

## Brave Er Soğotox

1. Far beyond
2. The highest peak
3. Of my former years,
4. Well beyond
5. The repellent ridge
6. Of my previous years,
7. Quite beyond the border
8. Of the cold windy days
9. Of my bygone years,
10. Beyond the range
11. Of perilous ridges
12. Of my outrun years,
13. My tribe of men,
14. Still unacquainted, began to speak,
15. My tribe of Yakuts began to converse,
16. Not yet knowing each other,
17. My *uraangkhai* Yakuts
18. Dressed in coats like *urasas*
19. With words flowing like water,
20. With soles flat on the ground
21. When they met,
22. Not yet talking of this or that,
23. My seers in the flesh
24. With stained bone,
25. Shamans of my tribe
26. Not yet auguring the future;
27. My lady Mother Earth
28. Was still the size of a grey squirrel's claw
29. Spreading out and stretching,
30. Generating and growing,
31. Like the suede of the ear
32. Of my two-year-old doe
33. Turned inside out,
34. Spreading out and growing,
35. Gradually outspreading: so it happened, they say.
36. (Hey!)
37. And so,
38. If you push her, she does not flinch,
39. If you press her, she does not bend,
40. So sturdy she became,
41. My dark black bedrock of soil,
42. Growing strong, she was born: so it happened.
43. My dark black bedrock of soil,
44. Surrounded by indestructible cliffs,
45. The Araat Sea swelling,
46. The unsubsiding sea bounding
47. With seven walls,

48. With seven beams,  
49. Mother Earth, my land,  
50. Thus was she born: so it happened.  
51. (Hey!)

52. This Mother Earth,  
53. Land of mine,  
54. Connected by roots,  
55. Fortified by grass,  
56. Entangled by woods,  
57. Where the fulvous bear digs his den,  
58. Where the wide black taiga spreads,  
59. Where the elk grazes,  
60. And the black taiga spreads out in all directions:  
61. This is how they founded  
62. My Mother Earth, my land: so it happened.  
63. And so,  
64. With the trees, having fallen, perishing,  
65. With the waters, having subsided, going quiet,  
66. With the cuckoo, having sung itself out, returning,  
67. With the fish, having thought the better of it, returning,  
68. With the needles, having faded, returning,  
69. With the cattle, having dwindled, returning:  
70. This is how they founded the bedrock  
71. Of my my middle land, my Mother Earth,  
72. In this way ever  
73. Did they make and found her: so it happened.  
74. (Hey!)

75. So that my wide resounding sky  
76. With its unattainable secret,  
77. Having fractured, should not fall,  
78. They filled it with the Pleiades as its lord.  
79. So that, having cracked, it should not fall,  
80. They wedged into it our lord the moon.  
81. So that, having fragmented, it should not fall,  
82. They added our lord the sun, like a wheel.  
83. For its setting sun they made  
84. The fledgling bird to count the hours.  
85. For its rising sun  
86. They made the lark to be its attendant.  
87. So that those with crooked bones  
88. And black eyes  
89. Should not suffer from eye sickness,  
90. They made the night dark: so it happened.  
91. (Hey!)

92. With the game straps of forty boreal owls,  
93. With the harnesses of grey hares,  
94. With the dark grey night falling,  
95. They made the dark descend: so it happened.

96. (Hey!)

97. So that those plunged in good thoughts,  
98. With the eyes of prophets  
99. In the land of the sun,  
100. Should live and thrive,  
101. They made the day blaze  
102. With radiant light: so it happened.

103. (Hey!)

104. And so,  
105. With eight walls,  
106. With conflict and worry,  
107. With luxuriant beauty,  
108. This is how they founded  
109. My dear fatherland,  
110. Just so, from the beginning: so it happened.

111. With seven walls,  
112. With seven beams,  
113. They drove along and guided  
114. Mother Earth, land of mine,  
115. Bounded by seven dry seas: so it happened;

116. (Hey!)

117. With nine walls,  
118. With nine beams,  
119. Bounded by nine unfrozen seas,  
120. In this way they put down  
121. My dark black bedrock of soil: so it happened.

122. (Hey!)

