

A Ukrainian harvest

<https://riverofsong.uk/>

A universal song of celebration.

In normal time Ukraine is the breadbasket of Europe and harvest celebrations, like in many countries, is a tradition they hold dear.

Find it sung in Ukrainian here:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xDv9S6VVwy4>

You might notice the Ukrainian song has four verses, the first is about the dying summer. Initially I only came across the second verse which was particularly suited to young children I then added the third verse as it made a simple story.

Translation by Dany Rosevear.

Please let me know if there are other simple Ukrainian children's rhymes / songs you would like me to translate and also let me know if my translations varies from the spirit / meaning of the original – mine are rarely literal so they can scan / rhyme / make sense!

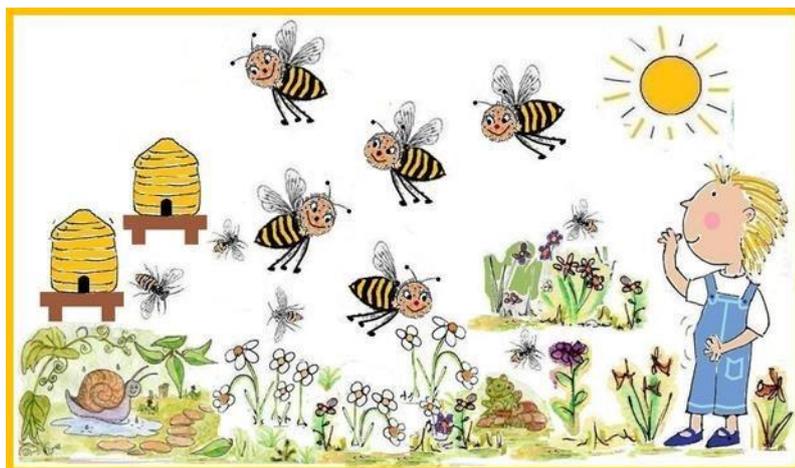
Aut - umn time has come There's ap - ples in the or - chards
Pears and plums are swell - ing, Ripe and so de - li - cious.

Oh, yes! Oh, yes, yes! Ripe and so de - li - cious.

The musical notation is in 4/4 time. The first line has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The notes are: C4, D4, E4, F4, G4, A4, B4, C5. The second line has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The notes are: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first line has a repeat sign at the end. The second line has a repeat sign at the beginning and end.



Autumn time has come,
There's apples in the orchards,
Pears and plums are swelling,
Ripe and so delicious.
Oh, yes! Oh, yes, yes!
Ripe and so delicious.
Oh, yes! Oh, yes, yes!
Ripe and so delicious.



Many beet and cabbages
Are growing in our gardens
A rich and joyful harvest
In our lovely homeland.
Oh, yes! Oh, yes, yes!
In our lovely homeland.
Oh, yes! Oh, yes, yes!
In our lovely homeland.



Wheat and rye is gathered
From the fields and meadows.
Everyone is welcome
To the feasting and the dancing.
Oh, yes! Oh, yes, yes!
Come and join the dancing.
Oh, yes! Oh, yes, yes!
Come and join the dancing.



Як діждали літа, То нажали жита.
З жита та пшениці, Гарні паляниці!
Ой, так, ой, так, так. Гарні паляниці.

Осінь наступила. Яблук натрусила.
Ось і груші й сливи, І смачні, й красиві.
Ой, так, ой, так, так. І смачні, й красиві.

А в городі густо, Буряків, капусти.
Ой які врожаї В нашім, ріднім краї.
Ой, так, ой, так, так. В нашім, ріднім краї.

З жита та пшениці, Гарні паляниці.
Всіх ми почастиуєм, Ще і затанцюєм.
Ой, так, ой, так, так Ще і затанцюєм.