

## **А.НАВОИЙ ҒАЗАЛЛАРИ: ЎЗБЕК ВА ИНГЛИЗ ТИЛАРИДА**

### **GHAZALS BY ALISHER NAVOI,**

**Translated from Uzbek into English by:**

**Kosimboy Mamurov, English language professor  
and translator, PhD in linguistic sciences.**

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сонларида эълон қилинади)**

1.

*МУТРИБО, ҒАМ БАЗМИДА...*

Мутрибо, ғам базмида то навҳа оҳанг айладинг,  
Заъфлиғ жисмимни тору қоматим чанг айладинг.

Бўлди бўстони узоринг бодадин афрухта,  
Майни гўё бўстонафрўз ила ранг айладинг.

Чок этиб эл кўнглин эттинг ғунчадек кўнглум гирих  
Очтинг эл кўнглин агарчи бизни дилтанг айладинг.

Буки ташбиҳ эттинг, эй кўз, хоки пойин сурмаға,  
Билки жавҳарни қаро туфроққа ҳамсанг айладинг.

Ишқ сирри маҳмилини кўк пили чекмас, эй қазо,  
Гар ҳилолидин кажак, хуршидидин занг айладинг.

Не қатик водий экин, ё Раб, санга эй ишқким,  
Ақл саркаш тавсанин қўйғач қадам ланг айладинг.

Қил Навоийни вужуди нангидин, ё Раб, халос,  
Чун вужудин барча олам аҳлиға нанг айладинг.

### **A MUSICIAN, IN A WOE PARTY...**

*(A ghazal by Alisher Navoiy)*

Hey, Musician, by playing a sad music in the woe party,  
A string of my weak soul, as a chang<sup>1</sup> you stroke my body

As if wine is made ruby by adding crown flower water,  
By the affect of wine your face is flushing with red color.

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<sup>1</sup> Chang- a national musical instrument

By breaking folks' souls, tied my little soul like a bud,  
Folks' souls you opened though made our souls so sad.

Hey eye, her steps' soil to surma<sup>2</sup> you did resemble,  
Do know, to black clay made you equal the pearl.

Load of love's secret heaven's elephant can't lift, hey fate,  
Even though a hook of moon, a bell of sun you've made.

Oh Allah, how difficult is the road leading to your fame,  
As soon as the mind's steed makes a step to you, it'll lame.

Oh Allah, get Navoiy rid of shame to live worthless,  
For his existence is shame for the whole world, Bless.

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**2**

**349 Ғазал: ТОНГ НАСИМИН СОЙИР ЭТКАН...**

**1**

Тонг насимин сойир эткан гул узоримдур менинг,  
Секритиб майдонга кирган шахсуворимдур менинг.

Гард эмас, гардинда балким кўрмасун деб эл кўзи,  
Волиҳу саргашта жони хоксоримдур менинг.

Маркабининг наълидин ҳар дам чоқилган ўт эмас  
Ким, кўнгул отлиғ заифи беқароримдур менинг.

Баски, телмурди кўзум киргайму деб майдон аро,  
Кўз қароси йўқки, доғи интизоримдур менинг.

Ул баҳори ҳусн минган қатраафшон бодпой ,  
Гулшани айш очқали абри баҳоримдур менинг.

6. Чобуки меҳр ўлди бемеҳру ҳарун кўк тавсани,  
Тутманг отинким, эшитмак ани оримдур менинг.

Йўлида айлай фидо кўз гавҳарин, жон жавҳарин,  
Эй Навоий, етса ул чобук, нисоримдур менинг.

**SHE WHO'D ME WALK IN A DAWN WIND...**

**(from "A wonderful child" by A. Navoiy, Ghazal # 349)**

She who'd me walk in a dawn wind was my flowery beloved.  
A horse rider who galloped into the field was due to my beloved.

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<sup>2</sup> Surma- paint for eyes

It isn't dust, but due to dust, folks' eyes see my beloved not.  
It was my dusty soul that was wandering there, believe or not,  
It was not fire but lightning of my horse-shoe strike.  
Nor is it my soul steed that makes troubles go spike.  
To see if my beloved enter the field my eyes stared a lot.  
It isn't my eyes' apple that you saw, but my missing spot.  
That steed my beautiful beloved is riding fast to enjoy,  
Is a spring cloud that presents my life garden much joy.  
Love's horse turned loveless, persistent was heaven's horse.  
Before me don't hold the horse, to hear I shame even worse.  
Hey Navoiy, if my horse-rider beloved reaches me so cool.  
I'll sacrifice to her road my eyes' apple and all soul's pearl.

