

Ma'nolar xazinasidan

Alisher Navoiy g'azallari tarjimalari
parallel matnlari bilan

Ingliz tiliga **Begoyim XOLBEKOVA** tarjimalari

From the Treasury of Meaning

Translations of Alisher Navoi's ghazals
with their parallel texts

Translated into English by **Begoyim KHOLBEKOVA**



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Ushbu kitob talabalar, tadqiqotchilar va Navoiy asarlariga qiziqqan keng kitobxonlar uchun mo'ljallangan.

This book is intended for students, researchers, as well as a wide range of readers interested in Navoi's works.

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SO'ZBOSHI

Buyuk o'zbek shoiri va mutafakkiri Nizomiddin Mir Alisher – Alisher Navoiy (1441-1501) Hirot shahrida G'iyosiddin Kichkina bahodir oilasida tug'ildi. U yorqin iste'dod sohibi bo'lib, bolalik chog'laridayoq o'n ming satr she'rni yod bilardi. Samarqandda tahsil olgan (1465-1469) yillaridayoq Navoiy taniqli shoir sifatida e'tirof etilgandi. Keyinchalik esa dunyo adabiyoti tarixida u beqiyos bir siymo bo'lib qoldi. Ulug'vor iste'dodi jihatidan ham, adolatli davlat arbobi sifatida jamiyatda tutgan yuksak mavqeyi yuzasidan ham, sahovatpeshalikda ham u betakrordir. U har doim ilm o'rganuvchilarga e'tibor qaratib, ularni qo'llab-quvvatladi. Shoirlar va olimlarga, hunarmandlarga beg'araz homiylik qildi. Butun hayoti davomida ona xalqining orzulari va tashvishlari bilan yashadi. O'zi yozganidek:

*Odami ersang, demagil odami –
Anikim, yo'q xalq g'amidin g'ami.*

Butun kuchini, borlig'ini oddiy odamlar g'amlarini aritishga bag'ishladi. Natijada xalqning, jamiyatning hayoti shoirning shaxsiy hayotiga aylanib ketdi. Navoiy o'zbek adabiyotining ravnaq topishini, ona tilining rivojlanishini o'zining baxti, umr mazmuni deb bildi. Qalamining kuchini bir yuz ellik yillik mustamlakachilikdan so'ng ulug' Sohibqiron Amir Temur tiklagan, jon baxsh etgan xalq ruhini ulug'lashga qaratdi. Bu asosiy milliy g'oya edi. Amir Temur bu milliy g'oyani siyosiy jihatdan asoslab hayotga tatbiq qilgan, Vatan oldida o'z burchini ado etgan bo'lsa, ma'naviy sohada uni mustahkamlash, amalga oshirish Alisher Navoiy zimmasiga tushdi. Shoir buni anglab yetdi va uni hayotining asl maqsadiga aylantirdi, butun umrini ijodga, yaratishga, tom ma'noda xalqqa va Vatanga xizmat qilishga bag'ishladi. Shoir Vatan va xalq oldidagi o'z burchini ado etdi: jonajon adabiyotini jahoniy darajaga olib chiqdi va haqli ravishda Gomer,

Nizomiy, Dante, Shekspir, Gyote, Bayron, Pushkin, Balzak, Tolstoy kabi jahon adabiyoti namoyondalari safidan joy oldi. Alisher Navoiy she'riyati butun bashariyatga cheksiz mehr-muhabbat tuyg'usi bilan sug'orilgan. Shoir inson ruhini yuksak pardalarda tarannum etdi, lirik she'riyatni baland cho'qqilarga ko'tardi. U o'zining to'rt devondan iborat "Xazoyin ul-maoniy" (*Ma'nolar xazinasini*) kulliyoti hamda besh dostonidan iborat "Xamsa" majmuasi bilan jahon adabiyotiga ulkan hissa qo'shdi. Alisher Navoiy klassik she'riyatning 16 janrida qalam tebratdi, oltita yirik falsafiy-didaktik, ishqiyy-romantik dostonlar yaratdi. Ona tilida to'rt devon, fors tilida bir devon ("*Devoni foniy*") tuzdi.

Navoiy nasrda ham unumli ijod qildi. "*Mahubub ul-qulub*" "Ko'ngillarning sevgani", "*Nasoyim ul-muhabbat*" "Muhabbat shabbodalari", "*Tarixi hukamo va anbiyo*" "Shohlar va payg'ambarlar tarixi", "*Tarixi muluku Ajam*" "Ajam mamlakatlari tarixi", "*Mezon ul-avzon*" "Vaznlari o'lchovi", "*Muhokamat ul-lug'atayn*" "Ikki til muhokamasi", kabi asarlari o'quvchilarga yaxshi tanish. Alisher Navoiyning boy ijodiy merosini o'ziga xos hayot qomusi, hikmatlar ummoni desak ayni haqiqatni aytgan bo'lamiz. Shoirning purma'no aforizmlari o'zining hayotiylik bilan xalq maqollariga aylanib ketgan. Alisher Navoiyning asarlari bugungi kunda jahonning ko'p tillariga tarjima qilinmoqda. Qo'lingizdagi eng sara g'azallar saylanmasi ham shular jumlasidandir. "Xazoyin ul-maoniy" dan olingan bu durdona g'azallar iste'dodli shoira va tarjimon Begoyim Xolbekova tomonidan o'ziga xos mahorat bilan ingliz tiliga tarjima qilindi. Ma'nolar hazinasidan bahra olish butun olam ahliga nasib etsin.

Shuhrat SIROJIDDINOV,
Filologiya fanlari doktori, professor

FOREWORD

The great Uzbek poet and thinker Nizomiddin Mir Alisher – Alisher Navoi (1441-1501) was born in Herat city in the family of Ghiyosiddin Kichkina Bahodir. He was a bright highly gifted boy, knew by heart ten thousand lines of poetry already in his childhood period. During the years of his studies in Samarqand (1465 -1469) Navoi was recognized as a well-known poet. Later he became an incomparable symbol as a famous poet in the entire history of world literature. According to his position in the society he was truly an unrepeatable outstanding personality both as a grandeur talent, as a just statesman and as a noble and wise man. He had always been attentive to the learners of science and rendered disinterested aid and support to poets, writers, scholars and craftsmen. Throughout his whole life he had lived with dreams, concerns and cares of his motherland people, adhering to the principle of his own couplet:

*If you are a man, do not call a man,
who doesn't care of people's concern.*

He had devoted all his strength and wealth to the needs and cares of ordinary people. As a result, the life of citizens and society had become poet's personal life concerns.

Navoi considered the prosperity of Uzbek literature, development of the mother language as his own happiness, as the meaning of his own life. After one hundred fifty years of colonialism, Alisher Navoi directed the power of his pen at raising high the national spirit of the people which Amir Temur had built and had it endowed with the national soul. It was a main national idea of that time. If Amir

Temur grounded the national idea fundamentally and politically and implemented it in life, and fulfilled his duty before the Motherland, but strengthening and realization of it in the spiritual sphere was vested in Alisher Navoi. The poet perceived it deeply, and turned it into the real purpose of his life, and dedicated his entire life to writing, creating, serving the people and the Motherland as a whole. The poet fulfilled his duty before the Motherland and people: raised the dear lovely national literature to the level of world literature, and by right, gained its worthy place in the rank of such representatives of world literature as Homer, Nizami, Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, Byron, Pushkin, Balzac, Tolstoy and etc. The poetry of Navoi is full of limitless love feelings to the whole mankind. The poet sings high the human spirit, raises the lyric poetry to the highest peaks. He makes a great contribution in the world literature with his volume *Hkazoyin ul-maoni* (The Treasures of Meanings) composed of four epodes, and "Khamsa" volume composed of five epodes. Alisher Navoi wrote in sixteen genres of classic poetry, created six big philosophical-didactic, romantic-love epodes. He wrote four epodes in his mother tongue, and one epos in Persian ("Devoni Foni").

In prose genre Navoi also created fruitfully, and presented to his readers such prose works as "Mahbub ul-qulub" ("A beloved of souls"), "Nasoyim ul-muhabbat" ("Winds of Love"), "Tarikhi hukamo va Anbio" (A History of Shahs and Prophets), "Tarikhi Mulki Ajam" ("A History of Persian States"), "Mezon ul-Avzon" ("Measures of Meter"), "Muhokamat ul-Lughatain" ("Discussion of Two Languages").

It would be a real truth if we say that the rich creative heritage of Alisher Navoi is a specific encyclopedia of life, an ocean of wisdom. The aphorisms of the poet by their wealth of meanings had developed into people's everyday proverbs.

Presently, the works by Alisher Navoi are translated into many languages of the world. This is one of the best selections of ghazals by Alisher Navoi, chosen and masterfully translated into English by a poetess and translator Begoyim Kholbekova.

May Almighty God bless all poetry lovers of mankind to enjoy with the greatest pleasure and inspiration these treasures of wisdom created with unequal wit and keen insight into the soul and spirit of human beings endowed with the feelings of pure love and affection, lust and passion in treating each other.

Shuhrat SIROJIDDINOV,
Doctor of Philology, Professor

1

Qoshi yosinmu deyin, ko'zi qarosinmu deyin,
Ko'ngluma har birining dardu balosinmu deyin?

Ko'zi qahrinmu deyin, kirpiki zahrinmu deyin,
Bu kudurat aro ruxsori safosinmu deyin?

Ishq dardinmu deyin, hajri nabardinmu deyin,
Bu qatiq dardlar aro vasli davosinmu deyin?

Zulfi dominmu deyin, la'li kalominmu deyin,
Birining qaydi, yana birning adosinmu deyin?

Turfa xolinmu deyin, qaddi niholinmu deyin,
Moviy ko'nglak uza gulrang qabosinmu deyin?

Charx ranjinmu deyin, dahr shikanjinmu deyin,
Jonima har birining javru jafosinmu deyin?

Ey Navoiy, dema qoshu ko'zining vasfini et,
Qoshi yosinmu deyin, ko'zi qarosinmu deyin?

1

About her bow brows or darkness of her eyes should I say?
About its grieves and evils to my soul should I say?

About her eyes' anger or eyelashes' poison should I say?
Among these dark sorrows of her pure face should I say?

About love's pains or battles of separation should I say?
Among these severe pains of dating's healing should I say?

About her hair's trap or about words of her lips should I say?
Of her cunning or her eloquence, on the other, should I say?

About her pretty birthmark or her sprout figure should I say,
Over her blue dress, of her red dressing gown should I say?

About the heaven's insults or world's tortures should I say?
About the cruelty of everyone towards my soul should I say?

Hey Navoi, do not order me to eulogize her brows and eyes,
About her bow brows or darkness of her eyes should I say?

2

Ko'rgali husnungni zoru muftalo bo'ldum sanga,
Ne balolig' kun edikim, oshno bo'ldum sanga.

Har necha dedimki kun-kundin uzay sendin ko'ngul,
Vahki, kun-kundin batarrak muftalo bo'ldum sanga.

Men qachon dedim vafo qilg'il, manga zulm aylading,
Sen qachon deding fido bo'lg'il manga, bo'ldum sanga.

Qay pari paykarg'a-dersen-telba bo'ldung bu sifat,
Ey pariypaykar, ne qilsang qil manga, bo'ldum sanga.

Ey ko'ngul, tarki nasihat ayladim avvora bo'l,
Yuz balo yetmaski, men ham bir balo bo'ldum sanga.

Jomi Jam birla Xizr suyi nasibimdur mudom,
Soqiyo, to tarki joh aylab gado bo'ldum sanga.

G'ussa changidin navoe topmadim ushshoq aro,
To Navoiydek asiru benavo bo'ldum sanga.

2

To see your beautiful face, I've been striving much as due,
What an unfortunate day it was, when I fell in love with you.

Again and again I said to myself to avert my soul from you,
Woe, day by day I've become attached more strongly to you.

When I said to be loyal to me, the evil you've caused,
When you said to devote yourself to me, I applauded.

Because of what fairy you've become so mad, you said,
Hey, fairy, do whatever you like, for you I became mad.

Hey soul, I've rejected all advice, trouble you would face,
Were hundred troubles not enough, mine makes much worse.

Jamshid's goblet and Hizr's water* have become my bestow.
Hey, wine-server, leaving my high rank I've become your slave,

Like a sad tune of Chang* among lovers I haven't found pleasure,
Like that of Navoi, I became an unfortunate captive, no measure.

Water of Hizr – means water of life.*
Chang – musical instrument

3

Ko'nglum o'rtansun agar g'ayringg'a parvo aylasa,
Har ko'ngul hamkim sening shavqungni paydo aylasa.

Har kishi vaslin tamanno aylasam navmid o'lay,
Har kishi hamkim sening vasling tamanno aylasa.

O'zgalar husnin tamosho aylasam chiqsun ko'zum,
O'zga bir ko'z hamki husnungni tamosho aylasa.

G'ayr zikrin oshkoro qilsa lol o'lsun tilim,
Qaysi bir til hamki zikring oshkoro aylasa.

Rashkdin jonimg'a har nargis ko'zi bir shu'ladur,
Bog' aro nogax xirom ul sarvi ra'no aylasa.

Yo'q og'izdin nukta aytur mahvashimdek bo'lmag'ay,
Gar quyosh har zarrasidin bir Masiho aylasa.

Ofiyat jonimg'a yetti, ey xush ul mug'kim, meni
Bir qadah birla xarobot ichra rasvo aylasa.

Kelturung daf'i jununumg'a pariyxon, yo'q tabib
Kim ul ansabdur pari har kimni shaydo aylasa.

Subhdek bir damda gardun qo'ymag'ay osorini,
Nogah ahli sidq ko'ngli mehrin ifsho aylasa.

Dahr sho'xig'a, Navoiy, sayd bo'lma nechakim,
Kun uzori uzra tun zulfin mutarro aylasa.

3

Let my soul burn down if it pays attention to a stranger,
So does each soul if it shows passion to you any longer.

If I dream of dating any beloved, may I be disappointed,
So does each man who dreams of dating you, be cursed.

Let my eyes pop out, if I admire others' beauty,
So does another eye which admires your beauty.

Let my tongue be dumb, if it utters other's name,
So does each tongue which pronounces your name.

Of jealousy each narcissus's eye is for my soul a ray,
When that cypress walks through a garden on my way.

No mouth can be eloquent like that of my love,
If from each ray the sun creates one Jesus above.

Misfortune made my soul so sad, hey, that happy magician,
With a bowl of wine made me drunk, dishonored as a stain.

To prevent my madness, bring an angel, not a healer, really,
It's an angel who treats well those who are charmed by fairy.

Like the dawn the firmament doesn't leave a trace on them,
If quite suddenly their hearts just reveal their love for them.

Hey Navoi, don't be attracted by a playful girl of the world,
If only on the sun's face spread her black hair she would.

Ne navo soz aylagay bulbul gulistondin judo,
Aylamas to'tiy takallum shakkaristondin judo.

Ul quyosh hajrinda qo'rqarmen falakni o'rtagay
Har sharorekim, bo'lur bu o'tlug' afg'ondin judo.

Dema, hijronimda chekmaysen fig'onu nola ko'p,
Jism aylarmu fig'on bo'lg'ach nafas jondin judo?

Hajr o'lumdin talx emish, mundin so'ng, ey gardun, meni
Aylagil jondin judo, qilg'uncha jonondin judo.

Bo'lsa yuz ming jonim ol, ey hajr, lekin qilmag'il
Yorni mendin judo yoxud meni andin judo.

Vasl aro parvona o'rtandi hamono bildikim,
Qilg'udekdur subh ani sham'i shabistondin judo.

Bir eyasiz it bo'lub erdi Navoiy yorsiz,
Bo'lmasun, yo rabki, hargiz banda sultondin judo.

4

How could the nightingale sing apart from flowery garden?
How could the parrot display eloquence apart sugar cane field?

In separation of that sun I am afraid that the heaven
Will catch fire from each spark of my ardent groan.

Do not say: «in my separation why don't you groan and woe?
How the body could woe when lost its soul and breath so?

Separation is bitter than death, hey heaven, from today,
To separate me from beloved you'd rather take soul away.

Had I hundred thousand souls, take them all, hey heaven!
But do not separate me from beloved, nor me from her then.

For dating a moth is burning itself still, I became aware,
As if dawn has separated it from the night candle, care.

Being like an ownerless dog without his beloved was Navoi,
May your people be never separated from their sultan, O, God.

5

Zulfu yuzdin sunbulungni gul uza tarqatma ko'p,
Dahr bog'ida gulu sunbul isin butratma ko'p.

Ko'zlaringkim, masti xobolud erur ko'p ovlama,
Har sari uyqug'a borg'an fitnani uyg'atma ko'p.

Zulfig'a, ey mushk, istarsen qarimchi bandalig',
Yo'q hading kechqil bu savdodin o'zungni sotma ko'p.

O'ynay-o'ynay o'lturur bir-bir ulusni ko'zlaring,
Sho'x qotillarni jonlar qasdig'a o'ynatma ko'p,

Tiyradur Majnunki, mendek debsen ani, ey xirad,
Aqlu hush ahlini bu devonag'a o'xshatma ko'p.

Eyki, mujgondin yasol tuzdung ko'ngullar saydig'a,
Ko'z yumub ochquncha ushbu xaylni qo'zg'atma ko'p.

El bila har dam qadah yanglig' kulub, ey mug'bacha,
Qon yoshim sochib surohiydek meni yig'latma ko'p.

Safhayi xotirda, ey orif, keraktur yoru bas,
Sofiyi vahdatqa xoshoki xavotir qotma ko'p.

Chun Navoiy qismati jomi may o'lmish, ey faqih,
Sarzanish aylab anga sangi malomat otma ko'p.

Coils of your curls do not spread over the flowers much,
In a world's garden, fragrance of flower curls spread not much.

Drunky and sleepy eyes of yours, do not rub so much,
Those playful eyes who's gone to sleep, don't wake much.

Hey musk, you want to become a slave of her curls much,
Don't dare to involve yourself in this trouble too much.

Your playful eyes would kill people one after another,
Do not let those artful eyes play with souls much.

Majnun's state is like that of mine, you said, hey wise man,
Do not resemble clever people to that mad man too much.

Hey, from eyelashes you paraded troops for souls,
For a second, do not stir this troop to battle much.

You smile often with people as a bowl, hey wine server,
Do not force me cry as a cup with bloody tears much.

On memory pages, hey wise, one needs a beloved at all,
Do not pollute pureness of unity with worries hay much.

Hey faqih*, a goblet of wine would be the fate of Navoi,
Do not throw stones of moans at him blaming too much.

*Faqih – a person who knows muslim religious knowledge well.

6

Ey nasimi subh, ahvolim diloroming'a ayt.
Zulfi sunbul, yuzi gul, sarvi gulandoming'a ayt.

Buki la'li hasratidin qon yutarmen dam-badam,
Bazmi aysh ichra labolab bodaoshomiming'a ayt.

Kom talxu boda zahru ashk rangin bo'lg'anin,
La'li shirin, lafzi rangin, sho'xi xudkomiming'a ayt.

Shomi hijron ro'zgoring tiyra nevchun qildi deb,
So'rmag'il mendin bu so'zni, subhi yo'q shomiming'a ayt,

Ul pariy hajrida nangu nomkim, tark ayladim,
Ko'ngul otlig' hajr vodiysida badnomiming'a ayt.

Ey karomatgo'y, ishim og'ozi xud isyon edi,
Sham'i rahmat partavi yetkaymu anjomiming'a, ayt.

Yo'q Navoiy bedil oromi g'am ichra, ey rafiq,
Holini zinhorkim, ko'rsang diloroming'a ayt.

6

Hey dawn's breeze, of my state to my soul's beloved, tell,
With hyacinth curls, rosy faced, cypress figured love, tell.

Often cherishing of her ruby lips I would swallow blood,
In the feast to those who drink a bowlful of wine, do tell.

To the bitter mouth of wine, poison of tears colorful, tell,
To my sweet lipped, eloquent worded, quick tempered, tell.

Why did the night of separation make your life very dark?
Don't ask me this sad word, to my dawnless night, do tell.

In separation of that fairy, I quitted my own name and honor,
To the ill-named soul known in a separation valley, do tell.

Hey foreteller, the beginning of my work was my mutiny,
Whether my end would be lit with a candle of favor, tell.

To lover Navoi there is no rest among grieves, hey friend,
If you see my beloved, of my state of affairs, may you tell.

Chekar un ko'nglum ursang tiyg'i bedod,
Ne tong, su qo'yg'ach etmak shu'la faryod.

Ko'ngul sensiz topar g'am shodlig'din,
G'aming yetgach vale aylar ani shod.

Ne tong majnunlug'umkim, jilva aylar
Ko'zumga lahza-lahza bir pariyyod.

Ko'ngulni, soqiyo maydin qilib xush,
Buzug'ni sayl ila aylarsen obod.

Meni shod aylagil bir jur'a birla
Ki, g'amdin jong'a yetti joni noshod.

Sanam ollida maydin bosh ko'tarman
Ki, qildi dayr piri mundoq irshod.

Sening yoding bila o'ldi Navoiy,
Tirig bo'l, garchi ani qilmading yod.

My soul woes when you strike it with a sword of cruelty,
What alas, when poured water, flame would woe highly.

Without you the soul would grieve even in pleasure,
When your grief reaches, it pleases him with leisure.

Don't wonder at my madness, from time to time,
Before my eyes an angel is charming with sparkles.

Hey, wine server, pleasing my soul with wine,
You have healed well my broken, ruined soul.

Do make me joyful with a bowl of wine,
My sad soul would nearly die from moan.

Before an idol I can't raise my head from bowl,
Which make me aged and wise of public house.

Navoi would die of keeping your memory in heart,
Be alive, though you don't remember him by heart.

8

Unutmag'ilki to hajr etti bedod,
Meni bir noma birla qilmading yod.

Ko'ngul yod etmasingdin bo'lsa g'amgin,
Vale ruhum erur yoding bila shod.

Buzug' jismim uyin yiqti firoqing,
Bu uyda ko'p buzug'lug' qildi bunyod.

Qul o'ldi sarv to gulgash etarga
Qading bazmi tarabdin ko'pti ozod.

Meni gah dashtu gah tog' uzra ko'rgan
Tirilmish sog'inur Majnunu Farhod.

Ko'ngulni may bila ma'mur qilkim,
Xumori davr ani qo'ymas obod.

Navoiy telba bo'lg'an chog'da ko'rdi,
Pariy birla ani sog'indi hamzod.

8

Do not forget, until the separation woke you,
With a letter you did not remember me too.

Till you remember me my soul would be sad,
But my spirit would be happy with your memory.

Your separation ruined the house of my broken body,
In this house it caused many destructions go steady.

The cypress became slave to walk in a flower bed,
When in a joyful feast, there appeared your body.

Seeing me in the deserts, in the mounts sometimes
Majnun and Farkhod are revived folks think at times.

May you make your soul happy with wine,
The missing of this period wouldn't be fine.

While being mad Navoi has seen the faery
And he thought that she is a sort of a fairy.

9

Parim bo'lsa, uchub qochsam ulustin to qanotim bor,
Qanotim kuysa uchmoqdin, yugursam to hayotim bor.

Chiqib bu dayrdin Isog'a nevcun hamnafas bo'lmay,
Bihamdillah tajarrud birla himmatdin- qanotim bor.

