Ivashko and the Witch — Variant 2

There once lived an old man and an old woman, and they had one little son, Ivashko; they loved him so much that it cannot be told! So Ivashko asks his father and mother: "Let me go, I will go fishing." - "Where would you go! You are still small, you might drown, God forbid!" - "No, I will not drown; I will catch fish for you: let me go!" The old woman put a white shirt on him, girded him with a red belt, and let Ivashko go.

So he got into a boat and says:

Little boat, little boat, sail far away!

Little boat, little boat, sail far away!

The little boat sailed far, far away, and Ivashko began to catch fish. Whether little or much time passed, the old woman dragged herself to the shore and calls her son:

Ivashko, Ivashko, my little son!

Swim, swim to the little shore;

I have brought you food and drink.

And Ivashko says:

Little boat, little boat, sail to the shore:

My mother is calling me.

The little boat sailed to the shore; the old woman took the fish, fed and gave drink to her son, changed his shirt and belt, and let him go fishing again.

So he got into the little boat and says:

Little boat, little boat, sail far away!

Little boat, little boat, sail far away!

The little boat sailed far, far away, and Ivashko began to catch fish. Whether little or much time passed, the old man dragged himself to the shore and calls his son:

Ivashko, Ivashko, my little son!

Swim, swim to the little shore;

I have brought you food and drink.

And Ivashko:

Little boat, little boat, sail to the shore:

My father is calling me.

The little boat sailed to the shore; the old man took the fish, fed and gave drink to his son, changed his shirt and belt, and let him go fishing again.

The witch heard how the old man and old woman called Ivashko, and she wanted to get hold of the boy. So she comes to the shore and shouts in a hoarse voice:

Ivashko, Ivashko, my little son!

Swim, swim to the little shore;

I have brought you food and drink.

Ivashko hears that this is not his mother's voice but the witch's voice, and sings:

Little boat, little boat, sail far away,

Little boat, little boat, sail far away:

It is not my mother calling me, it is the witch calling me.

The witch saw that she needed to call Ivashko in the same voice as his mother calls him, ran to the blacksmith and asks him: "Little smith, little smith! Forge me such a thin little voice as Ivashko's mother has; or else I will eat you!" The smith forged her such a little voice as Ivashko's mother's. So the witch came at night to the shore and sings:

Ivashko, Ivashko, my little son!

Swim, swim to the little shore;

I have brought you food and drink.

Ivashko swam over; she took the fish, seized him and carried him off to her place. She came home and orders her daughter Alenka: "Heat the stove hotter and roast Ivashko well, and I will go gather guests - my friends." So Alenka heated the stove hot-hot and says to Ivashko: "Go, sit on the shovel!" - "I am still small and foolish," answers Ivashko, "I do not know how to do anything yet; teach me how to sit on the shovel." - "All right," says Alenka, "it does not take long to teach!" - and as soon as she sat on the shovel, Ivashko just threw her into the stove and closed the damper,

and himself went out of the hut, locked the doors, and climbed up a very, very tall oak.

The witch comes with guests and knocks on the hut; no one opens the door for her. "Ah, cursed Alenka! Probably went somewhere to play." The witch climbed in through the window, opened the doors and let the guests in; everyone sat down at the table, and the witch opened the damper, took out the roasted Alenka - and put her on the table: they ate and ate, drank and drank, and went out into the yard and lay down on the grass. "I will roll, I will tumble, having eaten Ivashko's flesh!" - shouts the witch. - "I will roll, I will tumble, having eaten Ivashko's flesh!" And Ivashko calls out to her from the top of the oak: "Roll, tumble, having eaten Alenka's flesh!" - "Something seemed to be heard," says the witch. "It is the leaves rustling!" Again the witch says: "I will roll, I will tumble, having eaten Ivashko's flesh!", and Ivashko his own: "Roll, tumble, having eaten Alenka's flesh!" The witch looked up and saw Ivashko; she rushed to gnaw the oak - the very one where Ivashko was sitting, gnawed, gnawed, gnawed - broke two front teeth and ran to the smithy. She ran up and says: "Little smith, little smith! Forge me iron teeth, or else I will eat you!" The smith forged her two iron teeth.

The witch returned and began to gnaw the oak again; gnawed, gnawed, and just as she gnawed through it, Ivashko took and jumped to another, neighboring oak, and the one the witch had gnawed through fell to the ground. The witch sees that Ivashko is already sitting on another oak, gnashed her teeth with anger and began to gnaw the tree again; gnawed, gnawed, gnawed - broke two lower teeth and ran to the smithy. She ran up and says: "Little smith, little smith! Forge me iron teeth, or else I will eat you!" The smith forged her two more iron teeth. The witch returned and began to gnaw the oak again. Ivashko does not know what to do now; he looks: wild geese-swans are flying; and he asks them:

My geese, my swanlings,

Take me on your wings,

Carry me to my father, to my mother;

At my father's, at my mother's

There is food and drink, good living!

"Let the middle ones take you," say the birds. Ivashko waits; another flock flies, he asks again:

My geese, my swanlings,

Take me on your wings,

Carry me to my father, to my mother;

At my father's, at my mother's

There is food and drink, good living!

"Let the rear ones take you." Ivashko waits again; a third flock flies, he asks:

My geese, my swanlings,

Take me on your wings,

Carry me to my father, to my mother;

At my father's, at my mother's

There is food and drink, good living!

The geese-swans picked him up and carried him home, flew to the hut and set Ivashko on the attic.

Early in the morning the old woman set about baking pancakes, bakes, and herself remembers her son: "Where is my Ivashko? I wish I could see him even in a dream!" And the old man says: "I dreamed that the geese-swans brought our Ivashko on their wings." The old woman baked pancakes and says: "Well, old man, let us divide the pancakes: this one is for you, grandpa, this one is for me; this one is for you, grandpa, this one is for me..." - "And none for me!" answers Ivashko. "This one is for you, grandpa, this one is for me..." - "And none for me!" - "Come now, old man," says the old woman, "look, what is that there?" The old man climbed to the attic and got Ivashko out of there. The old man and old woman rejoiced, asked their son about everything, about everything, and began to live together and prosper and gather wealth.