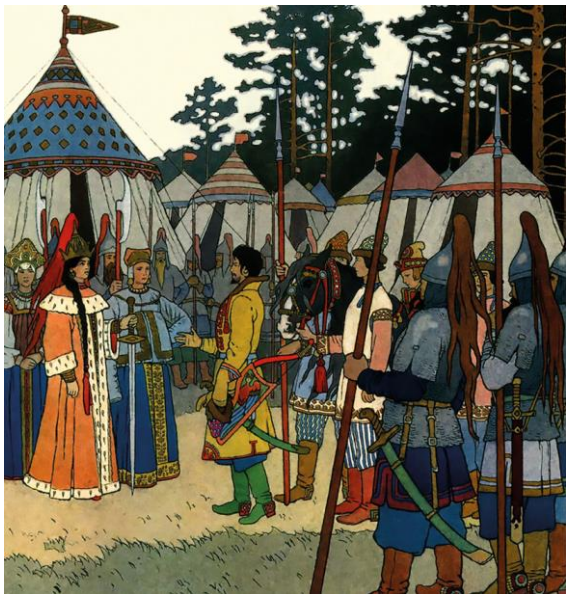


Russian Folk Fairy Tales

(Illustrated edition)

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Marya Morevna



In a certain kingdom, in a certain state, there lived Ivan Tsarevich; he had three sisters: one was Marya Tsarevna, the other was Olga Tsarevna, the third was Anna Tsarevna. Their father and mother died; when

dying, they told their son: “Who is the first for your sisters to woo, allow it — do not keep for a long time!” Tsarevich buried his parents and went with his sisters to a green garden for a walk with sorrow.

Suddenly a black cloud finds itself in the sky, a terrible thunderstorm arises.

“Come, sisters, home!” — says Ivan Tsarevich.

As soon as they came to the palace, when the thunder struck, the ceiling broke, and a falcon flew into the upper room, the falcon hit the floor, turned a good fellow and said:

“Hello, Ivan Tsarevich! Previously I used to come as a guest, but now I am here as a wedding guest; I want to take your sister, Marya Tsarevna.”

“If my sister loves you, I won’t hold her — let her go with God!”

Marya Tsarevna agreed; the falcon married and carried her to his kingdom.

Days go by days, hours go by hours — a whole year as it never happened; Ivan Tsarevich went with his two sisters to a green garden for a walk. Again, a cloud rises with a whirlwind, with lightning.

“Come home, sisters!” — says the prince. As soon as they arrived at the palace, when thunder struck, the roof fell apart, the ceiling broke, and an eagle flew in; hit the floor and became a good fellow:

“Hello, Ivan Tsarevich! I used to come as a guest, but now I am here a wedding guest.”

And he grabbed the Princess Olga. Ivan Tsarevich answers:

“If you are fond of Olga Tsarevna, then let her go with you; I will not take her will off.”

Olga Tsarevna agreed and married the eagle; the eagle grabbed her and carried her to his kingdom.

Another year passed; Ivan Tsarevich says to his younger sister:

“Come, take a walk in the green garden!”

They walked a bit; again a cloud rises with a whirlwind, with lightning.

“Come back home, sister!” They returned home, did not have time to sit down — when thunder struck, the ceiling broke and a raven flew in; the raven hit the floor and became a good fellow: the former were good-looking, and this one was even better.

“Well, Ivan Tsarevich, I used to come as a guest, but now I am here as a wedding guest; give Anna Tsarevna for me.”

“I do not take off my sister’s will; if she fell in love with her, let her follow you.”

Anna Tsarevna married the raven, and he carried her to his state.

Ivan Tsarevich was left alone; he lived without sisters for a whole year, and he became bored.

“I’ll go,” he says, “to look for the sisters.” Got ready for the road, walked, walked and saw — an army in the field.



Ivan Tsarevich asks:

“If there is a person alive here — answer me!
Who beat this great army?”

An alive man called back to him: “All this great army was beaten by Marya Morevna, the beautiful princess.”

Ivan Tsarevich set forth further, ran into the white tents, went out to meet Mary Morevna, the beautiful princess:

“Hello, Tsarevich, where is God leading you — by will of captivity?”

Ivan Tsarevich answered her:

“Good fellows do not go in captivity!”

“Well, if it’s not a matter of hurry, stay in my tents.”

Ivan Tsarevich was glad of that, spent two nights in tents, fell in love with Marya Morevna and married her.

Marya Morevna, the beautiful princess, took him with her to her state; they lived together for some time, and the princess thought of going to war; she left the whole farm on Ivan Tsarevich and ordered:

“Go everywhere, keep an eye on everything; only you cannot look into this closet!”

