


Stradalna maty

Sorrowful mother


trad. Ukrainian

Soprano

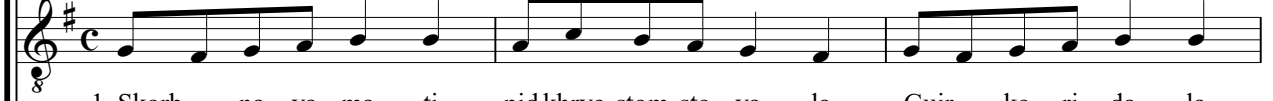


1. Skorb__ na - ya ma - ti pid khrye-stom sto - ya - la Guir - ko ri - da - la
2. Ya tye-bye koo-pa - la drib-ni - mi slo - za - mi Yak ma-lim kho-va - la

Alto




Tenor




1. Skorb__ na - ya ma - ti pid khrye-stom sto - ya - la Guir - ko ri - da - la
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Bass




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v slo-zhakh pro - mo - vlya - la, Oy si - noo, si - noo, za ya - koo pro - vi - noo,
pye - ryed vo - ro - gua - mi, A ni - ni pla - choo, bo tye - bye vzye tra - choo,




Tenor




v slo-zhakh pro - mo - vlya - la, Oy si - noo, si - noo, za ya - koo pro - vi - noo,
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Pye - rye - no - sish ni - ni tya - zkoo - yo gui - di - noo Na khrye - sti?
Vzye tye - bye, miy si - noo, bil - shye nye po - ba - choo. Si - noo miy!



Tenor



Pye - rye - no - sish ni - ni tya - zkoo - yo gui - di - noo Na khrye - sti?
Vzye tye - bye, miy si - noo, bil - shye nye po - ba - choo. Si - noo miy!



1. Beneath the cross there stood a mother crying,
Shedding tears of sorrow while her Son was dying:
Oh Son, my Son, for what great transgression
Must You bear this trying hour of oppression
On the cross?

2. With my bitter tears how lovingly I bathed You
When You were a mere child, from what foes I saved You:
But now You leave me and my heart so grieves me,
For my dearest Son, no longer will I see Thee.
Oh my Son!

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3. Mo - ya o - po - ro, miy ti svi - tye yas - niy, Gua - snyesh za - sko - ro,
4. Miy Bo - zye mi - liy, oo - syer - dno tya mo - lyo: Po - day mye - ni si - li

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v'ya-nyesh pye - rye - cha - sno, A shto zi mno - yo sta - nye, si - ro - to - yo,
oo nyesh - ta - snim bol - yo. Tye - bye bla - gua - yo, yak sa - ma lish zna - yo,

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Ya sa - ma na svi - ti yak bi - li - na sto - yo, Pid khrye - stom.
I to - bi dyes si - na mo - guo do - roo - cha - yo, Na khrye - sti.

3. You are my support, my world's brilliant light,
Fading much too early, withering from sight,
What becomes of me now, a lonely orphan,
I'm alone in this world, as a blade of grass I stand,
By the cross

4. Oh my God, most gracious, hear my supplication:
Grant to me the strength to bear this tribulation.
This I implore You, how much only I know,
As I offer You my Son who is reviled so,
On the cross.