal with?*

The bourg *or town and environs of Novhorod was a colony of Kiev and it existed in what the* Encyclopedia Britannica *calls "the morning of time." In the fourteenth century its population was 400,000. It was a republic and to it belonged all northeastern Europe.*

Novhorod had a standing army of volunteers. From Kiev the original settlers brought not only civilization and culture but also music and songs. And those songs in Kiev proper were forgotten probably in the time of the Tartar invasion, and later on revived as Cossack dumy *of the epic class. In Novhorod those songs perished, together with the destruction of Moscow by Ivan the Terrible.*

But those songs, before that calamity, survived in the country north of Lake Onega. These were discovered in the last century and called by Russian scholars byliny *— that which was old. More recently a Soviet scholar did some research work in the district and found that the correct name of* byliny *should be* stariny, *so called by the people. And the difference in terms is also shown by the fact that* byliny *in the Ukrainian tongue means "weed."*

Those byliny *as epics embraced thousands of years of Ukrainian pre-history in Southern Europe but only two of the* byliny *were created in Novhorod — Vasko, son of Bouslay and Sadko, the rich merchant.*

There in the great and glorious Novhorod
When Bouslay died at ninety, a quiet and peaceable man
Entering into no squabbles with his *burghers*;
There remained his riches; remained his aged widow,
Amelfa, daughter of Timothy;

Remained his beloved child, a young son, Vasyl.
At seven Vasko could read
Write with a pen — there was
No such church-singer in Novhorod
As Vasko, son of Bouslay.

But Vasko, son of Bouslay, kept ill company:
Drunkards they were and gluttons,
Gay, smart spend-thrifts. At work he made all fearful —
Pulling an arm in play the shoulder came too!
If he struck a youth's leg,
The leg was torn out.

Roaring and crying that man bent over, climbing backward!
At last, when all in the *bourg* protested loudly,
The rich *burghers* of Novhorod
Brought great accusation against one Vasko.
Amelfa scolded her son,
But he sulked and vowed vengeance.

He went up to his Tower and sat in the chief chair
And swiftly wrote letters:
"Ye who would wish to eat and drink free of charge
Hasten to Vasko's broad courtyard —
Eat and drink,
In garments of various colors!"

His servant posted up the invitation
On broad streets and avenues.
Vasko set up a cauldron in the courtyard
And filled it with "green wine" — whisky.
He placed a cup within it
Holding a pail-and-a-half.

There were in glorious Novhorod
Men walking the streets who stopped to read
The letter from Vasko: and they went
To the courtyard to drink the green wine,
To drink the cup at one gulp,
And to take a beating.

First came Kost of Novotorh
And Vasko tried him out
Striking him with a red elm club,
Half-filled with forty pounds of lead.
He beat Kost
Over his stormy head —

But Kost stood up straight. On his
Boisterous head no hairs were shaken.
Then said Vasko, son of Bouslay:
"Hai, Kost of Novhorod! Henceforth —

From now on, thou art my sworn brother,
More than my native one."

A short time later two others came,
Louka and Moysey, sons of a Boyar,
And Vasko, son of Bouslay, was much pleased to see them.
(But not so with mighty villagers from Jalishani:
They ate and drank
But Vasko kept in hiding.)

There came seven brothers from Sbrodow;
Twenty and nine mighty ones
And Vasko made the thirtieth.
And Vasko called to this retinue:
"Kill any stupid person coming here —
Throw him outside the gates!"

Now, the *burghers* of Novhorod
Of the Brotherhood of St. Nicholas
Were brewing some barley-beer in the street
For a church anniversary.
So Vasko and his retinue
Appeared . . .

After much drinking with the Brotherhood
Vasyl's men attacked the public inn,
And wandered back to the party.
And after wrestling and boxing
A great fight began,
Vasko would have been peace-maker —

But a rash youth boxed his ears.
"Hai, thou Kost of Novotorh,
And ye, Louka, Moysey, my noble children,
One has dared to molest me!"
They cleared the street and nearly killed
Many men, broke many arms and legs.

The *burghers* of the Colony shouted
And roared with fury.
So Vasyl, the son of Bouslay,
Challenged them with a great pledge saying:
"I set my brave retinue
Against all Novhorod!

If we should lose, if ye could beat us

I would pay tribute until I died: every year
Three thousand roubles. But if I could
Beat you, and you could not subdue me,
Three thousand roubles
You must give then each year."

Then all the rich *burghers*, all the merchants
Attacked and belabored Vasko and his retinue
Till they were hard-pressed, still fighting.
Vasko, being overcome with drink.
They sent a message to Amelfa.
"Get your son home before they kill him."

Then she sent her maid-servant
To bring him home, a good strong wench!
She caught him up and on her shoulder
Brought him to the cellar, which she locked.
He promptly fell asleep —
Had a good rest.

And the *burghers*, Vasko gone, looked like winning.
But then the retinue saw Amelfa's maid,
Who, bearing her wooden yoke, came there for water
Of the River Walkiv. Her cypress yoke was heavy.
Much needed in the fight with her
To wield it. And mighty aid she gave!

Many were slain. But at last,
She went home to Vasko
And set him free. So peace came at last
To the good *burghers* of Novhorod
On Vasko's own terms —
Three thousand roubles a year.

In Part II of the bylina *Vasko realizes his moral excesses and, with his retinue, goes to Jerusalem to pay for masses of repentance for his sins, and this at great cost. The fragmentary knowledge of the period is quaintly given in the conception held of the world's geography: "He went from the River Walkiv to the Caspian Sea / and thence across the Jordan and thence to Jerusalem." He had numerous adventures on the way.*

From the ship Vasko saw a high mountain.
Climbing it, at half-way point he saw a human skull
And he kicked it aside with his heel.
A voice from the hollow mouth cried:
"Why dost thou act thus? I once was young, even as thou,

No worse than thou. And where my skull lies
There Vasko's skull shall lie."

But Vasko cried: "Either an enemy
Or unclean spirit speaks thus!" He gained the summit,
And saw there a great stone, twenty-one feet in length —
But over its breadth one could pass a hatchet.
And on it these words were graven: "Whosoever
Gets merry upon this stone and will try
To jump its length the same will break his head!"

They went on their journey to far places —
And Vasyl paid much money in masses for his sins.
On the way home once more they ascended the mountain,
Once more the skull spoke, once more Vasko
Believed not the warning. And they all jumped the breadth of the stone.
Then Vasko had his will and he jumped
The length of the stone, and fell, and killed himself . . .

The Retinue went home to his mother
Bearing the body of her son.
"Drink," she said, in deep sorrow,
"Drink all you wish in my cellars!
And take gold and rich clothing."
And each took no more than one great cup of whisky —
In memory of Vasko they drank this!

The Flight Of The Three Brothers From Azov

Summarized slightly, this duma *tells of heavy fogs rising from the City of Azov and three brothers fleeing like gray pigeons from Turkish captivity to the Christian land and their kin.*

Two brothers are mounted; the third one, the youngest,
Must run barefooted, must run after his brothers.
With white pebbles, with rough-pronged, sun-dried roots
His youthful Cossack's feet are bruised,
His footsteps steeped in blood.

He cries to his brothers, mounted, pleading with them
To take him between the horses; and they reply
That they would gladly do this,
But then the Tartar horde
Would overtake them and cut them down.

They quicken their speed, but the younger brother
Still runs as fast and begs them then to shoot him —
"On the steppes bury me,
But leave me not for a prey
For beasts and hawks!"

And the brothers hear and answer:
"Oi, dear brother, thou gray Pigeon.
Thy words pierce us like to knives.
We may not lift our swords against thee —
They would fall into a score of pieces!"

Then the youngest brother, barefooted ever
Runs after them entreating,
"O my own brothers, ye gray Pigeons
When ye reach the bushy valleys,
Cut the tips of the thorn-bushes

"Leave them to your youngest brother,
Barefooted ever, for a mark and a sign

How to flee from the hard captivity
To the Christian land,
To Father and Mother, to our kinsmen."

When the elder brothers reached the *bairaki*
And the *meleusi*, valleys of the thorn-bush,
They cut down the thorn-tops,
As a mark left them for the younger brother,
Walking barefooted.

But when through the valleys there was no more
Thorn-bush on the Muravsky highway.
Bare steppes and endless were stretching before them,
Where shone the green grass.
Outlines of grave-hills were seen in the distance.

Then spake the second brother.
"O my own brother, thou gray Pigeon,
Let me now ponder.
From our red *zhupans* tear off the black knots,
These on the steppes scatter

"As a mark for our brother, our youngest brother,
Walking barefooted;
For help — that he reach it,
The Land of the Christians,
The father and mother, the kinsfolk."

And the elder brother, hearing, spake thus:
"My dear brother, thou gray Pigeon,
If we tear off the black knots from our red *zhupans*,
What will we do then when God permits us
To reach our father, our mother, and kinsmen?

"How would we garb us to dance with white youth?"
But the second brother listens not to him,
Tears off the black knots from the red *zhupan*,
On the Muravsky highway leaves them as a mark
For the youngest brother, barefooted.

Laughed then the elder:
"O my own brother, thou gray Pigeon,
Thou hast brains of a woman
To destroy such good raiment! When God allows us
To greet Father and Mother and kinsmen

"What wilt thou dress in?
In what, dance with white youth?"
So speaking, they flee from thence, not one day nor two,
Till they reach Savoor-Mohyla:
On its height resting, resting three days.

Meanwhile the youngest, barefooted walking,
Reaches thickets, *bairaki*.
The thorn-tops grasping, to his heart pressing,
Bedewing with tears:
"Here too my brothers, the riders, have passed:

"They cut the branches and tops of the thorn-bush
To a barefooted walker left for a sign
To guide him in flight from hard slavery
To the Christian land,
To Father, Mother, and kin."

So saying, he ran on farther:
He passed through the land of thorns,
Seeing no more *bairaki* and *meleusi*
A vast plain only stretched before him.
Now he ran along the highway
Saw black knots of a red *zhupan*
To his youthful Cossack's heart pressed,
And bedewed with tears.

"Here were my two brothers fleeing,
Doubtless horde of Azov chased them,
Cut, and crushed them into pieces!
But the Tartars passed me by there
While I rested in *bairaki*.
If I could but find my brothers,
Bury them in open steppes
Prey no more for beast and bird."

Weary with the drought, starvation —
A wind felled him to the earth.
But he reached the Savoor grave-hill
He climbed up the Savoor grave-hill,
On the ninth day resting safely,
Awaiting rain-drops from the heavens.

Brief his rest — gray wolves came to him,
Black-winged eagles fluttered round him,
At his head they sat them down
Gloomy, living funeral — waiting
Eyes to tear from out the sockets.
With these words he spoke unto them:

"O gray wolves and black-winged eagles,
My dear guests! Wait ye, wait ye for a season —
When the Cossack's soul and body sever, disunite,
Tear you out my coal-black eyes, then
Pick white flesh from bleaching bones;
River thickets then will hide them."

Then he lay there resting —
Now his fingers all are nerveless,
Now his feet refuse to hear him,
Now his bright eyes seek the heavens
And see nothing. He sighs deeply:
"Oi, head of the youthful Cossack,
Thou hast been in Turkish countries,
In the faith of Infidels!

"Now perish — drought and famine —
Now the ninth day hath no bread passed
Through these lips. I die of thirsting!"
While he spoke thus,
Not a black cloud in the heavens,
Not a breath of windy tempest.
And the Cossack's soul, so youthful,
Had departed from the body.

Then the gray wolves came yet closer,
And the black-winged eagles nearer,
At his head they sat them down; tore the black eyes
From the sockets, picked white flesh from
Yellow bones — covered them with river canes.

When the elder brothers meantime
Came to the banks of the Samarka
When the dark night did embrace them,
In this manner spake the eldest,
To his second brother saying:

"Little brother, let us stay here,
Graze our horses on wide grave-hills;
The herbage is good, the waters are cold,
Let us stop here and wait.
Maybe he our barefoot brother

"Maybe he will reach us shortly.
Then, because my heart yearns for him,
I would cast away my treasure
And between our horses grasp him
Bring him to the Christian land."

"Ah, brother! Why bore you not him 'ere this?
Now the ninth day all but passes
When he might eat bread and salt,
Drinking with it water.
Doubtless long ere this he's perished."

Horses loose a-grazing, saddles for their pillows,
For the dawn-star waiting, sleep descended on them.
When God's sun was rising, saddled they the horses,
Crossed Samarka River
To Christian lands a-fleeing.

Then the elder brother spake thus to the second:
"Little brother, on arriving,
What's the tale we shall be telling?
If the truth we're speaking
Curses from our father, curses from our mother.

"If we lie unto them, God will punish surely,
Seen by us, or seen not. Let us say
We swelt not with the same hard masters.
We fled in the night-time
From slavery and toiling.

"But we ran and woke him:
Wake and flee, O brother,
With us, Cossack-captives.
But anon he answered, 'I will yet
Remain here, stay to make my fortune.'

"So with this tale ready, when die
Father, Mother, we'll divide the cattle,
We will share the fields

No third one come between us."
In this fashion spake they . . .

'Twas not blue eagles shrieking,
But Turk Janissaries
Stole from round a grave-hill,
Smote and shot them down,
Booty and the horses taking back to Turkey.

So the heads of the two brothers
Fell by the Samarka River,
The third head on Savoor grave-hill.
But their fame will never die;
It will live forever.

Escape Of Samilo Keeshka

Oi, from the fortress of Trebizond
A galley was departing,
Ornamented, bright-painted in three colors;
Gold ropes and golden tassels in the first color,
Cannons in rows showing the second color,
White Turkish gauze the third one.

Alkan Pasha, great Duke of Trebizond,
Upon the splendid galley promenading together
With his chosen bodyguard — Turks, seven hundred,
And Janissaries, full four hundred men.
Unfortunates, the slaves with their three hundred
And fifty men, not counting Cossack leaders.

Among these, first Samilo Keeshka,
Hetman of the Zaporogians;
Marko Rudy, the second, judge
Of all army trials;
And trumpeter, Musey Hrach. The fourth
Was Laikh, forsworn, Pole who became a Turk —

Laikh Boturlat, slave-master of the galley,
Centurion of Pereyaslav, traitor
Of Christian faith, for thirty years
A captive, twenty-four a freeman,
Choosing for high position
His sad unhappy pleasure.

They left the harbor, far now in the distance,
Leisurely swinging on the wide Black Sea —
And reaching town of Kefa, rested long.
Alkan Pasha lay down to sleep
And in his sleep a dream so wonderful
To that young nobleman, the Duke of Trebizond,

There came a wondrous dream. He woke and shouted:

"Janissaries! Slaves! Ye wretched ones!
If any Turk or Janissary can read this dream,
To him I'll grant three Turkish towns!
And if a wretched slave be wise,
To him his freedom, none may take it from him!"

The Turks were silent; thinking on his words.
The wretched slaves, Oi, well they knew
The meaning of that dream! They kept it to themselves.
Only the Laikh Boturlat spoke then for the Turks:
"Alkan Pasha, none may interpret till they hear
The dream. Tell us the dream!"

"Fellows, now hearken! Nevermore may such a dream oppress!
I saw my glorious galley, brave with dyes, tricolored,
Golden, war-like, white — blazing with fire,
Naught of glory left, my Janissaries slaughtered,
My wretched slaves set free — and Hetman Keeshka
Cut me in three parts and cast me in the sea."

The Laikh Boturlat, hearing, spoke once more:
"Alkan Pasha, the Duke of Trebizond, young master of us all;
Think nothing of this dream, an idle dream!
Tell me to guard the slaves more carefully. Place them by
Twos and threes in rows, fettered to seats; make safe,
Repaired, chains old and new, binding their arms and legs.

"Take branches, doubly-bound, and strike their necks
That blood may flow upon the decks."
The harbor far in distance — soon Koslov was nigh.
They hastened to the courting of a Maid of Sanjak
For their young noble. She greeted them and took
Alkan Pasha and all his soldiers into Koslov town.

She took Alkan Pasha with her white hands, to the bright
Room of Welcome; seated him upon a bench of white.
He and his retinue were feasted with rare wines.
Alkan Pasha drank little; he sent spies
Two of his Turks, to watch, lest Laikh should loose the chains
And set Keeshka beside himself upon the deck.

And, seeing those two Turks, Samilo Keeshka spoke:
"Laikh Boturlat, brother of old,
Once you, too, lay in chains as we do now!
Be merciful, do good! Unlock the chains

That we, the elder ones,
May see the wedding of Alkan Pasha."

"Samilo Keeshka, Hetman, Father of the Cossacks!
If thou wouldst stamp upon the Cross
Own brother thou wouldst be to our young master!"
When Samilo Keeshka heard this he answered:
"Oh Laikh Boturlat, Centurion of Pereyaslav,
Betrayer of Christians! Never may it happen

"That I should tread beneath my feet my Christian faith,
Even should I be captive till my death.
Low lies my head in time, but in our Cossack's land.
Worthless thy fate; thy country is accursed!"
As soon as Laikh Boturlat heard that saying
He struck Keeshka on the cheek, crying:

"If thou wilt revile me thus on my betrayal
Of Christian faith, I shall treat thee
As the others here, poor captives they!
Old chains made strong, new fetters forged,
Thrice round thy waist the chains shall bind."
Now messengers sped back unto Alkan Pasha:

"Thou Prince of Trebizond, enjoy great peace of mind!
Thy supervisor, trusty one, hath beaten on the cheek
Samilo Keeshka, striving to make him Turkish, even as we."
Great joy was his, the prince Alkan Pasha!
Wines he apportioned; some to the galley went,
The Maid of Sanjak with him drank the rest.

Now when Laikh Boturlat drank the wine
His brain became inflamed, moody he was and sad.
"Lord, I have everything I need, good victuals and fine gear.
But there is no one now to talk with me
About the Christian faith . . . Samilo Keeshka, drink!
Three goblets in thy hand!"

Samilo Keeshka tasted wine, it trickled down his neck,
Some in his collar, some in sleeve.
Laikh Boturlat drank, drank until he staggered, fell
Into Samilo Keeshka's arms, where like a babe he slept.
To find the keys that lay beneath that drowsy head,
Outstretched upon the floor, was then the task!

He soon held eighty-four. One key he gave
To five brave Cossacks then. "O Nobles, Cossacks!
Act like good men all, love one another;
Yet, on feet and wrists until the midnight hour,
Keep on your chains." Freed, all the captives
Wore their chains until the midnight hour.

Samilo Keeshka, taking thought for self,
Wound chains around his waist until the midnight hour.
And on that hour Alkan Pasha unto his galley came
With all his retinue. "Ye Turks and Janissaries
Speak below your breath, wake not the faithful
Supervisor of the slaves, so overcome by drink.

"Go ye between the rows, look at each captive there
Examine well — so drunken Laikh Boturlat, now he might
Unloose them all!" They took their candles,
Marking well men seated at the oars —
But God helped! And they left Laikh Boturlat
Untouched by any hand.

"Rest peacefully, Alkan Pasha, a good slave supervisor he!
In rows he placed his men and chained them, twos and threes,
With fetters stout and strong. Samilo Keeshka's bound
With chains about his waist." Carefree, they fell asleep,
Full of the heady wine. The galley neared Koslov
And at the dead of night Samilo Keeshka rose.

He slipped his fetters stealthily — down,
Down in the Black Sea. Walking the galley,
Sabres took, and to the Cossacks spoke:
"Oi, ye young masters, make no noise
With any clanking chains! Cause no alarm
And wake no Turk in galley sleeping sound."

In that way Cossacks rose, never a Turk awoke
As chains slipped in the sea. "Oi, ye young Cossacks, Run!
In streets of Koslov run! The Turks
And Janissaries, cut them down! And, living,
Throw each one alive in the Black Sea."
The Cossacks hastened, doing as he bid.

As for Alkan Pasha, Samilo Keeshka chose him
For his victim now. He cut him in three parts,
Flinging them one by one into the Black Sea waves.
"Oi, ye young Cossacks, list! Turks have ye flung

Into the sea. Touch not
The sleeping one; he shall be Army Scribe."

And even so, wisely and well they sped.
The galley from the wharf set out upon the sea.
Upon the High Seas sailed. That Sunday, at the dawn
It was not the Cuckoo calling . . .
The Maid of Sanjak came running along the wharf —
The galley far at sea she saw, wringing her hands.

"Alkan Pasha, thou Prince of Trebizond,
Why art thou vexed with me, that thou hast
Sailed away at the first light of day?
Shame and upbraiding would be mine
From my good mother's lips; Yet would I
Sleep this night with thee, Alkan Pasha!"

On that same Sunday Laikh Boturlat
Woke from his drunken sleep seeing no Turks!
"Samilo Keeshka, see, I fall before thy feet,
Hetman of the Zaporogians, Father of the Cossacks,
Act not as I did unto thee!
God helped thee how to vanquish foes.

Yet thou shalt never find the way unto
The Christian land unless I guide thee there!
Act with great wisdom now. Chain half the Cossacks,
And the other half dress in the Turkish clothes,
For we must ply from Koslov town
To town of Tsargorod.

Twelve galleys will come out to meet Alkan Pasha,
With her, the maid betrothed, Maid of Sanjak.
And then what wilt thou do?" Thus was it done.
Twelve galleys thundered loud saluting the betrothed.
Laikh Boturlat thought fast — he strode upon
The poop signalling by white gauze.

He spoke in Greek and spoke in Turkish, too.
"Oh, ye Turkish Janissaries! Speak low,
And turn ye from this galley
The Pasha's happy night has drowsed him
Deep in bliss and now he is not well,
He cannot lift his head.

But on his sure return your courtesy shall never
Be forgot." Saluting, they sailed back, showing
Their great respect as their twelve cannons spoke.
The Cossacks primed their guns, then seven
Cannons boomed, warning of their approach.
The river Liman gained.

"*Dnieper Slaventa*, Father Dnieper! Low we kneel!
O God, we praise and thank thee!
Fifty-four years in hard captivity. We come!
Bestow on us thy freedom, Lord!" Now at this time
Siemen Skalojub stood on guard leading his army
Marshalled there, Island of Tendrov strand.

Spying the galley driving on, he spoke:
"Oi, Cossacks, young masters, is this galley lost,
Or has it wish for life? Are many
Tsar's men there? What booty does it seek?
Act, men! Four cannons take! Salute that galley
From the terrible cannon, give it a present!"

"Oi, Siemen Skalojub, Zaporogian Hetman,
Father of the Cossacks! Can fear be thine?
Or hast thou then no trust in this thine army here?
This galley is not lost, it is not tired of life,
No soldiers of the Tsar — no booty does it seek,
What if it be captives, long-seeming perished,
Old, fleeing to freedom?"

"Nay, trust them not! Two cannon's load
Welcome that galley with our terrible artillery
Greeting it with this gift! If they are
Turkish Janissaries, cut them down. But if they are
Poor captives, help them."
Like foolish children Cossacks acted then

They fired the cannon and saluted thus.
Three planks were burst, the water pouring in,
The Dnieper's waters. Samilo Keeshka
Came upon the poop and from his pocket
Took a standard bearing crosses.
Unfolded, lowered it to galley's rim.

"Oi, ye Cossacks, young masters!
This galley is not lost, not tired of life,
It has no Tsar's men, and no booty seeks —

Samilo Keeshka, captive long, and old,
Flees from captivity to you, fifty-four years in bondage!
Now may our God some life in freedom grant!"

The Tendrov Cossacks leaped into their kayaks then,
Painted the galley bright and brought it to the wharf.
Booty divided where large kayaks lay.
The golden robes they gave unto the leaders,
White Turkish veiling to Beelati Cossacks,
The galley set on fire.

The gold and silver went to churches, Cossack foundations,
That clergy might pray for them rising and sleeping.
The second part divided among themselves.
The third part went for their amusement
As they sat drinking along the cane-groves
Fired long carbines, praised Samilo Keeshka.

"Good Samilo Keeshka, Hetman of the Zaporogians!
Thou didst not perish in captivity,
Thou shalt not perish, being free."
True it is that the head of Samilo Keeshka
Was lowered in Kiev, in the monastery of Kanev,
But his fame will never vanish.

It will be glorious among Cossack friends
Knights, sturdy youths.
"Praised be God!" (say the Zaporogian people,
The Christian people, Zaporogian hosts,
With all the folk of Dnieper)
"For many years, for all eternity!"

BAIDA

Many legends centre around the Cossack Baida, a Ukrainian prince, whose real name was Dmitro Vishnivetski. He it was who established "Seech" — the ancient stronghold of the Cossacks. He became famous for his raids on the Turks.

The verses above interpreted were written of one of his most noted exploits, if tradition is to be believed. He was captured by the Turks. Told that he was to marry the Sultan's daughter he emphatically declined the honor and would have none of her religion.

Now on the walls of Constantinople there were huge iron hooks and the Sultan commanded his soldiers to hang Baida from these by the ribs. By a ruse his servant came near him and managed to bring him a bow and arrow, as directed. When the Sultan came to see if he had had a change of heart the Prince raised his weapon and killed the Sultan, his wife, and his daughter.

Baida, Baida, drinks honey-horeevka
Not one day, not two days, not one night only.

The Sultan of Turkey has come today —
"What are you doing, young fellow, pray?"

"I drink," said Baida, "not one day only.
Not two days, no — and my night's not lonely."

"If you stop drinking I pledge my oath
My daughter to you shall plight her troth."

"She is not comely enough to see.
Faugh! Your religion is not for me."

"Ho, there my men! Just take this wretch
Put a hook in his ribs and give him a stretch!"

O not one day, not two days only
Not one night hangeth Baida lonely!

The Dub-tree seeth the Sultan come:
"Ho, Baida, are you then quite dumb?"

"Nay," said the rogue. "I see two trees,
Two pigeons perching at their ease —

"Your bow and arrow lend," quoth he,
"And you shall sup right daintily."

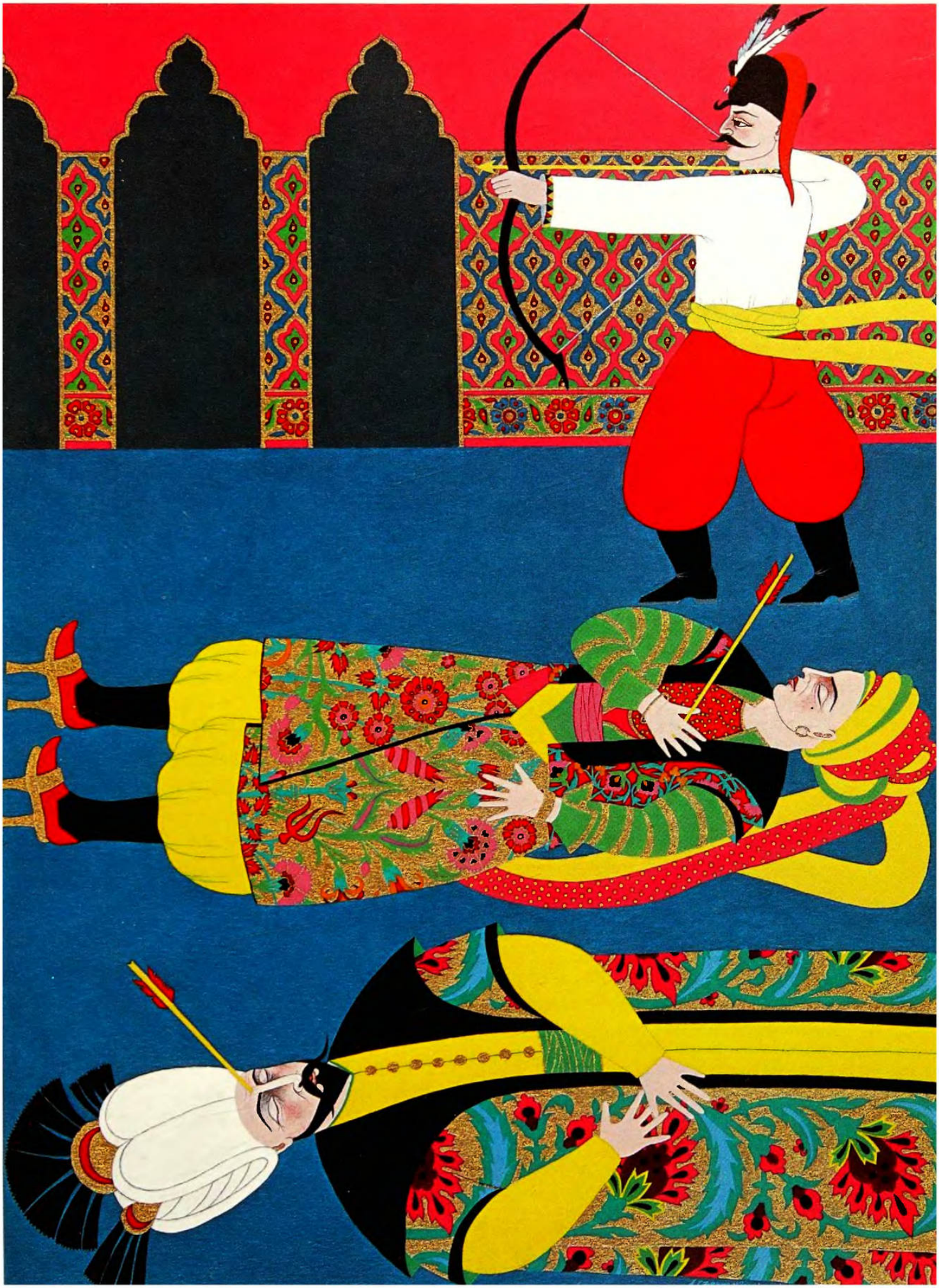
The weapons Baida's right hand nears —
The Sultan's pierced between the ears.

Freed, he has shot the Sultan's wife,
Nor will he spare the daughter's life.

"This was a king once," Baida cries,
"But see how cold and stiff it lies!"

"Well, as for me, I surely think
That I deserve another drink."

Baida, Baida, drinks honey-horeevka
Not one day, not two days, not one night only.



Olexa Popovich

One should compare the highly moral aspect as told in the duma *of Olexa Popovich, the Priest's son, with the much more interesting and fairy-tale version of the Black Sea and its wrath as shown in the thousand-year-old Ukrainian epic.*

There are at least two stariny, *of ancient epics, in which a Mighty One appears,* a bohadyr, *akin to a champion or one of the knights of King Arthur's day; a valiant one, not always noted for high morals, sometimes quite unreliable.*

In "Sadko" (the rich merchant who went to sea selling his goods to the Golden Horde) his wealth in barrels of gold, silver, and pearls is dwelt on. He departed on one of his ventures from Novhorod and soon after his rich cargo and brave ship were on the high seas.

In the awe-inspiring storm that arose the boats could make no progress; they were held by some unseen force and were in great danger facing the towering waves.

Sadko called his crew and told them; "I know the reason for this: the Sea King is against me because I have not given him tribute. Fetch a barrel of gold and drop it in the sea."

But the storm grew worse! Silver followed and the roaring of the waves was more tremendous; even the barrels of pearls made no difference at all.

"The Sea King demands blood; cast lots on golden plates; on these write your own names; inscribe Sadko *on a poplar block."*

The poplar sank, the gold floated: "Then try once more. Put my name on the golden disk and the rest of you can have the poplar blocks." The gold sank down, the wood floated on.

Sadko acknowledged Fate. "I must go to him — farewell!" The storm was hushed — the twenty four went home.

In the depths of the sea meanwhile the Sea King welcomed Sadko and kept him playing on his lyre, enchanted. Later, he produced a mermaid for Sadko's bride. But in a dream St. Nicholas appeared crying: "Nay, touch her not! This is no maid. It is Chornav, your own dear river who will claim her own."

Into deep slumber fell Sadko thereafter and woke to find himself beside Chornav, in his home.

Hei, there on the Black Sea, upon a white rock
Is perched a bright falcon.
He sorrowfully cries and cries
Looking anxiously at the Black Sea
As, there, some evil thing approaches.

A roaring wind arises and breaks into three parts
The vessels of the valiant Cossacks.
It snatched the first part
Bearing it onto the White Arabian land;
It seized the second, dashing it into the Danube's mouth.

And the third part, in the midst of the Black Sea,
Is drowning in the swift waves, in the tempest.
There a great host remained led by
Kryst Kolomnychenko, much praised among the Cossacks;
Drenched in his tears he spoke:

"Hei, youthful Cossacks, hide not your sins!
Confess to the merciful God,
To the Black Sea and to me
Otoman of the Keesh:
Which of you is the sinner?"

All silent as a fish swallowing water in his mouth:
Only Olexa Popovich, the Zaporogian Hetman, spoke:
"Hei, Cossacks, youthful masters, take me,
Olexa Popovich. Tie a white stone about my neck
Cover my young Cossack's eye with red *kitaika*

"Then lower me down in the Black Sea!
Let me present my stormy head
Unto the sea that so I may not cause
Death of so many guiltless ones,
Christian in faith, drowning in the Black Sea."

The Cossacks wept: "Hei, Olexa Popovich,
Great knight and scribe, you read to us the Holy Script
Three times a day, and you instruct us,
Common Cossacks, in all things good.
Why have you sinned so greatly, more than we?"

Olexa, bathed in tears, then answered them:
"Hei, Cossacks, noble youths!
All this is true; I do instruct ye thus
In Holy Scripture. I tell ye what is right,
Nevertheless my sins are more than all of you confess;

"When I, departing to the Zaporogian Sitch,
No farewells said to parents watching there.
My elder brother meant nought, my sister I insulted,

My stirrup kicked her breast! Galloping down the hill
Three hundred children there I trampled with my horse.

"Innocent Christian blood I spilt — young wives
Rushed from the gates snatching the children back —
So terribly they cursed me, Olexa Popovich!
Galloping on, past forty churches
No hat did I remove, nor crossed myself.

"No prayer of parents was remembered.
Oh, Cossacks, youthful masters,
My sin has doubtless found me out and met me!
The Black Sea does not drown me,
The parental prayer punishes me.

"Oi, if my parents would not drown me, but would
Protect from death, then when I return to my kin
How would I respect, obey, my eldest brother
As my father, the nearest neighbors
I would regard as brothers."

As soon as Olexa Popovich began confessing his sins
To God, at once the towering wave of the Black Sea
Was stilled, was hushed as never before on the Black Sea.
And on an Island the Cossacks found
They had been cast alive.

The Cossacks on the shore amazedly weeping
Counted each man finding not one lost,
Owing to that confession! Then Olexa Popovich
Comes on the poop, and taking the Holy Script reads
As of old to common Cossacks, teaching what is good.

"We should remember
By whose prayers we eat our bread and salt."

MARUSIA BOHUSLAVKA

This ending of a duma *of captivity as given here in "Marusia Bohuslavka," is characteristic of many others.*

In connection with this particular duma, *Marusia was a historical character, and is today vouched for as such by Col. George Yanovsky. When fleeing from the enemy, he was in the Turkish town of Scutari opposite Constantinople. The Turks showed him the dungeon and said that there, centuries ago, the captives were held and were released by the Ukrainian girl, Marusia Bohuslavka, who gave them the keys.*

On the Black Sea, on a white rock
    Stood a stone prison.
Seven hundred Cossacks, unfortunate ones
    In a dungeon lay these thirty years,
Seeing not God's world
    Not the righteous sun
Upon their eyes.

"Almighty God, save us, wretched ones,
    From hard captivity,
From the Mohammedan faith!
    Send us forth to the bright stars,
To the peaceful waters, to the joyful land,
    The Christian world.
Hear us, O God, in this our prayer!"

To them the captive maiden, Marusia Bohuslavka,
    Daughter of the Priest,
Came, and said unto them:
    "Hei, Cossacks,
Ye unfortunate captives,
    Tell me,
What day is it in Ukraine now!"

"Hei, captive maiden, Marusia Bohuslavka!
    How may we know what day it is in Ukraine?
Are we not thirty years in captivity
    Seeing not God's world

Nor the blessed sun upon our eyes?
Because of this we know not the day
Dawning in Ukraine."

Then the captive maid, Marusia Bohuslavka,
Daughter of the Priest, said unto the Cossacks:
"Oi, Cossacks, ye unfortunates,
Today in our land is Easter Even
And tomorrow is the holy feast-day of Easter!"
They bowed their white faces to the ground
And cursed her, Marusia, the captive maid.

"May God give thee, Daughter of the Priest,
Neither fortune nor happy fate
Since thou it was who told us
What day had dawned in Ukraine!"
"Oi Cossacks,
Ye unfortunate captives,
Swear not, curse not me!

"When our Turkish Pasha
Goes to the Mosque
Then will I come
To the dungeon, and I will
Throw wide the door
And release you all —
Unfortunates."

On the first day of Easter
When the Turkish Pasha went to the Mosque
He gave the keys to the captive maid
Marusia Bohuslavka, daughter of the Priest.
She came and freed the captives and said unto them:
"Oi, Cossacks! I say unto you, do what is right,
Flee to the cities of Ukraine.

"But, I entreat you, pass beside
The town of Bohyslav,
See my mother and father;
Tell my father to sell not his herds,
To disperse not his wealth,
To heap up no more money.
To free me from captivity.

"Because I have become a Turk — Mohammedan —
For Turkish comfort, good life, unhappy pleasure!"

Cossack Nechai

After the defeat of the Cossacks by the Poles at Bereteschko, Nechai, leader of Khmelnitzky's army, drove the Poles into Galicia and in the pursuit he halted at Krasni, where he billeted his men.

Meanwhile he went to his sister-in-law's house and rested and ate and drank there. In the night the Poles suddenly appeared. Nechai was warned, but in impetuous rashness rode out alone against them. At first he drove them back, but he failed to see other Poles coming up behind him.

from the *duma* of "The Battle of Bereteschko"

Swift he ran from tower to tower
And as sheaves were mown
So his scythe flashed, ever darting —
So he fought, alone.

He ran swift from gate to gateway . . .
With their sabres keen —
Forty thousand Poles behind thee,
Nechai, hast thou seen?

On his right he lays about him
And behind his horse.
Rivers — streams of flowing crimson —
Take their bloody course.

On his left he lays about him —
Corpses piled so high!
"Touch not earth with thy swift hoof-beats,
Steed of brave Nechai."

Captive Mothers

time of Tartar invasion

Early in the morning, on Sunday, I was weaving a wreath in the orchard.
And I called my mother, "Nenya! Come out, come out, my Nenya!
Look! Is it the shepherds far off there watching their flocks,
Is it the merchants driving afar their herds?"

"These be no shepherds watching their flocks, no merchants
Driving their herds. These be Turks! These be the Tartars!
And mighty Boyars! They are driving before them our defenders.
They will take thee, my little daughter!"

arrival of captive mother

A Turk is riding along the highway dragging behind him,
Tied to a rope, an aged woman; through thorns he drags her —
The thorns tear her feet, the red blood stains the road;
A black crow alights and drinks blood from the trail.

"Come out, come out, my lady! I bring thee a slave-woman,
A slave-woman to toil for thee in thy house." In the *svitlonka*
The tasks are set her: With the hands to weave threads,
With the eyes to watch the herds; with the feet to follow the baby.

The slave-woman rocked the child and sang:
"Liu-liu-by, little Tartar, my grandchild!"
May the flocks perish, may the spun flax turn into ashes
The child be turned into stone!"

Then a servant ran to her Tartar mistress:
"That slave-woman curses thy child, my lady,
She curses thy child as she rocks and holds him!"
The lady ran to the Room of Brightness —

She smote the slave-woman upon both cheeks:
"Why dost thou swear at my child and curse it?"
"I do not curse him. I sing to him only,
Liu-liu-by, little Tartar, my grandchild

"My grandchild by my child my daughter —
Did I bring forth one who would smite her mother?"
"Oi, Mother, nay, my little old mother!
How dost thou know that I am thy daughter?"

"On a Sunday thou wast cutting *barvinok*
And thy little finger fell by the knife,
And by that slash, behold, I know thee."
"When was thy daughter taken captive?"

"Early in the morning, on Sunday, she was weaving wreaths
In the orchard, and she called her mother, 'Nenya, come out come out,
My Nenya! Look, is it the shepherds far off there watching
Their flocks? Is it the merchants driving afar their herds?' "

These be no shepherds watching their flocks, no merchants . . .

Hanja Andiber

This lengthy duma, *composed about 1675, is typical of the period, showing latent antagonism between the rich burghers with their silver hoards and the Cossacks defending the frontier, who faced great responsibilities and received little appreciation while in defense of the fat, comfortable, wealthy stay-at-homes.*

The duma *deals with the activities of Hanja Andiber on the left mound of the Delta of the Danube and the Field of Kilia.*

Oi, in the Field of Kilia
On the beaten way of the Tartar Horde
There a poor tramp-Cossack
Spent his years carousing:
Seven and four years;
He wore out three black horses.
Then in the twelfth year he returned
To his old town of Cherkassi.

Three worn-out jerkins hung upon the poor tramp,
Covered by an overcoat of bulrushes woven,
And girdle of woven hemp.
On the Cossack's feet
Calf skin where once fine kid he wore
Heels and toes are showing —
His bare footprint
Makes its mark in the sands.

And on the Cossack, poor tramp,
A sheepskin cap, hole in the crown,
The skin bald, the brim gone.
It is lined with wind
For the Cossack glory.
Coming to the town of Cherkassi the Cossack,
The poor tramp, asked for Nastya Horova,
Innkeeper of the steppes.

Venturing in, he saw in the bar-room
Three rich burghers, silver jingling as they drank.

The first was Havrilo,
Son of Dovhopolech from Pereyaslav,
The second, son of Viyt, from Nizheen,
The third, son of Zolotar, from Chernihov.
They drank, got very drunk,
Jeered at the poor Cossack-tramp.

"Hei, innkeeper of the steppes,
Nastya, the youthful, do thine utmost for us!
Now for more sweet mead and strong whisky —
But this Cossack, this wretch, throw him out from the bar!
Doubtless he spent his days in some low brewery,
That's where he ruined his clothes;
He came to our town to make money
To carry off to another inn."

Then the youthful Nastya, innkeeper of the steppes
Grabbed the Cossack-tramp by his *tchoub*
Punching him in the neck.
But the Cossack-tramp did his very best!
At the threshold
He sank his feet in the clay,
Then, with his Cossack feet
Braced hard against the lintel.

And with the Cossack arms
He clung tight to the wood-work;
He stuck his head between the plate-shelves.
Two of the burghers, silver jingling, looked at him, laughing:
But the third one, Havrilo, had pity.
From his trousers-pocket he took a coin
And gave it to Nastya, the innkeeper,
In a low voice, saying:

"Hei, thou Nastya, the youthful innkeeper,
Thou art not very merciful to Cossack-tramps,
Yet not neglectful in dealing with them.
Act rightly — take this coin in thy hands,
Go to the cellar, turn on the spigot,
Of the poorest stuff, for the poor Cossack-tramp —
Let him strengthen,
Make glad his Cossack belly."

Then Nastya Horova, innkeeper of the steppes,
Went not herself but called her servant:
"Hei, my girl, do a good deed!

A mug that holds a quart
Take in thy hand, run to the cellar;
Pass eight barrels by, but from the ninth,
Instead of giving to the pigs
Give to this Cossack-tramp . . .

Running, she passed the ninth, poured from
The tenth. Holding her nose with her fingers,
She set it down, pretending that it stank.
By the oven the Cossack-tramp was standing,
When the beer was offered.
First, he sampled it only, secondly he gulped it,
Thirdly, grasping the handle,
He drank the mug dry.

II

As the beer mounted to his head
The Cossack struck the bar with his mug:
Bottles and cups danced and fell from the bar,
The oven started to fly around!
And the rich men could not see God's light for the soot.
Then the rich silver-jinglers looked at him, saying:
"Never in good company before, eh?
The poor stuff he drank would never make him tipsy!"

Now the Cossack became really angry:
"Hei, ye rich men, sons of the enemy!
Get over to the threshold!
See that I sit in the guest-corner,
The corner of honor, the *pocootie*!"
Then the rich men acted wisely
And did as commanded.
The Cossack-tramp sat in the *pocootie*.

And from the folds of his coat
He drew out a golden dagger;
"Pledge for a pail of whisky!"
The men gazed at him in amazement:
"Hei, thou young Nastya, innkeeper of the steppes,
This poor tramp may never redeem his pledge.
And let him not count on raising some money
Driving our oxen."

Then the Cossack, poor tramp,
When he heard what was said,
Unclasped his money-belt —

The table was covered with golden coins!
When the rich burghers, silver jingling,
Saw golden money they cried:
"Drink with us, drink —
Glasses of mead and whisky!"

