

FOLKSONGS

The strong religious orientation of Doukhobor culture would lead one to expect a very weak representation of secular musical materials. Such is not the case. During the nearly 100-year history of the Tavrian and Caucasian settlements in southern Russia, many peasants, soldiers, and other groups joined the Doukhobor movement and doubtless added substantially to the secular corpus of Doukhobor folkmusic. Many Ukrainians, for example, were absorbed into the Doukhobor sect bringing with them their own versions of Slavic folksongs. Several of the Russian folksongs reproduced in the following pages have also been found by Robert B. Klymasz in Ukrainian variants in Canada. The extent of the Doukhobor-Ukrainian involvement in Canada itself has not yet been established; but considering the proximity of Doukhobor and Ukrainian settlements (especially in Saskatchewan), there must have been some contacts. Mr. Klymasz has verified a few such contacts during his Ukrainian research in the Yorkton area of Saskatchewan.

The Doukhobor corpus of secular folksong seems to be pretty well confined to ballads, lyrics, and ditties. The rich heritage of ritual song found in Ukrainian culture does not survive among the Doukhobors. This is understandable when one considers the simple, non-ritualistic nature of Doukhobor culture. Doukhobor weddings and funerals, for example, use the barest minimum of ritualistic devices. In the absence of any complex Catholic or Orthodox Church rituals, the Doukhobors sing their own psalms and hymns to sanctify these events. The traditional Doukhobor custom of bowing to one another as a gesture of respect to the God-in-man is their principal 'ritual.' Their culture is primarily 'philosophical,' not ritualistic.

Although I recorded folksongs from all Doukhobor groups in Canada, the Independent Doukhobors of the prairies seemed the most willing to sing secular materials. The stronger religious inclination of the Orthodox and Sons of Freedom Doukhobors resulted in a greater emphasis on the religious content of the collection made from these sources. Also, the communal traditions of the Orthodox and Freedomite Doukhobors emphasize group participation in the singing of folksongs, something I was trying to avoid because their choral style was often a frank imitation of the stylistic mannerisms of contemporary Russian choirs like the Don Cossacks and the Red Army Chorus, whose recordings are popular among the Orthodox Doukhobors. And I was, of course, anxious for the Russian folksongs to be sung in the traditional Doukhobor style. A few solo and duet recordings were made in Orthodox communities, but most of my secular folkmusic research took place among Independent groups on the prairies. However, the research still continues, and I hope to balance the secular collection with many more items from Orthodox and Sons of Freedom sources.

A Mosquito Wanted to Marry a Fly

(Record 3, Side 1)

PEA 308-1971

Sung by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Faminow
Lundbreck, Alta., June 9, 1964

Moderately fast ♩ = 108

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems. The first system has a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "За-ду-мал ко - ма - - рик на му-хе же - ни - - тья, [theme in bass]". The second system continues the melody and accompaniment with the lyrics: "Вз-ял се-бе му - - ху по-ле-ту - - - ху." The piano part features a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth and sixteenth notes.

Задумал комарик на мухе жениться,
Взял себе муху полетуху, (2)
Раскональя ты муха невеста, (2)
Ни прясть ни ткать не взумела, (2)
А на золоте шить не горазда. (2)
Полетел комарик во лесочек, (2)
Свернул свою головочку во листочек, (2)
А ноженьки в коренечек. (2)
Налетела шуря-буря комарика с дуба сдула; (2)
Упал комарик на подмостик, (2)
Разбил, расшиб свои кости. (2)
Налетели мухи полетухи, (2)
Собрали кости комарёвы, (2)
Сделали гробницу комарышу. (2)
Едет пан, едет царь, сам полковник, (2)
Ну что-же это за покойник? (2)
Это тело это тело комарыша, (2)
Старого война козачиша.

Translation:

A mosquito wanted to marry a fly,
He found himself a flighty fly, (2)
A ruinous bride was the fly, (2)
She could not spin, she could not weave, (2)
And she was not adept at gold embroidery. (2)
The mosquito flew to the forest, (2)
He curled up his head under a leaf, (2)
And hid his legs under a stem. (2)
There came a great storm which blew the mosquito from the oak; (2)
The mosquito fell onto the footbridge, (2)
He broke and shattered all his limbs. (2)
Then came the flighty flies, (2)
They gathered the mosquito's bones, (2)
They built a tomb for the mosquito. (2)
There came a landowner, there came a tsar, and even a colonel, (2)
Who is the deceased? (2)
This is the body, this is the body of a mosquito, (2)
An old warrior of the Cossacks.