Xaloyiq suhbatidin ming g'amim bordurki, muft o'lg'ay,
Agar ming jon berib bilsamki, bir g'amdin najotim bor.

Chekib ag'yordin yuz javru tortib yordin ming g'am,
Ne o'zga xalqdin g'ayrat, ne o'zumdin uyotim bor.

Kechib ko'zdin yozay bir xatki, dahr ahlig'a ko'z solmay
Bu damkim, ko'z savodidin qora, ko'zdin davotim bor,

Tilar ko'nglum qushi anqodin o'tsam nari yuz vodiy,
Munungdek sayr etarga qofdin ortuq sabotim bor.

Navoiy, bilki shah ko'ngli manga qayd o'lmasa, billah,
Agar, kavnayng'a xoshok chog'lig' iltifotim bor.

As long as I had feather wings, I would escape from people,
If my wings burnt from flying, I would run while I'm alive.

Quitting this world why shouldn't I be Jesus' follower,
Thank God, for nobility, loneliness I've wings' power.

Talking with people I've a hundred grieves for nothing,
If I knew sacrificing hundred souls I'd save only a grief.

From an alien I suffer a hundred tortures, from lover – a thousand,
Neither others' support I get nor from myself am I ashamed grand.

Sacrificing an eye, I will write a letter not staring at world's people,
It is only this instant, my tears become ink, my eyes - an inkpot.

The bird of my soul were to bypass Anqo bird* a hundred valleys,
For such wandering I have more firmness more than the Qof has*.

Navoi, know if shah's soul isn't kind to me, may it be,
I would treat him as a hay in two worlds, you'll see.

*Anqo – legendary bird;

*Qof – legendary mountain;

10

Ko'zung ne balo qora bo'luptur
Kim, jong'a qora balo bo'luptur.

Majmu'i davoni dard qildi
Dardingki, manga davo bo'luptur.

Ishq ichra aning fidosi yuz jon,
Har jonki, sanga fido bo'luptur.

Begona bo'luptur oshnodin,
Begonag'a oshno bo'luptur.

To qildi yuzung havosi jonim,
Yuz sari anga havo bo'luptur.

Boqiy topar ulki, bo'ldi foniy,
Rahrag'a baqo fano bo'luptur.

To tuzdi Navoiy oyati ishq,
Ishq ahli aro navo bo'luptur.

10

Your eyes' turning black is a misfortune,
For it'd cause the soul a black mistfortune.

All their healing transformed into a pain,
For me your pain became healing as gain.

In love for her hundred souls would sacrifice,
For you each soul separately would sacrifice.

Friends would become strangers,
Strangers would become friends.

Since my soul has dreamed of your face,
Her dreams unfolded hundred time's pace.

He who has been mortal became immortal.
For a traveler the immortality became mortal.

Since Navoi has created the verses of love,
For lovers they sang as divine from above.

11

Fig'onki, yor vafo ahlig'a sitam qiladur,
Niyozu ajz gunohig'a muttaham qiladur.

Naimi vaslig'a xo'y aylagan ko'ngullarni,
Asiri hajr etibon muhtaloyi g'am qiladur.

Raqib behuda taqriri birla yuz taqsir,
Zaif g'amzadalar otig'a raqam qiladur.

Ne hukm qilsa vafo ahli jurmida g'am emas,
Bu zulm erurki, jafu ahlini hakam qiladur.

O'z ilgi birla gar o'ltursa bok yo'q, vahkim,
Raqib ollida aftodavu dijam qiladur.

Muhabbat ahlini, vo hasratoki, ko'p o'rtaab,
Alarning ohi o'tidin haros kam qiladur.

Chu gul vafosiz erur, necha asrasam, vahkim,
Ko'ngul qushi bu gulistondin emdi ram qiladur.

Zamona o'q kebi tuzlarni sindurub, «yo»dek
Alarki egridurur shahg'a muhtaram qiladur.

Navoiy o'lgay edi bo'lmasa umidi visol,
Bu qasdlarki, anga hajr dam-badam qiladur.

11

Alas, a beloved would cause suffering to loyal lovers,
For their weakness and sins she would blame them.

Those souls who would like blessing to date with her,
In a separation captivity she would make them suffer.

Believing in the rival's words without any bases,
She finds hundred faults with the grieved, powerless.

Whatever verdict she passes is not a grief for lovers,
It is the torture which makes a victim people's juries.

If she kills me with her hands, it is not terrible,
Before a rival she humiliates and discriminates.

To the followers of love, she causes endless grief, alas,
From their flaming moans she would not fear.

Since she is faithless, no matter how much I might guard,
From this flower garden my soul's bird would escape.

Time would bend a straight man like a bow,
Those who are crooked are awarded by the shah.

Had Navoi had no hope for dating he would rather die,
These revenges would cause separation day by day.

12

Xurram o'ldi bog'u bir guldin ichimda g'am hanuz,
Kuldi har yon g'unchavu ko'nglum ishi motam hanuz.

Bulbul o'ldi gul harimi hirmanining mahrami,
Gul uzorim ko'yida men telba nomahram hanuz.

Chiqti tuz har naxl uza bir ishqpechon chirmashib,
Vahki, bir qad ishqidin jismimda pechu xam hanuz,

Ochti savdo daf'ig'a sunbul musalsal turrasin,
Ohkim, bo'ynumda zanjiri junun muhkam hanuz.

Soqiyo, rahmiki tortib lola sog'ar dam-badam,
Lolagun sog'arg'a men bo'lmay dame hamdam hanuz.

Faqr naxlidan guli maqsud uzmaq istama,
yetmay anda ohu ashkingdin havovu nam hanuz.

Bir so'zin istab Navoiy o'ldi, vahkim, yetmamish
Huqqayi yoqutidin ko'nglumga ul marham hanuz.

12

The garden rejoiced, but I am sad because of one flower,
Everywhere buds are laughing, but my heart's mourning still.

The nightingale made a companion of a flower bedchamber,
But longing for my beloved I am mad, lack of companion still.

Around on each direct tree the ivy scrolls up straight,
Woe, for her love a chain of madness coils my neck still.

To avert madness, the hyacinth untied locks of her curls,
Alas, on my neck the chain of madness holds strong still.

Wine-server, offer bowls of tulip drinks from time to time,
With the bowl of tulip drinks I haven't made companion still.

Don't think to break a flower off the tree of humblness (faqr)*,
From your sighs and tears water and air would not reach still.

Dreaming to hear her word, Navoi died, ah, but that balm
From her ruby casket would not reach to my soul still.

**faqr – road of goodness, kindness
The second meaning – loneliness*

13

Ko'yung borida qilman jannatqa guzar hargiz,
Qadding qoshida solman tubiyg'a nazar hargiz.

O'qungg'a ko'ngul moyil, mujib nedur, ey qotil
Kim, o'tkanidin bo'lmas ko'nglumga xabar hargiz.

Bu jismi nazor ichra ko'nglumni gumon qilmang,
Shoxeki, qurur, anda kim ko'rdi samar hargiz?!

La'lingda malohatdin jon komidadur lazzat,
Bu ta'm qachon bergay tuz birla shakar hargiz.

Ko'ngliga fig'onimdin rahm o'lmasa, ey bulbul,
Gul g'unchasig'a bormu nolangdin asar hargiz.

Pil o'lsa sening xasming, desangki zarar topmay,
Bir pashshag'a olamda yetkurma zarar hargiz.

Maxlas tilasang g'amdin dahr ichra Navoiydek,
Qo'ymag'asen ilgingdin sog'arni magar hargiz.

13

While there is your road, I never go to paradise, never,
In front of your figure, I never look at a tuba*, never.

The soul is inclined to your arrow, what is the reason, hey killer,
Though it pierced my heart, my soul is unaware of it at all, never.

In this weakened body of mine, do not suspect of my soul,
On the dry branch of a tree who has ever seen a fruit, never?!

The taste of lips – rubies is so sweet in soul's mouth,
Could salt and sugar possess such a taste, never.

If my groan doesn't cause pity to her soul, hey nightingale,
Would your mournful singing affect flower bud? No, never.

If your enemy is an elephant, and if you want no harm from it,
So to any fly in the world you shouldn't cause harm, never.

If in the world you want to escape from grief like Navoi,
Do not let a wine goblet go off from your hands, never.

*Tuba – a tree in paradise

14

Qaro ko'zum kelu mardumlug' emdi fan qilg'il,
Ko'zum qarosida mardum kebi vatan qilg'il.

Yuzung guliga ko'ngul ravzasin yasa gulshan,
Qading niholig'a jon gulshanin chaman qilg'il.

Takovaringg'a bag'ir qonidin hino bog'la,
Itingga g'amzada jon rishtasin rasan qilg'il.

Firoq tog'ida topilsa tufrog'im, ey charx,
Xamir etib yana ul tog'da ko'hkan qilg'il.

Yuzung visolig'a yetsun, desang, ko'ngullarni,
Sochingni boshtin-ayog' chin ila shikan qilg'il.

Xazon sipohig'a, ey bog'bon, emas moni',
Bu bog' tomida gar ignadin tikan qilg'il.

Yuzida terni ko'rub o'lsam, ey rafiq, meni
Gulob ila yuvu gul bargidin kafan qilg'il.

Navoiy anjumani shavq jon aro tuzsang,
Aning boshog'lig' o'qin sham'i anjuman qilg'il.

14

My dark eyed beauty, come and become a pupil of my eye,
In the pupil of my eye do dwell as your residence, do try.

On the flower of your face make a flower bed for my soul,
For a sprout of your body make soul's garden a flower bed.

For your steed's hoofs bandage henna from liver blood,
For your dog make a string thread of my distressful soul.

If you find my ashes on a separation mount, hey heaven,
Mix it well and make Kuhkan* on that mountain.

If you want the souls to have dating with your face,
Make curls of your hair from beginning to end.

Don't neglect the troops of fall leaves, hey gardener,
Though you make prickles of needles on garden's roof.

If I happen to die seeing the sweat on her face, hey friend,
With rose water wash me and of flower leaves make a shroud.

Navoi if you arrange a love meeting, do through soul's passion,
The head of her love's arrow make a candle for the love meeting.

*Kuhkan – nickname of Farkhod (Legendary person who can dig mountains)

Ko'ngul jon birla bordi hamrahing, men dard ila turdum,
Sanga jon birla ko'nglumni, seni tengriga topshurdum.

Nishondur tiyra bo'lg'an axtari baxtim savodidin
Tuganlarkim, firoqing o'tidin g'am shomi kuydurdum.

Yig'och birla boshokkim, tanda qolmish uldurur marham
Junundinkim, firoqing o'qlarin jismimda sindurdum.

Tutashti sham'dek har barmog'im hijron sharoridin,
Ilig marham qo'yay deb chun ko'ngul chokiga yetkurdum.

Chu ul kofir chiqar ko'z solmag'aysiz, ey musulmonlar
Ki, men bechora ko'nglumni boqib turg'uncha oldurdum.

Qotibdur ko'zlarimkim, ne yopilmoq, ne taharruk bor,
Qiyo boqqaymu bir deb azm etarda baski telmurdum.

Yuzin ko'rgach boshimg'a tushti mushkin zulfi savdosi,
Fig'onkim, bir boqishda yuz balo boshimg'a kelturdum.

Ko'ngul tinmasqa qolmish erdi, har nav' orzu birla,
Rizo ko'yida to qo'ydum qadam ko'nglumni tindurdum.

Makon gulxan kulin qildim Navoiy, telbadek ya'ni
Junun torojidin oxir qora tufroqqa o'lturdum.

15

Heart and soul accompanied you, but I remained with grief,
My heart and soul to you I submitted, so did you to God.

The sign is that the star of my happiness has turned black,
At night of sadness the black stains in separation fire I got.

Trunk and tip which remained stuck in a body is a balm,
From madness, your separation arrow I broke in my body.

From the separation spark each my finger burnt as a candle,
While putting balm, my hand hurt the wound of the heart.

She seems unfaithfull, don't look at her, hey Muslims,
How helpless I was, as I looked at her my soul she stole.

My eyes hardened, neither they close, nor they move,
Hoping she would glare I dared to keep my glance at her.

Seeing her face, a mad dream of her curls caused me troubles,
Alas, at first sight a hundred troubles began troubling my head.

My heart fell in troubles caused by diverse dreams,
As I put a step towards obedience, I've calmed it.

From the ashes of fire, I made a dwelling, Navoi,
From madness grief I found peace in the black earth.

16

Yer yuzini tutti ashkim, ko'kka yetti nolishim,
Yuqori tengriyu quyi sendin o'zga yo'q kishim.

Lojaram devonavu rasvoyi olam bo'lg'amen,
Chun tushuptur, ey pariypaykar, sening birla ishim.

Tish qadabmen la'linga uzmasmen andin bu tama'
Anburi hijron bila bir-bir sug'ursalar tishim.

Har dam issig' ashku sovug' ohdin darmondamen,
Yuzu zulfung davrida mundoq kechar yozu qishim.

Tiyralik dudu shafaqdur shu'lavu anjum sharor
Go'iyokim soldi o't hijron tuniga qarg'ishim.

Mehri yo'qluqtin erur har tun sinoni oh ila,
Ko'k hisori xayli birla tongg'a tegru sanchishim.

Ey Navoiy, gar sening nolangg'a yig'lar andalib,
Bir kun ul gul ko'ngliga ham kor qilg'ay nolishim

16

My tears flooded the earth, my woe reached the heaven,
I have nobody but God – above, and you - below.

I'd surely become mad and a laughing-stock for the world,
How should I've delt with you, my beauty, hey fairy.

Into your ruby lips I stuck my teeth and off I wouldn't pull,
Even if with separation nippers pull off my teeth one by one.

During every instant from hot tears and a cold sigh I fall ill,
Missing your face and curls my summer and winter pass by.

Darkness is a smoke, a dawn is a flame and stars sparkle,
As though the separation night caught fire from my curses.

For the lack of love every night with a spear of the sigh,
I lead battles against the troops from a fortress of the sky.

Hey Navoi, because of your groans the nightingale cries,
There will come a day when my groans affect the rose's soul.

G'am yelidin, yo rab, ul gulga g'ubore bo'lmasun,
Balki onsiz dahr bog'ida bahore bo'lmasun.

Qaddining sarvig'akim, bog'i latofat naxlidur,
Chashmayi hayvondin o'zga jo'ybore bo'lmasun.

Ayshu ishrat jomidin bo'lsun yuzi gul-gul, valek
Ko'ngliga g'am gulbunidin xor-xore bo'lmasun.

Jilvasoz o'lg'anda maydon ichra chobuk sho'xlar
Shohu sarxayl andin o'zga shahsuvore bo'lmasun.

Gar buyursang sadqa boshig'a evurmak, ey rafiq,
Budur ummidimki, mendin o'zga bore bo'lmasun.

Dahr bog'ining nasimi sovurur gul xirmanin,
Anga ul gul gulshani sari guzore bo'lmasun.

Ey Navoiy, qil duo jonig'avu jahd aylakim,
Mayling aning qullug'idin o'zga sori bo'lmasun.

Oh God, let the dust from grief's wind not fall on that flower,
Without her in the garden of the world let spring not come here.

Cypress of your figure is a sapling of a beauty garden,
Let there be no spring source except the water of life.

From a bowl of fun and pleasures let her face shine as a rose,
From a flower of grief let there be not prickles in her soul.

When quick playful beauties would appear on the scene,
Except of that queen of beauties, let nobody there be seen.

If you decree to make charity for her head's sake,
My hope is that except me let nobody be there.

The wind of world's garden scatters the flowers pile,
Let it blow not towards that rose of the flower bed.

Hey Navoi, may you do prayers for her soul,
Let you desire nothing but captivity of her.

18

Ne tirigmen, ne o'lug, ne sog', ne bemormen,
Ayta olmankim, firoqingdin ne yanglig' zormen.

Nuqtayi og'zing g'amidin tortibon jadvaldek oh,
Ashk saylin oqizib sargashta chun pargormen.

Do'stlar, ko'nglum hadisini demangiz tengri uchun
Kim, men ul devonayi sargashtadin bezormen.

Ko'nglagingdinkim topar jon dam-badam Yusuf isi,
Ey azizim, men ham ul ko'nglak aro bir tormen.

Bir quyosh hajrinda tunde ro'zgorim tiyradur,
Tong emas gar tun kebi motam tutub yig'larmen.

Mayda afyun ezgil, ey mug'kim, bu eski dayr aro,
Telbararmen g'ussadin gar bir nafas hushyormen.

Nevchun el dushnomu ta'nidin bo'lay oshuftahol,
Ey Navoiy, chun nekim derlar yuz oncha bormen.

18

Neither alive, nor dead, neither healthy, nor sick I am,
I cannot tell how I suffer from separation of you.

Because of longing for your tiny mouth, I sigh as a stream,
Shedding shower of tears, like a merry-go-round I circle.

Hey friends, don't say that the words of my soul are for God,
That I am tired of that wanderer driven to madness.

Your dress disseminates the fragrance of Joseph,
Hey my dear, I am a string fiber of that very dress.

In separation from that sun my days are as dark as night,
Don't be surprised, mourning I weep as a dark night.

Hey magician, grind opium in this ancient world,
From grief I'll go mad if I sense myself for a while.

Why should I be upset by folks' condemn and reproach,
Hey Navoi, I am a hundred times worse than they said.

19

Gar sabodek hamdam erman sarvi ozoding bila,
Bormen, ey gul, qaydakim bo'lsam, sening yoding bila,

Range yo'qtur chun qizil guldin sanga, ey andalib,
El qulog'in asru ko'p yolqitma faryoding bila.

Eyki dersen, ko'zlarim ko'nglungni ne nav' etti sayd,
Bir kabutar netsun oxir ikki sayyoding bila.

Masjid ichra butparast o'lmoq necha, ey piri ishq,
Din uchun kirdim fano dayrig'a irshoding bila.

Sehr erur, ey ishqkim, ko'nglum bila paykonidin,
Xirqayi jism ichra o'tu suni asroding bila.

Gar itobe zohir etsang o'zgalarning ko'nglin ol,
Negakim men xo'y etibmen zulmu bedoding bila.

Ey Navoiy, telbalik tark etkasen ko'rgach visol
Hur siyratlik, malak xo'luq pariyzoding bila.

19

Though as a wind I'm not appropriate to cypress figure,
But wherever I am, I live with your memories, my rose.

You cannot reach the red rose, hey nightingale,
So, don't bother people with your woes much.

Hey, you say «how my eyes caught your heart»
What can a dove do to cope with two hunters?

Why should I be an idolater in a mosque, hey, pir* of love,
Because of faith I entered the caducity tavern by your guide.

It is magic, hey love, you kept my soul, her arrows
As keeping fire and water in a dressing-gown together.

If you punish, make compliments to others,
For I got used to your cruelty and injustice.

Hey Navoi, dating with a beloved you cease being mad,
By appearance she is like houri**, by habits – an angel.

* Pir of love – *man of love; devoted man.*

** *Houri- everlasting young girl.*

20

Xushturur gulgun qadah davrinda gulbargi tari,
Xossa bayram avvali bo'lg'ay dag'i gul oxiri.

Har varaq bir nomayi ishratdurur fahm aylagil,
Tong yelidin abtar o'lmastin burun gul daftari.

G'uncha xudi birla gul qolqonig'a yetti shikast,
Bo'lg'ali paydo sarig' savsanning oltun shashpari.

Gul adam shomig'a yuzlangan uchun zanbaq guli
Bor kumush mash'al dog'iyu xurdalardur axgari.

Lola qon uzra bo'yalib, o't uza anbar qo'yub
Bor pariyxon, chiqmag'an g'oyib chechaklardur pariy.

Nilufar tutmish sipehri lojuvardiy hay'atin,
Jolalar yuzinda andoqkim nujumu axtari.

O'psa la'lingni Navoiy sanga xush kelmas, vale
Xushturur gulgan qadah davrinda gul bargi tari.

What a nice flower fresh petal around a bowl, this is both,
At the beginning and end of a feast and blossom season.

Each leaf is one letter of joy, do perceive this,
Till dawn's breeze doesn't scatter flower sheets.

The bud with its spear caused injury to a flower shield,
As soon as there appeared golden spear of a yellow iris.

Since that flower faced the night of non-existence site,
The iris flower turned into silver torch and buds - coals.

Tulip stained with blood, put ambergris on fire,
It displayed itself as an invisible fairy flower.

Lilies filled the form of the azure heaven above,
On it hail balls sparkle as a group of bright stars.

If Navoi kisses your ruby lips, you may not like it, but
The fresh petal leaf is pleasant when you drink a bowl.

21

Jonim chiqadur, hajr ila jonon kerak erdi,
Ko'nglum kuyadur, dard ila darmon kerak erdi.

G'am shomida parvona sifatkim, kuyadurmen,
Boshim uza ul sham'i shabiston kerak erdi.

Ko'z bog'ida yuz gul ochadur ishq, valekin
Yuzu xatidin lolavu rayhon kerak erdi.

Xush keldi hazin ko'nglum aro g'amzalarimgim,
Oh o'qlarig'a bir necha paykon kerak erdi.

Qabrimg'a xirom ettingu yo'q tuhfae, vahkim,
Bu xas kebi jon ichra bugun jon kerak erdi.

Xush ziynati ko'p nomadurur umr, valekin
Tavqi'i vafodin anga unvon kerak erdi.

Bilmay seni ul gul qovar, ey zor Navoiy,
Sendek anga bir bulbuli nolon kerak erdi.

21

From separation the soul leaves me, a beloved I need,
My soul is burning, so, suffering and healing I need.

At the night of grief, I am burning as a moth,
Over my head the light of a night candle I need.

Love blossoms hundreds of flowers in eye's garden,
But rather than the tulip of her face, a basil I need.

Your coquetry and charm pleased my sad soul,
For arrows of her sighs, some spears I need.

To my grave you came quietly without a gift,
Today to this soul as a hay, alive soul I need.

Life is a letter with many ornaments, but to these pages
From belief and fidelity, the award they need.

Being unaware that flower drives you away, hey Navoi,
As you are, a singing nightingale for her, you need.

Butmadi gulshan tavofi birla bag'rim yorasi,
Bermadi o'tumg'a taskin sarvu gul nazzorasi,

Bir zamone sarvu bir dam gulga ko'p qildim nazar,
Bo'lmadi ul sarvi gulrux furqatining chorasi.

Gul bila sarv istabon gulshan sari mayl aylamas
Dashtdin ul sarvi gulruxsoraning ovorasi.

Qaddi hajrida har ohim dudi sarvedur baland,
Yuzidin ayru guledur ko'kragim har porasi.

Sarvu gul maftuni bo'lmakim, nigoru zeb uchun,
Sindurub har dam uzar ani falak makkorasi.

Sarv o'qdur, gul tikan, bog' ichra to ko'z ollidin
Borg'ali ul sarvi gulruxning qadu ruxsorasi.

Ey Navoiy, sarvu guldin kechki, qaddu yuzidin
Bor emish yuz yilchilig' yo'l sarv ila gul orasi.

Though I worshipped flower bed, my soul's wound healed not,
Though I watched cypress, it would not put off my soul's fire.

Though at times I glared much at cypress, at a rose,
But it'd not save me from separation of rosy cypress.

A man, dreaming of cypress and rose in the desert,
Would not idle and wander around the flower bed.

In separation of her, my each sigh rises as a cypress,
In separation of her, each piece of my soul is a rose.