**Published in Journal: Jahon Adabiyoti, November issue, 2018.**

**3.**

### **350 ҒАЗАЛ: ИШҚ СИРРИН...**

Ишқ сиррин ҳажр асири нотагонлардин сўрунг,  
Айш ила ишрат тариқин қомронлардин сўрунг.

Бизга жуз меҳру вафо ойини бўлмайдур насиб,  
Бевафолиғ расмини номехрибонлардин сўрунг.

Бизни даврон меҳнати ҳам ожиз этмиш, ҳам қари,  
Ҳусн ила қувватни раъно навжувонлардин сўрунг.

Бедил эл дилжўйлук ё дилшиканлик расмини  
Фаҳм қилмаслар, бу ишни дилситонлардин сўрунг.

Нек ном эл ишқ аро бадномлиғлар шевасин  
Яхши бнлмаслар, ани биздек ёмонлардин сўрунг.

Фардлик завқини сўрманг шавкату жоҳ аҳлидин,  
Ул суубат лаззатин беҳонумонлардин сўрунг.

Ажз туфроғида ишқ аҳлиға ўлган ҳукми бор,  
Қатл ҳукми айламакни қаҳрамонлардин сўрунг.

Билмади мақсуди ганжининг нишонин аҳли расм,  
Гар сўрарсиз, ани беному нишонлардин сўрунг.

Чун Навоий ишқ саҳросида итти, дўстлар,  
Ани ул ёндин етишган корвонлардин сўрунг.

## LOVE'S SECRET

*(Ghazal #350, from the book "Benefits of Old Age" by Alisher Navoiy)*

Ask love's secret from those who're by separation enslaved,  
Ask joy and pleasure from those who're with happiness pleased.

We are endowed with nothing but love and faith,  
Ask faithlessness habits from those who love not.

The toils of this time made us both weak and old aged,  
Ask beauty, strength from those who're young pledged.

Those lovers who lack souls would conceive not what  
Pleasure or displeasure is, of it ask beloved souls' lot.

Those who were honored with good name are unaware  
Of the dishonored, ask for them from us - bad who are.

Don't ask the pleasure of loneliness from the high ranked,  
Ask the pleasure of hardships from those who're deprived.

On the weak's soil you're subjected to do nothing but die,  
Ask death sentence from those heroes who for love's sake die.

Where treasure was, the griefless weak law abiders knew not,  
If you want to know, ask those who a good name left not.

Hey friends, in love's steppe Navoiy was lost from sight,  
Now, do ask for him of caravans passing on that road site.

4.

### **353-газал: НЕ ЛУТФ ЭДИКИ...**

Не лутф эдики, мени нома бирла ёд эттинг,  
Не нома эрдики, ғамгин кўнгулни шод эттинг.

Тилим қалам тилидек шукрдин эрур ожиз,  
Бу нома бирлаки бу нотавадони ёд эттинг.

Ўкурда оқти ёшим ихтиёрсиз, гўйиё  
Ки, ҳажр дудасидин номаға мидод эттинг.

Етурди жисмима рух, эй қуёш, магарки  
Масиҳ муаллим эрди дамеким ани савод эттинг.

Жавоҳиреки йибординг бу номуродинг учун,  
Кўнгул харобасини махзани мурод эттинг.

Не суд бўлса амал номаси қора гар худ  
Отинг нишон уза Жамшид ё Кубод эттинг.

Навоий, жисмингга руҳ ул қуёш ҳадиси эмиш,  
Масиҳ нутқиға йўқ ерда эътиқод эттинг.

### WHAT A MERCY IT IS ...

(“Wonders of Childhood” by A. Navoiy, Ghazal # 353)

What a mercy it is, with a letter you remembered me,  
What a letter it is, with it you made my sad soul happy.

My tongue is as weak as pencil to praise your fame,  
With this letter, you remembered your humbler’s name.

As I was reading your letter my tears ran mindless,  
As if in the letter you used separation ink, God bless.

O sun, while writing this letter did Jesus supervise you?  
For when I was reading it I felt forever resurrected too.

As if to your hopeless beloved, the pearls you sent,  
And his ruined soul into hopes treasure you turned.

If your letter of affairs intends evil, do save God,  
No use to sign it with names Jamshid or Qubod.

O Navoi, it is the sun’s words that cured your pain,  
But you’ve made your faith in Jesus verses in vain.

## 5.

### *Ғазал 333: КИМКИ ОШИҚ БЎЛСА...*

Кимки ошиқ бўлса зору/ хастаҳол ўлмоқ керак,  
Рашқдин/ олам элига /бадхаёл ўлмоқ керак.

