

# *Echoes from Ukraine*

*Early Choral Music and Modern Poetry from the 12<sup>th</sup> Century to the present moment*

*Ensemble Cherubim*

*Actors from the Bay Area Theater Community*

*Marika Kuzma, artistic director*

## *Evocation*

Poem: Angels, come downward!

S namy Boh (God is with us)

Choral Concerto No. 1 *Vospoyte Hospodevi*

(Sing to the Lord a New Song)

Hryhory Skovoroda (1722–94)

Anon. 17<sup>th</sup> century Kyivan chant

Dmytro Bortniansky (1751–1825)

## *Lord have mercy*

Kyrie eleison, from *Kyivan Liturgy*

O hore mnie hrieshnomu (Woe is me a sinner)

Pryidite, poklonimsia (Come, let us bow down)

from *Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom*

Poem: Testament (1845)

Nikolay Dyletsky (1630–80)

Anon. 17<sup>th</sup> century motet

Maksym Berezovsky (1745–77)

Taras Shevchenko (1814–61)

## *Hymns to the Mother of God*

O Tebi raduyetsia (About Thee all rejoices)

Nas dilia raspiataho (Mary at the cross)

Cherez pole shyrokeye (Across the wide field)

Traditional Galician chant

Dymytry Tuptalo (1651–1709)

Anon. 17<sup>th</sup> century folk hymn

Arr. by Dmytro Kotko (1892–1982)

## *Songs from underground*

Poem: Singing underground (2022)

Blazhen muzh, (Blessed is the man)

chant from the Monastery of the Caves

Sheila Bonenberger (b. 1950)

Anon. origins in the 12<sup>th</sup> Century

Transcribed by A. Fateev, latter 19C

## *Crimean farewell*

Poem: Take only what is most important (2015)

Penzereden k'ar geliyur (Outside it's snowing)

Serhii Zhadan (b. 1974)

Traditional Crimean Tatar song

## *Utterances*

Poem: Remember (1929)

Choral Concerto No. 27 *Hlasom moim*

(With my voice, I cried out to the lord)

Oleksander Oles (1878–1944)

Bortniansky

## *Final echoes*

Poem: Angels come downward!

Z namy Boh (God with us)

Poem: People—are spectacular (1963)

Loosely based on Skovoroda

Anon. Kyivan Chant

Arr. by O. Koshyts (1875–1944)

Vasyl Symonenko (1935–63)

*This concert is part of the Berkeley Festival and Exhibition of Early Music*

### *A note from the artistic director*

Ukraine is the country of my forebears. Both of my parents left Ukraine in the 1940s, amid the horrors of the Nazi and Red Army occupations. They taught me their native language and songs in the same breath. They told me stories of this beautiful country. I first visited Ukraine in 1991, just a month before the break-up of the Soviet states and Ukraine declared independence. Even under Soviet oppression, its golden churches glowed, and its wide fields took my breath away. Later, in 1999, as the director of choirs in the UC Berkeley Department of Music, I led the UC Chamber Chorus on a concert tour to Vienna-Krakow-Lviv-Kyiv-Prague. The impression Ukraine left on the singers changed their lives. Some of the singers in our concert today were on that very tour. I last traveled to Ukraine in 2016 to give some invited lectures. The changes in this country and its population in just 25 years of independence were staggering. There was such optimism, openness. Having rebuffed Vladimir Putin's aims in its 2014 Revolution of Dignity, Ukraine had asserted itself as one of the most pluralistic, diverse countries in Europe. Its people embraced their hard-won freedom with gusto and joy. The current unprovoked war has broken all our hearts.

The artists onstage today cannot fight on Ukraine's battlefields, but we can bear witness to its long, deep-rooted history in song and poetry. In singing this music, we can refute claims that Ukrainian culture never existed before it was fabricated by Lenin in the early twentieth century. In reciting this poetry, we can affirm how its language and poetry have survived—vibrantly—against all odds.