And the innkeeper Horova whispered:
"Oi, Cossack — speak, Cossack! Hast thou
Had a meal this day, breakfast
Or dinner? Come in my sitting-room
We will eat there together."
Then the Cossack, walking up and down,
Threw open the window, as if for fresh air,
Calling in a loud voice:

"Hei, ye rivers! ye rivers of the steppes,
Which bring streams of help to the Danube,
Dress me, or take me to you!"
And behold, a Cossack has come bearing costly garments
Casting them on his shoulders;
A second Cossack brought boots of fine kid
To put on the Cossack feet,
The third, a hat, to put on the Cossack head.

Then the rich townsmen whispered together
"Hei, brothers! This is no poor tramp!
It is *Fesko* Hanja Andiber, Zaporogian Hetman!"
And they said to him; "Come closer to us!
Let us bow low before you,
Let us hold a Council
If it is good to live in glorious Ukraine!
Greeting in mead and whisky, greeting, greeting!"

Then *Fesko* Hanja Andiber took the beer —
He drank it not,
But poured it on his garments, saying:
"Oi my garment, my garment,
Drink and be merry!
Not me do they honor — but they honor you.
When on my body you did not lie
I had no honor from these rich men."

Then *Fesko* Hanja Andiber spoke slowly:
"Hei, ye Cossacks, children, my young friends,
Take by the hair these men,
Carry them out, as you would carry oxen

From the stall. Stretch them beneath the windows.
Chastise with young birch branches —
Let them remember me
To the very end of the world!"

Only, Andiber liked Havrilo,
And sat down beside him.
And he did this to Havrilo
Because of the offered coin . . .
"Hei, ye rich ones, who lie outstretched there!
Ye took the forest and hay-fields —
We, the poor tramps,
Had naught to feed our horses."

The Dying Kobzar

A Drama of the Middle Ages

Oi, there in the Tartars' broad fields
On the highways of the Cossacks
Not lonesome wolves ye hear that howl and yelp,
Not black-winged eagles shrieking,
Circling in the skies . . .
    There now an aged Cossack is seated on a mound
    Gray he is as a pigeon.
    He plays upon a *kobza*, chanting loudly.

His horse beside him lies,
Shot-riddled, slashed with sabre,
His spear is broken; in his sheath is no steel weapon,
No fine-tempered sabre in his sheath;
His powder-horn holds not a single shot . . .
    Alone for him is left the wandering *bandoura*,
    In a deep pocket lies a pipe — *burunka* —
    A half-plait of tobacco. Poor Cossack!

See, he smokes his pipe and lays it on the *kobza*,
Singing piteously: "Hei, brothers!
Knightly Zaporogian Cossacks! Where do ye turn? How fares it
With ye now? Do ye come back to the Mother Seech —
Oi, do ye come back to the Mother Seech?
    Or are ye beating flat the Poles with clubs,
    Driving the Tartars with the oxhide whips,
    Into captivity driving like a herd?

Oi, with God's help my feet would surely stretch
And I would hasten after ye:
Perhaps strength would remain
Even at my life's end
To play for you, to loudly sing.
    Oi, let my *kobza* know a Christian hand has buried me,
    But no! my *kobza* lies, not even as a dead dog lies!
    It will be alone on the wide steppes.

Without a horse the aged one must die,
Over the steppes I could not amble now —
The lonesome wolves will meet me:
"His horse devoured,
The old one for dessert!"
Oi, *kobza* mine, my faithful consort,
Bandoura, painted and adorned,
Where shall I lay thee?

Suppose I light a fire here on the open steppe,
Fling wide the ashes, flying down the wind? . . .
I'll lay thee on the mound!
And when the boisterous wind shall
Fly along the steppes
Oh, let him touch thee!
Let him play and gambol, pitiful with sorrow!
Maybe some wandering Cossacks, a-gallop, will ride near.

And they will hear, perchance,
Thy piteous music —
Turn them to this mound
And bury me.

THE DEVIL FALLEN IN LOVE

A

ZAPOROGIAN COSSACK

LEGEND

by

STOROZHENKO

Storozhenko, the Ukrainian writer who is held in high esteem by his literary compatriots for his legends of the people, gives here a narrative which he took from the lips of an aged wandering bandourist or musician in the early days of the nineteenth century.

The Zaporogues or Cossacks who lived beyond the porogs *or cataracts of the Dnieper were "the vanguard of the vanguard, the forlorn hope." They built a fort or* setcha *(seech) surrounded by a palisade. They recognized no authority; like the Knights of Rhodes and Malta they encamped on the land wrested from the Mussulmans and continued the holy war with Turk and Tartar, when Christendom was at peace with them.*

They neither asked for nor gave quarter, existed on the plunder of the infidel, courted dangers and "martyrdom," and received no women into their camp.

They were a race of warrior-monks, a Church militant, the Templars and Hospitalers of the Dnieper. More than one Polish noble of high rank came to join them in their life of adventure and heroic poverty, and learnt from them lessons of courage and chivalry. All were equal, all brothers, and all ate like Spartans at a common table.

The offices of the Ataman of the camp and of the ten Atamans of the kourenes *were obtained by election. In close union with the Cossacks of the Don they were on land and sea the scourge of Islam, the Barbary Christians of the Black Sea.*

My grandfather was a Zaporogian. Where has he not been and what has he not seen. Tall and strong, he was also a *kharakternick*, a spellmaker, to be killed only by a silver bullet; he consorted with witches and devils and feared nothing in this world — in a word, a real Zaporogian! He arrived in our village, Boberka, when his youth was behind him; there he married and built a hut for his home. He lived about one hundred years and until his death heard perfectly, had clear vision, and sometimes mounted a horse and bareback went to the City of Kharkov. When aged grown, he would sit in the long winter evenings and tell us legends. Listening, we laughed or wept, but sometimes our hair stood on end with fear. Once he told us the legend of the Devil who fell in love.

I

In a skirmish with Tartars his own horse was killed under him — he mourned for it as for his own brother, it was second to none in the whole Zaporogie. So he had

to go to the North, to the Slobody Settlement, to look for a knight's horse to replace it.

The whole country then, you must know, was very different to what is seen now: the wilderness was everywhere, and my grandfather had to cross the trackless steppes, his only guide the sun and stars. After a few days of this he became utterly wearied, his sack of food hung limply down; he ate his last dry piece of bread. When he neared the Donetz River, the forest became thick about him at every step, and night was falling fast. He sat down under a bush to wait for moonrise, and snatched a little sleep. But, look you, he felt through his dream someone pulling at him. He awoke and looked around; the full moon rode high; there was not a breath of wind, but the trees were bending to one side and some invisible power drew him thither. He saw more clearly now — not far away was a tall Cossack in Karmazin *zhupan*, black breaches of *oksamit*, and wearing yellow boots. He was so fine and handsome that it would have been impossible to find his like if one had searched the Kosh.

He stood in the moonlight and beckoned; it seemed as if he were calling someone. After every move of his hand the tree bent toward him and my grandfather felt as if someone was pushing his neck.

"What the devil is he?" thought my grandfather. "Is he not a *kharakternick?*" He was ready to ask him, but in the meantime there was the sound of something falling behind the trees, and sparks flew all around. He gazed at the place; from the bushes came a tall maiden, quite young, well-dressed, and so beautiful that only in dreams could one think to see such a vision. She came close to the Cossack, shyly with her hands crossed on her breast.

"Wherefore didst thou call me?" she asked, in such a way that the grandfather's heart gave a sudden leap.

"And dost thou ask wherefore?" said the Cossack. "Dost thou not know how I love thee? . . . Without thee, hell means nothing to me."

"— For that? I knew it a long time ago," she replied.

"No," cried the Cossack. "Not for that. When I see thee I don't know what I am saying. Listen, Odarka, tell me. Dost thou want to be mine? Ah, if thou didst but love me even a thousandth part as well as I love thee!"

"I don't need thy love, don't ask for mine," she interrupted, turning away. "Spell to thee, hell to thee!"

"Ah!" thought the grandfather, "what a bird she is. She even ignores the wooing of such a grand Cossack!"

"Listen, Odarka!" the Cossack began again. "Be mine! I'll do everything for thee that thy soul desireth."

With a deep sigh she answered, "Nay, thou canst do naught that my soul desireth!"

"Surely, surely, yea I'll do it. I swear to thee by Hell, Satan, and Farnahey, let no Christian soul perish through me, let me fall through a hole in the ice after the Blessing of Water . . . yes, yes! that's it —"

"How strangely the Haspid's son is swearing!" thought the grandfather.

"Dost thou not believe me?" asked the Cossack.

"I do not," said the girl.

"I don't know what oath to swear for thee, my dovey," and the Cossack pressed the girl to his breast and kissed her cheek.

And as he did so the echo fled over jungles: the trees were shaken, branch clung to branch, wild pigeons began to cry lamentably, and my grandfather was thrown to the earth. His lips too, wanted a kiss. Seemingly from nowhere a frog appeared. Jump! And the grandfather did not notice that he was kissing the devil's beast. And what do you think! His soul was so joyful that it seemed as if he had kissed a beautiful girl's bright eye.

"— Ouch!" shrieked the girl, grasping her cheek. "O how thou hast burned me! Thou smellest of brimstone! If thou must speak with me let us go into the water; else thou wouldest burn me with thy hellish love."

"Very well. Let me woo thee in the water!"

The grandfather watches. Beside them is a pond. He did not remember seeing it before. Was it made, as the proverb says, by command of the Pike? What the Foe's Mother! thought he. Are they human beings or devils?

He became sad; even the *herring* around his ear twitched. Looking at the pond again he saw that the Cossack and the maiden were taking off their clothing; it seemed that the latter's hands were moving without her volition. She took off her blouse, and later, without shame, her skirt.

When the grandfather looked on her he began to tremble; the moon covered as with silver her white body, which looked as if it were carven, and the long *kosa*, black as a serpent, twined round her slender waist and fell to her knees. But when, even as he admired her, she turned her back, he saw that she had a tail — a small one, but, devil to his mother, a tail! It was the proof that the girl was a witch. The grandfather then looked at the Cossack — and he had a tail as long as a hound's, and he was switching it, as a cat does before a mouse.

"Ah, that's it, then!" At last he understood that a devil had fallen in love with a witch. "The devil it is for you!" he thought. He tried to flee away, but he had no power to move; it seemed that he was rooted to the spot. He wanted to cross himself, but his hands refused to be lifted up; he grew angry but could not help himself so he fell to the ground and watched what would happen. The devil and the witch stepped into the water up to their waists and began to converse.

"Tell me, my dove, what does thy soul desire?"

"I'll not say," answered the witch. "I'll not say till thou dost swear by the Hell-word to do what I want."

"How long wilt thou be mine, if I promise."

"Ten years."

"Very well. I'll do it." The devil stretched out his hand. "Here for thee is my hand and my hellish word."

"Who will break us apart?" asked the witch. "It must be a Christian soul, and pure too."

"We've got it," said the devil, motioning with his head in the direction of the spot where the grandfather was lying. "There, under the bushes a Zaporogian has hidden himself."

"Has any Zaporogian a pure soul? I don't believe it!" said the witch. "They are all drunkards and robbers."

"Don't talk too much!" said the devil, "There's not in the world such a sinless soul as those Haspid's sons possess. They live after the command of Scripture; they keep celibate, fight the Mussulman, defend the Orthodox Faith . . . Hey, Kirilo!" the devil called, "come here and beat us off."

The grandfather, voiceless, simply lay and held his breath.

"Look to thyself, come here!" cried the devil again. "Thou many a time wast boasting that thou fearest no devil. Art thou afraid now?"

"Here is no cause to fear!" answered the grandfather. But he was trembling all over.

"Where art thou going?"

"I'm looking for my pipe. I lost it in the grass and can't seem to find it."

"Don't lie — the pipe is in thy pocket."

O devil's son! thought the grandfather; he knows all; it is impossible to fool him.

"Strike off!" the devil cried, when the grandfather approached the pond.

"How can I strike ye off? I have no idea of spoiling my *karmaziny*. Come out onto dry land."

"Art thou blind?" said the devil. "Look, where the girl stays — the water is frozen; walk on it boldly, it will hold thee."

"What the devil! It is surely frozen. Why is it frozen?"

"She loves me so warmly that the water freezes around her," the devil replied.

"But tell me, Devil, why is steam rising, and the water looks as if it were boiling?"

"Ah, yes! I so truly love her that the water is boiling around me."

Such love for our girls! thought the grandfather. He went down into the pond, went behind the witch, and beat their hands apart.

Something splashed into the water, moved with tiny feet, and dived. "What's that?" asked the grandfather. "Is it a frog?"

"No," said the devil. "We held each other's hands for so long that an imp was born."

O those devils! thought the grandfather. So fruitful! They only held hands for a little while and already an imp is brought forth!

"Well, say now," the devil said to the witch. "What does thy soul want?"

"Salvation!" she made answer.

When the devil heard this he screwed up his nose just as if he had sniffed *chemeritza*.

"It is impossible," he groaned. "Don't ask it. It is impossible."

"Why?" asked the grandfather.

"Because if she has once left God, He will not accept her again."

"Nay, but 'tis a lie! If she does but repent he will thrice take her back."

"Ah!" cried the devil. "Be quiet, wilt thou! Since when hast thou known Scripture?"

"But I know," the grandfather made reply. "I am well educated. Several times I have read *The Acts* in church."

(The grandfather was so stubborn a soul that in any dispute he would say "I

know" even though he was entirely ignorant in the matter. Sometimes in his own imaginations he would dress up so artistically that even experts would be deceived.)

"Although I am but a man," he went on, "I have great pity for her. It seems to me I would do everything to obtain her salvation. And God is so merciful — how could He not forgive the repentant sinner?"

"But she has uncrossed herself already!" the devil murmured.

"It is nothing. A priest can again baptize her, and can blow and spit on thee."

The devil made no reply to this argument. He stood downcast, stretching his neck around.

The witch turned to the devil. "Thou knowest perfectly well that I became a witch not by my own will, but because my mother forced me to be one."

"Wherefore didst thou obey her? Hadst thou not thine own brain and will?"

"That is a lie." The grandfather boldly threw himself into the conversation (because he did not fear even a devil when it was a matter of defending the truth). "By fear and by oppression every man can be forced to do everything."

"But just think for yourselves what you are asking!" The devil began to speak with tears in his voice. "How could I help in the salvation of a soul when I, as a devil, have got for sole obligation the endeavor to make Christian souls perish? . . . If I do what you want I shall be torn in pieces for such malice!"

"What for?" asked the grandfather. "It's not such a great sin to save one soul! Then you can repent, and make ten perish in the place of the one saved, and they will pat you on your head."

"Yes! Probably against the wool!" the devil barked out.

"O how I could love thee!" cried the witch, and looked upon the devil with her *caree eyes*, so much so that the ice began to creak and break, and the grandfather might easily have fallen into the pond if he had not quickly leaped from the spot on which he stood.

The devil stood for a long time thinking, but could not decide; he was so overwhelmed by love.

"Let be what will be!" said he, finally, turning to the witch. "Let thy will be fulfilled!"

II

They went out of the pond; the witch became merrier, but the devil was so afflicted that he put his tail between his legs. The grandfather helped the witch to dress, with his own hands wiping her white body. He noticed a little more warmth in her feelings toward him. Putting on her skirt he whispered in her ear, "Obey me in what I tell you to do." The grandfather had a kind heart, and in it was pity for the maiden.

"Well, Devil!" he asked, "what kind of advice art thou about to give. 'What shall we do to be saved'?" he quoted from the gospel.

"It is this," said the devil, with a wry face. "Not far from here an anchorite seeks salvation; he has great power from God; he can by his prayers remove all kinds of sins and can lead to the way of righteousness even the greatest sinner. So when my life with Odarka is over I'll bring her to him and he will save her sinful soul."

"Eh, no Devil!" the grandfather interrupted. "Much water can run away in ten years — while the sun is rising the dew can burn out one's eyes. In ten years our little

witch might be *stiff as an oak* or the Lord might receive the anchorite to Himself. No, thy proposition is no good. In beginning such a good affair it is necessary to go immediately to the anchorite for his blessing."

"Now don't confound thyself in what is no business of thine," the devil stomped his feet in vexation and grief.

"Why is it not my business?" the grandfather cried. "Did I not break ye? Would'st fool me? Where is she to seek for that anchorite?"

"Devils never lie," said the devil.

"O even a fool doesn't believe in devils," interrupted the grandfather.

"Let it be," the witch said, "even as Uncle Kirilo advises. It is surely necessary to look for the place where the anchorite is finding salvation."

Long and long they were debating; they were near cursing one another, but even a devil in charge of things could not beat the grandfather when it came to an argument. He was forced to the wall; he scratched his neck and agreed. Maybe he had a secret thought all the time, but my grandfather too was doing a little devising in connection with what he had to do. We shall see which one got fooled.

"Well, now my little witchy," the devil said. "Flee home, and tomorrow Kirilo and I shall come to thee, and without any delay we shall go to the anchorite."

The witch mounted her broom, nodded towards the grandfather, twined higher and higher in the heights of the sky, and, being come to the stars, she fled toward her hut.

The devil followed her with his eyes until she disappeared from sight. Then he so heavily sighed that the leaves in the valley stirred; in the valley itself it seemed that something rolled on; an owl shrieked; far away a heron began to call. And the grandfather felt somewhat sick at heart, and he sighed for her, too. It seemed to him that he had said farewell to that girl whom long ago he had left, the first time that he started for the Zaporogie.

In amicable agreement the grandfather and the devil departed side by side like real mates. From his horn the former shakes some snuff for the latter, and the devil treats the grandfather in the same way. The devil was very serviceable — as soon as his companion's pipe was loaded he made the fire to light it by. The grandfather thought about getting out *horilka* and the devil was already saying "good luck" and pulling out from the sack fried duck and white bread. While the grandfather ate and drank he had half a mind to play a joke on the devil: he thought of "crossing him," but concluded: "No — he may be a devil but just now he is my comrade — it's not honest to do any harm to a chum." And then, when he looked on his fellow-traveler he felt pity for him. He was walking with head hanging down, as if he were about to be executed.

"Tell me, Devil, how did it happen that thou hast fallen in love with the witch? Because love was given not to devils but unto us sinners."

"Eh, little brother, we have a heart, too, the same as ye, and with the same accursed love! How could we tempt ye if we did not know what the human heart was like? But, having a heart, how could one not want to protect it? . . . Say, Kirilo," the devil took off his fur cap and bowed, "help me in my affair and I'll take care of thee in any great distress that may come upon thee."

"Good!" the grandfather said. "Why not help a good devil!"

But in his thoughts he had but the one idea — to save the girl. He for his part began to have some love for her.

"Ask me for everything thou wouldst have!" said the devil.

"I need nothing: though thou mightest procure a good horse?"

"I am the horse for thee! I shall transform myself into a horse and shall bear thee five years, and for another five shall live with Odarka. Into those five years I can put five hundred — such are devils!"

"But see thou lie not!" said the grandfather.

"Don't be afraid: here's my hand for thee and the devil's hellish word. Not only have we no right to fool Zaporogians but we may not even touch them, because they are fighters for the Orthodox faith. And anyway it's no great profit to us if we should happen to enlist one of them. When a Zaporogian is killed in battle he is not ours. At once St. Peter appears with the keys and is in conflict with us for his soul; he smashes our brethren everywhere, heedless of where he strikes. But when St. Nicholas would take part in the struggle — it is better to flee and be done with it, because one would only go back to hell tail-less — he would tear it off!"

"How many Zaporogians are there in hell?" asked the grandfather.

"Never a one. We drove out even those that were there."

"Why did ye drive them out? Do ye spare any room in hell for our brethren?"

"O because they made so much disorder that they might have driven out the devils themselves. Didst thou never hear of Marko, who caused such confusion in hell?"

"Well, what do they do to you, anyway?"

"They become as drunk with hot tar as with *horilka* — whisky. Then they creep into the ovens and begin to throw out the burning wood. Once they were near to burning hell! Once one of them lay down on a pan and commanded that fire should be put under him. One of us fried him so diligently that his skin began to crack, but all the time the Zaporogian was cursing and laughing at him, crying out that he was so cold. Woe on us! It is impossible to burn them up with fire."

"Look how the Poles have fried them and nothing came of it. Even hell could not invent such things as the Poles did to them. The Hetman Nalivaiko was to be burned in the copper bull; the whole of Warsaw gathered to hear how the bull would cry out. But they heard nothing; he was burned to ashes, but he made no sound. What couldst thou do with such as these? If it is impossible to rebuke them alive what is one to do with them dead?"

"That's right. We are Seechoviks, able to endure everything; that is the reason we fear nothing."

"Wait, wait!" cried the devil. "Soon a misfortune will come upon ye, too. If fire cannot tame ye we will overcome ye by frost."

"Where could ye devils get frost in hell?"

"We haven't it, but ye have. We'll invent for ye a man who will be much worse than any devil. He'll give ye the cold, ye'll see. But let them be raging for all I care! . . . For me, as they say, I have no appetite for salt. What does my Odarochka do now?"

"Tell me, Devil," said the grandfather. "Is her flesh her own or did she transform herself into such a beautiful damsel, as thou hast changed thyself into a Cossack?"

"No. She was born like that. Let her transform herself even into a Tsaritza she could not be better than she is. There is only one thing wrong with her — it is very easy to lead her into the sinful way."

"Yes, but that dratting, accursed tail!" the grandfather murmured and became pensive.

Parleying in such a manner they walked through the forest. Sometimes from a bush peeped a Leesovik, spirit of the wood, with beard green as grass. Sometimes a Vovkoolak jumped out, girded with a belt of scarlet. Vampires in glossy German boots leaped from one branch to another and greeted them politely with bows. When they took the road along the bank of the Liman it was impossible to count all the imps which jumped out of the swamps.

"Hail to thee, Uncle!" they cried to the devil, but they feared the grandfather, because they understood he was a Zaporogian.

"Be not afraid, children!" the devil said. "Ye must know that this is Kirilo, my marriage-broker."

The grandfather told us that when devils are still young they are as green as the *sitnik-plant*; they have not then horns or claws. They are very joyful, he said, running, rolling about, jumping like frogs, playful as kittens. One dived into the water, then shot out its legs and wiggled its feet. The grandfather wanted to provoke them, so he put his thumb between his fingers and showed them *dula*, but they all squeaked:

"Thank ye, Uncle Kirilo, for your goodness."

"Don't feed them with sugar, but always show *dula*!" said the devil.

Dawn was coming when the two came out of the forest. Only two *verstas*, and a large village could be seen in the valley.

"This is where Odarka lives," said the devil. "See there her hut is surrounded by *vishnya*-trees. We'll go now to her, there thou mayest spend the day, but in the evening at sunset I myself shall call on her. I should now go with thee but it is perilous for a devil to visit a village; one might meet a *yarchuk*, and roosters are crying 'Let them die!' "

So the grandfather bade him farewell and went down to a *pleeso*. He took his razor out of his sack, shaved himself, put on a clean shirt, prayed to God, and departed to see the witch. On the way he plucked some of the mountain flower, the *horitzveet*, *zolototisiachnik* or golden-thousand, and *drok*, the antidote for the bite of a mad dog, twisted them together into a bundle, and put the handful into his left boot. He plucked these so that the devil should not know what he was saying when he should converse with the witch.

III

Odarka met the grandfather at the threshold with bread and salt and bowed to him almost to the ground.

"Hail to thee, little uncle," she said. "God and men left me an unhappy orphan, but thou dost not shun me, a sinful one!"

"Be not afraid, Odarka," he answered. "We will save thee. I will not allow the devil to laugh at thee."

I tell you the grandfather had a heart full of sensibility; sometimes, wishing to comfort the unfortunate, he even lied to them.

Though large, the witch's hut looked almost like an abandoned ruin; the windows were large enough assuredly, but there sadness was. Odarka paid court to the grandfather, looked into his eyes, smiled at him and seemed almost merry, but after a little she became sad again.

"Little Uncle!" she said softly. "Tell me naught of what thy soul knoweth, because devilish Trutik (such was the name of the devil) will know everything."

"Don't be afraid, my beauty," the grandfather said, beating his left boot. "I blocked the ears of the devil's son. We know something too. He will not hear or see even if I do this." And with that he made the sign of the cross over the witch.

Immediately she was thrown to the ground, became blue, foamed at the mouth, and seemed shrivelled up in a ball. The grandfather feared greatly when he saw this, and was very sorry for what he had done. Quickly he put *dula* under her nose; then she opened her eyes and at last consciousness returned.

"O my unfortunate one!" she groaned. "Thou hast harmed me even as with a knife. Never make that sign because the Unclean One would suffocate me and would not allow me to be saved."

"No, no!" said the grandfather. "The anchorite alone shall cross thee with his own godly hand."

The witch placed the breakfast on the table for the grandfather, with a bottle of whisky, and she busied herself with the oven. Her visitor ate and drank with eyes fixed upon her. Ah, what a beautiful young woman! What a wife, what a housekeeper she could be . . . but that accursed little tail — may it wither away and vanish.

"Tell me, Odarka," he said. "How did it happen that thy mother changed thee into a witch."

"O God, grant that it be not called to my remembrance!" she began, sighing. "I was eight years old when my father went to war. Two years later a Cossack, Khvedear, returned with bad news — my father was killed beyond the Dnieper. For a time Mother was sorrowful, but she soon became calm. Khvedear lived in our hut and Mother fell in love with him. Village rumor said that he was going to marry her, but they quarreled, and he married the daughter of our neighbor. I could not tell thee how it affected my mother. She ran through the village as if out of her mind; then she disappeared. Everyone thought that she had killed herself. But two weeks later at night I heard a faint sound in the garret, then the chimney resounded and a chill air blew through the hut. I rose quickly and came near the oven; I thought the hut would be set on fire. I saw that someone was blowing the flames, a bunch of straw caught fire — behold, there was my mother! With dishevelled hair, shirt unbuttoned, and with glittering eyes the sight was so terrible that I could not look on her. But, at last, so full of joy in her return, I ran toward her. But she cried out, with a voice not her own, 'Do not come near me!' I fainted where I stood. When I revived my mother said, 'Take the icons and carry them out into the barn, and the little cross which thou wearest upon thy neck leave there too.' "

"I took off the icons and carried them out into the barn. When I came back Mother embraced me and bitterly wept, washing my head with tears that were as

hot as boiling water. Some months later the wife of my mother's lover became sick, and after a long illness died. Khvedear, under the influence of pity and sorrow long wandered in the woods, until finally he was found dead under an oak. The village people began to say that my mother was a witch, and that she had caused the death of Khvedear and his wife. My girl friends would have nothing to do with me. For myself, I did not believe what people said, though sometimes I had seen that something wrong was going on in our hut. Throughout each week my mother was as a mother should be, but on Saturday [which is especially set apart for witches] she would not allow me close to her, and at night she locked me in the barn. I wanted to learn why she did this, and what caused the noise and sound of something boiling in our hut. Once, on a Saturday, when I was seventeen and my mother had locked me in the barn, I lifted up a board in the floor and crept out. I saw a light in the hut. I peeped in the window and gazed on my mother who was standing by the oven in a shirt with her hair falling over her shoulders. She was putting some *zilie* herbs into a large earthen pot. Later on she placed the pot on the floor, mounted her broom, and when she bowed herself over the pot, flame burst from it and something pulled her through the oven-mouth into the chimney.

"I cried out "Mother, what hast thou done!"

"And she as a bird shot down to earth and grasped my *kosa*. "O, then disobedient child!" she cried in a voice not her own. "Thou art spying! No, thou shalt not rebuke me. I am going to make thee a witch too, even as I am myself!"

"She placed me on the broom and carried me away with great speed.

"When I came to my senses I found myself upon the *Lisa-hora*, the mountain near Kiev. I have nothing to tell thee of what happened there. Probably thou hast been there thyself and knowest everything?"

"Why not!" the grandfather said. "I have been there several times."

He was ashamed to confess that he did not know what she meant and had not seen anything, and he was rather accustomed to lie in cases like this. It was not hard for him to lie at any time and where a witch was concerned it was very easy.

"What happened to me," continued the witch, "I could not tell. I was lying upon my face with closed eyes, repeating some words after my mother. Then I returned home on my own broom, which this same Trutick made for me from birch-twigs. I wished to pray to God, and as soon as I crossed myself I was thrown to the ground. Since that time, as thou seest, I can but weep without ceasing, think and think, but cannot imagine a way of escape."

"Where is thy mother?" asked the grandfather.

"Devils slaughtered her. When she satisfied her heart by revenge in killing Khvedear and his wife she realized that she had placed her own soul and mine in peril. She began to think how she could save us both, but devils and witches found it out. Once she fled to the *Lisa-hora* and did not return more; the same fate would have been mine but Trutick saved me. What is to come? Now my soul is bitter and heavy within me, the world is so joyless."

The witch bathed herself in her tears.

"Don't weep, my dovey, don't weep — we'll save thy soul. It's simply impossible that a Zaporogian, with the assistance of a devil, shouldn't do something."

"But Trutick will not allow me to go to the anchorite," the witch said.

"I'll go!" the grandfather cried. "This is not a case of what the devil wills; everything will be as the anchorite commands. Trutick promised to serve me five years as a horse, during that time God will help and thou shalt be saved. And when the devil returns he gains nothing. And then, my beauty . . ."

The grandfather did not finish his phrase; he gnawed his moustache and gazed on Odarka in such a manner that she blushed red as the *kalina*.

The witch set a good meal before him — *zopeekarka* and thorn-whisky, and she made him a bed in the barn. He had not slept the whole of the night before and he slept now as if he were dead.

The grandfather slept till the evening and when he came into the hut Trutick was already there. The Haspid's son wrapped around Odarka a wet *radno-blanket* which clung to her. It made the grandfather sick. However he greeted them, sat down on a stool, and asked the devil how far away the anchorite was.

"Not far from here," he answered. "Beyond the town of Easum, in the Holy Mountains."

"Not far! We could not reach there in five days."

"Yes, after the Zaporogian custom, but not after ours. If we start early in the morning we shall be there before sunset."

"See here Devil!" cried the grandfather, thoroughly annoyed. "Speak not evil of Zaporogians. I tell thee if my horse were alive I'm not Kirilo Kelep if I could not reach the anchorite's place in a day. And that's so!"

"Don't lie!" the devil answered. "Even in two days thou couldst not reach it. But when I shall carry thee — then we'll be there before dinner."

"But what about Odarka?" the grandfather asked.

"She will turn into a hound. So we can hunt hares too on our way."

They talked nonsense until midnight, then they took a little rest and started. When the sun peeped from behind a mountain they were far away from the village. The grandfather was riding upon a black Arabian steed, and by his stirrup a white hound ran, as beautiful — as beautiful as was Odarka. She leaped, not touching the ground with her little feet; it seemed as if she fled with the wings of a swallow. If now and then a hare ran away she caught it but did not injure it; she held it by the ear and let it go. But the horse, the devil being its mother, was like a picture, his hide shining as if ringed by a *cuirass*, his neck that of a swan. From his eyes sparks flew and flames burst from his nose. The grandfather filled his pipe with tobacco, but did not light it; he need but touch it to the horse's face and it was set on fire. And the harness! The Crimean Khan had not such as this, encrusted with gold and set around with precious stones.

The grandfather was so glad of the horse; he kept fondling it and paid no attention to Odarka at all. The real Zaporogian! As the song goes, "He exchanged his wife for tobacco and a pipe; but who wouldn't exchange a good horse for her?"

The sun was still high when they reached the Holy Mountains. The grandfather watered the horse, had a drink himself, tied the devil by the bridle to a tree and said:

"Wait for me here. I'll just run across to the anchorite for a few minutes."

"Go, but don't tarry, because we ought to return to the village before sundown; there we'll make the marriage feast and go on to the Seech."

"What marriage?" the grandfather inquired.

"Why, mine with Odarka!"

"May God not let us see that wedding!" thought the grandfather. "Where is the road to the anchorite?" he asked.

"Take this path; he made it with his own footsteps going for water."

IV

The grandfather went through a wood till he came to a high mountain and climbed on to a flat spot, quiet and secluded. On one side was a sharp precipice; it was terrible to look down. On the other the rock rose to the clouds. The grandfather looked around and saw a door carved in the rock, and over it an icon. He stepped in. There was a chapel, a small one, hewn out of the rock. When he bowed and crossed himself an anchorite came out from a cell. Bent over he was, with a white beard falling to his knees. The grandfather went nearer to him, desiring his blessing.

"O man, God be with us, why dost thou smell of the devil?"

"Why should I not when a whole day I rode upon a devil, and was even accompanied by a witch as well." Then he told him his story and what he had come for.

"If thou, O Holy Father, canst not help us then I know not where the Haspid is to look for salvation."

"It is God's will!" said the anchorite. "Maybe ye shall find salvation, if the repentance be sincere. I see that though she is a witch she has done less harm to men than some who play the part of a saint. She, even on the sinful road, was seeking salvation; but others on the righteous way commit sins."

"That's right, Father," was the grandfather's comment. "The devil said the same!"

The anchorite continued: "The devil promised her all the good things of this world; others, not witches even, would have agreed to his conditions for such promises, but she did not."

"No, Sir-Father, she did not agree. Even the devil turned his nose up when she refused him."

"Well, let us pray to God," said the anchorite. "He is merciful and will show us what to do."

Both men fell upon their knees and began to pray. They prayed so fervently that the dark chapel shone, it seemed as if someone had illuminated it. From the grandfather's eyes, even, two tears rolled down, like two silver balls; they jingled as they fell on the stony floor. They prayed, they arose, and the anchorite said: "Come now, I'll show thee a cave. Bring her there and in that place she will save herself."

"Ah, be so kind Sir-Father!" the grandfather cried. "Protect the unhappy orphan. If thou wouldst see how young she is, beautiful and unhappy! And that accursed tail, to . . . and . . ." the grandfather began, but his tongue cleaved to his palate.

"What is there more to tell me?"

"A wound is born in the heart," the grandfather sighed. "I have fallen in love with that devilish witch. God gave her bad luck. May she be as other people . . . that's it!"

"I will pray God, who is merciful, to send her repentance. Go thou with God to the Seech. Remain there five years, on the night watch, and then return to me. If God grants that she be saved I will marry ye then!"

"What shall I do with the devil now?"

"What's to do with him? If he's a good horse, depart on his back for the Seech."

"Why not!" the grandfather cried. "It is impossible to find such horses even for a hundred thalers: the gait is good, he is perfect for racing, and equally good when a slow pace is wanted. On a turning give him but a precipice and he can turn himself into a bird . . . But I am afraid he might run away, the devil's son."

"Be not afraid," said the anchorite. "I'll give thee a 'deed' on him." He went into his cell and brought a cypress cross and put it round the grandfather's neck. "Now the devil is as thy hireling or bondman; what thou willest to command he will do."

Showing the grandfather his cell, the anchorite blessed him and bade him farewell. The former returned to the devil, but was ashamed to look him in the face. "He would worry the eyes from a dog" as the saying goes. But wasn't it impossible to allow the devil to destroy a Christian soul? "The butter week is not every day for a cat."

As soon as the grandfather touched the devil he at once felt his slavery, trembled all over, and groaned, "Unhappy one! Ah, Kirilo! what hast thou done to me?"

"The same that thou didst unto others," the grandfather answered. "But he had a feeling of pity for the devil."

He did not converse much with the devil, because they had nothing to talk about. He took the witch by the hand and brought her to the cave. On the way he explained to her what had been agreed upon. Then he embraced her, caught her to his breast so passionately that she was stupefied. Then he mounted the devil and fled, as upon wings, to the Seech.

V

Next morning the grandfather was at the *Kosh*. Nobody believed him when he said that yesternight he had been in the Holy Mountains. It was impossible for them to believe that he, during one night, had traversed two hundred and ten miles. What miraculous things the grandfather has done with his horse! If you had heard him you would surely have thought that he lied. Once he wagered that he would go to the city of Bakhchisarigh and spit into the eyes of the Crimean Khan himself. And what do you think? He went there, spat upon him, and even cursed him well. The grandfather was a champion at cursing; some Muscovite taught him. "Thou art, O Khan!" he said "the nephew of a dead devil; thou art Mussulman, Catholic, accursed Haspid's son, three hundred devils into thy belly!"

Sometimes when the Zaporogians charged the Orda, the Tartar horde, the grandfather cut a pathway for himself in the midst. The horses sniffed the devil and began to run away; then the grandfather crushed the Tartars like *lokshina*; heads fell like pears in autumn. For four years the grandfather was the Ataman of Kurin, but when the end of the fifth year approached he began to say farewell. The Seechoviks would not allow him to depart, but he said:

"I should remain, comrades, if I had not promised to marry a witch. See, I must keep my Cossack word."

"What a smart boy is our Kirilo!" laughed the Zaporogians. "He does not fear to invite a devil to be his marriage mate."

"Yes," cried the grandfather. "I would not fear even to ride upon a devil!"

Then he mounted the devil and was borne swiftly to the Holy Mountains. By dinner time he was there. He looked, and saw a cloud of ravens. It seemed that these demon birds had been gathered from the whole world. They covered the mountains and the wood. When the devil saw them he trembled and hung down his head and tail. He felt misfortune. When the grandfather reached the line beyond which the devil might not go he dismounted and said:

"Farewell, Devil. Don't remember me with evil; I thank thee for thy faithful service."

As soon as he uttered these words the horse turned into a bird. At once the demon ravens made a horrible outcry, swept up like a cloud, and blotted out the sun. They fell upon the devil. The grandfather had no time to think to cross himself, to open his mouth, to sing a charm against evil, even to pray before Trutick was torn in pieces by the ravens — feathers only fled down the wind.

Ah, the grandfather had great pity for the devil! But he had no time to be sorrowful. Another thought possessed him. What is happening to Odarka? Did God forgive her? When he stepped over the ditch from behind a bush Odarka appeared, adorned with ribbons and flowers, as for marriage. She fell on the grandfather's breast.

"My savior!" she cried. "The merciful God has blessed me, the sinful one . . . I was waiting for thee only, my dove, as a shrub awaits the dew from heaven."

She became more beautiful, so fair and rosy, her eyes shining like stars in a dark night, her teeth as white pigeons in sunshine under a blue sky. She kissed him, crossed herself and him too. The grandfather stood as one digged in, he did not believe his own eyes. Then he fell upon his knees, lifted up his hands, and cried through his tears.

"O kind God, how art Thou merciful to us!"

"Come quickly to the anchorite; since the morning he is waiting for thee," Odarka said.

Taking her by the hand he went to the anchorite. Entering the chapel they saw in the midst a pulpit and two wedding crowns on it, not made from *folga*, as is the custom today, but from fresh flowers.

"Hail, Kirilo!" the anchorite cried. "How did God bless thee at the Zaporogie?"

"Thanks to God, Sir-Father, for your prayers. And I thank the dead devil too. Good service he did me, the devil's son!"

The grandfather gave three thanks-givings: to the Archangel Michael, to George, the Vanquisher, and to St. Nicholas, the Miracle-Maker. The anchorite placed them before the pulpit and turned them around. "Now may God help ye; be happy and live long; also don't fault that God is merciful to thy repentant."

"That is right, Sir-Father," said the grandfather. "But the devils did not permit Trutick to repent; they tore him to pieces; only feathers fled after the wind."

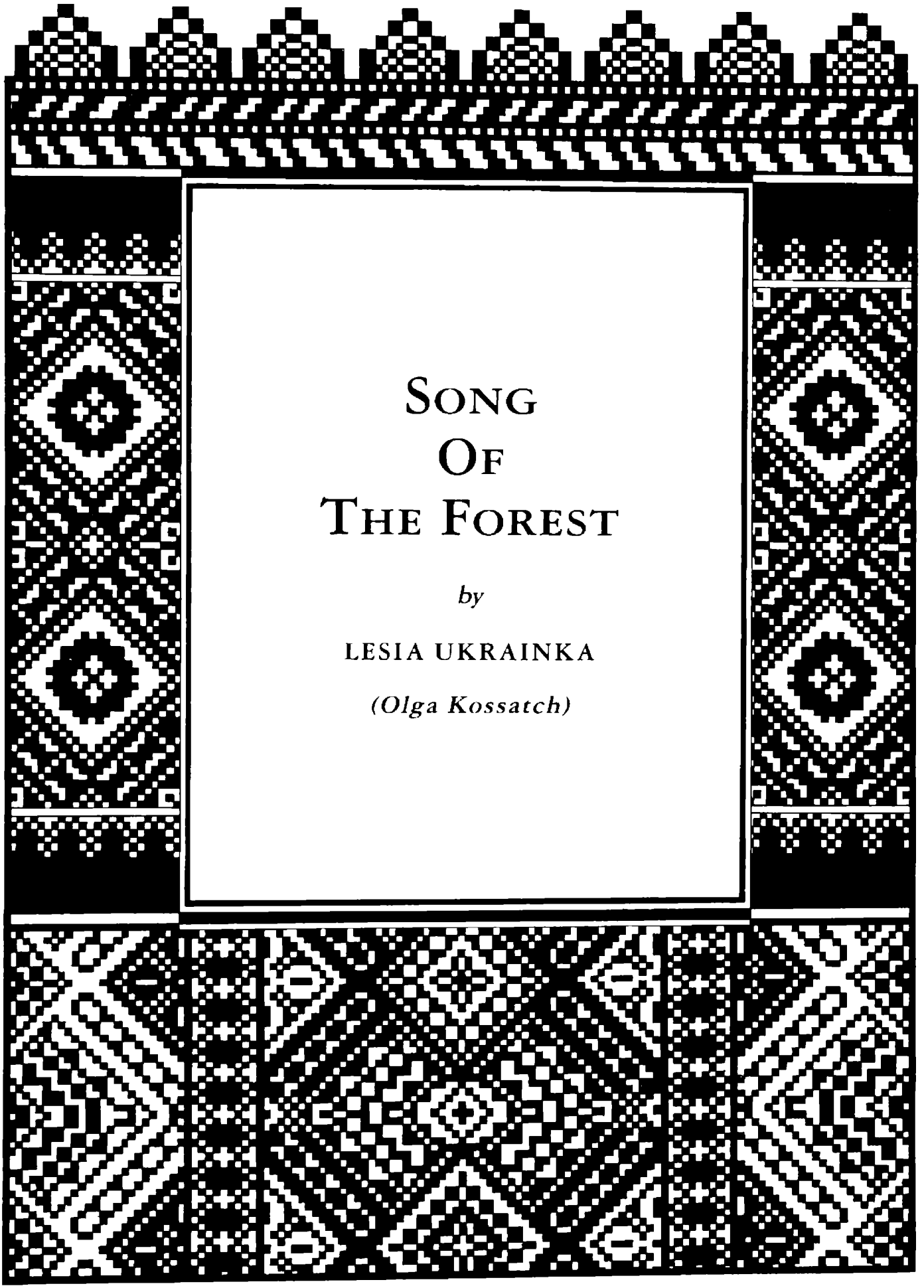
When they said farewell, Odarka bowed to the ground before the anchorite, as if he had been her own father. The grandfather wanted also to bow, but his neck would

not bend. Seechoviks have got necks like axes. They bow to the ground only to God. Nevertheless, the grandfather grasped himself with both hands, clutching his *herring*, and with great difficulty bowed just a little.

Then, thanking the anchorite, he with his young wife departed for the village of Bereka; he had lots of money, his belt was heavy with ducats; he could do what he wanted. He selected a fine lot by the river, where the lord's orchard is, and built there a good hut with two divisions in it. He bought oxen, sheep, horses and began life with Odarka. She was very happy living with my grandfather. She lived till her son was married, and till her grandson was married, and she died in honor and good reputation.

That is the end. Forgive me if ye have disliked my story; I narrated what the grandfather told me. If he has lied, then I also.

But you are eager to know what happened to the tail. Forget all about it! The anchorite pulled out the tail by the root. Though the grandfather looked for it diligently he could never even find the spot where it had been growing.



Song Of The Forest

by

LESIA UKRAINKA

(Olga Kossatch)

CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

THE DAM BURSTER IN SPRING
TWO DROWNED CHILDREN — POTERCHATA
RUSSALKA — A WATER SPIRIT
VODIANIK — SPIRIT OF THE RIVER OR WATER KING
UNCLE LEO
LUCASH
LEESOVIK — KING OF THE FOREST
MAVKA — FOREST NYMPH
PERELESNYK — FALSE LOVER AND AGUE
KUTZ — AN IMP
MOTHER OF LUCASH
RUSSALKI OF FIELD AND FOREST AND LAKE
KELENA
PHANTOM — CLIFF SPIRIT
THE ZLUIDNI — SPIRITS OF POVERTY
KELENA'S SON
DOLIA — SPIRIT OF FATE

PROLOGUE

The primeval forest in Volinia: in its midst lies a deep and wide glen; on it weeping birch and ancient oaks are growing. At one end is a swamp covered with reeds and underbush, but at the other end the forest nears a forest lake, the source of which is a brook emerging from a forest thicket and losing itself in bushes. There is no movement in the lake [which is] covered with aquatic plants, water lilies, etc., but with a clear pool in the centre.

