



THE ESSENCE OF THE CHARMING POETRY OF ZAHIRUDDIN MUHAMMAD BABUR

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Abstract: *This article is about the unique content of the beautiful poetry of the great poet and statesman Zahiriddin Muhammad Babur. The article presents the beautiful poems of Zahiriddin Muhammad Babur expressing his endless longing for his native land, his friends, and his unique love verses. Also, translations of Babur's best ghazals into English are presented to the readers with parallel texts in the original language.*

Key words: *Zahiriddin Muhammad Babur, charming, poetry, ghazals, love, nostalgia, devotion, loyalty, longing for, native country;*

Introduction

Zahiruddin Muhammad Babur, who knew well the past of literature and history, music and art, was devoted to religious teaching, was always in the circle of scientists and virtues, in particular, he showed sincere respect for creative people, patronized people of professions and supported them financially and spiritually. This loving attitude towards people of creativity and art was not in vain. Babur was creative by nature. From his youth until the end of his life, he was engaged in effective creative activity, did not stop his creativity in any conditions and situations, and as a result left a rich scientific and literary heritage.

The main theme of Zahiruddin Muhammad Babur's poetry is love and nostalgia. In his ghazals Babur raises such problems of human relationships as love, friendship, and the desire for beauty. With great sincerity, he expresses his readiness to sacrifice himself for the sake of love. Love for Babur is loyalty, devotion, nobility and humanity. In his wonderful ghazals Babur creates the image of a beautiful beloved, endowing her with an incomparable beautiful appearance and spiritual perfection. At the same time, he skillfully uses original artistic means:

Qaddi shoxi guldek nigorim qani?
 Labi g'unchadek gul'uzorim qani?
 Ne tong, yuz nigor o'lsa qon yosh bila -
 Ki, ul yuzi gul yosh nigorim qani?
 Qaro kechalarda ko'zim yoritur,
 O'shal sham'i shabhoi torim qani?

Zahiruddin Muhammad Babur

My beloved with body like a cypress is where?
 My sweetheart with lips like a flower bud is where?
 There are hundred beauties with bloody tears, but
 She who with flower face is where?



She who lights my eyes at dark nights,
That sun shine of my soul is where?

Translated by Begoyim Kholbekova

The theme of the homeland occupies a special place in Babur's lyrics. In his poems, especially in the quatrains, longing for his homeland and boundless love for it are expressed with great impressive way:

Ey yel, borib ahbobga nomimni degil,
Har kim meni bilsa, kalomimni degil.
Mendin demagil gar unutulg'on bo'lsam,
Har kimki meni so'rsa, salomimni degil.

Zahiruddin Muhammad Babur

Hey breeze, to people my best regards, give,
To those who know me, my words, give.
If I was forgotten don't say it is from me,
Each who remember me, my regards give.

(The translation is ours. B.Kh.)

From the following verses it is not difficult to notice the poet's strong longing for his native country, his grassy laments:

Ko'pdin berikim, yoru diyorum yo'qtur,
Bir lahzayu bir nafas qarorim yo'qtur.
Keldim bu sori o'z ixtiyorim birla,
Lekin borurimda ixtiyorim yo'qtur.

Zahiruddin Muhammad Babur

For long neither beloved nor homeland I've had,
Neither time nor a moment for decision I had.
I came here of my own free will,
But I cannot go back of my own accord.

(The translation is ours. B.Kh.)

Speaking about the artistic language of Babur's works, it is necessary to note its simplicity, accessibility and clarity. The poet does not like loud phrases and complex expressions. Babur's poetic mastery is expressed in his artistic and literary style and skillful use of the most expressive means of his native language and in the creative recreation of sources of folk art. The following ghazal, written about a beautiful beloved, can charm anyone, because it sounds as natural as the pleas and confessions of lovers:

Ul ahd ila paymon qani, ey yor, ne bo'ldi?
Ul lutf ila ehson qani, ey yor, ne bo'ldi?
Ketdim men hayron eshigingdan, demading hech
Ul telbai hayron qani, ey yor, ne bo'ldi?

Zahiruddin Muhammad Babur

Where is your oath, promise, hey beloved, what happened?
Where's your caresses, signs of love, hey beloved, what happened?
I left your door, I was surprised but you didn't say
Where that mad man, crazy person, what happened?

(The translation is ours. **B.Kh.**)

While studying the poetry of Zahiruddin Muhammad Babur, his following charming ghazals also inspired us to translate them into English. We hope they will bring unique joy to your hearts.

Mening ko‘nglumki, gulning g‘unchasidek tah-batah qondur,
Agar yuz ming bahor o‘lsa, ochilmog‘i ne imkondur.

Agar ul qoshi yosiz bog‘ gashtin orzu qilsam,
Ko‘zumga o‘qdurur sarv-u ko‘ngulga g‘uncha paykondur.

Bahor-u bog‘ sayrin ne qilaykim, dilistonimning,
Yuzi gul, zulfi sunbul, qomati sarvi xiromondur.

Visoli lazzatidin zavq topmog‘liq erur dushvor,
Firoqi shiddatinda yo‘qsa jon bermaklik osondur.

Boshidin evrulur armoni birla o‘ldum, ey Bobur,
Mening na‘shimni bori ul pari ko‘yidin aylondur.

Like flower buds, my heart is full of blood,
Thousands of springs come, but sorrows in my heart!

If I dream of walking in the garden without her,
An arrow pierces my eye and cypress pierces the heart!

What ambling through spring flowers to me?
Her rose face, her cypress figure – all are in my heart!

It’s difficult to taste the spirit of passion, o,
It’s easier to die if you don’t have it, hey bard!

I died with a desire in my heart, o Babur.
When my corpse is carried pass her – the rose sobs so hard.

Agarchi sensizin sabr aylamak, ey yor, mushkildur,
Sening birla chiqishmog‘liq dog‘i bisyor mushkildur.
Mizojing noziku sen — tundu, men — bir beadab telba,
Sanga xolimni qilmoq, ey pari, izhor mushkildur.
Ne osig‘ nolayu faryod xobolud baxtimdin,
Bu unlar birla chun qilmoq ani bedor mushkildur.
Manga osondurur bo‘lsa agar yuz ming tuman dushman,
Vale bo‘lmoq jahonda, ey ko‘ngul, beyor mushkildur.



Visolinkim tilarsen, nozini xush tortg‘il, Bobur -
Ki, olam bog‘ida topmoq guli bexor mushkildur.

Spending a day apart from you is difficult for me.
But also getting along with you, is difficult for me.

Your taste is delicate, you are quiet, I am a silly fool,
To express my feelings is difficult for me.

What is my cry, what is my groan, if my sweetheart in deep sleep?
Keeping her awake with these pleadings is difficult for me.

It is easy to defeat a hundred thousand enemies, but
Dwelling in the world without lover is difficult for me.

If you want a true love, be careful, Babur -
To find a flower without a thorn is difficult for me.

Translated into English by Begoyim Kholbekova

Babur's rich literary heritage is still widely studied and researched. In a word, the beautiful poetry of the king and great poet Zahiruddin Muhammad Babur has captivated hearts for more than five and a half centuries. We believe that the unique poetry of the great poet will attract the attention of poetry lovers and researchers for many years to come.

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