No concert can represent an entire country: all its history, all its regions, its folk and classical traditions alike, all its beauty as well as its sorrow. Our concert doesn't aim to follow chronology of history or musical style but to celebrate Ukraine's sheer longevity and strength of spirit. As part of the Berkeley Festival of Early Music, this hour-long concert includes pieces and fragments of pieces spanning a thousand years. The earliest piece "Blazhen muzh" originated in 12<sup>th</sup> century Kyiv. We are singing mostly sacred music (in Church Slavonic and modern Ukrainian) from the Ukrainian Orthodox and Catholic churches, simply because this is the music that was passed down in written form: scrawled by monks and Ukraine's formal composers. We're including some folk hymns and a secular song in Crimean Tatar. We are threading in modern Ukrainian poetry to help bring this older music into the present moment. The verses that open our concert come from the 18<sup>th</sup> century poet Skovoroda, who is known as the first champions of the Ukrainian language. We're including a poem by Shevchenko, the most famous Ukrainian poet, by the internationally acclaimed contemporary poet Zhadan, and by an American poet with ties to Ukraine.

We hope this concert will give you a picture of this beautiful, eloquent, resilient country and people. We hope you will take this music and poetry in your hearts and "stand with Ukraine" today and for years to come.

### *Acknowledgements*

Ensemble Cherubim thanks the Consulate of Ukraine in San Francisco and Nova Ukraine of Silicon Valley for their partnership in this event. We also thank the Berkeley Festival & Exhibition, the UC Berkeley Department of Music, and University Carillonist Jeff Davis for their support. Thanks also to Kim Rankin, chorus manager, and to Andrew Chung, Martina Bolognese, Mike Azevedo for their social media and website expertise. East Bay Media Center is graciously helping us document this concert.

## ENSEMBLE CHERUBIM

Ensemble Cherubim first came together in 2009 and 2011 to record the choral concertos of Dmitry Bortniansky for the Naxos International label. The CD “I cried out to the Lord” received wide critical acclaim internationally. Most of its singers are alumni of the University of California Berkeley Chamber Chorus, which—under the leadership of Philip Brett, John Butt, and Marika Kuzma—enjoyed years of collaborations with Philharmonia Baroque, Mark Morris Dance Group, Gustavo Dudamel, among others. (Alumni of UC Berkeley are noted with asterisk below). Many of its singers went on to perform as soloists and leaders of their own ensembles around the world. Led by the scholar of Ukrainian music, Ensemble Cherubim aims to bring Ukrainian repertoire into the mainstream and to integrate choral music and spoken word in a kind of choral theater.

### Sopranos

Jennifer Ashworth\* (Concerto 1 soloist) *has appeared on concert, opera, and musical theater stages in leading roles throughout the Bay Area. She has sung with Philharmonia Chorale, American Bach Soloists, and Cappella SF.*  
Andrea Mich\* (2<sup>nd</sup> O tebi soloist) *earned degrees in Music and Molecular Cell Biology from UC Berkeley. She continues to perform locally as a soprano and flautist with ensembles including Volti.*

Amy Smith\* *is a trauma therapist in the Bay Area. She creates art and makes music to feed her soul and try to add beauty and meaning into the world.*

Vanessa Yang\* *has holds degrees in Music and Chemistry from UC Berkeley. While at Cal, she sang various solos including Feldman’s Rothko Chapel at BAM and McMillan’s Seven Last Words in Zellerbach Hall.*

Angelique Zuluaga (Concerto 27 soloist) *began her career in Colombia and completed an MA in early music and vocal performance at Indiana University. She has performed opera, oratorio, and chamber music widely.*

### Altos

Karen Clark (1<sup>st</sup> O tebi raduyetsia soloist) *has premiered and recorded medieval and new works worldwide. She appeared in the very first Berkeley Festival in 1990 and was a member of Sequenzia and now leads Vajra Voices.*

Jayne Koltsov\* *holds a BS from UC Berkeley and PhD from Cornell. She is thrilled to reunite with fellow singers and sing music from her husband’s homeland. Sláva Ukrayíni!*