Don't be fascinated often to a cypress and a rose,
A heaven's sorcerer would break them off at times.

Cypress would turn into an arrow, rose - a thorn,
As long as the fairy cypress disappear from the garden.

Hey Navoi, don't dream of the figure and face of cypress and rose,
As the distance between cypress and rose is a hundred year road.

Junun vodiysig'a moyil ko'rarmen joni zorimni,
Tilarmen bir yo'li buzmoq buzulg'an ro'zgorimni.

Falak bedodidin garchi meni xokiy g'ubor o'ldum,
Tilarmen topmag'aylar to'tiyolig'qa g'uborimni.

Shak ermas partave tushkach uyi ham, raxti ham kuymak,
Chu go'riston gadoyi sermagay sham'i mazorimni.

Demang qay sori azm etkung, manga yo'q ixtiyor, oxir
Qazo ilgiga bermishmen inoni ixtiyorimni.

Tugandi ashki gulgun, emdi qolmish za'faroniy yuz,
Falak zulmi badal qildi xazon birla bahorimni.

Diyorim ahli birla yordin boshimg'a yuz mehnat,
Ne tong boshim olib ketsam qo'yub yoru diyorimni.

Yomon holimg'a bag'ri og'rig'ay har kimsakim, ko'rgay
Bag'ir pargolasidin qong'a bulg'ang'an uzorimni.

Hayotim bodasidin sargaronmen asru, ey soqiy,
Qadahqa zahri qotil quy, dag'i daf' et xumorimni.

Jahon tarkini qilmay, chunki tinmoq mumkin ermastur.
Navoiy, qil meni ozod o'rtaq yo'qu borimni.

23

I consider my suffering soul inclined to madness wholly,
I want my already broken life to be destroyed completely.

Though because of heaven's misfortune I turned dust and ashes,
I want my dust and ashes to be not found even to use as surma¹.

No doubt from sparkle the house and utensils catch fire,
A beggar blows out the candle on my grave in a graveyard.

Don't ask «where will you go?», I have no will of my own,
All my will and faith I shall submit to the hand of fate.

Rose colored tears ended, there remained a saffron face
Heaven's cruelty turned my spring into an autumn fall.

From people and beloved hundred toils fell on my head,
It is no surprise if I leave my beloved and my homeland.

Those who see my bad state would suffer and pain,
And my face stained with blood from liver pieces.

From wine of my life my head gets dizzy, hey wine server,
Fill the bowl with that murderer drink and satisfy my thirst.

Without quitting this world, it is impossible to find rest,
Navoi, release me from all my available possessions.

¹ Surma – antimony

Evrulay boshingg'au behushu hayroning bo'lay,
Bir zamon sadqang bo'lay, bir lahza qurboning bo'lay.

Xoni vaslingdin agar qovsa raqibing, rag'mig'a
Ko'nglum istardek taxayyul birla mehmoning bo'lay.

Netti jon topsam visolingdin labingning xolidek,
Ko'zu zulfungdin necha mastu parishoning bo'lay.

Xushturur vasling mayidin har taraf xirqamda dog',
Necha, jono, muhtaloyi dog'i hijroning bo'lay?

Garchi bandangmen, meni ozod qilma lutfdin
Kim, quyundek sadqayi sarvi xiromoning bo'lay.

Tanni jilvang vaqti tufrog' aylay, ey chobuksuvor,
To boshingg'a evrulurga gardi maydoning bo'lay.

Ey Navoiy, gungu lol istar esam tong yo'q seni,
Tobakay ozurdayi faryodu afg'oning bo'lay.

24

Let I go round your head, lose mind and wonder at you,
Let I be your charity once, let I sacrifice myself to you.

If a rival for dating drives me off the meeting table site,
Let I be your favorite guest to please my heart and mind.

If as a birthmark on your lip I find a soul with dating you,
Because of your eyes and curls let I be drunk and senseless.

From the wine of dating you I have stains on my hirqa*,
How many times should I be the stain of separation from you?

Though I am your captive, do not deprive me from your
kindness,
Let I be your charity as a whirlwind to your figure like cypress.

At charming time I'll be earth under your feet, hey rider,
Let me be your ground dust to go round your head.

Hey Navoi, no surprise, if I want to become mute and stun,
For how long should I suffer from your moans and groans?

* hirqa- special clothe of men

Ey quyoshqa ko'z qamashturg'on jamoling partavi,
Sarvi ra'nolikda xushraftor qadдинг payravi.

Qof tog'in gar parilar maskan etmishlar ne tong,
Qarilardur navjuvonim hijlatidin munzaviy.

Uylakim Moniy ishidin zoyi' o'ldi naqshi Chin,
Ul buti Chin suvratidin bo'ldi naqshi monaviy.

Ishq ilgi quvvati men xastani qilmish zabun,
Ey ko'ngul, ne chora aylay men zaifu ul qaviy.

Bulbul ar gulbong urar gul suvratidin men xamush
Kim, takallum taxtig'a kirmas adoyi ma'naviy.

Ishq sirrin rindi durdiykash bilur, yo'q ahli dars
Ulcha avroq uzra sabt o'lmas ne bilgay Mavlaviy.

Demangiz bulbul Navoiyni, samandardekki, bor
Nazmi ichra shu'layi Jomiyu so'zi Xusraviy.

25

Hey, the light of your beauty blinds the eyes of the sun,
By beauty the cypress would follow your slender body.

If fairies habitate on the mountain Qof, it is no surprise,
Before my young beloved the aged disappear from shame.

Think after Moniy's* works Chinese paintings lost their value,
Before that idol Chinese beauty Moniy's paints seemed valueless.

The power of love's hand made me weak and sick,
Hey soul, what can I do if she is strong and I'm weak.

If the nightingale sings aloud, I keep quiet at the rose picture,
Be aware, expressing deep thoughts is beyond eloquent speech.

A wine drinker knows the love's secret, but not men of knowledge,
If it was not written on pages, how could Mavlavi* be aware?

Do not say that Navoi is a nightingale, he is as a salamander,
His verses possess Jomi's* fire and words of Husrav, so rare.

Moniy* – famous painter in ancient times,
Mavlavi* – a pen-name of the great thinker Jaloliddin Rumi.
Jomi* – a great percian-tajik poet Abdurakhman Jomi.

Gul chog'i har gulga bir bulbul tarannum ko'rguzub,
Toza qonlig' dog' ila ko'nglum qushi afg'on tuzub.

Bo'ldi bir gul hajridin jismim ochilg'an gulbune,
Juzv-juzvin baski tishlab-tishlab olmishmen uzub.

Hajring ohi ham ko'ngulni buzdiyu ham qo'zg'adi,
Yel aningdekkim sovurg'ay g'uncha ajzosin buzub.

Za'fdin bukim yiqilmishmen qilurmen poybus,
Sarvdek ollimda qaddingning xayolin turg'uzub.

Multafit bulbulg'a sen, ey gul, tikanga yondashib,
Vah, necha o'lturgasen har lahza ani tirguzub.

Dayr piri ilgidin may durdi istarmen, valek
Roziy erman ichkali zohid ridosidin suzub.

Ey Navoiy, umr o'tar yeldek, o'zungni shod tut,
Yelga yetmak mumkin ermastur chu sur'at ko'rguzub

26

In blossoming season - for each rose a nightingale sings,
With a fresh bloody stain my soul's bird woes with mourn.

From separation of a flower my body turned into bud,
Biting with my teeth I would pluck buds off the bush.

Your separation sigh both broke off and removed my soul,
As if the wind broke off bud's body and scattered around.

From weakness I fall and kiss your feet in my dream,
I imagine you as a cypress demonstrating your body.

You are inclined to a nightingale, hey rose, leaning at a thorn,
Woe, how many times should you kill and revived him again!

I want the rest of wine to be served by tavern's aged man, but,
I agree to drink it filtering through the robe of the zohid².

Navoi, life passes as a wind, do keep yourself joyfully,
No matter how much you try you can't catch up the wind.

² Zohid – an ascetic man

Tig' ila xoki tanimni har taraf yording kelib,
Naqdi jon olmoqqa bu tufrog'ni axtarding kelib.

Keldingu ko'nglumni yuz chok etmaguncha bormading,
Ba'd umre, ey sitamgar, yaxshilar bording kelib.

Jon senga qurbonki, olib jon, ko'ngul afg'onidin
Ham o'zungni, ham meni, ham elni qutqarding kelib.

Qatl bas erdi, tanim ul ko'ydin sudramaking,
Ortuq erdi, ey jafajo', haddin o'tkarding kelib.

Ey ko'ngul, ozdur senga bu hamki, ul oy ko'yidin,
Man'lar qildim vale yuz qatla yolbording kelib.

Soqiyo, yetkurmish erdi jonni og'zing'a xumor,
Jon fidong o'lsunki, bir may birla qutqarding kelib

Zuhd etib erdi Navoiyni xarob, ey mug'bacha,
Tengri yoringkim, fano dayrig'a boshqarding kelib.

With a pick you came, scatter ash of my body in all sides
 To seize the treasure of soul, you came searching this earth.

You came but didn't leave until you broke my soul into
hundred pieces,
 In your whole life you'd made good deeds, hey my torturer.

Let my soul be sacrificed to you, but seizing the soul in moan,
 You released yourself and me, and people from soul's groan.

Murdering was enough, you drag my body along the road,
 It was superfluous, hey tormentor, you overpassed any limit.

Hey soul, for you it is not enough, for I forbid you to go
 To that fairy like beauty, but you begged hundred times.

O, wine-server, from ediction the soul reached my mouth,
 Let the soul be sacrificed, you've saved me with a bowl.

Prayer and abstention weakened Navoi, hey magician
 Let God accompany you, you came to lead me to a tavern.

Ey sabo, holim borib sarvi xiromonimg'a ayt,
Yig'larimning shiddatin gulbargi xandonimg'a ayt.

Buki aning ahdu paymonida men o'lsam dag'i
Yaxshi fursat topsang, ul bad'ahdu paymonimg'a ayt.

Buki aning zulfi zunnorida dinim hosili
Kufr ila bo'lmish mubaddal nomusulmonimg'a ayt.

Buki qilmishmen jahonu jonni aning sadqasi,
Yuz tuman jonu jahondin yaxshi jononimg'a ayt.

Buki yuz jon sadqasi qilsam pushaymon bo'lmag'um,
Vaslig'a bir va'da qilg'andin pushaymonimg'a ayt.

Buki yuz ming fitnako'zlug bo'lsa paydo onsizin,
Qilmag'um nazzora hargiz ko'zi fattonimg'a ayt.

Buki chok aylab yoqa, usruk chiqar el qasdig'a,
Men o'lib el jon topar, bebok nodonimg'a ayt.

Dahr bog'i gullari husnin vafosiz erkanin,
Yuzi gul, jismi suman, ko'yi gulistonimg'a ayt.

Ey Navoiy, hech gulshanning seningdek xushnavo
Bulbuli yo'q erkanin shohi suxandonimg'a ayt.

Hey zephyr, go, of my state to my beauty, tell,
And of the shower of my tears to my sweetheart, tell.

If I pass away waiting for her faithfulness to her promise,
If you find a good chance, she who didn't keep her word, tell.

What I profit from faith is in her curl's hair wick,
That non-Muslim who has joined unbeliever, tell.

For her pleasure, all my world and soul I sacrifice,
To my beloved who is better than million souls, tell.

Even if I sacrifice hundred souls to her, I won't regret,
To whom who has regretted for promising to date, tell.

If there appear a hundred thousand bewitching eyed beauties,
I will never drop a glance at them, to my fascinator, tell.

With her color open, to folks she runs out, stirred up,
Of it I die but people survive, to my brave naive, tell.

All beauties of the world flowers are unfaithful,
To my flower faced, jasmine bodied, sweet lipped, tell.

Hey Navoi, there is no nightingale in any flower bed as you,
To the shah who speaks pleasantly and eloquently, do tell.

Ey gadoying ollida muhtoj ahli taxtu toj,
Ahli toj ollida andoqkim gadog'a ehtiyoj.

Kim gadoyingdur bosh indurmas dag'i tortar ayoq,
Charxi a'lo bo'lsa taxtu mehri anvar bo'lsa toj.

La'li serobing beriptur otashin rangi bila
Ofati jonim uchun o't birla sug'a imtizoj.

Dardi hajring'a buyurdi, sabr dardi yo'q tabib,
Zahri qotil birla muhlik ranjima aylar iloj.

Oy yuzung birla talashdi buki ko'ktur orazi,
Panjasi birla quyosh go'yo yuziga urdi koj.

Eyki, berding ishq sultonig'a ko'nglung kishvarin,
Anglag'ilkim jonu aqlu din erur avval xiroj.

Xo'blar o'rgansalar, tong yo'q, Navoiy nazmini
Kim, alarning husni aning ishqidin topmish rivoj.

Hey, before a beggar a crown-throne owner is a needy,
So as before a crown-throne owner a beggar is a needy,

He who is your beggar won't bow his head and set his foot,
If the throne is heaven, and the crown is the shining sun.

Your wet lips with its flaming colour linked
The fire and water for destruction of my soul.

For my separation illness, a healer prescribed patience,
With a deadly poison he wants to treat my deadly pain.

The moon competed with your face so its face is blue,
As though the sun has struck its fingers on her face.

Hey, you who had given his heart to the sultan of love,
Know that the first tribute is the soul, reason and belief.

It is no surprise if beauties learn verses of Navoi,
Because of his love they become more beautiful.

Ko'rub dardim tarahhum qilmading hech,
To'kub ashkim tabassum qilmading hech.

Firoqing o'ti ichra necha yig'lab,
Fig'on chektim, tarahhum qilmading hech.

Jahong'a ohu ashkim soldi oshub,
Bu to'fondin tavahhum qilmading hech.

So'zung shavqidin erdim xasta umre,
So'rarg'a bir takallum qilmading hech.

Musallam ishq, ey ko'nglum, sengakim,
Ko'rub zulmin tazallum qilmading hech.

Muhabbat ahli qismin nevchun, ey charx,
Qilib mehnat, tana'um qilmading hech.

Navoiy sari, ey davri muxolif,
Navo savtin tarannum qilmading hech.

30

Seeing my pain, you never pitied in any way,
Making me shed tears you never smiled in any way.

In the fire of separation from you I cried much,
Groaned, woe, you never pitied in any way.

My sigh and tears confused the world,
But of this flood you were not afraid in any way.

From passion to your speeches I fell ill all my life,
To ask of me, you never showed kindness in any way.

You are worthy of love, oh, my heart, you are so patient,
Of her cruelty you have never complained, in any way.

In the destiny of people of love, oh, heaven,
You suffered, never enjoyed pleasures in any way

For the sake of Navoi, hey time-server,
You never played melody of pleasure in any way.

Sening husnuning mening ishqim ajoyib uns tutmishlar,
Magar bu shu'lani ul sham' tobidin yorutmishlar.

Borib erdi iki kofir ko'zung qatlim uchun va'da,
Hamono ayni usrukdukdin ul ishni unutmishlar.

Menu dardu balo, ey shodliq, borg'ilki, hajrinda
Meni g'am tunlari bekasligim vaqti ovutmishlar.

Ko'ngulda yaralarkim butmadi har nav' marhamdin,
Labinig no'shi havosin istimo' etkanda butmishlar.

Tama' uzmak iki shirin labingdin mumkin ermaskim
Ki, to ul shahddin totmishmen og'zimni chuchutmishlar.

Sirishkim sayli ichra ishqu dardingdin zaif o'ldi,
Bu su ichra ul o'tlar go'yiyo jismim qurutmishlar.

Chu men bezormen itkan ko'nguldin demangiz, kelmish
Nega ul telbai rasvoni bu jonib yovutmishlar.

May ichkil, dag'iy tutkil bevafovu mehrlar tarki,
Aningdekkim, alar mehru vafoning tarki tutmishlar.

Navoiy, may bila ko'nglumga o't solkim, zamon ahli
Sovug'luq oncha qilmishlarki, ko'nglumni sovutmishlar.

31

Your beauty and my love surprisingly befriend,
From that candle's sparkle the light may brighten

Two of your disbelief eyes promised to execute me,
But because of their drunkenness, they forgot about it.

I and pains, troubles are in separation, hey pleasure, go off,
They are said to console me when I was lonely in sad nights.

Wounds in the soul have not recovered from different balms,
When I tasted the honey of your lips they healed themselves.

It is impossible to renounce from two sweet lips,
Since I tried that honey, it made my mouth sweet.

In the tears' flood of your love and pain my body weakened,
Fires in this water seem to make my body go dry.

I don't want to see my lost soul, don't say it has come,
Why was this crazy one allowed to come to this side?

Drink wine and quit those who've neither love nor loyalty,
Like they've done, they have forgotten love and fidelity.

Hey Navoi, warm up my soul with wine, people of time
Treated me so badly which made my soul disappointed.

Dilbaro, sendin bu g'amkim, menda bordur, kimda bor?
 Furqatingdin bu alamkim, menda bordur, kimda bor?

Mazrayi ayshim ko'karmaydur samumi ohdin,
 Yo'qsa yoshdin muncha namkim, menda bordur, kimda bor?

Qo'yma minnatkim, yuzumdek pok yuz hech kimda yo'q,
 Buyla ishq i pok hamkim, menda bordur, kimda bor?

Baxt ul oy qasrig'a qo'yimas, yo'qsa dudi ohdin
 Bu kamandi xam-baxamkim, menda bordur, kimda bor?

Qalbi ro'yandud ila bay' etsa vaslin, ey ko'ngul,
 Dog'din muncha diramkim, menda bordur, kimda bor?

Bor ekin vobastayi tavfiq yo'qsa, ey rafiq,
 Bu qadar shavqi haramkim menda bordur, kimda bor?

Ey Navoiy, garchi jurmum ko'pturur, lekin bu nav'
 Xusravi sohibkaramkim, menda bordur, kimda bor?

32

My beloved, this grief of yours I have, and who else has?
This pain of separation from you I have, and who else has?

Hot dry wind of the sigh doesn't let seeds of my joy sprout,
So much moisture from tears, which I have, who else has?

You reproach that such a bright face as mine, nobody has,
Such a pure love which I have, and who else has?

The happiness doesn't let me in that moon's castle, or else
From the sigh's smoke the curls plait I have, who else has?

If in love's auction trading is done with false coins, hey soul,
How much coins from love's stains which I have, who else has?

I am accompanied by belief, hey friend, and that
Such passion to visit Kaaba I have, who else has?

Hey Navoi, though I have so many sins, but such
Magnanimous king as Husrav I have, who else has?

Kimki aning bir malaksiymo pariyvash yori bor,
Odamiy bo'lsa, pariy birla malakdin ori bor.

Kecha ulkim chirmanur bir gul bila ne tong, agar
G'unchadek har subh o'lub xandon nashot izhori bor.

Yo'q ajab bulbulg'a gul shavqidin o'lmoq zorkim,
Pardin-o'q jismig'a sanchilg'an adadsiz xori bor.

Belingu la'ling xayoloti bila ko'nglum erur,
Ankabutekim aning jon rishtasidin tori bor.

Sunbuli zulfi agar oshuftadur, ayb etmakim,
Gul yuzida yotqan ikki nozanin bemori bor.

Aylab o'zni mastu bexud chiqmasun mayxonadin,
Kimki, mendek davr elidin ko'nglida ozori bor.

Ey Navoiy, yor uzar bo'lsa muhabbat rishtasin,
Kelmas o'lsa ul sening sari, sen aning sari bor.

33

If he who has a beloved with a figure of angel or fairy,
If he is a man, he shouldn't love other an angel or fairy.

It is no surprise, if he embraces a flower at night,
Each dawn as a bud shows its joy with a laugh.

It is no surprise if a nightingale suffers from flower's passion,
For its body has limitless prickles stuck from feathers.

Because of dreaming of your waist and lips, my heart
Turned a spider which weaves webs from soul's thread.

If the hyacinth of her curls are spread, it is not a sin,
As on her flower face there lay two charming patients³.

Let the drunkard and dizzy not come out of tavern,
He who was deeply offended as me by time's servants.

Hey Navoi, if the beloved tears up the thread of love,
And if she doesn't come up to you, go to her yourself.

³ Two very attractive eyes

Menda bir o'tdurki, gar dam ursam aflok o'rtanur,
Asrasam ko'nglumda jonu jismi g'amnok o'rtanur.

Mehr emas ohim o'tidnn ko'kka yetmish bir sharar,
Ayb emastur gar desam, dam ursam aflok o'rtanur.

Bas tanim o'rtarga qonlig' novaking, hijronni qo'y,
Barq ne hojat, bir uchqun birla xoshok o'rtanur.

Sham' o'ti mohiyatin anglay degan parvonadek,
Orazing mehrini fahm aylarda idrok o'rtanur.

Ishq aro ko'nglum necha tolpinsa, ortar shu'lasi,
O'tqa tushkan telba qilg'an soyi topok o'rtanur.

Ashk yub jismim kuduratdin, qurutmish oh o'ti,
Lam'ae tushgach uzoring barqidin pok o'rtanur.

Ey Navoiy, chun rutabdek otashin la'li aro
Xasta ko'nglum tushti, tong yo'q, gar bo'lub xok o'rtanur.

34

I have a fire: should I sigh, all seven heavens will burn,
Should I store it in my heart all body and soul will burn.

Not flame of love, but the sparkle of my sighs reaches the sky,
It isn't fault if I say that should I sigh the heavens will burn.

Your bloody arrow is enough to burn my body, not separation,
Why need for lightning, with a sparkle hays will entirely burn.

As a moth wishing to check the essence of candle's flame,
In perceiving the warmth of your face, the mind will burn.

The more my soul strives for love, the more it flames,
As a madman who fell on fire, torturing he will burn.

Tears washed greives of my body, sighs' flame dried it up,
If a sparkle of your face's lightening strikes, it purely will burn.

Hey Navoi, as juice between fiery rubies, it is no surprise,
If my sick soul gets healed or into ashes it will burn.

Ko'nglum ichra dardu g'am avvalg'ilarg'a o'xshamas
Kim, ul oying hajri ham avvalg'ilarg'a o'xshamas.

Ne sitamkim, qilsa rahm maxfiy erdi zimnida,
Emdi qilsa har sitam avvalg'ilarg'a o'xshamas.

Demangiz Shirinu Layli oncha bor husn ichrakim,
Xo'blikda ul sanam avvalg'ilarg'a o'xshamas.

Javridin erdi alamlar, emdi tutmish o'zga yor,
O'lmishamkim, bu alam avvalg'ilarg'a o'xshamas.

Ishq aro Farhod ila Majnung'a o'xshatmang meni
Kim, bu rasvoi dijam avvalg'ilarg'a o'xshamas.

Ko'yining ehromidin ko'nglumni man' etmang yana
Kim, anga azmi haram avvalg'ilarg'a o'xshamas.

Ey Navoiy, qilma Jamshidu Faridun vasfikim,
Shoh G'oziyg'a karam avvalg'ilarg'a o'xshamas.

35

Pains and grieves in my soul are not like the previous ones,
Separation from that moonfaced is not like the previous ones.

What cruelty she had committed, mercy was covert in them,
Now any cruelty she committed is not like the previous ones.

Don't say that in beauty Layli and Shirin are equal to her,
In beauty that sweetheart is not like the previous ones.

I suffered from cruelty, now she is in love with another,
I'd rather die this affliction is not like the previous ones.

In love, do not liken me to Farkhod and Majnun,
This dishonor, this position are not like the previous ones.

Do not forbid my heart to pay a visit to her street,
The decision to visit Kaaba is not like the previous ones.

Hey Navoi, do not make praises for Jamshid and Faridun,
Generosity to Shah Ghazi*is not like the previous ones.

Shah Ghazi* – Husayn Boyqaro.

Xo'blar ming bo'lsalar, men xastag'a bir yor bas,
Anda mehr atvorining mingdin biri gar bor bas.

Aytmonkim, har vafo qilsam, jafoe qilmasun,
Har vafog'a ming jafo gar aylamas izhor bas.

Har vafog'a ming jafo ham qilsa qilsun, munchakim,
Yor anga mahrumu mahram bo'lmasa ag'yor bas.

Ey visol ahli, sizu izzat saririkim, menga —
Hajr ko'yi itlari ollida bo'lmoq xor bas.

Men kimu no'shi labingdin istamak quti hayot,
Aylasa g'amzang sinoni qatl bu miqdor bas.

Ey ko'ngul, g'amgin esang kup quysa soqiy og'zingga
Zarfni, sipqarmag'uncha qilmag'il zinhor bas.

Yuz balo kelsa boshingg'a sabr qilg'il, ey ko'ngul,
Yo xaloyiq ixtilotin qil Navoiyvor bas.

36

If beauties were a thousand, for me – the patient one is enough,
If she possesses a thousand mercies of love, only one is enough.

I don't tell if a loyalty I make, respond with cruelty she should not,
If each fidelity isn't responded with a thousand cruelty it is enough.

All right, let she respond to each fidelity with a thousand cruelty,
May a lover be not an alien and a rival be not a lover is enough.

Hey those lovers who reached dating, a throne of honor is to you,
In separation street to be humiliated before her dogs for me is
enough,

Who am I to desire life from the juice of your lips,
If I am executed by a spear of your coquetry is enough.

Hey soul, if you are sad and wine server pours much for you,
Don't stop drinking until you take bottoms up, it is enough.

If a hundred troubles fall on your head, hey soul, endure,
Or like Navoi, give up dialogue with people, it is enough.

Oshiq o'ldum, bilmadim, yor o'zgalarga yor emish,
Olloh-olloh, ishq aro mundoq balolar bor emish.

Qaddig'a el mayli bo'lg'ondin ko'ngul ozurdadur,
Ul alifdin zorlarning hosili ozor emish.

Elga novak urdi, men o'ldum, erur bu turfakim,
Jonim etkan resh el bag'rig'a kirgan xor emish.

Rishtakim muhlik yaram og'zig'a tiktim, angladim
Kim, kafan jinsi qirog'idin suvurg'on tor emish.

Ko'yi devoridin og'riq tang'a tushkon soyadek,
Seli g'amdin emdi soya o'rnig'a devor emish.

Jong'a taxvif ayladim tig'i halokidin aning,
Bilmadim, bu ishtin ul o'lguncha minnatdor emish.

Ey Navoiy, xo'blarni ko'rma osonlig' bila
Kim, birovkim soldi ko'z, uzmak ko'ngul dushvor emish.

Being unaware I'm in love, but the beloved is said to have other lovers,
O, my Almighty God, in love such misfortunes are said to happen

The soul is suffering that people are in love with her figure,
Those who are thirsty for her figure are said to harvest upsets.

She struck a spear at people, I died, it is said to be a marvel,
The thorn that pierced my soul is said to enter people's liver.

The thread which I used to sew my wounds, I've found,
It is said to be a thread taken from the edges of a shroud.

The pain as a shadow fell on my body is from her street walls,
Now the flood of grieves is said to be a wall instead of a shadow.

I warned the soul about the danger of death from her sword, but,
I don't know whether the soul is said to be grateful to me till death.

Hey Navoi, don't drop glances at beauties so easily, he who
Has done it is said for a soul to give up them is difficult.

Ko'kragimdur subhning pirohanidin chokrok,
Kirpikim shabnam to'kulgan sabzadin namnokrok.

Bu ko'ngul g'amnokidin to shodmon ko'rdum seni,
Istaram har damki, bo'lg'ay xotirim g'amnokrok.

Layli andin qo'ydi Majnun ko'nglida raxti g'amin
Kim, yo'q erdi manzil ul vodiya andin pokrok.

Uyla mujgon xanjarig'a yopishibdur durri ashk
Kim, magar andin yatime yo'qturur bebokrok.

Lablaringdnn jon olurda barcha el quldur sanga,
Jon berurda bir qulung yo'q bandadin cholokrok.

Odamiliq tufrog'in bersa fano yeliga charx,
Ohkim, yo'qtur kishi ahli vafodin xokrok.

Necha o'qlasang Navoiy ko'ngli zaxminroq bo'lur,
Ko'rmaduk zaxmeki tekkan soyi bo'lg'ay chokrok.

38

My breast has more stitches than the dress of dawn,
My eyelashes are more humid than the dew on grass.

Since I saw from sadness of my soul you have been happy,
I wish I were more grieved each time to make you happy.

Layli laid the load of grief into the heart of Majnun,
For in that valley there wasn't a purer place than that.

The pearl tears have stuck in the dagger of eyelashes,
As if there is no anything more fearless than that.

To get life from your lips, all people are slaves to you,
To submit a soul, you lack a slave more rightful than me.

If the heaven throws human ashes to the wind of immortality,
Alas, there is no man earthlier than the people of loyalty.

The more arrows you stuck into Navoi's soul,
the more wounded it was,
We haven't seen wounds so unprecedented
than wounds he was caused.

Ey mug'anniy, yor bazmida navo soz aylasang,
Jon fidong o'lsun g'amim sharhidin og'oz aylasang.

Uddek kuymakligim sharh et lisoni hol ila,
Nag'mada udung lisonin sehpardoz aylasang.

O'zga olamdin xabar deb bizni tirguzdung ne tong,
Bu risolat birla gar izhori e'joz aylasang.

Rozim ar sozing lisonidin ba'id ul-fahm esa,
Anga ruhafzo unungni dog'i hamroz aylasang.

Otlanib boshimni raxshingning ayog'i ostig'a,
Tig' birla solg'udek masti sarandoz aylasang.

Parda yop roz uzrau doxil bo'l ushbu bazm aro
Kim, erur xorij agar beparda ovoz aylasang.

Chekmading lahne Navoiy ko'nglun istab ayb emas,
Anglab o'zungni navo ahlig'a shahnoz aylasang.

39

Hey singer, if you sing in the feast of a beloved,
Let a soul be sacrificed, if you sing of my grief.

With the language of grief, comment my burning as ud*,
When you play, let your ud's language display magic.

By other world's revelation, you resurrected us, alas,
If by this revelation you have truly showed a miracle.

If it is difficult to sense my hidden secret by your music,
Then, accompany it with your voice imparting the soul.

On horseback, lay my drunken head under your horse's feet
So that it would be convenient for you to slash it with sword.

Cover the secret with a veil and come to join this feast,
Or else you'll be ousted if your voice discloses it's veil.

To please the soul, you have not sung, hey Navoi, but,
It isn't a sin if you sense and join people who are singing.

*ud- 1) a tree with a fragrant smoke; 2) musical instrument

Ey manga sensiz bahoru bog'u bo'stondin malol,
Qaysi bo'stonu bahoru bog'kim, jondin malol.

Sensizin ko'nglum tong ermas bo'lsa jannatdin malol,
Ne ajab bulbulg'a guldin ayru bo'stondin malol.

Bo'lmasa kofir ko'zung shaydosi majnun ko'ngluma,
Aqlu donishdin tanaffur dinu imondin malol.

Ishq tug'yonida yuz ko'rsatsa gulruxlar ne sud
Kim, topar muhriq isitqan mehri raxshondin malol

Kuydururlar dog'i daf' o'lsun maloli hajr deb,
Voy angakim, voqi' o'lg'on dog'i hijrondin malol.

Kasrati paykonidin ko'nglum toriqmas, garchi bor,
E'tidolidinki o'tkach obi hayvondin malol.

Bazm aro har dam qadah ko'ngli to'la xunob erur,
Men kebi go'yo anga ham yetti davrondin malol.

Qiblai maqsad tilarsen dard o'qidin g'am yema,
Istagan tavfi haram ko'rmas mug'ilondin malol.

Charx anjumdin quloqqa paxtalar tiqti magar,
G'am tuni topmish Navoiy chekkan afg'ondin malol.

Hey, without you spring and flowering gardens are a burden,
Not only garden, spring, flower bed but also soul is a burden.

It is no surprise, without you even paradise to me is a burden,
No surprise, a garden without a rose to a nightingale is a burden.

If your disbelief eyes do not fascinate my mad soul, she scorns
Reason and knowledge, but belief and faith for her are a burden.

When love rages, what is the use if beauties show their faces?
For someone who has a strong fever, the sun is a burden.

Saying, they burn to remove the stains of separation,
Pity those whom the stain of separation is a burden.

From a lot of love arrows my soul does not become narrow,
If the measure is not observed, the water of life is a burden.

In a feast in every instant soul's bowl is full of blood,
As if, both for him and for me the heaven is a burden.

If you want to reach your aim, you should endure arrows' pain,
For those who worship Kaaba, thorns on the way are not a burden.

The heaven laid stars in its ears like cotton, because
In the night of sorrow the woe of Navoi is a burden.

41

Bu kun ahli jahondin xasta xotirmen jahondin ham
Demon ahli jahon birla jahon, billahki, jondin ham.

Meni jonu jahondin hajr vaqtikim malul etkay,
Vatan yo mulkdin xudkim desun, bal xonumondin ham.

Ko'nguldin jong'a yettim, ey ajal, netkay xalos etsang,
Meni ul telbadin, ul telbani men notavondin ham.

Ne ayrilmoq dururkim, yor to ayrildi, ayrilmish
Ko'ngul mendin, fig'on ko'nglumdinu o'tlar fig'ondin ham.

Manga jononsiz o'lmoq yaxshiroq, ey Xizr, yuz qatla,
Ketursang mujda o'lmoq birla umri jovidondin ham.

Nafas qat' o'ldi ul yuz furqatidin, ko'zgu kelturmang
Ki, men emdi qutuldim ibtilosiz imtihondin ham.

Yomon yaxshig'a ko'p zulm etmagilkim, gar budur davron,
Qutulg'ung, kimki andin yaxshiroq yo'q, men yomondin ham.

Itiga tu'ma, darbonig'a bo'lsun muttako o'lsam,
Tanim ul ko'ydin olmang, boshim ul ostondin ham.

Faqihu – Ka'ba, rindu – maykada, xushdur Navoiykim,
Sening yoding bila mundin erur ozodu andin ham.

41

Today my soul is sick from the world and its people too,
Not only from the world and people but from my soul too.

During separation, my soul and the world for me is a burden,
Not to speak of my motherland, my home and property too.

Consenting my soul, I'd hardly die, hey death, what if you
Release me from that madman, him - from me, helpless too?

What parting this is! The beloved parted from me, nor did
My soul from me, woes – from soul, fires – from woes too.

Without a beloved I'd better die, hey Hizr, even if you send
Revelation hundred times about death and immortal life too.

In parting from that face breathing stopped, bring a mirror not,
That I have got rid of all troubles, nor have I from trials too.

Do not commit many cruelties to both good and bad in life,
If fate wills, you will get rid of the best: from me, the bad too.

If I die, let me be meal for dogs, a guard for security as a support,

Don't get my body from that street, nor did my head from
threshold too.

Kaaba is for Fakihs*, tavern is for rindas, and Navoi is glad
That your memory is free from this and that facilities too.

Fakikh* – man of religion

Kimsani dard ahli deb sirring'a mahram ayladim,
O'z-o'zumni kuch bila rasvoi olam ayladim.

Ahli roz el ollida odam desa bo'lmas meni,
Menki o'z rozim'ga mahram jinsi odam ayladim.

Bul'ajab sirrimni maxfiy asramoq dushvor edi,
Barcha gar Farhod ila Majnunni hamdam ayladim.

O'z g'amim ifshosidin olamnikim qildim qora,
Ish o'zumga demakim, olamg'a motam ayladim.

Ayladim jonimg'a yuz bedod, lekin o'lmagi,
Sirrim ifshosi bila erdi, ani ham ayladim.

Elga rasvo bo'lmog'i bo'ldum ne sud emdi, agar
Yuz tuman mismor ila og'zimni mahkam ayladim.

Kofiri ishq o'lmoq ermish fosh qilmoq sirri ishq,
Nomusulmonliqni ko'nglumga musallam ayladim.

Shodmen ahli zamon birla zamondinkim, o'zum
Ayladim o'z qismatim anduh agar g'am ayladim.

Ey Navoiy, dema sirring kimsaga mundoqki, men
Kimsani dard ahli deb, sirring'a mahram ayladim.

Considering a person to be a sufferer I trusted my secret,
As a consequence, I disgraced myself to the whole world.

Before righteous people I'd not be considered a human being,
As with my own consent I relied on a human representative.

It is surprising that it was impossible to keep my own secret,
Though secrets of my reliable soul made Farkhod and Majnun.

Spreading my grief, I made the whole world blacken,
Don't say only myself, but I forced the world mourn.

A hundreds cruelties I inflicted to my soul, but its death
Was due to disclosure of my secrets, I committed it too.

I became dishonored in the world, what advantage now,
Even if I nail my mouth shut firmly with hundred nails.

Revealing the secrets of love was a disbelief of love,
To be a non-Muslim I submitted my heart to disbelief.

I am glad from world and from the world community,
As I made it my fate whether it is sorrow or grief.

Hey Navoi, do not tell your secret to anybody, as I
Considered a person to be a sufferer I trusted my secret.

43

Qon yutub umre jahon ahlida bir yor istadim,
Lekin ul kamrak topildi, garchi bisyor istadim.

Kimgakim jonim fido aylab, sog'indim, yor erur,
Ermas erdi yorlig'da chun vafodor istadim.

Bilmadim olam elida yo'qturur mutlaq vafo,
Vahki, umri ulcha yo'qtur sog'inib bor istadim.

Ulki topilmas bashar jinsida, vah, g'aflat ko'rung
Kim, pari xaylida men devonai zor istadim.

Sirri ishqimni, ko'ngul, ko'z birla fosh etmak ne tong
Qalbi tardomanni chun men sohib asror istadim.

Shayx birla xonaqahdin chun yorug'luq topmadim,
Dayr piri xizmatig'a ko'yi xammor istadim.

Ey Navony, chun rafiqe topmadim, bu g'ussadin,
O'zni bekaslik balosig'a giriftor istadim.

43

From the depth of my heart I sought a friend in the world,
But I have found few though I have wanted more and more.

Whoever I sacrificed my soul, hoping as my loyal friend,
He turned out a false friend but I wanted loyalties more.

I was not aware that human beings lack an absolute fidelity,
Alas, all my life I have searched but I couldn't find any more.

He was not found in the universe, alas, were we asleep?
That being a mad thirsty, I searched him among fairies more.

Hey soul, revealing my love's secret with eyes isn't a miracle?
Because I wanted to see the guilty soul as secret's owner more.

From a sheikh and a mosque, I could not find support,
Seeking a tavern I became a servant to an aged dayr*, what more?

Hey Navoi, nowhere I could find a friend but grief,
I wish I were a captive of loneliness from misfortunes more.

Dayr* – the first meaning – world; the second meaning – public house.

Ne bahor o'lg'ayki bir gul hajridin badholmen,
Uylakim bulbul xazon faslida gungu lolmen.

Tifl toshidin yiqilg'on qush kebi hajr ilgida,
Ko'z yumub, boshim solib, og'zim ochib beholmen.

Gul kebi yuz pora xunolud bo'lg'on jism ila,
Dard ila mehnat hujumi bazmida pomolmen.

Ul mahi gulgun qabo birla tilab hamranglik,
G'o'ta yeb gulrang ashkim bahri ichra olmen.

Yog'dururlar tosh meni majnunni qavlab ko'bako'y,
Bir parivash hajridin bozichai atfolmen.

Berma pand, ey shayxkim, ishqida foniy bo'lg'ali,
Jurmu toat fikridin ozodu forig'bolmen.

Ey Navoiy, hajrdin ermaski to yor ollida
Muddai ahvoli xushtur, men xarob ahvolmen.

What spring is this, for separation from a rose sad am I?
As a nightingale in leaf fall season dumb, stunned am I?

As a bird fallen from boy's stone in separation hand,
Closing my eyes, opening my mouth, senseless am I.

As a body broken into hundred pieces, as a stained rose,
Under the impact of pain and difficulties crushed am I.

Wishing the same color with that moon in a red dress,
Diving into the sea of rosy color tears, blushed am I.

Chasing me, madman from street to street, throwing stones,
Because of separation from a fairy for kids a game became I.

Do not betray me, hey sheikh to become mortal in her love,
From thoughts about sin and prayers free and quiet am I.

Hey Navoi, not because of separation, but before the beloved
The rival is happy with success, but in despair am I.

Shohning munglug' mushavvashlar bila ne nisbati,
Komronlarg'a balokashlarga qaydin ulfati.

Ulki qahr etsa, qilichidin damo-dam qon tomar,
Bag'ridin qon tomguchilar birla ne jinsiyati.

Vasl no'shi birla jon topqong'a, vah, andin ne g'am
Kim, to'ladur zahri qotil birla jomi furqati.

Dahr qilg'andin yalang boshini teng tufrog' ila,
Ne xabar ulkim, yetar gardung'a toji rif'ati.

Mo'r ayog' ostida o'lgandin qachon topqay vuquf,
Arslonkim, ko'kka chirmashg'ay g'irevi shavkati.

Bir kecha tong otqucha hijron o'tig'a kuymagan
Qayda bilsunkim, nedur majruh ko'nglum holati.

Qo'y bu so'zlarniyu bo'l holimdin ogoh, ey rafiq
Kim, bu aqshom asru sa'b o'lmish firoqim shiddati.

Ey ko'ngul, ishq ichra shohu gadog'a imtiyoz,
Ut aro tengdur quruq yo o'l yig'ochning hirqati.

Ishq jomin, ey Navoiy, tovba qilmoq sa'b erur,
Xossakim, yo'q zuhdu taqvo birla ko'nglum rag'batlari.

45

The shah and grieved people are beyond compare?
So could be both the lucky persons and poor people.

If he gets angry blood will drip from his sword every time,
He has nothing to do with those whose liver drips blood.

The one who revives while dating with a beloved,
He never worries about deadly poison of separation.

He whose head is made equal with the earth isn't aware
Whose crown of greatness will reach the heaven.

The lion whose roar of greatness strives for the sky
Isn't aware that under its feet the ants would die,

The one who doesn't burn one night in separation fire,
Where could he know the state of my wounded heart?

Hey friend, don't say these words, be aware of my state,
That this evening is too difficult for me from separation.

Hey soul, in love the shah and a beggar do not differ,
If on fire both dry and wet wood burns equally.

Hey Navoi, it is difficult for me to refuse a love bowl,
As my soul is not inclined to asceticism and abstention

Kimsa mendek ishq aro besabru orom o'lmasun,
Yor anga bir sen kebi badmehru xudkom o'lmasun?

Garchi hijron shomi o'tkach subhi vasl ummidi bor,
Shomi hajrimdek kishiga subhsiz shom o'lmasun.

Dema, ashking nega gulrangu ko'zung gulfom erur,
Hech kimning yori gulro'yu gulandom o'lmasun.

Ishq aro Farhodu Majnunni manga o'xshatmangiz
Kim, alar ham men kebi rasvoi badnom o'lmasun.

Xonaqahdin tashnalab yettim, karam qil piri dayr
Kim, tag'or o'lsun ichar zarfim mening, jom o'lmasun.

Bog'lasam dayr ichra zunnor, ey musulmonlar, ne tong,
Kofir ul yanglig'ki holo ahli islom o'lmasun.

Gar fano bo'stonig'a aylar havo ko'nglung qushi,
Ey Navoiy, olam asbobi anga dom o'lmasun.

46

Let anyone in love be not deprived of patience and rest as me,
Let his beloved be not as stone-hearted and selfish as you are.

Though separation night passes there's hope of dawn's dating,
Let anyone have not a separation night as my dawnless night.

Do not ask why your tears are pink and your eyes are a flower?
Let anyone's beloved be not flower-faced and a flower-figured.

In love do not resemble me with Farkhod and Majnun,
Don't let them to become dishonored, bad-named as me.

From a monastery I came thirsty, oh, aged man, be generous.
Let I be served not with a dish - a little cup but a big bowl.

In dayr* if I tie zunnor*, don't be surprised, hey Muslims,
Let an infidel be not like today's people professing Islam.

If your soul's bird wants to fly into the mortality garden,
Hey Navoi, let the world's facilities be not a trap for it.

Dayr – the 1st meaning world; the 2nd meaning public house*

Zunnor – colorful rope; in ancient time Christians tied zunnor round their waist in order to differ from people of other religions.*

Agar ishqing havosida yog'ar har jola tosh o'lsun,
Nishona har biriga dermen ushbu xasta bosh o'lsun.

Yuzungnung mehridin bir zarra sotmon, gar falak javfi,
To'la bo'lsun filuriy, har filuriy bir quyosh o'lsun.

Sitam zangin temurdek ko'nglidin, vahkim, qira olmas,
Nechakim nolai zorimda suhondek xarosh o'lsun.

Quyoshni bo'lmas, ey gardun, ul oyg'a aylamak tashbih,
Og'iz gar zarra, Cho'lpon – ko'z, yangi oy anga qosh o'lsun.

Agar paykonlaring ko'z istabon topti ko'ngul, g'am yo'q,
Kelib yig'lar mahal ul qatra sular ko'zga yosh o'lsun.

Sipohi husnunga bir mahchasi raxshon alam bo'lg'ay,
Quyosh ko'zgisiga ohim sutuni gar tutosh o'lsun.

Ko'ngulda sirri ishqin asray-asray o'ldum, ey soqiy,
Qadah tutkim, xarobot ahlig'a fosh o'lsa fosh o'lsun.

Ko'ngulga jon bila bir dog'ing ozdur, qo'y yana bir ham.
Necha ikki gadog'a bir diram uzra talosh o'lsun.

Ularda tengdurur shoh aylasun gulshan gulin mafrash,
Vagar gulxan kuli uzra gado sahib firosch o'lsun.

Navoiy ashk durridek tilarkim ko'zda yer bergay,
Agar ishqing havosida yog'ar har jola tosh o'lsun.

48

If in the air of your love, let each hail be a stone,
Let this poor head of mine be a target for each alone.

Any atom of the sun of your face I will not sell, even if
Coins fill the vessel of the sky, and each coin be the sun.

From the soul a file cannot remove the rust of cruelty, no matter
How much my groans and moans should resemble the file's sound.

Hey heaven, the sun can not be likened to that moon, even if
The atom is a mouth, the Venus is eyes, a new moon is a brow.

If your arrows aimed the eyes but hit the heart, no matter,
At a crying time, let those water drops be tears for eyes.

A crescent will be a banner of guards to save your beauty,
If my sigh's columns are attached to the mirror of the sun.

Keep secrets of love in the soul, hey wine-server, I died,
Hand me a cup, to tavern's folk, let it be known, let it be known.