As a Cossack Rode Up a Steep Hill

PEA 309-1974

Sung by Mr. Joseph Faminow
Bellevue, Alta., June 10, 1964

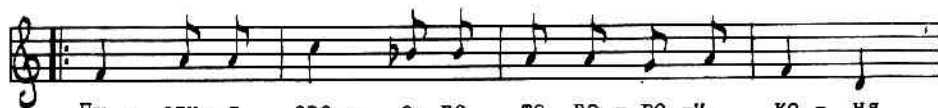
Moderately fast ♩ = 120



Как по - е - - хал то ко - за - - че - нь - ка



на кру - ту го - ру,



Пу - сти - л сво - е - го та во - ро - ня ко - ня



в зе - - ле - - ну тра - - ву.

Как поехал то козаченька на круту гору,
Пустил своего та ворон коня в зеленую траву. (2)

А сам пошел та полёжился под ту малину.
Как привидился козаченьке преужасный сон. (2)

Как с под правого та рукавчика вылетел сокол;
С под левого, с под белого, серая птица. (2)

Как поехал то козаченька, ко ворожёнке.
Ворожёнка, разгадка, разгадай мой сон, (2)

С под правого та рукавчика вылетел сокол,
С под левого, с под белого, серая птица. (2)

— Уж яж тебе козаченько всю правду скажу,
Коль не будет то моя правда головы положу. (2)

Твоя женка та Маренька сына родила.
С сего свету в третьем часу сама померла. (2)

Как поехал то козаченька вниз под гору,
Во всем селу светла нету только в ё дому. (2)

Translation:

As a Cossack rode up a steep hill
He let his splendid black horse go into the green grass [to pasture]. (2)

And he went and lay down under the raspberry bushes.
Then the Cossack dreamt a dreadful dream. (2)

From his right sleeve a falcon flew forth;
And from his left, the white one, a grey bird too. (2)

Then the Cossack went to the fortune-teller.
"Fortune-teller, fortune-teller, do read my dream. (2)

"From my right sleeve a falcon flew forth,
From the left, the white one, a grey bird too." (2)

"I will tell you, my Cossack, the whole truth,
And if what I say does not come true I will lay down my life. (2)

"Your wife, Marenka, bore a son,
And by three o'clock she passed out of this world." (2)

Then the Cossack went down the hill.
In the whole village there were no lights except in her house. (2)

Young Anastasia Gave Birth to a Son

(Record 3, Side 1)

PEA 318-2016

Sung by Mrs. Vera Ewashin
Calgary, Alta., June 14, 1964

Moderately fast $\text{♩} = 120$



Мо- ло- да- я Ана- ста- си - я сы- на ро- ди - ла,



Мо- ло- да- я Ана- ста- си - я сы- на ро- ди - ла.



Трай, рай, рай, рай, сы- на ро- ди - ла,



Трай, рай, рай, рай, сы- на ро- ди - ла.

Молодая Анастасия сына родила, (2)

Трай, рай, рай, рай, сына родила. (2)

На свет белый не пустила, в море бросила, (2)

Трай, рай, рай, рай, в море бросила. (2)

Там плывали рыбаченки в темну полночь, (2)

Трай, рай, рай, рай, в темну полночь. (2)

Изловили, излопали-то моего дитя, (2)

Трай, рай, рай, рай, то моего дитя. (2)

В понедельник утром рано, все звоны звонят, (2)

Трай, рай, рай, рай, все звоны звонят. (2)

Молодую Анастасию в кандалах ведут, (2)

Трай, рай, рай, рай, в кандалах ведут. (2)

А за нею стара мати, плача, рыдая, (2)

Трай, рай, рай, рай, плача рыдая. (2)

— Не плачь моя стара мати, маешь дома две, (2)

Трай, рай, рай, рай, маешь дома две. (2)

Не давай таку повадку, як давала мне, (2)

Трай, рай, рай, рай, як давала мне. (2)

Не пускай на вечерушки, пускай дома спять, (2)

Трай, рай, рай, рай, пускай дома спять. (2)

Translation:

Young Anastasia gave birth to a son, (2)

Try, rye, rye, rye, gave birth to a son. (2)

She did not allow him to live, she threw him into the sea. (2)

Try, rye, rye, rye, she threw him into the sea. (2)

Some fisherman came by in the dark of the night. (2)

Try, rye, rye, rye, in the dark of the night. (2)

They caught in their nets this unfortunate child, (2)

Try, rye, rye, rye, this unfortunate child. (2)