The vicinity is wild and mysterious, but by no means to be shunned; on the contrary, it holds a gentle, dreamy sylvan beauty. It is pre-spring; in the thicket one might see the cuckoo-slippers, Dutchmen's breeches, squirrel corn, scillas, and crocuses. The branches are still leafless, but buds are opening, clustering, thick.

Over the lake hangs a bluish fog, occasionally stirred by a breeze. The woods hearken to a murmur, the stream mingling with its own sound the roar of the bursting dam, the Spirit of the Dam awakening.

Young he is and very fair, blue-eyed, moving swiftly but rhythmically. His raiment is blended of many hues, from muddy yellow to light blue; sparks of light shine as he leaps from the stream into the lake. The fog vanishes, the water deepens its blue.

THE DAM BURSTER. I run from the heights into the valley,
I leap and run, destroying bridges, bursting dams, barricades
made by man, because —
Spring is like young freedom!

The waters are stirred violently as he dives and emerges, dives again, seeking for something in the depths. Two small children in white gowns rise from among the lily pads.

"What are you doing?" one cries; and the other, "Why do you wake us from our deep sleep? Our mother made a soft bed for us with water-plants, covering the stones and the sand, lilies over all. 'Sleep, my little ones!' she told us. Why, then are you so restless? Who waits for you?"

THE DAM BURSTER. I am waiting for the Russalka, the nymph,
my beloved. No one can surpass her in beauty, Russalka,
the Water-princess.
I sped over mountains and valleys and hollows,
But found no one lovely as she, the Russalka.
Nymph of the Lake! Must I rush through the waters
Dashing and splashing till all the lake's emptied?

THE CHILDREN *(frightened).* Oh, Lel, God of Love,
what danger is nearing!
Let no one destroy the cavern below us
Where Mother once told us to lie fast asleep!
Our home may be poor, for we now have no father!
(They cling to the arms of the Dam Burster, distressed.)
Dark and cold are the waters where we dive to meet her,
The nymph you are loving. A fisher-lad by her
Far down in the waters! She plays there beside him —
THE DAM BURSTER. Make her leave him! Sink down!
Oh, beloved one,
Rise, rise!
(A nymph claps her hands together in coquettish surprise. On her head she wears a large green wreath, surmounted by a crown of pearls; her body is veiled in misty, flowing white.)
NYMPH. Is that you, my Charmer?
THE DAM BURSTER *(passionately).* What have you done down there?
(Tantalizingly she advances towards him, but elusively slips from his outstretched, welcoming arms, and swims away.)
NYMPH. Of you I dreamt all night, my own! I wept small tears and gathered them in a vase of silver, and was so lonely with none to speak of you! Come to my arms! Kiss me!
Such pails of tears I filled! But do not kiss me now!
Drop in my base a golden coin — and let the tears spill out!
(She laughs loudly, but the Dam Burster is raging.)
THE DAM BURSTER. Tell me then, in your swampy depths
do they, too, like gold?
(She tries now to approach him, but he turns from her, whirling the waters tempestuously.)
Best for a nymph to sit by fisher's side,
From cat-fish to protect the frightened wretch;
From lobster, too, biting his forelock off!
NYMPH. Call you this happy talk of love?
(She now swims close to him, clings, and gazes deep into his eyes.)
Angry? But all the time unfaithful to me?
Ah, ha! Something I know of what's been going on,
Beloved! Handsome one! Destroyer of girls' souls!
(Laughing, he watches her, and she becomes uncertain.)
Where have you been, absent for such long stay,
Changing your Water-princess for a miller's daughter!
As for myself, the winter nights are long,
Eyes of a girl are beautiful, and 'tis not strange
Young men should bring her pieces of bright gold.
(She shakes a finger at him, laughing.)

Your fickle character is plainly seen,
But of my love I will forgive you now.
Ah, yes, believe me then, or trust me not,
I will be faithful a whole moment long,
Kind and obedient for a minute's length,
And I will drown the faithlessness in you
Which I can't help but know.
Just as no trace is left in water's path
From dawn until the eve,
Your love, my sorrow shall be seen no more.

(The Dam Burster holds out his arms in a second.)

THE DAM BURSTER. Let there be peace. We cross the whirlpool, both.

(She takes his hand and they swim in wide circles.)

NYMPH. With my pearl wreath I'll weave a pretty dance over the whirlpool, oof! Over the yellow sands!

(They splash high the water on the banks, the bulrushes murmur, and the birds fly from the reeds.)

The Water-king appears, rising from the lake, a very ancient man, gray, with long hair and long white beard interwoven with water plants. His garments are mud-colored; on his head a crown of mussels. In his raucous, gruff voice he cries:

VODIANIK, WATER KING. Who disturbs now our peaceful waters?
No flight may serve! Shame on you, O my daughter!
Consorting with a stranger. Shame be on you!

NYMPH. No, Father, he's not strange to us who know,
Have your eyes thus deceived you? This is he,
Breaker of Dams!

WATER KING. Yes, I know, I know. But he is not our kin.
The Clan of Waters owns him. True. Treacherous is he;
With mischief streams are splashed; he breaks the dams;
And that so lovely woven Wreath of Lakes
The nymphs have tended through the season
He likes to ruin; he frightens wise and watchful birds,
From weeping willow roots washes away the earth,
Quenches with water all the phosphorescent gleam
Of the drowned babies' lamps, the Poterchata,
Scoops out the banks of my own Lake, disturbing all my sleep.
But in the summer, watch! Then where is he?
Where does he wander when the thirsty Sun
Drinks water from my cup, like dog unsatisfied?
When rushes overcome by the great heat
Can only wilt. When dying yellow lilies bow
Their little heads to the warm water —
No succor he gives then!

(During this speech the Dam Burster has given a signal to the Nymph to hide in the depths of the forest brook.)

THE DAM BURSTER *(with maddening sarcasm).* Old man!
At that time I am in the Sea.
The Ocean calls me for my help
To stop the Sun from drinking up his cup.
When the Sea King calls Man must obey.
This service well thou knowest!

WATER KING. Yes, yes! At that time thou art in the Sea.
So be it! Were it not for my great friend,
My everlasting friend, Autumnal Rain,
I might have perished, when Heat Vapors did.

(The Dam Burster, unnoticed, sinks into deep waters.)

RUSSALKA. Father, the steam vapors could not perish,
For into water they must always turn.

WATER KING. How wise you are! Sink to the bottom!
Long enough I've listened to you!

RUSSALKA. Yes, Father. But, as he has gone,
I'll comb the trampled bulrushes.

(She takes from beneath her belt a comb of oyster-shells, and combs her treasures.)

WATER KING. Well done! for I would see
All in good shape. Comb, comb!
I will wait here. Spread out the pads
Of water-lilies, that the pattern algae make
Is better seen — upset by vagabond!

RUSSALKA. So be it, Father!

The Water King lies down to snatch a comfortable nap in the rushes, following with his eyes the work of the Nymph, but is soon overcome by sleep. The Dam Burster rises from the water [and calls], "Hide behind the willow tree!" The Nymph hides, watching meanwhile her father's slumbers.

THE DAM BURSTER. I will swim with you to the mill where the swift sluices are. We'll break the dam and drown the miller's daughter!

(He snatches Russalka's hand, and swiftly they move across the Lake; but not far from the forest bank the Nymph stops and cries: "Oh, I am caught by a fallen oak!" The Water King wakes and, shouting, demands to know what is going on, pursues the fleeing pair, and the Nymph is caught.)

WATER KING. So thou are like that, thou accursed wooer,
with guile misleading nymphs! Thy mother, the mountain Blizzard,
shall be told of thy acts, and then thou shalt know! . . .

THE DAM BURSTER. Time enough for me when that happens!
Now I laugh! Good-bye, Nymph, fill your pails of tears!

(He leaps into the forest brook and disappears.)

WATER KING. Nymph! To the bottom, and don't come up to the surface for three moonlight nights!

NYMPH *(protesting).* How long is it since nymphs have been slaves in the Lake? I am as free as the water!

WATER KING. My water domain should know its banks. Go to the bottom!

RUSSALKA. I will not!

WATER KING. Thou wilt disobey? Hand me thy wreath of pearls!

RUSSALKA. No! It is a gift of the Sea Prince.

WATER KING. Not long shalt thou bear the wreath, for being disobedient! Thou shalt be captured by that One-who-sits-in-the-cliff!

RUSSALKA *(in horror).* Oh, beloved Father, I will obey! But can I play with the drowned fisherman?

WATER KING. I don't care! Yes play with him!

(The Russalka slips down as far as her shoulder, but smiles bitterly meanwhile at her father.)

WATER KING. Thou art strange, O daughter! I do this for thine own good. He would betray thee; he would drag thee along the sharp, stony bottom of the forest brook, tearing thy white flesh, and then would cast thee from him in the water.

RUSSALKA. But he's so beautiful!

WATER KING. Again, dost thou speak like this?

RUSSALKA. No, no! I am going. See!

WATER KING. How hot the spring sun is already! How hot I am! I will get cooled off with a dip in the river.

ACT I

The same place, only spring has held sway for some time. The forest looks as if covered with green silk, the tree-tops as if painted green, here and there. The lake runs full between green banks, laced with a pattern of rue.

Then Uncle Leo and his nephew come out of the forest depths into the open glade. Leo is a man old before his time, one who is honored and respected, of affectionate nature. According to the Polesian custom, his long hair falls from beneath his cap in white curls. His breeches are of white homespun, he wears a woven overcoat, and moccasins are on his feet. In his hand he carries a willow fish-net, and over one shoulder a bag is hung.

Lucash, a very young man, is extremely handsome with black curls, black eyebrows, and black eyes. His garments are of finer stuff than those of his uncle; his smock is embroidered with white thread, his cuffs and collar outlined in scrolls of red stitching. A knife hangs from his belt, and a drinking vessel of bark. Approaching the shore, Lucash stops.

LEO. Why did you stop? This is no place to catch fish, the water is too muddy.

LUCASH. Yes, buy you see I want to carve out a flute. The reeds here are very good.

LEO. Why, you have too many flutes already.

LUCASH. Many? Oh, not so many. Cranberry, willow, and linden, that's all. But I need to make for myself a reed one, because one can play best on that kind.

LEO. Very well, play as a child does. God gave us a Feast Day today. Tomorrow we'll come down here and build a hut. It is just the right time to drive cattle into the woods. See, there is grass among the cuckoo-slippers.

LUCASH. How could you live here? They say the place is haunted, enchanted.

LEO. Well, it depends on who comes here. Oh, nephew, I know how and with whom to deal with anything of witchcraft. How, and with whom! Where to put a cross, where to dig a poplar stake, or just where to spit three times!

By the hut we'll sow the *veldnik*, the magic poppy which knows everything, and by the porch *terlych*, the catch-fly, and then no evil spirit could approach us. Well, I guess I'll go, and you can do what you like.

They separate. Lucash goes to the lake's bank and disappears in the reeds; Leo also is unseen as he walks along the river bank behind the willow trees. Now Russalka, the water-nymph, lifts her head and cries loudly.

RUSSALKA. *Leesovik*! Little grandfather — trouble, even great misfortune, comes! Help!

Leesovik is a small old man with long beard, very quick in his movements, with a high opinion of himself. His garment is bark-colored, and his cap of coon-skin.

LEESOVIK. What do you want? What are you shouting about?

RUSSALKA. A young man is here, cutting reeds for a flute.

LEESOVIK. Well, that's little to worry about. Why do you seem so stingy? They are going to build a hut here, but I won't interfere if they don't cut green wood.

RUSSALKA. Oh, Lel! What misfortune! So people are going to build here — such people! Those who live under thatched roofs. I could not bear them, I could not stand the smell of straw. I'll drown them to wash out from them that unbearable smell. I shall tickle them — those drones, tickle them to death when they come.

LEESOVIK. Stop! Don't be in such a hurry. Uncle Leo will live in the hut, and he is friendly towards us. For his amusement he tries to scare us with poplar and poppy and *terlych*. I like the old fellow. If there had been no Leo, this oak would long ago have been cut down — our oak,

which had seen so many of our meetings, and dances, and great forest secrets.

The Germans* had already measured it — thirty of them holding arms outspread, and were unable to span its breadth. They offered Leo money — silver thalers, which humans like so much. But Leo swore by his life that he would never allow it to be cut down. Then I, too, swore by my beard that for Uncle Leo and his kin there would be protection in this forest forever.

RUSSALKA *(defiantly).* But my father will drown them all, the whole family!

LEESOVIK. Don't let him dare to do that! If he did, I would fill up the lake with last year's rotten leaves.

RUSSALKA *(laughing).* Ha, ha! Oh, how terrible!

Russalka disappears in the lake and Leesovik mutters, lighting his pipe, and sits down on a fallen tree. From the reed groves, the sound of a flute is heard. It was soft, sweet, gentle warbling, and as it continued it grew stronger, and everything in the forest suddenly developed in full beauty. On the willow and elder trees catkins burst out; the birch covered itself with green leaves, and on the surface of the lake the petals of the white lilies and yellow water poppies opened.

From behind the cleft trunk of the half-withered willow, a forest nymph, a Mavka, emerged in her bright green garment; her tresses curled loose with greenish metallic sheen on black. She was rubbing sleep from her eyes.

MAVKA. Oh, how long I have slept!

LEESOVIK. Long indeed, my daughter! See the Son-trava, the crocus, dream-grass, is fading. Soon the cuckoo will be making butter; she will put on her red shoes and start her prophesying, counting up how long each man will live.

Already guests have come from the South. There, on the smooth surface of the lake, wild ducklings are sailing.

MAVKA. But who woke me up?

LEESOVIK. The spring, perhaps?

MAVKA. The spring never sang like that. Or was I dreaming? *(Lucash plays again.)* No . . . wait . . . Listen, do you hear? Does it sound like spring?

LEESOVIK. Oh, no! It is a young man playing on a flute.

MAVKA. What man? The Dam Burster? I never expected that from him.

LEESOVIC. Oh, no. It is is a young man, the nephew of Leo, Lucash by name.

MAVKA. I do not know him.

LEESOVIK. Because it's the first time he came. He lives in a far country, not in these woods; from the pine forests where our grandmother likes to spend the winters. His father is dead, his mother a widow, and Uncle Leo took them to his own home.

*Translator's note: Written in the period of World War I.

MAVKA. I would like to see him.

LEESOVIK. What for?

MAVKA. He's probably handsome.

LEESOVIK. Don't let human lads attract you particularly. It's dangerous for you woodland girls.

MAVKA. Oh, grandfather, how strict and severe you have become! Are you going to treat me the way Vodianik treats Russalka?

LEESOVIK. No, little daughter. I'm not going to force you. Vodianik, the Water King, has been accustomed for ages to keep all humans in his muddy depths to suck their blood. For my part, I like to respect their freedom.

As for you, play with the wind!

Amuse yourself with your gallant as much as you like.

Attract to yourself all the woodland and mountain Powers, and those of the air, but keep away from human youths, my little child, because no freedom walks among them.

There Sorrow carries on its burden.

Keep away from them, little daughter. If once you put your feet on that path, your freedom is gone.

MAVKA. Ha, ha! How is it possible for Freedom to perish? In such case, would the wind perish, too?

Leesovik is about to answer, but Lucash comes out with his flute. Leesovik and Mavka hide themselves. Lucash takes out his knife and goes to the birch tree to let the sap run into his cup and get a drink. Mavka, in hast, rushes out . and tries to clutch his hand.

MAVKA. Don't touch, don't touch! Don't cut, don't kill!

LUCASH. What is the trouble now, Diuchyna? Am I an outlaw, wishing but to kill? Sap from the birch I sought.

MAVKA. No, don't do that. It is her blood. Don't drink blood from my sister!

LUCASH. You call the birch your sister? Who are you, then?

MAVKA. Mavka am I, the wood-nymph Mavka.

LUCASH *(not surprised, looks at her closely).* Oh, is that who you are? Old people told me that the Mavki lived. But never in my life my eyes beheld them.

MAVKA. But did you want to ever see them? Say!

LUCASH. Why not? You look just like an ordinary girl.

No! Here I see young daughter of a lord,

Slender, with such white hands!

Dressed in a different way from other girls.

Why have you not green eyes?

(Looks closely into them.)

No, they are green now, and before

They were blue as the sky — blue as the sky again!

Black? Dark brown? . . . Oh, you are so strange!

MAVKA *(laughing).* But do you like me so?

LUCASH *(suddenly shy).* Why do you ask — like that?

MAVKA *(wondering).* Why should I not ask? Look!
Do you not see
The Brier over there asking the Ash-Tree:
"Am I not beautiful?" The Ash-Tree answering,
Waving its topmost branches: "Beautiful!
Most beautiful in the whole world!"

LUCASH. I did not know that they could speak.

MAVKA. Here in the woods nothing is dumb.

LUCASH. Did you always live in the forest?

MAVKA. I have never left it since the day I was born.

LUCASH. Have you lived long in this world?

MAVKA *(thoughtful).* I have never thought about it.
It seems to me that I have always been alive.

LUCASH. And you have always been just what you are now?

MAVKA. It seems to me like that. Yes.

LUCASH. What clan do you belong to? Or haven't you any kin?

MAVKA. Yes, I have Leesovik here. I call him grandfather and he calls me little child or little daughter.

LUCASH. Then who is your grandfather or father?

MAVKA. I don't know. Is it important to know?

LUCASH *(laughing).* Oh, how queer you are in the Forest! . . . But who is your mother or your grandmother? What do you call them?

MAVKA. Sometimes it seems to me that old, withered willow-tree is my little mother. She gives me shelter every winter. She made me a bed of fallen leaves. When ground to powder, they make a nest.

LUCASH. And you stayed there all winter. What did you do all the time?

MAVKA. I slept. What should I do in winter's time?
The lake sleeps, the forest, and the reeds.
The willow creaks, "Sleep, sleep!" And so I dream.
I dream white dreams — the silver ground, the jeweled grass ashine,
Flowers, unknown to me before, like gentle stars
Fall soundless from the sky, and make such dazzling tents
One may not look within. All white and clean.
And dreaming thus, my breast's light rise and fall
Brought rosy thought, embroidering while I dreamt
In beautiful design. And airy thoughts
Were woven, too. Azure and gold, but not
Of summer's hue.

LUCASH. How strange is your speech!

MAVKA. Dost thou like it? *(Lucash nods assent.)*
Thy flute has a better voice. Play for me, and meanwhile I will swing.

Mavka ties together the long branches of the birch, and sits in it as in a cradle, and swings slowly.

Lucash, leaning against the tree, plays, gazing all the time at Mavka. He plays

the Vesnianki, the Spring Songs. Mavka, listening against her will, sings, too, in a low voice.

MAVKA. Oh, how sweetly he plays! Oh, how deeply he cuts
Into the breast, white breast, draws out the bleeding heart!

(The cuckoo joins the song,
The nightingale her plaint;
The brier blooms more bright,
The cranberry more white,
The hawthorn blushes rose.
Black, leafless thorn now knows
A fragile blossoming.
Enchanted Mavka swings,
Smiling, so slowly now,
And in her eyes is grief,
On very verge of tears?
Or is it evening dew?)

LUCASH *(seeing what is going on, stops playing).*
Are you weeping, Diuchyna?

MAVKA. Do I really weep? *(She touches her eyes.)*
No it is evening dew. The sun is setting, the mist rises over the lake.

LUCASH. Surely it is too early for that?

MAVKA. You don't want the day to end?

(Lucash shakes his head.)
Why?

LUCASH. Because Uncle would call me to the village.

MAVKA. Do you want then to stay with me?
(Lucash nods) So now you are speaking like the ash-tree?

LUCASH. Well, a man must learn local ways if he lives here.

MAVKA *(in a glad tone).* Really?

LUCASH. Tomorrow we start building.

MAVKA. Something for the time being?

LUCASH. No, we build a large hut.

MAVKA. You people are like birds, anxious, building nests to be forsaken.

LUCASH. No, we build forever!

MAVKA. How, forever? You said you were building just for the summer season.

LUCASH. It is uncertain. I am undecided — I have no authority. Well, Uncle Leo said he would give me off this autumn.

MAVKA *(appearing disturbed).* Marry? To whom?

LUCASH. I don't know. Uncle did not say, or perhaps they have not found the girl yet.

MAVKA. Could you not make the match yourself?

LUCASH *(looks at her closely).* Perhaps I could not find . . .

MAVKA. What?

LUCASH. Oh, nothing! . . .

(He plays again on his flute, a very sad air. His hand falls to his side, and he stays deep in thought.)

MAVKA. In your home do they wed, your human pair?
To live like that in joy forevermore?

LUCASH. Of course, forever!

MAVKA. The pigeons live like that. I've envied them.
They love so tenderly.
The only tender one is my dear birch,
My little sister, as I call her now.
So pale and sad. She is too sad, with head bowed down.
She makes me weep . . . The elder tree's too rough.
The poplar frightens me, and she, too, is afraid,
Trembling so all the time. Too serious are the oaks.
Brier is prickly, hawthorn, too, and thorn —
Proud folk are ash and maple. Cranberry bush so vain
Of her white beauty, caring not at all
For the whole world. Last summer, so was I.
Now something's happened to me. And I feel
I am a stranger in my own dear woods. I am thinking this.

LUCASH. Your willow tree? Mother, so you have said.

MAVKA. In winter, place to sleep — in summer, withered, dry.
Creaking, she always says, "The winter comes?"
I am so lonesome, so desperately lonesome!

LUCASH *(in sarcasm).* Well, there are kindred spirits in the woods.
Don't play the miser now! For we have heard
About your dances, frolics, merry-making.
Reckon not all your ills!

MAVKA. All that is like a passing storm.
It comes, it thunders, and is gone.
With us, not as with you: "Forever?" Nothing!

LUCASH *(approaching nearer).* You would wish it so?

Suddenly there is a commotion in the vines. Leo appears.

LEO. Hi, hi! Ho, ho, ho! Where is everyone?

LUCASH. Here, I am coming —

LEO. And quickly come!

LUCASH. Why calling in such haste? I am coming. Coming!

MAVKA. Will you come back?

LUCASH. I don't know.

Lucash goes into the bushes along the bank. Perelesnyk jumps out from the thickets. His red clothing shows him to advantage as a good-looking young man: his hair, tossed loosely, is red; his eyebrows are black, and eyes piercing black. He tries to embrace Mavka, but she repulses him.

MAVKA. Don't touch me!

PERELESNYK. Why not?

MAVKA. Go into the fields and see if they are getting green.

PERELESNYK. Why should I seek the fields?

MAVKA. Thy Field, Russalka, dwells there does she not?
Already is she weaving a bright green wreath for thee alone.

PERELESNYK. I have forgotten her, long, long ago!

MAVKA. Forget me, too!

PERELESNYK. Away with joking now! So let us go, so let us fly,
I'll bear thee far into the mountains green;
The spruce trees wait for thee, thou lovest them.

MAVKA. Not now! I care not — now!

PERELESNYK. No? And why now this change?

MAVKA *(on mournful note).* All my desire is gone.

PERELESNYK. Vexing thou art. Why is desire gone?

MAVKA. Because . . . Because . . .

(He tries to approach the nymph.)

PERELESNYK. Let us fly, let us fly to the mountains
Where my Russalki, mountain nymphs, wait still,
Sisters mine, *Litia Avyci*, where they dance
Like lightning flash. On grasses there
We'll find a flower in the magic fern,
And there a star we'll pluck from heaven
To set in gold upon thy robe.
Red shawl shall bleach in summertime
On snowy slopes of mountain-side.
The Dragon Queen we'll drive from her high throne
To thee forest crown.
And flinty mountains shall become thy guard.
Be mine, Beloved, mine! From eve till morning light.
Clothing gem-studded shall be thine —
Wreaths I shall make to lead thee, bound with them
When as I bear thee to the deep, far seas
Where the rich sun hides gold far down below.
Then we shall look
Into the little window of a star; and she, the Weaver Star,
Shall give us silver thread embroidery to stitch
Upon the velvet shadows. And when sundown comes,
When light clouds drift like to bright eagles covering the sky —
Eagles who drink cold water from the peaceful ford —
We'll rest, beloved one!

MAVKA. That's enough!

PERELESNYK. In what a passion you break off my speech!

(And then sorrowfully, and yet in lover's burning tone, he pleads,)

Have you forgotten last year's summer?

MAVKA *(indifferently).* That summer which has passed so long ago? That which sang once, now, in the winter, falls asleep? No longer in remembrance!

PERELESNYK. But no! You must recall *the grove of oaks?*

MAVKA. Well, what about it? I looked there for berries and for mushrooms.

PERELESNYK. Did you not look, then, where my footsteps trod?

MAVKA. I sought the cones of hop-vines in the wood.

PERELESNYK. To make for me in comfort a soft bed?

MAVKA. No! With hop-vines to bind my tresses black.

PERELESNYK. You thought your love would come and press you to his breast?

MAVKA. I do not know. Would not the forest tell?
Now I am twining *riast* in my hair!

(She goes into the depths of the woods.)

PERELESNYK. Beware: Dews will wash out your flowers.

MAVKA. The breeze will blow, the sun will shine, the dews will vanish. *(She disappears.)*

PERELESNYK *(calling after her).* Wait, wait!
Without you I perish! Where are you?

He runs into the woods, also. For some moments his red garments are seen among the trees, and echo repeats his cries: "Where are you? Where are you?" In the forest the sunset flames, enveloping it — and dies. White mist rises over the lake. Uncle Leo and Lucash come out into the glade.

LEO *(muttering angrily).* That accursed Vodianik! May he be everlastingly withered! When I caught the fish and got it in my boat in the middle of the lake, trying to get to the shore opposite, he caught with his claw the boat's bottom. I could not go on! A moment more and he would have drowned me. But I am no fool. I caught him by his beard, and wound it round my hand. And I took my knife from my belt, and twisted it ready to cut. Surely I would have done this, but that accursed Misty One leaped high and overturned my boat.

I just escaped with my life, got to the shore — and, of course, lost my fish. May he perish!

Lucash! What was your adventure all this time? What happened to you? I cried out, shouted — no answer. Where have you been?

LUCASH. I told you I was here, making a flute.

LEO. Well, it seems to me you took too much time making your flutes.

LUCASH. But, Uncle — I . . .

(Uncle Leo smiles and becomes kinder.)

LEO. Don't learn to lie at your age; spare your tongue! You had better go into the woods and bring out some dry sticks and make a fire, so that I can dry myself. How could I go home like this?

If I were wet *She* could take me — let us not mention her name! — *Tzur-pak*! — or she would shake out my soul.

Lucash goes to the forest, breaking up branches. Leo sits by the oak in the thick woods, and tries to light his pipe with punk and tinder.

LEO. Oh, yes! A man can't get a spark, and the punk is wet, and

there's nothing else will do. Maybe there's fresh punk under the tree's bark.

He scratches with his fingers. Meantime, the figure of a woman in white comes out from the lake mists, appearing like a sheet of fog, with long white arms, with clawing fingers. When she approaches Leo, he rises.

LEO. What ghost is this? Ah, I know now! It is good that I saw it.

He takes from his pocket some dried roots of plants and waves it before the spirit, facing her, on guard. It beckons upward. Leo recites louder and louder:

LEO. Shipley, Maiden, Fever, the Shaking One!
Go rather to the marshy mounds and swamps,
Don't come to human beings!
Go where no mosses are; my fire there
Can never reach you.
Walk no more here, wither not our white flesh,
Nor make our yellow bones sorrowful.
Drink no dark blood, nor shorten human life.
Here's Wormwood! Phantom, disappear!

The phantom vanishes in the reeds. Lucash arrives with an armful of wood; he takes from his smock pocket tinder, flint, and punk and lights the fire.

LUCASH. Get warm, Uncle, get warm!

LEO *(lighting his pipe).* Thanks for making an old man comfortable.

(He puts the basket under his head and becomes drowsy.)

LUCASH. It would be a good idea for you to tell me a fairy story.

LEO. Are you becoming a child again! What about Ugh, the Wonderman, or Tromsin?

LUCASH. I've hear those! You know better ones — those not known.

LEO. I will tell you about the Waves-princess.

(In slow, measured, singing tones, he begins:)

If there was a warm hut and good people in it,
We would tell a story, a fairy tale until sundown.
There, beyond the dark pine forest, beyond the high seas,
And beyond the great high mountains
And stars dance in the fields.
There, one brought forth a sun, the white Polarian,
So good to look upon, with golden hair
Loose flowing in the wind,
Sword-arms of silver shining in his hand . . .

LUCASH. But you were going to talk about the princess?

LEO. Just wait! When Star Polarian began to grow
He thought about his life, and what it lacked.
"I am the handsomest of all around me,
But no good fortune's mine. Advise me, Mother Star;

Where should I look to find my mate?
Among the noblemen, or glorious knights,
Or princes, common people?
Perhaps the daughter of a king is more my equal?"
(Leo's head nods.)
And now he went to the Blue Sea and laid upon the shore
A fine pearl necklace . . .

LUCASH. Uncle, you've left out something!

LEO. Really? Forget about it! . . . And then
Over the sea high waves shoot up,
Horses leap out, like to red burning coals,
And they draw out a carriage. On that carriage . . .
(Silence, as he is overcome by sleep.)

LUCASH. But who was in the carriage? The princess?

LEO. What princess?

LUCASH. Oh, you are asleep already!

For some time Lucash gazes into the fire, rises, and walks along the lake, playing his flute. It is just before moonrise, and the sky lightens. Around the fire sparks of light from the embers flash, and shadows gather, leading a fantastic dance. The flowers closest to the fire shine fitfully in colors, or fade into darkness.

At the edge of the forest the trunks of poplars and birch seem grotesque. The spring breeze sighs impatiently, circling along the forest, and moving the branches of the weeping birch. Now the lake fog steals in waves, veiling the black bushes of the shore. The reeds, hidden in mist, whisper something to the poplar.

Mavka runs from the thickets, runs as if pursued by someone, her hair blows wild, and her garments are wind-blown. She is in the glade now, and stops her flight, pressing her hand to her heart.

MAVKA. Little dark night, I thank thee,
Charm-maker that thou art!
For thou hast hidden now my little face.
Thank thee, O little Path, like fine embroidery laid down,
That thou hast brought me here, unto the little Birch.
Oh, hide me, Sister dear, oh, little Sister mine!

She hides herself close to the trunk. Lucash approaches the birch and speaks in a low voice.

LUCASH. Is it thou, Mavka? Was it thou running?

MAVKA. Like a squirrel!

LUCASH. Running from someone?

MAVKA. Yes. — "From whom?" — From that one like a fire. — "Where is he?" — Hush! He might come flying down again.

LUCASH. Trembling? I hear the birch shaking, shivering.

MAVKA. Oh, dear me, I am afraid I should not lean so hard on the birch, but I am not fit to stand, I am so weak.

LUCASH. Lean on me, then; I'm strong. I can hold you safe. I can protect you.

Mavka leans against him, and thus they stand together. The moonlight walks in the woods, enveloping the branches of the trees, and peeps beneath the birch.

There in the woods night begins to sing, and the many voices of the spring night become audible. Aware of all the influences and their meaning, the wind dies down.

The mist lightens as Russalka rises from the water and in silence watches the pair. Lucash, pressing closer and closer to Mavka's face, suddenly kisses her.

MAVKA *(in ecstacy).* Oh, a star has fallen on my heart!

Russalka laughs. Jumping back to the lake, she splashes the water with her hand.

LUCASH. What was that?

MAVKA. Don't be afraid! It is my friend, Russalka. She won't harm us. She is unruly. She likes to joke, but I don't care — I don't care about anything in the world!

LUCASH. I, too, feel like that.

MAVKA. No — for me you mean the whole world — better, lovelier, than any world I ever knew. And even this one has become better since we were mated.

LUCASH. Are we mates already?

MAVKA. Don't you hear with what a joyful song the nightingales are ringing out: *Kiss her, kiss her!*

(Lucash kisses her with long, trembling passion.)

LUCASH. I'll devour thee with kisses; destroy thee with them!

MAVKA. And I could not die of them! What a pity!

LUCASH. What are you saying? I don't want to see you dead. Why did I say that?

MAVKA. It is so nice to die like a falling star!

LUCASH. That's enough! *(caressing her)*
I don't want to hear anything like that. Say no more! No . . .
Oh, how strange is your speech, but how pleasant. Why are you silent? Are you vexed?

MAVKA. I am listening to thy love.

(Her hands clasp his head, and she looks more and more intently into his eyes.)

LUCASH. Why do you look like that into my eyes? It makes me afraid when you look into the depths of my soul. I cannot bear it. Better talk, joke, ask questions. Say you love me, and that will be enough.

MAVKA. Thy voice is clear as a streamlet, but thine eyes are dim.

LUCASH. Perhaps the moon does not give enough light?

MAVKA. Perhaps.

(Suddenly, as she leans on his breast, she seems inert, lifeless.)

LUCASH. Did you faint?

MAVKA. Hush! Let the heart speak! It speaks unconsciously, just like the spring.

LUCASH. Why should we listen to the heart? Let us not listen! Don't!

MAVKA. Thou sayest, "Don't!" Well, let it be so, my beloved. Let it be so, my dearest one! My own Fate and Fortune, I will not listen more — no more, my Beautiful! Instead, caresses I will give thee. Art thou accustomed to caresses?

LUCASH. I have never loved in my life; I did not know how sweet courtship might be.

(Mavka embraces him passionately, and he exclaims in ecstacy of delight.)

LUCASH. Oh, Mavka! Thou takest away my soul.

MAVKA. I'll take and take it. I'll take out from thee thy singing soul. And thy little heart I will charm with my words. I'll kiss thy lovely lips until they are on fire — are fiery red, red as the brier flower!
I'll draw the light that lies in thy blue eyes,
I'll make them laugh and dance
And scatter jewel fires.

(Clasps her hands.)

But how can I attract beloved eyes?
I am not decked to glow with brilliant flowers.

LUCASH. What matters that? You need no flowers for that.

MAVKA. No, but I'd deck myself for thee alone,
and seem a forest princess for my love.

(She runs to the opposite side of the dale away from the lake, toward the blooming bushes. In dismay she cries:)

Oh, at night flowers are not beautiful! Their colors are asleep.

LUCASH. Wait but a moment! I will make you shine
With fireflies. I will make you blaze
In light upon your hair — a wreath of stars.

(Puts some on her hair.)

Oh, let me gaze upon you, so beautiful with stars!

(Overflowing with happiness, he presses her to his heart.)

I must find more of them. I will dress you as a queen, with jewels.

MAVKA. And I will pluck Kalina's flowers;
Never is sleep for her, because the nightingale
Sings to her all the night, and wakes her —

She picks flowers and adorns her dress. Russalka again comes out from the mist. Whispering, she points to the reeds and calls up the unbaptized children, the Poterchata.

RUSSALKA. Little children, light your lamps!

And in the reeds, wandering lights begin to glimmer, the Poterchata holding lamps in their hands; the flame shoots up or diminishes in the gloom. Russalka presses them to her breast and whispers, pointing to the white figure of Lucash in the distance.

RUSSALKA. Look over there! Look at that wandering one!
He's like your father. Maybe it *is* he!
Who caused such peril to your mother dear!
No longer should he live!

THE CHILDREN. Drown him, Russalka!

RUSSALKA. I cannot do that. The Forest King forbids.

THE CHILDREN. We are too small to drown him.

RUSSALKA. Small, yes, but you are light,
And in your hands bright flames.
You are like weasels. To the marshes go!
The Forest King won't see you,
And if he'd come upon you
Your lamps can soon be quenched —
A moment seen, then gone.
Like lightning you must flash
Over the water paths;
Shine, fitful, on the marshes:
Again, on solid grasses,
And then lead on to depths that wait
Unwary walkers.
Let him stand there. Sink far to the bottom of the swamp!
The rest shall be my work. Well, go! Shine, shine!

One after the other, the Poterchata rush, then follow different paths, till they meet over the water.

RUSSALKA *(joyfully).* Good! They are gone!

She runs up to the swamp, and with her fingers splashes water over her shoulders. From the swamp Kutz appears, seeming to be like a young son of the Head-Chort or Devil.

RUSSALKA. Oh, Kutz, Kutz! Kiss my little hand!

KUTZ. And why such favor, oh, young mistress mine?

RUSSALKA. I shall prepare such a good breakfast for you,
And see that you don't miss it!

(She points to Lucash in the distance.)

What about that? Are you accustomed to such dishes?

(Kutz waves his hands derisively.)

KUTZ. While he's not in the swamp, my mouth is dry!

RUSSALKA. The boy will be yours; your granny and your little mother will share with you.

Kutz jumps from the hillock and disappears. Russalka, standing in the reeds, watches for the Poterchata, their lights glowing and flickering in the distance.

LUCASH *(looking for the fireflies, sees the "lamps").* Oh, how beautiful are those flying ones! I never saw anything like them before. Oh, oh, how big they are! I must catch them.

(He chases one after another, quite unconscious that they are leading him into quicksand.)

MAVKA. Don't catch them, don't catch them, my beloved!
Those are the *Poterchata*! They will lead thee into danger.

Lucash does not hear, and in the hazard of the chase, runs away from Mavka.

LUCASH *(cries out suddenly).* Help! I'm perishing!
I've got into the quicksand! Oh, it sucks, it drags me down!

Mavka runs to him, but is unable to reach him because he is quite far away from the shore; she throws one end of her belt, holding the other in her hands, crying, "Catch!" but the belt falls too short.

LUCASH. Oh, it does not reach me! What's going to happen!

Mavka turns towards the willow tree leaning over the quicksand.

MAVKA. Oh, little mother Willow, help!

Then, like a squirrel, she climbed the tree, crawled down a branch, and again threw her belt to Lucash, who caught it. Mavka pulled him toward her, and then grasped his hand. Seeing this, Russalka, in the reeds, breathed a soundless sigh of disappointment, and vanished in the mist, with the Poterchata.

LEO *(awakened by their cries).* What was that? It is another ghost?
Tzur-pak! Disappear! . . . Hi! Where are you, Lucash?

(Lucash climbs down.)

LUCASH. I am here, Uncle!

LEO *(looks up at the willow, wondering).* Why are you there? In a willow tree, and with a girl!

(Lucash descends, but Mavka remains in the tree.)

LUCASH. Oh, Uncle! I got caught in the quicksand, in the "window" it makes, but she *(pointing to Mavka)* she saved me, somehow!

LEO. Why do you roam around here like a Poterucha? See how dark it is!

LUCASH. I was catching fireflies.

Uncle Leo sees them adorning Mavka.

LEO. You should have told me that before, and then I would have known, but now I see for myself who caused it.

MAVKA. Oh, little Uncle! It is I who saved him.

LEO. Oh, you call me Uncle? Now I have a new niece, eh?
But who caused you, Lucash, to get into the trap?

(Lucash hangs his head.)

Oh, you false, forest brood! That's what all your promises are worth! Wait till I see Leesovik! Then he will not escape from my hands. I will cleave his broom-like beard into this oaken stump! And then he will know! He sends his girl to do mischief, while he, himself, stands aside and pretends he had nothing to do with it.

Now Mavka runs swiftly down from the tree.

MAVKA. No, he is not to blame. Let the Smeya, the Queen Dragon, punish me if I am telling a lie. And I am not guilty!

LEO. Well, now, I believe you, for swearing by her means everything to you.

LUCASH. She has saved me, Uncle. I swear I would have died without her.

LEO. Well, my girl, though you have no soul, you have a good heart. I was excited; forgive me that I said so much. But, Lucash, why did you go into the swamp for fireflies? How is it that they sit on hillocks in the marshes?

LUCASH. They were flying ones!

LEO. Oh, yes, I might have known; they were Poterchata. Just wait! Tomorrow I'll bring down here *Yarchuki*, black-mouthed puppies of spring — then, my Poterchata, we'll see who does the yelping!

POTERCHATA *(croaking like frogs).* No, we are not guilty!
We picked berries in the swamp —
We never knew that guests were there:
We would never have risen
From the depths!
Oh, our mother! Such a pity
That we did this thing!
Let us cry, let us cry!

LEO. See this couple that can't be trusted — see how frightened they are — the offspring of a witch. Well, I shall find out in time who is guilty and not guilty. Nephew, is it not time to go home? We'll walk on slowly. Goodby, Divka, keep well!

MAVKA. Will you not come tomorrow? I can show you where there is good timber for the hut.

LEO. I see that you know everything that goes on; you are very intelligent. Well, come again. I am used to you people, and you should get used to us. Let us go, Lucash! Goodbye.

MAVKA. I shall wait.

Lucash remains behind and presses her hand. He kisses her silenly, then joins his uncle as they enter the woods.

MAVKA. Oh, little Night, how pleasant for me if you passed quickly! Forgive me, loved one, but up till this moment I have never known any time like this, so fortunate as you, little Night, as you are, bright one!

Why, oh, Birch are you so sad? Look at me, my little sister, I am so happy! Oh, Willow Tree, do not drop thy tears into the water: Little Mother, my Beloved will be with me!

Oh, Dark Forest, my own dear father, how can I live through this night? The night is short but parting is long.

What fate is to be mine, as one tells the future, good fortune or torture of suffering?

The moon hid itself behind the dark wall of the forest. The darkness moved over the glade, black as velvet. Everything was lost in it, only the embers of the bonfire throwing a little light.

Mavka is under the trees. Her wreath from time to time gleams, and vanishes in the darkness.

Deep midnight silence; now and then there is heard a rustling in the forest, sighs as if in sleep . . .

END OF ACT I

Act II

Late Summer — leaves are not so bright, here and there gold torches are seen. The lake has dwindled, the shore became broader. The reeds are rustling with their narrow blades. In the glade a hut is already built, and beside it a small garden. There is one small field of wheat and another of rye. On the shore's margin large kerchiefs and shawls are spread out. Geese are paddling on the lake.

Earthen pots of every description hang on the stripped bushes. The grass in the glades is shorn, and a stag stands by the oak tree. Cowbells sound in the forest a short distance away, and there is heard the playing of a flute in a dance melody.

The mother of Lucash comes from the hut and shouts:

MOTHER. Hi! Hi! Lucash, where are you?

Lucash appears from the woods with flute and walking stick.

LUCASH. Here I am, Mother!

MOTHER. Don't you think you've had enough flute playing? You keep playing all the time, and meantime nothing of any work is done.

LUCASH. What work?

MOTHER. What work? Who was going to make a fence for the cattle?

LUCASH. Oh, I'll do that.

MOTHER. When will you do it? You do nothing but chase after that girl who has been dropped on us.

LUCASH. Who's chasing her? I am caring for the cattle, and Mavka is helping me.

MOTHER. And what kind of help does she give?

LUCASH. But you said yourself that when she cares for the cows they give more milk.

MOTHER. Of course! Because she is of the witch's brood.

LUCASH. Well, I don't know how to satisfy you! When we were building the hut, didn't she carry the wood for you? And who planted the garden for you? Who sowed your field? Did not the field give the best crop this year? And besides, you see how she planted the flowers in such an artistic way outside the window! It is a great pleasure to look at her work.

MOTHER. Oh, who needs those flowers? I have no marriageable girl in my hut. You have only flowers and songs in your head.

(Lucash, shrugging his shoulders, starts to go.)

Where are you going?

LUCASH. To make the cattle-yard corral.

He goes behind the hut; the sound of cutting wood is heard. Mavka comes out from the wood, decorated with flowers and with hair hanging loose.

MOTHER *(ungraciously).* What do you want?

MAVKA. Where is Lucash, Diadyna?

MOTHER. Why are you always chasing him? It is not proper for a girl to chase young men.

MAVKA. I never heard that!

MOTHER. Well, at least consider it now. It would not do you any harm.

(She looks indignantly at Mavka.)

Why is your hair loose all the time? Why not comb it nicely? You always walk like a witch. You dress in an ugly way, and what sort of clothes do you wear — interfering with your work, and anyway not suitable.

Some of my dead daughter's clothes are left, hanging on a stick in the hut. Go and put something on. Put yours in the dowry chest.