Kimberly Rankin\* *is a Bay Area conductor, pianist, singer, and teacher and directs music at Montclair Presbyterian. She has taught singers at SF Girls Chorus and Pacific Boychoir among others.*

Emily Ryan\* (Concerto 1 soloist) *has sung with the SF Symphony chorus and Volti and is a prep chorus director at the SF Girls Chorus. She holds music degrees from SF State and Holy Names University.*

Yumi Thomsha\* (Crimean Tatar song soloist) *is a singer and public high school teacher based in San Francisco. They are dedicated to music, literature, and social justice. They hold an MM from the Longy School of Music.*

### Tenors

Seth Arnopole *sings choral music in all forms, from motets to madrigals to video game soundtracks. He also sings and plays in the Americana band California Zephyr.*

Mike Azevedo\* (Blazhen muzh soloist) *sang with many Bay Area choral ensembles before moving to Los Angeles, where he now works as a film editor. Among his editing credits are A Star is Born.*

Edward Betts (Concerto 1 soloist) *has been singing professionally in the Bay Area for several decades, and still performs regularly with American Bach Soloists and elsewhere.*

Charles Olson\* *is a lawyer specializing in resolving international tax disputes. In addition to the UC Chamber Chorus, he has sung with the Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra and Grace Cathedral’s Choir of Men and Boys.*

Brian Thorsett (Cherez pole soloist) *is a Merola alumnus of San Francisco Opera and a coveted solo artist internationally. He has performed as a choral artist with many ensembles. Brian currently teaches voice at Virginia Tech*

### *Basses*

Ariel Anderson (final chant solo) *is currently attending UC Berkeley, where he sings with the Chamber and University choruses, and is double majoring in Music and Theater*

Andrew Chung\* (precentor Blazhen muzh) *is the founding director of Bay Area Classical Harmonies (B.A.C.H) and works in the Solar and AdTech industry. He currently lives in New York City with his wife Gia and daughter Amelie.*

Joseph Hammer\* (Kyrie precentor and Concerto 27 soloist) *holds an MM from New England Conservatory and often appears as a soloist in the San Francisco Bay Area.*

David Hess (final chant solo) *is a graduate of the SF Conservatory. David has sung throughout the Bay Area including Cal Performances and the SF Symphony Chorus.*

Serge Liberovsky (Kyrie chant soloist) *is Director of Music at Holy Virgin Mary Cathedral (LA), holds an MM in Choral Music from USC, and serves as Librarian for the LA Chamber Orchestra.*

Axel van Chee\* (Concerto 1 soloist) *is a landscape architect and designer by day. His solo opera and oratorio engagements and recording credits including a Handel Messiah in Mandarin.*

Shira Kammen, *an alumna of UC Berkeley, is a multi-instrumentalist and vocalist who has performed and taught throughout the world and has played on several television and movie and video game soundtracks.*

### *Actors*

L. Peter Callender, *artistic director of the African-American Shakespeare Company and an associate artist at the California Shakespeare Theater, is an award-winning actor who has appeared in leading roles around the world including Broadway, ACT, and Berkeley Rep.*

Joy Carlin *has been an actress and director in the Bay Area for many years. She was a member of the company at A.C.T and an associate director there. She was an interim artistic director of Berkeley Rep, where she also acted and directed.*

Crystal Jiang (“Take only what is most important”) *is an undergraduate at UC Berkeley from mainland China.*

Patrick Russell, *a lecturer in UC Berkeley’s Theater, Dance, and Performance Studies Department, has performed in theaters across California including San Francisco Playhouse, Cal Shakes, and the Magic Theatre. He has taught and mentored countless actors in the Bay Area.*

Artistic Director Marika Kuzma *is a critically acclaimed choral conductor well known to the Bay Area. A professor emerita of UC Berkeley, she is a published authority in international choral music. Kuzma has also appeared onstage as an actor at Berkeley Rep, at La MaMa Theater and HB Studios in New York, and in film. marikakuzmamusician.com or marikakuzma.actor*

### *In memoriam*

Within this Festival of Early Music, we remember Nina Aleksandrevna Heresyomova-Persydska (1927—2020) of the Kyiv Conservatory. Nina uncovered some of the very music we are performing this afternoon. During the Soviet era, she was not allowed access to archives of sacred music in Moscow. Undaunted, she scoured archives across Eastern Europe for manuscripts. Her work has inspired generations of Ukrainian music scholars. In an interview from the 2000s, she commented:

“In time, I fell into the category of those anonymous authors whose music I restored.