123. They endowed Mother Earth, land of mine,  
124. With trees that, having fallen, perish,  
125. With water that, having gone quiet, subsides,  
126. With men born late,  
127. With cattle that, having dwindled, return;  
128. In the days of creation,  
129. In the middle of my Mother Earth,  
130. So that light-winged creatures may float  
131. On warm currents of spring air  
132. Across the gloomy sky,  
133. They gave her birds  
134. With ornate plumage  
135. As attendants: so it happened.

136. So that those who walk on her with four feet should increase and multiply,  
137. They birthed the quadrupeds,  
138. Ever increasing: so it happened.

139. (Hey!)

140. In the days of the first creation  
141. Of Mother Earth, land of mine,  
142. With eight walls,  
143. With conflict and worry,  
144. With luxuriant beauty,

145. My dear fatherland,  
146. This is how they created you: so it happened.  
147. So that in the very center  
148. Of such a marvelous  
149. Mother Earth as mine,  
150. My terrible hawk should become  
151. The forward-bending spine,  
152. The swelling crest of the country,  
153. Flying with all its might  
154. For thirty days,  
155. Unable to reach the boundary  
156. Of the high black forest,  
157. They lay out upon her the alas,  
158. Extending out into the unfathomable distance,  
159. The great twilight: so it happened.  
160. (Hey!)

161. Having placed  
162. On this revered alas,  
163. In its spinning center,  
164. On its forward-bending crest,  
165. With my eyes wide open  
166. Glancing around,  
167. With my large ears  
168. Listening attentively,  
169. Casting my eyes about  
170. In a westerly direction  
171. I saw my russet horse,  
172. As if they had tousled  
173. His scruffy mane;  
174. The black copses and forests  
175. Encircled the alas: so it happened.  
176. Casting my eyes about  
177. Looking in a northerly direction  
178. I saw, as if they had gathered  
179. The furry feathers of a swan  
180. Together in a bundle;  
181. The naked trees of the black forest  
182. Grew right up against it: so it happened.  
183. (Hey!)

184. Casting my eyes about  
185. Looking in an easterly direction  
186. I saw, as if they had placed  
187. The feathers from the breast  
188. Of a wood grouse in rows;  
189. The thick black forests  
190. Grew round it from all sides: so it happened.  
191. Looking in a southerly direction  
192. I saw, as if they had lined up  
193. Bunches of hair, one after the other,

194. Along the back  
195. Of my grey horse,  
196. The swift black forests  
197. Were stretched around as in a procession: so it happened.  
198. (Hey!)  
199. On my Mother Earth,  
200. Ever so marvelous,  
201. Feeding on the hollow water-sedge,  
202. Curbing one's hunger on the green grass,  
203. Who multiplied  
204. And spread so wide  
205. Such a plentiful bounty,  
206. Such a generous bounty,  
207. I began to look around,  
208. Recollecting and assaying:  
209. With cloven hooves,  
210. With forked horns,  
211. The creation of Anakhsyt Äiyy Khotun,  
212. Mingling tightly side by side,  
213. Dripping blood,  
214. Such abundance was missing  
215. In this country: so it happened;  
216. Where the long-maned ones  
217. Run one after another  
218. Across the meadow: so it happened.  
219. (Hey!)  
220. My ever so marvelous  
221. Mother Earth, land of mine,  
222. You with such a marvelous  
223. Nature, I saw,  
224. Judging and reflecting,  
225. The crane bird,  
226. Who will never stop to make a nest,  
227. Having unfathomable boundless  
228. Valleys that the swan, my bird,  
229. Cannot overfly  
230. Without a rest: so it happened.  
231. The wide white fields,  
232. So it happened,  
233. In which the grey hare  
234. Frolicked to its heart's content,  
235. Had stony hills:  
236. So it happened.  
237. (Hey!)  
238. Healing the sick,  
239. Resurrecting the dead,  
240. My Mother Earth,  
241. Being located here,  
242. Gave them