MAVKA. Very well. I may change my clothes.

(She goes into the hut and Leo comes out.)

MOTHER. She did not even thank me!

LEO. Well, sister, why do you persecute the girl all the time! Has she done something to vex you?

MOTHER. Oh, you, my dear brother! Better not talk when you are not asked to say anything. Perhaps you will call up all the witches of the woods. Speak! You understand about them. And then I would like to hear . . . but . . .

LEO. Are witches living in the woods? Witches live in villages.

MOTHER. Oh, yes you know all that business! Coax here all the bad beings in the forest, and then sometime you will be sorry.

LEO. Oh, yes, yes! Maybe some day it might happen, but what is of the forest is not bad, Sister! All riches come from the woods.

MOTHER *(sarcastically).* Oh, yes, yes!

LEO. Sometimes good comes — nymphs become real people, good is produced.

MOTHER. What kind of people come from nymphs? Are you drunk, huh?

LEO. Drunk? What are you talking about? Our dear, dead grandfather told us: "Know the proper word, and then even into a forest being a human soul could enter, the same as our own."

Leo goes behind the hut, shaking his head angrily. Mavka comes from the hut in another dress. Her frock of cheap hemp cloth is poorly sewn, with a patch on her shoulder. Her skirt is narrow, of home-made material, and her apron is faded. Her hair is combed close to the skull and braided round it.

MAVKA. Well, here I am already, dressed as you wanted.

MOTHER. That's better! Now I am going to look after the fowls; I should go to the hemp field, but the work here is not finished, and you aren't any good at that kind of work.

MAVKA. Why not? I'm always glad to do what I know about.

MOTHER. That's just the trouble. That you don't know enough about housework — or anything! Oh, so you feel you're not a bad summer worker, eh? When you try to carry a bit of hay, you get a headache. How could you cut rye?

MAVKA *(terrorized).* How to cut? You wish me to cut rye today?

MOTHER. Why not? It's not a holy day, today!

(She takes from behind the porch door a sickle, and hands it to Mavka.)

This is a sickle. Try it out. When I have finished my job I'll come and relieve you.

The mother goes behind the hut, taking from the threshold a sieve to feed the fowl, calling "Cluck! Chick!"

Then Lucash comes out carrying an axe and, nearing a young elm tree, is about to cut it down.

MAVKA *(cries).* Don't touch, my beloved! It is green wood, don't you see?

LUCASH. Oh, leave me alone! I have no time . . .

(She looks sadly into his eyes.)

Well, then, get me a dry — a dead one.

(Mavka quickly drags from the forest the latter.)

MAVKA. I will find for thee many like that!

LUCASH. Of course I would need more than one to build a fence!

MAVKA. What is troubling thee? Thou dost not seem very polite!

LUCASH. You see Mother is all the time scolding me about you.

MAVKA. What does she want? It's not her business.

LUCASH. Why, I'm her son!

MAVKA. What difference does that make, son or not?

LUCASH. You see that for her a daughter like you is not the right one. She does not like the forest brood. She would be a bad mother-in-law for you.

MAVKA. In our forest there are no mothers-in-law at all. Of what use are mothers-in-law and daughters-in-law? I don't understand.

LUCASH. Mother needs a daughter to help her. My mother grows old, but she could not ask a stranger to help her in her toil. It's not the right thing. A woman hired to work is not a daughter, but . . . Oh, yes, of course, you can't understand that! You should still be growing up in the forest.

MAVKA *(in full sympathy).* Tell me, and I shall understand, because I love thee. Thou knowest I have learned all thy songs of the flute.

LUCASH. The songs? They're not hard to learn.

MAVKA. Abuse not the blossom of the soul!
That blossom is more full of charm
Than wondrous blossom of the fern
That holds, but does not seek, all wealth.
A new heart seemed for me born in the moment
Of fiery miracle.

(Abruptly) Didst thou laugh at that?

LUCASH. Really, it seems to me funny! You are dressed for a

working day, but you are talking as if you were preaching a Sunday sermon!

(He laughs. Mavka wrenches at her clothes as if trying to tear them off.)

MAVKA. I am going to burn this!

LUCASH. Why? Mother would only think worse of you.

MAVKA. Well . . . but it seems that I have changed in thy sight.

LUCASH. That's what I expected! Now you will start complaining.

MAVKA. No, beloved one, I don't complain, only it is a pity that thou canst not live a life more suited to thee, the way thou wast meant to be.

LUCASH. I can't understand what you are saying.

MAVKA. Thou seest that I love thee, and all the more for that which thou thyself dost not understand — though thy soul sings above the voice of what thy flute is trying to say.

LUCASH. And what is all that?

MAVKA. It is much better than all thy good, lovely nature — thy so dear nature, but I myself cannot put it into words.

(In excess of pity she gazes at him, silent in her reverie for a moment.)

Oh, Oh, beloved! Play for me thy flute. Let it charm away all our disputing.

LUCASH. This is not the time for me to play now!

MAVKA. Then — embrace me; let us forget this talk.

LUCASH *(looking around).* Hush! Be quiet! Mother might hear! She says you are running after me all the time.

MAVKA *(blushing).* Yes, she who did not grow up among human beings could not understand their way of life. What does "running after" mean? Is it that I love thee? Is it that I was the first to show it? Is it shame that I have a heart which would not withhold my love — that it would not hide its treasures, but would abundantly bestow all on its beloved one — not waiting for his approach?

LUCASH. I had expected to return your love.

MAVKA. And again thou hast used a strange, not understandable word, when thou sayest, "will return." Thou gavest me gifts that thou hadst wished to give — and my gifts, too, were not measured nor counted.

LUCASH. That is good. Then we owe each other nothing! You said so yourself, so remember it!

MAVKA. Why should I remember it?

MOTHER. So that is the way you are cutting rye! And you, Lucash, are making a corral — in this way!

(Lucash hastily drags the tree behind the hut.)

Little girl, if you don't want to cut the rye, I won't make you do it. I will do it myself when I have finished my own work in the house. And if it's God's will, I will find in the fall a daughter-in-law to help me.

There's a widow, a smart one; she herself, through other people, has let me know that she would be willing to marry Lucash. And I have said that Lucash should agree to this. Now, such a dear one as you are, give me back the sickle, because there's no other one.

MAVKA. I will cut the rye; go you to your hemp-field to pull the stalks.

The mother goes across the glade to the lake and disappears behind the reeds; Mavka swings the sickle and bends over the rye. And at that moment the Field Russalka springs up from amidst the rye.

Her green garment can be seen here and there through the golden hair covering her small figure; on her hair is a wreath of blue cornflowers, and also caught in it, the red flowers of the cockle, with large daisies and morning glory. She runs towards Mavka with a cry:

RUSSALKA. Oh, little sister, have pity; don't destroy the beauty of the rye!

MAVKA. I must!

RUSSALKA. Now my garment is tearing,
And I am shorn of all my flowers;
All my flowers, the little stars,
Are thrown out from the wheat!
The poppy, once as red as glowing embers,
Now has turned black as dried blood
Shed in a furrow.

MAVKA. My little sister! I'm obliged to do this.
Thy beauty will return even richer next year,
But my happiness, should it wither now,
Would return never.

Russalka wrings her hands and sways with her sorrow to the rhythm of the wheat ears.

RUSSALKA. Oh me! bad luck for my golden braids!
Oh me! bad luck for my beauty,
My loveliness of youth.

MAVKA. No one has promised long life for thy beauty.
It grows for that purpose: to fade!
There is no use beseeching me like this —
If I did not cut the rye, someone else would.

RUSSALKA. Look, oh my sister, at the wave of the rye!
It runs from end to end of the field.
Let us enjoy our happy living day,
While summer is shining,
While the rye is not cut.
Before fate is certain —
One little moment grant me, dear kinswoman!
My poor, sad beauty left to itself
Shall fade. Be not like Winter —
She knows no pity, and listens to no crying.

MAVKA. Gladly would I do as thou dost wish,
But no choice is left to me.

(The Field Russalka whispers near Mavka's shoulder:)

RUSSALKA. Does it not ever happen, Sister,
In such and such a field,
That sickles all too sharp might cut the hand?
Oh, little sister, pity now my suffering —
Two little drops of blood would save the rye!
Two little drops might fall?
My beauty — is it worth two drops of blood?

Mavka passes the sickle over her hand; the blood drips on the golden hair of the Russalka.

MAVKA. There, that is for thee, oh, shining sister!

The Field Russalka bends over Mavka thankfully, and disappears in the rye.

The mother comes from the direction of the lake, and with her now is a plump young woman, a red fringed kerchief on her head; her skirt is purple; her apron is striped in white, red, and yellow; the smock is finely embroidered in red and blue thread. Her necklace rings with large silver coins around a plump, white neck. A strong girdle is wound closely about her waist, which makes her more attractive than ever as to figure.

The young woman walks briskly, so briskly that the old mother cannot keep pace with her.

MOTHER *(sympathetically).* Come, Kelena, here by the shore new plants I must show you — *derevy*. You said you wanted to freshen up your earthen milk pots; it is very good to sweeten anything to hold milk.

KELENA. I have so much milk, I have no place to put it. As soon as market day comes I must buy more pots. My cow is of the wild cattle, the Tur breed. My former husband got her somewhere. Lots of milk! God knows how much she gives! Now, when I have finished my field work, I should pay more attention to the work about the house. Oh, Diadyna! The poor widow is really torn in pieces — it would need two for doing all the work before me!

(She purses up her mouth for sympathy.)

MOTHER. Oh, my little Fish, little Minnow! So you have already done your field work! Of course, one can do it if she has strength and likes working. But with us, our field is very small, and yet God did not give us enough energy to finish reaping it.

(Kelena looks at the fields and sees Mavka.)

KELENA. And who is that one reaping it now?

MOTHER. Oh, it is some orphan we have taken in.

(sotto voce)

God forbid, she is good for nothing!

KELENA *(passing by Mavka).* Good day, little girl. Is it easy to cut?

MOTHER *(striking her hands together).* Oh, for pity's sake! You haven't even started yet! What bad luck for me! What have you been doing up till now? Oh, you good-for-nothing, lazy one, useless.

MAVKA *(in very low voice).* I cut my hand!

MOTHER. How could that happen?

KELENA. Pass me the sickle. Let me try!

Mavka puts the sickle behind her back, and looks at Kelena in unfriendly fashion.

MOTHER. Give the sickle to Kelena now! It is not yours.

She snatches it from Mavka's back and passes it to Kelena. The latter rushes at the rye as if she was fleeing from a fire; even the straw whistled as it fell. "There, that's work for you!" the mother cries. Kelena continues her reaping.

KELENA. If I had someone to tie the sheaves, then I would finish the field in no time.

Lucash appears and speaks to Kelena: "God help you!" Kelena continues to cut: "Thank you!"

MOTHER. Here, Lucash! You must help this young woman tie up the sheaves, because the helper is finished already. Go on cutting, children, and I'll go in and boil dumplings with buttermilk.

Mavka leaves the field and goes to the birch tree; she leans against the trunk, and for a long time watches the reapers. Kelena continues to reap in the same brisk way as before; stops and straightens herself, and looks at Lucash, who is bending over the sheaves. She smiles at him, and with three wide, swinging steps approaches him and slaps him on the shoulder heartily.

KELENA. Well, young man, work quickly; don't crawl like a snail. Look what a *verisko* he is! *(laughs)*

LUCASH *(rising).* Oh, but you are smart, eh? But better not touch me, or I shall have to wrestle with you!

KELENA *(drops her sickle and stands with arms akimbo).* Well, well. We'll see what's what!

Lucash springs towards her and they stand palm to palm, pressing each other, measuring strength. For some time, one was as powerful as the other. Then Kelena moved backward a step or two, looked at him coquettishly, pretending to laugh at themselves.

Lucash, suddenly inflamed, stretched out his arm, trying to draw her near for a kiss, but at the moment when his lips touched her, Kelena thrust out her foot and tripped him, and he fell. She stood over him, laughing.

KELENA. Well, who won? Is it not myself?

LUCASH *(getting up, breathing heavily).* Well, to trip is not fair.

KELENA. Oh?

A door banged in the hut, and the two started work again. Very soon the field was stubble, and sheaves and some loose handfuls of rye lay on top of the untied harvest like captives not roped. The mother stands on the threshold of the hut.

MOTHER. Come in, my little reapers, the afternoon meal is ready.

KELENA. I have finished my part, but Lucash was always a little behind me.

LUCASH. Oh, it won't take much more time for me to finish.

MOTHER. Then Lucash, and you, little Kelena, come inside!

Kelena goes to the hut, closing the door as she enters. Mavka comes from where the birch tree grows. Lucash is somewhat dismayed when he sees her, but quickly regains his usual composure.

LUCASH. Oh, oh? You are here, too? Well, finish tying the sheaves, and I'll go on to the hut.

MAVKA. I could not tie the sheaves.

LUCASH. Well, then, why do you come down here to act like an overseer, when you don't want to help me?

MAVKA. Lucash, never let that woman come here! I don't like her. She is as sly and treacherous as a coon.

LUCASH. But you don't know her at all.

MAVKA. No! I know! I heard her voice and her laugh.

LUCASH. That's not enough for knowing!

MAVKA. Oh, it's enough for now! That woman is as fierce as a lynx.

LUCASH. And what else have you to say?

MAVKA. Do not let her come into the forest, ever!

LUCASH *(rising).* Oh, you wish to reign here as a forest queen — already! So you command who should go or stay in the forest!

MAVKA *(sadly, but with entreaty).* In the woods there are pit-falls, hidden under dry boughs; and beasts and men can't see them until they fall in.

LUCASH. And just now you were accusing *her* for being fierce and treacherous! In that case, you had better keep quiet. I see I did not know what you were like.

MAVKA. Perhaps I did not know it myself.

LUCASH. Then listen! If I have to ask you for permission as to the coming of any one to see me, it would be better for me to leave the forest and go back to the village. Perhaps with people, I would be allowed to keep alive! I would not have to sit down beside you like a fox in a trap.

MAVKA. I did not set a trap to catch thee; thou camest here of thine own will.

LUCASH. Then by my own will I'll leave when I wish! No one shall bind me to this place.

MAVKA. Did I ever try to bind thee?

LUCASH. Then what's all this talk about?

Finishing the last sheaf, and without looking at Mavka, he goes into the hut. Mavka seats herself by the furrow covered with stubble, and bends her head down in sad thought. Uncle Leo comes from behind the hut.

LEO. Why are you so sad, little niece?

MAVKA *(in a low voice).* Oh, Uncle, summer is passing!

LEO. That should not trouble you. I thought you would not need the willow's shelter this winter.

MAVKA. And where should I be?

LEO. As for me, no house would be crowded with you in it. But

my sister has such a nature that it is impossible even to talk to her. I've already tried, one way and another. If I were the husbandman here, I would not bother to ask her, but already I've given over to her the field and this hut, and I have no right here. I myself for the winter will go to the village, to my own house. If you could live in the village, I would gladly take you in.

MAVKA. No, I can't. If I could, I would go. You are so good, dear Uncle!

LEO. Only bread is wholly good — not so a human being. But it is true that I have liked your forest brood.

When I die, I will lie down in the forest like a beast.

Let them bury me here by this oak.

Oh, dear oak! Could you remain here

When my gray head shall be bowed down?

But they were cut down.

Be green till the frost comes, oh, my curly friend,

And then — would God I might live 'til the spring!

Leo stands with head bowed down in sorrow. Meantime, Mavka slowly plucks from the fallen rye, flowers for a bouquet. Mother, Lucash, and Kelena come out from the house.

MOTHER. Kelena, why are you in such a hurry?

Stay a little longer —

KELENA. Oh, no I've been here long enough, thank you. I must go. See, it is getting late. I am afraid . . .

MOTHER. Lucash, you could take care of her.

(Kelena looks at Lucash.)

KELENA. Yes, but he has work to do.

MOTHER. What kind of work can be done in the evening? Go, little son, go! It is sad to be in this wilderness in the evening. And she is such a nice young woman, someone might attack her.

KELENA. Oh, little Auntie, now you make me really afraid! Lucash, let us go before it gets completely dark. Then I would be afraid, even if with two of us!

LUCASH. Oh, what could I be afraid of in the forest?

Think a bit before you say such a thing. Go slow!

KELENA. Hi! I was just fooling.

(She sees Leo.)

Oh, Uncle Leo, so you are here, too!

LEO *(pretending not to hear her).* Huh? Go away in health!

(and he turns into the woods.)

KELENA. Well, be of good health, Auntie! Let me kiss your hands.

The mother does not allow this, wipes her mouth with her apron, and kisses Kelena three times; the latter goes on her way saying, "Keep alive, and don't forget us."

MOTHER. Be joyful and visit us again.

She goes into the hut and locks the door after her. Mavka rises, and very slowly,

as if tired out, approaches the lake, sits on the willow trunk, hides her face in her arms, and weeps silently. A light rain begins, and slants over the glade and forest. The Lake Russalka swims up to the shore and looks at Mavka, wondering and curious.

RUSSALKA. Are you weeping, Mavka?

MAVKA. Hast thou never wept, Russalka?

RUSSALKA. If I wept for one second, another should weep to his death!

MAVKA. Oh, Russalka! Didst thou never fall in love?

RUSSALKA. Did I never love! No, it is you who have forgotten what love is like. You have forgotten what real love should be. Love is like water, swiftly flowing, which destroys the banks, which plays, embraces, drags the one held by its passion into the water, and drowns. Where heat boils up there is passion, but when it meets coldness it turns itself into a stone; that is my way of love.

But your love is the sickly child of fires of straw. It bows under a wind and lies on the ground. When your love is caught even by a spark, it flares, and you don't even try to stop its doing so. Then nothing is left but black cinder and gray ash, just as worthless.

And when your love knows defeat, it rankles in ferment, it rots like straw under the cold rains of repentance.

Mavka lifts her head.

MAVKA. Thou sayest "repentance." Ask the Birch if she is repenting those nights when the spring wind loosened her hair.

RUSSALKA. But why, then, is she always sorrowful?

MAVKA. Because she could not embrace forever — press to her bosom with her long, down-bending branches.

RUSSALKA. Why?

MAVKA. Because her lover is the spring wind!

RUSSALKA. Well, why did she love him at all?

MAVKA. Because he was gentle, that spring zephyr, and, singing, he uncurled her leaves, and lovingly he sprinkled her hair with dew . . . Yes, yes . . . He was real spring wind. And another one she would never love.

RUSSALKA. Well, in that case let her bury her sorrow underground, because it is stupid to embrace the wind forever. And besides — it has passed!

Noiselessly Russalka leaves the shore and disappears into the lake. Mavka again bows her head on her knees, and her long, black hair sweeps the ground . . . The wind begins to blow; it drives gray clouds in its path, and with them black clouds of birds on their way to the South, to the fabled Earey. *As the wind strengthened, it dispersed the clouds in different directions, and the forest suddenly appeared in its bright, autumnal garment, and as background, the darkening blue sky of sundown.*

MAVKA *(in a low whisper).* Yes, he has passed . . .

Leesovik came out from the thicket; he was dressed in a long robe old-gold in

color, bordered with red. His hat was trimmed with woven hemp braid.

LEESOVIK. Oh, little daughter, little daughter!
What a heavy punishment you are bearing for your betrayal!

MAVKA *(lifting her head).* Whom did I betray?

LEESOVIK. Yourself! You left the topmost boughs and descended to the narrow paths. Whom do you resemble? You resemble a woman working by the day, trying hard to earn a piece of happiness and not gaining it. She was ashamed to act like a beggar woman. Bring to remembrance how you looked that night when your love began to bloom.

You were like a forest princess, wreathed with stars in your dark hair. Then happiness stretched out its hands to you — hands carrying gifts.

MAVKA. Well, what am I to do when all the stars are darkened, in my wreaths and in my heart?

LEESOVIK. Not all wreaths have perished for you.
Look around. See what a feast of beauty is here. The Ash, the Prince, puts on a golden robe, and the wild rose chooses for herself red corals. The simple, innocent white color of Kalina turns into proud purple, where nightingales sang their bridal songs. Now the old willow tree, even the sorrowful birch, were adorned with new vestments of gold for the Festival of Autumn, but it was only you who did not want to take off the garment of a beggar, because you were forgetting that no matter how great sorrow may be, it is unable to overcome beauty.

MAVKA *(rises quickly).* Then, great grandfather, give me a festival garment. I will be again like a Forest Princess, and happiness will fall at my feet, asking by bounty!

LEESOVIK. Oh, little daughter! The garments for the Princess were made ready a long time ago, but she was absent — being clothed — as if in disguise — as a beggar.

He opened his robe, and from its folds brought out raiment fit for a queen, embroidered with gold, and also a veil of silver. He put the robe over Mavka's clothing. Mavka approached the cranberry bush and quickly gathered red clusters of berries and made a wreath for her head; putting this on, she knelt before Leesovik, and he added the silver veil.

LEESOVIK. Now I am not afraid of your future.

He bows to her with dignity, and walks slowly into the thickets and disappears. From the woods Perelesnyk runs out.

MAVKA. You are here again!

(tries to escape him)

PERELESNYK *(speaking off-hand and with no respect).* Don't be afraid. I did not come specially for you. I was looking for Russalka of the Fields, but she has already fallen asleep. It is too bad that you have grown so thin.

MAVKA *(proudly).* It may seem so to you.

PERELESNYK. You say it seems so to me. Let me look at you closer.

(he approaches her and she moves back)

Why are you afraid? I know you are betrothed. I will not touch you.

MAVKA. Go away! You are joking.

PERELESNYK. Don't be angry if I have made a mistake . . . you and I should be blood-brother and sister? Say this, Mavka!

MAVKA. With you?

PERELESNYK. Why not? We are in the Autumn — now even the sun loses warmth, and our blood becomes cool, too.

Besides this, in the past we were friends — after that, did we play or love each other? — hard to say, but now it's time for brotherhood. Give me your hand!

(Mavka slowly does as he asks)

Let me put a brotherly kiss on your pale cheek.

(Mavka turns away, but in spite of this, he kisses her.)

Oh, see, at once flowers bloom on your cheek, virginal, without scent, autumnal!

(He still holds her hand — his eyes rove over the glade.)

PERELESNYK. Do you see how the spider webs are flying, making circles, looping in the air? — Just such objects are we!

(Suddenly he sweeps her off into a dance:)

So do we go and run in circles,
Oh, yes! The purest stars! Oh, golden sparks!
Oh, ye, bright and beautiful shining fires!
Everything that gleams, that flies
Desires endless moments,
And like to them am I,
And like to them am I!
Be as a spark, my beloved one!

The dance quickens, Mavka's silver veil flies up like a shining snake; her black hair, loosened, mingles with Perelesnyk's red curls.

MAVKA. That's enough, that's enough!

PERELESNYK. Now, again in pure friendship,
Beloved, do not stop, even for a moment!
Happiness betrays — you should be glad
Because it always flies away.
So it is good.

MAVKA. That's enough, I say! I am fainting. I am dying.

Her head falls on his shoulder, her hands at her sides. But even as she faints, he carries her on in the wild dance. Suddenly from the ground there rises a phantom, dark, immense, terrible!

PHANTOM. Give me back what belongs to me; let her go!

Perelesnyk stops, and allows Mavka, powerless, to slip to the grass. He cries to the Phantom, "Who are you?"

PHANTOM. You do not know me. I-am-that-one-who-lives-in-the-cliff!

Perelesnyk, stunned, rushes towards the forest and disappears. Mavka, becoming

conscious, rises a little, her eyes staring widely and full of terror, while the Phantom stretches out his hand to take her.

MAVKA. I don't want to go — I don't want to go to you. I am of the Living!

PHANTOM. I will carry you into a far-away country,
An unknown country, where dark waters sleep
Peacefully, like the dulled eyes of the dead;
Silent cliffs over them, dumb witnesses
Of deeds long dead. And desolation lies around.
No quivering tree nor plant can murmur there;
Thoughts of betrayal cannot vex in sleepless nights
That humans know. No winds may bring
Songs of the hoped-for freedom, never to be won.
And no devouring fire burns.
Sharp thunder-bolts crash on the cliffs, unable to get through
Into the stronghold of such dark and quietness.
I take you to that world where you belong of right;
Paler than fire, you faint because you move —
And happiness a shadow — you are not alive!

MAVKA *(rising).* No, I am alive! I'm going to live forever. In my heart I have that which never dies!

PHANTOM. How do you know this?

MAVKA. I know it because I love my sufferings, and I give life to them. If ever I could wish to forget, then I would follow you. But no power in the whole world could make me wish forgetfulness.

Now in the woods human steps are heard.

MAVKA. Here comes that one who made me suffer so. Disappear, you Phantom! Here comes my hope!

The Phantom is lost in the shrubbery, hidden. Lucash come from the forest, and Mavka goes foward to meet him. Her face mortally pale, made paler still by her bright garment in contrast; her dying hope makes her large, dark eyes darker; her movements are quick, but brought to a halt from time to time, as something within her prevents near approach.

LUCASH *(seeing her).* How terrible you look! What do you want from me?

He walks quickly to the hut, knocking at the door. His mother opens it, standing inside; Lucash speaks from the threshold.

Well, Mother, prepare bread for the marriage-brokers to offer. Tomorrow I send them to Kelena.

Entering, doors are closed. The Phantom reappears and rushes to Mavka; she tears off her royal purple garment, and cries:

MAVKA. Take me! I wish to forget everything.

The Phantom — the Cliff Dweller — touches Mavka, and she, crying out, falls into his hands; he covers her with his black robe, and both go down as the ground opens to receive them.

END OF ACT II

Act III

It is a cloudy, windy Autumnal night. The last pale golden glimpse of the moon is extinguished in the chaos of the naked tops of the trees; now the horned owls are moaning, barn owls are laughing, small owls (pouschiki) *are hooting steadily; suddenly all the sounds are lost in the long, sad howling of the forest wolves; the howling gets louder and louder, then suddenly stops. Silence prevails.*

The first glimmer of Autumnal dawn appears; the leafless forest can hardly be seen against the gray sky. Darkness still lies outspread at the edge of the forest, and that darkness only as a ragged garment. Lucash's hut shows its white outlines.

By one of the walls a black figure is seen; as if exhausted, it leans against the woodwork for support. It is hard to recognize in her — Mavka. She is clothed all in black, with a heavy veil of gray; but on her breast there is a cluster of red Kalina.

When Day at last breaks through there is seen in the glade a large stump where the century-old oak had once stood, and near it a recently made grave on which grass had not yet had time to grow. Leesovik comes from the forest in a gray overcoat and cap of wolfskin, and seeing the figure by the wall, speaks:

LEESOVIK. It is you, little daughter?

(Mavka moves a little nearer.)

MAVKA. Yes, it is I.

LEESOVIK. Is it true that the Cliff-Dweller let you go?

MAVKA. You freed me by your crying.

LEESOVIK. Do you call that revenge crying? The rightful revenge which I made possible on your betrayer, you call crying? Is it not right that Lucash should undergo lonesome, unheard despair as a wolf roaming over the forest? Now he is a wild were-wolf! Let him howl, let him yelp! Let him desire human blood, and not be able to get it to quench his torture!

MAVKA. Don't rejoice — because I saved him from that. I have found in my heart that Charm — that Word — which turns beasts back into humans.

Leesovik, much annoyed, stamps on the ground and breaks his stick.

LEESOVIK. Oh, unworthy one to call herself a daughter of the Forest, because your spirit is not free, not of the forest — but spirit of a slave!

MAVKA. Oh, if you knew, if you could have known, how terrible it was! I slept in stony sleep in the cave, which was deep, black, moist, and cold — an anguished, awful voice came through the unpierceable cliffs — the howling, long, wild, wide, over the dark, dull waters, waked Echo which had died long ago, wailed among the cliffs. And I woke.

My burning pity opened the cave's ceiling by that underground fire, and I was again in the world. And a word made my lips

alive, and I created a miracle! I have understood at last that forgetfulness is not for me.

LEESOVIK. Where is he now? Why is he not with you? Or maybe his unthankfulness is as deathless as your love?

MAVKA. Oh, grandfather, if you could have seen! He, in human form, fell at my feet like an ash tree cut down . . . and he looked up at me with such a painful gaze — full of sorrow and burning repentance, without hope . . . only the human soul is like that. I had not even time to speak as he, covering his face with trembling hands, saying no words, ran into the dark gulch and there disappeared from my sight.

LEESOVIK. And what are you going to do now?

MAVKA. I do not know. Now I am wandering like a shadow around the house. I have no power to abandon it. I feel in my heart that he will return to the hut from the forest.

(Leesovik silently nods his head, sorrowfully. Mavka again leans against the wall.)

LEESOVIK. Oh, poor child, why did you go into the sad world? Is it true that there is no rest in our forest? Look, there is your willow tree waiting for you. Long ago she made a bed inside for you, and she worries that you have gone away . . . Go there, and rest yourself.

MAVKA *(whispering).* I could not, little grandfather.

Leesovik, sighing heavily, slowly goes into the forest. From the same direction the sound of hoof-beats is heard, pounding wildly. Kutz (now the Domovik, or house imp) the horse's rider, jumps out from behind the house, rubbing his hands in satisfaction; he stops as he sees Mavka.

KUTZ. Are you Mavka, and here?

MAVKA. And why are you roaming about down here?

KUTZ. I dragged their horse into the stable by the forelock. He gave me a very good ride this last time: of course, he would never again be ridden by anyone!

MAVKA. Oh, hateful one! You disgraced our forest! So this is the way you keep the agreement with Leo?

KUTZ. Our agreement has died — died with him.

MAVKA. What? Uncle Leo is dead?

KUTZ. And there is the grave. They buried him by the oak, but now the old man is resting beside a stump.

MAVKA. Both of them dead! . . . He foresaw that he would not live beyond this year.

(Mavka approaches the grave.)

Oh, how my heart is weeping for thee, my only friend! If my tears were life-giving, I would spill them on the ground, and deathless periwinkle would spring up on the grave. But now I am poor; my sorrow is fruitless — it fell like a dead leaf.

KUTZ. It does not suit me to be sorry, but I must agree that it is a pity that the old man died, because he knew how to keep peace with us. He also kept a black billy-goat with the horses, that I could have ridden.

Sometimes I ran on the goat like a thunderbolt, but the horses stood peacefully in the stable, meanwhile.

But these women — they do not know at all how to live with us! They sold the goat, they cut down the oak — they did not keep the agreement. Well, I've had my revenge on them, anyway. I caused the death of their best horse.

If they would buy new ones, I'd do the same thing — and on top of that I would, very politely, ask the midwife who attended the devil's wife to spoil their cows completely.

Let them just find out what's going on! The Vodianik soaked their haystack, and the Poterchata walked on their crops and trampled them. The Spirit of Fever still keeps them shaking because, when they soaked hemp in the lake, it made the water no good for drinking. From now on they will have nothing good in the forest.

And now the Poverties — the Zluidni — are hanging around the hut waiting for a chance to enter; they are small, underfed beings clothed in rags, always hungry; they come from behind a corner of the hut.

ZLUIDNI. We are here! Why did you call us?

Mavka runs up to protect the house from them.

MAVKA. Get out! Leave this place! No one called you!

ONE ZLUIDNI. Well, the word was sent, and it could not be disobeyed. We sit on the threshold till they open the door. Tell them to do it quickly; we are very hungry.

MAVKA. I would not allow you in.

ZLUIDNI. Then give us something to eat.

MAVKA *(frightened).* I have nothing!

ZLUIDNI. Give us the Kalina you are wearing on your heart. Give it!

MAVKA. It is my blood!

ZLUIDNI. We like blood!

(One of them leaps on her breast and begins to suck at Kalina; another jumps, trying to drive off the first, and they growl like dogs.)

KUTZ. Hei, ye Zluidni! Stop! This is not a human being.

The Zluidni stop, gnashing their teeth and whistling in their hunger; they say to Kutz that if he does not get them something to eat, they will eat him themselves; they attack Kutz, and he jumps away.

KUTZ. Oh, no, no! Not so quick. To eat? Wait a moment; I am going right away to wake up the women; there will be food for you, and it will be amusing for me to watch what goes on.

(He takes from the ground a piece of frozen mud and throws it against the window, breaking the pane.)

MOTHER *(waking).* Oh, what unclean Powers are making trouble for us, again?

KUTZ *(whispers to Zluidni).* See, they are awake! She will soon call you in. Now sit quiet for a moment, or the old woman will curse you in

such a way that you will go down into the ground. She knows what to say!

The Zluidni huddle on the threshold, waiting. Meantime they can hear, through the broken window, movements as the mother rises, then her voice, and then the voice of Kelena.

MOTHER. Oh, how light it has become, so early! And she is still asleep. Hei, Kelena! Hei, Kelena! See how she sleeps. May she sleep forever! Get up! Or don't ever get up!

KELENA *(sleepy).* What do you want?

MOTHER *(in a cross tone).* It is time to milk a cow, that one which you said, "gives such lots of milk, the Tur breed." That one which you had when your husband was alive.

KELENA *(fully awake and very angry).* I shall milk those which were here before I came; I will strain three drops of milk and get a pound of butter!

MOTHER *(to an imaginary audience).* You see, she can't help talking back. Whose fault is it that we are short of milk and butter? With such a housewife as you are — pity us! You see what a nice daughter-in-law she is! And where she came from, to drop on our head.

KELENA. And who told you to send the marriage-broker to me? When you had that "good-for-nothing, useless woman," as you called her, you should have made much of her, dressed her nicely, and so you would have had the finest daughter-in-law you could have wished for.

MOTHER. What makes you think I ever thought her good-for-nothing? Yes, if she had been accepted, she would have been clothed as you say, but that fool Lucash took you in exchange for her, while all the time Mavka was so sweet, and loving, and obedient, and so good that if one had had a wound, she would have been like a healing herb placed on it. You call her ill-dressed and dirty, but you yourself took her green dress and made it over, and still you wear it, being without any shame.

KELENA. Oh, yes, in your house anyone could have plenty of new dresses! My husband was carried right off into the air, leaving me to suffer the curses of the mother-in-law. I am no wife, no widow — just nothing!

MOTHER. What man could live with you, you unfortunate busybody! All we had, you devoured with your brood. There they sit. *(pointing out Kelena's two boys)*

Let them be possessed by the Zluidni!

KELENA. Let the Zluidni possess the one who called them up!

Speaking thus, Kelena opens the door and runs into the swamp. The Zluidni rush over the threshold. Meantime Kelena, with much clatter, fills a pail with water from the forest brook, and comes slowly back. She sees Mavka by the wall half-asleep, exhausted, her face hidden by a gray veil. Putting down the pail, Kelena cries, "Who is that? Are you drunk, or frozen?" She shakes Mavka by the shoulders.

MAVKA *(drowsily).* I am too sleepy . . . it is winter sleep.

KELENA *(throws open the veil and recognizes Mavka).* Why did you come here? Did they not pay you for your work?

MAVKA *(still sleepy).* Nobody could pay me.

KELENA. To whom did you come? He is not here — I know you came to him. Tell me the truth; is he your lover?

MAVKA. A long time ago there was morning.
Bright, joyful, not the same as now.
Already it has died . . .

KELENA. Are you crazy?

MAVKA. I am free . . . I am free . . .
A little cloud floated slowly in the sky,
Having no aim, sorrowful,
Welcoming no one . . . where is the bluish lightning?

KELENA *(plucking her sleeve).* Go away! Don't make my brain dark with such speeches.

MAVKA *(coming to herself, taking steps away from the door).* I am staying here, looking to see how happy you are there.

KELENA. Oh, may you stand there in wonder and in miracle!

In that moment Mavka was turned into a willow, with dry leaves and weeping branches. Kelena, amazed, sees what is happening, and speaks with venom, satisfied.

KELENA. See, I pronounced that charm just in time! Now you will not stay here long.

Kelena's son runs from the hut.

BOY. Oh, Mother, where are you? We are hungry, but Nenya won't give us anything.

KELENA. Oh, run away!

(She bends over the boy and whispers.)

Under the oven I hid a pasty; when Nenya goes to the storehouse, you may eat it up.

BOY. Did you stick in the earth that dry willow over there? Why did you plant it?

KELENA *(vexedly).* Oh, you put your nose into everything! It's none of your business!

BOY. I will cut a flute from it.

KELENA. I don't care!

The boy cuts off a branch of the willow and goes into the house. Lucash comes out from the forest, very thin, with long, unkempt hair, uncovered. Kelena cries out gladly, but ill-temper checks any rejoicing.

KELENA. You have come at last — where have you been carried by an evil spirit?

LUCASH. Don't ask me!

KELENA. And why not ask? You've been roaming, dragging yourself around, and only *Likho* knows in what country. Bad luck alone knows! And on top of all this, you say, "Don't ask!" Oh, *my beloved,* I

don't even need to ask! Somewhere in the world stands the inn in which your overcoat and hat are enjoying themselves.

LUCASH. I was not in any inn.

KELENA. Oh, who is the fool who would believe you?

(She creates a scene, flying into a rage, weeping and shouting.)

Now I have drowned my head forever with this drunkard.

LUCASH. I tell you, stop it! Don't yell!

(Kelena becomes quiet for a moment, a little bit afraid.)

Now I shall ask *you*, where is the uncle's oak? I see there only its stump.

KELENA *(regaining her old attitude).* And what should we do here — eat Hunger? Some buyers came; they *bought* and that's all! An oak? Is it a great fortune?

LUCASH. But Uncle Leo swore never to cut it.

KELENA. There is no Uncle Leo in this world now. And nothing left of any of his swearing. Did you or I swear? I would be glad to cut down the whole forest — or sell it. There would then be farm land for sale, like other people's, not this devilish jungle.

In the evenings you are afraid to leave the house. And what use is this forest to us? We are wandering in it like were-wolves, and really soon we'll be yelping like were-wolves.

LUCASH. Be quiet! Be quiet! Don't say another word!

In his voice one could hear undertones of a man half-crazed by terror.

KELENA. What? That we might be were-wolves?

LUCASH *(rushing up to Kelena, puts his hand over her mouth).* Don't say it, I tell you!

KELENA *(tearing herself from his grasp).* Be afraid of God! Were you drinking, or have you gone crazy, or are you under some enchanter's spell? Come to the hut!

LUCASH. Right away . . . only just let me have a drink of water.

(He kneels and drinks from the pail, rises and looks absentmindedly into the distance.)

KELENA. Well, what are you thinking?

LUCASH *(uncertainly).* I? . . . I don't know . . . Was anyone here while I was away?

KELENA *(in a sharp tone).* Who could be here?

LUCASH *(looking at the ground).* I do not know . . .

KELENA *(laughing angrily).* You did not know? Then perhaps *I* know something . . .

LUCASH *(disturbed).* You?

KELENA. Why not? I know whom you are waiting for. But it is a pity for you — your wish is hopeless! If there ever was something, if there ever *was* something, only a post remains.

LUCASH. What are you talking about?

KELENA. That which you heard me say.

Lucash's mother runs from the hut, wishing to embrace him; he accepts her greeting coldly.

MOTHER. Son! Oh, my little son! Oh, how much I have suffered with that witch. *(pointing to Kelena)*

LUCASH *(shaken).* With whom?

MOTHER *(pointing to Kelena).* *With her!*

LUCASH *(disrespectfully laughing).* And Kelena has become a witch? Well, it is the will of the heavens that you should be a mother-in-law of witches. You should accuse no one. You wished her on yourself.

MOTHER. If I had known what kind of dirty creature she was — and no good as a housekeeper . . . *(Kelena breaks in)*

KELENA. Oh, what sorrow for me! What right has anyone to say such a thing! Such witches! Such dirty creatures as you are the world has never seen! Oh, Lucash, you have a mother who could really gnaw iron.

LUCASH. And you, you, I see, are stronger than iron!

KELENA. I see I could not expect protection from you! For what misfortune sent by *Likho* you married me, that I should be spoken of as worthless, as nobody!

MOTHER. And you, my son, cannot command her to shut her lips? And do you think she could command me to do this and that?

LUCASH. Oh, leave me alone, leave me in peace! Do you want me to go right away, to leave not only the hut, but the world itself! Before God, I'll go!

KELENA. Well, mother of Lucash, can you take this abuse from your own son?

MOTHER. May you get the same abuse from your own son!

Angrily she goes into the hut, and on the threshold meets the son of Kelena, who runs out bearing a flute.

MOTHER *(brushing past him).* Go away. Let me come in, you Zluidni!

(Closing the door behind her. The boy approaches Lucash.)

BOY. Did you come back then, Father?

LUCASH. Yes, *my son*, I have come back.

KELENA *(annoyed).* If you don't like "Father," tell him what to call you? Of course, don't let him call you "Uncle!"

LUCASH *(a bit shamefaced).* Why, what did I say? Come here, little one, and don't be afraid of me!

(He runs his hand over the boy's blond head.)

Did you make this flute yourself?

BOY. Yes, I made it myself, but I don't know how to play it. Could you teach me? *(passes flute to Lucash)*

LUCASH *(sadly).* Oh, boy, my days of flute-playing are over!

BOY. You don't want to teach me? Well. Mother, why doesn't Father want to play for me?

KELENA. What more do you want from me? He needs that playing!

LUCASH. Pass me the flute!

(looks at it in his hand)

Very good! You made it from a willow tree?

BOY. Yes: from that one!

(pointing to the Mavka willow)

LUCASH. I never saw that tree here before. Did you plant it?

KELENA. Who would bother to plant? A willow shoot was stuck in the ground, and it took root, as everything does where all grows as if in water, with all our heavy rains —

BOY *(persistent).* Why don't you play?

LUCASH *(thinking of something else).* You want me to play?

He begins to play, at first very low, then more loudly, and he is heard in the Vesnianka, *the spring song he played for Mavka. And the voice of the flute changes to words.*

Oh, how sweetly he plays,
Oh, how deeply he cuts into the breast, white breast,
Draws out the bleeding heart! . . .

(Lucash drops the flute from his hand.)

Oh, what kind of flute is this, enchanted, enchanted!

(The boy, frightened, runs to the hut.)

Say, *Chaklunka*, casting spells! What sort of tree is this willow?

(He catches Kelena by the shoulder.)

KELENA. Oh, how should I know! Go away! I have no dealings with the forest brood, the way your kin treats with them. Cut it down if you like, I am not against it. I have an axe just near.

She brings it from the threshold-room in the hut's centre. Lucash takes it, goes to the willow and strikes the trunk a blow; its leaves shiver, and it groans. He swings the axe a second time, but drops it.

LUCASH. No — my arms! I cannot lift them; I can't do it. Something seemed to squeeze my heart.

KELENA. Give it to me. I — I!

She snatches the axe from Lucash and is about to swing it hard at the tree, but at that very moment Perelesnyk flies down from the skies and embraces the willow.

PERELESNYK. I'll save thee, my beloved one!

On the instant fire crept up the willow, and soon the top branches were aflame; sparks flew to the hut and caught the roof, and fire swept the house. Lucash's mother, Kelena, and the children run out crying, "Fire! Fire! Help! The house is burning — the whole house is on fire!" Kelena and the mother drag what they can outside, bundles and bags, the latter holding the crouching Zluidni, *who are trying to burrow their way inside. Children run with wooden pails for water, but in vain; the fire gets worse.*

KELENA. Lucash! Why are you standing still as a post? Save our goods!

LUCASH *(looking directly at the main rafter, which is covered with curling flames like flowers).* You say "goods" and perhaps our poverty will be burned, too!

The rafter falls with a crash, the ceiling falls, and the whole hut is nothing but a bonfire. A heavy white cloud appears, and snow starts to fall.

Soon through the white, snowy curtain nothing can be seen; only a flickering red spot indicates the fire, soon to be totally extinguished. As the snowfall lessens, charred bits of lumber hiss through the snow, and all is black with smoke. Those living in the hut are gone, taking their bundles and what they could save. Outside, a smouldering haystack and a wagon remain, with some implements.

KELENA *(holding a bundle in one hand, pulls Lucash by the sleeve).* Lucash! Has he turned into a post! He won't move. He won't even help me to carry the bundles.

LUCASH. But you have carried out all the Zluidni!

KELENA. Hush! Strike your lips dumb! Don't speak of them. Think of what you are saying!

LUCASH *(laughing to himself).* Well, wife, I saw that which you did not see, now that I have become a wise man.

KELENA *(frightened).* Hei, husband! What are you saying? I am afraid!

LUCASH. Why afraid? you weren't afraid of a fool, and now you are afraid of a wise man.

KELENA. Lucash, dear, let us go to the village.

LUCASH. I will not. I would not leave the forest. I am going to stay in it.