He could not stand it as soon as Marya Morevna left, immediately rushed into the closet, opened the door, looked — and saw Koshchei the Immortal hanging there, chained on twelve chains. Koschey asks

Ivan Tsarevich:

“Have pity on me, give me some water! For ten years I have been tormented here, haven’t eaten, haven’t drunk — my throat is completely dry!”

The prince handed him a whole bucket of water; he drank and asked:

“One bucket is not enough to satisfy my thirst; give me more!”

The prince gave him another bucket; Koschey drank and asked for a third, but as he drank the third bucket — he took his former strength, shook his chains and immediately broke all twelve.

“Thank you, Ivan Tsarevich!” Said Koschey the Immortal. “Now you will never see Marya Morevna as your ears!” — And a terrible whirlwind flew out the window, caught Marya Morevna, the beautiful queen, grabbed her and carried her to his place.

And Ivan Tsarevich wept bitterly, dressed up and went further: “Whatever happens, I will find Mary Morevna!”

Day is coming, another is coming, at dawn of the third he sees a wonderful palace, an oak stands at the palace, a falcon sits on an oak. The falcon flew off the oak, hit the ground, turned into a good fellow and shouted:

“Ah, my brother-in-law, my dear! How does the Lord have mercy on you?”

Marya Tsarevna ran out, Ivan Tsarevich flew

joyfully, began to inquire about his health, and tell about her life. The prince stayed with them for three days and said:

“I can’t stay with you for a long time; I’m going to look for my wife, Marya Morevna, the beautiful princess.”

“It’s hard for you to find her,” the falcon answers. “Leave your silver spoon here just in case: we will look at it, remember about you.”

Ivan Tsarevich left his silver spoon and went further.

He walked a day, walked another, at dawn on the third he saw a palace even better than the first. Near the palace an oak stands, an eagle sits on an oak. An eagle flew off a tree, hit the ground, turned into a good fellow and shouted:

“Wake up, Olga Tsarevna! Our dear brother is coming.”

Olga Tsarevna immediately ran towards him, began kissing and hugging him, asking about his health, and telling about her life. Ivan Tsarevich stayed with them for three days and said:

“I have no time to stay longer; I am going to search for my wife, Marya Morevna, the beautiful princess.”

The eagle answers:

“It is difficult for you to find her; leave us a silver fork: we will look at it, remember you.”

He left a silver fork and went further.

Day was coming, another was coming, at dawn of the third he sees a palace better than the first two, near the palace an oak stands, a raven sits on an oak. A raven flew off the oak tree, hit the ground, turned into a good fellow, and shouted:

“Anna Tsarevna! Come out soon, our brother is coming.”

Anna Tsarevna ran out, breezed him joyfully, began to kiss, hug, ask about his health, and talk about her life. Ivan Tsarevich stayed with them for three days and said:

“Goodbye! I’ll go and look for my wife — Marya Morevna, the beautiful princess.”

The raven replies:

“It is difficult for you to find her; leave us a silver snuff-box: we will look at it, remember you.”

The Tsarevich gave him a silver snuff-box, said goodbye and went further.

Day was coming, another was coming and on the third he reached Marya Morevna. She saw her darling, threw herself on his neck, burst into tears and said:

“Ah, Ivan Tsarevich! Why didn’t you listen to me? You looked into the closet and released Koshchei the Immortal?”

“I’m sorry, Marya Morevna! Don’t remember the old one, we’d better go with me until you see Koshchei the Immortal; maybe he won’t catch up!”

Gathered and left.

And Koschey was on the hunt; in the evening, he came back home, a good horse was stumbling under him.

“Why are you, an unsatisfied nag, stumbling? Feeling adversity?”

The horse replied:

“Ivan the prince came, took Marya Morevna away.”

“Is it possible to catch them?”

“You can sow wheat, wait until it grows, squeeze it, grind it, turn it into flour, cook five ovens of bread, eat that bread, then go catch up with it — and then we will ripen!”

Koschey jumped up, caught Ivan Tsarevich:

“Well,” he says, “the first time I forgive you for your kindness, that you got me drunk with water; and the other time I forgive, and the third time beware — I will chop you into pieces!”

He took Marya Morevna from him and left; and Ivan Tsarevich sat on a stone and cried.

Cried, cried, and again returned back for Marya Morevna; Koschey the Immortal was not at home.

“Let’s go, Marya Morevna!”

“Ah, Ivan Tsarevich! He will catch us.”

