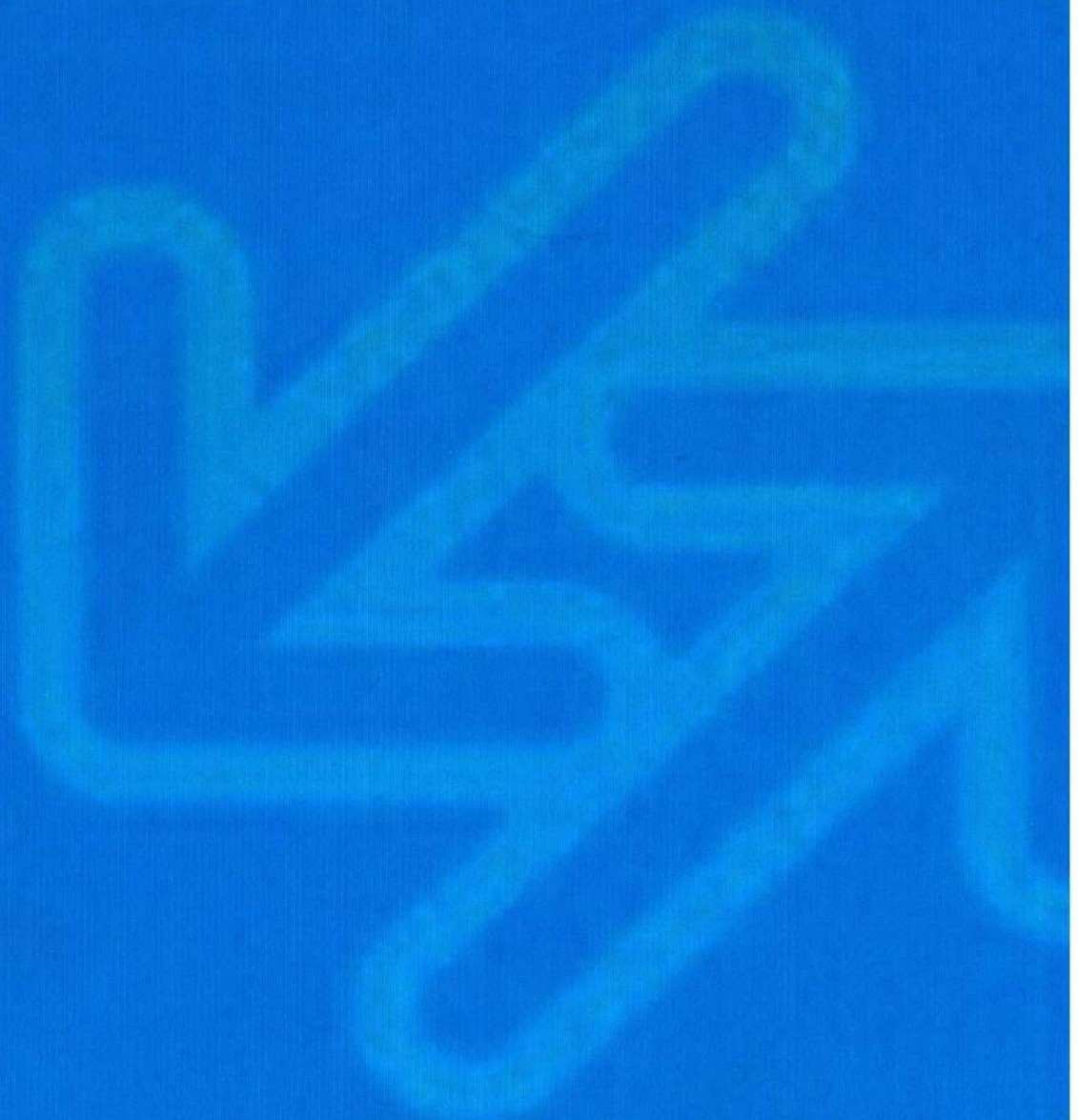


Olim Dadaboev

**TRANSLATION
PRACTICE**



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Namangan State University – 2019

This book is a methodic manual devoted to the translation analysis.

The book is intended for teachers, masters and students of the Faculty of English Philology of higher educational institutions, and can be used as an additional guide in the field of translation theory and practice.

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Introduction

A key skill to develop in reading literature is the ability to perform what is known as a “close reading.” Beyond reading for basic understanding of the main ideas, “close reading” demands attention to detail and an appreciation for how a piece of writing is constructed. Upon completing a “close reading,” you will be able to answer not only the more obvious “what” questions

- “What was that poem about?”
- “What does it mean?”

You also will be able to answer the more complex “how” questions ...

- “How did the writer use language in a unique or challenging way?”
- “How does the reader respond to the writer’s unique use of language?”

and more challenging “why” questions, such as

- “Why did the writer use that metaphor?” and
- “Why did the author risk confusing the reader with ambiguous language?”

An effective way to practice close reading is to focus our attention on the precise use of language and the structure of a poem. Perhaps you may feel less experienced or less confident in reading poetry in comparison to reading a short story. Learning to actively read poetry will ensure that whatever genre we read we will have the skill set to notice detail, appreciate the use of language, and to discern subtlety in literary craftsmanship.

This poems and their translation analysis given in this book offer good opportunities to practice active reading and complex reasoning skills and to build a strong foundation in “close reading” and “analyzing”.

Outcomes

The book will help students in:

- describing themes and major ideas of selected poems
- understanding basic literary elements of poetry
- interpreting selected poems for meaning and significance

- recognizing literary elements and formal structures of poetry
- demonstrating proficiency in critical thinking
- acquiring skills of solving translation problems

Poetic Language

All literature is basically metaphorical in nature. We use metaphors each day to make comparisons between the concrete world that we inhabit and the abstract world of ideas and human experience. Poetry is made of metaphor. It is a collision, collusion, a compression of two unlike things. Therefore, reading poetry helps to broaden our understanding of power of language to provide more than just literal meaning — the sort of meaning that can be obtained from a dictionary. Poetry evokes a language that moves beyond the literal and, consequently, a mode of thinking that moves beyond the literal. Because poets use language in unique and often challenging ways, reading poetry, like reading fiction, is an ideal way of developing complex reasoning and proficiency in active reading.

Poetry invites the reader to actively participate in the process of making meaning through language. The basic structure of metaphors consists of drawing comparisons between unlike things, and when we strive to understand, or infer, the connections that may exist between these unlike things, we begin to build our ability to think critically and creatively about language. From a literary standpoint, poetry is an essentially oral art form. It is meant to be read aloud. When we participate in constructing meaning by reading actively and making inferences, we participate in a kind of performance that is very similar to the dynamic between a singer and her audience. The poet will often even rely on the reader to fill-in the gaps or spaces in a poem with our own thoughts and emotions. The very best poetry is, therefore, deeply participatory.

Metaphors are essential to this participatory dynamic. Oftentimes, an entire poem can function as a kind of metaphor that attempts to make an abstract, or less clearly defined, concept more accessible for the reader. Poems do this by employing vivid imagery and similes.

All writing makes use of figurative language. Yet, the language of poetry focuses specifically on discovering meaning based on the way that certain combinations of words sound, as well as the way that groups of words appear on the page. Poetic language is fundamentally figurative; figurative language is

language used in a nonliteral manner, as in words or phrases that convey meaning beyond or in addition to the dictionary definition of those words. For example, the statement “The town judge is intelligent” is a direct description. However, the sentence “The town judge holds the keys to the kingdom of knowledge” offers a similar description yet with added layers of creative images and associative meaning that connects with other symbols of power (keys, kingdom); it also uses alliteration (repetition of consonants) to create rhythm and pattern .

Below are the types of figurative language and a full description of common forms of poetic language. Common Type of Figurative Language:

Apostrophe – A direct address to a person or object not literally listening;
ex: “Oh, Great Mother Nature how you test our spirit...”

Allusion – Reference to a well-known object, character, or event, sometimes from another literary work.

Hyperbole – Exaggeration used for emphasis.

Imagery – Words and phrases that appeal to the senses, particularly sight.

Metaphor – A direct comparison of two seemingly dissimilar items (does not use the words like or as).

Onomatopoeia – A word that imitates the sound of the object the word represents.

Personification – The attribution of human characteristics to nonhuman places or things.

Simile – A comparison of two seemingly dissimilar items using like or as .

Poetry translation difficulties

The difficulties of translation are especially well illustrated by translations of poems. Each word in a poem depends on all the meanings of the adjacent words and is determined by the numerous characteristics of the whole text, and the meanings and words themselves are multi-layered and reflect the author's spiritual search. Teaching a foreign language in the context of translating poetry is one of the most productive technologies for developing an understanding of language as a

holistic, sociocultural phenomenon. To translate a poem, you need to carry out a whole, multi-stage complex of comparisons of internal and external, obvious and hidden, ethnically specific and general meanings and contexts of writing a poem and its translations.

Understanding of poetic and other literary texts is a special dialogue that develops a person, expanding his understanding of himself and the world in several ways at once. These aspects are especially pronounced in the process of understanding foreign language texts, translating them into their own language and translating texts from their own language into a foreign one. In the process of such translation, not only and not so much a comparison of meanings is carried out, but also a comparison of meanings that the author sought to reflect in the text and convey and which the reader is able to catch and bring into the text.

Usually, knowledge of a foreign language is considered as the ability to speak, read, translate - that is, to understand texts created in a given language. However, translation, including conditionally literal translation, is a complex, individually and situationally unique activity that requires an initially conscious correlation of a whole complex of meanings and meanings that flow and "flow" into a huge semantic universe: starting from the semantic universe of man and human life into the whole, the semantic universes of the cultures of individual groups (peoples, etc.), and ending with the semantic universes of each individual subject - the author of the text. This multitude of universes creates an infinite number of variants of understanding, i.e., an infinite number of possible translations. "The difficult and at the same time creative task of a poetry translator is to decode the compression of the original linguistic material, extract concentrated explicit and implicit meanings from it and then present them in the compression of a new linguistic and cultural code so that the poem sounds like the original"¹.

¹ Фатеева Н. А. Постпереводческий анализ и послетекстовый комментарий в переводе поэзии // Иностранные языки в высшей школе. 2016. № 2 (37). С. 57–63.

In order to speak a particular language "freely" and even more so in order to translate works of literary and artistic creation, it is also necessary to reach the level of art in the field of translation. Meeting with different versions of translation, however, one can investigate this phenomenon and find ways to form and develop the "art of translation". Different researchers of this art can find very similar typologies of translation: in many respects similar to the levels of its development. In his development, the translator moves from literal, superficial to deep, contextual translation, in the process of which he becomes de facto a co-author of poems.

Translation is an understanding activity that requires trans-ordinary knowledge of both one's – the original and the translated language. The difficulties of translation are especially well illustrated by translations of poems, the work on which is not only cognitive or communicative, but also spiritual, including a value dialogue, understanding as an existential process, the activity of a specialist.

Assuming the form the only means to express the spirit, N.S. Gumilyov includes among the requirements for the translator the need to preserve the meter and the size of the original, believing that they have their own meanings: for example, the hardness of the iambic is capable of conveying "the intensity of human will," and the impetuosity of anapest is the power of human passion².

Poetic translation is one of the most difficult activities. There are several problems in translating poetry: poetry often has several levels of meaning, and often behind an obvious top layer, which at first glance may seem prosaic or unsophisticated, in the process of discussion it opens up with ever richer hidden "lower" layers, often without even having a single general semantic interpretation ... In addition, poems have a special tempo, a special "musicality" of words, which is often extremely difficult to reproduce in the target language without more or less significant distortion of the meaning. In addition, poems are usually very carefully structured, with specific pieces of information and phrases that are also difficult to

² Гумилев Н. С. Сочинения. В 3 т. Т. 3: Письма о русской поэзии. М.: Художественная литература, 1991. С. 28–33.

reproduce verbatim and accurately. Many translators believe that it is almost impossible to translate poetry.

The transfer of the main meaning and structure of the poem requires that the translator himself be a poet, and not just a poet, but a poet who can truly understand what is inside the poem, like a work of art, and recreate it in a form and content that does not impoverish the original.

It is not surprising that a small proportion of translators who considered themselves successful in poetic translation were themselves poets. However, sometimes the translator “has no choice”: he is forced to work on a poem, rendering a service to someone or satisfying the requirements of a client important to him. Therefore, when starting a translation, you need to start with research: is there any scientific research about the translated poem; what experts say about his translation; is there an opportunity to consult the author of the poem or someone who, at least, studied his work.

It is advisable to possibly learn more about the author and, if the poet is no longer available, to find his biography in order to learn about his or her life and its understanding. Getting to know a poet can help a translator understand the nuances of a poem. It can be helpful to find authors and poems in your own culture who have a similar writing style and a similar life story. Unfortunately, it is impossible to convey all the originality of the poem in its translation, and translators who have the opportunity to read and comprehend the poem in both languages understand this especially well.

At the same time, the translation adds “new linguistic worlds” - to the world to which we are accustomed and consider the only one, relieves us of clichés, awakens us to life, shaking up our old life, ideas and experiences, as well as a good trip to an unknown country. It is helpful to read the poem several times, researching specific phrases and trying to truly understand its meaning. Then it is useful to write down the howl interpretation of the poem - not the literal meaning, but what the translator understands by the lines of the poetic work. After that, you can literally translate line into line and try to keep the structure and form of the

verses. After that, it is fashionable to combine two versions: semantic and structural, creating, in fact, something new.

The translation should not complicate the understanding of the verse: no additional "encryption" of the meanings, which were clear in the original, is needed. A poetry translator must become the poet's "voice" and thus be able to create a poem that sounds as if it were written by that poet (and not a translator or other poet) directly in the target language (the target language).

The most important principle in translation is "no profit and loss" of any kind: contributions and "censorship" by the translator.³ The translation should be the same work as the original poem - it is a translation of the poet's experiences and ideas. Translation is not a "replica of the original", not replication. The translation is created in the dialogue between the author and the translator, he is the "child" of both of them.

Is it possible to translate Navoi's poems into English?

Translation of verses ... How difficult and specific for a translator is this task? And what are the specifics and complexity? For each of those who are engaged in such creativity the answers to these questions are somewhat similar, but also different in some ways. Everything depends, first of all, on the professional training and creative individuality of a person. Each in his own way decides what type of translation of poetry to choose when working on a work of a particular author. Many options are possible here: from the prosaic retelling of the original text in another language to the creation of a new poetic creation, adequate to the source in meaning and form. And, although the latter is, of course, aerobatics in the field in question, nevertheless, far from always a complete poetic translation will be better than its non-rhymed fellow.