243. Drops of yellow *ilge*  
244. The size of a scoter's egg  
245. (Hey!)  
246. Entering the wide expanses  
247. Of the snow-white valleys,  
248. Where pestilence does not befall,  
249. Boundless and unfathomable,  
250. Where runny nose and cough do not threaten,  
251. Looking in a westerly direction,  
252. I thought of  
253. My marvelous people  
254. Living there,  
255. Establishing households,  
256. Blazing trails,  
257. With my eyes wide open  
258. I glanced swiftly around, and saw,  
259. As if the breastbone of the swan, my bird,  
260. Had been placed bottom up,  
261. Prosperous neighbors  
262. With high white houses  
263. Living in that country: so it happened.  
264. (Hey!)  
265. My people, so marvelous,  
266. Starting families,  
267. Blazing trails,  
268. Giving off smoke:  
269. They live here.  
270. Judging and reflecting, I saw:  
271. The old man Sir Sabyïa Baaï Toïon and  
272. The old lady Sabyïa Baaï Khotun  
273. Living as neighbors,  
274. Blazing trails,  
275. In their century-long years,  
276. Praised among all their ancestors,  
277. Famous throughout the land,  
278. Thus did they live: so it happened.  
279. Wealthy and sated  
280. They begin to heave,  
281. Staring intently  
282. At the bright sky,  
283. They begin to threaten it with a log,  
284. Staring at the cloudy sky,  
285. They begin to threaten it with a knife;  
286. Famous at the head of the nine streams,  
287. Praised at the head of the eight streams,  
288. Forming the spine of the country,  
289. They lived there: so it happened.  
290. (Hey! Well!)  
291. Nevertheless,

292. Though their hair behind was turning grey,  
293. Though their hair before had turned piebald,  
294. Though their front teeth had fallen out,  
295. They did not yet have a child: so it happened.  
296. (Alright! Well! Hey!)  
297. Now finally,  
298. After a long time  
299. Waiting and waiting,  
300. When their intestines had dried out,  
301. Waiting and waiting,  
302. When their forces had already been depleted,  
303. All of a sudden,  
304. The old woman,  
305. Falling pregnant, stuck out her stomach,  
306. Being with child, exposed her stomach,  
307. The moon came up, her belly protruded,  
308. The sun came up, her belly sagged.  
309. (Hey! Alright! [Laughter])  
310. And the old man delighted in this, saying:  
311. "At the end of my days, after many years of life,  
312. At the brink of death, at my far advanced age,  
313. It seems I have conceived a child":  
314. Thus rejoicing in his success  
315. Did he live: so it happened.  
316. (Hey! Well!)  
317. The old lady's  
318. Inevitable day came,  
319. The day of birth arrived.  
320. Thus lying there,  
321. She spoke such words as these,  
322. She brought forth such speech as this,  
323. Groaning and bleating she lay: so it happened.  
324. (Hey! Well!)  
325. (Sabyia Baaï Khotun):  
326. "We-e-e-ll!  
327. O, enough, o my suffering,  
328. How horrible it is.  
329. My friend, old man Sir Sabyia Baaï Toïon,  
330. Carry in the hay,  
331. And place me on my hay-bed,  
332. You must do this, my friend.  
333. To give birth and be fruitful  
334. Is so hard and horrible," she said,  
335. Lying there crying and sobbing, wailing and heaving,  
336. When suddenly, from the old woman's womb,  
337. A voice was heard:  
338. "Don't bother with the hay and leaves!"  
339. The old man groaned, nearly sitting right down,  
340. And barely made it to the cattle's hedge,

341. Where he leaned over in astonishment.  
342. Uncertain what had happened with his old lady,  
343. After this the old man  
344. Stood there as if mute.  
345. He stood for a long time, evidently,  
346. Until he finally came back to his senses,  
347. Bounding back into his house,  
348. He found the old lady straining to give birth,  
349. Determined to be done with it,  
350. But the child was nowhere to be found: so it happened.  
351. (Hey!)  
352. Grasping at the moonlight, hugging the emptiness:  
353. "Where has that child got off to?  
354. If a child has been born,  
355. Then that child must still be,"  
356. Said the old man, very surprised.  
357. "The child was born, but where he's got off to  
358. I do not know,"  
359. The old lady answered.  
360. (Hey!)  
361. Hereafter,  
362. The ferocious white sky,  
363. Like the bottom of a spilled pot of honey,  
364. Was covered in red ripples, and then  
365. The snow crane bird  
366. Spoke, so they say,  
367. In words such as these,  
368. With a speech such as this.  
369. (The snow crane):  
370. "Everything's going to be wonderful,  
371. Praise and joy!  
372. Hey, hey! Ho, ho!  
373. My old man Sir Sabyïa Baaï Toïon,  
374. Listen attentively  
375. To my good words, my *noyan*,<sup>1</sup>  
376. If you begin to ask  
377. From what lineage,  
378. From what tribe  
379. Is the one who has come  
380. To tell this story:  
381. It is the oracle of the Upper World,  
382. The shamaness by the name of Aïyy Djargyl,  
383. It is I who have come, o children!  
384. By what necessity,  
385. Having taken the time, I appeared here,  
386. Having sought out a path, I landed here,

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<sup>1</sup> A title of authority used to refer to civil-military leaders of noble lineage, used in Mongolia and in Turkic Central Asia.