Early on a Monday morning all the bells were ringing, (2)

Try, rye, rye, rye, all the bells were ringing. (2)

Young Anastasia was being led in chains, (2)

Try, rye, rye, rye, was being led in chains. (2)

In her wake, her elderly mother followed in lament, (2)

Try, rye, rye, rye, followed in lament. (2)

“Do not weep, my mother dear, at home you still have two, (2)

Try, rye, rye, rye, at home you still have two. (2)

“Do not give them as much freedom as you have given me. (2)

Try, rye, rye, rye, as you have given me. (2)

“Do not let them go to all the gay parties, let them sleep at home, (2)

Try, rye, rye, rye, let them sleep at home.” (2)

DATA:

Two variants of this ballad appear in the 1963 Soviet collection *Narodnye ballady* [= Folk Ballads], compiled by D. M. Balašov and published in Moscow-Leningrad (p. 166-67). In these variants the girl is a nun and the 'mother' becomes the Mother Superior of the convent. When the Mother Superior places floral wreaths on the heads of the assembled nuns, the wreath of the guilty nun immediately withers, a symbolic indication that she is no longer a virgin.

Even closer to the Doukhobor version is a Ukrainian variant collected by Robert B. Klymasz in Gladstone, Manitoba. Neither of these has acquired the cloistered setting of the variants in the Balašov collection, which are, presumably, later specializations of the ballad. The rich detail of the Ukrainian variant suggests a connection with those Easter singing-games in which groups of maidens wearing floral wreaths danced through the village singing to the accompaniment of bells in order to demonstrate, or even advertise, their virginal status in the community. This status is further heightened, of course, if the maidens can sing of poor victims like young Anastasia who have ignored the moral strictures of their society. Many of these Easter singing-games are thought to be Christian analogues of earlier pagan rituals held in the spring.

In Boredom and Grief

(Record 3, Side 2)

PEA 319-2018

Sung by Dora and Bill Markin
Calgary, Alta., June 14, 1964

Moderately fast $\text{♩} = 104$

Со ску-ки и пе - ча - -ли на у-ли-цу не идут, Ту-

да бы я по-ле - те - - ла ко - го вер-но люб - лю, Ту-

да бы я по-ле - те - - ла ко - го вер-но люб - лю.

Со скуки и печали на улицу не идут,
Туда бы я полетела кого верно люблю. (2)

Любила его верно, и он меня любил,
Любовь наша напрасна, он бросил позабыл. (2)

Сидела в воскресенье, все ждала я его,
Но сердце предвещало, не увижу я его. (2)

Вот вечер, вечер, вечер, мой милый не пришел,
Сыграйте мне разлуку, другую он нашел. (2)

Пушай он не приходит, пушай любит других,
И где б я не встречала мне милых не таких. (2)

Пришел ты не на радость, пришел ты на беду,
Сокрушил сердечко, а сам пошел домой. (2)

Translation:

In boredom and grief one does not like to go out to the street,
But I would fly out there to the one whom I love. (2)

I loved him truly, and he loved me too,
But our love was in vain, he left and forgot me. (2)

I was waiting all day Sunday, waiting just for him,
But I felt in my heart that I would not see him again. (2)

It is already evening, and my loved one has not come,
Well, [musicians] play me a sad tune—he has found another. (2)

Let him stay away, let him love other girls,
Wherever I meet such men they will not be dear to me. (2)

You did not come for happiness, but only to bring grief,
You shattered my heart and went home. (2)

Mother, Dear Mother

PEA 319-2019

Sung by Dora Markin
Calgary, Alta., June 14, 1964

Fast ♩ = 132

Нянь-ка мо - я нянь - ка, нянь - ка спо - ро -
ди - ла, Не от - дай ме - ня за ры - же - го,
люб - лю чер - но - бри - ва, Не от - дай ме - ня
за ры - же - го, люб - лю чер - но - бри - ва.

