



Dry Tears

Children's Choir with accompaniment

Words and Music by Natalia Onyschuk

Piano Arrangement by James French

Copyright © 2013. This arrangement copyright © 2018.

Hanya

Dry Tears

Written by Natalia Onyschuk, October 2013

This song was written on the 80th anniversary of the Holodomor. The intent was to teach students about the Holodomor by looking at the events through the eyes of children; school age children that were innocently living their daily lives at that time. The chorus reflects the voices of children who will one day hold the future in their hands.

I wish to acknowledge the assistance of James French and all those who contributed to the formation of this piece including the students of St. Matthew who inspired me to write it.

Pronunciation Guide

“Учітєся брати мої”

“Uchitesia braty moi” (learn my brothers) is the first line of a famous poem by Taras Shevchenko.

The remaining four phrases are religious in origin:

“Хліб наш насущний дай нам днесь.”

“Khlib nash nasushchnyi dai nam dnes’ (‘Give us this day our daily bread’) is in the Lord’s prayer.

“Господи помилуй нас.”

“Hospody pomylui nas” (Lord have mercy) is a liturgical response to petitions in the Ukrainian liturgy.

“Вічная, Вічная пам’ять”

“Vichnaia, Vichnaia pam’iat’” (Eternal, eternal memory) is a prayer sung at funerals.

“Тобі Господи”

“Tobi Hospody” (To You, O Lord) is a response in the Ukrainian liturgy.

Cover graphic by Hanya Onyschuk

Musical editing, typesetting and layout by James French

Dry Tears

Words and Music: Natalia Onyschuk

Piano Arrangement: James French



7

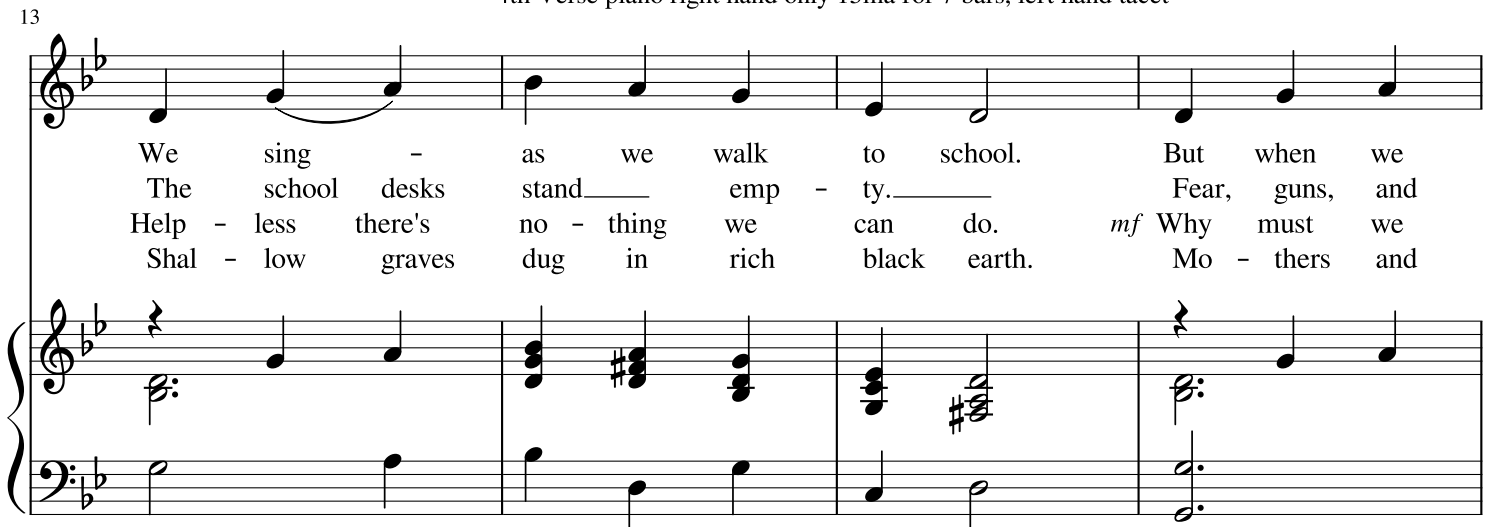


Sun - flow - ers, wheat fields, warm au - tumn bree-zes.
We can't speak free - ly, our books are tak-en.
p No play, *pp* no strength, days grow — qui-et.
p Dry tears and whis - pers, lives gone for - ev - er.

3rd Verse piano tacet for 7 bars

4th Verse piano right hand only 15ma for 7 bars, left hand tacet

13



We sing - as we walk to school. But when we
The school desks stand — emp - ty. — Fear, guns, and
Help - less there's no - thing we can do. *mf* Why must we
Shal - low graves dug in rich black earth. Mo - thers and

17

get there, our books are tak - en There is a whole new set
 hung - er, laugh - ter is gone Please feed our souls we
 suf - fer, while o - ther's pros - per? We keep our faith and pray
 fa - thers, sis - ters and bro - thers, we will al ways

22

of rules. Just let us learn and grow - у - чи - те -
 are hung - ry! Give us this day our dai - ly bread - Хліб наш на -
 to you! Lord, have mer - cy - Гос по - ди - по
 re - mem - ber! E ver - last - ing mem - or - ry - Віч - на - я,

26

poco rit.

ся бра - ти мо - ї. It's up to us to re -
 суц - ний дай нам днесь. (no chorus - to 3rd Verse)
 ми - луй нас.
 віч - на - я пам - ять.

mem - ber, tell our sto - ries to the world, We must not ev - er let this hap - pen, we

Final time to Coda

pray to you O Lord. *rit.* To - бі Го - спо - ди!