The performers who perform the scores I restored never mention my name. Restoring scores is a rather labor-intensive process. In fact, you create music together with the composer, including reconstruction restoration of lacunae. Of course, you can do it only if you are able to hear a great deal in your mind.

Theoretical knowledge is not enough. You must know the style of this music by ear. Only then can you recreate something interesting. For a scholar, it’s a wonderful moment when you suddenly find a missing fragment after finishing your reconstruction. In my case, the fragments found afterwards always coincided with what I had written, if not a hundred percent, then ninety-six.”

Today, we acknowledge her work, passion, and creativity.

# Lyrics and Poetry

## Original Ukrainian/Church Slavic and English Translation

### EVOCATIONS

#### **Ангели снижайтеся!**

Ангели, знижайтеся, до землі спускайтеся,  
Бог, що сотворив нам віки,  
живе нині з чоловіком,  
Станьте з хором, всім собором,  
Веселіться, адже з нами Бог!

Це літа прийшла кончина.  
День приходить -  
Дух свободи нас в нас родить,  
Пісень співаєм і гукаєм:  
Веселіться, адже з нами Бог!

#### **С нами Бог**

С нами Бог, розумійте язици,  
і покарайтеся, яко з нами Бог.

#### **Концерт 1**

Воспойте Господеві пѣснь нову:  
хваленіє Его въ церкви преподобныхъ.  
Да возвеселится Израиль о Сотворшемъ Его,  
и сынове Сіони возрадуются  
о Царѣ своемъ.

Да восхвалятъ имя Его въ лицѣ,  
въ тимпанѣ и псалтири, да поють  
Ему.

Яко благоволилъ Господь в людехъ Своихъ,  
и вознесеть кроткія во спасеніє.  
—*Пс. 149, см. 1–4*

#### **Anhely snyzhaytesia**

Angels, come downward, descend to earth,  
God, who created all ages for us,  
lives today among us humans  
Rise up in chorus, rise up with all people  
Rejoice, for God is with us.

The old times have come to an end.  
A new day is yet dawning,  
A spirit of freedom is born into us  
Let us sing songs and make sounds  
Rejoice, for God is with us

#### **S namy Boh**

God is with us, understand this ye nations,  
and submit yourselves, for God is with us.

#### **CONCERTO 1**

Sing unto the Lord a new song:  
His praise is in the church of the saints.  
Let Israel be glad in Him that made him,  
and let the sons of Sion rejoice  
in their King.

Let them praise His name in the dance,  
with the timbrel and the psaltery let them sing  
unto Him.

For the Lord takes pleasure in His people,  
and He shall lift up the meek into salvation.  
—*Psalm 149: 1–4*

### LORD HAVE MERCY

Among the many religions practiced in Ukraine, Christianity is the most prevalent. Ukraine adopted Christianity in the 10th century from Greece and also adopted Greek Orthodox liturgies. Among these is the Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom with its many litanies. Should you enter a Ukrainian Orthodox or Catholic cathedral on any Sunday, you will hear a continuous sung dialogue between priest, deacon, and choir. You will also hear many petitions of “Hospody pomiluy,” Lord have mercy.

#### **Kyrie eleison**

Паки, паки миром Господу помолімся.  
Kyrie eleison. Амиѣн.

#### **Kyrie eleison**

Again and again let us pray to the Lord.  
Lord have mercy. Amen.

### **О горе мнѣ грѣшному**

О горе мнѣ грѣшному,  
Яко паче всѣх окаяненъ есмь.  
Покаянія нѣсть во мнѣ.