KELENA. But what are you going to do in the forest?

LUCASH. Well — And why should a man be always working?

KELENA. And how could we live?

LUCASH. Why should we live?

KELENA. For God's sake, husband, have you lost your mind — or what? Fear over what's happened has crazed you, perhaps? In the village I will call on Baba, the wise old woman, to *mold* your fear with melted wax in water, and then you will drink it and your fear will be gone.

(She tries to drag him by his sleeve. Lucash looks at her with a sarcastic smile.)

LUCASH. And who will watch these half-burned things, the wagon, and the farm tools?

KELENA *(in housewifely anxiety).* Oh, yes, they could be stolen! If the people once know about the fire, they will come in crowds from the village. So you had better stay here. I will run to have someone lend me a horse, for ours were lost in the fire. Then we will put everything that is left on the wagon, and take it to some of our kin; perhaps they will let us stay there. Oh, what misfortune? But we must help ourselves as much as we can.

The last words are spoken as she runs to the forest, where she vanishes; Lucash, laughing to himself, sets out in the same direction.

Meanwhile, the tall figure of a woman in a white robe — a white shawl wound round her head in an old-fashioned way — approaches to meet him. The

wind behind her seems to waft her along. Sometimes she bends low as if looking for something — coming nearer, she stops by the thimble-berry bush growing by the burned spot.

Sometimes, as she rises, her wan, exhausted, pained face can be seen, resembling, indeed, that of Lucash after his wanderings.

LUCASH. Who are you? What are you doing here?

Lucash sees, as if in a vision, his past and future.

THE SPIRIT DOLIA. I am lost Fortune, a happy Fate,
Lost by one senseless and uncontrolled,
Who bore me into the wilderness,
Where now I wander aimless.
Mist in the forest am I.
I stoop very low, seeking the Path
Back to the lost *Rai*, happy, happy realm!
Oi, that Path is covered with white snow.
I seem lost in the wilderness forever.

LUCASH. Oh, my Fortune! Break a branch of thimble-berry,
With your hands brush away the snow —
A narrow path, at least, can be trodden then.

SPIRIT. Oi, there was a time when in the spring
I followed a path, planting miracle flowers
To mark out the way; thou hast crushed them,
Trampled them under foot, heedless of value;
Now all around are thorny gullies,
No marks now show the path.

LUCASH. Sweep thou in the snow, my Fortune,
Even a little spot.
Perhaps thou couldst find a stem
Of the miracle flower — *divotzvit?*

SPIRIT. But my arms are cold, my fingers numb.
Oh, now I must weep because I must pass away.

(And, groaning, she is about to leave; Lucash stretches out his hands in appeal.)

LUCASH. Oi, speak! Tell me! Give me advice. How shall I live without knowledge of my Fate?

Spirit points to the ground where he stands.

SPIRIT. Like a broken branch which lies on the earth!

She goes away, from time to time bending low, and disappears in the snow. Lucash stoops to the spot pointed out, and finds the willow flute he had dropped previously. He lifts it up, and walks across the glade to a white birch. He seats himself under it, its long, drooping branches loaded with snow, and turns the flute over and over in his fingers. Sometimes he smiles, like a child.

Now a light, white, transparent figure, her face resembling Mavka's, appears from the birch and bends over Lucash.

MAVKA SPIRIT. Play, play! Let the melody enter my heart,

Because my heart only is left to me.

LUCASH. Is it you? Did you come down here as a vampire to suck my blood? Then, drink, drink!

(and he leaves his breast open)

It should be so, because I caused such danger to you.

MAVKA. No, my beloved, thou gavest me a soul; just as a sharp knife gives voice to the dumb branch of the willow.

LUCASH. Did I give you a soul? . . . But I caused you peril of the flesh. What is left of you? A shadow? A ghost?

(Lucash looks at Mavka with unmeasured sorrow.)

MAVKA. Care not about my flesh. It blazed up with bright flame,
With pure, burning flame, like good wine set alight,
It flew up with free sparks.
Light floating ash it will, in its turn, lie down on native ground.
With water's help, it will produce a willow:
My end — and my beginning!
Rich and poor, gay and sad, will go by,
Bringing to me gladness, bringing sorrow.
To them my soul shall speak; I shall give answer
With quivering leaves, with murmuring willow branches,
With delicate voice of a slender flute,
With the sad dew from my branches.
I shall sing to them everything,
All that thou once didst sing so long ago
In Uray's spring, as once was heard the song,
Finding in forest depths right melodies.
Beloved, play, play I do beseech thee!

Lucash starts to play; at first his playing is sad as the winter wind, as sorrow for something lost and never forgotten. But soon the unconquerable song of Love overcomes the grief.

In the same fashion that the music changed, so the winter scenery was transformed. The birch began to quiver with her curly leaves; the spring songs re-echoed in the flowering forest; the dark winter day changed into the bright moonlight of a spring night. Mavka appeared with her former beauty in her starry wreath.

Lucash ran to her in ecstasy of happiness. The wind scattered the white blossom of the flowering trees; it fell and fell, and covered the lovers from sight, then turned into a heavy snowfall.

When the wind had died down, the surrounding scenery became visible, trees covered in heaped-up snow.

Lucash sat alone, leaning against the birch's trunk, the flute in his hand. His eyes were closed, and on his lips there lay a happy smile. Motionless, he sat. Snow, like a cap of fur, covered his head and powdered all his figure, and fell and fell, endlessly.

THE END

Traditions And Folklore

The Religion Of Ancient Ukraine In The Light Of Archaeology And Folklore

Where an antiquity, an ancient human existence, has left documents and some clue, however faint, to its old form of life, one can recreate, as from the papyrus and the sarcophagi of Egypt, a people and in our imagination the dead past lives again.

But when we leave Egypt with her pyramids and think upon "the forgotten kingdom of Ukraine" we may dream above her wild steppes, above the yellow waves of the Dnieper and ask ourselves — in vain — what was happening in this land in the same period, when Egypt's culture reached its highest mark. The Ukraine is silent as its own grave-hills, with which its expanse is covered. The ancient Ukrainians did not leave pyramids, nor records on papyrus, nor granite sarcophagi. Yet if we would know their past they too can be made to speak with lips of dust.

Archaeologists have excavated practically all of the grave-hills left unviolated by robbers, and they have found rooms in the higher parts of the barrows. A skeleton of a man would be lying in the funeral chamber; beside it, bones of horses, the fragments of saddles, harness with golden ornaments, earthen and golden vessels, rings, necklaces of precious stones. In the southern Ukraine, in the Zaporogian steppes, grave-hills have been excavated which disclosed to view articles made in Greece hundreds of years before Christ.

Herodotus, the first Greek historian known to us (490 B.C.), describes these people, whose bones we have now disinterred, and calls them Scythes (Scythians).[1] He says that they were nomads, most of their life probably being spent in the

[1] The word Scythian was a collective name of many tribes of Iranian immigrants, given the name of the leading tribes. In the fourth and third centuries before Christ the supremacy passed to the tribe of Sauromotes or Sarmates, all the tribes being called by that name. Before the beginning of the Christian era these nomads were spoken of as Allons. There can be no doubt that among these Iranians were ancestors of the Slav race and Ukrainians in particular. In the view of history the Ukrainians appeared in the fourth century A.D., known to the Greeks as Antes. The Byzantian historian Jordan writes of Antes and Slavs who waged war with Vinitar, King of the Goths. He showed that these Antes had possessed the area from the Dnister river to the Sea of Azov.

Under the name of Ruthenians the Antes became known in Gaul where a tribe of Antes with other invaders came in the era of "the great migration of nations." The name "Russ" appeared in the ninth and tenth centuries as the name of the Dukedom of Kiev (correct pronunciation Kiyeev) or as the name of an army of mercenaries under the Dukes of Kiev. In the twelfth century, A.D., the name Russichi is used for all Ukrainian tribes. But beside "Russ" must be set the name of "Ukraina" also. After the Tartar invasion in the thirteenth century A.D. the independent political life of the great kingdom of Russ was lost, and it became a part of the Great Dukedom of Lithuania, then a part of Poland, being dependent on the Polish crown more

saddle. Excelling as archers, they wandered over the wild steppes of Southern Ukraine, a people without any knowledge of writing.

Digging deeper in the Ukrainian grave-hills archaeologists found still another evidence of burial. Here there was but one skeleton with fragments of stone weapons. This excavation showed that before the Scythian age another people, less civilized than the Scythes, had existed — "the man of the stone age" — as he has been found in other lands. And this is all that the grave-hills can tell us.

And that is so little! We want to know — we are eager to know — what the ancient Ukrainian was thinking, what was his conception of the universe, whom did he worship? But here the grave-hills are silent. It is true that upon some graves granite figures of Scythian workmanship known as "Old Women" were found. They were simply sculptured images of men, sometimes six feet tall, placed on top or on the side of the grave-hill. But there is no evidence at all that these figures were images of some Scythian god. Rather would such seem to be the gravestones of buried chieftains. But, owing to the fact that these "Old Women" were found only in the southeastern part of the Ukriane — on the steppes where in the twelfth century Polovtzi (Mongolian tribes) appeared, and, in the thirteenth century, Tartars — some have thought that these figures were placed there by Mongolians, and are their gods. This theory, however, is not generally accepted.

Herodotus tells us that a Scythish chieftain, when Darius invaded the Ukraine, sent a notice to the latter telling him that he and his army should perish if the king attempted to enter "the land of the ancestors' graves." This is another proof that in the time of the Greek historian Scytho-Iranian tribes had the cult of ancestors and believed in a future life.[2]

The man of the stone age in the Ukraine left very few clues to his mode of life — some flint spears and roughly made earthen vessels only. Probably he was a type of the primary inhabitants of Europe, like the Finns. What happened to this people in

in name than in reality. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the inhabitants of Ukraina were known to the world as Chercassians or Cossacks, although the Poles still called them Russ. At the present time only the Ukrainian tribes of the Carpathian region call themselves Russini. The name Russ was transferred to the north, to the Tsardom of Moscow — hence Russia. The modern Antes call themselves Ukrainians, and their land from the San river to the Caucasus they call by the poetical name of Ukraina.

[2] There were probably three great waves of Aryan migration; those whose deity was Deus (Celts); those who worshipped Got (Teutons), and those whose God was Boh (Slavs).

The ancient Ukrainians believed in life after death; and the dead might appear among men. Hence it was needful to conduct funerals with all possible pomp to merit the goodwill of the dead and prevent his evil influence should he wish to exert it. In these burials all kinds of domestic utensils and slain animals were placed with the body; it often occurred that a man's widow slew herself on the grave-hill. An Arabian traveler describes a funeral in the Ukraine which he witnessed in 922: The dead man was clothed richly, placed in a boat, with tent-canopy; beside him were his weapons and many kinds of food and drink. They asked if any of his slave maidens would die with him, to live with him and the souls of ancestors in a beautiful green orchard in Paradise. One of the maidens agreed to this, and she was slain on the day of the funeral and placed beside the man's corpse. They threw into the boat two horses, two cows, a dog, a rooster and a hen, cut in pieces. Then these all were burned and a grave-hill heaped over the spot.

the Ukraine is unknown. But it is plain that from Asia, from Ariastan, (Iran) another race followed, who heaped their grave-hills upon the graves of the primeval inhabitants. Undoubtedly the Antes were a tribe of that great Iranian invasion. Ariastan not only begot Ukrainians and all European nations, but it was the cradle of Persians and Hindus as well.

The art of writing was introduced into the Ukraine by Greek missionaries in the tenth century, but for long, even after their conversion to Christianity, it was unknown to ancient Ukrainians. The priests of the tenth century knew how to write with the pen, but Vikings used palm and fingers dipped in ink as their signature to state documents. This was called "piaterytzia."

That is why there are no written documents of this ancient people extant. Even at the time of the Viking Volodimir and the conversion of his men, no written record was made of their deeds. The oldest relic of Ukrainian literature is "The Ballad of Prince Ihor's Expedition" — literally, "the Word about Ihor's army." This dates from the twelfth century and was probably written by a survivor of that unhappy campaign. Another very old document is "The Chronicles of Nestor," the Monk of Kiev, but it was composed subsequently. From both of these productions we get evidences of the Ukrainian heathen religion or practices, but so slight are these references that they do not help us very much.

It is indeed odd to be able to say that the ignorance of the people saved for the scholars, in the oral literature of the folk, all the Ukrainian past.

Owing to the small attention given by the Greek Catholic and Uniat priests towards the education of the people in Christian doctrine, the ancient pagan soul is hidden under the thin veneer of Christianity. Folklorists and philologists visited villages to collect the customs and folk songs, and in this way the ancient Ukrainian faith is resurrected in the intellectual treasure of the villagers.

From Nestor's *Chronicles* we can imagine life in the Ukraine as far back as the ninth century A.D. Nestor gives us a description of several Slavic (Antes) tribes which were dwelling between the Dnieper and the Baltic. He calls the Ukrainians "Poliani," that is, a people living amid fields. (The name "Ukraine" appears first in the Ukrainian Chronicles of the twelfth century.)

The main occupation of the Poliani was agriculture, but with it went bee-keeping and hunting. They lived in villages or strongholds — "horods" — along the banks of the Dnieper and its tributary streams.

The *Chronicles* say that in the time of the Viking Volodimir there was standing in Kiev an image of Perun, the thunder god. And from the "Ballad of Prince Ihor's Expedition," from folk legends, tales, and songs we find that before the Ukrainians became Christians they had some gods and goddesses and an entire religious cult. That faith was in complete harmony with the phenomena of their nature.

The joyful shining sun, *Sonetchko*, the ancient Ukrainians imagined as a young and beautiful girl-goddess — Lada, goddess of love and life. Thunder was the noise made by the wheels of the thunder-god, who was the wooer of the sun-goddess. The name of the thunder-god is accepted by Polish and Russian scholars as Perun. But it is possible that they are mistaken. Perun is the name of the Polish thunder-god, as Perkun is of the Lithuanian one. At the present time some of the people of Poland call a thunderbolt "perun." But in the Ukraine, except in the Polonized south-

western Ukrainian provinces, the word "perun" is not used at all. Nestor alone left us that word, giving the name to the local god, that of Kiev.

The real Ukrainian thunder-god was called *Yoor* — and by this he is widely known in the Ukraine. There it is common to replace the Christian name of "George" by "Yoor." No philological relation between the two words can be traced.

That was simply a trick of the Greek-Orthodox priests. Not being powerful enough to expel the influence of the pagan god Yoor, the priest told his people that George was identical with it, the legends of one appertaining to the other. The Christian legend says that St. George saved a princess from the claws of a dragon, while the Ukrainian myth relates that the evil god of Frost, a dragon, stole the beautiful goddess *Lada* and hid her in his domain of eternal cold. Being without sun, men were left in the clutches of Marina, the goddess of winter. Then the god of thunder, Yoor, went to rescue his beloved. He killed Koshchey and turned back to Ukraina, carrying Lada with him. The latter expelled Marina by her smile, and all became again warm and bright for mankind, in fellowship with his beneficent god.

From the cry of Yaroslavna in "Ihor's Expedition" we learn that the god of wind was *Strib-boh*, and winds are called "the grandsons of *Strib-boh*." The god of the heavens was Svareeh. Fire was Svarozhief, the son of Svareeh. Wolos, wooly one, was the god of cattle. The flaming sun of summer had still another name, that of Hors. This word is found only in the "ballad" above mentioned, and seems to have been borrowed by the Ukrainians from Egypt's god Horus. The Ukrainian Cupid was Lel, the son of Lada.

The people of those days imagined the world surrounding them to be filled by every kind of spirit and chort. (The latter is not exactly a devil, but is rather a little demon of the swamps or hidden places) — lisowiks, spirits of the wood, vodianik, of water; russalki, the souls of drowned girls or children, opirs, vampires; vovkoolaks, men who can change themselves into a wolf's image; widmas and widmaks, witches and warlocks; nitchkas the shadows of night; Wey, the king of ghosts and other "unclean powers" — all in fact that the fantasy of those dark ages could conjure up. But all these held no relation to the four great gods, Yoor and Lada, *Koshchey* and Marina. Man's very life depended on their vagaries. The first wished all to be under the power of eternal spring, swayed by love, multiplying. Not so the dark forces who tried to freeze the world and kill all life on the globe.

With that intent Koshchey tried always to capture Lada and hide her far away from the earth; he tried to prevent her helping the growth of vegetation by means of her warmth and light. So they imagined the changes of the seasons. Yoor and Lada were living with them in spring and summer; in autumn Koshchey appeared with the witch Marina; Koshchey by subtlety killed Yoor and carried off Lada to his ice-castle, leaving Marina in charge of the world. The rivers and lakes froze, leaves fell from the trees, the birds fled to *Earey* or *Wirey*, and the old woman, Winter, tried to destory all mankind. Men, like motherless children, cowered in their huts.

But the wolf with silver hair — probably the god of the moon — picked up the mangled body of Yoor, put him together, sprinkled him with the water of healing (snow water) as in the Russian Skazkas, and then with the water of life (rain) — and the god of thunder arose.

Alive again, Yoor sat on the back of the wolf and went to the rescue of Lada. The

return of spring was the proof that Yoor had brought Lada back again to the Ukraine. All children were told this folk tale. In the long winter evenings old grandmothers narrated the story of Ivan the Prince and the beautiful Tsarivna. The dragon killed the prince, the wolf healed Ivan, the Tsarivna or Korolivna was saved — how clear is all this in the memory! This is now but a tale, but in reality it was a myth of the ancient Ukrainians, as we have tried to show. From generation to generation it was handed down, and now, though the names of the heroes are changed, the essential features remain.

The ancient Scandinavians had a faith somewhat akin; their beautiful tales about their gods and goddesses much resemble those of the Ukraine.

Except for the image of Perun, in Kiev, there is no evidence that the ancient Ukrainians worshipped idols. But they worshipped sacred trees. In an ancient Kolada or Christmas song we read: "In the forest under the oak tree seeds are planted; youths and maidens are seated on the seeds and they are singing a hymn — "Ko Ladi" (to Lada). Somewhere a fire is burning under the cattle, and the Old Man (priest) sharpens a knife to kill a goat." Here is pictured a pagan Ukrainian offering.

The institution of the priesthood probably existed; but not in a highly developed form. A philological interest attaches to the Ukrainian word for priest — "Zhretz," which means "devourer." Probably sacrificial offerings were deeply rooted as a custom in ancient Ukraine. Even in these days the eagerness of the people to make every kind of food offering to Christian priests if very noticeable.

So universally accepted was "black art" that Christian priests time after time sought to play the role of magician. They were called by the peasants to expel *chorts* from their huts; to sprinkle the fields in drought; to show the hem of the sacramental cape to a sick man; to extinguish fire by holding up icons or images of the saints.

The present conception of the Greek-Orthodox and Uniat Ukrainians as to the "Four Last Things" is not of Ukrainian origin. It is the Egyptian story of the Judgment of Osiris worked over and mingled with the Hebrew eschatology. The Ukrainian ancient faith had in itself the seeds of conception of good and evil, but not so markedly as in the Persian religion, where it was elaborated in the myth of the struggle between Ormuzd and Ariman.

Article published in Queen's Quarterly Jan. Feb. Mar. 1918, Vol. XXV, No. 3, Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario.

Art

"Popular art, in our people," says Stepan Rudnitsky, "is entirely original and much more highly advanced than in the neighboring peoples. The remains of the ancient popular painting are still in existence in the left half of the Ukraine. Wood carving has developed to a highly artistic form among the Hutzuls (there are the well-known peasant-artists Shkriblak, Mehedinuk, and others). The chief field of Ukrainian popular art is, however, decoration. Two fundamental types are used: a geometric pattern with the crossing of straight and broken lines and a natural pattern, which is modeled after parts of plants, as leaves, flowers, etc. In the embroideries, cloths, and glass beadwork we find such an esthetic play of colors that even though each individual color is glaring the whole has a very picturesque and harmonious effect."

In some parts of the Ukraine people dye eggs only in one color — red, green, yellow, and so on, calling these *halunky*, because of the fact that these eggs must be washed in alum before being dyed. But elsewhere the painted eggs or *pisanky* were kept as treasures in small huts for years; they might be found as frames for the icons or attached to a string suspended from the ceiling in front of the holy images. There are legends, too, about *pisanky* in old church tradition. One is that the stones which were cast at St. Stephen became transformed into painted eggs. Another says that when Christ carried his cross to Golgotha, and fell under its burden, a peasant bearing a basket of eggs was compassionate over His suffering and helped to bear the cross. When he looked at his basket again all the eggs were changed into beautiful *pisanky.*

Hutzulian Ornament

Hutzulian ornament is not primitive in nature but is the expression of an artistic, creative force in the Hutzulian tribe.

Research in national ornaments finds many obstacles and this because artistic national products do not progress simultaneously with great currents or development of artistic forms but lag behind for well-understood reasons.

But just in that belated development lies its importance, because we find in it rudiments of ancient epochs. Is it not concerned with our ornaments, as well?

This point may be exemplified by a consideration of Hutzulian ornamental art; it uses always the same motives in different variations. Take for example the well-known rugs and carpets, the technique of which is very old. Mr. Alois Riegl, in his brochure "Folk-Arts and their Evidence" proved that this is of late Roman origin and in the medieval ages this spread through central Europe and mainly among Slavs.

Do we not see in our rugs and carpets the traces of their ancient origin? If we do observe more closely the motifs of our ornament we will find in them the treasure of the whole Greek-Roman ornamental art. The infinite correlation — ever-repeated motifs — characteristic of almost every rug; further, the so-called "running dog" (spiral coils); Greek meander, Greek wavy "mornings" (coils), ribbon ornament. In one word, Hutzulian ornamental art is the alphabet of the Greek-Roman ornament.

And this is not all. These ornaments experienced many changes. The vivid natural ornament of ancient art was changed in Hutzulian rugs into a strict, geometrical and abstract style to such a degree that the traces spoken of before can be discovered, in many cases, only after a long analysis of these forms. This fact proves not only the antiquity of the carpets, but in its independent development and transformation of this classical art by the Hutzulian tribe it refutes the "primitive" idea and shows that, preserved to this day is the high esthetic legacy of antique art, which we find in Ukraine universally, and to which little attention has been paid.

National Song Of The Hutzuls

Verkhovina, dear world of ours,
Oh what great beauty lies in thee!
Time floats on here as the running waters,
With merry clamor, with such glee!
There is no country like our *Verkhovina* —
Would I there were dancing adown the glade!

From peak to peak, from grove to woodland,
Light-hearted, thoughts as free as air,
Gun in the belt, in the hand the *topir*
Oh lightness pulses everywhere!
Oi! *Cheremosh*, Oi, Cheremosh! how clear are thy waters —
Little maiden of the Highlands, as beautiful are thou!

All summer long, by night, in daytime
The youths may spend such gay, bright hours
There water, fire are for the taking
And bread in plenty — pastures — flowers.
In mountain meadow, mournful, wolves are howling.
How hard e'er to forget thee, Highlands beloved!

No frontier chains the Germans placed here,
No Polish footprints meet our view.
Here thick and green the growth of all things
Nursed ever by the sun and dew.
Oi, I'll go in the mountains to the Land of the Boyki,
Joy there to hear gay music, light-tripping dancers see.

Oh may the ice melt, on the waters floating,
And bears in woods their freedom see.
The south wind blow from the peak of *Beskid*,
Cheremosh 'mid rocks roar to be free.
Oh the road to Kuty, to Kuty, to Kuty — the road to Kuty!
Farewell, my love, good health. I go a new recruit, O — a new recruit!

UKRAINIAN LITERATURE

Ukrainian literature is no new thing. In a far distant epoch among the first essays of Russian literature, the brilliant works of the Southern Russians were famous, for instance the poetic and majestic utterances of the Metropolitan Ilarione (eleventh century). And in the South also appeared the "Song of the Prince Ihor," that magnificent poem interpenetrated with the spirit of chivalry and bearing the real perfume of the steppes; it has been justly compared to the beautiful "Song of Poland." In Kiev those historical chronicles, the *lietopiss* had their birth. The chronicles of Kiev and of Galicia could, in form as well as in style, serve as typical monuments showing forth Southern Russia's literature as distinguished by its poetical character and differing from the Northern literature in its original beauty of style.

The Tartar invasion dealt a mortal blow to the cultivated society of the South which, while not numerous, grouped itself around princes and bishops; inevitably the number of men of high birth and of good education diminished. The middle class contented itself with the original and translated productions of the preceding period. The literary production of the South lay dormant until the appearance of a new element, that of the "bourgeois," the Third Estate which formed and strengthened itself under German influence. The popular language of the Ukraine and of White Russia, reunited under the Lithuanian-Polish government, made great progress during these two centuries. The difference of dialects, already strongly marked in the writings of the eleventh century, permitted the establishment of three very distinct groups: the language of the South, Centre, and North. Thanks to new ideas introduced into the Ukraine from the Occident, Poland being the intermediary, a mass of new words was created, an entirely novel phraseology, while syntax also changed considerably. Towards the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the general development of phonetic Ukrainian terminated, and about this period there was created a new language expressing the new ideas and so strange to the people of northeastern Russia grouped around Moscow that, at the end of the fifteenth century those relics of the literature of the southwest which penetrated to them were translated into the Muscovite language (for example "The Legend of the Three Wise Men of Bethlehem").

Even in the Ukraine itself, where the wealth of ancient literature was translated into the popular tongue, the written language became more and more like that which was spoken.

The awakening of literature in the Ukraine manifesting itself in the southwest of Russia at the end of the fifteenth and at the beginning of the sixteenth centuries bore the imprint of the new religious tendencies which characterized in the West the period of humanism and of the Reformation.

At the end of the fifteenth century there appeared at Vilna in the White Russian tongue the translation of the Old Testament, and another translation by Skorina followed not long after. The Ukraine, following the example of its neighbor, made a series of attempts to propagate the Bible among the people in a language [that was] simple and acceptable to the masses. During 1556-61 a magnificent work was made

available — that superb monument of the Renaissance, the "Gospel of Peressonpnitz" — which aroused the literary and artistic taste of the Ukrainian upper classes in the middle of the sixteenth century.

A little later the circle of savants and lovers of progress and the orthodox, filled with humanitarian ideas, grouped themselves around Prince Bas. Ostrojsky and published the first complete Bible, printed in Sloveno-Russian in 1581. Enormous volumes of "Instructive Gospels," that is to say collections of sermons for festivals, made their appearance. These were of different composition and tendencies, some orthodox, some reformist. Towards this period the chronicles of West Russia ended and gave place to the translation of the chivalrous romances of Tristan, Bova, and Attila, so that little by little the Ukrainian reader familiarized himself with European literature, albeit one or two hundred years late.

The literature which followed was characterized by the struggle for the defense of the orthodox religion, and for religious tolerance for the Ukrainian converted to catholicism. At the same time another tendency developed in literature: all through the Ukraine the numerous writings of one Jean de Vichnia were scattered. [They were] of a genre completely unknown till then in Ukrainian poetry. The aim of the new style was the celebration of festival (Poetry of Christmas), polemics and religious questions, and the lauding of national heroes and noteworthy citizens, such as the panegyrics on the death of the hetman, Sagaidatchny (1622). This literature circulated not only among the enlightened but sank deep into the hearts of the people and with the popular poetic production gave birth to the "Cossack Period," the majestic Ukrainian *dumy* which sang the exploits of the heroes in the struggles of the Cossacks against Turks, Tartars, and Poles.

Thanks to the activity of the bourgeois of Lemberg, that town became, at the end of the sixteenth century, the centre of culture represented by the fraternity *Brastvo* with its school and press which has published a considerable number of books.

During all of the eighteenth century the ancient Ukrainian literature developed and preserved itself. Through the Academey of Kiev, founded by Pierre Moguila, a student of the University of Paris, flowed a stream of science, history, and philosophy. In the form of sermons, poetry, and drama the literature spread among the ecclesiastics, the small proprietors, bourgeois, Cossacks, and peasants.

During this period it took on popular ideas and adapted itself to the taste of the people; it ennobled itself in embracing new forms and new ideas. Towards the end of the eighteenth century appeared Jean Petrovitch Kotlarevsky, who has been justly given the title of the regenerator of Ukrainian literature. His comedies were tinged by the German sentimentalism and French romanticism which have had a great influence on the Russian literature of these days. To this school belonged Gogol Basile (father of the celebrated Gogol), Kvitka, and, later on, Shevchenko. Kotlarevsky evoked an interest in the national literature among the intellectual classes. His *Travesty of Aeneas* told in an amusing way the latter's adventures, while in reality painting the vagabond manner of life of the Cossacks traversing the Ukraine after the ruin of their nest, the "Seech of the Zaporoginians." By degrees this intellectual class ceased to be ashamed of its own tongue, of the "argot paysan," as they scornfully termed it. They perceived what a veritable treasure lay hidden in

the folk song of the people and that there only would be found the true source of the intellectual wealth and vital forces of the nation. The Ukrainian nobility drew near to the people to understand better its customs and thought. Thus, studying rustic life at close hand, they grew to comprehend the soul of the peasant which, under its miserable aspect, hid the noblest and purest aspirations. This democratic tendency manifested itself in the "Natalka Poltavka" of Kotlarevsky who in his work outstripped George Sand; and in certain romances of Kvitka, and its influence is seen today in Ukrainian literature which searches for its subjects in the life of the people and is occupied with its emancipation and intellectual development.

About 1840 the great poet Shevchenko by his genius united all that was deepest in universal poetry in the genre of the popular poetry of the Ukraine. This was raised to immortal glory, for in his person the great poet and the great citizen are one. His name, his poetic and patriotic "Testament," are sacred to all Ukrainians who have not yet lost their national sentiment and who bear in their soul the sublime ideal of the great brotherhood which should one day unite all peoples in one huge family.

Towards the end of the nineteenth century appeared the fine poetical works of Franko and the novels of Stephanyk which disclosed the sufferings of the Ukrainian people, plunged by all the world into miseries and injuries. In all this literary and profoundly national movement that which has made the beauty of Ukrainian writings is its freshness of feeling, youthful inspiration, and wealth of imagination. From an inexhaustible source creative energy seemed forthcoming. Thanks to this such works became truly popular and remained at the same time intimately allied with the literary schools of Europe. That which the future will give to this literature time will reveal.

Fragments From Ukrainian Anthology

Dealing with Russ Poliani

The Russ Poliani from 2200 B.C. till the eighth century were free from any foreign influences, linguistically, culturally, and religiously. Two thousand years ago or even earlier, Russ Poliani, as well as Russ Tauri, had not many gods, probably only the Digh-Boh, (or, in English, God the River); also probably a female deity, the lovely goddess Lada. As in the case of Greece and Rome the orthodox priests in Ukraine named the pagan feast days with names of the Christian Saints.

Until the Revolution in 1917 the priests and teachers in the orthodox churches were taught to believe in Christianity but in their homes the uneducated peasantry in the towns celebrated Christian feasts in the pre-Christian way.

They believed in the existence of angels and *chorti* (devils). Angels came into the scene with Christianity but they did not receive much attention; the chorti as unclean and evil beings were hated and watched as enemies.

The lower spirits played a very important role in the life of the Ukrainian peasantry. Bad and good spirits — as shown in Lesia Ukrainka's forest drama — were sharply divided in their powers.

The children who perished untimely, unbaptized (left to die perhaps in the woods by mothers seeking to hide their shame or thrown in the waters to drown), were thought to have a life as ghosts, but could not inherit the Christian Paradise, and they became in mythology russalki (or nixies as they are called by the people of

Zetland — see "The Pirate" by Sir Walter Scott).

Some water spirits especially are hostile to human beings. In the region of lakes, swamps, and quicksands the peasants believed that the vodianik ruled there as king. The russalki are believed to revenge themselves on those who sought their death by luring young men to their doom in the watery depths of river or lake, and small spirits of boy babies, the *poterchata*, help to attract young men to quicksands. Bluish flames or phosphorescence are considered their "lamps."

In the old Ukrainian ballads which I have been translating there is many a tale like that of the worthy master John Fox, Christian captive gunner at Alexandria in 1557 — many a plaint of anguish of longing for loved Ukraina. (See "The Captives" in *Songs of Ukraina.*)

Did not the abbot and monks of Gallopoli long treasure "as a most precious jewel," the sword with which he had killed the keeper, and hang it up for a monument?

In Hakluyt the word "Busourman" is used, and it can be found in some of the *dumy*. Hakluyt gives its exact meaning, "the words that thereunto belonged" when a Christian was to be converted into a Turk.

"I have noted herebefore that if any Christian will become a Busourman, that is, one that hath forsaken his faith and be a Mohammedan, they give him many gifts and sometimes a living. The manner is, that when the devil is entered into his heart to forsake his faith he resorteth to the Sultan or Governor of the town to whom he maketh protestation of his devilish purpose.

Ukrainian Cossacks shed much blood in wars. So the song runs:

A Cossack rides over a hill and thus he cries:
"O my hill, broad hill, why wast thou not burned long ago?"
"Because long ago I boiled over with blood."
"With whose blood?"
"Blood of Cossacks, Cossacks and Turks!"

To this period belong the songs of the Haidamaki, those who forged on when all seemed hopeless.

From the end of the fifteenth, and during almost the whole of the sixteenth century Ukraine groaned under the terrible yoke and scourge of the Mohammedans. Invasion followed invasion and the Polish and Muscovite states began a struggle against the Cossacks for the supremacy of the Ukraine; the Crimean Tartars were invited to aid and repaid themselves for their trouble my making Ukraine a golden treasure-house as they carried off slaves by thousands.

The fate of these poor wretches was a terrible one. They were sold in the Tartar and Turkish bazaars like cattle; set to hard labor or chained to rows in galleys; the Cossack nobility was kept in dungeons awaiting ransom.

The Ukrainian conception of death, according to Ralston, is curious and contradictory. They think that the dead watch benevolently from afar over their loved ones; yet it is hard for them not to believe that they really like their graves, their seeming habitation. Around this idea has grown up an "ancestor worship" with libations and offerings laid on tombs. "God grant that the earth may lie light on you and that your eyes may see Christ!" is one of their benedictions. In common with other Slavic peoples there is a tradition of the "Happy Isles." One of the names

for this golden land is "Iry" (in one of its forms "Vuirei"). It is the home of the sun. Thither the birds repair when they leave us. There all seeds and types of growth are preserved and thither flies the soul of the dead child to play among the trees and gather golden fruit.

Thus in Galicia they will tell you that somewhere far beyond the dark seas and in the land from which the sun goes forth as a giant to run his course there dwells the happy nation of the Rakhman. They lead a holy life, for they abstain from flesh the year round — except for one day, the Rakhman Easter Sunday. And that festival is celebrated only on the day on which the shell of a consecrated Easter egg floats to them across the wide sea which divides them from the lands inhabited by ordinary mortals. Naturally, it may be rather late in the day or the year or the century, so the idea has arisen of the Rakhman "who is always late — always behind the times." Who knows when the shells will reach them? When the Galicians wish to tell children that something will happen "in a blue moon" they say "O that will be in the Rakhman Easter." The name is said to be derived from the Brahmans and it has various secondary meanings: people who are joyous and hospitable; soft, mild; dreary, weak-minded, hear them "singing and scampering through the rye" or hanging on the May stalks and swinging to and fro.

"The tremendous antiquity of the origin of some of these superstitions," says a writer, "cannot be doubted." Some of the quaint beliefs which once had vogue among the Scythian, Sarmatian, and Gothic forefathers of the present inhabitants are still adhered to by the villagers of Ukraine. They do not believe too much in the reality of that which they recount but they will not abandon them while feeling for all that is beautiful and poetical remains with them. In many respects they live in a world of three centuries ago. And through this colored tissue of the popular imagination the historian can follow the thread of the unwritten annals of antiquity."

The Witches And Russalki Of The Ukraine

Given the Ukrainian witch — and no one who reads the folk songs and tales of Ukrainians could doubt her existence — how is one to discover and catch her?

Well, there is the Easter Sunday test, for instance. Go you to your matins with an aspen or willow twig concealed somewhere about you. Witches do not like aspen stakes, nor sallow, nor fern, for these are all symbols of the Thunder-God's hammer. Bend the twig and look through it at the congregation. All the witches and wizards will be seen, but they will be upside down.

Never mind about that, it is a small matter. Perhaps you have found out who is milking your cows; you have had your suspicions for a long time. Ralston in his *Songs of the Russian People* (1873) will tell you that the peasants know the way to catch witches. It seems so easy! "The best way to catch a witch is to hide under an aspen harrow and angle for her with a bridle."

Of course, when it comes to the witch called "The Cow's Death" there is really nothing to do but await her visit on February 5 and take proper precautions. Cover up the smoke-holes some days before and place "various smelling objects" before the doors of the cow-shed to keep her away.

The witches have a birthday — March 25, when spring meets summer; but it is

not celebrated with any special enthusiasm by peasants who know what to expect. July 30 is another date when a watch is set over the cows.

The Ukrainian witches "milk the heavenly skies" — that is, they steal from the sky its rain and dew which they carry off in pitchers and bags and hide away. Sometimes they even steal the moon and the stars as in the legend of the thousand witches who cleared the sky of all its stars. Ralston says: "Akin to them, surely, must have been the Ukrainian heroine of this fragment of song:

The maiden fair
Through the forest went
Evil she muttered
Roots she extracted
The moon she stole
The sun she ate.
Aroynt her, hag
Aroynt her, witch!

There is a significant phrase, too, which may be quoted; "When the witches have drunk themselves drowsy with cows' milk and have fallen asleep."

A real Ukrainian witch always carries around with her a supply of water boiled with the embers of a *kupalo* or Midsummer's Day pyre. When she wants to fly she sprinkles herself with this or rubs herself with an ointment made from the magical herb gentian. As a general rule witches destroy victims by means of poisons distilled from herbs or roots. Sinister are some of these, like the *treyzelie*, often mentioned in Ukrainian folk songs. Weird and uncanny is the *son-trava* or dream grass, mentioned by Shevchenko and other poets. "It looks like a witch's flower," but it is only the pasque flower or anemone of the steppes and Canadian prairies.

To continue with other superstitions and beliefs: the Ukrainians believe in the existence of small beings of vaguely-defined form called *zluidni* who bring zlo, or evil, to every habitation in which they take up their quarters. "May the zluidni strike him!" is a Ukrainian curse and "the zluidni have got leave for three days; not in three years will you get rid of them," is one of their sayings.

As the Galician women worked at their embroidery by the dim light of the handing lamp or *kohanetz* they looked fearfully over their shoulders at the dancing shadows. Five feet away from the rays there was darkness, in which the shadow people dwelt — the *nichki*. Sometimes you heard them at night, after you had gone to bed. The Russian house-spirit of *domovoi* does not have such a hold over the Ukrainians as over the former. The *domovik* of the Ukraine chiefly haunts stables where it playfully knots the manes of the horses. It is said to look like a little old man, with a long beard.

But in one particular the Galician peasant takes precautions as to his domicile. Every new house is properly dedicated, but if in spite of this, *chorts*, or little devils inhabit the place the priest is invited to exorcise them. He bores holes with an auger in the four corners and with a hammer drives nails in them; then the chorts are pursued from corner to corner and finally up the chimney. Sometimes carpenters with an eye to their own profit "build" an empty bottle into the rafters: the wind whistles through making uncanny sounds. The priest seems powerless, and the carpenters offer their services, for a consideration.

THE RUSSALKI

No Ukrainian will sleep beside a river nor bathe in a stream after nightfall. And this because of the *russalki* or water-sprites who were in mortal life maidens who drowned themselves and who now entice youths and young women into their watery depths, where they are supposed to tickle them to death.

The Ukrainians seem to fear bathing on Whitsun Eve only; they consider one is safe if he carries in his hand a sprig of wormwood (poluin) and recites a prayer before entering the water. This in readiness for the demand: "What have you, poluin or petrushka (parsley)? "Poluin? Hide in the tuin (hedge)!" But if he says, "Petrushka!" they exclaim affectionately: "Petrushka? Ah, my dushka (dear one)!" And tickle him until he foams at the mouth.

Ralston, whom I have quoted above, adds: "In every case they seem greatly influenced by rhyme." If you are by chance a witch you need not fear, they will give you a wide berth. The *russalki* are themselves afraid to stay very long away from the water, for a condition of their existence is the wetness of their hair. Of course, if they carry a comb along all is well for they can dip it in a pond and make a flood of curling waves.

You must never step on the linen which they have left out to dry else you will become crippled or lose your strength. During the week before Whitsuntide, as many songs testify, they ask for linen. It was long customary for Ukrainian peasants at that time to hang shifts, rags, and skeins of thread on the boughs of oaks and other trees.

On the approach of winter the *russalki* disappear and are not seen again until the spring. In the Ukraine the Thursday before Whitsuntide was in Ralston's day the Great Day or Easter Sunday of the *russalki*. During the season known as "Green Sviata" (the feast of the coming of all green things) when every home is decorated with blossoming boughs of the lime-tree, with lovage and wild thyme sprinkled on the floor, no one dared to work for fear of offending the *russalki*. Above all, sewing and washing of linen was tacitly forbidden.

You can hear the little people in the fields until the end of June, in the rustling and sighing of the breezes, and "the splash of running waters betrays their dancing feet." Then it is that young girls wander far afield and through the woods making garlands of mallow and periwinkle for the *russalki*, asking them to bestow rich husbands; or else, they throw them on the river's breast and watch the course of the wreaths, reading omens from their progress.

The Ukrainians call the *russalki* the "*mavki*"; there are little *mavki* also, children who have been stolen away from their parents, having died unchristened, or, if stillborn they are the *mavki's* prey. At Whitsuntide, for seven years after their death, these babies seek a christening from some good soul. If he or she can but remember to say: "I baptize thee in the holy names!" the child's soul is saved.

After St. Peter's Day, June 29, they dance by night beneath the moon; do you remember those circles of richer, darker grass? Perhaps they can entice a shepherd to play to them the livelong night, and in the morning you will see the hollow which his feet have stamped, keeping tune and time. The harvest is attended by the *mavki* also; sometimes they make it plenteous, but again it may be ruined.

SONG

Max Rabinoff, the impressario who brought the Ukrainian National Chorus to this continent, says of the songs: "They have a characteristic rhythm and warm color which marks them with genuine individuality. There is in them a primitive violence which does not become brutality, however, but manifests nevertheless a sweep and force." Many songs are of Oriental background, based on ancient Oriental scales of which we today possess little knowledge, although some of the modernists have been experimenting with them, notably Claude Debussy who used them frequently. Some of the hymns sung antedate Christianity — the Koliadky, Vesnianky, and Kupalny, hymns of the pagan sun and thunder gods.

So much was changed to all outward seeming in the last war that one must revert to past years in speaking of the people in Europe, at least of those who sang these songs. Three Ukrainian tribes dwelt in the Carpathian mountains. In the East, the Hutzuls are famous for their songs and their handicraft of all kinds. Especially are they noted for their artistic wood carving, the peasant-artists Shriblak and Mohedinyuk being outstanding figures in the branch.

Professor Wowk says that the Carpathian Highlanders, while speaking the Ukrainian tongue, are not of a pure Ukrainian strain, but are descendants of the Pechenihi, a Mongolian tribe, blended with a Caucasian race; their black eyes and hair are one of the signs denoting this ancestry.

The Ukrainian speech, like every other great European language, is not uniform. It has four dialects, south and north, the Galician (Red Ruthenian), and the Carpathian mountain dialect. The latter has four idioms: Hutzulian, Boikish, Lemko, and the Slovak-Ruthenian border idiom.

Professor Stepan Rudnitsky says that the Kuban Cossack or the Boiko (a Ukrainian inhabitant of Polissye or of Bessarabia) understand one another without the slightest difficulty. The Lemko and the Ruthenian-Slovak show greater differences; but a popular tale recorded on a phonograph in the Kuban sub-Caucasus country is heard with the same understanding in a peasants' reading society in the vicinity of Peremishe as if it came from a neighboring village, instead of a border-country of the Ukraine thousands of kilometres distant. The same folk songs, proverbs, and fairy tales prevail.

The Ukrainian language is distinguished by advantages which ensure it a high place among Slavic tongues. The great wealth of vowel sounds is noticeable. The Imperial Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg in its famous decision of 1908 considered that Ukrainian was a separate language and added that the Russian not be forced upon those who spoke it [Ukrainian].