387. If you ask, so then,  
388. The warriors of the Upper World,  
389. My *noyan*, have taken your newborn child,  
390. And are feeding and raising him up.  
391. 'With unbreakable bones,  
392. With unpillable blood,  
393. Bound inseparably to the earth:  
394. Into such a man as this  
395. Will we make him', they said.  
396. So do not grow sorrowful,  
397. Hey, hey now, everything is going to be wonderful!  
398. If you should ask  
399. By what name they are calling  
400. Your native-born child,  
401. He is Brave Er Soğotox,  
402. With a dark russet horse  
403. With a long-maned head  
404. Rising above the black forest,  
405. So that even my swift horse  
406. Cannot move,  
407. Such a glorious name  
408. That even my young mount  
409. Cannot budge:  
410. With such great glory will he be praised.  
411. Well, now, farewell for many years,  
412. For a good long time," she said.  
413. (Hey!)  
414. Having thus spoken,  
415. The shamaness  
416. Became again the snow crane bird  
417. And flew back away with great commotion.  
418. (Hey!)  
419. "So the sun has not yet gone down,  
420. The *küsenge*<sup>2</sup> has not yet come off, it appears,  
421. Of course it is right that our upper *äiyys*,  
422. And even the old man *Äiyy Djangsaar Toïon*,  
423. Should conduct themselves so  
424. With our child,"  
425. Said the old man with relief,  
426. "Ouf", he exclaimed  
427. As he cradled his old woman,  
428. And in this way they waited: so it happened.  
429. (Hey!)  
430. After some time,  
431. When they were thus living in wait,  
432. A quivering wind  
433. Rose up shaking

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<sup>2</sup> A metallic circle on a shaman's cloak.

434. From beneath the wall  
435. Of the expansive eastern sky.  
436. Above the earth a light breeze blew,  
437. Above the land a vortex swirled,  
438. And so thereafter,  
439. Their entrances were closed from eight sides,  
440. Their exits were blocked from four sides,  
441. Snowdrifts accumulated around the two-year-old heifer,  
443. A whirlwind surrounded the three-year-old heifer with rubble,  
444. The pike fish, emerging, fell into the snare,  
445. The hare beast landed in the crib,  
446. Very terrible,  
447. With eight peals of thunder  
448. A violent whorl  
449. Came falling downward,  
450. Four times enraptured,  
451. The angry vortex came,  
452. Overturning everything.  
453. "What sort of sorrow has befallen us?"  
454. Thus thinking, the old man and woman  
455. Rushed outside, and there they saw,  
456. From the East,  
457. Obscuring half the wide sky  
458. With her wings,  
459. The great Öksökü bird,  
460. With three heads,  
461. Majestically flying in,  
462. Pulling nine larch trees together in her claws,  
463. She wanted to sit,  
464. But the trees could not support her,  
465. Pulling around ten more larch trees  
466. Together in her claws, she sat.  
467. They looked attentively  
468. At this terrible hulk,  
469. At her frightening mien,  
470. With a head the size of a massive kettle,  
471. With eyes as big as the mouths of cups,  
472. With a sharp faceted beak,  
473. With wings as if cut from wide strips,  
474. With scaly iron feathers,  
475. The abaasy-bird of death and ruin, having come,  
476. Perched there, sitting: so it happened.  
477. (Hey! What a terrible beast!)  
478. Thus sitting a while,  
479. Speaking Yakut,  
480. Conversing as a human being,  
481. They say she seemed to speak exactly.  
482. (Oh my!)  
483. The song of the Öksökü (Dara Buuräi):