Но дай ми, Господи, слезу,  
да плачуся дѣль моихъ горько.  
Но даждь ми, Господи, слезы,  
да плачуся дѣль моихъ горько.

### **Приїдите, поклонімся**

Приїдите, поклонімся  
і припадем ко Христу.  
Спаси ни Сине Божий,  
во святых дивен сий,  
поющія Ти: Аллілуя.  
Господи, спаси благочестивия  
і услыши ни. Амінь.

Святой Боже, святой кріпкий,  
Святой безсмертний помилуй нас.  
Слава Отцю і Сину і  
Святому Духу  
і нині і присно і во вѣки вѣков, амінь.  
Святой безсмертний помилуй нас.

Святой Боже, святой кріпкий,  
Святой безсмертний помилуй нас.

### **Заповіт**

Як умру, то поховайте  
Мене на могилі,  
Серед степу широкого,  
На Україні милій,  
Щоб лани широкополі,  
І Дніпро, і кручі  
Було видно, було чути,  
Як реве ревучий.

...

Поховайте та вставайте,  
Кайдани порвіте  
І вражою злою кров'ю  
Волю окропіте.  
І мене в сім'ї великій,  
В сім'ї вольній, новій,  
Не забудьте пом'янути  
Незлим тихим словом.

### **O hore mnie hrieshnomu**

O woe is me a sinner  
For I am condemned more than all other men.  
There is no penitence in me.

Give me, Lord, but a tear,  
And I will bewail my deeds bitterly.  
If you grant me, Lord, tears,  
I will bewail my deeds bitterly.

### **Pryidite, poklonimsiq**

O come let us bow down  
and fall before Christ.  
Save us, Son of God,  
wondrous among your Saints  
those who sing to You: allilulia.  
Lord, save your faithful people  
and hear them. Amen

Holy God, Holy mighty one  
Holy immortal one, have mercy on us.  
Glory to the Father and the Son and  
the Holy Spirit.  
now and forever and ever, amen.  
Holy immortal one, have mercy on us.

Holy God, Holy mighty one,  
Holy immortal one, have mercy on us.

### **Zapovit (Testament)**

When I die, bury  
me in a grave  
amid the broad steppe  
of my beloved Ukraine.  
Let me see the endless fields  
And the Dnipro river, in all its bends  
Let me see and hear  
how that raging river roars.

...

Bury me in the ground and rise up,  
tear apart your chains,  
and bless your freedom  
with the oppressor's vile blood.  
And then amid my abundant family  
a family newly free,  
forget not to speak my remembrance  
with gentle, kind words.

## HYMNS TO THE MOTHER OF GOD

Ukrainians often express great devotion to Mary, the mother of God, as their saint and protector. Their reverence for the feminine divine is also rooted in pre-Christian rituals. The first piece in this set is a liturgical chant from Western Ukraine. The second and third are hymns originated with roving clerics in the 17<sup>th</sup> century. In the 20<sup>th</sup> century, "Cherez pole" came to be a prayer associated with soldiers.

### **О Тебі радується**

О Тебі радується, Благодатная,  
Всякая твар, Ангельський собор  
і чоловічий род, Освящений храме  
і раю словесний. Дівственна похвало.  
Из нея же Бог воплотися  
і Младенец бисть, прежде вѣк сий Бог наш,

Ложесна бо твоя Престол сотвори,  
і чрево Твое пространнее небес соділа.  
О Тебі радується, Благодатная,  
Всякая твар. Слава Тебі.

### **Нас діла распятачо**

Нас діла распятачо Марія видяще:  
«Ах, уви чадо мое вопієт слезящи,  
Тя болізнена, уединена  
Зрящи на дереві і аз язвленна.

Утіш мя, матер твою восстанієм своїм  
Да прочеє мні не знойне горить уброба,  
Юже в рождестві соблюди в дівстві  
Сохрани в цілу і по роюдестві.

І нині подаждь радість печальному серцю  
Да не вянет ліпота в дівичском вінцю.  
Прекрасний крине, слове єдине,  
На радість мира воскресни сине.