In a poem, the beauty is not only achieved with the choice of words and figurative language like in novels and short stories, but also with the creation of rhythm, rhyme, meter, and specific expressions and structures that may not

³ Дейк Т. А. Ван. Язык. Познание. Коммуникация. М.: Прогресс, 1989. 368 с.

conform to the ones of the daily language. In this regard, translating is not dogmatic process. Vice versa, masterpieces in Uzbek literature is getting popular in the world day by day. «No one could write the best and the most as him» [6] the owner of such honorable words Alisher Navoi's works were translated into the decent languages. One of the firstly translated composition was “Sabba’i sayyor”. The composition “Majolis-u nafois” was translated by translators in XVI century. The book, which left an indelible mark in history of language “Muhokamat ul lug’atayin” was translated into Turkish and Tatar language in the late IXX and XX centuries. Alisher Navoi’s books spread in Europe XVI-XVII in fast pace. Recently, in honor of Navoi' French national library complimented Uzbekistan national library with Alisher Navoi’s books translated into French. In our country translation scientists are still working on translating Alisher Navoi’s works. M. Xolbekov, I.G’afurov, G.Odilova, G.Rixsiev, Q.Ma’urov, A.Obidov and etc. are known by their translation works. There were some misconceptions about translating Uzbek classic literature, because of its complicated structure in national spirit. Aesthetic values or poetic truth in a poem are conveyed in word order and sounds, as well as in cognitive sense (logic). And these aesthetic values have no independent meaning, but they are correlative with the various types of meaning in the text. Hence, if the translator destroys the word choice, word order, and the sounds, he impairs and distorts the beauty of the original poem:

G’urbatda g’arib shodumon bo’lmas emish,

El anga shafiqu mehribon bo’lmas emish,

Oltin qafas ichra gar qizil gul bitsa,

Bulbulg’a tikandek oshiyon bo’lmas emish.

A poor is said to be not happy in a strange land,

People are said not to treat him friendly and kindly,

Should there grows a red rose in the cage,

Is said not to make a company like a prickle for a nightingale.

Here translator is able to grasp deep meaning; however typical tune of rubai is lost. Translating literary works is, perhaps, always more difficult than translating

other types of text because literary works have specific values called the aesthetic and expressive values. In conclusion, the requirements of equivalence in the translation of emotive prose differ considerably from these in other styles where form merely serves to convey the content of the utterance and do not fulfill any expressive and aesthetic function (publicist style in all its genres being to a certain extent an exception). In these styles stylistic means and devices are merely used as their indispensable markers. But in the Belles-lettres style form and content are inseparable whole; their common goal is to affect the reader emotionally, to appeal to his feelings and to stir his imagination, to arouse his sense of values both ethical and aesthetic. The approach to the problems of equivalence is broader and more flexible in this style. Losses may be greater here but so are the possibilities of compensation because the object in view is to produce as forceful a stylistic effect as that produced by the original. While in the translation of official, scientific and newspaper texts the losses are grammatical or lexical, in the translation of Belles-Lettres texts the losses are also stylistic affecting the expressive value of the translated text.

Until recently, it was believed that works written in the Aruz meter sound strange to an English-speaking reader. However, the recent growing trend of Western poets writing ghazals opens up new possibilities in this area.

Navoi's poetry is metaphorical. All of it is the continuous escalation of metaphors in which the poet was unusually bold, inventive and accurate. Generous metaphoricality revealed to the reader all the colors, sounds, smells, forms of the world, all the manifestations of being that are basically joyful. Some metaphors and comparisons of Navoi do not go beyond the established poetic tradition, others are fresh and original.

The problem of translating metaphors in a literary text is one of the most complex and important, since a metaphor is the embodiment of original emotionally colored images that perform one of the most important tasks in the text - influencing the reader's imagination. The importance of the correct approach to the study of metaphor translation techniques is due to the fact that it is necessary to

adequately convey imagery and recreate the stylistic effect of the original in the translation. Therefore, the translation of metaphor is associated with the solution of a number of linguistic, literary, cultural and philosophical problems [2; 238-244].

Moreover, in the classic literature poets used the art of “istikhroj” that causes difficulties in the translation process. The art of “istikhroj” occupies a special place among the artistic means. The lexical meaning of this art is to “dig out,” that is, to extract words from the letters mentioned in the text.

We suggest two ways of translating ghazals. The first one is the prose translation of poetry. Prose translation of Navoi’s ghazals is the simplest approach to translating his poetic works. It is characterized by the fact that the output is a prosaic text that conveys as close as possible to the original semantic, informational and aesthetic components of it.

The objective of this approach is to maximize the disclosure of the idea of the original text, following all the intricacies of the author’s thoughts and transmitting all literary devices, except poetic ones. In this case, one of the most valuable components of the source is sacrificed - the poetic form of the work.

A characteristic difference of this type is that the text resulting from the output is completely devoid of such characteristic elements of the poetic text as rhyme, rhythmic structure and stanza breakdown.

Let’s consider one of Navoi’s ghazal taken from his diwan “G‘aroyib us-sig‘ar” (The wonders of childhood) and its prose translation:

*Ul oyki, mehr ila olamni muhtaram qildi,
Bu telbaga nedin, oyo, nazarni kam qildi?*

*Ko‘zum iziga yaqindur munga dag‘i yuz shukr,
Agarchi yo‘lida gardun qadimni xam qildi.*

*Nasihati esa ulus tezrak bo‘lur ishqim,
Bale, itikrak etar o‘tni ulki dam qildi.*

*Firoq sharhini har kirpigit yozar, go‘yo
Falak mijamni tengiz ichragi qalam qildi.*

Ul oy azimat etib yuz g‘am-u balo naqdin

Nasibim etti, yomon bormadi, karam qildi.

*Sipehr ishqda Majnung'a yozdi ko'p ta'rif,
Muqobilida zamona meni raqam qildi.*

*Ko'zumki qon aro bo'ldi nihon ajab ermas,
Ki «ayn»g'a chu dam o'ldi qarin, adam qildi.*

*Shukufa siym chiqarg'ach bu gulshan ichra xazon,
H'avog'a bargini sochmoq bila sitam qildi.*

*Navoiy jismin o'qung zaxmi etti domi balo,
Visol qushlari andin magarki ram qildi.[1; 326]*

Prose translation of the ghazal:

That moon(like Beauty) who made this world dear with her mercy

Why looks at me less who is mad in her love?

Though the heaven made me crooked in her love

To the god thanks for it made me near to her trace.

If people around advice me not to love her, my love will be more stronger,

Of course, the blow makes fire stronger.

My eyelashes write explanation of distress, as if

Heaven made my eyelashes pen in the sea.

That moon(like beauty) wished me hundreds misfortune and torment,

She did not bad by this, she kindly disposed to me.

The fate wrote much praise to Majnun on the way of love,

As in alternative to him this epoch created me.

No wonder that my eye disappeared in the blood,

*Like if you add the word "dam" to the letter "ayn" you will get the word
"adam" (which means disappear).*

The flowers in this garden blossomed in white,

And the defoliation caused them suffer throwing their leaves in atmosphere.

Your shaft's wound made Navoi's body trap of misfortune

That's why the birds of rendezvous fled away from it in fear.

When is the prose translation of verses unacceptable? You can't translate prose verses whose main value lies in their poetic identity: that is, when the semantic content of poems loses its charm if they are stated in prose. But it should be noted that in poetic form such poetic works are also quite difficult to translate: one must have poetic talent, no less than the talent possessed by the author.

The next way is poetic translation. This type of translation can be divided into two subgroups: free poetic translation where translation has all the properties of a poetic text, except for rhyme. In other words, the translation is in the form of a white verse; adequate poetic translation where translation corresponds to the original in meaning, form and its artistic properties, in which all the elements characteristic of the poetic work, including rhyme, are used.

It should be noted that the white verse is quite peculiar and often in terms of its poetic properties can even surpass a fully rhymed poetic text, if by poetic properties here we mean the elevation and beauty of the work.

No one will probably argue that translating in this form is much easier than in full poetic form. However, despite the fact that rhyme is not used in this case, it is necessary to observe the poetic size. In this regard, this type of translation, of course, requires the translator to have certain versification skills and knowledge of the types of verse sizes. In the way of the white verse above given ghazal can be translated in the following form:

*That moon who made this world dear with mercy
Why looks at me less who is mad in her love?*

*Though the heaven in her love made me crooked,
To the god thanks for it made me to her trace near.*

*If people advice not to love her, my love stronger will be,
Like the blow makes stronger fire.*

*My eyelashes write explanation of distress, as if
Heaven made my eyelashes pen in the sea.*

*That moon wished me hundreds misfortune and torment,
She did not bad, she kindly disposed to me.*

*The fate wrote much praise to Majnun on the way of love,
This epoch as in alternative to him created me.*

*My eye disappeared in blood, like if the word “dam”
Added to the letter “ayn” and then you got the word “adam”.*

*In the garden flowers were in white blossom,
And the wind made them fade in atmosphere.*

*Your shaft’s wound made Navoi’s body trap of misfortune
That’s why from it birds of rendezvous fled away in fear.*

The use of white verse gives the translator greater scope for creativity, due to the fact that it is not limited to the selection of rhymes.

As we mentioned before by adequate poetic translation we mean the creation of a poetic text corresponding to the original in meaning, form and its artistic properties, in which all the elements characteristic of the poetic work, including rhyme, are used.

*That moon with mercy this world made dear,
Why at me nor looked, neither came near?*

*Though the heaven in her love made me crooked,
To the god thanks for made me to her shade near.*

*Public’s advice not to love made me more adore,
Like the blow stronger made fire.*

*My eyelashes write explanation of distress, as if
Heaven made my eyelashes pen in the lake – mere.*

*That moon wished me dozens misfortune and torment,
It was not bad, thus she to me gave care.*

*The fate wrote much praise to Majnun on the way of love,
This epoch as in alternative gave me appear.*

*My eye disappeared when blood in it appeared,
Like you added “diss” to “appear” and made “disappear”.*

*In the garden when flowers were in white blossom,
The wind made them fade in atmosphere.*

*Your shaft's wound made Navoi's body trap of misfortune
From it birds of rendezvous fled away in fear.*

A poetic translation is the pinnacle of a literary translation of the text, as it requires the translator not only literary talent and the ability to write poetry, but also the ability to put the original meaning, idea, and even literary devices into the poetic form of another language.

The disadvantages of this type of translation activity include its complexity, laboriousness and high requirements for the skill of the translator.

One of the main problem with this type of translation of poems is the structure of the poetic text, which requires the use of rhymes and a certain poetic size. It is the poetic structure that causes so many difficulties in creating in another language an adequate text to the original. The fact is that the language of translation can significantly differ from the source language, both in style and in linguistic constructions, which sets the task of the translator to melt the author's ideas and images into the form of the final language.

The disadvantage of the poetic adequate translation is that not all language constructions can be given in translation. For example, in above given ghazal Navoi used the art of "istikhroj":

*Ko 'zumki qon aro bo 'ldi nihon ajab ermas,
Ki «ayn»g 'a chu dam o 'ldi qarin, adam qildi.*

Prose translation: No wonder that my eye disappeared in the blood, like if you add the word "dam" to the letter "ayn" you will get the word "adam" (which means disappear).

In this place no translator could give the meaning of the couplet as the art of *istikhroj* is based on the play on words *ayn*, *dam* and *adam*. In the translation these words get quite different views that translator can easily destroy the play on words.

When a translator undertakes to translate verses, he first of all needs to decide on one thing: whether the poetic size and structure of the rhyme matches the original or not. The first case is the most difficult, but also the best. If the translator

decides to change the structure of the poem, then you need to decide which structure is better to prefer, while the semantic content of the poem must be taken into account: the external form of the work must be appropriate for its meaning.

We may conclude that all types of translation of poems, which we talked about above, have some limitations and conditions for their use. Therefore in translating Navoi's ghazals it would be better to give both forms of translations: the prose translation and the poetic one that can supply each other to give the author's idea, language arsenals of the poet and of course the beauty of the language.

XX century Uzbek poetry and its translation into English

"Someone waits me, around". This poem is written by one of the talented Uzbek poets Uroz Haydar and translated into English by Azam Obidov. Actually, "Someone waits me, around" is a poem containing lyrical descriptions of the author's thoughts about life and people here. Translation has also been fulfilled successfully keeping its meaning and content as well intact. Besides, all poetic devices have been transferred into the target language skillfully and attentively.

The poem is about the human feelings, specifically a person who always hopes someone to wait him somewhere. He is so calm and cool that he doesn't expect anything more from life instead, his only wish is to leave a long way escaping from everything around him. The following two lines show his attitude towards the life:

"I wish to leave away a long way off,
But my soul is as silent as the ground."

The main character is in such a situation that he has bored of highs and lows of the life that always require one to overcome obstacles both psychologically and physically. However, deep-seated faith in his soul in the life and better future encourages him to live again reminding his nearest people are around him. So, in the next lines his mood raises a bit hoping that someone is waiting him around:

"I want to sing to gardens lovely songs,

Someone waits for me, you see, around.”

In the poem there is the voice that even though you feel a bit pessimistic, upset being fed up with troubles in the life, there are always people who love you waiting for you somewhere. So, there is always hope for you no matter in whatever situation you will be. The poet also implies that the life is like an echo which means you take whatever you give to others and with this simile he tries to remind people about taking care of people around them appreciating relationships. Then he mentions his dearest family who are waiting him far away:

“Every morning my father and my sister
Look forward to my coming in the road.”

The poet uses imagery very effectively in this poem. One of them describes the view in which the sun is shining over the river its lights “knitting a net” in it. It evokes the reader’s visual sense making him imagine a beautiful view in the river.

Moreover, there are lots of poetic techniques which serve to increase the impact of a poem. He uses examples of simile such as “silent as the ground “and“ life is like an echo” in these lines:

“I wish to leave away a long way off,
But my soul is as silent as the ground. ” and
“In actual, this life is like an echo,
In its fortress only grass I found.”

Here is also a sample of symbolism in the line: the word “grass” found in the “fortress of life.” Here the author gives a hint that the only thing human being takes from life is a “grass”- foods to be alive in life, after all. Nothing else – neither possessions nor our near people can be taken with us after death. So, why not appreciate them at this moment in time? Similarly, he describes the life like a ‘fortress’ where people enter from one door and leave it by the next door one day. As fortress comprises of bricks and blocks, in this short period of living time here, some people put new bricks on it to build it further, while some others just serve to fall away those put bricks in the fortress.

Moreover, there has been used a number of personalization describing mostly beauty of nature. For instance,

“In the river the sun knits a net,
But the river always holds sand.”

A very beautiful example of metaphor is applied here:

“Tightly chaining up the bird of time,
Someone waits for me, you see, around.”

The author describe the time like a bird in order to express “flying” feature of time. The poem uses a rhyming couplet and rhythm very cleverly. The rhyming words such as “ground/around, “sound/around”, “found/around” make the poem easy to go through the flows of thoughts.

All in all, the author was able to influence the reader motivating him/her to leave happily at the present appreciating people around him despite difficulties and hard times in life. Moreover, the translator could skillfully fulfill the task of translation which is considered to be an art.

“A word”

This poem was also written by Uroz Haydar and translated into English successfully by Azam Abidov.

The work is about the “word” – a building block of communication and relationships between people in society. In his poem the author describes the power of a word told by people towards others. In the first quatrain by using metaphor he describes the word “heavier than the earth” which means a word told by some people could be so hard to accept that your soul feels it like “heavier than the earth.” In the next lines the word is described with “wings” like “endless sky” implying that without limitation any kind of word can be told by either good or bad by the same mouth. It can go too far distances, but anyway, reaches the souls of the people you want as a destination. Here it is mentioned that with the help of one word you can make the people happy and cheerful while this word can be used to disappoint, upset them simultaneously. So, the author reminds the people about always knowing the value of word using it sensibly and tactfully.

In the next lines he uses personalization very effectively:

A word is such a lavish and generous,
It combs a stone of the heaven without a cutter.
Even when it looks at the world
It'll glance with the eyes of the sun.