484. "Hey there, friend!  
485. Sir Sabyia Baaï Toïon, old man,  
486. I come to you  
487. To offer my greetings.  
488. If you should ask  
489. Who such a man as this is,  
490. Who bows in salutation  
491. From the very center of the valley,  
492. Who is generous with thanks,  
493. (Hey!)  
494. If you should ask, my *nokoi*,  
495. About my much-praised name,  
496. About my fame and glory,  
497. I am the very one  
498. Who has for a father  
499. The terrible ataman  
500. Of the eight tribes of the Lower World,  
501. The old man Buor Burğaldjyn Toïon,  
502. Who has for a mother  
503. Burğaldjyn Khotun.  
504. (Hey!)  
505. Taas Djaantar Dara Buuraï  
506. Is my famous name,  
507. Which in eight countries is already known,  
508. Which in my nine lands  
509. They wrote, ô *noyan*,  
510. Upon the ragged birchbark.  
511. For which necessity,  
512. Of all roads I took this one,  
513. Of all paths I stepped onto this one;  
514. If you should ask, ô *noyan*,  
515. Well then, they are carrying us off root and stem,  
516. To the upper aïyys,  
517. To raise up your child  
518. --Brave Er Soğotox by name,  
519. Who races over the open black forest  
520. On a ruddy horse  
521. With a maned head--  
522. To be a great bogatyr.  
523. (Hey!)  
524. To you, his father and mother,  
525. I have come with a complaint, *noyan*:  
526. Do not touch us,  
527. Guiltless people,  
528. Do not accuse us,  
529. Faultless people,  
530. Do not drive us away from our home and destroy it.  
531. Well then, until a distant day,  
532. For a long time, good-bye.  
533. Attempt to fullfill

534. My words" -- thus speaking  
535. She flew off with a great commotion  
536. Toward the East.  
537. (Hey!)  
538. After this:  
539. "What sort of marvel has come so early,  
540. Bringing such rubbish?" Thus reflecting,  
541. The old woman and man,  
542. Not understanding,  
543. Went to their courtyard  
544. And stood waiting for their child.  
545. Waiting and waiting  
546. Until they grew emaciated,  
547. Biding their time  
548. Until their strength was depleted,  
549. From the lower edge  
550. Of the windy western sky,  
551. Came sharp sounds like the pounding of a tempered pick,  
552. Someone came rushing up at a trot,  
553. And stopped in front of their house;  
554. The old woman and man,  
555. Leapt out into the courtyard  
556. To inquire about their son.  
557. Ô, by the membrane of their staring eyes,  
558. By the gums of their falling teeth,  
559. By the concentration of their beating hearts,  
560. Their son's true form,  
561. His veritable aspect stood before them: so it happened.  
562. (Hey!)  
563. If you look attentively  
564. Upon this man,  
565. His formidable aspect,  
566. His important mien,  
567. You will see a man  
568. Dressed in four-plated armor,  
569. It appears,  
570. He has forearms like  
571. Stripped larch trunks, it appears,  
572. He has calves like  
573. Cleaned larch trunks, it appears,  
574. He has broad shoulders  
575. Eight fathoms wide, it appears,  
576. He has a narrow waist  
577. Five fathoms wide, it appears:  
578. To such a marvelous  
579. Aiiyy-bogatyr, having come to them,  
580. Did they bow and bend,  
581. As he, turning to his father and mother,  
582. Began to sing his song,  
583. Began to tell his story:

585. Thus did he speak, so they say.  
586. (Hey! Well then!)  
587. (Brave Er Soğotox):  
588. “We-e-ell!  
589. You who conceived and made me,  
590. Honored lord, my father,  
591. You who nurtured and grew me,  
592. Honored lady, my mother,  
593. By my very person  
594. Bowing to you nine times,  
595. I greet you!  
596. Who is this person who comes  
597. With such a tale, you are thinking;  
598. Do not judge,  
599. It is the son you have born:  
600. The Brave Er Soğotox,  
601. Who races over the open black forest,  
602. On a ruddy horse  
603. With a maned head:  
604. Giving him this name they brought him to earth.  
605. Well! Hey!  
606. My father and mother,  
607. Give to me  
608. Your excellent blessing,  
609. Confer to me  
610. Your most exalted blessing” --  
611. Thus did he beseech them.  
612. (Hey! Well!)  
613. They kissed their dear boy-child on the forehead  
614. So that twenty great spoonfuls of blood  
615. Came rushing forth,  
616. They kissed him on the lips,  
617. So that six great spoonfuls of blood  
618. Came rushing forth.  
619. After this, covering their boy  
620. With the pelt of a grey wolf,  
621. Tucking him in the hide of a ferocious bear,  
622. Bedding him down in the hide of a lynx,  
623. They lay their boy-child to sleep.  
624. (Hey!)  
625. As he was thus sleeping,  
626. He heard through his dream,  
627. As if there came tumbling downward,  
229. Accompanied by eight claps of thunder,  
629. Such a great whirlwind  
630. That their *urasa* nearly collapsed,  
631. Its pillars nearly crumbled;  
632. When such a tumult rose up,  
633. The boy, having finally awoken,  
634. Caught sight of the Öksökü,