### **Через поле широкее**

Через поле широкее,  
А через море глибокеє.

Туди ішла Пречистая  
А Пречистая Божа Мати.

Де Христа взяли, на хрест рпзпяли,  
Гвоздями руки прибивали.

Славимо Тебе, Божа Мати,  
Най твоя ласка нам поможе

### **O Tebi raduyetsia**

In Thee, O Lady full of grace,  
all creation rejoices, the Angelic host,  
and all mankind. O sanctified temple and  
spiritual paradise. All virgins praise you.  
For, from her God was incarnate  
and became a child, our God before the ages.

Your body became a temple,  
and Your womb more spacious than the heavens.  
In Thee, O Lady full of grace,  
all creation rejoices, Glory to Thee.

### **Nas dilia raspiataho**

Mary, seeing the one crucified for us:  
"Akh, alas my child" she cries out in tears.  
"Full of pain, alone,  
Seeing you on the tree, I am wounded."

Cheer me, your mother, by your resurrecton.  
No one else will burn in my womb.  
Just as in birth you protected my maidenhood  
keep me whole after your resurrection.

Today, give joy to this grieving heart  
so that the flower not fade in my maiden  
wreath.  
Beautiful well-spring, one and only word,  
for the joy of the world, rise up.

### **Cherez pole shyrokeye**

Across the wide field,  
And across the deep sea

There walked the immaculate,  
Immaculate Mother of God.

To where they took Christ, crucified Him,  
Impaled him with nails.

We praise you, Mother of God  
May your grace help us.

## SONGS FROM UNDERGROUND

Among the world's ancient landmarks is the Monastery of the Caves in Kyiv. Founded in 1051, it still houses some 100 Ukrainian Orthodox monks. It is a sprawling complex— above-ground (with gold-domed churches) and underground. In the 16<sup>th</sup> to 17<sup>th</sup> centuries, its narrow catacombs spanned hundreds of miles, and cave churches still exist scattered across Ukraine. The caves are a powerful metaphor for Ukraine's endurance. During the reign of the Russian czars, the Ukrainian language and music were hidden from view. During the Soviet era, Ukrainian churches also was forced underground. Artists and clerics were exiled, tortured, assassinated. Yet the people of Ukraine continue to speak, sing, and pray their truth. Amid today's war, Ukrainians have sought refuge in metro stations and steel plants, where they sing and even hold concerts... underground.

### **Singing underground**

We are finally in Chernihiv,  
part of a small group passing single file  
through an underground gallery,  
inching deeper into a cave carved  
by monks craving distance  
from the outside world,  
monks who shared oxygen  
with candles flickering  
in niches –now empty,  
lit by muted yellow bulbs  
whose dull light barely brushes  
the stone floor until someone, a stranger  
walking behind me, takes out his cell  
phone flooding our path  
with blue light.

...

Even in the monastery cave,  
the hermits clambered up a stone  
shoulder, turned their faces up  
towards an iron grille, and raised  
their voices, sighing, pulsing, surfacing  
twice, once from deep within --  
a song purged of clamoring  
longing, surging away from damp walls,

....

Above us, above ground,  
an old brass bell peals.

**Блажен муж**

Блаженъ мужъ, аллилуія.  
Иже не иде на совѣтъ  
нечестивыхъ. Аллилуія.

Яко вѣсть Господь путь правѣднихъ  
і путь нечестивыхъ погибнуть.

Работайте Господеви со страхомъ  
І радуйтеся Ему съ трепетомъ,

Слава Отцю і Сыну  
і Святому Духу и нынѣ и присно  
и во вѣки вѣковъ, Аминь.  
Аллилуя, аллилуя, аллилуя,  
Слава Теби Боже!

**Blazhen muzh**

Blessed is the man, alleluia,  
who walks not in the counsel  
of the wicked Alleluia.

For the Lord knows the way of the righteous  
and the way of the wicked will perish.

Serve the Lord with fear  
And rejoice in Him with trembling.