For a soul and heart a stain of your love is not enough,
Leave one more, let two beggars do battling for a coin.

At death all are equal: even a shah, wrapped with flower leaves,
And a beggar, lying on the cold ashes of the extinct fire heaves.

Navoi wants to hold tears in the eyes as pearls,
If in the air of your love, let each hail be a stone.

Ochmag'ay erding jamoli olam oro koshki,
Solmag'ay erding bori olamda g'avg'o koshki.

Chun jamoling jilvasi olamg'a soldi rustahez,
Qilmag'ay erdi ko'zum ani tamosho koshki.

Bo'lmag'ay erdi ko'zum o'tlug' yuzung ko'rgan zamon
Ishqing o'ti shu'lasi ko'nglumda paydo koshki.

Aylagach ishqing balosi zor ko'nglumni hazin,
Qilmag'ay erding meni maxzung'a parvo koshki

Tushmagay erdi firibomez lutfung bilmayin,
Notavon ko'nglumga vaslingdin tamanno koshki.

Lutf ila ko'nglumni vaslingdin talabgor aylabon,
Qilmag'ay erding yana zulm oshkoro koshki.

Bevafolig' anglag'ach ishqingni ko'nglum tark etib,
Qilmag'ay erdi o'zin olamda rasvo koshki.

Emdikim devonayu rasvoi olam bo'lmisham,
Vasl uchun mumkin yo'q o'lturgay bu savdo koshki.

Ey Navoiy, bevafodur yor, bas ne foyda,
Nechakim desang agar yoxud magar yo koshki.

I wish you did not reveal your face to the world,
I wish you did not stir up trouble all over the world.

The charm of your beauty shocked the whole world,
I wish my eyes did not have a look at it.

At a moment when I saw your fiery face,
I wish your love's fire in my soul did not flame.

When your love's evil caused grieves to my suffering soul,
I wish you did not pay any attention to me – the sad lover.

If I did not know that your mercy was cunning, false,
I wish I did not have a dream of dating in my helpless soul.

By your grace, you pet my soul to have a dating with you,
I wish you did not treat me with such cruelty too.

Being aware of your disloyalty, my soul has left your love,
I wish I did not dishonor myself to the whole world.

And now, I have been mad, ashamed to the whole world,
No hope for dating you, I wish this madness had killed me.

Hey Navoi, the beloved is not loyal, so stop, no use of her,
No matter how many times you say "if" or "if only" or "I wish".

Labing Masihu aning nutqi nuktapardozi
Ki, ruhi qudsiy erur bu Masih e'jozi.

Xatingni Xizr demonkim, bu sabza har giyahi -
- Xizrdurur labing obi hayot damsozi.

Havoi ishqida ko'nglumda hush qolmadikim,
Bu telba qushning erur ul havoda parvozi.

Qadah bu dayrda andozasiz tutungkim, bor
Boshimda mug'bachalar sho'ri ishqiqi andozi.

Ne sog' o'layki, chu borg'umdur o'lmayin ma'lum -
Bu korxonaning anjomi birla og'ozi.

Navoiy istadi behush o'zinki ahli xirad,
Falakning o'lmadi bu ishda mahrami rozi.

Anga bu baski jahon mulkin oldi so'z birla,
Chekib sipohi maoniy dami fusunsozi.

Bu vajah birlaki Sohibqiron debon laqabin,
Atadi xusravi Sohibqiron Abulg'oziy.

Yanaki nutq ilayu ruh ila yeturdi anga
Fuyuz orifi Jomiyu rindi Sheroziy.

50

Your lips are Jesus, and their thoughtful speech
Is a sacred spirit of this Jesus, isn't it miracle?.

I don't call your fresh mustache Hyzr, for each grass
Of this lawn is Hyzr, and your lips are water of life.

Dreaming of your love's air my soul lost its mind,
It is a flight of a mad bird in that air, it is defined.

In this tavern bring me a bowl without measure,
The wine-servers are luckless with love's measure.

How could I be healthy as I am departing, but unaware
Where the beginning, where the end of this workshop are.

Navoi wanted to be senseless himself of people of reason
The heaven did not have the trust in this matter of secrets.

It is enough for him to have conquered the world with words,
Moving troops of thoughts, he showed the miracles of breath.

For this reason he was nicknamed Sakhibkiran,*
The King - Sakhibkiran Abulgazi* was his nickname.

Wise Jomiy* and eloquent Sheroziy* still,
Spiritually favored him by their words and spirit.

Sakhibkiran* - winner of a happy star

Sakhibkiran Abulgazi* - the great ruler Husayn Boyqaro

Jomiy* - the great poet Abdurahmon Jomiy

Sheroziy* - the great poet Hofiz Sheroziy

O'tg'a solg'il sarvni, ul qaddi mavzun bo'lmasa,
yelga bergil gulni, ul ruxsori gulgun bo'lmasa.

Sarsari ohim esar g'am shomi hijron tog'ig'a,
Yaxshidur tong otqucha bu tog' homun bo'lmasa.

Telbalikdin, vahki, har dam dardim afzundur, agar
Ul pariy ishqida har dam dardim afzun bo'lmasa.

Gar ko'ngul qatl istabon sen va'da qilding tongla deb,
Ushbu dam o'ltur, bu ehson birla mamnun bo'lmasa.

Xirqa jinsin rahn uchun, ey shayx, olmas piri dayr,
Boda bermas, toki o'zluk jinsi marhun bo'lmasa.

Foniy o'l, vasl istar o'lsang, benavolig'din ne g'am,
Bo'lmasun hargiz mato'e dunyoi dun bo'lmasa.

Ey Navoiy, tonma, gar der ul pariy majnun seni,
Oshiq o'lg'aymu pariyg'a, ulki majnun bo'lmasa?!

51

Throw cypress into the fire if it lacks a straight figure,
Throw the rose into the wind if it lacks bloomed face.

My sigh's wind is blowing to the mount of sad separation,
This mount would better not turn into the desert till dawn.

From madness my pain increases in every instant, alas,
If because of love for that fairy my pain would not exceed.

If soul desired death, you promised to execute it at dawn,
Do kill at this moment, if she is not grateful for this mercy.

The aged man of tavern does not accept your hirqa* for payment,
He will not give wine until your essence is not warranted.

Be mortal, if you desire dating, what a grief from misfortunes,
If there is no wealth in this world, let there be no greediness.

Hey Navoi, do not renounce, if that fairy calls you majnun* ,
Will a man fall in love with fairy if he is not a madman?!

* Majnun – a person who falls in love madly, a madman.

Ichsangiz may suyidin, ishrat uyin obod etib,
Jur'ae ham quyg'asiz tufroqqa, bizni yod etib.

Soz eting avval g'amimdin nag'makim, bir usl erur
Uy imorat aylamak, xoro bila bunyod etib.

To havoiyemen ul oy hajrida andoqkim, bulut
Toqqa har dam yuzlanurmen, yosh to'kub, faryod etib.

Va'dai vasl etsa ul Shirin sanam, g'am tog'ini
Qozg'amen, tirnog'larimni teshai Farhod etib.

Ul quyundurmen fano dashtidakim, bo'ldum adam,
Har ne borimni boshimdin chuyurib, ozod etib.

Har zamon ko'nglum qotig' ermas dema, ey siymbar,
Yoshurun qolmas billur ichra nihon po'lod etib.

Voqif o'lkim, dahr dehqoni sening qasdingdadur,
Ismim aning gul qilib, otin munung shamshod etib.

Mayg'a targ'ib etmaking kofidurur, ey piri dayr,
Mundin o'zga ishni naylarsen manga irshod etib.

Istama la'lin, Navoiykim, marazda emganur,
Tab'ini sihatliq el sharbat bila mu'tod etib.

If you drink wine, prosper the tavern you will,
Remembering us on the earth a drop, do spill.

From my grief create a music at first, if accepted,
To build a house needs foundation from stones.

From separation of the moon I dream of her, as a cloud,
I go to mountains to shed tears at every instant.

If that beautiful Shirin promises dating, I will dig
The grief's mount, using my nails as a hoe of Farkhod.

I was a whirlwind disappeared in the mortal steppe, what
I had I circled round my head, threw out freeing them.

You don't say I'm not a stonehearted, hey silver-bodied,
Know this, steel can not conceal itself in crystal.

Know, the farmer of the world made you his goal,
Naming the one a flower, and another as shamshod.**

Hey, man of tavern, offering wine is enough,
Except this work there is no need to urge me.

Don't desire her ruby lips, Navoi, as those who are suffering
From illness got used to wine when they were healthy.

* Dayr – world; public house

**Shamshod – beautiful tree with straight height

Yordin hijron chekar ushshoqi zor, ey do'stlar,
Necha tortay hajr, chun yo'q menda yor, ey do'stlar.

Yor ishqin asrag'il pinhon, debon sa'y etmangiz,
Vah, ne nav' etgum yo'q ishni oshkor, ey do'stlar,

Ishq birla gar birov lofi vafovu ahd urar,
Ishvagarlar ahdig'a yo'q e'tibor, ey do'stlar.

Aylamang bekasligimni ta'n, bir kun bor edi
Menda ham bir nozanin chobuksuvor, ey do'stlar.

Yorsiz vayronda qon yig'larmen oxir, siz qiling
Yor birla gashti bog'u lolazor, ey do'stlar.

Yorsiz ifrot ila gar yig'lasam, ayb etmangiz
Kim, erur bu ish manga beixtiyor, ey do'stlar.

Do'stluq aylab tutung gah-gah labolab jomkim,
Qasdi jon qilmish manga dardi xumor, ey do'stlar.

May ichingkim, dahr eli ichra ko'p istab topmaduq
Ahdu paymonida bo'lg'on ustuvor, ey do'stlar.

Yoringiz vaslin g'animat anglabon shukr aylangiz
Kim, Navoiy o'ldi bekaslikda zor, ey do'stlar.

Lovers suffer from separation of the beloved, hey friends,
How much separation I endure, for I lack a beloved, hey friends,

Don't try to convince me to keep beloved's love in secret,
How can I disclose if truly there is no affair, hey friends?

In love if someone exaggerates the fidelity to promises,
Coquettes' oaths cannot attract attention, hey friends.

Do not reproach me for my loneliness, once I had,
A beloved, so graceful, so agile mistress, hey friends.

Without a beloved in a ruin I shed bloody tears, and you
Enjoy walking with a beloved in tulip garden, hey friends.

If without a beloved I cry endlessly, don't blame me,
For it is happening with me unconsciously, hey friends.

Showing kindness offer me a full bowl of wine oftener
The pain of thirst is attempting upon my soul, hey friends.

Drink wine, we've sought much in this world, but we
Couldn't find anyone who is true to oaths, hey friends.

Value the dating chance with your beloved, thank God,
From the loneliness Navoi passed away, hey friends.

O'lmasam bu kecha, ranju dardi g'avg'osi nedur!
Itlarningning ham boshim uzra alolosi nedur!

Hajr shomi tiyralik birla meni devonani
Chun halok etti, yana boshinda savdosi nedur!

G'am tuni jonim uqubatlar bila gar olmasa,
O'rnidin tebranmay anjumning tamoshosi nedur!

Jism uyi vayron bo'lub, sabru qaroru aqlu hush
Qolmadi bir, emdi ahli ishq yag'mosi nedur!

Telba ko'nghlim ittingu jonimni barbod aylading,
Yona kelding, ey malomat, dashti rasvosi nedur!

Xilqatimni ishq nobud ettiyu chekmas ilik,
Emdi bilmonkim, aning oyo tamannosi nedur!

Savtu harf ichra chu sig'mas ishq sirri, ey faqih,
Qilu qol ahlining oyo lovu illosi nedur!

Chun azalda har ne qismat bo'ldi, ko'rmay chora yo'q,
Xalq o'z komin o'zidekdin tavallosi nedur!

Ey Navoiy, ishq aro chun yo'qtur imkoni visol,
Telba ko'nghlum xotirida muncha vasvosi nedur!

If I don't die this night, what are these grieves, pains for
Why are dogs barking over my head for?

The separation night with its darkness killed me - madman,
What problems are there in her head still?

At the night of sorrow if my soul is not deprived with tortures,
Why should then stars watch without moving from their places?

The body's house is in ruin, no patience, no mind, no constancy,
Nothing is left, now why should people of love devastate for ?!

My crazy heart, you are lost, into the wind you threw my soul,
You came again, hey dishonored, why should you condemn?!

The love destroyed my existance, remove its hand not,
Now I don't know, what purpose does she intend?

A voice or a letter can't house love's secret, hey fakikh*,
Why should then people negate or affirm by arguing?

The fate is predetermined, you can not avoid it, never,
Why should people beg the same people for their wishes.

Hey Navoi, if in love you can't reach your beloved,
Why should the devil be convincing my mad soul?

* Fakikh – man of religion

O'n sakiz ming olam oshubi agar boshindadur,
Ne ajab, chun sarvinozim o'n sakiz yoshindadur.

Desa bo'lg'aykim, yana ham o'n sakiz yil husni bor,
O'n sakiz yoshinda muncha fitnakim boshindadur.

O'n sakiz yil dema, yuz sakson yil o'lsa, uldurur
Husn shohi, ul balolarkim ko'zu qoshindadur.

Hayrat etmon husni naqshidaki, har hayratki bor,
Barchasi ezid taolo sun' naqqoshindadur.

Tan anga siymu ichinda tosh muzmar ko'nglidin,
Aqlg'a yuz hayrat ul oynning ichu toshindadur.

May ketur, ey mug'ki, yuz hayrat aro qolmish
Masih, Bul-ajablarkim, bu eski dayr xuffoshindadur.

To Navoiy to'kti ul oy furqatidin bahri ashk,
Har qachon boqsang, quyosh aksi aning yoshindadur.

If burdens of eighteen thousand worlds are on her head,
Alas, should my fondled beloved be eighteen years old.

We can say that her beauty'll remain for eighteen years more,
In her eighteen years so much troubles should be in her head.

Do not tell eighteen, even hundred and eighty years will pass, but
She remains as the beauty's queen, with her eyes, brows' troubles.

I don't wonder at her beauty's image, for each wonder
Is the work created by an artist – the Supreme God.

Her body is silver, her soul is a stone, the mind wonders
A hundred times at her inner and outer appearances.

Bring wine, hey wine server, in a hundred turmoils,
Jesus was surprised at wonders of this ancient world.

From separation of that moon Navoi shed love tears,
Whenever you look, the sun is reflected in his tears.

Har gadoekim, jahonda bir muvofiq yori bor,
Xizr umriyu Skandar hashmatidin ori bor.

Kimki ul bir ko'ngli sevgan naxl qaddin bar yedi,
Ollloh-Ollloh, umridin ne baxti barxo'rdori bor.

Bilsa ko'nglum holatin, shoyadki kelgay so'rg'ali
Ulki, ko'ngli ichra bir badxo'ydin ozori bor.

Ko'zlaridin kecha tong otquncha uyqum yo'qturur,
Kecha naylar anda uyqum, iki bemori bor.

Shu'laliq yuz pora ko'nglum xayli mujgoning aro
Otashin guldurki, atrofida hadsiz xori bor.

Istasang davron jafosidin qutulmoq, ey ko'ngul,
Xonaqah tarkin qilib, mayxona ko'yi sori bor.

Hech yanglig' topmasang dayr ichra may olmoqqa vajah,
Rahn uchun bo'lsun Navoiy xirqavu dastori bor.

56

Each beggar who has a loyal beloved in the world,
Is much better than Hyzr's life and Iskander's glory.

The one who is pleased from the figure of his beloved,
Allah, Allah, what happiness he has reached in his life!

If she knows the state of my soul, she could come to visit me,
In case her soul has also suffered from the tortures of love.

Because of her eyes I could not sleep till dawn,
How could a person sleep if he has two patients?

My ardent soul broke off into hundred rays among your lashes,
As a fiery flower on its round it has uncountable thorns.

If you seek for rescue from cruelty of the epoch,
Hey soul, leave the monastery, go to a tavern.

If you could not find money for wine in a tavern in any way,
Let hirqa*and a turban⁴ of Navoi be his mortgagecollateral .

⁷ Hirqa and turban – special cothes of Muslims.

Ey yuzung bog'i nasimida havoyi navro'z,
La'li tojing bo'lub ul bog'da bo'stonafro'z.

Zulfu ruxsor ila komimg'a meni yetkursang,
Har tunung qadr o'lubon, har kunung o'lsun navro'z.

Ko'nglum ul lu'bat iligida giriftor o'lmish,
Qushni ul nav'iki la'b ahli qilur dastomuz.

Dardi hajringda kuyar ko'nglumu o'z holimg'a
Kishisizlikdin o'zumdurmen o'zumga dilso'z.

Dahr zolig'a ko'ngul bermaki, Rustamlarni
Makr ila ayladi ojiz bu sitamgora ajuz.

Ko'k jafosidin o'lur xobgahing bo'z tufrog',
Bo'lsa ostingda sipehr ashhabi yanglng' ko'k bo'z.

Ey Navoiy, senu Xusrav bila Jomiy tavri
San'atu rangni qo'y, so'zda kerak dard ila so'z.

Hey, in the breeze of your face's garden the air of navruz*,
Your ruby crown is lightening the flower bed of navruz.

If you make me happy with your face and curls,
Let each your night be qadr** and every day be navruz.

My soul is in captivation in that beauty's hands,
This is how people tame a bird to play with them.

For the pains of separation my soul burns,
From loneliness, I talk heartily with myself.

Don't lose your heart to world's old woman as Rustams***,
This ruthless woman cunningly made them powerless.

Though, you're on a blue-grey steed as that of sky's horse.
Cruelty of blue sky'll turn your bedchamber into ashes,

Hey Navoi, who are you to write as Husrav**** and Jomiy*****
Quit art and beauty, your verse should have grief and fire.

*Navruz – means the new day

** Night of qadr – the twenty seventh night of Ramadan month

*** Rustam – fabulous hero, character in literary work "Shohnoma"

**** Husrav – great poet Husrav Dehlaviy

***** Jomiy – a great poet Abdurahman Jomiy.

Meni bir noma birla dilbarim yod etmadi hargiz,
Qulin qayg'udin ul xat birla ozod etmadi hargiz.

Sirishkim sayli yiqmay qo'ymadi xud sabr bunyodin,
Buzug' ko'nglumda tarhi vasl bunyod etmadi hargiz.

Balolar tog'ini hajrinda tirnog'im bila qozdim,
Men etkan ishni oshiqliqda Farhod etmadi hargiz.

Chu naqdi sabr toroj aylading, ko'nglumga o't solding,
Bu nav' o'z kishvariga shoh bedod etmadi hargiz.

Firoq ayyomida ko'p naf' yetkurdi bukim, ko'nglum
O'zin ul sho'xning vaslig'a mu'tod etmadi hargiz.

Ne tong devona ko'nglum itlaringga ta'n qilmoqkim,
yebon yuz dardu mehnat toshi, faryod etmadi hargiz.

Erur, ishq ollida jonim fido qilsam, hanuz ozkim,
Ul oydin o'zgani qatlimg'a jallod etmadi hargiz.

Ne tong, ey mug'bacha, ishqingda mast o'lsamki, piri dayr
Bu ikki ishdin o'zga bizga irshod etmadi hargiz.

Agar buzdi Navoiy ko'nglini ul bevafo, tong yo'q,
Vafo ahli uyin chun ishq obod etmadi hargiz.

With a letter my beloved didn't remember me at all,
With that letter she didn't release me from grief at all.

The flood of tears destroyed the building of patience,
In my broken heart she didn't wake hope for dating at all.

With my nails I dugged up an evil mount in separation,
What work I had done, Farhad couldn't do in love at all.

My patience treasure you plundered, set fire to my soul,
Such cruelty the shah didn't cause to his country at all.

During separation season my soul benefited much, that
My soul didn't adapt itself to that agile beauty at all.

No wonder, if my mad soul reproach your dogs, though
Suffered from a hundred grieves, it wouldn't woe at all.

Suffice it to say, if I sacrifice my soul for the sake of love,
Except that moon nobody was appointed to execute me at all.

No wonder, hey magician, if I die of love as tavern's wine server,
Except these two affairs, we have no right to enjoy at all

If that faithless beloved ruined Navoi's soul, no wonder,
As love would not improve the house of loyal people at all.

Ey mug'anniy, chun nihon rozim bilursen – soz tuz,
Tortibon munglug' navo sozing bila, ovoz tuz.

Navha ohangi tuzub, og'oz qil mahzun surud,
Ul surud ichra hazin ko'nglumga maxfiy roz tuz.

Tuzma og'oz aylabon Farhodu Majnun qissasin,
Desang el kuysun, mening dardim qilib og'oz tuz.

Istasangkim, nag'mang ichra ko'p xaloyiq o'lmagay,
Ul ikavdin ko'p, vale mendin tarona oz tuz.

Gar mening holim desang tuz barcha dostoni niyoz,
Dilbarimdin nag'masoz etsang, surudi noz tuz.

Chun bu gulshanda nishiman qilg'ali qo'ymas hazon,
Gul firoqi savtin, ey bulbul, qilib parvoz tuz.

Bazm aro o'rtar Navoiyni nihon munglug' surud,
Ey mug'anniy, chun nihon rozim bilursen – soz tuz.

Hey musician, you know my heart's secret, play music,
Playing a sad melody with your instrument, sing aloud.

Play the tune reminding groans, start a sad song,
With the song share the treasure secret with my sad soul.

Don't begin your song with story of Farhad and Majnun,
If you want people to catch fire, begin with my pains.

If you want many people not to die during your song
Sing more about those two, but about me sing less.

If you consider my state, sing my pleading verses,
If about my beloved, then sing a song about coquetry.

To sit in this flower-bed the leaf fall would not allow,
Hey nightingale, sing of separation from rose and depart.

In the feast a sad song makes Navoi suffer secretly,
Hey musician, you know my heart's secret, play music,

Meni men istagan o'z suhbatig'a arjumand etmas,
Meni istar kishining suhbatin ko'nglum pisand etmas

Ne bahra topqamen andinki, mendin istagay bahra,
Chu ulkim, bahrai andin tilarmen, bahramand etmas.

Netay huru pari bazminki, qatlim yo hayotimg'a
Ayon ul zahr chashm aylab, nihon bu no'shxand etmas.

Kerakmas oy ila kun shaklikim, husnu malohatdin
Ichim ul chok-chok etmas, tanim bu band-band etmas.

Kerak o'z chobuki qotilvashi majnun shiorimkim,
Buzug' ko'nglumdin o'zga yerda javloni samand etmas.

Ko'ngul uz charxi zolidin, firibin yemakim, oxir
Ajaj sarrishtasidin o'zga bo'ynungg'a kamand etmas.

Ul oy o'tlug' yuzin ochsa, Navoiy, tegmasin deb ko'z,
Muhabbat tuxmidin o'zga ul o't uzra sipand etmas.

60

The person whom I desire does not let me to his talks,
The talk of a person who desires me my soul values not.

What I can benefit from a person who wants to benefit from me?
Because the benefit I want from him would not satisfy me.

Why should I need a feast with houri* and fairy* to die or live?
These eyes won't poison me obviously; those lips won't smile
secretly.

I need neither the face of the moon, nor of the sun, as their beauty
Neither tears my interior off, nor ties part by part of my body.

I need my playful murderer to commit madness,
Who would not gollap on horseback but in my broken heart.

Leave the heaven's old woman, don't let her deceive you,
Untill she ties your neck with nothing but the thread of death.

As that moon opens her fiery face, to save from evil eyes,
Navoi puts seeds of love instead of incense into the fire,

Hourī* – everlasting young girl

Fairy* – beautiful girl

61

Bu ne qomat, bu ne raftoru na shaklu na shamoyil
Kim, etar aqlni madhush, dog'i hushni zoyil

Yuzi kuydurmakima o't, sochi yig'latmog'ima dud,
Ko'zi torojima soiy, qoshi xunrezima qotil.

Jonfizo husni niqob ichra, dog'i el talashib jon,
Qolmag'ay erdi tirik bir kishi, ul bo'lmasa hoyil.

Tig'in egnimga tushurmakni hamoyil tilayolmon,
Qayda ul baxtki, bo'lg'ay qo'li bo'ynumg'a hamoyil.

Ey habib, etma Masih ollida izhori fasohat,
Chun erur dam ura olmasqa labing ollida qoyil.

Aqlu hushu xiradu jonni aning yo'lida qo'ydum
Topmadim vasl muhayyo qilibon muncha vasoyil.

Chunki ushshoq uni yoqmas emish ul gul qulog'ig'a,
Ey Navoiy, necha bulbul kibi bu na'rai hoyil.

61

What a figure, what a gait, what a shape and essence are!
But they deprive mind, force the mind disappear.

Her face is a fire to burn me, her hair is a smoke to make me cry,
Her eyes are robbers; her brows are a murderer to spill my blood.

Her beauty which seizes the souls of lovers is under veil,
If it were not under veil no alive soul would remain.

I can not ask for her arrows to hang on my neck,
What happiness it is if her hands rope my neck.

Hey friend, don't show your eloquence before Jesus,
He recognizes his powerlessness before your lips.

Mind, reason, wisdom and soul for her sake I used all,
I made so many efforts but couldn't have affinity with her.

As the voices of lovers do not please that flower's ears,
Hey Navoi, how long you moan secretly as a nightingale.

Orazingni bog' aro chun ko'rdi, hayron bo'ldi gul,
Bargsiz qoldi, nedinkim, bas parishon bo'ldi gul.

Bodadin gul-gul ko'rub ul yuzni, aning hajridin,
Chok-chok o'lg'an ko'nguldek tah-batah qon bo'ldi gul.

Guluzorim kishvari husn ichra bo'ldi podshoh,
Rost andoqkim, chaman mulkida sulton bo'ldi gul.

Sayri bog' aylarda davron chashmi zaxmi daf'ig'a,
Har taraftin chobukum davrida qalqon bo'ldi gul.

La'li komimdur, qoshimda kelsa ul gul xirmani,
May tilar ko'nglum, chu bazmimda farovon bo'ldi gul.

Kecha-kunduz qilma gulbongingni bas, ey andalib
Kim, sanga besh kun bu gulshan ichra mehmon bo'ldi gul.

Gul chog'i yori safar aylab, Navoiy jonig'a
Har biri bir toza qonlig' dog'i hijron bo'ldi gul.

Seeing your face in the garden the flower was surprised,
Deprived from its leaves the flower felt disappointed.

Having seen rosy face which was reddened by wine,
As a torn off soul the flower turned scarlet as blood.

My rosy cheeked became the prince of beauty, and
In the country of flower beds a flower became sultan.

While walking in the garden to prevent her from evil eyes,
Surrounding her from all sides, a flower became a shield.

Her ruby lips are my aim if the rosy cheeked comes,
The soul wants wine, many flowers attended my feast.

Day and night do not stop your song, hey nightingale,
In this flower garden a flower guested for five days.

At blossoming season Navoi's beloved visited his soul,
Each flower turned into a separation stain with pure blood.

Kimga qildim bir vafokim, yuz jafosin ko'rmadim?!
Ko'rguzub yuz mehr, ming dardu balosin ko'rmadim?!

Kimga boshimni fido qildimki, boshim qasdig'a
Har tarafdin yuz tuman tig'i jafosin ko'rmadim?!

Kimga ko'nglum ayladi mehru muhabbat foshkim,
Har vafoga yuz jafo aning jazosin ko'rmadim?!

Kimga jonimni asir ettimki, jonim qatlig'a,
G'ayr sari xulqu lutfi jon fizosin ko'rmadim?!

Kimga soldim ko'z qoravu oqini ishq ichrakim,
Qon aro pinhon ko'zum oqu qorosin ko'rmadim?!

Sen vafo husn ahlidin qilma tavaqu', ey rafiq
Kim, men ushbu xaylning husni vafosin ko'rmadim.

Ey Navoiy, tavba andin qilmadim shayx ollida
Kim, bu ishda dayr pirining rizosin ko'rmadim.

63

Whom was I once loyal from him I suffered hundred disloyalties?!
Whom I treated with love, from him I suffered a thousand
grieves?!

For whose sake I became captive and sacrificed my head,
With millions of arrows she attacked my soul from all sides!

Whom I avertly treated with love and care
Each loyalty was responded with hundred punishments!

At whom I glared with my eyes – black and white in love,
I couldn't see my eyes- black and white hidden in blood?!

To whom I gave my soul and she showed me cruelty,
She devoted soul to another, what a mischief I saw?!

From beauties don't expect fidelity, hey friend, for
I haven't witnessed immortality of female beauty.

Hey Navoi, I do not repent before the sheikh, for
in this work I haven't seen the consent of an aged man of dayr!

Gul sochar yel bog' aro, sarvi ravonim keldimu,
Jon isi guldin kelur, oromi jonim keldimu.

Bexud erdim aytkali ko'nglum, chu keldim holima,
Ayting: ul ovorai bexonumonim keldimu.

Qolmish erdi xasta jon, kirganda men mayxonag'a,
Anglamonkim, ul zaifi notavonim keldimu.

Demangizkim, keldi mahvashlar seni o'lturgali,
Muni dengkim, qotili nomehribonim keldimu.

Hajridin o'ldum demangkim, boshima kelmish
Masih, Ayting, ul osoyishi ruxu ravonim keldimu.

Ko'yunga ushshoq kelgandin xabar tuttung valek
Demading ul zori benomu nishonim keldimu.

Zuhd ko'yiga ko'ngul birla dedingkim, kelmading,
Ey Navoiy, necha aytib ul yomonim keldimu.

In the garden the wind scatters roses, did my cypress arrive?
The flower smells of a soul, did my soul's pleasure arrive?

I was unconscious to ask, now I came to my senses,
Tell: did that homeless, propertyless wanderer arrive?

The sick soul remained, when I entered the tavern,
I didn't perceive – did my powerless, helpless arrive?

Do not say that those fairy beauties arrived to kill you,
But tell, did that murderer, stone-hearted one arrive?

Do not say, I died of her separation, before me
Came Jesus, tell, did my souls' pleasure arrive?

You received a notice that lovers visited your street,
But you didn't say: did that sufferer, nameless one arrive?"

You said: "To the street of loyalty you didn't arrive with a soul,"
Hey Navoi, how many times you said: "did my bad one arrive?"

Bir qadah may ichmadim sarvi gulandomim bila,
Bir nafas evrulmadi davron mening komim bila.

Har maekim onsiz ichtim topg'ali g'amdin amon,
Zahri g'am go'yo ezilmish erdi ul jomim bila.

Tunga yetmas kunni o'tkardim o'lub hijronida,
Kunga yetkaymenmu, vah, bu subhi yo'q shomim bila.

Qayda bo'lsin muztarib ko'nglumga orom, ey rafiq,
Tutmadim orom chun bir dam diloromim bila.

Ey sabo, ul gulga muhlik furqatim payg'omin ayt,
Balki jon naqdin anga yetkur bu payg'omim bila.

Ko'nglum ichra but g'ami, kufr ichra o'lsam yaxshiroq,
Ahli din ollinda borg'uncha bu islomim bila.

Ey Navoiy, o'lsam armon eltkimdur, ichmayin
Bir sabuhi guluzori boda oshomim bila.

65

With my beautiful cypress I didn't drink a bowl of wine,
Not a second the heaven didn't move towards my desire.

To survive from grieves I drank wine without her,
The poison of grief seemed to blend in my goblet.

I spent along nightless day dying from separation,
Can I reach a day again after my dawnless night?

Where can I find pleasure to my restless soul, hey friend,
I did not enjoy pleasure with my sweetheart even once.

Hey wind, tell that rose parting is deadly for me,
Deliver my alive soul together with this notice.

My soul feels sad from love for idol, I'd rather die
In disbelief than live among people with belief.

Hey Navoi, if I die, my dream will leave with me,
For I did not drink wine at dawn with my moon-faced.

Ne may xushtur manga, ne gul kerakliktur, ne gulzore,
Kerak maydin gul ochqon yorning gulzori ruxsore.

Ne may xushtur manga, ne gul kerakliktur, ne gulzore,
Kerak chun ul hayotim gulshanining sarv raftore.

Junun tumorida zangoru shingarf aylama zoe'
Ki, daf' aylar ani ul la'lu xat shingarfu zangore.

Mening xud ro'zgorim tiyra bo'ldi shomi hijrondin,
Qiling subhi visoli shukrin, ey aysh ahli, siz bore.

Ne sud emdi ayog'imdin tikon chekmaklik, ey mushfiq
Ki, toshlar birla ko'ksunga qoqilmish hajr mismore.

Nihoni yuz yaram bor hajr tig'idinki, sharh etsam,
Qilur ozurda bir olam elin har birining ozore.

Aningdek mastlig' uyqusidin ochqay Navoiy ko'z,
Sabohi hashr ul ham yovar o'lsa baxti bedore.

Neither wine, nor a flower, nor a flower bed pleasant for me,
I need beloved's scarlet face bloomed from wine.

Neither wine, nor a flower, nor a flower bed pleasant for me,
I need a beloved similar to a cypress in flower bed of my life.

To prevent madness do not spend red colors for a talisman in vain,
Her ruby lips will prevent the advantage over the cinnabar.

My life became dark from night of separation,
Thank God for dating the dawn, hey jolly people.

It is useless now to pull out thorns from my feet, hey merciful,
For separation nails were hammered on my breast with stones.

If I tell, from the sword of parting I've hundred wounds,
The torments of each would torture people of the world.

Let Navoi open eyes from the drunken dream, for
At Doomsday dawn he'd encounter with awaken happiness.

Bog'din keldi nasimu gul isin kelturmadi,
Ne tikonlarkim bu g'am ko'nglum aro sindurmadi.

La'li yodidinki yuttum dam-badam hasrat suyin,
Olloh-Olloh, qaysi qonlarkim bu g'am yutturmadi.

Shomi hajrim tiyradur andoqki, kunduz ham bo'lub,
Har nechakim ehtiyot ettim, quyosh bilgurmadi.

Hajr zulmidin dedim aylay ajalg'a dardi dil,
Oqibat jonimg'a rahm aylab, anga yetkurmadi.

Vasl aro ko'p istadi jonimki bir dam tinmayin,
Hajr to jonimni tandin olmadi, tindurmadi.

Qaysi gul bedodi bir bulbul parin sovurdikim,
Charx zulmi ham aning yafrog'larin sovurmadi.

Ey Navoiy, bevafo dur xo'blar, bo'ldi xalos,
Ulki ba'zig'a ko'ngul, ba'zig'a ko'z oldurmadi.

The breeze came from the garden but didn't bring flower's
fragrance,
 It did not break what not thorns and leave in my sad soul?

Remembering ruby lips, I swallowed water of grief,
 Allah, Allah, what blood is this grief which forced me swallow!

My separation night is so dark, even when there comes a day,
 No matter how much I was alert, the sun did not make itself felt.

From parting cruelty before death I wanted to state my soul's pain,
 But she pittied my soul and did not bring to the end.

While dating my soul desired much not resting a moment,
 Until the separation seized soul, calm down it would not.

What evil flower torn off feathers of a nightingale,
 The heaven's cruelty doesn't scatter the same flower leaves.

Hey Navoi, faithless are beauties, who lost
 To some neither their souls nor their eyes.

Uyqu hamsoyalarimdin ketarur hajr tuni,
Gah boshim yerga urub, gah yurakim solmoq uni.

G'am tuni tiyra dog'i anjumi raxshon demakim,
yer yuzin tutti shararlar bila ohim tutuni.

Meni sargashta emon vodiya hijrondaki, bor
G'ussa tufrog'iyu anduh yelining quyuni.

Rishtai jonima har yon tugun andoqdurkim,
Tori jismim aro farsuda so'ngaklar bo'g'uni.

Ishq rasvosi deb o'zni tikar egniga tiroz,
Dayr aro tushsa falak engiga xirqam yuruni.

Dahr bog'ida nechuk vasl guli butsinkim,
Hajr o'qidur yog'ini, ashk suyidur juvuni.

Gar Navoiy so'ngakiga tutashur ko'nglidin o't,
Ne ajab, ishq o'tidur ulu bu aning o'tuni.

68

At separation night sleep my neighbours could not, for
Sometimes my head beats against the earth sometimes my heart
makes cries.

Do not say at the night of grief even stars become dark,
As sparks and smokes of my sighs filled all over the earth.

In the valley of separation, I'm not an only wanderer,
There also ashes of grief and whirlwind of groans.

The threads of my soul are tied up from all sides,
As if the thread of body contains joints of old bones.

Considering herself disgraced of love embroyded her clothes,
If the heaven falls on dayr my hirqa will get its shoulder.

How can a flower of dating grow in the world's garden? For here
Rains are arrows of separation; water flood is the eyes' tear.

If Navoi's bone catches fire from his soul, no wonder,
For it is the fire of love and these are its woods.

Gar bahor el topsa bo'stondin gulu rayhon isi,
Kelur ul rayhon ila guldin manga hijron isi.

Menki bir guldin jahon bog'ida bo'e topmadim,
Naylayin, qilsa muattar dahrni bo'ston isi.

La'li hajrinda nihon ashkim so'zin ag'yor aro
Desa bo'lmaskim, kelur ul nav' so'zdin qon isi.

Qaydakim jonbaxsh la'lidin Masihoso kalom
Surdi, ul yerdin kelur yuz qaridin so'ng jon isi.

Jon isi tutti jahonni, men borurmen ko'yiga
Kim, tilar el jon isi, men istaram jonon isi.

Ey gado, olam eliga shayalillah demakim,
Bu chamandin kelmadi hargiz guli ehson isi.

Chun Navoiyg'a kelur hijron isi har dam, ne sud,
Gar bahor el topsa bo'stondin gulu rayhon isi.

In spring people enjoy fragrance of flowers and basils,
Those flowers and basils bring me smell of separation.

In the world garden I could not find a smell of a flower,
What can I do, if this world is full of diverse odor?

In separation from ruby lips I shed tears secretly,
Among rivals any word of it smells of blood.

Wherever her ruby lips resurrect life it asserts Jesus' verses,
Though hundred years pass, life smells from that place.

Soul's smell filled the world, I will go to her street,
People want soul's smell, but I need odor of a beloved.

Hey, beggar, don't say shayallilah⁵ to the world people,
From this flower bed never came a smell of charity.

Every moment parting smell reaches Navoi, when,
People enjoy fragrance of flowers and basils in spring.

⁵ Shayallilah – “Give alms for God's sake”,

Kecha kelgumdur debon ul sarvi gulru kelmadi,
Ko'zlarimga kecha tong otquncha uyqu kelmadi.

Lahza-lahza chiqtimu chektim yo'lida intizor,
Keldi jon og'zimg'ayu ul sho'xi badxo' kelmadi.

Orazidek ondin erkanda gar etti ehtiyot,
Ro'zgorimdek ham o'lg'anda qorang'u kelmadi.

Ul parivash hajridinkim yig'ladim devonavor,
Kimsa bormukim, anga ko'rganda kulgu kelmadi.

Ko'zlaringdin necha su kelgay, deb o'lturmang meni
Kim, bori qon erdi kelgan, bu kecha su kelmadi.

Tolibi sodiq topilmas, yo'qsakim qo'ydi qadam
Yo'lg'akim avval qadam, ma'shuqi o'tru kelmadi.

Ey Navoiy, boda birlan xurram et ko'nglung uyin,
Ne uchunkim boda kelgan uyga qayg'u kelmadi.

“I’ll come in the evening”, said my beloved but wouldn’t,
Till the dawn to my eyes the sleep would not come.

From time to time I went out waiting for her impatiently,
To my throat came my soul but that playful liar didn’t come.

If night was as white as her face, so careful she was,
But when it grew as dark as my life, still she didn’t come.

Missing my fairy beloved, I wept like a madman,
Was there a man who, seeing me, would not laugh.

Asking: “Why do your eyes shed tears all the time?” - kill me not,
All that what came was blood, this night tears didn’t come.

Not a loyal man is found to make a step towards a beloved
When a man made his first step towards a beloved, she didn’t come.

Hey Navoi, with wine bring pleasure into your soul’s house,
For in a house where there is wine, sorrow did not come.

Gar alaming'a chora yo'q, bo'lmasa bo'lmasun, netay,
Gar g'amima shumora yo'q, bo'lmasa bo'lmasun, netay.

Ranjima yo'q esa adadi xost bu ersa naylayin,
Dardima gar kanora yo'q, bo'lmasa bo'lmasun, netay.

Jam' emas ersa xotirim, jam' o'lurig'a, zohido,
Hojati istixora yo'q, bo'lmasa bo'lmasun, netay.

Yordin elga komlar, buki mening sari gahi
Ko'z uchidin nazzora yo'q, bo'lmasa bo'lmasun, netay.

Mash'ali vasl ila ulus shomi munavvaru mening,
Baxtima bir sharora yo'q, bo'lmasa bo'lmasun, netay.

Qismi azalg'a shodmen, buki falak rioyati,
Holima oshkora yo'q, bo'lmasa bo'lmasun, netay.

Dedim, erur Navoiy o'z dardig'a chorasiz, dedi,
Gar alaming'a chora yo'q, bo'lmasa bo'lmasun, netay.

71

If there's no measure for my grief, let it be not, what can I do?
If there's no account for my grief, let it be not, what can I do?

If fate predetermined my torments what can I do?
If there's no end to my pain, let it be not, what can I do?

My soul is restless, hey eremite, in order to find calmness,
There's no need for a sorcerer, let it be not, what can I do?

My beloved treats people with mercy but even to my side
She would make no glance, let it be not, what can I do?

The night of folks is bright with a torch of dating, for my
Happiness there's no sparkle, let it be not, what can I do?

I am glad for my fate, it is the deed of the heaven above,
If there's no measure for my grief, let it be not, what can I do?

Navoi didn't have measures for his grief, said he,
If there's no measure for my grief, let it be not, what can I do?

Kimki bir ko'ngli buzug'ning xotirin shod aylagay,
Oncha borkim, Ka'ba vayron bo'lsa, obod aylagay.

Garchi xalq ozodasimen, yor agar bandam desa,
Andin ortuq anglakim, bir banda ozod aylagay.

Yordin har kimki bir so'z der, tuganmasdin burun,
Istaramkim, avvalidin yona bunyod aylagay.

Yor hijronidin o'lgumdur, bu nav' ermiş sazo
Ul kishigakim, biravga o'zni mu'tod aylagay.

Necha sabr avroqi yozg'ay ko'nglumu bir oh ila
Sarsari ishqing yetib, borini barbod aylagay.

Shayxdin zuhdi riyoyi kasb o'lur, yo rab, qani
Dayr pirikim, fano rasmini irshod aylagay.

Odam avlodida kamdur odamiliq shevasi,
Odam ermas, ulki mayli odamizod aylagay.

Ne balodurkim, falak har kimga cheksa tig'i kin,
Yongilib avval mening joning'a bedod aylagay.

Besha ichra devlar maqtuli o'lsun, ey pariy,
Gar Navoiy yona azmi Astrobod aylagay.

He who makes happy a person with a broken heart,
It is equal to reconstructing Kaaba if it is ruined.

Though I am a freeman of people if Allah says "my slave",
Know that it is much better than releasing one captive slave.

If everybody speaks about a beloved, until he finishes
His speech, I would like it repeated from the beginning.

I will die of separation from the beloved, it is a punishment
To that person who has become dependent on another.

How many times does my soul write pages of patience,
The wind of your love scatters all and carries away.

Sheikh can teach only the feigned devotion, O God,
Where is the man of dayr who teaches fano* traditions.

In human generation humane habits are not enough,
He is not a man who is inclined to the human race.

What evil it is? If the heaven raises a sword to revenge someone,
Treating me with cruelty, first, he hurts my soul, by this mistake.

In jungle let giants be his killer, hey fairy,
If Navoi pays a visit to Astrabad again.

* Fano – mortal world, mortal life

Ne chog'lig' toshkim Farhod ushotti,
Falak borin yig'ib boshimg'a otti.

Mening afsonam erdi bul-ajabroq,
Necha Majnun so'zin roviy uzotti.

Taharruk qilmadi hajr aqshomi charx,
Sirishkimdin magar bolchiqqa botti.

O'lum sardobasi erdiki, gardun
Manga orom uchun maskan yasotti.

Firoq ollinda erdi shahd yanglig',
Mazoqimkim o'lum zahrini totti.

Ko'p erdi ishq bozorida savdo,
Meni gardun vale olamg'a sotti.

Navoiy la'li serobing g'amidin
Yurak qonini ko'z yoshig'a qotti.

73

How many stones Farkhod dug out,
The Heaven threw them all on my head.

Outlandish was my fairy tale,
How long did the storyteller tell about Majnun?

At separation night the heaven did not move,
In the flood of my tears all were drowned.

The Heaven made dwelling for my rest,
But it became a deep pond of death.

Comparing with separation pain, deadly poison
Seems sweeter than honey in my mouth.

In the market of love there were many trades,
But the heaven sold me to the world both.

For the grief of your wet ruby lips, Navoi
Mixed the tears of eyes with his heart's blood.

Dasht aro dermenki Majnuni o'zumga uchratay,
Hush andin o'rganib, devonalig'ni o'rgatay.

Zuhdu taqvo ahli pandimg'a agar jam o'lsalar,
G'am emas, bir oh barqidin borisin butratay.

Bog' gulgashtida beinsoflig'dur, gar desam
Sarvni qaddingg'a, gulni orazingg'a o'xshatay.

Ul gul uyg'onmas quyosh chiqquncha, har tun necha men
Nolai shabgir ila tong qushlarini uyg'otay.

Ul pariyvash tiftl maxtabdin toriqmish, piri dayr
Qo'yki, bir dam ani majnunlug'lar aylab o'ynatay.

Bo'lsalar Farhodu Majnun bul-ajab holimni deb,
Goh ani kulduray, gohi bu birni yig'latay.

Deb emishsen bir xadang otqum Navoiy ko'ngliga,
To'qta onchakim, qarori yo'q ko'ngulni to'qtatay.

In the desert I want to meet Majnun, said I,
Learning from him sense, I'll teach him madness.

If people of devout and ascetics gather to edify me,
No worry, I scatter all of them by a lightning of my sigh.

While walking in the flower garden it is not fair if I say,
A cypress is like your body and a rose is like your face.

That rose will not wake up before sunrise, how many times
Every night I wake the birds of dawn with my night woes.

That fairy seems from young beauties school, pir of dayr*
Let me entertain her for a moment demonstrating madness.

For my strange state if they become Farkhod and Majnun,
The one I will make laugh and the other I will make cry.