— Нянька моя нянька, нянька спородила,
Не отдай меня за рыжего, люблю чернобрива. (2)

Она меня не слухала, отдала за рыжего,
Она мне приказала, чтоб я его пановала. (2)

А я его паную, як собаку шпигую,
Под лавкою, припинаю, помоими напиваю. (2)

Чернобровый парень бравый наступил на ногу,
Вот ей-богу скажу правду, не дойду до дома. (2)

Я до дома не пойду, и тута не ляжу,
Дайте братцы подкопаться, да дивчине свежей. (2)

Пускай тебе копает лихая година,
Через тебя подлеца меня мать и била. (2)

Она бить не била, сулилася бити,
Перестань, перестань, до меня ходити. (2)

Translation:

“Mother, dear mother, you have given me birth,
Don’t marry me to a fair man because I love a dark-haired one.” (2)

She did not listen to me, she married me to the fair one,
She also instructed me to treat him like a titled man of leisure. (2)

But I served him the opposite, I treated him like a dog,
He slept under the benches, and I fed him with slops. (2)

A dark-browed dashing man, he crossed my path,
Now in truth I can say that I am not going home. (2)

I am not going home, and I am not staying here,
Help me, comrades, to get over to the girl’s quarters. (2)

Let the time spent be an unrest for you,
It’s because of you, scoundrel, that my mother spanked me. (2)

She really didn’t spank me, she only promised to,
But stop, please stop coming over to see me. (2)

My Boyfriend Has Such a Large Nose

PEA 319-2021

*Sung by Dora Markin
Calgary, Alta., June 14, 1964*

Faast ♩ = 138



Как у мо-е - го ми- ло- го а-ку-рат-нень- кий но- сок,



Во-семь ку- ро - чек са- ди-лось, да де-вя-тый пе- ту-шок.



Гай ду, гай да да, гай да ду- ла, ду-ла я,



Во-семь ку- ро - чек са- ди-лось, да де- вя-тый пе-ту-шок.

Как у моего милого акуратненький носок,
Восемь курочек садилось, да девятый петушок.

*Гай ду, гай да да, гай да дуля, дуля я,
Восемь курогек садилось, да девятый петушок.*

Ко мне милый приходил, хотел познакомиться,
У него только разговор, у нас корова доится.

*Гай ду, гай да да, гай да дуля, дуля я,
У него только разговор, у нас корова доится.*

Меня милый провожал, от малины до ворот,
Я думала поцелует, а он стоит раззявил рот.

А сегодня у ночи я проснулась на печи,
Хват хват за мешок, я думала женишок.

Не брани меня мамаша, не брани так грозно,
Ты сама была такая, приходила поздно.

Мама Пете говорила, походи по улице,
Еще перина не готова, перышки на курице.

Поехали свататься на белой кобыле,
А вернулись назад, жениха забыли.

Никому так не досадно, как нашему деду,
Села бабка на кувшин, говорит уеду.

Translation:

My boyfriend has such a large nose
That eight hens and a rooster can perch on it.

*Gie doo, gie da da, gie da doolya, doolya ya,
That eight hens and a rooster can perch on it.*

My boyfriend would visit me to get better acquainted,
But he talked only of the cows that had been milked.

*Gie doo, gie da da, gie da doolya, doolya ya,
But he talked only of the cows that had been milked.*

My boyfriend walked me home from the strawberry patch,
I thought he would kiss me, but he stood there with his mouth open.

Last night I woke up on the oven,
I grabbed at a sack thinking it was a bridegroom.

Don't scold, mother, don't scold me so fiercely,
You were no different when you used to come home late.

Mother told Peter to go out for a walk,
The feather quilt is not yet finished, for the feathers are still on the chickens.

They went on a white horse for a match-making,
But coming home they forgot to bring the bridegroom along.

No one was more vexed than our grandfather,
Grandmother sat down on a jug threatening to ride off [on it].



Homespun linen 'towel,' hung over pictures and mirrors on festive days;
or over coffin. Made in Caucasia over one hundred years ago.

Bye-You, Bye-You

(Record 4, Side 1)

PEA 319-2023

Sung by Dora Markin
Calgary, Alta., June 14, 1964

Moderate ♩ = 112

Ба - - ю, ба - - ю, ба-ю-шки ба - ю,
Ба - - ю О - - лень - ку мо - - - ю.
Что на зорь-ке на за - - ре,
У ве - - сен - - не - й у по - - ре,
Птич - ки бо - - жи - - и по - - ют,
В тем - ном ле - - се гнез - ды вь - ют.

Баю, баю, баюшки баю,
Баю Оленьку мою.

Что на зорьке на заре,
У весенней у поре,
Птички божии поют,
В темном лесе гнезды вьют.

*Баю, баю, баюшки баю,
Баю Оленьку мою.*

Соловей, ты соловей,
Ты гнездо себе не вей,
Прилетай ты в наш садок,
Под веселый теремок.

*Баю, баю, баюшки баю,
Баю Оленьку мою.*

Кто вас детки крепко любит,
Кто вас нежно так голубит,
Не смыкая в ночи глаз,
Все заботится о вас?