“Let him catch us; we’ll spend at least an hour or two together.”

Gathered and left.

Koschey the Immortal returns home, under him a good horse stumbling.

“Why are you, an unsatisfied nag, stumbling? Feeling adversity?”

“Ivan the prince came, took Marya Morevna with him.”

“Is it possible to catch them?”

“You can sow barley, wait until it grows, squeeze, grind, brew beer, get drunk, get enough sleep and then go catch up — and we’ll ripen!”

Koschey galloped, caught Ivan Tsarevich: “After all, I said that you will not see Marya Morevna as your ears!”

He took her away and took it to him.

Ivan Tsarevich remained alone, cried, cried, and again returned back for Marya Morevna; at that time Koshchei was not at home.

“Let’s go, Marya Morevna!”

“Ah, Ivan Tsarevich! After all, he will catch us, chop you up into pieces.”

“Let him chop me! I can’t live without you.”

Gathered and left.

Koschey the Immortal returns home, under him a good horse stumbling.

“Why are you stumbling? Feeling adversity?”

“Ivan the prince came, took Marya Morevna with him.”



Koschey galloped, caught Tsarevich Ivan, chopped him into small pieces and put him in a tarred barrel; took this barrel, fastened it with iron hoops and threw it into the blue sea, and took Marya Morevna his place.

At the same time, the silver of the son-in-law of Ivan Tsarevich turned black.

“Ah,” they say, “apparently the misfortune has happened!”

The eagle threw himself on the blue sea, grabbed and pulled the barrel ashore, the falcon flew for living water, and the raven for the dead. All three of them flocked to one place, broke a barrel, took out pieces of Ivan Tsarevich, washed and stored as necessary. The raven sprinkled with dead water — the body grew together, united; the falcon sprinkled with living water — Ivan Tsarevich flinched, stood up and said:

“Ah, I slept for a long time!”

“I would have slept even longer if not us!”

The brother-in-law answered:

“Let's go to visit us.”

“No, brothers! I'll go look for Marya Morevna.”

He comes to her and asks:

“Find out from Koshchei the Immortal, where he got himself such a good horse.”

Now Marya Morevna seized a good minute and began to question Koshchei. Koschey said:

“In the distant lands, in the unknown kingdom,

behind the fire river there lives Baba-Yaga; she has such a mare on which she flies around the world every day. She and many other glorious mares have a lot of hers; I have been a shepherd for three days with her. I didn't miss a single mare, and for that reason Baba-Yaga gave me one foal."

"How did you cross the river of fire?"

"I have such a scarf — as I wave three times to the right side, a high-high bridge will be made, and the fire will not reach it!"

Marya Morevna listened, retold everything to Ivan Tsarevich and carried away her handkerchief and gave it to him.

Ivan Tsarevich crossed the river of fire and went to Baba-Yaga. He walked for a long time without water; without food. He met a bird with small children overseas. Ivan Tsarevich says:

"I'm shooting one chicken."

"Don't eat, Ivan Tsarevich!" The overseas bird asks. "At some time I will come in handy for you."

He went on; sees a beehive in the forest.

"I'll take," he says, "a bit of honey."

The queen bee responds:

"Do not touch my honey, Ivan Tsarevich! At some time, I will come in handy for you."

He did not touch it and went on; a lioness with a lion cub gets to meet him.

"I'm going to eat even this lion cub; I'm so

hungry, that feel sick!”

“Don’t touch, Ivan Tsarevich,” the lioness asks. “At some time, I will come in handy for you.”

“Well, let it be your way!”

He wandered hungry, walking, walking — here is a Baba-Yaga house, twelve poles around the house, human heads on eleven poles, only one is unoccupied.

“Hello, grandmother!”

“Hello, Ivan Tsarevich! Why did you come — of your own free will, all out of need?”

“I came to earn your hero horse.”

“Ok, prince! You need to server not a year, but only three days; if you save my mares, I will give you a strong horse, and if not, don’t be angry — stick your head on the last pole.”

Ivan Tsarevich agreed; Baba-Yaga fed him, gave him a drink and ordered him to get down to work. He had just kicked the mares out into the field, the mares lifted their tails and scattered all over the meadows; the prince did not have time to throw his eyes up, as they completely disappeared. Then he burst into tears, became sad, sat down on a stone and fell asleep. The sun is already at sunset, an overseas bird has flown in and wakes him up:

“Get up, Ivan Tsarevich! Mares are now at home.”

The Tsarevich got up, returned home; and Baba-Yaga makes noise and shouts at her mares: