

Бели Искър 1988:77

Е Янкуло, Янкуло войводо, прочул ми се море млад Янкула... Recorded 1 September 1988

Oh Jankúl, Jankúl *vojvoda*!
Young Jankúl was famous
in the town of Jankúla,
and Janínka in the town of Jánina.
When the Turks had us in captivity—
they ruled Bulgaria for 500 years—
they enslaved their mother
and impaled their father.
They took Jankúl to the town of Jankúla
and Jána they took to the town of Jánina.
They grew and grew,
and they time came for them to marry.
There was an old granny standing on the road,
and along came the young soldier [Jankul].
He said softly to the granny:
“May God bless you, old granny.”
“May God give you good things, young man.
Every morning I find you here,
every morning you’r riding your horse here.
Where are you going?”
[And he said to her:]
“May God be with you, old granny,
I’m searching one who is just like me
both in face and in body,
and also for my black horse.”
This was their old mother,
because their mother recognized them a little.
“May God be with you, Jankúl *vojvoda*,
I will send you to the town of Janina.
There’s a girl who’s just like you.”
Jankúl spurred his black horse:
“Come, come, Šarkolíja my horse,
let’s go to the town of Janina
to look for my match.”
And they went to the town of Janina
and he took the girl Janínka [as his wife].
He took her back to his home.
They stayed there for three years,
and they had a baby boy.
The child howled, even God could hear it!
And Jankúl *vojvoda* spoke to Janínka:
“May God be with you, Janínka my wife,
on the road there is an old granny.
Why don’t we go
and hire her to be a servant to us
and to take care of our baby boy.”
Then Jankúl *vojvoda* went
and the old servant caught on.
She came to take care of the child.
The child howled, even God could hear him.
She recognized that they were her son and daughter
and she sang sad songs to the child:
“Hush, hush, my darling grandson,
child of my son and my dear daughter.”
Janínka, the young wife, burst into tears
and threw away the white diapers [swaddling cloths??]
and went to the gate

to wait for Jankúl *vojvoda*.
Then she said softly to Jankúl,
“May God be with you, Jankúl *vojvoda*,
tie your horse up in the stable
and take out your pair of pistols
and go into the cool house
and kill that old granny.
What terrible songs she’s singing
to my darling child!”
Then he went to the windows
and sat down and listened.
And again she sang to him:
“Hush, hush, my darling grandson,
child of my son and my dear daughter.”
Then Jankúl *vojvoda* went inside
and spoke to the old granny:
“May God be with you, old granny,
why are you singing these terrible songs?”
He took out his pair of pistols
and put them to her breast.
She shouted: “Don’t kill me, young man!
Don’t you know, son, don’t you remember,
when the two of you were little
[you thought] I was the greatest beauty!
The Turks caught me alive,
they impaled your living father
and you, my son, they made into Turks.
One of you went to Jankúla town,
and the other went to Jánina town.”
“By what would you recognize us?”
And then she said to him:
“May God be with you, Jankúl *vojvoda*,
take off your clothing
and call Janínka to nurse the baby boy.
Her breast has a great scar,
your head has a great scar.
(Explains: They were twins.)
Then the two of them sat down
and looked at their great wounds
and began to scream.
Jankúl cried out:
“May God go with you, old granny,
I will go to where the Sun rises,
you go to where the Sun sets.”
And the old granny spoke,
“Now listen to me, my dear children.
Let’s go to Sofia town,
to Sofia, to the church of Saint Nedélja.
We’ll call out the three bishops
and they will absolve? you
and listen to your sins.”
So then they decided, and went, and the granny took care
of the child. But they went away to where the Sun sets,
and one to where the Sun rises.

“That is,” explained Elenka, “they were afraid because
they had changed their faith. And beause brother and

sister together had made a child.”