*Баю, баю, баюшки баю,
Баю Оленьку мою.*

Мама дорогая,
Мама золотая.
Она игрушки нам дарит,
И все сказки говорит.

*Баю, баю, баюшки баю,
Баю Оленьку мою.*

Translation:

*Bye-you, bye-you, bye-youshki, bye-you.
Go to sleep, my Olenka dear.*

At the breaking of the dawn
When the springtime is come,
Our feathered friends sing,
In the dark forest they make their nests.

*Bye-you, bye-you, bye-youshki, bye-you.
Go to sleep, my Olenka dear.*

Nightingale, you nightingale,
Do not make [weave] yourself a nest,
Fly instead to our orchard
And this happy dwelling.

*Bye-you, bye-you, bye-youshki, bye-you.
Go to sleep, my Olenka dear.*

Who is it that loves you so dearly,
Who is it that caresses you so tenderly
And stays awake all night
Always worrying about your comfort?

*Bye-you, bye-you, bye-youshki, bye-you.
Go to sleep, my Olenka dear.*

It is our mother dear,
It is our precious mother,
She is the one who buys us toys
And always tells us stories.

*Bye-you, bye-you, bye-youshki, bye-you.
Go to sleep, my Olenka dear.*

From Behind the Dark Forest

PEA 319-2027

*Sung by Dora and Bill Markin
Calgary, Alta., June 14, 1964*

Moderate ♩ = 100

И с под ле-су, ле-су те - (фм - но - го,

Ми - мо са-ди - ка - (а) зе - ле - - - - но - го,

The musical score consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble clef on the top staff and a bass clef on the bottom staff. The tempo is marked 'Moderate' with a quarter note equal to 100 beats per minute. The lyrics are written below the notes. The second system also has a treble clef on the top staff and a bass clef on the bottom staff, with lyrics written below. The music is in a simple, folk-like style with a steady rhythm.

Из-под лесу, лесу темного,
Мимо садика зеленого, (2)
Выходила туча грозная, (2)
Со дождями со морозами, (2)
Со буйными ветерочками. (2)
Поехала Маша к бабушке, (2)
Она ехала не доехала, (2)
Колясочка обломилась. (2)
Наша Маша зажурилася. (2)
К дубочку притулилася. (2)
Соловьишко опустился. (2)
Соловьишко родный бабушка, (2)
А нянюшка не родимая. (2)
Посылает рано по воду, (2)
По воду, воду холодную. (2)

Всю разутую, раздетую, (2)
Головушку распокрытую. (2)
Налетели гуси серые, (2)
Намутили воду чистую. (2)
Покель вода размутилася, (2)
Наша Маша простудилася, (2)
У постелюшку свалилася.

Translation:

From behind the dark forest,
Passing over a green orchard, (2)
A fierce cloud emerged, (2)
Bringing rain and frost, (2)
And also great winds. (2)
Masha went to visit her father, (2)
But she did not get far, (2)
The wheels [of her carriage] broke down. (2)
Our Masha became sad. (2)
She leaned against an oak tree. (2)
A nightingale flew down. (2)
The nightingale was [like] her dear father, (2)
But her mother was not her own. (2)
She [her stepmother] sends her in the morning to fetch water, (2)
To fetch cold, cold water, (2)
She sends her without shoes, improperly dressed, (2)
Even her head is bare. (2)
Grey geese came flying, (2)
And they muddied the water. (2)
By the time the water cleared again (2)
Our Masha caught cold (2)
And took sick in bed.



Helen Chernoff, singer of *There Lived in France a Wealthy King*

There Lived in France a Wealthy King

(Record 3, Side 2)

PEA 320-2030

Sung by Mrs. Helen Chernoff
Kylmore, Sask., June 18, 1964

Moderate ♩ = 72

Жил был во Фран-ции бо - га - - тый ко -роль, Он и
мел се-бе две до-че-ри ура - са-ви-цы со - бой, Он и -
мел се-бе две до-че-ри кра - са-ви-цы со - бой. Как
пер - ва-я дочь, ров-но тем - на-я ночь,

Жил был во Франции богатый король,
Он имел себе две дочери красавицы собой. (2)
Как первая дочь ровно темная ночь, (2)
Вторая та дочь ровно розочка цветет. (2)
Присватался к красотке с иной земли король. (2)
Старшая меньшую сманула потайка: (2)
"Пойдем, пойдем сестрица, пойдем мой верный друг, (2)
Посмотрим родная, чем море убрано. (2)
Убранное море желтым морским песком, (2)
Покрытое море покровом гробовым." (2)
Старшая меньшую спихнула с бережка: (2)
"Плыви плыви сестрица, плыви мой верный друг, (2)
Куда ветер подует, туда волна прибьет." (2)
Прибила красотку к крутому бережку, (2)
К крутому бережку, и к зеленому лужку. (2)
Там плавали рыбаченьки во темную ночь. (2)

Поймали красотку, как царскую дочь, (2)
И сделали арфу с ее мелких ребер, (2)
И сделали скрипаченьку с ее русой косы. (2)
Поставили арфу против царского двора, (2)
Как вскрикнула арфа в двенадцать голосов: (2)
Послушай папаша, что арфа говорит, (2)
Не наша ли родная за арфою стоит? (2)
Не наша ли сестрица нам речи говорит?

Translation:

There lived in France a wealthy king,
He had two beautiful daughters. (2)
The first daughter was like the dark night, (2)
The second daughter was like a blooming rose. (2)
A king came from a foreign land to marry the beautiful one. (2)
The elder sister deceived the younger in a treacherous manner: (2)
“Let us go, my dear sister, let us go, my true friend, (2)
Let us see, my dear one, how the sea is dressed up [adorned], (2)
The sea is adorned with yellow sand, (2)
The sea is blanketed with a shroud.” (2)
The elder sister pushed the younger off the edge: (2)
“Swim, swim, my sister, swim, my true friend, (2)
Whither the wind blows, there the waves will carry you.” (2)
The waves carried the beauty to a steep shore, (2)
To a steep shore and a green valley. (2)
There, in the dark night, fishermen were sailing (2)
They caught the maiden, as beautiful as a tsar’s daughter, (2)
They made a harp from her fine ribs, (2)
And they strung it [made a fiddle] with her blonde hair. (2)
They placed the harp in front the tsar’s palace. (2)
Suddenly the harp cried with twelve voices: (2)
“Hear, my father, what the harp has to say, (2)
Is this not our dear one who stands behind the harp? (2)
Is this not our sister who is speaking to us?”

DATA:

It was most interesting to discover that this old ballad has survived in Russian tradition in Canada. The story is well known in northern European and British folklore. I have collected an unusual English variant on the northwest coast of Newfoundland (see *Songs of the Newfoundland Outports*, volume 1, p. 179). In Francis James Child's famous collection of *English and Scottish Popular Ballads* it is known as *The Two Sisters* (No. 10). Several variants have also been collected in the United States, and the 'singing bone' motif has been noted in French-Canadian folktale researches.

Two other Russian variants appear in the Soviet collection *Narodnye ballady* [= Folk Ballads], compiled by D. M. Balašov and published in Moscow-Leningrad, 1963 (p. 359-362). Balašov says (p. 39) that this ballad was absorbed into Russian tradition by direct oral communication without the intermediate stage of literary processing. One of his variants has an English locale; the other is unspecified. It would be difficult to date the ballad's absorption into Russian folk tradition with any precision, but Balašov states that it was popular among the folk in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.

Regarding the Doukhobor variants—I recorded a similar one in Alberta, and several Doukhobors in British Columbia said they knew it—the idea occurred to me that these versions might date from the period of the Crimean War in the mid-1850's when Britain and France joined Turkey to prevent possible Russian expansion southward. The Allied victories were largely nullified by heavy losses caused by cholera and starvation. Could it be that a few survivors or defectors found their way to nearby Doukhobor settlements to be taken care of by the friendly Doukhobors? As a piece of corroborating evidence, I offer the Doukhobor family name 'Mahonin,' which is believed to be a Russianized version of 'Mahoney.' Perhaps this unknown Anglo-Irish soldier, or one of his companions, introduced the ballad to the Doukhobors. If he was French, this might account for the French locale of the Doukhobor variants.

A Girl Was Sitting on the Shore

PEA 320-2031

Sung by Helen Chernoff and Mrs. M. Kanygin
Kylemore, Sask., June 18, 1964

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The time signature is 3/4. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are in Russian. The first system has two lines of music. The second system has two lines of music, with a triplet of eighth notes in the vocal line. The third system has two lines of music, with triplets in both the vocal and piano lines.

На бе-ре-гу си-дит де-ви-ца,
О - на шел - ка - - ми шьет пла - ток,
О - на шел - ка - - ми шьет пла - ток.