You said: "I shoot an arrow to the heart of Navoi,
Wait for a while at first I will stop indecisive heart.

* Pir of dayr – an old man of the world; man of tavern

Bu sababdin yorumish go'yo Xuroson kishvari
Kim, chiqibdur boxtardin oftobi xovari.

Boxtarg'a tegru xovardin yoritmoq juz quyosh,
Ravshan ermas barcha gar xud bo'lsa mohu Mushtariy.

Qaysi mohu Mushtariy ulkim quyosh bir lam'adur,
Nuridin, vah, buyla kim ko'rmish saodat axtari.

Ul ne yuzdurkim, yozarda vasfini yuz ming quyosh
Safha gar yetkursa yuz yilda tuganmas daftari.

Husnini aning quyosh tashbihi qilmoq uyladur
Kim, degaylar xo'bliqda devga o'xshar pariy.

Bo'lsa husni yuz quyoshcha, ishqim o'tidin erur,
Bir sharar yuz ming tamug'ning shu'la birla axgari.

Ey Navoiy, sen kebi oshiq magar loyiq ekin,
Har kishikim, dilbaringdek bo'lsa aning dilbari.

The country Horasan was illuminated, for
The sun of the east rose from the west.

Is it possible to light from east to west without the sun?
Even if they all are like the moon and Venus.

The light of the moon, Venus and the sun is one flame,
Alas, who has seen such light of the star of happiness.

What a face it is! if thousands of suns write praises for it,
Its pages would not finish over hundred years.

To liken her beauty to the sun is just the same,
As the beauty of fairy is just similar to dev, said they.

If her beauty is equal to hundred suns, it's due to my love,
One sparkle is equal to thousands of hell's glows and coals.

Hey Navoi, if there is a lover as worthy as you are,
Let anyone's beloved be treated as your beloved.

Necha ko'nglum pora bo'lsa, rahm qilmas yor anga,
Necha bag'rim bo'lsa qon, boqmas dame dildor anga.

Bir yuguruk tifi erur kirpiklarim ichinda yosh
Kim, yiqilib sonchilibtur har tarafdin xor anga.

Nomam eltur qush agar mazmunin aytib qilsa sharh,
Sochqay o't qaqnus kebi ming chok o'lub minqor anga.

La'ling ollida chekar el jonini olg'ach ko'zung,
Vah, ne sharbatdur labingkim, jon berur bemor anga.

Aql uyi sari inonin boshlamoq, nosih, ne sud,
Telbakim, dasht uzra markabdur buzug' devor anga.

Tortasen isyon yukin, xam qil qading toatqakim,
Yuk og'ir bo'lsa, ruku' ul dam bo'lur nochor anga.

Umri g'aflat uyqusi birla tilarsen kechsa oh,
Ko'z yumub ochquncha kimning e'timodi bor anga.

Men xud o'ldum, ey sabo, ko'nglumni ko'rsang ko'yida,
Chiqma andin, deb nasihat qilg'asen zinhor anga.

Zor ko'nglum tushkali hajr o'tidin g'am changiga,
Ey Navoiy, o'xshashur ham ud anga, ham tor anga.

How much my heart is torn off, my beloved won't pity,
How much my liver bleeds, my beloved won't care.

The tear between my eyelashes runs and falls as a boy,
When fallen, thorns pierced him severely from all sides.

A bird will deliver my letter, if it tells its content with comments,
Its beak will be cut off and put on the fire like that of phoenix.

Your eyes seize people's souls and lay before your ruby lips,
Oh, how juicy your lips are, to it patients submit souls.

What is the use of the story about the house of reason?
A madman sits in ruins in the desert, its wall is a horse to him.

With revolt's load, bend your body to do a prayer,
If the load is heavy, you can't position for ruku*.

If your life passes in careless sleep, you'll regret, ah?
Within eyewink life passes, who is confident in his life?

I'm dead, hey breeze, if you see my soul on her street,
Advise her that she should never leave that place.

My weeping soul fell from the parting fire into grief's claws,
Hey Navoi, it resembles both to ud** and string.

* Ruku – bending position during praying in Islam

** Ud – musical instrument; a tree with fragrant smell.

Gul kerakmastur menga, majlisda sahbo bo'lmasa,
Naylayin sahboni, bir gul majlisaro bo'lmasa.

Bazm aro xushtur qadah kavkab, vale ermas tamom,
Mutribi xushlahjai xurshid siymo bo'lmasa.

Mehru mohu mushtariyu zuhra chun qildi tulu',
Hech nahs axtar tulu'i anda qat'o bo'lmasa.

Muncha bo'lsa ham muyassar, jam' emas xotir hanuz,
Toki mug' ko'yida bir mahfuzi ma'vo bo'lmasa.

Chun bu yerda ichkaridin rust bog'landi eshik,
Odam ermas ul kishikim, bodapaymo bo'lmasa.

Xushturur bu nav' amniyat, vale aqshomg'acha
Gar falakdin bir xiyonat oshkoro bo'lmasa.

Har kishiga umrida bu nav' bir kun bersa dast,
To abad g'am yo'q agar bo'lsa yana, yo bo'lmasa.

Umr bazmida nashot asbobi dilkashdur, base,
Gar havodis shahnasidin anda yag'mo bo'lmasa.

Ey Navoiy, gar nasibingdur abad umre, kerak
Xotiringda yordin o'zga tamanno bo'lmasa.

I don't need a flower if there is no red wine in a feast,
What can I do with wine if there is no beloved in a feast.

In the feast starry wine is better, but it won't be enough,
If there is no attractive, charming, eloquent singer.

When there rose the sun, the moon, Jupiter and Venus,
Let the star of misfortune never appear on the same day.

If all was achieved but the soul would not be quiet still,
In magician's street there would be no place of safety.

When here the door is tightly locked from inside,
That person is not a man if he doesn't drink wine.

Such safety is pleasant if it keeps till the dust,
The heaven will not make any betrayal at all.

If everyone in his life can spend one day like this,
He won't have grief forever as this chance'll be or be not.

In a feast the means of pleasure are pleasant to heart only,
If the guards of event don't commit robbery themselves.

Hey Navoi, if the eternal life becomes your fate,
Let your soul dream of nothing but of a beloved.

Buzdi ko'nglum kishvarin hijron g'ami tug'yon qilib,
Ohu ashkimdin birin sarsar, birin to'fon qilib.

Dard uyin qildi bino, ishqing buzub ko'nglum uyin,
Kimsa yanglig'kim, bir uy tuzgay, birin vayron qilib.

Tanda ohing shu'lasin, derlar, nihon tut, ohkim,
Bir ovuch xoshok aro bo'lmas choqin pinhon qilib.

Hajr ko'yida yalang jismimni ko'rgan sog'inur
Kim, meni o'lturgali eltur junun, uryon qilib.

Xorlar ko'nglumdadur sendinki, gardun tuzmagay,
Har birin otsam, bir ohim o'qig'a paykon qilib.

So'rma nevchun bedil o'ldung deb, o'zung chun hajr aro
Ko'zdin oqizding ko'ngulni, qatra-qatra qon qilib.

Shukrini ne deb ado aylayki, aylar jilva yor,
Elni holimg'a, meni o'z husnig'a hayron qilib.

Dahr elidin juz jafo mumkin emas topmoq kishi,
Lek har birga vafolar onchakim imkon qilib.

Yor ko'p qilsa jafo, kam qil, Navoiy, nolakim,
Gulga bulbul o'rgata olmas vafo, afg'on qilib.

With revolt the separation grief demolished my soul's country,
Made my sigh and tears turn one into wind, the other into flood.

Destroying the soul's house your love built a pain's house,
Like a man who builds one house, destroying the other one.

They say: "Conceal the flame of sighs in your body",
It is impossible to hide lightning in an armful of hay.

In the separation street he who saw my nude body thinks,
That my madness with bared body leads me to execution.

Because of you, thorns are in my soul, the heaven
Can't endure if I shoot arrows from each my sigh.

Do not ask why I was left heartless; it is you who forced
the heart bleed of teardrops from eyes in separation.

How can I thank God for my beloved to charm her beauty?
She made people wonder at me and me at her beauty.

From people it is impossible to expect nothing but cruelty,
Though you treated them with fidelity as best as possible.

If the beloved makes the more cruelties, the less you cry, Navoi,
A nightingale can not teach a rose to fidelity by moaning much.

Tun aqshom keldi kulbam sari gul gulrux shitob aylab,
Xiromi sur'atidin gul uza xo'ydin gulob aylab.

Qilib mujgonni shabravlar kebi jon qasdig'a xanjar,
Beliga zulfi anbarboridin mushkin tanob aylab.

Quyoshdek chehra birla tiyra kulbam aylagach ravshan,
Manga titratma tushti zarra yanglig', iztirob aylab.

Kulub o'ltirdiyu ilkim chekib, yonida yer berdi,
Takallum boshladi har lafzini durri xushob aylab.

Ki, ey zori balokash oshiqim, mensiz nechuktursen?
Men o'ldum lolu ayta olmadim mayli javob aylab.

Chiqardi shishai may dog'i bir sog'ar to'la quydi,
Ichib, tutti menga, yuz nav' nozoso itob aylab.

Ki, ey majnun, pariy ko'rdung magarkim, tarki hush etting?
Takallum qil bu sog'arni ichib, raf'i hijob aylab.

Ichib, faryod etib tushtum ayog'ig'a, borib o'zdin,
Meni yo'q bodakim, lutfi aning masti xarob aylab.

Anikim, eltkay vasl uyquasi ishrat tuni mundoq,
Navoiydek netar to subhi mahshar tarki xob aylab.

Last night that beauty came to my hovel, hastily,
Her speedy steps made her face sweat as rose's dew.

Making eyelashes dagger as night robbers, encroaches on the soul,
With fragrance of musk and ambergris on curls she arrived.

With face as the sun she lit up my dark hovel,
From excitement I shivered like an atom.

Smiling she held my hand and had me sit by her side,
She started her speech making each word precious pearls:

"Hey my suffering lover, how are you without me"?
I was shocked, staying speechless, could not respond.

Taking out a bottle of wine, poured a full bowl,
She drank herself, handed me with hundred coqueties:

"Hey madman, have you seen a fairy, you lost mind?"
Drinking this wine, do talk to me, do not be shy".

I drank, and fell down under her feet, lost consciousness,
I became dizzy not from wine but from her kind words.

The one who, at pleasure night, enjoyed dating sleep,
Like Navoi would live quitting sleep till the Doomsday

Bizni zor etti bu ra'no mutrib,
Nag'ma birla tarabafzo mutrib.

Nechakim nag'ma chekib Dovudday,
Damda andoqki, Masiho mutrib.

Zuhra to nag'masarodur andoq,
Bo'lmadi davrda paydo mutrib.

Bo'lsa xurshid atovu Zuhra ano,
Tug'magay sen kebi zebo mutrib.

Seni to ko'rdum, icharda mayi nob,
Tilamas xotirim illo mutrib.

Ey xush ulkim, ani bu bazmda may
Qilmadi bexudu shaydo mutrib.

Buylakim, bo'ldi Navoiy uryon,
May bu nav' etti ani yo mutrib.

80

To suffer this beautiful singer forced us,
To please us this singer presented joy.

How much she sang as David*,
As a singer her breath is like Jesus.

Since Venus began singing, no such
Singer has appeared in this epoch.

If the sun is a father, and mother is Venus,
No beauty singer as you were not born.

Since I drank pure wine I've seen you,
My soul has desired nobody but you, singer.

Oh, how good it was in this feast for a man,
Whom wine made forgetful, singer fascinated.

Thus, Navoi was left without clothes,
Was it caused by wine or by this singer.

* David – prophet-Dawud (s.a.v.) One of his miracles is his voice and in the East his name became a symbol of the song.

Shu'lai ruxsorig'a ko'nglum qushi aylonadur,
Tong emas, gul sham'ig'a bulbul agar parvonadur.

Bulg'anib kulga, yaqosin chok etar har subh charx
Bir quyosh ishqida go'yo men kebi devonadur.

Yig'lar ahvolimg'a ham begonayu ham oshno,
To ulusqa oshno, ul oy manga begonadur.

Eyki, so'rdung hajr zindoni baliyat chohini,
Xayra maqdam, kelki, sen so'rg'an bizing koshonadur.

Kirpik uzra qatralarkim topti bu ko'z mardumi,
Mazra'i dard uzra go'yo ul ekin, bu donadur.

Zor jismimda so'ngakkim, bilgurur dandonasi,
Go'yiyo ko'nglum uyining farshig'a dandonadur.

Soqiyo, davron eli paymonidin yod etmagil,
Davr ayog'in tutki, matlubum mening paymonadur.

Ermas ul farzonakim, tark etti dunyo hosilin,
Balki hosil qilg'ali mayl etmagan farzonadur.

Ey Navoiy, so'zla voqi' dostonim ishq aro
Kim, bu dam Farhodu Majnun qissasi afsonadur.

81

Round the flame of her face my soul bird flies, no wonder,
If round the flower's candle as a moth a nightingale flies.

Covered in ashes, each dawn breaks off heaven's collar,
In love for a sun he has become as mad as me .

Both strangers and friends cry over my state, since then,
That moon has befriended with folks but with me alienated.

Hey you, who asked about sufferings in separation dungeon,
Welcome, come, what you asked about is our palace.

The drops on the eyelashes are like grains,
And eyelashes are sprouts in the field of pains.

Of suffering bone of my body inform my teeth,
As if the teeth are ornaments in my soul 's house.

Hey wine server, don't remember people's woes of time,
Let bowls with wine go round, my desire is a goblet.

A man who refused the world's harvest is not a wise man,
But a man who doesn't intend to harvest is a wise man.

Hey Navoi, tell about my vital epic poem of love, for,
Now the story about Farkhod and Majnun is a fairy tale.

Xating ichra labi xandon ko'rinur,
Xizr ila chashmai hayvon ko'rinur.

Ishq dashti aro g'amzang o'qidin
Ko'z yetar yergacha paykon ko'rinur.

Bil, junun bodiyasida menmen,
Qayda bir telbai uryon ko'rinur.

Lola butg'an kebi qon yoshimdin,
Tog'u vodiy bori yakson ko'rinur.

Garchi ishq ichra, base, mushkil bor,
Vasl ummididin oson ko'rinur.

Ko'zum o'ldi yana go'yo oshiq,
Baski bir chehrag'a hayron ko'rinur.

Lofi zuhd urma, Navoiy, har dam
Ki, aning aksari yolg'on ko'rinur.

Under your delicate hairs your smiling lips are seen,
In addition, Hyzr and water of life are clearly seen.

In love's desert because of your coquetry arrows
Everywhere the sharp tips can be seen in rows.

Know, it's me in the desert of madness,
To observe where the lonely madman is seen.

As though tulips grow from my bloody tears,
Both mountains and valleys are equally seen.

Though in love there are a lot of difficulties,
Because of dating hope, they are easily seen.

As if to be in love again my eyes are seen.
As if the beauty of your face is surprisingly seen.

Do not exaggerate Navoi your faith, every instant,
Otherwise, the most part of these words is seen false.

Bir kun, ey hushu xirad, men telbaga yor erdingiz,
Bexabar ham bo'lsam o'zdin, siz xabardor erdingiz.

Dard yetkanda davajo', yolg'uz erkanda rafiq,
G'ussa vaqti yoru g'amginlikda g'amxor erdingiz.

Nayladim, nettimki, bir yo'li chekib mendin ilik,
Emdi ermastursiz andoqkim, burun bor erdingiz.

Bo'lmasa hushu xirad g'amxorim, ey ishqu junun,
Siz bo'lung boqiyki, holing'a madadkor erdingiz.

Ishq agar zor etti, afg'on qilmang, ey jonu ko'ngul,
Toki siz bor erdingiz, ishq ilgida zor erdingiz.

Sotmangiz olamg'a savdoyi esam, ey dardu g'am
Kim, menga ishq ichra doim siz xaridor erdingiz.

Ey zamon ahli, fusunu g'adringiz ne aybkim
Ham zamondek doim afsunsozu g'addor erdingiz.

Rindlar bas tiyradur, siz xonaqahg'a tushkali
Ey xush ul kunkim, muqimi ko'yi xammor erdingiz.

Shomi hajridin Navoiyning xabar bergan ulus,
Go'yyiyokim kecha tong otquncha bedor erdingiz.

Hey clever-minded, once you were a madman's beloved as me.
If I was not aware of myself, of me aware you were

When I fell ill, you were my healer, when alone you're my friend,
When in grief and sadness, my caring friend you were.

What had I done, suddenly you left me
Now you are not as caring as you were.

If I had no clever-minded caretaker, hey love and madness,
Should you remain immortal, always my supporter you were.

If love makes me suffer, do not woe, hey soul and heart,
As long as you lived suffering from love you were.

If I've gone mad and maddest, don't forget me, hey grief,
For in the world of love, always my desirer you were.

Hey people of time, what is the guilt of your cunning and cruelty,
Just like that time, always cunning and cruel you were.

Since you went to monastery, the rinds have been in grieves,
Oh, what a good day that was, wine-servers you were.

Hey people, you informed of Navoi's separation night,
As if from dust till dawn awake you were.

Oqara boshladi boshu to'kula boshladi tish,
Safar yarog'ini qilg'ilki, tushti boshinga ish.

Yigitligim boribon, keldi boshima qarilig',
Fano yo'lida bu yanglig' emish borishu kelish.

Yuz ulki, qirqdin ellikka qo'ydi yuz, qilsa
Ming ishidin biriga yaxshiliq mahol ermish.

Erur hayotning o'q yanglig' o'tmakiga dalil,
Kishiki, yo kibi qadg'a asodin etti kerish.

Adudur olti jihatdin manga chu yetti falak,
Ne sud yoshim agar oltmish va gar yetmish.

Yigitlik o'ldi bahoru kuhulat o'ldi xazon,
Degay bu so'zni — qarilig'ni qishqa o'xshatmish.

Ne qish nishoti manga qoldi, ne xazon, ne bahor,
Nahorima chu xazon qo'ydi yuz, xazonima — qish.

Ne turfa ishki, birav chun toriqti umridin,
Desa uzun yasha, qarg'ishdur anga bu olqish.

Navoiyo, tutar ahli fano najot yo'lin,
Erishmak istar esang ishda, ham alarni erish.

84

My hair began growing grey, teeth started falling,
Get ready for the last road, test of time is to arrive.

My adulthood was gone, there arrived the old age,
On the mortality road are arrivals and departures.

If he who passes from forty to fifty, it is difficult for
Out of thousand affairs one can hardly end with goodness.

The best proof for life to pass as an arrow is that,
It is a walking stick to support his bent body.

From six sides if seven heavens attack me with enmity,
What is the use as my age is already sixty or seventy?

Youth is spring, middle age is autumn, he who said
these words, he resembles the aged with winter.

With youth left the pleasure of spring, winter and fall
So, my spring turns into fall, my fall into winter.

What strange it is, for someone who is tired of life,
To wish long life is not a goodwill but a damnation.

Hey Navoi, fano people are on the road of salvation,
If you want to join them, just follow their example.

* Fano people – people of transitory world

Bizning shaydo ko'ngul bechora bo'lmish,
Malolat dashtida ovora bo'lmish.

Anga baskim yog'ar tosh ustida tosh,
Tanida yara uzra yora bo'lmish.

Urarda dam-badam xorog'a boshin,
So'ngaklar anda pora-pora bo'lmish.

Balo tog'i aro yotqanda bemor,
Xirad sinjobi xoru xora bo'lmish.

Qora qildi nachukkim ro'zgorim,
Aning ham ro'zgori qora bo'lmish.

Qadah xurshidi qanikim, g'amidin
Sirishkim kavkabi sayyora bo'lmish.

Navoiy, choradin ko'p dema so'zким,
G'amingg'a chorasizlig' chora bo'lmish.

85

Our fascinated soul was said to be helpless,
In the desert of distress was said to wander.

So, on her there fall stones over stones,
On her body there are wounds on wounds.

Since she beats her head at stones,
Into pieces were broken the bones.

When the patient lies on mountains of disasters,
Fur skin was said to turn into thorns and thorns.

As she made my life dark,
Into darkness turns her life.

Where's the sun's bowl? From grief
Star of my tears was said to float.

Navoi, don't speak much of remedy,
A helplessness was said to avoid grief

Ishqing eliga ranju ano birla ixtisos,
Xayli g'amingg'a dardu balo birla ixtisos.

Fitna agar jahonni qora istamas, nedin
Istar ul ikki ko'zi qora birla ixtisos.

Maxsus bo'lmasam sanga yo'q ayb, bo'lmasa
Olam elida shahg'a gado birla ixtisos.

Topsa ko'ngul qadingg'a xususiyat, etma ayb,
Kim, ko'rguzar Kalim aso birla ixtisos.

Ul ko'zga qoshu kirpik ila ixtisos esa,
Ne tong qaroqchig'a o'qu yo birla ixtisos.

Ovoralarni ista jahon ichrakim, kerak
Dayri fanoda ahli fano birla ixtisos.

Ul gul firoqi ichra Navoiy fig'on bila
Bulbuldururki, topti navo birla ixtisos.

86

For your lovers, hardships, misfortunes are the same,
For sad people pains and grieves are the same.

If the revolt does not want the world to become dark, what for,
With two dark eyes she wants to become the same.

If I don't resemble with you, it is not sin, for
Among people shah and beggar aren't the same.

If the soul and your figure are the same, do not blame,
For words of Moses and his stick are the same.

If eyebrows, eyelashes of those eyes are the same,
No wonder, for a robber bow and arrow are the same.

Search for wanderers in the world, in fano's dayr *
People of dayrs and fano's tavern are the same.

In separation from that rose Navoi with his groans,
And a singing nightingale are the same.

*Dayr of fano – transitory world

*People of fano – transitory people

Gar jafo qil, gar vafokim, dilistonim sen mening,
Gar meni o'ltur vagar tirguzki, jonim sen mening.

Xohi ra'no qad bila borgil yonimdin jilvagar,
Xohi kel qoshimgakim, sarvi ravonim sen mening

Ko'nglum ichra sensenu ishqing ne dey holim senga,
Chun bu yanglig' mahrami rozi nihonim sen mening.

Jilva aylab har zamon, afg'onu ohim qilma ayb,
Ham sen-o'q chun boisi ohu fig'onim sen mening.

La'lidin bir-ikki so'z mazkur qil, ey xasta jon,
Bori bu bir-ikki damkim, mehmonim sen mening.

Telbalardin garchi rad qilding meni, lek anglag'il
Kim, pariy ruxsoralardin tanlag'onim sen mening.

O'ldi mehringdin Navoiy, bevafo debsen ani,
Ertagi nozuk mizoji badgumonim sen menng.

Though do cruelty, be loyal, my beloved you are,
Though kill me, recover me, my soul you are.

Though leave me with your beautiful figure, though
Come to me with beautiful steps my cypress you are.

In my soul are you, your love what do I say, my state?
Such a reliable treasure of my secrets you are.

Smiling at times my woe and sigh, don't blame,
The true reason of my sighs and moans you are.

Tell one or two words about her lips, hey my soul,
Since for one or two minutes my guest you are.

Though you rejected me, madman, but be aware,
Among those beauties the best I chose is you are.

From your love Navoi died but you said he wasn't loyal
Oh, a tender-hearted, suspicious, beloved you are.