The poet demonstrates the word with such generousness that it can warm peoples' hearts like the sun. With the help of only one word sometimes broken relationships and separated people can be brought in to reconciliation. Metaphorically saying, it is in the light of the lavishness of a word.

However, it should be admitted that there are some mistakes occurred in the process of translation in terms of meaning and relevant words. Take the example of the first two lines of this poem in the Uzbek language:

So'z shundayin saxiy va hotam,
Falak toshin betin taraydi.

Translation of these two lines is transferred into English like this:

A word is such a lavish and generous,
It combs a stone of the heaven without a cutter.

The underlined word "betin" in Uzbek means "without stopping" and this adverb is used to describe the action. Here the poet intends to say that metaphorically, the word combs the stones of the sky all the time and without stopping. But, in translation this has been translated like "cutter" which means a sharp metal or plastic device used to cut something into pieces etc. As a result, this influenced the translation of a poem to sound and give a different meaning from what the real author intended to say.

In another example, but those two lines the reader may also notice some grammatical mistakes, such as the one related to the usage of "such..." construction. Actually, this determiner is applied before noun or noun phrase to add emphasis. For example, *such a good film*. But here it has been used in the following way:

A word is *such a* lavish and generous,

It combs a stone of the heaven without a cutter.

As seen above, “such” is used before adjectives, not noun or noun phrase as mentioned in grammatical rules. Besides, an indefinite article *a* is used before those adjectives. Though, while reading it seems to be fluent and correct for us, undoubtedly, this may draw native readers’ attention at the first sight. So, as a translator we have to be more attentive in terms of every aspect of linguistics features of the target language.

Translation of Cholpon’s poems

The principal theme of Cholpon’s works is national independence and freedom. As we see the history, The Soviet Union was the state consisting of fifteen countries controlling them from the only center. At this time many strict measures were taken to keep the people under control and exploit those nations to the full. The folk was not treated fairly, even was not given a chance to take education at new schools while it was allowed only for the wealthy Russian children. As a result, this kind of condition gave a rise to backwardness of the nation having left them in ignorance of development and progress in life domains all over the world. So, the poet worried about his nation’s future, and with his poems he challenged them to struggle to be independent creating their future by their own. Thus, the time the poet lived and the difficulties in it made his works priceless in terms of reflecting real life principals, addressing national themes, and discussing heartbreaking issues of the people of that time. Moreover, his different writing style together with effective poetic techniques he used in his poems brought him the world recognition, but only after his death.

Cholpon’s poems have been translated into many languages so far, including English, French, German, Turkish and etc. A group of Turkish translators under the leadership of Ibrohim Yorqin and Saodat Chigatoy translated the poet’s works into Turkish; Arslon Subutoy and Yohannas Benzing did translation on Cholpons poems so as to make it available for German readers. Likewise, an English

translator Olaf Kerou along with American linguists Edward Alvord and John Mckane translated them into the English language successfully.

The poems such as “Kishan” (“Chains”), “Bas endi”, “Buzilgan o’lkaga”, “Ko’ngil” and “Kuz” were created at the time when torture and mistreatment to the people reached a peak, and thus the patriotic poet’s heart was rebelling against all that unfairness by the government. So, those works of his are highly appreciated by the scholars, and have been translated into other languages many times.

“Bas endi” is one of the poet’s most famous poems created in those troublesome years. The poem was translated for the first time by Edward Ollvord followed by the translation into English by Turkish translator Mel Kenne and young Uzbek poet Azam Obid.

In the case of Edward Ollivert’s translation, the poem was translated a bit successfully, in spite of the fact that only some parts, which he found more influential, of it transferred into English. Though, it is considered to be breaking translation rules, this served as a proof of his individual prospective. In addition to that, he didn’t pay attention to the translation of specific aspects of Cholpon’s writing style, such as the effective usage of poetic techniques and witticism. However, the rebellion and a deep resentment in the poet’s soul against the conqueror government have been conveyed more influential in the translations of Turkish and Uzbek translators. Besides, when it comes to right selection of words, the Turkish translator Mel Kenne was able to manage it more successfully than the other translators. Let us see the following examples as a proof:

Qo’limda so’nggi tosh qoldi,

Yovimga otmak istaymen.

Ko’zimda so’nggi yosh qoldi,

Amalga yetmak istaymen...

The last stone left in my hand,

I want to fling at my enemy;

The last wish left in my heart,

I want to reach the goal. (Edword Ollwort)

This last stone I hold in my hand,
I long I long to fling at my enemies.
This last tear that my eye contains,
I long to shed for my lifelong aims. (Mel Kenne)

On my hand kept latter stone,
I the enemy want attack.
In the eyes late tears shown,
And I wish to have high rank. (A'zam Obid)

This quatrain expresses the deep hurtful feelings of the poet. From the life history of the author it can be clear that he fell victim to the cruel conquering system of the government. He struggled for the freedom of his country until his last breath and wished to throw even the last stone in his hand to the enemy before his death. The predicate in these lines –“istamoq” conveys such deep willingness of the poet:

Qo'limda so'nggi tosh qoldi,
Yovumga otmak istaymen.

In the case of Edward Ollwort and A'zam Obid's translation this word has been translated into English in the form of “want”, but the Turkish translator expressed it with the verb “long”. If we have a look at the meaning of these words, want- ‘to wish for a particular thing or plan of action’. While the verb long stands for ‘wanting something very much’. So, it should be mentioned that the translation by Turkish poet was more complete and unable to describe fully what the poet was going to say to the reader.

In addition to that, the following next lines have also been transferred in different ways by those translators:

Ko'zimda so'nggi yosh qoldi,
Amalga yetmak istaymen...

The last line was translated like “I long to shed for my lifelong aims” by the Turkish translator while A'zam Obid and Edward Ollwort transferred it in these forms respectively: “And I wish to have high rank” and “I want to reach the goal.”

From this line also it can be noticed that the Turkish translator could keep the balance between the form and content and could realize the inner senses in the poet's soul. Because, to see his nation in freedom was not just a 'goal' for Cholpon, it was his "lifelong aim".

However, it should be admitted that in the work by Uzbek translator there occurred a big mistake in translating process of the last line. From the perspective of Uzbek translator A'zam Obid, the great poet with his dying breath wanted "to have high rank". He translated the Uzbek word "amal" like "high rank" and it was the mistake that might have changed Cho'lpon to a careerist in the mind of readers all over the world. It is true that the word 'amal' has its meaning 'high rank', but not in this case. There the poet used one of the poetic techniques – symbolism. Let's discuss this issue briefly first.

In Uzbek literature, symbolism is considered to be one of the effective tools of poets to imply hidden meaning as well as make the poem colorful. This serves to make the poem more meaningful and give a chance to readers to understand the work differently-depending on their outlook. For example, in Shavkat Rahmon's poems a number of them were used very successfully such as mountains symbolize 'courageous and proud Uzbek nation', and likewise a tree stands for 'life, hope and a human 'as well. Moreover, in Uzbek poems these symbols are used very frequently: a bus – an unfair world around us; birds – freedom, independence; nightingale – a bothered, distracted soul; the sun – light, subsistence, happiness; fetters – a sign of slavery, dependence; the river – the thought of the poet; the night – a sign of blackness; the soil – a motherland; the sand – unorganized people; the tower – the nation and its traditions, etc. Furthermore, the word "amal" is used to refer to renew, refresh of something. For example, there is an Uzbek proverb "Xamal keldi – amal keldi" which means when spring comes, the nature awakens. At the same time this can imply the life, freedom as well.

Thus, in his poem a great poet Cholpon uses a word 'amal' which symbolizes refreshing, renewing, and freedom as well. From his perspective, it can mean his lifelong aim-freedom which means even his last breath he wanted his

nation to be independent and he tried till the end for it. So, to my point of view, it would be real unfairness if we introduced such a patriotic person to non-native readers as someone who thinks only about obtaining a high position at work even on the verge of dying. All in all, the ‘destiny’ of both the author and the poem his wrote often depends on the professional skills of the translators.

Additionally, compared to the other translators, the Turkish one managed more successfully to keep the originality of the work reflecting author’s spirituality, his inner world and artistic skills as well. The following quatrain can also be a proof for that:

Yetar bas, chekdan oshgandir
Bu qarg’ish, bu haqoratlar!
To’liqdir, balki toshgandir
Tubanlik ham safolatlar!
That’s enough! There is finally a limit
To all these insults, this humiliation!
The edge that’s arrived a bit by bit
Is only self-doubt and deprivation! (Mel Kenne)
That will do, enough, no limit,
This reviling and damnation.
May be full or flowed out,
Baseness with low-down action. (A’zam Obid)

In these quatrains each of the translators showed their professional skills by tactful approach to the choice of words. However, in Turkish translator’s work the balance between form and content has been kept. Cho’lpon’s poem presented above rhymed in the order of *a-b-a-b*, and the same rhyming order is seen in Turkish version of the work. Additionally, Mel Kenne was able choose very appropriate English words which served to keep originality and real spirit of the poem. Actually, the English language has numerous words which means “*qarg’ish, haqoratlar*” in Uzbek. For example, *curse, imprecation, insult, revile, humiliation*, etc. But within this order dominancy belongs to the words *insult* and

humiliation that conveys the meaning Cho'lpon implied to the full. One of the scholars in translation studies K.Jo'rayev once claimed that translation is a reliable means of raising reader's cultural competence by letting them differentiate basic culture of both nations and build a bridge between them. So, translator should try to make the source language culture as acceptable as possible for the target language readers both keeping originality and bettering weak spots of the work and cultural norms in it. In order to be a good translator apart from a good language competence and translation skills, the one needs to have a poetic sense, natural elegance and a strict code of ethics.

The poem "Heart" by Cho'lpon was created in the time of social and economic hardships and has also been translated by the above three translators into English. Translators tried to transfer the work with their full potential, but it should be admitted that each of them has their own pros and cons which we can be a witness analyzing the following quatrain of the poem:

Ko'ngil sen bunchalar nega
Kishanlar bir-la do'stlashding?
Na faryoding, na doding bor,
Nechun sen buncha sustlashding? (Cho'lpon)
Oh, my heart, why do you
Be friend these chains so much?
You neither wail nor lament?
Have you become so lethargic? (A'zam Obid)
Oh my heart, why do you behave
So amicably towards these chains?
You never weep or writhe in pain
How can you endure your endless silence? (Mel Kenne)
What is this? My heart? Why such
With the fitters made you friends?
Neither wail you have nor much
Of the voice? And slowly sense (John McKane)

As seen above, John McKane was able to keep the balance between form and content. Other versions of the poem somewhat lack rhyming and real meaning. First, the poem by Cho'lpon was rhymed in the order of *a-b-c-b*, and the same order can be observed in Turkish translator's version only. However, when it comes to the right selection of words, Mel Kenne's version takes a priority over the others because of the fact that in the second line of the quatrain he applied the word "to behave amicably" instead of "be friend or friend" which is considered overused and a little far from a literary style. Moreover, his version shows that the translator could feel poet's inner voice better and realized what he intended to say actually.

To sum up, translations can complement each other, reveal different aspects of the original, and finally serve as material for future synthesis, for a more complete and perfect disclosure of the original.

The balance between form and content in the translations of Shavkat Rahmon's Poems

Shavkat Rahmon, a great Uzbek poet was born on September 12, 1950 in the city of O'sh. His parents were from Andijan and they had moved to the city when he was born. Since his childhood he was a bookworm, being keen on reading mainly poems of foreign literature. His first poems were published in the brochures of O'sh. He took bachelor's degree at the University of literature in Moscow together with his contemporary poets Halima Xudoyberdiyeva and Murod Muhammad Do'st. He published many poetry and translation books. Supporter of young voices in Uzbek literature struggled against oppression and for peace and democracy. He translated many poems from world literature. His first book was published in 1978 under the name of "Rangli lahzalar" ("Colored moments".) With his first book he entered the world of Uzbek literature with his own voice. This small book reflects his fresh perspectives on the life, nature, social events, love and death as well. In the flower of his youth his numerous books were published like «Yurak qirralari» ("Edges of heart") (1981), «Ochiq kunlar»

(“Bright days”) (1984), «Gullayotgan tosh» (“Flowering stone”) (1985), «Uyg’oq tog’lar» (“Awakened mountains”) (1986), «Hulvo» (“Mint”) (1987) and others. The most successful work of translation by him was Lorka’s book “The gloomiest happiness” published in 1989. His selected poems were published in the form of collection after his death. It includes great poet’s last and farewell works as if he told his last words to humanity.

Many works by him have been translated into numerous foreign languages so far, including the following ones we are going to discuss. They were transferred into English by Olim Dadaboev who is the researcher in the field of Uzbek-English translation.

The poem “Tarixiy ong” by Shavkat Rahmon is about attitudes of a poet towards ‘poets’ and their roles in our life. He wrote this poem from the perspective of young patriotic man of the country and severely criticizes a poet, i.e himself for such a stereotypical behavior. The translator could also achieve to reflect real meaning and intentions in the poem. He successfully struck the balance between form and content:

Ko’ksingdagi Muqanna bilan
O’zligingga qaradingmi, ayt?!

Musht zarurroq bo’lgan mahalda
Yozding go’zal she’rlarni faqat. (SH.Rahmon)

Have you ever looked at yourself?!

Does Muqanna in your breast exist?!

You only wrote pretty poems
When they asked to strike with the fist. (O.Dadaboev)

As seen above, these lines are rhymed in the order of a-b-c-b which is the same as Uzbek version. The poet criticizes the poet blaming him- on writing a poem behind flowerbeds- behaving such cowardly when he is asked to fight with enemies invading his homeland. Then the author mentions about a historical hero, Muqanna, who was the leader of rebellion against Arabians who were ruling Movarounnahr at that time. According to historical data, in 770-780 Muqanna

rebelled against enemies leading a large number of people against Arabians. They struggled to death to win the independence of their homeland. However, the government won and the people who participated in the rebellion were killed severely. Muqanna was such a brave man that on hearing surrendering of his people he threw himself in flaming tandir (a clay oven where bread or meat is baked). Since then he has become a sample of bravery and courage for young generation. This is the reason why the author asks himself about Muqanna in his soul which means bravery a in his personality.

When it comes to poetic techniques, the author applied them successfully so as to both enhance meaning and intensify the mood of the poem. For instance, in the first line metaphor is used to compare the coward to ants or describing such people even weaker than those creatures:

You are weaker even than ants
Oppressing you time is passing by.

In the next lines drawing the image of a “poet” the author uses simile and imagery:

Two eyes of yours look *like two puppies*
You can't look round with *an angry eye*.

Because of the fact that the tone of the poem rather aggressive, apostrophe is applied nearly all lines directly addressing the person:

You, poor man, weak and helpless man,
You hid yourself in the flowerbed.
Closing your eyes you are listening
To the people's sorrow, like the dead.

In the same quatrain above, the poet used a technique of hyperbole effectively in order to draw a clear picture of the character in reader's mind. The character is such a man that preferred to stay hidden in the flowerbed listening to other people's distress once he was asked to defend them. That is why the poet compares people with such a character to the dead considering them not to be

suitable generation for their ancestors. It is the cleverness of a poet that he uses oxymoron very effectively in that case:

You are not the braves' descendant,
How can the earth bear to your life!?
Do know, *braves died* in the wars,
Only *cowards* remained *alive!*..