635. Beast of death and ruin,  
636. Who, having flown in,  
637. Perched glancing at the stovepipe: so it happened.  
638. Bringing such words as these,  
639. Telling such stories as these,  
640. Thus did it sit there: so it happened.  
641. The boy, having woken up,  
642. Sat on the corner of his bed and said,  
643. "Oh my, what sort of misfortune is this?"  
644. Then he began to listen.  
645. (Taas Jaantaar Dara Buuraï):  
646. "Well, I say to you, friend,  
647. Brave Er Soğotox,  
648. Who rides a ruddy horse  
649. With its maned head  
650. Above the open black forest,  
651. I stirred up the country  
652. When I set my foot down in it,  
653. I tilled all the way across  
654. This great country with my knee,  
655. Yet never did I meet  
656. One such as you,  
657. So burly and strapping  
658. I think truly, ô noyan!  
659. With the reins behind your back,  
660. You are capable of defending  
661. The goodly tribes of the aiyys,  
662. I think truly, ô noyan!  
663. Nevertheless,  
664. If you should ask  
665. By what necessity,  
666. For what reason  
667. I have come, I will answer:  
668. You are well suited,  
669. My lad, ô noyan,  
670. To take an axe in hand in the winter  
671. To fell the trees.  
672. (Hey!)  
673. You are a handsome and nimble lad,  
674. Ready to take up a scythe in the summer.  
675. You surely appear  
676. To be worthy  
677. Of the daughter of old man Aïyy Jangsaar Toïon,  
678. Of the daughter of old woman Aïyyna Sier Khotun,  
679. Nine fists tall,  
680. My tender  
681. Tunalykaan Kuo,  
682. So if you come with me,  
683. Now that you are a young man,  
684. Running to and fro,

685. You will delight her;  
686. I do not wish to disturb your airy soul,  
687. So just tell me quickly  
688. Whether you agree or not,” he said.  
689. (Hey!)  
690. No one had ever spoken thus  
691. To Brave Er Soğotox,  
692. Who rides his ruddy horse  
693. With its maned head  
694. Above the open black forest;  
695. He grew powerfully angry,  
696. And once angered, the offense was as if unforgivable,  
697. Once fallen into fury, it was as if uncontrollable.  
698. He jumped around in rage,  
699. Tearing the rear of his urasa to bits,  
700. And, leaping out into the courtyard,  
701. He saw the monster  
702. Already departing  
703. Toward the North,  
704. So it happened.  
705. (Oh boy, look at that! It got scared!  
706. How then to proceed?!)  
707. He went after it,  
708. Deftly grabbing  
709. His quivering horn bow  
710. And beginning to take aim,  
711. Squinting his eyes,  
712. He pulled the bow so hard  
713. That it bent into a circle,  
714. Like the hook of a wanton girl's earring;  
715. Having pulled the arrow back to its tip,  
716. Having stretched the tendon as far as it would go,  
717. He began to address the bow  
718. With these words: so it happened.  
719. (Brave Er Soğotox):  
720. “We-e-e-ll! You, bow,  
721. Carved from the solid tree  
722. Of the Kimien-Imien land,  
723. Shaped from the birch  
724. Of the Khamaan-Imeen land,  
725. Wrapped in the bark  
726. Of the Tumaan-Imeen land,  
727. Sealed tight with glue  
728. From the veins of the *jiribine* fish;  
729. You, arrow, Ala Tuıgun  
730. Did diligently shape,  
731. And Kustuk Katuruk  
732. Carefully tempered you.  
733. We-e-e-ll!  
734. Your going to hit the abaasy's son

735. Right in the ass,  
736. You'll pierce his spinal marrow,  
737. Having gone down into the Lower World,  
738. May his progeny  
739. Become black death": thus did he speak.  
740. (Hey!)