На берегу сидит девица,
Она шелками шьет платок. (2)

Работа чудная такая,
Но шелку ей недостает. (2)

На счастье парус показался,
Среди же голубого дня. (2)

Моряк любезный, нет ли шелку
Хотя немножко для меня? (2)

— У нас для таких красоток, как ты,
У нас есть разные шелки: (2)

— У нас есть белый, алый, нежный,
Какой угодно для тебя. (2)

Ну потрудись дорогая,
Зайди на палубу мою. (2)

Зашла, красотка, парус поднялся,
Моряк ей шелку не дает. (2)

А про любовь, страну дальнюю,
Моряк ей песенку поет. (2)

Как ударил звук гитары,
Она уснула крепким сном. (2)

Когда проснулася Маруся,
Кругом ей синее море. (2)

— Моряк моряк, сведи на берег,
Мне здесь тошно от волны. (2)

— Проси, что хочешь но не это,
Я не расстануся с тобой. (2)

Я восемь лет по морю ездил,
Такой красоты не видал. (2)

— Нас было родных три сестрицы,
Одна за графом, другая
Министера жена. (2)

А всех младше, всех красивше,
Простой морячкой жить должна. (2).

— Ты не простая же морячка,
Я зовусь сыном короля! (2)

Translation:

A girl was sitting on the shore
Embroidering a kerchief with silk threads. (2)

Her work was very beautiful,
But she did not have enough silk. (2)

Luckily a boat appeared
In the middle of the clear day. (2)

“Dear sailor, have you any silk,
Just a little for me?” (2)

“We have, for beautiful girls like you,
A great variety of silks. (2)

“We have white, scarlet and fine silk,
And you can have whichever you please. (2)

“Be so kind, my dear girl,
To come on board my boat [to see].” (2)

The beautiful girl went; the sails were lifted,
The sailor gave her no silk. (2)

But of love and a far-off land
Did the sailor sing to her. (2)

When the guitar started to play
The girl fell fast asleep. (2)

When Marusia woke up
All around her was the blue sea. (2)

“Oh sailor, sailor, put me back on shore,
I feel very seasick because of the waves.” (2)

“You can ask me for anything but that,
I will never part with you. (2)

“I have travelled the seas for eight years,
But I have never seen a beauty such as you.” (2)

“There were three sisters in the family;
One married a count, the other
Is a statesman’s wife. (2)

“But I, the youngest and prettiest of all,
Will have to live as a simple sailor’s wife.” (2)

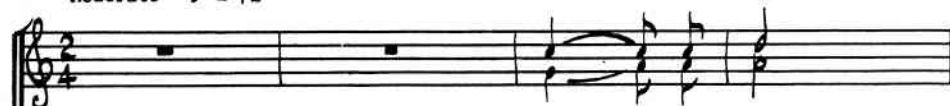
“You are not just a sailor’s wife,
For I am the son of a king.” (2)

Marusina, My Sweetheart, Pity Me

PEA 327-2086

*Sung by a trio of women elders
Kamsack, Sask., June 24, 1964*

Moderate ♩ = 72



Ма - - ру - си - - - - на сер - - д(е) - це,



по - - жа - ле - - - й ме - н(е) - - я,



Возь - - - ми мо - - - - е се - - - р - - д(е) -



FINE



це, да - - й (и)м - - не сво - е.



Марусина сердце, пожалей меня,
Возьми мое сердце, дай мне свое. (2)

Еслиб было можно душу заложить,
А за эти деньги милого купит. (2)

Во саду под липой скамейка стоит,
А на той скамейки там парочка сидит. (2)

Он ее ласкает: "Милая моя,
Посмотри мне в глазки, поцелуй меня. (2)

"Мне не много надо, милая моя,
Два три поцелуя, тем доволен буду я". (2)

Translation:

Marusina, my sweetheart, pity me,
Take my heart and give yours in return. (2)

If only it were possible to pawn one's soul,
And with the money to buy one's beloved! (2)

In the orchard under a linden tree there is a bench,
And on the bench a couple is sitting. (2)

Wooing her, he says: "My beloved,
Look into my eyes and kiss me. (2)

"I do not need many, my dear,
Just two or three kisses and I will be satisfied."



Polly and Molly Horkoff, singers of *Oh You Snow-Ball Tree*

Oh You Snowball Tree, My Lovely One

(Record 4, Side 2)

PEA 331-2118

Sung by Polly and Molly Horkoff (elders)
Verigin, Sask., June 26, 1964

Moderate ♩ = 72

The musical score is written in 2/4 time with a tempo of Moderate (♩ = 72). It consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are in Russian and are placed below the vocal lines.