In short, in the process of translation O.Dadaboev skillfully managed to keep the pace and mood of the poem as it is conveying the inner voice of a great poet.

The second poem of the author named "Urush suvrati" has also been translated into English by O.Dadaboev under the name "The picture of war".

The poem is about one of the terrible disasters for humanity, war, mainly its gloomy atmosphere and impact on society as well as people living there. The poet tries to draw the picture of the war in our mind showing reader how badly wars may affect people and nature. Translator could also achieve his aim of delivering the message in the poem correctly and in an effective way. He uses rhyming couplet and rhythm very cleverly. The usage of a steady rhythm makes it read like a song which fits with the title of the poem:

Suv o'rniga qon shimayotgan
Halovatsiz, bechora zamin.
Hasrat bilan yerga qaraydi
Chiqarmasdan xudolar damin. (Sh.Rahmon)
Poor ground instead of water
Absorbs only human being blood.
Looks at earth with a sad glance
Saying nothing in the heaven God. (O.Dadaboev)

The pace of the poem is average while the mood is neutral, neither happy nor too sad. The author sometimes seems to feel annoyed of humanity and in the poem he implied that man is creating wars by himself even though he knows their terrible outcomes. This catastrophe is devastating the world in addition to nature. That is why, even Gods are shocked staring at this bloody world and ground

absorbing human body. This tragedy is making Mother Nature so offended that the sun having lost in thought wishes to go far away from the earth. Then the author again turns to human destiny grew out of that war: as all men are going to war, women and girls are being left “like a forgotten fruit” in autumn:

The file of fellows without shadows,
Leaves for the unfathomable past.
Girls stay like forgotten fruit,
In the embrace of fall, loosing trust.

Furthermore, “The picture of war” uses poetic techniques very effectively. As the main poem characters are nature and natural objects, the poet uses personification in most cases in order to enhance the impact of the poem on readers. For example:

Poor ground instead of water
Absorbs only human being blood.
Looks at earth with a sad glance
Saying nothing in the heaven God.

Here, not only personification, but also hyperbola and imagery have been used describing the ‘poor ground’. In the third quatrain young girls are described like ‘forgotten fruits’ as a sample of simile:

Girls stay *like* forgotten fruit,
In the embrace of fall, loosing trust.

The next poem by Shavkat Rahmon has also been translated by O.Dadaboev. The poem is called “Ozodlik qo’shig’i” (‘The song of liberty’) which was written describing the life of old generation of great Uzbek poets. It is known that in the history of Uzbekistan when the Soviet Union was in reign, the policy which was called “qatag’on” was conducted severely jailing all educated people who tried to make the nation knowledgeable and well-educated as well. Because the government knew that if people had started to be clever they would have stopped obeying them. This policy of government caused the death of hundreds of poets,

writers, etc. of Uzbek nation. Cho'lpon, A.Qodiriy, Fitrat and others were the victim of that egoistic activity.

In his poem Shavkat Rahmon conveys the feelings of those innocent victims in jail. That is why the poem is called 'The song of liberty'. The translator transmitted it into English with its full meaning following the rules of form and content. Truly saying, he could hear the inner voice of the poet which serves usually to convey fully what the author intended to say in the poem. Besides, rhyming order is the same as the original version:

Bu qo'shiq ajoyib qo'shiqdir,

So'zlari kuydirar tomoqni,

O'limni nazarga ilmaysan,

Sezmaysan surgunu qamoqni.

This is the song that is so wonderful

Its words burns your throat,

You're never afraid of even death:

Neither jail, nor exile, no dout.

Additionally, trying to keep rhyming order as it is, the translator used the word "dout" which rhymes with "throat" in the second line. But searching this word it has been clear that there is not this sort of word in English. Even though the form was saved, translator was not able to deliver the meaning fully and correctly. Here if the word 'deport' had been used it might have given more suitable meaning than that.

Translation problems of religious and cultural values

Muso, Turkiyadan olgan kitoblar qani,

Sehr-jodu, karomatlar bitilgan kitob?

Nasaro butxonasidan olingan edi,

Muqaddas deb o'ylagandim! Bari yoqilsin...

These lines, translated by Maruf Jalil, are told in the language of Tamburlaine, the main character of the play "Tamburlaine the Great" written by

Christopher Marlowe. Interestingly, in the translation of Maruf Jalil, the meaning has changed significantly. In fact, Tamburlaine's statement sounds completely different:

Now, Casane, where's the Turkish Alcoran,
And all the heaps of superstitious books
Found in the temples of that Mahomet
Whom I have thought a god? they shall be burnt.

As you see in translation the meaning of the stanza is quite different. The reason why the Uzbek translator made so many changes to the translation is obvious: "... Maruf Jalil, whose consciousness did not allow this, burns Christian books in translation!"⁴. Here, the translator took into account the issue of Muslim religion and religious values of Uzbek readers. Moreover, Uzbek readers knew very well that Amir Temur worships Islam and deeply respects Islamic values, holy books and great scholars of Islam. Such things which put the translator on a dead end street should have been taken into account in the translation process.

Why did Maruf Jalil change the translation? Were these changes justified? To look for answers to such questions, we must determine the history of the creation of the work, the ideas that the author intends to convey.

To identify the problem that led the translator to a standstill we need to find out what Marlowe the author who made his protagonist burn a holy Koran had in mind. So, did Marlo hate the Muslim religion so much, or did he not know Amir Temur's attitude to Islam, the clergy and holy books? Maybe what Marlowe is trying to say is completely different?! To find answers to such questions, it is first necessary to study the social and political processes of the period in which Marlowe lived. Christopher Marlowe's work is undoubtedly a product of the period in which he lived. Therefore, in order to determine the influence of Elizabeth's society on Marlowe's work, it is important to consistently study the historical events leading up to this period.

⁴ Кароматов Х. Куръон ва ўзбек адабиёти. Тошкент, Ўзбекистон Республикаси Фанлар Академияси "Фан" нашриёти, 1993. 22-б.

Christopher Marlowe lived in a very complex environment, in the midst of a struggle between novelty and antiquity. He lived in the time of the oppression and reaction of the bourgeoisie, which reinforces dissent, and the reverse monarchy which has become extremely cruel.

The drama "Great Temur" was created in the era of such religious and political changes. It is noteworthy that although most literary critics view this work as a historical drama, the events depicted in it actually contradict historical facts in one hand. Christopher Marlowe portrays Amir Temur as irreligious and atheistic. He makes him burn the holy books, including the Koran in his drama. This is completely inconsistent with historical truth. On the other hand, the events depicted in the play really took place in history. So whom and what historical events did Marlowe reflect in his work? The views of the literary critic Lisa Hopkins can answer such questions. As she states other objects in the eyes of the British audience actually serve to show themselves.⁵

Before analyzing the book and essence of this or that work of each writer, it is necessary to study the period in which the writer lived, the country, this period and the political, social and economic situation in the country. Indeed, in fiction, of course, every image, character appears with a specific purpose. Both its formation and development are rather complex processes and are expressed in various forms. The image is born in the heart of the writer even before it appears in the fiction. This is the result of the intervention of the writer in life and the influence of marriage. The birth of an image in the heart of the artist, and then the image and creation in different situations in the work - these are the results of the writer's observations of life, what he learned from people's lives, how he reacted to it and his worldview.

Therefore, the works of Christopher Marlowe and his contemporaries are historically very important, since these works through public scenes expressed the tragic political and social events of their time.

⁵ Hopkins, Lisa. "And shall I die, and this unconquered?: Inverted colonialism. *Early Modern Literary Studies*.2.2. (1996): 1.1-23 RL:<http://purl.oclc.org/emls/02-2/hopkmarl.html>.)

At a time when the political situation was tense, it was relatively safe for Marlowe to use exotic names to describe events in his country. After all, "... in a foreign land, the insult of Muhammad and the burning of his holy book were permitted for the theater stage of the Elizabeth era, and perhaps they could have believed him, even benevolently."⁶

Supporting this views European literary critic Liane Marcus states that when Tamburlaine condemned Muhammad rather than Jesus, he would have done the same with Jesus if given the opportunity. He would have done so, but the era of Elizabeth would have caused a lot of controversy on the stage, and writing something like this could end with the death of Marlowe.⁷

Marlowe at his time witnessed that religion served only the interests of the ruling circles, and this, of course, could undermine the writer's faith in religion, which represented the lower class. "In England ... people repeatedly switched from Catholicism to Protestantism and vice versa, from Protestantism to Catholicism, and during the Tudor era, religion also changed with each change of monarch. Marlo watched these changes in religion and thought it was nonsense."⁸ Seeing the actions of the priests and the oppression of the people by various political games, Marlo tries to describe these situations in his work. But at that time it was dangerous to cover such issues in the theater. Any work devoted to religious matters and government affairs was prohibited by the queen. Many playwrights have distanced themselves from such themes. At a time when new religious regimes were introduced and the government was not fully consolidated, it was impossible to resolve the analysis of religious issues in the performing arts, which had a strong impact on the people. The author of the play "Tamburlaine the Great" takes a different approach, using exotic names and other religions, and "... speaking Persian was the best way for Marlowe to hide his feelings."⁹

⁶ Scott, Jeffrey. The Marlowe Society Research Journal. Volume – 5. 2008.

⁷ Scott, Jeffrey. The Marlowe Society Research Journal. Volume – 5. 2008.

⁸ Scott, Jeffrey. The Marlowe Society Research Journal. Volume – 5. 2008.

⁹ Gortazar, Isabel. Tamburlaine's sonnets. The Marlowe Society Research Journal - Volume 06 – 2009. Online Research Journal article.

Seeing that the monarchs and priests, who caused the useless death of thousands of people, were not punished by God for all the bloodshed, Marlowe speaks in the language of the main character of the drama:

In vain, I see, men worship Mahomet:
My sword hath sent millions of Turks to hell,
Slew all his priests, his kinsmen, and his friends,
And yet I live untouch'd by Mahomet.

It should be added here that there is no teaching in Islam that the Prophet Muhammad will return and protect his oppressed people and punish the oppressors. In our opinion, such teachings are applicable to Christianity. From this it is clear who the drama is about.

The fact that monarchs and clergy, who both encouraged and forced people to worship, did not follow their own teachings, and the mutual hostility of members of the same religion, in our opinion, undermined Marlowe's faith in religion. Thus, we can conclude that the main idea of the drama “Tamburlaine the Great” is not in describing the historical personality of Amir Temur and his attitude to the Muslim religion, but in “Marlo's attack on religion”¹⁰ of his time.

Translating the text of epic works and deepening the principles of recreating the national flavor of folklore in translation practice

In modern world folklore, special attention is paid to further improving the scientific concepts of translating the text of epic works and deepening the principles of recreating the national flavor of folklore in translation practice. As a result, a theoretical basis is created for the restoration of artistic means, traditional formulas, phraseologies, epic clichés that reflect time and space in the target language, defining the unique poetic nature of the national epic of each nation. Factographic observations of the authenticity of the text of folklore and its literary translation, in particular, scientific and theoretical views of the expression of poetic images and rhythmic systems, show that the translation of folklore is a very

¹⁰ Kelly, Michael J. Christopher Marlowe and Golden Age of England. The Marlowe Society Research Journal, volume-05, 2008.

complex and multi-layered creative process associated with the expression of the national character of artistic thinking. Indeed, in the process of translation, the main criterion is the maximum restoration of not only the formal aspects of the artistic and poetic text of a folklore work, but also the entire system of its artistic and stylistic, semiological, ethnocultural, historical and historical nature. chronological, ideodialect layers.

Translation of folklore (proverbs, sayings, etc.) is one of the most difficult types of work for a professional translator. The fact is that folklore is folk art, and each nation has its own history, customs and traditions, and much is expressed not only in ordinary words and phrases, but also in phraseological units, proverbs and sayings.

In order to correctly and efficiently translate folklore, it is necessary, in addition to the English language, to study the culture of that people, sometimes even its history.

Modern times are witness to the increased attention to the ethnic traditions of oral folk art in the past. The interest in the topic of translation of this type of texts is not accidental. Folklore texts are a source of knowledge about the origin and settlement of peoples, family ties with neighbors, wars, views on this and "other" worlds, the nature surrounding the ethnos. At one time, the outstanding scientist-philologist V.Propp said: "Not a single humanitarian science - neither ethnography, nor the history of literature - can do without folklore materials and research. We are beginning to realize that the solution to many and very diverse phenomena of spiritual culture lies in folklore. "

In our new Uzbekistan, systematic work is underway to translate folklore works into other languages of the world, since one of the priorities of socio-cultural activity is the widespread promotion of Uzbek literature in the world. Indeed, the translation of the classics of Uzbek folklore and written literature into different languages is one of the important means of enriching the culture and spirituality of the peoples of the world. In the modern context, literary translation, which is a manifestation of the needs of society, is often influenced by many

social, cultural, historical and geopolitical factors. At the same time, public demand requires an increase and development of translations of Uzbek folklore into English.

Poetry translations for analyzing in the classroom activities

Dreams (Langston Hughes)

Hold fast to dreams
For if dreams die
Life is a broken – winged bird
That cannot fly.
Hold fast to dreams
For when dreams go
Life is a barren field
Frozen with snow.

Orzu

Orzula yashagin
Orzusiz hayot
Parvozsiz qush kabi
Go'yo yo'q qanot.
Orzula yashagin
Orzusiz hayot
Hosilsiz daladay
Hayot unga yot.

The Star (Lane Taylor)

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.
When the blazing sun is gone
When the nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle all the night.
Then the traveler in the dark,
Thanks you for your tiny spark,
He couldn't see which way to go
If you didn't twinkle so.
In the dark blue sky you keep
And often through my curtains peep
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.
As your bright and tiny spark
Rights the traveler in the dark
Though I not know what you are
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

Yulduz

Chaqna, yulduzcha, har on,
Nesan o'zi men hayron.
Osmon toqiga xossan
Misoli bir olmassan.
Kun kech bo'lib so'ng quyosh,
Boshin qo'ysa ufq tomon
Zaif sochib nuringni
Paydo bo'larsan shu on.
Tunda adashganlarga
Ko'rsatasan o'ng-so'lni.
Aytchi, agar bo'lmasang
Qanday topsinlar yo'lni?
Derazamning ortidan
Mo'ralab men tomonga
Ko'zingni hech yummayсан
Chiqquncha kun osmonga.
Chaqnoq mitti shulangdan
Yo'lin toparkan odam
Bilmasamda neliging
Chaqnayvergin sen har dam.

Twilight (Byron)

It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high, note is heard .
It 's the hour when lovers vows
Seem sweet in every whispered word.
And gentle winds and waters near
Make music to the lonely ear.
Each flower the dews have lightly, wet,
And in the sky the stars are met.
And on the wave is deeper blue,
And on the leaf a browner hue
And in the heaven that clear obscure
So softly dark and darkly pure.
Which follows the decline of day,
As twilight melts beneath the moon away.

Oqshom

Bu damda bulbullar sayraydi
Tinmayin butalar shohida.
Mashuqa ko'ngillar yayraydi,
Oshiqlar shiviri, oxidan.
Yoqimli tuyular kuydan ham,

Shamol va sho'x soyning yallasi.
Gullarning labiga qo'ngay nam
Yulduzlar uchrashgan pallasi.
Jigarrang tus olar yaproqlar
Ko'm-ko'kdir mavj urgan keng ummon.
Naqadar sokindir bu onlar,
Tip-tiniq qorong'u osmon.