Glory to the Father and to the Son and to the  
Holy Spirit now and forever  
and unto ages of ages. Amen.  
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.  
Glory to Thee, O God

**CRIMEAN FAREWELL**

The peninsula of Crimea in the south of Ukraine, has been populated by the indigenous Tatar people since the 13<sup>th</sup> century. In the mid 20<sup>th</sup> century, the Soviets ordered their mass deportation into Central Asia. After Ukraine declared independence in 1991, some 250 thousand Tatars repatriated their Crimea. In 2014, Russian troops annexed Crimea, ordered the Tatars to relinquish their land, and began a campaign of torture. Many Tatars were forced to flee. The Tatar song “Penzereden” is a song of optimism and hope for return and reunion.

**Візьми лише найважливіше.**

Візьми лише найважливіше.

Візьми листи.

Візьми лише те, що зможеш сама нести.

Візьми рушники та ікони,

візьми срібні ножі,

візьми дерев'яні розп'яття,

золочені муляжі.

Візьми хліб і городину, потім іди.

Ми ніколи більше не повернемося сюди.

Ми ніколи більше не побачимо наші міста.

Візьми листи. Всі.

До останнього злого листа.

**Take only what is most important.**

Take only what's most important.

Take the letters.

Take only what you can carry.

Take the icons and the embroidery,

take the silver,

Take the wooden crucifix and the  
golden replicas.

Take some bread, homegrown fruit, then leave.

We will never return again.

We will never see our cities again.

Take the letters, all of them,

every last piece of bad news.

Нам ніколи не повернутись  
до наших нічних криниць.  
Нам ніколи не пити з сухих криниць.  
Нам ніколи більше не бачити  
знайомих облич.  
Ми з тобою біженці.  
Нам з тобою бігти крізь ніч.

Нам з тобою бігти вздовж  
соняшникових полів.  
Нам з тобою тікати від псів,  
спати поміж волів.  
Нам збирати воду в долоні,  
чекаючи в таборах,  
аратувати драконів на бойових прапорах.

Друзі не вернуться,  
і ти не прийдеш назад.

We will never return to  
our corner store again.  
We will never drink from that dry well again.  
We will never see  
familiar faces again.  
We are refugees.  
We'll run all night.

We will run along  
fields of sunflowers.  
We will run from dogs,  
rest with cows.  
We'll scoop up water with our bare hands,  
sit waiting in camps,  
annoying the dragons of war.

Your friends will not return,  
and you will never come back.

*Translated by Virlana Tkach and Wanda Phipps*

### **Penzereden**

Pendžereiden k-ar geliyur,  
Ardyma bakhsam yar geliyur,  
Ach aman, aman, yar, aman, aman of.

Pendžiresi yešil' de boya,  
Kore de bil'sem doya da doya.  
Ach, aman, aman, yar, aman, aman of.

Yeger kor'sem doya da doya,  
Mum yak-arım boydan da boya.  
Ach, aman, aman, yar, aman, aman of.

### **Penzereden (At my window)**

At my window, snow is falling.  
Turning my gaze, I see my beloved coming.  
Oh, good tidings of things to come, ah.

Your window is flourishing green,  
I would like to love you always.  
Oh, good tidings of things to come, ah

If it is my fate to love you always,  
Then your path will be adorned with candles.  
Oh, good tidings of things to come, ah.

## UTTERANCES

This program does not attempt to cover the full history of Ukraine or to follow it in any chronological order. It touches only on moments. One of the most tragic chapters of Ukraine's history is the "Holodomor" when millions of Ukrainians died in a deliberate campaign of starvation engineered by Stalin. Stories of this genocide, like other dark stories from Ukrainian history, were hidden from world view until relatively recently. The *New York Times* journalist Walter Duranty, stationed in Moscow during the Stalin years, covered up this story. Was silent. European journalists were silent. The poet Oleksander Oles wrote this poem in the early years of Stalin's regime.

### **Пам'ятай**

Коли Україна за право життя  
З катами боролась, жила і вмирала,  
І ждала, хотіла лише співчуття,  
Європа мовчала.