Ой да ты ка - ли - - - ну - шка, раз - ма -

ли - - - ну - шка, Ой да ты не сто - - й пос -

той на го - - ре - - - (е) кру - той.

Ой да ты калинушка, размалинушка,
Ой да ты не стой постой на горе крутой.

Ой да ты не стой постой на горе крутой,
Ой да не спускай листья во сине море.

Ой да не спускай листья во сине море,
Ой да по сине море корабль плывет.

Ой да по сине море корабль плывет,
Ой да корабль плывет аш волна ревет.

Ой да корабль плывет аш волна ревет,
Ой да как во том кораблю три полка солдат.

Ой да как во том кораблю три полка солдат,
Ой да три полка солдат, молодых ребят.

Ой да три полка солдат, молодых ребят,
Ой да офицер майор Богу молится.

Ой да офицер майор Богу молится,
Ой да рядовой солдат домой просится.

Ой да рядовой солдат домой просится,
— Ой да офицер майор, ты пусти домой,

Ой да офицер майор, ты пусти домой,
Ой да ты пусти домой, к жене молодой!

Translation:

Oh you snow-ball tree, my lovely one,
Do not stand like a sentry on the steep hill.

Do not stand like a sentry on the steep hill,
Do not let your leaves fall into the blue sea.

Do not let your leaves fall into the blue sea,
For there is a boat sailing on the blue sea.

There is a boat sailing on the blue sea,
And as it sails it cuts into the waves.

As it sails it cuts into the waves,
And in that boat are three detachments of soldiers.

And in that boat are three detachments of soldiers,
Three detachments of soldiers, all young lads.

Three detachments of soldiers, all young lads,
And an officer, a major who is praying to God.

And an officer, a major who is praying to God,
And a private was begging for leave.

And a private was begging for leave:
“Oh officer, major, let me go home.

“Oh officer, major, let me go home!
Let me go home to my young wife!”

DATA:

Although the Russian dictionary gives ‘snow-ball tree’ (line 1), the Doukhobors refer to it as a ‘cranberry tree.’ The next word, ‘little raspberry,’ is meaningless in literal translation. The Doukhobors tell me it is a term of endearment, analogous to the English ‘honeybunch’ or ‘honeysuckle.’ Moreover, the strong feminine aura of the metaphorical first line is impossible to recreate in ‘sexless’ English. Even Russian readers will be kept in suspense until the last line, when they learn the object of the young man’s passionate outburst.



Anastasia and Fanny Chernoff, singers of *On the Green Mountain*

On the Green Mountain

(Record 4, Side 2)

PEA 331-2121

Sung by Anastasia and Fanny Chernoff
Verigin, Sask., June 24, 1964

Moderate ♩ = 92

Уж там на го - ре, зе - ле - ной го - ре да,

Там си - де ла да па - ра го - - лу - бей. (и)

Там си - де - ла да па - ра го - - лу - бей.

Уж там на горе, зеленой горе да,
Там сидела да пара голубей. (2)

Они сидели любовались,
Да сизыми крыльями обнимались. (2)

Не откуда взялся охотник, стрелок,
Да убил, разлучил он пару голубей. (2)

Он голубя убил, голубку словил,
Да взял под полу да понес до дому. (2)

Принес до дому, пустил по полу,
Да насыпал пшеницы да аж по коленцы. (2)

“Голубка моя, сизокрилая,
Да ну, чтож ты такая невеселая? (2)

Водичку не пьешь, зерно не клюешь,
Да и все ты гуркуешь и голубя ждешь?” (2)

“Ну как-же мне жить, веселою быть,
Да когда нет того, кто сердца крушит? (2)

Теперь я не та, и голос не тот,
Да не так он гуркует, как сердце мое.” (2)

Translation:

On the mountain, on the green mountain,
There sat a pair of doves. (2)

They were sitting cooing,
And embracing with their grey wings. (2)

Suddenly a hunter with a rifle appeared,
He shot one, separating the pair of doves. (2)

He shot the male dove and caught the female,
He put her under his coat and brought her home. (2)

He brought her home and put her on the floor,
He sprinkled wheat knee deep. (2)

“My dove, my grey-winged one,
What’s wrong, why are you so sad? (2)

“Why don’t you drink, why don’t you eat?
Why do you wait for him, lamenting so?” (2)

“How can I live and be happy
When the one who shatters my heart is gone? (2)

“Now I am different, my voice is out of sorts
And cannot express the lament I feel in my heart.” (2)