Why god made friends? (Robert Burns)

God in his wisdom made a friend
Someone on whom we can depend
A loyal friend who'd understand
And always lend a helping hand...
He felt we'd need somebody, who
Could comfort us when we feel blue
Whose special warmth and happy smile
Would make us feel that life's worth while...
Someone with whom to take a walk,
To share a book or have a talk
Who'd chat for hours on the phone
Or sense our need to be alone...
In short, God made a friend to be
Someone we're always glad to see
There's little else that God can send
That means as much as one good friend!!!

Oloh nima uchun do'stni yaratdi?

Yaratib bir mavjudot
Oloh do'st deb berib ot
Dedi: bandamga suyanch
Chekkanida biror ranj.
Tushundi Oloh shuni
Do'st kerak yomon kuni.
Do'st ko'tarar ko'ngilni,
Yorishtiradi dilni.
Do'st bu eng yaxshi hamroh,
Borsang gar u yoq, bu yoq.
Do'st bu yaxshi suhbatdosh
Bo'lar soatlab darddosh.
Qisqa qilib aytganda,
Oloh do'st yaratganda,
Dedi: yuz ko'rishgan choq
Bandam ko'ngli bo'lsin chog'.

Rabbimga bir arzim bor
Yubor do'sti vafodor.

I wandered lonely as a cloud (By William Wordsworth)

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats high over vales and hills,
When all at ones I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils;
Besides the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.
Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.
The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed – and gazed – but little thought
What wealth the show to me brought:
For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

Bulut kabi kezaman yolg'iz

Kezib yolg'iz bulut misoli
Suzib baland, vodiyan, qirdan,
Bir to'p ajib nargis guliga
Ko'zim tushib qoldiku birdan.
Ko'l bo'yida, daraxtzor ichra
O'ynashardi shabboda ila.
Yulduz misol ko'p va beadad,
Jimirlardi misli Somon yo'l.
Cheksiz edi, juda ham behad,
Qoplangandi qirg'oq o'ngu so'l.
Xirom etar boshlarin chayqab,
Adog'ini topmadim qarab.
Bir yonida to'lqin raqs tushar,

Biroq gullar go'zal undanda,
Shoir qalbi ilojsiz jo'shar,
Go'zal gullar ichra turganda.
Uzoq qarab bir o'yga toldim,
Tabiatdan ne bahra oldim.
Ko'kka boqsam so'rida goho,
Va yo xayol qilganda oshno,
Yolg'izlikda bag'ishlab huzur,
Ko'z oldimda bo'ladi paydo.
Shunda qalbim oladi orom
Va nargisla aylaydi xirom.

I Dream A World (Langston Hughes)

I dream a world where man
No other man will scorn,
Where love will bless the earth
And peace its paths adorn
I dream a world where all
Will know sweet freedom's way,
Where greed no longer saps the soul
Nor avarice blights our day.
A world I dream where black or white,
Whatever race you be,
Will share the bounties of the earth
And every man is free,
Where wretchedness will hang its head
And joy, like a pearl,
Attends the needs of all mankind-
Of such I dream, my world!

Orzumdagi dunyo

Orzularim dunyosida
Nafrat xissi yot odamga.
YAshnagay tinchlik-totuvlik,
Muhabbat to'lgay olamga.
Orzularim dunyosida
Hamma erkin, hamma ozod.
Xasislik engmas insonni,
Nafs balosi qalblarga yot.
Orzularim dunyosida
Oqu qora tengdir millat.
Hamma uchun barobardir
Dunyodagi bori ne'mat.

CHekinadi bunda kulfat.
SHodlik esa misli inju
Odamzotga qilar xizmat,
Orzumdagi dunyodir – shu.

My November Guest (Robert Frost)

My Sorrow, when she's here with me,
Thinks these dark days of autumn rain
Are beautiful as days can be;
She loves the bare, the withered tree;
She walks the sodden pasture lane.

Her pleasure will not let me stay.
She talks and I am fain to list:
She's glad the birds are gone away,
She's glad her simple worsted grey
Is silver now with clinging mist.

The desolate, deserted trees,
The faded earth, the heavy sky,
The beauties she so truly sees,
She thinks I have no eye for these,
And vexes me for reason why.

Not yesterday I learned to know
The love of bare November days
Before the coming of the snow,
But it were vain to tell her so,
And they are better for her praise.

Kuz tashvishi

Qayg'u, ko'nglim band etgan zamon,
O'ylar: go'zal uning-chun faqat,
Kuz kunlari yomg'ir yoqqan on.
Xo'l so'qmoqda yurar u shodon.
Unga yoqar bargsiz dov-daraxt.

Uning zavqi etar meni band,
So'zlaganda quloq solaman,
Uchib ketsa qushlar u xursand,
Xursand, xatto, atrof – past-baland,
O'rab olsa kumushrang tuman.

Dov-daraxtlar xaroba, xoli,
Nursiz olam, qorong'u osmon
Uning uchun chiroy timsoli.
"Zavqlanmaysan bedard misoli?"
Deya mendan so'raydi hayron.

Axir men ham bilaman o'shal
Qor nafasi kelmagan chog'i
Zebsiz kuzning ekanin go'zal.
Biroq bilmas. Kuzni bu mahal
Kerak faqat u maqtamog'i.

Ona tilimga (A.Oripov)

Ming yildirki bulbul kalomi
O'zgarmaydi, yaxlit hamisha.
Ammo sho'rlik to'tining xoli
O'zgalarga taqlid hamisha.

Ona tilim, sen borsan, shaksiz,
Bulbul kuyin she'rga solaman.
Sen yo'q bo'lgan kuni, shubxasiz,
Men ham to'ti bo'lib qolaman.

To my native language

For centuries nightingale's language
Never changed, always stays the same.
Imitating others' speech only
Has always been poor parrot's fame.

As you exist, my native language,
I sing nightingale's tune throughout.
When you disappear, on that day
I'll be like a parrot, no doubt.

Bas endi! (Cho'lpon)

Yetar, bas, chekdan oshgandir,
Bu qarg'ish, bu haqoratlar!
To'liqdir, balki toshgandir
Tubanlik ham safolatlar!

Qo'limda so'nggi tosh qoldi,
Ko'ngilda so'nggi intilmak,
Ko'zimda so'nggi yosh qoldi,
Kuchimda so'nggi talpinmak!

Bu qarg'ish, bu haqoratlar
Kuchimni tortmoq istaydir.
Tubanlik ham safolatlar
O'zimni yutmoq istaydir!

Ko'ngilda so'nggi intilmak,
Shu holda ketmak istarman.
Kuchimda so'nggi talpinmak,
Amalga yetmak istarman!

Qo'limda so'nggi tosh qoldi,
Yovimga otmoq istarman!
Ko'zimda so'nggi yosh qoldi,
Amalga yetmak istarman!..

Enough!

Enough! Insults, damnation
All have gone beyond the bound!
Baseness with low-down action
Maybe full or flowed out!

In the hand I kept the last stone,
In the heart with last desire,
In the eyes late tears shown,
In the last force I aspire!

These insults and this damnation
Want to drain me of my all strength.
Baseness with low-down action
Want to swallow me and my sense!

In the heart with last desire
Want to go on I in this fame.
In the last force I aspire,
I'm longing to reach my aim!

In the hand kept I the last stone
And I want to fling to my foe!
In the eyes late tears shown,
Like in spring I want to grow!

Ozodlik qo'shig'i (Shavkat Rahmon)

Bu qo'shiq ajoyib qo'shiqdir,

So'zlari kuydirar tomoqni,
O'limni nazarga ilmaysan,
Sezmaysan surgunu qamoqni.

Shalldiroq kishanlar hukmiga
Achinmay berarsan yoshliging.
Yuzlaring burishmas og'riqdan,
Farog'at bag'ishlar ochliging.

Kuylasang, chekinar razolat,
Chekinar kadarlar, nolalar.
Unchalik qo'rqinchli emasdir
Ko'ksingda ezilgan lolalar...

The song of liberty

This is the song that is so wonderful
Its words burns your throat,
You're never afraid of even death:
Neither jail, nor exile, no dout.

You never feel sorry for your life,
Though your hands are chained forever.
Even you don't feel suffering,
Starvation gives you pleasure.

When you sing foul thing recedes,
And so does sobbing, grief, sorrow, sad.
It's not terrible, do believe,
The red tulips oppressed in the breast.

Urush suvrati (Shavkat Rahmon)

Suv o'rniga qon shimayotgan
Halovatsiz, bechora zamin.
Hasrat bilan yerga qaraydi
Chiqarmasdan xudolar damin.

Qonga botgan dunyoni ko'rib,
Azoblarga berolmasdan dosh,
Ulkan, qizil quyosh har kuni
Olib ketar uzoqlarga bosh.

Ketayotir tubsiz moziyga
Ko'lankasiz yigitlar safi,
Qizlar qolar kuz og'ushida

Unutilgan mevalar kabi.

The picture of war

Poor ground instead of water
absorbs only human being blood.
Looks at earth with a sad glance
saying nothing in the heaven God.

Having seen the messy, bloody world
Not bearing torture every day
The big sun-bloodred, having lost in thought
Leaves the earth, goes far away.

The file of fellows without shadows,
Leaves for the unfathomable past.
Girls stay like forgotten fruit,
In the embrace of fall, losing trust.

Tarixiy ong (Shavkat Rahmon)

Chumolidan battarroqsan sen,
Vaqt o'tar jismingni yanchib.
Ikki ko'zing – ikkita kuchuk,
Qarolmaysan atrofga ranjib.

Ko'ksingdagi Muqanna bilan
O'zligingga qaradingmi, ayt?!
Musht zarurroq bo'lgan mahalda
Yozding go'zal she'rlarni faqat.

Sen bechora, notavon kimsa –
Makon qilding gullar ortini,
Ko'zing yumib, tilingni tishlab,
Tinglayapsan odam dardini.

Sen botirlar naslidan emas,
Qanday chidar poyingda rohlar!?
Halok bo'lgan botirlar jangda,
Tirik qolgan faqat qo'rzoqlar!..

Historical mentality

You are weaker even than ants
Oppressing you time is passing by.
Two eyes of yours look like two puppies
You can't look round with an angry eye.

Have you ever looked at yourself?!
Does Mukanna in your breast exist?!
You only wrote pretty poems
When they asked to strike with the fist.

You, poor man, weak and helpless man,
You hid yourself in the flowerbed.
Closing your eyes you are listening
To the people's sorrow, like the dead.

You are not the braves' descendant,
How can the earth bear to your life!?
Do know, braves died in the wars,
Only cowards remained alive!..

***** (Shavkat Rahmon)**

Jangda o'lgan emas biror bahodir,
bari halok bo'lgan xiyonatlardan,
toshday uxlaganda to'shlarin ochib
yo zahar qo'shilgan ziyofatlardan.

Biror asotirda bahodirlarni
hattoki yuz boshli ajdar yemagan,
ming bir sinoatli yalmog'izlar ham
tog'larni o'ynagan devlar yengmagan.

Bari halok bo'lgan xiyonatlardan,
bariga orqadan sanchilgan xanjar.
Shunday bo'lib kelgan azal-u azal
Mana shu jafokash, ko'hna Vatanda.

Har gal bahodirlar yiqilar ekan
kurakka sanchilgan nomard tig'idan,
qayta tirilganday bo'lardi nogoh
har bir bolakayning qorachig'ida.

Ishongil, hech qachon seni aldamas
sofdil elatlarning asotirlari,
birorta bahodir o'lganmas jangda,
qo'rzoqlar o'ldirgan bahodirlarni.

Not a hero died in the war

Because of treason they all died out
when they sleep hard with an open breast
either from the poison, no doubt.

By the dragons was never eaten
Any hero, in any tale or myth,
Neither by a mysterious witch
Nor defeated by a giant beast.

All of them died of the betrayal
All of them were stabbed in the back.
For a long time so it happened
In diligent and old native land.

From the villain's dagger stab behind
Every time when heroes fall down, die,
Again they seem to come back to life,
In the pupil of every little lad's eye.

Do believe that nations' tales and myths
Never deceive, never all they lie,
Cowards kill heroes always from behind
In the war no any heroes die.

Ibrat she'riyatidan tarjimalar (Translation from Ibrat's poems)

Ziyo-la yuraman desang dunyoda,
Ilm ol, hunar o'rgan, qolma piyoda.

If you want to be wise in this world,
Get knowledge, in the hand skill hold.

O'qingiz, ilmi hikmat sizga, bu ish katta Ibratdur,
Agar ilm o'rganursiz barcha ishda sizga nusratdur.

Edification it is so great to get knowledge of wisdom,
One is well-defended if he is in the knowledge kingdom.

Ilm o'qing, o'rganing, o'quting, ahloqi funun,
Zamonaga darkorlik ilmlar zarur.

Study, learn and morals you teach,
In need of knowledge an epoch each.

Agar ilm o'lmasa, nodon umri barcha kulfatdur,
Bu ashyoi jadidi mubaddini asli hikmatdur.

Without knowledge to misfortune stupid's life is subject,
This new changing thing is the wisdom, in fact.

598-g'azal (Navoiy, "G'aroyib us sig'ar")

Ul oyki, mehr ila olamni muhtaram qildi,
Bu telbaga nedin, oyo, nazarni kam qildi?

Ko'zum iziga yaqindur munga dag'i yuz shukr,
Agarchi yo'lida gardun qadimni xam qildi.

Nasihati etsa ulus tezrak bo'lur ishqim,
Bale, itikrak etar o'tni ulki dam qildi.

Firoq sharhini har kirpigim yozar, go'yo
Falak mijamni tengiz ichragi qalam qildi.

Ul oy azimat etib yuz g'am-u balo naqdin
Nasibim etti, yomon bormadi, karam qildi.

Sipehr ishqda Majnuna yozdi ko'p ta'rif,
Muqobilida zamona meni raqam qildi.

Ko'zumki qon aro bo'ldi nihon ajab ermas,
Ki «ayn»g'a chu dam o'ldi qarini, adam qildi.

Shukufa siym chiqarg'ach bu gulshan ichra xazon,
H'avog'a bargini sochmoq bila sitam qildi.

Navoiy jismin o'qung zaxmi etti domi balo,
Visol qushlari andin magarki ram qildi.

Ghazal 598

That moon with mercy this world made dear,
Why at me nor looked, neither came near?

Though the heaven in her love made me crooked,
To the god thanks for made me to her shade near.

Public's advice not to love made me more adore,

Like the blow stronger made fire.

My eyelashes write explanation of distress, as if
Heaven made my eyelashes pen in the lake – mere.

That moon wished me dozens of misfortune and torment,
It was not bad, thus she to me gave care.

The fate wrote much praise to Majnun on the way of love,
This epoch as in alternative gave me appear.

My eye disappeared when blood in it appeared,
Like you add diss to appear and made disappear.

In the garden when flowers were in white blossom,
The wind made them fade in atmosphere.

Your shaft's wound made Navoi's body trap of misfortune
From it birds of rendezvous fled away in fear.