Васл топмоғлиғки/ ишқ /аҳлиға амредур маҳол,  
Кечаву кундуз иши /фикри муҳол ўлмоқ керак.

Шавқ аро /гаҳ мўядин бўлмоқ керак /андоқки мўй  
Ҳажр аро/ гаҳ ноладин/ андоқки нол ўлмоқ керак.

Васл мумкин йўқ,/ вале/ ҳижронда /ҳар дам юз бало  
Мундоқ офат мубталоси/ моҳу сол ўлмоқ керак.

Ишқ кўйида зулоли /васл ичмайдур киши,  
Дайр сари /толиби /жоми зулол/ ўлмоқ керак.

Зулм кўрким/ чарх этиб /икки сипаҳни кийнавар,  
Мўрлар хайли арода /поймол ўлмоқ керак.

Эй Навоий,/ истасанг /махлас /кудуратдин санга  
Хонақаҳдин дайр сори/ интиқол ўлмоқ керак.

(“Ғаройиб ус-сиғар”, 333-ғазал)

### **5. Ghazal 333: *HE WHO IS IN LOVE...***

He who is in love, for love always be sick he must,  
From jealousy, of world folks think badly he must.

For lovers' folk to reach love dating is a difficult trust,  
Night and day, dream of this impossible affair he must.

Once doing woes you must become thin as hair from lust,  
Once moaning in missing turn into weed's woes you must.

No way for dating, separation is accompanied by bad luck,  
Months, years with lots of misfortunes encounter you must.

Burning for love drink the dating wine a man would not,  
For this go to an idol's house and ask pure wine you must.

Against one another the fate put two revenging troops,  
Under this fierce battle ant's troops be trampled must.

Hey Navoiy, if you want from grieves, concerns to be free,  
At once leave the mosque, to an idol-house you must flee.

**(From “Wonders of the old age”, Ghazal #333)**

### **6. СИНСА КЎНГЛУМДА ЎҚУНГ...**

Синса кўнглумда ўқунг, суртуб исиг қондин анга,

Пай масаллик чирмағаймен риштайи жондин анга.

If your arrow breaks in my soul with hot blood it I oil,

The roots of my soul as a vessel around it I will scroll.

Бодайи лаълинг мизожи руҳпарвардур баче,

Гўйиё мамзуж этибсен оби ҳайвондин анга.

The words of your lips energize my spirit like wine,

You seem to have added it an alive water quite fine.

Ўқи кўнглум шуъласин гаҳ сокин этти, гоҳ тез,

Гах ўтун бўлди, гахе су урди пайкондин анга.

Her arrow made my soul-light at times quiet or quick,  
Into the fire the arrow poured either oil or water leak.

Дарду ғам бўстонининг товусидур кўнглум қуши,  
Гул бўлуб жисмимда кескан наъл ҳар ёндин анга.  
My soul bird is a peacock of woe grieves' garden,  
As trails of a horseshoe left their peacock design.

Не кабутар ета олур ул қуёшқа, не насим,  
Эй кўнгул, ҳолингни эълон айла афғондин анга.  
Neither dove, nor wind to that beloved sun can reach,  
Hey soul, of your state inform her with a woe preach.

Кўзга то кирмиш хаёлинг, совуғ оҳим ваҳмидин,  
Боғламишмен кўрё ҳар сори мужгондин анга.  
When your thoughts enter my eye, of cold woe fear,  
I guard it covering with my lashes not to hurt, my dear.

Эй Навоий, йиғламоқ оҳимға таскин бермади,  
Ваҳ, бу не ўтдурки, йўқ таъсир тўфондин анга.  
Hey, Navoi, weeping for woes render help could not,  
Ah, what fire it is to put it off even a storm could not.

## **6. IF YOUR ARROW BREAKS IN MY SOUL...**

If your arrow breaks in my soul with hot blood it I oil,  
The roots of my soul as a vessel around it I will scroll.

The words of your lips energize my spirit like wine,

You seem to have added it an alive water quite fine.

Her arrow made my soul-light at times quiet or quick,  
Into the fire the arrow poured either oil or water leak.

My soul bird is a peacock of woe grieves' garden,  
As trails of a horseshoe left their peacock design.

Neither dove, nor wind to that beloved sun can reach,  
Hey soul, of your state inform her with a woe preach.

When your thought enters my eye, of cold woe fear,  
I guard it covering with my lashes not to hurt, my dear.

Hey, Navoi, weeping for woes render help could not,  
Ah, what fire it is to put it off even a storm could not.

(Wonders of Childhood by A.Navoi, Ghazal #10)

May, 19.