Martinengo Cesarenco in *Essays in Folklore* says, "the written language has a history of fully a thousand years behind it. It holds an incomparable variety of artistically perfect lyrics of love. One comes across a little masterpiece of delicate conception and light workmanship. Nor need there be surprise that it issues from the lips of a letterless poet, for no touch is so light and so sure as that of the artificer untaught in our sense — the man or woman who produces the intricate filigree; the highly-wrought silver, the wood carving, the embroidery, lace, the knitted wool

rivalling the spider's web, the shawl with whose weft and woof a human life is underwoven."

Koladi or hymns to the Goddess of the Sun, Lada, are divided into several groups; some of them are historical, others would appear to bear merely good wishes or prophecies. When a group of *koladniki* or singers appeared in a peasant's hut they selected *koladi* according to the sex and numbers of family present. For the husband, a husband's *kolada*, for the wife a special one, and for the elder daughters of marriageable age certain *koladi* wishing them husbands.

In days of old, in the twilight of the gods, when the Ukrainians worshipped at nature's altar, the hymns to Lada first appeared. Now the peasants have forgotten the meaning of the songs and have even changed the names of divinities to make them accord with the Christian faith. Only traces, therefore, of paganism remain, together with the ancient melody.

Koladi are sung at Christmas. In the Eastern Ukraine people begin to sing them on the first day of Christmas, continuing the song festival for three days.

The first day belongs to the children, the second to youth, the third to adults. In the province of Galicia — in the extreme southwest of Ukraine as it was in former days — the songs are first sung on Christmas Eve, the members of each family singing by themselves. Then on the evening of the second day children sing under the windows, collecting money and food as their reward. In some counties of Galicia groups of boys on the second day visit the village girls and they may sing among others the following very ancient pagan "Girl's Kolada" which is in its essence a prayer for marriage.

Kolada Or Christmas Song

Composed perhaps a thousand years ago.

Oi in the orchard, Oi in the vineyard
The kind young lady Maria attired herself —
Silver to the waist, gold to the ground!
She stood in the house — it was set alight.
As a bride-star she entered the church:
The lords asked "Who is she?" and doffed their hats:
"A Queen it may be? or a Tsarevna?"

"No Tsarevna am I, not even a Princess:
I am my mother's daughter Maria."

Kolomeyki

Kolomea, a city in the Carpathians, famed in song and legend, has given its name to the delightful snatches of song known as *kolomeyki*. Charming little songs are these, often impromptu, set to quick music, varying from andante to allegretto of dizzying swiftness. Shepherds in the glades sing as in the olden days of the world's youth to their Marusia whom they compare to the *kalina*, symbol of woman's beauty. Sometimes indeed the flower becomes the girl's name.

Here are two *kolomeyki*, chosen at random from a host of such "little flowers."

The first represents Age looking back at Youth and Love.

Saddle horses, fleet black horses
And my years pursue.
See, I mount, and swift I'm going
To the youth I knew.
Cross we now bridge of Kalina;
Youth for which I yearn
For a visit, for a moment
Beauty, Love, return.

And this is one where a lover, symbolized by the oak tree, would give of his strength to the uttermost, would flutter to the pool where his beloved rested as a dove:

I will stoop, low I'll be flying
From my high oak-tree
To a pool deep in the forest
Where my love awaits me.

They differ from each other in their shorter form: in fourteen syllable couplets they embody a complete thought. This is the latest born of their songs and is about the only branch of the national literature still in process of creation, enriched constantly. In Galicia it has become a very popular form, slowly crowding out others. In one village Dr. Ivan Kolessa noted down more than two thousand *kolomeyki*. In these are embraced the bright and dark sides of life, from the most foolish trifles to those conceived in heights of passion and tragedy. A large proportion are in comic vein.

Oh, no more I'll stay unwedded, weary of my life
Oh, I have a silver coin, I will take a wife.

The first line sometimes gives a picture of nature, or symbol; the second, portrays the state of the individual soul.

Oh, zazula it was cooing where the cross-roads met;
Me, thou hast forgot, my lover — thee I cannot forget.

It is primarily a dance song. The Lowland version is more lively and boisterous than in the Carpathians, where it is monotonous and slow. In some places it is not sung unless the dance is in progress, while in others the peasants sing it in fields and pastures — Corydon and Phyllis, Vasyl and Marusia — replying to one another in delightful catches and roundelays.

The *zahana* is danced by two couples but in the *natered* any number may take part, different combinations resulting in the thirty-seven steps. In the natered a man or woman will sing a couplet set to certain music and then another will reply; or a musician will break in with a joke, poking fun at the dancing: " Are your feet all stumps?" and someone else will take a fling at the musician with, "Are your hands turned inside out, that you fumble so?"

I Sat Spinning, Spinning

I sat spinning, spinning, dead tired from the beginning —
Could I rest my weary head on my little white, low bed,
I might fall asleep.

Comes my husband's mother (serpent, she — no other!)
"Lazy girl, you good-for-naught! You don't work! At
last you're caught!
All you want is sleep."

Comes my husband's father (comes the thunder, rather!)
And he roars: "You good-for-naught! You don't work! At
last you're caught!
All you do is sleep."

Came my lover like a dove, smiled and cooed with words of love
"You must go to sleep," he said. "Far too young were you
when wed,
You must go to sleep."

I sat spinning, spinning . . .

Frolic Song

This song shows pretty Nastye with her eyes ashine, having some fun with her dancing bear. She cries to her lover:

Oh, thou beauty, sweetheart
Thy great boots remove!
Come barefooted to me
So thy heel-irons won't jingle
And dogs will not bark.
Why didst thou not come
As I spake unto thee?

In my window all night
Was a candle alight.
Why didst thou not come
With the moon in the skies
'Twas the devil brought thee
Now the sun's in my eyes!

Ah, yes! (says her lover in reply)
Oh, thou saidst "Come" and "Come!"
But thou didst not say <u>where</u>.
Thou saidst "In a barn."
What barn? This, or there?
Thou hast fooled me, hast cheated,
My wits they are fled.

Oh, thou saidst "Come" and "Come!"
But thou didst not say when.
"On a Tuesday!" Which Tuesday?
O mocker of men!
Thou hast mocked me, hast cheated.
A fool thou has led.

But, when his eyes gaze into mine
Out hearts melt in one.
But, when his eyes look into mine
Out hearts are at one.

Zaporogian Cossack

Falls the rain, falls the rain
    The fine rain is trickling down
Thinking was I, thinking was I
    "Zaporogian!" Mother!
This was my thought, of him I love,
    My Cossack, my mother!

Could I know, could I know
    That he was coming here
A servant I'd send, a servant I'd send
    To sweep the path clean for him!
Could I but know, a servant I'd send
    To sweep the path clean for him.

Now he comes, now he comes
    Stepping so fast he comes —
Look, mother mine, at my sweetheart!
    My lover's here at last.
Quick are his steps, look, mother mine!
    Here is my lover come!

Falls the rain, thin fine rain
    Drips down the roof and eaves
My dear one is vexed, angry with me,
    He stamps in his rage.
He's so cross with me, so angry with me
    My dear one is vexed with me.

The Red-haired Wife

I was pasturing the ducks and drakes on green barvinok:
I watched them and lost them.

I would go along the forest where the oxen plow.
There my love is plowing, plowing; he is silent now.

I will take my dinner to him; maybe he will say,
"Sit thou down, dear one beside me, do not go away!"

Though he drank the beer she brought him, though he ate the food.
It has left him sad and sorry, it has done no good.

Leaning on his plow he's thinking: "What a wife I've got!
Since she is a red-haired woman, she is good-for-naught."

"When thou camest to my cottage to take me away
Were thine eyes still in their sockets? Was it midnight? Say."

"When I asked thy hand in marriage all thy kin were there
And the sun was in high heaven, sight I had, I swear!"

"What's my fault, then? What's the matter? To thy house I came,
If I am a red-haired woman, am I then to blame?"

The Black-browed Katerina

The black-browed *Katerina is doing her best to attract Martin.*
"Oh, Master Martin, send the marriage-brokers to me on Sunday!"

Oh black-browed Katerina! How have you made your brows so black?

She just used lampblack from the shoemaker's deep pot
So that youths would love her — once in a while!

For, "Oh kind, beloved Katerina," one and all they say,
"Be sure I'd marry you, but this I cannot do!"

Ah, it is not for fun, it is for *love* that Katerina has black brows!

Black brows are a sign of beauty in Ukraine.

Violin

Violin in village roadway, like a deep voice calling, calling!
Mother will not let me go there, to the distaff she is pointing,
But I cannot work a moment, my hands fall so listless, idle.
"Let me go out to the playing, O my mother, let me go there!
Then, oh, then I'd spin for hours, I should feel such health within me.
Now, so frail I almost totter, I can barely reach the distaff.
Oi, oi, oi, oi! I can barely reach the distaff."
Violin in village roadway, like a deep voice calling, calling.

"Let me go out, oh my mother, to the violin's strange calling."
"Go then, daughter, but don't linger; in the street night must not find you."
"What's the good of such an outing, if I must return at nightfall?
Three days absence from the household, three days freedom I am wanting.
Then, I'd grow so strong and healthy, I would spin the flax till evening,
Oi, oi, oi, oi! I would spin and keep on spinning."
Listen to the viol's playing, like a deep voice calling, calling.

Petrus

Petrus I love, love him so well
But I'm afraid, afraid to tell!
Oh, the trouble he gives, with eyes so bright,
Black moustache and skin so white!

If my Petrus is not in town
A breath of wind may blow me down.
But if his eyes in mine should glance
With arms akimbo watch me dance!
Oh, the trouble he gives, with eyes so bright,
Black moustache and skin so white!

How I have cooked! I love to bake
For my Petrus delicious cake.
But he won't come. Oh, what a loss
Was all my cooking! I'm so cross.

For here comes tiresome Hritz instead
To eat my lovely cake and bread!
Oh, the trouble he gives, with eyes so bright,
Black moustache and skin so white!

From the opera Natalka Poltavka *by Kotlarevsky*

The Floating Barque

set to music by Lysenko

A barque is floating, filled with water
With a glub-glub-glub-glub
Dancing waves go klup-klup
Gurgling waves go glub-glub
Comes a Cossack to a maiden
With a thump-thud-thump-thud
Stamping feet go thud-thud
Jingling heels go thud-thud.

Floats the skiff, though well-nigh sunken
Boast not, pretty maiden

Of your beads that glitter,
Of your precious necklet;
Boast not, handsome Cossack
Of your locks so curly.
Soon your necklet you'll be selling
To buy him tobacco;
Soon your ringlets you'll be shearing
To buy her new garments!

Floats the skiff, though almost sunken
Love's a craft that's tricky,
Do not overturn it,
Keep it ever steady.
Floating, sinking, floating, sinking,
Love's a craft that's tricky!

On The Greenwood Hill

The music of this song was composed by a monk of Ukraine and apparently it was adopted practically without change and set to the words of the English song, "Sweet Genevieve." At any rate the melody is very similar.

On the greenwood hill we two were straying
Ripe berries sweet to eat.
In dawning love he called me, playing,
His berry *Yahidkoju Sweet*!

Oh, jesting words of which to dream:
Oh, heart, what ecstasy!
To hear and hear again in happy seeming
"Beloved, I love thee!"

Hill of the greenwood, oh, my heaven:
What passed there on that height?
My soul heard speech, song so enchanting
It echoes day and night.

My heart responded to each word
Of Love's sweet melody.
In day and dreaming ever calling
"Beloved, I love thee!"

The Widow

A young widow I have loved,
Many a gift to her I brought,
Such as bacon, candles, butter,
Brought her ribbons, groats, and boots,
Brought her millet, beer, and ale;
See how it was?

Once so huge a calf I carried
That it almost meant my death.
But she was to me untrue —
With the Master fell in love.
If he'd been a beau or smart!
But, on oath, an ugly brat,
Pshaw, just a brat!

Brought her rye and golden wheat
Porkers, ducklings, lentils, maize;
Brought her chickens, brought her goslings,
And — confess it — brought her money
For those Devil's black eyebrows;
See how it was?

Now, I'm out to tell the truth
The whole village I'll arouse:
Give me back my rye and wheat,
Porkers, ducklings, lentils, maize,
Chickens, goslings, ribbons, groats,
All the things you have devoured,
And return them in good shape;
That's how it is!

The Widow

Oi, beneath the wooded hill-top
There a widow flax was gleaning!
Gleaning, gleaning, toil nigh over
To herself Hai! she was thinking.

If I only had a husband
I would take such good care of him!
In expensive clothes I'd garb him
Wine and honey he'd be drinking.

There was Vasyl long grass mowing
In good sooth he heard her singing:
Down his scythe went in the grasses
And he hied him to his mother.

Mother, let me wed that widow!
How we'd drink and how we'd dance then,
And be dressed in gold and silver.
We would be so happy always!

Nay, my son, thou shalt not have her!
Weaves she spells like unto witches.
Something strange befell her husband
His fate would be thine, my young one!

Oh! Sivaya Zazulenchka!

The symbolism of this song needs a word of explanation since in the Ukrainian a garden signified quiet and peaceful maidenhood: an orchard, courtship or marriage.

Oh, my gray one, Zazulenchka!
You have flown through all the garden,
But not once have you called "Cuckoo!"
In the cherry trees you nested
As you flew and sang out "Cuckoo!"

Oh, my lovely garden, songless,
Why did I sing not? At morning
Dew was never shaken by me
From your green and leafy branches.
Why did I sing not, these mornings,
In that lovely silent garden?

Marusenka, youthful, wandered
From one house to yet another
Houses, houses, entered. Never
Wept in any that she entered.
But when she had seen her father's
Then she wept with stormy weeping.

Oh, my home, my home, beloved,
Why did I leave you so saddened:
In the morning never washed you,
Never rose to make you lovely.

By The River

Ukrainians have a high standard of housecleaning, everything must be spotless, especially for the bride going to live with her husband's people; for that she is trained by her mother from early youth; hence the reproach.

A little Kniahynia, a lovely little queen,
Her fortune went a-sowing upon the water's breast.
"Flow, my Fate!" she cried, "I too will float serene
So upon thy bosom we twain shall be at rest.

"To my absent mother a letter we will write
Saying, 'Young your daughter was when she was given away.
Others taught her all she knew of work from day to night.'
Ah, why was it not you? Are you not sad today?"

Warning: Poppies

Poppies redly blooming in the fields
Poppies ripening, holding drowsy juice:
Comes the one who crushes, bargains hardly,
Comes the drinker of the ripe juice in the fields.

Oh, the poppies, strongly-rooted, sway,
Seed-pods, full and heavy, nod and sway!
Maiden, taste no pleasure singly. No!
Stay where poppies all in masses nod and sway.

The Carefree Maiden

I am singing, dancing, singing,
Heedless, carefree, dancing.
Never thought of future wedding
Through my mind is glancing.
I am free, with cherished freedom,
Happiness my duty,
For I hear the good folk saying!
"*Tchornobriva*! Beauty!"

Young am I, so young and happy,
Singing in the clover,
Two more years, or three, it may be
And my singing's over.
Yet for thee, my lover, thee,
Song of mine shall still be;
Never such a summer was,
Ne'er again it will be.

Now I'm singing for myself,
Though maiden freedom's flying,
My unhappy fate not yet
On my eyes is lying.
Still am I a youthful maid,
Nor do I know sadness,
Not yet have a lover's words
Wrought in no love's madness.

Never any rye I sowed,
By itself 'twas springing.
Never charmed I thee, Ivan,
Thou cam'st thy love bringing.
Never any charm I move
No charm knew my mother.
Him the fates shall bring to me
I'll have, and no other!

Ukrainian Dance In Canada

When, some years ago, Senator Mme. Olena Kisilevska of Poland, sat in the audience after her address to certain Ukrainian citizens of Toronto, she was in her own words "given a very great treat." For she saw, in the new land which had treated her compatriots so well, the old singing, the old dancing kept alive by the genius of Vasyl Avramenko and the late George Hassan — the latter at one time a member of the famed Koshetz Choir led by Koshetz.

On the stage they were dancing the *Arkan*, the traditional dance of the Carpathian Highlanders, the Hutzuls. Seeing Madame's enthusiasm I was told: "She is so glad because it is *her* dance! She comes from Kolomea."

Four lithe young men in glowing, accented symphony of red and black were on the stage; the leader carried a crook balanced on his shoulder and over his short *serdak* or jacket was slung a huge embroidered pouch.

These represented Carpathian shepherds of old who made their own masque of the seasons, with innumerable steps of intricate pattern; one hand of each man rested on the shoulder of the man ahead; their vivid faces reflected the joy they felt. So, in the Ukraine, they would have danced from village to village, before the wars of today.

Some years ago, after the Mendelssohn Choir had given an approximation of their music (instead of letting the people sing their own songs as they had done at their delightful concerts among themselves) a drama critic who knew what they could do, wrote in a Toronto paper: "These people have secrets in the art of song that go deeper than technique. Two dozen Ukrainians can sing their folk songs with a barbaric intensity and a sheer beauty that is unforgettable. The Mendelssohn [choir's] rendering of 'Vasillisa' was sophisticated, and conventionally dramatic, but the inner spirit of Ukrainian music was not here. It was a well-bred rendering of music that may be devilish, haunting, or heart-breaking, or full of natural emotion, and none of these things is exactly well-bred. Perhaps Ukrainian folk-melodies need national costumes, at least symbolically.

Wedding Customs and Songs

The Wedding

Among the oldest and most interesting traditions of the music-loving Ukrainians are those which mirror the customs of their ancestors — the wedding songs. These are vivid with drama, the characters being the bridegroom, called *kniaz*, or duke, and his little court; the bride or *duchess* and her maidens; the father and mother of bride and bridegroom, the *staroati*, or marriage-brokers (match-makers); and the *svachi*, elderly women who perform various offices at the wedding.

The songs are meant to be mournful, for there is portrayed the loss of the maiden's freedom and beauty; the absence from her child's wedding feast of the dead mother; or the latter's grief at parting from her daughter. The use of words which have come down from mediaeval times is noticeable in many cases and this dates the song, as in the word *dunai* for river, and *meeschani* for burghers or members of a guild. It is odd to think that the Ukraine and the countries ethnographically akin to it should have preserved the set form and elaborate ritual of these wedding ceremonies. Soon, all too soon, the quaint picturesqueness of these immemorial rites will be a thing of the past. In fact, they cannot be seen today in many parts.

Therefore, it is of interest to preserve, insofar as may be, these old-world dramas, in which the actors know their roles to a nicety, but are not perhaps always able to "speak in rhymes" as expected.

Wedding Customs in Bukovina, County of Husiatyn

Wealth, not sentiment, appeals to Bukovinian parents in the marrying off of their children. Rarely is it the case that sons and daughters have married according to the dictates of their hearts. As a consequence there is much likelihood of discord.

Supposing the youth of marriegeable age has no idea of modern revolt. He will notify two elderly people known as *svati* that his father has told him that it is time he married. He tries to choose men known to be eloquent for his special pleaders or marriage-brokers: usually he sees to it that they bear salt, bread, and whisky or meal when they go to the home of the maiden's father, in order to create the good impression so much desired.

The father does not answer at once, but he says, "Ask her mother!" The latter says, "I do not know; ask the Old Man: ask her father!" Then the girl for the first time is questioned, but tradition holds her in its grip; she is supposed to be shamefaced and silent.

In the Eastern Ukraine the maiden does not leave her suitor in suspense; if he is pleasing in her sight she brings out the long embroidered towels that have been prepared years before in readiness for such an event, and binds them on the arms of the svati, or they themselves cross them over their breasts. The daughter who is asked in marriage may also now bind on the suitor's arm the silk *khustina* or kerchief which she has embroidered and which has long been lying in her dowry chest. In the Ukraine, if she does not look favorably upon the young man's suit, she hands the svati a pumpkin and you may often hear the expression, "Oh, you know she gave such a one the pumpkin!"

But in Galicia when at last both parties are agreeable to the proposal the parents of both men and women come together and in the presence of the match-makers

proceed to talk about the dowry. If a bargain is made it is often, though not necessarily, written out in legal form. All this would not prevent its being broken if a young wooer should appear and ask to be considered in preference to the one chosen. If he were richer, the first contract would be broken, but he would have to pay a substantial sum, for "expenses" to the rejected one. In the Ukraine they are very sensitive over such matters and money does not salve the wounds: in not a few instances a girl has committed suicide and a bloody revenge has been taken by her first chosen suitor.

If satisfactory arrangements are made the Galician peasants go to the priest. They bow low as they present their offering. Each one brings a hen, a *kalatch* or round loaf, a cone of salt, known as the "goose" (perhaps it resembles a goose's back), a quart of whisky, and wine or mead. The priest asks the betrothed couple if they know the prayers of the church, in a perfunctory way inquires if they consent to the marriage, and writes the answers in a book. As far as the girl is concerned this part of the proceedings is a farce. She may be in such a nervous, excited state that she has to be pushed and even beaten by the parents — the priest takes no notice. She may be sobbing bitterly, or half fainting, but it makes no difference. No one pays the slightest attention to her demeanor.

In the majority of cases in the Eastern Ukraine and in some parts of Galicia the young man who comes as a suitor is quite unknown to the girl's parents. He may be deceiving them as to his wealth. So a "Day of Seeing" is appointed and the girl's father goes to spy out the land of his prospective son-in-law. The latter, in some cases, has made to himself friends of Mammon very literally and has borrowed of them very largely, so that everything presents a fine appearance — until after the wedding when the loans are returned.

The first day of the marriage festivities must be set for the eve of a Tuesday, Thursday, or Saturday. The parents of the bride and bridegroom respectively invite neighbors and friends into their homes, as do the Arabians in similar circumstances.

The wedding table is set out and the parents of the bride begin to decorate the *derevtzo*, the topmost branch of a spruce tree, which is set on the table embedded either in a dish of wheat or in a round *kolatch* or loaf of bread. Beside this loaf is another called the *divun*, which is painted over with gold leaf.

The *derevtzo* is trimmed with colored ribbons, gilt, white feathers, bright bits of wool, and the flowers of the cranberry and the yellow flower known as *wozdiki*. This is the song of the "Tree:"

On the kalina are two berries:
At our bride's house they are twining the *derevtzo*.
Tassels from tip to foot,
Fringes on the topmost bough
Come nearer, father, and bind on the topmost *kositzia*.

The *kositzia* is the cluster of flowers and plumage which the father ties on as the song directs. When the decorations are completed the bride's girl relatives sit down at the table to sew the wreaths — one for the *duchess* and another which is to be finished at the *duke's* house. They sing:

On the kalina are two berries
Bless O God, and ye, Father and Mother,

This, the beginning of the wreath-weaving
Of your child.
Oh, Mother, give then a needle and thread of silk,
And green periwinkle to sew with the flower.
All the *druzhki* go down to the valley
To gather more beautiful *barvinok*
For the wreath of the bride.

They make a beginning at the wreath-weaving but do not finish that day. Supper is served and the *druzhki* dance by themselves at the bride's house and the bridegroom's friends hold revel with him.

At the latter's house the *starosta* or wedding marshal places a long bench covered with sheepskin in the room, and beckons to it the bridegroom's father and mother. They sit down and he places a loaf of bread in their hands and asks them to bless their son:

The child stood before the Lord God
Before Jesus Christ, before the pure Virgin Mary,
Before Holy Father Nicholas and before the saints;
And he asked through me, his servant, for a blessing
And for equipment for his wedding.

The parents bless him, with the bread, three times; the bridegroom's friends remove his hat, and he prostrates himself three times before them. The *svacha* sings:

Play, Oh ye fiddlers, with a loud noise!
Bow, Vasylko, before Father and Mother.
Bow before all thy kin, to the smallest child,
And many will say to thee "Bless him O God!"

After his song the bridegroom and his party, having been sprinkled with holy water, go to invite their friends to supper. When they gather, the *svachi* dress the bridegroom's tree with oats, cranberry berries, periwinkle, etc., and they sing:

Bless Oh God, and ye, Father and Mother,
The dressing of the *derevtzo* for your child.
The Paradise Tree stood over Paradise
And it leaned over Paradise
And covered it with blue blossom.
And it brought forth two berries only:
Young Vasylko and youthful Maritchka.

Then the *svacha* calls upon the *starosta* to ransom the tree:

Oh my heart, dear *starosta*, ransom the tree,
Not for a large sum — for a quart of whisky —

The *starosta* drinks the health of the *svacha* in a glass of beer which signifies the ransoming of the tree. After another blessing by the parents the young brother of the bridegroom takes a new handkerchief and leads the bridegroom to the table, while the guests sing:

Oh brother leads brother to the table
(loving God)
Regard your father-in-law as your own father,

Your mother-in-law as your own mother,
(loving God)
Your sister-in-law as your own sister.

Then the bridegroom sits on the dowry, or huge chest containing bedspreads, pillows, and all the household equipment given by his parents. The best man invites those present, one by one, to give donations, and feasting goes on till a late hour. Meantime on the same evening the bride and her maidens have been making wreaths; as the girls weave the periwinkle they sing:

Two flowers from one ruta-plant:
Bless, Oh Lord, and ye, Father and Mother, etc.

When the wreaths are ready the bride sits on a stool and unplaits her hair singing:

Come now, Father, and unplait my *kosa* for me,
With light hands, with a shower of tears.
Light lie thy hands on my little head.

The bride, wearing the wreath, and her maidens then invite their friends to the house and practically the same ceremonies are undergone as in the house of the bridegroom. In the gift-giving, however, when a young man comes forward the maidens tell him not to spoil his pockets. "Your pockets are linen; our dowry is famous glorious." But when the girls make offerings they sing:

Stand, little sister, before me and drink to my health,
Because it is the time appointed by the Mother of God
For the gift-giving.

As the bride is seated on her *posah* or dowry they sing:

We drink from a brimming cup but we cannot
tell thy fortune.

On the second day in the country of Chortkiv the groom, going to the bride for the betrothal ceremony, is attended by his suite, who sing: "We go to the betrothal bringing gifts made from the white *kitaika* with hemstitching and silk embroidery, from the Lord Groom (Pan) to the Lady Bride (Panna), because we are her servants."

All sit at the table and the *svachi* place on it a loaf of bread and a long towel of linen. On the latter the young couple place their right hands and the *starosta* binds these together, as a sign that they are betrothed. The bride presents to the groom an embroidered shirt, and the groom gives in return a shawl-kerchief and veil. He places the former at his belt, but throws the latter over the bride's head.

The betrothed couple bow low before the holy icons and, through the *starosta* ask "for the first, second, and third time," for forgiveness, which is accorded in the words, "May god forgive thee, and we also!" The bride takes many small loaves known as *kolatchi* and strings them on an unraveled skein of hemp and with her bridemaidens goes to invite guests to the wedding. Her mother has previously blessed her, saying, "May the Lord bless thee, dear Son!" The groom, meantime, with his cap adorned with a wedding wreath, and attended to his suite, goes to invite his kin, and the villagers whom he would honor. At the priest's house he dismounts and asks for a blessing.

In Sniatyn, Galicia district, before the bridegroom comes, on the first day, the parents of the bride take her wedding wreath and placing it on a loaf, with salt, hold it over their daughter's head, singing:

Oi, from the high mountain, from the deep ravine.
The bride's sun rises!
There the youthful ones are walking.
They entreat of Father and Mother,
"Oh, Little Father, Falcon,
Smooth my little head with thy white hands
And with showers of tears!"

In Chortkiv, after the bride has been blessed by the priest and sprinkled with Holy Water by her mother, she finds on her return from her tour of the village that the guests are assembling. The men have brought kolatchi, salt, and silver coins; the women, fowls or grain. As they place the wreath on the bride's head they sing:

From behind a high mountain the sun is shining;
It is our bride attiring herself for the wedding.

Or they may sing a variant of the song quoted in *Marusia* where the father says he may not rescue his daughter from the troubled sea of matrimony. "It is not my will, Little Son, to save thee from the sea: it is God's will to save thee." If the bride is an orphan they sing:

Oh God, open the gate.
An orphan comes to be married;
Her heart trembles
Because she has no mother.

The last named song is sung by the *svachi* and *druzhki* as the bride goes to the church. Another song runs as follows:

Oh, ye black horses,
Are ye powerful enough
To bear the duchess
Up the steep mountain?
To the Holy Church
Where is the Holy Savior?
Come out, priest, to meet us
And marry these two children
From among us!

Or again, if an orphan, they sing:

Oh, thou green oak forest, planted in three rows,
Why are there so many trees cut down to stumps,
Why are there no green and living trees?
Oh thou youthful Marusia! Why hast thou so many fathers,
So many fathers, and none a true father unto thee?
A true father have I, he lies before God, and cries:
With crossed hands he lies before God.
Oh God, let me go to my former home, to my daughter's wedding!
Thy people are not Tartars; they will deck her as a flower
And set her high on her wedding chest.

(The opening lines may perhaps refer to the cemetery in which the maiden's parents lie.)

The bride's brother gives one end of a kerchief to the bride and in that way leads

her to the church. The same ceremonies have been going on at the bridegroom's house: one of the attendants now in the wedding procession is the *svitilka*, or light-bearer. She is always a cousin or near relative of the groom. In olden days, with the candle she bore a sword, and reference to this is made in the "Wedding-funeral" described in the novel *Marusia*.

In the church the young couple stand on a long linen towel strewn for good fortune with golden pieces. Ralston says that each tries to set foot on it first, as an augury for future mastery. The *svitilka* bears her candle, and two of the groomsmen hold crowns over the heads of the young couple. Before they leave the bride gives the groom a *kolatch* to break: if he retains the longest end he is supposed to live longer than his bride. The bride's party sings:

Come out, dear Father, with the round *kolatchi*
With a full saucer of honey, and with good thoughts.

As they leave the church they sing: "We thank thee, good Priest, as if thou was our own father, for that thou hast married us, and hast not asked a large fee from the Pan, only one and a half golden pieces."

Before entering the bride's house they sing:

Oh, in the name of the Holy Ghost,
Comes out the mother in sheepskin.

My son-in-law is as rich
As the sheepskin is wooly.
Rich in oxen, in sheep,
In money, in golden pieces.

The mother greets them, dressed in sheepskin and as she drinks the health of the groom she hears the *svachi's* song:

Before the doors two willow trees:
There a Little Fish was bathing.

The mother welcomed the *kniaz*:

Oh dear son-in-law, dearest Pigeon!
Embrace as a dove little Marusia!

As they take hold of the corners of the sheepskin she leads them to the hut where they are entertained. Linen has been spread from the threshold to the table; as the bride stands on the threshold her father takes *kolatchi* and salt and places them three times on his daughter's head. After dinner they sing: "On the kalina, two berries: Take, Oh bride, a bowl, and give to the father, drink poured free from dregs." Two dishes are placed on the table, one filled with wheat and water and the other with honey. The bride dips the bread in the honey and gives it to the guests, embracing them. Money is slipped into the dish with the wheat. The bride goes out, while the guests give as the reason "because the rat has eaten her purse."

The bride-maidens sing, as they take her into the yard and begin to dance: "On the kalina two berries: from behind the mountain the little Sun, from behind the mountain the little Moon goes forth into the world." And the *svachi*, at the table, sing on behalf of the guests: "It is enough, we have supped, have been feasted, we have thy gift, a barrel of beer from the beautiful bride."

After the ceremony at the church the bridegroom leaves with his guests for his own home, where they feast till evening. Soon it will be time to claim the bride. His

sister places the *derevtze* on the *korovai* and goes to the bride's house taking with her gifts of *kolatchi* and linen, while the *svachi* sing:

Oh, little Moon, our horned one,
Light now our path that we lose not our way!
Neither lose now our *korovai*.
For our *korovai* is as beautiful a one
As the bride-moon, as the bride-sun,
As the bride-sun shining in the window.

Entering, they place the *korovai* on the table and slices are distributed. The bride's maidens have decorated *derevtze* with perewinkle, cranberries, and apples, ready for the exchange with the groom's.

Grow up, little *derevtze*!
And thou, little Marusia, be not anxious.
Good fortune for thee has been prophesied.

Grow up, little *derevtze*,
Smoothly as a red apple!
We will give thee up to a strange people.
Thus will our fame be cried aloud.

Then the "tree" so gaily adorned is placed on the *korovai* and then set on the chest in the wagon waiting outside.

Meantime the bridegroom mounts, and his suite go to the bride's house and attempt to gain entrance. The gates are barred. The old women take straw from the thatch, place it in the machine for cutting hemp, and from the short pieces make a doll. They ask of the groom, "Do you recognize your bride? Is it your bride?" The best man takes the groom's *divun* or wedding loaf and binds it over the groom's eyes and he looks through it to "the four corners of the world." He then dismounts and goes into the house, placing his gilded divun wreathed with garlic, before the bride, who in like manner exchanges her loaf. The *starosta* places money in the dish — the signal for guests to leave. Then other young men enter, led by the best man. Placing money on the dish he "buys off" the bride-maidens allowing the young couple to sit side by side with no guests present. The bride-maidens troop out into the yard. The *starosta* knots the end of a kerchief and gives one end to the best man and the others to three maidens who sing:

There on the mountain rich oats growing!
Our *druzhba* is such a fine one!
When he puts his hand in his pocket
Look! He draws out a handful of money.

Our bride-maidens are dear ones,
They wear golden *peedkovi*
They walk in the village,
And lose little peedkovi!

When the groom appears in the yard the bride leaves the dance and goes into the hut. The *starosta* appears, with gifts of *kolatchi* and salt, followed at the door by the groom who asks of the bride's relatives:

Sirs, *svati*, could you show us our road

We are looking for a *kunitzia*, for a beautiful girl.
We caught no mink, (deer) we saw no beautiful girl.

They point in a misleading direction three times, but finally the groom persisting, is allowed to enter and they sing: "To whom the dam belongs, he shall be owner of the pond: what thou hast wished for thou hast now obtained; what thou hast obtained thou dost possess: look not elsewhere for others."

The bride bows her head on the table and her sister binds her eyes, the groom meanwhile circles the table twice and then places money in the dish, thereby "buying off" the brother, who, when the coin is deposited, departs. The groom pulls twice at the binding kerchief and the third time removes it and ties it to his belt. The brother returns with a year-old sapling cut in small pieces and the bride's sister places veil and saplings on the bride's head, singing:

Oh dear brother, thou Tartar!
Selling thy sister for a thaler!

When the *boyari* sit down
Even the walls tremble:

When the boyari drink beer
They will tremble even more!

Then the mother of the bride gives veils as a present to the *svacha*, the god-mother, and the *svatilka*. They don the veils and sit at the table, singing:

Clap, ye kittens, with your paws!
So shall the old oven-woman guess rightly:
And bring us dishes of dressed meat.
We are seated; none has invited us to eat!
The husband now invites to eat.
That we may make the house gay and merry.

The bride's *boyari* sing: "Eat, *boyari*, eat, and clap your hands: and ye, old men, play music: so shall we make our Paradise."

The bridegroom invites the bride's kin to *propey* or *drinking up*; the bride says farewell to her maidens as they sing:

From behind the mountains the sun is rising
The beautiful one is leaving her household, her home.

She takes the heaped-up pillows, and the holy icons, and her husband places them on the wagon. Then, in some cases, he puts a pillow on her head and strikes it with a whip.

By her loose-flowing sleeves the bride is led to her new home, the maidens singing:

Open, Oh Mother, the gate!
We are bringing the daughter-in-law.
Open Oh Mother, the chest:
We are bringing the housekeeper.

All the bride's kin follow, as this song is sung:

Oh, Little Mother, hurry, follow on the trail;
With wheat bread, over mountains, through valleys,
Hasten, Oh, Mother, with thy kin, after thy child!

When they reach the bridegroom's house they sing:

Oh, dear Father, open the new gate!
Take the dear daughter-in-law, Nevistka.
Oh dear Father, open the window.
Receive the little Nevistka as a Sun.

Entering, the bride's mother-in-law covers her daughter's head with a veil, or sometimes it is the husband who greets her thus. They circle the table three times and light a candle before the holy icons. From her own mother the bride takes *kolotchi* and salt and presents them to her new father.

In some cases the bride on entering is given by the groom all kinds of refuse — dirt, straw, chaff — doubtless signifying that she must not expect too much consideration in her new home. Some people make the bride sweep the rooms after the wedding, continually throwing paper and dust before her, ridiculing her for a poor housekeeper. "Thy husband will not treat thee thus!"

On the third day only the married women arrive as guests at the bride's new home; the latter is wearing the *peremitka*, or wife's head-dress. The groom's mother calls upon her son to recognize his wife and he leads his wife to the table, while others sing:

A cat in red breeches was jumping on the shelves
And opened his eyes in amazement
Seeing our newly-wedded ones, our *molodiaka*.

Then the ceremony of *vivid* takes place at the church — the "leading out"; the young couple are led to the priest while they sing: "Oh Priest, our father, lead out the two children from among us." Returning to the house for entertainment the svachi clap their hands and sing:

Oi, red beets, and red foliage:
Yesterday a maid, today thou art a wife!

This usually concludes the wedding ceremonies, but in former times they were often protracted for a week. In Galicia in some districts on the Sunday following the wedding there is a custom of the "calling again"; in the Eastern Ukraine there is sometimes a "Masquerade." The older folk painting their faces and going in procession through the village to the home of the newly married couple.

Adorning of the Derevtze

The bride and bridegroom exchange their boughs of an evergreen twined with flowers and bright wools which are placed on the table in the respective houses. The *kositzia* is a cluster of flowers and plumage topping all.

On the kalina are two berries;
At our bride's house they are twining the *derevtze*.
Tassels from tip to foot
Fringes on the topmost bough
Come nearer, Father; bind on the kositzia!

For the bridegroom's tree

Bless, O God, and ye, Father and Mother
The dressing of the derevtze for your child.
The Paradise Tree stood over Paradise
And it leaned over Paradise
And covered it with blue blossoms,

And it brought forth two berries only;
Young Vasylko and youthful Maryitchka.

Folklore

Barvinok or periwinkle is the marriage flower and is woven into the wreath of national song over and over again. Wild thyme or *materinka* bears the promise of marriage or motherhood. So on the birth of a baby girl the mother or midwife is expected to bathe the infant in water boiled with this herb.

Oi, on the prairie is a field, on its edge
grows materinka
There a girl was reaping rye, Chornobriva, black-
browed beauty.
A Cossack passed by: "God help thee, Oh, reaper!"
She arose, arose and answered; "Good health, my
Sweetheart!"
Oi, the fame of that world through the whole
world has gone
Chornobriva, Chornobriva, called a Cossack
"Sweetheart!"

The Ukrainian girl, called by her lover a star, in her turn looks to the skies for his interpretation. He is *sontze* or *missiatz*, the sun or the moon; then, too, he is *orel*, the eagle; *zhuk*, the beetle; in a humorously deprecatory way; *sokol*, the falcon; *kniaz*, the duke; *sobol*, the sable; *holub* the dove or pigeon; *dub*, the oak.

Brightness of the sun, dignity and nobility of the eagle, alert swiftness of the falcon, gentility of the sable, kindness of the dove, strength of the oak — these are the ideal character traits of the man whom a girl hopes to wed.

Oi, it is not for thee, little Falcon,
to pursue a Swallow
And not for thee, Orphan, to love a rich girl!
Though never shall a Falcon touch her,
the Swallow,
There is none may forbid the poor soul to love!

Eagle, sable and falcon are often symbols of brave warriors and Cossacks

The symbolism of other members of the family is Father — gray or white dove. "Oh, my little old brothers, as gray as doves!" Sisters, as we read in the *duma* "The Escape of the Brothers of Azov," are symbolized as swallows, sometimes as the cuckoo, though the latter is properly the symbol of the mother;

Then gray cuckoos flew there
They sat beside the head (of the slain brother)
And called and cooed like his own sisters.

The mother calls her children ptasheniata — nestlings. Father, children, sister, and brother are comparatively speaking scarcely mentioned in the folk songs when one considers the importance given to the mother. The cry of the cuckoo or *zazula*, always to be heard in the woods of Ukraina — "koo-koo-koo-koo!" is associated in the minds of the people with the cry of the mother or of a woman!

O, thou, Mother! wilt

Coo as *zazula* —
And there will be no one
To bring even water.

or

Oi, gray *zazula*!
Why dost thou not call and cry?
O my beloved Mother
Why dost thou not pity me?

or

Oi! Cooed the gray *zazula*
In vishnya orchard —
Oi! A mother bade farewell to her son
Off to war for the Emperor.

But the cuckoo is also the symbol — a very old one — of the crying call of any woman.

The modesty of the unmarried girl is considered by Ukraina the greatest virtue of her daughters. So ruta, is much sung. Here is a rather odd reference:

She was sowing *ruta-miata* by the water,
"With thy ruta weeds are growing up, my daughter."

"Yes, with ruta weeds are growing, as so thickly!
Who will weed my ruta, weed it now so quickly?"

And the graybeards answer gladly: "We will weed it!"
And the old men cry: "Here's help, if so be that you need it."

Oh, begone, old men! In rain and sunny weather
Ruta and the weeds I'll leave to grow together!"

This symbol of virginity or chastity plays an important role in the folk songs.

In the old beliefs of the world the Cockatrice, a fabulous monster, had the power of causing plants to wither if it looked at them. The weasel alone among mammals was unaffected by its glance "for, when wounded by the monster's teeth it found a ready remedy in rue — the only plant which the Cockatrice could not wither."

Rue in Ukrainian folklore has a definite association with witches. So an old woman at her spells is brought before us in this song:

An old woman wanted to be youthful,
She stuck in her hair some green rue.

"Oi, Ruta, my Ruta, Ruta, my green one,
I thought I was old — but lo, I am youthful!

"I thought I was old; not yet am I aged
I've not married my son and my daughter's not wedded!"

An interesting bit of symbolism in which *ruta* figures for a moment is in this Hutzulian kolomeyka or dance song.

Oi, the ruta's yellow flower,
Still green is the ruta!

Lead me not astray, my kind one,
So youthful a maiden.

No wind art thou, in fields blowing,
And I am no grass-blade.
Thou hast father, thou hast mother,
And I have my kinsmen.

In other words, the lover tells her that he is no tramp or vagabond and she is no serving-maid or poor orphan. The last two lines may be understood to mean that the girl is a farmer's daughter, and that the man is also of good stock, so the match is a suitable one.

Pshinitzia, the wheat, from which the *korovai* or wedding cake is made, is sometimes symbolical of a young girl, but it is mostly used in the sense of a coming wedding; wheat, as symbolical of a woman's beauty and youth, enters into this variant of a *kalina* song.

Was I not once the wheat in the field?
Was I not wheat, so thickly growing?
They reaped me, bound me in sheaves —
Oh my sad fate, unhappy fortune!

Vasylki or sweet basil has doubtless the same association in the Ukraine as in Roumania where, if a maiden wears a sprig of "love-sweet basil" in her girdle, her lover will surely remain faithful.

They are mine, the blue vasilki
And Vasyl — he comes closer.

The reason why I like him so,
The devil's father knows, sir!

Among the magic plants is *rosmai*, rosemary, which has power to bring back a recreant lover!

"Diuchnya, run to the woods; dig up *rosmai*."

She boils it with honey and whisky and then the song goes on:

She placed it in the oven and uttered these words:

"Boil, boil, Oh, little root, long and long,
till the youth come!"

The root was not yet boiled, when lo, her kind one came.

She may so compel love, and she has charms to punish an unfaithful lover:

In the garden plucking two plants of the rosmai
He who loves and is faithless will die in a week!

In the garden picking two sprigs of the ruta
Oi, who loves and forswears love shall die in a moment!

Or, she might pluck, two by two, *miata*, the mint, and *drok* mandrake — antidote for the bite of a mad dog; these would surely give her sweet revenge. These witchcraft plants above mentioned are perhaps not real symbols as they appear in the songs, but because they have symbolic associations they are here included.

In many cases the tittle-tattle of village gossips causes the breaking of engagements. This breath of scandal is symbolized by geese.

The *husonki* came flying
From a far-distant country,
And they stirred up the water

In the silent dunai.

Oh, God! may husonki
Die there with their feathers!
We love one another
And know naught of evil.

We loved one another
Like turtle-doves cooing
But how leave one another
Like a black cloud descending.

"The white geese floated on the water," sings a lover. "We should have loved each other, my beloved, but people prevented it."

The Highlanders, secluded in the Carpathians, never lived the same life as other Carpathians. Their language and conception of life are very different. Professor Wowk thinks they are a Ukrainianized Mongolian tribe: *Pechenchi.*

They are not as strict in their symbolism as are the people of Eastern Ukraine. A white goose is the Hutzulian beloved: "I love thee, little maiden, little white goose; she kisses me when I approach her." The swan, which to the Muscovite is a beautiful girl, is to the Hutzulian a lover, or separation. The widower, about to be remarried, is in symbol a drake;

Oi, upon the pond, the little pond
Gray drake, gray drake —
Better a young widower
Than an old bachelor.