420-g'azal

Oncha yig'latti jafodin do'stdur deb sevganim
Kim, kular ahvolima har qayda ko'rsa dushmanim.

Do'stkim qilg'ay meni bedodi dushman kulgusi,
Buyla dushmankomlig'din yaxshiroqdur o'lganim.

Do'st dushmandin manga ko'prak chu tekurdi jafo,
Ne ajab gar emdi dushmando'stlug' bo'lg'ay fanim.

Ursa dushman zaxm erur marham tavaqqo' do'stdin,
Ikkisi zaxm ura tong yo'q chok-chok o'lmoq tanim.

Ta'na birla buzma, ey dushman, ko'ngul uyin dag'i,
Ushbu baskim, do'st zulmidin buzulmish maskanim.

Do'stqa jon berdim-u dushmandur emdi, vah, ne tong
O'rtasa ham do'st, ham dushmanni oh-u shevanim.

Ey Navoiy, do'st xud yo'q, vah, ne holatdurki, bor
Boshim uzra dushman ikki diydayi tar domanim.

Ghazal 420

Of the torture made me cry a friend I love,
In result laughs at me entire foe.

Racking laugh of enemy made me a friend,
Than to be an enemy I'd better go.

No wonder if foe-friend will be my life style,
Than enemy my friend torture gave me more.

If the foe harms, look I for help of my friend
If both harm my body dies – it's bigger woe.

Ruined my life's castle by friend's torture, so,
Heart mine don't break with your reproach, you my foe.

Gave I life to friend yet he turned into foe,
No wonder if both of them suffer from my moan.

Navoi, no friend I have but what a case this,
Two sin eyes on head turned out to be a foe.

Fairy tale translations for analyzing in the classroom activities

YOU GET WHAT YOU SOW

Once upon a time an old man whose wife died, lived with his grown-up son together. After two years of his wife's death, he had his son got married. His daughter-in-law was rude and lazy. She would make a quarrel over anything trivial and not want to know what the old man's condition is.

- Did your father accept me as a slave? I have to wash all his clothes and do whatever he says. How can I do everything at the same time? - daughter-in-law would moan every day.

Old man's son got finally fed up with his wife's words and said to her:

- So, what do you want me to do? What do you need? – said to her

- Get your father out of here! Leave him alone somewhere nobody ever finds!

– replied her wife

Then, he thought about getting rid of his father from home to shut his wife's mouth. He gave his father a piggyback ride and left home. They walked a lot and not talk each other until they got to a cliffy place where is very far away from their home. They stopped there to take a rest for short. Meanwhile, he thought about pushing his father from the cliff and return home but he understood that it would be an act of unfairness toward old man. Then he decided to leave his father at the top of the cliff alone.

- Father, sit tight here and I will be back soon. – said son.

The old man smiled and said – Ok. That smile made the son surprised and he asked his father why he was smiling but the old man did not respond. Then son asked again and again until he replied.

- I know why you brought me here and what you wife said to you about me. Once I was at you age, I also did the same. I brought my father here and left him alone because of your mother. And now you are doing this to me. – responded the old man to his son.

These words made the son cried and understood the meaning of “YOU GET WHAT YOU SAW”. Then he lifted his father and decided to bring him back home and look after him.

THE FLOWER RING

Once upon a time, there was a poor old man and old woman. They had a son. The old man was saving coins for his son and said: “When my son grows up, I will teach him to trade”. Years later the child grew up. The man said: “Now he should learn to trade”, and gave a hundred coins. When the boy was walking in the market, a man was holding a dog. The boy asked: “Uncle, how much does this dog cost?”

The man replied: “A hundred coins”. The boy gave one hundred coins and came home with the dog. The second time, when he went to the market he bought a cat for another hundred coins. The third time for one hundred coins he bought a mouse. The father was angry, so he did not give money to his son any more. The

boy walked in the market and went to a man, who was selling snuff pot and asked: “How much does this snuff pot cost?”

The seller replied: “If you take it opened fifty coins. If you take it closed one hundred coins. The boy gave a hundred coins as a risk and took the pot closed.

The seller said: “But, don’t be in a hurry! Don’t open it on the way! Only open it when you get home!” The boy thought about what was in it and opened the pot. At that moment, a worm came out of the pot and fell to the ground. The boy was very frightened. Soon the worm turned into a snake like a yoke. The snake spoke as human: “My seed had fallen into this pot, I was still a captive. You set me free, for this I will do you many things. If you want, I will take you to my country”.

Firstly, the boy denied. Then, he agreed to go with the snake. They went to the place where the snake’s father lived. His father was the king of snakes. The child of the snake rolled around and turned into a young man on horseback. And he found a horse and good clothes for the boy. The two heroes continued going. They walked a lot. Finally they came to the place where the king of the snakes lived. When the boy looked, the people here were huge. Half of them look like humans, half of them look like buffalos. Then the boy asked: “What kind of creatures are they?”

The snake’s child answered: “Don’t be afraid, the people of our country will be like that, they are my father’s citizens”. Seeing so many wonders, the boy stayed there for a while. He saw people with horns, four-headed dragons, large birds that cast a mile shadow to the ground and man swallowing fish. After a long time the boy missed his homeland and said: “Now I must go”. The child of the snake reluctantly said: “If you want go, I will advise you. If my father asks you: “What do you want?” Then you say: “I don’t need anything just give me the flower ring”. If he does not give it, I will go with you”. They went to the king of the snakes. Then the king said: “I have heard that you are about to leave. We are upset. You saved my son. Well, what do you want from me?” the boy replied: “I need the flower ring”. But the king said that the ring could not be given to anyone. Then the

boy said: “Well, otherwise I will leave”. At that moment, the snake’s child turned back and followed him. The king understood that he was losing his son. Then he thought and took the ring out of his finger, and said to the boy: “Come on, you have done kindness that I will never forget. I will give you the ring”. Then the boy looked at the king’s son and asked: “What will I do with it now?” The king’s son said: “Keep this ring; it has a lot of features. It will take you where you want, and find whatever you need. If you turn it once and repeat your wish three times –it will be ready instantly. The boy said goodbye to the snake and left.

He walked a lot and he got to the somewhere. He was very hungry. The boy turned the ring and said: “I’m tired. I’m hungry. Let the food be ready”. Repeated this three times and fell asleep. While he was sleeping, he heard the sound of neighing horse. He woke up and saw a fast saddled horse. There was a large bowl full of pilaf on the saddle. When the boy had eaten pilaf with appetite, there was also a melon. He enjoyed eating melon. Then he rode his horse and went to his country. On the way he saw two shepherds fighting with sticks. The boy asked: “Why are you fighting with sticks?”

They replied: “The sticks have many features. If you say “Beat stick”, it will kill people beating. If you say “Push stick”, it will resurrect dead people. The boy haggled and bought the sticks for a thousand coins for each one. Then he left for his country. He walked a lot and, finally, he got to his homeland. After the boy disappeared his father died in grief, and his mother was barely living by spinning the wheel. The boy repaired the house, and he bought new clothes for the woman.

One day the boy said to his mother: “Mother, you will go to the king’s palace. I must marry the king’s daughter. You must persuade them.

Every morning, the old woman went to sweep the gates of the king’s palace. No one knew about it. One day the king put a guard. While she was sweeping the gate in the early morning, the guards captured the old woman and took her to the king. The king realized the situation and said angrily: “You are poor people, how your son can marry my daughter?” Then they put the woman upside down on a donkey, tied tightly and expelled. On the way the donkey grazed, drank water and

got to home in the afternoon. The boy immediately got his mother off the donkey, and untied her arms and legs. Still, the next day he asked his mother to go to the palace again. The mother begged and said: “Son, if I go now, they will kill me. Cut your coat according to your cloth”. The boy disagreed and said: “Don’t be afraid, mom, they will not kill you”. As the old woman went, the guards caught her again. The king ordered to kill the old woman and load her to the donkey. The guards beat her with a stick till she died, tied her to the donkey and sent her away. On the way, the woman’s donkey grazed, drank water and came to her home at midnight. When the boy saw that his mother’s corpse was loaded on the donkey, he immediately untied the rope and brought his mother into the house.

At that moment he remembered the sticks that he had bought from the shepherds. He took the “Push stick” and beat his mother with a stick twice. At that moment she relived. He beat her again and she recovered. The next day he sent his mother to the king’s palace again. Then the king was angry and said: “Yesterday this witch was killed. How could she come again?” The king had a wise minister, the minister said: “My king, you agree to marry your daughter to this boy, but make such a condition: there is a desert on the east side, let the boy to make the garden in that desert, build a forty-story building and four hundred ounces cast a shadow everywhere”. Then the king told the old woman these demands. The woman came to the house and told the boy what had happened. The boy thought a lot. Then he went to bed and got up early in the morning, put the flowering on his finger and spun it. He said: “There is a desert on the east side, make a garden there and build a forty-story building. Then plant four hundred ounces in the garden”. He repeated that three times.

The next day, during the call prayer, the king went to the outskirts of the city and saw that the sun was rising from both the East and the West. The king and his minister went to the west. When they came, they saw that the king’s request had been fulfilled. Finally, the king agreed to the wedding and gave his daughter in marriage to the boy.

One day the king called his daughter. Then he asked: “Tell me what you know about the guy, what does he have?”

The king’s daughter replied: “If I tell you, he will kill me”. He lied his daughter and said: “Don’t be afraid, he won’t kill you”. Then the daughter said: “He has a flower ring. He puts it under his pillow at night. And, during the day he puts the ring under his tongue”.

The king thought and said: “Take this ring for me. Tomorrow, I will send two men to you”. The daughter agreed.

When it was late, the young man took the ring from under his tongue, put it under his pillow and went to sleep. The girl slowly took the ring, and went outside. Then she gave it to the king’s men.

The king took the ring in his hand and twisted it. He said: “Throw this young man to the other side of the six seas!”

When the young man awoke early in the morning, he found water on all four sides. He was lying on the other side of the six seas. Now listen to the cat, the dog and the mouse.

One day the dog, the cat and the mouse consulted: “Te young man bought for a hundred coins each of us. He fed and brought up us. Let’s serve him for his kindness; we will bring him his ring”. Then they decided to go to the king’s palace.

The dog stayed in front of the palace gate, the cat and the mouse entered to the palace. The king lived on the fortieth floor of the forty-story house. The cat and the mouse slowly went to the king’s bed. The king was lying on his side, leaning on a pair of pillows. He saw the cat and said: “Come to me, cat!” The cat fondled and went to the king, and it got on his knees. The king sniffed, and stroking the cat he fell asleep. The cat mimed the mouse, rolled the snuff pot and spilt some snuff on the pillow. Then the mouse came and stuck the snuff to the king’s nose with his tail. At that moment, the king sneezed and the flower ring fell from his mouth. The cat immediately took the ring and ran away.

And three of them went to search of the young man to the other side of the six seas. Finally they got to the shore. They quarreled about who would take the

flower ring. In the end the dog took the ring. They crossed six seas and a small river remained. When they passed the river, the ring fell from the dog's mouth. The three of them were upset and crying; blaming each other went to the young man. And they told him what had happened. He said: "Don't worry, everything will be right".

One day they had no food to eat. After consulting, they decided to go fishing in the sea. When they went to the shore, fishermen were fishing. Then one of the fishermen said: "We are throwing a net now, whatever falls into the net is yours". After a while, they looked at the net, a big fish fell into it. When they brought the fish, and tore its belly, the flower ring came out of it. When the ring fell into the water, the fish swallowed it. They were all happy and forgot to cook and eat fish. The young man laughed, the dog barked, the cat meowed and the mouse howled.

The young man put the ring on his finger, twisted it and said: "Take us to the land of the king, and take the king himself to this place, where we are. Leave the girl in the palace and make me the king." And he fell asleep. When he awoke, he found himself lying on the king's throne.

The young man became the king. He married the daughter of the king of Bukhara. He was happy with his mother and wife.

THE WEAVER AND THE KING

Once upon a time there lived a just king. His name was Davlat. King Davlat tried to rule the state without breaking the law. Sometimes he said to himself: "I have done so many things. I wonder what my subjects say about me. " He took off his royal clothes, put on simple ones, and walked among the people.

Once Davlat was walking down the street at night and in a shop he heard someone's voice. Davlat came closer, listened, and then looked through the crack of the door. He sees a weaver sitting at a loom and working. At that moment, the shuttle jumped out of the stretched yarn and fell to the ground.

The weaver said:

- Wow! - held out a stick with a hook at the end, picked up and raised the shuttle. Then he clamped the end of the shuttle thread with his teeth, put the shuttle in his right hand and said:

- Let brother Davlat come, - and let the shuttle pass through the stretched base. The shuttle slipped into the left hand. Holding it with his left hand, the weaver added: "And he will say:" Mahamat, if I give you the daughter of the chief vizier (minister), will you marry her? "

Then the weaver passed the shuttle in the opposite direction and said:

- I would marry, marry, marry!

Saying this, he was weaving coarse calico.

When the shuttle again jumped out and fell to the ground, the weaver again said:

- Wow! - And he repeated everything, like the first time.

The king was surprised and returned back to the palace.

In the morning he called his viziers and said:

- In such and such a block, on such and such a street, there lives a weaver named Mahamat. Go and bring that weaver here with the loom and the stretched warp.

The viziers went, carried the loom to the palace and brought the weaver Mahamat himself to the king.

The king gathered the courtiers and, in their presence, ordered the Mahamat:

- Set up your machine here and show us how you weave coarse calico!

Mahamat quickly set up the loom, sat down on the board in front of the warp, and began to weave.

Then the king said to Mahamat:

- Wait! Weaves the way you weaved last night.

Mahamat was frightened, but thought:

"The king's order must be carried out. If I do not fulfill what he orders, as if heavy guilt would not fall on my head. " He began to weave. The shuttle jumped out and fell to the ground.

The weaver exclaimed: "Wow!"

He closed his eyes and, taking the shuttle in his right hand, as if repeating yesterday's words: - Let brother Davlat come.

Passing the shuttle through the warp, the weaver said:

- And Davlat will say: "Hey, Mahamat, if I give you the daughter of the chief vizier, will you marry her?"

Then the weaver passed the shuttle in the opposite direction and said:

- I would marry, marry, marry! ..

And he continued to weave coarse calico. The shuttle fell to the ground - the weaver sighed:

"Uh!" He lifted the shuttle from the ground and repeated the same words again.

The king asked the weaver:

- Why do you say that?

The weaver replied:

- If you refuse a spoonful of my blood, I will tell you. Davlat said:

- I refuse! Speak!

The weaver then began to recount:

- Once I was walking from the bazaar. From the bathhouse, flushed, walked one beauty. Not a beauty, but a misfortune for the heart. I saw her and lost my mind. It turns out that this is the daughter of the chief vizier. Since then, all my thoughts are with that girl. So I say those words when I weave. I am a poor weaver. If I were rich, maybe the chief vizier would give his daughter for me.

Tears poured from the eyes of the weaver Mahamat.

Then the king looked at the chief vizier and said:

- Have you heard these words? The vizier stood silent.

After that, King Davlyat ordered the chief vizier to give his daughter to the weaver Mahamat and made a big feast.

This is how the weaver achieved his desires.

HUNGRY WOLF

The hungry wolf prowled for a long time in search of prey, was completely exhausted and decided: "Eat everyone who meets me!" And suddenly, out of nowhere, a young lamb appeared in front of him.