Yo qoshingg'a qatl uchun ziynat farovon aylading
Kim, ham etting lojuvardi, ham zarafshon aylading.

Buyla ikki yo uchun soz aylabon kirpikdin o'q,
G'amzalar neshidin ul o'qlarg'a paykon aylading.

Naqdi sabrim g'unchadek og'zingda qilg'andek nihon,
Xurdai ishqingni ko'nglum ichra pinhon aylading.

Oллоh-olлоh, to ne fikr ettingki, la'lu g'amzadin,
Birni jonbaxshu birini ofati jon aylading.

Gul to'kuldi, sarv ham yeldin taharruk qilmadi,
Bog' aro to yuz ochib, qadni xiromon aylading.

Ne ajab, ey gul, iching qon etsa gardun laxt-laxt,
Baski, bulbul ko'nglini g'unchang kebi qon aylading.

Ey Navoiy, yor agar qovdurdi andin, anglakim,
Ko'yida o'tgan kecha haddin ko'p afg'on aylading.

To execute, your eyes, eyebrows you decorated,
Both azure and gold as sparkling you have made.

For these two eyes the arrows from eyelashes you made,
From the edges of a coquetry made for them sharp tips.

As you hid my patience treasure in your lips like a bud,
In my soul you have hidden the pearls of your love.

Allah – Allah, what you thought, your lips and coquetry,
You had one resurrected, the other take away the soul.

Roses scattered, the cypress did not dance in the breeze,
While you opened your face, walked as a peacock in the garden.

No wonder, hey rose, if the sky filled your inside with blood,
For you filled nightingale's soul with blood as your bud.

Hey Navoi, if the beloved ordered to oust you, it means,
That last night you groaned too much in her street.

Yor qutlug' yuzidin qoldi chu mahrum ko'ngul,
To nelar boshima kelturgusidur shum ko'ngul.

Yor bordi, ko'ngul andin burun itti go'yo,
Bir nima yordin aylab edi ma'lum ko'ngul.

Davr zulm aylaru, davr ahliyu davr ofati ham,
Necha zolimg'a asir o'lg'usi mazlum ko'ngul.

Rahmat ul kofiri qotilg'aki, bedod chog'i,
Rahm qilmas, nechakim, bor esa marhum ko'ngul.

G'uncha og'zi aro vahm etsa ul oyning og'zin,
Topqusi doirai nuqtai mavhum ko'ngul.

Ko'p vafo istadiyu topmadi eldin go'yo,
Kim, vafodek o'zini ayladi ma'dum ko'ngul.

Yor mavzun qadi vasfida Navoiy yanglig',
Nazm javharlarini qilg'usi manzum ko'ngul.

From beloved's happy face the soul was deprived,
What misfortunes will this cunning soul bring to my head.

The beloved left, before her my soul had left, as if
About the beloved the soul sensed something.

Time causes cruelty, so do people of time and disaster of time,
To what not oppressors will my oppressed soul be captivated?

Let thanks be to a disbelief murderer at a severe time,
No mercy is made for how much mercy is the soul worth of.

If that moon's mouth is compared with the bud's mouth,
An indefinite point will be found for a soul in a circle.

The soul wanted much loyalty, but didn't find among people,
As if the soul itself disappeared as the loyalty.

Eulogizing the straight figure of the beloved
As Navoi, the soul strings the pearls of the verse.

Balo dashti aro Majnun meningdek ko'rmamish davron,
Quyundek har zamon bir ko'rmagan vodiya sargardon.

Ne anduhu malolimg'a baliyat dashtidek g'oyat,
Ne savdoyu jununumg'a malomat bahridek poyon.

Tunum dayjur, o'zum ranjur, ichim g'amnoku bag'rim chok,
Tilim lolu tanim behol, ishim afg'on, sirishkim qon.

Zaifi dardi g'am pasha, nahifi mehnat andisha,
Zalili besaru somon, qatili xanjari hijron.

Fig'onimdin falak g'amgin, sirishkimdin jahon rangin,
Na dardim o'tig'a taskin, na hajrim dardig'a darmon.

Boshim g'am toshidin yora, tanim hajr o'qidin pora,
Ko'ngul bu yorag'a chora toparg'a topmayin imkon.

Ko'zum namliq, bo'yum xamliq, ichim anduhu motamliq,
Ne hamdamliq, ne marhamliq topib bu mehnati pinhon.

Manga ne yoru ne hamdam, manga ne do'st, ne mahram,
Manga ne chora, ne marham, manga ne sabru, ne somon.

Ham ahvoli tabohimdin, ham ohi umr kohimdin,
Ham o'tluq dudi ohimdin qorarib kulbai ahzon.

Falak rahzan, zamon dushman, badan ravzan uza ravzan,
Qolib jon xisravidin tan, chiqib tan kishvaridin jon.

Navoiy bo'lsa mehnat ko'p, ichako'r jomi ishrat ko'p,
Necha bo'lsa suubat ko'p, qilur vahdat mayi oson.

In a grief desert Majnun was said not to enjoy life as me,
In the valley he never wandered as a whirlwind as me.

Neither grief nor burden have boundary, as the desert of calamity,
Neither melancholy nor madness has the end as the sea of burden.

My night is dark, I'm upset, soul is sad, breast is torn into pieces,
My tongue is mute, my body-weak,
my deed is shedding bloody tears.

I'm weak from all grieves, pains, hard labor makes no fruits,
I have lost myself as if murdered by the dagger of separation.

From my woes the heaven grieves,
from the bloody tears the world is red,
Neither remedy for my sorrow, nor healing for my stained separation.

Grief's stones broke my head, separation arrows split my body,
The soul can't find any chances to heal these wounds well.

My eyes are wet, body is bent, soul is sad and mourned,
In these covert sufferings neither rival nor a close kin I have.

Neither a friend, nor beloved, nor a companion I have,
No way out, no balm, no patience, no mission I have.

From my difficult situation, from the same heavy life, also
From the fiery sigh's smoke my grief's dwelling blackened.

The sky is a robber, the epoch is an enemy, the body is a honeycomb,
The body remained without soul's king, the soul left body's dwelling.

Navoi, if there were a lot of difficulties, drink a bowl of pleasure much,
No matter how much are sufferings, wine of unity facilitates them

Har kishi yor ollida der chinni ham, yolg'onni ham,
Vahki, ul bovar qilur voqi'ni ham, bo'htonni ham.

Jong'a yettim muxtalif as'hobidin, ul dilrabo,
Uylakim ko'nglumni oldi, kosh olsa jonni ham.

Muddailar buyla hamroz o'lsalar yor ollida,
O'zga tutmoq farzdur o'lmakni, bal hijronni ham.

So'z dey olurlar gahu begah, mahallu bemahal,
Bas mahaldur, tark qilsam mulku xonumonni ham.

Chunki bag'rim qonini ko'z yo'lidin oqizdilar,
Dam-badamdurkim, surubturlar sarosar qonni ham.

Ey ko'ngul, dahr ahlig'a yo'q va'dayu paymon durust,
Necha kuygung sen dog'i, uz va'da, buz paymonni ham.

Hoshalillohkim, Navoiy aylagay tarki vafo,
Bevafo kofirlar olsa jonni ham, imonni ham.

In front of a beloved everyone tells both truth and lie,
What pity it is, she believes both in truth and slander.

From hostility of her friends I'd hardly die,
As she took away my heart so would she my soul.

If contenders became confidants of a beloved,
One has either to die or live in separation.

They could speak her whenever, early or later,
So it is high time I left all my possessions too.

For my liver blood was forced to flow as tears from eyes,
From time to time all my blood was forced to leak out.

Hey soul, people of the world don't keep their words, promises,
How long will you suffer, do break your promises and vows too.

May God save, Navoi will renounce loyalty,
If disloyal unbelievers take away soul and belief.

Hajr shomidin qorong'uroq tun o'lg'aymu ekin,
Yo rab, ul tundin xalos o'lg'an kun o'lg'aymu ekin?!

Barq yanglig' olam o'rtar lam'ai shomi firoq,
Do'zaxi hijron chiqarg'an uchqun o'lg'aymu ekpn?

Ko'yida itlar izi ruxsorima bo'ldi baho,
Mundin oyo qimmatliroq oltun o'lg'aymu ekin?

Subh furqat bir balo daryosi buzdi xalqni,
Shomi hijronimda yog'qon shudrun o'lg'aymu ekin?

Gul masallik toza qonlig' dog'lar birla tanim,
Dard bog'ida ochilg'an gulbun o'lg'aymu ekin?

Tiyr boroni firoq ahhob jonidini o'tar,
Hech yomg'ur mundin, oyo, o'tkun o'lg'aymu ekin?

Bog' aro gullarga o't soldi Navoiy nolasi,
Benavo bulbulg'a, vah, mundoq un o'lg'aymu ekin?!

Could there be darker night than the night of separation?
 O God, could there be a day when I get rid of separation?

The flame of separation burns the world as lightning,
 Could it be a sparkle of the separation hell?

On her street dogs' trace was a price for my face,
 Could there be more precious thing than this gold?

At separation dawn the river of disaster destroyed the people,
 Could it be a dew that fell at the night of my separation?

There is my body with bloody stains as a flower,
 Could it be the flower dismissed in a garden of pain?

The rain of separation arrows penetrates the soul of friends,
 Could it be the rain which has penetrated more than this one?

The groans of Navoi inflamed all flowers in the garden,
 To an unfortunate nightingale could such woes peculiar?

Bahor andoqki bulbul gul'uzori toza istarmen,
Ki, ul gulbong ila o'zni baland ovoza istarmen.

Chu ul gul toza-toza o't solur ko'nglum aro, men ham
Ul o'tdin ko'kragim dog'ini toza-toza istarmen.

Chu yo'q andoza ishqim birla shavqim'ga, ul oyni ham,
Jamolu mehr oyinida beandoza istarmen.

Eritsam gar ko'ngul choki uchun paykonlaring, tong yo'q
Temurdin chun hisori dard uchun darvoza istarmen.

Uzori shavqi tig'idin o'lub qonlig' kafan birla,
Aning har xoridin huro yuziga g'ozga istarmen.

Firoqing ichra rozimen falak jismim uyin yiqsa,
Xilofi odat uy vayron qilurg'a roza istarmen.

Navoiy nazmining avroqi zulfungdin parishondur,
Aning jildig'a sunbul toridin sheroza istarmen.

As a nightingale wants flowers in spring, so do I want a beloved,
With that pure flower I would like to announce myself aloud.

As that fresh rose inflames my soul again and again,
Let that flame leave fresh and fresh stains on my breast.

In love and passion there is no equal to my love, so,
In love and beauty, a matchless beloved I would like.

If I melt arrows of your love for stitches of the heart,
No wonder, for a fortress of pain an iron gate I'd like.

To die from passion for her face, with a bloody shroud,
From each thorn to make her beautiful face ruby I'd like.

In separation I agree for the the sky to destroy my body's house,
Contrary to custom to demolish the house a stone-cutter I'd like.

Pages of Navoi's verses spread over like your curls,
To tie them a thread of a hyacinth, sheroza* I'd like.

*Sheroza- a special silk thread for sewing manuscripts.

Falakdin yaxshiliq yetkay debon, ko'nglungni shod etma,
Yomonlig'kim yetar, holo unut, o'tkanni yod etma.

Zamona ahlig'a gar yuz quyoshcha ko'rguzubsen mehr,
Vafo zinhorkim, bir zarra chog'lig' e'timod etma.

Nujumu charx deb o'kma gadoning bax'yaliq sholin,
Tutunni charx, uchqunlarin anjum e'tiqod etma.

Fano ahli ayog'i tufrog'i sharhin yozar bo'lsang,
Qarog'imni hal ayla, ey rafiqliq, o'zga midod etma.

Midod etkan qarog'imni qilibon kirpikim xoma,
Ko'zumning pardasidin o'zga kog'azga savod etma.

Qilib solih amal kasbi shioringni saloh etgil,
Vale fosid xayoling birla har dam bir fasod etma.

Chu bilding, rizq erur maqsum, chekma do'stdin minnat,
Qazodin xorij ermas ish, adug'a inqiyod etma.

Tilarsen faqr dashtin qat'i qilg'aysen eranlardek,
Bag'ir su qil, yurak pargolasidin o'zga zod etma.

Navoiy, istasang uqbo murodin, nomurod o'lg'il,
Agar dunyo murodi yo'qtur, o'zni nomurod etma.

Expecting goodness from heaven, don't please the heart,
If evil comes, forget it soon, do not remember the past.

If with shines of hundred suns you caress people of an epoch,
Don't expect loyalty from them even in the size of an atom.

Don't praise a beggar's embroidered shawl, saying a starry sky,
Don't consider the smoke as the sky, and sparkles as stars.

If you write about the earth of people's feet of fano *,
Hey friend, dissolve my eyes' pupil as ink, nothing else.

Make ink my eyes' pupil, make eyelashes a pen,
And don't write on nothing but on my eyes sclera.

Learn to create good affairs, follow good precepts, but
Don't make wrongdoings each time with vile thoughts.

If you know each fate is predetermined, do not blame a friend,
Nothing happens without God's will, don't obey an enemy.

If you want to overcome the desert of faqr*, as sacred,
Drink liver water, a piece of heart, make a food supply.

Hey Navoi, if you wish the other world, don't be hopeless,
If the world has no goal, don't make yourself hopeless

Faqr* – road of Sufism.

Gulekim, yor bergay men kibi uryon gadolarg'a,
Magarkim, sanchqaymen ani bosh uzra yarolarg'a.

Ne gul, tufrog' keltursa sabo, ko'zlarga tortarmen,
Samandi yo'lidin tarjih aylab to'tiyolarg'a.

Ko'zu qoshini to ko'rdum — ko'zum qoshig'a hayrondur,
Yana hech iltifotim yo'q ko'zu qoshi qorolarg'a.

Chu ul begonavashdin oshnolig' ko'rdum, aylabmen
O'zumni bir yo'li begona barcha oshnolarg'a.

Ani haq asrasun bir o'zidekka muhtalolig'din,
Tarahhum aylasa gohi o'ziga muhtalolarg'a.

Jafosin garchi ko'p tortib, vafo qildim, talofiydur,
Gar etsa bir vafo o'tgan zamon qilg'an jafolarg'a.

Necha husn ahlidin yog'sa balo, ushshoq tortar, vah,
Balokash el tahammul aylamay netkay balolarg'a.

Menu may g'ulg'uliyu sho'x soqiy hukmi ijrosi,
Sola olmon quloq davr ahli aylar mojarolarg'a.

Zamona shug'li tavqi la'natin solg'an bo'yunlardin,
Ajab yukdin o'zin qutqardilar, yuz rahmat olarg'a.

Hamono g'ofil o'ldi podsholar podshohidin,
Gadoekim, o'zin muhtoj ko'rgay podsholarg'a.

Navo topti Navoiy, bargi gulkim, yordin keldi,
Aning altofi yetkurdi muni bargu navolarg'a.

Such flowers the beloved presented me, a beggar,
 Maybe, I will lay them on my head to heal wounds.

Not only the flowers but the earth brought by wind,
 I will rub it on my eyes likening it to tutiyo*.

Since I saw her eyes and brows, at them my eyes wondered, now
 To other beauties with dark eyes and brows no attention I'll pay.

So, an alien who was a stranger, became a friend,
 Since then for all my friends a stranger I happened ,

If she sympathises those who suffered because of her,
 May God keep her from sufferings for the sake of others.

From her cruelties I suffered much, but remained loyal,
 If at least she was loyal once all her disloyalties, I forgive.

How many troubles from beauties lovers suffered, oh?
 The helpless lovers can do nothing but suffer troubles.

For the noise of wine pouring, orders of wine servers,
 People's squabbles, argues in the tavern listen I cannot.

Thanks hundred times those who threw damnations of time
 Off their shoulders, freed themselves of strange burdens,

A beggar seems unaware of the king of all kings,
 As he imagines himself needy before the kings.

What a joy: the roses were delivered from his beloved,
 Happy and joyful Navoi became with her mercy and favor.

* Tutiyo – cooperas, is a rare healer for improving eyesight in folk medicine

Jong'a chun demen: ne erdi o'lmakim kayfiyati?
 Derki, bois bo'ldi jism ichra marazning shiddati.

Jismdin so'rsamki, bu za'fing'a ne erdi sabab?
 Der: anga bo'ldi sabab o'tluq bag'irning hirqati.

Chun bag'irdin so'rdum, aytur: andin o't tushti manga
 Kim, ko'ngulga shu'la soldi ishq barqi ofati.

Ko'ngluma qilsam g'azab, ayturki, ko'zindur gunah,
 Ko'rmayin ul tushmadi bizga bu ishning to'hmati.

Ko'zga chun dermenki, ey tardomani yuzi q ora,
 Sendin o'lmish telba ko'nglumning baloyu vahshati.

Yig'lab aytur ko'zki, yo'q erdi manga ham ixtiyor,
 Kim, ko'rundi nogahon ul sho'xi mahvash tal'ati.

Ey Navoiy, barcha o'z uzrin dedi, o'lguncha kuy
 Kim, sanga ishq o'ti-o'q ermish azalning qismati.

How did my death come, to my soul I said?
The reason for that was a severe pain in a body, said.

What was the reason of your illness, to body I said?
The reason was strong heat of an ardent liver, it said.

Hey liver, from where the fire fell, I said
The flame of a love's fire fell in soul, it said.

With anger I asked my soul, the eyes are guilty,
If he saw nothing, we wouldn't be charged, it said.

Hey you, humid, black hollow, to the eye I said
From you are all troubles of my mad soul, I said.

I had no will of mine, unexpectedly there
Appeared a moonlit face, crying the eye said,

All good reasons summed: Hey Navoi, now you'll burn to death,
Your destiny presented you the fire of love, finally, they said

Ey hayotim naqdi la'li xurdaqoning sadqasi,
Javhari jonim aqiqi durfishoning sadqasi.

Ko'zlaring gar notavondur, sadqa vojibdur anga,
Yuz meningdek notavon har notavonning sadqasi.

Qomatu qoshing alif, nunikim, ul husn anidur,
Har malohat ahlikim, bor bo'lsun aning sadqasi.

Qo'zlarimning mardumi xoling savodig'a fido,
Bog'i umrum gulbuni sarvi ravoning sadqasi.

Qulni boshtin evurub ozod etarlar, vah, meni,
Boshtin evur, lek ozod etma, joning sadqasi.

Ting'asen sargashtalnkdin, ey ko'ngul, gar bo'lg'asen,
Mehrnbonlig' bobida nomehriboning sadqasi.

Bo'lub ul gul sadqasi, holingni arz etmish sabo,
Ey Navoiy, bo'lsa yuz joning, saboning sadqasi.

Hey my life's treasure, to your ruby lips myself I sacrifice,
To the scattering pearls of your lips, my soul I sacrifice.

If your eyes are ignorant, it is necessary to make sacrifice,
May hundred ignorants to each ignorant be a sacrifice

Your figure and brows as aleph*and nun* shine of your beauty,
All who are from people of beauty, let them be their sacrifice.

May my eyes' pupil to your black birthmark be a sacrifice,
May the flower of my life to your cypress figure be a sacrifice.

Circling round his head an owner releases the slave, ah,
Round your head circle me but release not, my soul I sacrifice.

You will get rid of wanderings, hey soul, among merciful
People to that ungracious beauty you will be a sacrifice.

Being a sacrifice to that rose of your state the wind informed
Hey Navoi, let your hundred souls to the wind be a sacrifice!

Aleph*and nun* – arabic letters

Ajab emastur, agar bo'lsa dardim ogohi,
Mening shohimkim, erur dardmandlar shohi.

Ko'ngulda o'qlaridin oq uy aylasam, ne ajab
Ki, ko'nglum ichra vatan qildi mohi xirgohi.

Xayoli ko'ngluma kirgach, tirildim, anglamadim
Muniki, jonim ekandur xayoli hamrohi.

Masihu Xizr hayoti abad gadolig'ida,
Labingg'a har birining erdi shayalillohi.

Ko'ngulki, istar edi vaslini bihamdillah
Ki, uylakim, tilar erdi, yetishti dilxohi.

Bukim, bahori hayotim xazong'a yuzlanmish,
Erur dalili sovug' ohu chehrai kohi.

Meni ushatting, ayo sarv, bo'lmag'il g'ofil
Ki, ko'p shajarni ushatur shikastalar ohi.

G'urur husn ila johingg'a qilmakim, qolmas
Jamoli olamiyu olam ahlining johi.

Zamona zulmn Navoiy boshidin o'lmasa raf',
Aning boshi druru shohi zamona dargohi.

No wonder, if my shah is aware of my pain,
My shah is the shah of the helpless, not in vain.

No wonder, if from arrows I build white yurt*,
For that ten's moon my soul became a dwelling.

As soon as her dreams entered my soul I revived.
But didn't sense that her dream was my soul's soul.

Jesus and Hyzr used to beg, asking for water of life,
Each said to your lips:" Do charity for God's sake".

The soul desired dating with her, thank God,
It reached what it had been dreaming of.

The fact that the spring of my life addressed fall,
It is confirmed by my cold sigh and pale face.

You broke me, hey cypress, do not be careless,
For the broken's groans broke many straight trees.

Don't be proud of your beauty and greatness, neither
world's beauty nor people's greatness will remain.

As long as the world's oppression is in Navoi's head,
His head will be in the court yard of world's shah

* Yurt – a white tent, a white house.

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Xil'atin to aylamish jonon qizil, sarig', yashil,
Shu'lai ohim chiqar har yon qizil, sarig', yashil.

Gulshan ettim ishq sahrosin samumi ohdin
Kim, esar ul dasht aro har yon qizil, sarig', yashil.

Shishadek ko'nglumdadur gulzori husnung yodidin,
Tobdonning aksidek alvon qizil, sarig', yashil.

Orazu xoling bila xatting xayolidin erur
Ko'zlarimning oldida davron qizil, sarig', yashil.

La'lgun may tutqil oltun jom birla sabzada
Kim, bulardin yaxshi yo'q imkon qizil, sarig', yashil.

Faqr aro beranglik dushvor erur behad, valek
Xirqada tikmak erur oson qizil, sarig', yashil.

Ey Navoiy, oltinu, shingarfu zantor istama,
Bo'ldi nazming rangidiy devon qizil, sarig', yashil.

100

As my beauty puts on her gown: red, yellow, green,
The flame of my sigh also sparkles: red, yellow, green.

The desert of love bloomed with my sigh's hot wind,
It blows in the desert on every side: red, yellow, green.

My soul reflects like the mirror from your memory,
As reflection of light through the frame: red, yellow, green.

Dreaming of your face, birthmark and delicate hairs on lips,
Before my eyes there is circling: red, yellow, green,

Hand me ruby wine in a gold goblet in sprouting season,
There is nothing better than this chance red, yellow, green.

In faqr* it is difficult to be colorless but
It is easy to sew on hirqa: red, yellow, green.

Hey Navoi, don't desire gold, cinnabar and a majolica,
The devon* has the same colors as your verses: red, yellow, green.

Faqr* – road of Sufism
Hirqa* – special clothing
Devon* – collection of verses

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MA'NOLAR XAZINASIDAN

Alisher Navoiy g'azallari tarjimalari parallel matnlari bilan

FROM THE TREASURY OF MEANING

Translations of Alisher Navoi's ghazals with their parallel texts

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