741. Having pulled the arrow back to its tip,  
742. Having stretched the tendon as far as it would go,  
743. Into the wide resounding sky  
744. He shot it with a bang,  
745. Nine thunderous claps leading off,  
746. Brilliant lightning accompanying,  
747. A flame as great as a birchbark box,  
748. High above it soared,  
749. He could not see  
750. Whether it landed or not,  
751. Thus did he stand, wondering.  
752. (Hey!)

753. Later,  
754. Brave Er Soğotox  
755. Of the ruddy horse,  
756. With its maned head racing  
757. Over the open black forest,  
758. Was looking for his ruddy horse  
759. And found it in the meadow,  
760. Seized it in the field, and brought it  
761. To his copper hitching post,  
762. Decorated with eight carvings,  
763. To his silver hitching post,  
764. Outfitted with three lips,  
765. Winding the reins around them eight times,  
766. Fastening them with a loose Yakut knot,  
767. Securing them ten times,  
768. He tied his horse up there  
769. For nine days  
770. -- If you cut the skin,  
771. Ichor will not flow out,  
772. If you pierce the skin,  
773. Blood will not flow out --  
774. He took his horse by the reins  
775. To the hitching post with three silver lips,  
776. Fastening it there,  
777. Like a light cloud  
778. He covered it with a mat,  
779. Like a hail cloud  
780. He saddled it with a saddle,  
781. He pulled the thin belt tightly  
782. Around its girth,  
783. Finding the rings  
784. Of its grinning horse-tack

785. He bridled it right up.  
786. Thereafter,  
787. Flying from the thawed patch  
788. More nimbly than a black wolverine,  
789. He swiftly lept  
790. Into his strong smooth saddle,  
791. Like a lithe wolverine  
792. He sat with his head proudly raised.  
793. Thereafter,  
794. The old man, coming out after him,  
795. Stood in his courtyard,  
796. Reciting such a *toiuk* as this,  
797. Bringing forth such words as these,  
798. Such a nonsensical *toiuk*,  
799. Such rambling words  
800. Of incoherent praise  
801. Did he speak, so they say.  
802. (Hey!)  
803. (Sir Sabyia Baai Toion):  
804. "Aah!  
805. Brave Er Soğotox,  
806. With your powerful ruddy horse  
807. With its mane-covered head,  
808. Who flies over the open black forest,  
809. My first-born child  
810. Whom I cradled,  
811. May your feet  
812. Encounter no obstacles before them,  
813. May your feet  
814. Find no hindrances behind them,  
815. By those with guns, be not felled,  
816. By those with bows, be not pierced,  
817. Be not overpowered by one with a clever tongue,  
818. May one with black eyes avert his gaze.  
819. Hey, hey!  
820. The terrible ataman  
821. Of the Lower World's  
822. Taas Jaantaar Dara Buurai,  
823. Whose brave name,  
824. Spread abroad  
825. In the three worlds,  
826. Like the fur of a fearful deer,  
827. Above all beware,  
828. Should your day of death and ruin come,  
829. Call out  
830. To your higher aiyys," said he.  
831. (Hey!)  
832. After this,  
833. Brave Er Soğotox whipped his horse,  
834. Wishing to get under way,

835. But that horse of his  
836. Only erred about the yard,  
837. Snorting loudly,  
838. Stomping with his hooves  
839. As if beating posts into the ground,  
840. He stood frozen in place  
841. And began to speak like a human,  
842. Holding forth in Yakut,  
843. A gripping *toiuk*  
844. Told in obscure words,  
845. Instructing his master,  
846. Thus did he sing, so they say.  
847. (Hey!)  
848. (The horse's song):  
849. "Anjysagy,  
850. Anjysagy!  
851. Well then! What have we here!  
852. To you, my master until my ninetieth year,  
853. Until I am stooped with age,  
854. Whom I am destined to accompany  
855. Until my eightieth year,  
856. Until my hunched-over old age,  
857. Heed  
858. The weighty words  
859. Of this young horse,  
860. Listening attentively  
861. With the big sensitive ears  
862. Beside each of your two cheeks:  
863. Pay attention!  
864. Anjysagy,  
865. Anjysagy,  
866. Anjysagy!  
867. Well then! What have we here!  
868. To the country, whither those who leave do not return,  
869. Wither those who flee do not go back,  
870. You are about to throw open  
871. The wide door  
872. To the Mother-Path,  
873. With eight bolts,  
874. You are about to brave  
875. The Mother-Road  
876. With nine twists:  
877. Well then, noyan,  
878. Ask for blessings  
879. From the primordial Mother Earth,  
880. Adorn yourself  
881. With the hopeful blessings  
882. Of the spirits  
883. Of the limitless valleys  
884. Of your native land.