"Oh, what a good lamb!" - thought the Wolf, and salivation began to flow.

The Wolf blocked the path of the lamb and says:

- Lamb, and I'll eat you! The lamb was frightened!

- Wai, really, you eat me so dry?

- Well, how else should I eat you? - the Wolf was surprised.

- If you want it to be tasty, run to the village, take skewers, onions, peppers.

Then you will cut me into pieces, skewer the meat, cook a good kebab. Chop the onion on top, sprinkle with pepper. Well, and then eat. There is nothing in the world tastier than a shish kebab from a young lamb. People always do that.

"That's right," said the Wolf. The Wolf rushed straight to the village. On the way, he met shepherds.

- Hey, - says the Wolf, - shepherds, give me skewers, onions, peppers. I want to eat a young lamb barbecue.

The shepherds grabbed their clubs and let's beat the Wolf. They beat him, they say:

- Here are the skewers! Here's a bow! Here's a pepper for you! Here's a lamb shashlik! To break your teeth.

With a broken muzzle, the Wolf barely took off his legs.

The Wolf returned to its original place, he sees, but the lamb is gone.

"What am I going to do now?" - thought the Wolf. Barely dragging his feet, he trudged aimlessly. He met an old horse on the road.

- Hey, old horse, I'll eat you! - said the Wolf. The old horse answers him:

- Eh, Wolf, what a fool you are. I've been waiting for you for a long time. Your father still wanted to eat me, but then he changed his mind and said: "When my son gets hungry, then he will eat you!" He even put a stamp on my back leg. If you don't believe it, see for yourself.

The Wolf ran from behind to look at the brand.

“Here,” the horse says and raises its hind leg. - Look!

Then the old horse kicked the Wolf so hard in the face that he flew about ten paces and, as it fell into the dust, never got up again.

A STARLING

Once upon a time, there was a poor man. After his wife’s death, the man was alone with his son. One day in a worry that his son shouldn’t be hungry, not wear filthy clothes and not suffer from orphanage, he wanted to marry a woman. After a little searching time, he found a widow woman with her daughter. At first, the woman thought: “Is he equal to me? He lives in famine. Should I marry that dirty?” Then “There should also be someone to bring bread. Why shouldn’t I use his power and money?” - thought she and agreed. After having married that rich woman, the man couldn’t get rid of arguments with the family. He tried to earn much more than usual and to bring more things for the family to shut his wife’s mouth. The boy and the girl played together without feeling the strangeness to each other. The father was happy about their friendship. But the stepmother was jealous and wanted to separate her daughter from them.

When the father took his son to work with himself, the girl also followed them. They caught fish together. When they came back home in the evening, the stepmother started a quarrel. One day the woman went to a rich uncle of hers. And she told bad words about her stepson:

“They are taking my daughter in. What should I do?”, - asked a piece of advice. And his uncle said: “You must abolish the boy and after that the father put all his kindness to you and your daughter”.

One day the father went to the mill and the stepmother sent the girl to collect some firewood and the boy remained at home. The stepmother made him to split up a lot of firewood and to carry water from the well. Although the boy was just twelve, he did all the work perfectly. Then, the stepmother called the boy into the room and when he came in, she hit on the boy’s head with a big stone and as a

result of it he was unconscious. The woman hit him again and he was dead. When his soul was going out of the body, his mouth was open and a starling flew from it and landed on the door and sang:

I believed the woman, but she was evil,

Coz of it I was called step and detached.

“My father is alone and

- and flew to the mulberry in the yard. Then it flew to the dark green fields. The stepmother put the dead boy into the pit which was prepared beforehand. She cleaned the spilled blood and sat knowing nothing. In the evening the father came and asked his son. And the stepmother replied: “He went to search for his sister in the woods and hasn’t come back yet”.

Finally, the girl came back with a bundle of sticks loaded onto the donkey. And she asked his mother: “Where is my brother, mum?”.

“He went to take you back”, she replied.

They waited the boy till dawn. And with a worry: “Dad, maybe, my brother might have got lost in the woods and sat under a tree waiting us to come”, the girl told his father and begged to go and seek the boy. The father agreed and went into the forest to look for the boy.

After a long flight a starling flew to the snow-white cotton field and above the heads of cotton-picker girls it sang:

Oh, my mother killed me,

But my father didn’t see.

My sister is crying for me

It’s a pity, it is a pity!

The girls heard the sad voice of the starling and said: “Hey, starling, you have sung very well”. And they threw a fist of cotton to it and the starling hold it. Then it flew far away. The starling flew and flew, then landed near an old spinner woman and sang that song again.

“Oh, it is an orphan starling”, thought the old woman. Then she took the cotton from its beak and spun the cotton and tied around its beak. The starling took the threads and flew again. It flew to a fabric-weaver man and sang that song again. The weaver listened to its song quietly.

“It is an orphan as I am”, he thought and weaved a piece of fabric from the threads on its beak. The starling took the cloth and flew again. Then, it landed at the cap-sewer girls. The starling sang the song again and the girls gazed it and said: “You experienced a lot of oppression as us, too. Come, we will sew a cap for you”. The starling took the cap. It saw a luxurious house when it was flying to the forest, where its father and sister were searching for it. At the balcony of the house a fat man was sleeping with an open mouth. He was the stepmother’s rich uncle. The starling landed at the balcony and hooked its fabric-cap and put the man’s silky cap onto the roof. Then, it flew straight the man’s mouth. The rich man woke up and cried from something scratching his throat. His servants and children ran up to him because of his yelling. “Something came in my body, now it is scratching and about to tear my stomach out”, cried and yelled the man. The servants were shocked and couldn’t do anything for him. A voice was heard inside the man:

On a fenced balcony,
I saw a man so fatty.
Inside his cave mouth
I played happily.

The man yelled again. “Oh my God, this is like a disaster. It is going to kill me!!!”, he cried on. The man’s children brought a bowl of water at last.

The man ordered to bring the sword and said: “I will cough, and as soon as it comes out of my mouth, kill it!”. One of the servants prepared the sword to chop. When the man coughed hard, the starling flew at once. In a hurry the servant twitched the sword and the man’s head was split into two parts. The starling took a silky kerchief and flew away. It flew straight the forest. When it was having a rest on a birch tree, the father and the sister were searching for their sibling. They were

crying. The girl looked around and shouted: “Where are you brother,? I missed you a lot”. And the father cried: “Where are you, my son?”

As the starling saw them, it threw the silky kerchief onto the girl’s head and the silky cap onto the father’s head. When they looked up, the starling sang like this:

I was killed by my mother,
Changed the bud into wither.
Then made upset and worried
Little sister and my father.

Then the girls said to his father: “This is my brother’s spectre. It gave presents above us”. The father started crying looking at the bird. At first, the bird landed on the girl’s head, then her shoulder, then her hand. The girl stroked the bird’s head and when she approached it to kiss, a drop of her tears dropped onto the starling and it changed into the boy at once. The father embraced his son. After that the three friendly family members didn’t know what to do and where to go. Then the girls said: “ From now on we won’t go home, I hate my mother because she is not merciful to others’ children. I won’t separate from you, wherever you go, I will go too”. Then the boy said: “You are my blood sister.”

The father kissed her forehead and said: “You are my kind daughter.” they didn’t go their home and moved to another country. The stepmother died of loneliness. The father, the son and the daughter lived happily and achieved all the goals for the rest of their life.

THE WATER OF IMMORTALITY

In ancient times, King Iskander the Two-Horned conquered the whole world. But in one of the campaigns, he was overcome by grievous wounds, and he felt the approach of death. Then Iskander summoned the most skillful healers and said:

- My death hour has come. But I don't want to die. I want to live and reign forever in the countries I have conquered. Find medicines that would prolong my life for centuries!

The wisest thought for a long time. The most knowledgeable healers finally advised the Iskander king to drink living water from a spring located in a distant land. Rumor had it that whoever tasted the waters from the miraculous spring would live forever.

Iskander listened to the advice. He ordered to put himself on a stretcher. And the fastest warriors rushed the lord to the coveted source.

And there was a magic spring in a shady and cool grove. The trees covered him with their crowns from the scorching rays of the sun. And the thick thorny shrub shrubs protected from the sultry winds.

The soldiers left the king by the water. And they themselves left. Iskander woke up. He scooped up water from the spring with a golden ladle. But he did not have time to bring it to his lips. How a thin, hunched old man grew up in front of him.

- My son. - said the old man quietly, - if you take a sip of water from this source. then you will become immortal.

- But that's what I want! - Iskander exclaimed in amazement.

“Don't hurry, my son,” the old man stopped him. - first listen to what I'll tell you ... Three thousand years ago I conquered all the kingdoms on earth. The whole world lay at my feet, and no one dared to look up at me. That's when I decided to become immortal. To rule over nations and states forever. And he drank water from the spring.... But only a hundred years have passed, the peoples rebelled against me and drove me from the throne. And when I now approach people and tell them my name, they spit in my face and call me a robber and a murderer ... because, as you are doing now, I did evil on earth.

The old man disappeared. And Iskander, in deep thought, filled a vial of magic water, hid it on his chest and ordered the soldiers to carry him home.

The hour of death captured Iskander on the way. The soldiers put the king in the shade of three old elm. Iskander took a bottle from his chest, but did not dare to drink the water of immortality and threw it out on the ground.

Centuries have passed, and three elm still turn green in the steppe, giving shelter and coolness to tired travelers.

COMBUSTIBLE STONE

In times gone by, there was a girl. Her name was Rose.

Once Rose was picking tulips in a field. So she walks and walks across the field and suddenly sees - a completely unfamiliar place. In the middle of the field is a grove, and behind the trees you can see a castle surrounded by a high wall.

Rose came closer. Looks - the iron gates of the castle are tightly closed, rusted from time and overgrown with loaches. Apparently, no one has opened them for a long time.

Rose took a step towards the gate. Suddenly the loaches parted in front of her and the iron gates swung open. Rose peered into the courtyard. She took one step, then another. Before she took the third step, the gate behind her slammed shut.

It began to get dark. What was to be done? Rose entered the castle. He walks in surprise: the rooms are one more beautiful than the other, candles are burning brightly everywhere, and nowhere is there a living soul.

Rose came up to the door of the very last room, thought: "Maybe there is someone here?" She opened the door, and in the room, on a fluffy carpet, lies a young hero of amazing beauty.

This is probably the owner of the castle, she thought. She went up to the young man, and he was lying and seemed not to breathe at all. All his legs are stuck with needles!

Rose squatted down and began to pull the needles from the young man's legs. He will pull out the needle and immediately lubricate the wound with a healing balm. He will pull out the second and grease it with balm again.

So she spent a bright day and a dark night. When there were only a few needles left, Rose's eyes began to droop with fatigue. She almost fell asleep.

At this time, the ringing of bells was heard outside. Rose came out to the castle wall, looking - a caravan was passing by.

“Hey, head of the caravan!” Rose shouted. -

Leave someone to help me! I will pay you what you want.

He agreed and left her one girl. And this was a cunning and angry girl, from whom the chief of the caravan himself wanted to get rid of.

Rose led the cunning girl to the young hero and said:

- Take out these needles, and I will rest a little.

She said so and she immediately fell asleep.

When the cunning girl pulled out the last needle, the young hero sneezed loudly, woke up and raised himself on his elbow. The girl says to him:

- I saved you from death!

- Who's that? - asks the young hero, pointing at Rosa.

“And this is my maid,” replied the sly girl.

Then the young man-hero told that he was tied up by his sleepy enemies, they stuck needles at his feet and left one to die.

The girl kicked Rose, shouted at her:

“All you know is nothing but to sleep. Get up, bum, get to work!”

Rose wept bitterly and submitted.

Time passed, the young man-hero quickly recovered. And when he recovered completely, he decided to go to the city and asks the sly girl:

- What gift should you bring?

The cunning girl ordered her to bring her the most expensive silks, gold rings, precious jewelry.

- What do you want? the hero asked Rosa.

“Bring me a combustible stone,” she replied.

A young hero arrived in the city, began to ask the merchants for a combustible stone. One merchant says to him:

- This stone is taken by those who are greatly offended. Why do you need it?

- Needed, - the young man answered shortly.

He returned to the palace, gave the stone to Rose and decided to see what would happen next.

And Rose went into the room, laid the stone in front of her. Then she began to cry and began to tell everything that she had gone through.

From the very first words of Rosa, the stone shone from within with a bright light. And when she began to talk about how she sat day and night, taking out the needles from the feet of the young man-hero, how she took the girl from the caravan-bashi and what insult she now has to endure, the stone burst into flame and kindled into a large fire.

Out of grief and humiliation, Rosa wanted to throw herself into the fire, but then a young hero ran in and grabbed her in his arms.

At the same hour they drove the evil and cunning girl out of the palace. And they themselves got married and lived happily until a ripe old age.

SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER

Once upon a time there was a shepherd in a distant land. His wife died, leaving him with only one daughter.

Soon the shepherd married a widow.

The new wife brought her daughter into the house.

The evil stepmother mocked her stepdaughter. She fed her daughter with butter cakes every day, and gave her stepdaughter a piece of stale bread and made her do all the hard work in the house.

The girl had a cow and a rooster with a chicken from her own mother.

Every day the stepmother drove the girl out into the field and, giving her an armful of cotton fiber, punished her: "Graze the cow and tighten the thread."

Somewhere in the field, setting the spinning wheel in front of her, the girl set to work. Day after day she spun threads, at noon she quickly ate a piece of stale bread, soaked it in water, and spun it again until sunset. She didn't have time to strain even half of the yarn.

The stepmother beat the poor thing, dragged her by the hair, pinched her to bruises.

The shepherd indulged his wife in everything and was afraid to intercede for his own daughter.

One day a girl was sitting in a field spinning, looking after a cow. Suddenly a strong wind blew, picked up the cotton and carried it away.

The girl ran for cotton.

She runs after. As soon as he wants to grab the cotton, the wind picks it up again and drives everything - further and further.

The poor girl ran, ran, and the wind blew stronger and stronger, carrying the cotton towards the high hills, and finally drove it into the cave.

The girl ran into the cave, looks, and there sits a gray-haired old woman with a friendly smile on her face. She was a kind sorceress.

Putting her hands to her chest, the girl said:

- Hello, grandma!

- Hello, hello, daughter, come here! What trouble is shaking over your head?

The sorceress asked sympathetically.

The girl told everything. The sorceress says:

- And you, baby, do not be sad, feed your cow the cotton that your stepmother gave you, and then pull the threads from her udder and wind it into a ball.

The sorceress stroked the girl's head and added:

- If any other difficult matter falls on your head, come to me. I will make the difficult easy.

Not feeling her legs under her with joy, the girl ran to the cow and fed her all the cotton. Then she began to pull the threads from the udder, as if milking a cow. The threads were thin, even.

In an instant, the girl drank many, many threads, wound them up and brought them to her stepmother. The stepmother attacked her angrily:

- Why did you come late? Go clean the barn, sweep the yard!

Since then, the girl has done her job every day. No matter how much cotton the stepmother gives, the girl will spin the whole thing, wind up straight threads in balls and bring them home.

Now the girl had nothing to scold or beat. The stepmother began to find out why she was spinning threads so quickly and, finally, she was in wait.