Коли Україна в нерівній боротьбі  
Вся сходила кров'ю і слізьми стікала  
І дружної помочі ждала собі,  
Європа мовчала.

Коли Україна криваві жнива  
Робила на пана і в ранах орала,  
І з голоду навіть згубила слова,  
Європа мовчала.

Коли Україна життя прокляла  
І ціла могилою стала,  
Як сльози котились  
і в демона зла,  
Європа мовчала.

### **Концерт 27: Гласом моим**

Гласом моим ко Господу воззвах  
гласом моим к Богу і внятми.  
В день скорби моєї призвах Господа  
и услыша мя от храма святого Своего.

И бысть Господь утверждение мое,  
и возведе мя на висоту,  
яко восхотѣ мя.

...

И оправдания Его не отступиша от  
мене.

### **Pamiatay (Remember)**

When Ukraine fought for the right to live  
Battling her executioners, lived and died  
And waited, wishing only for compassion,  
Europe was silent.

When Ukraine, in unfairly weighed battles  
Drained of blood, drenched in tears,  
Looked to friends for survival,  
Europe was silent.

When Ukraine reaped a harvest of sorrow,  
Toiled and tilled her own land for her master,  
And when she herself, starved, had lost all words,  
Europe was silent.

When Ukraine came to curse life itself  
And became a mass grave,  
When tears streamed even  
from the eyes of the devil,  
Europe was silent.

### **Concerto 27: Hlasom moim**

With my voice unto the Lord have I cried,  
with my voice unto God, and He heard me.  
In the day of my affliction, I called to the Lord,  
and He heard me out of His holy temple.

And the Lord became my firm support;  
and He led me forth into a high place,  
because He desired me.

...

and His statutes departed not from me.  
—Ps. 77: 1, 2; Ps 18: 6, 18–22

## FINAL ECHOES

Ukraine's distinct culture has survived despite all odds. years of slavery under the Czars, forced starvation under Stalin, torture under the Soviets. Its strength and resilience come in part from the beauty and fertility of its very land. It comes also from the deep belief of its people in the power of prayer and the power of song. At the start of this war, villagers in Eastern Ukraine sang at tanks, and the tanks reversed course. Throughout this war, Ukrainians have been writing songs, holding concerts underground, and posting clips of themselves singing as acts of resistance. There seems to be within the people of Ukraine an unspoken, primal principle that has guided them for centuries: I speak, I sing—therefore I am.

### Angels come downward!

Angels! come downward, descend to earth,  
O God, you who created all ages for us, come and live among us.  
God be with us  
Angels! you who protect our skies  
Sing in your divine chorus, rise up you holy people  
Rejoice, for God is with us.

Let the old time come to an end.  
Let a new day dawn on the horizon.  
A spirit of freedom echoes within us.  
Let us sing songs and make sounds  
Rejoice, for God IS with us

### З нами Бог

З нами Бог, розумійте народи,  
і покоряйтеся, яко з нами Бог.

### Люди—прекрасні

Люди — прекрасні.  
Земля — мов казка.  
Кращого сонця ніде нема.  
І хочеться  
Бути дужим,  
І хочеться так любити,  
Щоб навіть каміння байдуже  
Захотіло ожити  
І жити!  
Воскресайте, камінні душі,  
Розчиняйте серця і чоло,  
Щоб не сказали  
Про вас грядущі:  
— Їх на землі не було...

### Z namy Boh (God with us)

God is with us, know this ye nations,  
And be humbled, for God is with us

### Liudy—prekarsni (People are spectacular)

People, humans—are spectacular.  
The earth, the land—like a storybook.  
There is no better sun in the sky.  
I want to  
Exist so strongly  
I want to love so deeply  
That even indifferent stones  
Will want to come alive  
And live.  
Rise up, you souls of stone,  
Open your hearts and your minds!  
Let not those generations who are to come speak  
of us  
—they were never even here.

*Based on a translation by the  
Ukrainian-American actor Vera Farmiga*