885. Anjysagy,  
886. Anjysagy,  
887. Anjysagy!  
888. So, noyan,  
889. I, your young horse,  
890. In all my life,  
891. Have been able  
892. Only three times  
893. To speak in human language,  
894. To hold forth in Yakut.  
895. Taking to heart  
896. The true meaning of these words  
897. Uttered by your horse,  
898. Hold onto them firmly,  
899. And guard yourself, watch out for yourself,  
900. In the future.  
901. Anjysakh,  
902. Anjysagym,  
903. Anjysagym.  
904. Accept my sacred words,  
905. Do not deny my testament.  
906. Alright, then!” Having thus spoken, he stood silently.  
907. (Hey!)  
908. Just as his horse  
909. Finished speaking in this way,  
910. Brave Er Soğotox,  
911. Reflecting, recalled  
912. That he had made no offering  
913. To his sacred hearth,  
914. That he had made no libation  
915. Of strong kumiss  
916. To the blue flame of his hearth.  
917. Jumping down from his horse,  
918. And falling to his knee,  
919. He splashed the strong kumiss  
920. Into the blue flame of the hearth,  
921. He made his offering to the sacred hearth,  
922. And with these words began to speak, so they say.  
923. (Brave Er Soğotox):  
924. “We-e-ell,  
925. Spirit of my hearth, Ala Tuïgun,  
926. Greybeard,  
927. Seerkeen Sehen,  
928. Redhead,  
929. My old lord,  
930. Listen carefully,  
931. With the big sensitive ears  
932. Perched beside  
933. Each of your two cheeks,  
934. To my words!

935. Do not let my boiling pot  
936. Spill over the frontier,  
937. My sacred hearth,  
938. Not knowing what it is to be extinguished,  
939. Burn forever with your bright flame!  
940. Well then!  
941. Do not let a scabby calf  
942. Collapse from the cold,  
943. Do not let a filthy foal  
944. Collapse from consumption in its pen,  
945. Let my descendants multiply  
946. For three centuries,  
947. Expanding our joy and happiness,  
948. Increasing and growing,  
949. Let my grandmother-alas  
950. Forever drip  
951. Her yellow *ilge*,  
952. Healing the sick,  
953. Bringing the crippled  
954. Back to their feet!  
955. O spirit of my primordial country,  
956. Old lady Aan Alakhsyn Khotun,  
957. Having placed your good blessing  
958. Upon my shoulders,  
959. Won't you please bless me!" he said.  
960. (Hey!)  
961. After this,  
962. He began to look around attentively,  
963. When, from beneath the lower branches  
964. Of an eight-branch holy birch,  
965. There came  
966. An old woman  
967. With greasy hair the color of a fox  
968. Falling down to her shoulders,  
969. Lifting up her nipples  
970. Towards him --  
971. He dove for her straightaway,  
972. Drank twice of her milk,  
973. And when he tried a third time,  
974. She, hiding her breasts,  
975. Suddenly pulled away.  
976. "What a monster,  
977. To suck so ferociously!" she said.  
978. Thereafter, Brave Er Soğotox,  
979. More nimble than a black wolverine,  
980. Leaping from the thawed patch,  
981. Landed skillfully  
982. In his strong smooth saddle,  
983. Bending like a wolverine,  
984. Flinging his head, he sat right down,

985. Searching out the rings  
986. Of the grinning horse-tack,  
987. Pulling at them strongly,  
988. He struck his horse with his knout,  
989. And set off on his way.  
990. (Hey!)  
991. The depressions from his horse's hooves  
992. Turned into the deep beds of lakes,  
993. The twisted bark  
994. Transformed into ferocious bears and ran away,  
995. The trees, having crumbled into dust,  
996. Turned into old Tungus women  
997. And stayed behind wailing.  
998. In this way, swiftly rushing,  
999. Driven along by nine mighty thunderclaps,  
1000. Guided along by brilliant lightning,  
1001. So that the plants lay right down in his wake:  
1002. Thus did he continue down his path.