She looks at what a miracle - a girl pulls threads from the udder of a cow. Some kind of witchcraft.

"I knew it was all about the cow," said the stepmother. She began to persuade her husband:

- I really want to eat beef, and pulls ... If possible, slaughter a cow for me.

And the shepherd says:

- Okay.

He slaughtered a cow, skinned and butchered the carcass - separated the head and legs, chopped up the bones, cut the meat.

The poor orphan went crying to the good sorceress and told her everything.

The sorceress stroked the girl's head and said:

- Don't cry, baby, go home and collect the bones and legs, skin and blood of a cow and bury somewhere in a secluded place. The day will come when all this will be useful to you.

The girl went home and did as the good sorceress had taught her.

One day, the stepmother dressed up her daughter, blushed, poured and gathered with her for a festive feast at the king's palace. Before leaving, the stepmother poured a sieve of rice and a sieve of small peas, mixed everything and, placing it in front of the girl, said:

- By my arrival, so that you choose everything grain by grain, rice separately in one sieve, and peas in another. - She gave the girl a slap on the head, closed the door and left. The girl had a rooster and a chicken left over from her own mother. When the poor thing was sitting over the sieve and crying, the rooster and hen came up to her and began to peck. But they did not swallow the grains, but with their beaks transferred the rice into one sieve, and the peas into another, and so, grain by grain, quickly separated the peas from the rice.

The girl was delighted and ran to the good sorceress. After listening to her story, the sorceress stroked the girl's head and said:

- Wait a little, baby, now my daughters will come, four beauties - angels. Go with them to the feast in the king's palace, I will let them go with you. But first, you go and dig up the cow legs, head and skin that you buried, see what a secret there is ..

Here, out of nowhere, four beautiful angels come up and respectfully greet the sorceress.

The shepherd's daughter went home with them, dug a hole, looked, and there, instead of a cow hide, a golden-woven fur coat. The hooves have turned into boots and so beautiful as boats, and the blood has become a silk dress, and bones-coral, diamonds and pearls.

Four angels dressed up the girl, threw a golden-woven fur coat over her shoulders. The girl's face shone like the full moon on the fourteenth night. Well, in a word, she became such a beauty that you can neither say in a fairy tale nor describe with a pen.

The girl went to a feast, accompanied by the daughters of the sorceress.

The organizers of the feast thought that a princess had arrived from some country, received her with respect, took her by the arms, took her to the main hall and made her sit in a place of honor. And no one invited the stepmother and her daughter, they remained standing at the doorstep.

They began to bring the best food to the girl: candy canes, and all kinds of sweets, instead of bread - sweet cookies, instead of water - cool juice.

When the food was over, the girl left the table and, holding out the leftovers to her stepmother, said:

- Take and eat!

The mother did not recognize her stepdaughter, happily grabbed a handout, gave a little to her daughter, and they began to eat.

The girl was seen off from the feast with great honor.

She ran home, but in such a hurry that she lost one boot.

While the stepmother was getting ready and walking, the girl had already returned and, as if nothing had happened, was sitting in the yard.

But then the stepmother came with her daughter and let's brag:

- Oh, how many interesting things we saw! What fun! What a treat! And whatever we ate! There was a princess there, a beauty! How can I describe it? Face like a month. And speech is like sugar, but what is there sugar, sweeter than honey! And there are so many tasty things on the table. She ate and gave us what was left. We ate with delight! Are you sitting idle? Where are the peas? Where is the rice? What have you done with them?

The girl brought out and put in front of her stepmother a sieve with peas and a sieve with rice. The stepmother's breath caught in anger. She could not utter a word.

The next morning a woman found a beautiful boot on the road.

- What a boot! I have never seen such beautiful boots in my life! - the woman was surprised. She went to the palace, went straight to the shah and put the boot she found in front of him.

The king said:

- The owner of this boot is probably very beautiful.

Then he ordered his courtiers:

- Search the whole country, the whole world and find me a beauty - the owner of this boot.

Two old women went from house to house and tried on a boot for all the girls, but none of them hit the leg. They began to ask:

- Where have we not yet? Whose house is still left?

They are told:

- There is still a shepherd's house.

“Let's go to the shepherd's house,” said the old women.

Having learned that the old women were going to come to them, the stepmother pushed the stepdaughter into the oven for cakes and closed the hole with a sieve. And she dressed up her daughter, reminded her and showed it to the old women.

The old women began to try on the boot, they looked, but their fingers did not even enter the sock. The stepmother turns, fusses, tells her daughter to put it on and try it on like that, but nothing comes out.

The old women stood up and said:

- Well enough, let's go.

They already wanted to leave, and at this time the rooster and hens, but they flew up onto the stove and began to speak with each other:

- Where-where, where-where? Here-here-here look. One of the old women said in surprise:

- Can a chicken speak? It seems that there is someone in the tandoor!

She opened the tandoor and looked, there was a girl sitting there, beautiful as the moon. Admiring her beauty, the old woman began to try on a boot, put it on her leg, exactly as if they were sewing on it.

The old women ran to the king and hastened to please him with good news.

- Sovereign, give gifts, there was a beauty, so slender, graceful, cheeks like a ruddy apple, red lips, a small mouth, with a thimble, and eyes, like stars clear in the dark sky, burn and flash, well, a beauty ! - they praised the girl.

The king gave both old women expensive new clothes, ordered them to be dressed from head to toe, and he himself began to prepare for the wedding.

Anger raged in my stepmother's soul, choking her, rising to her throat. She rushed to catch a rooster and a chicken:

- I'll teach you a lesson!

Catching the poor birds, she tore their heads off.

The day of the wedding has come. The stepmother dressed her daughter in a luxurious dress, whitened her face, blushed her cheeks, furrowed her eyebrows, lowered her eyes, in a word, did everything so that only her daughter would like the Shah. Having finished preparing for the journey, the stepmother quietly crept up to her stepdaughter, grabbed her, gouged out both eyes, took the girl to a swamp overgrown with thick reeds, and threw it there, and escorted her daughter to the palace.

The king saw his bride and gasped. She was so ugly and disgusting that he did not even want to look at her.

“I can see I am destined to have such an ugly wife,” thought the shah.

But the wedding could no longer be postponed.

The daughter of her stepmother became the wife of the king.

In that area, not far from the shepherd's house, lived an old weaver.

One day the old man went to cut the reeds for winding the thread.

He goes up to the reeds and sees - the girl is lying prone and crying bitterly.

The old man approached her and asked:

- What are you crying, girl?

The girl told him everything that had happened to her.

The old man said:

- I have no son or daughter. We were left alone with the old woman. She spins threads for me on a spinning wheel, and I weave fabric. This is how we live. Be our daughter.

He took the girl to his house. The old woman was very happy. The girl was affectionate, obedient, and the old woman did not want a better daughter. Sometimes the girl would laugh with such a ringing laugh, well, her soul simply rejoices, and lush roses, bright spring flowers are pouring out of her mouth. And if she cries, then not tears are pouring, but beautiful sparkling pearls are pouring down in a noisy spring rain.

The sorceress found out that the girl was living with a weaver and came to visit her. The girl laughed loudly, roses fell from her lips. The sorceress, addressing the weaver, said:

- Put roses in a basket, walk with them past the royal palace and shout: "Flowers, flowers, I sell flowers!" If the king's wife comes out and asks if you sell flowers and how much they cost, you answer: "I am selling not for money, but for a couple of eyes."

The old man did as the sorceress said. Approaching the gate of the palace, he began to shout:

- Flowers, flowers, I sell flowers! The king's wife came out onto the porch and asked:

- How much are your flowers? The old man replied:

- Flowers are sold for a pair of eyes.

The Shah's wife remembered that the girl's eyes were gouged out in the chest, she ordered them to be brought, gave them to the old man.

The old man returned home. In the evening, the sorceress put the girl's eyes in, smearing them with healing ointment.

In the morning the girl woke up and felt her eyes open themselves, flare up and sparkle with a bright fire. The little girl wept with joy, and precious pearls fell

from her eyes, sparkling with wonderful lights. The girl laughed with a ringing, joyful laugh, and lush roses and bright spring flowers fell from her lips.

Every day the old man filled a basket with flowers and precious pearls and carried to sell. Soon he became rich, built many beautiful houses, dug large canals, dug water into deserts and steppes, sowed and landscaped new lands, and the steppes came to life. He drained the marshes and planted beautiful gardens in them.

Once the king, circling his country, saw that the steppes and deserts had become inhabited and comfortable, and beautiful solid houses were built on the high hills. In the gardens, nightingales are singing everywhere, turtle doves coo, smart parrots flicker in the green foliage, different birds flutter from branch to branch, filling the air with joyful chirping.

- Who improved these places? The king asked.

"All this was done by a beautiful girl, the daughter of an old weaver," the people answered.

Day and night the king thought about the weaver's daughter. "If only I could look at her at least once, and then come what may, even if I die, I will not regret it." One day the girl went hunting. She was accompanied by forty friends. They all rode on horseback, all had black horses. The girl hunted on one side of the river, and the king hunted on the other.

The king saw the girl.

Struck by her beauty, he fainted and fell from his horse.

The girl drove up, revived the king and helped him return to the palace. On the way, she turned to the king with a request:

- O sir, if you deem it decent for yourself, then welcome to visit us with your whole house with viziers, with a thousand of the best horsemen.

"Okay," he said.

On the day of the king's arrival, by order of the girl, forty rams were slaughtered and they began to prepare various delicious dishes. The king was received in a luxuriously decorated living room and began to be treated.

At midnight, the girl went out to the guests, hiding her face under a white veil. Taking the dutar in her hands, she began to play and began to tell in order about what had happened to her. After finishing the story, she threw off the veil from her face. Her eyes flashed, sparkled brighter than the stars.

The shepherd rushed to his daughter, hugged her and said with tears:

- Forgive me, dear, I, like a blind man, saw nothing.

In anger, the king ordered the heads of his wife and mother-in-law to be cut off. But the shepherd's daughter began to beg the king:

- Leave them, do not kill! Rather than execute them, it is better to drive them away, let them walk around, live alone in the world.

The king agreed and drove his wife and mother-in-law away.

This is how the shepherd's daughter achieved her desire.

THE STUPID SHAH

Once upon a time, in ancient times, one poor man had his dilapidated house collapsed, and he decided to build himself a new one.

The house was already finished, only the roof remained to be done, but the poor man did not have enough money. He told the master to lay the reed mats on top, cover them halfway with earth, and let him go.

- The roof, - he said, - I will do it myself. When I can. The poor man settled in his unfinished house. There was a thief nearby. He saw a new house and thought: "This poor man, apparently, has become rich, he has built a new house. Probably, it will be possible to profit here!" At night, the thief climbed onto the roof and walked along it. As soon as he took one step, the mats broke down, and the thief fell down. He fell right on the sleeping poor man.

The poor man woke up, rushed to catch the thief, but it was dark and he ran away.

The thief sorted out the annoyance of the poor man. The next day he went with a complaint to the shah.

- Who are you? What's your complaint? The shah asked.

- O wise shah-master! I wanted to rob one house, went up to the roof, and there instead of a roof - mats. I fell down, nearly broke my leg. - I beg you - punish the owner of this house.

The shah summoned the poor man - the owner of the house.

"Is it true that this man fell through your roof at night?" - he asked.

"True, my shah," the poor man replied. - It's good that he fell on me, otherwise he would have broken his leg.

- Well, if it's true, hang the owner of the house! The shah ordered the executioners.

The poor man prayed:

- O shah, why should they hang me, the thief must be punished.

- Silence! How dare you teach me.

The poor man sees that things are bad. Do not find justice in the shah.

- O shah-master, am I to blame? - said the poor man. - The roof was covered by a roofer, he did not work well. I put in bad matting.

- Well then, free him, and hang the roofer, - said the shah.

The executioners caught the roofer and led him to the gallows. - I have a request to the Shah! - begged the master.

- What do you want? Speak! - ordered the shah.

"O shah, I'm not at all to blame. The master who made the mat is to blame. He weaved them delicately and sparsely. If the mats were strong and durable, they would not have squeezed when a person walked on them.

The shah dismissed the roofer and ordered to find me to bring the master who weaved the mat.

- Did you weave the matting? The shah asked.

"I am," the artisan replied.

- Hang it up! - shouted the shah. - All evil is in his mats.

"O my shah, I have a word for you," said the artisan. - I have always made very strong mats, but recently my neighbor is addicted to pigeons. When he released his pigeons and they circled in the sky, I looked at them. At this point, my

work began to get worse, and I weaved rare, fragile mats. The pigeon lover is to blame.

The shah dismissed the artisan, summoned the pigeon lover and ordered him to be hanged.

- O shah-master! My passion is to chase pigeons and admire their flight. There is no great sin in this. Who will benefit from the fact that you execute me? Rather than killing the poor man, you better execute that thief. The people would have healed more calmly, - said the lover of pigeons.

- And the truth! - agreed the shah. - The thief is to blame for everything. Find the thief and hang! He ordered.

The executioners found the thief and took him to the gallows. But the gallows was low, and the thief was tall, and no matter how hard the executioners tried to whip up the thief, his feet touched the ground all the time. The executioners went to the Shah and reported:

- O lord of the world, the thief is too tall, his legs are on the ground, there is no way you can hang him. What to do?

Shah was indignant:

- And with such trifles you turn to me? If the thief is too long, can't you go to the intersection and find a shorter person? Can't you hang a short man instead of a lanky one? Can't you even figure that out?

The executioners went out into the street and saw a short man, who carried a sack of flour on his shoulder.

"Eh, just like the shah said! - the executioners decided. "The command of the shah must be executed."

They seized the short man and brought him to the gallows.

He prayed:

- What am I guilty of? What do you want to hang me for? At this time the shah came to the gallows to admire the execution.

- I have a request to the Shah! Shouted the short man.

"Tell me what a request," said the Shah.

- O shah-master! I am a poor man. I collect brushwood in the mountains to sell in the city, but I am hired to carry heavy loads to people. This is what I feed my family. What's my fault? Why did you order me to be hanged?

- Fool! - the shah swore. - How do I know if you are to blame or not? You need to hang one person. I wanted to hang the thief, but it is too long, my legs reach the ground. And you are just a very suitable height, shorty.

- Shah-sovereign, - the unfortunate begged. - The long thief is to blame, and you execute the innocent, short, poor man. Where is the justice! If the thief is too long, order a little ground under the hangings.

Shah thought and thought and said:

- And right! He speaks correctly. Let him go. Hang the thief. And dig a hole under his feet.

The executioners again brought the thief to the gallows, threw a noose around his neck and began to dig a hole under his feet.

- Hurry, hurry! Otherwise it will be too late. Execute me now! - the thief hastened.

- Why are you in such a hurry to die? - the shah was surprised.

- Shah master! The shah has just died in paradise. Before his death, the paradise shah said: "Whoever dies first and comes to paradise, make him shah." So I'm in a hurry. If they execute me right away, I will go there and become shah before no one has taken his place. Hang me up soon! The thief shouted again.

Shah became jealous. Is it a joke to become the Shah of Paradise? "Let me become a shah myself in the next world!" - he thought and ordered the executioners:

- Let go of the thief and hang me!

"The order of the shah must be executed." The executioners freed the thief and instead hanged the stupid shah. And that was the end of it.