Oi, upon the pond, the little pond
A brood of ducks.
The mother is glad
When her daughter wears the wreath.

Sometimes, in fun, an ugly youth is compared to a bud:

Along the road a bud, a bud; *diuchyna*, look thou
And see how smart I am!

Khmel, the hop, is the symbol of the wooer, sometimes the newly-wedded husband (another symbol for him is the duck-weed).

Hop-vine, by the water, grow high as the pole
Thy voice, my beloved, is heard far around.

or

Like the *khmel*, like the hop-vines, see, he twines,
At the table, like *barvinok* —
This little green creeping *vinca* or periwinkle.

The orchard with fallen blossom is a symbol of courtship, unsuccessful; trees bearing fruit signify that all goes well and marriage bells ring.

As long as we loved each other withered oaks
were in blossom,
But when we ceased loving even green oaks were
withered.

or

Oi, I had two orchards and neither in blossom,
Oi, I had two wooers and neither did wed me.

Wagons in motion mean love's progress; when they stop love ceases. Wagons rolled down the mountain and stopped on the meadow mean we were loving and courting and now love no longer!

A river, especially one flowing through an orchard of cherries, has always the association of a gift to be courted. "Across the little river, the swift flowing river, stretch now trees bared and now the other."

Topolia, the poplar, is a maiden weeping and sobbing on the banks of a river. Writing of superstitions one has said that the apparition of *topolia* is that of a girl with head hanging down and with dishevelled hair — drowned, unhappy, one who had murdered her illegitimate child; she is condemned by way of penance to walk upon the marsh plants and nightly to perish in the waters, until such time as one succeeds in rescuing an infant from the stream.

The Ukrainian poet Shevchenko let his mind dwell on this fancy, which he changed to suit his thought, and in his fine poem "Topolia" he weaves a plaintive story around the tree-maiden.

The spring-well means a young girl who can be wooed. To dig a well is to court her love. The well appears in very many songs and has great significance. *Krinitza* is a small spring-well distant from the house from which water flows like a small brook. *Kolodiaz* is a well inside the yard.

I dug a spring-well for over two weeks.
I courted a maiden for myself, not for others.

or

Oi, in the field there are three wells:
A cossack wooed three girls

or

Is it that spring-well from which I drank water?
Is it that little girl whom I wooed?

Marriage

A great many of the peasant marriages are unhappy, from one cause or another — poverty, hard work, numerous children, cruelty or drunkenness of a husband. All this so changed the young, pretty, cheerful maiden into a torn creature. The "wife-songs" have a special division in the collection of Ukrainian folk-melodies, her ill-fate being the theme.

There the married woman is symbolized as *trava*, the grass;

Oi, there in the orchard, green grass, knee-high!
With a good husband, as Kalina, the wife!
Oi, there on a little hill grass lies withered and dry,
With a bad husband how ill looks the wife!

At a wedding in old Ukraine it was always part of the program to sing songs that would make the bride cry, and then sing little *kolomeyki*, or dance songs, to cheer.

But she would not get any cheering until she "had washed her face with her tears." As for the bridegroom's part, as usual, he is never mentioned. But it must have been for him also a dampening sight.

The songs are meant to be mournful for there is portrayed the loss of the maiden's freedom and beauty; the absence from her child's wedding feast of the dead mother; or the latter's grief at parting from her daughter. It is odd to think that the Ukraine, and the countries ethnographically akin to it, should have preserved the set form and elaborate ritual of these wedding ceremonies, while in Russia they were not known.

Vivid with drama, the wedding customs of Ukrainians emerge from the gray past. In those days, before the ninth century, a leader of any foray or expedition was called *kniaz*, the duke. So when a gallant gathered his friends round him to help him in his aim of marriage by capturing [a girl] from another tribe he also was called "*duke*," and the kidnapped maiden became a "*duchess*" or *kniahynia*.

These names are still found in the wedding songs. "The duchess sowed her fortune on the water's breast" alludes to the fortune-telling wreath of flowers thrown into the water.

The Russian painter Makovsky pictures a young girl on the day before the wedding, in a large arm-chair, very sorrowful in the midst of friends and relatives, one of whom is brushing out her long plait. In the doorway stands her father, with her future husband.

Her hair is indeed sacred to her maidenhood — it is a sign and symbol of her estate. All through her youth her thick braid — her *kosa* — decorated and twined with flowers on gala occasions, is her chief care and greatest adornment.

With marriage all this is changed. She must unbind her hair and hide it beneath a shawl or coif, the mark of the sober married woman who has assumed new responsibilities and must put off childish things. She might as well take the veil upon her brows instead, for it means definite parting with all her old girlish friends and gaieties.

Among the Hutzuls, or Ruthenian Highlanders, the *peremitka* or enveloping hood and scarf, is of fine white linen; it almost swathes the face of the newly-married girl. This is the song for the putting on of the *peremitka*, which is compared to a white peacock:

The white peacock is flying
See all the waiting lasses!
But the maids it passes,
Passes by them all,
To fall
On Marusenka only.

Decide now if thou dost regret
Young Marusenka,
What thou hast done! The maids that jest
Of their long plaits are still possessed.
They will not take thee back now,
Marusenka!

One of the oddest things in some of the old quilts is a piece of the wedding shirt. In the pioneer days there was little enough in the way of clothing and when a man was to be married he borrowed "the wedding shirt." As a souvenir, he clipped a bit out of it (a faded red, it tells its own story to those who know) and sometimes in later

years it resembled "a piece of dough after a biscuit cutter has gone over it." Reminiscent patchwork was in the old Irish quilts also. When a girl was about to marry and emigrate her friends gave a piece of a sprigged lilac gown or of coarser stuffs and embroidered in thread their names and the date; a suitor who had lost in the love-game would give a neck-tie.

Marusenka's Wedding

The little Marusenka has gone for water to the stone well. Ere she stooped for the water strange sounds [were heard] in the distance. She drops her pails, smites her little hands, and to her home hastens.

Oh, my father, dear soul,
The great raid is coming!
They will fight, they will rob us,
They will take me with them —
The little one, the young one,
Like a red cherry.

Marusenka, daughter mine,
Hide thyself in thy chamber
Among the fair maidens!

And there they will know me
By my head, by my hair,
By my light-colored tresses!
The other girls' braids
Are wreathed all with rue;
But mine are unplaited,
And with periwinkle crowned.

The Orphan

Possibly because many of the fathers have been killed in time of war the orphan child is to the Slav an object of pity, love, and care. In the Ukrainian villages the orphans are as a matter of course taken into homes to stay for varying periods and then passed on, perhaps to someone else. In the old days the boy, at eighteen, was destined to "go for a soldier." Many a young girl is never informed that she is an adopted child. There is an instance which was told me of a young orphan who was being brought home from her marriage at the church.

The people sang the old, old song beginning:

Stepmother, open, open the gates!
The Orphan comes from the marriage.

At this the bride burst into tears. "Why did you not tell me long ago that I was not your child?" she cried.

The "orphan's seat" is an expression occurring often in this people's folk song in connection with wedding ceremonies. The dowry is heaped up, and just before the bride leaves she is placed upon it and carried to the waiting wagon.

Florence Randal Livesay

BY

LOUISA LOEB

Her Life

Florence Hamilton Randal was born on November 3, 1874 in Compton, Quebec, in an English region known as the Eastern Townships, settled mainly by United Empire Loyalists. She was the second of a family of six children born to Stephen Randal and his wife Mary Louisa Andrews. Stephen was the son of the Stephen Randal who was a teacher of classics in the Talbot Seminary in St. Thomas and editor with the Hamilton *Free Press*. Mary Louisa had had some difficulty with her stepmother and had been sent by her father to the only boarding school available in those days, the convent at St. Hyacinthe, Quebec. Here she studied French, music, and home economics. She returned to Compton when she was about eighteen years old and married Stephen Randal who was then a young merchant and real estate agent.

Florence Hamilton Randal was described as a thoughtful, assertive, and impressionable child. She loved to read but she liked the outdoors as well. Visits to her botanist aunt's farm gave her an unusually wide knowledge of wild flowers and introduced her to long days in the sunshine picking berries, an activity she enjoyed throughout her life. Her love of nature's beauty remained apparent in her writings as well as in the profusion of flowers she and her husband tended at Woodlot, their home in later years.

Florence and her sisters attended Compton Ladies' College, now known as King's Hall, and it was while she was there that Florence's first poem "Remorse" was published. She had kept earlier poems secret because she thought they did not compare favorably with those of Herrick, Wordsworth, and Keats.

When Florence Hamilton Randal was only fourteen her father became seriously ill and his doctor ordered him to move to a warmer climate. He went to Florida, where his sister Mary had a teaching position. A few months later he died. His body was shipped home for burial and in the same box there was a case of Florida oranges for the family. The practicality of sending food for the family with the coffin was evidence of the financial difficulties the Randals faced.

Stephen Randal left his widow with six children, only two of whom (Helen, sixteen and Florence, fourteen) were old enough to earn a living. The Andrews relatives and the Anglican Church helped with food and clothing, but the family had to manage with very little. Helen, and later Florence, found employment as "governesses" in New York City. Florence taught at the Sequin School there, but at seventeen she found the work demanding with little time left for herself. She had few friends with whom she could enjoy the pleasures of the city and the following year she returned to Montreal. Here she began teaching in a position she enjoyed and later became a special teacher of Latin and French in Buckingham Public School. Montreal was special for her. She made many friends, and soon her literary ability began to be appreciated. When she was only twenty her character sketches and verses were published by a Montreal weekly and *Massey's Magazine* in Toronto. Her stories and poems appeared with those of Charles G. D. Roberts and Archibald Lampman.

While Florence was visiting friends in Ottawa, she exchanged French lessons for lessons in shorthand and typing, and through these friends she obtained a position as editor of the society columns on the Ottawa *Journal*. She was one of the first

women in Canada to serve as society reporter and was so successful that soon each of the other Ottawa newspapers hired a woman for this job.

Entries in her diary during 1902 reveal a full and happy personal life. The activities she describes range from social events such as skating parties at Rideau Rink where she met Marconi, to numerous theatre, orchestral, and choral concerts, to political events such as the opening of Parliament.

The Ottawa years covered the period of the Boer War and there was much interest in the events in South Africa, especially after Canadian volunteer forces were sent there. The government asked for forty Canadian teachers to instruct the children of Boer families who were held in concentration camps. One of the volunteers was Florence Randal, who applied on March 5, 1903. Since she already had two years of teaching experience she was accepted immediately. Although she had some reservations about the long trip because of her health, she boarded the *Corinthian* on April 15 and set sail for England. Here she was invited to a round of social functions which included tea with the Duke of Argyle, Princess Louise, Lady Francis Balfour, Mrs. Lyttleton, and Mrs. Chamberlain, as well as a tour through the palace. These ten eventful days in London were described in her diary with a youthful exuberance but in a more formal way in her news story for the Ottawa *Journal*.

Later, bound for South Africa aboard the *Gaul*, her diary reveals many of her impressions of the new land.

> May 25 Woke at sunrise to find oneself in the distant view of Table Mountain, looming cold and barren in the early dawn.
>
> May 26 We left the ship in the little *Natal*, all waving till we passed out of sight. We had to wait a long time on Cape Town wharf on account of our luggage. Then we drove to the P.O. to find never a letter and went to Vi's where we had lunch and wrote. In the p.m. we did some shopping (finding everyone woefully slow) and I walked with a Mr. Bullock through the botanical gardens, saw Government House and Parliament buildings. Left at 8 in saloon carriage by goods train for the Transvaal.
>
> May 27 We are living in picnic fashion, four of us in a compartment poking along through a most interesting country. We went through the Hex Mountains and traveled later past low *kopjes* in the Karroo, brown and dusty in the early winter weather . . . the dry bones of the continent showing through . . . dotted with very low sage brush. All day we got our meals on the train.
>
> May 28 Last night we were in darkness for a time and borrowed candles from a passing Red Cross train full of wounded soldiers by which some of the girls told tea-cup fortunes. Some of us played whist. Here and there one sees an occasional soldier grave on the veld. On both sides of the track are miles of barbed wire stretched to entangle one of a boer "drive." We have come into the old fighting district and hour after hour one passes by black houses, some built of sod and sandbags, others of corrugated iron . . .

She describes in her diary the reading of the telegram declaring peace. They

sang the *National Anthem*. The Boers sang songs of thanksgiving and their wailing droning "hymns."

At the camp near Johannesburg where she was assigned to teach, Florence Randal found the headmaster laconic, but most of her fellow Canadian teachers seemed congenial. The Boer children impressed her as being "very nice and wonderfully well up in English." At first South Africa was "a queer land where nothing mattered," but after surviving a serious illness she participated wholeheartedly in all the social events that took place between colonial teachers and British army officers and felt more at home in the foreign surroundings. All the time she was sending feature articles to the Ottawa *Journal* and the Winnipeg *Telegram*. When she returned to Canada a year later she was certain that newspaper work would be her career. She preferred it to teaching.

In the autumn of 1903 Florence Randal went to Winnipeg because her mother's relatives lived there and because she had made journalistic contacts. She stayed first with her widowed uncle, Charles Kellam Andrews. Another uncle, William, was also in Winnipeg working for the CPR, and later her brothers Philip and Arthur found jobs with the same railway. This encouraged the mother to wind up her affairs in Compton and settle in Winnipeg with unmarried daughter Kathleen. The oldest girl, Helen, was already establishing herself as a hospital nurse in San Francisco.

The Andrews family from Boston and Quebec were teachers and artisans, and the family head in Winnipeg was a painter and decorator, as was his son. Thus, Florence's family background was described as *petit bourgeois*, although they had ambitions towards the professional class. This was achieved by many of the grandchildren and, of course, by their progeny. Their religion was originally Anglican, then United Church: their politics were Conservative. Florence and her brothers and sisters never deviated from this conservative stance, although Florence developed wider horizons of thinking when she became a working newspaper woman.

In Winnipeg Florence met Premier R. Roblin who gave her assurances of future work. In the meantime, she had obtained a position as private secretary to Sanford Evans of the *Telegram*. But her real flair was for journalism and whenever the opportunity came to do an interview with a visiting celebrity she did so. It was through her writing that she met her future husband, fellow reporter J. F. B. Livesay. Their wedding was postponed many times, but on August 31, 1908 she wrote in her diary: "If all goes well tomorrow at three o'clock in St. John's Cathedral Live and I will be married . . . I do hope and pray we shall be happy and that I can be the woman he needs for all his soul-sides as well as everyday things."

In later years she reminisced about her marriage:

> When J. W. Dafoe and M. E. Nichols invited J. F. B. to undertake the organization and management of The Western Associated Press (the co-operative news association set up for the purpose of furnishing a news service to western newspapers) in 1907, my husband's first thought was that his delayed marriage might now be a possibility. At that time he bought "our house," 116½ Lansdowne Avenue in St. John's, Winnipeg's north suburb, when early moonrise made things quite feasible.
>
> By the light of the moon it looked quite fit

For two daft lovers "considering it."

One evening, thus, we went down one side of the street, which was very country-like, the little light brown house almost hidden in its seven huge oak trees, and, coming up to face it, he said, "Well, how do you like our house? I'm buying it for you at fifty a month, through a friend."

We were married September 1st in St. John's Cathedral. For our honeymoon, Mr. John Moncrieff of *The Tribune* lent us his cottage at Whytewold, Manitoba. I remember the cooking of wild plums in golden autumn days by my new chef — and landing back on Lansdowne with ten cents in my husband's pocket.

The years in Winnipeg were probably the most eventful of Florence Randal Livesay's life. It was during these years that her children Dorothy (October 12, 1909) and Sophie (August 12, 1912) were born and her Ukrainian interests and translations flourished. Save for occasional freelance work, Mrs. Livesay gave up her newspaper employment. The changing scene in Winnipeg provided other interests.

An account in F. R. L.'s papers states, "Every week, if you had occasion to be in the marbled and columned CPR station, you would see swarms of immigrant settlers: black shawled, gay skirted women with children huddled around them, babies in their arms. They had traveled 'colonist' from Halifax [having emigrated] from all the countries of Europe, but especially from Eastern Europe — Poland, Galicia, Roumania, the Ukraine."

This spectrum of humanity was juxtaposed upon a kaleidoscope of political leanings. J. F. B. Livesay, who was sympathetic to the immigrants, nevertheless described the Canadian West as a hotbed of pro-German and therefore anti-Canadian feelings amongst the foreign born, and went on to say that military and civil authorities fought this element all through World War I, but never succeeded in crippling underground propaganda.[1]

The period which her husband described in these terms was an exciting and productive one in the Livesay household. Mrs. Livesay's interests in Ukrainian song, dance, and poetry grew. These interests developed into a life-long enhancement of the Canadian mosaic and ultimately into an acceptance of a people treated heretofore in Canada with suspicion and even at times with contempt. Frequent mention is made among writings about her and by her of the way in which her first introduction to Ukrainian cultural interests occurred. Mrs. Livesay was playing a German folk tune on the piano when the young Ukrainian woman who lived with them and helped with the household remarked in broken English that her people, too, had songs like that. This led to the discovery of a whole new world of literature, song, dance, handicrafts, and all the intangibles that made up the "soul" of Ukraina, not only for Mrs. Livesay, but through her for the English-speaking world. These poems, character sketches, and songs written down in English, were the beginning of much more work which was first published in the American magazines *The Outlook* and *Poetry: Chicago*, and won for their writer the attention of the literary world.

In 1918 Mrs. Livesay was left alone with her children when her husband went

[1] J. F. B. Livesay, *The Making of a Canadian* (Ryerson Press, Toronto, 1947), p. 81.

overseas as a war correspondent. She moved closer to her mother's house and rented their own house on Lipton Street. The following are exerpts of letters her husband sent to her and their little girls, Dorothy and Sophie.

> Canadian Corps H.Q., 31-8-18 . . . I had dinner last night with Garland Foster at his battalion H.Q. and expect to see the show now imminent with his outfit. He is just the same old Dear. Everyone out here is so much nicer than they ever were at home — less selfish and nearer nature . . . Regard your husband as the happiest man in France — this is worth thirty years of humdrum in Winnipeg. Yes, I miss my Dears, but then I know they're waiting just the other side of the door.
>
> Canadian Corps H.A., B.E.F./ France 10-9-18 . . . It is no use your thinking of coming to England — we could not risk the children and they'd get no bread nor butter nor meat — nothing. Get into your head that I'm an enlisted soldier for the term of the war and you won't worry about the impossible, my early return. I wouldn't if I honorably could, and that's flat.
>
> Canadian Corps H.Q., 29-10-18 My dear Girls: I am very sick with a disease quite common among soldiers in France — they call it homesickness . . . a little boy . . . wanted a souvenir. But I had to tell him that it was girls only that I had in Winnipeg. And then they brought me red flowers for the boys . . . and more flowers and more kisses [because of the Armistice] . . . And they dragged us into every house, and I drank seven cups of coffee and four of cocoa and everywhere they blessed the good Canadians, and when our band played the "Marseillaise" the old men wept tears of joy . . . to Paris to buy me two dollies . . . and they will come to my girls for Christmas. Get them with clothes on if you can, I told him, but send them naked if you can't.
>
> Your loving Dad.

In Winnipeg on July 10, 1918, Florence Randal Livesay bore her husband a son, Arthur Randal Livesay. She had had a fall earlier in Compton, Quebec and the infant was born at eight months weighing only two pounds. He died after two days. Now care in an incubator would have saved him, but at that time the doctor held out no hope.

Florence Randal Livesay, her husband, and daughters were in Winnipeg during the General Strike. While there does not seem to be anything which Mrs. Livesay wrote which might describe her feelings during the strike, her husband, according to her daughter, Dorothy, had a secret sympathy for the "rebels." During this time a report claimed that "to all practical purposes, Winnipeg is now under the soviet system of government." But the *Free Press* broke through the news blockade on May 22, 1919 with a message sent via St. Paul to the outside world. J. F. B. Livesay was the reporter who telegraphed, "essential services being maintained and all reports of violence in Winnipeg are unfounded."

In 1920, J. F. B. Livesay was appointed to the newly formed newspaper co-operative, *Canadian Press*, in Toronto and the Livesays left Winnipeg for Clarkson, Ontario. Their summer cottage, Woodlot, was next door to where Mazo de la Roche

also came to live and write. Through the years Woodlot was expanded and with its birch trees, spring garden of daffodils and irises, rose garden, and kitchen garden, it was a quiet, peaceful retreat.

Florence Livesay continued with her translations, lecture tours, and radio broadcasts. In a letter written to "Live" dated February 9, 1931 she said: "I expect to go on a lecture tour early in the fall for the I.O.D.E." On this tour she spoke not only of her Ukrainian translations but her varied other interests as well. In 1940, her translation of H. Kvitka's *Marusia* was the subject of a number of lectures. Throughout World War II, living at Clarkson, she maintained her ties with literary and newspaper friends through exchanges of visits and letters, and attendance at conferences.

On June 15, 1944, "Live," died and on November 4 Florence Randal Livesay sold Woodlot, the retreat they had shared for so many years, and eventually moved to Toronto.

In later years, Florence Randal Livesay's most consuming task was her translation of the works of Lesia Ukrainka, Franko, and Shevchenko. The remaining years of her life were dedicated to these translations and her desire to have her writings published. She believed they were important contributions to understanding the complexity of Canadian culture.

Florence Randal Livesay died accidentally on July 28, 1953, at the age of seventy-nine. She had lived in her new home in Grimsby, Ontario for only a month. She was riding by bus from Toronto to Grimsby when a sudden stop caused her to fall. She died of internal injuries in hospital in Toronto two days later. A letter from a young friend, the painter, Mrs. Helen Brown of Grimsby to Dorothy, dated August 13, 1953 reads in part as follows:

> . . . She was the most terrific woman that I have ever met. In spite of the odds of settling in a new place among strangers her enthusiasm was undaunted and she stepped into Grimsby, or should I say was dropped into Grimsby, along with all her treasures and furniture. (Did you know she came over in the van?)
>
> During our little chats she laughed at the real estate agent for insinuating that she was taking on a big responsibility at her age. "I never even think of my age. Certainly I don't feel old and there is so much to do and life is too short to accomplish everything."
>
> She was very encouraged about her [play] being used on T.V. I am sorry now that I didn't pay more attention to names. All I can do is to say that, the friend, a woman who has the ability to guess the current public taste, and who cuts and rewrites, had passed it on to an editor. Your mother had been very impatient with this friend because she had handed it over in a disjointed condition and was fearing the untidiness might shelve the manuscript. Florence Livesay was very excited when she heard that it hadn't discouraged him and that he was reading it.
>
> I am trying to piece all this together for my own peace of mind. In '48 when your mother was visiting me, she gave me a memo stating where all her manuscripts were at that time. Her one worry was that all the

work of a lifetime would be lost. The memo is outdated now — but she may have left another with someone.

I think why I enjoyed your mother so much was the fact that she had the ability to make me laugh. The only other person who could make me laugh in the same way was Sophie. One thing that happened in the last month was my remark to Sophie in a letter and it had been quoted. I had described Florence Livesay as "lively" — she was indignant. "Lively, lively, like a spider."

The week before she moved, the authors' convention had presented a gay old time in Toronto and Florence Livesay hadn't missed a thing from the peaceful evening in the quadrangle at Hart House and the cocktail party at the Royal York where she had cruised on ginger ale from one acquaintance to another. Strangers had introduced themselves remembering her lecture tour. In fact, she wondered if life in Grimsby might be a little on the dull side until she was gently reminded of landladies. All had gone well the day she moved from the last boarding house. She was very proud of herself that she had been so gracious, which under the circumstances was quite a feat. It was a great relief for her to have boarding houses, rooms, and landladies out of her life forever.

Among the numerous articles carried in both English and Ukrainian news publications commenting on her untimely death was one headed "She Helped New Canadians" by D. A. McGregor.

> If Canada has done better for her immigrants from the continent of Europe than the United States has, a good deal of credit must go to Mrs. Florence Livesay . . . Incidentally, in doing better for her immigrants, Canada has done better for herself . . . Others became interested in the idea of preserving and perpetuating the racial assets the people of Europe were bringing to Canada, and building them into the Canadian national pattern instead of burning them up. Winnipeg was the centre of the movement, but it spread across Canada.

In 1964, Peter Krawchuk wrote of her in a highly sensitive and sympathetic manner. He pointed out that she was the first Canadian to translate Shevchenko into English in Canada. He stressed the unfortunate fact that so little has been researched regarding this unique and tireless writer. Candidly, he admitted that her translations contained certain errors and inaccuracies, but he placed the responsibility for these on the influence on her of the nationalistic leanings of those with whom she worked. He also stressed her many other interests such as the folk music, folklore, and the "people in sheepskins" themselves. In closing he added, "may these few words serve as a wreath for her grave."

Years earlier Ivan Kulik in the publication *The Red Pathway*, deplored that no information was available about the author of the extraordinarily interesting *Songs of Ukraina*. While some time had already elapsed he observed that it was not too late to make amends.

Jaroslav B. Rudnyckyj refers to her as a loyal friend of the Ukrainian people, one who had a close affinity for them and had developed rare insights into the Ukrainian soul through an understanding of their culture. In her efforts to publish her

Ukrainian translations, in her drive, she had no equal. Professor Rudnyckyj repeats the thoughts of many when he states that the lack of recognition afforded to Florence Livesay has been an enormous loss to Ukrainians.

In a letter dated April 22, 1969 from the National Museum of Man, Ottawa, Canada to Dorothy Livesay, a request was made for any manuscript materials which could be made accessible to scholars. These were donated to the Museum and xeroxed by its librarians. Later, on July 19, 1973 a letter to Dorothy Livesay from *The Ukrainian Canadian* expressed definite interest in Florence Randal Livesay and a desire to perpetuate her memory through that publication whose goal is to "pass on our cultural heritage in English to Canadian-born generations of Ukrainians who no longer know the Ukrainian language well, as well as making it available to wider Canadian circles of readers."

A Champion of Ukrainian Culture

Florence Randal Livesay was a champion of Ukrainian culture in Canada. She was interested in Ukrainian people and their traditions and she wanted to make other Canadians aware of the rich heritage of folk art and literature Ukrainians had brought with them to Canada. Although she worked tirelessly throughout her life to have her translations of Ukrainian folk literature published she was not altogether successful. For one thing Ukrainians and their ways were not a popular subject with English-speaking Canadians who at the beginning of this century had little interest in the contribution of "foreign" cultures to the Canadian scene. Ukrainians themselves, accustomed to struggling for their existence, and still having a difficult time establishing themselves and making a life in a new land, were for a long time passive about recognition for their unique heritage. The turmoil of their history tells us why this was so.

Oppression seems to have been part of Ukrainian life. Their earliest history reveals that Asiatic tribes on their wanderings from Asia to Europe frequently plundered Ukrainian soil, killing or enslaving the people. Later, constant struggles with Tartars, Turks, and Poles so undermined Ukrainian resistance that they finally made a military agreement with the Muscovite State in 1654 at the Council of Pereyaslav. This led to the annexation of Ukrainian statedom to Russian Tsardom.

Every historical period after this left a mark on Ukrainian cultural development. But because of their own indomitable spirit in the face of subjugation and foreign dominance, generation after generation of Ukrainians perceived an identity that was special.

The modern Ukrainian consciousness grew and developed out of this complex background. Poets like Kotlarevsky, Shevchenko, Franko, and Ukrainka and such prose writers as Hryhory Kvitka, Panteleymon Kulish, and Marko Wowchok gave expression and meaning to past experience and showed how the Ukrainian heritage gave spiritual direction for the future. These developments took place in the nineteenth century. With the beginning of Ukrainian immigration into Canada, that point of the process of cultural development was transplanted to the new land.

The first Ukrainian settlers came to Canada officially in 1891, though there is evidence that some had arrived earlier. In 1874, for example, some Ukrainians[2] had

[2] J. Stechishin, *History of Ukrainian Settlements in Canada* (Edmonton, 1975), p. 107.

come with Mennonite settlers from Chortytsia. Nevertheless, these were few in number, and many did not wish to remain in Canada.

Mass immigration occurred between the years 1898 to 1914, and estimates are that at least two hundred thousand Ukrainians arrived in those years.[1] Among these was the Schreyer family, whose descendant Edward Richard Schreyer became the Governor General of Canada in 1979. Many of these immigrants were from the western region of Ukraine which was at that time under Austrian domination.[4] It is necessary to stress here that Ukrainians under Austria at the turn of the century passed through one of the most difficult periods of their history. On one hand they experienced two-fold oppression from both Austria and Poland; on the other hand the growth of the population and the lack of industries ruined the economy and made life unbearable. These events forced thousands of people to leave the country. Many attempted to emigrate to Brazil, the United States, Argentina, and Russia. Naturally, when the possibility opened to emigrate to Canada, Ukrainian peasants used it to full capacity. In his study of Ukrainian immigration into Canada, Gordon Davidson said that "by the latter part of the nineteenth century, when mass emigration of these people to the new world became a possibility for the first time, there existed sufficient and strong inducement for them to welcome the opportunity to leave behind the oppression of the old land and face unknown problems in the new world."[5]

What Ukrainians hoped to find in Canada was freedom and land — the two elements lacking in their homeland. Ukrainians from both the Eastern Ukraine and the Western Ukraine sought political and religious freedom and the improvement of economic conditions. "None knew better than they the priceless value of liberty and, as they subsequently learned, after coming to Canada they were to find precisely that kind of freedom for which they had struggled in Europe."[6]

At the beginning of Ukrainian immigration into Canada, very few Ukrainians came from Eastern Ukraine. The Russian government was reluctant to grant permission for any of its citizens to emigrate since it had plans to populate Kazakhstan and the far eastern regions.[7] Those who did manage to get out were mostly students and revolutionaries, persecuted by the Tsar's police. They sought in Canada refuge and in some instances opportunities to continue their revolutionary activities.

The great majority of Ukrainian immigrants coming to Canada were the poorest and the least educated peasants from the western Ukrainian regions, Galicia and Bukovina. The more educated among them — former teachers or students of gymnasia — used the old name "Ruthenians" and gave this as their nationality. But most immigrants were unaware of the term and referred to themselves as Austrians (people from Austria) or Galicians (people from Galicia) or Bukovinians (people from Bukovina). To be "Ukrainian" or to call oneself by that term was known at that

[1] O. Woycenko, *The Ukrainians in Canada* (Ottawa-Winnipeg, Trident Press, 1967), p. 15.

[4] G. Davidson, *The Ukrainians in Canada* (Montreal, 1947), p. 1.

[5] Ibid., p. 1.

[6] Ibid., p. 4.

[7] V. Kubijoyc and V. Markus, "Emigratsiia"; *Encyclopedia Ukrainoznavastva* (Paris-New York, Shevchenko Scientific Society, 1955-57 V. 11/2), pp. 629-37.

time to only a very few intellectuals. But they, with all the means available to them, propogated this term until the desired results were achieved — they acquainted Ukrainians with the term which designated their identity. At the same time those few Ukrainian leaders, the editors of the Ukrainian newspapers and magazines, took upon themselves the extremely difficult task of raising the dignity of the masses of their countrymen through education. They sought to enlighten them about their past as well as about their new country, Canada — its way of life, its customs, its citizens' rights, and their duties and obligations.

Since most Ukrainian immigrants at that time lived on homesteads throughout Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, newspapers were the only medium for the communication between the people and a slowly establishing geographic centre in Winnipeg. Naturally, newspapers in a language understandable to immigrants were needed. Thus, Ukrainian language newspapers were read by these people almost exclusively. They expected to enjoy such freedom in Canada, but their devotion to their own language newspapers in no way affected their loyalty to Canada, which in most instances was total. As Davidson remarks, "the great majority of Ukrainians who came to Canada at the turn of the century were anxious to give their loyalty to Canada and add to her spiritual life their Christian institutions and ideals."[8]

However, Canada, as a country did not seem prepared to receive these new citizens. Ukrainian leaders, few in number and extremely limited in financial resources, were unable to organize their countrymen in such a short period of time, and the resulting lack of direction seemed to disorient the aspirations and potentialities of Ukrainians.

During those early years in Canada, Ukrainians were the victims of a considerable amount of discrimination. In addition to the problems faced by individuals, Ukrainians as a group were denounced in the public press as an inferior and undesirable element and were the objects of scornful remarks by some Anglo-Saxon leaders.[9]

Partly as a result of their poverty, mass illiteracy, and lack of proper organization and information, and partly because of discrimination against them, Ukrainians faced the prospect of cultivating only second-rate farms on marginal land in Canada and of having the lowest paid jobs in railroad building and forest and bush labor. There were a few exceptions of course, the Dauphin area in Manitoba was good land with excellent potential.

If one takes into consideration all the physical and emotional difficulties which face every immigrant, especially in the early years of settlement, it is easier to understand the lives of Ukrainian pioneers at the beginning of their immigration. They were separated from relatives and friends who had remained in the homeland. They usually settled in a wild and hostile environment and their hardships were often aggravated by unfriendly neighbors. To these deprivations must be added the absence of their own church, which in Ukraine had been a very important part of life. The fact that there were very few Ukrainian priests in Canada precipitated a

[8] G. Davidson, op. cit., p. 21.

[9] E. Wangenheim, "The Ukrainians: A Case Study of the Third Force," *Canada: A Sociological Profile* (Copp Clark, New York, 1968), p. 184.

religious upheaval among Ukrainian settlers. In order to have at least the minimal spiritual life — if only to bury the dead and baptize the newborn — people turned to the closest churches in their communities. Instead of continuing their traditional religion many Ukrainians attended services in various churches. These churches in turn were anxious to take such a large group of newcomers under their respective leaderships. Eventually an intense struggle developed between Catholics and Protestants for the souls of Ukrainian immigrants.

In 1903 the first newspaper in the Ukrainian language appeared in Canada, *Kanadijskyj Farmer (Canadian Farmer).* This paper was actually founded by the members of Protestant churches who subsidized it for a period of time. *Canadian Farmer* served its Protestant readers faithfully and in addition strongly supported the Liberal party which was in power at that time.[10] Because Ukrainian readers were not always in agreement with the religious and political line of *Canadian Farmer*, the Protestant mission decided to establish a new paper, called *Ranok (Dawn)* in 1905. These and several other papers which appeared and disappeared at that period actually were not Ukrainian papers; they were papers of various Canadian groups and organizations written for Ukrainian immigrants in order to persuade them to their way of thinking. Ukrainian newspapers expressing Ukrainian interpretations of the Canadian situation had yet to be born.

Another aspect of social life among Ukrainian immigrants which was very much neglected at that time was the field of public education. Lack of schools, vast distances, lack of roads — all contributed to the fact that Ukrainian settlements were educationally deprived. Lack of teachers added to this serious situation. Unfortunately, English-speaking teachers could not be understood in Ukrainian districts and Ukrainian teachers were nonexistent at that time.

After a careful study of this important matter and after several briefs were submitted to the Government of Manitoba by Ukrainian leaders in Winnipeg, it was decided to open a special school to prepare bilingual teachers for Ukrainian communities. This school was created on the basis of the Laurier-Greenway Agreement, one point of which states that "when ten pupils speak the French language (or any other languages than English) as their native language, the teaching of such pupils shall be conducted in French (or such other language) and English upon the bilingual system.[11]

The initiative of the Government of Manitoba was followed by the governments of Saskatchewan and Alberta, although bilingual teacher training in these two provinces never reached Manitoba's standards. Officially, the school in Manitoba was called "Ruthenian Training School" and during the first two years of its existence was located in Winnipeg. From 1907 to 1916 (the year it closed) it was located in Brandon. Its high standards, according to one of its former students, Julian Stechishin, were due to the competence and dedication of its leaders and teachers, both in English and Ukrainian.[12] This training school prepared competent

[10] P. Yuzyk, *The Ukrainians in Manitoba, A Social History* (University of Toronto Press, 1953), p. 114.

[11] W. L. Morton, "Manitoba School Question," *Encyclopedia Canadiana*, V. 6, p. 358.

[12] J. Stechishin, *Istorya Ukrainskoho Instytyty im. Petra Mohyley v Saskatuni* (Winnipeg: The Ukrainian Publishing Company of Canada, 1945), p. 184.

teachers for Ukrainian schools and the first leaders of community life as well as the first genuine interpreters of the Canadian way of life to thousands of Ukrainians. These people, along with a few students from Ukraine, became the first leaders of Ukrainian social life in Canada. They organized self-educational societies called "Prosvita" or "Narodni Domy" (community centres), created drama clubs, choirs, debating societies, and needless to say were the first to supply materials to existing newspapers. At their first convention in 1907, bilingual Ukrainian teachers passed a resolution for their people to call themselves "Ukrainians," and to name all societies and organizations which they would create in the future, "Ukrainian." This important decision had a great impact on the future development of Ukrainian culture in Canada and on the question of unity for Ukrainians formerly divided by various boundaries in Ukraine. Three years later, on March 16, 1910, the first newspaper that was Ukrainian in name and in content appeared in Winnipeg. It was *Ukrainskyj Holos (Ukrainian Voice)*. Its founders and editors were young Ukrainian intellectuals: those who came to Canada as young students and those who graduated from Brandon Training School.

The appearance of *Ukrainian Voice* is usually considered as the turning point in the history of Ukrainians in Canada because it was acknowledged as the undisputed representative voice of the Ukrainian people. On its pages were discussed social, economic, religious, educational, and other concerns of its readers. *Ukrainian Voice* actually awoke the Ukrainians in Canada to a new and more meaningful life. It encouraged them to become aware of their rights and duties as citizens and to use their new situation and Canadian freedom for self-improvement and self-realization.[13]

Shortly after the appearance of *Ukrainian Voice*, the Roman Catholics of Winnipeg headed by Archbishop Langevin began to publish their own paper for Ukrainians under the name of Kanadijskyj Rusyn (*Canadian Ruthenian*). By the end of 1912 *Canadian Ruthenian* became the official organ of the Ukrainian Greek Catholis in Canada.[14] This newspaper existed under this name until 1919 when it became necessary to change the name to *Kanadijskyj Ukrainetz (Canadian Ukrainian)* and to change the general orientation to the Ukrainian question. It was forced to de-emphasize its religious stance and adopt a broader appeal for the Ukrainian immigrant. Some Ukrainian leaders who wrote for the paper were at times misunderstood, causing difficulties for their people.[15] Many articles published in the paper, and particularly some definite points from the secret instructions of Bishop Budka to his ministers, support this very clearly.[16]

The most ill-advised move made by Bishop Budka which brought a great deal of suffering to Ukrainian people in Canada was his pastoral letter of July 27, 1914. In this letter he called all Ukrainians in Canada, able to serve in military forces, to return home to join the Austrian army in order to defend the Fatherland and the

[13] *Ukrainian Voice*, March 16, 1910, p. 1.

[14] *Pravyla Rusko-Katolycheskoj Tserkvy v Kanadi* (Canadian-Ukrainian Publishers, Winnipeg, 1915).

[15] O. Woycenko, *The Ukrainians in Canada*, op. cit., p. 78.

[16] *Pravyla Ruski-Katolycheskoj Tserkvy v Kanadi* (Canadian-Ukrainian Publishers, Winnipeg, 1915).

"old Emperor." A prominent Ukrainian Canadian author, Ol'ha Woycenko, says that "Bishop Budka did not succeed fully in his plans for a number of reasons, one of them: he was not oriented in Canadian affairs, and openly expressed his views on matters which were contrary to Canadianism; this caused embarrassment and undue humiliation and suffering to his people."[17]

Notwithstanding the fact that not many Ukrainians in Canada showed their readiness to defend the "Austrian Fatherland and the old Emperor," the letter did its damage. Many Ukrainians were put into internment camps, many were dismissed from their employment, and all Ukrainian males of military age were required to report regularly to the local police. "In 1914, just prior to the war, a new law was passed, which required five years residence in Canada and granted, not Canadian, but British citizenship. When the war came, naturalization was suspended for all aliens. Believed to have been sympathetic to Austria, the Ukrainians in Canada were not only interned by thousands, abused, and dismissed from employment, but by the Wartime Elections Act were also disenfranchised. As if this were not enough, on the grounds that they were aliens of former enemy countries, Ukrainians by the Act of 1919 were deprived of the right of naturalization for ten years after the war."[18]

Bishop Budka's pastoral letter circulated for a long time in Canadian newspapers and was used against Ukrainians in general and against the bilingual school system in particular. This topic was extremely volatile during the outbreak of World War I and the bilingual system of education was abolished by 1916.[19] Even though Bishop Budka published his second pastoral letter in August 6, 1914, retracting the first letter and calling all Ukrainians in Canada to do their duty toward their new homeland, Canada,[20] the Canadian government and Canadian public opinion could hardly accept this as a sincere act.

The main problem was that during 1914-1916 the Canadian federal authorities under Arthur Meighen did not know the nature of the Austro-Hungarian Empire and in their ignorance perpetuated these misunderstandings.[21]

It would be a serious oversight not to mention another smaller, yet very articulate Ukrainian political group in Canada in those early pioneering years which also caused Ukrainians to be misunderstood during World War I. This group consisted of Ukrainian Socialists who originally emigrated from Galicia as part of the Ukrainian Radical Party.

In Canada they created the left wing of this radical movement and joined their work with local Canadian socialists. The most influential among this group was Myroslav Stechishin, who later became editor of *Ukrainian Voice*. Credit must be given to this group for their position toward Ukrainian identity. They were among the first in Canada to use the name "Ukrainian" in print and in speech. They also popularized Ukrainian literature on the pages of their paper, especially the works of Shevchenko, Franko, Lesia Ukrainka, and others. At the same time this group

[17] O. Woycenko, *The Ukrainians in Canada*, op. cit., p. 78.

[18] P. Yuzyk, *The Ukrainians in Manitoba*, op. cit., p. 178.

[19] Ibid., p. 145.

[20] Ibid., p. 178.

[21] C. Young, *The Ukrainian Canadians* (Toronto: Thomas Nelson and Sons Ltd., 1931), p. 244.

strongly opposed Canadian economic conditions and the exploitation of uneducated and disoriented Ukrainian immigrants. Other socialist newspapers supported the same position: the first was *Chervony Prapor (Red Banner)* and later *Robochyj Narod (Working People).*

One such Ukrainian socialist, Paul Crath, arrived in Canada in 1907. Born in Poltava, Eastern Ukraine, in the village of Krasna Luka in 1882 he very early became involved in the anti-Russian revolutionary movement and when still a young student of Kiev University, was forced to flee. He tried to continue his education at the University of Lviv, but again involved himself in revolutionary activity. During this period, Lviv University was the centre of a struggle between Ukrainians and Poles. Crath was extradited from the Austrian state at the request of the Russian consulate. When he entered Canada he became editor of the first Ukrainian humor magazine *Kadylo (Incensor)* which contained not as much humor as it did attacks on the Roman Catholic clergy. As a Social Democrat, he felt at home in Winnipeg and for seven years was the first leader of the party. While at first he professed no religion, his sympathy was later with Protestant Christianity. It was in 1913 that he became alarmed at the "adulters, bigamists, and gamblers" that he saw around him and he turned then to Tolstoy. In 1917 he graduated in theology from Saskatoon, Saskatchewan.

He returned to Ukraine but came back to Canada again in 1934 and was given a "charge" by the Mission Board. In 1936 he again traveled to Ukraine, on this occasion sent by the President of the Northern Nut Growers' Association for the purpose of studying the methods of cultivating walnuts. In an essay, "Russian Bears Hold Their Devotions," he wrote an introspective account of his sojourn. He died in Toronto on Christmas Day in 1952. His erratic pursuit of "nationalist causes," his rather bombastic writing style, and his propensity to create dissension did nothing to improve the complex situation of Ukrainians in Canada.

During his early days in Canada he made close connections with English-speaking intellectuals. While his motives may have been self-serving, a redeeming feature was his acquaintance with the Canadian journalist, Florence Randal Livesay, which resulted in translations by Mrs. Livesay of numerous Ukrainian literary works and her perceptive interest in Ukrainian people and their culture. Among her manuscripts are materials by Paul Crath who provided the literal translation for her work. The relationship between Livesay and Crath can best be described as symbiotic for undoubtedly they nurtured one another's interests.

The following poem by Paul Crath was saved by Mrs. Livesay. It was written in Loubni, Ukraine in 1902.