### **7. УЛ ПАРИВАШКИМ, БЎЛУБМЕН...**

Ул паривашким, бўлубмен зору саргардон анга,  
Ишқидин олам менга ҳайрону мен ҳайрон анга.

Ўқларингдин дамбадам таскин топар кўнглум ўти,  
Бордурур бир қатра су гўёки ҳар пайкон анга.

Бир диловардур кўнгулким, ғам сипоҳи қалбида,  
Оҳи новак, тоза доғидур қизил қалқон анга.

Новакининг парру пайконида рангин тус эрур



Ёки кўнглумдин чу паррон ўтти юкмиш қон анга.

Номаи шавқум не навъ ул ойға еткай, чунки мен

Эл отин ўқур ҳасаддин ёзмадим унвон анга.

Хизри хаттингнинг ажаб йўқ сабзу хуррам бўлмоғи,

Лаббалаб чунким берур су чашмаи ҳайвон анга.

Эй хушо, муғ кўйиким, рифъат била зийнатда бор

Меҳр анга бир шамсаву кўк тоқидур айвон анга.

Истамиш булбул вафо гулдин магарким, жоладин

Бағри қотмиш ғунчанинг, баским эрур хандон анга.

Қилмамиш жонин фидо жононға етмас дер эмиш,

Эй Навоий, ушбу сўз бирла фидо юз жон анга.

**(“Ғаройиб ус-сиғар”, 9-ғазал)**

**Инглизчага таржимон: Қосимбой Маъмуров**

## **7. OF THAT ANGEL’S LOVE I GRIEVED....**

Of that angel’s love I grieved, wandered with a sigh,  
Of her love the world wondered at me, at her so did I.

From your eyelash arrows my soul-fire calms oftener,  
As if each eyelash arrow seems to have a drop of water.

Surrounded by grieve troops, a brave soul does pain,  
The woe is his arrow; his shield is his red blood stain.

Whether the arrow and feather were painted in red,  
Or they stained when went through my heart straight.

How could my love-letter reach that remote moon?  
As I didn’t put her name lest folks might read soon.

The hair on your lip, no surprise, seems so bright,  
As your lips are watering it with alive water right.

Fire-idol’s look is gloriously designed with decoration,  
Before it sun seems a circle paint, sky - its roof fashion.

A nightingale was said to ask faith from the flower,  
Of hail bud's soul turned stone, so did her smile over.

The beloved can't be reached if a soul is not sacrificed,  
Hey Navoi, for this word let hundred souls be sacrificed.

**(“Wonders of Childhood” by A.Navoi, Ghazal #9)**

Translator: Kosimboy Mamurov.

## **8. ҲАР КҶНГУЛ ОРОМИ...**

Ҳар кўнгул ороми чун бўлмиш дилоромим меннинг,  
Ул сабабдин йўқтурур кўнглумда оромим менинг.

Дуди оҳим сарвдек чиқтию гулгун бўлди ашк,  
Қилғали тарки вафо сарви гуландомим менинг.

Нега кўргузди шафақдин шўъла, кавкабдин шарор,  
Гар эмас ғам дўзахи бу субҳи йўқ шомим менинг.

Дилраблар аҳдиға ҳеч этмасунлар эътимод,  
Эй сабо, ишқ аҳлиға еткур бу пайғомим менинг.

Ошиқ отиға кириптур ўнглуму топмас висол,  
Фосиқи маҳрумтек бўлмиш бу бадномим менинг.

Донаи тасбиҳ майли айламас кўнглум қуши  
Риштаи зуннори зулфунг бўлғали домим менинг.

Эй Навоийу мендек ул бут кўйи сари кирмаким,  
Куфр ила бўлди бадал бу йўлда исломим менинг.

**(“Ғаройиб ус-сиғар”, 352-ғазал)**

**Инглизчага таржимон: Қосимбой Маъмуров**

## **8... EACH SOUL'S PLEASURE**

For each soul my beloved provides pleasure,  
For this reason, I've lost my soul's true leisure.

As cypress rose my woe's smoke, tears blossomed,  
For my cypress flower's disloyalty has me doomed.

Why then dawn comes with light, stars sparkle bright,  
If it were hell's grief wouldn't my night turn to light,

The beloveds' promise should never be relied upon,  
Hey wind, take my message to lovers' companion.

My soul has taken lover's name, but no dating found,  
This bad soul of mine remains a miscreant on ground.

My soul's bird is not inclined to count praying pearls,  
As if to become my ringlet trap the belt of your curls.

Hey Navoi, do not go to that idol's residence again,  
On this path into disbelief my Islam turned in vain.

**("Wonders of Childhood" by A.Navoi, Ghazal No 352)**

**Translated from Uzbek into English by:**

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