WHISPER OF SPRING (PROVESEEGN)

Dedicated to Vera Sameylenko

The orchard slept in snow . . . from high blue heaven
The shining crescent observed the earth below.
Among the trees the *neechki* spread their shadows,
The wintry sleep prevailed and stillness dreamt in snow

Then hand in hand we came into the orchard.
Frightened, the *neechki* fled and hid in frosted moss.
What joy, what gladness, oh, my little Pigeon,
To pass with thee this sparkling snow across!

Look up, look up! For there a bright-eyed starlet
Alone in heaven is watching us who love.
She greets, she smiles to us with her rays dancing
To happiness, to life she calls us from above.

And though the Frost is walking in the branches,
Although cruel winter still may bear its sting,
My soul and thine know truly that, though distant,
She will be here, the lovely, happy spring.

So in the midst of anti-Ukrainian hysteria, during a war with its special rules and regulations, Paul Crath, a convinced Ukrainian socialist, and Florence Randal Livesay, a conservative Canadian writer, began evolving an entirely new page of Canadian history. This joint effort resulted in the publication of Mrs. Livesay's translations of Ukrainian songs and poems in December, 1916, under the title *Songs of Ukraina*. The book was warmly received by English-speaking readers as well as by Ukrainians in Canada.

By this action and subsequent work which Mrs. Livesay continued until the end of her life, she, probably first among Canadians, fulfilled the prediction and wishes of another observer of the Canadian situation, Gordon Davidson, who stated as late as 1947:

> So much of the racial bitterness that arose during the past immigration periods was the result of misunderstanding and caused partly by language difficulties, but principally through a distortion of cultural differences which, if they had been studied and publicized accurately and truthfully could have resulted in a broad mutual appreciation of the social backgrounds of the "old Canadians" and the "new Canadians." The problem of social absorption of great masses of new citizens will not be an easy one to handle, but its solution can be greatly aided by the Canadian government and all responsible public bodies, as well as the nation's prominent citizens sponsoring a mass education program which will strengthen national unity, and thus contribute to national progress.[22]

Mrs. Livesay contributed to the "education" and the "unity" of which Davidson wrote. But she also did much more. She opened the gates of Canadian culture to enable the thousand-year-old literary treasures of Ukraine to enter, treasures which according to O. Honchar have sustained Ukrainians many times along their historical pathways.

The translations and interpretations, to which Mrs. Livesay devoted so much of her energy, could not have been as vibrant, dynamic, sensitive, and profound had

[22] G. Davidson, op. cit., p. 22.

she not acquainted herself with, and indeed internalized, the substance with which the soul of Ukraine is woven. Her absorption in her work went far beyond the research necessary for translating material from one language to another. Among her collections of manuscripts are numerous pages of notes and articles on the history, culture, and people of Ukraine. The insights such a background evoked, provided the spirit which exploded from between the lines of her highly creative yet accurate renditions. In her essay "The Ukraine — A Forgotten People" she says: "They have a wonderful history; that they have suffered, fought, and died for their country in wars against tyranny — how shall the average know this, who makes no effort to understand these foreigners."

In her effort to understand she read widely and avidly including publications such as *Le Courrier European* of Paris (1913) from which she quotes:

> The Ukrainian is a race of poets, of musicians, artists who have fixed for a time their national history in the songs of the people which no centuries of oppression could silence. The singers — the kobzars — accompany themselves on the kobza while they sing the glories of the Ukraine. All art with them is national, from the building of the humblest of their tiny huts to the embroideries which adorn their clothes and which are distinguished for their originality all over the East.

Writing as a journalist rather than a translator she wrote of an occasion when Senator Mme. Olena Kisilevska addressed an audience in Toronto. After her address Vasyl Avramenko and George Hassan (of the Koshetz choir) entertained with song and dance. The *Arkan* (traditional dance of the Hutzuls) was performed much to the enthusiasm of Mme. Olena Kisilevska, who claimed it as her dance, since she was from Kolemea. Four young men in a "glowing, accented symphony of red and black were on the stage; the leader carried a crook balanced on his shoulder and over his short serdak or jacket was slung a huge embroidered pouch." They represented, she explained, Carpathian shepherds of old who made their own Masque of the seasons with innumerable steps of intricate pattern: one hand of each man rested on the shoulder of the man ahead, their vivid faces reflected the joy they felt. In such fashion, Florence Randal Livesay explained, they would have danced from village to village, before the wars of today. She continued, making references to the *prysyoudki* (a dance which originated with the Cossacks), the *zaporoshetz* (a vigorous sword dance), the *hopak* (a series of quick, vigorous steps forty-two in all, which follow each other and may be repeated as often as strength permits), and the *katheryna* (a salon dance of Ukraine). Max Rabinoff, the impressario, is credited with introducing Ukrainian national dance to this continent.

Mrs. Livesay was greatly impressed by the beauty and vitality of Ukrainian song and dance. She was fascinated by the strange cadences and rhythms and tireless in her efforts to bring Ukrainian folk customs to the attention of English-speaking Canadians. All aspects of Ukrainian culture had great influence on her own artistic endeavours. Evidence of that influence — literature and wedding customs — is evident in an original poem by Mrs. Livesay published in Toronto *Saturday Night*.

CONFETTI

In thinly-glazing ice the white-and red-and-green

And — purple discs lie bound;
All down the steps of the great church they cling
Where, just an hour ago, the wedding guests
Flung gay and glittering silver and scarlet stars . . .

Oh, Bride! With crown of moons netted in silken mesh
And Stars which sift and drop at every turn and drift
Till none are left, treasure their falling!

Unregarded else what the foot treads on;
Crescent moons a-ring; a firmament,
A lovely thing, ethereal and vanishing,
By mortals sent.

Fighting for Recognition

Although some of Florence Randal Livesay's translations of Ukrainian folk literature were published during her lifetime, many of what she considered to be her major works were not. She translated *Songs of Ukraina*, the Ukrainian national anthem, *Marusia* by H. Kvitka, works by Taras Shevchenko, Ivan Franko, Lesia Ukrainka, Fedkovich, and Storozhenko among others. She also collaborated in the writing of a Ukrainian-English dictionary and wrote articles and essays of Ukrainian songs, dances, music, religion, folklore, art, wedding customs, food, and other topics of interest. One of her early successes was *Songs of Ukraina*, published by Dent in 1916. This was followed by a most encouraging series of reviews from England, the United States, and other English-speaking countries. But even before 1916, she was gaining recognition for Ukrainian culture through her translations, articles, and talks.

On March 10, 1915 *Ukrainian Voice* carried the following story:

> Though slowly, nevertheless surely, the Ukrainian question is gaining more attention among foreigners [non-Ukrainians] who until now did not even know we existed.
>
> Last Sunday, in Winnipeg, in the Technical School, an English lady, Mrs. Livesay, gave a lecture on Ukrainian poetry. Mrs. Livesay has become extremely interested in our poetry, our song, and our creativity in general.
>
> At the beginning of the lecture she explained who the Ukrainians are, where they live, and then proceeded to the actual topic. She expressed her great admiration for our songs and poetry. She then read several translations from Shevchenko, the first one being "The Testament." She also read translations of poetry by Fedkovich, and gave a brief account of his life. The novels of Marko Wowchuk, she said, are a jewel of Ukrainian literature.
>
> She read translations of several folk songs — "Harvesters" and "Song of Baida." She gave the content of the Ukrainian national anthem which was sung by the choir of Zankovetska's Association. During the singing of the hymn everyone stood. Mrs. Livesay also briefly discussed Franko and his poetry.
>
> Later Rev. Rose gave a speech on Slavs, including Ukrainians. He

praised the Slavs highly for their devotion to religion and at the same time blamed them for their lack of unity and extreme political diversity.

A letter from the editors of the *Atlantic Monthly* written just previous to the publication of *Songs of Ukraina* says: "We were much struck by the queer, cynical tang which you occasionally give them."

Harriet Monroe quoted several selections. In a letter from *Poetry* she says, "The new poems seem to me very beautiful — it's hard work to send back the ones I enclose."

The *New Statesman*, London, England reviewed *Songs of Ukraina* and concluded they would like to see more of the work of later and known Ukrainian poets. They found Shevchenko's "Topolia, the Poplar" to be a poem of surprising beauty.

The *London Guardian* observed that Ukrainian folk are born artists and singers. The translations given would bear witness to a national literature of rare quality of which we may well hope to see and learn more.

Ukrainian Voice carried its first review of *Songs of Ukraina* on January 24, 1917:

> This is the first review of the book *Songs of Ukraina* translated by F. R. Livesay. At the beginning a general description of the songs is given as they are grouped: pagan, wedding, historical, cossack, oprishkis (outlaws of Robin Hood's type), tchumaks (traveling merchants), various folk songs, poems, and the Ukrainian hymn.
>
> The translator paid attention first of all to convey the meaning and content, and because of this the translations do not always correspond to the original, neither in length nor in rhythm. This is quite noticeable at first glance. This is of no consequence since the impression is truly conveyed. Many songs are without rhyme entirely.
>
> Generally one can say that the translations are good, at times even very good. After one reads them one gets the impression of something very beautiful, but not from here — but from somewhere far away, beyond the seas where people love more truly and where feelings are more deep. Among others, the translation of "Marusia Bohuslavka" is particularly good. One can truly state that this book is a jewel by which English literature is enriched.
>
> We can only thank Mrs. Livesay and express our sincere wishes for her success in further endeavors in this field.
>
> It is interesting to note how English readers received the book. So far all publications about the book and all expressions by individuals have been extremely favorable, and there is an increasing demand for the *Songs of Ukraina*.
>
> Only one request could be directed to the esteemed translator, namely that the next edition carry in the foreword a brief history of the Ukrainian people for the benefit of the English-speaking public. Such a foreword would have great value for us too. From the introduction every non-Ukrainian will learn more about Ukraine than he knew; through the songs he will see the soul of the Ukrainian nation. Such knowledge will also add to the understanding of Ukrainian history. For us this book is proof of the value of our treasures and can only be appreciated fully by

owning a copy of this book.

In an article entitled "Ukrainian Song" note is made of the high praise and favorable response to the translations of poetry and song from the Ukrainian by Mrs. Livesay.

Warmly favorable reviews appeared in all the leading daily Canadian newspapers: Halifax, Ottawa, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Edmonton, and Vancouver.

The English language press in Great Britain also began to speak of these songs, thus rendering recognition to Ukrainian people. Reviews also appeared in the *Birmingham Post, Land and Water, London Guardian, Scotsman, Athenian* (Journal), *London World, London Express, London Nation,* and others. All reviews expressed joy at having a great "new" literature made available to English readers.

On April 13, 1918, the *Canadian Courier* carried an article by Charles Smok entitled, "Let's be Just to Foreigners." It noted that Canada had received many immigrants from Ukraine. Those Ukrainians, called Ruthenians, were employed to wash and do domestic chores and were called dirty and wrong-doers. Reading *Songs of Ukraina* translated by Florence Randal Livesay made English people think of Ukrainians entirely differently. What the translations revealed was a nation enslaved and mistreated, pouring forth a wealth of flaming verse which no force could shake. And, it was noted, these songs were collected in Canada from the memory of immigrants — a memory not destroyed by film theatres.

Many Ukrainians felt a particular debt to Mrs. Livesay and the following telegram expresses that sentiment. "The Ruthenian Presbyterian Convention thanks you for the rediscovery of the forgotten kingdom of Ukraina by your literary zeal which will make the Anglo-Saxon world familiar with the spiritual treasury of Ukrainians. Your book *Songs of Ukraina* is dear to us not only as a masterpiece but because it will never allow our Canadianized grandchildren to forget the songs of their fathers."

Ivan Petrushevich writing in the *Canadian Ruthenian* described the book as one which would be welcomed by all interested in any literature dipped from the soul of a nation. It is different, he says, in Canada where the chase after the dollar occupies the thoughts of the people. To those more interested in questions of literature and art than in political party questions this "not-every-day" book presents unusual interest. For the first time we have here an attempt to look into the soul of Ukraina, not through the glasses of racial, religious, political party, and class prejudice, but with "the eyes of the anthologist, the psychologist, and, even more, of the artist."

There is a collection of translations, Petruschevich informs his readers, from Ukrainian poems and by word-of-mouth literature from the pen of the well-known writer, Mrs. Florence Randal Livesay. "Several years ago she began to take an interest in Ukrainian song and, enchanted by its beauty and uncultivated richness, translated the most beautiful pearls into English."

Petrushevich stresses that the author's interest did not spring from an academic or literary reading and therefore there is nothing in the book that savors of artificial literature.

> She first saw our fame as one finds on the prairie the beautiful, forgotten, or unnoticed flower. The more one looks at it the more one is charmed.

> The collection has not the pretense of systematical arrangement that would immediately give the pick of our literature. This is rather a luxuriant bouquet of flowers gathered from the alluring abundance of our very rich field, intermingled and arranged with the generous hand of the poet. We find in it our national deeds by the side of the artistic, the pagan side by side with the religious. Further, wedding and historical songs, wild songs of the Cossacks, epics, or sad songs, ballads of robbers and *tchumaks*, national songs, those sung when planting, Easter songs, and finally some of the works of our national poets, interwoven with many valuable and explanatory notes dealing with many interesting aspects of our literature, history, and national existence.
>
> The translation, while uneven throughout, is very near the original in its "distribution," rhythm, and confidence. The book reads lightly and interestingly, and the richness of material and the plainly evident love and understanding of our songs which the sympathetic author puts into them is not without influence on the reader. This work without doubt will serve to lead to the mutual acquaintance of Ukrainians and English and so will be productive of much good.

The March issue of *The Craftsman*, New York, wrote with great appreciation of "Mrs. Livesay, of Winnipeg, who has been gathering from the immigrants at our doors their fairy and folk tales and songs which she sets out with great facility in English." A few more such books were needed. Such translations would have been a very great help in changing the point of view of English-speaking Canadians towards Ukrainians, who were regarded as foreigners.

Florence Randal Livesay's speaking engagements on behalf of Ukrainian literature and Ukrainian culture took her to many Canadian cities. She addressed meetings of the Press Club, the I.O.D.E., the Y.W.C.A., and many more. Everywhere she was received with great admiration as an author of outstanding genius.

Partly because of her efforts many newspapers began to carry detailed and interesting accounts of Ukrainian history, some researched from scholars and historians, much gleaned from the lips of newcomers to Canada. One lengthy article in an unidentified clipping describes Winnipeg as a most singularly endowed city in its wealth of peoples from other lands. In *Songs of Ukraina*, the article continues, "a woman of Winnipeg has made translations of the songs and poems in the life and the hearts of our fellow-citizens from the Ukraine, the fatherland of the Cossacks. Imagine finding a treasure-trove of love songs in your washerwoman and in the ironing lady a whole library of song." It was thought that Mrs. Livesay's book would open the eyes of many Winnipeggers to the contributions of the foreign born and help westerners understand the new arrivals from eastern Europe.

Ukrainian language newspapers such as *Ukrainian Voice*, *Ranok*, *Sojuz*, and others wrote not only in praise of Mrs. Livesay but also in celebration of what was a bright dawn for them in the new world. The response to her translations, particularly of *Songs of Ukraina*, had a lasting effect on English-speaking people. No longer were the newcomers people to be treated with suspicion and contempt. The fog of prejudice bred of ignorance was being burnt away by the warmth of Florence

Randal Livesay's particular talent.

Marusia, another translation by Florence Randal Livesay, appeared in 1940, and was as favorably received as *Songs of Ukraina*. The tale is said to be the first authentic fiction dealing with peasant life in Europe.

While on a visit to Vancouver Mrs. Livesay told an interviewer that Ukrainians in Canada were happy to have someone interested in their literature, "for most of them are being loyal to Canada."

On April 13, 1940 the *Toronto Telegram* commented on Lord Tweedsmuir's reference to the translation as a "happy augury." He commented that many Ukrainians had brought their culture to Canada and expressed his belief of the good result which this exposition of it might have upon Canadians, old and new. Not speaking the Ukrainin language, Mrs. Livesay cannot be a literal interpreter, the article says, but understanding the Ukrainian heart as she does she is a "singularly accurate and sympathetic voice from the steppes."

The Saturday, June 1, 1940 edition of *Saturday Night* Toronto points out that the real significance of the novel *Marusia* is the use of the Ukrainian language in a serious work depicting peasant life at its most beautiful. Marusia and Vasyl are on par with Romeo and Juliet. The goodness and simplicity of the people are represented in their love for their child, who was a gift from God, and their concern that she not undergo the hardships and sorrows of a soldier's wife.

Reviews in Ukrainian publications were appreciative and in many instances touching, for by 1940 there were many Canadian Ukrainians who read their mother-tongue more readily in translation than in the original.

Although Florence Randal Livesay was committed to her task of translating, publishers had not always seen a market for this literature as the following letter dated November 9, 1929 indicates.

> My dear Mr. Revywk:
>
> I am very glad indeed to know of the project of which you speak in yours of the 7th, because Mr. Crath had long ago brought the book to my notice, wishing that I might translate it. I was then engaged on *Marusia*, but, as that young lady is now in process of final revision, I shall have time to take up the work, if we can come to a satisfactory agreement.
>
> I suppose the 80,000 words would mean about a third more in English? I would undertake the work on a royalty basis of five per cent, with advance on royalties of $250. I think there would be a possibility of getting the book placed in the schools of the western provinces.
>
> I wish very much that your organization would publish my second anthology of Ukrainian verse, called "Kalina: Flower of Ukraine" or my translation of Kolessa's brochure on the the folk songs, including essays on folklore of my own writing ready under the title of "Down Singing Centuries: Ukraine."
>
> As for *Marusia*, Canadian publishers do not seem to see a market among English readers for it, partly because it ends badly. I am quite sure, myself, that the [Ukrainian] younger generation would like to have so charming a book, so naive and delightful, to show English people as a sample of their old literature; and, if the American publisher to whom I

am about to offer it, does not accept it, I would be glad to have it published in fairly cheap and popular form by your organization, on a basis of ten per cent of net published price.

I am very often asked here if there is anything in English available for the English student in studies of Ukrainian literature. One of my desires is sometime to translate, through an interpreter, the life of Shevchenko, with his letters. I am sure it would create almost a literary sensation among the "intelligentsia" in England and America. I would be glad, if my terms are satisfactory, to have you send a copy of the French Abstract of the History, as I seem to have mislaid the book Mr. Crath gave me.

I enclose draft of some poems in the Anthology, which please return.

There is no question that Mrs. Livesay evoked the warmest response and gratitude from Ukrainians who realized that she dispelled much of the misunderstanding which surrounded so many of the earliest newcomers. And non-Ukrainian Canadians are indebted to her for enriching their lives not only with information but with the exquisite literature and song to which they gained access through her.

She was one of the very first Canadian translators and interpreters of Ukrainian literature.[23] Prior to her work very few Canadians, including those of Ukrainian descent, were aware of the scope, richness, value, and potential of Ukrainian literature.

The following letter by George Andreyko of the Ukrainian National Committee of the U.S.A. was written to Mrs. Livesay when the *duma* of "The Flight of the Three Brothers from Azov" appeared in *Ukraine*, edited by Andreyko. "The Ukrainian people certainly appreciate their great fortune in having one of your ability sufficiently interested in Ukrainian literature to translate some of its choice bits into a language intelligible to the greatest and most powerful race on earth. In this day of the revival of Ukrainian nationalism when Ukrainians are striving to shake the dust which still obscures their ancient fame, your service to the Ukrainian nation will never be forgotten. We would regard it a great honor indeed to be of any service to you."

Oles' Honchar, well known Ukrainian contemporary writer expressed the view that Ukrainian literature was of paramount significance in both the cultural and the physical preservation of Ukraine.

> The pathway of our literature runs through the ages. It has been a living voice and the conscience of the nation throughout its entire history. Many a time swords clashed and spears were broken. And if the nation withstood and defended itself against humiliation, it did this not so much with military might as with the strength of its spirit, with its inexhaustible creative potential, with the creation of its artistic treasures which are being unfolded today to the admiration of the whole world.[24]

It is of sufficient importance here to stress that the errors in Mrs. Livesay's

[23] P. Yuzyk, *Ukrainian Canadians: Their Place and Role in Canadian Life* (Ukrainian Canadian Business and Professional Federation, Toronto, 1947), p. 69.

[24] O. Honchar, "Jubilee Speech" printed in *Novi Dne*, Toronto, Canada, number 222/223 (July-August, 1968), p. 21. (translation L. L.)

translation of *Marusia* were not hers. Peter Krawchuk places the responsibility for these on the influence on her of the nationalistic leanings of those with whom she wrote.[25] At other times she was criticized for lack of scholarship. In 1950 when she was seventy-six years old, she reproached Professor E. K. Brown of the University of Toronto Press for his failure to accept a manuscript she had sent to him.

> I appreciate your being frank with me and I would be equally glad if this letter in reply to your last were looked on by you with understanding of our separately arrived at motives. I did not have any idea when I last wrote that you would be reconsidering; but those quotations in *The Bookman* made me feel sorry retrospectively that a Canadian University Press should turn down work of my type, from one who had achieved world recognition. And, I wondered if you would care to see a story by Storozhenko given me by Mr. Crath, which Mr. James Dent, Sr. seriously thought of publishing, with perhaps some stories of other writers like Marko Wowchok.
>
> I think myself the trouble lay in my absence, for the idea was that out of the mass of material I left with you I was to make a selection after consultation which you would have had. And the last letter from your office said that a Ukrainian had to be given time to go over it. The manuscript had already received commendation from a Saskatoon professor and locally from a noted Ukrainian scholar. On the first reading you had seen possibilities and seemed to like the material.
>
> Do you not understand that unless my work was distinctive and showed the research of the years I had given it I would not have had the book published by you or anyone else? Take instances today, Mme. Koshetz, widow of the famous leader of the Koshetz Choir, is in Winnipeg and I had a talk with her. She particularly liked the rendering of one poem set to Koshetz music, which had been thrown out by one of your readers, together with other poems published in *Poetry: Chicago*. How can you talk of lack of scholarship when Ernest Rhys passed *Songs of Ukraina*; and the material I left with you was of the same calibre or better. Another thing I might mention is the fact that Professor Rudnyckyj, whom I saw in Winnipeg, has asked me to do more of the *dumy* or old historical ballads. Such a book was brought out some years ago, with French versions, and he showed me with some pleasure that my work on one ballad, published in a Ukrainian magazine years ago, was equal in every way to the French version. I could go on, but your cristicism seemed far-fetched indeed, judging by what Canadian, British, and American authorities said in print. Why would I not have been amazed at strictures on "lack of scholarship."

Although most publishers did not share Brown's critical view; nevertheless Florence Livesay had difficulty getting entire works published. But on January 18, 1952 a letter from Lorne Pierce, the editor of Ryerson Press, to Mrs. Livesay offered some hope for these works.

[25] Vsesvit, No. 11 (77), Toronto, Canada (1967), pp. 76-77.

> I have been over your manuscript with great care. The manufacturing department has also given me an estimate of costs. The result is that I am writing a letter to Mr. Pawluk who has offered, as you know, to subsidize or guarantee its publication.
>
> As soon as we have word from the Ukrainian people about the subvention I shall get in touch with you. Meantime we are holding the manuscript. There is no point in doing more work on it until we have a clear roadmap ahead.

Mrs. Livesay hoped that her translation of the "The Song of the Forest," which appears in this volume, could be adapted for television and in 1953 she sent the play to Frank R. Lawlor who was then script editor for CBC. He returned the manuscript saying, "We think it is a very charming folk tale, but we feel very strongly that it cannot be translated from the printed page without losing its appeal . . ."

On July 31, 1953, from Sherman Baker of E. P. Dutton and Co., Inc. Publishers to Mrs. Livesay:

> We have considered with interest you newest anthology of Ukrainian poems and folk songs and essays on Ukrainian life. There is no question that this is an interesting and definitive work. However, we feel that the market for this book would be extremely limited and under the circumstances we do not feel we can undertake its publication.

Unfortunately, at that time no publisher could persuade himself that there would be a ready market for these works even though almost everyone seemed to agree they were important and worthy of publication.

It is to Florence Randal Livesay's credit as a perceptive, creative, and skilful writer that her translations were so highly successful and effective. She was able to rise above the self-seeking motives, the ill-defined ambitions of some of those with whom she worked. In a note to a friend she confessed that she had "to feel gropingly in the dark with both hands" and was grateful to "her" (undoubtedly the young woman who introduced her to Ukrainian song) "who held a candle." Florence Randal Livesay has indeed "gathered a posie of other men's flowers" but the thread that binds them is distinctively her own. That thread was her great talent and sensitivity with which she rendered an invaluable service to literature and art.

The woman, Florence Randal Livesay, deserves to be brought out of obscurity. Her *Songs of Ukraina* is a unique work in that it is truly "of the people" in its richness and vigor. It is not wanting in scholarship since the work was researched in a most thorough manner — not only intellectualized but also internalized. The novel *Marusia* is much more than just a moving tale of a devoted family. It is the symbol of the recognition of a new era in the history and literature of the people themselves and of their language — not artificially adorned but beautiful in its simplicity. Florence Randal Livesay was a writer much ahead of her time. The unpublished materials are equally powerful and significant. As Jaroslav Rudnyckyj stressed, "she belonged to the group of intermediaries whose loyalty never faltered even when no resources were forthcoming to publish her translations." He repeats that the lack of recognition afforded to Mrs. Livesay is an enormous loss to Ukrainians, and ends the memorium article with the words: "But her fame will

never die, it will live forever."[26] The sheer courage she displayed in addition to her insights and skills in translating from a language she did not know produced an entirely new genre of Canadian literature based on immigrant sources. In her day this was a unique literary achievement.

This little song will remind Ukrainian mothers to sing to their children and teach them native songs to pursue the heritage Florence Randal Livesay found so valuable.

O my Ukrainian song,
You sweeten my days,
For I learned you
From my mother.

O my mother from Ukraina
Living here, in Canada,
Keep on teaching your children
To sing your native songs.

Gratefully they will remember you,
Just as I remember mine,
Though my mother for many years
Has been lying in the grave.

My mother rests in the grave
Of her native land,
But her songs still re-echo
From my own lips.[27]

[26] J. B. Rudnyckyj, *Novi Sljach* (No. 59), Winnipeg, 1953.

[27] J. B. Rudnyckyj, quoted in Ol'ha Woycenko, op. cit., p. 30.

GLOSSARY

The following glossary contains many words which are archaic and no longer in usage.

ARKAN. A traditional dance of the Carpathian Highlands, characterized by lively, vigorous steps.

BAIRAKI. Valley in the steppes along river slopes covered with thorn and wild rose bushes.

BANDOURA. A musical instrument named after the god Pan (Pandora).

BARUNKA. From barun meaning breakers or surf. In this context it means a meerschaum pipe.

BARVINOK. Periwinkle.

BISKID. Mountains in western Ukraine.

BOURG. A self-contained town.

BOYARI. The groom's assistants.

BRATSTVO. A fraternity started in Lemberg toward the end of the sixteenth century.

BURGHERS. Citizens of a bourg or members of a guild.

BYLINY. Ballads about the past.

CAREE OTCHI. Brown eyes, considered very beautiful.

CHAKLUNKA. One who casts spells.

CHEMERITZA (CHEMERISTA). A bitter herb, hellebore, setterwort.

CHEREMOSH. River in the Hutzulian highlands.

CHORT. One of many little devils.

CUIRASS. A garment worn by warriors.

DEREVTZO (DEREVTSO). A small tree or a sprig.

DIUCHYNA. Young woman.

DIVOTZVIT (DIVOTSVIT). Miracle flower.

DIVUN. A loaf of bread painted with gold leaf and used at weddings.

DOMOVOI. House spirit, usually friendly.

DOMOVIK. A spirit which haunts stables.

DROK. Mandrake used as an antidote for the bite of a mad dog.

DRUZHKI (DRUSHKI). Friends of the bride.

DULA. A rude hand and finger gesture.

DUMA. An historical ballad passed from generation to generation orally. An expression of thought put into song.

DUNAI (also the Danube). A river.

DUB. The oak, a highly revered tree.

EAREY (also iry, vuirei, rai). A land of eternal spring.

FESKO. A Zaporogian Hetman.

FOLGA. Tin or silver foil.

GOLNITZA. Novhorod's army of volunteers.

HALUN. Alum.

HALUNKY. Easter eggs of one color washed in alum.

HERRING. A Cossack style forelock where the remainder of the head is shaven.

HOLUB. A dove or pigeon, a term of endearment.

HUSONKI (HOOSONKI). Diminutive of geese.

HORILKA (also horeevka). Whiskey.

HOROTSVIT. Mountain flowers.

KALATCH. A round loaf of bread. At a wedding feast it is broken by the groom.

KALINA. Cranberry, symbol of women's beauty.

KARMAZINY. Beautiful clothes or cloth.

KASHA. A porridge, usually of buckwheat.

KEESH. A Cossack settlement.

KHARAKTERNICK. Spell binder.

KHMEL. Hops symbolic of the wooer; also duckweed which symbolizes the newly wedded husband.

KHUSTINA. A kerchief which a girl binds on her suitor's arm signifying acceptance.

KITAIKA. Silk or taffeta. As a scarf, it is often a gift from the groom to the bride. Also used to cover the faces of the dead.

KNIAHYNIA. Little duchess, usually in reference to the bride.

KNIAZ. The duke, the bridegroom.

KOBZA. Musical instrument shaped like a large mandolin with five main strings and fifteen to eighteen side strings.

KOHANETZ (KOHANETS). A small hand lamp.

KOLADA. Hymn to Lada, goddess of the sun.

KOLADNIKI. Singers of koladi.

KOLODIAZ. A well inside the yard.

KOLOMEA. The capital of Pocootie in Galicia where outlaws were executed.

KOLOMEYKI. Songs from the city of Kolomeya in Carpathia.

KOROVAI. A decorated wedding loaf.

KOSA. A braid as worn by an unmarried girl.

KOSH. A cossack encampment.

KOSITZIA (KOSITSIA). A cluster of flowers or plumage.

KRINITSIA. A small spring well.

KUNITZIA (KUNITSIA). Beautiful girl.

KUPALO. Feast of midsummer.

KUTY. A city in Carpathia.

KUTZ. An imp.

LEESOVIK. Spirit of the forest.

LIETOPISS. Historical chronicle, e.g., Song of Prince Ihor.

LIKHO. Mischievous spirit.

LISA HORA. Bald Mountain.

LOKSHINA. Very fine noodles.

MATERINKA. Wild thyme, a popular magical herb.

MAVKI. Children who died unchristened. If stillborn, they are the Mavki's prey.

MEESHCHANI. Burghers or members of a guild.

MELEUSI. Thorny thickets along a river bank.

MIATA. Mint used to decorate and to flavor foods.

MISSIATS. The moon or a month of the year.

MOLODIAKA. The newly wedded pair.

NICHKI. Spirits of the night, shadow people.

OKSAMIT. Rich deep colored velvet.

OREL. An eagle representing bravery.

OSELETSIA. Herring; often refers to a Cossack's forelock.

PECHENCHI. A Ukrainianized Mongolian tribe.

PEREMITKA (PEREMETKA). Headdress of a married woman.

PISANKY. Easter eggs decorated in traditional intricate symbolic designs.

PLEESO. An expanse of river.

POCOOTIE. A city or a geographic area. A place of honor.

POLUIN. Worm wood.

POSAH. Dowry.

POTERCHATA. Spirits of drowned boy babies who attracted young men to quicksand.

PROPEY. A part of the wedding feast where everyone is expected to drink up.

PSHINITZIA (PSHINITSIA). Wheat, symbolic of life and prosperity.

PTASHENIA. Nestlings.

RAI. Land of eternal spring.

REYA (also lyra). A stringed instrument to sometimes accompany the duma.

ROSMAI. Rosemary.

RUSSALKA. Water spirit, nymph, or princess.

RUTA. Miata, rue plant, symbol of virginity.

SALAMAKHA. A salad of sliced cucumber and garlic which could include flour and water; a mixture, a medley.

SCILLA. Spring flower.

SERDAK. A jerkin or jacket.

SITNIK. Plant.

SKAZKA. A tale usually told rather than sung.

SOBOL. Sable or brave warrior.

SOKOL. Falcon or brave warrior (as sobol).

SON-TRAVA. Dream grass.

SONETCHKO. Joyful shining sun, synonym for Lada, goddess of love and life.

SONTSE. Sun.

SOPEEVKA. A fife.

STARINY. Epic songs of the past.

STAROATI. Matchmakers.

STAROSTA. Wedding marshall.

STRIB-BOH. God of the wind.

SVACHI. Elderly women who perform various offices at the wedding.

SVATI. Marriage brokers.

SVATILKA. Godmother.

SVITILKA. The light bearer, usually a relative of the groom.

SVITLONKA. A room or chamber.

TCHOUB. Lock of hair coiled in Cossack fashion.

TCHORNOBRIVA. Black-browed maiden; a beauty.

TCHUMAK. Traveling merchant.

TOPOLIA. Poplar tree symbolic of a weeping maiden.

TOPIR. A battle axe.

TRELYCH. A catch fly plant.

TREYZELIA. A poisonous herb used by witches.

TSARIVNA. A queen.

TUIN. A hedge.

VASYLKI. Hyssop or basil used to wreathe the bride's candle.

VELDNIK. A magic poppy.

VERISKO. Person lazy as a snail.

VERSTA. A measure of distance, e.g., kilometre.

VINCA. Periwinkle, also *barvinok*.

VIRKHOVINA. Crest of a mountain.

VISHNEVKA. Cherry liquor.

VISHNYA. Cherry.

VIVID. Leading out, escorting.

VODIANIK. Water king or spirit of the river.

VOVKOOLAK. Were-wolf.

WOZDIKI. Wedding decorations of flowers and sprigs.

YAHIDA. Ripe sweet berry.

YAHIDKOJU (YAHIDKOJOU). With a ripe sweet berry.

YARCHUK. Black-mouthed puppies of spring.

YOOR. Thundergod.

ZAHANA. Dance performed by two couples but any number may participate. It has thirty-seven steps.

ZAZULA. A cuckoo symbolic of the cry of a woman.

ZHUK. A beetle.

ZHUPAN. An elaborate jacket worn by Cossacks.

ZLUIDNI. Evil imps.

ZOLOTOTISIACHNIKI. Flowers with thousands of golden blossoms.

ZOPEEKARKA. Fruit baked with whiskey.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Books

Aizenshtok, I. *Kotliarevs'kyi iak poet.* No 3741. Kiev Druk.

Andrusyshen, C. H. and Kirkconnell, W. *The Ukrainian Poets 1189-1962.* Published for the Ukrainian Canadian Committee: University of Toronto Press, 1963.

Biletsky, O. I. *Vid Davnyny Do Suchasnosti.* Kiev, 1960.

Belinsky, V. G. *Selected Philosophical Works.* Moscow: Foreign Language Publishing House, 1956.

Cyzevs'kyj, D. *A History of Ukrainian Literature.* Littleton, Colo.: Ukrainian Academic Press, 1975.

Cizevska, T. *Glossary of the Igor Tale,* The Hague: Mouton and Co., 1966.

Crath, P. C. and Kirkconnell, W. *Prince Ihor's Raid Against the Polovsti.* Saskatoon, Sask.: Peter Mohyla Institute, 1947.

Davidson, G. *The Ukrainians in Canada: A Study in Canadian Immigration.* Montreal, Que., 1947.

Doroshenko, D. *Pantelejmon Kulish.* Kiev: Ukrajinska Nakladnja, 1917.

Doroshenko, D. *History of the Ukraine.* Edmonton, Alta.: Institute Press, 1939.

Franko, Ivan. *Poems and Stories.* Trans. J. Weir. Toronto, Ont.: Toronto Ukrainian Knyha, 1956.

Franko, Ivan. *Stories.* Compiled and introduced by Professor Yevhen Kirilyuk. Mistetstva Publishers Ukr. SSR, 1972.

Honchar, O. "Jubilee Speech." *Novi Dni,* No. 222/223. Toronto, Ont.: July, August, 1968.

Hrushevsky, M. *A History of Ukraine.* Yale University Press, 1941.

Jakobson, R. "*The Puzzles of the Igor Tale on the 150th Anniversary of Its First Edition.*" *Speculum,* V. 27. Boston, Mass.: 1952.

Jakobson, R. and Simmons, E. J. (editors). *Russian Epic Studies.* Philadelphia, PA: American Folklore Society, 1949.

Khvyl'ovyi, M. (pseud.) (real name Fitilov). *Stories From the Ukraine.* New York, NY: Polyglot Press, 1960.

Kubijoyc, V. and Markus, V. "Emigratsiia." *Encyclopedia Ukrainoznavstav.* Paris-New York: Shevchenko Scientific Society, 1955-57.

Kulish, P. *Khutornaa Poezija.* L'vov: z Drukarni Naukovaho, Tovaristva Imena Schevchenka, 1882.

Kvitka, H. F. *Vybrani Tvory,* Vols. 1-2. Kharkiv: 1930.

Kyriiak, I. *Sons of the Soil.* Toronto, Ont.: The Ryerson Press, 1959.

Livesay, F. R. *Songs of Ukraina.* New York, NY: J. M. Dent and Sons, 1916.

Livesay, F. R. *Shepherd's Purse.* Toronto, Ont.: The MacMillan Co. of Canada, 1923.

Livesay, F. R. *Savour of Salt.* London-Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons Ltd., 1927.

Livesay, F. R. *Marusia*. New York, NY: E. P. Dutton and Co. Inc., 1940.

Livesay, J. F. B. *The Making of a Canadian*. Toronto, Ont.: The Ryerson Press, 1947.

Luckyj, G. S. N. (editor). *Modern Ukrainian Short Stories*. Toronto, Ont.: Ukrainian Academic Press, 1973.

Mann, W. E. *Canada: A Sociological Profile*. New York, NY: Copp Clark, 1968.

Morton, W. L. "Manitoba School Question." *Encyclopedia Canadiana*, Vol. 6, p. 358.

Novovirsky, N. P. "Introduction." *Study of the Ukrainian Language and Culture*, Vols. 1-2. New York, NY., 1949.

Romanchuk, J. *Ruska Pysmenyst*. L'vov: z Drukarni Naukovaho, Tovarystva Imeni Shevchenka: 1908.

Shamrai, A. *Ukrainska Literatura*. Kharkiv, 1928.

Shevchenko, T. *Haidamaky*. Moscow: Gosudarstvennoe Izdatel'stvo Izobrazitelnogo Iskusstva, 1961.

Simpson, G. *The Ukrainian Question and the Present Crisis*. Saskatoon, Sask., 1939.

Skwarok, J. *The Ukrainian Settlers in Canada and Their Schools*. Edmonton, Alta.: Basilian Press, 1958.

Slavutych, Y. (editor). *Slavs in Canada*. Edmonton, Alta.: Inter-University Committee on Canadian Slavs, 1966.

Stechishin, J. *History of Ukrainian Settlements in Canada*. Edmonton, 1975.

Stechishin, J. *Istorya Ukrainskoho Instytyty im. Petra Mohyley v Saskatuni* (History of the Peter Mohyla Institute in Saskatoon). Winnipeg, Man.: The Ukrainian Publishing Co. of Canada, 1945.

Stechishin, J. *Twenty-Five Years of the P. Mohyla Ukrainian Institute in Saskatoon*. Winnipeg, Man.: Ukrainian Publishing Co. of Canada, 1945.

Ukrainka, Lesia. *Vybrane*. Kiev: Association for Cultural Relations with the Ukraine, 1955.

Woycenko, O. *The Ukrainians in Canada*. Ottawa-Winnipeg: Trident Press, 1967.

Wangenheim, E. "The Ukrainians: A Case Study of the Third Force," *Canada: A Sociological Profile*. New York, NY: Copp Clark, 1968.

Young, C. *The Ukrainian Canadians: A Study in Assimilation*. Toronto, Ont.: Thomas Nelson and Sons Ltd., 1931.

Yefremev, S. *Istoria Ukrainskoho Pysmenstva*. Vol. I Kiev, 1919.

Yuzyk, P. *The Ukrainians in Manitoba: A Social History*. Toronto, Ont.: University of Toronto Press, 1953.

Yuzyk, P. "The Ukrainian Greek-Catholic (Uniate) Church of Canada." Unpublished M.A. thesis. University of Saskatchewan, 1948.

Woodsworth, J. S. *Strangers Within Our Gates*. Toronto, Ont.: Missionary Society of the Methodist Church, 1909.

Dictionaries

Andrusyshen. *Ukrainian-English Dictionary* (University of Saskatchewan). Toronto, Ont.: University of Toronto Press, 1957.

Lew and Werbianyj. *Ukrainian-English Dictionary*. Bayreuth, Nuremberg: Buchdruckerei Neumeister, 1947.

References

Istorija Kieva. Kiev: T.1 Akademija Nauk Ukrayinskoji, 1960.

Materialy Vyvchennja Istoriji Ukrajinns'koj Literatury. Kiev: Radjans'ka Schola, 1961.

Periodicals

Calgary Herald. Calgary, Alta., 1916.

Chicago Herald. Chicago, Il. July 28, 1917.

Liverpool Post. Liverpool, England. February 21, 1917.

New York Tribune. New York, NY. November 30, 1916.

Queen's Quarterly. January-March, Vol. XXV, No. 3. Kingston, Ont. Queen's University, 1918.

Review of Reviews. New York, NY. 1918.

Saturday Night. Toronto, Ont. June 1, 1940

The Craftsman. New York, NY. March, 1917.

Toronto Globe. Toronto, Ont. September 22, 1916; December 7, 1917; and November 30, 1940.

Toronto Telegram. Toronto, Ont. April 13, 1940.

Ukrainian Voice. Winnipeg, Man. March 10, 1915; December 6, 1916; January 24, 1917; and March 16, 1921.

"University of Manitoba Slavic Studies: 25, 1949-74." *Novi Dni*, 26-7, 1953. Winnipeg, Man. 1974.

Vsesvit, No. 11. Toronto, Ont. November, 1964.

Editor's note: Author's reference to Hakluyt is obviously the historian and geographer (English 1552-1616); reference to Ralston is ambiguous.

INDEX

DOWN SINGING CENTURIES

FOLK LITERATURE OF THE UKRAINE

TRANSLATED BY

FLORENCE RANDAL LIVESAY

THE BOOK

This book is the outcome of my extensive research — both across Canada and in Eastern and Western Europe — about Florence Randal Livesay and her work. I talked to people who had known her and influenced her observations and appreciations of Ukrainian culture. Through this research some of Florence Randal Livesay's exquisite translations of Ukrainian folk literature are available to the public. FRL was one of the first English-speaking Canadians to appreciate Ukrainian culture and she made every effort to make others aware of the "treasure-trove" of experience her translations of this literature had unearthed. Although Mrs. Livesay was not a scholar and her work has some errors of translation and of fact, this does not detract from the "spirit of Ukriana" that she managed to convey to the written page. Hers was a poet's rendition of an *élan vital*. The shortcomings are the result of the biases of the people who interpreted for her and her own imperfect knowledge of the Ukrainian language. Nevertheless we have all benefitted from her work and we are grateful for her perseverance at a time when interest in "foreign" literature and customs was not popular.

The translations of Florence Randal Livesay included here cover a range of literature and folklore. Many selections were recited in Ukrainian to Mrs. Livesay. Other works were rendered into English from Ukrainain writings. She called her collection of translations "Down Singing Centuries: Ukraine," a reference to the millions of voices with as many themes that are the substance of this book. Joy and sorrow, triumph and despair reverberate through these pages and it was her wish, having realized the complexity of the Ukrainian people, that all the discordant notes should finally harmonize and that no old sores be allowed to fester in the new land.

Just as the singers of these songs found new homes in this new land so did these songs find a new home on the pages of Mrs. Livesay's manuscript. Because of her pioneering efforts a unique genre of Canadian literature was born.

Florence Randal Livesay's appreciation of the Ukrainian spirit was and is remarkable. Her legacy to us is the sensitive word pictures of people and events that she has transferred to her notebooks. No less intuitive is the work of Canadian Ukrainian artist Stefan Czernecki who illustrates these stories. He melds the greatness of Ukraine — the illusive shimmering intensity of an eastern Byzantine style and the classic form and structure of the west. Music emanates from the paintings and vibrant colors permeate the songs. The result is a glorious pagan panorama that touches and delights.

It was my pleasure to bring this book to life. Many helped me in my efforts — notably Dorothy Livesay, daughter of FRL. She gave me permission to use her mother's papers and oversaw much of the selection of materials. I am grateful for her assistance.

Louisa Loeb